YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ JUNE 30
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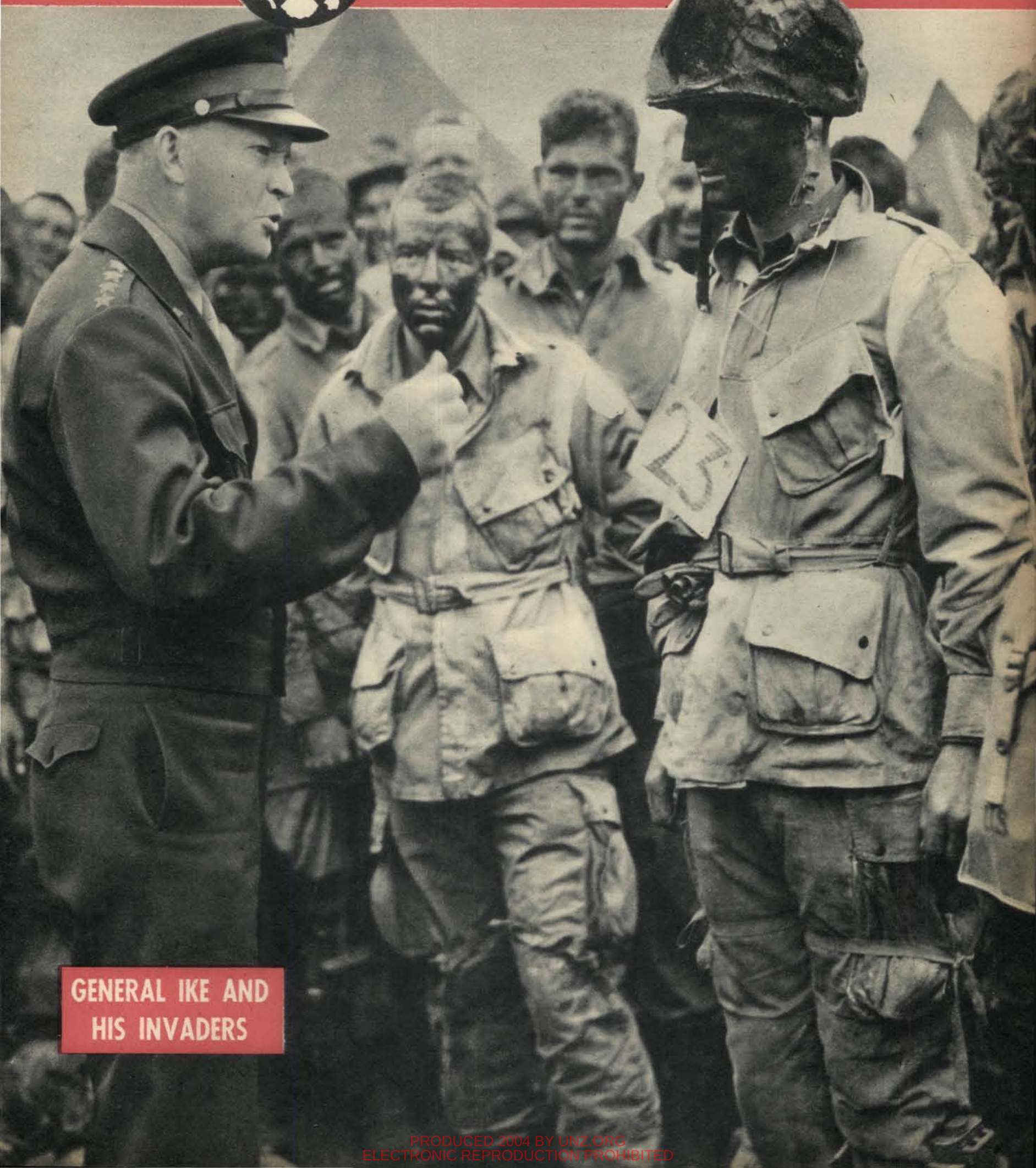
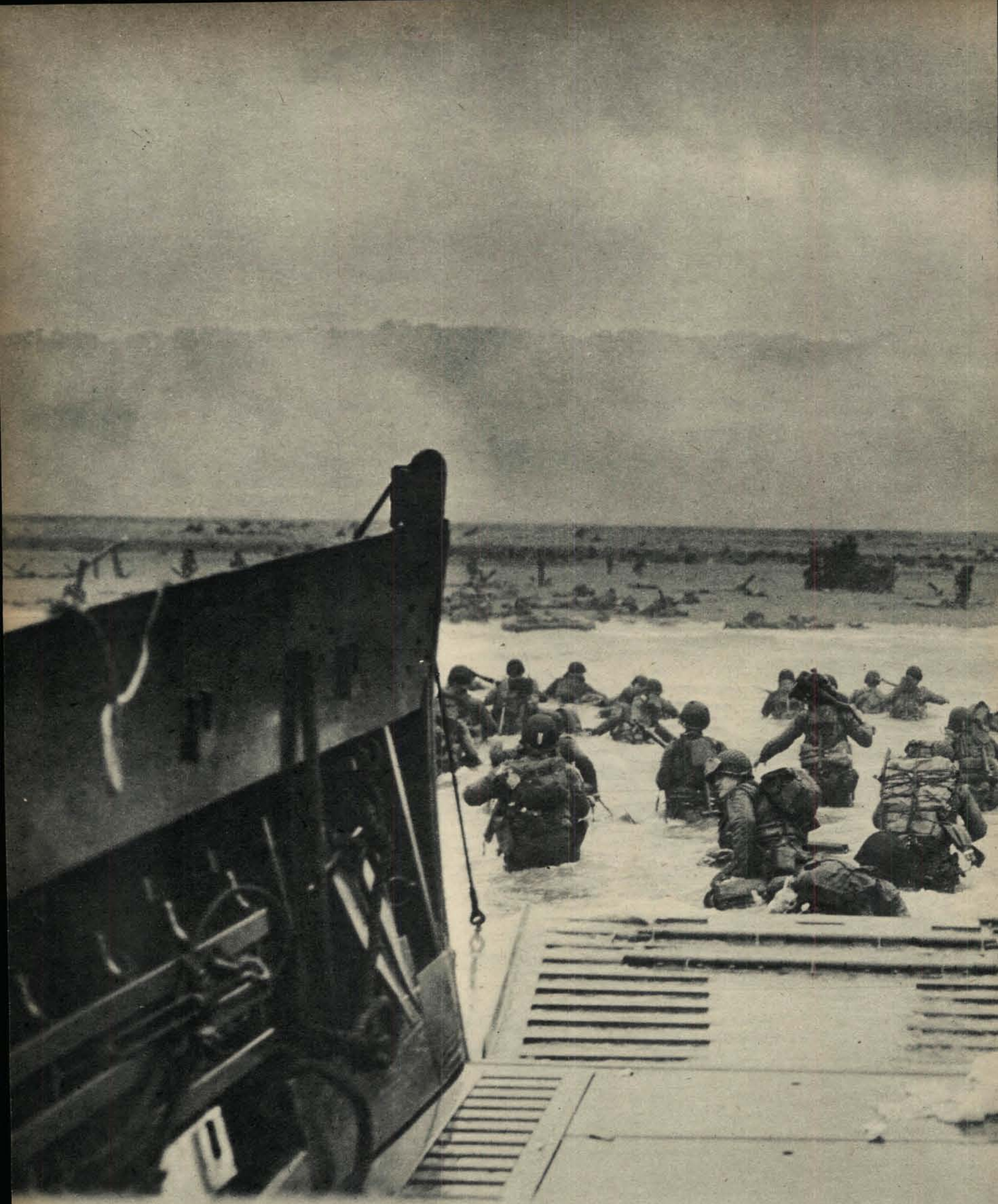
1944

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



GENERAL IKE AND HIS INVADERS



In the face of German machine-gun fire, American infantrymen leave a Coast Guard landing craft and wade chest deep toward the mines and tank traps lining the coast of Normandy. Some, already on land, are crawling forward under the smoke raised by the covering Allied naval barrage.

FRANCE

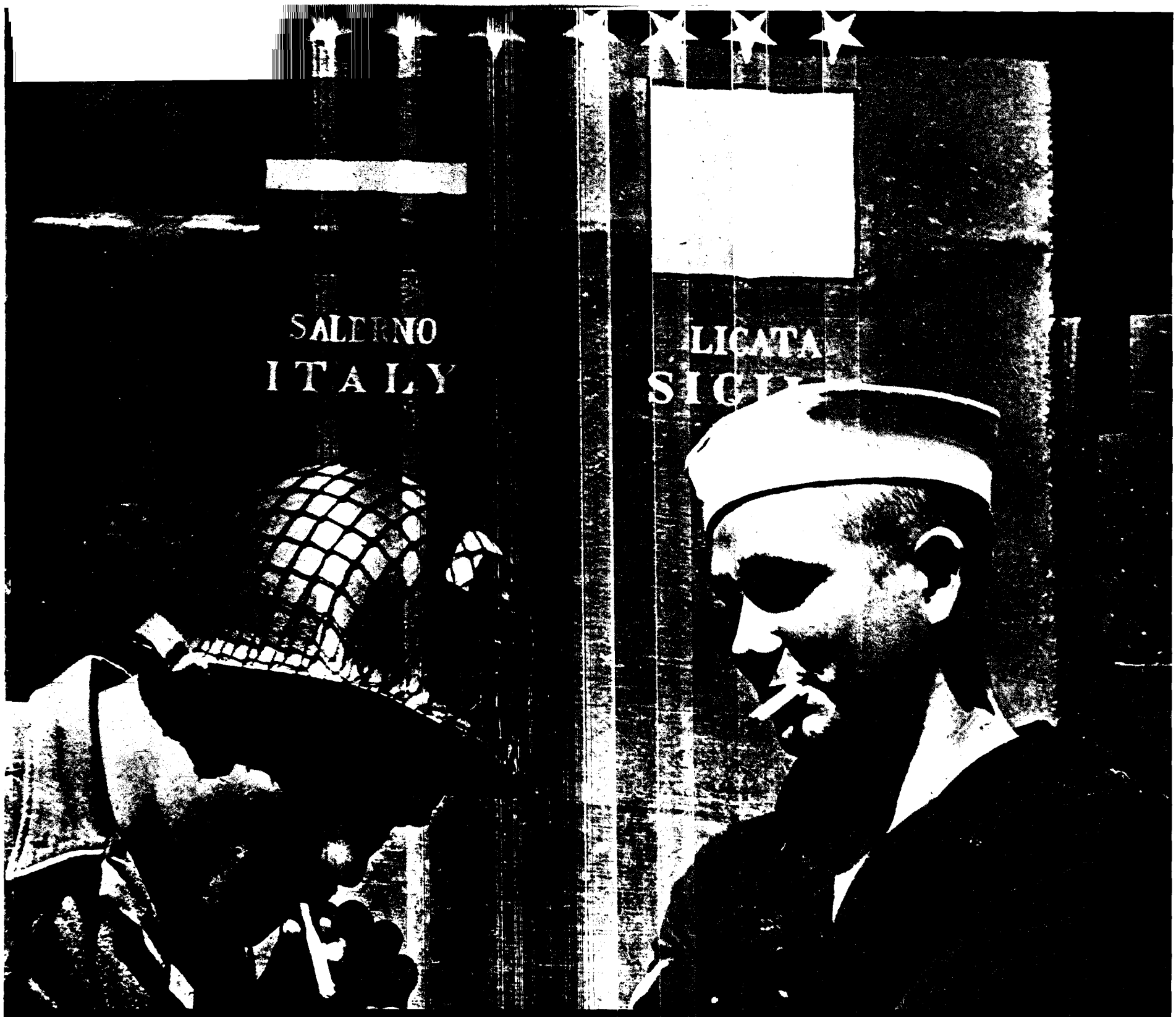
Scale of miles

10 5 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70

International Boundaries

Highways

Cut out this close-up map of France and the Low Countries, prepared by *Newsmap*, and follow Gen. Eisenhower's drive into Germany



On a ship that has known the beaches of Sicily and Italy, an American soldier gets a light from an American sailor. Here they are bound for the main show: France.

THE LANDINGS IN FRANCE

By YANK London Bureau

LONDON [By Cable] — The countryside along the Normandy coast in France between the ports of Le Havre and Cherbourg reminds you of Connecticut along Long Island Sound or the south shore of Massachusetts.

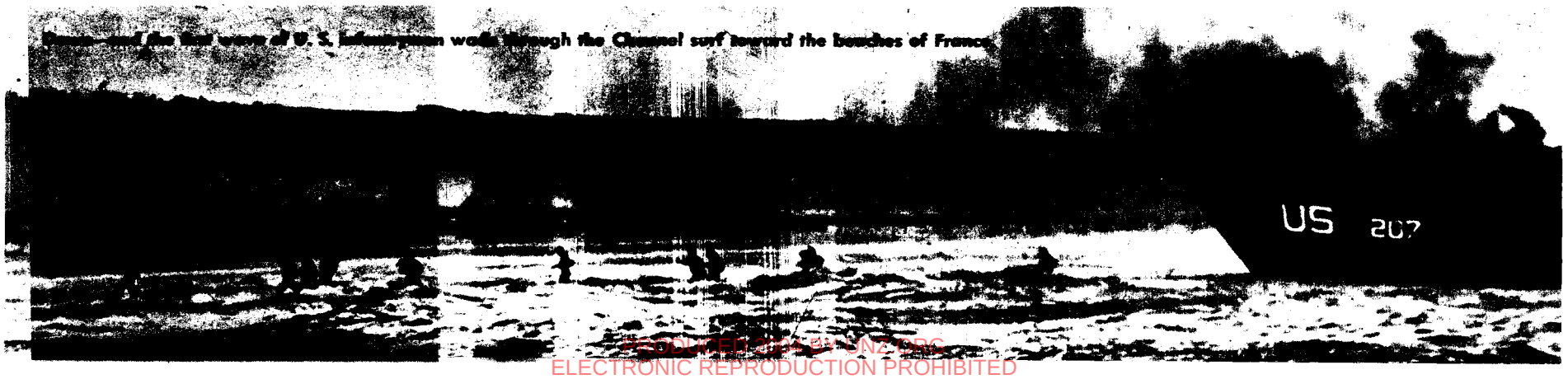
The beaches are sandy, but there are no empty treeless stretches of sand dunes in back of them. It is pleasant green country, divided into pastures that produce famous Normandy cheeses, vegetable gardens and orchards, and sprinkled with small towns and villages, not unlike Westport or Stamford in Connecticut, or Cohasset or Duxbury in Massachusetts. The towns are connected by good but rather narrow roads, lined with tall straight poplars. The roads run up and down occasional rises that are not really steep enough to be called hills and through forests that don't look like American forests. The trees are mostly beeches, widely spaced, and there is no thick underbrush. The peasants keep it cleaned out; they need it for their fireplaces.

It was here on June 6, 1944, that the Allies struck the historic first blow in the invasion of western Europe.

First came the airborne troops—four airborne infantry divisions and two paratroop divisions, according to the German count. The paratroops, British and American, jumped two hours before midnight on June 5, landing behind the German shore defenses.

They heard the tow planes coming in slowly behind them, cutting loose the gliders that circled and crashed through the trees. Out of the gliders came the airborne infantry, artillery, 37-mm antitank guns, jeeps and antiaircraft guns.

The paratroopers and the airborne infantry collected their equipment, joined forces and



[illegible] first wave of U. S. infantrymen wade through the Channel surf toward the beaches of France.

What the invaders saw: Men in the second waves find half-tracks and a beached duck already on French soil, while up ahead long lines of Yanks are fanning out.

studied maps. Then they went to work, smashing assigned Nazi coastal gun positions just as they had rehearsed for months back in Britain and setting up defenses around strategic bridges, villages and road junctions.

When dawn began to break, the men near the beaches—who were evading or fighting surprised and still-sleepy German patrols—looked back at the water and saw the minesweepers.

There were 200 of these little British vessels edging their way carefully toward the shore ahead of the main invasion fleet, which numbered more than 4,000 ships, not counting small craft.

And over the horizon thundered the greatest umbrella of airpower ever assembled for invasion protection. More than 7,500 Allied planes went into action over this 50-mile stretch of Normandy coast during the first eight hours of combat. It made the air protection at Tarawa, Kwajalein, Salerno and Sicily seem skimpy.

German shore batteries opened fire on the minesweepers. But the sweepers—an ungainly collection of dirty-looking converted fishing trawlers, tramp coastal steamers and a few modern vessels—treated the bombardment with contempt. They kept on moving straight toward the shore, clearing a path for the landing craft that were already swinging around in wide sea-sickening circles at the rendezvous points farther back in the Channel.

The minesweepers pulled away, their work done, and the naval vessels began to bombard the beaches. There were plenty of 16-inch shells plowing into that section of the coast. The fleet included such battleships as Britain's huge *HMS Rodney* and the 30-year old *USS Nevada*—back in action after taking a terrific pasting at Pearl Harbor—as well as the 33-year-old *USS Arkansas* and the 32-year-old *USS Texas*. The concussions from their big guns were so great they sprung some of the plates on nearby small landing craft.

Seconds after the bombardment British, U. S. and Canadian infantry poured onto the beaches.

The long-awaited invasion had finally started.

PICKING this particular section of the French coast as the place to start was about the same as trying to bunt in a baseball game with no outs, a runner on first base, the score tied in the sixth inning and the infield playing in close. It was the obvious thing to do.

Landing conditions on the once-fashionable bathing-resort beaches along the Bay of the Seine were ideal. Farther north, near Calais and Dunkerque, the shore was too shallow, and to the south, nearer Spain in the Bay of Biscay, it was too steep and rocky. Furthermore, this section of Normandy was near the embarkation ports in southwest England and near the important communication lines and highways leading to Paris. And it was near the two best French ports on the Channel, Cherbourg and Le Havre, which the Allies had to get to supply an extended drive into the Continent.

Perhaps it was because this point was so obviously the place to strike that the Germans were not too well prepared for it.

Resistance was tough enough but no tougher than it would have been in a dozen other sectors of the western European shore. Field Marshal Erwin Rommel was not waiting on the beaches with his panzers to confuse the Allies and to try to knock them back into the sea immediately, as Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery had expected.

In fact, one of the few enemy forces that was waiting in considerable numbers happened to be on the beach not by plan but by accident.

The three regiments of Germans that were in the right spot at the right time were there only because they had some anti-invasion practice problems on their training schedule the same day the Allied task force arrived.

The practice problems turned out to be more realistic than they had bargained for, but they managed to pull themselves together and put up resistance.

Some of the Americans in the sector, however, ran into luck. The defenses were concrete 88-mm gun emplacements with walls six feet thick. But the two Germans who were supposed to be manning the strongest and most dangerous gun, 200 yards from the beach, were goldbricking back in their living quarters in a tunnel behind the position. Just as the GIs were planning to take the gun, a shell from an American naval vessel landed squarely in the emplacement's muzzle port, knocking the inside of the position to pieces.

The two Germans ran out of the tunnel, scared to death, and were captured. One was 17, the other 18. Like many of the prisoners taken in the invasion, they were unenthusiastic soldiers, scrawny and droopy, glad to be captured and evidently impressed by the Americans' brawn and equipment.

For the first day of the invasion it seemed as if Rommel and the supreme German defense commander, Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt, were still unconvinced that this blow at Normandy was Gen. Eisenhower's Sunday punch. They hesitated to throw in the full force of their ground troops and the *Luftwaffe* for fear a bigger Allied amphibious attack might strike at some more improbable part of their Atlantic wall.

There were reports of a huge Allied fleet in the Mediterranean off Genoa that might aim to-

Canadian soldiers stand guard over German prisoners, taken in the first week of the invasion.

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What the Germans saw: An American second lieutenant and the men of his platoon, carrying full equipment, move forward toward the enemy and into battle.

ward southern France, and in the Low Countries and Norway the Nazi troops also were nervously on the alert.

But throughout D-plus-one and D-plus-two, Gen. Eisenhower continued to pour men and supplies into the Bay of the Seine beachhead and nowhere else. Rommel's intelligence, which reported 12 Allied divisions in Normandy the day after the first landings, said two days afterward there were 20. Correspondents reported the arrival of fresh airborne units in a parade of gliders 50 miles long.

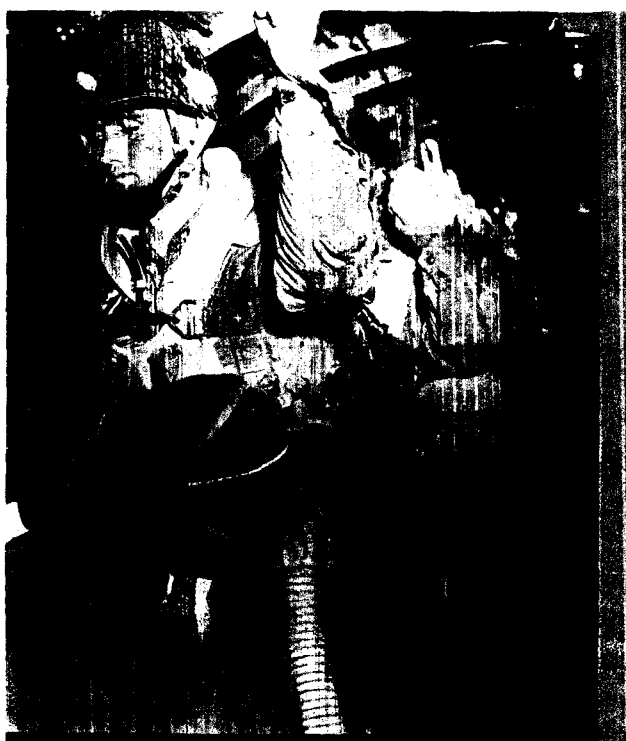
ANY doubts that Rommel and von Rundstedt might have had about this being Eisenhower's main invasion threat, however, must have been dispelled when they learned that their opposition in Normandy was Gen. Montgomery's British-American-Canadian Twenty-first Army Group. And that Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, favorite of the doughfeet in Tunisia and Sicily and senior U. S. ground-force commander, was on the beach.

The Twenty-first Army Group had been touted all over Britain for the last year as the No. 1 invasion spearhead. When it landed in Normandy, it included two of the best infantry outfits Britain and the U. S. had to offer—the 50th Northumberlands and the American Army's "Fightin' First" Infantry Division.

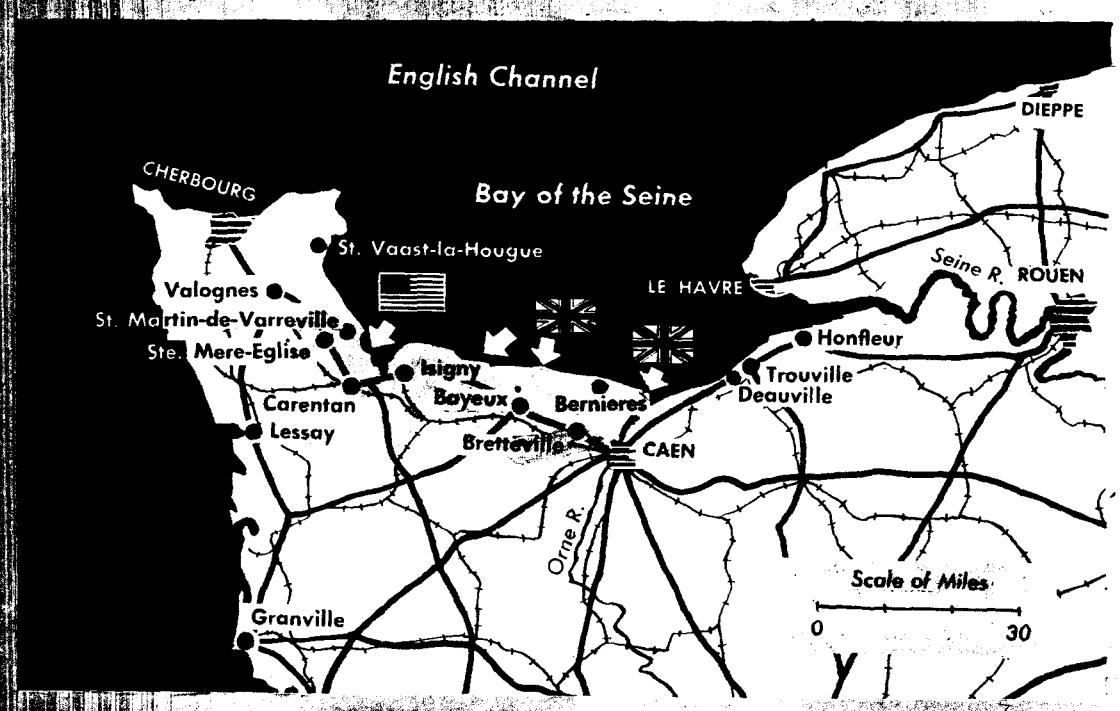
The slow-speaking North Country men in the British 50th were Gen. Montgomery's favorites in the old Eighth Army during the drive against Rommel in Africa. They were the riflemen who turned the tide at El Alamein, stormed the Mareth line and fought their hearts out at Catania in Sicily. They had been in France before. They had held off the Germans in 1940 during the evacuation of Dunkerque.

The 1st Division was the first U.S. Infantry division in 1917 to go into action in France, one of the first in 1942 to land in North Africa—where it captured Oran—and one of the first to fight in Tunisia and Sicily. This was the division that fought at Gafsa, El Guettar and Mateur and turned away a desperate German counterattack with its back to the sea at Gela in Sicily. Later it won the bloody battle of Troina.

The division had been the first to have its Springfields replaced by M1s back in the blue-fatigue days of 1941 and the first to get amphibious training before Pearl Harbor. In those days, it was



Down below is France, and when they have fixed their static line, these paratroopers will jump



First phase of the invasion: the Bay of the Seine in Normandy. American assault forces struck on the [illegible] shore below Cherbourg while British and Canadian troops drove toward Bayeux and Caen.

made up of Regular Army men from Fort Jay, N. Y., a few early draftees and some GIs who volunteered for a year under the Selective Service Act in October 1940. They were mostly from New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. But not many of the original division went to Britain from Africa and Sicily. When the division landed in Normandy, most of the privates and pfcs were replacements.

The 1st Division stepped into some furious hand-to-hand fighting alongside the other American forces on the western shore of the Bay of the Seine, near Caretan and Ste. Mere-Eglise, two towns on the Cherbourg peninsula. Progress was slow there in the beginning because bad weather and rough surf made the landing of reinforcements and supplies difficult.

THE British made out better on the beachhead to the east, which opened with a landing at Bernieras on D Day and then fanned out to cover more than 40 miles of waterfront and about 15 miles of inland depth.

It was here, five miles inland, that the British captured Bayeux, first sizable French town to fall into Allied hands in the invasion. The liberated townspeople gave the British troops a wild reception, breaking out the Tricolor, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes from carefully concealed hiding places. They also broke out carefully concealed bottles of wine and toasted the soldiers with "Long live the Allies, death to the Boche" and "Bravo, Tommies!"

Bayeux, like the rest of the Normandy coast, was badly smashed by Allied air and naval bombs. Fearing their heavy bombs would cause so much destruction that the advance of our own troops would be delayed, Allied air chiefs switched to lighter missiles for close-support attacks.

The outstanding military achievement of the first phase of the invasion was the success of the American paratroop and airborne landings in the Ste. Mere-Eglise sector of the Cherbourg Peninsula and the British 6th Airborne Division's attack along the Orne River. This Allied thrust from the sky was far more effective than the famed German airborne assault on Crete three years ago.

Official reports said that only 2 percent of the 1,000 U. S. and RAF planes used in the two attacks were lost. Gliders were landed in far greater numbers than the Germans employed at Crete, and although many of them descended in darkness, casualties were comparatively few. The Americans used Waco CG4A gliders at night and the bigger British Horsas for heavier equipment in the daylight.

One glider landed squarely on the roof of a building on the Valognes-Caretan road. The troops went downstairs and captured the Germans in their beds.

New secret devices enabled the paratroopers to land in carefully designated spots despite layers of clouds. Some of them were driving captured German trucks two hours after they jumped.

After the fall of Bayeux, Rommel hesitated no longer and brought his best armor and ground troops to the front. Canadians attacking the city of Caen on the Orne River found themselves battling the famed 21st Panzer Division, reorganized after its defeat in Africa. The 21st was well equipped and was using some new weapons. One of them, called the "Hornet," was an 88-mm gun mounted on a Mark IV chassis. The Germans were also using the new "Beetle," the tiny tank packed with explosives and controlled with cables from their lines. This contraption had been more or less a flop when it made its debut on the Anzio beachhead.

The British, Canadians and Americans found that Normandy was not a bad place to fight a war, but that the small villages with the tiny picturesque pink-stucco houses were also made to order for the Nazi defenders. These buildings were low two-story structures with thick walls and small windows overlooking the street—but with only a few windows, because of an old law making them taxable. The houses were also joined by thick stucco garden walls, making it easy for the Germans to pass out the back door and into the next building without exposing themselves to fire from the street.

In the countryside GIs found vegetable cellars, or root cellars, dug into the side of slopes along the road. These comfortable caves, with heavy wooden doors, made excellent bomb shelters and dry, protected bivouacs on rainy nights.

There was plenty of rain the second and third days when the weather turned against the Allies. This was when they needed calm water, and the rough surf made it tough to bring ashore the supplies and fresh replacements Gen. Montgomery wanted in order to capitalize on his first successes.

There are three phases to every invasion operation: 1) the landing and securing of the beachhead; 2) the strengthening and protection of the beachhead and the accumulation there of sufficient supplies and troops to support the drive inland toward military objectives; 3) the battle for those military objectives, which in France are cities like Rouen, St. Nazaire, Le Mans and Paris.

Historians looking back on the first phase of the Allied invasion of western Europe will pronounce it a great success. In fact, Gen. Eisenhower's severest critics, the Germans, have already done so.

Said Adm. Luetzow of the German Navy after D Day: "It is obvious that the light German naval forces were unable by themselves to stop the overpowering enemy forces used in the landing."

Said Wolfgang Rohbeil, a Nazi war correspondent at Caen: "The enemy has succeeded in knocking out our coastal wall defenses on a rather broad front. The German defenders fought like lions, strongpoint garrisons holding out literally to the last man. But the incessant hail of bombs and naval shells, the attacks by endless swarms of low-flying battle planes and the large airborne landings—whole divisions in a matter of hours—were irresistible."

The choice of the obvious landing site in the quaint French countryside that looked like a southern New England summer resort, the selection of the day and the hour, and the expert coordination of air, naval and ground attacks all combined to make the first phase of the invasion live up to our expectations.

The second and third phases were not over yet.

This German machine-gun nest was quickly silenced when Canadians pushed inland after initial assault.

This Week's Cover

THESE men are American paratroopers who dropped on France on D Day. At an English port, just before their take-off for "Hitler's Fortress," they are getting a few last, strong words from the Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, also known as General Ike.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—U. S. Army Signal Corps. 2 & 3—U. S. Coast Guard. 5—Upper, U. S. Army Signal Corps; lower, Acme. 6—Upper, U. S. Army Signal Corps; lower right, PA. 7—U. S. Army Signal Corps. 8—Acme. 9—Acme. 14—U. S. Army Signal Corps. 20—20th Century-Fox. 23—Upper, Pfc. George Barus, YANK staff photographer; lower, PA.

From a B-17 Base

A B-17 BASE IN ENGLAND [By Cable]—D Day for the Eighth Air Force was a day of bombardment across the Channel in France, the same kind of bombardment that had been going on for a long time.

At the briefing there was only one new touch—a bombline: a line roughly outlining the area inland from the enemy coast that the Allied penetrations should have covered by the time the mission was scheduled. "You will not," said Capt. S. L. Burr, "under any circumstances drop bombs within the bombline."

Out on the hards the newer silver-colored Forts waited beside the older green-painted ones for the start of another raid. In the officers' lounge the pilots listened intently to the radio. The broadcaster was talking an awful lot about D Day but saying very little. The pilots were interested; even though they were going to fly in the invasion operation, they had to listen to somebody off in London to get the lowdown.

They made a lot of interesting remarks while they waited for the afternoon raid. "I called Calais," one of them said, "but I was told the telephone line wasn't quite ready yet." Another said: "It's dangerous ditching in the Channel today. There's no room in the water.

They didn't have much to say about the early-morning raid. There had been a ten-tenths' cloud cover. On the way back they had seen landing barges and naval craft in the Channel through a break in the clouds.

Lt. Col. Chester C. Cox of Superior, Wis., strolled around Operations with his hands in his pockets. In the morning, flying in the lead of the earliest formation of American heavies to cross the enemy coast on D Day, he had earned the honor of being the first U. S. heavy-bombbardment pilot to drop bombs in direct support of the landings in France. The event had taken place at 0700 hours, but on other mornings Col. Cox had seen more flak and more enemy fighters and more merry hell than he had seen on this one. He was taking it easy now.

At 2100 hours the night before they'd been told that the next day was D Day, and there had been a long burst of cheering.

D Day wasn't a good day for flying. There were clouds, and very late in the day there was rain. But the flyers felt a sense of responsibility to the men storming onto the French beaches; short of typhoon weather there would be no halt in the missions.

At 1400 hours there was a briefing. At 1500 the mission was scrubbed. At 1630 it was on again, leaving my chow halfway down my gullet. It might be D Day but it was just like any day at an airfield.

I was assigned to the crew of Lt. James J. Gabler of Pittsburgh, Pa. At the ground-crew tent the flyers stood around and gassed with the

Taking a casualty aboard ship bound for England.

mechanics. One of the ground-crewmen was 43 years old, and Lt. Gabler, squinting out at the clouded sky, said: "I wish I was 43 right now." Then he moved around trying to imitate someone with St. Vitus dance.

We took off at 1720 hours of a cloudy day and climbed up through the overcast to join our formation, led by Col. William B. David. Everything was shipshape except that you couldn't see much through the overcast and everyone aboard was much interested in what "our friends" were doing downstairs. Through an occasional break in the sky we could see the Channel.

When we got over France we solved the mystery of no flak and no enemy fighters. Moving into our target we could see smoke columns and fires below, although we couldn't tell whether they were the result of offshore shelling or of bomb damage. The navigator, 2d Lt. David L. McGee, handed me a pair of binoculars, and the fires really jumped up through the glasses.

We dumped our load, and the bombardier, Lt. Harry M. Hill, looked satisfied and relaxed. Lt. Gabler, the pilot, sounding slightly bored, asked T/Sgt. John T. Middleton, the radioman, whether he could get anything about the invasion.

"I'll see what Jerry has to say," said Middleton.

On the way home we followed the most ambitious traffic pattern ever conceived for aircraft. All day long, trains of aircraft had been shuttling at all levels from England to France and home again. That meant a careful all-the-way-through pattern, so that the air over England would not be crowded to the danger point. We swept wide on our return, and that made it a long trip home.

There were broken clouds below us, and through them I caught my first real glimpse of the invasion. I could see a mile-long column of ships moving herdlike across the water. Long streamers of gray gun smoke lay near the water.

Back in England we set down nicely at our home base at 0010 hours on June 7, or just 10 minutes after D Day had ended. In the rain and cold wind we asked a ground mechanic: "What's happening?"

"Churchill spoke," he said. "There's been hymns and prayers, and the casualties are not as heavy as expected." Then he went to work on the Fort.

The interrogation was smooth and over quickly. A nurse grabbed one of the gunners, who had hurt his head in the flight by banging against something in the Fort's waist. She ran her fingers through his hair, trying to find the wound and scolding him like a big sister.

All the crew went off to bed early because there were 15 hours of flying to be done when they woke up.

As he headed for his quarters, Lt. Gabler said: "If you really want to do a job, why don't you come along with us to Berlin sometime?"

—Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

From a Coast Town

A COASTAL TOWN IN BRITAIN—Now that the invasion is history, we can let you in on what it was like here before D Day when troops from all over Britain moved into this seaside country to assemble for embarkation.

The assembly areas were really something. One of them covered 300 square miles—as big as Fort Bragg, N. C., and more than four times as big as the District of Columbia. To move the troops and supplies from the assembly areas to the water, the Army Service Forces set up complete telephone exchanges and built new roads, bridges and 150 miles of railroad tracks. In one area they built three new airfields for the close-supporting Ninth Air Force.

These assembly areas, or marshaling areas as they were officially called, were known as A, B, C and so on. Each area was subdivided into camps for various units, which were designated as A-1, A-2, A-3 and on up. The whole set-up was a masterful achievement in planning.

The GIs arrived for the big event stripped of all clothing and equipment except the bare combat essentials. They rolled up their shelter halves and blankets with extra shoes and tent poles, pins and rope and loaded the rolls onto ducks, which were to dump them on the sands of France after the beachheads were established. Back in their billets, they had packed their blouses, overcoats, go-to-hell caps and everything else connected with garrison formalities into barracks bags and kissed them good-bye. Maybe the barracks bags would meet the outfit again somewhere in Europe and maybe they wouldn't.

Each man wore OD pants, woolen shirt, field jacket, leggings, GI shoes with hobnails and steel heelplates, helmet and gas mask. His combat pack contained his raincoat, toilet articles, mess gear and rations. He also carried a shovel or pick and on his belt his canteen and cup and a first-aid packet with an envelope of sulfanilamide, a package of sulfadiazine and a morphine surete.

Every infantryman carried 80 rounds of ammunition and three grenades tucked into an extra canteen carrier attached to his rifle belt. Most of the men were armed with M1s. Others had Springfields with grenade launchers, BARs, bazookas, flame throwers or TNT pole charges. Every BARman carried a bag of 240 rounds of ammunition.

All the money the GIs had was taken away from them, and each one was given instead 200 *francs* of French money. Most of the *francs* changed hands in crap games before the men left Britain.

The GIs spent their last few nights in Britain sleeping under three blankets on canvas cots in pyramidal tents. It was cold at night, and some of the men squawked because they didn't have their overcoats. But they did not miss their blouses or neckties. It felt good to be able to walk into town—after more than a year of strict off-duty dress regulations—wearing a field jacket and helmet liner with your shirt open at the neck.

The Americans in this town outnumbered the British civilians 20 to 1 during the week before D Day. There were soldiers from all branches of the service and plenty of sailors. A lot of sailors were dressed in Army OD uniforms with a big red "N" insignia. They belonged to beach battalions. Other sailors, from landing craft and combat vessels, stuck to the customary blues.

The soldiers began to disappear from the streets as D Day drew nearer. Those who had been briefed on their particular assignments were restricted to their camp areas and strictly forbidden to speak to civilians or unbriefed GIs. Security patrols and Military Intelligence operatives were everywhere.

As a matter of fact, security all over Britain before the invasion was so strong that Maj. Gen. Henry J. F. Miller, commander of the Ninth Air Force Service Command, was reduced in rank to lieutenant colonel by Gen. Eisenhower and shipped back to the States because he told somebody at a London cocktail party that D Day would come before June 15.

Even after they were cut off from outside communication and trained in the pronunciation of German words for "Halt" and "Put up your hands" and the French for "Which way is the boche?", GIs were slightly skeptical about the whole thing. They wondered if it was just another dry run like the ones that had sent them through the same routine from A to Z several times during the spring. On those deals, they had been awakened during the night and shipped hurriedly to an assembly area, such as this one, drawing ammunition and leaving all their personal belongings behind. They had boarded the landing craft, feeling sure that they were going to France; then it had turned out to be a practice landing on the English coast, and a few days later they were back in their old camps.

But this time, as they found out, it was no dry run.

—YANK London Bureau

From Rome, Where GIs Couldn't Believe the News

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ROME [By Cable]—This befuddled city did not have time to get over the Fifth Army's historic and raucous entry into Rome before the biggest news of the war, the invasion of France, dropped like a bombshell on the local hysterical scene.

I went out on the noisy streets after the astounding news came over the BBC radio and asked five GIs this question: "What do you think of the opening of the second front?"

Pvt. Robert J. Kinchen, an artilleryman with the 85th Division from Vero Beach, Fla., where he raised oranges, had been guarding the street since 0500 hours when I quizzed him. He was tired but anxious to put in his two cents' worth. He had heard the news an hour before the interview.

"I didn't believe it," said Kinchen, "but I am taking your word for it. I'm damned glad it finally came. For a long while, especially when we were at Anzio, we never thought they'd start it. I hope the boys do not meet much stuff when they hit the shore. If the beachhead in France sticks, I guess we will whip the Germans before the year is out."

Pvt. Jerome B. Kern, an infantryman from Detroit, Mich., was riding down the Rome street on a borrowed Italian bicycle when I got in his way. "You're not kidding me?" he asked. "I heard it from an Italian, but these people are so happy today they'll tell you anything. If it's true, it sure is wonderful news. I don't mean to be selfish, but I hope it means we can relax a little. We had our guts full at Anzio and in the push to Rome. I've got two pals with the Infantry there; I hope they get through okay."

Pfc. Bill Ellis, an artilleryman from Mobile, Ala., was walking down the street in search of some pals who had whipped off in a weapons carrier and left Ellis stranded in the city. He was as suspicious as the other two had been when I told him about the invasion. "It sure is a hunk of news," he said. "I've been waiting for that news since North Africa and was about to give up. Rome and the second front, both at once, are too much for the Germans. I think we'll be home in six months—I hope."

S/Sgt. Carl L. Johnson of Minnesota was parked in a jeep outside a building, waiting for an officer. He was one of the rare GIs who had heard the news over the radio; he'd heard both the German and the BBC reports.

"I got sort of a tickling sensation in my stomach when the announcer broke the news," he said. "I'm happy it came at such a swell time. I'd sure like to get over there. I can speak *petite Francais* and could make out okay with the women. I haven't done so good here—the language has me whipped."

Pvt. Charles Camp of Dunbar, Pa., a 19-year-old infantryman who is the only man left out of a platoon that fought the Germans for 60 days, said: "It's very good news, but I am still happiest about getting to Rome; I didn't think I would make it. My heart is with those guys in France. I know what they are going through. But I'm confident they will push the Germans back just like we did."

Sprawled under poppies lie the German dead, their gaping mouths painted with dust.

The Dusty Road Through Rome

By Sgt. FRED ROSEN, YANK Staff Correspondent

Flour and Flats

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ROME [By Cable]—On the way up to the front, the most common picture you'll see is a line of GI trucks, jammed with soldiers wearing dust goggles over their eyes and handkerchiefs across their noses and mouths. They look like a cross between an old-time highwayman and a two-reeler comedian who has just rolled out of a flour barrel.

Dust grates between your teeth, scrapes down your throat, sifts into your eyes and piles up on your eyelashes until you can feel its weight. It cakes over every inch of your body until you look just as dusty when you step out of your flour-bag clothes as when you're wearing them.

Around almost every bend in the road is a charred German vehicle, bleached and mottled by the dust. Little toy towns, already shelled into white rubble and powder, are whiter still under their covering. The dust colors vast fields of poppies. Sprawled beneath them lie the German dead, dust grotesquely painting their gaping mouths and the fly swarms that once were eyes.

So much dust means that it is impossible to move a vehicle up the road to the front without being spotted by the Germans. It means also that the GI driver balances his life on the rim of his steering wheel every time he goes over 25 miles per hour. Hidden in the shell and mine craters in the road are sharp-edged shell casings, broken *vino* bottles and a thousand and one pieces of jagged metal — the dregs of a beaten army. They are flattening plenty of tires — 10 times as many, motor-pool sergeants tell you, as happened in the once cursed and now blessed mud of a few weeks earlier. Take the case of T-5 Joe Decoster of Jackson, Mich., jeep driver in an armored recon outfit. On the first day of the big push, his jeep came down with 11 flats.

The infantrymen say that the dust works into every inch of their equipment. During each lull in the fighting, doughfeet sprawled in foxholes sweat as they give the tooth-brush treatment to their rifles, machine guns and BARs. Some platoon sergeants have laid down the rule that every shell must be wiped off before it is slipped into a clip to prevent a jam when it counts.

Listen to Cpl. Gene Thompson of Elkhart, Ind., a tank-destroyer gunner. "I never believed," he said, looking inside a C-ration can opened two minutes before, "that they could figure out a way to dehydrate dust."

Message to Garcia

WE were lying in a ditch by the side of the road, looking up at a pretty little town held by the Germans. Like so many pretty little towns in Italy, this one is cocked over one eye of a mountain peak instead of being built in a valley as it would have been in America.

A column of massive tanks clanked up one side of the road, climbing slowly toward the town like a herd of steel elephants. Silent dusty infantrymen 15 yards apart plodded up the other side, their heads down as a protection against the grit that the tanks were billowing up in their faces. The taller doughboys stooped as they walked, to take advantage of a stone wall that ran in and out and under the clots of Jerry vehicles and equipment stretching along the roadside. Each man stepped as closely as he could in the footsteps of the man ahead, following the white tapes laid down by the engineers to mark the path through the enemy mine beds along the road.

Two hundred yards ahead was a sharp twist in the road, with no cover on either side. This was Torpedo Junction, the last exposed stretch before the farmhouse that was our advanced OP. As usual, Jerry's observation was perfect, and he was tossing shells on the bend whenever he spotted anything bigger than a grasshopper moving around it.

Tanks and foot soldiers stopped as the platoon leaders shot up their arms. It looked as if the advance would have to wait until after dark.

Just then a motorcycle came up from the rear like a bat out of hell, dragging a hundred-yard dust tail behind. The driver hunched over the handlebars as he snaked his machine between the shell craters all over the road. Twice we saw the lower half of his body bounding into the air when he didn't quite miss some craters, but he clung to the handlebars and kept going. Then an MP stepped into the middle of the road, and the cycle stopped, motor snorting. The driver's face was a mask of muddy white dust around the goggles.

"Dispatches and maps," he croaked. "Gotta get 'em up to OP." The MP waved him on wearily. "Okay, it's your neck, bud."

A quick twist of one hand and the motorcycle shot off again. Tankmen leaning out of their turrets and doughboys sprawled in their ditches watched the driver throttle down just before he hit the dangerous bend.

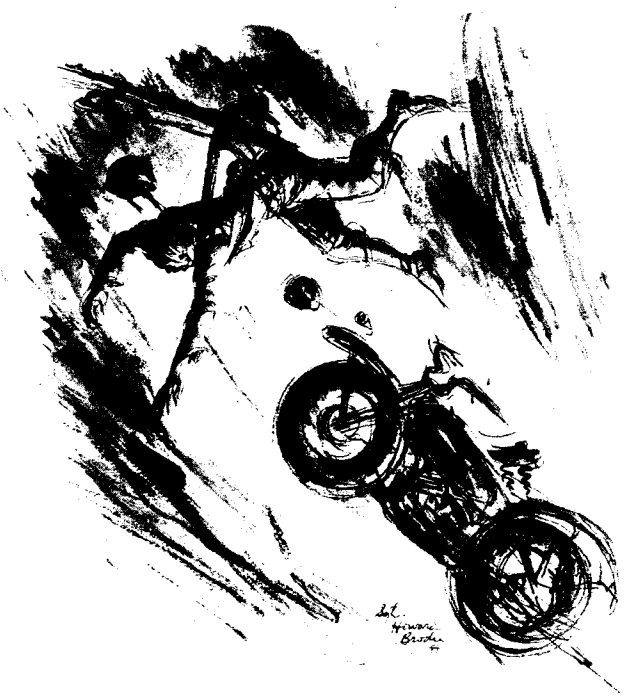
"Damn good thing he knows his stuff," said the MP.

The driver was pulling an old trick. Here in Italy where Jerry is almost always on higher ground, you've got to figure every time you cross an exposed stretch near the line that some Kraut is squinting at you through a pair of binoculars. The idea is to save some speed until you are halfway across, then step on it, hoping that the sudden acceleration will knock the Jerry gunners off their timing.

Sure enough, the motorcycle spurted forward just about where it should have.

But this time the trick didn't work. A cluster of shells burst all around the speeding bike. It flew into the air, whirling end over end like a tossed baseball bat. When the smoke and dust cleared, we saw the driver crumpled in the center of the road.

Inside of 10 minutes, two infantrymen had slung him onto a blanket and carried him back under cover. His shoulder was crumpled queerly, trickles of blood were coming from his left arm and God knows what else was wrong inside him. One of the infantrymen pulled an envelope of sulfa out of his pack and with clumsy fingers tore it in half and sprinkled the white powder on the cut. Then he took his own first-aid packet from his belt pouch and slowly and carefully tied up the wound around the oozing pink paste of blood and sulfa powder.



Shells burst all around the motorcycle. It flew into the air, end over end like a tossed baseball bat.

After a while somebody came back with an ambulance from a nearby clearing station. The infantryman who had done the doctoring helped lift up the unconscious man and climbed in beside him.

The motorcycle driver came to while the ambulance was jolting back to the station. He stared for a minute at the brown and gray walls, the grotesque enamel pans and odd-shaped rubber rings and tubes hanging from the ceiling, the worn stretchers with the great brown stains in their middle and the silent infantryman sitting hunched around his rifle. Then he closed his eyes again.

"My leg," he said faintly. "Jesus, my leg."

The clearing station was located under canvas stretched from one side of a trailer to a truck. It was hot and the canvas sagged so that the orderlies had to stoop over as they carried the driver to the operating table. A medic in fatigues and leggings worked swiftly and competently.

"Broken collarbone and shoulder blade," he said briskly.

The orderly, copying down the diagnosis on a tag that goes with each patient, looked up. "Think

nothing of it," he said to the motorcyclist. "We'll issue you a new one."

Nobody laughed.

"To hell with all the rest," the driver said through clenched teeth. "Just look at my leg. I tell you."

The orderly shaved around the small cut near the driver's kneecap, and the doctor swabbed on a brown antiseptic. The driver jerked and arched his body. His face contorted.

"After-shaving lotion," said the orderly. "It always stings."

The infantryman squatting against the trailer wheel looked at the orderly. The doctor straightened up.

"He's got a bad shoulder blade," he said, "but there's nothing wrong with that leg. We'll tie up the vein in his arm and they'll stitch it together at the Evac. He'll be all right."

There was a long burst of firing from the distance. We had opened an attack.

The silent infantryman rose and hitched his rifle over his shoulder.

"It takes guts to ride one of them motorcycles," he said as he walked out.

Slang Slants

WHEN the Armored Force boys say something about opening a sardine can, it has nothing at all to do with food. Sardine cans are tanks.

Stories from the notebook of a reporter who covered the advancing GIs of the Fifth Army during their historic capture of the first big capital city in Europe to fall into the hands of the Allies.

And a half-track is rarely called a half-track: it's an ashcan.

For some reason the word Limey, which used to be universal for a British soldier in some outfits, has evolved into "Leroy." You hear "Hiya, Leroy" and even "Here comes a Leroy." The Yanks, naturally, are always Yanks to the Limeys—I mean, Leroys.

One of the most ironic twists of the campaign is the word that meets your eye the minute the Yanks fight their way into a new town. It's "*Vincere*," meaning "We will conquer"—a hangover from the old Fascist dream of glory. The word is always painted on walls, roofs, signs and fences in the biggest and gaudiest letters possible. Rumor says it is also tatooed on Mussolini's tummy.

Gotta Match?

AMERICAN troops had finally driven the stubborn Nazis out of the town, building by building, cellar by cellar, alley by alley. We were in there, all right, but just managing to hold on by our fingernails and eyelashes, when Jerry began to pulverize the town with a tremendous barrage.

In a cellar right on the main square, a small group of doughboys squeezed their faces against the earth as the plaster rained down steadily with the vibrations of bursting shells. Even in the cellar you could hear the 88s, snapping and cracking through the air like giant whips.

Each time a shell landed, Venus danced the shimmy.

Somehow still intact in one corner of the rubble-filled cellar stood a knee-high plaster statue of Venus on a pedestal. Each time a shell landed, Venus quivered as if she were dancing the shimmy.

Every once in a while, Pvt. Tom Robinson of Seattle, Wash., raised himself up and sneaked a quick look to see if our tanks were still in town. They had been sweeping down the street, blasting one shell into each story of a building, then moving on to drop more calling cards at the place next door just in case Jerry snipers were around.

After one of these quick looks, Robinson suddenly froze on one elbow, with his mouth open, and pointed like a madman. "Look," he screamed. "look!" Every grimy face jerked up.

There, right in the open, walking around what used to be a Cupid-fringed fountain, was a ragged old Italian peasant. He was bent over and tapping with a cane. In a couple of seconds his face lit up, and he reached down and picked up something and stuck it behind his ear. It was a cigarette butt.

Supersnake

MANY a replacement, spending his first night in the line, almost busts a gut when he stumbles over a long twisting object that looks exactly like the biggest snake in the world. But it is only part of a snake — a tank tread unrolled from a blasted Jerry tank by direct shell hits. You see these snakes everywhere—coiled around tree trunks, weaving in and out of vineyards, hanging over fences and even rooftops. Add the fact that they have large cleats on their inner surface and usually are covered with blackened blisters and with splotches of flame and rust, and you have something that looks as close to a prehistoric kind of spined supersnake as you can imagine. Some are 30 feet from head to tail.

Valet Service

NO Yank who has fought here will ever forget the Italian refugees. Sometimes, when Jerry rear guards are still withdrawing on one side of town, a long line of refugees appears out of nowhere and trickles back through the other side of town.

Everyone is barefoot, the oldest walking first, the next oldest behind and so on down the line. The women in the procession are always balancing bundles on their heads as big as pianos. It seems as if every woman in this part of Italy has a headpad — a soft cloth on which she can carry anything, from chicken coops to wine barrels to baby carriages. The shape of the load doesn't matter at all. You'll see a woman turn an enormous bundle around and around on her head until she finds just the right point of balance. Then she calmly glides off, never touching another finger to it.

The other day a recon patrol pulled into an abandoned farmhouse to billet down for the night. Right on the dot of midnight the family that owned the farm filed in. There were 19 in all, ranging from grandpa to the smallest *bambino*. The Germans had forced them to vacate their home in January. They had spent the winter in a mountain cave, living on dried beans and roots.

Mama was so grateful that she embraced the Yanks and brought out the supply of *vino* that had been safely hidden in the well. When the boys awoke at daybreak, every man in the outfit found his clothes washed, dried and rolled neatly into his pack.

Esquire, Please Copy

THE Germans go in for a standard camouflage pattern in a big way. You see practically the same blotch-and-blend design of green and brown on all their vehicles, from tanks to the jeep-like *volkswagon* and also on helmets, machine guns, planes, knee-length frock coats worn by snipers, shelter halves and sometimes even rifles.

The boots worn by the Jerry infantryman look almost exactly like Yank combat boots. They have leather cuffs a few inches above the regular shoe, with two straps around the top. Ours are of better leather and superior workmanship.

Secret Weapons

PFC. HARVEY MALICOAT of Akron, Ohio, temporarily quartered in a cave dugout from which the former German tenants were ousted with bayonets, points with pride to the only piece of decoration his underground bungalow affords. It's a new, self-propelled hand-grenade thrower, which looks like a bazooka but is longer and made of flimsy sheet metal. You hold it under your arm, point it and fire it by pulling a pin. The grenade thrower is another German experiment, and like Jerry's self-propelled baby tanks, it is a complete flop.

Two new Yank weapons were tried out in the same sector on the same day by two pfcs.

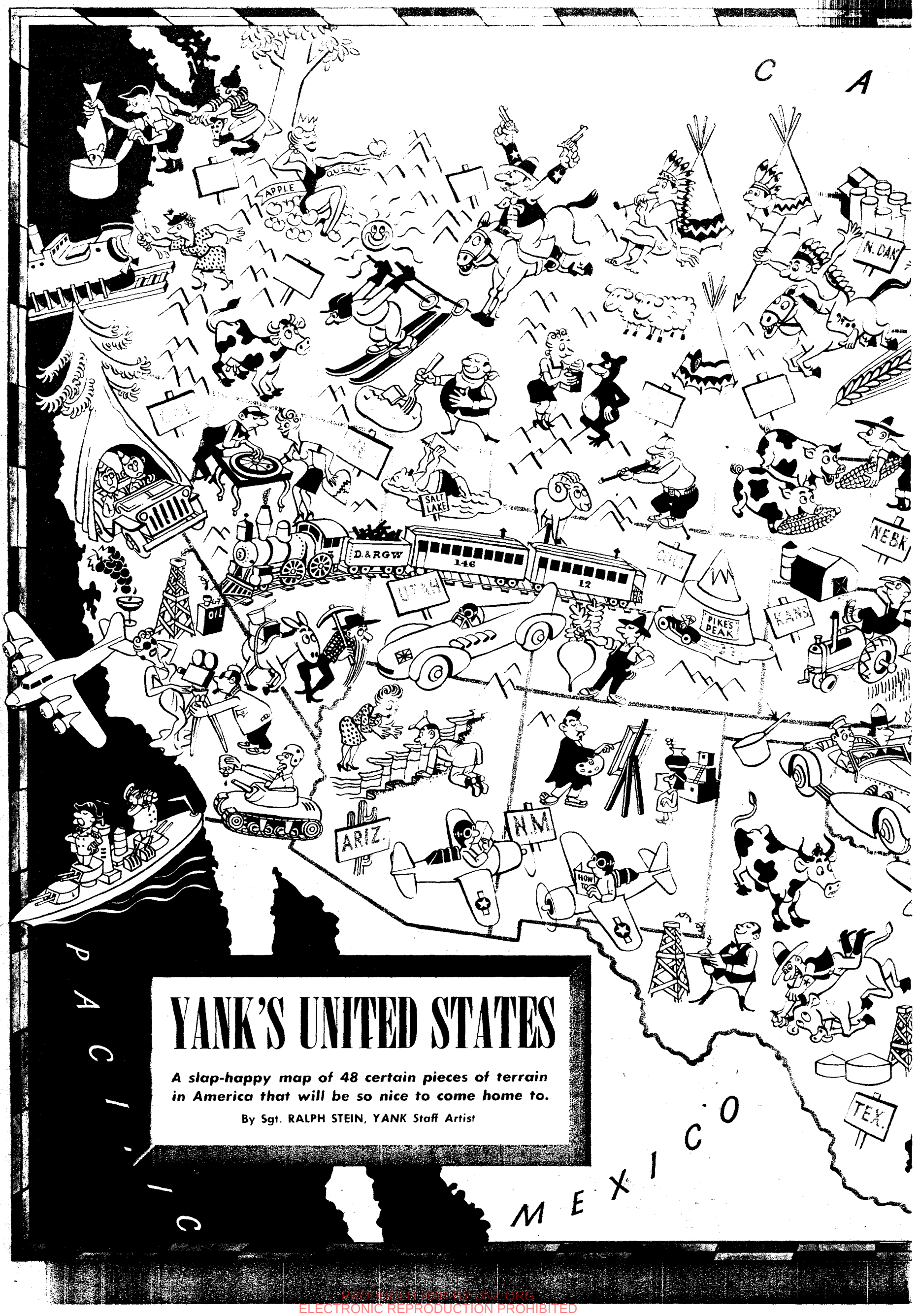
Pfc. Aaron Lyberger of Battle Creek, Mich., a signal linesman, was walking through the high grass at night when he stepped into three Jerries, armed to the teeth. Lyberger had only a pair of pliers in his hip holster. He stepped back, whipped out the pliers and looked ferocious. The Jerries shot up their hands and shouted "*Kamerad*."

On the way back, one of the prisoners offered Lyberger a brand new blanket. He refused to take it. Later the blanket turned out to be a booby trap, wired to explode a hand grenade when it was unrolled.

Pfc. Elton Gorham of Winfield, La., an infantryman, was digging a ditch in the lines when a Jerry suddenly popped up in front of him. Gorham whipped up his shovel like a rifle, and it was all over.

But most of the Yanks hereabouts are sort of old-fashioned. They still rely on their rifles.

Lyberger stepped back, whipped out the pliers and looked ferocious. The Jerries shot up their hands.



YANK'S UNITED STATES

A slap-happy map of 48 certain pieces of terrain in America that will be so nice to come home to.

By Sgt. RALPH STEIN, YANK *Staff Artist*

"Don't Cry, Little Kraut"

Dear YANK:

Referring to the letter of O/C William H. Hall published in a May issue of YANK and appearing below a photo of a captured crying Kraut, which you had captioned "Don't Cry, Little Kraut." O/C Hall seems indignant and deeply moved at your brutal treatment of a little innocent Kraut. He speaks of courage and good taste and accuses you of warming your editorial chair in New York while he battles single-handed the diverse elements of Miami Beach. Emotional Hall is so far removed from the nasty things of war that he apparently doesn't know that many grimacing little *and big Krauts, feigning pain or wounds at being captured,* evoked the humane sentiments of their captors who, relaxing their alertness at trickery, were shot in the back. I judge from his letter that O/C Hall would be very impressed with the nastiness of things going on around here and think he would do well to stay where he is under the balmy Florida palms because the battlefields are no place for silly humanitarianism, but of stark and brutal reality for life or death with no quarters asked or given.

Italy —Sgt. C. N. LASKARIS

Dear YANK:

I don't know where Mr. Hall gets his ideas. We aren't out for tea and crumpets. It's a little thing like war, in case he's one of the few persons who doesn't know about it. The Germans and Japanese thought we were weak. So now we're showing them. . . . We're through feeling sorry for our enemy. . . .

Aleutians —Pvt. BING HANLEY

Dear YANK:

. . . We wonder whether the Nazis carry their treatment of captured Allied soldiers only to the extent of a photograph and adjoining caption. Were it not for the fact that we have quite a few prisoners ourselves, we doubt whether our men would be receiving the treatment they are supposedly "enjoying." We realize that we're somewhat out of line in our comments, in view of the fact that O/C Hall . . . has probably shown marked intelligence as a leader of men. But we are of the opinion that when and if he is commissioned, and when and if he does see action, his views will change—but radically and right quick, too.

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. —T-4 M. BLATTSTEIN*

*Also signed by T-4 C. L. Bartles and Pvt. P. F. Doolin.

Airborne Infantry Bonus

Dear YANK:

After reading that Airborne Infantryman's very, very sad letter many of the paratroopers here shed an abundance of tears. [In a recent YANK, Pvt. R. E. Buckwick complained that glider troops got no extra pay, while paratroopers received $50 a month as jump bonus.—*Ed.*] He was really sympathized with, believe me. He says he rides in gliders. My, that must be thrilling! Hell, we jump from them.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pvt. S. J. KACZOR*

*Also signed by Pvts. J. Jarvis, A. Guthwirth and W. Harris.

Dear YANK:

I read the letter about "Airborne Infantry Bonus." I feel sorry for those poor glider troops who ride in those dangerous gliders, and especially way back in *Camp Mackall, N. C.* The glider troops are supposed to be used along with paratroops as a combat team. Maybe they can relate why they have not been used yet. We went into combat eight months ago, but I have yet to see a glider trooper. If they have been used, I assure you I have never seen one that glided in. Some have come in by landing barge. . . .

Anzio Beachhead, Italy —Sgt. GUY CALLEY*

Dear YANK:

. . . The American glider troops have played a conspicuous part by their complete absence in this theater of war. About the paratroops' pay, why should Pvt. Buckwick kick when the American doughboy in the front lines, who incidentally draws $50 per month, says we earn every penny? If anyone deserves a pay increase, it's the doughboy on the front lines, not those who have not and probably will not see any action. Who are we? Just a few members of a paratroop outfit overseas, who have made two combat jumps, along with several ground missions, which have kept us busy and made us an active-combat unit eight of our 10 months overseas.

Italy —Paratroop Engineers

Dear YANK:

. . . It was the Paratroops that made the invasion of Sicily and Italy possible. We over here are not trying to take credit for what the boys are doing on the other side. I refer you to the Presidential citation just awarded to the 3d Battalion, 504th Parachute Infantry Regiment, for "outstanding performance of duty in action on the Anzio Beachhead, Italy, during the period 8 to 13 Feb. 1944." The battalion had just been relieved from front-line duty when a vicious German attack (to use the official words) was launched against a nearby British unit and the battalion went right back into action. The citation concludes with: "As a result of the 3d Battalion's tenacious and intrepid action a severe enemy threat to the security of the beachhead was eliminated."

Camp Mackall, N. C. —Pvt. LEO DELCAMBRE

GI Proverbs

Dear YANK:

Don't you think that there are some things which are above the common desire to have fun and get a "kick out of things"? I refer to the article "GI Proverbs From King Solomon" in an April issue of YANK. It is believed that such humor is not necessary but is also carrying a good thing a bit too far. Personally, I do not know too much about the Scriptures, but I do know that making fun of such in the way the above article was presented only shows poor taste. . . . Of course the items were meant for fun and we all like fun, but such as this ceases to be fun, and there are others who share the opinions of the writer.

Africa —Sgt. JAMES M. REDDING

Dear YANK:

How did you ever miss this in your compilation of "GI Proverbs From King Solomon"?

A fool's lips enter into contention,
and his mouth calleth for stripes. [18:6]

Maxwell Field, Ala. —Cpl. AUSTIN C. WEHRWEIN

Dodds' Autograph

Dear YANK:

Shame on you, Sgt. Dan Polier! In your sports article about Gil Dodds in an April issue of YANK you stated that Dodds had been known to autograph 15,000 programs a night. I've spent a lot of time in the direct-mail business, and any time we found a girl who could sign 1,500 letters a day we knew we had a jewel. I'd be willing to wager $25 against your $10 that Dodds couldn't autograph 15,000 copies in a week, let alone add a Biblical verse.

c/o Fleet Post Office, New York —Lt. H. OVERBACK

■ Sgt. Polier was only kidding.

Drafting Women

Dear YANK:

We have just read that there is a movement seeking to pass a bill that will legalize the drafting of women. This movement has been approved by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs Inc. It is our opinion, and we believe it is the opinion of the majority of men in the armed forces serving overseas, that this proposed bill is unfair to the soldiers in the armed forces. The only thing that keeps some of us going, when it is tough sledding, is the thought that we are giving our all to protect our loved ones. This will not be true if our wives and sweethearts are drafted into the various branches of the armed services. . . . In closing, we feel that if our country really needs more women in the service, the members of the previously mentioned club should be the first taken.

Iran —Cpl. PATRICK T. McGINNITY*

*Also signed by 23 others.

Prohibition

Dear YANK:

I recently returned from the Asiatic-Pacific theater of war, where I was a gunner on a heavy bomber. I returned to the States after I flew the required number of hours (300) over Jap territory, and 300 hours over enemy territory is no fun. I am now in a convalescent center suffering from operational fatigue. I'm an Indian, from Kansas, and because of that I cannot purchase beer here in this state . . . [but] I'm good enough to wear the uniform and to go on 47 bombing raids over Jap targets.

Fort George Wright, Wash. —S/Sgt. EDDIE RICE

General Confusion

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of a picture magazine Gen. Marshall and Gen. Eisenhower were photographed sitting together. Will you explain the wearing of the generals' stars? Which is correct, Gen. Marshall with four stars on his right collar or Gen. Eisenhower with four stars on his left collar?

Camp Plauche, La. —T/Sgt. NICHOLAS G. SHAHEEN

■ *AR 600-40, Par. 1b,* states clearly: "All articles of uniform for wear by the General of the Armies, the Chief of Staff, and a former Chief of Staff are such as each may prescribe for himself." Insignia is officially described as part of the uniform, so it is our guess that Gen. Marshall is quite right. Concerning Gen. Eisenhower, we refer you to *Par. 52:* "When the shirt is worn without the service coat, metal insignia will be worn on collar. . . ." General officers of line are supposed to wear the insignia of grade on both sides of the collar. Other general officers, however, are supposed to wear the insignia of grade on the right side of the collar and, on the left side, the insignia indicating arm, service, bureau, etc. Under either of these classifications Gen. Eisenhower *might* be in error. If you think so, you tell him.

GI Platform

Dear YANK:

Migawdno! regarding Cpl. Lee's suggestion in an April issue that you publish the political platforms in the Presidential election. Why take up valuable space to publish something we know the politician will forget after election? . . . Now, if you want a *real* platform, listen to *mine:*

1. Victory (by youse other guys).
2. Rehabilitation of Germany, Japan and Italy. These three, along with U. S., Britain, Russia, China, France, Canada and Texas, will form the "Big Ten" to control the world and insure a lasting peace.
3. The Aleutians must be forced on Ireland as penalty for Ireland remaining neutral.
4. Mustering out of servicemen. Each man (and maybe the women) will gladly pay $100 for freedom, thus helping to reduce the national debt. Each veteran, with not more than two court martials, to receive a pretty ribbon, $37.50 in bonds and directions to the nearest USO. In addition to above benefits, killers of one German or seven Japs to receive $1.10 in cold cash. Oh yes, all to receive undying thanks of those unable to enlist or otherwise kept back from the big show.
5. All pin-up pictures to be stored in Fort Knox until the next war. Smuggling home of these pictures is strictly forbidden.
6. More newsprint for YANK (plug).
7. Revision of Mann Act.
8. Less political platforms.

Aleutians —Sgt. ED HARTNETT

Message Center

Sgt. WILLIAM T. GARNETT, somewhere in Kingman, Ariz.: write Pfc. Thomas F. Watkins Jr., Co. F, 176th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Ens. R. E. GIBSON, King College, class of '40: write Pvt. Walter Caldwell, Finance Office, APO 360, Camp Roberts, Calif. . . . Anyone having any information about 2d Lt. MONROE A. GORDON, navigator, stationed in England and reported missing since Feb. 4, 1944: write Sgt. Alfred Garfield, Co. C, 325 Engr. Bn., APO 447, Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . Cpl. DANIEL HALE GRAY, Phoenix, Ariz.: write Pfc. H. Demke, Co. G, ASTU 3905, Stanford, Calif. . . . M/Sgt. ELVIN O. GREER, once at Bakersfield, Calif.: write S/Sgt. Ernest M. Lee, 744th AFTS, PAAF, Pecos, Tex. . . . Cpl. H. LINDSAY GRESHAM, formerly in Africa, or anyone having information about him: write Lt. Dwight G. Allen, 457 Parachute FA Bn., APO 468, Camp Polk, La. . . . WILBUR HARROLD, once in Camp Roberts, Calif.: write Cpl. Franklin A. Geske, Antitank Co., 140th Inf., Camp Howze, Tex. . . . Cpl. LEON KAMERLING, once at Albuquerque Air Base: write Pvt. Leon Seligson, Co. F, 803d Sig. Tng. Regt., Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . Cpl. MAXINE LEVY, last heard of at Camp Crowder, Mo.: write Pvt. W. K. Roberts, Co. S, 840th Sig. Tng. Bn., Camp Kohler, Sacramento, Calif. . . . Lt. WILLIAM C. LITTLEWOOD of Chicago, last heard of at Boca Raton Fld., Fla.: write *Pvt. Merrill Ormes,* 579th *Sig. Depot* Co., Postal Unit 2, Camp Cooke, Calif. . . . Sgt. LEWIS LOWE, formerly at Scott Fld., Ill.: write Pvt. Anthony A. Szlasa, 20th Academic Sq., Scott Fld., Ill. . . . Sgt. TIM MCCARTHY, last heard of in Pine Camp, N. Y.: write A/S C. L. Gerhardt, 21 CTD—C—14, Momer House, Colby College, Waterville, Maine. . . . Anyone knowing whereabouts of Pfc. SACK T. MCKEE, last heard of with Fleet Marine Force, Group 23: write Pfc. Charles H. McKee, 383d CCTS, Bks. T-135, Peterson Fld., Colorado Springs, Colo. . . . M/Sgt. GREGORY C. MOIX, last heard of with the AAF, Wheeler Fld., Hawaii: write Pvt. Philip J. Schacca, Med. Det., 424 Inf., APO 443, Camp Atterbury, Ind. . . . Capt. JAMES P. MURI: write 1st Lt. W. W. Moore, 20th AAB Sq., Mountain Home, Idaho. . . . ROBERT RAMIREZ of Jersey City and New York: write T-4 John McGee, 2C Crescent Rd., Greenbelt, Md. . . . EDWARD RHUL, last heard of at Camp Upton: write Cpl. Guido Cerulli, Advanced Languages Section, ASTP, 4770th SCU, Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa. . . . BOYD RICHARDS, once an A/C at Stamford, Tex.: write Sgt. George J. Murray, 68th BFT Sq., Goodfellow Fld., San Angelo, Tex. . . . GEORGE SEVASSEUR, once of the AAFTD, Univ. of Wisconsin: write Cpl. Robert Harris, 8th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Scott Fld., Ill. . . . S/Sgt. HENRY MANN SILVER II of Newport, R. I.: write T/Sgt. Mike Chamberlain, Rctg. Sta., 117 So. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Pvt. ARTHUR ULBRAND of The Bronx, believed somewhere in Africa: write Sgt. George F. Chace Jr., 81st Fighter Sq., CCAB, Cross City, Fla. . . . Pvt. DONALD ULLUM, once in the 166th Inf.: write Pvt. W. Knowlton, G Tr. —124th Cav. Regt., Fort D. A. Russell, Tex.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE. *A list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent to you if you write Shoulder Patch Exhange,* YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Specify whether you want your name added to the list.

FREE LAND IN ALASKA

IN MATANUSKA VALLEY, ALASKA, THE GOVERNMENT MAINTAINS THIS TERRITORIAL EXPERIMENTAL STATION WHERE EXPERTS STUDY FARM PROBLEMS AND GIVE INFORMATION TO THE SETTLERS OF THE FERTILE AREA.

There are 160 acres of good earth waiting for you on America's last frontier. It's yours for the asking. Here is what you have to do.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

HEADQUARTERS, ALASKAN DEPARTMENT — Soldier, if the post-war prospect of starting life over back in the States throws a chill into you or maybe looks too tame, there's 160 acres of land waiting for you right here in Alaska —and for free. Under Federal homestead laws, you can stake yourself out a chunk of real estate, and after three years it'll be all yours at the cost merely of the sweat of your brow and some small filing fees.

At one Alaskan District Land Office, more than a half-dozen soldiers have already announced their hankering to apply for homestead entry right now, but unless Congress goes into a huddle on the matter they're legally stymied until after the duration plus.

That's because homestead laws require that you actually live on the land at least seven months a year for three years, and although you're allowed five years during which to fulfill this requirement, it's almost impossible for a soldier on active duty to do this.

The first special servicemen's provisions for homesteading were adopted by Congress in 1872, covering Civil War veterans. In 1901 an act was passed under which veterans of the Spanish-American war and the Philippine Insurrection were given credit toward homesteading for their time in the service.

By an act passed in 1922, Congress decided that any veteran of the first World War who had spent not less than 90 days in the Army or Navy while we were at war and who came off with an honorable discharge was entitled to have a period equal to his term of service (not exceeding two years) deducted from the three years' residence required for homesteading. So far, this provision of law has not been extended to cover service during this war, and credit for your present service does not apply.

It is possible Congress may do something about that, but until it does, you're in the same boat with a 29-year-old staff sergeant from Springfield, Mo., who has his eye on a choice plot near Homer on Kachemak Bay. Next to the Matanuska Valley, the Homer area is the best-known agricultural section in Alaska, but this sergeant is no farmer. He's a welder. He figures that Homer will one day be a helluva lot bigger than its pre-war population of 325 and that they'll need welders around to keep the farm implements in shape.

Like most of the 323 million acres in Alaska subject to disposal under public-land laws, the sergeant's tract is not accessible by road or railroad from his military station. Therefore, he can't even ask for a pass to "live" on a homestead between retreat and first call.

SO many soldiers like this Missouri boy have been writing in questions about land settlement in Alaska that Fred W. Johnson, commissioner of the General Land Office in Washington, D. C., issued a bulletin in March, especially prepared for servicemen. If you're interested in homesteading, here are a few things Johnson thinks you ought to know:

The fact that you're a soldier doesn't bar you from making homestead application, but there are some things you'd be required to do that are almost impossible while you're on active service. The first of these is meeting the residence requirement. You must also cultivate at least one-sixteenth of your land by the end of the second year and one-eighth each year thereafter until your residence requirement is satisfied. Before the ground is turned over to you for good, you have to show you've put up a habitable house.

Of those 323 million acres of government land in Alaska, about 200 million have been surveyed and can be located on maps in the District Land Offices at Anchorage, Fairbanks and Nome. If a soldier wants to settle on unsurveyed land, it is not necessary to have it surveyed in advance. For protection against other claims, he should mark his boundaries permanently and file a description of his claim with the U. S. District Commissioner. Then, after final proof, the GI can survey it himself or have it done—by the government or at his own expense.

No one can make application for homestead entry for you or arrange for any piece of land to be held open for you until your discharge. If, however, your family—meaning wife and minor children—is already living in Alaska, they may clinch your rights to a homestead by living on the ground during your absence. In that case you must execute your homestead application before your CO and forward it to the appropriate District Land Office.

Don't expect the clerk in the District Land Office to be able to give you definite information on the character of a specific piece of ground, but, in general you'll be told that the best prospects for agricultural settlement will be found in the Tanana River Valley, the Cook Inlet-Matanuska Valley area and the Kenai Peninsula. A large bite of the Matanuska Valley already belongs to Alaska Rural Rehabilitation Corporation—the widely publicized Matanuska Colony.

At the moment, no serviceman can expect to get preference over anyone else in the acquisition of public land after the war. Legislation was enacted after the last war that gave ex-servicemen a 90-day jump over the general public in filing entries. This expired in 1940 and has not been renewed or extended by Congress.

THE General Land Office bulletin winds up with a few tips to prospective homesteaders:

"Decide how you expect to make a living. Choose an area for settlement best suited to your liking as to climate, farming, employment, and availability of community services and conveniences. Select good land suited to your needs. Examine the soil for texture and depth. Study climatic conditions, particularly temperature, precipitation and length of growing season. Make inquiry as to crop yields and consider how and where the produce can be sold.

"New land in Alaska, as elsewhere, requires clearing and breaking, planting and harvesting. Hard work lies ahead of the successful settler. To the men in the service seriously interested in full-time farming or in home-site settlement coupled with other employment, there is a real chance for success.

"To others, attracted solely by prospects of free land, there is likely to come disappointment."

THE HAND SALUTE

By Sgt. JOSEPH A. KEBLINSKY

A SILENCE fell over the officers' mess as the colonel rose and cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he began, "what I am about to say is unpleasant, but it must be faced. We, the officers of this regiment, are the laughing stock of the camp."

He glared about him and 124 officers cringed.

"As you all probably know by this time," said the colonel, and there was sarcasm in his voice, "the first requisite of an officer is to know how to render the hand salute as an officer should. In this very vital military function we are a dismal failure. I repeat, gentlemen—a dismal failure."

He paused to allow the full import of his declaration to sink in. It sank.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are members of a famous fighting organization, a regiment steeped in tradition. Those of the 8446th who have gone on before—we can not let them down."

The executive officer blew his nose violently. a few majors stealthily wiped their eyes and 33 second lieutenants wept openly and unashamed.

"Now," said the colonel, "is the time for us to forget our past mistakes and look to the future. We shall correct ourselves right here and now. Lt. Lysterbag, front and center!"

A young lieutenant marched forward with fast cadence to hide the trembling in his knees. Three paces from the colonel he clicked to a halt. Smartly his right arm snapped upward, thumb and fingers extended and joined, palm to the left, hand and wrist straight, upper arm horizontal and forearm inclined at an angle of 45 degrees.

"No! No! No!" the colonel screamed, his face livid with anger. "That's just what I've been talking against, and now you come and insult me to my face! You—you young smart-aleck!"

Lt. Lysterbag slowly drew his pistol, shot himself through the heart and fell to the floor, dead.

Willing hands seized his body, dragged it out and dumped it on the garbage rack.

"Now," said the colonel, "here's the way I want you to salute! Watch me closely. I shall explain each movement. Raise your right arm nonchalantly. Cup your right hand with the little finger slightly extended and with the forefinger, middle finger and apex of the thumb almost joining and touching the forehead. Now, drop your hand as though pulling off a wad of chewing gum stuck to your right eyebrow. All right? Now let's all try it together. . . . Again. . . . Once more. Now, what's so hard about that?"

The officers pressed forward eagerly.

"Looka me, sir," one babbled happily. "Looka me. I can do it good now, sir."

"Very good, Saladoyl. No, not like that, Buckslip. Like this. Now you try it. Only fair, Bedroll. Your forearm is dangerously close to that damn 45-degree angle. Relax, go over in the corner and practice. Cup your hand a little more, Germicide, and roll your eyes upward. That's better."

Each officer received individual instruction; then groups formed and practiced enthusiastically. Col. Rinsewater beamed.

Suddenly, to the sound of screeching brakes and breaking glass, a jeep came to a leisurely halt in front of the mess-hall door. A young captain jumped out, entered the building and pushed his way to the colonel.

Cupping his hand, he saluted.

"Gen. McGoiter's compliments, sir," he said. "Pending written orders which might eventually reach you through channels, sir, you are to observe and comply with the general's VOCO. The order states, sir, that disciplinary action will be taken where subordinate commands infringe upon the customs, privileges and practices of higher headquarters, relating in particular to methods of saluting. The 'chewing-gum-pull' salute is reserved for the exclusive use of the general and his headquarters staff!"

Slowly, slowly, Col. Rinsewater and 123 officers pulled out their pistols. There was a single thundering volley, and Col. Rinsewater and 123 officers dropped to the floor, dead.

The smoke cleared. Reverently the spruce young aide-de-camp paid his final respects. Raising his right arm with ceremonial nonchalance, he cupped his right hand with the little finger slightly extended and with forefinger, middle finger and apex almost joining and touching his forehead. Then he dropped his hand as though pulling off a wad of chewing gum stuck to his right eyebrow. He stepped over the prostrate forms, slipping several times in blood, and silently closed the door behind him.

Thus died the 8446th—bravely and gloriously, their traditions upheld to the end.

VOTING REGULATIONS IN FIVE STATES AND TWO TERRITORIES

NAME OF STATE OR TERRITORY	DATE AND KIND OF ELECTION	HOW TO APPLY FOR STATE OR TERRITORY ABSENTEE BALLOT	Earliest Date State or Territory Will Receive Ballot Application	Earliest Date State or Territory Will Send Ballot to Applicant	Final Date Executed Ballot Must Be Back To Be Eligible To Be Counted	SPECIAL STATE OR TERRITORIAL PROVISIONS
COLORADO	Primary. 12 Sept.	*a*) In accordance with Colorado law, or *b*) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of State, Denver, Colo.	21 Aug.	29 Aug.	9 Sept.	
LOUISIANA	2 Primaries: 12 Sept. (first) and 17 Oct. (second)	*a*) In accordance with Louisiana law, or *b*) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of State, Baton Rouge, La. One application will suffice for both primaries, unless the applicant has a change of address.	Any time for both primaries	13 Aug. (first) 1 Oct. (second)	11 Sept. (first) 16 Oct. (second)	Note that Louisiana holds two primaries. One application will suffice for ballots for both elections, but in case of a change of address, a soldier should make separate applications. It is understood that Louisiana is holding a legislative session, which may change some of the facts as given.
MAINE	State Election. 11 Sept.	*a*) In accordance with Maine law, or *b*) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of State, Augusta, Maine.	Any time	15 Aug.	11 Sept.	Note that this is not a primary but an election for state and local offices and Representatives of Congress. Voting for the offices of President and Vice President will take place at a general election 7 Nov. 1944.
NEVADA	Primary. 5 Sept.	*a*) In accordance with Nevada law, or *b*) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of State, Carson City, Nev.	7 June	15 Aug.	5 Sept.	
SOUTH CAROLINA	2 Primaries: 25 July (first) 22 Aug. (second)	Soldiers may request ballots if enrolled prior to 27 June with a local party club. Application for a ballot should be made to the local club or county secretary by the soldier or a relative or friend acting in his behalf. It can be made with the WD or USWBC post card, on which he has written on both sides the name and address of the appropriate club or county secretary.	27 May (first) 24 June (second)	27 May (first) 24 June (second)	25 July (first) 22 Aug. (second)	Note that South Carolina changed its election laws since YANK announced that soldiers could vote only in person. Note that soldiers must have been enrolled prior to 27 June with a local party club in order to request a ballot, and that those using WD or USWBC post cards should write on both sides of the card the name and address of the appropriate club or county secretary.
ALASKA	Territorial Election. 12 Sept.	*a*) In accordance with Alaska law, or *b*) By sending the WD or USWBC post card to the Secretary of the Territory, Juneau, Alaska.	3 Aug.	3 Aug.	9 Sept.	Note that this is the Territorial election. No further election will be held in November.
HAWAII	Territorial Primary Election. 7 Oct.	Hawaii does not provide an absentee ballot for soldiers in the primary.				Soldiers voting in Hawaii can vote only by appearing in person in their home precinct or at a polling place within the Territory, designated by the Governor.

*Application should reach officials on, or as soon as possible after, the date the state or territory starts sending out the ballots.

THIS table explains the voting rules in five states and the territories of Hawaii and Alaska, which are holding primary or general elections in July, August, September and October.

The five states and Alaska permit soldiers to apply for ballots by using either the old WD post card *(WD AGO Form 560)* or the new United States War Ballot Commission post card *(US WBC Form No. 1)*, although the War Ballot Commission card may not be yet available to you when you make your application. You may also apply by a letter that contains the text of the USWBC post card. If you use such a letter or the old *AGO Form 560*, be sure it is distinctly marked as ballot material and that it bears the appropriate air-mail marking. Be sure, too, that in addition to signing the application, you print your name and serial number. If you are applying for a primary ballot, remember that you must state your party affiliation.

To be eligible to vote in some states and territories, soldiers have to fulfill other requirements in addition to filing ballot applications. If you're not sure about your eligibility, write at once to the Secretary of State of your home state or to the Secretary of the Territory, if you are from a territory. Your letter should contain this information: date of your birth, date of the election in which you intend to vote; number of years preceding that election that your home residence has been in the state or territory; your town, county, street and number or rural route, and the number of years preceding the election that your residence has been at that place; your voting district to the best of your knowledge.

Since YANK announced that South Carolina soldiers could vote only by appearing in person at the proper local polling places, that state has changed its election laws to permit absentee voting. The new regulations are given here.

The information in this table is taken from *WD Circular 221, 3 June 1944.*

Washington O P

ASSISTANT Secretary of War John J. McCloy at a press conference described as "arrant nonsense" the reports that Italians in the north of Italy are better off than those in the south. He admitted that AMG made some miscalculations early in the campaign, particularly with regard to food shipments but, he said, "We have accomplished what we have without rounding up hostages, hangings, shootings in the square . . ." Maj. Gen. John H. Hildring, director of the Civilian Affairs Division, reported that there is less malnutrition in southern Italy now than there was in 1939. Mr. McCloy said that the Italians have been "apathetic" about setting up their local governments. . . . AMG as such will not be used in France, which has been a traditionally friendly country; however, civil-affairs officers will participate in straightening out civilian problems there.

The Civil Service Commission has issued detailed instructions to agencies and departments of the Federal Government concerning the reemployment rights of veterans who leave the Federal service. The CSC circular says that an eligible veteran shall be restored to his old job or a similar one, depending on the case, within 30 days of his application for reemployment. . . . The U. S. Employment Service placed more than 74,000 veterans of the second World War in civilian jobs in February and March. . . . The National Association of Real Estate Boards has set up a committee to help veterans get their money's worth if they buy real estate with their discharge pay or government loans.

Roane Waring, former national commander of the American Legion and vice chairman of the Legion's post-war planning committee, has been asked to accept a post as special consultant to Lt. Gen. Somervell, chief of the ASF. Waring would study WD policies and methods with respect to returning soldiers, especially those concerning hospitalization, reconditioning, rehabilitation, etc.

Mrs. Roosevelt told the ladies at her press conference that many wives of servicemen do not know of the rights they have to free maternity and infant care. To date, 309,000 wives have taken advantage of the Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program operating under the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor through state health agencies. —YANK Washington Bureau

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Trinidad: Pfc. James Iorio, MP.

Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Ascension Island: Pfc. Nat Bodian, AAF.

British Guiana: Sgt. Bernard Freeman, AAF.

Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

Iceland: Sgt. Joseph Koren.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

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camp news

Fireguard Pvt. Chester O. Donaldson looks in on his son, Donald Leroy, acting as assistant CQ.

This Baby Gets an Early Taste of GI Life

Sioux Falls Army Air Field, S. Dak.—While his old man was on all-night fireguard detail, Donald Leroy Donaldson, aged 9 months, took on an Army detail, too. He spent the night in Section A's orderly room, acting as assistant CQ, while the regular CQ, Cpl. John Niziolek, saw that his tour of duty was made as pleasant as possible.

Donnie's presence was occasioned by the predicament his father, Pvt. Chester O. Donaldson, found himself in when Mrs. Donaldson was suddenly taken to the hospital. It was a Saturday night, and Donnie could not be left alone. Not wanting to interfere with someone else's night in town by asking for a substitute to take his all-night detail, Donaldson bundled the baby under one arm, a bottle of milk under the other and brought Donnie to the post.

Tucked into a GI bed, Donnie caused quite a stir among the GIs in Section A and they did their best to amuse and care for him. When the milk ran out, another bottle was procured from the mess hall. Donnie proved to be a true GI. When he hit the sack for good there wasn't a peep out of him the rest of the night.

—Pvt. LARRY C. HIGGINS

Hot Foot, Memphis Style

Memphis Fairgrounds, Tenn.—It was a warm and pleasant day, and Sgt. Lacy L. Hobbs of the 744th FA Bn., stationed at Camp Chaffee, Ark., was tired from his long trip here to pick up a prisoner. He wandered over to Court Square, picked out a tree and stretched out in its cooling shade. He took off his GI brogans to rest his tired feet.

When he awoke his shoes were gone. He walked the long distance back here in his stocking feet, bothered not so much by the curious stares of civilians as by the hot sidewalk. At the Fairgrounds he was issued another pair of shoes, picked up his prisoner and headed back for Chaffee.

—Cpl. H. J. GROSS

Alphabetic Squelch

Camp Polk, La.—Pvt. Arthur Epstein of the 8th Armd. Div. has discovered a new way to discourage rank-pulling noncoms. While reading the bulletin board one day, Epstein was elbowed by a sergeant who said curtly: "Haven't you ever heard of RGP?" When Epstein shook his head, the sergeant explained: "Rank Gets Preference."

Epstein then asked the sergeant: "Haven't you ever heard of CDAM?"

"What the hell is that?" asked the sergeant.

"Common Decency Among Mankind," Epstein explained and walked away.

—Pvt. STANLEY WEINSTEIN

Lost—Two Army Wives

Las Vegas Army Air Field, Nev.—On Sunday the wives of A/Cs Harry Hammerlev and Ray Anderson of Squadron 5 arrived in Las Vegas. On Monday their husbands had lost them. On Tuesday they were found. In the meantime two girls and two GIs had spent some frantic moments trying to get together again.

Hammerlev and Anderson took their wives to a motel, but next day they forgot which one it was. Since there are many motels in this part of the country, the GIs were in a spot. They went to the Special Service office for help, and a civilian employee made a telephone canvass of all the motels in the area that had phones only to be given a negative answer by every one. One place remained that had no phone, and when a man was dispatched with a note from the husbands he failed to find the wives there, either.

A motel proprietor, previously polled, called up the second morning and said he had made a mistake. The wives were at his place, patiently waiting and a little worried.

—Pfc. LEN S. RUBIN

Cpl. Howard A. Searfoss

Goes 35,000 Feet 'Up' Without Oxygen

Laredo Army Air Field, Tex.—Cpl. Howard A. Searfoss, a student at the flexible-gunnery school here, made a routine visit to the low-pressure chamber and amazed attendants by going to a simulated altitude of 35,000 feet without benefit of oxygen. Searfoss' feat is rare in Army records; AAF medical authorities advocate the use of oxygen at 10,000 feet.

Searfoss, who comes from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is no husky GI specimen. He is only 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. He volunteered to be a subject for study so fellow students might note the reactions of flight at high altitudes without oxygen.

Twenty-two minutes after the heavy door of the pressure chamber had closed, Searfoss was in a pressure equivalent to that at 18,000 feet. There was no apparent effect; he was able to write his name and serial number perfectly and do mental arithmetic problems, and his muscular coordination was good. The "flight" remained at this "altitude" for 12 minutes. At 23,000 feet Searfoss was still apparently normal.

At 27,000 and 28,000 feet Searfoss made two mistakes in spelling. Approaching 30,000 feet, he made several mistakes in simple addition and subtraction but corrected them himself. He even took exercises. He stayed at 30,000 feet for 23 minutes. During that time he could tie his shoe lace with very little trouble and was feeling very happy. He said he'd like to come to the pressure chamber every Saturday night for a cheap drunk.

At 32,000 feet, the "altitude" began to have its first real effect. Cpl. Searfoss' eyes became bleary and his coordination was poor. He told an oxygen-masked observer he was growing weaker and that he felt the need of oxygen.

The flight reached 35,000 feet and remained there for two minutes before a quick "descent" to 32,000. At this point the corporal complained of a pain in his shoulder (bends) and took oxygen for the first time. He was able to put on his mask, but the observer had to turn the oxygen valve for him.

The chamber was "dropped" quickly then, and Searfoss' limbs stiffened and severe tremors developed in both arms and legs. This shaking ceased below 15,000 feet. At "ground level" Searfoss felt weak and very excited. After receiving oxygen on a cot for a half-hour, he was taken to the station hospital for observation. He walked with steady step but appeared dazed. He was given more oxygen for another hour, spent a normal night and left the hospital next morning no worse for his experience.

—Pfc. HAL LAUERMAN

Saves Chow Truck

Camp Carson, Colo.—When the battery's chow truck caught fire and its interior became filled with fumes and dangerous gases, T-5 Otto V. Holm of Virginia, Minn., grabbed a fire extinguisher and, without thought of personal safety, entered the blazing vehicle. He remained inside for 10 minutes and finally succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

For this act and for the saving of much Government property, Holm, a member of Hq. Btry., 929th FA, 104th Div., was awarded the Soldier's Medal. He's been in the Army since July 1, 1942, and with the 104th since November of that year.

Global Celebration

Camp Lejeune, N. C.—There are 8,000 miles of land and water between Marine Pfc. Martha Blackwell of Oakland, Calif., and her soldier-husband in Australia, but that didn't prevent them from celebrating their wedding anniversary.

Martha invited 15 of her closest friends to the American half of the party; on the other side of the world her husband asked 15 of his buddies to the Australian half.

—Cpl. ERNIE HARWELL

Pvt. John W. Mattern

Survives Nazi Terrors, Now in the AAF

ORD, Greensboro, N. C.—One dawn a decade ago, the transport police in Berlin rolled their covered death vans into the yard behind Gestapo headquarters and began removing a pile of corpses for cremation. In the mound they found a man who was still breathing. He was Johannes Wolfgang Mattern, a former captain in the *Luftwaffe* who resigned his commission in 1933 rather than swear allegiance to Hitler.

That man now is at this AAF Overseas Replacement Depot. He is Pvt. John W. Mattern, 36, of the Special Services orientation department. He speaks many times each day before groups here of the "lifetime he lived in a day" under Gestapo questions and of the 51 months he endured in four concentration camps. Even the steady sleepers are wide-eyed at his lectures, and there is a hushed moment when Pvt. Mattern pulls off his shirt and bares his torso that was mutilated by Gestapo and SS torturers.

Accused of being a member of the underground, Mattern was seized early one morning in 1934. There followed 11 hours of beating with clubs and horsewhips. But questioning and violence failed to break him. "So," he says, "they decided finally to kill me. They gave me six dagger stabs in the abdomen, one bullet in the left leg, broke my elbow, knocked out most of my teeth, fractured my skull and threw me on the dead pile."

The next thing he knew he was in the Berlin Moabit Hospital, thanks to the transport police, then not too sympathetic with the Gestapo. There surgeons managed to put him together in six months. But as soon as he was well enough to walk, the Gestapo threw him into the concentration camp at Oranienburg near Berlin. From there he went to Fuhlsbuettel, Dachau and Esterwege. "Of these hellholes," he says, "Dachau was the worst. There it was my job with three others to put the corpses in the coffins. We put away also many Nazis who didn't obey orders."

Mattern's father was finally able to get him released and transferred from civilian to military jurisdiction. In 1939 a military tribunal freed him, but he was ordered to report three days a week to the Gestapo in Cologne.

One morning he failed to report. He fled to Austria, then to Liechtenstein, Switzerland, France and finally across the mountains to Spain. He arrived in the United States in 1941. He worked in War Bond and Red Cross Drives and spoke to audiences all over the nation. Under the name of Ernst Winkler he wrote a book, "Four Years of Nazi Torture." "Ernst Winkler," he says, "was one of the first of our group to be murdered by the Nazis. I used his name. Now that I am in the Army Air Forces and hope soon to become an American citizen I speak as John Mattern."

—S/Sgt. MILTON MARMOR

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Crowder, Mo.—The Non-Cursist Club of Co. A, 800th Sig. Tng. Regt., amassed a balance of $26 in its treasury from 10-cent fines levied against swearers. "Hell" and "damn" are the only free words allowed members of the club, which is headed by Pfc. Malachy Noone. The money collected goes to pay for a big party every month.

Woodward Army Air Field, Okla.—Pfc. Leo Kaufman, expert swimmer from New York City, became exasperated when an elusive 11-inch bass continually refused to get hooked on his line. Finally he stripped down to his trunks, dove in and caught the bass with his hands.

Truax Field, Wis.—"Toothpick King" is the title GIs here have given Cpl. Jack Denman of Junction, Tex. Before entering the service, Denman once built a working replica of a Ferris wheel, using 23,000 toothpicks, 14 tubes of cement and 600 hours of labor. As assurance to service-club hostesses inclined to fear for their toothpick supply, Denman says he's given up the hobby for the duration.

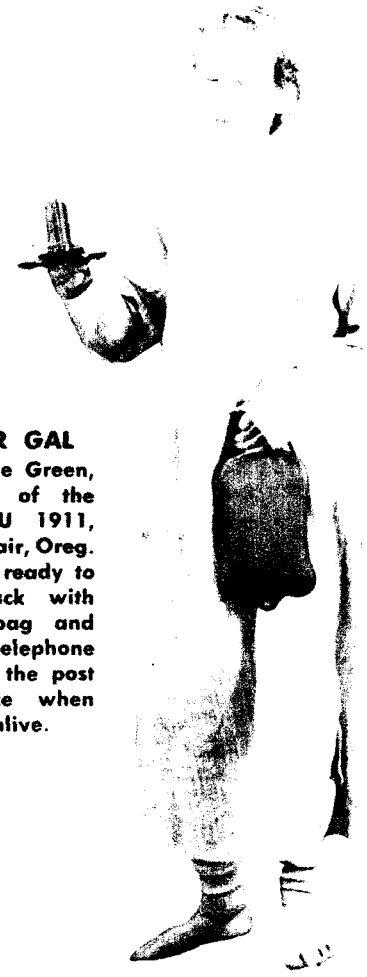
Camp McCain, Miss.—Sgt. William Narkowicz sewed some buttons on his shirt and then laid the needle on a 2-by-4 nearby. He forgot about it until the next day when the inspecting officer spotted it. Narkowicz got three hours' extra detail for his oversight.

Alexandria Army Air Field, La.—In the Kerns family of Fairmont, W. Va., there's an obvious fascination for the sound of certain first names. A crew chief here is Sgt. Vester W. Kerns, and his brothers are named Lester, Webster, Nester and Chester.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Toting a blackboard to field class sessions, an Infantry trainee got a bit twisted on directions to the area his platoon was occupying. "Where do you belong?" barked an impatient platooon leader. "Chicago," replied the bewildered GI.

Newport Army Air Field, Ark.—Every time S/Sgt. Bill Gordon, SSO radio announcer, spoke over the post public-address system his voice came through with an eerie accompaniment. Investigation of the loud speaker revealed a bird's nest full of eggs and tenanted by a mother bluebird that had been adding her maternal muttering to the words of Sgt. Gordon.

Camp Ellis, Ill.—When floodwaters inundated an area near Quincy, Ill., S/Sgt. Roy J. Wilson was one of the GIs from this post who helped in the rescue operations. Sgt. Wilson's big feat was the rescue of a sailor whom he found up a tree and brought to safety in an assault boat.



GLAMOR GAL
This is Marie Green, pin-up gal of the Medics, SCU 1911, at Camp Adair, Oreg. Here she is ready to hit the sack with hot-water bag and all. She's a telephone operator in the post signal office when she is alive.

HAT STYLIST. Authentic are the skimmers that sit on the head of Cpl. Jerry Eisenberg. Besides directing and producing the "Gay Nineties Review" at AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla., Jerry doubled as prop man.

PERFECT EYE. Sgt. John J. Sutton (left) sights the .57-mm antitank gun with which he fired a perfect 200 at Fort Benning, Ga. Cpl. A. Bushman (center) watches as T/Sgt. T. W. Jackson eyes the target.

REAR WALLOP. The bazooka packs a mean wallop behind as well as in front as demonstrated here by infantry trainees at Camp Roberts, Calif. Target behind bazookamen is blasted by the rocket's backblast.

NAVY NOTES

HOME STATES. A state-by-state break-down of Navy personnel shows New York first, Texas sixth and Nevada last, the same as in the Army figures published in *Strictly GI* three weeks ago. But California, which was fifth in the Army list, is second with the Navy, making Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio third, fourth and fifth, in that order, instead of second, third and fourth, as with the Army. The complete Navy line-up:

New York	272,373	West Virginia	45,871
California	237,292	Connecticut	45,701
Pennsylvania	218,968	Maryland	42,971
Illinois	181,863	Oregon	39,725
Ohio	156,047	Kansas	39,486
Texas	144,284	South Carolina	36,167
Massachusetts	141,955	Arkansas	34,728
Michigan	112,761	Mississippi	33,254
New Jersey	112,566	Colorado	28,418
Missouri	80,506	Nebraska	26,127
Indiana	73,587	Rhode Island	23,746
North Carolina	64,585	District of Columbia	19,612
Minnesota	62,072	Maine	18,315
Virginia	60,198	Utah	15,608
Alabama	58,587	Arizona	12,997
Iowa	57,730	New Hampshire	12,454
Washington	56,954	Montana	12,351
Florida	56,482	Idaho	12,006
Tennessee	56,312	North Dakota	11,183
Georgia	54,810	South Dakota	10,998
Wisconsin	52,575	New Mexico	10,185
Louisiana	51,794	Vermont	6,269
Oklahoma	48,710	Wyoming	6,211
Kentucky	47,906	Delaware	5,702
		Nevada	3,769

LUXURY LINERS. The *USS Wakefield*, formerly the $10,000,000 steamship *Manhattan*, is back on the job after being virtually rebuilt at the Boston Navy Yard. The *Wakefield*, which is manned by Coast Guardsmen, was originally damaged by Jap bombs at Singapore shortly after Pearl Harbor. She later caught fire in the Atlantic while nearing New York.

Work on the *USS Lafayette*, the former French liner *Normandie*, has been halted by a shortage of manpower and critical materials. She will be rebuilt after the war.

PLANE PRODUCTION. Because more and more Navy planes are returning safely from air battles, the Navy Department has ordered a cut in new production. Losses from routine accidents and battle damage are one-third less than the original estimate, and the figures are expected to drop even further as the relative air superiority over the enemy advances.

DREDGINGS. Details on the sinking of the Coast Guard DE *Leopold* in the North Atlantic reveal that she was firing at a sub on the starboard side when another sub put a torpedo in her port side amidships. All of her officers and many of her men were lost, most of them in the icy waters. . . . A new 2,250-ton destroyer will be named the *USS Frank Knox* after the late Secretary of the Navy. . . . Enlisted Navy ratings have jumped from 65 specialties a year ago to almost 100 now. . . . A Navy tug from Bermuda towed a torpedoed tanker 950 miles sternfirst. The trip back to the U. S. took 24 days, but it saved almost all of the tanker's 5,000,000-gallon cargo of aviation gasoline. . . . The Army operates more than 4,000 vessels, most of them small tugs and launches.

Best-selling magazines at Great Lakes NTC are comic books such as "Captain Marvel" and "Superman." Pocket-size detective stories are second. . . . More torpedoes are produced each month than were turned out during the entire first World War. . . . Seabees used empty Jap shell cases to build a 2,000-foot brass drainage system for a Navy hospital at Munda. . . . A Navy pilot at Bougainville, firing his guns to clear them as he climbed on a night interceptor mission, shot down a Jap bomber he didn't know was there.

The Navy has put out a "Functional Components Catalogue," which is the equivalent of a Sears Roebuck handbook for advanced bases. It lists all the items needed for building a new base, and they are ordered from the catalogue. . . . The Pensacola NAS is building a model "survival museum" to teach self-preservation. The exhibit will deal with problems of living on rafts, islands, deserts, ice packs and at high altitudes.

With the advent of the new baby flat-tops the British have discontinued the practice of catapulting fighter planes into the air from the decks of merchant vessels. The "catafighters" were shot into the air for action against subs and enemy planes and then were left to crash when the pilot bailed out after combat. . . . Says the Tokyo radio: "The hardships which confront our seamen in the maintenance of supplies are beyond our imagination." . . . Eighteen men were rescued from the Brazilian jungles in a series of hazardous landings by Navy blimps.

The *Stethoscope*, Navy hospital publication at Bremerton, Wash., held a contest to see who, if any, could identify a photo of Betty Grable's legs. The chaplain won. —ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

ENGINEER BLUES

Where the monsoons sweep and the cobras creep
And darkness falls with a thousand fears,
Where the chow is rough and the noncoms tough—
Oh, that's in bounds to the Engineers.

Where the saxes sob and the dancers bob
And the siren from darkened doorway peers,
Where the ivories click and the steaks are thick—
Oh, it's out of bounds to the Engineers.

Where the snipers lurk in the leafy murk,
Where men are bloody and sweaty smears,
Where the Zeros wing and the scorpions sting—
Oh, that's in bounds to the Engineers.

Where the MPs stalk and the hillbillies gawk
And the native soldiers leer,
Where the white wine bubbles to drown your troubles—
Oh, it's out of bounds to the Engineers.

India —Pfc. E. V. ANDERSON

ICELANDIC SPRING

This barren land of wind and waste,
This broken rock spewed from the maw
Of a nauseous ocean—ash of the Atlantic,
Beaten down by precipitation,
Numbed by cold gales—
Comes to life sometimes.
Black night turns gray and shrinks
To nothingness.
Wild grass shoots up enigmatically
From volcanic dust
And spreads like moss
On a wet stone.

Iceland —Pfc. THEODORE PROPP

PIN-UP PROBLEM

The pin-up pretties, I am quite sure, were meant
For men in the barracks and men in the tent.
But how can a tent-dweller keep his chin up
When there's no damn place to pin up a pin-up?

New Guinea —T-4 ARTHUR M. ZIPSER

IN YOUR ABSENCE

Innumerable times
Throughout each day
Similies regarding you
Occur in my mind.
Some are corny,
Some are plagiarized,
Some are fair,
And some are of a nature
That at the present state
Must await fermentation
Of that thing called Eros.
When the thought, "She
Is the incarnation of some
Grecian goddess," comes to
Mind for a moment I think
That I've got something.
But the briefest spell
Of time oxidizes it.
Sometimes after some
Rhetorical thought
Has been rejected I
Find myself saying: "She
Simply defies description."
And a short while afterward
The afterthought arrives:
"That would be more pertinent
About five or six years
Ago." And so on and so on
Throughout the day until
Reality does away with it.

Puerto Rico —Pvt. LOUIS FISHER

GO AHEAD, TRY TO INFECT ME

Oh, whisky is a potent brew,
A virile alcoholic dew;
It does amazing things to you.
A snifter or a shot.

But shots of corn are not as rough
As shots of certain other stuff.
Oh, please, dear Lord, I've had enough.
My arms have gone to pot.

An ultimate in brutal crime:
My record's lost the seventh time!
The viruses within me climb.
They've got me on the spot.

With typhus I'm on friendly terms.
I'm intimate with smallpox germs.
My corpuscle in anger squirms—
It's jealous like as not.

My upper arms are black and blue;
Oh, gentlemen, in pity view
An antipathogenic stew,
An antiseptic sot.

Robins Field, Ga. —Cpl. SHELDON HARNICK

PUTTING ON THE SQUEEZE

"More and more American women are dispensing with corsets and girdles, under the pressure of wartime rationing. Manufacturers are concerned, fearing a post-war continuation of the trend."—News Item.

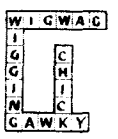
In other days, when lace and stays
Adorned milady's torso.
She yearned to be as willowy
As Venus—only more so;
She didn't spare her derriere.
She made her clothes include it—
It may have pained to be restrained.
But, womanlike, she dood it.

Now, willowy or pillowy,
A dame is still a dame;
We men don't care what women wear.
We love them just the same.
If fashion's whim decrees them slim.
So be it—they are thin;
But thin or stout, we'll take them out
Whatever shape they're in.

But Sal and Sue are subject to
Another sort of squeeze—
They'll fret and pout and go without
Their rubber BVDs;
This war of nerves is tough on curves,
But easy on the eyes—
When we have peace, will women cease
To hide their shape and size?

Camp McCain, Miss. —Cpl. ALEX DROGICHEN

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS



OVERSEAS. This time William Reiter SF2c is winning his thirteenth contest with a score of 372. Prize puzzle kits go to these first-time winners: S/Sgt. Paul S. Rhoads, whose solution is shown (score of 377); Cpl. S. Bilsky (373); T-5 Karl Zweiger and Pfc. Ricky G. Kaufmann (372); Pvt. Norbert B. Wittrock (367); and Pfc. Robert C. Richardson (362).

SINCE Jeanne Crain may be your kind of favorite person, you might want to know her kind of favorite fellow. Well, he must be both a "dreamer and a doer." That undoubtedly is a unique combination to find in one soldier, but then this rare lass deserves a rare lad. Jeanne's new pictures, both for 20th Century-Fox, are "Home in Indiana" and "Winged Victory."

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NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

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Nowhere To Go

THE NURSE led her down the long row of beds to where he sat. "You have until 9 o'clock," she said and left them.

They stared at each other for a moment without speaking. Then slowly she bent and kissed him.

She sat on the bed beside him, her eyes never leaving him. They spoke haltingly of unimportant things. Other soldiers moved on their beds and chairs to see them, heads and necks twisted on the pillows, eyes peering over magazines. The nurse moved about them efficiently.

"Let's go outside," he said. He followed her out into the dimly lit corridor and closed the ward door behind him. He turned to her and after a moment passed his arm under hers and around her waist. She quivered.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"It's been 14 months." She held his arm tightly under hers.

A medical officer passed, glancing at them curiously.

"Let's walk," he whispered. He took her hand, and they moved down the narrow corridor. Her hand was warm and moist in his. He turned the smooth yellow wedding ring on her finger slowly around.

Their steps were loud on the wooden floor. They turned the corner, eased against the wall to let a soldier in a wheelchair pass. They walked again, looking in the open doors of the wards they passed or through the corridor windows to the little roads outside. Everywhere there were soldiers in dark red bathrobes and attendants in whites.

They came to the Red Cross lounge, hesitated and stuck their heads in the door. The men were playing checkers or reading. They walked on. Outside the windows it was getting quite dark.

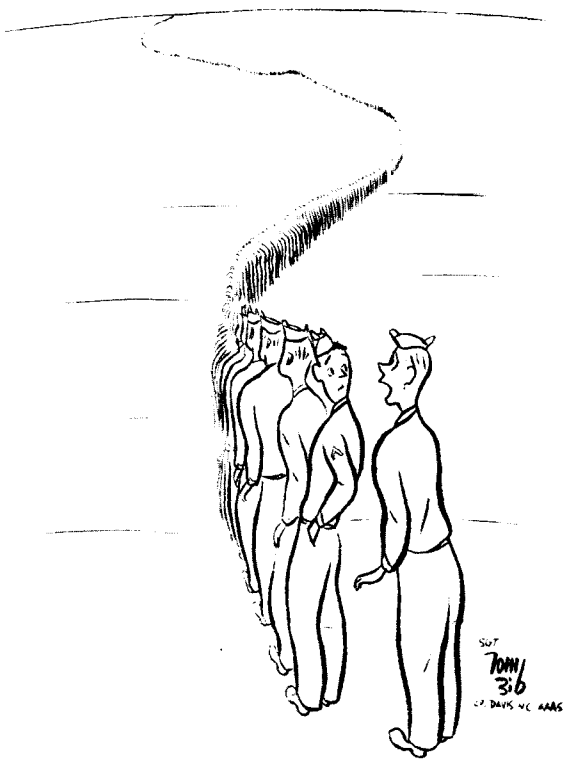
She stopped at a door and asked: "Is this ward empty?"

"Yes," he said, "but they keep it locked."

He saw her eyes filling as she felt for his hand again. They kept walking down the long corridors—walking, looking, and walking.

—Pfc. MURRAY HARTMAN

104th General Hospital, Camp Pickett, Va.



"Is this the haircut, movie or bus line?"

—Sgt. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.

NOW

Long ago a soldier said to me:
"Enlist in the Women's Army Corps
And be yourself a part of the effort
To hold the head of Democracy
Above the tidal wave of destruction."
And so I did
Because he hinted indirectly
That I was selfish.

I pictured myself near the battlefront
Where bombs rocked the earth about me
And guns chattered from hidden trenches just ahead.
All through basic I trained for dangerous work,
Proving my stamina by scrubbing floors,
Marching in Iowa's rain and sleet.
Building fires in the orderly room,
Cleaning latrines.

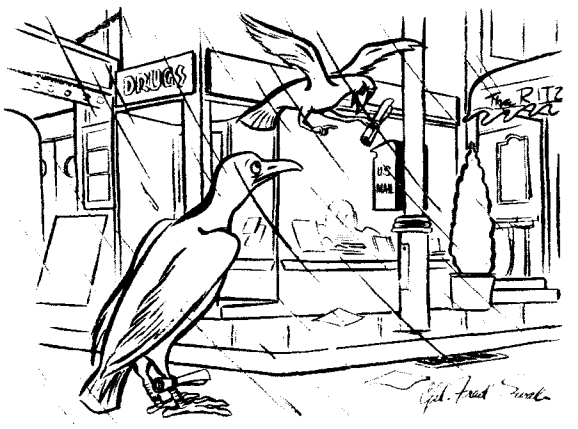
Then I was assigned to an office desk
on the same post
And all the glamor suddenly left me
high on the rock of discouragement.
I lost my vision in tears of self-pity
Until today when I remembered the words of that soldier.

Fort Des Moines, Iowa —Pvt. JUDITH A. BRIDGE

DEFINITION

When majors are seen
Falling in for the muster,
Is that what they mean
By an Oak Leaf Cluster?

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH



"In lousy weather I always mail mine."

—Cpl. Fred Schwab, Roswell AAF, N. Mex.

PX

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The Umpire

THE MAJOR handed Pvt. Ump five tags and said: "Battery A has just been shelled. Go over there and mark some casualties."

"Yes sir," said Pvt. Ump, dismounting from the command car.

An hour later Pvt. Ump reached Battery A. The first men he saw were gathered around a jeep.

"Who's the driver?" asked Pvt. Ump.

"I am," said one of the boys.

"Fine," replied Pvt. Ump as he tied a casualty tag on the driver's blouse. "As of now, you're a casualty."

Continuing his journey, he found a gun crew digging in its weapon. Everyone of the crew looked in the pink of condition except one weary-looking pfc.

Pvt. Ump called to the man: "Come here. I'm going to give you a little rest."

The weary pfc spat on his shovel. "To hell with your rest. Who's gonna dig in the gun—you?"

"Not me," said the Ump, "but you ain't either." And he slipped the tag string around the pfc's jacket button.

"Hell of an Army," the weary pfc swore. "How they expect to win a war when they take a man away from his job?"

Pvt. Ump moved toward the kitchen.

He tied a tag on a KP, and the mess sergeant came flying off the chow truck. "Have a heart," he implored, "I'm short on help. My cooks are sick. I even got to cook myself. I ain't got enough KPs like it is."

"Sorry," said Pvt. Ump, "but business is business."

"Go take the wire section, the detail section. You'll find 'em under the big tree, restin' their fannies."

Pvt. Ump gave a negative jerk of his head.

The mess sergeant put his hands on Ump's shoulders and beseeched: "You can't do that to me, pal. It ain't justice. It ain't the American way of doin' things."

Pvt. Ump's frown said no.

"Look," begged the mess sergeant, "I'll give you C rations, I'll give you K rations. I'll even give you Five in One." He pushed Pvt. Ump down on a box and called to a KP: "A cup of coffee for the gentleman."

When Pvt. Ump had gone halfway through the java the mess sergeant said: "Let's talk this over like sensible people. You get somebody else for a casualty, and I'll fix you up with six cans of C rations!"

Pvt. Ump jumped to his feet and flung the coffee cup at a water can.

"Go away!" he cried, and he strode off indignantly. "C rations!" he mumbled. "That's all I've been eating! Why didn't he offer me a cheese sandwich, the louse?"

At another gun position he fastened a tag on a sleeping sergeant. When the sergeant awoke he found his men standing around him, their faces long and sad.

The sergeant sat up and began to give orders, but no one paid him any attention.

"He wasn't a bad guy," said a melancholy private.

"Blessed be he that enters into the Kingdom of Heaven," another soldier intoned. "Verily."

The first-aid man had told the first sergeant that some umpire was tagging casualties, and the first sergeant told it to his BC, who came storming toward Pvt. Ump, thundering: "Who the hell gave you permission to make casualties? We're not supposed to get any. Nobody told me! Where the hell d'ya get that stuff? You're bustin' up my outfit! Get the hell outa here!"

Pvt. Ump snapped smartly to attention, saluted briskly and militarily announced: "Sir, you are now a casualty."

The BC's face was purple with rage. "*Me!*" he roared.

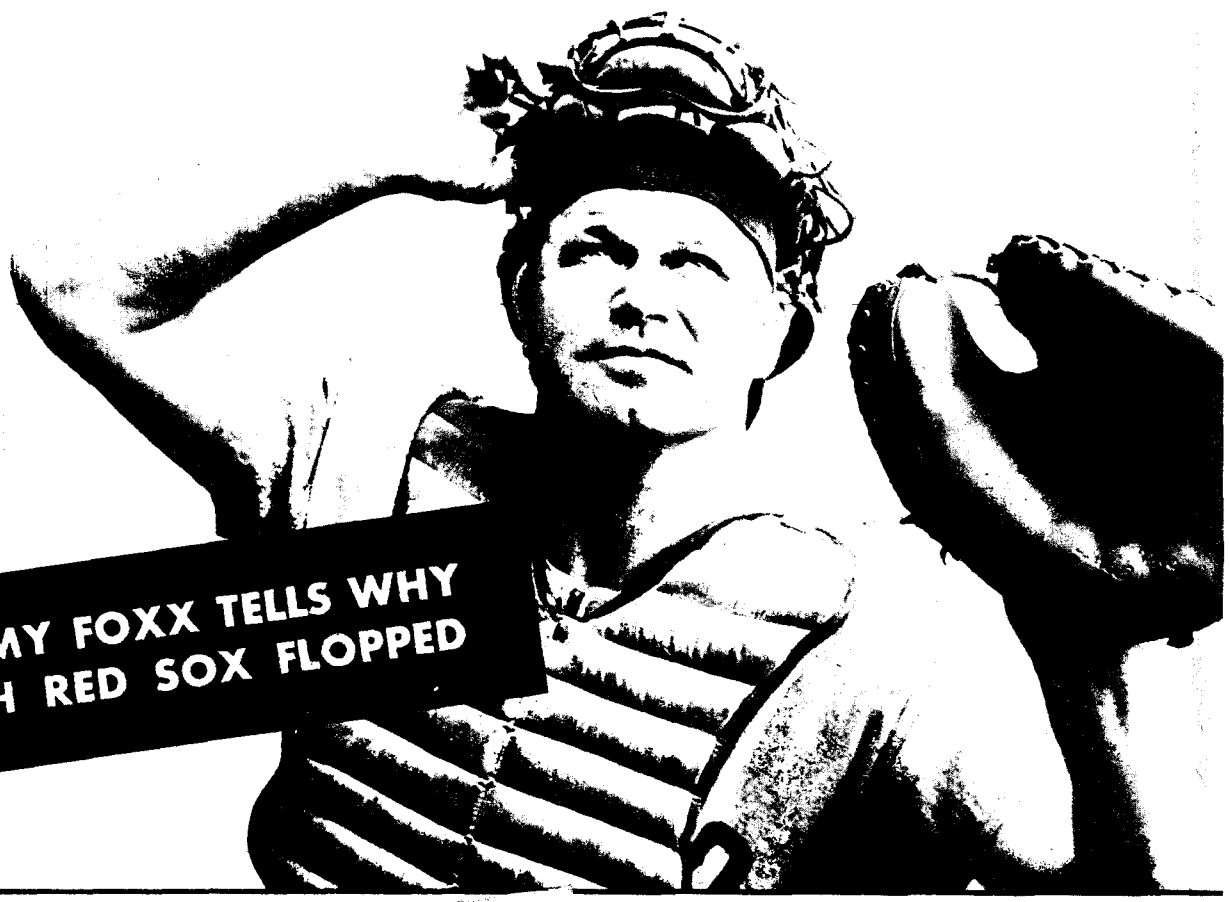
"You're exhausted," said Pvt. Ump. "You're exhausted and you can't move. Begging your pardon, sir, you must lie down."

The BC sank to the ground, and Pvt. Ump tagged him, saluted, about-faced and started back to the command car, ignoring as he passed the chow truck the frantic cries of the mess sergeant: "Let my KP go! Eight cans of C rations!"

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. —Pvt. R. FRIEDMAN

SPORTS: JIMMY FOXX TELLS WHY RICH RED SOX FLOPPED

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



AFTER all these years we finally have learned why those talent-rich Boston Red Sox never won the American League pennant. The source of our information is none other than James Emory Foxx, who is known in most circles—including one divorce court—as the Beast.

The Beast is no longer connected with the Red Sox and therefore is free to roll out his soap box and speak his piece any time he pleases. When Tom Yawkey began unloading his million-dollar ball club a few years ago, he sold Foxx outright to the Chicago Cubs. After a dismal season with the Cubs in 1942, Foxx retired from baseball, supposedly for keeps, and went into the oil business. But the wartime manpower shortage brought him back, and now he is a part-time third baseman and catcher for the Cubs as well as a full-time authority on the Boston Red Sox.

The Beast didn't come right out and volunteer his information on the Red Sox. Somehow or other the conversation swung around to Connie Mack and Joe Cronin, and we asked why it was that Cronin, after buying up virtually all of Connie Mack's great stars, couldn't win a pennant.

"The difference," the Beast said, "is that one manager knew what he was doing and the other didn't. Cronin didn't. If he had handled our pitchers properly we might have won several pennants. Our hitting was always good, but the pitching didn't hold up. It wasn't the fault of the pitchers, either. They could have won if Cronin had used more judgment in picking their spots. Didn't every one of them turn out to be winners after they got away from Boston?"

Since the Beast turned out to be such a convincing authority on the Red Sox, we wondered if he wouldn't spare us a few words about his present employers, the Chicago Cubs. We asked why Jimmy Wilson was given the opportunity to resign, and if it was true that the Cubs were rehiring all of their old managers until they got Joe McCarthy back.

"Wilson was a good, sound baseball man, and make no mistake about that," the Beast said. "But he was too easy-going for a manager. He would argue with his players instead of telling them off. Now, Charlie Grimm is different. When he took over the team he called us together for a meeting and told us he was boss and that his word would be law. That was probably the last meeting we'll have because everybody understood him. That is, everybody but Novikoff. Lou never understands anything the first time anyhow.

"One of the first things Grimm told us was that he expected everybody to be in his room by midnight. He warned us if anybody was caught out after 12 he would be fined $50. Then he turned to Lou and said: 'Novikoff, I'll bet you another 50 you will be the first one I catch.' Sure enough, the very next night Grimm caught Lou out of his room at 1:30 in the morning. He was sitting in the hotel lobby listening to the radio and had forgotten what time it was."

Novikoff is always a good subject, so we kicked him around for a while.

"The trouble with Lou," the Beast explained, "is that he is a bad ball hitter. In the minor leagues he could afford to hit bad balls all day long, because he probably wouldn't look at one good pitcher a week. Up here it's different. He's looking at good pitchers every day. There's only one way to play Novikoff. Just stick him in the outfield and leave him alone. Either he will wake up and learn something or he will be a minor-league player the rest of his life."

The Beast sounded almost like a manager himself. He paused for a moment, then laughed:

"I guess I do at that. Maybe it's because I want to be a manager so badly. Old baseball players usually do."

The Beast is a realist; he admits he's not half the player he was. If it weren't for the war, he wouldn't be playing today. He came back because he wanted to manage some day.

"If I ever do become a manager," he continued, "I hope I can be as successful as Connie Mack. He was the best; he knew his men and he knew how to handle them. There's one incident between Mr. Mack and me that still stands out in my memory. Maybe it will show you what I mean.

"We were playing the Yankees, and it was a tight game. I was leading off in the ninth inning, so I asked Mr. Mack what he wanted me to do. He looked at me coldly and said: 'Jimmy, what have you been drinking?' I was speechless for a minute. I hadn't been drinking and I couldn't understand why Mr. Mack should think so. Finally I said: 'Nothing but water, Mr. Mack.'

"'All right, then,' he answered, 'go up there and use your own judgment.' I worried about this all the way to St. Louis, and the next morning I told Mr. Mack: 'I don't understand that remark you made in Philadelphia. You know I haven't been drinking.'

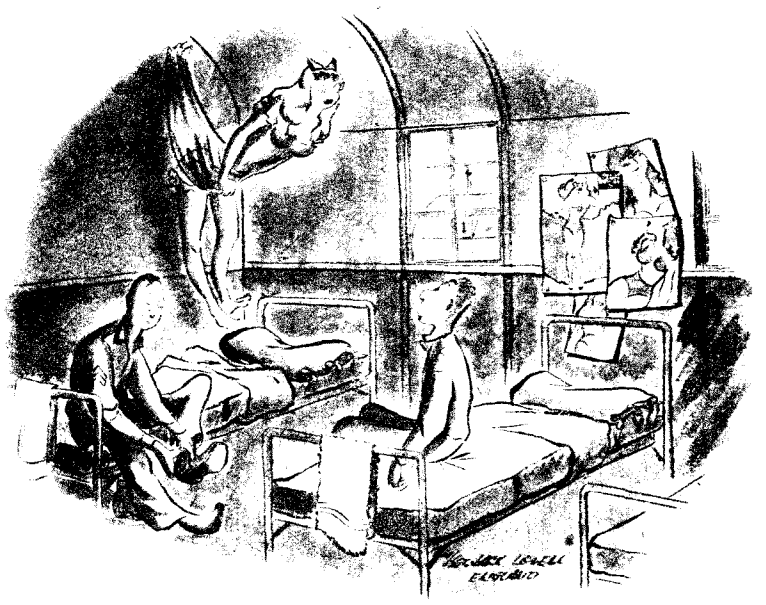
"'I know it,' Mr. Mack said, 'but there were others listening, and some of them had. I wanted to let them know I would as soon bawl you out for drinking as anybody.'"

BATTERY. Sgt. Harry Danning (left), former New York Giant catcher, and Sgt. Red Ruffing, Yankee pitching ace, talk things over before going into action for 6th Ferrying Team at Long Beach, Calif.

SPO

ONE of the first Americans to land in France was **Lt. Bob Halperin**, an ex-Brooklyn Dodger footballer, who went ashore with the Navy and marked the beaches for the assaulting infantry. . . . When **Lt. Col. Wallace Wade**, the Duke football coach, was recovering from a broken leg last winter he complained bitterly about being cooped up and wanted to be sent overseas or else given a CDD. Wade got his wish and was shipped to England to command a field-artillery battery for the invasion. . . . **Ben Jones'** son **Jimmy**, who helped his father train Lawrin, Whirlaway and Pensive, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Coast Guard and is stationed in Charleston, S. C. . . . According to **Capt. Steve Hamas**, who ought to know about such things, the best looking boxing prospect in the ETO is **Pfc. Tut (King) Tabor**, a sharp-punching middleweight from Oakland, Calif., who wears glasses and looks like Tommy Dorsey. . . . The two top invasion chiefs, **Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower** and **Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley**, played on the same football team at West Point in 1915. . . . **Lt. Comdr. George Earnshaw**, the old Athletic pitcher, was wounded in a naval engagement in the South Pacific. He commands a gun crew on an aircraft carrier. . . . This probably isn't news to anybody in the American League, but **Lt. Comdr. Mickey Cochrane** says **A/S Virgil (Fire) Trucks**, former Detroit pitcher, can throw as fast as Bob Feller or Dizzy Dean.

Commissioned: **Bill Dickey**, veteran Yankee catcher, as a lieutenant in the Navy; **Glenn Dobbs**, passing star of last year's powerful Randolph Field Flyers, as a second lieutenant in the AAF. . . . *Discharged:* **Pat Filley**, Notre Dame football captain, and **Wilbur Moore**, former Minnesota-Washington Redskin back, from the Marines with CDDs; **Sgt. Ray Robinson**, uncrowned welterweight champion, from the Army, with a CDD. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Calvin Coolidge McLish**, Dodgers' schoolboy pitcher, by the Navy; **Mark Christman**, third baseman of Browns, by the Army; **George Caster**, Browns' pitcher, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Ron Northey**, Phillies' outfielder, because of high blood pressure; infielder **Bobby Doerr** and outfielder **Leon Culberson** of the Red Sox, because of knee injuries.

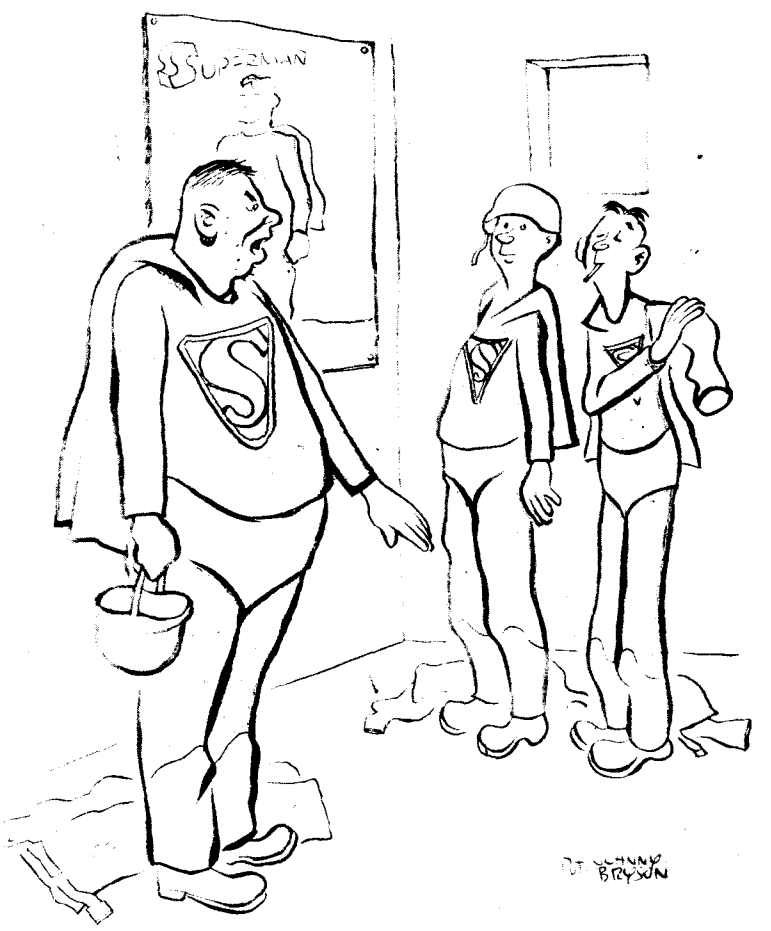


"I'M SURPRISED SOMEONE HASN'T THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE."
—S/Sgt. Jack Lovell

"WHAT MORE SECURITY DO YOU WANT FOR TWO DOLLARS?"
—Sgt. Sidney Landi

"HE WAS NIBBLING ON SOME DEHYDRATED FOOD IN THE KITCHEN AND THEN HE DRANK A GLASS OF WATER." —Pvt. Michael Ponce de Leon

YANK



"THEY CAN TAKE THEIR OLD PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE, AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CAN DO WITH IT." —Pvt. Johnny Bryson

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