With the First U.S. Army in G

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In the last war, more than a million men were killed in the battle for Verdun. In this war, the area was liberated almost without a struggle. But it was Verdun—"The hinge of the door which swings open sometimes on France, sometimes on Germany"—with the "Furnace" and "Dead Man's Hill" reminding GIs again of the violent passage of history.

ARMORED UNIT GIs OF WORLD WAR NO. 2, ENROUTE TO VERDUN, PAUSE NEAR THE ARGONNE FOREST TO EXAMINE A WORLD WAR NO. 1 BATTLEFIELD—TRENCHES WHERE THEIR FATHERS FOUGHT MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

VERDUN—You run across incongruously startling things in this war—like small children playing in the front-line rubble, and bodies in the mud of No Man's Land suddenly covered with freshly-cut flowers.

At Fort Douaumont, in the middle of a vast graveyard a few miles outside Verdun, you stumble on such an incongruity. Fort Douaumont is one of the great underground concrete citadels that withstood the battering of another German army for four years —1914 to 1918. In one of its crumbling concrete surface rooms there are two piles of debris neatly arranged side by side. In one, there are rusty 1918 shell fragments, mines, mortar projectiles, hand grenades, machine guns, rifles, and a single unexploded 420mm. shell—all from the last war. In the other there are K ration boxes, empty C ration cans, cigarette wrappers, a broken pistol belt, and a five-gallon gasoline can—all from this war.

The debris obviously had been mixed at one time, but some passing GI with a sense of history had meticulously separated the old from the new. And now the decaying room with its weed-grown rifle ports has taken on the religious glow of a funeral chapel.

Those two piles of debris, side by side, are Verdun today. The old battlefield area north of the city is not far from the site of the present battles around Metz and Nancy, and the backwash of war has flowed into the old forts and trenches for the third time in four years. This time the backwash is American. There is GI laundry hanging from 1918 barbed wire, GI bedrolls parked in the 1918 pillboxes, and GI latrines in the 1918 trenches.

A negro signal corps unit moved into an old fort. Before long, the supply sergeant discovered a tunnel leading back to a nearby town. For four years in the last war, reinforcements and supplies moved up to the front through this tunnel, when the saturation artillery barrages made travel on the surface sure death. Now, in rainy weather, the supply sergeant runs a jeep and trailer through the tunnel, draws his rations and gets back, without having to worry about slippery roads, the MPs, or getting wet.

Technically, the U.S. Army outfits were not supposed to be there. They were merely assigned a certain small geographical area for bivouacking purposes. However, if one of the old fortifications happened to be nearby, they sometimes automatically moved in. After all, a roof is a roof and four walls keep the cold out—no matter how many thousands of men once died there. As a medical corps major at one fort explained with a shrug of the shoulders, "A man has to worry about how he's going to keep his bones from freezing tonight—not about someone else's bones of twenty-eight years ago."

This is a pathetic area. Every square foot of ground has been torn up by shellfire. The grass and a young, new growth of trees have partially covered the scars, but the earth undulates as if a great wind had whipped it up into tiny waves. The French tried to clean up the battlefield after the last war, but finally gave it up as a hopeless task. So the miles and miles of trenches remain, and the millions of feet of barbed wire entanglements, and the thousands of unexploded shells and hand grenades, and the mustard gas deposits, and the pitiful personal debris. And now when an outfit moves in here to bivouac, its bomb disposal squad must first take care of the rusty old projectiles. And all around the area are signs stating that you enter the area at your own risk, and that building a fire on the explosive-laden soil is tantamount to committing suicide.

THERE are endless cemeteries, and out in the wilderness you find lone graves marked with names like *Feldwebel* Frantz Lange and *Caporal* Andre Nicomette. The landscape is studded with monuments including the famous skeleton on *Mort Homme* (Dead Man's Hill) inscribed: *"Ils n'ont pas passe—* They did not pass."

There is the ossuary at Douaumont, where unidentified pieces of human beings picked up on the battlefield have been gathered together. And there is the trench of bayonets, where nearly a whole battalion of the French 137th Regiment, awaiting an attack with fixed bayonets, was buried alive by an artillery barrage that collapsed the trench. The men are still there and the bayonets still protrude above the surface. Every once in a while you run into a perfectly flat shell-pocked stretch of land with not even a stone or a piece of rubble showing. But there will be a monument, like the one saying: "Here was the village of Fleury, destroyed in 1916."

When T/5 Richard Epstein, of San Francisco, looked at this monument and the surroundings, he said, "We thought St. Lo was bad. But here, even the dust is broken up into little pieces."

A piece of land was rarely contested for so long. On a front barely thirteen miles wide, 800,000 men lost their lives. Forty thousand were sacrificed in an attempt to take a single hill. And there is a report of 200,000 gas and high explosive shells of all calibres, up to 400mm., being dropped into an area approximately 100 yards square in preparation for an attack. This was a war of total annihilation, where the slaughter of two-thirds of one's foot soldiers was expected, and thunderous artillery barrages collapsed all the trenches, wiped out all the roads, destroyed all the truck convoys—thus enabling the infantry to advance into a lifeless vacuum until their ammunition was exhausted, or the next rim of resistance was encountered. Great all-out offensives would gain a few miles over a period of months. Then the offensive would be ground to a standstill and the counter-offensive would begin.

The importance of Verdun in the last war lay in its geographical position. The city is described by the historian Gillet—"The hinge of the door which swings open sometimes on France, sometimes on Germany." The whole battle was fought for the so-called heights of the Meuse River which rims the city in a semi-circle to the north and east. While the Germans needed Verdun to get to the great plain leading to Paris, it was possible for the French, as long as they held the city, to counter-attack into Germany.

The Germans reached the heights of the Meuse outside Verdun in 1914. They were still there when the war ended, four years later. Their greatest attack carried them to Fort De Souville in June and July

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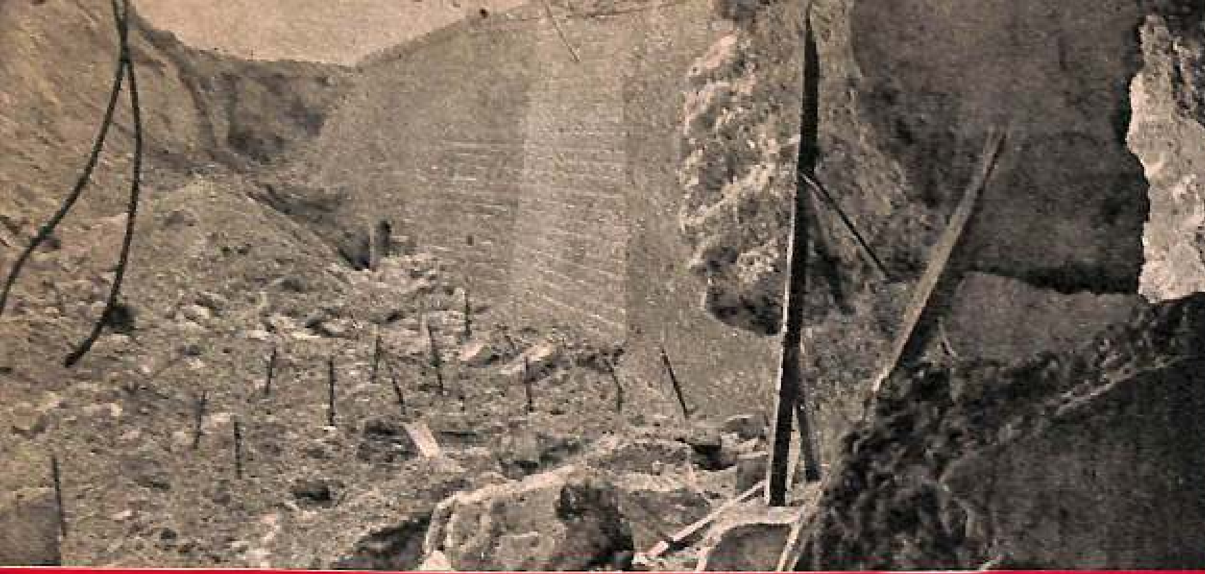
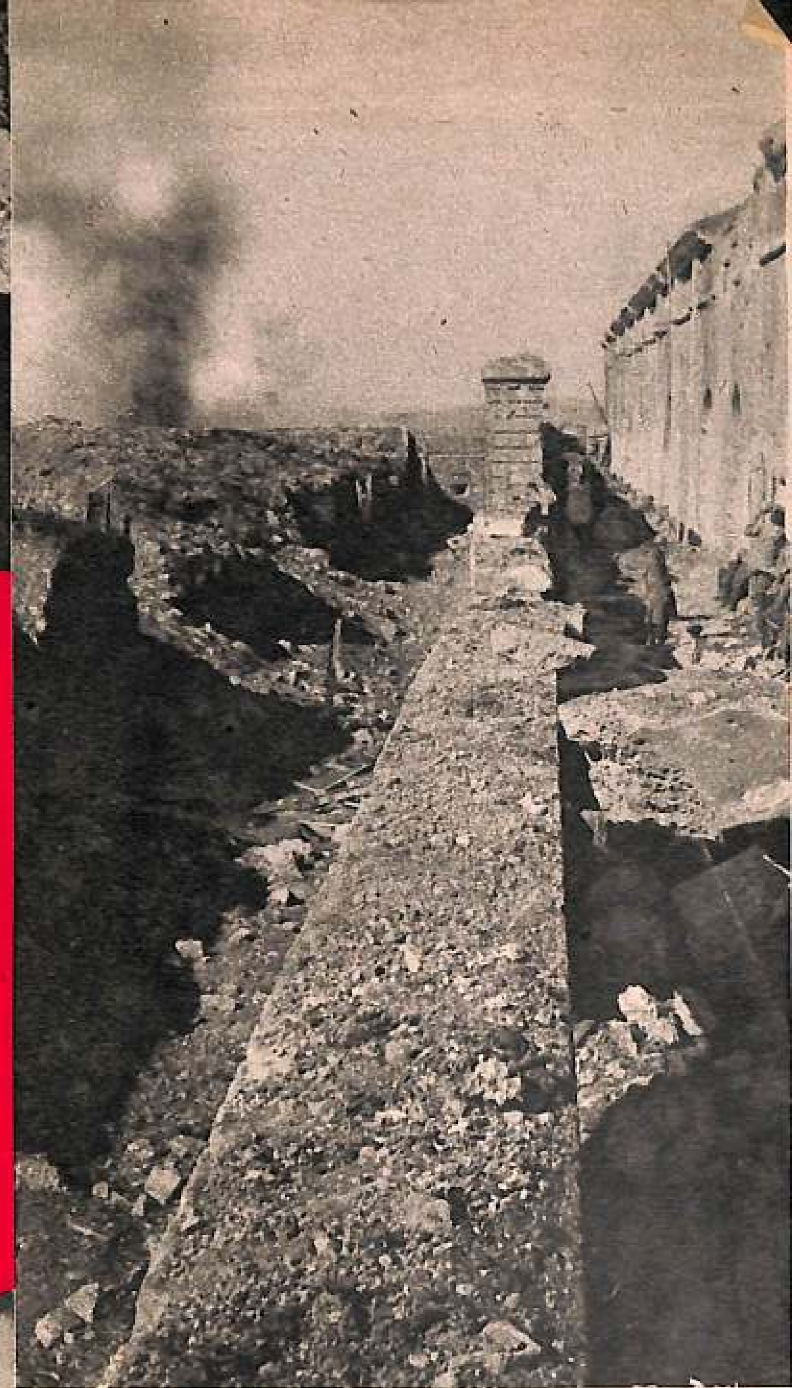
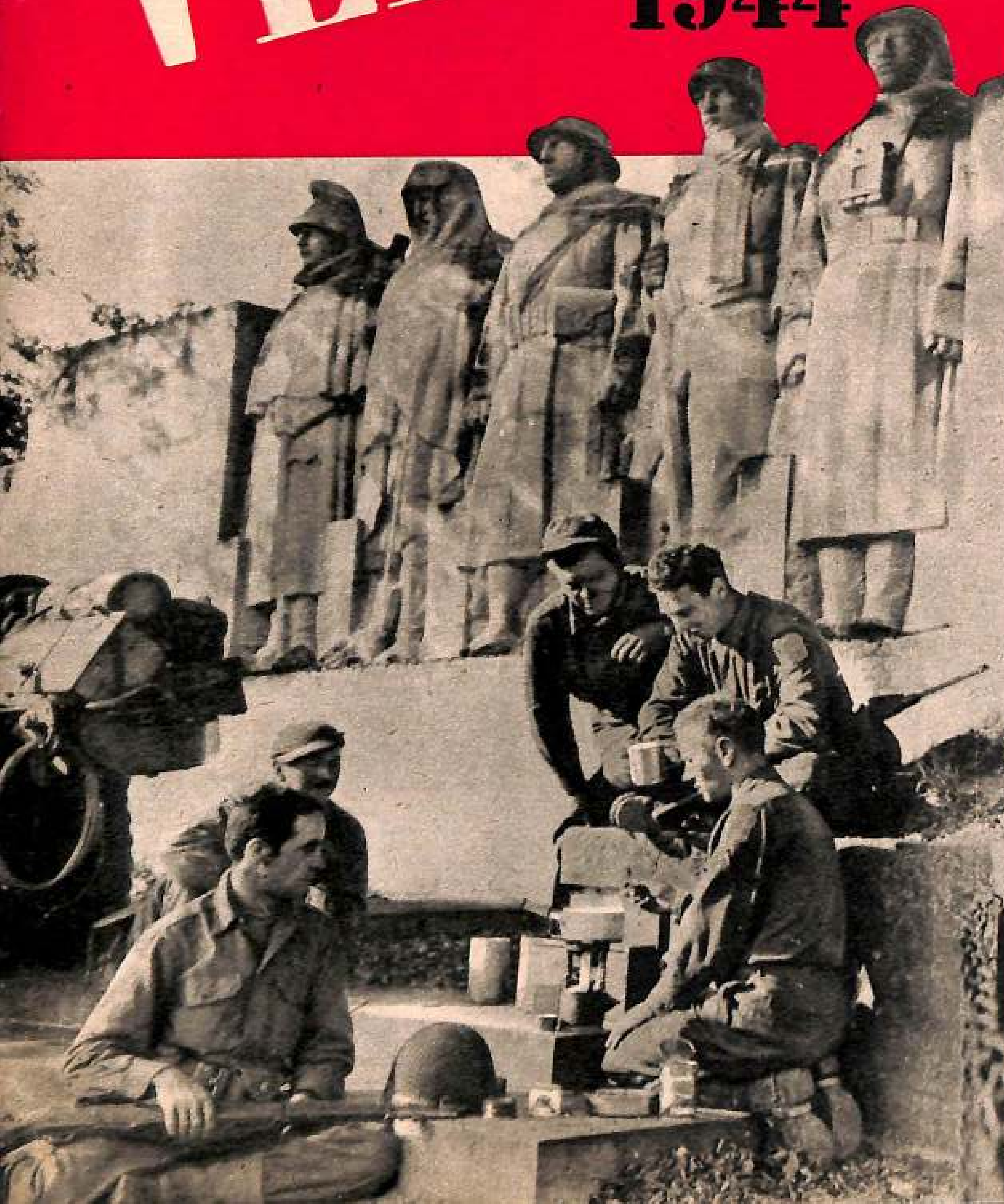


PART OF THE SHATTERED FORT DOUAUMONT—KEYSTONE OF VERDUN'S DEFENSES—AS IT LOOKED BACK IN 1916.

1917 VERDUN 1944





ABOVE IS THE FAMOUS FORT DE VAUX, WHICH THE GERMANS TOOK IN 1916 AFTER DRIVING OUT THE STUBBORN FRENCH WITH TIME-FUSED GRENADES, GAS, AND LIQUID FIRE. LEFT, U.S. SOLDIERS OF THE PRESENT WAR ARE COOKING DINNER AT THE BASE OF A MEMORIAL TO FIRST WORLD WAR HEROES NEAR VERDUN.

of 1916. Souville, like the other forts, is a reinforced concrete hill with several subterranean levels and protruding fire points. On June 21, a frightful artillery bombardment began, raking every foot of of the area round the fort with high explosives. It was the heaviest barrage of the war. The ground was churned up, woods disappeared, and the ridges were set on fire. On the 22nd, the Germans poured 200,000 gas shells into the area. But French reinforcements, wearing gas masks and carrying heavy packs, staggered up into the sector which they now called "The Furnace."

ON the morning of the 23rd, the artillery attack reached tremendous heights of fury. At 7 a.m., the attack began, storm battalions of infantry marching in mass formation preceded by special squads of hand grenade throwers. The French reinforcements moved into the vacuum. For days the titanic battle surged backward and forward. On July 12th the enemy reached the slopes of Souville. A moving barrage of French 75s played directly on them. The Germans reached the moat of the fort. They stormed the superstructure. But of the thousands of Bavarians who had attacked, only 150 reached the superstructure, "like the edges of foam from a wave." In an instant, all 150 were captured or killed. The Germans never got that far again.

Today, Fort Souville is a musty ruin, and its superstructure is occupied by a handful of U.S. troops. The first night the men arrived, they slept outside. The second night they explored one of the tunnels, said, "What the hell," and moved into it. Now, the old ammunition is moved out of the mouth of the tunnel, and bunks are spread neatly on the floor. There is a stove which Pvt. Clyde Salter, of Atlanta, Ga., found, and put into working condition, and an electric light which Pvt. Joseph De-

HERE'S A 1916 VIEW OF A CASEMATE OF FORT DE MOULAINVILLE NEAR VERDUN—BEFORE THE SHELLING.

THESE STRIKING FIRST WORLD WAR AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW FORT DOUAUMONT (LEFT) AS IT WAS EARLY IN 1915 AND (RIGHT) WITH ITS EXTERNAL DEFENSES COMPLETELY WIPED OUT BY GERMAN BOMBARDMENT.

George, of Utica, N.Y., ran in from a nearby generator. The mouth of the tunnel is neatly closed by hangings of camouflage-colored parachute silks. The day I was at Souville, Pfc. Vernon Gardner, of Ayer, Mass., and Pfc. Augie Roberts, of Lindsay, Calif., were throwing a baseball around in the moat which was the highwater mark of the World War One German advance. None of the men was quite sure as to whether the fort was a relic of this war or the last. "This Maginot Line," said Salter, "must have been a bitch to crack."

Big Fort Douaumont was the keystone of the Verdun defenses. It was captured in a snowstorm by the German surprise attack of February, 1916. It was recaptured later that year in a matter of hours by the French General, Mangin, who attacked in a dense fog.

THERE are GI tourists and transients at Douaumont today. There are also two permanent inhabitants regularly assigned there—Sgt. William Hornbeck, of Lexington, Ky., and Cpl. Leo Kister, of Newark, N.J. The Germans had used Douaumont as an observation point, so Hornbeck and Kister moved right into the small barracks building Jerry had constructed on the superstructure of the fort. The building is now suitably decorated with such signs as, "Through these portals pass the loneliest bastards in the world," and, "Broad and Market Streets." Hornbeck and Kister use various sections of the fort as storage places for their equipment.

Hornbeck hangs around the fort, but Kister has explored all the old tunnels and shafts of the fort about as far as it is safe to go. In so doing, he has come across some strange things. Deep in the bowels of the earth, he found a beautiful cream-colored room with a flowered border around the walls. In other subterranean chambers, he found row upon row of crumbling two-decker wooden bunks with shreds of decayed blankets and clothes, obviously just as the poilus had left them twenty-six years ago. In an isolated blocked-off section of the fort, he discovered a human skeleton clothed in the grey-green of the German army. In another place the corporal showed me a ponderous turret-raising mechanism and a rusty 155mm. gun, with shells, reamer and sergeant's whistle right next to it, all ready to fire. The turret was invisible from the surface and evidently had been forgotten.

Kister had collected dozens of souvenirs from the old weapons left lying around the fort. Now he spends his evenings working on a ring for his girl friend, made out of the copper band from a World War One shell. Once he tried to walk across the valley to Fort De Vaux on the next ridge about a mile away. He got about a quarter of the way across. Then he became hopelessly entangled in the maze of barbed wire, shell holes, trenches and potato mashers, that he gave it up as an impossible job. He has a nice sense of values. "To think," he says, "that those poor guys tried to do the same thing in 1918—with shells falling around them, besides."

Kister shows you a rusty shell fragment just outside his shack, and an unexploded 75mm. shell curiously protruding from the concrete wall of one of the casemates. He professionally points out the huge crater caused by a French 400mm. shell which scored a direct hit on a casemate from fifteen miles away. The casemate simply has ceased to exist.

So proficient is Kister's knowledge of the place that often touring generals and colonels press him into service as a guide. One full colonel neglected to do this one day, and went wandering around one of the tunnels by himself. Later that afternoon, the colonel's driver came looking for Kister. "I think we better see if we can find the Old Man," said the driver. "He should have been back two hours ago."

In two minutes Kister had found the tunnel, and five minutes later he had found the colonel. The colonel was yelling loudly from the bottom of a 40-foot pit into which he had fallen. Kister and the driver pulled the colonel out with a rope. "You shouldn't have done like that, sir," Kister said to the colonel. "Someone was meaning for somebody else not to walk around in here."

Perhaps the most elaborate GI setup in the area is the temporary home of an ordnance outfit which moved into one fort, lock, stock and barrel. The outfit had been living in holes in the mud since D-Day, and when it saw the 7-foot thick stone walls of the fort, it almost wept with joy. The day I visited them the company commander, Lt. William Bonelli, of Detroit, was happily established in one of the casemates, and the supply room was functioning in an old ammunition chamber, with the usual sign "Only supply personnel may enter supply room" tacked to the closed steel plate doors—as if anyone could get in anyway. The barber, Pvt. Tom Nomey, of Pawtucket, R.I., was cutting hair in a gun turret and T/5 Maynal Sheaffer, of Harrisburg, Pa., was boiling laundry in a GI can in the moat.

The guard room was installed in the pillbox at the outer edge of the moat. And the only addition to the 1918 security setup was a handrail erected by carpenter Sgt. Francis Lucas, of New Haven, Conn., along the moat bridge. This was necessary because Cpl. Jack Moore, of Bluefield, W. Va., the corporal of the guard, is almost blind without his glasses and twice fell into the moat while changing guard at night.

Cut in the stone above the archway entrance to the fort is an inscription in French. Below this inscription, sign painter Sgt. John Melton, of Huntington, W. Va., has posted another sign which says simply, "Our Home."

PERHAPS the most famous of the Verdun forts is De Vaux. It was here that a tremendous defense took place in 1916, the last minutes of which were described by the historian Gillet as follows: "The Germans who have gained a footing in the ruins of the superstructure are only able to drive the French out of the casemates by lowering baskets of grenades with time fuses and by spurting liquid fire and asphyxiating gas. Captain Tabourot, who was defending the northeast gate, lies writhing in agony, wounded in the stomach and with broken legs. The aid post is a hell where hundreds of wounded lie parched with thirst in the stinking darkness. Water is unobtainable. The stench increases. In the atmosphere of smoke and gas it is impossible to breathe. On the seventh the fort signals again, and these are the only words that are read: '. . . At the bitter end . . . Vive La France. . . .'"

In the very northeast casemate where all this took place, a strange thing has happened. The walls are covered with scribbled names, home towns and dates. The Germans started it in 1916, and you read inscriptions like "Eric Deutsch, Dusseldorf, 1916.' Then come French names, "François Rozier, Paris, 1917," "Lucien Olivier, Lille, 1939." After that come more German names, "Karl Schreiber, Koenigsberg, 1942." And now there are names like, "Paul Martz, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 1944."

The American names are big and black and seem to blot out all the others. One of them says, "Austin White, Chicago, Ill., 1918 and 1944. This is the last time I want to write my name here."

GIs ARE PEERING UNDER THE PLANKS WHICH THE NAZIS NAILED OVER THIS MEMORIAL ON DOUAUMONT HILL TO JEWISH SOLDIERS KILLED IN 1918.

THE INFANTRY HAS TO WALK AND THE ARTILLERY HAS TO SET UP HEAVY GUNS IN THIS GERMAN QUAGMIRE. AND THESE GIs HAVE TO GET THAT PURIFIED WATER UP TO THE FRONT SOMEHOW.

THE BIG PICTURE

When the air, the infantry, the armor and the artillery all get working together, without argument, it makes a pretty picture on the map, and the attack is acknowledged to be "very well conceived." These are logistics, however, and the men on the line say simply, "Now this is the way we're supposed to fight."

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIRST U. S. ARMY IN GERMANY—There was a staff sergeant standing alongside the road gloating over a Jerry pistol he'd just picked up. He didn't know the name of the town his platoon had entered on the first day of the attack; he didn't know the name of the town just behind him, or the one just in front of him. He said: "They're throwin' in some stuff over there and I think we're still cleanin' a few snipers out. You know, I was just sayin' to the lieutenant here, 'Damn, I wish I could find me a P38.' And I looked over there in the weeds and seen a helmet and a belt layin' there, and I went over and just picked up this P38.

"Well, anyway," he continued, "we went into this town in a column of deuces. No, I don't reckon we did; I guess we worked platoons in. We took our objectives, anyway, and got some prisoners. Came dark we settled down, and they put an 88 barrage in on us and blew hell out of the place. That's about all. Damn, I'm lucky; got me a P38."

The lieutenant said he thought the name of the town was Kerkrade. That's in Holland. It was taken on the second or third day of the attack, but it was the first day of the attack as far as the lieutenant and the sergeant's outfit were concerned.

That's the trouble with these things. It's hard to get the big picture. One or two outfits will kick off, and then another one will kick off and a couple of days later still another one will kick off. Then the armor will break through and spread out, and some reserve units will come up and be committed where they're needed. And before long, everything is mixed up so that you can't tell from nothing. Of course, there are people who can tell you these things. Battalion knows where C company is, and the regiment knows where J is, and division knows the disposition of its units down to the sixteenth of an inch on a square of acetate covering a one to two hundred map. It's only by ascending degrees that you get the big picture out on the line.

TWO soldiers sat silently in a chapel, which was on the right as you entered Rimberg Castle. The castle was a little beat up and the windows of the chapel were gone and the gilded figures carved into the wall behind the altar-piece were chipped here and there and pretty generally dirtied by the ancient plaster that had spilled from the ceiling when the shells hit. Outside, the artillery was still hitting, and, occasionally, men would scatter for cover. But our artillery and theirs together made such a noise that you had to be pretty good to tell what was going out and what was coming in; the whistlings and the blasts blended together.

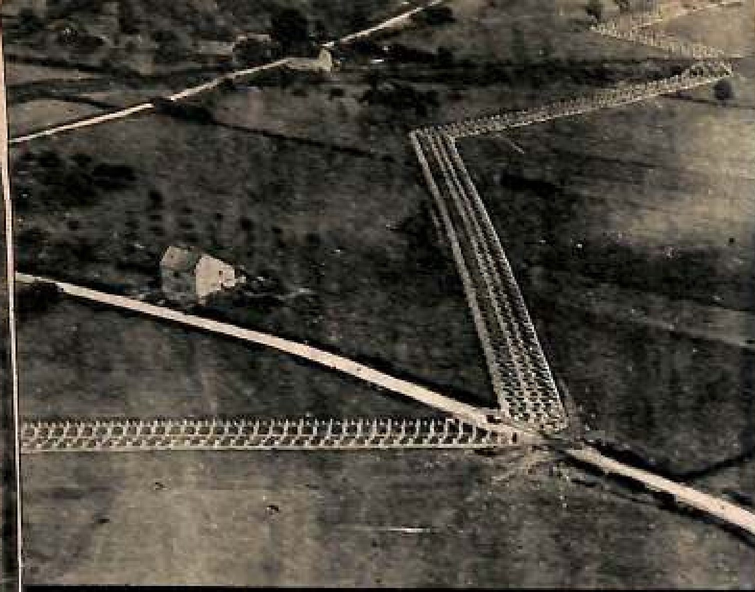
The two infantrymen sat quietly, not moving. One of them had been reading a letter. The other held a long-necked bottle, dark and dusty. "Wine," he said. "Good wine." He said it quietly. He wasn't drunk or anywhere near it; just relaxed for the moment. The chapel was suddenly very quiet. It had been there, perhaps 200 feet inside Germany, for several hundred years.

Now this attack was a thing very well conceived. It was to start off with air. "Well, as soon as the weather permits," the general had said. And the air came, but it was a disappointment to the infantry. There wasn't enough of it in the right places; and when the infantry captured a prisoner, they asked him what had been the enemy reaction to our preparatory bombing. Unfortunately, the prisoner had been asleep at the time and he said, "What preparatory bombing?"

That was on the first day, but on the fifth day it was different. Air came in to give close support to the infantry, to help break up a counter-attack. Air was on 15-minute call all that day, and it did a nice job during the counter-attack. It also messed up a German barracks that had been well fortified and was giving us trouble. Air was up glistening in the sun and wheeling and diving, so that it seemed there was something missing in the assault soundtrack if there were no planes up. Then they would slide back into the sound pattern and leave again, like the smooth instrumentation of woodwinds and brass.

The infantry had little argument with air or armor in the plan of this attack—in the big picture. The infantry was to break through the Siegfried Line and the armor was to follow, move past the infantry and spread out to the front. It makes a very pretty picture, and you can illustrate it with arrows that streak through a breach in a wall. The armor was a little slow starting, because the infantry was a little slow breaching the wall, but armor is at a disadvantage when it has no room to maneuver. So there had to be a fair-sized gap before the armor could get going. Then it was all right.

THIS attack north of Aachen in Germany was not the first penetration of the Siegfried Line. There had been other break-throughs south of Aachen, and this one up on the northern flank wasn't much different except that it came at the end of a lull and the others came at the beginning. The southern break-throughs were from a running start; the northern one was from a standing position. The northern people held up before they reached the



HITLER SAID HE'D NEVER HAVE TO FIGHT IN GERMANY—BUT HERE THE ALLIES MARCH THROUGH THE SIEGFRIED LINE.

ONCE PAST THE LINE, AMERICAN FORCES CAPTURED THE GERMAN TOWN OF STOLBERG, WHICH NOW LOOKS LIKE THIS.

NEXT, AN ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT UNIT TOOK OVER. HERE ARE SOME EX-HITLER YOUTH BEING QUESTIONED.

GERMAN CIVILIANS, PAYING THE PRICE OF WAR AT LAST, DESERT UBACH FOR THE SAFETY OF THE ALLIED LINES.

line, got set and then hit it. Of course, the Germans got set, too. That's why it was rugged. They got set with their artillery. By the second day, and certainly by the fourth, the infantry had decided on one thing definitely: that there was more artillery coming in on them than there had been anywhere else before.

The Germans mixed mortars in with their artillery. They mortared and shelled until, as the infantry said, it was better to keep your fingernails over your head than to have nothing up there at all. Battalion after battalion lowered the boom in answer until at night the sky flashed orange-white like the little lights on a busy telephone switchboard. Artillery took up a lot of space in the big picture—and down in the impact zone.

From the observation post you could traverse the telescope over maybe an 800-yard front. It was pretty well plastered. There was a knocked-out Tiger tank over there, and on the slope were two or three hundred shell craters which made the slope the most forlorn-looking place in the world when you looked at it through the sterile eye of the battery commander's telescope. There was a haystack on the hill that looked partly knocked down, and no one could tell if it was a real haystack or a pillbox. Fifty calibre tracer bullets have occasionally bounced off haystacks in this vicinity.

It was interesting, with the shells bursting and all. But down below the observation post and in front of it three or four hundred yards distant was a little scene containing more drama, although no one in the OP paid much attention to it. There was a crossroads down there and the road that went to the left curved out of sight around the bend. From the crossroads on, the road was under enemy observation. And Jerry sat back there some place and sniped with 88s at whatever went up or down the road. You could sit in the OP and hear the shells coming in on the road, four or five of them, maybe, and then a jeep would come barging around the bend toward you. And another jeep would start down toward the crossroads and go out of sight. Then you'd hear the shells come in again. You could always tell that they'd missed when the jeep rounded the bend coming toward you, but when one went down the road the other way you couldn't tell. And as the jeep passed the OP, the guys would be just sitting there, like they were on their way home from a movie. If you hadn't just seen it, you'd never be able to tell from looking at them that, thirty seconds before, they'd been riding along like those little ducks that roll across the back end of a shooting gallery.

But one time two jeeps and some shells met simultaneously at the crossroads, and in the confusion the drivers couldn't make up their minds which road to take. So they ran into each other. That was on the third day of the attack. It was very funny. So was an incident that occurred when some soldiers stopped off in a barn on the fourth day. There was some shelling, and a shell came through the wall of the barn. It hit a cow and took off her leg. And then the shell spun around and around on the floor in the midst of the soldiers, and never did go off.

There was plenty of artillery, both ways. But there was the infantry and the armor. The infantry went up against pillboxes, as the infantry south of them had done before, and took the big boxcar-like hunks of concrete. The Germans fought from field fortifications around the pillboxes and then retired inside the pillboxes, but they weren't much better off in there. The infantry picked them off with rifles, firing through the apertures, so that a German officer who was captured complained bitterly against that sort of marksmanship.

And then the infantry took over the bunkers and sweated out Jerry artillery fire, and then moved on. A bunker would become a platoon CP and then a company CP and then a battalion CP or an aid station. So the attack progressed, slowly. On the first day it moved just over the Wurm River, which is a little creek that approximates the border; then there was another crossing on the second day and the armor began to push. On the third day the infantry was in Ubach. Fourth day, stymied. On the fifth day the Germans counter-attacked at 0700 hours and retook six pillboxes. The infantry fired 1,200 rounds of mortar fire and by 1000 hours the counter-attack was stopped. In late afternoon the infantry took its pillboxes back again.

Today, everything began to move. The weather was good and the air was good. The armored people said: "Now this is the way we're supposed to fight." The infantry climbed up on the backs of the tanks and together they captured Alsburg, and the big picture people reported 1,300 prisoners and several square miles of land gained. When you've been banging against a wall, it feels good to have the wall start softening up after a while.

Today was just like Indian summer back home. The sky over Palenburg and Ubach was very blue with a few high clouds. When an 88 took a potshot at an L5 over there, the airburst was dead black for a second against the white of the cloud. The 88 missed, but just barely; and the L5 shied away from the burst like a highstrung colt.

Palenburg and Ubach are almost together and they're both messed up, but Ubach is worse than Palenburg and the funny part of it is that the Germans did most of the messing. If you had any occasion to wonder about the Germans shelling their own towns, you should take a look at Ubach. It's not as bad as St. Lo or Cassino, certainly, but it will take a long time for the man who owned the hardware store to inventory his bicycle fenders and his light bulbs and rearrange his shelves again. In the back room he had a pot of coffee on the stove, and it was still there, and the calendar on the wall was dated two days ago.

Up the street, a few doors away, was a beer parlor, but now all the chairs and tables were flung around, and the side that fronts the street was torn up so that it didn't look attractive at all. The bar was very nice, though; looked like it had been made of chrome. Across the street was a hotel or something, and in one room there were two expensive radios and a bunch of Reichsbank notes on the table. The radios weren't booby-trapped, either; at least, they hadn't exploded yet.

You stand in one of the houses here and marvel at the effect of high explosives on a civilian home, particularly if the place has been lived in for a long time and the people have collected a lot of junk through the years, and stuck it in odd drawers and behind doors and whatnot. A sewing basket looks very strange when it has been blown into the dining room and the knitting needles and swatches of cloth and fifty different kinds of buttons are scattered all over the place, mixed in with the knives and forks and the legs of the table and a couple of hundred pounds of bricks.

In the square in Ubach was the Party headquarters, with a couple of neat signs outside. Under the signs lay a soldier—an American—with a piece of burlap thrown over him. Through a hole in the burlap his chin stuck out and you could see the dust on his whiskers. Inside the headquarters were some doubledecker bunks, and somebody had taken a big picture of Hitler and smashed it over one of the uprights on a bunk, leaving the frame caught there. Further up the road were some Germans and a sheep. The sheep must have caught a direct hit because he was almost turned inside out. A German lay mixed up in a pile of bricks and he was so tangled up in the mortar and bricks that he looked more like a rag doll, as if he had never had any bones at all.

Another German lay across the road, face up, and his face was yellowed the same colour as the dust which the tanks ground up as they went by. A Sherman passed by and through its turret was a hole like you'd make if you took a pencil and ran it through a piece of K ration cheese. The Sherman was going back, and its crew rode it wearily. The infantry was passing through, on either side of the street. Down the middle of the street went a gang of German prisoners, and the two forces glanced briefly at each other and walked on. In a shelter off the street sat a few old people, civilians who were past their usefulness to anybody in Germany. They wore black.

In front of a wrecked beer hall stood a young guy and a girl, and this young guy had on plus fours and white knitted socks and his hair was all combed back. You wondered who the hell this joker was, but the infantry just looked at him and at the girl and walked on. The infantry walked on up the hill that Ubach sits on, and they were sweating in their ODs, with overcoats tied across the tops of their packs. The stubble on their faces caught the dust from the road, and they looked as infantry always looks when it's on the move in action, dirty and tired, and numb.

The artillery was blasting from four sides, most of it ours. Jerry wasn't shelling today, as he had been yesterday and the day before, but now and then there would be something coming in.

Somebody on the street asked the infantry, "What outfit?"

A tired guy looked up disinterestedly and told him the outfit's number. Then he added the name of the company, in the phonetic alphabet.

"Easy," he said.

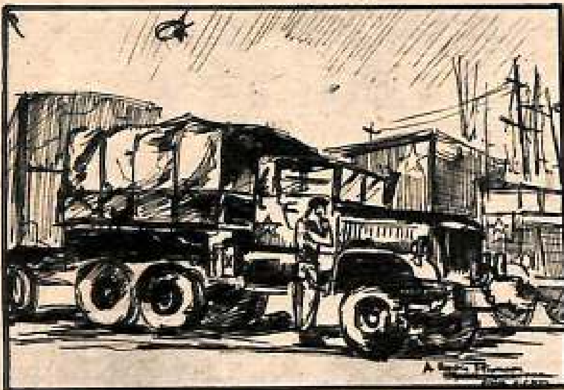
And it was pure irony, the way he said it.

HERE, TC MEN WORKED NIGHT AND DAY, LOADING UP TO SUPPLY THE ARMIES OF LIBERATION.

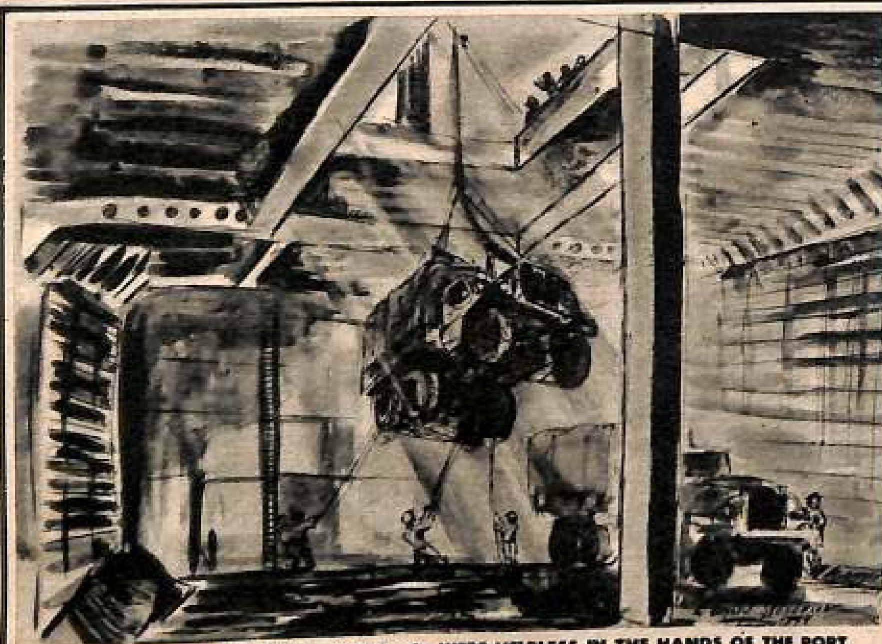
Waterfront Scenes

By Pfc. BROCKIE STEVENSON

The four water color drawings reproduced on this page are the work of one GI who, like thousands of others, has lived and worked amidst these surroundings.

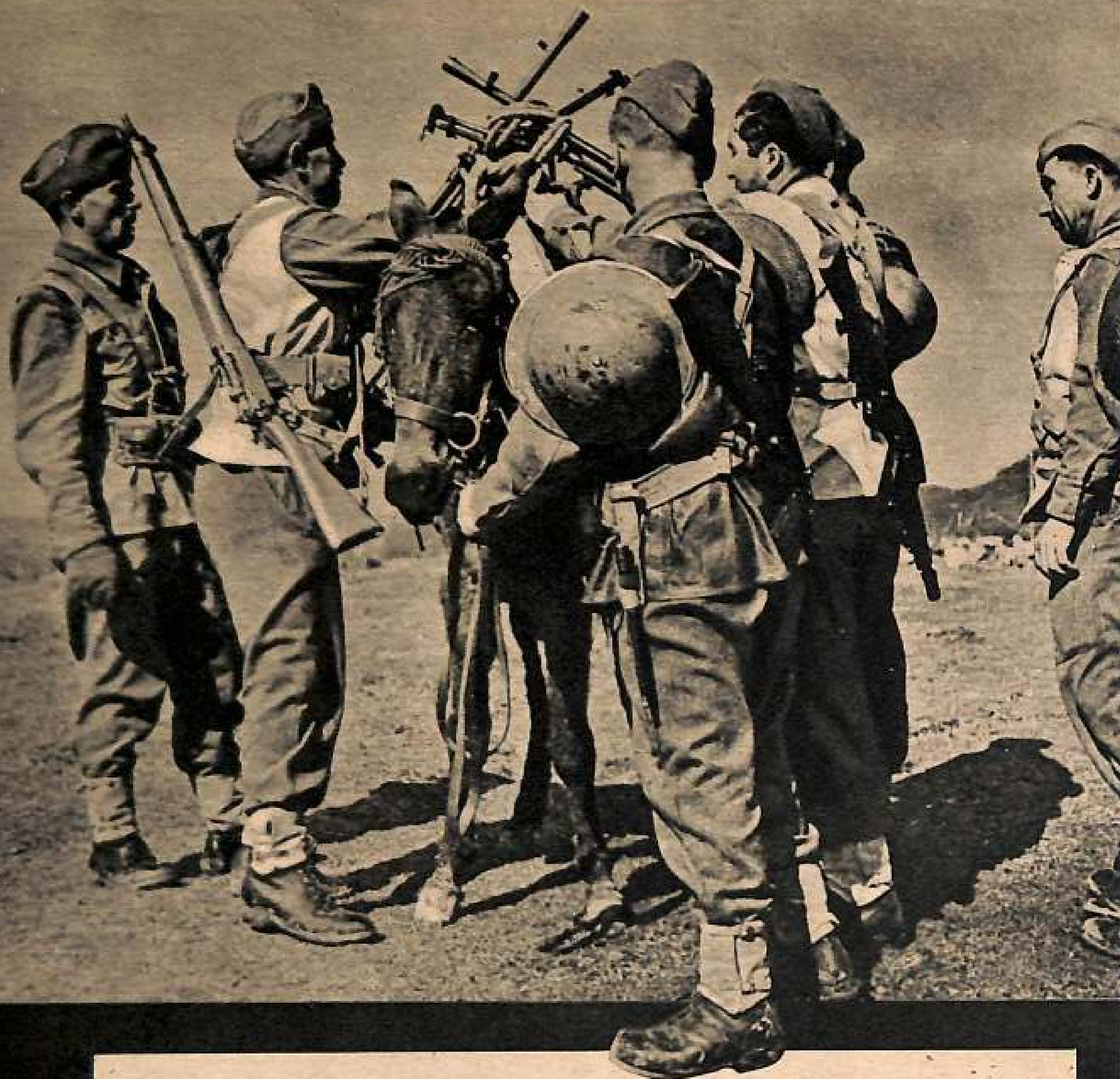


QUICK SHAVE IN A REAR VISION MIRROR.



PONDEROUS ON THE ROAD, THE 6 x 6s WERE HELPLESS IN THE HANDS OF THE PORT BATTALION MEN, WERE PICKED UP AND SLUNG INTO THE HOLD OF A LIBERTY SHIP.

THE END OF THE LCT IS LET DOWN ON THE HARD, AND A "LONG TOM" IS QUICKLY AND EFFECTIVELY STOWED ON BOARD TO BE DELIVERED WHERE IT'S NEEDED.


Polish troops fighting Nazis in Italy

Adriatic Front

On the Eighth Army's right flank, Polish and Free Italian troops are pushing back the Nazis with a determination born of revenge.

By Sgt. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON THE EIGHTH ARMY ADRIATIC FRONT—The noonday sun glared down on the battered port city of Ancona as we drove through its steep and narrow streets on our way to the forward lines of the 2d Polish Corps, holding the Eighth Army's right flank along with the Corps of Italian Liberation and the Italian Partisans.

A few newly recruited AMG police with white arm bands patrolled the main streets. Jeeps with important-looking officers dashed around honking horns, although there was practically nobody left in the city to honk horns at.The civilian populace had been asked to stay out until water, light and other utilities were partly restored.

We drove down to the harbor of what had been one of the great Italian Adriatic ports. Right now the port was a sad-looking mass of rubble, blasted piers, freight buildings and wrecked ships. It was hard to tell what had done the most damage—Polish guns, German demolitions or Allied bombs—but the sum total was impressive.

We walked along the harbor's edge. An Italian laborer shoveling gravel into a shell crater eyed us listlessly. A dozen yards from a pier a German freighter lay gently on its side, as if taking an afternoon siesta.

We continued north along roads lined with heavy traffic, Polish six-by-sixes, half-tracks, tanks, armored cars and trucks loaded with Polish troops, on their way to or from the front. Everywhere you looked—on trucks, road signs, shoulder patches—was the insignia of Lt. Gen. Wladyslaw Anders' 2d Polish Corps.

It was midafternoon when we reached the Polish divisional CP, set up in a large orchard and field a half-mile off the road. The field was covered with tents and hutments, and up on a knoll were a group of farm buildings.

A tall Polish paratrooper lieutenant, wounded in the fighting at Belvedere, explained to us the over-all set-up along the Adriatic region of the Eighth Army front. The 2d Polish Corps held a sector extending from the sea for about 20 miles inland. The Corps of Italian Liberation, the newly formed Italian Regular Army, was holding the Polish left flank. On the left of the CIL, Partisan groups were operating.

The lieutenant shook his head when we suggested a trip to a coastal town half in German hands, half in Polish hands.

"It's a little too hot right now," he said. "You might get caught by the Germans and they might shoot you. They do not recognize our legal existence so they often shoot Poles when they catch them. The Germans, you see, are a strange people. We have pushed them back more than 50 miles in three weeks, but they do not recognize our existence."

We stopped at a Polish ordnance unit, where soldiers were engaged in sorting captured enemy equipment. There were piles of German and Italian rifles, machine guns, carbines and grenades. There were long lines of enemy antitank guns, ack-acks, mortars, 75s and *flammenwerfer*. German flame throwers. Standing in front of a 1910 Italian replica of a German 75 was a pot-bellied Polish staff sergeant.

"*Kak pashiviaste?*" we asked, in what we figured was Polish.

"I'm fine," replied the sergeant. "How are things back in the States?"

Back before the first World War he'd been a mechanic in Chicago. He fought in the U. S. Army in France in '18, came back to the States and then moved to eastern Poland in the early 1920s. When the Russians came in 1940, they took him and his family to Siberia. A year later he volunteered for the Polish Army and was shipped to the Middle East. Now here he was in a 2d Corps ordnance unit, happy except for one thing—he hadn't heard from his family.

"How'd you like to go back to the States?" we asked. A dreamy look spread across his fat face. "You mean back to God's country? That's too good to be true."

A couple of soldiers in the sergeant's outfit came over to chin with us. They were brown and hard and alert-looking. In their British sun-tans and shorts they looked like Eighth Army Tommies. We talked about the life of Polish soldiers. Chow was pretty good, much better than it had been in Russia and better than in Iraq. They were getting fed up on British bully beef, but their cooks helped out with Polish specialties—hot borscht with chunks of meat in it or maybe some sweet plum soup. Equipment was good. Morale was high, even a little too high sometimes.

"Like when we were at Ancona," the sergeant said. "The men didn't want to wait for the artillery to come up. They wanted to dash up the hills without support. They're out for blood."

IN the morning we piled in our ¾-ton British utility car and drove back to the Polish divisional HQ. At the press tent we met a lieutenant who was liaison officer with the Poles for the CIL. He was a tall good-looking bronzed kid who looked as if he had just come out of OCS. He laughed when we said so.

The Corps of Italian Liberation, he told us, was created under the terms of the Italian-Allied armistice as the official Italian army. It receives its equipment from the Poles and is under the jurisdiction of the 2d Polish Corps.

The CIL's headquarters, where we met several staff officers, were located in a shaded villa evacuated by the Germans only a few days before. In contrast to other Italian officers, these were informally dressed in slacks, shorts, sweaters and rolled-up shirt sleeves. With them was a Capt. Phillips, the British liaison officer with the CIL.

The operations office was a boudoir of the Louis XIV period, with gilded cherubs painted on the ceilings and brocaded curtains at the windows. We sat on gold-and-crimson love seats and fragile gilded chairs. If it hadn't been for the maps pinned against the walls and officers busy at the desks, you would have expected the ladies to be making their appearance for tea. Instead Gen. Umberto Utile, the CG, bounced in—short, genial, stocky, volatile and egg-bald. We chatted for a few minutes, with Capt. Phillips acting as interpreter. The general's Italian was too fast for us, but the captain, who had spent 15 years in Italy before the war, spoke the language fluently, complete with gestures.

Late that afternoon Capt. Phillips drove out with us to an Infantry unit of the CIL. The unit CP was in a large farmhouse; the troops were billeted in tents scattered over a nearby field.

Men dressed in odds and ends of uniforms, old Italian paratroop pants, slacks and shorts, lay around chewing the fat and watching a couple of pots of *pasta* boiling above an open wood fire.

We spoke to a husky youngster from Turin, who had deserted from the Italian Army after the armistice and volunteered for the CIL. Like most of the other EM, he had two chief reasons for fighting: to get the Germans out of his home city and to pay up old scores with the Fascists.

The Fascists, he said, were no good and never would be any good. Italy never would have any peace until they were all eliminated—and he drew his hand across his throat.

When his battalion marched through Filottrano, he said, which they had taken from the Germans after a bitter battle, the townspeople lined the streets and threw flowers at the feet of the marching soldiers. In the crowd were a couple of local Fascists. They also threw bouquets, but the bouquets had grenades inside them and several soldiers were killed. So were the Fascists, of course, a few minutes later.

A crowd of soldiers gathered round, and it wasn't long before the conversation developed into a regular Eyetie bull session, with each man shouting to get in his 2 cents' worth. One of the cooks left his pot of *pasta* to complain about the food rations—one meal of *pasta* every other day but bully beef three times a day every day. Next to the Jerries and the Fascists, it seemed, the CIL hated bully beef—and next to bully beef the British "V" cigarettes, rationed at seven to a man per day. We took out a pack of Chesterfields and offered it around, lighting up a "V" cigarette somebody offered in exchange. It tasted like burnt straw with a mild flavor of cow dung.

We spent the next two days with CIL units scattered over the farm lands and along the slopes of the beautiful Le Marche hills. It was a pleasant, rich country. We walked through fields carpeted with bright red flowers, and though the sun was hot, cool breezes came from the hills. Blackberry bushes grew along the mountain roads, and there were long stretches of vineyards, heavy with grapes, and orchards of plum and peach trees.

You wouldn't have known there was a war going on, except for the steady booming of the Jerry cannon from the ridges to the north and northwest; the everpresent signs marking mines a few yards off each road; the blasted road crossings and bridges, which the Germans had blown up in retreat with devastating efficiency; the fields pocked with shell craters. And if you hadn't known that the hospitals in the rear towns were loaded with men, wounded in operations that had taken place only a few days before.

It was dusk when we were led through a mountain road, across a large cornfield and fruit orchard to a battery of Alpini-manned 75 mountain guns. Some of these mountain fighters from the Piedmonte region had seen action in Russia, others in Greece and Montenegro, still others with the Fifth Army near Cassino. They were older men—soldiers who had seen too much fighting and wanted only to get the war over with and go home.

The battery OP was on the second floor of a farmhouse, and the guns were concealed near rows of haystacks a short distance away. The observer peered through glasses from a front window and shouted fire directions to the battery below, while from the side windows of the same room the farmer and his kids watched the guns blast away.

Every time the 75s barked, the kids shouted and applauded. No one seemed to be concerned about the enemy guns, even when a bright flash of flame indicated that a Jerry shell had hit a haystack less than 100 yards away. The 75s kept blasting, the kids kept hollering, and the farmer's wife walked around the battery guns as if she were enjoying an after-dinner stroll.

The next morning we visited a battalion of the Arditi, the CIL shock troops. This unit was taking a couple of days' rest. It was Sunday and when we arrived the battalion was celebrating mass in an open field. The men were standing in a semicircle, the chaplain facing them at an altar made out of piled-up British ammo boxes.

After mass the men gathered around their CO, a wiry, fierce-looking paratrooper, who gave them a pep talk and then led them in the battalion song, written many years ago for the Arditi by Gabriel d'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet and nationalist hero.

One of the Arditi corporals had fought with the Italian Spezia division against the American troops at Gafsa in the North African campaign. We asked him what he thought of the American soldier as compared with the German. After a slight hesitation, he said he thought both were equal in courage, but the Americans had less tactical fighting knowledge than the Germans.

"The Americans," he said, "liked to make frontal attacks. At Gafsa our unit of 32 men was attacked by 60 Americans whom we repulsed three times because they went straight for our position from the front without trying to flank us."

"But the Americans beat you," we said.

"Yes," he answered, "but you wouldn't have beaten us if we had had better equipment and food and better officers. Besides, we could never trust the Germans. We never knew when we'd get support from them and when we wouldn't."

"That's what the Germans said about you," we said.

He smiled bitterly. "I know that's what they said. But I was there."

"Does having fought with the Germans help you fight against them now?" we asked.

He grinned. "It sure does. We usually have a pretty good idea of what they're going to do."

For two days we had been trying to get information about the whereabouts of the Polish staff officer who was CO of the Partisan groups in the Adriatic sector. No one at CIL headquarters was sure where he was, but we heard that the Partisans recently had fought off a German attack on a town to the west. So we headed there.

It was a rough drive, along narrow mountain roads, through fields, up and down diversions that sometimes were 60-degree-angle drops and across shallow streams whose bridges had been blown up. It took us almost two hours.

Along the road we encountered Italian carts laden with household belongings, painfully making their way, some drawn by bullocks, a few by men and women. They were coming from the direction of the town.

"That often happens," Capt. Phillips explained. "When the Partisans take a town from the Germans, the people line the streets to welcome them. Then they start packing up and get out. They know the Germans are going to start shelling the place from their new positions."

We drove slowly through the town's narrow streets and into the *piazza*. The place was nearly empty. Then suddenly a band of about 30 Partisans marched in from a side street, heavily armed with an astonishing assortment of German rifles, American Springfields, British tommy guns, British grenades and Jerry potato mashers. One toted a German MG-34. Others were draped with chains of machine-gun cartridges while almost all wore heavy German belts with *Gott mit Uns* inscribed on the buckles.

They were part of the Partisan unit that had held the town for the past four days against German attacks.

With one of the Partisans as a guide, we drove out along a mountain road and up to a farmhouse, where we found two officers. One, a broad-shouldered major with rugged weather-beaten features, was the CO we had been seeking. The other, a captain, was slight, fair and youthful. The two officers were sitting at a table on which were spread a large map, a bottle of *vino* and two glasses.

The captain was the last kind of officer you'd expect to be a leader of a hard-bitten, rough-and-tumble guerrilla band. He spoke with a clipped British public-school accent and we weren't surprised when he told us he wore the Kent School tie and his father was a barrister in London, "in the Chambers, you know."

Last February he had been an intelligence officer in a British regiment, somewhere in southern Italy. Reports had reached Eighth Army intelligence about a group of Italian Partisans operating in the hills southeast of Naples. He was offered and accepted a job as liaison officer for the Eighth Army with the Partisans.

There were about 250 men in the band when the captain joined them. "They were hungry, had few arms but were full of hate," he said.

Last December, the captain explained, some German soldiers had been found stabbed to death in their sleep, in an encampment at the foot of the hills. As reprisal the Germans burned to the ground every house in the four villages of Lama, Torrento, Ledopolena and Polena.

The young men of these villages formed a band with one purpose: to kill as many Germans as they could and follow the Germans as they retreated north, until there were no Germans left to kill in Italy.

"We are now 500 kilometers from the hills where the band started," the captain said. "Many of our men have been killed, but we have always found Partisans anxious to take their places. We ask for one qualification: each man must have a personal reason for hating the enemy."

Italian troops fighting Nazis in Italy.

The Partisans built their own bridges as they moved north, had their own mule train and obtained most of their weapons from the German dead. Most of the time they were behind the German lines.

"In fact," the captain added with a wry smile, "we are more or less behind Jerry lines right now. How would you like to visit one of our outposts?"

Before we had a chance to answer, we were piled into two jeeps. The captain drove one, the major the other. In the back of each jeep sat two Partisans, armed with tommy guns.

We drove slowly along a narrow road about 400 yards toward the German-held ridges, then switched into a field and up a small hill where a cottage stood concealed in a clump of trees. To the right, behind a haystack, was a machine-gun emplacement. Two Partisans lay behind the gun, one a new recruit. He had fought for the last 10 months with his father in a local Partisan group. Several days ago his father had been caught and shot. Now the son was fighting with the major's band.

"For the last 24 hours," the captain said, "he's been sticking to that machine gun hoping for Jerry to come."

We visited several more outposts, then drove back to the major's headquarters. We said goodbye to him, cheerio to the captain, and headed back. It was dark when we hit the main road.

PUPS AT POW-WOW. LT. GEN. OMAR BRADLEY'S TWO FOX TERRIER PUPPIES SIT IN ON AN ALLIED COUNCIL OF WAR IN FRANCE, GUARDING THEIR MASTER'S STEEL DERBY AND COCKING AN EAR TO LEARN WHAT'S UP.

SPIFFY SPA. S/SGT. DAVID WILSON MUCKS HIMSELF UP WITH A MUDBATH WHILE S/SGT. SHERMAN RILEY CONTENTS HIMSELF WITH A MINERAL ONE IN THE FAMOUS BELGIAN RESORT TOWN OF SPA. THAT'S PVT. FRANK BILEN AIRING A TOOTSIE.

Yanks in the ETO

Glider Trip To Holland

With the First Airborne Army in Holland (delayed)—The operation, as explained in the briefing room, was to be like the old off-tackle smash in football. General Dempsey was massing English armor for a sweep through Holland and thence around the end of the Siegfried Line. The First Airborne Army, the largest glider and parachute force ever assembled, was to swoop down on both sides of the long road and run interference for the tanks. Our airborne job was to land, to seize and hold the bridges, canal banks, and road junctions, and to keep 'em rolling north toward Arnhem.

Just before noon on September 19th, our tow-plane pilot called "Good luck" through the interphone, and the *Roy White's Revenge* was on its way, part of a wave of reinforcements for the landings already made on Sunday, two days earlier. Lt. Hoshal, our glider pilot, had named his ship for a friend of his who had been killed in Italy. We rendezvoused briefly over England and then struck out cross-channel for the Continent. The fog closed in early and at times we could barely discern the outline of the tow ship just up ahead. Occasionally, through a break in the fog, we'd see a glider abandon the flight and spiral down towards the Channel. Usually the air-sea rescue boats were waiting on the spot almost before the glider hit the water. The flight crossed a German pocket near Dunkirk but, except for a few flashes, the expected ack-ack didn't materialize. Another glider lost control over this pocket, but it held to a long glide and apparently made it to safe territory. At any rate, when we last looked back, the boys were standing around talking with the local population.

I was holding down the co-pilot's seat and as Lt. Hoshal swung us north towards Holland I saw him make motions for his flak suit. His judgment was confirmed a few minutes later when we crossed a patch of woods which blossomed suddenly with short, barking bursts of machinegun fire. It was our first of several such experiences. A glider at 500 feet is a clay pigeon. You just sit there feeling naked and helpless and big as a barn door, while the slugs pop through the canvas. Glancing back I could see some of the boys hunching instinctively toward the center of the glider, though it wasn't much use since one position was about as safe as another. Once I thought the pilot was hit, but when he saw I was worried about him he grinned and said, "No, not yet!" That was all right with me. I had no desire to make glider pilot, at least not just then.

There was a last burst of fire over the drop zone and then Hoshal swung us earthward in a hurry. Counting up on the ground, we found we'd been pretty lucky. A private sitting just back of the cockpit had been wounded in the face. I had caught a slug in the hip pocket which stopped halfway through a notebook. As for the rest, they were all right; there were holes all over, but the slugs had been hitting where we weren't. Other gliders were still coming in and some of them were catching fire. Just as we struck off cross field for the assembly area, we saw two big C-47s belly up and plunge down in flames. A glider pilot, several days later, told me that all in all it was the roughest mission the Transport Command ever flew.

Lt. Walker, of Clayville, R.I., assembled about 100 men and we set up a temporary defense. The rest of the company was scattered all the way from London to Brussels. Division HQ sent a call for help shortly after we arrived, and about a dozen of us piled into a pair of jeeps and hurried down to Son, a nearby village. They'd beaten off the attack by the time we got there, but Jerry was now having a try with his bombers, so we crawled into the first handy holes and just sweat it out for the night. The next day the company moved up to the other side of Son and took over a canal bank. S/Sgt. Jack Eleopoulos, of St. Louis, Mo., took a patrol and "liberated" the village of Beughel, about three miles away, which for some reason had been bypassed in previous drives. There was a great deal of rejoicing but no beer, so we had to celebrate the occasion by gorging ourselves on apples. Several of the young men of the village volunteered to accompany us back to our own lines. They spoke reasonably good English and had considerable information to give us as to the disposition of German troops.

We held Son for three days with only one action. That came when the battalion was detailed to clean out a German pocket which menaced the road. Jerry put up a stiff fight at first, but we drove him out into an open field interspersed with drainage ditches and he started giving up. Pfc. Ernest Miller, of Payson, Utah, pulled off the big coup of the attack. Miller was charging from ditch to ditch, firing his BAR, when it blew up in his face. Carried forward by the impetus of his charge, Miller leaped into the next ditch, brandishing his trench-knife. The occupants—three Jerries armed with machineguns and a mortar—threw their weapons away, shouted "Americans!" and surrendered.

The next day the regiment made a forced march to Veghel, about nine miles down the line, where Jerry was putting up strong efforts to cut the road. One of our companies went into position, set up an outpost, and sighted two German NCOs cautiously working towards our lines, bringing with them a blindfolded sergeant from one of our parachute units. The Germans were taken prisoner. The parachutist said he had been captured the previous day when he and another sergeant had sighted what appeared to be a white flag waving from the German lines. The white flag turned out to be Jerry's artillery direction finder. The two Heinies owed their capture to a different bait: they had volunteered to enter our lines in the hope of finding American chocolate.

Capt. Walter Miller, of Washington, D.C., arranged an old-fashioned horse trade. One of the Germans was sent back and returned with the other American parachutist. The four NCOs—two Yanks and two Germans—then parted company on the banks of the Wilhelmina Canal, each pair returning to its own lines. True to the Yankee tradition, Capt. Miller squeezed a little advantage from the deal. From interrogation of the Germans and from the reports of the repatriated parachutists, he learned that our artillery was missing the German CP by about 200 yards. The mistake was corrected. We also gained an insight into German psychology. The two Jerries, themselves members of a unit which was hopelessly trapped, couldn't understand why we fought on when we were so surrounded. For that matter, they couldn't understand why we were in this war in the first place.

In the meantime, the remainder of the regiment, now augmented by scattered groups which had failed to finish the first flight, was sitting tight on the roads and bridges that assured us command of Veghel. A battalion of Herman Goering troops was scheduled to make a do-or-die attempt on our position, but it never came. The Germans contented themselves with an occasional shelling, an unsuccessful demolition party which had designs on our bridges, and an attack which cut the road below

for several days. The boys in Veghel were left to divide their time about equally between outpost duty and what passes in the Army for personal reconnaissance.

This reconnaissance yielded a lot of valuable information. Dutch girls are good looking and Dutch apples are plentiful. Most of the Dutch know more English than most Americans know Dutch. You can get a pair of Dutch shoes for two packs of cigarettes and, if you're lucky, a bottle of wine for seven packs. But just where you can get these commodities comes under the general heading of secret information.

—By Pfc. GEORGE GROH
YANK Field Correspondent

The COUNT

THAT old T/5 stumblebum acquaintance of ours, the Count, doesn't intend to let his hitch in the Army mess up his career as a civilian any more than necessary. He used to sell refrigerators back in civilian life and he plans to sell a lot more of them after the war to friends he's made in the service. "Well, maybe you'd hardly call them friends," the Count concedes, "but I got their home addresses off their service records and the chances are they'll buy an ice-box just so's I'll go away and stop reminding them of the Army."

The Count arrived in the ETO with a stack of business cards neatly lettered with all the pertinent facts about himself—name, rank, serial number, and the notation that he is a "sales representative." Tastefully engraved in the lower left-hand corner is the insignia of a T/5. It's the emblem that keeps the Count on the straight-and-narrow path in the Army. "I paid $5.98 to have them cards printed with a T/5 on them," he says, "so naturally I can't afford to go and get busted."

The Count has worked out quite a neat little system for distributing his cards. "The trick with these second looies," he explains, "is to give them a snappy salute with one hand and slip them a card with the other. Before they know what you've done, you're gone, and you've got another customer for some day—maybe."

Disgustedly, the Count admits that so far he hasn't sold many refrigerators in the ETO. "Nah," he says, when asked how business has been lately, "I can't sell nothing here. For one thing, no guy in his right mind is going to buy an ice-box to tote around in his barracks bag. And for another, I ain't got any ice-boxes to sell. They ain't making any in the States these days and even if they was it wouldn't do me no good because ice-boxes don't fit into the size of packages that the APO will handle."

THE reluctance of the APO to cooperate with the Count's commercial enterprises gets him down. "I wrote me one old lady," he says, "asking her to send me just one little ice-box so's I could show it to the boys and get them interested. So she hauls one around to the post office in a taxi, along with me written request, and what does the wise guy of a clerk do? Turns her down, that's what. And her standing there with a simple request for an ice-box from her fighting soldier son—well, anyway, her son."

Asked how much he used to clean up as a salesman in civilian life, the Count is apt to mutter that he was just getting going when the draft caught up with him but that he'd have made a fortune if he'd been able to dodge it another year. This prompted someone the other day to suggest that actually the Count's job didn't amount to much. "Didn't amount to much?" roared the Count, drawing himself up to his full five-foot-six. "Didn't amount to much? Say, listen, son, just what do you think got me my six-months' deferment?"

The Piece of Junk

SOMEWHERE IN HOLLAND—One day during the bitter fighting here, a lumbering junk heap that should have been on its way back to the smelting plant months before ambled up toward what was then the front lines. In it was Sgt. James Paddy McCrory, of a British armored battalion. He was alone in the tank.

When the commander of the unit saw the wheezing piece of armor in which Paddy was riding, he barked: "Take that ambulating pile of scrap iron out of here and don't come back until you've got another one. That's an order, sergeant."

McCrory disappointedly turned back from what looked like one hell of a fight and began urging his beat-up Sherman toward the rear and the ordnance depots, having considerable difficulty keeping the tank going at its top speed of seven miles per hour.

Paddy was angry. He didn't want to leave the battle that was coming up.

Then he saw a bunch of U.S. paratroopers from the 101st Division. The Yanks were forming up by the roadside in which looked like battle array; so Paddy stopped and yelled out: "How about some tank support?"

Lt. Col. Patrick F. Cassidy, commander of the outfit, yelled back, "Okay."

Naturally, Paddy needed a crew; so S/Sgt. Stanley F. Czarriak climbed aboard to take over the machine gun, and S/Sgt. Roy W. Nickren got on top to act as observer. Then Paddy buttoned down the top of the tank and ambled off in the company of the parachute infantry battalion.

Everything went fine until Paddy's 75mm. cannon quit, which happened just as the unit was attacking two enemy anti-tank guns screened by some shrubbery. There was no turning back; so Paddy simply went up against the anti-tankers, using a screwdriver as a firing pin and a tank tool as a hammer. In this way, he sent many shells screaming into the bushes.

WHEN the day's action had ended, Paddy and his crew had accounted for two enemy guns, one German ammunition lorry blown up, about fifty-five prisoners, and about fifty Germans killed.

Paddy McCrory was still with the Americans the next day when news came through that two enemy tanks had cut the single road held by the Allies.

Without waiting for his crew, the British sergeant buttoned the lid of his limping Sherman and took off. Near a point where the main road had been cut, he saw a small lane that looked like a good place to start operations. He pulled into the lane and was about to go into action when his engines conked out on him. That was that. He couldn't move another inch.

The tank was right beside a house and Paddy got out and started tinkering with the engine, when suddenly he heard some loud talking by the side of the house. The voices weren't speaking English.

McCrory did some quick reconnaissance and swallowed twice in rapid succession when he saw a German 88 on the other side of the house. Luckily the 88 couldn't fire at him through the building; also, Paddy couldn't fire at it. What was more to the point, Paddy couldn't have moved if he'd had the smoothest-running engine in the world—not with that 88 so close! So he simply sat down by his Sherman and waited. After nightfall he quietly slipped away and headed back toward the ordnance depots, leaving his dilapidated tank for the Jerries.

They say that Paddy McCrory won't be marked AWOL by his outfit.

—By Pvt. HOWARD L. KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

What, No Cones?

THIS isn't to say that it's anything other than just plain hell at the front, but some GIs in the vicinity of Aachen have been enjoying something they never thought they'd see again until they were west of the Statue of Liberty. Seems that back of the lines in Liége, there's a big ice-cream manufacturing plant which the Krauts neglected to louse up and which is now running smoothly again. So three times a week a truck goes back from the front, loaded with GI cans of milk, and returns with the same cans full of ice cream. Result: Pie a la mode in a foxhole. Not as many flavors as Howard Johnson offers, maybe, but a darn sight better than bitter.

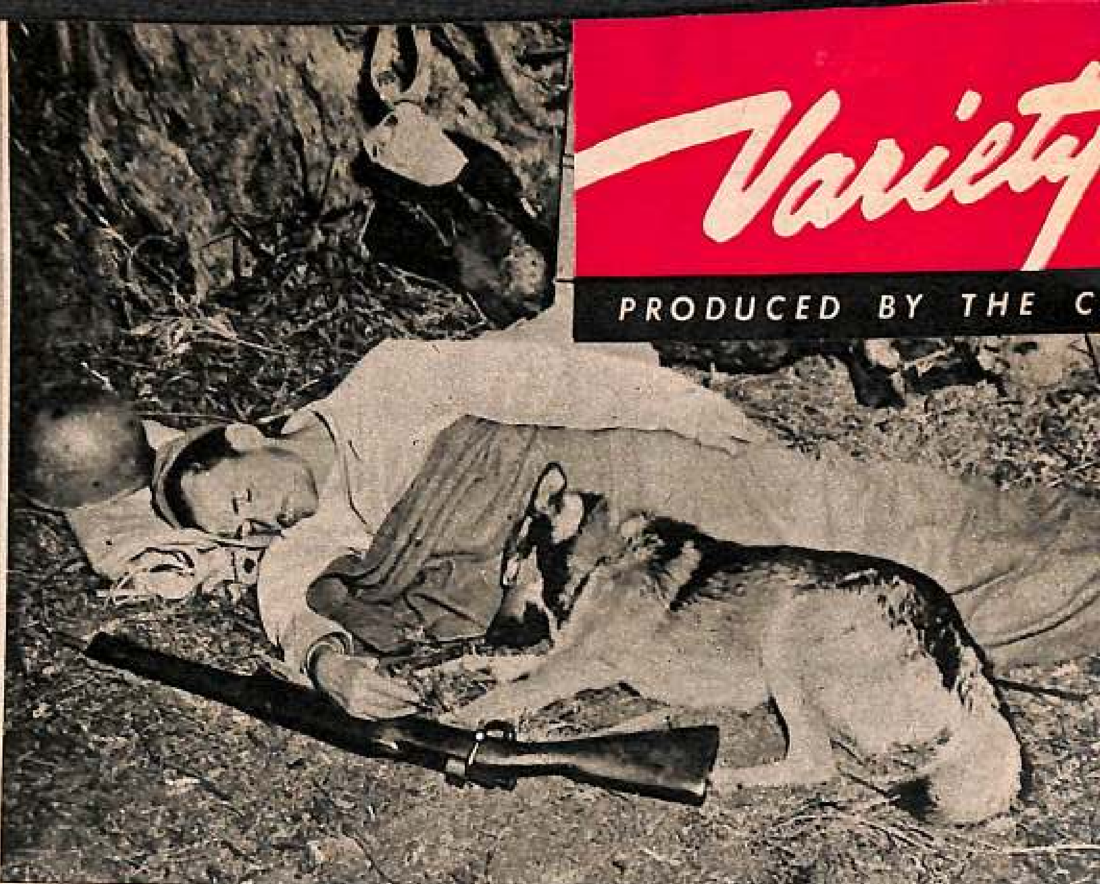
—YANK Field Correspondent

A GERMAN PILLBOX IN LIÉGE, BELGIUM, IS CONVERTED INTO AN ALLIED PUBLICITY DISPLAY. TOWNSPEOPLE COVERED IT WITH "WELCOME" SIGNS TO GREET ADVANCING YANKS.

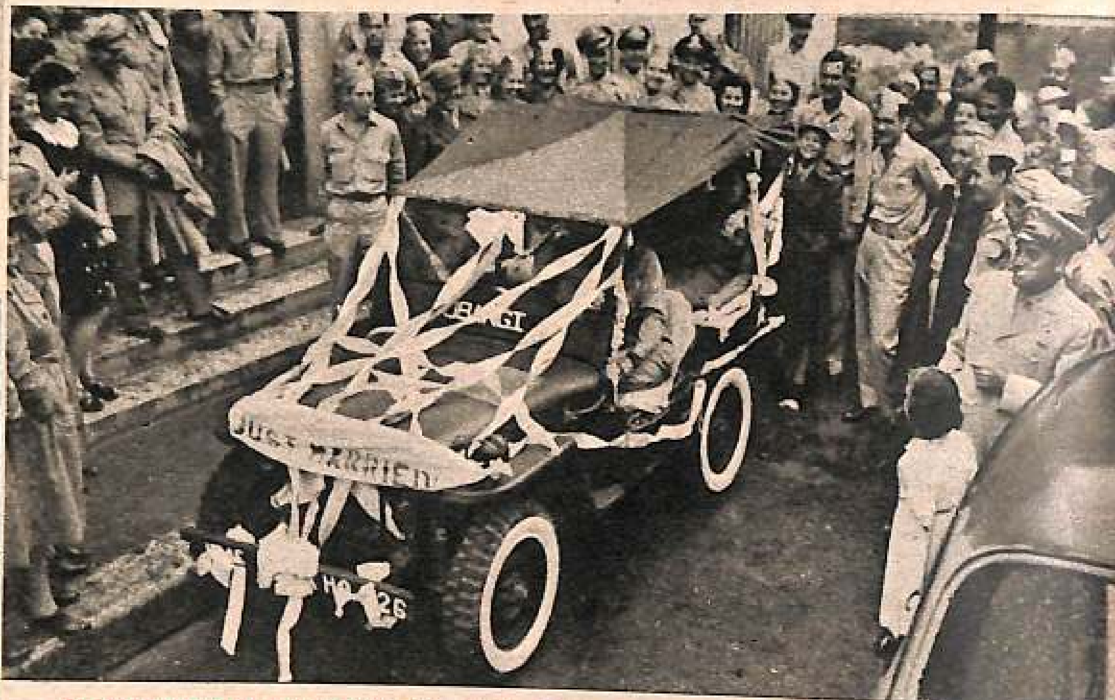
Variety

PRODUCED BY THE C

CUTE KIDD. Shellback William B. Odekirk S1c has just been initiated by King Neptune after crossing the equator on a Coast Guard-manned assault transport ship in the Southwest Pacific.



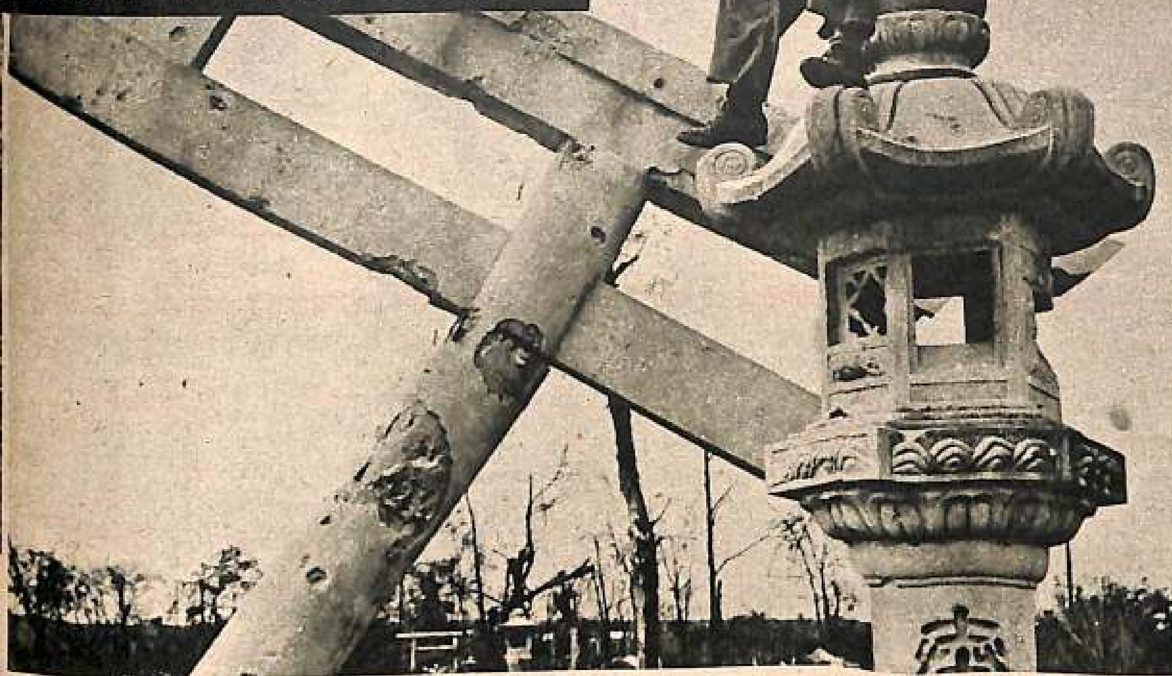
DOG TIRED. This Army dog stretches out next to his GI master to snatch a minute or two of rest during a bivouac in southern California. The animal is one of a group of canine recruits trained by the QMC Remount Service at the War Dog Reception Center in San Carlos, Calif.



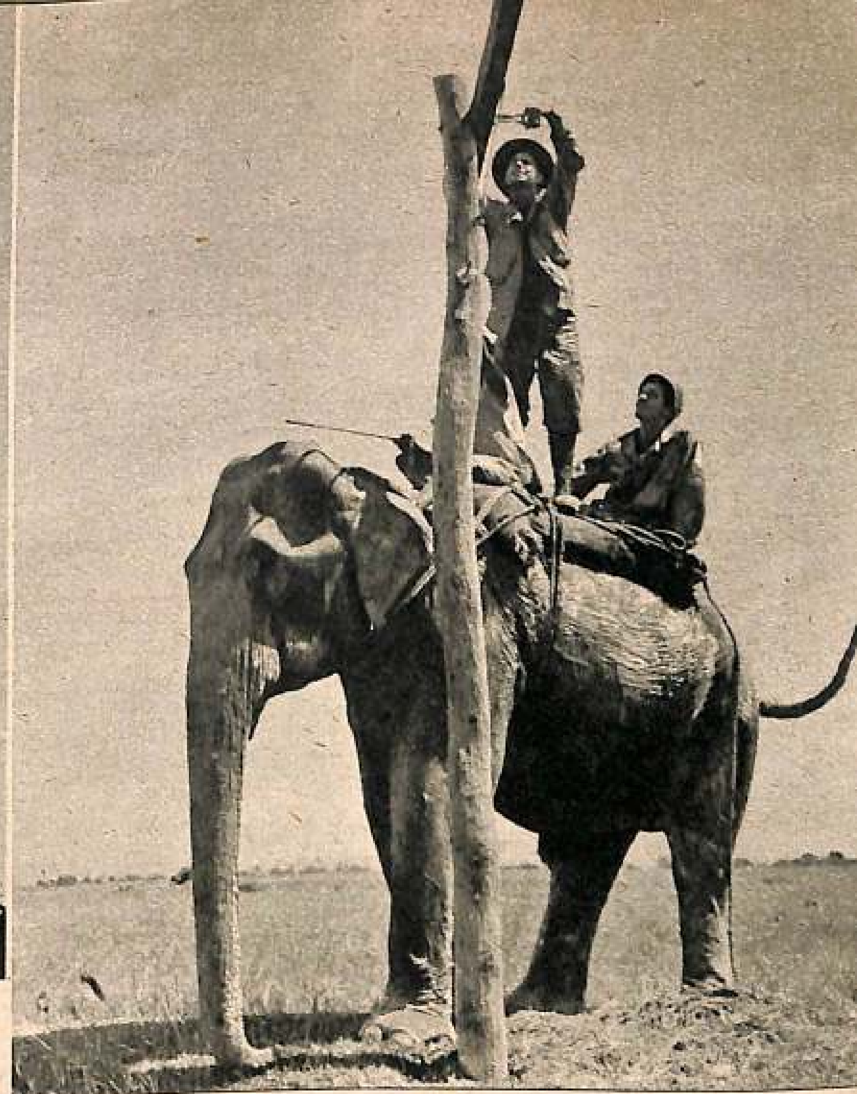
MOTORIZED MARRIAGE. In Bari, Italy, WAC Cpl. Florence L. Bauer married Capt. Wilson W. Hopkins Jr. What could be a better buggy for a GI honeymoon than a jeep? Nothing. So they had a jeep, and with trimmings, too. The honeymoon was spent at a mountain rest camp.

TIGHT LIKE THAT. Her zipper busted so Linda Darnell had to be sewn into Gay Nineties costume for film, "The Great John L."

HOPE ON TOP. Globe-girdling radio and screen comic, Bob Hope, stops off at Jungle Training Center, Oahu, T. H., to do a spot of wrestling with M/Sgt. John Compton, ex-grappler.



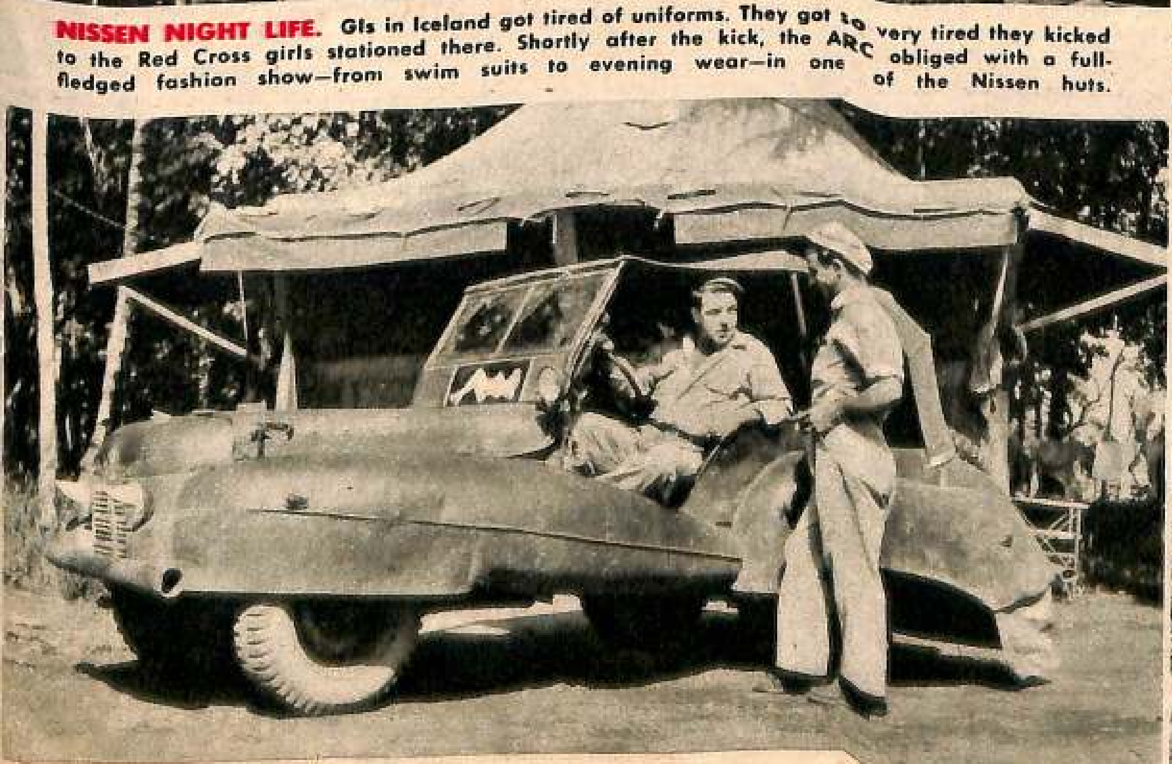
TINIAN TOTEM. This Japanese Shinto shrine on Tinian seemed to lack something in the eyes of Marine Pfc. Don Roberts. He climbed on top to pose as a symbol of Leatherneck Supremacy, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Sacred and Profane Love, Custer's Last Stand, Faith or What Have You?



TRUNK LINE. In Assam, India, elephants are the only means of transportation that can get through the swamps. Two smart Signal Corpsmen use one as a stand for stringing telephone wire.

NISSEN NIGHT LIFE. GIs in Iceland got tired of uniforms. They got so very tired they kicked to the Red Cross girls stationed there. Shortly after the kick, the ARC obliged with a full-fledged fashion show—from swim suits to evening wear—in one of the Nissen huts.

RAT CHEESE. This was a Nazi concrete pillbox in France, an example of the so-called impregnable German defenses. The fire of American tank gunners has blasted it into a riddled lump.



POST-WAR DREAM. T/Sgt. Joseph Austin and T-4 August Gray in New Guinea show their idea of the post-war jeep. Theirs has cigarette lighter, spotlight, air horns, dashboard starter.

EARTHBOUND ACK-ACK. There isn't enough *Luftwaffe*, so this antiaircraft unit in France figured it would support the doughfeet.

Betty Jane Graham
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

Plans for the future were hatched in a Washington suburb, a voice caused a lot of dizzy dames to tie up traffic in Times Square, a GI's widow left home for France, a mother-in-law loused up a blue heaven, and the Treasury decided that hanging around an airfield comes under the heading of a good time.

THERE are only two things that will affect the speed of demobilization of the Army. One is the military necessity of retaining sufficient troops in the service to quickly and permanently defeat Japan. The other is available shipping. . . . No political or economic factors enter into the planning."

That, in just 47 words, men, is the dope as it came last week from the boss man of the Army—Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson. His statement was taken in some quarters to be an answer to charges by Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, the Republican candidate for President, to the effect that the administration was planning to keep GIs in uniform after the war to avoid the possibility of having to set up a relief agency to take care of them.

Stimson issued his reassuring statement only a few days after another Washington authority had made it clear that the enemy is not necessarily as good as beaten yet—not by a long shot. According to the Office of War Information, if the Germans hold out until Spring, the Japs won't fold until 1947. This was pretty bleak war information to those many members of the home front who lately have been running around telling each other that the war was practically over.

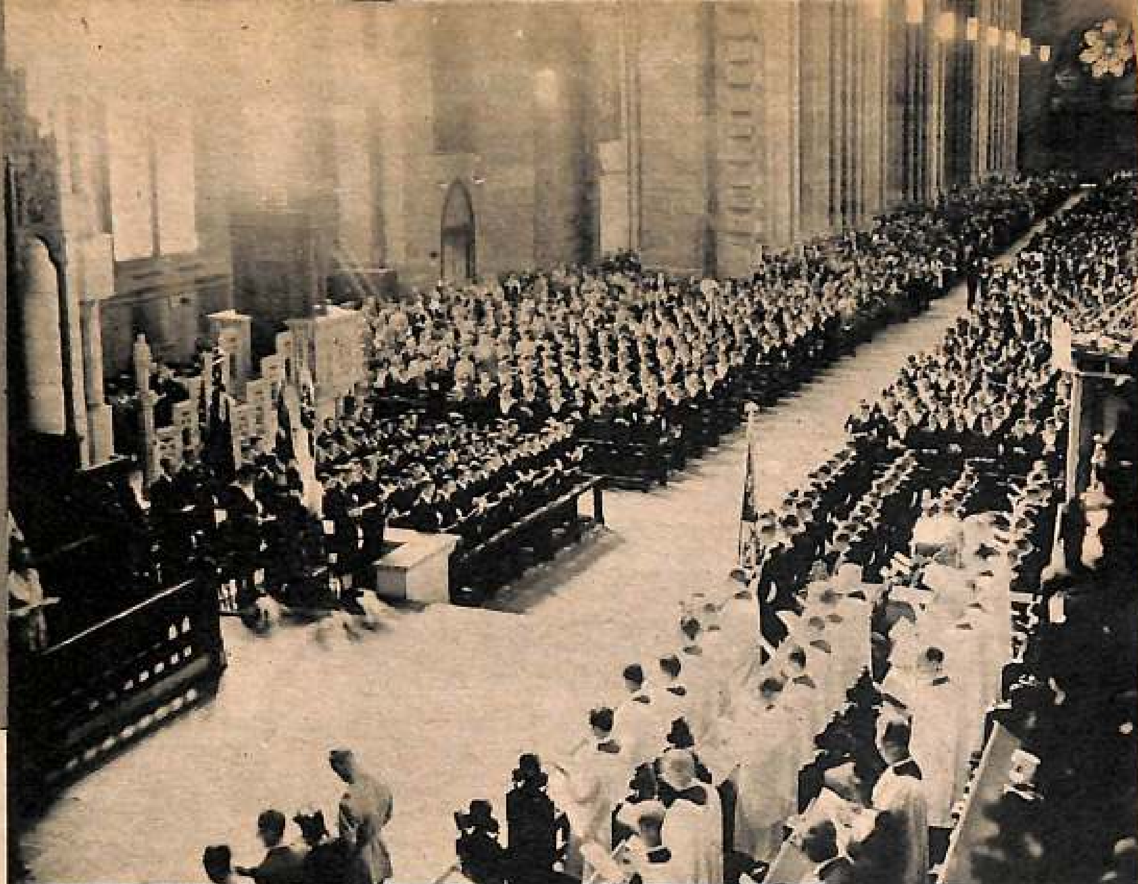
The trouble out in the Pacific, the OWI explained, is that our nearest base is still 1,500 miles from the Jap mainland, that Tokio still has an army of 4,000,000 to say nothing of a possible 3,500,000 potential Nip soldiers who so far haven't got snagged by the draft, that Japan has been making some extensive headway against the Chinese lately, and that the problem of finding enough shipping to fight right into the enemy's corner is going to be one tough baby.

STILL, the war has to end some day, and representatives of the four big Allies—the U.S., Great Britain, Russia, and China—have been spending most of the past two months getting ready for that day. Last week these representatives, who have been meeting at Dumbarton Oaks, a fancy estate in a suburb of Washington, finally made public a proposed charter cooked up during their talks and calling for an international security organization to slap down aggressors before they get too far out of line.

To put it briefly, the Dumbarton proposals would create a worldwide agency known as "The United Nations" and empowered "to take such action by air, naval, or land forces as may be necessary to maintain or restore international peace and security." The permanent members of this set-up would include the four nations which drafted the proposal, with France joining "in due course," and there would also be six non-permanent members elected for terms of two years. In addition, the charter suggests having a general assembly of all nations, whose powers would be largely advisory, as well as an international court of justice, an economic and social council of 18 nations, and a military staff committee to direct the force needed to maintain peace.

All this was, of course, only a beginning and it was quickly pointed out that none of the decisions reached at Dumbarton Oaks was binding on any nation as yet. They must be regarded, it was said, merely as tentative proposals which still have to be worked out in detail by various chiefs of state, then reviewed by a United Nations conference, and finally okayed by each government involved in accordance with its constitutional way of doing things.

A Senate committee had an investigation under way to try to get to the bottom of a brawl which was reported to have broken out in the mezzanine of the Hotel Statler in Washington shortly after President Roosevelt addressed the Teamsters' Union there a while ago. Two Navy officers—Lt. Com. James H. Suddeth and Lt. Randolph Dickins, Jr.—reported that they had been heading for a dance when several men "who said they were members of the Teamsters' Union" began to get in their hair. These men, asserted the officers, said that "the President had just made a fine speech," and wanted to know if the two men in uniform were going to vote for their Commander-in-Chief. Suddeth and Dickins said they told the other men that it was none of their



Six thousand throng Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York to give thanks on the fourth anniversary of the climax of the Battle of Britain.

Effie Klinker, who has just joined Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd in Edgar Bergen's family, meets the head of the Los Angeles press photogs.

Here's how the Eastern Seaboard hurricane sliced Atlantic City's Heinz Pier, a landmark of the New Jersey resort. The Steel Pier, boardwalks and other amusement spots also suffered severe damage.

THE SAD SACK "FRENCH WELCOME"

SGT. GEORGE BAKER

business, and with that a fight started. Just who the men who tangled with the Navy were, nobody seemed to know.

WASHINGTON'S most recent murder was doing a pretty good job against tough odds of wangling its share of the headlines. Two days after petite, 18-year-old Dorothy Berrum, a government typist of Chippewa Falls, Wis., was found raped and murdered beneath a weeping willow tree on the Potomac Park Golf Course, police arrested Pfc. Earl McFarland, 21, a Marine veteran of Guadalcanal, whose wife, in New Bern., N.C., lost a week-old baby only a month ago. Pfc. McFarland was located by means of a Marine's coat belt which the cops found a few yards from where Miss Berrum's body was discovered.

McFarland served as an assault engineer with the First Marine Division on Guadalcanal and is now stationed in Washington. He was said to have a police record dating back to when he was 10 years old and listing three escapes from a Tennessee reformatory, two prison terms, and desertion from the Army. Police were also questioning McFarland in connection with the rape and murder of Mrs. Margaret Fitzwater, 63, whose nude body was found about a fortnight ago in the Lagoon near the Pentagon Building.

Wilhelm Albrecht von Bressentin, 44, a former German count and now a naturalized American, was sentenced in Brooklyn, N.Y., to 29 months in the Federal pen for transmitting information on ship movements and other military matters to the Nazis. He pleaded guilty to having used invisible ink to send secret stuff to German agents in Portugal.

Jean A. Brunner, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, told a news conference in Washington that his organization favored a ten-year ban on immigration to the States as a means of cutting down competition for jobs. Brunner said the VFW also favors compulsory military training in peacetime, granting of seniority privileges to vets who join up with unions for the first time after they get out (an idea already backed by leaders of the AFL and CIO), and economic sanctions against the people of Germany, Japan, and Italy.

The heavy destroyer *USS Thomason*, named for the late Lt. Col. John W. Thomason, Jr., widely known soldier and author of *Red Pants, Fixed Bayonets*, and the other books and articles about the Marine Corps, was launched in San Francisco. A native of Huntsville, Tex., Col. Thomason, before his death in San Diego last spring, was on the staff of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz in the Pacific. His widow, Mrs. Leda Bass Thomason, sponsored the 2,200-ton destroyer, and his son, Capt. John W. Thomason, 3rd, who just got back from Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Saipan, and Tinian, was also present at the ceremonies.

Forty-eight percent of the people back home think an effort should be made to get Germany to pay the cost of the war against her, once she's been stripped and conquered and the Nazis have been punished, it was announced by the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Denver, following a survey. Sixty-three percent of the people feel that Japan should be made to do likewise.

The Fisher Brothers, founders of the Fisher Body Division of General Motors, took steps in Detroit to start out as independent manufacturers of automobiles and aircraft after the war. The brothers, who retired from GM a few weeks ago after 20 years with the firm, set themselves up in their new business by organizing two new corporations to engage in the manufacture, sale, and distribution of automobiles, planes, motor-coaches, and trucks. So maybe there's your next boss, boys.

The Yellow Cab Co., of Cleveland, was told by the Federal Communications Commission that it could go ahead with experiments in using radio for dispatching cabs, the first such project to be undertaken.

THIRTY-THOUSAND bobby-sock chicks turned out to welcome Frank Sinatra back to Manhattan. "The Voice," making his first New York appearance this year, opened a three-week engagement in the Paramount Theater there and it took 421 police reserves, 20 policewomen, 20 radio patrol cars, 20 mounted police, and two police emergency trucks to handle the crowds. Teen-age girls started gathering in Times Square at 4 in the morning to be sure of getting one of the theater's 3,500 seats. The theater opened at 8 and two hours later the line of would-be customers, packed four abreast, stretched down 43rd Street to 8th Avenue, then up to 44th Street, and back to Broadway. All traffic was detoured from 43rd and 44th Streets. When Sinatra appeared on the stage he was greeted by ecstatic groans and moans that all but drowned him out. He sang *I'll Walk Alone, Come Out*, and *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Town of Berlin*. After hearing the way the babes all went for the Berlin piece, a disgusted cop suggested that it would be a good idea to send Sinatra fans, instead of Yank troops, into the German capital. "I can't think of a worse punishment for Hitler," he remarked.

FIGHTING SON. Mr. and Mrs John Davis, war workers of Omaha, Nebr., smile at news that their son Capt. Alfonza Davis' Mustang group knocked out 83 Axis planes in one day's fighting over Rumania.

All this excitement prompted Henry Garrett, professor of psychology at Columbia University, to analyze Sinatra swooners as being the victims of "mass hysteria," complicated by war, uniforms, the contagion of a fad, and by the fact that "this little fellow represents some kind of idealized hero, much like the story of 'Prince Charming.'" The prof added that he had heard better singers.

As a matter of fact, "The Voice" is getting around a good deal these days. Shortly before his Broadway appearance, he turned up at the White House where he had tea with the President. Others attending the party were Toots Shor, a New York restaurant owner, and Rags Ragland, who got to Hollywood the hard way, via burlesque.

The Nazis may go on talking about doodlebugging the States, but the authorities back home don't seem very alarmed about the threat. At all events, they've brought the original copies of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution out of the inland hiding spot where the documents have been stored since the start of the war and placed them again on public view in the Library of Congress at Washington.

Robert Sherwood, the playwright, resigned as overseas director of the Office of War Information to write campaign speeches on a full-time basis for President Roosevelt.

Ensign John Benson, of Baltimore, Md., opened his campaign for election to Congress by offering to kiss every lady in his district who asked him to, and he promised to have an attractive young miss on hand to do likewise by the gents. Rocky indeed is the road to Washington.

At the Lawson General Hospital, in Atlanta, Ga., T/Sgt. Carlton Griffin, of Townsville, S.C., married Patricia Ann Moore, a girl who, he said, had remained in his memory even when amnesia caused by a fractured skull had blanked out everything else during the nine months he spent in a German prison camp.

At the Army's Crile General Hospital, near Cleveland, O., Pfc. John W. Herbster, of Cleveland, described what it feels like to be a guinea pig. He was one of 14 who helped along the Allied advance in North Africa by letting Army doctors experiment on him in their fight against the sinister sandfly fever which was threatening troops in that region. He came through all right, as did the other 13, but he had a hell of a time doing it and later contracted yellow fever, for which he was invalided home and is now undergoing treatment at the Crile institution. Recalling the circumstances leading up to his voluntary ordeal and the ordeal itself, the Pfc. said: "I didn't stop to think whether it meant death or blindness. I just knew it had to be done. I wanted to do my part in this war—guys were fighting and dying, and I was driving a truck. They put us in a cool, air-conditioned room, which was a break after the 120-degree heat of the desert. They gave us all we wanted to eat and plenty of entertainment. Then they strapped little porous belts filled with sandflies around our chests. These flies bit and their bites felt like needle stabs. Four days later a fever hit us. It was pretty bad. I had a temperature of 105 degrees for ten days. I couldn't eat or sleep. It hit my eyes hardest and for three days I was totally blind. I was a little panicky, too, I guess, but I kept thinking about those other guys getting shot at and it made me feel better to know I was doing something, too. Then the fever left us and it left us feeling mighty shaky. We went to a rest camp and then back to duty."

S/Sgt. Alvyn P. Wood got back to his Chicago home on a three-day pass from Camp Gruber, Okla., just in time to say goodbye to his wife, who was leaving with a contingent of Wac recruits bound for basic training at Fort Des Moines, Ia. "We'll both get home sooner if I get in the Army now," said Mrs. Wood, as she took off.

In a restaurant in Cambridge, Mass., Miss Lorna Slocomb asked a waitress to substitute squash for potatoes on her luncheon order and got the home front's stock retort: "Don't you know there's a war on?" Miss Slocomb's reaction, far from stock, consisted of throwing some dishes around because, it developed, she knew very well there was a war on. She had donated seven pints of blood to the Red Cross, her fiancé is on active duty in the Pacific, three of her brothers are in the armed forces, and a cousin of hers was killed on Guadalcanal.

Mrs. Rose Ann Webb, 23-year-old worker in a shoe factory and widow of Pvt. William Webb, of Valdosta, Ga., who was killed in action in France on June 9, disappeared from the home of her mother in Lawrence, Mass. The following day the mother received a post card from the girl, saying: "Dear Family, Don't know how to say it but I'm going to try to get to France or die trying. Will turn over all the insurance to the baby. Take care of her." The Webbs had been married three years. Their baby is a 2-year-old daughter, Corrine.

Don Radda won the corn-growing contest in Washington, Iowa, with a stalk that was 28 feet, 5½ inches tall.

Lady Lil 15th, a heifer, was sold at Cheyenne, Wyo., for the record price of $20,000—plenty of coin for a hunk of filet mignon without even any French fries thrown in.

An experimental station at Rutgers University, N.J., has developed a streamlined turkey built for two. It weighs only 15 pounds and is ready for the axe a mere 12 weeks after popping out of its egg.

Warren Patterson, 31, of Coshocton, O., who became separated from his wife two months ago, was said by Prosecutor Russel E. Lyons to have confessed that he had dropped two of his four small sons into the Mohican River because he didn't want to see them live without a home. One of the kids drowned, but the other crawled out to safety. The father left the remaining two under a tree half a mile away from the river. Mrs. Patterson has been arrested on a formal charge of abandonment.

It has been costing a number of families in Philadelphia an average of $2,000 an hour to hire Myrtle Voughs as a maid, according to police who took her into custody on a charge of having stolen $50,000 in cash, jewels, and clothing. The cops said she told them that she worked no more than 30 minutes in homes where she was hired and then beat it with everything that wasn't nailed down.

The body of William Templin, 35-year-old telephone lineman at Moonachie, N.J., apparently lived for 14 hours after he had been electrocuted by a high-tension wire. During all that time, while a rescue crew worked over him in vain, his body remained warm and there were no signs of rigor mortis.

Alex L. Thorsen, of Brooklyn, N.Y., is a man who likes his Sundays peaceful and quiet, and it irritated him when his wife insisted on spending that day bustling around the kitchen, painting it. It irritated him so much, in fact, that when she wouldn't stop he grabbed the brush and painted her face, head, and chest. After trying to clean herself off with kerosene, Mrs. Thorsen herself became irritated, and in more ways than one, and finally wound up by having her spouse arrested on charges of third-degree assault.

Another one who doesn't like her peace disturbed is Mrs. Dolly Madison. Fifty years old and as impetuous as her namesake, she was pinched in New York for heaving six bottles out of her hotel window at a street-corner political meeting which she reckoned was making too much noise.

Out in Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. George Lenz asked a judge in Superior Court to legalize the names by which they are far better known—George Montgomery and Dinah Shore. Seems people get confused when they hear that Mr. and Mrs. Lenz are coming to call. Montgomery told the court he was 28 years old and born in Brady, Mont. His red-head wife gave her age as 27 and her birthplace as Winchester, Tenn.

"Just Mollie and me, and mother-in-law makes three . . ." was the way some wheeze-artist once messed up a line from *My Blue Heaven*. Turned out last week he knew what he was doing when the song's composer, Walter Donaldson, sought a divorce from his wife, Walda Mansfield, the actress, on the grounds that her mother ate five meals daily at the Donaldson home.

Joseph Dunninger, radio's $1,000-a-week mind-reader, was found by the courts to be the common-law husband of Chrystal Spencer and was told to cough up alimony.

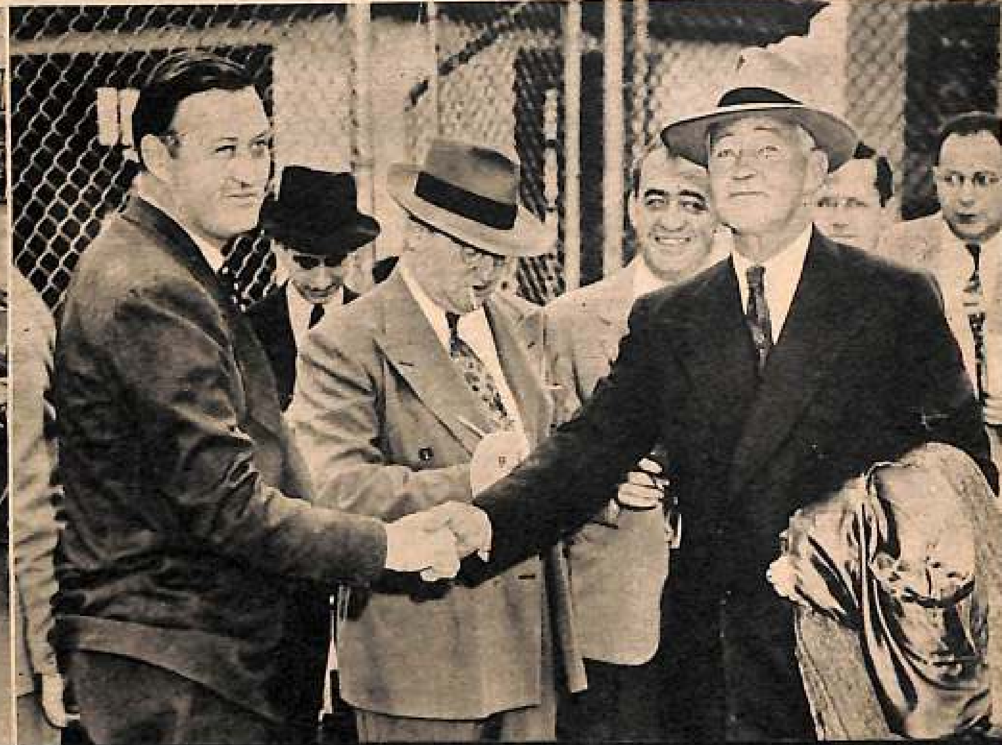
Gypsy Rose Lee, the gal who made a fortune out of a G-string, obtained a divorce from her actor-husband, Alexander Kirkland, in Carson City, Nev., on grounds of mental cruelty.

The wife of Arthur Lake, Hollywood's *Dagwood*, gave birth to an eight-pound daughter.

Mrs. David Rubinoff, wife of the violinist, became the mother of a seven-pound son at a hospital in Wichita Falls, Tex., where she and the musician make their home.

Watching planes take off and land is an amusement, in the opinion of the Treasury Department, which ruled that sightseers who visit the observation deck of New York City's LaGuardia Airport must pay a 20 per cent Federal admission tax. So far, nothing has been said about taxing ground crews in the ETO for all the free fun they've been having.

FRESH FISH. Down a production line in a torpedo plant in Forest Park, Ill., move completed units. This factory produces the sleek, deadly "tin fish" for Naval surface craft, submarines and airplanes in combat zones.



EX-N. Y. BOSS FREE. Jimmy Hines shakes hands with his son as he leaves Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, N. Y., after serving three years and 11 months on a numbers-racket charge. He promised parole board to give up politics.

Mail Call

International Relations

Dear YANK,

May I put in a few remarks on the same matter that Sgt. V. K. brought up in the YANK of October 3 in regard to more discussions of international politics in the Army? You cut him short with the statement that this was being taken care of by the "Army Talks." Someone had the right idea but from where I sit I can't see where they have struck home. They are too often given by disinterested non-coms, anxious only to get it over with; and too often the information is elementary.

The way they are received is aptly shown by a few questions directed at the average GI. Ask any soldier for a concise statement as to why we are in this war (and surely there is more to it than "we were attacked"). Then ask him why it is to our interest to maintain co-operation with Great Britain after this war. If he has survived this far ask him his opinion on the British idea of cartels and our idea of free enterprise as personified by Eric Johnston—and which offers the best opportunity for international co-operation and benefit. Any soldier or civilian that cannot talk clearly on such simple subjects cannot vote intelligently and is a sucker for any glib-tongued politician who promises him the moon.

The folks back home are going to listen to us when we get back. At first nothing will be too good. Whatever group most of us join will become the most powerful pressure group of all—and what will most of us have to say? If it is only that the Germans and Japs are no good and let me forget about the whole mess, are we then admitting that our only constructive use to our country is to be shipped abroad to live in dirt, boredom, and to be shot at?

The average intelligent English and Russian soldier have some very definite ideas on how this world should be run. Their governments will be centralized more than ever, as will all nations; there will be no time for fumbling the ball. This war has made us the leaders, and that is a real responsibility for all of us. If we dodge it as was done after the last war, we may yet live to see (and perhaps be in) another war.

Being a buck private it is not my place to suggest anything to arouse interest in vigorous discussion of ideas. I just thought you were a little hasty in inferring that "Army Talks" filled the bill.

Britain. — Pvt. W. R.

A Personal War

Dear YANK,

In your interesting YANK magazine I read with disgust the complaint registered by an Unhappy Oldster who wants to go home and marry.

I am one of the so-called pups from the states but I am not bitching for anything only the end of the war. And if there was a reason for wanting to get home before it's over, just let him read this one.

I am 42 years old and have a wife at home worrying herself to death as our youngest boy is missing since last July 24th. He was a member of the 8th Air Force as a tail gunner and was just barely 21 years of age. Another one somewhere here in France is O.K., I hope, for I have not heard from him for some time. He is a member of an artillery unit.

So let's end this war before we think of going home.

This is from one whose heart aches for the freedom for which we are fighting almost as much as for the son who is missing.

With all respects to the kid who calls himself "Pop."

France. — T/4 HARRIS J. LOVELY

Statue Of Liberty As a Pin-up?

Dear YANK,

For nearly a year now we have seen the cream of feminine pulchritude as displayed in the pin-up section of your swell mag. We've read the letters from other GIs who want scenes from their native states but as for us, altho' we do appreciate your current pin-ups, we should like to see one of the Statue of Liberty. Truly the queen of all pin-ups. Please consider this request from—

France. — FOUR EX-HEDGEROW HOPPERS

Why Walk Alone, Lily?

Dear YANK,

We the patients of Ward M10 in a hospital in the ETO listen to Miss Lily Ann Carrol sing "I'll Walk Alone" on the "Duffel Bag" program over AFN. Among us there are quite a few who haven't seen a

picture of Miss Lily Ann Carol. So for the benefit of every GI in the ETO, we the patients of ward M10 request to see her picture in YANK.

Britain. — Pvt. LOUIS G. ROBINSON (and 25 other names)

[YANK herewith happily complies with this and scores of similar requests.—Ed.]

He's Ready To Go

Dear YANK,

I wonder if many of those writing letters to YANK understand fully what they are saying. I am referring particularly to those writing about going to the Pacific. Most seem to dislike extremely the mere suggestion of going. It is about time they were made to realize that many of those Joes are our brothers and friends and by even being hesitant we give hope to the Japs. I for one feel that it helps the Joes fighting over there to redouble their efforts when we extend the hand of fellowship and say, "We're glad to be with you till we have wiped the slate clean on both sides."

France. — T/5 M. ALPERT

Medical Discharges

Dear YANK,

I have been overseas for almost two years and I have spent almost half of that time in hospital because of a game leg. Now I am told that I will be shipped back to the States and given a CDD.

While I want the discharge, I don't want to take the CDD. Can I insist on a medical discharge instead, so that I will be able to ask for a pension as a disabled veteran?

Britain. — Pfc. ANDY STROUDEL

[Despite the old Army belief to the contrary, there is no difference between a medical discharge and a certificate of disability discharge (CDD). Officially there is no such thing as a "medical discharge." All who are discharged for physical reasons are given CDDs.—Ed.]

Linger, Linger, Little Star—

Dear YANK,

We who are stationed at the smaller bases never get to see and hear any of the big stars who come to the ETO. We read about Bing, Marlene, Astaire, Dinah, and Glenn Miller, but they never come our way. I suggest that if these stars have to do a certain number of shows, have some of them hit the smaller camps, instead of the bigger ones where all of the personalities go every time.

Britain. — Sgt. HECTOR A. PERNETTI

All For Planning

Dear YANK,

. . . I believe that the "higher-ups" realize what our boys at the front are sacrificing, and how long some of them have been in the service. I think that they're trying to help us with the Army Demobilization plan—not discourage us. Yes, I'll admit that they're trying to plan a little of our future for us, but I'm darned sure that we don't want to undergo the same misfortunes that many of our World War I soldiers experienced on their return to the U.S.A. By planning a little of our future, I believe they're trying to avoid what happened in 1919 and 1920.

I don't exactly like the idea of being a 30-year man, but I'd much rather sweat out the Army, than I would some bread-line, and that's for darned sure.

Britain. — Cpl. WILLIAM T. SCOTT

Count Service Only

Dear YANK,

. . . In demobilizing, age and marriage should be excluded. Points should be given only for length of

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Pictures: Cover, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 2, Signal Corps. 3, lower left, Keystone; others, Henry Guttmann. 4, lower, AP; upper, Henry Guttmann. 5, Signal Corps. 6, upper two, Signal Corps; others, AP. 8 and 9, British Official Photos. 10, left, Keystone; right, AP. 11, PA. 12, upper left, USCG; lower left, PA; upper right, WW; center right, U.S. Army; lower right, Mason Pawlak, Pho Mlc. 13, upper left, Pfc. George Burns; upper right, Pvt. Wolf, Signal Corps; center left, Iceland Base Command; center and lower right, Signal Corps; lower left, Sgt. Hanley. 14, Columbia Pictures. 15, lower, Acme; others, Keystone. 16, PA. 17, left, Acme; right, INP. 18, MCA. 20, upper, PA; lower right, INP; others, Acme. 21, upper, PA; lower, INP. 22 and 23, Sgt. Bill Young.

"And this is Col. Gen. von Kleeb, who is scheduled for execution in no less than 12 different countries after the war."

service, length of service overseas, and length of combat duty.

ELEVEN PARACHUTE ENGINEERS

Holland.

Civil Service Credit

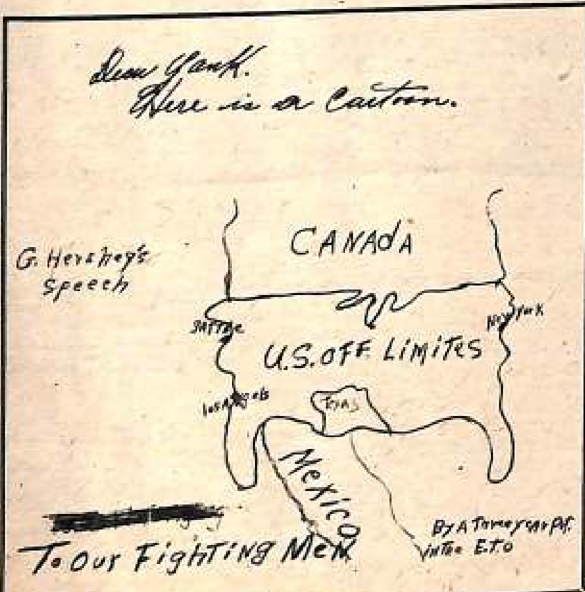
Dear YANK,

Some of my buddies and I were wondering whether anything has been done to give GIs any preference so far as Civil Service jobs are concerned. Are we going to get any credit for our service? Will disabled GIs get any added credit for their wounds? Are any particular jobs open only to vets?

Sgt. J. A. JACKSON

France.

[All honorably discharged veterans of this war get a 5-point credit on Federal Civil Service exams. Those veterans who have service-connected disabilities or who are eligible to receive pensions or disability benefits, get a 10-point credit. In addition, Federal exams for guards, elevator operators, messengers and custodians are open only to veterans.—Ed.]



Loans For Servicemen

Dear YANK,

My wife and I have had our eyes on a certain house in my home town for several years. Recently it was put up for sale—just at a time, of course, when I am least able to pay for it. I was wondering if we could borrow the money under the GI Bill of Rights. If I could float a loan I am sure my wife could meet the payments with the help of the $50 a month she gets from the ODB. In that way we could buy the home we both want so much. Can we get the dough?

Pfc. GEORGE WEISER

Guam.

[You can't get it via the GI Bill of Rights. The benefits of the law are available only to men and women who have left the services with anything better than a dishonorable discharge. Individuals still in service are not eligible for the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights.—Ed.]

Mad About YANK Humor

Dear YANK,

It was my misfortune to yield to the temptation and read your last issue. At the time I was feeling pretty cheerful (which is a seldom occurrence). I read an article called "Tough Shipment Ticket," by Sgt. Vanderbilt.

The article was humorous I won't deny it. I got about as big a kick out of that as I would if my dentist put a hand-drill in the place where I used to have a tooth. I made up more new swear words in that ten minutes than a tugboat skipper in a rowboat in Kansas. If sense was Three-and-One oil that Vanderbilt guy wouldn't have enough to grease the dynamo on a fire-fly's rear end.

How could a guy go on breaking down people's morale like he does? The way he talks, Flash Gordon will be here with his space ships before we get home. The character says I'll get home when I'm 56 (at least). Right now, I'm 20. 56 less 20 is 36. 36 years I've got to serve yet. Then I'll be 56. My mother will be 76, and my dad will be 80. In all probability my dog will be dead.

I won't mind staying over here for a year after the war, but you can tell Sgt. Vanderbilt that if he thinks I'm staying over here 36 years, he's crazier than two bed-bugs playing tiddly-winks on a featherbed 40 miles away. I'll swim the Atlantic if I have to.

A DISGRUNTLED PFC.

Britain.

At Bayonet Range

Dear YANK,

In reply to our dear "First Sgt. T. S. Urbanek & the F.B.I's" who says his outfit was closer to the lines than the Engineers, I and a lot of other guys would like to say just this. Sarge, we are very sorry you haven't been home in so long a time. We'd like to see everybody go home but listen, old boy, we don't like your opinion of the Engineers. Who swam ashore on H-Hour to blow out obstacles so your guys could come in? It was the Engineers and they are blowing the pillboxes and dragons-teeth to bits in Germany now so the war can go on and soon end. I left them where they took up their rifles and bayonets helping to fight off a German counterattack. I was hurt in the arm in Germany so don't think all we do is build or repair roads 'cause we can use a bayonet, too.

Pvt. C. W. KINSEY

Britain.

Likes Our Lasses

Dear YANK,

This is the last straw! We have heard enough criticism of YANK "pin-ups," and that complaint about Angela Greene coming from the Eastern Command in Russia really takes the cake.

If their morale is so easily upset by a mere pin-up, we suggest they leave the YANK to men in the Armed Forces who are over 18 and in reasonable control of their mental faculties.

Please! Let's stop these panty-waists from trying to take the color out of YANK! We're wondering if they use their spare time crocheting lace for their long-johns.

THE BOYS OF HUT 17

Britain.

Short Name—Twin Claim

Dear YANK,

Our Flying Fortress group is doing right well for itself in combat, but until the censorship eases up we're going to lay claim to a couple of other records. So here you are, wolves, can you beat them?

We claim the shortest last name in the ETO. The name is Ey, and the handle that goes with it is S/Sgt. Bruce H. He is a radio operator and gunner from Bridgeport, Conn.

And the following we claim to be a twin record. Harold and Gerald Reed are in transportation. Gaile and Dale Fornshell are in ordnance. Both pairs are in the same squadron here. Both were in the same squadron in the States. Both are 21 years old. Both were born and raised in the same part of Kansas; the Reed twins in Hutchinson and the Fornshell twins in Wichita.

Here is their picture. Dale is on the left, Harold on the right. Anyone with half an eye can match the other two but can anybody outmatch our two claims?

JUMPER'S JUMPING JOES

Britain.

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide

Highlights for the week of Oct. 22

SUNDAY	1330—SAMMY KAYE'S SUNDAY SERENADE*—Swing and Sway and a thought for the day. Billy Williams sings.
MONDAY	2135—VILLAGE STORE*—Comedy runs riot with Joan Davis and Jack Haley.
TUESDAY	2105—MAIL CALL*—A half-hour of star-studded entertainment especially presented for the Armed Forces.
WEDNESDAY	2135—DINAH SHORE*—The Dixie Diva's own program as she sings with Bobbie Dolan's Orchestra. Another episode in the life of William and Mary; played by Roland Young and Cornelia Otis Skinner.
THURSDAY	1935—MELODY HOUR*—Modern arrangements of the favorite music of yesterday and today, with the Orchestra under the direction of Percy Faith.
FRIDAY,	2105—RANSOM SHERMAN SHOW—A new AFN feature with Comedy and Music holding the spotlight.
SATURDAY	1330—YANK's RADIO WEEKLY. 2201—XAVIER CUGAT SHOW—Music with a Latin flavor. Vocals by Don Rodney and Del Campo.

* Also heard over the Allied Expeditionary Forces Program.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

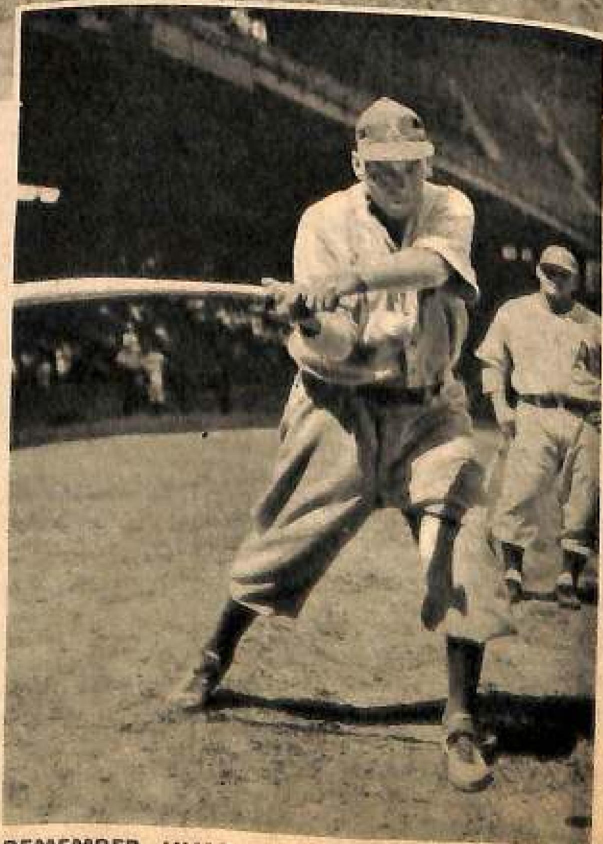
AFN in Britain on your dial:
1375kc. 1402kc. 1411kc. 1420kc. 1447kc. 218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

AEF broadcasts shortwave from 0800 to 1900 hours on 6.195 m. AEF also continues on medium wave from 0555 to 2305 hours on 583 kc. or 514 m.

Sports Parade

NEW STAR. Jimmy McDaniels, promising Los Angeles welterweight, takes a right from Ralph Zannelli, then throws his own left in their 10-round bout at New York. McDaniels won on points.

MAN IN IRON MASK. Bob Seymour, Washington Redskin fullback, rips off a first down before running into Margarita (44), Chicago Bear halfback. Sorely missing Sid Luckman, Bears lost, 21 to 7.



REMEMBER HIM? It's your old friend, Chief Bender, who, at 61, is back in the saddle again as batting practice pitcher and coach for the Athletics. Here he bats out flies during fielding practice.

SPORTS: WHO'LL GO ROSE BOWLING? SOUTHERN CAL? MAYBE UCLA

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

GATHERED around us this week are the five loneliest men in the world. They are the Messrs. L. B. (Stub) Allison, E. C. (Babe) Horrell, Amos Alonzo Stagg, Ralph (Pest) Welch and Jeff Cravat the only active members in Greater Brotherhood of Pacific Coast coaches. So tightly are they bound together that they play each other at least twice during the season and never see an eastern football team anymore, except in the newsreels.

Mr. Allison, don't you find your job at California a lot easier with no Stanford, no Oregon and no Santa Clara to play?

"What's easier about it? Instead of playing a regular schedule we have to double up with UCLA and USC and take two lickings instead of the customary one. I don't think there's any question about the best teams in our league. UCLA and USC are much the best. Just a notch below them I like Washington, College of Pacific, then California. Our backfield is small and lacks a triple-threater. Bob Celeri, quarterback, is only 17 years old and weighs 155 pounds; George Quist and Joe Stuart, halfbacks, are 160-pounders and John Loper at fullback weighs 165 pounds. I don't know what I'm going to do for a triple-threater. I'll probably have to pull center Roger Harding, back to do the kicking. Maybe Mr. Horrell at UCLA could lend me one of his triple-threaters. He's got both Bob Waterfield and George Phillips back this year."

Which is the best, Mr. Horrell? Waterfield, your 1942 star, or Phillips, your 1941 star?

"There's little to choose between them. If the tape and braces hold out Waterfield should be the best passer and punter in the country. Phillips has been shifted from fullback to quarterback to help Waterfield. He's a 6-foot-3, 200-pounder who can really sprint and kick a ball a mile. We should have a strong first team, but I don't think you can compare it with our 1942 Rose Bowl squad. We'll win our share against college competition, but we'll probably take four good lickings from March Field, San Diego Naval, Alameda Coast Guard and St. Mary's Pre-Flight."

Now, gentlemen, let's hear from Mr. Alonzo Stagg, who has already taken a licking from a service team. His College of Pacific Tigers were beaten, 7-6, by the Fleet City Blue Jackets from Camp Shoemaker.

"Last year I had a perfect snap in coaching. All of my boys were fine football players at St. Mary's before they came to me. I didn't have a single jackass on the squad. But this year I expect to earn my salary. I haven't a regular or substitute from last year's team, and only 10 of my 21 boys have ever played football at all. One end, Milhaupt, used to be a center; both guards, Semon and Cousins, and Pohl at quarterback have never played football before; Jackson at center played only one year of tackle in high school and Muenter was shifted from guard to fullback. Everything depends on how Fred Klemenok, our tailback, holds up. He looks like an excellent broken field runner and passer and both Mrs. Stagg and I like the way he runs the team."

Mr. Welch, for a man who lost 19 lettermen from his Washington Rose Bowl team, you are looking strangely cheerful.

"Well, gentlemen, every cloud has a silver lining. Mine happens to be Andy Walsh, a tranfer halfback from Edinboro State Teachers. He's the best passer we've ever had at Washington and should make a great difference in our team. Besides Andy, we have Jess Simpson, Keith DeCourcey, Bobo Moore, Bob Zech and Bob Gilmore, all veterans. In the line there's Gordon Berlin, a truly great center; Hank Melusky, a fine freshman end, and Jim McCurdy, a guard who used to play center for Stanford. Can any of you gentlemen tell me if those are redwoods or Southern Cal tackles I've been seeing all the way from Seattle."

Bob Waterfield, shown here on 20-yard end sweep, will quarterback UCLA again after spending a year in the Army.

Come clean, Mr. Cravath. Do you have another Rose Bowl team under your lash at Southern Cal?

"It's almost the same team that played in the Rose Bowl last season, so figure it out for yourself. Six of our first-stringers are lettermen: left end Don Hardy, left tackle John Ferraro, right tackle Marshall Romer, quarterback Jim Hardy, left half George Callanan and right half Gordon Gray. Another letterman, Milt Dreblow, backs up Gray. As I see it, gentlemen, football is war without guns, and who in the hell wants to lose a war?"

SOCK TO SCIENCE. Ens. Charlie Keller, Yankee power hitter, does a blood count in the Merchant Marine Laboratory at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y. He's now aboard ship as junior purser-pharmacist's mate.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

HERE'S a new list of big-time athletes now operating in and around Hawaii: **Lt. Frank Leahy**, Notre Dame coach; **Lt. Johnny Beazley**, Cardinal pitching ace; **Lt. Bill Dickey** and **Ken Sears S1c**, former Yankee catchers; **Schoolboy Rowe S2c** and **Virgil Trucks S2c**, Great Lakes pitching stars. . . . **F/O Phil Marchildon**, former Athletics' pitcher, who was reported here as missing after a raid on Kiel, is now a PW in Germany. . . . To give you an idea how good the Great Lakes baseball team was, the poorest hitter of the regulars was **Gene Woodling** with a shameful .342 average. Great Lakes won 48 out of 50 games, a record that's comparable only to the Sampson Naval team, which won 26 of 27 starts.

GIs in Iran are comparing **S/Sgt. Urban Moeller**, right-hander from Scribner, Nebr., with Walter Johnson. They say Moeller has the same easy manner as Johnson, both were relaxed under pressure, both were farmers and you could tell it from the bleachers. . . . When **T-5 Al Hostak**, former middleweight champ, shoved off for paratroop school he told chums at Camp Bowie: "I'll be taking all my dives feet first from now on." . . . **Moe Berg**, who can catch conversation in seven languages, is attached to the AMG staff in Rome as an interpreter. . . . **S/Sgt. Walt Judnich**, outfielder for the Seventh AAF team in Hawaii, is coming home because he suffers with asthma.

Killed in action: **Cpl. Jim Mooney**, former Georgetown All-American footballer and one of the greatest punters of the past 20 years, in France with the Infantry Battalion. . . . *Died:* **CPO Gus Sonnenberg**, exponent of the flying tackle in wrestling, at the Bethesda Naval Hospital following siege of illness diagnosed as leukemia. . . . *Commissioned:* **Al Hust**, captain and end on Tennessee's 1942 Sugar Bowl team, as a second lieutenant in the Engineers. . . . *Transferred:* **Johnny Vander Meer S2c**, Cincinnati's double no-hit ace, from Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Center to the South Pacific; **S/Sgt. Greg Mangin**, ex-Davis Cup star and holder of the DFC and Purple Heart, from Fifteenth AF, Italy, to Redistribution Station, Miami, Fla. . . . *Discharged:* **Sammy Snead S1c**, pro golf star, from the Navy with a CDD because of a back injury.

When the Japs Held Guam

Natives describe their two and a half years in the Emperor's East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUAM—For the first time in Pacific warfare American marines and soldiers on this island are seeing the jubilation of an intelligent, educated people liberated from enemy rule.

"I've been through three campaigns," a marine sergeant said on Saipan as he looked through a picture magazine showing Yank troops entering a liberated city in Europe, "and I'll be goddam if anybody ever threw a flower in *my* jeep or gave *me* a drink of wine."

Earlier Pacific actions took place on atolls and islands populated by a few grass-skirted natives who accepted American occupation as a change for the better—more food, more cigarettes, less work. But they had no understanding of the background and causes of the war. Here on Guam, however, events are taking place which impress the GIs, no matter how common such actions may have become in campaigns on the other side of the world.

A civilian photographer who has seen more Pacific action than most servicemen watched Chamorros enter the American lines, the women in their ragged best in honor of the troops and all of them smiling and trying to shake the hand of every American they saw.

"I didn't have anything to do with rescuing these people," he said. "I'm just a goddam spectator here, but I was so proud to be wearing an American uniform I damned near busted."

Even the sight of their wrecked homes failed to depress the Chamorros, and there are few buildings standing following the destructive American pre-invasion bombardments.

"We don't care about that," said Mrs. Agueda Johnston, principal of Agana's George Washington High School. "The only thing that matters is the return of you Americans."

Mrs. Johnston is an attractive Chamorro woman who heads the island's Red Cross chapter. She stood outside a tent in a camp which temporarily housed some 7,000 natives, distributing cloth so ragged refugees could make new clothes. Many years before, an American marine named William G. Johnston finished his hitch in the corps, decided not to return to his home town of Franklin, Tenn. He married Agueda and remained in Guam.

Because he was an American, he was shipped to a concentration camp in Japan shortly after the enemy overran the small American garrison in December 1941. A year later the family was notified by the Japs that Johnston had died in the camp, the family's only casualty of the war.

Now members of the family are busy gathering their possessions from the several houses in which they lived during the Jap occupation, moving from one to another as the Japs confiscated land and buildings.

War began for them the morning of Dec. 8, 1941, when nine Jap planes appeared and bombed the island, killing two American officers. One was Ens. R. G. White of Kentucky. White and Marian Johnston, 21-year-old belle of Agana, had had a date the preceding Saturday night.

"He couldn't tell me what he knew then," Marian said, "but he gave me some of his papers to keep safe, so I knew something was wrong."

Another Chamorro girl, also attractive and not entirely unresponsive to the advances of Jap officers, said of Marian, "When her boy friend was killed she said she never could go out with the people who had done that thing. She never did, even though she is very beautiful and Jap officers were around her house all the time."

Life continued almost normally after the occupation, with the Japs attempting to make friends of the Chamorros.

"They were very correct," said Herbert, slim, black-haired brother of Marian, who was a clerk in the Public Works Department when the Japs arrived. "They issued a proclamation saying they had come to protect us and save us from enslavement by the white race and the American devils by taking us into the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

"Prosperity," Herbert smiled. He drew a sealed envelope from his pocket. "Go ahead and open it. I never wanted to, but it's okay now."

On the front of the envelope was written, "Pay for three days work. Mr. H. Johnston. 6 yen," and on the back, "East Asia Institute, Tokyo," and the indecipherable signatures of two Japs.

"The Japs forced everyone to work," added Tom, another brother. "Men worked on the airstrips and military installations while the women and children farmed."

It wasn't until February 1944 that the Nips began to rush Guam's defenses. A new, larger garrison arrived and all residents of Agana, Guam's capital city, were made to move to the country as news was heard that a powerful American transport fleet was en route.

Herbert believes that the alarm was caused by the task force which later captured Eniwetok.

"We kept up with the outside world by radio," he said. "The first rule the Japs made was that all radios must be turned in, but many were hidden and news of the war was passed from one to another."

KGEI, San Francisco, was the station most often tuned in, and William Winter the most popular commentator.

When the Japs first arrived, Marian closed up her beauty shop in Agana, but soon was forced to reopen. Her clientele was limited to "the girls who were serving the Jap army." There were some 200 of these, she said, many of them Chamorros who "were forced to."

Marian herself usually kept a bandage around her throat, and coughed loudly when Japs visited the house. This gave them the impression that she had tuberculosis. Her mother, who was operated on for appendicitis by a Jap doctor, obtained from him certificates of poor health, making it unnecessary for them to work in the fields.

After the arrival of the large Jap garrison, the Johnstons moved from their Spanish-type house in downtown Agana, opposite the family-owned Gaiety Theater and next door to the rambling mansion of Pedro Martinez, whose ice plant and many other enterprises made him the island's tycoon.

"What with Marian giving permanent waves and the rest of the family making soap, we were just getting a few yen ahead when we moved to the ranch," said Herbert.

Cynthia, another sister, had married into the Torres family, owners of Guam's largest ranch, and it was to this area, in the hills northeast of Agana, that the Johnstons moved. Material for the house the boys built was brought from Agana by bullock cart, as were the rest of the family's possessions, including an upright piano.

"We were lucky for a while," said Herbert. "Then the Japs began to visit us. They are great visitors, those people. They came and sat down and would sit for hours without saying a word, just sitting and smiling. Almost always they stayed through mealtime and ate with us. Many of them spoke English—one officer told me that was required for a commission—but even some who could chose not to speak it.

"All of us had to salute every Jap we met. Not just the military, but the lowest Jap civilian laborer also. If we didn't hold our arms stiff at our sides and bow deeply we would be slapped."

When the Japs said they wanted to farm two acres of land surrounding their house, the Johnstons knew it was time to move again. Food was becoming a problem to the invaders—American submarines had disrupted their lines of supply—and the Japs planted all available ground.

"We knew what would happen," said Tom. "The Japs usually drew a line through a field and said they would take everything on one side of the line. Then they took it all."

Despite periodic checks by the enemy on the amount of food each farm should produce, the Chamorros were able to hold out a considerable amount of their crops.

So the Johnstons built another house, a mile deeper into the interior, and moved again.

"When we heard that the Marshalls had been taken by America I slowed up my farming," said Herbert. "I knew they would be here soon."

He watched the American raids on Jap installations, early sporadic attacks prior to the start of the intense, pre-invasion pounding.

"The heavy raids began about June 11," said

Marian Johnston, daughter of a Yank ex-marine and a Chamorro woman, had no truck with occupying Japs.

Mrs. Johnston, "and we were very disappointed when you Americans didn't land immediately. Then the Jap teachers gave lectures which everyone had to attend. They told us that the American Navy was defeated and that the 'mothers of the airplanes' had been sunk. But we were happy because we had learned how to read the Jap propaganda. If they told us 100 American planes were shot down and only five Japs we would reverse the figures."

When the heavy strikes and shelling did begin, only a few Chamorros, those who were forced to work on Jap military installations, were killed. The rest were in the hills.

"At 5 A.M. one day—I think it was June 11—we were told to be at Ylig Bay, six miles away on the east side of the island, by midnight," Marian said. "We left at 4 P.M. and walked until 11, carrying our clothes and food. It was a horrible procession. Thousands of people, lots of them old or sick, were stumbling along a road in the dark."

Once at the designated area, Jap guards instructed them to build grass shacks and prepare to remain there indefinitely.

"First we ate the food we had brought with us," said Herbert. "Then we slaughtered our work animals and ate them. Finally the Japs gave each of us a handful of rice a day."

American attacks became heavier, but the natives in their camp on the opposite side of the island from the beachheads, still didn't know that landings had been made. Most of the Japs moved out, leaving only a few to guard the camp, and the more venturesome Chamorro youths made stealthy patrols through the hills in an effort to get information.

"Sometimes they would return and tell us Americans had landed, but we had heard that so often in the past two years that we didn't believe it," said Marian. "We finally were convinced when some of the boys came back to camp with Lucky Strike and Chesterfield cigarettes. We knew then that it was true."

One night two American soldiers were seen a short distance away, and the few remaining Jap guards sneaked off in the darkness to join the main body of Jap troops. Next day units of the 77th Army Division arrived and the Chamorros greeted them joyfully and began their last trek, over the mountains again to camps established near the beachheads by the Civil Affairs group which landed with the Army and Marines.

Mrs. Johnston resumed her Red Cross work, Tom moved to their last ranch house to guard their belongings stored there, for the Americans are "great souvenir hunters," he says.

"Let them have any souvenirs they wish," Mrs. Johnston broke in sharply. "They have driven the Jap away."

Cynthia and her husband have returned to their wrecked house on the cliff overlooking Agana, while Mrs. Johnston and the rest of the family remain at the camp to help their people.

Two other Johnston children are presumably in the United States. Margaret, the oldest, married a pharmacist's mate and moved to Baltimore where her husband left the Navy and joined the city fire department. Joseph is a steward's mate in the Navy.

Marian and her girl friend, Elsie DeLeon, spend much of their time looking at the wreckage of their island. Their Agana homes are demolished, and nothing is left of the beauty shop but foot-high concrete foundation blocks. Churches are bare walls enclosing piles of rubble and the Elks' Club, where once the best parties and dances were held, is a staircase fringed with corrugated metal sheets bent double and hanging like wash on the bannister. Mr. Johnston, the children point out, was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the order.

Elsie, who was a school teacher prior to the Jap occupation, has thought for two years that her sister, Dolores was dead. A few days before the war Dolores, a nurse, left Guam to take two patients to the Philippines, and the DeLeons' last word was that she had sailed from Manila bound for Guam on Dec. 5. The family was sure she was at best a Jap prisoner until Chamorros who landed with the assault forces brought word that she is working as a nurse at Mare Island Navy Yard in California.

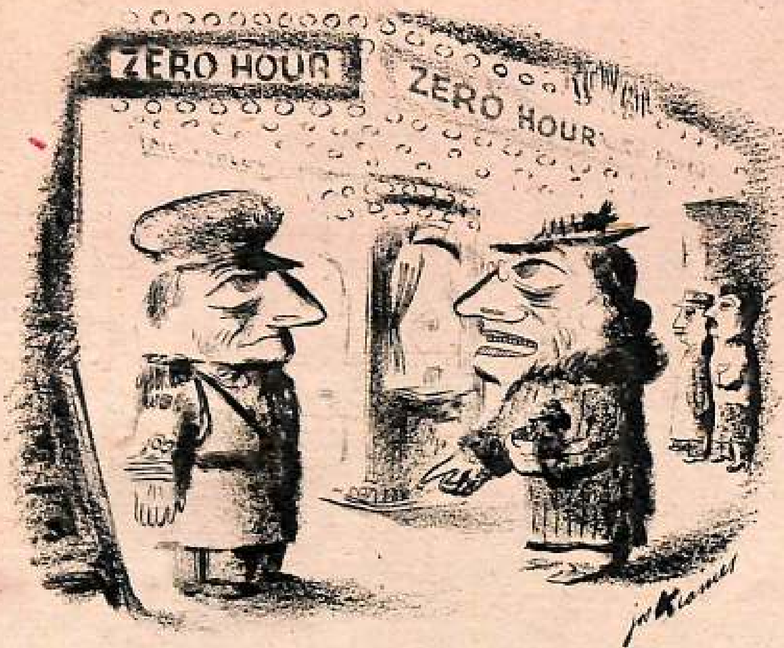
"Why shouldn't we be happy," Mrs. Johnston says, expressing the Chamorros' feelings. "Our homes are gone, but so are the Japs."

MRS. AGUEDA (WILLIAM G.) JOHNSTON DISTRIBUTES RED CROSS SUPPLIES AMONG DESTITUTE CHAMORROS

MARIAN AND HER BROTHER HERBERT LOOK OVER THE RUINS OF THEIR SHATTERED FAMILY HOUSE IN AGANA

WITH ANOTHER BROTHER TOM MARIAN CARRIES CLOTHES FROM THEIR RANCH TO THE U. S.-OPERATED CAMP

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF—SAFE BACK HERE WHILE YOUR MEN ARE OUT THERE FIGHTING!" —Pfc. Joseph Kramer

"THERE GOES SMITH, BUCKING FOR ARCHANGEL." —S/Sgt. Thomas Shea

"WELL, WELL—AT LONG LAST! HERE COMES OUR RELIEF COLUMN." —Pvt. Tom Flannery

"YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE THE OLD WOMAN." —Pfc. Bil Keane