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YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

10¢ MAY 4
VOL. 2, NO. 10
1945

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



TANKMAN TAKES TEN

Story and Pictures of 5th Army's Offensive

PAGES 2 TO 8

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The 5th Army ends a Five-months' Stalemate with a Smash at the Enemy's Center at Bologna.

RIFLEMEN OF THE 10TH MOUNTAIN DIVISION SPEARHEAD THE 5TH ARMY SPRING OFFENSIVE APRIL 14 AFTER INTENSIVE AIR AND ARTILLERY PREPARATION.



Tank supporting units with 10th Mountain Division advance on morning of April 14. These units proved invaluable in helping infantry take initial objectives in bitter fighting.



Members of a 75mm battery prepare piece for 35-minute artillery barrage on German positions preceding opening of 5th Army Spring offensive for Bologna.

The JUMP-OFF

The 5th Army ends a Five-months' Stalemate with a Smash at the Enemy's Center at Bologna.

By Cpl. GEORGE BARRETT
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 10TH MOUNTAIN DIVISION—You're flat on your belly beside a platoon leader, looking down into Jerryland from a grassy crest, when you wonder if the Big Push has been postponed; and you remark to the lieutenant that hell, it looks like the plans for the "final Allied offensive" to Bologna and the Alps might not be coming off.

"Each extra day is like a reprieve," the lieutenant says slowly, and you suddenly realize that to the generals it might be the "last push" of the war in Italy, but that to the infantry on the line it's just another battle in the hills.

The reprieve, moreover, is a short one. The next morning, as you watch from the same company position, you hear the roar of fighter-bombers, and you know the six-month stalemate in Italy is ended. You watch the 40-minute air show—the "prologue to battle"— as you squat beside the men of the 10th who are about to make the jump-off for the Fifth Army.

It is 8:30 in the morning of April 14. The first of the red-nosed Thunderbolts peels swiftly from its formation and dives on the Jerry-held town of Roffeno Musiolo, 2,500 yards below you in the valley. The second ship dives as the first Thunderbolt levels off, then the third, then the fourth. Smoke rings rise from the craters.

Then the silver fighters plunge, squadron after squadron, into the valley and along the Jerry-held crest. A stream of flame shoots fore and aft of a P-47 as its rocket shell heads for Torre Iussi village inside the Jerry lines. Another Thunderbolt releases its rocket, and 1,000 yards to the right a third fighter releases a fire bomb. Seeing the bomb fall you almost duck as an acre of ground bursts into flame around a cluster of houses. Fighters—more than you can count—cut through the valley and over the crests, their tracers, rockets and bombs pocking the slopes.

An incredulous infantrymen beside you mutters to himself "sonovabitch, sonovabitch."

One pilot is too eager; he spots two jeeps racing toward our lines and thinks they are Jerries. His wing dips sharply and he dives, his bomb raising a geyser of black smoke 30 yards behind the jeeps. He sees his error, and he doesn't press the attack. A rifleman crouched for the jump-off grins sourly.

"That's two enemy vehicles probably destroyed," he says.

It's 9: 10 when the artillery takes over from the air force. Two tank destroyers beside you open fire with their 76s, then the whole division front swells into a deafening roar. Fifty-caliber machine-puns, spotted at 30-yard intervals, arc in high tracers across the valley. Sometimes five streams of fire converge on one house. One stream of 50-calibers cuts through a 5-inch tree trunk, and the branches lean over in slow motion before they drop. Jerry answers with machine-gun fire from Torre Iessi.

The roar makes your eardrums pound, and most of the orders are shouted through cupped hands. The German-held crests look as though they're covered with clouds, and our own crest too is shrouded in dirty white. A TD—"Berlin Sleeper"—pulls out for a moment, its barrel smoking. Canvas ammunition belts snake in discard around sand-bagged walls, and you notice one gunner sweating over a jammed 50-caliber machine-gun.

You look at the infantry waiting for the order to go over. Some jaws are working hard with gum; one guy spits tobacco. Some GIs have burlap sacking for camouflage on their helmets, some use socks; most don't bother at all. A lieutenant sits on his heels and puffs casually at a cigar. A tank rolls up and a rifleman moves a foot to make way for the giant tread. Some of the doughfeet look as though they are taking a 10-minute break on a cross-country hike, but then you remember the grim smiles from some infantrymen a few hours earlier, when they were told that "great new PW cages" had been built for the new offensive.

It's 9:50, H-Hour. The order rings out to "cease firing." A few scattered machine-guns sputter but a depressing silence comes suddenly over the secton. You see the back-packed infantrymen abandoning their holes and climbing up from the slopes. These are the troops of the Ist Battalion, 87th Mountain Regiment, the troops who will drive through the center of the division's push. They crouch at the Line of Departure.

"Let's go."

The line of doughfeet moves forward.

"Good luck," a signalman shouts from his dug-out, and the infantrymen, heads down and running lightly, swinging their rifles easily in one hand, get to the crest.

"Over the f—n' hill," a private shouts as he makes the jump into the open.

Other GIs jump off at other departure points

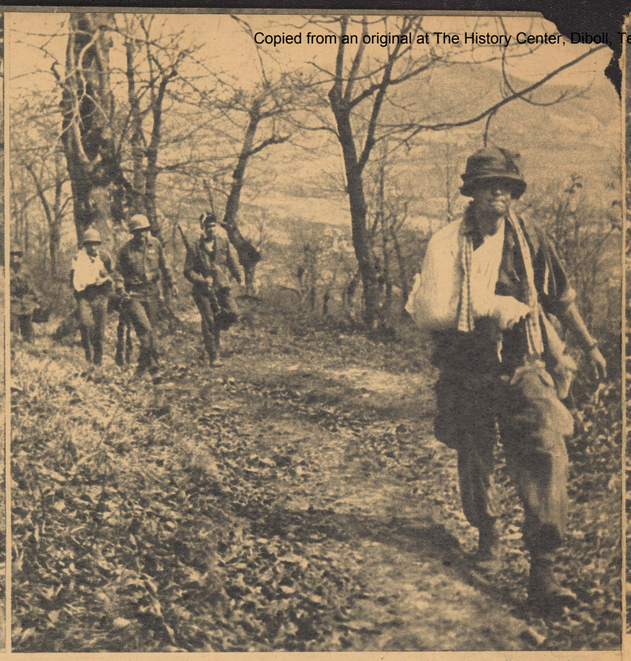
50-CALIBER MACHINE-GUNNER OF THE 87TH MT. REG. GETS ALL SET UP FOR ACTION A FEW HOURS AFTER THE PUSH-OFF. TD—"BERLIN-SLEEPER"—IN REAR.



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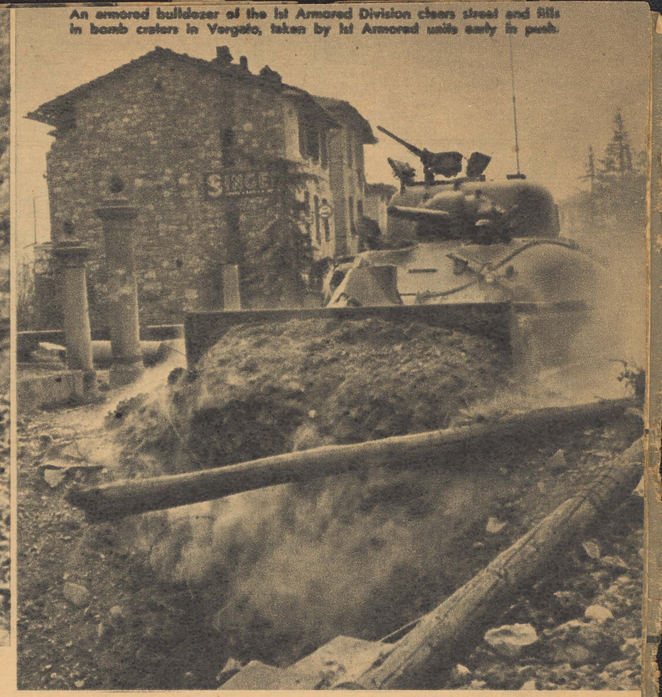
Pfc. W.D. Porter of Service Company, 86th Mt. Reg, ties pack mule to blossoming apple tree while column of riflemen rests during advance toward enemy positions.



Walking wounded GI infantrymen return to rear through blasted woods on first day of fighting near town of Roffeno Musioli, just west Highway 64 south of Bologna.



German infantry prisoners, carrying one of their own wounded, pause in ravine in 10th Mt. area as they walk unescorted to PW cages in rear. Jerries wear PW cards.



An armored bulldozer of the 1st Armored Division clears street and fills in bomb craters in Vergato, taken by 1st Armored units early in push.

along the sector, and a few minutes later a signal flare bursts from Jerry positions, sending six floating specks of flame over Torre Iessi. You watch Company C men sprint across the slope and into the stark, shell-burnt woods, and you follow two hours later, expecting the 2d Battalion to catch up.

You walk slowly through the woods. The sounds of the fighter dives, which have begun again, and the *whoomph* of the bomb and shell bursts on the slopes are just faint echoes now. You are picking out hard ground to step on to avoid mines when suddenly you see Jerries coming toward you. There are six of them and they are carrying a wounded German by the arms and legs.

They stop short and they look frightened. The lead Jerry waves a white flag made of strips of toilet paper wound around a branch. A GI waves them on and they come forward. The wounded Jerry has his left leg covered in bloody rags. As the Jerries struggle up the slope to our rear three GIs with shoulder and arm wounds follow them.

Through the trees it's plain that Rocca di Roffeno, the 2,900-foot objective on the right of the 87th Regiment's sector, is still taking a beating from our planes and artillery, and the white smoke encircling its crest looks like a postcard illustration of cloud mists over a mountain.

You watch the shell bursts awhile, then walk back through the woods to the jump-off point because the 2d Battalion has not yet come.

Back at the jump-off, the first company of the 2d Battalion is still dug in. The 1st Battalion has run into some trouble and is not going forward according to plan. You sweat it out with the 2d while Jerry shells start dropping in. The Germans have the distance figured out pretty neatly, and one shell crashes in so close you can see the shrapnel flying through the 12-inch gap between you and the next man. As you get up you notice four litter bearers calmly carrying a casualty back to the aid station.

THE company soon gets to move out, and it's easy to tail behind because woolen undershirts and sweaters mark the trail where GIs have chucked the stuff that ties them down. Moving forward through the woods, you take cover in a ravine to sweat out another barrage and you find a wounded Jerry lying on his back. While you're pinned down you ask him if he's hurt bad, and he reaches down and flips open his pants, and you see his red-white intestines bulging from his stomach. He is dying.

"Be good to me. Please help me," he says.

As he talks, the whine of close-in bursts starts again. The shelling keeps you pinned down and while you wait for orders to go forward the casualties of another company start coming back through the ravine. One dazed lieutenant is helped along, blood streaking from his cheeks and he hesitates a moment as a parachute flare bursts 100 yards overhead; he recovers and walks on while the chute sways gently to the ground.

IT begins to get crowded in the ravine; another company comes up and Italian Alpini, leading mules, follows them. A shell bursts again, some mules balk, and loud Eyetie profanity echoes across the gully. The casualties keep coming in, too. A couple of walking wounded GIs stagger up the ravine. One has a torn arm, and he leads the other, whose eyes are covered with soiled bandages and whose entire shirt is stained red. Litter bearers bring a knee casualty along the trail. The man still holds his machine-pistol.

There's a telephone call. Somebody wants to talk with a captain, and a rifleman says to tell them the captain's gone out to lunch and they can call him back in 20 minutes. The men stare silently as a walking casualty goes up the wrong hill and he's 50 yards away before somebody calls him back and steers him straight.

SOMEWHERE the attack is stalled and the order is given to dig in. It's getting late, so you go back through the forest along the path taken by the wounded. The next morning you find the push has started to click again and you go up to the captured town of Roffeno Musioli, or what is left of it. Forty-five German PWs sit stolidly on a hill waiting to be led back to the cage. A dead Missouri mule, killed by a Nazi sniper, still has his pack-saddle on, but the supplies are gone. Farther up the hill are apple trees in full blossom.

The hill is honeycombed with mine holes. The Germans didn't have time to remove their warning signs and "Vorsicht-Minen" posts help to guide our advancing troops. An unexploded mortar tail sticks out of the ground. You come across 20 more Jerry PWs. They're cocky; they come from one of the best German units in Italy and they don't think much of their captors. They laugh and make cracks. One sneers at our photographer. "Look, he takes pictures, too."

You ask one of them why he looks so happy. He says he's a Pole and has no reason to fight. Another German, a veteran who wears the Nazi medal for the invasion of Czechoslovakia, says he's glad to get out of this war too. The photographer blows up.

"That's all right for the Pole to say—he didn't want this war. But you marched into Czechoslovakia. You're all the same. We take your towns, and your families say they're not Nazis, and that they never wanted the war. We meet your armies and they keep fighting as long as they can. You quit when you're beaten and then say you never wanted to fight. You make us sick."

The Jerry just shrugs his shoulders, and leads the line of PWs out of the ruined town.

BATTLE FOR VERGATO

WITH THE 81st RECON. SQUAD., 1st ARMORED DIV. — A light tank, one of our new model T-24s, burns steadily like a pyre. The barrel of its machine-gun is twisted and blackened, while the charred turret gun still points toward the withdrawn enemy. Three sooty GI helmets lie beside the tank. Displaced tank treads are strewn in broken chains along the right of way. The stench of blown-up cattle carcasses in the shell craters fills the air.

This is the road to Vergato.

At the entrance to the town, a large community on one of two main highways leading into Bologna from the south, a riddled sign — VERGATO — stands out like a title against a painting of ruins. The place is silent, with that peculiar stillness of all empty towns in the wake of battle.

GIs, singly and in pairs, walk slowly into the center of Vergato, wary of mines and booby traps. A sergeant goes up to a building that had housed the Todt Organization and kicks against the thick door; an engineer rudely shoves him aside and points to a mine under the step.

Further on, there is a battered Singer Sewing Machine sign — apparently standard equipment for every Italian town — an overturned German volkswagen in its garage, a bed hanging by its posters from the second story of a ruined house. Most of Vergato's 700 buildings are now only detached walls and rubble.

"A little like Cisterna," a veteran of the 1st Armored comments on the destruction.

In the center of one street, a GI is lying on a stretcher. His left hand is smashed and his leg is bleeding from several grenade wounds. He holds a cigaret in his undamaged hand.

"That was my good mitt, too," the wounded man says. "Won't be eatin any chow with that hand anymore."

In a side street off the rubbled square, the 2d Platoon, Troop A are heating C rations and sunning themselves. Some of them are hurt, and all the men look pooped.

"We found about 100 Germans left as rear guard in Vergato to hold us off house-by-house," Lt. James R. Smith of Indianapolis, the platoon leader, says.

"Most of them escaped after stopping our advance a little while. Our platoon was to go after four Jerrys holed up in that theater across the square from us there.

"We managed to get into the house about 30 yards to the right of the theater. It was getting dark, so we decided to send four men into the theater right away to flush the Jerrys out.

"The rest of us fired from our house to keep Jerry away from the doors and windows of the

Italian Alpini troops lead pack mules bearing ammo to front lines in 5th Army attack on central Italian front.



Litter bearers of 87th Mt. Reg. carry wounded soldier to aid station in rear during opening phase of drive.



Wounded German and unhurt GI wire-stringer lie side by side in draw, pinned down by German shelling.



An infantryman digs a hole during pause in fighting while tank carries other riflemen to forward lines.



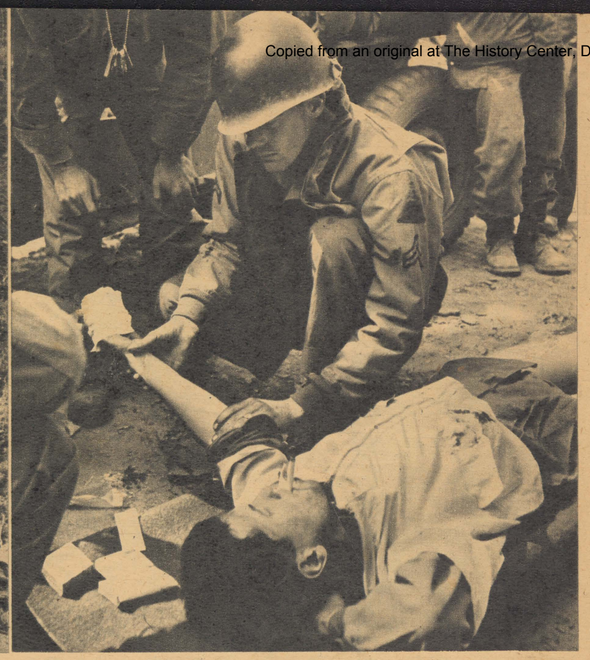
Team of 87th Mt. Reg. sets up 81mm mortar to counter German shelling as Fifth Army opens drive for Bologna.



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Men of an engineer battalion of 1st Armored probe for mines in captured Vergato. Town was heavily mined and booby traped. Most of its buildings are rubble.



A GI with hand grenade wounds puffs cigarette while 1st Armored medics give him first aid as he lies on street in Vergato, on Highway 64 southwest of Bologna.

theater, while Nichols, Meyer, Redditt and Felton rushed the theater and managed to climb up a pile of rubble to the second floor."

Nichols is Sgt. Earl Nichols of Grand Haven, Mich.; Meyer, Sgt. Howard Meyer of Hutchison, Kan.; Redditt, T/5 David Redditt of Mobile, Ala., and Felton, T/5 John Felton of Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE lieutenant explains that by covering one another's rush, the whole platoon got safely into the second floor of the theater while the enemy remained on the ground floor.

"As you see, there was no way in all these rooms to get down at Jerry on the first floor," Smith points out as he walks through the ruins reenacting the fight. "We decided to go down again to try getting into the ground floor from the other side of the building.

"Five of us got down okay by the rubble pile. Then Jerry heard us and kept chucking grenades at the rubble pile. There we were, stuck on the second floor, while Jerry was just as stuck on the first floor of the same structure.

"Sometimes, during the night, we'd look out a door or a window and find ourselves staring into a German's face a few feet away. We both would duck, while bullets crossed. Once, we heard somebody scrambling over the rubble (we learned later it was one Jerry getting away), but we hesitated to take blind shots for fear of hitting one of our own men outside.

"The rest of the night we stationed a man at a doorway where he could watch the rubble pile and keep Jerry's exit from the first floor and the basement covered.

"In the morning, we succeeded in working our way down the rubble pile into the first floor. We searched all the rooms there, but the Germans had retreated to the basement. One of us went into this hall leading to the theater foyer and spotted a Jerry crouched at the stair bend. The Jerry fired, but missed although he was only 15 feet away from our man.

"We soon found some holes in the floor, and we just kept dropping frag grenades and phosphorus grenades through onto the Jerrys. Two came out; the third is still down there."

In the basement, some furniture is still smouldering from the phosphorus. Theater seats have been piled up to make ladders by which the German snipers reached the high basement windows. A child's abacus is on a window sill.

"Sniping bastards used that to keep score with, probably," a GI says.

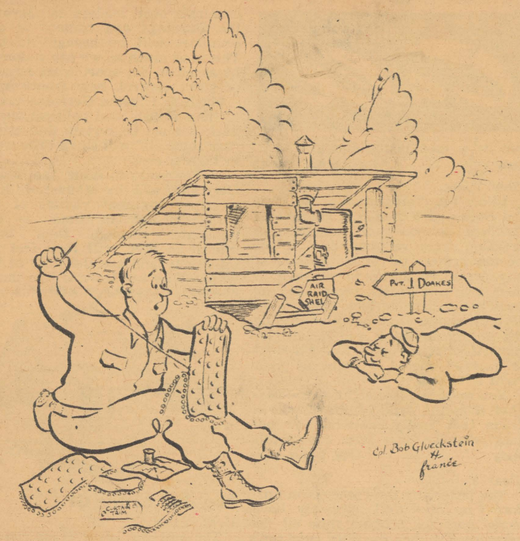
In another room, a metal chair has been fashioned into a toilet seat. The Germans have been holed up in these buildings for many weeks. Consequently their excrement is piled high on the open cement floor. Near this heap of waste, the dead Jerry lies on his back.

"When this one got it, they quit," the lieutenant says, concluding his story.

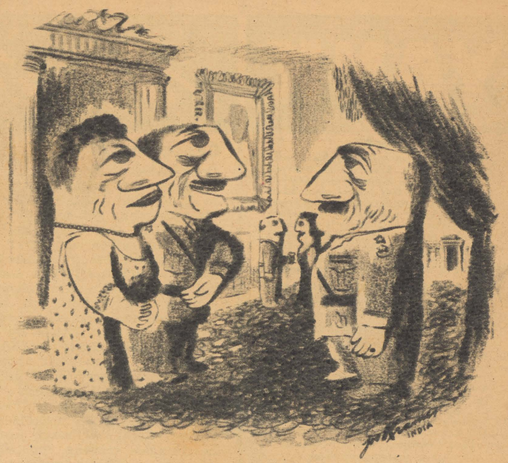
In the center of the square, a tank is standing. The tank commander has found a Morris chair in the ruins and placed it against the tank. He has made friends with a dog, which is curled up in his lap, and both man and dog are sound asleep. The 36-hour battle for Vergato is over. The Po Valley and victory wait up north.

LIGHT TANKS OF RECON SQUADRON OF 1ST ARMORED DIVISION IN MAIN SQUARE OF VERGATO TWO HOURS AFTER TOWN IS CLEARED OF GERMANS.

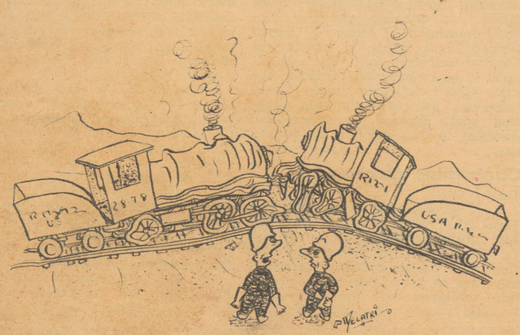




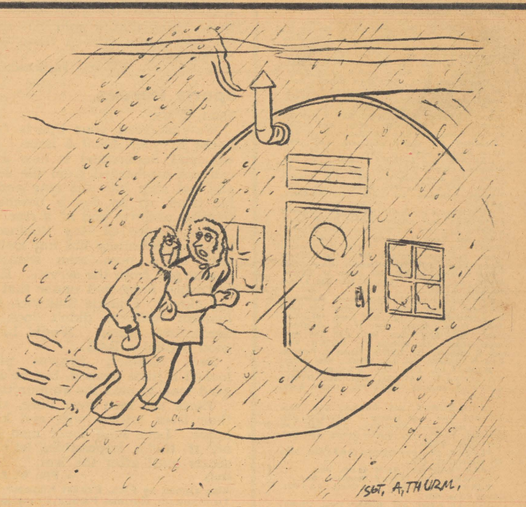
"WATCH—WE'LL JUST GET THE PLACE LOOKING LIKE HOME AND WE'LL GET MARCH ORDER."
—Cpl. Bob Glueckstein



"GEN. MILLER—MY WIFE. SHE WAS THE BRAINS BEHIND SOME OF MY MOST SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGNS."
—Cpl. Joseph Kramer



"COUPLE MORE WRECKS LIKE THIS AND MAYBE WE CAN TURN THEM IN FOR SALVAGE."
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri



"I THINK I'LL STAY IN TONIGHT AND WRITE LETTERS."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm



"OUR BOYS REALLY BOMBED HELL OUT OF THAT PLACE."
—Pfc. Irwin Tousser

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This Week's Cover

The weary tank commander catching forty winks is Sgt. Wesley E. Stewart of Los Angeles. With the rest of the First Armored Division, he had just taken Vergato in the power drive of the Fifth Army's "big push" on the Bologna front in Italy. Photo by YANK's Werner Wolff.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Pfc. Werner Wolff. 2, 3, 4, 5, & 6—Pfc. Wolff. 7 & 8—Sgt. Don Breimhurst. 8—Pfc. Wolff. 13—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 18—Des Moines (Iowa) Public Schools. 19—Lower right, Des Moines Public Schools; others, Pvt. George Aarons. 20—Cpl. Roger Wrenn. 23—Sgt. John Frano. 24—Sgt. Ralph Stein.

Mail Call

Censorship

Dear YANK:

It is not my custom to write letters to YANK, but Capt. Hawley's letter on censorship got me. Please tell the captain that the next time he rushes to refute some trivial bitch by an enlisted man he should make at least a token effort to understand what the EM is talking about.

What T/5 Feller was unhappy about was the business of having our letters read and slashed by persons who are often pretty slipshod about what they themselves write home. We know censors don't like their work. We like it even less. We like it least of all when we read that Major Glenn Miller wrote home that he was flying to France just before he became missing, or when we overhear an officer bragging that his family knows where he is.

If security demands that mail be inspected before leaving the theater, nobody's going to complain. But whoever told the men who make these rules that a gold bar on the shoulder could curb a loose tongue in the head?

Italy — Cpl. FREDERICK POHL

Sports Heroes

Dear YANK:

We just read your *Sports Comebacks* in your April 6 issue. What we can't understand is how a man can get discharged from the service and yet step into the ring and box his head off or don a baseball or football uniform and be a star.

The picture of Ray Robinson in the ring definitely did not look like that of a man who should be discharged from the service. Has he got a bad hang-nail under that boxing glove? Frankie Sinkwich in his football uniform didn't look very damn bad, either. Would he look good behind a BAR!

Jack Kramer, Browns pitcher, looked a little peaked, but he'd be a good man to pass the ammunition.

There are men over here, risking their lives, with a wife and kids at home. Let's send those men home; or, if that's impossible, let's drop sports until after the war.

Italy — Pfc. W. J. BOITS

Also signed by Pfcs. Ernest Knapper, Walter Tuminowski, Herman Parson, Franklin Brown; Cpls. D. M. Carson and Ward C. Goodrich.

More on GI Atheists

Dear YANK:

Pfc. James Erickson and other atheists who wrote in the April 13 *Mail Call* have the wrong idea about what Christianity stands for. I am a Christian, and I do not consider myself superstitious. When I was converted there were no bullets whizzing around, and I was not thinking of going to hell if I didn't become a Christian. I believe in prayer, but I remember that Jesus Christ was crucified just after he had prayed. A Christian does not die, he just leaves his body behind.

Regardless of what people have told you, Christianity stands for all that is good. For life abundantly, for liberty, happiness for all, equality of rights, freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of religion and press. Yes, Christianity even stands for your rights as an atheist, but it also urges every Christian to try to convince you. Not by forcing you to go to the front, but by love and patience and example.

Perhaps we do not have all the things that Christianity stands for, but we have them in our hearts and we know that we shall have them, if not here, then in the hereafter.

Italy —T/5 CLAIR E. BARNES

Dear YANK:

Under the Constitution of the United States each citizen is guaranteed freedom not only of religion, but freedom from religion; and if one person prefers to remain outside of any organized group for worship it does not necessarily mean that he does not believe or have some faith. It only shows that he is exercising his ability to think and decide for himself what is right. And his right is just as sacred to him as your right is to you.

You must not lose sight of the idea that it is the type of life a person leads that really matters, and not just what he says with his mouth.

Italy —Pfc. Leo Meltzer

Dear YANK:

The letters by the "atheists in uniform" in *Mail Call* probably have done more for religion than all the sermons I've heard... Pfc. Erickson's statement that he is "proud" his "mind is free from the shackles of superstition" is ridiculous...

If being a Christian is being shackled, brother, I enjoy being a prisoner. I enjoy my shackles at Christmastime, Easter and other times when you atheists are growling, "bah, humbug!" I enjoy the decent feeling I got going to church on Sunday mornings with my wife; it pleases me to know she prays to the same God I do every night. These "shackles" are really the only things that spell decency, happiness and meaning in this topsy-turvy world...

Italy — Pvt. J. STEWART

Controlling Germany

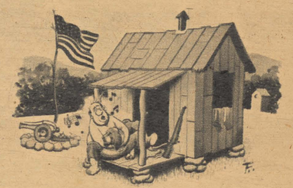
Dear YANK:

...It must surely be realized that plans for Germany's immediate post-war future already have been decided by the best Allied brains, and that this plan is quite certain to preclude any idea of mass murder of women and children of the self-styled "master race." Obviously, the war criminals and leaders in Germany, the Quislings and traitors of other countries will be brought to book. This is as much as we can reasonably be asked to do, apart from measures of strict control, new frontiers, etc.

Much as I loathe Germans because of their sadism and political wickedness, it must be certain that cries of "kill them all" will carry little weight in high circles.

...For years to come, the name of Germany will be stained with the blood of innocent victims of their savagery and, in time, as truth percolates through their bestial minds, so then will they feel their inferiority and see the folly of their ways. Why not leave it like that?...

Albania —Capt. R. F. W. HERVEY, R. E. M. E.



Regular Army GI

Dear YANK:

The post-war plans which occasionally fill your editorial page certainly do justice to any selectee or member of the Army of the U. S. But how about the men who have made the Army their career? The dime we kick in every month to the Old Soldiers' Home seems to be our only guaranty of the future. With all this talk of war pensions and unemployment compensations, it is about time someone urged some legislation for Regular Army men.

I like Army life, but in the past it has been a struggle for a man to raise a family, regardless of his grade. Only recently has the Army pay been brought to a level that is adequate with the cost of living. It isn't so long ago that we smoked Bull Durham and borrowed through canteen checks for our entertainment. How about allowing soldiers to retire after 25 years of service? Then maybe we can get in another hike before the hardening of the arteries sets in.

I've done my share of the griping, I'll admit, but on paper that old record of service looks pretty good. I'd like to continue it, but how about a break? I'd be better off being unemployed, with a probable income of 20 bucks per week. I could settle myself down in a cozy shack, hoist up the *Stars and Stripes*, plant a brass cannon on the front lawn and sing, "America, the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Belgium —1st Sgt. S. LANDRY

Also signed by S.Sgt. J. G.



"Oh, just a new guy from the Infantry."
—Pfc. Thomas Flannery

Heart of Texas

Dear YANK:

I have a few things to say to those men who criticize Texans for expressing their thoughts. Is it not human nature for anyone to feel proud of that section of the U.S.A. he has grown up in?... If I gave my conception of some states I have seen from train windows, GI trucks, Army camps, it would be similar to that of 1st Sgt. James Smith's version of Texas. You can do that with any state you care to name...

Italy S/Sgt. ARMIN W. SCHWERTNER

For All Allies

Dear YANK:

This is in response to a letter written by Pvt. M. Pissare, in which he and his buddies angrily protest against YANK's inclusion of letters from a British soldier and some Italian sailors. This attitude makes me as POd as Pvt. Pissare says he is. Yes, YANK is for Yanks, but should we be dead set against occasionally reading the opinions of our allies?

If we hope to work together with our allies after the war, isn't the facilitation of understanding among us now worth space in *Mail Call*?

Italy —Pfc. RICHARD COHN

Dear YANK:

Having read your magazine for just short of three years (overseas) and judging by a large percentage of the contributions to *Mail Call*, we surely hate to think of it as a mirror for reflecting the intelligence of the average American GI.

The petty and nonsensical gripes we have read are too numerous to mention, but we refer specifically to the article in the March 30 issue entitled "For Yanks Only." The author obviously does not know or overlooks the meaning of the word "ally"....

Italy — T/5 W. H. SPEAKER

Also signed by T/5 H. J. Wooly

Dear YANK:

YANK certainly should be for all soldiers and sailors. I believe that the members of all Allied units should be especially invited to buy the magazine and state their views in *Mail Call*.

Some of the best letters and liveliest discussions have been provoked in *Mail Call* by letters from men other than Yanks. The circulation of YANK among British troops is one of the best sources of understanding between the two peoples, something that may determine how much better the world really will be after this war.

Through some stupidity on both sides, the American and Allied troops are forbidden to associate together in the same recreational clubs; and now three men, allegedly Americans, but talking with the mouth of Goebbels, say in *Mail Call* that they would prevent the two forces from even reading the same papers.

Pvt. Pissare, Pfc. Henke, and T/Sgt. Moore, have you ever realized that American and Allied troops are all members of one team and that our interests, problems, and hopes for the future have no national boundaries? After all, we've lived together, worked together, and fought together, with a little friction here and there, of course, but with a great deal of success on the whole. Perhaps we've learned a lesson that we can take back home, whether home is America or the British Commonwealth.

In the meantime, I say "well done" to all the Allied troops who've read YANK or written letters and I recommend Spr. Poole's conclusion: that "it's about time a lot of people grew up."

Italy —Pfc. ANDREW G. WHITESIDE

Dear YANK:

....Let's have Allied Forces canteens and cinemas. Let the high-up gentlemen who started this "For Yanks Only" and "For British Only" get together and open the way for closer friendship between us by giving us Allied canteens. Then the GI and Tommy can talk it over between them without being under the disturbing shadow of "guest."

Pvt. M. Pissare and his amicos are at liberty to express themselves in the *Union Jack* if they wish to, and if they want YANK for Yanks only they'd better keep it off the streets where villlains like me buy it every week.

I get the *Stars and Stripes* every day also, for that paper and YANK are the best media open to me of getting American ideas and helping me towards closer understanding....

Italy —GUNNER JAMES HULME

KP Volunteer

Dear YANK:

A bunch of the boys whooping it up at some awful place called Perrin Field, Tex., claimed, in a letter printed recently in *Mail Call* that they "had seen everything." That letter, entitled "Bemedaled KP" and signed "Poor Trainees," completes my observations of the strange things that can happen in a lifetime.

My opinion is that anyone who has been overseas, fought the war with real bullets, and not with mops, and



been fortunate enough to survive and be sent home for flight training, should be glad to do KP. I wish it to be known that I will gladly do KP, bars and all, or without them, for a chance to go back to the States for flight training of *any* type, not just pilot training. I am an experienced KP, young, strong, and healthy, willing to work long hours for little pay, and can be ready on 30 seconds' notice, or less.

Britain —2d Lt. B. C. JACOBS

Web MG Belts

Dear YANK:

In a recent YANK, Pvt. Leonard Johnson asked who got the "conniption fit" that resulted in web belts for caliber 50 machine-gun bullets...

We have had quite some experience in recent months with the caliber 50 machine-gun... and we prefer the web belts for firing. We never had any trouble keeping the bullets in the belts and we find there isn't nearly as much dirt to put up with as on linked ammo.

Italy —Pfc. JOHN PONTON

Also signed by 30 others.

Police the Booby-Traps

Dear YANK:

In training for overseas duty, we were taught to leave curious and conspicuous objects alone. Here we are in a combat zone and we are expected to police up the area left by previous troops.

...Does it not seem foolish and unnecessary that we were made to remove objects that may have concealed booby-traps and mines? In disposing of the debris, we were laughed at by experienced troops. When we asked for a suitable dump, we were told we were no longer in barracks in the states.

Italy —Pfc. T. S. KIELMAN

Also signed by Pvt. W. J. McArthur, Pfc. I. F. Pizzo, T/4s Earl Critanovich and A. J. Raimond, T/5 Cryde E. Allen.

Jap Lollapalooza

Dear YANK:

Read your article entitled "The Jap Soldier," and one particular paragraph caught my eye. It stated that the Jap cannot pronounce the letter "L" and gave an illustrative example "lollapalooza." Well, after an exhaustive test, I've found they have no more difficulty with their "L" than any other letter in the alphabet and can say "lollapalooza" just a shade better than a GI from Brooklyn. Who am I to argue with the OWI, but I only know what I hear, and "lollapalooza" and "lullaby" are good enough for me.

Marianas —S. H. BLICKMAN PhM3c

Also signed by H. Isenberg PhM2c.

Love

Dear YANK:

I'm not griping, but the old men of 55 back home are marrying the girls of 20. I know: my old man did. What chance have we 19-year-olds?

France — Pfc. EVERETTE M. LOUK

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Most of us in the Army have a hard time remembering any President but Franklin D. Roosevelt. We never saw the inside of a speakeasy because he repealed Prohibition before we were old enough to drink. When we were kids during the depression and factories and stores were not hiring anybody, plenty of us joined his CCC, and the hard work in the woods felt good after those months of sleeping late and hanging around the house and the corner drug store, too broke to go anywhere and do anything. Or we got our first jobs on his ERA or WPA projects.

And since then, under Roosevelt's leadership, we have struggled through 12 years of troubled peace and war, 12 of the toughest and most important years in our country's history. It got so that all over the world his name meant everything America stood for. It meant hope in London and Moscow and in occupied Manila, in Paris and Athens. It was sneered at in Berlin and Tokyo. To us, wherever we were, in combat zones or in forgotten supply or guard posts, it meant the whole works—our kind of life and freedom and the necessity for protecting it. We made cracks about Roosevelt and told Roosevelt jokes and sometimes we bitterly criticized his way of doing things. But he was still Roosevelt, the man we had grown up under and the man whom we had entrusted with the staggering responsibility of running our war. He was commander-in-chief, not only of the Armed Forces, but of our generation.

That's why it is hard to realize he is dead, even in these days when death is a common and expected thing. We had grown accustomed to his leadership and we leaned on it heavily, as we would lean on the leadership of a good company commander who had taken us safely through several battles, getting us where we were supposed to go without doing anything foolish or cowardly. And the loss of Roosevelt hits us the same way as the loss of a good company commander. It leaves us a little panic stricken, a little afraid of the future, with postwar problems more complicated than those of war.

But the panic and the fear won't last long. We will soon find out that the safety of our democracy, like the safety of a rifle company, doesn't depend on the life of any one man. A platoon leader with the same sense of timing and responsibility takes over and the men find themselves and the company as a whole operating with the same confidence and efficiency. That's the way it will be with our government. The new president has pledged himself to carry out its plans for a successful ending of the war and the building of peace. The program for jobs and security and establishment of the United Nations will continue.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's death brings grief. It should not bring despair because he leaves us great hope.

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2013.010

Youngest Generation

The little red schoolhouse has had its face lifted; there are mobile desks for footloose tots and classes are informal.

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

DES MOINES, IOWA—It's a revolutionary thing, partly brought on by the war, and probably no good will come from it, but most of the kids in the grade schools no longer hate their teachers.

Lots of the little turncoats even like to go to school. They think school is fun. Now and then there's an unbowed young rebel who scribbles dirty poems about the teacher on the walls of the boys' toilet, but most of the kids have gone whole hog for the theory that the teacher is their pal, meandering with them through the painful straits of spelling.

It works pretty good, too. Even the teachers seem to be getting an education.

The idea nowadays seems to be that the teachers try to teach the kids some of the things kids want to know. For instance, in most grammar schools, the boys and girls in the upper grades don't concern themselves much any more about that ridiculous old Tuscan named Lars Porsena beating out his brains trying to kill Horatius and get across a river called the Tiber and take Rome. Instead, these modern youngsters have been worried more about a man named Eisenhower getting across the Rhine and taking Berlin.

It's natural in these days that the students and the teachers should be on closer terms. With hundreds of thousands of fathers in service and many mothers working, teachers have practically had to become unofficial parents. It's had a mellowing effect all round. Some crusty old killjoys steeped in bookish cynicism suddenly have become reasonably human again. They have found that most brats, once you get to know them, aren't nearly as loathsome as they seem at an academic 10 paces.

The kids have made discoveries, too. They have learned that teachers laugh and sometimes cry and have runny noses just like other people.

Because their own lives have been touched by it, the kids follow the war closely. They want their dads and brothers to win the war and finish this miserable business of making like soldiers and start making like dads and brothers again.

Unlike some of their elders, the kids don't get entangled in the technicalities of war issues. When Miss Rebecca Bergman asked her sixth-grade class at Jonathan Cattell School what the students thought should be done with Hitler if and when he was captured by the Allies, the answer was unanimous: "Kill him."

"Maybe the Russians will get him first," 12-year-old Bob Swanson said hopefully. "Then we won't have to worry about it."

It's pretty hard for some of the companies publishing textbooks to stay abreast of war developments. This sometimes results in understandable indignation among the students. For instance, 11-year-old Neal Llewellyn brought Miss Bergman a school book containing a poem entitled "Little Maid of Far Japan." You may recall how it goes:

Little maid upon my fan,
Did you come from far Japan?
What a tiny oval face.
Do you like this other place?

Neal inquired of Miss Bergman: "Whassa matter with 'em? Don't they know there's a war on?"

The map makers in particular have trouble satisfying the patriotism of youthful students. Most maps were frozen in mid-1939, the map makers figuring there wasn't any use in rejiggering their work until the war ended and the treaties were worked out. Such maps show Prague to be a German city, and youngsters who have learned in school how the Czech people were overrun by the Germans think that this is unfair and that the maps should somehow indicate that Prague really belongs to Czechoslovakia. In many schools, students have prematurely changed Prague back to a Czechoslovakian city.

In some classrooms the kids have installed big maps of the world. On these maps are placed colored pins signifying where soldier and sailor relatives of the students were when last heard from. In this way the students learn a surprising amount about places which sometimes even the teacher never heard of before. All of which may be tough on Pappy out in the Pacific or deep inside Germany, but it's great for teaching geography to little Willie.

The stimulation by teachers of war discussion applies, in most schools, only to children from the fourth grade up. As much as possible, teachers in the first, second and third grades shield the boys and girls from the war. There's no talk in the lower grades about two jeeps and four jeeps making six jeeps. The younger generation still does its problems with apples and dollars. Most teachers feel that the impact of the war on youngsters 6, 7 and 8 years old is powerful enough without emphasizing it at school.



Students of geopolitics at the Webster School, Des Moines, Iowa, study a globe.

MISSING from the desks in most schools nowadays are the old-fashioned inkwells. Youngsters don't write much with ink any more. The absence of the wells doubtless cuts down home laundry bills, but it also removes the fun of boys dipping girls' pigtails in ink. And that's a shame, because pigtails are currently fashionable.

There are other and bigger differences in the modern schoolroom. Most of the time, for example, it's permissible for one student to whisper to another, unless the whispering interferes with general classroom work. If a boy wants to borrow an eraser or line up the telephone number of the pigtailed babe in the next seat, he can lean over and give with the words without the risk of the teacher zeroing him in with a history book.

The New Freedom has resulted in the abolition of note exchanging, a surreptitious but engaging practice which formerly enabled students to trade views on the black-heartedness of teachers and pass along background information on certain words in the dictionary.

Mobile desks have also contributed to the abandonment of once-necessary undercover operations in the schoolroom. Thanks to the installation of movable desks, an amorous tyke who yearns for the perfumed tresses of little Susan can, if he chooses, slide his desk over next to hers and inhale ecstatically—so long as he doesn't do it in a cadence disturbing to the room's Good Neighbor policy. There's always the danger, of course, that besieged Susan may not take kindly to his attentions and haul off with a looping right. In that event, what the Army calls disciplinary measures will be taken.

But today's educational methods and attitudes are such that as a general thing it is more difficult to get a reputation for being a bad boy in school than it used to be. So long as students don't interfere with someone else teachers are amiably broad-minded. These modern kids don't know, or seem to care, what they're missing.

There appears to be a general feeling among contemporary teachers that if Willie is bent on being a jackass, they can go just so far in hindering him in his chosen career. They reason, soundly enough, that being a smart aleck may pay off later on. Look at some of the guys on the radio.

The basic reason for the changes in classroom discipline is the belief of modern educators that democracy works as well for children as it does for adults. There are still a few teachers around who believe in whacking kids with rulers or making them stand in corners. But usually teacher tries to sell students on the idea that they shouldn't interfere with their classmates by cutting untoward capers. Sometimes, putting the democratic idea to the jury test, teachers check



One of Kraut prisoners traded back to Germans in medic deal holds his hand over wounded stomach.



Pvt. Theodore Weiss, 88th div. medic from Brooklyn, spokesman for GIs, talked to Germans in poka-poka.

The Medics Make a Deal

Two litter-bearers were captured by Germans one night other GI medics get trapped by Jerry in no-man's land, then bargain their way to freedom.

By Sgt. DAN POLIER
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 349th REG., 88th DIV. — In case you're interested, for many months the Krauts in Bologna were drinking better vino than GIs ever tasted in Italy. And, what's more, they were paying almost a dollar a bottle less than we were for the stuff.

This bit of behind-the-enemy-lines information comes from Pvt. Theodore Weiss, an 88th Division medic from Brooklyn, N. Y., who recently passed a day in a German dugout.

All this intelligence was gained while Weiss and eight other litter-bearers were on a volunteer mission to collect wounded from no-man's land in northern Italy. On the way back with two litter cases, they were captured and taken to a German dugout. Since Weiss was the only one who could speak German, he acted as spokesman for the prisoners.

"I didn't dare speak to them in straight German," Weiss said. "I was afraid they might suspect I was Jewish. Instead, I gave out with some poka-poka business: a mixture of French, German, Italian and a little Yiddish."

What went on in that dugout sounds like some poka-poka a Hollywood script writer might have dreamed up for an Abbott and Costello farce.

"The first thing that happened," Weiss recalled, "was that a crazy young Kraut wanted to murder us on the spot. He waved a machine-pistol like mad and kept screaming, 'Why did you shoot our medic? Why?'

"I thought he would never shut up. I tried to tell him I didn't know anything about his medic, but that if our boys had shot him, it was purely accidental. That didn't satisfy him. He wanted to shoot at least one of us in revenge. For a minute, I was afraid we'd have to draw straws to see which one of us would get it.

"Fortunately, a Kraut looie walked in. He looked like a PBS Commando. His pants were freshly-pressed and he wore an Iron Cross. He gave us the same spiel about a medic we shot. Then he told me how, the night before, they had captured two of our aid men, but released them to go back to G Company with four Kraut medics to treat the wounded. He wanted to know why his four medics had not been returned. I told him I saw the four medics but I didn't know anything about the deal. Hell, I thought we had just captured the Krauts."

WEISS said he spent the next hour trying to swing a deal for their freedom. He discussed six propositions with the Germans. The first, and least likely, was that the two commanding generals were to meet under a flag of truce to exchange prisoners. The others included: a prisoners' swap through the International Red Cross, an exchange a week later when the lines had changed, and finally, an exchange when the Americans had occupied the present German positions.

The Germans always insisted on their terms. They held out stubbornly for their four medics, plus the two previously captured aid men and two wounded men in exchange for our nine litter bearers. Weiss bargained hard, but the answer always was the same, "Is as is."

"Finally," Weiss continued. "I struck a deal with a French-speaking Kraut sergeant whereby we'd give them their four medics and the wounded men for our nine litter bearers and two aid men. But I told them I had no authority to close the deal. I explained I would have to get Lieut. Mazur's permission and he was at Company G Hq. They consented to let me go.

"Then that nutty kid with the machine-pistol came in and started screaming again. He said I knew too much about their positions and I would tell G Company. I told them I was a medic and not an infantryman. They finally quieted the kid and decided that the French-speaking sergeant would escort me to Mazur.

"When we got to the company, I left the sergeant outside the house. I didn't want him to see how many men were left in the company. We got chewed up some the night before. I explained the deal to Mazur. He was against giving up the two wounded men. I told him in that case he would have to go back with me to argue it out himself because I didn't have any authority to conclude such a deal. On the way back, the German sergeant insisted Mazur be blindfolded so he wouldn't see the positions.

"The kid with the machine-pistol and the big mouth was still shouting when we got back. This time he wanted me to leave the room. He said I understood everything the Germans were saying to one another. Since the kid knew a little English, he took over as interpreter.

"I joined the rest of the mob in the other room where most of the Jerrys were."

The Germans expressed surprise that none of our litter bearers carried arms. They told Weiss that all German medics carried pistols to protect themselves "from the Partisans and bears."

Pvt. Charles Locke asked the Krauts if they knew Roosevelt had died. The Germans had heard and were mighty glad.

"Molto buono," one of them said. It was the best news they had heard in months. They said Roosevelt had started the war, and now that he was dead, the Americans would quit fighting.

"I felt like kicking him in the teeth," Locke said. "But I knew that would only get us all shot dead on the spot."

Mazur returned after several hours dickering to explain the final deal. He lost the two wounded men because they were combat soldiers and legitimately prisoners of war. The rest of the original bargain stood: nine litter bearers and two aid men for the four German medics. The Yanks were to leave in two sections. Mazur and Weiss were to return to G Company and release the German medics. The other Americans were to follow when the Germans had been freed.

"I guess everything considered we got the best deal in the end," Weiss said.

COST OF LIVING IN BOLOGNA

WITH THE 88TH DIVISION — The prices paid by the Germans in northern Italy have been a hell of a lot less, apparently, than those Allied soldiers have had to pay for things they want from the civilian population in liberated areas.

"The Krauts told me they paid only 60 cents for a bottle of vino in Bologna," said a GI who interrogated Nazi prisoners taken in the push of the Fifth Army on the central sector of the front. "When I told them we paid $1.50, they couldn't believe it. What do you think the Jerrys pay for eggs? Only 15 cents apiece, while the Italians are getting 25 and 30 cents from us on this side of the line.

"There's also no comparison on the prices of shack jobs. When I told the Krauts some of our GIs gave as much as $25 in Florence and Rome, they all broke down laughing. They never paid over two bucks in Bologna or Milano."

—YANK Staff Correspondent



Litter-bearers of 2d platoon, 349th Regiment, 88th division carry wounded GI to aid station on 5th Army front.

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, Texas. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2019:010



Fifth Army riflemen who captured Furcoli take break around one of caves below town Germans used for defense points.

Caves of FURCOLI

The Germans holed up in the caves at the foot of Furcoli and the infantry took the town in bitter fighting. Photos by Sgt. Don Breimhurst.



Doughfeet and supporting tank units of 5th Army push forward after capture Furcoli. GIs say Germans were "toughest they've seen so far."



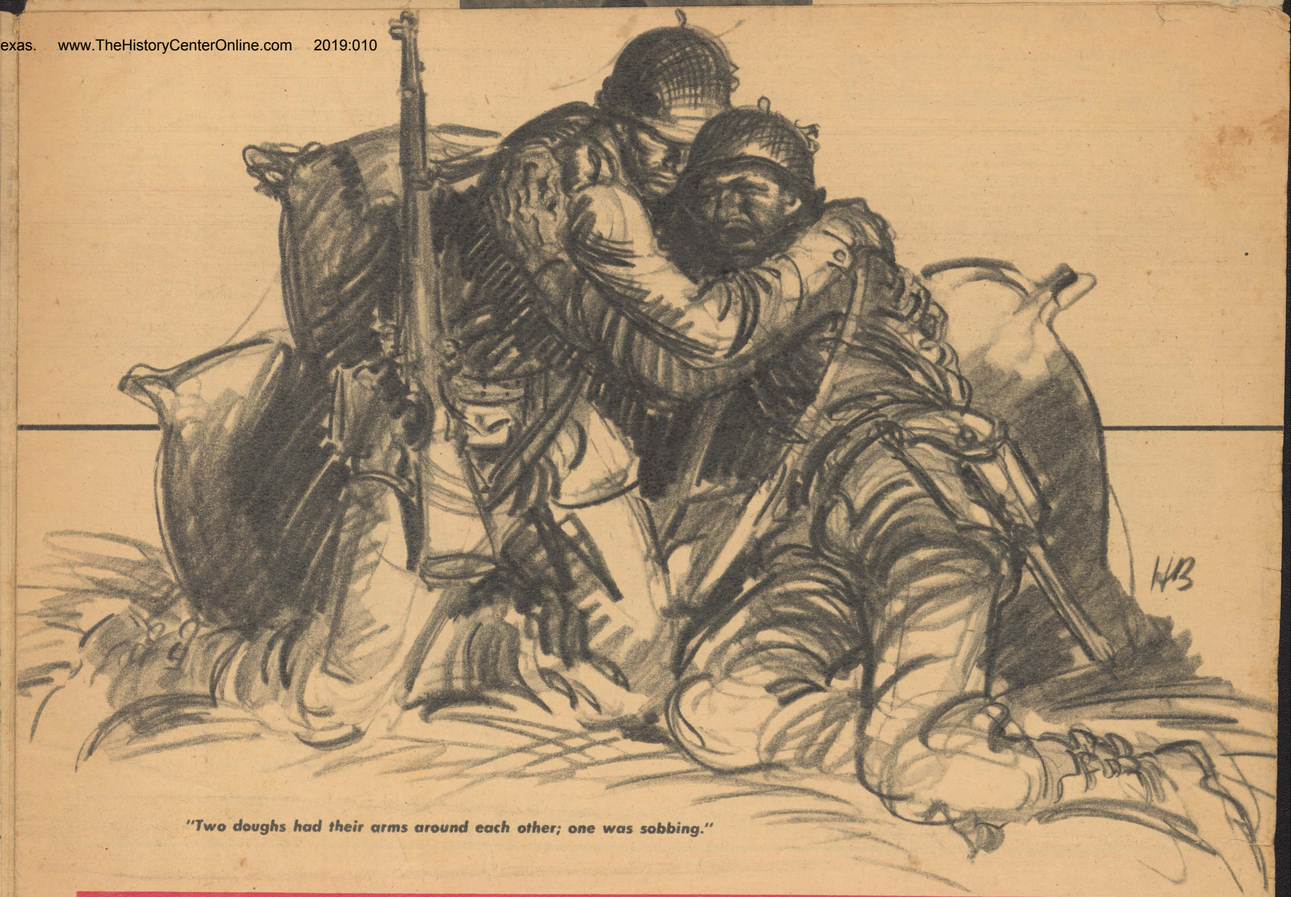
A lone infantryman walks foward Monterimici, taken by our infantry in early stages of push. Mountain dominates main highways to Bologna.

Close-up of GIs at entrance to another cave below Furcoli just after cleaning Jerries out in "The Battle of the Caves."



Bull-dozer blown up by enemy mine near Furcoli with dead driver lying beside. Furcoli area was heavily mined and booby-trapped.





"Two doughs had their arms around each other; one was sobbing."

Assault Company

Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK artist, sketches his impressions of four hot days in action with riflemen of the 102d Division in Germany.

THE pencil sketches on this week's cover and on these pages are the result of four days of action that Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK staff artist, went through with K Company of the 406th Infantry in the 102d Division when it jumped off to lead an assault on German positions around the Roer River.

Brodie enclosed with his sketches a vivid report of his four days with the company. He told about moving up from the assembly area and passing "a still doughboy on the side of the road with no hands, his misshapen, ooze-filled mittens a few feet from him." He told about joining a forward platoon the next day and described some of the things he saw: "A dough bailing his hole out with his canteen cup." . . . "Lt. Joe Lane, the platoon leader, playing football with a cabbage." . . . "A dead GI in his hole slumped in his last living position, the hole too deep and too narrow to allow his body to settle. A partially smoked cigarette lay inches from his mouth and a dollar-sized circle of blood on the earth offered the only evidence of violent death."

Brodie went with the platoon when it advanced on the first of its objectives. "Some Germans and a couple of old women ran out onto the field from a house," he wrote. "There was the zoom and crack of 88s. A rabbit raced wildly away to the left. We went down, listening to the shrapnel. I saw a burst land on the running Jerries. One old woman went down on her knees in death in an attitude as though she were picking flowers.

"A dud landed three feet in front of T/Sgt. Jim McCauley, spraying him with djrt. I saw a man floating in the air amidst the black smoke of an exploding mine. A piece of flesh sloshed by Sgt. Fred Wilson's face. Some men didn't get up. We went on. A couple of doughs vomited. A piece of shrapnel cut another one's throat as neatly as Jack the Ripper might have done it."

Then the platoon headed for Objective 2—a large building with a courtyard and a number of farm outhouses and sheds. Sgt. Brodie stopped to watch an 88 explode over the arched entrance and then followed the riflemen into one of the rooms, where the company exec was reorganizing the platoons.

"A dying GI lay in the toolroom," Sgt. Brodie wrote. "His face was a leathery yellow. A wounded GI lay with him. Another wounded dough lay on his belly in the cow shed, in the stench of dung and decaying beets. Another GI quietly said he could take no more. A couple of doughs started frying eggs in the kitchen. I went into the toolroom to the dying dough. 'He's cold, he's dead,' said Sgt. Charles Turpen, the MG squad leader. I took off my glove and felt his head but my hand was so cold he felt warm. The medic came and said he was dead.

"Lt. Bob Clark reorganized his company and set up defenses. The wounded dough in the cow shed sobbed for more morphine. Four of us helped carry him to a bed in another room. He was belly down and pleaded for someone to hold him by the groin as we carried him: 'I can't stand it. Press them up, it'll give me support.' A pool of blood lay under him.

"I crossed the courtyard to the grain shed where about 60 doughs were huddled. Tank fire came in now. I looked up and saw MG tracers rip through the brick walls. A tank shell hit the wall and the roof. A brick landed on the head of the boy next to me. We couldn't see for the cloud of choking dust. Two doughs had their arms around each other; one was sobbing. More MG tracers ripped through the wall and another shell. I squeezed in among several bags of grain. Doughs completely disappeared in a hay pile.

"We got out of there, and our tanks joined us. I followed a tank, stepping in the marks of its treads. The next two objectives were taken by platoons on my right and I don't remember whether any 88s came in for this next quarter mile or not. One dough was too exhausted to make it."

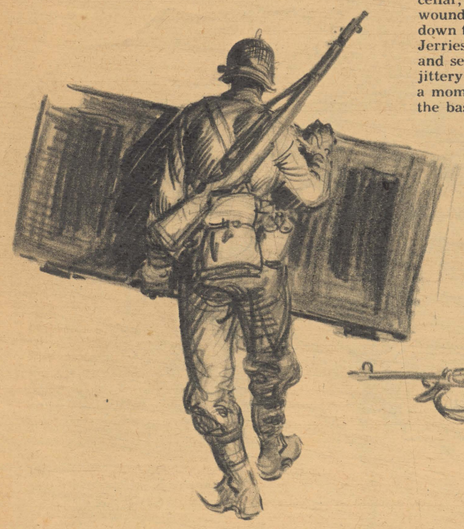
Assault Company

K COMPANY'S final objective was another large building with another courtyard, but this time in a small town. Brodie's platoon moved toward it behind some tanks which spattered the town with fire. He saw Lt. Lane racing toward a trench full of Germans and saw one of the Jerries pull a cord, setting off a circle of mines around the lieutenant. The lieutenant was only sprayed with mud. S/Sgt. Eugene Flanagan started shooting at the Jerry who pulled the cord. He and a few other Germans jumped up and surrendered.

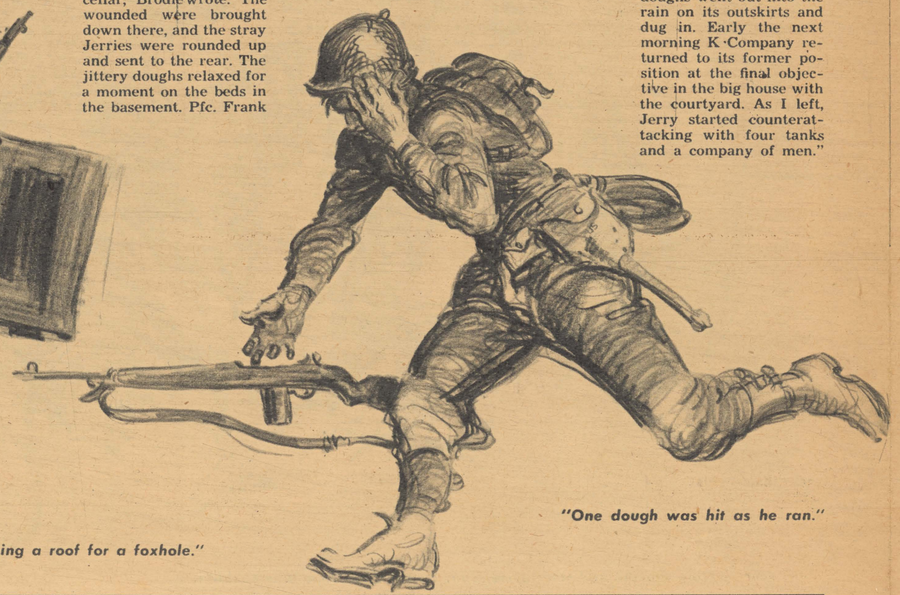
German soldiers and a few women started to come out of the large building. German mortar and 88 fire began to land in the courtyard. Pfc. Ernie Gonzales, Pfc. Bob de Valk and Pfc. Ted Sanchez brought prisoners out of the basement, and the prisoners dragged two wounded men on an old bedspring and a chair. An 88 crashed through the roof and a platoon leader's face began to bleed, but it was only a surface wound.

"We made a CP in the cellar," Brodie wrote. "The wounded were brought down there, and the stray Jerries were rounded up and sent to the rear. The jittery doughs relaxed for a moment on the beds in the basement. Pfc. Frank Pasek forgot he had a round in his BAR and frayed the ceiling with a burst through the ceiling. A pretty Jerry girl with no shoes came through the basement. The CO started to prepare a defense for a counterattack. Platoons went out to dig in. L and M Companies came up to sustain part of our gains.

"Most of us were too tired now to do much. The battalion CO sent word he was relieving us. All of us sweated out going back over the field, although this time we would go back a sheltered way. We were relieved and returned uneventfully to a small town. The doughs went out into the rain on its outskirts and dug in. Early the next morning K Company returned to its former position at the final objective in the big house with the courtyard. As I left, Jerry started counterattacking with four tanks and a company of men."



"Scrounging a roof for a foxhole."



"One dough was hit as he ran."



"We passed a still doughboy on the side of the road with no hands, his misshapen, ooze-filled mittens a few feet from him."

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GI Shopping Service

LACE UNDIES TO BABY BOOTS—WHAT YOU WANT, THEY'LL BUY.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

SOME detail or other came up while the pfc was deeply involved in the adventures of Magdalene Coorver in a story in *True Sex Adventures* and when he came back to his barracks the magazine was gone. In time the pfc wound up on an island in the Pacific. He had plenty of time to think.

He brooded all day. He couldn't sleep nights. Did Magdalene Coorver disregard the advice of all her friends and continue to run around with the distinguished-looking milkman who had a wife, five little ones with running noses, and a punctured eardrum? Did she lose her honor? How? Was she sorry?

Finally he wrote to the Service Men's Service at 8 East 61st Street, New York, N. Y., and asked for help. After an intensive search one of the Service's shoppers came across the copy of the magazine the pfc was pining for, bought it and sent it to him. It cost 9 cents.

That's about the least expensive commission the Service has ever undertaken in a serviceman's behalf. For nearly three years now the organization has been handling the wants of men and women in all the armed forces and the Merchant Marine who find themselves far from shopping centers. The boss and founder of the Service is Mrs. J. Truman Bidwell, wife of an Army officer with overseas service. Since the operating costs of her organization are met by the New York City War Fund, the Service doesn't have to charge GIs more than regular retail prices.

Mrs. Bidwell's patrons seem to think well of the way the Service works. She keeps getting letters addressed to "Dear Angel" and "Dear Fairy Godmother."

Tops on the list of requests are black lace underwear and black negligees. And GIs aren't the only ones who want their girls and wives in black negligees. Service Men's Service once bought a negligee set on a general's order.

Here's a typical letter from a man ordering a gift for his fiancee. "On the hoof," he wrote from the Pacific, "she measures 5 feet 1 from top to toe, weighs about 105 pounds, has dark hair (beautiful) and light skin (lovely), and is assembled in such a manner as to make Lana Turner look like a sack of old potatoes. I suspect she's always had a suppressed desire to be slinky and sophisticated like Marlene Dietrich, so I'd like very much to get her one of them there negligees or whatever they are. You know, all glamorous and frothy and sultry-looking. The sort that will shock her mother and convince her that her future son-in-law has a lewd and depraved mind."

One GI sent the Service an excerpt from a letter his wife had written him to say thank you for a negligee. "When you come back," she wrote, "I'm going to go out and buy some black paint and paint the windows so I can wear this black negligee for you all day long."

Then there was the officer in the Pacific who wanted to get an assortment of things for his wife. He said she was 5 feet 1 and weighed 108 pounds, and he wanted her to have a pair of white satin rayon panties with lace trimming (waist size 22) and a white net evening bra (size 32) and a set of George Washington shakers. Salt and pepper shakers.

THE most expensive article the Service has bought for a GI so far was a diamond engagement ring. It cost well over $1,000. The shoppers have also bought a piano, an automobile and material for wedding gowns. They devote just as much time, though, to buying the less expensive things like children's toys. One of the shoppers, Mrs. Muriel Fisher, took two weeks to spend $3 for a man overseas who just wanted snuff. "I had to go around from store to store," she explained, "because no store would sell me more than one box at a time, and each box cost only 10 cents."

The volunteer shoppers are all women, and like all women they have spent a good part of their lives looking for good buys. And through their experience with the Service they have made contacts with all sorts of merchants and have discovered countless places to get bargains.

It's rare when Service Men's Service can't carry out a mission. One of the few occasions was when the men of some outfit in a Western state wanted a young deodorized skunk as a mascot. They didn't explain why they had settled on a skunk, but the shoppers went out looking for one anyhow. They discovered there weren't any young skunks around because it was long past mating season and all skunks were big skunks.

Another disappointed customer was a GI in England who sent $100 to be spent entirely on stockings—presumably for use in trading with the natives. His money had to be returned because the kind of stockings he wanted weren't being made any more.

A mother who had received a gift from her son in Italy through the Service wanted to do something special for him in return. She wrote the Service that her son had asked her to bake him a chocolate cake but that, since she was afraid a cake from the States might get stale in transit, she'd like for the Service to arrange to have the cake made right in Italy. The request had to be turned down because Italian bakeries just can't get the ingredients for making chocolate cake.

During the last Christmas season, orders for merchandise ranged from $1,200 to $2,000 every day over a six-week period. Christmas is always the Service's busiest time, but gifts are purchased for uniform-wearers the year round. The Service keeps lists of all the anniversaries that GIs want remembered and makes sure that a specified gift reaches the person it's meant for on the right day.

Here's what the shoppers did for one soldier overseas who wanted to remember his parents on their 25th, or silver, wedding anniversary: Went to a bank and got 50 silver dollars; bought two silver boxes and put 25 of the dollars in each one; wrapped each box in silvered paper and enclosed congratulatory messages written in silver ink.

Sometimes, as when GIs order shoes, the shoppers come up against the rationing regulations of the Office of Price Administration. Occasionally, when there was a good reason, the OPA has given the shoppers ration points to make purchases. A GI who landed on Guam was touched by the sartorial plight of the islanders, who hadn't been able to get new clothing all the time Guam was in the hands of the Japs. He sent the Service $60 to buy shoes for women and children, as well as material for dresses. Luckily his order came just after the OPA had released a large quantity of shoes for sale without points.

EVERYTHING that communicative GIs tell the Service is held in strictest confidence. One man overseas forwarded the Service $50 to buy six presents—one for his wife and five others for five other girls. He was a sailor, and the shoppers could tell right off the places where his ship had docked while he was in the States, because each of the girls lived in a different port.

The Service was pleased to note that he'd ordered a $25 present for his wife but specified that the presents for the other girls were not to cost more than $5 apiece.

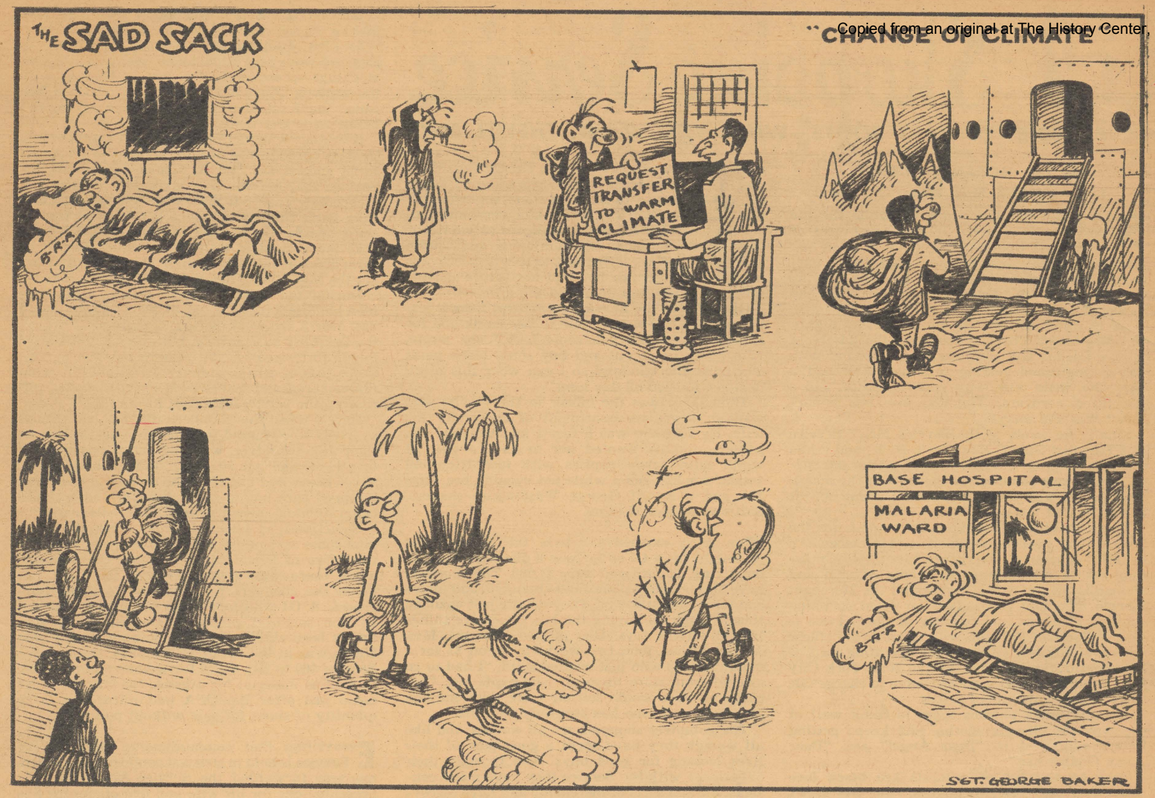


A GI in France wanted a negligee for his wife. Miss Joyce Ward finds one.



Mrs. Muriel Fisher buys a bunny for the daughter of a pfc in the Pacific.

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Rough as a Cob

By Sgt. BOB McBRINN



GERMANY—Old Bill ain't with us any more. I don't guess he could take it after what happened at Wiltz when we brought in them Krauts. They were Volkstrom or whatever they call those Nazi civilians.

Bill and me were civilians together back home in Arkansas. I was the soda skeet at Smith's drug and Bill was the county law-enforcement officer. Bill never did like to be called a peace officer; said it sounded too peaceful. He liked law-enforcement officer; that sounded big and rough and tough like Bill was. It wasn't until he caught the Yokley twins selling their pop's home brew that he considered himself a smart cop. Bill used to tell the boys down at the fire station that a good law-enforcement officer had to be "rough as a cob and slicker'n a school teacher's elbow."

Well, Bill and me ended up in the same outfit and hit the beach together at Omaha. I was a pfc in the headquarters outfit and Bill was a buck sergeant in the MPs. He had a great time with the PWs, yelling at them to move along and git. I've seen him stand there and lecture them on law enforcement when not a damn one of them knew what he was talking about. But old Bill liked it, and it made him feel kind of important. Anyway, we didn't have any trouble with the prisoners that Bill handled. Bill said that was because he was "a little smarter than most folks."

When we hit the Our River, Bill had become a character of the outfit, not to mention a staff sergeant in charge of prisoner escort. And old Bill didn't get stuck up over the promotion either; he just said them things come to men that was smart.

About two weeks ago they brought in a couple of six-bys full of Jerries and turned them over to Bill for processing.

"Fall in, you mangy looking bastards," he'd scream, stomping around and snorting like a young bull. He explained this as part of the stuff he dished out to let them know who was boss.

This particular day the Old Man and some high brass were down from corps and Bill was putting on a better act than usual. "Now don't any of you supermen try any funny business!" He aimed this at one of the more cowed prisoners of the lot. "Old Bill has worn out more barracks bags in this war than you have shoes." That was one of the Old Man's favorite expressions and Bill knew it. He was playing a smart game.

Bill poked around through the prisoners' crap they had laid in front of them. Every now and then he would pause in front of one of the Krauts and snort a little. You didn't have to look far to see that old Bill was the headman. When the processing was over, Bill and his crew loaded the Jerries in trucks and took them to the central collecting point. Old Bill had delivered another batch without a hint of trouble.

Well, next day I was setting in the orderly room nosing through the latest directive on this 30-day TD business back to the States, when one of the sergeants from the central collecting point came in and asked to see the Old Man about them prisoners we delivered yesterday, so I took him in to the CO. In a few minutes the sergeant came out and the Old Man screamed at me to come in. He told me it's important that I get old Bill over there right away. The old man looked like he'd just swallowed his uppers.

I hotfooted it across to the barn we were using as a billet and found Bill lecturing the men on "scientific crime detection as applied to the Nazis." At least that's what he said it was, and he was using a lot of big words. When I told him the Old Man wanted to see him *muy pronto*, he started babbling about citations, promotions and a chance to see Paris.

Well, Bill went in to see the CO and I glommed onto a crack in the wall to see what was happening, 'cause I had found out that even in an orderly room it pays to be smart and know what's going on. Old Bill strode up to the desk, clicked his heels and ripped off a highball that started a draft through the room. The Old Man never said a word, just smiled, opened the desk drawer and handed Bill an old worn-out brown billfold. It was Bill's wallet. Bill took it, and I thought he was going to wilt. I gulped so loud that I almost didn't hear the CO tell Bill that it was found on one of the prisoners he processed yesterday. Yessir, one of them Krauts had pinched Bill's wallet while he was strutting around acting so important.

By this time Bill was looking mighty sick and mumbled something to the Old Man. The Old Man said he understood and he would work out something tomorrow. Bill left the outfit the next day kind of mysterious-like, and only me and the CO knew what had happened about Bill and the wallet.

Would you like to meet old Bill? He's the new guard at the Red Cross at Luxembourg. I'll drive you down there if you'd like, but you'll have to wait until I process these Krauts that came in today. Want to watch? We do it slicker'n a school teacher's elbow.

BANKERS' HOURS



All the Japs could draw was a sight draft on lead when GIs took over the Manila branch of New York's National City Bank.

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA—The National City Bank of New York, in downtown Manila, is a modern six-story building facing south across the Pasig River near Jones Bridge. Opposite it, in the northeast corner of Intramuros (the Walled City) was Lentran College, a long, four-story, Spanish-style building. The college is a ruin now, pitted and scarred with rifle, machine-gun and three sizes of mortar fire. There are a dozen great gaping holes in its north side, the result of point-blank tank and artillery fire. One-five-five howitzers, too, at point-blank range, hammered the college, punching a two-story, rubble-filled gap where the entrance had been.

The Japs who holed up in the college are dead now, buried, stinking under smashed tons of masonry. They were killed in hand-to-hand fighting. But while they lived those Japs held the college, and from it occasionally they sniped at the bank building across the river.

Elements of the 37th Division had grabbed the bank, after short, bitter fighting, within a few days of entering the city. Overlooking the Walled City, the port district and the American district, the bank was a natural for an OP. And the artillery followed the infantry into the building and up the stairs, floor by floor, until they were sitting on the sixth, exactly 70 feet above what remained the front line in that sector for nearly three weeks.

The Japs across the Pasig commanded the street leading down to the bank's front door; they could plaster it with rifle, sniper, machine-gun and mortar fire. While they did, the infantry and artillerymen who were "working in the bank" went the last half block to their offices one at a time, hugging the buildings across the street, scrambling, crouched low, over the rubble that blocked the sidewalk, then racing the width of the street to the bank's entrance at top speed. BAR, .30- and .50-caliber machine-gun squads on the lower floors of the bank building banged back at any Japs who showed up south of the 15-foot-wide Pasig. Later tanks, half-tracks and armored cars clanked down to the water's edge and tossed a few rounds at the Walled City. And as the Jap positions south of the river were knocked out or overrun, their fire decreased until eventually only an occasional sniper's shot shattered the district's real-estate possibilities. By that time there was a beaten path through the rubble and craters and dangling high lines along that last half block. Runners had learned through constant practice to cover the twists of the path in seconds flat.

Inside the bank, on the ground floor, the rubble and plaster lay inches thick. Steel filing cabinets and typewriters burned black and twisted lay jumbled together. Broken glass, straw mats, torn sacks of rice, grenade boxes, scattered Jap small-arms ammo and papers littered the lobby and blocked the elevator entrance. On the peeling, fire-blackened door of the vault was a red and white sticker, "SEALED BY CIC." One-twenty wire hung in dangling loops between the pitted marble pillars or trailed across the mess on the floor. The wire went up the stair well and in the half light it resembled the snarled, dangling vines of the jungle. As on the street, a narrow path led through the rubble to the stairs. There were few footprints anywhere else—Jap mines and booby traps discouraged too much poking around.

On the third floor, in an office near the stairs, was a .30-caliber machine gun. The gun section had pushed a desk lengthwise against a window with a southern exposure overlooking Intramuros, put a double line of sandbags on its sill and mounted their gun on the desk. The gunner sat hunched behind the desk, one hand on the tripod. From another chair nearer the window a second GI trained field glasses on Intramuros. Two more grubbed in a 10-in-1 box. A fifth, curled in a chair, tried to sleep.

On the sixth floor, in one-time brokers' offices, were the OPs. Sitting behind the same desks where, two weeks before, deals involving thousands of Jap pesos had been closed, GIs gave the fire directions that foreclosed the mortgages on a lot of Nipponese lives. They were dealing in real estate too, and on those desks were spread large maps of Manila, each block numbered and ranged like a Los Angeles subdivision. And they were doing a rushing business. One lieutenant said he thought he'd fired more rounds of 105 in the last two days than in the last two years. All was not business as usual in the National City Bank, of course—the bankers' hours, for instance, were 0001 to 2400, and lunches were always sent in. There was a switchboard in the hall, but no pert operator perched on a swivel stool cooing "Hell-oo." Instead, T-5 Robert Gagyi of Dayton, Ohio, sitting spraddle-legged on the floor, one thumb on the butterfly switch of his field phone, droned "Roger."

THERE were two battalion OPs on the sixth floor the first afternoon, spotting from adjoining offices. A runner, entering the wrong office, was told, "The — FA? Right down the hall—Room 608."

The glass in the door of 608 was broken and the outer office stripped bare. Somebody had stuck signs, one reading "LADIES" and the other "GENTLEMEN", on the two doors leading to the inner office. That office was relatively intact. It sported a desk, three or four straight-back chairs, a couple of overstuffed chairs, two swivel chairs and a couch. A lieutenant sat at the desk, tilted back in one of the swivel chairs, his feet on the desk blotter. He was lighting a pipe. On the hat rack near the door hung helmets, carbines and a pistol belt. Some 10-in-1 boxes lay scattered about; a couple of visiting firemen peered through field glasses at the Walled City. At two of the windows observers kept their eyes glued to range finders. They'd located some Japs.

On a third-floor balcony on the north side of the Manila Hotel, 1,500 yards south-southwest of the bank, about a dozen of those Japs were working feverishly at throwing what appeared to be furniture and fixtures into the court below. Two or three people muttered, "God, what a target." In the adjoining office the CO of a battalion of 155s was on the phone, talking to division or corps, explaining the situation and asking—pleading, it almost seemed—for permission to open fire on the hotel. He got it. Somebody said, "Boy, this is going to be a beautiful sight."

A phone rang. The lieutenant hooked a field-phone head set out of one of the desk drawers. There was a French phone on his desk, plugged into the battalion switch, but too many people, too long accustomed to field phones, had made a point of using that French phone during the early days of the OP's operation and now its battery was finished. The lieutenant talked briefly and passed along the news that the 155s were going to open on the Manila Hotel. "See if you can get us in on it," he asked, and put the phone back in its drawer.

Everyone had hitched his chair near the window now. Pfc. James Planck of Hulbert, Mich., observing another sector through a range finder, swung around for a quick look at the hotel, then swung back to cover his own sector. S/Sgt. Leroy Erwin of York, Pa., slumped in a swivel chair behind a pair of field glasses, said, "This is like a $2.20 box seat."

It was 1500. The lieutenant said, "It'll take 'em a few minutes to line the guns." We sat in our $2.20 seats, waiting, as if for a curtain to rise. Below us the .30-caliber and then a .50 hammered briefly, like programs rattling. From the hallway T-5 Gagyi called, "On the way."

Seconds later a roar passed overhead. A gray-black sponge of HE appeared short and left of the hotel. There was a low mumble of conversation in the next office, and the CO, a lieutenant-colonel, called, "Five-zero left, five-zero short." Gagyi repeated the range. A captain at one of the windows, his glasses on the hotel balcony, said, "They have stopped throwing things. No, the little sons of bitches are still on the porch."

"On the way," Gagyi called again, and the roar passed overhead but there was no discernible puff of smoke. The colonel ordered, "Repeat range." Gagyi passed the order back to the guns.

No. 3 exploded short of the hotel. The colonel said, "I saw that! Five-zero short." Two birds drifted lazily past the windows of the OP. Downstairs small-arms fire cracked and whistled. No. 4 was left, No. 5 short, No. 6 lost. No. 7 burst in the trees next the hotel. The Japs on the porch had disappeared. When the smoke cleared there was a tiny jagged black hole in the red tile of its roof. The colonel said, "Range and deflection correct."

FORTY-FIVE minutes later the Japs in the Manila Hotel should have checked out, bag and baggage. But they didn't, though the upper floors hammered by the 155s burned brightly all that night. Days later 1st Cavalry troops checked into the hotel, with hand grenades as baggage and no reservations, and cleaned the Japs out a roomful at a time.

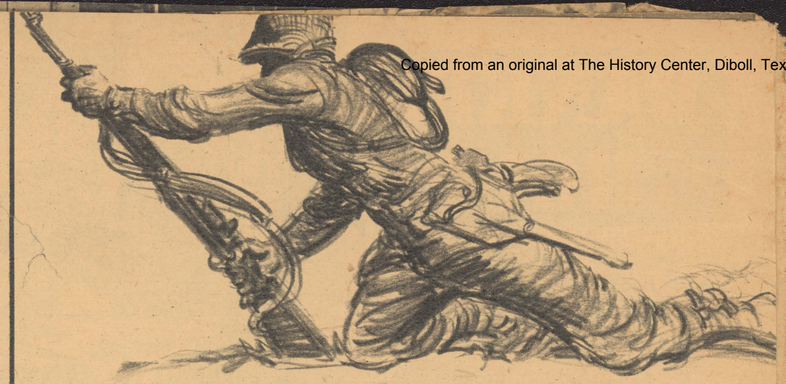
Back in the bank that afternoon the magic words "Manila Hotel" had lost their appeal. The hotel now was just another target, a long-dreamed-of lush spot that had gone the way of the other lush spots—the Army-Navy Club, the Spanish Club, the University Club.

"Oh well," said one GI, "We got some Japs out of it. And, what the hell, it would have been off limits anyhow."

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"Pfc. Oliver Poythress dodges a dud."



"A doggie going down as a barrage of 88s bursts around us."



"I saw a man floating in the black smoke of an exploding mine."



"I saw a GI in his hole, slumped in his last living position."

with the rest of the class on what to do about an unregenerate student. Quite often, the class will rule that nobody is to have anything to do with the culprit. The quarantine treatment seems to eliminate most of the fun of showing off.

"Teachers learn," said Miss Bergman, "that democracy is a great weapon, even in a classroom. Students, when they have a chance to settle something by their own votes, usually work out good answers."

Educators agree that the radio is having an important effect on children. There have been about six million words spoken and written on this subject, and the upshot seems to be that no one knows whether the effect is good or bad. Either way, the kids like to listen to the thrillers beamed for their benefit. Still popular is that clean-limbed old cowhand, the Lone Ranger, who's always ready to whip out his gun or a cow-country cliché. He still bounds tirelessly over the prairies chasing evildoers, and the kids bound over the dials just as tirelessly chasing the Lone Ranger. The program has tinged youthful vocabularies. Seemingly normal little boys leap out at unnerved strangers making like a six-shooter and talking cowboy talk.

THE girls still do better at English than the boys, and the boys do better at arithmetic than the girls, possibly reflecting a disposition of the the girls to concentrate on their figures later.

Most of the stories the kids read in school now are new ones and better ones. There is a needled-up version of the piece about the miller with the flaxen-haired daughter, but there's still no traveling salesman in it. Gone from the books in most schools is the story about the Dutch boy who stood around with his finger in a dyke. The story is gone because kids nowadays would want to know why he didn't plug it with a broomstick or something and go home and listen to the Lone Ranger get down to cases with his faithful Indian friend Tonto.

Missing also is the story about the Spartan boy who hid a stolen fox in his shirt and then suffered in silence while the fox chomped on him hungry-like. When that story is tried on the boys and girls of this generation, they think the Spartan boy was a fool who got what was coming to him. They side with the fox,

In many classrooms, the students are allowed to memorize poems of their own selection instead of those the teachers like. As a result, students generally ignore that old stand-by, "The Village Blacksmith," but they still like "The Highwayman"—which, as you may remember, deals with a raffish George Raft character of a few hundred years ago and his raven-tressed girl friend, name of Bess.

Cornered privately, away from the other kids, most students admit they like to go to school. To admit to liking school is something that is never done in front of other students. Take Bob Swanson, the boy who thought the Russians were the proper people to take care of Hitler. Bob has his



Second-graders still fidget in their school seats.

own views on the war, on school, on most things, including girls. "Girls," he says, "talk too much."

Bob is red-haired and a little freckled, and he plans to be the greatest shortstop since Hans Wagner. The current crop of shortstops he doesn't consider so hot. He admits that Martin Marion of the Cardinals is a "right good fielder." "At the plate, though," he says, "this Marion stinks."

Concerning the war, Bob doesn't have any phony notions about how much fun it is to sleep in the mud. "I'd rather be a sailor," he says. "There's less walking."

"The best thing about schools," Bob says, "is playing with other guys. It would be better if there weren't any girls. Girls talk too much. Girls stink. School usually is all right if the teacher is all right. Miss Bergman, she is all right. Some teachers are terrible. Some teachers stink."

Miss Bergman said that teachers attempt these days to stress the similarities between Americans and people in other lands, instead of emphasizing the differences as they once did. "We teach the students that most people, in most lands, share the same feelings and the same hopes," she said. "Further, we supplement this with frequent discussions of news developments that the children can understand. It's pretty hard for a sixth-grade student to understand much about Dumbarton Oaks, but they learn plenty about rationing because it is a daily problem with them. The boys and girls in the upper grades are vitally interested in the war. Like everyone else, it will be the biggest thing in their lives when the war finally ends."

THE war has hit the teaching profession hard. According to the U. S. Office of Education, more than 300,000 teachers have left their jobs since Pearl Harbor. The schools have managed to scare up 250,000 replacements, but in most states the shortage of teachers is serious. As a result, many teachers have to handle classes that normally would be regarded as too big, and many have to put in more hours than would be considered good for efficiency in peacetime.

By peacetime standards, many of the replacements would not be considered qualified to teach at all. Of the teachers now in active school service, the Office of Education estimates more than 68,000 are below standard—that is, they are not fully equipped for the job and are serving only on a temporary emergency certificate.

About 39 percent of the teachers who have quit school since Pearl Harbor have gone into the armed forces, the Office of Education says. There aren't many men teachers around any more, and thousands of women teachers are in the WAC and WAVES. Authorities estimate that 67,152 teachers have entered industry since December 1941. One major reason for the shift is said to be economic. Teachers are seldom overpaid; wartime factories give good wages.

In an effort to halt the drift, schools in most states have raised teachers' pay. After a sampling of 1,955 institutions, the Office of Education reported that three-fourths of the schools have raised salaries at least to some extent. Despite the raises, school officials emphasize that teachers' salaries are still too low.

FURTHER complicating the problem of educators is the suspicion that many of the teachers who have left the ranks won't be coming back. For one thing, thousands of women who left teaching to take war jobs have married.

Some of the more chaotic educational problems have arisen in cities that have acquired great new war industries. In such areas there is usually a tremendous labor turn-over. It follows that the school population shifts just about as rapidly. In many schools in such localities, it has not been uncommon for a teacher to experience a student turn-over of as high as 75 percent during a 4½-month semester. Sometimes, the teachers say, the turn-over is so fast that a student will have come and gone before they had time to learn his name.

That sort of thing, of course, is not typical of the nation as a whole, and happens only in the areas of great labor congestion. In war-industry towns, school facilities often have been swamped by the great influx of children. The Federal Government, during the period July 1, 1941, to June 30, 1944 (the latest for which figures are available) furnished approximately $72,275,000 to local school districts for school-plant facilities, including nursery-school accommodations.

Getting back to the kids themselves and how they're getting along these days, it should be pointed out they're learning more things faster than ever before. But they're still kids and they still make the same old mistakes. Teachers, who by this time shouldn't be surprised at anything, occasionally run across something that makes them lift their eyebrows.

A case in point was the Des Moines teacher who was reading the original composition of an 11-year-old boy concerning the adventures of a female dog named Queenie. Everything was all right until the teacher reached the last paragraph. It said: "Queenie came jumping down the alley emitting whelps at every jump."



The second-grade class of Mrs. Leta Bonsl[illegible]ton Ill., is now in session.



Betty Berard and Arthur Wittern of Des Moines give a moth a going-over.

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Greenstone's truck fell over a 50-foot embankment.



He hung around with the medics and shot the breeze.

A TOUR OF MANILA WITH T-5 Jerome Greenstone

A requisition clerk who left his ordnance outfit for a short truck-driving detail winds up in Manila transporting TNT and helping out front-line medics under Jap fire.

Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA—T-5 Jerome Greenstone of Youngstown, Ohio, is a requisition clerk in an ordnance medium maintenance company. Ordinarily the job of a requisition clerk in an ordnance medium maintenance company is concerned with nothing more exciting than piston sizes, spark plugs, battery cables and sundry allied items.

During the drive on Manila, the 1st Cavalry Division, putting everything it had on wheels, needed more trucks. The division called on its attached units, including Greenstone's outfit, for 8 trucks and 16 drivers. With T-4 Olaf H. Olson of Aurora, Ill., Greenstone was routed out of his sack at 0200, pushed into the cab of a 2½-ton and told to "follow the truck ahead of ya." It was his first trick at the wheel of a 2½ in nine months.

The convoy bumped south until 0700, pulled to the side of the road and waited until 1100, then loaded 5th Cavalry Regiment troops and rolled south again until 1800. The 5th Cavalry unloaded and the trucks waited until 2300, then started back for more cavalrymen. They rolled north most of the night.

En route Greenstone piled his 2½ off a 50-foot embankment. "Our convoy was hitting 40 miles an hour," he recalls, "driving blackout, of course. The truck ahead of me didn't have a tail light. It turned and I didn't, and then everything dropped out from under us." Olson was skinned and bruised. Greenstone was unhurt, but his carbine got tangled in the 2½'s gear shifts. Olson crawled out and yelled, "Are you hurt?" Greenstone yelled back, "No, but I can't get my carbine out of the four-wheel drive." Olson thought Greenstone had been knocked loopy.

Greenstone left his carbine and joined Olson at the top of the embankment. A lieutenant found them there and put Olson in one truck and Greenstone in another—an 8th Cavalry Regiment Engineer Battalion vehicle—as assistant driver. When the convoy reached its destination, somebody put Olson in a jeep and sent him back to his company. Greenstone didn't know anything about that for a week.

The convoy loaded guerrillas and started south again. At about this stage of the game Greenstone asked somebody where he was going and if he could maybe go back after his toothbrush; nobody had said anything about where he was going when he left his company and consequently he'd come away with nothing but a gun and a helmet, and both of them were in the piled-up 2½. "Hell no, soldier," he was told. "You're going to Manila."

So Greenstone went to Manila. At Grace Park on the northeastern outskirts the convoy was held up. Most of the drivers left their vehicles and hit the dirt for a little sleep. But Greenstone drove 20-odd guerrillas to the Grace Park airstrip. The guerrillas combed the strip and adjacent areas for lurking Japs, and that night just after dark the colonel told Greenstone to take them back. Greenstone and another truck took them back to a small town a few miles northeast of Manila. A lone MP there didn't know where anybody was, where anybody had gone or where anybody was supposed to go. The guerrillas disappeared in the darkness. Greenstone and the other driver sat around awhile, and then there was a scare—"200 Japs coming down the road!" "We scrammed," Greenstone says, "though it turned out there were only two Japs."

They scrammed back to Grace Park, took a wrong turn and wound up with some of the 8th Cavalry's Engineers near Rizal Avenue. It was about 2200. Greenstone got ready to hit the sack in the cab of the truck he'd acquired. But a lieutenant in a jeep got stuck a few yards away and asked Greenstone to pull him out. Greenstone did. Then another officer came by, saw Greenstone's truck under way and said, "Back that job over here." Greenstone did, and some engineers loaded it with TNT. The officer got in a jeep and told Greenstone to follow him. An engineer was hanging on the side of the 2½, and Greenstone found out from him that he was driving a demolition truck slated for work on the fires raging in downtown Manila.

The officer ordered the 2½ to the head of the column as they reached Rizal Avenue. Greenstone balked and said, "I haven't got a gun, sir." The officer gave him a carbine and Greenstone drove down Rizal Avenue at the head of a column with a load of TNT while sniper's bullets smacked and bounced on the pavement around him. The column got downtown all right, but by that time somebody had changed his mind and the explosives weren't used after all. Greenstone spent a couple of hours on his belly next to a curb. Then somebody told him to take the truck back to the 37th Division CP. Greenstone found the 37th CP after blundering around awhile with his load of TNT and spent an uncomfortable night in his cab with one billion mosquitoes.

He hung around the 37th CP all next morning. An officer asked him once what outfit he was from. "The 3— Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company," Greenstone told him. The officer blinked a couple of times. Greenstone explained hastily that he was attached to the 1st Cavalry Division, or rather the 5th Cavalry Regiment, then the 7th Cavalry Regiment, then three companies of the 8th Cavalry Regiment's Engineers, and now, he guessed, the 37th Division. The officer blinked a couple more times, shook his head and slowly walked away. About 1400 somebody came by and told Greenstone he might as well take the truck back to the 8th Engineers.

The 8th Engineers, having never seen Greenstone in daylight, didn't know him from Adam, but they recognized their truck and claimed it. They fed Greenstone too, and he hung around with them the rest of that day and all night. The engineers were moving, and he filled in as a driver once or twice. During the night a Jap sniper killed two guards in the engineer area.

IN the morning the lieutenant colonel who had grabbed Greenstone at Grace Park told the T-5 his company was due to move up in a couple of days and officially detached him from the engineers. "That was the only time," Greenstone says, "that I was officially hired or fired by anybody." Greenstone inquired around and found a number of people who had never heard of the 3—Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company or its whereabouts. At loose ends he then decided he might as well look up his brother Jesse in the 112th Medics, the medical battalion of the 37th Division. He found the 112th Medics a few blocks north of the Pasig River—and found that his brother had gone home on rotation. That should have discouraged anybody, but Greenstone hung around with the medics and shot the breeze. One of the medics—Pfc. Merle E. Hienamen—was from Youngstown, too. He got acquainted with a couple of others, Pfc. John A. Gablehouse of Yakima, Wash., and Pfc. Bud Weiser. Greenstone didn't hear where Bud was from or what his real name was. Bud was tall, over six feet, and to carry a litter he had to drop one shoulder.

"You can never say enough for these guys," Greenstone insists. "I didn't have anything so they fed me, gave me cigarettes and a blanket, and gave me some stuff to wash with."

About 1600 a call came into the battalion for eight litter-bearers. Gablehouse, Hienamen and Weiser were going up with them, and Greenstone asked if he could go along. They rode up in a jeep, then walked. There was still some street fighting north of the Pasig River, and infantrymen were crossing the river in buffaloes. Four wounded came back from the south bank. While the medics treated them, some Filipinos brought coffee. Greenstone got a cup too. One of the medics put a shot of rum in it. "Best coffee I've had in a long time," Greenstone says.

Word came back that the litter-bearers were to move up and cross the Pasig. Again Greenstone tagged along. "I didn't know my able-sugar-sugar from my elbow," he says. "I didn't have a helmet or a gun. But then those guys (the medics) didn't have any guns either." The squad moved up and loaded into buffaloes. They lay flat on the bottom while the buffaloes churned across the river. Bullets cracked against the sides and hissed in the water alongside. The buffaloes' MGs above their heads hammered back. Greenstone had that "what am I doing here" feeling.

Across the river the medics and Greenstone hit the holes the preceding infantry had dug. Then they moved out at 20-foot intervals, hitting the dirt every 15 or 20 yards in the face of sniper fire. They traveled that way for about 600 yards, or until they reached the 3d Battalion Aid Station of the 129th Infantry Regiment, established in a park. There Greenstone got a helmet from a wounded soldier. Some wounded were waiting in the aid station to go back to the river, and the litter-bearers began to evacuate them. Greenstone helped with one litter, stepped in a hole along the way and, falling but still holding to the litter, scraped the skin off the backs of his hands.

THE squad returned to the park and dug in for the night. Greenstone slept in a hole with four medics. Jap 20-mm stuff was dropping around the aid station. Two duds landed 40 yards away. "We heard them hit the ground," Greenstone says. About 0200 hours some combat engineers, blasting a path through the brick embankment that lines the south bank of the Pasig, set off a charge that all but lifted the GIs out of their hole. A couple of hours later the squad had to evacuate a badly wounded man. Greenstone went along on that trip, too. "We were afraid the engineers might set off another blast while we were near the river," he says. Back in their hole they sweated out the dawn. "The only guy that slept any that night," Greenstone thinks, "was an ambulance driver who'd been on his feet for 72 hours. He slept a couple of hours."

In the morning the squad made coffee in a helmet. The aid station was under mortar fire all that forenoon. At about 0930 a Jap 90 got a direct hit on a Yank mortar squad dug in about 20 yards from Greenstone's hole. One of the men disappeared in the burst, blown to bits. The medics and Greenstone went after the others and got three of them. One of them, a concussion case, was temporarily blind. Greenstone recalls that when the mortar landed everybody hit the dirt except a doctor, a captain who was treating a wounded man, and two medics who were administering plasma. "We were so tired by then," Greenstone says, "that we could hardly walk, but when another guy was hit a couple of hundred yards in front of the aid station the medics went after him." Greenstone started to go with them, but a sergeant—a guy named Tony—noticed there was an extra man in the squad and asked Greenstone who he was and where he was from. "The 3— Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company," Greenstone told him. The sergeant said, "What the hell are you doing up here? Go on back." Greenstone went back to the aid station.

He didn't think he ought to stay, but at the same time "there was so much to do and those guys were so doggone tired that I didn't think I ought to go back either. I thought if I could help at all I ought to stay."

At noon, when the aid station moved forward, he went with it. The station crossed a chest-deep stream, caught up with the infantry in a large open field and established itself in the lee of a small ridge, 20 yards behind the lines. The field was under sniper fire, and litter squads carrying casualties back to the Pasig took two guards along to protect them. Greenstone missed a couple of those trips because he still didn't have a rifle. Then he met a guerrilla with an M1 and a carbine and talked him out of the M1. The Japs laid down a 20-mm barrage that boxed the aid station. Greenstone hit the ground as one shell exploded six feet away. "I saw the green flash," he says, "and I thought I was hit, but it was only the concussion that hurt my leg." He left his spot and scrambled under a house. The barrage lifted.

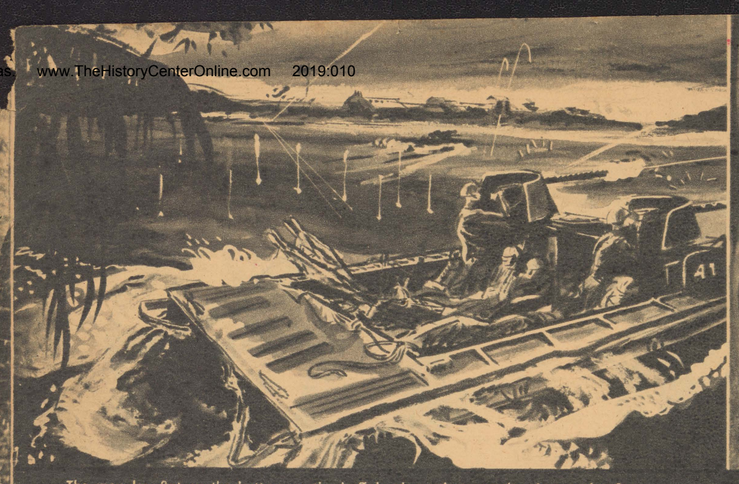
Wounded Filipinos were coming into the station by then. The medics ran out of litters and splints. A GI smashed a door with his foot to get splints. Two other medics came in with a soldier with the top of his head blown off. It had taken them four hours, under sniper fire, to reach him. Hienamen, Gablehouse, Weiser, the sergeant named Tony, Greenstone and another GI took the soldier to the rear, four carrying while two guarded against sniper fire. "We were so tired by then," Greenstone says, "that we changed off every 15 yards." Sniper fire popped above their heads. On another litter a wounded infantryman demanded that the litter-bearers "put him the hell down on the ground."

They got the wounded across the creek in a native boat. A bridge and some jeeps were across the Pasig by then, and the wounded went part way by jeep. At the Pasig they were loaded aboard buffaloes. The litter-bearers (and Greenstone) started back to the aid station but were caught and pinned down by a short artillery barrage. Greenstone helped dress the wounds of a Filipina girl hit by shrapnel.

AGAIN Tony asked him, "Why the hell don't you go back?" Greenstone said he would. He shook hands all around with the medics. They started across the field. The last he saw of them they were hitting the ground as another short round exploded in front of them.

Greenstone caught a jeep to the Pasig and an LVT to the medical battalion. He spent the night there and next day hitchhiked to Grace Park and found his company. His CO said, "Where the hell ya been?"

Next day he was back making out requisitions.



The men lay flat on the bottom as the buffalo churned across the river under fire.



Greenstone managed to talk a Filipino guerrilla out of an M1.

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PEEK-A-BOO

TOUSTER ON POKER

The Old Army Game as seen by Cpl. Irwin Touster.



ECONOMY



KIBITZER



CARD SHARPIE



CLOSE-TO-THE-CHEST

One-Armed Big-Leaguer?

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Writer

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Everybody is wondering if Pete Gray, the one-armed rookie outfielder, will be able to make the grade as a major-leaguer with the Browns this season.

"It's remarkable what this fellow can do," says Luke Sewell, the Browns' manager. "He's fast and he hits well. His only weakness is fielding drives that are hit to his right. But if I use him in left field, he is fast enough to hug the corner and take them all on his left. Understand, Gray isn't getting any special consideration from me. He has to stand or fall on what he shows. But I will say that he has surprised me with what he has shown already."

Glenn Waller, 64-year-old baseball writer for the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, has seen too many spring sensations for too many years to go out on a limb, yet he is enthusiastic about Gray. "He takes a nice cut at the ball," says Waller. "He breaks that wrist nicely and gets a lot of whip into that bat when it meets the ball. I've seen him go after a bad ball or two, but that doesn't mean too much as long as it doesn't happen too often. I like the way he fields. One of the Toledo boys in a spring exhibition game took a little liberty with his arm and overran second base on a hit to centerfield. Pete came in fast, fielded the ball clean and threw him out before he could get back to the bag."

Frank Mancuso, who received a medical discharge from the Paratroops last year in time to land a job as a regular catcher with the pennant-winning Browns, probably expresses the attitude of most of the other St. Louis players toward Gray when he says: "I was sure when I came here this guy wasn't going to be with us very long. Now I'm not so sure. Every day I see him doing things out there that I didn't think he could do. Take his bunting. I really believe he has an advantage on a two-armed player when it comes to dragging a bunt. He just holds that bat out there and drops the bunt down where he wants it. A guy with two arms can't help moving his hands on the bat and tipping off the infielders where he's going to bunt. I saw Pete lay down two bunts against Toledo, and they couldn't make a play on him. He is fast enough to take advantage of it when he catches the infielders flatfooted."

GRAY himself is a bit sensitive about all the attention his major-league trial has received. He regards himself as a ballplayer, not as a freak gate attraction. When cameramen approach him he asks, "Did Luke say it was okay?" Then he adds, "Those other guys are the big-leaguers. I'm just another ballplayer."

Although he isn't boastful, Gray is confident of his ability, determined to make good and fully aware of his value. "They tell me the Browns paid $20,000 for me," he said. "I can make a lot of money for this club. I've made money for every club I've been with. Most of them didn't make money till I went with them."

He is very enthusiastic about being with the Browns. "I never thought a first-division club would buy me, never mind a club that had just won a pennant," he says. "I figured that if I got a chance in the big leagues it would be with some second-division club."

Pete is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 170 pounds. He has a loose, gangly frame and does everything gracefully, whether it is fielding, batting, running or just walking up to the plate. He likes to play cards, shoot pool and have a few beers, but baseball is a religion with him. "I can't remember when I haven't had an ambition to be a ballplayer," he says. "Being a big-leaguer is just something I dreamed of."

Pete's legal last name is Wyshner, and he is of Lithuanian extraction. He grew up in Nanticoke, Pa., a mining town about seven miles from Wilkes-Barre. He is 28 years old, the youngest member of his family. His father, mother, two brothers and two sisters are rooting for him to make good.

His right arm was crushed when he was 6 years old. He hooked a ride on a grocer's delivery truck and fell under a wagon. Rushed to the hospital, an amputation was necessary.

As a youngster Pete was a mascot for a semi-pro club in Nanticoke, but soon earned a regular berth on the team. He also played for semi-pro teams in Wilkes-Barre and other Pennsylvania cities. Then he applied for a try-out with the Bushwicks, Brooklyn's crack semipro club.

"I've heard of a lot of ways of crashing the gate," Max Rosner, the Bushwicks' manager, told him, "but this is a new one." Pete took a $10 bill out of his pocket and offered it to Rosner. "Take this," he challenged, "and keep it if I don't make good." He stayed two years.

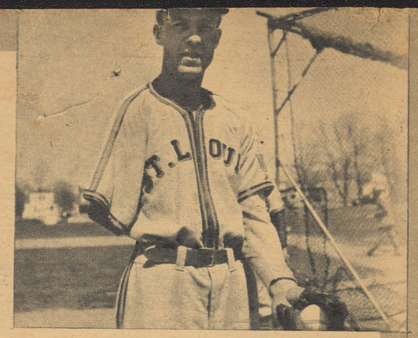
When he left the Bushwicks Gray paid his own way to a Giants training camp. Before he could show his wares to Bill Terry, then the Giants manager, he was taken sick and had to go home. Terry, who saw him play at Memphis in 1943 and 1944, says Pete should have been given a major-league try-out last year.

IN 1942 Gray got his chance in organized baseball with the Three Rivers (Quebec) club of the Canadian-American League. He dived for a ball during one of the early season games and broke his collarbone. However, he came back to hit .381 in the last 42 games of the season, which was good enough to earn him a try-out with the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Before the 1943 season started, Burleigh Grimes, who was managing Toronto, shipped Pete to Memphis of the Southern Association. Rumor has it that Gray and Burleigh didn't get along, but whatever the reason the transfer was a break for Pete. At Memphis he played under Doc Prothro, a minor-league manager who has been very successful in developing young players. "I learned more baseball from him than anybody else," says Gray.

That first season in Memphis sapped much of his strength and his weight dropped to 155 pounds, but he managed to bat .289 in 120 games. Last year he won the Southern Association's Most Valuable Player Award while batting .333. He hit five home runs, nine triples, 21 doubles and tied Kiki Cuyler's long-standing league record of 68 stolen bases. "In my two seasons at Memphis," he says, "they got me out on strikes only 15 times."

He is proud of the fact that the Philadelphia Sports Writers Association voted him "The Most Courageous Athlete of 1943," also that the War Department sent a crew of cameramen to Memphis last year to take movie shots of him playing ball. These shots were included in a film which also showed how Herbert Marshall, the actor who uses an artificial limb, and President Roosevelt have overcome their handicaps. "I never heard from anybody who ever saw the picture," says Pete, "but I get a lot of mail from servicemen who have lost an arm or a leg. I don't know what to tell them, but I try to answer all their letters."



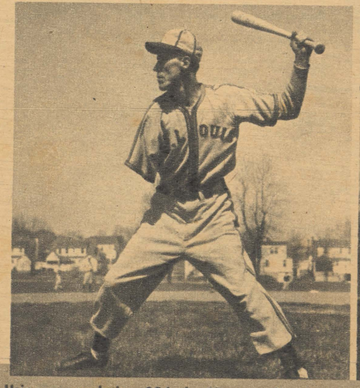
Gray wears glove with no padding. His little finger remains outside, allowing glove to slide down hand.



Ball is held against his body by his wrist while he tucks glove away under stump of his right arm.



Throw completes the maneuver, accomplished so fast that the camera catches it only in slow motion.



Using a regulation 35-inch, 35-ounce bat, Pete's power is in coordination of wrist, arm and body.



Gray seldom strikes out or fouls off pitches. He usually manages to put the bat squarely against ball.

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Ramsay Ames

YANK

Pin-up Girl

