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## Trick Bombing Technique Busts Burma B

—See Pages 8, 9





# THE FALL

**The 3rd Armored tanks drew small-arms and 88 fire, met one Nazi tank in a head-on fight to the finish, and went on to take the town.**

**By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM**  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**C**OLOGNE, GERMANY—According to an ancient legend, told to American tourists before the war, eau de Cologne, the fragrant toilet water that barbers splash over your face when they give you the works, was discovered by the first settlers of this city on the site of the present Cologne Cathedral. The invigorating properties of the water were supposed to be so great that a soldier who bathed his forehead in it would be protected from fatigue, headache, nausea, impotence, or whatever else ailed him.

Perhaps the city's supply of eau de Cologne had been running low, like its stocks of food and fuel. At any rate, the Americans who took Cologne, the Reich's third largest city, in less than three days found few German soldiers who showed any extraordinary resistance to fatigue or headaches. Several snipers and a stray tank crew stayed around to oppose the Yanks, as they barrel-tailed through Cologne's famous Hohe Strasse and Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse, heading straight for the Rhine, but most of the Krauts tired early and pulled out.

The 3rd Armored Division moved into the city limits of Cologne just before noon one day, after armored infantrymen had cleared the road blocks at a railroad underpass which had temporarily stymied the tanks. They drove forward through scattered small-arms sniper fire to their first phase line, another railroad underpass about midway into the city, where they buttoned up for the night.

At daylight next morning, they moved out again, with the Rhine River behind Cologne Cathedral as the day's phase line.

I caught up with the tanks shortly after noon that day, when they had reached a point within two blocks of the Cathedral. They were still getting sniper and small-arms fire from the shattered houses along their route, plus occasional air bursts and direct fire from an 88 set up under the Hohenzollern Bridge, which connects Cologne with its suburban city of Deutz.

A German tank was reported roaming around in the vicinity of Dom Kloster, the square on which the Cathedral fronts. Its crew was on a suicide mission, since all the bridges across the Rhine were unusable and the escape routes to the north and south were cut off.

Despite frequent fire and the noise of bursting shells, many of Cologne's residents stood in groups close to their bombed-out houses to watch the Americans advance.

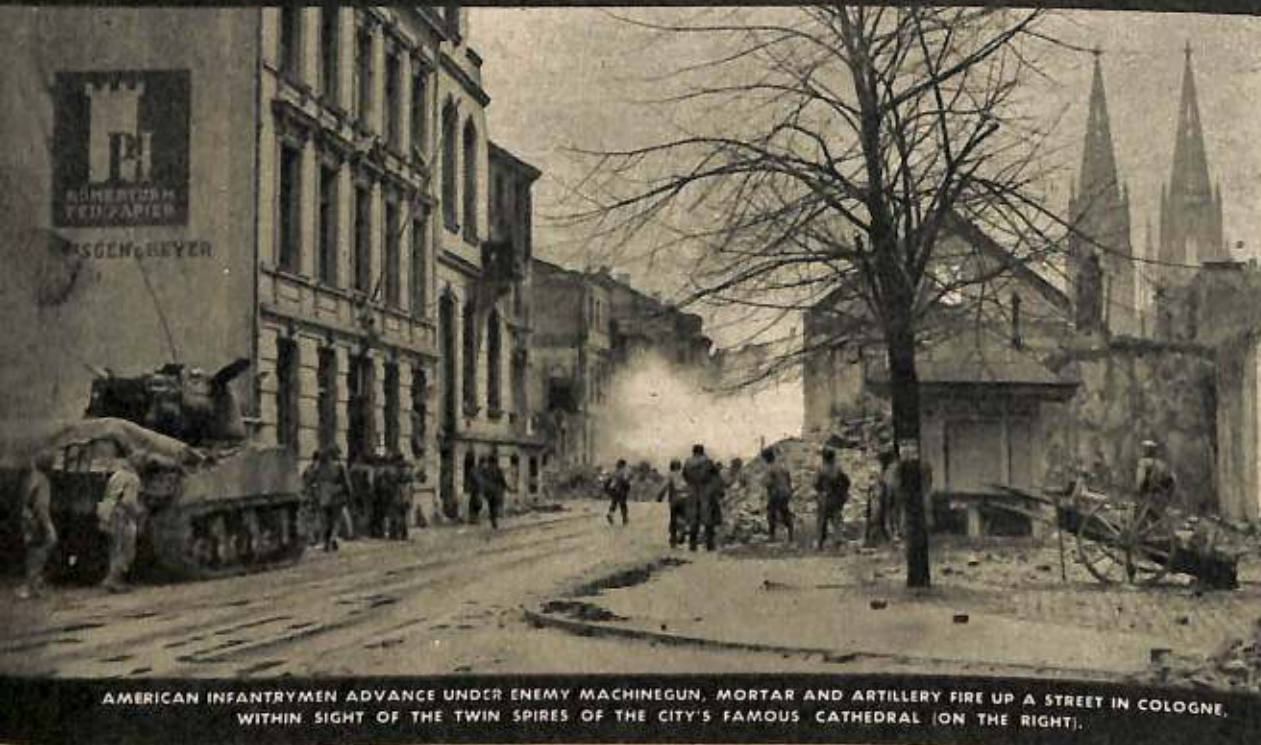
White flags fluttered from almost every house. Old men tipped their hats as the American armored infantrymen moved up Zeughaus Strasse toward the Cathedral square. A middle-aged woman walked down the middle of the street, waving a white handkerchief. She passed a dead German soldier who had been shot down beside his machinegun. She didn't even look at him.

A couple of women and a man came out of an abandoned store, carrying two baskets of shoes. One of the women waved a pair of sandals at some people standing in a doorway, laughed gloatingly, and motioned for them to go in and help themselves. The looting of Cologne had started even while fighting still went on two blocks away.

Nearby the staccato noise of American tommy-guns mixed with the high-pitched popping of a Schmeisser machine pistol. The armored-infantry squad was flushing out a German sniper from the ruins of a bombed office building. Two medium and three light tanks, which had been parked on the sidewalk, pulled into the street and headed into Kommodien Strasse. They were going out on patrol, headed for Cathedral Square and the Hohenzollern Bridge just behind the Cathedral.

**T**he lead tank, an M-4, was nearing the end of Kommodien Strasse when it had to halt. The street was blocked with rubble that once was St. Andreas

U.S. TANKS GRIND RELENTLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS PAST THE BATTERED BUILDINGS OF COLOGNE, GREAT GERMAN INDUSTRIAL CITY ON THE RHINE WHICH FELL TO THE FIRST ARMY AFTER AN 11-DAY DRIVE.



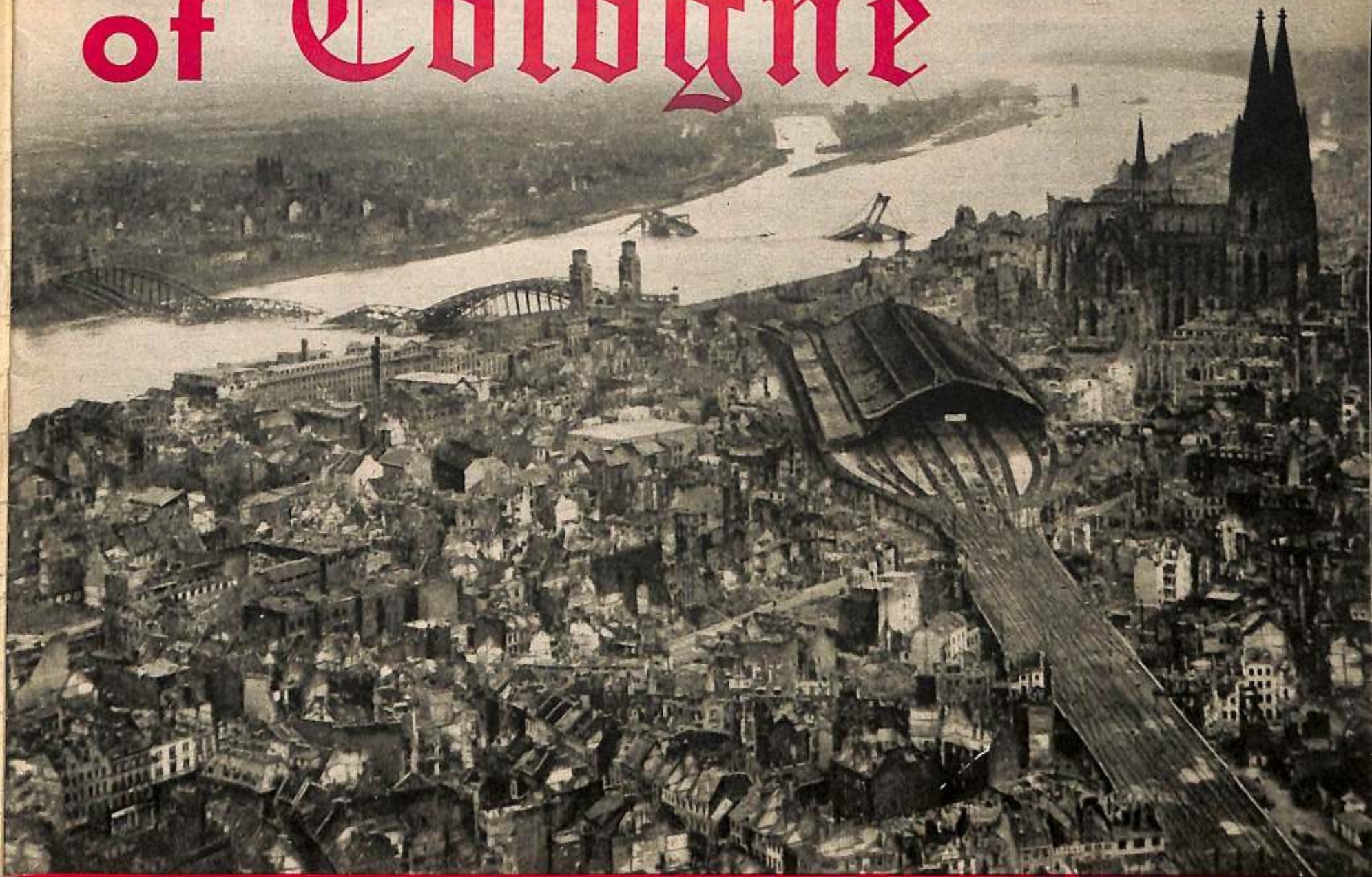
AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN ADVANCE UNDER ENEMY MACHINEGUN, MORTAR AND ARTILLERY FIRE UP A STREET IN COLOGNE, WITHIN SIGHT OF THE TWIN SPIRES OF THE CITY'S FAMOUS CATHEDRAL (ON THE RIGHT).



TANKS AND TROOPS OF THE FIRST ARMY MOVE TOWARD THE HEART OF COLOGNE, THIRD LARGEST CITY IN THE REICH, AFTER DISPOSING OF ROAD BLOCKS. HEAVY SNIPER FIRE WAS AHEAD FOR THE GI INVADERS.



# of Cologne



Church, dating back to the 13th Century. As the M-4 waited for an armored bulldozer to come up and clear a path, it was caught flat-footed by the crew of the roving Kraut tank, which suddenly swung around the far corner from Dom Kloster. A direct hit on the M-4's gunshield killed two of its crew outright and blasted a leg off a third, who died in a nearby bomb crater.

It was a short-lived triumph for the German tank men. Another American tank, commanded by S/Sgt. Robert Early, was one block over, on Marzellan Strasse, when the Yank M-4 was knocked out. Early headed toward the action, and the Jerry crew, still firing down Kommodien Strasse at other U. S. tanks, did not hear his tank approaching.

When Early was nearly on top of the Jerries, they swung their gun around to the right and put it in a spot where they figured he would stop his tank to get the best shot. But Early, who used to be a farmer back in Fountain, Minn., crossed them up. He kept coming full speed ahead, firing on the run.

Gunner Cpl. Clarence E. Smover of Leighton, Pa., put one right under the German tank's gunshield on his first shot and followed through with two more shells, one of which went through the Jerry tank. It went up in flames. Three of its crew were burned to death, while the other two bailed out.

With Kommodien Strasse blocked off not only by the rubble of St. Andreas Church but by two knocked-out tanks, it was impossible for the armored patrol to get through to Dom Kloster. They withdrew, awaiting further orders.

The orders came at 1630 hours, while I was at a CP. A picture of Heinrich Himmler still hung on a wall in the room where the American troops were getting orders for the completion of the conquest of Cologne.

From three directions, the American tanks started closing the net around the Cathedral, the last area of resistance in that sector of the city. One M-4, commanded by Cpl. Tonio Aho of Maple, Wis., swung around back of the Cathedral and moved in on the 88 set up under the Hohenzollern Bridge.

After a sharp but short battle, Aho's tank knocked out the enemy gun and went on to kayo a Jerry ammunition half-track, the last mechanical resistance in the Cathedral area.

At 1700 hours, a 3rd Armored Division officer reported by radio to Division Headquarters, announcing that his men had reached the Rhine. Next day, the 104th Infantry Division cleaned up whatever resistance was left in the south side of the city. Cologne, the heart of the Rhineland, was completely in American hands.

**T**HE day after the fall of Cologne, the city regained some of the American tourist trade it lost when the war began. But its visitors were strictly "on the cuff" and they were not as clean or as well-dressed as their predecessors. Most of them had slept in cellars the night before and, if they were lucky, had washed out of helmets that morning.

Many of the new visitors to Cologne were just as anxious to see the wonders of the city as any tourist, but there was one slight drawback—not much of it was left to see. Nevertheless, several of the more ambitious GIs climbed to the top of the Cathedral's 500-foot towers for a bird's-eye view of the ruins and of the Rhine Plain beyond.

Only four blocks from the Cathedral, in the cold cells of Krinkelputz prison, American soldiers found 80 political prisoners on the verge of starvation. These included Dutch, Belgians, French, Russians and Germans, most of whom had been members of the undergrounds of their respective countries.

Two of the Belgian prisoners died of starvation the day after their liberation because they were too weak to eat the food provided by the Americans. Despite the efforts of U. S. Army doctors, six other prisoners also died of diseases contracted during their confinement. Four of the deaths were from typhus.

The prison consisted mostly of 4 x 10-foot cells, each of which held 10 naked men who were left there without blankets, even in the middle of winter. Two of each 10 could sleep in crude bunks; the rest had

to sleep sitting in crouched positions. The daily diet of all the prisoners was half a piece of bread for breakfast and a pint of cold, watery soup at 1500.

Elsewhere in the prison were men and women who bore fresh cuts and bruises from frequent beatings with clubs and steel bands; one woman had given birth to a baby unattended on the cold, stone floor of the prison hall with the result that the infant died; a German liberal had been tied hand and foot for 53 days because he had listened to a foreign broadcast. These prisoners were here to tell their stories personally; others had not been so fortunate.

There were, for example, 50 prisoners who had been taken from their cells and hanged en masse at Gestapo headquarters on the day Cologne fell. A German Jewess had been fatally poisoned by the Prison Commandant as his last act before he fled. A priest from the Netherlands had died of starvation three days before the Americans came.

Another of the surviving prisoners, a 19-year-old French girl named Odette, who had been arrested for distributing American propaganda and helping French prisoners of war escape, had been sent to Krinkelputz Prison a few days after she became 17. She had spent 19 months in the place, five of them in solitary confinement in an unheated cell where her bed was a crudely-made wooden slab with no blankets. She had been frequently stripped and beaten with a rubber truncheon. Another time she had been manacled for two weeks.

But Odette steadfastly refused to name the French underground leaders with whom she had worked, and now she is free to join her parents in Paris.

When I was ready to leave Krinkelputz Prison, an American medic sprayed me with DDT powder, pummeling powder into my hair, up my sleeves, and down my shirt collar. It is a compulsory measure for all visitors to the prison as a precaution against lice and typhus.

In the Cook's Tour days of Cologne, such measures were not necessary—but visits to Krinkelputz were not encouraged then.



## The going was better for trucks than it was for Infantry feet, but friendly Filipinos had cold beer waiting at the end of the march.

By Sgt. DICK HANLEY  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**M**ANILA [Delayed]—Tired, footsore infantrymen of the 37th Division, their bones aching from almost continuous marching, have their hands full tonight. They are crouched behind corners of buildings on Manila's Rizal Avenue and are sighting their M1s from behind pillars holding up the roofs of the city's Spanish-type sidewalks in the downtown district. With months and months of New Georgia's and Bougainville's jungle warfare behind it, the 37th is tonight getting its first taste of street fighting. The dogfeet are in the heart of Manila, and death is staring at them from behind unfamiliar metropolitan objects.

Twenty-five days and 120 miles ago the 37th began hiking to Manila. On blazing cement highways, on dusty dirt bypasses, through muddy rivers and dried-up rice paddies, and over half-blown-up railroad bridges, they trudged their way, marching and skirmishing with Japs along the roadside from the Lingayen Gulf to the town of Angeles, just south of Clark Field. There the forced march had begun four days ago.

This morning [Feb. 4] they folded their ponchos, wet with heavy Philippine dew, and began the last day's march on their objective. Highway 3, a winding, two-lane concrete road, was ideal for motor transport of our heavy equipment. To the foot soldiers of the 37th it was an arch-breaking wide white path that was growing more distasteful by the hour. Blown-out bridges made a regular supply of food for the forward elements impossible, and many GIs sweated out the march on one meal per day. The Yanks were a disheartened lot when they reached the outskirts of Manila. Here at the very entrance to the city another bridge had been blown up by the Japs. Automatically, but with bitterness in their hearts, the GIs began removing their heavy equipment in preparation for fording the river. Out of nowhere Filipino men, women and children descended on the tired Yanks.

They held armfuls of dark colored bottles and gave them out along the files of soldiers, greeting each GI with the now familiar "Victoree," their stock expression of grateful welcome to all American soldiers in the Philippine Islands. The

bottles were ice-cold, and through the trees at the right of the road the men could see the neon signs of the Balintawak brewery. The Filipinos were giving them cold beer.

While Filipino men, eager to do anything to help the Americans against the Japs, set to work with infantrymen building rafts out of Jap gas drums and planks from the brewery, other GIs were led into the brewery by other civilians. There in the refrigerating plant soldier after soldier filled his helmet with the amber beverage and came out into the light of day refreshed. Pfc. Daniel Catale of New York City had a glass beer stein with him. For months it had held nothing but GI coffee and chlorinated water. Now he paused to blow the foam off his beer. "This," he said, "is like a shot in the arm. Now I'll be able to walk into Manila like I was fresh."

The rafts were completed in a matter of minutes, and the Filipinos shoved the infantrymen and their heavy equipment across this last ford before they hit the city proper. Then, as they mounted a slight rise in the highway, a tall monument greeted them, silhouetted against the bright noonday sky. It was the Bonifacio monument, familiar to many as a landmark indicating the entrance to Manila. One GI, his legs bowed under the weight of a heavy .50-caliber machine-gun tripod, turned to the man behind him carrying the gun's barrel, and said: "Hell, that's the monument printed on some of the Jap-invasion money we've been collecting all along the road."

As the end of the column filed by the boundary marker dividing the town of Malabon from the city of Manila, machine-gun fire broke out on our right flank. The Japs were firing on us. The fight for Manila was on. The company halted while a patrol went out in search of the enemy machine gun. Presently word to "saddle up" was passed down the line from man to man, and the column slowly began to move again. As the men approached the monument, word again came back from the head. Now it was "Low and on the double by the monument." One after another the infantrymen crouched low over their weapons and double-timed a zigzagging path across the open plaza around the monument. As the last man in the column crossed the open area, the Jap woodpecker opened up again, but too late to do any damage. We were in the city now.

As we hiked down the wide boulevard of the Grace Park area, an artillery charge flew over-

head, half obscured by the smoke rising in great circles from the city burning in the distance. Near the Chinese cemetery on the left side of the road, friendly Filipinos ran up and warned us of Jap snipers hidden among the gravestones. There was a mine field on the road up ahead too, they said, and a Filipino boy offered to lead the way through the dangerous area. Again word was passed from front to rear, this time with an anxious note in each man's voice as he spat out the words, "Mines ahead, keep on the path." Every other GI would add, "Chrissakes, keep on the damn path."

In single file the men went through the area, following the footsteps of the man immediately in front of him. I set my combat boots into the footprints of a Signal Corps photographer as he went through the mine field behind a rifleman. We looked up only once or twice to try to figure out what had been blown up nearby; there were huge craters in the center of the road surrounded by unrecognizable wreckage.

As we got into the city more civilians began to appear. They ran out of their houses and their apartments handing out coconut candy, chewing gum, cigars, Jap cider in short stubby bottles and anything else they had that they could give us. When a questionable Jap roadblock forced us to take a detour down a side street, pretty girls ran up and threw their arms around the sweaty, fatigue-clad Yanks and kissed them. One GI with "Ohio" stenciled in black on the back of his fatigue jacket excitedly yelled to a man across the street: "Boy what a reception. I almost lost my nose that time. She came at me with her mouth open for a kiss. She missed."

**T**HE column, no longer recognizable as such, tried in vain to shake off the excited, overjoyed Filipinos. The GIs pushed their way back into Rizal Avenue and continued their march toward the Pasig River, their objective for the day. The dogfeet were dog tired. They hadn't realized how far they had traveled since they passed under that boundary sign on the outskirts of town. Excitement carried them on. Dusk, creeping out of the west, reminded them that night would soon cover the strange streets.

A Filipino man about 55 years old, holding a brown-stained water glass in one hand and an almost-empty whisky bottle in the other, ran over to one of the store fronts calling, "Queek, Ernado, bring the other bottle of whiskey," and then dashed back into the street to give away the contents left in the bottle in his hand. As the man came out several bullets whined overhead.

In a matter of seconds the civilians cleared the streets and stood wide-eyed and open-mouthed in the doorways wondering what was coming next. The infantrymen took cover behind concrete pillars and street corners, and crouched low on the sidewalks behind their weapons. Another Filipino came out of a doorway, a cup of steaming coffee in each hand.

More Jap sniper fire cut through the faint light between the buildings. Across the street a GI behind a pillar threw up his hands. His cry pierced the hushed area. "I'm hit," he yelled. Two GIs ran to his side, ignoring the lack of protection. They cut his shirt off, exposing a white back smeared with twisting red stripes like a small-town barber pole. They shouted back for stretch-bearers while one of them beat on the door of a building. Shortly the door opened, and the medics lifted the limp form of the injured GI, and ran across the narrow sidewalk to the store beyond the open door.

The whine of more bullets broke the silence of the street. Everyone was on edge, not sure where the fring was coming from. The man with the coffee cups appeared again. He approached the nearest GI kneeling behind a concrete cornerstone.

"Coffee, sir?" he asked the infantryman.

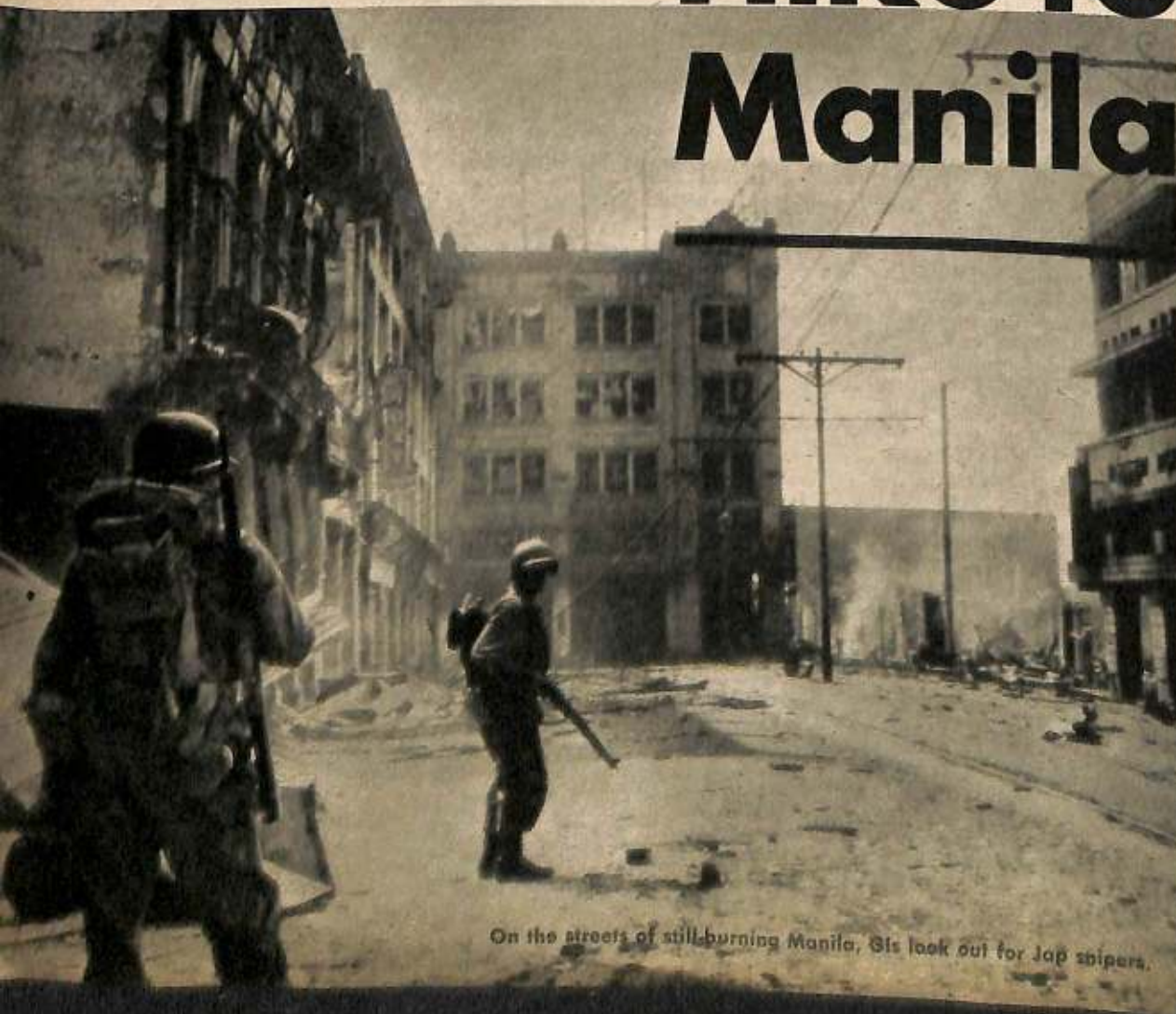
The GI angrily growled at the friendly civilian.

"You can get hurt out here, Joe," he said.

The Filipino answered: "I know. We Filipinos are so happy to see you. We have waited so long for you to come—and with the Japanese it was not easy. We would gladly die for you now that you are here."

The battle-weary infantry veteran fixed the safety of his M1, took the cup and gulped down its lukewarm contents. Shaking his head and smiling at the Filipino, the GI again turned his gun to the direction from which he thought the Jap bullets had come.

# Hike to Manila



On the streets of still-burning Manila, GIs look out for Jap snipers.



# Bull Session On Replacements



They should be taught that most fighting is only scouting and patrolling on a large scale.

**Training for combat, according to veterans in Italy, should be a hell of a lot more realistic and a hell of a lot more thorough.**

By Cpl. WILLIAM REGAN  
YANK Field Correspondent

**W**ITH THE 88TH DIVISION IN ITALY—"They oughta learn them guys" is the favorite beef you hear from combat veterans when they talk about replacements who have just joined their outfits.

Some, like T/Sgt. Vincenzo Marino, a rifle-platoon sergeant in the 350th Regiment, feel that replacements should get more training in night operations. "I know they get night problems," Marino said, "but they don't get enough. They ought to be made to see that almost everything they do over here will be done at night.

"They should know how to move up on reliefs in the line and how to go into new positions, and they should get more training on night patrols and how to see and listen on outpost when it's pitch black. They should know how to do at night every damn thing they do in daytime."

T/Sgt. Roman J. Klein of Buffalo, N. Y., a rifle-platoon sergeant in Marino's company, added that while most replacements have had enough scouting and patrolling, they should be taught that most fighting—even in big offensives—is only scouting and patrolling on a large scale. "That," he said, "would help them, not just on patrols, but every minute they're at the front, because

they would automatically take advantage of all cover and concealment; they'd always be alert and watch where they're going."

Somebody pointed out that a scouting and patrolling problem was usually a favorite time for a trainee to pick out a nice quiet spot for a couple of hours' break. "I'd take care of that," snapped Klein. "I'd have the problems last two or three days and make the patrols scrounge for their food and water. I'd give them maps and make them reach certain points where rations, and water would be waiting."

**A**NOTHER thing Klein mentioned was that the average replacement doesn't know enough about the weapons an infantryman uses. "He usually knows enough about one or two weapons," Klein said, "but he should know them all. He may know how to use and take care of the M1 or carbine, but if you need a BARman or machine-gunner quick you're up a creek."

William J. Cashman of Portland, Conn., chief of a small-arms unit, agreed that most replacements don't know enough about their weapons—how to use them and how to take care of them. "When the small arms come in for repairs," Cashman said, "all that most of my men can find wrong is that they need cleaning and oiling. Every replacement ought to know how to fire, clean and field-strip every small arm." One recent replacement asked Cashman how to load his M1, "and he was on his way up to the line."

"A lot of replacements are trained with the '03 and never see the M1 until they hit a line outfit in combat," put in T-5 George Brooks of Philadelphia, Pa., a member of the small-arms section. "And the GIs aren't the only ones who don't

know their weapons. I remember the look on one lieutenant's face when he came back from patrol and found out that the tommy gun he was carrying was missing a firing pin!"

Combat veterans should be returned to the States to train replacements, in the opinion of S/Sgt. Albert Waidelich Jr. of St. Johns, Mich., a rifle-company supply sergeant. "And guys on cadre should be shipped overseas to do some of the fighting," he added. "I'm not saying that to get home myself, because it will be some time before I'm eligible. But I know what I'm talking about. I was a cadreman three years in the States.

"For instance, very few of the men training replacements at Camp Roberts had been in combat. The only ones I remember were a couple of fellows who had been at Anzio for five days before being wounded and sent home, and two others who came back from fighting Japs in the Pacific. GIs sent home on rotation would be a lot more valuable as cadreman, with all they've learned, than if they were sent back to fight."

**P**fc. Vernon Martin of Northern, Ky., a 60-mm mortarman with the 349th Regiment during the push from the Garigliano River, took a crack at the "by the numbers" systems of training employed in replacement-training centers. "They taught us to drop a shell in with the right hand from the right side of the mortar," he drawled, "and that was the only way they'd let us do it. When I joined the 88th last March, I found the best way for me to feed was by the left hand from the right side of the piece."

Martin's criticism is an oft-heard one. Like other combat men, the Kentucky redhead feels that "dry runs" are overworked and that in some cases they hinder operations because some men cannot quickly adapt themselves to "field expedients."

Pfc. Walter C. Roehrkaase of Independence, Iowa, who drives an ambulance and weapons carrier for the 313th Medical Battalion, complained about inadequate battle orientation. He joined the 88th as a replacement just after the May 11 offensive opened and served as a litter-bearer in the push to Rome. "When I came over I thought all of Italy was a battleground," he said. "I figured it was dangerous everywhere all the time, not just in areas very close to the front."

Roehrkaase put another twist on the need for more night training. He pointed out that the Medics, like the Infantry, operate chiefly at night. "In training," he said, "medics should practice more night evacuation of wounded and especially blackout driving over poor roads."

Sgt. Roger P. Milot of Watertown, Conn., a rifle-company communications sergeant, suggested that all infantrymen should know something about communications. "That's one of the most important things in running a company," he said, "but the T/E doesn't allow enough equipment and you can't find enough men who know anything about running a radio or telephone. I have to train my own men, but when something happens to your communications man you play hell getting another one."

Pvt. George Measer Jr., a 19-year-old former machine-gunner from Williamsville, N. Y., would have more first-aid training and instruction for conduct under shellfire. "The company medic can't be everywhere when the stuff starts flying," he said, "and if everyone knew more about first aid some lives and a lot of arms and legs might be saved.

"And there should be some way to give replacements a preview of what it's like under shellfire—a few big ones sailing over their heads and hitting in a nearby impact area might do it. I remember my first time up. I couldn't tell an incoming shell from one going out, and I didn't know whether to stand still, hit the dirt or run. Of course, I soon learned—but a lot of guys get hit before they have that chance."

**S**OMEBODY remarked that since the time for training replacements is limited to 17 to 21 weeks, the period might have to be lengthened to include all these suggestions. But that was solved quickly.

"Give them less garrison training and more practical work under field conditions," Marino suggested. "If you cut some of the close-order drill, manual of arms, sex-morality lectures, military courtesy, Articles of War and a lot more stuff that doesn't help in combat there'd be plenty of time left to give replacements training in things that might some day be the difference between life and death."



# "BIG MOUTH"

That's what the people of his home town, who knew him when, call Goebbels. They recall the Nazi propaganda chief as ambitious and cruel.

By Cpl. HOWARD KATZANDER  
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 29TH DIVISION AT MUNCHEN-GLADBACH—When you mention the name of Paul Josef Goebbels to the people of Rheydt, they flap their hands with their wrists held together at their chins in the universal sign-language that means, "big mouth." The first prophet of Hitlerism is almost without honor in his home town. His failure to impress his neighbors with his slogans and his exhortations has been spectacular. Not because the people of Rheydt opposed Hitler or disliked Nazism or weren't interested in persecuting the Jews. It's just because they knew Joe Goebbels when.

They knew his twisted foot, which set him apart from the children with whom he went to school. They knew his meanness and viciousness, his hatred of people and his screaming rages. They remember how he took his revenge on the church that had educated him.

The town of Rheydt has now become part of Munchen-Gladbach. The street where Goebbels was born now bears his name. Intersecting it is Horst Wessel Strasse, named for the pimp whom Goebbels immortalized as the first martyr of the Nazi revolution, the youth who was killed in a Berlin street fight and for whom the Nazi anthem is also named.

Goebbels' house still stands, surrounded by a stark tangle of ruin that is all that remains of Munchen-Gladbach. The house adjoining his has been gutted by fire. The houses behind it have been destroyed by bombs. His home remains, a plain box of a house with a green door and green window frames and a plain, peaked roof. On the door now hangs a limp square of white cloth, the token of surrender.

But Goebbels' family doesn't live there any more. His mother, who clung longest to the old homestead after her son had reached the pinnacle of his success, moved to Berlin several months ago, while the RAF and the Eighth Air Force were pounding the city to bits.

A druggist, who has lived two doors away since 1913 and knew Goebbels, is still there. At my first question about Hitler's Minister of Propaganda, he took a quick look over his shoulder, where his wife and daughter hovered in the hallway. Then he grinned and waggled his fingers. He remembered Goebbels as an unfriendly youth.

"He did not say 'hello' like other people would when he passed on the street," said the druggist. "He seemed to have no friends. He was mean."

With the help of his wife, the druggist recalled the names of others who knew Goebbels better, and I went off through the streets of Rheydt, winding amongst rubble heaps. They were old rubble heaps, but, except in the principal streets, they had been cleared away only enough to permit the passage of one vehicle at a time.

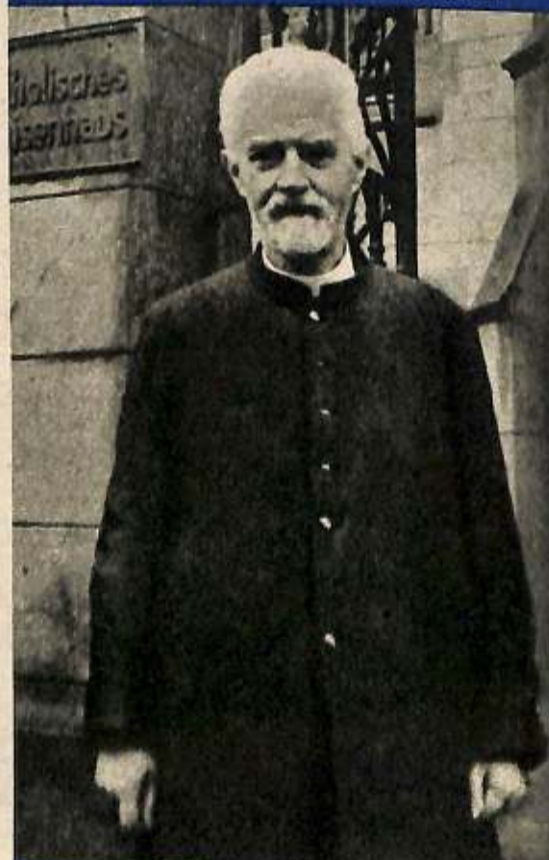
A man named Rudolph Beines, whose brother Herbert had gone to college with Goebbels, added other scraps of information. Goebbels, he said, was an ambitious man. He was always dissatisfied. He had studied first for the priesthood, and had abandoned this in favor of politics.

In the ruins of a Catholic orphanage, damaged by fire-bombs, I found a man who knew Goebbels best. He was a tall man with white hair cropped so that it stood up stiff in German style. He had a white beard and a square Teutonic face. When he smiled he showed strong, yellow teeth. He was Father Gustav Mollen, he said, a retired Jesuit professor. Father Mollen led the way to a small room, with a table and four chairs and a small cabinet. There were two tiny windows high up in the wall and when he opened the door cold blasts of rain blew in through them.

"I speak your language perfectly," he said, "but



PAUL JOSEF GOEBBELS IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE, ONE WHICH FAILS TO IMPRESS THE PEOPLE WHO USED TO KNOW HIM AS A VICIOUS CHILD IN RHEYDT.



GOEBBELS ONCE STUDIED UNDER FATHER GUSTAV MOLLEN, NOW A RETIRED JESUIT PROFESSOR STILL LIVING IN THE TOWN OF MUNCHEN-GLADBACH.

I have not had an opportunity to use it for some time." He smiled. "If you speak slowly, I will have no difficulty in understanding you."

Father Mollen denied that Goebbels ever contemplated entering the priesthood. He had studied to be a high-school teacher, but was always being distracted by studies which had nothing to do with his chosen profession.

"I gave him his religious training and taught him Greek," said the Jesuit.

"Are you proud of your pupil?" I asked.

"No," he replied abruptly. "He is not a man one can be proud of."

Father Mollen said that when Goebbels was unable

to continue his education because of lack of funds, he gave the youth money from his own pocket and had obtained additional money from Catholic organizations to help him continue.

"When he went to the University of Bonn he was still a good Catholic," said Father Mollen. "He was a member there of one of the most devout Catholic student organizations. After that he became interested in politics and forgot the church."

Father Mollen said that he had seen Goebbels during the Propaganda Minister's infrequent visits to his home town. Once he had been invited to Berlin by Goebbels and had stayed at his home there. "He was always grateful to me for having helped him financially so that he could continue his studies," Father Mollen said, adding that he had carried on some correspondence with Goebbels, "but always only to intercede with him for someone else."

Then my interpreter, Cpl. Joe Finer, who now comes from New York City, but who was born and raised in Dortmund, Germany, interjected a question of his own. He asked whether Goebbels had ever shown any particular animosity toward the Jews. "No, he didn't," replied the teacher. "But it is not surprising when you know his character. When he embraced Nazism, he embraced all of its program, and anti-Semitism was part of it. Then, too, he had—how shall I say it?—*Schadenfreude*."

Finer explained to me that *Schadenfreude* means taking gleeful pleasure in the misery of others.

"He was a clever pupil, but his teachers did not love him," Father Mollen continued. "He was arrogant and selfish and tremendously ambitious, but one could not help admiring him for his intelligence."

I asked what Goebbels' ambition was, and Father Mollen replied: "He once said to me: 'I will be an emperor.'"

Father Mollen said that Goebbels first took a stand against Catholicism, accusing the priests of all kinds of immorality. After that the church, which educated Goebbels, was forced to withdraw, removing its notices of services and meetings.

"I don't think even the Nazis in Berlin respect him very much," said Father Mollen. "He has no character."

LEFT the priest at the gateway of the orphanage and drove off through the ruins toward Goebbels' Castle—Schloss Rheydt—which was presented to him by his home town. It lies in a park on the outskirts of Rheydt, its main buildings surrounded by a wide moat which forms a small lake to the right of the driveway. The entrance is through a 13th-Century archway, part of the original structure of the gatehouse which was built by the Count of Rheydt in 1263. The arch opens into a yard, with an ancient barn opposite. For the convenience of tourists who once visited the castle in droves there is a small restaurant in a new wing attached to the gatehouse. GIs found a lot of food and lager beer in the cellar of the restaurant.

A second arch leads to the main house, which was destroyed by fire in the 17th Century and rebuilt in 1701. During the German defense of Munchen-Gladbach, the castle must have been an important headquarters. American troops of the 29th Division took the castle.

The furnishings of the place were intact, with a long table in the dining room that was decorated with the coat-of-arms of the Count of Rheydt and with swastikas. The library was furnished with comfortable leather divans and had a huge fireplace. There were atlases and dictionaries on the tables. In the adjoining rooms were cabinets of books, new books, looking like review copies that had never been touched. Beside the usual run of books on German geopolitics and Nazi philosophies, there were numerous translations, among them *Gone With the Wind*. It runs 1,008 pages in German. There were also *The Citadel*, by A. J. Cronin, and *Sons and Lovers*, by D. H. Lawrence.

Downstairs, a crowd was assembling in the dining room. Tables were pushed back and chairs brought in and set in rows. At the end of the room, one small table was covered with a cloth embroidered with a six-point star. On a wide shelf, which ran under the windows and was covered with a huge swastika, was a small wooden cabinet.

Then Capt. Manuel M. Poliakov of Baltimore, Md., Jewish chaplain of the 29th Division, donned a praying shawl and began his service. He was assisted by Pfc. Arnold A. Reich of Meadville, Pa., and Cpl. Martin Willen of Baltimore.

Together they raised their voices in an ancient Hebrew hymn of jubilation sung at Purim to celebrate the deliverance of the Jews from an earlier Hitler—Haman of Persia, who had long held them in captivity.





Peewee Russell and his clarinet.

# Jazz

**Popular music back home hasn't changed much. The same familiar bands play the new hit tunes.**

By Sgt. AL HINE  
YANK Staff Writer

**W**HEN a critic in the New York *Herald Tribune* panned Benny Goodman's clarinet playing as "flashy" and "commercial," a neighborly critic in Chicago's *Down Beat* magazine promptly panned the *Trib* man for making the "most asinine remark of the year."

None of which is of any great importance; it is simply typical of the growing popularity of jazz. This popularity is so great now that jazz lovers, who used to stand together ruggedly against the classicists of music, have now split into two fairly large warring camps. One school will listen to nothing but small, spontaneous "Dixieland" combinations; the other favors larger groups and more complicated arrangements.

Such stalwarts of the Dixieland school as trumpeter Muggsy Spanier have gone so far as to forcibly eject (that is, throw out on the can) anti-Dixieland critics from Nick's combination jazz shrine and night club in New York. The anti-Dixieland critics go about their own brand of mayhem by writing polite and poisonous articles inferring that all Dixieland musicians refuse even to share kennel space with their mothers.

Fortunately nobody is getting hurt, no blood is being shed, no bones are being broken and the great majority of the jazz musicians you used to like to listen to—dancing or swaying in front of



the bandstand with your girl—are still making music. The battle is mostly one of fans and critics.

The leading big bands now are Woody Herman's, Duke Ellington's and Lionel Hampton's. Benny Goodman, who broke up his own band for the umpteenth time, is a featured performer in Billy Rose's super revue, "The Seven Lively Arts," but the maestro is said to be thinking of turning over his Rose job to Raymond Scott and making another stab at the band business.

Ellington has been the stand-out of the year. The Duke, whose "Mood Indigo" you hummed

10 years ago, is going strong both as a composer and a musician. He won the Gold Medal jazz award for 1945, presented by *Esquire* magazine, and accepted it at a concert with all the trimmings at New York's Carnegie Hall.

The Duke's Carnegie concert—the whole length of the stage back of the band was packed with servicemen—was a peculiar combination of straight jazz and jazz dolled up symphony style, presumably for the occasion. The audience—all ages, all sizes—seemed happiest listening to oldies like "It Don't Mean a Thing, If It Ain't Got That Swing" and new popular tunes like "Don't You Know I Care?" They got a little fidgety when the Duke launched into more pretentious numbers—a "Perfume Suite" and excerpts from a musical history of the Negro race, "Black, Brown and Beige." Altogether, though, it was a solid performance, and the Duke showed that his band could absorb the loss of men like Cootie Williams (trumpet, now on his own) and Juan Tizol (valve trombone, now with Harry James) without any serious effect.

Other recent jazz doings at Carnegie Hall have been the concerts of Eddie Condon, dean of Dixieland. Eddie has been making a shambles of the sacred stage of Carnegie since three years ago when he first featured the late Thomas (Fats) Waller on the piano. He draws a less respectful crowd than Ellington, but they represent much the same cross section, maybe this time with their wraps off. There is the same seasoning of GIs in the house, and a few of them sit in with the various combinations Eddie whips together.

The Condon concerts are a very exceptional grab bag out of which Eddie plucks a few choice items—Cliff Jackson on piano, Max Kaminsky on trumpet, Kansas Fields' (in Navy blues) on drums, Lou McGarity (another sailor) on trombone and Bob Haggart on bass. Eddie introduces the boys, announces the number to be played, gives a "one, two, three" and settles down to playing with them and his guitar. As soon as one number is finished, Eddie, his bow tie fluttering like the antennae of a rare butterfly, pulls an entirely different group of hot artists out of the grab bag and starts a new number.

The whole business is impromptu and fresh. Condon keeps his selections strictly on the Dixie side—"Muskrat Ramble," "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate" and suchlike—with a breezy assumption that, if you don't like it, what the hell are you doing at his concert in the first place? His audiences like it and Carnegie shudders, particularly at moments like the last number of his January series when he had three drums, five trumpets, four trombones, three clarinets, four saxes, two pianos, three basses and Lord knows what all else blasting the rafters and the customers at once.

**T**HESSE concert appearances were, naturally, high spots and unusual spots in current jazz. Most people still get their jazz as they always did, in ballrooms and night clubs, flavored with the cigarette smoke and the stale drink smell that are almost a part of the music, or from the radio switched on automatically while dressing in the morning or washing the dishes in the evening, or from the juke boxes in bars and drug stores.

The names of the bands in the ballrooms and the clubs are almost the same as the names you saw three and even four years ago. Hal McIntyre, for example, is playing in Chicago and Freddy Martin in Los Angeles. Jerry Wald, who got into big time only a few years ago, is in New York, and so are Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Erskine Hawkins and, inevitably, Guy Lombardo. Vaughn Monroe is at the Palladium in Hollywood and Woody Herman is at New Jersey's famous Meadowbrook. Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier and Bob Casey are the drawing cards at Nick's in New York, though at this writing Miff is laid up in the hospital.

One reason all these band names are so familiar

and no really new band has come into the limelight is the war. Most of the younger musicians are fingering BARS instead of clarinets, and even those who have hung onto their instruments are tooting them in service bands. One of the newest individual stars is Lou McGarity of the Navy, who still gets an occasional chance to slide his trombone at jam sessions. He plays a strong masculine style, a little like George Brunis (now back with Ted Lewis in Chicago) but without George's clowning.

One new band, launched about a month ago, draws heavily on ex-service musicians. Ray Beauduc, drummer, and Gil Rodin, sax, who served together in the old Ben Pollack band, in Bob Crosby's Bobcats and in the Coast Artillery, hatched this new combo after they were discharged. Gil was thought to be the main organizing brain of the Crosby crew and plays the same role here. He is handling sax for a while but is expected to drop out and concentrate on management once things get rolling. Beauduc's name will be a big draw to fans who remember "Rampart Street Parade" and "Big Noise From Winnetka." The rest of the band is mostly discharged GIs who got their training in camp orchestras and bands. As long as they can resist the impulse to give out with a hot "Retreat" or "To the Colors" they should catch on.

**W**HERE you will find new names is in the list of song titles all these bands are playing. Screwiness has always been a trade-mark of hit tunes from "The Music Goes Round and Around" to "Mairzy Doats," and the present hit parade is no exception.

The Andrews Sisters launched a number called "Rum and Coça-Cola" which is leading popular-



ity lists everywhere except in the radio bracket. One reason for this is that, outside record programs, nobody in radio seems to want to give Coca-Cola free advertising. The song is a calypso-type rhythm, modeled on ditties of Trinidad, and in some versions it gets very sexy indeed. Caribbean GIs will understand.

"Don't Fence Me In," a Cole Porter Western introduced by Bing Crosby, is another leader. And "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive," a moral lesson by Johnny Mercer, is going strong. The squirreliest of current juke-box hits is Spike Jones' "Cocktails for Two," the roughest treatment that sentimental ballad ever got. The Jones version has been popular on the air for some time. Now that you can buy records once more, since the lifting of the recording ban by Musicians' Union leader James Petrillo, it's a retail best seller.

On the conventional and romantic side, the songs you would be most likely to put on your turntable just before you dim the lights on your honey are "Let's Take the Long Way Home" (which has nothing to do with military rotation) and "A Little on the Lonely Side." There are also "I Dream of You," "Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night in the Week" and "I'm Making Believe." All of these, as you might expect, are chiefly suitable for humming into young girls' ears or for being hummed into your ears by young girls, preferably one at a time.

Just to restore sanity there is a catchy thing entitled "One Meat Ball," all about a man who has only 15 cents and can't get a slice of bread to go with his meat ball in a snotty restaurant. Try this one in your mess sergeant's ears. Some of the little Dixieland bands play "One Meat Ball" and some of the big-name bands play it, and the customers like both of them.

Meanwhile the critics continue to fight over What Is Jazz? and the increasing bitterness of their verbal battling is about the only outstanding change you'll find in jazz as it is this minute.





This is what the Daga River railroad bridge looked like before the Burma Bridge Busters went after it.



The Daga bridge as B-25s of the squadron scored one hit and two near misses with their hop-bombing.



As the bombers flew back to their field they left the Daga bridge with three of its four trestles smashed.

**They hit upon their method by a lucky accident, but the members of this Burma bomber squadron have a record of 114 targets destroyed and 51 more damaged.**

**By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON  
YANK Staff Correspondent**

**A**T A MEDIUM BOMBER BASE IN NORTHERN BURMA—The B-25 with the skull and wings painted on its sides banked sharply to get around the last of the mountains and then roared toward its target, a thousand feet above a bell-shaped pagoda that glistened in the noonday sun. Directly ahead, sprawled across the green plain at an elbow of the blue ribbon that was the Irrawaddy River five miles away, were rows of city blocks and clusters of buildings.

"There's Mandalay," said someone over the interphone. Somehow the matter-of-fact way he said it didn't fit the fabulous city of Kipling's thumping song, the largest city in central Burma.

But this bomber's crew wasn't interested in cities, and Mandalay, for all its history and importance, wasn't the target today. The B-25 belonged to one of the most specialized bombardment squadrons in the world—the Burma Bridge Busters, who operate on the principle that destroying a bridge will do more to beat the Japs in Burma than bombing an enemy base. Today I was riding along with them to learn how they do it, and why.

The plane banked until the city was behind. Then it nosed into a flat, thundering 300-mile-per-hour power glide. The bomb-bay doors rumbled open. Suddenly twin banks of .50-caliber machine guns began to clatter along both sides of the fuselage, their tracers darting into the trees and the open ground below. Tripping the triggers of the nose gun, I added to the fire by spraying possible ack-ack positions. The whole ship shivered in response.

Then through a break in the foliage we spotted the target. It was a road bridge about 100 feet long, spanning a narrow river and mounted on two concrete piers. No sooner did we spot it than a puff of white flak blossomed dead ahead, almost directly over it. Crouched beside me in the nose, 2d Lt. L. P. Bloodworth of Ruidoso, N. Mex., the navigator, yelled: "Hope that's the last burst in that spot. We'll be there in about 10 seconds."

The plane leveled out and we quit firing. From his cabin just behind the "greenhouse," 1st Lt. John T. Reynolds of Hendrysburg, Ohio, the pilot, kept his eye close to the machine-gun reflector sight that he bombs with and made final adjustments of the plane's course. The bomber jolted slightly—the bombs were away.

Just as the plane raced over the target, we noticed a railroad bridge upstream—or what had been a railroad bridge but was now nothing but a half-submerged mass of twisted steel. On the tracks near it were a dozen empty freight cars.

"We knocked out the railroad bridge eight days ago," Lt. Bloodworth shouted in my ear. "It's on the only rail line from Mandalay to the Japs in northern Burma."

The bomber flipped into a steep-climbing turn to get away from some ack-ack ahead as the bomb-bay doors rumbled shut. Almost simultaneously our delayed-action bombs exploded below, kicking the ship a solid boot in the tail.

"Tail gunner to pilot, tail gunner to pilot," cracked the interphone. "Our bombs missed the bridge—they landed short and to the left—but it sure as hell looks like the Leaning Tower of Pisa now."

Banking away, we caught a glimpse of the next B-25 making its bomb run through the blue-gray smoke of our bursts. We passed another of the squadron's target-bound ships on our way home. By the time we landed, one of the bombers had radioed the field of a direct hit.

"That means," explained the squadron intelligence officer, "that we've cut the only railroad and the only good motor road to the Japs north of Mandalay. Of course they will float and hand-carry supplies across the river to trucks on the other side until they can build new bridges there."





# Bridge Busters

But that's a slow process—and as soon as they build a new bridge, we'll knock that out, too."

By doing the same kind of precision bombing week after week against enemy supply routes all over Burma, the Bridge Busters have destroyed 114 bridges and damaged 51 beyond use in less than a year—a record which is probably unequalled in the entire Army Air Force.

Strangely enough, what got the Bridge Busters started on this record-making rampage was a mission that failed. And stranger still, the type of bombing I had just seen, the type they have used in wiping out most of their bridges—hop-bombing—was hit upon purely by accident, although it has now become as standard a technique as dive- or skip-bombing.

**U**P until a year ago, the Bridge Busters were just another run-of-the-mill medium bombardment outfit, activated in December 1942 as the 490th Squadron of the Tenth Air Force in India. For 10 solid months they pulled the usual routine missions against such targets as Jap airfields, bases, supply dumps, ships and occasionally bridges. The crews had always dreaded bridge targets most of all, because they were hardest to hit. Whether the planes of the 490th bombed in formation from 5,000 feet or attacked singly at treetop level, they seldom could hit a bridge.

One day at briefing they were told their target was the Myittha River railroad bridge, over which the Japs were pouring supplies into southern Burma for a possible invasion of India. The intelligence officer warned them that the bridge was probably the most important target they had yet been given and that the brass hats had

declared it must be destroyed. The B-25s of the 490th went out in full strength that day and literally saturated the target area with bombs, leaving the surrounding territory a mass of bomb craters. But when the smoke cleared away, much to their chagrin the bridge was still standing. Even direct hits had plummeted right through the trestles, then exploded harmlessly deep in the river. The mission had been a dismal failure.

When the crews of the 490th came back to their field that day, some of them were humiliated and some of them were fighting mad. And everybody thought they were going to catch hell when the CO, Lt. Col. Robert D. McCarten of Fargo, N. Dak., called the combat crews together for a meeting. Instead, he told them: "That's the last straw. We're going to learn how to knock out bridges if it's the last thing we do."

After that, for hours a day, the 490th practiced by aiming dummy bombs at a target on a nearby rice paddy. Having read of the success of skip-bombing against Jap shipping in the Southwest Pacific, they tried it against bridges. But they found that a bomb's skip cannot be determined on ground as it can on open water, especially with trees and houses in its path. Nor is a bridge something solid that will stop a skipping bomb, like a ship. The bombs either ricocheted off their course, skipped clear over the bridge or slid under it to explode on the other side.

They tried dive-bombing but found that the B-25 isn't built for the necessary steep dive and quick pull-out. They tried attacking at tree-top level but found that big bombs didn't have time to turn before hitting the ground; they would either hit on their sides and skid off at an angle or enter the ground sideways and not go off at all. To make the bombs turn sooner after leaving the plane at low altitude and prevent them from skipping, they tried air brakes on the fins, then spikes in the noses, then parachutes on the bombs. These tricks helped, but they were too much trouble and far from foolproof.

It was then, after all these weeks of experi-

ments, that the 490th stumbled upon hop-bombing purely by accident.

The squadron's target on New Year's Day 1944 was the Mu River bridge, on the important railroad line from Rangoon to central Burma. Roaring in for the attack at treetop level, Maj. Robert A. Erdin of Paterson, N. J., squadron operations officer and that day's squadron leader, saw a large tree looming in his course. He gunned his plane upward to avoid hitting it. By the time he got back to the predetermined altitude of attack, he was already on the target, so he dumped his bombs.

The plane was then nosed downward in a shallow dive. Cursing the tree that spoiled the bomb run, the crew looked back to see how far the bombs had missed. What they saw changed the whole course of the squadron's history—and eventually had an effect on the course of the war in northern Burma.

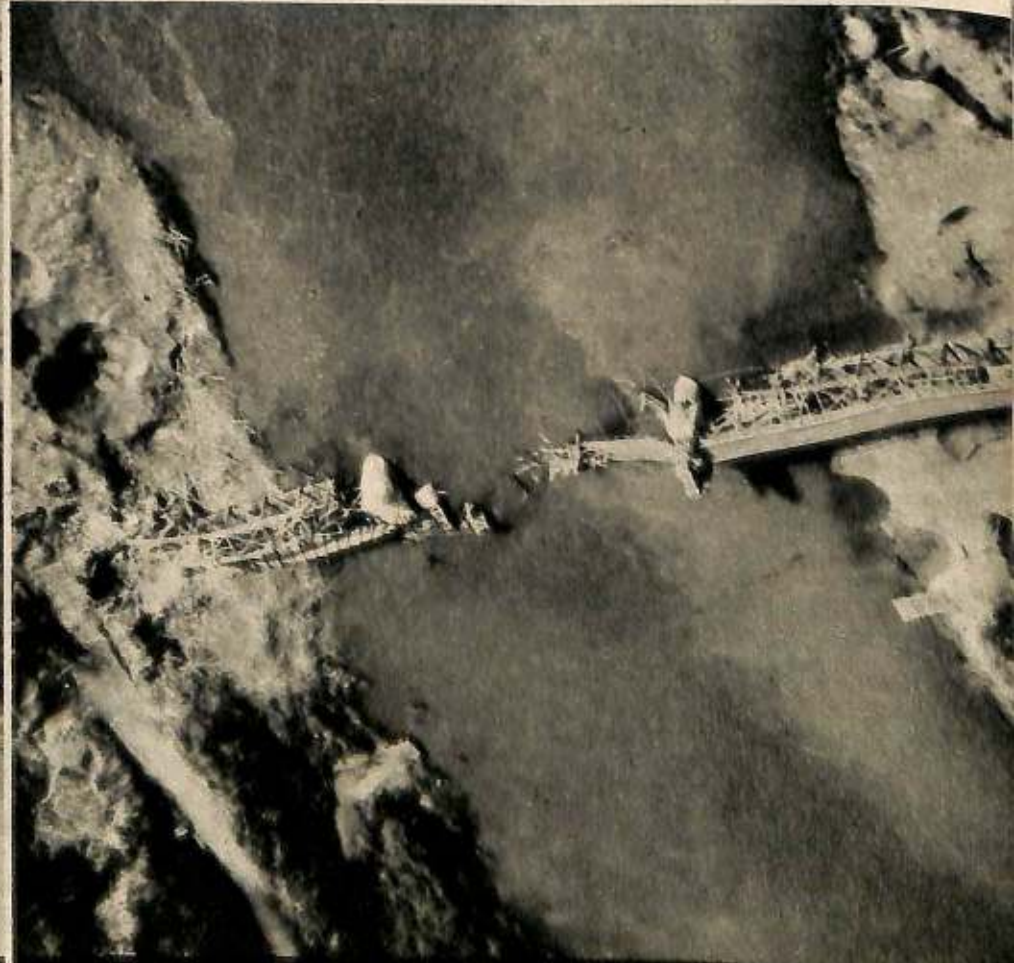
Two trestles of the 480-foot bridge lay toppled in the river in the smoke of the bomb explosions. "That's it!" yelled Maj. Erdin to his crew. "That's what we've been looking for. Bring on those bridges!"

**A**RRIVING back at the field, Maj. Erdin (who is now squadron CO) explained what had happened. The shallow dive just as the bombs were released at low altitude sent them earthward at an angle which prevented them from skipping or failing to go off on impact. The squadron soon added other refinements to bring hop-bombing to perfection. The pilots learned to sight during the shallow dive through the machine-gun reflector sight. They found that with their new technique, near misses would do more damage.

Two weeks after Maj. Erdin's discovery, the 490th got sweet revenge when Capt. Angelo J. Boutselis of Dracut, Mass., destroyed the Myittha River bridge—the target which the entire squadron had missed before—with only two bombs, using the new hop technique. Boutselis was so happy he conducted prayer-meeting hymns over

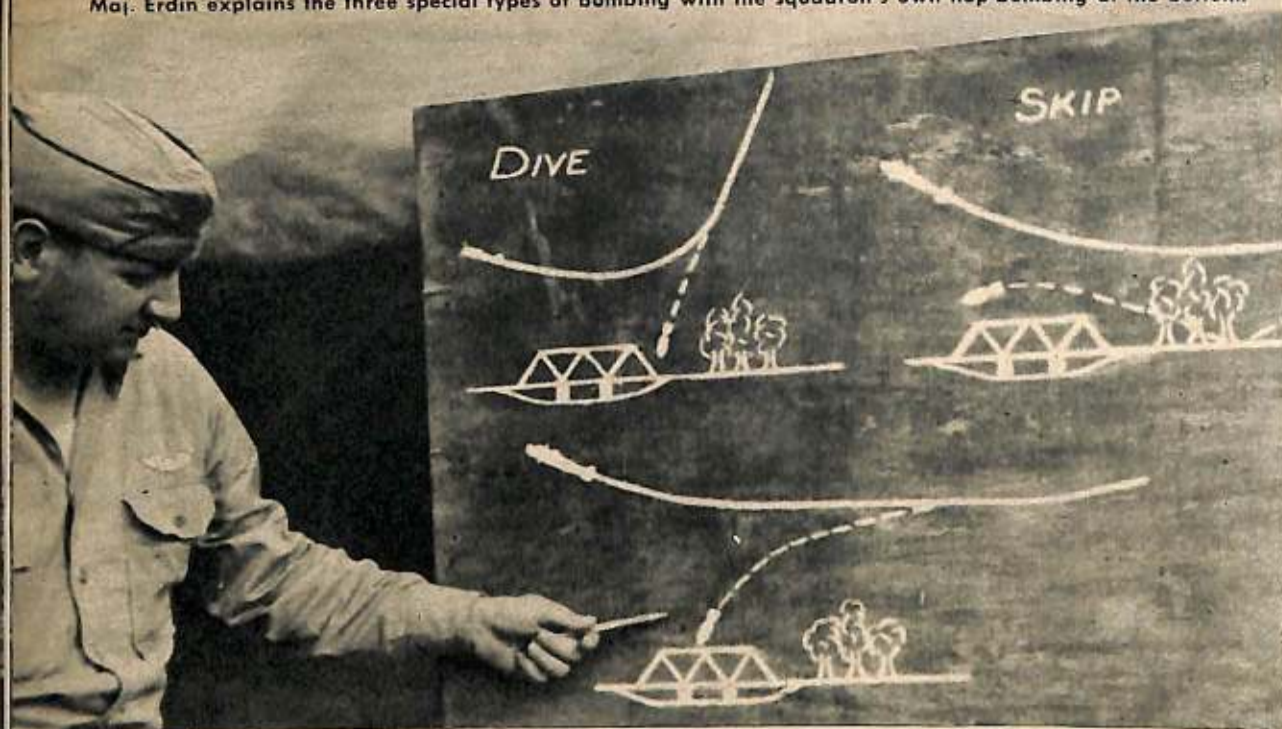


The Hsipaw bridge intact and an aid to the enemy before the B-25s attacked.



The hop-bombers scored direct hits and the Hsipaw bridge was accounted for.





the interphone and twirled his 10-inch mustache all the way back to the field.

Then the 490th started begging for bridge missions—and got them. The squadron's ships ripped apart the Meza railroad bridge, 800 feet long, over which had passed 90 percent of supplies and reinforcements for the Jap front lines in northern Burma. Exactly a month after stumbling upon hop-bombing, six of its B-25s destroyed three bridges on a single mission. A few days later, six other planes blasted out two more spans. Before the week was over, the squadron had accounted for eight bridges.

When the news reached Maj. Gen. Howard C. Davidson, commanding general of the Tenth Air Force, he sent this message to Lt. Col. McCarten: "To you, your Bridge Busters and all the boys on the ground who keep 'em flying on their successful accomplishments, my personal congratulations. Your devastating results have been received with glee."

Although that was the first time anyone had ever called the squadron Bridge Busters, the name stuck. From then on, even though the squadron kept its skull-and-wings insignia, it became officially known by the new name and has specialized in knocking out bridges ever since.

Within a few weeks, the Bridge Busters discovered that 1,000-pound bombs would do more damage with near misses than smaller ones, so they figured that putting more of these big babies on each ship would reduce the number of ships needed to wipe out a bridge. What they did about this would have turned an airplane designer's hair white. They loaded one more 1,000-pound bomb on their B-25s than the plane is designed to carry. When the ships still flew okay with this load, Capt. William C. McIntyre of Nashville, Tenn., squadron armament officer, decided to try still another.

"I'll bet you 150 rupees," declared a fellow of-

ficer, "that the B-25 can't get off the ground and go anywhere with that weight."

McIntyre took the bet, packed one more 1,000-pounder into each ship and won his 50 bucks hands down when the ships not only took off and flew, but five planes knocked out three bridges. The monthly average since then has been three to four planes to knock out one bridge.

Burma on a relief map looks like a huge strip of corduroy. It is just a series of mountains and valleys, mostly running north and south. In every valley are rivers; there are thousands of these rivers and streams. This means that any road must cross water at intervals along its length. This is why bridge busting became so valuable in hampering Jap supply.

The Bridge Busters' most spectacular mission was smashing the 11-span 1,800-foot Sittang River bridge—one of the biggest in Burma and vital link in the railroad connecting Rangoon with the only route to Bangkok, in Siam. To accomplish this, 1st Lt. William E. Cook of Fullerton, Calif., used the glistening rails as his guide in bright moonlight. His bombs toppled several hundred feet of the long span. But the mission nearly resulted in the loss of Lt. Cook's ship. Just as he banked sharply to evade ground fire after leaving the target, his left wing hit the spire of a Burmese pagoda, which ripped four feet of the wing tip away. He managed to nurse the lop-sided ship 400 miles over the mountains back to the field. He was later killed in a crash.

Then there was S/Sgt. James D. Crain of Chattanooga, Tenn., who lowered himself into the open bomb bay over one target and kicked loose some bombs that had failed to release. There was T/Sgt. David N. George of Rifle, Colo., first crew chief to send a plane out on 100 consecutive missions without a mechanical turn-back. There was Cpl. Marvin Beckman of Inglewood, Calif., who bailed out of his ship when it was

hit in a half-hour running battle with 25 Zeros, watched the Zeros strafe and kill everyone else in the crew as they parachuted down near him and then walked for five days in the jungle before staggering into an Allied outpost.

And there were those like Lt. Arthur C. Sanders of Coronado, Calif., who turned the controls over to his co-pilot above Rangoon so he could photograph another running fight with Zeros with his amateur movie camera. Later he was missing in action. And 1st Sgt. Joseph W. Meier of Jersey City, N. J., who used to put up such bulletin-board notices as "Pay call 1300 hours. Crap games 1305 hours" and who, when he went up on just one mission to see how it was, got a Purple Heart as the only man on the mission wounded by ground fire.

**W**HEN the battle for Myitkyina began last spring, the Bridge Busters had knocked out 40 bridges—every important span in the area—to soften up the Jap base for the kill. During the summer monsoons, they carried out 65 missions in four months through thunderstorms and low ceilings. When good weather returned in October, they opened up in full blast again by destroying 13 bridges in 13 days.

The Bridge Busters have had to do other kinds of bombing jobs, too. They joined other outfits of the Tenth Air Force in sinking river steamers that used to ply the Irrawaddy laden with Jap supplies. Although they do most of their bombing in daylight, they send a few planes out on moonlight nights to spot and wreck anything that moves in Jap-held Burma—trains, trucks or small boats—for the Japs do most of their moving at night. Every week planes pull missions against enemy bases or troop concentrations.

But the Jap engineers keep the Bridge Busters busiest in their specialty. The engineers either repair an important bridge that has been bombed out or build a by-pass bridge nearby as soon as possible after a bombing. While they are doing this work, the Bridge Busters just fly by occasionally to see how things are coming. As soon as they're sure a bridge is nearly rebuilt or bypassed, they pay another visit with their 1,000-pounders and knock it out again. The squadron had to knock out the Bawgyo River bridge—the 100th bridge destroyed—twice in a few weeks.

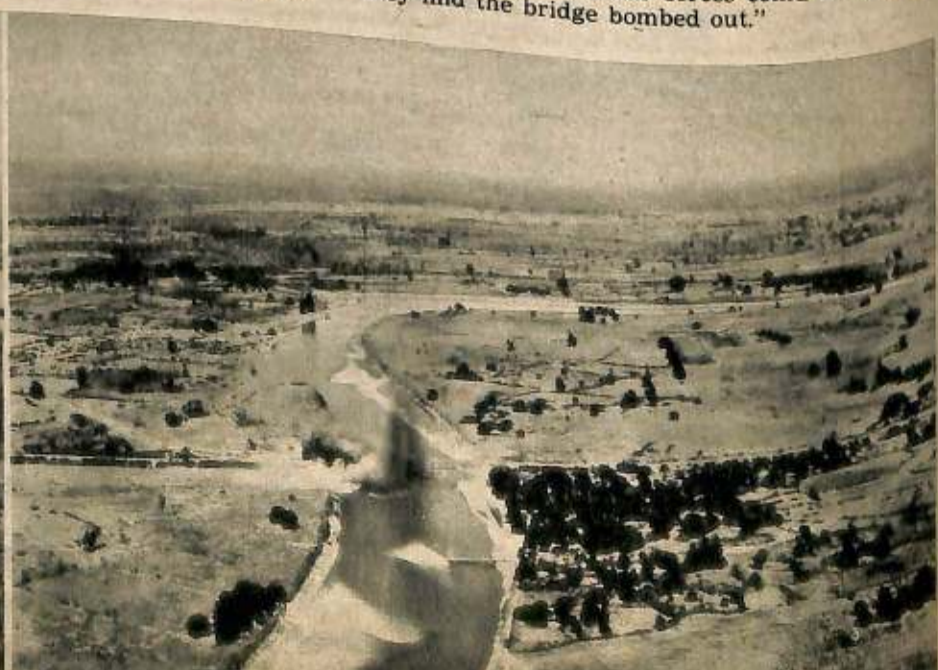
Recently there have been two or three off-handed tributes to the Bridge Busters' work. One was the discovery in a village taken by Chinese forces of 150 emaciated Jap bodies, all showing signs of having starved to death for lack of supply lines. Another was an official statement that the Japs are retreating from Northern Burma, leaving only small delaying garrisons behind, partly because of their inability to get more supplies and troops up from Central Burma.

And then there was the British engineer who buttonholed an American intelligence officer.

"I say, old boy," complained the Britisher. "Would you mind telling those Bridge Buster chaps of yours that we think they are doing a bloody fine job but that actually, old boy, it is making things blasted inconvenient for us engineers. Every time our forces come to a river, they find the bridge bombed out."



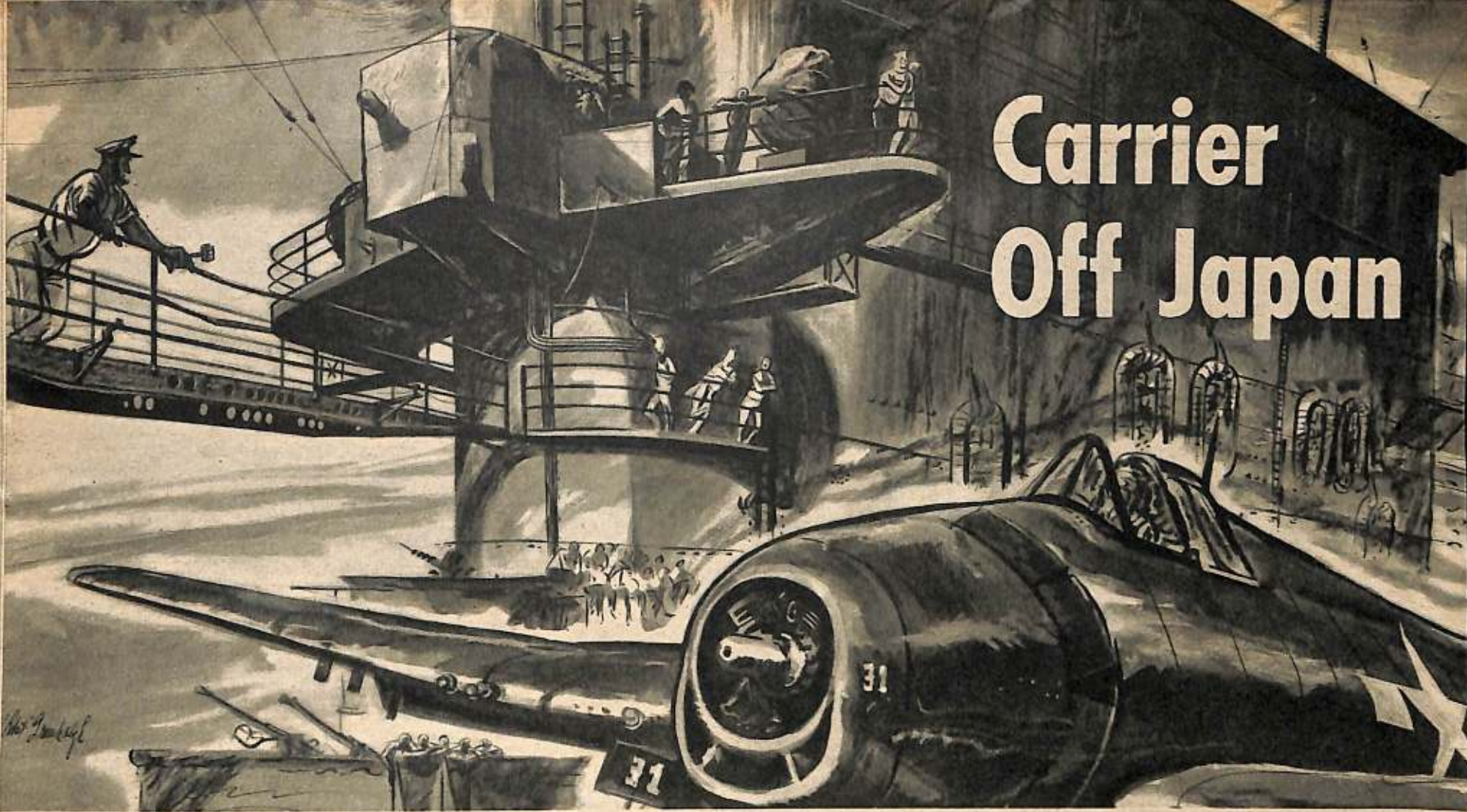
The Mu River bridge where squadron scored first hop-bombing success.



The Mu River bridge after it had been bombed. Two of its trestles were destroyed.



# Carrier Off Japan



**When the air-crewmembers came back from their low-level raids, the thing they talked about most was the lack of Jap air opposition.**

By Cpl. JAMES GOBLE  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**A**BOARD A CARRIER OFF JAPAN—The last flight was coming home. The planes circled through the thick mist toward the stern of the Essex-class carrier. One by one they hit the deck—Hellcats, Corsairs, and EBMs, with names like *Hydraulic Bess*, *Miss Fortune*, *Sweet 'er Girl* and *Kansas City Kitty*.

They were part of the Navy's force of carrier planes that was finishing the historic first full-scale air attack at low level on the Japanese homeland. For two days the planes of this world's largest carrier task force had bombarded the Tokyo area with bombs, rockets, incendiaries, bullets and propaganda. The carriers and their accompanying warships were only a hundred miles off the coast of Japan, but few enemy planes had come out to attack them. And the Jap fleet had remained in hiding.

A plane handler waved a welcome to one of the returning pilots. A man wearing an asbestos suit and carrying a fire extinguisher also waved a greeting. On the catwalk at the flight deck's edge a shivering gun-crewman jumped up and down, maybe only to warm his tropics-thinned blood. The wintry weather of the last few days seemed strange to men who had become used to the tropics.

Down in the air-crewmembers' ready room everybody was whooping it up. Frequently one of the men would look up at the drawing chalked on the blackboard and chuckle. The drawing showed a scrawny woman behind a mike. A bomb was hurtling toward her head. Presumably the woman was Tokyo Rose.

None of the air-crewmembers had believed that the Jap resistance would be so light. All of them talked about it while they played poker, shot the bull or horsed around. They said the enemy resistance on the Japanese homeland had been much weaker than that on Luzon, Formosa and Indo-China. Not one of the carrier's air-crewmembers suffered a scratch in the three strikes they made on the homeland. And none of them saw a Jap plane in the air.

"We caught them with their planes down," cracked one crewman.

"Aw, shut up," said another. "You read that in *Reader's Digest*."

At the front of the ready room Edward Fay AMM2c of Troy, N. Y., paraded around without his pants, yelling and singing. He wore his shorts and a helmet, and carried a long stick on his shoulder like a gun. Fay was egged on by Freddie Horan ARM3c of Astoria, N. Y., in spite of the pleas of the poker players to hold the noise.

In the center of the room William Buckner ARM3c of Laurens, S. C., told his story. His TBM, bomb-carrying torpedo plane, had barreled out of the clouds that surrounded the carrier force into a patch of sunlight over the target, an airfield about 50 miles south of Tokyo.

"We heard a Jap voice on the radio," said Buckner. "It sounded like a woman screaming."

Soon the Japs really had something to scream about. First, single-seat Hellcats and Corsairs blasted the airstrips, hangars and barracks. Then, three-seat torpedo planes, in which the crewmen rode, made dives.

Buckner's plane had hurtled down from 12,000 feet. The pilot, Ens. George Harding of Richmond, Va., dumped his bombs. Buckner, radio-man-gunner, and rear gunner William Roberts AMM2c of Allentown, Pa., strafed the field as the plane pulled out of the dive. Buckner stopped strafing to take pictures of the field. The flak that followed them was not heavy.

En route back to the carrier, Buckner frequently heard Hellcat and Corsair fighter pilots shout "Tally-ho" over the radio. Then he saw them diving toward coastal shipping, blasting with rockets, bombs, bullets and whatever they had left. Buckner got some pictures of sinking ships, all small ones.

The Hellcats and TBMs were manned by Navy men. The Corsairs were piloted by marines. The marine pilots had been assigned to the carrier recently and were making their first strike.

In one corner of the ready room "Dirty Dan" Dodge ARM2c of Hinsdale, N. H., described an attack on an airfield 70 miles south of Tokyo. Dodge says his nickname was given to him by his "loving friends—the bastards." His plane dived through low clouds toward hangars and barracks that were already burning. The pilot, Lt. William Chealverus of New York City, dumped his bombs. Dodge strafed Jap fighters that were standing along the edge of the airstrips. Rear gunner Elliott Garver AMM1c of Sioux Falls, S. Dak., held his fire. He was saving it for any Japs that might take to the air. Light flak had come up at them at the beginning of the dive but ceased abruptly. The escorting fighters had taken care of the Jap gunners.

Another air-crewman, John O'Donnell ARM2c of Kansas City, Mo., yelled over the din in the ready room. His plane had been in one group the carrier had launched at a target not in the homeland. The target was an airfield on Hachijo Jima, about 150 miles southeast of Tokyo.

The ceiling was low. O'Donnell's plane started to dive from 800 feet. Ens. Ellis Lee of Sioux Pass, Mont., dropped his bombs from 600 feet. "It was the shortest damn dive I ever made," O'Donnell says.

The plane started out of the dive—and then it happened. A bright flash appeared on the port wing. O'Donnell saw exploding flak rip a hole two feet wide near the fuselage.

"Mr. Lee," he called over the radio intercom, "We have a hole in the port wing."

The pilot acknowledged the message and then asked, "Where did our bombs hit?"

The other crewman, Robert Crowther AOM2c of Utica, N. Y., spoke up. "We got a hit on the hangar and on a two-motor plane at the edge of the airstrip."

The flak became thicker around the plane. As usual the Japs concentrated on the cripple. O'Donnell and Crowther watched for Jap planes to take to the air after them. The hole in the wing had cut the speed to about 180 miles per hour. The plane was wobbling slightly. But it got back to the carrier escorted by the others.

**A**LTHOUGH the attacks on Japan proved to be almost a junket for these air-crewmembers, it wasn't a walk-away for the others. That was brought home by an announcement from the loudspeaker in the ready-room wall. First there was the eerie wailing of the boatswain's pipe. Then a voice said: "This is the captain. It is with deep regret that I tell you that four Corsairs and three Hellcats are missing from our carrier. We will miss their pilots very badly. Let us bow our heads."

For a few moments the ready room was still. Then the rattling of poker chips, the talk and the horseplay resumed. One man threw a Mae West at another. An air-crewman whistled a tune. And up front Robert Ellis Webster AOM2c of Eden, N. Y., reached into a crate of oranges and tossed one to Clifford Knox ARM1c of Springfield, Mass. They are the Mutt-and-Jeff team of the air-crewmembers, assigned to the same plane. Webster, a rear gunner, is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Knox, a radio-man-gunner, is 6 feet 3. They, too, had been over the Jap mainland.

"But we didn't see much," said Webster. "Nothing except an airfield not far from Fujiyama. We bombed hell out of it."





WITH SNOW LEAVING THE WESTERN FRONT, THESE GIs ARE TAKING OFF THE WHITWASH CAMOUFLAGE FROM THEIR HALF-TRACK IN A FIELD OF MUD.



RECON CARS PLOUGH THROUGH THE MUD, HEADING FOR THE FRONT IN GERMANY. THE THAW EXPOSED HIDDEN MINE FIELDS, ONE OF WHICH IS MARKED BY TAPE AT THE LEFT.



TWO GIs OF A MACHINE-GUN CREW SIT ON THE WET GROUND AT THE CORNER OF A HOUSE WHERE THEY ARE COVERING A ROAD INTERSECTION IN GERMANY.



PFC. A. CAROL UNRATH, MEMBER OF A SEARCHLIGHT BATTERY, RECEIVES REPORTS IN A MUDDY FOXHOLE.



AMPHIBIOUS CRAFT OF THE CANADIAN FIRST ARMY MOVE ACROSS A NETHERLANDS COUNTRYSIDE WHICH WAS FLOODED WHEN THE ENEMY DYNAMITED A DYKE.

**Mud**



THESE INFANTRYMEN OF THE 90TH DIVISION ARE LEAVING THE TEETH OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE BEHIND THEM, AS THEY MOVE UP AGAINST THE GERMANS.



# and Flood

ON THE WESTERN FRONT



THIS GERMAN SIGN, WARNING AGAINST A MINE FIELD AROUND IT, STICKS UP ABOVE THE FLOODED WATERS OF THE MODER RIVER.

THROUGH MIST AND OVER A ROAD GLISTENING WITH MUD, TWO MEDICS CARRY THE BODY OF A YANK WHO WAS KILLED DURING BITTER FIGHTING WITH THE GERMANS AT OBERHOFFEN, FRANCE.





# Remember Oran?

*It isn't the same town it was in 1943. Al's Place has folded and sailors outnumber the GIs.*

By Sgt. RONALD CALDWELL  
YANK Field Correspondent

**O**RAN—The guidebooks say that Oran is a city of Algeria with a population of 309,000. But to thousands of GIs, now scattered over the face of the globe, it is more than that. Here on the flat gray beaches some made their first landing on enemy soil, heard their first sniper's bullet and saw their first friends die. Here too they got their first glimpse of a people they had known before only in the pages of travel books.

The city, white and majestic in the winter sunlight, rises high on the slopes of Djebel Murjajo. To those who saw it for the first time it was like looking at a newsreel or a movie set of balconied apartment houses, sidewalk cafes and bars, and white-sheeted and turbaned Arabs. Officers and men swarmed together into the same bars, tried to date the same mademoiselles, wandered alongside each other down the narrow, dirty streets. Some paused to study the carved figures over the Opera House, or gathered in groups in the Place de la Bastille, or moved on to the Place du Souvenir, and leaned on the sea wall and stared down at the crowded harbor and the blue Mediterranean. Others crowded into the Hotel Continental or sat in the wicker chairs of the American Bar, watching the passing crowd. The whole town was on limits, but no trams ran and there was a 9-o'clock curfew.

If you were there at that time you remember how the Arab kids followed you about, banging on their boxes and chanting, "Shoe shine, Joe? 'Merican polish." And how almost before you knew it they had learned enough English to say "Okay" and "Got chewing gum, candy, bon bon, Joe?" And you won't forget how you stood around open-mouthed while the Arabs sold women on the slave or harem market in the open field that later became Tent City. Or how you tried to talk to a mademoiselle with an open French-English dictionary in your hand. The cinemas, you recall, were something to keep away from. But after the Red Cross came there was a whole lot more to do.

The GIs settled on the vacant lots and fields around the town. Soon the entire countryside was blooming with brown-canvas tents. Hospital Center opened up for business, and the Canastel reple-depple came into being. An Air Corps Replacement Center moved in across the road from the airport. It was winter then, and when the rains came they came hard and the fields grew gooey with slush and mud. GIs and officers alike slept on the bare ground and sweated out those mile-long chow lines for C Rations, and

the very first air raids sent everybody diving for slit trenches and foxholes. Sometimes you got so hungry you barged into one of the local restaurants and ordered a dozen eggs at one sitting. That was at the time the Arabs wore barracks bags for pants; it was common to see one walking along with his legs through holes in the bottom, the string drawn tight around his waist and some guy's name and serial number stenciled across the rear end.

The Stars & Stripes had not started publishing yet, and the Signal Corps had not begun issuing its bulletins. Everybody was news hungry. At the airport a steel-mat runway was laid and the fighting ships moved in. Then the troops shoved off for the Tunisian campaign.

**W**HEN the battle-hardened men of the First Army returned, the old familiar places seemed to be either off limits or officers' clubs. There were colonels and majors pulling MP duty, there were special "salute" officers, and you were inspected for dog tags and the way your sleeves were rolled. A bunch of parade-happy guys had moved in ahead of you, and for awhile it seemed as if that was all you were doing—marching up and down the damn streets. The French got a big kick out of it, though, and every evening gathered faithfully to watch the American-British-French retreat ceremony in the Place du Bastille. Joe's Joint, Al's Place and the Waldorf were doing a land-office business in "American" beer. An NCO Club had opened with a beer and snack bar. Down in "GI Alley," the madames had to shove the franc notes aside before they could move about. It was easy to get into the Alley, but you know what you had to take before you could get out again.

No one who was there will forget the time the 1st Division took over, waving franc notes and trying to tear the town apart. The MPs say that it really was not true that they were chased out, though. Nor will anyone forget the time Roosevelt passed through—that is, anyone who could get within 10 miles of the place. Many notables came and went in those days. The Red Cross opened several clubs and restaurants. And the Wacs moved in.

Canastel moved out to the beach resort of Ain El Turk and became a rest center and a depot for home-bound GIs. Out there the officers took over the best hotels and bars, but the Red Cross opened up a club for EMs on the beach. If you remember, there was the GI beach, then the officers' beach, the nurses' beach and the Wacs' beach. The water was swell, though, and the warm sun made a glow on your body—but there was hell to pay if you were caught swimming without your dog tags.

The British took over the airport and lined the field with Beauforts. Sicily and Salerno came and the troops were on the move again. However, the harbor continued to be about the busiest in all of North Africa, and there were PWs to be taken care of. Hospital Center was a busy place. At the airport they put in two new runways. Meanwhile, replacements and transfers flowed through, and M/Sgt. Zeke Bonura organized an athletic program. There were foot and camel races, baseball, touch football, basketball and contests between the Wacs and Red Cross girls. The North African basketball play-offs were held out at the airbase. Baseball play-offs were held in the former horse-racing stadium, and football games at the "Arab Bowl." Finally the Wacs left, most of them for Italy. Then the last great bunch of GIs set out for the invasion of southern France.

**T**HE Oran of today is much as it must have been before the war. The harbor is comparatively quiet. Many of the old landmarks are gone. Canastel and Hospital Center are no more. Tent City still exists, held down by a small MBS service unit, but tents no longer dot the fields; instead, the land in the spring and autumn blooms with flowers and the green of trees and plants; oranges hang on the trees and grapes on the vines. At the airbase the ATC has moved in, and the fighting ships have moved out. Most of the officers' clubs have folded. Joe's Joint, Al's Place and the Waldorf are only memories now, but the art gallery is holding shows again, and "Carmen" and "Rigoletto" have come to the Opera House. The drinks seem better, the bars are less crowded, naturally, and you can get music with your liquor now. The trains, busses and trams are running full force again, and vast numbers of horse-drawn carriages clatter down the cobblestone streets. The Red Cross is still at the Empire Club. Native prices are as high as ever. The Navy now has the run of the town.

You see very few soldiers these days. There are still some MBS men in town, and the 176th MP Company—mainly ex-combat men. Out at the airbase there is the ATC, a very small number of British and South Africans, and a few special detachments such as Weather and the AACS. There is no more teletype news, there are no more Signal Corps bulletins, and the Stars & Stripes comes a day late from Italy—or two or three days if the weather is bad. Replacements pass through occasionally, and CBI men sometimes stop off on their way home.

The war has left this place far behind. A hundred thousand or more GIs are having one of their fondest wishes come true—Oran is going back to the guys who had it in the first place.



# NEWS FROM HOME

**The Little Flower got his petals ruffled about the curfew, spring was not a little late this year, an expert opined that GIs will be peaceable citizens after the war, and people were using hen-fruit for parlor games—yet.**

**P**RACTICALLY everyone in the States agreed that the official arrival of spring last week was a huge success. In most parts of the country, people awakened on the morning of March 21 to balmy breezes, and in Washington even the Japanese cherry trees, apparently wholly naturalized by now, burst into bloom in their earliest debut since 1927. Everybody was relieved at the thought that a winter of fuel shortages and transportation tie-ups resulting from heavy snow had ended, at least according to the calendar. More cold snaps—and military disappointments—might come later, but the first day of spring, 1945, was something to remember.

The weatherman did himself proud for the occasion and previous high-temperature records melted in scores of eastern, southeastern and mid-western communities. To be sure, it was freezing in Butte, Mont., Bismarck, N. D., and Salt Lake City, Utah, but the mercury swept up past 80 degrees in such cities as New Orleans, Washington, Richmond, Va., Harrisburg, Pa., and Cincinnati.

In New York the thermometer hit 74 degrees, a new mark for the date, but it was really a much hotter than that, thanks to Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, otherwise known as "Butch" or "The Little Flower." The mayor started a nationwide controversy by announcing in his weekly broadcast that New York's night spots and other amusement centers could stay open until 1 a.m. in defiance of the midnight curfew asked by Director of War Mobilization James F. Byrnes.

Hizzoner appeared to have a lot of reasons for turning the official clock forward an hour. He said, among other things, that the Byrnes curfew hour

created a 12-o'clock traffic jam, made people drink too much too fast, and caused speakeasies to flourish like toadstools.

At any rate, LaGuardia's announcement threw many Washington officials and night-club circles in the nation's other major cities into a tizzy. Byrnes, a former Supreme Court Justice, was quite calm about it, though. He said the curfew had been a "request" in the first place and that he wasn't going to create a Federal police force to see that it was carried out. He did issue a gentle reminder that the curfew was intended partly to show the men overseas that the country was willing to make some sacrifices.

The War and Navy Departments acted promptly to counteract LaGuardia's action by ordering all soldiers and sailors to evacuate home-front night spots by midnight. This led to the strange spectacle in New York of civilians continuing their drinking while servicemen were shown the door by MPs and SPs. It also led to a decision by 35 members of the city's Allied Food and Entertainment Industries to revert to the midnight curfew. They said they were all for the mayor, but they just couldn't serve civilians when men in uniform were denied the same privilege.

**M**AYORS in most of the other big cities seemed prepared to go along with Byrnes rather than LaGuardia, and some people were a little bitter about the latter's action. Sen. Styles Bridges, Republican of New Hampshire, said he saw "no

*Sgt. Vernon Perkins of the Lockbourne Army Air Base made a quickie trip home to Carlisle, Ark., to get married. He got there just as Gov. Ben D. Laney was about to sign a new law requiring a three-day wait for marriage licenses. So the sergeant telephoned the governor and stated his case, whereupon Laney obligingly withheld his signature until the GI was legally hitched.*

excuse for one mayor putting himself above the nation." A New York Councilman, Hugh Quinn, suggested that LaGuardia be impeached. In Oklahoma City, State Rep. Ed Weaver remarked tersely: "The Little Flower has turned into a stinkweed."

The eventual fate of the curfew seemed to rest with national civic opinion. If enough cities showed willingness to comply with Byrnes' order, it was thought that New York City couldn't hold out. At the same time it appeared that, although the press of the country made much of the controversy, the majority of Americans had no great personal interest in the outcome. According to a Gallup Poll, the

vast majority of the folks back home are in bed by 11 o'clock, and more than 50 percent turn in by 10.

In Washington some supporters of the long-pending compulsory national-service legislation pointed out that if the draft boards of Federal manpower agencies were given the power to place any man from 18 to 45 in a war industry, the curfew could probably be enforced. Under national service, presumably, a night-club operator, waiter, entertainer or just about any other male qualified to wear long pants but not over 45 could be put to work in a war plant and thus have relatively little time for serving—or joining—café society.

There wasn't any sign of agreement, however, among the Senate and House conferees who have been trying to patch together a manpower-mobilization bill out of two projected measures. The Senate was still poring over the House-passed bill drafting unmarried nurses from 20 through 44 years of age. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson made a fervid plea for the nurse legislation with the warning that "the wounded cannot wait." Maj. Gen. Norman T. Kirk, Army Surgeon General, dis-

*Army Nurse Lt. Inez McDonald, who just got out of a Jap internment camp in the Philippines, is in a woman's paradise. When she came back home to Tupelo, Miss., the mayor presented her with the keys to the city. He also gave her the keys to 22 shops in town, with the invitation to drop in any time and help herself.*

closed that 17 percent of the current applicants for the Nurses' Corps, after passing their tests and being offered commissions, are deciding not to enter it.

**C**ONGRESS wasn't expected to take its usual Easter recess this year. Senate Majority Leader Alben W. Barkley, Democrat of Kentucky, called the idea of a holiday "wholly unjustified." He observed that the men and women in the armed forces "will not have a recess."

Congressmen seemed to want to look into the problem of domestic food shortages which have been developing ever since 1945 began. The House appeared to put the blame for food shortages, at least in part, on the Selective Service boys. In any case, it passed a resolution "to determine who is responsible for the wholesale induction of essential farmers where no replacements are available." The Senate earlier had passed a resolution calling for a general inquiry into food production and distribution.

Generally, the government has insisted that food shortages spring from military demands and shipments overseas for relief purposes, but Congress apparently wasn't willing to accept that explanation in full. Some congressmen have maintained that a "food czar" is necessary to assure the highest possible production and the widest possible distribution. No matter what happens, it was agreed that diminishing supplies of meat at home will necessitate even higher ration values for most cuts—



**VETERAN MARRIES:** SGT. JOHN SEBALA, 23, WHO LOST HIS RIGHT LEG IN FRANCE, IS MARRIED TO HIS CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART, DOLORES STEFFEN, BY FR. PHILIP GUERIN IN A CHICAGO CHURCH.



**HAVE A WEED?** THIS HARASSED DRUGGIST IN CHARLOTTE, N.C., IS TRYING TO INDUCE A OUBIOUS CUSTOMER TO TAKE A CHANCE ON "RABBIT TOBACCO," WHICH IS LIKE CORN SILK BUT TASTES EVEN WORSE.



**HAPPY EASTER!** THAT SEEMS TO BE THE MESSAGE OF THIS PHOTO SHOWING SEVEN UNIVERSAL STUDIO STARLETS FEATURED IN "SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED." THE MIDDLE GIRL IS PONI ADAMS.





**ROBOT COW.** LT. COL. JAMES R. KARR SAMPLES SOME MILK MADE OUT OF POWDER, WATER AND BUTTER BY THIS MECHANICAL GADGET, WHICH CAN MAKE ICE CREAM, TOO.



**BIG DEAL.** RADIO FANS OFTEN LAUGH AT COMEDIENNE JOAN DAVIS, BUT SHE'S DOING THE GIGGLING HERE. SHE JUST SIGNED A CONTRACT FOR \$1,000,000 A YEAR.



**BETS OFF.** AT 12 O'CLOCK, EMPLOYEES OF A GAMBLING HOUSE IN RENO, NEV., RAKE IN THE CHIPS AND COVER THE GAMING TABLE IN LINE WITH THE CURFEW CLOSING.



**IN ARREARS.** WE KNOW IT'S AFTER MARCH 15, BUT THE FIGURES ARE INTERESTING. THEY BELONG TO JACQUELINE DUGAN (LEFT) AND ROBERTA SCHWARTZ OF MIAMI

this on top of the fact that point values now in effect are the stiffest since rationing began.

Marvin Jones, head of the War Food Administration, held an optimistic view of the situation, asserting that Americans "can take a new hitch in their belts" and still have "a good wholesome diet." He admitted that some substitutes would have to be used for scarce items but said there still was enough food in the country for all.

Legislation to allow the U.S. to take part in the postwar international monetary agreements reached last summer at Bretton Woods, N. H., by representatives of the United Nations was another thing that was pending in Congress. The Bretton Woods program called for establishment of an international bank to put the world's national currencies on a stable basis and also to promote international trade.

However, the biggest issue of all for Congress—or, more exactly, the Senate—to handle was the participation by America in the postwar international security organization to be formed at the San Francisco Conference starting April 25. Some observers expressed the belief that Senatorial debate on the issue would get underway by June; others thought the conference would last at least six weeks, and that the Senate would hardly be able to consider the matter until July. Under the present set-up,

*An operator of an electrical-goods company in Ogden, Utah, disclosed that there's a certain U.S. Army captain in Germany who hasn't quite got the right picture of life in the States. The dealer received a letter from the officer asking help in selecting a wedding-anniversary gift for his wife. "What do you say to making her a present of a good vacuum cleaner, a mixing set and an electric roasting set—all complete?" the captain wrote, with about as much chance of getting them as you have of buying a bottle of bourbon at the village pub.*

the House won't be concerned with the question of our participation in an international body because the proposal will come as a treaty, and the Constitution grants only the Senate the prerogative of passing on treaties.

**T**HE citizens of Concord, N. H., voted overwhelmingly to approve an international postwar peace plan modeled on the Dumbarton Oaks agreements. This was the first popular expression of sentiment on peace plans since the Big Three Conference at Yalta. The Administration was said to be convinced that the Senate also would approve a world-security pact if such a scheme were presented to it now. There was talk that the U.S. would call for an "open-door policy" for the press, radio and photo services at the San Francisco meeting.

A suggestion that a committee of from 60 to 65 servicemen be named from among combat veterans of the U.S., British and Russian forces to sit in an advisory capacity at the 'Frisco meeting was put forth by Joseph W. Frazer, Detroit automobile manufacturer. Frazer boosted his idea in telegrams sent to Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., and Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, a delegate to the coming conference. "I don't mean to say these boys are going to make the peace," Frazer explained, "but they are going to have a voice. . . . As customers, they should say what they want."

Visitors to Congress were entertained by what some people called a filibuster—a talking marathon—by Sen. Scott W. Lucas, Democrat of Illinois, in behalf of the nomination of Aubrey Williams as Rural Electrification Administrator. Lucas wanted Williams, former National Youth Administrator, confirmed in the office, but he didn't want a vote on the matter just yet, so he simply kept talking. One day he lasted four hours, taking up some of that time to deny allegations that Williams had been mixed up with a "Communist Front." Some other senators were inclined to think that Sen. Sheridan Downey, Democrat of California, "had something there" when he called for a daily two-hour radio broadcast of Congressional "time-wasting" speeches.

Attorney General Francis Biddle said in Washington that the Justice Department expects a rise in crime after the war. He disclosed that preparations were underway to expand and modernize Federal prison facilities to take care of "the natural increase of offenders which may be expected upon the cessation of hostilities." Reporting to Congress, Biddle said there were 18,000 Federal prisoners at the end of 1944, compared with 16,000 a year earlier. The largest group of this year's crop were 4,000 draft-law violators, and there were also 1,400 ex-GIs sentenced by courts-martial.

Dr. Richard L. Jenkins, acting superintendent of

the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago, predicted that any postwar crime wave won't be the fault of returning soldiers. It would be due, he said, to juvenile delinquents of the war years. Writing in the yearbook of the National Probation Association, Dr. Jenkins based his conclusion on the crime increase following World War No. 1. "Men demobilized from the armed services showed little tendency toward criminal violence in civilian life," he asserted.

**T**HE Army took a poll among 598 veterans of the 41st Infantry Division, which has been in the Pacific for three years. Here are the postwar aspirations given by the soldiers after 20 months of combat from New Guinea to the Philippines: 180 want to go back to their civilian jobs; 87 ex-students plan to return to their studies; 61 want college degrees under the GI Bill of Rights; 34 intend to stay in the Army; 45 are going back to the farm; 12 former non-farmers want to till the soil; 36 ex-farm boys look forward to city work; 50 will take technical training for new jobs; and 93 didn't know what to say.

On the labor front, the Hollywood movie-studio strike marked time. A union official claimed that 14,000 workers were still out, but the producers said the figure was much lower. It was definite, though, that about 3,500 members of the Screen Publicists, Story Analysts and Office Workers Union returned to their jobs as the strike entered its second week.

Negotiations for a new contract meanwhile continued between John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers and the soft-coal operators. Both sides were awaiting the result of efforts by Sen. Josiah W. Bailey, Democrat of North Carolina, to obtain passage of a bill to prohibit the payment of royalties to unions. The measure would squelch the UMW's demand for a fee of 10 cents a ton on coal, as well as the American Federation of Musicians' royalty agreement for five cents a record with the platter manufacturers.

Congress was advised "not to halt the progress of minority groups" by pressing for legislation which might be considered radical by some States. The advisor was House Democratic Whip Robert Ramspeck of Georgia, and the specific legislation he referred to involved proposals to abolish the poll tax as a voting requirement and to create a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission. "Neither of these bills has a chance of getting by the Senate," said Ramspeck, "and bringing them up will do more harm than good."

In Grand Rapids, Mich., two conscientious objectors were sentenced for taking a powder from the Civilian Public Service Camp at Germfask, Mich. The first prisoner was Corbett Bishop Gaunt, 39, a former Hoboken, N. J., book dealer who,

*Dr. H. H. Bennett, Chief of the Bureau of Soil Conservation, has one desire in common with a lot of GIs—he doesn't want to travel outside the U. S. again. Dr. Bennett was telling a Congressional Committee about two bomber junkets to Africa he had to make for the Office of War Information. "If I never leave this country again, I am completely satisfied," he said. "This is the best country I ever got into."*

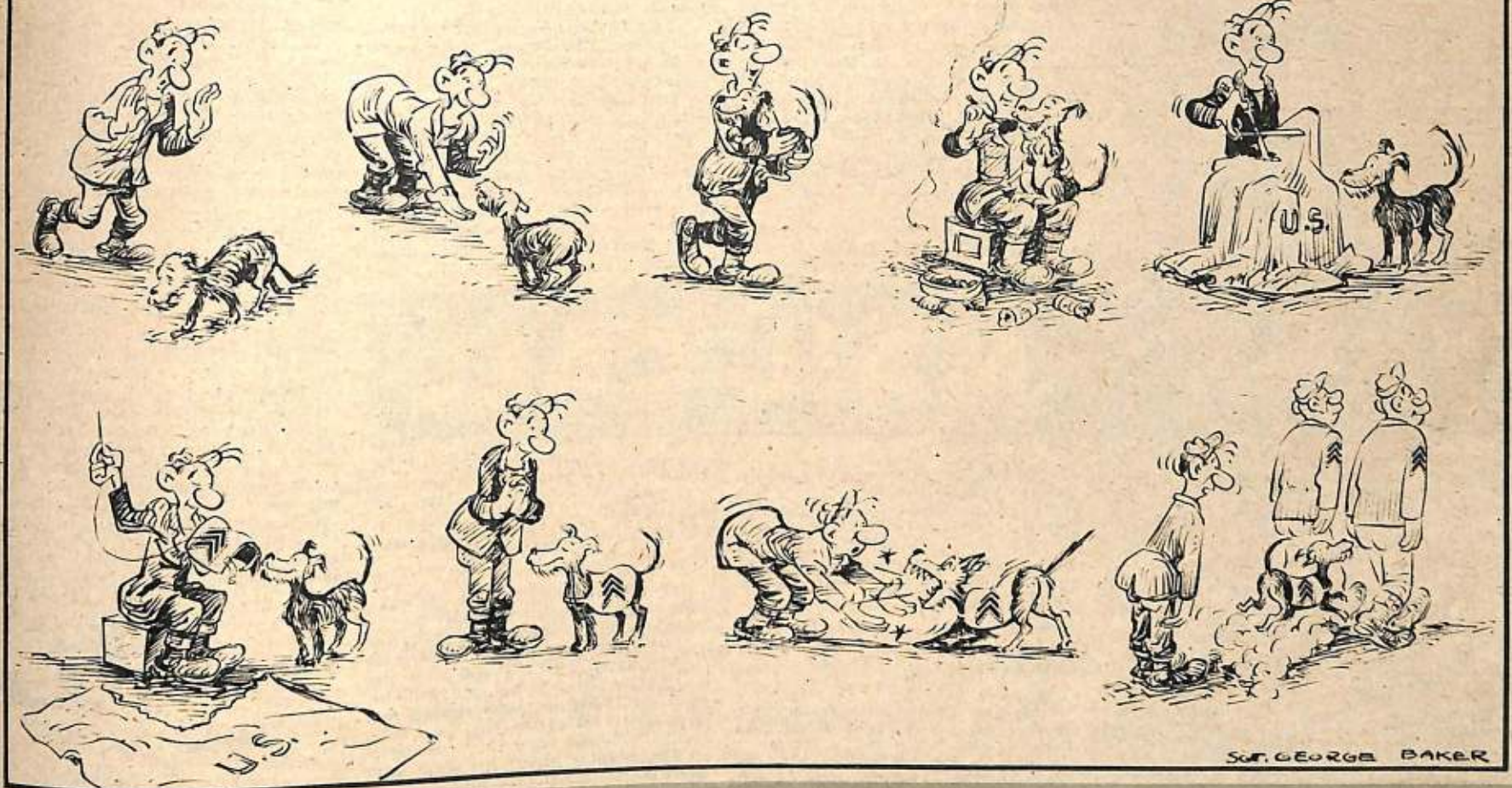
to show his defiance of the draft, has refused to eat. Gaunt also refused to walk, so he was wheeled into Federal Court to hear himself given four years in jail and fined \$1,000. John S. Stokes, Jr., 24, member of a prominent Huntingdon Valley, Pa., family, was sentenced to three years imprisonment. Pfc. William Saroyan, the writer and playwright, was under treatment at the DeWitt General Hospital in Auburn, Calif., for an old back injury. Saroyan, who told the press that he expected to go before an Army medical board for a possible medical discharge, explained that he had injured his back when he fell off a bar stool in Paris in 1939.

This story seems kind of silly for the ETO, because it involves shell eggs, but it got into an awful lot of newspapers in the States. It all started when news came from Chungking, China, about an old Chinese tradition that eggs can be stood on end—but only on the first day of spring. This was followed by the report that you can stand eggs on end any old day in Chungking. Scientists in the States first said it must all be a hoax, until an enterprising New York City newsman tried the stunt. He found it actually worked, if he took the eggs straight from the icebox with a steady hand. Immediately a plague of egg-standing broke out in the nation. Happily, eggs are more plentiful there than cigarettes, which don't stand around on the first day of spring, or any day, for long.



# THE SAD SACK

# "BIRDS OF A FEATHER"



Sgt. GEORGE BAKER

## Double Trouble

Dear YANK:  
I got married in Ohio in 1932, and we had three boys. The wife and I couldn't get along, so in 1937 we got a divorce whereby I had to pay \$50-a-month alimony. In 1938 I fell in love with a girl in Missouri and married her later that year. We also have three children and get along fine. In 1942 I was drafted, so I stopped paying alimony to my first wife and made the allotments out to my second wife and children. My first wife raised hell because I didn't allow her any money. So to cool things down I had my second wife rent a seven-room house, and all of them are living together. Things were going fine until six months ago; now my first wife is demanding I make all my insurance out to her. I hear she is chasing around with a 4-F, and she isn't satisfied living with my second wife; she thinks I ought to rent another house for her. I talked to my CO about it and he said for me to see the chaplain. I went to see the chaplain, and he said he didn't know how the laws of Ohio and Missouri were about marriages and referred me to the Personal Affairs officer. He referred me to someone in the rear echelon. I do not have time to be going here and there.



Are there any ARs where I can put her (my first wife) into another house and give her a little money to keep her quiet?  
—(Name Withheld)  
Belgium

Both of your wives and their respective children are entitled to Class A allowances from the Office of Dependency Benefits. Either you or your first wife can apply for the additional allotment. When the application is OK'd, your first wife will receive a total of \$107 a month; your second wife will

# What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

get \$115 a month. The ODB arrives at these figures in this way: Your divorced wife gets \$42 for herself under the alimony decree, plus \$65 for the three children. Your present wife gets \$50, plus \$65 for your other three children. While the law provides that the first child shall get \$30 and all others \$20 each, the ODB simply pools all the money for the kids and divides it up among them.

## Home in Canada

Dear YANK:  
I am a Canadian citizen and have been in your Army for almost four years now. When I get out of service I am planning to borrow some money to buy a home. What I'd like to know is whether a noncitizen can take advantage of the loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights and whether I can use the money to buy a home in Canada?  
—T/Sgt. JAMES HILL  
India

All the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights are available to veterans without regard to their citizenship status. However, you cannot get a loan guarantee under the GI Bill of Rights if the money is to be used to buy real estate located outside the U. S., its territories or possessions.

## Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:  
I was wounded and received the Purple Heart. Is it true that I will get additional mustering-out pay because I received the Purple Heart?  
—Pfc. ROBERT LUPIN  
Italy

No. The Purple Heart does not entitle its wearer to additional mustering-out pay. Mustering-out pay is determined by length and place of service only. GIs with less than 60 days of service get \$100; those who served only in the States and who had more than 60 days of service get \$200; those who served over 60 days and had overseas service get the maximum of \$300.

## Navy Hats

Dear YANK:  
An officer who was giving us the works about how to wear that Navy uniform instructed us to wear our hats square on our heads. While he was instructing us he had the hat at a 45-degree angle. He also brought the hat down to his side on uncovering. We were trained that a hat is squared resting one-quarter inch above the eyebrow and not at an angle. When uncovering (as I get it) you place the hat over the heart. Who is right, we enlisted men or the gold braid?  
Pacific  
—(Name Withheld)

The regulations for a squared hat specify that it be worn about a quarter inch above the eyebrow and with no rakish angle. But the angle—and everything else, for that matter—is at the discretion of the inspecting officer. If he wants an



angle, he'll have it. So, for what good it will do you, you are probably right. Of course, 45 degrees would probably bring the hat down over one ear. But you are wrong about uncovering. Holding the hat over the heart is strictly a civilian custom. In the Navy the hat is brought down to the side when you uncover.

## Overseas Bar

Dear YANK:  
We have been having all kinds of arguments about the new overseas bars. Some guys say they can only be worn on the blouse, others say they can be worn on the overcoat and now a few guys have even shown up with bars on their fatigues. Where should they be worn?  
Iran  
—S/5gt. STUART KRINKLEY

According to WD Cir. No. 41 (2 Feb. 1945), the overseas bars should be worn only on the following: the service coat (blouse), winter and summer shirt, field jacket, work clothing and special suits or jackets.



## The COVER

Rehearsing for Easter services, the members of this 96th Bomb Group choir are (l. to r.) Cpl. Arthur McCommon of Memphis; Pfc. Robert E. English of Montoursville, Pa.; Cpl. Amos B. Hayes of Yuma, Ariz.; 5/Sgt. W. Edwin Crouch, Jr., of Easton, Md., and 1/Sgt. George K. Bachman of Scranton, Pa.



Cover, Sgt. Joe Pazen, 2, lower, Signal Corps; others, Keystone, 3, A.P.; 4, P.A.; 5, Signal Corps; 6, upper, A.P.; lower, Cpl. Howard Katzander, 8, 9, and 10, 490th Bomber Sqdn. 12, upper, Signal Corps; lower, PA, 13, Signal Corps, 14, INP, 15, left, INP; center, AP; right, Universal Pictures, 16, upper, center, AP; lower, Wide World; others, Acme, 18, Sgt. Ben Rosenblatt, 20, lower, N.Y. Bureau of Conservation Education; others, Sgt. Ben Schnall, 21, upper, PA; lower, Signal Corps, 22, M.G.M., 23, Cpl. Frank Busch.

## Gimme, Gimme, Gimme

Dear YANK,

Pfc. Pay Day wants \$250 clothing credit after being discharged. Cpl. Day Room wants \$1,000 bonus instead of the \$200 or \$300 that is promised. Pvt. Gus Aircorps wants 20 per cent overseas pay after arriving back in the good old United States. Sgt. Joe Footlocker is trying to get in on the Dutch bonus. Pvt. Steady KP, who had all his teeth pulled trying to keep out of the Army but was drafted anyway, wants the Army to replace them with gold ones.

This is an example of what you read every week in YANK. I am Regular Army (one of those who say they couldn't find a job in civilian life) who

and he said severe cases were awarded the Purple Heart. He didn't remember how bad my case was. Even if he did, he didn't have the authority to award the Purple Heart, as you can't determine the cases at battalion aid.

*Just where is the line drawn?*

I've been in the hospital now for nine weeks. I still haven't been able to walk, only on my heels to the latrine and back to bed. My large toes are still frozen very near solid.

Some boys get the Purple Heart when cut on a C-ration can, others for a small cut the size of a pin, others for slipping off a truck and, of course, for a number of other minor as well as major reasons.

Also, any one connected with the Air Force getting frostbite while in flight

## Glider Infantry Pay

Dear YANK,

Being in the Glider Infantry we are supposed to get 50 percent increase in our base pay, but because of the time lost in the hospital due to sickness or wounds we do not collect the 50 percent. Why? Between July 1, 1944, and July 1, 1945, we are to take at least four glider rides to qualify for the extra pay. How can we take glider rides and still stay on the front lines is beyond me. Men in the States, far away from war, can do it and collect 50 percent, but we combat men must go on bitching. Can anything be done about it? We did go for a ride to France and Holland but that isn't enough. The last time we got paid about 90 of the men in my company did not collect.

Det. of Patients, Britain. Pic. STRAWBERRY

## Courting Trouble

Dear YANK,

We are members of an air depot stationed at a permanent RAF base in the UK, at which there are three good tennis courts, for the use of the personnel here. However, three courts are hardly sufficient for the number of men who want to play, causing inconvenience and lost man-hours in having to wait for a court. Why can't the Army donate funds and labor for improving this situation? Also a fighter group shares the field with us, and the



# YANK MAIL CALL

THE ARMY WEEKLY

## BRITISH EDITION

EVENING STANDARD BUILDING

47 Shoe Lane, LONDON, E.C.4

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is willing to start from scratch after the war and look for a job in a bathing suit if I have to. I have never talked to a Selective Serviceman yet who didn't own his own home, a 1946 auto and have a white collar job waiting for him, so why don't you guys who write this stuff into YANK stop your crying?

Aphrata, AAB, Wash. Pvt. DALE L. VOGLER

## Cute Censors

Dear YANK,

I have returned from overseas, so I am speaking for the boys I left over there.

Before we left to go overseas, the censorship officer told us there would be only one censor, and that he wasn't supposed to mention anything that he had read in letters, but when we got overseas they couldn't act decent about it. All four of the company officers had to censor the mail.

It makes a guy feel pretty funny to pass the officers' tent and see them all sitting around the table censoring mail



and laughing to each other about what they have read. It makes the guy think it might be his letter they are laughing at.

I don't suppose there is anything to be done about it, but then we think it's pretty low for all the officers to read what a man writes home . . .

Army-Navy General Hospital,

Hot Springs, Ark. (NAME WITHHELD)

## The Purple Heart

Dear YANK,

I've had quite a time trying to get this Purple Heart matter straightened out.

A number of the boys with trenchfoot and frostbite have received it. Also a number haven't, of which I am one.

I did not get my feet wet only from sweat. I wore overshoes and two pair of socks. I was in the German bulge during the holidays. Of course I was going day and night. I took my shoes off as much as possible. I rubbed my feet, changed my socks, wrapped toilet paper on the outside of my socks. I also cut a K-ration box and put it inside of my shoes. In other words, I did everything possible to avoid frostbite or trenchfoot.

I wrote to the captain of my battalion

gets the Purple Heart.

Are they any better than the poor infantryman?

Det. of Patients, Britain. Pvt. JOHN GEFERT

Dear YANK,

There must be something radically wrong with the system presently used to determine who should be entitled to the award of the Purple Heart. We have an officer who received a Purple Heart for a scratch received in his mad scramble for cover during an enemy strafing raid on an object about five miles away from him. At his own request, he was shown on the morning report five days later when he realized that, being an officer, he might be able to promote himself a Purple Heart.

His injury was described as a two-inch abrasion on the forehead, for which he definitely was not hospitalized. The medical treatment necessary to pull this officer through the crisis consisted of a square pad of gauze held on with adhesive tape which was removed the next day, as recovery seemed complete.

The award of the Purple Heart in this case is a direct insult to the many men who have earned Purple Hearts in the past, and will continue to earn them in the future. Definite steps should be taken by the War Department to see that such unearned decorations are not awarded in the future.

Marianas Islands. (NAME WITHHELD)

## Little Friends

Dear YANK,

I just read the British edition of YANK, March 11, and when I saw the cover, I just wanted to have a copy. I'm a ball gunner on a B-17, and P-51s to me are the nicest things in the world. I see them on all of my missions—we're the big friends and they are our little friends, I mean that in earnest. All the fellows in the crew have asked me to write and ask if it is at all possible for us to get some copies of your cover photo



of those Mustangs on a mission. We would be more than willing to pay any charge that you may ask—we want to keep them as memories of our missions to Germany.

Britain. ONE OF THE 8TH AAF

[The picture was taken by Sgt. Ben Rosenblatt of USSTAF. Fortunately there were extra copies, and we are sending them to you.—Ed.]

noise of the planes breaking for a landing on return from missions makes it almost impossible to carry on a decent tennis game, ruining our matches. Why can't this group be given a field of their own, as other fighter groups?

Had I ended this letter here, I am sure YANK would have printed it, which would be typical of YANK's policy in publishing screwball letters on subjects which are most obviously not representative of the average GI mind, and which only serve to cause dissension in the ranks, dissatisfaction with the "brass", bad morale, etc. It is my belief that YANK has better editing ability than it has shown in the past, and it can very easily publish letters which bring out legitimate and typical grouses, but when it comes to your letters from the "Fed-Up Ground Officers," and "Suede Shoes Charlie," I lose my patience with you.

Britain. 1st Lt. FRANK WENNEIS

[Glad to hear from you, Lieutenant, and we imagine we'll be hearing from you again if the printer leaves off that second paragraph.—Ed.]

## World Peace Organization

Dear YANK,

The League of Nations was organized with the purpose of forming a permanent peace. Let us not make that mistake again. War is inevitable, as history so aptly proves. With that fact in mind, let us create an organization for the settling of disputes, the controlling of coalitions and all other factors which have a direct bearing on the ability of a country or faction to wage war. The purpose will be to maintain peace as long as it is practicable and logical.

The organization should have the power to rule with an iron hand. Appeasement is out. They should have the power and force to take action immediately against any movement that



shows the slightest threat to what we are today fighting for. It should stamp out the threats before they develop into an actual challenge, and thereby prevent a repetition of the tragic situation that has confronted the world of today.

The organization must be invested with large powers to be effective. Therefore there should be a method of controlling it to prevent it from becoming an absolute power. I can think of no better method than modeling the organization after our own democratic government with the substituted statement, "Of the countries, by the countries and for the countries."

Sgt. MELVIN KOEHN  
Italy.

### Regular Army

Dear YANK,  
The *Army and Navy Journal* for January 27 carried an article that is of vital importance to every Regular Army officer and enlisted man in the service today. On page 663, columns two and three, is a motion put forward to Congress by Rep. Bennett of Missouri:

"H.R. 1644, Rep. Bennett, Mo. To grant all the officers and enlisted men of the Regular Establishment who remain in active service after the present war a permanent appointment in the highest rank held during the war and to advance them one grade just prior to retirement from active service. Double time for present war service shall be credited for determining right to retirement."

We, the Regular Army personnel of this air base, would appreciate it very much if YANK would print this letter and invite comment from Regular Army throughout the world.

Millville, N.J. S/Sgt. JOHN J. RIDDELL\*

\*Also signed by 48 other men.

### Mrs. GI Joe

Dear YANK,  
With unions setting forth the argument that the cost-of-living index has risen and that their members are entitled to increases in salary to offset this advance, I am wondering who is going to take up the cause of Mrs. GI Joe. A good many of the men in the armed forces are married and not all of the wives are in a position to work. If the cost of living has risen to the extent claimed, then it has also risen for Mrs. GI Joe, and is a definite hardship on her. It seems her allotment is the only thing that has remained static.

Don't you think GI Joe, who already is shouldering his burden, is being discriminated against?

Pic. HERMAN SCHWARTZ  
Panama.



### As Conquerors

Dear YANK,  
... In one of those German towns I met an MP sloshing along a muddy street. He was singing: "I don't mind being lonely long as you are lonely too," which sort of punctuates the nonfraternization. Very apropos.

Pic. BEN SHUBIN  
Germany.

### Postal Persistence

Dear YANK,  
I wish you would print this item in *Mail Call* to show all the GIs that the Army and Navy post offices are doing a wonderful job.

Today I received a letter which I had written in Camp Rucker, Ala., to my

brother who was in the Navy somewhere in the English Channel. The letter reached England, but they found no trace of my brother, so it went to the Navy hospital, then to the U. S., then back to all the camps I've been in since I sent it. It then came back across the ocean to find me, and I've been moving around myself. I've had three different addresses overseas. The letter has been in the Army and all through the Navy, and has crossed the ocean twice, been to France and to England twice. This will give the GIs some idea of what the Army and Navy post offices go to see that the boys get their mail. My brother, who was to receive the letter, is home in Swissvale, Pa., discharged from the Navy.

Pic. CARMEN PESANTE

Det. of Patients, Britain.

### Five Giant Evils

Dear YANK,  
As one eminent writer has recently stated, our postwar plans include the abolition of five giant evils, namely, idleness, want, ignorance, squalor and disease. To obtain our goal, here are the main features of a practical postwar program:

1. Full employment policy by the national government.
2. Social security to all who meet economic adversity.
3. National rivers and flood program.
4. National health program.
5. Federal aid to educational institutions.
6. National housing program.
7. Free adult education on economic and political problems.
8. Erection of more national highways.
9. Organization of leisure time activities.

This program is a start in achieving our aims.

Pic. LEWIS WATERS

### Thanks to the Navy

Dear YANK,  
I have had eight rides with the Navy during the war, including the invasion of France.

When we got on our landing craft the water was rough as hell. The skipper of our landing craft said, "Any of you boys from Texas?" Well, we were a Texas-Oklahoma Division, so about half of the boys let out a big "Yes, sir." The skipper said, "Boys, you have no more worries, for anyone from down my way gets the best, and you boys will be put high and dry."

Well, we did not as much as get our shoes wet. And I tell you this, those who have been through what the Army and Navy have done together would say that the other is tops.

Cpl. LUTHER C. NURD

Det. of Patients, Britain.

### Civilian Pay Rates

Dear YANK,  
I am writing in reply to Pvt. A. Spiegel's letter suggesting that the government pay soldiers the difference between their civilian pay and Army pay. Why the hell does he think he's fighting, or is he? I've been in the Army a long time, and this is the first time I've heard a guy bitch because he was getting 50 bucks and wanted the government to make up the difference in his saving power. Had the little man with the moustache taken over the world, where would his earning power be, or anyone else's for that matter?

The only fellows profiting from Pvt. Spiegel's suggestion would be those who were making the money. What about the fellows that used to really sweat just for enough to live on? They would not profit because they didn't save any money. So, Pvt. Spiegel, wait until after the war to make more money and don't try to have the government a scapegoat.

Sgt. JOHN H. RODRIGUEZ

### On Starting a Family

Dear YANK,  
Why haven't the men responsible for the rotation plan considered the married



"TRENCHFOOT?"

man of 35 years of age and up—with wives of similar age—childless but wanting children badly—with only a few short years left in which to start a family? I understand the British plan does make an allowance for this and I think it is a sensible one. There must be plenty of men in the U. S. Army falling in this category. Would like to know their reactions to this question.

### Stuck in the States

Dear YANK,  
In the past issues of YANK, several GIs were complaining about some of the GIs who are still in the States after being in the Army two or more years. Well, I am one of them. I joined the Army for a three-year hitch in 1940. I haven't been overseas. It's not because I don't want to go overseas; it seems that the Army thinks different.

I tried to volunteer twice in the last four years. Each time, I was an essential man or they wouldn't take rated men.

The other day I was given a physical profile. My number was 3111D (I don't know what it means and nobody else does here). A year ago, I also took an exam and was put in D classification because my left foot has a double bone structure which looks like a double ankle bone. Here's the funny part—I came



in the Army over 4 1/2 years ago in the same condition. What gives? It seems like they were taking 4-Fs in 1940. I

have been a cook until a year ago. I used to stand on my feet several hours a day. My foot didn't bother me. It should have been a sort of test. Now I am a mess sergeant in a Kraut camp.

The other day a telegram came to this post asking for volunteers for noncombat duties overseas. I was told today I wasn't accepted. I asked why; they couldn't give any reason, but all the required positions were fulfilled. It seems like they should give a GI with over four years' service in this country a chance first. But somebody doesn't think so.

I feel that being 24 years of age, not married and with no family ties, I should at least be doing a noncombat job overseas. I am sure there are several GIs who would like to trade places with me who have families and have spent their share of time over there.

How do you think I feel when some GI who has been overseas for two years asks me how long I've been in? When I tell him almost five years, he just looks at me and walks away when he finds out I've always been in the U. S. I hope you publish this letter because other GIs have said the same to me...

T/4 ROBERT SANDERS

PW Camp, Coolidge, Ariz.

### More Entertainment?

Dear YANK,  
I've been following YANK for some time and have finally found a reason for complaint. I like all of your features and departments, but please accept some constructive criticism.

Most of the GIs who read YANK do it for the entertainment value it provides. A lot of them sometimes do not find the time to read the articles thoroughly. Why not more cartoons, comic strips and illustrated features?

One of the best cartoons in the ETO is the one about "Hubert." Also "Up Front with Mauldin." Both of these appear in the *Stars and Stripes*.

How about it?

Britain. Staff Sergeant

### Plans for Small Homes

Dear YANK,  
In the March 11 *Mail Call* Cpl. Fred H. Weiss asks about blueprints for small homes. I suggest he contact his State Agriculture College and the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture for leaflets on the subject and its kindred subjects, plumbing, electrical wiring, roofing, sewage disposal, etc.

Britain. Pvt. J. D. S.





Wallace M. Farmer S1c holding an 18-day-old Russian brown bear cub. Born while the show was in Boston, the cub weighed 17 ounces.



Leon Ayer, Maine fish and game warden, tells Gordon Bernsten S2c and Mrs. Bernsten of Brooklyn about fish fries they have Down East.



Harpooning tuna is not quite as easy as Louis R. Cates of Rockland, Maine, makes it appear to Pvt. Jim Kyle, a medic from Fort Benning.



"He won't hurt you, miss," says Capt. J. H. Waterman, but Cpl. Dorothea Mockler is wary about getting chummy with buffaloes.

The HIGH QUIZ MARKSMAN

CONSERVATION

The LAUGH DEPARTMENT



HOW MANY CAN YOU TALK DOWN TO IN VERB SHOOTING GALLERY

ALL Service men  
Please register  
here - Tell me  
what kind of  
fishing - or Camp  
you want after the  
New York State  
use the information  
guide to post-war  
recreation program  
100 WHAT  
AT

# Sportsmen's Show

The war didn't interfere with the annual Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden where 75,000 outdoor-life enthusiasts attended its seven-day exhibit.

Here's Supt. Clayton B. Seagaars of New York's Bureau of Conservation Education quizzing GIs about what they hope for in post-war hunting and fishing.





Bob Quinn, succeeded as general manager of the Braves by son John, goes over paper work with him.

## SPORTS: Bob Quinn Looks Back on His 54 Rugged Years in Baseball

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

WHEN the late Phil Ball offered Bob Quinn a job as business manager of the St. Louis Browns back in 1917, he wrote him: "There's really nothing to the job. All you need is bunk and bluff." It was typical of Quinn, who recently celebrated his 75th birthday by resigning as president and general manager of the Boston Braves, that he wrote back: "I am very sorry, but I don't qualify for your job. I have never practiced bunk or bluff in my life." Ball liked the letter and hired Quinn away from the Columbus club of the American Association. They were together until 1923, when Bob formed a syndicate and purchased the Red Sox.

"That was the biggest mistake of my life," Quinn told the sportswriters who attended his birthday party. "I should have stayed in St. Louis."

His connection with the Red Sox was the

unhappiest period of his 54 years in organized baseball. Rain washed out the Sunday double-headers, the bleachers burned, his financial backer died, and Ed Morris, one of his star pitchers, was killed in a brawl while Bob was considering a \$100,000 offer for him from the Yankees. Before he sold the club to Tom Yawkey on April 20, 1933, Quinn hocked his life insurance so he could take the team South for spring training.

He spent the 1933 season with the Reading club of the New York-Penn League before he got a chance to return to the big leagues to reorganize the Brooklyn Dodgers. Quinn, who is a rather conservative gentleman, felt out of place in the daffy atmosphere of Ebbets Field. He jumped at a chance in 1936 to go back to Boston as president and general manager of the Braves when C. F. Adams, owner of the Suffolk Downs Race Track, took over

the club from Judge Emil Fuchs in repayment for some loans. The late Judge Landis wasn't very happy about letting a race-track owner like Adams into baseball, but there wasn't anything he could do about it except demand that an honest and respected baseball man be hired to run the club. Quinn was the logical choice because he fitted those requirements perfectly and was held in high esteem by the Boston baseball public. Eventually he was able to organize a syndicate which bought the Braves from Adams.

Bob had less trouble with hold-outs than any executive in baseball. He insisted on paying players what he thought they were worth—and in some cases that wasn't much—and sometimes he traded them rather than ask them to take it. When Urban Shocker, then a rookie pitcher, became a 20-game winner with the Browns, Quinn walked into Phil Ball's office and said, "I want your approval for a \$2,000 bonus for Shocker." "A bonus?" said Ball. "What are you trying to do, be generous?" "Not generous," growled Quinn. "just honest."

If Bob has any vanity it is about his hands. Although he was a catcher—and manager and ticket-taker—for Anderson in the old Indiana State League when it was fashionable for catchers to have broken, twisted fingers, his digits are still nearly perfect. After Anderson got kicked out of the league, he got the chance to do the same chores for the Columbus (Ohio) club. He helped organize the American Association and attracted the attention of Ball by developing young players and selling them to the big leagues.

RETIRING now to develop a farm system for the Braves, Quinn takes nothing with him except memories. "Most of the money I've made in baseball I've put back into the game," he said. "And if somebody has benefited it is all right with me." Closest he ever came to having a club in the World Series was in 1922 when the Browns led the American League race for 69 consecutive days and then lost out by one game to the Yankees.

Bob gets a great deal of satisfaction out of the careers chosen by his two sons. John, after serving his apprenticeship with the Red Sox and Braves, succeeds his father as general manager of Boston's entry in the National League. Bob Jr. entered the priesthood as a member of the Dominican Order and at one time was athletic director of Providence College in Rhode Island.

Quinn has so many friends among the clergy that he takes a good deal of kidding about it. For instance, once Lefty Gomez was asked by a sportswriter why he couldn't win for the Braves. He said that the sun in Boston dazzled him.

"Don't be silly, Lefty," said the writer. "You don't pitch into the sun at Braves Field."

"I know," Lefty said, "but it was reflected off the Roman collars back of home plate."

## Sports Service Record

Lt. Col. Richard E. (Dick) Hanley, USMC, former Northwestern coach, has signed to coach the Chicago club of the All-American Football Conference after the war. Maj. Ernie Nevers, USMC, will assist him. . . . Maj. Steven V. (Steve) Hamas, former Penn State star who is now assigned to Mitchel Field, N. Y., after a year of overseas duty in England, says that Sgt. Tutt Tabor, an airman who fought an exhibition with Freddie Mills, the English fighter, "so overshadowed the Englishman that it was pitiful." . . . Max Macon, ex-Dodger and Braves Perry, outfielder and first baseman, and Aaron Perry, promising Washington lightweight, are at Fort McClellan, Ala. . . . Lt. Clark Hinkle, ex-Green Bay Packers fullback, is the damage-control officer aboard a newly commissioned vessel manned by the Coast Guard. . . . Ex-Sgt. Barney Ross of the Marines is publishing a book, "I'm a Lucky Guy," describing his ring career and his experiences in the Marines. . . . Henry Armstrong,

ex-triple-crown holder, and Kenny Washington, ex-UCLA star, are going overseas for the USO.

Rejected: Harry Feldman, New York Giants pitcher; Allie Reynolds, Cleveland Indians pitcher, and Bobby Stephens, Tennessee's star back of 1944. . . . Inducted: Lamar (Skeeter) Newsome, Red Sox infielder; Billy Paschal, New York Giants back who led the National Pro Football League in ground gaining last season, and Tony Lupien, Phillies first baseman. . . . Promoted: Earl Johnson, Red Sox pitcher, to lieutenant via battlefield commission after being awarded Bronze Star for meritorious service on the Western Front. . . . Missing in Action: Lt. Al Blozis, former Georgetown and New York Giants tackle, in Europe. . . . Transferred: Sgt. Enos Slaughter and Pfc. Howie Pollet, ex-St. Louis Cardinals stars, to Kearns AAF, Utah. . . . Decorated: Capt. LaVerne Wagner, former Marquette halfback, with Bronze Star "for his outstanding leadership during the battles of Saipan and Tinian"; Lt. James Rush, ex-Purdue end, Silver Star for bravery in action on European Front. . . . Wounded: Albert (Skippy) Roberge, ex-Braves second baseman, in Germany.



Pvt. Johnny Goodman, former U. S. Open champion from Omaha, Neb., sinks a long putt in Inter-Allied Tournament at New Delhi, India. Goodman won his match, but Yanks lost 8 to 4.





Lucille Ball  
**YANK**  
*Pin-up Girl*



# Yanks in Britain



LEFT, CPL. LYLE MOFFETT OF POTSDAM, N. Y., HIS ENGLISH WIFE, AND THEIR NINE-MONTH-OLD SON STEPHEN WATCH A MOVIE ABOUT THE U. S. AT THE ARC "SCHOOL FOR BRIDES." RIGHT, T/SGT. WILLIAM ROMNEY OF SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, TELLS PROSPECTIVE EMIGRANTS ABOUT THE DIFFERENCES IN ANGLO-AMERICAN CURRENCY.

next week. They have kept coming back for the last two years, their numbers increasing each time.

Now the school has more applications than it can handle. Some of the applicants are GIs' sweethearts, not wives. The Red Cross will accept them as members, but doesn't act as a marriage bureau. The sort of questions treated as frivolous—though not always intended as such—are like the following: "You say it takes from ten weeks to three months to get papers through to marry an American soldier. Can you tell me if it takes the same length of time to marry an American sailor?"

By Col. EDMUNDO ANTICHIUS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

## School for Brides

ENGLAND—London's Mr. Anthony is a small, brunette Red Cross girl from Boston, Mass., named Elsie Celli, whose job is answering questions about the strange customs in the United States asked by British girls who have married GIs.

The girls meet on the first Sunday of every month at Miss Celli's "school for brides" at the Rainbow Corner Red Cross Club to learn the facts of life in the United States.

About 200 attend, most of them between 18 and 24 years old. Each session is devoted to one particular problem, such as home-making, cooking, health and hygiene, fashions and education. After each lecture the girls ask questions.

The class is as informal as an Italian picnic. In one corner a group of girls ponder dubiously over a recipe for cooked ham and pineapple. In another part of the room two girls argue that Philadelphia scrapple is just another name for bubble-and-squeak. Some of the wives bring their husbands and babies. While the wife sits absorbed in a discussion of "why everyone has a refrigerator," the husband listens patronizingly and the baby ignores everything to peer at the American trade-mark on his rattle.

New girls sometimes get tangled up in the American language. A girl who seldom had the courage to ask questions one night loudly announced in a tone of deep concern: "I'm very worried about cooking with gas." Most of the other girls were, as they explained, "hep to the jive" after being married to GIs for a few months and thought the question pretty funny.

Miss Celli finds that new girls have a rather rosy picture of the States. A good deal of this is due to the movies and to their husbands who tend to over-glamorize a bit here and there after being away from home for two or three years.

Most of the girls are becoming aware that America is not a land of flashy millionaires and desperate gun men. A few, of course, are reluctant to give up their beautiful dreams. One girl, who is going to live in Georgia, began to picture herself as a potential Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*. Another, who is going to the West Coast, asked what it was like in Hollywood.

"In what way do you mean?" Miss Celli asked. "Well, in the States it's all like Mayfair in London before the war, isn't it?" the girl said.

Any notions that clothes worn for every-day life in the States are like those worn in Hollywood films were shattered recently at a fashion show the school put on. The girls saw a preview of what they will probably wear in the States.

The show was staged by Red Cross girls who modeled the clothes they had managed to get into their bed rolls when they crossed the Atlantic. The predominance of cotton dresses greatly surprised the girls. Cotton is not the stuff most emphasized by Hollywood.

Each time the girls were shown a dress they were told how much their husbands would have to fork out for it. The girls oohed and aahed at the prices, which were low compared to what they have to pay now in England. It made them realize that anyone with a moderate income can dress fairly well in the States.

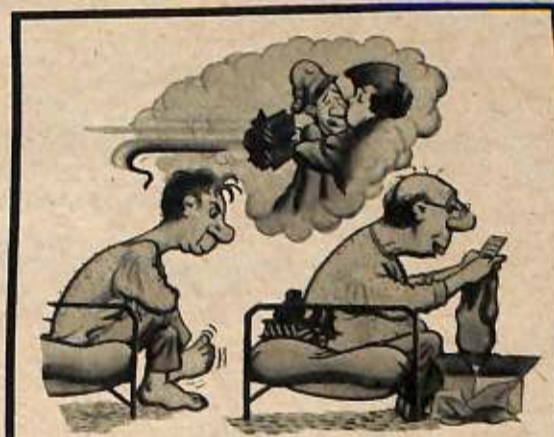
Most of the girls are tremendously excited about going to America and are anxious to conform and adjust themselves quickly when they get there. Others find the prospects rather frightening and some don't like the idea of leaving their mothers. The typical girl will arrive in the States with only a limited supply of money and the address of a relative she has never seen.

Such a prospect seemed just a bit too much to the wife of T/4 Donald Summers of Detroit, Mich. She was all set to go to the States to have a baby, but when everything was arranged she backed down at the last moment. She admitted life would probably be more comfortable in the States but she wanted to stay with her husband as long as possible.

It is in cases like this that the school does the most good. It enables a girl like Mrs. Summers to meet someone who is going to the same town or at least close by and also to meet American girls with whom she can discuss her problems. All this is reassuring and makes for more confidence. For instance, thanks to Miss Celli, who introduced them, Mrs. S. Gooluck and Mrs. Stanley A. Dow can swap stories about what their husbands say about Brooklyn. They are both going there after the war.

Apart from giving a clearer picture of the States, the school has proved invaluable in helping the girls with immigration problems. Miss Celli gives clear, informal answers to questions about citizenship, visas, currency regulations—things which seemed formidable when presented officially at the American Embassy. Mrs. Pamela M. Scoffin, who is going to Rome, N. Y., wrote to Miss Celli asking what a girl must do to obtain her citizenship papers. "Rumor must do to obtain her citizenship you can read and ranges," she wrote, "from proving you can read and write to knowing a complete history of the U. S., which is enough to make a strong woman reel."

Although the school has turned out to be one of the most successful things at the Red Cross, it was not originally planned as part of the organization's regular program. On Christmas Day, 1943, the Red Cross gave a tea party for GIs and their wives. The Red Cross girls were the first American women the brides had met, so they were showered with questions about the United States. There were so many questions left unanswered when the party was over that the English girls were invited back the



## The COUNT

DON'T look now, but that woo-pitching ex-T/5 called the Count thinks that maybe he's getting back in the good graces of his erstwhile honey, a Wac corporal named Abigail.

"I had to do something, but quick," the Count told us the other afternoon when we dropped by to see how his love life was getting along. "Here's Easter coming up and I didn't have no one to escort in the local fashion parade for a bitter or two down at the Magpie & Stump. What's more, pay day is arriving almost simultaneously with Easter and I figured me Corporal Abigail, who is not a worldly dame, needs guidance in spending her money. And besides, she don't have no allotments."

We asked the Count if he had paid the corporal the money he had swiped from her purse to take himself on a binge, but he implied that we were speaking out of turn. "Between me and me Corporal Abigail," he said loftily, "there exists a spiritual bond which lowbrows who worry about mere lousy cash cannot understand. You talk like I was a wolf with a whole foot-locker full of sheepses' clothing. Anyway, there is no need I should pay her back if the government is going to pay her plenty more in a few days."

How then, we asked, had the Count won his way back into Corporal Abigail's heart? "Easy," he replied, a trifle impatiently. "It's Easter-time, ain't it? And don't girls like candy at Easter? So there's this guy in me hut with a girl down in the village and last January he sends home to his folks for some Easter candy for her. But what's the use him giving her candy when he and she is getting on okay already, whereas me and me Corporal Abigail has had a falling-out and candy is plainly called for? Therefore, in this dire emergency, I has appropriated his candy and has given it to me Corporal Abigail, who likes it fine. I will, of course, reimburse me hut-mate just as soon as I receive some candy from me friends in the States—who have never sent me any yet, the bums."

IN a general way, that smile, brother, is for you. The great pity is that we can't show you the color of Lucille Ball's famous blue eyes and strawberry-red hair to go with it. A few vital statistics: she is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, was born in Butte, Mont., and thinks Bette Davis is the best actress in Hollywood. Her next starring role will be in MGM's "Without Love"

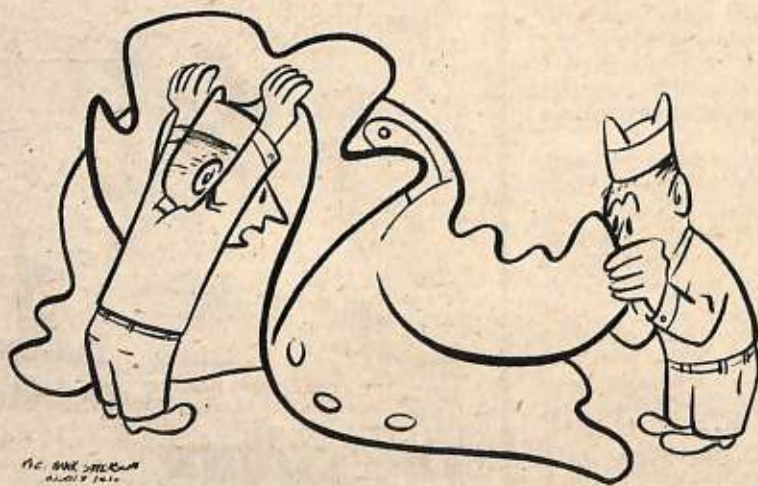




"YOU'RE ONLY OVERSEAS 19 MONTHS? WHAT'S IT LIKE BACK IN THE STATES?"  
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



"BUT HENSLEY—YOU MUST GET SOME EXERCISE."  
—Sgt. George Mandel



"HE MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE, I JUST HAD HIM TRY IT ON FOR SIZE."  
—Pic. Hank Syverson

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

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