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

GREEN LIGHT FOR INVASION

Out of the African night came such a signal as this to bid the airborne troops off on their journey to Sicily.





↑ **JACK MATHIS' LAST BOMBS ON VEGESACK.** They were square on the target, but Jack never saw them. He was mortally wounded when he took his last sight and let them go, and he died before they ever hit the ground.

↓ **MARK MATHIS' LAST BOMBS ON KIEL.** Mark went out to avenge the death of his brother Jack. And his bombs were square on the target in a raid which General Newton Longfellow described as "probably the most accurate" on record.





"Without any assistance from me, he pulled himself back to his bombsight, where he sort of knelt lining up the target."

The Brothers

By Sgt. JIM DUGGAN

MARK MATHIS came from San Angelo, Texas, a town which, like all of Texas, seems to specialize in fliers. With his brother, Jack, who was four years younger, he grew up in the special Texas way—put a kid into cowboy boots until he's old enough for flying boots. The Mathis boys lived in town but put in a lot of time on their grandfather's ranch.

By the time they were ready to fly, both were over six foot tall. Mark, the taller, had a long neck and a hard jaw, and reputation for spinning tall stories.

Jack was an inch shorter, much darker, and quiet. But he was an irrepressible practical joker. In 1941, the brothers joined the Army, Mark from a job with Texas Light and Power, and Jack out of San Angelo Business College.

After a spell as enlisted men, the Mathis brothers passed the exams and went to preflight school at Ellington Field, Texas, early in 1942. When they were about to leave for bombardier courses, Mark did a little too much funny talking. That split up the brother team. The Mathis boys were razzing a maths instructor who became especially excited about Mark's barbs and reported him to the commandant of cadets. Although the brothers were equally good

at math, the CO made Mark stay three more weeks at school. Jack went to bombardier school at Victorville, California. Mark's setback put him into a later class at Midland, Texas. Thus it happened that Jack became a bombardier in heavies and Mark a bombardier-navigator in mediums.

One of Jack's fellow students, Lt. Johnny Shoup of Boulder, Colorado, was staying with him at the Hilton Hotel in El Paso, one time the cadets were on pass. Shoup tells about one of Jack's gags that went too far for the perpetrator. Cadet Mathis, coming back to the hotel, saw some tough MPs herding a group of enlisted men into a truck. The fledgeling officer asked them why. The MPs claimed



MARK MATHIS

the soldiers were drunk. Cadet Mathis said they weren't drunk; let them have their fun. Jack couldn't help it; he started to gag it up and act drunk himself. Lurching widely he declaimed in a loud voice the innocence of all soldiers and the intolerance of MPs. Jack ended up in the dangdang wagon among his enlisted pals.

In a few months a full-fledged bombardier, 2nd Lt. Jack Mathis was slightly embarrassed one day when his CO got a much-forwarded letter asking what action had been taken on Cadet Mathis's drunkenness and disgracing the uniform. But Bill Calhoun, Jack's squadron CO, knew his man and his gags, and Jack lived it down. When the ground echelon moved out on overseas orders, 20-year-old Jack became acting squadron adjutant. Bill Calhoun says he was "a damned good executive."

Then the B17s flew to England. Jack's first raid was the first one in which the Eighth Air Force penetrated Germany—Wilhelmshafen, January 27, 1943. Bill Calhoun says, "Jack never had any nerves;" but the tall Texan became a man over Wilhelmshafen.

Jack began combat service with a "superior" rating at his job; now he was giving something more than superior service. He set a quiet example to his squadron one day after returning from a mission. His crew armorers came into the ship as Jack swung down out of the hatch to go to interrogations. Jack said, "Leave the guns the way they are—mine and Elliott's. We're going to clean them ourselves. From now on I'm taking care of my own guns." It

was the custom for ground crew members to clean and maintain the fifty caliber nose guns of the busy bombardiers and navigators. But Jack and his navigator, Jesse H. Elliott of Jacksonville, Florida, began taking care of their own guns, spending two hours with the enlisted gunners in the armory after a mission, cleaning, wiping, oiling, and storing the guns that brought the ship home.

Capt. Calhoun let the idea percolate to other bombardiers and navigators, and ordered it then as an official policy of the squadron. The group commanding officer followed.

Jack also inaugurated the practice of the bombardier inspecting the bomb doors before a mission. What good was it for a half million dollar ship, loaded with priceless trained young men, painfully and perilously airborne by the sweat of a whole people, to arrive perfectly on the bomb run, hit the aiming point on the crosshairs, and have a careless dab of oil freeze the bomb bays shut? Jack Mathis considered that his job was to hit the target. There were many other jobs on the ship and on the ground and across the sea to the factory, that went into bombing Hitler from a Flying Fortress, but the act of Jack Mathis's index finger was the climax of all this labor. Nothing was to be overlooked if he could help it.

On rainy days, Jack was most likely to be working on the bomb trainer. Johnny Shoup, with whom Jack roomed, was often drawn into discussions of more accurate methods of computation; the bombardier is a mathematician in action.

There was another reason why Jack wanted to hit

the aiming point. Like the other decent American boys who are in the killing business temporarily, he was proud of bombing military objectives only. He hated the Nazis, but he considered the people of France who live near captive factories and ports now harboring Nazi submarines. One of his friends, Capt. Joe Strickland, a tall, sandy navigator from Liberty, Mississippi, tells about some Fortress men who arrived mysteriously at the station after being on the missing list for months. How they got back is one of the deepest riddles of the war: it can only be said that they were "helped" home through France. Jack wanted to ask them all about the French people: he questioned them with the kind of look he had in his eyes when someone mentioned San Angelo. Joe Strickland rated Jack as "a very conscientious bombardier."

Brother Mark was pining away in the States, "sweating out" his orders to come overseas, while Jack's missions piled up: St. Nazaire sub pens, Rouen railway yards, and the sanguinary mission to Hamm by a handful of B17s, which flew into German railway yards far beyond any previous targets. Tex McCrary, the editor, now an intelligence officer, went along as an observer in *Invasion II*, that day. The deed the bomber men did over Hamm is to him a testament of raw American courage. The combat men who came home from Hamm had distorted faces. All they said was, "Man, that was rough," and they shook their heads.

One day Jack got a sizzling telegram. Mark had arrived! Jack asked Bill Calhoun to get him a jeep so he could pick up Mark and bring him back to the station.

The Mathis brothers arrived at Jack's station on the evening of March 17 in high old boyish spirits. Gags were flying and Mark had the guys looking at him sideways on account of the tall ones he was spinning. "I never saw any one catch on faster than Mark," says Calhoun. "In a couple of hours he was one of the fellows; seemed like he'd been around all the time."

After dinner the combat men heard there was an attack order out. The Forts were going out the next day. The tall brothers from Texas had "half the squadron" around them in the club that night. Mark claimed he once had five monkeys. When he got tired of the little monkeys he traded them in for a big one—a gorilla. This gorilla used to go along with him when he was a deputy sheriff in Texas. The reminiscences got down to earth after a while. Remember the time we threw that champagne party in the Rice Hotel when Shorty got married? How about the razzin' we gave that civilian maths instructor at Ellington Field? The Mathis boys, who hadn't seen each other for over a year, remembered their cadet days and when they were kids together in Texas.

No one drank much—a few beers and early to bed. Thinking of the next day's job, Mark asked Bill Calhoun if he could go along with Jack. He got excited about the idea but Bill had to say he couldn't go: too much red tape getting permission from Wing and on up to Bomber Command. "The way it would turn out," said Jack, "is that President Roosevelt wouldn't let you."

It was mission number 14 for bombardier Jack Mathis of the B17 *Duchess*, piloted by Capt. Harold L. Stouse of Spokane, Washington. The Forts were going to Vedesack, to the Untersee Shipbuilding yards up the river from Bremen. The men said, "another D.P. job"—deep penetration raid.

In the truck going to the dispersal area, Jack said, "I want you to get into this outfit, Mark. I'll be going home soon for pilot training. This is the best station and ours is the best crew. I want you to take my place in *Duchess*." Mark was more than half convinced that he liked Jack's gang.

Jesse Elliott, the navigator, installed Jack's guns in the ship so Jack and Mark would have a little more time to visit before the takeoff. As Jack climbed in Mark yelled up, "See you boys at six o'clock." Jack yelled back, "Sweat us out on this one, boy."

Mark watched the takeoff with Joe Strickland, who was grounded that day. They played a little snooker in the club and went over to the tower early to watch the ships come in. "Mark was happy as hell when we saw the first ship to land was *Duchess*," said Bill Calhoun.

But *Duchess* did a funny thing, came in on the wrong runway without circling the drome, or buzzing it the way the boys did after a tough job. *Duchess* came in abruptly and shot a red flare. The waiting ambulance dashed for the ship at the signal: Wounded aboard. Mark and Bill Calhoun went out in a jeep and got there after the ambulance had been loaded and had roared back to the station surgery. Capt. Stouse and Jesse Elliott faced Mark gravely and told him his brother had been wounded.

At the infirmary, Chaplain "Holy Joe" Skoner of Chicago, told Mark his brother was dead. He had died over Vegesack in moment of grace of which legends are made.

JESSE ELLIOTT was with Jack Mathis in the nose of *Duchess*. This is his story as it is recorded in the deposition accompanying the citation of Lt. Jack Mathis for the Congressional Medal of Honor, and also as related to Walter Cronkite of United Press.

"We ran into very little trouble on our raid on Vegesack until we started on the bombing run. A very heavy and accurate barrage of flak was thrown up at us just as we reached the target. Flak hit our ship and sounded like hail on the roof. I glanced at Lt. Mathis who was crouched over his bombsight lining up the target. Jack was an easy-going guy and the flak didn't bother him. He wasn't saying a word—just sticking there over his bombsight, doing his job.

"Bomb bay doors are open," I heard Jack call up to Capt. Stouse, and then instructions to climb a little more to reach bombing altitude."

On the bomb run—"that flak hit us. We were just seconds short of the bomb release point when a whole barrage of flak hit our squadron, which we were leading.

"One of the shells burst out to the right and a little below the nose. It couldn't have been over 30 feet away when it burst. If it had been much closer it would have knocked the whole plane over.

"A hunk of flak came tearing through the side of the nose. It shattered the glass on the right side and broke through with a loud crash.

"I saw Jack falling back toward me and threw up my arm to ward off the fall. By that time both of us were way back in the rear of the nose—blown back there I guess by the flak flying in.

"I was sort of half-standing, half-lying against the back wall and Jack was leaning up against me. I didn't know he was injured at the time.

"Without any assistance from me he pulled himself back to his bombsight. His little seat had been knocked out from under him by the flak. It was way back in the ship and he sort of knelt over the bombsight.

"Part of my job as navigator is to keep the log of the flight, so I looked at my watch to start timing the fall of the bombs.

"I heard Jack call out on the intercom, 'Bombs —' He usually called it out in a sort of singsong. But he never finished the phrase this time. The words just sort of trickled off, and I thought his throat mike had slipped out of place, so I finished out the phrase, 'Bombs away!' for him. We don't start our evasive action to avoid the flak until those words go up to the pilot—and we all love that evasive action.

"I looked up and saw Jack reaching over to grab the bomb bay door handle. Just as he pushed the handle he slumped over backwards—I caught him. That was the first indication that anything was wrong. I saw his arm which was pretty badly shot.

"I guess they got you that time, old boy," I remember saying, but then his head slumped over and I saw that the injuries were more serious than just some flak in the arm. I knew then that he was dead. I closed the bomb bay and returned to my post.

"He knew that as bombardier of the lead ship the results of the whole squadron might depend on his accuracy. And he didn't let anything stop him."

Johnny Shoup was in the leading ship of the second element over Vegesack. The leading bombardier of the first element was Jack Mathis. Johnny saw Jack's bombs fall away at the exact moment he released his own. "Our string fell right across the target. That's considered good bombing."

The target photographs proved it conclusively: Jack's bombs are shown striking right on the aiming point. "They hit the target," said Mark Mathis. "Jack had a reputation for that because he never would drop them until he was sure."

In the hospital Mark Mathis looked at his brother and wept for a moment. Then he said to Chaplain Skoner, "I'll get those dirty bastards for this." He went to Bill Calhoun and said he wanted to take Jack's place; get a transfer as soon as possible. Bill said he'd see what he could do. The *Duchess's* crew went to a rest home for a few days and Bill suggested that Mark go with them. When Gen. Haywood S. Hansell of Bomber Command visited the rest centre, Mark asked him to help get a transfer. In record time Mark was transferred and assigned to *Duchess*.

He moved in with Johnny Shoup in Jack's bed and went on his first mission to Bremen. He bombed it with Jack's bombsight, still scarred by the shrapnel burst at Vegesack. Mark said, "I reckon to do some good bombing because I expect I shall have Jack with me, like he was that Saturday."

After a mission to Meaulte, the *Duchess's* crew entered the combat man's heaven—Mission "X," the operation which completes the tour of combat duty. There was talk of Mark Mathis being sent home with them to tour the States. He insisted on staying until he had finished his "X" mission. Meaulte was at the beginning of siege week. The Eighth Air Force was blooded. It had proved the case for daylight bombing from scratch—from the bitter days of the first raid on Germany in which the rookie bombardier Jack Mathis saw his first flak.

Mark transferred into a new B17 which had arrived on the President's birthday and had been lettered up with a big *FDR*. The big bombs of siege week were echoing over the Third Reich. Flood and fire, biblical wrath, was falling on Germany.

FDR went to Antwerp and then to Kiel. Mark Mathis failed to return from his fourth mission.

BILL CALHOUN was leading the squadron on the return from the target. Mark Mathis's bombs had fallen square on the aiming point which the striking pictures later proved. *FDR* was badly hit on the elevator and had begun to straggle.

This is the point of aerial warfare over Europe where Herman Goering's finest tactics come into play: jumping a straggler. The yellowness of Marshal Goering's crack fighter squadron, the Abbeville Gang—"Herman's Pets," as the B17 men call them—began to flirt with the idea of going after *FDR*.

Bill Calhoun disobeyed common sense and pulled his squadron back to cover *FDR*. The ship was hit

but it was going strong—just a little slower than the rest. There were no Aldis lamp signals from *FDR*, so Squadron Leader Calhoun believed the ship had a good chance.

FDR began losing altitude off the coast of Europe. Out of the clouds came the yellow-noses and knocked out two engines on Mark Mathis's ship. The B17 gunners were still blazing away at the attacking FW190s, when the pilot evidently rang the bail-out gong.

Bill Calhoun left the pilot's seat of his ship, *8-Ball* and went back to the waist of his ship to watch *FDR*. Seven parachutes opened away below him and began falling away into the sea mists. The ship pancaked in the water, in what might have been a deliberate ditching by her pilot.

For a long time Bill Calhoun saw a pillar of smoke above *FDR*, which is a good sign; the ship has stayed afloat for minutes, time to get the dinghies out and provision them. His own formation went steadily home and Bill stayed at the waist until he could see no more of the tiny plume of smoke.

"I got an idea Mark may still be alive," says Bill Calhoun.

From Jack Mathis at Wilhelmshafen in January, to Mark Mathis at Kiel at the end of siege week, daylight bombing was submitted to judgment and found good. Of the men who did it—who flew into mysteries and came back with answers—a thousand have fallen. The first of our few have marched into the rolls of missing, killed in action, or relieved of combat after Mission "X." Jack and Mark Mathis were two of these.



JACK MATHIS



By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND — "Sarkiss Shahijanian, Adranik Markarian, Ahmas Khamnai, Koochek Hussain Mementaza, Aram Khatchikian, Nickolai Boodaghian, Abbas Rasooli," the sergeant yelled.

S/Sgt. Forest Neely of Columbia, Ind., wasn't reeling off the cast of characters in a Saroyan story. He was just calling the roll of native Iranian truck drivers who are learning to navigate the important United Nations overland motor route from the Persian Gulf to Russia.

It's quite a road, the Road to Russia. In the winter there is driving snow and treacherous ice. Sudden rains in spring wash out whole sections of roadbed. And in the summer and fall there is dust.

Starting out, before the dust gets too thick, we get a glimpse or two of Eastern atmosphere — an Arab with a hooded hawk on his wrist, some old ruins. But soon dust has engulfed the convoy, clinging to trailer tarps and truck fenders, settling so thick that, even after a mile of good black-top roadbed, there's still a stifling cloud behind us.

This is the U.S. Motor Transport Service's main supply line to Russia. Quartermaster Corps units, white and Negro, drive the loaded trucks northward and bring back the empty ones. They have been making the trip for many months; some of the drivers were in the very first convoy when the going was toughest. Supplementing these Army units now are native drivers, trained by the MTS at special schools.

Riding with Sgt. Rufus Johnson of Athens, Ga., who belongs to a Negro QM unit, you realize with a sudden crack on the head that desert travel isn't smooth. What looks like a stretch

flat enough to rival Daytona Speedway turns out to be full of hidden ruts and bumps. Even Johnson, with the steering wheel for an anchor, scrapes his noggin. "This bouncin' and jumpin' is about to get me down," Rufus says.

After endless dust, heat and shaking, we get a break for lunch at a Motor Transport Service installation. Trucks are fueled up here and checked by Ordnance mechanics. Drivers take a stretch, wash the dust off their mess kits, and down the chow they've been looking forward to since their before-dawn breakfast.

Lunch is good-humored but not leisurely. The boys want to get rolling again toward dinner and bed.

"Gas up 'at old P-40 of mine, man," shouts Pvt. Willy Hoover of Panama City, Fla., to the mechanic. "I'm flyin' low this afternoon."

Willy's in the same convoy as Sgt. Johnson, only a little farther back and getting a little more dust. Sometimes, when a curve permits, we see the third or fourth truck ahead looking as small as a jeep, with a tail of cotton-thick dust

waving behind it.

Like most drivers, Willy's forgotten what a day off means. It's up in the morning and roll your trip. Sleep here one night, another place the next. The driver's home is a musette bag, a couple of blankets and his mess kit. When enough native drivers have been trained, they'll run regular schedules with days on and days off. But war doesn't wait for anyone and supplies to Russia must go through.

We stay tonight at an MTS station. It's a tent camp; native laborers are constructing more permanent quarters. One of the lads who is supervising the work is Pfc. Nockie Sims of New Augusta, Miss., who shares our chow. Nockie's from the district engineer's office, and he's only slightly less transient than the drivers. As soon as his job here is finished, he'll be on his way to another spot where they need an instrument man to help lay out a camp.

Sometime before daylight we're shaken out of our sleep to grab a bite of chow. Willy and Rufus are rolling back toward their starting

The Road to Russia

**MOTOR TRANSPORT SERVICE, IRAN,
1943**

Walled cities sleep along the trading road.
The golden road that time has turned to steel.

Khaki and olive-drab in tractor's wheel
Where caravans once eased their precious load.

It was frankincense and gold and fruits of
Tartary
And fair-skinned women for the Khan's
amusement

That went these ways when Polo was a
boy.

Camels and horses, patient little donkeys,
All plodded by, laden with priceless
wealth.

Between the towns they slept beside the
road

In spreading tents with carven ivory poles,
Shielded from wind and sun by latticed
screens

Adorned with dragons, flowers and painted
birds.

Now dusty trucks with strange outland-
ish names

Like Studebaker, International,
Reel past, trailers a-swing, loaded with
cans

And motor parts and ugly metal shapes.
But this is war beyond these merchants'
knowledge.

Putting the conquests of their Khans in
shadow.

This war needs sinews, guts of steel and
carbon

For those men northward who patrol the
skies

And ravaged earth in men-remote
machines.

Dust and exhaust fumes mingle, part,
reveal

The convoy rolling past the frightened
sheep.

While by the road great crumbling cities
sleep

And dream of gold that time has turned
to steel.

Cpl. JOEY SIMS

Iran.

point, driving empties. The loaded trucks, re-checked overnight by Ordnance, roll northward with new drivers.

On this next stretch—the toughest of the entire road—the truck is handled by a native driver, Nadjaf Paidar Towhair, an Isfahan boy who's been trained by Sgt. Neely and Sgt. Paul Sayre of Pomeroy, Ohio, at a Motor Transport Service school. This is his first trick on a regular convoy, and he's as nervous as a bride.

Nadjaf tries carefully to remember everything he learned at drivers' school. You try to remember everything you learned at Sunday School. Nadjaf does all right in spite of occasional difficulties with bumpy roads and shifting gears. He knows only two gears, first and second, but he knows them well.

Patrolling the road are members of the Iranian Rural Constabulary, decked out in natty blue uniforms. These military-looking gents have been trained by Col. Norman H. Schwartzkopf, former head of the New Jersey State Police, who had charge of the Lindbergh baby-kidnaping investigation, and their gorgeous dress reminds you of the troopers who used to police the stretch between Newark and Trenton.

At the change-over point the native drivers turn back, and Pfc. Alan Black, a Negro boy from Jasper, Ala., takes over this truck. He used to drive for Alabama Highway Express and would sell out right now for a roadside spot where a trucker can get a hamburger and a juke-box version of "In the Mood."

Around a bend we come upon a tribe of nomads. Like their fathers and grandfathers, they are following good pasture with their flocks.

Our overnight stop is a repetition of the last. Blackie, who has been driving for 12 straight days, drops off to sleep in nothing flat, undisturbed by the noise of Ordnance crews working over his truck near the tent. The Ordnance men work while the QM drivers sleep. Their job begins when the first truck rolls in and doesn't end until the last one rolls out. Their work day may be as long as 20 hours in 24.

S/Sgt. Wilfred Heinen of Branch, La., and Sgt. Joe Detreix of Kenner, La., NCO Ordnance bosses here, direct the crew of men who straighten out all the mischief that Persian roads play on trucks meant to roll over concrete highways. Valve trouble, pushed-in radiators and loose gas tanks cause most of the hell.

Somehow our truck is shipshape when we wake up. Pvt. Alfred Eccles, a Negro boy who used to run an elevator in Atlantic City, N. J., and still gets as many ups and downs as ever in the Persian mountains, is the driver now. He alternates with a white driver, Pvt. Samuel Sabel of New Orleans, La., who came to Iran with the first batch of GIs and worked in the first truck convoy to Russia.

Mountainous scenery and rough roads gradually give way to gentler slopes and good paved black-top. We pass native road workers, filling in holes with queer flat shovels, and wearing head-tight casque-shaped felt hats. Farther along is a labor battalion of British Indian Engineer troops, dressed in shorts and in their shirt sleeves. They are busy improving the road.

ANOTHER stop overnight, then once more we rise before dawn for the last lap. Driving this time is one of the saddest soldiers in Iran, Pvt. Edward O. Kepping of Hazleton, Pa., who thought he'd gotten this country out of his system in 1931. He was here then as chauffeur for an American contractor and left when his job was finished, planning never to return. The Army brought him back, but it didn't change his feelings.

This last stretch is fairly good road, almost monotonous after some of the earlier tough going, but don't be fooled. Over there are whitened bones, picked clean and bleaching in the sun. That was where a camel caravan froze to death, hemmed in between impassable snowdrifts, only a few months ago.

Just ahead of us a truck, goes through a soft shoulder and winds up mired in the mud. Capt. Jeff English dashes up in his jeep. As a good transport man, the captain doesn't like wrecks.

Capt. English is principal trouble shooter for Brig. Gen. Don G. Schingler, a wiry West Pointer who takes the beating of the road, good weather and bad, as chief of the Motor Transport Service. The general's a staff officer for Maj. Gen. Donald H. Connolly, commanding the Persian Gulf Service Command, but he's no chairborne soldier.

Another driver runs out of oil. First Lt. Byron Block, an Ordnance officer from Philadelphia, who's on convoy patrol today, wangles a quart from a British petrol dump and gets him moving.

Pvt. Kepping takes our truck to a depot, where it is unloaded under the eyes of 2d Lt. Martin Steenbock of Laurel, Nebr., and S/Sgt. Andrew Eirman, who hails from Copiague, Long Island, N. Y. They check every unloading job to see that the cargoes are in readiness for the Russians.

They find the Russians good to work with. The worst of the language difficulty is bridged by Pvt. Alex Pinkewich, who speaks pure Chicago American and adequate Russian. "Russian is easy to sling my way," he explains, "but the Russians do it a little harder."

Once the goods have been checked and unloaded from the trucks, the American end of the job is over. The cargo is in Russian hands. But traffic on the road goes on. The empties roll back and the loaded trailers bounce and grunt northward. The drivers crawl out of bed and rub their eyes and climb into their cabs to fight desert heat and dust and mountain hairpin turns. The Ordnance mechanics try to grab some shuteye in the morning before incoming trucks put them back to work again. The Road to Russia never rests.

These Quartermaster drivers push their trucks over one of the most important highways in the world—the twisting supply route from the Persian Gulf to the U.S.S.R.



PFC. RAYMOND E. WALLER, DAYTON, OHIO



PVT. ZENO W. MUHL, BALTIMORE, MD.



PVT. JAMES F. P. AIKEN, SAVANNAH, GA.



PVT. CHARLES NASHOLTS, AUBURN, N. Y.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

SOME time ago, as you may remember, we wrote a piece about "PX," the mascot of the London Post Exchange. At that time we said we'd keep you informed as to how the pup was coming along. Well, we're afraid we'll never be able to divulge that information, because PX is dead, by foul abstraction. Distemper took him, suddenly and without warning. He died in line of duty, at his post.

He was a damned fine little dog.

Salutes

Recently we announced in these passionate columns that if you stood in front of the Officers' PX you could cadge as many as 15 salutes for one. It seemed like a good item at the time, but it appears to have been a little incorrect. At least, that's what we've been told.

A literal S.O.B. in this office took a day off recently and went over and stood in front of the Officers' PX. Then he came back, yelling that we were a "Gross Liar" (that's what he said, honess to gaw). He said that you only get four out of a possible 15, and he says that the reason is they're smoking and never quite get around to taking the cigarettes out of their mouths. When you salute they look at you, start to remove the butts, then look the other way and take another drag. Our man says it gets one down to be ignored like that.

He finally solved the problem by standing at full salute for ten minutes, and every officer in line eventually got around to saluting him. Some of them even saluted him twice, thinking he was someone else the second time. He had a hell of a good time, the old ghoul.

Captain G.

We knew that if this war lasted long enough we'd get around to Captain Clark Gable, and sure enough, the war has lasted a long time, and sure enough, here we are getting around to Captain G. Every once in a while we'd hoist someone from his station, ply him with hot lager, and ask him how the captain was making out. We now pass our reports on to you.

Captain G. rides around camp on a bicycle and also has been known to elbow his way into the tea line at the Church Army canteen. The folks back in Oswego, Kansas, would probably be pretty proud to know that one of their boys, Cpl. William Strickland, drove a newly arrived Captain Gable about in a jeep for the better part of an afternoon. As an expression of his gratitude, Captain G. gave Cpl. S. a real, ruddy orange, and the good corporal, staring at the orange for a long time, considered saving it for a souvenir to show the kids who hang around Ball's News Stand back in Oswego. But war, as

does nothing else, takes the sentimental streak out of a man. The corporal ate the orange.

We also picked up a couple of stories from a guy who took cadet training at the same time as Captain G. The upperclassmen at this particular OTS, it seems, rag the underclassmen with a viciousness unparalleled in juvenile history. As an underclassman, Gable good-naturedly took his share of hazing, but when he got to be an upper he really started to hand it out. One afternoon he came upon an underclassman swimming in his own sweat.

"What are you doing?" Gable snarled.

"Sweating, sir," said the trembling underclassman.

"Well, stop it this instant."

"Yes, sir."

"And now," Gable went on, "I'd like to test your physical condition. Jump into the air."

The underclassman jumped. As he came down he snapped smartly to attention.

For a long time Gable glared at him. Then he spoke.

"And who gave you permission to come down?" he demanded.

When Gable first arrived in England, certain farmers in the vicinity of his base were faced with a unique labor problem. Land Army girls would sneak away from their farm chores and hang around the camp's fences in hope of catching a glimpse of the glamorous Captain G. One girl named Gwen (all English girls are named Gwen or Pat or Kay) used to sit day in and day out, in a haystack by a road near the camp. Men of the station, cycling down to the village pub for a lager, would see her sitting patiently in the hay, waiting for Captain Gable to come along and fall in love with her. We don't know what she did when it rained. It just goes to show you, though, that we're on the ball when it comes to hero-worship.

Life of an Individualist

When you see *The Eve of St. Mark* put on by the military in London, don't throw rotten eggs at the unpleasantly realistic 1st sergeant even if you do have some. His excellent performance is due to long experience with sergeants (1st and -major), but he has never, himself, risen higher than a T/5, and a pretty beat up one at that. He has been beat up by sergeants of three nations—Canadian, British and American—and the results have been uniformly unfortunate. For T/5 Leo Kaye, of (of all places) Flatbush, is a rugged individualist. Back in peace time and in fact up to September 1, 1939, his rugged individualism was, to a large extent, confined to trying to shout louder for the Dodgers than any one else, which may account for his husky, sergeant-majorial voice. As you might expect, he did not take to the idea of dictators. Rugged individualists don't, even when they're acting the part of 1st sergeants.

So September 8, 1939, found Kaye on board a freighter about to sail for France. Unfortunately the ship had a couple of planes on board and, in those high and far-off days, the law said that you couldn't export arms even to countries trying to fight the dictators. The freighter never sailed.



A new musical instrument, guaranteed to take the place of the bugler, has recently been issued to certain units stationed here. A cross between an organ and a Staten Island ferry, it plays "Blow The Man Down" every morning, often in the key of G sharp and often not in the key of G sharp.

Just to prove that anybody can get in the guardhouse these days (it's that déclassé), we present a picture of T/Sgt. Coca-Cola (recently broken to 2nd Lieutenant), who is doing a 60 in the jug for eating brussels sprouts out of season. Moral: keep your buttons polished.



He tried other ships but couldn't manage to look nautical enough to land a job. After a while he gave up his budding nautical career, hitch-hiked to Canada and joined up.

His regiment arrived in England in December, 1939, so he figures out that he has, as of today, been here 1,400 days. He spent approximately 1,350 of these avoiding sergeant-majors, 10 under the thumbs of those dictatorial individuals trying to explain why he was where he was, which was where he shouldn't have been, and why he wasn't where he should have been, which was in camp. On certain occasions the explanations worked, but for other heinous performances (in which he certainly did not act like a 1st sergeant) he languished out a repentance in the jug.

At one time, after many months of training, the regiment was ordered to France. They got as far as the port to embark when France started to collapse and Dunkirk happened. They returned to barracks, but a week later they embarked for France again, this time farther west. The famous French box cars marked, just as in the last war, 8 *chevaux*—40 *hommes*, were ready to meet them. They rode part way to Paris, discovered *vin ordinaire*, and refugees, and turned around. France had thrown up the sponge and they scuttled back for Brest. Three days after they had left England, they were back again. That makes a grand total of 1,403 days.

There followed more drill, the blitz. Something, maybe the bombs, had a sobering effect on the rugged individualist. He hasn't been in a particle of trouble since the beginning of 1941.

In February of this year, he transferred to the U. S. forces, and is now in theatrical section of special service. In June he finally rose to a T/5. Before that he was always a potential rating, but never any more.

He says he would like to go home for a while, not an unreasonable desire after 1,403 days, but at the same time he scoffs at these newcomers who want to go home right away. To quote his own words, he "has been rained out and overporridged from the Channel to Scotland," and so he listens to the moans and gripes of his comrades with his tongue in his rather fleshy cheek.



AAF bomber crews are now taking along specially made-up combat lunches on flight missions that last from 8 to 12 hours. Packed in units for three men, the lunches contain food which can be eaten with little or no preparations . . . WACs are now being enrolled in the Army Finance School at Duke University, N.C. . . . The G.I.

musical, *This is the Army*, will be split up into two units and sent overseas to perform for troops in combat theaters. . . . Ordnance has developed a new AA gun—a 4.7 job with a range of 60,000 feet, 20,000 feet more than any other AA gun has. . . . The QMC has a new plastic insole for jungle boots. It can be washed with soap and water, is absorbent and quick drying. It's expected to cut down foot diseases among guys in the tropics. . . . *Newsmap*, Special Service's weekly publication, will go overseas in a smaller edition.

The WD has banned the purchase of Sam Browne belts by officers and warrant officers but will permit those who already own such belts to continue wearing them. . . . Present Army induction plans call for only 1½ million more rookies for this entire year as against 3 million last year. . . . Mountain troops are using nylon climbing ropes. They're tougher than manila, wear better and absorb less water. . . . The Army is now running the world's largest movie chain—1,036 theaters with 720,653 seats located at 546 posts. . . . Latest QMC gadgets for guys overseas: "Jungle" matches, waterproof and wax-coated, that will not melt in heat up to 160 degrees; shoe laces that won't mildew; khaki-colored pipe cleaners and match covers for camouflage purposes. . . . Bandages for desert warfare will be camouflaged olive drab. The dye used will not cause infection.

Ratings in the ASTP

Army privates who are taking the Army Specialized Training Program will be promoted to Pfc. when they move up from the basic to the advanced phase of the program, says the WD. Privates who are assigned directly to the advanced phase without taking the basic will also be advanced to Pfc. Men in higher grades will retain their rank and pay when assigned to the advanced phase.

Shipment of Recordings Banned

The WD has banned shipment to soldiers overseas of phonograph discs which record personal messages. Several commercial companies have been promoting sales of such recordings, and as a result large numbers addressed to soldiers have been received in the mails. Transmittal of such messages to or from soldiers stationed overseas, says the WD, is prohibited by Army regulations.

Washington O.P.

Senators Lucas of Illinois and Green of Rhode Island have proposed legislation to give overseas G.I.s the vote by V-mail ballot. The WD hasn't made any recommendations, but some officers point out that a V-mail form would be anything but a secret ballot.

Before taking its regular summer furlough, the Senate approved a bill which would alter the dependency benefits set-up considerably. The bill, which received the nod from the Army and Navy, would increase most allowances around 9.7 per cent. Wives without children would continue to get \$50, but one child living with its mother would get \$16 instead of the \$12 now allotted. Also, increased amounts would go to dependent parents, brothers and sisters. Other provisions: the first three grades of EM would get a chance to avail themselves of dependency allowances; the first month's allowance would be on the House (and the Senate), with no contribution from you. Final action on the bill is expected in the fall, when Congress reconvenes.

EM in the U. S. who haven't had a furlough for six months since being called to active duty can look for a leave before their boat ride. . . . And persons who should know say that we are approaching "a vigorous summer."

U. S. Armies

The formation of the Seventh Army, now in action in Sicily, under Lt. Gen. George Patton Jr., gives us three complete armies in service overseas. The Fifth Army, commanded by Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, was organized after the North African invasion and was stationed near the Spanish Moroccan border. The Sixth Army, under Lt. Gen. Walter Kreuger, is now fighting Japs in the South-west Pacific. The First, Second, Third and Fourth Armies are stationed in the U. S. The minimum strength of an army is about 75,000 men. Each army is made up of two or more corps, which in turn consist of two or more divisions each, plus supplementary troops.

Correct APO Address

Soldiers stationed overseas are asked by the Army Postal Service to make sure they give folks back home their full APO addresses. Many letters and packages have been delayed because they did not contain the soldier's unit designation along with his serial number, APO number. The APS suggests that you write a letter to your family impressing them with your full and correct address. Sample correct address:

Pvt. Joe Blow, ASN 00000000
Co. A 45th F.A.,
APO 200 c/o Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.

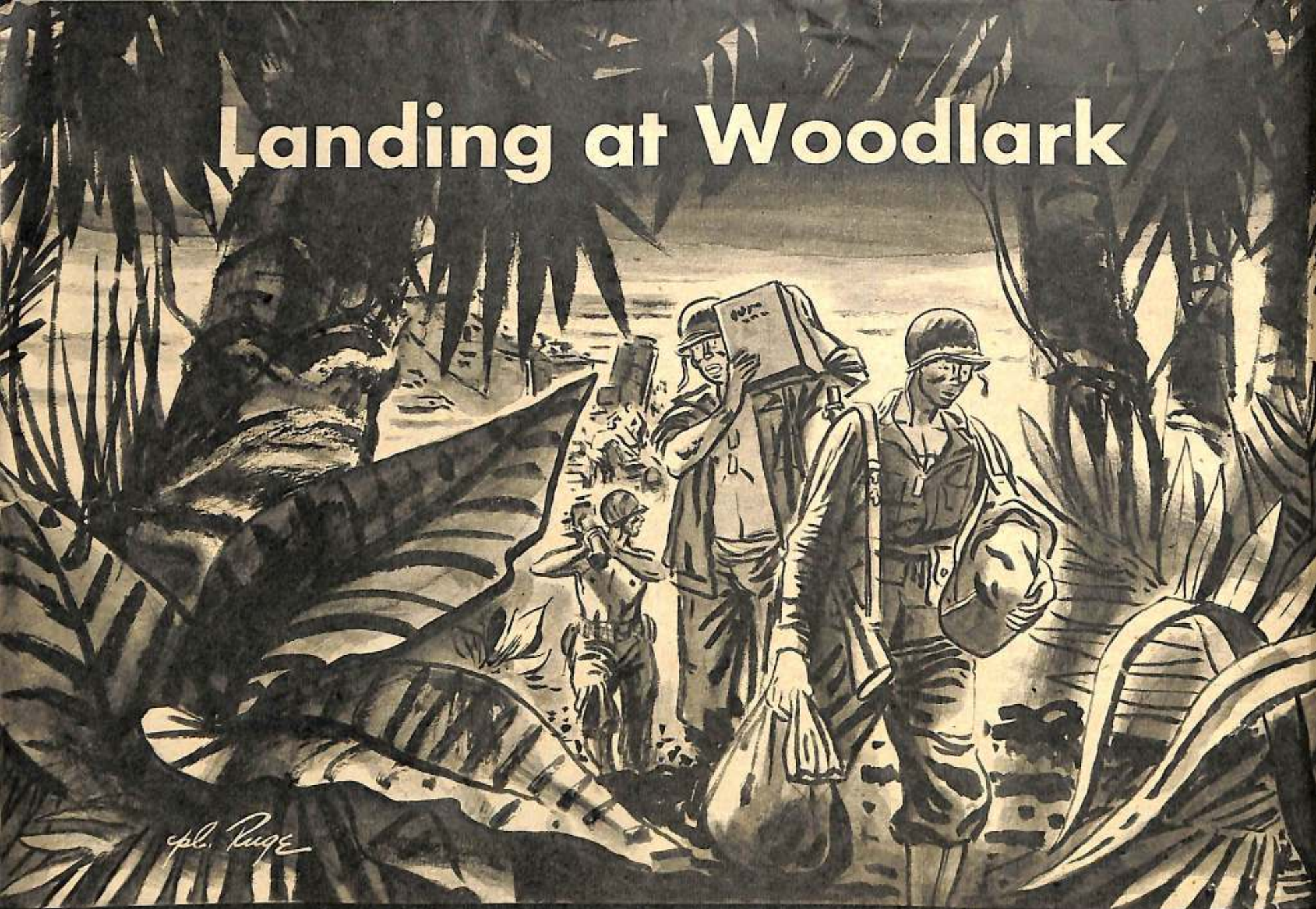


These cannon last saw service in 1812 when artillery, like everything else, was much less complicated. Melted down, they'll be used as AA barrels. Come from Brooklyn, they do.



This ex-boot is shaking the ice from the bloomers of a new U. S. battleship. Bloomers, in case you had other ideas, are canvas covers protecting the barrels. Why an ice picture? Why not?

Landing at Woodlark



"ALL NIGHT LONG WE LUGGED EQUIPMENT OVER ROUGH TRAILS INTO HIDING PLACES IN THE BUSH."

When the Army staged its first amphibious invasion in the Southwest Pacific, the Japanese politely refrained from crashing the party.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH TASK FORCE OCCUPYING WOODLARK ISLAND [By Cable]—As our big landing ship cut its engines and coasted onto the palm-fringed beach, Pvt. Aldo Di Meco of Malden, Mass., remarked: "Wouldn't it be funny if there are Japs here ahead of us?"

Our ship was part of the first wave of invasion freighters in the task force ordered to grab a foothold on Woodlark Island, only about 325 miles from the powerful Jap bases on Bougainville and New Britain.

In the eerie gloom of the deck, the captain in charge of our ship, edged his way to the front of the sweating soldiers. "Men," he yelled, "we go ashore in two minutes. Brace yourselves against the impact when she hits the beach."

A few minutes later the bow of our ship crunched on the beach. A shudder went through the vessel. We had landed.

Peering into the darkness ahead, we raced up the beach, threw down our packs and rifles, and went back to lug out machine guns and other equipment.

Other soldiers came running out of the hull with more equipment of all types and shapes. As soon as they hit the beach, they were directed down trails into dispersal areas.

Those of us in the Infantry part of the task force picked up our gear and made our way through the darkness into jungle bivouac areas. All night we lugged equipment over rough trails

into hiding places in the bush. We were making sure Jap planes would find no piles of equipment to bomb in the morning.

Shortly after the boats had landed, looking for all the world like giant barges, they were empty and heading out to sea. When daylight came, they would be far from shore.

As soon as they had gone, additional landing craft began to stream in, bringing more men. All night the shore line was busy with moving vehicles and marching men. At dawn the invasion had ended.

We cleared our rifles, carbines, tommy guns and machine guns of the effects of the sea voyage, while anti-aircraft crews put the finishing touches of camouflage on their emplaced guns.

"Well," Di Meco admitted as we munched a



A drinking fountain in the jungles of the Solomons, water with the grace of gravity and pipe lines from the hills.

breakfast of coconuts and a chocolate-ration bar, "there ain't any Japs yet, but I'll bet we get a helluva lot of fireworks on the Fourth of July."

The occupation of Woodlark Island, first sea-borne invasion undertaken by Army troops in the Southwest Pacific, had been carried out in entirely bloodless fashion, without a single casualty.

This first use of the latest type of invasion craft by the U. S. Army and Navy was synchronized with simultaneous invasions of the Trobriand Islands to our west and New Georgia to our east.

It was a rough sea voyage, and despite the swell Navy chow, the mess lines were cut down considerably by seasickness.

We had our anxious moments, too, for our convoy would have made a beautiful target for Jap bombers. The warning gong clangled one morning as an observer spotted four planes high above us, mere tiny specks in the sky. Anti-aircraft gunners scrambled for their stations, and we tied up our lifebelts.

"Boy," declared one ack-ack gunner as he dusted off his sights, "I've been waiting 19 months for this crack at the Japs." But when the planes circled lower, they turned out to be part of our own fighter protection.

That gunner summed up the feelings of the rest of us. If there were any Japs, we were ready for them, with as many weapons and as good equipment as any American force has ever carried down here in the Pacific.

While I write this story, sitting astride a coconut 18 hours after coning ashore, a big Texan nearby takes time out from cleaning his "six-shooter" to make an observation:

"I lak to split a gut when I found we'd only staked a claim on this here Woodlark Island," he drawls. "It mighta been Tokyo—or at least Manila. But I s'pose this here's just a jumping-off place, eh?"

A WEEK OF WAR

German Europe was at last getting it from all sides. It looked as though she were about to get it in the middle, too.

EUROPE, it seemed, was in a big cauldron, and the mixture was hot and it was beginning to bubble. The bubbles were appearing all over Europe's smoky face—in Germany, in Italy, in Sicily, in the Balkans, in Russia. The mixture, whatever it would taste like, should be done pretty soon. Europe was hot, all right.

The lull was over in Sicily. Behind the sort of barrage that had broken the Germans at El Alamein and at the Mareth Line, the 8th Army started the old ball rolling again, against the narrow corner of the island that the Axis could still call its own. The line ran from Catania to San Stefano, 50 miles across, from water to water. Scottish and Northumbrian troops of the 8th were closing in on Catania, extending their bridgeheads north of the Dittaino River. In the center the Canadians were sifting slowly ahead, over difficult terrain. The American 7th Army, 75 miles from Messina, was working toward San Stefano. It meant hard fighting all up and down the line. More than ever before the advancing armies had to cling to the roads, and the Axis had blasted roads and bridges and everything else that was blastable. Sometimes the roads were just narrow ribbons along the sides of mountains and once blown up, they were lashed by torrential rains that added washouts to the transport difficulties.

But for all the problems, Sicily was falling. The internal situation of Italy would see to that. There had been a lull both in the Sicilian fighting and the air offensive against the Italian mainland, a lull that lasted while Marshal Badoglio took over the country and while the Allies waited to see what he would do. He had done nothing, so the offensive would go on.

Algers warned Italians that, because of the vacillation of their new Government, there was no other alternative. Rumors were that Badoglio had submitted peace proposals, terms of which were that the Allies were not to use Italy as a base and that Italy would retain troops in Albania. On the other hand, according to the rumor, Italians would withdraw from the rest of the Balkans, the Allies could have the Dodecanese Islands, and Italy would retire from the war.

The Threat

ITALIANS were afraid that Italy itself would become a violent theater of war, and it seemed that this was the prime reason she was holding back from capitulation. However, Italy had no choice in the matter; if she did not capitulate she most certainly would become a theater of war. Already the bombers were warming up on their North African and Sicilian airfields to prove this not very subtle point.

The Italian people wanted peace, wanted democracy. Riots and demonstrations in the great industrial cities of the North—Milan and Turin—where over 90% of war industries were spasmodically on strike, showed how the Italian workman felt about things. Pinned down through two decades of Fascism, he was tired of pomp, tired of parades, tired of war and death. He wanted a little rest, a little respite. He was damned sick and tired of good old Fascismo. As far as he was concerned the quicker the Allies walked in, the better for every one concerned.

In Sicily the new Allied Government, AMGOT, was working out very well. Italians knew that it was paternalistic and militarily forceful, but at the same time they were learning that it was just and sincere. The Allies really were interested in helping Italians to wipe out the memory of Fascism, to start afresh. Living under the Allies wasn't bad at all.

At the moment the Germans were making a good stab at taking over Italy, and all over Europe the latent resentments that had hovered over those great and good allies were coming out into the open. In Crete the Germans were disarming the Italian garrisons, opening fire on those who resisted. They were preparing to seize the Italian fleet, or as much of it as they could get their hands on. But, at the same time, they were being evacuated from Sicily and Southern Italy.



The Allied Military Government for Occupied Territories, in the person of a British captain, listens to a Sicilian's complaint or plea. Founded to aid the beleaguered, AMGOT makes amends and friends, helps the homeless, the hungry, the needy. The Allies answer to Axis treatment of occupied territories; it's clicking beautifully.

All The King's Horses and—

THE new Italian Government was not friendly to Germany and it was walking a tightrope between two extremes. In a way, it had several parallels with the Petain Government that came in as France was collapsing. Badoglio was a king's man. He had disbanded the Fascist Party. He had slapped many a Fascist in jail. Mussolini, it seemed, was in jail, too. The ex-Dictator had not even been allowed to receive his 60th birthday present from Hitler.

But for all that Italy was trying, it was not enough as far as the Allies were concerned. If the new Government could not make up its mind to capitulate unconditionally, the whole of Italy would suffer. The whole of Italy might, as a matter of fact, suffer as Hamburg had.

Hamburg had been the largest port in Germany, a city of over 1,000,000 people, a great industrial center and a great U-boat base. Now it was nothing. In a week it had felt the weight of more bombs than had fallen on infinitely larger London during the whole of Hermann Goering's blitz. Hamburg as an inhabited place had ceased to exist. Observers returning to Stockholm and Denmark said that in the whole city not more than 50 houses still stood undamaged. A week after the attacks a great pall of smoke still hung over the ruined port. Hamburg was done.

Berlin was in terror, afraid that what had happened to Hamburg might be repeated on the same scale in the skies over Adolf Hitler's capital. Daily trains from Hamburg were bringing in wounded and homeless from that waste and stricken place and the sight was none too reassuring to jagged Berlin nerves. Berlin felt that the day of reckoning was on the way; and in mad haste the city leaped to improve its protection and its defences.

All Germany was in a state of depression. Gone now was any idea of further great German offensives. Berlin talk now was only of a defensive war, a war that would put a wall of blood around the country, a war that in subservient Europe could continue for years and years. This was big talk, incapable of fulfilment. Germany could not fight a war lasting years. Germany was on her last legs. The last offensive she had tried had petered out in blood and dust on the plains around Orel, and now the Russians, advancing a few miles each day, were on the outskirts of that once-great German bastion.

All along the Russian front there was movement. In the Donetz and around Leningrad the Red Armies were feeling out the Nazi strength. And as summer faded and still no more offensives came from the Germans, Russia prepared for her annual winter campaign, the type of campaign that the Germans could never stand up to. The campaign of the coming winter would probably be the last of all.

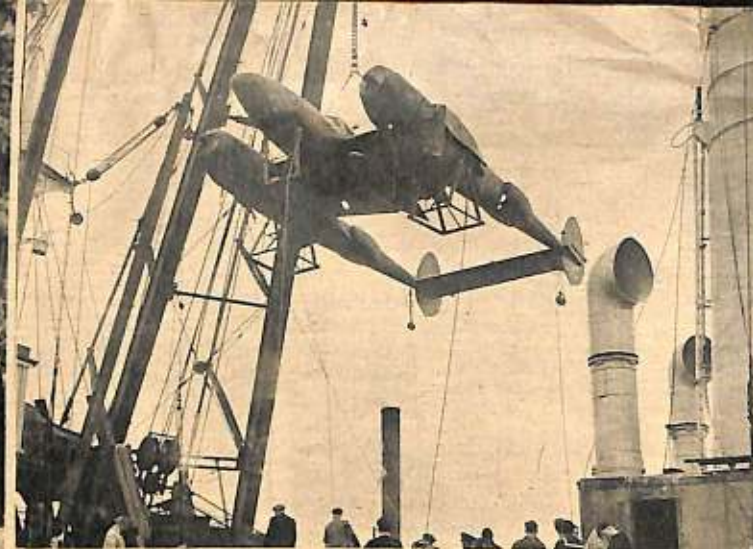
Around the neck of German Europe the noose was tightening, north and south. It was beginning to look like 1918; even the Germans admitted that. And now there were new targets for Allied bombers. This time in the unscathed Balkans. Over the Ploesti oilfields, in Rumania, flew 200 Liberators, and behind them they left a sheet of flame. Soon all of Europe would be within comfortable range of the bombardier's eye. Then history could take up the pen that would write "Finis" on the page that held the name of Adolf Hitler.



Armed to the teeth with flags of truce, Italians march up a hill to surrender—behind, the mist of battle dissolves in Italian skies.



HAWAII. Portable libraries are loaded by Chaplain L. W. Halvorson. (See below.)



ENGLAND. A P-38 Lockheed Lightning is lifted from the hold of a transport. It soon saw action against Axis.



AFRICA. The mail gets through. And it sometimes brings you sudden popularity.



MEN isolated in Hawaii's mountain outposts await Chaplain Halvorson's visits.



NEW GUINEA. The mule still has his place in warfare—enough to justify delivery in a Douglas transport

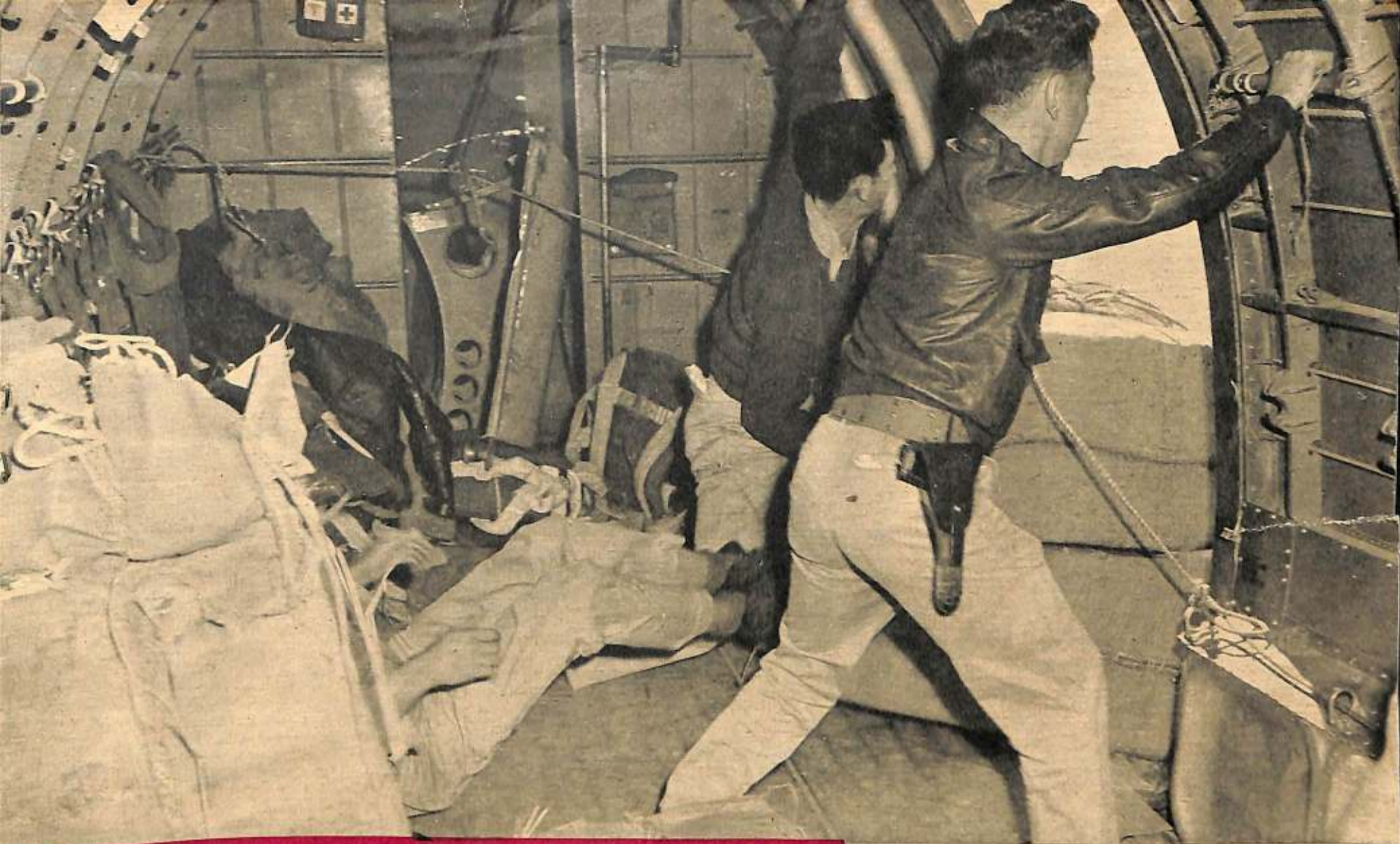
In India, supplies go down via chutes. In Hawaii, miniature libraries go up mountains via chaplain. And in Africa, England and the Aleutians—well, look over these pages and you'll see we're delivering the goods.



EACH "library" contains from four to six books contributed by folks in the U.S.

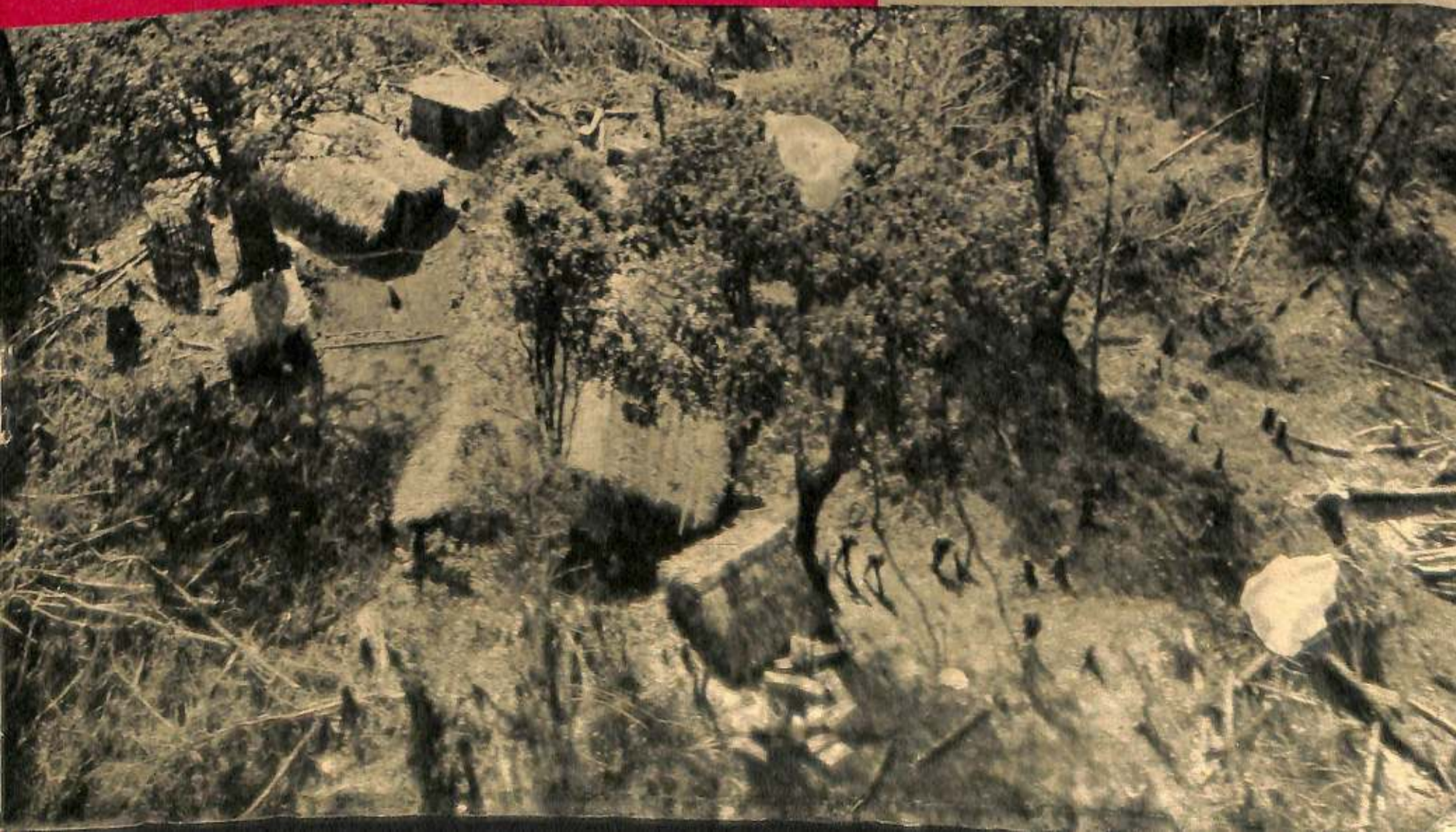


ALEUTIANS. On this northern front, where the weather as well as the Jap is an enemy, Yanks form a human chain to pass rifles and other equipment to the shore. These men reinforced the outfits whose job was to eliminate the Jap from Attu. It was not easy, for the foe fought fiercely. But it was done.



SPECIAL DELIVERY

INDIA. Near the Burma border, U. S. outposts high in the Naga Hills are supplied with food and equipment by a flying "general store," as shown in these two photos by YANK's Sgt. Bob Ghio. Burlap-covered bamboo baskets, attached to parachutes, are shoved out of the plane in the picture above. Below, the delivery is completed as the supplies land amid troops and natives in a clearing atop a mountain.



NEWS FROM HOME

This Week President Roosevelt Suggested a Post-War Program for the Joes, and America Was All Ears.

HOME came to the ETO last week on a friendly sort of visit to see how we were getting along, and decided we were getting along very well indeed; came to see how we were fed and housed and decided we were doing all right; came to see how the air force was fighting and decided the air force was doing more than just all right; came to our commanders and were tremendously impressed by the high quality of leadership; came to see how the money was being spent and decided it was being spent well.

Home came in the persons of five representative senators: Richard B. Russell (D., Ga.); Ralph O. Brewster (R., Maine); Albert Benjamin (Happy) Chandler (D., Kentucky); Henry Cabot Lodge (R., Mass.); and James M. Mead (D., New York).

At a press conference in one of those sedate paneled-walled English rooms, sitting at an enormous table before a baronial fireplace, they told in plain simple American language what they had seen and what they had gathered.

They had seen entry ports, naval installations, airfields, plans sections. They had met Ambassador Winant, General Devers, the King, Anthony Eden, the Speaker of the House of Commons, group commander of the AAF, pilots and enlisted men and were ready to proceed on further tours to meet ground troops, schools, training camps, hospitals and SOS installations.

And they gathered that the ETO was, to use the American vernacular, doing a "damned fine job."

They paid particularly high tribute to the quality of General Dever's leadership and to that of the leaders under him, to the air force and to every dog-face in the theater.

MOST of all, they said, they were impressed by the growing bond of friendship between Americans and the British people—a potent factor in the post-war world.

With them, they brought news of the latest post-war plans of America. Most of the plans are nebulous, moving still through the sometimes slow but always thorough process of democratic legislation. But they brought the heartening news to every soldier in this theater that all parties, all factions and all the people at home were deeply concerned and working hard to effect soldier rehabilitation after this war. They are working to prevent a repetition of the unemployment of 1919 and the cynicism which arose after the last world war primarily as a result of economic stresses—when men who had been heroes suddenly found themselves unemployed and unwanted heroes.



Riding in a surrey behind a prancing team, Wisconsin's 80-year-old governor, W. S. Goodland (right), leads a holiday gasless parade through Racine. Floats were drawn by perchurons.



It is evident that somebody just mentioned Spam to the Senate committee now in the ETO. The smiles, left to right, belong to Col. Tristram P. Tupper, chief of PRO, ETO, and to Senators Mead, Lodge, Russell, Chandler and Brewster. They have come to the conclusion that the ETO is a pretty nice place for a visit.

Back home last week, President Roosevelt was concerned with the same problem.

Said President Roosevelt, in a fireside chat to the nation:—

"While concentrating on military victory, we are not neglecting the planning of things to come, the freedom which we know will make for more decency and greater justice throughout the world.

"Among many other things we are, today, laying plans for the return to civilian life of our gallant men and women in the armed services. They must not be demobilized into an environment of inflation and unemployment, to a place in a breadline or on a corner selling apples. We must, this time, have plans ready—instead of waiting to do a hasty, inefficient, and ill-considered job at the last moment.

"I have assured our men in the armed forces that the American people would not let them down when the war is won.

"I hope that the Congress will help in carrying out this assurance, for obviously the executive branch of the Government cannot do it alone. May the Congress do its duty in this regard. The American people will insist on fulfilling this American obligation to the men and women in the armed forces who are winning this war for us."

THE least to which they are entitled, it seems to me," he said, "is something like this:

"1. Mustering-out pay to every member of the armed forces and merchant marine, when he or she is honorably discharged, large enough in each case to cover a reasonable period of time between his discharge and the finding of a new job.

"2. In case no job is found after diligent search, then unemployment insurance, if the individual registers with the United States Employment Service.

"3. An opportunity for members of the armed forces to get further education or trade training at the cost of their Government.

"4. Allowance of credit to all members of the armed forces, under unemployment compensation and Federal old-age and survivors insurance, for their period of service. For these purposes they should be treated as if they had continued their employment in private industry.

"5. Improved and liberalized provision for hospitalization rehabilitation, and medical care of disabled members of the armed forces and merchant marine.

"6. Sufficient pensions for disabled members of the armed forces."

Republican National Committee chairman Harrison Spangler attacked the Roosevelt speech. It was a "bold bid for the servicemen's vote," he said. Spangler requested that the Office of War Information make a world broadcast based on the Republican charge that Roosevelt's demobilization plan was primarily a bid for a fourth term.

Roosevelt's proposals were incorporated in a detailed report released by the Committee on Demobilization which will be presented to Congress next month. The Committee recommended a three-month post-war furlough at a base pay not to exceed \$100 a month, plus a family allowance. Unemployment insurance for 26 weeks beyond the furlough time is also recommended for those who do not find a job immediately. The President approved the Committee's plan in general, but said it was up to Congress to decide.

Coffee rationing ended and for the first time in many months people could walk into a restaurant and order more than one cup. The Government also promised more sugar rations soon and the Army cut its meat demand, allowing civilians a five per cent amount more each week.

Hangovers are unpatriotic and Americans should revise their drinking habits as a contribution to the war effort, said Elvin M. Jellinek, director of Yale's School of Alcohol Studies. He said that people should guard against anything that may cause even momentary ill health.

A hurricane in Texas caused ten million dollars property damage and left 13 dead. Main damage was caused in Galveston, Houston and Port Arthur.

Small employers complained that they are compelled to absorb the 20 per cent withholding income tax, supposedly paid by employees, to prevent their workers from taking better jobs. Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, said in his June munitions production report that "Production is still going up, but the rate of climb has lessened." He said production of aircraft was considerably short of expectation, but that production of Naval tonnage was round about 13 per cent above that in May.

The New York newspaper *PM* asked a group of people what they would do with Mussolini. Five said hang him and one suggested that he be handed over



Judy, new elephant bought by the Lincoln Park Zoo, Chicago, Ill., didn't want to move from her old quarters at the Brookfield Zoo. She wouldn't ride either. She won, but had to walk it, 18 miles.



Youngsters, and some grown-ups, hold up their entries in the 1943 Southern California Model Airplane Show at Los Angeles. The meet got serious attention from Army, Navy and Marine researchers.



Actress Janet Blair and Sgt. Louis Bush after their marriage at Lake Arrowhead, Calif. They met four years ago when Janet joined a band as singer in which Sgt. Bush was a pianist and arranger.

to Haile Selassie "and if there is anything left, to the Greeks."

A Federal grand jury indicted eight American citizens for doing Axis radio propaganda, and U. S. Attorney General Francis Biddle said they would face trial when apprehended. Included in the group were Ezra Pound, the poet; Robert H. Best, former American Army officer and newspaperman; Wilhelm Kaltenbach, who was once dismissed as a Dubuque, Iowa, high school teacher for Nazi activities; and Jane Anderson, former newspaperwoman who made a nation-wide speaking tour against the Loyalists during the Spanish civil war.

A Washington judge sentenced 58-year-old Anna C. Swift to 10 years in prison and slapped her with a \$10,000 fine for operating a chain of brothels, which she advertised as "beauty parlors."

When charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, Joe Aguiniga, 19, told a West Des Moines, Iowa, court that he was under the impression that he and 15-year-old Anna Reeves were married after they purchased a marriage license.

THIRTY United Mine Workers officials and members, the first to be accused with violating the new War Labor Disputes Act, were indicted in Pittsburgh for allegedly directing wildcat strikes that interrupted operations in 24 Pennsylvanian coal mines.

Auto deaths for the first six months of 1943 were reported at 10,030, a 32 per cent reduction for the same period last year.

John R. Clarke got a divorce in Pittsburgh after testifying that his wife disturbed his sleep by tickling him with a feather. Dr. William Edmunds, director of the War Manpower Commission in the Cleveland area, made a request to his top boss in Washington. "Give our war workers free beer twice a day. It will speed up production."

Robert L. Owen, former U. S. Senator from Oklahoma, devised a global alphabet which he hopes will break down language barriers. The alphabet comprises 41 primary symbols and 16 secondary symbols, and according to Owen, "We can teach the English language to all the world at high speed and negligible cost."

Cops in Fall River, Mass., arrested George Russell for making moonshine. He blamed exorbitant retail prices for legal whiskey and said, "My 99-year-old mother-in-law needs a little nip now and then."

A well-dressed woman walked into Red Cross headquarters in Richmond, Va., and offered to donate her blood to the Nazis or Japs. "Why do you want to send your blood to Japs when American soldiers need it?" she was asked.

The woman replied: "I've got undulant fever."

THE Bureau of Agricultural Economics predicted that last year's record food production total will be exceeded by 4 per cent this year, and the U. S. Army Air Force announced it is now receiving 4,500

planes a month which exceeds the total production of Germany, Italy and Japan.

Frank J. Blessing, Buffalo, N.Y., city accountant, sent the regional headquarters of the Office of Price Administration a pork chop wrapped up in business stationery with a note complaining that 80 cents was an exorbitant price to pay for one-half a potato and a two ounce pork chop.

Meat rationing got Henry G. Bress of Denver, Colo., down. He thought he'd like to have a nice thick juicy steak as he sat drinking beer, so he strolled to a butcher shop and came back carrying a 78-pound side of beef worth 800 ration points. Cops found Bress slicing the meat at home. He was fined \$25 after pleading guilty.

Paul Smith, former editor of the "San Francisco Chronicle" and chief of the Office of War Information who resigned a Naval reserve commission as lieutenant commander to start life with the Marines as a private, won a second lieutenant's commission in the Marine Corps.

Jimmy Orlando, 28-year-old Red Wing hockey star, was convicted on charges of filing false information with a Detroit draft board. He was freed on \$2,000 bond after his attorneys appealed against a sentence of four years and \$2,000 fine.

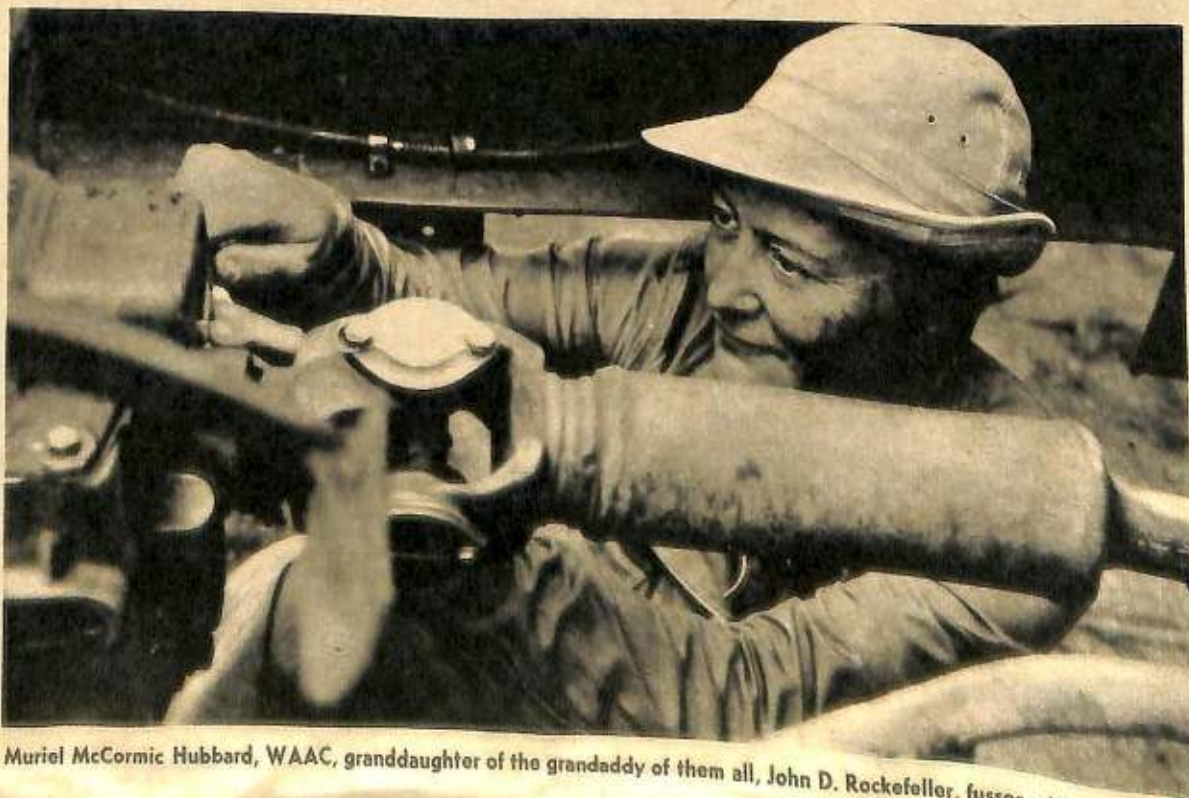
The United States Treasury Department announced that counterfeiting losses dropped 50 per

cent as a result of the "know your money" campaign begun in 1937.

Mrs. Adela Apodaca stopped praying in a Los Angeles church long enough to chase, catch and turn over a purse snatcher to the police. The Richmond, Va., headquarters of the Jalopy Owners' Mutual Protective Association of America protested the five dollar Federal tax on confiscated cars because it often equals the cost of cars owned by members of that organization.

After receiving her final divorce decree this week from radio producer Clark Andrews, actress Claire Trevor revealed she married Lt. Cylor Dunsmoor of the Navy last April. Greer Garson, 31, married Ensign Richard Ney, 29, at Santa Monica, Calif. Ney played the part of her son in *Mrs. Miniver*.

Hollywood hot spots have been warned against serving liquor to Mrs. Charlie Chaplin because she is under age. A 7-pound, 14-ounce daughter was born to Lana Turner. The screen version of Wendell Willkie's "One World" will be produced in eight foreign languages. Actor John Garfield named his new son David Patton Garfield, in honor of General George S. Patton. Gracie Fields announced she is planning to tour Allied Army camps in Britain. Tallulah Bankhead returned to Hollywood to play in "Life Boat," her first movie in 11 years.



Muriel McCormic Hubbard, WAAC, granddaughter of the granddaddy of them all, John D. Rockefeller, fusses with mechanics.

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

AT A Yank base in the South Pacific recently, a worried-looking corporal appeared at his company headquarters with an urgent, if unusual, request.

"I need a couple hundred bucks in a hurry, sir," he told the CO. "Is there any chance?"

"I don't see why not, corporal," the officer said. "Let's take a look at your deposit book."

Several minutes later a draft for \$200 was on its way by cable to Dallas, Tex., where the soldier's father was about to undergo a serious operation. The money would tide the family over until the father was strong enough to go back to work.

For his ability to handle that particular emergency, the corporal can thank important changes in Soldiers' Deposits, the War Department's special savings plan by which enlisted men may place sums of \$5 or more with the Government for safekeeping at the solid interest rate of 4 percent. The corporal can especially thank the most far-reaching of these changes which now make it not only possible but, in many cases, downright easy for GI depositors to withdraw their money while they're still on active duty.

Under the old regulations governing Soldiers' Deposits, you couldn't get a cent of your savings, no matter how much you needed it, until after

Soldiers' Deposits

The GI bank now allows withdrawals any time—and still pays a 4-percent interest on your savings.

For instance, there's the rate of interest—4 percent on any of your money held for six months or longer. That's appreciably more than most big-shot bankers can get on their money today. And it pays off, too. A master sergeant recently decamped from the EM ranks for a commission. He withdrew \$10,120 in deposits and—here's the pay-off—\$1,189 in interest.

This GI banking plan is as simple as port arms. Here's how it works: Say you're sweating it out at some remote and isolated base where the opportunity to spend money—even your unpretentious Army pay—is conspicuous by its absence. You are already forking over \$22 a month for a family allowance and maybe a few dollars now and then for War Bonds, but after these deductions have been made you still have plenty of unspendable money left over. You decide to use Soldiers' Deposits. All you have to do is to take your cash (\$5 or more) to your company

for Soldiers' Deposits and it will be withheld from your pay just as a soldier's share of a family allowance is withheld. However, there's this difference: While an allowance deduction remains the same each month, your deduction for Soldiers' Deposits can be for any amount (a fin or more) which you indicate, with the size of the deposits varying from month to month according to your whim or your off-duty luck. The biggest account ever entered in the Finance Department since the system was established in 1873 was held by an extraordinarily frugal non-com who contrived by some means or other to accumulate \$32,000 before his discharge.

Unlike accounts in commercial banks, which can be tapped by creditors for your debts, the money you put in Soldiers' Deposits can't be touched by anyone but you, or, in the event of your death, by your heirs. Even the Government can't touch it. In fact, there's only one way you can lose it—desertion. You can get hard labor for any other court-martial conviction, and your money will still be yours. And you can get it back even if you draw a dishonorable discharge. But if you go over the hill, your account is promptly and irretrievably transferred to the Old Soldiers' Home.

In case of death, the money is transmitted to a trust fund known as the estates of deceased soldiers, where it stays until someone puts in a claim for it. The money, say the regulations, is payable to any heir or representative upon presentation of a claim to the General Accounting Office, Claims Division, Washington, D. C., which means that you can designate any beneficiary you want in your will. But if you are using or intend to use Soldiers' Deposits, here's a word of caution. Inasmuch as the Government doesn't go around inviting claims, you ought to make sure at once that your folks or beneficiary know you have an account. There's still an astonishingly large pile of unclaimed accounts lying around from the last war, simply because the depositors didn't notify their wives or parents that they were so entitled to the money.

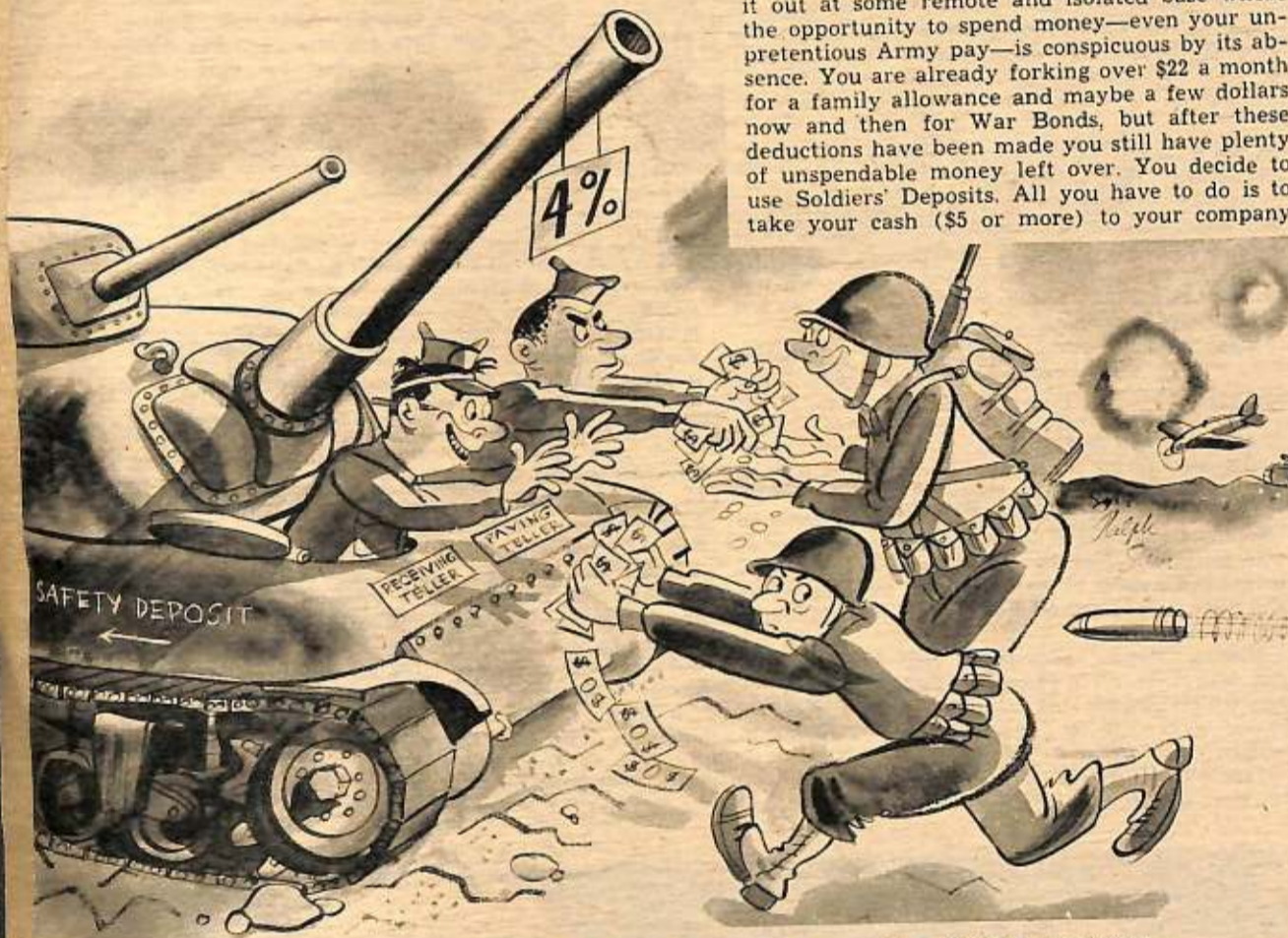
Soldiers' Deposits are practically foolproof. A few hours before we had to pull up stakes on Bataan, the finance officer sent a radiogram to Washington, listing the names, serial numbers and deposits of all personnel there. Presumably, all records and currency were destroyed. But when we release those guys from the Jap prison camps, and they come back home, their money will be waiting for them in the U. S. Treasury.

By mid-July, according to the Finance Department, there were about 200,000 accounts, with deposits averaging \$2,225,000 a month. Of these, the majority were for troops assigned to outlying stations where entertainment facilities are either self-generated or nonexistent.

YANK interviewed a number of GI depositors and found that most of them seem to think the system is plenty OK. Take Pfc. Konstanty S. Gryma, an Army cook, of Philadelphia, Pa., who is recovering from critical wounds in Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C. Gryma has been salting dough away since before Pearl Harbor, and he says he's got a damn good reason for doing it.

"There's a little restaurant on 69th Street," he says dreamily. "I've had my eye on that place for a long, long time. By the time the war's over I figure I'll have enough dough saved up in Soldiers' Deposits to buy that place."

"What then? Well, brother, I'm gonna hire three good chefs and let 'em do all the dirty work, while I keep my eye on the cash register and the lovely physique of a certain red-headed waitress who's promised to work for me. Boy, will I be cookin' with gas?"



Under new regulations, you can withdraw money any time if you are overseas.

your discharge. Under the new regulations, if you're overseas, you can withdraw any or all of your SD kitty whenever you want to. If you're stationed in the States, you can also make withdrawals, but you first have to convince your regimental or battalion commander that you really need the money. Once your CO gives his approval, you can get the cash on the spot, or as soon as he can locate a finance officer.

Now that quick withdrawals are possible, old guardhouse bankers will tell you that the Soldiers' Deposits System is about the best banking deal around, and it's immediately available to you whether you're stationed on the frozen tundra of Alaska, bivouacked in an olive grove in Sicily or basking in the sun of detached service at Miami Beach, Fla. In addition to its being a good bulwark against unforeseen emergencies, as in the case of the Texas corporal whose family needed money, it's probably the best means an ordinary dogface has of laying up a modest nest egg to help him get back on his civilian feet after the war.

The Soldiers' Deposits System has several obvious advantages over commercial savings plans.

commander and tell him you want it put in a Soldiers' Deposits account. He'll do the rest. From then on your only job is to hang on to a deposit book which he will give you, and which will contain a record of all your deposits.

There's no ceiling to the amounts you may deposit, and the money can come from any source, from your Army pay and stud-poker winnings to an inheritance from your lamented rich uncle of Kokomo, Ind. The CO asks no questions. Deposits of \$1,000 and \$2,000 are not uncommon, and it's pretty safe to say that even a zebra sergeant with the tops in fogy pay isn't getting dough like that from his Army activities alone. One guy, a tech sergeant stationed in Hawaii, deposited approximately \$800 regularly every month—always on the day after pay call, incidentally—for seven consecutive months. Then abruptly the deposits stopped. Equally abruptly the withdrawals began. Maybe he misplaced his loaded dice.

If Army pay is your only source of savings and you don't want to be bothered by cash transactions, you can indicate when you sign the pay roll that you want a certain deduction made





Dolores Moran

YANK

Pin-up  Girl

GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING STATION, ILL.—Two months ago this GI gazette started beating the drums for an All-Army baseball team. At that time we proposed that the soldiers be thrown into competition with the major leagues in a series of War Bond games. Now, we are offering, with no increase in prices, an even better idea, which is respectfully submitted to the proper authorities. Why not match an All-Army team against a Navy nine and divvy up the gate receipts between the Army and Navy Relief Societies?

If such a game ever came to pass the Navy wouldn't have to worry about assembling an All-Star team. They could reach out here to the Ninth Naval District and grab the powerful Great Lakes Training Station ball club intact. There's a saying around Great Lakes



SPORTS: THE GREAT LAKES BALL TEAM HAS A MAJOR LEAGUE LINE-UP

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

that you can throw a baseball anywhere on the station and at least two big leaguers will try to catch it. That's not stretching a point for effect, either. There are no fewer than 13 former major-league stars on the Great Lakes team and even the coach, Lt. Mickey Cochrane, is a former big-league skipper.

Lt. Cochrane is the first one to tell you that he has a crackerjack team. He believes it's far better than last year's service champions and fully capable of beating the pants off any Army All-Star team or the rival Norfolk Naval Station aggregation.

"Why, the last time we played the Cubs, Jimmy Wilson told me that we could win the National League pennant," Cochrane says triumphantly. "That is, of course, if we played in the National League. Personally, I'm an American League man. I've played in the American all my life, and I wouldn't want to end up in a minor league now."

At the last reading of the standings, the Great Lakes Bluejackets had lost only 10 games during a 33-game stretch against the majors, minors, semi-pros and service teams. And in 10 starts against big-league opposition they have won four times. For all we know this might be the best record a service baseball team has ever compiled.

Olsen Has Stopped the Cubs Twice

Take a look at the Great Lakes pitching record, for instance. Vern Olsen, the former Cub pitcher, has won seven while losing only one. Two of those victories were against his old chums, the Cubs, and that one defeat came at the hands of the Yankees. Bob Harris from the Athletics has won five and dropped two, beating the Cubs and losing to the Browns. Frank Biscan from the Browns has won four, all against minor-league and service competition. Johnny Schmitz, another former Cub, has a record

All of Lt. Cochrane's boys are experts in Navy work. Catcher George Dickey is an anti-aircraft instructor.

of two and two, trimming the Cardinals and losing to Kansas City and Cincinnati. Tom Ferrick from the Indians has been used mostly as a relief pitcher, working in 12 games and winning one and losing two.

But although the pitching is good Lt. Cochrane complains that the staff hasn't enough depth to keep up his winning record much longer. He had to use every pitcher in the house trying to stop the Yankees.

The strength for the long haul that Lt. Cochrane might lack in pitching, he should be able to find in his hitters. Eight of them are knocking well over .300 and outfielder Joe Grace from the Browns is hitting a fabulous .488 with 60 hits in 123 trips.

Other batting averages, taken at random, show first baseman Johnny Mize from the Giants with .383 and 48 spectacular runs-batted-in in 23 games (at this rate, and figuring over a regular 154-game stretch, Mize would end up with something like 240 RBIs); third baseman Carl Fiore from Scranton with .395; shortstop Ed Pellagrini from the Louisville Colonels with .328; outfielder Glenn McQuillen from the Browns with .320; second baseman Johnny Lucadello from the Browns with .309; outfielder Barney McCosky from the Tigers (recently transferred from naval aviation at Wooster College) with .244; and catcher George Dickey from the White Sox with a pale .162.

From Lt. Cochrane on down, the boys have found that service baseball is a distant cry from the luxurious big leagues. They don't ride Pullmans any more—their last trip was spent standing up in a day coach; Lt. Cochrane, too—and they don't have a hotel

telephone operator to wake them in the morning with a gentle reminder that "it's 11 o'clock, sir, and the temperature is 85 degrees." Now they hit the deck at 5 A. M. like any other sailor and put in a full day's work before they report to baseball practice.

Rigney Is Bucking for a Commission

Most of them are company commanders and the best at the station. Joe Grace, for instance, has already won seven roster flags with his boot companies for outstanding marching and expert handling of rifles. Lucadello has bagged two flags and thinks he's about ready to get his third. Harris, Pellagrini, Olsen, Biscan and Schmitz are also company commanders. George Dickey is an anti-aircraft instructor, Ferrick is a ship fitter, and Johnny Mize works at the boathouse, teaching recruits how to lower away, man and maneuver small boats.

The only guy with a soft position is Johnny Rigney, the White Sox pitcher and one of the few hold-overs from last year's team. Johnny is not playing this season because he expects his commission to come through any day now. In the meantime, he helps Lt. Cochrane in the athletic office and settles arguments in officer softball games. Last winter Johnny was a company commander, and he says himself he was a tough cookie.

"I had one company with 60 guys from Chicago in it," Johnny recalls. "They always complained how hard I was on them, and finally on the last day of their boot training they told me that after the war they were all coming out to Comiskey Park and throw rocks at me."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

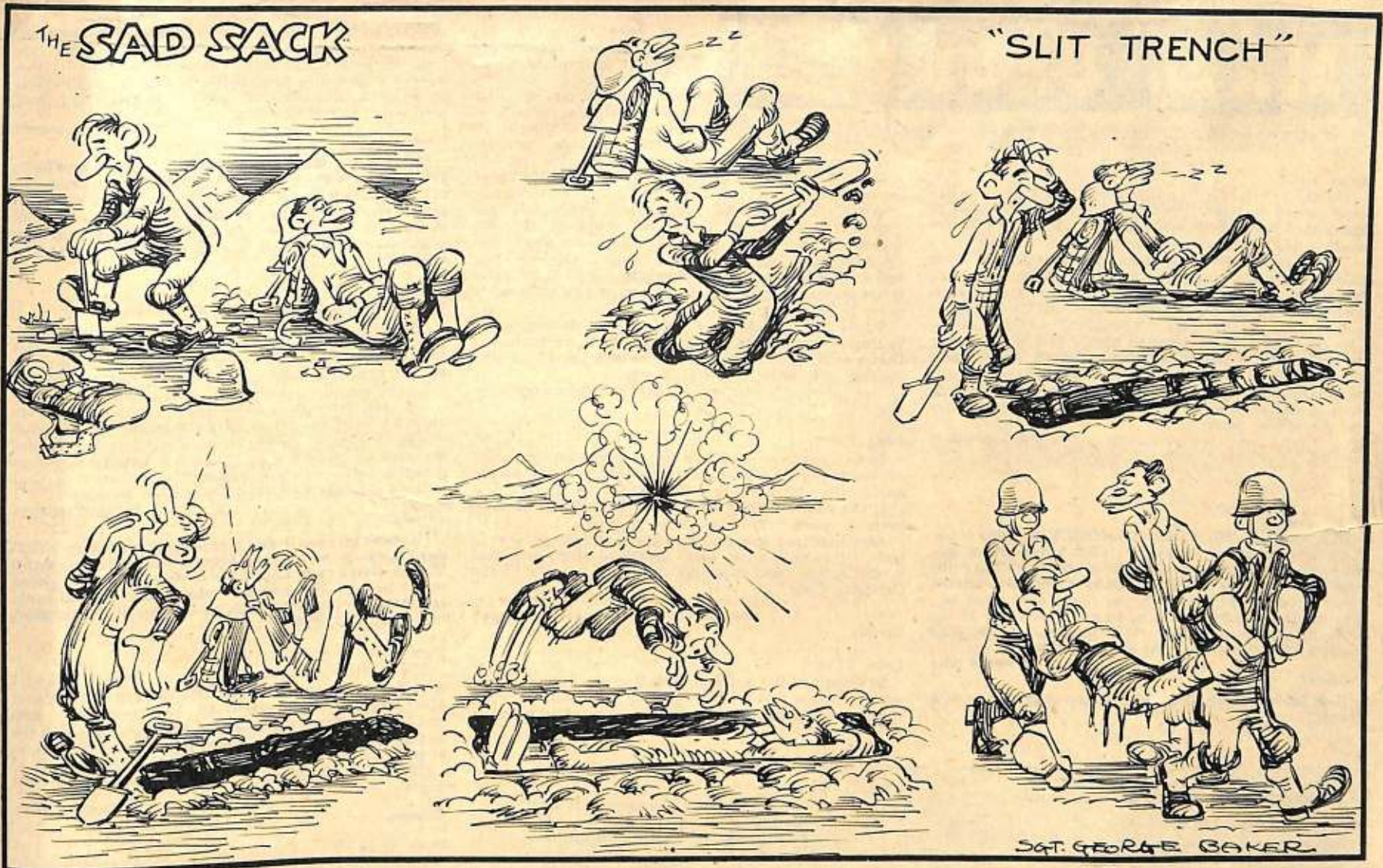
THE War Department has decided to send Sgt. Joe Louis on a tour of Army camps all over the world, and if Louis has his way he will take his old sparring partner, Sgt. George Nicholson, along. There is also a chance that Cpl. Billy Conn might meet Louis on the tour. That's one match the GIs would eat up. But the best suggestion of all comes from Joe Williams of the New York World-Telegram. He wants to see Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey of the Coast Guard in the same ring with Louis even if it's only for three 2-minute rounds and with big gloves. Williams points out that Dempsey isn't so very happy these days for personal reasons and would jump at such an assignment. . . . The

Axis radio at Belgrade, Yugoslavia, has hit on a new system of spreading propaganda to American troops. They are giving the major-league results and sneaking in propaganda between scores.

Now that the Army has rejected Vern Stephens, Frankie Hayes and George McQuinn, there's strong talk of putting the St. Louis Browns in quarantine. Stephens, by the way, was ticketed to join the Long Beach (Calif.) Ferry Command team if he had been accepted. . . . At least one Jap on Guadalcanal had a very special reason for getting himself captured. He had been trying since last October to find out who won the World Series. He was surprised when a marine told him that the Cards beat the Yankees. . . . We don't believe that even the guys in the British Eighth Army know that their big boss, Gen. Sir Harold Alexander, once won the Irish mile championship. . . . Pee Wee Reese spent his last furlough from the Norfolk Naval Station at Ebbets Field watching

the Dodgers play the Pittsburgh Pirates. When Rip Sewell started tossing one of his "arc" pitches, Pee Wee jumped up and yelled, "Lemme at him. Somebody give me a bat." Dixie Walker shut him up good and proper. "You'd have to get on a milkin' stool to hit it," Walker laughed.

The service team that may surprise everybody this fall is Lt. Ray Flaherty's Naval Battalion gang at Camp Farragut, Idaho. The line-up includes such imposing names as Ki Aldrich, Bill Young, Billy Jefferson, Bob Sweiger, Ed Justice, Jim Barber, and Urban Dodson. . . . Here's one challenge and Sweden's Gunder Haegg won't bother to accept. It comes from Pvt. David Blair, a former Dartmouth track star, who wants to run Haegg under the same conditions that he recently won mile championship at Camp Stewart, Ga. Blair ran with GI shoes, pack, rifle, fatigues and under a blistering sun of 100 degrees. His time was amazing: 6 minutes, 31 seconds.



WELL," we said, "did you spend all that money?"

"Thass what I done, awright," Artie Greengroin said. "It all went on vicious living. All thoity-sem quids."

"Are you sorry about it?" we asked.

"Naw, I ain't sorry," Artie said. "Dames is worth it."

"Well," we said, "there are a lot here to spend it on."

"There sure as hell are," Artie said. "Especially lately, if you go in for that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" we wanted to know.

"WACs," said Artie. He lit himself a big black cigar. He'd evidently laid in a few with his ill-gotten gains.

"Oh, yes," we said. "We heard there were a few arrived."

"The *Star and Stripe* was full of it," Artie said. "They even run a women's page in that rag. Some war, honess to gaw."

"Don't you like WACs?" we asked. "And while you're at it, you might offer us a cigar."

"Awright, have a cigar," said Artie. He handed us one.

"Naw, I don't like WACs. They's enough women running around the English Isle in sodjer suits without them shipping over some more from the U.S. of A."

"Think of it, though," we said. "Beautiful girls from home."

"I ain't innerested," Artie said calmly. "I'm a fan of the English goil."

"Hardly patriotic," we said.

"Lissen," Artie said. "For twenny-six years I lived in the States and during that time I knowed more dames than I would trouble to recerlect. American dolls awways give me a pain in the painer. They got no innerest in you till you get to be a moom pitcher star or a millionaire or get sued for bigamy or something. Then they come around whistling at you."

"How do you know?" we asked.

"One's been around whistling at me," said Artie simply.

"A WAC?" we asked.

"Thass right," said Artie.

"How come?" we wanted to know.

"I met her socially," said Artie. "She's hoid of me, see? She's hoid I'm a fine character, a gennul-man. I token her away from a full major, jess to see if I could. She follered me like a little lamb."

"It was your charm," we said.

"Naw, it was me notoriety," Artie said. "Back

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ARTIE AND THE GIRLS FROM HOME

in the U.S. of A., when I was jess a ordinary guy doing a ordinary job, she wouldn't of give me a second look. She'd of gone right along with the full major, who was probly in real life a busboy at Nedick's or somewhere equally aloof. But now that everybody knows ole Artie, she thinks I'm a glammer boy. She follers me. Thass the American woman for you."

"A very harsh judgment," we said with firmness.

"Aw, poop on harsh judgments," Artie said. "I'm a man as knows his own mine. Besides, I'm fed up to me ole boining ears with women in uniform."

"They're necessary to the war effort," we said.

"That don't mean nothing," Artie said. "I'm necessary to the blissid war effort, too, but sometimes I even get fed up to me ears with meself. Now, the trouble with women in uniform is that they get deluded by grandeur. They get to thinking they're foist sergeant or something. Why any woman would want to ack like a ole bassar like a foist sergeant, I don't know. But the fack remains. You put a stripe on their sleeves and, honess to gaw, you'd think they was Napoleons or something. Women can be awful grim at times."

"You're right there," we said.

"Now, in the olden days," Artie said, "wars was more romantic. They was none of this women in uniform business. Oney men was in uniforms. Knights, they was. All the women was locked up in castles and the key throwed away. So the men went out and knocked off the castles and found the key and let out the dolls and married them or something. War was all open and above the board in them days. But now what do you get? You get dames with stripes on heaving up the sugar sacks on trucks and drilling and spitting between their teeth and making out the ole sick report. The day of the company clerk is dead and, honess to gaw, I miss it."

"So do we," we said. "So do we. Some of our best friends were company clerks."

"I can unnerstand noises," Artie said. "If you got a arm full of bullets or a temperature or something a noise is a nice thing to have around the horsepital. But this women releasing clerks for fighting is another thing entirely. Them poor clerks don't want to do no fighting. They jess want to be left alone, jess like you and me. Then along comes a dame and they say to the clerk, 'O.K., Jack, grab a gun and come along,' and the dame says, 'Ta ta, ole bean,' and the guy goes out and gets himself full of C rations and kicks of with a ruptured gut. And what is the dame doing all this time? Why, she's sitting at this poor guy's old desk, doing the woik he used to do, probly spilling ink on the pay rolls and stuff like that. They jess ain't no justice in this Army. I pity them poor clerks."

"They're shaking in their shoes, all right," we said.

"So am I," said Artie. "It's jess one more step up the ladder and some dame will be driving me truck and ole Artie will be toting a machine gun over the Brenner Past. Them women is ghouls."

"Why don't you date a WAC?" we asked. "Maybe you'll change your opinion."

"I never mix business and pleasure," said Artie.

"Thass wha you loin when you're driving a hoise. Suppose you was carting a stiff to its lass repose and you got tanked up and started singing 'Frankie and Johnnie.' They'd axe you, sure as hell."

"Right," we said.

"With the English dolls in uniform, it's different," said Artie. "I put meself on a Lease-Lend basis on that score. I'm permoting Anglo-American relations, thass what I'm doing. A great life, too. How'd to-lending me a quid, ole boy?"

MAIL CALL



LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

Dear YANK:

No use to attempt to tell you how much all of us like your pieces of "art," but you might be interested to know that most of the boys turn to "Sad Sack" before reading any other part of YANK.

I used to be in a swell outfit where the fellows never pulled their rank about cutting in chow lines, etc. Naturally when I got into an outfit where this is practised, it made me "hate the guts" of the first three grades who practise this. Thought I would pass the idea on to you if you want to have "Sad Sack" ready to be helped to his chow when a bunch of 1st three graders cut in—finally pushing him back out of the messhall door, time is up for chow and the messhall door is slammed in "Sad Sack's" face. Best wishes for continued success.

Britain.

Pvt. JOE C. DONNELLY

Dear YANK:

The way this fellow Allen Churchill Y3c writes about "marked cards" you might think every other guy who sits down to play poker is a crook. I liked the articles all right and all that, but ever since you printed them nobody will play with me any more. You see, I'm naturally lucky at cards, so now every guy in my hut thinks I'm a crook. Will you please tell your readers that not every card player is a crook.

Britain.

Pfc. HAROLD COLE

[Ed. Note: Okay, pal. Not every card player is a crook.]

Dear YANK:

Recently in YANK you ran a picture of an American soldier dancing with a British girl, doing the Rip Snortin' Shuffle. The caption read, "According to all reports, British parquett didn't know what punishment was until we showed up with our sophisticated square dance."

We English girls did not have to wait until the Americans showed up before we could do the Rip Snortin' Shuffle or any other step either. We don't need Yanks to teach us, although I will admit they are helping us to improve our jitterbugging. And it certainly is not punishment for us. I think most girls thoroughly enjoy it. I do, for one.

Maybe you wonder how this type of dancing came to England before the Yanks came. Well, we have such things as films. I go to the movies only to pick up new dances. Otherwise, I detest movies.

Miss A. WIDDOWS, Women's Land Army

Britain.

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue, one Ann Layne wrote to you for an explanation of a certain cartoon—the cartoon of the couple sleeping head to foot. Your explanation was that the soldier wanted the aura of the barracks around, even on leave. Therefore head to foot.

Any man that goes home on leave and sleeps in twin beds, let alone head to foot, should be given a Section 8, discharged, and made an honorary member of the Campfire Girls.

S/Sgt. E.A.F.

AP0, USO, ETO (With Ribbon and Span Cluster)

Britain.

Dear YANK:

In regard to the letter published in the July 18 issue, written by the two Wrens, Florence and Joan, I am not running down England or the English. Far from it.

subjects he hasn't got the faintest idea about. Meaning the French language. If he would spend another year over his French dictionary, he maybe would be able to realize that his translation of "Voulez-vous me dire ou se trouve Piccadilly Circus?" wasn't exactly a very good one, mildly speaking.

T/J R. N. GRODEN

Britain.

[Ed. Note: Our French expert, one Jean-Pierre O'Toole, says that, strictly speaking, his translation of the sentence was so accurate that it made his teeth ache. His translation, in case you missed it: Will you me to speak where finds itself Piccadilly Circus. Jean-Pierre rests on his laurels, or against the trunks thereof.]

Dear YANK (or rather, Dear ARTIE GREENGROIN):

From one Pfc. to another, I can wholeheartedly sympathize with your outlook on life. I agree with you that the Pfc. is the underdog in this man's Army. A Pfc. is neither a full-blooded private nor a non-com. What is he? That beats the usual out of me.

Oh, yes, Artie, ole boy—this "we" that you are always talking to, is it someone from the orderly room or the chaplain's office? I often feel like expounding my viewpoints on this and that, but haven't any sympathetic listeners. I'm looking for a "we" to pour out my gripings to. Won't you help me out?

Britain.

Pfc. ARTIE FEINBURG

[Honest to gaw, I don't expound to nobody. That guy's awways wandering around taking things down like he didn't have nothing else to do. I got no gripes about being a Pfc, howsomever. It's a exalted rank, strickly. You got to look at it lika a philosopher, like I do. AG, PFC, AUS.]

Dear YANK:

I'm a little disappointed in your WAAC story. I thought that it would be handled differently by YANK. Stars and Stripes gave that all that glory, glory stuff and I don't believe that they should be publicized in the way it's being done. And I also wonder what that nurse is going to think when you run that letter of hers in "Mail Call" and then on the following page run that flag-waving WAAC story.

Britain.

Sgt. STEPHEN McHENRY

Dear YANK:

In reference to Pvt. Randolph McKeogh's letter in your issue of August 1, concerning Capt. James Stewart, may I offer an explanation of the picture concerned? Having been in the Army at the time and knowing Jimmy Stewart, I know the reasons behind the white shirt, the black tie and the lack of insignia.

The picture was taken in June or July, 1941, at Moffett Field, Calif. Every man was, at that time, authorized by the post commander to wear white shirts as formal dress. The black ties were authorized by Army Regulations. The only reason Stewart was not wearing insignia was that we were not issued insignia when we drew our uniforms, and the picture was taken before he had had time to secure a set. This should put Pvt. McKeogh on the right track.

Britain.

Sgt. R. C. KIRKALDIE

Dear YANK:

I am one of the guys stationed at the camp Sgt. Horner wrote about in the WAAC story. Horner is right. You never saw G.I. soldiers get so bashful all of a sudden as when the Auxiliaries moved in on us. I saw a photographer trying to take a photograph of a WAAC and a soldier holding hands. The WAAC was willing, but the guy was scared to death. The photographer finally gave up. How do you figure it?

Britain.

A WOMAN HATER

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<input type="checkbox"/> Deceased.	<input type="checkbox"/> For better address.
<input type="checkbox"/> Moved - left no address.	<input type="checkbox"/> Refused.
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BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

We're really tired of this sort of thing, and we'd rather believe it never happened—that it was just a bad dream. But here's another draft call-up that arrived a few days late. The Army's fun, ain't it, kids?

Dear YANK:

Too many of your letters say nothing. I'd never write a letter to any one unless I had something to say. That's why I'm writing you this letter, because for once in my life I found something to say.

Pvt. HENRY ORDELLO

Dear YANK:

Will you please tell your Sgt. Bill Davidson to write up Maumee, Ohio, in your "Home Towns in Wartime" page? I'm sure everybody in the ETO would like knowing about Maumee.

Pvt. CALVIN PERRY HAWTHORNE

Dear YANK:

Your pin-up gals have been all right and I thank you for them. Many times when I lay on my bunk gazing at the babe-filled walls, I breathe a prayer of thanks for the magazine that has made it all possible. Say, YANK, how about printing some pin-ups of the English females? Or hasn't England got any pinupable stuff? I'm sure there are plenty of nifty dishes over here that would make good wall material. And I'm interested. How about doing me just the one little favor?

Britain.

Pvt. JOE RENKINS

Dear YANK:

Would it be impolite for a British G.I. to voice his opinion of the YANK? It wouldn't? O.K., let's go. I think your magazine one of the finest publications to hit this country, and that's saying something. For news items, and pictures, it's hard to surpass. I know lots and lots of G.I.s who vote your mag "the top." I am Sad Sack and Artie Greengroin conscious, and I hope that they live to be a hundred years old. Carry on with the good work, folks.

Somewhere in Britain.

LtDr. DAVIES, R.A.

But the very idea of two young ladies of English birth saying that they and most of the people here disbelieve the things that American soldiers tell them is more than I can stand, even from a Wren.

In the last week I have been talking with an RAF sergeant who has just returned from the States. He had been training near New York City. If you want to hear a person rave about the States you should by all means meet this fellow. I don't think you would have the nerve to call him a liar. He raved on about New York and other places for fully an hour. If we're going to inoculate the English like that, Florence and Joan aren't going to have a leg to stand on.

Pvt. G.F.P.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

If you have any space, you might insert this. I should like to have it read by the little Wrens, Florence and Joan, hoping that perhaps it may provide food for thought and their education along more liberal lines.

Their remarks are, to say the least, silly and mischievous and should be squashed every line. I hope you have received many letters expressing the same sentiments on the matter as I have.

If I could only express to you what is in my heart towards the American soldiers who are within our gates, you could then judge how indignant I feel towards two ignorant little girls.

The best of luck to you.

Miss FLORENCE M. TATE

Northern Ireland.

Dear YANK:

Your article in the July 18 issue, describing some of us trying to pick up some French, was interesting—quite interesting indeed. The fellow who wrote it must be really exceptionally smart, being able to write on all

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YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown. Art Editor, Sgt. Charles Brand. Art Associates, Sgt. John Scott; Cpl. Joe Cunningham. Editorial Darry; Sgt. Ben Frazier; Sgt. Denton Scott; Sgt. Steve Durbin L. Horner. Production, Sgt. Louis McFadden. Business Manager, Cpl. Tom Fleming. Officer in Charge, Major Desmond H. O'Connell. Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Arter. Address: Printing House Square, London.

New York Office:
Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weichas; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hoffeller. Officer-in-Charge, Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Editor: Major Harzell Spence.

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The PHENOMENON that is WORLD WAR II

FOR as long as mankind has fought wars, there have been certain patterns of behavior which have been followed as inexorably as the law which decrees that if you do not beat the hell out of the enemy, then the enemy is going to beat the hell out of you.

These patterns, in a general way and with some exceptions, have provided that in order to beat hell out of the enemy, one must:—

1. Become bigoted; close mind and eyes to everything which does not reflect actual problems of war.
2. Become chauvinistic; inspire a nationalism so fierce and so narrow that it most often approaches fanaticism, as in Nazis and Japanese.

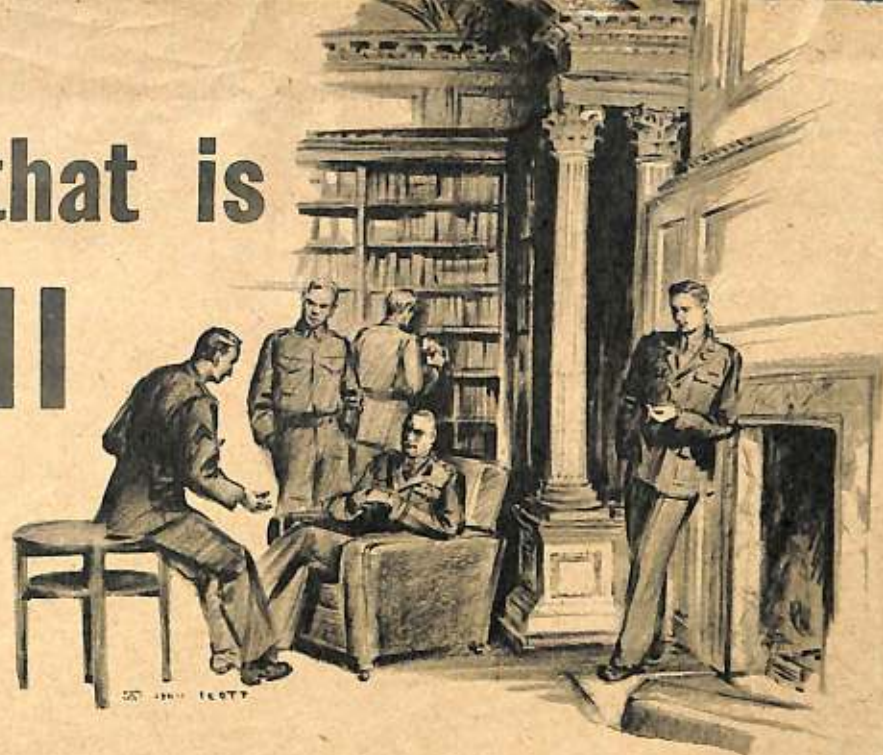
Wars have produced great leaders who did not fall prey to these precepts, which is why they were great leaders. In American history, Abraham Lincoln is one notable example; George Washington, of course, another; so was Woodrow Wilson.

But despite the vision of these great leaders, the bulk of humanity involved in any war has more often than not been guided by intolerance, temporary lack of vision and narrow-mindedness. Even the noblest causes and the greatest crusades have been motivated by this reverse mass-psychology.

Unfortunately, intolerance and bigotry are subtle things, particularly when they are directed against an enemy on the other side and against no one in your own midst.

In the midst of war, these qualities are not very apparent, but after a war when the general outlook has been cast in a matrix of bigotry and intolerance, then terrific periods of moral and social and economic reaction set in. These periods generally spawn other wars. To date, it has been a rather tiring and endless process. We have only to look at American history after the First World War to find a shining example just a generation behind us.

At the new Churchill Club, in the very shrine of England's great, where American soldiers—from general to private—will gather for discussion in the interests of international goodwill and better understanding.



In World War I, we went overseas, did some fighting, told the world how noble we had been to do it, and then packed up the world's troubles in an old kit bag which we left on the Continent, and said good-bye everybody, and retired to the farm, more or less. The rest is history.

We had made friends in France—of the French and of the British. We had made those friendships in the heat of an emotional struggle, and we forgot about those friendships, too.

But now, right here in the ETO, one of the greatest phenomena in the entire history of war is taking place right in front of our well-shined buttons.

IN the midst of the greatest of all wars, we are beginning, for the first time, to build the foundations for peace, are casting aside the traditional prejudices and false emotions, the traditional American scepticism for anything that is not American and becoming a part of the world, having realized that 3,000 miles of good, green ocean cannot separate us from enemies in war or neighbors in peace.

We are in the midst now of one of the greatest periods of advancement in democratic thinking and democratic ways in the history of liberal thought.

It has come about, also, in a strange and rather mysterious fashion, and it revolves around—of all things—the oldest of all democratic and humanitarian traditions: the Forum. It is merely an extension of the American cracker barrel, or the English Parliament, or the Ancient Greek Ideal. But that is precisely it.

Here in England, among strangers, who are yet neighbors and next of kin by common heritage, we have come to fight and help to pave the way for a brave new world. The democratic process of free thought and free discussion is everywhere. You see it in trains and in English homes where American soldiers gather as guests. You see it in clubs and in restaurants; a mutual interchange of ideas.

It has not detracted from the war effort. It has aided it, giving us a much better conception of what we are fighting for.

This month, one of the greatest tangible manifestations of this new awareness, this new hope, will be unveiled to the world. In the midst of Westminster, close by the walls of the Abbey itself, in a house honored and revered in English history for more than 600 years, a new club is opening for

American and Allied soldiers, quite unlike any other club in existence.

Where other clubs have been devoted primarily to relaxation and entertainment, this will be devoted to both of these—but also to free discussion. Of war itself, of economics, politics, art, science and philosophy.

It will be housed in historic Ashburnham House, where, almost 600 years ago, the monks found sanctuary and peace and time for contemplation. The house itself is one of Britain's most famous, a mellow blending of the architecture of centuries into a fabulously beautiful and historic house, through whose portals have passed England's great—Swift and Pepys, Burgoyne and countless others. Some attended school here, for Ashburnham House was a part of Westminster School, the second oldest public school in all of England.

Next to Ashburnham House stands the gaunt, charred skeleton of the school chapel, where monks were living by the precepts of man's humanitarian instincts when America was still an Italian family name.

The chapel was destroyed during this war—a flaming target for the same intolerance, the same bigotry and chauvinism which we are overcoming, but by which the Germans have motivated their war machine and built it on fear and hatred.

Here, in libraries which have housed the Magna Charta, in rooms where Pepys sat and practised his wit, where as children England's great have learned their Latin declensions, discussion groups are beginning this month.

England's present great—its scientists, its poets, its artists, editors, educators, parliamentarians and political leaders—will be there with the American forces, to talk, mingle and discuss, and express their views, and American forces, on the other hand, will do likewise.

PRIVATES of the line, generals and field marshals will sit at the same supper tables to discuss, under the guiding principles of democracy, the problems of the world today and the prospects for a better one. Rank, quite democratically, will not be a question of stars or stripes or bars, but of a man's own democratic worth and his intellectual ability. Here, they are to meet on the common ground of ideals and hopes for a better world.

Our own generals, Devers and Lee, who have aided in the plans for the club's establishment, have been helped to organize the club on this basis of democracy of rank. To their understanding and concept of democracy, all the thousands who enjoy the facilities of the club—its discussion table and its library—owe a great debt.

Most appropriately, Ashburnham House—host to England's greatest—will be known as The Churchill Club now for the duration.

And it is a fitting tribute to the man who, for the long, dark months when England stood alone, inspired the world by his vision and leadership and his great integrity and his unshakable belief, even in the times of greatest travail, in the ideals of humanitarianism and free thought.

It is also possibly the highest honor and tribute that England could pay to the men who wear our uniform.

To look at it from our own angle, it is more or less as if we were to turn Mount Vernon or Monticello over to our Allies for their use during the war—perhaps afterwards.



THE NEW

Airborne Brigades



Seven combat soldiers, cross section of a new Army combat team, being trained at Alliance, Nebr., using lessons of African battle experience. L. to r.: 1st Sgt. H. M. Longworth, airborne engineer; 1st Sgt. James W. Hicks, transport-plane

ground crew; Cpl. John B. Hightower, airborne chemical-warfare section; Lt. Alice Lockhart, flight nurse; 1st Sgt. Sandy E. Pipolo, paratrooper; 1st Sgt. Leonard Lewis, crew chief; and Cpl. Edgar L. Hudson, glider infantryman.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

ALLIANCE, NEBR.—The new American airborne troops which struck the first decisive blow in the invasion of Sicily are an army without clerks.

There isn't a single technician third grade who specializes in cutting mimeographed orders among these hard-hitting flying combat teams, which are modeled after the streamlined structure of the experimental First Airborne Brigade now training here at the Alliance Air Base. Every man is first of all a fighter. Even the supplies are handled by infantrymen with guns on their shoulders.

The airborne troops in the first wave of the Sicilian invasion had been bruised, kneaded and beaten into very tough customers in the training instituted after the Tunisian campaign. When they landed on the Italian island, hours before the principal assault, the Axis coastal defenses and airfields were jabbed silly even before we started to wind up and throw our amphibious Sunday punch.

If the airborne outfits in the Mediterranean followed the latest approved invasion methods, this

Before the attack on Sicily, the Army's flying invasion teams were completely streamlined into smaller and faster striking units with none of the customary non-combatant clerks and administrative equipment.

is how their attack on Sicily probably developed: In the first wave came the paratroopers—tough, well-conditioned, armed to the teeth. Great clouds of C-47 transport planes roared in over the Sicilian coast, and the paratroopers spilled out into the misty darkness, landing before the enemy could get his ack-ack firing. A brief struggle on the ground—machine guns, tommy guns, knives and fists—and the enemy began to fall back. Then came the gliders—part of the first wave, too. They dropped silently onto every flat patch of terrain. Out of them poured infantry to reinforce the paratroopers, engineers to repair the airfields for the C-47s to land when they came back, chemical-warfare men to guard against possible gas attack. A few minutes later the primary objectives were won.

In the second wave the same C-47s returned, loaded to capacity with groceries, heavier equipment and ammunition. Sitting on top of the groceries were flight nurses. The nurses immediately superintended the loading of wounded into the still-emptying planes. Back went the planes again.

The third wave was a repetition of the first. The C-47s brought more paratroopers, more glider infantry and glider artillery—if on the last trip the CO indicated that artillery was needed to consolidate the position. The planes went back without landing.

The fourth wave was a repetition of the second. The planes returned with more groceries, more equipment and ammunition, and flight nurses for another evacuation of the wounded.

And so it went until whole brigades had been landed and were ready to move overland as regular combat units to attack the enemy coastal defenses in the rear during our landings from the sea. According to eyewitnesses, they did a superlative job, silencing one battery after another and even, in one case, fighting off an old-fashioned cavalry charge with their tommy guns. "So skillfully was their part of the general plan carried out," wrote Drew Middleton of the *New York Times*, "that without them it is doubtful if the invasion of Sicily would have opened with such success."

THE entire concept of airborne warfare has changed. In North Africa, when they tried to move an airborne division (with the same structure as an ordinary ground combat division), they found that they just didn't have room enough for the great mass of overhead and administrative men. In the new brigade set-up, all of these overhead and administrative elements have been eliminated. Only combat troops remain—paratroopers and glider infantry and a tiny interchangeable headquarters staff. Even the artillery and engineer battalions are merely attached, to simplify the paper work. But these specialists are always available and with the Signal Corps and QM companies, they can be called upon and rushed into action by air at any time. There are no noncombatants in the Airborne Brigade itself. Thus it is truly an army without clerks.

"Space is our most precious commodity," says Brig. Gen. Leo Donovan, commander of the First Airborne Brigade and originator of much of the current airborne theory at the Command and General Staff School. "To eliminate the old top-heavy airborne division, we had to develop a special highly mobile, highly trained striking force for action anywhere in the world. The result was this tremendously flexible organization whereby, when necessary, the commanding general can add separate battalions and regiments before and after landing, and increase his combat strength up to a full division—without the surplus baggage of noncombatant personnel."

Thus the aerial combat team was evolved. It is a first cousin of the ground combat team, which became the basis of the once-revolutionary triangular division.

New training had to accompany the reorganization. North Africa proved that our troops were not in good enough physical condition before leaving the U. S. or that they lost it soon after they arrived in the combat zone. Many men

drowned, for instance, because after a few hours in the water they simply did not have the strength to pull themselves onto life rafts or rescue boats. Of a six-man squad of paratroops dumped out on a sabotage mission at Sfax, 150 miles from the American lines at Kasserine Pass, only one, 17-year-old Pvt. John Underhill, got back. He had a wonderful time, hand-grenading and shooting up Italian patrols, and wandering through the hills for 20 days. The others were captured when they collapsed of exhaustion.

"I made it," said Underhill, "because I used to run cross country."

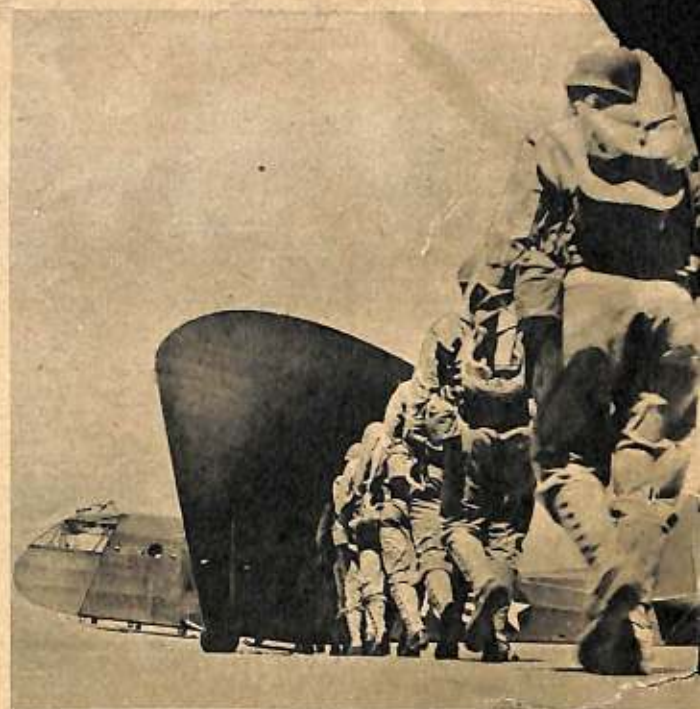
Now the airborne outfits' training has been mercilessly tripled. They tackle rugged close-combat courses, replete with gore, sharpshooters and mines. They run at least five miles a day. And they must be able to do 50 consecutive push-ups. The old requirement was 10. Half of their training is at night now and consists of 2- or 3-day problems. The old 8-to-4:30 day is out for the duration.

Small units of airborne troops are sent out alone on mock reconnaissance and sabotage missions. They are required to get to and from their objectives as best they can. Here around Alliance this has become a great trial for the peaceful citizenry. All of a sudden, for instance, a platoon of paratroopers will show up at Chadron, 100 miles away, and proceed to "blow up" the railroad bridge, powerhouse, waterworks and telephone company with wooden blocks of TNT. To designate "destroyed" objectives, the "saboteurs" paint signs all over the place to prove they were there. This scares hell out of the populace, especially when the "demolition" takes place at night. One rancher phoned frantically for the police, insisting that a Gestapo man was hiding under his front porch. A paratrooper had playfully marked his "destroyed" barn with a swastika.

When the airborne soldiers get off duty here in Alliance, ordinary MPs are not sufficient to hold them in check. Special tommy-gun-toting CPs (chute police) have to be selected from their own ranks to patrol the town.

The extremely young officers are just as rugged. Twenty-seven-year-old Lt. Col. Jack Cornett, in charge of plans and training, has made 31 parachute jumps. Col. Edson Raff and 26-year-old Maj. Ben (Red) Pearson, both great athletes at West Point, have already topped the 60 mark. Unlike the vaunted German paratroop officers, they leave the plane first.

As one Italian colonel put it after surrendering to an airborne unit at Licata in Sicily, "How can one fight against them? They are nothing but civilized gangsters."



Heavy with guts, they march into a fat 15-man glider and prepare for a tow and a tough jolting landing wherein the belly figures prominently.



Once inside, they bristle with guns but not with talk. Their mission is a silent and deadly one and they ride through the sky with the greatest of ease—and efficiency.



The glider doesn't always land with grace and gentleness, and the glider man hardly ever climbs carefully out. He comes crashing out with gun ready and body on the ground.



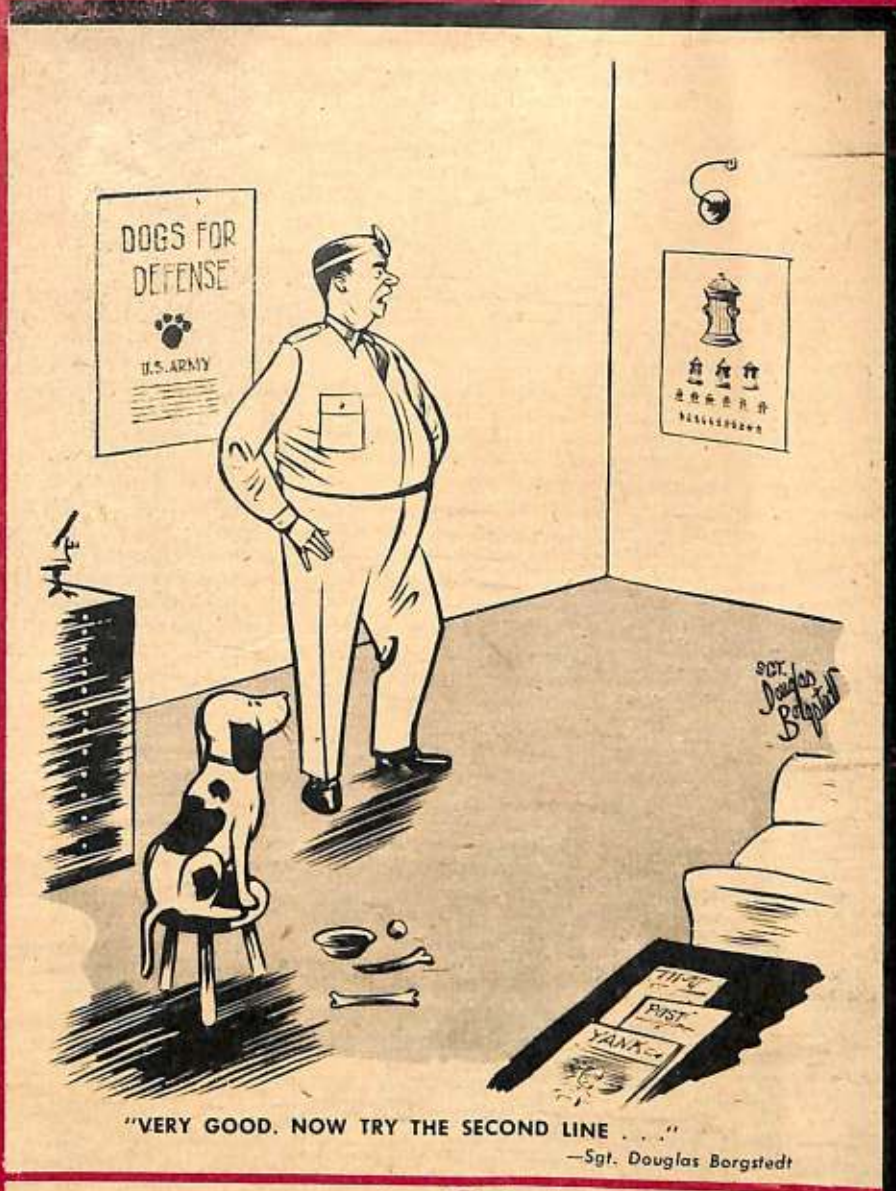
Looking like recalcitrant geese breaking from formation, the gliders peel off from the power plane tow and float off on the power of their wings.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



—Cpl. Joe Cunningham, England



"VERY GOOD. NOW TRY THE SECOND LINE . . ."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



—Sgt. Frank Brandt



"QUIT FOLLOWING ME AROUND WITH THAT SILLY LOOK ON YOUR FACE."
—Pte. Phil Interlandi, ARTC, Camp Robinson, Ark.



"HE'S BEEN WITH US EVER SINCE WE LEFT ENGLAND."
—Sgt. Sydney Landi, AAC, Richmond, Va.