

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

3^d MAR. 12
1944
VOL. 2, NO. 39

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



ARTICLES OF WAR

FIGHTING THE WAR IN THE BELGIAN CONGO—See pages 2, 3 and 4



The Congo native troops learn how to play musical instruments with astonishing rapidity, and their regimental bands rank among the finest in the Middle East.



The native soldiers of this modern army are proficient in the mortar as well as other weapons. They have been compared with the British Guards Regiments.



When the Mediterranean supply route was closed to the Allies, the Congo river port of Leopoldville became one of the most important in the war.



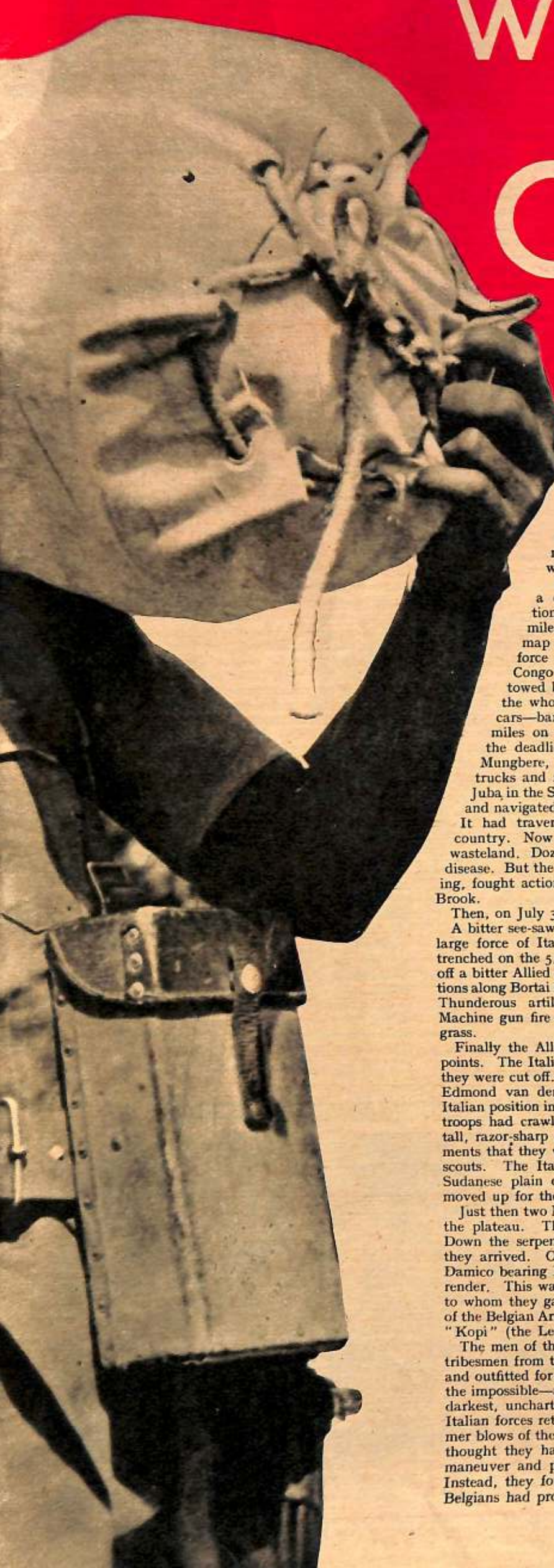
Under an impenetrable veil of security, just recently lifted, the vast Belgian Congo in the heart of darkest Africa has played a major role in the war—helping to supply Russia, the Near East, the Pacific, and even being an important factor in the American invasion of North Africa. Here, for the first time, are some of the facts.

CONGO SOLDIER, a Belgian GI from the jungle as good as any European fighting man.



WAR DRUMS in the CONGO

By Sgt. Bill Davidson
YANK Staff Correspondent



ON the sun-scorched, red clay hills of Western Ethiopia, poetic justice came to the war for the first time, on July 3, 1941.

This was the climax of one of the least known and one of the most dramatic campaigns of the war.

It began five months before when a compact, modern, Allied expeditionary force left Stanley Pool, 2,500 miles across the middle of Africa (see map on page 4). The expeditionary force navigated the 1,000 miles of the Congo River on twelve 10-ton barges towed by a 33-foot baby tug. At Aketi, the whole expedition unloaded on to flat cars—barges, tug and all—and rode 450 miles on a narrow-gauge railroad through the deadliest jungle swamp in Africa. At Mungbere, the portable Navy switched to trucks and followed ancient caravan trails in Juba in the Sudan, where it took to water again and navigated the White Nile far into Ethiopia. It had traversed lion, gorilla, and tsetse fly country. Now it marched across parched desert wasteland. Dozens of soldiers died of fatigue and disease. But the expeditionary force, without resting, fought actions at Asosa, Gambela and Bortai Brook.

Then, on July 3, came the climax.

A bitter see-saw battle raged all that morning. A large force of Italians and Eritrean Colonials, entrenched on the 5,621-foot Saio Plateau was beating off a bitter Allied attack launched against their positions along Bortai Brook in the steaming plains below. Thunderous artillery barrages rocked the hills. Machine gun fire singed the eight-foot-tall elephant grass.

Finally the Allied infantry attacked at two vital points. The Italians fell back. But, unexpectedly, they were cut off. A whole battalion under Lt. Col. Edmond van der Meersch had swung around the Italian position in a long-flanking movement. These troops had crawled along a goat path through the tall, razor-sharp grass. So silent were their movements that they weren't even spotted by the enemy scouts. The Italians melted downhill toward the Sudanese plain on their right. The Allied troops moved up for the final assault.

Just then two Mitalia staff cars came in sight over the plateau. The cars flew white flags of truce. Down the serpentine road they crawled. Finally they arrived. Out stepped Gen. Guasco and Col. Damico bearing Italian Gen. Gazzera's offer to surrender. This was an historic moment, for the man to whom they gave up was Gen. Auguste Gilliaert, of the Belgian Army, a quiet, catlike six-footer called "Kopi" (the Leopard) by his men.

The men of this Belgian Army were huge, ebony tribesmen from the Belgian Congo, superbly trained and outfitted for modern war. They had performed the impossible—a 2,500 mile trek across the heart of darkest, uncharted Africa, to catch in the rear the Italian forces retreating confidently before the hammer blows of the British Gen. Wavell. The Italians thought they had plenty of room at their rear to maneuver and perhaps even to attack the Sudan. Instead, they found themselves surrounded. The Belgians had provided the anvil for Wavell's ham-

mer. The surrender of Gen. Pietro Gazzera's nine generals and 18,000 troops paved the way for the final surrender of the Italian forces in East Africa to the British a short time later. This was one of the Allies' most daringly executed and decisive campaigns. But no war correspondents went along on the trip to record it.

The surrender was double-barreled revenge. One barrel for the rape of Belgium in 1940; the other barrel for the Italian slaughter of the helpless, un-equipped natives of Ethiopia in 1936.

With this campaign, the world became conscious for the first time that tiny Belgium, fighting from its one immense colony (one third the size of the United States) was still in the war. The veil of secrecy, however, remained draped over the mysterious Congo. Recently that veil was lifted. The facts revealed were a bit startling. It was discovered suddenly that the vast, little-known Congo had played a major role in helping to supply Russia, the Near East and the Pacific—and had been a factor in making the American invasion of North Africa a success.

There were individual stories of Congo heroism and initiative under fire, quite unexpected from people most of us still think of as savages and ex-cannibals. During the Battle of Britain, a Belgian ship was unloading a valuable cargo of raw materials from the Congo at an English port. That night, when most of the crew was ashore, enemy bombers attacked the city. It was a heavy raid. A Ju-88 spotted the ship and straddled it with a stick of bombs. The bombs missed the freighter itself, but in a matter of seconds, the hangar on the quay alongside was an inferno of flames. The vessel and its cargo seemed doomed.

But then, four powerful ebony figures, stripped to the waist, leaped from the ship and into the flames of the hangar. They were Congolese members of the crew. Between them they were lugging a heavy metal cable attached to the ship's bow. Dragging the cable behind them, they climbed up through the flames to the roof of the hangar. Balancing precariously under the weight of the cable, they tottered along the edge of the blazing roof. Watchers below held their breath. A nearby bomb explosion covered the sweating Negroes with spray and burning debris. Finally they reached the next quay. They dropped to the dock. Cheering bystanders grabbed the towline and in a few minutes the Belgian freighter with its cargo was pulled to safety, away from the flames. The four native seamen, none of whom spoke a word of French or English, were officially cited by the Belgian Government.

IN the Ethiopian campaign, a native Sergeant Nurse (actually a trained physician) named N'Zomwe was given the Croix de Guerre for incredible bravery under fire—saving the lives of one European soldier and native soldier after another, and ministering to the wounded for days without sleep. In the same campaign, First Sergeant Major Moembi was given the Croix de Guerre for distinguishing himself in every action—especially the first battle of Bortai Brook. In this bitter skirmish, when his platoon was cut off and surrounded, instead of surrendering, Moembi attacked the enemy singlehandedly and blasted a path for the entire platoon, with his hand grenades, back to the Belgian lines. Military Porter Mehua (an unarmed civilian holding a rank lower than private) also got the Croix de Guerre for crawling out under intense artillery and small arms fire to bring in an invaluable field radio transmitter,



when the two white operators had been wounded. The Congo remained in the war in 1940, after the surrender of King Leopold to the Germans. At noon on May 28th, the very day of the surrender, the Leopoldville Radio, speaking on instructions of M. de Vleeschauwer, Minister of the Colonies, who was then in Paris, startled the world with the cryptic announcement: "The war is to go on." It meant it, too. Unlike French Colonial officials at the time of the collapse of Metropolitan France a few weeks later, Governor General Pierre Ryckmans and the people of the Congo took the view that the occupation of the homeland was not a surrender but a severe military defeat, involving the capture of the King as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and that carrying on the war from the Congo was merely falling back to the second line of defense.

This was a real setback for Hitler. Later events proved that he fully expected the Congo with its tremendous riches to surrender, with the fall of Belgium. He was all set to move in from Italian-held Ethiopia and French Africa. Germany's lamented "lost colonies" thus would have been redeemed threefold. Instead, something entirely different happened. Not only did the Congo bristle up sufficiently in its own defense to frighten the Axis off for the time being, but one day in Leopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo, General de Gaulle announced that France, too, would soon fight again.

De Gaulle marched into French Equatorial Africa, thus freeing the Congo from the threat of an Axis invasion from the Northwest. Then the Congolese themselves took part in the Ethiopian campaign, removing the Italian threat on the Northeast.

After that, the Congo became one of the cornerstones of the United Nations.

In 1941, Hitler was in Egypt and the Allies' Mediterranean supply route was cut. Russia, the Near East and the Pacific had to be fed with food and munitions. The sea route around the Cape of Good Hope was too long. So, as an auxiliary short cut, the British began to land tons of supplies at Matadi, the Congo's port for the Atlantic Ocean. The supplies were then shipped via the Congo's "National Way"—the mighty Congo River and 3,100 miles of modern railroad—all the way across the waist of Africa to British ports on the Indian Ocean.

ABOUT the same time, the U. S. Air Transport Command, dissatisfied with its existing long routes, wanted to save thousands of miles and valuable days by running a freight air line directly across the Dark Continent to the Near and Far East. So the Belgians converted their jungle airports at Stanleyville, Leopoldville, Elizabethville and Luluabourg into modern 1-1/4 mile runway affairs (some concrete, some built out of stone-like, anthill clay), capable of handling planes as large as Liberators. Six weeks after American air experts said it couldn't be done, Albert de Vleeschauwer, the Belgian Minister of Colonies, flew from Leopoldville, through the very heart of the African wilderness in the first Lib ever seen there. The date was July 4, 1942. For a while, these fields were serviced by U.S. Air Corps troops some of whom were stationed at a base called Camp Roosevelt. Later the U.S. troops were withdrawn, and the huge air traffic was handled completely by white and Negro Congo technicians. In addition to this, the British and Belgian air freight routes from South Africa to Cairo also passed through the Congo airfields.

In the meantime, the Japanese attack in the Pacific and the subsequent conquest of the Dutch East Indies had dealt the United Nations a staggering blow. On March 12, 1942, Pierre Ryckmans, Governor General of the Congo, said over the Leopoldville Radio: "The loss of the Far East deprived the Allies of three fifths of the world's tin production, one half of the production of palm groves, nearly all of their rubber and all of their quinine—without mentioning other colonial products which the invaded Pacific

countries produced in inexhaustible quantities. However great our efforts, we can only make good a fraction of these losses."

Nevertheless, the black and white technicians of the Congo set to work. The Allies needed rubber? Before the war, rubber production in the Congo was practically nil. In 1943, the Congo produced 12,000 tons of rubber (from wild rubber trees), enough to help tide the U.S. war machine over the crucial period. To prepare new plantations rubber seeds were dropped in remote areas by parachute. The Allies needed tin? The mines of the industrialized Eastern Congo provinces—Kilo, Kivu, Maniema and Katanga—began to work overtime, and in 1943 the Congo produced 25,000 tons of 74 percent tin ore, increasing production by 100 percent, and making the Congo the second largest tin producer in the world. The Allies

needed palm oil products? In 1943, the Congo presented the United Nations with more than 100,000 tons of palm oil, 60,000 tons of palm kernels, and 8,000 tons of palm kernel oil.

In addition, the Congo turned out 168,000 tons of copper, 50,000 tons of manganese, tantalite and wolframite for making vital steel alloys, gum copal for making all-important gun and aircraft varnishes, and 7,000,000 karats of industrial diamonds, practically 80 percent of the world's production. Without these diamonds for toolmaking, war production in U. S. and Britain would have been retarded.

IN November of 1942, the United States launched its first major offensive—the invasion of North Africa. This, too, would have been difficult without Congo aid. Before landings were made, tough, experienced Congo troops were transported to Nigeria by sea. There they sat—while the Yanks streamed into Morocco and Algeria far to the north—glaring menacingly at the Vichy troops in French West Africa just across the border. The Congo Expeditionary Force, with the British, was ready to pounce at the first suspicious French move. The French didn't dare to move. And so our exposed southern flank was covered.

Today, the Congo Army is stationed in far-flung sections of the world battlefield. One of the most famous Congo outfits, a field hospital unit, is now in action against the Japanese in the Far East. This hospital has had a fabulous career. It was activated in 1939 under the strangest of circumstances. A Hollywood director had gone to the Congo to make a motion picture for Warner Brothers. In typical Hollywood director fashion, he took with him for his convenience, two huge, specially-built, air-conditioned vans, to provide him with portable drawing-room, bedroom, dining-room and bath, while in the jungle. The film was bad. The director was recalled, leaving the magnificent vans in the Belgian Congo. Almost immediately, they were refitted into portable operating rooms.

The field hospital has 30 vehicles altogether and can handle 500 patients. It has a staff of 18 Europeans, 250 natives (including sergeant nurses who have had complete medical training in Congo medical schools), and a newly-added defense detachment—an important requisite today in warfare with the Japs. The detachment saw action in Ethiopia, cleared up the disease-ridden Somaliland, served through the North African campaign and was the chief medical outfit in the invasion of Madagascar. Now it is in India. Few military organizations in the war have seen such widespread action. The entire outfit was cited by the Belgian Government in London recently "for indomitable courage and kindly spirit of obligation."

The bulk of the Congo Army, now in the Middle East, is no "primitive mass of natives." It is a crack, modern Army. The soldiers come from all the tribes of the Congo and are volunteers in the sense that the native chiefs were asked to supply a certain quota of soldiers, and the chiefs called on their tallest, strongest, hand-somest young men for duty with the Army. Military service bestows high social standing and priority for government jobs after the war.

The Army is trained

according to European military standards. The native soldiers come up through the ranks. They hold the non-commissioned grades of Pfc., Corporal, Sergeant, First Sergeant, Sergeant Major and First Sergeant Major. Adjutant (warrant officer) is as high as they can go. They are all over six feet tall and hand-picked and so proficient at close-order drill and the handling of weapons that they have been compared with Guards Regiments by high-ranking British officers. In a contest at Cairo recently Congo soldiers stripped down a machine gun, re-assembled it and fired in less than two minutes—blindfolded.

The men carry British equipment and wear regular Belgian khaki tropical uniform—shorts and shirt—but no shoes. On parade they are required to wear sandals, but they don't like it. The calloused condition of their feet makes the addition of leather unnecessary. Although they are not Mohammedans (thirty percent are Christians, the rest heathens) they wear a practical tall fez to protect their heads from the vicious tropical heat. They also wear a detachable felt pad on the back of the neck, to protect this particularly vulnerable part of the body.

They drive motor cycles, trucks and Bren-gun carriers and they make good reconnaissance and Signal Corps troops. They learn how to play musical instruments with astonishing rapidity, and their regimental bands rank among the finest in the Middle East. Their education begins as soon as they enter the Army. This is necessary because among the two hundred or so tribes in the Congo, more than eighty different languages are spoken. So the incoming troops are all taught to speak Linguala, one of the simplest and most common of the Congo languages. All commands are given in Linguala, and this is the language used by officers to address the men. About 500 or 600 words of Linguala are enough for military purposes, and the instruction rarely goes further. Off duty, the men usually revert to their native tongue, except when getting into arguments or negotiating small loans with men from other tribes. They live in regulation European tents or barracks, and get used to sleeping on Army cots. They can't get used to European food, however. So their own cooks prepare palm oil, dried meat and fish, and make bread or mush out of Manioc, a long, potato-like root, lugged especially for the men in the Middle East from the Congo, 4,000 miles away. They drink their native palm wine made by fermenting the sap of the palm tree, and their own type of beer, made from large, sour Congo bananas. This peculiar beverage is known as Pimbe in Kiswahili (another of the 80 languages), and possesses the kick of an unripened brandy.

SO native tribesmen from the primitive heart of Africa have become soldiers and locomotive engineers and station masters and telephone operators and typists and clerks and factory workers and miners and doctors and furniture makers and priests and plumbers. And deep in the bush, native tribesmen rise to their feet and cheer spontaneously when motion pictures of Churchill and Roosevelt are shown to them on portable screens. In London, M. de Vleeschauwer, dynamic Minister of the Colonies of Belgium—a country which has been accused of imperialist commercial exploitation and withholding native rights—says: "The Congo is a Negro country. We are slowly educating the natives for self-government—when they are ready for it."

Even war can't stem the advance of civilization.

The East Indies fell and the Allies needed tin, so the skilled native miners of the industrialized East Congo began working overtime.



HEAVENLY DAZE

... The big Lib was a good ship, and had fought her way all over occupied Europe. But when she went on the loose with a full load of bombs over England, some friendly Spits had to bring her down. . . .



Sgt. JOHN SCOTT

They learned quickly that Libs aren't an easy aircraft to shoot down. They made pass after pass on the helpless bomber.

By a YANK Field Correspondent

ENGLAND.—From an aesthetic point of view the big Liberator wasn't pretty. She had a turned-up nose. Her curves weren't graceful. She wasn't sleek. She had been patched up and coiffured many times. But *Heavenly Daze*—how she got that name no one can explain—had done a commendable job of bombing and slugging on 24 missions over Hitler's Fortress. She had roared proudly over Vegesack, Danzig, Oslo, Bremen, Kiel, Brunswick, etc., and had acquired a personality as well as a reputation.

"She's a wonderful ship," her pilot—"owner," 1/Lt. Walter McCartie, of Oscaloosa, Ia., often boasted. "She always comes through—because she's got a lot of heart in her."

But *Heavenly Daze*' last flight on a crisp February morning was destined to be a strange odyssey.

The big Liberator headed out over England on her 25th operational mission under "new management." Piloted for the first time by 1/Lt. Richard J. Pettit, of Los Angeles, Calif., she developed a conglomeration of mechanical troubles ranging from runaway propellers to a "conked-out" electrical system. The plane lurched forward and began climbing with the speed of a Thunderbolt.

"We had one engine runaway shortly after we got off the ground, so I started to circle back for a landing," explained Pettit, "but at 4,000 feet, with two more runaways, it looked like the vibration would tear the ship apart. We were climbing at 200 miles an hour at about 1,500 feet per minute with a full bomb load."

Pettit and his co-pilot, 2/Lt. Humphrey J. Elliot, of Richmond, Va., wrestled desperately with the controls.

They were above the overcast and had no idea where they were—except near the North Sea coast. They didn't dare risk jettisoning the bombs because of the possibility of English towns down below. They couldn't crash-land because visibility was less than 2,000 feet and the ceiling 800 feet.

Time for split-second thinking. Figuring the best way to save his crew was to have them jump, Pettit steadied *Heavenly Daze* as best he could, then gave the bail out order.

Parachutes blossomed under the ship, as the crew dropped away from her.

"I 'trimmed' her and headed her out to sea before

going over the side," the pilot said later, "and as I floated into the overcast, I saw the ship wheel into a gentle bank."

The crescendo of the whining radials reverberated in the ears of the 'chutists as they descended through the cloud blanket on to the East Anglian countryside.

And then, as if deciding she'd been temperamental long enough, *Heavenly Daze* levelled off at medium altitude and wandered aimlessly over East Anglia and the North Sea coast. Townspeople who were disturbed when they heard her distressing drone now heard her normal purr. So they resumed their workaday tasks. Just another airplane.

The Royal Observer Corps heard her, too, but couldn't spot her. She was still above the overcast. Because her electrical system was out, she couldn't have identified herself as "friendly," even if her crewmen had been aboard.

Several Spitfires of the RAF were sent up when the "intruder" failed to answer radio calls. British ack-ack gunners were alerted.

The RAF pilots radioed back the startling report that there apparently was nobody in the plane. Still the bomb-laden B-24 droned on over the coastal sector. The Spit pilots were in a dilemma, because there was no way to tell for sure that there was no one in the big ship.

ONE by one the crew members who had bailed out landed and telephoned Base. The bombardier, 2/Lt. Robert F. Leesley, of Chicago, Ill., landed in a Waaf camp where girls eyed his silk with wistful lust.

Co-pilot Elliot landed in a tree and the navigator, 2/Lt. Leslie A. Jacobson, landed in a field, started down the road, was picked up, and subsequently wound up in a hospital, where he became conscious the next morning. He had remembered nothing after he'd pulled the rip cord.

The waist-gunner, Sgt. John P. Kogut, of Clayville, N.Y., and Sgt. Erharot D. Lange, of Marinette, Wis., landed near a haystack, and S/Sgt. James R. Stanley, of Midland, Tex., the engineer-gunner, was challenged by a youngster who "took some convincing that I was a Yank—not a Jerry."

S/Sgt. Peter Bortua, of Palmerton, Pa., the radio operator, and Sgt. Joseph A. D'Atri, of Brooklyn, N.Y., dropped into farmyards.

Pettit landed in a drainage ditch, a bare 100 yards

from the sea.. When he checked into Base via telephone he told the officers that he was the last man out of the ship.

Crewless *Heavenly Daze* continued to soar above the clouds. All the while she was under the watchful eyes of the Spits.

A lively exchange of views commenced over the radio telephone—between the Spitfire pilots, their ground station, and the Liberator Base. Finally, every one decided that the abandoned B-24 with her 6,000 pound cargo of high explosives should be disposed of.

A sergeant-gunner carried the news to McCartie, "non-operational" that day and "sweatin' 'em out." He ground his cigarette stub into the muddy turf and sped for the control tower.

THE Spits circled the lumbering Liberator until she headed out to sea again. She had been flying alone for over an hour and a half now. The RAF pilots debated over the radio who was to go in first, for they didn't like the idea of bombs exploding in their faces.

Finally, they went to work. They learned quickly that Libs aren't an easy aircraft to shoot down. They made pass after pass on the helpless bomber. No evasive action for *Heavenly Daze* now. No hair-breadth exploits for her gunners.

One fighter even ran out of 20-mm. ammunition as the point-blank cannon fire ripped into the wings.

The big Lib finally plummeted into the icy sea—her wings clipped, chewed off.

That night the communique might have read: "One of our bombers is missing—due to 'friendly' action." The commanding officer was trying to figure out how to enter the weird flight on the books.

Out "on the line," in a lonely Nissen engineering hut, *Heavenly Daze*' crew chief, M/Sgt. Raymond L. Bader, Columbus, O., sat idly whittling shavings into a coal bucket. He went to the window and looked out across the windswept airdrome. The dispersal site was empty where *Heavenly Daze* once proudly squatted day and night when she wasn't delivering calling cards.

Bader fumbled the blackout curtain. The darkness bore down.

"She was a great ship," he shrugged. "I don't blame those guys. I'd probably have gotten out sooner myself. But she'd never let anybody down, though. You just hadda know her . . ."

The 7th Division, veterans of the Aleutians, wondered if Kwajalein would be a tougher nut to crack than Attu. But when they landed, they found that our guns and bombs had already smashed it to bits.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

KWAJALEIN ISLAND, KWAJALEIN ATOLL, THE MARSHALL ISLANDS [By Cable]—The sight and smell of dead Japs are everywhere on this island. Puddles of water are deep red with their blood. The beaches are lined with their bodies or parts of their bodies—shoes with feet, nothing else; grinning heads, with occasional cigarettes still pinched between brown teeth, but without torsos; scattered arms and legs, far from the bodies to which they belong.

There are Jap bodies in the shambles of what, not many days ago, were considered impregnable pillboxes. Others, their rifles frozen in their hands, are huddled near the scrawny trunks of barely recognizable coconut palms. Some are lying in what were recently barracks but now are only scattered piles of unsalvageable debris. A few simply fell beside the road and along the runways of the great airport constructed here only a short time ago.

It is surprising now that there is any island left here at all; it is certainly amazing that there are any Japs alive and still fighting. Never before have so many tons of varied destruction rained on so small a space.

The entire island is not more than two and a half miles in length, along an axis varying from 2,500 feet at the east end to 1,000 feet in width at the northwest tip. Kwajalein, shaped like a slightly distended kidney and extending along the southern end of the atoll from which it takes its name, was three days earlier the headquarters of all the Jap-held Marshalls. Now it is just one more point of rapidly diminishing enemy resistance.

Kwajalein is the sixth tiny island to fall to the soldiers of the 7th Division since D Day. The islands of Enubuj, Ennylabegan, Gea and Ninni were taken with little opposition. Then the 7th captured Gehh Island.

Within a few hours of the landing of our first forces on nearby Enubuj, our field artillery began pounding the landing beaches. Red One and Two, at the southern end of Kwajalein Island across the lagoon. The guns roared constantly for an hour and a half before our first waves landed at 0930 on Kwajalein Island. Sixty seconds before the landing, the gunners shifted



Soldiers of the 17th Infantry advance past a Jap radio tower that had been blasted into a twisted pile of girders by U. S. bombers attacking the Marshalls during invasion. The island is Enubuj, on Kwajalein Atoll.

MARSHALLS MASSACRE

their fire to the north. Their bombardments have moved along ahead of the front line since.

Bombardments are continuing in a small confined area at the narrow northern end of the island, where there are still scattered, hungry, disorganized and shell-shocked Japs, huddled in the ruins of their pillboxes and crouched near the ridiculous stumps of pandanus and coconut palm trees. Not a single Jap plane has appeared over our task force since the operation began.

A few duds are still scattered throughout the island, but most of the shells destroyed beyond recognition every important installation here. All night the sky was red with the blaze of oil dumps set afire by our destroyers, which will continue their fire under Army orders until the last Jap is dead or captured. Navy carrier-based bombers and torpedo planes are still on call, ready to hit any neglected enemy stronghold. Throughout the offensive they have been operat-

ing a few hundred yards beyond our front lines, dive-bombing and strafing. They will continue in the morning.

The results of this bombardment are evident everywhere. Nowhere on this thickly wooded island do there seem to be more than a dozen or so trees untouched. Green and ripe coconuts and huge breadfruit are everywhere underfoot, as well as palm fronds. Shrapnel seems to be in every foxhole and dugout. Great coconut logs have been thrown hundreds of yards.

AND yet, when the first waves of men of the 7th Division had raced onto the Red Beaches after the bombardment, there were still many Japs—waiting, armed and very much alive. The mop-up, the actual capture of this island, could, as always, be accomplished only by infantrymen—this time by men who had driven the Japs from the Aleutians and now are ejecting them from

territory that has been theirs ever since 1914.

During the long minutes in the assault boats nobody spoke about the battle that was to come. Some read, others slept, the rest talked. Eventually, just before we reached the line of departure, everyone got around to talking about where he'd rather be than in the assault boat headed for the Jap-held island. And where he'd like to be having dinner—whether Antoine's in New Orleans was better than Pierre's in San Francisco, whether steaks would be better than chocolate malteds. Or maybe, since the two water canteens each man carried couldn't be opened in the boats, whether a simple coke right now wouldn't taste better than anything.

Just before the first boats reached the coral lining around the beach, the men could see dead Japs piled on shore, lying where they had died. A quick pool was formed in one of the boats on how many days it would take to occupy Kwajalein.

lein. The lowest guess was 24 hours, the highest 14 days. The boat commander held the stakes—a total of \$16.

The sun was shining and there was a light breeze as everyone made the inevitable comment: "Perfect day for an invasion." And then, as the boats drew in to shore, the equally inevitable observation that it was a lot safer to be in the U. S. Army headed for Kwajalein than in the Jap Army defending the place.

Nobody saw any reason to change his mind after hitting the beach. There was some light machine-gun fire and, as had been expected, the first pillboxes were full of Japs with rifles. But most of them were not pillboxes with connecting trenches like the defenses on Tarawa and Makin in the Gilberts. The emplacements here were shallow, their tops had been shattered and none of them held more than three or four Japs. They were throwing practically no heavy fire at us, only occasional bursts of inaccurate heavy machine-gun bullets and some mortar fire.

The advance up the long axis of the island toward the airfield was slow and unspectacular and methodical. Our casualties were extremely small. The men crept from shell crater to shell crater, sometimes running across a few yards of open space. But no pillbox was considered harmless, no matter how many waves of our men had passed ahead of it. In several cases the Japs had held their fire until after the advance platoons had moved around and beyond them. No tree was left with enough foliage to hide a sniper. If the naval and artillery gunfire hadn't shattered a tree, our BAR and rifle fire did an additional pruning job on it.

By night, a third of the island was in the hands of the 7th Division, and the troops had dug deep into two- and three-man foxholes. One man always stayed on guard in each foxhole, but the others didn't sleep because of intermittent raids and recurring reports of Jap counterattacks and infiltration. A handful of Japs did get through our lines, but they were not coordinated into an attacking force and were easily mopped up in the morning, one by one.

The platoon leader of 3d Platoon, Company L, heard jabbering at one point a few yards ahead of his advanced position. From the remains of a storehouse, about 10 yards to his left, came fierce stage whispers in English: "You Americans are gonna die. You Americans are gonna die." His guard let go with their rifles and BARs and a flame thrower, and the jabbering stopped.

Occasionally someone would see a dark figure, or maybe two, a few yards ahead. There were never more than two or three at a time, and there were never any questions asked by the Americans; nobody waited for passwords.

A Jap truck that had been shattered by artillery was standing, apparently abandoned, about a dozen yards ahead of one U. S. position. Shortly after midnight the truck door opened. Out stepped a short, pudgy Jap officer with a star on his cap, a pistol at his side and a saber almost as long as himself brandished in his right hand. The Jap walked slowly forward about three paces, grinning. Pfc. Ashley Stewart of Napa, Calif., raised his rifle and fired at him four times. T Sgt. James E. Watkins of Humphrey, Calif., threw two grenades just to add a finishing touch.

EARLY in the morning, the 7th Division again began its stubborn, businesslike move forward and again the mopping-up platoons and squads were harassed from pillboxes. But after a flame thrower had been put to discreet use, a trembling Jap or two would emerge with his hands raised high.

Several prisoners were taken, most of them small, gaunt, hungry and thirsty. None had had anything to eat or drink for two or three days. Almost all of them had been told that if any surrendered, their ears would be cut off by their barbaric white enemy. Instead, if they had been wounded, they received treatment, and all were given as much K and D rations and candy as they could eat and all the halazone-treated water they could drink. Several of them immediately announced that they had decided to move to California after the war.

Early in the afternoon the first really coordinated enemy attack was launched across the rough torn coral at the edge of the airfield. The movement of the Japs was obscured by the dark, frond-covered ground, but a handful of men of the 7th Division halted their drive and inflicted many casualties.

A few minutes later the airfield was completely ours. Seventy Japs died in a tank trap just beyond the landing strip when it was hit by tanks, light and heavy machine guns, mortars, flame throwers, Bangalore torpedoes, BARs and rifles.

Not a single American died in that engagement.

The 7th Division, in capturing Kwajalein Island and the nearby islets in the southern part of this atoll, has killed an estimated 4,650 Japs and taken 173 prisoners. Our casualties have been 157 dead, 712 wounded and 17 missing.

OCCASIONALLY a star shell lights up the entire end of the island, where the few remaining Japs can be seen. They're attempting to break through our lines in more scattered counterattacks. Through the haze of field artillery fire, the night is bright again with the long-burning oil dumps, some of which have been smoldering for three days.

Down on the assault beach, a bright new American flag is flying—above the assembled jeeps, bulldozers and tanks being prepared to move forward, above the MPs guarding the ammunition supply and above the beach party directing the outgoing and incoming boats.

A few Jap bicycles are being shined by the usual souvenir hunters, Jap .25 and .31 rifles are being cleaned and Jap bayonets polished.

The talk in the foxholes now is mainly about the next island that we'll attack. Obviously the fight for Kwajalein is nearly over.

Everyone hopes that the next island will smell better.



One of the Koreans who have been forced to labor for the Japs is treated for his wounds. Dazed and wracked with pain, he is given first aid by two 17th Infantry soldiers who were among the invaders of Kwajalein Atoll.



HOME TOWNS IN
WARTIME

BOSTON, Mass.

By Sgt. JOE MCCARTHY
YANK Staff Writer

BOSTON, MASS.—A report on wartime Philadelphia which appeared on these pages a few weeks ago described that once staid and reserved Quaker town as a gay and booming production center where every night now seems like New Year's Eve. The war has had the same effect on Boston, only more so.

A GI returning to this home of the Cabots, Lowells and Sullivans after a few years overseas would have a hard time recognizing the place. The squirrels on the Common are as tame as ever and the shoppers on Washington Street on their way to Filene's, Gilchrist's and Raymond's still have to walk in the gutter because the sidewalks are so narrow. Although a lot of the counters are closed because many of the younger men customers are in uniform, the middle-aged girls in Thompson's Spa still wear their starched white shirtwaists and long aprons and still serve appropriate corner-of-the-mouth wisecracks with the baked beans, curried chicken and cottage pudding. The Boston Athenaeum, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, the Union Boat Club, the Silver Dollar Bar, Jacob Wirth's, the L Street Baths, the Longwood Cricket Club, the Old Howard, and Joe and Nemo's are all still in existence. But the whole atmosphere of Boston seems to have changed.

Like Philadelphia, Boston used to be staid and

reserved. As the late O. O. McIntyre once wrote, it was a town where the girls never looked back. There were times, like the Harvard-Dartmouth and BC-Holy Cross football week ends, the Legion conventions and the 17th of March, when there was plenty of excitement, but before Pearl Harbor Boston never had much trouble closing its bars at 12 o'clock on Saturday nights. It was never noted for noise and free-spending and back-slapping exuberance.

Now it's different. Boston seems crowded and loud and confused. The people seem tense and restless, as though they were in a hurry to rush some place for a good time and not quite sure where to go.

Most of this un-Bostonlike tension and confusion is probably due to the fact that a lot of the people you see in the hotel lobbies and on the streets are not Bostonians. New England war industries, like the busy Bethlehem shipyards at Fore River and Hingham, have brought workers here from all over the United States. And Boston these days is full of servicemen and their visiting wives and families from the South and West and other Eastern states.

As a matter of fact, you will see more men in uniform here than in most large American cities. They come from the many nearby Army camps, the big Naval training stations at New London, Newport and Quonset and from the New England colleges, which now house thousands of servicemen students. Even Wellesley has a Naval-supply school on its campus and Harvard has so few civilian students that they are sharing their classrooms for the duration with the girls from Radcliffe. The Jesuit fathers at Boston College have turned over their rooms at St. Mary's Hall to an Army Specialized Training Unit and BU, Northeastern, MIT and Tufts all have GIs in their lecture halls.

The Navy has taken over the Westminster and the Somerset, now known as the "USS Somerset." The Coast Guard has moved into the

Brunswick and the Army has claimed the Westminster at Kenmore Square.

In the Common near Park and Tremont Streets is a servicemen's recreation center called the Buddy's Club where Boston women from all social walks of life hand out free theater tickets and entertain visiting enlisted men. We understand from reliable sources that Mrs. Alonzo Wessell, 76-year-old red-headed grandmother of Lucy Cochrane, Boston's most photographed pre-war debutante, shows up at the Buddy's Club regularly, accompanied by her maid. Mrs. Wessell, a prominent first-nighter, sits down at the piano and gives out with hot rhythm while her maid sings. The act is said to be a terrific hit.

Lucy, by the way, no longer sits in her usual front-row box at the Bruins' hockey games in the Garden. She is in New York trying to make a start in a theatrical career the hard way as a showgirl in the Ziegfeld Follies. Her sister Nancy is a corporal in the WAC.

BOSTON theaters and night clubs are enjoying a banner year. The new shows are still opening here before going to Broadway, and last fall three top hits—"Winged Victory," "Carmen Jones" and "The Voice of the Turtle"—were all playing in local houses at the same time. All of them had to turn customers away every night. The town is so theater crazy that second-rate stock productions of old numbers like "Abie's Irish Rose" are packing them in, and places like the Opera House and the Copley Theater have not closed since September. Even the neighborhood movie theaters like the University in Cambridge, the Embassy in Waltham and the Strand in Upham's Corner have long lines outside every night.

And three burlesque houses are now running full blast. In addition to the Old Howard, the Globe on Washington Street and the ancient Waldron's Casino on Hanover Street, which gave up the ghost back in the early 1930s, are cleaning up with strip-tease shows. Sally Keith, the girl with the tassels, is still going strong at the Crawford House in Scollay Square where every other door these nights opens on a honky-tonk.

No night spot in Boston has more wartime customers than the Copley Plaza's new Oval Room, across the hall from the Merry-Go-Round where the main dining room used to be located. It advertises big-name floor shows, has the whole town still talking about Myrus, the mind reader who appeared there last fall, and never has an empty table.

But with all this boom in night-life gaiety, Boston has never been able to forget the tragedy of the Coconut Grove fire which took 489 lives on the night of the BC-Holy Cross football game of 1942. Only recently the still-jittery public-safety officials closed the second balconies in the Old Howard and the Colonial, cut the seats in the Garden from 19,092 to 13,500 and took away the permit of the Bijou, the old theater on Washington Street with water under its glass stairs, because it didn't have enough exits.

Other notes on wartime Boston: Joe Timilty, removed police commissioner, is supposed to be planning to run for mayor. James Michael Curley, now in Congress and facing a graft charge, is taking medical treatment at the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md. Dartmouth is scheduled to play a football game with Notre Dame at Fenway Park, Oct. 14. Three contractors—Louis Perini of Wellesley, Joe Maney of Cambridge and Guido Rugo of Milton—have bought the Braves, kept Bob Quinn as president, fired Casey Stengel and made Bob Coleman, former coach of the club, its new manager.

There have been no serious strikes and very few labor problems in the local war plants. Bostonians say that recent stories of anti-Semitic outbreaks here, described first in New York papers, were exaggerated, but they don't deny that Father Coughlin still has a lot of followers here. Nicholas Stuhl, proprietor of Lockober's, best restaurant in Boston, died a few months ago. John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald is still singing "Sweet Adeline" at War Bond sales. He hasn't changed a bit.

But Boston has changed plenty during this war. Maybe when the servicemen and war workers go back to their homes in other parts of the country, it will lose its noise and tension and become quiet and staid again.

Or maybe these strangers who are jamming the town will leave their mark on the place.



Litter bearers transfer front-line casualties from ambulance to train.

Hospital on Rails

FIRST AMBULANCE TRAIN IN ITALY CARRIES WOUNDED GIs OUT OF FIGHTING ZONE.



Lt. Evelyn Helde helps a patient in second tier of triple-decker bunks.

By Sgt. BURGESS H. SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN AMERICAN AMBULANCE RAILHEAD, ITALY—This Italian railroad station, battered almost beyond recognition in the Fifth Army's advance, is humming again, but with a different kind of business.

It is now the terminus for the first American ambulance on rails to operate in Italy, a 15-car hospital train that each day moves fighting-front casualties—American, British, French, Italian and occasionally German—to base hospitals in the south.

Personnel on the train totals 48, including 33 enlisted medics, a train crew of five enlisted men, six nurses and four medical officers. Their rail hospital consists of a locomotive, salvaged from a demolished roundhouse, and a string of 15 homemade ambulance coaches, scraped together from the odds and ends of run-down Italian rolling stock, left by the Germans when they vacated.

Compartments, seats, wiring and heating units were ripped out of the coaches to make way for the triple-decked litter berths they now contain. GI coal-fed potbellied stoves at the ends of each coach furnish the heat now.

This makeshift apparatus—officially called the 41st Hospital Train—saves the Army 3,000 ambulance-miles every day by hauling great loads of wounded over the longest leg of the trip back to the base hospitals. A full trainload is 350 patients, or enough to fill 87 ambulances that would otherwise be clogging Italy's narrow, heavily traveled highways.

Shortly before traintime each day the ambulances pour in by the dozens, covered with mud from the front-line hills and valleys, and park in rows at the tracksides. Only the main-line track coming in is cleared and usable; the sidings are jammed with bombed, strafed and scuttled cars and coaches, some still coupled to wrecked Diesel-electric locomotives.

A plume of smoke far down the line signals the approach of the hospital train, and with that the ambulance drivers and their helpers open the back doors of their vehicles and prepare to transfer their loads to the train.

In the meantime a pretty blond Red Cross girl has been making the rounds of the ambulances with a box of hot doughnuts, cartons of cigarettes, copies of *Stars & Stripes*, and any other reading matter at hand. She climbs into each ambulance and hands the articles to its four occupants.

For the wounded, this is the beginning of the relatively comfortable part of the trip to the base hospitals. No more jolting over front-line tracks, dodging shellholes and slithering over the mud-covered asphalt. From now on, it's a second-hand first-class coach and a puffing locomotive that holds its speed to an easy-riding 15 or 20 mph.

The train backs into the station between the rows of ambulances. It backs the whole way up to the railhead because there's no turntable there and the crew would rather go forward on the loaded return run. The drivers and their helpers slide the litters out and carry the wounded over to the coach doors. The train medics take hold of the litters and pull them into the coaches.

"What's your trouble, bud?" are the first words the wounded hear when they are carried into the coach. The answers come feebly: "Shell fragment in my leg"; "a slug in my arm"; "just a case of trench feet"; "guess I've got jaundice." You realize that guns and bullets aren't the only cause of front-line casualties.

The train medics ask, "Which side's it on, pal?" and the injured man tells him, right or left. That's so the medics can put the wounds on the aisle side to make them handier when the doctors look over the patients during the run. Whatever equipment the wounded man brings is stuffed under the bottom litter of the section he occupies.

THEN the train nurses take over. From the smiles of the wounded—some of them have been up in the line for 30 or 40 days—you can see that the nurses are worth their weight in cognac. The nurses go down the coaches, adjusting a bandage here, pulling a blanket over an exposed shoulder there, lighting a cigarette for the man with his right arm in a sling, propping up the man who wants to read. And they have a few nice words for every man on the train.

Usually before the trip is over a mealtime comes up, and there's a kitchen coach on the train

where the nurses fix piping hot meals for men who have forgotten that food ever came that way. The chow is brought through the coaches in vacuum containers and dished out at each litter berth. The wounded man's mess kit is used if he happens to have it with him; if not, the train carries a supply of extras.

ALL of this time, the train crew has been busy. The engineer is Sgt. Howard Schuyler of Jersey City, N. J., who came into the Army via the Jersey Central Railroad, and the fireman is Cpl. Harold Veith, who used to work on the Baltimore & Ohio out of his home town, Indianapolis, Ind. As they uncouple their engine and back it down a spur beyond the station to fill up the tender tank at a water pipe, Schuyler and Veith, their faces black with coal dust, lunch on a can of C rations and a can of peaches.

Schuyler says the locomotive is a pretty good one—like our Pacific type, with 72-inch drivers—and that he was able to operate it without any extra instruction the first time he climbed into the cab.

They've never had any enemy attacks on the train, but once their water tank was punctured by flak fragments during an air raid.

Except for the uniforms and the wreckage of the station, the scene is like one you'd find in America. The two brakemen, working the train as they would back home, are Pvt. Joseph Lansing of Newport, Ky., who "braked" for the B & O in private life, and Pfc. Harry E. Beals of Emporia, Kans., an ex-brakeman of the Santa Fe.

The conductor walks down the line of coaches, chewing tobacco, wearing glasses, looking at his watch and worrying whether the train will get moving on time. The conductor is Sgt. Henry Smith of Kansas City, Kans., for 17 years with the Santa Fe before he joined the Army.

An Army run is old business to this crew. In Algeria they handled the 135-mile run from Setif to Phillipeville; in Tunisia they operated the train that ran from Kasserine to Sousse, 126 miles. So this short run in Italy is kid stuff to them. They expect it to be longer soon, though, when Rome is taken and a new section of track to the north is completed.



As pointed out elsewhere on this page, Pvt. John I. Kennedy, former editor of "The Hobo News" in New York, isn't really as comfortable as he looks here, riding the rods of an English freight.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Heavens!

THE ladies, it seems, have their troubles, too. Riding along on a bus top the other day behind a couple of pretty high-and-mighty Wacs—a captain and a lieutenant—we heard the double-barred lady telling the single-barred lady about a crisis she had gone through in her office that morning. "Imagine," she said, "how I felt when, without any warning, this handsome colonel walked in on an inspection. And right in front of a whole roomful of non-coms, I got gigged for not having my Pallas Athenes on!"*

Head Hobo

Back in July of 1942, when Pvt. John I. Kennedy was dragged into the Army, his boss, Pat Mulkern, said: "Well, bejabbers, the war won't last more than three months now. Kennedy couldn't hold a job longer than that." Pat was plenty wrong on two counts. Not only is the war still on but Pvt. Kennedy is still holding his job—reluctantly, to be sure, but also energetically, for he has sweated out one spell in Sicily and shivered out part of another in the ETO.

As a civilian, Kennedy was the editor of *The Hobo News*, a ten-cent weekly magazine by and for hobos which he and some of his pals used to peddle in saloons when they needed the price of a pint. Had a circulation of 100,000, so Kennedy says. Of course, there's just an off chance that he might have been pulling our leg about that since 100,000 dimes would buy about 10,000 pints, which is a lot to absorb and get out a weekly at the same time. Anyway, Mulkern was the publisher and Pvt. Kennedy the editor, and somehow or another *The Hobo News* came off the press.

So far as Pvt. Kennedy is concerned, the British are a right bunch of guys except for their attitude toward hobos. "Goddammit!" he told us, when we ran across him one day last week. "They don't recognize hobos over here. They shoot 'em on sight." Kennedy would also like England better if it weren't for all those dinky little freight cars you see running around the tracks like a Christmas toy display in Macy's window. As a professional hobo, who has beat

*Sorry to disappoint you, chum, but the handsome colonel had no cause to blush. (We're assuming you're as ignorant as we were about Wacs and their Pallas Athenes.) Research discloses that Pallas Athenes in the Army are the dinguses Wacs wear on their lapels to show they're Wacs, just like you wear crossed rifles to show you're an infantryman, or whatever. And, if you want a real hunk of erudition, Pallas Athene was a Greek goddess, "wise in the industries of peace and the arts of war." Or so the dictionary says. "Athene," by the way, is pronounced to rhyme with "weenie."

his way all over the U.S. riding the rods, Kennedy considers himself a connoisseur of freight cars and the two-by-four jobs he's seen over here, he says, are strictly not the goods.

We had a brief talk with Kennedy in the battalion office of a camp here, not far from a busy freight siding on which two or three British locomotives were chugging around. From time to time one of them would let off a pipsqueak toot on its whistle and Kennedy would wince. Then he'd go to the window, look at the little freight cars waltzing by, and wince worse. "Dangerous!" this intrepid 26-year-old veteran of the Sicilian campaign would exclaim. "That's what those cars are—dangerous! I crawled under one down by the coal yard the other day and even standing still I thought I was going to fall off any minute. Why those damn cars look like if you was going up a steep hill you'd have to get out and push. And, for a hobo, that'd never do."

Kennedy was born in Ottawa, Canada, and moved to New York City at the age of six—riding the rods, we guess. He used to sell newspapers as a boy while attending high school in the Chelsea district of Manhattan. "Well, jeeses," he told us, "I couldn't hold a regular job a week. I was always selling papers, not because John D. Rockefeller sold them but because that was how I could get in the most fights. Used to sing in saloons, too—or speaks, they was then. Good fighting there."

After getting out of school, Kennedy went on the road, just bumming around the country. "I'd go out for four months, maybe, and then come back and get the hot foot—and off I'd go again," he said. "Then for a while I was circulation manager of a neighborhood newspaper in Chelsea. But I had a policy that didn't go over so big with the boss. I believed in giving the paper away to let people know what a good paper you're getting out. Used to give away as much as three or four thousand copies a week and the circulation went up swell. Then the boss found out how come and gave me the bum's rush."

Along about the middle of the depression, Kennedy and his pal, Mulkern, teamed up and started *The Hobo News*. "We peddled them things in speaks from morning till night," he recalled. "And by the end of the day, boy, would we be good and plastered! It was a fine life and I kept it up until those draft leeches got after me."

From the hobo's point of view, according to Kennedy, the trouble with the Army is that it deprives a fellow of his freedom. (Bet you non-hobos never thought of that one.) "They tell you when to get up," he said with hurt surprise, "and even when to eat!" We said yes, we'd found that out, too, and then asked Kennedy if he were married. "Hell, no," he replied. "But I may take the matter under consideration when I get home, now that I'm reading about all them dames back there making hundred-dollar checks and ninety-dollar checks in war factories. All I got to do is find the dame that can live on half of what she makes and I'll get along okay on the other half."

Plain And Fancy

You know, of course, how lots of English pubs are split up into public, private, and saloon bars—just why, we never have been able to figure out. Well, a couple of Joes were in the private bar of a pub near Waterloo the other day, having a nip to celebrate their arrival in London, and one of them forked over a five-pound note to pay for them both. The barlady was rushed, and absent-mindedly brought back change for just a pound. "Holy mike!" exclaimed the boy who had paid, as he pocketed the ten-bob note and four shillings. "Drinking sure is expensive in this town!" His friend remained calm. "That's what you got to expect," he said, "if you insist on drinking in a private bar."



PHONEYPHONING in the ETO

(Editor's note: The following account of a battle in a British phone booth is the work of Pvt. Elliot A. Witten, a Yank who is evidently not yet quite at home in the ETO.)

BRITISH TELEPHONE EFFICIENT—Press Headline

So-o-o...
I was let out of my hospital ward for a while late one afternoon to experience a new thrill, that of making my first phone call via the English system. My first difficulty was in finding a phone booth, but perhaps that was just because I was looking for a Bell System sign. All right—how was I supposed to know?

Sloshing through the fog in desperation, I finally stopped one of the inimitable inhabitants of this isle. The reply to my query was the usual: "Straight a'ead a bit. You positively cawn't miss it." I both could and did, of course, but after doubling and redoubling on my tracks quite a while finally came on my first British phone booth.

Family Matter

Here's another one of those trick coincidences that life in uniform is always cooking up. Robert Clement, of Flint, Mich., now a staff sergeant and chief cook, signed up with the Marines two weeks before his older brother, Billy, now a storekeeper 2nd class, joined the Navy. Both trained in the States and then, unknown to each other, took off in the same convoy for the ETO. Billy had hardly got down the gangplank when he saw a Marine and, just for the hell of it, asked him if he knew Robert. The Marine said sure, Robert cooked for his outfit and right at that moment was setting up his stove not more than five miles away. All this was two years ago and the brothers haven't been more than five miles apart ever since. A bit of a break for the boys, we'd say.

Household Hints

Powdered eggs get you down, soldier? Then clip this out and wave it under the eyes of your mess sergeant the next time you come down the finish stretch of the chow line. (All right, maybe it would be safer just to send it to him anonymously.) We have here a recipe for fixing powdered eggs which was dreamed up by S/Sgt. Irwin C. Faust, of Forest Park, Ill., mess sergeant at an ETO air field, and while we haven't yet got around to sampling the dish personally, we have heard from several

sources that this Faust guy's got what it takes.

So here goes: First you've got to get hold of some finely-chopped dry onions, powdered milk with one part water, fresh bacon grease, a touch of garlic or Worcestershire sauce (if you can find it), and, of course, the powdered eggs themselves. Then you braise the onions in the bacon grease (and look out they don't burn), make a paste of the eggs and a little of the milk, add the rest of the milk by whipping in a small amount at a time until the stuff has the consistency of fresh eggs (if you can remember how they looked), and finally pour the works into a pan containing the hot bacon grease. Stir constantly until done and the results will be out of this world.

Sounds easy, doesn't it? Or doesn't it? We never got wrapped up enough in our KP work to know.

YANK Gets The Air

We are indebted to the American Forces Network for making possible a new half-hour radio program sponsored by YANK and called *Yank's Radio Weekly*. It's to be strictly an ETO feature and will be broadcast this and every other Saturday morning from 11:30 to 12. The announcer, assuming he can keep the London fog combed out of his larynx, will be Pvt. George W. Monaghan, of the American Forces Network. You can tune in on this new venture by dialing 1375kc., 1402kc., 1411kc., 1420kc., 1447kc., 218.1m., 213.9m., 212.6m., 211.3m., and 207.3m.



Try this on your tricycle. It's a spare for a plane, of course, and makes a good hideout for a GI snooze.

In case you've never seen one of these fiendish devices, be advised that three of the booth's sides, and sometimes all of them, look exactly alike, which makes it quite a problem to figure out in which side the door is situated. After a few moments of deliberation with myself (I could never get anywhere with myself; I'm too stubborn) and a hasty glance over my shoulder, I slinked up to the side nearest me and pushed and pulled. Wrong. Another side, another try, and wrong again. The third yielded and let me in, together with a good sized chunk of fog. Upon clearing the mist from my eyes, I beheld a French-type handset of diminutive stature, but imposing nevertheless because of the array of push buttons surrounding it. On the wall facing me something I at first mistook to be a list of prices turned out to be, upon closer inspection, complete instructions on how the darn thing works. It contained some highly informative bits of instruction which I'm only too glad to pass on to my readers in the hope that they may be spared the pitfalls into which I stumbled. Heading this list, in red capital letters, were the words:

No. 1. To call exchange (here the wording turned to black, for contrast, I suppose) lift receiver and put two pennies in slot. The operator cannot reply until two pennies are inserted. (Sounded reasonable, so I inserted the coins. Nothing happened, and I continued reading):

No. 2. When the operator answers (I subsequently decided the "when" should be changed to "if") state the exchange and number wanted or the service required. If the charge is more than twopence the operator will tell you when to insert the extra coins.

I waited for "when the operator answers." I waited and waited—and waited! I missed chow call and finally, fearful lest the nurse might start figuring I had gone over the hill, I struck a match in order to read the instructions again. It was then that I noticed a button miserably segregated from the rest and stuck in a hole in the wall directly in front of me. It seemed worth a chance, so, gambling my twopence, I pushed it once, I pushed it twice—boy, how I pushed it! Aha! A voice—a male voice—hove into hearing. In dulcet tones, it politely inquired what I wanted. I explained to the gentleman that I had an idea of calling a party in London but didn't know the number nor the address, and could he help me? I was told to "wait a bit." (For newcomers, let me explain that a "bit" in English parlance is an indeterminable length of time, distance, degree of temperature, amount of tea, coin of the realm, etc. It can, and always does, vary at will and is invariably the opposite of what you expect.)

While "waiting a bit," I perused the chart again. No. 3. When you hear your correspond-

ent, or when told by the operator—press button A and speak. Until button A has been pressed you cannot be heard. (No use being any too hopeful, I learned, even after "Button A" has been pressed.) No. 4. If there is no reply—or if you hear an interrupted high pitched buzz, meaning line engaged—press button B and your money will be returned. (Note: The engaged tone should not be confused (oh, no?) with the ringing tone.)

No. 5. To recall operator, do not replace the receiver but move the receiver rest slowly down and up (up and down, to you) until an answer is received. No. 6. If the required number is not known and does not appear in the directory (which is nowhere around, of course) ask for "Directory Enquiry." No. 7. To telephone a telegram or letter (God forbid!) ask for the service required.

I had just got to the stage where I had begun to spell it all out—and backwards—to amuse myself, when the male voice cut in to tell me the number I had asked for. It added helpfully: "But I don't think you'll get any response tonight." To which I replied: "Thanks. I'll try



anyway." "All right," persisted the voice, "but I'm reasonably sure you'll not find anyone there tonight." Figuring I knew better than the voice whether there would be anyone to answer the phone at the London number, I was persistent, too. "Thanks again for your trouble," I said, "but I think I'll try the number anyway." The voice: "Well, I guess there's nothing like trying but I'm positive you'll just be wasting your time." That did it! I blew my top, slammed the receiver down, pushed buttons A and B, pushed the one marked "Press," walked out through all four sides of the booth at once, and staggered back to my ward and into the arms of my nurse, who wiped the foam off my lips, kissed me good-night, and gently tucked me into my padded cell.

But that wasn't to be the end of it. The following morning, being able to see things in a clearer light, so to speak (the fog was a bit* thinner), I decided to avail myself of the opportunity of sneaking off while the keeper wasn't looking. *See previous definition of a "bit."



Resolutely, I returned to that inquisitionary booth, in one last attempt to cope with, and beat, the problem. I'll not go into the sordid details of it all again. A brief summary will do. When the operator inadvertently answered (and no one can ever persuade me that "inadvertently" isn't the right word), so help me, it was the same old boy. Making a few requests to "Speak up, please; I can't 'ear you," while I bellowed into the mouthpiece, he died away, but became audible again in answer to my frantic SOS on the "Press" button.

I asked for the number I had been after the evening before, and he replied, insulted-like, "Aren't you the same bloke wot requested that information last night?"

Shamelessly, I admitted my guilt. "Well, you ought've wrote the number down when I give it to you," he said sternly.

A deadlock ensued, which he finally broke by weakening sufficiently to give me the number again, with the admonition: "Next time write it down so that you won't forget it." After the wire had emitted suitable and sundry squeals and wails, I was connected with the London central switchboard. There, after due deliberation and most probably a huddle with the company President and the Prime Minister, they reluctantly agreed to try my number.

Fifteen minutes later, a voice asked me to press button B, wait till button B returned to its normal position, deposit three shillings, press button A, speak up when my correspondent answered, and do something else that I couldn't understand, which may have been all for the best.

I followed the instructions to the best of my ability and a half-hour later I heard a "peep-peep—peep" and a voice inquire as to whether I had deposited my three shillings yet.

I remember no more. Some of the patients in the other wards told me afterwards that they heard a loud explosion and saw the telephone booth blow up, but they're as crazy as I am so I wouldn't believe them too much.

As for me, I just sit on my bed in the ward all day. They won't even let me have those blunted scissors and some paper to play with.



"The last of the red-hot mamas" takes up packin' a pistol. Sophie Tucker (right) does some fancy vocal shooting accompanied by Fibber McGee and Harry Von Zell as Betty Grable and Fibber's partner Molly wait their turn.

Reality hits the air waves in the form of a porterhouse steak. A GI asked to hear one sizzling just as it hit the skillet and this trio was only too glad to oblige.



Comedy, music and glamor are the right combinations for Mail Call. George Burns (left) doesn't think the music funny. Others are Dennis Day, Gracie Allen, Fred MacMurray and Dot Lamour.

GI M

SO THAT American soldiers overseas can be entertained by radio, the Armed Forces Radio Service in Los Angeles turns out more than 5,000 broadcast discs every week and ships them to wherever our troops are stationed. The 5,000 discs represent 2,500 hours of topnotch entertainment: performances of stars of radio, screen and stage. Once overseas, the recordings are broadcast from local stations and passed around until all stars



When Ingrid Bergman was mistress of ceremonies, her fellow performers couldn't keep their eyes off her, at least during rehearsal. Here's Roy Rogers, cowboy star, with Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen in full admiration.



This is the dream combination, but exclusive to the armed forces: Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore and Bing Crosby in happy harmony.

Jimmy Durante is lifting it from a platter, flanked by two girls who are not letting him run away with it, Betty Hutton (left) and Lana Turner.



Janet Blair, in answer to soldiers, sailors and marines from around the world who want to hear her, dedicates a song to them during a Command Performance broadcast.

IKE

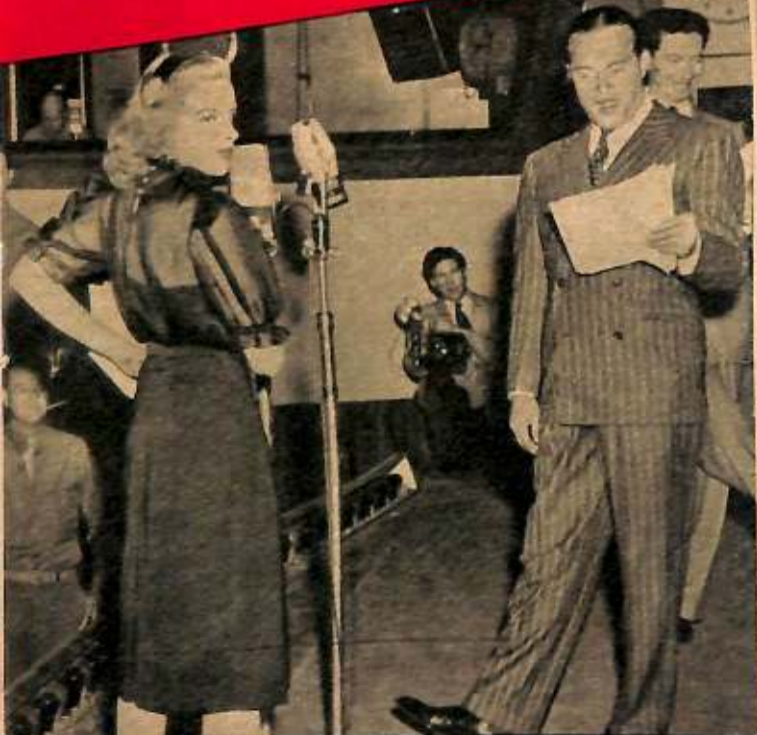
tions have used all the discs. Among the programs are Com-
mand Performance, Mail Call, Jubilee, Melody Round-up, GI
Journal, GI Jive, Great Music, Yarns for Yanks, Showtime,
Hymns from Home, Music for Sunday, Personal Album, Yank
Swing Session, Sports Interview, Are You a Genius?, Downbeat,
Front Line Theater and Sound Off. On these pages you see some
of the programs in the making at various Los Angeles studios.



Veronica Lake, with tamed hair, answers a soldier's request by frying an egg and bacon.



Bojangles Bill Robinson, beloved hooper, taps it out before the mike during an appearance on Jubilee.



Judy (Somewhere Over the Rainbow) Garland and Bob Hope, traveler and humorist, give the script a going over.



Chicks for a farm boy who wanted to hear peeps. Sponsors: Ginger Rogers and Alice Faye.

Evelyn Keyes

YANK

Pin-up Girl



News from Home

There was another and more gruesome murder in the nation's capital, agreement was reached on a soldier-vote bill which might be a trifle difficult to unscramble in a foxhole, a corporal claimed to have settled a debt with John L. Lewis, and a mother was darn near overjoyed to have her son break two of her ribs.

HERE'S a new one to try on your dispensary medics: Hrach Yacoubian, a concert violinist, sued a Hollywood restaurant for damages, claiming that a steak served him there was so tough that it lacerated his larynx and compelled him to pass up \$10,000 worth of contracts. He should have stuck to C-rations.

That shooting that had Washington, D.C., by the ears last week settled down into routine legal channels when a Federal Grand Jury indicted Robert I. Miller, former law partner of ex-Vice President Charles Curtis, for first-degree murder in the slaying of Dr. John E. Lind, a noted psychiatrist. Dr. Lind was shot and killed as he sat in his car parked at the curb of a busy downtown street in the nation's capital.

But all that, so far as the general public was concerned, became more or less academic in view of an even more startling murder which occurred in the ivy-covered library of Washington's great National Cathedral, situated atop Mount St. Albans, which overlooks the capital from the northwest. The body of Miss Catherine Cooper Reardon, attractive 37-year-old brunette, was discovered among the bookstacks in the basement in a place which could have been reached only by a ladder.

Clad only in a slip, brassiere, and stockings, the body was found by the curator and archivist of the library a few hours after Miss Reardon's bedridden mother reported to the police that her daughter was missing. Miss Reardon was assistant librarian at the library. A graduate of William and Mary College, she had been assistant librarian at St. John's College in Annapolis, Md., before joining the cathedral institution eight years ago. She was not known to have any male suitors.

At first the case was reported to be a suicide, but Police Inspector Ira Keck subsequently said flatly: "It's murder." Preliminary investigation failed to disclose why Miss Reardon had gone to the library on the night before the murder was discovered, and it was not disclosed whether she had been raped. A man's bloodsoaked undershirt was found near her body and bloodstains covered part of the basement wall. Bits of Miss Reardon's clothing and her personal effects were discovered in the library's attic, three floors above the cellar. The deputy coroner said he thought a piece of pipe or a stove poker must have been used to kill the victim.

The Very Reverend Angus Dun is scheduled to be installed as Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Washington in the cathedral adjoining the library on April 19th.

DESPITE such distractions, your representatives in Congress managed to keep their eye on the ball, at least to the extent of finally sweating out some sort of compromise on the soldier-vote issue. For some time now, five Senators and five Representatives have been chewing the fat in an effort to work out a measure that everyone would like. The bill finally approved by the ten provides for a means by which only a limited group of servicemen who are stationed overseas would be entitled to vote by federal ballot for President, Vice President, and members of Congress. A serviceman overseas would be permitted to use the federal ballot only if his home state lacked absentee-voting laws or if he had applied for an absentee-voting ballot from his home state before September 1 and had not received the ballot by October 1. In neither case would he be allowed to use a federal ballot unless it were declared acceptable by the Governor of his home state not later than August 1. At the present time, only Kentucky and New Mexico lack absentee voting laws.

This apparently somewhat complicated measure was approved by a vote of eight to two, and still has to be okayed or turned down by both the Senate and the House of Representatives. John Rankin, Democratic Representative from Mississippi, was the only wholehearted dissenter, although Senator Theodore Green, Democrat of Rhode Island and chairman of the ten-man conference considering the bill, said he felt that the compromise was "not exactly satisfactory to any of us." So that's the set-up, men, and we'll send around some aspirin in the morning.

President Roosevelt, back at his desk after a week out of town resting up from the flu, had some rather more clear-cut news for



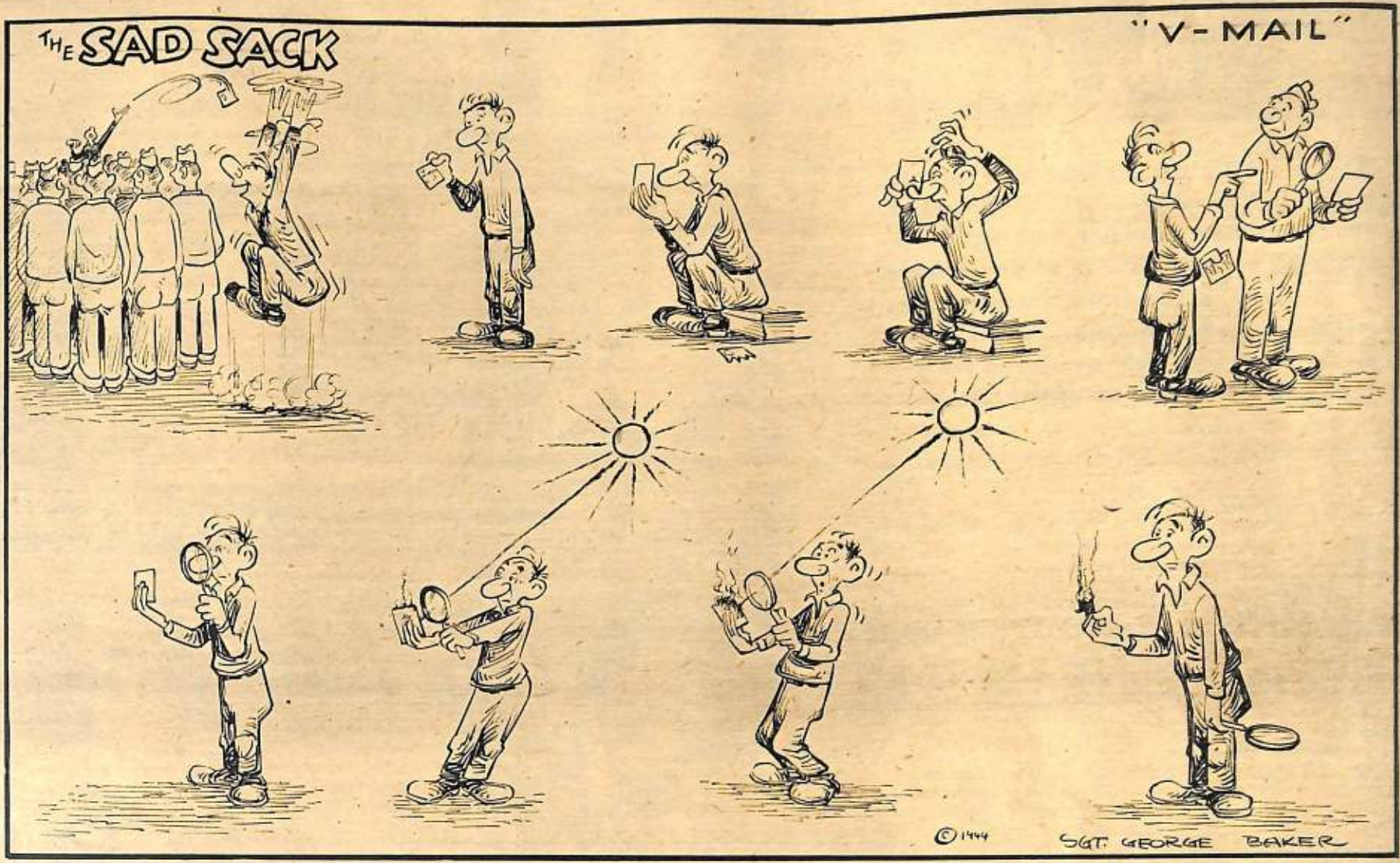
HE'S A HERO. The wife of Lt. Gerry Kisters fastens the Medal of Honor around his neck while his parents, the President, and Gen. Marshall look on. He is the first soldier to receive both it and the DSC in this war.



WORKERS' CHOICE. Mrs. June Martin was named "Most Typical War Industry Worker" by employees of Douglas Aircraft at Long Beach, Calif. She's 20 years old and her husband, whom she married at 19, is in the armed forces.



THE WOMEN. Put some nylon hose on sale at 79 cents a pair in Chicago, and here's what happens. The salesgirl in the middle is wondering why she didn't take that job with the adagio dance team.



servicemen. Laying down a flat government policy granting veterans of this war preference in federal employment, he asked Congress for authority to set aside certain federal jobs for ex-servicemen—now and for five years after the end of the war. Asserting that the Government as an employer should take the lead in giving consideration to veterans in search of jobs, the President said: "The problem of readjustment will be particularly difficult for those who have spent months and even years at battlefronts all over the world. Surely a grateful nation will want to express its gratitude in deeds as well as words."

Roosevelt disclosed that he had already written to the head of the Civil Service Commission and the chiefs of various executive departments and agencies directing that demobilized veterans be given special consideration whenever there were any jobs to be filled. In addition to his effort to have certain jobs earmarked as exclusively for veterans, the President proposed that a point system be set up whereby veterans would be given a headstart in any competition for other federal posts. In conclusion, he said that the proposals he favored were substantially covered in a bill already introduced in the House by Representative Joe Starnes, Democrat of Alabama. He asked that this measure be given "early and sympathetic consideration" by Congress.

MEANWHILE the task of creating even more veterans went on apace. A five-man medical commission appointed by the President to study the manpower situation wound up a two-month study by recommending that the Army and Navy draft fathers rather than 4-Fs to get the total strength of the Armed Forces up to par. The Commission said it was against lowering the physical standards of the draft because there were already plenty of limited-service soldiers on hand and the Armed Forces needed men who were able to fight.

The Commission, headed by Ross T. McIntire, the President's personal physician, reported that the Army should have had a strength of 7,700,000 last December 1, but that actually it was 218,000 men short. Even after the Army reaches quota strength, said the Commission, it will need from 75,000 to 100,000 new men every month to replace losses.

Plans have been made to re-examine all of the 3,357,000 men who are now 4-F, the Commission said, adding that probably somewhere between 200,000 and 270,000 will be found to be qualified for general service. But the Commission emphasized that the 4,645,000 men now deferred for reasons

of dependency will be the most likely ones to go.

The draft-board doctors were working overtime out Hollywood way. Four big names in the entertainment world landed smack in 1-A all in one day. The happy gents were Red Skelton, the comedian, who was recently divorced from his wife, Edna; Norris Goff, who has been playing Abner in *Lum and Abner*; Tommy Riggs, creator of the radio character "Betty Lou"; and Alan Ladd, who plays tough-guy parts. Ladd had already been in the Army for several months, but was recently discharged for physical reasons. His draft board, however, decided there must be some mistake somewhere and hauled him back again.

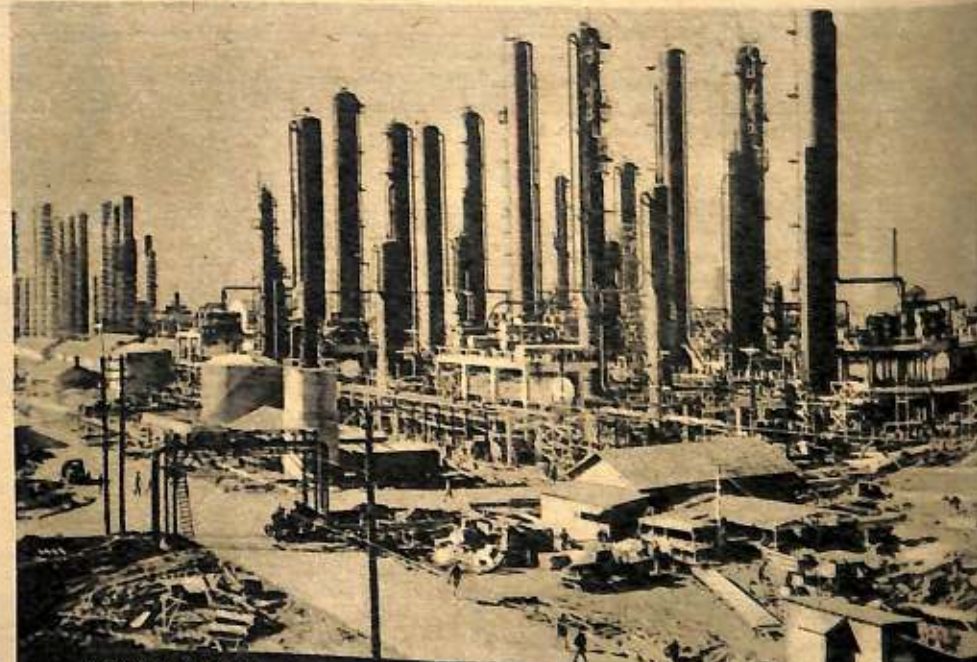
THREE convicts who escaped from San Quentin Prison in California the day after Christmas have been on a rampage through the deep South, acting plenty mean. The trio—Roy Drake, Lawrence Motari, and Ralph Ward—was first spotted on January 8 while attempting a holdup of the Robert E. Lee Hotel at Memphis, Tenn. Captured following that escapade, the three men were locked up in the supposedly escape-proof jail atop the fifteen-story courthouse at Jackson, Miss. They escaped from there by jamming the locks of their cell doors and forcing the jailer to take them to the street level in the elevator. Then they stole an automobile, drove ten miles south, and broke into the farmhouse of Glenn Melvin, where they swiped some shotguns, three boxes of shells, and \$300. Considerately leaving Melvin an IOU for all this, the band next drove 100 miles north to another farmhouse where the men kidnapped a sixteen-year-old blonde named Olive McKnight and shot her father in the legs when

he resisted. The girl was wearing only a coat hastily thrown over her pajamas when the men sped off with her into the night.

In Chicago, Cook County's record-breaking \$24,386,000 budget squeaked through, but not until 76-year-old Maurice F. Kavanaugh, chairman of the County Commissioners' Finance Committee, had been brought in on a stretcher to cast his vote. Accompanied by two doctors and a nurse, Kavanaugh, who was seriously ill, voted in favor of the budget, thus breaking a deadlock created when the five Republican commissioners voted *en masse* in an effort to defeat the measure.

In Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Elizabeth H. Holmes, the former Libby Holman, who was one of the best-known torch singers back in speakeasy days, filed a petition asking her 11-year-old son, Christopher, to pay for a \$500,000 house which has just been completed at Stamford, Conn. Mrs. Holmes stated that her son, heir to the Reynolds tobacco fortune, has an estate of more than five million bucks.

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine



MORE RUBBER. Butadiene, which is used in the manufacture of that synthetic rubber you've been hearing about, is "going into production" in a new petroleum refinery in the Southwest. The plant will produce enough butadiene for about one-seventh of our synthetic rubber.

Workers and founder of the CIO, popped up in the news again in two altogether different ways. In New York, he sounded off on the subject of Communists. "If I had my way," he said, "not a single Communist would belong to any labor union in the United States." Referring to Philip Murray, his successor as head of the CIO, and to Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, Lewis said they were "prisoners" of Communists within their organizations. He recalled that when he was organizing the CIO, "a lot of Communists, including Harry Bridges," the Pacific Coast organizer of the Seamen's Union, joined up. Lewis said he would have kicked these fellows out long ago if he had remained at the helm of the CIO.

To this, Murray retorted that Lewis would not "act to arouse the hatreds and passions of the people whose prime interest is the winning of the war" if he had a son on one of the fighting fronts. "I am neither a prisoner of Lewis nor of Communism," said Murray, who went on to quote the following extract from a letter he had received from his son who is serving overseas: "The other day, while I was working, I had a graphic camera shot right out of my hand. But this is fun, isn't it, after you get used to it? Don't worry. I get along swell in my work, gruesome or otherwise. Jolly, isn't it? Well, I will close right now, not knowing exactly when I can do this again because my work keeps me on the go. Don't worry. Good-night and God bless you. Proud to be your son. Joe."

At almost the same time that Lewis and Murray were thus having it out, two soldiers—Cpl. Henry Kania, 20 years old, of Schenectady, N. Y., and Pvt. Jacob Ricotta, also 20, of Rochester, N. Y.—claimed publicly to have visited the labor leader at his office in Washington. There, according to their story, Kania swung on Lewis, delivering a haymaker to one of the labor leader's eyes "as a present from the soldiers in Africa." Kania, a veteran of the Fifth Army and wearer of the Purple Heart, said that he had thus redeemed a promise made by members of a bomber group that the first one to return to the States would take a poke at Lewis. Both Kania and Ricotta, who is also a veteran of the Fifth Army, were said to be AWOL from a military hospital in Atlantic City at the time.

K. C. Adams, an aide to Lewis, denied that his boss had been struck or even threatened. News pictures appeared showing one of the soldiers grabbing the arm of Dennis Lewis, the big boy's brother, and it was surmised in some quarters that the young veterans had mistaken Dennis for the chief. Dennis Lewis blamed the Office of War Information for the whole occurrence, saying that it had "poisoned the minds of American soldiers overseas against John."

Another union leader—William Green, president of the AFL—said in Detroit, Mich., that the need for compliance with labor's no-strike pledge was greater than ever before, and he called upon the

nation's workers for a wholehearted effort to back the coming "all-out attack." Said Green: "We are on the eve of momentous developments on war fronts where the efficiency of American soldiers along with their comrades of the United Nations will be subjected to a most severe test. Can we fail these men at a moment when they are offering their lives in the defense of America?" According to Green, there is a deliberate movement afoot to cause a division between labor and members of the Armed Forces. "These groups that are hostile to labor," he said, "play up and exaggerate out of all proportion the news of local strikes."

Joan Manners, former screen actress, announced from the witness stand in District Court, Washington, D. C., that her former husband, John Langan, was not the father of her 11-year-old daughter, Joan. She made her admission during a legal squabble over whether she or Langan would have custody of the child, and it was her contention Langan had been detaining the girl without sanction of the law. "Who is the father?" demanded Judge T. Allan Goldsborough, and Miss Manners replied: "I'll tell the court but I won't tell the newspapers." She was then led into the judge's chambers to discuss this intimate aspect of the case.



These discs, in conjunction with stamp coupons, are what mother has been carrying down to the corner butcher when she goes shopping.

Another "trolley-car" Kentucky Derby looked like a certainty when Colonel Matt Winn, the big brains of the annual horse-racing classic, signed an agreement with the Office of Defense Transportation in Louisville, Ky., to the effect that tickets to the affair would be sold only to residents of the Louisville area. The ODT reported that the running of the Derby ordinarily ties up 276 railroad cars which are used to form special trains to Churchill Downs. This year there won't be a single car running specially for the Derby.

The Office of Defense Transportation was giving a real headache to thousands of winter vacationists who were trying to get out of Florida now that spring is getting near. These unfortunate souls (boy, this should bring tears to your eyes!) found themselves stranded in the sunny South by a shortage of trains and buses. Crowds lined up for blocks in front of Florida ticket offices, and the situation was aggravated when gas-ration boards refused to allow tourists enough fuel to get their cars home. The ODT finally relented and put on two extra daily coach trains between Florida and New York. The trains, which will run full on the northbound trip and return south empty, are made up of rickety old-vintage cars, just to make sure the vacationists don't enjoy themselves in their non-essential travel.

In New York City's Washington Heights district—the twenty-first Congressional one—the voters elected James H. Torrens, a Democrat, to the House of Representatives. Torrens, a Tammany leader who had the support of the American Labor Party, campaigned on a pro-Roosevelt platform. He got 11,707 votes, 3,226 of which came from the American Labor Party, to defeat the Republican candidate, William S. Bennett, who got 10,176. Bennett,



CELEBRATION. Actress Jinx Falkenburg had her appendix snipped out in St. Luke's Hospital, New York City. In observance of her first day of "sitting up," she gets her pet dessert: lemon meringue pie.

a former Congressman, sought election on a program favoring tax simplification, the end of bureaucracy, and aid for war veterans. The election was made necessary at this time by the resignation of Representative Joseph A. Gavagan, who resigned to accept an appointment to the State Supreme Court. The district in which the election was held is normally considered to be Democratic.

THE House of Representatives recessed for a day out of respect for one of its members, Congressman Thomas H. Cullen, 75-year-old New York Democrat, who died in Walter Reed Hospital while serving his thirteenth consecutive term. He was the ranking member of the House Ways and Means Committee.

Henry Holt, Lieutenant Governor of North Dakota since 1940, died at Grand Forks. He was born in Elgin, Ill., the son of naturalized Norwegian parents, and was educated in Norway.

After months of wrapping himself up in legal red tape, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter finally died in the hot seat at Sing Sing for his part in the notorious Murder, Inc., which once terrorized portions of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bob Hope, the funnyman, was down with a cold and an ear infection.

Test Pilot Paul T. Sunday, son of the late Billy Sunday, the evangelist, was killed in the crash of a Navy patrol bomber near Palmdale, Calif.

In Saugus, Mass., Mrs. Julia Le Blanc suffered two broken ribs while hugging her son, a corporal in the Army. But the lad had just got back safely from sixteen months in the South Pacific, so mom's feeling no pain.



ONE YEAR'S WORK. At Chester, Pa., Mrs. James Gallagher holds twin boys, born less than a year ago, while Pop holds their new twin girls. (This comes from tipping the marriage clerk two dollars.)



WEATHER. Grumblers in the ETO, take note: This U. S. Coast Guard ice breaker is smashing the ice of the frozen upper Mississippi to free newly built LCT vessels scheduled to leave for combat zones.

Mail Call

On The First GI Global Magazine

Dear YANK:

While reading the YANK a great argument has come up among us fellows here.

Is the YANK printed for us here in the ETO the same as the one printed for the boys back in the States or in other theaters of war?

Cpl. NOBLE GALLIGAR

Britain.

[The British Edition of YANK is one of 13 editions of the Army Weekly printed in theaters of operations all over the world. Approximately 50 percent of our material is the same as the New York YANK. The rest originates here. In the other overseas editions, this percentage varies with the size of the bureau. Each edition, including the British, furnishes the material for the New York master edition.—Ed.]

War And The Poet

THE BEAUTIFUL RUINS

Do not be proud that you destroy the cities.
Remember gardens shimmering in the sun,
Doorways in shadow, and the peaceful duties
Of women there. If this is to be done,
Let it be done without the shame of pride,
That in an hour to come our unbelieving
Sons, judging us, must say: "The cities died;
Our fathers did this; but they did it grieving."

For with the cities die the guiltless dreams
Of all the brave, the innocent unwary,
Who long ago, pausing by unnamed streams,
Began to build the tall and visionary
Cities that were to be their children's shroud.
Destroying them at last, do not be proud.

S/Sgt. CHARLES E. BUTLER

SOON TO BE ISSUED

I'll eat your powdered eggs
I'll drink your powdered milk
So how about please sending me
A nice little girl in powdered silk?

I'll pour the powdered onions
Into the powdered soup
If you will, Mr. Quartermaster,
Send me girls by the powdered group.

I'll even go as far to say
For it's reckless that I am,
Just to speak to a powdered chick
I would down some powdered Spam.

And so here ends my smelly plea
As back to work I plod
Knowing that I'm first in line
For a powdered TS card.

Sgt. R. ENGNATH

Britain.

Advice Wanted

Dear YANK:

My family would like to offer hospitality to your boys but we're a bit shy about how to entertain you.

I wonder if some readers of YANK can help with advice . . . I mean if you could give me some examples of the way you've been received in homes here and what you've liked, or not liked, about them. Or perhaps someone can give me a list of do's and don'ts for us hostesses. I'm sure there must be others, like my family, who want to be friendly and helpful but who are shy about breaking the ice.

JACQUELINE DAVIS

Britain.

Dept. Of Zoology

Dear YANK:

I being an old Panama Joe, now serving in the ETO, wish to differ with one point or photograph in your last issue of February 20, 1944. Your caption says: "The soldier and eight honey bears in the Tropics;" the animals are really Cody Mundy's, and are similar to an ant-eater; a honey bear is a smaller



animal with a tan fur, no stripes, has big eyes and thrives on tropical fruits.

Tech. Sgt. P. C. ALEXANDER

Britain.

[Your description of the Honey Bear reminds us of a certain Private we know.—Ed.]

Demobilization And Civilian Economy

Dear YANK:

Of vital interest to every GI Joe will be the problem of demobilization. It has been suggested, though never boldly stated, that release of soldiers after the war should wait upon favorable economic conditions or statistically assured reemployment opportunities. This amounts to a proposal to retain men in the armed services past the period of military need. The usual verbal "build up" for this sort of idea is to label it a proposal for "orderly soldier reemployment" or as a way "to prevent disruption of the civilian economy."

Both are good intentions. But if the suggestion is for the soldiers' benefit, why not let him decide for himself whether he is to be so "benefitted?" If it is for the civilian economy, it should not be forgotten that considerable denials have already been made by those in the Service. In any event, I believe this last idea is part of a false notion of American economic life. A civilian economy that has so well withstood the changes of the past few years is no hothouse flower, calling for further financial sacrifices from those in Service.

Doubtless discharge of soldiers as quickly as they can be spared by the Army will present problems; doubtless if ex-servicemen do not immediately find jobs it will prove embarrassing, but to keep men in

uniform solely because there are not civilian jobs for them would only be an expensive and elaborate camouflage of the problem.

The rights of the individual, suspended by the conditions of war, are yet more sacred than the mere convenience of the community. The Army is not, nor should it be regarded as, a labor pool or W.P.A. substitute.

If men were to be held in the Army (and other services) because they did not have civilian jobs—or because statistically it was believed that only a certain number of jobs existed—would not the next step (really a collateral step) be to draft the unemployed? Such proposals strike at the dignity of the service, and are unfair to the Army, and to the soldiers.

Apart from such theoretical considerations, there is the practical fact that any ratio plan of release also creates economic uncertainties and hindrances, and is subject to challenge by a different economist with a different set of figures and ratios.

Men make the economic life of America; the dreams, and aspirations of common American citizens are by them transferred into the economic realities of work and wealth. The nation is not the gainer, but the loser, by an interruption which prevents a great body of men (arbitrarily selected) from pursuing their own economic purposes. If this is not true, should the Government be given full charge of our economic life, and the principle of private enterprise be abandoned?

I am under the impression that the British have decided that military considerations alone should govern release.

Pvt. DYKE WILLIAMS

Britain.

You Tell Us

Dear YANK:

Will you kindly answer this question for us as in our hut all of us GIs have been arguing about it and we all seem to agree on the same thing so we decided to let you settle it, or try to at least.

The question is:—

Why the WACs in the ETO are so independent?

They just won't speak or at least I haven't found one yet that would, and when you speak their heads go straight up so you better tell them to be careful or they might drown as you know it rains quite a bit in England.

Pvts. HERON and TOYA

Britain.

Navy Flyers Sound Off (And How!)

Dear YANK:

We would here like to re-echo a gripe that has been voiced on many occasions since the beginning of this conflict and with complete justification in the majority of cases. A grim reminder of the unfairness of this practice was brought to mind just recently when a group of Naval Officers were given awards for various feats of accomplishment in the flying and operation of heavy bombing planes.

In the presentation of awards there was no mention of the presence of enlisted personnel (without which pilots could just as well pack up and go home) who were involved in the action and under as much strain as Their Majesties and contributed in measure to the successful execution of the maneuver.

We mention as an example one instance in which a tail gunner did some very fancy shooting and brought down an enemy plane, and as a result of this, his pilot was awarded the DFC. This is just an example and there were some cases that cast out an even more pungent aroma than this. Now, as sons of freedom who have been taught the virtues of democracy and the equality of man from infancy, we seek enlightenment on why the presence of a small strip

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Contents reviewed by U. S. military censors.

NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller.

WASHINGTON: Sgt. Earl Anderson, Cpl. Richard Paul.
ITALY: Sgt. George Aarons, Sgt. Burgess Scott, Sgt. Burr Evans, Sgt. John Frano. ALGIERS: Cpl. Tom Shehan.
CENTRAL AFRICA: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott. CAIRO: Sgt. Walter Bernstein, Cpl. Richard Galge, Sgt. Steven Derry.
IRAQ-IRAN: Sgt. Al Hine, Cpl. James O'Neill. INDIA: Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Sgt. Dave Richardson. SOUTHWEST PACIFIC: Sgt. Don Harrison, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, Cpl. Ozzie St. George, Sgt. Dick Hanley. SOUTH PACIFIC: Sgt. Barret McGurn, Sgt. Dillon Ferris, Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Sgt. George Norford. HAWAII: Sgt. Merle Miller, Cpl. Richard J. Nihill, Cpl. James L. McManus, Sgt. John A. Bushemi, Cpl. Bill Reed, Sgt. Robert Ghio. ALASKA: Sgt. George N. Meyers, Cpl. Robert McBrinn. BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF BRITISH EDITION

Cpl. Edmund Antrobus, Sgt. Charles Brand, Cpl. Jack Coggins, Cpl. Joe Cunningham, Sgt. Bill Davidson, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Ben Frazier, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Louis McFadden, Sgt. Pete Paris, Sgt. Walter Peters, Cpl. John D. Preston, Sgt. John Scott, Cpl. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Officer in Charge, Major Donald W. Reynolds. Publications Officer ETOUSA: Col. Oscar N. Solbert. Address: 37 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1.

ASCENSION ISLAND: Pfc. Nat G. Bodian. PANAMA: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Cpl. Richard Harry. PUERTO RICO: Cpl.

Bill Haworth, Pvt. Jud Cook, Sgt. Robert Zellers. TRINIDAD: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff. BRITISH GUIANA: Cpl. Bernard Freeman. NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode. GREENLAND: Sgt. Robert Kelley. NAVY: Robert L. Schwartz, Y2c, Allen Churchill, Y3c.

Officer in Charge: Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Donald W. Reynolds; India, Capt. Gerald J. Rock; Australia, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Hawaii, Maj. Charles W. Balthrope; Cairo, Maj. Charles Holt.

1, Keystone; 2, top and center left BOP; bottom left Belgian News Agency; 3, BOP; 4, Belgian News Agency; 5 and 7, INP; 9, Sgt. George Aarons; 11, Keystone; 12 and 13, Armed Forces Radio Service; 14, Columbia Pictures; 15, top PA; center, ACME; bottom, INP; 16, OWI; 17, top, ACME center, AP; bottom left, PH; bottom right, OWI; 18, Signal Corps PCD; 19, OWI; 20, upper center and lower left ACME; upper right INP; lower right T/S; Irvin Rose, Fort Snelling, Minn.; 21, upper INP; lower Sgt. Ben Schnall; 22, All New York Times except second from bottom right Keystone.



Post 1 Iceland 0400 hours

The black clouds vault from Asja's altar top
Upon the backs of winds, for some Walpurgis rite
That sets the night amon and hurls the snow
In cruel phalanxes against the sentry box.
The frost with slow persistence gnaws with teeth of rats
While quivering sleep caresses lids with promises of dreams
Of home.

"To talk to no one—" not to wraiths who plunge
deceitfully

The honed poniards of nostalgia deep within the breast,
"To walk my post"—but not in dreams nor fantasies
But head erect, to try to pierce the night,
To see beyond the dark to dawn, relief,
To fit this tortured moment in its niche—
A humble tessera that builds with bits
From crimsoned hours and minutes expended
In the flaming Armageddons of the world.

Post 2 Iceland 0600 hours

The chimneys on our huts spin whorls of heat
Into a sunrise scarred by barriers of wires;
The mountain glow as with internal fires
But are cold and wear about their shoulders
Boas of clouds. Pale yellow bars of rays
Press through the sky toward Reykjavik
And fondle the camouflaged ships
Drowsing at anchor into a quiet awakening.
Wonderingly the cattle stare, then moan
While the supple throats of cocks cry "reveille"
As I stand, a sentinel upon a hill
Staring across a land that is not my own.

T/S HENRY C. MEYER

of gold can so warp and distort this accepted fact. For the information of some officers in this man's Navy we would like to remind them that the Navy is still largely composed of enlisted men who take pride in doing their jobs well and only ask just consideration for the deeds which they do.

In closing we would like to mention for clarity that none of us were numbered among those enlisted men who were so obviously cheated out of their just rewards, so it is not in a fit of jealousy that we send in this gripe. We just believe in credit being given where credit is due and awards being made according to the merits of the man concerned and not according to the kind of uniform he wears.

THE FLYING BLUEJACKETS

Britain.

Who's Kidding Whom?

Dear YANK:
Blankets—not an interesting subject for the Air Corp or many other branches of the Services but a serious affair of those men who have to sleep out.

Do not know whether it would take an act of Congress or just a decision of the War Department to grant us the liberty to retain these blankets after victory has been achieved.

Think of what it would mean to be able to put these same blankets on a nice comfortable bed in a cosy

room after they have fought mosquitoes in the swamps, rocks on maneuvers and the ice from everywhere. There is no telling where they'll be packed to before ready for home.

Just picture an ex-GI looking at those blankets after an honest day's work and the memories he will have brought back. Each night he can realize how lucky he is to have a home—be it ever so humble.

If the married man's wife will be as happy to have her loved one back again as the soldier will be to get back she won't mind the little scratching you get when first using the old G.I.

Please get this matter straightened out for us night crawling reptiles, so that we may have something to look forward to besides Jeeps and 50 acres.

Pvt. JAMES ALSPOUGH

Britain.

Education vs. Inspiration

Dear YANK:

Regarding your February 27 edition, we wish to call to your attention the following BONER.

On pages 12 and 13, you have printed a beautiful map of England and surrounding countries. This map would be a pip to hang up for reference. On the following page, you have the usual Pin-Up girl. One page is educational, and the other is inspirational. The only trouble is this, the pin-up girl is printed smack on the back of the map. We were lucky and swiped another YANK so we have our map and our pin-up girl.

Just thought we would send you a legitimate beef for the rest of the boys.

T/4 LEO POMPILLI
S/Sgt. T. ZANETTI

Britain.

Kind Words

Dear YANK:

Received your kind note and was very happy to learn that one of my cartoons finally made YANK. Enclosed is another which I hope hits you in the proper mood.

Most every soldier, I'm sure, is in some way interested in YANK, and after this mess is all over and forgotten about I'm sure YANK will still be remembered by many soldiers whether they were contributors or not.

Some day in the future the men that made YANK what it is today will no doubt play a very high role in the literary, publication, script writing, and what-have-you field. But I'll wager an English pound to an American buck that many of them will have enjoyed turning out stuff for this army magazine as



much if not more than they will enjoy working at whatever jobs they choose in the future.

So don't thank me for my humble contribution. Whenever I find time and I can't go out and spend it with the English beauties—I'll use it to send some drawing or article to one of the finest publications printed.

Britain.

Sgt. HARRIS LEVEY

Old Soldiers And Bonuses

Dear YANK:

When the war began I was already serving in the Regular Army. I had, in fact, re-enlisted on Oct. 6, 1939, for three years. At that time I was paid a bonus of \$50 for each year that I had completed of my previous enlistment. I was due for my next discharge on Oct. 6, 1942, but of course did not get the chance to re-enlist, being automatically retained in the service for the duration. If I choose to remain in service when the war's over, I would like to know whether I will be entitled to a re-enlistment bonus for each year that I have served since 1942.

Hawaii.

1st Sgt. GAYNOR T. JOHNSON

[Although still unofficial, it is believed that the Government will pay former Regular Army enlisted men of the first three grades \$50 for each year following the expiration of their last enlistment, provided they re-enlist. Under the same provision, former Regular Army men of the lower four grades are to be paid \$25 for each year. So it looks as if you stand a good chance of getting \$50 for each year between 1942 and the year the war ends, if you re-enlist. Since many men who intend to re-enlist in the Regular Army after the war will lose their temporary high ratings, the bonus is to be based upon the grade held during the war and not on the grade they will have to take when they re-enlist. However, if a man was drafted or enlisted after Pearl Harbor and then enlists when the war ends, he will not be entitled to a bonus for the years he has spent in the Army.—Ed.]

The Male Strikes Back

Dear YANK:

Why we GIs over here in the Pacific have to read your tripe and drivel about the WACS beats me. Who in the hell cares about these dimpled GIs who are supposed to be soldiers? All I have ever heard of them doing is peeling spuds, clerking in the office, driving a truck or tractor or puttering around in a photo lab. Yet all the stories written about our dears tell how overworked they are. I correspond regularly with a close relative of mine who is a Wac, and all she writes about is the dances, picnics, swimming parties and bars she has attended. Are these janes in the Army for the same reasons we are, or just to see how many dates they can get? We would like them a hell of a lot better, and respect them more, if they did their part in some defense plant or at home, where they belong.

New Hebrides.

Sgt. BOB BOWIE

[You may be 6,000 miles away, Brother Bowie, but we warn you—that ain't far enough. We have had our experiences with the outraged female soldiers.—Ed.]

The Chaplain And The T.S. Card

Dear YANK:

The enclosed "T-S" Slip has met with such hearty approval at this depot that I thought it might serve the men in a larger way through the medium of YANK. My motive in designing it was to meet the almost constant query, "Chaplain do you have a 'T-S' slip?" By-products of the slip are a better knowledge of the Bible.

WILLIAM H. MOSS
Depot Chaplain

Britain.

Reply by Indorsement 1 Cor. 8:2	K.F. Duty Prov. 23:2	Over-worked 1 Thess. 4:11	Lost at cards Prov. 13:18	No Promotion - Num. 24:11
No Furlough Mark 14:36	Restricted 2 Pet. 2:16	Tempted 1 Cor. 10:13	Jilted Micah 7:5	Out-ranked Isaiah 53:5
"See the Chaplain"				Browned off Heb. 12:11
YOUR "T-S" SLIP				Drunk Prov. 20:1
Telephone, Mercy 000-01				Latrine Duty 2 Kings 5:13
No Pay 1 Cor. 9:7	Sickness at home Col. 2:5	Bad Chow 1 Cor. 10:27	Wife Trouble Col. 3:19	No Mail Prov. 25:25
				Sick call Prov. 24:10
				Robbed by Slot Machine Prov. 1:19

THE OLD ARMY GAME

Some More Big Leaguers Learn How It's Played



IT'S A FAR CRY from football to firing furnaces, but Pvt. Ward Cuff, ex-N. Y. Giant halfback and Marquette All-American, takes it in stride at Fort Sheridan, Ill.



ROOKIE OF THE YEAR Bill Johnson, the New York Yankee third baseman, smiles after his first visit to the supply room at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga. But just wait until he sees how those uniforms fit. The Yankees will replace Johnson with Don Savage, a highly valuable 4-F.



JUST FOR FUN, Pvt. Connie Mack Jr. poses with a baseball bat at Camp Lee, Va. Pvt. Luke (Lucious) Appling also poses, with a rifle, and it's not for fun, either.



PASSING INFORMATION is now the business of Pvt. Tony Canadeo, the ace Green Bay passer, who's a bay chief at Fort Sheridan, Ill. Here a couple of GIs get the benefit of Tony's experience on hospital corners.



OF ALL PEOPLE, big, rough Bronko Nagurski, pictured above at Fort Snelling, Minn., during his physical exam, is a perfect 4-F. Reason: Bad knee and back injuries. What about all the guys who tried to tackle him?

THE New York Rangers didn't lift a single eyebrow the other night when their rookie firebrand, Bob Dill, punched Windy O'Neill of Toronto so elegantly. Dill is a nephew of Tom and Mike Gibbons, the old St. Paul boxers, which qualifies him to slug anybody with complete authority. . . . Before Dill swarmed into O'Neill, he paused long enough to peel off his padded gloves and drop his hockey stick. There was a time, about a decade ago during the era of Ching Johnson, when contestants didn't bother with such niceties as disposing of their sticks and gloves. Instead, they used them to good advantage on somebody's skull.

When Eddie Shore, manager of the Buffalo Bisons, discovered Dill, he was a rink rat working for the St. Paul hockey team. A rink rat is nothing more than a bat boy who knows



"I guess you remember how Ol' Diz got hurt in the 1934 World Series when I was a pinch runner for the Cardinals. We are leading the Tigers two games to one as we go into the fourth game. But things ain't going so good for our Gas House Gang. In the fourth inning, with the Tigers ahead, 4-2, we get a couple of hits, and then Frisch sends in Spud Davis to pinch hit.

"Spud gets a single all right, but, being as he's heavy set and slow a foot, I starts out on the field to pinch run for him. On the next batter there is a force play at second. Gehringer tosses to Rogell, the Tigers' shortstop. I see where they may be a double play, so I jump right in front of the ball as Rogell cuts 'er loose to first.

"Well, this 'headwork' on my part comes in good because the ball hits me smack dab

SPORTS: FREE-SWINGING BOB DILL GOT CHANCE TO PLAY WITH RANGERS BECAUSE HE SLUGGED A REFEREE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

how to ice skate. . . . Like all self-respecting hockey players, Bob has a magnificent broken nose. But, ironically enough, he acquired his in a baseball game when a ground ball took a crazy bounce. . . . Dill may become the first athlete to play both major-league hockey and baseball. Last year he hit a steady .286 while playing the outfield for Minneapolis, and he goes to spring training with the New York Giants in May.

When Shore brought Dill to Buffalo he gave the kid a liberal hockey education, which included an extracurricular course in severe body checking, enthusiastic thumping and the secrets of in-fighting. The course paid off, because Bob got his chance to crash big-time hockey while engaging in one of these extracurricular activities. . . . There was a big argument one night in Buffalo, and in the free-for-all that followed, Dill clipped the referee and broke his nose. Of course, Dill said it was all a mistake, claiming that he couldn't distinguish the referee from the opposing players since they both wore white shirts. Naturally the league president wouldn't swallow such a fantastic story and suspended him for the rest of the season. . . . When the Rangers heard of Dill's fine spirit they immediately put in a bid for him, and the league agreed to lift the suspension as long as the Rangers promised to take Bob off their hands.

SOMEBODY should tell Frankie Frisch he's wasting his time trying to sign Dizzy Dean to play first base for the Pittsburgh Pi-



Here's the fight between Windy O'Neill of Toronto and Bob Dill, Ranger defenseman. Dill is piling up the points or can't you see that right he's throwing.

rates. Dizzy likes his broadcasting job too much. He not only talks all he pleases, but he's getting paid for it, and what's more, he's being heard, too. . . . There's no doubt that Diz would have made a fine first baseman. He could field and he was a good base runner. But let Dean tell you who was the greatest base runner in the world (not counting the days he was tired):

"Usually pitchers is very slow base runners, but I am one of the fastest players to ever put on a uniform, in addition to being a great pitcher and hitter.

in the middle of the forehead and knocks me out colder'n a mackerel, but I busts up the double play. I don't come to for a half-hour, and they rush me to the hospital to take a lot of X-rays and see how bad off I am. Of course while I'm at the hospital nobody knows if my dome is busted, and if I'm going to live or what.

"But they don't know you can't hurt me none by boppin' me on the noggin. If I'm ever hit on the shins, though, brother, that's when it kills me.

"The next morning the papers come out with great big black headlines, 'DIZZY DEAN'S HEAD SHOWS NOTHING.' I think they could have worded it a little different."

THESE are days for Casey Stengel stories since Casey has given up the ghost in Boston and resigned as manager of the Braves. Here's one which deserves repetition. When the Braves were playing in Pittsburgh a few years ago, a fan tried to crash the dressing room, claiming to be a friend of Casey. The doorman thought he was a pest and told him to beat it. "Listen, just do me this favor," said the fan, "Go in there and ask Casey if he remembers the hotel episode in Toledo." About a minute later, the doorman returned and pushed the crasher back and shouted: "Move along, Buddy, before I get rough. You've been hanging around here too long. Casey says there ain't no Hotel Episode in Toledo, and he never heard of any hotel by that name anywhere else."

Lt. Paul Christman, Missouri's bull's-eye passer, who starred for the Del Monte Pre-Flights last season, is now stationed at an airfield in Brazil. . . . What's this we hear about Lena Horne becoming the next Mrs. Joe Louis as soon as Marva Trotter gets her divorce? Louis, meanwhile, is standing by awaiting shipment to England with a Special Service unit. . . . Cpl. Frankie Parker, the tennis ace, and Capt. Hank Greenberg are attending the Special Service School at Lexington, Va. . . . Pfc. Bill Veeck, the colorful Milwaukee baseball magnate, applied for the Marine Rangers, but was turned down because he was a married man. Veeck was honor man of his platoon during boot training at San Diego. . . . Why doesn't some enterprising Australian fight promoter match Cpl. Al Hoosier and Sgt. Altus Allen, two of the best heavyweights in the service, for the professional championship of the AEF? Allen, the wonderfully fast Chicago slugger, recently scored one of the quickest knock-outs in the history of Australian boxing by chilling Burt Atkins in 30 seconds flat of the first round. . . . And speaking of knock-outs, there's a Navy V-12 trainee at the University of North Carolina named Walter Kraus, who has fought four bouts for the Tar Heels and has been in the ring exactly four minutes. That's a KO per minute. . . . Capt. Ted Lyons, the old White Sox pitcher, and Lt. Hugh Gallerneau, of the Chicago Bears, are both awaiting assignments to the South Pacific with the Marines. . . . Byron Nelson, the pro golfer, is 4-F



SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

PITCHER TURNED POLICEMAN. 11's Pvt. Lee Grissom, who pitched for the Reds in the '39 World Series and later with the Dodgers and Phils. He's assigned to an MP company at Camp Tyson, Tenn.

because of slow coagulation time. In other words, he might bleed to death from a minor wound.

Inducted: Lester Stoefen, former American Davis Cup star, into the Army; Stu Martin, Chicago Cub infielder, into the Merchant Marine; Ward Cuff, veteran halfback of the New York football Giants, into the Army; Howard Krist, St. Louis Cardinal right-hander (11-5 last year), into the Army; Bill Johnson, the Yankee's prize rookie third baseman, into the Army. . . . **Rejected:** Bronko Nagurski, one of the greatest football players of all time, because of knee and back injuries; Dutch Leonard, knuckle-ball pitching ace of the Washington Senators, because of an ankle injury; Al Smith, Cleveland lefty who was voted last year's most valuable Indian, because of an old injury to his left leg. . . . **Deferred:** Eddie Joost, shortstop for the Boston Braves, and Joe Orango, Detroit infielder, because of war jobs. . . . **Reclassified I-A:** Paul Brown, head football coach at Ohio State; Dizzy Trout, 20-game winner for the fifth-place Detroit Tigers last season; Bill Lee, former Chicub hurler now of the Phillies; Joe Beggs, Cincinnati right-hander (7-6 last season). . . . **Discharged:** Lt. Frank Mancuso, former San Antonio catcher now on the roster of the St. Louis Browns, from the paratroops with a CDD. . . . **Promoted:** Pee Wee Reese and Hugh Casey, ex-Dodgers, to chief petty officers at the Norfolk Naval Station; Lt. Fred Frankhouse, who threw a jug-handle curve for the Dodgers, Cards and Braves, to captain at Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

SHANTY TOWN

IT'S a Shanty Town, all right, except that, unlike the peacetime communities of the same name, the inhabitants are getting their three squares a day—but regular. It was a British golf course until eight months ago, when some GI's came along with a batch of crated gliders from the States. The boys unpacked the gliders and moved into the wrappings, using them for barracks, mess hall, post office, everything.



Three crate dwellers shoot the breeze as Joe on the left ponders making a strong bid for quiet.



So a button came off, so what? Unit's tailor renders strictly GI service in his crate shop.

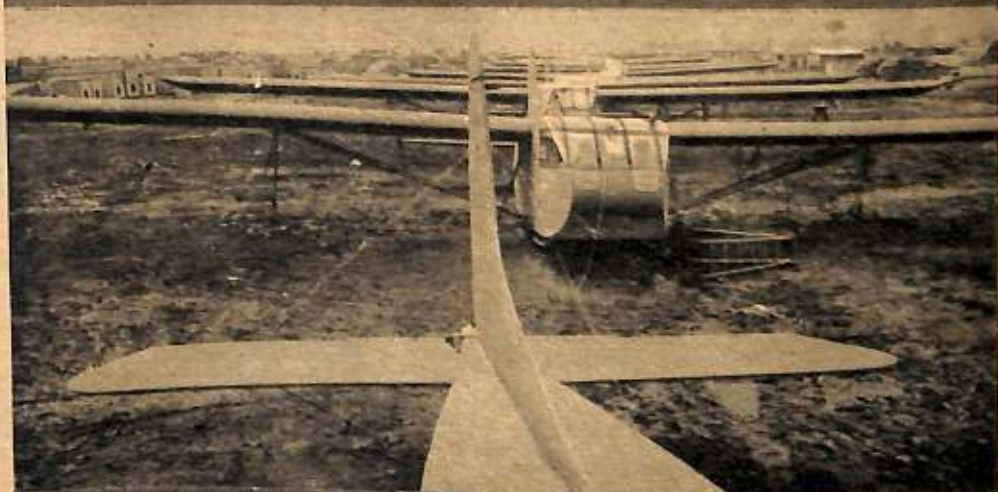
Above: A glimpse of Shanty Town. Below: The town grows bigger each day as more and more American-made gliders unpack in the ETO.



1 Unpacking part of a glider, and incidentally making a home for four more GI's.



2 Some of the Shanty Town residents help put one of the motorless jobs together.



3 And here, in Shanty Town's front yard, is a small part of the finished fleet.

HOW TO VOTE IN 11 STATES HOLDING PRIMARY ELECTIONS IN MAY

NAME OF STATE	DATE OF ELECTION	FORM OF BALLOT	HOW TO APPLY FOR BALLOT	Earliest Date State Will Receive Application for Ballot	Earliest Date State Will Forward Ballot to Applicant*	Final Date Executed Ballot Must Be Back To Be Eligible To Be Counted	SPECIAL STATE PROVISIONS
ALABAMA	Primary: 2 May Run-off: 30 May	State Absentee Ballot covering Federal, state and local offices.	a) In accordance with Alabama law, or b) By mailing the WD post card to Secretary of State, Montgomery, Ala. (Separate application must be made for each primary.)	Primary: 12 Apr. Run-off: 10 May	Primary: 12 Apr. Run-off: 10 May	Primary: 2 May Run-off: 30 May	Note that there are two primary elections and that separate applications must be made for each one.
CALIFORNIA	16 May	State Absentee Ballot covering Federal, state and local offices.	a) In accordance with California law, or b) By mailing WD post card to Secretary of State, Sacramento, Calif.	Any time	6 Apr.	Ballot must be marked by 16 May & get back to state by 1 June.	
FLORIDA	Primary: 2 May Run-off: 23 May	Official War Ballot covering Federal, state and local offices.	By mailing WD post card to Secretary of State, Tallahassee, Fla. (Only one application needed for both elections.)	Any time	Primary: 18 Mar. Run-off: 12 May	Primary: 2 May Run-off: 23 May	If a serviceman is not, or has not been, registered, his votes for Federal offices only will be counted in this election. Note that there are two primary elections but that one application will suffice for both.
INDIANA	2 May	State Absentee Ballot covering Federal, state and local offices.	a) In accordance with Indiana law, or b) By mailing to the Secretary of State, Indianapolis, Ind., the WD post card on which the serviceman has written that he wishes it treated as an application for a State Absentee Ballot.	2 Apr.	17 Apr.	2 May	Note that the serviceman must write on WD post card that he wishes it to be treated as an application for a State Absentee Ballot. This information is on basis of existing state law. The Indiana Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions, but any change will probably make existing requirements less strict.
MARYLAND	1 May	Official War Ballot or State Absentee Ballot, both covering Federal offices only as no other offices will be voted on.	a) Official War Ballots: By mailing WD post card to the Secretary of State, Annapolis, Md. b) State Absentee Ballots: In accordance with Maryland law.	Any time	7 Apr. (Either form.)	a) Official War Ballot by 1 May. b) State Absentee Ballot marked by 1 May, received by 8 May.	Note that Maryland provides servicemen with either of two kinds of ballots. Method of application and date by which ballot must be received differ for the two types. This information is on basis of existing state law. The Maryland Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions, but any change will probably make existing requirements less strict.
NEW JERSEY	16 May	Official War Ballot covering Federal, state and county offices.	By mailing WD post card to the Secretary of State, Trenton, N. J.	Any time	21 Apr.	16 May	This information is on basis of existing state law. The New Jersey Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions, but any change will probably make existing requirements less strict.
NORTH CAROLINA	27 May	State Absentee Ballot covering Federal, state and local offices.	a) In accordance with North Carolina law, or b) By mailing WD post card to Secretary of State, Raleigh, N. C.	1 Apr.	1 Apr.	27 May	Servicemen who are 21 or will attain the age of 21 years on or before 7 November 1944 are eligible to vote in this primary.
OHIO	9 May	State Absentee Ballot covering Federal, state, district and county offices.	a) In accordance with Ohio law, or b) By mailing WD post card to Secretary of State, Columbus, Ohio.	9 Apr.	9 Apr.	5 May	This information is on basis of existing state law. The Ohio Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions, but any change will probably make existing requirements less strict.
OREGON	19 May	State Absentee Ballot covering Federal, state and local offices.	a) In accordance with Oregon law, or b) By mailing WD post card to Secretary of State, Salem, Oreg.	Any time	9 Apr.	13 May	
SOUTH DAKOTA	2 May	State Absentee Ballot covering Federal, state and local offices.	a) In accordance with South Dakota law, or b) By mailing WD post card to Secretary of State, Pierre, S. Dak.	10 Apr.	10 Apr.	Ballot must be marked not earlier than 17 Apr. & get back by 2 May.	
WEST VIRGINIA	9 May	State Absentee Ballot covering Federal, state and local offices.	a) In accordance with West Virginia law, or b) By mailing to Secretary of State, Charleston, W. Va., WD post card on which serviceman has written that he wishes it treated as "request for State Absentee Ballot or Ballot Application."	Any time	19 Feb.	9 May	Note that servicemen should write on WD post card that he wishes it treated as "request for State Absentee Ballot or Ballot Application."

*Application should reach officials on, or as soon after it as possible, the date the state starts sending out ballots.

By YANK Washington Bureau

PRINTED on this page is a table containing information on how to vote in the primary elections in May if you are from any of the 11 states that hold their primaries in that month. As we go to press, Congress has not yet finally acted on soldier voting. Therefore, the information is being given under existing Federal and state laws. Future changes by Congress or the states will probably make things easier and give more time to obtain and return ballots, particularly for the general elections in the fall. The material in the table is taken from WD

Circular 66, 14 February 1944, one of a series of WD circulars on opportunities to vote in your state elections. The preceding WD Circular 33, 26 January 1944, and the story in a recent issue of YANK dealt with information for three primaries and one state election taking place in April. Future issues of YANK will give information on states holding primaries in later months.

An important feature of the new circular is a provision prohibiting the influencing of soldiers in casting their votes. "No person in the military service," it says, "will attempt to influence any soldier in the exercise of his franchise."

The War Department post card mentioned throughout the table is the regular WD AGO Form 560 that was used in elections last year. Organization commanders should see to it that there are enough of these cards on hand. If you can't get one, you can apply for your ballot by letter, using the same text as set on the card.

With the exception of North Carolina, as noted in the table, servicemen from these 11 states must be 21 years old at the time of the election in

order to vote. If you are not sure whether you are eligible to vote, write to your Secretary of State immediately. Some states have special registration, tax or other requirements for eligibility.

Remember that primary elections are held for the purpose of selecting party candidates for office. At the primary you vote a party ballot. Accordingly, in sending in your application you must indicate what party you belong to so that the officials can send to you the right ballot. If you apply on the WD post card, write on it the name of your party or "I want a _____ primary ballot." Otherwise, you probably will get a letter back asking what kind of ballot you want. And then it may be too late to vote.

Even if you filed an application for a ballot in a previous election, you should make a new application. Though some states do not require this by law, they need the new application to be sure of your proper address. When you sign the application, print your name and serial number, too.

And when you get your absentee ballot, execute it immediately and return it. Time counts.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

PIN-UP MAP OF THE PACIFIC

The National Geographic Society has prepared a two-page, detailed map of the Pacific war zones for YANK to help you follow our drive to Tokyo.

YANK

THE ARMY

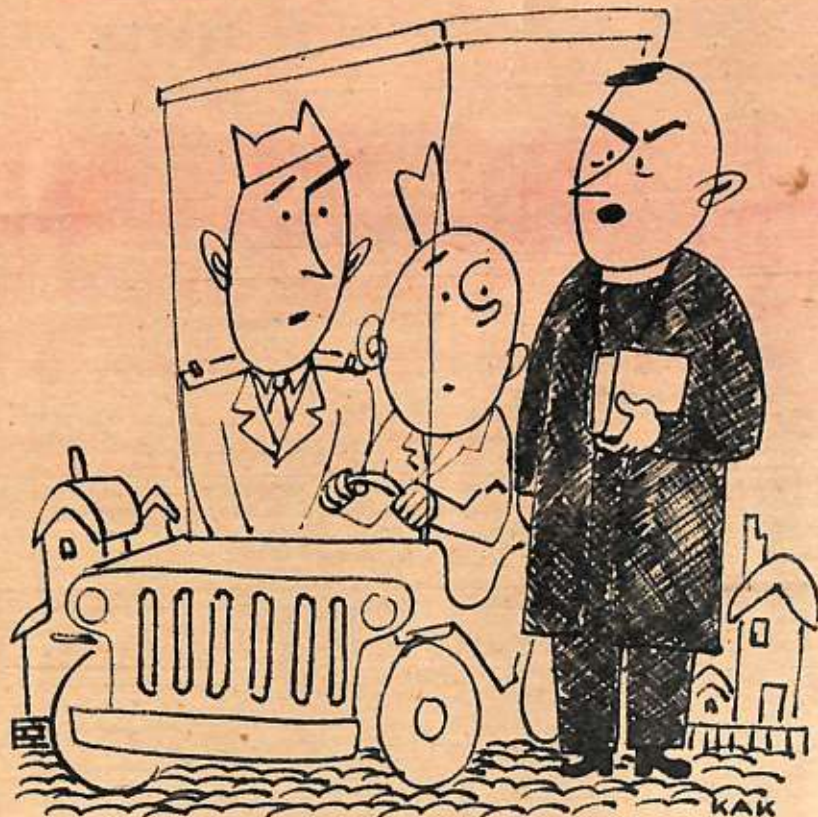


WEEKLY



"PLEASE, LADIES, PLEASE . . . NO BACK-SEAT DRIVING!"

—Sgt. P. G. R., Britain



"TAKE THE FIRST TURNING PAST THE PUB . . . MIND YOU . . . I SAID PAST THE PUB!"

—K. A. Kasten, Britain



"QUICK, TAKE IT IN . . . HERE HE COMES."

—Cpl. Joe Cunningham, Britain



"I DON'T KNOW, SIR, BUT I BROUGHT HIM IN ANYWAY!"

—Pvt. Ray Lustica, Britain



"HAROLD ABHORS 'K' RATIONS."

—Pvt. Tom Flannery, Britain