

BRITISH EDITION

# YANK

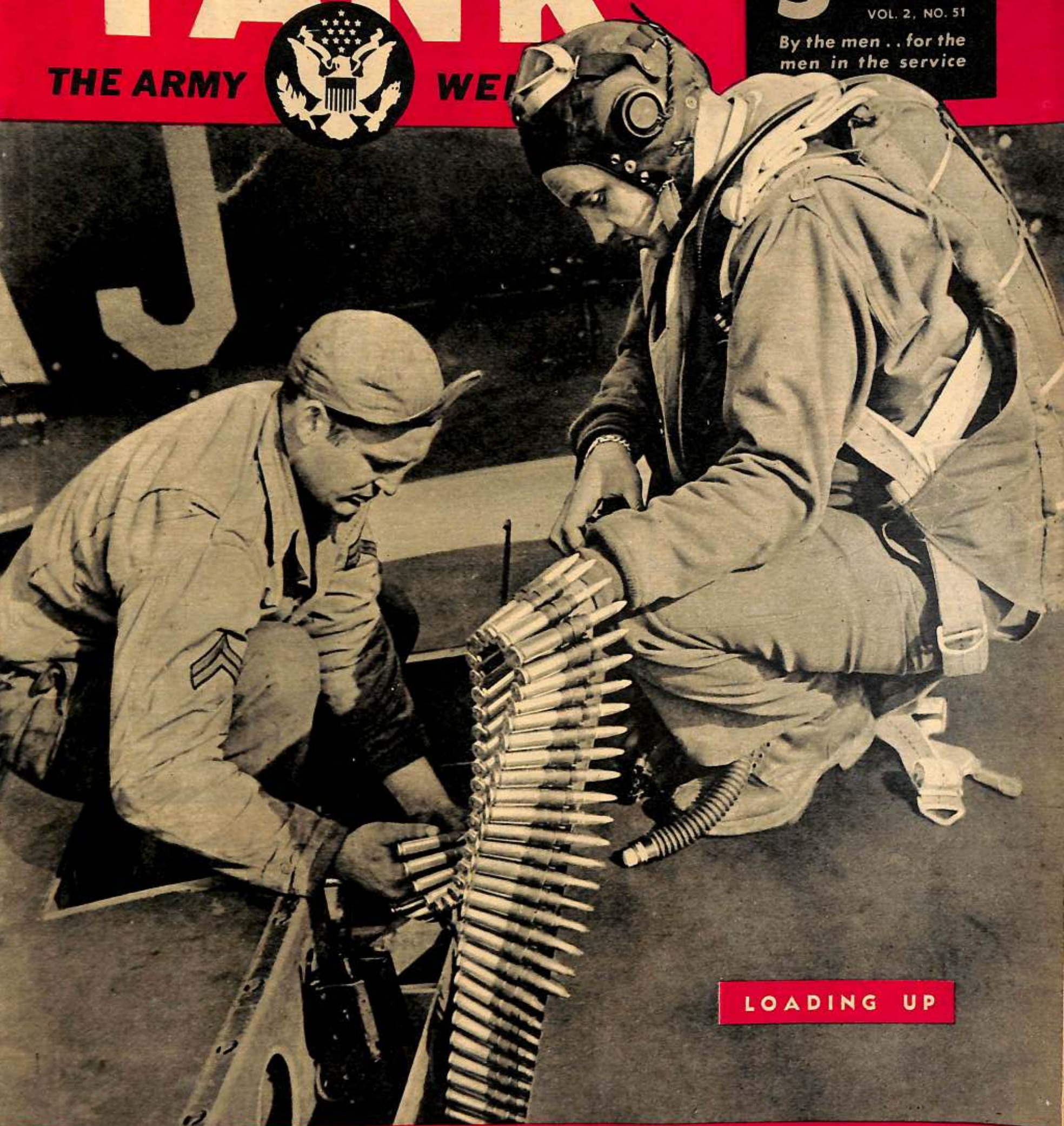


THE ARMY

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

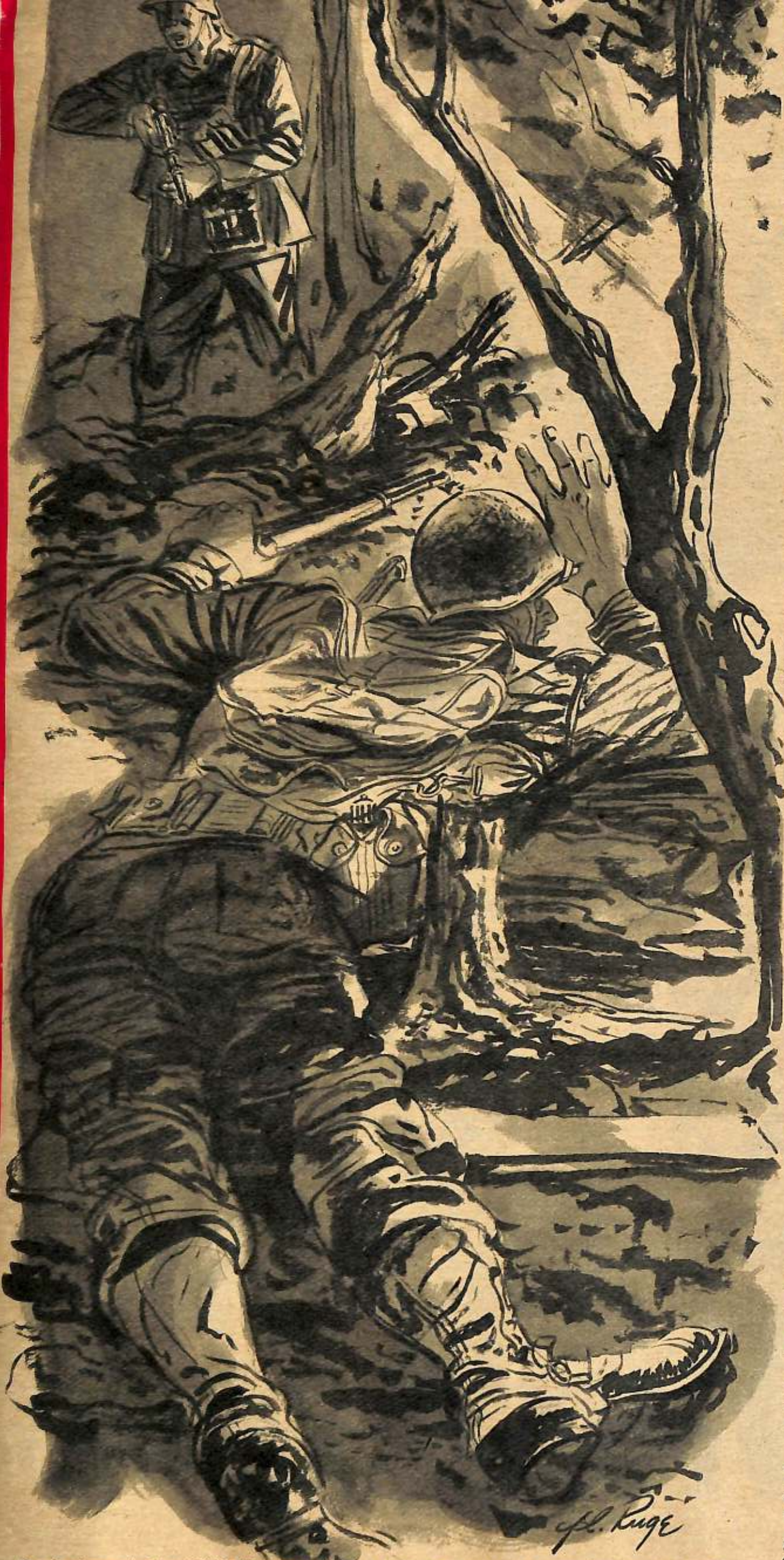


LOADING UP

Fighter Pilots of the Ninth Air Force

Pages 5, 6 and 7





Recruits often make the mistake of freezing on ground under fire. Lying in the glare, they are fine targets.



Six veteran platoon sergeants who have experienced some of the toughest fighting in Italy tell about mistakes that most of our replacements make when they go into combat for the first time.

By Sgt. BURT EVANS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**ITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The infantrymen of a rifle platoon crouch miserably behind an embankment, getting scant protection from the morning rain that beats down endlessly upon the bleak Italian countryside. The platoon sergeant, a stocky, weather-beaten young Texan with a handle-bar mustache and deep-set eyes, strides up purposefully.

"Well, we're attacking," he announces, in a tone that is not without challenge.

The new men, replacements, fumble as they fasten hand grenades to their ammunition belts, their eyes grown big and their helmets dripping.

The old men curse the rain.

The platoon moves out.

Nine hours later—one knoll, two pillboxes, five machine-gun nests and 30 dead Germans closer to Rome—the platoon sergeant crawls and slithers from cover to cover, checking his outposts and reorganizing his gun positions for the night.

Counting noses, he notes something that never fails to interest him, although it has long since ceased to surprise him: the old soldiers, with one wounded exception, are all present; the new re-





The six battle-toughened platoon sergeants of the 36th (Texas) Division, who talk about war in this story, stride down a street somewhere in Italy. From the left: S/Sgt. Manuel S. Gonzales, T/Sgt. Ed M. Taylor, T/Sgt. Harry R. Moore, T/Sgt. William C. Weber, T/Sgt. James H. Arnold and T/Sgt. David H. Haliburton.

# Why Old Soldiers Never Die

placements, on the other hand, have suffered nearly 50 percent casualties or missing.

"Old soldiers never die," the experienced infantrymen say. "The same old men always come back. Luck stays with them."

But is it luck? Or instinct? Or experience?

To get the answer, YANK went to the men of the 36th (Texas) Division, the tough Infantry outfit that has borne much of the bitter brunt of the Italian fight ever since it first waded in under withering fire at Salerno. As everyone from the company commander to the sorriest yardbird will admit, the platoon sergeant is usually the key man in any line action. So YANK had a get-together in a field tent one afternoon with six battle-tested platoon sergeants, two from each of the division's regiments.

Six more combat-wise soldiers could hardly have been chosen. Nearly every one had the Purple Heart; one had been wounded four times. Several had Silver Stars; one had the Distinguished Service Cross. None of the sergeants knew any of the others, but each had an instant respect for the others' experience and abilities. These were "whole" men, physically and mentally—men who had survived the most trying ordeals that war could offer and who had emerged with

unshaken confidence in the ability of the intelligent foot soldier to take care of himself.

Priding themselves on being soldiers, in the finest sense of the word, they were natural, surprisingly articulate, unassuming leaders with the rough edges somehow worn off by what they had undergone. ("The loud, tough guys in the States turn out to be the weak sisters over here," one said.) Their impromptu discussion offers the American soldier some front-line pointers that may save his life.

**"T**HE first mistake recruits make under fire," began T/Sgt. Harry R. Moore, rifle platoon sergeant from Fort Worth, Tex., "is that they freeze and bunch up. They drop to the ground and just lie there; won't even fire back. I had one man just lie there while a German came right up and shot him. He still wouldn't fire back."

"That's right," said T/Sgt. William C. Weber of St. Marys, Pa., another rifle platoon sergeant. "When a machine gun opens up, the new men squat right where they are. The same way when flares drop and bombs 'baroom' down at night. The old man dives for cover. He doesn't stay out where he's exposed."

"They're scared of tracers, too," put in T/Sgt.

David H. Haliburton of Ballinger, Tex., rifle platoon leader. "Me, I like to see tracers."

"Jerry fires lots of tracers," said Bill Weber. "He has a trick with tracers. Jerry has one gun shootin' tracers up high. Then he has other guns shootin' grazing fire."

"At the Rapido some replacements couldn't tell the difference between our fire and Jerry's," commented Moore. "And they were scared of Jerry's machine pistol. It's not accurate at all. If it doesn't get you in the first minute, don't worry about it. Its first four to six shots are the only ones that count."

"The Germans don't try for accuracy in small-arms fire," said Ed M. Taylor of El Paso, Tex., sergeant of an 81-mm mortar platoon. "They spray and try for a high concentration of fire."

"I got four machine-pistol shots placed an inch apart in my sleeve there," said Moore, holding out his right arm. "But that was an accident. I still don't think the machine pistol is accurate."

"The machine pistol goes 'bzt'—like ripping a piece of cloth fast," said Weber. "When you hear a sharp crack over your head like popcorn, or just like a bullet going through a target on the rifle range, that's the time to duck. Don't worry about the sniper who hits around your legs. The guy to



fear is the one who puts a shot close to your ear—ping! He has telescopic sights."

"That's another thing," said Moore. "This Army doesn't use enough snipers. We need more Springfield-'03 men with telescopic sights. We could easily have killed six Germans on the Rotondo if we'd had a sniper. They walked right through our front lines."

"What do you think of the M1?" asked Taylor. "It's wonderful," replied Moore. "It will take all kinds of dirty treatment and still fire when you need it. But I don't like the carbine. You can't trust it; three little grains of sand will stop one up."

"The Germans counterattacked early one morning, and my men came to me and said their M1 rifles were frozen tighter than a by-god," said Sgt. Haliburton. "They asked me what to do. 'Hell,' I said, 'urinate on the sonuvabitches.' It didn't smell so good after firing a couple of hours, but it saved our lives."

"If you could have only one weapon, what would you take?" asked Taylor.

"The BAR," three men answered simultaneously.

"But that bipod is useless," said Moore. "We've never yet had a chance to set it up. And it's heavy and catches on things on patrols. While I'm mentioning it, I wish they'd get rid of that stacking swivel on the rifle. It's always catching on something."



In action, Sgt. Weber carries raincoat, rifle, rifle belt, pick, one K ration, canteen, ammunition, grenades.

"That goes for the T on the shovel, too," said Taylor. "I've sawed mine off short. Of course, you don't need a shovel. The pick is the most valuable tool we've got."

Everyone agreed to that.

"There's a trick to this digging," said Haliburton. "None of the new men dig deep enough or quick enough. Incidentally, we don't have foxholes any more—we have fighting holes. They're six feet deep, and the step goes down to four feet."

"I've seen a lot of men die because they didn't dig their holes deep enough," said Taylor. "Most of them were crushed in tank attacks. Ninety-five percent of the men in my company are alive today because they dug down the full six feet."

FOR the first time S/Sgt. Manuel S. (Ugly) Gonzales of Fort Davis, Tex., spoke up. At Salerno Gonzales, the most popular and quietest man in his outfit, single-handedly knocked out four German machine guns, one mortar and one German 88-mm gun, going through machine-gun fire that came so close it set fire to his pack. He's been recommended for the Congressional Medal.

"Two of our men were killed in their foxholes," Ugly Gonzales said. "You know we usually have two men to a hole on an outpost, one on guard and one asleep. Well, for some reason I can't figure out, Americans like to sleep with a blanket or a pack over their heads. Why one was sleeping instead of being on guard I don't know, but when we checked up in the morning, we found their bodies bayoneted right through the blankets. They never knew what got them."

"Some of the boys just don't have common sense," said Weber. "They seem to expect the Army to think for them. When you're under fire, you've got to think six ways from Sunday."

"Why, the Germans were climbing out of their foxholes and retreating," said Haliburton, "and some of my new men didn't know what to do about it. They just lay there. They could have moved two feet, for a better range of fire, and knocked the whole outfit out."

"Sometimes they don't even know the man beside them or where he is," Taylor added angrily. "After we'd had one bunch of boys 12 days, they didn't even know their own squad leader. Now every man has his name taped on his helmet."

"It's important for men to train together and to know each other," said Haliburton. "If I want to take out a patrol and don't know who to take, I'd rather go alone. You've got to know your men. I don't eat first—I eat with them. There are two kinds of boys, I've found out—the ones you can pat on the back and those you have to keep after."

"I never like to take more than three men with me on reconnaissance patrol," said Gonzales. "One man can give you away if he doesn't know how to pick up his feet and walk on grass and rocks. First thing you know Jerry comes out of a ditch with that machine pistol ready to turn and shoot. He has that long baseball cap on. Man, that's when you'd better have your tommy gun on full automatic."

"That's another thing," Moore added. "Many of the new men we get have never had any night work. They're blind; a couple get lost every night. Why, I've seen boys fall off in a ditch in the dark and break their legs. They're used to flashlights. You couldn't give me a flashlight."

THEY'RE too loose on the men in the States," T/Sgt. James H. Arnold of Killeen, Tex., said. "Ten-minute breaks, go to town every night—they'll never get in shape that way. And they never ought to have a dry run. They ought to fire every weapon, and there ought to be tin-can rifle ranges around every Army post where the men could practice in their spare time."

"They ought to learn to shoot from the hip in a hurry," Taylor agreed. "And we get men who are supposed to be qualified with mortars who have never fired more than two rounds. You can't sense how to fire a mortar just by mounting it. At Salerno we had two boys who had fired their mortar often and had lived with it. They could put a mortar shell anywhere they wanted to, but they were the only ones who could."

"What kind of gun emplacements do you use for heavy weapons and machine guns?" asked Haliburton.

"We use a four-foot-deep emplacement for a mortar," Arnold replied. "We've never been where we could dig one, though. We pile up rocks."

"You can dig an emplacement by blasting during a barrage," said Taylor. "We've often done that. But men ought to be trained to set up guns on all kinds of terrain."

"You know what I think?" Haliburton asked. "I think we tend to keep our machine guns up too close. The weapons platoon tries to go right up with the rifle platoons. We've had machine guns knocked out by mortars, and sometimes our machine guns get pinned down when they stay up with us. The heavy weapons should be in support, in back of us shooting over our heads. You've got to guard against the tendency of the American heavy weapons to move right up."

"That's the American's worst fault," said Moore. "He's just like a turkey. He wants to see what's on the other side of the log."

"One thing I wish you heavy-weapons men

would do," commented Haliburton, the rifle platoon sergeant. "When you fire, always judge over, never short." Haliburton was deadly serious, and nobody laughed at what might have seemed a dry joke in other circumstances.

"Our 60-mm mortars and even our '81s are usually stuck out singly," said Taylor. "They should be in a battery."

All agreed.

"One thing we haven't mentioned is the rifle grenade launcher," said Moore. "That's one of our best weapons. It will break up an attack every time."

"Hand grenades, too," put in Haliburton. "New men are always afraid of them. At Salerno some men had them taped up so tight they couldn't use them. One thing that's needed is a better place to carry grenades. If you hang them on your ammunition belt, they get in your way when you're crawling along the ground. What we do is to have pockets sewed in our combat suits for them."

"Fragmentation grenades, you mean, of course," said Weber, "or maybe white-phosphorous grenades. Concussion grenades are handy only in street fighting."

"The most valuable thing I learned in training was how to lob a grenade," said Moore. "You have to lob them correctly. You can't get any distance if you throw them like baseballs. It takes experience to knock out a pillbox at 25 yards from a prone position."

"They taught us some useless things, though," said Arnold. "For instance, we never use a rifle sling, except maybe to carry it. And we don't fasten the chin straps under our helmets for fear of concussion. And we can't be bothered with packs. What do you usually carry into action?"

"All I ever take," said Weber, "is a raincoat, a rifle and rifle belt, all the ammunition and hand grenades I can carry, a pick, one K ration and a canteen. About that canteen, incidentally, water discipline has never been stressed enough. When our whole battalion was cut off for three days at Mount Maggiore, the new men almost died of thirst. We caught some water in C-ration cans and helmets. They tried to drop rations to us by plane, but most of them fell in enemy territory. The boys got tired of staying in their holes, but I threatened to shoot the first one who stuck his head out. When we were in the mountains you'd be surprised at how many men would beg me to let them make the long, dangerous haul down and back for rations at night, just for the exercise."

THERE are three damned important points for replacements to remember," summed up Moore. "First, dig deep fighting holes. Second, learn how to take care of yourself, particularly how to be silent on patrols. Third, know your weapons. We've had BAR men who don't know how to fix stoppages. Some guys expect to pick up a new gun from a casualty whenever they need it. They must think it's a gold mine up front. When you need a gun, it's not there. You can count on that."

"Just one more thing," said Gonzales. "Keep out of draws. Jerry always has his mortars zeroed in on them."



It is very important for replacements to know their weapons thoroughly. "We've had BAR men who don't know how to fix stoppages," says Sgt. Moore. Such ignorance can put a whole platoon in great danger.





**CAPT. RICHARD TURNER.**  
Two pilots and Mustangs saved  
on "gas fumes."



**CAPT. JACK BRADLEY.**  
Two Focke-Wulfs shot down in  
ten seconds.



**COL. KENNETH MARTIN.**  
ME and Mustang crashed.



**CAPT. ROBERT BROOKS.**  
His plane had no right to fly.



**LT. CHARLES F. GUMM.**  
He died to save others.



**COL. JAMES HOWARD.**  
He fought 40 of the enemy.



# The MEN who FLY ALONE

No one really knows these fighter pilots who fly the 400-mile-an-hour Thunderbolts, Lightnings, and Mustangs. But here, from an advanced air field of a famous Mustang group, is a composite profile of the men who are helping to knock out pillboxes, gun emplacements and tanks—and who will clear the way for the Paddlefeet later on.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON  
YANK Staff Correspondent



ENGLAND—This particular dogfight over Frankfurt was blistering hot. German and American fighter planes, hopelessly intermeshed, twisted and turned and split-essed all over the flak-specked, Fortress-filled sky. In the midst of the dogfight, a single classic duel developed.

It was between a Messerschmitt 410 and an American Mustang. In the German fighter was a man who obviously was one of the Luftwaffe's aces. In the Mustang was 27-year-old Col. Kenneth R. Martin, a nice-looking, medium-built man with light brown hair, who had joined the Marines as a private in 1937 and had gravitated into the Army Air Corps.

The fight progressed for minutes—which is an eternity in aerial combat. Both pilots threw their planes into impossible tricks and maneuvers. Neither could get in a solid burst. Then, suddenly, watchers saw the Messerschmitt lunge fiercely at Martin's Mustang. The two planes ripped toward each other at 400 miles per hour. Martin refused to pull out. There was no accounting for this. It seemed to be just the expression of a cold irrepressible anger. The planes crashed head-on at 23,000 feet. The Messerschmitt disintegrated in a flash of exploding

gasoline and ammunition. Martin's tough, shattered Mustang fluttered to earth in a long, uncontrolled glide.

Martin survived that crash. It was later reported by the Berlin Radio that he was recovering from a broken arm and a broken leg in the same hospital with the German pilot he had brought down with him.

Martin is thoroughly typical of the fighter pilots of this theater. We have reached the stage of the war where the fighter pilots' hand-to-hand combat, strafing and dive-bombing are assuming major importance in air operations. The bomber crews have long watched them flash past and thanked God for them. Now it's the Infantry's turn to thank God for them. For it is the Lightnings, Thunderbolts and Mustangs that will sweep ahead, knocking out tanks, pillboxes, machine-gun emplacements and troop concentrations in the path of the Paddlefeet.

Yet it is difficult for the bomber crews or the Infantry to realize what kind of men these fighter pilots are. Flying a one-place, 400-mile-an-hour plane is such an individual, personalized thing that only a fighter pilot can really understand what goes on in

another fighter pilot's brain.

This became especially apparent recently at a well-known Ninth Air Force Tactical Mustang Group. The field was nothing more than an old cow pasture with a metal landing strip running down the middle of it. The perimeter of the field was ringed with pup tents and pyramids in which the men lived and were briefed. Group headquarters was an ancient gray brick farmhouse. Pigs and chickens roamed about at will. The pilots' room was an old cow shed with concrete troughs still running the length of the building, and the strong odor of the former inhabitants mingling now with the smell of sweat-soaked flying boots, parachute harnesses and Mae Wests.

The pilots stood around in the sun waiting for missions to be called. There was the peculiar similarity about them of objects that had passed through the same crucible and the same mould. They were young (the average age of the group was 23), but most of them looked over 30. They were thin and medium-sized and nervous. As they stood around and talked, they constantly sighted on distant flying birds and you could see them mentally calculating the deflection,



as if they were about to press the triggers of their guns. When they mentioned their friends who had gone down on missions, it was with the impersonal tone of men discussing their old classmates at Ashtabula High years ago. When they mentioned the possibility of themselves going down, it was with a sad indifferent shrug of the shoulders. They seldom spoke of home or what they were going to do after the war. That was something they had pretty much forgotten. They were strange, moody, restless men—subject to violent extremes of emotion.

It was against this background that the following incidents took place:

A combat wing of Flying Fortresses was coming back from the big raid on Oschersleben. Twenty minutes after the target was bombed, the Luftwaffe struck. At least a hundred single and twin-engine Nazi fighters smashed in from all sides. Two squadrons of Mustangs engaged the enemy at the vulnerable rear boxes. Then with cunning precision, the Germans switched their attack. Forty Nazi fighters struck at the forward boxes. There wasn't an American fighter in sight ahead of the formation.

The Fortress crews swore and manned their guns. Then, they blinked. A single Mustang had come up

Lt. Charles F. Gumm. Before the war Gumm was working in a grocery store in Spokane, Washington, and studying law at night. He was mild and quiet on the ground. In the air he became a terror. He was the first ace of the group and probably would rank among the leading fighter pilots of the theater today. He did things in the air that were unaccountable. Once, eight German fighters lured him into a trap in which he should have been annihilated by the converging fire of their guns. If he was lucky, he might have pulled out and escaped. He didn't even try. He tore into the eight enemy aircraft with such fury that, according to the other pilots in his flight, it was the Jerries who pulled out. Four of the eight Nazi planes went down. On another occasion, Gumm, flying at 25,000 feet, saw an Me-109 firing at a Fort that had lowered its wheels signifying that the crew was going to bale out. Cursing furiously over the RT, he dove to 22,000 feet raking the Messerschmitt most of the way. His guns kept firing at the harmless

around and who reminds you of Jimmy Cagney. The other men sometimes call him "Pop" because he is 28 years old.

A strange fit of emotion picked up some sort of record for Capt. Jack Bradley, one of the group's leading aces, when he shot down two FW-190s in ten seconds flat. Bradley crawled up on the first Focke-Wulf's tail and was so close when the German ship blew up that the explosion lifted him a hundred feet in the air right on the tail of a second FW-190. Bradley shot it down with a single burst.



**To the pilots, their EM crew chiefs are the most important men on the field. Train-buster Lt. John D. Mattie won't talk to a soul after a mission until he has conferred with Sgt. R.S. Johnson.**

from nowhere and was zooming in and out of the box, attacking five and six German fighters at a time. Whenever the Nazis queued up for an attack on the bombers, the little Mustang would tear into them and break them up. The Mustang kept diving, attacking and climbing back to bomber level. He actually was engaging forty Nazi planes single-handedly. Time and time again, he forced the attacking fighters to break off and dive away. But on his third combat encounter, the Mustang pilot had only two guns firing. On his fifth, his last gun went out. He kept up a pretense of attack without guns and the Fortress crews last saw the Mustang diving through the clouds, on the tail of an FW. As the Mustang disappeared, Maj. Allison Brooks, leading one of the Fortress formations, muttered: "That was the greatest exhibition I have ever seen. I hope to God he makes it."

That afternoon a Mustang limped back to this group's base. It bumped along the landing strip. It came to a stop, and out stepped Maj. (now Col.) James Howard, a 31-year-old ex-medical student, who left school to fly with the Navy and shot down more than six Jap planes with Gen. Chennault's American Volunteer Group in China, where his father and mother were missionaries. Maj. Howard was weak with mental and physical exhaustion, but he went through the regular procedure. He spoke with his crew chief, reported two claims and two probables to the Intelligence Officer. Then he went into the pilots' room and had some fruit salad, bread, peanut butter and coffee at the snack bar. He mentioned to the other pilots that he "ran into quite a few enemy planes and got in a few good shots." Not until the next day did it come out that Howard was the lone fighter pilot all the Fortress crews were talking about. He didn't even realize the suicidal heights to which the emotional stress of the dogfight had almost automatically driven him.

In the church in the little British town of Nayland there is a monument to another American fighter pilot of this Mustang group. This pilot's name was

fragments of the Messerschmitt long after the Nazi fighter had blown up.

One day Gumm took his plane up to test it for his mechanic. His engine started to go out while the plane was heading directly for the little town of Nayland, and he couldn't change his course. Gumm stuck with it. Fighting all the way, Gumm, by what seemed almost a superhuman effort, lifted the plane over the rooftops, not touching a thing. Then he headed toward a clearing blocked by two young oak trees. The Mustang hit the trees and blew up. Gumm was thrown from the plane. He was instantly killed.

I listened to Capt. Frank O'Connor tell of a mission from which he had just returned. "I was flying along in formation," he said, "when I noticed a 'con trail' (vapor trail from a plane's engine) above the clouds. I kept watching the clouds, and sure enough, an Me-109 popped out. He thought he had him a sitting duck. So I said to the squadron commander: 'Grayson, can I go get that guy?' 'Go get him,' said Grayson, and off I went.

"I fell back and waited," continued O'Connor, "until he sneaked up to me. Then, just as he was going to attack, I turned into him. I dropped my belly tanks on the turn so I could maneuver better. Then I raked him with my guns. The Jerry went into a steep dive. I put my ship into a dive and kept hitting him with my guns. My nose was down so straight that I had to flip the ship over to keep firing. Finally, his little old head came out like he was going to jump, but that old head didn't come out very far. The canopy flew off and I watched him crash.

O'Connor is a nice, friendly little guy with red cheeks who is always kidding

## Tactical fighter groups



**This Thunderbolt is repaired in a tent within five minutes flying time of Europe.**



**The pilots' room, too, is a tent. If they're lucky, they grab themselves an old barn or cow shed.**



At a neighboring Thunderbolt group, engaged in dive-bombing and strafing operations, there is a suave, friendly chap named Capt. Edward Sprietsma as *Little Orphan Annie*, *Jack Armstrong*, *The American Boy*, and *Ma Perkins*. Sprietsma was flying along in formation at 20,000 feet one day, furnishing penetration support over Gutersloh, when he was sent down to investigate some "bogies"—unidentified aircraft—at 8,000. The "bogies" turned out to be P-47s. But just as he turned to climb upstairs again, Sprietsma noticed another plane painted all white, flying about 50 feet above a river. It was a cleverly camouflaged twin-engine Me-110.

Sprietsma went into a dive and fired a long burst at the Jerry. The Messerschmitt's gunner fired back. Sprietsma turned and made a second pass at the white Messerschmitt. The gunner was no longer firing. The German plane spun to the right and crashed into a field, turning over and over. Finally it came to a stop, a heap of fiercely-burning wreckage. Then Sprietsma did an unaccountable thing. He came back for a third pass and fired his guns at the wreckage until they were empty. There was no reason for this. The enemy plane was totally destroyed, the pilot and gunner were both dead. Sprietsma can't explain it himself.

**B**ACK at this base a short time ago, Capt. Richard Turner brought his flight of Mustangs home with four planes missing. They had become lost in a heavy overcast over Southern France. Without waiting to refuel, Turner hopped back into his plane and went out to look for them. He cruised at 37,000 feet and tried to contact the missing men by radio. But they were too far south—nearly to Spain—to hear him. Suddenly Turner blacked out. His oxygen supply was exhausted. The Mustang spun all the way down to 10,000 feet before he regained consciousness. Just as he recovered, he heard the voice of one of the missing pilots, Lt. Mailon Gillis, talking over the RT to Lt.

Leonard Jackson, another of the strays. "That looks like the Isle of Jersey down there," Gillis was saying. Turner called to them, and in a few minutes they were flying in formation behind him. Gillis and Jackson were the only ones left of the



"ARE YOU LOST? ARE YOU WANDERING AROUND IN A FOG? IF SO, JUST CALL YOUR NEAREST D/F STATION AND ASK FOR A Q.D.M.—ACT NOW! AND DON'T ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE! REMEMBER, Q.D.M!"  
—Sgt. Gene Hammer

original four missing. The other two Mustangs had run out of gas and the pilots had long since baled out over France. Now Gillis, Jackson and Turner were nearly out of gas, too. And they were hundreds of miles from home. Talking a continuous stream of verbal encouragement over the RT, he shepherded the two lost pilots back. They made landfall at the Isle of Wight. They landed on an emergency field. Then they looked at the gas tanks. They were all bone dry. The planes had been flying on little more than fumes. Turner had known this all the time.

The whole expedition required more guts, according to the pilots at his base, than a combat encounter with the enemy. Yet when you ask him why he did it, Turner looks puzzled and says: "I don't rightly know. I just never thought about it."

Lt. John Mattie, another quiet, mild guy, is the leading train-buster of the group. When Mattie gets on the trail of a train in enemy territory he has been known to follow it, guns blazing, right into railroad stations and the teeth of enemy flak. Capt. Robert Brooks, after the excitement of a dogfight, flew back and crash-landed perfectly a plane that had no right to fly. Half of one wing had been shot away; the ship was riddled and in tatters from nose to tail. Brooks' only explanation was: "I hardly knew what I was doing." He almost fainted from the emotional strain when he stepped from the ship. The same thing happened to Lt. Willie Y. Anderson when a five-inch piece of molten flak ripped through the floor of his cockpit, tore and scorched his trouser leg, and set the plane on fire. He put out the fire, kept flying and brought the Mustang home.

It isn't that these men are fearless. They are as human as any one else. As Capt. Turner, who has more than ten enemy planes to his credit, explained: "Ninety percent of the time we're scared stiff. The other ten percent is split up between terrific extremes of exultation and anger. When you're in the air, trying to control a 400-mile-an-hour machine in the face of the unknown, even a little thing like your squadron leader getting out of line gets you wildly browned off."

Turner is a nice-looking boy from Bartlesville, Oklahoma, who was a pretty fair end on the Principia College football team before the war.

"You get on a Jerry's tail," he said, "and you clobber him, and you feel a tremendous, unreasonable joy inside. Then you turn into Jerry and your guns miss him, and you cuss and swear like a crazy man. Every second you're up there, you're trying to figure out how to save your own skin and do your job at the same time. The speed and the tremendous extremes of emotions leave you wrung out, mentally and physically."

These are the men who will be clearing the way as the Infantry's own air force.

live and work under canvas and can move out in a matter of hours



Here, an abandoned stable has become the group's cook house.



But the mess hall is outdoors, with an impromptu shed for bad weather. Men, equipment, even the landing strips, must be ready to move as the front moves.



Bicycles and jeeps add to the mobility. After briefing in the open, pilots move off to dispersal areas, where Thunderbolts are ready to rake the enemy.



# Pipe Dream in Canada

**H** EADQUARTERS, NORTHWEST SERVICE COMMAND, ALBERTA, CANADA—When you say the word "pipe," soldier, smile! The guy alongside you may be a former member of Task Force 2600. If he is, you may never know what became of your beautiful friendship.

But he'll know, and if he doesn't dislodge your teeth, he'll talk your leg off about the pipe dream of Task Force 2600. He'll tell you about a song they used to have up on the Slave River that went something like this:

*The night is light, mosquitoes sho' do bite;  
Look up the river and see mo' dam' pipe.*

There were other verses, too, such as these:

*There ain't no seconds when it comes to bread,  
But there's always seconds o' pipe.*

*Crackers in the mornin', crackers at night,  
Here comes the Athabaska with mo' dam' pipe.*

By this time you get the idea that this bird's woes have something to do with pipe. Before you can say "Athabaska," the story is on its way.

If you think the U. S. was caught unprepared by the Japs at Dutch Harbor June 3, 1942, any member of Task Force 2600 will put you at ease. Weeks before the Japs moved in on the Aleutians, laying siege to our entire North Pacific supply channels, TF 2600 was on its way into the Canadian Northwest to lay out a life line to threatened Alaska. Through this line today pulses the blood of the United Nations' Arctic war machine—oil. "Canadian oil" naturally became just plain "Canol" to the soldiers lugging in the four-inch tubework for this great transfusion. For more than a year, the Canol project—even the name itself—was kept under wraps.

Map traces Engineers' portage route from Edmonton to Norman Wells, now linked by pipe line to Whitehorse.



The same week the Japs were moling into the mountainsides on Attu, Kiska and Agattu, TF 2600 was pitching pup tents at Camp Prairie near a bleak little burg called Waterways, Alberta, at the junction of the Clearwater and Athabaska Rivers. Civilian contractors had been hired by the Government to develop oil deposits at Norman Wells, Northwest Territory, and pipe the output overland 577 miles to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, and points in Alaska. At Whitehorse the civilians were to erect a refinery to be transported, piece by piece, from a dismantled plant in Texas. All that TF 2600 had to do was set up and maintain water, air and winter-road transportation systems for hauling in the pipe and other supplies. That job involved stevedoring and heavy labor, such as chopping trees to provide fuel for wood-burning stern-wheel steamers chartered by the Army for river traffic.

In the contractors' hiring offices in the States, a notice had been posted:

This is no picnic! Working and living conditions on this project are as difficult as those encountered on any construction job ever done in the United States or foreign territory. Men hired for this job will be required to work and live under the most extreme conditions imaginable. Temperatures will range from 90 degrees above zero to 70 degrees below zero. Men will have to fight swamps, rivers, ice and cold. Mosquitoes, flies and gnats will not only be annoying but will cause bodily harm. If not prepared to work under these and similar conditions, do not apply.

What went for the civilians went for the GIs, in spades. They couldn't quit.

The contractors admitted that the toughest part of their job was not laying the pipe, but getting the stuff there. That was up to the dogfaces—getting the pipe there.

**A**t Camp Prairie, 300 miles by rail north from Edmonton, here's what the soldiers discovered: Rain. Cold. Mud. No place to sleep but the ground, with last winter's frost still in it. No tent stoves. No sleeping bags or cots. No Arctic socks or shoe-pacs. And plenty of four-inch pipe waiting to be moved.

While they were unloading 30 to 75 carloads of freight a day, stevedoring, operating cranes and rigging pontoons, the GIs also built docks, rail sidings and storage platforms. They stole the canvas tops from Army trucks and slung them as tarpaulins over foodstuffs stacked in the mud

and rain. Daylight lingered 18 hours in every 24. Farther north it hung on longer. Work hours were down to dusk. Between times you crawled into the mud puddle sheltered by your pup tent.

**A**LL this the troops of TF 2600—more than half of them Negro GIs of the 388th Engineer Battalion, many of the others white GIs of the 89th and 90th Engineer Heavy Ponton Battalions—took in stride, with only the customary griping. But when they found that their orders called for moving 30,000 tons of freight, mostly pipe, over 1,171 miles of rivers and lakes in three months, they almost tossed in the sponge then and there. Existing facilities would bear 5,000 tons of traffic a year; 30,000 divided by 5,000 gave you six years.

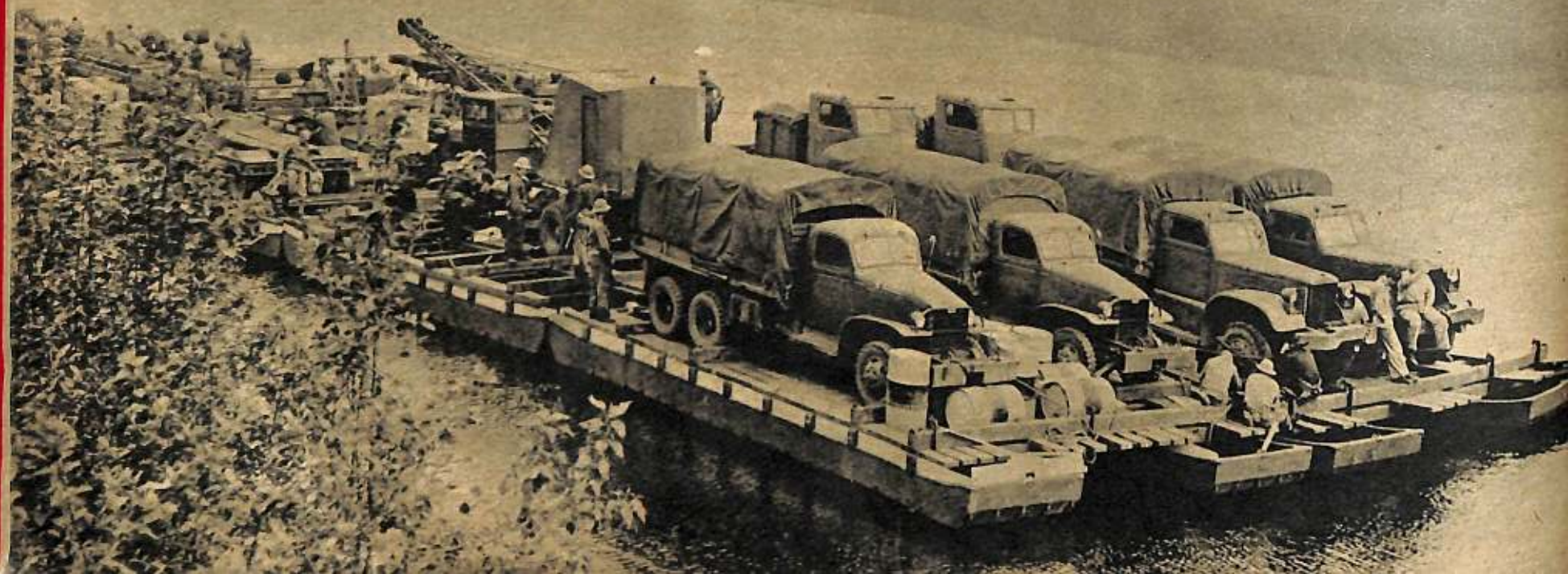
The route over which the freight was to move started at Camp Prairie, continued 507 miles "down north" along the Clearwater and Athabaska Rivers, across a narrow stretch of Lake Athabaska, down Slave River to Resolution Delta on the shores of Great Slave Lake. Then there were 150 miles across the treacherous surf and underwater snags of the lake, one of the largest freshwater bodies in the world, and 560 miles more down the Mackenzie River to Norman Wells, less than 100 miles under the Arctic Circle. Navigation was possible from Camp Prairie half way to Great Slave late in May, but the lake, frozen since October, wouldn't open until July.

Even tougher than Great Slave was a 16-mile overland portage from Fitzgerald to Fort Smith on the Slave River, a stretch in which a series of cataracts tumble 120 feet in 18 miles. This meant unloading all the pipe at Fitz, hauling it by road to Smith, then reloading onto river craft. The Army found a pair of roads at the portage; roads where the dust billowed into the air and lingered for hours after a truck rolled by.

Until TF 2600 arrived, the biggest load ever tugged over the portage was a pusher boat 50 feet long, weighing 75 tons. Before the Yank troops were through, they were transporting barges 120 feet long, with loads of 160 tons each, past the rapids. Sometimes two or three of these barges made the trip in a single day. At no time, however, could a truck with a medium load make the 16 miles in less than an hour, and the big barge job was an eight-hour operation.

At more than half a dozen way stations along the rivers, the GIs had to knock new camps together. It was Camp Prairie all over again.

Ponton rafts carry Army Engineer supplies "down north" to the oil fields at Norman Wells, Canada.





**Moving 30,000 tons of freight over Northwest waterways, the Engineers tapped a vital source of oil to feed our war machine.**

At Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie, the camp was called Camp Nylund, after T-4 Johnny Nylund, who died when his bulldozer snapped off a tree and the tree fell on his chest.

In the swampy hamlet of Fitzgerald more than one soldier was probably tempted to commit murder. While the GIs were slapping at mosquitoes that swarmed around their bare faces, the little Indian girls and boys of the neighborhood stood around looking out from under their head nets and watching the proceedings. (Nets for the soldiers arrived on the second trip of the steamer Athabaska.) And when the mosquitoes finished, the bull flies took over.

Later, when Negro troops went ashore on Great Slave Lake to sweat out navigable weather, an Indian stood by watching them running through some calisthenics by the numbers. The next day the village chief and most of his cronies came to see the American soldiers' "war dance."

**T**HE first two ponton rafts that left Camp Prairie for Fitzgerald were loaded to within six inches freeboard with pipe, bulldozers and a crane. They never made it past the 18-mile crossing of Lake Athabaska. Waves swamped the rafts in five feet of water. Most of the equipment was recovered, but no pipe. Pontons later were fitted with wave breakers and canvas side decking.

Even this couldn't ward off beatings when Great Slave Lake was in fury. Once a USED tug was moving two barges across Great Slave. In 10 minutes a wild storm pounded in. Jolting waves shook tractors loose from their blocks. Foot by foot they jarred to the edge, like elephants playing hopscotch; then one by one they toppled over the side into 60 feet of water. The men just managed to climb aboard the tug from the two barges before their tow line snapped. Despite such mishaps, most of the equipment was reclaimed.

Loss of life, too, throughout the 15 months of TF 2600's mission, was low. Seven enlisted men and one officer lie buried under the muskeg. Another officer, Capt. Willis G. Gardner, owes his life to a couple of Negro engineers, Sgt. Robert Hayes and T-5 Hubert Massie. The officer tumbled overboard into freezing Clearwater River. He couldn't swim. Neither of the stevedores was any Weissmuller, either, but they splashed in and floundered him to safety. Both were awarded the Soldier's Medal.

Keeping pipe moving over the waterways was the main job of the task force, but only one part of the total mission. Detachments were shifted to more than a half-dozen spots along the 1,171-mile route to assist civilian contractors in clearing landing fields and float-plane anchorages. Aircraft were used to supplement the river boats, but forest fires raised hell with flying. Smoke would lie over the river flats for days at a time, obscuring the sun and making take-offs impossible. For several days the boys of the 388th fought a fire that threatened to close the portage road. Another fire destroyed 100 cords of wood, freshly chopped for the river steamers.

Other units drew the assignment of marking the safest river channel between Camp Prairie and Fitzgerald. They pounded long poles into the river bed 300 yards apart. When that wouldn't work, they dangled painted markers along the shore line. They sounded out submerged rocks and spotted them with chunks of wood anchored by ropes above the danger points.

Until the arrival of the 838th Signal Service Company, part of the task force, in the middle of June, communications in this area depended on the Canadian Department of Defense. In August, however, 10 GI stations handled 4,757 messages. Six months later, in one 31-day period, the signalmen were able to transmit 43,881 messages over 34 stations covering 300,000 square miles.

By August, winter was on the way again. Water began freezing in the wash pans at Fort Smith. Up to then, the troops figured they'd be going back to the States for the winter. In September, orders were issued to prepare for winter.

When it came, cold weather moved in so fast that one small detachment operating a sawmill on an island in Slave River near Fort Smith was marooned for 21 days. Ice on the river was too dangerous for crossing by boat and too thin and scattered for walking back to camp. From Oct. 28 to Nov. 18, the woodcutters huddled together until a long spell at 20 below froze the river over. The men had already run out of sugar and vegetables and were nearing the bottom of their larder.

**I**F anybody thought that TF 2600 was going to hibernate, like bears, during the frigid months, he received a rude jolt when the order came through to set up winter headquarters at Peace River, 250 miles west of Camp Prairie, and start bulldozing out a 1,000-mile winter road to Norman Wells. Already the civilians were laying the pipe line toward the Mackenzie-Yukon divide, and more pipe had to keep rolling.

Soon the GIs began to refer to the summer's work as "the good ol' days." By Thanksgiving the temperature was loitering between 30 and 40 below. Before the winter's end, 72 below had been reached. Civilian drivers, pushing trucks and cats, with a string of six to 10 freight sleds, over the winter trail, hollered if there were no heaters in their cabs. By the time the mercury hit 40 below, the last civilian driver had quit. GIs had to let their truck motors idle all night to keep them from freezing. If they froze, you thawed them out with a blowtorch. The Diesel fuel had to be cut from 15 to 30 percent with gasoline to keep it flowing, and many times the GIs wished they were burning crude oil right out of the wells at Norman; that, at least, would still pour at 70 below zero. Even after cutting the Diesel fuel with gasoline, the drivers had to rig up a boxful of dirt, saturate it with fuel and set it afire under the Diesel tanks.

Medics of the 44th, 45th and 46th Station Hospitals, units of the task force, ran into their roughest chore when they had to set up four 18-bed emergency hospitals along the trail. Where there were no hospitals, the medics improvised. On Bear Island at Great Slave Lake, an emergency appendicitis operation was successfully performed by Lt. Sidney Smith of the Medical Corps on Pvt. Willie Nix, a Negro engineer. The operating table was a cot placed on boards, propped up on a gas drum and a box.

Recreation was a forgotten word. Throughout the summer the entire force couldn't have mustered more than a baseball bat or two and a few pairs of boxing gloves. The 388th boys whipped up a minstrel show from time to time. The first movies reached some of the camps in December. Others saw the same pictures two and three months later. Pvt. Joe Coliva made his own recreation and made it pay. He won \$9,000 at Harlem polo from civilian laborers.

**W**HEN spring came again headquarters moved back to Camp Prairie. But this time it was not the same Camp Prairie. There were frame tents to live in, prefabricated mess halls, a laundry with eight washing machines, a bakery and electric lines to the tents. When the river opened up in 1943, the men were ready to take up the job at the pace they had fought to reach the year before. The pipe was rolling right from the start.

By the time Great Slave and her brood of rivers began freezing over again, Task Force 2600 was already being dissolved, its mission completed. Back in the States now, or maybe overseas again, they'll sit up and take notice whenever they hear the word "pipe." Some of them are remembering what they left behind—a smooth-working 1,171-mile waterway system, a chain of plane and seaplane landings and a 1,000-mile winter freight road across muskeg country where even the Indian guides gave up.

In their long months of labor, the men of Task Force 2600 had made possible the linking of the Whitehorse refinery with the oil source at Fort Norman, 577 miles away, and the distribution of the refined products through a 1,500-mile network of pipe lines. The Whitehorse refinery, officially opened on Apr. 30, 1944, will furnish aviation fuel for planes using the airfields between Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, and Fairbanks, Alaska; gasoline for trucks and Army equipment rolling over the Alaska Military Highway, and Diesel fuel for tractors and other vehicles. It is not only an engineering feat but a great piece of international cooperation—soldiers of the U. S. developing Canadian oil to be piped to U. S. bases for the common defense of both nations. It is a pipe dream come true.



This Negro GI from an Engineer service unit helps cut rafters for log cabin barracks in a north Canadian construction camp. He's sporting an Indian parka.



Army Engineers supervise lowering of production pipe on a well of the Canol project at Norman Wells. From there the oil is piped 577 miles to Whitehorse.



Lt. Sidney Smith of the Army Medics is performing emergency appendix operation on Pvt. Willie Nix in a cabin on Bear Island at Great Slave Lake.





A JEEP DOESN'T MIND GETTING ITS FEET WET AS IT ROLLS OUT OF AN INVASION BARGE ON HOLLANDIA BEACH.

# PUSH-OVER AT HOLLANDIA

By Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**H**OLLANDIA, NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—The morning that our force boarded the transports for the attack on Hollandia, principal Jap base in Netherlands New Guinea, was a cloudy one. Our convoy, carrying veterans of the Salamaua and Sanananda fighting as well as untried troops, sailed for its rendezvous with warships from other staging areas. Together we formed the largest armada ever assembled in the Southwest Pacific, including for the first time major units of the Central Pacific Fleet.

The landing plan, we knew, called for a three-pronged attack on the Japs. One tine would hit Aitape, in Australian New Guinea, believed defended by only 1,000 Jap troops. The other two tines would strike at Tanahmerah Bay and Hollandia, across the boundary in Netherlands New Guinea. Hollandia was the prize package, with three Jap airstrips (Hollandia, Cyclops and Sentani) as the main objectives. But Hollandia was also believed to be the best defended area, with plenty of six-inch naval guns and its rugged terrain favoring the estimated 14,000 Japs.

Toward dusk on the afternoon of D-minus-one, the part of the convoy destined for Aitape cut away from the armada. Late that night the two remaining forces, bound for Tanahmerah and Hollandia, split and proceeded separately.

At 0300 we were awakened to prepare for our landing; even at that hour, the dim outline of the beach ahead was visible. At 0515 the men climbed into LCMs (landing craft, mechanized) and headed across the bay to the beach. It was 0600 when the first barrage of naval shells began to pound the Humboldt Bay region.

Destroyers and cruisers lobbed six-inch shells into likely enemy strongpoints, especially the low, flat hill near Hollandia known as the Pancake, whose guns would command the landing beach. Dive bombers from carriers off Humboldt Bay began blasting their pinpoint targets.

When the bombardment was almost over, the landing beaches, the town of Hollandia, the storage dumps and the village of Pim lay under a pall of smoke. Here and there great fires were burning. All this region had been softened up in dive-bombing and strafing attacks by Fifth Air Force planes in the three preceding weeks.

As the first wave of small boats crawled in to land, a final barrage of rockets screamed shoreward in a wave of flame. At almost the same moment, buffaloes (amphibious tanks) from an LSD (landing ship, dock) crossed the narrow peninsula and headed through a bay toward Pim. The men bound for Hollandia itself jumped from their LCMs and took up the trail behind

tanks that also came ashore in the first wave.

Everything went as it had been carefully rehearsed on model beaches in Allied areas of New Guinea. Only one thing was not according to plan: there was almost no resistance as the troops moved forward. Amber flares were fired by the assault troops to notify the Naval force: "Landing effected. No opposition."

The Engineers landed early at Humboldt Bay and began pushing a road from the beach to a junction with the main road linking Hollandia and Tanahmerah. The Signal Corps boys landed at the same time and got busy stretching communications behind the forward patrols.

Only a few Americans were killed on the beach and not many more as the troops continued their advance through the mountains. Great stores of supplies—food, wine, ammunition, weapons, trucks and tractors, even airplane engines—were found by the invaders, but there were few Japs.

**A**s the afternoon of the first day wore on, the American troops made swift and easy progress. Heading for the storage dumps in the town of Pim, one unit encountered a Jap machine-gun nest and wiped it out. There was no road to Pim, so the troops hacked their way forward through the jungle swamp. Meanwhile the main force had passed Pancake Hill. A flame thrower burned out one pillbox, but many were abandoned.

When the troops reached the road running from Hollandia to Tanahmerah, the force split up into two parties. One of them headed for the town of Hollandia, passing two machine-gun ambushes near a storage dump, both abandoned, and a strongly fortified pillbox overlooking the track. A bazooka rocket was hurled into the Jap position, and then the troops continued their rapid but cautious advance. By nightfall they had attained the heights overlooking Hollandia. Meanwhile the second party moved toward the airstrip lying halfway to Tanahmerah, progressing five miles before digging in for the night.

Everyone dug in well, certain that the Japs, so disturbingly quiet until now, would launch a terrific night attack. The soldiers lined their foxholes with banana leaves and ferns, and hung ponchos over the holes to keep out the nightly rain. Men chewed K rations or a D-ration chocolate bar. Orders were issued for all men to stop smoking, talk only in whispers and not move around. A few Japs were heard jabbering outside the perimeter, and a few shots were fired. Dusk had turned into night.

The stillness was broken only by the sound of crickets and a couple of parrots. Suddenly machine-gun fire ripped out from one corner of the perimeter. A Jap's painful scream filled the air and then gurgled into silence.



COMMUNICATIONS WENT UP IN A HURRY ONCE THIS SIGNAL CORPS OUTFIT REACHED THE SHORE.

Throughout the night, machine-gun or rifle fire cracked out every 10 or 15 minutes. The trigger-happy soldiers were taking no chances. In the darkness before the dawn everyone was awake, tensely expecting that the Japs, who had waited so long, were about to launch a fierce early-morning attack. But the attack never came, and when we searched the area by daylight, we found the bodies of only five Japs as a bag for the whole night's shooting. One of our men had been shot through the hand, another in the leg.

American artillery set up on the beach was already pounding into what was left of the town of Hollandia. Soon after daylight, advance American infantrymen moved down the side of the mountain and entered the town. They found it deserted except for a flock of tame geese, which promptly attached themselves to a Yank souvenir hunter, honking along behind him inquiringly. Bombing had reduced much of the town to rubble.

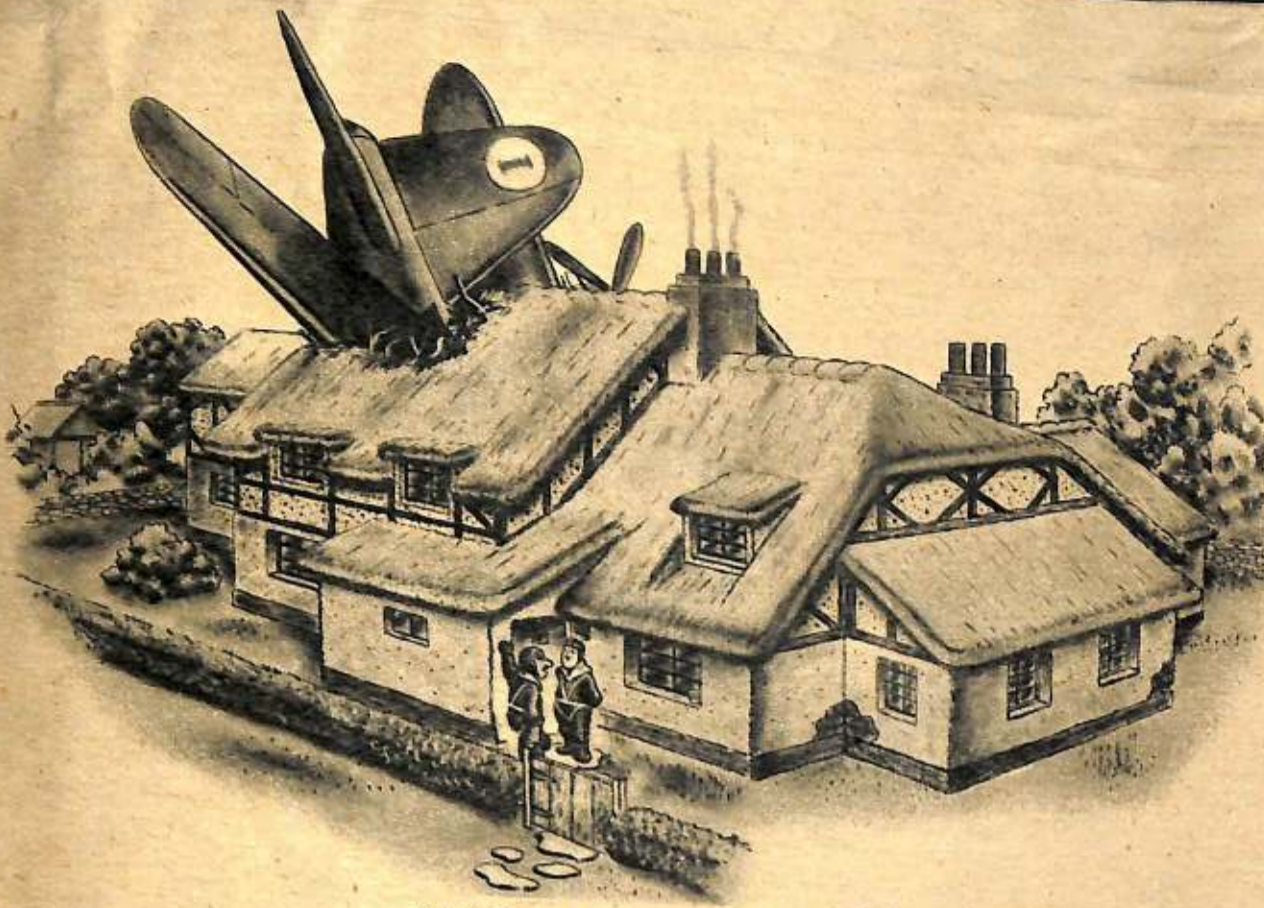
A dead Jap, airplane machine-gun bullets through his chest, was sitting in a small staff car on one road of the town. In the tiny mission schoolroom, lessons in Dutch were still scrawled on the blackboard. Every house in town contained a store of booty that GI souvenir hunters quickly acquired. By 1100, the town was secured.

**T**wo days later the force advancing overland toward Sentani and Cyclops, two of the three airdromes, encountered a relatively strong Jap force near the mouth of a small river that entered Lake Sentani. The Americans quickly crossed six miles of the lake in buffaloes, alligators (tracked landing vehicles) and ducks (amphibious trucks). The amphibious fresh-water assault surprised the Japs, 100 of whom died before the airfields fell into our hands.

On the sixth day of the invasion, American infantrymen from Tanahmerah and Humboldt Bays met on the third airdrome, Hollandia, in what was virtually the end of the immediate operation. The three objectives were in our hands.

Somewhere in the hills between Hollandia and Madang, which fell at the same time to Australian forces, were the remnants of the Japs. Only 677 enemy bodies were counted around Hollandia; the rest of the enemy force apparently had taken a powder into the jungled hills. They seemed destined for slow starvation.





"I HATE THIS APOLOGIZING BUSINESS."

—Pvt. Tom Flannery

**Caution**

**G**UESS the folks back home don't think we boys in the ETO got much brains. That's about the only interpretation we can put on a sign we saw the other day on a crate being hauled away from the dock where it had just been unloaded. A crate the size of a small house it was, and neatly stencilled on one of its sides was the admonition: "AIR-PLANE ENGINE. DO NOT DROP."

doctors found I'm made different from other people, but they wouldn't tell me where, though," Harvey said. "Once in a while I get excited during my act and then I may cut my lip a little, but that's the only trouble I've ever had. Except once when I ate some colored bulbs and they poisoned me. All colored bulbs are poison. Don't ever eat them." We agreed not to.

**Forecast**

After getting off to about a dozen bum starts on what our British cousins laughingly assured us was Spring, we're about ready to accept as gospel truth the remark of a surly T/4 who occupied the lower half of our double-decker the other night. "I'm making a study of Metropolitics," he said. "That's the new science which holds that there are only three seasons in England—early winter, winter, and late winter."

**That Word Again**

While awaiting happenings of considerably more importance, we find that the word "cunning," as occasionally used by our British cousins, keeps getting more and more in our hair—in a harmless, cockeyed way like those wads of spun-sugar stuff used to out at Coney Island. Two or three weeks ago we mentioned here that a young native of these parts, upon having America's national pastime explained to him at some length, remarked that he thought baseball was a "cunning game." Now, reading in a London paper a description of what the British parachutist will carry with him on the invasion, we've come across this sentence: "There is compressed porridge (for breakfast), tea, meat extract, chocolate, meat stew; soup in a cunning self-heating tin."

So lissen, you KPs. Next time, bring out the chow in those cunning cans, y'hear?

**Advance Notice**

It's up to you wolves to make of this what you will, but one of the belles of a small town in these parts is a civilian miss who wears on the lapel of her jacket a nice new red-and-white Good Conduct Ribbon.

**Strictly From Hunger**

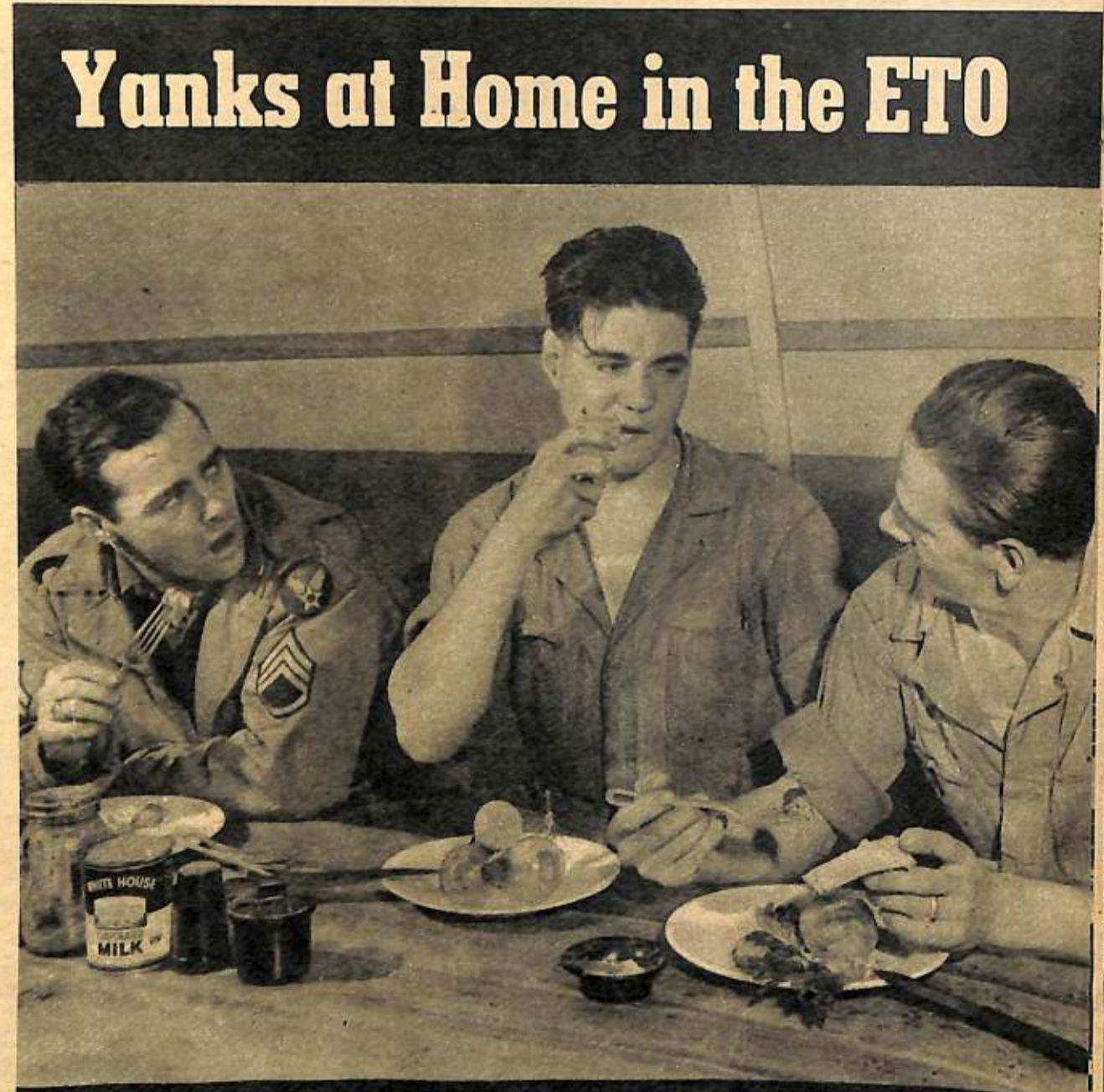
It probably wouldn't occur to you as a sound subject for a gripe, but so far as Sgt. Robert Lee Harvey, of Antigo, Wis., is concerned the only thing wrong with England is that the electric-light bulbs over here have a gassy taste that is completely throwing him off his chow. The Sarge, who is a cook at an 8th AAF Fighter Base, gave us an earful of his troubles the other day while we were enjoying a thick, juicy hamburger in his messhall and he was nibbling on an English-made light bulb with about as much relish as you show for powdered eggs.

"I don't like the flavor of these things at all," said Harvey, petulantly, "but you know how it is. A man's got to keep in shape so he'll be fit to carry on with his profession in the post-war world."

And glass-eating happens to be the Sergeant's profession; not just bulbs, either, but tumblers, Coca-Cola bottles, anything that is nice and jagged. Back in civilian life ("And, oh boy," he says, "that was the life"), Harvey used to be a barker and glass-eater for the Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus, the big-time outfit that just opened another season at Madison Square Garden. He also was the front talker, and chomped glass as a sideline, in a girlie-girlie show put on by the Rubin & Cherry Exposition, "the aristocrat of the tented world," which operates out of San Antonio, Tex., and covers most of the State Fairs in the Middle West.

Harvey, who is 24 now, has been in the Army three and a half years. He began his career as a showman when he was 16, signing on with Ringling's as a roustabout and munching glass in his spare time. His taste for glass, plus the fact that he has a barrel-like chest and a rasping voice that the French can hear all the way across the Channel on a clear night, soon got him out of the roustabout class and landed him a job in which he doubled as a barker and sideshow exhibit. He then expanded his act to include eating the shells of two raw eggs and the goblet into which he had poured their yolks. "That's something else that's wrong over here," he told us disgustedly. "No egg shells, no goblets. Why, I was up in London the other day and I go into a hotel dining-room and sit down and order dinner. So there I am minding my own business, not bothering anybody, just eating a couple of wine glasses with my meal—and the lady in charge of the place sees me and calls the MPs."

The Sergeant told us that on several occasions he has had his gizzard X-rayed, just to make sure the glass was digesting properly, and that the medics have invariably reported everything okay. "The



**Yanks at Home in the ETO**

Sgt. Robert Lee Harvey, of Antigo, Wis., sits down to his favorite dish of minced electric-light bulbs, while S/Sgt. James Martin (left), of Washington, D.C., and S/Sgt. John Schweizer, of Elmont, L.I., stare in amazement. Anyway, they look amazed.



THE GIRLS ARE ATTRACTED BY STATISTICS AS THEY POSE UNDER THE SIGNPOST. HOW FAR WILL THE WAR EVENTUALLY TAKE THEM? ONE THING IS SURE. THEY'RE ALREADY A LONG WAY FROM HOME.



SGT. LAMAR GETS HERSELF A HAIR-DO AT AILEEN OTAKE'S BEAUTY PARLOR WHILE CPL. KESLER WAITS HER TURN.



HERE THE GIRLS GET THE TRADITIONAL HAWAIIAN WELCOME FROM BUXOM ANNIE KAAILAULA AT THE MOANA HOTEL.



AND NOW, WHILE THEY ADMIRE AN ORCHID AT FOSTER



# HONOLULU HOLIDAY

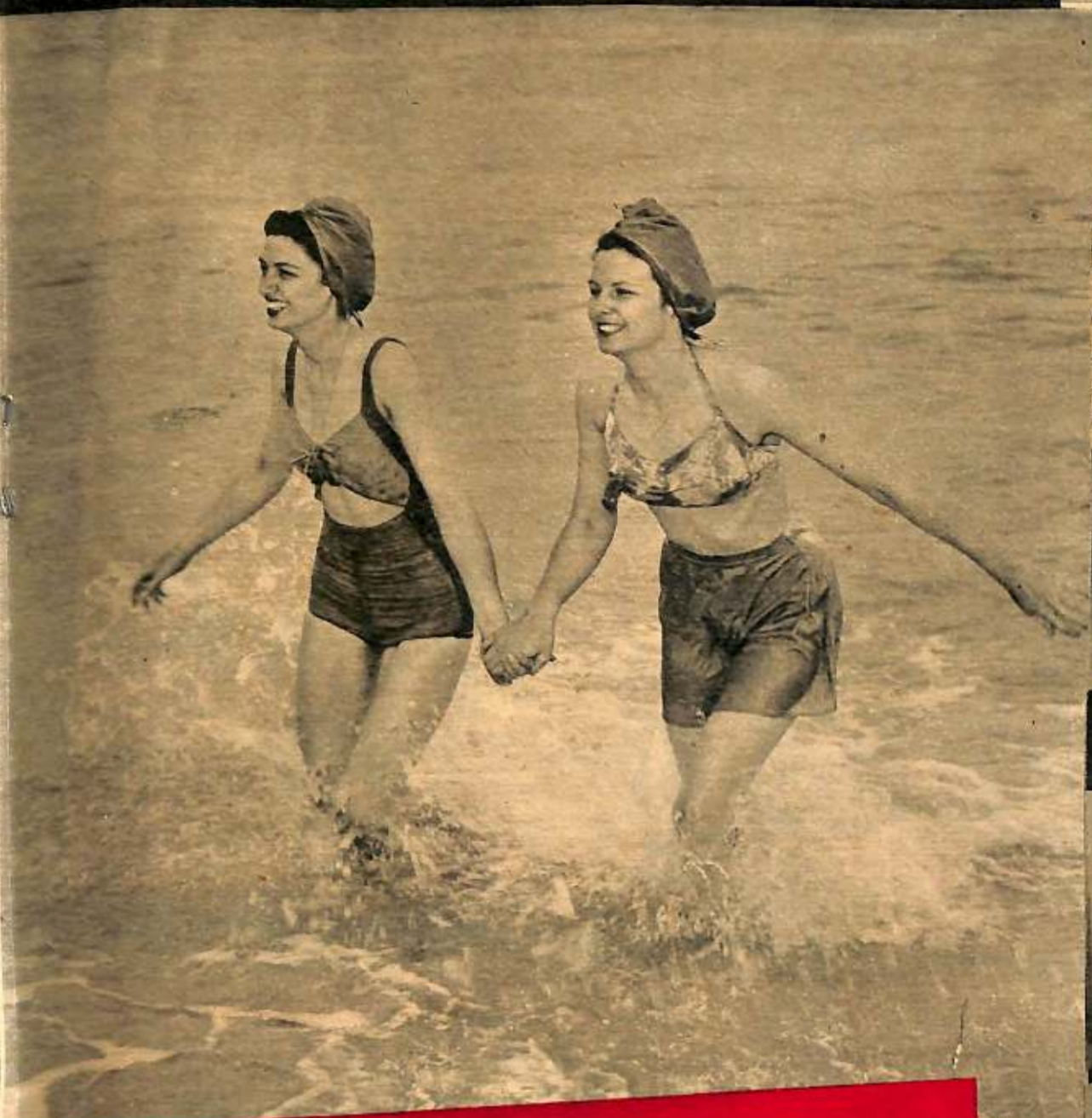


THIS ONE SHOWS CPL. KESLER AND SGT. LAMAR





THAT'S SGT. LAMAR AT LEFT AND CPL. KESLER AT RIGHT IN CASE YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE THEM WITHOUT THEIR STRIPES, FROLICKING IN THE SURF AT WAIKIKI BEACH. THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE GOT VERY WET SO FAR.



THE CORPORAL GIVES THE SERGEANT SOME POINTERS ON HOW TO DANCE THE HULA. MUST STILL BE ON LESSON NO. 1.



THEY WIND UP A BUSY DAY WITH DINNER AT P. Y. CHONG'S SWANK HONOLULU RESTAURANT. WHAT'S THE BIG JOKE?

**T**HAT old saying about all work and no play makes just as much sense in Honolulu as anywhere else. On these pages Sgt. Bill Young, YANK photographer, follows S/Sgt. Kay Bowers of West Point, Miss.; Sgt. Elizabeth Lamar of Houston, Tex., and Cpl. Doris Kesler of Carnesville, Ga., as they go rubber-necking in Honolulu. The girls were among the first Air-Wacs to reach Hawaii.



ON A ROBE IN A LOCAL DRESS  
ENTS GIVE THEIR SMILING OKAY.

IN THIS PICTURE OUR HEROINES ARE FOUND KIBITZING INSIDE THE DOLE PINE-APPLE CANNERY IN HONOLULU. LOOKS GOOD, DOESN'T IT? WE MEAN THE FRUIT.



CPL. KESLER—"DIMP5" TO HER FRIENDS—HAS A HULA-SKIRTED REMINDER OF HER HOLIDAY AS THAT PASS RUNS OUT.



# THE SAD SACK



© 1944 SGT. GEORGE BAKER



"ALL I GOTTA SAY IS SHE BETTER BE NICE."  
—Stanley Fine, Sfc.



"AND TO THINK I GOT A TICKET ONCE FOR RIDING THREE IN A SEAT."  
—Sgt. Snyder



"MAY I SEE YOUR PASS, PLEASE?"  
—Cpl. Ralph Newman



# News from Home

A man of letters was inviting Joes to bend an elbow with him when they get back from overseas, the Democrats pointed to a poll and the Republicans pointed to Mr. Avery, a famous humorist was moved from one grave to another, and a lawyer who wouldn't pipe down got burned—but bad.

**O**KAY, men, here's a good way to tie on a bit of a bun your first night back—providing you land in Baltimore, Md. It became known last week that Henry L. Mecken, the sage of that city and a connoisseur of brew, is answering all GIs who write him appreciative letters of his books and that in each reply he promises to buy the Joe ten beakers of beer upon his return. And he ain't talking about bitter, either.

As for you ETO benedicts who face the prospect of going home and leaving a bride over here until the red tape gets unravelled, maybe this item will give you some cheer. Two Australian brides of Yank soldiers—Mrs. Margaret Blair and Mrs. Ola Calderala—turned up in San Francisco as stowaways on a merchant ship and were paroled by the Federal authorities so that they might hop over to the East Coast and rejoin their hubbies.

And here's some news of a couple of AAF boys who have already gone back from this theater. Captain Burgess Meredith, the former actor, was married in Beverly Hills, Calif., to Paulette Goddard, the screen honey. It was the third marriage for each of them. In Piqua, O., Captain Don Gentile, the 8th AAF fighter ace, was welcomed home on leave by a tumultuous mob which tore his bars and insignia off. In fact, by the time he reached his house he was pretty badly out of uniform, but the MPs let it go this time.

**A**CCORDING to the latest Gallup Poll, if the election had been held last week President Roosevelt would have rung up 51% of the votes and Governor Thomas E. Dewey 49%. However, the compilers of the poll noted that "events of the next few months, both on the war fronts and on the home front, will have more than ordinary importance in influencing the political tides," and they went on to point out that "the survey results do not take into account the soldier vote, which has been found to favor the Democrats and would therefore increase the Roosevelt percentage."

The Republicans were having a field day over the abrupt way in which the government took control of Montgomery Ward's Chicago plant a month or so ago, a step which involved two GIs who moved Sewell Avery, head man of the firm, bodily out of his office. A hearing on the incident got underway in the House of Representatives at Washington and Marquis Childs, a syndicated Washington correspondent who is generally regarded as pro-Administration, predicted that the investigation would "produce some sensations before it ends." Childs added that "the Republicans at this point seem bent on making Sewell Avery an issue in the '44 campaign."

Drew Pearson, another syndicated correspondent, had more to say along the same lines. In his *Washington Merry-Go-Round* column he wrote: "The Republican National Committee is really making hay out of the Montgomery Ward incident. The latest and most potent of GOP campaign literature is a picture of Sewell Avery being carried out of his plant by soldiers and beside it is a picture of a push-cart peddler being seized by storm troopers on the streets of Berlin. The caption for the two photos is 'It Can't Happen Here,' with the word 'can't' crossed off and the word 'did' substituted, making the corrected caption read 'It Did Happen Here'."

The Washington House hearing on the Montgomery Ward matter started off with a five-hour statement by William H. Davis, chairman of the War Labor Board, which has taken over jurisdiction in at least 22 cases involving the mail-order firm. Davis defended these actions on the grounds that Montgomery Ward, with its 600 establishments and 79,000 employees, is "engaged in activities directly related to the successful prosecution of the war." He contended that if the WLB had not acted, it would have had to admit that 15½ million employees in fields such as distribution, the service trades, and wholesale and retail stores were "not in the war" and therefore free to strike. Even a strike of grocery clerks might affect war production, he said, telling how some clerks in Pontiac, Mich., had forced the closing of two war plants by picketing their gates.

The Montgomery Ward case was still having reverberations in Chicago where Avery filed a million-dollar libel suit against



**THE HOOK.** These rabbits are about to get shots of penicillin, the new wonder drug, to test the stuff before it is sent to troops overseas.



**ARMORED CAR, M8, 6 x 6.** The Army's latest combat vehicle, here shown in the States, is a 6-wheeled, 8-ton armored job designed primarily for reconnaissance work.



**IN STATE.** Thousands of persons came to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston, where William Cardinal O'Connell lay in state, to pay a last tribute.





**KIDS' GIFT.** Mustang fighter, bought for the 9th AAF by 752 high-school children in East Orange, N. J., is turned over to Capt. Richard Hester (left), of Oakland, Calif., by Col. Charles W. Steinmetz, of Santa Monica, Calif.

travel is difficult. No major figure in the Democratic Party was inclined to comment immediately on the Governor's suggestion, and meanwhile hotels and restaurants out in the Windy City were going ahead with big preparations for taking care of delegates to both conventions.

And here's the way the boxscore in the contest for the Republican Presidential nomination stood as of last week. Pledged to Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York: Alabama, 7; Arkansas, 2; Delaware, 9; District of Columbia, 3; Missouri, 6; Montana, 8; New Hampshire, 2; Oklahoma, 2; Oregon, 15; Tennessee, 4; Utah, 8; Virginia, 2; Wisconsin, 15. Total: 83, out of 530 needed to nominate. Claimed for Dewey by party leaders or delegates: Alabama, 3; Arizona, 8; Maine, 3; Michigan, 41; Missouri, 7; New Jersey, 35; New York, 92; North Carolina, 20; Oklahoma, 21; Pennsylvania, 2; South Dakota, 11; Washington, 16; West Virginia, 10; Wisconsin, 2. Total: 271. Grand total: 354. Pledged to Governor John W. Bricker, of Ohio: Ohio, 50. Claimed for Bricker: Alabama, 4; Mississippi, 6; Virginia, 2. Total: 62. Pledged to Governor Earl Warren, of California: California, 50. Pledged to Lieutenant Commander Harold E. Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota: Minnesota, 23; Nebraska, 6; Wisconsin, 4. Claimed for Stassen: Nebraska, 1. Total: 34. Pledged to Governor Dwight P. Griswold, of Nebraska: Nebraska, 6. Pledged to Governor Leverett Saltonstall, of Massachusetts: Massachusetts, 3. Pledged to General Douglas MacArthur: Wisconsin, 3. Uninstructed and publicly unclaimed: Arkansas, 10; Colorado, 15; Connecticut, 16; Florida, 15; Hawaii, 5; Idaho, 10; Illinois, 59; Iowa, 23; Kansas, 19; Louisiana, 13; Maine, 10; Massachusetts, 32; Minnesota, 2; Missouri, 17; Nebraska, 2; New Mexico, 8; New York, 1; North Carolina, 5; Pennsylvania, 68; Rhode Island, 8; South Carolina, 4; Tennessee, 13; Vermont, 9; Virginia, 15; West Virginia, 9; Wyoming, 9. Total: 397.

Marshall Field, publisher and editor of the Chicago *Sun*, which is for Roosevelt and against Col. Robert McCormick. Avery charged that the *Sun* had printed "false, scandalous, and defamatory" statements about him.

And while all this was bubbling, ten Army officers and non-coms took over the plant of the Hummer Manufacturing Company, a Montgomery Ward subsidiary, at Springfield, Ill. No great public uproar came about as the result of this action, however, because, for one thing, it had been expected for some time and, for another, there was little doubt that the plant was engaged in war production. Hummer had recently defied another in a series of War Labor Board directives and had been engaged for some time in a row with its employees over a "maintenance-of-membership" clause in the union contract.

Commenting on the Hummer case, the New York *Herald Tribune*, which had bitterly denounced the seizure of the Chicago plant, said that this time the action was "on quite a different plane" since "there can be no question but that the Hummer plant is doing war work." Davis, the WLB chairman, declared that 70% of the Hummer output was war material. The company, he said, makes carburetors, propellers, and gun mounts for Army and Navy planes, as well as farm machinery. When the Army walked in on Hummer, the plant manager promised "fullest cooperation" and within 24 hours 428 of the 450

workers who had gone out on strike were back at work.

Well, fellows, there's no such thing as a Communist Party back in the States any more. Its erstwhile leaders got together in New York City one day last week and voted it out of existence. But that doesn't mean you won't be hearing of the Communists from here on in for at the same meeting the leaders formed the Communist Political Association with, they said, more than 80,000 members. They also passed a resolution calling for the "continuance



"MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING FOR YOU WHEN WE GET OUR NEW T/O." —Pic. Irwin Touster

of Roosevelt's leadership and the election of a victory Congress."

This gave H. I. Phillips, creator of the GI character *Private Purkey* in his column in the New York *Sun*, a chance to get in a dig by writing: "The report that Earl Browder will be the vocalist chosen to sing *The Star Spangled Banner* at the Democratic Convention is not official."

As for that Convention, which is scheduled to be held in Chicago on July 19, three weeks after the Republicans hold theirs in the same city, Governor Ellis Arnall, of Georgia, put forward the idea that it might be just as well to call it all off. He said that since Roosevelt already had the nomination cinched and could very probably name his own vice-presidential candidate there wasn't much point in having a convention, particularly in a year when

In addition to receiving the support of the new Communist outfit, Roosevelt was endorsed by members of a new Liberal Party, who also met in New York. The ranks of the Liberal Party were reported to be made up largely of anti-Communists who have withdrawn from the American Labor Party. Linking the Communist Political Association and the Liberal Party with the CIO Political Action Committee and the American Labor Party, Mark Sullivan, anti-administration commentator, wrote that the four groups "threaten real embarrassment to the Democrats."

The Liberal Party also endorsed Vice President Henry A. Wallace for renomination, although no qualified spokesman for the Democrats had anything to say publicly on that subject. Wallace himself took off on a trip to China and Siberia, travelling as a "messenger" for the President. Political dopesters couldn't figure out whether or not he planned to return in time for his party's convention. They were also guessing on the question of whether or not



conservative Southern Democrats would succeed in substituting someone else as the party's vice-presidential candidate.

In the matter of getting on with the war, the President, in his 15th report to Congress on the operation of the lend-lease program, said that Allied invasion forces, backed by billions of dollars in lend-lease fighting power, "now are about ready to strike new and mightier blows" at Hitler's fortress. "Decisive battles are ahead," he said, adding that drives will be launched from offensive bases in the West, South, and East. He set the total value of weapons, supplies, and services thus far made available to the United Nations at 24½ billion bucks. During the first two months of this year, said the President, the Allies got more than 2,100 lend-lease planes, almost 2,000 tanks, and over 60,000 other military vehicles.

The President was scheduled to visit the Naval Medical Center, at Bethesda, Md., for a formal physical checkup to make sure that he succeeded during his recent southern holiday in shaking off the effects of the flu and bronchial trouble he had last winter.

Throughout the Middle West, farmers were making as much hay as they could during the first spell of uninterrupted good weather they'd had since Spring arrived officially. In general, farmers in the Central States were from two to three weeks behind in their planting of corn, wheat and oats, and it began to look as if some of the oat crop never would get planted. A despatch to the New York Times from out in the region affected said: "Oddly enough, there is little discouragement over the situation on

vices into one department. The final witness was Major General Miller G. White, chief of Army personnel, who testified that unification would bring about great savings in personnel and gave it as his opinion that there will never be enough manpower in the States to meet the demands of both the military setup and industry. Throughout the hearing, Army representatives had been hot about the merger idea and people representing the Navy had been decidedly cool toward it.

**M**RS. JOHN GERARD BOEHLING, of Richmond, Va., believes that honesty pays off in a big way. Last February, while visiting in New York City, she found a \$1,000 diamond brooch on Fifth Avenue and turned it in to the police. The cops waited the customary three months for its owner to claim it and, when no one did so, wrote to Mrs. Boehling to tell her that it was a case of finders keepers. So last week Mrs. B. turned up in New York again and the brooch was ceremoniously pinned onto her lapel by a courtly member of the P.D.

Doctors in a Yonkers, N. Y., hospital had to amputate the leg of Jean Dupuy, wealthy French publisher and formerly the outboard-motor racing champ of France. He was hurt when the motorcycle on which he was riding with Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels, the 25-year-old former wife of a San Francisco sugar millionaire, hit an auto in Yonkers.

Selective Service authorized the deferment of all students who are preparing for the ministry, regardless of whether they are or aren't already attending theological or divinity schools. Students who are not actually in such a school, however, must be under the supervision of one and must be taking a full-time course on a speeded-up basis.

Production lines are already turning out superbombers capable of cruising at over 350 miles an hour at an altitude of more than 35,000 feet with bomb loads exceeding present ones, it was disclosed in New York by Brigadier General C. V. Haynes, the CG of the First Bomber Command. "The mission of these new aircraft," Haynes wrote in a magazine article, "will be more strategical than tactical. Their range will be utilized to strike the enemy's resources and economy, to destroy his industrial production and communications and completely demoralize his civilian population."

In Lynch, Ky., 18 miners who had been trapped for five hours by high water in a pit two miles from the shaft of a U. S. Coal and Coke Co. mine were led to safety by an official of the firm, who knew a tricky

roundabout way to reach them.

The body of Will Rogers, the immensely popular homespun comedian who was killed with Wiley Post in a plane crash in Alaska in 1935, was removed from a cemetery in Glendale, Calif., and taken to Claremore, Okla., where it was buried on a hill overlooking Verdigris Valley. Rogers bought the Claremore site years ago, figuring that when he retired he'd build a home there and since his death the Will Rogers Memorial Museum has been built on the scene. "When I'm old and the world is tired of my act," he said at the time that he bought the Claremore property, "then I'll build a home on this hill and just sit here and whittle and gab with my friends until the Big Boss stages the last round-up and heads us strays into the home corral."

In Chicago, Circuit Court Judge Robert J. Dunne found Frank J. Potrykus, former tackle at the University of Michigan, guilty of taking a busman's holiday at home. Potrykus was charged by his wife with having used her as a tackling dummy and Frank agreed that he had done just that. He claimed, though, that the little woman had doused him with hot water. That didn't make any dent on the judge, who granted Mrs. P. temporary alimony pending the outcome of her suit for divorce.

Keene Fitzpatrick, track coach and football trainer at Princeton from 1910 to 1932, died and so did G. R. Roth, the sculptor who did the bronze figures of dancing animals at the zoo in Central Park, Manhattan.

A Liberty Ship named the *Raymond Clapper*, in



"ANYTHING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS OUT, SERGEANT?"

-Cpl. Ozzie St. George

honor of the newspaper columnist who was killed in a plane crash while covering an invasion in the Pacific last February, was launched at Jacksonville, Fla.

A Russian bear cub, the gift of the Red Army to Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes arrived at LaGuardia Airport, New York, making next to the last stop in its air journey from the Army Persian Gulf Command HQ to Washington.

When Frank J. Raffle, fireman first class, of Philadelphia, skips the Philadelphia Navy brig, he does it in a big way. Six weeks ago he scrambled out of there in the Admiral's limousine. They caught him and dragged him back on an AWOL charge, so last week he beat it again, this time in a shiny new Navy station wagon. Again they nabbed him. Enough is enough, said Marine Major William H. Foster, of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, announcing that Raffle was in real trouble now and was being held on a larceny charge.

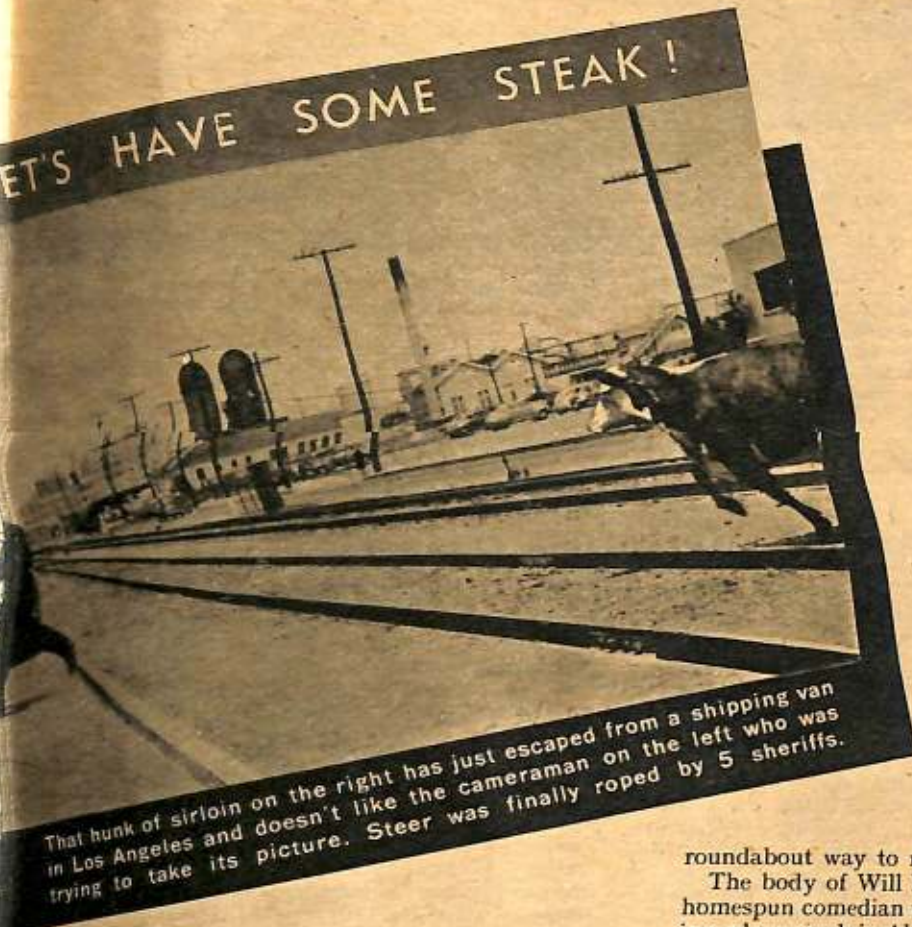
Pvt. Joseph F. Hollingsworth, who recently got back from 26 months in the Aleutians, walked into a police station at Colorado Springs, Colo., and announced that he had just murdered his wife. The cops looked into the matter, found Mrs. Hollingsworth alive and well in Seattle, and then turned the mistaken Joe over to the Army authorities who placed him under observation.

At Rockford, Ill., Mrs. Helen McMahan, 27 years old, was reported to have confessed murdering her two children—Judy, three months old, and Jane Louise, 14 months—whose bodies were found in a cistern on the McMahan farm. "I couldn't take care of them," said Mrs. McMahan, when asked her motive.

Two years ago, Ralph Martin, a keeper in the zoo at Kansas City, Kan., bought a 5,700-pound, 25-year-old elephant from his employers, who wanted to get rid of the beast because they thought she was too old and mean to keep around. Price: \$200. Martin took the ageing pachyderm home to his farm, used her for plowing for two seasons, and last week he sold her to a circus for a smooth 4,000 fish.

**D**R. JOSEPH H. SHULL, 95-year-old physician and attorney of Stroudsburg, Pa., became the oldest lawyer ever to be accredited to the U. S. Supreme Court. He stood before the tribunal with his 66-year-old son, Judge Samuel Shull, who was also admitted to the bar of the highest court at the same time.

Henry H. Klein, of New York, is another lawyer who was in Washington last week, but he didn't make out so hot. Serving as a member of the defense counsel in the cumbersome sedition trial of 29 persons, Klein set up a squawk when Justice Edward C. Eicher, who was presiding, imposed a 30-minute limit on opening statements by lawyers. This galled the judge, who fined Eicher \$50. "I have no fifty, but I have a right," retorted Eicher, whereat the bench increased the fine to \$75. Eicher, a man who evidently doesn't know when he's licked, hollered back: "I haven't that either and I think this is an insult." Those eleven words cost him \$25 more. The lawyer yelped again and the judge raised the ante to \$200. That was enough for Eicher and he sat down, not as wise a guy as he had been, perhaps, but a darn sight smarter one.



That hunk of sirloin on the right has just escaped from a shipping van in Los Angeles and doesn't like the cameraman on the left who was trying to take its picture. Steer was finally roped by 5 sheriffs.

the farms anywhere. The general tone seems to be not only the hope but the belief that the farmers will lick their problem yet. Nine out of ten expect to produce as much as last year."

The jury hearing the case of Robert I. Miller, the 67-year-old Washington, D.C., lawyer who is accused of fatally shooting Dr. John E. Lind, a noted psychiatrist, was ordered locked up for the duration of the trial by the presiding judge, Ben Moore. The prosecution contends that Miller shot Moore because the latter was paying undue attention to the defendant's wife. Miller shot Dr. Lind while the psychiatrist was sitting with Mrs. Miller in a car parked in a crowded Washington street way back last February. The defendant hopes to get out of it on the grounds that he shot in self defense, but the prosecution claims that Miller planted a revolver by the dead man's side in order to make it look that way. The cop who arrested Miller at the scene of the killing testified that the suspect said: "That's Dr. Lind, of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. I just shot him. He was running around with my wife. He pulled a gun on me."

**T**HE House Postwar Military Policy Committee wound up a month-long hearing of testimony on the proposed plan to merge all branches of the armed ser-



# Mail Call

## War Against Fascism

Dear YANK:

In reference to Sgt. Russell F. Ryan's letter [which appeared in a March issue of the American edition of YANK, charging Army discrimination against anti-Fascist veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion—Ed.], I agree full heartily. As an anti-Fascist veteran of the famous Abraham Lincoln Battalion I proudly served my two years in helping to stop Fascism . . . I have been so much discriminated against that it is funny no more. A few weeks ago I was taken off my job and was told that the reason my spec number was changed was because I was a veteran in the International Brigade. I asked if they were fighting Fascism or fighting me, the true son of anti-Fascist spirit. I have been in the service for three years, and also in Hawaii; I wanted to go to China to help the Chinese, but was sent back to the U. S. . . . No matter how much they discriminate against me, they'll never break that anti-Fascist spirit in me. I fought Fascism in Spain, in Poland with the underground movement, and will fight it any place I meet up with it. The Fascists will pay dearly for my mother and brother who are now under the Nazi rule. How much more of a true anti-Fascist can they find? . . .

S/Sgt. B. WAWRZYKOWSKI

Camp Haan, Calif.

## Is It True What They Say About Texas?

Dear YANK:

We have been having a big argument in our hut about which state has contributed more men to the Army than any other. Most of the fellows come from Texas, and they claim that there are more men from Texas in the Army than any other three states put together. Another fellow says that New York has the most, and I say Pennsylvania has the biggest representation. How about helping us settle this argument? There's a lot of money on it.

Pfc. J. G.

Britain.

[The WD's new state-by-state breakdown of personnel statistics give the lie to the claim that half the Army comes from Texas. New York is the state with the largest representation in the Army. The following figures for the 48 states and the District of Columbia do not include women who are serving in the Army.—Ed.]

New York	860,000	Louisiana	125,000
Pennsylvania	602,000	Iowa	119,000
Illinois	464,000	Oklahoma	114,000
Ohio	414,000	Connecticut	112,000
California	407,000	Mississippi	110,000
Texas	372,000	Maryland	107,000
Michigan	299,000	W. Virginia	105,000
New Jersey	272,000	Florida	100,000
Massachusetts	237,000	Kansas	95,000
Missouri	199,000	Arkansas	92,000
Indiana	188,000	Washington	87,000
N. Carolina	161,000	S. Carolina	83,000
Wisconsin	156,000	Nebraska	64,000
Tennessee	151,000	Oregon	57,000
Georgia	146,000	Colorado	54,000
Kentucky	143,000	Dist. Columbia	51,000
Minnesota	143,000	Maine	46,000
Alabama	139,000	Rhode Island	42,000
Virginia	138,000	New Mexico	33,000

Utah	32,000	New Hampshire	26,000
North Dakota	31,000	Idaho	25,000
Montana	29,000	Vermont	18,000
South Dakota	29,000	Delaware	16,000
Arizona	26,000	Wyoming	14,000
Nevada	9,000		

## Time For Another Gum Story

Dear YANK,

An Arkansas T/5 was approached by the inevitable youngster with the inevitable query, "Got any gum, mister?"

"Shore," replied the GI as he placed his little finger upon his lower lip and pulled until a generous portion of pink was exposed. "And ah brushes 'em ever' day."

Pvt. M. J. LIPPIN

Britain.

## French Medals

Dear YANK:

I am entitled to the Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel and Verdun medals, which were awarded by France



for service in World War I. But I want to know whether I am permitted to wear them on my Army uniform.

Capt. FRANK REHAULT

North Africa.

[The Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel and Verdun "medals" were not official awards of the government of France. They were awards made by civic officials of these three French towns to men who signed a big gold-bound volume with red ink and paid a cash sum of about \$1 American money. They must never be worn on the Army uniform.—Ed.]

## Censoritis In Reverse

Dear YANK:

If you cannot read this, it is because you are observing incipient writer's cramp. The Postal Service is currently supplying the old civilian red V-mail forms and requiring unit censors to sign both sides. Do the Postal authorities require thousands of officer-hours of futile finger flexing to rescue them from the dilemma of having to turn over a pile of paper?

1st Lt. G. S. LEWIS, Unit Censor

Britain.

## Another Soda Fountain is Heard From

Dear YANK:

Quite some time ago we read that soda fountains would be brought over to the ETO and installed in the various PX's. It made interesting reading, and in some cases, even stimulated the imagination of the readers.

Well, we are happy to report that ours has finally arrived. A few days ago, we were in the PX, guzzling cokes, and we noticed it. It was still crated, but the case was labelled, so that was good enough for us. Immediately discussions started as to where

it should be set up. The final decision was that we ought to build a new PX around it. There the matter rested over the weekend.

Today the final disposition of that soda fountain was learned. It is being set up in the Staff Officers' Club. We are just recovering from the surprise, and we decided to thank those responsible for bringing the fountain here. We are doing that through you, and we hope you will convey our thanks to them. It was a good idea while it lasted. We hope they put the fountain to good use.

THE STATIC CHASERS OF HUT 19

Britain.

## Tall Tale

### THE LEGEND OF ST. OMER

High over France, one hectic day,  
When the heavy flak started coming their way,  
The crew of the "Burley She" blinked in surprise,  
And hardly dared they to credit their eyes.

For straddling atop the stuff coming up  
Scrambled a round-eyed, flop-eared, bewildered pup,  
Bewildered as only a pup can be  
When surrounded by nothing—not even a tree.

But quickly sensing the mongrel's plight,  
The waist gunner acted more quickly than light.  
So, swinging his gun, he carefully aimed  
And fired the burst that made him world-famed.

From out of the Marauder they called "Burley She,"  
Streamed a long line of tracers, as true as could be.  
Then skipping o'er the tracers, a leap at a time  
Came running this sad-eyed, bewildered canine.

The distance lessened 'tween pup and the ship,  
He was really a coming—this pup was a pip.  
But then the sad pooch started losing his ground,  
Tho' doing his best—he was still just a hound.

With the poor pup's position getting gradually worse,  
The quick-witted gunner threw his gun in reverse.  
And quicker than it takes to write this down  
The pup reached the ship, nose first, safe and sound.

In choosing a name that would be no misnomer,  
The boys named the pooch from the target,  
"St. Omer."

And that good buddies, is the true to life saga  
Of the ETO's most sad-eyed, bewildered tail wagga!

T/Sgt. PHIL R. SCHEIER

Britain.

## Father's Day Cards

Dear YANK:

In the May 14, 1944 issue of YANK there appeared a letter signed by several GIs asking for a holiday suggestion regarding Father's Day greeting cards. The letter stated that the writers were not able to purchase in England cards for Mother's Day and posed the question, "What are we going to use for a card when Father's Day comes around?" At the camp where I am located I designed a Mother's Day greeting on a V-mail blank and had copies mimeographed. Unfortunately, several hundred copies were returned to the senders by the Army postal authorities with the comment that mimeographed matter could not be sent via V-mail. A large number of reproductions did get through, especially in those instances where the GIs retraced the mimeographed design to darken it.

I would suggest, in view of the foregoing experience, that someone be located in your outfit who can

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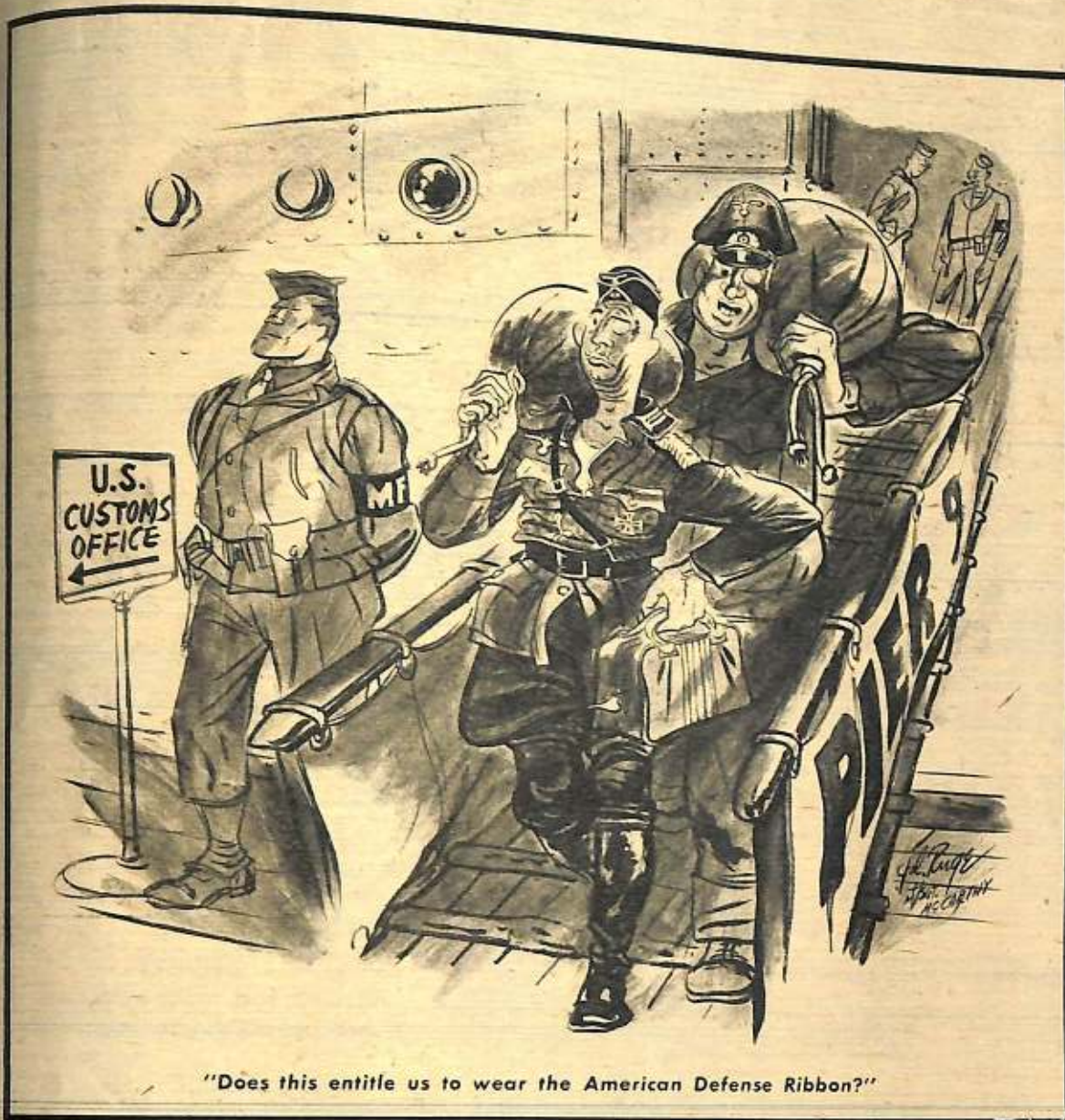
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Pictures: 1, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 2 and 3, Sgt. John Frano. 5, 9th AAF. 6, top, 9th AAF; bottom, AP. 7, AP. 8 and 9, Northwest Division Engineers. 10, Acme. 11, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 12, center left, Keystone; center right, INP. 16, top left, 9th AAF; bottom right, INP; others, PA. 21, INP. 24, Hal McAlpin for United Artists.





"Does this entitle us to wear the American Defense Ribbon?"

draw a greeting for Father's Day and that copies of the design be mimeographed. At the same time your Special Service Officer should be contacted for the purpose of having him look into the possibility of securing an exception or modification with regard to the mailing on V-mail forms of Father's Day greetings designed as aforesaid. It appears to me that since soldiers in the ETO cannot obtain suitable greeting cards that an exception or modification should be made in their favor.

Pvt. CARL E. TAVOLACH

Britain.

### Dept. Of Sympathy (I)

Dear YANK:

I don't know how to start this. What I want to know is when a Medical Board or Officer gives an order should it be obeyed, or doesn't an order from a Medical Officer carry any bearing? I was recommended by the Medical Board of Jefferson Barracks to be sent to a warm, dry climate. I have a Lipping Arthertics Lumbar spine, and this British weather does me no good. I am thirty-seven years of age. After all I am suffering, and think something should be done about it, or is it just T.S. I sure can yell: "Oh, my aching back," which is really aching.

Pvt. NICK A. CARUSO

Britain.

### Those British Names Again

Dear YANK:

Being born and bred in St. Marylebone, I feel that I must correct the statement made about the derivation of the borough's name, in "Yanks at Home in the ETO" of a recent issue.

There is an underground river running through the district, which is called the Bone. The church of St. Mary was built over it and this resulted in the district being called St. Mary-sur-le-bone. Eventually the sur dropped out, and ever since, the district has been known as St. Marylebone.

If you are sufficiently interested, the church is in Euston Road and is about five minutes' walk from Baker Street in the direction of Madame Tussauds. You can't miss it!

ESTHELLA HALTER

Cambridge.

### Movie Mystery

Dear YANK:

Many GIs around here are quite curious about two things about motion-picture reels. As a GI film starts, sometimes numbers flash on the screen from 10 to three. Why these numbers, and why don't they also show numbers two and one? Also, at the end of the first reel of film a large photograph of a blonde movie star is shown for but a moment. Why do they show her, and who is she?

S/SGT. WALTER E. HYDE  
New Guinea.

[It's pretty technical, but here goes. MGM says the numbers 10 to 3 appear at the beginning of every reel to form a "leader" about 12 feet long. This "leader" is used to thread up the machine at the proper number of feet before the picture starts. It seems the machine must be running at full speed before the sound track is thrown on. Some machines reach full speed within 10 feet; thus the operator will "frame" his film on the figure 10. Same for the other numbers down to 3. However, no machine can possibly get full speed up in two feet or one foot, so it is not necessary to



have numbers 2 and 1. So much for that. The doll? Her picture is from a test scene taken many years ago and is one that is familiar to all film technicians. They can tell by a quick glance at her photo whether the film is "over a proper density." Her face should never, of course, appear on the screen. Even when it does appear, its five small frames flash for less than a quarter of a second, so

your eyes must be 20/20 and then some, soldier! Just who she is, nobody knows; MGM has been searching the files for years, but no dice.—Ed.]

### Dept. Of Sympathy (II)

Dear YANK:

I was drafted in 1942 with a bad ankle. I was discharged with a CDD five months later. After being a civilian for only two months, I was drafted again. Now the Army wants to discharge me again; I have just recently rejected two CDDs but I am up for a third, and this time the Army doctor tells me I won't be able to do anything about it and that I will have to accept the discharge. But that's pretty damned dumb. If I am released I will be drafted right away again, and I don't mind saying I'm pretty sick and tired of going through induction stations.

How can I stay in the Army, YANK, and save myself a lot of mess and bother?  
Panama.

Cpl. ANTON LACHENBRUCH

[If the Army doesn't want you, you're out. Your draft board might try to reinduct you into the Army, of course, but our guess is that it won't. Army physical standards today are probably at rock-bottom, and if Uncle Sam can't use you now, you almost certainly will be let alone from here on in. Incidentally, that must be one helluva bad ankle you've got.—Ed.]

### That Four Minute Mile

Dear YANK:

In a February issue of YANK, Sgt. Dan Polier said that Bill Hulse of NYU set a new American outdoor mile record (4:06 flat) while finishing five yards behind Gunder Haegg of Sweden. What was Haegg's time? We have had arguments about it. If Bill Hulse finished five yards behind Haegg and Hulse's time was 4:06, why shouldn't Haegg's time be four minutes. If it wasn't, has there ever been a four-minute mile, and if so who ran it?

New Guinea.

Pvt. E. QUIRK

[Haegg's time was 4:05:4. The five-yard difference doesn't mean that Haegg could have run a four-minute mile. According to the AAU, a runner travels six yards a second at the finish of a mile race, which accounts for both Haegg's time and the five-yard lead. There's no official record of a four-minute mile, although Dr. George Orton, a former Pennsylvania track coach, claims that W. G. Lang did a fraction under four minutes on a straight-away course with a stiff wind behind him in 1863. Because of the wind the record was not recognized.—Ed.]

## YANK'S AFN Radio Guide



### Highlights for the week of June 4

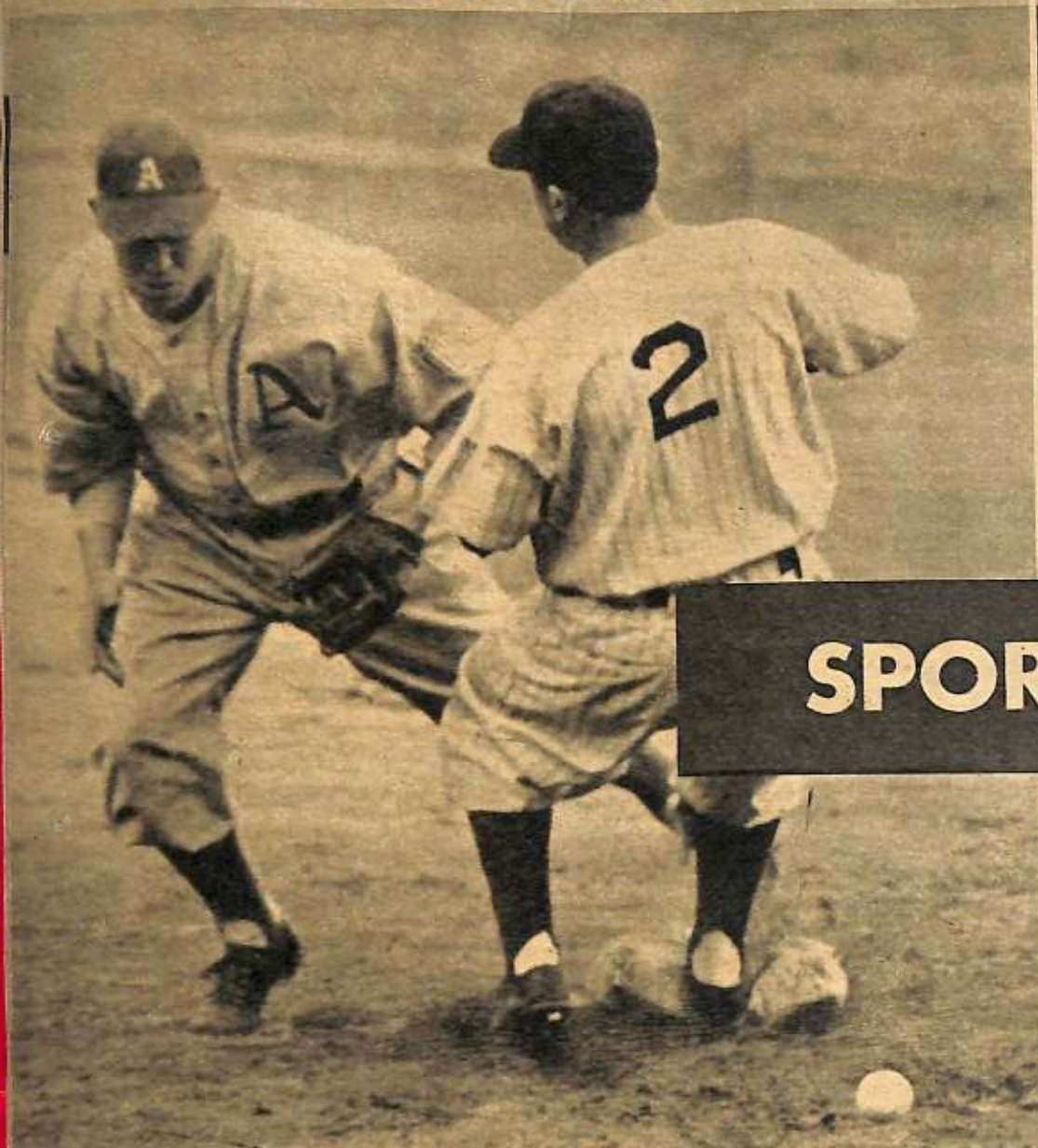
- SUNDAY** 2130—Jubilee—with Andy Kirk and his "Clouds of Joy," the Charioteers, Tony Jenkins, June Richmond. Eddie Cantor is this week's guest.
- MONDAY** 1930—Command Performance—with Carmen Miranda, Don Ameche, Fay McKenzie, Cass Daley and Jan Pearce. Cass Daley sings "I've Got a Maid."
- TUESDAY** 2145—The USO in the ETO—AFN presents Jimmy Treston, USO's "Cowboy From Manhattan" with Michael Carr, British composer and Corporal Warren Bryan. Jimmy sings "San Fernando Valley" and Michael Carr's "Old Faithful."
- WEDNESDAY** 2200—The United States Army Band—They play "United Nations Rhapsody," "Beer Barrel Polka" and "Three Slippers."
- THURSDAY** 2200—Comedy Caravan—with Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante and Gary Moore. Songs by Georgia Gibbs.
- FRIDAY** 2030—The Kate Smith Show—Kate sings "Now I Know" and "Someday I'll Meet You Again."
- SATURDAY** 1100—YANK's Radio Weekly. 2030—GI Journal—Kay Kayser, editor-in-chief with Eddie (Rochester) Anderson. The orchestra plays "I Never Knew," "Mairzy Doats" and "Shoo-Shoo Baby."

1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.  
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.



**SAFE AT SECOND.** A split second before this picture was taken George Stirnweiss, Yankee second baseman, was hit on the back by Siebert's throw from first. The ball is falling near the bag as Stirny pulls up safe and Edgar Busch waits. Athletics won, 8-4.

**TYPIFYING** the wartime baseball season, Elon Hogsett (left), 40-year-old pitching veteran, poses with Emery Hresko, 17-year-old rookie pitcher, in the Detroit Tigers' dugout. Yep, they look alike.



## SPORTS ROUND-UP



**FIRST** big-league manager Army-bound is Mel Ott of the Giants, shown here after passing his physical examination. Gabby Hartnett may be his successor.

**MARSHALL MISSES.** This is one of the few times that Lloyd Marshall missed Jake LaMotta in their 10-round bout at Cleveland. Marshall gained a unanimous decision after weathering LaMotta's last-round rally. A full-grown light-heavyweight, Marshall fasted 30 hours to make the 160-pound limit.



# SPORTS: "McGRAW OF THE GIANTS" WAS A TWO-FISTED GENIUS

Sgt. JOE McCARTHY

**F**RANK GRAHAM, the former sports columnist of the New York Sun who now edits things athletic for the picture magazine *Look*, has just written a new book called "McGraw of the Giants" [Putnam's, \$2.75], which we hope the Council of Books in War-time will remodel into a hip-pocket-sized pulp edition for GIs overseas.

Graham's study of John McGraw, the famous Giant manager whose toughness makes Leo Durocher seem like one of the Bobsey Twins, is described by the author as an "informal biography," but it brings the subject into clearer focus than most of the so-called formal biographies we have read. The book covers McGraw's career from his birth in Truxton, N. Y., in 1873 until his death in 1934, and it overlooks nothing.

It tells how McGraw developed such stars as Christy Mathewson, Ross Young, George Burns, Frank Frisch, Bill Terry (who came to him as a pitcher), Carl Hubbell and Mel Ott. And it tells about his baseball genius. Like the time in the World Series of 1923 when the Yankees were trailing him 4 to 1 in the eighth inning but Babe Ruth was at the plate with the bases full. Bill Ryan came in to pitch for the Giants and managed to get two strikes on the Babe. McGraw sent a message to Snyder, his catcher, who walked out to the mound and gave it to Ryan.

"The Old Man says to throw the next one into the dirt," Snyder said.

Ryan stared at him.  
"Throw it at his feet," Snyder said. "The Old Man says he will swing at it no matter where you throw it. Put everything you have on it but throw it right at his spikes."

So Ryan wound up and fired a fast ball at Ruth's feet, and the Babe swung, missed and struck out.

But Graham doesn't look at McGraw through rose-colored glasses. He also tells about the many occasions when John acted like a thug and a heel. There was the time in 1917 when John K. Tener, president of the National League, fined him \$500 and suspended him for 14 days for smashing an umpire in the face with a right-hand punch. McGraw was furious. He gave Sid Mercer, the New York baseball writer, a statement for all the papers that said Tener was a stooge of the Phillies and unfair to the rest of the league. But when Tener summoned him to a hearing later, McGraw claimed Mercer and the other sports writers had lied and misquoted him.

But like almost everybody else who fought with McGraw, Mercer didn't stay mad more than a few years.

One of the few Giants who did stay sore at McGraw was Freddy Lindstrom. He considered himself a great third baseman and never forgave John for switching him into the outfield. Like a lot of other players on the team, Lindstrom became increasingly irritated with

the tight control McGraw exercised over the club in his later years. "It got so that they couldn't make a move without looking to him for a sign, as though they had no brains of their own," writes Graham.

One day during a spring-training-tour game at Oakland, Calif., McGraw decided to turn the team over to Dave Bancroft and watch the game from the sunny centerfield bleachers. Mrs. McGraw, sitting in a box near the dugout, didn't know whether or not her husband planned to stay for the entire game and wanted Lindstrom to ask him about it the next time he went to his center-field position. She tried to call Lindstrom from the bench, but he didn't hear her. Finally a sports writer yelled at him and he came to Mrs. McGraw's box. She shook her finger at him playfully and said:

"Freddy! Why don't you pay attention?"

Lindstrom was astonished.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Are you giving signs, too?"

**S**OME of the best stories in Graham's book about McGraw concern the notable drunks who have appeared through the years in the Giant line-up. There was the famous Bugs Raymond, for instance. McGraw sent all of Bugs' money to his wife and hired a companion to watch him in a vain effort to keep him off the hard stuff, but the companion quit one night when Bugs threatened to beat him up. Finally one day at the Polo Grounds, during a game with the Pirates, McGraw lost patience with Bugs.

Rube Marquard, the Giant pitcher, was in a jam, and McGraw sent Raymond to the bull pen to warm up for a relief job. Marquard managed to get out of the hole but a few innings later he was in trouble again, and McGraw waved Raymond into the game.

"Bugs threw a few warm-up pitches and then was ready," McGraw said later. "Hans Wagner was batting, and the first pitch went over his head, scoring a runner from third and advancing another from first to third. Then Wagner hit the next pitch back to Bugs, and Bugs, instead of throwing to first base for an easy out to end the inning, not only made the play at the plate but threw the ball over Meyers' head. I called him in.

"As he walked toward me I saw that he was staggering slightly, and when he got right up to me, I saw he was stiff. Do you know what he had done? When I sent him to the bull pen, he kept on going right out of the park and across Eighth Avenue to one of those ratty little gin mills that used to be there and traded in the new ball for three quick shots of third-rail whisky.

"That was the finish. I told him to go to the clubhouse, take off his uniform, get out—and never come back. He never did, either."

Many characters in Graham's history of the McGraw era bear a striking similarity to the rookie in the Ring Lardner story who kept the water running all night in the bathtub of his hotel room because it reminded him of the brook back home. The great Larry Doyle was an innocent child when McGraw brought him up from the Three Eye League in 1907.

Graham mentions the first time Doyle went to bat against the Brooklyn club. Old Bill Bergen, the Dodger catcher, said to him:

"You look like a nice young fellow. What's your name?"

"Doyle, sir."

"Doyle, eh? Do you like it up here in the big leagues?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you like to hit?"

"A fast ball," Larry said.

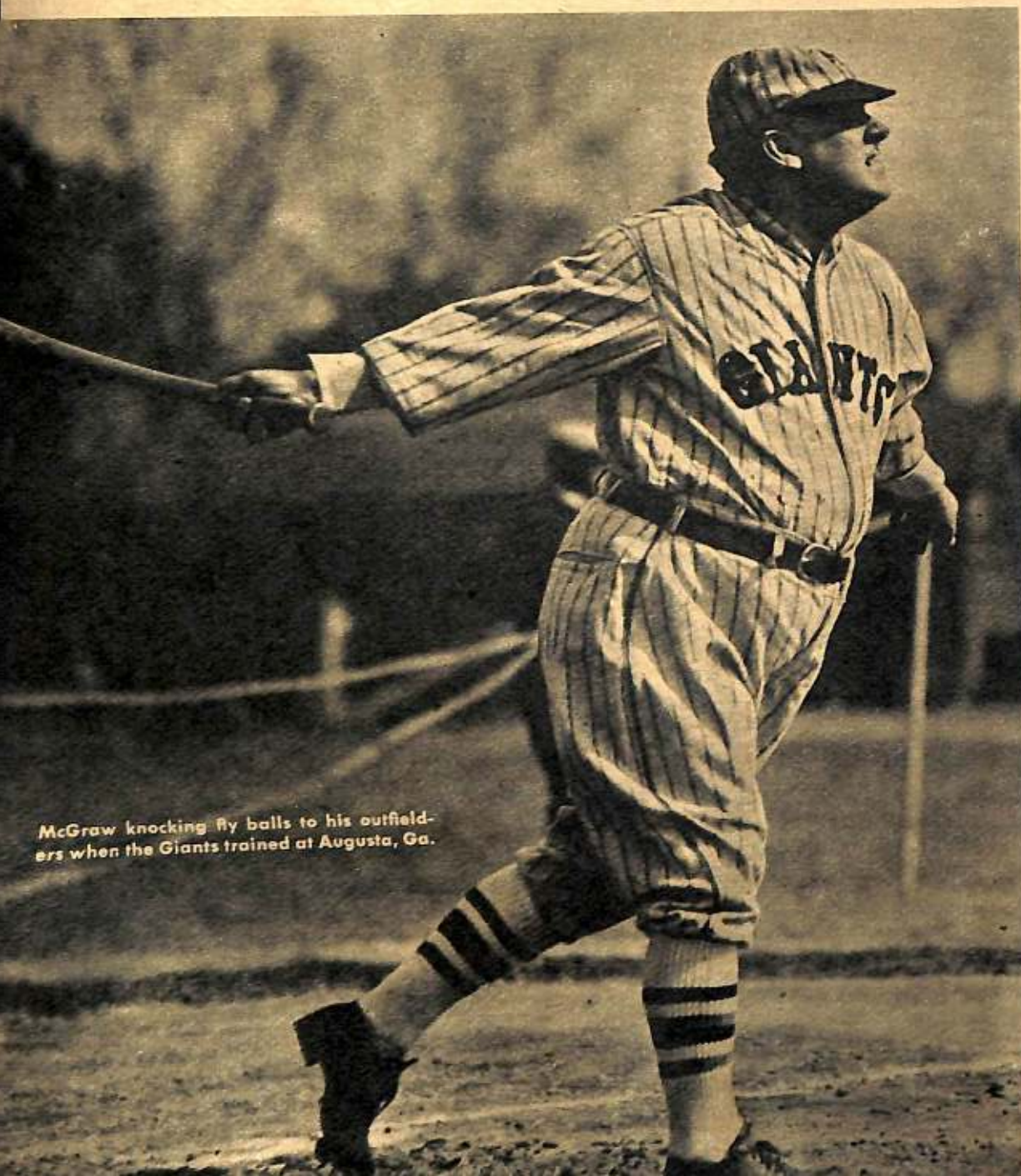
"On the outside?"

"No, sir. The inside."

"High?"

"No, sir. Not too high."

Bergen nodded understandingly, pulled his mask over his face and squatted down to give the signal for the next pitch. Needless to say, Larry didn't hit anything out of the infield that afternoon. He broke his back swinging at high, outside curves.



McGraw knocking fly balls to his outfielders when the Giants trained at Augusta, Ga.





A British District Officer talks about the natives with an American correspondent at tea time.

# GI's meet the ex-cannibals

**These Solomon Island natives don't hunt heads any more. They are too busy trading grass skirts and eggs for American soap, Spam and peroxide.**

By Sgt. BARRETT MCGURN  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**M**ALAITA, THE SOLOMON ISLANDS — Mikaele, his loins draped in a skirtlike lap-lap and his aged head sporting a GI fatigue hat, smiled self-consciously as he exploded the myth that visitors to cannibal tribes always wind up in pots of boiling water. Mikaele knows different; he was there, as a child, when his village had its last helping of biped steak. "Cook on hot stone," said Mikaele.

And if you want to know any more about it, the old man told us as he took time out from a New Zealand Army-camp work detail, ask Baalabu. "His father," Mikaele said, "cooked him."

Cifas, head man of the other native work gang, observed that the best parts of a man (so he had heard) were the biceps, the thighs and the shoulder blades. "Belly," said Cifas, "not good." And what about the hips? Cifas shook his head. "This part I've never heard good news about."

In another village on this island of Malaita, about 15 years ago, there occurred what was probably the last case of cannibalism in any of the once ravenous Solomons. One of the chiefs made a present of "fresh meat" to a white trader, who received it gratefully because of the shortage of that item. But when the trader unwrapped the banana leaves covering the meat, he gazed on some unfortunate colleague's forearm.

The chief's offering did not wind up on the trader's table, but at least one white resident of these islands recalls uncomfortably a meal where a similar item did get on the menu. Father John Coicaud, a Catholic missionary in the Solomons for 30 years, was invited to a native feast soon after he arrived in the islands. Unusually tasty pork, he complimented the chief at the end of the feast. That, said the chief, was where the missionary was wrong.

More recently, when a group of marines landed

on the lonely southwest corner of Guadalcanal, they found some placid-looking residents of the area who readily agreed to serve as a work gang. This region was the same one where the lost crew of the good ship *Wanderer* reportedly vanished into local digestive tracts 90 years earlier, and somehow the rumor started that the reason the neighborhood joes were so affable was that they had just eaten a cast-off wife of the chief's and "couldn't eat another thing." Actually the last cannibalism in the section had occurred more than a generation before. But the marines refused to hit the sack that night until sentries were posted.

Nowadays the preaching of the missionaries and the British Government's practice of executing head-hunters and cannibals has pretty well stamped out the fierce custom. The last reported case of head-hunting took place four years ago on Bougainville, 17 miles from the American beachhead at Empress Augusta Bay. Natives nearest to British control stations like Tulagi, set up 50 years ago, had to cut out the gory high jinks first. Later, aided by enthusiastic native volunteer "police boys," who look more GI with their bayonets than most yardbirds at Saturday-morning inspection, the British spread their paternal authority into the farthest hills.

**G**Is in the Solomons have a genuine affection for the islands' lightly clad permanent party, but it has nothing to do with romance.

T-5 Dallon Oberg of Baggs, Wyo., motor mechanic in an Antiaircraft Artillery battalion on Florida Island, warned me: "Don't put in anything about these pretty South Sea Island women, because there ain't any. Yes sir, they're about the ugliest things I ever seen."

Oberg and the other GIs are certainly in a position to judge, because most of the local talent wears nothing north of the waist, and in some parts of the Malaita bush nobody wears anything at all. The British Government does not encourage clothing because pneumonia and skin diseases have broken out following its introduction in some areas. On Bougainville the government has forbidden local men to cover their chests.

One reason that the natives have won GI regard is their admiration for things American,

from camp movies to articles of dress. When we arrived by flying boat at a spot on Malaita visited by few white men before, a somber old relic of cannibal days, wearing a sun-tan overseas cap pulled on backwards down over his ears, paddled out in a high-sterned canoe. At Tambogago, Chief Patrick, barefoot "No. 1 man" ruling 1,400 natives in 17 villages, came out to welcome us. He wore a Navy skivvy shirt, blue dungaree shorts and a battered gray felt hat that might have belonged to a Maine woods angler.

Yanks also like the natives because they're not afraid of a good day's work. "On Tulagi," Oberg said, "the natives act as stevedores, moving boxes. One native is better than 10 GIs. A GI is always goldbricking, a native keeps working."

The natives like the Americans, too. A Negro welfare specialist in the Seabees, Oliver T. Davis,



**What are your wishes for the post-war world? Would you like to have anything changed here?**

**TIGI:** No like anything here. We no got good clothes. I like to go to school. I want to learn to speak English because Marines come and they don't understand very good. After war I like to go the United States, go America. Like go big boat. Want to go and see big houses, big place. We like house we see in movin' pictures.



tells of one Malaitan who announced excitedly: "I saved an American, I saved an American. I heard a plane come down. I went out and I said: 'Jap or American?' If he said Jap I'd hit him with ax, go back."

**Y**ANKS and natives have had a fine time trying to outtrade each other. Elton (Pug) Caudle SF1c of San Angelo, Tex., an early arrival, was among the first to make the sensational discovery that members of the ex-cannibal tribes are wild about Spam. For a can of Spam, he found that he could get a shield, a war club, a mahogany cane inlaid with mother of pearl, a carved wooden comb, a bow and 15 arrows or a spear.

Caudle also found that the natives crave white men's clothes, even though they are generally semi-nude. For a Navy skivvy shirt (35 cents in the ship's store), a pair of cotton underdrawers (same price) and a pair of Navy blue denim pants cut off at the knee (worn for eight months; price when new, \$1.10), he received the following canoeful in trade: two grass skirts, five pineapples, four papayas, a native cane, 40 to 50 "cat's eyes" (colorful snail stones used to make rings), 30 to 40 pounds of sea shells and 200 bananas.

Soon the natives caught on. "They think you're trying to gyp them," said T-5 Daniel De Santis of Chicago, "and they wind up gypping you." When GIs started to outbid each other, the natives promptly made the highest offer their minimum price.

The native grapevine quoted latest prices as quickly as a stock-exchange ticker tape. Grass skirts went from 50 cents to \$5, canes from \$1 to \$5 or \$10, war clubs and combs from 50 cents to \$5 or \$10, pineapples from 10 cents to \$1, eggs from 35 cents a dozen to \$1, a stalk of 60 bananas from 50 cents to \$1.50, and "cat's eyes" from a nickel to 75 cents or a dollar.

Actually the natives think they are charging four or five times too much, but since the Americans are willing to pay, who are they to object? A plantation laborer in the Solomons makes only \$5 a month, so that a native who can get \$5 for a war club, which has taken him three days to carve, is receiving 10 times the local wage scale.

There's only one hitch in the amazing business schemes of the natives: they don't know what to do with the currency they've been collecting by the fistful. In fact, they'd much prefer a third or a fourth of the price if paid in barter. There are few stores in the islands where the natives can spend cash. As a result, several of them at Vera-Na-Aso on Guadalcanal buried their money, and now they can't remember where. At Wana Wana, one tribe of former head-hunters now has a cigar box full of \$5 and \$10 bills.



Chief Patrick and his son Jackson on Florida Island.

Twenty cents worth of soap is usually as well received as a dollar bill. Mattress covers and bed sheets (used instead of callico, no longer available, for lap-laps), cots, mattresses, pipes, tobacco, axes, knives, ice water, Bibles and peroxide are also preferred to cash. GIs often present the ardently Christian natives with free Bibles. As for peroxide, it has been popular as a hair dye ever since the natives at Visale on Guadalcanal got some from the medics; until then, the fashionable thing was to dye black hair orange with lime and salt water.

**B**ESIDES new ideas on trading, the Yanks have learned a lot from the natives. Some of the most important lessons have been architectural.

Unshaded GI tents sizzle in the Torrid Zone heat at midday and the canvas soon cracks, letting in plenty of rain in the almost daily downpours. Stone houses crumble in the frequent earthquake tremors, and lumber is scarce. There is only a limited supply of quonset huts.

Men in one ack-ack battery on Aro Hill, Florida Island, called their camp "Withering Heights," until they learned to imitate the native huts—thatch shacks of sago palm leaf, bamboo and hard woods like the trunk of the betel-nut palm. Now the whole outfit lives in similar structures, and there are hundreds of thatch mess halls, barracks, CPs and chapels throughout the rest of the islands. The huts are always cool, never leak and withstand every earthquake.

Other native tricks the GIs admire are the ability to waterproof plank canoes with gum from the local tita nut, to catch bonita and kingfish without any tackle, and to get a jag on by chewing a mixture of betel nut, pepper leaf and lime from cooked coral that will make you pass out after an hour and feel light-headed for days.

In turn, the natives have learned from their visitors. At Tambogago, ancient wooden instruments are still used to grind and prepare food,

but above them on the leaf walls of the huts hang American and Jap mess kits adopted by the half-clad housewives of the village as cooking pots. In Chief Patrick's thatch hut, war clubs lie side by side with a safety razor, a spool of thread, a 12-inch ruler and a can of tooth paste.

"When new fashion comes, take away old fashion," said Patrick as his naked 5-year-old son Jackson coughed on a cigarette. Seminude Lise Tagaha, the chief's wife, calmly puffed her pipe, while her 3-year-old daughter Salome hid under a GI mosquito bar, dragging on an empty pipe.

At Maravovo on Guadalcanal, Army blankets are spread on the thin ground mats, made of woven thatch, which were all the natives had as beds until the Yanks came. At Visale, Paulo's grass house boasts five GI cots and a board floor.

When an F4F crashed on the northeast coast of Florida Island, natives wrapped the pilot in the village's only blanket—a GI one. Then the medics came from Tulagi and rushed the pilot, whose leg was broken, to a hospital. The village was heartbroken at the loss of the blanket. A hasty message to the medics from the local marines brought its return.

Despite their hard-headed trading, the natives have also demonstrated a lavish generosity toward the Americans. Tulagi natives sent 60 war clubs to a Red Cross auction and threw in some cash that brought their gift to more than \$200. At Visale, natives raised \$1,200 for the welfare of the Yanks, who, however, declined the gift.

Many natives plan to use their present savings to get married. Local custom calls for a cash payment by the bridegroom to the bride's parents. In some villages the dowry runs up to \$200, but at Tambogago it is \$32. John, one of the Tam-



Natives paddle over to trade with some visiting Yanks.

bogago swains, who wears a size 7 1/4 overseas cap on a size 6 1/2 head, says he has enough money now but intends to make a little more hay as a Navy orderly before tying himself down to a little grass shack with his Lee-lee-an.

Plenty of natives want to go to the States after the war ends, according to John Dutrow S2c of Oakland, Calif. One Floridian, only 20, has saved \$157 already to pay for the trip, and even Chief Patrick, with all his 17 villages, says he would like to go on "long walkabout (big boat) to America." Few, however, are likely to realize these ambitions because of British restrictions of native travel and U. S. immigration laws.

Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh interviews some friends



Do they do any more head-hunting here? Do you like to kill people?

**TUKA:** Native here used to head-hunt. No more. I no like kill my people, only Japs. I killum one Jap. Killed him Marine bayonet. Native boy like American guns. See M1, Reising gun, too-me gun, pees-tole, .03, Reising gun best. Very quick. B-r-r-r-r.



What do you like about American life as you see it in the movies?

**DUGA** (aged 9): Like American women and American children. Like to see in American pictures they run all over the house. House is very big, lots of people. Big place to run in. American women wearum clothes, children wearum shoes. Very nice.



Do you like American women in movies? Like white hair or black?

**SURU:** Likkum white hair (blond). American women very nice, wearum good clothes. Very nice! Native women no wear clothes. Native boy likkum women wear clothes. Native women want wear clothes all time, not get any.



How do you like the American soldier? Does he treat you well?

**GUNNITH:** All native like Americans. They're good to native people. They give us food, clothes. They give us all we need—knife, flashlight. No like Japs. Japs no good. When Japs come they kill some native boys. Marines come, kill all Japs.



Linda Darnell  
**YANK**  
*Pin-up Girl*

