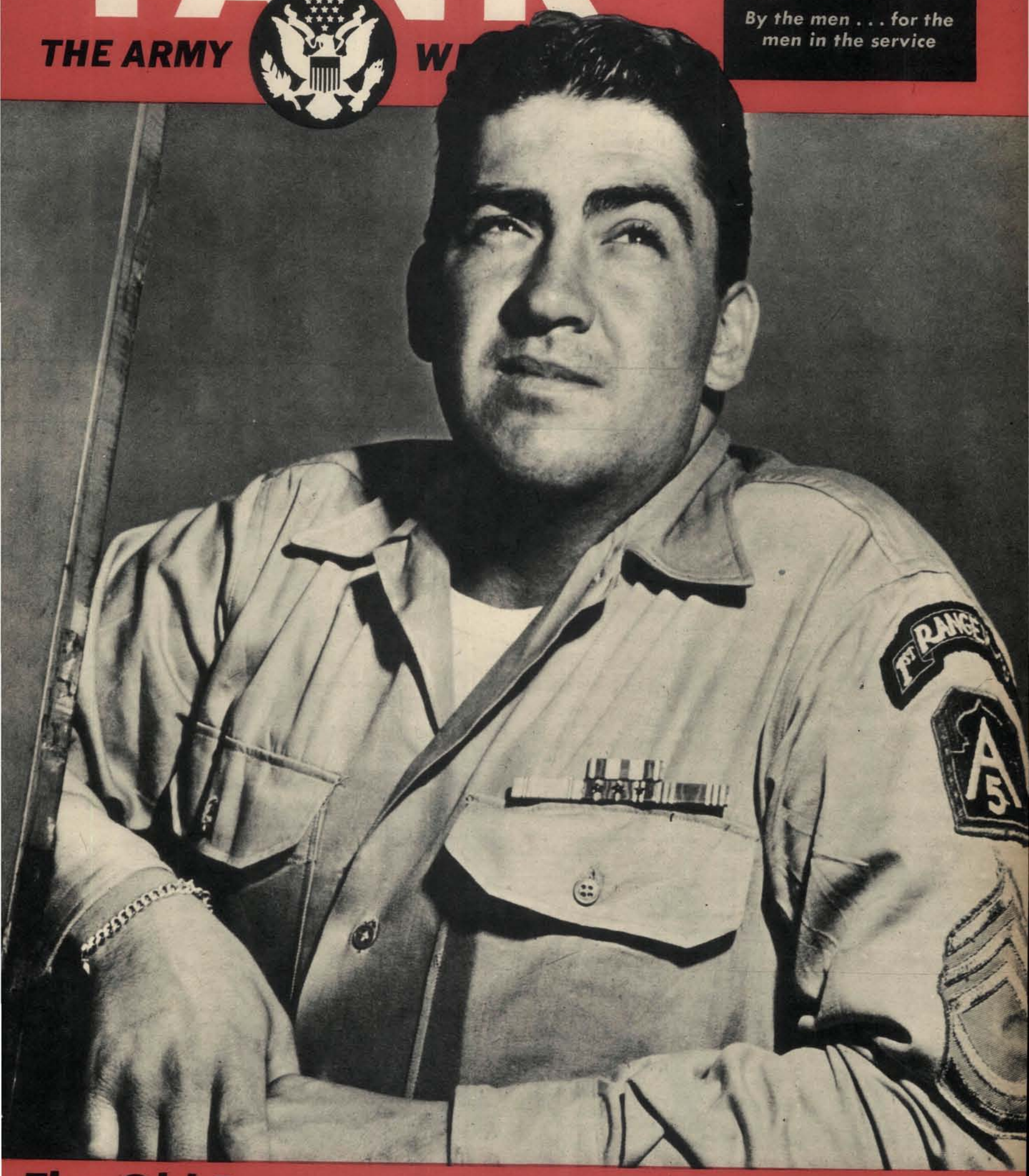
YANK

THE ARMY W

5¢ AUG. 4
VOL. 3, NO. 7
1944

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



The Old Rangers Come Home From the War

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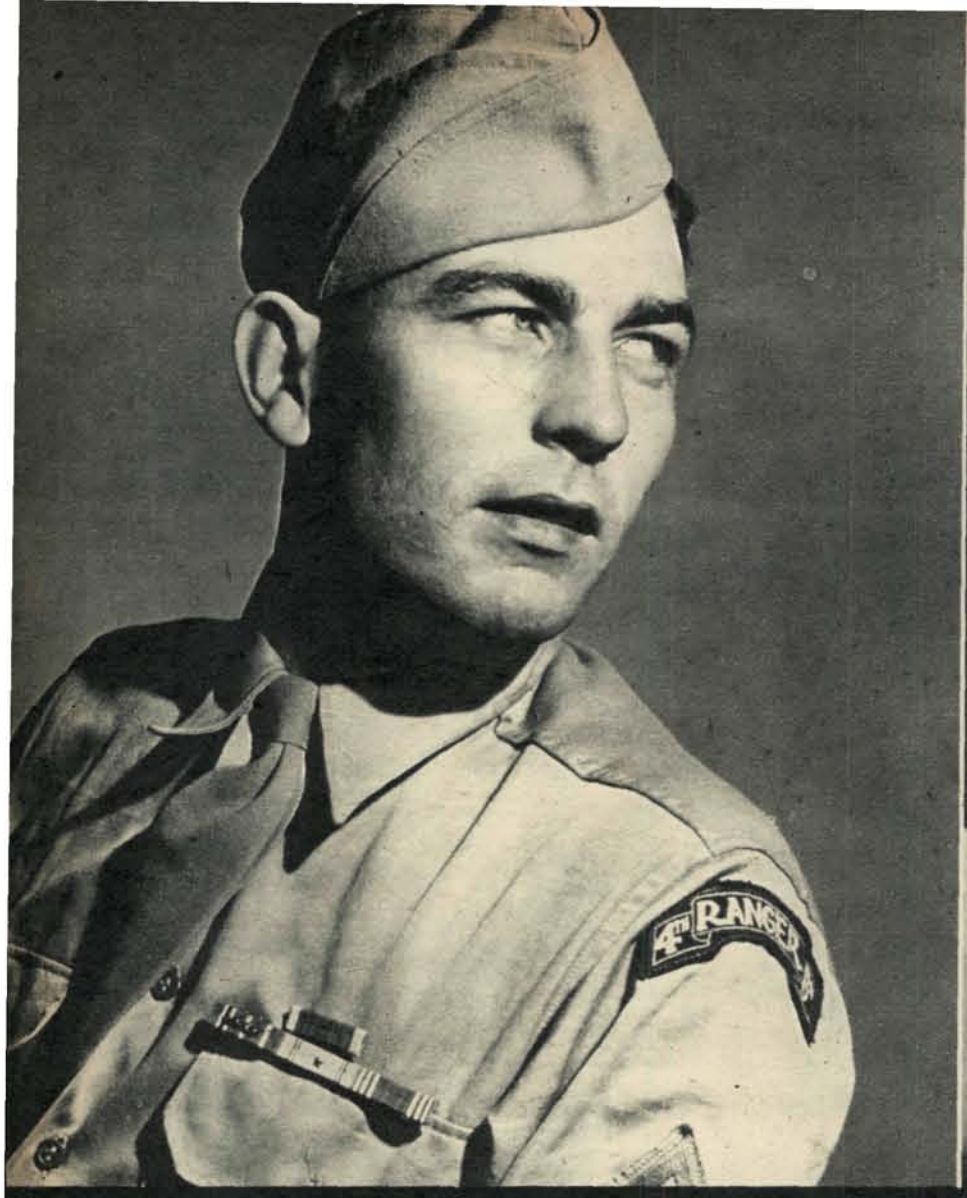
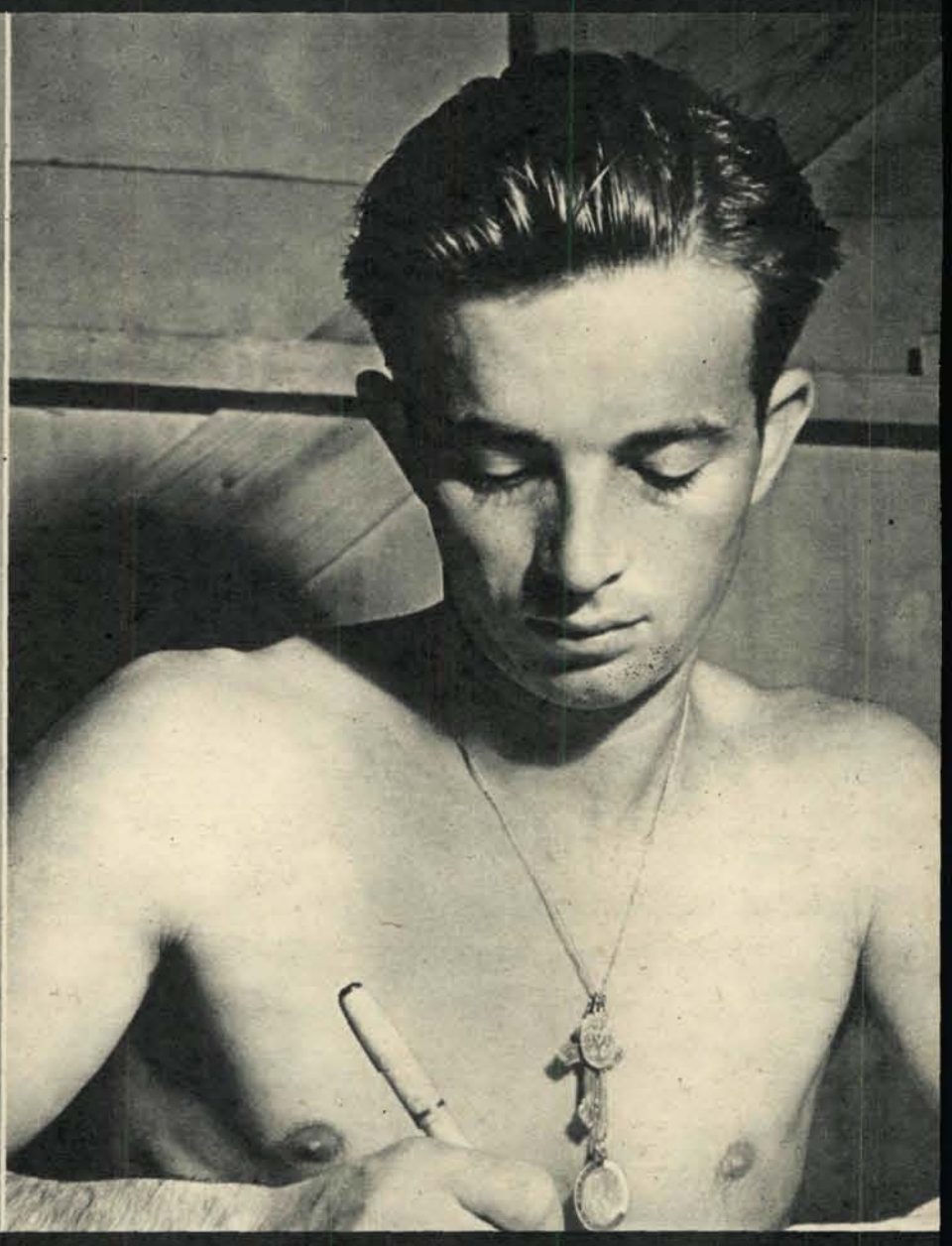


T/Sgt. Robert O. Johnson of Shinnston, W. Va. His communications section at Venafro was cut down from 22 men to a louey, a maintenance man and himself.

Sgt. Sherman Legg of Handley, W. Va., pulled one out of the hat when he shot down a strafing Messerschmitt-110 with his BAR on the beach at Gela, Sicily.

Cpl. Robert M. Bevan of Estherville, Iowa, a sniper throughout the North African campaigns, knocked out an Italian machine-gun position at 1,350-yard range.



T-4 Frank Ziola of South Amboy, N. J., a Ranger cook who volunteered as a litter-bearer, for 18 days brought out the wounded at Chiunzi Pass in Italy.

1st Sgt. David (Soupy) Campbell of Medford, Mass., climbed from Ranger assaultman (pfc) to top kick under rugged combat conditions in Sicily and Italy.

1st Sgt. Vincent Egan of Staten Island, N. Y., whose Ranger outfit battled tanks with TNT from the rooftops of Gela on the first day of the Sicilian invasion.

Rangers Come Home

AND BRING STORIES OF THEIR TOUGH CAMPAIGNS IN AFRICA AND EUROPE.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
Yank Staff Writer

CAMP BUTNER, N. C.—Frankie was reclining on his bunk.

Another Ranger drifted over rather aimlessly, observed that liquor and women are fine American institutions and then corked Frankie smartly on the arm. The smack of fist against shoulder was sharp in the still barracks.

Frankie lay there and swore long enough to give the guy a head start. Then he casually rolled off his sack, picked up a GI shoe and hurled it the length of the room at the retreating Ranger. The shoe hit a fire extinguisher and dented it.

Frankie settled back on the bunk, grunted, smacked lazily at a fly and went to sleep. His target went down the stairs without looking back. The other Rangers in the squad room, resting or writing, didn't look up. The shoe lay where it fell and the fire extinguisher ceased reverberating.

The Rangers, those few who were left of the old 1st and 3d and 4th Battalions, were back in the States.

Most of them had been overseas two years and more, and all of them saw action enough to add up to eight solid months of continuous fighting. They went home on furlough and talked about the war, then reported in to Camp Butner and talked about it some more. Pretty soon they were weary of hacking their gums. So they answered the questions they were asked in public, and then in the barracks they swore rippling oaths at each other and wrestled and spoke gently to the dice and made themselves at home.

The Rangers are an independent bunch, and it was that yearning for freedom of action that appealed to most of the men who volunteered in June 1942 in North Ireland. The Rangers offered them a rugged future, but at least a man could call his soul his own. "I joined this outfit," said T-5 Clyde Thompson of Ashland, Ky., "because they sent out a letter saying they wanted men to work in little groups that would hit and run. Well, we hit more'n we run, but I'm satisfied they kept most of their promises, and we were on our own most of the time."

The Rangers spearheaded every Allied invasion in the Mediterranean. Being shock troops got in their blood. One of them, who will remain anonymous here so that his rough-riding outfit won't ride him for it, let himself go: "There was just one thing about that kind of fighting—by damn, it gave you a thrill. We never had to ask no questions about who was out front; we just started shooting. Hell, nobody wants to get killed and I was plenty scared sometimes—but it gave you a thrill, the way we fought."

Perhaps it was because they found a certain fascination in combat that the Rangers had remarkably few cases of psychoneurosis, although, as an Irish first sergeant put it: "Sometimes, when you were under it, that Jerry artillery made you want to cry."

THE original outfit, the 1st Ranger Battalion, was activated in North Ireland on June 19, 1942, with 600 men selected from more than 2,000 soldiers who had volunteered. Their training was in Scotland, and they had more casualties there than they had on their first African landing. The British Commandos were their instructors.

"Those bastards tried to kill us, or we thought they did," said Thompson. "We maneuvered with live ammunition. There were accidents, too, that sort of went with it. They had us out in a place one time that still wasn't entirely cleared of old land mines they'd put there when invasion was expected. Two of our boys jumped a barbed-wire fence and landed right on top of a mine. We were picking them up two days later. Another guy fell off a cliff and broke practically every bone in his body."

Then, on Aug. 18, came Dieppe. While it was predominantly a Canadian show, a small party of Rangers were in on the deal. A few of them got into the fight. Others were intercepted by German E-boats and never got ashore.

But less than three months later the long series of combat operations began in which the Rangers as a whole spearheaded drive after drive across Africa through Sicily to Italy. On Nov. 8,

1942, the Rangers landed at Arzew, 30 miles east of Oran. Their mission was to seize four coastal guns overlooking the town and two others guarding the approaches to the harbor.

The attack began at 0130 when four companies landed three miles above the town and came in from the rear to take the French defenders by surprise. Two other companies came through the jetties, where they were met by machine-gun fire, but their element of surprise was so great that a small fort and the two remaining coastal guns were taken with a minimum of casualties.

Three hours after the initial landing, the CO—Col. William O. Darby of Fort Smith, Ark.—fired success flares and the central task force of the African invasion came ashore.

"We went into a garrison and got them Frenchmen out of bed," grinned one Ranger reflectively. D-plus-two saw a Ranger company lend a hand to the 1st Division at St. Cloud; after eight hours the break-through came, paving the way to Oran.

THE Rangers, no longer needed, resumed combat training for three months. Then, on Feb. 7, 1943, they were suddenly ordered into transport planes and flown to the Tunisian front, mission unknown. They were landed at a front-line airport and three days later moved into Gafsa, which already had changed hands several times.

Sgt. Sherman Legg of Handley, W. Va., was on the point approximately 1,000 yards ahead of the Ranger advance party. He was riding a motorcycle and was armed with a tommy gun.

"It was my job to find out who was out there and where they were. It could have been Germans in front of us and it could have been Frenchies. I didn't know what to expect. Anyway, I was moving along and I saw this figure, dark like, over in the ditch, so I jumped over on him and threw my tommy gun into his back. He let out a yell and turned around. You know the first thing he said when he saw I was an American? He said: 'Cigarette, comrade?' So I knew it was all right. I knew he was a Frenchman."

Two days after entering Gafsa, the Rangers pulled what will always be their favorite action. Back in the States now they talk about it fondly, the way advertising men might discuss a beautiful sales-promotion job. This was the Sened Station raid or the "AEF raid"—so-called because those three companies were in on it. It was the kind of thing they were most schooled in.

Their mission was to destroy a fortified position. They entrucked at night and rode 18 miles to a French outpost and then marched cross country for 12 more miles. By dawn they were holed up in the saddle of a mountain overlooking an enemy position five miles northwest of Sened. All day, covered by shelter halves and natural camouflage, they watched proceedings at the outpost four miles away.

When darkness came, they moved forward. Around midnight, 600 yards away from their objective, they went into a skirmish line on a battalion front. When they were 200 yards away, the outposted enemy, sensing that something was out in front of them, opened fire. The Rangers continued forward without firing a shot. Then, within 50 yards of their objective, they assaulted. For 20 minutes they worked with bayonet and tommy gun and rifle and grenade, and then it was over. By dawn they were back at the French outpost, their starting point.

Almost every Ranger who was there has a favorite tale about the 20 minutes at Sened:

"This was the kind of stuff we loved to do—coming in under their fire which sometimes wasn't a foot and a half over our heads but knowing damn well those Ities didn't know where we were. We could watch their gun flashes when we got close enough." . . . "The Ities called us 'Black Death' after that, on account of our work was at night." . . "I remember watching a motor pool, and this Itie ran out and tried to get away on a motorcycle. We were laying down a mortar concentration on the motor pool and this guy got the cycle started all right and was about to get out, and just then a 60-mm hit right on top of him and he just disappeared." . . . "There was some pretty rough in-fighting there."

When the Germans attacked at Kasserine Pass, threatening Gafsa from the east, U. S. forces withdrew to Feriana and from there to Dernia Pass, which was threatened by a German push aimed at Tebessa, the main Allied base. For three weeks the Rangers sat at Dernia waiting for the big drive that never came.

"Our work," said one Ranger, "was mostly knocking off stray German vehicles that either blundered into the Pass by mistake or were nosing around to find out if we were still there. There wasn't any real rough stuff. Funny thing about how those people would roam around. We hit a car one day and captured an Italian officer. He was a pilot, and said he was just out sightseeing."

After Dernia the outfit drew back for a rest and then went back into action by leading the American drive back through Feriana and into Gafsa again. There wasn't too much trouble that time either, but then came El Guettar. There they had another job they liked. Beyond El Guettar was a pass leading to Sfax that the Germans and Italians had defended. It was the Rangers' mission to clean up the defended ridges, which commanded a dominating position over the surrounding terrain.

Cpl. Robert M. Bevan of Estherville, Iowa, a sniper throughout the African campaigns, scored his longest accurate shooting there when he silenced a machine-gun nest at 1,350 yards.

"We came up on them by a circular route of about 10 miles and hit them from behind and above, working our way down to where we could use a bayonet. This set-up was Italian EM with German officers. There was some bayonet fighting.

"As a sniper I picked targets that were out of range for the riflemen, so I started working on this machine-gun nest. I was using our sniper rifle—a plain old '03 with telescopic sights. I ranged in with tracers and then put two shots right into the position. The gun was quiet for a couple of minutes, and then a crazy thing happened. Somebody threw a dirty towel over the gun, and then the crew came out and sat down."

After El Guettar the Rangers pulled back to Nemours, on the coast of Algeria. The 1st Battalion was split into three groups to cadre a reorganized 1st Battalion and the new 3d and 4th Battalions, which were formed there.

THEN, on July 9, 1943, the 1st and 4th landed at Gela and the 3d at Licata in Sicily. From then on, the war got progressively tougher for the Rangers.

The Gela landings were made at night, and searchlights picked up the incoming landing craft when they were still a mile out. There were pillboxes and land mines ashore, but by 1000 hours the town itself was in Ranger hands. At 1100 the fun began.

It was then that "we thought we'd have to grab the lifeboats." With only the two battalions of Rangers in Gela, Italian tanks came barreling into town, blasting. "We fought them from the rooftops by dropping TNT and sticky bombs on them. We had a 37-mm that shuttled to its targets, going from one corner to another, taking potshots at them as they came in from different directions. Our bazookas were firing point-blank."

1st Sgt. David (Soupy) Campbell of Medford, Mass., and 1st Sgt. Vincent Egan of Staten Island, N. Y., both had some hard fighting and some laughs to remember. "We were using bazookas then, and I'll never forget the trouble one guy had with one," grinned Soupy. "He was firing from inside a house, and this tank was right up on him; so he hauled down on the thing point-blank—and missed. I don't see how he did. And the backfire off the thing! The guy did more damage to the wall behind him than he did to the tank in front.

"I remember another thing there. We had this young kid with us who hadn't been in the outfit so long, and he was really dying to get into a fight. So he was coming along a wall and when he turned a corner he ran smack into a Jerry. The kid was so shocked he didn't know what to do. So the Jerry shot him, right through the chest. One of our guys across the street got the Jerry, but it was too late to help the kid."

"We finally got rid of the Ities," said Egan, "but the next day came worse trouble—or it might have been. We looked out and saw 18 big Tigers (PzKW VIs) coming in. Between fire from our cruisers offshore and fire from a chemical outfit's new 4.2 mortars, 12 of the Jerry tanks were knocked out and the others quit. It was the first time those 4.2 mortars were in action, and they did damn well."

It was on that first day at Gela that Sherman Legg had his troubles, too. He had parked his motorcycle in an alleyway and was leaning against the opposite wall, just waiting for developments. Developments arrived in the form of a shell that blew his motor upside down and blew Legg back through the alley, through an open door and into a building. He was knocked out. After a while he came to, went back to his motor and found it would still run.

"I got on the thing, and this guy across the street stuck his head out. I thought he looked sort of funny. 'Hey, Legg,' he yelled, 'ain't you hurt?' I asked him what did he think. He said he didn't think I was hurt, he thought I was dead. He'd seen me standing there, and then the shell hit and he didn't see me any more."

Earlier that same morning Legg accomplished in actual fact what has been done very rarely anywhere except in the movies. He shot down a Messerschmitt-110 with a BAR.

"I was on the beach right near a wall when this bastard came over, strafing. He scared me silly. I ducked behind the wall, and he came back. I let fly at him and missed, but I found out why I missed. So the next time he came in, I put the gun on the wall and held it there and he flew right into my fire. I could see the bullets rake him. He went along a little farther, and then I saw flames coming out around the gas tanks where I'd hit. He crashed into the sea."

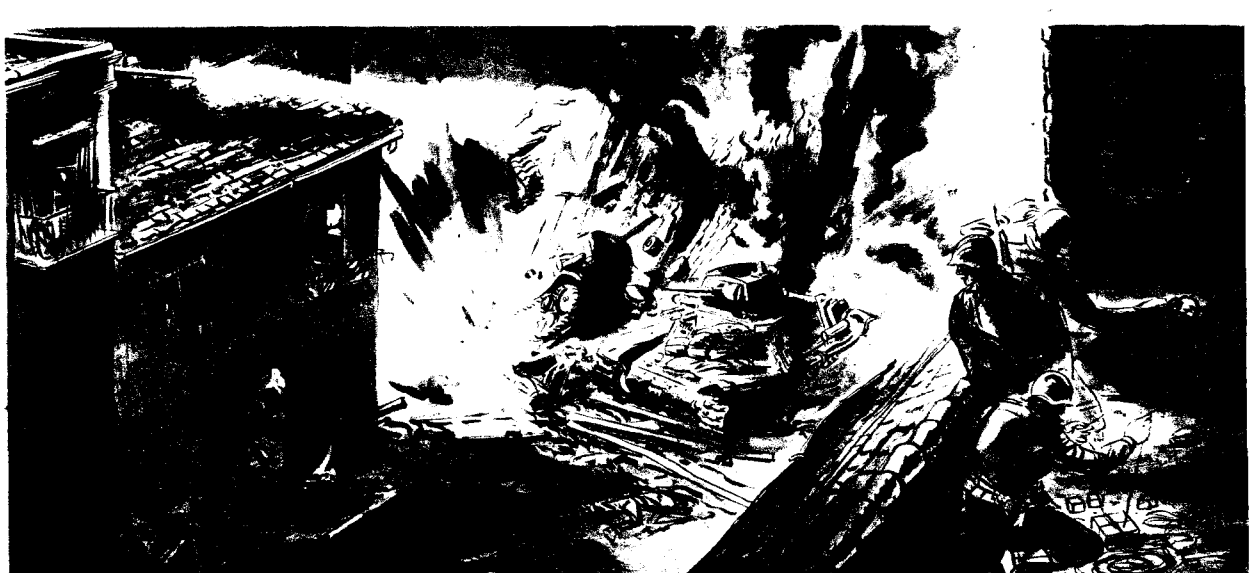
THE Rangers spearheaded the way across the Plain of Gela toward Butera, a 4,000-foot citadel "that looked like a castle sitting up there." One Ranger company cleared it.

T/Sgt. Francis P. Padrucco of Miami, Fla., then a buck sergeant acting as platoon sergeant, had 20 men who were part of the outfit that went straight up the long road leading to the citadel itself. It was a brash maneuver, coming flush up the obvious approach, at 2300 hours.

"We got to a bend in the road and a machine gunner opened up on us at a range of about 20 feet. He wounded my lieutenant and the radio operator. But our scout, with a tommy gun, let go with a whole drum of ammo; he got seven.

"The platoon killed about 15 and took 60 or 70 prisoners. We got a bunch of A-T guns by surprise, and some flame-thrower people. The whole thing took about 20 minutes.

"Here again it was German officers and Italian personnel. This time some German, farther back, was giving orders to two Italian officers, a colonel and a lieutenant. The Italians wanted to surrender, and the German told them to keep fighting. We told them to give up or we'd kill them. The German told them if they made a move to surrender, *he'd* kill them.



"The tanks came into Gela blasting. We fought them from the rooftops with TNT and sticky bombs and a 37-mm gun that ran from one corner of the roof to another, taking potshots. Our bazookas fired point-blank."

"Poor devils. They got killed. We chased the Jerry, but he got away."

Paddy, for his work that night after his officer was out of action, got the Silver Star. The Rangers moved by different routes to the northeast side of Sicily. When the campaign ended, they pulled back for training and replacements.

ON Sept. 9, they landed in Italy. The landings were above Salerno, and the 4th fanned out in opposite directions toward Salerno to the east and Sorrento to the west. The 1st followed and drove to the high ground overlooking the Plain of Naples. The 3d fought at Chiunzi Pass. The Rangers held the left hinge of the beachhead against every German attempt to close in and knock U. S. forces back into the sea. For 22 days they had nothing but counterattacks. It was rough work, but the Salerno sector was rough work for everybody.

T-4 Frankie Ziola of South Amboy, N. J.—the man who throws shoes—was one of four cooks in his outfit at Chiunzi Pass who volunteered for duty as litter-bearers. He spent 18 days bringing out the wounded and was awarded the Silver Star when the fight was over.

"They asked for volunteers for that detail, so we volunteered. I got me an Italian as a helper, and the two of us would go up and pull the guys out when they got hit and take them back to Battalion Aid. I didn't know anything about medicine or first aid or anything, but I damn sure learned. Funny thing about those Rangers when they were wounded. Almost every time the first thing they wanted was a cigarette."

Finally, with enemy counterattacks broken, the Rangers spearheaded the way into the Valley of Naples and relieving forces went on into Naples itself. The Rangers pulled back again to train. Their hardest fighting was still ahead.

On Nov. 1, the Fifth Army encountered strong opposition at Venafro, about 40 miles above Naples. On Nov. 3 the Rangers began a 35-day fight that was to open the way to the valley leading to Cassino. That day they crossed the winding Volturno River with the mission of infiltrating six miles behind enemy lines and taking the heights commanding the road to San Pietro.

They marched all night, passing enemy outposts, and at dawn were still undetected. They attacked, seized the enemy positions and held them for two days. Then, with their supplies gone, they came back through the enemy again to Sesto Campano. Then they moved toward Venafro. When they were through, the Rangers had advanced the lines by 12 miles.

T/Sgt. Robert O. Johnson of Shinnston, W. Va., a battalion communications sergeant, was wounded at Venafro when a shell blasted him down as he and his lieutenant were carrying a wounded man to shelter. It was in that sector that communication maintenance became a matter of survival.

"I had 22 men in my section," said Johnson, "and before we were through there, the battalion communications was being handled by only the lieutenant, a maintenance man and myself. The other 19 were knocked out by either mortar or artillery fire. I almost got it good there. I had to go two miles up Venafro Mountain checking telephones, and the whole way I had mortar fire right in my hip pocket."

After Venafro the Rangers were pulled out for a little more than a month and on Jan. 22 they went into Anzio.

"We were 66 days on the beach at Anzio," said Egan. "It was rough. We attacked a red farm on the left flank at Carroceto. Finally there were only four men left, and they took the place."

Sherman Legg, still on his motor, had another close one there: "I was going along without paying much attention where I was, and I came over the brow of this hill and a machine gun let loose on me. I guess the Jerries were excited because I don't see how they missed. Anyway I threw the motor over on the ground, spun it and started the hell out of there. I was afraid even to duck, because I might duck right into a bullet. I'm glad they were lousy gunners, or I wouldn't be here. As it was, I made sure not to take any more wrong roads around there."

Soupy Campbell likes to talk about the Ranger mortar concentrations at Anzio. "There was one time we saw this German come out of his foxhole for a minute, so we gave him concentration No. 3 (we had everything zeroed in). He must have had some ammo in that hole because the next thing we saw of that Jerry he was about 20 feet in the air, turning end over end."

Soupy grinned. "We had things to laugh at even at Anzio. There was that machine gunner on our flank who'd clear his gun every morning just about dawn. He always did it to start the day off right. 'Shave 'n' a haircut—two bits,' he'd play on that thing."

Then, on Jan. 29, disaster struck. The 1st and 3d Battalions were to attack and take the town of Cisterna, while the 4th was to support their assault. But something went wrong: the Germans had reinforced their positions and when the Rangers struck at dawn, they hit a force that overwhelmed them. Two battalions went into Cisterna; 26 Rangers came out.

Sgt. Milton Lehman, *Stars and Stripes* correspondent, wrote the story as it was reconstructed for him by survivors:

"When the sun came up, the Rangers were surrounded. Between sunrise and 0700 hours, when radio silence was broken, the Rangers knew that the battle was lost. Sunrise doomed them and marked the beginning of the hopeless, heroic fight. . . . The sand was running out in the hour glass. The Rangers knew it and the Germans knew it. Slowly and bitterly the last orders were given by the company commanders . . . the tall, bespectacled, thin-faced West Pointer telling his men to go. 'I hate to do this,' the captain said, 'but it's too late now. That direction is south. Take out, and God bless you.'"

The 4th Battalion, also stopped but not decimated, fought on after Cisterna and, with the few survivors of the 1st and 3d, came back to the States as a unit. They have friends among the newer Ranger outfits now in France.

But the Old Rangers are out of action.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Information, MSD, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

Bird's-eye View of Saipan

From a box seat in a mountain OP, U. S. observers watched Japs and Americans trading punches on the battlefield down below.

By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SAIPAN, MARIANAS ISLANDS [By Cable]—Enemy artillery fire is a terrifying random thing. High above the battle, the observers on the cliff sweated it out, watching the progress of four General Sherman tanks, 1,000 feet below them, rumbling along a half-mile straight road. Jap shells, exploding in gray puffs, mingled with the clouds of dust churned by the tank treads.

The tanks reached cover, and the last of the shells exploded futilely behind them. The observers turned their attention back to the battlefield that stretched out like a relief map beneath them. They were seated on a ledge just below the 1,554-foot summit of Mount Tapotchau, highest point on the island, captured only the day before. The battlefield was without precedent in the Central Pacific, whose earlier campaigns were fought on coral atolls where visibility was limited to the distance you could see at ground level.

From the slopes of Tapotchau the entire American advance could be observed, just as the U. S. landing nearly two weeks before had been watched by the Japs from the same OP. "Every time I look back at the beach from here," a Marine sergeant said, "I wonder how any of us got ashore. The Japs could see every move we made."

At the southern end of the island, clouds of dust hung over the road as hundreds of U. S. vehicles moved along. Scores of alligators, ducks and landing craft plied their way between cargo ships and shore. Farther out at sea pinpoints of light flashing from warships showed that bombardment of Jap strongpoints was continuing.

Along the island's western shore, marines were advancing through the mountains, but the only indications of activity in that area were the smoke from artillery shells, drifting through the tops of the trees, and the sound of small-arms fire. The naval shelling had kindled huge fires in a series of Jap oil dumps, and columns of black smoke rose vertically as high as the crest of the mountains, then drifted west in the wind.

Eight miles north was Marpi Point, the tip of Saipan, but Saipan's mountainous backbone hid the Jap airstrip there from the view of the clifftop observers. On the next ridge north, 300 yards across a canyon, the Japs were still in control. Observers seated on the sharp lava rock could hear their own artillery shells hum overhead and crash into the Jap-held peak. The observers invariably cringed at the sound of the first shell in each barrage, a habit formed while the Jap batteries were still functioning.

Now the observers looked over toward the east, where jagged cliffs gave way to foothills and rolling farmlands extending to the eastern shore. Neat rows of trees marked the boundaries of the farms and afforded cover both for Jap and American troops. Fields of sugar cane, standing crisp and brown after being set on fire days earlier by shells and bombs, still concealed troops.

A dozen soldiers emerged from a thicket and walked rapidly through a shallow valley and up the far slope. Suddenly the patrol dropped to the ground, and a moment later the staccato bark of a light machine gun reached the clifftop. For nearly a half hour the men were pinned down. Then three tanks roared up the hill and across the field to the woods, where they parked and fired their cannon point-blank at the Jap position.

The tanks backed off a few yards and stood by while the patrol climbed to the top of a small rocky knoll among the trees and set off a red smoke shell—an indication that the front lines had advanced to that point. A company of Infantry soon joined them at the new position.

A half-mile farther to the rear of the American lines, four jeeps—each pulling a trailer and looking like a small child's toy—scooted up the road and pulled in beside a shattered farmhouse. The leading jeep dropped its trailer and started up the road toward the 27th Division front. "Where in hell is he going?" a Marine captain on the clifftop said. "I sent those damn jeeps to B Company." B Company, he explained profanely, was near the bottom of the cliff.

The jeep that had dropped its trailer bounced into a clump of trees and a moment later returned to view at a very unjeeplike pace. A stretcher was propped across the car now, while a "walking wounded" or a medic sat in the rear seat and held the man on the stretcher. Slowly, carefully, as if ignoring the war going on around it, the jeep returned to the farmhouse. It halted there for a moment and then disappeared around a bend in the road that led to the rear.

THE observers turned their attention to the clearing at the base of the Jap-held ridge a few hundred yards north. A dozen marines crossed the clearing and disappeared into the foliage under the ridge. They were followed by a company of riflemen. The leaders of the company had crossed the clearing before the rear elements came into view.

From the woods machine guns opened up, firing bursts for as long as 45 seconds. The firing continued for many minutes. Then it died out, except for an occasional report and a wisp of red smoke filtering through the trees.

The clifftop observers reported the situation to artillery located a mile south of Tapotchau, and a battery of automatic weapons secured their guns and moved down the mountain and along the base of the cliff to a more advanced position.

In the central sector, midway between the mountains and the shore, five tanks had been called up to destroy a Jap strongpoint in a star-shaped clump of trees commanding the road junction. They rendezvoused in a depression under the crossing. Two of them remained there, out of sight of the Japs, while the other three moved slowly up until their turrets topped the rise. They opened fire with their cannon, and Jap heavy machine-gun fire answered back.

Two black bullocks emerged from the woods and stumbled across the fields to a shed behind the wrecked farmhouse, breaking into a clumsy trot each time the tanks fired. Then the tanks, temporarily frustrated, backed down the hill, and the sector became quiet.

Scores of soldiers were now visible near the point where the first red flares had been lit two hours before. A few were walking around aimlessly but most of them rested on the ground, many without helmets. Evidently the snipers had been mopped up in that area.

Soon the soldiers regrouped and trudged north across the open fields toward a wooded ridge a half-mile away. Each step took them farther ahead of the companies on the flanks, held up by Jap positions in the star-shaped woods on the right and the mountains on the left.

Now the ambulance-jeep dashed toward the farmhouse where the trailer-towing jeeps had taken cover. The driver ran inside, came out a moment later and climbed back into the jeep.

A half-track had taken shelter in the farmhouse, driving through a shattered wall and parking inside. But the jeep, scorning cover, bounced impudently along, coming to a halt only at the base of a huge jagged rock pile, as American artillery began to pound Jap positions along the road a few hundred yards to the east.

Salvoes of shells whined over the observers' heads and exploded in a series of knolls, each of them covering a bend in the road. The concentration continued for 10 minutes, possibly killing a number of enemy soldiers but not flushing any.

As the shelling ceased, the trailer-towing jeeps began to deliver their supplies to the front, returning after each trip to the dump, where 50 vehicles were parked on the hill's lee slope.

No Jap shells had fallen on the road since midday, when the Japs had attempted to hit the four American tanks, but now a single shell crashed beside a jeep, swinging it at right angles to its trailer and bringing both to an abrupt and dusty halt. The driver and his helper took cover in a roadside ditch until they made sure that the shell was not going to be followed by a barrage. Then they inspected the jeep. It was out of action. They returned to the last farmhouse they had passed.

The company that had pushed a wedge into Jap territory was pinned down now in the canefield, spurts of dirt exploding among the men as a Jap gun in the woods raked their position. When the supporting tanks withdrew to refuel and rearm, the spearhead company's position was no longer tenable and it withdrew, rather than be outflanked by the Japs. But the front had been advanced 200 yards by the day's fighting.

Now the sun was hidden behind clouds on the western horizon. Those of the observers who were returning to headquarters for the night began gathering up their gear, while the few who were to remain started digging in.

The ambulance-jeep moved slowly with its burden down the road to the rear—slowly, but fast enough to pass the two confused bullocks, still wandering around in search of a barn.

This marine buckles as shrapnel from a Jap mortar shell hits him. He keeled over completely just a few seconds after the photographer snapped this picture.

This Week's Cover

THIS soldier is T/Sgt. Francis P. Padrucco of Miami, Fla., a member of the 1st Ranger Battalion. He's just as tough a fighter as he looks in this photograph by YANK's Sgt. Ben Schnall. For Sgt. Mack Morriss' story on the combat experience of Padrucco and other veteran Rangers, turn to page 3.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2 & 3—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 6—Acme. 7—Upper & lower right, Sgt. Bill Young; lower left, Ken Harris CPhoM, USCG; lower center, Signal Corps. 8—Signal Corps. 10—Sgt. Ed Cunningham. 11—AAF. 12—Upper left & right, Acme; lower left & center right, PA; lower center, Sgt. Dick Hanley; lower right, AAF. 13—Upper left, Sgt. Hanley; upper right & lower left, PA; center left, AAF; lower right, Acme. 17—Studebaker. 18—Upper & center left, Sgt. Charles Teitel; lower left, PRO, Camp Maxey, Tex. 19—Upper right, PRO, Buckingham AAF, Fla.; center right, Signal Corps, Fort Custer, Mich.; lower left, Signal Corps, Fort Benning, Ga.; lower right, PRO, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. 20—Hal McAlpin, Goldwyn Studios. 23—Acme.

MARINES DETONATE A BLOCK OF TNT IN A JAP-FILLED QUARRY. THEIR RIFLEMEN COVER THE ROCKY AREA TO CATCH ANY JAPS WHO MAY BE DISLODGED BY THE BLAST.

A Jap bullet passed through the helmet that this marine, patched up by medics, hangs on to as a lucky piece.

Jap GIs got a taste of their own medicine when marines captured this 70-mm infantry howitzer and put it to use firing against its former owners. Built for a short soldier, it can still throw a 14-lb. projectile 7,600 yards to enemy lines.

The Jap driver never got out of this wrecked tin-can tank. His clutching hands protrude from the top of turret.

...an soldie-s, prisoners now, march through the streets of Cherbourg.

PRISONERS SWAP PLACES

Turning the tables, American forces in France herd long lines of listless Germans behind barbed wire and turn loose Russians who were pressed into hard labor after being captured on the Eastern front.

Russians, freed from German prisons by GIs, sing a song of celebration.

THE GERMANS IN

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN FRANCE [By Cable]—The prisoners march by the forward battalion CP. They walk in a column of twos. There is no snap, no goose-stepping, no sign on their faces or bodies to indicate they are members of the master race. They are beaten men and most of them look it.

You can easily distinguish the officers and noncoms without seeing their insignia of rank. The privates seem to walk in a slouch, hanging on to their tattered bundles or knapsacks. The noncoms don't fare much better in baggage but their walk is livelier, their faces are a little more spirited, and their eyes indicate evidence of a strong hate and arrogance toward their captors.

But the officers—how can anyone ever forget those German officers? Here they come wearing gloves, with leather brief cases in one hand and suitcases laden with extra clothing in the other. Their clothes are in good order, as if the officers took time out to have them cleaned and pressed before surrendering.

The long column moves down the dirt road where our men are lined up on either side.

"Sniper," a Texas sergeant exclaims, pointing out a German in a camouflaged uniform.

Our infantrymen look long and hard at the snipers. They despise them much more than they do the average German soldier. The snipers walk on, their heads almost bowed, their eyes shifting from left to right. "I wonder," says the Texas sergeant, "how many of our guys those rats knocked off before deciding to give up for the comforts of an American hoosegow?"

Shells whine overhead. "Here he comes again," one of our men shouts. "Leo the roaring lion."

Our men take cover in foxholes along the road. The Germans, frightened as animals during a lightning storm, turn their heads from the fire. "Sure, they're afraid now," says the sergeant from Texas. "They weren't afraid when they came to France. They were the *Fuehrer's* heroes then."

I follow the Germans to the regimental prisoner-of-war enclosure, formerly a pasture. The cows that grazed there are dead now, killed when they fell in the way of the war.

A stocky blond, blue-eyed master sergeant stands in the center of the field. The sergeant is Jewish, and he wears the uniform of the country that proclaims all men are born equal. The prisoners of war march toward him, and you begin to wonder at the irony of it all. In perfect German the sergeant—M/Sgt. Henry A. Samuel of Newark, N. J.—orders the prisoners to halt. They react like robots: bodies stiffen, heads go up, eyes look straight forward. They haven't forgotten what years of Nazi training have taught—to obey orders.

The men are asked whether they have any weapons — daggers, long knives, large scissors. One man pulls out a big pair of scissors and drops them on the grass. Then Samuel orders them to empty pockets, bundles and suitcases. When they finish, he orders them to march about 30 paces ahead. Then, with another sergeant, he inspects the articles on the grass.

In one pile is a dirty towel, a comb heavy with dirt and dandruff, a mirror, razor and blades, and other toilet articles. There is also a billfold with 50 *francs*. "The average German soldier doesn't carry much money with him," Samuel remarks.

The next pile also has toilet articles and a French watch. "Probably swiped it from some Frenchman," somebody remarks. We look some more. There is a pamphlet printed in German with homosexual pictures. Then Samuel picks up a series of pictures, two of them showing home scenes in Germany and four others of an obscene act between a man and a woman.

"Filthy as hell," Samuel remarks. "I'll bet this guy's married, too. It's usually the middle-aged married type of German who carries this kind of stuff in his pockets. Guess this is about the only free press left in Germany."

Buried under the toilet articles of another prisoner is a leaflet addressed to German soldiers. The leaflet was prepared by our Psychological Warfare experts: it's printed in German and Polish and urges the enemy to surrender. Later we find more of these leaflets. "It's amazing," says Samuel, "how effective these leaflets are. A good number of the prisoners say the leaflets helped them make up their minds to surrender."

Almost all of the piles contain letters from home. Samuel picks up one and reads.

"Same old story. Most German letters are pretty much of a type. This guy's mother writes that the bombings are horrible. She's worried about the coming winter because there's little fuel and there is talk that food may be cut down more."

We come to an officer's articles. There's a suitcase made of expensive black leather, a good wristwatch, a couple of pictures of girls in Paris with intimate greetings on the back and letters from the wife in Germany. The wife sends all her love, saying she knows he is loyal to her and that she will "ever be a loving wife."

Samuel orders the prisoners to do an about-face and march back. When they return he looks them over. Those who look suspicious he searches some more. "Take off your shoes," he tells one prisoner. He searches the shoes. There is nothing in them.

"You'd be surprised where some of these guys hide knives and papers," Samuel says. "It pays to be careful with them."

SAMUEL begins to question a prisoner. "How many of you were there in that area?" he asks. "Three companies," the prisoner replies.

While the prisoner is talking, one of his noncoms looks at him from the rear rank. The noncom's eyes are cold. You sense he wants to go over and shut up the man.

Samuel passes on to another prisoner. He talks, too. Meanwhile the first man is still talking. He wants to get everything off his chest, it seems, but Samuel isn't paying any attention to him any more. Three others have their hands raised. They want to talk, too. One begins drawing a diagram of his outfit's defense positions.

"One thing about all the prisoners we've had here: they all come in with the idea that they're going to be shot," Samuel says. "A few of them believe only the noncoms will be shot. Once I told a man to leave the line-up and stand against the hedges. He cried like a baby and pleaded with me not to shoot him.

"Most of them love to talk. It seems they've been listening to everything and have never had a chance to express an opinion of their own. Most prisoners were told that Rommel recaptured Bricquebec two days after the Germans lost it to us. Many, trying to please us, say they're sorry to hear New York was bombed so badly.

"Naturally you have to be careful believing what they have to say, so many of them are such liars. Another thing, too. It's pretty hard to say the crowd we've captured to date is the same type we'll get in the future. There are many Poles in the Normandy area. Many of the Germans in this area are very young or quite old. The older ones are happy to get out of the war."

Samuel is through with the prisoners. "Pick up your stuff," he orders. They fill their pockets and bundle up their toilet articles in a cloth or knapsack—if they were lucky enough to have had one when captured. The officers pack their suitcases. Trucks pull into the enclosure, and the Germans pile in. Once the trucks start rolling out into the road, their faces become brighter.

They haven't been shot by these American gangsters. They're puzzled.

THE RUSSIANS OUT

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN FRANCE [By Cable]—The battalion CP was the strangest I'd ever seen. It was a tiny, rectangular cubicle scooped out of a solid concrete wall that had been erected by the Germans as part of the western defenses of Cherbourg. The room was bare of furniture except for a German officer's trunk, on which the colonel, his adjutant and a clerk were sitting.

Piled neatly in the corner of the room was the usual collection of battle flotsam—German hand grenades, ammunition, letters, fatigue caps, underwear. There wasn't a single window and the only opening was a heavy iron door.

"What was this place?" I asked Lt. Col. W. A. Strickland, CO of a light ack-ack outfit. "This," he said, "was a solitary-confinement cell." He spoke with a heavy Alabama accent that did not conceal the contempt and hatred in his voice—the hatred of a man who has come face to face with the Germans. "It was a solitary-confinement cell," he repeated, "in one of those nice little master-race concentration camps you've heard about. They had 2,000 Russian prisoners of war penned up in this camp."

Lt. Col. Strickland's outfit, it turned out, had broken into these last defenses of Cherbourg with a force of infantrymen. When the doughboys and the artillerymen saw the barbed-wire fences and the pigpen barracks of the concentration camp, they attacked with an unreasoning fury and smashed the gates down. Then they stormed inside. The half-starved, emaciated Russian prisoners came out of the barracks yelling and also went to work on the garrison. In 30 minutes there wasn't much left of the Germans.

One unidentified infantryman, according to Lt. Col. Strickland, burst into the office of the German colonel commanding the concentration camp. The colonel emptied his Luger at the Yank, but the shots went wild. The infantryman didn't waste a cartridge on the German commander; he moved in close, brought up his knee sharply and swung a short right to the jaw. The colonel grappled with him, and they rolled around on the floor until finally the Yank drew his trench knife and slit the colonel's throat.

Outside the office, meanwhile, tremendous celebrations were going on, as Russians embraced GIs, kissed them and patted them on the back and danced for joy.

According to Lt. Col. Strickland, there were originally 2,000 Russian prisoners but about 800 had died of starvation. These figures included both prisoners of war and conscripted laborers who had been carried away from their Russian home towns after the German invasion. In defiance of the Geneva Convention, the prisoners were forced to work 14 hours a day on tunnels and fortifications in the area.

When the German prison garrison learned that American forces were approaching the city, they selected 200 of the toughest prisoners, all those believed capable of leading insurrections, and shot them. The liberated Russians showed the GIs the bodies of their comrades, lying where they had fallen two days before.

Later, when German prisoners captured at a nearby fort were being marched down the road to the center of Cherbourg, their American guards had difficulty restraining the Russians from tearing the Germans to pieces.

IN Cherbourg two days later, I saw what appeared to be a young French civilian standing on a street corner and I asked him how to get to a certain place. He offered to come along in the jeep and show the way. Then he told me in French that he was a Russian named Vladimir Lorontiusz from the oil refineries of Batum.

He'd been in the cavalry, like his father before him, and had been captured by Germans and Rumanians in fierce fighting around Odessa in 1941. He'd been working at hard labor ever since and had lost nearly 50 pounds.

Vladimir introduced me to a friend, a blond youngster named Edward Skorospenko, whose father was a well-known newspaperman in Smolensk when the Germans captured that city. The father escaped but Edward was taken prisoner and sent to work on the Isle of Jersey, near Cherbourg.

The two Russians were awaiting shipment to England. From there they expected to return to Russia. But all the ex-prisoners had held a meeting, they told me, and decided to ask permission to form a separate battalion and fight the Germans on the Western front alongside the Americans. "The Boche is nearer here," they said.

At an Indian base, Col. Cochran briefs glider pilots for his Air Commando raid behind Japanese lines deep in Burma.

The Real Flip Corkin

COL. CORKIN

Col. Phil Cochran has tackled tougher air missions than his comic-strip double ever faced in the Sunday colored pages.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

PHILIP G. COCHRAN is probably the best known, most carelessly dressed and least GI full colonel in the U. S. Army.

Known personally to several thousand EM and officers as Phil, Cochran first became familiar to a lot of civilians while he was commanding what he called a "screwball squadron" of fighter pilots in North Africa. Millions of others heard about him when he helped plan and direct the landings of the 1st Air Commando Force behind the Jap lines in Burma.

But most people still call him "Flip," thinking he's the same colonel as Flip Corkin in "Terry and the Pirates," the cartoon character modeled after him by his friend, Milton Caniff. Somebody's always asking Phil about Taffy Tucker, the Army nurse Flip spends a lot of time with. This is apt to be embarrassing because Cochran is a man who plays the field as far as women are concerned, with a particular preference for hat-check chicks and an occasional showgirl.

But the comic-strip hero and Cochran are so interchangeable in the minds of newspaper readers that, when the Air Commando achievement was first announced, the Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner* headlined the story: "FLIP CORKIN'S MEN CARRY OUT DARING MOVE TO SPLIT JAPS."

Although Caniff has tried to make Flip and Phil very much alike, they are not identical twins. Flip is taller and somewhat handsomer than Phil and has dark hair that is usually neatly trimmed. Phil is stocky with a barrel chest. At 34, he has steel-gray hair and never has a haircut if he can avoid it.

As for Cochran's dress, when he is in the States he consents to wear a regulation uniform, although it frequently lacks a press and, as an acquaintance once quipped, "usually looks as if he'd just stepped out of a boxcar." During the eight months he spent in North Africa he almost always wore the same leather jacket, greasy pants and pair of unkempt British flying boots, all of them a dirty gray from Tunisian dust.

Once a visiting brigadier general looked over his outfit and said: "Major, if you are captured in those clothes, you'll have to wear them until the end of the war, and they look about ready to fall off now."

The general's comment deeply wounded Cochran, who insisted: "There's nothing the matter with these clothes except that they're full of dust."

During ROTC training at Ohio State University, Cochran frequently showed up at drill wearing a uniform and black-and-white sport shoes with perforated tops. In Burma he usually got by with a grimy bush jacket and a pair of slacks.

Cochran, in manner as well as dress, is completely nonregulation. Since 1937, when he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Corps, most GIs in his outfit have called him Phil; saluting has always been at a minimum, and the Commandos—officers and EM—all stood in the same chow line (first come, first served), ate together and washed their own mess gear.

Cochran's written orders are also unorthodox. For example, at one time in India beards were the subject of unfavorable comment on the part of visiting brass. So Cochran issued an order:

TO: All Personnel and Attached Organizations.

Look, sports—the beards and attempts at beards are not appreciated by visitors.

Since we can't explain to all strangers that the fuzz is a gag or "something I always wanted to do" affair, we must avoid their reporting that we are unshaven (regulations say you must shave) by appearing like Saturday night in Jersey whenever possible.

Work comes before shaving. You will never be criticized for being unkempt if you are so damn busy you can't take time to doll up. But be clean while you can.

Ain't it awful.

[Signed:] P. G. COCHRAN,
Colonel, Air Corps, Commanding.

Cochran is never impressed with himself, and when a stranger brings up the fact that he is a celebrity, he is likely to say: "Hell, I'm just another goddam hero."

NATURALLY, like everyone else in the Army, he had plans for a different career. When he finished school at Ohio State University in 1935, he received a degree in business administration.

His hope of becoming a well-known football player was by that time shattered. One of six sons, he had spent all his life in Erie, Pa., where his father is still a practicing lawyer and a tax expert. At 6 Phil had been a boy soprano at St. Andrew's Catholic Church and had dreamed of becoming a jockey, but by the time he was a freshman at Central High, he was aiming toward the football team.

Since he could hardly ever get his weight above 112, he spent all his time on the bench as a substitute for the all-state quarterback, and it wasn't until the last quarter of the final game of his senior year that the coach gave him his chance. He rushed on to the field, but just before he got to the referee the pistol was fired and the game was over.

Cochran worked his way through Ohio State at Columbus, with time out for a two-year job at the Hammermill Paper Company in Erie. When he graduated, no one was looking for any bright young business administrators.

So one day Cochran hocked the gold case of a watch his grandmother had left him and, without telling his mother, hitchhiked to Detroit to take an examination for aviation cadet.

Frankly, he says now, he didn't expect to pass, but he did. "And so," he adds, "I got a blue uniform and $75 a month."

That was in June 1937. Afterward he had the usual run of pre-war Air Corps assignments—a hitch at Langley Field, Va.; another at Mitchel on Long Island, where he was everything from supply officer to mess officer. By the fall of 1941 he was a first lieutenant in command of a fighter squadron at a field near Groton, Conn.

It was at Groton that Caniff, looking for tips on Air Corps lingo and techniques, spent a few weeks with Cochran's squadron. He had been a friend of Phil's oldest brother Paul at Ohio State and later became a pal of Phil. When he returned to his home in New City, N. Y., Caniff decided he had a ready-made character for "Terry" in Phil, and Flip Corkin was the result.

There wasn't any war at the time, but Cochran trained his pilots as if there were, making them carry sidearms and maintain an unceasing

COL. COCHRAN

Col. Cochran chats with the late British Maj. Gen. Orde C. Wingate, commander-organizer of the famed Chindits.

and highly successful mock war with the 64th Squadron, based near Boston.

Cochran's squadron, the 65th, hardly ever lost a battle, principally because Phil had made the acquaintance of a pretty chick whose home happened to be near the 64th base, and she operated as an efficient interceptor system. Whenever the 64th took off for a "battle," she would go to a phone and let Phil know. As a result, the 65th was always in the air when the "enemy" arrived.

IT was a highly successful though completely unorthodox kind of warfare, and when Cochran was ordered to North Africa in 1942, he was ready for the real thing.

But at Casablanca he found that the 34 pilots and 35 planes he'd brought along had been sent across simply to replace pilots killed in action, and casualties were light at the time.

So Cochran took his pilots to Rabat, Morocco, named them the "Joker Squadron" because they didn't have a number and began training them for battle. When the brass found out what was going on, they immediately ordered the Jokers back to Casablanca.

Cochran sent the rest, then got into his own fighter and started in the opposite direction. He told officials at all the fields where he refueled that he was really going to Casablanca but had lost his way. To questions of fellow flyers, he replied: "I've got to see a man about a dogfight."

When he landed at a field in western Tunisia near the Kasserine Pass, he stopped. The base was surrounded by a few French troops with outmoded 75s, a handful of U. S. paratroopers and a lot of Nazis. The only Allied airpower left consisted of the remnants of two P-40 squadsons which, as Cochran puts it, "were getting their rump shot off."

A major at the time, Cochran solved the whole problem by calling in all the pilots and announcing that as ranking officer on the field he was taking over.

Nobody objected much, and the higher echelon didn't know about it. So Cochran trained his pilots to fight a kind of guerrilla warfare in the air, strafing Nazi tanks and transports and observing and reporting enemy troop movements to the French.

Once, early in January 1943, the Germans sent a warning by radio that they were about to come through the hills of Fondouk. They would, they added, wipe out anything that got in their way.

When Cochran heard the threat, he had a bomb strapped to the wing of his P-40 and flew to Kairouan where he skip-bombed the Nazi headquarters. Just as he finished, he found himself over a small Arab graveyard full of ack-ack guns. He flew over a wall at one end, hedgehopped a Nazi airfield nearby and then, hovering over nearby Fondouk, ran into a Focke-Wulf 190.

The German shot Cochran's right aileron control away, and he was headed for a crash landing. "I kept thinking," he says, "that I'd be sitting on my fanny as a PW for the rest of the war." So he took a chance, and when the FW got close he gave it a burst.

"I guess he thought I was kidding when I started down," Cochran recalls, "because he went away. If he'd kept at me, that would've been it." As it was, Cochran got back to his field.

Although he did not know any chicks near the German field, Phil was remarkably successful at sensing the time the enemy was going to attack. It's something like knowing when to hop on or off a guy who is shooting craps, he explains. He was almost always able to have his own planes in the air by the time the Nazis arrived.

After 61 missions in which he shot down two enemy planes, Cochran was ordered back to Casablanca to teach new pilots what he had learned. By that time, he had the Soldier's Medal, the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross with two Oak Leaf Clusters and the *Croix de Guerre* with Star and Palm.

WHEN he returned to the States, he was quite a hero, a fact he dismissed by saying: "Most of the time it was a toss-up between a court martial and a decoration."

After a few nights of night-clubbing, a "Phil Cochran Week" in Erie and several speeches at War Bond rallies, Phil was called to Washington by Gen. H. H. Arnold, CG of of the AAF. Something big was coming off in Burma, the general said; the Allies were planning an invasion, and Cochran seemed to be the logical officer to head up the program of evacuating the wounded and conducting the AAF spearhead of the drive.

Cochran wasn't too excited about the idea. He was a fighter pilot, and evacuation was a transport job. The general told him he could have whatever airplanes he wanted and pick his own personnel; how he used them would be pretty much up to him. Anyhow, how would he like to go to London and discuss the whole matter with Lord Louis Mountbatten, who'd just been named to head up the Far Eastern show?

Phil said okay and went to London.

"Why should your men have to walk hundreds of miles through the jungle before reaching the site of their operations?" he asked Mountbatten. "I will fly them in an hour."

The idea was fine by Mountbatten, and he gave Phil complete authority to go ahead. "It was a screwball idea, but I like making screwball ideas work," Phil says. He returned to the States and, with Col. John R. Alison as second in command, began recruiting personnel—experts from Panama, the South Pacific and India and from U. S. training camps.

By last December the 1st Air Commando Force was in India, using improvised tools to assemble gliders and planes, cooking its own food and borrowing trucks and elephants for its heavy work.

By Feb. 1 the Commandos were ready for action, and from then until May 20, according to Cochran, their P-51 Mustang fighters and B-25s dropped 1,589,637 pounds of bombs, destroyed 102 Jap planes and lost only 13 of their own.

And the lessons they learned about glider landings were used in Normandy when ETO paratroopers were landed behind the German lines.

"We only scratched the surface of the possibilities of moving armies by air," Cochran says of the Burma operation. "They can be placed in strategic places by airplane. We proved that."

During the operation Cochran's fighter planes were used by the British Chindits as artillery.

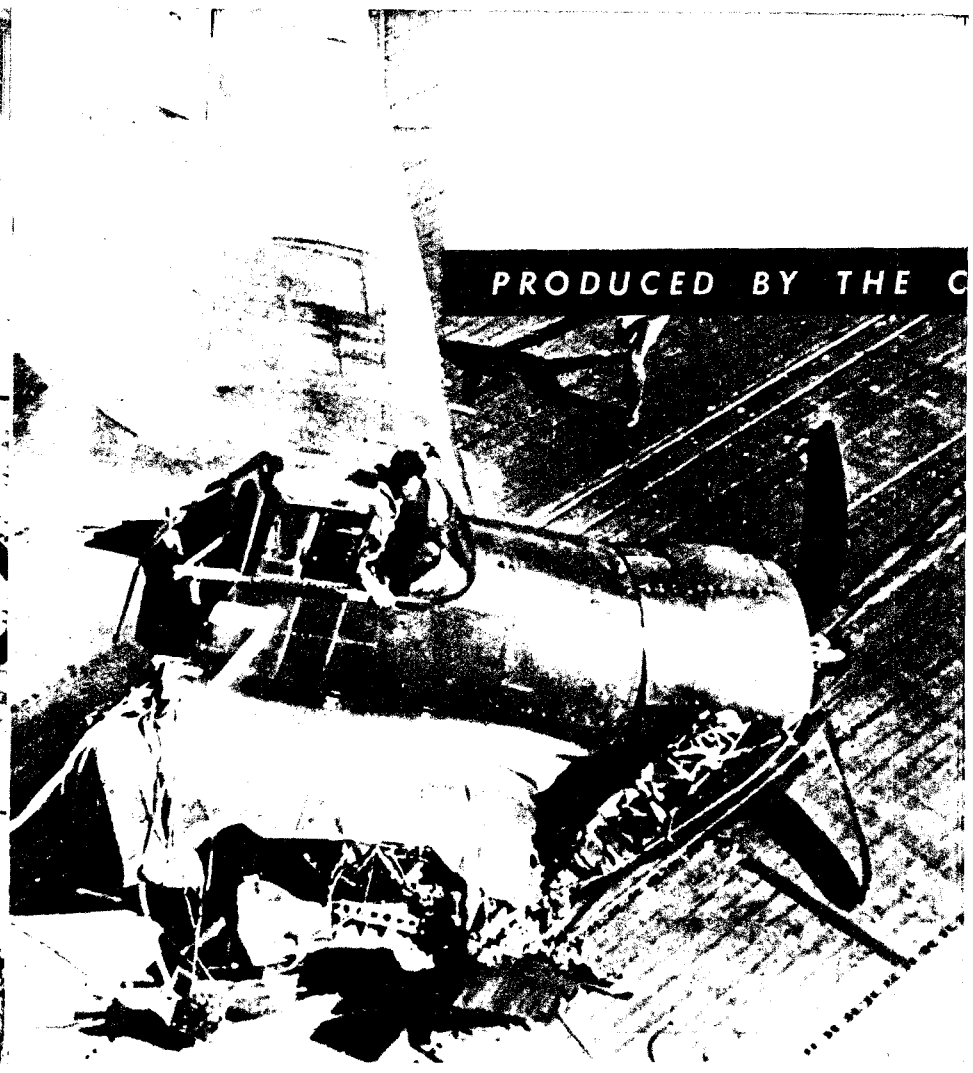
"They would see a target, mark it and then call us," Cochran says. "They just about led us in there by the hand. We also had a feature where we had the ground supporting us. We would have the ground forces go out and see a target to check if it was worth our while hitting it. Usually the ground people ask the air people to come and hit a certain target. But it worked the way we did it."

COCHRAN'S comic-strip adventures still get mixed up with his real-life achievements. On Mar. 17 Flip Corkin mentioned in "Terry and the Pirates" that he was completing plans for an invasion of Burma by his newly organized gliderborne Air Commandos. The next morning the actual operation was announced.

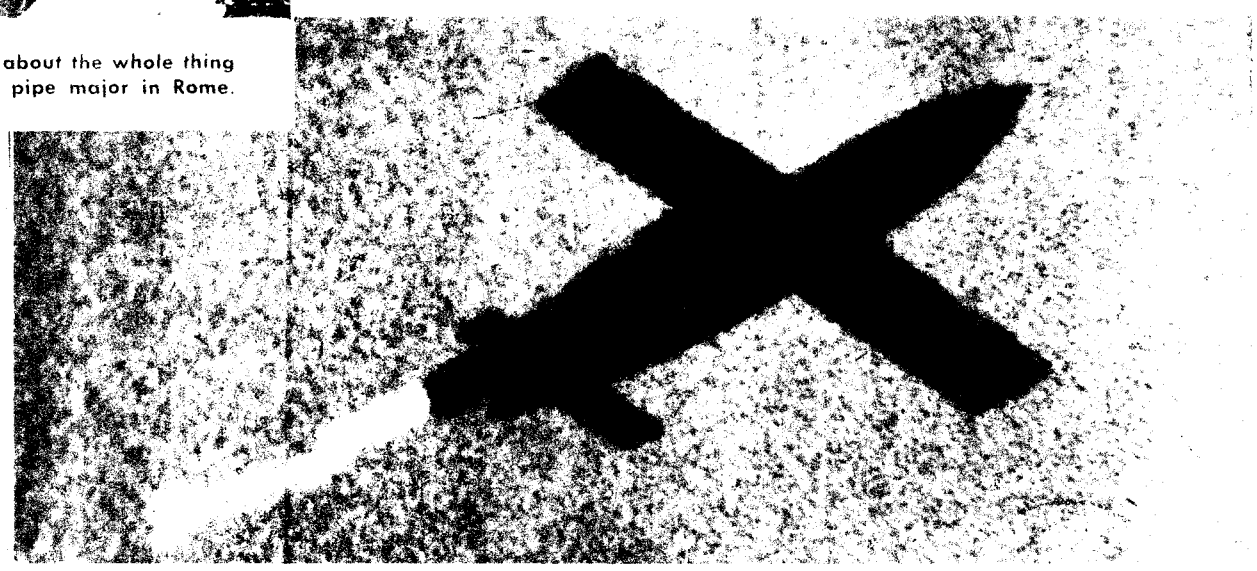
According to Caniff, the incident was mere coincidence. He sits in his studio and tries to imagine an operation that is outlandish but still completely possible—and usually Cochran does it.

"My main trouble," he declares, "is to keep up with the guy. Hell, I can't even keep Flip promoted as fast as Phil."

This Italian girl seems a little uncertain about the whole thing s she gives a once-over to the pleated kilts of a Highland pipe major in Rome.



Ens. R. Black brought his Hellcat to a carrier in the South Pacifi with very little left but the propeller, the motor and one wing. Ens. Black was unhurt

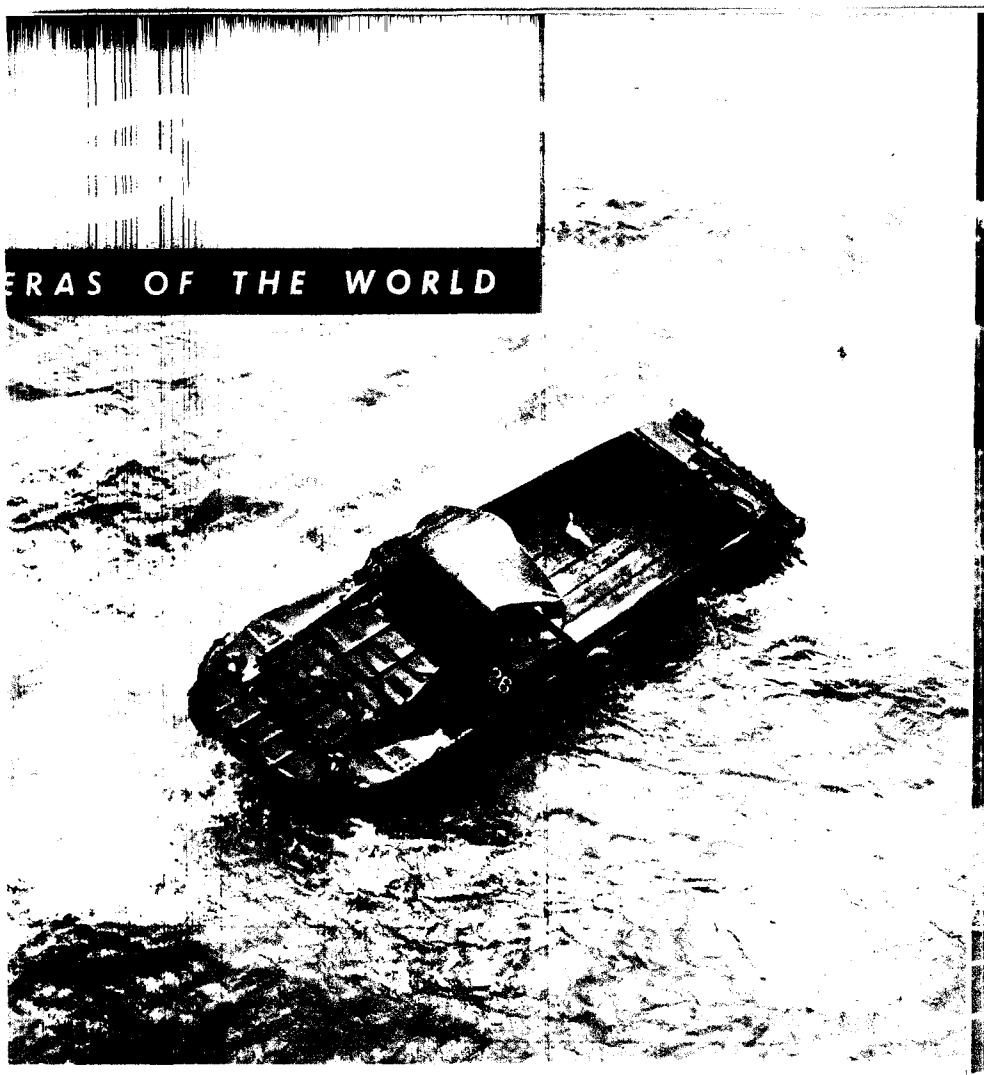


You can see the smoke and flame pouring from the exhaust of this German jet-propelled bomb, photographed in silhouette over southern England. This is secret weapon Adolf has been crowing about

Christine Shomaker, one of Miami Beach's most photographed lasses, left to marry an Army louey. Now he louey is overseas and she is back before the cameras.

Lt. Delbert H. Furgason hunts Jap heads, so he carries a Boong head-hunter of New Guinea for his insignia. Two Boongs approve.

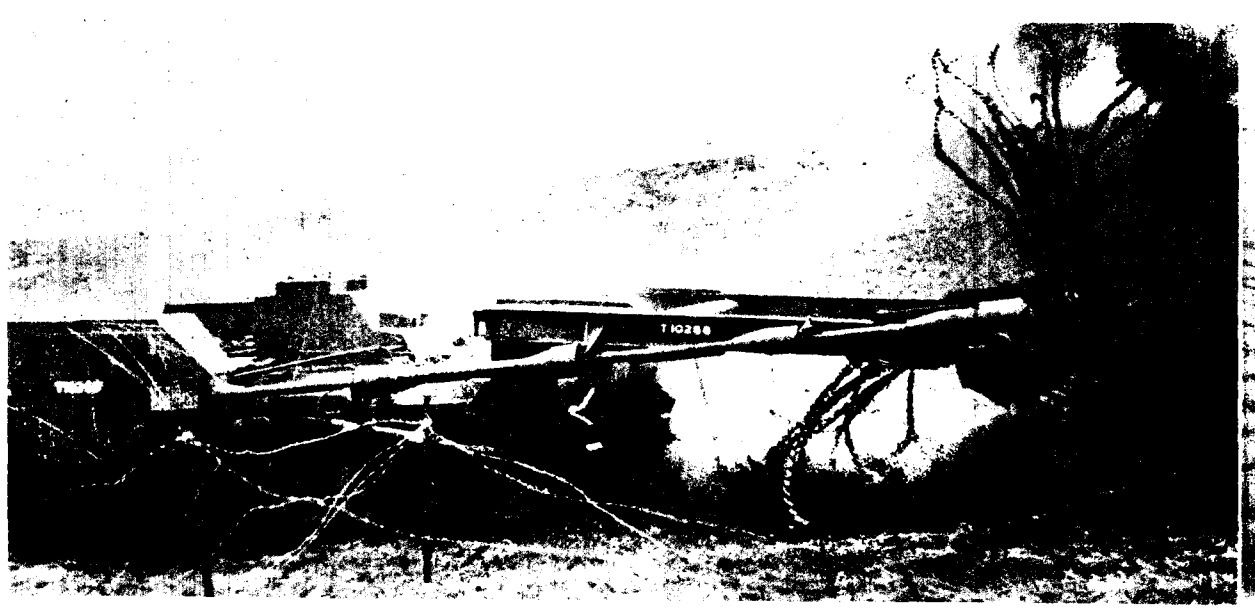
He's even named Marau der and lives at an English air base. The marksman ship medal is for unusual accuracy in the latrine



...CH. 1. The best mascot for a duck is certainly a duck. That's what the crew of this SWPA amphib thinks, and here are their twin ducks afloat to prove it.

The little girl at the right, who is obviously plastered, is nc
Toni Seven, number-named screen starlet who sun-bathes in the strangest company

...DS' MEDAL. At a U. S. air base in Russia, Sgt. G. S. McCall of Augusta, Ga., examines the medals of two 21-year-old Red Army women. Both girls are veterans of the tough battles of Leningrad and Stalingrad.



MINE MASHER. This is the new British "flail" tank, now operating in Normandy battlefields. A tank chassis is mounted with an overhanging armful of whirling chains. As the tank moves forward, the flailing chains beat upon the ground, scoop up and explode any mines that may lie in the way and clear a path for infantry.

Pvt. Warren Runyan, a Vancouv
(Wash.) boy in France, is a bit shy as two enthusiastic Frenc
men embrace him in celebration of the fall of Cherbour

MAIL CALL

Saluting German Prisoners (Concl.)

Dear YANK:

The order that United States soldiers are to salute Nazi officer prisoners of war has left me somewhat bewildered. I realize that I am supposed to show respect to the uniform and not the man, but there are some things that I can not bring myself to do; that is one of them.

Can I salute the uniform when the man wearing it blasted the city of Rotterdam into oblivion hours after it had surrendered? Can I forget that this man used women and children as an instrument of war in his invasion of the Lowlands? Can I forget the millions of people killed in his 11-year reign of terror? Can I forget that he is my mortal enemy and *that we are engaged in a struggle to decide in what* manner the future generations of the world will live? Can I forget that his uniform symbolizes all that is filthy and treacherous? And can I forget that the uniform is the symbol of the Nazi? It is like asking one to kiss the fingers of the hand that struck him down.

North Camp Hood, Tex. —Pvt. MURRAY S. OSBORN

Dear YANK:

. . . The Nazi uniform stands for the Nazi government, and we are not saluting the Nazi government. I and my buddies have seen American men fall at our feet, at our side, all around and have come in contact many times with German prisoners. Not once have I seen them salute an American officer. In fact, they were insulting. . . .

Beaumont General Hospital, Tex. —Pvt. H. G. DENTON*

*Also signed by S/Sgt. Marius Moore; Sgts. C. F. Shockley, Ray I. Newton and Barteen; Cpl. Dewey E. Briscoe, and Pfcs. Herbert Sarty and Joe Struck.

Dear YANK:

. . . What's the outcome of this bull about having to salute Nazi prisoners? . . .

Alaska —Pfc. R. H. FANNING Jr.

■ No controversy in YANK has been as furious as that provoked by the recent disclosure that American GIs stationed at some prisoner-of-war camps in this country were ordered to salute captive German officers. Indignation was instantaneous and general, and *Mail Call* was swamped by white-hot letters on the subject. It will please GIs to learn that camp commanders have now been notified that the Geneva Convention does not specifically require that captive officers be saluted and, therefore, any local ground rules which heretofore stated that enemy officer-prisoners of war must be saluted will no longer be in force.

Ratings

Dear YANK:

If anyone thinks he can top this one I sure would like to hear about it. We had a man who was a corporal in the morning (breakfast time), he was busted to private at noontime, and he was made sergeant at suppertime. Probably the reason he didn't make staff was that he went to bed early that night.

Sicily —Cpl. MANUEL FARIA

Dear YANK:

In re, as the lawyers say, your recent article on ratings, I have the honor to call your attention to the following extract from the laws governing the militia of this sovereign state of South Carolina. Act of 19 Dec. 1794, Section 4: "And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if any person liable to do duty at common musters shall be appointed a sergeant and refuse to do duty as such, he shall be fined a sum of £4; but no person shall be *obliged* to act as a sergeant more than one year at a time." . . .

Greenville AAB, S. C. —Cpl. GEORGE GELBACH

Flogging

Dear YANK:

I've been reading YANK ever since I've been in the Army and noticed a number of times where some reader challenges you to print some gripe they have in *Mail Call*. So I do the same. I challenge you to print this letter in *Mail Call*, which I doubt very much you'll do. I won't go very much into details; just a little general sketch will be enough. So here goes.

First, does anybody in the United States Army have the authority to whip a man with a hose? That is what is happening here in the Camp Van Dorn stockade. Yesterday nine men were whipped for minor offenses, and I mean minor offenses. One was whipped so badly he went to the hospital in an ambulance. Now I ask you, is that the kind of treatment they dish out in all stockades or is this just an exception? I, myself, got 24 lashes; for what, I don't know. Why do things like that exist in America?

Camp Van Dorn, Miss. —Pvt. JOS. PETER PINKOS

■ The above letter was postmarked Apr. 29. It was received by YANK on May 1 and taken to the War Department the following day. On July 7 YANK was given the following statement at Washington: "The War Department says that as soon as complaints of these conditions reached responsible authorities, disciplinary action was taken. Court martials have resulted." Simultaneously press reports announced that one officer, Maj. Louis Rothschild Lefkoff, had been courtmartialed on a charge of standing armed guard at Camp Van Dorn while MPs, under his orders, flogged the bare backs of nine GI prisoners with rubber tubes weighted by .45-caliber bullets. Fourth Service Command headquarters at Atlanta, Ga., revealed the court-martial finding: "The offense was the result of malassignment and incompetency. . . ." Maj. Lefkoff was found guilty of the charges and sentenced to forfeiture of pay and allowances, dismissal from the Army and confinement for one year at hard labor.

Free Speech

Dear YANK:

I'm writing to the fellows who write the gripes and groans in *Mail Call* and I want them to know that as long as that column stays and the boys keep writing you about it, there will always be an America. My hat comes off to you fellows in India, Italy, the Aleutians, the South and Central Pacific and every place else I'm not. I read the papers about the war, as for the past three years I haven't been fortunate enough to get into it (or out of it for that matter), but they don't tell me and the rest of us four-effers what you guys really feel as individuals. I say to all you guys, go ahead and bitch and gripe, and to all you other guys, go ahead and smack 'em down for it. You birds don't know it but you're telling the world how you feel when you tell YANK. . . . In this way maybe the big shots can read what you're thinking, and when the war is through the people will know what your thoughts are and base their arguments on them instead of trying to figure out what they think your thoughts are.

Fort Jackson, S. C. —Pvt. JOSEPH J. STRIZZI

Sad Sack Book

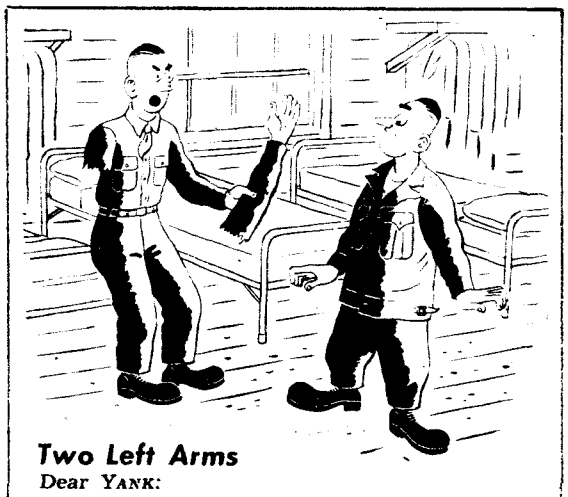
Dear YANK:

It is generally conceded by all of our readers that Sad Sack cartoons are your best means of presenting life in the Army and some of its typical occurrences to the average GI. Therefore, we suggest that all the Sad Sack cartoons that you've presented since the birth of YANK up until the time you go to press be compiled into one book or booklet and be made available for purchase at discharge time.

In our opinion, this book or booklet would be one of the most valuable memories to a GI after the war. The boys and myself at this headquarters will greatly appreciate your careful consideration and action on this matter.

France —Sgt. G. H. POULOS

■ Sad Sack comic strips that have appeared in YANK will be published in book form by Simon & Schuster on Oct. 1, 1944, at a cost of $2. Title: "The Sad Sack."



Two Left Arms

Dear YANK:

In a June issue, Sgt. Sidney Landi's cartoon on the back cover depicted a soldier with two left hands. I've heard of rookies having two left feet, but two left hands are a new one on me.

PW Camp, Phoenix, Ariz. —Pvt. INO V. SIMONINI

Dear YANK:

We were only just speaking of getting a discharge by going to a psychiatrist and insisting that we have two left hands. . . . I guess we had better give up the idea.

MacDill Field, Fla. —S/Sgt. I. E. AROUH*

*Also signed by Sgt. R. K. Slade.

Dear YANK:

. . . I'm sure the Brooklyn Dodgers will be on his trail soon.

Key Field, Miss. —Pvt. E. HADGE*

*Also signed by S/Sgt. J. Huff and Pfc. T. P. Marnonis.

Dear YANK:

. . . We imagine he works in Headquarters where everything has to be at least in duplicate.

Columbia AAB, S. C. —Lt. G. D. FARRIS

Dear YANK:

I don't expect to catch you—you're too sharp for that—but I am curious as to the explanation you will give. . . .

Camp Anza, Calif. —1st Lt. R. W. GOEBEL

■ Shucks, he wouldn't be offering his left arm for security if he didn't have one to spare, would he?

Ace of Aces

Dear YANK:

We keep reading of the competition between American flyers who aim to be the outstanding ace of the war. The general impression has been created that a pilot has only to better the American record to be the world's greatest ace. We've been getting into arguments over here on that subject, and I steadfastly and against great odds maintain that probably the British have established higher scores for Nazi kills but that because of their traditional modesty and restraint they don't brag about it. Will you tell us whether a British or an American pilot is the ace of aces today and let us thereby get on with more immediate matters down here?

New Guinea —Cpl. CHARLES SCOTT

■ It is not the British, or the Americans, but the Russians who have made the greatest number of single kills, according to latest news accounts. Maj. Alexander Pokryshkin, Capt. Gregory Rechkaloff and Lt. Nikolai Gulayeff have each checked off 53 Nazi kills. In fourth place is an Englishman, Wing Commander J. E. (Johnny) Johnson, who has brought down 35 German planes. Lt. Col. Francis Gabreski, American Thunderbolt pilot, stands fifth with a total of 28 enemy planes destroyed, as this issue goes to press.

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

Sgt. FRANK BARRINGER, LOU D'ASSUNTA, Lt. WALTER D. DEVINE, Lt. HARLAN FRITSCH, Sgt. JOE L. HILL, Lt. MOE LEVY, Pvt. "TINY" MACELUCH, Pfc. GORDAN J. MACKENZIE, Lt. ROLAND OSWALD and Sgt. CLIFFORD REDEYE: write S/Sgt. Frank J. Killian. . . . The following, stationed at FORT BAKER, CALIF., in 1940—John (Gene) Autry; William (Poppy) Burke, QM Corps; Garland Cullins; George Hatch, Btry. K, 6th CA; Richard L. Norman, QM Corps, and John T. Ward Jr., son of major in QM Corps: write Pvt. Clarence W. (Ding-Dong) Bell. . . . LEO BERGMAN, LOUIS LEMOIN and JACK SAGER, once at Atlantic City: write Ernest C. Moody. . . . Sgt. IVA BENSON BATES of Georgia and Alabama, now in New Guinea: write Pvt. Clifford E. Higgintrotham. . . . Lt. Col. ERNEST H. BEARSS, somewhere in Alaska: write George McBride Rdm 2/c. . . . S/Sgt. GEORGE W. BOWMAN of South Side, Chicago: write Lt. Al Stewart. . . . Pfc. CHUCK CAEKAERT, last heard of at Fort Sumner, N. Mex.: write Pfc. James A. Kellett. . . . Capt. WILLIAM G. CHORBA, Med. Corps: write A. Gudeman MM 3/c. . . . Capt. JEROME CHRISTIANS, formerly of 63d Bn., CWT: write Lt. G. M. Stewart. . . . ORLANDO B. CORONA, once with Medics, McChord Field, later at Fort George Wright: write Lt. Robert W. Burell. . . . Pvt. BILL DAVIS, last heard of at Kelly Field, Tex., probably officer in the Air Corps now: write Sgt. T. R. Alexander. . . . Pvt. HAROLD EADES & Cpl. JACK C. FALLOW, last heard of at Camp Stewart, Ga.: write Cpl. Lucious Thompson. . . . Cpl. JAMES M. HOLLEY of Edenton, N. C., last heard of at Camp Stewart, Ga.: write Pfc. Joseph W. Vann. . . . Pfc. CARMEN MONTELLO, formerly of the 328th Inf., and Pvt. LOUIS NAREFSKY at APO 185: write Sgt. Sam Greenfelt. . . . 1st Sgt. G. J. ORSAK, Hq. Co., 10th Army, Texas: write Pfc. T. C. White, USMCR. . . . Pvt. THOMAS L. POWELL, or anyone having information concerning him in No. Africa, 1943: write his brother, Pvt. W. E. Powell. . . . Pvt. RAYMOND PURCELL, last heard of at Fort Leavenworth, Kans.: write Russell L. Randolph. . . . MAURICE PUZIA, formerly of the Bronx: write T-5 Frank Seinfeld. . . . LEO SCHWEIZER of Meridian, Idaho, with the Air Corps: write Pfc. Warren Kromrei. . . . Brother of NELL SIMS: write Lt. R. G. MacAdam. . . . Cpl. AHERN SMITH, last heard of in the 111th Med. Det., Atlanta, Ga.: write Pvt. Ross L. Stiars. . . . Lt. GEORGE W. SOMER, once at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., now overseas: write Cpl. Albert S. Somer. . . . Pvt. GEORGE STEINBRECHER, somewhere in No. Africa: write Pvt. Dick Hatton. . . . Lt. BERNADINE THOMANN, ANC, formerly at Fort Sheridan: write Pvt. Albert H. Aker. . . . Cpl. FRED TIEDMAN, once at Fort Monmouth, later in England: write Sgt. Robert Miller. . . . Pvt. FRANK TIMPKEN, once at Camp Kohler, Calif.: write Cpl. Chris Tesch. . . . Lt. WILBUR L. UNSWORTH, AC, last heard of in Oklahoma: write S/Sgt. Gregg H. Trott. . . . FRED VINCENT, last heard of in No. Africa: write Pvt. Isaiah Vassar. . . . Pvt. JULIUS WEINSTEIN, last heard of at Fort McClellan, Ala.: write Pvt. Marvin Meltzer. . . . Pfc. LEROY WELCH, last heard of in the 2007th QM: write Julius E. Williams. . . . Lt. ROBERT WILLIAMS, last heard of at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.: write Lt. George E. Ailcox. . . . ROCKY VOGON, once at Camp Murray, Wash.: write Cecil B. Rosales.

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

Mess Hall in Alaska

By Sgt. A. N. MALOFF

ALASKA—He stood out by the side of the runway and waited, as he always did. When the weather permitted, the planes would take off in the morning and come back in the afternoon. Or they would take off in the afternoon and come back in the evening. He would always stand by the side of the runway and wait for them to return. Sometimes he would stand a long time, and they would never come back.

He was the only one who came out to watch any more, and the others never understood it. "Joe Buza," they said, "he's nutty. He's plane-nutty." He used to tell them he had to know how many tables to set up in his mess hall, but they laughed at him. He didn't know himself exactly why he wanted to watch, but he was always there. Every day there was a flight he would walk over to Operations and ask when the men were coming back. If it was Kiska, it meant he had to prepare an early lunch; if it was Attu, he would have the KPs set up a few tables in the middle of the afternoon. Then he would walk out to the runway and watch.

He dug his face deeper into his mackinaw, trying to shield the tip of his nose with his collar. He moved around a little to keep from standing still and shoved his back into the wind. The sound of footsteps behind him made him turn around. It was one of the cameramen from the photographic unit at the hangar line.

"You sweating it out, too?"

"Yeah," Joe said. "Will they be coming in soon?"

The man nodded. "In a minute, I guess. There's just one. A fighter. We took a gun out of the nose and put a camera in. Something about one of the boys spotting some Jap ships."

They heard the engine before they saw the plane. It must have been hidden in the fog. Then it circled slowly, dropped its wheels, gently lowered itself onto the ground and taxied down the runway. It pulled up at the end of the field, turned around and moved back to the center again where the mechanics were waiting for it.

The pilot lifted himself out of the cockpit and jumped down. He turned to the cameraman and grinned in satisfaction. "This is it, boy. Just what the doctor ordered. Develop them right away and bring them over. The colonel will want them right away." The pilot started unstrapping his parachute. "Right away," he said again.

Joe walked back to the mess hall. He never used to worry about feeding the men, but it was different now. He didn't like to set up the tables with all the food and watch some of them stay that way—clean and untouched. Some days some of the planes didn't come back, which meant some of the men would never eat again. Those were the days he hated, and he always made the KPs elbow the floor and told the cooks to make hamburgers or a stew so the unused meat wouldn't go to waste.

He kicked open the door to the kitchen and entered. The cooks had already started to prepare supper and the KPs were standing around, smoking and waiting to see whether they could get a couple of hours off. He sat down on a box and picked up the menu for tomorrow. One of the men came over to him. "Sarge," he said, "we set up the mess hall for supper already. Is it okay for us to take off for a couple of hours?" Joe bent his head toward the dining room and looked it over. "Okay, Sherwood. Be back by 4. Don't make me send for you."

HE HALF expected the telephone call that came in the evening. Lt. Johnson of the Operations Room. There was a big flight the next day, starting early. Could he have an early breakfast ready for about 30 or 35 men, early, say about 0430? "Sure, lieutenant, anything. Anything at all. Hot cakes and cereal and——. Yeah, okay, lieutenant. Anything I can do——"

Something was up, something pretty big. He could see that by the way the men ate their chow the next morning, concentrating on every bite they put in their mouths. Maybe it was what that fighter brought in yesterday; he didn't know. There was too much quiet in his mess hall, and the men passed the coffee too promptly. It bothered him. Then they got up and left. Joe liked it that the tables were dirty and the food bowls were mostly empty. That was the way it should be. No waste, and everyone in his place.

At Operations, after the rest of the squadron had eaten breakfast, they told him he could expect the planes back in time for dinner if everything went all right. You couldn't be sure because you never knew how much flak and fighter opposition the men would meet. But dinner looked like a safe bet, maybe even a little earlier.

The clerk at the desk smiled. "Buza, I can't figure you out," he said. "You're like an old maid half the time. Always afraid you'll be missing something. Why don't you relax?"

"It's not that," Joe answered. "It's the tables. I got to get them ready, don't I?"

By the time he reached the mess hall again, the men were just finishing the cleaning. There wasn't so much to do after breakfast—clean off the tables and sweep the floor. Someone would bring out the silverware and the cups, enough for each man; then they would wait until just before the men came to put out the food and coffee. Joe walked over to the pantry and pulled out a pack of paper napkins. He saved them for special occasions, like Christmas dinner or maybe a squadron party sometime, but today was special—more special than other days, because 14 of the big boys took off today, and that was more than usual. He put the napkins under the silverware and made sure the forks were at the left. He lit a cigarette and took a long pull. In another hour or so he would walk out to the field to watch them come in. Another hour at least.

THE WAIL of a siren jerked him to his feet. It took a second before he recognized it; then he ran to the window. A field ambulance tore down the company street, skirted the corner on two wheels and raced for the runway. Everyone seemed to be running. Men streamed out of the hangars and pulled up sharply at the edge of the flying field. A jeep shot out of the headquarters enclosure and dashed toward the fire house. The red light at the head of the control tower started blinking furiously, then remained on. A plane sitting at the end of the field spun around and pulled itself out of the way.

Joe shoved through the crowd. Then he saw it, limping in out of the fog. He saw it circle slowly and lose altitude. The wings leaned over to one side. The wheels edged into position and the plane started to level off. The engine whined in an unsteady cry and the body quivered with the effort. Painfully the nose tilted downward and as painfully the plane slipped onto the runway, bounced nervously into the air for a few feet, dropped onto the ground and rolled to a stop. It just lay there.

Joe pushed forward with the others. They watched the crew come out of the plane, bunched together as if for protection. The captain punched a finger through the black hole where a .50-caliber had struck. His face was blank and half-believing, tired beyond weariness. The crew stood around him, waiting for him to do something. Then the words poured out as if he couldn't stop them, as if he could tell his story only once and then forget it.

"They caught us. They were waiting for us and they caught us. We were like rats, caught, and we didn't know what hit us. In the fog and in the clouds, that's where they were. Forty, 50, something like that, and they hit us with everything. We didn't have a chance. They bombed us from above and then they passed over us with their machine guns. It happened quick, like I'm telling it. You could see how our men exploded with the ships. Only some exploded. Some burned. We got away, I don't know how. They hit us with everything they had."

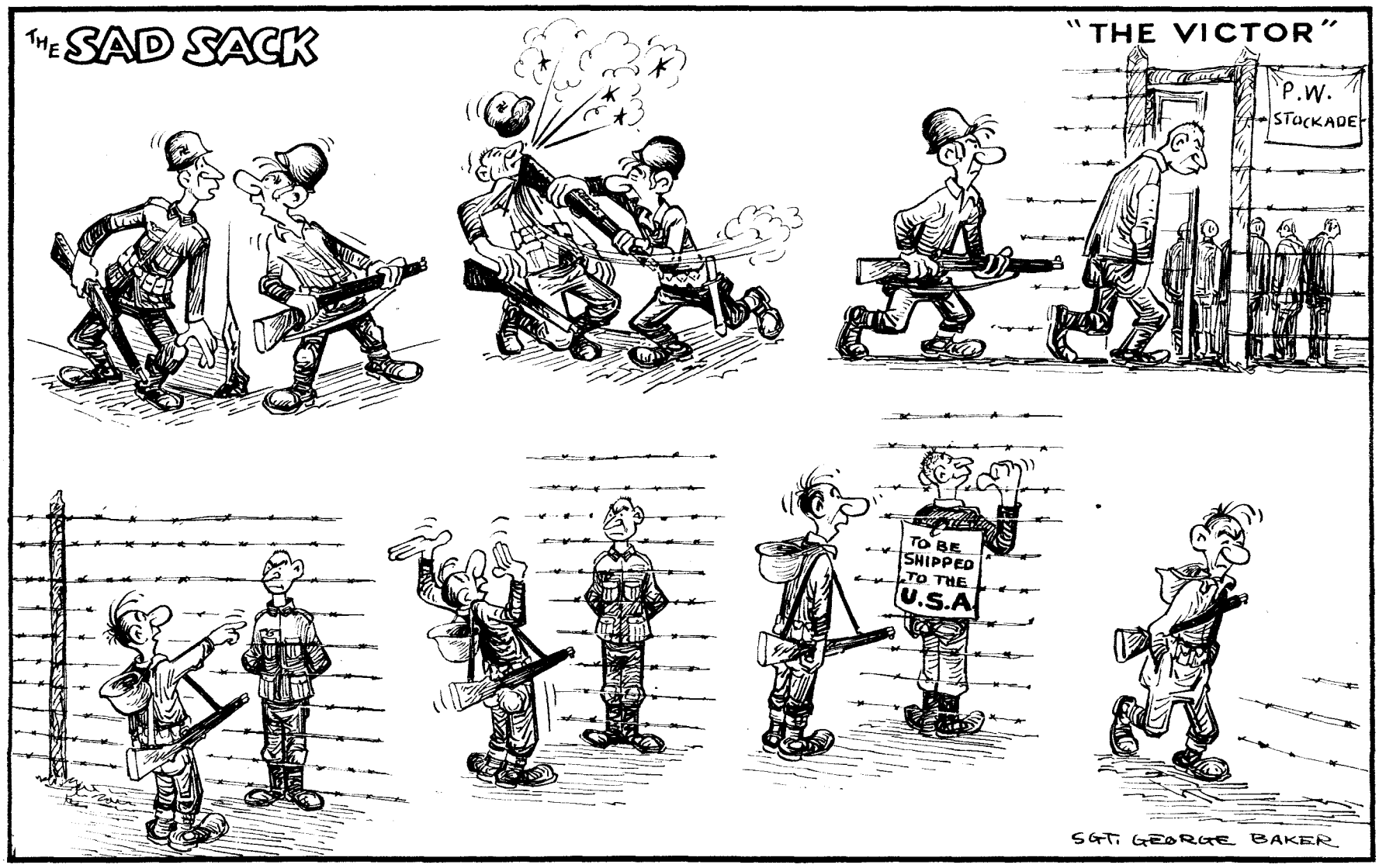
He stopped and pulled his lips tight over his teeth. The crowd made room for him, and he passed through it. His crew followed after him, still not talking.

Joe Buza stayed there after everyone had gone. One out of 14! No one was coming back now, but he stayed there and waited. He pecked at the ground with the toe of his shoe. He didn't want to go back just yet, because the others would be eating and he didn't want to see them. Maybe another would return. He propped a cigarette between his lips before he remembered he couldn't smoke there. Overhead the sky was empty and the fog was thick.

BUT for the KPs clearing away the plates, the dining room was empty. Everyone had eaten. Tables were covered with patches of bread and half-used platters of butter. On the floor was a little pool of water where someone had spilled a cup. He pushed the water with his foot so it would dry quickly.

In the back were the unused tables where the combat crews were supposed to eat. They would have to be cleaned off now, just like the others. Just as if the men had eaten there, even though they hadn't. The floor was clean of crumbs and all the bread was still neatly piled. Joe toppled a pile so it wouldn't look so neat. Tomorrow the men would have hamburgers for dinner because he couldn't waste the meat. He picked up the meat dish.

A KP had been standing behind him. "Sarge," he said, "I think this butter ought to be put away. It's been standing pretty long." Joe looked at him for a minute before he understood. There was a lost mission in his voice. "Soldier, it's not your job to think here," he said. "It's your job to scrub this floor till it's clean enough to kiss." He moved into the kitchen and stopped suddenly. Muttering to himself, he turned, walked to the garbage can and dumped the meat.



Allowances From Brothers

Dear YANK:

My father and mother are now getting $37 a month from the Office of Dependency Benefits as the result of an allotment made out by my brother. Until a few months ago that $37 was enough for them to live on because they made extra money out of the farm. But now my father is no longer able to do manual labor, and my brother's allowance is not enough for my parents to live on. My father is 63 and my mother is 60. Before I went into service I contributed money to the home but I stopped when I was inducted because, as I say, my brother had already taken out the Government allotment. Is there something I can do now, though, to get them some more money?

India —S/Sgt. L. H. BELL

■ Your parents can get Government allowances from both you and your brother, provided you both had contributed to their support. If, for example, one of you contributed more than 50 percent toward your parents' support and the other contributed less than 50 percent, they will get allowances of $68 and $37, respectively, for a total of $105. If, however, each of you contributed less than 50 percent to their support they will get two checks for $37 each, or a total of $74.

Medal for Frostbite

Dear YANK:

A guy up here, a private, was in on the landing at Attu and he wears a Purple Heart. Well, that's okay—or so I thought until I found out that he got that medal because he got frostbite during the invasion. YANK, I've heard lots of stories about GIs lining up to get medals from a barrel the way we sweat out servings of stew, but I always rejected those stories as some of Goebbels' wildest fancies. I'm still skeptical. Just what authority says that an American decoration like the Purple Heart, which is often given posthumously to men killed in action, can be handed out for—heaven help us—frostbite?

Alaska —Pfc. J. L. HENDRICKS

■ *AR 600-45, Changes 4 (3 May 1944)* says that the Purple Heart may be awarded to personnel wounded in action, "provided such wound necessitates treatment by a medical officer," and defines a wound "as an injury to any part of the body from an outside force, element or agent." The word "element," *according to the AR, refers to weather and permits award of* the Purple Heart to personnel severely frostbitten while actually engaged in combat. Incidentally, severe frostbite is a pretty *serious business and sometimes results in amputation.*

What's Your Problem?

Combat Infantryman Pay

Dear YANK:

Now that holders of the Expert Infantryman badge are getting $5 a month extra pay and wearers of the Combat Infantryman badge are receiving $10 extra pay, I think I'd better do something constructive about getting one of them gadgets on my shirt. But here's my problem. I was in an Infantry unit at Bougainville and took part in the brawl there until I was evacuated. I'm quite sure that I'm entitled to wear that badge (and get those extra 10 bucks per), but how do I go about it way down here?

New Caledonia —Cpl. WILBUR DUSTIN

■ According to *WD Cir. 186 (11 May 1944)* GIs "who believe themselves entitled to the Expert or Combat Infantryman badge, but who have not received an order announcing their right to wear the badge, will make application by letter to the unit commander where the badge was earned." When a GI receives this order from his former CO he will submit it to his present CO, who in turn will requisition the badge for him.

Reassignment Overseas

Dear YANK:

Being in Britain isn't bad at all, so don't get me wrong. But I think I have a legitimate gripe, and maybe you can help me. I had been overseas, in Panama, for 20 months when the Army shipped me back to the States. That was good, and after my 21-day delay en route I went to my new unit, "knowing" I was good for a stay in the States of at least six months, because we had been told that we wouldn't go back overseas until we'd been in America six months to a year. Well, I spent exactly eight weeks between ships, and I'd just like to know why I was selected to prove that rules can be broken.

Britain —Sgt. ARTHUR REISS

■ You were misinformed about that six-month deal. If you will check *WD 58 (9 Feb. 1944)*, you will find the following: "Except when military necessity demands or when specifically directed by the War Department, individuals who have been returned to the continental United States under the provisions of this section will not be ordered to overseas commands again until they have performed *duty* in the United States subsequent to the furlough or leave." Not only is no time limit specified, but "duty" can be construed to mean anywhere from one day to the duration. With ony kind of a break, GIs returning from overseas can expect to remain six months or longer—maybe even for the duration—but sometimes, for any one of a dozen different reasons, they are sent back overseas after only a short stay in the States.

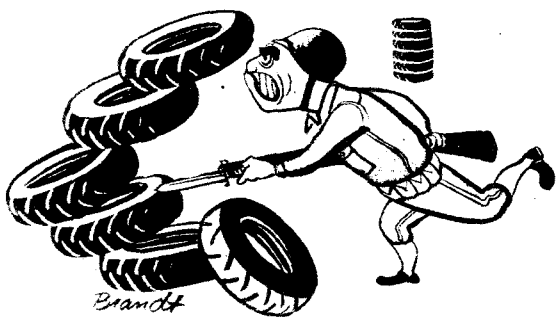
Tire Retreaders

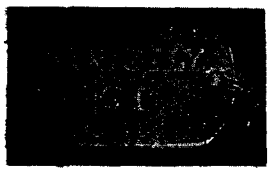
Dear YANK:

I am going nuts retreading tires. I am getting stale and despondent. Only YANK can help me. You see, I have always wanted to get into the Infantry, and when I heard about that new *WD Cir. 132* making it practically mandatory for COs to approve any GI's request for transfer into the Infantry I rocketed over to the Old Man here. Smiling blissfully, I told him to get me outa this unit pronto. Shocked, I heard him say he wouldn't let me transfer, and yet with my own eyes I had read in that circular where only the War Department could say "no" on such a deal. YANK, it's up to you now.

Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md. —Pvt. F. L. H.

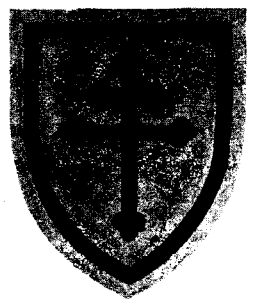
■ Sorry, but we have to fail you. *WD Memo. W615-44 (29 May 1944)* lists tire rebuilders among the specialists who "are and have been for an extended period of time critically needed by the Army." The memorandum goes on to say that such critically needed specialists "may not volunteer for assignment and duty in the Infantry" under the provisions of *Cir. 132.*





79th Division

THE 79th Division, which is fighting in France as a part of the VII Corps in the American First Army, is nicknamed the Lorraine Division and has the Lorraine Cross of gray on a blue shield as its shoulder patch. Like the 85th and 88th Divisions in Italy, the 79th is an all-selectee outfit. It was reactivated at Camp Pickett, Va., in June 1942 under Maj. Gen. Ira T. Wyche, who is still in command. The 79th took the Tennessee maneuvers in the spring of 1943 as a part of the Second Army and then went to Camp Young, Calif., for desert maneuvers. The division was originally organized Aug. 25, 1917, and fought in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, suffering 7,457 casualties and taking 1,120 prisoners. It was disbanded shortly after it returned to the States in May 1919.



Enemy Equipment

Although American equipment is superior in almost every way to enemy equipment, some Axis items have proved superior and have been copied by us. One of these is the German entrenching tool or shovel, which is the model for our own. The Germans have been issued a service shoe now instead of the traditional field boot, indicating the possibility of a leather shortage in Germany. The Nazis still waste a lot of leather on belts, slings, etc., for which we use webbing. German uniforms are still good, although a small amount of *ersatz* material is being used in them.

Jap equipment is still shoddy. For Arctic wear the Japanese add to their regular uniform a heavy overcoat with detachable sleeves, fur-lined leggings and fur-lined shoes. The wrist and neck closures of the coat are poor and allow a lot of paralyzing cold to leak in. The Jap emergency ration is still mostly barley with a few lumps of sugar, two compressed fish tablets and a compressed plum cake. The one-meal unit contains 775 calories as compared with the K ration's average of about 1,000 calories per meal unit.

Enlisted Men's Ages

The average U. S. serviceman in all the armed forces is about 25.1 years old; the average soldier, 25.78; the average sailor and marine, 23.50. Figures for the Army are as of Dec. 31, 1943; for the Navy as of Apr. 1, 1944; for the Marine Corps as of Feb. 1, 1944. A break-down of enlisted personnel by age groups shows:

Age in Years	Army	Navy	Marines
19.9 and under	11.7%	34.1%	29.8%
20-22.9	26.3%	24.6%	32.7%
23-25.9	22.5%	12.5%	15.8%
26-28.9	14.3%	8.7%	8.4%
29-31.9	10.3%	7.1%	5.0%
32-34.9	7.1%	5.3%	2.6%
35-37.9	5.2%	4.0%	1.9%
38 and over	2.6%	3.7%	3.8%

GI Shop Talk

The development of the B-29 Superfortress and the training of the crews that bombed the Japanese homeland were completed within the Second Air Force. . . . Tank production is scheduled to be stepped up 12 percent in 1945. . . . Ray S. Miller, civilian armament foreman for Army ordnance at Fort Benning, Ga., has been awarded the WD's Commendation for Exceptional Civilian Service. He designed the grenade launcher for the M1 rifle. . . . The first company of Wacs (3 officers and 239 enlisted women) to arrive in the Middle East included representatives of all but eight of the 48 states. There were 18 from New York City and 14 from Chicago. Some of the Wacs in the company accepted a reduction in grade to get the overseas assignment. . . . The 99th Fighter Squadron, an all-Negro unit now operating from an Italian [illegible] combat anniversary by [illegible] mission. The 99th's first [illegible] base at Fardjouna, North [illegible] . . . QMC is making 65 [illegible] able for the American Red [illegible] Americans or German Pw [illegible]

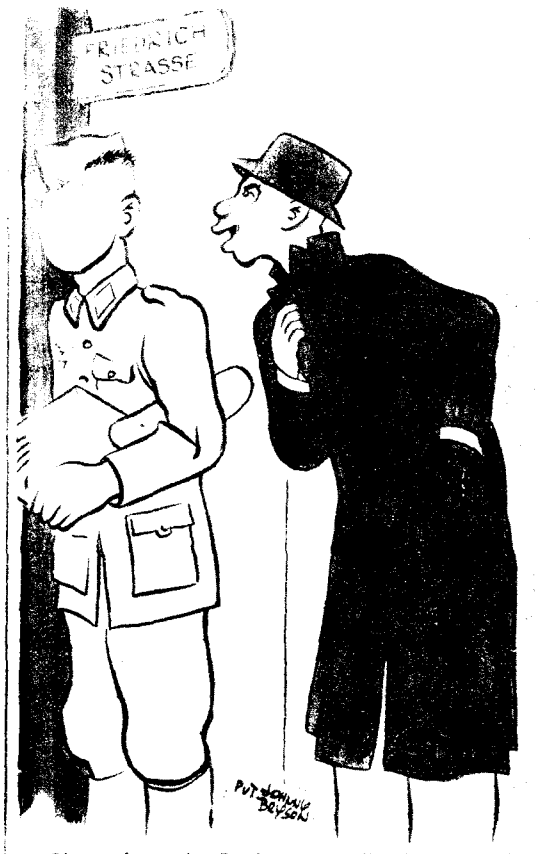
Souvenir Restrictions

The WD has announced with [illegible] straight face that military personnel overseas are forbidden to send or bring home from abroad the birds of paradise, egret, osprey plumes or so-called osprey plumes, or the feathers, quills, heads, wings, tails, skins or parts of skins of wild birds, either raw or manufactured and not for scientific or educational purposes. Also frowned upon by the customs people are mockgooses, flying foxes or fruit bats, English sparrows or starlings "and such other birds and animals as the Secretary of the Interior may specify from time to time." Plumes and feathers from ostriches and domestic fowls are permitted, however.

Washington OP

ACTING Secretary of War Robert Patterson said at a press conference: "We and the British are building up a fire power on and over Europe four times greater than the Germans. That includes everything—small-arms fire, grenades, mortars, artillery, airplane bombs and rockets." Making clear that he was speaking of ammunition, not numbers of men, he said the situation would be similar in the Pacific. . . . According to an analysis by our Foreign Economic Administration the Germans are "faced with a prospective rate of expenditure that exceeds their production." The analysis provides the economic background to "the picture as drawn by Allied military leaders of a nearly hopeless position for the enemy by the end of this year, and the substantial certainty of defeat in 1945 if not in 1944." The FEA credited Germany's economic plight especially to the Allied blockade, which has deprived Germany of Turkish chrome and nine-tenths of her Iberian tungsten, as well as of her raw materials; to the Russians, who have forced the Germans to consume almost as much as they have produced in the last three years; and to the bombing offensive. But the FEA warned that "the German Army is today, in absolute terms, as formidable as ever and that German war industry has, in spite of all these factors, been able to maintain the over-all inventory of finished weapons."

CARGO CARRIER M29, nicknamed the Weasel, is now in full production. Designed for travel across mud and swamp areas, it is extremely light and its rubber-padded, semiflexible tracks, extending the full length of the vehicle, provide maximum traction. The Weasel can climb a 45-degree incline and turn in a 12-foot radius. It is designed for travel across snow, mud or other treacherous terrain.



"Piece of rug der Fuehrer actually chewed on?"

The German "secret weapon"—the robot bombs that are now being poured on southern England—is neither new nor secret to American inventors, according to the National Inventors' Council here. Two such devices were invented by Americans in 1918 and 1919 and patented in 1927 and 1928—one by Dr. Charles (Boss) Kettering of General Motors, the other by Lawrence Burt Sperry of the Sperry Gyroscope Company. Both devices looked like miniature biplanes, carried several hundred pounds of explosives and were controlled by gyroscopes. Kettering's was launched by a catapult and propelled by a gasoline engine. Sperry's had an electric motor, would drop its load when it reached a designated spot but was fixed to explode if intercepted before it reached the target, so that it would do some damage anyway.

The AAF has a new Physical Training Branch. The chief says that much of the rugged physical-training schedule once a feature of the OCS at Miami will be adopted by the entire AAF. The Miami schedule called for one hour daily of obstacle courses, swimming, conditioning exercises and sports. Competitive athletics in combat areas also will get a big play in the new program.

The Department of Agriculture is offering the services of its engineers, chemists and economists to local communities wanting to make plans for post-war jobs. Other agencies are also cooperating. Albert Lea, Minn., has already made a post-war job survey, and studies are now being made by Fort Smith, Ark., and Anderson, S. C.

The Office of Defense Transportation says that organized troop movements in the U. S. are using more than one-half of all Pullman cars and one-third of all day coaches. —YANK Washington Bureau

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MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

escued seamen from the SS Henry Bergh, picked up y GI mine planters, wait for their mates to show up.

ulled out of the swim by sailors in ODs, these res- ued crew members have something to smile about.

Sailors in ODs to the Rescue

Fort Winfield Scott, Calif.—When the *SS Henry Bergh* went on the rocks off the Farallone Islands, 1,300 men, most of them sailors returning from the South Pacific, were rescued by the GI crews of two Army mine planters from the harbor defenses of San Francisco.

First to catch the distress signal from the foundering ship was S/Sgt. Lewis (Sparky) Deyo, veteran AMPS radioman from Seattle, Wash. "I was awakened about 0410 by the key," Deyo said. "The first report was a bit muddled, but was quickly recognized as the SOS."

Deyo relayed his message to the CP, and in a very short time the two mine planters took off for the scene of the accident, about 40 miles off the coast. One of the Army vessels arrived on the scene just behind two destroyers, and it was the first ship to pick up survivors, according to Pvt. Pete Sarich of Akron, Ohio, who assisted in the rescue.

"We passed sub chasers as though they were standing still," he said. "If the destroyers weren't such speedy tubs, we'd have beat them, too."

An unidentified corporal waiting to be rescued from the deck of the sinking ship threw Pvt. Sarich a package containing $8,000 in bills. Later the corporal explained that the money belonged to the soldier complement on board the ill-fated vessel.

After survivors from one of the *Bergh's* lifeboats had been brought aboard the mine planter, a party headed by CWO Robert Snow, the first mate, took off in a lifeboat and picked up 50 men from the churning waters and from the rocks where many were marooned. In the rescue party were Sgt. Frank Urban of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sgt. Carl Kendall of St. Petersburg, Fla.; Cpl. John Dilascio of Hartford, Conn.; Cpl. Mark Brace of Ashtabula, Ohio, and Cpl. Michael Balus of Omaha, Nebr.

S/Sgt. Edward Haffey of Cleveland, Ohio, chief quartermaster, handled the wheel during the first mine planter's rescue operations. Sgt. Joe Roselli of Ridgway, Pa., was first-aid man and reported that the only serious injury was a sprained ankle.

The second mine planter arrived a short time after its sister vessel and succeeded in saving the lives of 40 more men. First Mate F. J. Welch was in charge of this lifeboat detail, while T/Sgt. Joe Fecteau of Framingham, Mass., chief boatswain, was the enlisted man in charge of the overall rescue operations from the second vessel.

Said Sgt. Fred Gilmore of Beaumont, Tex., who was rescued by the mine-planter crew: "After a couple of hours in the cold brine, it sure was swell to see those sailors in ODs come along and fish me out."

Cpl. Dilascio's comment on the operations was: "As far as we were concerned, it was duck soup. It was a very orderly affair. We had more excitement the day one of our yawls kicked over under the Golden Gate bridge a few months ago."

—Sgt. CHARLES TEITEL

There's a great need for pictures and news stories for these pages. More than 1,400 items relating to camp life in the United States have appeared here in the last year. Why not add your camp items to this ever-growing news and picture coverage? Send in your material NOW. Address it to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon Building, Washington, D. C., with a request that it be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly

GI Quintet Honored

Camp Crowder, Mo.—For heroism displayed in rescuing two women and two small children from the burning suburban home of Mr. and Mrs. Ned Breeden in Joplin, Mo., five soldiers here have been awarded the Soldier's Medal. The five are: S/Sgt. Wilbur N. Gash of Cincinnati, Ohio; T-5 Steve T. Buckley of Little Rock, Ark.; Pfc. John L. Payne of Nashville, Tenn.; Pvt. George W. Cooper of Hialeah Park, Fla., and Pvt. Calvin L. Williams of Chalfont, Pa.

The men were returning to the post early one morning when they saw the five-room house on Highway 71 enveloped in flames. They smashed into the front of the residence, fought their way through the smoke and fire, and found the four occupants overcome by smoke. The GIs carried the unconscious victims outside and took them to the hospital in their car.

The Dangerous Life

Daniel Field, Ga.—Pvt. Jack Mallon of Command Hq. Sq. has a record, so far, of 50 free falls yet he is not a qualified member of the Caterpillar Club. Mallon's falls have been without parachute and the total length of his drops is no more than 250 feet—all without any bodily harm.

The Barracks 106 "paratrooper" is a dreamer and his falls have all come during moments of dreamful slumber. He has had some close ones, being rescued by barracksmates in various positions of dangling helplessness from his upper bunk.

Asked why he didn't change to a lower bunk, Mallon said: "I never get hurt anyway. Besides, I like the dangerous life."

Pfc Takes Precedence

Drew Field, Fla.—Cpl. Al Britt, AWUTC swimming instructor, was demonstrating lifesaving technique to Hq. and Service Co. swimmers one morning recently. When he asked for someone to jump in and be rescued, a lieutenant volunteered.

"Now," Brill told the students, "somebody jump in and save the lieutenant." Not a man moved. Minutes passed and Brill pleaded: "He's drowning; somebody jump in and save him."

Still, not a man moved. Then a voice piped up from the rear: "If he was a pfc, I'd rescue him in a minute."

The officer finally got out of the pool under his own power.

Sgt. Cashman, his calf and his sow and her litter.

Home on the Range, Down on the Farm

Camp Maxey, Tex.—Sgt. Clair Cashman and his wife Edna live on a small farm that straddles Artillery Junction. Their acres lie at the edge of the reservation, just outside the artillery impact course. Actually their home is the range house, and Cashman is the camp range sergeant, in charge of 34 ranges where practice firing of all weapons, from .22 caliber rifles to 155-mm. guns is held.

Seven days a week Cashman checks all range gates and sees that unauthorized persons are kept off the area. His duties include building targets, furnishing supplies, scheduling times for firing and acting as control for all firing on the ranges.

Edna, who is tiny and fair and looks like the busy teacher you had in 6B, takes charge of the farm. Her life follows the familiar pattern of the farmer's wife—the early rising, the feeding of the livestock, the tending of the victory garden—but there is an added fillip to her existence. It is provided by the screaming artillery shells and the whine of rifle slugs.

She says that sometimes those shells "wobble the ground under you, but most of the time I pay them no heed. You forget about noisy neighbors when you're busy from 5 until the night is black. Besides, you can't hear the guns with those noisy hens, a bawling calf and 32 hogs."

The Cashmans were originally city people. Mrs. Cashman was working on fuselages and turrets at the Midwest Air Depot in Oklahoma City, Okla., before she came here in March 1943 to join her husband on the range. They used to go out a lot, but they have little time for that now. Cashman himself has little off-duty time.

"When I do have a few minutes off," he says, "I help Edna with the garden."

Asked if the firing doesn't scare the livestock, the sergeant said: "Funny, but they seem to thrive on it. One time our hogs were missing for three weeks. I found them one Sunday right smack in the middle of the artillery course. Every one of them was as fat as butter from eating acorns and grass roots. They just didn't want to come home. We didn't lose a hog."

Cashman is very friendly with the farmers who live in the areas adjacent to the range. He is the good shepherd and takes it upon himself to protect any stray flock which might be endangered. He sometimes takes the pulpit in the small church he and his wife attend regularly, and when he does the farmers flock to hear him.

One farmer said this about him: "He sure is a tender fellow."

—Cpl. DAVID DENKER

New Hike Champ

THE HISTORY OF A RECORD. YANK, in its Apr. 21 issue, chronicled the first endeavors of GIs to beat the time of Pfc. Clarence Blackcloud of the 20th Div. for the 25-mile hike. Blackcloud had set a record of 5 hours 12 minutes. Pfc. Louis A. Ables Jr. of the 140th Inf. Ret. at Camp Howze, Tex., brought this time down to 4 hours 57½ minutes. In the May 26 issue, we recorded Pfc. Blackcloud's recapture of the 25-mile-hike crown with a time of 4 hours 47 minutes. It didn't end there. In the July 7 issue, Pfc. Reuben Meyer of the 9th Armd. Div. at North Camp Polk, La., came through with the topper, covering the distance in 4 hours, 34 minutes and 24 seconds. The reign of the privates is over; a master sergeant has come up with a record that tops them all.

Fort Bragg, N. C.—M/Sgt. Gordon Franks of the 100th Div. is the latest claimant to the 25-mile-hike championship. Clipping 25 minutes and 49 seconds off the record of Pfc. Reuben Meyer of the 9th Armd. Div. at North Camp Polk, La., Franks covered a 25-mile course in 3 hours 58 minutes 35 seconds. He was bothered by severe stomach cramps after covering 11 miles in an hour and 20 minutes, but he nevertheless was able to hold his pace and put on a last-minute sprint to the finish line as hundreds of GIs gave him a thunderous ovation. It was discovered that he'd actually covered 25⅜ miles.

Franks, who is a construction platoon leader in the Century Division, started out at 0845, paced by a jeep and encouraged by MPs riding in another jeep to control traffic points. He wore GI shoes and carried a full field pack, carbine and steel helmet. He said the heavy-clothing equipment didn't bother him any, but the helmet got a little heavy near the finish. Franks wore holes in his shoes during the run.

Severe cramps that hit him several times and forced him into a dogtrot disappointed the Century soldier. He said after the run that he felt he should have shaved the record even more. He plans to make another attempt soon and is preparing himself by entering two marathons to be held in New Jersey and Maryland.

Flying Babes

Alexandria Army Air Field, La.—One of the youngest heavy bombardment crews ever assembled will soon complete its course in combat flying here before shipping overseas. The crew has an average age of 20 and is led by two 19-year-old pilots, Lts. Harry J. Byrer of Franklin, Pa., and Richard C. Spellman of Prospect, Conn.

Oldest members of the crew are two 23-year-olds, Lt. Gerald L. Hess of Delta, Pa., who is the navigator, and Cpl. Anthony R. DeSantis of Boston, Mass., an aerial gunner.

Flight engineer for the outfit and one of the men with the least service is Cpl. Darrel H. Reckard, 20, of Masontown, Pa., who enlisted in April 1943. Bombardier is Lt. Michael J. Walsh, 21, of Astoria, N. Y.; radio operator-gunner, Sgt. Harry Stockser, 20, of Detroit, Mich.; armorer-gunner, Cpl. Jacob P. List, 21, of Flemington, N. J., and aerial gunners, Cpl. Edward W. Pietnik, 21, of Taunton, Mass., and Cpl. Charles E. Swanson, 21, of Chicago, Ill.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Avon Park Army Air Field, Fla.—Cpl. Alex F. Krisch of San Antonio, Tex., disputes the claim of *Stars and Stripes*, GI newspaper in the ETO, that Stephen Reardon, 46, in England was the oldest man ever drafted in the United States. Krisch claims the title, saying that Reardon was drafted at the age of 44 in August 1942 and that he came in at the age of 45 years 5 months in September 1942.

Fort Jackson, S. C.—It took Pfc. William Romaine four months before he was able to get his size 14½B GI shoes, but when they finally arrived they were presented to him in a mock formal ceremony with an added flourish. Accompanying the brogans was a boat paddle.

Truax Field, Wis.—S/Sgt. L. W. Fasano was giving a group of Wacs a lecture on poison gas when a chipmunk popped up where he was standing. Fasano grabbed a stick and started beating at the animal. "Stop that, you brute," the Wacs chorused. Sgt. Fasano stopped and, his face a bright tinge of red, continued with his lecture.

Eagle Pass Army Air Field, Tex.—S/Sgt. Vito M. Russo of the air inspector's office was on furlough recently in Detroit, Mich., and with several members of his family was taking a turn through Grand Circus Park. As the group came to a large fountain, he rushed up to it, splashed his hands gleefully in the water and exclaimed: "Freedom—it's wonderful!"

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—The ancestors of Cpl. John Wiley were warriors and souvenir collectors. In the family collection are these items: several Revolutionary War swords, contributed by a general-forebear; a British officer's buckle, added by an 1812 Wiley; a boot heel in which secret documents were kept by a spy captured by a Civil War Wiley, and "over the top" attack orders contributed by John's brother, a vet of the first World War. Cpl. Wiley has added his share to the collection: a pair of worn-out dog tags and a KP roster.

ASFTC, Flora Ordnance Plant, Miss.—When Sgt. George Anderson entered the Army in May 1942, he'd never had a haircut or a shave. Now 34, he had been a member of the House of David baseball team since his teens—14 years, to be exact. It wasn't until he'd been in the Army a month and a half that his CO finally persuaded him to visit the barber. Anderson's post-war plans: Go back to the House of David at Benton Harbor, Mich., and never shave again.

Camp Sutton, N. C.—When Sgt. Daily E. Clayton of Prospect Hill, N. C., requested a furlough, his record showed he'd been on furlough from Dec. 13, 1929, to Dec. 19, 1941. It was obviously a clerical error made at a previous station, since Clayton entered the Army in 1941. If it hadn't been, the entry would have netted him $3,183.17 in back ration money, but it would have consumed his furlough time for the next 158 years. He got his furlough, finally.

Moore Field, Tex.—Sgt. David Shubow broke the post swimming record recently when he swam 161 consecutive laps across the 100-foot-wide pool in two hours and 45 minutes. When asked why he stopped there, Sgt. Shubow replied: "I was getting bored."

NO BIRDIE is necessary at Buckingham Army Field, Fla., with Pvt. Miriam Lenig behind the era. What GI wouldn't look, and without coax

SPANKING MACHINE. If this GI at Fort Cu Mich., pulls instead of squeezes, an elaborate m anism will propel a plank against his Fra

PAPER CHASE. Pvt. Thomas F. Wilson's mail in the ETO was light since outfit was always on the move. Now, at Fort Benning, Ga., 220 letters catch up with him.

KILL THE UMP. Pop bottles are peanuts at Aberdeen Proving Ground, When the Senators played the Athletics there, AA guns helped umpires' e

Diane Mowrey

YANK

Pin-up Girl

A STRANGER AND ALONE

We are the insolent invaders with many uniforms
Who have come to England from far away
Bringing gifts of chewing gum and Chesterfields.

We are the harsh strangers—the vain, hearty foreigners.
The aliens thoughtlessly trampling your calm vineyards.

The slim colored boys send our heavy trucks
Screaming along your narrow roads.
The big tanks rip up the pavings
Of your ancient towns.
The jeeps and weapons carriers
Do fifty-five around your Z-shaped curves.
The half-tracks hold your traffic up for hours.

The countryside rings
With the blare and whirl of our machines.

We are loud and fast and wild and lusty.
We are drunken, proud, hard and potent.
We could drink your island dry if you would let us.
We are the terrible, mischievous warriors
From far away.

We are, I'm afraid,
Just a trifle bestial
For your highly tempered tastes.

But, England,
Understand us!
Though we sneer and boast in the pubs.
Consuming your beer and belittling your glory.
We tremble and are afraid in the streets
Before the blind audience of closed doors.
We are young men whose roots
Have been left far behind
In strange places called Brooklyn and Sacramento and Tucson and Thief River Falls and Council Bluffs and Cincinnati and Coon Hollow.
We have been torn from the soil where we grew
And flung like exiles across an ocean
To a land we never dreamed of.

We are bewildered and weary,
Lonely to the point of madness.
And if we shout and curse
Through our quiet dreams,
Forgive us.

We are merely looking for a way to go home.

Britain —Pfc. JOHN BEHM

THE TOOLS OF WAR

The cannons roar, the rockets soar;
Are these, you say, the tools of war?
Ah no, not so, it cannot be!
The tools of war they gave to me,
With which a better world to make,
Were these: A mop, a broom, a rake!

Point of Embarkation —Pfc. JOHN D. HICKMAN

A Soldier

He's that fallen lance that lies as hurled
That lies unlifted now, come dew, come dust
But still lies pointed as it plowed the dust.
I'm we who sight along it 'round the world;
See nothing worthy to have been its mark
It is because like men we look too near,
Forgetting that as fitted to the sphere,
Our missiles always make too short an arc.
They fall, they rip the grass, they intersect
The curve of earth, and striking, break their own.
They make us cringe for metal-point on stone
But this we know, the obstacle that checked
And tripped the body, shot the spirit on
Further than target ever showed or shone.

—ROBERT FROST

This poem is reprinted in YANK by permission of the publishing house of Henry Holt and Company

SONNET FOR MY OUTFIT

This is a thick, discordant counterpoint
To oratory and the martial strain,
A marching line is weaving out of joint,
And greasy clouds are spilling steady rain
On rifles pointed down, on standards cased,
On sharp resentments held in muted throats
As transitory hopes become erased
By swamps and fascists wearing khaki coats.
We are the tutored mob: the infantry,
Redeemers of some words we vaguely know,
Who soon shall find the sharp philosophy:
That moment when a whistle's final blow
Shall signal the deploy, and we disperse,
Alone, and tangent to the universe.

Camp Claiborne, La. —Pfc. PERRY WOLFF

CATHEDRAL SQUARE

Italy: From a War Poem

No leaves on the trees
But shadows pattern
The square in dark blotches.

The sun has turned
The stones white
And the blood black.
Shrapnel twists
The trees and the dead
Into agonizing postures.

Here are the stains
Of a Sicilian summer;
Here is the death
Of Fascism.

New Guinea —Sgt. GEORGE KAUFFMAN

REPLY TO BETTE DAVIS

I'm neither too young nor too old,
I'm just about right for a real romance,
But no little chick ever throws a glance;
No female tries to charm me
Since I am in the Army.

I'm neither a wolf nor a dope,
But nevertheless there's no hope.
I used to think that I was Heaven's answer to a dame
But once you're in a uniform all soldiers look the same.

It's wasteful to leave me out here in the cold—
I'm neither too young nor too old.

I'm neither too young nor too old,
I still have my teeth, and my hair's my own,
Yet every tomato leaves me alone;
My arms will not enfold her—
She wants bars on the shoulder.

I'm not an old foof, nor a punk,
But still all my chances are sunk.
I begged to have a uniform, but you can have it back;
I'm not a conqu'ring hero; I'm a most unhappy sack.

The Draft Board will tell all who need to be told:
I'm neither too young nor too old.

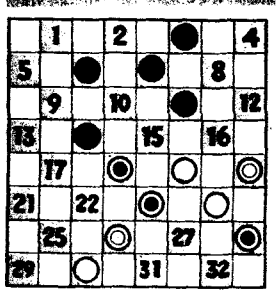
I'm neither too young nor too old,
I'm not just a schoolboy nor yet a seer,
I've got enough dough for the gin and beer.
What does it ever get me?
No gal will ever let me. . . .

I'm not in a wheelchair as yet;
The backs of my ears aren't still wet.
The reason I am on the shelf—two letters tell you why;
They're not BO—you should have guessed—they are, of course, GI.

A rifle is not what my arms want to hold.
I'm neither too young nor too old.

Alaska —Cpl. LESTER ASHEIM

CHECKER STRATEGY



HERE'S a checkerboard with a game in its final stages. It looks like a hopeless case for White. He's three checkers behind and is threatened with the immediate loss of two more men—those on squares 19 and 24. It doesn't look as if White could possibly draw this game.

But as a matter of fact, White can win—if he makes the right moves. Get out your checkerboard and number the black squares on it from 1 to 32, as in the diagram, so you can keep track of your moves. Now set up your men as shown here. In this illustration, black circles represent black checkers, white circles stand for the red checkers on your board. Those are Black's kings on squares 18, 23 and 28; White's kings (red kings on your board) on 20 and 26.

You play both sides. The first move is White's. Can you find the forced play to make him win?

WE were cleaning out a drawer in our desk when we came across the unusual article you see at the left. Of course, the saucy thing should have been on the pin-up page weeks ago, but we mislaid her. Imagine. However, in the matter of blondes, we operate on the theory of better late than never, so here she is. Her name, by the way, is Diana Mumby, and she was one of the Goldwyn Girls who played in "Up in Arms."

IFFS AND BUTTS

PVT. IFFS can always make one full-size cigarette—no more, no less—out of every three butts he picks up.

One day pickings were slim and Iffs wound up the day with only 10 butts. This was sad, because he always made it a practice to smoke five full cigarettes before hitting the sack.

But by using his imagination, he managed to smoke his full quota of five that night.

How did he do it?

■

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

COIN PUZZLE. The moves: 2 to 3, 9 to 4, 10 to 7, 3 to 8, 4 to 3, 10 to 8, 4 to 7, 3 to 2, 8 to 1 and 7 to 10.

IFFS AND BUTTS. With his 10 butts, Iffs makes three cigarettes. He has one butt left over. He smokes his three full ones, he makes another full cigarette, his fourth. When he has smoked this down, he has a second butt left over. Now he merely borrows a butt from the guy in the next bunk. This gives him three butts, from which he makes his fifth cigarette. When he returns the butt to the guy who loaned it to him,

CHECKER STRATEGY. White king moves 26 to 31. Black king must jump 23 to 16. . . . White moves 30 to 26. Black king must jump 28 to 19. . . . White moves 26 to 23. Black must jump either way. . . . White king jumps 31 to 22 to 15 to 18. Black jumps 3 to 12. . . . White king jumps 20 to 11 to 2 to 9 to 18—and wins.

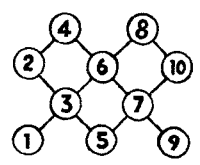
TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

OVERSEAS This is the second time Lt. William Olivari-Amill has won a Tee-Total contest. His score was 288. Puzzle kit prizes go to these first-time winners: Maj. R. O. Thomas, whose solution is shown (291); S/Sgt. Arne Anderson and Maj. Albert Tebo, Jr. (both of whom tied at 289); Sgt. Hardin Harrison (285); Cpl. F. Goodwin, T-3 Stanley Krysiak and Cpl. Bernard Walder (all three of whom were tied at 284), and Sgt. Calvin Reetor (281).

COIN PUZZLE

COPY this diagram in enlarged form on a sheet of paper. Place a penny on Point 1, another penny on Point 2. Place a nickel on Point 9 and another nickel on Point 10. The problem is to make the pennies and nickels change places under these rules:

You move one coin at a time in a straight line to any numbered point along the line. Coins may be moved in sequence; you may also move the same coin twice in succession. But a penny and a nickel mustn't rest on the same line. It can be done in 18 moves.



PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The Great Cigarette Hunt

I GUESS it was really all my fault. I should never have offered to bring back cigarettes from the PX. My bunkmate, Pfc. Glabney Flerd, was highly incensed when I returned with the wrong brand, which is what started the whole thing.

"I asked for Camels," he yelled, "the favorite cigarette of men in the service."

"But, Glabney," I remonstrated, "these are Luckies, the two-to-one favorites with servicemen."

"Old Golds," said a voice a few bunks down, "have apple honey, latakia and less harmful tars and resins."

"Chesterfields," said a guy polishing his shoes. "They satisfy."

"Philip Morris," came a voice muffled by a pillow. "They contain a special ingredient not found in other cigarettes."

"Pall Malls," said somebody just coming in the door. "They're 20 percent longer, filter the smoke further."

"Camels," said Glabney.

"Luckies," I repeated.

And that, as I mentioned before, started it.

Glabney sat there on the edge of his bunk, conviction slowly draining from his face. "Look," he said slowly. "The ads say they're the favorite of men in the service."

Without a word, I motioned to the assembled audience and shrugged my shoulders. Suddenly Glabney got to his feet. With swift, nervous movements he pulled on a tie, ran fingers through his hair and grabbed for a cap.

"Where are you going, Glabney?" I asked.

"I'm going to get a furlough," he muttered grimly. "And if I get it, I'm going to buy me a pair of cotton gloves." He turned on his heel and strode out the door. What transpired afterward is now history.

In view of the fact that Glabney hadn't had a furlough in nine months, the CO broke down and gave him one. Glabney thereupon bought a pair of cotton gloves, a notebook and three pencils. He started at one end of the post and worked his way slowly through day rooms, offices, barracks, PXs, service clubs, mess halls, cafeterias and latrines. As soon as he entered a building, he would don his cotton gloves and reach for the nearest ashtray or butt can. He would carefully probe through the debris of orange peels, chewing-gum wrappers, bottle caps and old Form 20s, and with infinite caution he would tabulate each cigarette butt, scoring separate totals for the different brands.

He was bound and determined to find out which brand was tops with men in the service.

There were difficulties, all right. To begin with, should he include lipstick-stained butts from the lips of Wacs? Should he accept the two-inch snipes left by commissioned officers? What of the butts that had been burnt from the wrong end, utterly destroying the trade name? And those queer-looking stubs with the little green seeds in them that he so frequently found in the camp newspaper's ashtrays?

This was no mean task, and the 10 precious days of Glabney's furlough slipped by in a mad rush of checking and rechecking. He kept the totals to himself, of course. Such highly confidential material could not be entrusted to *hoi polloi*.

I remember that final day as if it were only this morning. I was shaving in the latrine when Glabney staggered in, weak and haggard, with huge lumpy bags under his eyes. "Well, Glabney," I said cheerfully, "what's the verdict?"

Glabney glanced at me with an old, old look in his eyes. "I have it," he said hoarsely. "I have it!" He peered about him in the early morning gloom and then whispered: "The favorite cigarette of men in the service is ——."

He never finished those words. At that moment, some heedless fool flipped a glowing stub in the commode. With the speed of one possessed, Glabney lunged forward.

"Wait!" he screamed, his voice cracking with strain. He made a desperate dive for the butt, tripped, fell headlong and was never seen again.

Somebody had flushed it.

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak. —Pfc. LESLIE E. WALLER

"Whattaya mean, 'Where's my pass?'"

—Pfc. Sam Dubin, Baltimore, Md.

MILITARY COURTESY

When he and she, embracing, find
An officer on hand,
It's very hard to break away
And at attention stand.

Oh, how much better it would be
If either ma'am or sir,
Instead of saying just "At ease,"
Would mention "As you were."

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

CALISTHENICS

This twisted trunk may be well meant.
But this is not my natural bent.

Orlando, Fla. —Cpl. JEROME EISENBERG

"For the last time, Doris—will you or won't you marry me?" —Pvt. Ponce de Leon, EETC, St. Louis, Mo.

TRAINEE ON GUARD

Midway he turns upon his beat,
Thumb taut on carbine sling,
Surveys in half good humor
Barracks no enemy will blast,
Shattering quiet sleep.

Classroom, where clacking keys electric
Enjoy well deserved rest
From awkward signaling of student hands,
Passes by, shadowy
In his path.

Mess hall, whose early morning smoke
Releases reassuring odors
Redolent of the coming day's meal,
Winks amiable light
In friendly greeting.

Morning's gleam dissolves the cooling night
With promise of another day.
And slow diffusions of the newly wakened sun
Bring clearly to his view
Another post,
Some future shore.

Obscure and shapeless masses,
Deformed by expert hands,
Under his protective vigil
Lie ready to breathe their warming breath
Of sustenance
On bodies limp.

Rugged, drab gray instruments,
Rooted in the sodden terrain
Of concealment,
Upon his instant notice
Sound their clipped bright tones,
Transforming into nervous, curt commands
The expectant air.

Huddled, sleeping figures,
Alerted to the crack and roaring
Of disaster,
On his sharp warning
Break from sleep's tight grip,
Leaping into narrow slitted
Trenches of security.

This, then, his eventual watch—
No guard in comfortable, friendly garrison,
No exercise on adolescent soldiering,
This final post—
His comrades' lives.

Midway he turns upon his beat,
Thumb tight on carbine sling,
Surveys with sober, sweeping glance
The full, clear dawn.

Fort Bragg, N. C. —Pvt. I. FREUNDLICH

SPORTS: LARRY FRENCH WRITES FROM NORMANDY BEACH

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

As far as we know, Lt. Larry French, the old Brooklyn hurler, was the only major-league baseball player to take part in the invasion of Normandy. He was serving aboard a Navy vessel and came ashore on D-Day-plus-two when things were still plenty hot.

A few days ago, Augie Galan, the Dodger outfielder and one of French's old roomies, got a letter from Larry, telling of his experiences on the beachhead. Although the letter was addressed personally to Galan, he passed it among the Brooklyn gang to read and then turned it over for publication. He said he would feel selfish if he didn't share it. This is it:

France

Dear Augie:

A few days ago when the fighting was tough in this area I was in a foxhole with a fellow who seemed at the time to be a very good Catholic. He was praying earnestly, and, believe me, I was putting ditto marks under everything he was saying.

We could see a church over the beach crest, and the Germans had an observer in the tower. Our destroyers were taking a piece of it off at a time till finally the mortar fire we were absorbing became erratic and we knew they had lost their "eyes."

I vowed if I ever got to that church I was going to look up the *curé* and send you a medal such as the one I got at the Columbus Cathedral in Havana. Remember? It seemed to bring you good luck, and some for me, too.

It took some diligent talking in the sign language, but I did succeed in making the old *curé* understand. I told him I had a friend with the Brooklyn Dodgers who would like to have it. That puzzled him; he was the first man I ever met who didn't know all about the Dodgers.

As you know, Augie, I wanted to see this thing; well, fella, I have. I got ashore D-plus-two, days ahead of my expectations. This beach was plenty hot—88-mm fire and mines wherever you stepped and the darndest fireworks at night: our support against the air raids which came in on schedule each evening.

First few nights we dove for our hole in the sand to get out of the flak from the trigger-happy sailors in the bay. We now just stay in the tent, realizing if the number is up it will get you anyway. I had a good friend blown up yesterday by a mine not 50 feet from me. He got off the road about 15 feet.

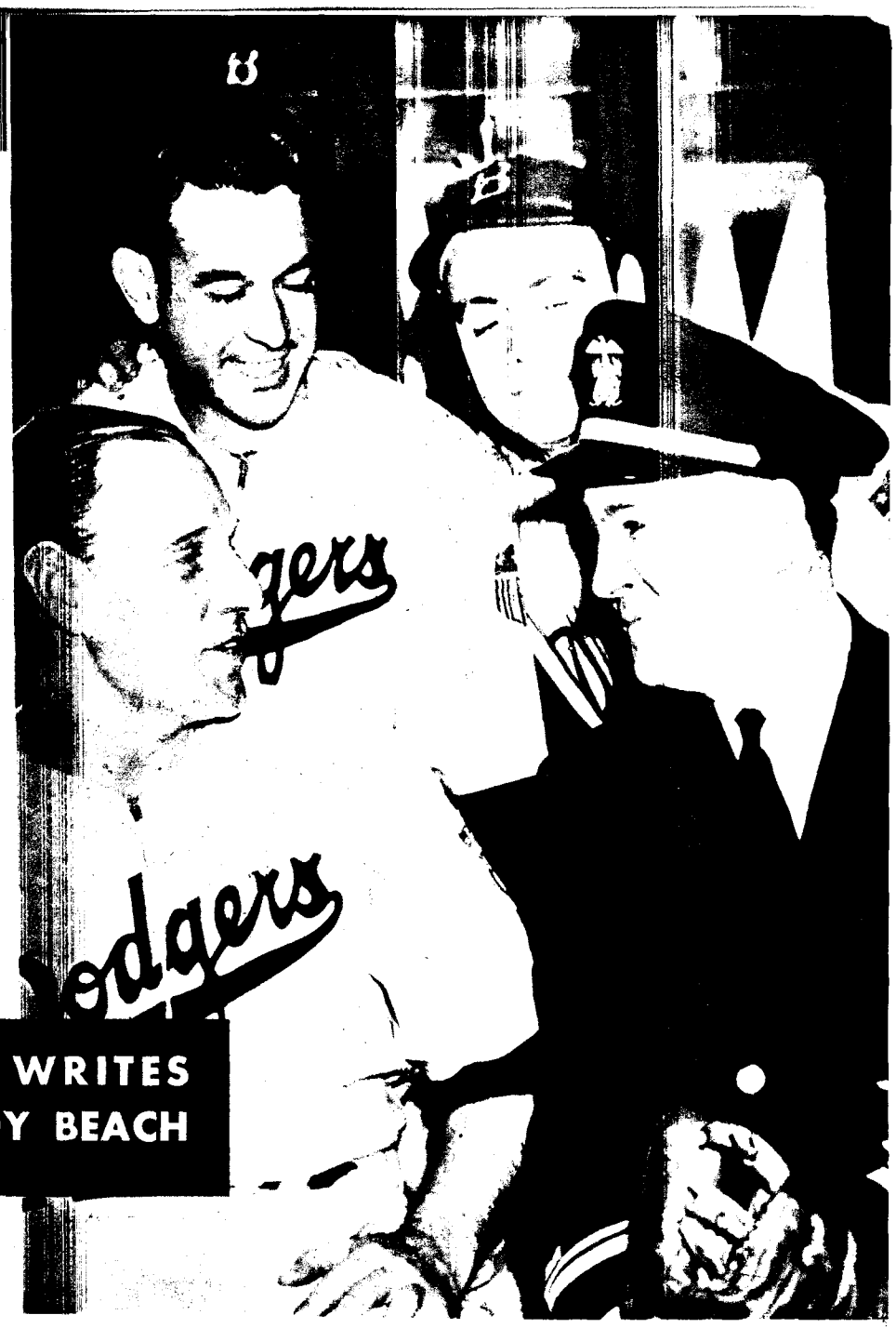
I went up front a few days ago and spent a day and a half in the lines, but my luck was all bad. All the Germans I've seen have been dead ones or prisoners. Frankly, I would like to get one in my sights. I shot around 500 rounds out of my carbine prior to D Day, and, by golly, my shooting has improved. Tell that to "Coon Skin" Davis.

There is no way for me to describe this scene of a few days ago. If you can imagine barbed wire 60 feet through, mined every inch of the way, even hanging on the wire like presents on a Christmas tree: pillboxes 20 feet thick that took a direct hit from 14-inch shells to knock out; sinking ships, dead, injured and living soldiers, sailors, flyers from all the Allies floating in the sea among every type of wreckage, you have a small picture of this beach. It was tough to take and nothing in the world did it, could have completed it, but the guts of our American kids.

Guess I've said enough about the war, but I'm just full of it, and it is all I know at present. Except that I think of you fellows often, and I want you to say hello for me to Davis and "Dixie," Webber, Wyatt, Owen and Johnny Corriden. Tell Charley Dressen I thought of his coaching line whistles when I heard those shells whining overhead.

But pass up the left-handed pitchers. I'd like to have them all over here and walk them ahead of me to clear out the mines. Then I'd be the only one left, able to go back and get the three games I need to fill out 200 wins for the book. In the meantime.

As ever, LARRY



Here's Lt. Larry French visiting old pals on the Dodgers before he shipped overseas. Seated: Leo Durocher and French. Rear: Augie Galan and Kirby Higbe.

PORTS SERVICE RECORD

CHAMPS. **Lt. Don McNeill (left) and Pvt. Frankie Kovacs, both returned from overseas, meet at Forest Hills, N. Y., where they played in the Red Cross tennis show. Kovacs licked McNeill, 6-4, 6-4.**

THE Brooklyn Dodgers are hearing rumors that **Pvt. Pete Reiser** may be discharged from the Army very soon because he still suffers severe headaches from running into the wall at St. Louis in 1942. He has been at Fort Riley, Kans., 18 months and has been disqualified for overseas service. If Reiser does return to the Dodgers, he will play shortstop, not the outfield. . . . After all these years, **Comdr. Jack Dempsey** finally broke down and admitted he lost his fight with **Luis Angel Firpo** in 1923. He says if the sports writers hadn't pushed him back into the ring he never would have been able to continue. Dempsey thinks **Benny Leonard** and **Mickey Walker** were the best fighters he ever saw, but added: "Guess I better give Tunney a little credit. He beat me twice, didn't he?" . . . **Lt. John Tripson,** giant tackle of the Detroit Lions, who won the Navy Cross in the North African invasion, further distinguished himself on D Day by scooping survivors from a blasted vessel out of the water with one hand while German planes tried to strafe him. . . . Our item about **Pvt. Al Blozis'** new Army record for the hand grenade (65 yards) failed to impress **Cpl. Mike Rizzo,** a grenade instructor at Camp Blanding, Fla. He went out and set a new record with an 88½-yard heave.

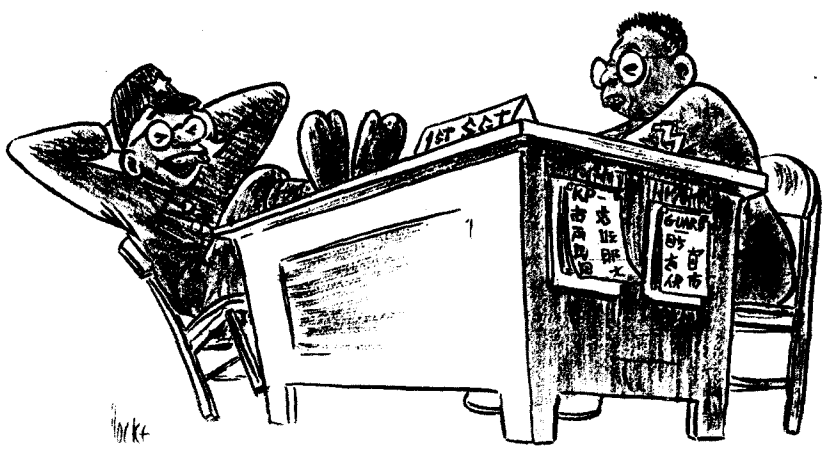
Pvt. Frankie Kovacs, recently returned from Australia, claims he didn't lose a single exhibition match Down Under, and he played 15 of them. Kovacs thinks **Lt. Joe Hunt** and **Ens. Jack Kramer,** our two best amateurs, could never beat Crawford and Bromwich if the Davis Cup were played now. And, according to Kovacs, Bromwich's best days are over, because of malaria. . . . **Cpl. Billy Conn,** who just arrived in the ETO to give camp exhibitions, says that if he should meet Joe Louis there it would be "just a social affair." . . . **Lt. Muzz Patrick,** the hockey star, is an MP officer on an Atlantic troop transport. . . . When **Frankie Sinkwich,** the cripple threater, was discharged from the Merchant Marine recently because of flat feet he was offered an administrative job in that service, but his draft board wouldn't permit him to accept it. The draft board ordered him to report for Army induction. He was examined and rejected because of—you guessed it—flat feet.

Decorated: **Lt. Ken Kavanaugh,** former LSU and Chicago Bear end, with the Air Medal in the ETO. . . . *Commissioned:* **Glenn Cunningham S2c,** one-time mile champion, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. . . . *Discharged:* **A/C Dick Wakefield,** Detroit's $51,000 slugging rookie, from the Navy because of a reduction in the pilot-training program. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Ray Hamrick,** shortstop of the Phillies, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Vince DiMaggio,** Pittsburgh outfielder, because of stomach ulcers.

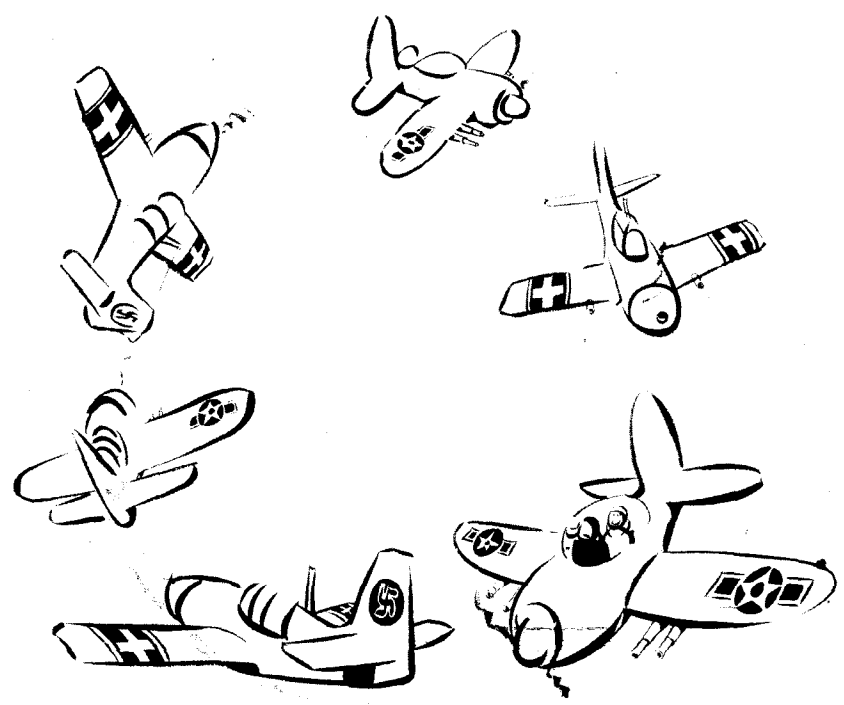
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"HAROLD ABHORS K RATIONS."
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

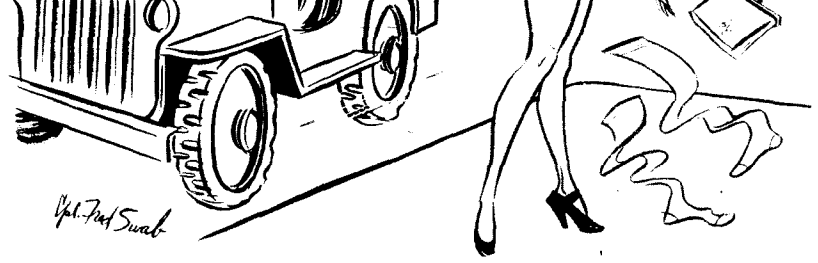
"AMMUNITION HELL! THIS IS MIMEOGRAPH PAPER!"
—Sgt. Basil Hartwell



"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL THE GUYS WHO'RE IN TOWN ON FURLOUGH. THEY'VE ALL TAKEN SO MUCH QUININE THEY'RE TURNING WHITE."
—Cpl. LaFayette Locke



"LET'S MAKE A CLEAN BREAK AND START ALL OVER AGAIN."
—Cpl. John W. Murphey



"THERE GOES STANISLAUS MENTALLY UNDRESSING PEOPLE AGAIN."
—Cpl. Fred Schwab

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