

# YANK

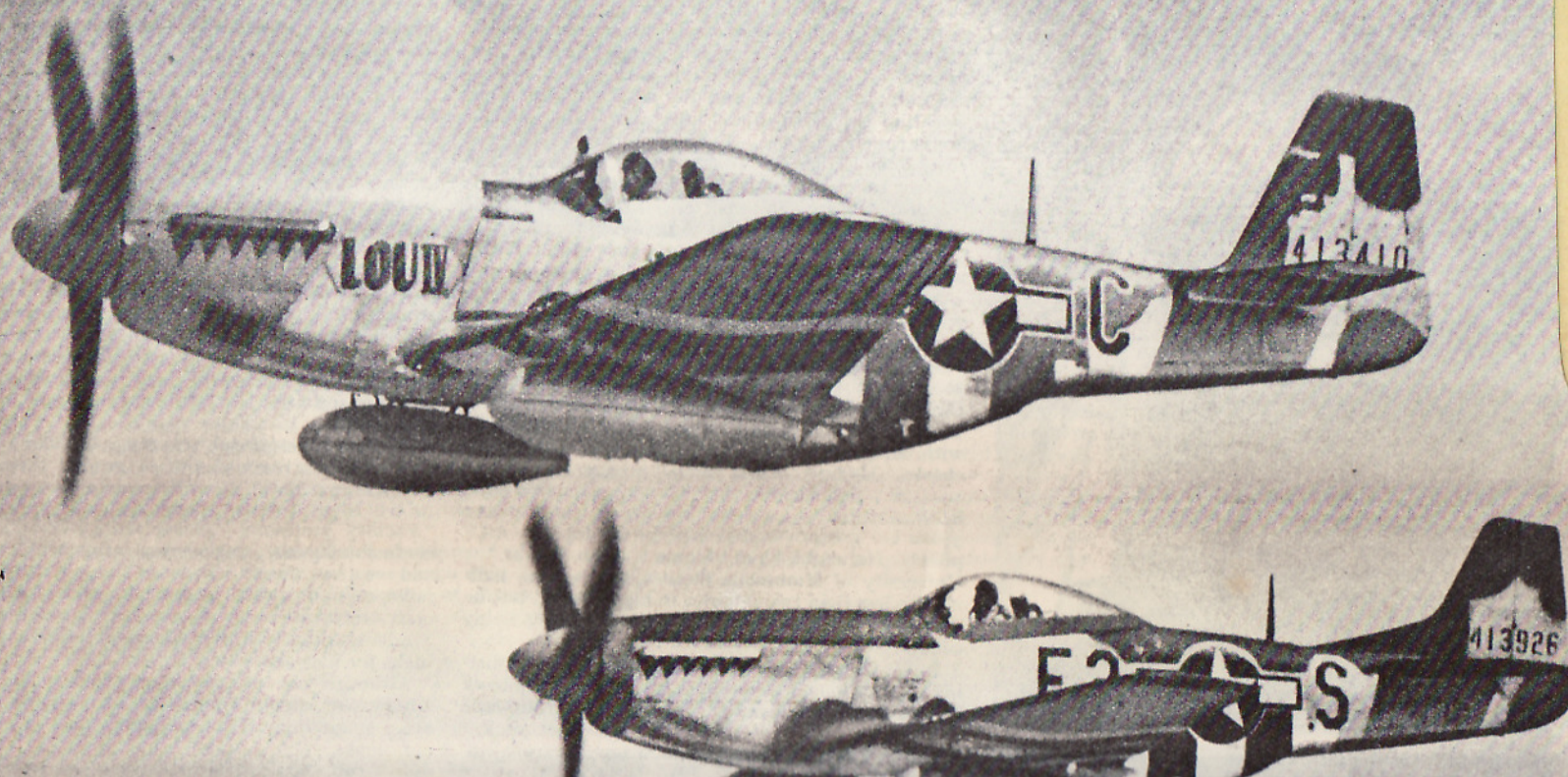
THE ARMY



WEEKLY

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







**MUSTANG  
MISSION**

**With an Assault Outfit in the Big Push East**  
—See Pages 6 and 7



## The 8th AAF's new system of training combat pilots mixes novices from the States with veterans from the skies over Germany.

By Sgt. ED ROSENTHAL

**E**IGHTH AIR FORCE HEADQUARTERS IN ENGLAND—"Clobber College" is an American institution of learning, but it is not included in the carefully pruned list of approved American universities. This omission has nothing to do, however, with such matters as subsidized athletes, low scholastic standards or fraternity bungling.

Instead of cloistered walks and Gothic buildings in the American university tradition, Clobber College's campus consists of Nissen-hutted farm-lands sprouting crude hangars, revetments, runways, perimeter tracks, P-51 Mustangs and P-47 Thunderbolts. Classrooms are located inside the huts and hangars, and in the English skies over the airdrome. Founded only last November, the institution has borrowed its name from a verb in the RAF's air



jargon. "Clobber" originally described the wholesale flattening of a target by bombs, but fighter pilots have come to use the word loosely to define the shooting-up of hostile aircraft and ground installations.

Entrants at Clobber College—referred to by officialdom as Operational Training Unit (O.T.U.)—are freshly arrived fighter pilots who have weathered a rigid "high-schooling" in the States. Until a few months ago, all such untried pilots arriving in England were shunted to one of two combat replacement centers where they underwent several weeks more training before being assigned to a fighter unit. Now they are sent directly to an operational group which trains them for battle in the surroundings of a station engaged in sending planes over enemy territory as strafers, fighter-bombers and escorts for the heavies. In this setting, new and exciting to the neophytes, an intensive course of ground and flying classes is offered. All such stations are a part of Clobber College.

College "deans" and "faculty" members include some of the Eighth's most expert fighter pilots—young veterans who helped to pioneer the way to Naziland, who prepared the Continent for the Normandy landings, and who have plenty of eagle and leaf hardware to prove it.

There is only a handful of these men left at each group, where they hold key jobs. Commanding officers usually rotate their "deans," taking one veteran off operations to guide a class of about 20 students. The dean and his assistants are often sweating out a trip home after completing enough hours for a rest leave. Each group sets up its own curriculum of clobber education but in general the courses are the same at all fighter units. Although the deans realize the importance of the instruction, most of them would prefer to be flying combat.

In the same month and year that Adolf Hitler attempted his *putsch* in a Munich beerhall and wound up in the clink, a son was born to a Minnesota school teacher named Harry N. Peterson, now superintendent of schools in Alexandria, Minn. Today that son, at 21, is Maj. Richard A. Peterson, who, as dean of the 357th Fighter Group's branch of Clobber College, is as busy an educator as his dad.

The Clobber College Peterson is a lanky six-footer with hedge-top hair, intent blue eyes and sallow cheeks. He flew his first combat mission on Feb. 11, 1944, as a first lieutenant and a wingman. To date, he has nailed 16½ enemy aircraft in the air and 3½ on the ground to rank among the top 8th AAF pilots. He might have become a track star at the University of Minnesota (he could shave the half-mile to less than two minutes in high school), but he dropped out after his second year to become a flying cadet.

In his first aerial encounter, Peterson was "squirt-ing all day long," as he puts it. Now he is known for his economy of bullets in destroying Luftwaffe interceptors and is referred to as a "hot rock," which is fighter-pilot jargon for trigger-sharp members of the trade.



when they are checked out in P-51s. The dean climbs the control tower and conducts his course by two-way radio which carries a constant stream of chatter from tower to plane and back, helping to steady the pupils' nerves and ease their mechanical difficulties.

After the students have developed confidence in their Mustangs, the dean promotes a sort of airborne Junior Prom, known to pilots as "rat racing." It's a follow-the-leader game, directly above the heads of thrilled spectators, with Peterson ("there goes that son-of-a-gun!") leading his charges over the local terrain in a wild, twisting, diving chase.

One of the 55th Group's deans is Capt. William H. Lewis, a 23-year-old combat veteran from Pasadena, Calif. Lewis might have learned a few instructor's tips from his dad, a World War I hero, who taught his son to fly. Young Lewis now holds seven air victories, equalling his father's mark, but the son is still trying to fatten his score. Recently, Lewis and some of his college's graduates staged a locomotive spree. In two consecutive days, 55th pilots blasted more than 170 locomotives, adding another severe snarl in Germany's knotted transportation system.

**A**PRACTICE ground-strafting range on the home field constitutes a special classroom at the 357th Fighter Group, made up of strafing specialists. Here the students follow their instructors in swooping down on the field at terrific speed just as if it were an enemy airdrome. By use of automatic gun cameras, the students take movies of their simulated gunnery patterns and later run off films to see how accurate they were.

Besides operational classes, Clobber College students are crammed full of ground instruction, which may make all the difference to those who want to tell their children about their war experiences. "Faculty professors" giving these instructions include intelligence, engineering, armament, medical and weather officers. Some of the key subjects are radio communication, geography, meteorology, aircraft recognition, gunnery and air-sea rescue. Students carry tech manuals to their Nissen huts at night for homework.

Although not mentioned in training directives, "hot-stove league" confabs are as important as any other single item of the college course. Under the old replacement-training-center system, students didn't rub shoulders with experienced pilots; their





FRESH FROM THE STATES, LT. JAMES E. TAYLOR, 21, OF FLORA, ILL., ARRIVES AT THE 357th FIGHTER GROUP'S CLOBBER COLLEGE FOR A MONTH'S COMBAT TRAINING.

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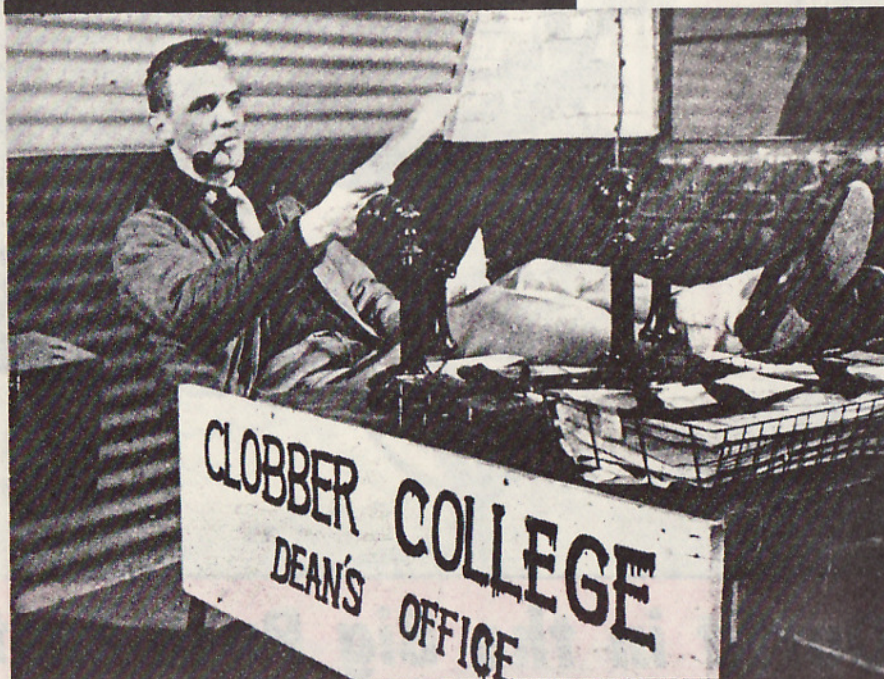
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One by one, Peterson takes the "bird dogs," or student pilots under his wing and shows them how to fly a Mustang. Having been previously trained mainly in P-40s, the youngsters naturally are nervous

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HERE'S THE "DEAN" OF THE 357th's SCHOOL—21-YEAR-OLD MAJOR RICHARD A. PETERSON OF ALEXANDRIA, MINN.—CHECKING OVER THE RECORDS OF NEWLY-ARRIVED STUDENTS. THE YOUNG MAJOR, WITH 20 KILLS TO HIS CREDIT, IS WELL QUALIFIED TO GUIDE THE FLEDGLING FLIERS.



THE STUDENT FIGHTER PILOTS GIVE CLOSE ATTENTION TO COMBAT FILMS TAKEN BY AUTOMATIC GUN CAMERAS IN THE WINGS OF MUSTANGS. MAJOR PETERSON (SECOND FROM LEFT) CAN SUPPLY FIRST-HAND INFORMATION ON THE DOGFIIGHT BEING UNREELLED.





# CLOBBER COLLEGE

under this sort of training and to begin to wonder if they would ever see action.

At Clobber College, on the other hand, the fresh arrival gets a feeling of "belonging." He lives and eats with combat pilots, and a mutual feeling of respect is developed that is essential to successful combat. At the Officers' Club, after a mission, the newcomer feels himself one of the group as pilots describe their aerial bouts over Berlin, Merseburg or Dresden, and soon the students are asking: "How many planes did *we* destroy today?" or "What is *our* group score?"

Plumping for the new college, Maj. Louis (Red Dog) Norley, a 4th Group squadron commander from Conrad, Mont., says: "I know from personal experience that almost everything I have learned has been in the hot-stove league." Norley has sopped up quite a bit of the stove's heat during a career in which he has conked 10 Jerries in the air and one on the ground, and his students have plenty of respect for him. They have heard tales of how, when pilots call in 109 or 190 specks in enemy skies, Norley squirms in his cockpit, screeching, "Where are they, where are they? Shoot the bastards, shoot 'em!" Aggressiveness of that sort is contagious in Clobber College.

Deans of Clobber College and their staffs have good reason to be concerned with the quality of American flyers stepping off gangplanks onto English soil for

Although the new flyers these days are two years younger on the average than their predecessors, most members of the Clobber College faculty believe that they are potentially just as good, even though they lack the team training which those in the earlier groups received. Clobber College is trying to make up for that lack by developing an understanding of combat teamwork, which, of course, is necessary for cooperative flying. Eagerness to earn a spot on the first team helps the youngsters absorb this information.

Lt. Col. Donald D. Renwick, a former 56th Group pilot from Marion, Ohio, now sits behind a desk at 8th AAF headquarters as director of fighter training. He is responsible for administering Clobber College, which in three months has graduated hundreds of fighter pilots. A flyer-executive at 25, he is especially happy about the aggressive spirit which the college develops. Concerning this spirit, a training directive circulated through the 8th says: "A belligerent spirit and the desire to kill must be imbued in all replacement pilots. Lack of the aggressive spirit and desire to destroy the enemy will result in hesitancy and indecision which are fatal in combat."

The directive says that training programs in the States emphasize safety precautions at the expense of acrobatics and goes on to claim that acrobatics are "essential in improving the replacement

this theater . . . A pilot who can execute all forms of acrobatics with precision and control will fly better formation, make better landings, and in general be a better pilot because he fully learns his airplane through acrobatics."

Col. Renwick, himself a former commander of the old-type training center, lists several advantages of the new system. The colleges, he points out, are so completely up-to-date on combat methods that a tactic tried by the Luftwaffe is reported in mess halls, clubs and Nissen huts the same night and students are able to analyze it in the next day's classes.

Last spring, when whole groups were still arriving intact from the States and in a short time were up to their flight caps in pre-D-Day operations, it was more feasible to use replacement training centers. Now, however, there is more time for training replacements and for ironing out kinks in the old system. Although the ivy has not yet started to climb up the walls of Clobber College, the success of the institution is already widely acknowledged. Col. Philip E. Tukey, Jr., of Cape Elizabeth, Me., one of the old Zemke boys who opened operations early in 1943, doubted at first whether the new plan would pan out. Now 356th Group commander, Tukey has changed his mind. "I've got to admit I was a little pessimistic about this new O.T.U. system," he says, shoving his battered mission cap over his eyes and tossing a leg over the arm of his chair. "It looked as if it would overtax our personnel and interfere with operations. But the plan has worked out fairly well. The boys undoubtedly benefit in morale and by general flying information picked up from living with our veteran pilots."

Maj. Robert W. Foy, a 357th veteran from Van Nuys, Calif., who has bailed out twice in the North Sea, offers a nutshell analysis of the new system. "Sending instructor and student into combat, side by side, is just another form of GI insurance," he says.

The battle-tested boys often get quite a kick out of watching the "Clobber kids" try to adopt mannerisms of experienced pilots—walking, talking and wearing their clothes like many of the vets. A "bird dog's" first drink with a veteran at the officers' bar is an occasion.

Faculty members often run into trouble and it's not always because of the questions asked, either. One day, for instance, 1st Lt. Robert S. Fifield, a veteran of Hastings, Mich., was returning from combat and ran into trouble with the control tower at his home field. Unable to understand directions for landing, Fifield was so embarrassed at his own fumbling that he finally gave the tower the call letters assigned to Clobber College. "I figured the tower couldn't believe it was one of the old heads," he explained later.

Horseplay and horse trading are mixed up on the Clobber campus. Squadron commanders and their flight leaders are forever on the prowl for "hot rocks." Although students are assigned to a specific



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Deans of Clobber College and their staffs have good reason to be concerned with the quality of American flyers stepping off gangplanks onto English soil for the first time. The ability and development of a student through the training program are closely watched by the instructors, who realize this man may be their future combat comrade on whom their lives may depend.

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The directive says that training programs in the States emphasize safety precautions at the expense of acrobatics and goes on to claim that acrobatics are "essential in improving the replacement pilot's technique and in building up his confidence in the operation of his aircraft. The tendency of the replacement pilot is to refrain from acrobatics due to inexperience and severe restrictions enforced throughout his initial training prior to his arrival in

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Horseplay and horse trading are mixed up on the Clobber campus. Squadron commanders and their flight leaders are forever on the prowl for "hot rocks." Although students are assigned to a specific squadron upon arrival at a station, they are not earmarked for a particular flight until they have finished their training. Rivalry exists between flights, just as it does all the way up through squadron, group, and air force, and each flight leader hopes to head



YEP, THAT THING IS A MALE CORSET. MAJOR PETERSON FITS LT. TAYLOR IN A "G-SUIT," WORN TO PREVENT BLACKING-OUT DURING STEEP DIVES AND TURNS.

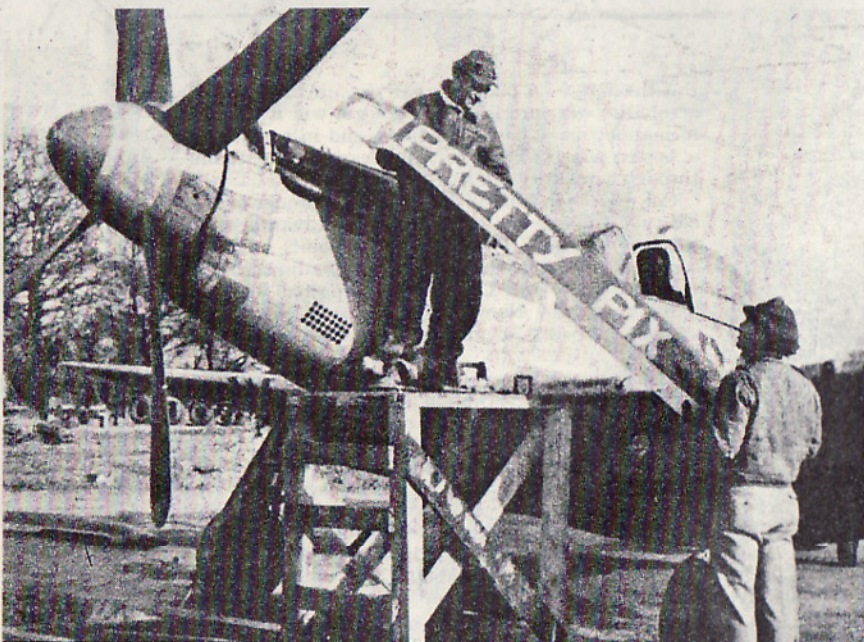


CLOBBER COLLEGE "DEAN" PERCHES ON THE WING OF A MUSTANG FOR A BULL SESSION WITH HIS STUDENTS PRIOR TO A CLASS IN "RAT-RACING."



COMBAT VETERANS AND STUDENT PILOTS GET TOGETHER IN "HOT-STOVE LEAGUE" DISCUSSIONS WHICH AREN'T MENTIONED IN THE TRAINING DIRECTIVES BUT HELP A LOT TO KEEP THE FLIERS WELL INFORMED ON LATEST LUFTWAFFE TACTICS.





IT'S A BIG MOMENT FOR THE CLOBBER STUDENT WHEN HE NAMES HIS OWN PLANE. LT. TAYLOR (RIGHT) HELPS CREW CHIEF S/SGT. THOMAS DI FALCO OF CAMDEN, N.J., HOIST THE COWLING IN PLACE BEARING A DESCRIPTION OF TAYLOR'S GIRL FRIEND.



STUDENT TAYLOR GETS AN INFORMAL LECTURE FROM MAJOR PETERSON WITH THE AID OF FIGHTER MODELS. THE VETERANS CAN TELL NEW MEN A LOT ABOUT THINGS LIKE LANDMARKS, FLAK AREAS, LANDING STRIPS AND GENERAL WEATHER CONDITIONS IN THE ETO.

the highest-scoring foursome. If he is seen cornering the dean in a confidential conversation at the bar, the odds are that the flight leader is getting the poop on the latest crop of students.

Graduation day is not commemorated by valedictory speeches, ivy orations and mortar-board solemnity. In the cold morning air, the new pilot slips his body into a narrow cockpit, controls his pulse beat, and takes off with his leader—an experienced pilot. His diploma is not considered won until a few bomb figures, indicating missions, are painted on the fuselage.

Several "Clobber" graduates have demonstrated the value of this sort of college education. First Lt. James E. Taylor of Flora, Ill., a 21-year-old graduate, saved a veteran pilot's life by shooting an Me-109 off the old timer's tail on Taylor's seventh mission. The veteran had been one of Taylor's instructors. "One thing stuck in my mind when we saw the formation of enemy planes," says Taylor of this occasion. "I was taught in Clobber College that a wing man should never lose sight of his leader. I kept my eyes glued on the leader and that's how I saw this 109 try to stooge in on his tail. There's one lesson that paid off."

No matter how many pamphlets, directives and circulars on combat flying are published, there are certain lessons which can only be taught through bull sessions. Dope on such matters as landmarks and weather tips applicable to the landing strips of a man's field are picked up by each student from the vets. In addition, Capt. Alvin C. Murphy, a

landmarks, both in friendly and enemy territory.

Seventh, knowledge of emergency procedures is vital. "A pilot is likely to turn panicky if he doesn't know what to do when he is in trouble. Once he loses his nerve, he's through."

Eighth, new pilots are likely to grow trigger-happy on their first encounters. "I know," says Peterson. "I did it myself. It wastes ammunition and you may be caught short when you need the bullets most."

Ninth, pilots should be aware of their location so that they can navigate themselves to safe territory in case of a mixup. "Don't depend on someone else to do your navigation for you."

Tenth, paying attention to briefing may save a pilot's life. "You never know what is going to come up. A scrap of information mentioned at briefing may pull a flyer out of a desperate situation. This applies especially to weather conditions, flak areas, and emergency landing strips."

A combat tip picked up in a hot-stove session once saved a pilot's life, in a case recalled by Maj. Fred W. Glover, former professional baseball player from Asheville, N.C., who has knocked out 11 air victories and eight ground kills. Glover, a 4th Group

squadron commander, heard Capt. John T. Godfrey, top-scoring pilot from Woonsocket, R.I., say that flak had hit his coolant and that he was preparing to bail out.

"Someone once told me that by pumping the primer you could keep the engine cool," Glover recalls. "I told Godfrey about it and he pumped his way home."

Only a sprinkling of pioneers has remained behind to pass on the heroic traditions to newcomers. The others have been killed, wounded, captured or transferred to other theaters. To the Clobber College graduates has fallen the job of finishing off the enemy, a job which means driving the final blow home to the Luftwaffe, helping the Forts and Libs to smash what's left of Germany's war industry, and clearing a path for the onward push of the Allied ground troops. It has been a long, hard job, and the 8th AAF has contributed one of the most dramatic and important chapters to the story, a chapter filled with such names as Blakeslee, Zemke, Gabreski, Godfrey, Gentile, Schilling, Johnson, Mahurin and Meyer. The present lot of Clobber College kids are writing the closing pages of that chapter.



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**M**AJ. PETERSON, the follow-the-leader dean, offers his students a few pointers, which he describes as "things not completely covered in manuals."

First, he says, an intelligent pilot never forgets that two are better than one. Each man protects the other.

Second, altitude over the enemy is "damned important." Even though Peterson has climbed to destroy planes, he believes that half the battle is won if the pilot sandwiches the German plane between himself and the ground.

Third, it is a mistake to fly too much formation in a dogfight. "A guy only learns this by experience, getting the feel of things in the middle of exploding planes and shells," says Peterson, adding that too many flyers pay more attention to their position in the formation than they do to enemy aircraft bearing in on them.

Fourth, wise pilots take the top man in a Nazi formation. "Don't be fooled by the sucker-bait below," says the dean. "Remember to work down, not up."

Fifth, it is fatal to reverse a turn. "Once you have committed yourself, keep turning," the dean goes on. "I found that one out by having a German reverse his turn when I was on his tail. He staged his own funeral."

Sixth, it is important to pick out and remember

happy on their last encounters. "I know," says Peterson. "I did it myself. It wastes ammunition and you may be caught short when you need the bullets most."

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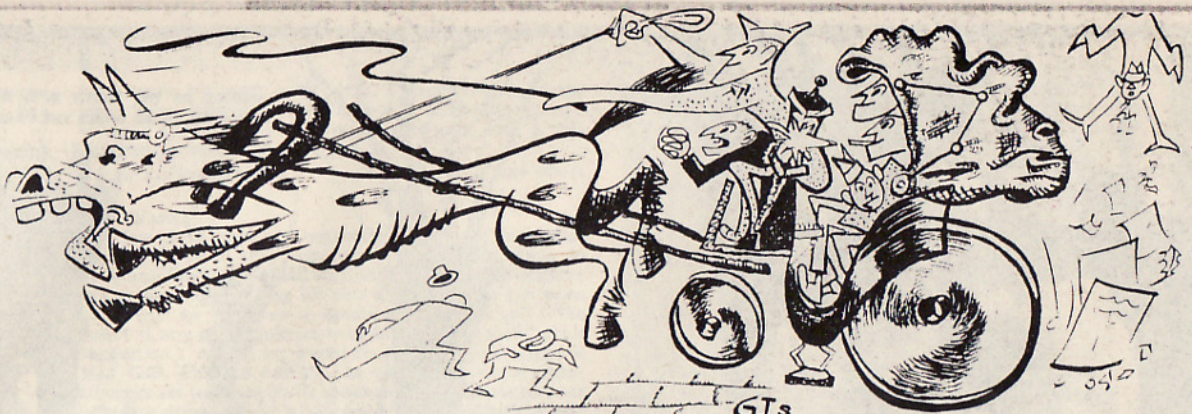


LT. TAYLOR GRADUATES FROM CLOBBER COLLEGE BY TAKING OFF ON HIS FIRST COMBAT MISSION AFTER SOME LAST-MINUTE ADVICE FROM MAJOR PETERSON. THE LOOIE PROVED THAT HE WAS A PRETTY ATTENTIVE PUPIL WHEN HE SAVED A VETERAN PILOT'S LIFE BY SHOOTING AN ME-109 OFF THE OLD-TIMER'S TAIL ON TAYLOR'S SEVENTH MISSION.





VODKA  
AND  
TURKISH  
COFFEE



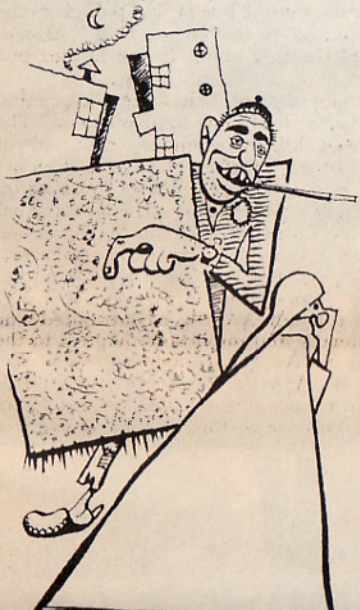
GI'S  
BREAK IN A  
DROSHKY



GRACEFUL  
BELLY DANCER

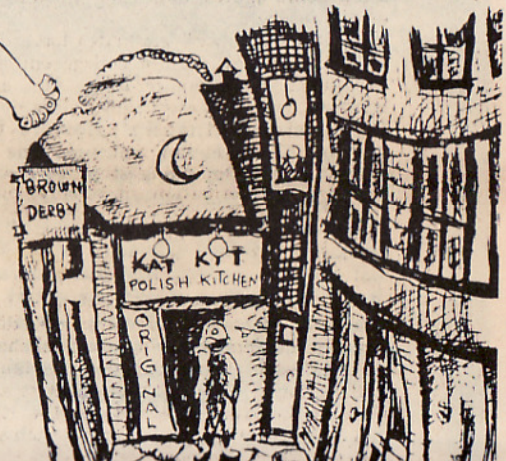


BABE

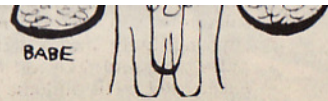
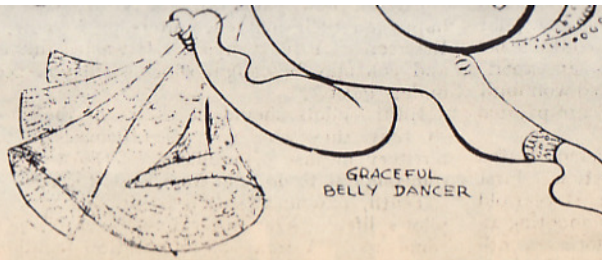
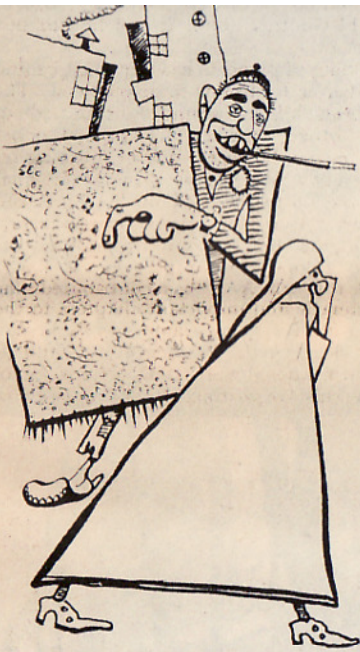


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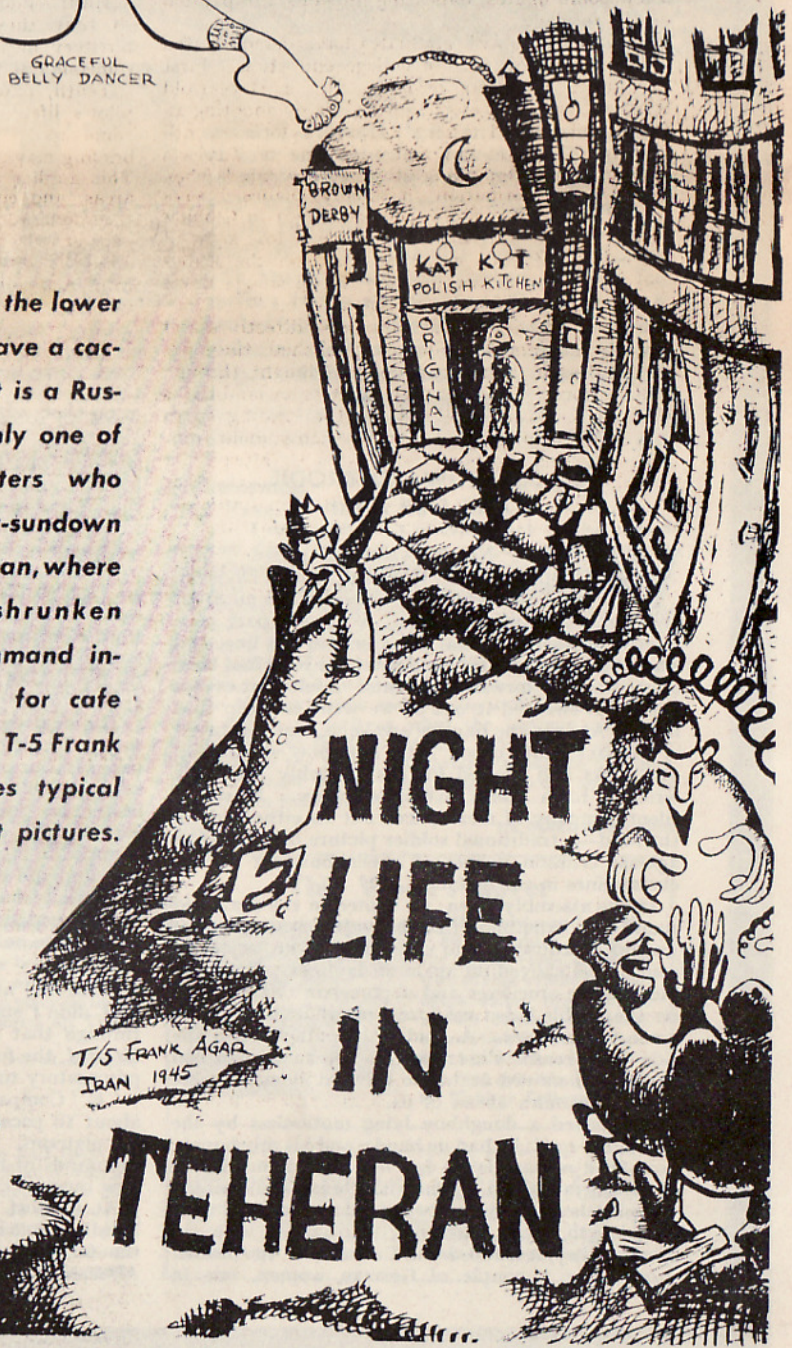
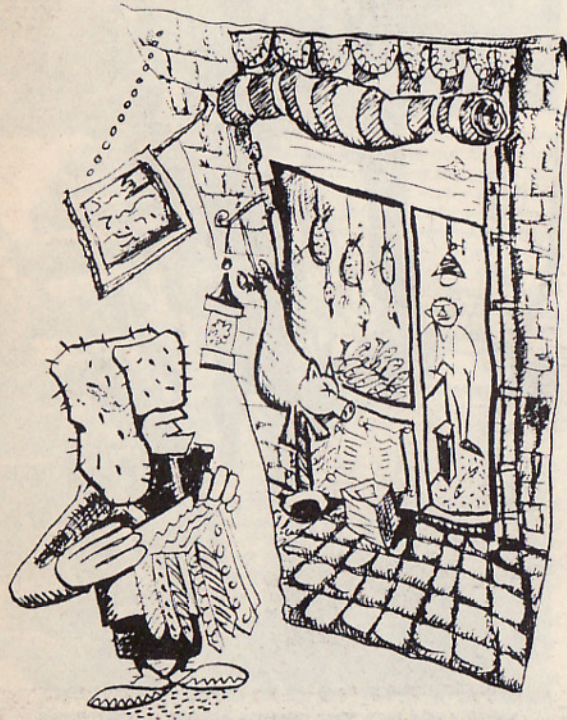
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**T**HE little guy at the lower left does not have a cactus on his head, it is a Russian hat. He is only one of the local characters who people the after-sundown scene in Teheran, Iran, where GIs of the now-shrunken Persian Gulf Command indulge their taste for cafe society. PGC artist T-5 Frank Agar here catches typical street and cabaret pictures.







MEDICS OF THE NINTH U. S. ARMY CARRY THE BODY OF AN AMERICAN COMBAT ENGINEER KILLED WHILE THE YANKS WERE CROSSING THE FIERCELY DEFENDED ROER RIVER.

For many months, Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK Staff Artist, covered the war in the Pacific and he was in the thick of things at Guadalcanal. Now on the Western Front in Europe, he went along with the 102nd Division when it took off on the recent big push across the Roer River. Essentially an artist rather than a reporter, Brodie nevertheless wrote and cabled back this starkly simple and graphic account of the outfit he accompanied.

# It's Rough

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By Sgt. HOWARD BRODIE  
YANK Staff Artist

**W**ITH THE NINTH ARMY—I joined "K" Company, 406th Regiment, 102nd Division, the night before the shove-off, as an artist and not as an infantryman. We were part of a reserve regiment, several miles behind the line, and wouldn't be committed until after the Roer had been crossed by the forward elements. I felt that everyone of us sweated it out as we went to sleep that night. At 0245 the barrage awoke us, but we stayed in our sacks until 0400. After hot chow we saddled our packs and headed for the assembly area in a wrecked town about five miles away. It was a silent company of men spaced out on either side of the road—a traditional soldier picture of silhouettes against crimson flashes of shells bursting on the enemy-lines in the distance.

In the assembly town, we waited in the shattered rooms of a crumbling building. It wasn't pleasant waiting, because a dead cow stank in an adjoining room. We shoved off again at daylight. I remember passing crucifixes and a porcelain chamber-pot on the rubble-laden road and pussy willows as we came to the river. A pool of blood splotched the side of the road. We crossed the Roer on a pontoon bridge and moved on. The forward elements were still a few miles ahead of us.

We passed a doughboy lying motionless by the side of the road; he had no hands, and his misshapen, ooze-filled mittens lay a few feet from him. Knots of prisoners walked by us with their hands behind their heads. One group contained medics. In their knee-length, white garments, emblazoned with red crosses, they resembled the Crusaders. In another group were a couple of German women, one in

# It's Rough

uniform. Mines like cabbages lay on either side of the road.

We entered the town of Titz and set up a CP in a cellar. Two platoons went forward a few hundred yards to some high ground overlooking the town and dug in. We were holding the right flank of the offensive finger. Several enemy shells burst in the town. Some tracers shot across the road between the CP and the dug-in platoons. The tracers seemed to be below knee level. Night fell.

The CP picked up these reports: "The Jerries are counterattacking a couple of miles up the road with 40 Tiger tanks—the Jerries are attacking with four medium tanks." Stragglers reported in from forward companies. One stark-faced squad leader had lost most of his squad. Wounded were outside, right to the left of our platoon holes. It was raining. I went to sleep.

The next day I went to our forward platoons. I saw a dough bailing his hole out with his canteen cup, saw our planes dive-bomb Jerry in the distance, saw our time-fire burst on Jerry. I saw a platoon leader, Lt. Joe Lane of Mineral Ridge, Ohio, playing football with a cabbage. I saw a dead GI slumped in his last living position in a hole that was too deep and too narrow to allow his body to settle; a partially-smoked cigarette lay inches from his mouth, and a dollar-sized circle of blood on the earth offered the only evidence of violent death.

**N**IGHT fell and I stayed in the platoon CP hole. I didn't stay long, though, because word came through that we would move up to the town of Hottorf, the forward position of the offensive finger, preparatory to jumping off at 2110.

"K" Company lined up in the starlit night, with about 10 paces between each man and 50 between its platoons. The sky overhead was pierced by thousands of tracers, and AA burst as Jerry planes flew over. It was a silent company.

At Hottorf we separated into various crumbling buildings to await H-Hour. We had five objectives, the farthest about two-and-a-quarter miles away. All were single houses except two, which were towns



NINTH ARMY MEN TOTE SUPPLIES ACROSS A FOOTBRIDGE SPANNING THE ROER RIVER AT THE START OF THE LARGE-SCALE AMERICAN DRIVE TO THE RHINE.



consisting of two or three houses each. We were an assault company of the 3rd Battalion.

H-Hour was approaching. A shell burst outside the window, stinging a couple of men and ringing our ears. We huddled on the floor.

It was time to move now. The 1st Platoon went out on the street, followed by the MGs and the 3rd Platoon and the rest of us. We passed through doughs in houses on either side of the street. They wisecracked and cheered us on. We came to the edge of the town and onto a broad rolling field. The 3rd and 1st Platoons fanned out in front of us. Headquarters Group stayed in the center.

I followed in the footsteps of Pfc. Joe Esz, platoon runner, of Cincinnati, Ohio. He had an aluminum light-case upon which I could easily focus the corner of my eye to keep my position and still be free to observe. Also, I felt that if I followed in his footsteps I wouldn't have to look down at the ground for mines. He turned to me and commented on how beautifully the company was moving, properly fanned out and well spaced. Several hundred yards away I noticed some Jerries running out of a gun position and waving a white flag. A black puff of smoke a few hundred yards to my right caught my attention, then another that was closer. I saw men fall on the right flank. The black puffs crept in. There were whistles and cracks in the air and a barrage of 88s burst around us, spaced like the black squares of checkerboard among the reds. I heard the zing of shrapnel as I hugged the earth. We slithered into the enemy 88 position from which I had seen the prisoners run.

We moved on. Some prisoners and a couple of old women ran out into the field from a house—objective 1. There was a zoom and crack of 88s again. A rabbit raced wildly away to the left. We went down. I saw a burst land on some running Jerries. One old woman went down on her knees in death as if she were picking flowers.

A dud landed three feet in front of T/Sgt. James

beets. Another GI quietly said he could take no more. A couple of doughs started frying eggs in the kitchen. I went into the tool shed to the dying dough. "He's cold, he's dead," said Sgt. Charles G. Turpen, a light MG squad leader of Bothany, Miss. I took off my glove and felt his head, but my hand was so cold he felt warm. A medic came and said he was dead.

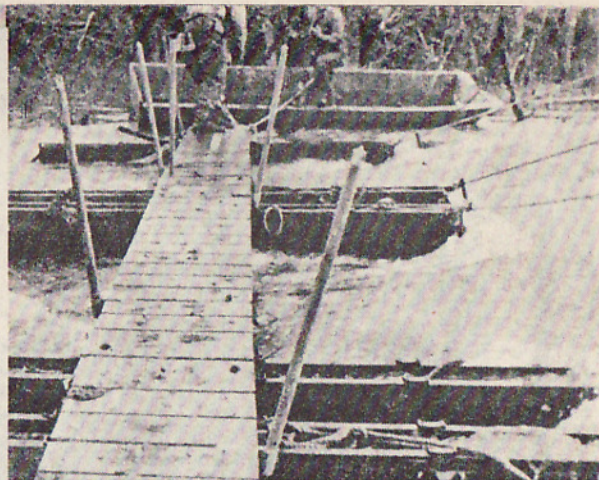
Lt. Bob Clark organized his company and set up a defense. F.O. Philip Dick climbed the rafter of the hay loft to report our artillery bursts. The wounded dough in the cowshed sobbed for more morphine. Four of us helped to carry him to bed in one of the rooms. He was belly down and pleaded for someone to hold him by the scrotum as we carried him. "I can't stand it," he groaned. "Press them up. It will give me support." A pool of blood lay under him.

I went back to the cowshed. A shell hit, shaking the roof. I ducked down and found I was seeking shelter with two calves. I crossed the courtyard to the grain shed, where about 60 doughs were huddled.

**T**ANK fire came in now. I looked up and saw MG tracers rip through the brick walls. A tank shell hit the wall and roof. A brick landed on the head of the boy next to me. We couldn't see for the cloud of choking dust. Two doughs had their arms around each other, one was sobbing. More MG tracers and another shell ripped through the wall. I squeezed between several bags of grain. The doughs completely disappeared in the hay pile.

We got out of there and our tanks joined us. I followed a tank, sticking in its treads. The next two objectives were taken by the platoons on my right, and I don't remember whether any 88s came in for the next quarter of a mile or not. One dough was too exhausted to make it.

We were moving up to our final objective now—a very large building, also enclosing a courtyard, in a small town. Jerry planes were overhead, but



ABOVE, GI ENGINEERS COMPLETE ONE OF THE SPANS THROWN ACROSS THE ROER DESPITE STRONG GERMAN RESISTANCE. BELOW, A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE KIND OF FIGHTING THAT IS ROUTINE STUFF TO THE ADVANCING GIs.



# Beyond The Roer

H. McCauley, platoon sergeant, of Freedom, Pa., spraying him with dirt. Another dud ricocheted over Pfc. Wes Maulden, 300 radio operator, of Seattle, Wash. I looked to the right flank and saw a man floating in the air amidst the black smoke of an exploding mine. He just disappeared in front of a squad leader—S/Sgt. Elwin Miller, of Oakland, Calif. A piece of flesh slobbered by the face of Sgt.

for some reason didn't strafe. Our tanks spewed the town with fire and led the way. Black bursts from Jerry time-fire exploded over our heads this time. We passed Jerry trenches and a barbed-wire barrier. Platoon leader Joe Lane raced to a trench. A Jerry pulled a cord, setting off the circle of mines around Lane, but he was only sprayed with mud. S/Sgt. Eugene Flanagan of New York City, shot





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**O**BJECTIVE 2 loomed ahead—a large building enclosing a courtyard. A cowshed, stables, a tool shed, a hay loft, and living quarters opened on an inner court. I saw an 88 explode over the arched entrance.

We filtered into the courtyard and into the surrounding rooms. The executive officer started to reorganize the company. The platoons came in. 1st Sgt. Dick Warlow of Joplin, Mo., tried to get up a casualty list. Many hadn't made it. A plan of defense for the building was decided upon. A large work-horse broke out of his stable and lumbered lazily around the courtyard. T/4 Melvin Fredell, FO radio operator of New York, lay in the courtyard relaying artillery orders. An 88 crashed into the roof. The cows in their shed pulled on their ropes. One kicked a sheep that was walking around in a state of confusion.

A dying GI lay in the tool room; his face was leathery yellow. A wounded GI lay with him. Another wounded dough lay on his belly in the cowshed, amidst the stench of dung and decaying

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Jerries streamed out of the large house. Women came out, too. Mortars and 88s came in. I watched Pfc. Bob de Valk, bazookaman, of Chicago, and Pfc. Ted Sanchez, assistant bazookaman, of Tajique, N.M., bring up prisoners from the basements, with Pfc. Ernie Gonzalez, rifleman, of Alamo, Col., helping. An 88 crashed into the roof and a platoon leader's face dripped blood, but it was a surface wound. The Jerries pulled out their wounded on an old bed spring and chair. We made the CP in the cellar, and the wounded were brought down there. Stray Jerries were rounded up and brought to the rear. Jittery doughs relaxed for a moment on beds in the basement. Pfc. Frank Pasek of Plymouth, Pa., forgot he had a round in his BAR and frayed our nerves by letting one go into the ceiling. A pretty Jerry girl with no shoes came through the basement. The doughs were settling down now. The CO started to prepare a defense for counterattack. Platoons went out to dig in. "L" and "M" companies came up to sustain part of our gains.

Most of us were too tired to do much. The Battalion CO sent word he was relieving us. All of us sweated out going back over the field, although this time we would go back the sheltered way. We were relieved and uneventfully returned to a small town. The doughs went out into the rain on the outskirts and dug in. A few 88s came into the town and there was some time-fire near the holes. Early next morning, "K" Company returned to its former position in the big house with the courtyard. Just when I left Jerry started counterattacking with four tanks and a company of men.



ABOVE, NINTH ARMY MORTAR MEN DODGE GERMAN FIRE IN JULICH TWO DAYS AFTER BRIDGING THE ROER. BELOW, GIs ENTRENCHED ALONG THE RIVER WATCH WHILE OUR ARTILLERY PAVES THE WAY FOR THE DRIVE.







PVT. ED DIAMOND, 19, OF CHICAGO, GRINS AS HE SMEARS LAMP BLACK OVER HIS BEARDLESS FACE BEFORE GOING ON ONE OF LT. ROY ("BUCK") ROGERS' NIGHT PATROLS—DARING RECON TRIPS INTO GERMAN TERRITORY. IT'S A FAR CRY FROM DIAMOND'S ASTP CAREER AT PURDUE UNIVERSITY, BUT HE VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS JOB AND HE LIKES IT.



# JUST THE

**As a prelude to our crossing the Roer in force, this outfit of kids crawled up the east bank many times to bring back prisoners and information.**

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN

**W**ITH THE NINTH ARMY—The war was sleeping on both sides of the Roer River, just as it had been sleeping almost every night for weeks and weeks. There were no war sounds, no sounds at all anywhere except the loud, rushing noise of the river itself.

Then suddenly out of the thick mist came shadows, 35 skinny shadows and 10 fat ones. The skinny ones spread out soundlessly along the river bank, flattened themselves on the ground, and got their rifles and BARs into position. The fat shadows—face-blackened soldiers wearing Mae Wests—slid into a waiting assault boat and pushed off.

Lt. Roy ("Buck") Rogers looked at his watch. It was 1900 hours. So far, so good.

But suddenly the current grabbed the boat, swept it against some debris and tipped it on its side.

Just as suddenly the air was filled with flares, slicing open the fog. Kraut machineguns started splattering all around the boat and mortars started plopping in close. The 10 soldiers were no longer fat shadows; they were desperate, fast-moving men sitting in a spotlight, shifting positions, trying to get away from the debris, trying to keep the boat afloat.



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LT. ROGERS, OF ISLAND PARK, MINN. (HOLDING MAP), BRIEFS A RAIDING SQUAD. AROUND HIM ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT) PFC. BILL DRISKO, OF BANGOR, ME.; PVT. ED DIAMOND, OF CHICAGO; SGT. CHRIS LORENZ, OF CHICAGO; S/SGT. RUFUS WILKES, OF COLLINS, GA.; PFC. PAUL McGRAIL, OF BRONXVILLE, N.Y.; AND PFC. JACK LATTER, OF CHICAGO.

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And on the bank, still stretched out silently, were the 35 skinny shadows.

Finally Rogers grabbed his walkie-talkie. "Fire 15," he said. "Fire 17. Fire 25. Repeat, fire 19. Repeat, repeat."

Seconds after he had spoken these words the thin shadows were speaking with their guns. Even in this blinding mist, there was no guess-firing. Every Kraut position had been observed in advance and located and numbered. Lt. Carl Aamont had spent several days in careful reconnaissance. Everything was pin-point precision. Behind the 35 skinny shadows were several heavy-weapon platoons waiting to supply overhead fire, also at numbered targets. Alongside them were some mortar sections.

So the lonely little boat, sitting naked in the river, was no longer lonely.

"Fire 23. Repeat."

For a short stretch the flares stopped.

Soon the boat had reached the other bank. Three of the fat shadows stayed behind to take care of the boat, pull it out, and hide it. Those three were engineers of the first platoon, "C" Company, 327th Engineers, temporarily assigned to Buck Rogers' Raiders.

The other seven scooted up the banks, stopping on a wooded slope near the top of a dike, which was a long stretch of dirt path, 10 feet wide.

"We called it Lovers' Lane," says S/Sgt. Chris Lorenz, one of the seven. "There was a lot of grassy lawn there, and plenty of benches still sitting there. And there were lots and lots of bushes."

Like most of the seven, Lorenz had been here many times before. Crossing the Roer was just a



# BEFORE BIG PUSH



routine job for Rogers' Raiders. Lovers' Lane was an old friend. It was an old friend because there was the sharp slope that you could hide behind and there were all those thick bushes.

Lorenz was looking out from behind one of those bushes when he spotted this Kraut on the other side of the lane, getting ready to throw up another flare. Lorenz and his squad of two crawled across the flat stretch while the other squad leader, S/Sgt. Rufus Wilkes, took his two boys along the dike slope as flank protection. Lorenz and Wilkes were the two old men of the six. They were both 21; the other four were 19.

Meanwhile Lt. Rogers was scouring all over everywhere, making his recon report checkup, finding out what he'd been sent over to find out. Buck Rogers insists on going out on almost all nightly raids. He likes to kill Germans. Two of his kid brothers were killed on this front.

Lorenz likes to kill, too. He was watching this flare-throwing Kraut having a bull session with a buddy and he waited, frozen still, until the two of them started walking toward him. Then he told his two boys:

"Now . . ."

When their rifles opened up both Krauts dropped. One of them was still moaning and Lorenz lobbed over a grenade.

"I always like to make sure," he says.

**O**N the other side of the river, less than a 150 yards away, Lt. Aamount was coordinating mortar and machinegun fire together with rifles and BARs. On

back to Europe in 1936 for a full year during the Olympics. He has a Bronze Star and Cluster.

"All my relatives are in the German Army," says Lorenz. "I wouldn't be surprised if I killed some of them already."

When Lorenz was yelling "Gib auf!" Wilkes and his two boys, Pvt. Ed Diamond and Pfc. Jack Latter, were moving up right behind.

Diamond and Latter were bringing up the rear when a Kraut hopped out of the bushes with his rifle pointing at them. Only, instead of shooting them up, the Kraut dropped his rifle and ran over to Diamond and tried to kiss and hug him.

"He must have been pretty hard up," says Diamond, a big good-looking Joe who used to play basketball at the University of Chicago, where he took an Army course in engineering. Diamond convinced the Kraut that he wasn't "that way" by sticking his tommygun into the Kraut's gut. Then Lorenz detailed Diamond to take both prisoners to the boat.

Buck Rogers took the other five men toward a second gun position. Before they reached the gun, however, they bumped into two Germans walking fast through the mist, their hands up high.

Just before they all piled into the boat to go back, somebody spotted Kraut reinforcements moving in from the left. Rogers signalled with his walkie-talkie and then again with his flashlight to indicate exactly where the Krauts were. Aamount had a field day, letting loose everything on that single concentration.

Coming back over the Roer, Lorenz was bawling



ABOVE, A BULL SESSION BY SOME OF THE RAIDERS' COLLEGE MEN—PFC. BILL WILBUR, NORWICH, CONN.; PFC. HENRY MATILLA, NEW YORK CITY; PFC. BENNY HEATH, RICHMOND, VA.; PVT. MILTON FISCHER, WOODHAVEN, N. Y.; AND PFC. CHARLES MULLIKEN, BALTIMORE, MD. BELOW, THE MEN RELAX WITH CARDS, RADIO AND YANK.



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ON the other side of the river, less than a 150 yards away, Lt. Aamont was coordinating mortar and machinegun fire together with rifles and BARs. On the right flank, our mortars were dropping three or four rounds a minute, sealing off the aid area. Aamont was always worrying about the shells dropping too close to "my boys" and ordered cease firing several times just because he wasn't absolutely, positively sure. Aamont used to be a high-school principal in Makoti, N. H.

Scientifically directed support fire was effective enough so that no Kraut reinforcements were able to break through. Meanwhile, Lorenz was making a sightseeing tour of two machinegun positions. The first was empty.

It was empty because the Krauts were crawling into holes. Pfc. William Drisko spotted one and ordered him to come out with his hands up, simply because the patrol had been told to bring back some PWs. But this Kraut didn't answer; he just kept breathing hard. The breathing turned into moaning when Drisko dropped a grenade into the hole.

"Now will you come out?" Drisko asked in German.

The Kraut complained that he would if he could, but he couldn't because both his legs were broken. He suggested, however, that Drisko might come in and get him. Drisko replied by taking another grenade and threatening a repeat performance. The Kraut finally did come out, both legs dangling. He said there weren't any more Germans in the hole, but skeptical Lorenz, who had joined Drisko, yelled, "Gib auf! (Give up!)," and sure enough a Kraut popped up right in front of him, crying out: "Polisch—schiess nicht (Polish—don't shoot)."

"They all claim they're Polish as soon as they're captured," says Lorenz, who knows better, having been born in Munich in 1922. He lived there for eight years before moving to Chicago, then came

Latter, were moving up right behind.

Diamond and Latter were bringing up the rear when a Kraut hopped out of the bushes with his rifle pointing at them. Only, instead of shooting them up, the Kraut dropped his rifle and ran over to Diamond and tried to kiss and hug him.

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Coming back over the Roer, Lorenz was bawling out, "Tiefer und harter (deeper and harder)," to the four Krauts who were doing the paddling. And everybody else was yelling and laughing and cursing.

"We were just feeling good," says Pfc. John McDonald, who studied engineering at Purdue under ASTP. "We were just letting off some steam. Just because we were all still alive, I guess."

They had been lucky this time. No casualties. The last time seven out of 12 guys on this one patrol had got Purple Hearts. And the time before that the boat had got caught in machinegun crossfire and the boys had got out, one of them the wrong way.

But this 43-minute raid was an important, successful one. The men did some vital reconnaissance, took care of two machinegun nests, and brought back four PWs.

THAT'S their main job always—to bring some of the Krauts back alive. That's what the raiders were first organized for, back in the first week of January. The regimental colonel of the 407th had been having lots of trouble with his patrols. Lots of casualties and not many PWs. So he called in Rogers and Aamont and told them about an article he'd read in the *Infantry Journal* about battle patrols composed of men who do nothing else. Then he told them it was their baby, if they wanted it. They wanted it.

The two looey calls for volunteers and finally picked 42 men, representing every company in this regiment of the 102nd Division. Most of them weren't old enough to vote. Most of them, too, were kids who had been yanked out of ASTP college training when the Army cut it down. They include guys like S/Sgt. Enoch Hood of Kingsport, Tenn., a short, curly-haired 19-year-old kid who owns a Silver



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Star and Cluster and a Bronze Star and Cluster; Pfc. Henry Matilla of the Bronx, N. Y., who has a Purple Heart and Cluster; and Pvt. Milton Fischer of Woodhaven, N. Y., who has a Bronze Star.

Not all are college kids, though. S/Sgt. Frank Bartholovitch was a coal miner in Pittsburgh and here he has done enough to get a Silver Star and Purple Heart. Bartholovitch is an old man in the outfit; he's 25. And there's Pfc. Joe Bellay of New York City, who always goes on patrol chewing a cigar; "I'm a little crazy," he says, "but that's all right." And there's Pfc. Chief Bearer, an American Indian of Prescott, Ariz., who fought with ski troops against the Japs on Attu.

The men volunteered to join Buck Rogers' Raiders because they liked the idea of resting during the day and going out on patrols at night, because they wanted to kill Germans, because they couldn't get along in their own outfits, or simply because they were young and this sounded like a wonderfully crazy thing to do.

You can tell how young they are when you see them lounging about looking at aerial photos of prospective targets, or studying German, or getting acquainted with some new German weapon before they go out on a patrol. Somebody will usually bust out with "Yippee! Buck Rogers' Raiders ride again!"

They're the first to admit how young they are because they're proud of it.

It's 19-year-old Pvt. Ed Diamond who rubs his beardless chin and says: "The Gillette Razor Blade Company would have a helluva job trying to make any money out of this outfit."





There's more in these trim teen-agers than an ambition toward jive. After the cokes they'll go stepping back to class at John Marshall High, Richmond, Va.

# The Teen-agers

**The headline-making antics of the current younger generation**

Teen-agers, as the term is popularly used, appear to be boys and girls from 14 to 17 who do the things that seem like a good idea at that age.

of these lads—is a "wolf on a scooter" or an "educated fox." A boy who is girl crazy is "dame-dazed." A girl who is boy crazy is "slack-happy"





There's more in these trim teen-agers than an ambition toward jive. After the cokes they'll go stepping back to class at John Marshall High, Richmond, Va.

# The Teen-agers

**The headline-making antics of the current younger generation are as truly typical of them as goldfish swallowing was of us.**

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS  
YANK Staff Writer

**C**HICAGO—A rumor has gained substance of late that this generation of teen-age Americans is jitter-bugging off to a spiritual pratt fall. Headlines have told of kids who wriggle rapturously to the siren trumpets of jive-jittery Pied Pipers; of squealing bobby-soxers who swoon smack dab on their kissers while listening to crooners; of high-school boys who peek in neighbor girls' windows.

It makes rousing reading, but the story seems to be somewhat exaggerated—on the order of that item you may remember in the *First Reader* about the fool chicken named Henny-Penny who felt a pea fall on her feathers and thought the sky was falling.

To a beat-up old geezer who remembers drooling at Colleen Moore in a movie called "Flaming Youth," to a guy who once was a promising Peeping Tom himself, these teen-agers fail grievously to live up to their press notices. Dog-goned if most of them don't act like normal human beings. At times, they are twitter-pated, but these are twitter-pated times.

Teen-agers are surprisingly like other people. Some of them are all right and some of them are jerks. The good ones will grow up to be a little less silly than they are now, and the jerks will possibly become foremen and first sergeants, and prosper in their own poisonous way.

Teen-agers, as the term is popularly used, appear to be boys and girls from 14 to 17 who do the things that seem like a good idea at that age. The girls among the teen-agers are called bobby-soxers. This is because they wear bobby sox.

Bobby sox are short socks. The hosiery mills in the States indignantly deny they have manufactured one pair of bobby sox; they emphasize that last year they produced 298,614,200 pairs of anklets. The manufacturers stress that they would be called anklets if your grandma wore them, and conceivably she might wear them if she's a sporty old grandma with Grable gams. Anklets, it seems, become bobby sox and a psychological problem only when a teen-age girl crams her feet into them.

The boys are called simply boys, or maybe young idiots if their pa happens to be put out with them. One of them will probably grow up to be President provided some smarty pants of a girl doesn't beat him out of the job.

**T**HESE jive kids of the early and middle 40s are the successors to the gaudy sophisticates of some years back who whooped it up in rumble seats, danced the Black Bottom, screamed "It's the cat's pajamas," jangled banjoes, jangled slave bracelets, jangled everybody's nerves.

Some of today's teen-agers—pleasantly not many—talk the strange new language of "sling swing." In this bright lexicon of the good citizens of tomorrow, a girl with sex appeal is an "able Grable" or a "ready Hedy." A pretty girl is "whistle bait." A boy whose mug and muscles appeal to the girls is a "mellow man," a "hunk of heartbreak" or a "glad lad." A prude is a "hair shirt." A grind is a "book beater." A teacher's pet is a "gone Quisling." A fancy dancer is a "jive bomber" or a "cloud walker." A boy given to hugging the girls—sentimental little rascals, some

of these lads—is a "wolf on a scooter" or an "educated fox." A boy who is girl crazy is "dame-dazed." A girl who is boy crazy is "slack-happy" and "khaki-wacky." To be jilted is to be "shot down in flames."

Despite this devotion to ritualistic incoherency, most of the teen-agers get good grades in English, which they read and sometimes speak. They want to know whose business it is if they prefer broken English.

**N**o. 1 controversy among the teen-agers is over the respective talents of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra. Which is the better crooner? To those engaged in the grimmer aspects of war, such as trying to keep from being killed, this may seem a trivial matter. But who had ever thought anybody could get excited over so tepid a topic as tea until a bunch of guys in Boston a century and a half ago poured some into the water, without sugar or ice. If you recall, this incident led to much bandying of harsh words and banging of muskets.

The feud between the Crosby and Sinatra clans is a deadly thing that probably will grow in bitterness. Happily, if it flares into open warfare, it will be fought entirely among bobby-soxers. The boys just don't give a tinker's dern. They'll go for a thrush like Frances Langford or Betty Hutton. Smart kids.

Another point that should be made clear about this controversy is that the more violent Crosby-Sinatra addicts—the ones who scream and faint and act like heifers with burrs under their tails—represent a very small portion of the country's female teen-agers. Most of the kids of both sexes think all this is as silly as you do, and if you don't, keep right on bucking for that Section 8. pal, because you got a leg up on it.

The girls who yell at the crooners, "Here I am,



look at me," and then dive daintily nose down into the carpet, knocked C-ration cold by a dulcet note, are the 1945 version of the gals who once mobbed singer Rudy Vallee and whinnied ecstatically at the stage door when out walked Francis X. Bushman, a now-superannuated hunk of heartbreak who some years back sported an appalling array of white teeth, conceivably his own, and a leopard-skin G-string.

A baby-faced actor named Van Johnson is the new No. 1 nonsinging star of the bobby-sox film-goers. "When I see him," sighed a 16-year-old of Richmond, Va., "the earth not only moves, it goes hippety-hop."

Harry James and Tommy Dorsey are said to be the teen-agers' favorite band leaders, Bob Hope and Fred Allen their favorite comedians. "Terry and the Pirates" is reputed to be their best-liked comic strip.

These youngsters of today grant that their antics are, by fuddy-duddy standards, often a little zany, but they want it on the record that teen-agers of other generations have been silly, too. For instance, the kids of today are understandably a little revolted when they are told about the wave of live-goldfish swallowing that went on among young folks a few years back. Cynically, these modern youngsters say they wouldn't even eat a cooked goldfish.

**T**HE war is close to them. Most of them have brothers, and many of them fathers, in service. The older boys expect to be in the war soon. All the boys expect to participate in some type of military training.

Most of the teen-agers work at odd jobs after school hours, in war factories, department stores, soda fountains. They wrap Red Cross bandages, sell War Bonds and Stamps, act as volunteer guides and clerks in rationing offices. An average of 600,000 tons of paper, 17,000 tons of tin and 46,000 tons of rags are collected in the States each month, and school-age youngsters are credited with collecting most of it.

They have built 60,000 model airplanes, which are used in Army and Navy training. Last year they collected enough milkweed pods to furnish the floss for the manufacture of more than a million life jackets.

In Gary, Ind., a 14-year-old girl built up so thriving a business taking care of neighbors' children for 25 cents an hour that she established an agency and put her classmates to work.

In Chicago, a 17-year-old made \$19 a week working part time in a factory manufacturing helmet liners. In a period of 70 weeks, he turned 80 percent of his pay into War Bonds.

Teen-age boys in Clinton, N. Y., started an odd-jobs agency, washing windows, cleaning attics, painting fences and dumping ashes. They ac-

cepted only War Stamps in payment for their work.

High schools in Denver have held assemblies to discuss the black-market problem. Their students signed a pledge to report any use of counterfeited rationing coupons, and the girls agreed to boycott boys operating cars on black-market gas.

None of these things is particularly impressive in itself, but together they help refute the view that teen-ager is another term for problem child.

Naturally, with nearly every type of business needing more hired help, many of the teen-agers quit school and went to work full time as the war got more fully under way. Last year the trend away from school reached proportions alarming to educators.

In April 1940, the decennial census listed 872,314 workers, aged 14 to 17, in the States, of which 209,347 were in the 14-15 age group. By April 1944, the census people figured that the number of workers under 18, exceeded 2,900,000, and of these, 2,050,000 were 16, and 17 years old. It was estimated that about half of the 2,900,000 youngsters were full-time workers. The total has run even higher in the summer when farm work is at its peak. In July of 1943 and 1944 the estimate of workers aged 14 to 17 was close to 5,000,000.

During 1944, nation-wide campaigns were started to persuade students to remain in school. In some areas teachers, students and factories worked out part-time work-study programs. Under this procedure, teachers and employers arranged it so that youngsters could work on the morning shift and attend classes in the afternoon or go to school mornings and work afternoons.

With pamphlets and speeches, educators hammered at the theme that the teen-agers were jeopardizing their earning capacities in the peacetime future by leaving school to make easy money in the wartime present. The Government made it clear that it strongly believed these youngsters should stay for the time being, at least, at their books and laboratories. As a result, the downward trend in enrollment is being checked. Last year several cities reported their first increase in school attendance since 1941.

**A**LL the talk about teen-agers has been accompanied by a justifiable furor over juvenile delinquency. During the past several years thousands of youngsters—more than ever before—got into trouble with the law. There are figures to prove it.

There are plenty of reasons why juvenile delinquency has increased. Kids have had more money than they were used to; parents have been working long hours, often on night shifts, and haven't been able to exercise the usual parental watchfulness. There isn't any doubt, either, that war does things to human beings, even on the home front. For one thing, it leads some people,

particularly kids, to think maybe they'd better make hey-nonny-nonny while the sun shines.

Some bobby-soxers have gone ga-ga over servicemen, feeling that it is patriotic to be "Victory Girls." Now and then they display enthusiastic amiability when a guy makes with a proposition. This sort of thing has happened in times past, of course, but now there is more of it, with the result that people back home are concerned and beginning to take steps. Remember, though, that the "Victory Girls" are a minute part of the teen-age population.

**A**N expert on what teen-agers think and do is F. W. Crawford, for 20 years superintendent of schools at Niles, Mich. Niles is a city of about 13,000 in the middle of prosperous farm country. It's as American as pancakes and sorghum, and its the home town of the late Ring Lardner, who is still addressed in care of the city's newspaper, the *Niles Star*, by letter writers wanting Lardner advice on matters ranging from domestic problems to where a left-handed farm boy has a chance to become a big league catcher. When Supt. Crawford says something about kids, folks in the prairie country stop to listen. He isn't a smoothie. He doesn't think much of long words that ordinary people don't understand. About teen-agers he says:

"Sure there are problem children. Always have been. Some of them never grow out of it. Youngsters do silly things and have silly fads. And I've seen grown-ups cut capers that even the high-school kids might shy from.

"I'm convinced that boys and girls are pretty much the same the country over, and that they're pretty much now like they always have been.

"There is no doubt that the war has made some of the youngsters, particularly the boys, wonder what's the use of studying too hard because who knows what's ahead. Despite this, the great bulk of the students keep up in their studies. For one thing, boys and girls of today are becoming more self-reliant. They believe in themselves.

"Watch these kids 25 years from now. They'll be doing a good job—better maybe than some folks are doing now. These youngsters are convinced that the world is too good a place to be messed up with such calamities as war, and they want to do something about it. They don't know the answers, but, believe me, they are looking for the answers."

The teen-agers have learned the hard way that the world isn't all peaches and petunias. But—maybe because they still don't know any better—they aren't afraid of the future. Lots of them seem to think they have the world by the tail on a downhill pull. Most of them seem pretty sure they know what the score is, down to the last boogie beat.



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Dot Patterson of Richmond, Va., a student at John Marshall High School, stretches out on a rug to write to her father, a Navy chaplain overseas.



Frank Abruscato and Geraldine Ryan turned themselves inside out to help a scrap-paper drive during a jitterbug contest at Harrison High School, Chicago.



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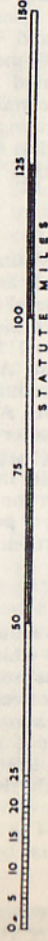




# WESTERN GERMANY

with international boundaries as of Sept. 1, 1939, the day Germany invaded Poland and, in red, boundaries as of Jan. 1, 1938, before Germany seized Austria and Czechoslovakia.

This is the western part of the 10-color MAP OF GERMANY AND ITS APPROACHES, distributed as a supplement to the National Geographic Magazine of July, 1944.



Railroads Highways Canals Mountain Passes Elevations and Depths in Feet

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**Disposition of Troops**



The War Department has announced that the Army has 5,100,000 men stationed overseas and has reached the bottom of the barrel in drawing Infantry replacements from divisions in the States. A WD official told YANK's Washington Bureau that the 3,000,000 men now stationed in the States were distributed equally among these three categories: 1) men in training as replacements for overseas, 2) men in training as tactical units also destined for overseas and 3) overseas veterans and limited-service men assigned to "housekeeper" units.

**Soldier Voting**

As provided by the Federal Soldiers Voting Law, the Army will help soldiers to vote in state and local elections this year. Since there is no general election of Federal officers in 1945 as there was last year, there will be no Federal Ballots for GI use. Soldiers will vote either in person or by State Absentee Ballot. For information about the procedure to be followed in obtaining and voting a State Absentee Ballot, soldiers should consult their Soldier Voting officers or check with WD Cir. No. 487 (1944). The Army this year will not contact each soldier individually to hand him a post-card application for a State Absentee Ballot, but soldiers who want a post-card application will be able to get one from their soldier Voting officers.

**Reclaimed Shoes**

The Quartermaster Corps last year rebuilt and reissued almost 6,000,000 pairs of shoes which were on their way to the scrap heap, thus supplying nearly 17 per cent of the Army's total footwear needs for the year. The shoe-rebuilding program was necessitated by increasing Army demands and the need for supplying shoes to Allied troops and civilians of liberated countries. Rebuilt shoes are issued to troops only in the States, since troops in combat get first call on new footwear. The number of pairs of shoes given minor repairs by QMC reached 18,500,000 last year.

**Gunner's Wings**

Dear YANK:

In April of 1944 I graduated from aerial-gunnery school. Later I went to combat-crew training as a gunner on a B-24 for two months. There I was grounded for air sickness. Then I was sent to an Ordnance base. I would like to know if I may still wear my aerial-gunnery wings even though I have been grounded.

Hawaii

—Cpl. HERMAN T. STOKES

■ You may not wear your aerial gunner's wings after being relieved from assignment as an aerial gunner unless you come within one of the following groups: 1) you were wounded

**New Hospital Ships**

Seven former Army troopships and steamers have been stripped of their armament and are being converted into Army hospital ships, bringing the number of hospital ships to 29. The new ships will have a combined capacity of 5,355 patients. Ships to be converted are the *Saturnia*, former Italian luxury liner; *Colombie* and *Athos II*, former French liners; *Republic* and *President Tyler*, former U. S. liners; and the *Ernestine Koranda* and *Lois A. Milne*, former Army steamers.

**Draft Increases**

Selective Service will have to draft 100,000 men in March, Secretary of War Stimson announced at a press conference. This represents an increase of 20,000 over the monthly quotas for January and February and a rise of 40,000 over December. The tempo of action both in Europe and the Pacific has "increased radically in intensity," Secretary Stimson commented in explaining the Army's increased demands. "The Germans are very evidently not going to accept the inevitable without a fight to the finish, and the war against the Japanese has moved ahead of schedule."

Reporters asked the secretary if it were not true that the Army is already overstrength considering its ceiling of 7,700,000. He said this was correct, but that not all of the men in the Army are effective, that 450,000 are sick or wounded in Army hospitals and that another 85,000 have to be counted as ineffective while they are "moving in and out in the so-called pipe-line for the maintenance of the rotation policy."

In addition to the Army's increased demands, more men are needed in certain critical war industries, Secretary Stimson reported. By mid-year, 300,000 more workers will be required in plants making heavy ammo, heavy guns, trucks, heavy-duty tires and cotton ducks, and 200,000 more will be necessary for war-supporting fields such as public utilities, construction trades and transportation lines. Still another 200,000 war workers must be found to furnish the war production which is needed to arm some additional French divisions.

Older men must fill the needs of industry, it was

indicated. Secretary Stimson made it clear that "substantially all" physically qualified men under 30 will have to get into the armed forces this year no matter how important their present jobs.

**Call for Nurses**

In a recent radio broadcast Maj. Gen. Paul R. Hawley, chief surgeon of the ETO, sent out an appeal to 27,000 registered nurses still in civil life to join the Army Nurse Corps to relieve a present acute shortage of nurses in that theater. The general said that 1,000-bed hospitals are averaging 1,300 patients each and that, instead of 120 nurses as originally prescribed for each such general hospital, only 74 nurses per hospital could be obtained.

**Rainbow Division**

The 42nd (Rainbow) Division has been revealed as in action on the Western Front as a part of the Seventh Army. The division, which arrived in the ETO last November, is in combat in the same sector where it saw action in the first World War, when it was commanded by Gen. Douglas MacArthur. In the last war it took part in the Champagne - Marne defensive and the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives and fought its way to Sedan. The division is commanded by Maj. Gen. Harry J. Collins, former assistant commander of the 99th Infantry Division.



**GI Shop Talk**

The first group of Negro Wacs trained for overseas duty is a postal battalion which recently arrived in the U.K. . . . For the first time in this war, 150 General Sherman tanks were shipped overseas to the front lines at one time and as a single high-priority cargo. The tanks are now in action in Germany. . . . The increasing need for scout and messenger dogs and new developments in mechanical mine detectors have caused the Quartermaster Corps to suspend the training of dogs for mine detection.

**What's Your Problem?**

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

furlough in the States. Now here is what I would like to find out: Is there any possible way that I might be able to get back to England so that I could get married?

Italy

—Cpl. LE ROY E. SCHIEKLE

■ There is. Write a letter through channels to the Commanding General, ETO, stating that you wish your letter to be considered as a declaration of intention to be married, give the date when you expect to be eligible for rotation, state that you wish to forego rotation to the States and that you desire a furlough in order to get married. Send the letter at least 2½ months before you intend to go to England. There is a three-month waiting period between the time when you declare your intention to marry and the date when you can



on their way to the scrap heap, thus supplying nearly 17 per cent of the Army's total footwear needs for the year. The shoe-rebuilding program was necessitated by increasing Army demands and the need for supplying shoes to Allied troops and civilians of liberated countries. Rebuilt shoes are issued to troops only in the States, since troops in combat get first call on new footwear. The number of pairs of shoes given minor repairs by QMC reached 18,500,000 last year.

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■ You may not wear your aerial gunner's wings after being relieved from assignment as an aerial gunner unless you come within one of the following groups: 1) you were wounded by enemy action, 2) you were injured while a member of an air crew (this does not include air sickness), 3) you were credited with 150 hours as an air-crew member, 4) you participated in 10 combat missions or 10 operational missions overseas [AAF Regulations 35-30 and 35-30A].

## Autos for Business

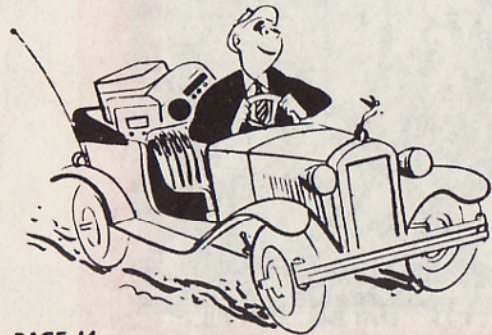
Dear YANK:

I have been in the Signal Corps ever since I entered the Army and I have decided to set up my own radio-repair business after I am discharged. If I go into business in my home town I will not need any help from the Government for the initial equipment, because I have all that and I will operate the repair shop right in my own home. But I will need a car to carry my repair equipment and get around to the farms in the community. Will I be allowed to take out a business loan under the GI Bill of Rights and use the money to buy the auto?

France

—Pvt. FRANK NARDONE

■ The Veterans' Administration has ruled that it will guarantee a loan to buy a car which is to be used in the conduct



PAGE 14

# What's Your Problem?

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

of a business or a farming operation. The only restriction on the guaranteeing of a loan for this purpose is that the automobile must be necessary for the running of the business or farming operation.

## Rotation

Dear YANK:

Is there an AR, a circular or maybe an act of Congress which reads like this: "Any man serving in foreign service for over 18 months does not have to leave the continental limits of the United States?" Does a man who has served over two years on foreign service have to sign a waiver before he is returned to foreign service? We have been over for two years and have been told we will not get any more overseas service once we get back.

Central Pacific

—Pfc. FRED L. PERRY

■ Sorry, but there is no such AR, circular or act of Congress. It's just a latrine rumor. However, WD Cir. No. 8 (1945) provides that when the military situation permits, soldiers returned under rotation shall be given duty in the States before returning overseas and that, when possible, soldiers with no overseas service, followed by those who have been back in the States for six months or more, shall be shipped before all others. There is no clear-cut definition of what period of time in the States constitutes "duty."

## Marital Furlough

Dear YANK:

Two and a half years ago I was stationed in England. While I was there I met a young girl and we became engaged. We never got an opportunity to marry because our outfit was ordered to leave for another theater. At present my outfit is eligible to send men home on the rotation and furlough plan. I would like to go to England under the plan and get married, but the circulars on furloughs state that I must take the

furlough in the States. Now here is what I would like to find out: Is there any possible way that I might be able to get back to England so that I could get married?

Italy

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## Lost Wig

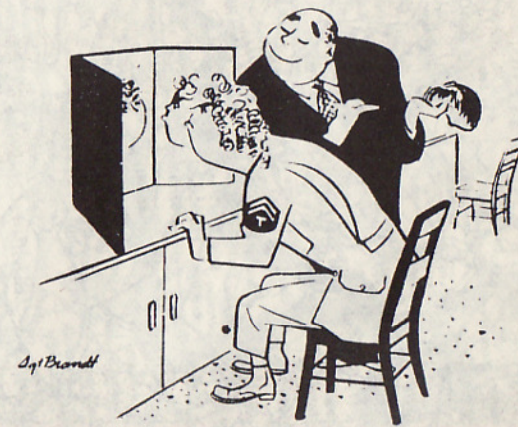
Dear YANK:

When I came in the Army I wore a wig. Since being over here I have had to dispose of it because of it being too hot to wear. Will the Army buy me a wig when I return to the States again? I've asked my medical officer and there seems to be no one here on the island that can answer my question. I'll appreciate your looking into this matter for me.

Guam

—(Name Withheld)

■ It looks as if you are going to have to buy yourself a new wig. The Army does not replace lost personal property unless the loss is due to your activity in saving human life or Government property.



Sgt. Brandt



# NEWS FROM HOME

**A New Yorker figured out a way to get even with wartime wise guys, the soft-coal business came up against some hard bargaining, two big-shots were at odds over demobilization, and a Milwaukee woman wouldn't talk—for a change.**

SOME people, such as bus and taxi drivers, grocers, waitresses and sales clerks, have had things pretty much their own way during this war. While soldiers and sailors have been taking orders and liking it, or at least putting up with it, some of the help at home have been growing pretty snippy. What with the shortage of manpower, restaurant owners, for instance, have had to take a lot of back-talk—or wash the dishes themselves.

A list of grievances has piled up back home. An elderly woman, slow in pocketing her change in a drug store, was told by the clerk, "Make it snappy, sister," and a bus driver who closed the door on a woman's leg snapped, "Why in hell didn't you hurry up?" And lots of things like that.

Customers have complained that they couldn't get their authorized rations unless they ordered a lot of junk they didn't want or need. And a good many hard-working citizens are getting tired of the question: "Don'cha know there's a war on?"—which they claim is a highly abused query.

Well, a New York organization known as the Tested Selling Institute, directed by Elmer Wheeler, has taken stock of the public's gripes. As a result, five million little black notebooks were being circulated last week from coast to coast. Housewives were urged to jot down in those books the names of retail firms whose employes insult the wartime buyer just because they know they can't be fired. After the war, Wheeler explained, disgruntled customers will bring out their little black books "to plague businessmen who have tolerated blatant discourtesies and to square matters with the help by seeing that they get the gate." Whether or not the notebook idea will bring back the smile to a testi-

The newspapers last week were full of items about labor. A strike at the Chrysler Corporation's Dodge plant in Detroit touched off a series of stoppages which left 38,000 war workers idle in 11 plants. After eight days of it, officials of the CIO United Automobile Workers Union announced that the workers had agreed to arbitrate an asserted company attempt to increase individual production.

In a far-reaching decision, the War Labor Board in Washington authorized its regional boards to permit the payment of a 55-cent hourly wage to eliminate sub-standards of living. This didn't mean that everybody in the country making less than 55 cents an hour would get the new minimum. It did mean, observers explained, that the regional WLB boards might approve wage rates up to 55 cents an hour in voluntary cases, meaning those in which the increase is asked by an employer or jointly agreed on by an employer and a union. In disputed cases, the regional boards are empowered to grant either the new minimum or less, depending on local conditions. The new order, supplanting the old 50-cents-an-hour rate, may affect as many as four million workers, chiefly those in textile, lumber, turpentine, fertilizer and cottonseed-oil industries, as well as those in most service trades, like laundries, dry cleaners, restaurants and department stores, where wages are generally lower than in industrial plants. Some employers had complained that workers in lower-pay firms had been drifting to the more lucrative war plants.

But John L. Lewis, the bushy-browed chief of the United Mine Workers, made the biggest labor news by notifying the soft-coal industry that his miners expected higher pay after their present contract expires on March 31st. The miners are now getting \$1 an hour, with overtime after 40 hours. Under the terms of the Smith-Connelly Act, Lewis filed notice of intention to call a strike. The press explained that this didn't necessarily mean the UMW leader would order his men out; it simply meant that Lewis could legally call a strike 30 days after the date on which notice had been given. Lewis himself said his union didn't plan to strike, because he was sure that the operators and the union could get together on a contract without such action.

Some quarters expressed the belief that the government would seize the soft-coal mines for the third time rather than allow a strike. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, who is also Solid Fuels Administrator, pointed out that soft-coal production fell off this winter and that, partly because of severe weather and transportation difficulties, many industrial users, including steel mills, were operating under a minimum reserve.

As contract negotiations began, the UMW made public a demand for a royalty of ten cents a ton on all bituminous coal mined in the nation. This royalty, it was said, would amount to more than \$60,000,000 a year at present production rates. The funds would be used by the union "to provide for its members modern medical and surgical service, hospitalization insurance, rehabilitation and economic protection."

This Lewis demand was compared by many with a similar agreement obtained by James C. Petrillo for his Musicians' Union. The makers of phonograph records now pay the Petrillo union a royalty which goes into an educational fund. The record manufacturers consented to the demand only after many months of controversy, and the soft-coal people weren't reported to be exactly enthusiastic about Lewis's latest request, either.

President Roosevelt had even bigger things on his mind than the labor problem. He was busy rallying the country and Congress behind the agreements reached by the Big Three at Yalta. Scarcely more than 24 hours after his return from the Crimea, Roosevelt appeared before Congress to tell what had been done at the conference. His main theme was that if another war is to be avoided the U.S. must not remain aloof from world problems. He didn't reveal much that hadn't already been known, and the speech was generally regarded as a candid appeal for Congressional support in establishing the world-security organization that is the cornerstone of the Big Three's peace program.

No such organization can be formed without the Senate's approval, and in his report the President made it clear that he regards the Senate as a partner in foreign policy. Roosevelt stressed the fact that the American delegation to next month's security conference in San Francisco will be made up of an equal number of Democratic and Republican Congressmen. Commentators pointed out that the President did not intend to repeat the late President Wilson's mistake of largely ignoring Congress in his peace efforts.

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talk—or wash the dishes themselves.

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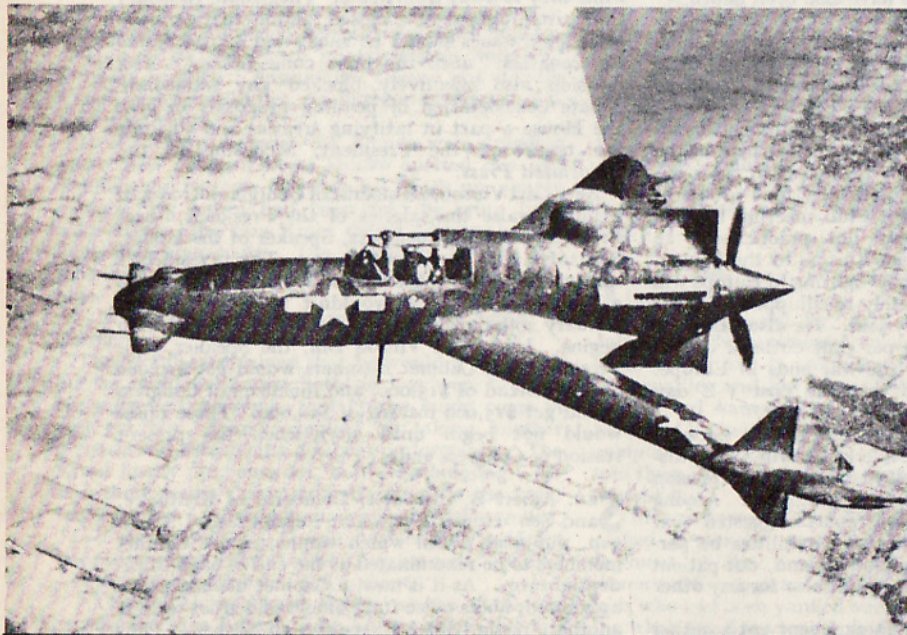
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At a press conference, the President made it clear



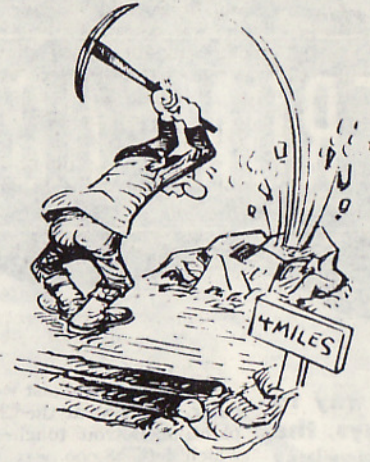
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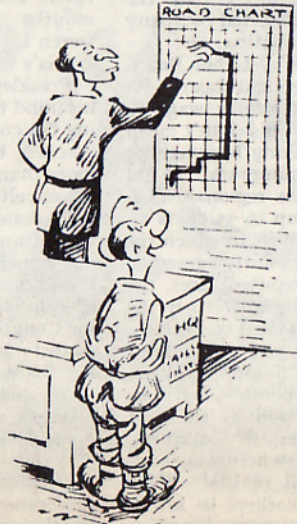
**MARINES ALL:** THE BOYS ESCAPED AFTER 29 MONTHS AS JAP PRISONERS, THEN GAVE UP TO CUPID. LEFT TO RIGHT: SGT. AND MRS. VERLE CUTTER OF DENVER, COLO.; SGT. CECILE JULIEN OF FISKDALE, MASS., AND HER FIANCE, SGT. RONNIE CLEM OF DALLAS.



# THE SAD SACK



# "THE PAYOFF"



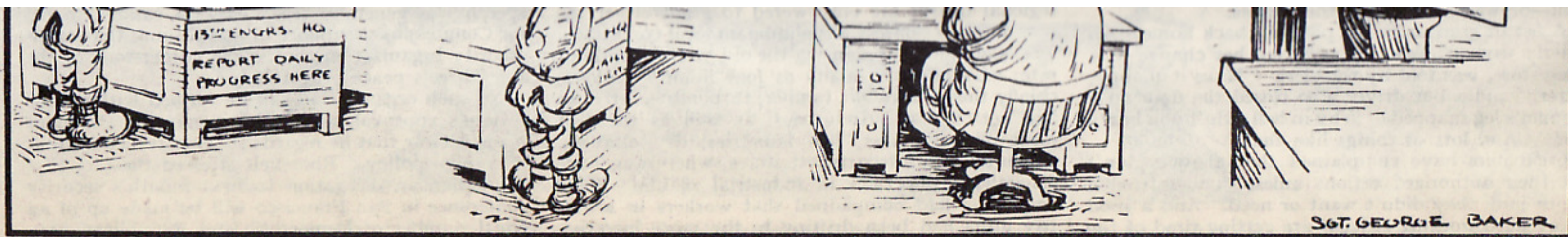
SGT. GEORGE BAKER

that former Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones was out, so far as a major administration job was concerned. Jones was succeeded by former Vice President Henry A. Wallace, who was sworn in as the \$15,000-a-year Commerce Secretary. The Senate voted to approve Wallace's appointment after weeks of debate—and after final signing of the George Bill, which stripped the Commerce Department of control over the 40-billion-dollar Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other lending agencies. Earlier this

remainder would be those not needed for the war in the Pacific. The next day Secretary Stimson told the public that General Hines had been misinformed. In a special statement, Stimson said: "All speed consistent with the military situation will be applied in returning men who can be released from the Army overseas. But any suggestion that large numbers will be coming home immediately after the fighting ends in Europe can only lead to cruel disappoint-

Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, said that they are. In a letter to Rep. William E. Hess, Republican of Ohio, who had asserted that 18-year-olds were being reported as casualties after much less than a year in the Army, Marshall wrote: "Under our present procedures, no soldier can leave this country until he is prepared to perform his contemplated duties." Secretary of War Stimson declared that present combat reinforcements, including 18-year-olds, are the best trained we've ever had. He





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**C**ONGRESS was still struggling over the manpower-mobilization question. The Senate was engaged in debate over a bill substituted by a Senate Committee for the May "work-or-jail" measure passed by the House of Representatives. There wasn't any rush to approve the Senate bill, which would give the War Manpower Commission authority to deal with the problem by imposing employment ceilings in individual plants. The measure carried no penalties against individual workers in industry, whereas the May Bill provided severe consequences for employes who disregarded their draft boards' orders to take or retain essential war jobs.

Meanwhile, the House reasserted in emphatic terms the Congressional prohibition against the drafting of necessary young farmers into military service. It passed by a voice vote and sent to the Senate a resolution declaring that if a man is "necessary to and regularly engaged" in agriculture and is irreplaceable, he shall not be inducted regardless of the manpower needs of the armed forces.

Two veterans of the public service found themselves at odds on a subject that's close to the hearts of Americans these days. The two were Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, 66, head of the Veterans Administration, and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson. The subject was demobilization. Hines told the House Appropriations Committee that he had it on good authority that the War Department intended to release 200,000 to 250,000 men a month after the war ends in Europe. About half of those to be discharged after V-E Day would be men with disabilities, he added, and the press inferred that the

remainder would be those not needed for the war in the Pacific.

The next day Secretary Stimson told the public that General Hines had been misinformed. In a special statement, Stimson said: "All speed consistent with the military situation will be applied in returning men who can be released from the Army overseas. But any suggestion that large numbers will be coming home immediately after the fighting ends in Europe can only lead to cruel disappointment. Our job now is to win the war in Europe and to follow up our victory there with an all-out assault on Japan. There can be no relaxing until the military job of crushing Germany and Japan is carried to a final and successful conclusion."

Contradictory statements have also been issued regarding another aspect of the post-European phase of the war. The newspapers have quoted some military and production officials as saying that little of the military equipment used in Europe could be shipped to the Pacific. Other officials have said that a substantial quantity of such equipment could be shipped. William L. Batt, Vice Chairman of the War Production Board, was the latest to enter the discussion. He lined up with the first group of officials by telling a Rotary Club meeting in New York that it was "simply not practicable" to transfer much material from Europe to the Pacific. The Army and Air Forces now fighting in Europe will have to be "pretty completely re-equipped" for the war against the Japs, Batt said. He also said that there would be only a 20 per cent cutback in war production at home after the war ends in Europe. Last summer, Batt noted that the post V-E day cutback had been gauged at 40 per cent.

A Senate subcommittee estimated that between 1,500,000 and 2,500,000 Americans will incur disabilities in this war and asked for a large extension of existing health facilities and programs. Among other things, the committee report suggested that veterans with service-connected disabilities be permitted to obtain hospitalization and out-patient treatment not only for war ills but also for any other ailments they may have.

The Army and the War Department got together to answer Congressional complaints that American soldiers now going into battle aren't ready for action.

Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, said that they are. In a letter to Rep. William E. Hess, Republican of Ohio, who had asserted that 18-year-olds were being reported as casualties after much less than a year in the Army, Marshall wrote: "Under our present procedures, no soldier can leave this country until he is prepared to perform his contemplated duties." Secretary of War Stimson declared that present combat reinforcements, including 18-year-olds, are the best trained we've ever had. He pointed out that the campaign in Europe and probably in the Pacific would have been delayed if younger soldiers had not been sent overseas.

It looks as if the men overseas won't have to worry about another prohibition amendment being passed while they're away from home. The Senate Judiciary Committee agreed at a closed session that no constitutional issues should be submitted to the States by Congress "until the boys come home." The decision also effectively blocked any immediate Senate consideration of pending proposals to give the House a part in ratifying treaties and to limit the tenure of the President, according to the *Associated Press*.

Rep. Carl Vinson, Democrat of Georgia, introduced a bill to raise the salaries of the President, Vice-President, Cabinet members, Speaker of the House, Senators and Representatives. The President's salary would be hiked from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year, but the raise wouldn't be effective until January 20th, 1949, when the next Presidential term begins. Under the Vinson Bill, the Speaker, Vice President and Cabinet members would get \$20,000 a year instead of \$15,000, and members of Congress would get \$15,000 instead of \$10,000. These raises would not begin until 1947, when the present session of Congress ends.

**S**EN. Albert B. Chandler, Democrat of Kentucky, and Sen. Homer Ferguson, Republican of Michigan, put forth a bill which would require Cabinet members to be renominated at the end of each Presidential term. As it is now, a Cabinet member, once appointed, holds office from one Presidential term to another, if the Chief Executive so wishes. Thus Secretary of the Interior Ickes and Secretary of Labor Perkins have been in the Cabinet continuously since



1933. The only exception to the continuous-service rule is the Postmaster General, whose legal term is four years and a month.

Maj. Gen. Edwin M. Watson, secretary and military aide to President Roosevelt, died at sea while returning to the States from the Yalta conference. Gen. Watson served as an aide to President Wilson as well as to Roosevelt. A native of Eufala, Ala., he was said to be the only man in the Army who had the privilege of saluting with his left hand. That was because at important functions President Roosevelt leaned on the general's right arm.

Perhaps because so much was happening in the daytime, few people seemed to mind the new midnight curfew on liquor sales and entertainment. There were still protests, though, from the people who make their living by making other people want to stay out after midnight. Speakeasies were reported to have sprung up in some of the larger cities, Tin Pan Alley came up with a bit called *Curfew Song*, and Chicago tavern owners predicted trouble from customers, especially servicemen, who resent having their drinking interrupted. In New York City, Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine said it would be up to "the cop on the beat" to report violations of the curfew.

**T**HE foot-slogger got a pat on the back from Gen. Joseph H. Stilwell, Commander of the Army Ground Forces. After praising the various branches of the armed services, Stilwell told the Cleveland Ordnance Association that the ground marchers are taken for granted. "All our efforts are centered on getting the man on foot forward," said the general. "The reason is simple enough. He is the only agency that can hold ground. Now that we are getting this more realistic view of the all-important role of ground forces, I hope to see more attention paid to the lads who are carrying the ball."

There will be more chicken in the Army—of the right kind. The War Food Administration predicted that the average civilian would eat 5½ pounds less poultry this year than last, when the per-capita consumption of fowl was 29.3 pounds. Military demands and reduced production would cut civilian consumption of chicken and turkey in particular, the food agency said.

The National Safety Council in Chicago said that the average American has a 14-to-1 chance of escaping injury in accidents this year. The Council said that the safest jobs are in the communications industry, and that the next safest, believe it or not, are in the explosives industry.

Crooner Frank Sinatra was classified 2A-F by his Jersey City draft board because of his punctured eardrum and because he is engaged in work "essential to the national welfare and interest." This decision browned off officials at the state's Selective Service headquarters, which announced that an in-

vestigation would be made. The slightly-built entertainer was classified 4-F in December, 1943. A draft spokesman announced that the 2A-F classification was one of those created at a time when passage of the disputed work-or-fight legislation appeared imminent. Uncle Sam hit Frankie for about \$700,000 in taxes last year.

In Tulsa, Okla., Police Record Sgt. Harold Beal scribbled in the daily station bulletin: "Reminder—How about the working condition of your firearms? Have you changed your ammunition?" As Beal left the office he placed his revolver in its holster, where it went off, causing flesh wounds that forced him to eat from the mantle for a few days.

William B. Ott, 86-year-old Freeport, Ill., tobacco dealer who never sold cigarettes because he didn't like them, directed in his will that his remains be cremated and buried in a tomato can. Ott, who died this month, also ordered that the tomato can be buried near the graves of his two pet dogs without any ceremony.

An alleged draft dodger, arrested by rangers in Clearwater National Forest for failure to carry a Selective Service card and to register for the draft, told the FBI in Orofino, Idaho: "I went into the forest right after Roosevelt was first elected and I haven't been out since."

Mrs. Lucille DeWolf, who is 34 and gets \$260 a month from Uncle Sam in allotments for her 12 children, says she's working "to make both ends meet." The wife of Navy Fireman First Class Charles DeWolf, she said her allotment check will hit \$280 when the government "gets around to completing the records on the birth four months ago of my youngest, Lucille."

A drive to obtain 75,000 tons of serviceable used clothing for overseas war relief will start next month. Henry J. Kaiser, the shipbuilder, who will head the drive for the United National Clothing Collection, is asking Americans to dig into their trunks and attics for old garments, shoes and bedding.

The Post Office Department reared up on its hind legs again about this business of having its men annoyed by anti-social pets. Reporting that 1,259 mail-carriers were bitten in action last year, the PO called for strict enforcement of regulations barring delivery of mail to homes guarded by vicious dogs. "We've lost about 50,000 employees to the armed forces," mourned an official, "and we simply can't afford to have the carriers chewed up."

"Breezy," a Maltese cat, won a home at the South Bend, Ind., railway station the hard way. When a train arrived at South Bend trainmen lifted the exhausted and bruised tabby from an air hose between two coaches after a fast 90-mile ride from Chicago. "Breezy" was bleeding from cinder cuts and one ear was frozen, but she apparently hadn't lost even one of her lives.

From Hollywood came the report that movie stars

have journeyed more than four million miles to entertain servicemen, sell war bonds, and perform other wartime duties. Statisticians figured that screen people had averaged 35 free shows daily since Pearl Harbor. If you want it all at once, 3,564 players made 37,979 appearances in 5,680 events. And even if you missed all of them, there's still the movies, chum.

**E**VEN though she's blind, Mrs. Harper Sitler of Los Angeles writes 30 letters a week to her five sons in the armed services. She pecks out the letters on a typewriter and has her sixth son, who's 15, read her the replies.

Dr. H. C. Byrd, President of the University of Maryland, believes that Americans don't know enough about America. So he announced that all students in the university will have to take courses in American history, literature, government and philosophy. That means engineering, medical and law students, too, Dr. Byrd emphasized.

Four Smith College girls in Northampton, Mass., said they were going to file suit against a druggist for asserted violation of OPA regulations concerning "tie-in" sales. The students charged they had to buy \$5.12 worth of rouge, powder and lipstick for the privilege of purchasing a carton of cigarettes.

A Milwaukee husband asked the Office of Internal Revenue for help, please. He wanted, it seems, to file an income-tax form which required him to list the incomes of both husband and wife. "My wife won't tell me her income," the taxpayer said, plaintively. "She says it's none of my business."



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**TRUE STORY.** THE PEOPLE OF MAYWOOD, ILL., MANY OF WHOSE RELATIVES WERE CAPTURED BY THE JAPS, MEET IN A DRUGSTORE TO HEAR THE NEWS THAT 500 PRISONERS HAD BEEN RESCUED BY AMERICAN AND FILIPINO COMMANDOS.



**STILL GOING.** NOW 52, BILL TILDEN SHOWED A NEW YORK BENEFIT AUDIENCE THAT HE HAS LOST LITTLE OF HIS NET MAGIC.



**NO WAIST.** SCREEN ACTRESS ANDREA KING SHOWS HOW THE FAIR SEX WILL SAVE MATERIAL FOR THE WAR EFFORT THIS YEAR.



# Mail Call

## One Patch Only

Dear YANK,

A man has served in the South Pacific, with the 13th Air Force, as an aerial gunner, and completed his tour of operations, then sent home on leave and to recuperate. After recuperating, he is sent to the ETO, and assigned to the 8th Air Force as a ground man, in a service squadron. Is he entitled to wear both the 13th and the 8th Air Force shoulder patches?

Britain.

Pic. ELMO PANFILI

[He does not wear both patches. He wears the 8th patch, and of course, a theater ribbon to show his service in the Pacific.—Ed.]

## Fraternization

Dear YANK,

During the past few months, several of the Wrens from this station when out with an American officer have had the humiliating experience of seeing their companion stopped by the Military Police and severely reprimanded for what they term "fraternization."

It is always considered that the English services are more rank-conscious than others, but we have never heard of a British officer being similarly reprimanded.

Our service girls are proud to be playing our part with the civilian war workers in this war, and therefore we feel that we should be allowed to enjoy the same privileges.

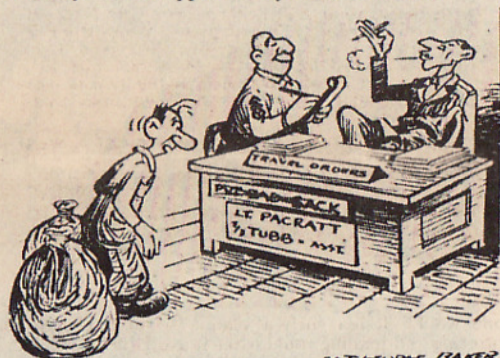
Britain.

MARGARET BOOTH, W.R.N.S.

## Army Economy

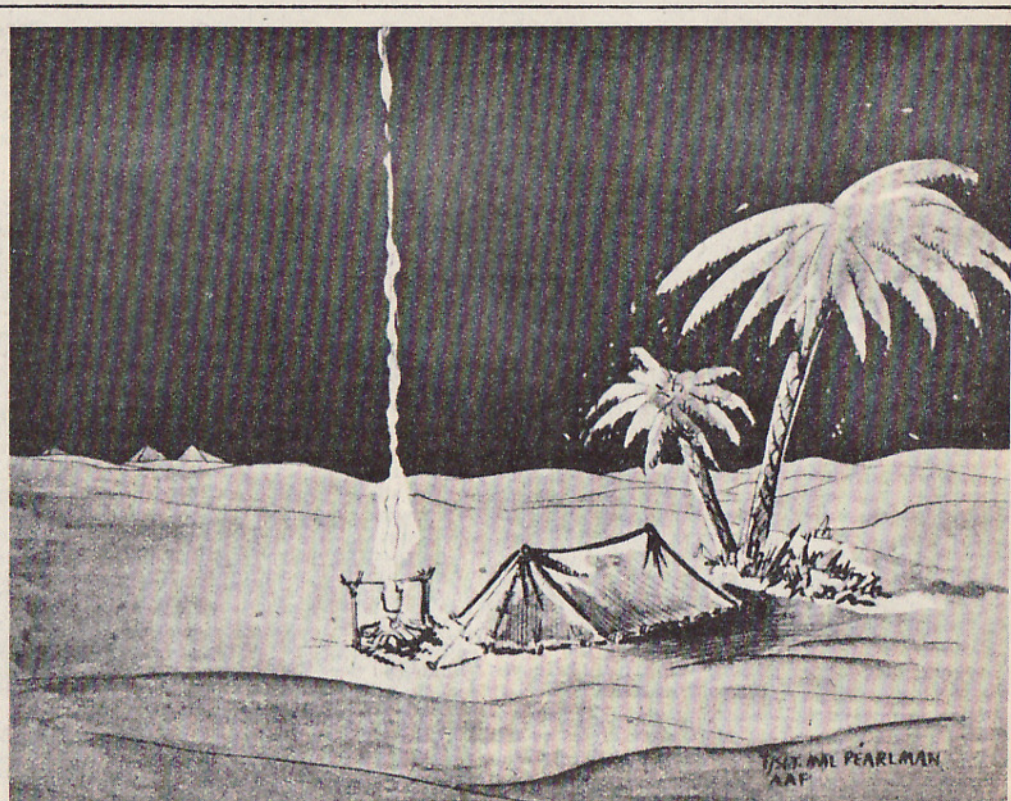
Dear YANK,

Reference is made to the *Sad Sack* cartoon "Army Economy" which appeared in your 11 Feb. issue.



Sgt. GEORGE BAKER

Around this post, the above cartoon is credited with being one of Sgt. Baker's best. Among a few "thinking souls," however, this cartoon has aroused some very



"So I says to the captain, 'Where are we going to find all these guys to send overseas?'"

be from the Bronx. If you took a few shots of Brooklyn to acquaint foreigners with what the place looks like, why didn't you give them a true pictorial account instead of giving them shots of the Star Burlesque? Why didn't you show them a picture of Loew's Pitkin if you really wanted a shot of a show place? And why not tell them of the really beautiful spots: Ocean Parkway, Shore Road, Manhattan Beach and Sheepshead Bay? Why pick on the parts of Brooklyn that you'd stick a thermometer into if it had a fever to show people? How can I respect what YANK says about other hometowns when you print biased crap about my own hometown? It's guys like you that make people believe there's only one tree in Brooklyn.

France.

Pic. IRVING SHAVELSON

## For Bill of Rights

Dear YANK,

In your Feb. 18 issue, Pvt. G. H. moans about the GI Bill of Rights which he says "as a whole . . . will be of negligible or insufficient aid to a large group of ex-servicemen." Also, "only a minority will want or be able to take advantage of this provision of the bill," having reference to education. It is not our government's fault if there are a lot of people who do

us might have to seek "unemployment compensation" before things are entirely adjusted. I see no wrong in that; after all, no one is giving us anything. We will pay for it in the long run. Of course, the Bill offers a loan—a debt, as Pvt. G. H. puts it. Well, if you don't want a loan, no one is going to force it upon you, so why worry? The fact is, you want something handed to you on a silver platter such as a "straight bonus," as you suggest—something for nothing, in other words. Well, if you get a bonus, which you probably will later on, you will still have to pay for it in taxes, or your children or all of us will.

Britain.

J. B. PEYTON, Y 1/c

## Forward Pass

Dear YANK,

In a recent football quiz you asked: "Who threw the longest completed pass in the history of football?" In answer you stated: "Brick Mueller of California, who threw a 70-yard pass against Ohio State."

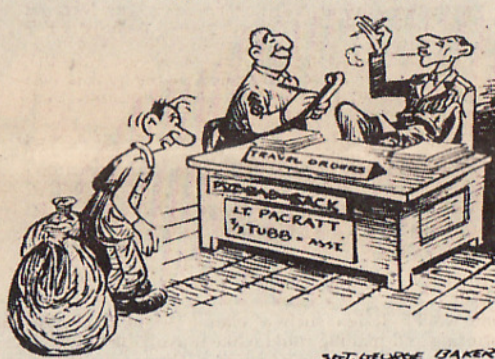
That is not the longest pass in football history. According to a story in the November issue of *Esquire*, the longest completed pass was 87 yards, thrown by Robinson and completed by Schneider, of St. Louis, in their game against Kansas in 1906.



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Reference is made to the *Sad Sack* cartoon "Army Economy" which appeared in your 11 Feb. issue.



Sgt. GEORGE BAKER

Around this post, the above cartoon is credited with being one of Sgt. Baker's best. Among a few "thinking souls," however, this cartoon has aroused some very disturbing realizations. Everyone in the Army from generals to the latest recruits gets a great kick out of *Sad Sack*. He is funny as hell, and we all laugh and say, "How true." Yet, in spite of the fact that one of the lowest forms of human being is the person who sees his faults but refuses to do anything to correct them, nobody in the entire Army seems to attempt to lift one little finger to "balance the books of Army Economy."

Britain.

BANKRUPT

## Trees in Brooklyn?

Dear YANK,

I have just looked through the pictures of Brooklyn that you had recently. If you're a Brooklynite, you should be excommunicated. You must

be from the Bronx. If you took a few shots of Brooklyn to acquaint foreigners with what the place looks like, why didn't you give them a true pictorial account instead of giving them shots of the Star Burlesque? Why didn't you show them a picture of Loew's Pitkin if you really wanted a shot of a show place? And why not tell them of the really beautiful spots: Ocean Parkway, Shore Road, Manhattan Beach and Sheepshead Bay? Why pick on the parts of Brooklyn that you'd stick a thermometer into if it had a fever to show people? How can I respect what YANK says about other hometowns when you print biased crap about my own hometown? It's guys like you that make people believe there's only one tree in Brooklyn.

France.

Pfc. IRVING SHAVELSON

## For Bill of Rights

Dear YANK,

In your Feb. 18 issue, Pvt. G. H. moans about the GI Bill of Rights which he says "as a whole . . . will be of negligible or insufficient aid to a large group of ex-servicemen." Also, "only a minority will want or be able to take advantage of this provision of the bill," having reference to education. It is not our government's fault if there are a lot of people who do not have ambition enough to want to further their education, because if they do want to go to school after the war, then nothing can stop them. Even if they are married and have dependents, they can still go to school. And since when did people get too old to go to school? I saw a woman 71 years old get her degree; I knew a doctor who learned to play the piano and also learned Gregg shorthand after he was 50. I myself am over 40, and only last year I took private lessons in French and am now taking lessons in German. I lack one year of having my degree due to the fact that I didn't have the money to get it when I was young, but now, by gosh, when I get out, I will get it.

Our government will provide the jobs for us when we get home if it can, but how can anyone foretell the future? Who knows what may happen? Any one of

us might have to seek "unemployment compensation" before things are entirely adjusted. I see no wrong in that; after all, no one is giving us anything. We will pay for it in the long run. Of course, the Bill offers a loan—a debt, as Pvt. G. H. puts it. Well, if you don't want a loan, no one is going to force it upon you, so why worry? The fact is, you want something handed to you on a silver platter such as a "straight bonus," as you suggest—something for nothing, in other words. Well, if you get a bonus, which you probably will later on, you will still have to pay for it in taxes, or your children or all of us will.

Britain.

J. B. PEYTON, Y 1/c

## Forward Pass

Dear YANK,

In a recent football quiz you asked: "Who threw the longest completed pass in the history of football?" In answer you stated: "Brick Mueller of California, who threw a 70-yard pass against Ohio State."

That is not the longest pass in football history. According to a story in the November issue of *Esquire*, the longest completed pass was 87 yards, thrown by Robinson and completed by Schneider, of St. Louis, in their game against Kansas in 1906.

New Guinea.

Pvt. FRED SCHOTZMAN

[The longest forward pass thrown in that Kansas-St. Louis game was 48 yards, according to the 1907 *Spalding Guide*, which contains a full account of the game. Most football historians trace the legend of Robinson's 87-yard pass to a practice game in 1906, in which he threw a pass of 67 yards, not 87 yards.—Ed.]

## Civil Service

Dear YANK,

Federal laws offer the returning serviceman many opportunities in the Civil Service field. Although these benefits are of immense aid in the postwar world, they overlook one important element—namely, time. As any

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# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

## BRITISH EDITION

Evening Standard Building, 17 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.1

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government worker can confirm, the interval between taking exam and appointment to duty is usually one of quite a duration.

Why not allow our men to take Civil Service exams while overseas? The Armed Forces Institute and company commander are competent to handle the examining and proctoring duties. Applications for the exams could be made direct by the individual to the Civil Service Commission. The Special Services Division has facilities for publicizing any forthcoming exam.

The knowledge that each day longer you are in uniform is pushing you that much forward on the appointment list will be a morale booster that will outdo tons of pamphlets and volumes of speeches.

Solomon Islands.

Sgt. SEYMOUR GELBER

### Battle Stars

Dear YANK,

A committee of officers went to the Commanding Officer of this sector for the issuing of Battle Stars to the GIs. The Commanding Officer replied, "This is a Com Z, not a combat area." My outfit has been in constant danger with V-1s, V-2s and enemy air attacks causing death and injuries to many GIs. Just think, civilian workers receive a 30 per cent bonus of their weekly wages for enemy hostilities, yet a GI can't even get a Battle Star for extra points to aid him for demobilization.

Belgium.

Cpl. ALPHONSE A. ESPOSITO\*

\*Also signed by six others.

### Boots, Boots, Boots

Dear YANK,

In the Feb. 18 *Mail Call* I read that T/3 Henry Giutierrez has a grand idea of a new dress uniform for combat soldiers (O.D. Ike jacket, dark green trousers, PARATROOPER BOOTS, and a dark green cap).

Now all this is very nice, but let's leave out the boots.

If this Joe likes 'em so damn well why can't he join the outfit and earn them? And that also goes for all the other non-jumpers who sport 'em. Which brings up the question—why can't men who have earned the right to wear them get them for blood or money?

The boots are here in the ETO because I've seen more on non-jumpers recently than I have on people who have earned the right.

By the way, does any one know where I can get a pair? Size 8C or 8D.

Det. of Patients, Britain.

H. G. HINSHAW, Prcht. Inf.



form worn by your own outfit. Furthermore, if the jump boots continue to fascinate you, make an attempt to wear them legally. The paratroop is still a one hundred per cent volunteer unit.

Det. of Patients, Britain.

JUMP BOOTS

Dear YANK,

A few of us boys are beginning to wonder just what the hell we're in this Army for. We are not going to have any fancy-dress ball so that T/3 Henry Giutierrez can go around parading his new uniform to let everyone know that he has been in combat on foreign soil. We doubt if any other fellows over here think much of his suggestion. And if he would read on the next page of *Mail Call*, Feb. 18 edition, he would see where paratroopers are jumping in GI shoes, while he wants to wear boots for dress. So let's concentrate on winning the war instead of all the distinction of one being better than another.

Britain.

THE BOYS IN FOGLE'S GYP-JOINT

Dear YANK,

The troopers have to sweat blood—and plenty—to get just to wear a pair of those boots to work in. Now we find that every damn outfit has them, practically for the asking! I had a buddy (since lost in Holland) who seriously injured his ankle in the jump in Holland because he had only a pair of Infantry "combat" boots, which don't support anything except your pants' legs. Others I know of went in in GI shoes. I have a pair of boots now. I have paid nearly two pounds trying to get and keep 'em fixed so I can wear 'em just for dress—I nearly had to go AWOL one day to get them repaired from the ruining I gave 'em in Holland. Just between us old troopers I am damn fed up with seeing our jump jackets and boots on anyone *but* troopers. Anyone who wears what he doesn't earn is just plain chicken.

Britain.

EX-505'er

Dear YANK,

May I suggest to these combat men that they leave the dark green pants and garrison caps for the officers and the jump boots for the paratroopers? (There aren't enough jump boots for the paratroopers, much less giving them to all men who have been overseas.)

The Army gives service ribbons to all men overseas and stars for each battle the soldier has taken part in. There is also an expert infantry badge for combat infantrymen. If this is not enough distinction for them, they might have "I have been in combat" written on the backs of their blouses.

Det. of Patients, Britain.

Pfc. J. F. ERDMAN

Dear YANK,

I and thousands of other paratroopers had to make five jumps and practically went thru hell to earn our boots and wings, and he wants a pair just for the asking. We volunteered for this outfit because it was different from any other. Our boys have been doing a swell job and we are proud of it.

Det. of Patients, Britain.

Pvt. LOUIS VOLPE

Dear YANK,

... Sounds as though it is a nice deal and I would like to wear such a uniform. What is worrying me is "where in the hell is he going to get the paratrooper boots?" If anybody has noticed, the paratroopers are very short of boots and are forced to go to combat in GI shoes. I know the paratroopers will agree with me



German jet plane.



German rocket plane.

### Jet-Propelled Planes

Dear YANK:

It is not often that one can find a mistake in your publication, but here is one Sgt. Georg Meyers overlooked. I am referring to his article on jet propulsion. You picture a German plane with the caption "Allies have seen this Nazi jet job over Europe." The airplane in question is not powered by a jet engine but is a true rocket-powered fighter, the Messerschmitt 163.

There is a great difference in the two power plants; nevertheless, they are sometimes mistaken for each other.

Sheppard Field, Tex.

—Pfc. ERNEST A. WEIL

■ Correction welcomed. The picture mentioned was an ME-163, a rocket-propelled fighter. For the records, see photos of Nazi jet and Nazi rocket ships [above].

one would design such a plan. A small charge for printing and mailing could make it available to veterans.

Anything that doesn't look like a barracks or a latrine is okay with me.

Fort Belvoir, Va.

Cpl. FREDERICK H. WEISS



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By the way, does any one know where I can get a pair? Size 8C or 8D.

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Dear YANK,

A few years ago I was one of the GIs who scrutinized paratroopers and tried to derive reasons for their clanishness, pugnacity and particularly their abnormal attitude towards "Jump Boots." After a series of typical Army frustrations, I turned to the paratroops in answer to a challenge within me. Then followed the numerous physical exams, discouraging pre-training orientations, and several point-blank warnings—made by paratroop officers in order to seek out the undesirables. Then I commenced what proved to be five weeks of gruelling, antagonizing, pride-challenging labor. Not one minute of it was enjoyable to me then. Some 35 per cent were eliminated before the eventful day when we were permitted to "blouse our boots," a privilege we were taught to respect and a compensation we cherished indeed, for it meant "you are hereby indoctrinated into the ranks of paratroops."

The purpose of the jump boot is manifold. It is a distinct reminder to the trooper that a "little more" might be expected of him, and it is definitely conducive to a more successful landing, because the GI shoe offers no ankle protection. Furthermore, it facilitates trouser-leg control, eliminates the hazardous legging grommets and combat-boot buckles that have been known to foul the suspension lines of the chute.

This case history might be termed typical of most troopers, and these lines, I am sure, bespeak their sentiments.

Now, Mr. GI, you have no excuse to encroach upon paratroop equipment unless you lack pride in the uni-

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Det. of Patients, Britain.

Pfc. J. W. ARRAWOOD

Dear YANK,

Aren't ribbons, battle stars and overseas stripes enough to distinguish T/3 Henry Giutierrez from other soldiers who have never seen foreign service or combat? Why in the hell he wants to be an outstanding character in this Army is beyond me. I actually believe this would cause an ill-feeling towards men in the Z.I. Did he ever stop to think how much more money the Government would have to spend to make the combat man a flashy soldier? The Eisenhower tunic, dark green trousers and dark green hat are officers' uniform and not an enlisted man's issue. They are far more expensive and a higher grade of material. It would cost millions of dollars to clothe all combat men with that issue.

Now—those paratrooper boots. Just where in the hell are you going to get all of those boots? I'm a paratrooper, and I can't get them.

If you want to be distinguished from men who have not seen combat, go to Joe's hot-dog stand and ask for his advertisement board (no doubt the boy who used to carry it over his shoulder is serving abroad now), and erase "Eat at Joe's," and print in its place in block letters "SERVED ABROAD," and proceed up Times Square.

Det. of Patients, Britain.

Pvt. AL RAGAZINI

### Post-War Blueprints

Dear YANK,

After being forced to live in places so bad that the landlords were ashamed to tell the OPA that it was for rent, my wife and I have developed an obsession to own our own home after the war. I am only an amateur at carpentry but I think I could build a small house, provided I had a blueprint or plan that was simple enough to follow. If enough GIs are interested, perhaps some-

### Jet-Propelled Planes

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Anything that doesn't look like a barracks or a latrine is okay with me.

Fort Belvoir, Va.

Cpl. FREDERICK H. WEISS

### Ill-Informed

Dear YANK,

... I read with great pleasure Jack Belden's statement in *Time*, Sept. 25, 1944: "Our fighting men do not believe they are fighting for anything. Not one in a hundred has any deep-seated political beliefs."

I believe him to be right. After 16 months overseas we have yet to spend one hour in discussion, lecture, or organized bull sessions with someone informed on the Nazi political plan. Who should be better informed on who, what and why we fight than we?

The Nazi prisoners seem to be well informed about their beliefs as well as what the German command wants them to think about us. Why aren't we better informed on the Nazi Totalitarian war we are fighting? Isn't the best of our manpower, mental as well as physical, in the Army?

Holland.

T/5 DONOVAN E. MADEN

### This Week's Cover



FOUR Mustangs from the 361st Fighter Group of the 8th Air Force, equipped with auxiliary tanks for long-range escort flight, fly in perfect echelon formation, a formation not used in combat, but which is helpful in teaching precision methods to Clobber College pilots.

Pictures: Cover, Sgt. Ben Rosenblatt. 2, upper center, USSTAF; others, Sgt. Joe Pazen. 3 and 4, Sgt. Joe Pazen. 6, Signal Corps. 7, lower, Keystone; others, Signal Corps. 8 and 9, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 10, PRO, ASFTC, Camp Lee, Va. 11, left, PRO ASFTC, Camp Lee, Va.; right, Chicago Sun. 15, left, Acme; right, Keystone. 17, upper left, Acme; lower left, Keystone; center, INP; right, PA. 19, USSTAF. 20, upper left and right, INP; center left and right, PA; lower, Acme. 21, INP. 22, 20th Century Fox. 23, Signal Corps.





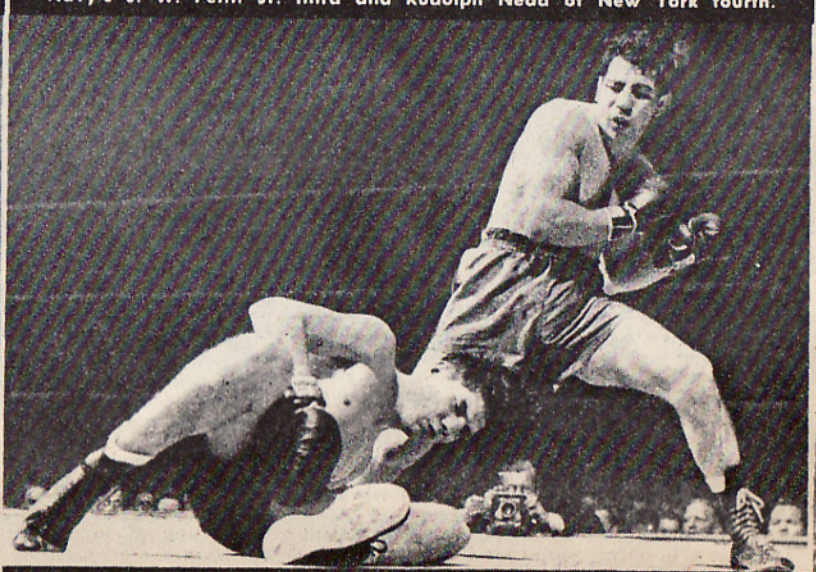
**HAT TRICK.** Toronto Maple Leafs' Ted Kennedy tries to take the puck away from the Black Hawks' Wilf Field. Kennedy scored three of his team's goals as the Leafs defeated the Hawks 4 to 3 at the Chicago Stadium.



**DASH ITEM.** Timed in 6.3 seconds, Cpl. Barney Elwell takes Millrose 60-yard dash. Bill Mathis, Washington (D. C.) schoolboy, finished second, Navy's J. W. Pettit Jr. third and Rudolph Nedd of New York fourth.



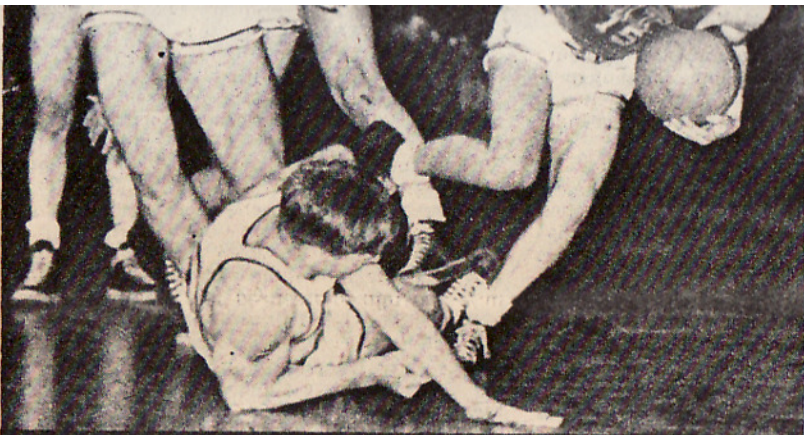
**CADETS UNCONQUERED.** Pittsburgh's Nate Apple (15) outscrambles Army's Bobby Dobbs (on floor) and Harold Grossman (33) at West Point. Unbeaten Cadets ran consecutive string to 25 in defeating Pitt, 71 to 51.



**UNLUCKY SEVENTH.** Bobby Ruffin down for the count of five in seventh round of his bout with Johnny Grco of Montreal in New York. The Astoria boy get up and won a 10-round decision from the Canadian.

# Sports Parade





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# Sports Parade



**SKI HIGH.** Merrill Barber shows perfect form to win the Bear Mountain (N. Y.) Open, defeating National Champion Lt. Arthur Devlin in first major event of year.



# SPORTS

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

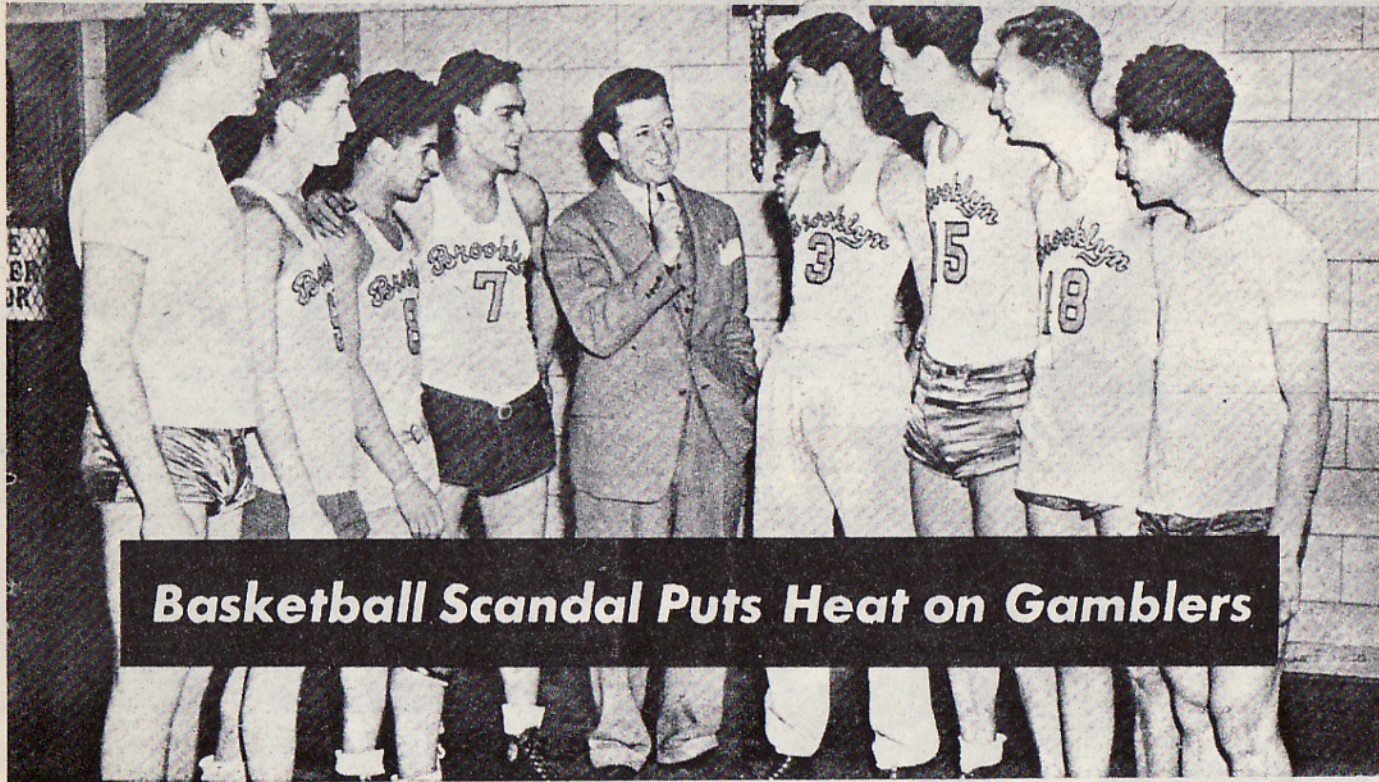
many of sports writers and invited Mayor LaGuardia to appear before it. The Little Flower earned a chance to speak his piece when he devoted most of one of his popular Sunday broadcasts over city-owned WNYC to the "tin horns and parasites" who have been the target of his wrath for 11 years. "It's tough on Brooklyn College," said the mayor, "because it happened to be the place where the scandal broke, but the influence of gamblers in amateur sports is much more widespread. Oh yes, I'm not hinting. This is generally prevalent."

The scandal also had its effect on gambling on other sports. Police assigned to the Madison Square Garden were instructed to keep the

lobby free before and during all sports events there. Dr. Wilfred Smith, Tulane athletic director who was recently elected president of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, asked newspapers not to print odds on college games.

The exposure convinced the big-league baseball magnates that the need for a Judge Landis was greater now than when the late jurist took over as high commissioner of the national pastime. Before the Brooklyn scandal there had been a tendency on the part of some to minimize the immediate need for appointing a replacement for Landis.

While there was some demand for the removal of collegiate athletic contests from the big arenas, definite stands were taken only by the athletic directors of the Big Ten Conference and Dr. H. P. Simmons, president of Akron University, whose team was to have played Brooklyn College at the Boston Garden. The Big Ten officials adopted a resolution against playing contests away from campuses except with permission of the conference. Dr. Simmons was more positive. "The University of Akron," he



## Basketball Scandal Puts Heat on Gamblers

**PURGED.** Coach Morris (Tubby) Raskin addresses Brooklyn College squad after five players implicated in scandal had been expelled. Left to right: Paul Urchenko, Frank Stanley,

Sam Kalish, Sherman Smith, Capt. Bill Rosenblatt (only member of original varsity not involved), Mason Benson, Seymour Levy, and Morty Kliner. Team will play out scheduled games.

**T**HE heat is on the shadowy characters without visible means of support who will bet you (at their prices) that you can't pick the winner of the Conn-Louis fight, the Army-Notre Dame game or the NYU-City College affair at the Madison Square Garden. Call 'em book-makers, gamblers or, as Mayor LaGuardia does, "tin horns, punks, and parasites," but right now these off-color gents are about as popular as a polecat at a lawn party.

Not since seven members of the Chicago White Sox became the Black Sox by selling out their 1919 World Series against the Cincinnati Reds has the sports world had a scandal to compare with the one recently uncovered in Brooklyn. There had been rumors that gamblers were insuring themselves against risk by bribing basketball players before five members of the Brooklyn College team confessed they had received an advance of \$1,000 on \$3,000 to be paid them when they lost to the University of Akron in the Boston Garden. But these had been accepted as just the usual rumors with which a better alibi his failure to pick a winner.

would get together and appoint an absolute czar over all sports. If they don't, some of these college boys who have never seen big money are going to sell out, and it will cause a scandal that will stink to high heaven."

Allen's blast was pooh-poohed by Ned Irish, acting president of Madison Square Garden, and by the metropolitan sports writers and coaches. Bob Congidine, sports columnist for International News Service, recalled after the Brooklyn scandal broke that he had said Allen "was an inveterate pop-off who never missed a bet to get his name on the sports pages and that by saying something was corny in Copenhagen he was indirectly indicting a lot of decent kids who have the gumption (and perhaps the family connections) to resist an offer from some rat who was out to pollute them. . . ." Bob wrote: "The thing to do, I guess, is to apologize to Phog Allen."

But the Brooklyn expose did more than make an "I told you so" prophet out of Allen. The five players involved were expelled from college and a clamor went up for the scalps of the



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Nobody in college circles seemed to have taken the rumors very seriously except Dr. Forrest (Phog) Allen, publicity-conscious University of Kansas basketball coach. "Professional gamblers already have caused two boys to throw basketball games in Eastern collegiate tournaments," Allen charged last fall. "More money is bet on collegiate football and basketball than on horse racing, but all the trouble it causes could be eliminated if college presidents

would get together and appoint an absolute czar over all sports. If they don't, some of these college boys who have never seen big money are going to sell out, and it will cause a scandal that will stink to high heaven."

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But the Brooklyn expose did more than make an "I told you so" prophet out of Allen. The five players involved were expelled from college and a clamor went up for the scalps of the gamblers and bookmakers. Just as legislative action followed the Black Sox scandal, so were bills framed for introduction in the various state legislatures to make bribery or attempted bribery of amateur athletes a serious offense.

District Attorney William O'Dwyer of King's County (Brooklyn) who fought the black market in Italy as a one-star general, resumed his office in time to take charge of the probe. The Kings County Grand Jury heard the testi-

structed to keep the lobby free before and during all sports events there. Dr. Wilfred Smith, Tulane athletic director who was recently elected president of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, asked newspapers not to print odds on college games.

The exposure convinced the big-league baseball magnates that the need for a Judge Landis was greater now than when the late jurist took over as high commissioner of the national pastime. Before the Brooklyn scandal there had been a tendency on the part of some to minimize the immediate need for appointing a replacement for Landis.

While there was some demand for the removal of collegiate athletic contests from the big arenas, definite stands were taken only by the athletic directors of the Big Ten Conference and Dr. H. P. Simmons, president of Akron University, whose team was to have played Brooklyn College at the Boston Garden. The Big Ten officials adopted a resolution against playing contests away from campuses except with permission of the conference. Dr. Simmons was more positive. "The University of Akron," he announced, "will compete in no more intercollegiate athletic contests where we do not contract directly with the educational institution with whom we are participating."

Bookmakers went back into the woodwork, at least temporarily. Frank Callahan, Philadelphia Record sports writer, reported that he was unable to bet \$25 "on anything" at a basketball doubleheader at the Convention Hall after roaming around the bleachers all evening.

**P**UTTING on a show at the Fifth Army Rest Center in Italy with Joe Medwick, Nick Etten and Tom Meany, **Leo Durocher** spied **Cpl. Bert Haas** in the crowd and had him join in the fun. Haas figured in the trade that brought Medwick to the Dodgers from St. Louis but was with the Reds when he went into the service. . . . After catching **Virgil Trucks** in the Army-Navy game at Honolulu, **Lt. Bill Dickey** says the former Detroit twirler has the best fast ball he has ever handled. . . . A B-24 outfit in the VII Bomb Group in Burma-India is known as "Cronin's Kids" because they all wear Red Sox baseball caps. . . . When a shipment of sports equipment was unloaded somewhere in North Africa and revealed a set of hockey sticks, GIs thought something was snafu until the Special Service officer explained that he had ordered the sticks for a desert version of the game he was going to teach them. . . . **Fred Corcoran**, who took **Jack Sharkey** and **Lefty Gomez** on a USO-sponsored tour of Africa and Italy last year, wants to take a golf show overseas. **Walter Hagen**, **Gene Sarazen**, **Tommy Armour** and **Sam**

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

**Byrd** have already expressed a willingness to go. **Killed in action:** **Lt. (jg) Ray (Bud) Brownell**, top-flight amateur golfer, in the Philippines. . . . **Died:** **Pfc. Hans Maier**, former fullback for the New York soccer Americans, in the Walter Reed Hospital of injuries received in the Salerno campaign. . . . **Missing in action:** **Capt. Walter R. (Waddy) Young**, former All-American end at the University of Oklahoma, who flew **Waddy's Wagon** on the first B-29 raids on Truk, Tokyo and Nagoya, after a raid on Tokyo. . . . **Promoted:** **Lt. Marty Glickman**, former Syracuse and Olympic track star, to first lieutenant in the USMC at Cherry Point, N. C. . . . **Transferred:** **Rollie Hemsley**, former Cleveland and New York Yankees catcher from Bainbridge (Md.) Training Center to the Naval Air Technical Training Center at Memphis, Tenn.



**GI VAULTER.** Cpl. Milton Padway, ex-Wisconsin star now stationed in New York, wins pole vault at Millrose AA Games with leap of 13 ft. 6 in.









June Haver  
**YANK**  
*Pin-up Girl*



# Yanks in the ETO



INFANTRYMEN OF THE THIRD U.S. ARMY TAKE SHELTER IN A CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCH WHILE THEY DIRECT MACHINE-GUN FIRE AGAINST AN ENEMY PILLBOX NEAR HABSCHIED, GERMANY. LEFT TO RIGHT: PVT. GEORGE BEAVER OF SEABROOK, MD., GUNNER: PVT. JOHN WARD OF McALESTER, OKLA., AND PVT. JAMES CAPPO OF MOSCOW MILLS, MO.

## They Call Them Lucky

**B**ELGIUM—If you had flown to Normandy and jumped into one of the hottest battles of the war to patrol behind the enemy lines off and on for 30-odd days, repeated the same experience in Holland for some 70 days, following that up with another month of walking back and forth through Jerry's defenses around Bastogne in Belgium—if you had done that and were still able to talk about it without pointing to a few scars, well, you would have a new name. They'd call you "Lucky."

In one of the units of a parachute regiment of the 101st Airborne Division there are 10 such men.

There is Pvt. Oscar F. Simpson of Pomona, Calif. Simpson, now 23, graduated as an aircraft engineer from Pomona Junior College in 1940. He holds a CAA under which he has flown to Mexico several times, and he would probably be in the Air Force if it weren't for his light weight. Instead of flying planes, he enlisted to jump from them, which he has been doing since December, 1942. He made corporal in England and led patrols through the

Jerry sticks close to his hole and if he hears something, he doesn't usually get out and look around—he just shoots."

All patrol members, with one exception, carry tommyguns. The exception is Pfc. Frank Pellechia, who has toted a BAR since the Holland days. Pellechia, born in Naples, Italy, had to get special permission to carry the BAR. There are two reasons for this: it is not a parachutist's weapon, and his patrol leader thought it too heavy for active reconnaissance. Pellechia, who has lived in Brooklyn since moving to the States in 1940, insists that his BAR is lucky and, if the half-dozen assorted Kraut insignia fastened to his pistol holster are any indication, it is.

**P**ELLECHIA's favorite combat story concerns the time he and his section leader, S/Sgt. Francis A. Payless of Chicago, set out to look over a lake near Bastogne. The mission was successful and accomplished without incident, or so they thought. The following day, attacking elements of the regiment took a PW who pointed to a spot on the map and stated that two two-man American patrols had

once an able patrol leader, was lifted from the section because of his drafting ability but, in a pinch, he still takes out an occasional patrol. The patrols are dispatched by Capt. William Leach of Chicago, a veteran of all operations by the division. Capt. Leach was battle-promoted to his present rank in Normandy.

Of all the close calls that the men in the section have seen, the Nebelwerfer incident in Holland is perhaps the most remarkable. Simpson and Tucker were asleep in the third floor of a Dutch schoolhouse when they were awakened by the familiar, undulating moan of the "screaming meemies." From the next room Acker remarked, "I hear you knockin' but you can't come in." Before anyone could laugh, Simpson and Tucker were lifted from the floor by an explosion that left an eight-foot gap in their roof. The shell passed so close to Simpson that it burned his jacket off and after pocking the walls with shrapnel, it passed through the wall into the room where the rest of the section were quartered. In that room, buzz-saw fashion, a large piece of the shrapnel cut out a neat wall-to-wall slit in the floor, taking Van Pelt's combat boots along with it. Fortunately Van Pelt wasn't wearing them at the time.

"I couldn't figure it out," says Simpson. "First came the explosion, then I was on fire, and the next thing I knew someone was drenching me with water. That was Tucker extinguishing the flames."

How many wounded? None!

Yes, they call 'em lucky. Damn lucky.

—By Pfc. DAVID J. PHILLIPS



## The COUNT

**W**ITH the thought of finding out how that busted T/5 known as the Count felt about the new plan to promote second lieutenants—T/O or no T/O—we went around to his favorite pub last Sunday. It was a pretty hopeless afternoon, anyway.

Propped up against the bar, misfortune's favorite



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Simpson, who has made an estimated 50 patrols, likes to have three men along besides himself—good infantrymen who know U. S. and enemy weapons, and who are the outdoor type and not "fidgety."

"We always sweat out reinforcements," says Simpson, "cause if they snafu on patrol it's our necks as well as theirs. When we recon, we don't fire unless we can shoot without endangering our route home. That's the biggest trouble with reinforcements—it's natural enough to want to return fire and since most Jerries, no matter how tough and experienced, are trigger-happy, we frequently get shot at. But if you move quietly and fast and don't shoot back, you get home okay. At night,

**S**HE'S a blue-eyed blonde, just 5 feet 2 inches tall. She weighs 100 pounds on the nose. She was born June 10, 1926, at Rock Island, Ill. She made her stage debut at the age of 6. In 1942 she was signed by 20th Century-Fox. On that lot she's regarded as a likely successor to Betty Grable—if and when Betty needs a successor. Her latest picture: "Where Do We Go From Here?"

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Another patrolling veteran of Normandy, Holland and Belgium is Cpl. Alfred L. Tucker of Weathersfield, Conn. Tucker, 22, was a former star track man at Hartford High School, running the dashes, high-jumping and pole-vaulting. Ineligible for sports in his senior year, Tucker quit school to work for Pratt-Whitney Aircraft. He is well-built, about 5 feet 10 inches, and the quietest man in the section. A capable leader, he made his rating in the field in Normandy.

Other men of the section are Cpl. John F. Selmer of Boston; Cpl. Charles N. Acker of Willow Grove, Pa.; Pfc. Angelo F. Kalograkos of New Britain, Conn.; Pfc. Michael B. Kovals of Berwick, Pa.; Pfc. Paul Van Pelt of Breezewood, Pa.; and Pfc. Thomas A. McDonald of New York. Nineteen years old, McDonald is the youngest man in the group. His section-mates say they "like to have him around for the laughs," and he has the dubious distinction of being the only man in the group with an AWOL—brought about by the lures of London in pre-combat days. The only Southerner is Pfc. Leonard W. ("Pistol") Gunn of Savannah, Ga. Also in the section are T/4 David G. Marcus, former weight-lifter from Cincinnati, Ohio, and Pfc. Edward Satowski of Grand Rapids, Mich., intelligence draftsman and clerk, respectively. Marcus, himself



## The COUNT

**W**ITH the thought of finding out how that busted T/O known as the Count felt about the new plan to promote second lieutenants—T/O or no T/O—we went around to his favorite pub last Sunday. It was a pretty hopeless afternoon, anyway.

Propped up against the bar, misfortune's favorite child was idly shining his shoes on the backs of his pant legs, but he stopped when he saw us and proudly waggled the toe of one boot in our direction. "A good soldier always keeps himself spruced up," he observed.

How about this second-lieutenant business, we asked, but the Count showed no interest. "Me pipes is dry," he said. "I can't raise no enthusiasm for such matters, or any matter, when me pipes is dry." This sprung us to the extent of a mild-and-bitter which, it turned out, was wasted. "You should of ordered gin," croaked the Count. "This stuff is too hard on me plumbing."

We ordered a gin. "Make it a double," the Count told the barmaid, and then turned back to us. "Okay," he said. "Now about this promotion deal. You have brought up one of me favorite topics, and I am distinctly not talking about second lieutenants, either. Me topic is Tables of Organization, which I prefer to regard as Tables of Disorganization. Take me, for example. Has the Army ever attempted to make the most of me gifts and to find a niche in the T/O to reward me—and the war effort—accordingly? The answer, as General Marshall must be aware, is no."

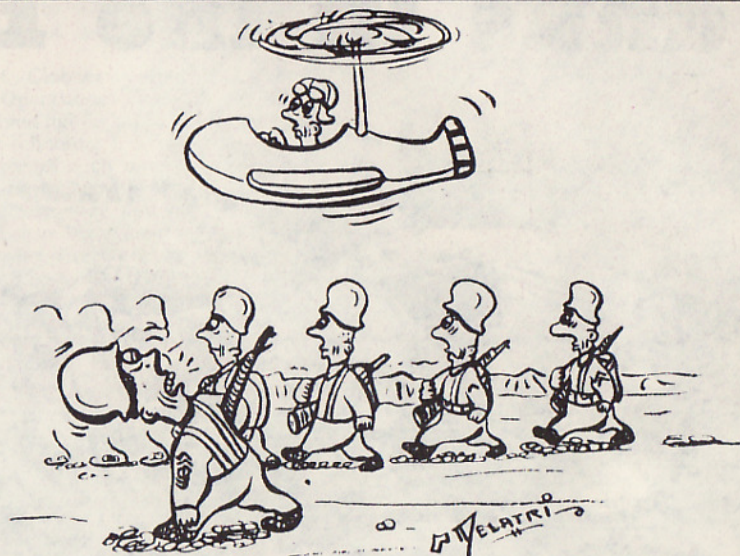
The Count ordered another double, waited patiently for us to pay for it, and continued: "I should be a runner for a message center, but with a jeep. Most runners in the Army, sergeants all, has just two speeds, which is low and reverse. And here stands me—lightning in the flesh, the living Mercury—with no stripes and no jeep."

Drawing a deep breath, the Count prepared to dive deeper into the subject, but we told him we had to be off. "Well," he said, helping himself to a cigarette from a pack we had left on the bar and sticking another behind his ear in reserve, "if you gotta go, you gotta go. But don't feel you owe me anything for me views on this important subject. I'll just hold on to that half-crown you loaned me and we'll be even."





"FLYING A PRETTY TIGHT FORMATION TODAY, AREN'T WE?"  
—Sgt. Sy Fischer



"HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, MURPHY? YOU DON'T BELONG TO THIS OUTFIT ANY MORE!"  
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri



—Sgt. Jim Weeks

# YANK

THE ARMY

WEEKLY







—Sgt. Jim Weeks



"... AND DOWN HERE WE KEEP THE GUYS THAT STOLE CIGARS."  
—Pfc. Tom Flannery

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



"THE DARKER PORTIONS, ON THE OTHER HAND, DENOTE ENEMY HOLDINGS."  
—Cpl. Joseph Kramer



J. DEMPSEY  
CM3C  
—John H. Dempsey CM3c