

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

3^d SEPT. 12
1943
VOL. 2, NO. 13

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




ITALIAN KIBITZER

THE STORY OF THE FALL OF ITALY—See Page 3



Here then was the perfect symbol of Britain, battle-scarred, bemedalled. The doors of the prisons had been opened, and what came forth would surprise many and shock more. De Wiart, with his one eye and his one arm, moved across the scene in an aura of mystery that would be lifted in God's own good time. Behind him, culminating in him, hung a drop curtain of three years of failures and successes...



The trumpets have gone silent, the trappings all are torn. The pipers have silenced the buglers.

THE FALL OF ITALY

THE Eighth Army had finally caught up with the Germans. Eight miles beyond Palmi it was, at Gioja Tauro, and they were having a bit of a mortar set-to. A sergeant who managed to shave himself every day was sitting by a field telephone while his crew was lobbing them over. It was good to have caught up with Jerry, but it was still a damned funny invasion. Taking their time, they were. A shell exploded fifty yards from the field telephone and the sergeant winced involuntarily. "Can't you find that ruddy beggar?" he yelled at the crew.

The field telephone rang and the sergeant answered it. As he listened his jaw dropped ever so slightly, then resumed its normal firm cast. He hung up. "You," he yelled at the mortar crew, "listen to wot I got ter sye. Pay careful attention. The Eyeties 'ave just quit. They're out of the ruddy war."

"Bloody my tea," said one of the mortar crew. "That don't 'arf do it."

The sergeant pointed a finger across the landscape. "But them Jerries ain't surrendered," he said. "Find that ruddy mortar or you'll sweat for it. Those is orders." He relaxed once more by the phone.

A Voice From Algiers

IN Algiers the balding, wide-mouthed man stepped up to the microphone and waited for the technician's nod. When it came he cleared his throat, shook his manuscript slightly and began to read in a dry, clipped voice.

"This is General Dwight D. Eisenhower," he said, "Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in the Mediterranean. The Italian Government has surrendered its forces unconditionally. As Allied Commander-in-Chief I have granted a military

armistice"

The three taxi drivers, clustered around the radio

For a long, long time they had been knocking on the door of Europe. The knocking had been ghostly—over the air, day after day, came three short taps and a long one, the hand of victory knocking at the door. It was a knocking on the door of Europe, true, but as unsubstantial as the fog. It was merely promise. And it had gone on like that for a long, long time. But now, and at long last, the hand that tapped on the door closed its fist and smashed in, a mailed fist and armed. And inside the threshold there was hope and welcome and a promise of freedom and the end of locked doors. Now, and at long last.

at 7th Avenue and 47th, heard the NBC announcer rebroadcasting the general's address. They started to grin at each other and then they began to laugh. "Hey," one of them said to a passer-by, "Italy jess surrendered." "Mother of God," the passer-by said.

Within an hour New York was a madhouse. Torn-up phone books began to tumble out of the buildings along Fifth Avenue and Broadway. They were shaking hands in the bars. They were buying drinks for every soldier in sight. It was the biggest thing since Lindbergh, sitting on the tonneau of an open car, had moved up Broadway in 1927.

Down at City Hall, Mayor LaGuardia called in the journalists

A Ringing In The Ears

IT was the New York radio, and the Nazi monitor was, in his studied German methodical way, sitting

there, watching the marvel of the mechanics which to a German is the most methodically marvellous thing in the world, when he heard it:—

The fall of Italy!

Nobody had told him.

Nobody had told Joseph Goebbels at that time, either.

The monitor picked up the phone, *Gott im himmel*, and went through channels, and channels were very rough that day, and after a few channels it was Joseph Goebbels on the other end of the phone, stunned and incredulous.

What he said, even in German, is not printable, because on the other end of the phone, to the slow-witted bureaucrat who told him, was merely an explosion that deafened the eardrums and left a ringing in them, like a bombardment, a very heavy bombardment.



The 8th Army came over from Messina one morning, and the morning they came was the morning it happened, though nobody knew it at the time.

A Sea Voyage, Mildly Speaking

THE landing barges, filled with American soldiers, chugged calmly up the Italian coast. "The trouble with this war," a Pfc. was saying, "is that nobody ever tells you nothing. You never know where you're going in this war and even if you do know where you're going you don't know why you're going. Where are we going now, thass what I want to know? Here we are, fighting the goddam war, and probly everybody else in the world knows where we're going except us. I'm gonna resign from the Army."

"I got a pencil and paper right here," a corporal said.

The landing barges chugged on.

London Takes A Walk

They were so happy in London they were just walking around. They didn't go into the bars because it was better to walk up Piccadilly and watch the expressions on peoples' faces before the blackout came down. And after the blackout came down they went into the bars and pubs and watched peoples' faces there.

It had been a wonderful day, every one said quietly.

Incidental Conversation Piece

There was a burst of flame five hundred yards ahead of them across the Italian valley. They all could see that it was a hit, a direct hit. They all could see the bodies and pieces of bodies going through the air.

"Direct hit, sarnt," said one of the crew.

"Wot do yer think I got eyes for?" the sergeant said. "It took yer long enough to do it . . ."

Incidental History

AND it had taken a long time to do it. Since the thing started it had gone in a great circle—through Albania, through Greece, through Crete, through Egypt, through Libya, through Tunisia, through Sicily. Now the circle had come around on itself again. It seemed as though there had always been mortar battles and tank battles and artillery battles. It had been a long haul, a tough grind, but now this end of it was finished. Now it was the long voyage home, the coast downhill. The end was at last in sight. There would still be battles, bloody battles, but the cards were down on the table and

any one could read their faces.

There was no longer any doubt about the final outcome. Gone into the mist of years and the dry scrapings of the historian's pen were the black abysses of Greece and Crete, the slough of Despond before the guns opened up at Alamein and the pipes began to play. What had started at Alamein would finish in Berlin and after that in Tokyo. There was no longer a margin for error. The planes were passing overhead and the tanks were moving up. Like a vise the wrath of the world was closing in on the hoarse throat of Germany. Like a steel vise.

And The Prisoners Heard It

AGAINST the red glow of the evening sky, the oaks were silhouetted black against the setting sun and the orange light of it touched the tops of the hills and some of the light spilled down into the peaceful valleys, rich now with the English harvest. And in the clean air of coming autumn they walked slowly toward the trucks taking them back to camp, one of them singing a few strains from Verdi and the rest picking it up, until coming at last to the trucks, tired, not with exhaustion but with a day's work done, they heard the British driver say:—

"Well, boys, you're on our side again."

And from the Italian prisoners at first there was only a moment of silence, and then one boy said, "Mother of God," in tones of deepest awe, and another said, "Mother of God," in terms of awe and jubilation, until another said it as a happy, reverent shout, and then none but an Italian could have understood that babble of voices rising from the quiet English countryside at sunset.

The One-armed P.W.

SOMEWHERE over the snowclad Alps, somewhere through the Brenner Pass, once the fashionable rendezvous of dictators, flashing somewhere by the tiny, picturesque villages, somewhere in this land of crystal beauty, was there a long, loaded train headed north, crammed with the men from Tobruk and El Alamein, men who had fought through the desert, men taken prisoners by the Germans? Some were afraid of it. There were 70,000 British prisoners in Italy, and some reports said more than 2,000 of them had been moved to Stalag IV, the prison camp in Nazi territory.

Britain was awaiting the return of 70,000 heroes.

How many, how many, asked many a British mother last night, too excited to sleep, listening to the drone of planes in the night and to the Fortresses next morning, thundering over London as they never had before, in great, spine-tingling formations above morning mist that hovered like a veil over the city. How many?

Among them were private soldiers and sergeants and V.C.s and D.S.O.s, many heroes, many wounded and among them generals and one man whom the morning papers that morning called the mystery man of this war.

HE has one eye and one arm, and he carries a cane and wears a mustache and the manner of a man who wears also the deep tradition of a land and a way of life that is winning a war.

Once only during this war was he photographed, and the picture was engraved deeply in the minds of many, not only here in Britain, but in America also, where he typified all those things that were then represented by the Spitfires and by Dunkirk and by Narvik—he and his cane and his patch over the eye and the walk of a free man and a general.

Carton de Wiart, Maj.-Gen. Adrian, V.C., 1916; C.B., 1919; C.M.G., 1918; D.S.O., 1915.

De Wiart, the man of mystery of Europe today.

The eye he lost during the first World War, in Somaliland, the arm in Flanders. He had been a private in the South African War, served in Africa, won the Victoria Cross in Flanders for rallying three battalions at Ypres and was wounded altogether eight times. In 1920, he fought with the Poles. In 1940, he led the British at Narvik, returning to Britain at the war's outbreak from Poland, where he lived in a little house on the edge of the wolf-ridden Pripet Marshes.

As major-general in Norway, he was taking shelter in a small town when the Jerries came over to bomb and in the middle of the raid, went out down into the town and brought back candy for the children huddled there. On another occasion he found some soldiers setting up an anti-aircraft gun beside his headquarters. "Put it somewhere," he said, "where it will be needed. A great number of people at various times have tried to kill me, but they won't succeed."

The Germans shot his plane down when he was going to Africa in 1941, and for two hours he clung to

it in the Mediterranean, and then it sank. Striking out bravely with his one arm and one eye and two good legs, he swam to the North African coast and was taken prisoner.

Carton de Wiart, day after the victory over Italy, was back in the headlines again. Man of mystery. Foremost of 70,000. An unforgettable man.

A Moment With The Doktor

IN Berlin, in the enormous room (Sept. 8, 1943), the fading summer shadows cast a grave shadow across the swastika, and the sun was sinking westward, toward Britain, casting its long shadows through the great windows, with the rich curtains thrown back against the pure white walls. And in the enormous room there was a great hush, and the halting steps of the little man made only a soft, hesitating sound as he walked back and forth across the carpet, turning blood-red in the late-afternoon reflections of the sun. And outside the enormous room there was the noise of the typewriters, and the guttural cursing, and the frantic signs of distress. But inside the room, there was only silence and the slow pacing of the little propaganda minister.

The door opened and an orderly sneaked across the enormous carpeted floor, toward the windows, and pulled the curtains, shutting out the reddening, darkened sky, and as the door opened there intruded upon the silence of the brooding man the noise of the German frustrations of the Nazi propaganda hirelings, their typewriters, telephones, frustrations, and then the door closed again, bringing with it silence, and then the curtains closed bringing with it darkness and the bright, cold glare of the electric light.

And Joseph Goebbels was alone. They hadn't told him. Nobody had told him. He had told the world. Nobody had told him. Now the world was telling Joseph Goebbels. It had happened days before; only now did know-all know.

Moving back across the soft carpet toward his desk under the swastika, all the little man could think of were the familiar expletives, never alien to little men in hours of defeat. Had Joseph Goebbels never read a book, it would be:

"Bastards! Sons of bitches!"
But Joseph Goebbels was a cut above it; he had read a book, albeit the wrong one, and with some little erudition he transformed a basic line of low-grade reasoning into the printable.

"The traitors! This is treason!" Joseph Goebbels muttered over and over again.

"This is treason!" the Berlin radio shouted, over and over again, all through the night.

THIS, above all, was Joseph Goebbels unable to bear: that this had not been a victory only for the "Anglo-Saxons," for "the war-mongering Jews," for the "pluto-democracies." This also had been a victory for the "Red Russians." This was more than he could bear. Above all, these words of Eisenhower's he heard, again and again:

"As Allied Commander-in-Chief, I have granted

a military armistice, the terms of which have been approved by the Governments of the United Kingdom, United States, and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

It was a clear-cut victory—a victory for the entire United Nations. Joseph Goebbels's beautiful propaganda campaign to promote cleavage between them had failed, his face was smarting from red herrings thrown back in his teeth, and the taste was a little salty, similar somewhat to blood. But Joseph Goebbels's tongue was dry and the words unutterable, the mind mute. It was failure.

It Was Not Only Italy

IN Moscow, there was rejoicing. Stalino had fallen and the Donetz Basin restored to its rightful owners. And Italy had fallen in the name of the United Kingdom and Dominions, and the United States and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The rejoicing was great. All evening, through the gathering shadows, the Stormavicks prowled the plains of the eastern front, shadows throwing fire at 300 miles an hour on hosts that were hourly falling over a continent. All day, in the brilliant sunlight of the stratosphere of Western Europe, the Spitfires roamed the skies in the greatest number in the history of this war. All day, the Marauders and the Fortresses roamed the skies over France and blasted the airfields and the trains that moved across the land.

And now on the evening of September 9, 1943, the sun was setting red outside the windows of Berlin, streaking them sometimes with flashes of red, and a blood-red, and most certainly the curtains outside the windows of Paul Joseph Goebbels, shut now against the night, shut now against the world, but fragile curtains trembling each time the door opened, fragile curtains which could bar nothing but the night.

What The Boys In The Wardroom Will Have

OVER the air to the Italian Navy came a voice that told them what to do, giving them the orders of Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Naval forces. In the name of the United Nations, he said, follow these instructions: *Come over to us. Sail to an Allied port. Don't let the Germans get your ships. They want them. Don't let them get them. Come to North Africa. Come to Gibraltar. Come at once. Don't delay. Do not scuttle your ships unless the Germans come. We will protect you.*

The Italian Navy, scattered and battered as it was, heard their orders. They listened in wardrooms and on quarterdecks. The men who had heard them talked fast to one another. There was not much time.

Adriatic Interlude

SOMEWHERE in the Adriatic Sea an Italian destroyer was steaming northwest toward the north and a supposed safety. Behind it a host of gulls flew screaming. Suddenly and almost aimlessly the destroyer veered towards the right, swung about, and made white water toward the southeast, toward Cairo, toward a haven. The gulls, unconcerned, swerved carelessly and followed after. They still screamed.

Message For The Balkans

THEY had held the faith through the long months when snow lay forlorn but friendly on the slopes of the mountains that gouge the face of south-eastern Europe, plowing the map into a land of wilderness and crevasse alien to the conqueror but ally to those who fight to defend their many homes. In Yugoslavia and in Greece, the guerrillas had held out a hope in the starving streets of Athens, in the blood-soaked, dusty lanes of all the Balkans.

The bearded men of Mikhailovitch and the fierce Greeks who were only defeated by the Hun—they had heard in the hills. Around the log fires roaring in the lonely little huts, in the camp fires shielded in the caves—they had heard, they who had kept the faith.

Below them in the valleys, straining their eyes against the darkness, the Axis kept the vigil.

But, half an axis now. Over the radios, they heard the voice, guerrillas, Italian, German, peasant, alike. Henry Maitland Wilson:

"Italians in the Balkans. You are now obeying my orders—not German orders. Fly your planes to allied airfields; sail your ships to Allied ports."

Many an Italian major, not a few Italian Generals on the night of September 9, 1943, in the alien lands of the Balkans spat fairly and squarely into the eye of their opposite number. And that was mild, compared to future fury. Mild.

SOMEWHERE in Greece the CO of an Italian company called his men together under the olive trees. "I have here a message from headquarters," he said. "The Italian Government is no longer at war with the United Nations. The Italian Government has surrendered unconditionally! We are, however, authorized to resist any overtures of violence made by the German Army. Stand to your arms."

As the men broke up, whispering to each other, the CO called them back again. "One thing more," he said. "Keep your eye on the inhabitants."

A Leaflet For Giovanni

THEY were handing out leaflets at Foggia. The police were handing them out, and if they thought you didn't have one they came across the street to see that one got into your hands. That's what one policeman did to Giovanni Constanzi. He came right across the street and put the leaflet into his hands. Every one had the leaflets. Every one seemed to be slapping every one else on the back and every one seemed to be talking at once. Giovanni Constanzi took the leaflet from the policeman very carefully, because he was a careful man. It was a good thing to be a careful man with the world the way it was. One couldn't be too careful. Giovanni Constanzi took the leaflet, which had been handed to him upside down, and turned it carefully around in his hands. He read slowly, because Giovanni Constanzi was not only a careful man but a rather carelessly educated one. He spelt out the words. And the words were good. The war was over, the words said. The words said that the Americans and the British



What had happened in Sicily would soon be happening in Italy.



And Italian police would patrol their own streets.



The Italian Fleet was the recipient of an invitation, an invitation they could not very well refuse.



The Italian Army was through as far as the United Nations were concerned, but they could still take cracks at Germans.



So, too, were the Italian troops in the Balkans, still fighting the guerrillas in the mountains.

and the Canadians were landing all over Italy. The words said that every good Italian should help to get rid of the Germans. When Giovanni Constanzi had finished reading the leaflet he continued to stare at it for quite a long time, just thinking it over. The words meant that he would not have to be quite as careful now, that he could breathe a little more freely, that he was almost his own master now.

Giovanni Constanzi felt good. He saw a man he knew, a stonemason, coming down the street and the stonemason was grinning. When he came by Giovanni Constanzi slapped him on the back. But not too hard. He was still a careful man.

The Living Night

ALL over the face of Europe the night was alive, more alive than any night had been for a long time. People couldn't sleep. They tossed on their beds or rose and went to the window, drawing the blackout curtains aside and staring out at the stars. There was blood on the moon; it glowed like the red eye of a bull, gleaming balefully down on Europe. Everywhere, close at hand or faint in the far distance, seemed to arise a sound of aircraft engines, throbbing through the sky. In many places bombs were falling. From France was wafted the bark of the flak batteries. Heavy artillery rumbled from the dour and dead places of Russia. Italy was full of explosions.

Berlin, awaiting the sirens, stirred uneasily among its still smoking ruins.

Paris was restless.

Feet were walking along the Roman streets, the streets that had echoed to the sound of the hooves of the horses of the Caesars and the kings, and the feet resounded from the facades of the worn houses from which had once resounded the voice of the crowd calling "Duce!"

Feet, too, were moving up from Palmi—hobnailed shoes moving toward the heart of Europe.

In Belgrade they listened for the bombs.

In Sofia they listened for the bombs.

In Bucharest they listened for the bombs.

In a hundred secret places the bombs were being loaded.

No Rocking Chairs

"Ir's Ike Eisenhower's story. Let him tell it," he had said when they told him of the surrender. But now, less than six hours later, he had something else to say, and he was telling it to the American people. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was in his element. American troops, he told the nation, were already engaged in landing operations at various points on the Italian mainland. But he wasn't letting any one off without a word of warning. "The great news you have heard from General Eisenhower," he said solemnly, "does not give you license to settle back in your rocking chair and say, 'Well, that does it . . .'"

Such Is Retribution

IN 1940, when the Maginot myth had been sadly shattered, when the hordes were pouring down from the lowlands, across through France, when they smashed into the Maginot Line with the grenades and flame throwers, when La Belle France had been thrown to the ground and was being trampled upon by the Nazis—then had Italy struck. The cries for Nice and for Corsica became cries for partition. The Ities moved out toward the southern plains, vultures circling a stricken prey and plunging hawk-like once that death was close enough. That was when Italy struck.

In England, those Frenchmen who survived and escaped and lived to fight again another day, have their own restaurants and their own clubs, and in these—in the West End and in Soho—there had not been such rejoicing among Frenchmen for three-quarters of a century as there was that night.

Revenge is spelt the same in French as in English.

They Came Like Swallows

THE Allies were at Naples and they were coming off the landing barges. It was easy. There was nothing to it. Behind them, in the darkness that is most black just before dawn, the Island of Capri lay hidden, and before them lay the city, now battered by bombs, and somewhere beyond it the sullen and dormant mass of Vesuvius, the mountain that had engulfed ancient Pompeii. There was no resistance as they landed, and they came off the barges lightly and easily and stood around on the beach, talking in low tones and seeking to pierce the night. A big sergeant, who had a tommy gun under his right arm and a college education, took a hitch in his trousers. "See Naples and die," he said.

The weazened private standing beside him, who hadn't had a college education, spat into the sand. "I ain't gonna die," he said.

Yanks at Home Abroad



A lookout on the "Isle of Atonement" somewhere in the Central Pacific.

Even the Mosquitoes Can't Stand This Army Way Station in Central Pacific

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC—Soldiers stationed here call this the "Isle of Atonement," which is an apt enough description, although it may be stretching a point to call such a completely insignificant hunk of white sand and coral an island. Many maps of the Pacific ignore it altogether.

At no point is it more than 15 or 20 feet above sea level, and except for a few sickly bushes, the noisy booby and gooney birds and the ghost-walkers, there is no wild life or vegetation. Rats are numerous, kindly, gray creatures who take a brotherly interest in the welfare and possessions of the GIs. There are no mosquitoes.

Evenings are cool, and the sunsets are said to be the most beautiful in the Pacific. An evening swim is almost compulsory.

The days are hot. When reveille sounds at 6 A. M., the sun is already beating down on the white rock and sand. Rain is scarce. Almost always the temperature is well above 100.

The story is told that the devil was offered this spot in exchange for a half acre of hell. Quite wisely, the men say, he turned it down.

Before the war this Pacific pinpoint was nearly deserted. There were only a few brown-skinned Polynesians here, fishing and swimming.

Now it is an important base in the long journey "down under," and there are flyers and ground crews, Coast Artillery units, engineers and infantrymen. Guns bristle everywhere. Lookouts and guards, men as well as dogs, are constantly on the job at a score of OPs.

Everything here has been built by GIs and Army Engineers—including a wooden chapel constructed after working hours by a crew of eight Protestants, six Catholics and a Jewish corporal who was an architect in civil life.

The whole place is camouflaged, and it is only as your plane circles for a landing that you see this is much more than a vacant dot in the vast blue of the Pacific.

Not much happens here. Planes like ours come in from the north and the south, but they never stay long. They are always on their way to or from some place.

There isn't much to do—except work and sleep and eat. From 4 until 6 P. M. you can buy two beers—if any beer is available. Coca-Cola is rationed, two bottles to a man twice a week.

For most GIs every day is the same. They watch and they wait. The Japs, they know, are based not many hundred miles away, and the Nips have been here before in their two-motored bombers, not many but enough to keep you alert.

Pvt. Frank Sikel of Napoleon, N. Dak., is

about the busiest man on the island. He is the only barber and runs a modest one-chair shop with a sign inscribed "SIKEL'S—WE TRIM 'EM." Sikel's haircuts are strictly GI, and he dishes out 25 to 30 a day at 30 cents each. He was a farmer back in North Dakota.

Two or three evenings a week, half a dozen men go lobster-hunting. Sgts. Maurice Walsh and Robert Naud, both of the Bronx, N. Y., are the experts. They wear a leather glove on one hand, carry a flashlight in the other and lift the lobsters out of the water with the gauntlet.

Four soldiers run a hog farm on the island. Bringing up hogs in these torrid parts, without clover or grass, is no simple matter. The pigs eat barley, oats and garbage, and, according to Pvt. Clarence Frevert, a farmer from Springfield, Mo., "complain about the chow more than I do." The other soldier-farmers are Pvts. Tilford Mohr of Boulder, Colo., Ira Jackson of Pana, Ill., and Irving Dubin, who was a clerk in Chicago.

Poker, red-dog and blackjack are popular here, and stakes are high. There is always a movie in the evening. You go whether you've seen it before or not.

Radios are rare, and reception of mainland stations is not always clear. Radio Tokyo, on the other hand, comes in loud and blatant. The Japs have claimed capture of this spot at least twice. That's always good for a laugh.

MPs are a conspicuous luxury. No one ever goes AWOL, and since there are no women about, the number of ways you can get in trouble are limited. Liquor is almost nonexistent.

They say the gooney birds start talking to you after three months here. At the end of eight months, you start answering back.

Hyman's Proposal to Beverly, Queen of Nassau, Had Teeth in It

NASSAU—Girls being sort of scarce on this 2-by-4 island, Pvt. Hyman Schechter of Brooklyn, N. Y., decided to overlook the three front teeth Beverly was missing, and dated her up.

But that big gap in the upper left jaw of his one-and-only bothered Hyman, and he visited the local dentist to arrange for a plaster cast with three shiny teeth attached.

When the tropical moon shone down and a cool breeze stirred the palm trees overhead, Schechter made the presentation.

"Darling," he said to Beverly, "now that you are the only girl in the world for me, I want to make you a present. Open your mouth and shut your eyes."

Knowing Hyman, Beverly hesitated for a moment but finally agreed. Moments later she was sputtering out her thanks for the dental plate.

With her new ivories, Beverly was soon a social success, and reports reached Hyman that "his girl" was going out with other GIs. He refused to believe this until one night he met Beverly walking down Bay Street with a soldier.

Controlling his wrath, Schechter asked Beverly if he could speak with her privately. She agreed and politely excused herself. In the darkness of a store doorway, Hyman repeated the old "open your mouth and close your eyes" line. Beverly fell for it again, and in a flash Hyman extracted the partial plate, stuck the teeth in his pocket and walked back to his station.

Beverly's current beau is reliably reported to be negotiating with Hyman for the purchase of the teeth.

—Sgt. DAVE FOLDS
YANK Field Correspondent

POSTMAN RINGS TWICE

HEADQUARTERS, ALASKA DEFENSE COMMAND
—Sgt. Tubey Brannon, stationed in Alaska for the past two years, has just mailed his 697th letter to his girl, Miss Evelyn Dews of San Bernardino, Calif. The first 696 were answered on unscented but daintily feminine blue stationery.

The letters average four pages each, or about 1,200 words. That runs the total pages to 2,788, and the wordage to 836,400, or enough for 10 good-sized books. It took \$41.82 in air-mail postage to send them.

"When I get home," Tubey told Evelyn in his latest letter, "I'll never write another as long as I live."

—Pvt. TOM LOVE
YANK Field Correspondent

THE

Regensburg Raid

Forts en route to Regensburg

THE sergeant of the ground crew here in Britain didn't know whether he was seeing the return from a mission or a circus. The bombardier came out of the forward hatch wearing a German steel helmet. The navigator dropped down behind him and covered him with an Italian rifle to which was attached a bayonet. They goose-stepped all around the plane that way, laughing like fools. The pilot came out carrying a long sword and he shadow-fenced with himself. He was laughing, too. Then, out of the waist door, came a midget donkey, about three feet high, with a cigarette in its mouth and some water melons strapped across its back. One of the gunners leaned out of the waist window wearing a

fez and a big, black, false mustache. It was as though the whole war had gone insane. The sergeant of the ground crew stared open-mouthed and then he, too, began to laugh as it dawned on him what was happening. The Regensburg boys were back.

They were back, too, from a long way away. They had bombed Regensburg and then they had gone on to Africa under the auspices of Ye Olde Flying Fortress Shuttle-Service and Bomb-Dropping Company, and they had lobbed a few down on Bordeaux on the way home. The helmet and the rifle and the donkey and the fez were souvenirs of Africa, just as the holes in the ships were souvenirs of the air over Regensburg and Bordeaux. They'd been working hard and they'd been playing hard. They were working hard when they smashed the Messerschmidt factory at

Regensburg, and they were playing hard when they put their ships down in Africa and had a look around. They had beaten off the toughest fighter opposition that any of them had ever experienced or ever wanted to experience again; they had penetrated the deepest defences of Germany; and they had knocked down 140 fighter planes while they did it. Africa meant a chance to relax, and they even relaxed hard. They collected plenty of souvenirs. There were hand-made leather billfolds and cigarette cases for the members of the administrative staff waiting for them in England. The water melons that found their way to the donkey's back were for the ground crews. The donkey himself was a mascot and the captured arms were for the folks back home.

OFFICIAL opinion has it that 30 per cent of the Nazi day fighter production was destroyed that August 17 in the air over Germany, and it is estimated that it will require six months to replace the manufacturing facilities the Fortresses smashed. That means a loss of between 1,500 and 2,000 fighters for the enemy, which is the number that could have been constructed within the next six months if the Forts hadn't passed that way. But the crews were not aware of that when they returned. All they knew was that they had covered a great deal of ground and done a great deal of damage in a very short time and that they were tired and wanted to rest. Their memories of Regensburg were flash memories, of four hours of continuous fighter opposition in a sky constantly filled with the smoke trails of falling planes, "like big, dirty drops of rain."

To the crews, the overall effects of the raid was lost in the morass of the personal experience. But from these personal experiences can be patched together a quilt that is able to impart a feeling of warmth to the cold facts. The communique pales beside the stories of those who went on the raid. Here, on the following three pages, are the stories of three of the raiders.

As Told To Sgt. CHARLES BRAND



BEFORE THE TARGET

S/Sgt. Roger D. Palmer, 23
Born at Grand Island Nebraska.



On his second hitch in Army.
Spent 2 years in infantry.

PROBABLY it was because of the doctors. Probably they thought I needed a little sunburn to fix up the frostbite on my eye. I got a case of frostbite last Sunday in a raid, so two days later they send me out on this trip to Africa as a tail gunner. That's the old sunshine position—tail gunner. Now I'm peeling sunburned skin off the places where I was frostbitten.

I was lucky to be tail gunner that day. The tail gunner has the best spot in the ship as long as he keeps knocking them down. Our ship was flying very low, the lowest in the formation. Ordinarily I'm the ball-turret gunner but I like it better in the back. You can see what's going on from there. Everything's spread out around you, neat as you could want it. On this special day being tail gunner gave me a chance to get a crack at the enemy coming and going, on his way up and on his way down. We knew we were going to have our hands full, because it was such a beautiful day. A swell day for a war. We expected to have guests all the way. Only thing was, we didn't expect to have so many. It turned out to be quite a party.

The heat went on after we'd been inland for about twenty minutes. It started up very suddenly. One minute everything was quiet and peaceful and the next minute the interphone was going like the old tobacco

auctioneer. Fighter at six o'clock. Fighter at ten o'clock. Fighter at four o'clock high. That's the way it was. And it kept on like that for the rest of the way in. Four solid hours of it we had. No let-up at all.

They were sending up the Yellow Noses, Goering's boys. When you're out on a raid and you see the Yellow Noses coming up you know they're taking you seriously. It means you're hitting some tender spots downstairs. When they use the Yellow Noses it's like throwing in the first team. And this time the Yellow Noses were the first things we saw.

The Jerries in those jobs are older and more experienced than most of their pilots. They'll take a lot more chances and they can be very nasty customers. They always seem to be trying out something new, and you have to keep pretty busy when they're around. They know lots of tricks. But that day they were sticking to business and coming in pretty close. One of them couldn't quite flop over quick enough. I got in a few rounds at him. It was an ME 110 and I really busted up a wing for him. That was the first.

I DIDN'T have time to get excited. By then the heat was really on. It was a furnace. And the heat stayed on, too. The next few hours were the roughest I ever had or ever hope to have, for that matter. Every one else said the same thing afterwards. The Germans were all over us all the way. Before we were finished I'll bet I fired at everything they owned. They threw the whole catalogue at us. They had fighters up. Bombers, too. Everything but gliders. I saw them coming in relays across the country. You'd be firing at one plane and lining another one up out of the corner of your eye at the same time.

There was smoke below us. That was good. We'd been too busy to notice what was going on downstairs but that smoke meant we were getting near the target. It meant that the people downstairs were getting shoved around a bit.

I think it was hottest just before we reached the target. They sent in the twin-engined jobs then. They didn't seem to give a damn about anything. All they wanted to do was break up our formation, even if they had to break their own necks doing it. A couple of times I think they deliberately tried to ram us. They'd probably have done it, too, if there hadn't been some beautiful piloting on our side. It's really something to see a B-17 duck a fighter. They can do it, you know.

We got over the target and I guess we were just straightening out for the run when I got a JU 88 square in the middle. He went down, but I think he was all burned up before he hit. And then I got my third one. He was determined to get us, even after we'd dropped our bombs. He came in from behind, very close, and I had him straight in the sight. His engine caught fire, and I thought that was that. It brought my total up to five. The pilot bailed out O.K. but I saw his chute get caught on the wing tip of the Fort right behind us. That shows how close he was. I had a hard time keeping my eye on him, with all the other fighters in the air, but I remember seeing him drag along like that for some time. I wondered if he was still alive. Later, when I looked again, he wasn't there.

"There was smoke below us. That was good... that smoke meant we were getting near the target. It meant that the people downstairs were getting shoved around a bit. And this was Regensburg far below and just ahead."





S/Sgt. A. R. Bartholomew
 27, Ball Turret Gunner.
 Born in Quebec and a Canadian* citizen.
 Entered U. S. Army a year ago.

Over The Target

WHILE we were over the target the German fighters seemed to be desperate. They must have been crying mad to break up our formation, but they couldn't do it. They did everything they could think of to drive us away from that factory. They even followed us part of the way to the Alps. You can see the mountains from Regensburg. We could see them all the time we were over the target. That made it worse, in a way. The Germans couldn't follow us in there and we knew that once we got there we'd be safe. The Germans knew it, too. We had to sweat it out all the harder, with one eye on those beautiful, safe mountains. I had it even worse, though. I fell out the damned door.

Some of the other gunners kid me about that door. They say I must have been nudging the ship along towards the mountains by pushing against the back of my seat. That's where the door is, you know. I think every one was trying to nudge the ship. You could tell how important getting to the Alps was by listening to all the praying that was going on over the interphone. It sounded like a flying church. I fell out the door just after we dropped our bombs.

You see, I was firing at an FW that was trying to come in behind us and so I was facing the tail of the ship. It was lucky for me that I was. The back of the seat suddenly let go, just like when somebody sneaks up behind you and pushes your chair back off balance when you've been sitting on the back legs. I didn't hear any noise. I just fell backwards.

The wind smacked me hard like a board right

*Bartholomew received his final papers just as he landed.

across the back, and sort of supported me while I grabbed at something to hold on to. I had to grope for a few seconds before I could catch on, and then the wind helped me pull myself back up into the turret. It sure was lucky I was facing the way I was. And the funny thing is that I didn't realize at the time that I had actually fallen out of the ship, with only my right foot holding me in. You know, in the ball turret you operate a lot of things with pedals, and I guess my foot got caught in them in some way. That was all that kept me from leaving the plane. Later on, when I remembered that I didn't have my safety belt buckled, my stomach felt a little funny. You don't wear a parachute there because there isn't room.

I got back into the ship. I couldn't stay in the turret any more so I thought perhaps I could help at one of the other guns. I called the pilot on the interphone and asked him if it would be all right. He said yes. I started forward through the bomb bay, but I noticed that our radio operator got up to go back in the ball turret. That's the way we usually work. He relieves me whenever I come up. I yelled at him not to go down there but he kept right on going. Then I realized that he couldn't hear me

because he had his oxygen mask on and wasn't hooked up to the interphone, either. He was just about to step down there when I grabbed his fur collar and pulled him back. He saw what I meant when I pointed down.

It's funny, but when things are happening you don't seem to think about them. It's after they're over that you begin to see them clearly. When I got up front I remembered everything I saw. From then on. I remember seeing a German plane explode when it went down in one of those dark forests, and how it spattered pieces of flame all over the trees. The trees seemed to catch fire. Perhaps there was a forest fire after that.

I remember the last German pilot. He wouldn't give up, even after his engine had started to smoke and he knew he couldn't get back to his base. He made four attacks on us before he started to fall. We were pretty far into the mountains by that time. He was the last fighter we saw. Somebody said he must have lived in the town square of Hamburg to want to get even with us so badly. We all watched him go down. I remember thinking the smoke sort of hung in the air, just like after that last big skyrocket in a Labor Day fireworks show. Everything grew awfully quiet after that.



Once they got into the Alps they were safe. The fighters couldn't go in there and they knew it and the Fort crews knew it, too. So they ran for the Alps and got there and were safe.



**SITTING DOWN
 IN AFRICA**



In Africa they serviced their planes, dressed not quite to kill.

worried me most was the way it was causing us to burn up fuel. I didn't like the idea of the wet Mediterranean, so I gave the ship to Harry and went back to see what could be done about it. One of the crew tried to lasso the raft from the waist gun window. Another tried to shoot it off. I even let them chop holes in the fuselage to get at it. But it seemed to be fused there. Had to give it up.

We were all alone, about thirty miles off the coast of Corsica. We thought that we might run into some enemy activity around there, but there wasn't any. There was nothing for it but to sit and wait for the red lights to start blinking on our panel board. It didn't take long. One engine sputtered and went dead. The gasoline situation was very black. I suppose it was only a matter of seconds before the next engine went out, though we were sweating it out for ages. Then the third died. I had everybody get into the radio compartment. Then the fourth engine quit.

WE got down all right. The water was very smooth. We got the remaining life raft afloat and piled on everything we thought we'd need. Of course, there were ten of us and those dinghies only hold five. There wasn't much question about our having to take turns, five inside and five hanging on outside. That was all right, though, as long as we could watch our ship. For forty-five minutes we paddled around, just watching the "Portia." No one had anything to say. She was a swell plane. We had her in the States, you know, and she'd done seven missions over here. She seemed to hate to leave us as much as we hated to leave her. I never thought I'd get sentimental that way, but I guess I did.

It got dark after the "Portia" went down. When it gets dark you get lonely. The Mediterranean got awfully cold. A dirty night it was, too. I hope I never have to spend another one like it. I don't remember just when it happened, but we all became aware at the same moment of a dark and menacing object coming for us. I think we all secretly thought that this was it. No one dared mention sharks, but it was in the back of every one's mind. You could tell it in the way a man looked over his shoulder.

Funny thing about it was that the object turned out to be somebody's flying jacket floating under the water. After we found that out there seemed to be a distinct feeling of disappointment. Our nerves were so shot that I think some of us really hoped that something would happen. That's the mood we were in all night. We just hung on and watched.

We all felt better when the sun came up. We even laughed a little at the way we looked. The dinghy, you see, was completely submerged and there we were—ten men apparently sitting on the water. Everything went along all right until about eleven o'clock, and then the little automatic transmitter went out. We all started to pray. Harry Coomes got out his rosary and we prayed.

A B-26 spotted us that afternoon. The way it flew around made us feel as though we were coming into a new life completely. The B-26 stayed right over us until one of those British Air-Sea Rescue launches came out to pick us up. Those boys are grand guys. They even took off their own clothes to get us warm after they had hauled us out of the water. We had been in the water for twenty-one hours.

They left the Alps behind and Italy behind, and there was nothing but the endless Mediterranean.



Lt. John Keeley, Jr.
25, Pilot of "Pregnant Portia."

Born Richmond Hill, New York.
Enlisted as Cadet in 1941.

After The Bombs Went Down

WHEN we finally got past the Alps our last bit of oxygen gave out, so I let her down to 13,000 feet. I figured we could stay at that level all right, so I turned the ship over to Harry Coomes, the co-pilot. A blasted life raft had become entangled with the vertical stabilizer, but I still thought we could get rid of it. The blasted thing had been shot from its housing and had wrapped itself around our tail surfaces. That meant a lot of trouble. We did everything we could to dislodge it, but nothing seemed to work. The ship vibrated like the devil and we had to drop out of formation. Of course, the whole German Air Force jumped us then. We shot down four of them.

The raft kept flapping around so much that I was afraid it would tear off the whole tail, but what

Flak over Regensburg.

And they hit the Mediterranean as hard as they had hit the target.



T/Sgt. Charlton Browning, who took the pictures, got around.



GREENLAND



Retreat. Here, Pvt. Russel Mayer is the bugler; Cpl. Raymond Lehto salutes; Pvt. Olse Ramse holds the flag steady while Pfc. Paul Siri lowers it.

It's quite a trick to fold Old Glory the proper way when your hands are numbed with cold. The view is pretty up here. But the weather isn't

ICELAND



At rest. Sgt. Jimmy Dodge makes himself comfortable in his bunk and listens to the latest phonograph recordings being played from his camp mess hall for all who care to listen.



The snow in Iceland is just like the snow in the United States: it's the stuff that makes a snow battle. The girls in this picture are American nurses. The targets—more nurses.

North Atlantic

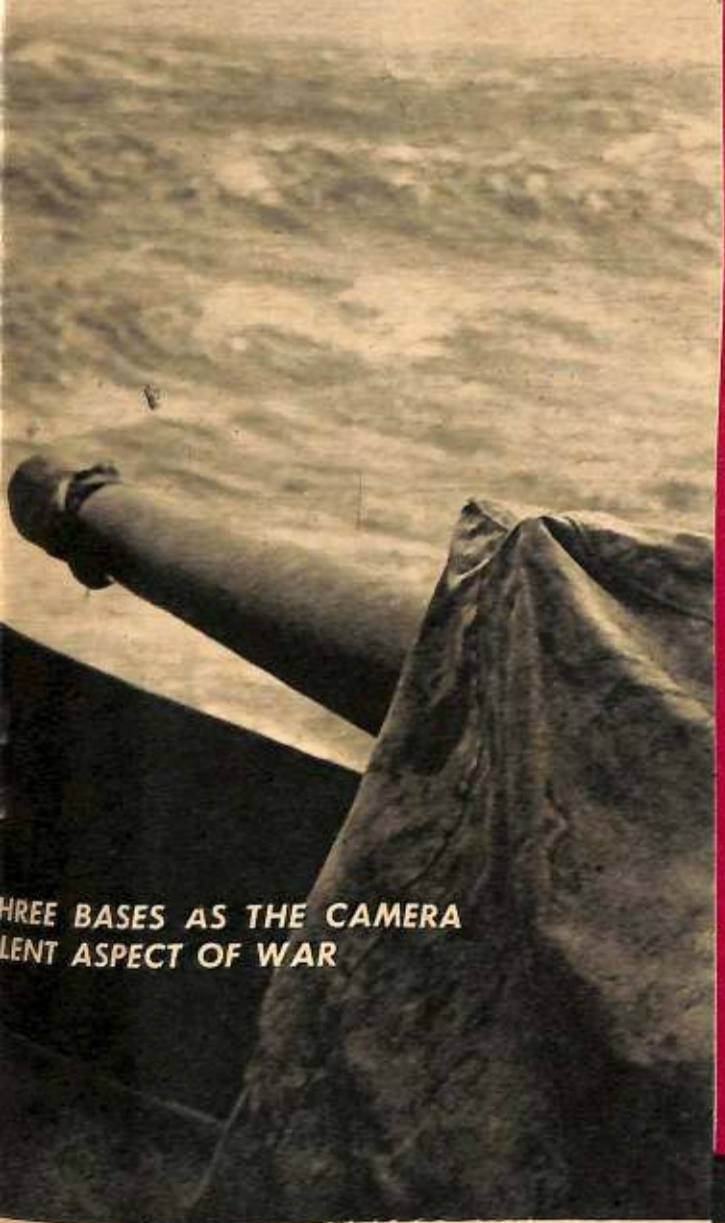


A PHOTOGRAPHIC VISIT TO RECORDS THE LESS V



Flanked by Pvt. Ramse and Pfc. Siri, Cpl. Lehto carries the flag away after the ceremony is completed.

ntic Report



THREE BASES AS THE CAMERA
LLENT ASPECT OF WAR

NEWFOUNDLAND



The question here seems to be whether it's more fun to swing with Mary Poyner or to be a spectator. At any rate, the guy up there with her is Pvt. John Suba of Detroit.



His service record lost, M/Sgt. Forest Blair wasn't paid until he got \$600 in one lump.



Allied uniforms together at coke bar of a USO shindig. The Yank soldier seems to be doing okay.



Pfc. Charles Nimmo had some idea of finding a swimmin' hole like he used to back in Minnesota, but this is the best he could do. He decided not to compete with the icebergs.



The gent on the steps is Langley Collyer, New York's famed "hermit," who stepped outdoors for the first time close to a year. The people around him are neighbors.

NEWS FROM HOME

This Week in America Thirty Million Kids Returned to School, Churchill Bought a War Bond, and William Jeffers Resigned.

THERE was a lot of hustle and bustle in America's homes this week. Labor Day came and with it came the usual speeches of labor leaders and government officials. With it also came the overcrowded railroad and bus stations. Millions of American parents were taking their children to the summer resorts; for many of them it meant the last swim for the year, as usually is the case on Labor Day back home.

Thousands of school teachers collected their last pay-checks from war industries and returned to their classrooms, for it was the week when something like 30 million children, between 5 and 17, were returning to school.

The President issued his annual Labor Day state-



An explosion of undetermined origin wrecked the 5-story plant of the Congoleum-Nairn Corporation in Kearny, N. J. The bodies of 12 persons were recovered. Many others were injured.

ment in which he asked the employers, workers and farmers not only to maintain their production pace "but to increase it."

Donald Nelson, War Production Chief, asserted that the production peak in many types of fighting equipment has been achieved or is "not far off" from achievement. Nelson said that in July munition making was boosted by 3 per cent and signal equipment by 17 per cent over the June record. Other WPB figures disclosed that 7,700 aircraft were produced in August, exceeding the July number by 327, but still 12 per cent behind the set goal.

Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard declared at St. Louis, Mo., that agricultural production this year was 43 per cent higher than in a comparable period during the World War, and one-third greater than the average from 1934 to 1939, despite 14 per cent less in manpower.

Grave diggers at the Brooklyn, N.Y., Holy Cross Cemetery, went out on a one-day wildcat strike and delayed 10 burials; and in South Bend, Ind., Carle Bennett divorced his bride when her 16 children and grandchildren moved in on them.

John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers appealed to the United States District Court in Birmingham, Ala., against the decision of the War Labor Board barring "portal to portal" pay. The union declared that the American working man is "not much freer than Uncle Tom on Simon Legree's plantation." The test case involves nine employees of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company who are seeking two hours' daily pay for underground travel time.

Tommy Manville, the nation's number one millionaire playboy, was still in the news. An editorial in the Reno, Nev., "Journal" charged him with making "a mockery of Nevada's courts and using them as a high-priced sport." Meanwhile, New York State Senator Louis Keller announced that Manville's seventh marriage to Macie "Sunny" Ainsworth

(which ended after 12 hours) was a "mockery and a farce." Keller said he would introduce a bill in the State legislature requiring thrice-divorced persons to prove to the State Supreme Court that they are persons "of good moral character" before permission to remarry is granted. "That wouldn't affect me," Tommy declared, very unperturbed.

Britain's Prime Minister Winston Churchill arrived in Washington for resumption of the Quebec conferences, and President Roosevelt accused Drew Pearson, widely syndicated columnist, of being a "chronic liar" after Pearson wrote that Secretary of State Cordell Hull and other State Department officials were wishing to see Russia "bled white." The columnist said that there has been no Second Front and that America failed to consult Russia on the Italian armistice terms. Hull replied that the Russians were at all times "consulted and fully informed" by the British and Americans about "military operations and political situations" in the European Theater of Operations.

I. Werner Janssen, husband of actress Ann Harding, gave up his \$2,000-a-week job as a symphony orchestra conductor and started work in an aircraft plant at \$45. Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt urged people to make up their minds whether their present job is useful to the war effort. "If you are not in a war useful job the United States Employment Service will refer you to one." He said that 2,600,000 people will have to change to essential war jobs between now and next July if the manpower shortage is to be solved.

The Government announced that brooms will be stripped of all "non-functional frills" in the future. No more than two coatings of paint or lacquer may be used on broom handles, and the wire holding the fibre together will be shortened.



The models being as trim as what they wear, the general effect should please anyone. Left is the winter and right the summer uniform designed for cadet nurses in New York. Both carry their coats.

A man in Akron, Ohio, picked up a newspaper and found that a certain store was advertising eggs at four cents a dozen, butter at eight cents a pound and whiskey at 25 cents a gallon; later he discovered that the paper was 108 years old.

The Office of Price Administration lifted the ban against pleasure driving by East Coast motorists and declared that it will be up to the driver's conscience to determine if his travel is essential. The OPA also announced that purchases by Eastern domestic users of anthracite coal will be limited by 50 per cent of their 1942 consumption.

Winston Churchill initiated the nation's third war bond drive—goal 15 billion dollars—by purchasing a \$100 dollar bond. While posing before a battery of photographers, the British Prime Minister got so warm from the floodlights that he jokingly asked if the photographers would turn him around "and cool the other side."

General Eisenhower was recommended by Presi-

dent Roosevelt for advancement from permanent colonel to permanent major-general for his direction of the North African and Sicilian campaigns.

Casualties in all sections of the armed forces and the Merchant Marine since Pearl Harbor were announced at 103,932, of which are 19,581 dead, 35,895 missing and 23,086 prisoners, with the remainder listed as wounded. Army casualties were reported at 69,358; Navy, 21,556; Marines, 7,904; Merchant Marine, 4,751; and Coast Guard, 363.

A six and one-half pound daughter was born to Mrs. Bert Lahr, wife of the screen comedian, in Santa Monica, Calif. Dr. Lester W. Sontag, director of the Fels Research Institute, Yellow Springs, Ohio, announced that war babies are smaller than usual and neurotically inclined.

A judge and spectators in a District of Columbia court room were startled when James Banks, 58, removed his pants and handed them over to Mrs. Sarah Carter from whose clothesline he had stolen them.

Hollywood: A coroner's jury ruled that Arthur Farnsworth, aircraft executive, died accidentally after his actress wife, Bette Davis, testified that he fell and struck his head on a curbstone. Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn will co-star in their third movie in two years, "Without Love," written by Philip Barry. Leslie Howard's last picture, "Lamp Still Burns," will soon be released.

Rep. Andrew J. May (D., Ky.), chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, announced he would seek compulsory peace time one-year military training for males between 17 and 21, with a standing Army of 500,000, exclusive of these trainees.

WAC Cpl. Maoma Ridings, socialite divorcee and one-time nurse of President Roosevelt at Warm Springs, Ga., was raped and slain at the Claypole



This is a picture of a model of the Air-Car and its inventor, W. B. Stout of Detroit, who says the car will accommodate three and will do 100 in the air, 60 on the ground.



Another Wasp slides off the ways. Launched at Quincy, Mass., the new aircraft carrier is seventh in a line of U. S. fighting ships of that name. Her predecessor was sunk by Japs in a battle off Guadalcanal.



Soldiers helped civilians and forest rangers in fighting the worst forest fire in Wyoming's history. The fire was started by lightning in the Big Horn National Forest and raged over thousands of acres.



In Seattle, Wash., a Congressman changes jobs. He is Representative Henry M. Jackson (second from right) from the second Congressional District, taking the oath to change from law making to war making.

Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., while she was on a week-end leave from Camp Atterbury, Ind. A bellboy and steward were held as suspects after a house-keeper found the semi-nude body with the throat, arms and wrists slashed.

Mrs. Agnes Peele, proprietor of the Chicago Home for the Aged, was charged with assault with a deadly weapon for beating a 91-year-old patient with a soup ladle, but she beat the rap and was fined only \$100 when the prosecutor failed to prove a ladle is a deadly weapon. Mrs. Mildred Mary Bolton, first woman sentenced to death in the Pontiac, Ill., electric chair for murdering her husband, slashed her own throat after learning that her sentence was reprieved to life imprisonment.

Representatives of 61 steamship companies, all members of the American Merchant Marine Institute, announced a five-point, post-war shipping policy which, among other things, calls for the transfer of all government-owned ships to private ownership,

establishment of new routes opened up by war developments, and a minimum pool of five million tons to be reserved for national defense.

Gov. Dwight Green of Illinois allowed a Springfield woman to "fulfil a lifelong ambition" by running barefooted over the gubernatorial lawn. And Dr. A. R. Olpin, research director for the National Association of Manufacturers, predicted that cooking stoves will be powered by radio after the war.

The Gallup Poll claims that 84 per cent of the people they queried voted against a question suggesting peace on the basis of simply having Hitler removed but leaving other matters in Germany as they are. Another poll, taken by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver, Colo., indicated that 48 per cent of the Americans believe the Russians will join the Allies in the war against Japan after Germany is defeated, 28 per cent said they didn't expect aid from Russia and 24 per cent had no opinion.

James and Marion Jordan, radio's Fibber McGee and Molly, celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Two days after actress Sally Eilers divorced producer Joe Brown in Mexico she married Navy Lt. Howard Berney.

William Jeffers, director of the nation's rubber program, resigned after submitting a report to the President wherein he said that the rubber problem "is well in hand." Roosevelt accepted his resignation and named Col. Bradley Dewey to succeed him.

Mary Churchill, daughter of the British Prime Minister, visited a WAC camp in Georgia, tried a hand at jitterbugging and then announced that the British are not up to the American standards.

Raymond Palacios was unable to visit his friends on the sixth floor of the Houston, Tex., jail so he shouted from the street until police arrested him for disturbing the peace.

Palacios is happy now—the cops locked him up in the same cell as his pals.

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

CHEYENNE, WYO.

Continuing its series of visits to U. S. communities, YANK stops at the capital of Wyoming to see how it is taking the war. Watch for your own town. It may appear here soon.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

CHEYENNE, WYO. — Recently the audience in Cheyenne's lush, newly decorated movie house, the Lincoln, had a surprise. There on the screen, in a close-up, was the face of a boy they all knew. His name was Curly Hill. Before the war Curly had worked as an usher in that same Lincoln Theater. Now he was back, his face contorted with pain, as the film showed him being lifted from a C-47 ambulance plane somewhere in North Africa.

The shock of the audience, however, was nothing compared to the shock Curly Hill would undergo if he really were to return to wartime Cheyenne for a visit.

A tremendous influx of war workers and Army families has swollen the population from 22,400 to 35,000. The tiny regular Army post at Fort Francis E. Warren has mushroomed into a huge quartermaster replacement center. Most of the United Air Lines installation at the airport has been taken over by the Army as a modification center where heavy bombers are given their final processing before they are flown overseas.

Yet little has changed in the basic life of the city. The principal mainstays are still the Union Pacific yards, the federal and state Civil Service employees always found in a state capital, and the immense sheep and cattle ranches which encompass nearly the entire state of Wyoming.

Many stores on 16th and 17th Streets are bustling with activity and rolling in wealth. The prices are stunning. A plate of ham and eggs at the Mayflower Restaurant, for instance, now costs 95 cents. It used to be 35. A good deal of the city's new-found wealth goes into War Bond drives and a super USO, in the half-million-dollar white elephant Consistory Temple on Capitol Avenue. This structure is so lavish that one private reverently took off his hat on entering it for the first time. "I thought I was in the capitol building," he said.

The little yellow city busses, which used to chug lazily along the quiet streets less than half-filled, are now jammed to capacity with war workers and sport all sorts of messages to the public, such as "STEP TO THE REAR—IT HELPS EASE THE SQUEEZE."

The newly arrived war workers are industrious and quiet and keep mostly to themselves, except when they are called upon to help support such affairs as Cheyenne's renowned rodeo, Frontier Days. There's a big new trailer housing project on East Pershing Boulevard, and down at Frontier Park, in the space between the grandstand and the fence where the Sioux Indians used to pitch their tepees, the Government has pitched a grim-looking barracks for the workers at the modification center.

Seventeenth Street on Saturday night is a solid wall of khaki, and you can't get into the movies, the cocktail lounge of the Frontier Hotel or the Wyoming and Oak Rooms of the Plains Hotel. Unable to get male musicians any more, the Oak Room has a four-piece girl orchestra, called Karson's Musicals, who play a strange combination of rumbas and Russian folk songs.

The famous carpet in the lobby of the Plains, with its huge head of a noble albeit extinct Indian chieftain named Little Shield, has been put away



The Union Pacific, whose station tower looks like a church steeple, is still a mainstay of the town.

for the duration. "The soldiers were much rougher on it than the politicians used to be," explains the management. Old Joe, the Plains' venerable Filipino bellhop, is still around, however. Gray-haired Joe was brought to this country from the Philippines by Lt. Gen. (then Lt.) Lesley J. McNair in 1911. He has been a fixture at the Plains ever since. When Gen. McNair was wounded in Africa recently, Joe couldn't eat until he learned the wound was not serious.

The Plamore, out on the Denver Road south of town, has been declared off limits for servicemen after midnight. This caused an embarrassing situation a few weeks ago when a Pvt. Bill Rembicz of Fort Warren gave an engagement party there. Exactly at midnight, the MPs came and hauled Rembicz away from his guests and fiancée.

The town has wide-open gambling now, with blackjack and poker establishments running full blast behind some of the cafes and pool halls. This is the result of an attempt to make Cheyenne another Reno, the first step in which was a new 60-day divorce law. The campaign is beginning to work, although the town ran into trouble last year when four bars (Jack's, Earl's, Shuman's and the Tivoli) were accused of "operating under unsanitary conditions." At the trial, one of the defendants, Mrs. Anna Shuman, quoted scripture and said: "We're fighting for justice and democracy, and look what we get. To err is human, to forgive divine. We have violated the law, but why not give us a chance to make amends? Our future and our children's future depends on the council's decision." The joints were closed.

Juvenile delinquency has become a problem. Thirteen-year-old Robert Farnsworth killed 14-year-old Jimmy Merritt with a Sharps revolver he had stolen from the State Museum. A 19-year-old girl rented a house on the corner of 21st and Central and was using it as a "recreation club"

in which 28 teen-age girls were providing recreation for free. As a result of such incidents, F. B. McVicar was appointed to the new post of juvenile delinquency officer.

It was decided that an increased sports program was what the town needed to counteract this wave of delinquency, so a new 14-team softball league was set up for the kids, and a four-team industrial league for the adults. In addition, a crack Fort Warren league, including former minor leaguers, is in full bloom. Accordingly, Pioneer Park—which was closed when the Western League folded and took the famous Cheyenne Indians off the active list in 1941—now has baseball seven nights a week for the first time in its history. The two golf courses play 500 golfers on a Sunday and the 11 bad tennis courts are always jammed.

There are still the old standard gags about Frontier Days, which generally go as follows: "There are only two seasons in Cheyenne—winter and Frontier Days," or "In Cheyenne, the groundhog comes up on Feb. 2, looks around and says, 'I'm going back to sleep. Don't wake me up again until the opening day of Frontier Days.'"

Because of the influx of war workers, there was no decrease in attendance this year. Nearly all the performers were back, including Buck Sorrells, Carl Arnold, Bob Crosby and the local favorite, King Merritt. It seems that the bulldoggers and ropers are too old for the Army, and the broncoriders have so many broken bones that they are invariably rejected. The old show was the same, with the citizenry wearing cowboy clothes, Chief Red Cloud and his Sioux Indians indulging in squaw dances and buck races, and the city enjoying the usual profits.

And so life goes on in Cheyenne. The men hunt moose and elk in the Snowy Range; the women play cards; the kids go to Roedel's and the Owl Inn, swim in Sloan's Lake and neck in Lyons Park. The ranches are short of cowpunchers, but old-timers like Ernie King are still around. And with women replacing men as shearers, sheep raising is more profitable than ever at a new high price of 48½ cents a pound for wool. Actual war still seems far away.



Bunny Waters

YANK

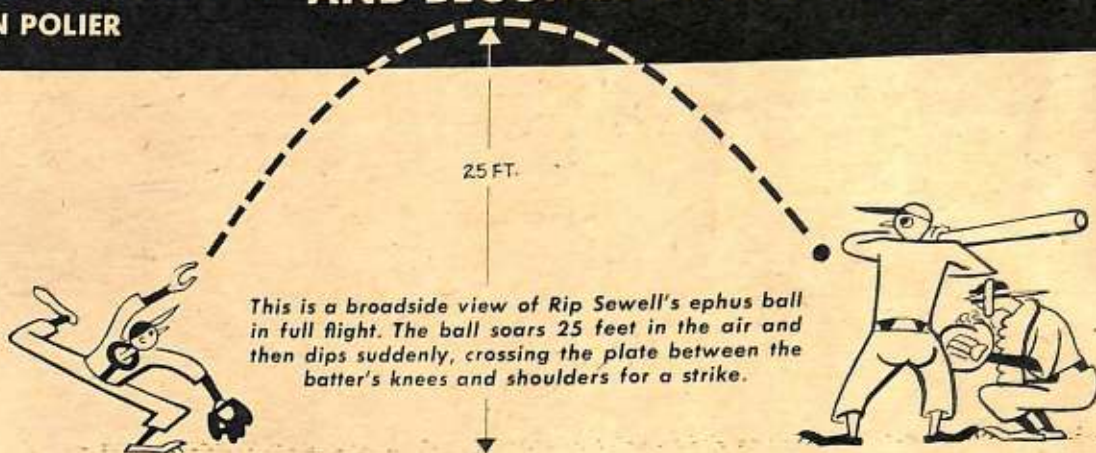
Pin-up Girl





SPORTS: SEWELL DISCOVERS EPHUS BALL AND BECOMES PITCHER OF YEAR

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



This is a broadside view of Rip Sewell's ephus ball in full flight. The ball soars 25 feet in the air and then dips suddenly, crossing the plate between the batter's knees and shoulders for a strike.

DOMINIC DALLESSANDRO, the little Chicago Cub outfielder, was plenty mad. He had just taken two furious swings at Rip Sewell's ephus ball and missed miserably.

"If you throw that thing again," Dallessandro yelled, "I'm coming out with this bat and knock your brains out."

Sewell let him have the ephus again and struck him out.

What Dallessandro saw and couldn't hit was nothing more than a lazy change of pace or slow ball. But it was the slowest and highest of all the slow and high balls he had ever seen. The ball actually soared 25 feet above the ground and on its way to the plate fell almost vertically into the catcher's mitt.

Sewell, who is a cousin of Manager Luke Sewell of the Browns, has already won 18 games with his ephus ball—11 in a row before the Cardinals stopped him—and lost only four. He is the key pitcher of the astonishing Pittsburgh Pirates and the leading pitcher in both leagues.

The Ripper, in fact, has always been a good pitcher although he never won more than 17 games in any single season. He is a pitcher on the order of Cincinnati's Bucky Walters—a dangerous hitter in the clutch, a good fielder and base runner, and a hustler. But it wasn't until he discovered the ephus that he really became a spectacular winner.

Last year while he was warming up in the bull pen he accidentally stumbled on the ephus. When he had finished his warm-up he lofted a ball to the catcher as a signal that he was through. Sewell noticed that when the ball came down it dipped suddenly and crossed the plate. He tried another one and the same thing happened. This gave him an idea. Why not try it in a game? He did and the results were good. The batter would either swing and miss the ball, pop it in the air or top it for an easy grounder.

The formula for the ephus is simple.

Sewell's wind-up and delivery is almost the same as it would be for any pitch except that the ball comes off his hand with a slight shot-put motion. He holds the ball in the palm of his hand and instead of snapping his wrist he lets the ball roll off the back of his fingers.

It was catcher Al Lopez who named the pitch the ephus. Lopez had once heard the word ephus and didn't know what it meant, and he figured quite logically that "the hitters can't figure out what to do with it any more than I can figure out the meaning of ephus." Ephus, however, isn't the only name for Sewell's pitch. It has been dubbed "balloon ball," "rainbow throw," "back breaker," "parachute pitch," and "statosphere pitch." The ball players have a lot of names for it, too, beginning with the letters "S" and "B."

George Kurowski of the Cardinals takes his spite on the ephus by spitting on it as it drifts tantalizingly across the plate. Eddie Miller of the Reds showed his scorn for the pitch by refusing to get out of the way of one headed straight for him. The ball hit Miller and he trotted off to first base, thumbing his nose at Sewell as he went. Miller thought he had found the answer to the ephus, but the umpire flagged him back. The rule book says a batter must make an attempt to avoid any pitch thrown too near him.

Butch Nieman of the Boston Braves thought he had a plan to trick Sewell, too. When the ball started to soar in the air he dropped to his knees and waited for it to come down squarely across the plate. The ball appeared and Nieman knocked a grounder out to second base. But Nieman forgot he had to scramble to his feet before he could start running. He was out by 25 feet.

Here's how Rip Sewell holds the ephus pitch.

CADRETTIES in the Navy's V-12 student-training program: Lou DeFilippo, former New York Giant center, will play for this year's Purdue eleven. Michigan finds itself in possession of Bill Daley, Minnesota's thunderous fullback, and Elroy Hirsch, Wisconsin's halfback. The Fordham touchdown twins, Andrejko and Cheverko, are expected to play for Dartmouth. The Penn captain of last year, Calcagni, will play for Cornell. Jess Neely, the Rice coach, expected 90 V-12 candidates to turn out for the first football practice of the season, but nobody showed up. It was pay day. . . . Bob Feller has already been under two Nazi aerial attacks since shipping out to sea as a gun captain. . . . Cpl. Paul Campbell, the Boston Red Sox first baseman, is playing the outfield for Lt. Monte Weaver's Eighth Air Force team in England.

The DiMaggio brothers, Joe and Dom, have both asked for combat duty. They insist they didn't enlist to play baseball. . . . Maj. Harold Hantelmann, Iowa's All-American guard in 1928, is recuperating after a hand grenade got him in the knee during the Buna campaign. He won the DSC for his part in that action. . . . Ensign Greg Rice's proudest possession is the white antelope-skin track shoe Gunder Haegg gave him. Gil Dodds got the other shoe. . . . Fort Devens, Mass., and the Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base won't

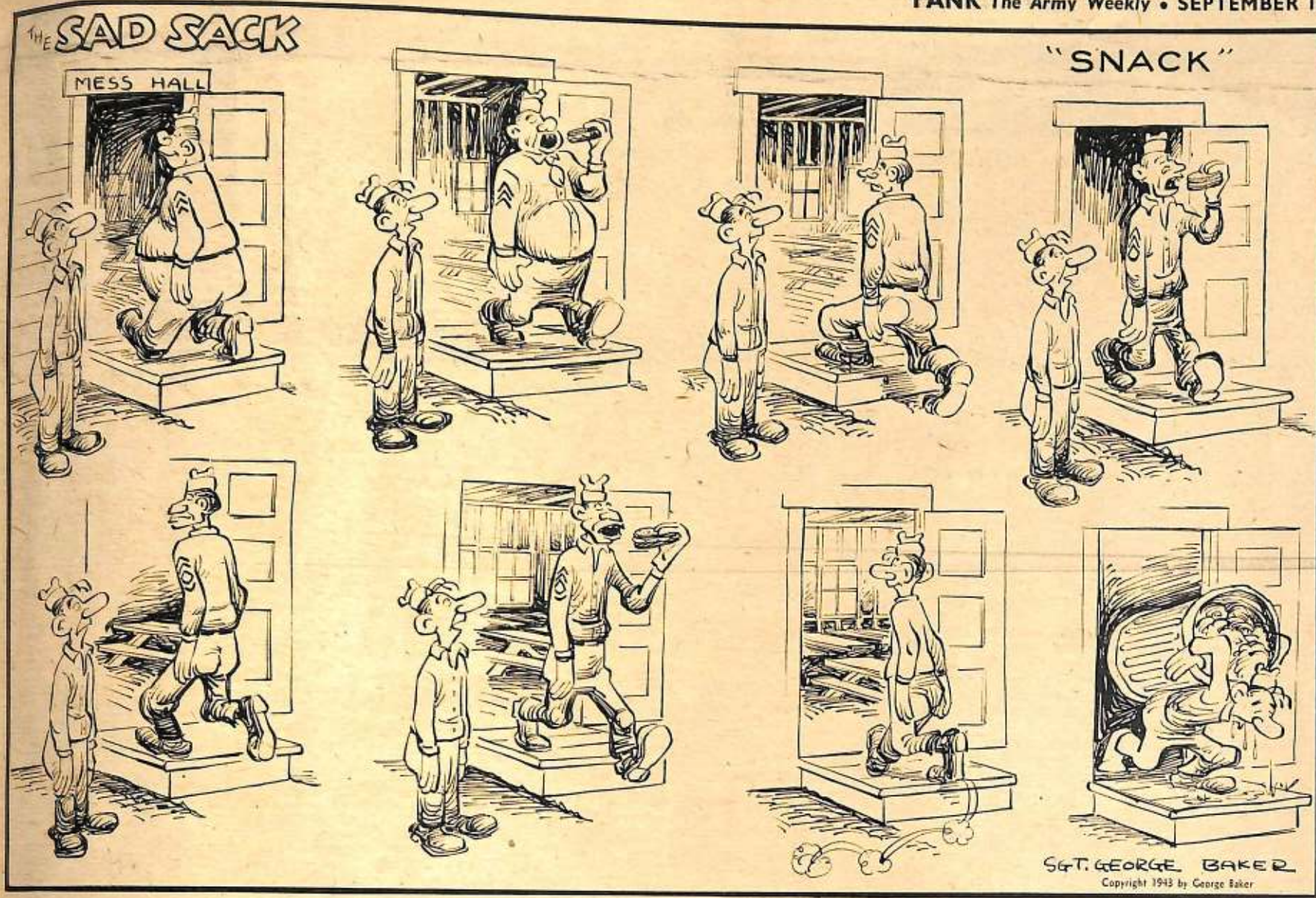
have football teams this fall. Both were loaded with talent. Santa Ana had Indian Joe Jacobs, Oklahoma's All-American halfback, and Merle Hapes, another All-Everything from Ole Miss. Devens could have used Hank Soar, the New York Giant ace, Lou Ghecas of Georgetown and Bill Boyce of Boston College. . . . Clair Bee, Long Island's basketball coach, is now Lt. Comdr. Bee of the Merchant Marine.

The Joe Louis boxing troupe, with 1st Sgt. George Nicholson, Cpl. Ray Robinson and Pvt. Jackie Wilson, is now making a six-day stand in the Third Service Command. The rest of the schedule calls for five days in the Fifth Service Command, six days in the Sixth, nine days in the Seventh, 17 days in the Ninth, 27 days in the Eighth and 22 days in the Fourth. At the close of the tour the troupe is to go overseas. . . . Boots Paffenberger, the bad boy of the Dodgers and Tigers, just made pfc. at Parris Island, S. C. . . . Col. Reed L. Landis, commander of the First Troop Carrier Command at the Maxon (N. C.) Army Air Base, is the son of Judge Landis, the baseball czar. . . . That Camp Grant (Ill.) football schedule is one of the toughest in the country. On successive week ends they meet Michigan, Wisconsin, Marquette, Purdue, Minnesota, Michigan State, Great Lakes Naval Training Station and the Iowa Pre-Flight School.



SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Pvt. Sabu Da Stagir, the elephant boy of the screen, shakes hands with Sgt. Joe Louis at Fort Meade, Md., where Louis opened his 100-day tour of Army camps.



"The leaves is beginning to toin," Artie Greengroin said. "Pretty soon they'll be falling fasser than a foist sergeant's hairs."

"Happens every year," we said. Artie had just come out clean from a Sunday afternoon crap game and we were taking a walk through the woods to clear the rocks out of his head.

"Jesse the same," said Artie, "it brings out the ole sadness in me. I look up at a tree and a leaf comes falling down on me snoot and I say to meself, 'Well, Artie, they's another year unner your belt.' Oney trouble is, I don't never feel any better for it. Honnes to gaw, sometimes I think I'm a utter failure."

"You're a big success, kid," we said. "Here I been in the Army for two years," said Artie, "and where am I? Am I a coinel? Naw, I ain't a coinel. Am I a full major? Naw, I ain't a full major. I ain't even a loused-up captain. At the moment I ain't even a Pfc. I'm a private. They's two years of strife and initiative shot all to hell. Wass the percentage in that? If I was a civilian I'd of probly become a tycoon of industry or something. I'd of got in the ole war effort and trun meself together a factory and made machine gun bullets or grenades. The nice thing about that kine of junk is that they's no retoins. It's a mint. But what am I doing? I'm noising a ole bassar of a truck that has to be pushed up hill 'most of the time. Honnes to gaw, this war is getting on me noives."

"Got any more ideas about it?" we asked. "Not terday, ole cock, not terday," Artie said. "Foist it was that craps game and now it's the horrible realization that winter is awmost upon us. Thass the trouble with being in the Army. The years goes by before you know it. You don't get no time to discover nature. Suppose you see a pretty little caterpillar on a stick. You bend down to pick it up and give it the ole once-over and the foist sergeant says, 'Okay, fall in with yer bayonets.' You see a little squirrel playing with his nuts, but before you can get close enough to see the glimmer in his eye they drag you out for some close order. The trouble with the Army is that you awways got to be doing something. My God, even when you can lay down you got to be writing letters or borrowing a couple of quids. You don't get no time to do anything for yourself."

"What would you do if you had time?" we asked. Artie stopped walking and threw himself down

against the trunk of an ivy-covered tree. He lit a fag. "Beats me," he said. "I been in this gawdam Army so long I ain't got no imagination left. I spend all me time bucking for corporal when I should be improving me mine or getting clost to nature. When I got ten minutes to trun away I get in a craps game. I been completely brutalized since they clapped me in khaki. I loss all me finer sensibilities. I'm beginning to feel like a blassid shavetail. If I'd of known war was like this I'd of been born a goil."

"Just like that, eh?" we said. "Yerse," said Artie. He thought for a minute. "You know, maybe the trouble with me right now is goils. Maybe, I need the soft touch of a female hand to cool me fevered brow. Maybe I am starved for feminine sweetness."

"WELL," we said, "there's the WACs—"

"Are you kidding?" Artie said. "I said feminine sweetness. I didn't say I wanted terbaccer spitting dames with sergeant's stripes. I want a mouse in crinolines, like Scarlett O'Hara."

"She was a ball of fire," we said. "Fire, smire," Artie said. "She wasn't in uniform, whatever she was."

"You've got a point there," we said. "Thanks, ole boy," said Artie. "I awways try to be concise. Jesse think. If I was out here with some doll in dimity we could lay down here unner the trees and watch the leaves toining color."

"It does sound nice," we said. "What I want is a mate to stroll through the years with me," Artie said. "Honnees to gaw, I think I'll get hitched the next time I get to Lunnon. Then I'll hook me a furlough and go tripping through the woods with me blushing bride. How's that sound?"

"Awful," we said. "It sounds awful from here, too," Artie said. "I don't know why I ever thought of it. Wass the use of a rummy like me matrying some beautiful,

innercent goil? I lose all me moola in craps games. I couldn't support her. To keep food amongst her molars she'd have to get in a uniform, and then I'd be right back where I started from. Naw, I guess I jess got to study nature by meself."

"You can study nature with us, Artie," we said. "It ain't quite the same thing," said Artie: "The trouble with me is, I'm a biologist. You know what a biologist is?"

"Yes," we said. "It's nice to talk to a intelligent man occasionally," Artie said. "Well, the Army took what was a promising biologist and they made a rummy out of him. I should be sprawled on me gut on the ground, studying the movement of ants. But instead, what am I doing? I'm waiting to walk back to camp and trun meself down on me pallet and spend another restless night, dreaming of the man I might of been."

"Don't take it so hard, old boy," we said. "I can't help it," said Artie. "It's the ole Greengroin blood. Every year I get sad when the leaves fall. Life is a shambles, thass all. Gloom is everywhere. Yerse, I guess I jess got to meet me a new goil. Maybe she'll spring me out of the depression. I think I'll trundle around to a pubs and meet another nice barmaiden. When you come right down to it, barmaidens are the oney soulful individuals in the whole English Isle. They unnerstand life."

"We hope you meet a nice one," we said. "I'll probly never meet the nice one I met before," Artie said. "She was a darb, that doll. But she toined out to be a traitor."

"How so?" we asked. "She tooken up with the top kick," said Artie. "The lass time I seen her she was pouring free lagers down the throat of that ring-tailed ole bassar of a top kick. I been cut before, but never like that. And now the leaves is falling."

"Wurra, wurra," we said. "Ain't it the truth?" said Artie.

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



AUTUMNAL OLE ARTIE

MAIL CALL

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS



Dear YANK:

Regarding the article about the Yanks in the ETO by Betty, Billee and Joyce, I'd like the chance to tell them all the Yanks in the ETO don't go for the brainless, frilly, fluffy and baggy type. (Whew). I know damn well that I don't and I know hundreds of just good guys who don't either. We all have home town gals back home and wouldn't want to get mixed up with the free (or reasonable) bags who sport the aforesaid characteristics. I know there are plenty of real swell English gals who go out with nice Americans just for a good time and a laugh, and I am one of them. I know a great many real swell gals you couldn't get to first base with, and wouldn't want to 'cause they are like gals back home, and you wouldn't get wrong ideas about your gal back home, so why do it here. I'm sure that Billee, Betty and Joyce must have either been out with or have seen some clowns who don't have any respect for themselves, their friends or anything. These kind go along with the good kind. It is always that way. You gals must pick out the good ones. There are plenty. Stay out of those pubs and go to some of the American Red Cross Dances at some of the clubs and meet some nice guys who aren't after your hide. And if you want a pin-up, take a camera along and get some snaps. There are a lot of good-looking he-man type men right under your noses. I happen to be a sailor in the U. S. Navy and have a lot of real swell fellows for friends, the kind I'd want to pal with back home, and I'd like you gals to know them, but that is impossible as they are women-haters. To a certain extent. They have gals back home and can wait for them. So, next time, look around gals, and don't make such derogatory decisions without knowing some good Yanks.

Thanks for listening to this Epistle of mine.

BARNACLE BILL Jr., U.S.N.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

While it is easy to criticize and more difficult to praise, apparently we hit a snag when the so-called Billee, Joyce and Betty in "Mail Call" of August 22, outrightly suggest among the whole American Army stationed in England they have not yet found the "Real American Screen Hero" type. Perhaps these gals are looking too hard and cannot see what is in their own back yard.

Judging a majority from a few will always give a poor picture indeed. If "the Americans over here only go out with the brainless, fluffy, peroxide blonde type," it's because the intellectual, solid ("smashing" if you want), and a real mop of hair type fails to respond even with a smile when a G.I. in his most American manner, tries his "line." Of course there are also types of Americans and those from the South will have different characteristics than those of the East. But is this our lot to analyse from an English gal's viewpoint when we still form an army and a country that is making history?

Brought up to believe through movies (flicks) the average American is a "superman" jitterbug who is apparently trying to run "Old Man Mose" down, or then again we are all millionaires with a yen for yachts and streamlined cars, the average Miss England fails to dig deep and bring out the things that we cannot control, such as poverty, slums and conditions that are existent anywhere a population makes a world. Without faults to them from movie dramatizations, how can the average American live to this build-up when some gals are just looking for these points?

Wake up and look about you and there you will see the real American. He's not a "super-natural," he's not beyond faults, yet without qualities, and there you

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.

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New York Office:

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller. Officer-in-Charge: Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Editor: Major Hartzell Spence.

Pictures: 1, Sgt. Pöte Paris. 3, AP. 5, Sgt. Pete Paris. 6, AP. 7, Seventh Air Force, Hawaii. 8, lower left, AP; others, Sgt. Charlton le Browning. 9, 10 and 11, Sgt. Charlton le Browning. 12, upper left and right and center left, Signal Corps; lower left, ACME; lower right, Cpl. Ted Cronyn. 13, upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, Pfc. Howard Warner; others, Cpl. Harold Wing. 14, top, INP; others, ACME. 15, top, ACME; center left, INP; middle, INP; right, ACME. 17, WW. 18, upper left, PA; lower right, WW. 21, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 22, 5/Sgt. Irving Schlossberg, USMC. 23, U.S. Navy.

will see, not a Tyrone Power but an American boy.

Until you study Pvt. America, forget your movie opinion, will you then know the Yanks. You cannot judge all Yanks from a pub-chaser and until you look beyond these will you prove

to yourself, though we may not all be Clark Gables, we still possess of what makes America.

Britain.

(From a G.I. "Frenchman" who would like to compare notes with one Jean-Pierre O'Toole)

Dear YANK:

In reading Cpl. John D. Preston's "Life at an Air Base," it has become apparent to me that the author did not know what the hell he was talking about, or that the Ordnance men he associates with have spent the last few decades in the darkest wilds of Africa.

Perhaps he should spend his entire time on squadron parties—our men don't know anything about them, having been interrupted at their first and only one to bomb up, while the girls were still looking hot and fresh, but before couples wandered out "to get air and reach a clearer understanding."

I would like to know what is meant by "officially informing of a mission," or is your boy, Preston, writing about supermen? To my humble knowledge it would be physically impossible to bomb-up in the few minutes prior to take-off.

Our section uses cable, not rope, and whether formally or informally, the bombs are hoisted, not slung, into the bomb bays.

Cpl. Preston is somewhat gullible if he believes that there is a gadget in the bomb's tail that steers it through the air and releases the detonator. To me, the fin steadies the bomb in flight and, unless bombardiers have taken to riding them down, there is no method of guiding them

while in flight. And, pray tell, what good is the detonator if it is released by this mysterious gadget?

True enough, the men of our section do not get much sleep, but whoever heard of ground crews wandering off to breakfast while the planes are tuning-up? In this squadron, the men are always there until after the take-off to make last minute checks and wish the flight-crews Godspeed. Then, if pangs of hunger get the best of them, they do go to eat, but return before the planes get back.

To further enlighten your staff, our medium bombers have been in operation in this theater for over three months, so, since the B-26 has been taken off the secret list, why not give these worthies a little publicity? They're playing for keeps and doing their share too.

In closing, I will say that YANK, to date, has been a constant source of great enjoyment to myself and friends at home. I trust that future apologies to these friends will be prevented by more accurate articles and by a little recognition of the great work being done by our "Marauders."

H. H. L. BELL

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Up until now I've never found any fault with your swell magazine except for an occasional article now and then that I didn't care for, but after reading "Only the dead know Brooklyn," my estimation of your magazine dropped. I think that was pretty cheap article and quite unfair.

Brooklyn has furnished plenty of prime young men that are now doing splendid work on all fronts. I'll grant you that some of the fellows are boisterous or talk tough, but that's only because a Brooklynite has two strikes called against him the moment he mentions where he's from. Let's show a little more sportsmanship and write fewer articles like that one.

Cpl. BOB GARFINKEL

Britain.

STARS AND STRIPES
in the European Theater

Have a Chelsea, Mate

CHELSEAS KEEP PACE WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES...

"I am enclosing," writes a Yank from overseas, "a photo that appeared in STARS AND STRIPES, our Army newspaper, of one of our boys passing the fine enjoyment of Chelsea cigarettes to a fellow comrade. Chelsea is a real American smoke for us Yanks over here—and I must say we are glad to get them."

CIGARETTE TESTS IN "DESERT-DRY" HEAT PROVE

Chelseas keep 30% Fresher.

TO MAKE sure that Chelsea cigarettes would keep their freshness even in the hot, dry climate of Africa, we asked an independent laboratory to make a series of cigarette "freshness tests" under desert-dry heat conditions.

Chelseas, along with other cigarettes, endured 115° heat for 5 consecutive days, 120 blistering hours. Following is the final result of these tests:

CHELSEAS PROVED 30% FRESHER THAN THE AVERAGE OF FOUR LEADING CIGARETTE BRANDS!

Here is the double-secret of Chelsea's FRESHNESS. Chelsea has an amazing new ingredient that holds the moisture IN—and also a new "Fresh-pak" wrapper that keeps the dryness OUT.

Discover richer-tasting Chelsea today—the cigarette that keeps 30% FRESHER.

The Double-Secret of CHELSEA'S FRESHNESS

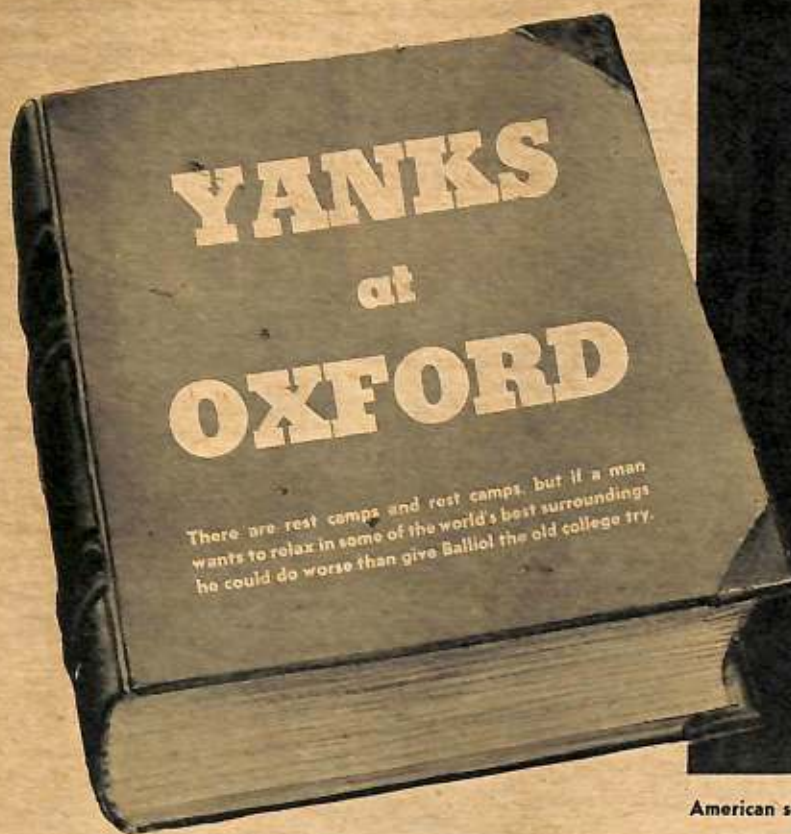
1—an amazing new ingredient that locks the moisture IN. 2—a new "Fresh-pak" inner wrapper that keeps the dryness OUT.

CHELSEA

THE BETTER CIGARETTE

Manufactured by the makers of Edgebrook, Lovers & Butler Co., Inc. Richmond, Virginia—The Moore Products Since 1917

When they dumped the Chelseas we swore we'd never do it again, but our will is weak. When this lovely, absolutely accurate advertisement came along from that Never-Never Land, the United States, we couldn't resist running it. So here it is, but we promise never to do it again. All we'd like to do is meet that "Yank from Overseas" who wrote the letter. Probably he's a Pfc. (P.S.—YANK carries no advertising.)



American soldiers at Oxford, ranging from captain to Pfc., engage in an informal discussion in College quad.

THE British major-general was resting a sandy-haired hand on his cheek. The colonel of the Scots Guards, who was sitting beside him in the front row, was touching his teeth with the nub of his pencil. Half way down the room the American Pfc. was watching a fly make a leisurely progress across the face of an 18th century engraving of the Pantheon. The lecturer knew his subject and he was speaking easily and fast. His name was Plowman, he was the Town Clerk of Oxford, and he was lecturing on Local Government. At the moment he was relating an anecdote. "One Borough Council," he said "was faced with the problem of a fresh milk supply. A member got up and said the fresh milk situation was deplorable, it was getting worse, and the Borough Council would have to take the bull by the horns and see what could be done to remedy things—"

An appreciative titter ran through the room. It was a small room, lit by a great skylight that covered almost all the ceiling area. It was a room, too, that contained an aura of great age, as do most of the rooms at Oxford's Balliol College, where the courses for British, American and Canadian Forces are given. Behind the lecturer, on a blackboard, was an unsigned quotation:

Already to their wormy beds are gone;

For fear lest day should look their shames upon,

They wilfully exiled themselves from light . . .

The desks looked fairly new; they contained no carvings such as "I.L. 1567," and they had been the recipients of a recent coat of shellac. Embedded in each desk was a white inkwell on which was the legend, "Geo. M. Hammer & Co., London." On each desk, too, was an ashtray, marked in red "Balliol College."

There were twenty men and two women listening to the Town Clerk expound on Local Government.

They were British, American and Canadian; but in that lecture room all rank fell away. They were sitting there because they wanted to sit there. One of the women was a Wren officer; the other was a captain in the Women's Transport Service. A wing-commander had four wrist watch straps on his desk which he was trying, one after another, to fit to his watch. An American major shifted uncomfortably in his seat. A sub-lieutenant of the British Navy took a few notes. An American sergeant smiled vaguely at nothing. All faces had the strained, slightly vacant look of people who are listening very hard. The lecturer's voice went on, at a dead, rapid level . . .

THE Oxford University Courses for American, Canadian and British Forces is something new under the sun. The courses are leave courses, available to any one in the Allied armies. The fee, which covers board and lodging as well as the lectures, is £3 12s. od. for officers and £1 12s. od. for enlisted men. They are open to every one, from general to private, and no man is favored because of his rank; on the contrary, the courses offer opportunities to all ranks and grades of all armies and navies to reach a closer understanding of each other.

In Balliol's quad the war drops away. The sun and the centuries conspire against one; a man begins to notice once again how ivy leans against a wall and how buildings can have a life and a history of their own. There is no grind at Balliol. There are two classes every morning but no one is required to attend; no examinations await at the end of the course. A week at Balliol has a definite therapeutic value.

The courses, which last a week, begin with dinner every Monday and run through the following Saturday evening. The first evening a man who is taking the course will be given a brief introduction to both course and college in the Balliol Common Room. On

Tuesday the courses will start in earnest. They are not, generally, straight college courses; rather they are utilitarian, concerned for the most part with Government, Science and Anglo-American relations. In a single week lectures might be given on English and American character, Oxford, Scientific Invention and Modern Life, Local Government, Shakespeare and the stage, the Imperial Parliament and the Future of Food Production. The last class of all is an open discussion and summing up of the week's work. The Shakespeare lecture will be followed by an excursion to Stratford-on-Avon, a few miles away, to see an actual Shakespearian play in production.

Save for the two morning classes, a man taking the course is pretty much on his own. There are, of course, several tours arranged for his convenience—tours of Oxford, of the Bodleian Library and other places of interest—but his presence is not required if he does not wish to attend. On one night of the week a dance is held in Balliol Hall. Meals, which are good, are served at 8.30 to 9.0 a.m. for breakfast, lunch at 1 p.m. and dinner at 7 p.m. Beer and cider are obtainable at the College Buttery from noon to 2 p.m. and from 6 to 8 p.m., on presentation of tickets which can be purchased from the College Secretary for 6d.

AMERICAN attendance at the courses has not been all that was expected. Of 32 men there for a week's course recently there were 10 Canadians, 15 British and only seven Americans. College authorities put the small American attendance down to the fact that to be allowed to put himself down for a course an American soldier must apply through channels, a process which can result in two months lost time and as many as 16 endorsements. Any American soldier, for all that, can apply for admission through his Special Service Office. If any one ever wanted to say he went to Oxford, this is his chance.

At one of the lectures, intent eyes hang on the face of the lecturer, C. S. Orwin, of Balliol, talking on the Future of Food Production.



Dining at the College. A wing commander sits between a Canadian corporal and an American staff sergeant.



Pacific Seaman

Bob Christiansen of Omaha has been through four major sea battles but he doesn't bother wearing ribbons on his whites. "I'm just an average Mac," he says.

UNDER THREE BIG GUNS OF A CRUISER, SEAMAN FIRST CLASS BOB CHRISTIANSEN, WHO'S BEEN WITH THE PACIFIC FLEET FOR 17 MONTHS, SECURES A LIFE RAFT.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—Until he boarded a transport bound for Pearl Harbor in April 1942, Bob Christiansen had never been in any vessel larger than a rowboat. The largest body of water he had seen was Carter's Lake in Omaha, Nebr. The only gun he had fired was a borrowed .22 rifle.

Now, after 17 months with the Pacific Fleet, Chris is a seaman first class who knows his heavy cruiser as intimately as he knows his home at 2022 North 10th Street in Omaha. He has traveled uncounted thousands of miles over salt water, and has been in four major Naval battles. He is a talker on the *USS Pensacola*.

From his battle station on the foretop of the *Pensacola* one bright June morning last year he

was the first to see faint wisps of smoke on the blue horizon and the first to shout to the gunnery officer, "The Yorktown's burning, sir."

On a warm summery afternoon in September he watched three torpedoes from a Nip submarine plow through the water and hit the carrier *Wasp*, saw her smolder and list, and knew she was through.

He was in the Battle of Santa Cruz Oct. 26 when the *Hornet* went down.

And on the night of Nov. 30, during what historians may call the Fourth Battle for Savo Island, he was with the Naval task force that was responsible for the deaths of thousands of Japs. Death breathed so close to him that "I thought every second was the last, and I was so scared I didn't even remember to pray."

At one time or another during the last year and a half, Chris has known both defeat and vic-

tory, but he does not wear the Silver Star to which he is entitled. His whites are without insignia or decorations of any kind.

"I'm just an average Mac," he tells you.

After the battle at Savo, Chris wrote his mother: "Things have been pretty quiet down here. Don't believe everything you read in the papers and, for heaven's sake, don't worry."

When he went down to the Navy Recruiting Office in Omaha a year ago last February, Chris told only his sister Grace, a waitress in a Harkert House restaurant. His father, a second lieutenant in the Iowa National Guard in the last war, had been gassed in France and died a few years after the Armistice. That night at supper Chris said, "Well, Mom, I've joined up." He had already quit his job as a bus boy at Brandeis' Department Store and said good-bye to everyone at Tech High, which he attended two hours every

morning. He was a senior and would have been graduated in June.

Two days after he joined the Navy, Chris was on his way to San Diego, Calif.

After a few weeks in San Diego—where he had close-order drill, manual of arms, "a little bit of firing on the range and the closest haircut I've ever had before or since"—he was crammed on a transport with hundreds of other boots and headed for the destination he now calls Pearl.

"My first job was helping clean up the California," he recalls. "It was pretty bad at first; I mean when I went down in the hold it was hot, and I got sick to my stomach. I'd never seen a dead man before.

"Less than a week later they got a lot of us together, and some ensign said, 'You men are going to the Pensacola.' Jeez, I didn't know what he meant. I thought the Pensy was a carrier or something."

The cruiser was in drydock at Pearl Harbor; she had recently returned from action in the Battle of Bougainville during which a Navy flyer named O'Hare made himself famous.

"First they mustered us on deck," Chris continues. "Then Tom Murphy, who was in charge of the deck division, picked his men. I was one.

He said, 'You look like a good husky kid.'" Chris, a blond blue-eyed 19-year-old, is only 5 feet 5 inches tall, but, he says, "I'm really pretty muscular."

Chris's first trip south and west of Honolulu was with a convoy transporting marines to the base from which, early in August, they were to make the drive for Guadalcanal.

"It was quiet, very quiet; we almost hoped for a little trouble," Chris says. "Once in a while I'd think maybe I'd go through the war without anything ever happening, and I'd wonder what I was going to tell my kids."

But plenty happened on his second voyage with the *Pensacola*.

"The scuttlebut was that we were going state-side, but it didn't take us long to find out we were headed for Midway and that something was up. We knew for sure the morning the dope sheet said, 'No drills tomorrow. Expect action with the enemy.' I was curious to know what it'd be like to have someone shooting at us. I wasn't worried—just kind of nervous. None of us knew what to expect."

At 8 a. m. the next day general quarters were sounded.

"I rushed to my station, grabbed my field glasses, and began looking—just looking. About 11 I saw the smoke, and I knew what it was. We steamed off toward the *Yorktown*—us, the *Vincennes* and two destroyers. She was burning pretty bad and listing a little. Then, just when she got started under her own power again, someone said, 'There's enemy aircraft on the horizon.' We looked, and, sure enough, 11 Jap torpedo planes were coming in. We dropped around the *York* and opened fire. I could see the bursts—then a kind of 'pfft' and a Jap plane had disappeared.

"Jap planes seemed to be crashing everywhere, and a torpedo had hit the carrier. She was burning worse than ever.

"I guess somebody gave word to abandon ship a little while after that, because I could see the men dropping over the sides and getting picked up by the destroyers.

"We knew when we started away that she was gone, and we felt like when somebody you know has died. The only damage to the *Pensy* was a can of sauerkraut that was hit. I never did find out how."

That was the day, of all the days and nights under fire, that Chris remembers best. "I know I'll never forget it—seeing those planes headed for us and wondering how much damage they'd do."

AFTER Midway, the *Pensacola* went back and forth, up and down, sometimes bringing back injured marines from Midway, sometimes patrolling southern Pacific waters. Waiting. Alert. Always alert.

After the regular morning general quarters on Oct. 26, Chris went down to chow. Suddenly the gong sounded again—clear, concise, continuous. "Here they come," he thought.

"I ran to my battle station and started looking. All the planes took off the *Hornet*, and there was quite a bit of commotion astern. I couldn't see it, but I knew our fighters were up there beating the tails off the Japs.

"Then somebody said, 'Torpedo planes coming in at the starboard beam.' From then on it was hell. For three hours—from 9 to 12—there was one wave right after another without stopping. Two friends of mine were hit with shrapnel—Bodine, on the main battery aft, and Moore, on the fantail. They were our first casualties.

"One Jap plane crashed on the deck of the *Hornet*. Another, with one bomb gone, headed directly for the foretop where I was standing. The bastard shaved the top of my head with his machine-gun fire, and I could see him in the plane. He was gritting his teeth and working his stick, trying to get the ship in control.

"I put two and a half clips directly at him, and I got unofficial credit for hitting him. As he crashed, the heat of his burning plane singed my eyebrows. He hit the water six feet off the bow. His bomb exploded, and there was no more Jap, no more plane.

"Jap planes kept coming in all the time without a let-up. We started circling the *Hornet*; she'd been hit several times, and the order was given, 'Abandon ship.'

"A lot of her men were transferred from destroyers to us, and our deck was crowded with

men. It was getting late, too, and I'd only had one sandwich all day. After dark the battle was over as far as we were concerned.

"The next morning we cleaned up the ammunition cans, had a mass burial at sea and dug out all our extra clothes to give the men from the *Hornet*. When they'd come on board, some of them were stark naked, some were in skivvies and some had on one sock and one shoe and nothing else."

For a few days after Santa Cruz, the men of the *Pensacola* discussed, analyzed and re-fought the battle. Then it was seldom mentioned again. "Battles are not the kind of thing you want to keep bringing up all the time," Chris says.

HE doesn't like to bring up the sinking of the *Wasp*, for example. "When she went down, we were on our way to meet up with her. It was a hot afternoon—about 3 o'clock, I think. All of a sudden one of the guys said, 'Smoke!' We looked, and there she was, lying on the horizon, smoking and flaming. There was nothing we could do but get out. She'd been hit by three torpedoes from a sub. The first one hit a bomb, I understand, and after that it was mostly over."

It won't be easy for Chris to forget those three carriers he had seen in their dying moments—the *Yorktown*, *Hornet* and *Wasp*. He will remember the night of Nov. 30, too.

"We were at this base down south when the orders came to get going—and quick. Everybody said we were going to Tulagi to stop a Jap landing party up there."

At 7 the next evening the *Pensacola* was in the channel between the two islands of Guadalcanal and Savo, with three other cruisers.

"All evening I looked for the shadows of those Jap ships. I guess I thought I could see them—even if they weren't there yet. Our orders said we'd contact them at 11. At 11:06 we opened fire. That's how close the skipper was.

"I repeated every order as it was given, talking slow and loud. 'Train on target bearing so-and-so! Hoist ammunition! Ready powder! Load! Then a pause. Then, 'Commence firing!'

"Our gunners are good men, damned good, and every gun on our ship has an 'E' for efficiency. You saw why that night. When our 18-inch guns went off, it was like all hell had broken loose; there was a burst of flame over there where the Jap ships were, and there was one Nip cruiser less. I don't see how anybody could have got off that ship alive. We opened up on another and hit her.

"They were firing on us, too, of course. And the cruiser next to us was hit, the *Northampton*. Guns going off and flames. I was scared. I mean I couldn't help it.

"Our turn came next. A torpedo struck us. I didn't know just where at the time because I was knocked down, and for half a minute I must have been unconscious. I don't know for sure. All I know is that the foretop was vibrating like when you stretch a piano wire and then let it loose—vibrating back and forth.

"Flames must have been shooting 200 feet high. People were shouting and running around. 'The ship's gone,' I thought. 'She's all finished.'

"But after a minute, I snapped out of it and started fighting the fire. We worked for hours, pumping ballast, and about 3 a. m. the fire was nearly out, and I had a chance to rest a little."

Most of the things Chris and his shipmates on the *Pensy* have done since that dark night near Guadalcanal must be kept secret.

But this can be reported. In April, Chris was home in Omaha for two weeks and spent some time with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lyon, in Harlan, Iowa. While he was in Harlan, he went dancing, roller skating and bowling with Shirley Peterson, who by this time may have begun her nurse's training. "Probably, after this business is over, we'll get married," Chris thinks. "If it's okay with Shirley, I mean."

"You know," he says, "as I went to sleep the morning after the Battle for Savo, I thought, 'You're going to have plenty to tell your kids, you so-and-so.' I guess I will, too."

When Chris returned to the *Pensacola* after his liberty on the mainland, he still had \$300 of the \$400 he had planned to spend.

"Nobody'd let me spend a cent anywhere. Some of them acted like I was a hero or something, just because I'd seen a little action. Hell, I'll show you a hero if you want one. There's lots of them on the *Pensy*."



Christiansen mans a gun aboard cruiser.

YANK

THE ARMY



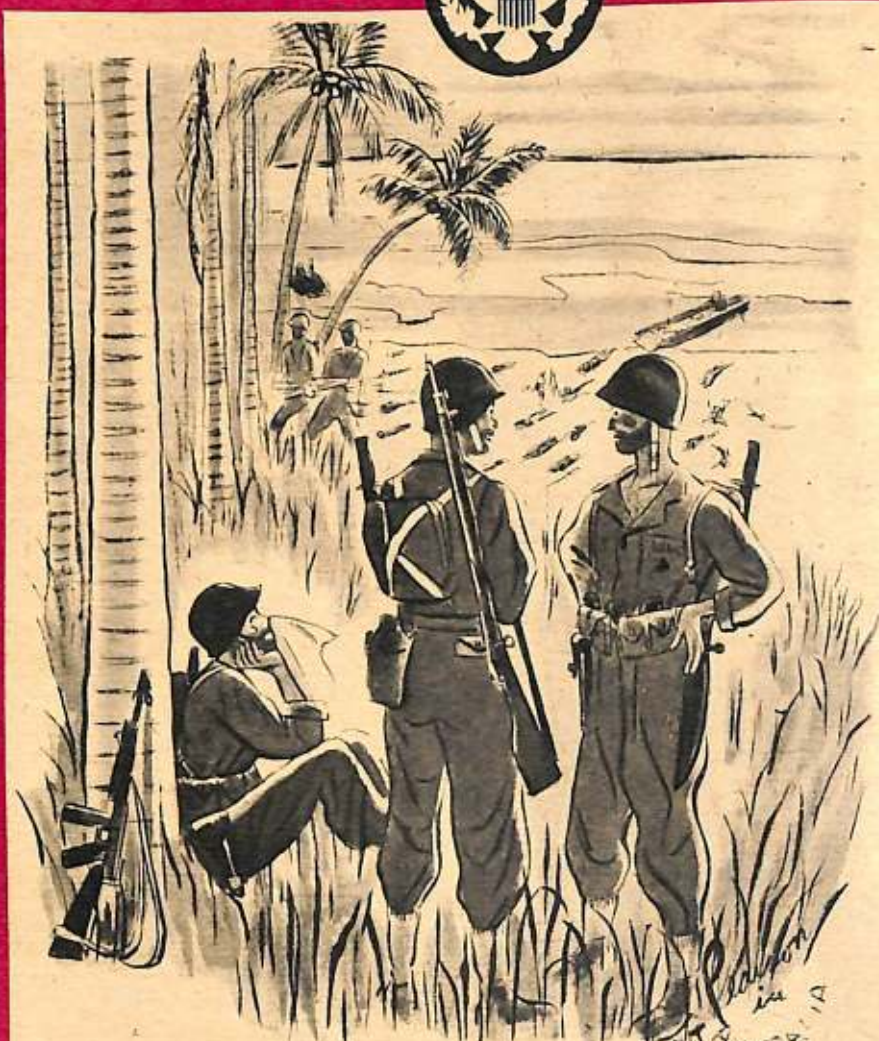
WEEKLY



"JUST AS I THOUGHT—DEHYDRATED AND SENT TO AFRICA."
—Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy, San Bernardino, Calif.



"I'VE BEEN RESTRICTED TO QUARTERS AGAIN."
—Pvt. Art Kraft



"They only gave him credit for 23 and he knows positively that he got 31."



"BETTER HAVE THIS THUMPED OUT IN TRIPPLICATE, TOO, CHIEF."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt