YANK

THE ARMY

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

NAZI MINES

A 155-MM LONG TOM, MOUNTED ON A SHERMAN TANK CHASSIS, SENDS A SHELL TOWARD THE NAZI LINES ACROSS THE MOSELLE RIVER IN BELGIUM.

SHERMAN TANK ROLLS ONTO A PONTON BRIDGE BUILT BY AMERICAN ENGINEERS AT THE MEUSE NEAR LIEGE

LET'S HAVE NO CRACKS ABOUT WAR NOT BEING HELL

War in the West

Three stories from the Allied front against the Germans, where units were cleaning out enemy pockets behind the lines as forward columns raced through Belgium.

ROLLING ON TOWARD LIEGE

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN BELGIUM [By Cable]—A fat, spruce young Belgian priest ran out from the crowd on the sidewalk and jumped up on our jeep. Smiling and nodding, he shook our hands. His thick, glistening black hair and loose white collar ends flapped excitedly as he talked in excellent English.

"Are you going to Germany today?" he asked the lieutenant.

"No, not today. Anyway I don't think so."

The priest looked slightly crestfallen. He was like a spectator at a football game, cheering his team forward, only to see its drive halt with the goal in sight. "Germany is only about 100-odd kilometers from here," he said.

"Yes," replied the lieutenant, "but we are going northwest toward Liege."

"Ah, Liege," said the priest, and he was silent for a moment. Then, very politely: "Well, that will do." His face was wreathed in smiles again and he shook hands all around a second time. Then he jumped off the jeep and disappeared into the crowd.

The convoy moved on and our jeep went with it, spreading a holiday atmosphere through the streets and country roads. There was a steady rain of hard fruit, butter, biscuits, flowers, confetti and small children beating in upon us from all directions wherever we moved. The Belgian people were giving the Americans as active a welcome as anybody could hope for, and the GIs made the most of it.

A soldier on a half-track just ahead of us kept banging two canteen cups together. This would invariably bring a girl on the run from the nearest house with a pitcher of milk or cognac.

At one bend in the road, a redhead in a brown sweater and gray flannel skirt saw her chance and sprang onto a jeep. She was carried down the road for 100 yards, slung diagonally and hysterically across the knees and shoulders of four grinning wiremen.

Now that we were in Belgium, we were making good time. With towns like Soissons, Mons and Chateau-Thierry behind us, we had expected to see battered brown fields, gray skies, rain, red poppies, Flanders mud—everything that we had read in novels and seen in movies about the first World War.

But there was none of that this time. Instead we found broad, open rolling fields and hills, thick low forests and a high cold wind. When we stopped for lunch we wrapped ourselves in blankets and ducked underneath the jeep to get some protection from the wind. Some of the men cut holes in their blankets and wore them like Mexican *serapes*. One GI wore a faded brown furpiece around his neck.

After coffee and 10-in-1 rations we all felt more conversational. There was much talk about the crossing of the Meuse some days before. From high positions on the opposite shore, the Germans had opened up with tanks, tank destroyers, big guns and machine guns while the U. S. assault craft were right in midstream. But they made it across the Meuse and the infantrymen kept on moving, in spite of German tanks and flame throwers, until our own armor came up and cleared a path for the advance. Everything went okay from then on.

Now we were on the move again, stopping every half-hour or so at small fields or clearings. Evidently the lead battalion up ahead was running into some opposition, and that was the reason for the delays.

About 1600 hours we drove to the top of a hill. Blue smoke rose from the forest on the left of us, and there came the occasional sharp sputter of a machine pistol. Our regiment had surrounded a group of Germans with tanks and TDs in the forest ahead. After some skirmishing, the Germans waved white flags. Our men were told to stand by and wait as the Germans marched out of the woods in double file. Then, unaccountably, a tank opened up and the Germans broke and scattered into the woods again. So the GIs had to follow them in and fight it out to a finish.

After that we reached our objective for the day and bedded down for the night in a small village. Belgian farmers made us welcome. In their soft, warm double beds, sleep came down quickly over our heads.

Early next morning we stood in the village's only street and watched the Infantry move up over the hill. The men were brisk and light on their feet and moved along whistling, some with hands in their pockets, all of them right in step. The whistling and the smart pace were as much because of the cold weather as because the outfit was very near the German border and really in motion again.

One of the men in the outfit emerged from a local dry-goods store with 11 new packs of playing cards in his hands. We stared rather doubtfully at him, and he silently flourished a magician's union card by way of explanation.

Once we stopped in a small town for glasses of cold strong beer. They offered us whisky at $14 a bottle but there were few takers. No one seemed to have that much money. At the bar a Lt. Buren of Knoxville, Tenn., introduced us to Roger Young, a member of the Belgian resistance movement, now on detached service with the First Army. After 1940 he had been taken prisoner. He remained in Germany three years before he escaped. He had run into Buren and his group a couple of weeks earlier near the French-Belgian border, where he was hitchhiking his way east. They asked him where he was going and he merely said "*Pour les Boches* (For the Germans)." As this was the same general direc-

SGT. LEROY LUCE FELT HE WAS POSING FOR HISTORY AS, AT AACHEN, HE PUT ONE FOOT IN GERMANY, ONE IN BELGIUM

An M-4 Sherman tank moves through a belt of steel and concrete antitank obstacles in the Westwall. The path was created by engineers of a demolition squad.

tion the Americans were taking, they told him to climb on and he had been with them ever since. Roger was only one of the Belgian *Maquis* who were now working with the Allies.

ABOUT an hour before we reached a river crossing, a Piper Cub got in touch by radio with an artillery observer in the jeep directly ahead of us. The Cub reported that Germans were dug in at a steep incline on the opposite bank of the river, which we were scheduled to cross at noon. A hurry call was sent back to the artillery to lay a few shells in that area, but they were too late. One minute before our shells landed, the Germans had blown up the bridge and they were now heading rapidly eastward in trucks.

Things still looked promising by the time we got to the river bank. The open sky above us was flecked with bombers, and one of our patrols, led by Maj. Keene Wilson, was scaling a high brown cliff on the opposite side. Maj. Wilson, who had come over to France three months ago as a first lieutenant, was now battalion commander. He had a habit of going up to the front lines and staying there when things were hot.

We waited about a half hour before crossing. I picked up a couple of small pieces of paper lying in the streets. They turned out to be Nazi eleventh-hour propaganda:

Where are the German Tigers?
Where are the German U-boats?
Where is the *Luftwaffe*?

Allied propaganda claims have told you they were wiped out long ago.

We, your comrades of the opposition, wish you the best of luck during the months ahead.

And remember we still have some very delicate surprises for you.

We repeat—wait and see.

You won't have much longer to wait.

Finally we climbed into our jeeps and drove to a bridge farther down the river. Then there were more delays and more consumption of pears and bread showered on us by the local inhabitants. One or two of us got out to take in the view. The sun came out again. Looking down over a parapet at the shimmering water, everyone agreed that it was a fine afternoon—in fact, just the kind of afternoon the war might suddenly end on, and none of us would know anything about it.

WITH THE CANADIANS IN FRANCE

By Pvt. BEN FRAZIER
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE CANADIAN FORCES IN FRANCE—It was the week of the big squeeze play to crush and annihilate the German Seventh Army. The Canadian forces had already outflanked the Germans in the north and were turning toward a juncture with the Americans pushing up from the south. Jerry had only one escape route left—a narrow gap still open between the advancing American and Canadian troops near Falaise and Trun. Behind the Germans, acting as a piston to shove them through the gap, was a British outfit prodding them on and mopping up the stragglers.

After Trun was captured by the Canadian 3d Division, one company of Highlanders pushed ahead to the next town, St. Lambert. There it was cut off during the night, and now only 50 men were left. The position was very uncertain. Contact had been reestablished from time to time but it never lasted. The CO knew that reinforcements might not be able to reach his men until the next day, and he prepared them for a long and hard night.

It was. There were a few tanks attached to the company and some 17-pounders. All night long they shelled a group of German-held farm buildings at the foot of the lane just one field away. In one of the barns the Jerries had stored ammunition. It caught on fire and after dark blazed away, making a spectacular show with the ammo exploding and sending up bursts of flame into the night sky.

In between the incessant firing, there were brief moments of quiet, and then you could hear the Jerries in the farm buildings down the lane yelling like a bunch of madmen. It was not a chorus of surrender. Individuals were yelling excitedly, at the top of their lungs. You felt that the Jerries must have been reduced to insanity by the bombing and the shelling they had been through. There was one German, somewhere in the field next to us, who kept calling out in a high nervous voice something that sounded like "potatoes." He kept it up for hours. I fell asleep that night with the sound of "potatoes, potatoes" running through my head.

EARLY the next morning I was awakened by a considerable burst of gunfire. A German tank and half-track had tried to make a run for it but were blocked by two burned-out tanks side by side in the main road. A 17-pounder lit into them and the tank burned furiously.

German patrols, too, had crept into town during the night and had tossed some grenades into a few buildings. But the Nazis never got out again; the road was full of dead Germans sprawled at horrible angles as far as you could see. It was still raining, which was unpleasant, but at least it washed the blood away.

From the direction of the farm buildings at the bottom of the lane, where there had been all the yelling the night before, there was not a sound. There was nothing but a faint curl of smoke coming from the barn.

In a short time a small group of Germans began to form at the end of the lane under a white flag and slowly advanced toward us. They were covered by the Canadians from the hedges on both sides of the lane and the 17-pounder at the crossroads. The tanks covered them, too. No one was taking any chances.

Just then somebody shouted excitedly. We all looked down the lane toward the burning farm. It was full of Germans. Three and four abreast, they were trudging up the lanes with white flags. Some of them had white handkerchiefs tied over their helmets. The first ones came slowly up the path, sloshing about in the mud puddles. There was no end to the procession.

The captured Jerries were a sad-looking lot, too confused to do anything more than just plod along. All the spirit was out of them. Just once in a while you would see a thoroughly Nazi-type officer sitting bolt upright in a *Volkswagen* or a truck, looking disdainfully at the low trash whose prisoner he was. These Nazis invariably had immaculately clean uniforms, so that it seemed as if they had not even come from the same place as their dust-covered men.

All over the field small detachments rose up out of nowhere and streamed in under white flags. And then up the main road, cautiously coming past the burning tank wrecked just that morning, was another group as large as the one down the lane. There were hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of Germans, picking their way over the bodies of their dead in the road.

They were all surrendering to a little company of 50 men at a country crossroads.

The company was snowed under by the sudden deluge of prisoners. There were hardly enough men to frisk them all. In the midst of all this confusion, a helmetless English officer came walking up the road, making his way through the crowd of Germans. Pointing to a map, he asked the CO if we were mortaring a certain position. It was well down in territory which everybody assumed was teeming with Germans, and our mortars were giving it everything they had. The English officer asked quietly if we would stop—"Because we're there."

The British unit had been pushing the Jerries toward this trap. Now they had arrived at the gap—only a couple of miles from the Americans on the south and the Canadians on the north. We knew now that the Germans were finished. The Seventh Army had been destroyed, and the battle of the gap at St. Lambert had turned into a race for Berlin.

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HOW BRASSIERE BOYS HELD BREST

By TOM BERNARD Sp(X)1c
YANK Staff Correspondent

BREST, FRANCE [By Cable]—When American armored columns swept through Brittany in the whirlwind drive that changed the static war into a war of movement, they left behind them pockets of German resistance that had to be cleared by the slower and less spectacular work of the Infantry. The most determined of these pockets were located in seaports the Germans wanted to deny to the Allies, and the most important of these seaports was Brest.

Rather than divert a sizable portion of the Allied forces from the eastward drive, in order to mop up Brest, the Allied command decided to continue the thrust toward Paris and leave Brest to be taken in good time by a relatively small force. But before even this force had arrived to lay siege to the great port, the job of holding the German garrison fell to a handful of men. In Army terminology they "contained" Brest, so they were naturally called "the Brassiere Boys."

There were 20,000 Germans in Brest, commanded by Lt. Gen. Hermann Ramcke, who led the *Afrika Korps* in its final retreat across Africa. The cream of his forces were the 2d Paratroop Division, tough cookies who had been ordered by Hitler himself to hold out for four months.

Tanks and half-tracks of the American 6th Armored Division had stuck their noses arrogantly into the outskirts of Brest and charged quickly up and down the byroads, giving the garrison the impression that a great American force was already on hand. Then the armor had departed, leaving behind only the Brassiere Boys—an Armored Infantry battalion of the 6th, another Infantry battalion, a battalion of Artillery and two reconnaissance troops.

For six days, until reinforcements could arrive, the Brassiere Boys held the line, repulsing the probing German patrols and fooling the Germans into thinking they faced a much larger force.

S/Sgt. Joe Cybor's rifle squad had been on the point in a half-track during the grueling 250-mile race up the Brittany peninsula. Dismounted, Cybor and his men now held the line at Brest—fighting again the hedgerow kind of war they thought they had left behind in Normandy.

The squad's first job was to take Hill 105. "We were there a day and a half," said Cybor, "right smack between our artillery and theirs. There was a pillbox right below the top of the hill.

"I saw there was no chance of my squad going in, so I told Hale and Kunstek, my two bazookamen, to go after it."

The two men advanced but were soon detected. Three Jerry machine guns pointed down at them.

Cybor took in the situation quickly. He had a tommy gun but that wasn't enough. He yelled to Sgt. Bob Baker of Pittsburgh, Pa., another squad leader, for a machine gun. Baker brought him a light air-cooled .30. Holding it like a popgun, Joe stood up and let go. At the same time his riflemen fired madly, trying to create a diversion.

"I saw we weren't getting very far," said Cybor, "so I fired a burst at Hale's corner to wise him up. But he didn't pay much attention."

Hale was too busy listening to the Jerries talking in the pillbox. He eased up closer and tossed in a grenade.

Baker brought the news that the company had withdrawn 700 yards and the squad was cut off. But Cybor and the others refused to withdraw until Hale and Kunstek had rejoined them. They came back at last, lugging bags of bazooka ammo and munching on K-ration biscuits.

Then began the withdrawal. While two men at a time scooted across a field, the others blasted away with their rifles at concealed enemy gun positions. Then two more and two more. It was hedgerow to hedgerow until the whole squad finally slid, panting and aching, down a bank into a railroad right of way.

After failing to take the hill—a regiment later fought for days to capture it—the squad regrouped and spread out in a thin line on the left flank of the front. One of the squad had been wounded, but the remaining 11 held a 150-yard strip with rifles, the tommy and the light MG.

Over their heads the Artillery battalion of the Brassiere Boys was pounding away, doing its utmost to convince the German garrison that the siege of Brest was under way. But the Jerry artillery was pounding right back.

"In spite of all that racket," Cybor said, ejecting a brown squirt of tobacco juice at a passing wasp, "we got some sleep—doubling up, two guys to a post, so one could sleep for two hours."

Occasionally the squad would capture a prisoner and grin happily to themselves when he reported to the interrogator that the Brest garrison believed it was hemmed in by a great force.

Once Cybor's men got pretty jittery. Seven men from another company had been captured by an unusually aggressive German patrol. "We worried a bit," said Cybor, "thinking maybe those GIs might spill the beans about there being only one battalion of Infantry."

Evidently the captured Yanks refused to talk; there were no large-scale attempts to break through the thinned-out American lines.

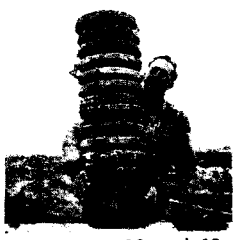
The long watch was telling on the men. They were haggard, weary and aching for a solid night's uninterrupted sleep. And as the strain of the unbroken six-day vigil and the pounding of the artillery left their mark, the enemy apparently got suspicious. Jerry patrols grew bolder.

Then at last relief arrived. The Brassiere Boys just sat and stared as fresh troops came along the hedgerows in single file, hundreds of them with plenty of guns and ammo.

Six weeks and four days after the first armored units had penetrated Brest, the port capitulated to the attacking forces.

This is Brest as it appeared during the street fighting. The lone American runs to a new position.

This Week's Cover



THE "pies" S/Sgt. W. R. Nickell of Indianapolis, Ind., has stacked here are German Teller mines, picked up in Italy during one day's stooping by an antitank outfit. Incidentally, don't let Nickell and photographer Sgt. John Frano fool you into thinking he's carrying them. They're resting on a block. There's more about Nazi mines on pages 12 and 13.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. John Frano. 2—Lower left, PA; others, Signal Corps. 3 & 4—Acme. 5—INP. 6—Upper right, Sgt. Bill Young; lower, Sgt. Steve Derry. 7—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 8 & 9—Sgt. Dil Ferris. 10 & 11—British Official Photos. 12—Signal Corps. 13—Upper left, PA; others, Signal Corps. 17—U. S. Army. 18—Upper, Signal Corps, Fort McClellan, Ala.; lower left, Signal Corps, Fort Sill, Okla.; lower right, PRO, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. 19—Upper left, PRO, Fort Monmouth, N. J.; upper right, Freeman Field, Seymour, Ind.; lower, McCook AAF, Nebr. 20—20th Century-Fox. 23—Upper, Acme; lower, Sgt. Bob Ghio.

Amputating Reveille

PANAMA CANAL ZONE—Immortalized in Irving Berlin's "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," the secret ambition of most soldiers—to murder the bugler—was accomplished at the expense of a rooster that used to wake EM on this post.

Piso, as the late bugler was named, had been purchased at a Panama City poultry market by Cpl. Agusta Rexach of Santurce, Puerto Rico, who had trouble getting out of his sack in the morning. And Piso did the job he was intended for, sounding off regularly at 0530 hours.

"It wasn't *that* we minded," said S/Sgt. Russell Goldberg of Yonkers, N. Y. "The trouble was that Piso tuned up at 0400 every day."

When GI shoes and streams of curses failed to stop the rooster, GIs plotted to end his tyranny. He was roasted one day not long ago.

—Sgt. WILLIAM TUSHER
YANK Field Correspondent

YANKS at Home Abroad

Jungle Bean

GUAM—No servicemen in the Pacific should be without a "jungle bean," a fabulous charm described by M-T/Sgt. James E. Clark as "more powerful than asafetida or atabrine, capable of curing rheumatism or yaws and preventing bullet wounds, dengue and the GIs."

Clark, member of the 3d Marine Division's motor transport group, is violently vocal concerning the properties of these magic beans but rather hazy as to their origin. At various times he has said they came from a coal mine, deep in the earth's bowels and sandwiched between two layers of diamond-bearing ore.

"But this here particular jungle bean," he says, holding up a smooth, brown charm resembling an oversize chocolate-coated mint, "came from Africa. Yes, sir. I got my first bean at the 'Canal, and it took me through man-made gunfire and nature's floods. Then I drilled a hole in it and strung it on my dog-tag chain, and that's where I made my mistake.

"Just after I landed here at Guam I lost my bean, dog tags and all. I told a native right away and then I didn't stir out of my foxhole for three days until he returned with another jungle bean—this one. He says he got it from a cousin in Africa, and I'm not one to ask questions about these beans.

"Reason I lost the other one was because I drilled that hole in it and all the power dribbled out. Now, the Gunner there—he was smart."

Clark pointed to W/O William J. Tade of San Francisco, Calif., a bearded, tanned marine clad only in shorts, shoes and a cap. Tade, who wore a jungle bean around his neck, was idly toying with a Japanese yo-yo.

"That's a mighty fine bean the Gunner's got—a 10-power bean. Mine's only about 3-power or so, but it's good enough. Now the Gunner, when he drilled that hole in his bean, he put the chain through quick and filled the hole with shellac to keep the power from leaking out. That seems to work, but I'm taking no chances. I'm not going to drill my bean until we get equipment ashore so I can do it under pressure and not lose even a little bit of that power."

W/O William J. Tade with jungle bean and yo-yo.

"Does a jungle bean do you any good?" I asked the marine naively.

"Does it do any good?" Clark repeated, registering hurt astonishment. "We're both here and healthy, ain't we?"

Tade nodded impassive agreement and continued playing with the yo-yo.

1st Sgt. Adrian Wireman of San Diego, Calif., whispered to S/Sgt. James A. Klessig of San Gabriel, Calif., as they watched Clark and Tade.

"Them two have been bucking for a survey ever since we left the 'Canal. And," he declared solemnly, "I think this'll just about do it."

—Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

The West African Set

WEST AFRICA—Horses, horses, horses—sure-money, slick Arabian speedsters—and not a bookie in sight.

That could be the lament of GIs at this outpost but it isn't. Here where the sun is hot enough to make your tongue feel like a felt hat most of the time, the Army is going swank and is nudging itself into a place beside the Hitchcocks and the Whitneys. The GIs have left the softball and volleyball ranks and are now swinging elite mallets from native steeds trained to the game of polo.

It all started when some of the guys, having little else to do in their spare time, started to attend native horse races run every two months. Impressed by the fairy-tale beauty of these nags, they dropped occasional queries about price.

Mouths and eyes spread wide open when they learned they could pick one up for a fin.

Then began a run on the market, but the bargain was soon nipped in the bud when the natives sensed the demand and galloped the prices up to where haggling began. Today the "goats" are going for an average of $24 ($35 is high), the supply and demand is good and there are happy entries in the books of both parties.

But something had to be devised to cope with the growing surplus of horses around the camp. It was beginning to look like a Cavalry outfit. GIs tired of simply riding the mustangs. The answer was polo.

There were some English soldiers nearby and our GIs had the ponies, and before they knew it, another oddity came out of a land that's full of them. It wasn't the original intention, but the fact that almost every GI in the outfit owned two or three horses fitted in nicely with Africa's heat. During a game they would have to change horses at least three times or, as the boys properly say now, "a new horse for about every 2½ chukkers."

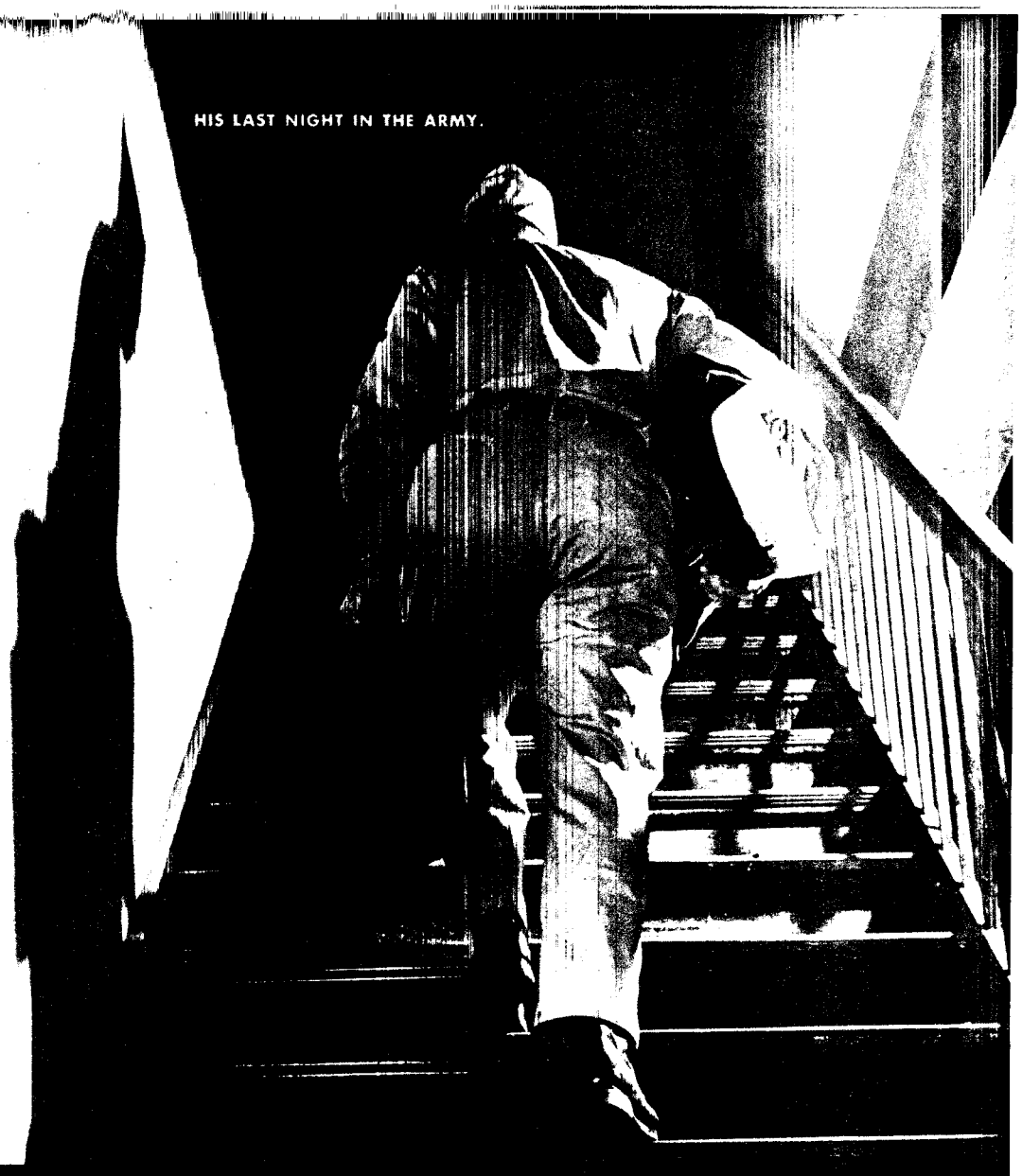
They have stable boys and everything that goes with the care of the animals. Native boys do the work for just a few chips more than a dollar per week. Six shillings a week takes care of the horse's feed bag. Taking everything into consideration, a GI shells out about 60 dollars to become owner of a string of polo ponies.

Two games are played each week. Even the Africans are getting into the spirit of things. Every Saturday afternoon, when the chores are done, three teams get together—American, English and African. No one knows who carries top honors but everyone is having himself quite a time.

—Sgt. J. DENTON SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

Americans, Englishmen and Africans in some action as hot as the African sun.

Polo'ists Sgt. Pete Spaans, Mr. Malilima, S/Sgt. Bill O'Shea, Pfc. Pierce Mitchell.



HIS LAST NIGHT IN THE ARMY.

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS: Who should be discharged first after the war?

These letters, outlining suggestions as to discharge policy, were written before the War Department's official announcement of Army demobilization plans after the surrender of Germany.

Bring Overseas GIs Back

ONE discharge problem that most of us will recognize at once is that of replacing so-called indispensable men. Is there such a thing as an indispensable man? I think not. But there is still the joker clause whereby a theater commander may decide whether or not he can spare a man. This clause should be eliminated.

The one way to make this clause unnecessary is for the Army to send replacements overseas in just as short a time as possible. These men, complementing those with shorter lengths of overseas service, will give our Army a high enough degree of efficiency to carry on.

Make no mistake, your long departed soldier is not your best fighting man. He is a disgruntled fellow who has long ago been disillusioned about his chances of a furlough or rotation.

Hawaii —T-4 R. BONOWITZ

Consider the Husband

LENGTH of service outside the continental limits of the U. S. should be the first consideration. Those in the service who have been overseas, as many of us have been, from 18 months to two years, are the men who should go back home and get out first. There are plenty of men in all branches of the service who have spent all their Army time in the U. S. These men should be used to replace (when and where replacements are needed) the men who have been away so long.

The married men are entitled to next consideration. A man with a wife and family certainly has stronger ties at home than a single man. His family needs him. Aside from this, it is cheaper to keep a single man in service than it is to keep a married man with a family. And, even though the married man does get allowances for his wife and children (if any), it usually is not enough to keep them.

The older men deserve the third consideration. Most of the younger men have no special jobs to return to since they have never been employed. It is a lot better for them to be in some branch of the service than to be hanging around a corner or a poolroom at home. Older men with jobs to go back to will not be a problem or a burden to their government, families or friends.

Great Britain —J. T. REEVES SKlc

Discharge by Draft

THE only fair way to demobilize veterans is by the same method by which they were inducted.

Certainly the men who were the first to be called in the draft deserve to get out first, regardless of where they are, their marital or physical status or their age.

This tripe about letting fathers and older men out first is just so much rot as far as most of us are concerned. Some think the older men must have first crack at jobs since it will be harder for them to get located after the war and since they have given the best years of their lives (financially speaking) to the service.

I disagree—vehemently.

If the powers that be think the younger, single men can be kept in longer than they were promised, I'm afraid, as in the last war, they will have a hell of a lot of AWOLs on their hands.

We younger men have sacrificed just as much as the other guys in the way of education, careers and personal life. We want and deserve an equal chance to get started in civilian life after the war and we certainly won't get it sweating out the thousands of guys who have been in half as long but are being discharged because of their age, their dependents or due to the fact that they were in an "essential" civilian industry.

I say give every guy a break. Let him expect to get out of the Army with the same rapidity he was drafted, and not a day sooner.

AAF Recruiting, Detroit, Mich. —S/Sgt. GORDON CROWE

Simple Solution

Me.

Jackson AAB, Miss. —T/Sgt. C. T. LITTLEPAGE

Casualties First

THERE should be no doubt in anyone's mind as to the answer. The men wounded in combat, of course. The men who have been in combat but who have not been wounded naturally come next according to their length of service in combat. Regardless of whether they are single or married or of what branch of the service they are in, the men with most noncombatant service overseas should be discharged after all combat troops.

As for the troops back in the good old U. S. A., they should be discharged according to total length of service. The argument of whether married or single men should go first is a lot of nonsense. We all want to go home and we all have loved ones waiting for us.

U. S. Army Hospital, Great Britain —Pvt. GENE KOBIERCKI

Medals Ignored

AFTER considerable study of my own personal problems and collaboration with numerous buddies of mine, I believe that the following factors (listed in the order of their importance) should be considered in demobilization:

1. Length of service overseas. And Alaska definitely should be included when speaking of overseas service.
2. Actual combat service with a liberal interpretation of the meaning of actual combat.
3. Marital status.
4. Number of children.
5. Age.

I have not worked out any pretty point system. Omission of total length of military service and quantity and quality of medals (including Good Conduct medals) was not accidental.

Alaska —Cpl. WILLIAM C. GOOD

Plea for Age Preference

MY plea is for the forgotten minority, the small percentage of over-age men wherever they have served. In spite of all that has been written and said to the effect that "life begins at 40," that's baloney. In the pre-war days most industries considered a man of 40 or thereabouts too old for employment. I feel sure that in the future youth will again be given preference. We older men are all rusty after being away from our professions, vocations or just plain jobs for several years.

Many men in their late 30s and over are no longer capable of doing the kind of strenuous work they did before entering the service. Age and the conditions in the field have taken their toll.

Unless the case of the older men receives immediate attention, I fear we will return to be a hopeless re-employment problem.

Italy —Sgt. J. W. FAUST

THIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. Our next two questions will be "Should the GIs of This War Have a Veterans' Organization of Their Own?" and "Should Women Remain in Industry After the War?" If you have any ideas on either or both of these subjects, send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will give you time to get your answers here by mail. The best letters will be printed in YANK.

WOMEN WORK HERE. BUNDLES OF THATCH LIKE THIS MUST BE CARRIED MORE THAN 100 YARDS TO THE BOAT.

On the Thatch Run

NAVY BOAT TOURS SOLOMONS TO BUY GRASS SHACKS FOR GI USE.

EVERYBODY PARTICIPATES IN SOUTH SEA ISLANDS JAM SESSION. HERE SAILORS AND GIs LEARN TO HULA.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON THE THATCH BOAT IN THE SOLOMONS—Be it ever so homelike, there is nothing more humble and unromantic than the average GI dwelling place, whether it be a barracks in the States or a pyramidal tent in the mud overseas. But this is one section of the globe where GI structures do have a glamorous aspect. That's because the American armed forces have adopted the natives' thatched shacks. They have excellent qualities of insulation in this torrid zone—and they don't have to be shipped from the States. Natives prefabricate them on outlying islands, among the most primitive in the world—just about the last places on earth where you would expect to find QM "war plants."

So far there are 500 of the thatch structures for GIs on Guadalcanal alone. Most of them are warehouses but others serve as chapels, offices, mess halls and barracks. About 60,000 thatch sections are used in new buildings every month. GI engineers put up the framework and local natives tie on the sections.

The one drawback to the leaf structures is that once in a while they burn down, but even then it's fun and excitement for GI bucket brigades.

One Navy boat is kept busy all the time visiting the remote spots in the Solomons and picking up the finished thatch sections. Duty on this boat, enjoyed by 20 sailors, is admittedly among the best deals in the South Pacific area. The job comes nearer the romantic sort of South Sea adventuring than most of the GIs in these islands ever get, even in books.

On one of the boat's typical five-day trips, we set out at dawn bound for Ugi, an island visited by few whites. En route the little 104-foot APC (nicknamed *Apple Cart* because it upsets so easily) bucked and twisted like a rodeo horse. Sgt. Dil Ferris, YANK staff photographer, set up temporary headquarters at the rail, but it wasn't easy. The little APC has been clocked at a 55-degree roll, enough to make even the old salts aboard seasick.

The first night was passed under the protective hills of Ugi. Next day the boat reached Kira Kira on San Cristobal. Here the vessel casually picked up a stranded New Zealand sergeant-pilot, William J. Thompson of Dunedin, N. Z., whose Corsair had run out of gas during a patrol and had sunk 30 seconds after it struck the water. It took

[redacted]

HERE Capt. Martin Nielsen took charge. A native Norwegian who lived for a while in the United States, he probably holds the white man's record for the longest unbroken stretch of residence in these islands—28 years. Although the Japs didn't know it, he shared Santa Isabel with them for six months.

Deserting his coconut plantation, he took to the bush, moving his camp every time the Japs moved theirs. "I saw the Japs every day," he recalls, "but they never saw me." One Jap camp was three miles away, too close for comfort, so Nielsen's natives, armed with knives, slew 25 Japs in their sleep and captured two.

Nielsen lived mostly on native vegetables, but some fine Jap biscuits brightened his menu. These were obtained by a jolly 200-pound native friend who won the confidence of the Japs and boldly visited them every two weeks, taking them bananas and papayas and bringing away the biscuits and a mental map of the Jap ack-ack positions. Nielsen and the native split the biscuits and sent the ack-ack data to American pilots, who blew up several of the guns.

After the Japs left, Nielsen went to Henderson Field on Guadalcanal and planned to leave the islands, but the U. S. Army persuaded him to stay on with a captain's commission in intelligence.

Capt. Nielsen knew the natives at Ulawa, so

he handled the thatch dealing. With a big pile of silver *florins*, British two-bob coins minted in San Francisco for this purpose, the captain paid the chief of Ulawa's village of Sumole one shilling (16 cents) for four of the six-foot thatch sections. Typical of American lavishness, the price was twice pre-war rates.

The chief was the least native-looking of all the Sumoleites. Dressed in a full suit of dungarees, he looked like a dockhand. But there was no doubt about how primitive some of the others were. A few of the men had shirts but none of the women had. Every face and body was tattooed with circles, dots, zigzags, fishes and other symbols. One fellow, who had been to New Zealand, had a drawing of a burlesque queen. All had holes in their ear lobes, which had been enlarged by bigger and bigger plugs until the lobes of the oldest had become long and stringy and as big as the rest of their ears. One old man had a red bead in the tip of his nose.

The thatch sections were made of the ivory-nut palm leaf, dried and tied with vines to poles. Loading took a day and a half. In frequent breaks, while old women tottered under the heavy thatch sections, some of the men demonstrated to us how they shoot fish and pigeons with bow and arrow. One man drove a palm-leaf arrow an inch deep into a tree trunk. "I'd rather have those natives shoot at me with a gun than with a bow and arrow," said a British official who has been here off and on for 30 years. "They'll hit you every time at 100 yards."

FINAL stops of the *Apple Cart* were Maaka in the Maramaseke passage and Veletante and Port Adam on Malaita. Maaka was the spot where, 20 years ago, Capt. Nielsen saw human flesh prepared for eating, the only place he has ever seen that happen. The body, wrapped in big leaves like those from the banana tree, had been roasted in a stone-lined pit. The natives, as usual in those days, were in an ugly mood, but Nielsen's party had enough weapons to keep top hand.

The natives who paddled out to meet the *Apple Cart* in canoes seemed a lot more interested in American tobacco, soap, jackknives and dollars than in American heads, legs and arms. For one buck, Louis C. Smith CSK of New Orleans, La., bought a betel-palm bow and four arrows barbed either with thorns or spikes from the wings of the giant Solomons bat, a creature known as the "flying fox" that annoyed GIs at bedtime.

At Port Adam a native pulled alongside our boat and offered a bow and arrow. A sailor held up a shiny quarter and said: "Him two bits."

"One shilling sixpence that," the native replied. "Four makeum dollar." And, he added, his bow and arrow would cost not two bits but five bucks. The sailor sheepishly pocketed the quarter.

It reminded the crew of the standing joke about the skipper, Lt. (jg) Eugene L. Burdick of Santa Barbara, Calif. He had offered a native a watch in trade. The native wound the stem, held the watch to his ear and handed it back. "No spring," he said.

Not all the native traders are that tough. On San Cristobal, the crew got spears for 2 cents and pineapples for a 6-cent stick of tobacco. Joe (Trader Horn) Ahearn S1c of the Bronx, N. Y., obtained as ship's mascot a handsome, talkative parrot in exchange for a box of matches, a can of condensed milk and a cigar. "Baldy" Pruitt S2c of Cincinnati, Ohio, gave the skivvy shirt off his back for a black-and-white puppy.

LOADING done, the boat headed back. The sea was calm and not even Ferris was sick. Moody blue-eyed Stephen A. Eisler, a bosun's mate from New York who has seen all the world in his 16 years in the Navy and likes only China and Europe, admitted that the return voyage was "like peacetime yachting around Miami Bay."

On battlewagons and carriers you're either working on detail or standing watch all the time, but on this little island-visitor you can soak up sack time during the day. And the galley is open all the time for between-meal snacks of java and salami. There's the free run of the ship to EM except on the bridge and officers' ward room. The comfortably cool quarter deck, "officers' country" on some APCs, is open to EM on this one.

All in all, it's an easy life. But things have not always been so quiet. More than once the *Apple Cart* has passed through waters where subs might be lurking, and on the bridge a painted Jap flag reminds the crew of the strafing Jap float plane they knocked down off New Georgia.

CANOES COME OUT FROM THE ISLAND OF MALAITA TO GREET AND TRADE WITH THE CREW OF THE *APPLE CART*.

CAPT. MARTIN NIELSEN, SKIPPER OF THE *APPLE CART*.

ABOARD SHIP, NATIVE BARGAINS WITH SAILOR.

Polish troops fighting Nazis in Italy.

Adriatic Front

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

By Sgt. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But the Americans beat you," we said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Italian troops fighting Nazis in Italy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

1 The first step in clearing an area of mines is to go over it with a mine detector. When the flat disk on the bottom of the detector is passed over a mine, the metal of the mine disturbs a magnetic field, which changes the tone of the hum in the operator's headphones.

A lieutenant with detector goes through a German-marked mine field where one GI has already been killed, to pick up any mines that may have been passed by. Note stack of concrete antipersonnel mines

IN no other war have land mines been of such importance as in this one. Since mines are purely defensive in character, they have been used more generally by the Germans than by the Allies, taking the place of the vast barbed-wire entanglements of the first World War. Tanks have nullified the value of such entanglements, but a large mine field is still impassable for tanks until it has been laboriously dug up. This work was done by hand in early tank battles like El Alamein; now mechanical sweepers are used that clear paths in hours where formerly days of dangerous digging by hand were required.

A DETONATOR SQUAD REMOVES TWO TYPES

2 After the mine has been spotted by the detector, a soldier starts to dig it out. Other men of the detection squad should not really stay so close to the mine digger as they are in this picture. They should lie flat, hugging the ground as closely as possible, in case the mine is jarred into exploding.

3 After uncovering the mine, a pin is inserted in the pressure-type igniter. The pin renders the igniter inoperative and it may be removed in safety by the mine digger.

Jeep-riding American soldiers make a detour in a town in France. The town has been mined by the retreating Germans. Behind the mine marker rests a U. S. tank which found out about the mines too late.

Soldier removes detonator from a Teller mine. The Teller mine is the most common type of German antivehicle and antipersonnel mine. They are often laid in open fields with narrow lanes, known only to the retreating Germans, leading a safe pathway through them for Nazi patrols.

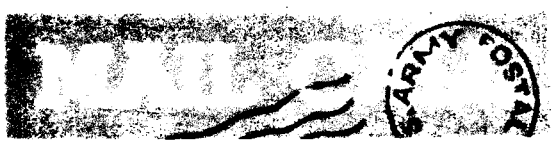
Soldiers hold a German concrete mine and another wooden box mine. Mines like these, containing very little metal, have been developed to fool the sensitive Allied mine detectors. When there is so little metal, it may not disturb the magnetic field enough to cause a change of tone.

OF GERMAN S MINES OR "BOUNCING BETTIES"

4 Here a soldier is removing an S mine with pull-type igniters. The "Bouncing Betty" jumps in the air before exploding with a waist-high spray of shrapnel.

5 After the igniters are rendered safe, the mine may be removed, but not until you're sure there is no antipersonnel booby trap concealed beneath it.

6 This is an S mine after being dug out completely. Note the three prongs on the igniter and the pin inserted in order to make it safe.



Combat Pay for Medics

Dear YANK:

As an infantryman who has seen plenty of action here in France I have nothing but praise for the great job the medics are doing. I have found that they work much harder than us infantrymen, face the same enemy fire and yet never seem to get as much recognition as they deserve. Now we have been told that we are to get 10 bucks extra a month for being combat infantrymen. That's fine. But why are the medics in our outfit left out in the cold? Surely they deserve as much money as other members of this outfit. The excuse that they are not supposed to participate in combat under the Geneva Convention doesn't hold water. Sure they don't carry guns, but they take the same chances as infantrymen. How about giving them something for their top-notch work under fire?

France —Pfc. HERBERT STEIN

Dear YANK:

. . . I've seen the medics in action and I take my hat off to them. Most of them have more guts than us guys with the rifles. I've seen them pull men out of cracked-up planes while the .50-calibers were going off around them like firecrackers. I've seen them dash into cross fire that would cut a man to ribbons to help a guy who was in bad shape. I say give them all the credit they deserve.

India —Sgt. LOUIS P. STRACK

Dear YANK:

. . . If the Geneva Convention is the only thing that prevents the medics from getting the combat-infantry pay then why not give them the extra money without calling it combat pay? Why can't they get up some kind of a medical badge for duty under fire which would give them the extra 10 dollars?

Britain —Sgt. JAMES J. LYONS

Dear YANK:

I am a company-aid man in a line outfit and I can't understand about not giving us the combat-infantry pay because of the Geneva Convention. Out here we do not even wear the Geneva Cross because the Japs do not respect it and use it as a target. They delight in picking off the medics. One of them was so close to me the other night he darn near slept in my foxhole.

I agree that the dogface deserves the extra pay because I live and fight with him and know what a job he is doing, but why don't we get it, too?

Southwest Pacific —Pfc. PAUL H. WILSON

Fifteenth Air Force

Dear YANK:

I've just finished reading your article concerning the glamor boys from the Eighth AAF and, needless to say, we in the Fifteenth AAF are highly put out.

I was interested to read that these supermen, who had braved walls of flak in Northern Germany, called the missions of the Fifteenth AAF "breathers and milk runs." That's quite understandable when you know that on their shuttle runs from Italy they bombed some marshaling yards in Hungary. This type of mission is used to break in new crews over here. And the day the Fifteenth went to Munich, the boys from England were basking in the officers' club at Foggia. I guess the Eighth hasn't heard of Ploesti, Bucharest, Vienna or Munich, which have some of the heaviest flak areas in Europe.

These supermen talk big for a group of men who get the DFC for merely completing their required number of missions (I believe it's 35). We fly 50 over here and get a barbed-wire cluster for our purple shaft.

I have a great deal of respect for the Eighth AAF, but let's not overlook the Fifteenth altogether. In our own humble little way we are fighting a war, too.

Italy —Lt. ROBERT WOOLLEY

Discrimination

Dear YANK:

We have had many reports from the States about the mistreatment of returned veterans in replacement centers. We understand that such statements as "your stripes don't mean a thing; you can be broken" and "we will back our pfc and corporal instructors to the limit," despite the trainee's overseas service, are quite common. When that is coupled with such cases as the advertisement in one of the Greenville (S. C.) papers concerning the opening of a new night club which publicly advertises "Civilian Couples Only," our blood really boils. We know that when we disembark from our ship there will be a representative of one or more of the various veterans' organizations waiting to sign us up. We are interested in knowing whether they're doing anything about this discrimination against members of the armed forces.

India —T Sgt. MATHEW G. POLOVICH*

*Also signed by M/Sgt. Harold R. Frantz; T/Sgts. Walter W. Meyer, Herschel H. Poteet, Lloyd H. Stevens, Donald E. Hiatt; S/Sgts. Maurice L. Aldrich, Homer W. Jackson, Francis W. Holehan; Sgt. Jacob Katz; Cpls. I. L. Stowe, Thomas J. Keeley; Pfc. Robert J. Lundbert and Pvt. Elmo J. King.

Dear YANK:

I would like to know where the ARs say that officers can reserve certain parts of the ocean for themselves. The other day I was out at the beach and some of the enlisted men were on their "own side of the line." They swam straight out about 100 yards and then cut across. At that point an MP on the beach began tooting his whistle and waving them back. When he got them in, he bawled the hell out of them and told them to stay off that part of the ocean as it was "Officers' Country." Reserving the beach for themselves is bad enough, but when it comes to the ocean, that's too much for us.

Guadalcanal —Sgt. PETER G. MANTEGANI

Dear YANK:

What is the difference between a garden and a club? The difference seems to be that GIs can patronize the garden but not the club. One of these gardens in Panama City recently changed its name, slicked up its walls and retired behind them. It is now open to members only. The members are officers and civilians.

Why should enlisted men suddenly be excluded from a drinking place they have always patronized with the approval and thanks of the proprietors? We are serving in the same army, whether we wear brass, stripes or nothing on our uniforms. We are willing to fork over the same price for a *cervesa* as anyone else. We cannot tolerate such discrimination because we think it has no grounds for existing.

Panama —Cpl. G. T. WALTERS*

*Also signed by nine others.

Dear YANK:

Here in the South they seem to think that enlisted men can't be trusted on the streets after 11:30 at night. Officers, however, can whoop it up all hours of the night. While we're kissing our girls good night and scurrying off the streets to beat the curfew, our officers, who are as young and just as boisterous as we are, are only beginning their evening's entertainment. We are deprived of enough socially by having the hotels save their rooms for officers, the liquor stores their best liquors for officers and the local college girls being told to go out only with officers, without enforcing such curfew nonsense.

Camp Swift, Tex. —Pvt. JAMES E. YATES

Stolen Wedding Ring

Dear YANK:

A pal of mine stole a wedding ring from a sergeant about a month ago. Since then he has had a feeling of guilt and has asked me to get it back to the rightful owner. Unfortunately, however, the owner is now overseas and I do not know his name. The ring is initialed on the inside. If you cannot find the owner, please sell the ring and give the money to a worthy charity.

New York, N. Y. —(Writer Unknown)

■ YANK is withholding the inscription mentioned above in the hope that the owner of the ring will be able to identify himself by giving a complete description of the ring including the exact initials with which it is inscribed.

Victims of Fascism

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK I read a letter by a Pvt. Daniel Golb from Hawaii entitled "Crimes of Fascism," in which he said that the Italian people should suffer for their sins.

I wonder if Pvt. Golb has read the article called "The Partisan From Brooklyn" written by your capable correspondent, Sgt. Harry Sions. In it Sions narrates the adventures of Sgt. Manuel Serrano, a paratrooper in Italy who fought side by side with the Italian Partisans. I refer him to the article because it clearly shows that there is still very much good in the people of Italy. There are still people there who love peace and life as he and I do and who are willing to fight and die for it.

I say that it is the Fascists and their side show that Pvt. Golb should attack and not the Italian people. The people are now doing all they can to destroy those who wronged them.

Camp Blanding, Fla. —S/Sgt. F. R. SALAZAR

Nurses and EMs

Dear YANK:

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

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

Many officers are middle-aged married men with families, but they are the ones in whose favor we must relinquish friendship of boys nearer our own age. Our own brothers and sisters are EM. Must we be humiliated by punishment for infringement of this regulation? Why must we have a pass from our commanding officer to be seen with our brothers?

We would very much appreciate a discussion of this situation.

France —2d Lt. GRACE LARRABEE, ANC*

*Also signed by 18 other ANC lieutenants.

Credit Where It's Due

Dear YANK:

I read your article "The Rangers Come Home" and I was really disappointed. Evidently you were misinformed on the details concerning the landing at Gela. The two battalions of Rangers were not the only ones in Gela when it was taken. A battalion of the Combat Engineer Regiment and the Chemical were also in the town.

The Rangers and engineers hit the beach about the same time, and the chemical outfit a few hours later. The mission of the combat engineers was to take the town, and then go on and set up a defense on its

Happy Warrior

Dear YANK:

In reading a recent issue of YANK I noticed a couple of paragraphs about a chow line with music. Shucks, that's been routine in this base since I came here. What's more, and this is really on the level, there's no such a thing as a formation at this base. We go to school by ourselves, go to briefing by ourselves and I've never waited over five minutes to get into a chow hall here. We have Class A passes and go into town whenever we finish school or flying.

We have the idea that because we are almost finished with combat crew training and are so near combat that the Army is treating us so well. To top things off, this base has some darned pretty Wacs.

U. S. A. —(Name Withheld)

■ To prevent an avalanche of applications for transfers to this Utopia, YANK is withholding the name and address of the writer.

edge, and hold it for three days. The Rangers were to come in on the flanks and take care of all opposition against the flanks.

Concerning the Jerry counterattacks, I can say that all Jerry could do was to get two tanks into town, which were taken care of by our forces. The chemical outfit and the Navy should be given some credit for throwing back the Jerry counterattacks.

With all due respect to the work of the Rangers, I think credit should be given to the other outfits who really participated in the invasion.

Italy —Pfc. ED ANTKOWIAK*

*Also signed by Cpl. Nick Broderick.

Dear YANK:

. . . I am sure that the records will show that there was one battalion of combat engineers and a well known chemical outfit in the town of Gela, quite a few hours ahead of the Rangers.

Italy —Sgt. F. T. EDDY

Barrackville

Dear YANK:

I have a very practical suggestion to make concerning the conversion of all the Army camps throughout the country after the war. Housing facilities are inadequate in many localities for people who have low incomes, so wouldn't it be both practical and profitable to convert these camps into cities to be inhabited by people who are now in slums?

Camp Pickett, Va. —Cpl. W. F. BUTLER

When It's All Over

Dear YANK:

What am I going to do when this war is over and I can go back to a civilized world which has no fear of bombing, deaths and whatever else we may have contact with in a war-torn world? I want to see a baseball game, go to a lively show on Broadway, eat ice cream and have fresh milk again; go to the seashore or swim in a lake. In other words I want to be able to breathe some fresh air minus planes dropping eggs, machine-gun fire and 88 shells releasing deadly fragments. Work? What happened to the year's vacation everybody told me I was getting when I was inducted into the Army?

France —Pvt. LEONARD BUTZEL

Combined Forces

Dear YANK:

I have read the article on the plan to combine the armed forces and I would like to state my opinion on the subject. I have been in the Army for over three years, most of that time overseas. I have had the opportunity of serving with the Navy in some of the operations over in these waters and I must say they are tops. I say leave the services as they are.

Bougainville —Sgt. GEORGE W. DOBROVOLNY

Infantry Badge

Dear YANK:

I firmly believe every IRTC field cadreman who has faithfully served for one year or more in such capacity should automatically be qualified for the Expert Infantryman's Badge.

I'd like to hear from other cadremen who think the same.

Fort George G. Meade, Md. —Sgt. LEONARD ABRAMSON

Across the Pacific

Crap game: On convoy it doesn't take dice long to acquire sea legs.

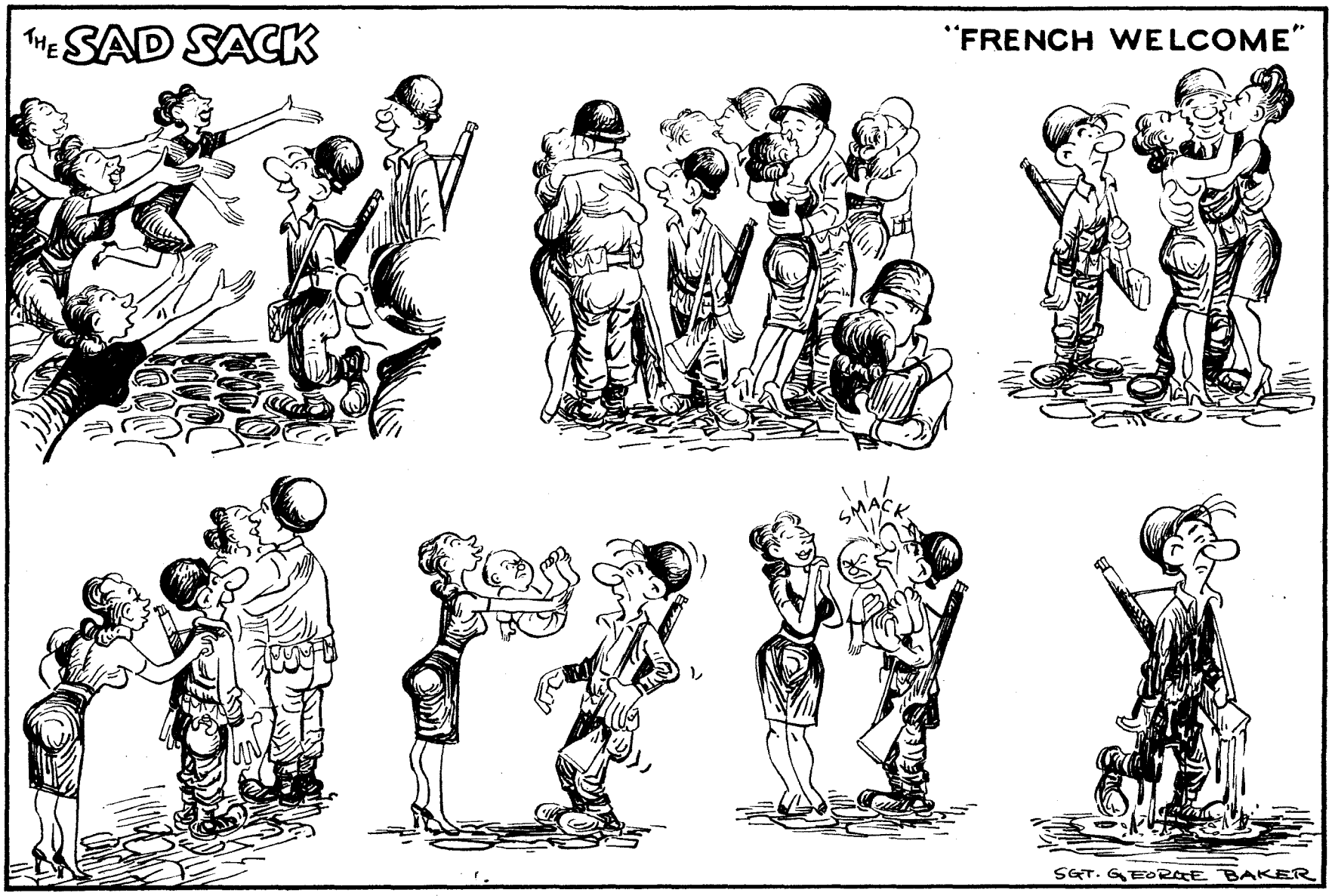
On watch: His post, the Pacific

Storm: Trust the rain to hunt down GIs.

Wash day: Even on ship a GI scrubs.

Rest: To tired soldiers, the sun feels swell.

THESE sketches, typical of activity aboard a convoy, were drawn by Sgt. Arthur Weithas, YANK staff artist, while traveling on a troopship in the Central Pacific. They reflect some of the better and some of the more unpleasant phases of convoy life. From the crap game, depicted at the upper left, to the unhappy GI in the center, dutifully scrubbing away at dirty clothes, it is apparent that old barracks customs do not wear off easily—that where GIs go, their habits go with them, even some they would like to forget.



Insurance Beneficiaries

Dear YANK:

I have been having an argument with our company monkey. I keep asking him to change my government insurance so that my cousin, who is the only relative I give a hoot about, can be my beneficiary, but he says I can't do it. That doesn't make sense to me. I always understood we could pick any one we wish as beneficiary. Where does he get off with his refusal?

Marshall Islands —Sgt. HAROLD I. BRILL

■ He's right. Only parents (including those who have been *legal guardians for more than a year previous to the man's* entrance into service), spouses, brothers and sisters, including those of the half blood, and children can be named as beneficiaries of National Service Life Insurance policies.

Civil Service Credit

Dear YANK:

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

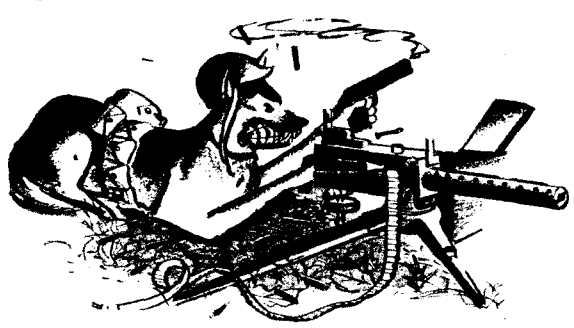
France —Sgt. J. A. JACKSON

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

Decorations for Animals

Dear YANK:

Recently I had the good luck to see one of the dogs in the K-9 Corps do a terrific job under fire.



What's Your Problem?

For its part in that action the dog was wounded. Can he get a Purple Heart for his wounds?

Central Pacific —Pvt. JAMES MILLS

■ No. Decorations may only be awarded to human beings. Animals may receive citations only.

Army Nurses

Dear YANK:

When nurses were given commissions in the AUS they were also given the privilege of accepting or declining such commissions. I declined, which retains me in the status of relative rank. When we entered the Army I understood that overseas duty was voluntary. Do I still have the right to refuse overseas duty because I have only relative rank? I'd also like to know what will happen to those who declined commissions.

Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Colo. —Lt. JEAN M. HALDER

■ Since Dec. 7, 1941, no nurse has had ony choice about going overseas. The fact that you preferred the ANC to a commission in the AUS will have no bearing on your Army status. You will not be released from service for the duration plus six months.

Maternity Care

Dear YANK:

A few months ago my wife, who is expecting, filed an application for maternity care. At the time I was a buck private. In due course the application was processed and approved by the state health authorities. A couple of days ago I was appointed staff sergeant. Now that I am a first-three-grader, can my wife still get the maternity benefits or does the rank I held when the application was filed control her case?

Italy —S/Sgt. DAVID MOORE

■ *The fact that you were upped to the first three grades* after your wife applied for maternity care will have no bearing on her right to receive the benefits. She will continue to remain eligible for all care and benefits that have been approved. The controlling factor is the rank of the soldier at *the time the application is approved. Your child, however,* will not be entitled to pediatric care, since a separate application has to be made for such care at the time of birth.

Loans for Servicemen

Dear YANK:

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

Guam —Pfc. GEORGE WEISER

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

Medical Discharges

Dear YANK:

I have been overseas for almost two years and I have spent almost half of that time in the hospital because of a game leg. Now I am told that I will be shipped back to the States and given a CDD. While I want the discharge, I don't want to take the CDD. Can I insist on a medical discharge instead, so that I will be able to ask for a pension as a disabled veteran?

Britain —Pfc. ANDY STROUDEL

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

Soldier Voting

OHIO GI are advised by the Secretary of State of Ohio that the state's election laws no longer require that ballots for the November election be marked with a blac[k] order to be valid. Any kind marking is acceptable under a[ny] st[ate]

The U. S. War Ballot Commis[sion] tified further changes in cand[idates] Soldier Voting Poster No. 4. In [the] New Mexico list the names Norman Thomas [of] Pennington Hoopes, Socialist, for President [and] Vice President, should be deleted. To the [Oregon] list the names of Claude A. Watson and Andrew Johnson, Independent, for President and Vice President, should be added. Also add to the Texas list the name of J. J. Mansfield, Communist, Democrat, for Representative, 9th District, settling the Democratic run-off contest in that district.

Eisenhower Command

All Allied forces fighting Germany in the west have been combined under Gen. Eisenhower. His command now includes the American Seventh Army, which made the beachhead in southern France and has since joined up with the invasion forces from Normandy. Allied strength along the western front consists of Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's British-Canadian Twenty-First Army Group in the north, Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley's Twelfth Army Group in the center and the new American-French Sixth Army Group in the south under Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers.

83d Division

The newest division to fight on the European continent is the 83d, which is paying its second visit in two wars. Known as the Ohio Division during the first World War, it was a depot outfit in France and saw no combat, although some of its units did. The division was reactivated in August 1942 at Camp Atterbury, Ind., and took part in the Tennessee Maneuvers in 1943.

Battle Honors

The 1st Engineer Combat Battalion has been cited three times for "outstanding performance of duty in action." Two of the citations were for the battalion's performance in the Tunisian Campaign, the third for its part in the assault of the French coast on D Day.

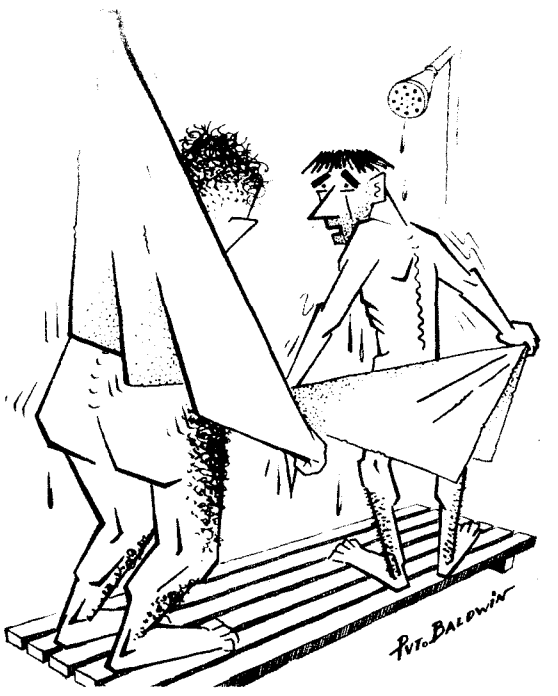
THE JUNGLE MORTAR T18E6, consisting of the 66-mm mortar tube and a combination base cap and firing mechanism, is intended primarily for jungle fighting. It can be carried, with a limited supply of ammunition, by one man and is based on a tree, log or other stable object. It can be fired at angles of elevation impossible to the standard 66-mm mortar.

[illegible] WAC recruiting [illegible] Army hospitals. Wacs [illegible] will assist recreational reconditioning officers in preparing educational programs, distributing literature, advising patients as to educational materials and USAFI courses and will act as moderators in discussion groups, deliver orientation lectures, aid in instruction periods and perform other like duties. To be eligible for this work a Wac must have a high-school education and preferably college training; ability in writing, music, art, handicrafts, dramatics or public speaking; and an attractive and well-balanced personality. The program prefers those who have had at least a year of practical teaching experience.

Bulletin Board

Technicians can no longer be reduced in rank upon termination of their duty assignment. According to *WD Cir. No. 365* (8 Sept. 1944), the "reduction of technicians is governed by the same regulations applicable to other noncommissioned officers." Under this ruling, technicians will be reduced only for "misconduct or inefficiency" as provided in *AR 615-5*.

Military characters who have been decorating their fatigues and field jackets with "pictures, designs, names, mottoes, etc." are advised by the WD to cut it out. Such art activities are regarded as defacement of the uniform.



"Something big must be coming up; I haven't heard a rumor in three days."

—Pvt. John Baldwin, Amarillo AAF, Tex.

Washington OP

LT. GEN. BARNEY M. GILES, deputy commanding general and chief of air staff of the AAF, gave reporters here a glimpse of what the AAF plans after the defeat of Germany. Aircraft production will be cut down around 40 percent, he said, and emphasis will be placed on three basic fighter types, four heavy and superbombers and two medium bombers. Less popular models will go out of production. Reporters gathered that the fighters will be the P-38, the P-47 and the P-51. The heavy bombers will be the B-17, the B-24, the B-29 and the newer B-32, a companion ship to the B-29 not yet in combat. The medium bombers are yet to be chosen from among the A-20, B-25 and B-26 and the new A-26, now being tested.

Standardization does not mean, however, that production will stop on experimental planes such as the jet-propulsion plane, development of which was said by the general to be "very gratifying." However, it was pointed out that the jet-propulsion plane is handicapped by its range and that for our offensive strategy a long-range fighter is much more important. As for robot bombs, the general announced that "we have recently stepped up further developments with results beyond the weapon used by the Germans against the English." He described the robots as an ideal weapon for Germany, against static targets from a fixed position, but not as useful when an army is on the offensive in a moving war, where such targets as London do not exist. However, the Air Forces feel that "the weapon's development must be expanded greatly in the future." . . . The "all-weather air force is just around the corner," the general said. "The Air Forces have come a long way in the last year in developing bombing by instruments. We are already doing instrument bombing at night, and through heavy cloud forms and zero visibility."

B-29s and Japan. Brig. Gen. Haywood S. Hansell Jr., leaving his post as chief of staff of the XX Bomber Command for an undisclosed overseas assignment, told reporters that with the use of the B-29 superbombers the Army expects to reduce Japan to a state of virtual helplessness in much quicker time than it took the AAF to reduce Germany to its present state. He pointed out that Germany has taken two years of pounding, and said, "We expect to do a much better job against the Japs." He added that the B-29s have come up to every expectation, that "the only limiting factor is quantitative, not qualitative."

Furloughs and Priorities. In the future, GIs on their last leave in the States or on emergency leave, or those on furlough in the States who are going right back overseas, will be able to get priorities on commercial airlines in the United States from their commanding officers.

Veterans' Department. More than 500,000 jobs for the 1,279,000 men already discharged have been found by the Veterans' Employment Service of the War Manpower Commission, with more than 50,000 in July of this year alone. . . . The Office of War Information expects from 800,000 to 1,000,000 veterans of the present war will eventually take advantage of the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. . . . First payment of readjustment allowances ranging up to $20 per week for former members of the Armed Forces of this war who are unemployed were made in September under regulations signed by Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans Affairs, to carry out the provisions of the GI Bill. Unemployed vets should apply at local offices of the U. S. Employment Service, bringing their discharge papers.

The Department of Interior says it has postwar projects tentatively outlined for Congressional approval which would provide work for a year for 1,500,000 veterans. The projects include the opening of a vast new irrigated farming empire, hydroelectric power development, flood control, forest protection, new mining techniques, and fish and wildlife conservation. . . . The Department of Commerce, through its Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, is preparing a series of small books on establishing and operating small businesses in 19 fields for veterans who want to set up their own shops under the GI Bill of Rights. Not yet completed, the books will be distributed by the Information and Education Division of ASF. The list of subjects includes auto-repair shops, bakeries, beauty parlors, electrical-appliance stores, filling stations, groceries, laundries, restaurants, shoe-repair shops, etc.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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Left to right: Pfc. Josephine A. Caruso, Pvt. Leota S. Grivicich, Pvt. Agnes T. Young, Pvt. Helen Nolen, T-5 Marie Rose F. La Brie and Pfc. Vera A. Arentoft.

Watch Wisecracks; Those Wacs Are MPs

Fort McClellan, Ala.—GIs passing through the gates here are careful not to greet the WAC MPs on duty with any wisecracks such as "Hiya, Lady Flatfoot!" The girls carry no sidearms, but the GIs here are aware that they have been chosen for their brawn as well as attractiveness. Six Wacs are now on duty and more are to be assigned as gate guards as other vacancies occur.

Pvt. Agnes Young is one of the six and no blushing violet. Before joining the WAC she was a riveter in the Bell Aircraft plant in Niagara Falls, N. Y. She also held the Women's City Golf Championship. Since joining the WAC she has finished runner-up in a WAC bowling tournament, losing by five pins, and is currently the Babe Ruth of the Hornets, league-leading WAC softball club.

"This is really a man's job," says Pvt. Young of her assignment as an MP, "and I feel like I'm doing something for the war effort working on the security force protecting Fort McClellan. I don't think I'll have trouble with mashers, either. I'm well able to take care of myself and them."

—Cpl. THOMAS FINNEGAN

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Bragg, N. C.—A training film on first aid was scheduled for Headquarters Battery, 570th FA Battalion, after a half-hour of calisthenics on the hottest morning North Carolina had seen this year. Then it was announced to the sweating GIs that a change had been made. The film that was shown was on individual protective measures against snow and extreme cold. It didn't cool the boys off but it did start some wishful thinking.

Fort Benning, Ga.—When they refer to certain soldiers as Chairborne Commandos here at Fort Benning these days, they do it with a smile. Ninety-five members of Headquarters Detachment, Section 1—the men who hold down the chairs—went out to fire the rifles for record the other day. When the results were posted there were 11 experts, 21 sharpshooters and 57 marksmen. Only six had failed to qualify. Appropriately enough, 1st Sgt. Russell A. Stow led the list with a score of 183.

Camp Stewart, Ga.—When Cpl. Arthur Steinhardt received a gift box at Camp Stewart containing a bright red tie with fancy designs, he was astonished. According to the wrapper around the box, a Mrs. Surprise had sent the tie, but he knew by the return address it was from his wife. Since Steinhardt works in the file section at post headquarters, he filed his gay cravat in a personal drawer labeled. "POST-WAR PLANS."

Camp Crowder, Mo. — When Pvt. Charles T. Wallace played host to the men of his company at a watermelon party, he used only one melon to feed the mob, yet everyone got his fill. The melon was a 98-pounder, 31 inches long and 19 inches across, which Wallace's folks had raised on their Arkansas farm and shipped to him.

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—Grumbling about being called out before breakfast to help get a truck out of a ditch, soldiers on bivouac here felt better about it when they found the truck was a field kitchen bringing up their breakfast.

Deshon General Hospital, Pa. — Sgt. Wilbur Troutman was returned from the South Pacific for hospitalization and landed where he used to go hunting, next to his father's farm, at Deshon General Hospital. To get him any closer to home they would have had to land him in his own back yard.

Fort Worth AAF, Tex.—One soldier here has a new slant on the servicemen's pin-up fad to boost morale. Instead of the usual picture of a glamorous gal he has a single picture clipped from a magazine advertisement tacked to the inside of his foot locker. The picture—a neatly tied blue-and-red four-in-hand adorning the collar of a white shirt.

IS THAT GOOD?

Yuma AAF, Ariz.—A well-known, well-striped and under-educated pusher at one of the kitchens here was doing his daily stint of accompanying the inspecting officer through the mess hall.

The officer stopped in the storeroom for a minute and gazed around him with a sad face—a change in expression which the pusher failed to see.

"This place," said the officer, "is in a deplorable condition."

"Yes, sir," replied the pusher briskly. "That's the way we try to keep it."

—Cpl. BOB THOMPSON

"For Servicemen Only"

Camp Crowder, Mo. Every Sunday morning Cpl. Erwin May and Pfc. Jack Schwebel of this camp, broadcasting over station KVOO at Tulsa, Okla., tell servicemen in 30 Army and Navy posts where to go and what to do on their off-duty hours.

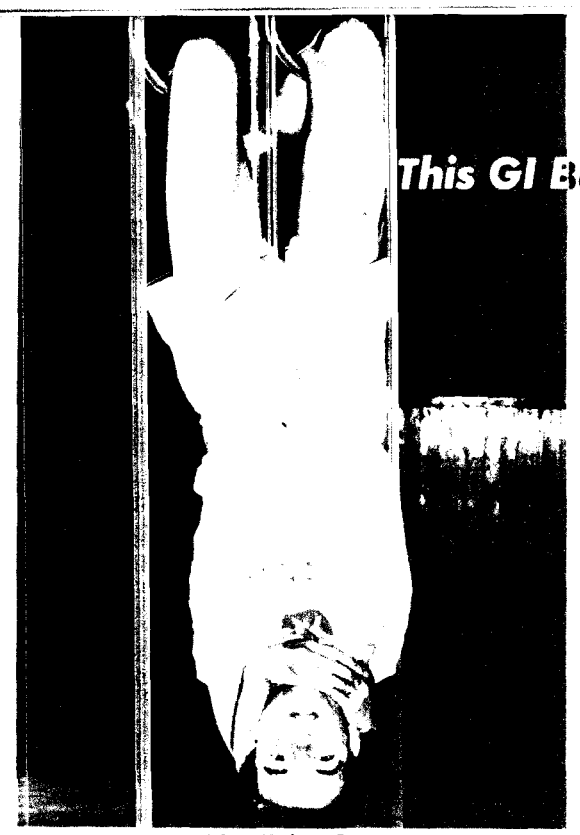
Chambers of commerce and USOs in nearly 100 towns and cities in the five states reached by the broadcast supply information on what's doing in their localities that will interest servicemen. Commercial organizations are urged to offer special rates to GIs whenever possible.

Pfc. Schwebel and Cpl. May conceived the idea while they were trying to figure out what to do with themselves one week end. They sold the KVOO program director on it, and now they write, produce and announce the program every week. So far as they know, "For Servicemen Only" is the first radio program of its kind.

SILL'S LAST MR. Civilian Raymond C. Livesay reported to Fort Sill, Okla., on advice of his draft board. But Fort Sill had just stopped being an induction center, so Cpl. James Stinson is telling Mr. Livesay he had better move on to Camp Chaffee, Ark.

VETERAN SHORTS. Pfc. Art Kracko is modeling GI shorts dated June 20, 1918, issued to him by a supply sergeant at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Pfc. Rhoda Armstrong



Pfc. Walter Berry

This GI Belongs in Great Bend, Kans.

Freeman Field, Seymour, Ind.—Pfc. Walter Berry of the classification section here is double-jointed in a manner that occurs only once in every 200,000 persons, according to Capt. Dayton R. Griffith of the base hospital.

Once when he was 8 years old his mother found him sleeping with his arm around his head and lying on the other side of the pillow from which it originated. After that he discovered he was double-jointed in every joint of his body.

This enabled him to do things that sometimes were actually a hindrance. Once in a high-school wrestling tournament he was up to the semifinals and going strong when the state commission eliminated him because no one could get a hold on his eel-like body. He just sucked in his breath, and a full nelson would last only as long as he wanted it to.

Performing in a school variety show, Berry was hired by a scout to appear in a Pittsburgh night club. His act was featured by the "ball roll" in which he cuddled his body into a sphere and went rolling around the floor while merrily singing a song. Once when he was doing his act under blue lights, a woman in the front row passed out when she heard his shoulder bones snap. "The best way to put it over," says Berry, "is to make it look painful as hell."

—Pvt. AL RACHLEFF

Dental Exploits Figure In a Wac's Memoirs

Fort Monmouth, N. J.—Pfc. Rhoda E. Armstrong of New York mentions Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Dwight Davis when she lists those who have taken care of her dental work. She had her first tooth removed by Gen. MacArthur in the Philippines in 1929 when she was just 6 and her father, W. Campbell Armstrong, was legal adviser to Davis, then governor general of the islands. Gen. MacArthur, also stationed there, had come to dinner at the Armstrongs', and was seated beside Rhoda when she complained of a toothache.

"Let's step into the next room," he said.

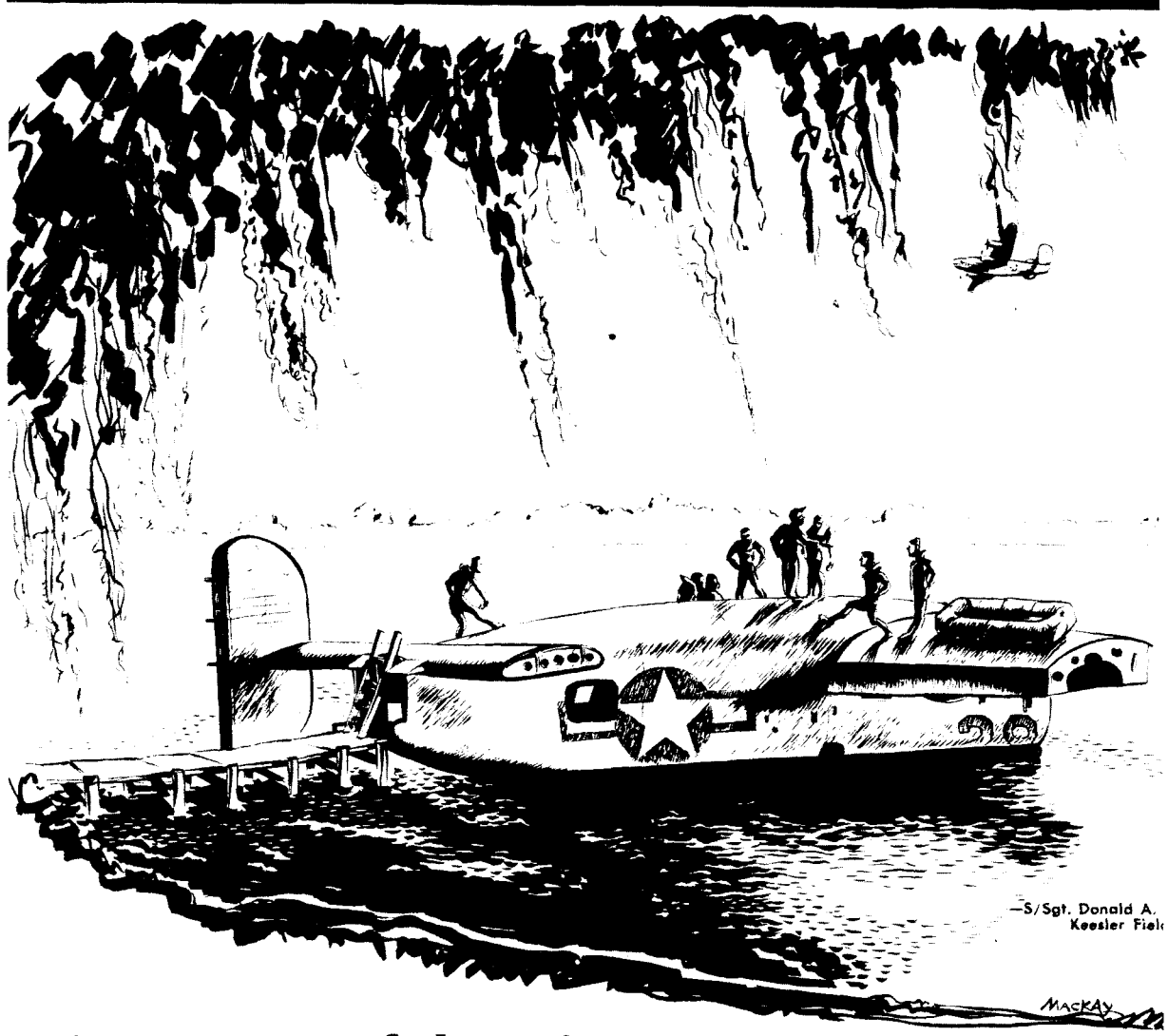
A few minutes later, Rhoda and Gen. MacArthur returned and Rhoda was holding the tooth in her hand for display.

About a year later her mother left her and her sister home one evening, commenting jokingly as she left, "If anything happens, just call the governor." Which is what Rhoda did when she got another toothache. Within a short time a large car rolled up to the door and the governor stepped out. After a short conversation, the governor convinced Rhoda that an Army dentist could do a good job for her and so off she went with Gov. Davis to the Army post.

Before she became a Wac, Rhoda was secretary to U. S. Sen. Robert Taft. She's now a company clerk in the WAC detachment here.

FOOT SAVER. At the McCook (Nebr.) Army Air Field, S. Sgt. Robert C. Ferguson, a chief clerk, rides a bicycle—and with good cause. Since he joined the Army 18 years ago he has gained 182 pounds.

CAMP NEWS



B-24 Has Useful Retirement

Keesler Field, Miss.—*Grease Monkey*, a venerable B-24 training plane that ended its flying days last May when it caught fire, is now used here in the last phase of flight-procedure instruction of the AAF Training Command's B-24 Liberator mechanics course. It has become an outdoor classroom in "ditching" a B-24 in crash landing on water.

The plane, already stripped of engines, wing tips, flaps and half the tail assembly, was stripped of all other salvageable parts and rolled out onto a submerged pier in the Back Bay waters of Biloxi at Keesler Field. There the EM mechanics, after lectures and demonstrations on the use of life-saving devices, take their duty positions inside the *Grease Monkey*. The EM teacher then sounds off the ditching procedure for a crash water landing, and the mechanics respond as though their lives were actually in danger.

At "Tail down" the men brace themselves for the first landing shock. At "Nose down" they await the second shock of impact. A third command is given to indicate that the plane has hit the water and the men make immediate exits through the plane's escape doors. As they hit the water in their Mae Wests they inflate two life rafts and paddle away from the crashed plane. It's all part of the training EM mechanics get.

The Poets Cornered

TO THE NEWLY DEAD

You came with nothing. Do you now have less?
Or does your dead mind still hold final pain
At steel or flame or having died in vain?
Or does the thought of home withhold your rest,
To know your loss will drop the weight of tears
On those you loved? Or at the last, the flash
Of memory, in panic at the crash,
Of girls unloved, of things undone, of years?
Remember now, you inadvertent dead,
Remember ere you bitter in your graves
And mock the framework of our creed. He saves
Your ghostly footsteps for a future tread.
Go then. This time has seen your worthiness.
You came with nothing. Do you now have less?

SCSU, Lake Placid, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

TELL ME, SOLDIER

Tell me, soldier,
Tell me confidentially,
What it is you miss so much
While in this foreign land?
With this he knelt
And held forth in his hand
A portion of the soil of Persia.
This, he said, is much the same
As dirt in California.
And the Orontes over there
Beyond the town of Hamadan
Resemble the mighty Sierras
That so often I have seen
From my back yard in Montebello.
And my shadow casts
The same extended sketch
Upon the ground of any nation.
And this same sun,
Artist of my shadow,
Slipping through the window of my home
At dawn,
Dissolves the darkness of that night
Much the same as here.
But back there,
Near the window at breakfast time,
Illuminated by the sun,
A countenance with golden hair
Smiles across the table;
And confidentially, soldier,
It is she I miss so much.

Persia —Cpl. RALPH VIGGERS

BULLY BEEF

Far beyond the broad blue ocean
There's a land of heat and damp
Where the dark forbidding jungle
Starts just at the edge of camp
It's a land of many scourges—
Ants, mosquitoes, jungle rot—
And 'twas there I got acquainted
With the worst scourge of the lot

You can boil it, stew it, fry it,
Serve it cold or piping hot;
You can mix it up with gravy,
You can leave it there to rot;
But however you may fix it
You will always come to grief,
For no matter what you call it
It will still be bully beef.

You can talk about your Frenchmen
Eating slimy snails and frogs;
You can mention dusky natives
Frying crickets, roasting dogs;
But the most repulsive foodstuff
That exists on land or sea
Is the tough and stringy canned meat
Which the Army feeds to me.

You can eat it with your eyes shut
And a clothespin on your nose;
You can eat it in a mess hall
Or out where the *kunai* grows;
You can serve it up in dishes
Camouflaged beyond belief,
But no matter what you call it
It will still be bully beef.

New Guinea —Pfc. JACOB RICHARDSON

ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION

Aboard a Flying Fortress!
What luck to catch a hitchhike ride like this
And, suspended in the plastic nose,
Like a goldfish in a bowl,
To leave the earthbound travelers far below
Waiting on the chilly curbs
And standing in the jam-packed aisles of trains and busses.

Old Seventy-Six, creeping behind five other planes
That roll off one by one, mutters to himself,
Pauses, tense-sinewed for a moment,
Then like a lion roars defiance to the sky, his realm,
And hurtles down the stretch to spring into the air
O'er scraggly treetops snatching ineffectually
As he sheathes his claws.

O God, I haven't eyes enough to seize a fraction
Of the beauty that encircles and envelops me!
The perfect winter day with the sun
Slanting through the hazeless air,
Bringing life and color to the outspread world below,
Winter-worn yet green, a carpet patterned by the hedge-divided fields
And undulating to a raveled margin at the shore,
The sea, restless yet deliberate, ever-changing yet the same,
Nibbling at the curving wafer of the beach,
Steel-blue today except where sparkling
With the silver powder of the sunlight,
Clouds festooned around the dome of sky,
Looking like foaming suds and bubbling with unhurried yet explosive power;
To the right a shower cloud,
A soiled and formless mass, like melting snow upon a stump,
Sprinkling down a pool of gray upon the surface.

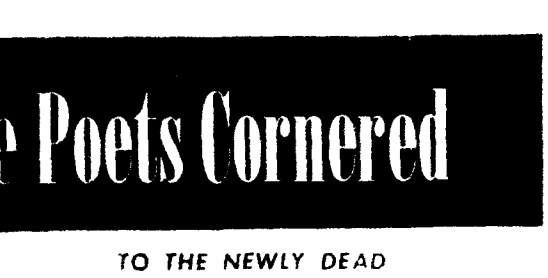
By the time I looked in front again
Another cloud had cast a somber cloak upon the sea of glory;
But in the center, like old Excalibur upthrust from the lake,
Burned a white-hot bar of light
That seemed to sear my very eyeballs.
It was gradually extinguished as the cloud-framed skylight closed
And above the plane's unheeded roar
I could imagine that I heard the hiss.
Five minutes served to put the pattern in reverse;
For now appeared a headline of the farther shore,
A coal-black battle-ax that boldly cut
Across the shimmer of the westering sun.

Over land again the crazy quilt of green and brown,
Unreal and lifeless save for the beetles that were cars,
Dotted with toy houses and lightninged with streams
That for a moment mirrored back the silver of the sun,
Unrolled beneath my feet so swiftly
That it did not seem a minute
Till *Old Seventy-Six* was banking and then skiing smoothly
Down the hill of air onto the waiting runway.

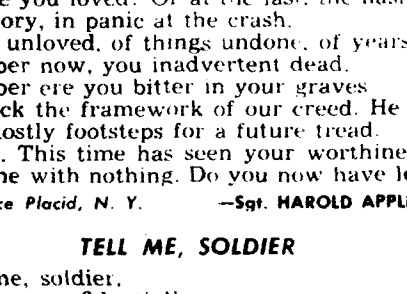
My spirits still somewhere far aloft,
Left behind in the realm of Shelley's Western Wind and Skylark,
I stepped to earth—
Stepped from the most efficient engine of destruction
Yet devised by man in ten thousand years of war.

Britain —Sgt. GEORGE FREDERICK STORK

CUT-OUT PUZZLE



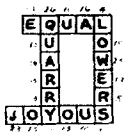
TAKE scissors or a razor blade and cut out a piece of paper exactly the size and shape of this diagram. Now—can you cut the piece of paper into three pieces which, when rearranged, will form a perfect square? Better cover up that answer across the page.



MEN who follow such things—and there are very few who don't—say that Lynn Bari has the best figure in Hollywood, that she does more for any dress than any dress ever did for her. (All right, then, look across the way and see for yourself.) Lynn is tall for a movie actress—5' 6". She weighs 122, has brown hair, hazel eyes. Her new one for 20th Century-Fox is "Sweet and Lowdown."

TEE-TOTAL

WE'LL give prizes (kits containing puzzles of various kinds) to the men who send in the HIGHEST scores on this puzzle. Here's the way to work it:

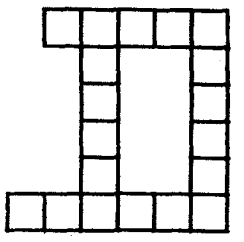


Fill in this diagram with four *different* English words. Don't use geographical names or names of persons. To figure your score, consult the table of letter values below. Add together the number values of the 19 *letters* you have used, *counting each of the 19 letters only once*. There is a sample work-out here to show you how to score. This sample adds up to 243. You'll have to get a considerably higher score than that to win.

In case of word disputes, we'll check with Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, but you don't necessarily need a dictionary to help you win.

LETTER VALUES

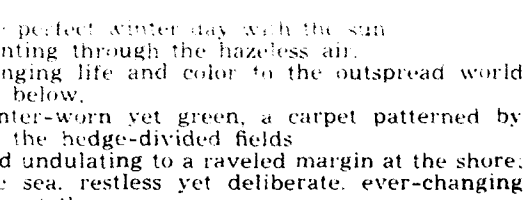
A — 16		N — 7	
B — 20		O — 15	
C — 22		P — 18	
D — 8		Q — 26	
E — 13		R — 5	
F — 19		S — 6	
G — 17		T — 2	
H — 1		U — 10	
I — 14		V — 12	
J — 23		W — 25	
K — 3		X — 21	
L — 4		Y — 11	
M — 9		Z — 24	



Score ..... Name, ASN and address .....

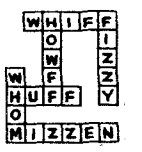
Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight* weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will be listed on this page in the Nov. 24 issue

CUT-OUT PUZZLE SOLUTION



TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

OVERSEAS. Winners of puzzle kits in this contest were Pfc. I. Hockman, whose solution (score of 381) is shown; M/Sgt. A. J. Vasko (372); Pvt. J. L. Stewart Jr. (369); Pvt. Seymour Redkin (360), and Frank G. Gelsomino S1c. But William Reiter SF2c still holds the record for Tee-Totals. He was also a winner in this contest with a score of 364. It's the fifteenth time he's been a winner.



CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon together with the mailing address on your latest YANK to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

Full name and Rank ..... Order No. .....

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

Brown-Eyed Blonde

He came bubbling into the barracks, his shirt still dark with sweat, and damp little ringlets of hair clinging to his forehead. "Boy," he said, "what a sweet dish I ran into!" I made myself comfortable on my bunk with a cigarette and said, "Go ahead, Junior, tell your old Uncle Morty all about it." But he didn't need any prompting; he was telling me all about it even as he stripped off his hot damp uniform.

He had been to the usual Friday-night dance at the service club, he told me, and in the course of the evening met a number of beautiful dolls. But the special one he was chortling about was a blonde with brown eyes. "Blonde with brown eyes," he emphasized. "And compared to her, Angela Greene is just a bust."

"So what?" said I, somewhat callous and unmoved.

"So what!" he snorted. "So I got a date with her for tomorrow night. Well, anyway, she gave me her phone number, and when I get into town tomorrow I'll call her up and we'll do the town."

That was all the time we had for gabbing then, for the lights went out. I didn't have a chance to talk to Junior again till next Monday afternoon. And, naturally, I was a bit curious to know how he had made out. "How was the Blonde Bombshell?" I asked.

"That bag," he sneered. "If they ever ration peroxide, she'll show up in her true color."

"Well, what happened?" I continued.

"Aah," he went on reluctantly, "she gave me a wrong number. Probably the first number that popped into her empty head."

"So then what did you do? Go out and drown your sorrow?"

"Hell no, pal, let me tell you the good part. Some other dame answers the phone when I call up, a total stranger, and after I get things straightened out and realize what that suicide blonde has done to me, I make a date with this one I'm talking to. And brother, what a lulu she turns out to be."

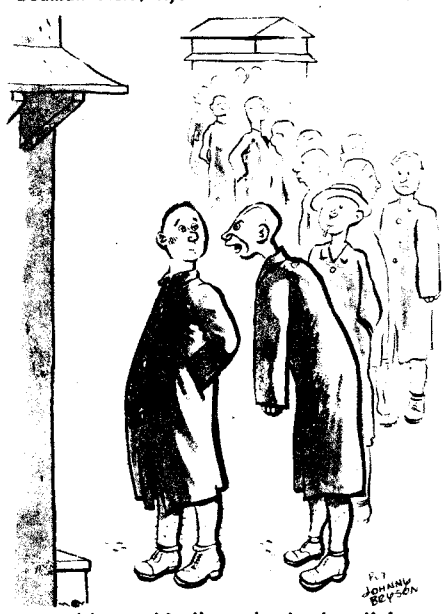
"Typical blind date?" I ventured.

"No indeed, pal, I got another date with her next week." He got up and started to walk away.

"Hey," I yelled, "What kind of looking gal is she?"

He stopped and turned. "Blonde," he grinned. "With blue eyes."

Godman Field, Ky. —Pfc. DONALD MORTIMER



"Would you kindly quit singing 'I Love a Parade'?"
—Pvt. Johnny Bryson, Keesler Field, Miss.

U. S. TROOP SLEEPER, M1

This traveler of devious trails,
  This mongrel of the Pullman clan,
Hermaphrodite of the roaring rails,
  Conceived by war but bred by man.

On oblong wheels and springless trucks,
  It heaves and rolls and jerks about;
It leaps and jumps and sways and bucks
  And finally jolts your back teeth out.

You alternately fry and freeze,
  And curse the dust and smoke and goo
That come in on each vagrant breeze
  And make a GI tramp of you.

You move about, if move you can,
  By scaling mounds of full field packs
And crawling o'er your fellow man
  Or squeezing under rifle packs.

Oh, speed the dawn which ends this fray!
  Put down that gun! Turn in that jeep!
Empty these cars and cheer the day
  That sends them back to hauling sheep!

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. —S/Sgt. S. E. WHITMAN

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

I'm Still at Perry

Excuse us while we take down our back hair and wail the lament of one of those guys who is here today and here tomorrow.

With certain justifiableness we experienced mild injury several days after induction when our friends began speaking of us in the past tense. "We miss Jackson," one of them was reported to have said in mortuary tones, "He always put onions in the martinis." "Yes," said another with a dreary shake of his head, "he was a good joe." Hearing about it we could almost feel the tomb door creaking closed.

Seems we have recently been revived in the memory of our friends, however, and after several years of the life GI we now find ourself facing what amounts to rising indignation on their part over the fact we're still kicking around within continental limits.

"What! You still here?" they ask crossly and suspiciously.

"No, dammit, we're a mirage and this is your imagination," we feel like saying as we bat them severely about the ears. But instead we smile feebly and apologetically.

It's getting to the point where most of our friends are scattered globally and the new ones have just returned from the four corners. We feel like Willie the Hermit at a convention of the National Geographic Society and Burton Holmes staffs.

"Remember that night beside the Pyramid of Cheops at Giza when you fell off the camel," one will say, nudging his buddy, "and the time we picked edelweiss in Switzerland? And that time you pinched the flower girl in the Colosseum at Rome?"

"Yes," chuckles the other, "but what about the time you choked on rice wine when we were walking along the Great Wall of China and I had to take you home in a rickshaw? Hahaha!"

"Will you ever forget striking your last match on the Leaning Tower of Pisa to light your pipe?" cries another. This reminds someone of the time he didn't have any matches at all atop Mount Kilimanjaro and the time he got lit without matches in Khvalynsk.

A T-5 joins them and starts a juicy discussion on his impressions of oriental-rug bargains near the Mosque of St. Sophia and the cheapness of sterling trinkets in the Indian bazars. A corporal wanders up and talks about his betel-nut-chewing days in the South Pacific and a pfc drags out some pictures of Rat Island.

We know just how it's going to be come post war and we find ourself in a conversational soiree of ex-buddies. With a magnificent ring of irrefutability they'll discuss everything from the similarity of Moroccan Arabic to French Hindustani and Berber to the geological formations of the Laccadive Islands. And then the awful moment will arrive. "Where were you, Jackson?" they'll ask.

We can say "Perry, Florida" and feel just like an old burned potato beside a cream puff with chocolate sprinkles and a cherry on top. Or we can just say "Perry" and shiver significantly, creating the impression that the unheard of spot lies somewhere in the arctic wastes. But possibly we'd better just smile mysteriously and say: "S-2. You know. Can't talk."

"Not even now!" they'll cry.

"Not even now," we'll cryptically murmur out of the corner of our mouth. "Not for 75 years after the duration."

Perry AAF, Fla. —T/Sgt. JACK WARFEL

"It's for you!"
—Pvt. Michael Ponce de Leon, TSC, Philadelphia, Pa.

LOVE SONG FOR CLERKS

To lv on fur feels strange, my dear;
I hope there's been no C, my dear,
  And that I'll find you still atchd,
  And that we're still as warmly mtchd
As when I left that other year.

I burn to see us once more jd.
Has anyone your heart purloined?
  If you say no, I'll feel reld,
  Forget the months I was so peeved
At ltrs briskly, briefly coined.

I've been most true to you, my lass;
To me no other's in your cl.
  When flirts asked what my shoulder patch meant
  I always answered with det
And let the cheap temptations pass.

I WP at half past ten,
In three days I'll ar and then
  I hope you'll meet me at the sta
  For 10 full days of jubilation
Before I must dep again.

LAMA, Leesville, Va. —Pvt. DANIEL L. SCHORR

CLEAN-UP PARTY —Pvt. Henry Gasser, Camp Croft, S. C.

SPORTS: CLOSE-UP OF NELSON, WORLD'S BEST GOLFER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Not long ago a bunch of golf professionals put their heads together and voted their rich relative, John Byron Nelson, as the world's greatest golfer. Mr. Nelson wasn't impressed with this very fine epithet. He stepped up to a nearby tee and announced:

"You mean the world's second greatest golfer. Walter Hagen is the greatest golfer that ever lived."

Anybody who knows Nelson wouldn't be surprised to hear him single out Hagen as the world's greatest anything. Nelson has always worshipped the very fairway that Hagen strutted on. This reverence goes back to 1926 when Hagen was battling Willie Turnesa for the PGA championship under a broiling-hot sun at Dallas, Tex. Hagen needed a cap to shade his eyes and, looking over the gallery, he spotted a youngster wearing one with a long sun visor. He went over to the boy and asked if he might borrow the cap to finish out the match. Thrilled silly, the boy whipped off his cap and proudly offered it to the Great Man. Years later, when Nelson himself won the PGA, he asked Hagen: "Do you remember the time you won the PGA at Dallas and borrowed a cap from a little boy? It was me."

Hagen frankly didn't remember borrowing the cap, but he said he did, anyhow. "The disappointment," Hagen told a friend later, "would have broken Byron's heart. I'm still his idol."

Whether Nelson realizes it or not, he is not only the world's greatest golfer, but truly an all-time marvel. According to Mr. Fred Corcoran's PGA statistics, Nelson has played 73 rounds of tournament golf since spring with a 69.34 stroke average, or a break-down of 130 strokes below par. He is also the world's richest golfer. So far this year he has won $39,500, smashing all past money-winning records. Totaled up, his earnings would probably soar to a giddy $100,000.

Oldtimer Tommy Armour, who has won every major golf title in sight, says: "Even when he is only halfway putting, Nelson can't be beaten. He plays golf shots like a virtuoso. There is no type of problem he can't handle. High shots, low shots, hooks or fades—he has absolute control of all of them. He is the finest golfer I have ever seen."

Yet there is much more to Nelson's greatness than just his ability to control his swing. More important, we think, is his controlled temperament. Dogged and mechanical, he is always harder to beat when you seem to have him beat. The Knoxville (Tenn.) Open of last April provided a classic example. Trailing Jug McSpaden by two strokes at the halfway point, Nelson was actually refreshed and stimulated by the discouraging situation. When McSpaden shot a three-under-par 67 for the third round, Nelson came right back with a blazing 66 to cut the lead to one stroke. On the final lap, McSpaden pieced together a neat 69, but Byron picked up the marbles. He had a 67.

Nelson met another crisis in the 1937 Masters Championship at Augusta, Ga. Big Ralph Guldahl, for all purposes, had him beat with a four-stroke lead at the end of 63 holes. But Nelson rose to the occasion, matched Guldahl birdie for birdie on the 64th and 65th, then fired a deuce on the 66th and an eagle three on the 67th to win the championship by two strokes.

Like most professional golfers, Nelson came from the humble caddy ranks. In fact, he and Ben Hogan carried bags together at the Glen Garden Club of Fort Worth. In those days Byron used to strangle a golf club with a baseball grip and Hogan played left-handed. When Byron was 16 he won the Fort Worth Amateur but was disqualified when somebody tipped off the tournament committee that he was a caddy and not a junior member at Glen Garden. He didn't return to high school that fall but instead took a job with a railroad as an office boy and played golf in the evenings. In 1930 he went to work for a publishing house as file clerk, because the hours were shorter and he could devote more time to golf. By 1931 he thought he'd make more money playing golf and turned pro to play the Texarkana Open. Surprisingly, he finished third behind such outstanding mashie swingers as Ted Longworth and Ky Laffon. Since then, Nelson has won virtually every major open golf title, including two Masters championships, one National PGA, a National Open and a Western Open.

For all his monotonous success, Nelson has had his trying moments, too. During his first swing around the winter circuit he had to wire home for money because his earnings for the month had only come to $12.50. He lost the Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open in 1942 because his tee shot hit a spectator on the shoulder and bounced into the rough. It took him six strokes to recover on a par-three hole and he finished a stroke behind Sammy Byrd.

Another time Nelson had second-place money all sewn up in the Hershey (Pa.) Open when his ball vanished from the fairway. The mystery wasn't solved until a few days later when this letter came: "My girl friend found a golf ball while you were playing the Hershey course and took it along with her. She doesn't know a hell of lot about golf. I'm sorry it cost you second place and I take this opportunity of sending $300 you lost by it."

The big rap against Nelson is the old, old cry that he only seems great because the equipment and courses are better today. That's true of every sport that can be measured or timed; they have all shown improvement in recent years. But to shrewd observers like the veteran Al Ciuci, who has played with all three—Nelson, Jones and Hagen—the tall Texan stands alone. Ciuci thinks Nelson hits his irons and woods more consistently than either Hagen or Jones and makes fewer mistakes from tee to green. True, Nelson doesn't have the smooth, flowing putting stroke of either Jones or Hagen, but he usually sinks the long ones when he has to.

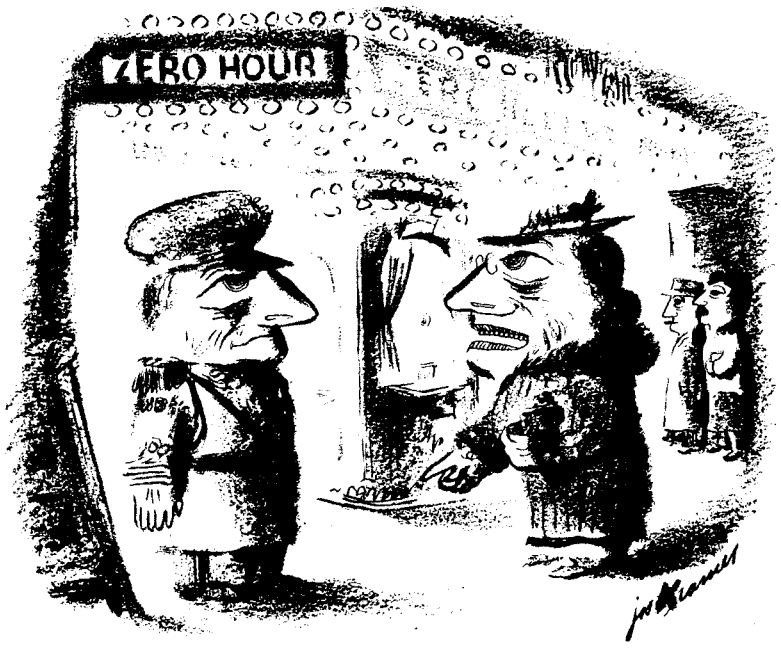
It is too bad Nelson doesn't think himself great. Maybe Mr. Hagen should tell him.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

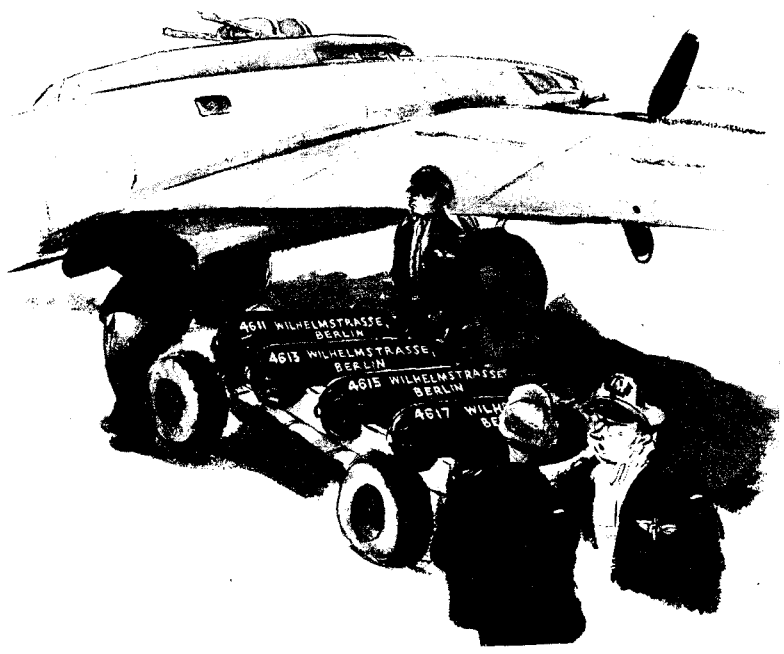
Overseas GIs will soon be getting a first-hand report on the major-league baseball season straight from the stars themselves. Five troupes of big-leaguers, umpires and sports writers are leaving right after the World Series to visit five combat areas where they will entertain troops with movies, story telling, answers to questions and the autographing of baseballs. They won't actually play ball. Because of security reasons, no announcement has been made of what players will make up what group or where each group will go. But here is the roster: *Managers*—**Luke Sewell**, St. Louis Browns; **Mel Ott**, New York Giants; **Leo Durocher**, Brooklyn Dodgers; **Frankie Frisch**, Pittsburgh Pirates; **Fred Fitzsimmons**, Philadelphia Phillies; **Steve O'Neill**, Detroit Tigers. *Players*—**Bucky Walters**, Cincinnati Reds; **Rip Sewell**, Pirates; **Joe Medwick** and **Billy Jurges**, Giants; **Don Gutteridge**, Browns; **Dutch Leonard** and **Joe Kuhel**, Washington Senators; **Nick Etten, Johnny Lindell** and **Tuck Stainback**, New York Yankees; **Dixie Walker**, Dodgers. *Former players*—**Lefty Gomez**, Yankees; **Carl Hubbell**, Giants; **Bing Miller**, Chicago White Sox; **Harry Heilmann**, Tigers. *Umpires*—**Bill Summers**, American League, and **Beans Reardon**, National League. *Sports writers*—**Roy Stockton, Tom Meany, John Carmichael, Arthur Patterson, Jack Malaney.**

Lt. Comdr. Mickey Cochrane, the Great Lakes baseball coach, is headed for active duty in the Southwest Pacific, and **Comdr. Jack Dempsey** has shipped to the ETO. . . . **Willie (Smoky) Saunders**, who rode Omaha to victory in the 1935 Kentucky Derby, now has a saddle on a jeep in the Southwest Pacific. . . . **S/Sgt. Burgess Whitehead**, the Giants' old second baseman, has hooked up with the Second Air Force football team as combination trainer and equipment manager. . . . **Lt. Hal Surface**, the Davis-cupper, is back in the States after serving 31 months in India. . . . You probably won't believe it, but **Bill Dudley**, Virginia's great All-American, is actually a substitute in the March Field backfield, playing behind **Bob Kennedy, Jack Jacobs, Bob Defruiter** and **Bob Donnelly**.

PITCHER AT WORK. Sgt. Jimmy Hamilton, who used to pitch for Boston Braves, shoulders a case of ammunition at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., where he is now a range sergeant in a Field Artillery outfit.



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



"HIS DAMNED SELF-CONFIDENCE GETS ME." Sgt. W. Buchholz

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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

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

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