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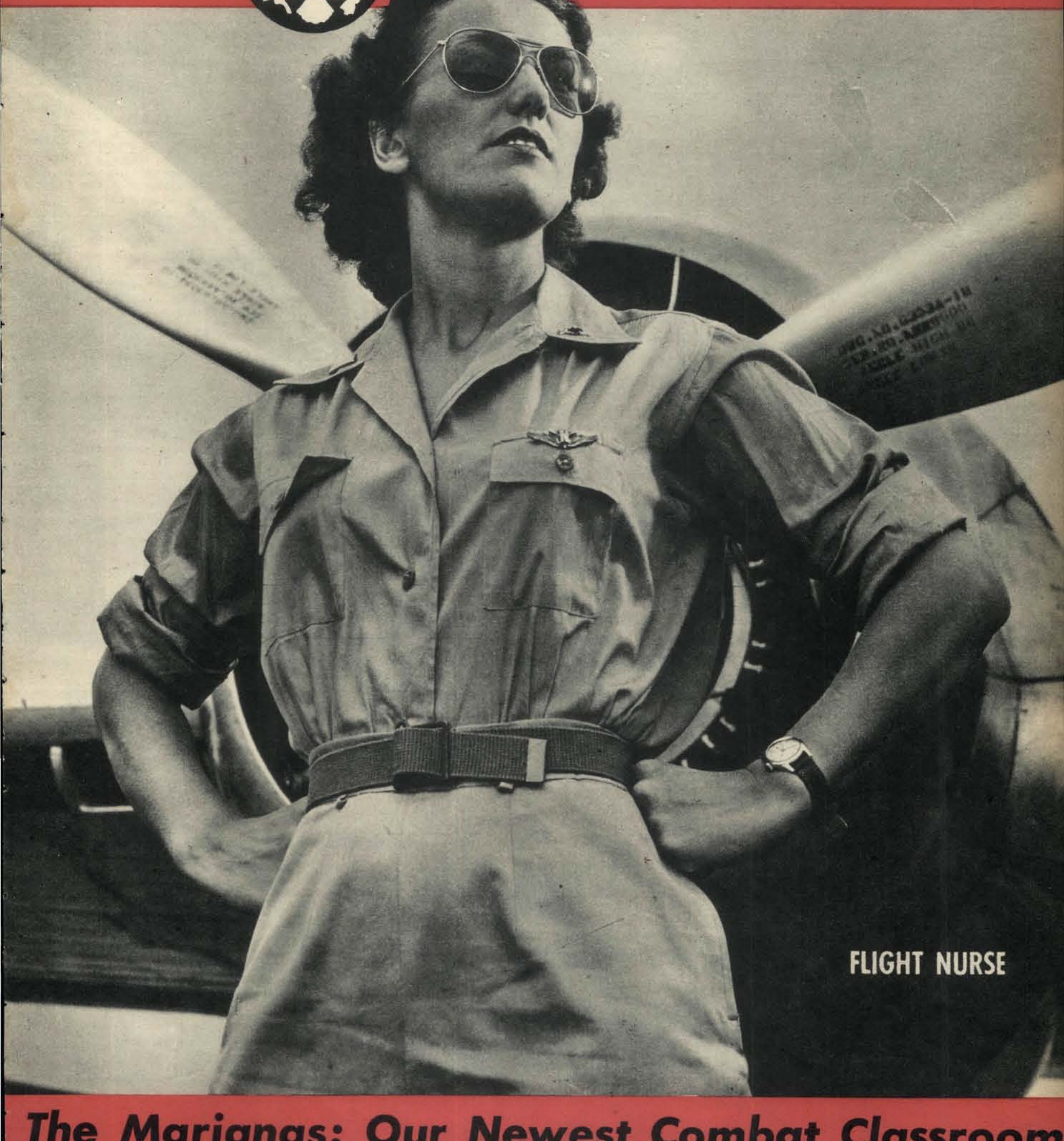
By the men . . . for the men in the service



FLIGHT NURSE

The Marianas: Our Newest Combat Classroom

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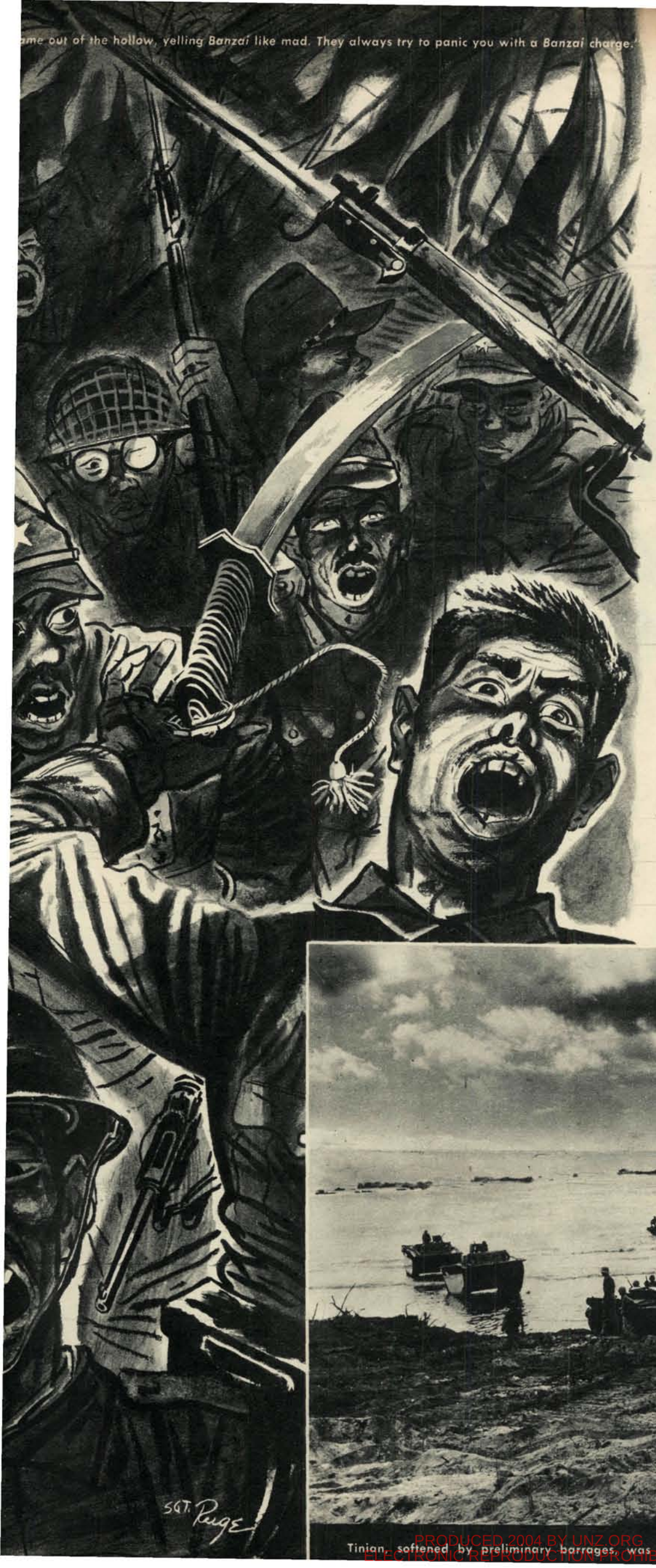

...me out of the hollow, yelling *Banzai* like mad. They always try to panic you with a *Banzai* charge."

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent

TINIAN, THE MARIANAS—It's only 2¾ miles from the southwestern tip of Saipan to the northernmost point on Tinian, but the battles for these two Jap islands were worlds apart.

"After Saipan," said a marine sergeant with the mud and sand of both islands on his fatigues, "Tinian was almost like maneuvers—except here, of course, we had plenty of live targets."

Terrain dictated many of the differences. Saipan, with its 71 square miles broken by heavily wooded hills, scrub-covered valleys and jagged mountains, turned out to be the toughest battleground in the Central Pacific so far. Tinian, its 32 square miles lower, flatter and less gullied than Saipan, was one of the easiest.

The kind of pre-invasion plastering dished out to the two islands accounted for another difference. Saipan was softened up only by naval shells and bombs from carrier-based planes, falling for a limited interval. Tinian was attacked not only by sea and air (from both carrier- and land-based planes) but by land-based artillery for more than a month.

From a ridge near Agingan Point on Saipan, I watched the final barrage at H-minus-30. A short time later, troops of the 2d and 4th Marine Divisions—which had, together with the Army's 27th Division, taken Saipan—crossed the Saipan Channel and established beachheads on Tinian.

In the first landings on Saipan, the marines ran into murderous Jap fire and suffered heavy casualties. In the Tinian landings two LVTs hit mines a short distance offshore, and there was some brisk machine-gun and mortar fire, but the first wave got in with remarkably few casualties. Mortars caused most of these, a marine platoon sergeant who was in the first wave said later.

"I don't think that we would have had even these casualties," he explained, "if the men had been able to get at their shovels, but we had to dig in as best we could with our helmets. Later we tied our shovels around our necks with strings so we could get at them in a hurry.

"Before we knew it, it was afternoon and some of my men were picking cucumbers and eating them with C-rations. Resistance was light and the Japs withdrew in orderly fashion."

This orderly withdrawal was another striking difference between the battles. On Saipan, as elsewhere in the Pacific, the Japs abandoned all pretense of organization and discipline once they were groggy; isolated little bunches hid in caves during the day and infiltrated through our lines at night. But on Tinian, to the very last, the Japs stuck together, and as they fell back, they

Tinian, softened by preliminary barrages, was "gravy" for the veteran marine outfits landing there.

the MARIANAS

VETERANS OF SAIPAN AND TINIAN CHALK UP SOME OF THE LESSONS LEARNED.

seemed for once to be an army and not a leaderless band of disorganized savages.

Paradoxically, most marines here believe the explanation for this orderly Jap conduct was that early in the battle for Tinian the two ranking Jap officers were killed, and that the Japs, for the first time, were free to fight without interference from their inept commanders.

Another theory is that on Tinian the marines abandoned their usual practice—ripping through strong points toward an objective, leaving bypassed sectors for rear elements—and adopted the Army's tactic of slower-moving lines, advancing in a well-knit pattern. This forced the Japs to adopt longer, straighter lines.

"Aside from two futile counterattacks on D-plus-one," the sergeant said, "it was gravy, although the second landings farther south met a little more resistance than we did."

The landing beaches chosen by the invading forces were located on Tinian's northwest coast, not far from North Field, the island's chief airport. Here the terrain was level and comparatively unobstructed—a big, fairly well-farmed plateau leading south to Tinian Town.

By D-plus-six the Jap jig was up. From there on in, the differences in the two battles disappeared and the same old tactics, or lack of them, showed up. The Japs slunk into caves by the sea and sneaked out only at night, trying to infiltrate our lines for fresh water, food and ammo.

On Saipan, where the marines who later took Tinian fought alongside the 27th Army Division, it was the infantrymen who bore the brunt of the main Jap counterattack.

That counterattack—known as the Battle of Bloody Acres—had four fairly distinct phases. First, the *Banzai* charge, when two isolated and terribly outnumbered Army units met the full force of the Jap countercharge; second, the action at our first delaying line, which permitted rear elements to form a stronger perimeter near the beach; third, the action, hours later, at that perimeter; and finally, our own counterattack.

All of the major action took place on a narrow strip of sandy, shrub-covered soil about 2,000 yards long. The terrain was broken in many places by small gullies and mounds; on the right were cave-lined cliffs and on the left was the gently curving shore of Tanapag Harbor. The whole battle lasted about 36 hours.

1st Sgt. Norman L. Olsen of Hempstead, N. Y., was standing in a slit trench, checking an arc of the perimeter, when the first wave of Japs stormed toward our lines.

"The first thing I saw," he said, "was a long thin glistening object waving back and forth in the half-darkness down the road. Then another one glistened over by the beach. Then I saw one in the bushes toward the cliffs. In a second it seemed as if there were hundreds of them all over the area, waving wildly back and forth. As they came closer, you could see they were sabers, and around every one was a little squad of Japs."

T/Sgt. Frank Mandaro of Jackson Heights, New York City, was in charge of two light machine guns on another part of the perimeter.

"I heard a kind of subdued jabbering over in a little hollow on our right," he said. "Through the gray half-light I could make out the form of a Jap officer. He was bent over slightly, and all around him a lot of Japs were stamping up and down, nodding crazily and now and then breaking in with strange little cries. Suddenly the officer made a big flourish with his saber, let out a piercing yell and started for us. The other Japs scampered along on both sides and in back of him.

"I signaled to my BAR man to let them have it, and two of us let go with M1s. I told the .30s to hold off a while. By this time the Japs were out of the hollow, yelling *Banzai* like mad. As soon as they got in our lane of fire, I motioned to the .30s to open up. The .30s mowed down the Japs like tall grass, but they kept on coming.

"Out of the corner of my eye I saw four or five Japs jump into the pit across the road. I didn't have a chance to watch because there was plenty keeping me busy at the moment, but a few seconds later I heard the old .30 stuttering again so I guessed our boys had handled the situation.

"Actually, though, that brief fight in the pit lasted just long enough for other Japs to get in close and throw their grenades. When I looked over there again, I saw one of my gunners wiping the blood off his face. It looked like half his face was gone. Seconds later he crumpled onto the gun.

"I pulled the others back and we went over to the second gun. It was wrecked and Japs were swarming all over the hole. We fell back a few yards to plug up the gaps in our line."

The Japs tumbled out of holes, streamed out of caves and sprang up out of the weeds like thousands of mice—"in front of us, on both our flanks, in our middle and even in back of us," said 1st Sgt. Mario Occhionero of Rome, N. Y.

When the Jap charge was over, there wasn't much American brass left. Then the 27th's sergeants stepped into the places of their dead and wounded officers and handled their field commands like seasoned combat leaders.

"By the time we pulled back to our delaying line," said 1st Sgt. Arthur Bradt of Schenectady, N. Y., "new waves of Japs were appearing, trampling over the dead and wounded. The Japs were brandishing crude spears and bamboo poles with bayonets attached to the ends. Some of them even carried shovels—GI shovels—and others carried picks. Some had M1s, picked up from our dead."

Our lines reformed and held until the perimeter in the rear could be established. One of the big reasons why they held was the guts displayed by two men—a major and a pfc.

GUAM—U. S. Marines have been distributing mimeographed copies of the following handbill among the troops on this island:

TONIGHT

BANZAI CHARGE

Thrills Chills Suspense

See Sake-Crazed Japs Charge at High Port

See Everybody Shoot Everybody

See the Cream of the Marine Corps Play with Live Ammo

Sponsored by the Athletic and Morale Office

Come Along and Bring a Friend

Don't Miss the Thrilling Spectacle of the Banzai Charge, Starting at 10 P.M. and Lasting All Night

ADMISSION FREE

But at Saipan the men riding this Sherman tank, framed in a Garapan doorway, had a rougher deal.

"Fire from the hip or under the shoulder. Firing from the shoulder, you're much too good a target."

The major was Edward A. McCarthy of Schenectady, one of the few American officers still standing after the battle. "Through all the pandemonium," said Sgt. Olsen, "you could hear the major's voice yelling: 'Let's fight it out right here. Let's let those bastards have it right now'."

The pfc was a kid named Thomas F. Daley of Brooklyn, N. Y. He kept walking calmly but grimly through our weakened ranks toward the enemy on one flank, repeating all the time: "I'm staying right here. I'm staying here and fighting."

And there were others who had plenty of courage. "There's no word to describe the guts some of the wounded had," said S/Sgt. Richard W. Hoffay of West Sand Lake, N. Y. "All day long I saw them, weak from loss of blood, half-mad with thirst (the water supply gave out early in the battle), struggling from hole to hole, helping to load guns, picking up ammo from the dead and passing it on to the men in the firing line."

The new perimeter ran on a line from the beach to a road less than 50 yards away, past several blockhouses. Many men took cover in the houses or dug into the undergrowth or on the beach.

For the rest of the daylight hours, they held their ground. They held because of remarkable shooting by men like Pvt. Willie Hokoana of the Hawaiian Islands, who placed his bipodless BAR in the fork of a small tree and fired away until he had killed more than 200 Japs.

As darkness fell, the going grew tougher and tougher. More and more Japs infiltrated and the fighting flared up hotter than ever. "You'd be crouched in your hole," said Sgt. Mandaro, "straining your eyes to see through the dark, when suddenly you'd spot four or five black shapes moving up in front of you. They'd be yelling 'Friendly troops, friendly troops sent up to relieve.' And then you'd see they were Japs and you'd let them have it."

Finally relief did come and the men went out to gather up their wounded. Unarmed medics crawled through the darkness from hole to hole, lighting matches under their helmets so they could examine the faces of the sprawling bodies.

All through the battle the medics had done a job. "They were exposed to fire all the time," said Sgt. Hoffay. "After the first few hours, they had no supplies or equipment. They stripped branches for splints, made tourniquets from gun slings and took clothes from the wounded for bandages."

In the battle on Saipan the sergeants learned plenty of lessons—lessons every infantryman should know before he goes into combat.

"Anybody fighting with Japs," said Sgt. Bradt, "needs plenty of stamina. I lost 15 pounds in the Bloody Acres fighting. If we hadn't been in good condition, we wouldn't have lasted 10 minutes. In close combat with Japs, there's so much ducking, dodging, jumping and sprinting that only a tough body can take it."

"For my dough," said Sgt. Olsen, "the best part of the Jungle Training Course back on Oahu was firing at the dummies they threw at you from every side of the 'jungle.' You had to plaster those dummies in nothing flat; it's that way when you're fighting Japs. You have to be quick on the draw.

"Hip firing against Japs is a No. 1 must. All during Bloody Acres I saw only two guys firing from the shoulder, and they were down in holes. In the open, I'll take the hip or under the shoulder every time. When you fire from the shoulder you're too good a target."

"Speaking of firing," said T/Sgt. Mike Mele of Albany, N. Y., "those GI condoms were strictly no good as covers for our pieces during weather like this in the Marianas. The night before the counterattack, it rained like hell, and mud and sand got into a lot of our guns. Hours later, when we drew beads on the Japs, the firing pins jammed. If our guns had been covered they would have been dry when we used them, but a lot of us had to fire through the night, and there wasn't any sense to taking those covers on and off. What I'd like to see would be a neat sack that would protect your piece but still be easy to strip off—or maybe you could fire right through them."

The sergeants were all agreed that it was important to know how and when to dig in.

"I noticed that some of our men," said Sgt. Bradt, "dug their foxholes and slit trenches too wide. Three men in my outfit were wiped out because their trench was too wide. A mortar shell hit on the outer edge. In a proper trench, that point would have been several feet from the hit."

"I'd say," put in S/Sgt. Robert H. Cortez of New York, N. Y., "that men who dug Y-holes lived while a lot of men who dug slit trenches were knocked off. Mortars accounted for that. In a Y-hole, with three men lying feet to feet, and the forward man in the stem pointed toward the front, a shell would have to hit squarely on the junction to hurt all three. But in a slit trench, one shell can get everybody."

"If you're getting artillery and mortars," said Sgt. Hoffay, "the Y-holes are best. But if it's small-arms fire and infiltrators that are worrying you, the slit trench is better, because three or four guys together can protect each other.

"Four men were in a slit trench early in the morning right after the first wave hit us. A mortar landed squarely in the middle of the trench, killing two and wounding the other two. If those men had been in a Y-hole, the chances are that only one would have been hit at most.

"On the other hand, a Y-hole can be plenty dangerous after dark when infiltration begins. A sneaker got into Sgt. Olsen's area one night and bayoneted two of the men in a Y-hole before the third man knew what was happening. The moral is: If you occupy a Y-hole at night, keep awake.

"When you dig in and set up your perimeters, it's important to leave a comfortable margin of time before it gets dark. The night before the Jap counterattack, a lot of us were still digging long after dark. The Japs knew exactly where we were establishing our perimeter. If we had been able to dig in earlier, we could have pulled a lot of feints, built false positions and confused the Japs.

"When you're about to dig in, choose a place in the open. That may sound elementary, but I lost three men one night because they dug in right on the edge of a canefield. The Japs were so perfectly concealed they probably watched the guys dig, eat their C-rations, spread their ponchos and finally hit the sack. When it was quiet, the Japs just sprang from the cane into the hole."

The sergeants were agreed that the Japs on the battlefield lacked a well-defined tactical plan and frequently acted with stupidity, but they also agreed that at times the Japs were tough fighters.

As an example of stupidity, Sgt. Mandaro told about an incident near a gully about 20 yards to the left of his position. "A bunch of Japs were huddled around a mortar set on a slight rise in the ground," he said. "They seemed to be arguing. One of them would grab the barrel and push it up, then another Jap would push it down. Apparently they couldn't agree on the angle of fire.

"While they sat there arguing, one of our men on a little hill over to the right—less than 40 yards from the Japs and completely exposed—very carefully checked an M1, a carbine, a .45 and a tommy gun, picked up each gun in succession and emptied it into the Japs. They kept right on arguing until they were dead."

There were the usual suicides, mostly by grenade. Sgt. Olsen observed one wounded Jap sitting on the ground with his legs crossed, trying to get a bayonet started into his belly. Another Jap dashed out, handed him a grenade and dashed back to cover. Presently Olsen heard a pop.

There was also the usual bad marksmanship. "One Jap who drew a bead on me while I was helping a wounded guy from a hole," said Sgt. Mandaro, "had a long minute to aim at us, but he missed by a mile. Another Jap fired from a shrub-hidden cave pointblank at Sgt. Mele and missed."

"But every once in a while," warned Sgt. Bradt, "you'll run across a Jap who can shoot with the best of them. Personally I always assume that every Jap in the Imperial Army can shoot straight. It's healthier that way. You may duck a lot of shots unnecessarily, but you'll live a lot longer."

"IT'S important to remember," said Sgt. Hoffay, "that fighting Japs is often an individual affair. A mass battle like the *Banzai* charge is only part of the story. The Jap is willing to move an inch an hour—just to gain that inch. And he'll go to any lengths to get you. He'll lie crouched in weeds and dust and even muddy malarial water for hours. We're too impatient."

"We can't be as patient as they are," commented Sgt. Bradt. "The Army way on offense is a fire of movement, but the Jap tactic, being defensive, is—or can be—absolute immobility."

"At other times," said Sgt. Hoffay, "the Japs will try to create panic in your line. They tried this on us—first by firing red and blue tracers into us, then by jabbering in concealment to draw our fire, and finally by that *Banzai* counterattack.

"The only way to survive them is to refuse to be panicked. If you've got guts, you'll hold tight, and when you do run to another position, you'll pick your time and place with your eyes wide open, thinking about factors like lanes of fire and cover. If they panic you, you're sunk, because invariably you'll run right through their fire.

"Lastly, you've got to keep your eyes open. The Japs are great on concealment. In my outfit guys on patrols have actually stepped on Japs."

"Hell," said Sgt. Mele, "I can top that one. One Jap got so close to me I offered him a cigarette by mistake. Everything was quiet. It wasn't even dark yet. I noticed this guy sitting in the sand beside my hole, minding his own business like he was one of the boys. So when I took a short break I offered him a butt. He refused it, shaking his head. When he did that, I knew right away he was a Jap. No one in my outfit ever turns down a smoke. I plugged him in a hurry."

Mele pulled a pack of cigarettes from his fatigues and passed them around. Everybody made it a point to take one.

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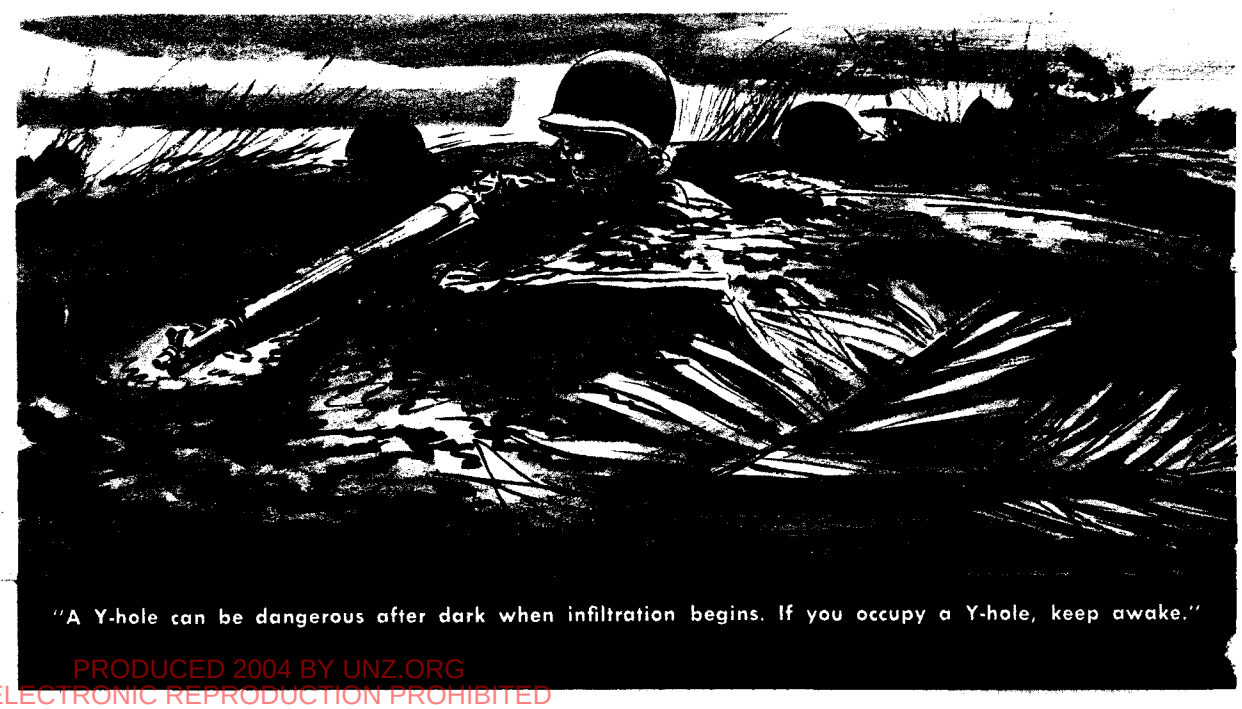
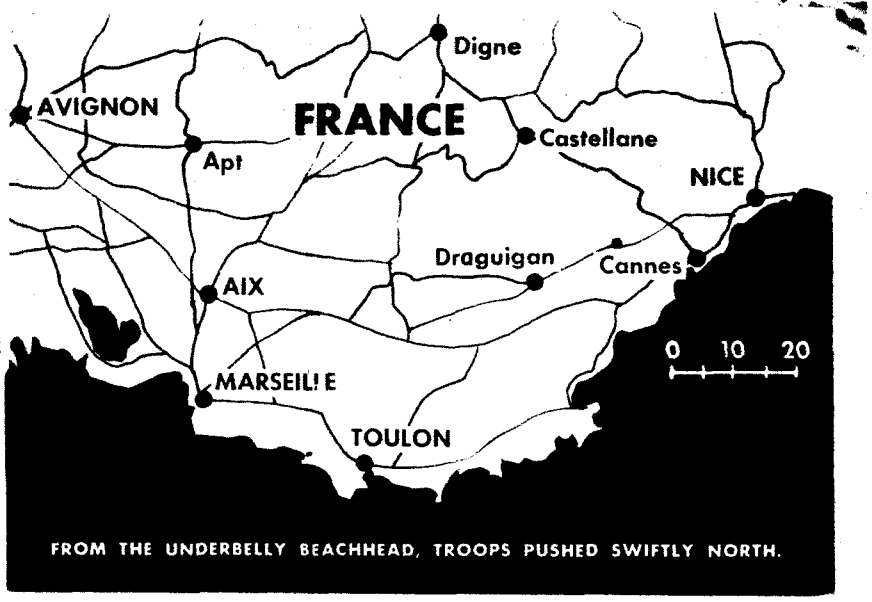


"A Y-hole can be dangerous after dark when infiltration begins. If you occupy a Y-hole, keep awake."

AP KNOWN THE PLACE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE. MPs STAND READY TO DIRECT UNITS TO PROPER POSITIONS AS THEY COME ASHORE.

RIVIERA BEACHHEAD



FROM THE UNDERBELLY BEACHHEAD, TROOPS PUSHED SWIFTLY NORTH.

By Sgt. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE SEVENTH ARMY IN SOUTHERN FRANCE [By Cable]—We sat on our dead hams, spat out the skins of juicy purple grapes and admired the view of this section of the Riviera. To our right was a small pleasant valley with orange-roofed farmhouses and back of the valley were green pine hills. All around us were thick vineyards and cane fields. A little while before, Sgt. Frank Moran had caught three Jerries in one of those fields.

"I was clearing out mines," said Moran, a veteran of four landings, "when I saw one of our artillery officers and some German prisoners in back of a jeep. He'd found the prisoners in some woods a mile away.

"The only weapon I had was a sickle picked up in a French house that I was searching for booby traps. 'This country's alive with Jerries,' the officer told me. 'You'd better go back and get yourself a weapon.' I was on my way back to the bivouac for a carbine when three Jerries jumped from the cane brush.

"They were riflemen. I made a lunge for them with the sickle and all they did was put up their hands. I took them down the road a piece and there was that artillery officer. I turned the Jerries over to him and went back to the cane field."

It's been just about as easy as that ever since our LST sailed with the convoy for southern France. The weather was bright and sunny that afternoon and the Mediterranean calm. There wasn't a Jerry plane or sub around for the entire trip. We dropped anchor off France 2½ days later.

As the LST waited offshore, we quickly wore out the novelty of counting crisp new French bills, skimming through the French - language guidebooks and putting on our new American-flag armbands. After that, many of the GIs just lay out in the sun, staring into the sky or across the sea with the blank stare of "two-year men."

T-5 Kenneth Anthony, a photographer who's been overseas 28 months, explains that look: "It doesn't mean we're dreaming of home or girls or anything," he says. "We're past that stage. We're just looking, that's all—looking and waiting."

There were plenty of the usual lines to sweat out on shipboard—lines for chow, lines for latrines, for washing, for water. With only three toilet bowls for more than 400 men on the ship, sweating out the toilet lines took up lots of slack time. The latrines were next to the boiler room; consequently you got the benefit of what amounted to a Turkish bath.

When we climbed out of our sacks after dawn on D Day our ship already lay at anchor. All about us, as far as the eye could reach, were rows of Allied ships: LCTs, mine sweepers, Liberty ships, destroyers and destroyer escorts, cruisers and battleships.

Two hours before H Hour the warships opened fire on the German positions in the hills behind the beachhead. Our LST shook each time the battleships' 14-inch guns thundered.

Mine sweepers patroled up and down the shoreline. LSTs all around us opened their broad bows and poured out invasion equipment. LCIs and LCVTs loaded with combat infantrymen and tanks sped toward the beachhead. Far overhead Thunderbolts, Spitfires and Lightnings searched the sky. Flocks of Liberators swung toward the hills beyond the beachhead, and soon we heard, faint but clear, the reverberations of exploding bombs.

At H-plus-five an LCVP swung alongside our ship. A GI yelled up: "It's all over but the shouting here. We walked right in."

That was the only news we had of the progress our doughfeet were making on the beach until late afternoon when another LCVP came by to report that our troops were eight miles inland, although the Jerries were putting up a stiff rear-guard action. We lined the top-deck rails and waited for an official announcement of the invasion's progress, but it never came.

Throughout the afternoon, the gunfire of our warships increased. Great clouds of smoke billowed over the hills on the coast. We listened for the return fire of the Jerry guns, but there wasn't any. "Jerry's getting it this time," said a GI grimly. "It sure was different at Salerno."

At H-plus-10 our LST made its way around the peninsula to our designated landing point. We were ordered to pack and prepare to disembark. We crowded into the hot, stuffy tank deck. The ship's doors swung open and through the giant tunnel we could see flame-colored splashes of sunset. For a half-hour we waited in vain for the order to disembark.

The RAF men started singing "Oh why are we waiting? Oh why are we waiting? Oh why, oh why, oh why?" with profane variations, following up with "There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean, so take my advice: Blank 'em all, blank 'em all."

They were filling the tank deck with the sentimental refrain of "Annie Laurie" when the ear-splitting staccato of ack-ack burst on the top deck. We ran for the lifebelts—already tossed aside—and the bow doors swiftly closed. "Army personnel," came a loudspeaker voice, "will return to their former positions and remain on the ship until further notice."

When we reached our corner of the top deck, we were told that a Jerry ME-109 making a recon over the convoy had been shot down.

At H-plus-20 the orders to disembark finally came through. We walked out of the open doors of our LST across narrow ponton strips to a short, sandy beach. The early morning air was damp, cold and full of mist. Two hours later the sun broke through the mist and the air became bright and warm. As we trudged up the road from the beach to a wooded slope, our bivouac area, we felt a cool breeze coming from the hills.

The invasion of southern France was scarcely one day old when T/Sgt. Murray Johnson of Boston, Mass., sauntered into the bivouac area bringing a pretty French girl walking her bicycle and a gnarled French farmer with a wine jug. We pulled out our canteen cups. The wine was bright red, clear and dry.

"He's been saving it for us," Johnson said. "He's been saving it for us a helluva long time."

French Forces of the Interior

The tough, courageous Maquis who drove the Germans from Paris are a disciplined army of 500,000 men and women of all ages and all walks of life.

Two patriots in a huddle with U. S. Lt. Carl Ruff. They pick out positions of Nazi troops on his map.

These women warriors of the fighting *Maquis* wear combat uniforms and carry grenades at their belts.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BRITTANY [By Cable]—The French Forces of the Interior, better known as the FFI or the *Maquis* (from the brush country in which they hide and operate), are *not* a collection of picturesque hit-and-run guerrillas led by a Hollywood character resembling Errol Flynn. They are a highly-organized, well-disciplined army of some 500,000 French men and women, divided into divisions and regiments, with rifles, mortars, pack artillery and even tanks, and fired with a tremendous resolve to re-establish their homeland among the free, respected peoples of the earth.

They have proved themselves so efficient in this campaign that their relationship to the Allied armies in France has become comparable to the relationship between the organized Russian partisans and the Red Army.

The *Maquis* have not only liberated some 50,000 square miles of France but they were also the first Allied troops to fight the Germans in Paris. More than 50,000 of them stormed the German installations in the city in an attack that has had no equal since Bastille Day. They forced the Nazis to declare a truce and to agree to leave the city peaceably. This agreement was later broken in the typical German fashion.

The cooperation of the *Maquis* with American troops here in northern France has been of tremendous importance. In Chartres and the city of Vannes, they were actually waiting to hand over to us the cities and what was left of the German garrisons. They fought pitched battles with the Germans for days before our arrival.

After our lightning push to Brest, the supply route to the task force attacking the city ran through what corps headquarters called "Indian country." There were so many roving bands of Germans loose in the area that it was like running the stagecoach through Arizona in Apache days. The *Maquis* kept this road open during those vital days. They screened out on both sides of the road and liquidated the German bands. Driving along the roads, the GIs would see the *Maquis*—leaning on their rifles, grinning, waving, passing out captured Lugers and Mausers. It was the same when we began supplying our armies over the railroad from Brest to Le Mans.

The *Maquis* are mostly young, tough-looking guys between the ages of 17 and 25, although there is a good percentage of women and older persons. In Brittany, for example, nearly all the youth were enrolled in the organization. Many of them ran away to Brittany's wild forests when the Germans tried to conscript them for labor battalions. Others continued to live as normally as possible, going about their business by day and slipping out at night to drill or blow a bridge or maybe slit a few German throats. Today, they still dress in civilian clothes, but on their right

arms they [illegible] with their insignia [illegible] ons or little gold ba[illegible] French Army.

You can see the *Maquis* every where in Brittany, with German Mausers, American M1s or British Sten guns slung over their shoulders. A typical scene was one in a Rennes restaurant, when five *Maquis* walked in, hung their rifles on a hat rack, and sat down to have lunch with their wives, who were waiting for them. One of the *Maquis* had a torn shirt and a bloody arm; it developed later that he and the others had just finished an action against a dozen Germans in a farm outside the city. They had killed all 12. They ate their lunch and discussed domestic problems with their wives. Then, without saying a word, they picked up their rifles, climbed into a captured German staff car now marked with the Cross of Lorraine and took off to fight another little battle before dinner.

When Ninth Air Force aviation engineers arrived to build a fighter strip, the GIs soon discovered there were so many Germans around that they might just as well be behind enemy lines. But a company of *Maquis* soon arrived, threw a cordon around the field and furnished the engineers complete protection while the strip was being built.

When we took over an airport, some GIs discovered a barber shop on the premises and dropped in for a haircut. The GIs were sitting around reading a magazine when the place was suddenly surrounded by *Maquis*. They filled the shop, arrested the barber as a collaborationist and dragged an armed Nazi soldier out of the cellar.

According to G-2 of the corps operating in the Brittany Peninsula, the *Maquis* have turned over an almost unbelievable number of prisoners. It is now standard operating procedure at the front to give all prisoners to the *Maquis* for transmission back to collecting points. The Germans, naturally, are scared to death of the *Maquis*. Some Germans have starved themselves for days, waiting for U. S. forces rather than surrender to the *Maquis*.

The commandant of the *Maquis* in the Rennes area is typical of most of their leaders. He is known only as Cluni, a name he assumed to avoid identification by the Gestapo. He is a medium-sized, thin-faced man of 36. Before the war he was a worker; that was the only way he cared to identify himself. His father and brother were both shot as hostages by the Germans, but Cluni escaped into the woods. When he returned weeks later, his wife and four children were gone. He has never seen them since.

That was when Cluni joined the *Maquis*. Their principal job at that time was keeping the Brest-Paris railroad cut. They did this for three years with such success that German supply trains had only 12 days of free passage in all that time. The *Maquis* also prepared maps and inventories of German coastal installations and defenses, which they sent out secretly to the British.

Cluni showed enough bravery and leadership ability to rise to the rank of full colonel. One week before D Day his organization was alerted by radio. The peaceful citizens of Brittany suddenly began to leave their towns and homes and disappear into the woods. All week the mobilization went on. The loose organization of saboteurs became an army. They maneuvered and received new weapons by parachute. By D Day they were ready.

Their first big job came at the Forest of Maletroit, where the Germans had concentrated elements of a division. On D-plus-two the division began to move out of the forest up to the beaches of Normandy. It never got there. A force of 3,000 *Maquis* under Cluni attacked and routed the entire division.

But the *Maquis* weren't always that lucky. Sometimes they had to attack with only 50 rifles for 100 men. The others carried dynamite and seized the rifles of their comrades as they fell. Once the *Maquis* attacked Gestapo headquarters in a chateau near Mayenne. The attack was unsuccessful and 14 *Maquis* were captured. Five of the 14 knew all the *Maquis* secrets, and the Gestapo took them to the medieval torture chambers of the chateau for questioning. They "questioned" them for two days. None of the five talked.

"We later captured the Gestapo men responsible," Cluni says, and his face is not pretty when he says this.

But Cluni is enthusiastic when he talks about the present situation. "This mopping up is made to order for us," he says. "It is just the eradication of roving groups of bandits; the Germans here can no longer be classified as soldiers. There is just one thing: we wish you would give us uniforms now. Unfortunately there are too many of our people who have suddenly realized they are Frenchmen, and have put on the reserve officers' uniforms that have been lying unused in the closet for four years. That is the old France. I think in the *Maquis* we have the new France. We have done away with the old barriers. Our ranks include everyone—from the Communists to the clergy."

When he says this, Cluni's whole face lights up and you can see how he rose to become a leader. And when you see him and his men in action, you can believe that this is the new France.

This Week's Cover

THE very capable looking young woman, photographed by Sgt. Bill Young, is Lt. Mabel Irwin of Leavenworth, Kans., a flight nurse. Her assignment is on a hospital plane, evacuating the wounded from Pacific battle zones to distant hospitals. Her squadron has evacuated hundreds of fighting men.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Bill Young. 2—Coast Guard. 3—Sgt. Young. 5—PA. 6 & 7—Acme. 8 & 9—Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 10—PRO, CBI. 11—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 18—Upper, Signal Corps, Camp Shanks, N. Y.; lower, Pvt. Bob Martin. 19—Upper left, INP; upper right, Cochran Field, Macon, Ga.; right center, Sgt. Bob Ghio; lower right, Signal Corps, Camp Reynolds, Pa.; lower left, AAFTC. 20—Columbia Pictures. 23—Upper, Illustrated Football Annual; lower, Cpl. Roger Wrenn.

THE SONG OF THE MAQUIS

The Germans were at my house
I was told: Resign yourself
But I could not
And I took up arms again.

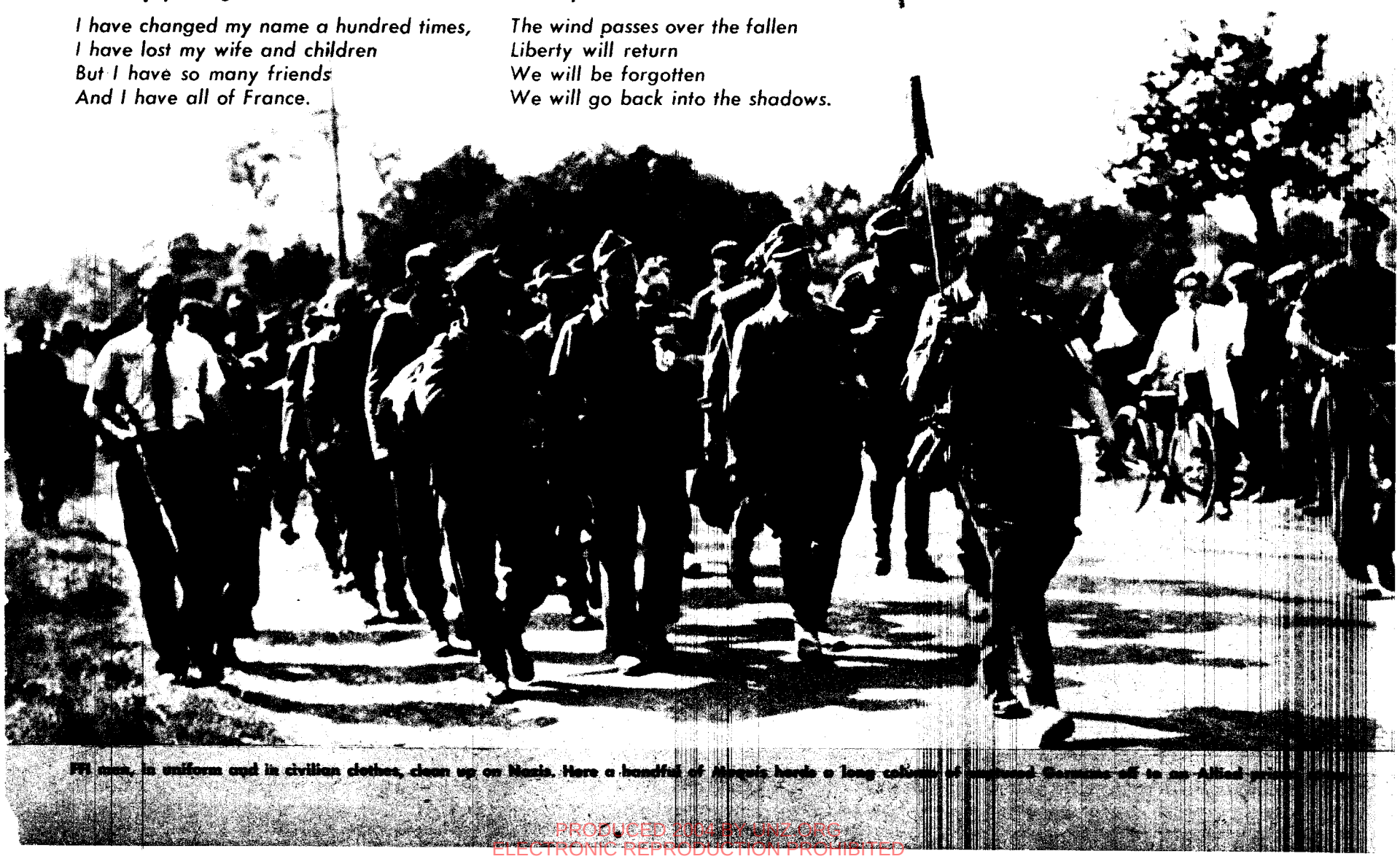
No one asks me
Where I come from or where I am going
You who know
Hide my passing.

I have changed my name a hundred times,
I have lost my wife and children
But I have so many friends
And I have all of France.

An old man in an attic
Hid us for the night.
The Germans took him.
He died without telling.

Yesterday there were still three of us.
Now there is only me
And I turn around
In the prison of borders.

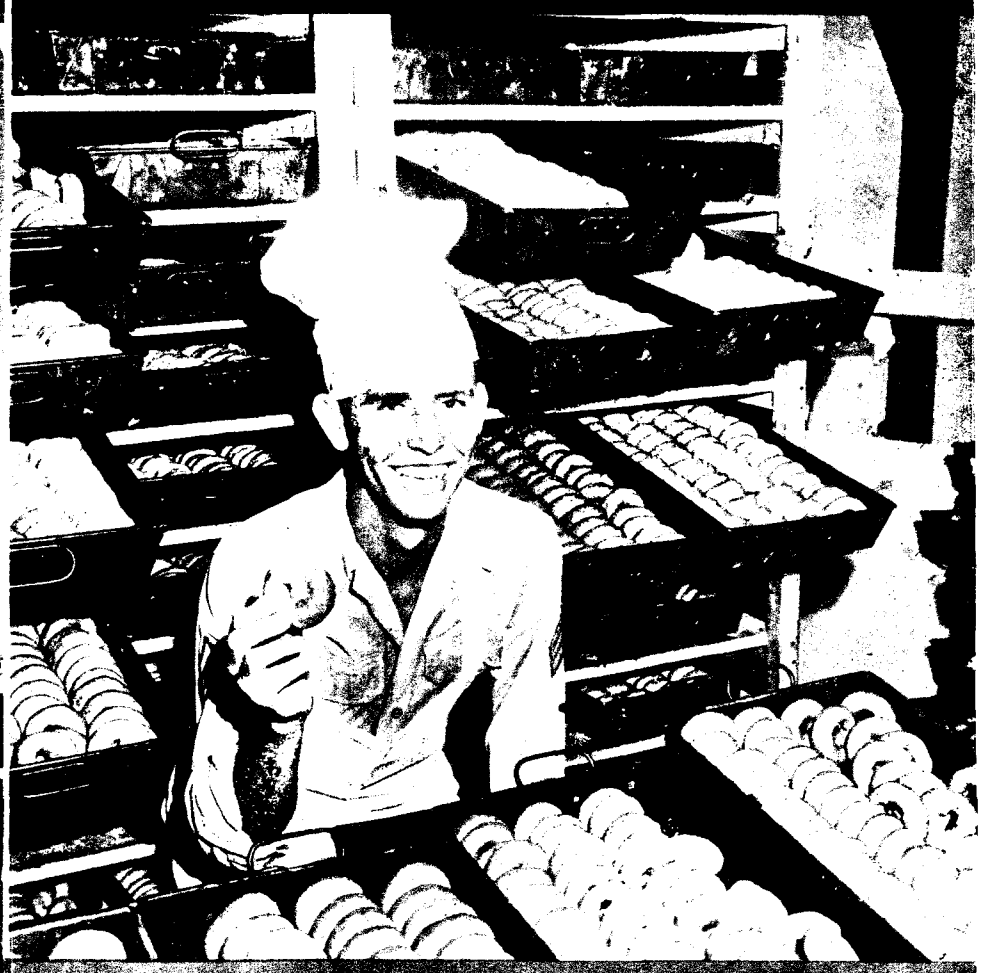
The wind passes over the fallen
Liberty will return
We will be forgotten
We will go back into the shadows.



FFI men, in uniform and in civilian clothes, clean up on Nazis. Here a handful of *Maquis* hands a long column of surrendered Germans off to an Allied [illegible]

SOLDIERS VISIT THEIR FALLEN COMRADES AT MUNDA CEMETERY SUNDAY MORNING.

SGT. JAMES GRIFFIN'S GI BAKERY TURNS OUT 1,700 DOZEN DOUGHNUTS A DAY.



NEW GEORGIA

GIs FIND NEW USES FOR OLD JAP MACHINES ON

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

MUNDA, NEW GEORGIA—What becomes of a Pacific island battleground after the Japs have been eliminated is well illustrated by Munda and the rest of the New Georgia group here in the northern Solomons. It is just 13 months since the battle for possession of these handsome coral and volcanic islands.

The storm clouds still cling to the peak of Rendova, Vesuvius-fashion. The land crabs still prowl. It keeps on raining and raining. The dead gray stalk-like trees still look as if they had the measles: a result of the thousands of holes drilled into them by shrapnel and bullets from the naval bombardment, the artillery, the small arms and the grenades. But otherwise, neither the Japs nor the Americans who fought here would recognize the place easily.

Munda airfield, goal of the bloody American advance through the bush, is now 10 times the size of the original Jap strip. The primitive battle trails, which sometimes were two feet deep in mud, have been replaced by coral roads that are the next thing to the concrete, smooth highways on which your jeep can travel as fast as your conscience or the MPs will let you.

The cleared area below the Lambetti Plantation, where the Japs maintained open fire lanes in an attempt to thwart the final push on Munda, is now a lavish recreation area with a big PX, a coke fountain that does $150 worth of business a day, a library of several thousand books, a bathing pavilion with bathhouse, 10-foot diving platform and float, and even a Jap Zero to cut up into souvenir watchbands and bracelets. Near the waterhole at Olsen's Landing, which the Americans used by day and the Japs by night, floodlights now glare down on night basketball.

Some of the battlefields have vanished completely. Post-war tourists will never see the east knoll of Bibolo Hill, the ridge from which Munda's capture was directed. Engineers found a deposit of coral, scores of feet deep, at that spot; it must have taken hundreds of thousands of years as generation after generation of the little coral sea animals died and piled up on one another to produce Bibolo. But sentiment for neither the battle site nor the industrious coral interfered; the engineers got busy with gasoline shovels, and trucks began to cart the hill away to surface the airport, the roads and the muddy camp areas. So far 150,000 truckloads have been dug out, and the hill is dwindling.

Monument Hill, the 80-foot mound near the original Jap airfield at Munda, has been scraped away to make room for the vastly improved American airport. It was at this hill, a storage site for Jap arms and ammunition, that the enemy made a suicide stand against the high-explosive salvos of the American 37-mm antitank guns. Atop the hill, the Japs had constructed a 20-foot-square mahogany memorial to one of their outfits that built the original Munda airfield largely by hand. The monument has been shipped to Hartford, Conn., as a souvenir.

The new Munda airport has also obliterated the big Jap bivouac area in the Lambetti plantation.

Vila airfield on nearby Kolombangara used to send up Jap strafers to harass troops on New Georgia, but now it pushes up cucumbers, tomatoes, okra, corn, cantaloups and watermelons under the fine hand of T-5 Herman B. Wiley of Clarksville, Tex. American agricultural experts found that the much-bombed strip was covered with splendid loam. The only hitch is that when the Japs built Vila, they cut the coconut trees off flush with the ground, and the hidden stumps are now causing Wiley quite a few busted disc harrows.

One hilltop above Munda—across which the 103d and 172d Infantry Regiments had rugged going in the last days of the battle—is now the New Georgia cemetery. It is a graceful rectangle of neat coral paths, trimmed lawn, and rows of dog-tagged crosses and Stars of David, looking down on yellow-green reefs and the blue of distant Rendova.

A superficial glance around New Georgia with its heavy ground and air traffic, its dozens of pyramidal-tent camps, its very professional GI radio station and its well-tenanted stockade, might give the impression that it is an old Army base of many years' standing. You know that isn't so when you see the shell-shattered trees still rotting in the bullet and shrapnel holes. At least one company, the 3461st Ordnance, near Olsen's Landing, makes a weekly survey of its area to see which trees need to be cut down. Even at that, an occasional 80-footer tumbles into the company area. For a while it was so bad that the men used to hop out of their sacks during storms and bed down in the trucks in the treeless shop area.

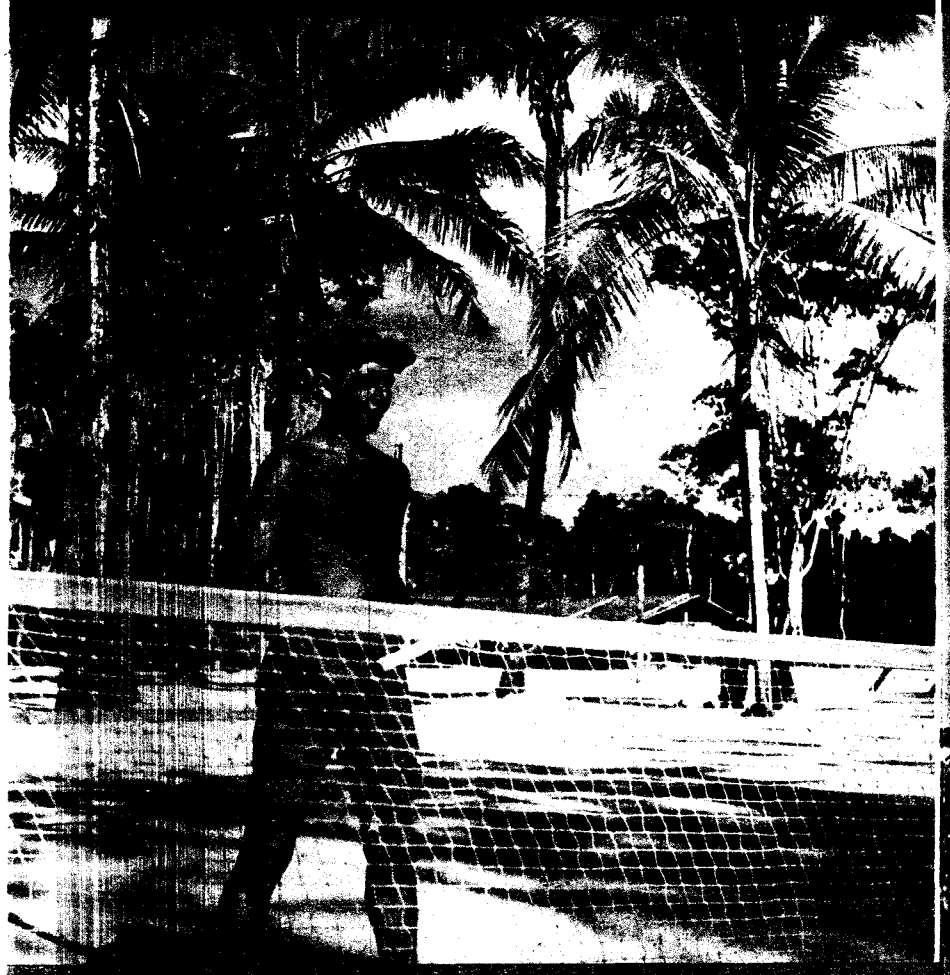
The enormous changes that have occurred are due in no small part to the Japs themselves. The equipment and material they left behind has gone to scores of worthy American uses.

When Catholic Chaplain Charles E. Freegard of Magna, Utah, needed a vehicle for his clerical gear and his traveling library, he acquired a Jap cargo truck. On the side of the truck are the words "USS Padre, Chaplain Freegard, Sky Pilot," and "Thank You, Tojo." The Chaplain's tires say "Yokohama heavy duty, 36 x 6, Made by Yokohama Rubber Co."

Several Jap landing barges with curved prows and Jap assault boats with padded edges now carry GIs out to enjoy the plentiful fishing. The waters around New Georgia boast more than 1,000 varieties of fish, among them the barracuda, the king mackerel, tuna, swordfish and sailfish, and a whole Sears Roebuck catalogue of different species of shark.

If you like, you can ride around in a Jap sidecar motorcycle, an odd type that shifts like an automobile and has a speedometer in "kilometers an hour." The cycle carries an English "Made in Japan" label. There are also a few dozen Jap bicycles, some of them put together from parts of three or four broken models.

On a Jap lathe the 3461st Ordnance Company is busy grinding out souvenirs, whisky shot glasses ($25 a half dozen, made from Jap 20-mm shells), women's powder and hairpin sets (assembled from Jap 25-caliber and 20-mm and 75-mm shells, as well as from local mahogany), and shell and mahogany picture frames.



JAPS FOUGHT TO HOLD THIS SPOT WHERE AL BESSOL ARM3C NOW PLAYS TENNIS.

PFC. WAYMON THOMAS PEDALS A CLASSY BICYCLE LEFT BEHIND BY THE JAPS.

One Year Later

THESE PEACEFUL ISLANDS, ONCE BATTLE SITES.

A log-hauling detail is performed obligingly by a Jap Komatsu tractor. Jap pushcarts move goods at the warehouse. A Jap sprinkler that used to keep down the dust for Jap fighter planes is now leveling the dirt clouds for the jeeps on Munda's 30 new miles of highway. A Jap generator powers an American searchlight and one of the Japs' trucks is serving the Seabees as a wrecker.

A Batavia-made engine, probably stolen by the Japs from the Dutch, is running a sawmill turning out dayroom furniture and other niceties for the New Georgia GIs. A Jap fuel truck with a right-hand drive, labeled "made in U.S.A. by International Harvester Co.", is once more back in service where it belongs, gassing up American vehicles.

MANY a Jap item has gone to new uses. A Jap 90-mm gun is in use in a repair yard as a chain hoist to lift engines out of trucks. A string of shell casings from a gun of the same caliber is serving the Seabees as a sewer line. The pointing assembly of another Jap field gun made a vise for the Seabees, and still another Jap cannon barrel gave them a well-drilling rig. When GIs set to work constructing an incinerator, they provided it with an oil burner made from a Jap rifle and a piece of pipe.

When Finance needed a safe, Jap boiler plate helped provide it. A first-rate welding table came from a five-foot Jap gun base. Jap helmets, punctured through the top and painted white inside, answered the call for lamp shades. Parts from a Jap truck produced a cosmolining unit for small arms.

Jap communication wire is serving both for tent lighting and for clotheslines. Other Jap odds and ends went to improve the chow situation, making bakers' units, grills and "reefers" for ice cream.

Most of the Jap material came from Kolombangara and Rendova. Big piles are still to be picked up on Roviana and Sasavele Islands, just offshore from Munda.

Probably the most spectacular example of the transformation in New Georgia is the detail held down by Cpl. Francis H. Fleming of Seattle, Wash.; Pvt. Hubert E. Thompson of Porterville, Calif., and Pvt. Glen R. McCulloch of Tacoma, Wash. Their full-time job is to go fishing in Kula Gulf, where some of the most violent sea and air battles were waged; off Segi, where many a strafing attack took place; off Kolombangara, and in a half-dozen other battle areas.

The three GIs, assisted by five natives, sail off by themselves into a little non-GI world of their own. Once a week they put back into Munda with a two-ton catch of fish, much of it scaly varieties that few American fish markets ever have seen—usually parrot or surgeon fish with a sprinkling of losch, carong and napoleon. The surgeon fish are nasty little 3-pounders, each of them carrying a scalpel tucked in the tail, ready to perform an operation on any fisherman within reach. One of the natives got an ugly slash, a half-inch deep, across the forearm from a surgeon fish. The GIs avoid them as they would a Nambu machine gun.

All the fishing is done by nets, the fishermen standing in three or four feet of transparent water on a coral reef. Some of the fish, like "spotted tail" and "big lips," were nameless before the GIs invented tags for them. Hungry for fresh food, the GIs ashore eat the whole two tons without a murmur. A 170-pound cow shark was about to be thrown back one day when someone decided to bring it in. Sure enough, one Army outfit was glad to eat it up.

The three GIs have no bugles, reveille, taps or regular eating times. Chow is whenever anyone wants it. There is no shining of shoes because their GI brogans are always dipping into the sea on the jagged reefs. There is no point in getting up early because the sun has to be high anyway before the netters can see the well-camouflaged fish. When a day's catch runs to 2,500 pounds, the three EM may be up as late as 0100 or 0200, cleaning fish.

There may still be a few Japs around. As late as last December, four or five Japs were picked up each week. In January, on Rendova, two Japs, so weak they could hardly hold up their heads, were found struggling through the jungle toward Munda, believing it still in Jap hands. Others were picked up as late as April on Rendova, New Georgia and Vella Lavella. On Vella natives spotted a Jap stealing bananas. His hair was down below his shoulders, and his cave home was lined with coconut husks and American food tins. He was shirtless and had no weapon except a knife. Unfortunately for him, he got away.

The land crabs, one of the special tortures of the New Georgia fight, are still around. During the campaign they plagued men in foxholes at night by creeping through the brush like Japs. November and December, however, are the crabs' really big months; they march down to the sea to mate. Munda field proved a favorite crab hang-out. Planes and jeeps could not help killing them by the hundreds; filling the air with a penetrating stench. First job every morning in tent offices was to shoo out the crabs; as many as 30 of the 10-inch crawlers were found on floors and walls. A crab race with a $1 entry fee was run off and at post time there were 50 starters. No one likes to think of the coming November.

Rats are still doing quite well, too. Some GIs claim they have seen rat close-order drills, and many report the rats are so tame that when you enter your tent they stroll out single file. Another Munda woe is that the coral floors rot barracks bags, mildew shoes and deteriorate cloth and leather goods.

Otherwise, things are not so bad for the womanless South Pacific isle. The drinking water is better than on Green Island (thanks in part to several Jap pumps), security is greater than on Bougainville, the mud and dust is trivial compared with Guadalcanal, and the boredom seems less (by grace of Jap-provided entertainment, including Jap musical instruments) than on Espiritu Santo. The calm that has come to New Georgia is typified by the case of an Iowan, Cpl. James Fewdale. A year ago nobody except his own squad would have known about it, but recently, when an unidentified sea creature took three slices out of his hips, all New Georgia heard of it. It's a new New Georgia.

The Adventure of 3 Mice and 40 Cats

A FIGHTER BASE, BRITAIN [By Cable]—"There we were, three mice in a mess of cats—and no ammunition."

That slightly confused observation by Lt. Urban L. Drew of Detroit, Mich., was excusable; he had a right to be confused.

Drew was one of three Mustang fighter pilots who had just finished strafing German trucks and flak towers and were almost out of ammo when they barged smack into the middle of 40 Nazi FW190s and ME109s.

Flying the other P51s over France were Lt. William T. Kemp of East Peoria, Ill., and Lt. Leonard A. Wood of Lansing, Mich.

"The enemy ships were wheeling around above their airfield, forming up to go after bombers, I suppose," said Lt. Kemp, "when we sighted them. We debated hurriedly over the intercom whether to take a crack at them. As we debated, we kept barreling right on through."

"It was like a bowling alley," broke in Lt. Drew, still mixing metaphors. "We made a strike: Jerry planes scattered all over the sky. We had to keep breaking them up so they wouldn't get together and gang up on us.

"The Jerries took off in 40 different directions, dropping belly tanks, lowering landing gear, sitting down everywhere and anywhere."

"I needed a swivel neck," said Lt. Wood. "Everywhere I looked there were planes. I kept calling them out like a train announcer."

Lt. Kemp caught up with an FW and gave it a short squeeze. "He exploded in a 30-yard blob of flame," said the pilot, "and I flew right through the top of the explosion. Then I latched onto another FW and had just put a few hits in his canopy when I felt like someone was staring at the back of my neck. Looking back, I saw an ME109 blinking his cannon. I moved plenty fast."

Lt. Drew had been mixing with an FW when a pair of MEs tried to attack. "I pulled over," he said, "and as soon as my guns fired, the MEs tailed off. Then I jumped another ship—all you had to do was sit and something would come by—and got some hits on him. Right then my guns stopped.

"I broke away and another ME whizzed by, cannon flaming. I turned into him even though I had no ammo and he lit out fast like the rest. I kept making head-on passes and pulling in behind planes even though I had no bullets; otherwise they might have gone after me. The psychological warfare worked fine."

Lt. Kemp flushed a Jerry who was so anxious to get away from it all that he went through two power lines, bounced into a field, tore through a fence and kept right on going. "He was in one helluva hurry," said Kemp, "but I slowed him down with hits in the cockpit."

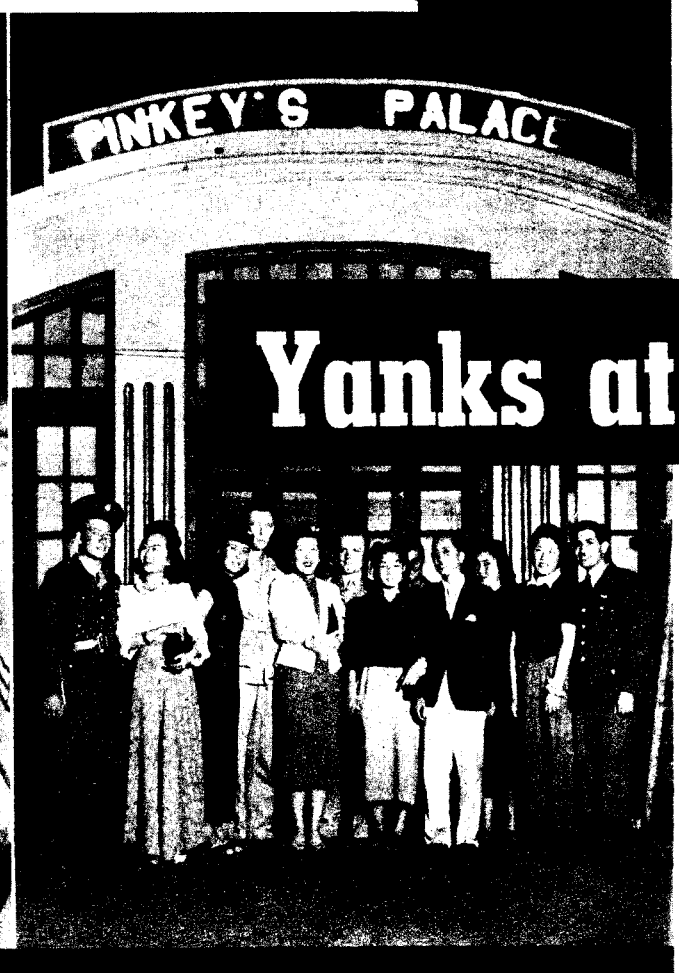
Out of ammo and low on gas, the three P51s "hit the deck," hightailing away from the Jerries at hedgetop level. They made it to an emergency landing field on the English coast with only a few gallons to spare.

—Sgt. SIDNEY ROSENBLATT
YANK Field Correspondent

CLUBBY TABLE COMBINATIONS GATHERED TO CHAT AND DINE. FROM LEFT: T-4 R. C. HARE, MAY BROWN, MING CHEN, ROBERT VOSS, DORA CHAN, CPL. FRANK FALLS, LOUISE CHAW, S SGT. JOHN NAROLEWSKI.

THE worst problems that faced GIs of the U. S. Military Mission to China when they decided to hold a dance were lack of girls for partners, lack of a place to hold the dance, lack of refreshments for the guests. As these pictures show, they licked them all and had a dance in the best U. S. tradition.

MING CHEN, DANCING WITH CPL. FRANK FALLS, ATTENDED MISSIONARY SCHOOLS IN CHINA.



PINKEY'S PALACE, NAMED FOR U. S. CHINA MISSION'S BRIG. GEN. FRANK DORN, WAS SCENE OF GALA EVENT.

GI Foster Fathers

SOUTHWEST CHINA—Whenever a GI truck passes a certain small village on the Burma Road, it honks its horn twice. Then the little blind girls of T'ien Kuang know they're not forgotten.

T'ien Kuang is a mission school of the Lutheran Church. The 37 Chinese children there are casualties, bombed out of their homes and blinded by shrapnel or wartime diseases.

Troops of the Service Forces in this area—warehousemen, welders, electricians, mechanics and convoy drivers—have paused in their work of supplying Chinese and American soldiers and raised shekels to support this little school.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Incident on an Iran Road

IRAN—There's one big advantage in belonging to an MP company that patrols hundreds of miles of this tortuous road to Russia. You're liable not to meet up with your first sergeant for six months at a time. There are 11 different detachments to the company, spaced out to guard strategic points.

In the summer there is dust, heat, sand-fly fever and dysentery. In the winter there is a 24-hour watch in a little booth on the mountains above the snow line, with a telephone so you can send a warning if the road is impassable.

The MPs are always armed and ready for action, in case Kurd tribesmen swoop down from the hills to raid a baked-mud village or loot a convoy. Some months ago these bandits blockaded the road, forcing an Army jeep to stop. They put a bullet between the eyes of an American master sergeant in the jeep and wounded a medic who was with him. Then they stole their arms, blankets and money.

About dusk one evening, a few nights after the master sergeant had been killed, three men—1st Sgt. Roger W. Rowley of Bombay, N. Y.; S/Sgt. Joe Samsell of Philadelphia, Pa., and a Persian interpreter—were driving down the same road. Spotting a similar roadblock ahead, they pulled their command car over to the side and leaped out. Four bandits near the block started to run, one stopping when he reached a good firing position behind some rocks and cocking his gun. Rowley shot and killed the bandit at 450 yards with an M1. Samsell wounded another with his tommy gun. The bandit Rowley killed wore a belt showing he was head of his tribe.

The top kick, a veteran of 14 years in the Army, wasn't much excited by this shooting episode, but another experience ruffled his calm. Some GIs got in a jam in one of the villages, and Rowley went in and got them out. The mayor was so impressed by this show of strength and authority that he offered Rowley one of his three wives. "He wanted to get rid of one of them anyway," the sergeant says. "I told him: 'You run your wives and I'll run the MPs.'"

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Yanks at Home Abroad

The GIRL BACK HOME

If she is around 19 or 20 and choosy about her company, time is hanging heavy on her hands.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Writer

WE hear a lot about the war brides back home, who are busy taking care of new babies that husbands and fathers in New Guinea have never seen, and other women who are either working day and night for the local Red Cross, USO or for some servicemen's canteen or welding on the night shift at Lockheed's.

And we hear something of the female juvenile delinquents, the "victory girls" around 15 or 16 years old, who are out on the make in the juke-joint districts of the larger cities because the older members of their families are too busy with war work to keep an eye on them and to slap sense into them when they need it.

But what about the nice young girls back home who don't fall into any of these categories—the unmarried ones around 19 or 20 who are not in war work and who have plenty of spare time but don't believe in going out with strangers unless they have been properly introduced? What are they doing with these long evenings?

The answer is that they are not doing much of anything. The long evenings are hanging heavy on their hands.

Barbara Johnson is typical of the girls in this group. That isn't her real name but it will do. You know her type. She is 20 and very good looking with dark brown hair and the kind of a figure that goes well in a tweed skirt and a Brooks sweater with the sleeves pushed up (not rolled up) above the elbows. Barbara is starting her senior year at a big women's college about 20 miles from the city where she has always lived.

If this was 1940 instead of 1944, Barbara would be having one of the most exciting years of her life. She would be looking forward to football and basketball week ends, proms, tea dances, sorority and fraternity house parties, and busy Christmas and Easter vacations. And she could have her pick of at least 10 different men any time she felt like a date. That was the way it was with her two older sisters when they were at the same college before the war, and she is just as popular as they were. In fact, both of them frankly admit she has a slight edge on them.

But the war has changed everything for Barbara; just as it has for the young guys who are no longer around to date her.

For one thing her home life has been broken up. Her father and mother both died before she reached her teens but her oldest brother, who managed the local Buick agency, kept the family supported in their suburban home. When the war came, he took a commission in the Navy. Another brother went into the Marines and Barbara's two sisters both married in 1942, when everybody in town seemed to be getting married. Barbara went to live at college instead of commuting as she did in her freshman year, and they sold the family house.

So she doesn't have the comfortable home life that the older members of the family enjoyed at her age. Week ends and vacations she visits her married sisters but quite often she finds herself alone, minding one of their babies while they go out for the evening. Her sisters don't feel that they are imposing on her because, as she always tells them, she has nothing else to do anyway.

"When I was in high school, I went around with a group of about a dozen boys and girls," Barbara says. "I still saw them on week ends during my first two years in college, and, of course, I met new friends in college, too—about another dozen boys and girls that I saw a lot of. I didn't go steadily with any one boy. We either went out in a crowd, or one of them might call up and take me to the movies or a basketball game or dancing.

"Well, except for one of them who is still here in medical school as an ASTP student, all those boys are in the service, either overseas or in some other part of the country. I don't see the medical student, either. He went and got himself engaged to a friend of mine.

"That leaves me and most of the other girls I know in the same fix. We can either stay home or go out by ourselves—to the movies or to some decent place where girls can go alone, and there are not many of those places. Or we can date these Army and Navy officers or V-12 men who are stationed temporarily at the service schools in the big state university a few miles out of town. But we don't like that kind of dates."

Why not?

"Well, for one thing, a lot of them are wolves. They expect you to collapse because they have such well-tailored uniforms. Or something. And, for another thing, we get tired of hearing them tell us how this part of the United States stinks compared with California, Tennessee or Nebraska or wherever it is that they come from. It seems there is nothing else they can talk about.

"But the main reason we don't like to date the servicemen who are stationed here temporarily is that we don't really know much about them. We don't enjoy going out with men that we never saw before last night and may never see again after next week. No matter how nice they are, that uncertainty sort of keeps you from feeling at ease and having a good time. I've found that I'd rather stay home than go through it. It isn't worth it."

LIKE a lot of other girls her age, Barbara does not volunteer her services at USO and Army camp service-club dances as often as she did last year and the year before when such work was considered patriotic and rather pleasant, too. She has come to the conclusion that most servicemen don't like dancing with strange girls under the watchful eye of a chaperon and she looks upon such affairs as a pointless waste of time.

Consequently, she has little to do except go to the movies—there is hardly ever a show in town that she hasn't seen—or to stay home, reading, sewing or writing letters to her brothers and the six or seven other servicemen who correspond with her regularly.

Staying home is not easy for Barbara. It makes her restless and irritable and she often finds herself at the point of tears over some harmless remark or unimportant misunderstanding that she would not have noticed two years ago.

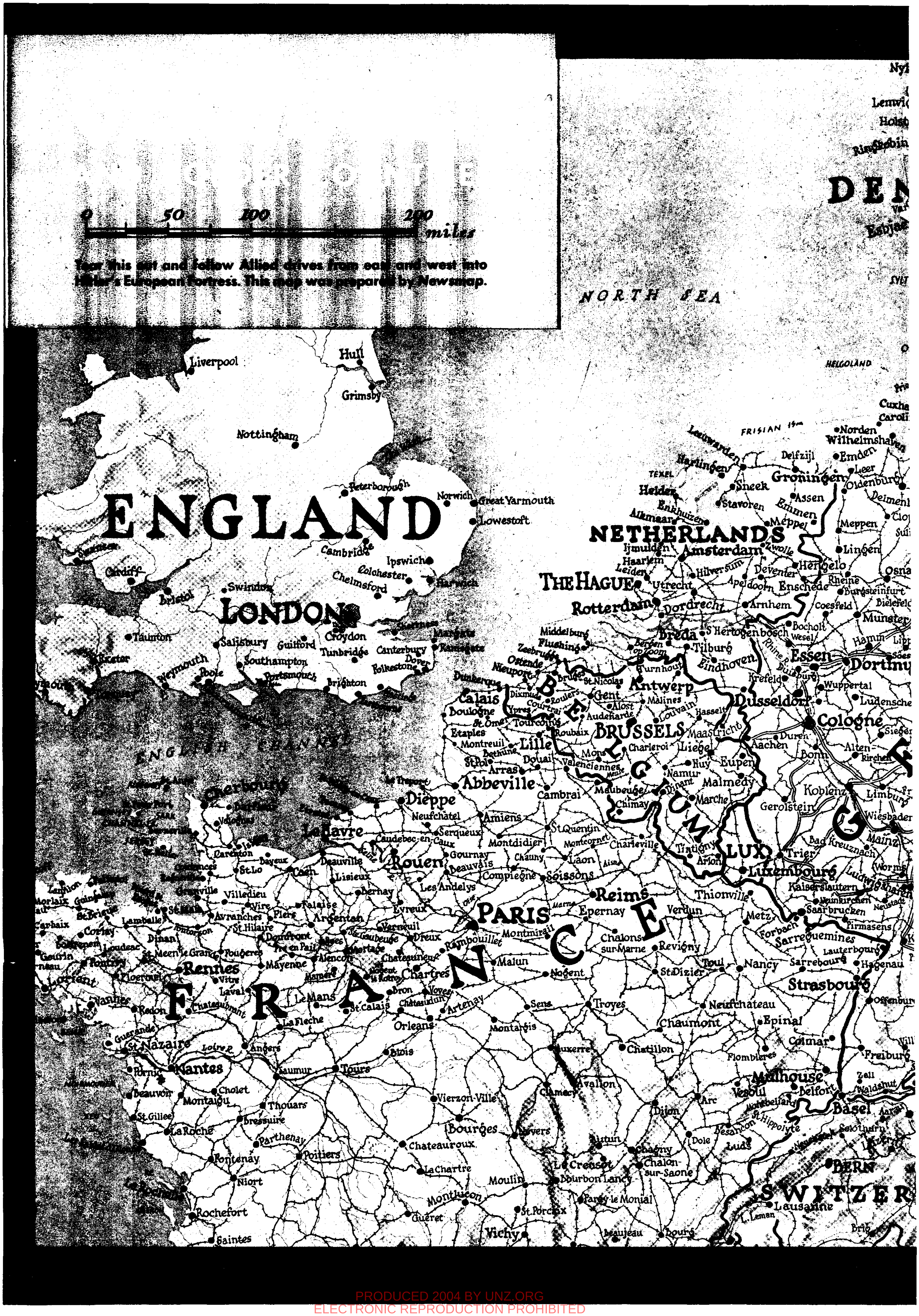
"I keep telling myself, if I don't get out of this house tonight, I'll die," she says.

Barbara and other girls her age feel that the war has changed their lives more drastically than it has affected the girls back home who are in their late 20s. She points out that the older girls are more liable to know men in the higher age brackets who have not been drafted.

"They haven't had their whole social life swept out from under them, like we have," she says. "The only older men I know who are not in the service are friends of my older brothers and sisters. They're too old for me. I couldn't go out for an evening with one of them. We wouldn't have anything to talk about and, besides, I'd feel as though they were just doing me a favor to cheer me up. I'd hate that."

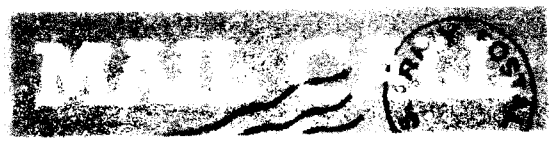
Barbara almost had to ask a 37-year-old classmate of her oldest brother to take her to her junior prom last spring. Luckily, however, one of her own friends showed up in town on furlough from Camp Crowder and saved the day.

She is wondering now what she is going to do about her senior-week festivities next June. Unless somebody else gets a furlough or comes home from overseas, the commencement dance she has dreamed about ever since she was a little girl is going to be a dreary disappointment.



Tear this out and follow Allied drives from east and west into Hitler's European Fortress. This map was prepared by Newsmap.


BALTIC SEA
OLAND
BORNHOLM
RUGEN
LITHUANIA
EAST
PRUSSIA
POLAND
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
HUNGARY
AUSTRIA
BERLIN
WARSAW
PRAGUE
VIENNA
BUDAPEST
DANZIG
Konigsberg
Memel
Tilsit
Insterburg
Gumbinnen
Elbing
Marienburg
Allenstein
Gdynia
Stolp
Kolberg
Koslin
Stettin
Swinemunde
Greifswald
Stralsund
Rostock
Kiel
Hamburg
Lubeck
Wismar
Hannover
Brunswick
Magdeburg
Potsdam
Frankfurt on Oder
Poznan
Bydgoszcz
Torun
Plock
Lodz
Kalisz
Breslau
Liegnitz
Gorlitz
Dresden
Leipzig
Halle
Chemnitz
Kassel
Gottingen
Erfurt
Weimar
Jena
Gotha
Eisenach
Fulda
Plauen
Hof
Coburg
Schweinfurt
Bamberg
Wurzburg
Nurnberg
Erlangen
Regensburg
Straubing
Passau
Landshut
Munich
Augsburg
Ulm
Stuttgart
Salzburg
Berchtesgaden
Linz
Steyr
St Polten
Wiener Neustadt
Graz
Klagenfurt
Villach
Leoben
Maribor
Sopron
Gyor
Szombathely
Kormend
Szekesfehervar
Szolnok
Szeged
Baja
Pecs
Mohacs
Varazdin
Danube R.
Bratislava
Magarov
Brunn
Olomouc
Pilsen
Karlsbad
Marienbad
Eger
Budweis
Tabor
Pisek
Klattau
Kolin
Konigratz
Troppau
Mahr. Ostrau
Teschen
Ratibor
Gleiwitz
Katowice
Cracow
Tarnow
Bochnia
Nowy Sacz
Czestochowa
Kielce
Radom
Radomsko
Tomaszow
Piotrkow
Wielun
Oppeln
Neisse
Glatz
Waldenburg
Schweidnitz
Glogau
Leszno
Rawicz
Ostrow
Krotoszyn
Gostyn
Kosciàn
Jarocin
Konin
Kolo
Kutno
Leczyca
Lowicz
Skierniewice
Gniezno
Wrzesnia
Inowroclaw
Wloclawek
Chelmno
Grudziatz
Chelmza
Brodnica
Mlawa
Przasnysz
Ostroleka
Lomza
Ostrow Mazowiecka
Pultusk
Plonsk
Sierpc
Lipno
Starogard
Tczew
Chojnice
Marienwerder
Deutsch Eylau
Schneidemuhl
Deutsch Krone
Falkenburg
Landsberg
Kustrin
Cottbus
Guben
Forst
Sagan
Gruneberg
Bautzen
Zittau
Gablonz
Reichenberg
Teplitz
Brux
Komotau
Laun
Kalmar
Karlskrona
Karlshamn
Kristianstad
Halsingborg
Malmo
Landskrona
Ystad
Trelleborg
Simrishamn
Randers
Horsens
Copenhagen
Tarnowski Gory
Zawiercie
Oswiecim
Pszczyna
Bielsko
Prossnitz
Iglau
Zwittau
Znaim
Mistelbach
Martinsberg
Gmunden
Liezen
Murzzuschlag
Hartberg
Dubnica
Zvolen
Ruzomberok
Kosice
Miskolc



Getting That Job Back

Dear YANK:

As an ex-serviceman I am now suing my former employer to force him to give me my old job back as provided by the Selective Service Act. I am taking this means through YANK to answer all the questions and letters of good wishes I received from servicemen at this country and overseas regarding my case. According to the New York *Times* my case is said to be the first real test case arising from the re-employment provision of the act.

The main facts are: I worked for A. J. Crowhurst and Sons from 1936, as a tacker, until I was inducted into the Army. I took my basic at Camp Grant, Ill. (Medical Corps). After I was discharged from the Army I applied for my old job under the re-employment provisions contained in the Selective Service Act, *but I was refused my job because I had flat feet*, a condition which resulted in my discharge from the service. Nevertheless, I found that in spite of my flat feet I was well able physically to perform my old job and, as a matter of fact, I *did* get a job as tacker with another company to earn money while I was waiting for the outcome of my suit. I do, however, want my old job back, and that is why I took my case to court, to see if the Selective Service Act was a real guarantee or just a campaign promise.

I understand that the Department of Justice is prepared to assist in such cases as mine and already many private individuals, veteran groups, community organizations and labor unions have offered their whole-hearted support. In fact, the CIO-War Relief Committee has taken on my case and is representing me in court. Once again I offer all my thanks to GIs for their interest and I hope that my plea succeeds and serves as a symbol of every last GI's determination to get his job back if he wants it.

Newark, N. J. —JOSEPH GRASSO

Unconditional Surrender

Dear YANK:

Mr. Goebbels suggests we relent. Mr. Goebbels suggests we modify the terms of unconditional surrender. Modify for what purpose? So that 10 or 20 years from now we may again enjoy the comforts of Normandy's hedgerows? To give Mr. Goebbels time to rebuild the Nazi myth?

Unconditional surrender is the only answer. Those terms give a semblance of concreteness to our promises of liberation. They revive the hopes of those whose lands are under Nazi domination and assure us their support.

Mr. Goebbels may consider himself fortunate we do not impose upon him the terms he and his clique doled out in the ghettos of Poland and the villages of Russia. The unearthed remains of countless bodies found in these countries testify that our terms are lenient.

Our terms should stand. They should remain unaltered. Only in that way will we be able to cleanse the earth of those who have been soiling it for 11 years.

France —Pvt. JOSEPH BLUMERT

Drafting Women

Dear YANK:

We have just read the letter on drafting women, written by Cpl. Patrick T. McGinnity (also signed by 23 others), and man, we're burnin'!

In the first place, what makes them think their women will be any less their loved ones for having served in the armed forces? Frankly, we're getting rather tired of people throwing slurs at the "women in service" when they have never had contact with them and yet have the colossal nerve to believe all they hear.

Women in uniform have received praise from those to whom they've been assigned in almost every instance. We're proud of that record and the fact that we weren't afraid to give up our feminine frills and personal freedom to do what we could for our country.

This war wasn't our idea and we don't feel that when it is over we'll be set apart from those women who stayed at home. Nor do we think this stretch in the service is going to change us essentially.

If these 24 honorable gentlemen of Iran would quit worrying about keeping their position in life as the "stronger sex" and read the article about drafting women, they'd see the figures on how many women in the States aren't doing a doggoned thing to bring V Day nearer.

Egypt —Wacs of the Headquarters Detachment

Dear YANK:

. . . We, the members of "Hut Seventeen," somewhere in the Aleutians, agree with Cpl. McGinnity 100 percent. After all, it is bad enough that our families worry about us without having to see them drafted. Let's keep our loved ones at home waiting for us so that after this is over we will have something to return to.

Aleutians —S/Sgt. J. H. A. MILLER, III

Dear YANK:

. . . If it has come to drafting women why not draft those 4-Fs? Any man that is able to go out and have a whopping good time till late hours is able to do more in the service than a woman. All of us out here are fighting so that our sweethearts and wives won't have to do what women must do in other countries. They talk a lot about keeping the fighting man's morale high. I think I speak for several thousand marines—let 4-Fs take the desk soldier's place.

Central Pacific —Cpl. CHARLES A. CURL*

*Also signed by Pfcs. Olaf L. Allen, Joseph W. McNally, Warren B. Woodward, Kenith M. Kessler and Clarence W. Harvey, all of the USMC.

USO Soldiers

Dear YANK:

I'm going on to my fourth year overseas now and have seven campaigns to my credit. I fully sympathize with those boys in the States who don't like to be called USO soldiers. The majority of the so-called foreign-service men that give this name to the soldiers in the States were or never will be within a thousand miles of a Jap or a German. I wish to apologize on behalf of the Infantry in this area for the wrong done to our comrades in arms back in the states. There are a hell of a lot more USO soldiers over here than there are back in the states. . . .

New Caledonia —Sgt. HERBERT G. HUNT

Dear YANK:

. . . After all a guy back in the States is waiting to be called for overseas duty the same as we were. Why take it out on a fellow because he is still in the States? . . .

New Guinea —Cpl. P. R. LUCARONI

Dear YANK:

. . . We are a couple of GIs who want to get into the fight. We came over with a light ack-ack outfit which we thought was going places, but we turned out to be a bunch of service-club commandos. . . .

India —Pvt. E. A. HIGGINS*

*Also signed by Pvts. Kovalick, McHenry, William Campbell and Walters.

The 24th Infantry

Dear YANK:

We of the 24th Infantry would like to inform you of an error in a July issue in which you stated that Pvt. James O'Banner of the 93d Division was the first colored soldier to kill a Jap in this war. Pvt. O'Banner might have been the first soldier of the 93d Division to kill a Jap but I happen to know that men in the 24th Infantry, which incidentally was the first colored Infantry outfit in combat in this war, did their share long before the 93d Division went into action. I was with the 24th and I know that in our books the credit goes to T/Sgt. Alphonse Douglas of Company C.

Russell Islands —Pvt. JOSEPH M. CORNISH*

*Also signed by Pfc. Joe H. Hendrix, Pfc. Marion Summers, Pfc. Robert Mitchell, Pfc. L. J. Cooper and Pvt. Clarence Davis.

Eureka!

Dear YANK:

I'm a marine. I've just returned from 26 months of fighting overseas. I'm a great admirer of the Army. The Marines often land first but without you boys it would be tough. I've been on Guadalcanal, Solomons, New Georgia and Tarawa. I was with the Raiders. Keep up the good work, Army.

Cherry Point, N. C. —Sgt. J. THOMPSON, USMC

"More Shootin' "

Dear YANK:

A recent article described an incident in which a new replacement asked a fellow GI how to load his M1; this during the heat of battle with the enemy 10 yards away. Is it any wonder? I've been knocking around this Army for 24 months—14 months overseas—and have yet to learn how to load an M1 and jive it. I've never been taught to handle anything but the '03, but when action was imminent in the Aleutians I was handed an M1, a rifle I knew little about.

Ever since my induction I've been rushed through training so damned fast that I'm still wondering what the Army is all about. Six-week training took me to POE. Now that I'm in the States we're being rushed through training again. Hell! What this Army needs in training is "more shootin' and less salutin'" and more time to do it in.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —Pvt. JOHN GRAHAM

Combat Pay for Medics

Dear YANK:

I note that practically all the branches of the Army have been given additional pay with the exception of the medics. Some people may say that by the rules of the Geneva Conference the medics are in no danger, but in the Pacific, where we are, that is not true. We do not wear the Geneva Cross on our sleeves because there is just as much chance of a medic being killed as a combat infantryman.

We are attached to the Infantry and live with them in the front-line pillboxes, go on patrols with them and in general lead the life of an infantryman. In our combat experiences, the medics as both aid men and litter-bearers, have been exposed to enemy fire as much as infantrymen.

Therefore I believe that the medics should be given some recognition and compensation to put them on a par with other branches.

Bougainville —Cpl. WILLIAM F. FRIDAY

Retaliation

Dear YANK:

The promiscuous robot bombing of England—promiscuous because it has nothing to do whatsoever with military strategy—might suggest to many of us that we, too, can play at this murderous and cowardly game. It might prove to be an interesting experiment if we were to plaster Nazi cities regardless of their importance as centers of war production. . . .

The Hun is a consistent animal and proves it by breaking every pact, every agreement and violating every humanitarian principle. . . . Let us remove this stinking sore from the scarred face of humanity by dealing with the Hun in the manner which he best understands.

Bermuda —S/Sgt. ARTHUR J. KAPLAN

Double Trouble

Dear YANK:

The *Sad Sack* entitled "Double Trouble," which appeared in a July edition, is based on a lack of knowledge of military courtesy. Sgt. George Baker evidently does not remember his basic training very well. He has loitered too long in the environs of YANK. Perhaps a little field work would do him some good.

I refer you to *FM 21-50*, the basic field manual on military courtesy and discipline—sec. II, par. 7 (m): "One does not salute when at work." The *Sad Sack* within his own limitations, of course, is at work. The cartoon may presuppose that the captain may not have been familiar with the correct rule, which is far too much cartoonalistic license to take.

Fort Ord, Calif. —2d Lt. NORMAN LIPKIND

Dear YANK:

Since when does a man on a detail have to salute an officer?

Camp McCain, Miss. —Cpl. C. GRABLEWSKI

■ The Captain had no right to issue the order, but even the Sack knows better than to disobey an officer.

Lt. Hargrove?

Dear YANK:

In an August issue of YANK, you list Sgt. Marion Hargrove on your editorial staff. Two or three weeks ago our local newspaper listed the author of "See Here, Private Hargrove" as "Lt." Which is it? Or are the men two different people?

Plant Park, Tampa, Fla. —Pfc. JOHN J. TORTI

■ Both the same. Sgt. Hargrove has been sweating out a staff-sergeancy from YANK for 20 months and seems to be getting nowhere.

Jeep or Jack?

Dear YANK:

After we've won the war the Army will find itself with more jeeps than it can use. I think it would be a good idea if the War Department would give each soldier as he is mustered out of service the choice between a jeep or mustering-out pay. A lot of GIs lay away a portion of each month's pay in a savings account or buy War Bonds. Consequently, when the time comes to be mustered out, they will not be completely dependent on mustering-out pay to put them on their feet.

Barksdale Field, La. —Cpl. SELWYN PACHTER

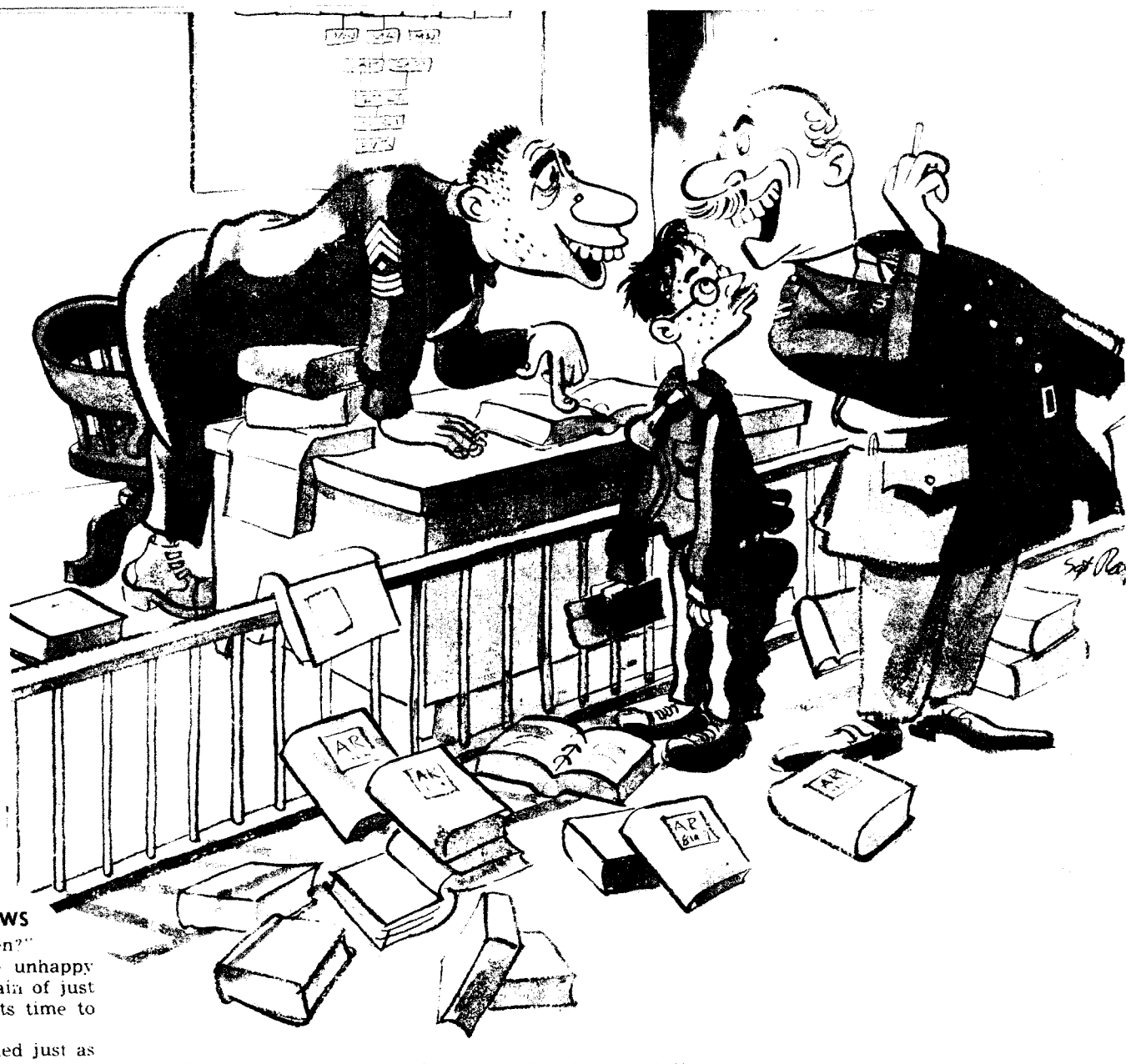
Decorations

Dear YANK:

There should be a law entitling only those who have bronze stars or better to wear ribbons. I'd gladly donate my four starless ribbons (European Theater, American Theater, Pre-Pearl Harbor and Good Conduct) to the scrap heap if such a law were passed. Sure, I'm proud of my ribbons, but I'd rather let the boys who are doing the real fighting wear them.

Camp Sutton, N. C. —T-5 LARRY NASH

What's in a Name?



By S/Sgt. MALLOY M. ANDREWS

"Now just how did this all happen?"

The first sergeant bore the unhappy look of one who is quite certain of just how it all did happen but badly wants time to think things over.

Patiently the little recruit, who looked just as Caspar Milquetoast must have looked when he was 18, began again the story he had told so many times to so many unwilling ears.

"It all began at the draft board, sir. They sent me a letter to report to Camp Webb, only it wasn't my name on it. This letter said for Thomas Wheatley to report and my name isn't Wheatley—it's Whatleigh. But I guess they meant me all right because the lady at the draft board said to go ahead and report and they would fix it up right. But I guess they didn't because when I got to Camp Webb, why, every time they called my name they called me Wheatley. And they put it on my dog tags, too. See? And when I tried to tell them about it, why, they just said: 'That's all right, that's all right—they'll take care of it at your next post.' And they told me to sign my name like it was Wheatley so I wouldn't get their records balled up. And now I want to get it straightened out."

He finished triumphantly, as if this time the miracle might be achieved, and he would regain his former status as a Whatleigh.

The sergeant stroked a mental beard and wished the plight of the damned upon those yahoos at the reception center who, without a single qualm, would process a corpse and ship it out, in the blithe assurance that, should anyone notice a slight morbidity about the affair, it would be "taken care of at the next post."

While Thomas Wheatley-Whatleigh stood expectantly, like a good child who is certain he is to be awarded the sum of 5 cents for a Smoozie bar, the sergeant wheeled in his swivel chair to an impressive array of regulations, neatly bound and completely current as to changes, rescissions and errata. Plucking therefrom a weighty volume, he thumbed dolorously through it for some minutes while the orderly room clock ticked and Wheatley-Whatleigh shifted from one leg to the other, still with that air of childlike expectancy.

The sergeant was evidently dissatisfied with the results of his expedition, for he impatiently shook his head and selected another ponderous binderful. More clock-ticking and more leg-shifting ensued. At length the sergeant sighed, left his chair and proceeded into the office where sat the Old Man. From the office emanated vague rumblings and mutterings. "Hmmmm," you could hear the Old Man say. And "hmmmm!" again. His head appeared around the office door, and he viewed Thomas Wheatley-Whatleigh severely with the same glance he gave to hapless privates who had sinned grievously against the Rules and Articles of War. He popped back again and more mutterings were heard. Finally he emerged from his office, the top kick behind him.

Pinning Thomas with an eye that had been known to melt the spine of a master sergeant with seven hitches, the Old Man demanded:

"Now, young man—what's this? What's this about your name? You want to change your name. What's wrong with the name you've got? Are you ashamed of it? Have you something to hide? Explain yourself."

Although Thomas' knees quivered under the assault, he answered bravely.

"But sir—I don't want to change my name. That is, I want to change my name to Whatleigh. That's my real name. There was a mistake made by my draft board." And wearily he went into his story again. The Old Man listened carefully, portraying wrath at the perfidy of the reception center (an agency which he secretly believed received its orders straight from Herr Himmler) and nodded sympathetically as Thomas related his fruitless efforts to straighten things out.

When he had finished, the Old Man turned to the first sergeant.

"Pettigrew, we've got to get Wheatley, or Whatleigh, straightened out. Now, what do the regulations say about it?"

With almost none of the Old Man's happy optimism, the sergeant started reading, leafing back now and again to catch up on the changes and pausing several times for water. As his voice weakened and failed, the Old Man took over and continued to read for himself. Wrinkles gathered in his forehead, and his eyebrows rose and fell with the surging paragraphs. Finally he stumbled to a close and merely sat, looking into space for a while.

"Whatleigh—could you—would it be so hard for you to go on through your Army career as Wheatley? The names are very similar. Wheatley is a proud name. I had a classmate at VMI named Wheatley—good old Jake Wheatley. Made All-American in '22. Why, 'pon my soul, I believe there was a Wheatley who signed the Declaration of Independence!"

Reveling in this glorious, if somewhat embroidered, paean to the Wheatley name, the Old Man gazed hopefully at Thomas, expecting naught but quiet affirmatives to this suggestion. Wheatley said, instead: "If you don't mind, sir, I'd rather have my own name back."

A little disgruntled at what, after all, was an affront to Jake Wheatley, VMI, himself and the Declaration of Independence, the Old Man merely harrumphed and sought aid from the first sergeant. There was none there to be found. The first sergeant was patently a beaten man. For some time, the Old Man and the sergeant sat in a brown study while Thomas stood, not shifting from one leg to the other, but braced defiantly against any further assaults upon his name.

The sergeant at length raised his head and gave voice to an idea that had been recurring but which he had rejected, then fished up again in desperation.

"Sir, do you suppose we could have this man discharged? Then he could start all over again and maybe this time the draft board and the reception center would get it right."

This latter he stated without much conviction. They had done it before and they would do it again. He could envision it now: three or four weeks hence, a timid knocking at the door and Wheatley-Whatleigh entering, saying: "Sir, could I see you for a moment? It's about my name——"

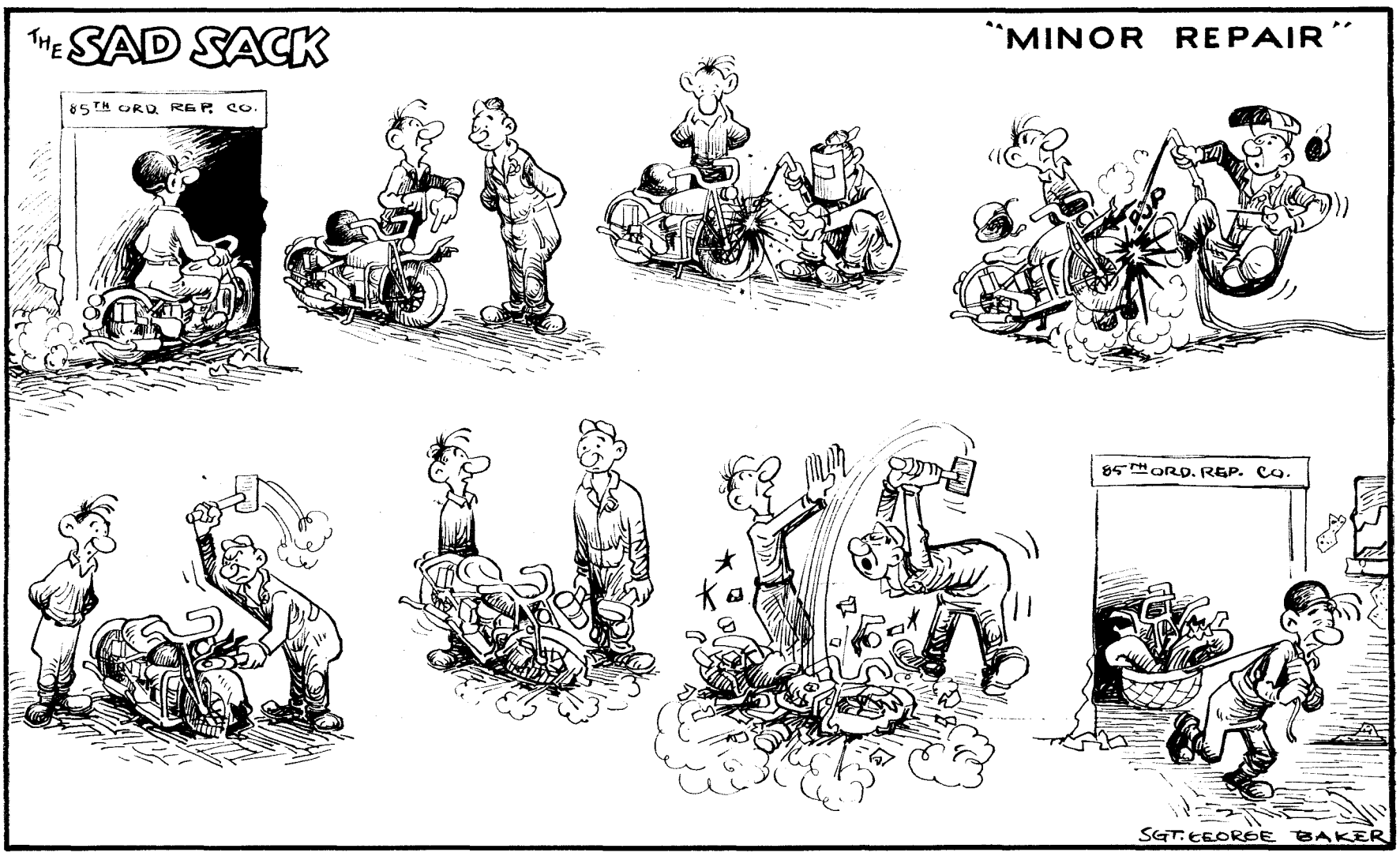
The Old Man grasped at the idea and mulled it over carefully. It had brought a gleam of hope to his eyes, and he did not want to relinquish it too quickly. Finally the gleam dulled, and with heavy voice he spoke:

"An excellent idea, Pettigrew—but on what grounds could we discharge him? Dependency? Have you any children or wives or old mothers to support, Whatleigh? No? How about minority? Disability? Are you healthy, Whatleigh? I was afraid of that. Too bad you can't purchase discharges any more. No, sergeant, I'm afraid we're whipped. Get those regulations out and start typing up the necessary forms."

While the Old Man was speaking, a fiendish light kindled in the top kick's eyes. Leaning over, he placed his lips to the Old Man's ear and started whispering rapidly. And as he unburdened himself, a smile began to wreathe the Old Man's face. He twinkled, positively twinkled.

"By gad, Pettigrew, you've hit on it. There'll be a commendation in your 201 file for this." He turned to Whatleigh, baffled source of a dilemma now happily solved.

"Whatleigh," the Old Man barked, "I'm arranging a transfer for you. And this business about your name—we won't be able to do anything about it while you're here. But rest assured—it will be taken care of at your next post."



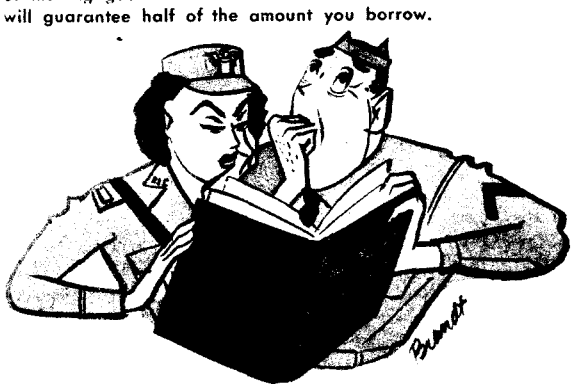
Business Loans

Dear YANK:

Out here where you can fry eggs in your meat can without a fire, we still find time to think about what we'll do when we get back to the States. Our chief worry is what is being done for the little businessman who has no job to go back to when peace comes. I myself, and I know a number of other men out here in the same spot, used to own a fair-sized grocery store in a small town. When Uncle Sam gave me the nod I closed up shop without any further thought. Now I find it is the only business I know anything about. What can I do to get some help in getting started again? We hear there's a new law which provides loans for veterans. How much can a vet borrow and where does he get the dough?

Guadalcanal —Pfc. TOM S. GREEN

■ Under the GI Bill of Rights you can borrow up to $4,000 from any private, state or Federal agency which lends money, and if you can show that you have a reasonable likelihood of making good in the business the Veterans' Administration will guarantee half of the amount you borrow.



Walking With Wac Officers

Dear YANK:

I know I'm not supposed to date a Wac officer, since I am a GI. But I do. I know I'm not supposed to marry a Wac officer. But I'm going to. So when I ask you whether I should walk on the right or left of a Wac officer, don't start telling me I'm not supposed to walk with one at all. Nobody, including the whole United States Army, is going to tell me who walks with me and dates me and who does not. So—my problem. When I am walking with my girl—a second lieutenant—do I walk on her left or on her right? I ask this because enlisted men are expected to walk on the left of officers, but a gentleman is expected to walk on the "outside" —generally the right—of a lady. Since I am an enlisted man, and since I defy any guy to say I'm no gentleman, I'm in sore need of a GI Emily Post.

Britain —Pfc. F. CUNNINGHAM

■ For a very determined GI, YANK sticks its neck out. While enlisted men are, as you say, expected to walk to the left of an officer, a GI who is so much in love as to defy one of the Army's hoariest customs should follow the respectable and even more ancient rule that a gentleman escorting a lady *in public walks on the side nearer the street. In short, if* she's your girl (who happens also to be a second lieutenant), ignore those bars.

What's Your Problem?

Post Exchange Gift Orders

Dear YANK:

I want to buy my wife something pretty nice for Christmas—flowers at least—but I've heard from a couple of GIs that gifts ordered through the Army Exchange Service gift catalogue sometimes don't get delivered. How can I make sure that delivery will be made if I decide to use the PX?

New Caledonia —Pvt. F. REES

■ GIs making gift-catalogue purchases through post exchanges overseas are fully protected if they hold on to their receipts. It is estimated that more than 1,600,000 individual gift orders will be placed in PXs by GIs overseas this Christmas, and authorities anticipate that some slip-ups are bound to occur. But if a GI learns that his gift has not been delivered, he can straighten out the deal by presenting his receipt at the PX where he placed the order or by sending a letter direct to the Army Exchange Service at 25 West 43d Street, New York N. Y.

Discharge for Minority

Dear YANK:

I enlisted in the Army by falsifying my age. While I said I was 18 I really was 16. Now that I have been in for 16 months I have had enough. I asked my father to sign the papers to get me out but he refuses. Is there any way I can get out without his help?

Australia —Cpl. GEORGE TOLAN

■ No. Since you are over 16 you cannot be discharged for minority unless one of your parents applies for your discharge.

Tax Free

Dear YANK:

A couple of days ago I received a letter from my mother, which has had me worried ever since. It seems she has been told that she will have to pay income taxes on the money she gets through the allotments from my brother and me. In all she gets a total of $87 a month from the Office of Dependency Benefits. She tells me that, since she is only entitled to a tax exemption of $500 for the entire year, she will have to pay a tax on the rest of the money we send her. This will mean that she will have to fork over more than $100 for taxes. How the devil can she be expected to pay such a tax when she only has the $87 a month to live on? YANK, it doesn't seem right. Is mother right about the tax?

Italy —Cpl. CHARLES M. HARTMAN

■ She is not. Your mother will *not* have to pay any income tax. The entire amount of money received in the form of a family allowance is exempt from Federal income taxes.

Appointments to West Point

Dear YANK:

I am 19½ years old and I have been in the Army for over a year now. For the last six months I have been trying to find out about the possibilities of getting into West Point. When I got my furlough before leaving the States I tried to see my Congressman about getting an appointment, but as luck would have it, he was away and I had to ship out without getting the dope. Is it possible for me to get a direct appointment to West Point while I am still in service?

India —Pvt. DON R. TRUMBALL

■ You sure can. If your Congressman will give you the appointment and you can pass the exams, the Army will permit you to go to West Point.

Soldier Voting

Another WD circular on soldier voting (*WD Cir. No. 279, 5 July 1944*) announces changes in voting regulations for GIs from Kentucky and Illinois. The legality of state absentee ballots is no longer in doubt in Kentucky; any soldier from that state who goes through the regular routine of sending a WD or U. S. War Ballot Commission post-card application for a state ballot to the Secretary of State, Frankfort, Ky., and then receives the ballot, marks and returns it can be sure that his vote will be counted. All state absentee ballots must be back in Kentucky by Nov. 6, however, instead of Nov. 7 as it was previously announced.

A recent ruling by the Attorney General of Illinois allows the WD or U. S. War Ballot Commission post-card application to be used in that state. Previously, Illinois required a special application of its own, which had to be requested by GIs.

Amendment of Title V

After President Roosevelt signed the recent amendment of Title V of the Soldier Vote Law, which lifts many of the restrictions on reading material, radio programs and moving pictures that can be distributed to the Armed Forces, the AG sent new instructions to the CGs of the Air, Ground and Service Forces, Service Commands, Defense Commands and overseas theaters, ordering "appropriate action."

One of the first appropriate actions taken was the return of British newspapers to U. S. Army posts and camps in the ETO. The British papers had been banned for GI readers because they contained material that might be construed as "political propaganda."

The new amendment makes it possible for the Army to distribute to GIs in the U. S. and overseas any book, newspaper or magazine that is sold to civilians at home. There are no restrictions on movies or radio programs, except that if the Army rebroadcasts political speeches it must give equal time to representatives of each political party having a presidential candidate in at least six states.

In cases where "the exigencies of war" or transportation difficulties make it impossible to distribute large quantities of all magazines and books, the Special Service Division of Army Service Forces will distribute only those magazines which are on the soldier's preference list and only those books—about 32 a month—which are chosen by the Council on Books in Wartime.

Title V still rules that servicemen's publications, Army movies, education, orientation courses, Army radio programs and the Army News Service must be "impartial and nonpartisan" in their coverage of news, or in feature stories concerning political figures, events or affairs. In other words, if YANK decides to devote a certain amount of space to an editorial supporting the Republican Party in the presidential campaign, it must also devote an equal amount of space to editorials supporting the Democratic Party, the Socialist Party and the Prohibition Party.

"Say, fellows—remember the old days when we all marched like this?"

THE TANK-DOZER consists of a sizeable bulldozer blade mounted on an M4 General Sherman tank. Used in place of an ordinary tractor-dozer only where armored protection and fire power are needed, the tank-dozer can snap a tree 18 inches thick and is not bothered by small-arms and light-mortar fire.

Divisions in France and Italy

The WD has announced that the 3d, 36th and 45th Divisions are among the units with the American Seventh Army in Southern France. These three outfits all saw plenty of action with the American Fifth Army during the Italian campaign. The 3d and 45th also fought with the Seventh Army in Sicily when it was commanded by Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr.

The 3d Division, a regular Army outfit, saw 86 days' service in active areas in France in 1918 and is known as "The Marne Division." It was part of the force that landed in the North African invasion and went into action in the last part of the Tunisian campaign before invading Sicily.

The 36th Division is a Texas National Guard outfit with a strong percentage of selectees from other states. It fought at Salerno, Altavilla, San Pietro, the Rapido River, Cassino and then fought in the break-through from Anzio which led to the capture of Rome.

The 45th Division, originally an Oklahoma National Guard division with a generous sprinkling of Indians in its ranks, was called to active duty at Fort Sill in September 1940. Then it bounced all over the U. S., training at Camp Barkeley, Tex.; Fort Devens, Mass.; Camp Edwards, Mass.; Pine Camp, N. Y., and Camp Pickett, Va. The division went overseas in June 1943 and right into action in Sicily.

It has also been announced that the 6th Armored Division, under the command of Maj. Gen. Robert W. Grow, was the spearhead of the 10-day drive of the Third Army to Brest in Brittany, which covered 250 miles of enemy territory. Although the 6th was in action for the first time during this drive, it captured 5,000 Germans, including a lieutenant general. The division won 40 silver stars and 100 bronze stars in the push toward Brest.

Most of the tank men in the 6th come from New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, but it also includes national guard units from Massachusetts and Missouri. The division trained at Camp Chaffee, Ark.; Camp Young, Calif., and Camp Cooke, Calif., before it went overseas early this year.

Add to your list of units in the Fifth Army in northern Italy the name of the 91st Division, known as "The Fir Tree Division" because it has a fir tree shoulder patch. It was famous in France during the first World War for its tough Western soldiers who had as their war cry, "Powder River—Let 'er Buck!" The division was reactivated at Camp White, Oreg., in August 1942 under Maj. Gen. Charles H. Gerhardt, who now commands the 29th Division in France. Maj. Gen. William G. Livesay took command of the 91st in July 1943.

Technician Grades

The general rule that T-4s and T-5s can be reduced in grade upon termination of their assignment to the duties for which they were appointed does not apply now to GIs who are returned to the States from overseas theaters, according to Change 3 (Aug. 8, 1944) of *AR 615-5*. Such GIs can be reduced only after they have been given an opportunity to act in an equal technician or NCO grade in the States.

Bulletin Board

The publishing firm of E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., has announced a competition to be known as the G.I. Joe Literary Award. An annual prize of $5,000 will be given for the best book manuscript submitted by a serviceman or woman wounded in action during this war. The award will be given in 1945, 1946 and 1947. Interested persons should write for further information to E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 286 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy offers enlisted men a monthly prize of $10 for the best poem, 500-word essay or 500-word humor piece; $10 for the best sketch, and $15 for the best portrait head, 4 by 5 inches. Entries should be sent to the committee at 36 East 36th Street, New York, N. Y.

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MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
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Dieppe was roughest of all the actions he saw, S/Sgt. Marcell Swank tells his father, M/Sgt. Galan Swank.

Sgts. Swank Reunited at Shanks

Camp Shanks, N. Y.—When the th Infantry was shipped overseas, M/Sgt. Galan W. Swank, a veteran of 23 years' service with that outfit, including overseas duty during the first World War, was left behind because he was considered too old for combat duty.

However, he had the consolation of knowing that the family name was represented with his old outfit. His son, S/Sgt. Marcell Swank, who had joined the th as soon as he was 16, was among those who went over. Now, after 26 months of duty in England, Ireland, North Africa, Sicily and Italy, during which time he transferred from the th to the Rangers, S/Sgt. Swank recently rejoined his father here.

The younger Swank participated in three D Days—North Africa, Sicily and Italy—but of all the action he saw he says the Dieppe raid, in which the Rangers collaborated with the Canadians, was the most terrifying. For that reason it is probable he'll never forget Aug. 19, 1942.

"We were ashore nine hours," says Swank, "and it was the bloodiest fighting I've ever seen. Of the 5,000 men participating in the raid there were 3,300 killed, wounded or captured. I received a shrapnel wound in the right forearm."

Returning to the beach Swank found his boat so filled with wounded that he swam out to another and was pulled aboard by a Canadian lieutenant. They were bombed and strafed all the way to a destroyer anchored in the channel. There Quentin Reynolds interviewed him right after he climbed aboard and the interview was later incorporated in Reynolds' book, "Dress Rehearsal."

"I knew nothing could happen to me," said the younger Swank. "I had a mascot with me—a Bible my father carried in the last war. He never got hurt, and so when I left this country he gave it to me."

TRUE STORY SIGNS

Fort Sheridan, Ill.—Pvt. Ed Schwerin, Service Company lifeguard, was busy for three weeks putting up signs all over the beach here reading: "BEWARE—POISON IVY."

After he finished Ed reported to the station hospital to have soothing balm put on his leg, side and face. You guessed it—he put the signs in the right place; it was poison ivy, after all.

JUST PRUDENT

Fort Sill, Okla.—The postal officials who distribute 300 pounds of letters daily to men in training at the replacement center here received one themselves recently. It contained this request: "Don't judge this to be from a suspicious woman, but I would like to know the names of persons other than myself who write to my husband, Pvt. ———." The officials declined to play detective.

Catches 300 Cobras Barehanded

Pvt. John Royola

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Pvt. John Royola, a trainee in Company C, 83d Infantry Battalion, has led an adventurous life since he ran away from his home in the Philippines to catch cobras for the Rockefeller Foundation. Now 23, he has hunted wild animals with jungle expeditions, he has fought beasts and serpents before the movie cameras of Hollywood and he has served on the crews of merchant ships carrying supplies for the invasions of Guadalcanal, North Africa and Italy.

Royola is credited with catching barehanded 300 live cobras wanted by the Rockefeller Foundation for their venom, which is used for scientific purposes. He was bitten three times. Once was in Borneo when he captured a deadly cobra, 18 feet long, that was entrenched in a warehouse used for storing bark, coconuts, quinine and other products. The reptile was said to have killed eight men, and the natives, superstitious about killing reptiles, were afraid to report for work.

Hiding in the warehouse, Royola determined to catch the menace alive, because for every live cobra he turned in he received a commission. In the half-light of late evening, the cobra finally appeared. After flashing a light in its eyes to blind it momentarily, Royola jumped behind it, placed his hands back of its head and his feet on its tail. Rain had fallen into the crude warehouse and the cobra was so moist that it wiggled free and struck Royola below the right knee with its poisonous fangs. But somehow the youth managed to capture the cobra. Then he broke open a bullet, took out the powder charge, poured it into the wound and set fire to it. The resultant flash burned Royola painfully but it cauterized the bite, and he recovered from the effects of the poison.

While he was in the Merchant Marine he lived on a life raft after his ship was torpedoed in the Indian Ocean. He also survived the bombing of another ship in the Atlantic. Among the souvenirs of his world travels is a $300 German watch. He was working on a ship bringing wounded German prisoners to the States, and a Nazi officer, realizing he was about to die, called Royola to his cot and gave him the watch.

—Pfc. RAY McGOVERN

camp news

Golden Boy Refreshing

Fort Niagara, N. Y.—Cpl. Eric Linden, veteran of 35 movies, is here for refresher training. Linden broke into the films in 1931 and in succession was under contract to Warners, Universal and MGM. His favorite parts were in "Life Begins" with Loretta Young, "Ah, Wilderness" and "The Voice of Bugle Ann," the latter with Lionel Barrymore. When the war broke out Linden was in London, playing "Golden Boy" on the stage at the St. James Theater. After returning to the States, he was inducted in July 1942.

Future Star Shooter

Farragut Naval Station, Idaho — Al Clarett S(P)2c of Chicago came into the Navy as a vaudeville performer, but he will leave as a photographer.

"I like my work so well that I intend to follow it after the war," he says. But then he intends "to shoot pictures of the stars rather than play with them."

Clarett broke into show business in 1921 as a roller skater, and his ability on wheels took him to almost every theater of importance in America and abroad. He played with Sally Rand's troupe at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933-34, and when he entered the Navy he owned his own skating rink.

Male Memories Better

Camp Lejune, N. C.—After more than a year at a job that made him the envy of every male Leatherneck, Sgt. Troy M. Dasher Jr. of Atlanta, Ga., is now in a combat unit here—at his own request. He was a drill instructor for Women Marines, Waves and Spars, but he didn't like his work and asked for a transfer.

Dasher was one of the first DIs chosen from the famous Parris Island (S.C.) recruit depot to train feminine enlistees at Hunter College in New York before the women's boot camp was moved to Camp Lejune. He had been counting cadence for some rugged male outfits and found the contrast great.

"The men's skulls are thicker, but the women's memories are fainter," he declares. In other words, although the females catch on quicker at drill and are more graceful, once the boys learn a step they usually remember it.

—Sgt. CHARLES B. KOPP

Eggs, Wrong Side Up

Camp Crowder, Mo.—1st Sgt. Pasquale Potena was the most embarrassed GI in the 544th Signal Base Depot Company one morning when his outfit was having one of those pre-dawn breakfasts that come along every once in a while. Potena walked from his room to the mess hall without saying anything to anybody. He sat down at the table and somebody passed him the eggs. As he heaped his plate with a sizable portion and started to eat, the guffaws of the other men stopped him. In his drowsy state he had put the eggs on his plate all right but he'd forgotten to turn the plate right side up.

Danger Dead Ahead

Camp Davis, N. C.—The Roving Reporter of the Camp Davis *Barrage* was called on the phone recently, and an excited voice said: "Get right over to Service Club No. 1 with a cameraman. I've got something hot for you."

Rushing over, the RR found a group of GIs gathered in front of the club with smiles on their faces.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"Where's your eyes, soldier? See that sign on the pavement?"

The RR pushed through the mob and there it was:

"CAUTION—SALUTE TRAP—100 FEET AHEAD."

Saga of a Happy Highballer

Lowry Field, Colo.—They're telling the story out here of the sergeant who was transferred from the Infantry to the Air Forces. Passing an officer, he gave him a tough old soldier's salute. It was plenty sharp and plenty proud. However, the officer rendered up what is known as the "Floppy Fish Special" in return. The sergeant stopped and properly addressed the officer. The

SHED [illegible] higher brass alarmed by weight increases of Washington [illegible] to exercising at Fort Myer, Va.

AMATEUR APIARISTS. Cpl. Bernard Hartley and Pvts. Don Shattuck and Jack Gooch dispossess some bees from training plane at Cochran Field, Ga.

officer stopped and the sergeant said: "Pardon me, sir, is that the new Air Corps salute?" The sergeant stepped back and saluted again, sharp and proud. The officer grinned, braced up and saluted with a salute that was a salute.

By the Numbers

Mobile Air Field, Ala.—Standing with a group of fellow soldiers on the "line" at operations here, watching a B-24 as she slowly circled the field awaiting orders, T/Sgt. Alfred L. Meaders, recently returned from the Pacific, suddenly became excited.

"It's her!" he exclaimed. "It's old 4123074—the *Tokyo Express.*"

Sure enough, the plane carried the seven digits Meaders had rattled off. He used to service her while on duty in the Pacific and had spotted her while she was still high in the sky.

Army Corps S-2 Knows All

Sioux Falls Air Field, S. Dak.—T/Sgt. Hugh Nelson, a veteran of 35 bombing missions over Europe who is now an instructor at the AAFTC Radio School here, enthusiastically attests to the efficiency of Air Corps Intelligence in calling the cards in the enemy's hands.

"They'll tell you within 5 or 10 planes," Nelson says, "how many enemy fighters will come up to you, and they'll tell you approximately how many minutes it will be before or after you hit the target that the fighters will attack."

Nelson recalls that before a raid over Salonika, Greece, a main transportation hub for the Germans, the crews were told they would tangle with 100 Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs 25 minutes after they dropped the eggs. "Everything went according to prediction," he said. "We reached Salonika with no interference. Bombing the target was easy. There was flak, but not too much. Then, sure enough, on the way home a hundred or so fighters came out at us after we'd been flying about 25 minutes. And they were 'Schmitts and Focke-Wulfs."

BEST-DEVELOPED LEGS. That's title won by Sgt. Kimon Voyages of Randolph Field, Tex., when the PT instructor placed fourth in a [illegible] contest.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Picket, Va.—Latest candidate for the title of Joe Eagerstripes here is Sgt. David Lafferty. He didn't know how to sew, but as soon as his promotion was announced he solved his problem by stapling his stripes on his sleeves.

Camp Howze, Tex.—Headquarters battery of the 928th Field Artillery battalion here has a corporal sergeant—Cpl. Keith E. Sergeant. Sergeant takes quite a ribbing when he answers the phone, and he's anticipating the wisecracks that will be tossed in his direction if he is ever made a three-striper.

Selman Field, La.—You know what they say about fellows who write their names in public places, but in the Army you can't say it about a general. So when Brig. Gen. N. B. Harbold of the 80th Flying Training Command wrote his name on the new Red Cross Canteen here, no comment was made. The general explained that it was becoming a fad all over the country for guests at airfields to sign their names on Red Cross walls and he wanted to be the first to sign his name on the wall here.

Fort Logan, Colo.—Pvt. Gail W. Martin of St. Louis, Mo., whose present job in the Army is making hospital graphs and charts, has some of his oil paintings in the 50th annual exhibit of the Denver Art Museum, and one, "Still Life," received honorable mention. Pvt. Martin has been exhibiting his work in national shows since 1937 and was formerly head of the art department at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo. The Library of Congress purchased one of his lithographs last year.

Camp Shelby, Miss.—"Chow!" somebody yelled. It wasn't quite time, but the men decided to line up outside the mess hall anyhow. The company clerk came out of the orderly room and again called "Chow!" It was Pvt. Paul Chow he wanted.

Fort Lewis, Wash.—One of the GIs here, disgusted with the fact that only one roll of paper was allotted to the all-too-busy latrine of his outfit, solved the paper shortage by writing home to his mother:

"Dear Mom: Don't send me candy or cookies. We get enough to eat. Please send me two rolls of toilet paper."

Camp Haan, Calif.—Even their old hutment buddies wouldn't talk to T-5 Jack Orr and Pfc. Maynard J. Sloate after they made their theatrical debut as a comedy team in a musical show, "Haan Hijinx." Their act, it seems, was a flop. Therefore, they were surprised when Lt. R. G. Plaskoff, who was organizing another show, "Prepare for Action," called them in and told them he was in a tough spot. "Well, lieutenant," the boys said modestly, "we didn't go over as well as we expected the other night and——." "Wait a minute," Lt. Plaskoff interrupted, "I don't want to use the act. I was wondering if you'd like to work backstage."

MAN WITH A HOE. S/Sgt. Albin Martin, rang sergeant at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., raises fres vegetables in spare time, shares them with GI

BRIDGEWORK. If you've passed through the Cam Reynolds (Pa.) ASF Replacement Depot, you'll reco this covered bridge, starting point for all marche

The Poets Cornered

As Toilsome I Wander'd Virginia's Woods

As toilsome I wander'd Virginia's woods,
To the music of rustling leaves kick'd by my
feet, (for 'twas autumn,)
I mark'd at the foot of a tree the grave of a
soldier;
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat,
(easily all could I understand,)
The halt of a mid-day hour, when up! no time
to lose—yet this sign left,
On a tablet scrawl'd and nail'd on the tree by
the grave,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

Long, long, I muse, then on my way go wander-
ing,
Many a changeful season to follow, and many
a scene of life,
Yet at times through changeful season and scene,
abrupt, alone, or in the crowded street,
Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave,
comes the inscription rude in Virginia's
woods,
Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.

—**WALT WHITMAN**

This poem from Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" is reprinted here with the permission of the publishers, Doubleday Doran and Company.

THE RADIO

The radio, in days of yore,
The days before the draft,
Caused family rows and quarreling
Which almost drove me daft.

Soap op'ra swung dear Mama's vote
And Papa wanted Bing;
My sister screamed for Frankie's voice
And brother yelled for swing.

But now, up in Alaskaland,
As Uncle Sammy's guest,
I've never heard a single tiff
On where the dial should rest.

Hell no! No fight, no dial to turn;
But here's the situation:
There ain't no choice, no choice at all;
We've only got one station.

Alaska —**Sgt. WALTER ARMBRUSTER**

A SAGA OF JUNE THE SIXTH

[illegible]
[illegible] through the gloom
Eighteen [illegible] making a sound,
As flak lit the sky up for many miles around
Then came the warning, then the D-Z bell:
And then I heard a trooper to his comrades yell:

"We're jumpin' into hell, boys; we're jumpin'
into hell.
"By the burst of the flak and the 'fifties' I
can tell
"Hang on to your chutes, boys; don't mind
the battle-smell
"Till every bastard Jerry is on his way to
hell!"

Oh, silent as the seagulls they floated down the
sky,
Eighteen paratroopers, unafraid to die.
Some hit the flak bursts, some the 'fifties' leads
And some felt the ack-ack whistling past their
heads.
Down on the Jerries, one by one they fell,
And then they heard a voice from out the dark-
ness yell:

"We're landin' into hell, boys; we're landin'
into hell!
"Kill the Huns by hundreds, like rats
drowned in a well.
"Shout, 'Geronimo!' boys. The stories we will
tell
"When every bastard Jerry is at the gates of
hell!"

When Normandy's sun rose, twelve of them were
dead,
Hanging from the trees, their bellies full of lead.
Twelve brave troopers, slit from ear to ear,
With blood in their eyes but not a sign of fear.
Twelve men they buried in the flooded dell
When from a muddy grave they heard a trooper
yell:

"We're waitin' here in hell, boys; we're
waitin' here in hell.
"Don't despair of your fate, boys; the chow
is goddam swell.
"Don't spare the knife, boys; don't spare the
mortar shell
"Till every bastard Jerry is here with us in
hell!"

Italy —**S/Sgt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT**

THE NONCOMBATANTS

Mourn not, madonna, that I do not smile,
Nor tease that my eyes are cold. There are days
For smiling, there are nights when the heart is
old.
Here at our table there is wine and a song.
Your beauty's a stunning fact. Enchanted
I sit within your glow, but I am racked
By short-wave dreams of battlegrounds
And isles where soldiers die, for on my head
Is blood, and on my heart my brothers lie.

[illegible]
Nor praise the music's strain. I [illegible]
Madonna, you understand. Out there in the rain
They wait for death and you ask me to smile
And tease that my eyes are cold. There are days
For smiling, there are nights when the heart is
old.

Camp Butner, N. C. —**Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM**

EDUCATION

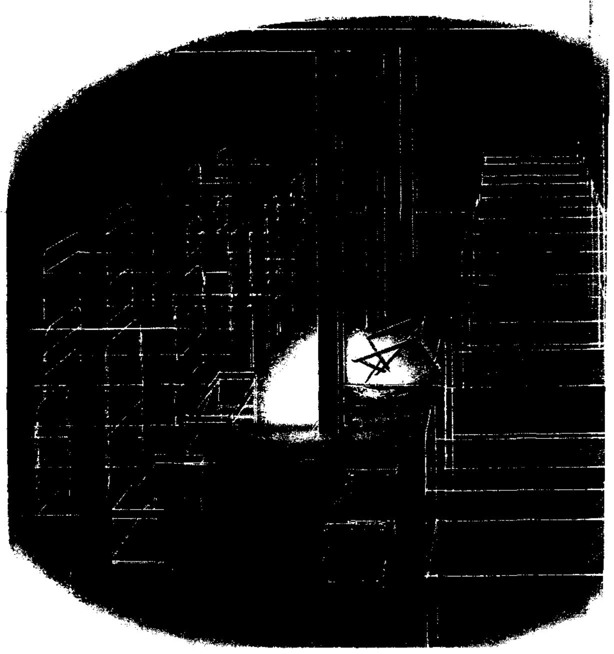
The Army can teach me a technical trade
Or how to kill in a commando raid;
To handle a carbine or use a knife,
To protect my airport with my life.
But here's one thing they'll never do—
Teach me to relish GI stew!

Port of Embarkation —**Pfc. JOHN D. HICKMAN**

A MEMENTO

Like silent sentinels the barracks' double-decked
bunks stand,
Empty of their laughing occupants;
The last have answered the call.
The temporary dwelling has served;
Vermin will take over and will crawl
Until all human scent and parcels of food are
gone;
Then they will depart, as now
The rain runs down the rusty beds to the rotting
floor,
Sunshine streams through the broken windows,
A passing deer approaches silently and looks in.
Rusty are the beds, lonely the room, buried the
secrets.

Fort Sill, Okla. —**T-4 EMIL HESS**



Message Center

Because of space limitations, Message Center accepts only messages that are directed to one person in the Armed Forces.

Pvt. **Jerry Becker** of the 306th Inf., Co. G: write Pfc. Thomas Bevan, Med. Det. W, Camp Polk, La. . . . Lt. **Robert F. Brown**, last heard of somewhere in England: write Pvt. Ruby L. Hill, Co. 3, 22d Regt., Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. . . . **David Cogswell**, 6670315: write Cpl. John E. Leahy, Co. A, 30 Bn., 8th Regt., AGFRD #1, Fort Meade, Md. . . . Pvt. **William Donthit**, last heard of at ASTP—BTC: write Pvt. Robert E. Kling, 1st FAS Det. EMC, Class 85, Fort Sill, Okla. . . . Sgt. **Robert Dowling**, once in BW-RHR of Canada: write Sgt. H. L. Huth, Co. I, 541st Prcht. Inf., Camp Mackall, N. C. . . . **Robert Duerr** FM1c, formerly at the Field Music School, Parris I., S. C.: write Everett A. Chase FM1c, Marine Bks., NAAS, Boca Chica, Fla. . . . Pvt. **Robert D. Edmonds**, once at Hammer Fld., Fresno, Calif.: write Pvt. Phil Glickman, SCU 7931, Wendover Fld., Utah. . . . **Junior Ellis**, formerly of Dallas, Tex., and Chicago, Ill.: write Lt. Conrad H. Roberts, 273d Base Unit (SB), LAAF, Lincoln 1, Nebr. . . . Lt. **Jack D. Fisher** of Uhrichsville, Ohio: write A/S Everett G. Taylor, Co. 861-A7, Bks. 117, Camp Peary, Va. . . . Pvt. **Dale E. Goon**, last heard of in Socorro, N. Mex.: write Pvt. Gerald Cook, Co. B, 264th Inf., Camp Rucker, Ala. . . . **Leonard Greenfield** of Newark, N. J., somewhere in Italy: write Pfc. Seymour Pierce, Base Hosp., SMAAF, Santa Maria, Calif. . . . **Elmo N. Hancock** of Florida, last heard of in April 1943 with the AAF in Tyndall Fld., Fla.: write Cpl. Harriet P. Grey, WAC Det., TDS, Camp Hood, Tex. . . . 1st Sgt. **Otto M. Hansen** last heard of in Co. A, 15th Inf.: write S/Sgt. Lancelot D. Fonken, Sec. I, Bks. 798, Scott Fld., Ill. . . . **Douglas Hesford**, last heard of in OCS, Carlyle Bks., Pa.: write Sgt. Philip J. Schacca, Wakemen Gen. Hosp., Camp Atterbury, Ind. . . . **Bruce Kelley**, with the Asiatic Fleet: write Pvt. Joseph Mangano, 1204 SCSU, POW Camp, Fort Niagara, N. Y. . . . **Duke Martin**, once with the 5th Cavalry, Fort Clark, Tex.: write Cpl. N. Martin, Hq. Co., WAC, Camp Lee, Va. . . . Cpl. **Robert Messick**, once at Fort Custer: write Cpl. Betty Sneathen, 4621 SU, Co. B, WAC Det., Fort Custer, Mich. . . . Pfc. **Robert G. Miles**, once at Camp Shelby, Miss.: write Pvt. Arvo R. Gustafson, Serv. Co., 8th AI Bn., APO 44, Camp Campbell, Ky. . . . **Ernest E. Mitchell**, last heard of in OCS at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md. (1943): write Prudence F. White S2c, USCGR (W), Hotel Martinique, Washington, D. C. . . . Lt. **Joseph E. Narris**, last heard of in the Ferry Command at an airport in Nebraska: write Sgt. A. S. Fine Jr., USMC, 1st Serv. Co., Serv. Bn., Camp Le Jeune, New River, N. C. . . . Sgt. **Lawrence W. Nickelson**, last heard of at the ASFTC at MOP, Jackson, Miss.: write Cpl. John R. Corporon, 3163 Ord. Co., 613 Ord. Bn., Fort McClellan, Ala. . . . Pvt. **Tom O'Malley**, with the 4th Receiving Co., Camp Upton, around August 1943: write Pvt. Philip Bock, MP Det. #1, SCU 4772, POW Camp, Clarinda, Iowa. . . . **James Pace**, at Camp Wallace, Tex., in November 1942: write Pvt. Silas W. Lowery, Btry. A, 75th AAA Gun Bn., Unit #1, Logan Heights, Fort Bliss, Tex. . . . Pvt. **Henry G. Pattillo**, formerly with an observation squadron at Herbert Smart Fld., Macon, Ga.: write Pfc. Oron Pattillo Jr., 425th Base Unit Sq. T-3, March Fld., Calif. . . . **Katherine Rineland**, who joined WAC April 1943: write Pfc. James Herman Evans, 3175 QM Serv. Co., Camp Ellis, Ill. . . . **Irene Robbins** PhM2c, last heard of in Chelsea Naval Hosp., Mass.: write Sgt. Irving Rosenzweig, Hq. Btry., 46th CA Bn., Camp Pendleton, Va. . . . Pvt. **Russell Rogde**, formerly of Camp Kohler: write Pvt. Leonard Levine, Med. Det., 555th Engr. Hvy. Pon. Bn., Yuma, Ariz. . . . Sgt. **Cyril Matthew Schachter**, formerly with the 314th Bomb. Sq., Mac Dill Fld., Fla.: write Cpl. B. Black, Sec. A, 263d Ftr. Pilot Tng. Sta., Harding Fld., Baton Rouge 5, La. . . . Sgt. **Vincent Shottler**, formerly with the 352d AAB Sq. at Great Falls, Mont.: write Pvt. Floyd Reich, Sec. O, 325th Repl. Tng. Unit, AAB, Avon Park, Fla. . . . Lt. **Jesse F. Tucker**, once at Camp Hood, Tex.: write Lt. E. D. (Doug) Moore, Post Hq., Hendricks Fld., Sebring, Fla. . . . Cpl. **Charles Wentworth**, once in Panama: write Sgt. C. B. Westmark, 263d Inf., Co. G, APO 454, Camp Rucker, Ala.

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THIS, they tell us, is the kind of girl who looks like she might be your next-door neighbor. All we can say is that in many years of moving around we never happened to live next to anything like Betty Jane Graham. If we had, there'd be no moving us. Betty, who used to be a Conover model, is now helping to smooth out Columbia Pictures' "Rough Ridin' Justice."

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If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon together with the mailing address on your latest YANK to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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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 Colonel and the Paper Boy

OUR colonel was sweet. He organized our post exchange and he organized our camp paper. More than that, he pictured himself as possessing extraordinary parental relationships. He told us he was our mother because he fed us and kept the mess hall going. He told us he was our father because he gave us money. He said he had never been defeated in anything. He said he would do anything to avoid defeat. He said that was the way to be a good soldier. Our colonel came from Vermont—just like maple sugar.

Our post exchange made the colonel very proud. It was the only store of its kind in the South, he claimed, that was out of debt. One month it made a dividend of $20. That was the month the pinball machine was installed. The colonel wanted something diverting.

For the most part, the pinball machine was used by officers because the enlisted men were too busy with their duties. During the evenings the same lack of pinball time existed, since there were obviously more animate and pleasurable diversions than shooting a toy gun.

The colonel spent a considerable part of each day playing with his new little pleasure machine.

The paper boy also played with it. The paper boy was 12 years old, was trying to finish grammar school and was a dead shot. The colonel was obviously over 12 years old, presumably had finished grammar school and rumor had it he was a dead shot, too.

The object of this particular game was to shoot down the enemy. The highest possible score was 75,000.

The colonel never played the pinball machine without the assistance of his adjutant.

"'At's a baby. Look at that shot! That gives me a final score of 35,000."

"Right, colonel," replied his adjutant. "Let's see now, that places you first, myself second, the PX officer third, the supply officer fourth and the intelligence officer last. It certainly is a swell game."

"Bet it is," agreed the colonel, walking over to the counter of the PX. "Our pinball machine at the officers' mess is child's play. This is different. This is just like being out there and givin' 'em hell."

"Right, colonel," repeated the adjutant.

"You know, this gives me an idea. Let's have these scores typed up and posted here on the machine. Nothing like a little competition, you know; good for morale."

"Right, colonel."

When the paper boy played the pleasure device he had to stand on his toes to sight the gun, but he didn't mind. After his first try he rolled up a score of 45,000. And with the nonchalance of Louis XIV he wrote his name and score above that of the colonel's and walked out.

The next day the colonel was hot and red and not at all sweet. He was playing the pinball machine grim as death. His adjutant stood next to him, pale, intense and with a handful of nickels.

"Well, you did it. Knew you could, colonel."

"Yep, by God, 47,000," was the gratified reply.

The colonel and his adjutant left and in a few minutes the paper boy entered.

"Hey, Jimmy," said the soldier behind the counter, "the Ol' Man just beat your score. But it took him two solid hours to do it."

"That so?"

"Yeah, the ol' boy had phone calls from all over the country, but he let them all wait. Had to beat that lucky paper boy, he said."

"Hey, this ain't luck, this's skill. I wasn't even tryin' yesterday. Watch me now."

Jimmy dug a nickel out of his dungarees and started to fire. First try he got 55,000.

"See that?" Again he wrote his name and score above the colonel's.

It took the colonel three days of concentrated playing to top the paper boy's score. But finally after spending the average private's monthly pay he wrote down 56,000. This time he had a notice posted which read:

> "The weekly high score on this machine will be mentioned in our camp paper."

This was Saturday.

Sunday the paper boy had five nickels. He played for about half an hour and finally rolled up a score of 70,000. A few minutes later everyone in camp knew about it. A soldier in the orderly room typed the new score: paper boy, 70,000; colonel, 56,000; adjutant, 40,000; supply officer, 35,000; intelligence officer, 5,000.

The next week was terrific. Monday the colonel sweated over the pinball machine all day. Tuesday was the same. Wednesday he looked flatulent. Thursday the turgid condition became audible. Friday a sign appeared on the bulletin board which read:

> "The use of the pinball machine is henceforth restricted to the use of military personnel only."

Saturday the colonel's name appeared in the camp paper as the winner of the week.

OFS, Winston-Salem, N. C. —Cpl. RICHARD EELLS

CAMP NEWS

(Uncensored)

Fort Froybish, Wash.—Miss Thelma Snurl, charming civilian employee in the headquarters of the 564th Painting and Decoration Battalion, was the belle of the ball when the organization held its annual 7-Up party at the Service Club here last week.

At one point during the evening Miss Snurl saw two men approaching, both with the obvious intent of asking her for the next dance. One was Pfc. Eager L. Beaver, a permanent KP for the 564th; the other was Lt. Col. Llewellyn N. Loopshoulders, battalion commander. Miss Snurl gazed sympathetically at shy, nervous Pfc. Beaver and pondered for a moment. Then she danced off with Col. Loopshoulders, naturally.

Problemchild AAFTTC, Nev.—Maj. Gen. Thermal (Gig) Updraft, CG at this base, is known far and wide as a strict disciplinarian. One evening recently, as his staff car sped toward the nearest town—Vomit, Utah, 65 miles away—the general noticed A/C Nervous N. Survis plodding along in the same direction, and on the same side of the road. Signaling to his driver, Gen. Updraft had the car stopped as he came abreast of Survis, and opened the door.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" he roared. "Don't you know you're supposed to walk facing traffic?"

Camp Messkit, N. Y.—A typical Hudson River Valley thunderstorm lashed torrents of rain against the orderly room of Battery B, 1542d FA Bn. last Thursday night. As the storm increased in fury, 1st Sgt. T. S. Aintit heard a faint crying outside the door, opened it up to find a small white kitten mewing piteously for admittance.

Sgt. Aintit, a burly 6-foot-3 Oklahoman, lashed out at the animal with his size-13 foot, slammed the door and turned to the CQ. "Man, oh, man," he said, "if there's anything I hate it's a goddam cat!"

Fort Douglas, Utah —T-5 TOM DWIGHT MURRAY

"And what are you going to be when you grow up, lieutenant?" —Sgt. Earl Carver, Panama

ANGELA

So demure you look, Angela,
As you sit upon the red-and-silver stool,
One elbow poised delicately on the bar's edge
To let your red-nailed hand support the softly cleft chin,
The other fingers lightly tapping ashes into the red and gilt tray.

So refined, so politely reserved every line of your graceful body.
Perhaps you droop your shoulders a bit more than necessary
To accentuate those tempting full young breasts;
Perhaps the black dress' hem is a trifle too high,
To certify, rather than suggest, the grace of those sun-tan legs.
Perhaps, but no one could assert it.

The band of red felt just calls notice to the glowing crown of dark hair
Drawn up above those pink translucent ears.
So soft, so appealing and yet not inviting
The occasional accidental glance that one catches.
You wouldn't mind, would you, Angela, really if that young lieutenant came over and spoke to you?
That faint blush upon the firm, tingling cheeks—
Were you embarrassed when the sergeant misunderstood?

So speculative, so faintly mysterious, so sedately aloof your whole manner, Angela.
Are you gazing on the human scene and reflecting on man's variety?
Are you analyzing the characters of all these people at the noisy bar?
Do your eyes reflect a mild interest in human motives, human hopes?
In other words, does your pose and manner indicate philosophic meditation, Angela?

It might seem so, but I'm afraid I doubt it.
I'm more inclined to think that you know the lieutenant is paid more than the sergeant
And that you doubt that the curly headed private who dances so well has private means.
It's too bad that the lieutenant is plain and awkward, Angela;
He has already broken two twenty-dollar bills.
Business before pleasure, eh, Angela?

Camp Reynolds, Pa. —Pfc. EDWARD CHANDLER MANNING

SPORTS: COACHES GIVE LOWDOWN ON FOOTBALL IN THE EAST

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE platoon will now gather around closer in a half-circle to hear a first-hand report on football in the East this year. Our first speaker will be Mr. Carl Snavely of Cornell, who is affectionately known among his chums in the coaching profession as Silver Screen Snavely. Tell us, Mr. Snavely, do you think the motion-picture camera will ever replace the human scout? And while you're at it, what are Cornell's prospects for this year?

"The human scout is here to stay and so is the camera. It all depends on which you find the most effective. Personally, I prefer the camera. Scouts have poor memories and they are never around when you want them. As for Cornell's prospects, I think we will be better than last year when we won six games and lost four. I have two fine ball-carriers in Wilbur Parker and Johnny Cullen. Parker is only a child of 17, but he weighs 200 pounds and should be a big help to his parents and Cornell when he grows up. Cullen came to us from Northwestern and fits in nicely at wingback: By the way, Coach Little, did I ever thank you for sending me Johnny Norton and Allen Dekdebrun? They will be regulars in my backfield."

Mr. Little, it appears that all you've been doing at Columbia is to develop football players for somebody else. Don't you ever develop one for yourself?

"Not since the war began. The Navy gives them away faster than I can turn them out. Right now I'm developing some more boys, but I don't think Mr. Snavely would be interested in them. They are much too small and delicate. But they've got spirit and that's what I like. Last year we lost every game and my boys never once gave up. They actually whooped it up on the field when they blocked a Navy point after touchdown with the score 50-0 against them. I was proud of that gang."

That will do, Mr. Little. This is no place to discuss character building. Mr. Munger, for a man who won the Ivy League championship at Pennsylvania last year, you are looking very sad.

"Frankly, gentlemen, I feel miserable. I lost 19 lettermen from last year's squad, including Bob O'Dell, my All-American halfback, and Joe Kane, my best running back. I don't see how we can even beat Lou Little's delicate boys. Why don't you ask Mr. Earl Brown how he is feeling these days? I understand he has so many players that Dartmouth has become the Notre Dame of the East."

How about it Mr. Brown?

"This Notre Dame title is a misnomer. Dartmouth doesn't look like a Notre Dame squad. Mr. Munger must be thinking of our coaching staff. We have three ex-Notre Dame men, including myself, on it. We'll have to do some digging to get ends and quarterbacks, but otherwise we have depth in every position. Remember Bob Hicks, who played for Tennessee two years ago? He's in from the fleet and will be a great help. So will Ted Youngling from Cornell. Mr. Munger might be interested to know we are playing Notre Dame this season, which is more than I can say for him."

Mr. And[illegible], from Colgate, h[illegible] up. Wha[illegible] mind, Mr. Kerr?

"I'd just like to suggest that M[illegible] and Mr. Brow[illegible] quit bickering about Notre Dame and pay more attention to Army and Navy in their own league. Those two service teams will be the best in the nation this year. Army gave me a 42-0 licking last season and I expect they will murder me again this year. My varsity is no better than an average peacetime freshman team. Gentlemen, watch out for this kid, Dean Sensanbaugher, who the Army got from Ohio State. I coached him in the East-West game last year and he's an All-American if I ever saw one."

Speaking of All-Americans, I understand Mr. Howie O'Dell has one in Paul Walker at Yale. How good is this boy, Mr. O'Dell?

"Walker is an all-everything. I'd even go so far as to say that he's a better all-around end than Larry Kelley. He's only 19, but he was so tough that Army and Pennsylvania couldn't handle him last year. In fact, Paul is such a capable guy in all departments that I may use him as fullback on the offense. I just wish I had 10 more like him."

Comdr. Hagberg, why are you squinting?

"I've been looking through a periscope for so long in the South Pacific that it's just second nature with me. The only time I have been able to open my eyes is when I look at my Navy football squad. You've certainly got to hand it to these congressmen. They really know how to pick winners. This Bob Jenkins, who used to play for Alabama, is a powerful runner from tailback, but I may have to shift him to fullback to make room for Ralph Ellsworth, a speed boy from Texas. And I will have to find a spot for Fred Early, who played at Notre Dame last year. Don't think Navy has cornered the market on football talent. Ask Col. Blaik to tell you about the donations he got from our patriotic congressmen."

From the looks of things, Col. Blaik, half of the West Point plebe class must be made up of football players.

"I wish it was. We need a new line, especially some guards and tackles. My ends should be all right with Barney Poole, a North Carolina transfer, and Ed Rafalko. The backfield is set with Doug Kenna, Max Minor, Glenn Davis and Bobby Dobbs. And if this Sensanbaugher is all Mr. Kerr says he is, then we may be more than a match for our schedule. By the way, do any of you gentlemen know anything about the North Carolina team? I open the season with them."

Come around next week, Col. Blaik, when we meet with the coaches from the South and we'll give all the details.

Paul Walker, Yale's 215-pound end from Chicago, looks like a sure-fire bet for All-American honors.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Lt. Col. Larry MacPhail, the Brooklyn Brain on leave with the Army, was offshore when the landings were made in southern France. . . . **Sgt. Joe Louis** is coming back to the States to join his old outfit. He was last reported in North Africa. . . . After sweating out 17 weeks of infantry basic at Camp Blanding, Fla., **Pvt. Berkeley Bell**, the ex-tennis star, was put in limited service because of an old tennis injury. . . . **Lt. Sam Schwartzkopf**, who was an All-American tackle with Nebraska in 1940 and captained the Western squad in the 1941 East-West game, will play this season for the Third Air Force football team at Morris Field, Charlotte, N. C. . . . Just to keep the records straight, **O/C Al Blozis** is still the Army's No. 1 hand-grenade tosser. He cut loose with a 97-yard heave at Fort Benning, Ga., to eclipse **Cpl. Mike Rizzo's** record of 88½ yards. . . . On leave from New Guinea to Australia, **Pfc. Bitsy Grant** tried to promote a tennis match between the Australians and Americans, pointing out that **Lt. Don Budge** and **Ens. Jack Kramer** were both in the South Pacific. . . . **Carroll Bierman S2c**, who rode long-shot Gallahadion to victory in the 1940 Derby, is taking his boot training at Sampson Naval Station.

Killed in action: **Lt. Alex Santilli**, Fordham tackle who blocked a Missouri punt to give the Rams a 2-0 victory in the 1942 Sugar Bowl, by a Jap sniper at Saipan. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Col. Billy Arnold**, winner of the 500-mile Indianapolis auto race, with the Legion of Merit for reorganizing production at an Air Service Command depot in England. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Comdr. Sam Barry**, ex-Southern Cal grid coach, from the Southwest Pacific to the Corpus Christi (Tex.) Naval Air Station. . . . *Ordered for Induction:* **Jim Tabor**, slugging Red Sox third baseman, by the Army; **Early Wynn**, Washington righthander, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Preacher Roe**, Pittsburgh southpaw, because of a head injury; **Bob Finley**, catcher of the Phillies, because of a knee injury.

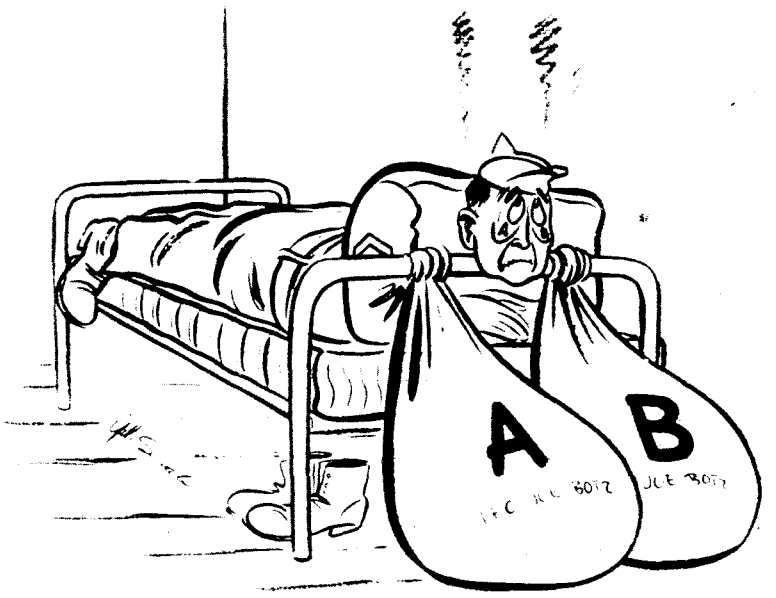
PT SKIPPER. A shipboard accident, and not the Japs, put Lt. Torby Macdonald, ex-Harvard football star, on sidelines with an injured foot. He holds Silver Star for sinking 11 Japanese barges.

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"COULD I BORROW YOUR SOAP, PLEASE?"
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

"LET'S NOT CRITICIZE THEIR METHODS UNTIL WE SEE IF THEY GET RESULTS."
—Pfc. Al Wade

"WELCOME ABOARD, MEN. I UNDERSTAND ONE OF YOU HAS BEEN DOWN HERE FOR THIRTY MONTHS."
—Raymond E. Wallace QM1c



—Cpl. Fred Schwab

"OUR NEXT CASE WILL BE THAT OF PRIVATE C. H."
—Cpl. Art Gates

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