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



BASTOGNE PAYOFF

A Third Army Division Moves Up to the Line

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Battle of BASTOGNE

THESE AIRBORNE SUPPLIES ARE BEING DROPPED FROM PARACHUTES TO THE BATTLE-WEARY MEN OF THE 101ST.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

BASTOGNE TO CHAMPS WITH 101ST AIRBORNE, JAN. 1 AND 2 (DELAYED)— Since Dec. 27 it has been possible to come up from the south into Bastogne through the corridor originally established by elements of the Fourth Armored Division. The corridor is still so narrow that you can see and hear the battle on both sides of the main Arlon-Bastogne highway, but since the 26th there is no longer any Bastogne pocket. Now the fight takes place three quarters of the way around Bastogne, but the evidence of the desperate eight days of fighting until the Fourth Armored broke through has not entirely disappeared.

South of Bastogne, around Chaumont, Assenois, and Clochamont, there are still the old year's dead as the New Year comes in—dead with ice matting their eyelashes.

And if you go northwest out of Bastogne to the last outpost of the 101st, you will see the new German dead of the continuing Bastogne battle—the winter dead, without the death smell, and with snow filling parted lips into white smiles.

What went on around Bastogne until the 26th of December was a crazy-quilt of battles. The Germans—yes the same Germans, who some people said had no Luftwaffe reserves, material or morale but only those V things—broke through our most advanced lines with great speed and power on Dec. 16. They were marching through an area which had been the scene of their victorious breakthrough in 1940. And until the 26th of December the ghosts of German invincibility rode riot once again. In its first great surge, the German power over-ran, rolled back and broke some American units. Make no mistake about it, we took a whale of a beating as they cracked through.

Two days later, Dec. 18, astride three of the main roads to the east of Bastogne, elements of the 10th Armored met the Juggernaut head-on. They could not prevent the tide of German power from rolling on around them, but they did not crack. They stayed put.

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ON Dec. 19 the 101st pulled into Bastogne and was immediately committed to battle. On Dec. 21 it was, with the 10th Armored, sealed off completely from the outside, within a circle around Bastogne. On Dec. 19, the 705th TD Battalion, attached to the 101st, fought its way south to Bastogne to get into the major actions of the Bastogne pocket. But eight of its tank destroyers did not get back to Bastogne until the Fourth Armored had finally broken the pocket. And far from merely slugging through on the 26th to establish a lifeline for the defenders, elements of Gen. Hugh J. Gaffey's Fourth Armored Division and the 80th Division were in the battle for four days. They smashed through only after four days of bitter fighting and you can still see their road markers along the way, particularly around Assenois and Clochamont, in the form of burnt-out tanks, halftracks and the bodies of the dead. Air support from the Ninth Air Force and the 19th TAC finally got into the picture on Dec. 22.

These were the men and these were the units that got in front of the thundering herd of the German army, slowed it down, blunted its momentum and finally deflected it so that larger groupings might afterwards contain it.

By Dec. 26, the Germans still did not have Bastogne.

What you now see around Bastogne is a hard battle, but it is no longer the battle of the Bastogne pocket. No more American units are being over-run. We are now containing the Juggernaut here.

IN THIS ACTION THE DRIVE OF THE GERMAN ARMY WAS SLOWED DOWN, BLUNTED AND



SIGHTS LIKE THESE WERE COMMON DURING THE NOW HISTORIC SIEGE OF BASTOGNE. HERE THREE MEN OF THE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION GUARD AN OUTPOST.

An MP was directing traffic near Bastogne. There was a terrific tangle of vehicles on the roads. Somebody asked him what it was all about. "All I know," said the MP, "is that everybody is pulling out and the 101st is pulling in."

T/Sgt. Oswald Butler of the 327th Regiment of the 101st, getting off a truck after the long trip, asked a dirty, slumped-over soldier trudging westward, "What's going on?" The soldier lifted his head and said, "We took a helluva beating over that way," and his hand pointed eastward . . .

"DEFEND Bastogne," corps told Brig. Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe, acting division commander of the 101st, and McAuliffe's defense was in the form of porcupine quills. In every direction the 101st fanned out of Bastogne. Its defense was to attack continuously in all directions. It struck eastward first, sending the 501st Infantry through Bastogne on Dec. 19 to contact the 10th Armored, which was fighting desperately around Longvilly. The day was gloomy and fogbound and in the evening the weather turned to cold and rain—"trenchfoot weather." Between Bastogne and Longvilly the 501st met German tanks and infantry in a ratio of about one to four, a ratio of German superiority that was to last all through the battle of the Bastogne pocket. The 501st finally contacted the 10th Armored, but the German flood continued to flow around them, north and south toward Bastogne. It was like trying to stop water with the spread fingers of a hand.

The first Battalion of the 506th Infantry struck north toward Noville to meet other elements of the 10th Armored, which had been holding. The flood kept flowing around them here, too. The second battalion of the 506th fought a German attack east and south of Noville. It caught the Germans in a patch of woods and did some killing. But this did not stop the German attack, which was backed up by enormous superiority and carried forward by crack German infantry and armored units filled with high morale. From every direction it was the same.

On the 22d and 23d the Germans pressed heavy attacks from the northwest and southeast simultaneously. Their white-clad soldiers and tanks came over crests of the snow-covered hills. With the 10th Armored and 705th TD in reserve to put a little iron into the ranks of the infantry, the 101st countered the charges. Bazooka men knocked out tanks at close range, waiting until a tank was only a few yards away. But still the white flood of Germans swept on, and the American perimeter narrowed and converged toward its center at Bastogne. Near Villeroux, the Mark Fours overran the 755th Field Artillery. And the artillerymen, with 10th Armored support, fought off tanks and infantry with point-blank fire, stubbornly hanging onto their big guns, then pulling them back, the artillerymen frequently using unfamiliar carbines.

At midnight of the 21st, the staff at headquarters knew that the German circle around Bastogne was complete. Ammunition was running low. "Down to 11 shells per gun and we had to squeeze every ounce of German blood we could out of each shot," said one staff colonel. No planes could break through the murky skies to bring support and supplies. The wounded were too many for the few medics left.

On the very first night at Bastogne the Germans had overrun the medical unit near Herbalmont, eight miles to the west. At that time Herbalmont was optimistically considered "rear." The Germans stole the medical unit—wounded, equipment, doctors, and medics. The entire unit simply disappeared.

Now with the circle complete, the Germans demanded our surrender.

ON the southeast, near Marvie, "I saw what looked like a tablecloth on a big pole. There were four Germans under this white flag. Sgt. Dickinson and I blindfolded them and led them on a wild-goose chase to the CP," explained T/Sgt. Oswald Butler.

These four Germans delivered the demand for surrender.

" . . . The fortune of war is changing. The order for firing will be given immediately after this two-hour term. All the serious civilian

losses caused by this artillery fire would not correspond with the well-known American humanity," the demand declared. After McAuliffe's answer—"Nuts"—was delivered, the battles around the perimeter renewed, but on Dec. 22 early Christmas gifts arrived. Cargo planes dropped supply chutes in the fields around Bastogne. And they floated down, yellow and green, silk stuff, spreading against the snow, the packs carrying supplies.

After the severe attacks of the 23d, on the 327th sectors to the northwest and southeast, the day before Christmas was "relatively" quiet, and Gen. McAuliffe combined his exchange with the German commander concerning the surrender with a Christmas greeting to his men.

The message was mimeographed at headquarters and brought out to the foxholes and was the only greeting the men received.

Under the shell fire they read, "Merry Christmas. What's merry about all this, you ask? We're fighting. It's cold. We aren't home. All true but what has the proud Eagle Division accomplished with its worthy comrades of the 10th Armored Division, the 705th TD Battalion, and all the rest? Just this: we have stopped cold everything that has confronted us, from the north, east, south and west. The Eagle Division was hurriedly ordered to stem the advance. How effectively this was done will be written in history. We are giving our country and our loved ones at home a worthy Christmas present. And being privileged to take part in this gallant feat of arms we are truly making for ourselves a merry Christmas. McAuliffe, Commanding."

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

That was Christmas eve inside the pocket. Christmas day brought a renewed German offensive, concentrating now through the northwest, the sector of the Third Battalion of the 327th and the First Battalion of the 502d. From the southwest, the attacks had lightened a little, and it was clear that here the Germans were no longer so enthusiastic. But from the northwest the white flood rolled forward, now bigger than ever. It took the coolest and

DEFLECTED BY A DEFENSE THAT CONSISTED OF A CONTINUOUS ATTACK IN ALL DIRECTIONS



AFTER TWO DAYS OF SILENCE THE 101ST ARTILLERY WAS RESUPPLIED BY P-47S AND AGAIN WAS ABLE TO BEGIN FIRING ON THE NEARBY GERMAN LINES.

heaviest kind of combat men to handle this flood. Stopping it head-on was impossible.

"We let the tanks roll over us," said Capt. Robert J. McDonald, commander of B Company, Third Battalion, formerly the First Battalion of the 401st. "It was toward daylight. They came down using flamethrowers. The tanks went through—all those we couldn't knock out with bazookas—but we knew that those 705th TDs would give them a royal working over in the rear. And then we took on their infantry that followed after the Mark Fours."

Lt. John L. Adams of A Company spoke of "six men defending 100 yards of woods, and the Jerries had a company against us. We had one 50-caliber machine gun and we threw them back three times."

Pfc. Marshall A. Griffith of Company B knocked out a tank with a bazooka in one Christmas Day attack.

But the German tide swept on toward Bastogne, and got down as far as the 502d CP. There the messengers, cooks, and clerks went to work. It was no longer even infighting but something closer than that, with German dead lying almost in the orderly room, as if they had been meaning to ask for a pass. The regimental commander, Col. Steve Chappuis, got into the fight.

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

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

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

Farther away, at the 12th Evacuation Hospital, volunteer doctors and medics prepared to take off by plane and drop down by glider into the Bastogne pocket. The next day five doctors and four sergeant medics took off.

Some of them had never been in a plane before. The doctors thought it was going to be a parachute jump at first but were ready anyway. They took off on Dec. 26, landed near Bastogne in the snow, and set up their hospital. There could be no question of taking their wounded out, not until the lifeline from the south could reach Bastogne.

The lifeline was being made down below Bastogne. It was being forged by tanks through teller mine fields on the roads.

The Fourth Armored was going north. Stopped cold at noon of the 26th by heavy resistance and with further movement possible only at the heaviest cost, they decided to force through at once. They knew it would have to be a very fast and continuous movement. The armor took off, playing machine-gun fire on the woods and surrounding hills. In that drive through to Bastogne, lasting more than four

days, they killed, captured, and took prisoner more than 2,000 Germans. But they did not come through easily. The straight rush through the German ring cost lives.

In the woods north of Assenois, Lt. Charles Boggess Jr., lifted his head out of a turret and spoke to the first American soldiers on the inside of the pocket. They were engineers of the 326th Airborne who had maintained the southernmost salient of the perimeter. As Lt. Boggess lifted his head out of the turret nobody said anything to him. He said, "Come on out, it's all right. It's the Fourth Armored." Nobody moved or answered. It was late afternoon under the dark green firs. Boggess yelled again, and again nobody answered.

Finally a young officer crawled out of a hole, but the two men kept each other covered. The engineer officer said at last, "I'm Lt. Webster." They shook hands. Later Gen. McAuliffe rode out in a jeep and shook hands with some of the men. And as dusk started to come down Col. Abrams rode through—a short stocky man with sharp features—already a legendary figure in this war.

The Fourth Armored seems to span the history of this war. In France, you met the division as it made its first big play in the hot summer days, going through Coutances in our big breakthrough after St. Lo. Again you ran across the outfit in the fall as its big tanks lumbered through the mud of Vollerdingen, near the German border, with the tanks out of contact across the mine-covered hills where neither man nor jeep could follow them.

And now they showed in Bastogne, lumbering through the snow with the men of the 80th Division, against the blooming green of the pine trees and into the town itself . . .

The battle of the Bastogne pocket ended at 1645 on December 26, 1944.

TODAY, the day after New Year's, you can go into Bastogne through the corridor first opened by the Fourth Armored. From the old 101st Division CP, you can go north through Hemroulle to Champs and then right into the continuing battle of Bastogne.

All along the way you pass the dead things

which tell the story along the road, like the Burma Shave signs on the Lincoln Highway back home. On the right side of the road are a glider and a torn up C-47. In a field farther up are the burnt-out tanks which were knocked out by bazookas.

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

All the way up to Lt. Thompson's forward OP it is like that. There is a cart in the road near Champs with two dead horses. Some Germans came up that road, driving the cart. They are buried now, but the horses, half-covered with snow, lie in the traces.

Robert A. Grotjan, R. P. O'Reilly, Dominick Rivera, William Grant—there are many men and many names in the companies who fought along the road to Champs. They fought out of holes against the big flood of Germans that over-ran them. And attacked again and are still attacking into the new year.

Some of them were on leave in Paris when the 101st pulled out for Bastogne and they caught up with their units and came into line, men like Cpl. Orville Hanford of the 3d Platoon, Company B, who said he was "re-equipped with a hangover and some silk stockings."

"What are you gonna do now?" somebody asked Hanford that first day outside of Bastogne. "Let 'em come," he said. "I'll deal 'em out some misery."

You can keep going up with Lt. Thompson, up to his Company B outpost. His men are cheerful right now. Why or how you don't know. But there they are—dirty, tired and cheerful, all the way up to the northwestern-most point of our line, to the forward OP from which you can see the German positions.

Our men look young, healthy, tough and cheerful.

Lt. Thompson had 17 bottles of cognac. He gave eight bottles to Company B and kept nine. "Just to make sure I was majority stockholder," he explains. We drank cognac at the forward OP, and Thompson says, "Fire some mortars. They're for the New Year's—those mortars."

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

WHAT ABOUT THEM AFTER THE WAR?

WITH THE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION AROUND BASTOGNE—There has been so much phony talk about the paratroopers as "killers," as "guys who will cause trouble after the war," that I asked the boys in Lt. C. A. Thompson's B Company of the 502d Regiment what they thought about it. All the evidence of their skill, the skill that the Army had planted in them, lay all around the snow-covered hills northwest of Bastogne—the German stone-frozen dead.

We were sampling a bottle of cognac out of the stock accumulated by Lt. Thompson. We passed the bottle around and talked not about Bastogne but about this matter of "the paratroopers after the war." Pvt. Dubov, a bazooka man, said earnestly, "What do they mean, killers? Why we took 29 prisoners yesterday and they was all alive."

There were boys from everywhere in the U.S. In particular, I remember a shy-looking lad from Sioux City, Iowa, whose father is a big shot of some sort back there; another tall boy with lots of beard on his face, who wanted to make sure that I had all the details right of an exploit last night in which they had killed and captured some 30 Germans with seven men; Lt. Thompson himself, who is short, compact, strong-looking, sporting a little mustache, and who used to be a professional swimmer back at Virginia Beach, Va.; and the lad who was directing mortar fire against German positions right ahead of us. I remember them very well, not only for Bastogne but for the way they pleaded for themselves as if this forward OP were a court room.

"If I ever see a gun after I get home," said the kid directing the mortar fire, "I'm gonna bust it up."

They were very bitter about all the talk which made them out as guys who would be trigger-happy when they got home; they wanted to get home in exactly the same way other infantry soldiers wanted to get home. They couldn't get too excited about the Bastogne deal. They thought it had been harder for them around Carantan which was the first big town taken by Americans after the 101st Airborne dropped into France. But they could and did get excited about being considered "different" in a way which puts them outside the pale of normal soldiers. Yes, they had raised a little hell here and there in France between their major operations but what did you expect from men who had always been shoved into the tightest of tight spots all the time—Lord Fauntleroy?

I walked down to the company CP with Lt. Thompson. He was thinking seriously about what he was going to do after the war. He didn't think much of the professional swimming job after the war. We passed the dead Germans and the dead animals going down. It was a cold clear day and the P-47s were scooting in and out of flakbursts over to the west. At headquarters, Cpl. Russell Engels, talking about the same subject of paratroopers "after the war," shrugged his shoulders and said, "They'll be all right after the war. Give them jobs and a chance to live comfortably and they'll be okay. But if they don't get a chance. . ." He left that one way up in the air.

—Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

From BEER to BAZOOKAS

Back at the staging area PX some permanent party noncoms told the men of the 84th Division they'd miss bullets and bayonets—but it didn't turn out that way.

By Sgt. ED. CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 84TH DIVISION—Back at the staging area PX last September, a couple of permanent party noncoms gave some GIs from the 84th Division a tip. The two noncoms, growing magnanimous after several free beers, assured the 84th men they need have no further doubts as to what awaited them on the European side of the Atlantic.

"You guys don't have to worry about nothing," a limited service tech sergeant told them. "No bullets or bayonets or any of that stuff. You're gonna be part of the 'Army of Occupation.' We got it right from headquarters."

"Hell, you got a good deal," the tech sergeant hastened to reassure one of the 84th men whose face had dropped at the mention of the "Army of Occupation." "Germany has got plenty of good beer and the Army's gonna put on a big sports and education program to keep you occupied. You guys are going at the right time."

Judged by recent developments, the 84th men have decided that the noncoms' information was slightly optimistic.

To start with there's the running account of the division's first month of action. Attacking for the first time on Nov. 18, the 84th hit the pill-box defended town of Prummern, Germany, in one of the strongest sectors of the Siegfried line. They took the town in six hours. Next day the "Railsplitters" captured the German stronghold of Ircher plus the adjoining town of Suggesterath. Moving on against other Siegfried key defenses, they took Lindern, Beeck, Leiffarth and Wurm and completed their month's work Dec. 18 by capturing Mullendorf.

The day before the fall of Mullendorf, Rundstedt started his counteroffensive against the weak side of the Allied line in the fir-treed hills of the Ardennes region. The 84th was one of the first American divisions shifted southward to meet the German thrust toward Liege and the Meuse river. Brig. Gen. A. R. Bolling of Washington, D.C., commanding general of the 84th, was ordered to occupy and hold the town of Marche, hub point of a road net which controlled the highways leading west to the vital Meuse cities of Dinant and Namur. The "Rail-splitter" defense of that region brought forth several stories that they'd like the noncoms to know about.

Company I of the 333d Regiment, for instance, met a German force of eight tanks, 10 halftracks, several motorcycles and jeeps and 80 infantrymen trying to break through into the little village of Menil. With the tanks running interference, the Germans swept up the road toward the village, confident they had the supposedly panic-stricken American Army on the run. The crew of the lead tank never figured until it was too late on the daisy chain of anti-tank mines which the Yanks had stretched across the road.

When the lead tank exploded and careened into a ditch, the tanks and halftracks following it frantically tried to reverse their field. That caused just enough delay for Company I bazookamen, hidden in foxholes along the road, to tackle the second and third tanks. Pfc. Clarence E. Love of Cherry Valley, Ark., and Pfc. Alex V. Tiler of Paris, Tenn., set one afire while Pfc. Carl R. Tisdale of Parteskala, Ohio, and Pfc. Robert C. Halloway of Englewood, Calif., blew tracks off the other Jerry armored vehicle. Firing his bazooka without assistance, Sgt. James M. Scanlan of Danville, Ky., scored a hit on the fourth tank which staggered into another Yank minefield and blew itself to hell.

Meanwhile the second wave of enemy tanks started plunging ahead toward Company I's lines. An American second lieutenant saw two German infantrymen standing over a foxhole ready to shoot one of his men. He called S/Sgt. Joseph S. Wagner of West Conshohocken, Pa., and the two of them jumped the Jerries with carbines, killing both. Then the lieutenant spotted a tank in the second wave stopping to pick up three krauts from a disabled tank. He jumped out of his foxhole and threw three fast strikes with hand grenades, wounding all three Jerries. But, before he could get back into his hole, he was killed by machine-gun fire from an enemy halftrack.

The second wave of tanks was now running through Company I's positions. One hit another daisy chain and exploded. The next one by-passed the mines only to veer off into the line of fire of a bazooka manned by Sgt. Jessie Tenpenny of Morrisson, Tenn., and Pvt. Stephen Theil of Beaver, Pa. That made it an even half dozen tanks knocked out.

Two enemy halftracks then tried to run the gauntlet but Sgt. Scanlan, the one-man bazooka crew, took care of them. His first burst sent one piling into another minefield where it exploded and his second hit caused the next halftrack to burst into flames. Two German motorcyclists then started popping off at Scanlan with machine pistols. He ducked, grabbed a couple of grenades and laid them right down the alley. Both krauts were blown to shreds.

After 30 minutes of furious fighting, the Jerries took off toward a patch of woods on a nearby hill. Company I radioed back for artillery assistance. When the barrage was finished, Company I went up to clean out what was left. There wasn't much. They found 17 more enemy vehicles which had been knocked

out by artillery and took several badly frightened German prisoners.

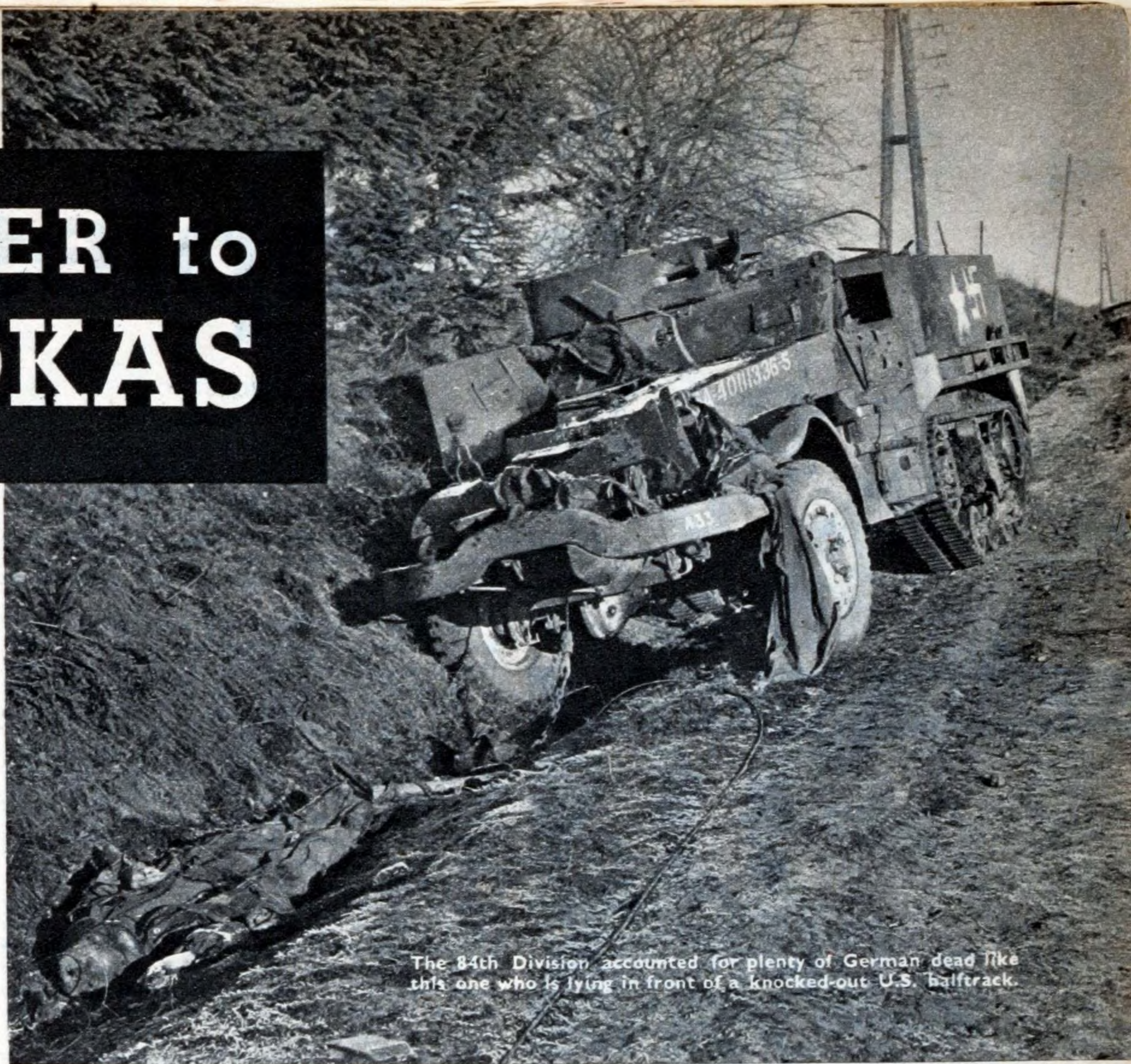
Company I's casualty list for the entire action was one killed—the second lieutenant—and several wounded.

THE noncom's story of the 84th being part of an "Army of Occupation" lost all its logic for five members of a recon patrol who wandered around behind enemy lines during one stage of the German counteroffensive. Taking off in a jeep to patrol the area south of Marche, they made a swing of 50 miles—20 miles of which was behind Jerry lines. That night at dusk, they headed back for their CP. Less than a mile from their outfit, they ran into a German roadblock which forced them to go back toward the enemy positions.

They were riding along the main highway when they spotted a Jerry convoy coming toward them. Pulling off into the underbrush at the side of road, the five 84th men watched in amazement as the convoy passed them. For in it were American Army jeeps, halftracks, weapons carriers, command cars, six-by-sixes, in fact, every type of U.S. Army vehicle but scout cars and tank destroyers. When it was dark enough they headed toward the front—and their own lines. After several hours, the Americans decided to pull off the road again and hide out. They sat there for hours without daring to sleep as enemy convoys continued rolling toward the front.

After much discussion, the recon patrol decided to try getting back on foot. So, booby-trapping their jeep and burying their other equipment, they took off. Right off the bat, they almost ran into the arms of a German patrol. That narrow escape made them decide to lay low while German units moved within a few yards of them. They slept in the snow without blankets and ate rotten potatoes picked up in a barn when their rations were gone. Some time after they had crawled into the barn, they heard fighting break out in a nearby woods. When the battle ended with an American tank force capturing the woods, the five cold, hungry and tired recon men walked into the U.S. outpost.

Sgt. O. A. Tripken of Bakersfield, Calif., was the noncom in charge of the patrol which included Sgt. Charles Peoples of Partridge, Kan., Cpl. O. A. Whermore of Windham, N.Y., Cpl. Alfred E. Sothern of Boise, Idaho, and Pvt. John Biernachi of Worcester, Mass.



The 84th Division accounted for plenty of German dead like this one who is lying in front of a knocked-out U.S. halftrack.

Naples Today

By Sgt. AUGUST LOEB
YANK Staff Correspondent

NAPLES—When the wind suddenly began to blow from the west last spring and the hot ashes of erupting Mount Vesuvius were driven away from the city, many Neapolitans looked upon this fortunate turn of events as a miracle performed by their patron saint, Januarius, and as a sign that life was going to be better for them.

The people of Naples still can't get *pizza* (a kind of cheese and tomato pie) with real *mozzarella* (cheese or macaroni with tomato sauce) or many of the other things that were plentiful before the war, but they are thankful that jobs can be had, that it is possible to buy food and no longer necessary to beg. They know that the Allied officials are taking steps to prevent a recurrence of the typhus epidemic of last winter, and they have learned to look on MYL and DDT with patience even if these delousing powders do make their hair look like hell.

The Neapolitans are looking forward to entertaining American tourists, all of whom they expect will be millionaires, with Vesuvius wines of 1946 vintage. It seems that the finest vintage years of *Lachrymae Christi* (Tears of Christ) wine come two years after the volcano blows its top and spreads its volcanic ash over the vineyards, fertilizing the soil.

The situation in Naples as far as the GIs are concerned hasn't changed much since last winter when they first came in. The bars in the *Galleria Umberto*, the great arcade that is the city's outstanding landmark for GIs, are still peddling the same evil swill that passes as cognac and vermouth. And prices in the souvenir shops of the *Galleria* are higher than ever.

The air-raid shelters of the city have been locked up and Neapolitans have thrown the keys away, although the city was at the head of the *Luftwaffe's* target list only last spring. The one-time flossy water-front hotels are still the empty shells they were when the Nazis left. The four cable-car lines connecting the business and port district with the steep hills are running normally, and service has been restored on the six trolley lines. There is a great deal of auto traffic, and pedestrians jam the roadways, adding to the confusion and annoying the GI drivers.

The festivals that used to be an important feature of Naples life aren't held any more, but that doesn't mean there's a lack of entertainment. The opera season now lasts all year at the San Carlo and operas are also performed at the Politeama Theater. Thirty civilian movie houses are scattered about the town.

Steps are being taken to restore the city to its pre-war condition, and all over town the retaining walls put up as a protection against air raids are being torn down. The Bank of Naples now looks as grand as it did before the war, and clean-up squads have restored the Town Hall. Many buildings, of course, still have scars from fire and bombardment, but the heavy dust that used to fill the air is gradually disappearing.

As an important port, Naples is still under strict military discipline, even though the front is now 400 miles away, and the Italian Government has even less authority here than in some cities close to the actual fighting.

The population depends on the activities of the port for its living, since all of Naples' pre-war industries were destroyed and about 100,000 jobs were wiped out. But the Neapolitans aren't afraid to work with their hands. "We aren't a city of white-collar workers," they say proudly. They insist that Mussolini was never very popular with them and they point out that Il Duce built up the Port of Genoa at the expense of Naples to punish the Neapolitans for whistling at him (the Italian equivalent of the Bronx cheer) when he made a speech in the city in

1922 just before he and his Fascist mob took over power in Italy. They say he visited Naples only twice in his 20 years' dictatorship.

Most of the city's industries, converted to war needs as early as the war against Ethiopia, fell apart when the Germans seized the country, and before the Nazis took off they wrecked whatever was left. The Ilva steel plant, which once employed 5,000 persons, was wrecked, and so were the aircraft factories at Pomigliano.

Other sources of employment for the Neapolitans were the Navalmeccanica factories which provided 20,000 jobs; the torpedo plants at Baia, 7,500; the Ansaldo armament works at Pozzuoli, 6,500; Cotoniere Meridionale (textiles), 5,000; and smaller concerns making tires, jewelry and *pasta* (spaghetti, etc.). Virtually all these factories were destroyed by bombs or mines, or forced to close down for lack of materials.

Naples would be faced with a serious unemployment problem were it not for the expansion of the port. Expansion under Axis rule had been paralyzed since Axis naval operations were on too small a scale to justify further building. The Allies, with docks built over the hulls of toppled ships, have made this one of the world's busiest ports and the Neapolitans' chief source of income.

By American standards, the wages at the port—ranging from 80 cents to \$1.30 a day—are low. This is a higher scale than Neapolitans got before the war, but it doesn't work out very well in real wages. Italian civilians employed in Allied offices get salaries running as high as \$4 a day for work classed as executive. The dock workers depend a great deal on the Allied soup and bread dished out to them once a day.

Merchants and service workers do a lot better, thanks to the runaway inflation that has come despite efforts to control prices. Domestic servants are doing better than they ever did; barbers have raised their prices fivefold; and even photographers' and artists' charges have increased greatly.

There's a flourishing black market in Naples and some big-time operators have made fortunes. There are also a lot of petty rackets. A ticket on the cable-car lines costs 1½ lire—a lira is pegged at 1 cent—but passengers pay two lire because there's no currency smaller than a one-lira note, and the ticket seller can't give change; he keeps the change, of course. Elevator rides cost one-fifth of a lira, so, in the rare moments when elevators run, the operator collects a lira from each passenger because he can't give change.

Cara vita (Italian for the high cost of living) invariably comes into every conversation, no matter how casual, because it's a real problem for the vast majority of Neapolitans. Bread and *pasta* are rationed and fairly cheap on the regular, or non-black, market. Each person, for instance, is allowed one-sixth of a pound of *pasta* and two-fifths of a pound of bread daily. Most people say the *pasta*—made of mixed flour—is good, even though it's not up to the pre-war standards, but there's plenty of bitching about the bread. It's brown instead of white and the racket boys have moved in on the baking industry. Consumers say the bread is poorly baked and that it's watered to make it weigh more. The regular price of bread is 2½ cents a pound; on the black market it costs 70 cents a pound.

Each person is allowed 25 grams of sugar a month—it amounts to about a tablespoonful—and Neapolitans bitch about this, too. They say it isn't enough, and besides, what they get is brown and wet. The regular price is 12½ cents a pound; on the black market it's \$2.50 a pound. American food is issued to supplement the rationed Italian supply. One small can of vegetable stew and meat or luncheon pork and two-fifths of a gram of soup powder are issued once a month. Fresh meat can be bought only on the black market. Ordinary beef goes for \$2 a pound, pork for \$2.50 and ham—including the bone—at \$4. Practically all of the steak supply goes to



Sketch artists get plenty of GI customers. They will paint your favorite pin-up on V-mail blanks.



This butcher has no glass in his show window. His woman customer carries daily bread ration for two.



The Galleria is the Radio City of Naples. Glass roof is wrecked but crowds still gather at noon.

Freed from the physical dangers of war, the city buckles down to work at its great port and fights against inflation without losing its gaiety.

black-market restaurants where it's sold to GIs for \$4 to \$5 a portion.

Neapolitans have lived so long under food shortages and inflated prices that they've accustomed themselves to some pretty weird substitutes. The common substitute for coffee is toasted barley, but this stuff now goes for a dollar a pound on the black market, so most Neapolitans either skip breakfast entirely or make out with a couple of chestnuts or an apple. Lunch is generally a soup made of potatoes, greens and a small dusting of GI soup powder. Dinner is either powdered-pea soup or a vegetable broth and boiled or roasted chestnuts. Chestnuts have become a staple food, but the price has gone as high as 30 cents a pound and it's still going up because the Allied troops like them and buy a lot from the vendors.

The black-market price of American cigarettes has doubled within a year: they're now 85 cents a pack. The *Via Roma* is full of sharpshooters who bid for butts and other PX rations. The kids who used to beg for *caramelli* (candy) now try to buy it. A bar of chocolate costs 50 to 75 cents, matches are grabbed up for 20 cents a box and chewing gum goes for a nickel a stick.

A civilian suit of *lanital*, a wool substitute made from milk, costs from \$110 to \$200, but Neapolitans say it dissolves when it's washed. Shoes that cost 40 *lire* before the war now are resoled for 250 *lire*. A cotton dress that sold for \$2 now costs \$35. A raincoat made of real rubber used to be \$4; now a synthetic-rubber raincoat brings \$65.

Rent is one of the few things not very much affected by the inflation. That's because the Fascists froze rentals a long time ago and the Allies continued the freeze when they came in. As a result, a family that paid \$15 a month for an apartment with bath in the fashionable Vomero section still pays the same rent. Persons who fled to escape air raids have it tougher, however. Landlords can charge them whatever they please.

It's the poorer classes that are suffering most from the housing shortage caused by the air-raid destruction. In the poorer sections of town, people live 20 to a room in many cases.

NEAPOLITANS are enthusiastic mourners and the city is always full of people in mourning clothes. Widows under 40 wear their black clothes for two years; widows over 40 wear mourning, with a black veil down to their knees, for the rest of their lives unless they remarry, which seldom happens. Men wear mourning clothes for a year and so do children.

With the great festivals gone, the happiest days for Neapolitans are their *onomastici*, or saints' days. They celebrate the day of the saints after whom they are named rather than their own birthdays. Neapolitans—even the poorest—feast and exchange presents on their *onomastici*.

GIs who have been here a while soon become accustomed to the unrestrained behavior of the Neapolitans. The phrase "street songs" has real meaning in Naples. When a Neapolitan is happy he's quite apt to burst out into song and he doesn't give a damn even if it's noontime and he's in the busiest part of town.

The Neapolitans are safe from air raids and other hazards of war now, but they haven't forgotten the struggle. They're taking an avid interest in politics and they are impressed with the Allied policy of allowing freedom of expression in the newspapers. There is no pre-censorship and almost any point of view can get into print as long as it doesn't violate military security or interfere with the conduct of the war. The newspaper with the greatest circulation—70,000—is *La Voce*, mouthpiece of the left. The more conservative *Il Giornale* has 37,000 subscribers.

Naples today is not very pretty, like some of the other Italian cities that preserved their monuments and little else, but it has dignity. It has the dignity of a city whose people are not afraid to work hard for what they want.



When the Fascists were in power, Mussolini tried to improve traffic by banning jay walking on the *Via Roma*. Allies made the street one way, but pedestrians still rule the roost. They are a memorable driving hazard.



Metropolitan rush-hours in the U. S. have nothing on Naples. These civilians crowd out of an electric commuters' train just in from southern Italy. There are two classes—cushion-seat first and bare-bench third.



WHEN TASK FORCE HAMILTON WENT FORWARD NORTH OF GROSBOUS, EASY COMPANY, SHOWN ABOVE, LED THE WAY.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH 26TH DIVISION, LUXEMBOURG—The last fortress at Metz had been cleaned up six days before and the division was resting in the city, looking forward to a few weeks of reorganization and training of its reinforcements before going back into the line.

The staff officers were having a pleasant evening in the cafe of their hotel. Somebody had dug up some Red Cross girls and one of them was from Massachusetts, the home of this National Guard outfit. Around 2000 an aide came in and whispered something to the chief of staff. He got up and excused himself and left the room.

It was the corps chief of staff on the phone. The wire was probably tapped; so he had to avoid specific detail.

"Get ready to move north the first thing in the morning," he told the division chief of staff. "I can't tell you now where you're going but it is near a place that rhymes with something that women wear. And you will be prepared to move from there immediately against the enemy in a meeting engagement."

The division chief of staff, Col. B. M. McFadyen of Columbia, S.C., called the commanding general, Maj. Gen. W. S. Paul of Shrewsbury, Mass., and they looked at the map. They decided that the destination that corps was hinting at was near Arlon, which rhymed with nylon. Arlon was a good 50 miles away

When the German counterattack began, the Third Army picked up its men, equipment and supplies and within two days went into action. This is how the 26th Division made the quick move up north.

—no small move for an entire division of more than 15,000 men with their equipment, vehicles, and supplies. The assistant G-3 was called from the social gathering in the cafe. Then the G-2 and the G-4. The other officers looked at each other and knew that something was up.

"Guess we won't be spending Christmas here after all," one of them said.

THAT was how the 26th Infantry Division, better known as the YD or Yankee Division, learned on the night of Dec. 19 that it was going to take part in what future historians will probably describe as one of the most important strategic maneuvers of the war—the lightning-like shift of the bulk of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr.'s Third U.S. Army from the area around Metz and the Saar Basin to the virtually unprotected front being opened by the new German counterattack at the north around Bastogne and the Sure River. It was carried out; that stopped the Germans from reaching France and spreading down toward Paris, where they had expected to spend New Year's Eve. In terms of American geography, it

was almost the same as if an army, facing an enemy force along the New York-Connecticut border, suddenly heard that a second enemy force from Western Massachusetts and Vermont was pouring through Albany toward the middle of New York State. And then turned away from its Connecticut front, picked up most of its men, equipment, and supplies, and hit the road for the north to smash the second enemy force on its southern flank. The Third Army did this on a few hours' notice, despite the tremendous complications and work involved in moving each of its divisions, reached its new assembly areas less than 24 hours later and went into action against the surprised Germans within the next two days.

The most spectacular role in the move was that played by the Fourth Armored Division which dashed to the aid of the besieged 101st Airborne Division at Bastogne. The story of what happened during the same time to the 26th Division, which moved up on the Fourth Armored's right flank and tackled the tough job of crossing the Sure River to the east of Bastogne without getting much of a play in the newspapers, is less dramatic but more typical. It

On the Move



Capt. Reed Seeley was unhurt when an enemy shell destroyed a house in which he was hiding.



T/Sgt. Melvin Foster of Gloucester, Va., hid in a farmhouse for 30 hours with his platoon.

There were no urine calls. A rifleman in the 328th Infantry Regiment with the GIs had to sit on the strap across the back of his two and a half-ton truck and let go at 35 miles an hour.

The speed paid off. Despite the apparent confusion, the move was completed in remarkable time. Later in the evening of the 19th, after the chief of staff had received that first warning phone call from corps, the division learned that it was headed for the town of Eischen, to the east of Arlon, about 56 miles away. The recon unit started out shortly after midnight. The infantry regiments—the 101st, the 104th, and the 328th—were all packed and ready to go at 0830 the next morning. There were some delays due to the congestion of the roads. For instance, all the units in the city of Metz and to the south of it had to cross the Moselle River in single file over only one bridge; all the others had been destroyed. There was a shell crater on the main highway beyond the bridge which made another bottleneck. One of the division's infantry columns was held up there for two hours and did not finally get away from the Metz area until 1030. It was late in the afternoon before the last units—ordnance, quartermaster and the headquarters section of the signal company—left the city. But the whole division and all its equipment was in Eischen and the surrounding countryside by 2300 that night.

"Everything considered, it was one of the smoothest moves we ever made," says Lt. Col. Walter H. Lippincott of Philadelphia, Pa., the division G-4. "And it should have been one of the toughest. The men were settled and relaxed in buildings. It is always harder and slower to move from a city like that than it is from a CP in the field. We were eating B-rations which had to be changed to combat rations before we could start. And we had no information about supply dumps ahead—we had to assume they had been over-run by the enemy and take everything with us. And after we left Metz, we had to give the Fourth Armored priority on the main highway and take the secondary roads which were longer and narrower. A lot of the trucks that were assigned to move us didn't arrive until 0300 and 0400 in the morning. And, of course, we didn't know how, when or where we were moving until about 10 hours before the starting time."

Naturally the townspeople and the few U.S. troops they found in the north were jittery about the German counterattack and glad to see the division come. Lt. Col. John Cotter of Lynn, Mass., arriving in Arlon with the advance party, found the city in the hands of a small, nervous engineer outfit whose CO assured him that everything was well protected.

"How about the bridges?" Lt. Col. Cotter asked.

"Don't worry about the bridges," the engineer said. "They're well covered. We've got two men on each bridge."

Nobody knew how far away the Germans were and there were all kinds of rumors and reports. The reconnaissance troops, supported by TDs, went probing ahead to find out something definite. The infantry dug into foxholes in the freezing cold forests and waited for them to bring back the bad news.

THEY got it the following night. German columns were reported moving across Luxembourg toward Belgium about 20 miles to the north and the infantry was ordered to move out on foot at 0600 the next morning, regiments abreast—the 328th on the left and the 104th on the right—with each regiment marching in columns of battalions. The 101st, less its first battalion, was held in reserve at Steinfort on the Belgium-Luxembourg line.

The engineers went with them to charge

bridges with TNT and to put more explosives in the sides of trees which could be blown down to block the roads in case of a retreat. Maj. Gen. Paul called the division signal officer.

"If we don't get communication on this meeting engagement," the general said, "I'll grind you into the ground."

The infantrymen walked more than 16 miles that day before they met the Germans. Their move up from Metz had evidently caught the enemy almost flat-footed. Three German divisions in that sector had been moving westward across Luxembourg toward the region south of Bastogne. The three American divisions of the Third Army driving up to their southern flank, the Fourth Armored, the 26th and the 80th, smashed into them before they had a chance to make a complete left face and meet their new opposition head-on. They were still wheeling around to the south on Dec. 22 when the First Battalion of the 328th Infantry went into them and took the town of Hostert les Folschette and the 104th Infantry advanced through stubborn resistance to the high ground south of Grosbous.

The Second and Third Battalions of the 328th followed the First Battalion on the north toward Wahl and Grevels Bresil and then the regiment ran into real trouble. "There we were on the road in column of battalions," says Maj. Albert Friedman of Bangor, Maine, who had charge of the Second Battalion. "I went up ahead and found the First Battalion with its hands full of Jerries. Then I came back and somehow managed to get our battalion to make an about face and start back down the road to Hostert. How the hell we turned around those kids who had been walking since God knows when and all the vehicles and got them going back to Hostert without a mix-up, I don't know. If the Germans had ever broken through on us while we were turning around, there would have been a panic."

At Hostert, the battalion set up a perimeter defense and received word that it was to become a part of a task force, to be called Task Force Hamilton, under Lt. Col. Paul Hamilton of San Antonio, Tex., with attached ack-ack, engineer and TD units, and tanks from a tank battalion. The Third Battalion was to go up with the First Battalion straight north. Task Force Hamilton was to tackle the dirtiest job of all on the morning of Dec. 23. It was assigned the mission of taking the town of Eschdorf, which was loaded with German armor, and pushing on to cross the Sure River and establish a bridgehead for the rest of the division to go on toward Wiltz.

"The boys hadn't had much rest or hot food since we left Metz and they had walked about 20 miles," Maj. Friedman said, "so I wanted them to ride as long as they could. We sent them out that morning riding on the tanks and TDs."

Easy Company under Capt. Vaughn Swift of Manzanola, Colo., went out in front north of Grosbous and ran into strong German opposition on the high ground in front of Hierheck, a cluster of houses at a crossroads before Eschdorf. They were pinned down there for the rest of the day. That night Capt. Swift sent a squad over to the road at the left which the Germans were using as a supply route. The squad laid a hasty mine field and as soon as they had finished a party of Germans came down the road in a U.S. jeep and were blown to pieces.

"Just goes to show that mines ought to be issued regularly to the infantry," Maj. Friedman says. "But nobody ever gets them except the engineers. Don't ask me why."

The next morning F Company, commanded by Capt. Reed Seely of Berwick, Pa., replaced Easy Company on the high ground. When F tried to advance, the troops met a large German force on the reverse side of the slope, less than 100 yards away. The Germans, camouflaged in the snow with white capes, opened a murderous rifle and automatic weapon fire. Capt. Seely went back and called for a tank. He led it up the slope, walking in front of it to guide it. The tank was demolished by an 88, firing from a farmhouse at the bottom of the hill. "The concussion," said Capt. Seely, "knocked me on my can."

He went back again and this time selected a bazooka man, Pfc. Dominic Giovanazzo of Ravenna, Ohio. Giovanazzo crawled up the slope, aimed at the 88 in the house below in

gives you some idea of what it was like for the average infantry outfit that was in on this deal during the joyous Christmas season of 1944.

Nobody in the 26th Division can get over the way their part of the Third Army made its move north from Metz. Probably no military movement of such a large scale was ever carried out with more speed and less red tape. The book was thrown out of the window and all the OCS rules about road discipline were forgotten. Each outfit simply tried to get its vehicles on the road as soon as possible and, after they were on the road, to keep moving.

"And them roads was jammed," one of the truck drivers said. "Us and the Fourth Armored and God only knows how many other divisions. We were bumper to bumper all the way. Good thing it was a cloudy day. If the Germans ever had air out, they would have slaughtered us."

Nothing was left behind. An outfit even took a truckload of its German prisoners along with it because it didn't have time to dispose of them through channels before taking off. One GI couldn't believe his eyes when he saw them rolling along in the column behind an ammunition trailer and in front of a battery of Long Toms.

"What are we doing?" he said. "Bringing up replacements for the Jerries, too?"

The MPs were on the roads that day for only one reason—to keep the vehicles from slowing down. There was no stopping for anything. The troops ate K-rations while they moved.

the valley and knocked it out with one blast. When the smoke cleared, a Tiger tank which nobody knew was there appeared from behind the house, trembled nervously for a moment and then waddled off quickly toward Eschdorf and safety.

But it took F Company all that day to get over the ridge and into Hierheck. Meanwhile on the left Easy Company was being held up by 33 Germans in a house. The mortar squad leader of H Company, T/Sgt. Bruce L. Mannwiller of Reading, Pa., and a few of his men managed to get a wire from his mortars across a very dangerous stretch of exposed ground to the Easy Company position. He put mortar fire on the house and the Jerries came streaming out of the front and back doors. The men in Easy Company pinned them to the ground immediately with rifle fire.

Then Sgt. Mannwiller opened up on them again with his mortars. After taking this punishment for two hours, one of them came forward and surrendered. An American who happened to be able to speak German persuaded the prisoner to go back and talk the others into surrendering too.

"They did," says Capt. Swift. "So that cleaned the whole area out and made it possible for us to make contact with the outfit on our left flank later without opposition. And this guy Mannwiller almost did it all by himself."

The next step for Easy and F Companies was to attack Eschdorf. They did it in the darkness at 0100 on Christmas morning with men who had been on the move almost continuously since leaving Metz five days before with very little sleep and no hot food. And most of them were not trained infantrymen. They were reinforcements who had joined the companies at Metz, former truck drivers and anti-aircraft men. The officers and noncoms had expected to give them a few weeks of infantry training but the march order came too soon for that.

The fighting in Eschdorf was confused and jumbled. For two days and two nights, there were both Americans and Germans dodging through the streets and in and out of the stone and brick buildings, enemy tanks racing up and down the main drag and our artillery and mortar fire knocking down walls and filling the barn yards with rubble. Some of the things

that happened in Eschdorf were strictly from Hollywood.

There was, for instance, the platoon from F Company that went into the town with the first wave of the attack. The men found themselves surrounded by German troops and vehicles and the platoon leader, Lt. Myles Gentzkow of Minneapolis, Minn., with T/Sgt. Leroy Vermillion of Keno, Oreg., T/Sgt. Melvin Foster of Gloucester, Va., Sgt. Harry Butler of Valdosta, Ga., S/Sgt. Joseph Feiley of St. Mary, Pa., Sgt. Gilmer Hall of Pulaski, Va., Pvt. Wade Horton of Richland, Va., Pvt. Alfred Kelly, S/Sgt. Oscar Heaton of Lock Haven, Pa., Pfc. Carlton D. Jones of Alma, Mich., Pfc. Eddie Janiszewski of Toledo, Ohio, and Pfc. Wilfred J. Keller of Fairforest, S.C., hid in a house with a connecting barn.

The rest of the company and the rest of the American troops retreated from the town when they found themselves outnumbered on Christmas morning. But Lt. Gentzkow and his men stayed there, hidden in the barn and in the cellar of the house. The farmer kept them posted on the movements of the Germans who were all around them. And he brought each man a fresh egg and some soup. They remained in hiding in the town for 30 hours. The company commander, Capt. Seely, didn't know they were there until late Christmas night when Feiley managed to slip out of the barn and make his way across the snow to the American CP on the outskirts of the town.

"I'll never forget that farmer and what he did for us," says Vermillion. "I got his name written down here in my book. I'm going to send him a Christmas present and a birthday present every year for the rest of his life."

CAPT. SEELY, who had been close enough to touch several Germans in the town during the night, led about 30 of his men into a house on the eastern edge of Eschdorf when daylight broke. There was a tank beside the house and one of the German tanks opened fire and destroyed it. A German shell landed in some hay in the second floor of the house and burned it to the ground.

But there happened to be one room in the center of the house with a cement ceiling and cement walls. Capt. Seely and his men went into it and stayed there unharmed.

"It wasn't even too hot in there," Capt. Seely says.

From the outside, of course, the house looked like a complete ruin and the Germans thought everybody inside it was dead.

"There was something else at Eschdorf I'll remember," Capt. Seely says. "One of the sergeants was hit and spent Christmas day lying in a ditch on the side of the road, about a half mile from that burned house we were in. We couldn't bring him back until dark. Well, all day long one of our runners, a pfc. named Paul Hauck, kept crawling up there and staying with the sergeant for a couple of hours at a time. Just giving him cigarettes and laying there talking with him, cheering him up."

WHEN Easy Company pushed into the town, its platoons were cut off and disorganized by the German tanks which were rumbling around the streets like fire engines hunting for a fire. Capt. Swift crawled and ran through machine-gun and small-arms fire back to the rear to get some of our tanks. He brought a couple of them back with him, riding on the side of the first one. When they reached the crossroads on the right side of Eschdorf, he heard a terrific explosion and found himself lying in the snow. The tank, smoking, was 20 feet away from him. It had been hit by an 88.

"Everybody inside it was dead," Capt. Swift said later. "I was riding on the left side of it and the shell got it on the right side. But I didn't get a scratch."

He looked around for the other American tank and it was nowhere to be seen. He picked himself up and ran down the road to a building where he had seen a third U.S. tank a half hour before.

"It was still there," he said. "But the driver said he couldn't go into the town with me. He was out of gas. So I crawled back and found my third platoon in some buildings. More German tanks were hovering around them. We put men on the doors and windows and held them off all that day—Christmas Day. One of the boys had a .300 radio set—I don't know where he got it—and we managed to contact the rear and put some artillery fire on their armor. One thing I don't understand. The Germans knew damn well we were in those houses and they must have known we didn't have much ammunition or heavy stuff. And they had plenty of infantry in the town as well as tanks. But the infantry never tried to rush us and get into the buildings. I don't know if they were yellow or what. That night we sweated it out again and the next morning we got relief. God knows we needed it."

THE First Battalion of the 104th Infantry came in and helped Task Force Hamilton finish the Eschdorf job on Christmas and the day after. Then the task force was dissolved and the Second Battalion of the 328th rejoined the rest of its regiment which had taken Arsdorf and pushed up to the Sure River at Bonnel. The 104th secured another bridgehead on the river further east at Esch-sur-La Sure.

It was then that the 101st Engineer Combat Battalion moved forward to bridge the river. The plan was to put in a treadway bridge at Esch-sur-La Sure but they had to get some infantry on the other side of the river for protection first. So they decided to have a battalion wade across, then to put in a small foot bridge for another battalion. Cpl. Vincent E. Bunce from Christopher Street in the Greenwich Village section of Manhattan was in charge of the engineers who were to put in the footbridge.

Bunce showed up with his squad and his building material at the appointed time. But instead of a battalion protecting him, he found only five infantrymen on the opposite bank.

A captain called him. "It's pretty hot around here," he said. "Wait until that battalion shows up, before you start putting in the foot bridge."

Bunce shook his head. "To hell with the battalion" he said. "Me and the boys will put it in right now. We can't wait around here."

And they did. The next day the treadway bridge was built and a Bailey Bridge was thrown across the river at Bonnel. The 101st Infantry, which had relieved the 328th and the 104th, pushed across the Sure at these two points and moved on toward Wiltz. The division was too busy fighting for the high ground around that battered town on New Year's Eve to be bothered making any predictions or resolutions for 1945.

T-5 Frank A. Meier, Pfc. Davis Hall and T-5 Floyd Spooner take a short break in a forest near Wiltz.



British Demobilization Plan



The British will be demobilized according to age and length of service only. The Americans consider numerous other factors.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE BRITISH 2D ARMY IN HOLLAND—This British tank outfit was set up in a grove of trees bordering a German cemetery on the Waal River, which a few miles farther upstream becomes the Rhine. Every hour or so, the troop CO would get a command by radio and the M4s would drop a few rounds of indirect fire into the village about 3,000 yards away, from which sporadic 88 fire was coming.

The rest of the time, the men took it easy in the six-foot dugouts they had scooped out under the nose of each tank and lined with straw and covered with timber. They sat around near their stoves, reading month-old London newspapers and making tea.

Every once in a while a yell came from the troop sergeant's dugout. "Clifford! Ward!" the sergeant called this time. "It's your chance to look." Two men crawled out of their hole and ducked across to the sergeant's where a big chart was spread out on the floor. Right there in the front lines, two at a time, men were figuring out their priorities under the British demobilization plan, which will go into effect after the war with Germany ends.

The British demobilization plan is simple enough to be explained in the chart, called for some unknown reason "The Army Race Card for Release." This peculiar title has given rise to some very corny gags, like "I'll take 2 to 1 on getting out for the 1948 Derby at Epsom Downs."

You look at this chart and in two minutes you can figure out your discharge priority. Age and length of service are the only factors that count. Down the left-hand column are dates of birth, including all the years from "1894 and earlier" down to 1931. Across the top of the chart are month and year headings indicating the start of war service. These run from September and October 1939 to November and December 1945. All you have to do is run your finger down the vertical column until you come to the year of your birth, and then across the chart horizontally until you come to the column headed by the year and month you entered the British Army. Right there is your group number for release.

Thus a man born in 1914 and called up in November 1939 will be in release group No. 22, a high priority. A 21-year-old who was called up in September 1941, when he was 18, will be in

group No. 42, a low priority. A man of 38 who enlisted for the Battle of Britain in 1940 will be in group No. 15, which will get out almost at once. There are few citizen-soldiers in the British Army who rate higher than group No. 12. The only people in group No. 1 are those born in 1894 and earlier, and they are No. 1 all the way across even if they enlisted yesterday.

The British plan, like ours, assumes that when the war with Germany is over, we will not need all our manpower to fight the Japanese in the Pacific, and that a certain number of soldiers can be returned to civilian life. But in a booklet called "Show Me the Way to Go Home," the British Army Education Service makes clear that "the final episode will be the surrender of Japan. Until the final whistle blows, the motto for fighting men must be 'eye on the ball.' Not until Japan is beaten can we use the words 'final demobilization'."

When the war with Germany is over, the Allied high command will decide just how many British soldiers are needed to continue the fight against Japan and just how many can be released. When the number that can be released is determined, release group No. 1 will be demobilized and then other release groups in order until the demobilization quota is filled. No matter where he is in the world, a man in any group called will get on a ship and go back to England. There he will enter the "dispersal center" nearest his home and spend 24 hours getting paid and drawing a suit of civilian clothes. Once released he will enter Class Z Reserve, the last to be called back in the event of a new emergency. Each discharged serviceman will get eight weeks'

British Casualties: 1,095,652

LONDON—In the five years in which the British Commonwealth of Nations has been in the war, its people have suffered 1,095,652 casualties: Of these, 925,963 have been in the armed forces—242,995 killed, 311,500 wounded, 80,603 missing, 290,865 prisoners of war.

The total casualties in the British Merchant Navy were 33,573, of which 29,629 were killed. And during those years 57,298 civilians were killed during air raids, and 78,818 were injured.

furlough with pay plus an extra day's furlough with pay for every month he spent overseas.

The British plan differs from the American in certain major respects. First, the scheme applies to officers as well as to enlisted men. Our point system is concerned with GIs only.

Secondly, the British demobilization plan operates without regard to military essentiality. In our plan, a soldier can have all the points in the Army, but if he is necessary to the Army's continuing work, he stays in. Although the details have not yet been announced, the arrangement probably will be for the American theater commanders to publish lists of the essential military occupations; that is, the men who are required to remain in the Army for the Japan phase. The British feel they can replace any man, however essential his job, so their point system can operate unrestricted.

At a Royal Armored troop bull-session on the demobilization plan—the British

are great at that sort of current-affairs discussion—an Eighth Army officer with the Africa Star, Capt. Jock Campbell, asked: "To what extent will it be up to the commanding officers to say if a man can be released or not?"

A War Office representative gave the answer: "You, the commanding officer, have no say in the case of individuals. If a soldier, when due for release, is in a key position, a replacement will be sent to take over. The soldier's release will not be delayed."

The British realize releases will break up individual units that might otherwise be shifted to the Pacific intact. They are worried less about this now than they were before Caen. At Caen whole regiments were shattered by the fierce fighting. It was then the British found that merging two or even three beat-up outfits often produced a unit as good as or better than the originals. They see no reason why this system shouldn't work after demobilization starts, too.

THE principal difference between the British and American plans is that in the British no credit is given for overseas time, battle stars, children or decorations; just age and length of service count. The British figure that since almost everyone in their army has been overseas anyway, everything evens up in the end. But there is a good deal of discussion about this. Squawks come from younger men who have sweated out five years' combat time, and from older men with dependents. The War Office answers:

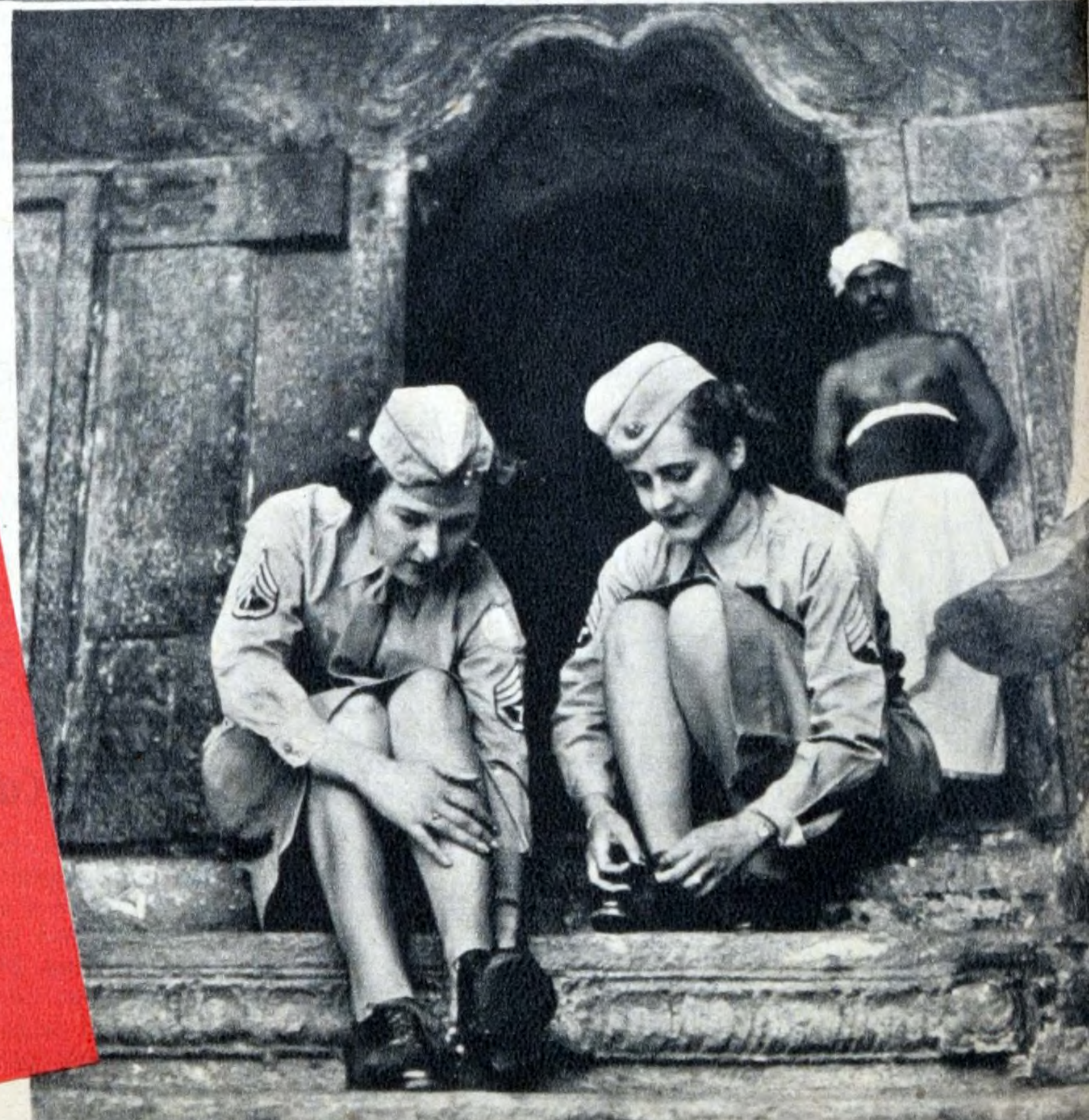
"The only two factors now are age and service. Neither factor will change. Right now, we already have group numbers marked on each soldier's index card at the War Office central card-index. The day hostilities with Germany cease, we can start running cards through the machine. And within a week, the first men will be on their way out of the army.

"However, once we start bringing in things like combat time and overseas service, which vary from man to man and from day to day, we can't even start figuring until hostilities end and we will have to employ an army of clerks to do the calculations on each man. We have studied the American plan, which includes these variables—dependents, decorations and battle stars. The American plan may look fancier and fairer, but we feel it is more complicated and difficult to put into operation, and that men will be released sooner our way."



Seeing Ceylon.

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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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



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

NEWS from home

Senator Vandenberg calls for prompt Allied action "to keep Germany and Japan permanently demilitarized;" industry and the armed services look for men; U. S. coal bins run short.

It was a busy and memorable time for Congress. The nation's legislators wrestled with bills to overcome the current manpower shortage, studied President Roosevelt's annual budget message, and heard a speech on foreign policy by Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, Michigan Republican, which some commentators described as one of the most important in recent months. Vandenberg's speech, calling for prompt Allied action "to keep Germany and Japan permanently demilitarized," was expected by some observers to have widespread repercussions.

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG is a big man. He weighs more than 200 pounds, and stands more than six feet high. He smokes denicotinized cigars and hates cocktails, though he takes an occasional highball. Somebody once said that a Hollywood director would cast him as a U.S. senator on sight. A native of Grand Rapids, Mich., where he long was a newspaper editor, Vandenberg, now 60, has been a member of the Senate since 1928. A member of the Foreign Relations Committee, he has been a power in national GOP circles since 1920 when Warren G. Harding consulted him on the Republican national platform for that year. Senator Vandenberg has followed what many Washington correspondents would agree is a middle of the road policy. In the early years of the New Deal he voted against the Tennessee Valley Authority but in favor of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Shortly before Pearl Harbor he described himself as "an insularist" rather than "an isolationist."

His first full-dress speech of 1945 found him declaring that Russo-British fears that the United States would return to "isolationism" after the war should promptly be dispelled by American action.

That action, Vandenberg said, should be an immediate treaty pledging the U.S. and her allies—notably Great Britain, France, Russia and China—to work together to keep Japan and Germany disarmed. The senator from Michigan declared that once such a treaty is signed the U.S. should insist on world recognition of the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

Vandenberg summed up his views by saying, "Let me put it this way. I'm prepared by effective international cooperation to do our full part in charting happier and safer tomorrows. But I am not prepared to permanently guarantee the spoils of an unjust peace. It will not work."

In part, the Vandenberg speech was a criticism of the President for not "speaking out" on recent differences in Allied policies regarding Poland and Greece. It was also in part a call for a statement of aims against the enemy. The senator said, "We need honest candor, even with our foes. Without any remote suggestion of appeasement I wish we might give these Axis peoples some incentive to desert their own tottering tyrannies by at least indi-



Fires smouldering in a warehouse basement for five hours flared and swept through three buildings in the Kansas City wholesale district. Walls of the building above fell just before the picture was taken.

cating to them that the quicker they 'unconditionally surrender' the cheaper will be the price of unconditional surrender."

But the main Vandenberg theme seemed to be that so long as nations like Great Britain and Russia feared the U.S. might turn "isolationist" again they would feel forced to arrange such matters as boundaries and "spheres of influence" on their own hook. Once this fear is removed, he maintained, a main cause of "power politics" might disappear and a durable peace could be written.

In reply to a question he asserted it might be months before the Dumbarton Oaks plan for a world organization is adopted and his proposed treaty would serve the "purpose of clearing the tracks."

Soon after the speech the President sent a call to Capitol Hill for eight senators—Vandenberg among them—to visit him in the White House to discuss the scheduled Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin meeting. In some quarters it was felt that the Vandenberg speech would greatly help the President in coming to a better understanding with other members of the "Big Three." (Prime Minister Churchill recently admitted there were misunderstandings on some points.)

Whatever the eventual consequences of Vandenberg's proposals which some Democratic leaders called impractical partly on the ground that Russia can hardly sign a treaty to keep Japan demilitarized since the two nations are not fighting, it was generally agreed that foreign policy and postwar organization would now be increasingly to the fore on Capitol Hill. It was also agreed that Senator Vandenberg had opened the debate with a bang.

The New Budget

The calendar year and the U.S. fiscal year do not match. The calendar year begins on Jan. 1. The fiscal year begins on July 1. Every year under the law the President sends Congress an estimate in January of what the Government will probably spend during the fiscal year beginning the following July. The annual budget message is, therefore, for all practical purposes just a guess—but the guess is considered important to the efficient running of the Government.

The budget for the 1946 fiscal year proposes expenditures of \$83 billion—\$70 billion for war purposes. That is a whopping big sum but it is less than the 1945 budget of \$100 billion of which \$89 billion represents war spending.

In his budget message the President noted that war spending in the fiscal year ahead may turn out to be much more or much less than is now estimated. If the war in Europe or in the Pacific or both ends between July 1, 1945 and June 30, 1946 (the period covered by the new budget) expenditures are sure to be much less. By June 30, 1946, the message pointed out, the war will have cost the American people \$450 billions. The public debt when June 30, 1945 rolls around will probably stand at \$292 billion, the message said. It was \$50 billion back in June 1942 when we had been in the war a mere six months. If the expected \$450 billion debt were divided equally, every man, woman and child in the United States would owe \$2,118.

Manpower

Between now and July 1 the armed services want 900,000 men—almost three times as many men as had been considered necessary before the German counteroffensive started last December. To fill that quota Secretary of War Stimson declared the armed services may have to take every healthy male under 30 in the U.S., regardless of a man's value to industry or agriculture. At the same time certain critical war industries are calling for additional manpower in order to fill the War and Navy Department demands for increased production.

The job of the homefront—and particularly of Congress—is to find a formula that will give both industry and the armed services the manpower essential to victory. The formula proposed by the President in his recent annual message was for a national service law to put every citizen, male and female, at the Government's disposal.

The first Congressional group to tackle the manpower program was the House Military Affairs Committee. Its members were told by Robert Patterson, Undersecretary of War; J. A. Krug, chairman of the War Production Board, and Ralph A. Bard, Assistant Secretary to the Navy, that a national service act is the best way out of the current crisis. They indicated, however, that they would settle—temporarily at least—for something less sweeping.

The chairman of the House committee, Representative Andrew J. May, Kentucky Democrat, had a compromise bill already prepared. His bill would provide for the reclassification into 1-A of all males 18 through 45 who leave essential war work. It would also require all deferred men—4Fs and others—to take specified war jobs when ordered to do so by their

draft boards. If they refused to take such jobs they would go in the armed services—the able-bodied for active duty, the rest for limited service of one sort or another. Neither group of inductees would receive veterans' or other benefits according to the terms of the May bill. The Army and the Navy, however, say they have all the limited service men they can use.

Many Washington correspondents think it may be some time before a final "work or fight" bill is passed and few were willing to predict its final form. But in view of the greatly increased draft quotas it seemed likely that some sort of national service legislation (even if applying only to 4Fs) would have to be passed, unless there is a big movement of men into war plants now short of help.

With all the talk about manpower shortages, Congressman Sabath, Illinois Democrat, created a stir when he told the House Rules Committee, of which he is chairman, that Washington cocktail rooms "are crowded with army officers" and that it is "a damnable outrage." Asserting his belief that "we have 30,000 more officers in the Army than we need," he proposed a congressional investigation of the armed services use of manpower and asserted that many officers and men in Washington could be replaced "by girls and messenger boys." While Sabath was stating his views, Undersecretary of War Patterson was testifying before the House Military Committee that the Army has a rule that no physically fit officer under 28 can remain at a Washington desk and, he added, "that rule has been rigidly applied." He said that able-bodied EM are being relieved from noncombatant jobs by Wacs so they can be sent to the battle fronts, but pointed out that the Wac recruiting program is still lagging behind schedule. There are now about 90,000 Wacs against a goal of 150,000.

Wac recruiting will be pushed in 1945 because of an urgent need for hospital technicians and specialists in many other fields. High casualties and a critical shortage of Army nurses have created a need for several thousand more medical and surgical technicians. There is also a demand for Wacs with specialized skills, including clerical workers, typists, stenographers, tabulating-machine operators, radio operators, control-tower operators, parachute riggers and cryptographers.

The Army-Navy need for nurses represents a special woman-power problem. The latest estimates place the number of nurses now in uniform at 42,000. The Army is said to need 15,000 to 18,000 more, the Navy 2,000. According to one estimate there are at least 27,000 nurses in the States who fill all the Army and Navy re-

quirements. But for one reason or another the eligible nurses have not been volunteering fast enough. In line with the presidential recommendation a bill to draft nurses was introduced in the House. Under the bill nurses who failed to enlist voluntarily as officers would be drafted as privates.

Some critics called the bill unconstitutional but the President expressed the view that it was legal. Basil O'Connor, chairman of the American Red Cross, urged all chapters of his organization to redouble their recruiting efforts immediately. He said, "The need is so acute that we must have immediate recruitment of thousands of nurses. Legislation requires time and the wounded cannot wait."

In Brief

A three-way controversy developed on the chances of German robot bombs falling on the east coast of the U.S. The debate was started by the Atlantic Fleet commander, Adm. Jonas H. Ingram, who called robot attacks "possible and probable." Anonymous Navy Department spokesmen in Washington said the attacks were no more likely now than several months ago, while Brig. Gen. F. O. Carroll, chief of the engineering division of the Air Technical Service Command, called the danger of buzz bombings remote.

A new service award has been authorized for soldiers who participate in a combat parachute jump, glider landing or initial assault on a hostile shore. The device is a bronze Indian arrowhead 1/4-inch high, to be worn point upward on the theater-service ribbon. Only one arrowhead may be worn on any ribbon. Organization commanders will forward recommendations to the theater commander as soon as practicable after the action. Eligible individuals who no longer belong to the organization with which the award was earned may obtain an arrowhead by submitting an affidavit to their commanding officer.

Between 70,000 and 80,000 soldiers are being returned from overseas each month on rotation and temporary leave. The Secretary of War revealed those figures in a reply to Sen. Guy Cordon of Oregon who had transmitted a petition from Oregon requesting return of the 41st Division, which has been in the Southwest Pacific more than two years. The secretary said that 750,000 men have thus been returned home since Pearl Harbor and that the Army

cannot increase this rate "at least until the defeat of Germany."

Cold Nights

Night club patrons may find their nights rather dim in the near future. It hasn't been definitely decided yet, but Dr. James S. Thomas, OPA deputy district director for Florida, said the federal government "is seriously considering requesting night clubs in the Miami area and elsewhere in the country to close their doors, probably for the duration." Dr. Thomas said that if the clubs are closed it will be not so much to obtain additional manpower as to cut down absenteeism among war workers participating in too much night club activity. Miami taxi companies had already agreed not to drive fares to night clubs.

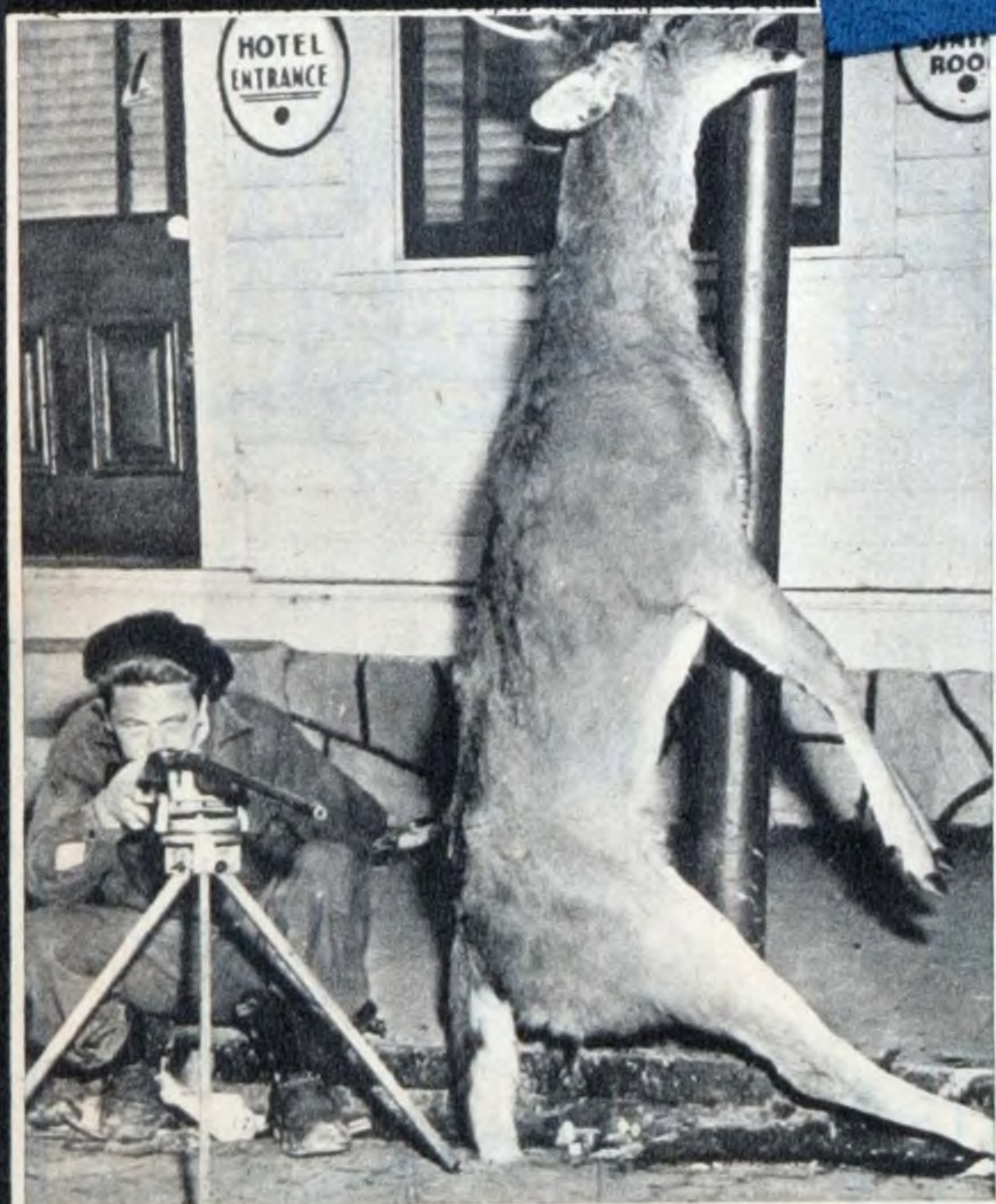
Fun-seekers took another jolt, too, when the Office of Defense Transportation banned future operation of passenger trains to provide seasonal service to resorts, recreational or vacation areas.

The bright face of America changed in another way when the government ordered a widespread blackout of outdoor advertising lights and asked people to keep thermometers down to 68 in all buildings and homes. The action was necessary, said War Mobilizer James F. Byrnes, to avert an "impending coal shortage." Dwindling stocks of coal, it was disclosed, have become a matter of concern to the President and the cabinet. In asking people to turn their thermostats down, Byrnes made no exceptions for those who heat with oil or gas. Compliance was left on a voluntary basis. The ban on outdoor advertising lights also included ornamental lighting and display light. It may be extended to include show-windows and the dimming of street lights when public safety permits. For three years, more coal has been used than has been produced.

New regulations and new restrictions are becoming quite a part of life at home. The War Production Board, continuing the trend, has again cut down on the production of civilian goods. A few things had begun to appear in the stores under the Reconversion Program which was to start industry on the way to post-war business. A small trickle had begun—of such products as vacuum cleaners, lamps and shades, lawn mowers, floor sanders—but now the manufacture of these will again be discontinued.

With a coal shortage looming, a January thaw was welcomed by a large section of the frost-bitten U.S. All the way from Pennsylvania to the Rocky Mountains the temperature rose,

PICTURES from home



Although Earl Hast, 31, of Castle Shannon, Pa., lost an arm three years ago while hunting deer, he can still shoot. Posing near a buck he has just bagged, Hast demonstrates how he overcomes his handicap by resting his rifle on a tripod.



If it embarrasses you to buy lingerie and stuff like that for your wife or girl friend, you probably can't wait to get into this New York store where only men customers are admitted and where real live girls model any garment you want.



Gordon Shorb, copy boy for the Washington Star, set out in this get-up to find out how long a person dressed in enemy garb could remain unchallenged in the Capital. The FBI nabbed him after a block and a half. GIs sent the souvenirs.

and people living in the plains states found relief from the severe cold spell that had lasted for several days. Sub-zero weather continued, however, to plague the New England States and northern New York State, and a new cold wave was coming down through Minnesota and parts of Wisconsin. Chicago had three consecutive days below zero before the cold wave broke.

An ice jam on the Susquehanna river caused four feet of water to flood the water works at Columbia, Pa., but after four days of buying bottled water and hauling from nearby farm springs, the residents are again able to draw water from their taps. All of the town's industries, along with bars, barber shops, laundries, and soda fountains remained closed.

Names in the News

Judy Garland, the film actress, announced that she will marry screen director Vincent Minnelli, 32, next fall. Miss Garland's divorce from Dave Rose, the composer, does not become final until June. Minnelli directed Miss Garland's latest film, "Meet Me in Saint Louis."

Motion picture exhibitors polled by a Hollywood trade publication named Bing Crosby as the biggest box-office draw of 1944. Runners-up were Cary Grant, Bob Hope, Betty Grable (first in 1943), Spencer Tracy, Greer Garson, and Bette Davis.

Film actress Paulette Goddard underwent an emergency operation at St. Johns hospital in Hollywood because of hemorrhages caused by pregnancy. Her doctor said she was doing nicely and that the baby was expected in June. Capt. Burgess Meredith hurried to the hospital from his work on the film version of Ernie Pyle's book, "Here Is Your War," when he learned of his wife's sudden illness.

When 19-year-old Eva Caprari of White Plains, N.Y., flashed a diamond ring and announced she was engaged to marry a former Italian corporal who had been captured in



PACIFIC BOUND. Correspondent Ernie Pyle is off again—this time the Far East. Here he is with Mrs. Pyle at the Albuquerque (N. Mex.) railroad station.

Tunis and is now interned at Chambersburg, Pa., the high brass began some head-scratching. They indicated the marriage might constitute a violation of the Geneva Convention and edicts of the provost marshal general. Miss Caprari said she met her fiancé at the Chambersburg camp and visited him several times. He also went to White Plains once on a pass.

In Tampa, Fla., a 22-year-old veteran showed

up at one of the public schools and said he'd like to pick up his education, starting at the sixth grade. The principal of the school, picturing this over-age student trying to squeeze into a desk built for a 12-year-old, decided there was nothing he could do about it but take him. Under the GI Bill of Rights a discharged veteran can go back to school and receive \$50 monthly.

Only two lynchings occurred throughout the States in 1944, the Tuskegee (Ala.) Institute announced.

Throughout the southwest, oldtimers were beating their gums and recalling old-time manhunts. They were reminded of these good old days when a hardy Navajo posse set out to trail six fellow Redmen accused of kidnaping two Indian service employes and the wife of one of them. The pursuers were led across the wild country of Southeastern Utah by Chief Jack Johnson, Navajo head of Indian police, aided by two oldtime palefaces, Charles Ashcroft and Andy Anderson, who know the desolate country and are handy with horses and six-shooters. The fugitives were well-mounted and capable riders but they did not have spare horses, and were probably heading for trouble because word had been spread to the Navajos, warning against the badmen. The six are accused in warrants of overpowering and kidnaping district supervisor Rudy Zwifel, his wife, and Roy Palmer, reservation range rider, in what was described as ill-advised opposition to a conservation program by which Navajo flocks are to be culled to 83 sheep per individual. The kidnapped persons were held several hours by the Indians before being freed.

The national income broke all records in 1944, the Department of Commerce announced. It was \$70 billion. Life insurance policies broke records, too. Policies reached a value of \$148 billion, not including \$120 billion held by personnel of the armed forces in National Service Life Insurance.

THE SAD SACK



SGT. GEORGE PAUL '42

G.I. Guide

... to HOLLAND

By Cpl. JOE SCHIFFMAN

FRANCE was great, exhilarating. Being at the liberation was like dancing to a Strauss waltz.

But Holland is another story. If being in France was entrancing, being in Holland is like watching a tragic Wagnerian opera in a damp opera house.

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

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

The tragedy of Holland is sharp, because it is an advanced country, with warm-looking streets, big cities with beautiful churches for a skyline, wide rivers and many bridges. This must have been a good place to visit in peacetime; today it is somber.

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

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

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

I did get to know one Dutchman well. His name is Auguste and he owned the coffee shop near our post. All the boys would go there for a cup of home-made hot coffee once in a while. We'd usually give him our chocolate ration in payment, because we saw he had some children who needed it.

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

"Right?" I said, hurt. "What do you mean?"

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

"The Germans tried to tell us we were related to them too and for this reason we must help them. So they made us sacrifice more than the other occupied countries in the way of slave labor for the Reich. All the time they said they were being kind to us and that they had invaded us to save us from a British invasion."

The Dutch fought the Germans in every way they could. When the Nazis came, the common organizations of the people, the churches

and the libraries, the tourist clubs and social clubs, all became fronts for resistance.

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

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

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

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

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

But all those nice week ends were different in the 30's. He saw the people going out into the country to drill on Sundays. And his friends were becoming poorer. Their food was ersatz and their clothing worn. They'd explain it was all for the Fatherland. One Sunday they began to kid him by saying Germany could knock out Holland in one day. That hurt Auguste; he wondered what ever made them think of that. He couldn't get the joke and yet he couldn't forget it. He stopped going there.

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

... to LUXEMBOURG

By Sgt. JOSEPH WECHSBERG

THERE is something strange about the war in Luxembourg. Somehow certain places on earth are unfit for warfare: places like Monte Carlo, Waikiki Beach, Cannes, Amalfi, Dieppe, Dinard. You don't associate those places with men fighting. You might as well start fighting on the boardwalk of Atlantic City or on the back lot of the Warner Brothers' studio in Burbank, Calif.

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

The country hasn't done badly under Nazi occupation, though, compared to other invaded nations. It's a small country, to begin with, smaller than Rhode Island. The Luxembourgers speak three languages, German, French, and Luxembourgish (Letzeburgish), a patois of German, Celtic, Roman, and French. Their newspapers are printed loosely in all of these languages, with German editorials, French articles, Letzeburgish local news and small items in English, for the benefit of the American



IN SARREBOURG. Before this Alsatian city was liberated by troops of the Seventh Army the Jewish residents were ordered to bring all their possessions to the synagogue shown above. The Jews were then shipped to Germany, and the synagogue was used as a clothing storehouse.

tourists in khaki. A surprisingly large number of people speak English.

The Germans tried to explain to the German-speaking Luxembourgers that they were really Germans (Grossdeutsche), and worthy of all the blessings of National Socialism, but the Luxembourgers, an obstinate mountain folk, said, thank you, we don't like you. On October 10, 1941, at a census ordered by the then German Gauleiter Simon, 96 percent of all Luxembourgers stated as their nationality "Luxembourg," although it was verboten to admit Luxembourg nationality and language. One of the century-old songs of the Luxembourgers says, "Mir wolle bleiwe wat mer sin" (We want to remain what we are), of which, under German occupation, a slightly changed version was sung, "Mir wolle jo keng Preise gin" (We do not want to become Prussians). Which may sound funny, but wasn't always, considering the fact that the Gestapo and SS were in town, busily torturing people at the Villa Pauly (which the people here called Villa "Thrash-Me") and deporting 10,000 young Luxembourgers from 20 to 25 years old into Germany, where they were drafted into the Wehrmacht.

Luxembourg has had no spectacular guerilla activities such as Norway or Yugoslavia, but the Ligue Patriotique de Luxembourg, which now is combined with several former resistance groups in the "Union" has been quite successful in smuggling people into Belgium and England, and printing a clandestine paper called "De Freie Letzeburger," of which a free copy was sent to the German Gauleiter Simon for his enlightenment. They never failed to put on the masthead their oldest slogan, "Letzeburg de Letzeburger," which means, in a polite translation, "Luxembourg for guess whom."

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

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

MAIL CALL



Controversial

Dear YANK:

It would seem from the content of YANK that great care is taken to avoid all controversial topics which might arouse serious thought and discussion. Such grave domestic and international problems as the Negro question and the rise of the PAC at home, the exchange rate on francs and lira, British-American post-war cooperation and the premature return of French and Italian governments to their own "leaders" are all taboo. We are immersed in a stultifying miasma of straight military reporting with a few cartoons and a bit of sports and sex tossed in.

Surely a policy so obviously designed to keep the Army unthinking and ill-informed, and thus undisturbed, can hardly be expected to return millions of us as thoughtful citizens prepared and determined to help run our country in the crucial times ahead.

France —Capt. H. N. KOESSLER
Also signed by Capt. L. B. Holland.

Home Ec

Dear YANK:

Say, YANK, here's something you can pass along to the right party and make the Wacs pretty grateful. You know a lot of us are going to play our part in the Army of Occupation. Rumor says life is going to be rough for the Wacs in occupied Germany—lots of drill and restrictions. A lot of us are either marrying soldiers over here or waiting around for that day when we can go home and marry our favorite worn-out battle-weary man. We've seen enough over here to figure we can't do much to make a happy home for him. So along with all this recreation and university schooling they say we are in for, why don't they offer us a lot of courses in home economics?

I've forgotten how to boil water since I joined the Wac going on three long years ago. I'd like the worst way to be able to do real eggs up to a turn, one of those classy looking omelettes with some homemade apple jelly or a brown pot of baked beans (not out of a can) with brown bread. Then there's apple pie every GI goes for and chocolate whipped cream cake. So how about an American cooking school?

France —T-4 MARCELLE WILLIAMSON

Shortage

Dear YANK:

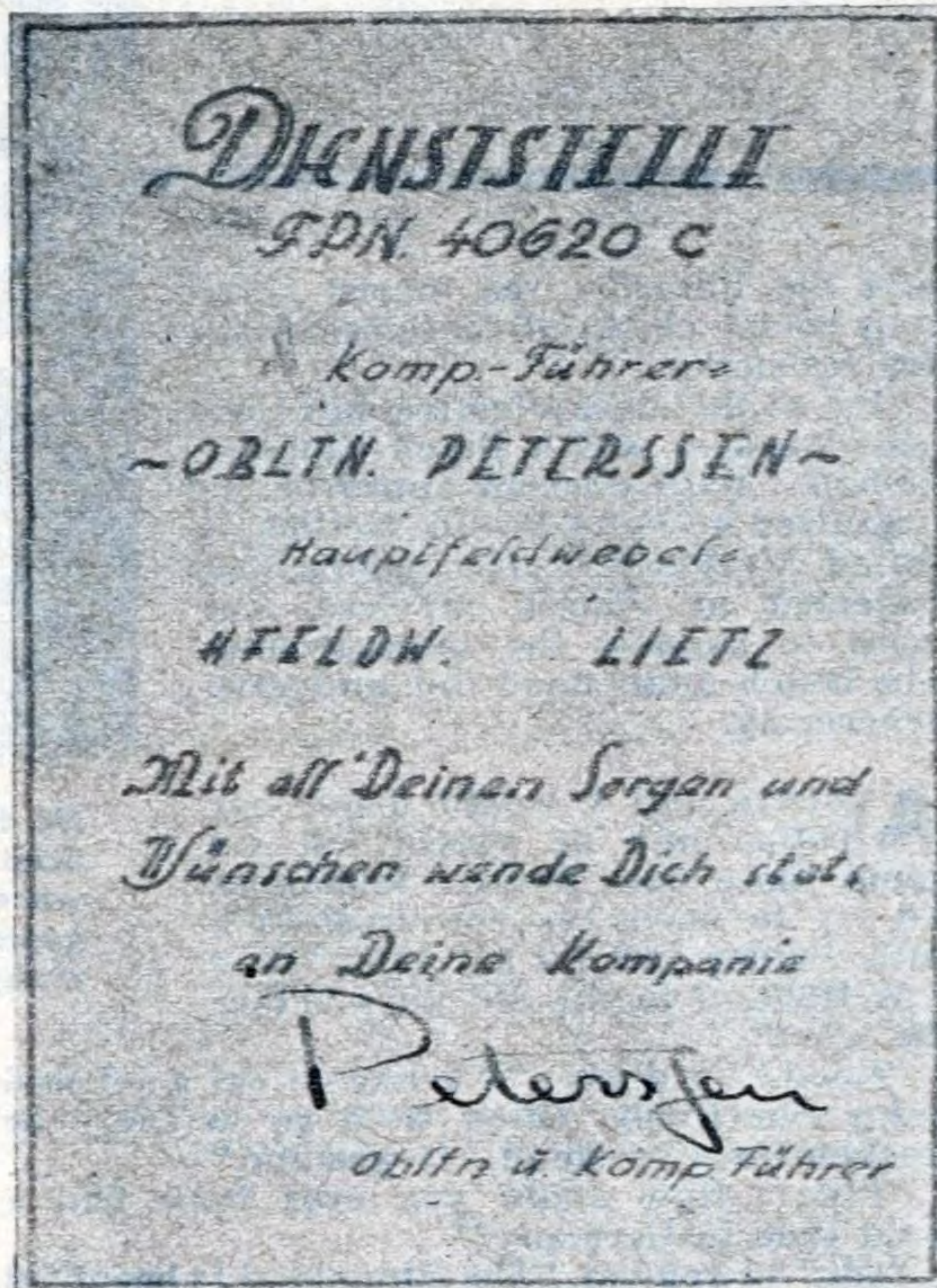
In my company I have the duty of supply sergeant. For the past two months I have been trying to get a certain type of ammunition for the guns in my company. On my first visit to the Army Depot that services our unit I was told that we had used up the quota of this type ammo for the first quarter of 1945 and the last two trips I was told that there wasn't a single round of this ammo in the theater. This particular ammo has become more important to

us in the past two months and the change in terrain and operations has made it a must. Our depot officer gave me a lecture about this ammo and said he couldn't see any reason why we needed it, but he is in the rear and the boys that fire the guns are on the line.

If someone had the vision to see the war lasting till 1945, then he should have told the people responsible for making the ammunition. I have a feeling that this outfit is going to need a lot of a certain type ammo. And we can't wait until April 1945 to draw our ration.

Germany —Sgt. PETE UPTON

Jerry TS Slip



Dear YANK:

Here's a translation of a German version of the TS slip.

Orderly Room
Field Post Office No. 40620
Company Commander
1st Lt. Peterssen
1st Sergeant
1st Sergeant Lietz
Turn to the company with
all your troubles and wants
(signed) Peterssen
1st Lt. and Co. CO

France —T-3 LOUIS HARAP

Time Wasting

Dear YANK:

Why has the Army persisted throughout the war in wasting time, money and labor in creating schools for enlisted personnel, only to forget the GIs once they have completed their course? Whatever happened to the thousands of men trained in Military Government and Civil Affairs functions who spent two or three months cramming their heads with occupational police knowledge? Are they engaged

in that highly important and specialized branch for which they have been trained or is this training merely going to waste without any remuneration to the Army and others less fitted and shy of such training filling in the jobs?

France —Pfc. JOHN H. PALMER

Home Folks

Dear YANK:

We have noted with disgust the pleas of the infantry, the artillery, the medics, the air corps and just about everybody else for increases in pay. Now what about us who haven't had a chance to do any real traveling? Others have seen London, Paris and many other places practically free. Why don't we get an increase in pay to make up for that?

USA —Pfc. KENNETH J. GREEN

SS Company

Dear YANK:

This is an attempt to pass on some information to one Pvt. Kenny Wells who in your issue of Dec. 17 states that he sees no shows and is sure the shows there are reach only division headquarters. Apparently the boy has not been in the service long and has never heard of outfits, such as ours. For the last eight or ten weeks our company has put in a hell of a lot of time at the front putting on shows. No shows were stopped because of Jerry artillery, strafing or bombing. Let's tell Pvt. K. W. to get his Special Service officer on the ball. An SS Company will show any time, any place and we prefer the boys who are fighting, not the "pencil pushers." We've been showing up front. Maybe that is why Pvt. K. W. hasn't seen us.

Holland —Cpl. W. J. PARRY

Also signed by Pvt. Don Sacks.

No Censorship

Dear YANK:

Here's a suggestion that would please a lot of GIs and would certainly cut down a burdensome overhead for low ranking officers: eliminate unit-censorship. D-Day with attendant security stringency is over. So long as a letter goes to the States, why not eliminate the nuisance of censorship? Suppose a guy writes home everything he knows—where he is, what

This Week's Cover



AFTER the Fourth Armored Division broke through to the Bastogne pocket, many German prisoners were taken. Here Pvt. Frank Kelly, an MP of the Fourth, leads a group of PWs to the rear as U.S. halftracks move forward. See pages 2, 3 & 4 for Sgt. Saul Levitt's complete story on the battle of Bastogne.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, 2, 3, 4 & 5—Signal Corps. 6 & 7—Pvt. George Aarons. 8, 9 & 10—Pvt. Pat Coffey. 11—INP. 12 & 13—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 14—PA. 15—Left, INP; center, Acme; right, PA. 16—Acme. 17—Signal Corps. 20—Signal Corps. 21—Universal Pictures. 22—Upper right, PA; others, Acme. 23—Upper, Acme; lower, Signal Corps.

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Address: Herald Building,
21, rue de Berri, Fifth Floor,
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he's doing, which outfit he and his friend are in, who's supporting his unit, who got wounded and who got killed. So what? By the time the letter gets home (it's in APO channels till then) the information is out of date. Suppose the War Department does get letters when GI Joe makes a mistake about a buddy being wounded or killed. Is the War Department better able to answer it, or do thousands of lieutenants have more time to read ten million letters to prevent it? I think the War Department could simply announce a policy of making all factual replies concerning dead and wounded await their normal flow of such information, multigraph a form letter to this effect, and save thousands of man hours of tedious work beside relieving the average GI from a needless restriction which he is bound to resent with good reason.

How about it? Can you plug the idea or see that it gets considered?

Holland —1st Lt. R. P. HERGIT, Ord.

Like Dinosaurs

Dear YANK:

I see in *Mail Call* (YANK, Dec. 24) that Cpl. Malcolm Wood is of the opinion that war is not necessary. No, it is not necessary but merely inevitable. The evident fact that our civilization is doomed unless we very soon find out how to live with each other does not argue that wars will cease. We have learned to control most of the important phases of our life but not ourselves. In short, we seem to have reached the limit of our evolution and we are now engineering our own destruction.

There is nothing strange in this. Other animal species have come and gone and ours seems due to follow. Like the dinosaurs, we carry within us the seeds of our own destruction. The mechanical aptitude and ferocity which made us the most remarkable of the mammals will prove our ultimate undoing.

Cpl. Wood also suggests that the "little people" keep the world straight by howling when things get out of line. There are at least two fallacies here. First, the little people never did run the world and, second, they will stand for almost anything their rulers want to pull on them. If Cpl. Wood expects a brave new world out of this mess he would do well to read of the political situation in Greece, Italy and Belgium to say nothing of the growing inter-racial friction in the States.

We are standing on the threshold of a new age, one in which some new form of animal life will dominate the globe.

Belgium —Sgt. PETER A. STURGEON

Army Handicap?

Dear YANK:

We are all former combat men who have recently come back from the front because of wounds or illnesses. Now we are back from the hospital and our wounds and illnesses are of the kind that will not permit us to perform and fulfill our previous duties. What is to become of us? Thus far we have been pushed from depot to depot without any knowledge of our future. There are thousands upon thousands of us and in our observation we are

nothing but a handicap to the Army over here, using up precious food and supplies that are urgently needed elsewhere. Our time spent overseas varies from one to two and a half years and we feel as though we have done the greater part of our share towards victory.

We hope that someday someone who can be of help will take notice. We only wish for one of two things: that we be put some place where we can be of some benefit or sent home where we can turn out some of that urgently needed ammo. As individual soldiers of this great Army and men who have fought with the spirit of freedom and victory, we feel that we have the right to know our future.

France —Cpl. AL ZARRO

None for Him

Dear YANK:

The "fellows of hut 20" (YANK, Dec. 24) have a wrong impression of compassionate leave granted to English soldiers. I would like to point out that compassionate leave is granted to a soldier who has serious trouble at home such as sickness which is liable to prove fatal, family killed (whole or part), home destroyed by enemy action or otherwise. It is then only granted after careful inquiry by the military authorities, who grant leave if the presence of the soldier is necessary.

Now, fellows, do you want some compassionate leave? You can have it all as far as I am concerned. I want none of it.

Holland —Pte. WILLIAM PILKINGTON
British Army

State Bonuses

Dear YANK:

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

France —S/Sgt. MELVIN RAND

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

Maternity Care

Dear YANK:

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

Italy —Pvt. WILLIAM POSTEN

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



Too Tall?

Dear YANK:

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

I have never been issued any clothing that comes within inches of fitting. I have

What's Your Problem?

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

bought all my class A clothes in order to get off the post on a pass. Since the OD season came on I've been confined to the post because I do not have a proper-fitting uniform.

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

Fort Monmouth, N. J. —(Name Withheld)

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

Rank and Schooling

Dear YANK:

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

Britain —(Name Withheld)

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

Insurance and Pensions

Dear YANK:

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

that in such a case my wife would get only the insurance money, because the insurance cuts off any possibility of a pension. Which of us is right?

Hawaii —Cpl. JACK DERRING

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

Merchant Marine Ribbons

Dear YANK:

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

FPO, San Francisco —JAMES R. BENSON S2c

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



Points for Wives

Dear YANK:

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

Alaska —Pfc. GEORGE STANLEY

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

"Everything's Under Control"

By Pvt. JACOB SIEGEL

You get to feeling good because the goo is gone from the roads and the moon is full and high. And if it were not for all the vehicles and GIs rushing through town, and if it weren't for the buzz bombs and the Fourth of July ack-ack display, you could hardly tell there was a war on.

So you stand in the doorway for a few brief moments while she puts the hall light out, and before you say, "Goodnight, Janice," you think of the pleasant evening you have just spent with her, teaching her the auxiliary verbs *To Have* and *To Be*, holding her hand, kissing her under the ear while she murmurs, "Que vous êtes doux!" and sweating it out with her as each buzz bomb roars over.

Then, as she comes to the doorway, you take her hand, squeeze it meaningly and say, "A demain," while she says, "Oui," and "Au 'voir." You want to bend over and kiss her but her mother comes out of the kitchen and you have to make the parting platonic. Mama puts the lights on and you bid her goodnight also. Then she hesitantly returns to the kitchen. You snatch a quick kiss. But its pleasure disappears when the siren goes on.

You both wait and soon you hear the bitter groaning of the cheap-sounding motor. Then you see its flame. You watch it approach from the east. You listen intently for the motor and you sweat for it to continue. You take Janice's hand and feel it tremble. You watch the buzzer pass over, both thinking the same thing: *Keep on going, Keep on going.* It is a selfish thought because somewhere there are going to be people hurt and killed. The flame disappears in the distance and you know the bomb is diving. Neither of you says a word. Then there is a flare as it hits. You count the seconds to measure the distance. One, two, three, four... Presently the concussion comes. It is slight and you both sigh with relief.

You get to feeling pretty lousy but you take off, reminding Janice of the next day's rendezvous, provided you don't have to pull guard. You walk up the street into the blackout.

Every once in a while you flash your light to identify yourself to the guards and to find your way at the same time.

The distaste and unease slowly ebb away. So you begin to relive your evening. You think of this girl, Janice. You picture her going to a convent school until she is 20. You can almost visualize her life after that under German occupation. Then you are forced to stop because there is nothing more of her life to consider. It ends there, at the very point where it should begin. You think she is nice, this girl, Janice. She has a good face, finely-cut features and a clear complexion. She is tall and moves with provoking grace. She is soft to the touch. She is a thinking girl, a girl who wonders about the world, but who is afraid of it, afraid of her mother and father. For a moment you think of her father. He is a man who talks tenderly and lovingly of a good glass of beer he once had had before the last war in Aix-la-Chapelle, and of a still better one in Munich. He is a good man who insists there is nothing finer than a glass of aged Bordeaux wine.

And so you forget the Army—even if only for a handgrab of minutes. Then suddenly somebody yells, "Buzz bomb!"

You stop to listen. Then you hear it. You listen to the ugly, menacing sound. That's what it is, you insist, dirty, ugly, filthy, something below the groin. It'll pass over, you say to yourself. But you stand still, every nerve on edge.

The sound is directly overhead. You begin to sweat it out. You look up but you can see nothing. That makes it worse. Then, abruptly, the motor cuts off. There is a scurry of

feet, a slamming of doors. You don't lose a second. You hit the pavement, curling up on hands and knees.

And then you begin to spend some of the worst moments of your life, moments of utter defenselessness. You can't shoot a rifle at it; you can't heave a mortar shell at it; you can't even reach out and sock it on the jaw. You can't do anything, you just have to lie there.

Then it hits. The concussion knocks you flat against a tree. There is the tinny sound of shattering glass. You shield your eyes with your arms.

Everything shakes and then subsides. You get up dazed. Your side aches. You feel around and find yourself in one piece. You rub your hand carefully over your face. There is no blood.

Now there is activity. Jeeps come rolling through the street. There are people running in all directions.

"Où est-il tombé?" you howl at a civilian. "Là-bas!" he yells.

You follow him. All activity seems to converge in the direction from which you have just come. Medics appear. GIs with rifles slung over their shoulders leap from six-by-sixes. You hear familiar voices in the darkness and run into a couple of guys from your own outfit. You want to ask where it hit but you don't have to because suddenly jeep headlights are probing into the mess and you can see it with your own eyes and hear with your own ears the moaning and screaming. There is a big slash in the block where houses once stood. You hear comments all around you:

"The dirty kraut bastards!"

"Sales boches! Les salauds!"

GIs and civilians begin to dig into the debris. Through the haze you see a medic administering first aid to a woman with a cut and bleeding face. You stand there like a scarecrow in a field of corn. Finally, you force yourself to go toward the scene. You get your bearing and look at the numbers on the houses still standing. You count, first up, then down. Then again. And again.

It raps you so hard you can't think.

Somebody taps you on the shoulder. It's an MP.

"You in the medics?" he asks.

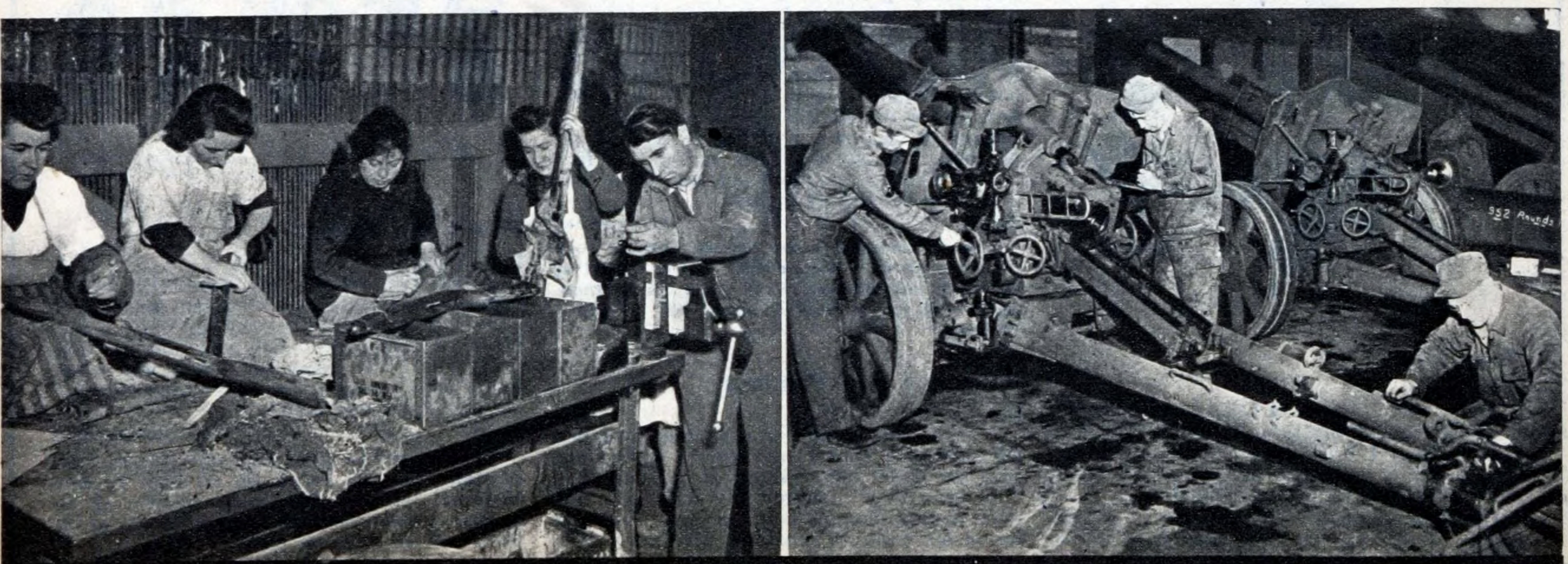
"No, ordnance," you say.

"Take off," he says. "Everything's under control."

You start to explain but instead you take off. You go down the street, passing people in groups of three and four. Indignation is all you hear. Anger, too.

The feeling of indignation and anger is contagious. The personal element of the tragedy begins to melt in with the picture as a whole. You get to feeling indignant, too, so you know you're coming around. You hear some of the boys on the street kidding about the mess, making fun of their fears as Yanks do after a tough situation.

But somehow you don't quite feel that way, and you wish you had something to drink.



BACK AT THEM. French civilians and U.S. soldiers repair German weapons in this Army Ordnance plant somewhere in France. The GIs (l. to r.) are T-4 Chester Kowalowski of Pittsburgh, T-5 Robert D. Murphy of Beaverton, Ore., and T-5 Casimir Bong of Milwaukee.

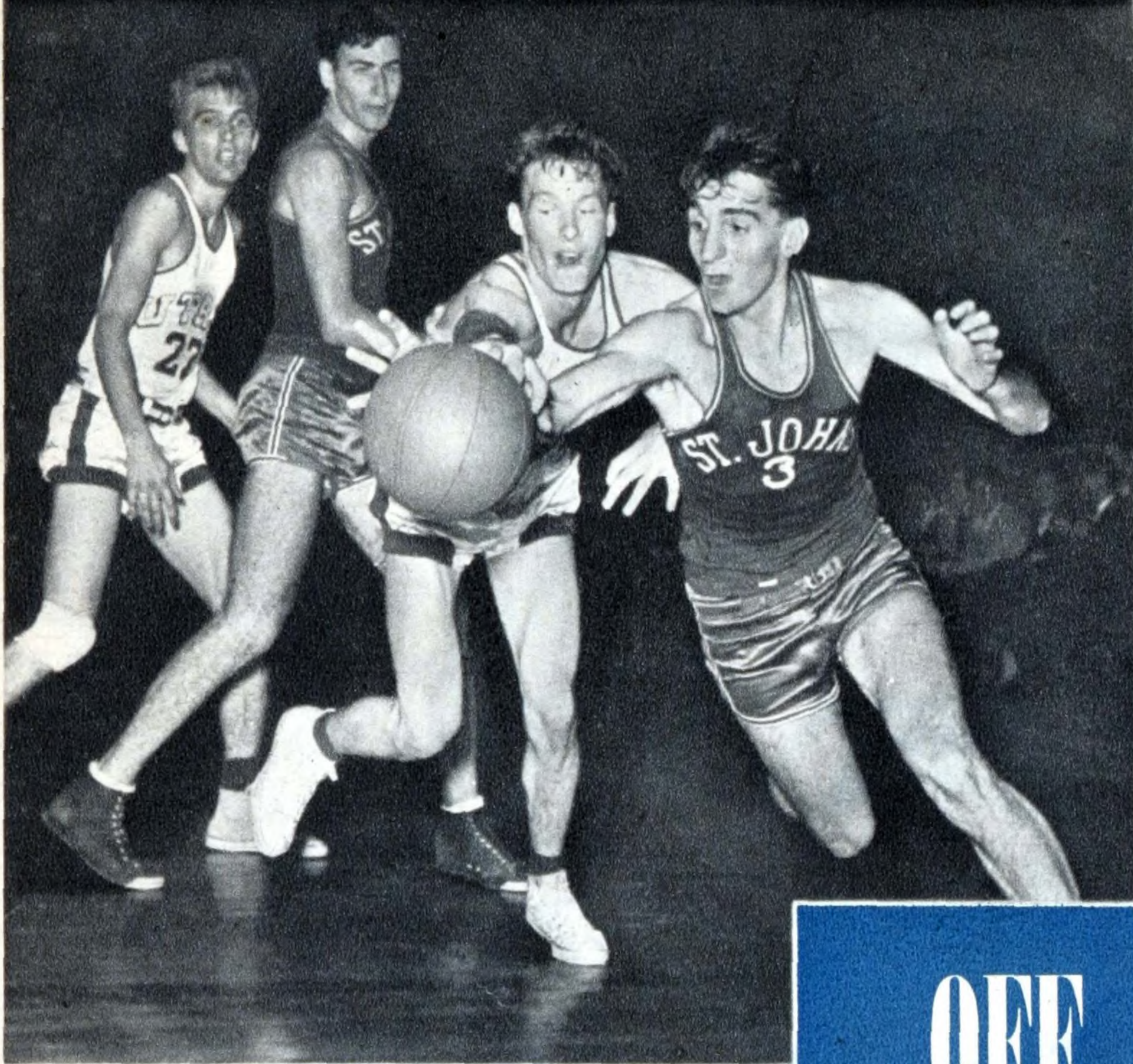
Deanna Durbin

YANK

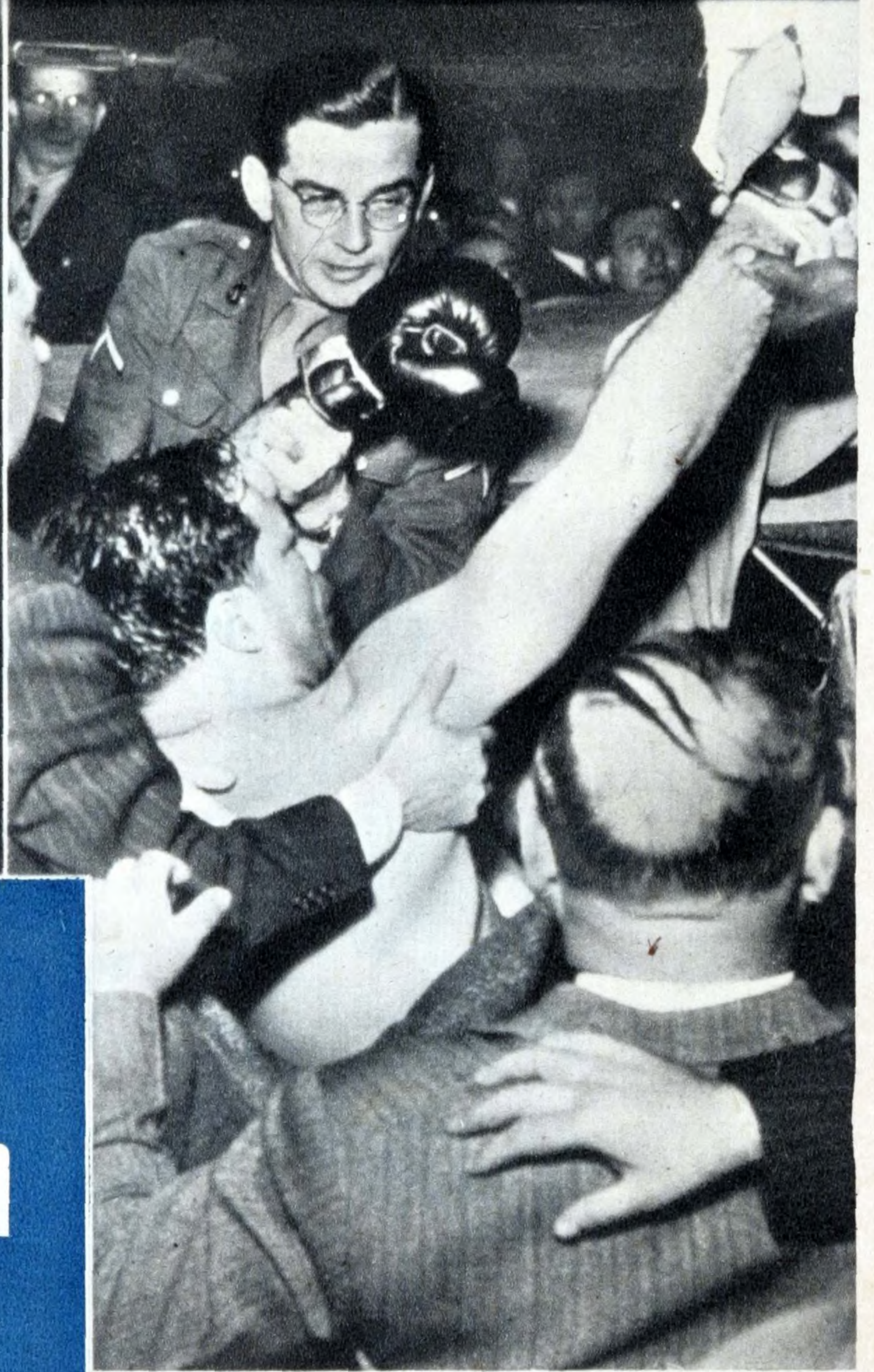
Pin-up Girl



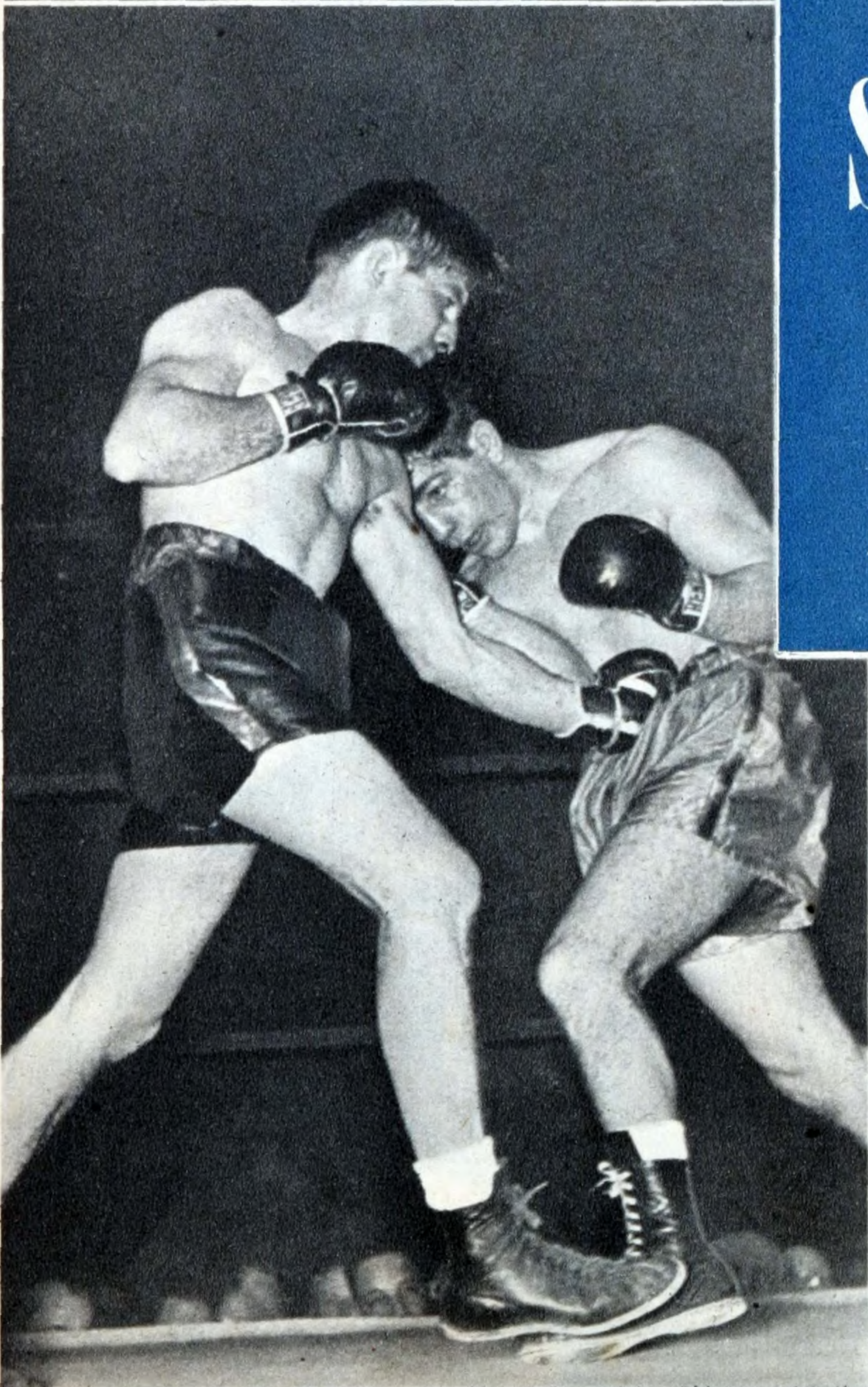
GIMME! Bill Ketsares (3) of St. John's University charges in fast to take the ball away from Utah's Murray Satterfield in the basketball headliner at New York. Utah whipped St. John's last year for the national title, but lost this one, 39 to 36.



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



**OFF
Season
Is ON
Again**



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



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

SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



The 4-F Athlete Takes Another Physical

AT the invitation of Mr. James F. Byrnes, War Mobilization Director, the induction medical authorities are getting a closer look at some of the nation's most famous trick knees, busted eardrums and bad backs. Mr. Byrnes, who knows a gifted muscle when he sees one, said he had never been able to understand how an athlete could be unacceptable to the armed forces and still be able to compete in games that place such a high premium on physical fitness. He requested that these 4-Fers be recalled and re-examined.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THE touring baseball stars, Mel Ott, Frankie Frisch, Dutch Leonard and Bucky Walters were entertaining First Army GIs in Belgium when the great German counteroffensive started. . . . Writing from Greenland, Cpl. Hank Soar, the ex-pro football Giant, told coach Steve Owen: "I knew we could beat Washington because all we have to do with them is walk out on the field against them and they're licked." . . . Capt. Hank Greenberg, recently returned from China, will ship out again to another theater. . . . Lt. Col. Tom Riggs, captain of the 1940 Illinois football team, delayed the German armored drive into St. Vith, Belgium, by setting up a roadblock outside of town and then hitting the foe with all the firepower he could muster from 10 antitank guns. . . . Lt. (jg) Joe Beggs, late of the Cincinnati Reds, is commanding a gun crew aboard a merchant ship. . . . Jimmy Wilson's son, Lt. Tom Wilson, is



FRENCH TRIM. Pfc. Howie Krist, former St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, gets a haircut somewhere in France, where he's serving with the Infantry. Krist pitched in the 1943 Series.

reported missing after a B-29 raid over Tokyo.

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

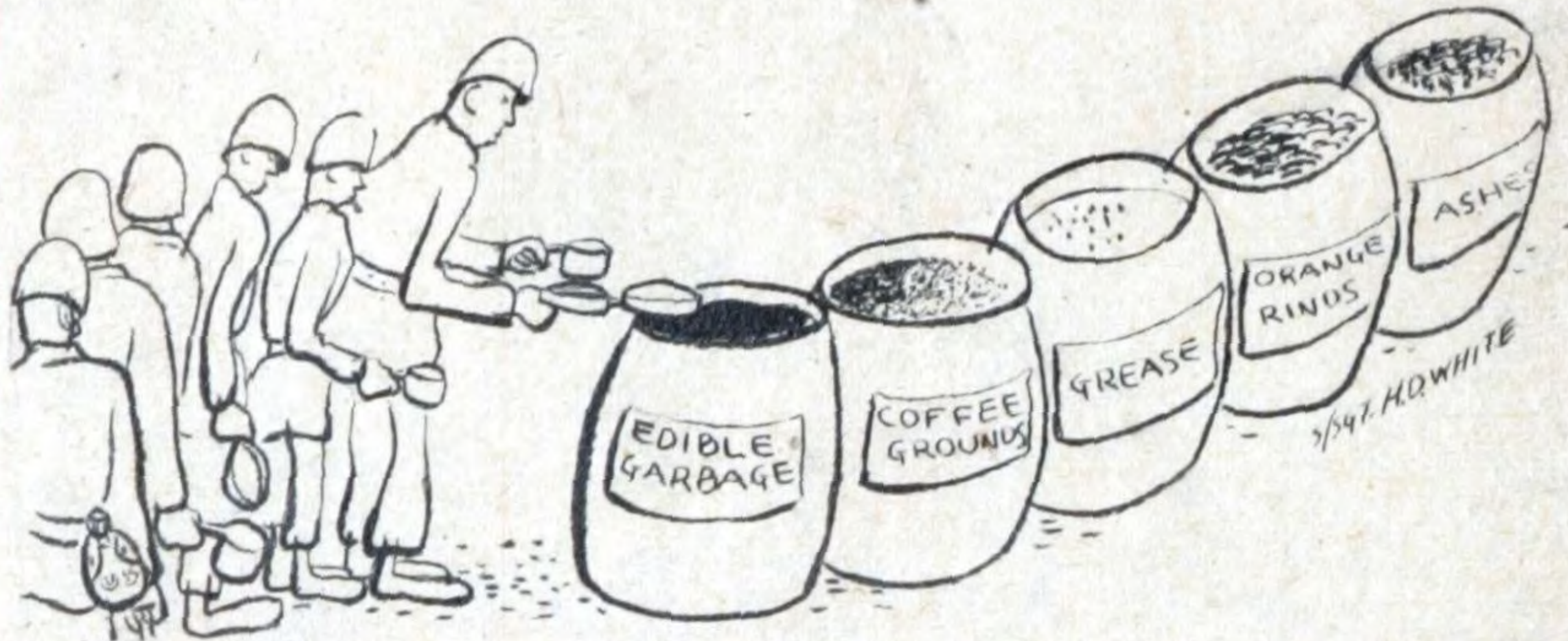
. . . Lt. Col. Marshall Wayne, 1936 Olympic high-diving champ, returns to Berlin every so often heading a group B-17s. . . . Killed in action: Capt. Joe Routh, Texas A. & M.'s All-American guard of 1936-37, in the ETO where he was commander of an infantry company; Sgt. James Hitt, former Cleveland Ram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



—Pfc. Anthony Delatri

"ALL RIGHT, WISE GUYS, OVER HERE,
OVER HERE."

—Sgt. H.D. White



YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



—Pfc. Joseph Kramer



"I WAS A FOOL TO LEAVE THE PACIFIC!"

—Pvt. Tom Flannery



"I'M JUST NOT HAPPY HERE."

—Pfc. Frank Dorsay