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



ARC DE TRIOMPHE
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PARIS IS FREED—Story and Pictures by YANK Staffmen

—Pages 5 to 10



This is a story of some Maquis, typical of thousands of Frenchmen who never surrendered the cross of Lorraine to the conquering Nazis. Now, with small arms and unlimited daring, they are crippling German convoys, mopping up snipers, and generally smoothing the way for the Allied push-through to Berlin.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

B RITTANY—The French Forces of the Interior, better known as the FFI or as the "Maquis" (from the bush country in which they formerly hid and operated), are not a collection of ragged, futile, hit-and-run guerillas led by characters resembling Errol Flynn. Once you get beyond the borders of staid, hide-bound Normandy, they are a surprisingly well-disciplined military organization, with divisions, regiments, battalions, officers, EMs, rifles, tommyguns, mortars, pack artillery, a few tanks, and a tremendous resolve to re-establish their homeland

among the free and respected peoples of the world. So efficient have the Maquis proved themselves thus far in this campaign that their relationship to the United States Army in France has become comparable to the relationship existing between the organized Russian guerilla forces and the Red Army.

When General Patton's Third Army erupted into Brittany, strange things began to happen. An American armored division took off from the town of Loudeac, in the base of the Brest peninsula. Twenty-four hours later, the division had advanced 96 miles to the outskirts of Brest. This was beyond doubt one of the greatest single day's advances in military history. In the process of that advance, the division was able to ignore all the principles of warfare. The tanks could slice through without bothering to mop up behind them. For the Maquis at this point were having their own little D-Day. They took off with their rifles and sten guns and mortars, and marched out to attack the Germans in woods and garrisons all over the peninsula. According to the general plan of operation, that was their job. They did it well, freeing two or three American divisions to fight elsewhere.

The same thing happened when we struck out to Nantes and Lorient and Chartres. Practically by themselves, the Maquis liberated the cities of Morlaix, Sable, and Quimper, and the sizeable port of Saint Brieuc. When we rode into Chartres and Vannes, the Maquis were waiting to hand over the cities to us, together with what was left of the German garrisons there. In both places, the Maquis had fought pitched battles with the Germans for

days before our arrival.

After our breakneck push to Brest, the supply route to the Task Force attacking the city ran through what Corps Headquarters called "Indian country." Three times a day, during a period when everything depended on them, truck convoys pounded up the highway, protected by tanks and armored cars. There were so many roving bands of Germans loose in the area that it was like running a stage-coach line through Arizona in the old days when the Apaches were on the warpath. The Maquis kept the road open during this hectic, all-important period. They screened out on both sides of the road and liquidated the German bands whenever they could find them. As you drove along the road you could see them leaning on their rifles, grinning, waving, and passing out captured lugers and mausers to the GIs. It was the same when we began to supply our armies over the railroad running from Brest to Le Mans.

THE Maquis are mostly young, tough-looking guys between the ages of 17 and 25. It now develops that nearly all the youth of Brittany has been enrolled in the organization for some time. Many of the members ran away to Brittany's wild woodlands when the Germans tried to conscript them into labor battalions. Others continued to live in the cities, going about their business by day and slipping out at night to drill or to slit a few German throats or maybe to blow a bridge. They all still wear civilian clothes—many of them the jaunty French berets—and on their right arm they sport a red,

Maquis Make Good Allies



white, and blue brassard, with their insignia of rank in the form of chevrons or little gold bars. The insignia are exactly the same as those of the regular French Army.

You see the Maquis everywhere in Brittany, with German mausers, American M1s, or British sten guns slung over their shoulders. I was having lunch in a restaurant in Rennes, just after we took the city, when five of the Maquis walked in. In a matter-of-fact way, they hung their rifles up on the hat-racks together with their berets, and sat down to have lunch with their wives, who had been waiting for them. One of the Maquis was wearing a torn shirt and his arm was bloody. I found out later that these men had fought a bitter action that morning against a dozen Germans at a farm outside the city. They had killed or captured all twelve. They ate their lunch and discussed domestic matters with their wives. Then, without saying a word, they picked up their berets and rifles, left the restaurant, climbed into a captured German staff car now marked with the Cross of Lorraine, and took off to fight another little battle in a nearby gully before dinner.

So many Germans were still roving the vicinity of this area when some Ninth Air Force engineers arrived to build a fighter strip that the GIs who made up the outfit soon decided they might just as well have been behind enemy lines. However, a company of Maquis went out to meet the Americans shortly after they arrived, threw a cordon around the field, and furnished the engineers the protection they needed while the strip was being built. When the Americans took over an airport, a number of

GIs discovered a barber shop on the premises and dropped in for a haircut. They were sitting around trying to read some old French magazines when the place was suddenly surrounded by Maquis. The Maquis infiltrated into the shop, arrested the barber, and dragged a Nazi soldier out of the cellar where he had been hiding and lying in wait, armed with machine pistols, grenades, and demolition charges.

THE Germans maintain that the Maquis are *franc-tireurs*. However, according to Lt. Col. Herbert Hauge, of Des Moines, Ia., the assistant G2 of the Corps operating in the Brittany peninsula, the Maquis have turned over a substantial number of Nazi prisoners to our MPs. It is now standard operating procedure for onrushing Allied armored columns to give all prisoners to the Maquis for transmission back to the PW collecting points. The Germans are justifiably scared of the Maquis. They are known to have starved in untenable positions for days, waiting to surrender to U.S. forces, rather than give themselves up to the French.

Major Ralph Johnson, of Centralia, Ill., was riding up the highway to Brest one day, delivering four light tanks to a tank-destroyer unit taking part in the siege of the port. The tanks had no gunners or ammunition in them. They were just rolling along with only a driver in each vehicle. Suddenly, the major was flagged down by a handful of Maquis along the road. "Pardon, Monsieur Major," they said, "but we have a group of Boche trapped in the woods over there. They want to surrender. But they won't surrender to us."

"But my tanks are unarmed," protested the major.

"That's nothing," said the Maquis. "Just ride up there and see what happens."

Johnson was a little skeptical, but he nevertheless lined up his unarmed tanks and tore up to the woods very fast to kick up a lot of dust and make the Germans think a whole armored column had arrived. The minute the first tank appeared, Germans began streaming out of the woods. Their hands were up and they were waving sheets, tablecloths, underwear—anything white they had been able to find.

"Thank God you've come," they said.

In all 140 Germans came pouring out of the woods and cowered away from the Maquis under the protection of the U.S. tanks' unusable guns.

Shortly after the Third Army had captured Rennes, I went into the city with two other correspondents. We negotiated for two days there and finally arranged an interview with the Commandant of the Maquis in the area, a mysterious character known to his followers only as Cluni. This is frankly a pseudonym, which he adopted in 1940, much as Tito of Yugoslavia chose his name.

We arranged to meet Cluni one evening in a charming restaurant on the ground floor of a modern little hotel on one of Rennes' back streets. This restaurant has been the meeting place of the Maquis for three years, even though until recently the Germans occupied all the rest of the hotel as a Headquarters. The restaurant has quaint mirrors, tablecloths, argumentative waitresses, and all the other

French trappings.

At 9 p.m., Cluni came in with some of his staff. The others sat down at a table near the door. (Rennes had not yet been cleared of snipers and isolated German patrols.) Cluni walked directly over to us. He is a medium-built, thin-faced man of 36. His black hair grows loosely back on his head and his black eyes have a habit of darting about. He was pale and looked tired. He wore a crumpled blue suit and a maroon tie, slightly askew. On his arm was the FFI brassard with the gold bars of a full colonel. On the third finger of his left hand he wore a plain wedding ring, with which he played constantly.

A young Maquis lieutenant came over, stopped at attention, and saluted. The two conversed briefly, after which the lieutenant saluted again and marched smartly away. Cluni apologized. Then, in French, with the accent of the southern industrial part of the country, he told us something about himself and the organization.

Cluni had been a worker before the war, that's all we could get out of him. He obviously came from a family of some consequence, however, because after the German occupation, his father and brother were taken hostage when a German soldier was killed. They were shot. The Nazis came for Cluni, too, the next day, but he had slipped away to the woods. When, weeks later, he slipped back, his wife and four little children were gone without a trace. That's when Cluni became a Maquis in earnest. He has not seen his family since.

At first, after the defeat in 1940, the French were too stunned to form a serious resistance movement. Then, toward the end of that year, the Maquis began to gather strength. They received weapons and instructions from the British. Whatever else they needed they took from the Germans. This phase of the career of the Maquis was much as Hollywood might portray it. They lived in woods, lost thousands of men, and when they were captured they suffered cruelly at the hands of the Gestapo, the Vichy police, and the French militia of Fernand Dernand. Their principal job was keeping the Brest-Paris railroad cut, which they did for three years. The German supply trains had only 12 days of free passage in all that time. The Maquis also had

another job to concentrate on during this period. Cluni carries in his pocket a letter from General Patton's office, commending him for the maps of the coast and descriptions and locations of enemy installations in the peninsula which he submitted to us before our arrival.

One week before D-Day, the Maquis were alerted by radio. Then began a strange exodus. Young



men and boys, who seemed to be peaceful citizens of Brittany towns, suddenly left their homes and disappeared into the woods. All week the mobilization went on. The loose organization of saboteurs became an Army. They maneuvered and received new weapons. By D-Day they were ready.

The first big job came at the Forest of Maletroit,

where the Germans had concentrated the elements of a division. On D-Plus-2, the division began the move out of the forest up to the beaches of Normandy. It never got there. Before it left the forest, it was attacked by a force of 3,000 Maquis under Cluni's command. A fierce bitter battle developed and raged for days. When it was over, those of the enemy who had not escaped to the south had been killed or captured. None of them reached the battle area.

A few days later, the same thing happened at the Forest of Ligniers, where Cluni lost 17 of his finest young men. Pitched battles were fought all over the peninsula. Small detachments concentrated on knocking out staff cars and motorcycle dispatch riders. Larger units attacked convoys and garrisons. One German convoy of 30 trucks loaded with ammunition left Mayenne for the Saint Lys sector. Before it had travelled 20 kilometers, it had been attacked seven times. Every vehicle was destroyed.

Often the Maquis were not so lucky. Sometimes they had to attack with only 50 rifles for 100 men. The others carried dynamite and seized the rifles of their comrades as they fell. Once they attacked Gestapo headquarters in a chateau near Mayenne. The attack was unsuccessful and 14 of the Maquis were captured. Five out of the 14 knew many Maquis secrets, including the names and addresses of the leaders, and the Gestapo took them to the mediaeval catacombs of the chateau for interrogation. The five men were questioned for 48 hours, and not one of them talked.

"We later captured the Gestapo men responsible for this," said Cluni quietly.

He got up to go. "Things are immeasurably better since you arrived," he said. "This mopping-up work is made to order for us. It is merely the eradication of roving groups of bandits. For the Germans hiding now in our woods and fields can no longer be classified as soldiers. I am glad we are doing this, for it frees your great army for the principal task of destroying that part of the Boche forces which still can be considered an Army."

He toasted us with the last drop of wine remaining in his glass.

"Long live the forces of righteousness," he said.

5 MORE DIVISIONS IN FRANCE ARE IDENTIFIED

FURTHER lifting the veil of secrecy imposed upon units fighting in France, the War Department has disclosed the identities of five more American divisions engaged across the Channel in the march toward Berlin. Off the "security list" now are the Second, Third, Fourth, and Sixth Armored Divisions and the Eighth Motorized Division. Previously announced were the First, Second, Ninth, Thirtieth, Twenty-ninth, Fourth, Seventy-ninth and Ninetieth Infantry Divisions and the Eighty-second and 101st Airborne Divisions.

The Second Armored, or "Hell on Wheels" Division, veteran of two amphibious landings previous to France, came into existence at Fort Benning, Ga., on July 15, 1940, less than a month after the fall of France. Crack officers and men who formed the original three regiments of the Second were drawn from the 66th Infantry, the nation's only tank regiment in 1940.

Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., then a brigadier general, became Division Commander in September, 1940, and some reorganization was effected before the division began dress rehearsals for invasion. In September the tanks of the Second were chosen as part of the Western Task Force under Gen. Patton, with the mission of capturing Casablanca and French Morocco. A force from the troopships had plunged to within 50 miles of Casablanca when word came that hostilities had ceased. There was another successful but hard-fought landing at Port Lyautey. Intensive training and the tactical mission of guarding the French Moroccan border occupied the division throughout the winter. The Second Armored struck at the enemy again on July 9, 1943. This was the invasion of Sicily, when the division's troops landed at 1800. The two Combat Commands of the division assembled on July 18 in the area of Campobello. Three days later the division attacked Palermo and advanced units entered the city the next day. The Second Armored remained near Palermo during August, September, and October and finally embarked for England in November, 1943. On June 13, 1944, the Second

Armored Division stopped cold an enemy push to split the Allied beachhead. The boys took it from there.

A potent factor in the U.S. breakthrough in Normandy, the Third Armored was activated in April, 1941, at Camp Beauregard, La. Its strength consisted of men and officers drawn from the Second Armored Division, but these moved to Camp Polk, La., to receive selectees. A cadre loss and releases under the 28-year-old law depleted the division and it was reorganized on January 1, 1942. In the spring of 1942, the Third gave its time to training the Seventh Armored Division, a direct offspring of the former outfit. By mid-July the division was on maneuvers at the Desert Training Center in California. From February until April, 1943, the Third went through a battle-inoculation course and did so well that the late Lt. Gen. Leslie J. McNair pronounced the division ready to "fight as soon as it gets off the boat." Units of the Third arrived in England during September, 1943, and the next February Special Troop Attachments came for the final training period. In France today the Third is living up to its motto: "Always Dependable."

Pine Camp, N.Y., was the first stamping ground of the Fourth Armored. The division was activated there on October 15, 1941, eight weeks before the United States declared war, and immediately launched intensive training. Eleven months later, the Fourth participated in the Tennessee maneuvers. At the conclusion of mountain training in November, 1942, the division moved to California for tough desert training in February and March, 1943. From there the Fourth went to Camp Bowie, Texas, and its hardened troops were a familiar sight in Brownwood until the outfit was alerted for overseas shipment on Armistice Day, 1943. The division, whose personnel come from all states of the Union, arrived at its training area in Great Britain on January 10, 1944. Major Gen.

John S. Wood is now in command of the Fourth as it plunges deeper into Fortress Europe.

Following its activation at Fort Knox, Ky., on February 5, 1942, the Sixth Armored spent its first anniversary on desert maneuvers in California. Its second anniversary was celebrated at sea as a fully trained fighting unit ready for combat with the Nazi Panzers. The Sixth has moved fast ever since its inception, striking out for Camp Chaffee, Ark., with full strength by the end of April, 1942. After a three-day combat maneuver problem in the Magazine Mountains, the Sixth left Chaffee for Louisiana maneuvers. Less than a month after that, the division headed for five months of desert training in California. Next, the Sixth Armored transferred its permanent station to Camp Cooke, Calif., where it engaged in problems designed to coordinate and strengthen the fire power of all weapons and units. In late January, 1944, elements of the Sixth started moving east and by the end of February, the division had resumed training in England with other units in preparation for the invasion. Maj. Gen. Robert W. Grow heads the organization in France today.

The original Eighth Division started in January, 1918, at Camp Fremont, Calif., and was en route to France when the Armistice ended World War No. 1. The division was disbanded in February, 1919, and was reconstituted in March, 1923, as an inactive unit. The War of Liberation called for reactivation of the Eighth at Fort Jackson, S.C., on June 29, 1940, and it was changed from an infantry to a motorized division in April, 1942. Before that, however, the division had gone through the Carolina maneuvers and served on the Atlantic coastal patrol, from Florida to North Carolina, in the winter of 1941-1942. In November, 1942, the Eighth switched camp to Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., where it remained until shipment to the ETO. Five generals have been in command since the Eighth's activation, and the present commander is Brig. Gen. Donald H. Stroh.

THE FREEDING of PARIS

Two YANK men rode into Paris behind the first tank of the Second French Armored Division, following the story of the city's liberation in their commandeered German jeep. Here is a picture of Paris and the reaction of Parisians to their first breath of free air in four years.

By Pvt. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARIS—The French GI has come home to the center of his world over a long and bloody route whose mileposts were marked by the names of the cities and villages written on the tanks in which he crashed through the German defenses between Arpajon and the Porte d'Orleans, the eastern gateway to Paris.

Riding with three others in a captured German Volkswagen which sported a new coat of GI paint, I entered the city behind the men in the first tanks of Gen. Jacques Leclerc's 2nd French Armored Division, after watching these veterans of the long march northward from Lake Chad to the Mediterranean cut a path through German armor and artillery that sought to keep them from their capital. The four of us saw the first tank of the division reach the first barricade inside Paris, and we saw the willing hands of eager Frenchmen and women tearing away the branches of trees and the paving-blocks with which they had built a barrier against the German armor that still roamed the streets of the city.

We followed the fighting from the first shell fired by the French liberators at a German barricade and went on in with them to the center of the city. We watched the battle of the rooftops against the elusive collaborationist outfit called the Milice Française and saw the men of the French Forces of the Interior slowly but surely winning it. We saw some citizens of France take their revenge against other citizens of France who had betrayed their country.

Together with YANK photographer Sgt. Reg Kenny, I had spent a week wandering about the area just outside Paris, part of the time with an American armored division which was skirting the city to the south and part of the time alone, traveling in our Volkswagen from whose hood flew a home-made American flag given to us by a French woman in a little village which the two of us "liberated" by driving up and stopping in the market-place. Then just before the advance on Paris, we joined the French division a short distance east of Arpajon, taking along with us a French journalist named René Andre and a French lad named Gil.

Driving through the village of Longjumeau, we passed a long line of tanks and halftracks and jeeps, some of them manned by Spahis in their brick-red service caps. The Spahis scorn the use of the helmet, or "casque," except when the fighting is heaviest.

Near Le Petit Chilly, where there was a halt to clear the enemy out of some adjacent fields and barns, we saw a line of the newest American Sher-

mans, manned by the French, speeding across the flat French countryside toward a clump of trees from which German artillery had been shelling the road. From a vantage point on top of a hill, we watched a brief but bitter duel which ended with the rounding up of a handful of prisoners. Almost at our feet lay the body of a German, and near us some villagers gathered excitedly to talk to the first French soldiers they had seen in four years.

There we met a French sergeant, a Parisian who had fought with Leclerc's small army in Africa. The sergeant, a Jew, had escaped from France in 1942 just after the Americans had invaded North Africa. He had been interned for seven months in Franco's Spain, along with several thousand other Europeans of every nationality who were seeking to cross through Spain to join in the struggle then going on in Africa. Sixty per cent of the members of the sergeant's company were men who had escaped the same way from France. They had got out of Spain's concentration camps in time to take part in the closing phases of the African campaign.

A little further up the road we came on a group of olive-skinned soldiers, speaking Spanish. They

down while the shells thundered to the earth on both sides of us, beating the breath from our lungs. After that, we went back about 100 yards and waited, but no more shells came. Cautiously, then, we returned to the car and started on down toward the village of Antony.

There we found the column stopped again on a hillside leading through the town. The road was jammed with vehicles parked three and four deep, facing downhill. On both sides of the vehicles, the people of Antony were welcoming their fighting men. They paid no heed to the small-arms fire from up ahead.

Kenny climbed to the top of a tank to see what was ahead. He told me when he'd jumped down again that there was a road block about 50 yards ahead of us, still manned by German troops, firing machineguns. We walked on down the hill, and just as we neared the front of the column, we heard the whine of approaching shells.

We ducked back and into a driveway, flanked by buildings. There was a shower of leaves and dust, and then we went into a garage at the end of the drive. Some French soldiers came into the garage,

bringing the limp body of a girl, which they placed on the cement floor and covered with canvas. One of the soldiers told me the girl had seen her brother for the first time in four years only a few minutes before the shell had struck her. The brother was a member of Leclerc's division and had had to move on with his outfit.

The German resistance at Antony was heavy; the enemy had strong points on both sides of the village. One of these, an old French prison at Fresnes, was especially strong and bitterly defended, and it delayed the entrance into Paris until early Friday morning.

We sat for a while in the garage. Gil, the young Frenchman, spoke some English, which he had learned in a French naval academy where he had been a student, and he told us that before meeting us he had joined a reconnaissance unit because it was heading for Paris.

"Will you do me one favor?" he asked. Kenny and I agreed, and he drew his identification card from his pocket. "I have here the address of my father," he said. "If anything happens to me, will you go and tell him?" We assured him that we were going to take him right to his father's home in Paris within a day at the most, and he seemed to feel better. Gil was armed with a British rifle, one of the many which had been dropped to the resistance forces in France by parachute. He wore GI fatigue trousers, a faded cotton khaki shirt, and a GI helmet, complete with net and camouflage stripes. He looked very rugged. He was only 18.

The road block at Antony had been partly cleared away and the column was advancing through the village again. There was still heavy fighting on both sides of the town. We dug out some rations and, after supper, drove up to the head of the column, which was cautiously prodding its way into the Paris suburbs. We learned then that Gen. Leclerc had decided against trying to take his division into Paris that night and would wait until morning. So we returned to Antony, where we dropped into a café before trying to catch some sleep.

(Continued on page 9.)

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

After seeing and writing about the struggles which preceded the freeing of La Haye du Puits, St. Lo, St. Malo, and several other mileposts in the American breakthrough out of Normandy, YANK Correspondent Sgt. Saul Levitt went along with some of the first troops to enter Paris. Despite the joy and gaiety of the French capital, the memory of the ordeals American troops had gone through to bring this great occasion about stayed with him, and is reflected in the following portion of a dispatch he sent back to his office:

"In war, as in peace, there have been many roads to this city. We came in on the route of the 4th Infantry Division. On both sides of the road were the people of France saying many things to us to express joy and gratitude, and the soldiers who had gone through the mud and death of the battle of Normandy seemed to understand. They accepted the kisses, the affection, the warmth of this long-imprisoned city with a touch of awe and deference to the name of Paris.

"We came as part of the triumph of Paris, and not as part of the pain of its liberation. But perhaps this entrance, this freeing of Paris, belongs as much to the men who fought and fell around St. Lo as to any others, for it was from St. Lo that the big American armored movement began. So much death, so much mud, so many K-ration meals lie behind this entrance that it is impossible to say it is merely something joyous.

"Despite all the bottles of champagne, all the tears, and all the kisses, it is impossible for those of us who are here to forget that we are here for the men of the American divisions who died or were wounded on the way to Paris, or have swept around Paris and are past it—for all of those who started out toward Paris but are not here to see it. We are here for the men of the 48 states who dream of home, and for whom the freeing of Paris is the way home."

were part of a battalion of Spanish Republicans—men who had fought the troops of Hitler and Mussolini in the long war against Franco. After the fall of the Spanish Republic, they had crossed the Pyrenees into southern France, where they were interned for several months. To these men the battle for Paris was only a continuation of the battle they had fought while defending Madrid back in 1936. It was part of their battle to return to their homes in a democratic Spain.

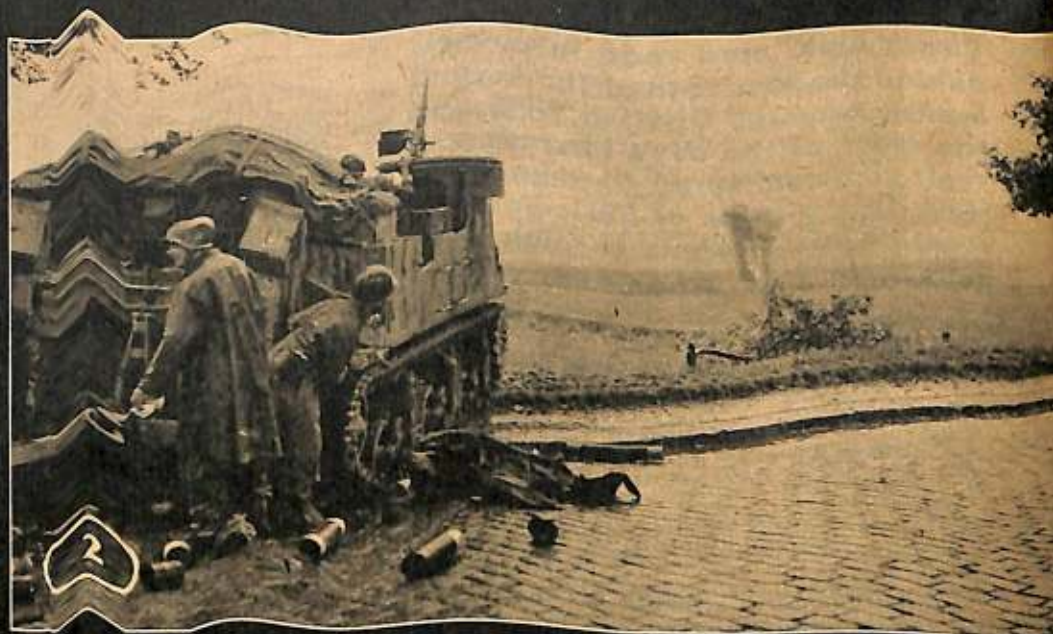
Eight miles from Paris, between Le Petit Chilly and the village of Antony, there was another halt and, when it appeared that the column would not get going for some time, we decided to drive back to Longjumeau and look for a telephone in the hope that Andre, the journalist, might be able to call his sister-in-law in Paris.

Back in Longjumeau, Andre placed his call. Much to our surprise, it went through, and in a few moments he was talking to his sister-in-law. This was the day before the first Allied troops entered Paris.

We started back up the road, and found that the column was moving again. At one point the 88s opened up, and we dove for a ditch, plunging face

THE FRENCH GI FIGHTS HIS WAY HOME

A Pictorial Story of the Liberation of Paris, recorded by Sgt. Reg Kenny, YANK Photographer, who, with YANK Correspondent Pvt. Howard K. Alexander, was one of the first Americans to enter the city with the French forces.



LONG LINES OF FRENCH ARMORED VEHICLES, COMMANDED BY GEN. JACQUES LECLERC, WAIT BY THE ROADSIDE ON THEIR WAY TO PARIS WHILE INITIAL RESISTANCE IS SILENCED.

ARMORED VEHICLE MANNED BY THE FRENCH PAUSES ON ITS WAY TO PARIS TO DISPOSE GERMAN 88-MM. GUN NEAR LE PETIT CHILLY, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAPITAL.



ABOVE, PARISIANS GET TO WORK WITH A WILL TEARING AWAY A ROAD BLOCK WHICH BARRED THE ADVANCE OF THE FIRST FRENCH SHERMAN TANK TO ENTER THE PORTE D'ORLEANS. THE TANK IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT HURLING INTO THE LIBERATED CAPITAL.



A FRENCH HALFTRACK PASSES OVER A ROAD BLOCK PUT UP BY THE PARISIANS TO STOP GERMAN TANKS. FROM THEN ON NEW SUPPLIES OF EQUIPMENT AND FOOD—AND MORE MEN—POURED INTO THE CITY AND BEYOND IT. THEY'LL STOP WHEN THERE ARE NO MORE NAZIS TO KILL.

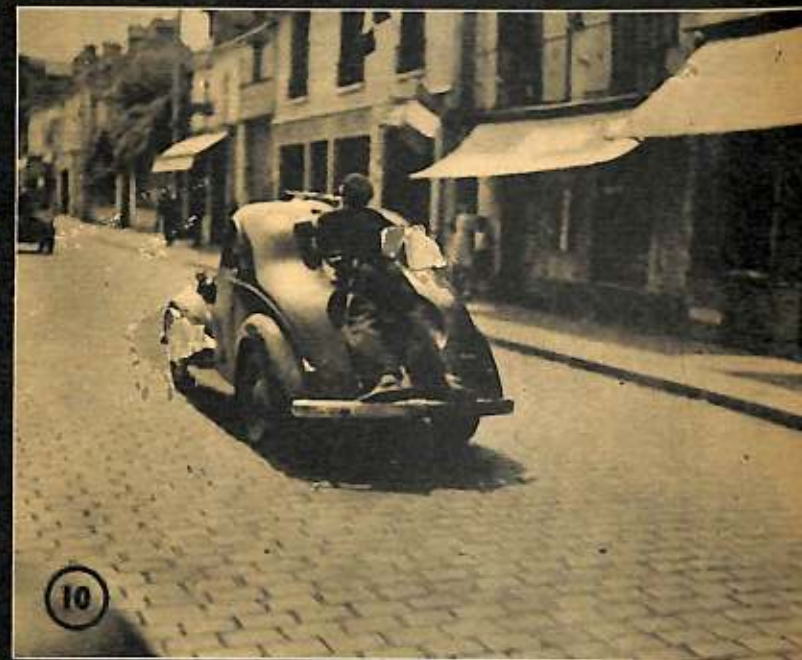
PARISIANS WENT WILD WITH THE JOY OF NEW-FOUND LIBERTY AFTER FOUR YEARS OF NAZI RULE AS THEY CHEERED THE FRENCH ARMOR ENTERING THE CAPITAL.



BYSTANDERS ON THE RUE D'ESTREES IN PARIS PLUG THEIR EARS AS THE GUN OF A FRENCH SHERMAN TANK LETS GO AGAINST A GERMAN BARRICADE. ON THE RIGHT, GEN. JACQUES LECLERC, FRENCH COMMANDER, GREETS THE CROWD WHICH HALTED HIS CAR AS IT REACHED THE BOULEVARD MONTPARNASSE.



THE FRENCH ARMORED DIVISION AND THE FIGHTING MAQUIS TOOK CARE OF MOST OF THE GERMAN OPPOSITION, LIKE THE BURNING NAZI ARMORED VEHICLE ABOVE. BUT SNIPERS HELD OUT FOR A WHILE IN THE NAVAL MINISTRY BUILDING, IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND.



A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH FORCES OF THE INTERIOR STREAKS THROUGH THE STREETS, LOOKING FOR JERRIES. THESE ONE-MAN EXPEDITIONS WERE A FAMILIAR SIGHT.



THE BODIES ABOVE ARE THOSE OF GERMAN PRISONERS, KILLED IN THE SHADOW OF THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, BY PRO-NAZI FRENCH MILITIA WHO HAD AIMED AT THEIR GUARDS.



THESE JERRY PRISONERS, TAKEN FROM GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS, ARE BEING MARCHED AWAY AS A FRENCHMAN STROLLS BY WITH A GERMAN HAND GRENADE.



IGNORING POSSIBLE SNIPERS, EXULTANT PARISIANS VAULTED THE FENCE OUTSIDE THE NAVAL MINISTRY BUILDING TO RIP DOWN A SWASTIKA BANNER THAT HAD FLOWN FROM THE FLAGSTAFF SINCE 1940. A FRENCH GENDARME GOT TO THE ROOF FIRST AND TOSSED THE GERMAN SYMBOL TO THE CROWD FOR SOUVENIR PIECES. NOTE THE GENDARME (RIGHT) WAV-ING HIS ARMS AFTER HAULING UP THE FRENCH TRICOLOR.



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CHEERING MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH FORCES OF THE INTERIOR WHO LIBERATED A LARGE PORTION OF PARIS EVEN BEFORE THE FRENCH ARMORED DIVISION ENTERED THE CAPITAL.



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MANNED BY FRENCH LIBERATORS, A SHERMAN TANK AND A HALFTRACK MOVE DOWN THE FAMOUS CHAMPS-ELYSEES IN PARIS WITH THE STATELY ARC DE TRIOMPHE IN THE BACKGROUND.



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THESE FRENCH WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE SEEKING SHELTER AGAINST THE WALL ALONG THE SEINE RIVER AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY DURING THE FIGHTING WHICH BROKE OUT IN PARIS WHEN GEN. DE GAULLE VISITED THE CITY. THAT'S THE EIFFEL TOWER IN THE DISTANCE.



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THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME STANDS OUT AGAINST THE GLARE OF FLAMES FROM FIRES SET BY GERMAN PLANES WHICH RAIDED NEWLY-LIBERATED PARIS FOR THE FIRST TIME. THE MAQUIS DROPPED THEIR WEAPONS FOR A MOMENT TO FORM EFFICIENT BUCKET BRIGADES.



19

TROOPS, UPON REACHING THE CAPITAL, LINE UP AT ATTENTION IN FRONT OF THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE IN PARIS TO AWAIT THE ARRIVAL OF GEN. CHARLES DE GAULLE. WHEN HE ARRIVED, THE FRENCH LEADER WAS FIRED ON BY SNIPERS FROM A

THE FREEING of PARIS

(Continued from page 5.)

The café was crowded and in an uproar. In one corner sat a French gendarme, playing a harmonica. A woman and a man were doing a peasant dance. Wine was flowing and everyone was full of good cheer. They brought us some excellent white wine and we joined the celebration. Then someone started singing the *Marseillaise*. The first chorus went fine. Gil, fresh out of school, managed to get through the second stanza. That finished, the crowds demanded the American anthem from Kenny and me. We tried to duck it, but it was no go. So we stood up and sang *The Star Spangled Banner* in our somewhat weak and unmelodious voices. Just the first verse. I learned one thing that night: Frenchmen don't know the second stanza of the *Marseillaise* any better than Americans know the second stanza of our national anthem. After that came *God Save the King* and the old French marching song, *Madelon*, and *Aupres de ma blonde*. Then the party broke up.

We went out to the courtyard of the café to sleep, spreading our blankets on the stones, but no sooner were we settled, than shells began crashing into the town. We learned the next night that they came from German 105s firing from near Porte de Versailles. Whatever they were, they made quite a racket, so we went back into the café, spread our blankets on the floor of the dining room and went to sleep.

The column was already moving when we got up at dawn next day. The tanks and halftracks were speeding by like fire horses on the way to the stable. We skipped breakfast and joined the procession. Our Volkswagen was beginning to feel the beating it had been taking, and it was all we could do to push past the rushing armor. Little by little, though, we crept toward the head of the column. The sun came up just as we passed through Porte d'Orleans, between lines of cheering, frenzied Parisians. The crowds pressed in so close that only a narrow lane was left for the convoy column. So we whipped our German jeep up on to the broad sidewalk and cruised ahead to the front of the column.

We went straight down the Avenue du Maine—yes, Paris has its Main Street, too—to the Boulevard Montparnasse. There Gen. Leclerc's car, which was at the head of the column, had been stopped by the crowd. The tanks went on and we stayed with them, heading down the Boulevard des Invalides toward the Tomb of Napoleon.

From there on progress was slow. As they caught sight of the American flag on our car, people crowded around and almost smothered us with kisses. At the Rue de Sevres we reached the first barricade. The French are old hands at street fighting. They tore up the paving blocks during the French Revolution to build barricades in the streets, and it was no surprise to find them now using the same tactics against the Germans. They had all but immobilized the German forces in a few small areas of the city, and the FFI were in almost complete control before we moved in.



A FRENCH JOURNALIST TALKING TO PARIS BY PHONE IN THE TOWN OF LONGJUMEAU—BEFORE FRENCH



A GROUP OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO WERE WITH THE FRENCH ARMORED DIVISION WHICH ENTERED PARIS ARE GETTING THEIR SHARE OF THE LAVISH GALLIC WELCOME, ESPECIALLY THE LAD LEANING OVER THE TAILBOARD.

The first tank pulled up in front of the road block, a heavy one. People swarmed over the barricade, pulling and pushing aside the huge branches of trees and the heavy paving stones of which it was made. Women and children lent a hand. In a few moments the way was clear enough for the tank to get over. Kenny was already on the other side, waiting to catch a picture of the tank coming over the barrier. Behind the tank, I swung our Volkswagen into line and followed it through that and another barrier.

The column halted outside the Church of St. Francis Xavier for the first brush with German troops barricaded inside the Ecole Militaire. To the left, down the Rue d'Estrees and just beyond the church, was another German roadblock. The lead Sherman nudged forward until the muzzle of its gun was pointed at it. The tank's machinegun began chattering and then its big gun let loose.

The tank sent several more shells towards the barricade, but there was no return fire from the other side. Meanwhile, other vehicles had skirted the tank and gone on toward the Place Vauban, from where we could hear the thunder of tank artillery rising over the high soprano chatter of Schmeisser machine-pistols and our own .50 calibre machineguns.

The battle for the Ecole Militaire was one-sided and was over in about an hour. We then went over to an apartment building in the Place Vauban and climbed to the roof, from where we could see members of the FFI and the French troops exchanging fire with the Germans in the grounds of the Ecole Militaire, turning occasionally to answer the fire of a member of the Milice Française, whose men were hiding in nearby buildings. The resistance here was gradually overcome, and we went down to the street again. Farther down, at the foot of the Esplanade des Invalides, another German barrier blocked our approach to the Quai d'Orsay, which runs along the Seine.

We wanted to get across the river to the Champs-Elysees and the Arc de Triomphe, but the bridges in that direction were blocked. So we made a long swing through the city, detouring around the fighting with the Milice, which was taking place at almost every main intersection, and finally approached the Arc de Triomphe through the Avenue Marshal Foch.

There was fighting going on all around us and on all the streets that stem out from the Arc de Triomphe like the spokes of a wheel. Just as we were parking our car, a member of the FFI came running up to ask if we were armed. Kenny produced his .45, which was our only weapon, from under the seat, and the FFI man asked us to go up to a nearby building in search of some Milice who had been peppering the crowd gathered below to

welcome the liberating army.

In the kitchen of an apartment at the top of the building, we found a French Indo-Chinese and an Italian. There were empty bottles and wine glasses on the table. Their apartment opened out on a balcony from which the shots had been fired.

We gave them time to put on their coats, and the Indo-Chinese stuck several packages of English cigarettes in his pockets. Then I took him by the arm and led him down the steps. On the way he offered me many English cigarettes and the finest French cognac to let him go.

In the street we checked their papers. The Indo-Chinese was listed in his passport as a chef, the Italian as a café proprietor. The Italian's passport showed that he had travelled extensively and quite freely about Europe during the German occupation. We turned them over to the FFI for investigation.

The Gestapo had made the area around the Arc de Triomphe their headquarters and German troops and Milice were posted through the buildings. The bodies of dead Germans lay a few yards from the Arc de Triomphe most of the afternoon. Around them moved the people of Paris, the young girls in their bright skirts and crisp white blouses, the older women and their men all in their best, with tanks and halftracks as a background and an obligato of the machine-pistols, rifles, and machineguns as music.

The Milice must have been very poor shots. In



YANK MAGAZINE'S VOLKSWAGEN IS SHOWN CRASHING THROUGH THE FIRST STREET BARRIER IN PARIS BEHIND A TANK OF THE FRENCH ARMORED DIVISION.

all the fighting I saw that day, I never saw a bullet strike home, although there were some casualties, of course. Only once did I see one of the rooftop snipers. On that occasion we were driving down a street when a shout from the crowd on the sidewalk warned us to stop. Looking up, we saw a man leaning from a window with a grenade in his hand. We ducked.

During a lull in the excitement along the Avenue Marshal Foch, two women suddenly took off down the middle of the street after a third. They caught her after a few steps and, in a shrieking bedlam of accusations, stripped the clothes from her body. Some French soldiers intervened and the unlucky girl who, we gathered, had been too friendly with the Germans, found shelter against a tank, hidden by the soldiers. Her skirt had been blue, her blouse white, her sash red—an attempt at protective coloring, perhaps.

From the Arc de Triomphe we went down to the Place de la Concorde, where most of the French governmental buildings are centered. There had been bitter fighting all around that area, particularly at the Hotel Continental, where the German military governor of Paris had his headquarters. On the roof of the naval ministry building, French gendarmes were stripping down the swastikas from the flag-staffs. A gendarme with a feeling for the dramatic stood on the cornice high above the street, blowing a whistle in short, excited blasts to attract the attention of the people. Someone behind him handed him a Nazi banner. He held it up above his head, still blowing his whistle, and then threw it to the crowd below. There was a scramble for souvenirs and in a few minutes the flag was ripped to shreds. The lucky ones emerged from the mêlée

with their bits and pieces held high above their heads.

In the midst of the throng was a peddler with a cart loaded with tiny American flags and pins of crossed American and French flags. Where he'd got them from in a city so thoroughly combed by the Gestapo for four years was a mystery equalled only by the origin of the larger American, British, and French flags that decorated so many of the buildings.

That night and the next morning were comparatively quiet. We met Andre at his home about ten and had supper there. Paris was hungry, so we made a meal of C rations and wine—a fine combination. Next morning, we roamed about the city, visiting the Place de la Republique and the Bastille until it was time for the reception for General de Gaulle. Then we joined the throng pushing its way into the Champs-Elysees, but the crowd closed in on us before we could get near the general. It took us almost two hours to get back to our headquarters. Almost every main intersection was cut off by gun fights. They went on until dark and then the city grew quiet again.

That night we had dinner at the home of an Englishwoman whose mother and father were both interned by the Germans. She had been living in Paris under an assumed name and with fake papers. We ate late, and just as we were finishing our coffee, the German planes came. We were in a large, modern apartment building with three subcellars and we accompanied the Englishwoman down to the second cellar where the shelters were located.

The people in the shelters were stunned. They had just been liberated, and here they were being

bombed. We warned them that they should expect raids and tried to cheer them by telling them how fortunate they were to have escaped so long. For Paris really seemed untouched by the war, at least by comparison with London. The Parisians had had nothing like the London blitz or the flying bombs. They looked as though they'd been better fed, too—at least as though their diet had been better balanced than that of Londoners. They were far better dressed, but that may have been only because we were seeing them in their finest clothes.

After the bombs stopped falling, Kenny and I climbed to the roof to look at a fire in the distance. I lit a cigarette, which proved unwise, for immediately someone fired at us from the street. We went downstairs and drove toward the fire to see what was burning. The flames seemed perilously close by the Cathedral of Notre Dame, but actually the famous old church was untouched. The Germans had hit a huge wine cellar nearby. The FFI, who seem to be Joes of all work, were doing a creditable job of fighting the fire, even with leaky hoses, and a "bucket brigade" was passing cases of wine from hand to hand out of the burning building.

That Saturday-night raid seemed to have a sobering effect on Paris. The people awoke the next morning with the realization that, although their capital was liberated, there was still a war to be won. Every place we went Parisians approached us and asked where they could join Leclerc's forces. Whatever the French casualties were, it looked as though the division would leave Paris even stronger than when it started the campaign. For the French know that you don't win wars merely by liberating cities. You win them by killing the enemy. And they want to get on with the job.



By Cpl. GRANT ROBBINS

China

"Look," said the first sergeant. "Why don't you just tell it to the chaplain?"

I gave him the look I'd give to a two-headed thing pickled in a bottle, then I turned and walked out. When one has been in the Army for two years, at home and abroad, he becomes a little tired of the so-called GI slang, the oft-repeated phrase picked up in boot camp by a stunned civilian mind and dropped immediately thereafter—unless the mind remains stunned, as in the case of 1st Sgt. Stein.

I had gone into the orderly room because my name was not on a new rating list. My sad story has such a long background of pyramided woes that I shall not go into it more than to say that only a good heart-to-heart talk with someone would straighten me out.

All right, I decided. I would see the chaplain.

Of course that interview required considerable preparation, like finding out which chaplain in camp had the highest rank, investigating the CO's religion and memorizing a few chosen texts from my Gideon Bible. It doesn't hurt to talk their language.

The following day I stood before the door of a captain of religion. I was dressed neatly in patched fatigues to give the impression of a poor but honest homespun GI.

"Hello," he said, eyeing me suspiciously as I closed in on his desk. "Have a cigarette." That wasn't on the schedule, but I sprung a text on him anyway.

"Chaplain," I began, "I was greatly inspired by the sermon you gave on the parable of the loaves and fishes at No. 4 mess hall last Sunday at 2 P. M. Right now I am badly in need of a rod and a staff to comfort me, and I hoped that you might show me how to find a place beside the still waters."

The chaplain winced. "What have they done to you now?" he asked. "And kindly make it short."

I sat down and let him have it straight. I went back to the very first—the double stretch of infantry training; the misassignment to mechanics school; the lost records and the three solid months of KP; the transfer to an outfit that

TELL IT TO THE CHAPLAIN



didn't need men of any classification but guards; all ratings filled by men ahead of me; no furlough; one small stripe thrown to me like a bone to a starving dog, then held in that rank for eight long hideous months. When the torrent had subsided I sat back and searched the face of the chaplain for a reaction. He gazed at his feet and shook his head slowly.

"I just can't understand the Army," he said. "Now, take me for example. You may think that I am doing pretty well, but I'll tell you appearances are deceiving. After five country churches with an average salary of \$10 a week, I finally get settled in a good town with a good congregation. And then, of course, I leave it to become a chaplain. Where do they put me first thing? Out on a sand-blown camp in the desert with a tent to preach in and a bunch of tank men who have no more inclination toward religion than an equal number of Hottentots. Then the wind blows the tent away."

I said that that was too bad. "That was only the beginning," he continued. "Shortly after I experienced a slight success in bringing some of the boys into the fold, they put another chaplain over me."

He went on and on, from one misfortune to another, and as his story developed one could easily see that he and Fate were at odds, and that it was getting to be too much for him. Tears began to trickle down his cheeks and splash off the bars on his collar.

Since passes were issued now only on Sundays his congregation had suffered a heart-breaking drop in attendance. And he had been ousted from his warm office to make room for the Red Cross. When he protested to the commanding general he was mistaken for a mess officer and installed in a cubbyhole just off the mess kitchen, where from 0600 to 2100 came a heavy odor of frying Spam.

"And to top it all," he said, "I have not received a promotion in 18 months."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I reached across the table, patted him on the shoulder and said: "Keep your chin up, sir. I'm sure things will work out in the long run."

He smiled miserably and thanked me. I tiptoed quietly out the door, leaving him in the throes of his grief.

DEATH OF AN ARMY

The once-mighty German Seventh Army crumbled and died—its funeral dirge the roar of Allied big guns. As it did so, a little valley in France became the *sterbenraum* of men who sought *lebensraum* by grabbing it from smaller neighbors.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

LE BOURG ST. LEONARD, FRANCE—The destruction of an army can be a fact, but it is rarely a fact that you can see. All you usually get is a piece of it. You can see the dead cows with their legs in the air and the dead Germans lying in the ditches along the way with their faces turned upward toward the sun. You can see the dead Tiger tanks, burned-out and rusty-red, and the dead houses—houses that were lived in yesterday and that today are piles of rubble or mere mortar-dust between shattered walls with empty window-spaces like men without eyes. These things are the spoor of an army breaking up.

The curtains wave through the empty window-spaces of the shattered houses in Le Bourg St. Leonard. Here it is much the same as it has been elsewhere in this part of France—at St. Lo and Valognes and Montebourg—and again the road is filled with the broken pieces of men and machines. The difference is that somewhere in this area the German 7th Army is dying.

We have been told that the German Army, which fought so craftily and gave out to our men a share of death in Normandy, is now almost encircled by the great armored columns which broke through and swept around the enemy. But this army does not die easily. Its roads out are few and all of them are covered by our big guns, but still the Germans try. With each thrust they lose some strength, but still they try again. Last night they sent some Tiger tanks into Le Bourg St. Leonard. Bazookas and TD guns stopped them. Using bazookas, Pfc. William Boles, of Pittsburgh, Pvt. Harry Rainier, of Philadelphia, and Pvt. Harold Kernu, of Lead, S.D., crippled one tank. Other tanks retreated. Some Americans were casualties, but another door was closed to the desperate 7th Army. And this morning three American soldiers sit around a 57-mm. gun, pointing it up a road because the Germans may make another stab through, seeking an opening. The Germans are dying, but they are dying hard.

Here, in and around Le Bourg St. Leonard, there was fighting only a few hours ago and there is no death-smell yet. Here once more are the dead Germans in the ditches, the dead cows, and the burned-out tanks—all newly dead and all perhaps still warm to the touch, if you cared to touch them. Now, though all this is what you usually see in places throughout France where there has been severe fighting, according to the men who know and according to the map, here at Le Bourg St. Leonard it means more than just another town taken. It

means much more than that. This time it means the breaking up of an Army. Where do you find that breaking up and where do you see it?

We move down silent and empty roads where the wrecked machines lie, looking for a glimpse of the big smashing up as it takes place. And suddenly we find it. We see the smashing up of this once powerful 7th Army taking place over an area of several square miles. Everywhere on the horizon we see smoke clouds, and all at once the map becomes alive with big movements of men. Through a telescope, we look down across a gently sloping plane and see vehicles moving along a single road. Behind us is the roar of big guns—ranging from weapons firing puny shells no more than four inches across all the way up to 240 mms., the top artillery gun of them all.

We can see all the way down to a gully where the Germans are. We can see them moving—the men, the trucks, the tanks, all trying to go out through a gap that is still left for them but which is steadily narrowing. We are watching them from the south side of the gap. On the north side are the Canadians. First we hear the roar of one of our guns, and then a little time goes by and then comes the explosion of the shell on the road down there amid the vehicles. At one point we see flames climb up. They form thin sheets of fire and a young artillery officer—Lt. John J. Cotter, of New York City—explains that this is probably an ammunition truck. Our guns keep at it unendingly. All along the road flames from our shells burst out and then black and gray smoke drifts upward. Now, nearer to us, this side of the bursting shells, we can see our own infantry deploying across a wheatfield. They are down there to mop up in a small wood. They move singly and far apart across the field. They move past a farmer who goes right on working in the same wheatfield.

Lt. Cotter explains what has taken place down there. "First," he says, "the Germans tried to break to the west and cut the line of our armored movement southward. Then they moved northward against the Canadians and British. That got them nowhere, and since they knew we were on the south, the only way out was to the east. That's where they're trying to go now, but they have little left in the way of roads, and we keep shelling those."

THAT is what is taking place down there below. It is an effort to get out which cannot really succeed. Some of the men will make it, but few of the machines will and few of the guns. No one knows how many Germans have died and are dying down there. No real check-up is possible now in that scoured land, but two British soldiers in fast recon

cars—Sgt. William Greenaway, of Reading, and Trooper Basil Porter, of Newcastle—who managed to cut through a corner of the region yesterday, say that they counted hundreds of burned-out German vehicles. The total score waits.

Elsewhere on this burning plain stands the town of Argentan, shrouded in smoke, almost like a mirage, except for its church spires which rise above. And somewhere below, the German General, Hausser, who commands this dying army, is fleeing—or so one captured German soldier says. Like other men, the general is dodging the shriek of tons of flying steel—a deadly canopy spreading out over a whole army. No one knows if he is doing it with dignity, but he is doing it. Possibly the soldiers, the plain soldiers of his army, have not known until now how completely they were trapped there. But now the soldiers and the general alike know, and together they are trying to escape. Another shell explodes, another fire flares on the road. The prisoner totals mount up—prisoners are brought in from many divisions, testifying to the disorganization of an army. Other Germans are escaping now as they can, trying to run a gauntlet of fire.

WE ask the prisoner who has told us about the flight of the German general what he thinks about Germany's chances of winning the war now. The soldier, a non-com, is an unswerving Nazi. He says the Germans can win because they have secret weapons. We ask him why the Germans went to war, and he says they wanted *lebensraum*—living space. Did this mean, then, taking the lands of the Czechs, the Poles, the Russians, and other peoples? He answers with great frankness and looking his questioner squarely in the eye—yes, exactly. Taking land from other peoples in Europe, and he puts it just as simply as that—is what is meant by *lebensraum*.

While he is talking, the guns roar with the loud, sharp note of thousands of fragments of steel breaking around and among and over the men of the German 7th Army. Those men who manage to come out of this dying army will carry the blast of shells within them for a long time. They will perhaps never be able to fight or to do much of anything else again.

In the final lunges of this dying army our soldiers die, too. Some of our infantrymen here, men who fought hard in Normandy, say that this fighting is harder still. The Germans in this area are more desperate.

Another 240-mm. goes off at pointblank range. It falls, and another fire burns down in the gully.

The German word for what is taking place below us today is *sterbenraum*. It means dying space.

JACK COFFINS

SAIPAN

THIS JAP YOUNGSTER, LEFT BEHIND WHEN HIROHITO'S ARMY FELL BACK, IS TOO YOUNG TO BELIEVE THAT ALL YANKS ARE DEVILS.

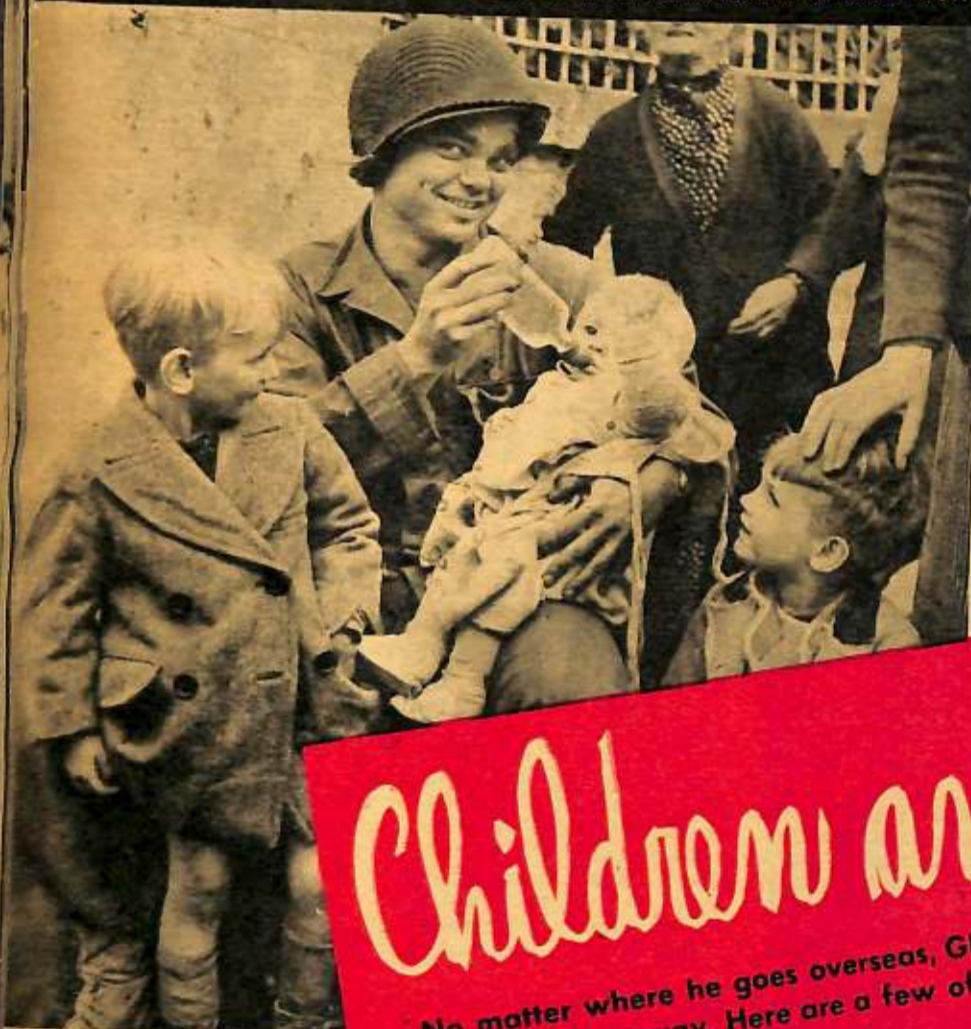


AFRICA

A QUARTET OF FRENCH CHILDREN IN ALGERIA GET CHEWING GUM FROM A GI ON THE ARMY RAILROAD.

FRANCE

DOUGHFOOT DOES DOUBLE DUTY, PUTTING DOWN HIS GUN TO PLAY NURSEMAID TO A FRENCH BABY.



Children and War

No matter where he goes overseas, GI Joe discovers that the kids are never far away. Here are a few of his young foreign friends.



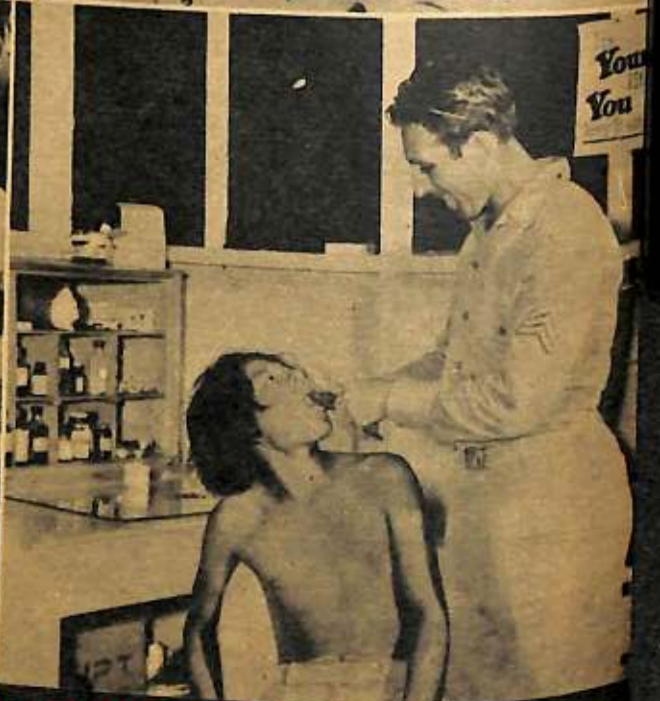
INDIA

A TAILORED TOT GIVES WITH SOME YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.



CHINA

THIS TRIM SOLDIER PLAYS TO A JUVENILE GALLERY BOTH LARGE AND APPRECIATIVE.



PANAMA

AN ACHING INDIAN BO GETS A YANK FROM A YANK.



ENGLAND THIS ENGLISH MISS INSPECTS THE PLANE THAT BEARS HER NAME. HER BABY BROTHER WAS NAMED MARTIN AFTER THE MAKERS OF B-26 MARAUDERS.



ITALY THIS BAMBINO WATCHES WITH INTEREST AND APPREHENSION AS A YANK PARATROOPER ATTACKS THE VERY DELICATE PROBLEM OF WASHING HER FEET IN AN ISSUE HELMET.

Marie McDonald

YANK

Pin-up Girl



News from Home

A labor leader told the folks that GIs in France are mighty busy, demobilization plans were in the wind and were being left pretty much up to the Army, the Wacs were to get some new glad rags, a pilot was given the works for buzzing a Nebraska town, and a husband didn't like his wife's going spiritual on him.

GRapefruit juice, roast turkey, giblet sauce, dressing, mashed potatoes, string beans, corn, cranberry sauce, celery, olives, pickles, hot rolls, butter, pumpkin pie, apples, tangerines, candy, nuts, and coffee. That, gentlemen, is the menu that's been worked out back in the States to be served to troops everywhere on Thanksgiving Day. In announcing this dreamy repast, the War Department said it was a sure thing it would be served in every mess hall back home and that the bill of fare "will be followed as closely as possible in messes in overseas theaters."

Oh yeah, says you, and maybe you're right, but the WD vows that, even if something goes haywire and you don't get your full share of pickles and tangerines in some front-line foxhole, you'll at least get a husky helping of turkey and the inevitable fixin's. That's right, Jackson, we'll believe it when we see it. And meanwhile don't lose your taste for K-Rations.

Here's another item from the home front which you may or may not have your doubts about. According to the WD, the load which the GI now totes to war is 15 pounds lighter than the one carried in 1941; it used to be 110 pounds, and now it's a featherweight 95. A cinch, yes?

Load or no load, soldiers in the ETO are plenty burdened with work these days, according to R. J. Thomas, president of the CIO's United Automobile Workers, who just returned to the States from a tour of the French battlefields. He told the home folks that "GI Joes" in France and England are "busy beyond human comprehension," but he added that they are not too busy to vote in next November's election. However, he said he didn't expect the soldier vote to be big enough to swing the election one way or another, not because GIs won't have the time or interest to vote but "because of the way the Federal and state voting laws are drawn."

GIs in France don't seem to have the time, or something, to buy War Bonds and the Treasury's War Finance Division is going to see if it can't stir up some more interest in this matter among the boys at the front. Three of the division's experts are being sent over here from Washington to give Army finance officers in France a few pointers in bond-selling technique. The trio took off at the request of the chief finance officer in the ETO, who reported that bond sales to soldiers in this theater aren't what they have been in the past.

As of last weekend, the dope on demobilization plans was that the War Department will decide on who gets out first. Washington correspondents, who presumably got it straight from the feedbag, were saying that first consideration will be given to men with the best military records, regardless of whether they're married or single. Length of service and dependency are also expected to weigh heavily in a man's favor. Representative Andrew J. May, Democrat of Kentucky and chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, said that the order in which men are let out is something for the WD to decide, but that "Congress, which determined the policy on inducting men into the service, certainly should be informed on what's planned and, if necessary, should lay down the broad policies." It was reported that the other members of the committee, which wrote the original draft law, agreed with their chairman and that the WD was about ready to submit its demobilization plan to May and his colleagues.

And don't think there aren't going to be plenty of men holler-ing to get out. The latest figures, released last week, show that the total strength of the armed forces now comes to about 11,417,000. The House Military Affairs Committee, to which the Selective Service gave this information, released it to the public without comment, but several committee members were reported to have said privately that it confirmed their suspicions that some 2,000,000 more men have been inducted than necessary.

The Army totals about 7,700,000 and the Navy 3,717,000. Other figures: 3,798,000 men have been classified in 4-F; 1,614,000 have been deferred as farmers; 4,192,000 have been deferred work in fields other than agriculture; and 70,000 have been deferred as hardship cases.

Speaking of inductions, good old Camp Upton, out near



SAFETY VALVE. What with all the blood flowing in Hollywood's night-club brawls, *Ciro's* has a special rumpus room where patrons may slug it out without disturbing diners. These two chicks are seconds. Would you like to swing on a star?



TROLLEY TROOPS. Some of the 4,000 GIs who kept things rolling during the recent transportation strike in Philadelphia are shown chowing in their car-barn bivouac. The boys rode the cars and busses until an Army order ended the tie-up.

Yaphank, L. I., where since November, 1941, half a million gents have had the privilege of becoming GIs, is no longer an Army reception center. From now on, men in the metropolitan area of New York who get their greetings from the President will enter the Army via Fort Dix, N. J.

THE War Department also released some somber figures. These were American casualties, which were shown to have jumped by 20,249 in one week. Acting Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson said that the sharp rise was the result of the heavy fighting in France in late July. Total casualties announced thus far by all services since Pearl Harbor amount to 349,523, a figure which the WD broke down as follows: 76,645 killed, 163,387 wounded, 54,285 missing, 48,874 taken prisoner, 1,242 killed or missing, and 5,090 wounded in the first ten day's fighting in southern France.

If you've got some gripes about the state of the nation you can feel perfectly free to write to your Congressman instead of to *Mail Call*, providing your letter can't be construed as political action. That's what Representative Howard H. Buffett, Republican of Nebraska, said he has been told by the WD. He said he had been assured that there is no Army regulation prohibiting EMs from writing to their representatives in Washington. Buffett inquired about the matter after having been told of several cases in which officers had refused to let GIs write to their senators or representatives. "The War Department stated, in effect," said Buffett, "that officers had no right to make such a rule, but it did point out that there is an Army order against political action on the part of the troops."

Assuming you've got the time and facilities to listen to short-wave broadcasts, you're going to get quite an earful of political oratory this Fall. The Army announced that "between early September and November 1" political parties which have candidates for the Presidency in at least six states will be given equal time on the air each week to address troops overseas. Five parties are affected by this decision—Democratic, Prohibition, Republican, Socialist, and Socialist Labor.

Upon hearing the Army's announcement, the Republicans immediately came forward with the contention that any speech made by President Roosevelt should come out of the Democrats' time allowance. In the words of Senator Chapman Revercomb, Republican of West Virginia: "Any troop broadcast time given to a speech by the President certainly should be part of the time allotted to the Democrats. He is a candidate. Whatever he says amounts to an appeal for support." The Army made no reply.

President Roosevelt said he planned to open his campaign for reelection in the same way he did four years ago—by addressing a meeting of the AFL Teamsters Union in Washington on September 23. Actually, he said, he didn't think the speech would be very political but he would label it that in advance since it would probably seem so.

Senator Harry S. Truman, the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate, received official notification of his nomination before a crowd of 12,000 people at Lamar, Mo., and summed up in one sentence what may be, according to the *Associated Press*, the main theme of the Democrats between now and

Election Day: "There is no substitute for experience, which can be gained only through years of application and service." Never referring to the Republican Party or ticket by name, Truman went on: "I am confident that the people of the United States will not choose for President by political chance a man who lacks experience. It takes time for anyone to familiarize himself with a new job. This is particularly true of the Presidency of the United States."

The Socialist candidate for President, Norman Thomas, spoke at Seattle, Wash., urging that Japanese-Americans be welcomed back to the Pacific Coast after the war. "You cannot indulge in racial prejudice and hope very honestly for lasting peace," he said, "and that applies to the Japanese-Americans on the West Coast. I hope you are prepared to welcome home your fellow Americans, who never should have been banished from their homes." Thomas went on to describe the removal of the Japanese-Americans from their homes as "totalitarianism" and he warned his audience that in dealing with the Germans the Allied people must distinguish between "war enemies and the people." Asked if he figured he'd be elected, Thomas replied: "Well, probably not, but there's no law against it."

Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican candidate for President, replied in New York to Democratic charges that he had deliberately made voting tough for servicemen from his state. He called such claims "false and irresponsible" and said that 400,000 applications for war ballots had already been received at Albany. The final total, he thought, would be 75 percent of the eligible soldier vote. Paul Fitzpatrick, Democratic State Chairman, insisted on a special session of the legislature to change the state's soldier-voting law, saying that a million New York servicemen were eligible to vote and that the number of valid ballots received wouldn't begin to equal the number of applications.

LAST Monday was Labor Day, in case that fact somehow escaped your attention, and the President had a few words to say to the workers of the nation on the eve of the big holiday. He told them they could face Labor Day this year "in the proud knowledge that in the battle of production their free labor is triumphing over slave labor." He credited the American workers' determination to safeguard liberty and preserve their nation's heritage for coming generations with having "made possible the greatest production achievement in the world's history."

"We now have the enemy on the run," Roosevelt went on, "yet we must face the prospect that the hardest fighting and the biggest job of supply are still ahead of us." He said "American labor can be depended on, I know, to continue to devote itself primarily to that task" and he expressed the belief that in solving the nation's postwar problems "free American workers, free American employers, and free American farmers" will cooperate just as they have during the war.

The Office of Defense Transportation begged people to stay home over the Labor Day weekend, but millions said no dice to that deal and jammed trains, busses, and planes so badly that Col. J. Monroe Johnson, national director of the ODT,



ABLE GRABLE. This pool-posed picture proves that recent motherhood hasn't diminished Betty's charm a bit. She's telling the fleahound to get on the ball.

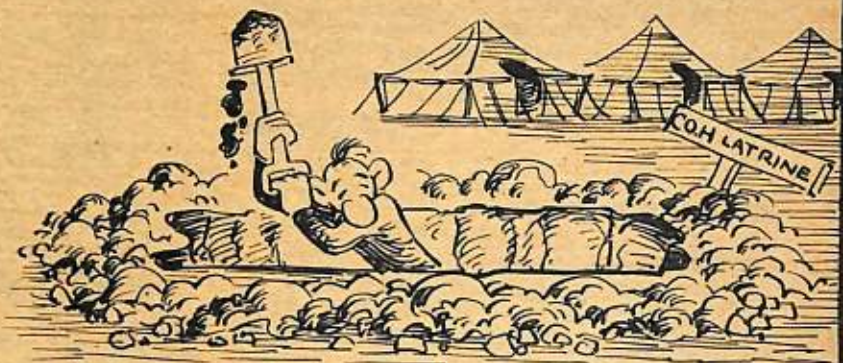
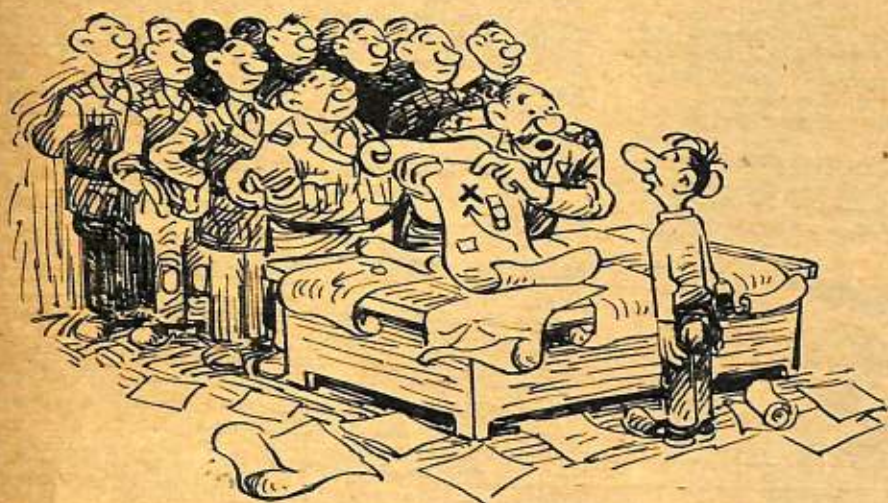


HEIRESS HOSTESS. Doris Duke Cromwell, one of the world's richest gals, whips up a Dagwood at a seamen's center in Sands Point, N. Y.



THE SAD SACK

"PLANNING"



SGT. GEORGE BAKER

expressed the fear that essential travel of servicemen and civilians in war work would be curtailed.

Robert Murphy was appointed political adviser to General Dwight D. Eisenhower with the rank of Ambassador during the occupation of Germany, an appointment which stirred up considerable criticism in some quarters. The critics pointed out that Murphy was Eisenhower's adviser during the North African operations, was partly responsible for U. S. collaboration with Darlan and Giraud, and was in charge of the American Embassy at Vichy in 1940 while the U. S. was still dealing with Pétain as the head of France.

THE Wacs are going to get a pretty snoozy off-duty uniform for winter wear. It's to be a soft, wool crepe dress in what is described by those who know about such things as a "horizon tan," a color which has been further described by ditto as "somewhat darker than the summer off-duty uniforms."

Count Kurt Reventlow, former husband of Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth-money gal, checked in at a Boston hotel with his present wife, the former Margaret Astor Drayton, and his son, Lance, and told the manager that he was considering becoming a resident of the town. The count and his family spent the weekend at the home of his brother-in-law, John A. Drayton, at Newport, R. I. Miss Hutton, who since her divorce from Reventlow has married and become separated from Cary Grant, of the movies, has filed suit for complete custody of the boy, Lance.

The Army has found a new battlefield use for some of the dogs it has been accepting for training since before Pearl Harbor. The dogs are now being trained to locate nonmetallic mines and minefields, which cannot be discovered by mechanical means. The dogs, called "M-Dogs," work on a six-foot leash and although their principal job is to work on nonmetallic mines, they can also locate metallic ones, tripwires, and booby traps. Medium-sized animals, weighing from 45 to 65 pounds, are what's wanted. They are selected on a basis of their I.Q., willingness to work, canine poise, and indifference to distractions.

And it may surprise those who don't think such dogs really earn their chow to learn that Eva Gabor, the blonde screen actress, received word from the WD at her Hollywood home that her police dog, Wiska, had been killed in action while on overseas duty.

The Duchess of Windsor's appendix was successfully removed at Roosevelt Hospital in New York City. Another appendectomy also made news. This one was performed out in Seattle and the patient

was Mrs. Theda Anne Carl, 24, who was in an iron lung at the time, suffering from infantile paralysis. She came through the operation "excellently," a hospital staff physician said.

Lt. Alvin J. Luongo, of New York City, a 20-year-old P-47 instructor pilot at an Army Air Field in Nebraska, was sentenced to dismissal from the service and forfeiture of all pay and allowances by a court martial at the 2nd Air Force HQ in Harvard, Neb. He was found guilty of having led a flight of three planes, two of them piloted by students, in a 30-minute, low-altitude "buzzing" of the town of Beatrice, Neb., driving the residents nuts.

Marine Sgt. Lee Powell, 35, once the Lone Ranger of the movies who rode the famous Silver, has been killed in action in the South Pacific, according to an announcement by the Navy. News of his death was made public in Hollywood.

Two years ago, when William Westlake was 13, he got bawled out for scribbling his name on a victory pylon in Seattle, Wash., which bears the names of men from the community who died in the last war. At that time, young William said that some day his name would belong on that pylon. A year later the kid, large for his age, enlisted in the Marines, and last week his mother received word that her son, at 15, had been killed in the Pacific. Bill's name will be among the 171 new ones to be placed on the pylon at a memorial service in the near future.

The Boston censors are up in arms again. This time they're hot under the collar about a play called *Wallflower*, a comedy dealing with adolescents which ran in New York last season. City Censor John J. Spencer ruled that before the play could open in Boston it would have to be purged of profanity and "unpleasant lines." The play portrays the adventures of a young lady who is an ugly duckling and who takes certain steps to avoid being a wallflower to boot. Spencer said he had ordered the deletion of "profane references to the Deity, as I am required to do by law." He added that he had "also insisted that lines in the dialogue between two girls having to do with just how far they go in love-making should be eliminated."

Brig. Gen. Raymond S. McLain, commanding the 90th Division, which is part of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton's 3rd Army, was nominated by President Roosevelt for promotion to the rank of major general. McLain, who was a member of the Oklahoma Guard for 32 years, was overseas during the last war and served in the Sicilian and Italian campaigns in this one, winning the D.S.C. for extraordinary heroism

in action. He was born in Washington County, Ky., in 1890, and has spent most of his life in Oklahoma, where, before being called to active duty in September, 1940, he was president of the American First Trust Co. in Oklahoma City.

Miss Elizabeth Schuller, a Red Cross worker of Montclair, N. J., was awarded the Army's bronze star medal and thus became the first Red Cross woman to receive an Army award other than the Purple Heart in this war, according to Basil O'Connor, national chairman of the organization she serves. A clubmobile group captain, Miss Schuller was among the first 300 Red Cross workers to arrive in Normandy. She was honored for her contribution "to the success of the 4th Infantry Division in battle."

Cedric Gibbons, 49, art director for the M-G-M film studios out Hollywood way, got a license to marry Hazel Brooks, 22, former New York model and cover girl. This is Miss Brooks' first marriage and Gibbons' third. He has previously been married to Dolores Del Rio and Gwendolyn Waller.

Lila Lee, 39, of the stage and screen, was married in Philadelphia to John E. Murphy, 45, a New York stockbroker. She is starring in a comedy called *Kiss and Tell*, which had just closed a run in Philly. The couple were married by a magistrate, and Miss Lee used the name of Augusta L. Peine. Her former husband was John R. Peine, a Chicago broker.

Frances Rafferty, 22, of the films, and Maj. John E. Harlan, 25, formerly of Kansas City, announced in Hollywood that they had just been married at St. Albans Episcopal Church in Westwood. Their attendants were Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, also of the movies, at whose wedding last June the couple met. Maj. Harlan is stationed at Ft. Huachuca, Ariz.

HOLLYWOOD's juicy bit of the week was a divorce trial in which Juliette Compton, former movie and *Follies* star, sought a final decree from James Bartram, a wealthy industrialist, who, she charged, liked to dress up in the maid's clothing and once talked a burglar into laying down his gun and playing a game of chess. Bartram countered with the claim that his wife wouldn't let him into her bedroom because she was under the influence of a cult which required that she give up "physical contacts" in favor of "spiritual union." Under the circumstances, the judge figured it was better to sever the holy bonds of matrimony that were keeping the two together—and he did.

Mail Call

Busy Just Now

Dear YANK,

Lt. Gen. Ben Lear in *Stars and Stripes* of 15 August is quoted as saying "Much of the army now in Europe may return home via the Suez Canal and Tokyo." If such is our destiny, I'll be damned if I don't think we deserve, once we finish the war over here, to have time to learn to speak American again before thinking about taking off for Tokyo.

Maybe the Army should see about making some of those Joes who have worn callouses on their fannies seeing USO shows in the States get the hell over and help out with Tokyo. We're ready if we gotta go, but for God's sake don't remind us of it right now. We are pretty busy.

Sgt. BILL CALLUM
Sgt. TONY FERRERA

France.

Matter Of Ships, Planes

Dear YANK,

We are reading different estimates of the time necessary to muster out the Army after the war.

None of these estimates have been worked out on the basis of how fast we can shuttle ships and planes back to the States.

The figuring all seems to be based on industry's ability or desire to absorb the men.

If our energy and skills are not needed by industry, then let the government employ us at useful civilian jobs, and I don't mean boondoggling. There are thousands of homes, miles of roads, hundreds of airports and dams to be built. The Army is doing that now during the war. I'm sure the government can do it during peace.

Some may say we need a large police force for Europe. But how many men will be needed to police the whole world if the aggressor nations' means of production of military weapons are liquidated?

I realize how necessary it is to see this thing through, but when it's through, let's get home. If we can spend billions for war, let's spend an equivalent amount, if need be, for peace.

Pic. E. F. MENDEZ

France.

Nurses And EMs

Dear YANK,

We all realize that there is an Army regulation stating that officers must not fraternize with enlisted men, and that this regulation was made primarily for the male officer in order to maintain command. However, this regulation has extended during this war to include the Army Nurse Corps, despite the fact that nurses are denied many privileges that male officers enjoy.

As nurses, and as American women in the ETO, we have had unlimited occasions to meet American officers socially and just as much occasion, without authorization, to meet American enlisted men. For good, plain fun, many of us prefer the enlisted man. He is chivalrous and respectful.

Many officers are middle-aged married men with families, but they are the ones in whose favor we must relinquish friendship of boys nearer our own age.

Our own brothers and sweethearts are enlisted men. Must we be humiliated by punishment for infringement of this regulation? Why must we have a pass from our commanding officer to be seen with our own brothers?

We would very much appreciate a discussion of this situation.

2nd Lts. (ANC): GRACE LARRABEE
ISABELLE SHEPARD
HOPE ROGERS
ANNA MAE KNIUBAS
EVELYN D. MOORE
RUTH E. WHEELER
MARY B. COOKSON
GLADYS J. RODRIGUEZ
ISABELLA E. LOMBARDO
BARBARA BITZER

ELIZABETH KENNEDY
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MARY LeGRESLEY
THERESE SIMEONE
ELINOR J. CRAIG
SYLVIA K. JOHNSON
THERESA J. GRADY
MARGUERITE J. HEANEY
AMELIA R. ASPERO

France.

Finish The Job First

Dear YANK,

As ardent readers of YANK, we've noticed the steadily rising amount of bitching concerning the rotation plan. That letter from the "Lost Boys" in the August 6 edition was a good example.

We'd like to know why they think they've got a bitch coming. At least they have had one man rotated and tho' we were engaging the enemy before they came overseas we still have our first man to be rotated. Still we don't figure that we should go crying to somebody about "getting a break." Maybe



it's because we kinda figure that this would be one hell of a war for everyone if every GI that figured that he was entitled to go home just packed up and left.

5 WITH 5 OVERSEAS STRIPES

France.

Dear YANK,

This letter is to inform those "Lost Boys" that no matter what they have done or gone through there is always someone else who has gone through something worse, and that saying goes for us too.

Next month will complete 36 months overseas for us and 27 of those months were spent in Iceland.

We ourselves would like to go home, but would it be fair to those boys who are in the front lines if we let them down now? All of us are needed here in France, no matter how little the job is—so shoot, fellows, you're faded.

MEMBERS OF THE FBI

France.

Sweat Out Another?

Dear YANK,

Listen, all you guys who are battling the breeze in these pages about what you are fighting for and what you want to go back to after this is over. I think it's pretty well settled that the average GI is fighting to get the war over as quickly as possible and go back home to America. Just as simple as that, only spell "America" with a capital "United States." Of course, some people consider it un-

fortunate that our soldiers don't go into battle imbued with some higher ideological fervor, but perhaps that's because "America" is easier to pronounce and means the same as some of those four-dollar words. Be that as it may, the point I want to get at is: to what are we coming back? Will it be the same what are we coming back? Will it be the same America, the self-same America, without a twig broken or a pavement torn up? The kind of America the pretty-boy in the slick magazine ads wants to old man left the horse and buggy and came back to the Model-T, and that was quite a change. It will be the same this time. Technological developments will change the face of America and make it a brighter and busier home. But will it be a home from which our sons will slip away in 20 years to sweat out another duration?

Shiny new autogiros, and chrome-plated, radar-operated urinals will not prevent the next war. We must realize that America is one of a family of nations sitting at the table-level of this earth. And we must realize that, just as science has brought Uncle Jim's farm down-state an hour's ride from home, so has it made Chen-Wen and Ivan Ivanovitch our neighbors, too. Scientific progress has brought us together. Let us strive to live together as socially responsible nations, in peace for all years to come.

Pvt. CHARLES CHERIBIN

Britain.

Hails From The Hold

Dear YANK,

This is the Army giving a plug one time for the Navy and the Merchant Seamen. We are a Port Battalion and many a time while working American ships the sailors came down in the hold and helped us. The Merchant Seamen have served us plenty of swell meals. We do appreciate it.

Pvt. JOSEPH NEAT
Pic. GORDON CARLQUIST

Cpl. METRO YEDNIAK
Pic. CLARENCE RAGAN
Sgt. WM. H. SCHOEN

France.

Long Wind-up

Dear YANK,

I sometimes wonder if you have ever heard of a Tank Destroyer outfit. Of course, our job is to study the types of tanks the Infantry, Engineers, Air Corps, and Airborne knock out. We then sit down and wring our hands and go back to our nice feather beds to a prolonged sleep. I think it's simply dreadful the way these different branches of service are treating the armor of these poor, poor Jerries. At our sewing circle last week, we took a vote to see if anything could be done about this situation and came to a decision. From this day on we of the TDs will allow none of these mean, bad boys to come to our basket social. No, I'm sorry boys, until you change your ways, no more nice cakes and ice cream.

Of course, our men never get hurt unless they fall while running or jumping rope. We haven't been any place, either. My, but La Haye du Puits must have been awful. St. Lo was dreadful, wasn't it?

Somebody do some damn checking somewhere and give some credit where credit is due.

France.

1st Sgt. M. W. BRAY

Glamorize The Jeep?

Dear YANK,

In your issue of August 20, an article called "Jeeps on the Farm" appeared and aroused quite a bit of conversation on how the jeep will perform on the farm after the war. We who have driven the jeep for a number of years don't quite understand why the women of the U. S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce came to the conclusion that it isn't much good for anything on the average farm.

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Pictures: 1, 6, 7, 8 and 9, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 12, upper left, Sgt. Pete Paris; upper right, Acme; center left, INF; lower left, AAF; lower center, Sgt. Robt. W. McGregor; lower right, U.S. Army Air Corps. 13, upper left, Sgt. John Bushemi; upper right, 9th AAF; center left and lower right, Signal Corps; lower left, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 14, Universal Studios. 15, lower, INF; upper, Acme. 16, center, INF; upper, Acme; lower right, W.W.; lower left, INF. 20 and 21, center left, USMC; lower left, AAF. All others, Mason Pawiak, Pho.Mc.

We have a few boys who are farmers and know what the jeep will do and how it will perform in different terrains.

We are very much browned off and disgusted with women's decisions on subjects of which they know little or nothing.

We agree with the rest of the boys who don't want the appearance of the jeep changed.

The jeep wasn't built for women's pleasure to drive around town. If the women don't like the way the jeep is built, they don't have to ride or see them. There are other vehicles to chose from.

We like the jeep the way it is—straight, light, and fast.

S/Sgt. JOSEPH P. CHEBETAR
S/Sgt. SKIP SIMON
T/Sgt. PETER KARYZ

Britain.

Dear YANK,

I know of more than one jeep jockey who has a burning desire to own a jeep after this war ends, for one reason only:

Without exception, they want to raise the hood each morning, gloat over the mounting accumulation of dirt and grime, give an imitation of the sound made by pulling the chain on an English W.C., slam the hood, and walk off.

Britain.

R. L. HUGHES, C.W.O.

Have At It, Gentlemen!

Dear YANK,

There are other captions conceivable for "The Sad Sack" of your 20 August, 1944 issue of YANK, aside from the one used. When it becomes necessary for your illustrious magazine to accept material of this kind and present it as rollicking American humor, it is time your decadence was investigated.

Perhaps it may not have occurred to you, but it is no disgrace for a man to unburden himself before a chaplain—and it does not help the morale of the men to have it continually presented as the last resort of the "weak sisters" and "T. S. panty waists" of the outfits.

The chaplains are not and do not expect to be immune from the jibes of the legitimate fun maker, but I and many others object to the implication of this cartoon.

The cartoonist really slipped in his skill on this instance in capturing the universal, and I for one do not intend to let it pass without protest.

Chaplain (Capt.) LAWRENCE D. GRAVES

Britain.

Dear YANK,

Sgt. George Baker's Sad Sack for the August 20 issue of the British Edition would make an ideal T-S slip for the undersigned chaplain.

If YANK would print the third frame of that cartoon



—the Sad Sack weeping in the Chaplain's office—on a ticket the size of a five franc invasion note, this chaplain would gladly pay the printing costs for a lot of five hundred.

I hope this belated recognition will help to enthrone the Sad Sack in his symbolism. After all, he has had a T-S slip coming to him for a long time.

Captain JOHN R. BRADSTREET, Chaplain

Britain.

ETO-Unhappy Oldster

Dear YANK,

How about some of us so-called "Pops" over here that seem to be doomed to a life of "mild and bitter" for a long time to come?

The writer is over 39, single, and wants so much to go back home, marry and have a few children before he gets so old that they will be born saying "hello grandpa."

I have given over 15 months "overseas" service to my country, all of it, except for 21 days, over the age of 38. Please don't tell me that I have "never had it so good" or I'll surely "blow my top."

Isn't there someone that I can convince that those

15 months mean twice or three times as much to me as to a younger man?

Britain.

Pvt. H. M. GERDES

Smart Lads, These French

Dear YANK,

We wholly agree with the "Sad Sacks from Adsec" on dextrose and malted-milk tablets. We, too, have never heard anyone say that they liked them and have seen very few Yanks eat them. Recently we were passing through a small French village. We thought we were among the first to enter. One of the boys tossed out a package of dextrose tablets.



The French lad that intercepted them took one quick look and promptly tossed them back into the vehicle. From this we surmised that we were not the first to enter.

France.

SEVEN JOES

Replies To General Hershey

Dear YANK,

How simply General Hershey disposes of the post-war employment problem. According to the news reports, we who have no work can be kept where we are "as cheaply" as the nation can find work for us. And, if full employment is never achieved? Well, you, too, can be a 30-year man.

This plan would be quite feasible if it concerned a herd of cattle, which can assuredly be maintained more cheaply as a group than if given a measure of individual, free life. I would, however, remind Washington officials that we are human beings, not cattle; and claim a right to return to the society which we are at present bending every effort to maintain.

If General Hershey's plan fails, and unemployment increases, what nostrum are we then to be offered? We might conceivably induct every American, male or female, between the ages of 18 and 65 unless gainfully employed. If, on the other hand, this would lead to draft boards working more than eight hours a day, let me obviate that catastrophe with the ultimate simple solution: When lack of planning leads to depression and food costs rise, let the Army feed on itself, frying the fat ones, broiling the bony ones, and stewing the little ones—thus solving at once demobilization, lack of food, and unemployment.

S/Sgt. LOUIS DOYLE

Britain.

Dear YANK,

The questions that are on our minds after reading the news report of General Hershey's speech are:

1. Will we have anything to say about our release, or are the civilians who now hold our jobs going to decide for us when we can go home and live our own lives?
2. Are we not capable of seeking our own employment or setting up our own businesses?
3. Will we be expected to take jobs we don't want, and have to stick to them?
4. Will the men who have learned to respect the Four Freedoms by fighting for them in hell-holes around the world be willing to give up their own freedom?
5. All in all, where do we stand? What can our country offer us as an alternative to the "cheapest method of keeping us" in the Army after the battles are won?

Britain.

THE BOYS IN HUT 7

Dear YANK,

If Maj. Gen. Hershey would interview 95 percent of the soldiers overseas, he would find they are fighting and dying to have the war come to a quicker end in order that they can get out of the Army and

back to their loved ones.

We are fighting for freedom, and we won't get that freedom in the Army.

That it would be cheaper to keep the men in the Army is a laugh. After all the money we have spent on the war, we can surely spend a little for the happiness and benefit of the man on the front.

FIVE PFCs

France.

Inauguration

Dear YANK,

A certain question has caused quite a bit of disruption, a few heated arguments, and the waging of a few thousand francs in this outfit. We decided that you were the logical ones to enlighten us, so the question is this: Should Presidential Nominee Thomas E. Dewey be elected to the Presidency, would President Roosevelt remain in office for the duration of the war, regardless? Do try and enlighten things around here.

AN INQUISITIVE BUNCH OF GIs

France.

[If Governor Dewey is elected to the Presidency, he will take office in January, just as he would in peacetime.—Ed.]

Same Uniform

Dear YANK,

May I say a few words to those boys at the front who write sarcastic letters, aimed at their buddies in the U.S. and the U.K.?

Fellows, let's cut it out. After all, 99 percent of you wouldn't trade places with the garrison boys if you could, so is it fair to crack down on them like that? What with daily inspections and daily schedules, etc. (remember?), they've got plenty of reasons to gripe. And probably for most of them the biggest gripe is that they're not up there with you.

In other words, we all wear the same uniform, so if we have to blow off at somebody, let's give it to the war profiteers, big and little—and to the Germans.

Pvt. RUDIE RIEDELL

France.

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide



Highlights for the week of Sept. 10

- SUNDAY** 1905—MAIL CALL*—Don Wilson m.c.'s and presents a lot of lovely pin-ups, including Dyana Lynn, Virginia O'Brien, Helen Forrest, and Sharon Douglas.
- MONDAY** 1915—COMMAND PERFORMANCE*—Bob Hope, at your request, introduces the Andrew Sisters, Coltonseed Clark, Carole Landis, Roy Rogers, the Riders of the Purple Sage, and Frank Sinatra.
- TUESDAY** 1315—JOHN CHARLES THOMAS*—Singing songs America loves, and accompanied by Victor Young's Orchestra and the Ken Darby Singers.
- WEDNESDAY** 2005—CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LOWER BASIN STREET*—Low-down rhythm by Paul Lava's Orchestra. Milton J. Cross presides.
- THURSDAY** 2115—DUFFY'S TAVERN*—Archie, the Manager, rolls out the welcome mat for Georgie Jessel. Music by Joe Venuti's Orchestra and songs by Yvette.
- FRIDAY** 2005—JAMES MELTON SHOW*—A new variety program with James Melton introducing his guest of the week—Kathleen Grayson. Music by Nat Finston's Orchestra.
- SATURDAY** 1330—YANK'S RADIO WEEKLY. 1905—VILLAGE STORE*—Joan Davis and Jack Haley with their cast of fun-makers. Music by the orchestra and songs by Dave Street.
- NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

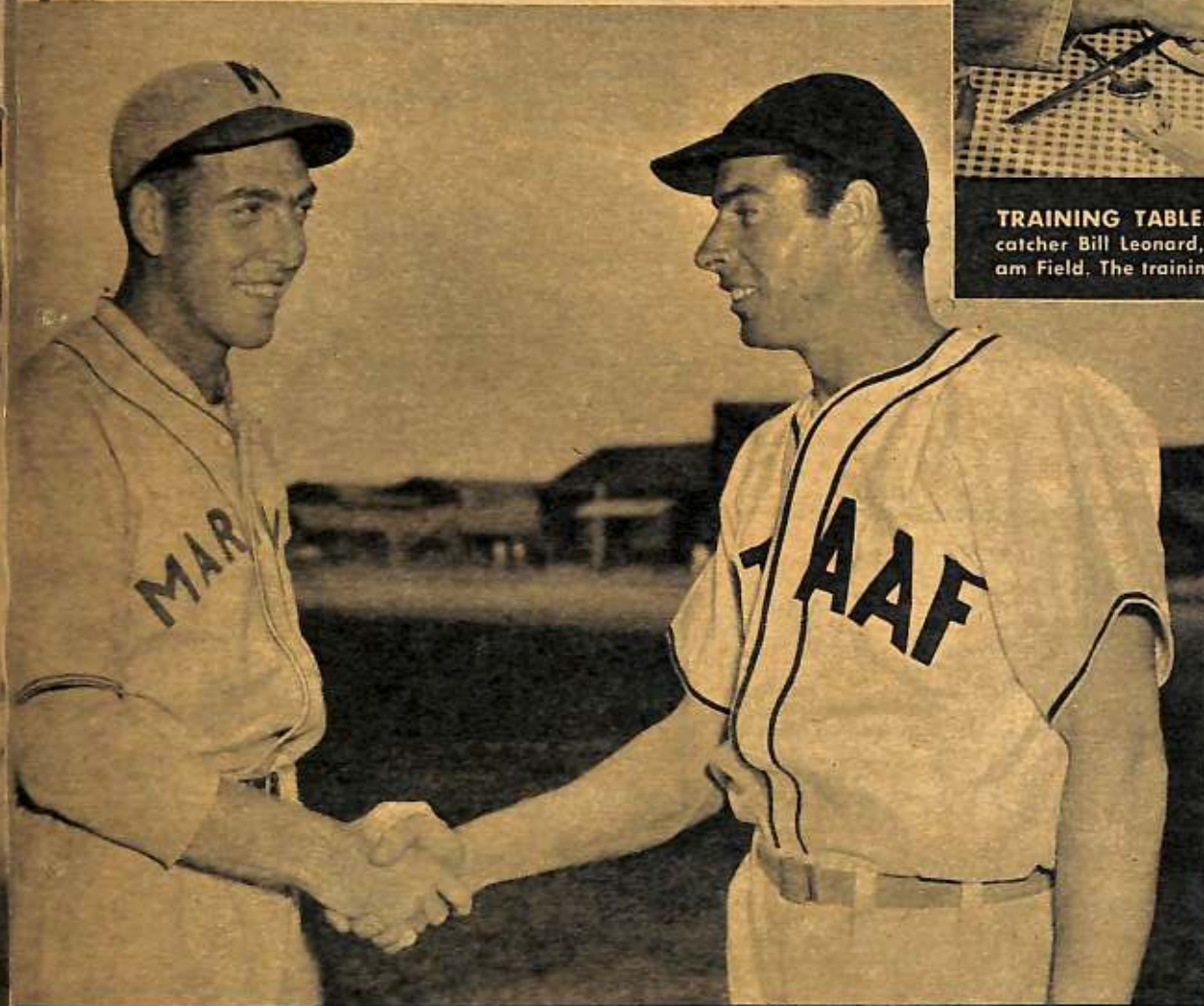
* Indicates programs also heard over the AEF program.

AFN in Britain on your dial:
1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.
AEF programs in France on your dial:
583 kc. 514 m.

Report on Joe DiMaggio



TRAINING TABLE. DiMaggio (center), flanked by pitcher Eddy Funk and catcher Bill Leonard, wolfs down a veal dinner in the athlete's mess at Hickam Field. The training table serves the same chow as any other enlisted mess.



NICE GOING. Cpl. Andy Steinbach (left), Marine pitcher, congratulates DiMaggio after the Seventh AAF shellacked the Leathernecks, 7-1. Flyers play six games a week, in two leagues. One, the Hawaii League, consists of five civilian teams, two GI outfits. The Central Pacific League is all-service.

LIKE almost every major-league star who is in the Army, S Sgt. Joe DiMaggio is still playing baseball. For three months now he has been hitting (.390) and fielding among the pineapples in Hawaii for the ambitious Seventh Air-Force Flyers, a ball team that looks on all major leagues as its farm. Coached by Lt. Tom Winsett, an ex-Dodger, the batting order includes Sgt. Red Ruffing, Yankees; Sgt. Walter Judnich, Browns; Sgt. Dario Lodigiani, White Sox; Cpl. Mike McCormick, Reds, and Pvt. Joe Gordon, Yankees. But DiMaggio probably realizes better than anyone





DRESSING ROOM. Mike McCormick (left) consults "team doctor" T/Sgt. Guy Lamantia before a night game at Honolulu Stadium. That's Dario Lodigiani behind them.



JUST POSING. Playing baseball in Hawaii isn't all pineapples and coconuts as you would gather from this picture of DiMaggio. Heat and humidity are worse than St. Louis. "After a game I feel dead," DiMaggio said. "I don't want to do anything. Could be I'm getting older." He's 29.

else that he is on the spot and that to most GIs in combat zones his job smacks of special privilege. He also knows he didn't ask for the assignment. "We're here for a job," DiMaggio said, "and we're playing pretty good ball. If the guys enjoy it, then we're glad to do it." Actually, DiMaggio and the other big-timers are extremely popular with their fellow EM. As one GI growled: "A lot of fellows think it's a picnic playing out there. Jockstrap soldiers! I'd like to hear somebody call DiMaggio a jockstrap soldier. I'd slug him in the eye with a bat."



SOLDIERING. DiMaggio, rear rank, marches by in a Seventh AAF review. The left leg is out on details from breakfast to



MAN AT WORK. Joe Gordon was latrine orderly the day YANK correspondent Sgt. Barrett McGurn paid him a visit. McGurn said: "Even after the mopping

The Ghost of Guam

Hunted day and night by Jap patrols, this Navy radioman sweated out 31 months as a fugitive on the enemy island.

By Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII [By Cable]—George Ray Tweed RM1c liked Guam the first day he set foot on it, back in August 1939. A man couldn't ask for a better set-up, he thought.

Agana, Guam's capital, could easily stand up to any small city on the mainland; it had stores, theaters, automobiles, macadam roads. Tweed had a modern house with refrigeration, electricity, telephone and all the conveniences.

And best of all, the Navy radioman had his wife and 4-year-old stepson Ronald Eugene with him. That made it a lot easier to be 5,000 miles from home in Portland, Oreg.; anyway the Clipper brought mail less than a week old so it never seemed that far.

A son Robert Edward was born on Jan. 11, 1941—far from the continental U. S. but still on American soil. Ronald was thriving on the good food and sunshine. And Tweed, who had spent 19 of his 39 years in the Navy, found security for his family within grasp last; he had taken an examination for a chief's rating and expected to make the grade.

But if Guam was a paradise, it was a perilous one. A typhoon struck the island with 100-mph force, leaving devastation in its wake. And another, deadlier storm was brewing.

In October 1941 the families of servicemen and diplomatic personnel were evacuated to the States by government order. Tweed kissed his wife and the children good-bye and watched the ship disappear over the horizon. Guam no longer felt the same.

The island was ill prepared. Until 1937 a treaty had kept it unfortified, and only in 1941 did Congress vote funds to strengthen it.

"I went about the daily routine," he says, "but I sensed that war was imminent. About 0500 on the morning of Dec. 8 (Dec. 7, U. S. time), I was awakened at home and told to report to the communications office right away. The Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor and Manila.

"Four hours later, 0900, the first Jap planes came over Guam from the north. They proceeded directly to Sumay in Apra Harbor where they bombed the Standard Oil tanks and strafed the barracks of civilian workers for the construction company. They also attacked Cabras Island in the harbor, where 200 marines were garrisoned.

"That first raid knocked out the telephone lines, and I was sent up that afternoon to a hill with a portable radio to maintain communication with Government House. While I was on the hill, the Japs came over a second time and bombed and strafed for an hour and 20 minutes. No bomb struck any target, no buildings were hit and none of the personnel who had left the buildings was wounded. Only one bomb was dropped on Agana itself. When I returned to town at 1430, I learned it was a direct hit on my own house.

"The second day was practically a repetition of the first, except that the hospital was machine-gunned and one more house bombed. Another bomb dropped in the Government House area but did no damage. Practically our only defense was machine guns, which merely kept the Jap planes at a higher altitude.

"Before dark on the evening of the second day, ships were sighted on the horizon—Jap landing forces. I stayed at the communications office at Government House until midnight and then went home to the wreckage of my house. I dragged the bed from the shattered bedroom to where some of the roof remained. Then I went to sleep.

"The Japs made a landing about midnight or

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early in the morning of Dec. 10. I was awakened about 0200 by machine-gun and rifle fire coming from the direction of town, but I'd been up so late and was so tired I was foggy. I didn't realize what it was. I thought it was our men practicing. I swore at them and went back to sleep."

Two hours later, field artillery boomed from the same direction, and this time Tweed realized with a start what had happened; the Americans had no big guns. He dressed and hurried to Government House. Here he learned that an estimated 8,000 Japs had overwhelmed stubborn resistance by the marines on Cabras Island.

The invaders had landed and were advancing toward the town. They had set fire to native dwellings on the outskirts and now were using this illumination to direct artillery fire on the American installations.

"I was at the Governor's Palace with a dozen Navy men," Tweed says, "and about the same number of insular forces as well as the governor and most of his officers. This was about daybreak of the third day. I learned that the garrison would have to surrender.

"I wondered what to do. I could surrender or take to the bush. I decided on the bush. I knew from my two years on Guam that the jungle was thick and a man had to cut his way through with a machete, but I figured I could go it for a week or more. By that time I expected the American fleet would come and take back Guam."

TWEED grabbed some canned food, climbed into his old car, a 1926 model, and started to make a run for it with another seaman who had joined him. As they swung around a corner into Agana's main street, a Jap machine gun opened fire on the car. Both of the Navy men ducked and the car roared through the street, heading southeast of town. Eleven miles away was Mt. Reconnaissance, towering 1,125 feet above the sea. It was a logical hide-out if they could make it.

A Jap machine-gun emplacement blocked the way near the mountain slope. Tweed drove as far as he dared, then ran the car off the road and struck out on foot with his companion through the bush in search of a place to hide.

As the days went by, Tweed and the sailor cut deeper and deeper into the jungle. Soon they were joined by three other Navy enlisted men. From Chamorro natives, Tweed and the others learned that American prisoners were being kept in the Agana church for 30 days. During that time any Americans hiding in the bush who voluntarily came in and surrendered would be placed with the other prisoners. The Japs warned, however, that any Americans found on Guam after the surrendered Yanks had been shipped out would be killed.

"We ate the food we had," Tweed says, "and kept out of sight. On Sept. 12, 1942, the Japs grabbed two of our group. The next month they located two more and killed them Oct. 22. After that I was entirely on my own.

"The Japanese were frantically searching for me personally. They knew I was a radio-material man and were afraid I would build a transmitter to communicate with the Americans. They offered a reward for my capture—about 1,000 yen (\$120), twice the other rewards. Several times



GEORGE TWEED WITH HIS NEW CHIEF'S ANCHOR.

they learned where I was hiding, but each time I managed to escape."

Natives gave Tweed refuge in isolated, rugged portions of their ranches on the island. They helped feed the radioman and warned him of the approach of Jap hunting parties. Once he fled from one of his "homes" only a few steps ahead of the Japs coming up a path.

Tweed kept moving, changing his hiding place frequently, living in ravines, scaling mountains, moving higher and higher until at last he reached a high cliff facing the sea. It was such a barren rock he didn't believe the Japs ever would look there. From this vantage point he had a view of the harbor and could see Jap planes fly off. Days passed into weeks and fearfully Tweed observed more Jap ships and more Jap planes. Was there any chance of rescue?

Tweed watched the prison ship steam out of Apra Bay and wondered whether he had been a fool not to surrender. He had lived a whole month off the land. It wasn't hard with Guam's abundance of coconuts and fruits and the miraculous water that gushed from the guiji vine. But how long could he keep up?

Fifty-man Jap patrols were still searching for him and they seemed to have increased their vigilance since the prison ship had left. Prayer came easily now, but despair welled up as the months passed. "I gave up hope after the first year," Tweed says. "I felt I would be caught sooner or later, but I was determined to postpone that day as long as possible."

EARLY in 1944 Tweed realized that the Jap patrols had stepped up their search, and he soon learned why. Until March there had been only Imperial Navy men on Guam. Now Jap Army men were about to take over. "The Navy was afraid the Army might find me," he says, "so in April 1944—after the last frantic attempt to flush me out—they officially pronounced me dead to save face."

The problem was much simpler now—just keep out of sight.

On June 11, 1944, Tweed's heart leaped as American planes appeared on the horizon, swooped down along the coast and bombed Jap installations on Guam. Tweed shouted for joy. "I knew then that it would not be long," he says.

From that day, though he was still far from saved, Tweed was a happy man. He watched all the moves and noted gleefully when smoke rose from the port area after an American attack. He knew when we invaded Saipan.

"At the beginning," Tweed explains, "our planes came from the southeast. Then they started coming from the north. I figured the fleet was operating up there. Another thing, I saw Jap planes heavily loaded with bombs flying northward. Then I was pretty certain."

The American raids continued. Around dusk one day a plane flew low over his hide-out and Tweed in a frenzy tore off his shirt and waved it back and forth. The pilot merely waved back and blinked his tail lights. Tweed, disconsolate, returned to his hiding place.

A FEW days later, while the battle for Saipan was drawing to a close 100 miles away, an American warship showed up off Guam. Feverishly Tweed grabbed a mirror he had saved ever since his escape from Agana 31 months before. From his cave facing the sea, he signaled in Morse with the mirror and was rewarded by the sight of a small boat putting off to shore from the warship. The captain suspected Tweed was a Jap, but sent a small party ashore on the off-chance that he might be an American. Tweed waded out to meet them. It was still 10 days before our forces invaded Guam.

"I got on board," Tweed says, "and was taken down to the officers' mess room where they gave me food. The first thing I reached for was a slice of bread and some butter. I'd dreamed about it."

The Navy radioman was dressed in Robinson Crusoe rags when he was rescued, and he was soon provided with new clothes. An admiral, learning that Tweed had taken examinations for a chief's rating just before Guam fell to the Japs, promoted him on the spot.

Tweed's hair had turned silver during the long ordeal and he had dropped from 170 pounds to 132, but the 5-foot-7-inch radioman looked in surprisingly good physical condition. His throat was infected and after 2½ years of almost complete silence, he found it difficult to begin talking.

Naturally enough, his first thoughts were about going home to Portland, where his mother lives, and to San Diego, Calif., where Mrs. Tweed and the children have been staying. The Navy is arranging for that, and giving him a little pocket money for the trip—\$6,207 in back pay. Besides this, there will probably be plenty of lucrative offers from magazine, radio, movie and book-publishing agents who want to buy his story.

But Tweed has his own ideas about the future. "After the war is over and I retire from the Navy," he says, "I'd like to go back to Guam. I like the people and the climate, and I have a hunch I can cash in on something I learned in the Navy—radio.

"Yessir, I think I'll go back to Guam."



AS THE CAR TURNED A CORNER, A JAP MACHINE GUN OPENED UP. THEY DUCKED AND KEPT ON.



"MUST BE ONE OF THOSE NEW FLIGHT NURSES THAT WERE JUST TRANSFERRED HERE."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller



"I HAVE IT FROM UNIMPEACHABLE SOURCES THAT WE'VE ALREADY GOT MPs IN TOKYO POSTING OFF-LIMIT SIGNS."
—Sgt. Bob Bowie and M/Sgt. John Castle



"THERE GOES BOTTLEBY POLISHING THE OLD APPLE AGAIN."
—Sgt. Al Melinger

YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



"ANY NEW RUMORS ON THE ROTATION PLAN?"
—Sgt. Frank Burke and Pvt. Tom Flannery



"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE, DAD, TRY TO BEHAVE ASHORE."
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell