

# YANK

**THE ARMY**



**WEEKLY**

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





**HUNTING  
SNIPERS**

## **A GI Tells of France's Tough Road Back**

—See Pages 2, 3 and 4



ABOVE, PARISIANS QUEUE UP BEFORE AN APPLE STALL IN ONE OF THE CITY'S LARGEST OPEN-AIR MARKETS. THEY WEAR THEIR HEAVIEST CLOTHES TO WARD OFF SNOW AND COLD. RIGHT, IN HOPES OF FINDING SOMETHING EDIBLE, A POOR WOMAN DIGS THROUGH A PILE OF FROZEN POTATOES DUMPED OUT NEAR THE CENTRAL MARKETS AT PARIS.

Normandy, who has a bunch of cows he'd like to send to Lyons. Instead of "C'est le guerre," the French say, "Toujours le transport."

In October temporary spans were put up on two railway bridges across the Rhone and Loire, but these allow for only a very limited movement of vital goods. Rubber-tired transport is in a sad condition. In 1944 the Germans stole everything with wheels that they could lay their hands on. French roads today look like an amateur production of the highway scenes in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Huge charcoal-burners lumber along laden with six times too much cargo of food and people trying to get somewhere. Periodically belching flames from their gasogene tanks and falling apart a couple of times on the way, these decrepit vehicles represent a desperate effort to keep people fed. French ingenuity—they are almost as gadgety a people as we are—gets around the lack of gas by running cars on turpentine, natural gas, and grain alcohol. One FFI officer I met near the Spanish border runs his chariot on a mixture of 15 percent gas and 85



**A GI reporter gives a picture of the French people's struggle to get back on their feet, a picture that is a far cry from the impression GIs are likely to pick up on a trip to Paris.**

By Sgt. JAMES DUGAN

FRANCE is luckier than other newly-liberated countries in one respect—she has a new government. Other states have had 1939 governments restored from exile. When these governments return with our troops they find things somewhat changed. The people who remained and fought the Germans have developed new ideas or revived old ones, for which the governments are not prepared. The extent to which such changes have taken place is probably greatest in Greece and least in Norway.

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3. Carry out *Epuration*. The word means "purification," or dealing out effective justice to French traitors.
4. The strongest possible ties with the U.S., Britain and Russia to make the peace stick. This includes French occupation of part of Germany.
5. A national election as soon as French prisoners of war and forced laborers can come home from Germany. For the first time French women will vote, doing so under a de Gaulle law.

Embodied in these main principles are a hundred details, the simplest of which is to keep the country alive right now. The GI territory in Paris is no place to look for the typical French standard of living, any more than the West End of London speaks for England, or Park Avenue represents how America lives. I have recently visited a number of cities and towns in the southwest of France, including Limoges, Perigeaux, Toulouse, Bordeaux and Angouleme, where the arrangements for providing food, clothing, employment, transport, and

percent cognac, the older the cognac the better. He called it "the racing mixture" and easily passed everything on the road, all the while smelling like a Christmas pudding in full flame of fine old brandy. If facts like that were known back home, many a sad and bitter tear would be shed over the fuel problem of France.

In 1938 the seaports of France ranked sixth in the world when it came to cargo tonnage. Today there is practically nothing left of the cranes, basins and railheads that used to move close to 50 million tons a year.

In manpower this country of 41 million people is shy three million able-bodied men, owing to death, imprisonment or slave labor in Germany. That's about 15 percent of France's best manpower. Buildings destroyed in the war are replaced at

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General Charles de Gaulle's provisional government of France is a new outfit that broke clean with the 1939 regime. It settled a lot of its internal problems in Algiers before it returned to France. The Provisional Assembly in Algiers knew what was happening inside France through representatives of the Resistance Movement. It found the Resistance Movement enthusiastic over its policies when de Gaulle set up shop in Paris.

The Provisional French Government also made some practical international arrangements while it was still in exile. These deals were sometimes a little bumpy, and big Charlie de Gaulle usually was in hot water with some potent ally or other, but he fought like a man who didn't have a thing to apologize for, like a man who represented a proud sovereign people. Most of the deals stuck, and Franklin D., Uncle Joe, or Winston generally ended up shaking his hand over some useful treaty. By the time we formally recognized the de Gaulle government, it was a true sovereign government in all but name. For all of the migraine headaches which France faces, she has a representative government to tackle the job.

In France today prewar senators and deputies who did not collaborate with the Germans have been retained in office, like the members of Winston Churchill's Parliament, which has not been renewed since 1935. General de Gaulle's appointed Cabinet is a mixture of prewar politicians and new Resistance people. Considerable respect on the part of the government is paid to the advice of Resistance Councils, which constitute a kind of patriotic lobby that speaks for the majority of the people until elections can be held.

The program which de Gaulle is pledged to follow lines up like this:

1. Beat Germany and Japan.
2. Nationalize basic industries and get them working for war and reconstruction.

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Embodied in these main principles are a hundred details, the simplest of which is to keep the country alive right now. The GI territory in Paris is no place to look for the typical French standard of living, any more than the West End of London speaks for England, or Park Avenue represents how America lives. I have recently visited a number of cities and towns in the southwest of France, including Limoges, Perigeaux, Toulouse, Bordeaux and Angouleme, where the arrangements for providing food, clothing, employment, transport, medical care and all the other everyday necessities are in pretty bad shape. In Paris itself, the food ration is below that of 1943, and clothing is practically unobtainable. The fancy hats and dresses that Paris put on for the Liberation are completely deceptive. A GI who spends a couple of hours of his Paris pass visiting St. Denis, Billancourt or Belleville, where the working people live, doesn't see a new bonnet in the place. There are a half million unemployed in Paris alone.

**T**HE key to the recovery of France is transportation. Last spring and summer we did a very thorough job of beating up her bridges, railway yards and ports, and what we didn't do the Germans did—or the maquis did to snafu the enemy. In the campaign against enemy communications the French railway system lost 33,000 passenger coaches, 1,875 miles of tracks, 170,000 freight cars and 2,300 tunnels and bridges. Also destroyed were 4,500 highway bridges.

France is crosshatched with big rivers. She is cut crosswise by the Seine and Marne, the Loire and Cher, and the Garonne and Tarn, to name only the principal east-west rivers. Lengthwise the Rhone-Saone river system divides the country. The destruction of thousands of bridges balled up the enemy, but it has left France chopped in a dozen ways. The tons of butter in Normandy can't get to the bread of Beaune, the wines of Bordeaux can't get to the bottles in Paris, the coal of the Massif Central and Alsace-Lorraine can't get to the furnaces in the cities. Precision parts of aircraft made in the north can't get to the assembly plants in the deep south, where they have plenty of aluminum that can't get to Lille. Lyons cannot send its cloth to a man with the seat out of his pants in



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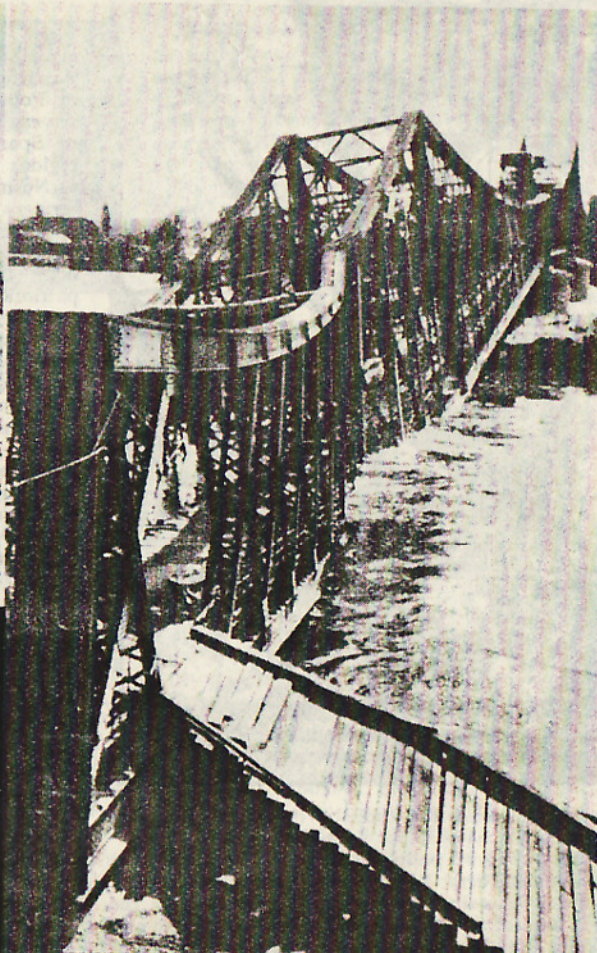
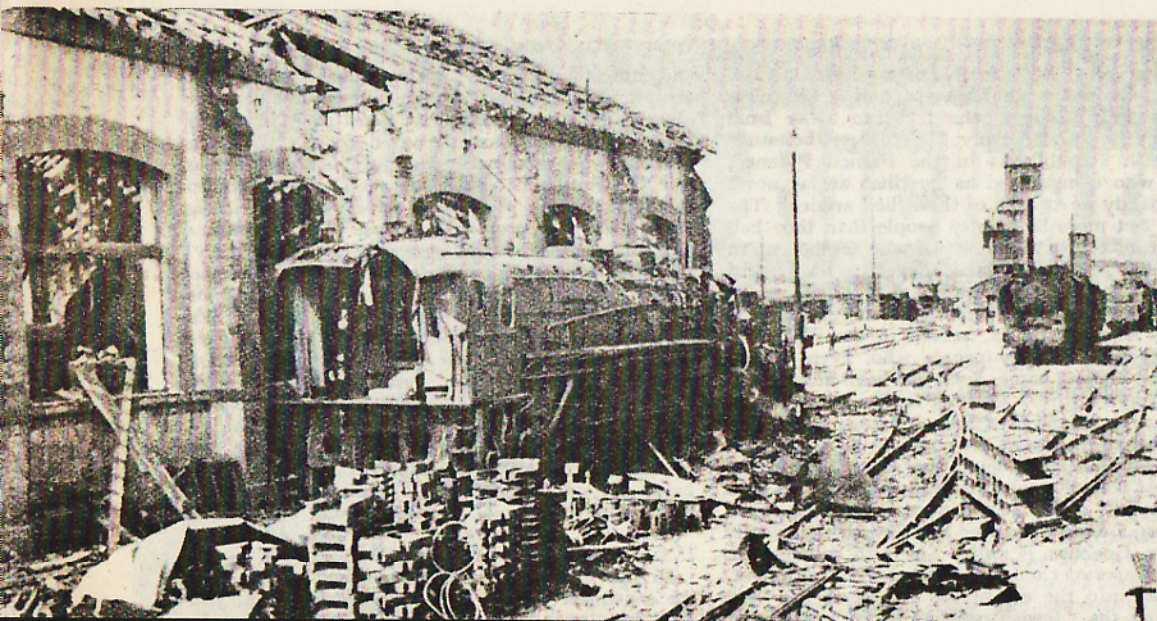
In manpower this country of 41 million people is shy three million able-bodied men, owing to death, imprisonment or slave labor in Germany. That's about 15 percent of France's best manpower. Buildings destroyed in the war are reckoned at 1,500,000. In Normandy a half million people were made homeless by the fighting.

Industrially, the country was hit hardest in the heavy industries of the north—around Lille, the Pas de Calais, Le Havre and Rouen, which were bombed many times. The other main industrial region, around Lyons, came off better because it produces mostly consumers' goods and not high-priority war material. Throughout France, especially important industries were bombed out of business, which they have now got to get back into.

America is helping to get some of the industries cooking again by placing war orders. The big Michelin tire industry is getting under way with orders for GI tires. As fast as other useful plants can be cleared up and tooled for Army equipment they will begin work on U.S. orders. These deals are made under Mutual Aid, which the French hope will continue into the postwar period. The government has ordered 300 locomotives from America,



BECAUSE OF THE COAL SHORTAGE, THESE LOCOMOTIVES STOOD IDLE IN A PARIS YARD. THE ONLY PASSENGER



# † France Sweats It Out

ABOVE LEFT, TRACKS AND WRECKED CARS PILED UP IN THE REPAIR SHOPS OF LAVAL, FRANCE, BOMBED BY THE ALLIES LAST JULY. ABOVE, RAIL BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE RIVER AT ROUEN KNOCKED OUT BY THE RAF.

and the signature is ready for other big shipments of reconstruction material as soon as our plants can handle them.

The Finance Minister has abolished customs duties to help clear the boards for peacetime exporting and importing.

French finances were out of control under Vichy. The Petain mob printed all the dough the Germans wanted. When the Allies landed, the franc was pegged at 50 to the dollar, 200 to the quid. This was a good neighborly move by the Allies, even if it did make a blue evening for the soldier in Paris. The evaluation is cockeyed, as witness the fluctuation of the black market in pounds and dollars. The black rate in Paris in August was as high as 400 francs to the dollar, or eight times the pegged rate. Early in October it was six times the

goods—wines, fashions, art, fancy cars, etc., plus the lucrative tourist industry bringing the customer right into the souvenir shop. The U.S. got only five per cent of her imports from France and sent France only 2.5 per cent of U.S. exports. These figures stand to be upped considerably by French reconstruction needs, not to mention the GIs' acquired tastes for cognac, champagne, and Chanel No. 5 for his girl friend. France's biggest prewar trade was with England and Germany, neither of which is likely to hold its place because of the nature of reconstruction material that will be needed. England and Germany will want to hang on to every rivet they make to rebuild themselves.

**T**HERE are many clinkers to complicate France's efforts at revival. The Resistance Movement

When a court-martial has jurisdiction—as in the case of army officers, police and certain Vichy officials—the provincial and departmental authorities are moving efficiently through their calendars. Only in Paris and Lyons, however, are there official Epuration courts for civil offenses against the nation. Several propagandists for Germany have been sentenced to death there; members of a gang of French Gestapo men have also been convicted and shot in Paris. Most of the traitors are cases for civilian purification courts, and there is widespread dissatisfaction among the French people that these courts are not being enlarged fast enough to deal with the 50,000 charged with treason. Justice for the crimes which the traitors have committed against their own people is the principal aim of the

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The black market, a tender and hypersensitive thing, is still sliding, and it gives an idea of how inflation subsides in an inverse ratio to the strength of the government. The GI money rate checked inflation in France and gave the government a chance to go ahead without extra headaches over the franc. The franc rests on the confidence of the Allies in French determination to restore the country. It's strictly political money, because the French gold reserve is practically gone. In this war world a nation's financial stability depends on how hard and unitedly the people work; the amount of gold and silver in the national piggy bank is less important. Which is one way of explaining why you can't get a good five-franc glass of champagne.

The main exports of peacetime France were luxury

goods—wines, fashions, art, fancy cars, etc., plus the lucrative tourist industry bringing the customer right into the souvenir shop. The U.S. got only five per cent of her imports from France and sent France only 2.5 per cent of U.S. exports. These figures stand to be upped considerably by French reconstruction needs, not to mention the GIs' acquired tastes for cognac, champagne, and Chanel No. 5 for his girl friend. France's biggest prewar trade was with England and Germany, neither of which is likely to hold its place because of the nature of reconstruction material that will be needed. England and Germany will want to hang on to every rivet they make to rebuild themselves.

**T**HERE are many clinkers to complicate France's efforts at revival. The Resistance Movement, made up of the guys who fought it out with no quarter with the Germans, are beginning to feel neglected. South of the Loire (the line of Patton's march) and west of the Rhone (Patch's route from the south) lie three-fifths of France, virtually cut off from the rest of the country. Except for regional commissioners appointed by de Gaulle, the southwest is governed by the homegrown Resistance. In that section a large FFI army, developed from the fighting maquis, is trying to root the Germans out of the Atlantic Wall fortresses. There are about 75,000 rough, tough Nazis holding in strong hedgehogs from the water gates of Bordeaux to Lorient. Against them is this ill-armed but fighting-mad FFI army, which would like to get some guns and go get the boche. No guns have been forthcoming. The maquis say they get nothing from Paris. In the meantime they are standing in muddy trenches without overcoats, holding the Germans in. On the La Rochelle sector they face three enemy armored trains. They have no artillery against the many guns of the Atlantic Wall forts.

The Resistance people want their FFI army to be incorporated, unit by unit, into the new regular army, which is equipped by us. The men who fought together in the underground want to fight together into Germany. The government, however, enlists FFI men individually, and does not recognize rank gained in the FFI. The Resistance organizations say that this policy tends to break up the strong patriotic core of France and strengthens the chances that the reforms will be defeated or forgotten. Particularly they fear that thousands of guilty parties will be left free to betray France again.

The Epuraton trials held in the first six months of liberation have arraigned only a handful of the estimated 50,000 people charged with treason.

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A number of French writers and entertainers known in America have been arrested for collaboration. Sascha Guitry, the actor and playwright, was held and paroled on medical grounds. Bernard Fay, historian and writer on American history, is also being held. He once wrote a popular biography of Benjamin Franklin, and how this squares with his services to Dr. Goebbels is a mystery that perhaps he will answer in court.

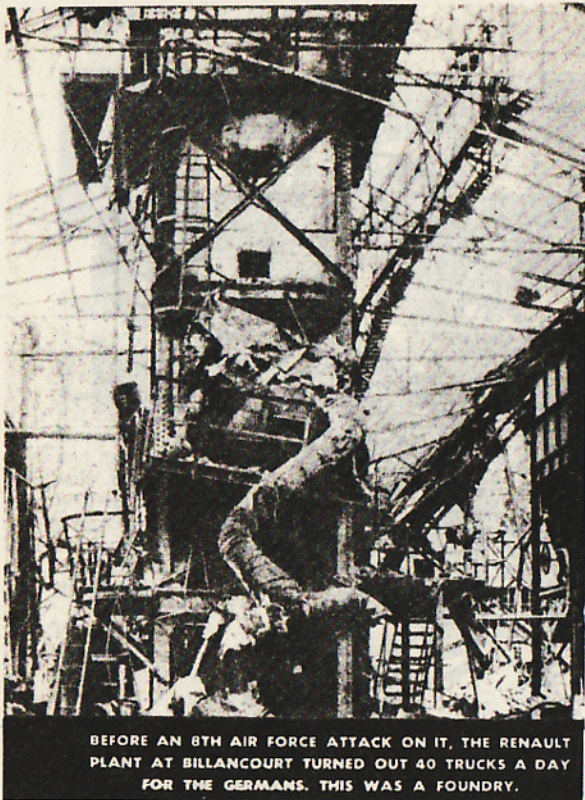
Georges Carpentier, the heavyweight who once fought Dempsey, has been cleared of charges of collaboration. Maurice Chevalier has been cleared. Danielle Darrieux, the actress, is also considered spotless.

**L**EADING French writers who took dangerous parts in the Resistance Movement include Louis Aragon and his fellow-poet, Paul Eluard, who between them edited and published 30 illegal books during the occupation, including the famous *Silence of the Sea*. The great painter, Picasso, stayed in Paris and worked, unmolested. More than 100 French writers, scholars and professional men were murdered by the Nazis. Seven anthropologists were murdered in the Hall of Man in the Trocadero Museum when they were betrayed to the Gestapo for publishing underground literature. Claude Morgan, a curator in the Louvre, got away with publishing 22 illegal issues of the literary review *Les Lettres Francaise* right in the museum.

The most prominent industrialist arrested for treason was Louis Renault, the Henry Ford of France, who turned his Billancourt works over to making armored cars and trucks for the enemy.



TRAINS RUNNING DURING THE COAL SCARCITY WERE POWERED BY DIESEL MOTORS OR ELECTRICITY.



BEFORE AN 8TH AIR FORCE ATTACK ON IT, THE RENAULT PLANT AT BILLANCOURT TURNED OUT 40 TRUCKS A DAY FOR THE GERMANS. THIS WAS A FOUNDRY.

Renault cheated the rope by dying in jail. No businessmen have so far been tried.

The strongest political party in France is the Communist Party, which lost 40,000 of its members in the fight against the Germans. Numerically, the Reds are not as strong as the Socialist, Catholic and various brands of democratic parties, but their tight discipline and fighting record in the maquis give them a powerful influence. Three of their principal prewar leaders have turned up alive—Andre Marty, Maurice Thorez and the aged Marcel Cachin. All the surviving prewar parties are working together in the two large national patriotic organizations—the Mouvement Liberation National and the Front National—and negotiations are being carried on between these to unite in one patriotic front to keep the pressure on to win the war and settle French problems. Incidentally, two of the political groups which find themselves in closest agreement on reconstruction policy are the Communists and the Catholics.

The peasants of France were less affected by the German occupation than were the city workers and white-collar people. This is no reflection on the peasants' patriotism; on the contrary, in the maquis centers in the south of France the farmers have handsomely supplied the fighting maquis with food. The farmers, traditionally the most conservative group in France, have got closer to the city people

ing labor service in Germany, escaped prisoners of war from Germany, labor leaders, and large groups of Poles and Russians who had run away from slavery in the German army. There were thousands of Spanish Republicans in the French Pyrenees regions who campaigned as guerillas as far north as Normandy in support of the Allied armies. The farmers met more lively city people than they had ever seen before in these maquis who camped up in the woods. Farmers who had never read a modern book met writers and politicians travelling on patriotic business in the countryside. The famous novelist, Andre Malraux, served in the FFI. He got along with country people who, even if they had heard his real name, wouldn't have known him from Adam's off ox. Malraux is now a regimental commander with the First French Army.

There is still a fascist fifth column in France. It has to work clandestinely, but it exists. In the southwest I saw French Nazi leaflets which had been distributed at night. They were anti-British, anti-American, anti-Russian, and anti-Jewish—or exactly what Dr. Goebbels is anti. The fifth column also runs a whispering campaign against the government, muttering into the ear of the GI about the "red peril" and the "Jewish problem" and hoping that the U.S. Army will stay around after the war "to keep order" in France. Fifth columnists are also trying to take advantage of the unfair rate of exchange by unloading their francs on GIs in return for dollars and pounds at the black-market rate. The reason why the fifth columnists are so anxious to get pounds and dollars is that they made their bundles of thousand-franc notes by playing ball with the Germans. Now that their German pals are gone, they hope we will give them safe bucks and pounds for the blood money.

The money-changing act is getting unsafe, though. Recent sentences of up to 20 years in Leavenworth have been handed out to accommodating Americans.

The Resistance government wants our friendship. They don't try to buy it with 200 francs for a buck. They like us because we were liberators, because we are a democratic people and because they want to work with us to get France rebuilt.

**B**EHIND many a French attitude today is the absence of more than two million of the nation's best men, who are in Nazi hands as prisoners of war or forced laborers. About four per cent of America's similar manhood is abroad in the wars; ten per cent of the best French manhood is in Germany. Not only is this a severe loss to a country which has also lost 20 per cent of her industrial capacity, but it is a cause of the declining birth rate, of poverty in prisoners' and deportees' families, and of many psychological disturbances that cannot be added up statistically. It brings about a sort of national mourning in France, and it shows up in such customs as clipping the hair of women who slept with Germans and in the ban on night-clubbing which is in force almost everywhere.

There is some loose talk in France about a revolution after the war. This theme is plugged by the

and somehow to persuade us to defend them against the program of the government. I tried to find out about this "revolution" that takes place in scared whispers at Paris bars. I asked dozens of French soldiers, who presumably would have some part in the "revolution." Their answers boiled down to this: *We have a provisional government, which is pledged to a program of reforms. The Resistance movement backs this program wholeheartedly. We'd like the government to move faster to round up the traitors and get industry reorganized, but we don't need any revolution to bring it about. We are going to have local elections next spring, but we don't want a national election until the men are back from Germany. The only people who want a "revolution" in France are the guilty parties who sold us out. The rest of us want to beat Germany and get our buddies back, rebuild, and make sure that the men who brought the downfall of France in 1940 never get another chance to betray the country. The whole thing can be done legally, without a "revolution," and with the help of our Allies—the U.S., Britain and Russia.*

In the FFI battalions and regiments I saw in the southwest there was high morale. When you don't have guns or overcoats, you gotta' have morale. These people, who lost so heavily in bloody battles with the Germans from 1942 until the August liberation days, are eager to join the big fight in Germany. And not only in Germany. They ask about their chances of getting into the war against Japan.

I never heard Japan mentioned among the guys who whispered "revolution" at the Paris bars. That was plainly our baby, and they only hoped we wouldn't all go to the Pacific and leave them unprotected.



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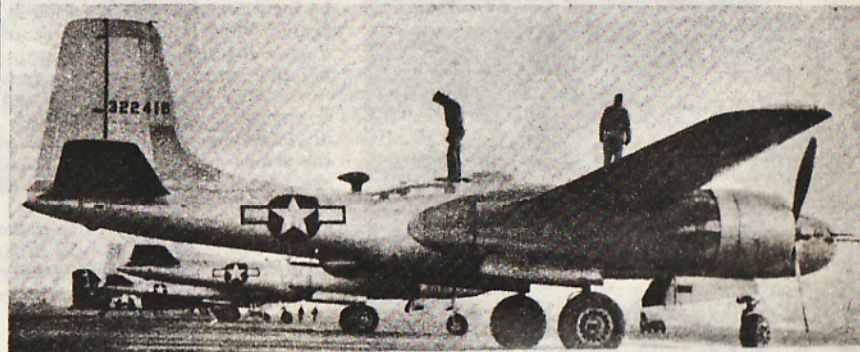
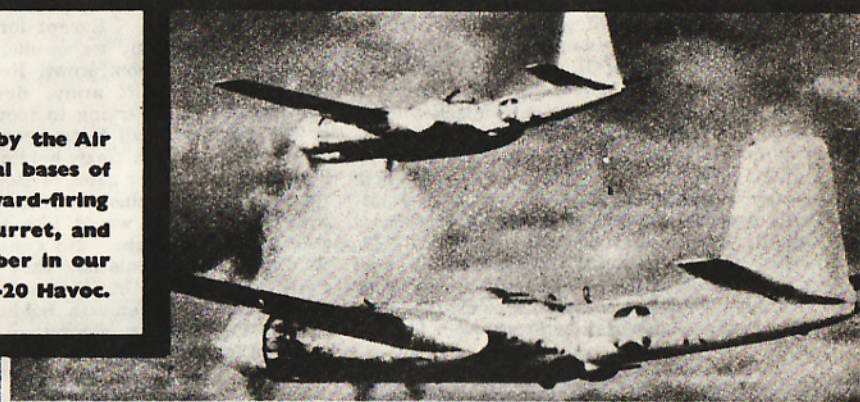
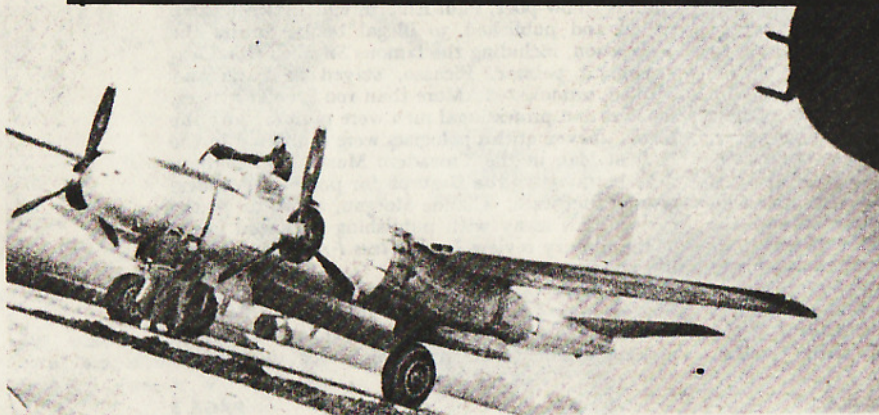
There is some loose talk in France about a revolution after the war. This theme is plugged by the fifth column of Vichyites and German collaborators still at large. They would like very much to get Uncle Sam and John Bull to believe this goblin story



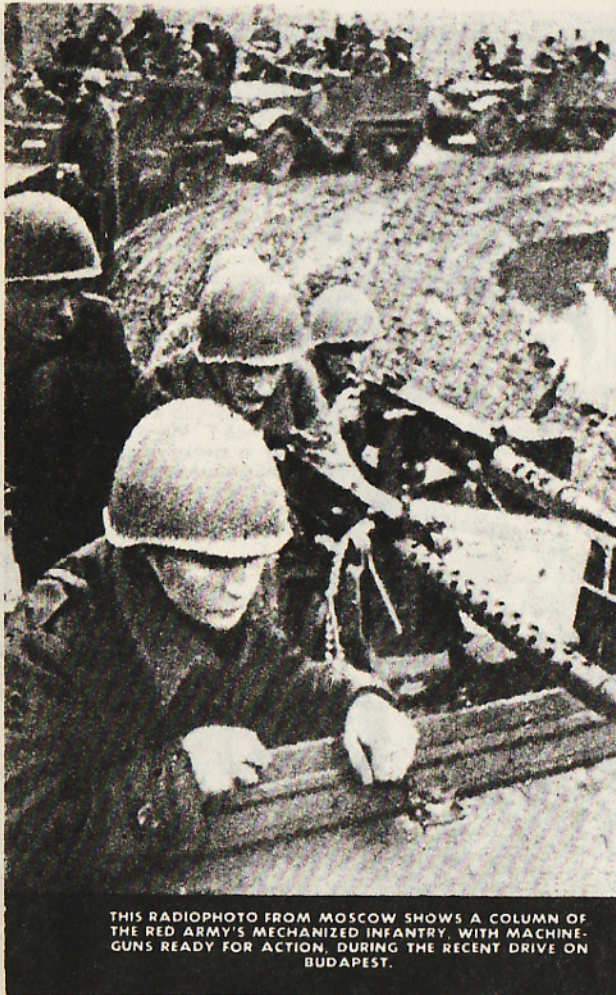
FRENCH MAQUIS GO AFTER NAZIS IN HYERES, COASTAL TOWN IN SOUTHERN FRANCE LIBERATED BY THE ALLIES.

## Our Fastest Bomber

Three shots of the new A-26 Invader, now being ferried to France by the Air Service Command Transport Group and operating from Continental bases of the 9th AAF. Its speed is secret but plenty, and it carries ten forward-firing .50s, all remotely controlled—six in the nose, two in the dorsal turret, and two in the belly turret. It is, in fact, the hardest-hitting attack bomber in our air force, and, all in all, a tougher baby than its older brother, the A-20 Havoc.







THIS RADIOPHOTO FROM MOSCOW SHOWS A COLUMN OF THE RED ARMY'S MECHANIZED INFANTRY, WITH MACHINE-GUNS READY FOR ACTION, DURING THE RECENT DRIVE ON BUDAPEST.

### From YANK's New York Office

**T**HE present Russian offensive, which can be argued as the most powerful single offensive in history, is the culmination of a long-range plan that went into action even as the German invasion was spreading past the Russian borders. According to Russian authorities, many military journals in the States and Allied commentators, upon whose opinions this article is based, there are roughly three phases to the plan: the initial retreat, the attrition after the Germans stopped and, finally, the offensive.

There was nothing accidental about this plan. It has carried on for three-and-a-half years while the Red Army, to use Prime Minister Churchill's phrase, has been tearing the guts out of the great bulk of the German Army, and the Russian people have seen their country in flames and some 20,000,000 of their countrymen killed, wounded, missing and

# THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE

For example, in a mile-long sector of the East Prussian front the Germans had built 18 pillboxes with iron and concrete walls from six to nine feet thick. One of the pillboxes was three stories high and had a garrison of 60 men. Similar conditions prevailed at many points along the 2,000-mile length of the front. The Red Army's greatest achievement was smashing this front from top to bottom. "This," says a general in *Red Star*, "is a strategical, not a tactical achievement."

Russia's strategy was based on a long war. Her leaders realized that they were up against the greatest striking force in the world, with the wealth and slave labor of Europe behind it. Their plan was to absorb this force in the great expanse of their country, and to stop it at three decisive spots: These spots were Leningrad, to prevent the Germans from breaking through and cutting Russia off from the outside world to the north; and Stalingrad, from which the Germans could have cut south to vital oil, or north to outflank the third spot, Moscow itself, which they couldn't take by a frontal assault.

The Red Army stopped the Germans at each of these places, and the defeat of the Sixth German Army Group before Stalingrad is generally considered the turning point of the war.

The Russian tactics were based on three principles: the breakthrough, encirclement and envelopment. These are not particularly original principles, but they pay off. In the 1944 summer offensive alone, the Red Army broke through the German defenses from Vitebsk to the Black Sea; before they stopped they had encircled ten Nazi divisions at Vitebsk and Bobruisk, ten at Kishinev in Rumania, 30 in Latvia and a garrison of some 100,000 men in Budapest.

As the Red Army has grown stronger these tactics have been consummated on a larger and larger scale. Where the Russians were breaking through on a localized front two years ago, they are breaking through along an entire front today, enveloping whole provinces such as East Prussia, and outflanking entire defense systems, as in Poland during their drive through the Balkans to Budapest.

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RUSSIAN GUNNERS CROSSING A STREAM IN THE CARPATHIANS.

be as mobile as the attacking force. When a Russian offensive hits, it hits hard and fast, and keeps on going. The Red Army usually cracks the enemy's tactical defenses during the first two days of any major operation.

At Stalingrad, the German lines were breached in the first day; on the fifth day the Soviet forces had gone 120 kilometers and surrounded the main German forces. At Orel, the German line cracked on the first day, and the Russians had gone 100 kilometers by the seventh. In the summer of 1944, the German defenses in White Russia were broken during the first two days of the offensive; on the 15th day the Red Army had gone 400 kilometers. In Rumania, the Red Army encircled Gen. von Kleist's Army Group in six days. The Red Army broke the entire German defense system in Poland in four days.

There are several factors behind these swift advances. There are always extremely thorough preparations relying a great deal on reconnaissance in force. The Russians also depend a good deal on guerilla aid. The Red Army was the only army in the world which formed guerilla units as an integral part of its organization.

**T**HEN there is the artillery concentration before an attack. The Russians describe this as terrific, and they mean exactly that. They claim to have stacked their artillery 500 guns to the kilometer and they really work over an area. A battery of Katusha rocket mortars is said to cover one square kilometer in one minute, destroying everything in that area. Another Russian claim is that their new Stalin tank carries a gun that is equivalent to those carried by a light cruiser, and can knock out any German tank at long distances. The Russians also say that the Germans have not developed either tank armor or permanent fortifications that can stand up before the new Soviet self-propelled gun.

The principles of the Soviet artillery offensive provide for constant artillery support of the infantry and tanks, from the beginning to the end of their advance. Soviet infantry advances no more than 100 yards behind its artillery barrage during an attack. At times they take losses from their own fire, figuring that they incur fewer losses in this

THIS RADIOPHOTO FROM MOSCOW SHOWS A COLUMN OF THE RED ARMY'S MECHANIZED INFANTRY, WITH MACHINE-GUNS READY FOR ACTION, DURING THE RECENT DRIVE ON BUDAPEST.

### From YANK's New York Office

**T**HE present Russian offensive, which can be argued as the most powerful single offensive in history, is the culmination of a long-range plan that went into action even as the German invasion was spreading past the Russian borders. According to Russian authorities, many military journals in the States and Allied commentators, upon whose opinions this article is based, there are roughly three phases to the plan: the initial retreat, the attrition after the Germans stopped and, finally, the offensive.

There was nothing accidental about this plan. It has carried on for three-and-a-half years while the Red Army, to use Prime Minister Churchill's phrase, has been tearing the guts out of the great bulk of the German Army, and the Russian people have seen their country in flames and some 20,000,000 of their countrymen killed, wounded, missing and tortured.

According to one Russian school of military thought which dwells primarily on the early phases of the German invasion of the Soviet, the German General Staff failed to learn the lessons of the First World War. "The Germans' conception of the difference between the First and Second World Wars is very primitive," says one Russian General in *Red Star*, official newspaper of the Red Army. "They held that the first war was exclusively one of position, but that the second was a war of maneuver in which fortified fronts play only a secondary role. They overlooked the fact that a fortified front—and hence the firepower, artillery and infantry—would be inherited by a second war. They believed the decisive factor in this war would be mobile formations."

The Germans relied on their mobility alone to achieve the results in the East which they had gained in the West in the earlier days of the war. They assumed that their surprise breakthrough would crack the Russian lines and lead to the free maneuver of their tanks in the Russian rear.

The breakthrough did crack the first lines of defense. But the Red Army learned to retreat before the fury of the blitz and let it spend itself on nothing. They bled the advancing Germans with guerilla warfare and local counterattacks. They uncovered the famous Russian artillery. They stopped the Germans at Leningrad, Moscow and Stalingrad, and forced them to resort to what they had tried to avoid—positional warfare along a wide front.

When the Red Army assumed the offensive, the Germans had to fortify this front. They were forced to learn the lessons of the First World War the hard way. The positions that the Red Army cracked from Stalingrad to Breslau have been very well fortified.

couldn't take by a frontal assault.

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**I**t is important to remember the largeness of Red Army conceptions and the scale on which it maneuvers. For example, German propaganda made much of the fact last winter that the Russians had stopped before Warsaw because of political reasons. But during the period that the Germans claimed the Russians were "stalling" in Poland, the Red Army was clearing its flanks by trapping German divisions in the Baltic States, preparing the 1,600-mile bridgehead on the Vistula from which their present offensive jumped off, and conducting a major campaign in the Balkans which engaged 70 German divisions in that area alone.

The pause of the Red Army in Central Poland was an operational pause that was part of the general Soviet strategy. It took the Red Army five months to prepare for this offensive; it seems to have been worth it.

It's an elementary truism that an offensive should pick up speed as it goes along. This means that artillery and the supply system must be prepared to

in force. The Russians also depend a good deal on guerilla aid. The Red Army was the only army in the world which formed guerilla units as an integral part of its organization.

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The Russians make a special point of mobile artillery. They say their artillery often accompanies the infantry in an attack. The Russian method of attacking fortified cities employs special shock troops and mobile artillery which methodically take the objective street by street, in preference to shelling or bombing hell out of the place and then having to fight through the rubble.

There is an immediate exploitation of a breakthrough by cavalry and motorized units. Every large-scale operation on the Russian-German front, according to *The U.S. Cavalry Journal*, has been made with the aid of cavalry. The Russian cavalry works in close cooperation with tanks and planes, and even carries its own ack-ack.

There is also very close support between the Soviet infantry and planes. The Russians don't go in for strategic bombing, but concentrate on low-flying fighter-bombers. These planes stick as close as 30 feet above the ground, and have top-cover supplied by other fighters.

In three-and-a-half years of war, the Soviet Air Force claimed over 60,000 German planes, of which 80 per cent were claimed in air combat. They say four of the six German air fleets have been in continuous action on the Eastern Front.

All this means that the Red Army is today the chief exponent of the blitzkrieg. What is happening in the East today is pure and simple blitz, outstripping the German attempts in 1940 and 1941. Marshal Stalin has stated that the Red Army couldn't have accomplished this without Allied help, but the fact is that they have had Allied help and they have accomplished it. They have also lost more men and killed more Germans than any other army.



S/Sgt. Stanley Setka of Riceville, Iowa, one of the few remaining "Jan. 26" men in the 1st Battalion of the 133d Infantry, is an antitank squad leader.



S/Sgt. Jerry Snoble of Hazleton, Iowa, is another veteran. He served in a rifle platoon and was wounded in Tunisia. Now he's company supply sergeant.



The old-timers of this 34th Division outfit have sweated it out longer than any other infantrymen in Europe—three years overseas with 350 days spent in the front lines of Tunisia and Italy.



Pfc. Henke in Ireland, 1942.

# Iron -

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY, YANK Staff Correspondent

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# Iron-



S/Sgt. Max Shepherd is the other Waterloo (Iowa) man who has stayed with the outfit. His father, Maj. Lloyd Shepherd, used to be the battalion commander.

By Sgt. JOE MCCARTHY, YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**ITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—Most of us were still waiting for our first notice from the draft board on the day that Pfc. Milburn H. Henke of Hutchinson, Minn., walked down the gangplank at Belfast, Northern Ireland, in a 1918 helmet, blouse, necktie, full field pack, M1, gas mask and canvas leggings, and posed on the dock, smiling, for pictures that later appeared in practically every newspaper in the States. That was Jan. 26, 1942. Henke was the center of all that attention because he was the first American soldier in this war to set foot in the European theater.

Henke is back in the States now, reclassified as limited service, with an excellent combat record in Tunisia where he served as communications sergeant in a rifle company and won the Silver Star. But his old outfit, the 1st Battalion of the 133d Infantry in the veteran 34th (Red Bull) Division, is still here, finishing its third year overseas and sweating out its third straight winter in the front lines.

Only a few of the original GIs who landed with Henke in Belfast are left now—fewer than 60 out of the whole battalion. In Henke's old company (Baker Company) there are seven. They have more overseas time than any other infantrymen in Europe today, because the 1st Battalion arrived in Belfast a couple of weeks ahead of the other early Infantry units in that first American Expeditionary Force. If you showed them the pictures taken on the dock, they would have a hard time recognizing themselves. They have almost forgotten what blouses, neckties, gas masks and canvas leggings look like.

Few, if any, infantrymen in any theater of operations have seen more combat than they have in the last two years. The battalion fought the whole Tunisian campaign, including Hill 609, and it has been in the line in Italy since late September 1943, with only one rest period that lasted more than a month.

You can get some idea of the terrific physical and mental strain of the Italian campaign by comparing the time this battalion has been able to rest in the last 15 months with the time it has spent under fire in the same period.

The battalion landed at Salerno two weeks after D-Day and took over a sector from the 45th Division on Sept. 27, 1943. Its men did not get a chance to relax from that day until the day after Thanksgiving, when they were relieved by the French and brought back to Castelnuovo for

Pvt. Ralph Loy is one of two Waterloo (Iowa) men from the original outfit. He has more combat stars on his ribbons than anyone else in the battalion.

S/Sgt. Everall-Schonbrich of Casey, Iowa, has been with the outfit from the beginning, too. Sgt. Schonbrich is a member of Dog Company's mortar platoon.

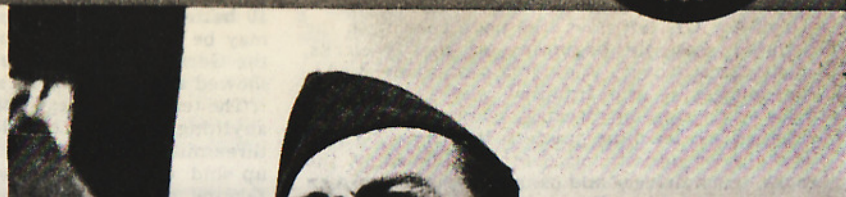


# - Man Battalion



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They moved up front on Dec. 11 and stayed there more than two months, during which they made five attempts to cross the Rapido River in bitter winter weather. Then, on Feb. 22, they were pulled out of the Cassino sector and got 21 days off to prepare for a move to Anzio. The battalion landed at Anzio on Mar. 25. It did not get another rest until June 8, soon after the battalion had advanced on Tarquinia, 18 miles ahead of the rest of the Fifth Army, with no flank protection, and had wiped out a German bicycle battalion.

"We made our first contact with the Germans a little after midnight," says Pfc. John F. Weidler of Wichita Falls, Tex., one of the battalion headquarters men. "By 4 o'clock the next afternoon it was all over. That next night every man in our battalion had a bicycle of his own."

The 1st Battalion was relieved 24 hours later by a battalion of a division fresh from the States.

"I think that was the only time I ever saw a whole outfit with fixed bayonets," S/Sgt. Ned Levinson of the Bronx, N. Y., says. "There wasn't a German within miles of us. But these guys came up at night in trucks, with every one of them carrying his rifle at port arms and the bayonets fixed on every gun. And not a German within miles. Damnedest sight I ever seen."

A little more than two weeks later, June 25, the battalion was back in the line again at San Vincenzo. Then came the tough battles at Cecina and Mount Maggiore. At the end of July, the battalion went on the first real vacation it has enjoyed in Italy—six weeks at a beach resort on the Mediterranean coast below Leghorn.

On Sept. 10, the battalion moved north from Florence and plunged into hard fighting over the most difficult terrain the men have been up against overseas. Slugging their way up the steep ridges of the Gothic Line, they found an enemy who was resisting as strongly as he did at Cassino and Anzio. They had six days out of the line at the end of the month. Then they went back for six more weeks. Early in November, when the advance had slowed to a stop in the rain and mud before Bologna, the battalion hiked out of the mountains at night, climbed into trucks and drove to a rest town west of Florence for 10 days.

When you figure it out, the battalion has had about 16 weeks of rest in the last 15 months.

Adding this long stretch of Italian combat to the battalion's time on the Tunisian front, you get something around 350 days of line service. And 76 Bronze Stars, 64 Silver Stars, nine Legions of Merit and 17 Dis-



T-5 Raymond Sonksen is the only remaining GI from Grundy Center, Iowa, in Baker Company. Originally there were 22. Sonksen is acting mess sergeant.

tinguished Service Crosses. (When the Fifth Army announced on the first anniversary of Salerno that it had awarded 201 DSCs, the battalion had 16 of them.) The battalion also has one Medal of Honor, awarded posthumously to Pvt. Robert D. Booker of Callaway, Nebr., killed Apr. 9, 1943, at Fondouk while attacking single-handedly two enemy machine guns and a mortar position across 200 yards of open ground.

**T**HE 34th Division was an Iowa-Minnesota-Dakota National Guard outfit when it went into active duty at Camp Claiborne, La., in February 1941. Later that year, while the Army was still wearing dark-blue fatigues and old shallow helmets of the first World War, the 34th was streamlined from a four-regiment square division to a three-regiment triangular one. The Dakota regiment, the 164th Infantry, was lopped off and sent first to the West Coast and then to the South Pacific, where it later became famous at Guadalcanal and Bougainville as a part of the Americal Division. That left the 34th almost exclusively a division of soldiers from Iowa and Minnesota. Two of the regiments, the 133d and the 168th Infantries, were Iowa National Guard outfits. The other regiment, the 135th Infantry, was from Minnesota. Two of the divisional artillery battalions were from Minnesota, the other from Iowa.

In the 1st Battalion of the 133d, A Company was a National Guard unit from Dubuque and most of the boys in Baker and Dog Companies were from Waterloo. Charlie Company was composed of men from Cedar Rapids. After they moved away from home to start their training at Claiborne, these National Guardsmen began to worry about the Selective Service System. They were afraid it might send them a lot of draftees from the East or South who would make the battalion lose its Hawkeye flavor. Their fears were groundless. More than 75 percent of the draftees assigned to the battalion were from Iowa.

The battalion was still an Iowa outfit in Ireland, in North Africa and in Italy until it moved into the Cassino sector. Then it began to change. The familiar Iowa faces of the original National Guardsmen and the early draftees started to disappear. A lot of them were killed; others, with what the boys enviously called "million-dollar wounds," didn't come back from the hospital. When the battalion embarked for Anzio, it was almost a new outfit. And later when it pushed north from Rome, most of the remaining old men went home to Iowa on rotation or TD.

The few GIs left now who have been with the battalion since the beginning are mostly clerks, cooks, truck drivers and cannon-company men—the soldiers in the Infantry who get the low priority on rotation because, compared with the riflemen and machine gunners, they have a somewhat lower priority on death. But most of the cooks, truck drivers and cannon-company men in

fantry battalions. They are still sore because the recent official Fifth Army account of the advance to Rome gives the 1st Special Service Force credit for taking Highway 7 and the railroad line during the break-through from Anzio. "We passed through the Special Service Force there on the night of May 24 and attacked the next morning," they say. "Charlie Company did most of the job and cleaned it up in two hours."

Just as they think their battalion is the best in the regiment, they also consider the 133d the best regiment in the division. They have a deep respect for the 3d and the 45th Divisions, which shared their hardships in Italy before moving on to southern France, but they don't feel that any other division can quite measure up to the 34th.

In a rest town recently, one of their officers noticed a GI, loaded with cognac, passing out on the street in front of his CP. He asked a couple of his men to pick up the soldier and put him under cover. When they started to lift him from the sidewalk, one of them noticed that he was wearing the shoulder patch of another division. Without a moment's hesitation, they dropped him back on the sidewalk and walked away, dusting their hands. It took the officer quite a while to convince them it was their duty to take care of the drunk, even if he wasn't in the 34th.

**T**HIS pride in the outfit and the personal pride of each man, who knows the silent contempt that veteran GIs feel for men who turn into stragglers or AWOLs without good reason, keep the battalion going at times when the demands made upon it seem to be more than a human being can take. Those demands are made often here.

When you talk with the men in the battalion about the war in Italy and ask them why it has been so slow and tough, they give you straight and simple answers that make more sense than most of the profound comments that military experts have written on the subject.

"Listen," they say, "the Jerry has got all that stuff piled up here. He can't take it with him and he doesn't want to leave it for us. So he is staying here until he uses it up, just like any smart guy would do. You can tell that's the way he's thinking from the amount of artillery he's throwing at us. It's as bad as Anzio."

They feel that GIs in the rear echelon and the people at home do not understand the numbers of Germans they are facing. "This may be a forgotten front and all that," they say, "but we had 10 battalions against our division last month. It may be forgotten by us but it's not forgotten by the Germans. We captured a Jerry pay roll that showed a division with a strength of 10,300 men."

The terrain? "Miles on the map here don't mean anything. You may be told to advance to a point three miles away. But by the time you get there, up and down ridges and around chasms, zig-zagging up the sides of mountains, you'll have

coffee and lay off the bouillon and lemon powder and cocoa. And speaking of coffee, the Coleman stove is one of the great inventions of the war."

"The Coleman stove, the jeep and the Bailey Bridge," Shepherd says, "are winning the war. Guys with Colemans would rather move up without helmets than leave their stoves behind. We carry them in Jerry gas-mask containers. They don't make much light, either, once they get started. A hot breakfast in the morning makes all the difference in the world."

When you mention clothing, the GIs in the battalion think first of shoes and socks, the most important items in the Infantry's wardrobe. They don't know why the Army didn't give them combat boots back in 1941 instead of service shoes and leggings. They don't have a high opinion of the combat shoe with the rough side of the leather on the outside. It doesn't shed water as well as the smooth-finished boot and it takes longer to dry. They are not satisfied with the shoe pac, the new type of winter boot with a rubber foot and waterproof black-leather top.

"It's a step in the right direction," Weidler says. "It's an attempt to keep the feet dry, and that's the only way to beat trenchfoot. But the shoe pac gives the foot no support. If you walk a long distance in them, they kill you."

Everybody likes the issue woolen sweater, but prefers last winter's combat jacket with the zipper front and the high woolen collar and cuffs to the new green hip-length jacket. "The new jacket is not bad," one GI says, "but it acts like a shelter half in the rain. If you rub against one spot inside too much, the water comes through."

Nobody wants any part of the new sleeping bag with the zipper that pulls up from the feet to the chin. "It may be fine for the Air Forces," one of the BAR men says, "but I wouldn't get into one of those things in the line if you paid me. Suppose a Kraut found me with my arms and legs all zippered up, like I was in a strait jacket?"

The battalion has not noticed much change for the better or worse in their weapons or ammunition in the two years they have been in combat. Some of the men would like lighter weapons with more fire power; others would prefer more heavy weapons, like the BAR. They still envy the German smokeless powder as they did in Tunisia. They like the German light machine gun better than ours and they think the German machine pistol is a better weapon than our tommy gun.

**T**HEY won't always admit it, but you can tell from talking to them that the men in the battalion get a deep satisfaction from knowing their job is the toughest one in the Army. They know that, if they come through the war safely, their own part in it will be something they will be able to look back on with pride for the rest of their lives. They know that it will be a good feeling

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Probably because rotation and TD are worked on an alphabetical basis, most of the remaining "Jan. 26" men in the battalion seem to have last names beginning with "S" or letters farther on. There is, for instance, S/Sgt. Everall Schonbrich of Casey, Iowa, from the Dog Company mortar platoon; S/Sgt. Jerry Snoble of Hazleton, Iowa, supply sergeant of Charlie Company who served in a rifle platoon until he was wounded in Tunisia; S/Sgt. Stanley Setka of Riceville, Iowa, an antitank squad leader, and T-5 Raymond E. Sonksen of Grundy Center, Iowa, acting mess sergeant in Baker Company. There were 22 men from Grundy Center in Baker Company back at Claiborne. Sonksen is the only one left.

And only two of the Waterloo men who formed almost two full companies of the original National Guard battalion are still here. They are S Sgt. Max Shepherd, whose father, Maj. Lloyd H. Shepherd, used to be battalion commander, and Pvt. Ralph Loy, a character who has one more of those important combat stars on his theater ribbon than anybody else in the battalion. Loy was transferred to the 3d Division after Tunisia, went through the Sicilian campaign and then managed to get back into his old Iowa battalion when it was leaving for Italy. "The adjutant fixed me up," he says. "He and I were old friends. He court-martialed me once in Ireland."

Although the battalion is now composed of soldiers from practically every state in the Union, the old Iowa men still have a great pride in their outfit. They will argue for hours to prove that their battalion entered a certain town last July three hours ahead of one of the other 133d In-

about the war in Italy and ask them why it has been so slow and tough, they give you straight and simple answers that make more sense than most of the profound comments that military experts have written on the subject.

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The terrain? "Miles on the map here don't mean anything. You may be told to advance to a point three miles away. But by the time you get there, up and down ridges and around chasms, zig-zagging up the sides of mountains, you'll have covered eight or nine miles. The squad on your right may be within talking distance. But there is a canyon dropping down between you and them. If you want to get to them, you have to walk a half mile to the rear and a half mile forward again on their side of the canyon. We heard about a captain—a company commander in the 168th—who covered 72 miles on pay day, paying off his men, without going outside his company area."

Despite the ample German supplies and men and the difficult terrain on the Fifth Army front, the GIs in the battalion think the Allies could have been more successful here if they had been able to attack the Gothic Line in greater depth. "That's been our trouble ever since we've been in Italy," they say. "When we take a position or make a break-through, we never seem to have enough fresh troops behind us to really make something out of the gain. We have to stop, and there's nobody to follow up and keep pushing."

The older men in the battalion and the veteran officers, like Capt. Richard Wilkinson of Toano, Va., who missed only 15 days of Charlie Company's combat until he was transferred recently to battalion headquarters, have seen a lot of changes in Army methods—mostly for the better, they say—in their two years of action.

All the men in the battalion say they are eating much better food now than they had earlier in the Italian campaign and in Tunisia. "The 10-in-one rations are damned good," Sonksen says. "We're getting fresh meat and bread more often. Back in Tunisia we used to go without bread for weeks. The boys had it so seldom that when they did get it they used to eat it for dessert, like cake. Somebody ought to tell somebody to give us more

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But that is something in the remote future. Right now they are tired, and their attitude toward the fate that put them in the Infantry, in the snow of the Apennine Mountains, instead of in some softer branch of the service, is one of resignation. They are accepting it, trying to make the best of it and trying to tell themselves that it could have been worse. One of the men in the battalion, describing the ordeal he had been through recently at Cecina, ended up: "I think we were the first ones to get into the town itself. Anyway, we were pulled out of there for a couple of days on July 3. On the Fourth of July we had a hot holiday meal."

Then he thought for a moment and added: "You know, that's one thing about this outfit. We've had it tough all along but, somehow or other, we've always managed to hit some place on holidays where we can have a hot meal. Christmas of 1942 we were on the boat in Liverpool, waiting to push off for North Africa. On the Fourth of July in 1943, we were back in a rest area after the Tunisian campaign. Thanksgiving Day in 1943 we had just finished the fighting at Ashcan Hill, but we had a turkey dinner right there on the side of the hill. It was raining and the Germans were shelling us, but we didn't give a damn—we had the turkey."

He smiled and shook his head. "Maybe you better not print that," he said. "Somebody at division headquarters may read it and say: 'Those guys have had it too good. We'll see that they spend their next five Thanksgivings and Christmases in the line eating K rations.'"



## Don't Split Up

**M**y choice is the VFW. To join this organization you must have had service outside the continental limits of the U.S. The boys who go across know what it is to leave a great country and to come back to it. The VFW has been lobbying in Congress for the GIs of this war. It has helped such bills as the GI Bill of Rights and many others. Men are being trained by VFW posts to help GIs when they are discharged. If you want a farm loan or plan to go to school, this VFW counselor will help cut red tape and put you on the right track.

If the GIs of this war split up into two or three veterans' organizations, we wouldn't be strong. United we stand, divided we fall.

USS Pasco

—DANIEL J. SCARRY SK2c

## Enlisted Men Only

**I** AM very much in favor of having another organization, but it should be restricted to enlisted men only.

Every club or place we see over here is posted. Clubs, bars and dance halls are off limits to enlisted men. They have signs posted which read: "OFFICERS ONLY." So, when we come back home, why not continue in the same way? It has proven very successful over here.

I and my friends feel that we enlisted men can set up our own organization, hold our national and district conventions, and have a sufficient number of members to make it one of the best organizations the world has known.

Sansapor, New Guinea

—Cpl. F. E. MORRELL\*

\*Signed by six other EM.



## THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

# Should the GIs of this war have a veterans' organization of their own?

## A United Bulwark

**L**IKE many GIs, there are things about existing veterans' organizations that I don't like. But that does not mean that I think we should form veterans' organizations of our own.

Forming separate veterans' organizations means

## Have One Already

**T**HE GIs of this war already have a veterans' organization of their own, namely, the American Veterans' Committee. According to the temporary chairman of this group, Charles Bolte, an ex-serviceman who lost a leg in the North Afri-

## A Different War

**Y**ES. The problems, attitudes, ideas and needs of World War II soldiers are different from those of World War I veterans. We fight a global war. They fought only in France. We have many times their numbers. We have been longer overseas under conditions which they never faced.

Our veterans' organization should encompass all grades, branches, services—both men and women—which have participated in this World War II. Our organization should look out for and protect the interest of veterans of this war, but it should be equally concerned with the welfare of all the people of America, and it should work constantly to prevent our children from becoming members of a veterans' organization of World War III.



## THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

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### A United Bulwark

**L**IKE many GIs, there are things about existing veterans' organizations that I don't like. But that does not mean that I think we should form veterans' organizations of our own.

Forming separate veterans' organizations means division among us Americans. I am against division. I am for unity. After this war we will need unity for continued peace more than we now need unity for victory. The 12 million veterans of this war, those of us who actually experienced war, together with the millions of the last war, our fathers and brothers who also tasted war, united can form the strongest bulwark against war for generations.

Dalhart AAB, Tex.

—Sgt. CARL DORIO

### Change of Mind

**S**OME time ago I thought we should form our own GI organization, but since then it has been my good fortune to meet members of the American Legion. I enjoyed their company and met many of their Legion friends at dances and parties at the Legion clubhouse in a large city in the U. S. I met many whose sons were in the service and also many other servicemen, guests at this Legion post.

It started me thinking that all through the country Legion posts are organized. There are Legion men in this war. Legion men watch legislation pertaining to veterans in Washington and on down through state legislatures.

I know we want to be independent and run our own organization, but why not benefit by the greatest teacher, experience, and use the resources and facilities of the American Legion? There will be some way by which we may have representation in our own posts, state Legion affairs and national Legion policy. Dads of many servicemen will be glad their sons will inherit the Legion. For these reasons, I am in favor of joining this organized and experienced group.

Luxembourg

—S/Sgt. T. J. O'CONNELL

### Have One Already

**T**HE GIs of this war already have a veterans' organization of their own, namely, the American Veterans' Committee. According to the temporary chairman of this group, Charles Bolte, an ex-serviceman who lost a leg in the North African campaign, one thousand servicemen and women are buying his magazine.

GIs of this war are going through common experiences as soldiers quite different from former soldiers of other wars. This is a war of greater intensity and ferocity. Out of common experiences emerge common desires.

The soldier of this war knows that in any event he will be organized in some way, whether he likes it or not. He knows that military victory does not bring peace with it, nor does peace bring jobs or freedom necessarily. It is for these reasons that the AVC or something similar will be established for the ex-servicemen and women of World War II.

Leyte, Philippines

—S/Sgt. DANIEL RICH

### Post-War Program

**T**HE GIs of this war should have an organization of their own.

If the millions who have united to win the war unite to win the peace, they can reduce the chances of the little people of the world ever having to kill each other again. They can lead the way to a better world and salvage from the liabilities of this war the assets of peace.

A post-war program must include increased trade among nations; a better understanding of each other's problems, with fair discussion and consideration of them whether the nations involved be large or small; free, uncensored exchange of news between nations; liquidation of the fascist mind and philosophy wherever it arises, at home or abroad; strict policing to keep the peace. What servicemen's organization has that program?

Belgium

—T/Sgt. IVAN SMITH

### A Different War

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Netherlands East Indies

—S Sgt. GABE SANDERS

### Great Potentials

**T**HIS war will have over 10 million veterans. It is inconceivable that existing organizations like the VFW or the American Legion can absorb the bulk of these new veterans and still serve the interests of the men for whom they were originally formed.

Veterans of this war will have little in common with men 20 or more years older who fought in vastly different conflicts.

We will have a new organization. It will be potentially the most powerful pressure group in history. It can be the biggest convention-holding, whisky-drinking, time-wasting society ever formed.

Or it can be a tool for winning the peace our buddies died fighting for.

India

—Cpl. R. W. OBERG

**T**HIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. A question for future discussion will be "What Causes War Between Nations and What Can Be Done To Prevent It?" If you have any ideas on this subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will allow you time to get answers here from overseas by mail. The best letters received will be printed in a future issue.

# THEATER

## in Wartime

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS  
YANK Staff Writer

**S**HOW people will never forget the year 1944. Thousands of men and women from the legitimate theater were overseas in uniform—actors and actresses, writers, scene designers, stage hands—and all looked back in wonderment at what war had done to their business. And well they might, because those remaining at work behind the footlights have hoisted stage plays to their greatest height of popularity since the movies started talking.

Letters and newspapers from home told the story. On Broadway even bad shows were packing 'em in. And on Main Streets from Butte, Mont., to Baton Rouge, La., war workers and farmers—the families of servicemen everywhere—were seeing their first stage shows in the old home town since the opra house was boarded up and bequeathed to the barn swallows.

Bob Francis, legit editor of the *Billboard*, got down to cases with a comparative study of two wartime years, 1918 and 1944, and discovered that times do not change. During the 1943-44 season on Broadway there were 41 comedies, 30 straight dramas, 25 musicals, four melodramas, one farce, three spectacles and two variety shows. Seventeen of the straight dramas and five of the musical shows had a war slant. Now check this line-up against that of 1918-19 when there were 41 comedies, 31 straight dramas, 26 musicals, 12 melodramas, five farces and four spectacles. Fifteen dramas and nine musicals had war plots.

Everybody expected the New York theater to pick-up during the war, on the basis of what happened in 1917-18, but probably even the most optimistic producers didn't dare hope that in one year 90 road companies would be playing to standees in reconverted movie houses, Odd Fellows Halls, civic centers and high-school auditoriums from one end of the country to the other. During 1944 there was an average of 35 com-

telephone book in her hotel room to find out what town she was in.

Most of the time the company made out all right with hotel accommodations. In Minneapolis their hotel caught fire, but nobody got hurt. They spent some of their nights on sleepers and once, going from Fresno to Sacramento, Calif., they had to stand all night in the aisles of a coach. Sometimes they would get up in the morning after a night in a Pullman, play a matinee and night performance, then crawl back into the same Pullman bunks and ride all night again.

The company, including cast, understudies, stage hands and property people, totaled 27 persons and a dog. It wasn't always the same dog. Before curtain time every night the question would go around: "Have we got a dog yet?" Usually the assistant stage manager would borrow a pup from a local kid. The role of Marchbanks was played by dachshunds, poodles, terriers and airedales, always unrehearsed.

In St. Paul, Minn., the actors competed for laughs with a sparrow that flew around over the stage and audience. In Milwaukee, Wis., the footlights awakened a resident bat that swooped down from the backstage rafters and stole the show.



Joan McCracken—from smash hit "Oklahoma!" to smash hit "Bloomer Girl."

Theatre in Stockton, Calif., have held on in spite of the shortage of males for casting and the competition from commercial road companies.

**T**HE manpower bugaboo put some crimps in the professional theater, too. The armed forces had more than 1,150 members from the New York roster of Actors' Equity alone. "We lived

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Many shows played split weeks and one-night stands in such houses as the Coliseum in Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; the Convention Hall in Enid, Okla.; the Lyceum in Minneapolis, Minn.; the Orpheum in Sioux City, Iowa; the State in Winston-Salem, N. C.; the Union High School Auditorium in Salinas, Calif.; the Capitol in Yakima, Wash.; the Fargo in Fargo, N. Dak.; the Chief in Colorado Springs, Colo.; and the University of Wyoming Auditorium in Laramie, Wyo.

There are easier ways to make a living in these times than by going on tour. But travel troubles notwithstanding, Chicago had 32 shows in nine theaters in the 1943-44 season. Their combined runs totaled 280 weeks, a 10-year record for Chicago. Philadelphia had three houses running most of the year; they didn't even take a break during Lent. In Minneapolis, Lee Murray booked 11 touring shows into the Lyceum Theater in an eight-month season.

A typical touring troupe was the "Coast" company of "Kiss and Tell." The cast traveled 14,768 miles in 35 weeks and played an average of more than one performance per day. The trip covered 20 states. Often the performers lost track of where they were. Actress Mary Jackson said she would wake up in the morning and pick up the

in the morning, take a night in a Pullman, play a matinee and night performance, then crawl back into the same Pullman bunks and ride all night again.

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In St. Paul, Minn., the actors competed for laughs with a sparrow that flew around over the stage and audience. In Milwaukee, Wis., the footlights awakened a resident bat that swooped down from the backstage rafters and stole the show.

The company missed only one scheduled performance: after riding through a flood all day on the way to Oklahoma City, they missed their matinee. Another time they arrived late at the Corn Palace in Mitchell, S. Dak. To keep the audience amused, they left the curtain up while the stage was being set. It took 90 minutes, and the audience made the stage hands take a curtain call before the first act started.

Dressing rooms ranged from a cubicle where your head was in the steam pipes to luxurious suites in the Kansas City Music Hall. At one theater the only way you could get from one side of the set to the other backstage was to go down in the basement to an outside door, run around the building and come in another door.

Although the "road" played to socko business, the "straw-hat" or summer-theater groups that blossom annually in the countrysides, especially in New England, were hard hit. Gas rationing and overcrowded trains and busses were responsible. About the only 1944 summer theaters that broke even were those that were close to big cities or that moved into the cities. The Bucks County Playhouse, for instance, nailed up its doors and moved into the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel ballroom in Philadelphia.

Nonprofessional "little theaters" from coast to coast have felt the pinch of war. Before the war, many towns depended on college or community little theaters for their only taste of flesh-and-blood drama. Well-established noncommercial groups like the Pasadena Community Playhouse in Pasadena, Calif., the University of Washington's Showboat and Penthouse Theaters in Seattle, and the College of the Pacific Little



Joan McCracken—from smash hit "Oklahoma!" to smash hit "Bloomer Girl."

Theatre in Stockton, Calif., have held on in spite of the shortage of males for casting and the competition from commercial road companies.

**T**HE manpower bugaboo put some crimps in the professional theater, too. The armed forces had more than 1,150 members from the New York roster of Actors' Equity alone. "We lived in a cross-fire between the draft board and Hollywood," says Broadway producer Brock Pemberton, speaking of his road company of "Janie," a play calling for several young men of military age. "Every time we'd get some man who was doing well in a part, the Army would grab him or Hollywood would like his looks and steal him." Hollywood has a manpower problem, too. "One young man 'stolen' from Pemberton's "Janie," which is no longer touring, is a perfect example of a struggling player reaching stardom because of the manpower shortage. His name is Alfred Alderdice, but you may have seen him in the movies under the name of Tom Drake. There are many others getting breaks they might not have gotten otherwise because they're below physical induction standards.

On the other hand, the war-stimulated theater has been a boon to some old-timers who clung to show business through its lean years. The best example is Frank Fay, whose long career is almost a personification of the stage's history since the last war—more down than up. Fay is now at the peak of popularity in "Harvey," a comedy about a timid fellow who pals around with a rabbit that isn't there. (Harvey is the rabbit's name.) Fay's performance is ranked with those of Leo G. Carroll in "The Late George Apley" and Frédéric March in "A Bell for Adano" as the best acting of the year.

Finding material worth producing has been as neat a trick as finding somebody to play in it, with men like WO Irwin Shaw and Pvt. William Saroyan overseas and several other top-drawer writers in the service. The lack of material was reflected during the 1943-44 season by

the decision of the New York Drama Critics Circle that no play of American authorship was worthy of its annual award. For the same reason the Pulitzer Prize committee omitted its drama award and instead gave a special prize to Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2d for their musical show, "Oklahoma!"

"Oklahoma!" which has been a smash hit since it opened nearly two years ago, popularized the introduction of ballet in otherwise standard musical shows. Other musicals with ballet sequences playing on Broadway by the end of 1944 were "One Touch of Venus," "Carmen Jones," "Follow the Girls," "Bloomer Girl," "Sadie Thompson," "Seven Lively Arts" and "On the Town."

Only two serious war plays really caught the public's fancy—"The Eve of St. Mark," Maxwell Anderson's drama of two seasons ago about a doomed platoon in the Pacific, and Paul Osborn's recent dramatization of "A Bell for Adano," the novel by war correspondent John Hersey about the American Military Government in a Sicilian village. Other war plays came and faltered, partly because they were full of guff about the Army and Navy which audiences knew was phony. Notable exceptions were Moss Hart's "Winged Victory" and Irving Berlin's world-touring "This Is the Army," both with soldier casts for Army Emergency Relief.

The best comedy about a soldier is not really a war play. It is "The Voice of the Turtle," whose cast has just three presons—Betty Field (who replaced Margaret Sullivan), Elliott Nugent and Audrey Christie. It covers the adventures of a GI stood up by his date on a week-end pass.

In Boston, where the novels "Strange Fruit" and "Forever Amber" were banned, the censor previewed "Men to the Sea," a play about Navy wives in a Brooklyn rooming house. He called the story "unedifying and apart from the truth" and ordered 80 cuts in the dialogue or no show. The play then did sell-out business in Boston. But when it came to New York, even with all of its lines restored, it lasted only 24 performances.

Show people usually figure that if a play or musical sticks out 100 performances on Broadway, it is enough of a hit to make money. From May 1, 1943, to Apr. 30, 1944, New York had 64 new shows. Only 19 of these survived the 100-performance mark. They made money; 45 did not.

In spite of all the hazards, Broadway's biggest problem—finding an "angel" to back a play—has almost evaporated. It seemed as if everybody wanted to put some money into a Broadway show, and no wonder.

"Life With Father," now in its sixth year on Broadway, has grossed almost \$8 million from its New York and road companies. More than two million people have seen it in New York and another three million have seen the touring casts. When "Arsenic and Old Lace" closed last June

after 1,440 Broadway performances, the books showed a take of about \$4 million from New York and road companies.

The musical "Bloomer Girl" played a three-week break-in run in Philadelphia and created such a ticket scramble that there was a \$100,000 sale before opening night in New York, for which seats were priced at \$9. But this record did not last long. Billy Rose, who reclaimed the Ziegfeld Theater from the movies and used it to house his "Seven Lively Arts," reported an advance sale of \$500,000. Opening-night top price for this extravagant revue was \$24, which also entitled the customers to sip free champagne between the acts.

Rose also set some precedents with "Carmen Jones," his lavish modernized version of the opera "Carmen." This production long ago passed the Metropolitan's record of 219 performances of the original opera, and in 13 months in the largest legitimate house on Broadway it grossed more than \$1 million on a \$230,000 investment.

Sudden mass enthusiasm for the theater has brought big changes in the character of the audience. It's not the "carriage trade" any more. Women come in slacks, and men sometimes show up in shirt-sleeves or wind-breakers, right from their shift at some war plant. Many people are now seeing stage plays who never wanted to before or could not afford to. Some, who had never been to anything but movie houses, haven't liked the reserved-seat idea. They figure first come, first served, and if the SRO sign is out they want to know when the next show begins.

**T**ODAY'S audiences also include thousands of servicemen. Every day the American Theater Wing gives away from 750 to 1,000 seats to New York's stage shows. This is the same organization that has set up seven Stage Door Canteens in the States and one in London. The ATW has also sponsored overseas productions like Katharine Cornell's "Barrets of Wimpole Street."

Other theatrical entertainment committees have sent professional players, usually girls, to overseas bases where they form the nucleus of casts for shows staged by soldiers. Italy and North Africa have had such a troupe, and GIs in the Aleutians

have seen "The Doughgirls" and "Kiss and Tell."

Some actors in the service have been able to continue in the entertainment field on behalf of the troops. Maj. Maurice Evans, the outstanding Shakespearean actor in America, has tramped through Hawaiian bases with a Shakespearean repertoire. Once, after a performance of "Hamlet," a colonel who wanted to say something nice about the show, told Evans: "I certainly enjoyed your acting. What did you do in civilian life?"

Show people in the armed forces are hoping just as hard as those now working that the momentum built up by the legitimate theater during wartime will keep the industry rolling in high gear for a long time after the war. This is a tall order, because cut-backs in war industries have already begun to slow theater activities in a few isolated cases. Optimistic producers, however, believe the stage will continue to draw heavily for at least five to seven years after the war, but they say the shows will have to be topnotch.

Veteran Frank Fay wows Broadway in "Harvey," a play about an invisible rabbit.



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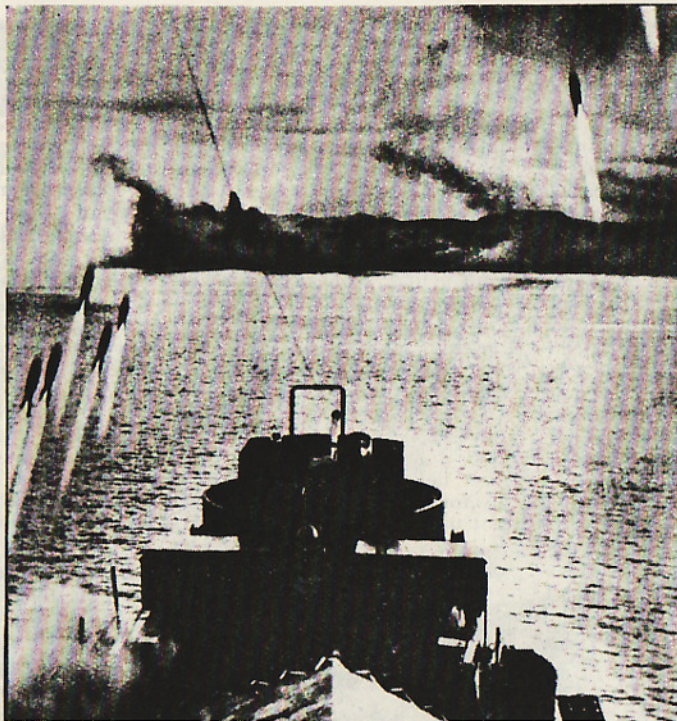
Fredric March plays the lead role of Major Joppolo in "A Bell for Adano," the play about AMG in Sicily adapted from the novel.



Every musical seems to have a ballet number. In "Sadie Thompson," song-and-dance version of "Rain," Milada Mladova (center) gave out with ballet in a South Seas setting.

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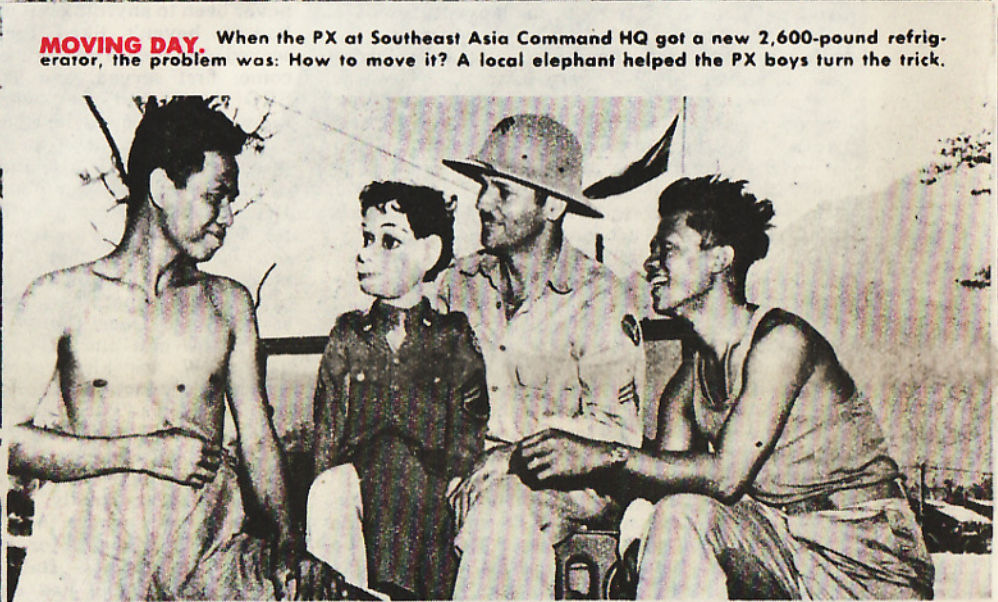
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**ROCKET LANDING.** An LCI in the first assault wave on Min-  
doro, the Philippines, lays down a rocket barrage on the shore.



**MOVING DAY.** When the PX at Southeast Asia Command HQ got a new 2,600-pound refrig-  
erator, the problem was: How to move it? A local elephant helped the PX boys turn the trick.



**PACIFIC McCARTHY.** S/Sgt. Alex P. Smallwood sits on the knee of his friend, Sgt. Bob

*Variety*

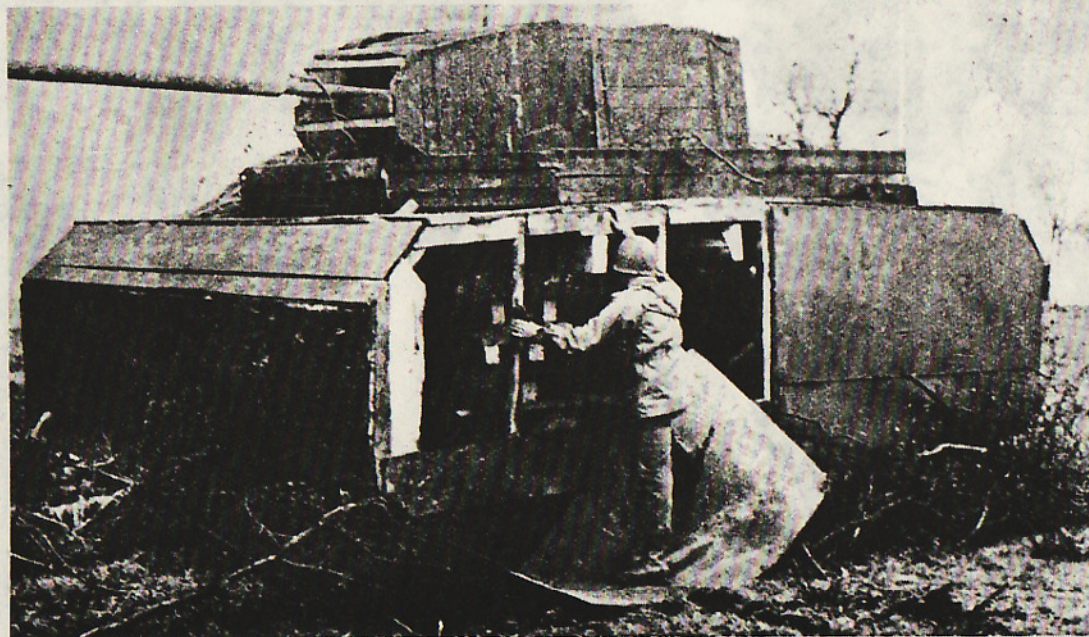
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**LIBERATION BOB.** Filipino Blas Sypaco of Tacloban gets his first haircut in three years. He let hair grow throughout Jap occupation.



**FAKE TANK.** A Yank in France examines one of the dummy wooden tanks erected by the Germans near Metz. It's a wooden frame with a drain-pipe gun mounted on a cart. From a distance it looks realistic.



**PACIFIC McCARTHY.** S/Sgt. Alex P. Smallwood sits on the knee of his friend, Sgt. Bob Mundstedt, in Dutch New Guinea. A couple of Javanese boys are impressed by his patter.



**TRICK DOG.** Irving Chornus holds a hoop for Mi-Ki, a Doberman pinscher in the K-9 Corps, New Caledonia.



# Show

ERAS OF THE WORLD



**WOULD-BE WACS.** In Puerto Rico, smiling Wac Sgt. Mary Lou Hayes passes out test papers to these four attractive young señoritas who have just volunteered to enlist in the Women's Army Corps.



**TOKYO MILESTONE.** This is the volcano Fujiyama as seen through the nose of a B-29 Superfort on its way to bomb Tokyo. Superfort crews make use of the volcano as a guide to the Jap capital.



**VETERAN CHEF.** Paul Vallee, 70, working in the Metz mess of S/Sgt. Louis Bruno, cooked for Gen. Pershing in last war.





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**VETERAN CHEF.** Paul Vallee, 70, working in the Metz mess of S/Sgt. Louis Bruno, cooked for Gen. Pershing in last war.



**FIELD PROMOTIONS.** Fifth Army noncoms are awarded commissions in Italy. In the rear are Lt. Donald R. Sprow, Lt. DeWitt H. French and Lt. Peter DeAugustine.

**HAWAIIAN HONEY.** Usually people in far-away lands don't check with the ideas you get in the movies. Hawaii's May Moniz is a lovely exception.

Lizabeth Scott

**YANK**

*Pin-up Girl*





# NEWS FROM HOME

**The Russian Army supplied the newspapers with most of their headlines, some colleges and a labor union spoke out against compulsory military training, the House of Representatives okayed the work-or-fight bill and the girls in the fudge-sundae set faced the loss of an idol.**

**A**LMOST everybody at home was pretty well informed about the Eastern Front last week. Americans found the Red Army an irresistible topic of conversation and intricate maps were scanned in every subway car and bus in the country. It was a pleasant pastime charting the progress of Stalin's forces toward Berlin.

Americans cheered the news of our latest landings in Luzon, and they hailed with pride General MacArthur's triumphant return to the Philippines. They thrilled to the news that American and Filipino raiders had knifed through 30 miles of Jap territory in Luzon to rescue 510 prisoners—veterans of Bataan and Corregidor.

But the folks at home weren't ready to write fins to the war yet. They listened respectfully when the experts carefully pointed out that the fall of Berlin and Manila wouldn't mean the end of the shooting. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell predicted in Washington that the war in the Orient would last a long time. Citing the vital problems of manpower and distance, Stilwell said we might eventually have to deal with four million Jap soldiers on the mainland of Asia. And since the Nipponese birth rate is far in excess of the deaths, we would have "to kill 10,000 Japanese every week to keep even," the general pointed out.

The Big Three Conference among Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin remained a question-mark just about any way you looked at it. Nobody knew exactly when or where or even whether it was being held, and the newspapers and commentators were miles apart in predicting what the conference would accomplish. It was generally agreed, though,

asserted that proposals for stern punishment of Germany have been completed and are now under discussion with the other United Nations. Grew said the measures "provide for the punishment of German leaders and their associates for their responsibility for the whole broad criminal enterprise devised and executed with ruthless disregard for the very foundations of law and morality."

The White House was quiet. It had nothing to say about President Roosevelt's whereabouts as the nation celebrated his 63rd birthday with the annual "March of Dimes" Campaign to battle infantile paralysis. Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire, the President's physician, did say that Roosevelt was in excellent physical shape and had escaped the winter colds which usually plague him at this time of the year.

Sniffles were in fashion all over the place. The northeastern states in particular had a rough deal fighting transport and fuel-shortage problems aggravated by successive weeks of bitter cold. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio were the hardest hit by paralyzing ice and snowdrifts. Gov. Thomas E. Dewey proclaimed a state of emergency in New York and ordered all state departments mobilized. He also called on the State Guard to stand ready to help in dealing with the food and fuel situations.

In many communities throughout the United States movies, dime arcades and other places of amusement were closed tight by official edict to conserve fuel. The nation-wide brownout went into effect without occasioning much talk. Most of the country's show windows, theater marquees, and other ornamental advertising signs were snapped off by a federal order designed to save two million tons of coal a year. New York's Broadway temporarily lost its title of the "Great White Way" and reverted to old-time gaslit nights as non-electric displays of all sorts were dusted off, and candlelight glowed in some restaurant windows.

The brightening war picture found the nation's capital still engaged in two controversies counted by many as among the most important in our history—the appointment of ex-Vice President Henry A. Wallace as Secretary of Commerce, and the pending Limited National Service Bill.

second in actual power only to the President himself. During the debate, President Roosevelt sent a message to the Senate saying he wouldn't object if the Commerce Department and the lending agencies were separated.

Many observers thought that Wallace's chances of getting the job were distinctly boosted by the Senate's action. The measure transferring the huge financial powers out of the Commerce Department was sent from the Senate to the House, but the Senate alone has the power to confirm or reject the former Vice President. If Wallace is approved for the Commerce berth as amended, he will have the job of promoting the nation's commerce in general. His specific duties would include the supervision of the national census, coast and geodetic surveys, collection of statistics relating to foreign commerce, custody and applications of standards of weights and measures and various other less-important chores.

Wallace made it clear that he regarded the controversy over his appointment as not a personal matter, but as a struggle between "liberals" and "conservatives." At a dinner in New York he declared: "The one outstanding domestic issue in the campaign was set forth by Roosevelt last October at Chicago—60 million jobs and an 'Economic Bill of Rights.' Those who voted against me in the committee (the Senate Commerce Committee which voted against the nomination before sending it to the floor), and I say this in all charity, either believe in policies which will make 60 million jobs impossible, or wish to destroy all possibility of a progressive Democratic Party as a national force."

Sen. Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, who opposed the nomination, didn't take that view of the case, stating on the floor that "the Senate has no confidence in Henry Wallace."

Advocates of a "work-or-fight" bill to mobilize all men between the ages of 18 and 45 won an initial victory in the House of Representatives, but some of them admitted they hadn't yet won the campaign. After two weeks of hearings and four days of sometimes stormy debate, the House passed the May Limited National Service Bill, 246 to 165, and sent it to the Senate Military Affairs Committee for discussion. Although the Senate group promised that the measure would get a quick hearing, Washington correspondents believed that the bill would be well plastered with amendments before it really got anywhere.

**A**s passed by the House, the legislation called for the induction, fine or imprisonment of men in the 18-45 category who leave essential jobs or refuse them against the orders of their local draft boards. There were signs of a move in the Senate, however, to lessen the power of the draft board. It was reported that an amendment might be attached to give some existing Federal agency—perhaps the War Manpower Commission—the power to require men to stay put in their present jobs or to order them into new ones. The present bill is backed by

Americans cheered the news of our latest landings in Luzon, and they hailed with pride General MacArthur's triumphant return to the Philippines. They thrilled to the news that American and Filipino raiders had knifed through 30 miles of Jap territory in Luzon to rescue 510 prisoners—veterans of Bataan and Corregidor.

But the folks at home weren't ready to write fins to the war yet. They listened respectfully when the experts carefully pointed out that the fall of Berlin and Manila wouldn't mean the end of the shooting. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell predicted in Washington that the war in the Orient would last a long time. Citing the vital problems of manpower and distance, Stilwell said we might eventually have to deal with four million Jap soldiers on the mainland of Asia. And since the Nipponese birth rate is far in excess of the deaths, we would have "to kill 10,000 Japanese every week to keep even," the general pointed out.

The Big Three Conference among Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin remained a question-mark just about any way you looked at it. Nobody knew exactly when or where or even whether it was being held, and the newspapers and commentators were miles apart in predicting what the conference would accomplish. It was generally agreed, though, that the conclave would concern itself with the prime essential of knocking out Hitler in the shortest possible time and with the minimum loss of life.

A statement by one leading government official, at least, was generally hailed with favor by the press and radio in this connection. Apparently in answer to those who were afraid that Germany might be let off too easily, Acting Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew announced "our inexorable determination" to see that justice was done. He

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Wallace, former Secretary of Agriculture, continued to battle for the post now occupied by Jesse H. Jones, but he got a breathing spell until March 1st when the Senate voted to postpone final action on the question until that day. First, however, the upper chamber voted to strip the job of its most powerful tool—control of the multi-billion dollar Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other government lending agencies. It was generally agreed that the man who ran those agencies was

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In still another crucial matter involving the President's wartime powers, the government carried its appeal in the Montgomery Ward case to the Circuit



POSTHUMOUS, LIEUT. GEN. SOMERVELL, CHIEF OF ASF, PRESENTS THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS TO NEXT OF KIN OF FOUR ARMY CHAPLAINS WHO DIED HEROICALLY AFTER GIVING THEIR LIFE JACKETS TO OTHERS ABOARD A SINKING TRANSPORT.



WINTER RACING. NO OBSTACLE TO THE WAR EFFORT IN THIS EVENT. SOME OF THE PEOPLE OF LYNDONVILLE, VT., WATCH "SILVER DIRECT" STEAMING DOWN SNOW-PACKED MAIN STREET TO WIN A SULKY RACE FOR HIS OWNER, W. S. WRIGHT. THE NAG IS A WORK-HORSE WEEKDAYS.

## YANK The Army Weekly

Court of Appeals in Chicago—a preliminary move to the Supreme Court in Washington. Under the direction of U.S. Attorney J. Albert Woll, a transcript of the case record—a pile of documents two feet high—was filed for certification. The appeal was against a ruling by Federal Judge Philip L. Sullivan that the Army's seizure of the chain store's properties was illegal on the ground that they were not war plants. The War Labor Board was represented as feeling that the decision paved the way for thousands of other firms to challenge the board's authority and possibly upset the whole home-front industrial picture.

The question was brought up again of whether the U.S. should have compulsory military training of its youth after the war. Harry L. Hopkins, often called the unofficial voice of the administration, called for such training in a national-magazine article. Asking also for a perpetual army of occupation in Germany and Japan, Hopkins declared that the country must accept a "new and tough concept in world affairs—that the earth is not civilized enough to make worldwide disarmament practical for peace-loving nations." He added, though, that "this is no time to rush through a law" without thorough discussion of every objection.

And there were some objections. Twelve leading university presidents, for instance, asked President Roosevelt to delay consideration of compulsory training "at least until complete victory over Germany is achieved." In a letter to the President, the educators said: "We challenge the necessity of urging the American people to act under the tension of war psychology in order to bring them to a decision which it is said they would not reach under more normal conditions."

In New Orleans, the CIO's United Automobile Workers' executive board went on record against any form of peacetime conscription of youth. The board termed such bills "an attempt to mobilize American youth as a military, strike-breaking, union-busting force." It also said that any move toward such conscription at this time was premature and would be unnecessary anyway if the United Nations were to establish effective machinery to maintain peace.

The Army moved in its own way—but quickly—to fill any manpower shortages that might have existed on the fighting fronts. A lot of rear-echelon men found themselves the proud possessors of M-1s and some of them would soon find themselves practicing on targets which shot back. The War Department reported that physically fit men previously assigned to non-combat duties overseas were being turned into infantrymen at the rate of ten thousand a month. Acting Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson said that about 500 thousand men from Army installations in the States have been reassigned and are in the process of going overseas as reinforcements. Army spokesmen revealed that there were about three million troops still in the States and that they were assigned this way: One million in training as overseas reinforcements; one million in training as tactical units for assignment overseas, and one

million in "housekeeping" units composed of those who were either overseas veterans or in limited service.

The War Department announced another setback caused by von Rundstedt's offensive on the Western Front, and that was the loss of close to a million packages and a heap of letter mail for U.S. troops. When the Germans burst through the Siegfried Line, the War Department explained, their swift advance engulfed field APO units, and the GI mail was either blown up or captured. The Department also explained that the process of re-distributing mail sent overseas before Christmas was still continuing and that it might be several weeks yet before it could be re-sorted and broken down for distribution to smaller units.



Swing-shift workers at the Goodrich rubber plant in Los Angeles are letting their beards grow for 120 days so they can share in a \$5-per-man pool for those who haven't been absent—or shaved—within that time. If they're guilty of either offense, they forfeit the dough. The beards are counted on to keep the wearers out of night clubs and kindred temptations which might slow down production.

The squeeze was on when it came to the production of civilian goods and in Fort Worth, Texas, things seemed to be pretty tough. A fully-clad clothing dummy tumbled from the show window of a shop when fire destroyed the building. It disappeared quickly into the crowd of spectators, and when next seen the dummy was minus suit and shoes.

A few more long-range prophecies made their appearance. Harvard economist Sumner H. Slichter estimated that for two years after the war, American industry will have to employ virtually every available worker to catch up on production of civilian goods. He said, for example, that probably a high proportion of the seven million war-married couples haven't bought their furniture yet. The Office of War Information came up with the prediction that three years of record-breaking production would be needed to fill the pent-up public demand for 12 to 15 million new automobiles.

Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and father of the "Pay-As-You-Go" income-tax plan, predicted in Atlanta, Ga., that the standard of living in the United States would be 40 per cent higher after the war than before it all started.

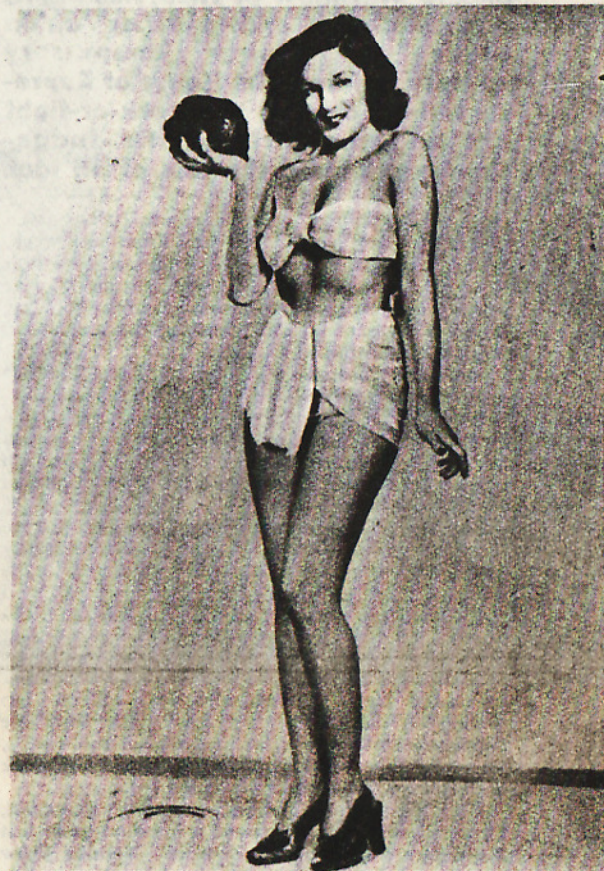
New veterans' discharge forms consolidate 20 forms previous used, and they're designed to help both the veterans and their future employers. The streamlined documents will supply firms and government agencies with a concise history of each veteran, including personal data, military record and service and attendance at Army schools.

A group of soldiers from Johnson County, Kentucky, kicked up a row in Washington about people who pass dry laws while the GIs aren't home

to cast their ballots. The soldiers appealed to the Supreme Court against an election in the county which was won by the dries. In their petition against an adverse lower-court decision, they told the tribunal that no provision had been made to receive the vote of absentee soldiers, which possibly might have reversed the election results.

At the same time, in Raleigh, N.C., the Allied Church League of North Carolina told Governor R. Gregg Cherry that, if the state's General Assembly ordered a referendum on the liquor question, it should be delayed until six months after the end of the war so that veterans could have their say.

State legislators began to announce plans for the homecoming veterans. The most ambitious scheme was put forward by the richest state, New York, where Governor Dewey called for a 12-point plan to assist discharged men. The state already had a projected billion dollar postwar construction pro-



COAL. BEFORE MODEL FRANCES VORNE HEAVES THAT HUNK OF COAL TAKE A LONG LOOK—AT HER SUIT, OF COURSE IT'S NYLON AND MADE OF COAL AIR AND WATER.

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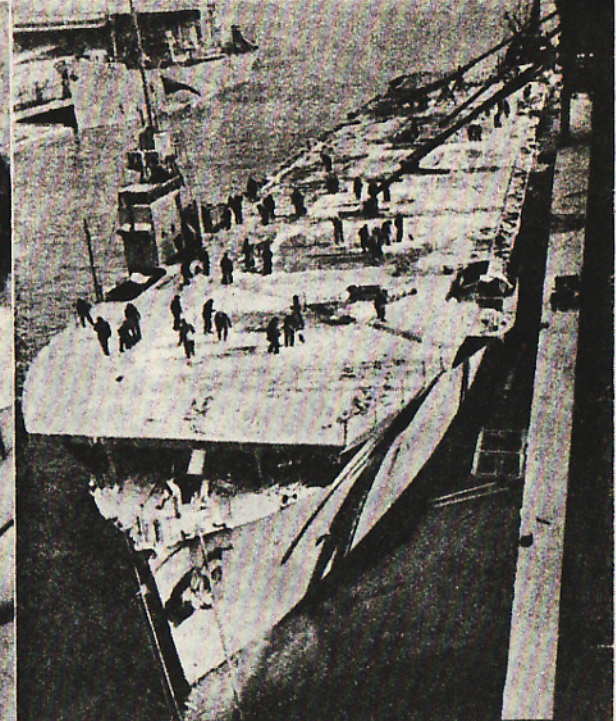
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**TWO STARS.** MARJORIE MORAN, NEWLY INDUCTED WAC, RECEIVES CONGRATULATIONS FROM HER SISTER DOLORES WHO HAS BEEN MAKING A NAME FOR HERSELF IN THE MOVIES.



**MYSTERY.** THE ARMY IS ASKING HOW PVT. WESLEY DE QUIN, IN NEW GUINEA, HAD A LOCKET DROPPED BY PARACHUTE TO HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER IN DETROIT.

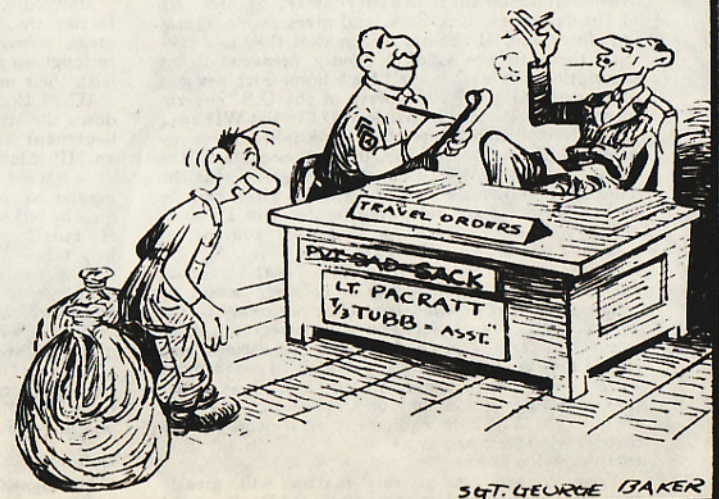
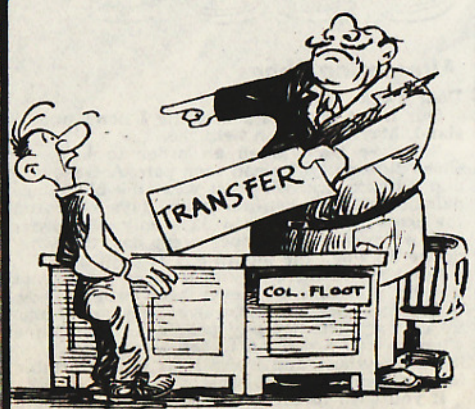
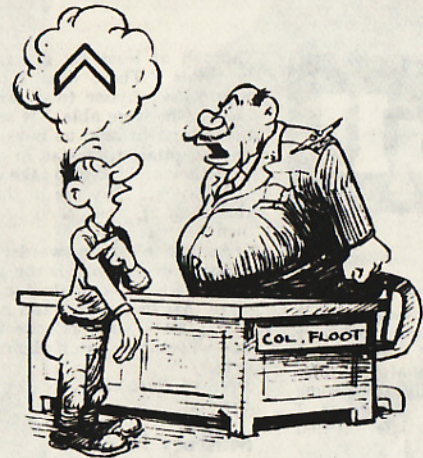


**BABY TOPS.** MERCHANT SHIPS CONVERTED INTO FLAT TOPS DO CONVOY DUTY FOR THE CANADIAN ROYAL NAVY. THIS ONE IS TAKING ON 7,000 TONS OF WHEAT.



"ARMY ECONOMY"

THE SAD SACK



SGT. GEORGE BAKER

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Pennsylvania legislators meeting at Harrisburg discussed a bill intended to make it easier for GIs to vote overseas, and also had a measure intended to promote postwar housing developments. In Springfield, Ill., the state's lawmakers talked over the merits of a plan to turn the abandoned Illinois and Michigan Canal into a superhighway.

The Army came in for some scathing criticism from Bishop Joseph P. Hurley, of St. Augustine, Fla., who told a "Family Life Conference" in Washington that ten million future American fathers were being given birth-control information in the service "on the vastest scale known to history." Citing sex-morality films and lectures and the distribution of prophylactic packets, Bishop Hurley declared: "It is common knowledge that they have not succeeded very well in their announced purpose (of controlling venereal diseases), but all too often succeeded in teaching undesirable lessons of promiscuity and birth control. . . . It is entirely conceivable that we shall not have sufficient manpower to defend ourselves by the end of this century."

The pinup girl, too, got some verbal buckshot from William C. Smith, an official of the National Council of Catholic men, who, speaking of soldiers, said that the pinups provide "an indecent picture before their dying gaze." He also deplored advertisements which "appeal to the reader's lower nature." Smith especially denounced "advertisements for perfume, the whole aim of which, it would appear, is to lead the wearer into circumstances where she can be more easily seduced."

A postwar period of lax morals exceeding even that of the roaring twenties was foreseen by Dr. Winfred Overholser, superintendent of a Washington, D.C., mental hospital.

Dr. Logan Clendening, well-known syndicated medical writer, was found dead in his Kansas City home with his throat and left wrist cut. Police

called the death of the 59-year-old physician a suicide.

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Aubrey Williams, former head of the defunct National Youth Administration, got himself a new job. Williams, who's 54 and served as a lieutenant in the French Foreign Legion in the last war, will head the Rural Electrification Administration.

Frank C. Walker was nominated by President Roosevelt for another term as Postmaster General of the United States. For a time there were rumors that Robert E. Hannegan, Democratic National Chairman, might succeed Walker, but Hannegan said he intended to stick to his present \$20,000-a-year post.



Three gunmen who held up Gus Ballas in Chicago were so browned off when they found only \$6 in his pockets that they beat the hell out of him and walked away. Gus didn't even have

time to explain that just a few minutes earlier two other heist guys had robbed him of \$400—the day's grocery store receipts.

Five longshoremen in San Francisco faced a long stretch in the cooler. They were charged with stealing, among other things, 18 prewar elastic girdles destined for Wacs serving overseas.

Allan Jones, husky singing actor of romantic film roles, started doubling as a riveter in the North American Aircraft plant in California. He asked for a swing-shift deal in order that he might continue picture work daytimes without interfering with his war job. Jones said he thought he could do more in the plant than by entertaining troops overseas.

Eugene Knecht, of Philadelphia; left a trust fund of \$20,000 for ten as yet unnamed local soldiers permanently disabled in the present war. Knecht, who died at 87 last September, made his will with

a notation that "I want to do something for wounded soldiers."

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As of last July, the population of the United States, including the armed forces overseas, totalled 138,100,874 and women outnumbered men by about 6,000, the Census Bureau estimated. In all previous years there had been more men than girls. The Bureau also announced that births in the States during last year numbered 2,800,000, a drop from the all-time high 2,934,860 registrations in 1943.

A pocket-size device which harnesses the rays of the sun to make drinking water from sea water is turned out as standard equipment for Army and Navy fliers forced down in tropical waters, it was disclosed in New York.

In Oakland, Calif., Police Officer Raymond Brewer reconnoitred a residence to investigate a report about a pants-grabbing Dalmatian dog. The report was not exaggerated. The cop telephoned headquarters later from a hospital where a doctor was treating fang marks on his leg.

Nelson A. Rockefeller, Assistant Secretary of State and a son of John D. Rockefeller, was judged the nation's "Outstanding Young Man" by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce. Rockefeller first went into public service as coordinator of Inter-American Affairs to improve relations between the Americas. Nominations of servicemen for the award were not accepted, it was explained, because of the other recognitions and awards given the armed forces.

Crooner Frank Sinatra, rejected by the draft in 1943 because of a punctured eardrum, was headed for another physical. He's 28, married, has two children and an option on the heart of every short-sox wearer in the country. Frankie, whose board is in Jersey City, N.J., commented: "I don't feel a statement from me is warranted any more than from several hundred thousand other boys. I'm no different from Joe Doakes next door." Who probably can't sing.

# Mail Call

## Correction: No Firearms

Dear YANK,

Please let me take this opportunity to express my appreciation for your wonderful periodical. You may rest assured that it is read from cover to cover by all the officers and enlisted men at this station. It is usually the first medium to disseminate information regarding directives which usually take some time to filter down through channels. However, I wish to call to your attention the article entitled "Souvenir Savvy" found on page 5, Vol. 3, No. 32, dated 21 Jan., 1945. This article, by the YANK Washington Bureau, is written contrary to directives of Headquarters, ETOUSA, and gives every returning officer and GI the impression that they can take with them to the Z of I enemy firearms of all descriptions, as well as mail back home carbines and other small arm rifles, property of the U.S. government. You cite in this article WD Cir 353 WD 1944 series, but you will note the article failed to recognize the significance of Par 3b(3) of Sec III of the above mentioned WD Circular, which states that the Theater Commander will determine what can be carried by personnel returning to the Z of I.

For your information I wish to call your attention to Circular 84, ETOUSA, 1944 series, Sec III thereof, which specifically states that firearms, enemy or otherwise, in whole or in part, cannot be retained, carried or mailed by U.S. personnel to the Z of I. It is hoped that you will correct this false impression created in the article at the earliest possible time, as it will create a feeling of resentment by all personnel returning to the Z of I, as under no circumstances will they be allowed to carry with them to the Z of I the equipment mentioned in your article, regardless of any certificate they obtain from their superior officer.

Your cooperation in this matter will greatly facilitate our work at the various Replacement Centers.

Col. WILLIAM A. GAYLE, 127th Rep. Bn. (AAF)

Britain.

## Fast Mail

Dear YANK,

I claim to hold the record in the ETO for receiving mail faster than any one. Recently I received a letter in four and a half days from Texas, but this letter I received yesterday is the one I am basing my claim on. The letter was postmarked Mar. 3, 1945. Can anyone beat that? I am enclosing the postmark as proof.

Cpl. THURMON



through at least six general, field, and evacuation hospitals. There wasn't one of these places that would ask anyone to do anything, except to go to chow if he were able. It seemed that they couldn't do enough to help us boys, and that wasn't just in one hospital, that was in all of them. They state that they are asked to take calisthenics twice a week. If this is so, they are in the rehabilitation annex of the hospital, and asked to do this strictly for their own benefit.

As for cleaning wards, latrines, showers, and ceilings, every ward is the same. Anyone who is up and able is asked to do one of these small details. I state that he is asked and not told.

If I know soldiers, one who has been up on the line will seldom bitch about what he has to do back here.

Det. of Patients.  
Britain.

FORMER TANKER

## Military Police

Dear YANK,

Many discussions of late have centered upon the tactics the Military Police are practicing in rear areas, where the boys from forward areas go on furlough to get away from "jungle life" but return with their morale lower than before they went.

Why? Because while maybe Jungle Jim is walking down the street of a city, along comes a gold-plated lieutenant who, rumor has it, is nothing more than an MP salute trap. Maybe Jungle Jim is glancing at a sacred cow that is causing a traffic jam, or maybe he is sweating out one of the first white girls he has seen in months, coming out of a building. He fails to catch the gleam of gold as it passes, so he's taken away to a deserted street or area where other sinners are awaiting the consequences. The prisoners are lined up, lectured on military courtesy and given close-order drill for one to two hours.

We are writing you in the hope that your readers may enlighten us on the reason for all this chicken.

Also, are we to regard furlough and rest camps as a basic-training refresher course or may we continue to believe that they are for the purpose of building our morale?

India.

S/Sgt. V. W. LONG\*

\* Also signed by seven others.

Dear YANK,

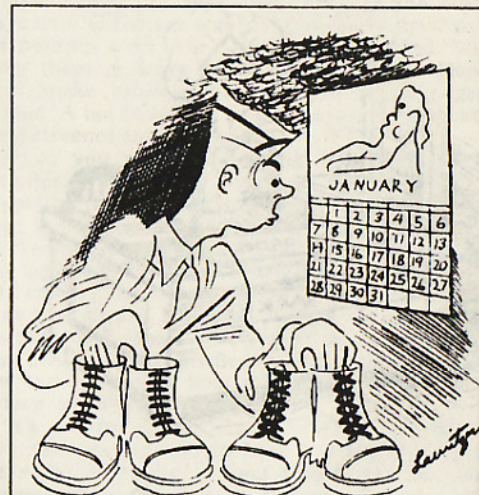
Having been in the MPs for some time now and noticing the way the other branches of the service feel toward us, I am wondering why they don't realize that we are to help them instead of to throw them in the can every time we get a chance. I personally have taken over-intoxicated GIs out of town and back to camp, where their buddies put them to bed, instead of into the guardhouse. Why the hell don't some of these MP-haters wake up and look at our side of the situation? We have a job to do as well as they.

Alaska.

(Name withheld)

## Soldiers and GIs

Dear YANK,



## Alternating Shoes

Dear YANK:

Our latest order is something I don't understand. Maybe you can help me.

We have been given an order to lace our shoes differently. I mean each pair. A cross lace and a block lace. We must wear the block-lace pair of shoes on even-numbered days only. And the cross-lace on the odd days only. The order says we must change shoes every day. But what do we do when the month has 31 days in it?

I've been in the Army over three years. And it's the first time I've ever been ordered how to lace my shoes. And I'm over 21 years of age. So do they actually pay people to waste time when there's a war on to tell someone how to lace their shoes and make it as uncomfortable for the poor EM as possible?

If you wish to check my statement you could ask any member of the 803d FA Battalion or look at the lace in the shoes on two different days, odd and even.

Camp Bowie, Tex.

—(Name Withheld)

said: "Only as soldiers who know what they are fighting for, do my men push on." Francis Scott Key didn't know any GIs; he wrote only of the guys who kept the flag "still there."

When we walk over our dead buddies we wouldn't refer to them as dead GIs. And when we get home again, and see our buddies' loved ones, we just couldn't say: "Your son died a GI's death." When we think of GI we think of items of issue, but we are not issued; we are here for a cause.

When I got in the Army they told me I was a soldier, and that's what I have been. GI might be a term for some people in this Army, but not for us. I may not be all the way right, but lots of

thereof, which specifically states that prearms, enemy or otherwise, in whole or in part, cannot be retained, carried or mailed by U.S. personnel to the Z of I. It is hoped that you will correct this false impression created in the article at the earliest possible time, as it will create a feeling of resentment by all personnel returning to the Z of I, as under no circumstances will they be allowed to carry with them to the Z of I the equipment mentioned in your article, regardless of any certificate they obtain from their superior officer.

Your cooperation in this matter will greatly facilitate our work at the various Replacement Centers.

Col. WILLIAM A. GAYLE, 127th Rep. Bn. (AAF)

Britain.

### Fast Mail

Dear YANK,

I claim to hold the record in the ETO for receiving mail faster than any one. Recently I received a letter in four and a half days from Texas, but this letter I received yesterday is the one I am basing my claim on. The letter was postmarked Mar. 3, 1945. Can anyone beat that? I am enclosing the postmark as proof.

Cpl. THURMON

Britain.

### Hospital Cheer

Dear YANK,

This is a reply to the so-called crippled patients evacuated from France to a general hospital here in England, who complain in the Jan. 7 Mail Call that they have to clean wards, latrines, showers, ceilings and so forth.

I'm a bed patient at the 141st General Hospital here in England. I was evacuated from Belgium, and on my way over here I must have gone



other sinners are awaiting the consequences. The prisoners are lined up, lectured on military courtesy and given close-order drill for one to two hours.

We are writing you in the hope that your readers may enlighten us on the reason for all this chicken.

Also, are we to regard furlough and rest camps as a basic-training refresher course or may we continue to believe that they are for the purpose of building our morale?

S/Sgt. V. W. LONG\*

India.

\* Also signed by seven others.

Dear YANK,

Having been in the MPs for some time now and noticing the way the other branches of the service feel toward us, I am wondering why they don't realize that we are to help them instead of to throw them in the can every time we get a chance. I personally have taken over-intoxicated GIs out of town and back to camp, where their buddies put them to bed, instead of into the guardhouse. Why the hell don't some of these MP-haters wake up and look at our side of the situation? We have a job to do as well as they.

(Name withheld)

Alaska.

### Soldiers and GIs

Dear YANK,

It takes courage to buck against so many people, but we would like to know who the person was that started referring to a soldier as a "GI." Discussing it with all the fellows over here, I find that most of them hate to be called GI. Anybody can be a GI, but it takes a man to be a soldier, sailor or marine.

What would Washington have said if you asked him to send up a GI? Nathan Hale said: "As a soldier I'll gladly die." Abraham Lincoln said: "A soldier is more than just a man. He's a bearer of truth and faith in the things that go to make up everlasting decency of mankind." Gen. Pershing

says we must change shoes every day. But what do we do when the month has 31 days in it?

I've been in the Army over three years. And it's the first time I've ever been ordered how to lace my shoes. And I'm over 21 years of age. So do they actually pay people to waste time when there's a war on to tell someone how to lace their shoes and make it as uncomfortable for the poor EM as possible?

If you wish to check my statement you could ask any member of the 803d FA Battalion or look at the lace in the shoes on two different days, odd and even.

Camp Bowie, Tex.

—(Name Withheld)

said: "Only as soldiers who know what they are fighting for, do my men push on." Francis Scott Key didn't know any GIs; he wrote only of the guys who kept the flag "still there."

When we walk over our dead buddies we wouldn't refer to them as dead GIs. And when we get home again, and see our buddies' loved ones, we just couldn't say: "Your son died a GI's death." When we think of GI we think of items of issue, but we are not issued; we are here for a cause.

When I got in the Army they told me I was a soldier, and that's what I have been. GI might be a term for some people in this Army, but not for us. I may not be all the way right, but lots of fellers are with me on it.

Sgt. FRANK K. TURMAN

Netherlands East Indies.

### Latrine-Pit Doctor

Dear YANK,

Two years ago I answered an urgent appeal from the Government to help alleviate the shortage of physicians in the Army. I left the small town where I was the only doctor and volunteered for the Army. Can I say that I was disillusioned when I didn't get to do a lick of medicine or surgery in the next

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Pictures: Cover, Signal Corps. 2, left, OWI; others, Acme. 3, left, OWI; right, USSTAF. 4, top left, USSTAF; top right, Signal Corps; center right, 9th U.S. Air Force; lower right, Sgt. Frank Biro; lower left, Sgt. Robert Gordon. 5, OWI. 6, center, Acme; others, Sgt. Steve Derry. 7, Sgt. Steve Derry. 9, Signal Corps. 10, Vandamm Studio. 11, upper right, Vandamm Studio; lower left, Pix Inc.; lower right, Lucas Pritchard. 12, upper left, and right, Acme; center left and right, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower left and right, Signal Corps. 13, upper left, U.S. Army; upper right and lower left, Signal Corps; center left, PA; lower right, Sgt. Dil Ferris. 14, Walter Thornton. 15, left, Keystone; right, WWV. 16, top and bottom left, Acme; others, Keystone. 20, upper left, Sgt. Bob Ghio; upper right, INP; lower left and right, Acme. 21, upper, Sgt. Derry; lower, INP. 22, Keystone. 23, upper, Int. News; lower, Signal Corps.

two years' time? Yes.

In that interval I have inspected many a latrine and garbage pit and expressed my approval or disdain thereof. I can pride myself that I have become somewhat of an expert or specialist in that particular field. Maybe I have saved lives—who can say? If improperly constructed, someone might have fallen in. Even Chic Sale couldn't have questioned my opinions, and don't you say, "TS, brother," either!

Seriously, what the hell is the deal here? What kind of a physician and surgeon will I be when the war is over? I don't make a habit of writing wacky letters to papers or magazines, but it seems that if the Army is ever going to use me (or others like me) as a doctor, they'd better give me either a job in a hospital or a discharge pretty soon. If not, I'll be no good for myself or anyone else.

Capt. (Name withheld)

Italy.

### Exams For Ratings

Dear YANK,

Suggestion contained in letter from a GI that all noncommissioned officers be required to take a competitive examination to determine their eligibility for promotion to higher grades is concurred in. It is further recommended that the right of all non-commissioned officers to be continued in grade be based on results to be obtained from a similar examination. If this recommendation is favorably considered, request that a board of officers be appointed to handle disposition of returned chevrons.

(Name withheld)

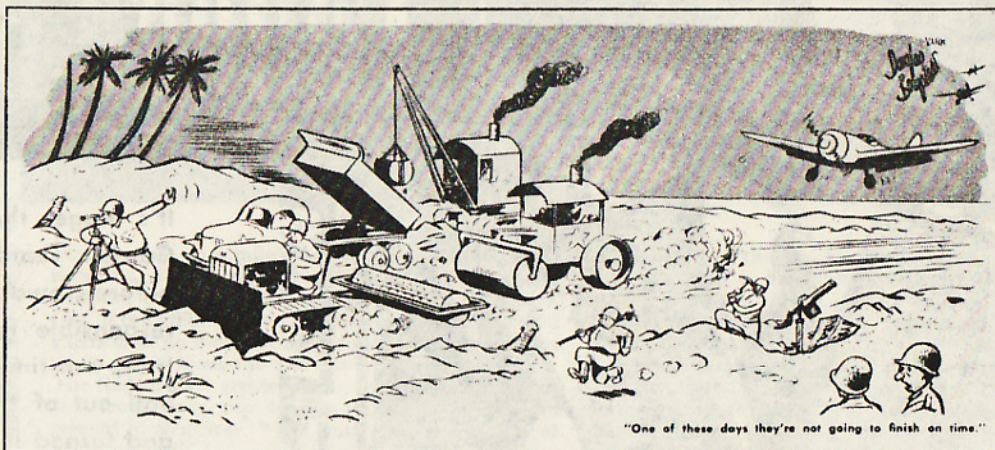
India.



"I STILL SAY MY I.Q. WAS TOO HIGH OR I WOULD HAVE MADE NON-COM!" —Pfc. Richard Yates

Dear YANK,

. . . A system of competitive examination for ratings, like the one being used so successfully by the Navy, would not only be fair but would add an incentive to do things, to get somewhere, that is



entirely lacking in the present set-up.

I have, and I am sure that the great majority of men in the Air Corps have, worked side by side with staff and tech sergeants, doing the same job, putting in the same hours as they did. Couldn't there be some reward for this, possibly a lousy pfc stripe at least?

I was stationed at 12 fields in the good old U.S.A. before coming overseas. I was Air Corps unassigned at eight of them, on detached service at two of them and assigned to two. I was in two squadrons at one of the latter and three squadrons in the other, not being at either one over four months.

We don't begrudge the other fellows their stripes, but are we to remain in the status quo indefinitely? . . .

Pvt. CHARLES L. NICHOLAS

Marshall Islands.

### Limited Assignment

Dear YANK,

Our outfit has furnished a number of good men for reinforcements and it has been interesting to read some of the complimentary articles written about the performance of men used for this purpose.

The side of the story I want to tell is about the type of Limited Assignment soldier we get to replace these men.

This is a headquarters company and the new men sent to this regiment come through here for processing and assignment to the various companies. We get the first look at them and they look good. Selection is almost a matter of "falling them in" and "counting off" the number you need.

These men are a bit quiet when they arrive, they accept any quarters or duty without a murmur, avoid any reference to physical limitations, and make us feel that they are really anxious to become members of our units.

Our company has been in several ETO stations

(seven) clusters, the Silver Star with cluster, the Bronze Star with two clusters, the Soldiers' Medal and above all the Combat Infantry Badge. I am inclined to say to the "allergic to combat" F/O how about doing some fighting before you bitch about going back to that land of freedom?

The loss of hearing in one ear from concussion, the loss of eyesight in one eye from shrapnel, the loss of one lung from a bayonet wound, the partial loss of use of my right leg from German machinegun slugs puts me in the "no longer fit for military service" class.

Yes, I am being sent home. It may be hard for you to understand, F/O and those who want to go home before the job is finished, but I do not want to go. The prospect of going back to America is not quite so bright with the fight for freedom and security not yet won. I am leaving the field, leaving my men in these stinking fields and villages of Germany; in the sloppy, muddy, snow and ice-lined foxholes and trenches of Germany to fight the battle of life or death for me. I am leaving my men to fight and die (and they do die up there) for the country whose uniform I am so unworthy of wearing. I will be ashamed to look one of those infantrymen in the face and tell him I left him to win the battle, when the going was the toughest and went back to the States, one of which was his home.

Going back to the United States is not the shining goal it might seem as long as it is still being blurred by the blood of Americans dying for freedom and their loved ones on foreign soil.

Del. of Patients.

RIFLE COMPANY COMMANDER

### Flying Fortress Gunners

Dear YANK,

The writer of "Flushing the Luftwaffe" on pages 6 and 7 of the Jan. 7 edition didn't depart too far from the facts until he neared the finish. But when I read his statement that the *Liberator* gunners were



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## YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Feb. 11

<b>SUNDAY</b>	2135—GUY LOMBARDO—The Royal Canadians interpret the popular tunes of yesterday and today.
<b>MONDAY</b>	1901—SGT. JOHNNY DESMOND AND STRINGS WITH WINGS—Units of the American Band of the AEF, led by Sgt. George Ockner. Sgt. Desmond sings.
<b>TUESDAY</b>	2030—AMERICAN BAND OF THE AEF—Sweet and swing by the 40-piece band.
<b>WEDNESDAY</b>	2030—BRITISH BAND OF THE AEF—Sgt. Maj. George Melachrino directing a program of modern music.
<b>THURSDAY</b>	1901—MUSIC HALL—Bing Crosby's variety show with Marilyn Maxwell, John Scott Trotter's Orchestra and the Music Maids.
<b>FRIDAY</b>	1930—KATE SMITH—Introducing her familiar variety program.
<b>SATURDAY</b>	1330—YANK'S RADIO EDITION. 1830—GI JOURNAL—The feature page of the air. Each week a different Hollywood star is Editor-in-Chief.

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.

one of the latter and three squadrons in the other, not being at either one over four months.

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These men are a bit quiet when they arrive, they accept any quarters or duty without a murmur, avoid any reference to physical limitations, and make us feel that they are really anxious to become members of our units.

Our company has been in several ETO stations and had hundreds of men attached to it for various reasons, but there hasn't been any group that measured up to the standard of these so-called battle casualties.

Other first sergeants in this regiment feel the same way about these new men and have called to say something nice about the ones assigned to their companies.

My experience is that the American soldier who is injured and gets back on his feet is a real man.

1st Sgt. JOHN P. FLANNERY, Engr.

Britain.

### Going Home

Dear YANK,

In view of the fact that F/O B.H., in January 21 Mail Call, "Rotation or When," wants to go home because of fanciful hardships or lack of promotion, I take this opportunity to inform him and others like him that rotation should be for combat troops only.

Been away from home and wife? Twenty-five months overseas? How perfectly terrible! Also wondering what's in the future for him to look forward to? Now he wants to go home!

I have completed 10 years of service this month, holding all ranks from private up to and including captain. I have spent six years and three months overseas (not seeing my wife in over five years). I have fought both Japanese and Germans in China, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany; and served in overseas stations in China, Hawaii, Philippines, Trinidad, Panama, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, England, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. Wearing the Good Conduct ribbon alongside the Purple Heart with 7

Class.

Yes, I am being sent home. It may be hard for you to understand, F/O and those who want to go home before the job is finished, but I do not want to go. The prospect of going back to America is not quite so bright with the fight for freedom and security not yet won. I am leaving the field, leaving my men in these stinking fields and villages of Germany; in the sloppy, muddy, snow and ice-lined foxholes and trenches of Germany to fight the battle of life or death for me. I am leaving my men to fight and die (and they do die up there) for the country whose uniform I am so unworthy of wearing. I will be ashamed to look one of those infantrymen in the face and tell him I left him to win the battle, when the going was the toughest and went back to the States, one of which was his home.

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Det. of Patients.

RIFLE COMPANY COMMANDER

### Flying Fortress Gunners

Dear YANK,

The writer of "Flushing the Luftwaffe" on pages 6 and 7 of the Jan. 7 edition didn't depart too far from the facts until he neared the finish. But when I read his statement that the *Liberator* gunners were given credit for destroying the majority of enemy aircraft knocked down by bombers Nov. 2, 1944. I blew my top.

It was our group of B-17s to whom the author referred when he mentioned a group flying off-course, although he failed to state the kind of ships. And it was this same group which was hit the hardest by Luftwaffe fighters (three separate attacks), and suffered the greatest losses of the day.

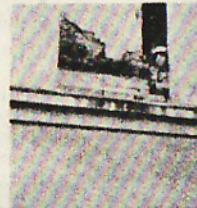
Flying Fortress gunners, not *Liberator* gunners, blazed away at those Heinies and survived a devastating hail of 20mm. and 40mm. fire to help give the Luftwaffe one of its worst beatings. No, I'm not a gunner, I'm a pilot, but I don't like to see the boys on my crew sold short.

DICK F. GIBSON, 1st Lt., A.C.

Britain.

### This Week's Cover

THE American rifleman moving through a war-pocked building in Aachen, Germany, is Pvt. Ralph J. De Franco of Pittsburgh, Pa. At the moment a Signal Corps photographer made this picture, De Franco was trying to get in a shot at a German sniper who'd been pecking away at the Yanks.

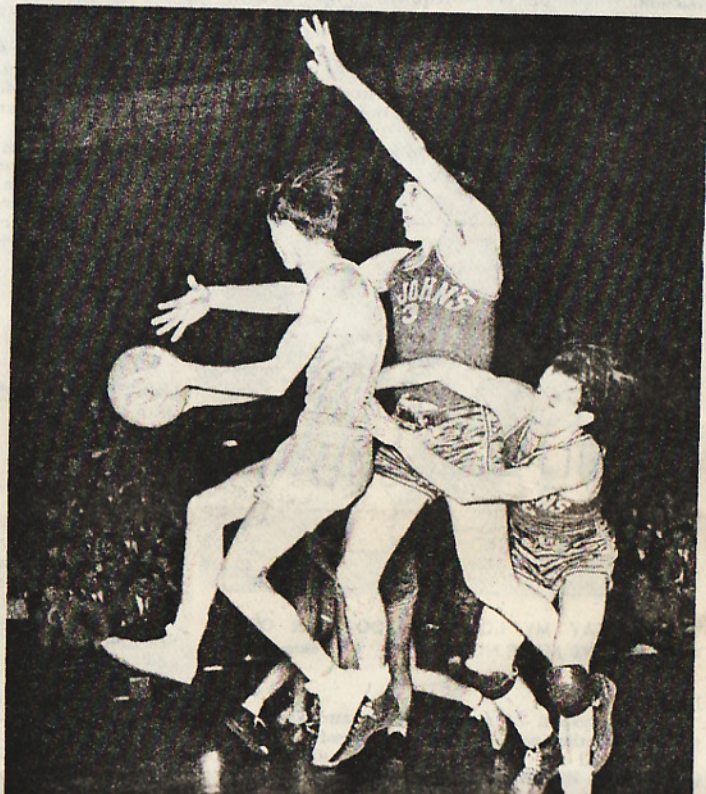


# College Basketball



**NED IRISH** looks like anything but a promoter. Almost bald at 40, he's a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and a former sports writer. He first brought basketball to the Garden in 1924 and it has been...

It's bigger than ever in New York's Madison Square Garden. Teams come from all over the country to play before crowds which average 16,000 a game. The man responsible for this big-city basketball boom is Ned Irish, war-time president of the Garden. He took basketball out of the gyms and dance halls, dressed it up and turned it into one of the Garden's top attractions.

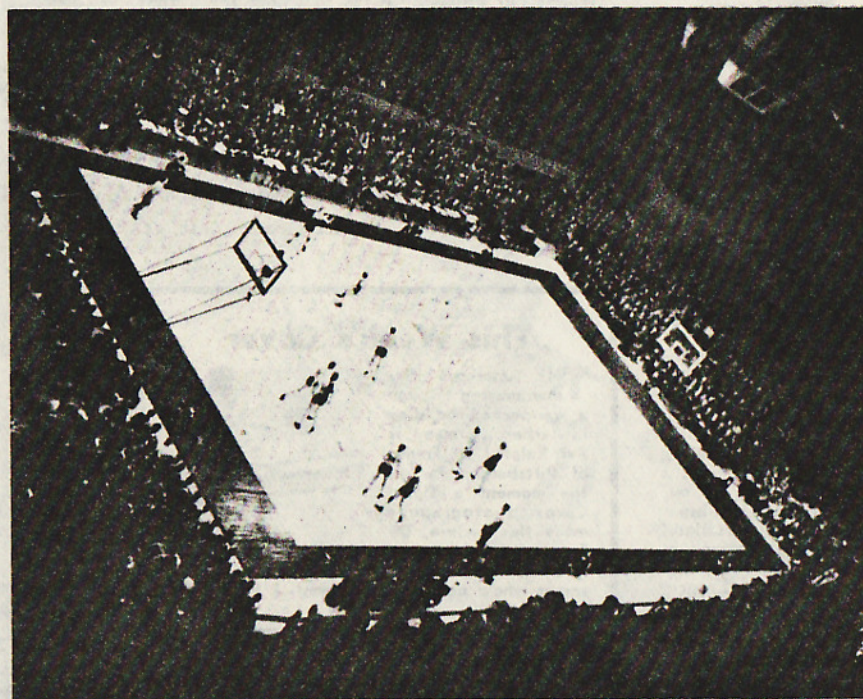




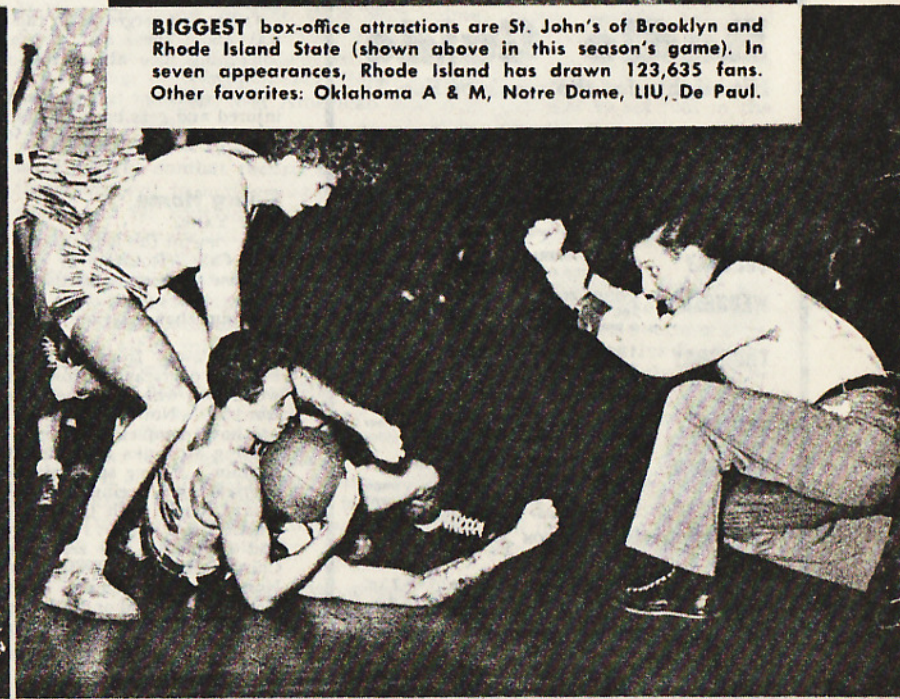
**NED IRISH** looks like anything but a promoter. Almost bald at 40, he's a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and a former sports writer. He first brought basketball to the Garden in 1934 and clicked with 100,000 customers. Last year he drew 447,044 and expects to lure over 500,000 this season.



**BIGGEST** box-office attractions are St. John's of Brooklyn and Rhode Island State (shown above in this season's game). In seven appearances, Rhode Island has drawn 123,635 fans. Other favorites: Oklahoma A & M, Notre Dame, LIU, De Paul.



**BIG CROWDS** such as the one shown above are familiar to the New York college teams, but often frighten visitors. Tickets are scaled from \$3.30 (court side) to 75 cents (gallery). A portable court is laid down on the Garden floor, where a fight ring or an ice-hockey rink might have stood the night before.



**REFEREES** like colorful Pat Kennedy are as much a part of the Garden show as the teams and players. Kennedy blows a whistle with the violence of a power-drunk corporal and the gestures of a college cheer leader. Some fans accuse him of being overenthusiastic, but all agree he is wonderful to watch.



# GI Tex Rickard

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**G**ULF DISTRICT, IRAN—When T-4 Allen La Combe, the Tex Rickard of the Persian Gulf Command, got his greetings in New Orleans several years ago, his reaction was probably different from any selectee's in the U. S. He threw a party for his draft board.

The blow-out was held in a local night club where Al had connections. There was a floor show, kegs of beer and inexhaustible supplies of liquor. Al invited all the other sad civilians in his quota, too. Some brought their wives. So did some of the Selective Service officials. But this didn't spoil the fun. Everybody imbibed freely and had a hell of a good time. In the small hours of the morning, selectees and draft-board members, sheep and butchers, went roaring home arm in arm, pledging beautiful friendships. It was an occasion New Orleans would long remember, as the papers pointed out next day. For La Combe, never a man to miss a trick, had not neglected to invite the news photographers.

Even the Army hasn't crimped La Combe's style much. As manager of the "Flying Longshoremens," a group of GI boxers at the dusty Army port of Khorramshahr on the Persian Gulf, he made international news not long ago when he challenged S/Sgt. Joe Louis to fight one of the PGC champs. He's still hearing from that one, still getting angry letters from GIs all over the world: "If Joe Louis ever goes to Iran, he'll knock you and that bum of yours right into the middle of the post-war period."

Al took nine PGC champions to Cairo last winter and won seven titles in the Middle East Championships. In the second annual PGC Boxing Tournament, Al's fighters from Khorramshahr won eight out of nine titles. Now Al's ready for Cairo again, or, better, the post-war bouts in Berlin.

Promoting boxing in the PGC has its occupational hazards. The tough GI stevedores at Khorramshahr hold La Combe personally responsible for everything that happens at the bouts. Though he was promoter, manager of one of the teams and announcer, Al had no responsibility for the judging or refereeing. But after

Al's fighters swear by him, and with good reason. When the boxing champs went to Cairo last year, La Combe spent more than \$1,000 of his dice winnings so they'd do all right in that inflation-hit city. If there are no trophies available for his champs, Al usually buys them with his own money.

To fighters who get slugged in the eye and come around for sympathy, Al says: "Youse mighta felt that blow in youah eye, but Ah felt it where it hoits most, right chere in mah haht." And he places a reverent hand over his heart. The PGC's smoothest operator actually talks like that, in a rich mixture of Brooklynese and Irish Channel-New Orleans accents. Real Brooklyn boys won't believe him when he says he's never seen the place. He probably picked up the Brooklynese from fighters and managers who hung around promoter Lew Raymond's New Orleans office, where Al first went to work when he was 14.

La Combe is a dapper fellow with sleek blue-black hair, a round face and innocent brown eyes. In an earlier day, he might have been a faro dealer on a Mississippi steamboat or a croupier in a New Orleans casino. As it is, he does all right with the slippery cubes; he's banked some \$4,000 in winnings at the second-most popular GI pastime. He attributes his luck, both at dice and the fights, to a four-leaf clover he always carries in a cellophane case. His girl sent it to him.

The only pin-ups in Al's headquarters, a smoke-filled Service Club office at Khorramshahr, are of boxers, old and new, champs and never-weres. The place reeks of rubbing alcohol; three GI trainers work over the boys every night. Just outside the Service Club is a well-lit, fenced-off training arena, with all kinds of boxing equipment.

A few hundred yards away is the "Punch Bowl," Khorramshahr's new boxing stadium, which seats some 5,000 spectators. The former CG here, Maj. Gen. Donald Connolly, never missed the boxing tournament. Other distinguished visitors to GI fights in this part of the world have included Foreign Secretary Eden and ex-Secretary of State Hull.

**A**LL of 23 years old today, Al was known to New Orleans as the "Boy Promoter." He made something of a name for himself running the New Orleans Turkey Bowl football game. He conceived the idea, promoted it for charity, secured flowers for the Queen of the Bowl, sold programs during the halves, announced most of the game and played left end during the fourth quarter.

But La Combe's promotional goose was almost cooked very early in his career when he staged a beauty contest to find "Miss Irish Channel" in New Orleans. The girls got talking together before the contest, and they found out Al had promised each one that she would win. There



T-4 La Combe



## YANK SPORTS

**T**HE Merchant Marine has shifted **Ens. Charlie Keller** from convoy duty in the Atlantic to Pacific waters. He's a ship's purser. . . . **Cpl. Roy (Beau) Bell**, former Indians', Browns', Tigers' and everybody's outfielder, now has a Germany APO.

Neither **S Sgt. Joe Louis** nor **S Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** wears his overseas ribbons at public appearances, if that means anything. . . . Old-timers at West Point recall that **Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr.** broke his arm three times while playing football and busted his studies once. . . . **Maj. Billy Southworth Jr.**, who completed 50 missions over Germany in B-17s, is now flying a B-29 and headed for you-know-where. . . . Frenchman **Marcel Thil**, the ex-middleweight champion, was twice decorated for his work with the FFI. He is now in the coal and wood business and serves as a part-time athletic instructor for the French Army. . . . If his eyes are strong enough, "Parson" **Gil Dodds**, the U. S. mile champ, will go to sea as Navy chaplain instead of doing missionary work in China. . . . **Lt. Cornelius Warmerdam** will be shipping out soon as an athletic officer aboard an aircraft carrier. Also shipping: **CPO Don Durdan**, Oregon State's Rose Bowl hero against Duke, who starred with Bainbridge in 1944.

*Killed in action: Pvt. Ed Stecz*, former Temple

news photographers.

Even the Army hasn't crimped La Combe's style much. As manager of the "Flying Longshoremen," a group of GI boxers at the dusty Army port of Khorramshahr on the Persian Gulf, he made international news not long ago when he challenged S/Sgt. Joe Louis to fight one of the PGC champs. He's still hearing from that one, still getting angry letters from GIs all over the world: "If Joe Louis ever goes to Iran, he'll knock you and that bum of yours right into the middle of the post-war period."

Al took nine PGC champions to Cairo last winter and won seven titles in the Middle East Championships. In the second annual PGC Boxing Tournament, Al's fighters from Khorramshahr won eight out of nine titles. Now Al's ready for Cairo again, or, better, the post-war bouts in Berlin.

Promoting boxing in the PGC has its occupational hazards. The tough GI stevedores at Khorramshahr hold La Combe personally responsible for everything that happens at the bouts. Though he was promoter, manager of one of the teams and announcer, Al had no responsibility for the judging or refereeing. But after one decision in the preliminaries the other night, Al didn't have a friend in camp. For three days he had to slip into the mess-hall kitchen unobserved to get something to eat. It seems the judges had awarded a close one to a fighter who also happened to be an MP.

in-vented-or training arena, with all kinds of boxing equipment.

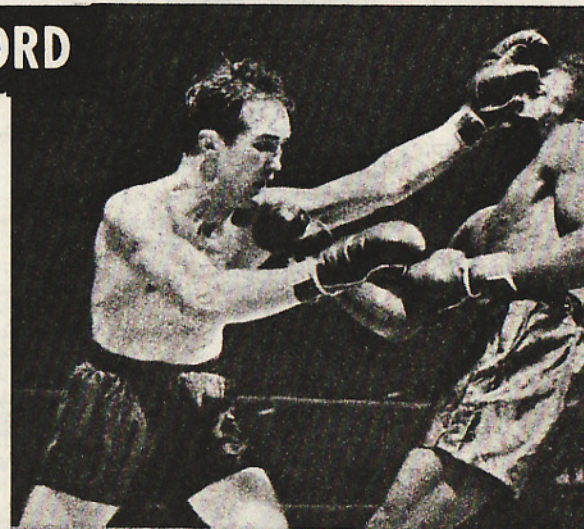
A few hundred yards away is the "Punch Bowl," Khorramshahr's new boxing stadium, which seats some 5,000 spectators. The former CG here, Maj. Gen. Donald Connolly, never missed the boxing tournament. Other distinguished visitors to GI fights in this part of the world have included Foreign Secretary Eden and ex-Secretary of State Hull.

**A**Ll of 23 years old today, Al was known to New Orleans as the "Boy Promoter." He made something of a name for himself running the New Orleans Turkey Bowl football game. He conceived the idea, promoted it for charity, secured flowers for the Queen of the Bowl, sold programs during the halves, announced most of the game and played left end during the fourth quarter.

But La Combe's promotional goose was almost cooked very early in his career when he staged a beauty contest to find "Miss Irish Channel" in New Orleans. The girls got talking together before the contest, and they found out Al had promised each one that she would win. There was a little trouble at first, but La Combe managed to pull through and the contest went off as scheduled. Al was heaving a sigh of relief when the grandmother of a losing contestant bore down on him with an umbrella. His left ear still bears the scar.

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

football ace, in Germany: **Lt. Tom Wilson**, son of baseball's Jimmy Wilson, in the Pacific after previously being reported missing from a B-29 mission; **Lt. Richard Schmon**, former Princeton football captain, in France. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Sgt. Hector Kilrea**, who starred with Detroit and Toronto in the National Hockey League, in France when machine-gun fire hit him in the leg and hand. . . . *Commissioned:* **CPO Bob Olin**, one-time light heavyweight boxing champion, as an ensign in the Merchant Marine. . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Cmdr. Matty Bell**, SMU's former coach, as a full commander at the Georgia Navy Pre-Flight School. . . . *Discharged:* **Lt. Col. Tuss McLaughry**, Dartmouth football coach in 1941-42, from the Marines because he is over age. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Mel Queen**, 26-year-old Yankee pitcher, and **Clyde (Bulldog) Turner**, Chicago Bears' center, both by the Army. . . . *Appointed:* **Earl (Jug) Girard**, Wisconsin's running and passing star, to West Point.



**BOXING LESSON.** This bit of business with an open glove was one of the few tricks Cpl. Fritzie Zivic showed schoolboy Billy Arnold during their eight-round bout at New York. Fritzie won the decision.

# Yanks in the ETO

## They Didn't Want Any

**L**UXEMBOURG—The sergeant said no, it hadn't been bad except for the first few hours. We were standing on the main street of what was left of a small town in northern Luxembourg. The Krauts had got up to here in their counter-offensive, and our tanks and infantry had recaptured the place only the night before. There were German steel helmets and scattered pieces of equipment lying around, as well as two stalled Sherman tanks which our men had been forced to blow up and leave behind when the Krauts moved in on the first night of their sudden push.

It hadn't been bad at all, S/Sgt. S. Petersen, of Burnsville, N. C., said, and the only thing his men did mind was the news item that only "cooks and clerks and MPs" had saved Luxembourg City, while there was no mention of the 12th Infantry Regiment's 3rd Battalion, not even of Cpl. Chester Lusisky, of Norwich, Conn., and Pfc. Edward B. Jarce, of Minneapolis, Minn., who with a few mortar-men had held a large section against two German companies.

"We hit them and hit them again," the sergeant said. "We blew them up right, a whole company. Took close to 40 prisoners. If you'd come here an hour earlier, you could have talked to them."

Right then the Germans started shelling the town, as they always do after an evacuation because they like to harass our men moving in, and the sergeant and I went to the advanced assault battalion CP, which was in the cellar of what once had been a hotel. Talking with the men there, I gathered that during the fighting in the town it would have been hard to say who was more surprised by the whole thing, the Jerries or our men. "We'd got too used to a sort of maneuver war," Capt. Hay, of York, Pa., said. "You know, patrols and artillery duels and occasional local attack. When they came in masses and knocked out our observation post up on the hill, we didn't know that this was supposed to be another Ludendorff comeback. That night, on December 16th, we lost some ground. But our chance came on the morning of the 17th. We were holding the next chain of heights, and waiting for them to come.

"And come they did. They must have thought we were all out and gone. They didn't even bother to spread out. They came marching up in platoon formation, and all they needed to make it a parade was a band playing the *Horst Wessel Lied*. Squad beside squad—gosh, I haven't seen something like

it since my close-order drill days. After that it was easy. It was just a matter of picking them off like clay pigeons." He shrugged. "Something's wrong about this war here. But we don't bitch."

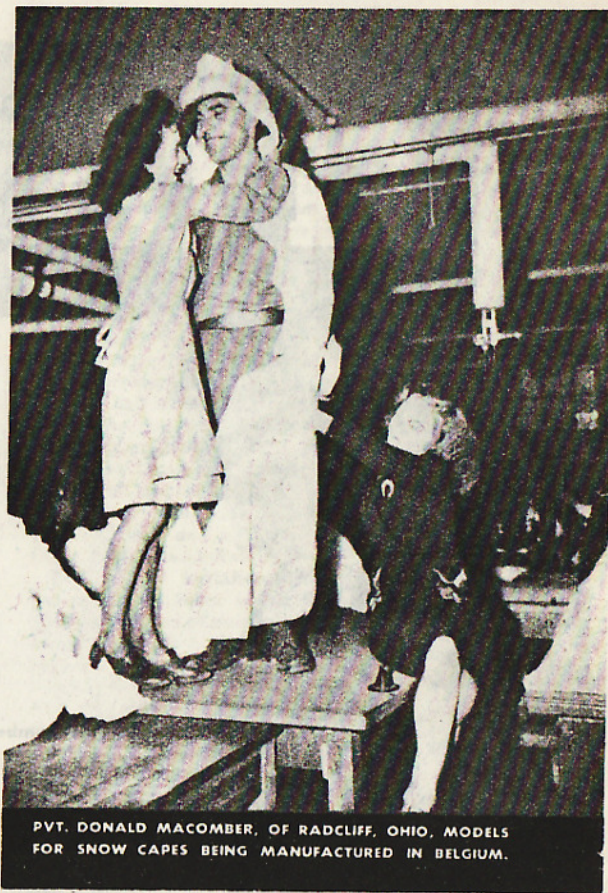
The captain was right. There is something strange about this war, down here in Luxembourg. Somehow certain places on earth are unfit for warfare; places like Monte Carlo, Waikiki Beach, Cannes, Amalfi, Dieppe, Dinard. You don't associate those places with men fighting, suffering, dying. You might as well start fighting on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City or on the back lot of the Warner Brothers Studio in Burbank, Calif.

Militarily, Luxembourg is strictly a 4-F country. It had an active army of 250 men (armed with museum rifles and six MGs) and 225 ducal gendarmes. Now that Luxembourg has entered the war on our side there is "general conscription."

Luxembourgers haven't done badly under Nazi occupation, though, compared to other invaded nations. It's a small country, to begin with, smaller than Rhode Island. The Luxembourgers speak three languages, German, French and Luxembourgish or Letzeburghesch, which is a patois of German, Celtic Roman and French. Their newspapers are printed loosely in all of these languages, with German editorials, French articles, Letzeburgesch local news, and small items in English for the benefit of the American tourists in khaki. A surprisingly large number of Luxembourgers also speak English. The Germans tried to explain to the German-speaking natives that they were really Germans and worthy of all the blessings of National Socialism, but the Luxembourgers, an obstinate mountain folk, said thank you, we don't want any part of that business.

On October 10, 1941, at a census ordered by a German named Simon, who was then the Gauleiter, 96 percent of all the natives said they were Luxembourgers by nationality, although it was verboten to admit that fact. One of the century-old songs of the Luxembourgers has a line which goes, "Mir woelle bleiwe wat mer sin," meaning, "We want to remain what we are." Under German occupation, this was changed for "Mir wolle jo keng Preise gin," or "We do not want to become Prussians." Which may sound funny, but wasn't always, considering the fact that the Gestapo and SS were in town, busily torturing people at the Villa Pauly (which the people here called Villa Thrash-Me) and deporting 10,000 young Luxembourgers between the ages of 20 and 25 into Germany, where they were drafted into the Wehrmacht.

Luxembourg has had no spectacular guerrilla



PVT. DONALD MACOMBER, OF RADCLIFF, OHIO, MODELS FOR SNOW CAPES BEING MANUFACTURED IN BELGIUM.

activities such as those in Norway or Yugoslavia, but the Ligue Patriotique de Luxembourg has been quite successful in smuggling people into Belgium and England, and in printing a clandestine paper called *De Freie Letzeburger*, of which a free copy was sent to the German Gauleiter Simon for his enlightenment. They never failed to put on the masthead their oldest slogan, "Letzeburg de Letzeburger," which means, in a polite translation, "Luxembourg for guess whom."

In September, 1942, the Germans honored Luxembourg by making it the first country to be annexed by the Reich and calling it "Moselland." The answer of the Luxembourgers was a general strike. At that, the Germans deported 50,000 people into the Reich, where they were put to work as slave laborers. On the following day Luxembourg workers hoisted the Luxembourg flag on the highest chimney of the big Rumelange steel works. No one could be found to remove the flag, and the Nazis finally had to shoot it down.

Two days later the Gauleiter, in another fit of Nazi fantasy, ordered the removal of all French books, "except classical works," from the local book shops. One bookseller put the photographs of Hitler

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Two days later the Gauleiter, in another fit of Nazi fantasy, ordered the removal of all French books, "except classical works," from the local book shops. One bookseller put the photographs of Hitler and Mussolini in his window. Between the pictures he placed a "classical" French work—Victor Hugo's "*Les Miserables*."

—By Sgt. JOSEPH WECHSBERG



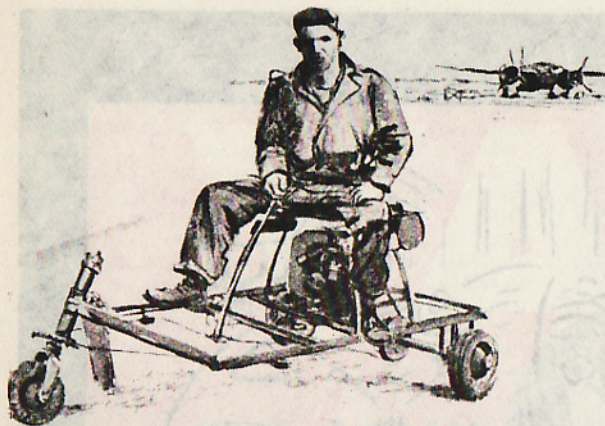
PVT. GLEN T. BEYMER, OF PRAIRIE CREEK, IND., (LEFT), MAKES 30TH DIV. PRISONER REMOVE U.S. CLOTHING.

## Old Yank in the ETO

LUXEMBOURG—In spite of "what they do to you" in the Army, in spite of death and loneliness, soldiers remember their "old outfit." That's the way it is; they remember it, drunk or sober. And they remember it for a long time afterwards, in all kinds of places and in the middle of the night.

When Bill Holland drove back to Fels from Luxembourg City, he was very tired and it was quite cold. There was still in him the panic of the Germans' December breakthrough. Fels, a pretty little resort town north of Luxembourg City, was Holland's home and when he drove into the square it looked the same. There had been no shelling. There the town was, beneath the cliffs and the old castle. It was all the same. America was a long way off. America had been little more than something in the newspaper to Bill Holland for some 20 years.

And then out of nowhere came Bill Holland's "old outfit," rolling through Fels. It was the Fifth Division. The Fifth, of Meuse and Argonne in the last war; the Fifth of Moselle, Fort Driant and Metz in this war. Bill Holland had once been a part of that outfit, but that had been a long time ago. Still, he remembered it, and he tried to talk to some of the passing soldiers about it. The young infantrymen just called him "Pop." Holland felt very confused and tired. He tried to talk to a captain of the Fifth. Standing there in the town square, he tried



S/SGT. REESE G. JACKSON, OF MACON, GA., AN A-20 CREW CHIEF IN ENGLAND, INVENTED THIS RUN-ABOUT WHICH HAS THE SAME CONTROLS AS A PLANE. THE ONE HORSE-POWER ENGINE GIVES IT A TOP SPEED OF 25 MPH.

to explain to the officer that he'd been in the Fifth in the last war, had returned to the States and then come back to Europe. As a matter of fact, said Holland, he'd been in the Fifth's Field Artillery—the 21st.

"Well," said the captain, a young fellow, "here comes the 21st now." The big guns of the 21st rolled past Bill Holland. He remembered, all right. A man may remember his outfit, but his outfit does not often remember him; and anyway, Bill Holland's old outfit could hardly stop right now and talk things over with him. Its big business at the moment was to take its place in the new line and meet the pressure of the German breakthrough. Still, here and there a man in the 21st said a word to Holland, for Yanks are sociable people, even with a German breakthrough on their hands. Then the Fifth rolled on to its task of pushing the Germans back across the Sauer River, which it did. After that its young soldiers started to pay courtesy calls on "Sgt. William Holland, 21st Field Artillery, Fifth Division."

The men come often now, wipe their feet at Holland's door, say "Good evening" to Bill and his wife, and settle into the best chairs. In the house they feel easy and at home, because Holland talks good American, with the unmistakable slurred "r" accent of New England.

**B**ILL HOLLAND went home to the States after the last war and was discharged at Camp Devens. He looked around Cambridge, Mass., and nearby Boston for a job, but couldn't find one, so he went back to Luxembourg, where he had stayed for awhile with the Army of Occupation. He had one or two "prospects" there, and besides it was only going to be temporary. But he married a Luxembourg girl and stayed on—for nearly a quarter of a century.

"I always wanted to go home," he says now, in a puzzled voice. "but my father-in-law developed

division in the last war.

"I'm glad to see you, sir," said Holland, a former motor sergeant of the 21st Field Artillery, when he first met the Colonel.

"Where were you in Luxembourg?" asked the Colonel.

"We were in Esch," said Bill Holland, "the 19th and 20th were still horse outfits then, but we were motorizing them. We had some Liberty trucks and some of those big tractors for hauling guns. We had an old Schneider—a little clumsy, but a good gun."

"A very good gun," the Colonel agreed. "Notice our 155 Howitzer? Notice how much longer a barrel?"

"Ours were mostly used to break up barbed wire and pillboxes," Holland recalled. "We had splinter shells then for men on roads or stuff that was moving, and a heavy shell—110 pounds—with a delayed fuse. We had a lot of trouble pulling our 155s around by hand. Had to pull them out by night. In those days, the German observation balloons were up all the time."

"When was it we moved into the Argonne?" asked the Colonel. "Around the middle of September, wasn't it?"

"After St. Mihiel, I think," said Holland. "Around the 16th of September."

"Were you around Wouvre?" asked the Colonel. "Foret de Wouvre? Yes," said Holland.

"And that was where the Fifth stopped fighting at 11 o'clock," said the Colonel.

"And the shells were going to the last minute," said Holland.

"Well, I've got work to do," said the Colonel, getting up. "It's been very pleasant and I'll drop around again sometime."

"Do that, sir," said Bill Holland. "By all means, any time."

**H**E meant it, too. He had left it all behind—the Fifth Division, the United States—and now it had barged back into his life. Half of his life had been



FIRE-SMOTHERING FOAM COVERS 8TH AIR FORCE MEN BATTLING TO SAVE A B-17 SET AFIRE BY ENEMY FLAK.

Cambridge and Boston, with its Beacon Street where his sister lives now, and the salt water which he remembers, the salt water that was the life of his ancestors. Half a lifetime in one place, and half in another that has by now added the faintest slur to the New England speech of his childhood.

"Good night," he says to his young visitors, "and don't stay here. Go home. Go home and study there. Drop in again. Drop in anytime."

Down below his house at dusk the men keep passing by with the red-diamond patch of the Fifth on their shoulders. There is the sound of the 21st Field Artillery guns not far off. His old outfit. On the table next to a big chair are the magazines and the album of American pictures. Bill Holland lights an American cigarette as dusk comes down over the old castle, fir trees and cliffs around Fels in the Duchy of Luxembourg.

—By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT  
YANK Staff Correspondent

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"I always wanted to go home," he says now, in a puzzled voice, "but my father-in-law developed paralysis in one leg and my wife didn't want to leave him like that. At first, it was pretty hard. The language for one thing. But later, after I learned the language and got up a little business of my own and made out pretty well in it, and the in-law's bad leg and all—well, I just stayed on. Did I ever get a feeling about going back? Plenty of times. Plenty. I often wished I could find a way to. Life was a lot slower here, not so much rush, but there were times when the monotony got me bad."

It is getting on toward late afternoon. Bill Holland sits with his hands clasped between his knees. "One of the things I miss most, on account of being brought up around Boston, is the beaches," he says. "I was practically brought up on the water. My people were seafaring people. Grandfather was born and brought up in Boston. He was Capt. John Holland, and he sailed in his own square-rigged ships. I miss Boston and the salt water."

Bill looks very tired. The Germans kept him in a prison and later an internment camp near the Austrian border. He saw his first American soldiers since the first World War last September. That was after the Germans had let him out of camp because of his bad heart. Then a few months later the Germans busted through again, and the men of his old outfit came up the road—came up out of another war to drive the Germans back again.

The soldiers of his old outfit now bring Holland magazines from home and American cigarettes. They've also brought him an album of pictures showing the Empire State Building and Brooklyn Bridge and other places. Toward evening, the Colonel comes in to see Bill Holland. The Colonel is Burns C. Cox, of Atlanta, Ga., an Ordnance officer of the Fifth, who was a lieutenant in the same

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## The COUNT

**J**UST as he suspected, that draft-board's mistake known as the Count is no longer a T/5. It's not a case of getting a promotion either, or even a Section 8. The Count, to come right out with it, has been busted to private—or rather, as he prefers to put it, to ex-T/5.

"I refer to meself as an ex-T/5 and not as a private," the Count explained to us when we called on him to offer our condolences, "because ex-T/5 is the more accurate designation, and in the Army it is a man's duty to be accurate. Also, strictly speaking, I was not busted. I merely turned in me stripes, thereby relieving meself of the responsibilities incumbent upon me rank."

The Count admitted that a recent row he got into with the MPs might have had a little something to do with his changed status, but he insisted that the connection was only a remote one. "It is true," he said, "that me decision to return to the rank and file was made hastily. About a week after the MPses picked me up I heard that the CO was looking for me, so I went to me top-kick and, before he could open his yap, I informed him that I wanted to be a private. He told me it would be no trouble at all, or words to that effect."

According to the Count, taking the stripes off his arm also took a great load off his shoulders. "I have belatedly come to the realization that stripes is mere empty honors," the ex-T/5 told us. "At the time I decided to revert to private I explained this to me top-kick, and I likewise instructed him that from now on I am not a candidate for promotions. 'You're telling me!' he says, in a tone I do not especially care for. Poor guy, I feel sorry for him, with those three rockers of his and all. Little do he realize, like I do, that the higher you climb the harder you fall."

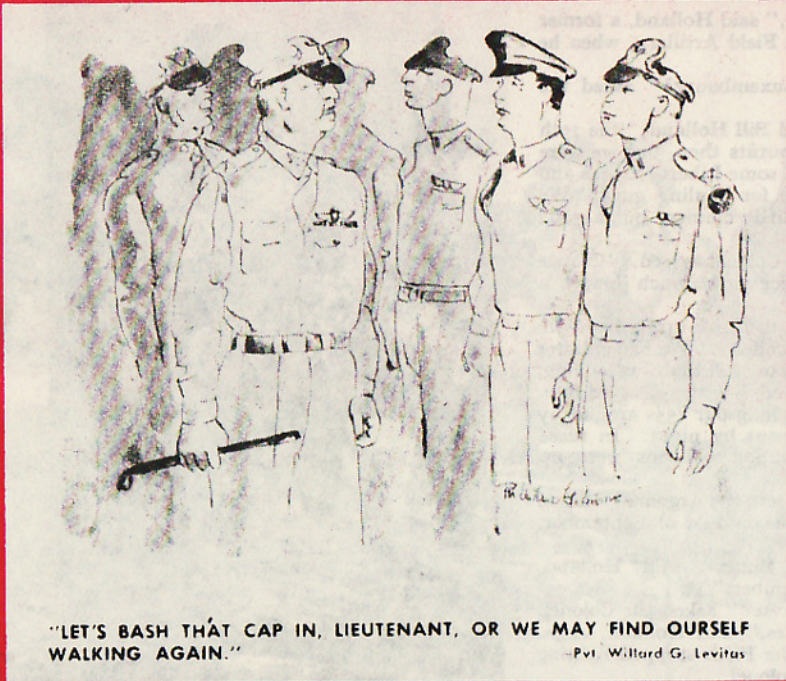
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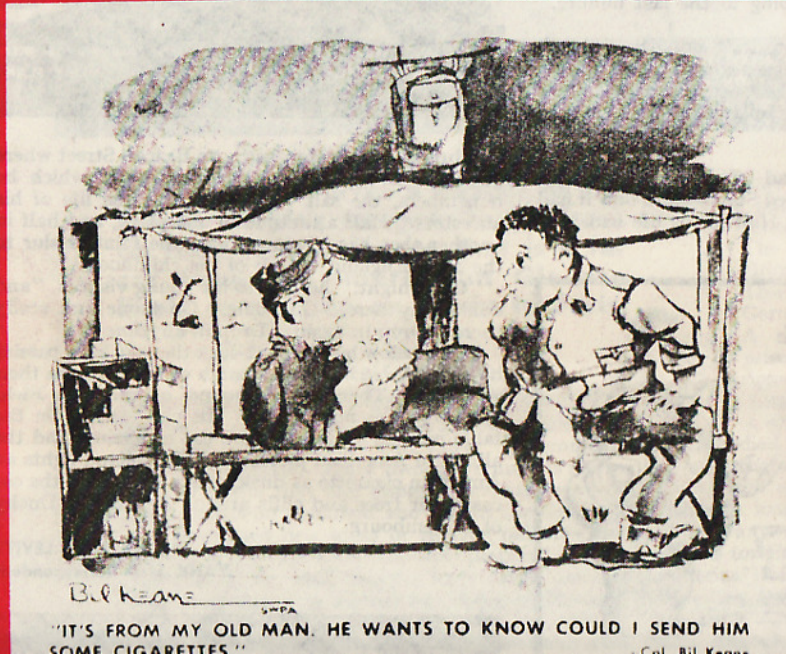
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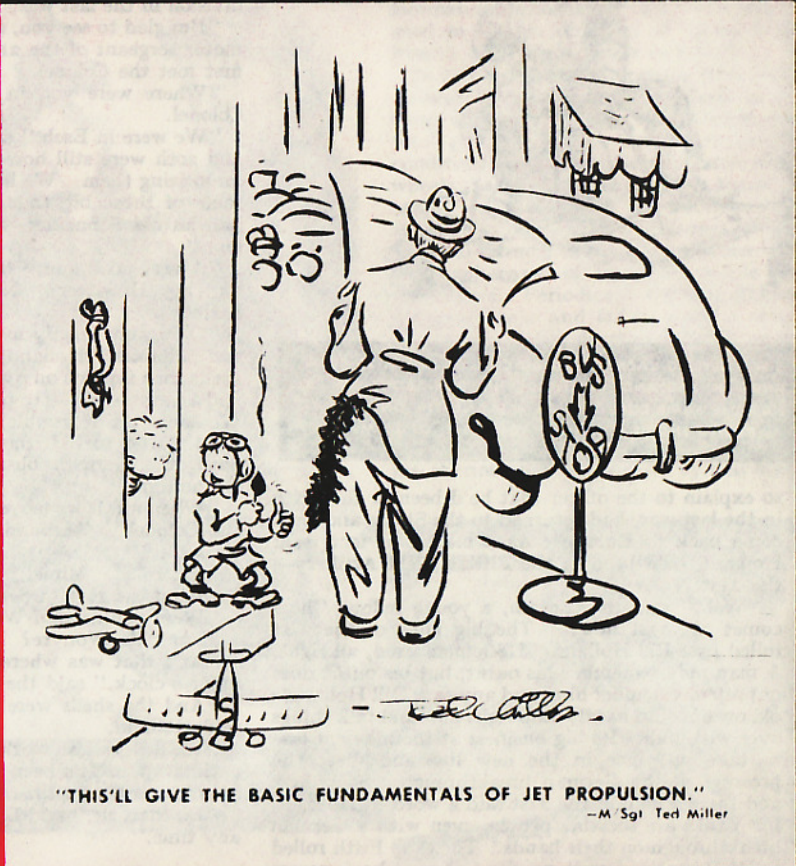




"LET'S BASH THAT CAP IN, LIEUTENANT, OR WE MAY FIND OURSELF WALKING AGAIN."  
 -Pvt. Willard G. Levitas



"IT'S FROM MY OLD MAN. HE WANTS TO KNOW COULD I SEND HIM SOME CIGARETTES."  
 -Col. Bill Keane



"THIS'LL GIVE THE BASIC FUNDAMENTALS OF JET PROPULSION."  
 -M. Sgt. Ted Miller

# YANK

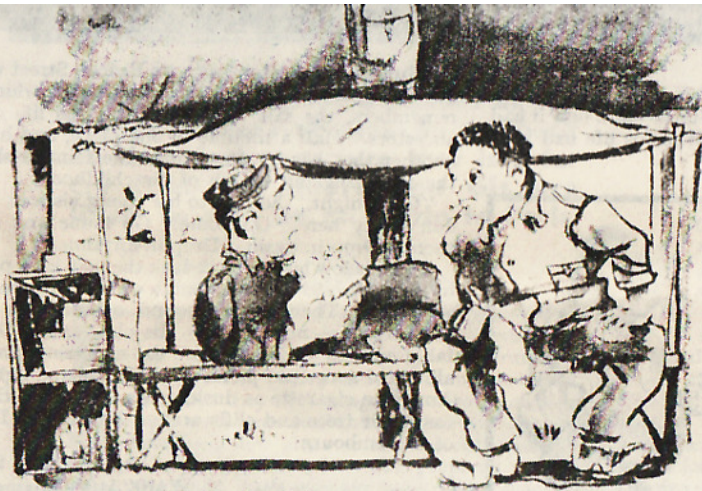
THE ARMY



WEEKLY

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Cpl. Bil Keane

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



"LET'S LET THE SIDEWALK GO THIS MORNING, BOYS, AND GET STARTED ON A DITCH."

—Pfc. Tom Flannery



Cpl. Bob Gluckstein  
of  
France

"WATCH—AS SOON AS WE GET THE PLACE LOOKING LIKE HOME WE'LL GET MARCH ORDER."

—Cpl. Bob Gluckstein