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



NORMANDY MASCOT

**Fighting in the Hedgerows and Orchards of France**

—See pages 2 to 7



PRISONERS ROUNDED UP BY YANKS IN LA HAYE DU PUIITS WERE RELIEVED TO FIND THEY WEREN'T GOING TO BE SHOT.

In other summers, back home, hedgerows were something poets wrote about and orchards were where apples came from. This summer, in Normandy, hedgerows and orchards—in seemingly endless number—form the grim setting for a unique kind of warfare in which many a GI has staked his life. On the following six pages three YANK correspondents give a panoramic account of what life has been like for the men who have been struggling forward on the American front—south of La Haye du Puits and on the way to St. Lo.

Sgt. SAUL LEVITT  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**S**OUTH OF LA HAYE DU PUIITS—The web of the war, as it reaches south through Normandy, is catching some strange flies. In the action one morning south of La Haye du Puits, Americans pushing on a few hundred yards farther through the tricky hedgerows and wooded hill country of Normandy flushed an odd assortment of prisoners—Russians, Poles, and one young Yugoslav. Later in the day, they came up with two French lads of 15, who were blithely wandering around in the midst of machine-gun and rifle fire.

The GI finger on the trigger in this nerve-racking skirmishing warfare from field to field tends to get very tight. This produces hairline decisions as to whether that gray-green tunic that shows in front of the sights is to be a German prisoner or a German corpse. There is practically no time at all in which to discuss armistice terms in this sort of fighting. Pvt. Lawrence Wehl, a thin, dark-faced soldier from Detroit, and Sgt. Nathaniel Meadows, of Miami, were two of the infantrymen in one unit who got their prisoners because the opposition came out of hiding with hands held high in the air and with no weapons. The tight finger on the trigger did not relax, but it didn't let go, either.

Over the heads of prisoners and captors alike lobbed the artillery. The setting was back-country Normandy: a stone farmhouse out of which the prisoners had come, a muddy path, high trees casting big shadows on the ground. The prisoners were led back from the whistling fire of the small guns to the regimental prisoner-collection point in a clearing a few hundred yards behind the action. You entered the clearing through a break in the hedgerow. At the break there were signs of recent German occupancy from early this morning or last night: cartridges, potato-masher grenades, empty milk cans, and a torn illustrated magazine. The prize picture in the magazine was of two frauleins dressed in the last stages of strip-tease costume. According to the German caption, they are talking about men and their point is that males don't want to talk to you first, they only want to make love; and afterwards they won't get sociable, either, because they're too tired.

Past this strewn German equipment came the prisoners and their flat-faced captors. In the clearing were a lieutenant and a sergeant—interrogators who, between them, knew German and French. They tried out both languages on the prisoners but couldn't get anywhere; none of the infantrymen could help, either. The way things stood at first, the GIs spoke only American, the pair of interrogators could translate only French or German, and the prisoners were strictly limited to Russian, Polish, and Yugoslav. The atmosphere was very tense and very tight at

first, more strained than in the ordinary prisoner-bagging operation because some of these prisoners wore civilian clothes. The infantrymen who had captured them held neutral, hard expressions on their faces, as if to say it didn't make much difference if they killed a prisoner or brought him in. They were far from home with men in front of them who were hostile, their single reflex action was the trigger-pull—and pulling it was the right way to talk to strangers ninety-nine-and-a-half percent of the time. The prisoners knew this and they had been very frightened when caught and were still frightened now, a little like animals sensing danger in the wind.

It was a sunny day in the clearing, and the thick green grass and the tall trees bordering this small open space bent under a warm wind. Between captors and prisoners there was now no effort at communication. The one man among the prisoners whom everybody looked at hardest was a little man dressed in a striped shirt, black pants, and a black cap. He had the broad, heavy face and compact, strong body and stubby hands of a laborer or a farmer. His face was pink and shiny with sweat. After a while, a soldier from Philadelphia, who knew a little Russian, came into the clearing and tried to speak to this man. The soldier held on to his rifle and listened and then turned his head sideways and said: "The guy claims he was captured by the Germans and moved to France to work. He was working Cherbourg, he says. He managed to get away before we closed in on Cherbourg and has been hiding away in the woods."

"I'll bet he hates Hitler like poison too," said one of the infantrymen.

"Ask him if he was a Russian soldier or a civilian when captured by the Germans."

The little man broke into a torrent of speech and the translating soldier said: "He claims he was a Russian soldier and was captured in the Ukraine."

The little man motioned toward a sheet of paper and pencil held by one of the interrogators. On the paper he wrote, "1941."

"Ask him what he did before he got in the Army."

The translator asked, and the little man made a motion of someone swinging a scythe and said, "Kolkhoz."

"He worked on some kind of a big farm," said the translator.

The soldier from Philadelphia now gave the little man a cigarette. The faintest beginning of a smile moved across the prisoner's face, but it didn't quite emerge into a real smile. For the first time since he had been marched down from the front, he felt a little easier. He had communicated with someone. It was apparent now that he knew he wasn't going to be shot immediately. Clearly he had known no luxuries for a long time, and to be given a cigarette, to be allowed to sit down in the thick grass, and to know that he was not going to be shot immediately were luxuries of the highest category. He stretched his sturdy, small figure in the grass, finished his cigarette, and then dozed.

Around him were the other prisoners. Several men

stood guard over them, but the other infantrymen went over to the edge of the clearing and, like the prisoners, stretched in the thick grass. For captors as well as prisoners it was a moment of peace. The tautness could go out of muscles, the eyes could shut. You could imagine anything while lying in the tall grass of a Normandy clearing, even the impossible like maybe it wasn't Normandy at all, but the tall grass of the Susquehanna Valley. The inhumanly flat expression went out of faces. The sound of gunfire and of the artillery overhead seemed odd suddenly, and Wehl, the boy from Detroit who had captured two men by himself a little while before and had marched them down a muddy road with his finger tight on the trigger of his rifle, said wonderingly: "Will somebody tell me the sense in this business?" Nobody answered him. One or two men had already dozed off.

In a little while, as soon as the MPs came to take the prisoners down the line, the men who had captured them would be going back to the front, but that little while was full of long, big, juicy minutes. The choice of relaxations in front of the men was unlimited: they could wash, shave, talk, or go to sleep in the sun. Two bearded, grimy characters, who hadn't slept for three days, wavered between sleep and a shave, and ended up with a bath and a shave out of a helmet. Another man got his shoes and stockings off and flexed his toes, and his mouth curved up in a big, slow grin.

Sgt. Meadows and Pfc. Melvin E. Preston, of Richmond, Calif., a good-looking lad through the streaks of mud along his jaws, talked about this morning's fighting and their weapons as against the enemy's. They didn't think much of the German machinegun pistol, nor of the German sharp-shooting in this vicinity. They thought the machinegun pistol was inaccurate after a few rounds and the barrel burned out too quickly. Our fragmentation and phosphorus grenades were very good, but Meadows



DIRTY WORK—IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. A COUPLE OF STEEL-NERVED YANKS GET DOWN TO THE UNPLEASANT BUSINESS OF REMOVING TELLER MINES FROM THIS BRIDGE ON A ROAD TO LA HAYE DU PUIITS.

said in his soft voice that he didn't give a damn for our concussion grenade. Only last night he had come on a German doing his duty under a tree and had thrown a concussion grenade straight at the man. The German, Meadows said, flew into the air after the explosion, but came down running and took off through the woods while pulling his pants up.

"But their 88s," said Preston, "that thing scares hell out of you. Anyway, our 81 scares hell out of them."

The minutes were ticking away. Soon they'd be back in action. Though none of them would have said he was anxious for the action, still they all fretted in the way of soldiers who are separated from their company and know that they should be with it. They hated the front, but that aggregate known as the company was up there and they had to find the company and that was all there was to it.

An MP captain came into the clearing and said there would soon be vehicles for the prisoners. The captain and Preston, the infantry Pfc., got into a discussion about front-line action. Preston's platoon leader had been killed the day before while advancing over open ground and Preston said angrily that his lieutenant had been a brave man but was he a good soldier, advancing over open ground like that? Was he supposed to follow the lieutenant, even if he knew for sure they wouldn't get anywhere except killed?

The MP captain, whose name was Louis Sohn, Jr., and who hails from Atlanta, Ga., had been an in-

fantry officer and didn't agree with Preston. "You have to advance," said the captain. "You have to make the Jerry understand that you'll keep coming in. Otherwise everything piles up, your materiel, your men are all piled up all the way into the rear. I know that you're the guy who has to do it and I'm the guy who's talking, but I know that you have to advance. Your lieutenant was right and you weren't."

"I'll go somewhere but you've got to feel it'll get you somewhere," said Preston stubbornly. "I want to know that it gets something, that's all."

There was the sudden whining of the 88s overhead. Everybody dived into ditches and foxholes, everybody, that is, except the prisoners and their guards, who stayed in the middle of the clearing, flat on their stomachs. You could hear that strange whining sound, like a huge mosquito around your ear, and you could only lie there and hope the big mosquito wouldn't bite you with his big steel bite, and then the whining died away and up popped Capt. Sohn and called to Preston in the next foxhole: "You have to advance, that's all."

"I want to know that it means something, not only getting killed but something gained at the same time," said Preston.

**T**HE infantrymen who had brought the prisoners in were ready to go back to the line. Some more prisoners were brought in, two very frightened

young French lads who had been found around the front. The boys talked very rapidly to the interrogator-sergeant. "I guess you might as well bring them down too," he said to an MP. "After all, they do live in this country and they say they had friends up there and were visiting their friends."

The soldiers stared non-committally at the young Frenchmen. A young Yugoslav prisoner at last found somebody who could talk his language and explained that when he got home he would kill Germans. By the way he swung his arms, the idea seemed to be that he wanted to hunt and kill Germans every day and twice on Sundays and that this was all he wanted to do. But this didn't excite the infantrymen, either. Neither the languages nor the statements nor the geography meant anything to them; all they knew was that they were in the line and they had to find their company.

The soldiers who were sleeping got up and rubbed their eyes. Only a boy from New Jersey, a boy called "Jersey," kept lying on the ground. He said, "When you're on your feet and fighting you don't even know what it is to be tired. You never think of it. The minute you lie down you can't get up any more. How much longer are they gonna keep us in the line?"

"I reckon a few more days," said Sgt. Meadows.

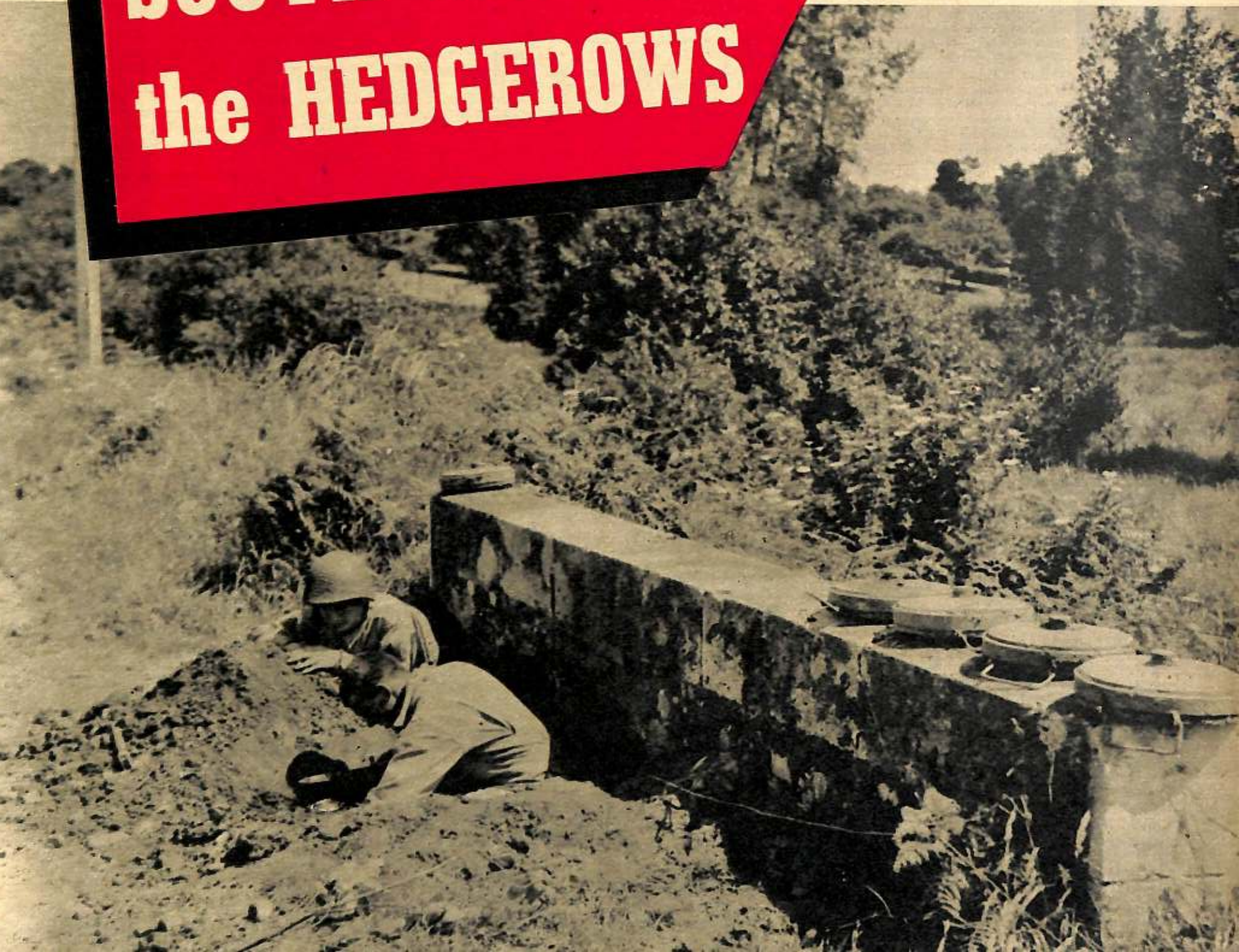
"I wonder if I'll live that long," said Jersey. And he said it without gloom and without worry, but only in a tone of speculation—the way you might wonder if your horse was going to win that afternoon.

"Well, let's get back," said Preston. "Our boys are moving up and we don't know where to find them."

"Just a couple of seconds more," said Jersey.

He lay there in the grass, tired but alive. He was a trained, toughened young soldier from New Jersey, resting in the thick grass. And his friends stood around him, giving him a few seconds more in the sun before they went back to the line.

## SOUTH through the HEDGEROWS





AN AMERICAN VEHICLE GOES UP IN FLAMES IN THE MEMORABLE FIGHTING TO TAKE THE TOWN OF ST. LO.

# Meanwhile, Outside St. Lo . . .

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**2** BEFORE ST. LO.—“Hedgerow warfare” is a new term, which has bludgeoned its way into the military vocabulary and will probably be taught to sweating West Point plebes for many years to come. The hedgerows in this part of the front must be seen to be believed. They are six feet high and six feet thick, and form breastworks which line every road and every field. These hedgerows were here generations before the kings of Normandy imported them to the cattle-raising sections of England, and they have been packed down into cement-like hardness by the pressure of centuries. I have seen 88mm. and 105mm. shells score direct hits on hedgerows—and blast holes barely large enough for two men to squeeze through together.

Because of the hedgerows, you can't see the enemy. The front is fluid, and often you don't know whether the field next to you is occupied by friend or foe. It's like a huge game of cops and robbers, with all the chips down, and our men find themselves chasing around in circles, trying to catch the enemy from the rear. They rarely speak of having advanced a mile. Instead, it's, “We advanced eleven hedgerows,” or, “We advanced eleven fields.” Normally No Man's Land is the width of a single field, but sometimes it's only the width of a single hedgerow. This happens after prolonged firing, when both sides are regrouping and are too tired to move much. Then our men hear the Jerries talking a few feet away on the other side of the hedge.

This kind of warfare is right up the alley of the sniper, bazooka expert, rifleman, and automatic-weapons handler. Conversely, it's death on tanks and armored cars, as scores of German vehicles burned to a peculiar shade of pink along the roadsides give mute evidence. The destruction of equipment is appalling. Vehicles seldom get beyond the first soldier they meet who happens to be armed with a rifle grenade or bazooka. Lt. Jack Shea, a tough, young general's aide who goes up into the line to lead patrols, says: “Give me ten infantrymen in this terrain, with proper combinations of small arms, and I'll hold up a battalion for 24 hours.”

THE guy on the ground is the big man here, and there isn't much in the book to tell him what to do. He just uses what he's got and improvises. Right now, for instance, the infantrymen are employing an effective substitute for mortar fire. They fire rifle grenades at a high angle of elevation by firing their rifles from the ground, butts down. The grenade is fused for five seconds. It describes a high arc, travelling forward about 200 feet, and then at the end of the five seconds explodes in the air over the heads of the Germans, who are sheltered from other bursts from the front and sides. This air-burst fragmentation is usually fatal. One rifle-grenade man in this sector once used his weapon to eliminate an enemy sniper. He spotted the German in an apple tree, crawled up to within a 40-foot range,

and let go at the back of the German's helmet. The Nazi disintegrated.

Throughout the fighting, French farmers and their families live in holes dug in cellars, while their houses are destroyed over their heads. When the fighting passes beyond them, or during lulls, children come out to play and farmers bring butter and eggs to the GIs.

These lulls are necessary in hedgerow warfare. After a certain number of hours of advancing through fields, both sides are so worn out that the soldiers must stop to rest, regroup, and gather up the dead and wounded. The word “lull” is a misnomer, of course. Snipers keep on working, mortar and artillery shells plop down, and patrols go out at night. But it's like Sunday in Central Park compared with what's gone before. It was during one of these lulls that I moved up to the front.

THE unit I was with—the 29th Division—had launched a big attack the day before to capture high ground dominating the big hedgehog city of St. Lo from the East. The men had advanced all day and occupied the villages of St. Andre de L'Epine and Martinville, cutting the main highway from Bayeux to St. Lo. During the night they reached their objective and stopped to allow another unit on the right flank to catch up. All night the artillery blasted in our ears. The 105s cracked, seemingly in the next field. Farther back, the Long Toms banged with their deep bass tones and shells went rushing overhead like fast freights passing tiny way-stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad line. It's amazing how you learn to sleep through such artillery barrages—that is, when the stuff is going in the right direction.

In the morning the artillery quieted down and I took off in a jeep with Cpl. Al White, of Rutherford, N.J., and Lt. Tucker Irvin, of Washington, Ga. White is 38 years old, a 115-pound ex-newspaperman who fought on the beach on D-Day and had been in or near the lines ever since. Irvin is a quiet, good-looking young Presbyterian College graduate who was brought up with a squirrel rifle in his hands. He's a dead shot with the carbine and once accepted a general's challenge to outshoot anyone in the division. Irvin beat the general, squatting at 75 yards, with five bulls out of five shots, thereby winning himself a purse of 10 shillings.

The jeep we rode in was a combat vehicle, related only generically to the more or less comfortable Army conveyances which ply the highways behind the lines and elsewhere. The tops of these combat jeeps are stripped off completely, the windshields are turned down and covered with canvas, and there are sandbags on the floor. The sandbags make it necessary to ride with your knees drawn up in front of you, and your legs become numb after a while. But the sandbags also lessen your chances of getting killed by fragments should the jeep run over a mine.

We drove a mile or so down the main highway toward St. Lo, and then turned off onto a dirt road to the new CP. Tired, dirty signalmen and engineers stared at us from the side of the road as we passed. We paused only briefly at the CP, because the cloud of dust raised by the jeep had given away our position to the enemy, who promptly slammed eight rounds of 88mm. shells into the area from a neigh-

boring ridge. “There may be something wrong with the morale of the Germans on the other sides of the front,” White remarked, as we ducked into a hole, “but there's nothing wrong with those boys over there. It's an element of a parachute division made up of young Nazis—the same kids the Americans ran into down at Cassino.”

We moved down the road, slowly now because of the dust, but speeding up again whenever we passed openings in the hedgerows to prevent any snipers present from getting a decent chance to line up their sights. We were in an area that had been fought over the day before. Dozens of burned-out tanks and armored cars lay in the fields beside the road. Trees were broken and charred where mortar fire had singed them. Armor-piercing shells had punched little round holes in the tops of the hedgerows. The dead had been cleared away, but still the smell of death was everywhere.

We passed a column of medics walking up from the front with the stoop-shouldered shuffles of the intolerably weary. Then we rounded a turn and came into the only street of what had once been the village of St. Andrew de L'Epine.

The village had been pounded by our artillery for days. Not a single building was intact. Usually parts of two adjacent walls remained erect, but the rest of the houses they had served had caved in. In the rubble of one house stood a fine mahogany chest of drawers, undamaged. In the ruins of another house, a little gray kitten played, unperturbed. The village church was recognizable as such only by the framework of a single window which remained. The graveyard had been torn up by shells, leaving fragments of tombstones and long-buried coffins strewn about.

THERE were signs posted everywhere incongruously proclaiming: “This town off limits for all military personnel.” Since there was nothing left of the village, it seemed an unlikely spot for GIs to get in trouble. The signs were standard battalion equipment, however, and meant that the rubble had not yet been cleared of booby traps and mines.

Signs notwithstanding, a handful of doughboys were hanging around the remains of the village street, staring moodily off into space. These men in the front lines don't talk much, nor do they collect souvenirs, plenty of which were lying about. A jeep passed by, towing a trailer loaded with German equipment. “These are for the Air Corps boys,” the Pfc. driving the jeep yelled as he went by.

Down the street a squad of dirty, unkempt GIs was shovelling dirt from an embankment to cover the carcass of a cow killed during the fighting. The men belonged to a pioneers-and-ammunition platoon, the American equivalent of the famous British sappers. P & A men can do anything. They are the infantry's own engineers and they build bridges, clear mines and booby traps, carry out wounded, fight in the line, and bury dead cows. This particular group consisted of Pfc. Bill Gayron, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Pfc. Eugene Jackson, of New Orleans; Pvt. John Leake, of Charlottesville, Va.; Sgt. Edward Wilson, of Middletown, O.; Pfc. Ben Williams, of Piggott, Ark., and T/5 Garland Holdren, of Roanoke, Va. They were all bearded and dirty and dripping with fatigue. The rain had soaked through

their field jackets so many times that the cloth now had the consistency of a light suntan shirt.

As they worked, Jackson, an ex-master plumber whose black beard was streaked with gray, told me what they had done during the fighting of the day before. They moved out with G Company early in the morning, firing rifles side by side with the others in the hedgerows. Then six of the P & A men were called upon to blow up a road block, one field away from the enemy, so that a Red Cross truck could go into No Man's Land and pick up the wounded. They went down the road to the block and when they got there found that our troops had withdrawn so that our artillery could plaster the area. They went to work under the shelling just the same, and in half an hour the road block was destroyed. The job took half an hour because they could only peck away at the obstruction while darting in and out of the hedge to avoid the enemy's bullets. The medics' truck went in and the P & A men provided covering fire for the medics until all the wounded were cleared out of the field.

The P & A men went back then and were detailed to go into another field, one which the medics had not been able to reach, in order to drag out some more casualties. They crawled in on their bellies and crawled out again with nine dead and ten wounded. They carried the dead and wounded back a quarter of a mile or so and laid them along the road where the medics could see them. Then they were told to get mine detectors and bazookas, and move up again with G Company, which was holding up an attempt to push our men back.

The P & A men cleared about a dozen mines and booby traps and knocked out two German armored

cars. They were pulled out of line at midnight. Then each had to stand three hours guard until six a.m. the next morning. After a few hours' sleep, they were given the job of burying cows. "And it's a big sunnavabitchin' cow," said Pfc. Williams.

**W**E left the P & A platoon and moved up a few fields to where some other men were resting in foxholes along a hedgerow, greedily eating their first hot meal in some time. The meal had been prepared for them by T/4 Ray Harrod, of Louisville, Ky., and consisted of chicken, spinach, pineapple, and coffee. The men of the other companies were coming out of the line now. Some of them wandered into the field, their weapons resting wearily on their shoulders. They stood there, staring dumbly at the men eating. They didn't say a word. Capt. Charles Cawthon, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., the company commander, spotted them and without saying a word either, borrowed messkits and handed them, full of steaming food, to the newcomers.

Three BAR men of another company came up out of the line. They had just been relieved. They were so tired they could scarcely carry their 20-pound guns. They were a gunner, an assistant gunner, and an ammunition carrier. One of them, Pvt. Foy Gamble, of Florence, Ala., had seen his assistant gunner picked off by a sniper right next to him in the same foxhole. The assistant gunner's blood was still on Gamble's field jacket. "The Jerries are smart," said Pfc. Filadelfio Padilla, of Holman, N.M. "They pass up riflemen and go for us automatic-weapons men." "But they ain't smart enough," said Pvt. Joseph Prouse, of De Ridder, La. "We advanced 15 hedgerows yesterday."



THE JOB OF REMOVING THE WOUNDED BACK FROM THE FRONT IN THE STRUGGLE FOR ST. LO CALLED FOR THE SAME SORT OF HEEDLESS COURAGE THAT IT TOOK TO MOVE FORWARD TOWARD STRONGLY ENTRENCHED ENEMY POSITIONS. HERE IS ONE CASUALTY ABOUT TO BE TAKEN TO THE REAR ON THE HOOD OF A JEEP.

Other men drifted into the field, which was less than 500 yards from the enemy. These men had come out of the line earlier that morning, and it was amazing what a shave and a few hours' sleep had done for them. They stood around reading *Stars and Stripes* of the day before and looking over the typed BBC news bulletin sent up to them from the division CP. Some talked about the fighting on the Russian front. They were craftsmen discussing their trade.

"They're booby-trapping more now," said S/Sgt. Guillermo Garcia, a former steelworker from El Paso, Tex. "They've had more time to set them now." Garcia, a Bronze Star infantryman, had taken his 57mm. anti-tank gun crew up to within 100 feet of the enemy the day before and held off a dozen or so enemy tanks on the flank of the advance. They had fought off a German patrol, endured 24 hours of constant shelling, and he himself had crawled back 100 yards with a field telephone to establish contact with battalion headquarters.

"It's the old men who pull us through every time," said T/Sgt. Clyde England, of Martinsville, Va. "The new men hit the ground and freeze. You've got to fire and keep moving." Sgt. England's heavy-machinegun platoon had moved ahead on the left flank. When they were stopped by an enemy machinegun nest in a hedgerow, he split up the platoon into two sections, each of which fired at the enemy gun from opposite ends of the field. Enemy gunners traversed back and forth for a while, trying to answer both fires. Then the Germans got flustered. They left their gun and ran. As they ran, Sgt. England's guns cut them down.

"If shelling starts and you can't get into a hole," said Pfc. Howard Wells, of Martinsville, Va., "best thing to do is lie on your back. If you get hit, a stomach wound ain't as serious as a spine wound."

**J**UST then a flurry went around the field. The Old Man himself—Major General Charles H. Gerhardt, commander of the 29th—was there to speak to them. The general gathered the non-coms under a hedgerow, just out of sight of the Germans on the next ridge. "Men," he said, "you've got a helluva lot to be proud of. You've been in here since the first assault and you've turned in a performance that everyone is talking about back home. You've faced the best the enemy has. You're in a hard racket—the hardest there is. But you all look hard.

"We've captured the high ground dominating St. Lo. The city has become a symbol." He paused and looked around. "I don't want to make any promises to you men, but one of these days we're going to be relieved. And then there are going to be plenty of 48-hour passes for everyone."

The general spoke a little longer and left. The men looked at each other stunned, as if 48-hour passes were something out of another world they had forgotten completely about. The sun broke through the overcast and the bluebells became radiant in the hedgerows. The men sat there for a long time. Then T/Sgt. William Rosenthal, of Atlantic City, N.J., got up and trudged silently down the road, past weary columns of men, to the outpost line. He wanted to have another look at the shattered rooftops of St. Lo, which were just barely visible from the edge of the ridge.

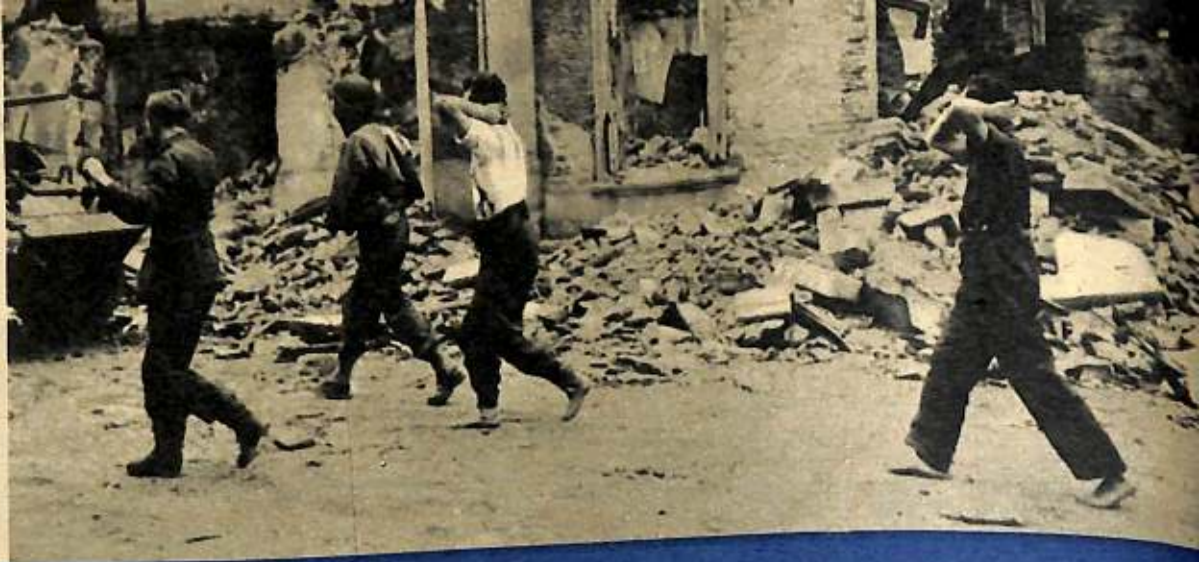
RESIDUE OF THE BATTLE FOR ST. LO, FLANKED BY TYPICAL HEDGEROW. TANKS IN BACKGROUND ARE READY TO MOVE.



By Sgt. WALTER PETERS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

3

St. Lo—Far back, in the headquarters of the 29 Division from which a small task force of about 300 men began its mission to occupy St. Lo, it seemed almost as quiet as a section of the New England countryside. Only the division's own guns and the clatter of rolling Sherman tanks could be heard. The 29th had been nibbling toward the city for some time. Now the worst seemed to be over. The men had battled their way through marshlands, hills,



## ... and then St. Lo was freed

dikes, and hedges. They had even fought through a river, shoulder-deep. Now at last had come the time for occupying the city itself.

The task force gathered in an orchard, standing in long columns of twos. They were especially picked men—infantrymen, engineers, artillery observers, medics, and even a group of MP and Civil Affairs officers.

The Division Commander—Major General Charles H. Gerhardt—stood there, holding a cigar in his right hand and at the same time whittling a walking stick cut down from a branch of a tree. "This is an historic affair," he said in a slow, clear voice. Some of the men stopped chewing gum and their faces became more serious. "I want every man to be on his mettle," the general continued. "We must be ready to meet anything at all. We are representing the division and the American Army, and I want every one of you not to let them down for one minute. You must prepare yourself for anything the enemy may throw at you. Be on the alert. Be on your guard. We are going to carry this mission out."

The executive officer, a colonel, stepped forward. "Men," he said, "I want you to pay close attention. In case a man is wounded or if it is necessary to get a message through, only one man will leave. If there are four men on a mission, three of them must continue while the other goes back. This applies to whatever may happen. Another thing—all vehicles will be at 60-yard intervals. Anyone who violates this will be sent back and miss the fun."

A private in the line looked at his buddy. "Is he kidding?" he muttered.

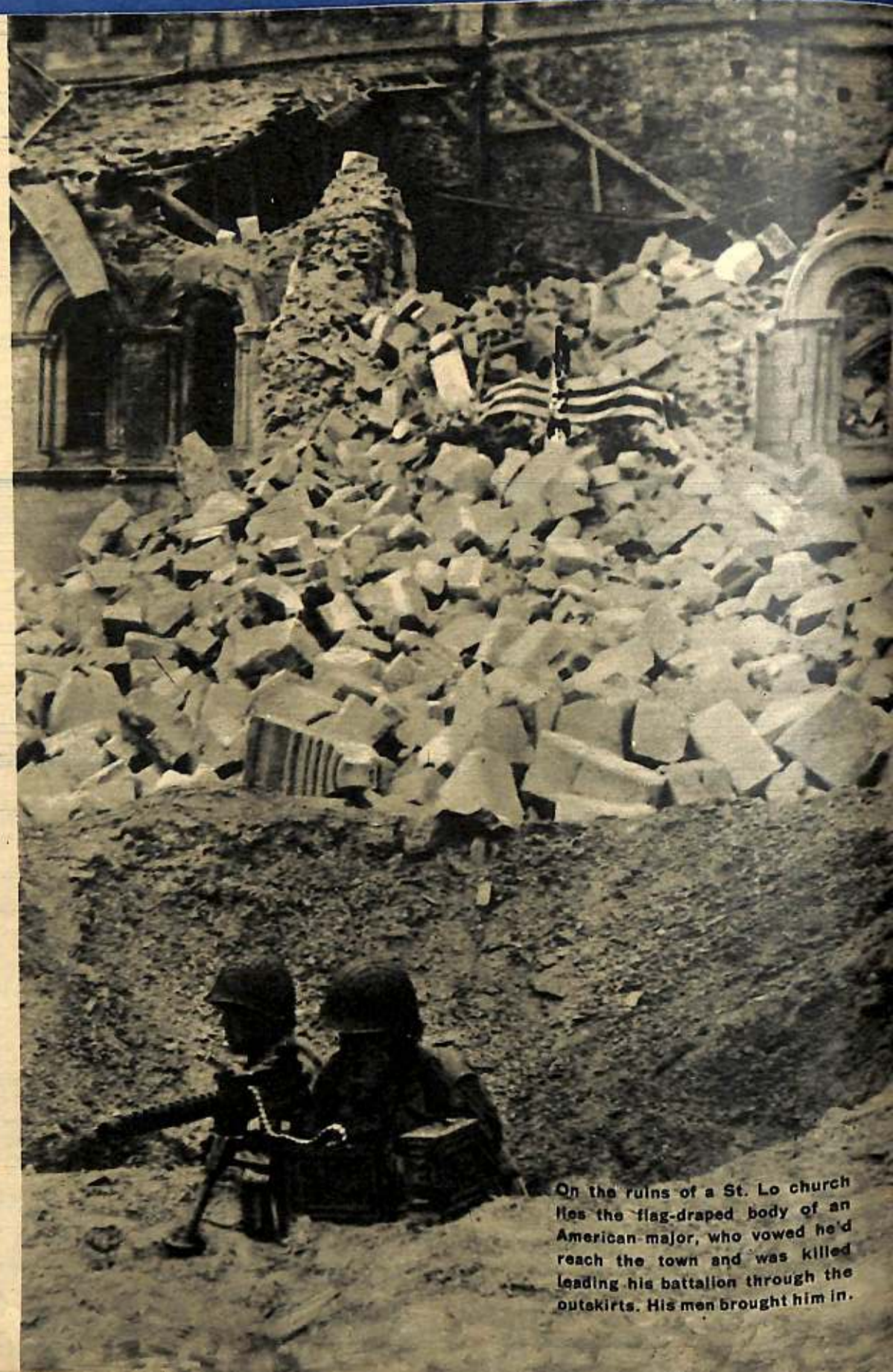
The colonel conferred a moment with the general, and then turned to the men again. "It's been changed," he said. "One hundred yards is the interval. One hundred yards."

I piled into an artillery radio observation jeep with Capt. E. G. Gifford, of South Orange, N.J.; T/5 Floyd McCarland, of Long Island City, N.Y.; and Pfc. Albert Harazamus, of Chicago.

The task force had been scheduled to start out at 1500, but it didn't get moving until 30 minutes later. Meanwhile, the men in our jeep were gossiping with the GIs in the jeep ahead of us. "Remember Puncis, the little Italian guy?" McCarland asked. "Yeah," a soldier in the other jeep said. "He's with us now," McCarland said. "Good man," the captain said. "Remember——" McCarland asked. "Yeah," the soldier up front said. "He got knocked off," McCarland said. "Jees, that's awful!" the other man exclaimed.

TANKS began to pull out of the orchard. The infantrymen followed in trucks, and we followed the engineers behind the infantry. We drove at such a slow pace and stopped so many times it seemed that we wouldn't get there before midnight.

It was now 1630 hours and we were still two miles from St. Lo. All along the dusty country road was evidence of the great battles that had been fought by forward troops days before. There was the stench of the bodies of dead cows and there were skeletons of tanks and trucks. Off the road, behind a hedge-row, GI equipment was strewn all over the grass—hand grenades, .30-calibre clips with bullets, and many personal effects. At one spot was a GI helmet



On the ruins of a St. Lo church lies the flag-draped body of an American major, who vowed he'd reach the town and was killed leading his battalion through the outskirts. His men brought him in.

with three holes torn through its casing, and nearby were a number of letters scattered about in disorder.

Some of the letters were from a girl, written apparently to the soldier whose helmet had been torn. "I know you'll come through with flying colors," one of them read. "Please, dear, keep writing. I'll be anxiously waiting to hear from you. I'd love to see your funny face. Hurry home."

Another letter, from the same girl, ended thus: "I love you more than anything or anyone in this world—always, Lilian."

There was also an unfinished letter from the soldier to the girl. "Sweetheart," he had begun, "since I left the States as per usual I have saved all your mail and I really had quite a batch up to last night. I carried them all in a little cardboard folder, all

distillery where a road sign said we were entering the city of St. Lo.

A sniper was firing through an opening to one side of the distillery. Sgt. Thomas C. Taylor, squad leader from Tallahassee, Fla., aimed his M1 and shot at the opening. After the shot, he continued his trek through the residential part of the city.

**T**HEN a medical jeep rolled by and stopped. An officer was lying on a stretcher hoisted onto the jeep, his pants cut from his backside. After a quick glance, the men turned their heads away from the deep wounds.

A shell whistled overhead. Everybody took to the roadside. "There's a cemetery!" shouted a soldier. The shell hit a monument, and as it did,

shouted, at the same time banging on the tank with his stick. The commander came out.

After a few words with the general and the colonel, the tank commander took the tank onto a road leading into the heart of the city.

Wounded men were sitting or lying down with their backs to a brick building. "Bring me some water, please," one of the wounded men asked.

A captain brought some water and, while the man was drinking, more shells came in, all hitting within 50 feet from where the leading men of the task force stood. Some came much closer, too close.

A shell hit a building 20 feet from us, and as it did, debris crumbling from the wall fell on some men. Inside the building, still hanging on one of the remaining three walls, was a lone picture of



"Brother, isn't that a pretty sight!" The 29th's flag (above the tank, left) flies over the fiercely contested town of St. Lo, meaning that the Yanks have arrived.

The Yanks have arrived—but they've still got plenty to do before they can rest or celebrate. Here's the position from which many Joes found it safest to see the sights of St. Lo for some time after the town had officially changed hands.

arranged in order of dates. Last night I took them and as I read each one of them, I tore them up. It hurt as far as sentiment goes, but I feel safer if I don't carry them on my person. I hope you don't mind. Yesterday the company took a little walk to a brook where we proceeded to strip and take a bath. Remember the pictures we used to see in Pathé News of boys taking a bath in the river? Well, that's just the way we looked. I hope Mom and Pop got the picture situation straightened out and that Pop won." That's the way the letter ended.

There was also a general letter from the President addressed to members of the armed forces. "Never were the enemies of freedom more tyrannical, more arrogant, more brutal," the letter read in part. Near this was a Catholic prayer book opened to page 24, which read: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

**A**s we moved to within about a mile and a half of the city, the vehicles were forced to stop. The enemy was shelling the road heavily. Snipers were busy, too. They were shooting at the task force from hills on the right and from orchards on the left. After the shelling subsided a little, we moved on. Then the snipers fired again, the vehicles stopped, and the men scrambled out with rifles and tommy guns, looking around for the attackers. Then we moved on, and stopped again. And so it went.

When we got around a semicircular bend in the road the enemy began throwing shells heavier than before. "Lay down, lay down, you crazy jerks!" shouted a soldier at a couple of men who continued walking as the shells began hitting the road.

To the front of us, infantrymen were walking single file on both sides of the road, and in front of them the tanks were leading the way in. When it appeared that Captain Gifford's jeep could go no further, I excused myself and ran forward to join the infantrymen.

All along the road, from then on, it was a matter of ducking and running. I think we dove into roadside gulleys about 40 times before we reached a

little piece of granite hit the road.

General Gerhardt was standing in the center of the crossroads. A number of infantrymen had already fanned out into the city streets, searching for Germans who might have been left behind. Somebody said there were 200 of them hiding in buildings. How many more Nazis were on the hill facing the crossroads we'll probably never know.

"Four volunteers," the colonel yelled.

Four men came forward.

"Okay, go out there and clean them out," the colonel said, pointing to a street from which a machinegun was firing.

"Four more volunteers," yelled the colonel. The men were busy elsewhere and didn't hear him. "I said I want four volunteers," the colonel shouted louder. Then, as the men remained busy, he told a sergeant to find him four volunteers.

For a while the scene seemed like one in a basic-training barracks. "All right," the sergeant walking around yelled. "Four men. All right now. Step on the double." Four men dashed over.

At 1810 one of the volunteers came in with a prisoner. Then another volunteer came in with two more prisoners.

Just at that time it seemed as though the whole German artillery had broken loose. Shells began falling around the crossroads.

"Those prisoners brought them on," a private said. "It's those goddam prisoners. They spotted them walking down here."

While shells were falling and everyone else was taking cover, the general was calmly walking around with his stick. One shell broke through the side of a building across the street from us. Then another sailed through the same spot in the wall.

"Daily double," a captain yelled.

A soldier ran over to the colonel.

"They've got an observation tower on the hill, sir," the soldier said. The colonel looked up at the hill through binoculars.

A tank pulled up to the crossroads. "Come out here," the general yelled at the tank commander.

The tank commander didn't hear. "Get that damn helmet off so you can hear me," the general

Jesus Christ.

Another tank commander collared the colonel.

"I can get that observation tower," the commander said.

"Well, go ahead. What are you waiting for?" the colonel asked.

"Permission, sir."

"You've got it. Go ahead. Go ahead."

The tank began moving from the crossroads toward the hill. Just then, a herd of cows slowly moved across the road. A shell hit behind the last cow. She turned her head to look and then slowly turned her head back again and continued to follow the herd.

"Stupid animal. Most stupid animal in the world except an ox," a lieutenant said.

After the cows moved out, the tank rolled over and stopped when it reached a position where it could get a "bee" on the observation tower. Then it began to lob out shells.

An ambulance moved up and I thought it had come to pick up the wounded. Later I discovered in the ambulance the body of a major, a regimental executive officer who had been killed by a shell a day or two earlier. The men said he had been determined to get St. Lo, and when he died they vowed to take his body there. They covered his body with a flag and placed him on the altar of a nearby church. The day after we moved into the city men were still passing by, placing flowers on the flag-draped body.

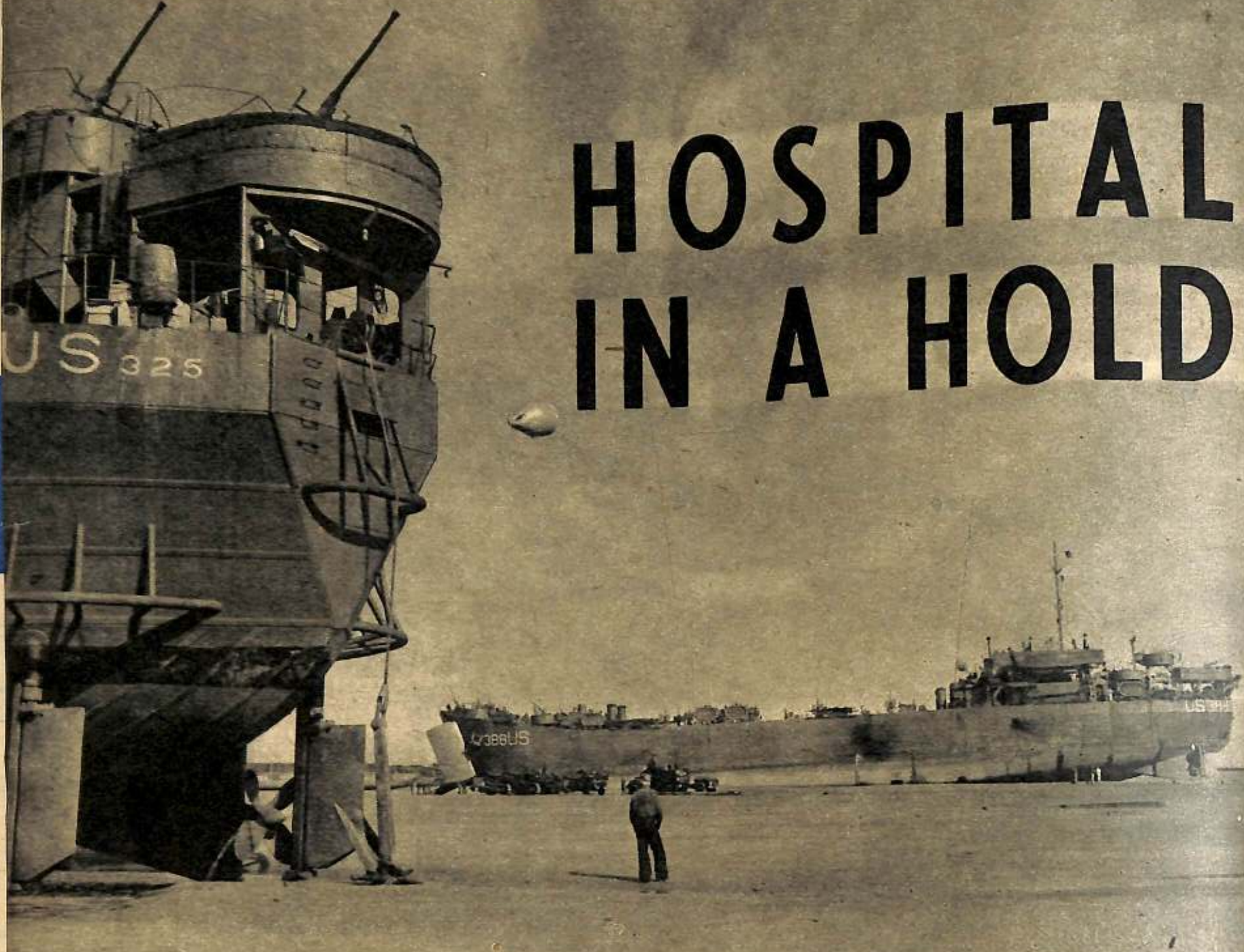
**A**T about 1900 hours, the colonel got out the division flag. S/Sgt. Gerald F. Davis, of Bellefontaine, O., gave T/5 Francis L. Beins, Jr., of Tulsa, Okla., a boost up alongside the wall of a building. Beins took the flag from the colonel and stuck its pole in a chink in the wall. When the flag hung out, the soldiers smiled. One sergeant said: "Isn't it pretty? Brother, isn't that a pretty sight?"

Ten minutes later the colonel walked over to a soldier with a walkie-talkie. "Can you get division?" he asked.

"I think so, sir," said the soldier.

"Okay, tell them St. Lo was taken at five-thirty."

# HOSPITAL IN A HOLD



BEACHED AT LOW TIDE ON THE NORMANDY COAST, THESE LSTs GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH UNLOADING AND SOON WILL TAKE OFF FOR ENGLAND AGAIN, LOADED THIS TIME WITH WOUNDED.

By TOM BERNARD, Sp.(x)1c, USNR  
YANK Navy Correspondent

ONES of brilliant flak slashed into the sky, seeking out the nightly raiders and biting away chunks of black, protective night. Below, in the cavernous tank deck of the beached LST (landing ship, tanks), the men in gray were hushed—talking only in snatches, in a score of dialects, in a half-dozen languages. They pondered their fate, these men who, only brief hours before, had been fighting for their lives and were now prisoners of war. Mostly they squatted along the deck with their backs against the welded steel bulkheads—dim, grotesque shadows under the red loading lights.

Those aft, near a canvas-walled platform hanging four or so feet above the deck, apprehensively watched two sailors pick up a young German boy on a stretcher and carry him up a ladder to the platform. Was the boy to be tortured or killed? That was what the German officers said would happen to prisoners, wasn't it?

The boy—he was little more than 17 and a blond, pure Aryan—had an ugly wound in his right thigh, just below the buttock. Gangrene had eaten away the outer tissue surrounding the hole and was working in.

I watched a gray-haired U. S. Army surgeon as he examined the boy and directed the administration of the intravenous anaesthetic. He must have been 45 and he was a captain. As he worked, he talked spasmodically in German with his patient.

"My German isn't so good," he said, turning to me, "but it will do. I studied in Vienna, but that was a long time ago. I've been a surgeon ever since. This boy? He'll be all right; I think we've caught him just in time. I took him first because his wound is just about the worst here that we can do anything for. You see, all he's had is this battle dressing—and gangrene spreads fast."

He was deftly slicing away the dead tissue with a small scalpel while his medical aides and three Navy

**"Floating boxcars,"** skippers called them contemptuously—but that was in the days when it was thought that a Landing Ship, Tanks, merely landed tanks. Then someone realized that there would be a lot of empty space, space in which to carry wounded back across the Channel and treat them en route. The medical equipment may be jury-rigged, but the fact remains that LSTs have proved a life-saving boon to many an injured fighter being evacuated from France this summer.

pharmacist's mates assisted by sponging and handing forceps and haemostats to cut off blood vessels. Later I learned that the surgeon was Capt. Walter A. Reiling, of Dayton, Ohio.

On the same deck level, separated only by a steel bulkhead from the makeshift operating room, another surgeon was working in the crew's quarters. For his operating table, he was using, as was Capt. Reiling, a messtable, covered with blankets.

His patient was a Ranger with a foot worse than the German's thigh. The foot had done for days, dragging through Normandy dust with shrapnel wounds first bleeding, then festering. Now it was swollen to three times its normal size.

Lt. John F. Crigler, Jr., MC., USNR., of Baltimore, Md., was the surgeon in charge of this case. "I think we can save the foot," he said. "But it'll be touch and go. It's really been neglected too long." Then Lt. Crigler went to work, cutting with the precision which only a surgeon knows, and I got the feeling, somehow, that the Ranger would be all right.

All this was on LST No. 5, a salt-and-barnacle-crusted veteran of North Africa and Sicily, one of a great fleet of fighting amphibious ships which, as soon as they beach their cargoes of tanks or guns or trucks, are converted from their belligerent roles into bulky, ponderous angels of mercy.

A disgruntled skipper once called his LST a "float-

ing boxcar—a tub with about as much personality as a new born child." But that was before it had done anything other than haul the materials and men of war to the front. Today, two months after D-Day, there are plenty of men who have good reason to look upon the LSTs with that mixture of affection and gratitude which a sick man far from home is likely to feel toward his nurse.

THE decision to convert ordinary LSTs into "hospital-equipped" evacuation vessels was reached at the Navy's amphibious bases in the United States—Fort Pierce, Fla.; Solomon's Island, Md.; Lido Beach, L.I.—when the brass-hats of invasion technique began to realize that the empty holds of the craft could be of vital service after their loads had been deposited on enemy beaches.

A hundred and twenty-four young doctors, most of them medical neophytes just finished with their internships, volunteered or were drafted into the Navy as amphibious surgeons. They were men inexperienced in dealing with complex diseases and specialized surgery but already proficient in the fundamental treatment of such cases as are likely to be produced by war. Around them were assembled staffs of pharmacists' mates—skilled, medical Navy non-coms—and hospital corpsmen, who had been taught the basic principles of first aid. Most of the doctors had never seen one of the





WITH ROSARY CLENCHED IN HAND AND THIGH BANDAGED, A CASUALTY IS HELPED TO HIS BUNK IN AN LST.



MEN WITH LESSER INJURIES EAT AT LST'S MESS TABLE, WHICH MEDICS WILL LATER USE FOR OPERATING.

floating hospitals they were to work in until they arrived in the United Kingdom. When that time came, few of them were satisfied with what they found. They spent little time in futile griping, however, but set about changing the ships to suit individual tastes.

The two basic features in the design of a hospital-equipped LST are a platform at the after end of the tank deck, and slots built into the tank-deck bulkheads. Into these slots can be inserted projecting metal braces on which are placed stretchers holding wounded. A hundred men can be accommodated on the racks, 150 on the deck. The normal medical equipment of an LST is naturally far from enough to care for the anywhere from 50 to 250 casualties that are placed aboard every time a ship leaves a beachhead, so the Navy equipped the craft with extra kits of supplies especially designed for the purpose. The kits are divided into "A" and "B" units. Each "A" contains mostly emergency surgical dressings of all sizes. "B" probably is the more important in saving lives. Done up in big "beach bags," "B" units contain morphine surrettes, bandages and compresses, large and small battle dressings, cotton, suture material, splints, adhesive tape, 10 two-ounce vials of brandy, plasma, and sulfa powder.

For the landings on Normandy, the Army assigned some of its surgeons and aides to the LSTs and provided still further medical equipment. In addition, millions of units of penicillin and fresh blood were put on board each ship while it was being loaded for the assault. Even so, the "operating rooms" of these LSTs had only the bare furnishings—a mess table, canvas for walls, a couple of lockers and tables.

The case of LST 512, captained by 26-year-old Lt. Jerome S. Carson, USNR., of Lansdowne, Pa., illustrates as well as any the jury-rigged job done by most of the Navy medics in converting their "floating boxcars" into havens for thousands of Allied wounded.

Lts. (jg) Stephen R. Bartlett, Jr., 27, of Atlanta, Ga., and E. Milton Kellam, 25, of Cape Charles, Va.,

both Navy Medical Corps doctors of less than six months' standing, were responsible for the 512's successful handling of hundreds of casualties. With the cooperation of electricians' mates, welders, ship-fitters, and their corpsmen, they begged, borrowed, and built so much new equipment that now the 512 is a small-scale replica of a modern emergency hospital.

"Never mind how we got most of this stuff," says Lt. Kellam. "We got it, and that's the important thing." By "stuff" he means the powerful overhead lamps which electricians have rigged on special circuits, the wooden kegs containing water to be used in case the normal supply fails, the five-gallon jars containing sterile saline solution—a "must" in cases of major wounds.

Homemade apparatus on the 512 includes a suction line cut into one of the ship's air lines. It saves excessive sponging in removing liquid from chest and abdominal wounds. Bartlett and Kellam also developed their own apparatus for administering oxygen by fitting a gas mask with copper tubing and using it to filter dry oxygen through water, making the gas suitable for human consumption. They saved the life of at least one soldier with this.

Chief Pharmacist's Mate L. Claude Eaton, Jr., 26, of Mauldin, S.C., gets most of the credit from his two "docs" for the construction of an autoclave, or steam-pressure sterilizer. Eaton and some ship-fitters took a 40-mm. ammunition case, welded a steel jacket around it and piped lines through both its interior and the jacket. Steam is tapped from a nearby ship's line. An emergency lighting system powered by storage batteries has also been rigged. The men even built a portable head out of old boxes for the ambulatory wounded, who would have difficulty making their way through the crew's quarters to the regular lavatory.

LST 512 proved her worth on D-Day and for many days to come. Her Army surgeon was Capt. John Robert Feeley, of Bangor, Me. Days before the assault, medical battle stations were assigned: Feeley and Bartlett in the after crew's quarters to care for stretcher cases, Kellam in the starboard troop mess compartment for ambulatory cases.

The 512 dropped her hook off one of the bitterest beaches on D-Day. In a little more than an hour an LCVF pulled alongside with the first six casualties—two MP privates, a T/3 medical aide, a lieutenant and a tech sergeant in the infantry, and an Engineers' pfc.

"I saw the first one come up from the small boat and then went below to go to work," said Lt. Kellam. And that's where he stayed, for from then on until 3 o'clock the next morning, casualties continued to be brought aboard from the 512's own small boats and from LCMs. In all there were 150—Rangers, combat engineers, assault infantry, medics, LCI Navy men, and beach-battalion sailors.

"The majority had had little treatment," Lt. Bartlett recalled, "and about 90 percent had no tags to indicate what help they had been given. Luckily, most of them had wounds of the extremities or flash burns so they could tell us what had been done for them."

CHIEF EATON was standing on deck helping unload an LCM when a Jerry plane roared over the ship's mast as part of the first enemy air raid.

"Most of those GIs were supposed to be stretcher cases," Eaton said later. "But they came up that cargo net like super-fast spiders when the flak started falling. One man had two fingers off one hand and one off the other. How he made it, I'll never know."

Loaded on the LST's tank and well decks were tracked vehicles of a reconnaissance outfit. The enemy mortar and "88" fire concentrated on the beach was so heavy that the 512 was unable to get rid of its load. Therefore, the space in which casualties were to be put was still jammed with men and equipment. In order to accommodate the wounded it was necessary to turn all the crew out of their bunks and confine treatment to the crew's quarters.

By 4.30 a.m. all dressings had been checked and first aid given. "Then we started working on the records and deciding which men needed penicillin, tetanus toxoid (booster shots), and sulfa pills," said Lt. Bartlett. "We had 3,000,000 units of penicillin on board, but that wouldn't go far at 20,000 units a dose. We finally decided on 24 cases and administered it to them every four hours. We used 2,000 tablets of sulfathiazole and sulfadiazine besides

the packets of powdered sulfa sifted into every wound."

For the next two days, until it finally was possible to unload onto rhino barges, eight men spent all of their time giving plasma treatment to shock cases, while others made a continual check on bandages and the general condition of the patients.

When the 512 was finally ready to return to the U. K., 31 German prisoners were brought aboard. Eleven of them were casualties, but none was seriously hurt. One of them was an E-boat coxswain whose boat had been sunk on D-Day and who had swum ashore to join the Army. He was flushed out of a pillbox along with some soldiers and captured.

"The Germans expressed great amazement at our use of sulfa drugs in tablet form and at the general hospital equipment we had aboard the ships," said Lt. Kellam.

Several trips later the 512 visited a British beach where it performed a similar service for the British. Most of the wounded there, however, had been given good preliminary treatment in a base general hospital and only needed continuation of sulfa and penicillin treatment, checking of bandages, and similar routine care.

EVACUATION of casualties and prisoners (the LST 5 carried back 450 enemy troops on one trip) is not the only task of the boxcars of the amphibious fleet. Because of their huge bulk and enormous supplies, they have become virtual nursemaids to smaller amphibious and fleet craft during invasions.

For example, in four round-trips to France, LST 5 carried the following, according to Lt. John H. Moehle, USNR., of Ogdensburg, N. Y., executive officer: Vehicles, 261; Army personnel, 667; prisoners, 584; casualties, 26; survivors, 38. But, in addition, here's what the quartermaster's log had to say about the ship's fourth trip:

LST 5 was caught in a raging storm off the Normandy shore. So intense was the gale that the ship was unable to maintain position and was dragging her anchors along the coast. Nevertheless, because of her bulk, she was far better off than most craft in the vicinity.

As the storm progressed, the smaller vessels ran out of supplies—food, water, fuel. They came alongside and signalled for help.

An LCI was short of water, another was low on fuel. A subchaser was running out of food, even K-rations. There was another subchaser that needed just about everything and a flak-ship that was dry as a bone. Even a PC, a comparatively self-sustaining vessel, needed help. And No. 5, with her capacious fuel and water tanks and large storage space, was able to help everyone.

Unfortunately, her friendliness got her in trouble more than once. One of the LCIs punched a hole in her starboard quarter. Then a British LCT duplicated the job in her port quarter. A couple of LCFs added to the damage trying to pull alongside. No. 5 lost both anchors and two blades off one screw, and bent a propeller shaft. Yet she's back in service again, patched up and ready to serve her less fortunate fellows.

Despite the worries and troubles, the cramped quarters when loaded, the necessary constant watch at battle stations, life on an LST has its compensations. No. 5 carried 41 Army nurses to Normandy on her most recent crossing.



AN ARMY SURGEON AND A NAVY CHIEF PHARMACIST'S MATE TREAT A WOUNDED GERMAN IN THE LST'S MAKESHIFT OPERATING THEATER.

## D-Diary of a Glider Infantryman

(D-Day is a thing of the past—but only now have some of the boys who made it a success found the time and energy to set down their first-hand observations during that first gruelling week after the landings. Pfc. George Groh, a glider infantryman who went in on foot, is one of those who have at last been able to turn momentarily from a rifle to a typewriter.)

### D-Day

**W**HILE other regiments of our division (the 101st) swung the first liberation punch, we lay offshore in the Channel in an LST. We were scheduled to follow them at 1630 as a reserve unit. Our Company Commander—Capt. Harold MacQuiddy, of Santa Barbara, Calif.—predicted then that we were in for a tour of "light combat duty." He later revised his opinion.

Just before dusk we watched a long wave of gliders swing low over the beachhead, break from the tow planes, and disappear somewhere in the foothills beyond. Some of us complained that we'd "miss the whole damned show," especially when night found us still offshore, holding down a bleacher seat.

### D-plus-1

After more watching and waiting and wondering, we finally got our clearance and piled into assault boats at 1505. Since ours is a jeepless, truckless unit, we came ashore with our first three days' supplies on our backs. A few minutes later we hit the ground when four Messerschmitt 109s strafed us. Two of them fell to beachhead ack-ack fire, netting our side one slightly singed and very dejected Nazi pilot, who parachuted to safety. We bivouacked for the night.

### D-plus-2

We manned outposts all morning. Mine was next to a "glider park," a nasty device designed to look, from the air, like an open field. Actually the area was studded with long thin poles with rusty barbed wire stretched out at angles to form a giant spiderweb. In the afternoon we took off for the front, another traffic element in an already clogged roadway. A parachute captain, bicycling jauntily along, called to us cheerily: "They're a pushover, boys! You can take 'em!"

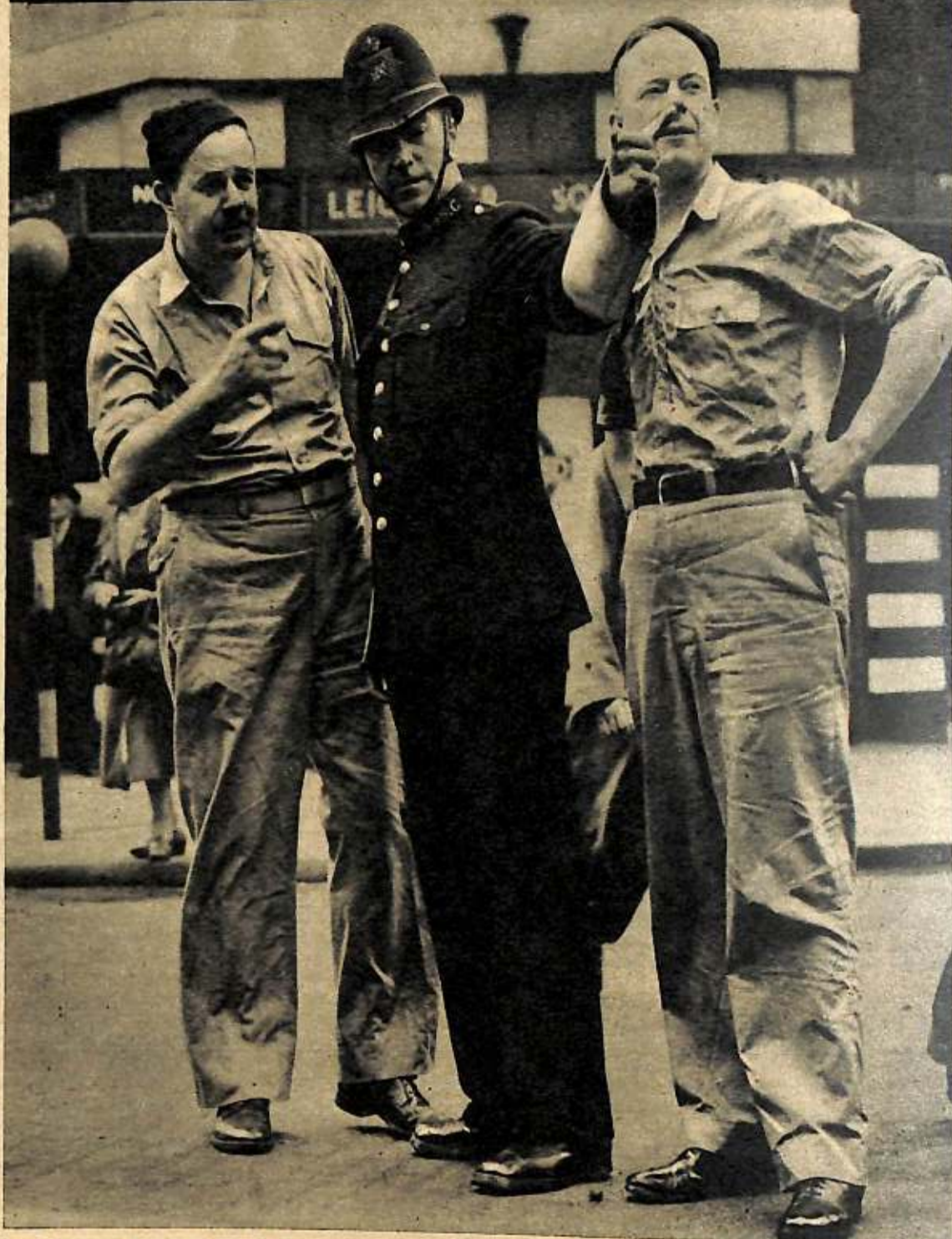
Our outfit was slated to relieve a parachute infantry unit holding down the left flank of the beachhead. All along the flat approach we were harassed by an 88mm. gun, which caused considerable casualties just as we reached the unit's position. Then an artillery outfit in the rear plastered the German's promontory with a heavy barrage, and we moved out under cover of it to establish a new station under the bank of the Doove River. At nightfall we held one bank of the river, the Jerries the other.

### D-plus-3

We spent most of the morning ducking in and out of our foxholes in rhythm with occasional 88mms. or mortar shells. On our side, Sgt. Chauncey McDaniel, of Chicago, lobbed over a few 60mm. mortar shells, Lt. Carlton Werner, of New York City, pecked away at a sniper with a BAR, and Sgt. Stanley Hojnacki, of Lorain, O., scored a hit on a pillbox with his grenade launcher. By now, most of our drinking water was gone and we tried to scoop some out of little sand pits. At noon we were ready to move out. Lt. Werner and Pfc. Gordon Hatchel, of Jamestown, N.C., swam the river at a point believed to be safe from Nazi observation, taking across a rope improvised from parachute cord. We secured a hand rope with the parachute cord and I stripped and crossed on that with Pvt. William Webb, of Niles, O. Jerry had blown a bridge and had run a ferryboat aground, and we salvaged the boat and brought it back, setting up a ferry service with Lt. Werner, Pvt. Joe Bobinger, of New Orleans, and Sgt. Raymond Quam, of Stoughton, Wis., acting as crew.

Then Lt. Kenneth Vyn, of Cleveland, O., went out with a combat patrol and ran into trouble plus. Jerry ambushed the group, killing one man and wounding five others in the initial fire. Pvt. William Nix, of Akron, O., and Pfc. Douglas Collins, of Houston, Tex., returned the fire with BARS, Nix scoring at least two "probables." Then Pfc. Bennie Castleman crawled along a hedgerow and accounted

# Yanks in the ETO



**WORKING THEIR WAY.** Congressmen Hugh D. Scott, Jr., of Philadelphia, and Gordon Canfield, of Paterson, N.J., are told they can't miss it by a London bobby. They shipped across the Atlantic as part of an oil tanker's crew to study conditions in the Merchant Marine, prior to a war-shipping recruiting drive.

for an officer and two other Germans at close range.

The patrol swung into a hasty hedgerow defense, with Pvts. Charles Cheatham and Benjamin Franklin, of Little Rock, Ark., and Atlanta, Ga., respectively, acting as impromptu medics. Our ferry system had bogged down, so Pfc. Victor Schummer, of Sturgis, S.D., and Pvt. Marvin Taxman, of Omaha, Neb., swam back under thick fire to direct mortar fire on the German positions. The rest of the patrol was ordered to recross the river under cover of improvised protecting fire. Pvts. Nix and Arthur Mayer, of Chicago, came back together. Nix couldn't swim, but Mayer got him over with a combination of swimming hints, life-saving, and cheerleading. After dragging Nix out on our side, Mayer ran down the bank to encourage Pfc. Clyde Stephenson, of Fulton, Mo., who was floundering in mid-stream. Mayer was machinegunned in the arm and leg as he dragged Stephenson from the water. He was later awarded the DSC for gallantry under fire.

**T**HE "road back" for the rest of the combat patrol was nearly as tough. Two Pfc.s, though badly wounded, managed to make the swim unaided. Lt. Werner brought back the remainder of the men on a

raft which he made from two German sign boards. Pfc. Alexis Boris, of Lorain, O., a passenger on the raft, was recommended for a citation for his part in the action.

Now we had our orders—to cross the river at one o'clock in the morning and attack the German positions under cover of an artillery barrage. Lt. Joseph B. Johnson, of Carlson, Minn., took charge of the company. We boiled some rainwater coffee, broke open the last of some cans of Navy chicken we'd obtained on the LST, and then sat around and waited.

### D-plus-4

Right on schedule, we crossed the river in rubber boats piloted by amphibious engineers. Our artillery barrage was terrific, but Jerry had pulled out at 2300 the previous night. From there, we went to outpost the town of St. Marie de Mon. Sgt. Quam came around after breakfast and picked five of us for a reconnaissance patrol. Briefing the mission, Maj. Hartford Salee, of Evansville, Ind., told us we were to proceed to a certain bridge, avoiding a fight if possible, and establish contact with the VII Corps. That bridge was known to have been held by the Germans, but the major thought it should have changed hands by this time.

Half a mile from the bridge, we ran into a little difficulty. Rounding a bend in the road, I came face to face with three bearded Heinies with machine-pistols. It was a case of mutual surprise—the greatest, because I discovered just then that my M1 had taken the morning off. Both sides dived for cover as if by common agreement. We decided in a hasty conference that we had run into a trap “possible” to avoid a fight. Frantic gestures to some Frenchmen across the road finally got them to unlatch their gate, and we then took off through that opening and back toward our own area in what was probably a new cross-country record. Jerry never fired a shot. I suspect he was busy setting up records in the opposite direction.

**W**E reported in at noon. Major Salee picked a company to act as combat patrol, detailing Sgt. Quam to guide them back over our route of the morning. The rest of us had settled down to an international repast of captured Nazi crackers, French wine, and American K rations, when orders came to move on to Carentan. That was a red-hot assignment from the start. German snipers worked on us all the way up to the town; their engineers smashed a bridge while we were a mile out of the city and a chunk of flying concrete barely missed me in the process. Company A, in the lead, secured a large stone barn as a base of operations and took two houses 100 yards further along. From the barn to the houses was one long, unprotected dash—we called it “sniper run,” but later had to change it to “machinegun run.” Two men—a private and a sergeant—were wounded here, but for the most part the Nazi fire was wildly inaccurate and served only to make dash-men out of a lot of slow Joes.

The two houses we took were enclosed by a stone wall and inhabited by some 20 sheltering Frenchmen—including a French girl who would qualify as a pin-up in any league. The natives furnished a lot of moral support and cognac, so things were quite festive for a while until the Heinies opened up again. Pfc. Hatchel downed the first Jerry, who had just missed tossing a hand grenade into our laps. Sgt. Hojnacki got two more, sniping from our second story OP. Lt. Johnson and I were taking ten minutes on a featherbed—the first we’d seen in France—when Hojnacki’s fire got too warm a response.

A few minutes later, Jerry took the OP apart, featherbed and all, with mortar fire. About this time, one of our men suffered a nasty wound in a duel with a German machinegun and we had to evacuate him to a hospital we’d improvised in the cellar. The battle continued throughout the afternoon, but we could take no more ground. Finally, the Nazis knocked out our barn with hand grenades and mortars and the forward element in our two houses was virtually surrounded. We collected our wounded and managed to leave for our own lines

under cover of darkness. Lt. Werner, commanding the covering force, was the last to leave.

#### D-plus-5

We spent the morning in a draw outside Carentan, exchanging mortar and machinegun fire with German emplacements in the city. At noon we were ordered into reserve, just as Jerry found the range and took a severe toll. His snipers and mortar fire were making it hard for us to get our wounded out. Lt. Werner took charge of the company as we went into a defensive around a tank park. Just before dark, Battalion issued two warnings—be careful of women snipers, and of German combat patrols dressed in American uniform, one of which had shot up a company of ours the previous night.

#### D-plus-6

We were ordered to participate in a battalion mop-up, and I spent the morning with Lt. Werner and James Poynter, of Indianapolis, Ind., scouting for the operation. We walked right by one well-camouflaged machinegun nest, but the occupants turned out to be White Russians who didn’t want to fight anyway and surrendered. We bogged down about noon in the face of stiff opposition. T/Sgt. Robert Graef, of Piqua, O., took charge of the company that afternoon and led us on three successive bayonet charges against the German positions. We dug in at dusk about 75 yards from the enemy. Jerry was active for a while with a small mortar, but a couple of the boys broke it up with well-placed rifle shots. Pvt. Bill Robinson, of Little Rock, Ark., chased the Nazis out of a barn with a bazooka hit, and Pvt. Jack Case, of Toledo, O., gave them a little of their own back with a German machinegun, which he’d been taught to operate by a Nazi PW.

I crawled along a hedgerow, needling the Nazis with a stock phrase from YANK’s GI German lessons: “German soldiers, surrender or die.” Jerry didn’t like it, and a sniper began to needle me in return with his carbine. Since he had the better argument, I inched back to my own position and let him have the last word. When darkness fell, we manned strong points and waited for a counter-attack that never came. We were reduced to a company strength of 88 enlisted men, our ammunition was low, and we’d lost contact with the right, the left, and the rear. Our only sure contact was Jerry, just out in front. The night progressed with intermittent flares sent up by the enemy, who sprayed us with sporadic machinegun fire. We felt better then, indications being that he was more concerned with his own defense than with infiltrating ours. All the same, it was a long, long night.

#### D-plus-7

It was still dark when a German captain walked right up to an outpost manned by Pfc. Bill Keating, of Chicago, and Herbert Coker, of Darlington, S. C. They gave him the works. He’d been inside our



“COULD I BORROW YOUR SOAP, PLEASE?”

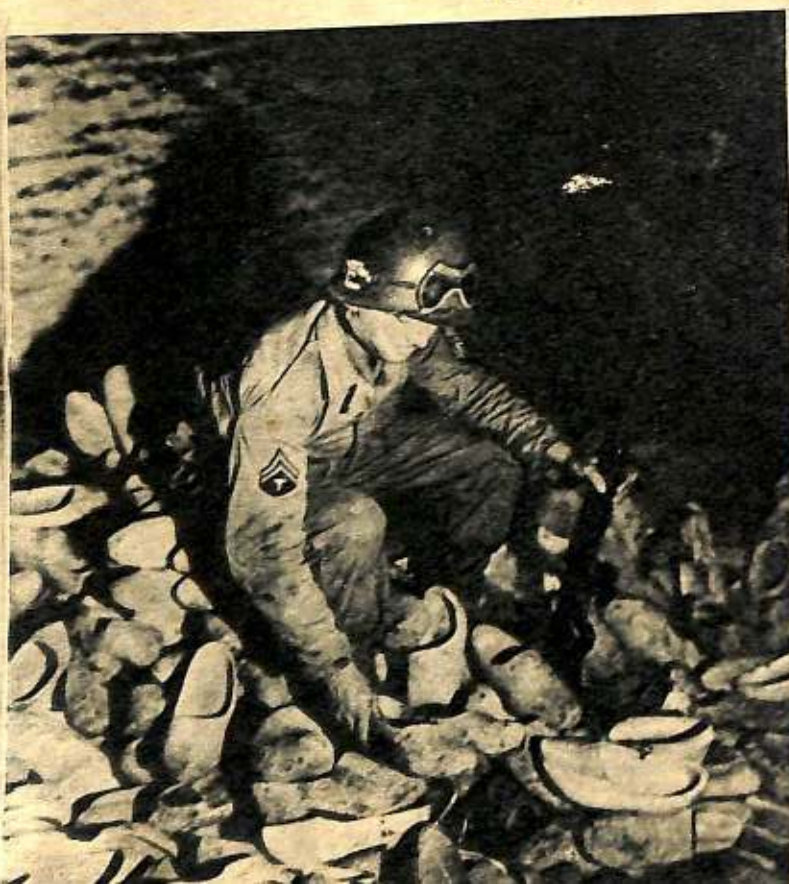
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

lines and was going out eating from a jar of jam. We never did figure that one out, but the census held that he was some stray returning from a private expedition and hadn’t known of our presence in the area. Anyway, the captain had some valuable maps with him. At dawn we withdrew to a better defensive position about 300 yards to the rear. Jerry crept up and tossed a few grenades, and a German sniper hit Pfc. Stephenson in the head. But he came up with one of those war miracles; his helmet turned the bullet and he escaped with a scalp wound.

**B**Y 11 o’clock that morning Allied tanks were rumbling up the road that was our front line and everybody relaxed. A little later we were relieved, and went into defensive bivouac, with Lt. Walter Fleming, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., taking over as CO. Sgt. Quam and his patrol rejoined the company, getting through stiff resistance with loss of seven men. The first platoon—what was left of us—drew a mission just before dark to outpost and protect a bridge being built by some engineers of the 30th Division. We marched on past the bridge and set up our outposts, about two miles into German territory. Then, when the Nazis sprayed us after dark with machinegun bursts, we fell back on time-honored tactics of “getting t’hell out of here.” We set up again 300 yards from the bridge and this time things were quiet. At dawn we went back to our bivouac area, the bridge having been completed. The 30th was to take over and swing some heavy blows with tanks, artillery, and a fresh division of infantry. We still had to go on and hold the base of the peninsula, while other units drove north to Cherbourg. But our hardest work was done. And everybody was damn glad of it.

By Pfc. GEORGE GROH  
YANK Field Correspondent

**NAZI LEAVINGS.** At left, Cpl. L. L. Smith, of Tuscomb, Ala., sorts wooden shoes used by German laborers in Cherbourg. At right, S/Sgt. Otto Freund, of Brooklyn, N.Y., reads a copy of Goebbels’s favorite newspaper found near Carentan.

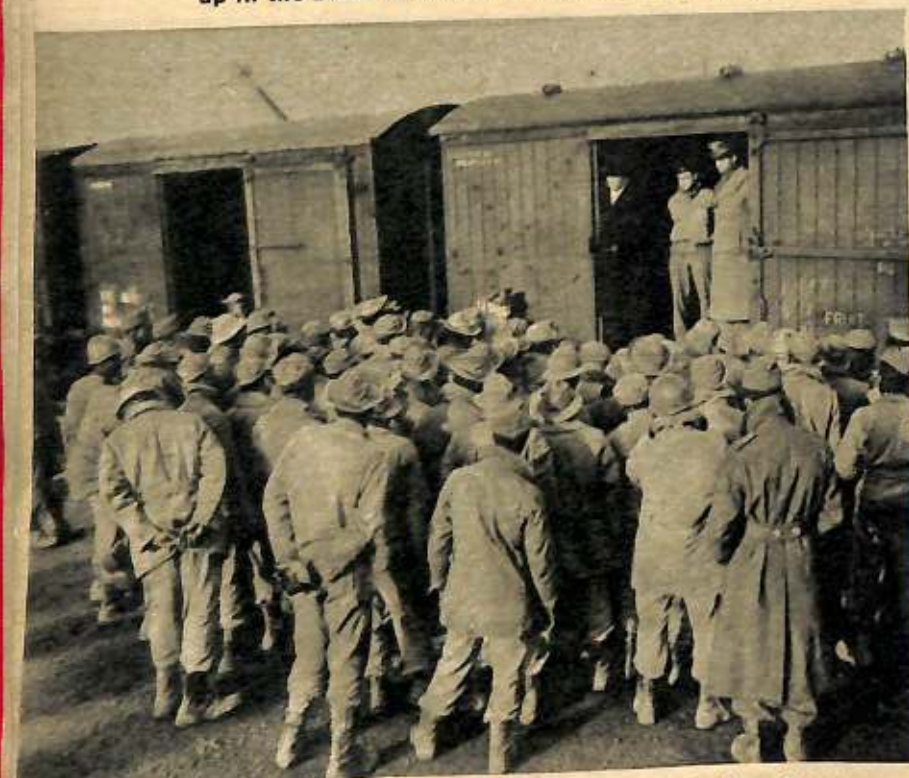




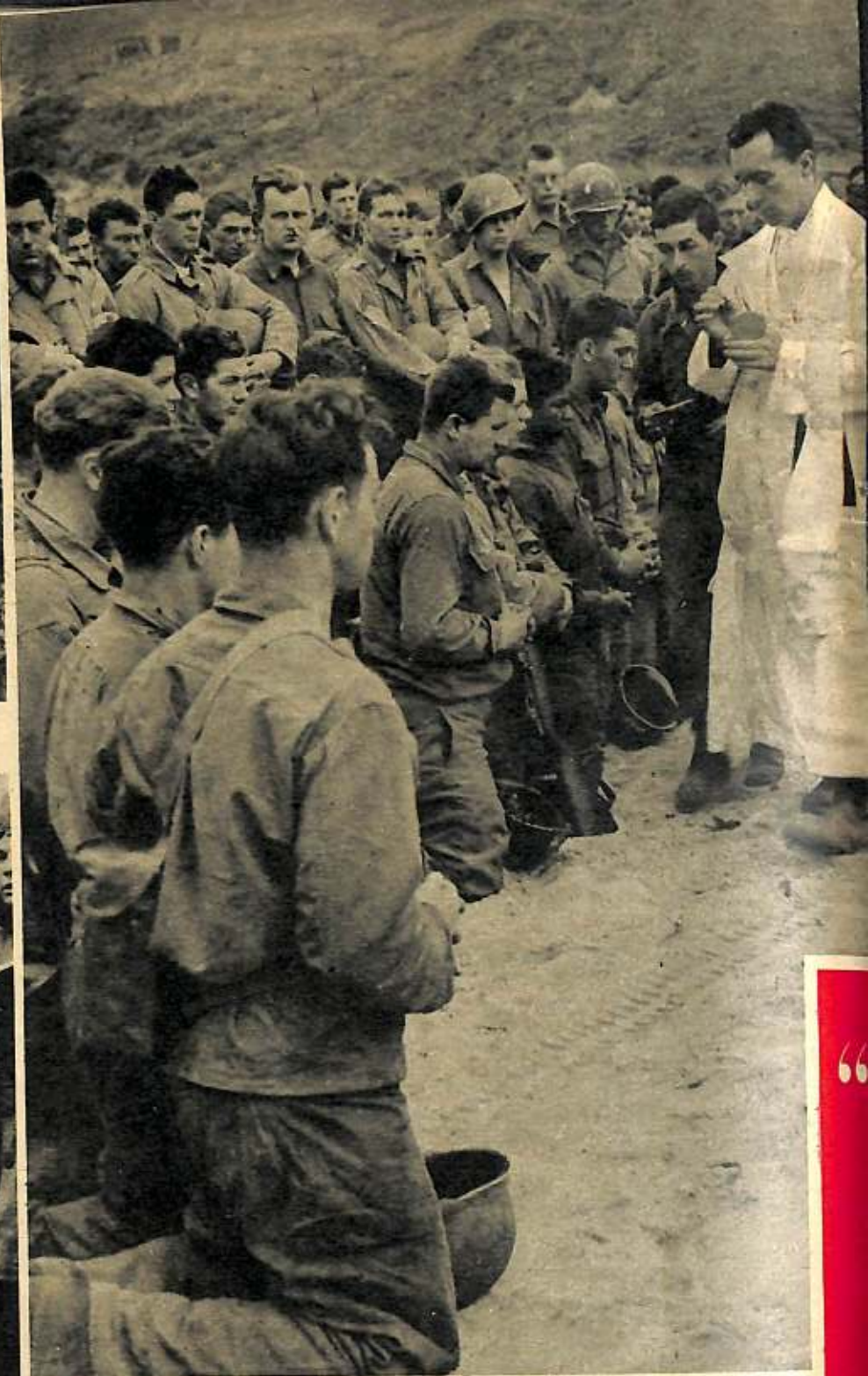
**NEW GEORGIA.** Wearing their jungle suits and ready for attack, these Marines are led in prayer by Lt. Paul Redmond.



**ICELAND.** A portable organ makes it easier for these Joes up in the bleak northland to harmonize on hymns.



Richard James Andrew Gregg.



**NORMANDY.** Jeep's hood serves as an altar while a chaplain offers Communion at a memorial service for men who died taking beachhead.



**SICILY.** A Jeep's hood serves as an altar.



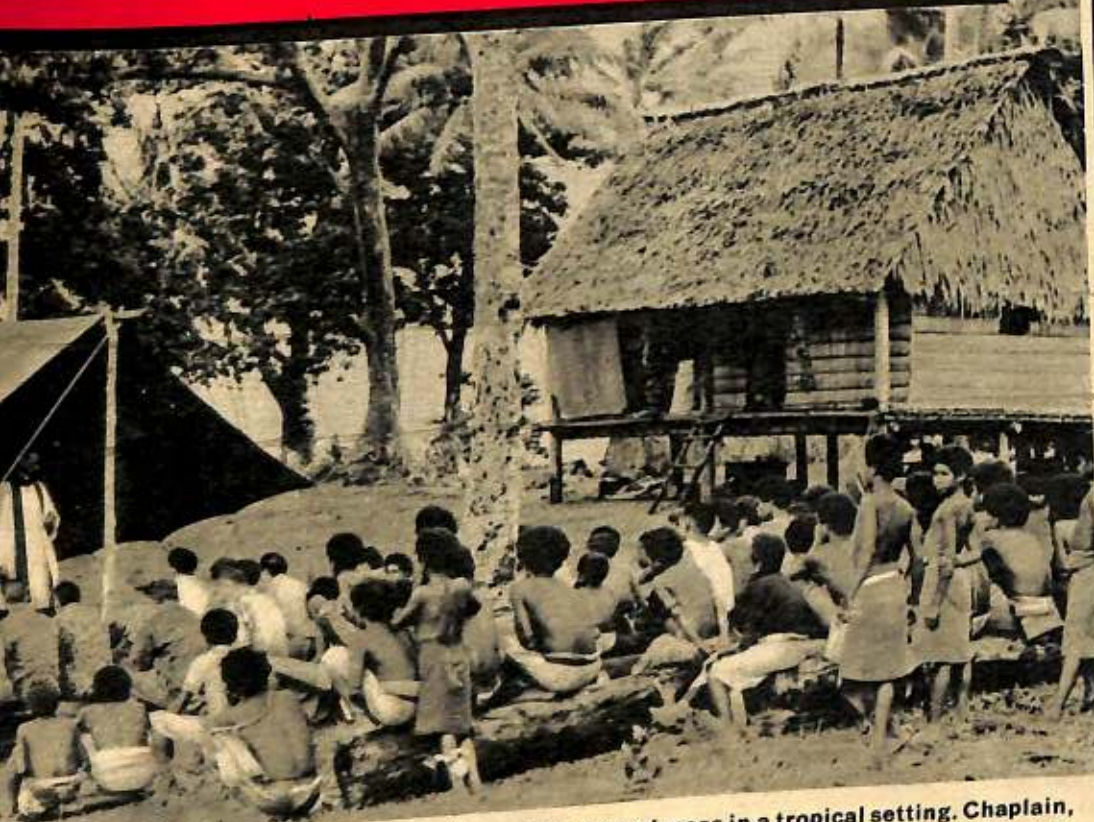
**ON SHIPBOARD.** Jerome Ginsburg and Albert Finkle, of New York City, join in Jewish service on a France-bound landing craft.



**ITALY.** High in the mountains of not-so-sunny Italy, American soldiers gather for mass during a lull in the fighting.

# In God is our Trust"

THE nearer men get to the front, the less time they have for anything but fighting. All else goes by the board—except an intensified religious feeling, a feeling to which countless letters and despatches written in foxholes have testified. And so, as is evident in these pictures from the battlefronts of the world, Yanks who can barely manage to spare a few moments to eat or sleep still manage to lay down their arms long enough to worship.



**SOUTHWEST PACIFIC.** Natives and GIs attend mass in a tropical setting. Chaplain, [unclear] held services in New York's Church of the Little Flower.



**SICILY.** These Yanks found a haven for worship in accordance with the tenets of their faith in a cathedral at Palermo.



June Vincent  
**YANK**  
Pin-up  Girl

# News from Home

A lady thought a cave was not a fit place for a hero, folks were wondering what to do about Armistice Day crowds, the nation mourned a three-star general, the Navy's face turned red, and Chicago wanted all Joes to know that it's a swell place to spend a furlough—which should be hot news down around St. Lo.

SEEMS that back home they have their "Mail Call" gripes, too—complete with Aunt Prunies and everything. A lady out in Ada, Okla., wrote in to the editors of the *Daily Oklahoman*, published in Oklahoma City, to say that she didn't like the GIs pictured by Sgt. Bill Mauldin, a cartoonist who started out drawing for a newspaper printed by Oklahoma's 45th Division and is now featured in the *Mediterranean Stars and Stripes*.

The sarge's handiwork, which makes it plain that soldiers in action are a war-weary lot and definitely not glamor-boys, is also widely syndicated in the civilian press back in the States and that's how the critical eye of the lady from Ada happened to light on it. Thoroughly browned off by the stooped, tired, bearded soldier that is the hallmark of Mauldin's work, she grabbed a pen and indignantly informed the *Oklahoman* that she thought the character in the drawings "looked like something out of a cave and not like a hero who's fighting for us."

This brought plenty of squawks from civilian readers of the newspaper, practically all of whom thought Mauldin's Joe was oke. But the squawk of squawks came from the part of the world where Mauldin functions. It was a letter from Pvt. Lloyd Selmer, of Wisconsin, who is now in Italy and who wrote: "I lived in a dark, damp, rat-infested cave for two of four months on Anzio and I thanked God for the lucky break. Yes, lady, we gladly live in caves if it means prolonging our lives. Does she think the soldier is a composite of the illustrations in the magazines—a handsome, impeccably-attired fellow who dashes about courting young damsels and generally smiling his way through the war? War is a column of infantry coming out of the lines, unsmiling and silent, caked with dust and dirt, eyes glassy. They know that in a few days they'll be going back to do it all over again."

The editors front-paged that baby.

So far as a lot of people on the home front were concerned last week, the war seemed practically over. In Columbus, O., for instance, it was reported that the management of such big shops as F. & R. Lazarus, Morehouse-Martens, and The Fashion had already ordered wooden frames to protect their windows against the crush of crowds that are expected to turn out to celebrate the Armistice. And there were plenty in the seats of the mighty who shared this rosy outlook.

Germany is going to fold by Dec. 1, said Representative Andrew J. May, Democrat of Kentucky, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, admitting that he had no extraordinary inside information on which to base his opinion. And he didn't feel any too gloomy about the prospects of the war in the Pacific, either. "It looks," he said, "like a race as to which will fall first—Japan or Germany."

And here is some more dope, straight from the feedbag: Senator Elmer Thomas, Democrat of Oklahoma, said, "I don't see how Germany can last through the rest of this year." Senator Robert F. Wagner, Democrat of New York, said, "My feeling is that the crack-up will come very suddenly. When the generals in the German army show signs of being ready to quit, there must be the same kind of feeling in the ranks." Representative James H. Peterson, Democrat of Florida, said, "The end could come any time now." Senator Kenneth D. McKellar, Democrat of Tennessee, said, "It's just a question of a little more time with Germany. I don't see how they've stood up this long." Senator Dennis Chavez, Democrat of New Mexico, said, "The Nazis are being crowded very closely now and history shows the Germans don't like to fight on their own soil." And what's your guess, Jackson?

So contagious was the feeling that the end is definitely in sight that the Congressional leaders of both parties gave up the idea, which they concocted earlier in the summer, of taking things easy until Labor Day and decided to get together almost at once on plans for demobilization and for returning war industry to peacetime production. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican of Michigan, in calling the Senators of his party together, said he thought "the chances for an early German collapse are sufficiently encouraging" to make action before September imperative.



HOME COMING. With the Golden Gate only 39 miles off, ship bringing 1,000 Navy personnel back from Pacific war theaters ran aground. Here are some survivors.



NOW COME SEE US! Paulette Goddard, back home after 38,000-mile trip entertaining GIs in China-India-Burma Theater. That's a memento given her by Gen. Joe Stilwell.



**TROPICAL OSCARS.** GIs in the Southwestern Pacific honor their movie favorites with Fuzzy Wuzzies. In Hollywood, Lt. Col. Joseph McMicking, SWPA recreation officer, presents the awards to Greer Garson and Humphrey Bogart and a special plaque to producer Jack L. Warner.



**NO GAME.** The grandstands of the Baltimore Orioles' ball park are a mass of strewn wreckage after an eight-alarm fire. The fire also destroyed the refreshment stands which were stocked with supplies for the Independence Day crowds. The game scheduled for the day of the fire was called.

Such optimism did not appeal to Representative John W. McCormack, Democrat of Massachusetts, who said he was "amazed at Senator Vandenberg's forecast of an early German collapse." He went on to say: "This is not the time for responsible political leaders to build up an expectation of an early return to the ways of peace. It is rather the time to inspire a grim determination to go forward and win the war."

The heads of Army production went to work on a campaign against the affliction of "peace jitters," which they feared might slow things up some in the munitions business just when the final big drive for victory was needed. By way of setting the nation a good example, Army Service Forces cancelled all leaves and vacations for military and civilian personnel and stepped up the workweek in arsenals from 48 to 54 hours.

The boss man, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, who recently got back from a quick tour of the fronts in Italy and Normandy, was another who threw cold water on home-front optimism concerning an early end of the war. Speaking over the radio, he said the Allies "have begun to apply the grinding pressure of superior power upon Germany," and then continued: "Her armies and her people are shaken and shot through with doubts, but in no sense are they yet broken. Many here at home are talking of a quick victory through the collapse of the German army. I tell you that such a collapse is not yet apparent to our men who are locked in combat with the brutal, resourceful, and stubborn enemy."

Stimson was pretty impressed by the soldiers and sailors he saw in action. "The people of the United States," he said, "have fighting for this nation abroad the most efficient, aggressive, and potentially powerful force on the ground, on the sea, and in the air that history has ever seen. . . . We think that we know the human element of this Army, but few of us here would recognize the skilled, relentless fighters that are the product of our homes. They are bronzed, physically fit, and competent, and they are imbued with the one dominant thought that they want to close with the German, to master him, and to get this job done."

Another who tried to put the damper on too much wishful thinking was Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal, who said that there was "still a long way to go" in the war in the Pacific.

Meanwhile, as many a GI was sorely aware, there was still a war on, and efforts were being made at home to brighten the futures of the men who were fighting it. Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, administrator of veterans' affairs, declared in Washington that industry must make permanent jobs for disabled vets by giving them the kind of work they are capable of doing. Demanding that such men be assigned to jobs which capitalize on their abilities and place the minimal demands on their disabilities, the general said that a survey of war plants had shown disabled men to be definite assets if they are wisely placed. Disabled vets in 66 per cent of the plants were considered to be just as efficient as other workers and in 24 per cent were rated as better than the average worker. "The day is gone," said Hines, "when I thought that every job required two hands, two feet, and two eyes. There are hundreds of thousands of

jobs suitable for the disabled—enough to give employment to every disabled worker who can hold a job."

Explaining various provisions of the GI Bill of Rights, officially called the "Selective Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944," Hines said that veterans over 25 years of age will be eligible for the educational benefits provided for in the measure if they can prove that their education was interrupted by joining the armed forces.

The CIO and the AFL have agreed with the Veterans of Foreign Wars to grant job-seniority rights to returning vets on an even-Stephen basis—a month's seniority for each month spent in the armed forces after Sept. 1, 1940. This was announced in Washington by Carl J. Schoeninger, of Detroit, national commander of the VFW, who said that the agreement provided that qualified skilled veterans would be granted union membership at pre-war initiation rates and at current dues rates. The seniority arrangement covers men who never had a job prior to entering the service as well as those who did have jobs but never belonged to a union. This means that a kid who learned a trade while in uniform will have full union credit in that line of work for all the time he put in in the Army. The agreement also stipulates that disabled vets who apply to their former employers for rehiring, but who can't do the work they used to do, shall be given consideration for jobs they can do.

**W**ASHINGTON, along with the rest of the nation, was grieved by word of the death of Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, who was recently killed while observing American units in action during an offensive in Normandy. General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, said: "The American Army has sustained a great loss in the death of General McNair. Had he had the choice, he would probably have elected to die as he did, in the forefront of an attack. His presence on the firing line with the leading element in the great assault which has just been launched on the American front in Normandy was indicative of his aggressive and fearless spirit and should be an inspiring example to the forces of our great ground Army, which he organized and trained."

Only a short while prior to his death, McNair, who was 61 years old and the highest ranking officer to be killed in action thus far in this war, had relinquished his post as Commander of the Army Ground Forces, a post which he had held since it was established in March, 1942. He had come to Normandy on a new assignment. He had already been wounded in this war, having narrowly escaped death when he was hit by a shell fragment while observing action on the Tunisian front in April, 1943. At the time of McNair's death, five other American generals had been killed in action in this war, seven had died in plane crashes, and two others had died of illnesses resulting from combat experiences.

At almost the very moment that McNair's death was announced, his successor as head of the ground forces, Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, was paying tribute to the work he had done in organizing that branch of the service. So soundly had the training of ground troops been established, said Lear, that no changes in the program were contemplated other than those

which might be dictated by battlefield experience. The main job of the ground forces is now to provide a sufficient flow of "tough young replacements" to keep the fighting divisions at full strength, Lear went on. A believer, as was McNair, in rigorous and realistic training under simulated battle conditions, Lear said there had been "a decided improvement" in the training of troops during the past year and that the results now being accomplished in war theaters were proving the worth of the training program.

Voting by members of the armed forces overseas was creating its share of headaches. For one thing, Nathaniel Goldstein, Attorney General for New York State, ruled at Albany that under the state's Constitution members of the Merchant Marine who happen to come from New York are not eligible for the state's absentee ballots. "The New York State Constitution," he said, "limits absentee voting to persons who are elsewhere within the United States on Election Day and to persons who are in the actual military service of the state or the United States. . . . Inasmuch as the Federal government has not, to my knowledge, made the Merchant Marine a part of the military forces of the United States, its members cannot have absentee ballots under the New York State Constitution."

Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, prepared a message for radio broadcasts in which he described the New York State servicemen's voting procedure as "the simplest possible" and he appealed to "Democrat and Republican alike to let your servicemen and women know about it." Urging relatives to write to men in the service and explain the state's voting procedure, Dewey pointed out: "All they have to do to receive the full ballot is sign their name and home and service address and mail it to the State War Ballot Commission at Albany."

The National Maritime Union was plenty burned up about the New York soldier-vote law and its effect on merchant seamen. The union contended that 42,000 people would be deprived of the ballot because of the law—a number which included not only merchant seamen but Red Cross and U.S.O. workers overseas.

To this, William T. Simpson, chairman of the New York State War Ballot Commission, replied that, if President Roosevelt would declare the Merchant Marine, U.S.O., and other overseas war-working groups to be actual members of the armed forces, New Yorkers in those categories would be entitled to receive state ballots.

It seems that the Navy—or, rather, a small part of it—has jumped the gun in connection with the servicemen's vote. Frank M. Jordan, California's Secretary of State, disclosed that several hundred filled-out Federal war ballots had been received from bluejackets voting in his state and some also were reported to have turned up in Utah, Washington, Iowa, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania. The Navy Department admitted that someone had pulled a boner, saying that, despite precautions and instructions on the proper procedure regarding the use of the ballots and warnings that the packages containing them were not to be opened until Oct. 2, a small part of its overseas personnel had somehow got loused up.





**GOOD LUCK** Cpl. Bertha Santos, USMC, helps launch the destroyer "Hanna," named for her late sweetheart, William Hanna, of Carlson's Raiders. Hanna's mother watches.

newspaper of the nation's 15 railroad brotherhoods, which feared an unfavorable reaction on the part of labor's enemies.

Negroes voted for the first time in the Democratic primaries in Texas and Arkansas, but they were turned away from the polls in South Carolina. The U. S. Supreme Court recently outlawed exclusively white primaries. In several Texas wards, Negroes and whites met together and elected delegates, both Negro and white, to county conventions of the Democratic party, thus setting another precedent for the South. There was no trouble.

In South Carolina, Ellison D. (Cotton Ed) Smith, oldest United States Senator and one of the most vehement opponents of the New Deal, lost the Democratic nomination for his Senate seat to Governor Olin D. Johnston, a Roosevelt supporter.

Governor Dewey, as Republican candidate for the Presidency, repudiated the support of Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York. Dewey charged Fish with having cast a slur on Jewish voters who are supporting President Roosevelt, and called it "un-American." The Governor's action was reported to be unpopular in Republican circles in Fish's district.

County Judge Ted Feidler, in Gering, Neb., thought he'd come across a real case of snafu when he read the marriage license of a couple from Mitchell, Neb., whom he was about to make man and wife. The bride was listed as Miss Thomas Delgado, 18, and the groom as Elizabeth Mano, 22. It was a case of snafu, all right, but one that had originated long ago. The couple explained that their names got mixed up at birth and that they'd never bothered to straighten things out. Nor, they said, did they plan to now, so it'll be Mr. and Mrs. Elizabeth Mano from here on in.

"The best coon-hound in Southeast Missouri"—you can take the word of its owner, Jake Light, of Monterey, Mo., for that—was rescued from a limestone cave in which he had been trapped for 10 days. Light and 60 of his neighbors dynamited through 30 feet of rock to reach the trapped animal, who is 10 years old and came through his ordeal okay.

Ed Wynn, the "Fire Chief," will soon return to radio after seven years' absence from the air, to put on a variety program with guest stars. He is expected to have Jerry Wayne and Evelyn Night as singers and an orchestra directed by Mark Warnow,

**YANK The Army Weekly**

of *The Hit Parade*. Wynn has had a show on Broadway and another on the West Coast since leaving the air.

Sonny Tufts, who played "Kansas" in the film *So Proudly We Hail*, has been selected to take over Bing Crosby's radio show for the first four weeks of Crosby's 13-week absence from the air, during which he will be touring hospitals for servicemen.

Frances Farmer, dramatic star of Broadway and Hollywood a few years back, was picked up on a California road, dressed in a pair of blue jeans and hitchhiking her way to Nevada. She was released from a sanitarium only three weeks ago, after a period of treatment for nervous collapse.

Married: Susan Hayward, red-haired screen star, and Jess Barker, also of the movies, in Hollywood. . . . Sunny Ainsworth, showgirl, who was the seventh wife of Tommy Manville, and Lt. Erwin D. Arvey. Sunny is only 20, but she's not wasted her time. This is her fourth trip to the altar.

Divorced: Rudy Vallee, 41-year-old bandleader, by Bette Jane Greer, in Los Angeles, because he called her "beautiful but dumb." . . . Horace E. Dodge, auto manufacturer, by Mickey Devine, former showgirl in Earl Carroll's *Vanities*. Dodge was reported to have settled \$1,000,000 on her.

Birthdays: Henry Ford, 81, vacationing in northern Michigan. . . . Booth Tarkington, 75, vacationing at Kennebunkport, Me.

Walter Lippman, authority on American foreign policy, in an analysis of the dispute between the United States and Argentina, asserted in his newspaper column that the Argentine was being prepared as "a useful place of refuge and recovery for European fascists" after their defeat.

The CIO Political Action Committee, which had backed Vice President Henry A. Wallace as President Roosevelt's running-mate in November, went right ahead, despite the fact that Wallace was rejected by the Democratic Convention, with plans to raise \$3,000,000 to help elect Roosevelt and Senator Harry S. Truman, the man the Convention picked to run for Wallace's job. The money will come from voluntary donations of the 6,000,000 members of CIO. The plan was frowned upon by the official

**CHICAGO** figures there's no better place in the world for a serviceman to go to have a good time. (This is one of those items that are so fascinating to read in a foxhole.) Chicagoans will have you know that no less than ten million men and women in uniform have visited the four service centers in their city, coming from all parts of the nation and from war theaters (don't ask us how) to spend furloughs there. The centers, which are manned by a personnel that is 97 per cent volunteer, consist of a 14-story hotel in the Loop, an old hotel, a large hotel for Negroes, and, in summer, a beach club. Everything is on the house—several hundred beds, \$15,000 worth of food a week, and 30,000 tickets a week to movies and sports events. The centers also provide dances, billiards, bowling, music rooms for playing swing or classical recordings, dark rooms for camera nuts, and stenographers to write letters. Tough, what?

**THE SAD SACK**



**"SPECIALIST"**



# Mail Call

## It Could Be Worse

Dear YANK,  
As I lay in my fox-hole somewhere on the Normandy front, reading your July 9 issue, feeling generally lonely, I came across the article written by Cpl. Jud Cook, called "Somewhere in the Caribbean," and I realized that it wasn't so bad after all over here. The reason is that the outpost mentioned in that article (Moengo), deep in the heart of Dutch Guiana, was my camp for two blistering years, and believe me, that was the low-water point of my Army experience. I went down there in September of 1941 as a second loonie of infantry, and I left there last July as a second loonie of infantry, plus a chronic case of malaria. I did manage to learn the native language of "taki-taki," and that noble deed placed me in the select branch of Military Intelligence, where I am now—a first loonie. A great place for advancement, that. I recommend it to all those shavetails who complain about promotions. I was second loonie for just four years because of that damned hole.  
"Dati condre wan beigie poela. Mi no lobbie disi condre, a sannie figi a no boen."

Which, politely translated, means, "Quit your bitching. This may be bad, but there are worse places I know of."

QUENTIN KEITH, 1st Lieut.

France.

## Isigny

Dear YANK,  
We wonder what's coming off when you credit the "Fighting First" with capturing Isigny. We all know the First did a terrific job, but let's give credit where it's due. If you check on it, you'll find that the 29th got there first. I ought to know because it was there that I collected my first hunk of Jerry shrapnel. You'll find the error on page 10 of the July 9 issue. The guys who fought it out around there would appreciate a correction.

Cpl. C. DICHTER

France.

Dear YANK,

Your article . . . credits the 1st Division with "capturing Isigny and bridging the Vire River" and would seem to imply that the 29th participated in no actions of any consequence in the days immediately following D-day.

The 29th Division fought on the right of the 1st Division, and on D-plus-1 and D-plus-2 covered a good deal of ground. On the night of D-plus-2, Thursday, 8th June, I commanded the advance guard of infantry which entered Isigny, and there were certainly no indications that friendly troops had earlier occupied any part of it. The tank commander whose tank company fought through the streets with us is here in the same ward with me, and he is in complete agreement on that fact. . . .

Capt. JOHN T. KING, 29th Inf. Div.

Britain.

Dear YANK,

Attention is invited to an inaccuracy contained in your article, "Yanks in the ETO," dated July 9, 1944, in the British Edition, page 10, column two, lines six, seven and eight, state that, "Then the First

pushed inland, capturing Isigny and bridging the Vire River." It is a matter of record that a combat team of the 29th Infantry Division, at approximately 0300 hours on 9th June, 1944, captured and passed through the town of Isigny, and also captured the bridge over the Vire River west of Isigny.

You can, of course, readily understand that the troops involved in this operation feel entitled to proper credit for their fine achievement, and it is hoped you will not only make a correction but also take suitable precautions to prevent such errors in future reports.

Col. Inf., Comdg.\*

France.

\*Name deleted by censor.

[The statement about which division captured Isigny was made in the course of a history of several outfits in France and did not pretend to be a first-hand account from a correspondent at the front. During the first few days after D-Day, communications were sketchy and most news concerning the operations in France came from a pool of information supplied by the combined efforts of all journalists in the field. The Isigny reference in question was based upon a report of a commercial wire service. No official information of this sort is given out, with the result that we unfortunately are not in a position to settle the matter finally. We're sorry about all this, because, for our money, both the 1st and the 29th are just about as good as they come.—Ed.]



## Whose Honey?

Dear YANK,  
This tasty bit of photography was found at the bottom of one of our mail bags. Both subject and intended owner are unknown. Recalling your "Who Belongs To This" series, we have wondered if some reader, perchance the subject, might enlighten us so that the snapshot may be forwarded to the lucky Yank who has the favor of the lady in question. We would also like to be enlightened as to name, address, availability, etc., of the subject, so that we might personally inform her that her poise and graceful mien have enthralled us.

T/4 H. C. VEIRS  
T/5 MARK COUGHLAN  
T/5 PAT FALLON

France.

## Replacements, Sad

Dear YANK, "Battle of Replacements"

I suppose you are wondering why I have a title called "Battle of Replacements." Well, to start with, we have been in it long enough and are pretty well fed up with it. The majority of us have been replacements for the past eight months. Been in the ETO seven months, and have been fighting it out ever since. We have been the underdogs in this War and are treated just as such. We have been in France for a month now and it's been (7) seven weeks since we had any mail. Maybe we shouldn't raise hell like this, but something should be done. They transfer us here and there and they just don't give a damn for us. Rank doesn't mean a thing. The chow is just plain lousy; we mean we don't get it. We don't regret that the boys up at the front are getting it. They deserve every bit of it, and then some. God be with them. But after all we are to replace them (if we ever get out).

Sgt. L. J. SANPIETRO  
Sgt. M. WANER  
Pvt. A. J. SIMONS  
Pvt. C. R. INGLE

France.

Dear YANK,

It's my opinion that Replacements are more or less looked down upon, and considered useless by the non-coms and others, and have to be replaced and replaced.

If an old soldier never dies or becomes a casualty, who in hell does a Replacement replace the first time?

Pvt. SAM SPENCE

France.

## Replacement, Glad

Dear YANK,  
I believe I have a bit of news that would interest the GI readers and outsiders also. Six days after D-Day we played the first baseball game in France. We had a ball that we had brought over from England and fashioned a bat from a tree limb. After the 2nd inning, it was necessary to post outguards cause of the harassing snipers in the vicinity. We finally completed the game without any further interruptions. Before laying the field net we had to comb the area for mines and booby traps. The game ended with the final score of 4 to 0, with yours truly pitching his 16 straight victory and the team thus far being undefeated in the ETO. We are now ready to beat the Jerries, too.

Pfc. AL BRUK

France.

P.S. I might add that this is a Repl. Co.

## Speeding The Mail

Dear YANK,  
In answer to Pvt. Folda R. Case about his mail being held up for a month or so when he only moved a 100 miles or so. If he would let the Unit mail orderly of his old outfit, the APO that did serve him, and the APO that is serving him now, know where he is he would have no troubles. It would help all of us APO clerks with the files if every GI and officer would do just that.

T/5gt. J. E. DRUDY

Britain.

## ETO Hashmark

Dear YANK,  
I would like to extend my best wishes to all my buddies thru your magazine. The reason for this is we are about to spend our third anniversary in the ETO. Maybe I am wrong, but I do think we are the oldest soldiers in this ETO. We landed August 6, 1941. That was ever, ever, ever, so long ago. Of course the war for us had not begun but

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Pictures: 1. Keystone. 2, 3, 4. AP. 5. lower. Planet; upper. Signal Corps. 6. AP. 7. left. AP; right. Signal Corps. 8. Official U.S. Navy Photo. 9. Official U.S. Navy Photo. 10. AP. 11. Signal Corps. 12. upper left. AP; center. Keystone; lower left. OWI; upper right. Planet; lower right. Sgt. Peter Paris. 13. lower left. Keystone; upper right. Signal Corps; middle right. OWI; lower right. OWI. 14. Universal Pictures. 15. INP. 16. left. INP; right. Acme. 17. Acme. 20. upper left and lower. Acme; other. INP. 21. upper. INP; lower. Fifteenth Air Force. Italy. 23. upper left. Kenneth Harris, CPhoM, USCG; upper right. Acme; center left. Signal Corps; center right. CPhoM Kenneth Harris; lower. USMC.



### Two Left Arms

Dear YANK:

In a June issue, Sgt. Sidney Landi's cartoon on the back cover depicted a soldier with two left hands. I've heard of rookies having two left feet, but two left hands are a new one on me.  
PW Camp, Phoenix, Ariz. —Pvt. INO V. SIMONINI

Dear YANK:

We were only just speaking of getting a discharge by going to a psychiatrist and insisting that we have two left hands. . . . I guess we had better give up the idea.  
MacDill Field, Fla. —S/Sgt. I. E. AROUH\*

\*Also signed by Sgt. R. K. Slade.

Dear YANK:

. . . I'm sure the Brooklyn Dodgers will be on his trail soon.  
Key Field, Miss. —Pvt. E. HADGE\*

\*Also signed by S/Sgt. J. Huff and Pfc. T. P. Marnonis.

Dear YANK:

. . . We imagine he works in Headquarters where everything has to be at least in duplicate.  
Columbia AAB, S. C. —Lt. G. D. FARRIS

Dear YANK:

I don't expect to catch you—you're too sharp for that—but I am curious as to the explanation you will give. . . .  
Camp Anza, Calif. —1st Lt. R. W. GOEBEL

■ Shucks, he wouldn't be offering his left arm for security if he didn't have one to spare, would he?

the work was the same. So to my buddies that are scattered only God (and the Army) knows where, my heartiest greetings, the best of luck, and hang onto the keys, boys, for we shall have to close up the place over here as long as we opened it.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL F.B.I. BOYS  
LEW

Britain.

### Port Battalion Protest

Dear YANK,

My purpose in writing is not to start an argument about the relative merits of one unit over against another, for in an undertaking so vast as this each outfit is a cog, whether it be the badly maligned headquarters detachment or the highly-praised paratroopers. Your artist, Sgt. John Scott, who, incidentally, has done a very fine job in "From Isigny to Cherbourg" (YANK, July 16), slights the port battalion by writing "When the time came for unloading, the engineers handled the job ordinarily done by a port battalion." I can understand his desire to emphasize the work of the engineers, and we, who are in the port battalion, second most enthusiastically all plaudits going their way. Nevertheless, we have been here since D-Day, and we have been and are doing the unloading of ships.

Perhaps we are a bit sensitive. Our work has nothing glorious about it, but consists simply of hard work, long hours and depressing conditions. We have been issued no purple hearts for double hernias, cracked skulls, and numerous other injuries. We have also had our fatalities.

This is merely meant as an addendum and not a criticism of John Scott's words.

France.

Cpl. DAVID SCHAFFNER

Dear YANK,

. . . We don't claim to be supermen, but we did do a lot of work. . . . Now and then we get to a ship only to find the men have unloaded their own equipment. We can't be everywhere at once. And for some strange reason, the boys all want to get off the ships right away. . . .

What do you think? Our business is to unload boats, not write about it. We thought we were in your "book" as a working outfit. We'll work like hell to get back there. The boys at the front would

be pretty sore if they thought we worked like Sgt. Scott intimates. We don't need medals or headlines to keep us working at capacity, but we do think we have added a little bit to the big push.

France.

KENNETH A. HART, 1st Sgt., Port Co.

[Judging by the mail, a lot of other Port Battalion boys also felt slighted by Sgt. Scott's casual reference to the way he and the group of Engineers he was with happened to unload. Certainly, no slight was intended; YANK has described the tough, hard work of Port Battalions in the past, and doubtless will again. Certainly, too, no one in France can fail to be aware of the fine job these men are doing. Sgt. Hart observes that the Port Battalion men can't be everywhere at once. Neither can we.—Ed.]

### Replies To Poll

Dear YANK,

Some few months ago some curious GI had the "gall"—it must seem like gall to that 46 percent of so-called Americans who are in favor of keeping servicemen in uniform until jobs are available—to ask this question: "Is it possible as yet for the government to keep a man in service for a period longer than the duration and six months?"

Well, *Fortune* magazine gave him his answer. If 46 percent think so now, how long after the war will it take the other 54 percent to feel the same way? It is about time the GI be given an exact definition of "duration"—a congressional definition—and such definition incorporated in the GI Bill of Rights.

The dictionary states: "The time a thing lasts." The GI thinks the end of the war. The fighting war—not the one of words that will follow.

46 percent of the people at home think as long as they damn well find it suits their convenience and pleasure to keep men in the Army.

How about it?

Pvt. DARWIN S. FRANK

Britain.

Dear YANK,

When they talk of keeping us in the Army until jobs are found for us, we have a gripe coming.

First, it seems that such a policy in part defeats the purpose of the "GI Bill of Rights." What about the GIs who don't desire employment, but wish to buy farms or set up in their own businesses? What about us who wish to continue our schooling at the earliest possible date?

Secondly, we want to enter into free competition for the jobs. In many cases, we'll want the same jobs that we left. Freedom of action is one of the fundamental rights.

Thirdly, will it be satisfactory to both employer and potential employee when no personal contact is possible between them? Remember that many GIs will be thousands of miles from their home towns. Many other factors must be considered.

We think that such a plan for demobilization will merely result in many "thirty-year" men.

GLEN KAPPELMAN, Pfc.  
PAUL KHERR, Pfc.  
WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, Sgt.  
JAMES D. LEWIS, Pvt.

Britain.

Dear YANK,

We suggest that those 45 percent of the people who voted that the soldiers should be released after the war as jobs are available for them, be inducted on the signing of the Armistice and shipped overseas at once to replace us.

Sgt. "SCROOGE"  
Cpl. "SLIM"

Britain.

### Joes As Jurors

Dear YANK,

For quite some time now I have been reading YANK magazine. It being published by and for members of the Armed Forces makes it doubly pleasant to read. YANK has carried several letters in prior installments on "Prunie," and the argumentation of the Paratroops versus Airborne Infantry. Well, "Prunie" is loony, but each of the others has definite footing for argument. I, for one of many, drink a toast to both units, but I find myself unable to justifiably call either the "best" outfit. We need both.

What I'm trying to say is this. We never hear much about "What should we do with Germany and Co.?" Let's talk about ending the war and what to do with Germany, rather than "I'm a better man than you," or "I got more time jumping from planes than you have in the Army." Here's my story, YANK. I believe that five (5) men from each unit—Paratroops, Airborne Infantry, Tank Corps, Air Corps, etc.—men who did the actual fighting, of course—should be chosen by popular vote to be jurors at the final trial of Germany and Co. For it would be then, and only then, by the Grace of God and their will for lasting peace, that a world fit to live in would be attained. No nation in the world can justifiably

send political stuffed shirts to do a job our actual fighting men are more capable of doing. Germany and Co. has fought dirty and well, and, as I say, I believe the men who faced the withering German crossfire should know best what to do with her. I'm not seeking office in the White House—only wishing I could go home to my loved ones to stay forever. That's my story YANK. Irregardless of what it is to you, it's everything to me.

T/Sgt. GEORGE E. PETHOUD

France.



### Symbolism

Dear YANK,

For many years prior to and during the war, much had been said about symbolism. In paintings, books, plays, etc., symbolism of one thing or another has been the motivating factor.

In keeping with this ideology and after much thought on the subject, I think that I have at last found a symbol of thoughts of home and its ramifications, expressed by the accompanying photograph.

I'm hoping that what I'm trying to express can be as readily seen by others as it has been to me.

Cpl. IRWIN J. SELTZER

Britain.

## YANK'S AFN Radio Guide



### Highlights for the week of Aug. 6

**SUNDAY** 2115—AT EASE—Fifteen minutes of popular music, uninterrupted by announcements, played by a favorite band from the States. A new AFN feature.

**MONDAY** 1915—COMMAND PERFORMANCE—The stars of stage, screen, and radio present the original weekly half-hour broadcast for the Armed Forces. It's repeated Tuesday morning at 11 for those who miss it the first time.

**TUESDAY** 2030—BURNS AND ALLEN—You know, Gracie and George. Music by Felix Mills' Orchestra. Songs by Jimmy Cash.

**WEDNESDAY** 2115—BOB HOPE—With his regular cast of zanies, including Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna. Music by Stan Kenton's Orchestra.

**THURSDAY** 2115—DUFFY'S TAVERN—Ed Gardner, as "Archie," the manager of the Tavern, exchanges verbal blows with Finnegan, Miss Duffy, Eddie, and a guest star.

**FRIDAY** 2035—HIT PARADE—The ten top tunes of the week interpreted by Mark Warnow and the Hit Paraders, Joan Edwards, and Frank Sinatra.

**SATURDAY** 1330—YANK'S RADIO WEEKLY. 1935—CONDUCTED BY FAITH—Melody by Percy Faith's Orchestra, with Josephine Antoine, Rhoimold Schmidt, and Ralph Nyland as soloists, and your host, Vincent Pelitier.

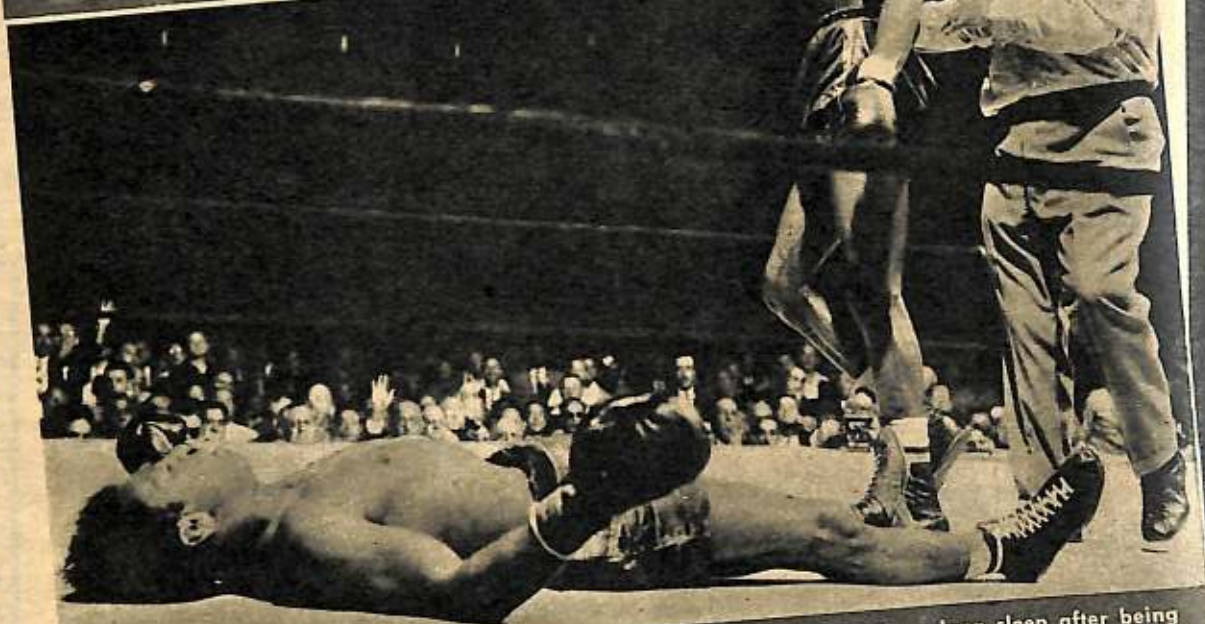
NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

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



# Sports Parade

**SLUGGER.** Babe Didrikson Zaharias (right), who wallops a golf ball 290 yards, shakes hands with Dorothy Germain on the 12th hole where she won the match and the Western Open Championship.



**HE'S OUT COLD.** Cleo Shans, Los Angeles lightweight, stretches out for a long sleep after being chopped down by Ike Williams of Trenton, N. J., in the 10th and last round at the Garden, New York.

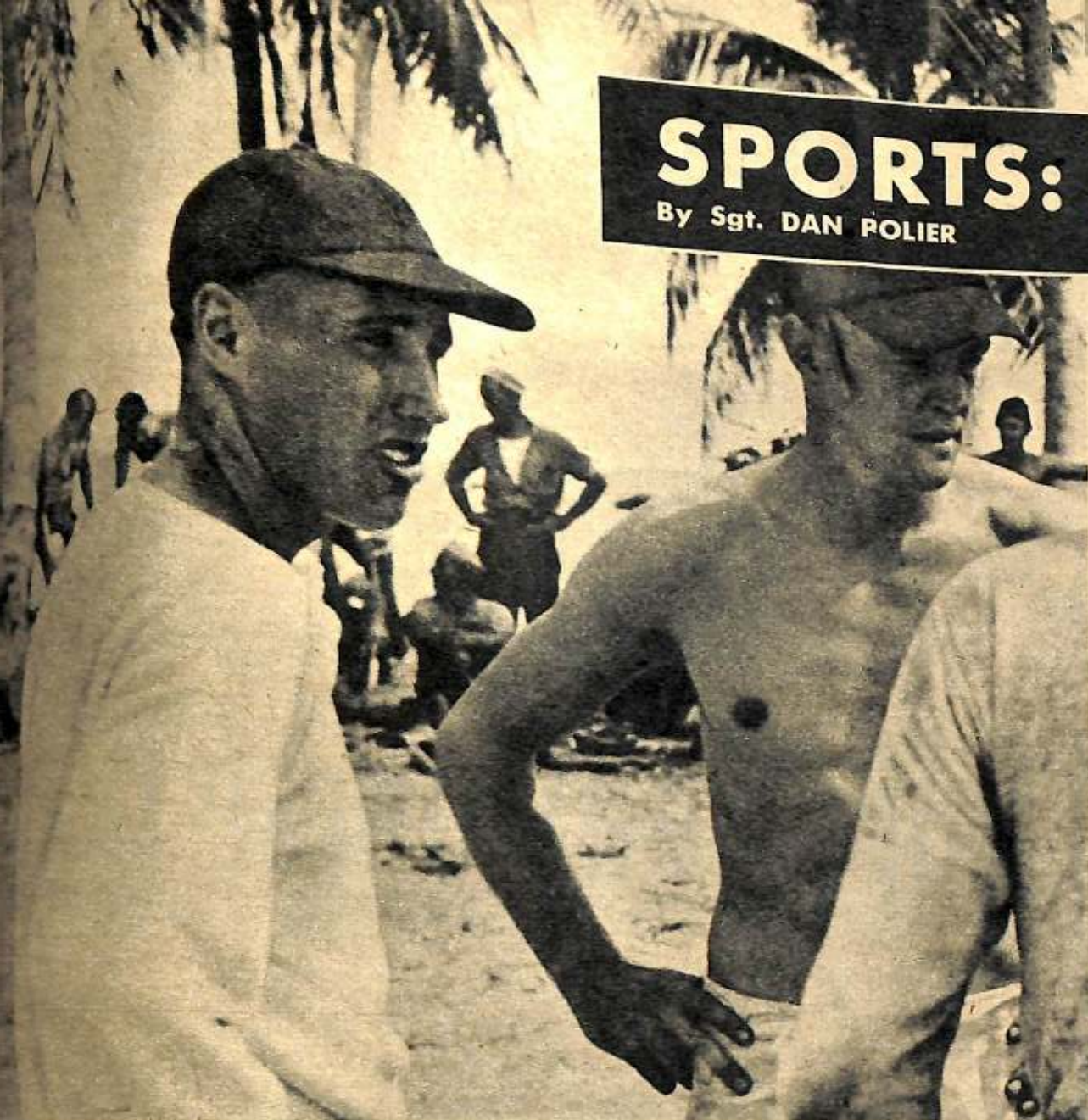
**REAL GIANT.** Pitcher John Gee, 6-foot-9, gets acquainted with little George Hausmann after joining the New York Giants. Big John, who once cost Pittsburgh \$75,000, was sold for the \$7,500 waiver price.



**JUST POSING.** Regardless of what you hear, these old timers aren't playing this season. They came out of retirement to appear in a Polo Grounds War Bond game. Left to right: Zach Wheat, Moose McCormick, Herb Pennock, Bill Klem, Roger Bresnahan, George Wiltse, Wally Schang, Nap Rucker and Otto Miller.

# SPORTS: YANK'S FOURTH SPORTS QUIZ FOR EXPERTS ONLY

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



8. With what sports do you associate each of the following terms: (a) spoon, (b) clinch, (c) love?

9. Identify four famous boxers known by each of the following nicknames: (a) Toy Bulldog, (b) Wild Bull of Pampas, (c) Kingfish, (d) Bobcat.

10. What Swedish runner holds the world's record for the mile and what's his time?

11. Here's a list of foreign-born baseball stars. Can you name their native countries: (a) Alex Carrasquel, (b) Luis Olmo, (c) Bobby Estalella, (d) Jesse Flores?

12. What football team is No. 1 in Rose Bowl appearances?

13. What pitcher was the last 30-game winner in the major leagues?

14. Were either of the Louis-Pastor fights title bouts?

15. Jim Tobin of the Braves recently pitched his second no-hitter of the season, shutting out the Phils, 7-0, in five innings. Only one other pitcher worked two no-hitters in the same season. Who is he?

16. What Rose Bowl game wasn't played in the Rose Bowl, and what were the teams involved?

17. What major-league team hasn't won a pennant since the present two-league system was established?

18. On what college teams did the following All-Americans perform: (a) Clint Frank, (b) Vic Bottari, (c) Davey O'Brien, (d) Frank Sinkwich, (e) Nile Kinnick?

19. What year did Babe Ruth hit a record number of home runs, and while you're at it, how many did he hit?

← 20. On the left is a familiar face in an unfamiliar setting. Who is he, and where is he now?

## ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, Jim Braddock, 2. Ty Cobb, 3. (a) Carl Hubbell, (b) Rip Sewell, (c) Lefty Gomez, (d) Elden Auker, 4. Red Rolfe, 5. Trotting champion, 6. Bob Feller, 7. The center passed the ball with his back to the opposing team. Used by Syracuse in 1941. Walker, (b) Luis Firpo, (c) King Levinsky, (d) Bob Montgomery, 10. Arne Anderson, who ran a 4:02.6 mile in Sweden last summer, 11. (a) Venezuela, (b) Puerto Rico, (c) Cuba, (d) Mexico, 12. Stanford University with eight appearances, 1902-25-27-28-34-35-36-41, 13. Dizzy Dean in 1934, 14. Yes, the second bout, 15. Johnny Vander Meer, 16. The 1942 Duke-Oregon State game, transferred to Durham, N. C., 17. St. Louis Browns, 18. (a) Yale, (b) California, (c) Texas Christian, (d) Georgia, (e) Iowa, 19. 1927, 60 home runs, 20. CPO Bob Feller (extreme left), now in the South Pacific as a Navy gun-crew chief.

**H**ERE is YANK'S fourth sports quiz, a good proving ground for your knowledge of sports events and personalities. In scoring yourself, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. Eighty or more is excellent, 70 is good, 60 is fair, 50 is passing, 40 or below failure.

1. Name in the proper order the heavy-weight champions between Gene Tunney and Joe Louis.

2. Who was known as the Georgia Peach? Bobby Jones, Young Stribling or Ty Cobb?

3. What major-league pitchers are identified by the following pitches: (a) screwball, (b) ephus ball, (c) gopher ball, (d) submarine ball?

4. What's his name? He's a college man whose alma mater isn't far from his home town, Penacook, N. H. He's back in college but not as a student, having retired voluntarily from baseball to coach an Ivy League team. He holds a lifetime batting average of .289 and has been in six World Series games. His nickname might infuriate a bull.

5. Bill Gallon was: (a) football coach, (b) baseball manager, (c) heavyweight champion, (d) trotting champion.

6. What major-league pitcher, now in the Navy, hurled a no-hit game on the opening day of the 1940 season?

7. What was the "Y" formation and what football team used it?

Cincinnati's Bert Haas is serving in Italy. Killed in action: Sgt. Harold Hursh, Indiana halfback of the late 30s and one of the finest passers in Big Ten history, during a bomber flight in the South Pacific. . . . Wounded in action: Lt. Ike Peel, blocking back on two Tennessee "bowl" teams, in the European fighting. . . . Commissioned: Bill Hulse, new U. S. 1,500-meter champion, as an ensign in the Navy; Marshall Goldberg, former Pitt and Chicago Cardinal halfback, as an ensign in the Navy. . . . Ordered for induction: Rollie Hemsley, first-

**T**HE powerful Sixth Air Force (Panama) baseball team, featuring ex-Card Terry Moore, has been broken up by reassignment. . . . CPO Gus Sonnenberg, former heavyweight wrestling champ, is critically ill at the Bethesda (Md.) Naval Hospital. . . . Lt. Glenn Dobbs, who was scheduled to return to Randolph Field after finishing OCS, has been grabbed off by the Second Air Force and shipped to Colorado Springs to head its football team. Randolph Field is plenty burned up over the whole thing. . . . Pvt. Beau Jack has replaced Pfc. George Pace, ex-bantam champion, as the No. 1 boxer at the Fort Benning Reception Center. . . . Boots Poffenberger and Gene Desautels, a couple of ex-Tigers, are the punch behind the Parris Island Marine ball club, which has already won 17 straight. . . . Mickey Walker, Tony Galento and Tom Meany, the New York baseball writer, will round out the next USO overseas sports troupe. . . . M/Sgt. Zeke Bonura, who scouts GI talent in North Africa for the Minneapolis club, signed up two prospects recently, but lost both of them when they went into action in Italy. One boy, a southpaw pitcher, lost his left arm, and the other, a pitcher, died in the stomach. . . .

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

string Yankee catcher, by the Army. . . . Deferred: Al Lopez, captain and catcher of the Pirates, because his draft board ruled baseball as an essential industry. . . . Rejected: Don Black, rookie Athletic pitcher, because of a heart murmur; Claude Passeau, 33-year-old Chicub right-hander, cause not disclosed.



By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**S**AIPAN, MARIANAS ISLANDS [By Cable]—There are three divisions of Marine and Army troops taking this mountainous Jap stronghold in the Central Pacific, and they have fought in some of the war's toughest battles—Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Makin. But most of them will tell you that the battle they are fighting now is the roughest of all. "It's the damned artillery and mortars," they say.

The 2d and 4th Marine Divisions landed abreast in the initial attack on the western beaches of Saipan. The Jap beach defenses were meager; there were no real defense lines. The Japs were depending entirely on their artillery and mortars.

While American naval guns pounded the island, the Japs held the fire of their mountain guns. Then, as the first waves of Marine amphibious tractors passed over the reef about a thousand yards offshore, the Japs opened up.

A lieutenant colonel commanding a Marine battalion said the Japs had enough artillery to follow the first two waves of amtracks all the way to the beach simultaneously. The officer was wounded in the face and shoulder while his amtrack was splashing across the reef. Moments later, as the vehicle rolled up on the beach, a Jap grenade exploded under his feet, splattering his legs and groins with fragments.

"They were shelling us with .75s," said a marine who was lying on the beach in a shallow trench, blood seeping through a bandage on his thigh. "We could hear the shells whine a foot or so above the amtrack, and mortar fire sent up spouts of water around us."

"As soon as we hit the beach I reached for a cigarette," said a gunnery sergeant. "I pulled out a packet of matches and inside the cover was printed: 'DON'T FORGET TO BUY A BOND TODAY.'"

**S**AIPAN is no Tarawa or Kwajalein; it is a mountainous island and not a flat atoll. And it is not a little area, either, but a considerable land mass, about 75 square miles—the largest island ever assaulted by Central Pacific forces.

That is why the marines, after carving out and holding their beachheads, have had a tough deal. Elements of the 2d Marine Division have wheeled up the west coast from the beachhead and taken Garapan, capital of the island, while other units have scaled and captured the razored ridges of 1,554-foot Mount Tapotchau.

At the same time the 4th Marine Division has struck directly across the island and, after severe fighting, has secured Mount Kagman and the heights surrounding Magicienne Bay on the east coast of Saipan.

These moves have cut off the southern half of the island, an area that has been mopped up by the Army's 27th Division, which landed a few days after the initial assault and captured Aslito airstrip and Nafutan Point. Seabees have repaired and extended the airstrip's 3,600-foot runway, and it is already basing our aircraft.

Casualties have been heavy. In the first two weeks of fighting we had 1,474 men killed, 878 missing and 7,400 wounded—making Saipan's initial stages thrice as costly as Tarawa and one-fourth as expensive as the Normandy landings.

"That Jap artillery's got no respect for rank," a Marine sergeant said. He belonged to a battalion of the 2d Marine Division that landed under intense artillery and mortar fire on D Day, went into reserve for 10 minutes and then went back into the fight. It is still on the front lines, having rooted the Japs from one hilltop position after another until it took the heights overlooking Garapan.

The CO of one company was killed during a pre-dawn attack by Jap tanks on D-plus-two; the executive officer who took over was wounded and had to be evacuated; a platoon leader who took over from the exec also fell.

The CO of another company was wounded in the same attack; his executive officer had been missing since D Day, so the CO of headquarters company went forward to take his place.

The remaining line company is now commanded by the exec; the CO was evacuated after being wounded a second time on D Day.

Jap guns still drop an occasional shell on the American positions covering the southern end of Saipan from Garapan to the northeast shore of Magicienne Bay, but not since D-plus-two has the area been under heavy fire. That morning was more intense than D Day, because the Japs were able to put mountain guns in play.

"The Japs began their counterattack with tanks at about 0330 on D-plus-two," a first sergeant said. "Back at headquarters we heard that the captain of one of the companies was wounded and reinforcements were needed. So 16 of us went up with our own company commander."

They found that the wounded CO was the victim of a freak accident. He had been aiming his carbine, with a grenade attached, at an approaching Jap tank when a stray bullet exploded the grenade, knocking over the CO and deafening him. He remained conscious enough to wave reinforcements to the right flank, where contact with the next company had been lost.

His outfit, now commanded by the captain of headquarters company, moved right along the front until it came to the brow of a hill overlooking a shallow valley. "We could see a bunch of tanks down there," the sergeant said. "We felt pretty good about it because we thought they were ours. The captain hollered down to them and someone answered: 'Come on down, pal. He spoke good English, but we could tell by his high voice that he was a Jap.'"

The Jap tanks, more than 30 in all, charged through the American lines. Many of the tanks carried a half-dozen Japs on top, while other Jap soldiers, armed with machine guns, followed on foot.

When dawn finally lit the sky, 27 Jap tanks were found on the battlefield, but there were fewer dead Japs than the marines had expected to find. Later two truckloads of dead Japs were seized when a rapid flanking movement pocketed an enemy group, and there was other evidence that the Japs were taking their dead as well as their wounded with them when they retreated, presumably to hide their losses. In spite of this, our forces have already buried some 6,000 enemy dead on Saipan.

**F**IRST sizable town to fall on Saipan was Charan-Kanoa, on the west coast near the original beachhead. While advance patrols searched for Jap snipers and machine gunners in the burning sugar-cane fields surrounding Charan-Kanoa, the main body set up headquarters in the rows of abandoned company houses lining the mill town.

Taller marines had trouble with the one-story houses, evidently built for a race of smaller people. The ceilings and door frames seemed to keep coming down and hitting the Americans on the head, so that some were forced to wear their helmets indoors in self-defense.

There were no beds, and tired marines were obliged to stretch out on native mats on the floors. But every back yard boasted a cistern well that was promptly used for needed baths.

# Saipan was worse than

The Americans were forced to retire in the face of the Jap assault, and soon all distinction between Marine and enemy lines was lost. Machine guns of both sides sent interlocking streams of tracers across. Jap tanks roared back and forth over foxholes and trenches, and the night air was filled with the smell from their exhausts and the acrid odor of gunfire.

"A tank ran over my hole," said one Marine platoon sergeant, "so I lit a fuse and tossed a whole pack of demolition charges on top of the damn thing—27 pounds of explosives, not counting the detonator caps and the rest. I put them right on top of the motor and blew the tank all over hell."

Meanwhile the bazookamen were having a field day firing rockets at point-blank range against tanks. A pfc from South Dakota scored hits on four tanks with his four rounds, while another bazooka team set a 100-percent record with seven rounds.

"It was a case of keeping your head down while Jap tanks crunched over the slit trenches and foxholes," said the company's top kick, "and hoping they would straddle your position instead of running the tread in your hole. Two men were run down and several of our machine guns and mortars were crushed. But we knocked out 16 tanks with bazookas, rifles and grenades."

Marines picked bananas and found bottles of warm Jap beer to supplement their usual field rations. Jap and German phonograph records provided squeaky dinner music.

But not everything at Charan-Kanoa was sweetness and light. The marines had to ferret out a spotter who hid for two days in the lofty tower of one sugar mill, directing artillery batteries against our troops. And when gunfire suddenly lashed out from farmhouses that had displayed white flags, the houses had to be knocked out.

**T**HE fighting in the mountain areas has developed into a hundred little battles. After abandoning the foothills and coastal plains, the Japs are defending the ravines and are fighting in the succession of limestone cliffs that rise like knife blades, especially around Tapotchau. Each ravine or cave is a deadly small-scale battlefield, and the Americans must clean out the mountain pockets of Japs one by one.

Troops of the 27th Division, advancing northeast of Garapan along with the 4th Marine Division, came upon a ravine filled with rock caves, from which the Japs were firing machine guns and rifles. The soldiers surrounded the ravine to bottle up the Japs and brought light artillery and flame throwers up to fire point-blank into the caves.

On the hills overlooking Magicienne Bay, the Japs ran their field pieces in and out of caves, firing from the outside and then ducking back into the mountain. Besides taking advantage of the natural caves in the limestone rock, some of them hundreds of feet deep with rear exits, the Japs have dug out man-made caves, in a Pacific version of the Maginot Line. But like the Maginot Line, it does the defenders no lasting good; one by one the pockets are being eliminated.

The Japs are also using a new kind of steel shield to protect them against small-arms fire when they crawl toward the American lines. Their heads and shoulders are covered, and only their legs and forearms are exposed. On our side, rockets are being fired from Navy planes for the first time in this area.

The Japs are still up to their old, incomprehensible tricks. "During one tank battle," a battalion sergeant major said, "the Japs tied up in platoon formation, about 100 troops behind four tanks. The officers in the tanks opened their turrets, stood up, waved their sabers at Jap flags, hollered 'Banzai' and charged. The Japs just walked into the crossfire of American machine guns, and 700 of them were left dead on the plain south of Garapan."



# Tarawa



Infantrymen wade ashore from LSTs. Buffaloes bring up heavier equipment.



Three members of a Tank patrol look over an advanced position on Saipan.



Marines of the first wave hit the beach. They dig foxholes and set up a short-wave radio system. The wounded marine at the left heads for a landing craft.

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



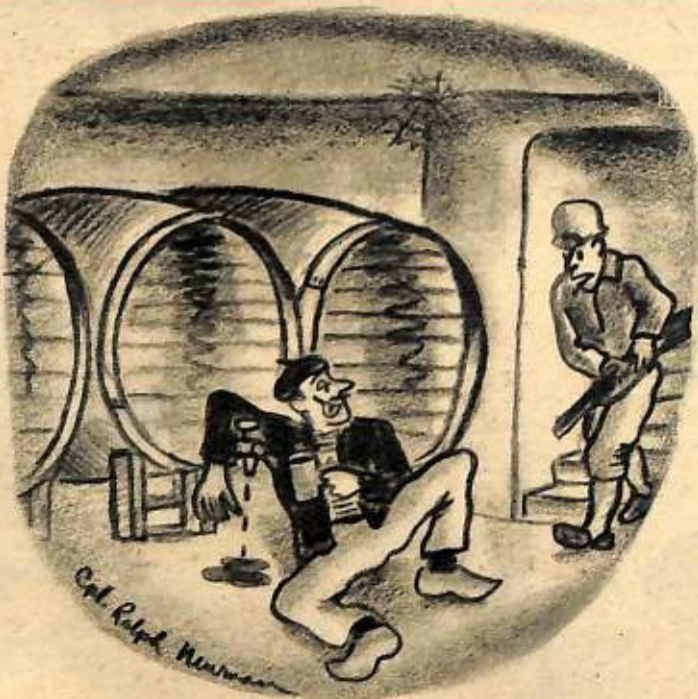
"EITHER GET A COOK WHO CAN READ THE LABELS OR TAKE THAT DAMNED CAN OPENER AWAY FROM HIM."  
—Sgt. Frank Brandt and Cpl. Tom Shehan



"IN VIEW OF YOUR FINE WORK, SGT. WITT, I'M RECOMMENDING THE OAK LEAF CLUSTER FOR YOUR GOOD CONDUCT RIBBON."  
—Cpl. Art Gates



"HUT, II, III, IV. HUT, II, III, IV. HUT . . ."  
—Cpl. R. Reiff



"I'VE COME TO LIBERATE YOU!"  
—Cpl. Ralph Newman



"IT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME, COLONEL, THE WAY THESE LITTLE GIRLIES ALWAYS STEAL THE SHOW."  
—M/SGT. Ted Miller