

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

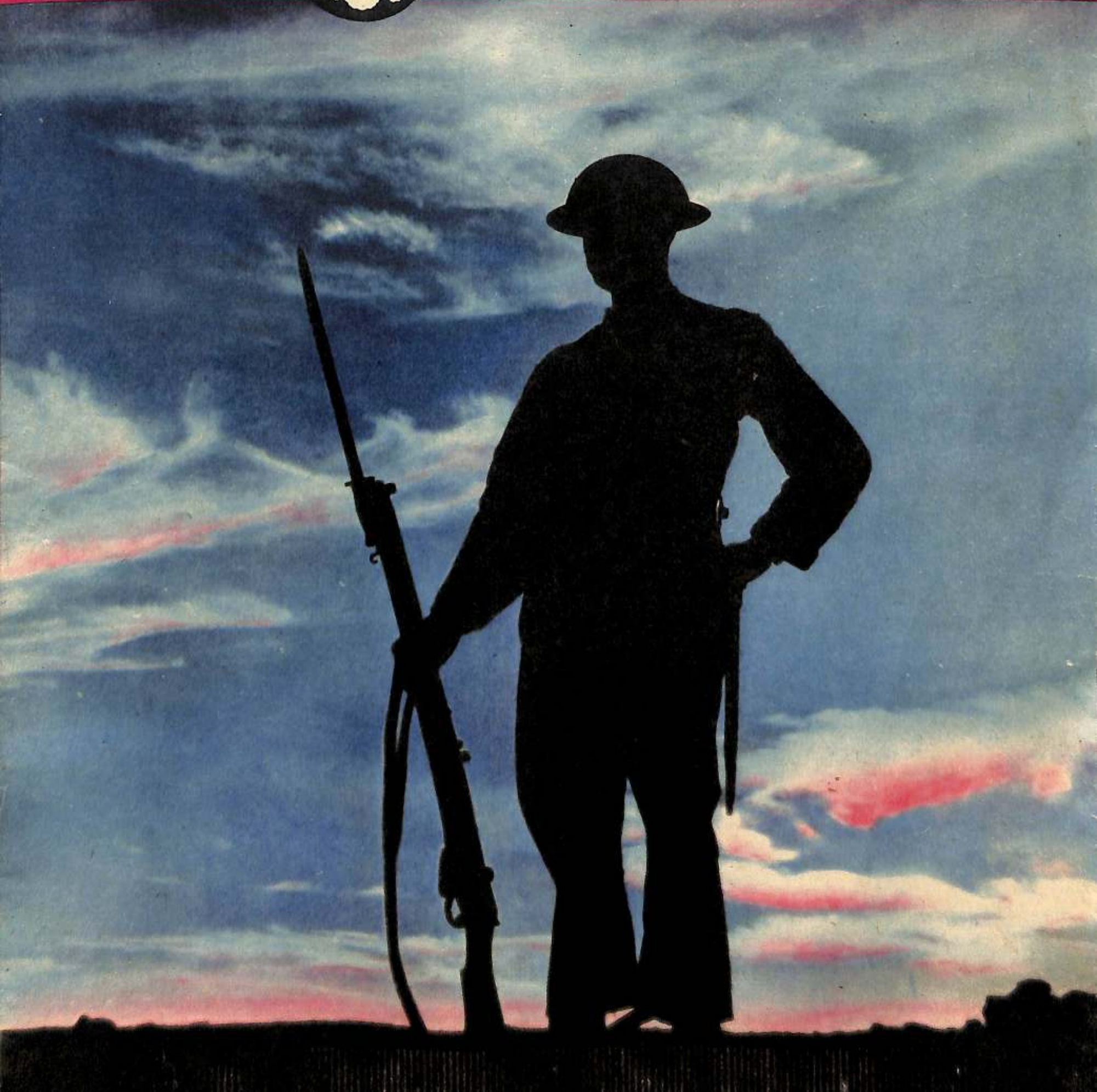
THE ARMY



WEEKLY

3^d AUG. 15
1943
VOL. 2, NO. 9

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





AS THE INVASION BEGAN, TANK LANDING BARGES LIKE THAT AT RIGHT UNLOADED ON THE BEACHES.

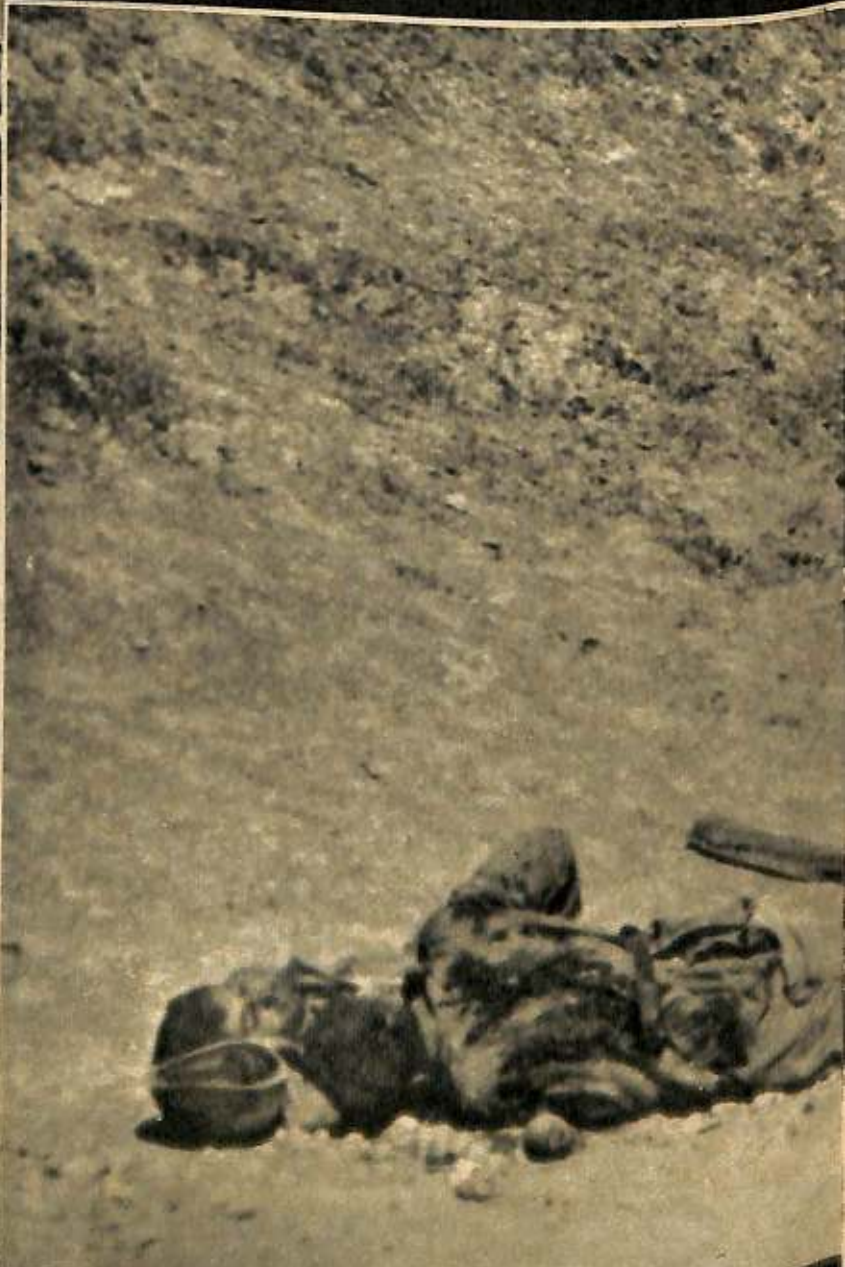


U. S. PARATROOPERS DOZE IN THE PLANE ON THE WAY OVER FROM NORTH AFRICA TO SICILY.



A COUPLE OF THIRSTY YANKS GET A WELCOME PITCHER OF RED WINE FROM A RESIDENT OF ORLA, SICILY

Our men down in Sicily report on the situation there—how they were received with bullets from the enemy and smiles of welcome by the natives, who were glad to be rid of what they had been hoping for years to be rid of.



THESE ARE SOME ITALIAN SOLDIERS WHO...

TALES FROM THE SICILIAN FRONT

FROM YANK'S CORRESPONDENTS

By Sgt. JACK FOISIE

WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES IN NORTH-WEST SICILY—If I ever get out on the other end of this war I am never going to buy any mine stock, because I hate mines, and I am never going to pick up another butt, because I hate snipers, and I am never, never going to walk anywhere, because I have walked everywhere for a long time now, and I want to lay these weary bones on the green-sward. I am not even going to ride anywhere, because even riding is a very dangerous business, as I am only too glad to tell you. And whatever I do, I am never going to get anywhere near any place called San Stefano, because there's no percentage in places named San Stefano. No, I am just going to settle down on a quiet bed and snore my life away; and so, I think, are a lot of people who are

wandering aimlessly around here as I write this.

There was, for the record, no triumphal procession towards San Stefano. You walked the last four miles, sometimes sticking to the curving coastal highway overlooking the Mediterranean, and sometimes threading a dainty way through debris from blown-out bridges. Sometimes you had to climb steep by-passes, but wherever you walked you walked with the fear of God in your heart because you were sure that your next step would land you spank on top of a mine and the mine would land you spank in front of the pearly gates. No, it was not a pleasant walk towards San Stefano.

If you had gone along as I did you would have found yourself with "point" company G of an infantry battalion, advancing up the road about two

hours behind the retreating Germans, and no matter what Baedeker says about Teutonic thoroughness, you can take my word for it that Germans aren't neat. They never pick things up. They're always carelessly leaving mines around for other people to step on. Anyway, you're a little annoyed because you think another company is going to come down from the hills and beat you into town.

You march in extended order, looking for snipers in the hills and mines underfoot, and pretty soon your eyes get tired looking, but you look just the same because you only got one life to lose, brother, only one life. Your eyes run from hills to road, hills to road, until you get dizzy. Then you see a by-pass ahead.

A jeep comes by and you think it is going towards town and you curse the life of the infantryman and think how wonderful it is to just sit back in a jeep and ride around all day. The jeep goes into the tunnel and there is a muffled explosion. The Germans have been careless with their mines again.

Medics start running down to the tunnel and then someone says, "Hey, better let me go first." It's an engineer with a mine detector and he's dirty and all that goes with it, but he looks beautiful to you. He starts sweeping the road ahead of the column for mines, and as you pass the ex-jeep you are very glad you are an infantryman after all, but only for a minute. The sun is very hot and the straps of your light field pack are cutting through your sweat-soaked wool shirt and the blue Mediterranean is tantalizing you. You ask the guy next to you for a dry match because everything in your pockets is wet with sweat and in return you have to pass around the cigarettes. They neatly clean out your last pack.

On a bend of the road are what look like small shell craters and you wonder who did the shooting.



THEIR BODIES LIE ALONG THE CURVE OF A ROAD WHERE FORTIFICATIONS DEFENDED THE VITAL PASS OF BUTERA. TWO YANKS QUESTION A CIVILIAN WHILE A CART MOVES SLOWLY ALONG.

Just then a smart sergeant says, "Watch out for those soft spots. They're anti-tank mines." Sure enough, along comes an engineer and probes a bit with his bayonet. He strikes metal. "Take it easy, Joe," says the man who's working beside him. "Those things are touchy." They both get down on their knees around the mine and from a few yards away it looks like a small, select crap game is in progress. If you're a damned fool like me you go a little closer, looking over the engineers' shoulders. You see them dig out the dirt around the mine, then work their hands under it to see if it's boobyed—that is, if it will explode when picked up. Satisfied that it isn't, the engineer called Joe unscrews the cap and defuses it. "It still ain't safe yet," says Joe, and he lays it down carefully a distance from the road.

YOU'VE been walking for over an hour now. Lines of salt begin to appear on your sweat-soggy shirt. Your canteen is half full, but the water is lukewarm and tastes like what shouldn't happen to a horse. There is a spout of cool mountain water emptying into a cement basin in a shady grove of big-leaved trees. "How about a ten-minute break?" someone says. The break is O.K., but you are advised to jump from the asphalt to the bank because the soft shoulders of the road are almost always mined. You jump over the shoulder, lean back and relax. The weight of your pack leaves your shoulders. The grass is cool and soft and you stretch out flat—which simple little action saves your life.

The man who was carrying the Browning automatic rifle in front of you is the first to refill his canteen from the spout of cool water and he is also the first one to find that the Germans have put a ring of S-mines around the foot of the basin. You are tempted to take to the railroad tracks which go straight across into town, but then you remember the jeep in the tunnel. Every life seems to be a lousy life. No percentage in anything. None.

This is good country for snipers, so you look for them. The commander of "point" talks in his walkie-talkie to the company commander who is a half-mile behind with the main body of men. It is decided to reconnoiter a road block at the entrance to a bridge up ahead. Two men are selected, but you are not one of them. A halt is called while they go ahead. They're walking on opposite sides of the road, one twenty-five yards in front of the other and they disappear around a bend. Two minutes silence will mean that the road block is undefended.

THERE is a spluttering crackle, then several more shots in rapid succession. "Disperse right and left," the commander yells. Your rifle is no longer on your shoulder. I hear the click of the safety catch on the man next to me. There are several more crackles. Your steel helmet no longer feels heavy; you feel that it would be nice to give the helmet itself a little protection and duck behind a tree. There is another crackle from the direction of the bridge. One of the two scouts comes running back.

"There's mines all around the bridge," he says. "A patrol from another company coming down from the hills ran into them. Mines got quite a few of them. They need a doctor."

"Doctor up front," the word goes. "Pass it back." The word is passed back. There is more conversation on the walkie-talkie, and it is decided to try and get a doctor from the engineers. You move ahead, over the bridge.

As you reach the other bank you look up and there on a ledge over your head is an Italian civilian, all

smiles and mixtures of languages. He is wearing sandals made out of rubber tires. Naturally he announces right off that he lived for 23 years in Brooklyn—they all have, it seems. That's O.K. What we want to know is can he lead us around the minefield.

He leads us along until we come to some dead and wounded about fifty yards ahead of us. You discover that you are on the same path that the dead and wounded were taking and if you had gone on you would probably have been a dead pigeon. The Italian from Brooklyn is ordered to take the "point" up over the ridge and they swing around to the road but the Italian from Brooklyn is an old man and he says that he is very old and cannot climb up hills. There's nothing to do but go on without a guide. You feel like shooting the old man, but then you remember that he was in the lead and if anything had happened it would have happened to him first. You blame it on the fumbblings of an old man's mind.

So you climb the terraced ridge and turn again towards the road, your eyes glued to the ground, and you follow in the exact footsteps of the man in front of you, trusting that he follows in the footsteps of God. Every snap of a twig, each rattle of a pebble, makes you twitch and shiver. If you think at all you're apt to think of what you said in your last letter home and you hope that whatever it was it would make good reading as your last words.

The leader reaches a bank overhanging the road and he jumps and lands on the firm asphalt surface. He is safe. The next one jumps, is safe. At last you jump and you are safe, too. Then you go on, towards the town, which has suddenly loomed before you.

As you enter San Stefano the people are pathetically friendly and they come out to greet you. You ask, in your best Brooklynese Italian, if there are any snipers in town. No, they say. Well, are there any booby traps? No, they say. So you pass a sweaty wrist across your eyes. You no longer have to look where you're stepping.

By Sgt. JACK FOISIE

WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES IN NORTH CENTRAL SICILY—Waf was a very foolish business to the people of Pollina. Perched high on top of a mountain a quarter of a mile above the valley of Mazzara, the village had seen invaders for hundreds of years knock themselves out in the valley below. But the scars of battle had never been impressed on the townspeople. They were too damned high; and it was too difficult to get to them. And what did you have if you did climb up there? Just Pollina.

And that's the way it had been for a long time. The Saracens in the ninth century; the Normans a couple of hundred years later; Frederick II of Barbarossa in the twelfth century—all had swirled around the mountain base that held Pollina up out of the madness.

There was the Sicilian revolt and the Vesper raiders rode. And at Palermo, the crown was given to the king of Aragon and disorder and corruption became the rule of the day. Sicily became part of Italy in 1713, and the Italians proceeded to lose it three times in the next 150 years before Garibaldi finally clinched the deal for God and country, with 1,000 men, at Marsala.

Now the Yanks had invaded. And what effect had all this on Pollina? None.

Every day the people took their goats out for grazing on the steep hillsides, and tended their vineyards just as they'd always done. Every day the water peddler went down into the valley and filled his earthen vessels from the spring, and climbed back up again.

But a couple of years ago, another man came riding up the narrow trail and gave a stiff-armed salute. The citizens of Pollina, who were very polite people, returned the salute—and thus they accepted their first Fascist delegate.

HE told them about Mussolini, showed them the great profile, and soon edicts signed with "M" began to appear on the walls of this up and down village.

When Lt. Patrick Petersen, of New York City, one of the first Yanks to enter Pollina, got there, the people had already heard that "M"—he of the powerful chin—was no longer boss. And, like every other Sicilian village, there were among the several thousand population, a couple of adventuresome souls who, at one time or another, had been to America, and had come back with wondrous stories of that fabulous country.

Now the Americans were coming to them. And from the sound of cannon in the valley, they'd be there soon.

Photographer Mike Ackerman and I, accompanied by Lt. Jack Wheldon, of Springfield, Mass., came along shortly afterwards. We drove the jeep straight up until the road became a stairway and then, just as the Fascist delegate had done, we got out and climbed the rest of the way on foot. I had to duck several times to avoid the picturesque overhanging balconies—and I am not a very tall guy.

The local carabinieri, with a long sword dangling at his side, escorted us to the town hall. It was a mere formality, he said. The local police force always turned out for the new conquerors.

Mike, who speaks Italian, explained that we were merely war correspondents looking for a couple of German 210 mm. guns which had lobbed two shells over the mountains into the town of Celafu.

The carabinieri said that the Germans had taken the gun with them, but wouldn't we stay as guests of the town? We said we'd be glad to.

Mauro Poliootto, who had been to America, proceeded to lay out a banquet of red wine, almonds and strong cheese. He apologized for the humbleness of the meal, showing me a small can of coffee beans.

"This is all the coffee we've had for four years," he said. "I drink a cup once a year, on January 27, my saint's day."

PUSHING through the crowd that had gathered around us, came the one-time Fascist boss, Guilaro Filippo, and the padre of Pollina, Father Giovanni Montana. Filippo was now out of a job, and although he was very suave, he looked a little seedy.

Father Montana, who had steered the parish through the Fascist regime with a firm and unyielding hand, beamed from beneath his biretta, his round bewhiskered face appearing more owlish than ever.

The politician and the priest had come to pay their respects to the American Press, they said. And it was amusing to see that the American invasion had not ended the personal rivalry of these two men. It made exciting drama to sense the silent struggle between them.

To the villagers, Lt. Wheldon, Big Mike and I were judge, jury and royal delegates of the new rulers of Sicily. Through the Army interpreter, Pvt. John Mattie, of Evelith, Minn., we tried to put them



A group of Italian prisoners (left) bear a wounded American officer to the beach for medical aid. Yanks moving up at the right eye them curiously.

A U.S. M4 tank rolls off a lighter into shallow water on the Sicilian shore during first landings. Armored units pushed through Sicily with amazing speed.

This road intersection at Comiso, Sicily, has a new traffic director, Pvt. Francis H. O'Neil, U. S. Army. An Italian tank is overturned beneath the word Duce.

Yanks in Sicily look over the wreckage of a German Stuka dive bomber shot down during the invasion. The body of the German pilot lies in the foreground.



right, but Mr. Poliootto, who regarded himself as an authority on Americans, took the priest and the Fascist aside and very knowingly whispered that we were just modest—that all Americans were big shots.

Several times during our visit, Mr. Poliootto whispered to me in English, "The mayor's no good. Get rid of him."

I could only sip my wine and try to keep a straight face.

This might have gone on all afternoon had there not been a welcome interruption. A tall man, virtually a giant among the short Sicilians, made his way through the crowd and handed me a note. I expected it to be at least a manifesto of fidelity sworn to in blood. You can imagine my surprise when I read:—

"Mr. Peter Marchese,
1515 West Alhambra Road,
Alhambra, Calif.,
My Dear Peter:

How are you and all your family? We are very well and always remember you.

Yours, John Marchese."

It was all written in very neat English handwriting. The big guy said, "You can deliver this note to my brother, yes?"

I said, "Yes, I will mail it."

The citizens of Pollina shifted their attention to Mr. John Marchese now, and Mr. Poliootto sidled up to me as if to ask, "What kind of document can these two have in common?"

The townspeople began to talk with Mr. Marchese, and I shouldn't be surprised if he's the next mayor of Pollina.

We left them jabbering away and went back down into the valley again where war was being waged. And on the way we passed the water peddler with his donkey and his earthen vessels.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN

WITH THE 45TH DIVISION IN SICILY.—The platoon of Divisional MPs as located naturally enough in what was left of the town jail about three miles back of the farthest point of penetration.

Most of the platoon was out chasing prisoners or directing traffic but some of them just sat on the rubble in front of the jail and watched the trucks move up with men and artillery.

The jail was set right beside a road overlooking the sea, and the MPs were using it as a clearing point for prisoners. On the other side of the road was a meadow that rose gradually up into the mountains. The jail itself was a one-story building that looked a little like a stable.

It was a bright, hot afternoon, and the MPs were drinking wine from a five-gallon can that the Italians had obligingly left behind. The MPs were trying to describe their job. They knew what guys said about them: That MPs would have to work twice as hard as they ordinarily do to qualify as goldbricks.

This misconception hurt them. "We come out here and risk our lives every day," Pvt. Louis Leo Zaritsky, of Passaic, New Jersey, said, "and then we go home and they holler dirty names at us."

The odd part of it is that these Divisional MPs do risk their lives every day. Their main job is going up to the front and bringing back prisoners, and frequently they find themselves miles ahead of the infantry.

"Once we even passed our own reconnaissance,"

said Cpl. Matthew Ewadinger, a former cop from Easton, Pa.

"Then there was the time we went eight miles ahead of the infantry to pick up 180 prisoners," said Pvt. James Strickland, of Duncan, Oklahoma, "and some civilians told us they were in a town up in the hills waiting to surrender. We hadn't even taken that town yet, but three of us went up there in a weapons carrier and marched them back. They were shelling the ears off that town, and on the way back who should we meet but our infantry coming up! All they could say was 'Where the hell have you been?'"

THERE WAS A sound like thunder up ahead, and every one stopped to listen.

"That's artillery," Pvt. Strickland said.

"We even fought side by side with the infantry," said Cpl. Pat Sherlock.

Cpl. Sherlock is a former County Galway boy who emigrated to Windsor Locks, Conn.

"When we came off the boats on that first landing, we fought like regular infantry. That was a night."

There was another sound like thunder and then three dull thumps. A cloud of dust appeared on the side of the mountain across the meadow.

"They're using live ammunition," Pvt. Strickland said.

Most of the traffic was moving up the road towards the little town that was under fire, but a truck came from the opposite direction and stopped in front of the jail. A lieutenant and a corporal were in the front seat and the back was filled with men in Italian uniforms and torn civilian clothes.

"Here's some prisoners for you," the lieutenant said. "Nine Italians and one German."

He went round to the back of the truck and motioned the prisoners to get out. Pvt. Zaritsky stood up with his rifle and moved over to the side of the truck. The prisoners climbed down meekly; smiled at the MPs and seemed anxious to please everybody. It was impossible to tell the German from the Italians. They all had the same seedy look about them and all seemed to be very happy about the whole thing.

As they were marching inside, another MP came out and took charge of them. This guy was Pvt. Francis B. Brave, a very large and full-blooded Sioux Indian, from Shawnee, Oklahoma. Pvt. Brave was the Italian expert because he could talk fluently in Indian-sign language.

"The Italians understand me perfectly," Brave said. "You have to yell at the Germans, but all I do is make signs at the Italians and they understand me fine."

When the prisoners were all inside, the lieutenant said: "I also want two men for relief on that bridge about a mile up the road. I gotta give the other two a chance to get some chow."

He took off his helmet and sat down in Pvt. Zaritsky's place.

"They're trying to get that bridge," he said. "They didn't have time to blow it up when they retreated, so they're after it now with artillery."

There was a high whine of something in the air, and a crack like thunder close at hand, and everybody ducked.

"Who's liable to get their heads blown off?" somebody asked.

"They're just overshooting the bridge," Hamilton said.

There was another whine, and every one hit the ground and the explosion was even closer this time. Then there was a noise like a roof falling in. The ground went up and down, and Lt. Hamilton yelled "In the field! In the field!"

Every one got up and scattered across the road into the meadow. Pvt. Brave and another MP ran out of the building followed by the prisoners who were looking pretty scared. Halfway across the meadow there was another whine and a crash, and the dust rose slowly in the air about hundred yards down the road.

Then there was nothing at all for about ten minutes.

Every one was down on his knees in the grass but nothing happened. The traffic had stopped on the road and it was very quiet and peaceful in the meadow. The sea was calm and very blue, the jail stood deserted by the road, which was shimmering in the heat, and there was dust in the air behind it where a shell had struck. High up on the mountain ridge a German tank that had been knocked out the day before was still burning—faintly, giving off a thin little wisp of smoke.

Pvt. Strickland came crawling through the grass and lay on his belly in the ditch.

"These MPs—" he said.

THERE WAS ANOTHER whine and then another, and two shells hit alongside the road about fifty yards from us. A jeep came tearing up the road, swerving to avoid the holes, and disappeared around the bend. "Like I was saying," Pvt. Strickland said. "There we were, a bunch of lousy MPs, and damned if we weren't leading the infantry into battle."

By the time Pvt. Brave and another MP had marched back with their prisoners the road was filled up again with traffic. A jeep drove up to the jail with two non-coms who introduced themselves as interrogators for the prisoners. They were S/Sgt. Anthony Tisso, of New York City, who interviewed the Italians, and S/Sgt. Leon Brill, from Brooklyn, who questioned the German. Sgt. Tisso went into the prisoners' room, while Sgt. Brill took the German out behind the jail.

The other MPs filed outside again, and as they polished off the wine, watched the heavy artillery being moved up. Another jeep stopped in front of the jail and out stepped a lieutenant wearing a helmet that said MP on it.

"This is Lt. Sean O'Dea," said Lt. Hamilton. "He has just been closing up a house of ill fame."

He asked Lt. O'Dea if there had been any trouble, and O'Dea said that everything had gone off smoothly. Then O'Dea asked Hamilton if everything had gone well with him, and Hamilton said, "Are you kidding?"

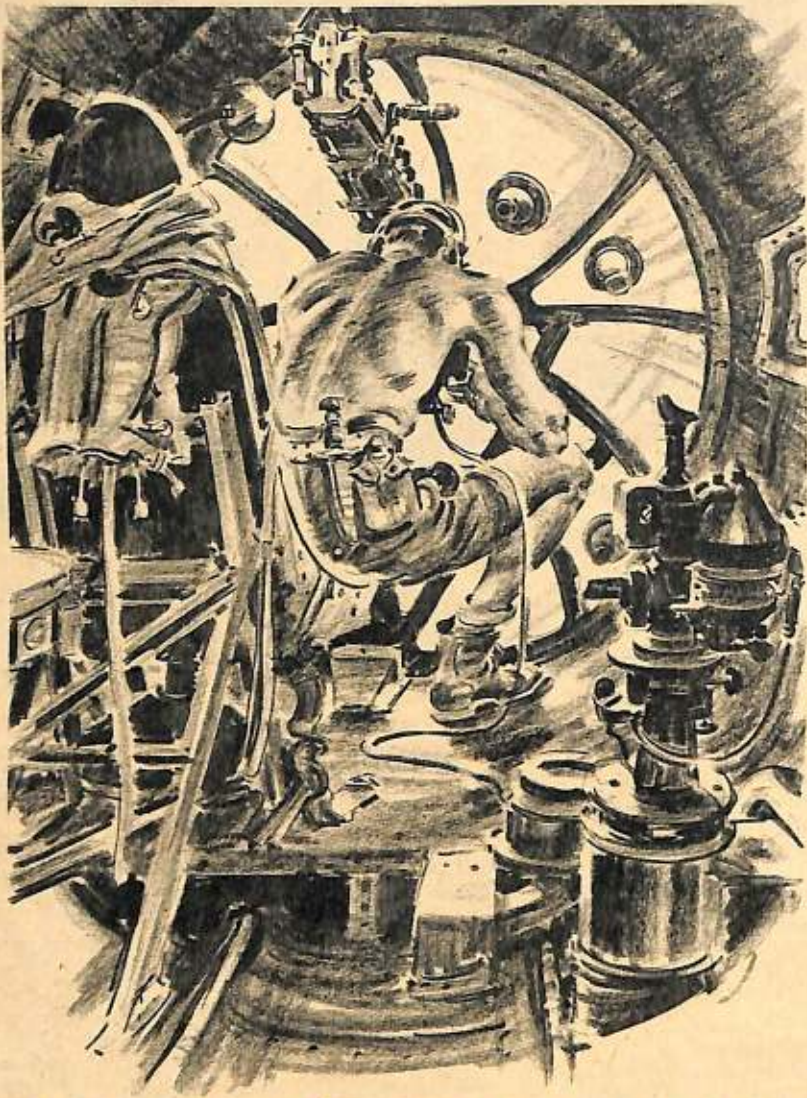
As they were talking, a motor cycle stopped alongside and the driver shouted that there was another load of prisoners waiting to be collected up at advance. Lt. O'Dea went inside to send a detail and Lt. Hamilton walked over to one of the jeeps with Cpl. Sherlock.

"Guess we'll go up and see if they've taken that town," Hamilton said.

The two of them got in the jeep and Sherlock started the motor.

"You talk about MPs," Hamilton said.

"Hell!" Cpl. Sherlock said. "You know in that first landing? Well, there was this one infantryman firing his rifle behind a tree and he turns around and sees us firing right behind him. 'God dammit!' he says, 'Can't I go anywhere without being followed by MPs!'"



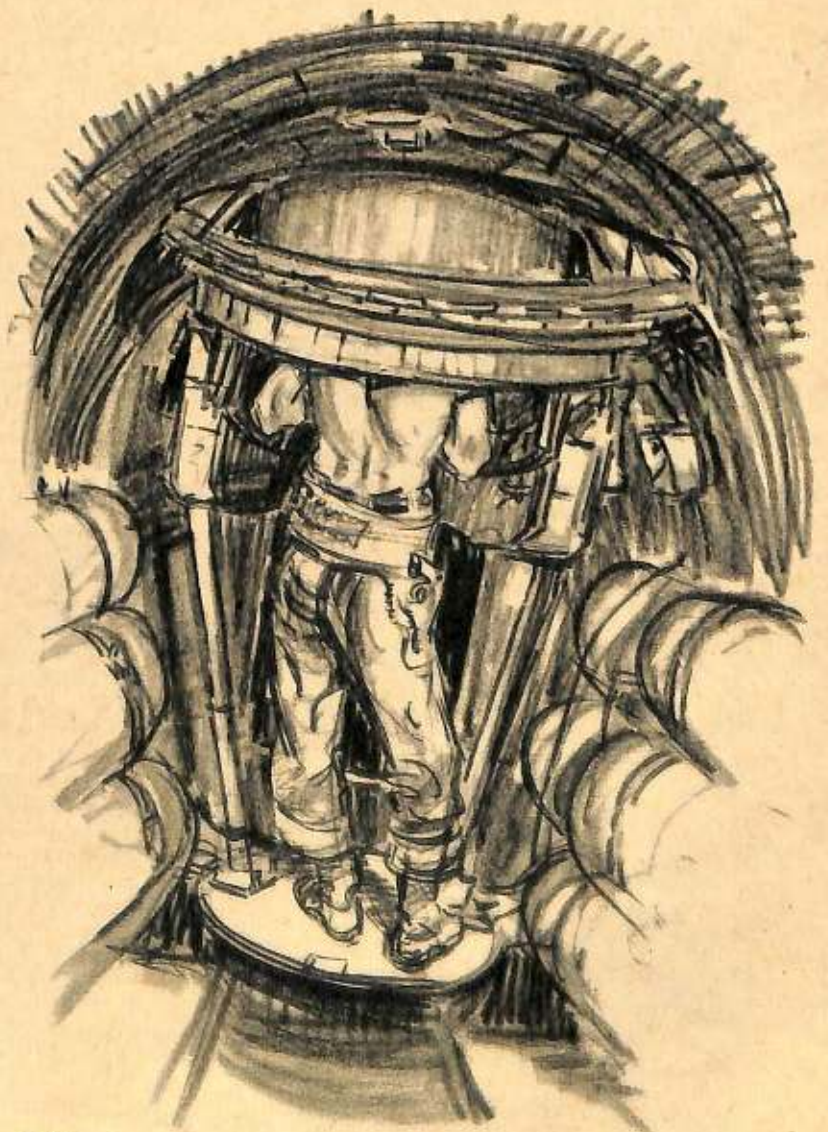
S/Sgt. Ross Henderson of Washington, D. C., one of the few enlisted bombardiers in the South Pacific, squats in the sunny nose.



T/Sgt. Walt J. Sidler, crew chief, stands on the bomb-bay catwalk and watches the fragmentation personnel bombs fall.



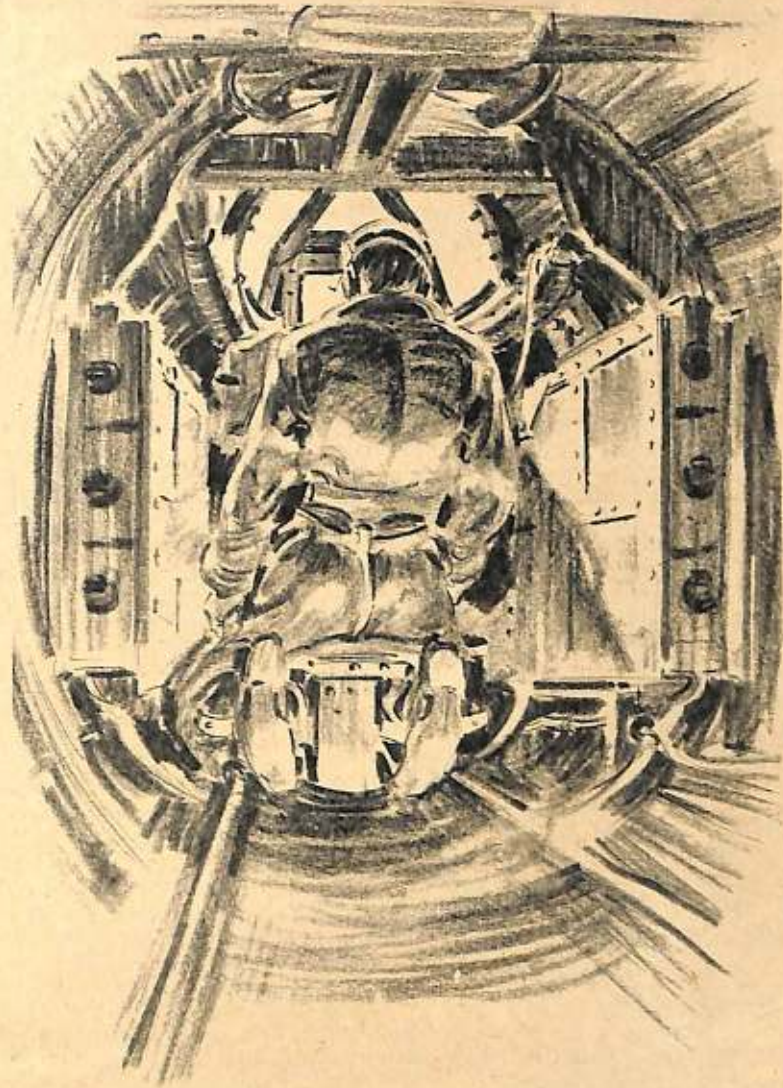
Chief radio operator, Sgt. Anton H. Schmidt of Seattle, Wash., has taken plenty of shots at Japs with his gun in the radio hatch.



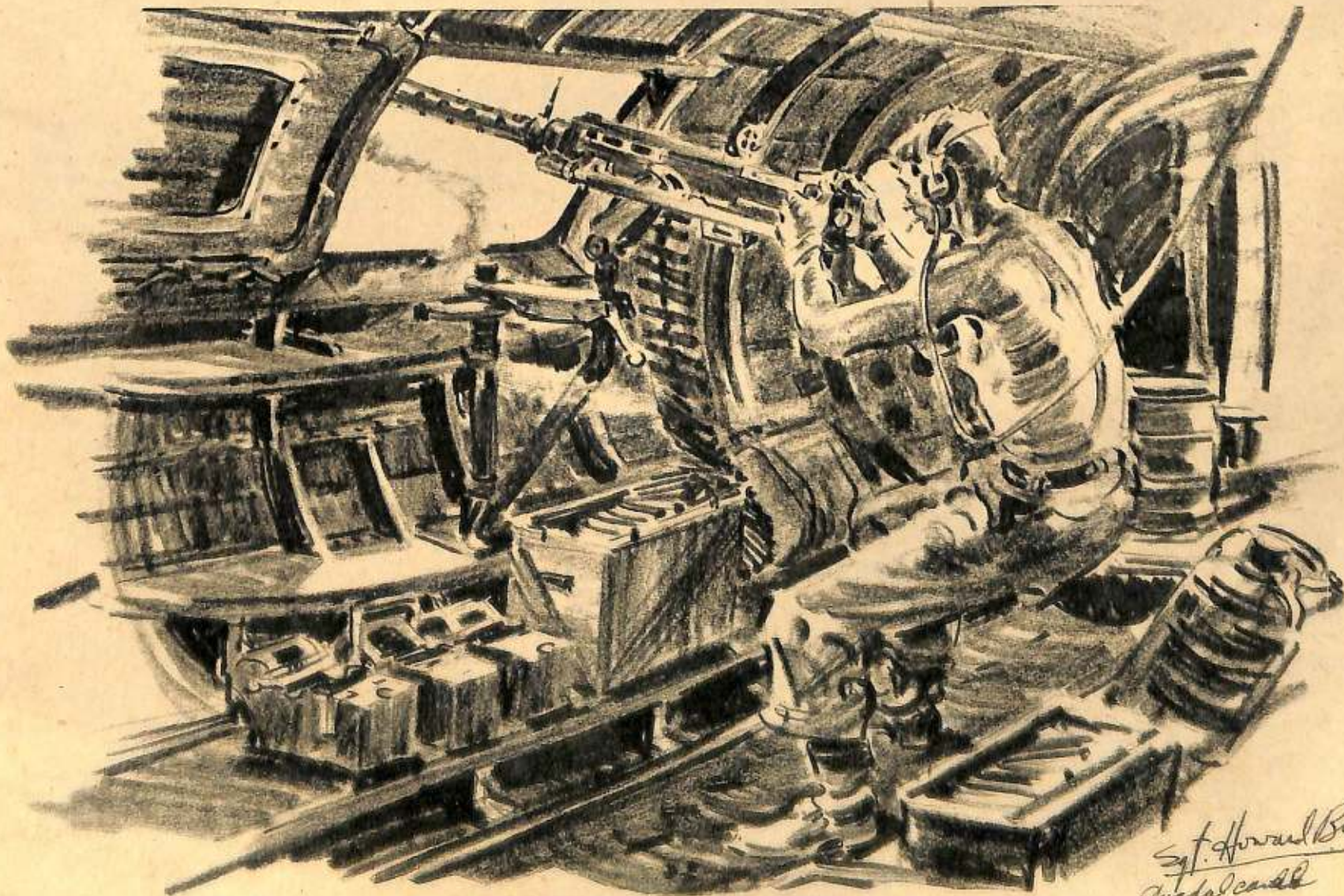
T/Sgt. Sidler, with a fancy Western gun belt around his waist, works the 50s on the top turret. Oxygen tanks line the walls.

Bomber Raid on Japs at Bougainville

Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK staff artist, made these action sketches after flying in a mission over the Jap base at Bougainville in the South Pacific with Capt. Berton H. Burns and his crew in the Flying Fortress *Sad Sack*. Views like these, showing a bomber crew in combat positions within their ship, are almost impossible to photograph effectively because of close angles. "The boys on the *Sad Sack* are a colorful bunch," Sgt. Brodie writes. "They call themselves the 'Uneager Beavers,' but they get plenty eager when they fly north from Guadalcanal into the territory held by the enemy."



Sgt. J. W. Weaver has to crawl into his tail gunner's spot and then hasn't room to move off his knees during the fight.



*Sgt. Howard Brodie
Guadalcanal '43*

Cpl. Basil Debnekoff at the starboard waist gun. Tropical bomber crews strip down on daylight flights but dress warmly during night missions. Notice important floatable ration containers and thermos jug.

LATELY there has reached our hands a deathless document, dropped inadvertently by a scurrying corporal who evidently, before he lost it, hoped to attain to a higher state of beatitude than two stripes can ever give him. The document, printed in black ink on white paper, is called "Information Relative to the Appointment and Admission of Cadets to the United States Military Academy, West Point, N.Y." The document is dated 1942 and is, so far as we know, the very latest edition. Its table of contents runs from "How to Enter the Military Academy" to "Revocation of Commission—marriage prohibited within one year," which seemed to cover everything as far as we are concerned.

Reading it over, we were surprised to discover that you can't be a cadet if you're ugly, a state of affairs which we would hesitate to communicate to one A. Greengroin. The most interesting part of it all, though to our mind, was a sullen little bit about teeth. It would seem that a man's got to be a bloody shark before he is permitted to wear cadet gray and watch Harvard beat hell out of his football team. Just in case you, too, are contemplating the receipt of a commission, we are going to run off what the brochure says about teeth. It should make you sorry you ever laid a molar on a field ration. Here we go:

No candidate will be accepted unless he has a minimum of 6 serviceable vital masticating teeth (bicuspid and molars) above and 6 below serviceably opposing and also 4 serviceable vital incisor teeth (incisors and cuspids) above and 4 below serviceably opposing. Therefore, the minimum requirement consists of a total of 12 masticating teeth and 8 incisor teeth, all of which must be so opposed as to serve the purpose of incision and mastication.

Anybody in the hut got a chaw of terbacca?

Coming Events, Etc.

There are, of course, many reasons why we want this to be a short war. More important than any other reason we can think of, however, is that fact that we don't want to eat any more brussels sprouts. The other day we looked out of the window and decided that winter was in the air again and we shivered—not from an incipient chill, but from the knowledge that winter means brussels sprouts. It's

a winter vegetable and we are taking this opportunity to inform the General Staff that if they don't want a sick soldier on their lands they'd better finish the war off pretty soon. By October 17th, say.

Last winter we put up with brussels sprouts because we were young and our stomachs was hardy; we lived through January and February and it wasn't until March that the sprouts caught up with us. It was too late, then. The damage had been done, and irreparable damage it was, too. What had been a healthy, tolerably cheerful stomach became a bed of pain. We took our stomach to a Medical Corps major and he laughed in our face. "Beat it bub," he said, "I got it, too." It's pleasant, of course, to realize that brussels sprouts are not confined solely to enlisted personnel, but it doesn't come anywhere near solving the problem. We can stand Spam. Spam is, in the long run, quite innocuous; you can always swallow it quickly and pretend it's corned beef or something. But sprouts are in a class by themselves. You can't disguise them. Escoffier himself couldn't doctor them.

We don't honestly, know what God had against England when he taught the simple, barefoot Saxons to pop a sprout in the pot and boil it. He must have had something rather serious, though. And meanwhile we have to suffer. We tried to get a transfer to New Georgia but they laughed at us, the ghouls. So it looks like we're stuck here, with winter (and brussels sprouts) coming on. It's a desolate prospect.

Some days our mind wanders back to the merry old training camp days when we had a mess sergeant who was a model of his kind. He would set his KPs, including us, to slicing potatoes and he would whip up a mess of French fries for the whole company. He was a fine character, that mess sergeant.

If he didn't like a vegetable he'd throw it the hell out. He was always tossing carrots away. "Carrots is for rabbits," he would say. "They ain't no rabbits in this company." We wish he were here now. "Brussels sprouts is for Hitler," he would say. "T'hell wit 'em. Trun 'em aht." Yes, we sure wish he were here now. But he's probably sitting in New Guinea, eating chicken and ice cream.

Meanwhile, let the General Staff mark well the date we gave. October 17th, it was. After that, if they fail, what will happen is on their heads.

Spam is a Horrid Word

Whenever we become unduly depressed with the food situation in this part of the Army we find ourselves day-dreaming about the diet in other theaters. Usually we come to the conclusion that in the Pacific they have chicken and ice cream every day, in Alaska they have big, thick steaks, and in other places they sit around the mess halls drinking mint juleps. Trains of thought such as this can be most discouraging; they make a man dissatisfied with his station and his state. Therefore, we were made most cheerful the



Under the guidance of the U. S. Army, women continue to replace men in essential industries, as these pictures show with a painful clarity. On a sort of Reverse Lease-Lend basis, it is planned to release several T/3's for baby-minding one of these dour days.

Yanks at Home in the ETO



other day when we saw a little poem from North Africa which shows that we aren't the only theater that takes a gastronomic beating. They may have steak in Alaska and ice cream in the Pacific, but Africa suffers just like us. The poem, incidentally, is by Cpl. Mark F. Quigley.

*Jackson had his acorns, Grant his precious rye,
Teddy had his poison beef, worse you couldn't buy.
The doughboy had his hardtack without this Army's jam.*

All armies on their stomachs move, and this one moves on Spam.

*For breakfast they will fry it, for supper it is baked,
For dinner it goes delicate—they have it pat-a-caked;
Next morning it's with flapjacks or maybe powdered eggs.*

For God's sake, where'd they get it? They must order it by kegs.

*Oh, surely for the evening meal they'll cook up something new—
But cooks are sure uncanny; now the Spam is in the stew.*

And thus this endless cycle goes, it never seems to cease.

There's Spam in stew and Spam in pie and Spam in boiling grease.

We'd had it tucked in salads, with cabbage for corned beef.

*We've had it for an entree, also aperitif,
We've had it with spaghetti, with chili and with rice;
We all remember one bright day we only had it twice.*

Back home I have an angel whose name I'm going to change.

*I'll purchase her a fancy home with a newfangled range;
But marital bliss is sure to cease if ever I ask for ham
And find my eggs are looking up from a goddam slice of Spam.*



HERE is something every G.I. should read carefully—the WD's latest amended regulations concerning the wearing of foreign-theater ribbons:—

(Paragraph 3, Circular No. 1, WD 1943, and Section 1, Circular No. 68, WD 1943 are rescinded and the following substituted therefore.)

Eligibility.

a. An individual's eligibility to wear the appropriate ribbon of a theater is automatically established upon arrival therein under permanent change of station orders. This provision does not apply to the American Theater.

b. An individual while in any theater, though not permanently assigned thereto, may establish eligibility to wear the appropriate theater ribbon provided:—

1. He engages in active combat operations against the enemy and is either

a. Awarded a combat decoration, or

b. Furnished a certificate from a corps or higher ranking commander or the commander of an independent force, to the effect that he has participated in combat operations, or

2. He serves in the theater for a period in excess of 30 consecutive days.

c. In addition to the means provided in *b* above, eligibility for the American Theater ribbon is established by

1. Arrival, under permanent assignment orders, at a place of duty in the American Theater outside the continental United States, or

2. 30 consecutive days service while permanently assigned to duty as a member of a crew of a vessel sailing ocean waters, even though the vessel may be based within the continental United States, or

3. 30 consecutive days service while permanently assigned as a member of the operating crew of an airplane required to and actually participating in regular and frequent trips over ocean waters beyond the continental limits of the United States even though the airplane is based within the continental United States.

d. Not more than one service ribbon representing service in any one theater will be worn.



ACPF Shield

This is the new shoulder patch of the Marine Amphibious Corps of the Pacific Fleet. Its background is scarlet, the alligator head is gold and the stars are white. The stars represent the corps, and the gator head symbolizes the amphibious function of the ACPF. Regulations specify that the shield is to be worn on the left shoulder, 1 inch below the seam.

Washington O.P.

Senator Robert Wagner of New York has introduced a bill in Congress to broaden the present Social Security laws to insure that their provisions will protect soldiers while they are in the Army. At present G.I.s aren't covered by Social Security because they are "government workers." . . . When Lt. Gen. Lesley T. McNair, head of the AGF, was in Tunisia last spring, an enemy 105-mm. shell fragment went through his helmet. Now the Ordnance Department is trying to borrow the helmet from Mrs. McNair for an exhibit.

Hundreds of French noncoms and a few officers, all between 20 and 30, have arrived here from North Africa to train as pilots of a new French Air Force. . . . A total of 65,058 prisoners of war are now interned in the U. S. . . . From now on all liaison pilots in the Field Artillery will be commissioned officers. . . . After Pearl Harbor, censors in the Bureau of Public Relations restricted pictures of soldiers with their shirts off. Now look. . . . No matter where you'll be, you can figure on getting turkey next Thanksgiving and Christmas, unless, of course, you happen to get K rations.

In recent Carolina maneuvers an Airborne Engineers' unit landed miniature earth-moving equipment by glider late one afternoon. By 10 o'clock next morning the unit had bulldozed a landing strip long enough to accommodate a C-47 plane. . . . The Army efficiency experts are increasing efforts to cut out unnecessary paper work. . . . Most often-heard question in the WD's enormous Pentagon Building: "What's the weather like outside?" . . . The Army Postal Service boasts that its men were on hand to distribute mail in Sicily as soon as the first beach-heads were established.



Alaska Command Shoulder Patch

The WD has approved a new shoulder patch for men of the Alaska Defense Command. The design is a bear's head surmounted by a star, both inside a circle. The bear's head is white, with his features outlined in black and his lips and tongue in red. The star is golden yellow and the whole background is blue.



If this did not have a rifle in its hands, it might very well be taken for a South Pacific rose bush. Actually, it's a soldier in correct formal attire for potting Japanese.



This bosky dell is a West African field dressing station where a man can speak English or Twi, whichever he wills. Entering the joint is a practise case. West Africa is quiet these days.

Yanks at Home Abroad

Pencil Pusher Does Desk Work Above the Himalayas— in a C-47

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—When S/Sgt. Leonard Carulli learned shorthand, he never dreamed he would take dictation while flying by instruments over the Himalayas, the Sind desert, the Assam jungles and the Indian Ocean.

Carulli, who is secretary to Maj. Gen. Clayton Bissell, commanding general of the Tenth U.S. Air Force, is a flying answer to those who say that pencil pushers in this man's army sweat out the war from behind a desk at headquarters. In one 3-month period alone he flew more than 30,000 miles, often through desert sandstorms and the treacherous pre-monsoon windstorms, in which sudden down-drafts drop planes a thousand feet in a few seconds.

All his flying was done on the inspection visits Gen. Bissell makes to U.S. airfields in a C-47, dubbed "the flying office" by his crew. The seats lining one side of the cabin often double as a conference table when task-force generals and other high-ranking air officers accompany Gen. Bissell.

Two bunks line the other side of the plane so the general and his crew may take turns sleeping on all-night flights. (On one trip, the flying office was in the air 22 out of 24 hours.) In the rear of the plane is a shelf for canned rations, an electric hot plate and a chest of tin dishes, cups and



S/Sgt. Leonard Carulli at his desk in the plane.

silverware. At least one meal a day is served on the plane to save stop-over time.

Carulli's "desk" in the flying office is one of the bunks. There he takes Gen. Bissell's dictation and later sets up his portable typewriter to pound out letters, radiograms, memoranda for staff officers and the general's official diary of all Tenth Air Force activities.

At new fields, native audiences watch Carulli's 130-words-a-minute speed as he sits outside the plane recording Gen. Bissell's comments on the installations. Many of the natives at these places have never seen an airplane up close, so they crowd around by the hundreds when the C-47 lands. Soon the interest shifts to Carulli's flying fingers, and it's not long before S/Sgt. Harold Zeigerman of Chester, Pa., crew chief, and T/Sgt. Bob Belmont of Springfield, Mass., radio operator, have to push back the more inquisitive spectators.

"Flying The Hump from India to China does tricks to both my shorthand and typing," Carulli says. "First we hit an up-draft and zoom about 200 or 300 feet while I'm in the middle of a line of shorthand. That usually results in a sudden scribble and I have to start all over. Then, while I'm typing, we may run into a down-draft and drop 500 feet, throwing the carriage from one side to the other."

A resident of Agawam, Mass., Carulli was a stenographer at the Hampden County Jail at Springfield, Mass., before entering the Army in 1941.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent



Behind the scenes of Greenland's GI show "Arctic Hotfoot." The gals seem a trifle robust.

Greenland GIs Have Perfect Nights But No Gals

SOMEWHERE IN GREENLAND—You can call Burma or India or darkest Africa the "land of mystery" if you please, but so far as GIs currently inhabiting this big blob of wind-whipped rock in the North Atlantic are concerned, the title belongs properly to Greenland alone.

Yanks arrived here in force many months ago and knew they were in Greenland. But beyond the fact that it's the world's largest island and belongs to Denmark, they didn't know much about their new "home."

If you ask 'em now, they still don't. There are supposed to be 18,000 people in Greenland's 736,000 square miles, according to the peacetime census, but no GI here can prove it. About seven-eighths of the place is ice cap anyway, buried under compressed snow and ice that have been here since 20 years before Methuselah. Some of the lads like certain aspects of Greenland—there's lots of time for reading and meditation—but no one plans to return after the war as a refrigerator salesman.

Greenland weather has its moments, but in

general newcomers are surprised at its mildness. Clouds are frequent, and winds occasionally race past like a GI on his way to buy pfc. stripes. Summer days verge on the hot, usually producing a bumper mosquito crop. Nights are crystalline, moonswept things, while in the skies the wavering lines of the yellow-, blue- and green-tinted Northern Lights flicker on and off.

"Perfect nights and no sweethearts," goes the usual GI lament. To soldiers who have been up here for well over a year, a girl is just something vaguely remembered or seen on the YANK pin-up page. There's no need for that AR about soldiers seeking permission of their COs before plighting troth to any of the native girls, either. The Eskimo gals are hardly ever around, and when they are, they're just no competition for that blond in Brooklyn or the brunette in Santa Barbara. The gals back home—if they're still waiting—haven't anything to worry about.

—S/Sgt. ED O'MEARA
YANK Field Correspondent



"Arctic Hotfoot" on stage. If you doubt the girls are rumbaing, the curtain designs make it clear.

A WEEK OF WAR

The German powers-that-be were gathering around a table, and even the table had hardly a leg to stand on.

THE Germans were having a little meeting. Nothing spectacular, of course; just a few of the boys. There was Hitler, Goering, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, Himmler, Speer (the Armaments Minister) and Bormann, the man who took Hess's place as Deputy Fuehrer. The military was in on the meeting, too, in the august and bemedalled persons of Marshal Keitel, Admiral Doenitz, and Marshal Milch, who add up to Army, Navy and Air Force, respectively.

All these gentlemen had quite a lot to talk about. In nearly four years of war Germany had run up the ladder and tumbled down again. At the moment she was resting on the lowest rung, blowing hard, and certain that she could never climb up again. Germany was beginning to get that old 1918 feeling, played to the tune of trumpet and glockenspiel, and, as the bard says, the tune was forc'd, the notes were few. It was a far cry and a very faint one from the Berlin to which *soldaten* stationed in the estaminets of Paris sent back silk stockings and soap to the Berlin that could look to the coast and see smoke rising from the ruins of wrecked Hamburg, to the Berlin that was evacuating its citizens, to the Berlin that the Luftwaffe and flak crews couldn't defend, and to the Berlin that saw the trains crammed with casualties arrive on the hour from the Russian front. Germany's war was going downgrade, and so was Germany. There were time bombs planted up and down the Wilhelmstrasse.

The meeting of Nazis and military men seemed to point to one definite conclusion. The conduct of the war was being taken out of the hands of fat man and club-foot and corporal and being given to those who could best fight it. The High Command wanted a defensive war, and Teufel take the length of it. Germany, in the persons of her military leaders, was resigned to holding on for dear life to what she already had and, if necessary, she might be willing to forsake a good part of that. The fortress of Europe, the *Festung Europa*, hammered at its peripheries, could very well crumble internally. And *Schloss Hitler* might by no means be the last bastion to fall.

Before their faces on the conference table, the Nazis and the warriors had the entire situation laid out in cold type. It was bad. Sicily was going, might go in a week. And after Sicily would come perhaps Italy, perhaps Greece, perhaps Yugoslavia. Italy

could no longer be trusted; the King was no German-lover, nor was Badoglio. The Allies were beginning to bomb Italian cities again, and the Italians didn't want their cities to be bombed, so the Italians, to keep their cities from being bombed, might throw up that last half-measure of the war that they were at present fighting.

But if Italy was their disaster, Russia was their catastrophe. The Russians were rolling down toward Kharkov from captured Byelgorod and they were pressing on toward Bryansk from captured Orel. For the first time since the beginning of the war, the Russians had put across a successful summer offensive. When winter came howling along from the Arctic this year Germany would have no great summer gains that she could consolidate and defend.

Steady Does It

The Russians had the taste of victory in their mouths, and it was sweet. They were driving on every day. The gains weren't huge ones, by blitz standards, but they were steady, and placed together they added up to a lot of territory. If they took Kharkov the whole Don Basin and the Crimea lay open to them. Once before they had taken Kharkov, but they had taken it just as their offensive had petered out, and they had lost it again.

That, then, was how things stood in Russia to the grave faces clustered around the conference table on which was doodled the future of the Third Reich. But, if anything, the situation at home was even worse. Russia, after all, was far away, and the desolation that made up the fluctuating front was desolation on Russian soil. From the western air, however, was coming something that was most definitely destruction and most definitely on German soil. Ruined Hamburg was a finger pointing at the heart of the Fatherland, like an epitaph on an old tombstone. "As I am now, so you shall be. Prepare for death and follow me," was the message of Hamburg. Berlin was resigned to air bombardment, worse than had ever been thought up for London. If Hamburg could take 8,000 tons in 124 hours, there was no reason why Berlin shouldn't get the same amount, or that every other large city in Germany should become a target.

That, more than anything else, could break the back of the German people. For hundreds of years Germany had always done her fighting on foreign soil; no one had slapped any shells around her farm-houses. She had had an easy time of it. The German people had forgotten what the face of war could look like. And now they were finding out. They were learning that the face of war was ugly, that it consisted of blasted houses and smashed streets, of a small foot and a doll sticking grotesquely from some rubble, or anonymous blood on the floor of a small shop. That was the kind of war that Germany had asked for, the kind of war she was receiving. Her cities were being leveled, her industries smashed, her common people, the people who had put the Nazis into power and who had cheered while Hitler drove by, killed.



Sorry, but the ferry isn't running today, at least not between Reggio, where this picture was taken, and Messina, on the tip of Sicily. However, if Luigi is lucky, he may be able to swim the two miles home.

While the Germans have control of a situation they are a nation of great fighters. But it is when the situation begins to resolve itself into an everlasting dew, in this instance of bombs, that deterioration of German morale sets in. Now, in the fourth year of Adolf Hitler's war, the situation had begun to deteriorate with a rapidity never attained by any panzer divisions.

Dead Pigeons—Gone Geese

South of Germany the Italians were gone geese, and they knew it. They were still sparring for time, still putting up a token resistance, but they could not last. Beyond Catania, toward Messina, two miles from the Italian mainland, the victorious British and American pursued their retreating foe. And Italy, the punctured balloon of the Axis, was finished. Dante, 600 years ago, had described in three lines, like a prophet, her present state. Said Dante:

*Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,
non donna di provincie, ma bordello!*
(Oh, servile Italy, hostel of sorrow,
vessel sans pilot in a violent storm,
of provinces no mistress, but a brothel!)

Make the type Gothic, change the language, and the lines could almost fit Germany, too.

And meanwhile, as Berlin dug in and Rome prepared to burn, Winston Churchill crossed the Atlantic again. In the near future he would confer with Franklin Roosevelt about a further move in the war. Sicily had been the result of their last conference; the result of their next should mean war in Europe on a new front and, beyond that, victory in that weary theater.

Scenic view of Naples, including a scenic view of a few Italian submarines. The submarines have probably left since Naples has been bombed; the buildings, unfortunately, have to remain. Mid-week, an allied naval detachment shelled hell out of the place.

PRODUCED BY THE CAM



LAST DITCH. When the Yanks moved into the Holtz Bay area of Attu, they found many Japs like this one who, though wounded and left behind by the main Jap force, fought desperately to the end.



GENERAL ADVICE. From his foxhole in Panama, Pvt. Lester L. Goldberg of New York City gets some tips on jungle fighting from Maj. Gen. Edwin F. Harding, veteran of New Guinea campaign.



CLEANING UP. Scenes like these are being duplicated in Sicily and will show up in many other parts of the world before the war ends. This picture was taken after



NO WAGS. This is King, a St. Bernard, after his honorable discharge from the WAGs, the Army's unit for training war dogs. Proving that a dog is not without honor save in his own yard, neighbors protested when his Chicago (Ill.) owner took him back. Naturally he's sad.



GI HEAD HUNTER. In India, Pvt. Charles T. Steele of Osceola Mills, Pa., acts up in a native outfit he got in the Naga Hills. Decorations on the loin cloth represent heads gathered by its former owner.



INSPECTION FROM . . . Because they're all over 6 feet, Bunny Waters, Helen O'Hara and Dorothy Ford (l. to r.) have been dubbed Glamazons by Hollywood. Here is something of a rear view. Now look to the right . . .

Show

PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE WORLD



the Axis divisions had been cleared out of Tunisia. The pile contains rifles, hand grenades and ammunition. The French boy (left) shuffles along in German army boots.



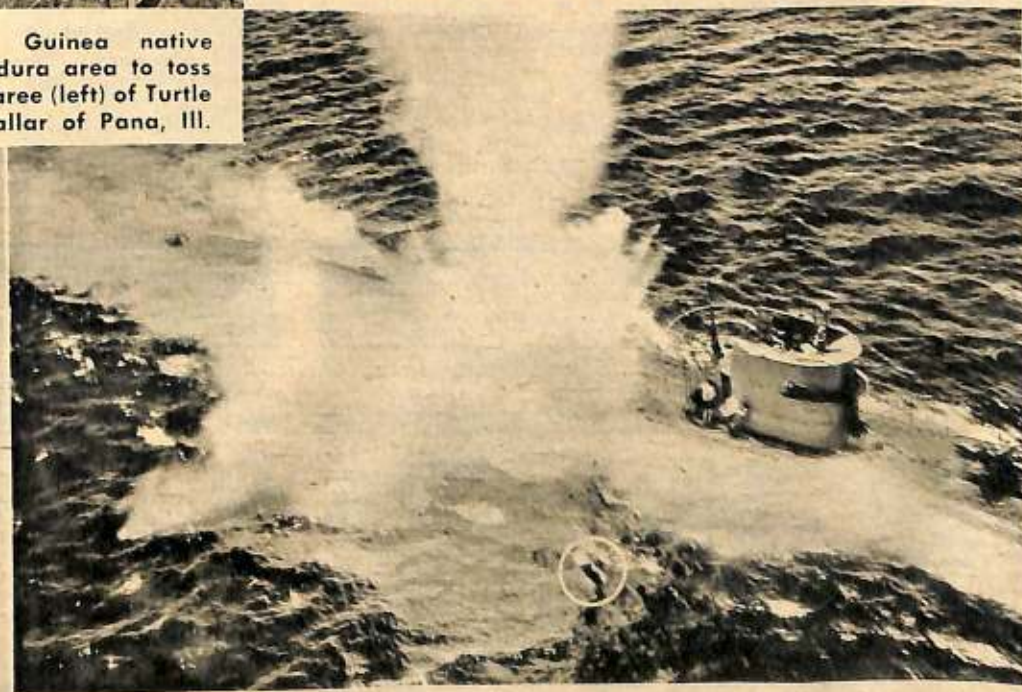
QUICK SERVICE. A New Guinea native shinnied up a tree in the Dobadura area to toss down coconuts to Pvt. Alex Margaree (left) of Turtle Creek, Pa., and Pfc. Charles Wallar of Pana, Ill.



WAR BABIES. Meet Jacqueline Ward and Ella LeMay, both 16, of Miami Beach, Fla., who vow they won't get hitched till the boys come home. Well, you can be too strict about promises.



TWO ANGLES. And here we present Bunny, Helen and Dorothy from the front. In matters of this kind, YANK believes it only right to give both sides of the case when possible. That is the democratic way of life.



SCORE TWO. While one crewman flattens himself against the conning tower and another dashes forward, two depth bombs (one is circled) land on and alongside Nazi sub. Sub was sunk by planes from a small U. S. Navy carrier escorting a convoy across the Atlantic.



AIR. MEDAL. First enlisted man to get it was M/Sgt. Burton Davis of Mount Morris, Ill., shown in England.



TALL TALE. Pfc. H. Krider, Camp Lee, Va., says he hiked 105 miles on furlough.

ALL of America this week was talking about a "wild old dream" that finally came through. People looked back to the days when they jokingly remarked how wonderful it would be to get into a car and fly away, just like that. It's no longer a joke. The flying car has come to America. This week the Consolidated Vultee Corp. disclosed to the public its laboratory designs of a beetle-like car that will do 70 on the road and 100 in the air. Weighing between 1,000 and 1,500 pounds, the air-car will seat three. All one will have to do to get the car in the air is to swing detachable 35-foot wings into place. William Stout, one of the nation's leading aircraft designers, said there are also plans for two other air-car models; a "helicab" carrying two to five passengers, and a "roadable airplane" for light freight express service.

New York City officials were investigating a nightly invasion of flying cockroaches in the Bronx. Plans are being made to exterminate the pests.

Georgia became the first state in the Union to grant voting rights in 18-year-olds, and the Alabama state senate approved a constitutional amendment reducing the voting age from 21 to 18. Georgia's Governor Arnall said he would seek the insertion of a "Fight at 18, vote at 18" plank in the Democratic party platform at the 1944 Presidential nominating convention.

Restaurateurs were warned by Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt to curtail à la carte and table d'hôte dinners, doormen, finger bowls, cigarette girls and catering to special parties if they want government aid in solving their manpower shortage problems.

Riots were staged in Harlem after a white policeman was reported to have shot a colored Army MP. The shooting was said to have begun when the MP interfered with the policeman as he tried to arrest a colored woman on charges of disturbing the peace. The policeman allegedly shot the MP in the back and wild rumors spread like fire throughout Harlem. Five people were killed and an estimated property damage of five million dollars was caused. Mayor LaGuardia came to the scene and pleaded with the crowds to return home. The mayor later explained that the rioting was not to be interpreted as a "race riot." He said most of the unruly participants were irresponsibles taking advantage of the situation to



The romantic Pfc. who grabbed his brother's fiancee at the altar—and married her. Brother is shown at left.

NEWS FROM HOME

While the People Back Home Were Busy Talking About the New Air-Car, a Pfc. Married His Brother's Girl.



Carol Landis of the movies swung a mean bottle when she christened the S.S. Vernon Kellog, 10,500-ton Liberty freighter, as it was launched in the Cal-ship (Calif.) yards. She got drenched with champagne.

loot and smash local stores. More than 6,000 military and civilian policemen were sent to Harlem to keep order. The news of the rioting was withheld from the Press for three days pending an investigation.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes wrote an article for the "American Magazine" in which he estimated the wealth of the United States at 12 trillion, 23 billion dollars—an average of \$89,000 per man, woman and child. Ickes based his estimates on such items as oil and coal deposits, forests, industries, farms and utilities.

President Roosevelt demanded a "truly stiff program of additional taxes and savings or both." Declaring that his January estimates of one hundred billion dollars for war expenditures for the fiscal year ending next June still stands, Roosevelt said the Army expenditures would be six billion dollars less than estimated, but that Navy expenditures would be six billion dollars more than figured. He said the national debt by next June would total two hundred billion dollars.

Sam Levine, operator of the "Guess Your Name" concession at Coney Island, faced Magistrate Charles Solomon on charges of enticing people to patronize him. The judge asked Levine to guess his age. "Forty-eight," Levine replied.

"You're wrong," said the judge. "When I am wrong I give prizes," said Levine, "but I have no prizes with me now." "Since you failed to guess my age I'll give you a prize. Two dollars fine," the judge retorted.

Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, reported that 85 per cent of the Government's war facilities program has been achieved and that the "arsenal America is building to defeat the Axis is rapidly nearing completion." Meanwhile, Lt. Gen.

Somervell, chief of the Army Service Forces, warned the New York City Commerce and Industry Association that failure to meet the war production schedule will prolong the war and cost many additional American lives.

Governor Sparks of Alabama signed a bill requiring every resident in the state between 14 and 50 years old to take a blood test for syphilis. Garbagemen in Atlanta, Georgia, went on strike for a \$1-a-day wage increase, and loggers near Lewiston, Idaho, struck, protesting the amount of meat allowed them by the Office of Price Administration. At the Baltimore, Md., Coliseum, one wrestler ripped off Referee Ed Brockman's shirt, another knocked him down twice and a woman was ejected after throwing a cup of coke and ice at the contestants.

JOHN BOVINGDON, a rhythmic dancer, was fired from his \$5,600-a-year job as principal economic analyst in the Enemy Branch of the Office of Economic Warfare after the Dies Committee charged that he dances before Communist groups. Bovingdon claimed he is a victim of an "anti-New Deal offensive to undermine the entire war program."

A noted American sociologist cited the three million babies born in 1942 as the record in the country's history, and declared that the nation must gird itself for an immediate decrease in births when ten million men are away at war. He foresaw another spurt in birth rates after the war.

Hollywood: Jane Withers, now an attractive miss of 17, is being considered for an important part in *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*. Paramount's version of a book authored by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough. Ann Sheridan's studio received a letter from soldiers who put in a bid for

pictures of Ann that had been killed by the Hays office. Oona O'Neill, who recently was married to Charlie Chaplin, will probably not be cast in the role of Tamara in *The Girl From Leningrad*; reports are that Mimi Forsythe, another newcomer to the movies, will play the very important role. Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main will do their slapstick love-making again for M-G-M in a picture titled *Rationing*. Paramount studios have asked Orson Welles to play the part of Hitler in a new picture they're planning.

Twice-married movie star Florence Rice, daughter of sportswriter Grantland Rice, is marrying Lt. (jg) William V. O'Connor, formerly Jimmy Roosevelt's lawyer. Harold Lloyd the comedian, was saved by his wife after he was overcome by smoke when a fire swept through his Beverly Hills estate, destroying his original films valued at two million dollars. Benny



Louis (Lepke) Buchalter (right) is escorted under guard into the Court of Appeals, Albany, N. Y., to be resented to death for the murder of Samuel Rosen, Brooklyn storekeeper, in 1936. The ex-racket leader is serving a term on a narcotics conviction.

Goodman's band and a movie titled "China" attracted 26,000 persons in the second highest opening day record of New York's Paramount Theater's history. Mae West divorced Frank Wallace, veteran vaudeville dancer, whom she insisted for years that she never married.

Selective Service headquarters announced that fathers of children born before September 15, 1942, will be deferred until the nationwide supply of men in other classes is exhausted. The new policy will likely make a greater temporary demand for father draftees in some states than in others. Meanwhile, Senator Burton K. Wheeler (D., Mont.) demanded that Manpower chief McNutt rescind a recent order placing fathers between the ages of 18 and 37 in the non-deferred class.

G-MEN arrested a man named Stephen Weinberg, 50, on charges of operating a school which trained draft dodgers "so thoroughly" in the art of faking mental incompetency that he was able to collect as much as \$200 to \$2,000 from his students.

David Edward Rickenbacker, son of Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, was sworn into the Marines and said he had no ambitions to fly. Dorothy McGuire, creator of the title role in "Claudia," was married to John Swope, airline executive and son of Gerard Swope, president of General Electric. Austin Cox, 38, of Ogden, Utah, killed five people, one of whom was the judge who granted his wife a divorce after she claimed Cox threatened to tear out her tongue.

Senator Carl A. Hatch (D., N.M.) announced that he and a group of other Senators are trying to arrange a conference with President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull in an effort to enlist their support behind a resolution pledging American participation in international cooperation aimed at preventing future aggression.

Workers in the mid-west and south-west are paying as much for used cars as they would have paid for new cars before the war. Automobile dealers in the Kansas City area are importing automobiles from gasoline rationed areas in the East. Sample price: A 1941 coupé retailed new at \$926 was auctioned off to a small dealer for \$1,250—\$324 more than the

original new price, including 11,000 miles of wear and tear.

Bidders at the Wicomico Farmers' Cooperative Auction at Salisbury, Md., took one look at Charles Hayman's red-green-yellow polka dot shirt and claimed it so loud they drowned out the auctioneer. The bidders pooled their resources and bought Hayman's shirt for \$40. The money was donated to the Red Cross and Hayman went home in his undershirt.

The Anheuser Busch Brewing Co., of St. Louis, announced that it is producing a synthetic beef steak from dry powder at two per cent of the cost of regular beef. The new product is being distributed to the Army only for the present, and is reported as being nearly as appetizing as sirloin steak, except that it's much cheaper to produce.

Josephine Robertson was given a divorce in Los Angeles after testifying that her husband forced her to marry him at the point of a gun because she looked like the incarnation of his wife who died eleven years ago. She claimed he imprisoned her for five days after their wedding but she managed to escape when her husband got drunk.

The FBI announced that to date there have been 877 convictions for draft-dodging as contrasted to 10,000 during the last war. The average sentence rendered draft-dodgers in this war has been 21½ months. FBI agents in the Boise, Idaho, district were seeking Leo Laverne, wanted on unnamed crime charges. Laverne was described as a man whose body is tattooed with American flags, a sail boat, rising sun, an Indian girl, eagles, flowers and race horses.

The bankers' magazine, *Finance*, took a poll among the presidents of the nation's 100 largest banks regarding their opinion on the termination of the war and disclosed that the popular answers centered around the autumn of 1944 for Europe, six months to three years for Japan. The second choice on the European phase of the war was November, 1943.

THE War Production Board announced that aircraft production during July reached the record level of 7,373, exceeding the June total by 4 per cent. The Maritime Commission announced that merchant shipyards delivered 158 vessels, totalling 1,670,700 in deadweight tonnage. The number of ships was nine less than in June, but the tonnage was approximately the same. Production officials also announced that the nation will build 4,000 locomotives next year, all of which will be sent to Allied nations as well as to occupied countries in Europe as rapidly as they are freed from the Axis.

While Benjamin Scherer visited the Brooklyn gasoline rationing board a group of boys climbed aboard his truck and released 15 crates loaded with chickens. Traffic was halted for a half-hour while 500 meat-hungry pedestrians chased the chickens. Cops chased the chicken chasers and Scherer captured four of the fowls in a barber shop. He complained that 120 chickens, valued at \$100, were missing. The cops checked the entire neighborhood, but discovered neither the thieves, nor fowl.

A new law adopted in Ohio doubled the scale by which prisoners may work out fines; the new rate is \$3 a day. The Ashland, Ky., city council asked the federal government to pay for food eaten by 482 AWOL soldiers who were "entertained" in the city jail during the past four months.

Miss Lois Frommer, 20, of St. Paul, Minn., made herself a wedding gown from a discarded parachute. And in Los Angeles, firemen were pouring water from upstairs while beer patrons down below held up umbrellas to protect their beer.

Latest books: "Western Star" by Stephen Vincent Benet, a narrative poem of the men and women who followed the western star to America in the early colonial days; "Torpedo 8" by Ira Wolfert, a story of the U. S. Navy Torpedo Squadron 8 which was "wiped out" by the Japs in the battle of Midway only to be revived again to give Tojo one terrific headache; "Salute Me!" by Lt. George Bristol, an amusing tale of a shavetail's woes; "Navy Reader" by Lt. William Harrison Fetridge, a discussion of Naval strategy and training and stories about Navy men; and "Air Power" produced by "Look" magazine in cooperation with the Air Force, a picture story of the AAF in action with brief and simple text.

Raymond Olson, Pfc., Army of the United States, stationed in a Florida camp, received a hurry-up call from his civilian brother, Ernest, to be his best man. The Pfc. came alright. The bride liked him. He liked the bride. Within a few minutes the Pfc. and his brother's bride-to-be decided they were meant for each other. The final wind-up was that Pfc. Raymond married the girl and his brother ended by being best man.

Blame us for thinking that Pfc. are the cream of this man's army, ole cock?



These gobblers near Waterman, Ill., are fattening up to give servicemen a bite during coming holidays. To get enough overseas, none will be sold to civilians for two months.



A crane begins removing one of seven cars of a Boston-bound train that jumped the track near Nashua, N. H., and rolled down a bank, injuring or shaking up some 80 passengers.



Oil Administrator Harold Ickes looks over the final joint in the Big Inch oil pipe line at Phoenixville, Pa. The pipe will carry 300,000 barrels of oil daily from Texas.

The Jeep joins the French Army



Col. Ernest A. Suttles.

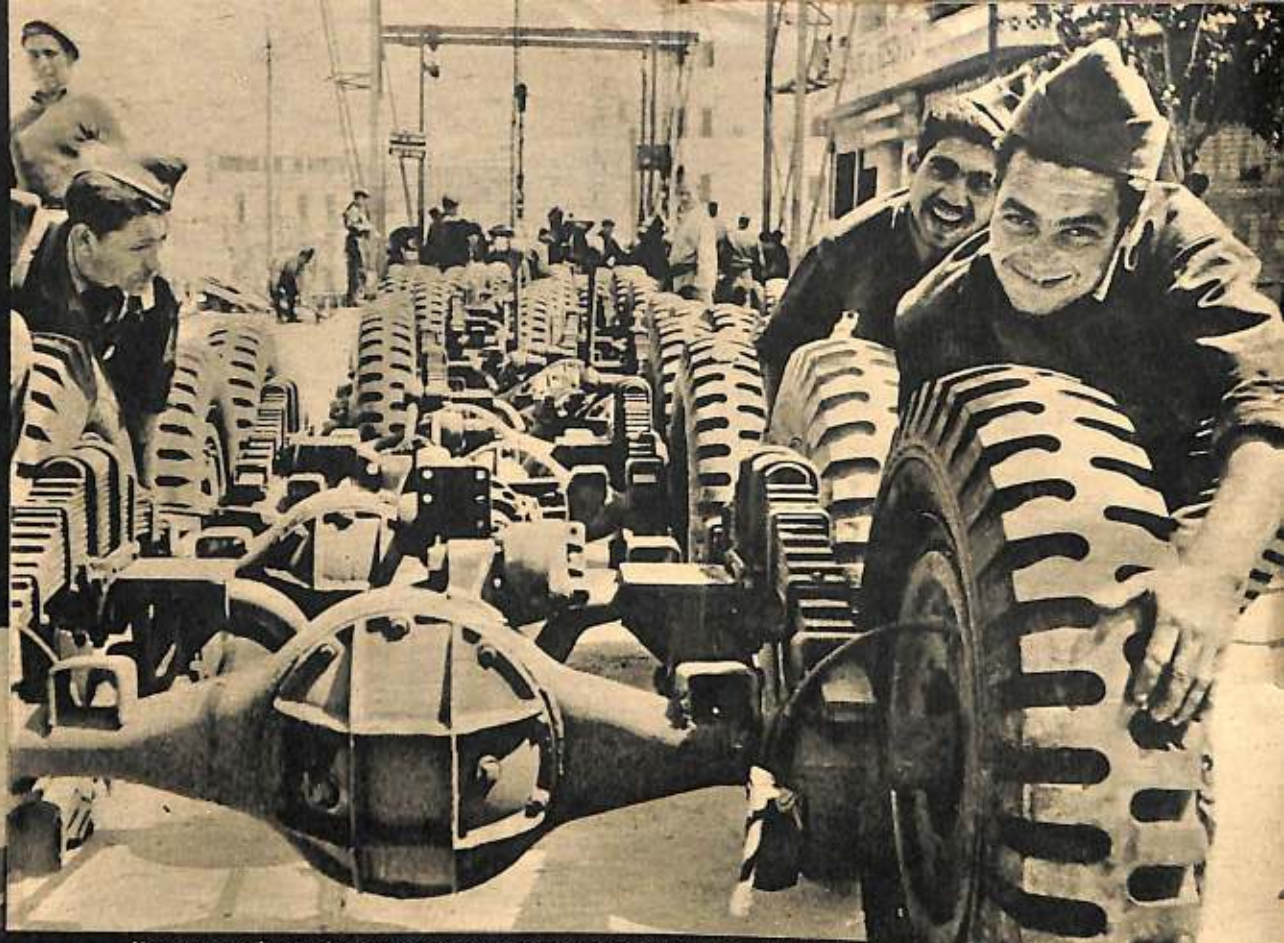
By Sgt. PETE PARIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTH AFRICA—On a unique assembly line, manned by French troops and directed by American enlisted men, hundreds of combat vehicles are being mass-produced here to arm the French forces in North Africa for the battle of Europe.

In the Tunisian campaign the French fought along the *wadis* and *djebels* with ancient weapons. Fighting and freedom-loving hearts had to make up in spirit what was lacking in equipment. Some were armed only with weapons captured from the enemy on raids and patrols, and with horse-drawn guns and scout cars of 1914 vintage.

Today, in this seaport town overlooking the Mediterranean, combat vehicles of the latest models and of every type are being uncrated and assembled under the direction of Col. Ernest A. Suttles, American mass-production expert, and his staff of 11 American officers and 150 GIs.

Most of the assembly operations are performed by youthful members of *Les Chantiers de la Jeunesse*, who have been given arms. This organization of youth, established after the fall of



Young members of *Les Chantiers de la Jeunesse* roll assembled wheels and axles into place.

France as a labor battalion by the Vichy government, has now been taken over by the new French Army.

It took fully 25 minutes to run the first jeep through the assembly lines, and only 21 were finished by nightfall the first day. Now they roll off at the rate of one jeep every 9½ minutes.

Not only jeeps but tanks, cargo trucks, weapons carriers, scout cars, half-tracks and 105-mm. howitzers have been uncrated and assembled here. Under the direction of Col. Suttles, the work of the line has been split into 29 separate operations. Occasionally new methods have been improvised to meet the shortage of assembly-line equipment. In other cases, local French contractors have supplied overhead cranes and tools.

Col. Suttles is a Regular Army veteran of 18 years' service who is known to his intimates as "Soapy." When a new American sergeant reported for duty recently, the colonel was busy explaining something to a group of French officers. Noticing the sergeant standing at attention, the colonel turned around, stuck out his hand and said, "Suttles is the name, sergeant. What's yours?" That's the kind of a guy Soapy Suttles is.

He has been hitting it off well with the French from the very moment he arrived. His first assignment in North Africa last November was to take charge of the maintenance of ordnance equipment for the Mediterranean Base Section at Oran. This included the assembly of combat vehicles on the first production line in North Africa.

That led him to his present job. You can gen-

erally find Col. Suttles in his "outdoor office," a slat of wood across two packing cases with a telephone in the middle. He eats outdoors from a mess kit with his workers, the *Chantiers de la Jeunesse*, declining to go inside to a clean tablecloth and porcelain dishes.

Col. Suttles is an old hand at transportation and production. In 1940 he organized the Army Motor Vehicle Inspection Service at Detroit, Mich., which later shipped 2,500 vehicles a day to our forces and those of our allies. Next the colonel organized the Motor Transport Service in England.

At the end of the day he stands formal retreat with his men. It is a picturesque sight as the workers of the *Chantiers*, in their green uniforms and jaunty berets, stand at attention alongside the red-capped Spahis, who are native cavalymen, and the American soldier-instructors.

These Allied soldiers know where the finished combat vehicles will go when they leave the assembly line. Lt. Gen. Mark Clark told the story very simply at Casablanca when the first batch of vehicles was handed over to the French forces:

"As we marched into Tunisia together, so will we advance into metropolitan France. These arms in the hands of our brave French allies will enable us to free Marseilles, Lyons, Metz, Strasbourg and Verdun—as we freed Tunis and Bizerte—to insure that the only Germans on French soil will be prisoners from a defeated army guarded by the bayonets of a victorious France and her allies."

The *poilu* is now streamlined and eager for the fight. And Jerry better look out.



Some members of the *Chantiers de la Jeunesse* who work to assemble American equipment. This organization, formed as labor battalion, is now part of French Army.



Dorothy Day

YANK

Pin-up Girl



WHEN Branch (Trader) Rickey heard that Boyd Owen Bartley, a genuine cultured shortstop, was graduating from the University of Illinois, he dispatched one Mr. Henry Schultz to Chicago with instructions to bring the kid back to Brooklyn come hell or the Chicago Cubs.

The fact that the Chicago Cubs had paid Bartley's tuition at Illinois in exchange for his solemn promise to sign with them after graduation was of no interest to Trader Rickey. Nothing interests the Trader when he sets out after a player except the player himself. Rickey even forgot that he had once subscribed to a gentleman's agreement with the Cubs whereby he would recognize their ownership of Bartley even though a contract had not been signed.

The Trader wasn't fooling anybody, except maybe the Cubs, when he gave his hand on this deal. The truth of the matter was the Trader didn't want any truck with Judge Landis. The Judge had already laid the law down to his major-league moguls about contracting college players until after their graduation, and nobody knows any better than the Trader what it means when the Judge cracks his whip.

The last time the Trader ran afoul of Landis, the old man threw the book at him. Those were the days when Rickey was over-lording the vast Cardinal farm system and



SPORTS:

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

RICKEY PULLS A FAST ONE ON CUBS AND STEALS THEIR NEW SHORTSTOP

the Judge discovered that he had over 100 players chained down to questionable contracts and declared them all free agents. This time the Trader was more cautious. He waited until Bartley was free game before he sent Mr. Schultz after him.

When Mr. Schultz arrived in Chicago he learned that Bartley had already worked out with the Cubs and impressed Manager Jimmy Wilson so much that Wilson wished he could start the kid at short that afternoon against the Giants. All that was left for the Cubs to do was to sign Bartley, and Mr. James Gallagher of the Chicago management said there was no rush about it, because it was just "a mere formality."

Schultz grabbed this opportunity to work on Bartley.

"Young man, you would be foolish to sign with this last-place club without first seeing what Brooklyn has to offer," Schultz told Bartley. "Tell Mr. Gallagher to give you 24 hours to think his proposition over and we will go to Pittsburgh where you can talk

Boyd Owen Bartly, left, who learned about shortstopping under ex-major leaguer Wally Roettger at the University of Illinois, talks with his new boss, Manager Leo Durocher of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

with Trader Rickey in person. He has flown all the way to Pittsburgh just to see you."

The kid was properly impressed and asked Mr. Gallagher for a little time to think it over. Gallagher agreed and Bartley was hustled to Pittsburgh where Rickey was waiting to charm him. The Trader was never in better form. He charmed Bartley right out of the extra \$3,000 which he would have received for signing with the Cubs.

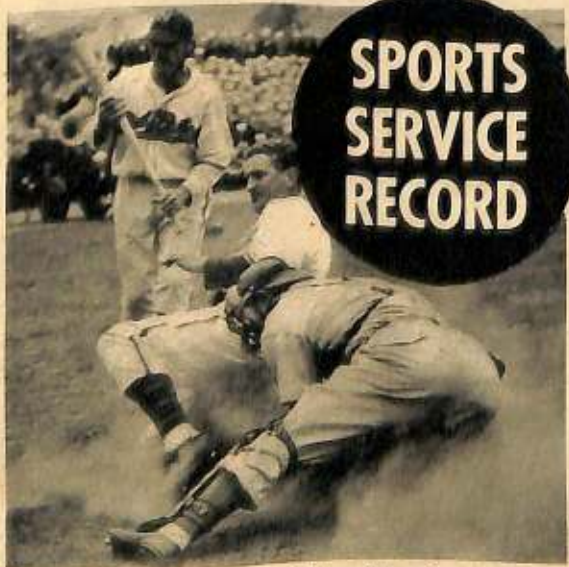
The next time Gallagher or Wilson saw Bartley he was wearing a Dodger uniform and playing shortstop against the Cubs in a Sunday double-header at Wrigley Field. Between games, there was a little ceremony around home plate in which a group of Bartley admirers from Illinois presented the kid

with a wrist watch. The Cubs wanted to see the watch, but Wilson refused to let them leave the dugout.

"That kid will never have no luck," Wilson told his team, knocking a double negative out to deep leftfield. "Nor will the guy who signed him." Wilson was referring, of course, to Trader Rickey.

Mr. Rickey himself doesn't care what Wilson or anybody else says about him. Somebody is always yelling murder in the general direction of the Trader after they do business with him.

But young Bartley seems disturbed. He's afraid Jimmy Wilson has hexed him with one of those double negatives. He's not hitting no better than .048.



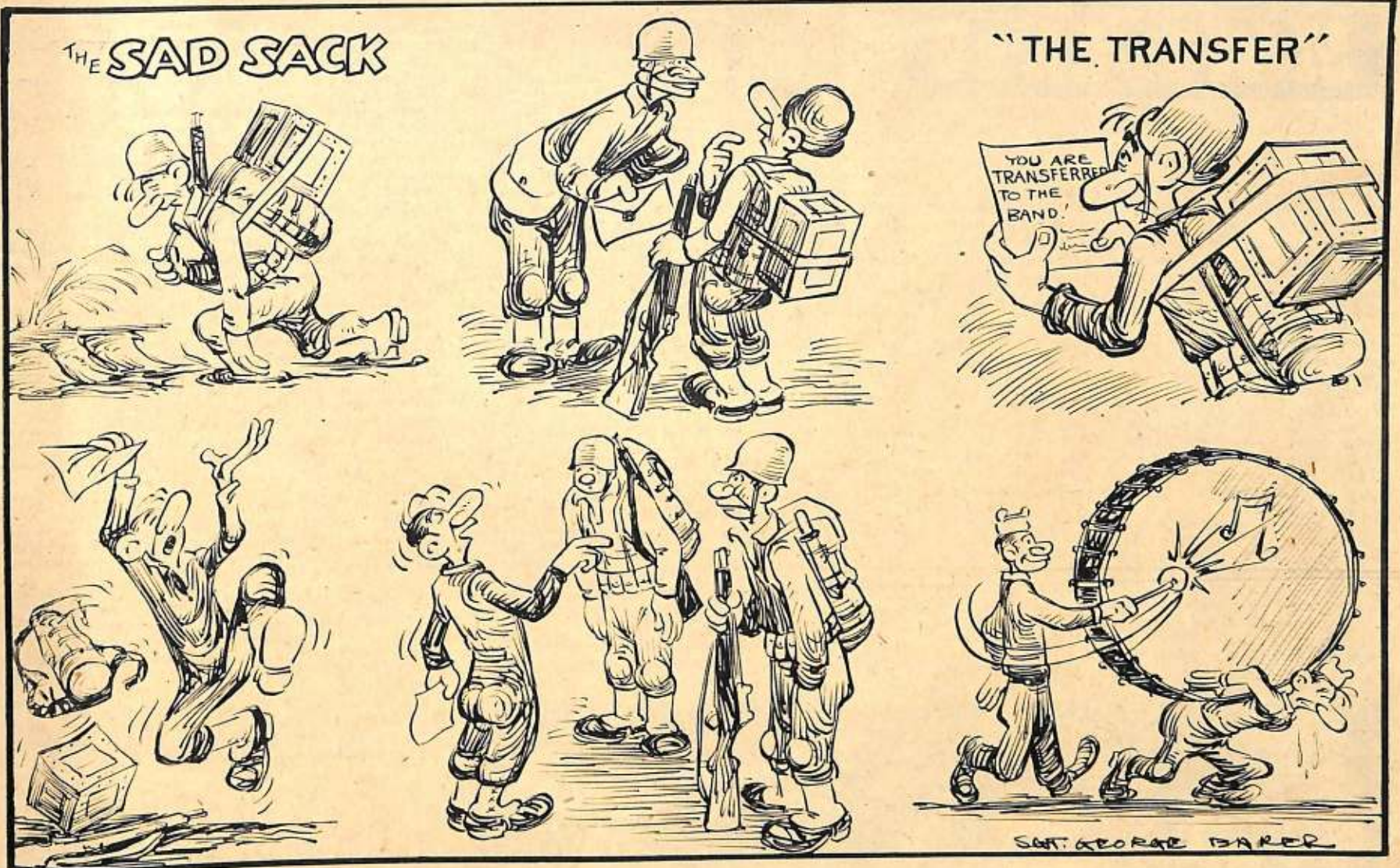
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Chester Hajduck of Great Lakes slides home to start a triple steal against Chicago Cubs. McCullough catches; Boyland's the batter. Great Lakes won, 4-0.

Back in 1907, Jim Farley took a semi-pro baseball team down to West Point to play one of the best cadet teams in years. Catching for West Point was one Cadet Ike Eisenhower, and Farley's first baseman was a slick fielding Harvard undergraduate named Franklin D. Roosevelt. Army won 8-5. . . . Pvt. Harry Danning, the Giants' catcher, has been selected for OCS. . . . Baron Gottfried von Cramm, the German tennis champion who was jailed by Hitler because he swished every time he took a goose step and later was released to fight with Rommel in Africa, is back in stir again. He was collared by the Allies in the big Tunisian clean-up.

You GIs overseas, who have been using rolled-up coveralls for basketballs and pickax handles for baseball bats, will soon be getting regulation sports equipment from Special Service. The War Department has already ordered \$4,000,000 worth of recreational supplies, including everything from fishing tackle to bingo and chess sets. . . . Lt. Bob Saggau, one of Notre Dame's greatest quarterbacks, now calls signals for a Navy dive-bombing squadron in the South Pacific. Frankie Kovacs has turned up in Australia with the US Army. . . . Pvt. Harry Boykoff, St. John's high-scoring basketball star, has been assigned to the "King's Guard," an exclusive detachment of MPs all over 6 feet tall, who will guard the

President at his Hyde Park (N. Y.) estate. During a big Navy picnic somewhere in the South Pacific, Admiral Chester Nimitz challenged Bill Scoggins SM 1c1 to a horseshoe-pitching duel, and then proceeded to beat the pants off Scoggins, 21-15. . . . At Fort Sheridan, Ill., two Waacs, Edith DeWitt and Sally Oigley, entered the post tennis tournament and went all the way to semi-finals before they were eliminated. . . . Atley Donald's draft number is up and so is that of Anton Christoforidis, the ex-light-heavyweight champ. . . . Bombardier Lou Zamperini, the former USC intercollegiate mile champion, who was reported missing in action in the Pacific, never lost his enthusiasm for running. Between bombing missions he kept in shape by running around the airfield. . . . Helen Rains, one of the country's top swimmers, is sweating out her costume jewelry (bars to you, Joe) at the WAAC OCS at Des Moines, Iowa. What's this we hear about Sgt. Zeke Bonura, the former big leaguer, trading baseball lessons to an Arab in North Africa, for the use of his full-blooded Arabian horse? . . . The fabulous Phillies are now in the newspaper business, printing a weekly, the Scoreboard, for servicemen. It tells of the Phillies' progress and is available for the asking. . . . Willie Pep, the featherweight champ, has signed up with the Navy.



"JESS come from a brush with the foist sergeant," Artie Greengroin said. "I'm taking me a powder from the Army."
 "Where are you going?" we wanted to know.
 "To the hills, ole boy," said Artie, "to the gawdam hills."
 "Have a nice trip," we said.
 "I'm going to recruit meself some gorillas up in the hills," said Artie. "It's time I got a blassid private Army unner way, a private Army without foist sergeants, a Army with a soul."
 "That's what we need, all right," we said.
 "Want to come along?" Artie asked.
 "Heights make us dizzy," we said. "What happened with the first sergeant?"
 "We had woids of indescribable brutality," said Artie. "To a sensitive nature like mine, foist sergeants is like red flags to bulls. All I done was make a simple suggestion."
 "What suggestion?"
 Artie lit a fag. "I made a suggestion that they gimme a furlough," he said. "Thass all."
 "That wasn't much," we said.
 "In view of the fack that I jess had a furlough, it was," said Artie.
 "We didn't know you had a furlough," we said.
 "It was a illegal one," said Artie.
 "Oh," we said.
 "I been on KP for a week," said Artie, not without pride.
 "Let's see your hands," we said.
 He showed us his hands. Where the paring knife had lain were several beautiful callouses.
 "Me hands used to be objects of charm in the olden days," Artie said. "This gawdam Army's made them coarse and rough. Thass another reason why I'm taking the powder."
 "You're really pulling out, hey?" we asked.
 "Yerse," said Artie. "I'm going to recruit me an army of Pfc's. Thass a nice, clean-cut rank to have. Maybe I'll incorporate them in the QMC. Thass a nice, clean-cut branch of the Service."
 "It seems to us you've had the idea before," we said.
 "It's run around me brains from time to time," said Artie. "In the Army they give you a lot of time to think. They don't give you nothing to think about, but you got lots of time. They's wise things to think about than a ole private Army."
 "There sure are," we said.
 "Now, I got this business right down to the fine pernts," said Artie. "You get a army of clean-living Pfc's. and you really got something. Every

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE THE ALMOST-REFORMED



noble character I ever run inter in a uniform was a Pfc. When a man gets to be a corporal he loses something and when a man's a private he ain't got nothing to lose. But a Pfc. is right in the middle. He's got charm."
 "You've got charm, old boy," we said.
 "Thanks, ole boy," said Artie. "I have got a spot, ain't I? Well, as I was saying, if I knock me together a army and they see that with all me reforms it's woiking-out beautiful, maybe they'll repair the regular Army a bit. Thass reasonable, ain't it?"
 "No," we said.
 "I was afraid you'd take that attitude," said Artie. "It's the coise of the pioneer—to be mocked upon by the ignorant. Awright then, forget me army. Forget I ever mentioned it. They's others with vision."
 "Why don't you lead a respectable life?" we wanted to know. "Why don't you reform? Why don't you be nice to the top kick and the mess sergeant for a while? You're always getting yourself into trouble. It's nobody's doing but your own. If you were on better terms with people you wouldn't have to be thinking of private armies and God knows what."
The fag nearly fell from Artie's mouth. "For gaw's sake," he said, "what a outburst."
 "You deserve it," we said. We were rather annoyed with Artie. "Ever since you've been over here you've been getting into trouble. You cook in quod, you pull KP, you spend half your time dodging the flatfeet. Thousands of men in this theater live quiet lives, keeping out of trouble and eating their spam as though it were oysters. Why, if you'd start being nice to people a whole new world would open up for you."
 We paused for breath. Artie was still gaping. Gradually he recovered his composure. "Honest to gaw," he said, "I never thought I'd see the day."
 "Here it is," we said. "Bright and fair."
 "You mean to say that if I was nice to the foist sergeant and the mess sergeant a whole new world

and all that would bust wide open in me face?"
 "That's right," we said.
 "Poop on it," said Artie. "I ain't innerested."
 We shrugged. "It's your life," we said. We started to walk away.
 "Waid a minute," Artie said. "What'll happing if I toin nice?"
 "You'll probably get more food and less details," we said.
 Artie's brow wrinkled. "Less see," he said, "I'm awways hungry and I'm awways overwoiked. Maybe I ought to give it a try."
 "You ought to," we said.
 "Maybe you got a pernt there," Artie said. "It's going to hurt me. Me poise'll suffer. Me sensitivity'll be bruised. But I'll try it. I'll treat that ole bassar of a foist sergeant like he was a tiny child and I'll treat that ole bassar of a mess sergeant like he was the same thing. Maybe I been a rebel long enough."
 "You have," we said.
 "Awright," Artie said. "I'll start this afternoon and go over and ast the foist sergeant does he want any errands run. I'll be his right hand man. I'll even go around to the mess sergeant and say that if he ever gets in a jam for a pot-walloper he can count on me. Honess to gaw, by the end of a week I ought to be eating of the fat of the land. Probably the foist sergeant will gimme some time off, maybe. You know, I think you got something when you say they's a whole new woild opening up."
 "That's the idea, old boy," we said.
 "Right now I'm going over to the foist sergeant," Artie said. "Maybe I can shine up his shoes. I'll tell him I was sorry I loss me temper this morning. I'll say I was overwrought."
 Artie put out his fag. "The next time you see me I ought to be a corporal," he said. "On mature and sober reflection I decided that corporals got their pernts, too."
 He headed for the orderly room.

MAIL CALL



LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

DEAR YANK:
The August 1 issue of YANK found its way into the isolated squadron of 13 officers taking a special course at the A.S.C. One item stood out from all the rest—and we write this note to give it our heartiest endorsement. It was the letter from the G.I. Nurse commenting on all the recent publicity which the newly arrived contingent of WAACs have received since coming to the ETO.

This letter is not intended to detract in any way from the prestige and credit due these new arrivals. However, each one of us—and we represent six branches of the Service (Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, Transportation, Medical Corps, and even two Marines)—agrees with G.I. Nurse that the publicity angle has misfired just a little.

In all our respective jobs and stations we've seen the girls in the Army Nurse Corps plugging away at their daily tasks—taking a lot of hardships, a lot of not-so-funny wisecracks and all the unpleasant phases of their part in this war—with characteristic good nature and grit.

Their nail polish ran out quite a while back—about the time a lot of WAACs were wondering why the gasoline was being rationed in Kalamazoo—but they're still right on the beam, God bless 'em, and there are a million or so G.I.s from Bataan to the ETO who will back us up when we say that when all the fanfare is over and the debutantes are back safely in their saddle-shoes and angora sweaters, the women of the Army Nurse Corps will get more than a passing nod.

THIRTEEN G.I. OFFICERS

Britain.



YANK's non-neglect of Nurses' Club, stung to the quick by a barrage of letters, hastens to print pictures of Sybil Johnson, Margaret Whitney, Cornelia Olson and Edith Cowell. They're all shavet—they're all 2nd lieutenants.

DEAR YANK:

I agree wholeheartedly with G.I. Nurse. It is only too true that the A.N.C. has had very little credit and praise. They have proven their worth at places too numerous to mention. The WAACs, as yet, have not. So, if there's any cheering and praising to be done, let's give it to the nurses. What do you say?

Cpl. ANTON J. LOCASTO

Britain

DEAR YANK:

We would like to send a West Point salute to the G.I. Nurse who so thoroughly expressed the consensus of opinion of the A.N.C. in your August 1 issue.

MEMBERS OF THE A.N.C.

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

We give 'em full credit. They're all the press agents say they are. We won't write down the WAACs a bit—in fact, hats off to them, wherever they are. But don't forget that while you don't see them on review, you seldom see a cheesecake picture of them. They don't try to play them up or get too dreamy about them. You take 'em for granted in the Army, like the one in the serial number of a master sergeant wearing service stripes. But where there was Bataan and Corregidor and Africa before the Italians learned how to say "We give up" in American and when it's M-I's in Europe, the Army nurses were there, are there and will be there. All honor to their name.

S/5gt. A.F.D.

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

I suppose as long as every one else is putting in his nickel's worth about WAACs arriving in the ETO, I might as well extend my orchids to the G.I. nurse who called the shot in your August 1 issue.

"Truer words were never spoken," and take it from a soldier who knows. Three months ago I had a serious operation in an Army hospital here and for the first time I had a chance to appreciate the work of the Army nurse. I know what they do and what they must put up with in their line of duty, and if any WAAC can come as close to that type of work and still not suffer a nervous breakdown, she should get the Medal of Honor.

those nurses who were at Bataan, Corregidor, North Africa and who right now are working overtime in Sicilian evacuation units? They're the women in this man's army who are doing a man's work and not getting the credit that they deserve. If you ask any boy who has been in hospital he'll tell you it made life a lot easier to know that the helping hand of the Army Nursing Corps was around.

You can blow all you want about the WAACs, but at the same time do some more extra blowing about the ladies in white.

Cpl. ANTON CRNKOVICH

Britain

DEAR YANK:

I am in complete agreement with the letter from a G.I. Nurse in your issue of August 1. When the WAACs have proven themselves as completely and as thoroughly as the A.N.C. has, then I will be all for them. And that goes for my buddies, too.

I thought that the purpose of the WAACs was to release men from continental U. S. for duty in combat zones. Or have I been laboring under a delusion when I considered the ETO and North Africa as combat zones?

If you want to do articles about women in the Service of the United States, write about some of our Army nurses, God bless 'em all. They are doing a bigger job than any G.I., but I don't ever read where a nurse gets a decoration.

For the record, I am not engaged to, married to, or acquainted with any Army nurse.

Britain.

Sgt. F.M.C.

DEAR YANK:

The letter in YANK of August 1, signed G.I. Nurse, was one of the best you have ever printed.

The nurse asked: "How many people know what the initials A.N.C. mean?"

Well, how many do know? We never hear anything about them. So why not give them some praise in the future?

As for the WAACs, we got along without them very well before they arrived here and I don't think we'll get along a damn bit better now that they're here.

But we would have a hell of a time getting along without the A.N.C.

Britain.

Cpl. R.E.H.

DEAR YANK:

I have just finished reading the assault on the WAACs by a somewhat misled member of my profession who calls herself a G.I. Nurse. What a misnomer! I wonder if she knows those initials stand for Government Issue, not "Glamour Itis." Each and every one of us is only important to the Army as a cog in the machine. She and since the majority of any branch is its enlisted members, I must assume that her remarks were directed at them. She has so far forgotten herself as a tiny, expendable cog, a 2nd Lieut. in the A.N.C., that she has attacked the enlisted members of the WAACs. Any enlisted man will tell you that it's a court martial offense as well as poor taste—if carried out bodily. So why do it verbally? Are my statements far-fetched? Yes, I will admit it. But I am merely following her example.

When did the members of the A.N.C. become publicity hounds? When did they start needing it? The fact that we are taken for granted most of the time shows that we have proven ourselves a group necessary and indispensable to the Services and a G.I. group because of our ability to fit into the designated niche. Read any one of the articles that appeared about Bataan and Corregidor and you will find there some of the highest tributes ever paid to women. One such statement I recall was only a few words, but eloquent to the discerning mind—"I never saw a nurse who was afraid." Aren't we being rather petty beside those girls who face death and torture when we appear afraid that the WAACs are going to take our place, all the publicity and glory?

Late in February of 1942, myself and a lot of troops were aboard a transport on our way to Northern Ireland, and the G.I. nurses were on the boat with us and, from all we've heard, it was no bed of roses for the ladies. And then again, how about those nurses who were at Bataan, Corregidor, North Africa and who right now are working overtime in Sicilian evacuation units? They're the women in this man's army who are doing a man's work and not getting the credit that they deserve. If you ask any boy who has been in hospital he'll tell you it made life a lot easier to know that the helping hand of the Army Nursing Corps was around.

Fame of that type is fickle and fades rapidly, but many nurses will live on in the hearts of men who worked with them in tragic situations. Do we need more?

I should like to point out some logical reasons why the WAACs should have publicity now. (1) Know your Army! Are we so narrow-minded and absorbed in our own little world that we don't know about or care to know about the other branches of the Service? (2) All things in the Army are meant for the best interests of the majority. I have already pointed out that the majority—the backbone of the Army—is the enlisted group. Therefore, the duty of the Staff of Publications is to furnish articles which will be of the most interest to that group. How can any 2nd Lieut. nurse expect to "stack up" in that respect against an enlisted WAAC? Her bar alone creates the barrier. Why should she try to kid herself?

Tell me, why should there be any jealousy or rivalry between us when our respective values cannot be compared? We have to have an Army to win a war, and the WAACs' job is to release men from desk jobs for combat duty. That is extremely important at a time when Uncle Sam needs all the man-power he can get in this war for survival. Our contribution is vastly different and comes later. We attempt to preserve our fighting strength by nursing the men back to health when possible and, equally important, rehabilitating those men who will never be able to fight again but who will be needed desperately in the post-war world. Any army could move more rapidly, have more ships, food, and clothing for its fighting men if it didn't worry about the casualties left behind. But that is not a humanitarian outlook, and that's where the Medical Corps and the A.N.C. come into the picture.

Furthermore, we should be grateful that the WAACs were organized. They were indirectly responsible for our increased pay status and the style changes from a "sack" to a decent uniform. Now—women of the A.N.C.—let's drop these chips from our shoulders and look at the situation from a logical point of view. Why hold a grudge?

My sentiments on the subject are quite obvious by now, but in conclusion I want to say that if I didn't think my professional knowledge was needed, I'd board the next banana boat home and enlist in the WAACs!

Britain.

2nd Lieutenant, A.N.C.

DEAR YANK:

Would you clear up a misunderstanding for me? Please let your readers know that I did not write the letter my picture appeared with in YANK of August 1.

All the nurses on this post, as well as myself, feel that the WAACs are as much a part of the Army as we are. We are all working together for the same cause, aren't we?

Britain.

LAURA WATSON, 2nd Lieut., A.N.C.

[Editor's Note: Nurse Watson did not write the letter that appeared with her picture. We ran her picture because she is pretty, and we like to look at pretty nurses.]

DEAR YANK:

BOMBERS
They slowly leave the lower sky,
Their sullen, steady thunders rise
As, crowding out the sun, they climb
And tear apart our eyes.
A judgment slung within their hulls,
A morning balanced on their wings,
And waiting to be born above their roar
A new world rocks and sings.

Britain.

Cpl. JOHN D. PRESTON

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

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Pictures: 1, MOI. 2, INP. 3, ACME. 4, PA. 5, left, ACME; right, PA. 6, left, U.S. Army Pictorial; right, Air Force; 9, top, AP; bottom, BOP. 10, left, Tenth U.S. Press; bottom, AP. 12 and 13, top row, left to right, Signal Corps (two), Sgt. George Aarons, ACME, Miami Beach News Service; center left, INP; center right, PA; bottom row, left to right, Sgt. Bob Ghio, PA, ACME, PA, INP, WWV. 14, INP. 15, left, PA; right, ACME, 16, Sgt. Peter Paris. 17, Warner Bros. 18, INP. 20, Army Pictorial Service.

THE downfall of Mussolini and the internal collapse of Italy were smashing victories for the United Nations, cracking the foundations of Hitler's Europe. But a mere Italian plea for peace won't bring the war to an easy end. Mussolini's soldiers represented only one-tenth of the Axis' armed strength in Europe.

The German Army is still waiting to give the Allies the bloodiest battle in world history. If you have any doubts about the power of Hitler's war machine, take a look at the following cold facts:

Despite the headline impressions, black-booted Nazis are still fighting Russians on a 2,000-mile front that is 500 to 750 miles inside Russia. Despite the heroic counterattack of the Red Army in recent weeks, Hitler's divisions have not retreated from the main-line position they established after the successful Russian winter campaign. Germans are still occupying the Ukraine area that is so vital to Soviet economy. The present Russian battle line—the war's biggest and most important front—is more than 1,000 miles from Berlin.

There has been too much talk of Sicily as the kind of second front that can be disastrous to Germany. The Russians estimate that a second front capable of seriously hampering Germany's strategy would have to divert 50 Nazi divisions from Russia. Only then could the Red Army launch a drive to Berlin. Actually not a single German division was taken from Russia to meet the Allied invasion of Sicily.

Although the collapse of Mussolini constituted a major defeat for the Axis, it is primarily a psychological defeat. Italy had become almost a liability to Hitler. Now that he is on the defensive, he may be well rid of that ally. Hitler sent 12,000,000 tons of coal annually into Italy



Tough German Army Waits for Us in Europe

Despite the distortions anybody may have from looking through rose-colored glasses, Adolf Hitler has still got a mighty efficient military machine, and it is going to take some doing to knock it over. Last week, Secretary of State Hull and Secretary of the Navy Knox warned about over-optimism. YANK presents this picture of Germany today as a little addenda to their warning.

and was forced to detour 350,000 tons of wheat and vast tonnages of oil. Food, clothes, coal and oil for the Italians will now be the problem of the Allies.

There has been much wishful thought about Germany's economic situation. Wild claims once went forth that need of coal and iron forced Germany to invade Norway. The facts are that Germany did not need coal or iron and invaded Norway for military reasons only. Through the war years many experts have insisted that Germany is running short of oil, that she must get to the Caucasus to reinforce her oil stocks. Germany has been running her war machine for almost 4 years without Caucasian oil and does not need it now (though she has a place for it in her post-war scheme for a new Europe). The primary motive of the German drive southward in Russia is to beat the Red Army and to prevent Russia's war machine from getting the Caucasian oil, which is the Soviet's prime source of supply.

The German Army is still one of the world's best fighting machines, and it still has high morale. German prisoners, husky, well-equipped and well-fed, are contemptuous of their captors and, in the words of a British veteran of the first World War, are "a hell of a lot meaner" than the Jerry of 1918. Men in the ranks, contrary to popular impression, are encouraged to think and

act independently; they are taught resourcefulness in order to master situations that arise constantly on the fluid blitzkrieg front. Most of the officers came up the hard way and know their business.

The Allies' feat of landing huge invasion forces on the doorstep of Europe was tremendously successful, but it is dangerous to look confidently on the quick progress in Sicily as a happy token of things to come in Europe. Despite our speed against the broken and terrified Italians, the march into Sicily does not equal the speed of real German blitzkrieg. For the first 13 days the Americans—largely against an Italian army, it is to be remembered—averaged less than 10 miles a day; in the greatest advance, the Yanks marched about 35 miles across Sicily in one day. The Germans have records that surpass these. In Poland the Nazis averaged 20 miles a day at the outset. In the Netherlands they moved 45 miles daily. In the extremely mountainous Balkans, against British armored forces and crack Evzones trained for mountain warfare, the Germans drove one spearhead 14 miles a day over a 21-day period. And for more than two weeks the Germans at Catania kept the invasion speed down to exactly zero miles a day, despite our overwhelming superiority in men, guns, tanks and planes.

Reports from the front tell of "strains" on German manpower, suggesting that Hitler is running

short of men. Let us look at the facts.

Germany has 300 to 325 divisions, perhaps more. At the moment of writing, they are probably roughly disposed as follows: Russia, 200-210; Norway, 10-11; Lowlands, 35-40; Balkans, 12-15; Germany, 50-55; Italy, 7-10; Denmark, 7; Mediterranean islands, 4. Mussolini's fall has upset the Axis strategy. However, if Hitler succeeds in holding all or part of the Italian territory and the Balkan countries (and he can probably spare 10 to 15 extra divisions to bludgeon the Balkans into sticking it out), he can have the support of as many as 60 satellite divisions. Italy's 75 divisions are almost certainly out of the war, but even if all of the Balkans and Italy sued for peace Germany probably would still have some 350 divisions to defend her ring of steel. Every division Germany has can be used in the defense of Germany; her lines of communication and supply are compact and close. Invasion presents far greater problems and risks to the Allies than defense does to Germany.

The number of German divisions shows no serious signs of decreasing, despite the admittedly heavy casualties on many fronts. Their 29th Motorized Infantry Division, for instance, completely destroyed at Stalingrad, rose again phoenix-like to fight the Yanks on Sicily. This is not as ghastly as it sounds; the Germans have a manpower pool that is very vast, and brand new divisions take up the name of destroyed units. While some of the German units are perhaps "watered down," containing less regiments than called for by tables of organization, the bulk of Hitler's divisions are probably at full strength.

It is tough to get a deferment in Germany. Men whose services are not vitally needed on the home front are fighting. In the first World War, Germany mobilized 13,000,000 men exclusive of her allies. Today, with a population 10,000,000 greater she has mobilized a land force of perhaps 8,500,000 men exclusive of her allies. It is obvious that Germany today, with that larger population, can mobilize many more men than she already has in this war and can well replace broken divisions. German casualties so far in this war, in dead, prisons, missing and permanently disabled, total probably 3,000,000; during the first World War, a period only a little longer than today's war, the Germans lost almost 7,000,000 men in the same categories.

THE HIGHWAYMEN

Here in England, stirring the same soil that was sifted by the Romans, American Engineers are breaking all records for building roads—and gaining the experience for the vast construction projects which will confront the world after this war is over.

If your name had been Gaius X. Agricola and you had been a Pfc. in the 4th Cohort of the 10th Legion, you would have packed your pilum to Hither Gaul (and Yon Gaul, too, for that matter) over some of the prettiest roads that have ever been knocked together. The Romans were empire-builders with a vengeance, but they were also very good engineers. Their empire covered most of the known world of the time, with the result that, to quell a border scuffle, they had to cover a lot of ground to get there, and they couldn't cover it in trucks, either. They had to march all the way and, though the colonel of the outfit might be able to pratt along in a chariot, the average Roman-nosed Joe went on Shanks's mare and liked it.

Therefore, to save his sandals and his temper, the Romans knocked some beautiful roads together across the face of Europe and across the face of England, too, for that matter, because they knocked off the Britons long before William the Conqueror ever got around to it. So Gaius X. Agricola had a comfortable trip wherever he and his little mates strolled until Gaius, under General Varus, walked into a trap in the Tuetoberger Wald and exited with some violence both from the 4th Cohort of the 10th Legion and from this life.

For nearly two thousand years the Roman roads have stood, miracles of military engineering, the envy of many a general whose education had stopped short at physics and hydraulics. And yet, if you had stood in a sunny corner of England one morning recently you could have snapped your fingers at all the cobblestoned arteries that had once trembled to the tread of the mighty Roman legions. Engineering, as well as the lethal side of the military life, has come a long way since a man stuck a shield in front of his face and plowed ahead into the arrows. This is the way it was in that sunny corner of England.

There was a hell of a racket over in the woods somewhere. It sounded like a locomotive puffing up a steep grade, with a lot of clanking steel and a tearing, rending sound that made you think the hinges of the earth were being torn asunder.

All of a sudden, a piece of the forest was pushed aside, and the monster of noise hove in view. It was a big, caterpillar-tread tractor, dragging a thing that looked like a giant grasshopper behind it. And behind the over-sized grasshopper was half a mile of gouged-out path twenty feet wide, right through the woods, trees and all.

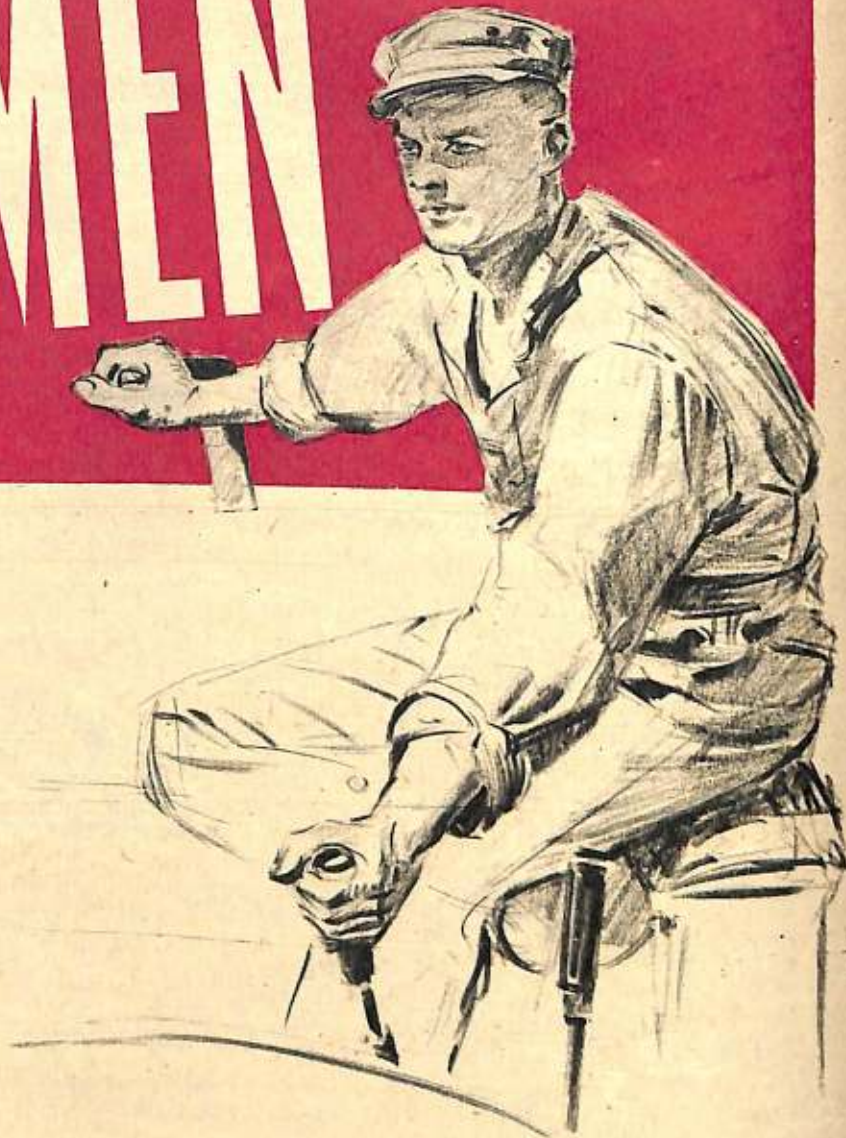
The tractor pulled up with a bang and a couple of snorts. The man, who looked like a midget perched on top of the thing, spat over the side, and mopped his streaming face. He was a Pfc. and he was hot. He waved his arm at the gouged earth running back through the woods, and yelled something indistinguishable. He'd barely gotten the words, whatever they were, out of his mouth when more pandemonium

broke loose. Machines appeared from every direction and converged at one end of the road, and they took that road and shook it and squeezed it and thumped it and scraped it.

The Pfc. yanked some levers on the tractor and, pulling the lurching carry-all behind him, turned the two machines around within a ten-foot space and chugged off. His job had been to clear the road site of all sod and vegetable matter.

As he got out of the way, a hulk that looked something like a British steam engine pushing a plow ahead of it came along with a roar. It was a motorised grader, with a large movable blade, used to shape the road and cut the necessary ditches.

LEANING OUT of the cab was a big, tall guy, flashing white teeth in a wide grin. He jerked a lever and the grader lunged ahead, shoving a mountain of dirt before it. Following the grader came another juggernaut called a disk plow, which ran over the road cutting and loosening the soil to a depth of about six inches. The blades of the plow were set in a gleaming, sharp row behind the tractor which was pulling them. The tractor lurched and jerked like a bucking broncho. As soon as it had passed, two men started emptying 104 pound bags of cement on to the road. They threw them around as if they were playthings.



A wiry looking kid, a T/5, was running back and forth, scooping up handfuls of dirt and testing it for moisture. It had to be just right to mix properly with the cement. The T/5 had gone to the University of Washington for two years, where he had a lot of tubes and scales and bottles that he was crouching over.

"It's just like making biscuits," he said. "If it's too dry, you just add a little water. The only difference is this mud's got to have an optimum of 21 per cent. Biscuits don't take that much."

After the cement had been distributed on the road

This is a Turnapull being assembled. Just like the planes which used to come over in crates before we started flying them, the Engineer's machinery must be assembled before it is used.



Sketches by Sgt. John Scott

a machine that looked something like an old-fashioned, giant street-sweeper came along. It was equipped with powerfully driven, fast-moving blades that pulverized and mixed the cement thoroughly. The two men operating this contraption—known as a Pulvi-Mixer—literally picked up the road and threw it down again, a fine, powdered, discouraged hunk of dirt.

There was a slight difference of opinion between two of the monsters that were chewing up and spitting out the road, as to which one had the right of way. There was a jangle of steel as the disk plow became entangled with the caterpillar tread of a carryall. There was a slight traffic jam until one driver joggled his tractor around a little, disengaged the situation, and pulled over to the side for repairs.

The serviceman-operator of the Pulvi-Mixer, with an undisguised look of delight on his face, went to work on the slightly damaged plow, jerking, pulling and finally replacing the damaged blades, as if he'd been doing this kind of work all his life. The parade resumed with a big water truck going over the road giving it a thorough sprinkling.

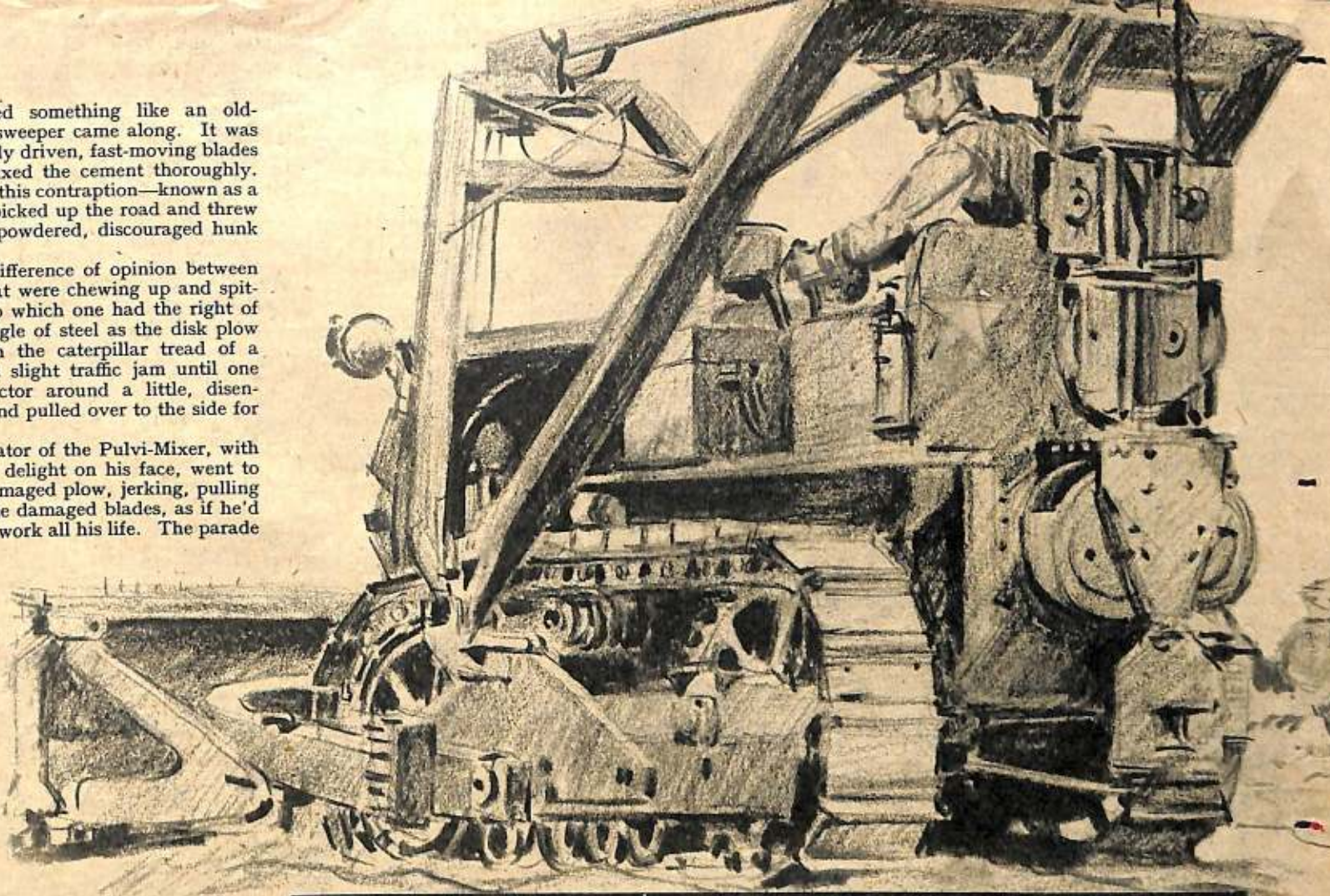
At this point, tests were constantly being made, with the T/5 making sure that all parts of the road were processed correctly to a moisture point of 21 per cent. From now on, the job of compacting the road was on. Tortuous looking machines known as sheepsfoot rollers—rotary drums with heavy metal protuberances—were

drawn over the road compressing it thoroughly. Each pair of drums weighed six tons, and there were two pairs being pulled back and forth. This procedure continued until the road was so completely compacted that the protuberances no longer sank into the ground.

Men were now alternating on the machines, and working with a steady, swift rhythm. They were like horses that smell the stable, as they approached the end of the job. After the sheepsfoot rollers had done their job, there was a final shaping of the road with the motor grader, and then an 8-ton tandem roller was used to smooth and compact the surface. Final compaction was achieved by the use of a traffic wobble-wheel roller. This consisted of a steel frame loaded with about 1½ tons of rock and supported by smooth-tired wheels. The wheels were mounted slightly eccentric so that they tended to squeeze any loose material into the surface of the road.

And the tandem roller finishes the job. The road was built. The men who had done it had put down two and a half miles of twenty-foot road and nine

This little number is what is known in the best engineering circles as a Turnapull. It is used for about the same thing as a scraper, cutting the earth and shoving it around.



The bulldozer is the Engineer's man of all work. Tight, taut and tough, it can fight its way through almost any obstacle with the drive of the tank and the aplomb of a machine that knows it's doing a good job. It is to the Engineer what the rifle is to the Infantryman and, furthermore, it's a certain amount of fun wheeling a few tons of machinery and dirt around the place.

miles of ten-foot road in five weeks' work. The next day they would start building a railroad. But to most of these tough, hard-driving guys, it was just another lousy job. They wanted combat. Engineering is monotonous.

Life began for these engineers the day after their arrival in England, when they began work on a project that consisted of a complete ordnance shop and depot setup. Involved in the project was a structural steel machine shop building of 17,500 square feet, with four travelling gantry cranes and all utilities; another steel shop building of 80,000 square feet, with cranes, steam heating system, mercury vapor lighting, compressed air system and hot and cold water; a steam plant building with three large salvaged marine boilers and a compressed air plant; a structural steel storage shed of 50,000 square feet; concrete roads; several miles of railroad; a twenty-ton travelling gantry; and a six-hundred-man Nissen camp to house depot personnel.

To begin work on this mammoth job, the men didn't even have tools with which to proceed; they'd arrived before their equipment got here. But a little thing like this didn't stop them. They went to work, pouring the first concrete foundations with table tops,

using corrugated iron for forms and light rails and fence posts for walling. All the lumber they had was obtained from salvage crates received from the States; the rest of the meager tools they had they borrowed. Despite this, the project was completed in seven months by two companies of the regiment.

The history of the outfit is full of impossible jobs that were completed.

In 21 days they constructed a 40-ton gantry crane to replace an existing 5-ton hand-operated crane that was inadequate for the expected heavy loads.

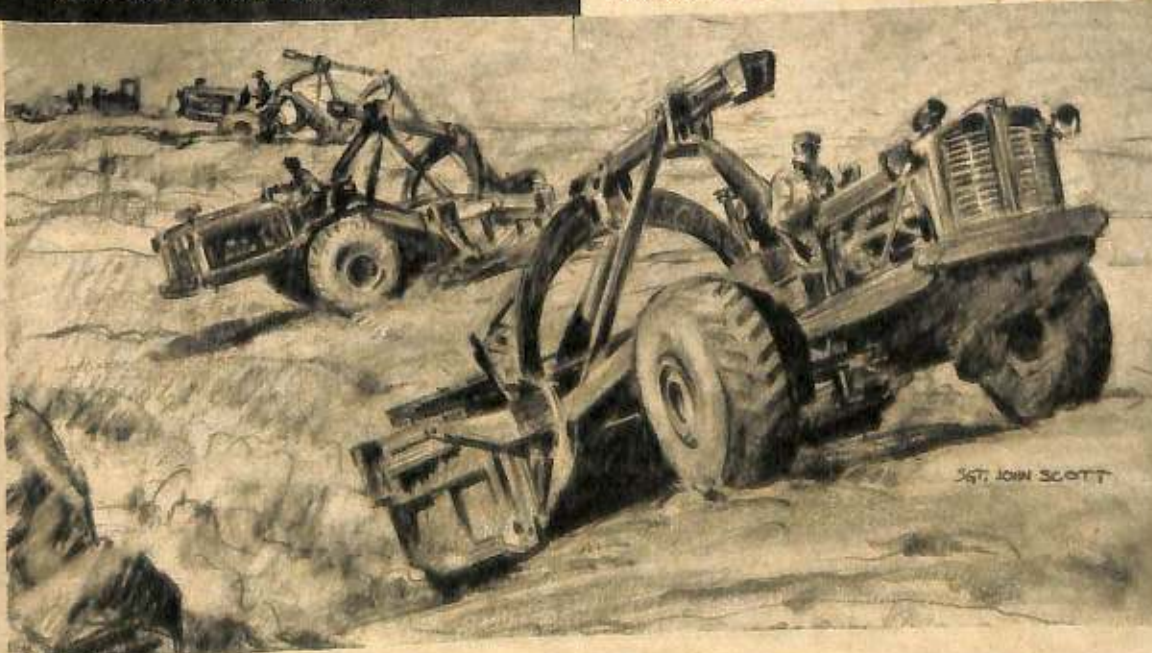
The outfit erected a radio station power plant, installing a large Diesel electric generator. The regiment engineer section designed the foundations for this project itself.

An anti-tank range was built on the site of a former out-moded range. The project included the building of the target runs which actually were miniature railroads; the locating of the firing positions and construction of a total of 1,600 yards of access roads to these emplacements; the building of six marker sheds and one repair shop; the widening and repair of over a mile of existing roadway.

In addition to the regular assignments of the regiment, one battalion assisted for four months in the completion of several Fortress airdrome projects that had fallen behind schedule. The work of this regiment on these projects included the erection of extensive camp accommodation for the Air Force; construction of large type of hangars; considerable concrete and brick work; the laying out and building of perimeter tracks; the construction of sewer disposal plants. During the construction of hangars, all erection time records were broken when a crew of 40 men completely finished and had ready for use, one large steel hangar in 14 days.

And on and on it goes; a list as long as your arm of jobs that couldn't be done—yet were. But you can't kid them. This is no work for soldiers, they say. Bricklaying, that's all it is.

But they are, unknown to them, laying the foundations for a post-war world of reconstruction. The rubble of many continents must some day be cleared up. The oil fields of the East Indies, ravaged by the Japanese, must be rebuilt. The broken cities of Europe must be rebuilt. And in the rebuilding of a world, torn and twisted by the war, these self-same engineers—who frown a little on what they think are present menial tasks—will have had the experience to aid in that rebuilding. That will be a job almost equal in importance to winning the war.



YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



TODAYS SPECIAL
POTAGE RICHELEU

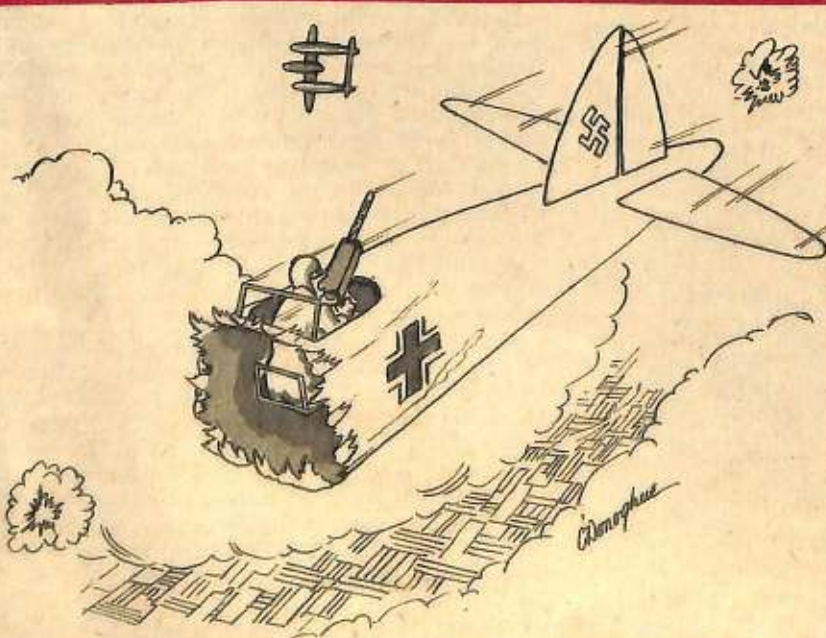


Pfc. KENNEDY—

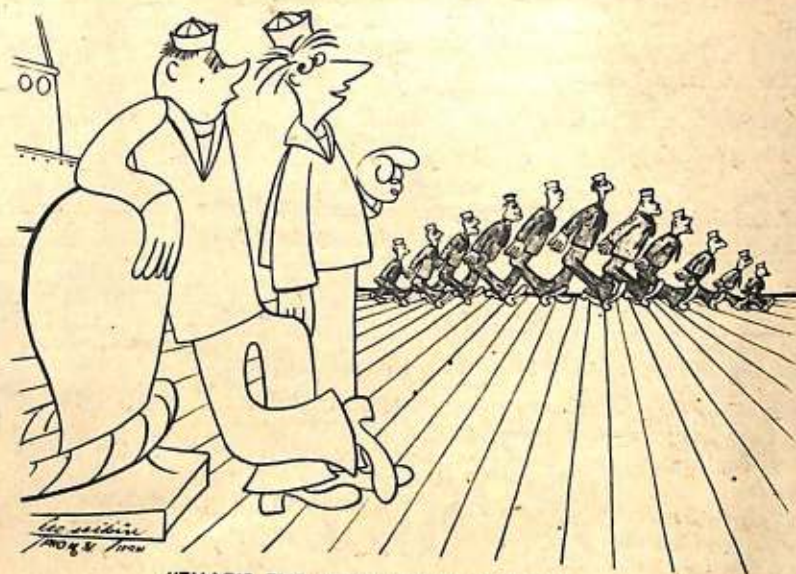
"THE MESS SERGEANT'S AN OLD RITZ-CARLTON MAN."
—Pfc. Hugh Kennedy, San Bernardino, Calif.



"ALL RIGHT, SIZE IT UP. TALL MEN TO THE FRONT."
—Pfc. D. Lewis, March Field, Calif.



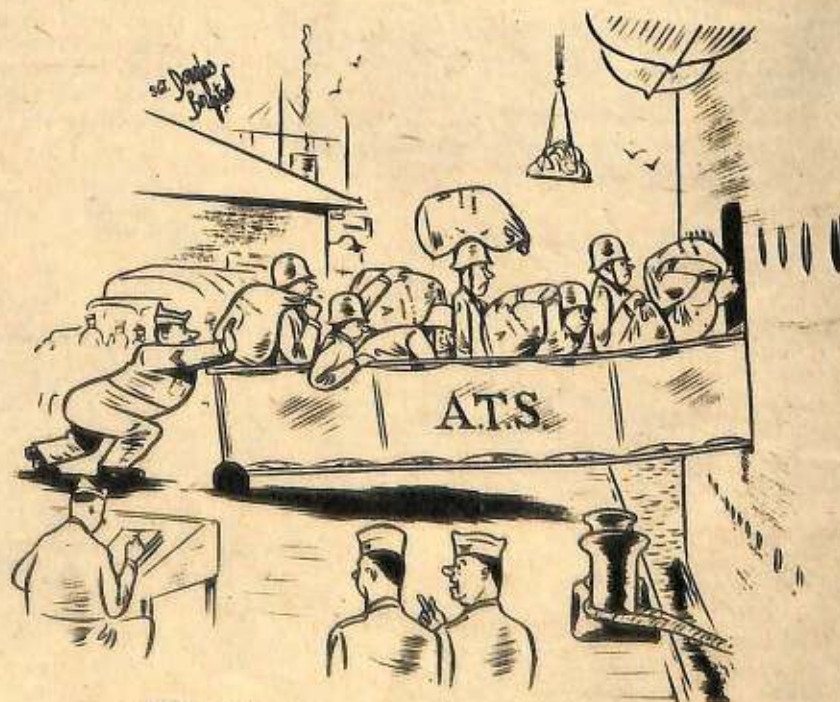
"GET READY, FRIEDRICH—HERE COMES THAT AMERICAN AGAIN!"



"THAT'S THE NEW SUBMARINE CREW."
—Leo Solkin PhM3c, San Diego, Calif.



"NOW REMEMBER—IF YOU RUN ACROSS THE ENEMY, NO STRAFING. JUST FLY STRAIGHT TO YOUR DESTINATION."
—Pvt. Phil Interlandi, Camp Robinson, Ark.



"HE'S ONE OF OUR MOST VALUABLE MEN. USED TO BE A SUBWAY GUARD IN BROOKLYN."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt