

YANK

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





MONTECASSINO ABBEY

Pictures of the Ruins of Cassino — One Year After

PAGES 8 TO 13



Confused Krauts headed for the same hill as the GIs.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 84TH DIVISION IN BELGIUM—The recapture of Laroche by American troops has revealed the almost incredible adventures of two 84th Division soldiers who made their way back to their own lines after eluding the Germans in a series of dangerous yet ludicrous situations reminiscent of an old-time Hollywood Western chase sequence.

T-5 Herman J. Smalley, a Headquarters Company radio operator from Yuba City, Calif., and Pfc. Frederick E. Patterson, a platoon runner from Milwaukee, Wis., are the Americans who led the Jerries a chase behind enemy lines.

The story starts with the adventures of Pfc. Patterson. Shortly after dark on Dec. 26, he was sent forward to tell two GIs who were reconnoitering the enemy to come back for chow. Patterson missed his men in the darkness and crawled under a barbed-wire fence right into the midst of 150 German soldiers. An English-speaking Jerry lieutenant stuck a burp gun into the pfc's stomach and told him he was his prisoner. It

to their feet. Finally, when they stumbled and fell again, the German officer waved deliberately to an oncoming tank. The tank driver came, either in blind obedience to the order or because he really didn't see his two fellow soldiers lying there in the darkness, and drove his 30-ton vehicle over the two prostrate forms.

"They tried to crawl out of the way," Patterson said. "They were screaming and crying, and trying to push the tank away with their hands. There was one yell that slowly faded as the tank passed over them. It echoed a long time in my ears. It made me sick, but I didn't give them the satisfaction of showing it. I watched the Germans, but it didn't bother them a damn bit.

"When this Jerry lieutenant came back to me, he just said they were slowing up the progress of our march."

The next day, 1st Lt. Edward Gedrich and other 84th Division men found the bodies of the two Germans in the area Patterson described. They were crushed to a pulp.

AFTER a two-hour march, Patterson and his captors reached Laroche. American artillery started shelling it heavily just as they arrived.

The Nazi lieutenant, who still hadn't seen Patterson in the light, ushered him into a room where a young but typically granite-faced SS officer was seated with his feet propped up on a stove. Preceding his captive through the door of the lighted room, the lieutenant clicked his heels, snapped to attention with outstretched right arm and, still speaking English, said:

"Heil Hitler! Look what I have captured—" His voice dwindled away unbelievably as he turned for his first real look at Patterson.

"You're not an officer!" he shouted accusingly at Patterson.

"Who said I was?" the pfc asked.

Ignoring his junior officer after a few contemptuous remarks in German, the SS man spoke to Patterson in good English, though gutterally accented.

"You are a smart alec, aren't you? We will see how smart you really are."

With that he issued an order in German to the still discomfited and angry lieutenant. In contrast to his entrance, Patterson was unceremoniously ordered out of the room. He was surrounded by seven German soldiers and marched to a section of town which was under heavy American shelling. They ordered him to stand in the middle of the street, unprotected against shrapnel that fell around him. The seven guards trained machine pistols on the American to forestall any break for cover.

For 15 minutes, Patterson stood in the middle of the street with artillery bursting on all sides of him and frags falling like hailstones. Finally

him with pistols from the doorway of a nearby house. After five minutes in the middle of the American barrage, the 84th Division platoon runner was taken back to SS headquarters. Neither he nor his guards had been wounded this time.

The SS officer was more conciliatory now.

"I'll give you another chance," he told Patterson. "All you have to do is tell me how many trucks and jeeps your army has at Hotton."

"I don't know," the pfc answered.

"How much gasoline is there?" the SS man demanded angrily, losing his conciliatory tone.

"If you want to know, go down and find out. I don't know."

So pointed a reply from an enlisted man sent the German into another tantrum. Cursing Patterson again, he ordered him back under the artillery for a third time. The American's ordeal was cut short this time when both his guards were wounded. One was hit in the stomach by shrapnel, the other got it in the thigh.

It was the same story when he returned to the SS officer's quarters.

"Are you wounded this time?" the SS man asked hopefully.

"No, sir."

"What's your name?" he asked angrily, again losing his temper because Patterson wasn't cracking up under the strain.

"Patterson, sir."

"Put him back in the street again!" the German shouted to a new set of guards.

On his fourth experience as an artillery target, Patterson stood for about 15 minutes. The American shelling finally stopped. He was taken back to headquarters.

His luck was evidently too much for the SS man. Despairing of making him talk by such means, he ordered him to the PW cage.

It was at the PW cage, located in a school building up on a hill, that Patterson first met up with Smalley. The other 84th man had been captured the same night when the Germans overran his OP.

Less than an hour after the two Americans got together in their classroom-prison, a flight of U. S. bombers came over the town. The four

Two Yanks play hide-and-peek with the German Army and get back to their own outfits in time to eat New Year's dinner.

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The German outfit which Patterson had unwittingly joined was moving out of the line. He had to march with them across a field that was under American artillery fire, and he narrowly escaped getting hit. Two Jerries in the line of march were not so fortunate. They were badly wounded.

The Jerry lieutenant who guarded Patterson personally on the march was very talkative. He said he had lived in New York City from 1939 to 1941 and thought it the greatest city in the world. He had also been to Chicago and to Milwaukee, Patterson's home town.

Patterson figured the German was trying to build him up to talk freely, hoping to get military information. His suspicion increased after an incident that occurred during a 10-minute break the Jerry officer called during the march. While Patterson was resting, a German soldier came over and demanded his overshoes. That enraged the lieutenant, or at least so he pretended. He ordered the soldier to carry an extra pack as punishment.

Another incident shortly after convinced Patterson that his solicitous captor was like any other Nazi. The Germans who had been wounded were having difficulty keeping up with the other marchers. They begged for a ride on passing German vehicles, but the lieutenant refused their plea. They fell several times going up a hill and lay moaning. Each time, the Jerry lieutenant went back and kicked them until they struggled

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For 15 minutes, Patterson stood in the middle of the street with artillery bursting on all sides of him and frags falling like hailstones. Finally he was taken back to the SS officer's quarters. He had only five guards on the return trip. Two had been killed outright by a bomb burst. All five of the others had suffered minor cuts from flying frags. Patterson didn't even get a scratch.

Four other German officers were with the SS man when Patterson got back. They were eating large slices of bread and jam and drinking steaming coffee.

"Were you wounded?" the SS man asked.

"No, sir."

"You have a charmed life, haven't you?" the German said in mixed disgust and anger.

"Yes, sir," the pfc agreed.

Patterson was then ordered to stand in the middle of the floor at rigid attention. The officers continued eating. After each bite of bread or sip of coffee, one Nazi looked at Patterson as much as to say, "Don't you wish you could have some, too?"

Finally, after several such mocking glances, Patterson smiled back. The SS officer immediately asked him why.

"I just had a turkey dinner," said Patterson, gloating a little himself. It was no made-up story. His company had been fighting Christmas Day and didn't have time for their turkey dinner. They had it the next night—the night Patterson was captured—instead.

Thoughts of his turkey dinner against their bread and jam enraged the Germans. The SS officer again ordered Patterson taken to the section of town where the shelling was heaviest.

Patterson was made to stand at attention in the center of the street while two guards covered

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They got some cigarettes from the German's suitcase.

German guards stationed at the PW cage ordered Smalley and Patterson to stand in the classroom while they took positions in the adjoining hallway, where they could keep their prisoners covered without exposing themselves to flying glass if the windows were shattered. At least, that was the plan. It didn't work out too well.

The first bomb shook the building, shattering some windows and forcing the two Americans to huddle in a corner to escape flying glass. Their guards waited safely in the hallway. The next bomb was a direct hit on the building. It landed squarely in the center of the roof, continuing down through the hallway where the Germans had taken cover.

When Smalley and Patterson dug themselves out of the debris, they found various legs and arms of their four guards mixed in the ruins. All had been killed. The two Americans escaped with only scratches.

In the debris, the two Yanks found some German blankets and a couple of mattresses. But food was another problem. After going all the next day without eating, they decided to do a little scrounging. About midnight, they cautiously approached a house about 125 yards away. It was evidently a Nazi billet, for they could hear German voices in the front rooms. That deterred them for a few minutes, but not permanently. They were too hungry to stop now.

They sneaked in a back door which conveniently led into the pantry. While three Jerry officers talked unmindfully in the front room, the two American fugitives ransacked their larder. There were no staple foods, but they did find a jar of jam, some sugar and butter, and six bottles of red wine, all of which they quickly appropriated. Still searching for meat or bread, Smalley and Patterson tried an adjoining room. It turned out to be a German officer's sleeping quarters. From the German's suitcase they got five packs of Jerry cigarettes and two badly needed handkerchiefs for the head colds they had contracted as a result of exposure.

During the daylight hours, the two Americans, from their vantage point on a hill, watched German soldiers trying to repair roads and



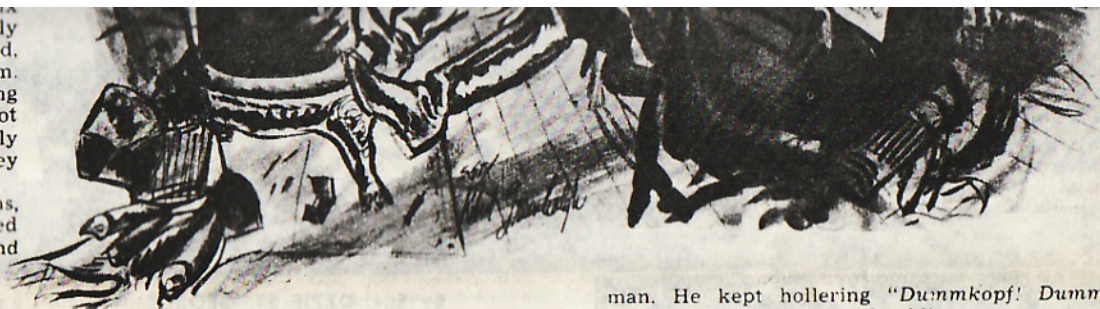
man. He kept hollering "Dunmkopf! Dummkopf!" at his shame-faced soldiers.

At a village a few miles down the road, the two Yanks ran into more trouble. Trying to get across a bridge, they were spotted by seven or eight Jerries. They took off down the river bank with the Germans in pursuit. At what they figured was the narrowest point, Smalley and Patterson waded out into the icy water, fully clothed. When they reached the opposite shore they were soaked to the skin and shivering in the near-zero temperature. The Germans were

Escape at Laroche

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bridges which American artillery and bombers had knocked out. They also saw the Germans load ammunition and jerry cans of gasoline into ambulances plainly marked with Red Cross signs.

FINALLY, on the afternoon of Dec. 30, the two Yanks decided to make a break through the German lines. After three days on a jam, sugar and wine diet, they were ready for any kind of a changed menu, despite the risk involved. Starting at 1800 hours, they headed southwest from Laroche. They passed within 20 feet of the German guards at the outposts but were not challenged. At 0400 hours, dead tired and cold, they sneaked in a barn behind a Belgian farmhouse and decided to spend the daylight hours there.

That night—it was New Year's Eve—they started out again at dusk. They walked until 2100 hours when they came to an open field about two miles square. Right in the middle of the moonlit clearing they spotted three Jerry patrols coming toward them. They flopped down in the snow and waited.

Two of the patrols passed by, but the third had spotted them. The patrol leader flashed his light. When they didn't answer his signal, he started toward them. After 10 minutes of hair-graying suspense, the patrol cut over near a clump of trees. When they saw their chance, Smalley and

Patterson ducked into the woods and got away. It was just minutes before midnight, Dec. 31.

That was the most exciting New Year's Eve I ever want to spend," Smalley said later.

Just before dawn, they walked into a quiet little town which seemed to be deserted. After conning the place from the outskirts, they decided it was probably part of no-man's land. With hands in pockets, they walked casually down the middle of the main street. Turning to go down another street, they bumped square into a German soldier.

The Jerry, apparently unarmed, let loose with a frightened yell: "Amerikaner! Amerikaner!" He started running. Smalley and Patterson followed suit—but in the opposite direction. A few seconds later, from houses all over town, about 40 panic-stricken Germans, some without shirts or coats, rushed out and headed for the nearby hill toward which the Americans were running. At first Smalley and Patterson thought they were being chased. When a couple of Jerries sprinted past them in the darkness they caught on. The Germans thought the town was under American attack.

Taking shelter behind some trees on the hill, Smalley and Patterson watched the nervous Jerry soldiers cautiously return to the town. Standing there to meet them was someone—evidently an officer—sounding off in explosive Ger-

man. He kept hollering "Dummkopf! Dummkopf!" at his shame-faced soldiers.

At a village a few miles down the road, the two Yanks ran into more trouble. Trying to get across a bridge, they were spotted by seven or eight Jerries. They took off down the river bank with the Germans in pursuit. At what they figured was the narrowest point, Smalley and Patterson waded out into the icy water, fully clothed. When they reached the opposite shore they were soaked to the skin and shivering in the near-zero temperature. The Germans were still searching for them on the opposite bank.

THAT was 0630 on New Year's Day. At 1530 that afternoon, after twice circling around German positions, the two fugitives reached a hedgerow. Here they felt safe enough to stop and build a fire to thaw out. After nine hours walking in freezing temperatures, their water-soaked clothes were coated with ice.

Suddenly they heard an English-speaking voice on the other side of the hedgerow.

"That's an American!" Smalley whispered.

"No, it's not," Patterson said, "still mindful of his recent English-speaking German captors. 'They're Jerries.'"

After a few seconds they heard more voices. Patterson was convinced himself this time. He yelled: "Are you Americans?"

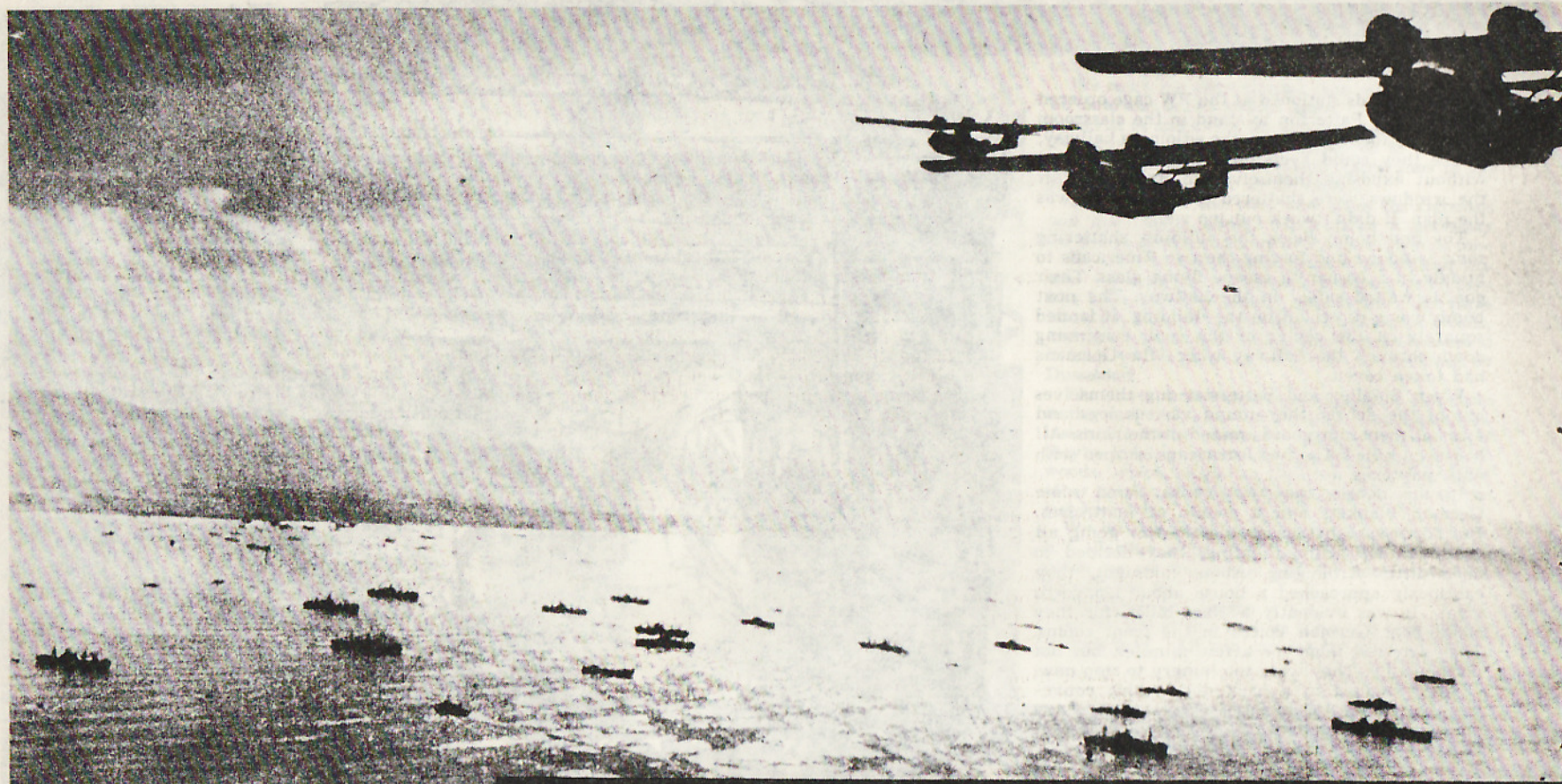
"Yes," came back the guarded reply.

"So are we!" Patterson hollered.

"We don't trust you," said the Americans on the other side. "Come out with your hands up. One false move and we'll blow your brains out."

The half-frozen fugitives came out with their hands up to be met by 15 leveled MIs and the guns of an American tank. After identifying themselves, they got medical treatment for exposure from a battalion aid man. Both got to their outfits in time for New Year's dinner that night.

Other than minor exposure symptoms, the only ill effect of their six days of hide-and-seek behind enemy lines was Smalley's loss of his fur-lined gloves, wristwatch, cigarette lighter and overshoes. They were taken by the Germans who first captured him.



The invasion convoy in Lingayen Gulf waiting to discharge troops and supplies on Luzon.

Return to Luzon

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
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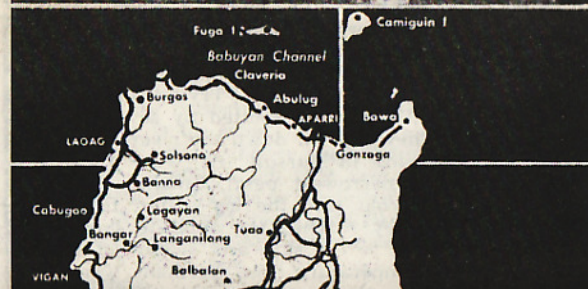
LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—Once upon a time people said of D-Days and H-Hours, "This is it." As we went over the side of our APA, one GI felt for the top of the cargo net with a tentative foot and muttered, "Well, here we go again." That about summed up the Luzon landing. It was a bigger, better show than ever before, but essentially it was like any other landing.

A few minutes later, from the signal bridge of

yards off our port bow were LVTs, clustered about the bows of mother ships like strange pugnacious ducklings. Here and there across the gulf, colored markers left by our minesweepers nodded in a slight offshore breeze.

Ahead of us were three cans. Behind us, ghostly white through the murk, cruisers and battle-wagons huddled behind angry red and yellow fists of flame. As the crack of their salvos thundered across the gulf, the PC's mascot, a cocker, also named Salty, barked angrily.

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A few minutes later, from the signal bridge of the wave-control boat—a PC christened *Salty*—we listened to the familiar thunder of a naval bombardment. Somewhere ahead of us, at a distance of about 5,000 yards, was the south shore of Lingayen Gulf and beyond that—just exactly where, nobody could tell—the rooftops of San Fabian. The bombardment had left a heavy gray-brown pall of smoke hanging low over the beaches and only the tops of the 2,500-foot purple hills on the eastern side of the gulf were visible above the smoke. Spotting planes, looking like moving fly specks, dipped in circles above the hills.

Behind us were ships of all species of the invasion aquarium, stretching away in diminishing shapes and sizes to the horizon. A few hundred

yards off our port bow were LVTs, clustered about the bows of mother ships like strange pugnacious ducklings. Here and there across the gulf, colored markers left by our minesweepers nodded in a slight offshore breeze.

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On the signal bridge someone asked, "Where's White Three?"

Somebody else answered, "To the left of all that stretch of hell." That stretch of hell was a particularly nasty cluster of dirty white geysers rising as high as the pilot bridge.

A general on the signal bridge said, "It's about time now."

The crack and thump of naval fire increased perceptibly. Ahead of us, what had been an apparently aimless cluster of LCIs straightened out and spaced themselves regularly, bows toward the beach. First-wave amtracks, like squat, black water beetles, passed us to port. They formed between the LCIs. On the signal bridge, a sailor bent over a chart stamped **TOP SECRET**, covered with neat little rows of black-and-white dots and squared triangles—the assault on paper.

The crash of salvos and the duller boom of bursting shells became continuous. Shells whirred and whispered steadily overhead. The concussions slapped at our faces. Even the tops of the hills were disappearing behind the smoke. On the deck below us *Salty* lay spread-eagled, his chin resting on the lower rail. He had given up competing with the bombardment.

Suddenly ahead of us, two dirty black smudges appeared against the sky. Somebody said, "Jap! Looks like a 155."

The skipper of the PC ordered, "Put on your helmets."

The Jap dropped another 155 dead center on an LVT at the extreme right of the first wave. A free boat turned sharply and left a white wake as it sped toward the spot, but there were no survivors—at least the free boat didn't pick up any that we could see. The wave moved steadily in.

On the bridge somebody said, "They've got 2,000 yards to go to reach the beach."

We heard the swooshing sound of rockets, though the rockets themselves, and the LCIs firing them, were hidden in smoke. Two more black mushrooms of smoke rose near one of the LCIs in the first wave. A row of explosions along the beach, seen white through the smoke, marked our rockets' landing.

A ragged V of LCVPs passed us to port. More were idling to stern and to both sides of us. More VPs passed to starboard. Salty yawned and stretched. On the signal bridge the skipper said, "See if you can get the wave commander and ask him how far he is from the beach."

We were looking into the sun. The first wave had disappeared into the smoke pall. The bombardment had ceased except for an occasional salvo. It was 0935. H-Hour was supposed to be 0930.

Nobody said much of anything. Then there was a short blur of conversation on the signal bridge. Joe Hett S2c of Blanchard, Iowa, stuck his head out of the pilot house and said, "The first wave is on White Three—no opposition."

There were LCTs and LCMs abeam of us now, behind them LSTs. It was suddenly quiet. The smoke lifted. The beaches, seemingly deserted, were wide and white, backed by palm trees, purple against the morning sun.

In the radio shack word came through from White One: "Landed with light opposition." As returning LCVPs passed us somebody hailed them

into his hole, he gave the last order of the day: "If anybody wants me tonight, call me Joe."

IDENTIFICATION. The death of Japs encountered by some landing parties caused almost as many jitters as if there had been stiff opposition.

An excited civilian popped into one CP with a report of five Japs hidden in a pillbox near the outskirts of San Fabian. An M-7 took off after the Japs and returned in about 45 minutes. Score: One Jap had been killed by a patrol before the M-7 arrived on the scene and four escaped, dressed in women's clothing.

In the CP somebody worried how the hell they could be identified if they were seen.

"Ask them to pull up their dresses," somebody else suggested.

ridden across that river 20 times today!" Then he looked at us and said, "How is the war going?"

The water was almost boiling when an artillery captain and two GIs led a cloud of dust up the road and drove their weapons carrier on the ramp into the nearest tractor. The captain stood up, peered over the side and called for a driver. A GI climbed aboard, raised the ramp and then looked at the captain.

"The fare is three pesos, 20 centavos, Captain."

The captain had his hand halfway in his pocket before he pulled it out and said, "Let's go, fella," and sat down. The sergeant dropped the eggs in the boiling water.

A hail came from the other side of the river. A GI standing on the first amtrack yelled, "Bring that other tractor over to pick up this extra jeep."

Most of the Japs who should have been waiting on the beaches weren't, and the Yanks landed almost without opposition.

and asked what they knew about White Two.

"White Two? Ashore at 0935—very little firing."

It seemed strange, almost disturbing. We certainly hadn't surprised the Japs—they had been bombarded for 48 hours preceding the landing. Maybe it was terror. At any rate, a bare handful of die-hard Japs opposed, and very unsuccessfully, the initial assault at San Fabian.



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SHORTS FROM LUZON BY YANK STAFF CORRESPONDENTS

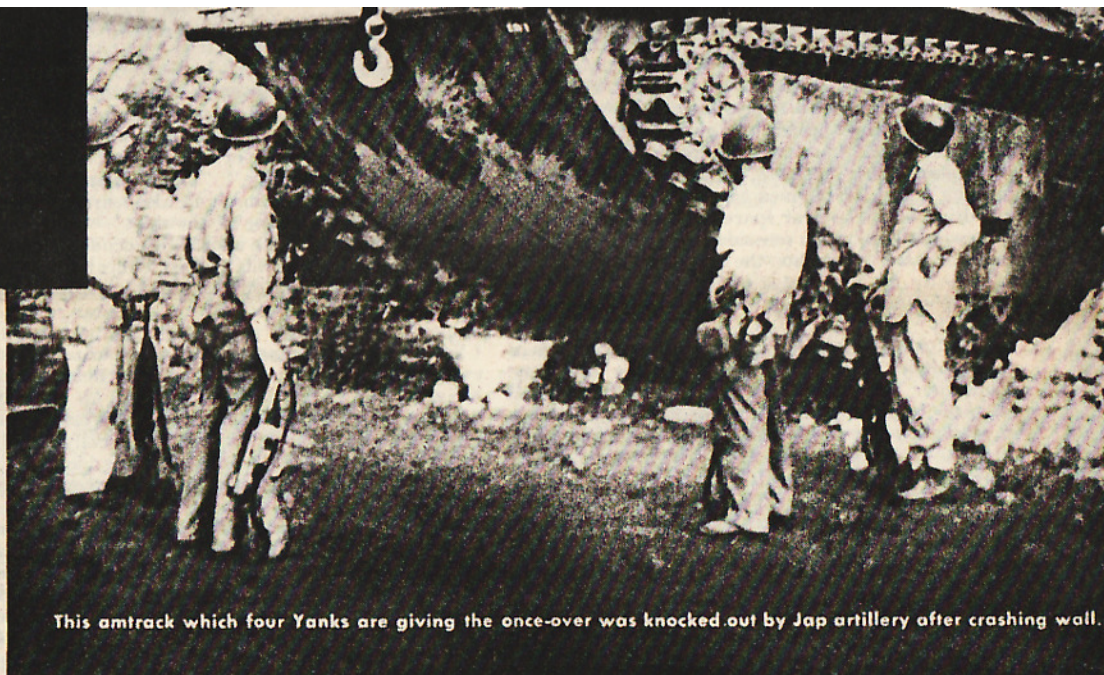
SWIMMERS. The Japs had a new trick up their sleeves for the Yanks who spent their first night in Lingayen Gulf after the landings on Luzon.

Hiding under floating crates and boxes, swimming Japs approached our ships bearing hand grenades. When tossed at our vessels, these grenades were about as effective as a blow by Caspar Milquetoast against the chin of Joe Louis, and GIs on guard and sailors on watch were startled by their ineffectual explosions in our anchorage.

Now, armed with tommy guns, M1s and carbines, the men on guard break the long, dreary watches by peppering all floating objects with lead. One LCI is credited with two cases of bully beef—definite; one box of dehydrated potatoes and one can of tropical butter spread—probable.

TACT. Landing on Luzon, Pfc. Robert L. Ward of Chicago, Ill., knew that our treatment of the Filipinos might be almost as important as our liberating them. But after two years of Munda, New Georgia, Guadalcanal and the Russells, he was a little dubious about his own reaction to civilization. So he came to the invasion toting a copy of "How To Win Friends and Influence People."

SUSPICION. White Beach Three was a nice beach and the landings went off with scarcely a hitch. Nonetheless, and in spite of civilian assurances that the Japs had taken to the hills, GIs took no chances when it grew dark. They dug in, and as the commanding officer crawled



This amtrack which four Yanks are giving the once-over was knocked out by Jap artillery after crashing wall.

TRAFFIC. William A. Hoffman QM3c used to have parking troubles when he drove in to Wall Street in New York to do business at the Stock Exchange, but none of them stack up to his problem on Nable Street here. Hoffman goes on record as the first man to hit a telephone pole with an LCT.

Nable Street runs right along the river in Dagupan, and when Hoffman brought the big landing-craft up the river at dusk to put the ramp down on the edge of the street, he just didn't see the pole. The collision didn't harm the phone service of the neighborhood because the naval bombardment had already put it out of commission.

"Don't know what this ship is coming to," said the skipper. "The night before last, one of the crew dreamed we had parked her on the main street of his home town."

UNHURRIED. As our jeep pulled up to the blown-up bridge, engineers were surveying the wreckage. About 25 yards from the bank of the river the crews of three amtracks sat waiting for ferry vehicles across. The sergeant had a pot of coffee going and was putting on a can of water to boil a half-dozen eggs, traded from a Filipino farmer. We got out for a chat, and perhaps some coffee and eggs.

The sergeant ignored our greeting to shout past us. "You kids git off that tractor. You've

"Ask him can he swim," yelled the sergeant. "My eggs ain't done," he said to us.

The hard-boiled egg tasted very good and the coffee was excellent—and the sergeant took us across the river when he went after the impatient jeep driver.

MARKET NOTES. S-Day prices have not skyrocketed here to the usual extent. Closing quotations on a few staples on S-plus-7 were:

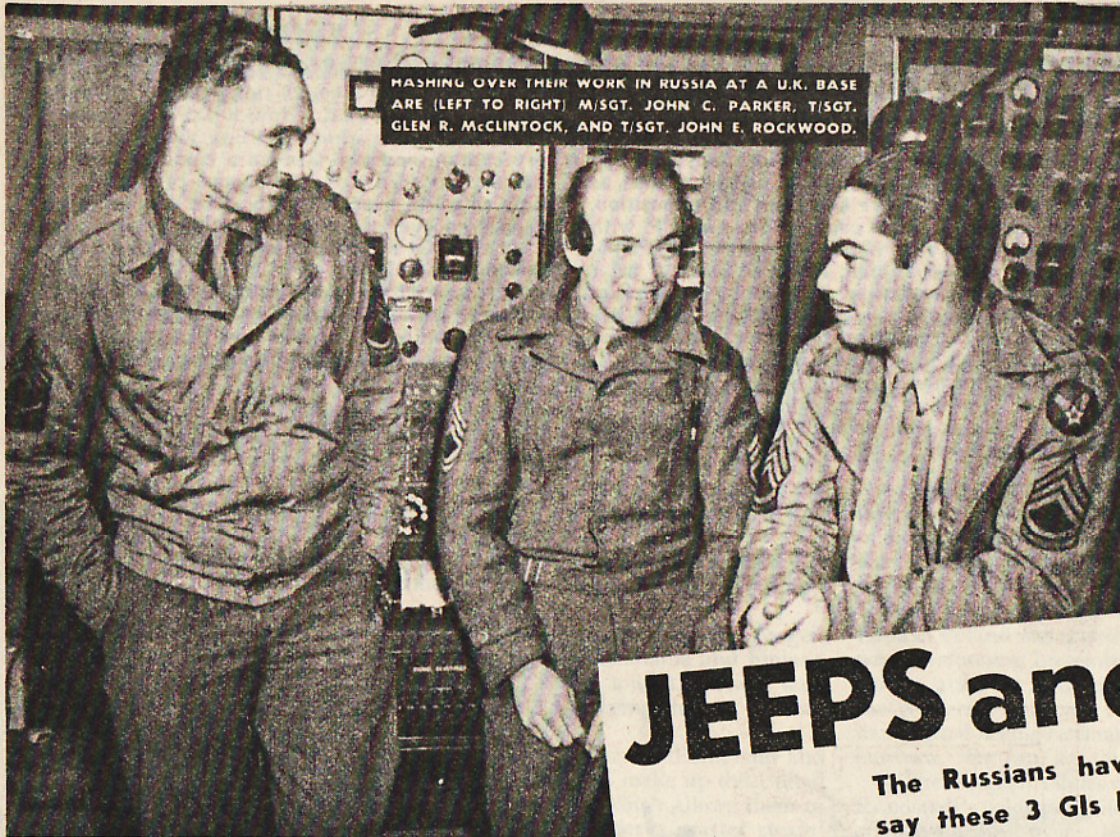
CHICKEN. One can of corn, three K units, 5 to 10 pesos, or either half of a pair of skivvies. For the lower half the chicken is younger and fatter.

LAUNDRY. Originally for free, now in exchange for enough soap to do the laundry plus the launderer's laundry. The cake in a box of 10-in-one usually suffices.

CANDY. Two 1/4-inch-thick slabs of coconut and brown sugar wrapped in banana leaves for 20 centavos, the 10th of a dollar.

EGGS. One K-unit or from 10 to 20 centavos for from one to half a dozen eggs. This market is a little unstable.

LIQUOR. The popular brand is a dry, colorless nipa wine, recently distilled, and tasting, so those who have tried it claim, "something like thin gin." The prices vary but, in any case, the results guarantee a bargain. For instance, a sailor somewhat the worse for wear and draped over the rail of a grounded LCI, was seen to pass his hands across his eyes, groan, haul seven small bottles of nipa lightning out of his shirt front and toss them, one after another, into the river.



HASHING OVER THEIR WORK IN RUSSIA AT A U.K. BASE ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT) M/SGT. JOHN C. PARKER, T/SGT. GLEN R. McCLINTOCK, AND T/SGT. JOHN E. ROCKWOOD.

JEEPS and VODKA

The Russians have a way with both, say these 3 GIs back from the Soviet.

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—The Russians, if you ask three GI technicians of the Army Airways Communications System who recently got back to the U.K. from the Soviet, have an extremely direct way of going about their business. Take their method of greasing a jeep. Nine men would pile in the vehicle and drive out to a clear space in a field. Three of them would hop out on one side and six on the other, and, with one heave-ho, the jeep would be on its side, ready for the grease gun. After greasing it, the nine would tip it back on its wheels, hop in and drive off.

The Russians were just as purposeful about their play as about their work. There was the May Day celebration, for instance, which involved plenty of toasts to "Joe" and "FDR." The toasts were drunk in vodka by the tumblerful while the Americans found themselves obliged as the night wore on to limit their potions to small nips or run the risk of passing out. Even so, the Americans were glad when the time came to break it up, although their Russian pals were still going strong.

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Feeling such ambition should be encouraged, some of the GIs undertook his further education.

"They caught him off duty and explained about rank in our Army and about American ideas of military courtesy and so on," McClintock recalled. "So the next morning our man, as usual, salutes everybody coming in until he spots a lieutenant by his gold bar. Then he pulls himself up straighter than ever, brings up a salute like a West Pointer, catches the lieutenant's eye and, practically bursting with pride, calls out, "Good morning, jerk!"

"The lieutenant almost split his britches," Rockwood added.

Most of the phrases picked up by the Russians, however, came from listening to the Americans talk among themselves. Many of these expressions were

having his choice of vodka, champagne or beer. With the Russians, of course, vodka was the odds-on favorite. They scorned the cheap, yellow variety found in Teheran, and drank only the real article—more expensive, but clear as water.

McClintock recalled the opening incident of that May Day celebration, which was held in the Russian officers' mess. Usually carafes filled with water were placed on the table, but on May Day they weren't filled with water—as a T/3 maintenance man speedily found out. He dashed in for an early supper, pulled up a chair, poured himself a glass of what he supposed was water, and downed it in a gulp.

"It lifted him right out of the chair," McClintock said.

The Red Army Force operated in the same direct way as the jeep-greasers. They weren't inclined to bother much with traffic control and traffic towers and such. When a plane appeared over the field, a Russian GI would scramble out on the field, carrying a white flag. The pilot would take a quick gander

at the flag, see which way the wind was blowing, swing around and come on in.

"They flew transport planes like fighters," said Parker. "They could get a plane off faster than anyone I ever saw. They didn't wait around revving up the engines for ten minutes; they'd just taxi to the starting line, throttle up one engine for half a minute, then the other, and gun her down the runway. We learned before long that many of these transport pilots were combat aces—just taking a rest cure."

The runways were covered with heavy steel mats, and the men will never forget seeing these laid down as it was their first sight of Russian women at work.

"When we flew into the field, we saw those Russian women unloading the mats from trucks," said McClintock. "They were flinging that steel around like it was cardboard."

The first Russian GIs the Americans saw looked a little strange because of the overcoats they wore. The coats came down to their ankles and most of them had been chopped off without a hem. The sleeves fell to their fingertips. The Russian officers looked nattier.

EVERYBODY in the Red Army collects a salute except the private, and the Russians apparently

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All over the U.K. these days, GIs who have done a hitch in the Soviet as part of the great shuttle-bombing project are having an easy time finding audiences for their reminiscences as the world follows the progress of the Russian drive for Berlin. And the Yanks have plenty of stories to tell—some dealing with their work out there, others with their lighter moments.

The trio giving out with the dope on jeeps and vodka consists of T/Sgt. Glen R. McClintock of Franklin, Pa., and T/Sgt. John E. Rockwood of Orchard Park, N. Y., both radio operators, and M/Sgt. John C. Parker of Thomasville, Ga., chief cryptographer of the mission. As part of a small AACs group, they were some of the first Americans taken to Russia by the Eastern Command and were stationed at a Ukrainian base.

Now back at an ATC base in Southern England, the three men want it understood first off that for them, as for the other Yanks who tackled the Russian job, it was mostly work—with fun only when you could find it. "We worked such long hours that we practically thought in code after a couple of months," is the way the radio operators put it.

"It was a good place to be," McClintock said the other afternoon, speaking from the experience of 37 months overseas. "We saw the results of all our work when those big bombers came riding in after dropping their eggs on Germany. And even though we didn't work side by side with the Russians because our job was so technical, we did get to see how they operate."



The Americans did come to know one little Russian rather well. He was the guard at the door of their HQ and he traded salutes with great ceremony when they went in or out. He not only learned to say "Good morning," "Good afternoon" and "Good evening," but finally he also learned to make the greeting fit the time of the day.

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Most of the phrases picked up by the Russians, however, came from listening to the Americans talk among themselves. Many of these expressions were equally expressive. For example, after eating for some time in the Russian officers' mess, the men were moved to their own mess hall. There they had GI cooks, but the food—mostly C-rations—was served by Russian civilian waitresses. The waitresses soon picked up the six-syllable American word for "chow." They called it, with a delightful Russian accent, "moregoddamCrations."

In the Russian mess, every meal was the same, three times a day. It consisted of black bread, potatoes and a small amount of meat. "You know, that was all right at first," McClintock remarked, "but after the first three or four days it did get a little monotonous."

The thirsty GI could find more variety, usually

at the flag, see which way the wind was blowing, swing around and come on in.

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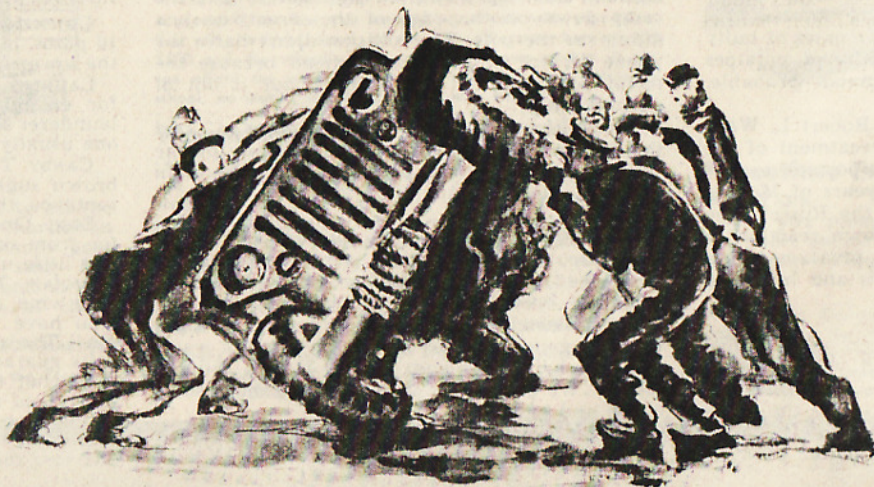
EVERYBODY in the Red Army collects a salute except the private, and the Russians apparently had been given to understand that this was also true of the American Army. So at first, while everybody on both sides was trying to make a good impression with everybody on the other, salutes were flying around the base like maple leaves in the fall.

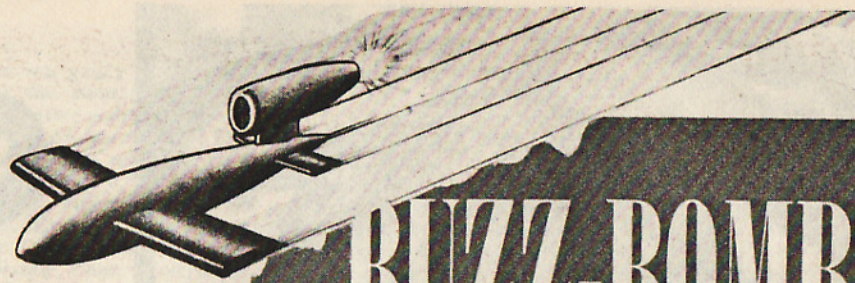
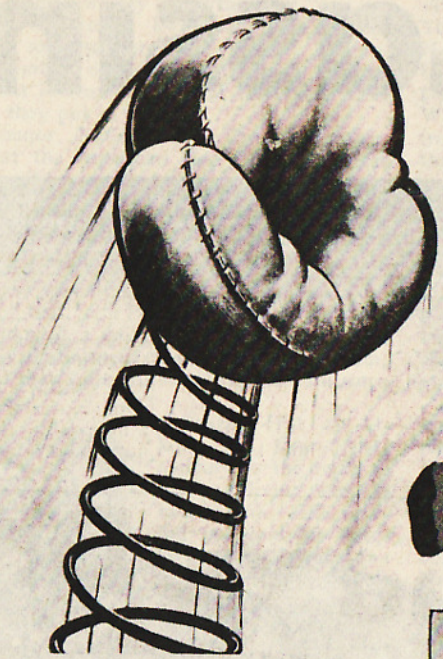
The Americans were impressed with Russian guards. On duty, they didn't mess around with anybody. One time a visiting Red general tried to get to the ammunition dump. He waved his arms and spouted a steady stream, but the guard didn't blink an eyelash until another officer identified the general. Unauthorized prowlers learned, with even more of a shock, that the Red guards would squeeze one off in a hurry.

The AACs men never got to understand enough Russian to find out just how the Russians in this once-occupied part of the Ukraine felt about the Germans. They remember, however, one night they spent in fox-holes during the first of two German bombing attacks. A huge Russian corporal was with them. He rolled up his right sleeve revealing scar tissue from shoulder to wrist. He opened his blouse to display a savage red scar cutting across from his right shoulder to his stomach. He lunged back and forth and said, "Stalingrad." The GIs gathered he had been bayoneted in Stalingrad.

Then he broke into a gush of words and reached into the air as if to pluck one of the Germans out of the planes overhead. He took out his knife and swung it in a disemboweling motion.

The GIs got the idea.





BUZZ-BOMBS OVER BROADWAY

Predicted by Cpl. BILL HENNEFRUND
Depicted by Pfc. TOM FLANNERY
YANK Staff Artist

A RECENT announcement that robot bombs may strike New York City holds no fears for the overseas soldier who knows his New York. Association with that city has taught him that life in the apparently complicated town is, in fact, amazingly simple, and it is possible for him to predict with great accuracy the actions of the inhabitants under any given crisis.

With that thought in mind, therefore, I have already written this account of the great event, an account of how New Yorkers received the first robot bomb:

MONDAY: Newspaper Headline—"ROBOT BOMB EXPECTED THURSDAY; CITY CALM."

On this day, Mayor LaGuardia announced that the city was in no real danger and that he himself had taken steps to defend the metropolis. He had, as a matter of fact, just filed a protest with the State Department

At the same time, public officials announced the construction of an enormous concrete bowl in the middle of Times Square. "It's just on paper right now," one of them admitted, "but we'll have it finished by Thursday. You see, our calculations are that the bomb will strike Times Square, and our construction will act like a catcher's mitt." To puzzled reporters he added: "Kind of clever, don't you think?"

With the single exception of Olive Branches, Inc., all stocks took a slight upturn in Wall Street.



lined up for the boys at the Eltinge Theater, which had re-opened for the occasion, based on the rocket-bomb principle. She would not elaborate; but License Commissioner Paul Moss said: "She better not." Arthur Murray's announced the creation of a new dance called *La Robomba*, and six experts were already dancing it in the redecorated Blast Room of the Hotel Plaza.

The newspaper *PM* asked a Mr. Henschenfeld if he thought there would be robomb casualties, and if Vested Interests had anything to do with it. Mr. Henschenfeld wasn't sure.

Stocks skyrocketed.

Billy Rose, clearing all legal paths, found he could erect a new stadium along buzz-bomb alley and charge admission. He had already leased the Yankee Stadium, and was dickering for the whole of The Bronx.

Mr. J. Otis Swift's nature column in the *World-Telegram* heralded the arrival of the first crocus in

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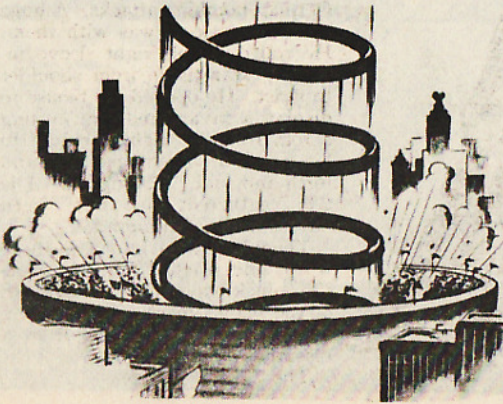
With the single exception of Olive Branches, Inc., all stocks took a slight upturn in Wall Street.

The *Daily News's* Inquiring Photographer asked a Mr. Henschfeld if he thought the buzz bomb would cause casualties, and he replied: "I ain't sure."

TUESDAY: Newspaper Headline—"BOMBS STILL ON WAY; CITY PREPARES FOR WORST."

The mayor had nothing to say. He looked sleepy, having chased two false-alarm fires during the night.

The concrete catcher's mitt was already finished, and was hailed as a triumph of engineering speed. "It is also furnished with neon lights," declared Park Commissioner Robert Moses, "and has nasturtiums growing around it." An unidentified Air Force colonel stated that the construction was a tribute to ground-air teamwork. It was expected that many New Yorkers would want to see the bomb land, so a construction outfit was hired to erect stands around the catcher's mitt. "This is a demonstration that free labor in a free country is capable of anything," said the construction man in a short speech. Five minutes later the Benchbuilders Union called a strike.



Lucy Monroe was slated to sing *The Star Spangled Banner* just before the bomb was scheduled to arrive. Two columnists used the "rocket's red glare" angle.

The *Daily Mirror* asked a Mr. Henschfeld if he thought casualties might occur when the bomb struck, but he still wasn't sure. "I ain't sure," he said.

Most stocks took a sharper upswing, while the bottom fell out of Olive Branches, Inc.

WEDNESDAY: Newspaper Headline—"BOMB SURE TO ARRIVE TOMORROW; ALL NEW YORK IN TURMOIL."

His Honor said that everything was going to be all right. He recalled that he had taken proper defense measures more than two years before when for days New Yorkers had listened to simulated rocket-bomb noises. At the same time it was revealed that the mayor himself held a block of 14 tickets for the Times Square "Rocket Bowl" event.

The Benchbuilders Union terminated their strike, and the seats were completed. A sellout.

By late afternoon, Sid Kahn and Sol Schmaltz, veteran tunesmiths, had written a new number and by 6 p.m. it was published by Mills Bros. Title: *I Go for You Like a Buzz-Buzz-Buzz Bomb*. "It's a kind of novelty, you might say," Sid and Sol shyly admitted.

All along Broadway there was feverish activity. Stripteaser Queenie Lewis said she had a new routine

principal. She would not elaborate, but License Commissioner Paul Moss said: "She better not." Arthur Murray's announced the creation of a new dance called *La Robomba*, and six experts were already dancing it in the redecorated Blast Room of the Hotel Plaza.

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Mr. J. Otis Swift's nature column in the *World-Telegram* heralded the arrival of the first crocus in Englewood, N. J.

THURSDAY: Newspaper Headline—"ROBOMB ARRIVES, BUT FALLS IN JERSEY MARSHES."

There was hell to pay in City Hall. Mayor LaGuardia said New York lost prestige and plenty of dough on the

mistake, and that he was filing a protest.

The concrete structure in Times Square was bought by an owner of a flea circus. He said he would shortly remodel it into a huge pinball machine and expected to make a killing.

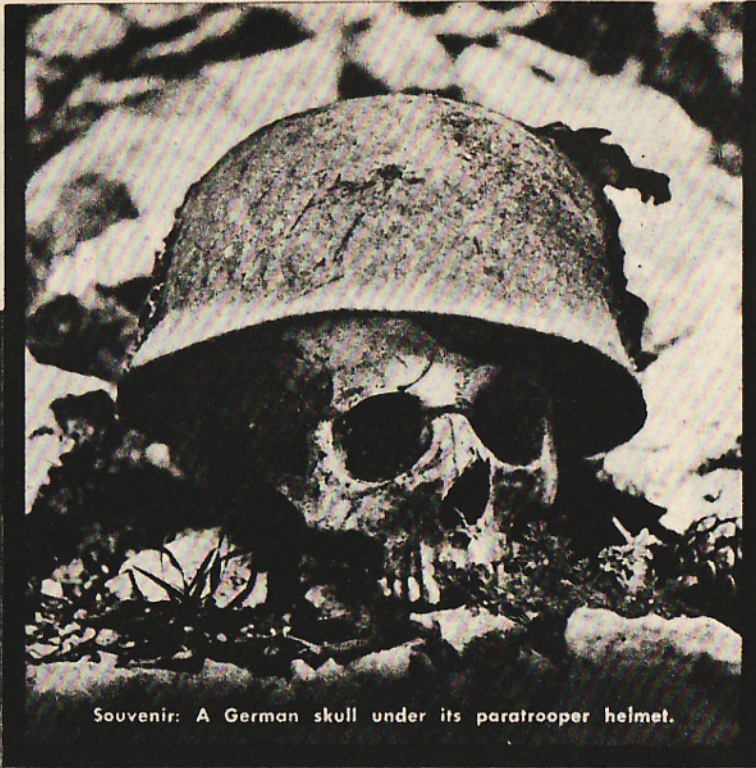
Sid Kahn and Sol Schmaltz, songwriters, were undaunted. They had already composed a new hit tune entitled, *Could You Love Me in May, With No Buzz Bombs Our Way?*

Stocks skidded to a standstill, and some all-time lows were reported. Olive Branches, Inc., timidly reappeared on the market.

There was only one casualty for the entire day. As crowds rushed to the Hudson River to watch the bomb float into the Jersey Marshes, a man was trampled to death. He was later tentatively identified as a Mr. Henschfeld—but nobody was sure.



Cassino —



Souvenir: A German skull under its paratrooper helmet.





THE pictures on these and the following pages were taken by YANK photographer Pvt. George Aarons a year after the terrible siege of Cassino began in January 1944. They show as clearly as a camera can what happened to a town caught between modern armies. The name of Cassino was famous for centuries. In its great Abbey, Benedictine monks had kept learning alive in the Middle Ages. To the Nazis all the Abbey meant was a good observation post commanding the Allied route northward, so we eventually had to destroy it. After a two-month stalemate the Allies launched a terrific bombardment on Mar. 15 by air and artillery. Cassino was smashed completely, but we failed to take the hills by storm and the Germans found new shelter in the ruins. To the Allies the town itself was not the objective so much as the hills behind it and the road beyond, which led to Rome. But Cassino caught it,

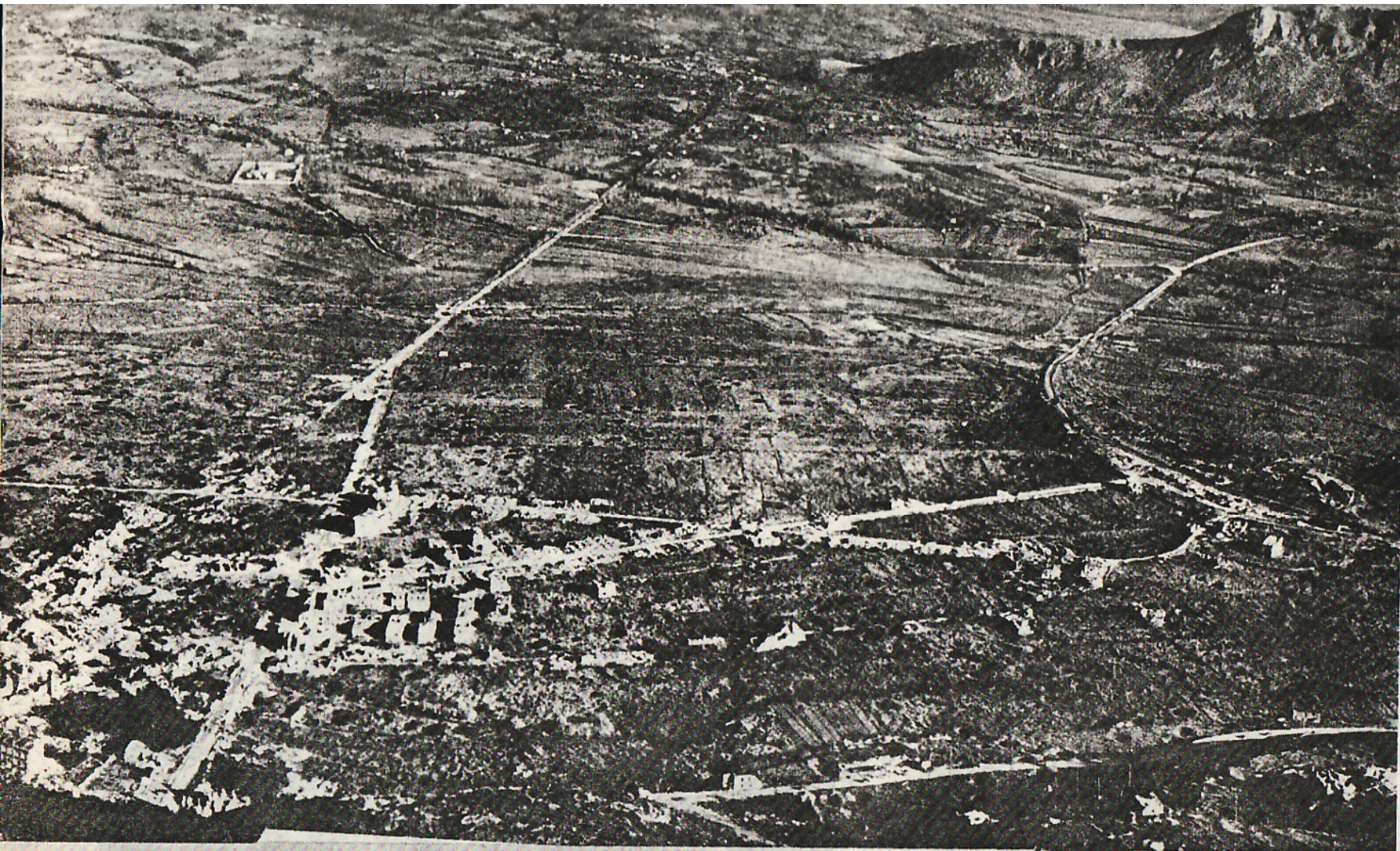
and so did the Germans, Yanks, Tommies, New Zealanders, French, Gurkhas and Poles who fought there. They were all ground down in the mill.

It was a battle of frightening intensity, where the enemy might be holed in under the next pile of rubble, where it was suicide to move in daylight, and porters carried food and ammunition into the town at night, creeping close to the shattered walls. For weeks not a house changed hands, and then attacks would start which might retake a few hundred yards, at great cost. From their positions on the hills the Nazis could watch every mule and jeep for miles. The Allies were blocked for four months. Finally, in May, the German-held hills were outflanked and taken, but Cassino was never captured by direct assault. Cassino's present monuments are crumbled walls as gray as the rats, stagnant water in crater lakes and shredded bits of uniform.

YANK The Army Weekly

One Year After





This panorama shows what a Nazi soldier could see looking south from the Abbey during the battle for Cassino. It emphasizes the great problems of terrain which held up the Allies. Below the German was Cassino (center foreground) and on a clear day he could see as far or farther than these mountains of the Mainarde range, across the marshy valley of the Rapido, which GIs called "The Valley of the Purple Heart." With powerful field glasses he could spot every movement on Highway 6 (right center of picture) which is part of the main route between Naples and Rome. It made that road, as well as the railroad (curving at extreme right), unusable for the Allies. In coming from the south troops and supplies were detoured at night, skirting the mountains in the background and entering Cassino from the east (left of picture).

CASSINO
IT IS FORBIDDEN TO LEAVE
ROAD THROUGH TOWN
ANYWHERE OR TO STOP
YOUR VEHICLE ON THIS
VITAL ROAD.
The ruins are sealed off, and
are full of mines & boobytraps
YOU'VE BEEN WARNED!

CASSINO (Continued)



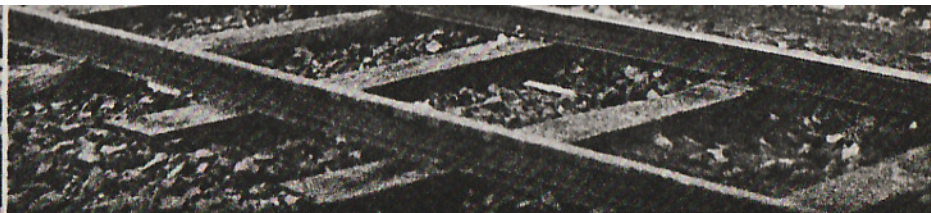
In the Benedictine Abbey of Montecassino a bust lies on a pile of rubble. The Nazis first used the Abbey as an observation post, and an ammunition dump was found near its walls. Later, after Allied bombing, they had gun positions there.



These three GIs are members of a railway operating battalion working at the destroyed Cassino railroad station, once an important stop between Naples and Rome. Left to right: T-5 John Cole, Pvt. Kenneth Dowler and Pvt. Harold Dehart.



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During the siege of Montecassino, German paratroopers entertained themselves by drawing caricatures on the Abbey walls. Here's a German paratrooper looking down on a red-faced Churchill and saying: "So you think you can make it?"



A sign on the ruins of the Continental Hotel, famous German strongpoint. The hotel stood just off Highway 6 where it curved past Cassino. Nazi tanks could move into the lobby, which was back of the gaping hole, and fire down the road.

A PRIEST GUIDES TWO SOLDIERS OVER THE ABBEY. THESE ARE THE RUINS OF THE GREAT CHURCH, FIRST BUILT MORE THAN 1,400 YEARS AGO BY ST. BENEDICT, WHOSE TOMB LIES HERE, UNDER WOODEN SCAFFOLD IN BACKGROUND.





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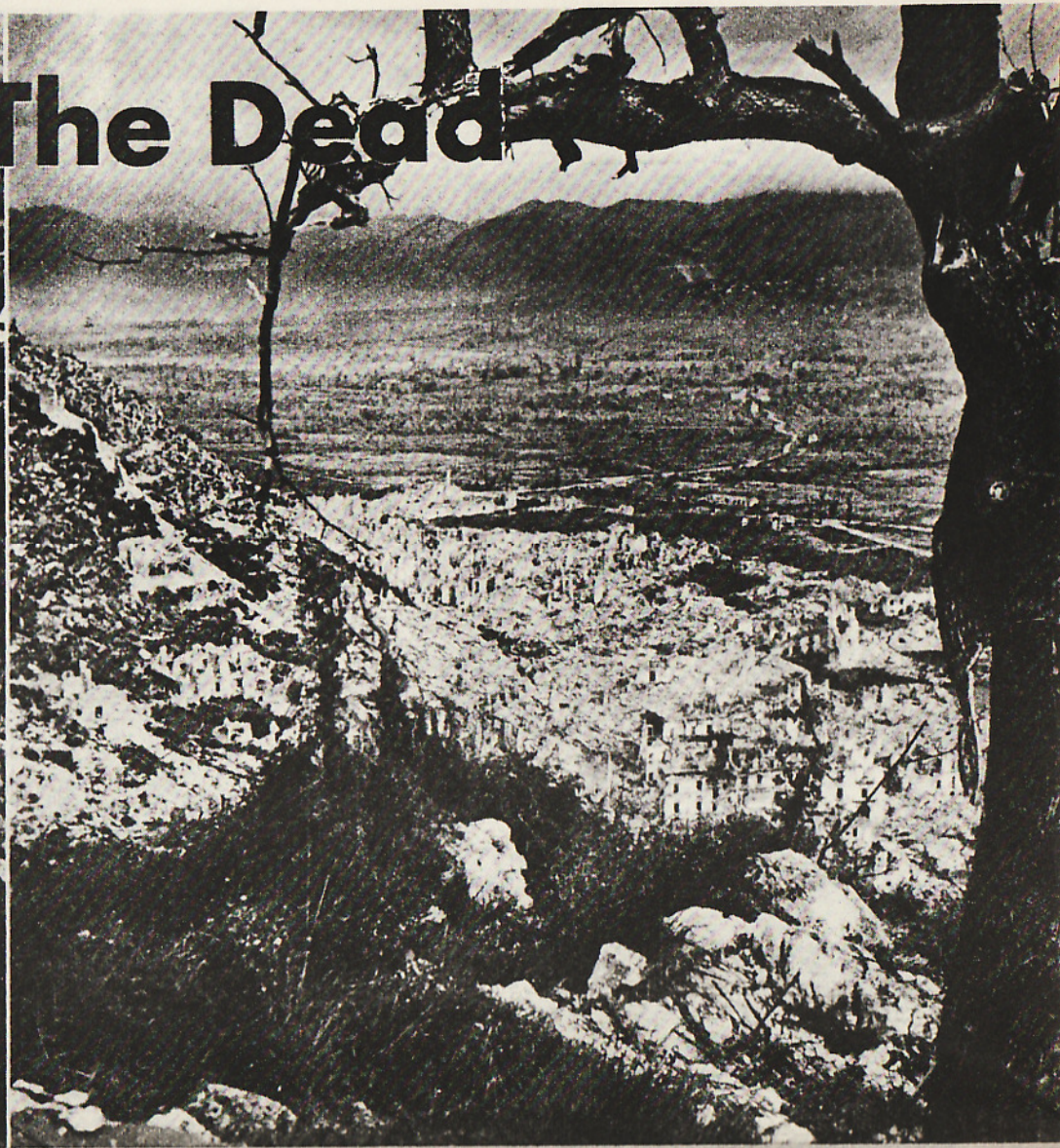
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The soldiers who lie under these crosses are English, only one of the many nationalities who fought here.



The Dead



Halfway down Hangman's Hill a dead tree frames a view of Cassino. On the side of this hill a unit of Gurkhas, supplied by parachutes, held out for 12 days before withdrawing on Mar. 27, 1944.



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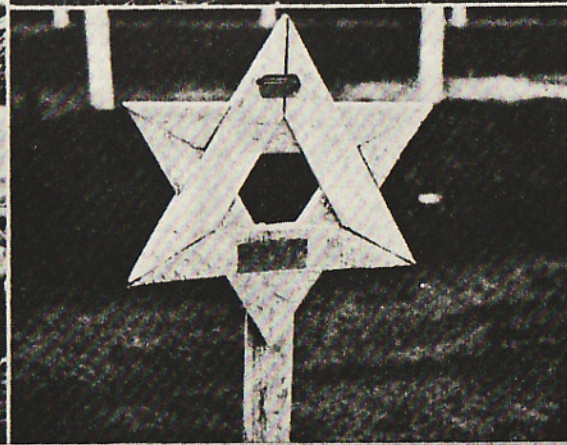
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A Polish captain points at the remains of Germans killed by Poles fighting for Hill 593 behind the town.



Cassino holds crosses for soldiers of many faiths as well as nations. Here are the graves of an unknown Canadian, an Indian Gurkha under a Moslem cross (upper right) and two American GIs.

The Living



Some day they might have more competition, but now this family does very well with a food stand, selling bread and cakes on road.





Cassino is uninhabitable, but some old residents, like this barber who has set up on Highway 6, come back for a few hours to do some outdoor business with transients.



On Highway 6, or the Via Casilina, the once disputed road to Rome, Italian farmers peacefully lead their cattle through Cassino.



A new Cassino has started, 1½ miles northwest of the old one. Italian laborers are working on a group of 150 one-story houses.





Hilda Simms
YANK
Pin-up Girl

NEWS FROM HOME

San Francisco prepared to open up the Golden Gate for some big doings, an ex-soldier discovered that the GI Bill of Rights works okay, a Wac had two hubbies too many, and Idaho legislators found out that their pay is pretty small potatoes these days.

OVERSEAS GIs, it was announced at home last week, will soon be able to look at an invisible six-foot-tall rabbit named "Harvey." And although off-hand the thing doesn't seem to make sense, it has made a lot of money on Broadway. "Harvey" is the non-existent friend of a cheerful drunk played on the stage by Frank Fay—and their friendship has been panicking audiences for months in New York. The play, which is called *Harvey*, is now to be shipped abroad under a USO deal by the American Theater Wing which recently sent out *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, starring Katherine Cornell. One line in the "Barretts" which invariably brought down the house, Miss Cornell said last week on her return from a tour of France and Italy, was: "I'd be more than willing, if necessary, to give up soldiering and take to some money-making business." The actress said that the line had never drawn so much as a snicker from civilian audiences.

Speaking of soldiers and businesses, the nation's press hailed Jack C. Breeden of Falls Church, Va., as the country's first veteran to snag one of those business loans under the GI Bill of Rights. Jack managed to get three thousand bucks, 50 per cent of it guaranteed by the Veterans Administration. Everybody wished him a lot of luck, especially since he opened up a wholesale meat firm—and there are

ONE of the biggest pieces of news on Broadway in the current season has been the rise to stardom of Hilda Simms. Starting in a Harlem experimental theater

a lot of points involved in that business these days.

Congress was occupied, as were many people outside of Washington, in talking and thinking about the recent Big Three Conference at Yalta in the Crimea. Comments were varied and some were adverse, but it seemed to be the popular belief that President Roosevelt hadn't wasted his time. There appeared to be a definite wave of optimism about the chances of achieving a durable and just peace after the war is won.

Newspapers generally seemed to believe that the Yalta meeting marked a new high in Soviet-British-American relations—an understanding even greater than that achieved at the First Big Three conclave at Teheran in 1943. One of the first U.S. public figures to hail the promising post-war alliance was Herbert Hoover, the only living former President. He said that the Allied agreement in the Crimea had achieved "a strong foundation" for post-war reconstruction and added "if the agreements and promises and ideals which are expressed shall be carried out, it will open a great hope to the world." Sen. Wallace H. White, Jr., of Maine, the Republican minority leader, called the accomplishments "great steps forward that will mark the onward movement of our people and make possible a better, happier world."

BUT some newspapers and some politicians made sour faces. The main criticism of the Crimea Conference had to do with the decision reached on Poland, whose borders, it was decided, will not extend as far east as they did between the end of World War I and the outbreak of World War II. Some observers declared that the old Russian-Polish boundary dispute hadn't been handled in exactly a democratic manner. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* editorially put it this way: "Unless solutions (to political problems) are soon found, high-sounding phrases about 'unity of purpose and action' will be devoid of meaning. What little advance has been made at Yalta merely reveals how much yet remains to be done."

There was general acceptance of the conference's plan to continue Anglo-American-Soviet unity after the war and praise for the projected United Nations

host to representatives from most, if not all, of the 37 United Nations seemed both an honor and a chore. The chore was in finding space to house the delegates in the war-crowded city and to obtain a suitable conference hall.

The honor lay in being chosen as the scene of the most important international gathering ever held in the United States. Some big inter-governmental meetings have been held in the States before. One of them was the Washington Naval Conference of 1921. During this war the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) was set up in Atlantic City, N.J., and a preliminary world-security organization was formed at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington. But the San Francisco meeting goes a lot further than those earlier get-togethers. The colorful West Coast city seemed destined to play the role for this war that Paris and Versailles played in the last one in the establishment of the League of Nations.

Many commentators thought that the war's end had been brought a little closer by the Crimea Conference, and they pointed to the bombing by British and American air forces of Eastern Front targets as a sign of closer Allied military cooperation in the European war's "final phase." President Roosevelt some time ago told U.S. military and political big-shots to keep their predictions about the end of the war to themselves, and the above-mentioned people seemed to be doing just that. However, the expert opinion might well have been summed up by Hanson Baldwin, military analyst of the *New York Times*, when he wrote: "The earliest date is April. The moderate guess is June or July. Others look toward the fall. The truth, of course, is that nobody knows." Which seems to be the smart way of looking at it from the ETO, too.

The President took another step in the field of international planning by calling on Congress to carry out the Bretton Woods agreements for world economic cooperation. He asked specifically for the passage of legislation for American participation in an international monetary fund and an international bank for reconstruction and development as provided for at the conference in the New Hampshire resort last summer. "It is time," said Roosevelt in his message to Congress, "for the United States to take the lead in establishing the principle of economic cooperation as the foundation for expanded world trade" and to bring about "a higher standard of living for us all." The President conceded that the stabilization-fund proposal probably had its defects but suggested that experience would iron these out. Many observers predicted a rather stormy time for the proposals in Congress.

THERE were rumblings in the Senate against our foreign commercial policies. Sen. Albert B. Chandler, Democrat of Kentucky, said the U.S. had stood too long "in the shadow of the British," and a bi-partisan Senatorial group asked the State Department to work out plans for advancing our foreign

is now to be shipped abroad under a USO deal by the American Theater Wing which recently sent out *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, starring Katherine Cornell. One line in the "Barretts" which invariably brought down the house, Miss Cornell said last week on her return from a tour of France and Italy, was: "I'd be more than willing, if necessary, to give up soldiering and take to some money-making business." The actress said that the line had never drawn so much as a snicker from civilian audiences.

Speaking of soldiers and businesses, the nation's press hailed Jack C. Breeden of Falls Church, Va., as the country's first veteran to snag one of those business loans under the GI Bill of Rights. Jack managed to get three thousand bucks, 50 per cent of it guaranteed by the Veterans Administration. Everybody wished him a lot of luck, especially since he opened up a wholesale meat firm—and there are

ONE of the biggest pieces of news on Broadway in the current season has been the rise to stardom of Hilda Simms. Starting in a Harlem experimental theater production, she moved down to the Main Stem to be the big attraction of the hit play "Anna Lucasta." Hilda's husband William is a GI—master sergeant in an antiaircraft unit.

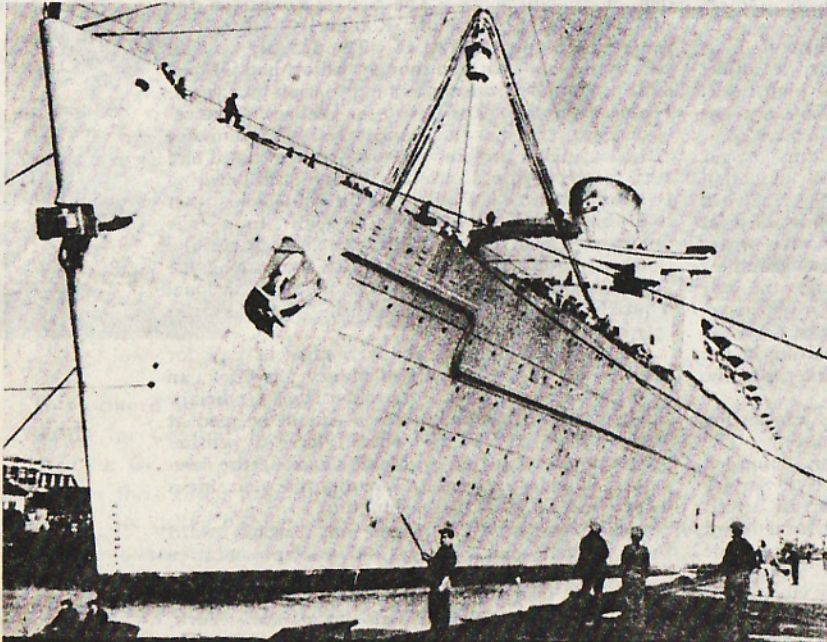
ments and promises and ideals which are expressed shall be carried out, it will open a great hope to the world." Sen. Wallace H. White, Jr., of Maine, the Republican minority leader, called the accomplishments "great steps forward that will mark the onward movement of our people and make possible a better, happier world."

BUT some newspapers and some politicians made sour faces. The main criticism of the Crimea Conference had to do with the decision reached on Poland, whose borders, it was decided, will not extend as far east as they did between the end of World War I and the outbreak of World War II. Some observers declared that the old Russian-Polish boundary dispute hadn't been handled in exactly a democratic manner. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* editorially put it this way: "Unless solutions (to political problems) are soon found, high-sounding phrases about 'unity of purpose and action' will be devoid of meaning. What little advance has been made at Yalta merely reveals how much yet remains to be done."

There was general acceptance of the conference's plan to continue Anglo-American-Soviet unity after the war and praise for the projected United Nations Conference at San Francisco on April 25th to form an international organization to maintain peace. Civic and military authorities immediately got together in San Francisco, the nation's twelfth city with a peacetime population of 635,000, to lay plans for the April meeting. For the Golden Gate City, playing

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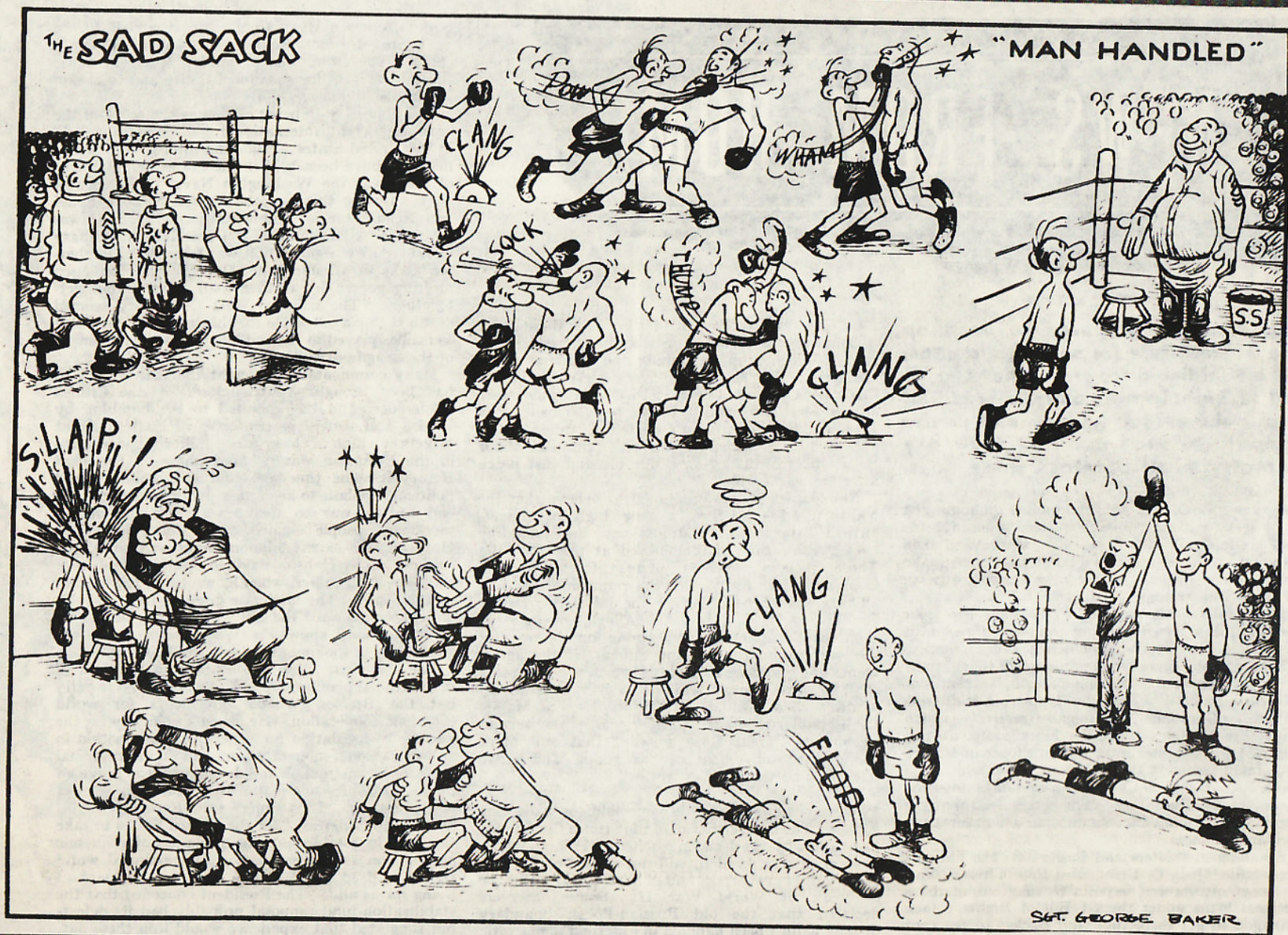
THERE were rumblings in the Senate against our foreign commercial policies. Sen. Albert B. Chandler, Democrat of Kentucky, said the U.S. had stood too long "in the shadow of the British," and a bi-partisan Senatorial group asked the State Department to work out plans for advancing our foreign trade and for protecting our overseas investments in air bases and radio stations. The Senators called for an early determination of our rights to airports and other installations throughout the world, for collection of full information as to surpluses and estimates on the cost of dismantling and removing those



REMEMBER? A SHIPFUL OF MEMORIES FOR THOUSANDS OF GIs. ONE OF THE FEW PICTURES MADE OF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH SINCE HER CONVERSION INTO A TROOP CARRIER, IT SHOWS THE LARGEST VESSEL AFLOAT TIED UP IN BOSTON FOR REFITTING.



PRIDES OF TEXAS. JOAN, JERALDINE, JEANETTE AND JOYCE BADGETT OF GALVESTON, TEX., HAVE THE DISTINCTION OF BEING AMERICA'S YOUNGEST GIRL QUADRUPLETS—AS THOUGH IT WERE NOT ENOUGH JUST TO BE QUADRUPLETS, THIS IS THEIR SIXTH BIRTHDAY PARTY.



installations, and for a State Department investigation of foreign trade conditions.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau came along with some more of those figures that have largely supplanted sheep as sleep-inducers. He said that since Pearl Harbor the war has cost the U.S. \$238 billion—seven times the total cost of World War I

Gen. Thomas T. Handy, Assistant Chief of Staff. Handy told them that about five-eighths of the boys were overseas. Of the three-eighths at home, he said, about five per cent were in hospitals or in the process of being hospitalized, a group which includes men wounded overseas and returned to the States. Approximately ten per cent of the Army, Handy

Tydings, Democrat of Maryland, introduced legislation designed to make "irreplaceable" farm workers draft-proof regardless of how badly the Army may want them.

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Since Pearl Harbor, the American automotive industry has turned out tanks, guns and other military equipment worth nearly \$23 billion, K. T. Keller, president of the Chrysler Corporation of Detroit, announced in Boston.

Congress will be asked to raise the national debt limit of \$260 billion to \$300 billion, it was said in Washington. The national debt now stands at around \$240 billion, and there's a new national War Bond Drive coming up in early summer.

People who have been gasping in awe at the great Russian drive into the Reich were made to feel a closer connection with the Red push by a statement to Congress by Admiral Emory S. Land, head of the War Shipping Administration. Land disclosed that we shipped Russia three million tons of lend-lease cargo during the last six months of 1944. "The steady flow of this cargo has unquestionably had a substantial influence in bolstering the Soviet war effort," Land asserted. "Without this material support over the past several years, it is questionable if the Soviet armies would have attained their present great striking power." The admiral urged the House Foreign Affairs Committee to extend the lend-lease program for another year beyond its June 30th expiration date.

The Senate Military Affairs Committee finally ended its hearings on the "work-or-jail" bill to mobilize the nation's men between 18 and 45, but there was still a lot of doubt whether the measure would pass. The Senate committee wanted to know just what the Army was doing with the manpower it already has and so they asked Maj.

Gen. Thomas T. Handy, Assistant Chief of Staff. Handy told them that about five-eighths of the boys were overseas. Of the three-eighths at home, he said, about five per cent were in hospitals or in the process of being hospitalized, a group which includes men wounded overseas and returned to the States. Approximately ten per cent of the Army, Handy went on, is on special limited duty (including Wacs), two divisions of troops are manning regular defense posts in the U.S., and about half the troops still in the States are taking care of supplies and reserves. Handy added that the Army's "liberal furlough policy" before a man goes overseas and after he returns might lead to a false impression of soldiers without apparent duties.



Sgt. Thurman Barker, an Army recruiter, had a hell of a job awaking prospective draftees at a hotel in Santa Fe, N.Mex., in time to get them to the induction center. One man in particular grumbled at the idea of early breakfast and also grumbled at boarding the GI truck. When the physical exams were over the reluctant one was asked for his papers. "What papers?" he growled. "I was just waiting in the hotel for the bus to Denver." Sgt. Barker said the guy didn't pass his physical anyway.

At least one draft board in the country was getting pretty worried about the manpower situation. The Goodhue County board in Redwing, Minn., informed state officials and the National Selective Service headquarters that its backlog of men for the armed forces was practically exhausted. The local board said that Congress either had to change the draft setup or do without candidates for khaki altogether. The board also said that it refused to violate the Tydings amendment which exempted essential agricultural workers from the draft. In Washington, the author of the amendment, Sen. Millard E.

Tydings, Democrat of Maryland, introduced legislation designed to make "irreplaceable" farm workers draft-proof regardless of how badly the Army may want them.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt had her own idea about manpower. "The women of this country don't want a national service act and you know this as well as I do," she told a press conference. "The minute the women of the country want it, we'll have it." The reason that the ladies don't want such a law, Mrs. Roosevelt said, was that "the war is not on our doorstep."

There was the usual quota of news about Presidential appointments. The Senate confirmed the promotion of Col. Elliott Roosevelt to brigadier general by a vote of 53 to 11. The dissents were all cast by Republicans who thought Elliott had jumped a bit too rapidly from captain in less than four years. Former Vice President Henry A. Wallace's chances of being approved as the new Secretary of Commerce were considered brighter after the House passed and sent to the White House the George Bill shearing the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other multi-billion-dollar lending agencies from the Commerce Department. But the Senate Agricultural Committee decided to ponder a little longer over the appointment of Aubrey Williams, former National Youth Administrator, as head of the Rural Electrification Administration.

Congress was talking about a raise in pay for itself, and got the support of Maury Maverick, an ex-Congressman himself. He told a House Judiciary sub-committee that congressmen should be paid at least \$15,000 a year and should have a pension program. Even at that, Maverick said, the lawmakers wouldn't get rich or live any too well, prices being what they are in Washington.

Collier's magazine announced that it would award \$10,000 each to a Senator and a Representative "who best serve their country in 1945," an idea which didn't sit too well in some parts of Capitol Hill. Rep. Sol Bloom, Democrat of New York, commented: "The recognition that Congressmen really want is for their constituents to send them

back to Washington." And Sen. John H. Overton, Democrat of Louisiana, remarked: "Any Senator or Congressman who would accept such an award would show himself wholly unworthy of it."

Rep. John Sparkman, Democrat of Alabama, wants to give some soldiers more money. He proposed that members of the armed forces be granted a five per cent increase in pay for each year after the first one they put in overseas.

Basil O'Connor, National Red Cross chairman, disclosed that the American Red Cross has more than seven million prisoner-of-war packages ready for distribution in Europe. He said the ARC would not reduce its activities for at least a year after the end of the war.

G-Men in New York said that a Wac tried to make money the easy way by marrying three servicemen. It was charged that Julia Pearl Davis Steele of Hopewell, Va., married a sailor and two soldiers and illegally received allotment checks from two of them. The FBI said that Julia had been over the hill since last September.



Charlie Hill of Atlanta, Ga., figured that a man has the right to make a living even if he's in jail. Hill, serving 15 years for burglary, used to pick the lock of the convict camp every night, rob homes and stores and then re-enter the prison, according to the cops.

They said he sold his loot to fellow-prisoners.

The wife of Pvt. Henry Weber of Camp Roberts, Calif., announced that she would continue the fight to have her husband classified as a conscientious objector. Weber was condemned to death by a court-martial for refusing to drill, and nationwide comment arose. Then the sentence was changed to life imprisonment, and finally to five years. The Judge Advocate General's office commented: "In time of war, deliberate disobedience of an officer cannot be justified."

Rep. James G. Fulton, Republican of Pennsylvania, asserted that men overseas are concerned with the frequency of court-martial verdicts involving the death penalty. Just back from serving as deck lieutenant on a carrier off the Philippines, Fulton said: "A lot of court-martial sentences seem over-severe, especially when compared with civilian penalties. After all, if a man refuses to be drafted or just ignores the draft call, he gets only from three to five years in jail."

Alabama and Mississippi were faced with the major problem of sheltering the homeless after tornadoes swirled over the two states taking a toll of at least 41 dead and 200 injured. Hundreds of homes were demolished and property loss from the storms was expected to run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. At Montgomery, Ala., the hospitals were jammed with injured and the entire capital city was without electricity for a while.

missions was guilty as charged. The first trial was held in the summer of 1942 in the District of Columbia after eight Nazi saboteurs were landed by submarines on the coasts of Florida and New York. The second trial was held on Governors Island in New York after a U-boat deposited two men on the coast of Maine. One of the pair was a native German, Erich Gimpel, 35, and the other was William Curtis Colepaugh, 26, a native American from Niantic, Conn. Colepaugh, whom the prosecution called a "double-crossing traitor," apparently wasn't very good at it. The FBI knew the spies were coming and they remained at liberty only a short time and accomplished nothing, according to sparse communiques issued by the trial commission. Neither man showed any emotion when the sentence of hanging was announced. Electrocution was the fate of six of the eight spies caught in 1942, and the two others drew prison terms by testifying against their comrades. Judging from the evidence produced at both trials, spies have a way of falling out.

The country was stirred by a rumpus which started in the editorial room of a students' newspaper at William and Mary College in historic Williamsburg, Va. A 22-year-old coed named Marilyn Kaemmerer of Jackson, Mich., sat down and wrote a long article on racial relations. In part, she said: "The Negro should be recognized as equals in our minds and hearts. For us this means that Negroes should attend William and Mary, they should go to our classes, participate in our college functions, join the same clubs, be our roommates, pin the same classmates, and marry among us."

College authorities halted distribution of the issue of the paper, called *The Flat Hat*, and a general uproar resulted. Fellow students took Miss Kaemmerer's part at a mass meeting. Some of them didn't agree with her editorial, but the majority said they agreed even less with what they called censorship by the college higher-ups. The school authorities said they didn't propose censorship but they considered that supervision of the weekly was essential. They gave the students a choice of accepting such supervision or of going without a newspaper. The students voted to suspend *The Flat Hat*. Miss Kaemmerer didn't attend the students' meeting and made no comment except to say that she'd "rather forget the whole thing."

Former Pennsylvania Gov. George H. Earle, 54, was sued for divorce by his wife, Mrs. Hubert Potter Earle of Haverford, Pa., on grounds of desertion as of January 28, 1942. Earle, now assistant naval and air attache at the U.S. Embassy in Turkey, and his wife were married in 1916. Divorce proceedings were filed in Norristown, Pa.

It looked like there might be more trouble ahead for comedian Charlie Chaplin, who hasn't had a good laugh for a long time. Sen. William Langer, Republican of North Dakota, introduced legislation to deport Charlie in order to "protect the morals and girls of the country." The bill directs the Department of Justice to investigate the British-born actor's activities with a view to deportation. Chaplin, a non-citizen, has been in the country more

seriously injured in Hollywood when the automobile she was driving went out of control and crashed into a parked car and a tree. The 54-year-old actress suffered skull and leg fractures.

Maureen O'Sullivan, who plays "Mrs. Tarzan" in the films and is the wife of John Farrow in real life, became the mother of an eight-pound daughter. She is the mother of two other children, Michael, five, and Patrick, two.

Donald M. Nelson, former head of the War Production Board and now a Presidential representative with Cabinet rank, married Mrs. Marguerite S. Colbourne, winner of a George Washington University beauty contest in 1939. Mrs. Nelson, a widow, is 26. Her husband, divorced from his first wife a few weeks ago, is 56. Justice Thurman Arnold, of the Federal Court of Appeals, performed the ceremony in Washington.



State legislators in Boise, Idaho, are paid \$5 a day and they recently registered a protest. Right across the street from the capitol, they said, a restaurant put up this sign: "Wanted Dishwasher—\$5 a day and board."



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For the second time since the U.S. got into the war, a spy trial occupied the attention of the country. Both times the spies came from Germany, and both times the verdict of secret military com-

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Marjorie Rambeau, veteran screen actress, was



BOMBERS' CHOICE. CREDIT SOME YANK FLYERS ON SAIPAN WITH 20/20 VISION FOR REQUESTING THIS SNAP OF JANIS PAIGE TO PASTE ON THEIR SHIPS.



VOLUNTEERS FOR SCIENCE. THESE PRISONERS AT ILLINOIS PENITENTIARY AGREED TO ACT AS GUINEA PIGS IN EXPERIMENTS WITH NEW ANTI-MALARIA DRUGS. ARMY CAPT. C. MERRILL WHORTON IS SHOWN EXPLAINING THEIR PART IN THE TESTS.



UP IN ARMS. LITTLE MICHELE RICHTER OF NEW YORK CITY MAKES A STARK APPEAL TO CONGRESS TO END THE DIAPER SHORTAGE.



BOBBY-SOX FASHIONS. THREE PUEBLO, COLO., GIRLS DEMONSTRATE THE LATEST STYLES FOR ADMIRERS OF FRANK SINATRA.

Mail Call

Aroused

Dear YANK,

In regards to a letter under the heading "Ashamed," in the Feb. 4 issue of YANK by one P. Sgt. Hemelslater—what in the unholy hell is the matter with poor little glamor-pants that he finds himself so badly ashamed of his new type suede shoes? And they are impossible to keep clean! Now that is really getting rough. Ashamed to go to town in them is he—well, why don't the poor misted simpleton stay in then? Is there some new regulation which says a man must go to town?

And he has been here for a whole 3½ months! I'm new here, too, with 20 months of it, but as yet it hasn't degraded my mind to such a low ebb that I'd write in with a bitch about something that trivial.

And he has to walk a quarter of a mile to work and then is on his feet most of the day. Is he bragging about that when there are thousands of guys walking all over the damned Continent in mud up to their hind-end—and damned few of them get tech sergeant's pay, too! So he's a non-com is he? That man wouldn't make a pimple on a good non-com's foot!

"Is there anything you can do?" he asks. Sure there is! Give his stripes to some man and give him a five-year lecture on the word WAR and its sacrifices. (I would suggest his being transferred to the WACs, but I know they wouldn't have him.)

Wise up, Junior!!!!

S/Sgt. K. D. GILMORE*

Britain.

*Also signed by six others.

... And he complains they took his overshoes away. Well, the boys in the trenches can have my overshoes, and I'll wear sandals to end the war if necessary.

Cpl. E. C. WILSON

Britain.

If he has the coupons we'll pay for the lace to wear on his drawers.

S/Sgt. WILEY J. KOVAK*

Det. of Patients, Britain.

*Also signed by seven others.

... A few thousand suede shoes were worn on D-Day.

Pvt. J. CARATURS*

Britain.

*Also signed by nine others.

It sure burns a guy up to hear someone cry about having to walk a quarter of a mile to work while the fellows at the front ... crawl farther than that.

Pvt. J. A. HARTLINE*

... All we can say is the majority of combat joes don't have overshoes, so why should he?

Pfc. DONALD M. WIRT*

Det. of Patients, Britain.

*Also signed by 12 others.

... Phooey!

Sgt. J. C. M. SCOTT, Jr.*

Britain.

*Also signed by 15 others.

... Are we at war or are we dressing according to *Esquire*?

Cpl. W. W. OSBORNE*

Britain.

*Also signed by three others.

... Suede shoes? ... Fighting men call them combat shoes.

S/Sgt. JOHN B. SWECKER

Britain.

... He should be thankful he doesn't have to walk through waist-deep snow wearing 30 to 40 pounds of clothing and equipment.

Pfc. J. F. KILGOUR

Det. of Patients, Britain.

... You say you arrived in the ETO just 3½ months ago? Why there are fellows in our trench-foot ward who haven't been able to put a pair of shoes on in that length of time.

THE TRENCH BOYS

Det. of Patients, Britain.

... Hospitals are full of patients afflicted with trenchfoot that might have been avoided if they had overshoes. ... We have nicknamed (Sgt. Hemelslater) the true Count.

Pvt. GLENN W. deBEAUCLAIR*

Det. of Patients, Britain.

*Also signed by 16 others.

... A good many of my trenchfoot buddies would have their toes (or feet in some cases) if they had overshoes. They've been standing in foxholes a lot longer than you have been overseas. I hope some footslogger gets those overshoes of yours. ... He deserves anything the Army issues, but he doesn't usually get it.

AIRBORNE JOE

Det. of Patients, Britain.

... recommend that the sergeant be sent where a shined pair of shoes is not an essential to be a good soldier.

Sgt. A. KING

Britain.

... Jerry never seemed to care whether he had shiny shoes or not.

Cpl. CLARENCE LEE MARTIN*

Det. of Patients, Britain.

*Also signed by 32 others.

He'll probably want rotation next, since he's been in England 3½ months.

would gladly go home in fatigues and barefooted. That's all, brother.

Pfc. WILLIAM JENKIN

Det. of Patients, Britain.

Just "one good legitimate" question, YANK. Is he kidding?—Or are you?

Capt. C. E.

Britain.

[We don't write 'em. We just print 'em.—Ed.]

Early Starters

Dear YANK,

In your 28 January edition, you published a short piece about an 8th Air Force Photo Reconnaissance Wing Lab, which is under the command of Brig. Gen. Elliott Roosevelt.

This letter is not intended to slight the efforts of the above outfit, but it is sent to point out that there was a great deal of important photo work being done on these Isles long before the General's "print factory" was thought of. The boys in the bomb group photo labs sweated out the missions and then developed the results of the day's raid so that headquarters could see the results. It was the work and the speed with which they performed it that enabled the authorities to determine whether a repeat performance would be worthwhile. The work was accomplished under rather adverse conditions compared to the present Recon Wing's set-up, but the work was still done and on schedule. The same held true for the boys working with the Photo Reconnaissance Units.

Then there was another laboratory that filled an important place. It was known as the Central Lab for VIII Bomber Command. Here 21 men received the films from all the groups of the different bomb divisions and filled the various special orders of headquarters. Grids and charts that were worked out to improve the deadly effect of our navigators and bombardiers were made at this section. Pre-invasion work was turned out by the 21 fellows as far back as six months previous to the main event.

Some of the fellows from the Central Lab for VIII Bomber Command were transferred into Brig. Gen. Roosevelt's outfit along with men from some of the groups and they know what the work used to be like. They didn't have air conditioned Nissen hut labs, and hypo and developer were mixed by hand stirring, but mass production was performed.

1st Lt. ROBERT F. DIECKERHOFF

Britain.

Disciplinary Training Center

Dear YANK,

After undergoing seven months of rigid disciplinary training laid down by the 2912 Disciplinary Training Center, we are now awaiting assignment to organizations at a Replacement Depot.

We recall the words of Lt. Wilson's farewell speech in which he stated, "You are once again good clean soldiers in the world's greatest fighting organization—Uncle Sam's Army. You boys are going back to duty with a clean slate. Everything which has happened to this minute will be forgotten, and we will once again be soldiers."

to the WACS, but I know they wouldn't have him.)
Wise up, Junior!!!!

S/SGT. K. D. GILMORE*

Britain.

*Also signed by six others.

... And he complains they took his overshoes away. Well, the boys in the trenches can have my overshoes, and I'll wear sandals to end the war if necessary.

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It sure burns a guy up to hear someone cry about having to walk a quarter of a mile to work while the fellows at the front... crawl farther than that.

Pvt. J. A. HARTLINE*

Det. of Patients, Britain.

*Also signed by 14 others.

... Solution: Join up with a combat group of men, and maybe after six or eight months, he'll be glad to go to town in his bare feet and long johns.

Pvt. ALBERT PINO and T/Sgt. FRANK VALENTINE

Det. of Patients, Britain.

... T.S., and I don't mean Tech Sergeant.

Cpl. A. T. KRUSE

Britain.

slater) the true Count.

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... A good many of my trenchfoot buddies would have their toes (or feet in some cases) if they had overshoes. They've been standing in foxholes a lot longer than you have been overseas. I hope some footslogger gets those overshoes of yours. ... He deserves anything the Army issues, but he doesn't usually get it.

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He'll probably want rotation next, since he's been in England 3½ months.

Sgt. PAUL RAVESIES*

Britain.

*Also signed by 40 others.

... I have been in North Africa, Sicily and France, and now I am in the hospital through the courtesy of Jerry. And brother there were plenty of times I was glad to have shoes. ... We expect to get a pass soon if we are lucky. The clothes we have to wear look as though they went through the last war... including the suede shoes. And anybody that don't like the way I look, let them step up. I

divisions and filled the various special orders of headquarters. Grids and charts that were worked out to improve the deadly effect of our navigators and bombardiers were made at this section. Pre-invasion work was turned out by the 21 fellows as far back as six months previous to the main event.

Some of the fellows from the Central Lab for VIII Bomber Command were transferred into Brig. Gen. Roosevelt's outfit along with men from some of the groups and they know what the work used to be like. They didn't have air conditioned Nissen hut labs, and hypo and developer were mixed by hand stirring, but mass production was performed.

1st Lt. ROBERT F. DIECKERHOFF

Britain.

Disciplinary Training Center

Dear YANK,

After undergoing seven months of rigid disciplinary training laid down by the 2912 Disciplinary Training Center, we are now awaiting assignment to organizations at a Replacement Depot.

We recall the words of Lt. Wilson's farewell speech in which he stated, "You are once again good clean soldiers in the world's greatest fighting organization—Uncle Sam's Army. You boys are going back to duty with a clean slate. Everything which has happened to this minute will be forgotten, and we know that you will once again be soldiers."

These words were a great stimulant, but now, after a few incidents, that stimulant has become salty.

In the block which now serves as quarters several articles were stolen, and those questioned regarding these articles were only D.T.C. boys. No one else, it seemed, could be capable of taking the missing articles. Our records were recalled to our minds with the consequences that would arise if we were again apprehended by military authorities. If you know anything of Disciplinary Training Centers, you will know that the majority of these boys are confined

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Picture: Cover, Pvt. George Aarons. 4, PA. 5, Acme. 6, Sgt. Sanford. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, Pvt. George Aarons. 14, Sgt. Horst Horst. 15, left, Keystone; right, Acme. 17, upper and lower centre, Keystone; lower left, PA.; lower right, Acme. 21, Upper, INP; lower, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga. 22, Signal Corps. 23, Upper, Keystone; lower, Signal Corps.

for military rather than civilian offense.

We who have left 2912 D.T.C. have left with perfect records and excellent recommendations, and have only the desire to fulfill our duty. However, we are confronted with great difficulty when such incidents occur. No one realizes more than we the mistake we have made, but now we desire to be left to our duty until war's end. We cannot do so if we are continually hampered by accusations and threats.

We are in the hope that you will reserve space in YANK for this letter in order that it be made known to military personnel that we desire cooperation from them so that we may perform our duty as efficiently and diligently as they.

SEVEN EM (names withheld)

Britain.

Mail to Husband

Dear YANK,

My husband was a U.S. combat infantryman who left England with the 29th Division on D-Day. He was returned to England with a bad case of battle exhaustion and was in a hospital till the end of October.

At the beginning of December, he returned to France as a non-combatant infantryman. Since his return I have written him every day, each letter having been posted in the U.S. Army Post Office here, but he has received only one letter from me, dated 21st December, although his mail from the States comes in regularly.

The letters which he has written to me are reaching me mostly within six days of having been written. I appreciate the difficulties in distributing mail to men on the Continent, but surely something could be done to speed up the delivery of mail to men on active service. Mail to British Army men on the Continent reaches them, at the latest, within a week.

RITA BOUGHMAN, W.R.N.S.

Britain.

Mail for Husband

Dear YANK,

Your full page picture of Deanna Durbin is the "Acme of Femininity" and tops all others when it comes to pin-ups. I have been hospitalized due to enemy action and have received no mail from home or from the company as yet. Just looking at her will pull me through.

(Kindly print so when my wife reads this she will hurry those letters along.)

Pfc. EDWARD ZAK

Det. of Patients, Britain.

Male Nurses

Dear YANK,

Just read the letter by 2nd Lt. Bernice Fishpaw, ANC, that appeared in the Feb. 4th issue regarding the status of male nurses in the service.

It seemed good to see one of the ANCs publicly showing how she feels about our "favorite sorespot."

We men had the same struggle through training



"ANYWAY, THE NAMES AREN'T SO HARD TO PRONOUNCE NOW."

—Sgt. Jim Weeks

and State Board examinations and had very responsible positions in our civilian professional status.

Rep. Francis P. Bolton has stated that she was working on it but the WD does not seem to want to listen. Especially is this true of the Surgeon General's office which, I'm sure, has had several letters concerning this issue.

If there is a shortage of nurses, use us. We do it in part anyway, so why not use us to our full capabilities? Neuropsychiatric work especially needs us desperately. Most of us specialized in this field.

Cpl. HERBERT SWINDEN

Britain.

Jump Boots

Dear YANK,

I am a constant reader of your magazine and this is my first gripe. I hope the right people will see it.

I am a paratrooper and have been in the hospital three times due to enemy action. I have never been in the same hospital twice but the one thing I have noticed is this:

Nearly all the officers and enlisted men in the hospitals are wearing "jump boots," the Red Cross girls are wearing "jump boots." The Quartermaster personnel are wearing "jump boots."

If these people can get "jump boots," why can't the Airborne Divisions get them? The "combat boot" was, I believe, intended for the use that these people are using our "jump boots" for and the "jump boots" were made for us to jump in so the suspension lines won't catch on the buckles and cause a malfunction of the parachute. Also they are constructed to support the ankles and instep. The "combat boot" does not have this same construction.

or annual or semi-annual payments over a length of time equal to his length of service, or in government bonds, or as credit against his future income-tax payments.

Pvt. A. SPIEGAL

Britain.

National Plan

Dear YANK,

Let's call it the American plan—a plan to guarantee economic security to every willing worker—a plan without expense to the taxpayer and without humiliation to the secured. This is a plan to adapt our price system to the fact of mechanization.

Select those industries operating under the principle of decreasing costs. Modify their cost accounting so they can:

1. Break up gross income by a flat percentage for the industry, and a flat percentage for labor to be turned over to a national pool.

2. Pay labor by drafts against the pool; accommodate excess workers as overhead through the U.S. Employment Service; submit periodic reports to the Federal Income Tax Department; serve equally with labor and government on a National Purchasing Pool Board.

Labor would establish minimum wages for and define skills, generally assisting the plan through representation on the Board.

The public could purchase low interest bearing bonds in the National Purchasing Pool as one means to finance it, but mostly as an outlet to savings gluts.

This is a skeleton answer to technology in our free economy.

T/5 CHARLES T. STRYKER

Britain.

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Can you help us get our "jump boots" back?

Pic. F. SHAFFNER, Prcht. Inf.*

Britain.

*Also signed by two others.

Back Pay

Dear YANK,

There are many in the services who are also making more money than they had made in civilian life, and are saving (or can save). However, there is also the private who makes \$50 a month, who, before he was drafted, made \$40 to \$100 a week as a truck driver, clerk, accountant, salesman, or small retail businessman; the medical or dental officer who, previous to entering the service of his country, maintained a practice which realized \$100 to \$300 a week. These servicemen as civilians would ordinarily have saved at least \$300 to \$5,000 a year, according to the number of their dependents. They will have suffered a real financial loss by having served their country.

Their acceptance of sacrifices at the front (or just being in the Army) and separation from their loved ones is all the duty our country should expect of them when all others are not sacrificing their earnings, too.

Congress could add an amendment to the GI Bill of Rights. It could be based on the income-tax return last filed by the serviceman as a civilian. The income-tax return could be compared against an established net income of a serviceman's grade or rank. A table of earned savings based on these incomes can be set up, and where a man's service "earned savings" is lower, provisions should be made for government compensation to him after his discharge, or to his dependents, either in one lump sum,

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The public could purchase low interest bearing bonds in the National Purchasing Pool as one means to finance it, but mostly as an outlet to savings gluts.

This is a skeleton answer to technology in our free economy.

T/S CHARLES T. STRYKER

Britain.

Happy Hospital

Dear YANK,

In a recent issue you published a letter by a disgruntled patient of this Station Hospital, easily identifiable because this was formerly a P.W. camp. I have been a patient here ever since the metamorphosis from Jerry to Yank patients took place, and can see no reason for disgruntlement.

To be sure, there is a regular Saturday morning inspection every week. So what? We're still in the Army, aren't we? This weekly inspection requires a ten-minute preparation for the individual patient who is ambulatory and can make his own bed and straighten his own bedside table. Nothing more. It may mean more than that to members of the staff, which shouldn't concern the poor overstrained patient too much.

My treatment here, and the treatment of all fellow patients with whom I have had contact, has been excellent. There just isn't anything I could conscientiously complain about. The slightest cough is given immediate attention, we have fruit juices between meals, hot chocolate before "lights out" at night. We have daily movies, frequent U.S.O. or Red Cross stage shows, a comfortable day-room well stocked with books and magazines. We have frequent passes to nearby towns, and sleep under good shelter in heated places—on comfortable beds with sheets and pillows and blankets!

Any joe who has ever lived in combat under combat conditions, and has the nerve to gripe about conditions being deplorable here should never be taken seriously by anybody, and least of all, YANK, by you.

Pvt. FRANK E. PALMER

Det. of Patients, Britain.

YANK'S AFN

Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Feb. 25

SUNDAY

0925—FAMILY HOUR—Al Goodman's Orchestra and Chorus, Reed Kennedy, Eileen Farrell and Jack Smith offering tunes of yesterday and today.

MONDAY

2030—CANADA SHOW—The Canadian Band of the AEF.

TUESDAY

2207—YOUR HIT PARADE—Mark Warnow's Orchestra and Chorus, Frank Sinatra and Joan Edwards present the ten top tunes of the week.

WEDNESDAY

1545—ON THE RECORD—Cpl. George Monaghan spins the discs for 45 minutes of melodies, old and new.

THURSDAY

1901—THE HOLLYWOOD MUSIC HALL—Bing Crosby with his regular cast—Ken Carpenter, John Scott Trotter, Marilyn Maxwell and the Music Maids.

FRIDAY

2205—MILDRED BAILEY—Rocking and rolling through half an hour of songs.

SATURDAY

1330—YANK'S RADIO EDITION.

2030—FRANK MORGAN—Trading quips with Robert Young, Cass Dailey, Carlos Ramirez and Bandleader Albert Sack.

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.

EDITORIAL

WE ARE ALLIES

AT TANNENBERG in East Prussia there once stood a monument in honor of Hindenburg's defeat of the Russian Army in the first World War. There isn't any monument any more, because the Germans blew it up, and they blew it up because the Red Army was coming. The Russians arrived on Jan. 20.

This must have come as a great surprise to believers in German propaganda. That propaganda had planted doubts that Russia's heralded winter offensive would be anything more than a local, routine military action on a small front, certainly nothing strong enough to affect the power of von Rundstedt on the Western Front. In fact, this same propaganda voiced grave doubts as to whether relations between Britain and Russia, the United States and Britain, Russia and the United States were good enough to result in any military teamwork.

It seems that the chief German mistake is one of words. They have the term "allies" confused with another and, to them, a more popular designation—"stooges."

Hitler never had to worry about arguments with his ally-stooges. Hitler's army and the armies of satellite Hungary and Rumania and Finland and Italy didn't fight a war of cooperation. They fought a blind war, directed by the boss in Berlin who owned his allies as completely as his own *Reichswehr*.

With us it is and has been a little different. Russia and England and China and the United States and the other countries who make up the United Nations are banded together by a common agreement which allows them to examine their differences instead of crushing them under a master steamroller. This is what ally means.

It means that we govern our individual nations according to our individual ideas of what is the best government; that we reserve the right to criticize ourselves and each other; that, to a fascist nation where authority is everything, we look occasionally like a pack of snarling dogs, a coalition so loosely held together that it can never constitute a real threat to a common enemy.

It also means that this same loose coalition can band together to wage a war unparalleled in history. It means that the British and Americans, who Berlin says cannot agree, are able to make landings on a hostile and heavily fortified coast and to push inland against what was, until recently, the most efficient army in the world. It means that Russia, with whom Berlin says no

one can agree, can launch an offensive on the opposite front from her allies with so much power that the enemy must take shelter behind his precious border.

It means that these hopelessly disagreeing bundles of nationalities have Germany in a vise; that every pressure of one group of allies on one side aids the allies on the other side, and that Germany is having her life squeezed out of her by a combination of people she said could never work together.

As 1945 went into January, British and Americans were fighting to eliminate von Rundstedt's bulge in Belgium. Berlin reported the start of a Russian offensive on Jan. 13. On the 14th, the Russians forced the Nida River, last water barrier before the Oder. The next day they advanced 16 more miles toward Kracow in Poland; they were fighting on a 600-mile front from East Prussia to the Carpathian Mountains. On Jan. 16, they outflanked Warsaw. On the 17th, they captured Warsaw and entered Kracow. On the 18th, they took 200 more Polish towns and crossed into German soil in Silesia. Lodz in Poland was sewed up on Jan. 19. By the 20th, the U.S. Third Army was overrunning Luxembourg, and Tannenberg had fallen to the Red Army. On the 21st, the Red Army was continuing toward Poznan and Breslau; on the Western Front, von Rundstedt's bulge had been ironed out, U. S. flyers had blasted fleeing German *Panzers* and we were beginning to make a bulge of our own. By Jan. 23, the Russians had reached the Oder River.

The Russian offensive from the East didn't automatically hobble von Rundstedt's soldiers. Allied pressure from the West didn't make the Russian offensive a push-over. But each made the other's job a hell of a lot easier. Each was a part of a type of cooperation Germany said we could never achieve and which she was never prepared to combat.

In the 1920s and 1930s there used to be a lot of talk about who won the last war. This time, while it's fresh in our memories, let's fix the fact Germany already knows from the scorched fields of the Eastern Front and broken buildings of the West. The Allies—the United Nations—are winning this war.

That word United explains how things are done in a world of different nations—as in a nation of different races or a city of different families. They're done the way Germany thought they couldn't be done—by people and peoples working together in spite of personal and national differences to accomplish world aims bigger than any of those differences.

Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

Before being shipped to this base I was stationed in Panama for a year. After a short stay in the States I drew this assignment. While I was home in Boston my uncle offered to sell me a half interest in his newsstand for \$400. The way that business looks to me, I could be sure of a good living when I get home.

I haven't any cash of my own and I never have approved of the idea of starting a business with

What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's

Combat Infantry

Dear YANK:

We call this a dirty deal. About 30 of us have just returned from Combat Infantry duty overseas, been reclassified and thrown into the Air Corps. Some of us were wounded and others are just not fit for further overseas duty. What we are yelling about is our Combat Infantry pay. Why should we lose it now that we're in the Air Corps?

roller. This is what ally means.

It means that we govern our individual nations according to our individual ideas of what is the best government; that we reserve the right to criticize ourselves and each other; that, to a fascist nation where authority is everything, we look occasionally like a pack of snarling dogs, a coalition so loosely held together that it can never constitute a real threat to a common enemy.

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I haven't any cash of my own and I never have approved of the idea of starting a business with borrowed money. I know that I will get \$300 in mustering-out pay but that will not meet my needs. Is it true that I will get an extra \$100 in mustering-out pay because this is my second tour of overseas duty?

Greenland

—Pvt. DOMINICK PETRAZZANI

■ The maximum amount of mustering-out pay a GI can get is \$300. The number of times you may be shipped overseas does not change that amount.



Court-Martial Fines

Dear YANK:

I would like to know what happens to all the money collected by summary courts martial in this theater. I have heard that the money goes into our company fund, but another story has it that it is used by the theater command to pay for large-scale entertainment. Which of these stories is correct?

France

—Cpl. LEON HARDELL

■ Neither story is correct. The money goes to the Treasury of the United States.

What's Your Problem?

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

Tuition Payments

Dear YANK:

I understand that the GI Bill of Rights fixes the maximum tuition which the Veterans' Administration will pay for a veteran at \$500 a year. I have been planning on going to a rather expensive engineering school and I know that the tuition will be around \$650 a year. Does the \$500 limit in the GI Bill of Rights mean that I will not be permitted to go to that particular school, or will some special arrangements be made for cases like mine?

Italy

—S/Sgt. GEORGE SEBASTIAN

■ The fact that the school you select charges more than \$500 a year will not bar you from going ahead with your plans. You will, however, have to pay the difference between the \$500 and the school's fees out of your own pocket. If you can afford the extra charges you can attend any approved school, no matter how expensive it may be.

Wound Stripes

Dear YANK:

I am a veteran of World War I and was wounded in both that war and the present one. I have been wearing a wound stripe for my World War I wound, but when I tried to add another one for my recent wound, my CO said no. He says that wound stripes for the present war have not been authorized. Is that right?

Burma

—T/Sgt. JAMES B. BROWN

■ That's right. Wound chevrons may only be worn for World War I wounds and not for wounds received in the present war. [Par. 55 d (1), AR 600-40].

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Keesler Field, Miss.

—Names Withheld

■ You should not lose your Combat Infantry pay unless you are placed on flight pay. Combat Infantry pay does not stop when a man leaves his combat unit unless he is assigned to the Medics or the Corps of Chaplains, or is placed on flight pay or loses his badge for failure to perform satisfactorily in ground combat against the enemy. If you are not covered by any of these exceptions, you should immediately bring these provisions to the attention of your CO. Authority for this can be found in WD Cir. No. 408 (17 Oct. 1944).



Peacetime Enlistments

Dear YANK:

Will you please settle this argument for us? Was there once a one-year enlistment in the Regular Army? If so, when was it in force?

Philippines

—Pvt. CHARLES BROWNE

■ There was. One-year enlistments in the Regular Army were authorized by the National Defense Act of 1916. This act remained in effect until the outbreak of the present war. The one-year period applied to first enlistments only. Re-enlistments were for three years.

Take a Quote, Please

D ID I ever tell you . . . what Jack Kearns, Dempsey's old manager, said about Billy Conn?

"This Conn is a desperado at heart. An alley fighter. And I like those alley fighters—tough kids who come up the tough way. Conn already has Louis beat upstairs. Nobody has to sell Conn on the idea he can whip Louis. a very important point."

. . . or what Ty Cobb said about Babe Didrikson, the great woman athlete?

"I once shook hands with Miss Didrikson. A minute or so later I looked at my hand to see if it was still hanging on. It was, but I don't think it has ever been the same."

. . . or what Harry Eidmark, Sweden's outstanding track expert, said about Gunder Haegg?

"Haegg can beat Arne Andersson any time, but if he doesn't think there's a possibility of a new record he doesn't give a damn. I don't think Haegg expected a new record when Andersson ran the 4:01.6 mile. The pace had been too fast on the first lap and the record seemed impossible. So he let Andersson take a long lead. And Andersson just kept going. Andersson is a runner like your man Gil Dodds. No kick."

. . . or what Mrs. Woolf said about her husband George, the famous jockey?

"There's no way to stop George from buying cowboy shirts and fancy western saddles. At heart, he is more cowboy than jockey. I think he dreams about Indians and cowboys whooping and hollering."

. . . or what Connie Mack said about George Kell, his own third baseman?

"You know, I think I'd be safe in saying that George is as good as any third baseman in the American League. And I'm not overlooking Keltner, Higgins or Tabor, either. George could very easily be compared with Jimmy Dykes in his first season for us. George is a better hitter and just as tough with men on bases. Of course, George hasn't the throw to first that Jimmy had—that Dykes arm was the best in baseball."

. . . or what Coach Fritz Crisler of Michigan said about Tommy Harmon?

"Harmon wasn't the best football player I ever coached. He was the best I ever had. I didn't have to coach him."

over the lot if they attempted to imitate him. He's practiced his particular type of swing for so many years that he has perfected it. Harry Vardon did the same thing with his swing, but nobody ever saw Vardon hit a ball like Nelson."

. . . or what Willie Pep, the world's featherweight champion, said about Chalky Wright?

"I never take chances with Chalky. He can knock your head off with his right hand. I just paint him and leave him alone. I want to keep my title."

. . . or what Dixie Walker, Brooklyn's favorite Dodger, said about Marty Marion?

"I never saw Hans Wagner, but if Ol' Honus was any better than Marion he must have been a marvel. Now take this guy Eddie Miller of the Reds, who you hear so much about. He's a capable shortstop, but, shucks, he isn't half as good as Marion. I've hit balls past Miller, but when we play the Cardinals, I won't attempt to get a ball by Marion. The defense he throws up against hitters is amazing. He isn't just good in spots. He's good all the time."

. . . or what Bill Tilden said about little Bill Johnston, his old tennis partner?

"I don't think I'll ever forget Bill. He weighed only 118 pounds, but he fought his soul out against us bigger fellows. Hell, Bill used to have fun out there while hating the guts of the guy he was playing. Including mine, too, I guess."

. . . or what Coach Steve Owen of the New York Pro Giants said about Harry Gilmer, Alabama's sensational 18-year-old halfback.

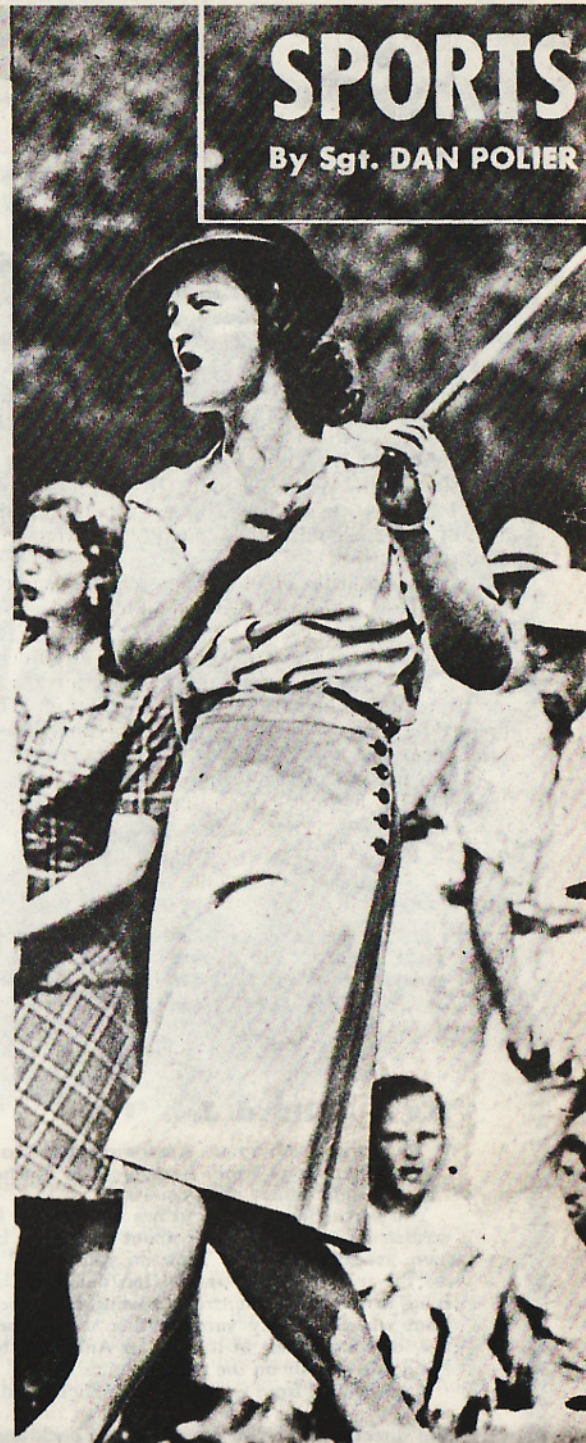
"I'll have to admit Gilmer is one of the greatest passers I've seen—probably the best. He is the only passer I've seen who could throw both long and short passes and throw them completely off balance. I'd hate to think what would happen if this kid was ever teamed with Don Hutson. You'd need a double-barrel shotgun to stop them."

. . . or what Casey Stengel said about Frenchy Bordagaray of the Dodgers?

"Every time I think of that Bordagaray I could tear out my hair. Several years ago we (the Dodgers) were playing the Giants and Frenchy was on second base. There was a lull in the game and Frenchy stood there on the base just tapping it with his left foot and

SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



... or what Mrs. Woolf said about her husband George, the famous jockey?

"There's no way to stop George from buying cowboy shirts and fancy western saddles. At heart, he is more cowboy than jockey. I think he dreams about Indians and cowboys whooping and hollering."

... or what Connie Mack said about George Kell, his own third baseman?

"You know, I think I'd be safe in saying that George is as good as any third baseman in the American League. And I'm not over-looking Keltner, Higgins or Tabor, either. George could very easily be compared with Jimmy Dykes in his first season for us. George is a better hitter and just as tough with men on bases. Of course, George hasn't the throw to first that Jimmy had—that Dykes arm was the best in baseball."

... or what Coach Fritz Crisler of Michigan said about Tommy Harmon?

"Harmon wasn't the best football player I ever coached. He was the best I ever had. I didn't have to coach him."

... or what Frank Turnesa of the Turnesa golfing clan said about Byron Nelson?

"Nelson's golf swing is something I wouldn't attempt to teach anyone. Even most professionals would be hitting the ball all

weighed only 118 pounds, but he fought his soul out against us bigger fellows. Hell, Bill used to have fun out there while hating the guts of the guy he was playing. Including mine, too, I guess."

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Babe Didrikson: She once shook hands with Ty Cobb.

ACCORDING to dispatches from the Belgian front **Max Schmeling** is broadcasting to American troops to quit fighting. . . . **Capt. Buddy Lewis**, one of the famed Cochran Air Commandos in Burma, has just christened a new C-47 the *Old Fox* in honor of his ex-boss, Clark Griffith. . . . Next sports troupe to go overseas will be an all-Negro unit featuring **Henry Armstrong**, former triple-titleholder; **Kenny Washington**, grid great from UCLA, and **Jesse Owens**, Olympic sprint king. . . . **Lt. Col. Wallace Wade**, the Duke coach now serving with the First Army as an artillery officer, has a son and son-in-law fighting with the Third Army. . . . After taking one glance at **Doc Blanchard** last September, a horror-stricken Notre Dame scout wired Coach Ed McKeever: "Have just seen Superman in the flesh; he wears number 35 on his Army jersey". . . . Michigan's football immortal, **Lt. Benny Friedman** is seeing plenty of action aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific.

. . . **Andre Lenglet**, French heavyweight who fought in the States between 1936 and 1938, has been found guilty of collaborating with the Nazis and sentenced to five years at hard labor.

. . . After 18 months at sea on a destroyer, **Lt. (jg) Ted Schroeder**, 1942 national tennis champion, is getting a stretch of shore duty at the Jacksonville (Fla.) Air Station.

Missing in action: **Lt. (jg) Young Bussey**, former LSU football captain and a star halfback with the Chicago Bears, in the Asiatic area. . . .

Wounded in action: **Pfc. Howie Krist**, 1943 Cardinal World Series pitcher, in France (leg wound). . . . *Promoted:* **Lt. Comdr. George Earnshaw**, one-time Athletics' pitcher, to full commander aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific.

. . . *Discharged:* **Freddy (Red) Cochrane CSp**, NBA welterweight champion, **Tom Earley CSp**, right-hander of the Boston Braves, and **Lt. Wayne Millner**, former Notre Dame end coach—all from the Navy with CDDs; **Pvt. Red Schoendienst**, brilliant rookie Cardinal infielder, from the Army with a CDD; **Lt. Col. Larry MacPhail**, ex-president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, from the Army by special order of WD. . . .

Inducted: **Buff Donnelly**, 38-year-old coach of the Cleveland pro Rams, into the Navy; **Buddy Young**, national sprint champion and Illinois All-American footballer, into the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Steve Van Buren**, all-pro halfback of the Philadelphia Eagles, because of impaired vision.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD



WARMING UP. OC George Munger, St. Louis Cardinal pitching ace, aims down the sight of an M1 at Fort Benning, where he's trying for an Infantry commission. In '44, Munger won 11, lost 3.



THESE NINTH U. S. ARMY ENGINEERS HAVE A RUGGED JOB BUILDING A BRIDGE OVER AN ICY STREAM IN GERMANY FOLLOWING THE REPULSE OF VON RUNDSTEDT.

Yanks in the ETO

It's a Helluva Job

WITH THE 17TH AIRBORNE DIVISION IN BELGIUM—From Bethomont to Morhet it's eight miles, cross-country.

You leave Bethomont and head across the frozen wastelands. All you know about the mines is that there are some around. How do you know? You see the twisted remnants of what once was a jeep lying in the snow. A tire is missing from the right front wheel. Thirty yards farther on you see the tire, or what is left of it, and an American helmet lying side by side on the frozen ground.

A lieutenant from Grand Rapids, Mich., is driving the jeep, while his driver peers through the darkness and directs him. You crouch in the back and just

from the 507th, is on his way back to the CP.

You begin to stamp your feet on the floor as the numbing cold pierces your overshoes, boots, and three pairs of socks.

The jeep plows ahead until we reach a road leading southeast from Houffalize and for the next two miles the going isn't too tough. Then you hit a town and turn off into the open fields again.

This time it's worse. The snowdrifts are mounting and the lieutenant is having a difficult time keeping the jeep from stalling. Once in a while we do get hung up but each time we manage to break out.

The driver, who hails from Coffeyville, Kan., offers to take over the wheel, but the loogie says he's doing a good job of directing.

At times it seems as if we're heading straight

and seconds later we hear the terrific roar of an outgoing 155 as it takes off for Jerryland.

We reach the edge of some more woods and veer off onto the snowy wastes again. A vicious wind lashes at us and swirls the hard snow into our faces. The driver is standing up, holding on to the windshield for support and shouting instructions to the lieutenant, who can't see for beans.

You freeze in the back and curse the Germans and their damn mines, which make it necessary for you to go cross-country over terrain such as this.

We come to still another patch of woods and this time we're in the lieutenant's stomping grounds—he's been over this country once before. He turns into a fire trail, which carries us deep into the woods, and you hope to hell his memory's good because if it isn't you'll probably wind up in Hamburg or Dusseldorf.

The driver mentions something about a shell-hole in the road and says to take it easy. The lieutenant insists it's farther down the trail. You wonder if they're kidding or actually remember this patch of woods, which seems no different from dozens of other patches of woods you've been through in the last few days.

We hit one bump and the driver says, "That's it." Farther along we hit another that almost deposits me on the ground and the lieutenant says, "I told you so."

The driver just laughs.

At the end of this trail we come to a long stretch of open field. All you can see for miles around is

snow and sky. No trees, no buildings, no roads, no nuthin'. You get a feeling that you've come to the end of the world.

The lieutenant says, "There ought to be a road at the end of this field."

You ask, "Where the hell is the end of this field?"

The driver laughs again.

Twenty minutes later, maybe a half hour, we come to a secondary road that takes us right to the CP.

You never in all your life thought a CP of any kind would look so good. But there's a warm fire and you make some hot cocoa out of a K-ration chocolate bar and the numbing cold leaves your feet.

Up to now you never knew what "liaison" meant. Now you know.

It means driving in all sorts of weather, through all sorts of country, with all sorts of obstacles—from nature's barriers to enemy mines—confronting you.

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A lieutenant from Grand Rapids, Mich., is driving the jeep, while his driver peers through the darkness and directs him. You crouch in the back and just freeze.

"Come to the right a bit," shouts the driver. He's trying to follow what looks like a trail but above all he wants to keep off the soft snow, which is probably mined.

Less than 12 hours before, the Germans retreated over this territory as they made for the Ourthe River. Now the 507th has set up its CP in Bethomont, on the south bank of the Ourthe. As darkness falls, the Grand Rapids loogie, who is the liaison officer

from the 507th, is on his way back to the CP.

You begin to stamp your feet on the floor as the numbing cold pierces your overshoes, boots, and three pairs of socks.

The jeep plows ahead until we reach a road leading southeast from Houffalize and for the next two miles the going isn't too tough. Then you hit a town and turn off into the open fields again.

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At times it seems as if we're heading straight into a mass of snow. Sometimes there's a trail; sometimes there isn't. When there isn't, we make one. All the time we're heading due south.

We come to a piece of woods, the fringe of which is surrounded by a visible trail which can pass for a road. We follow it for maybe 500 yards, driving by the bodies of some dead soldiers. It's dark, too dark for us to identify them as either Americans or Germans.

Off to the east, the sky lights up for a brief instant

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Up to now you never knew what "liaison" meant. Now you know.

It means driving in all sorts of weather, through all sorts of country, with all sorts of obstacles—from nature's barriers to enemy mines—confronting you. It means that if you run into enemy patrols you burn the secret documents you're carrying. It means falling asleep on the floor of an old barn at 10 in the evening and being awakened an hour later by a G-3 officer who hands you an attack order. He tells you that a division is out of contact with regiment and it's up to you to find the new CP, which is probably moving.

It's a helluva job.

—By Cpl. BOB KRELL

STRICTLY GI

Unit Citations

Citations in the name of the President have been awarded to the following organizations as evidence of deserved honor and distinction:

2d Battalion, 120th Infantry Regiment	101st Airborne Division, Headquarters and Headquarters Company
1st Platoon, Antitank Company, 120th Infantry Regiment	501st Parachute Infantry Regiment
2d Platoon, Antitank Company, 120th Infantry Regiment	502d Parachute Infantry Regiment
376th Bombardment Group	506th Parachute Infantry Regiment
450th Bombardment Group (H)	377th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion
2d Battalion, 18th Infantry Regiment	147th Engineer Combat Battalion
	149th Engineer Combat Battalion

Letters To Missing Soldiers

The War Department has warned the public to cease writing letters through the Red Cross to men

who are listed as missing in action. A soldier listed as missing may have escaped or he may not yet have been picked up. The WD pointed out that a letter written to such a soldier would only serve to inform the enemy that he is at large in their territory.

Western Front

American divisions announced as being on the Western Front totaled 35 as of Jan. 22, according to the YANK bureau in Paris. They are:

17th Airborne	3d Infantry	80th Infantry
82d Airborne	4th Infantry	83d Infantry
101st Airborne	5th Infantry	84th Infantry
2d Armored	28th Infantry	87th Infantry
3d Armored	29th Infantry	90th Infantry
4th Armored	30th Infantry	94th Infantry
5th Armored	35th Infantry	95th Infantry
6th Armored	36th Infantry	99th Infantry
7th Armored	44th Infantry	103d Infantry
14th Armored	45th Infantry	104th Infantry
1st Infantry	78th Infantry	106th Infantry
2d Infantry	79th Infantry	

Bomber Commands

Maj. Gen. Curtis E. LeMay has been named commanding general of the XXI Bomber Command to succeed Brig. Gen. Haywood S. Hansell, who is returning to the States for an undisclosed assignment. Brig. Gen. Roger M. Ramey, former chief of staff for the XXI Bomber Command, has been appointed CG of the XX Bomber Command to succeed Maj. Gen. LeMay there.

GI Shop Talk

A Negro port battalion broke all French port records when it unloaded 3,600 tons of Christmas mail and packages in five days. . . . Communication troops on the Western Front strung 3,300,000 miles of wire in the first five months after D-Day, and are still using 2,200 a day. . . . Overseas soldiers will get shell eggs instead of powdered eggs if experimental shipments of eggs as nonrefrigerated cargo turn out favorably. Test shipments to the Southwest Pacific were reported successful.

CAN YOU GIVE ME A SMOKE, SOLDIER?



S/SGT. BERTRAM T. BEAGLE, 52, OF MISSOULA, MONT., STITCHES SNOW CAMOUFLAGE ON A CAPTURED GERMAN SEWING MACHINE IN HURTGEN FOREST, GERMANY.

This cig shortage had me wondering and worrying so I sent GI-54, my home-front spy, on a mission to see what went. He snuck into the Ordnance Hq. in Washington and got talking with the Head Latrine Orderly there, a second lieutenant. GI-54 recorded the conversation on a 10-inch disc which will now play for your benefit.

GI-54: How come the butt shortage?

L.O.: The Army has taken over the cigarette-manufacturing plants and is converting them to turn out GI cigarettes.

GI-54: When will we get the cigarettes?

L.O.: Here's the dope from the Cigarette Manual (CM 24-200), which will be published next week. There will be a few different types of cigarette packages, namely:

1. Full Pack, consisting of 20 King-size cigarettes.
2. Light Pack, containing 20 regular-size butts.
3. Combat Pack, containing 10 regular-size cigarettes wrapped in a special paper. The soldier can chop up the paper, add water to the shreds, and the result will be a tasty beef stew.
4. Overseas Full Pack, containing 20 regular-size cigarettes in a King-size package. The surplus space is filled with powdered eggs separated from the weeds by some US tissue (white), which the soldier will do well to save. The pack is sealed with a wad of chewing gum.

GI-54: Excuse me for interrupting, sir, but just when will these butts be ready for consumption by us?

L.O.: We-e-e-ll, that's hard to say. By the way, field-stripped cigarettes will be provided to those soldiers who like to roll their own. Cigarettes rolled in this manner will be tested by squad corporals, who will throw them on the floor and stamp on them. If no tobacco falls out the rolls will have passed inspection.

GI-54: Sir, I'm running short of smokes and I was wondering when—?

L.O.: Wait a minute! I haven't told you about the safety devices—you know that if a cigarette is loaded you shouldn't smoke it. That's the best safety device. Then there's a chapter on pitching cigarettes.

GI-54: But lots of fellows don't have any cigarettes to pitch, sir.

L.O.: That's the whole idea. During a smoke break, one of your buddies may not have any cigarettes on his person, in which case

he may give the command, "Prepare to pitch cigarettes. Pitch!" When given the preparatory command the good-hearted soldier will remove a cigarette from its carrier and place it between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand. At the command "Pitch!" (which is the command of execution) the soldier will toss the weed to his buddy with a sharp flick of the wrist. When this movement has been completed he will cut his wrist away sharply. If you are given the command to pitch a cigarette and have only the one which you are smoking say, "As you were!" Then request the TS card of the man who gave the command, and with your lighted cigarette, burn a hole in it.

GI-54: My, but the Army thinks of everything! And how many cigarettes will we get on our rations, sir?

L.O.: Well, it's all worked out on a point system. The average soldier, though, will receive an undetermined number of cigarettes every undisclosed number of days. The Cigarette Manual (CM 24-200) will be issued to all soldiers. Also a Supplementary Manual, the Cigarette Butt Manual (CBM 115-37), will be issued to non-smokers and will be much smaller than CM 24-200 in an effort to save paper.

GI-54: That sounds wonderful, sir. And can you give me the approximate date when rationing will start?

L.O.: Well, there's a tremendous job ahead in converting the cigarettes to Army style. For instance, we have to change the color of the packet to khaki. Then there's—

GI-54: What would your guess be, sir?

L.O.: (mysteriously): Rationing will start on "C" Day. Get it? "C" for cigarettes.

GI-54 (impressed): Oh . . . Well, thanks a lot for the information, sir. If there's anything I can do for you?

L.O.: Can you give me a smoke, soldier? I ran out of mine two weeks ago.

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It is at this point, you see, that the needle on the 10-inch disc becomes stuck, but I, at any rate, have heard enough. The whole thing is as clear to me as a field manual and I have assured myself that the cig shortage has been solved, without any ifs, ands, or butts.

Any questions?

—Pvt. RAY BROOKS



The COUNT

THE Count, that ill-begotten ex-T/S, who has stolen no candy from babies since he arrived in the U.K. because babies in the U.K. don't



The COUNT

THE Count, that ill-begotten ex-T/5, who has stolen no candy from babies since he arrived in the U.K. because babies in the U.K. don't have candy in wartime, has been found guilty of conduct unbecoming a private and gentleman and has therefore been banned from further participation in the nightly crap games in his hut.

"A fine bunch of fair-weather friends I ain't got!" the Count exclaimed indignantly the other day when we dropped by his camp. "Since when ain't I good enough to roll dice with them any more? It is probably just because they figure I can ante up only the mere private's chickenfeed I'm making now instead of the T/5's dough I used to drag down."

The Count paused to ask us for a half-crown until pay-day, and we handed it over, mentally kissing it goodbye for all time. He glumly bounced it off the concrete floor of his hut a couple of times to make sure it rang true, and then returned to his grievance against his crapshooting colleagues.

"Maybe I did just once in a while fade a quid with a ten-bob note," he admitted plaintively. "So what? The light in this hut here is so bad that it's easy for a man with me bum eyes to make a mistake like that. Besides, what difference does it make? If the other guy wins, he's in ten bob, ain't he? And if he loses, it don't matter to him whether I had a ha'penny or five pounds on his lousy quid."

The Count got out a cigar, explained that he did not have enough to offer us one, lit up and continued: "Apparently the guys around here do not realize that it is not the money but the fun you get out of the game that matters. Anyway, the other night some kibitzer sees me pushing a ten-bob note in there along with all them quidses and right away he goes and squawks. You might think a bunch of corporals and sergeants would figure that they was well enough off to be able to wink at such a practice on the part of an underpaid private, but not them penny-pinching stinkers. In fact, I have reason to believe that it was only me fleet feet that saved me from bodily violence."

The pack is sealed with a wad of chewing gum.

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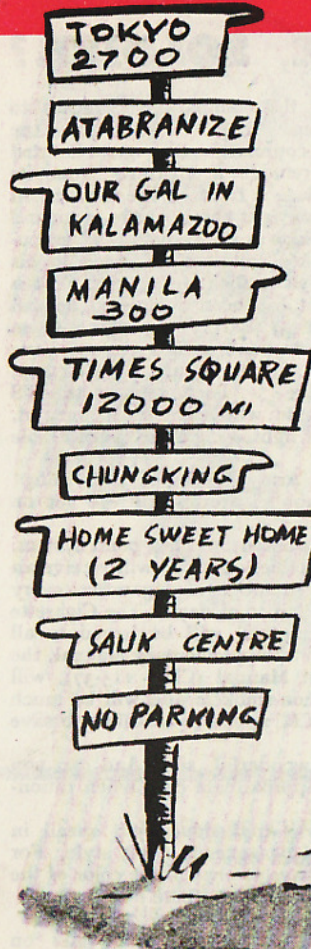
UNDER RAKING GERMAN MACHINEGUN FIRE, THIRD U. S. ARMY SOLDIERS IN LUXEMBOURG ARE PROTECTED BY TANK GUNNERS AS THEY RECOVER AN ABANDONED JEEP.

YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



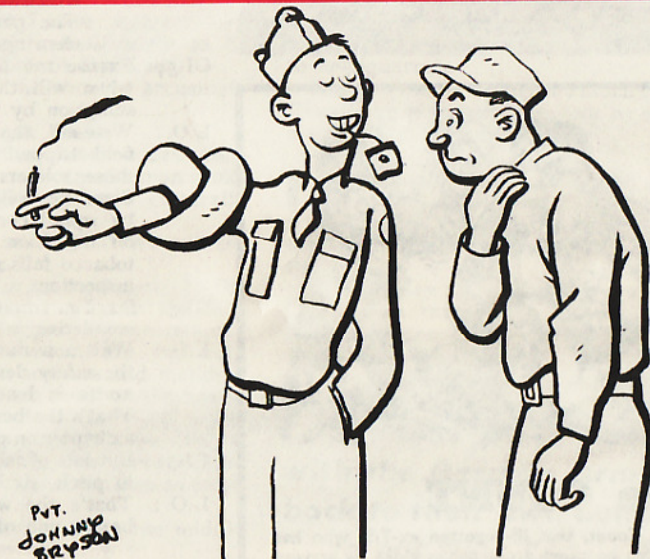
"I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D KNOW WHERE ANYTHING LIKE THE POST OFFICE WAS?"

-Cpl. Ozzie St. George



"NEVER FORGET, BOGOSTA, IT'S THE UNIFORM YOU'RE SALUTING."

-Cpl. Ernest Maxwell



Pvt. JOHNNY BRYSON

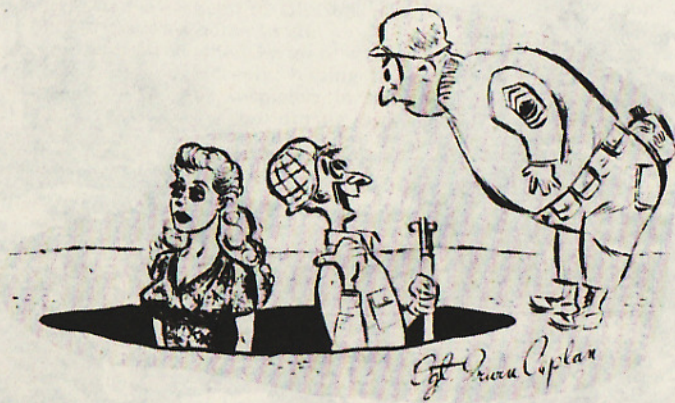
"ROLLED IT WITH ONE HAND."



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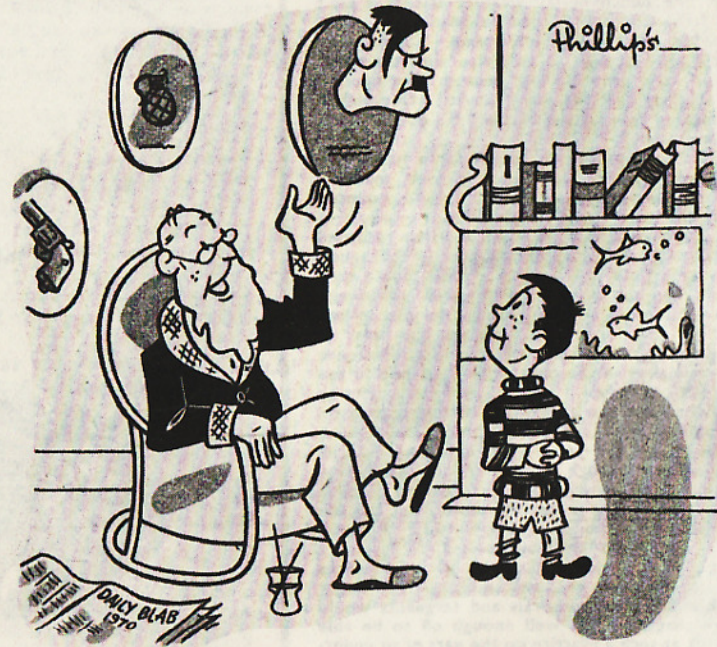


"IT'S OKAY, SARGE. SHE'S PART OF THE UNDERGROUND."
—Sgt. Irwin Coplan



"ROLLED IT WITH ONE HAND."

—Pvt. Johnny Bryson



"... AND THAT'S THE STORY, JUNIOR, OF HOW I MADE PFC."

—Sgt. F. Phillips