YANK

The Army Weekly

1942 - 1945

By and For Men in the Service

Written and edited by enlisted men for enlisted men all over the world to spread news and entertainment.

June 17, 1942, Volume 1. Number 1.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt wrote:

"In *Yank* you have established a publication which cannot be understood by our enemies. It is inconceivable to them that a soldier should be allowed to express his own thoughts, his ideas and his opinions. It is inconceivable to them that any soldiers—or any citizens for that matter—should have any thoughts other than those dictated by their leaders."

First sold only to GIs overseas at $.05 cents per copy.

November 1941—Printed in England and Puerto Rico.

Summer 1943. Overseas editions started in Hawaii, Trinidad, Egypt, India, Australia and Iran. Panama was added in the fall.

March 1944. A tenth edition was printed in Italy. In Einewetok Atoll, *Yank* photographer Sgt. John Bushemi was killed.

On D-Day, photographer and artist Sgt. Pete Paris was killed.

By September *Yank* was being published in Paris and in Strasbourg

By November, 1945, *Yank* Correspondent Col. Bob Krell was killed in the airborne Rhine crossing.

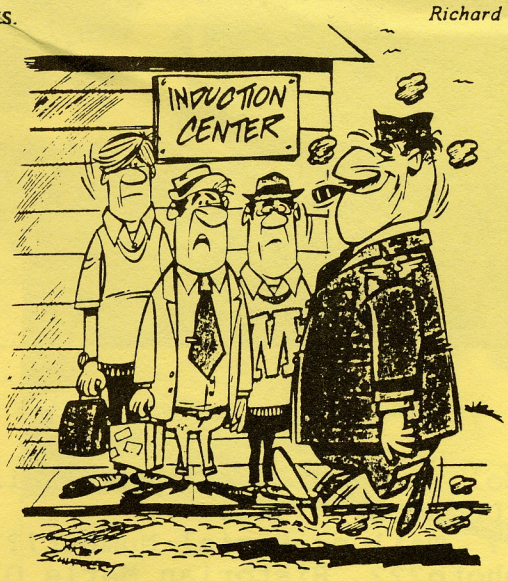
1945. *Yank's* last four overseas printings were set up in Saipan in February; Manila in July; Okinawa in August;and in Tokyo in September just in time to serve incoming occupation troops.

December 31, 1945. *Yank* received its Honorable Discharge from Chief of Staff Dwight D. Eisenhower.

December 28, 1945. Volume 4, Number 28. Final issue.

Ah! Yes! I remember it well! Hollywood pin-up girls, George Baker's *Sad Sack*, Bill Mauldin's *Up Front*, *Soldier Speaks* opinion pieces, *Mail Call*, *Letters to Editor*, and many staff and guest columnists.

Richard Schlenker



"Look, that guy's got a chicken on his shoulder—I'll bet he's the cook!"

Remember the Ground Crew

Harry Kilgore, 6144 Whitman Ave., Fort Worth, TX, 761-3547, flight engineer, Sqd. 711, sends the following. The ground personnel is the most under-reported of all. In seven years of this Newsletter, I doubt there were seven stories on their contribution.

The first thing the ground crew did when their plane returned from a mission was to walk around the aircraft and look at the many flak holes. However, those flak holes were not the half of it. To repair the obvious was just the beginning. The real proof of the pudding was the preflight and operational check of *all* systems. The maintenance officer expected the aircraft to be ready to fly the next day.

On one mission, only two pieces of flak had entered the aircraft through the chin turret. One piece wiped out most of the wire bundle for the navigator's bomb sight and pilot system, stopping in the navigator's backside.

The other piece wiped out most of the pilot's side of the instrument panel, and stopped in the pilot's big toe. Strikes like that required aircraft mechanics, sheet metal mechanics, instrument mechanics, and electricians.

In another instance, a shell burst between the waist ammunition boxes. This blew both boxes out through the sides of the aircraft, but left the API wiring intact. It cut all of the flight control cables in the waist and left one main gear and trunion beyond repair. Lt. Unger flew and landed the aircraft at Woodbridge on the API controls. Maintenance declared the aircraft a class 26 – a junker.

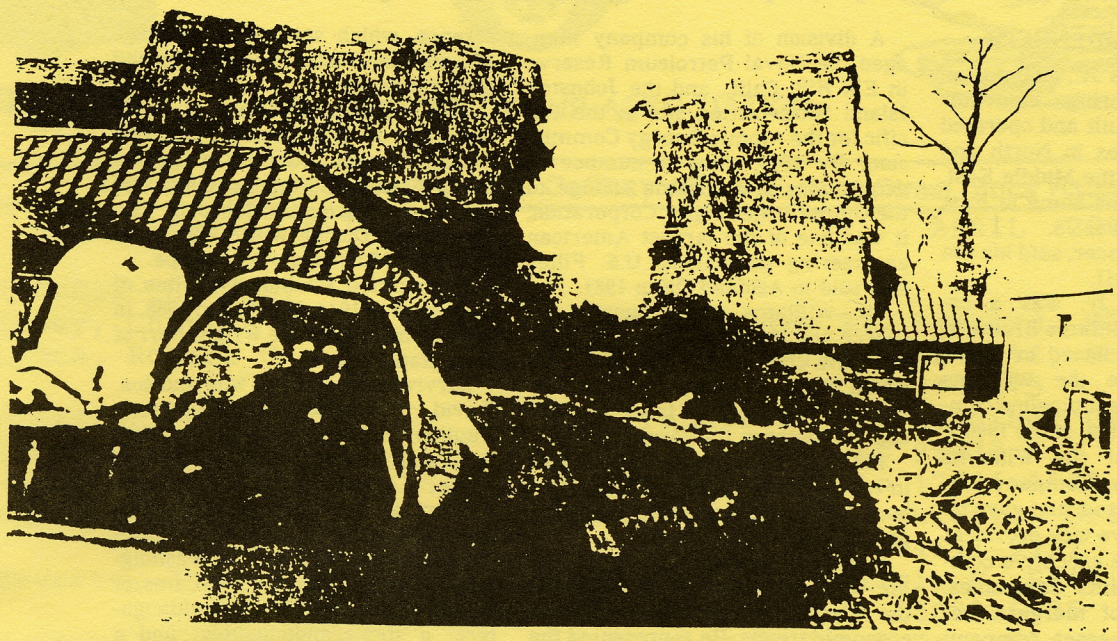
When I returned to the States after an extended stay in Stalag Luft IV in Poland, I was assigned to the Air Transport Command, Ferry Division. One job was to take a B-17 from Lubbock to Dallas. Sitting on the ramp at Lubbock was a square aircraft. It had two four-foot square patches on the waist. Then I remembered the tail numbers. It was indeed the same class 26 aircraft. It had taken many man-hours to ready that plane to return to the States.

All flying personnel thought of was getting in our twenty-five missions, then rotating back to the States. But our ground crews were to stay in England for the duration plus six months. Air crews received promotions by number of missions flown, ground crews by time in grade and table of Squadron Organization.

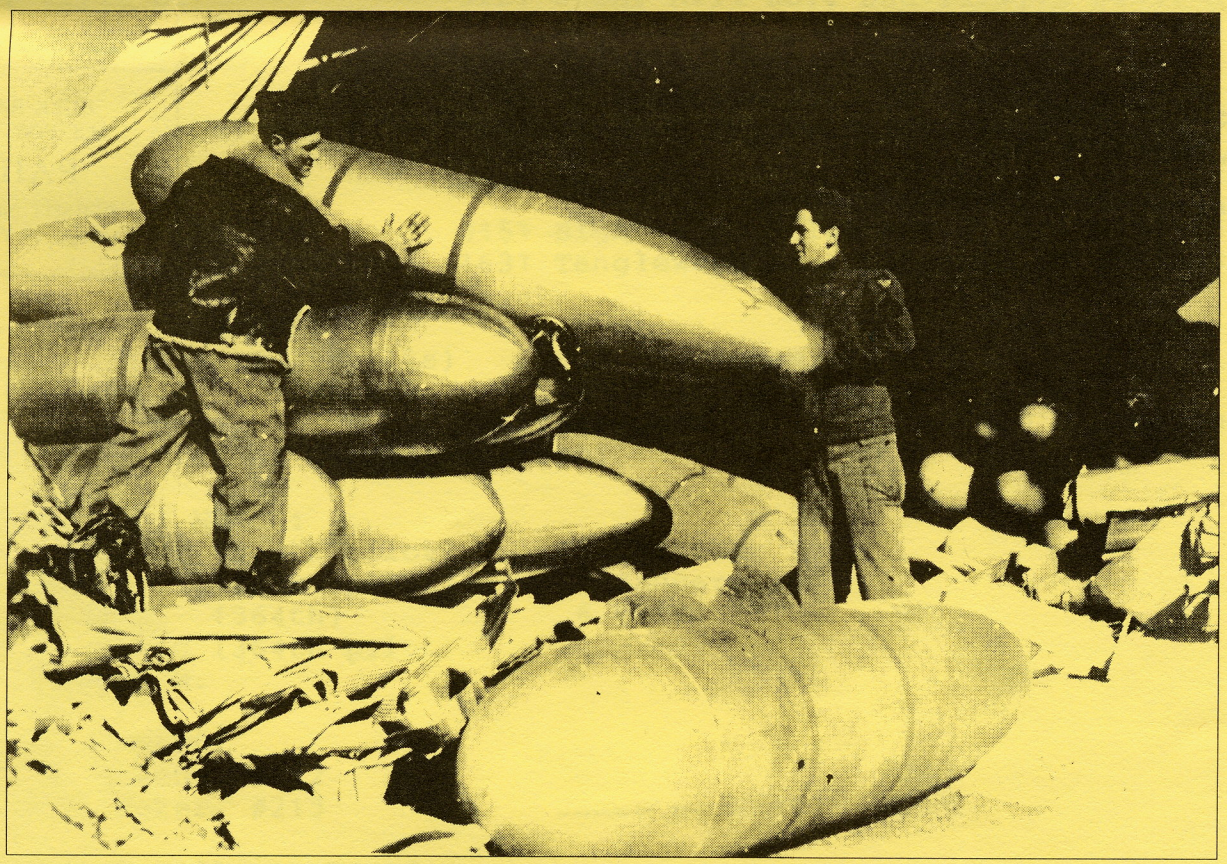
Taken from a friendly Bomb Group newsletter.

This page a

Photo below taken . In World War
II. Pilot Breen has been . "Lost Sheep".



BABY JO ran out of fuel in the landing pattern on 9 February 1945 and descended into a nearby farm yard slicing the barn in two and coming to rest against the house. Pilot Noel Breen exited the wreck with minor injuries.



108 gallon paper gasoline drop tanks at a Leiston Airfield blister hangar where they were unwrapped and distributed to hardstands.
Photo - Byron Becraft

TO: Joe DeShay

FROM: John McDonald
GRP, HQ.

From: Brett <zficken@flash.net>
To: HRFTX@aol.com
Subject: Fw: Most Influential Person of the Century
Date: Wednesday, December 08, 1999 6:51 PM

The American GI
Most Influential Person of the Century
Time Magazine prepared a list of the 10 most influential people of the century in each field to mark the end of the century. The 10 most influential scientists, politicians, entertainers, sports figures, musicians, artists, and industrialists. This month they published the 10 most influential people (overall) of the century. They named "the American GI" the most influential person of the century. It is the only one that is not a single individual. General Powell wrote the introduction to the award.

Colin Powell's Tribute to the American G.I.:

As Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, I referred to the men and women of the armed forces as "G.I.s." It got me in trouble with some of my colleagues at the time. Several years earlier, the Army had officially excised the term as an unfavorable characterization derived from the designation "government issue." Sailors and Marines wanted to be known as sailors and Marines.
Airmen, notwithstanding their origins as a rib of the Army, wished to be called simply airmen. Collectively, they were blandly referred to as "service members." I persisted in using G.I.s and found I was in good company.

Newspapers and television shows used it all the time. The most famous and successful government education program was known as the G.I. Bill, and it still uses that title for a newer generation of veterans. When you added
one of the most common boy's names to it, you got G.I. Joe, and the name of the most popular boy's toy ever, the G.I. Joe action figure. And let's not forget G.I. Jane.

G.I. is a World War II term that two generations later continues to conjure up the warmest and proudest memories of a noble war that pitted pure good against pure evil and good triumphed. The victors in that war were the American G.I.s, the Willies and Joes, the farmer from Iowa and the steelworker from Pittsburgh who stepped off a landing craft into the hell of Omaha Beach. The G.I. was the wisecracking kid Marine from Brooklyn who clawed his way up a deadly hill on a Pacific island.

He was a black fighter pilot escorting white bomber pilots over Italy and Germany, proving that skin color had nothing to do with skill or courage. He was a native Japanese-American infantryman released from his own country's concentration camp to join the fight. She was a nurse relieving the agony of a dying teenager. He was a petty officer standing on the edge of a heaving aircraft carrier with two signal paddles in his hands, helping guide a dive-bomber pilot back onto the deck. They were America.

They reflected our diverse origins. They were the embodiment of the American spirit of courage and dedication. They were truly a "people's army," going forth on a crusade to save democracy and freedom, to defeat tyrants, to save oppressed peoples and to make their families proud of them. They were the Private Ryans, and they stood firm in the thin red line.

For most of those G.I.s, World War II was the adventure of their lifetime. Nothing they would ever do in the future would match their experiences as the warriors of democracy, saving the world from its own insanity.
You can still see them in every Fourth of July color guard, their gait faltering but ever proud. Their forebears went by other names: doughboys, Yanks, buffalo soldiers, Johnny Reb, Rough Riders. But "G.I." will be forever lodged in the consciousness of our nation to apply to them all.

The G.I. carried the value system of the American people. The G.I.s were the surest guarantee of America's commitment. For more than 200 years,
they answered the call to fight the nation's battles. They never went forth as mercenaries on the road to conquest. They went forth as reluctant warriors, as citizen soldiers. They were as gentle in victory as they were vicious in battle. I've had survivors of Nazi concentration camps tell me of the joy they experienced as the G.I.s liberated them: America had arrived!

I've had a wealthy Japanese businessman come into my office and tell me what it was like for him as a child in 1945 to await the arrival of the dreaded American beasts, and instead meet a smiling G.I. who gave him a Hershey bar. In thanks, the businessman was donating a large sum of money to the USO. After thanking him, I gave him as a souvenir a Hershey bar I had autographed. He took it and began to cry. The 20th century can be called many things, but it was most certainly a century of war.
The American G.I.s helped defeat fascism and communism. They came home in triumph from the ferocious battlefields of World Wars I and II. In Korea
and Vietnam they fought just as bravely as any of their predecessor, but no triumphant receptions awaited them at home. They soldiered on through the twilight struggles of the cold war and showed what they were capable
of in Desert Storm. The American people took them into their hearts again.

In this century hundreds of thousands of G.I.s died to bring to the beginning of the 21st century the victory of democracy as the ascendant political system on the face of the earth. The G.I.s were willing to travel far away and give their lives, if necessary, to secure the rights and freedoms of others. Only a nation such as ours, based on a firm moral foundation, could make such a request of its citizens. And the G.I.s wanted nothing more than to get the job done and then return home safely.

All they asked for in repayment from those they freed was the opportunity to help them become part of the world of democracy-and just enough land to bury their fallen comrades, beneath simple white crosses and Stars of David.

The volunteer G.I.s of today stand watch in Korea, the Persian Gulf, Europe and the dangerous terrain of the Balkans. We must never see them as mere hirelings, off in a corner of our society. They are our best, and we owe them our full support and our sincerest thanks. As this century closes, we look back to identify the great leaders and personalities of the past 100 years. We do so in a world still troubled, But full of promise.

That promise was gained by the young men and women of America who fought and died for freedom. Near the top of any listing of the most important people of the 20th century must stand, in singular honor,theAmerican G.I.

Colin Powell

1943



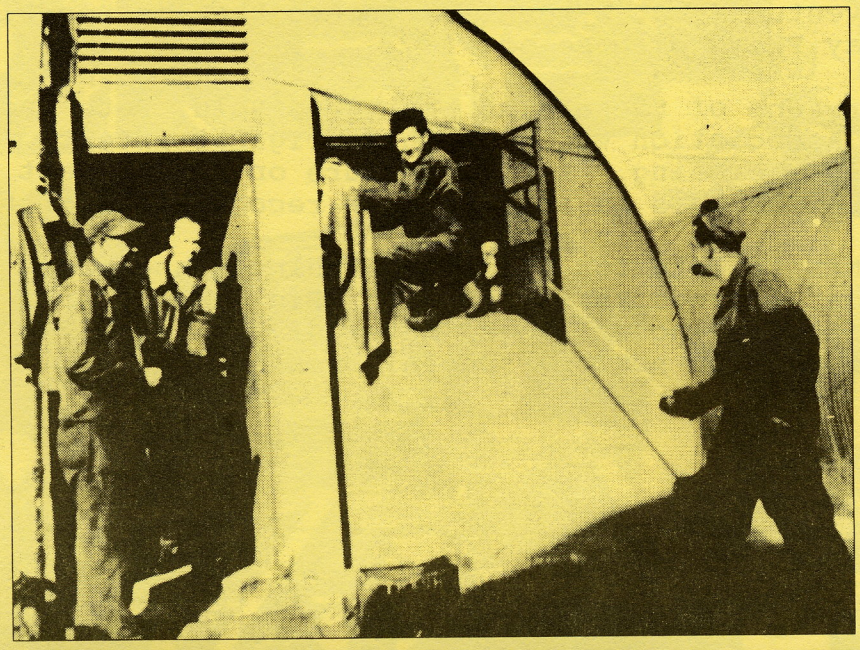
TONY STIRPE

WALT OBERLE

1260th Military Police Company

"FOOLIN"

362nd Fighter Squadron men at their Nissen Hut at Leiston Airfield. Left to Right: Bob Hall, Bob Raffen, Bob Bignell and Crew Chief Phillip Bruce who is wielding a long dueling sword.





LEISTON AIRFIELD WARRIORS:
Left to Right: Russel R. Kalessa, Crew Chief Loren Clark, Ernest Tiede, and unidentified Armorer.

January 28, 2000

Friends;

At the occasion of the Dedication of the Memorial at the Leiston, England Airfield in May of 1998 and on the evening prior at the Quiz and Fun Program, I met many people who attended the affair. Several of these people presented we of the 357th Fighter Group delegation with small token gifts of appreciation such as a lapel pin of a flag of a European country, a photo of a P-38 "Lightning" Fighter Aircraft and one man in particular, gave me a small jewelry box containing British silver coins from the year 1945 which was the last year we of the 357th F.G. served at Leiston. As I carried a shirt pocket notebook, I took down his name and address and a note or two. He mentioned that he was a boy 10 years old when we served at Leiston and he lived near the air-base. I was always most appreciative of his gift and meeting him and as time passed, often thought of the occasion.

After about one year and a half had passed, I got out my little notebook and wrote to Mr. Bill Bradley to again express my appreciation but I was not quite sure if the name and address matched the good deed so I asked him for confirmation to be sure.

My co-pilot Ellen was in the hospital Dec. 15 having knee surgery so my letter was not typed on the Word Processor machine and "saved" on it's memory bank. Unfortunately since I did my typing on a common typewriter, I made a copy of my letter to Mr. Bradley and now am unable to locate the copy.

A month has passed and I am very pleased to receive the most interesting letter from Mr. Bradley. I enclose a copy of his two page letter plus a page that I have added to his message to show the event he speaks of. I am hoping to make it to the Remembrance Ceremony at Leiston in May 2000 and to meet Bill Bradley again.

Mr. Bradley and the F.O.L.A. men have been great as the generation younger than the Veterans of the 357th F.G. to carry on and tell the history of WW II and the 357th Fighter Group.

We knew of Mel Breen's crash of his aircraft in February 1945 but not the details. Bill Bradley has given us the details for our 357th F.G. history for which we are most thankful.

Joe De Shay

cc:
Merle Olmsted
357th Fighter Group Historian

Joe

34 EASTWARD HO
LEISTON
SUFFOLK
IP16 4AY
ENGLAND

19 JANUARY 2000

Dear Joe & Ellen,

Many thanks for your welcome letter and Christmas card; it was very nice to hear from you.

Yes, I was the man who gave you the small box containing British coins of the 1945 era as mementos of World War II days. At that time my Dad, Mum, Sister & I lived in a farm cottage close to the airfield belonging to Mr Snowden, Crossing Farm where Dad worked as head Horseman.

You may remember a PSI came down in the farmyard early one morning cutting the roof off the barn. At the time Dad was cutting hay off the stack in the barn, but luck was on his side that day because he was not seriously hurt.

I will always have very fond memories of the airfield and the airmen who flew

from it. I spent many hours playing around on the base with them + also being chased off by the air Police.

I often go to the airfield + stand on the main run-way and memories come flowing back. I shall never forget the men who flew from it + I say God bless them all + also the ones who gave their lives so we should be free.

Mum and I knew a Sgt. Johnson who brought his laundry for Mum to wash. The money he gave her bought her first set of false teeth, + she had them until she passed away in 1979. They must have been some of the first false teeth to be made.

My wife and I wish you bothe a very Happy New Year and maybe we will see you in May

Yours sincerely

Bill Bradley

This letter was enlarged for easier reading while copies were made.

J. D.

(see next page)



Merle Olmsted clearing out his photo laboratory