

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

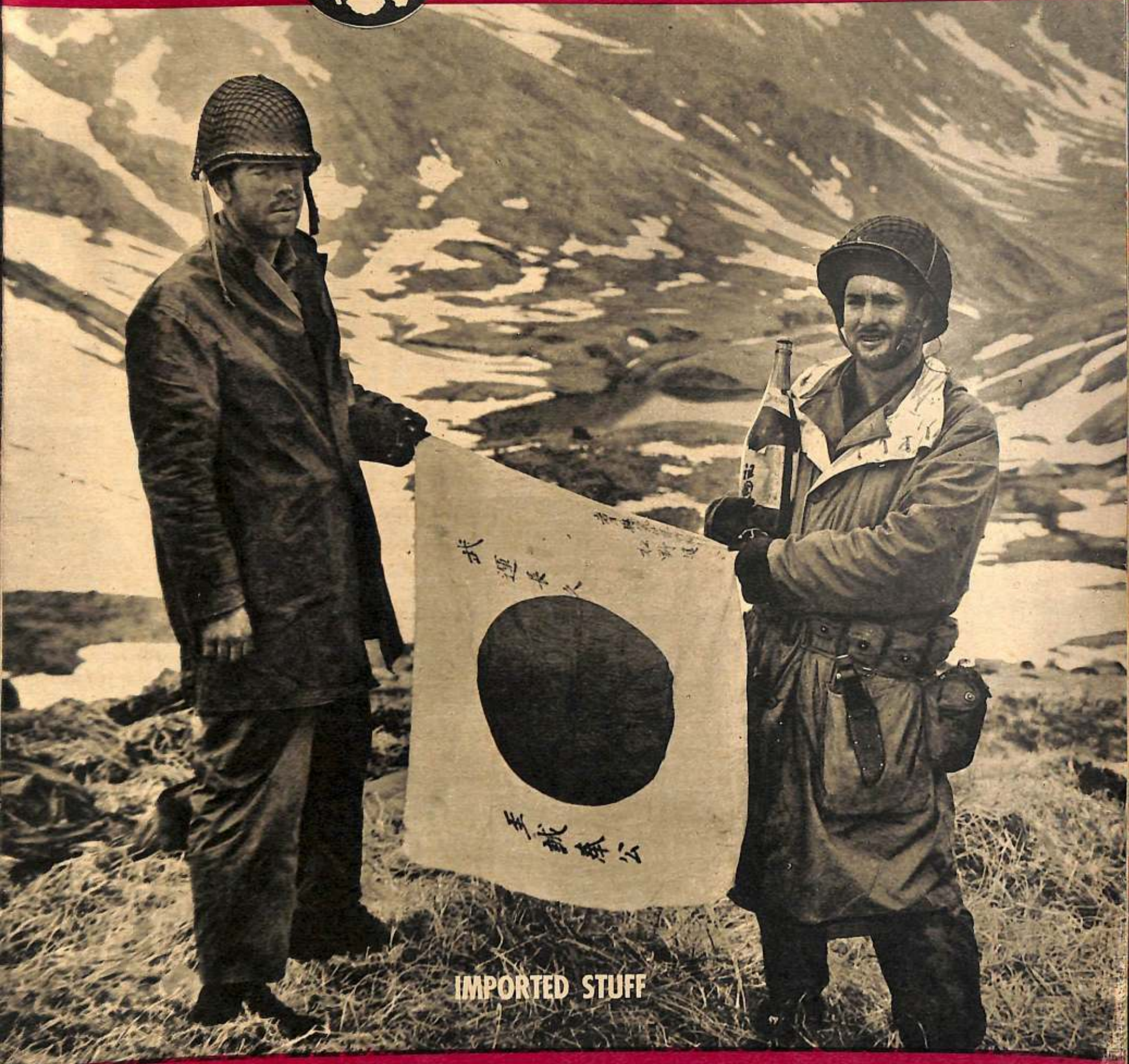
THE ARMY



WEEKLY


3^d SEPT. 19
1943
VOL. 2, NO. 14

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



IMPORTED STUFF

Exclusive Picture Story of the Attu Invasion

A black and white photograph capturing a somber scene at night. In the foreground, a long, straight line of Italian soldiers stands at attention, their dark uniforms and helmets catching the light. They are positioned on a city street. In the background, the massive, tiered structure of the Colosseum is visible, its arches and windows dark against the night sky. To the right of the soldiers, a tall, dark structure with multiple circular elements, possibly a traffic light or a monument, stands. In the upper left portion of the image, a large, bright fire or explosion illuminates the dark sky, casting a glow over the scene. The overall atmosphere is one of quiet devastation and historical significance.

THE PATHS OF GLORY, ETCETERA, LEAD BUT TO THE ETCETERA
... The path of the Italian Army leads to a ruin, and though the soldiers stand to attention well, and though their uniforms are brushed, and their helmets are shining, one sees beyond them the soul of Italy—a ruin, a shell, in which cruel things once were done.



SCENE THREE, ACT V. This is the Great Hall at Berchtesgaden. Seated at the table are Benny and Adolf. Before them a deck of cards. Some call it Black Jack, but others might say it was Spit-in-the-Ocean. The figure on the floor by the piano is Yellow-Nose Goering, playing with a Folke-Wulf 190-Z. Mrs. Mussolini is out with Mrs. Goering.

The Dictators' Dilemmae

You write your musical comedies and we write ours, by way of a few brief scenes from the last act of Julius Caesar, based on various communiques (enemy's included) and being a treatment of modern history as it would be written by an army psychiatrist were he present at the briefing.

THIS chapter of the "Boy Allies in the Mountains" or "Roslein auf der Heiden" comes from German sources and bears no relation whatsoever to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

They were coming to get old Benny out of the pokey. They were coming down through the air with the greatest of ease, because they were German paratroops, and the reason they were German paratroops and not Rupert of Hentzau was because old Benny's pokey was up in the mountains and it was quicker to go down than up. The mountain on which Benny was reclining was Gran Sasse, 9,000 feet high, in the Abruzzi Range, and Benny's Bastille was a former mountain hotel, guarded by several hundred Carabinieri, and reached only by a funicular railway. The railway, as were most things in Italy, was out of commission.

Down came the parachutists. They landed on a narrow plateau in front of the ex-hotel and then made with the desperation. A few of them straddled a machine gun and the leader of the group dived (or should that be *dove*) into the cellar of the hotel. And what do you think he found in the cellar of the hotel? Did he find the Duce? No, he did not

*Translation: *Il Popolo d'Roma* carries no advertising.

find the Duce. He found a radio station, which he destroyed, along with its collection of Maurice Chevalier records. That's what he found in the cellar.

While he was finding the radio station some more parachutists came down. The Carabinieri, you must understand, weren't doing anything all this while. They, as a matter of fact, didn't know a German parachutist from a hole in the ground. They thought what was coming down was Allied leaflets, and as none of them could read, none of them bothered to go out and pick up a parachutist and turn him over to see what he had to say. They just let them come, the sun reflecting on the blond hair. (Courtesy of I. G. Farben.)

The leader, who had found the radio station, came out of the cellar. There wasn't anything down there, anyway. Before him loomed a ten-foot wall, which was solidier than the Bank of Italy had ever been. With a quick prayer to Thor on his lips, the leader vaulted the wall. On the other side he found the entrance to the hotel guarded by Carabinieri armed with machine guns, no more than one to a customer. The leader of the parachutists (who, by the way, was an old S.S. man, class of '34) pointed his automatic pistol at the Carabinieri. As it was

the first time they had ever seen an Allied leaflet pointing a revolver, they were not a little frightened. They put up their hands.

PARACHUTIST: Where's Mussolini?

A CARABINIERI: Which Mussolini do you mean? There's Benito and Edda and Missus Mussolini. There's lots of Mussolinis.

PARACHUTIST: I mean Benito.

CARABINIERI: Oh, him. He's upstairs.

PARACHUTIST: Where upstairs?

CARABINIERI: How the hell should I know? You think I got nothing to do but chase Mussolini? He's upstairs, that's all I know. You want him, you go find him. I got no time.

At that moment a bald head stuck itself out of an upstairs window. It was the Duce himself.

DUCE: Yoo hoo, here I am.

PARACHUTIST: Are you the boss?

DUCE: I'm the Duce.

PARACHUTIST: They told me to tell you Adolf sent me.

DUCE: Come on up. Bring your friends.

Up the stairs dashed the intrepid parachutists. They found Benny in a room guarded by two Italian G-men, who were, shall we say, forcibly ejected from the room. At that point Benny, who was a little thinner than when we saw him last time, fell on the neck of the leader of the parachutists.

PARACHUTIST (Gently disentangling the Duce): Duce, the Fuehrer sends me to liberate you, just like Poland. You are now under my protection, just like France.

DUCE: I guessed it. I never doubted but that the Fuehrer would do anything to get me out of here. Where's my family?

At this point the Duce paused for a moment.

DUCE: Did I say that? Did I say where's my family?

PARACHUTIST: The communique says you did.

DUCE: Then I said it, then. They wake up, screaming.

Priority Call

(Mussolini had an "emotional" phone talk with Hitler immediately after he was liberated, the German News Agency claimed.)

Benny was in the phone booth.

(According to the German radio.)

"Gimme Berchtesgaden 2468" Benny said.

"That will be 97 lire," the operator said.

"I haven't got 97 lire," Benny said.

He turned to a paratrooper. "Hey, you. You got 97 lire?"

The paratrooper gestured as though both arms had been caught in an updraft. "I only got 17 marks," he said.

"That's a hell of a fine way to send men out on an expedition," Benny said. "Seventeen marks. I used to give my paratroopers thousands of lire each."

"And where," asked the paratrooper, "did it get you?"

"That will be 97 lire please," the operator said.

"Hullo, hullo, are you there," the operator continued.

"I'm here," said Benny. "You see, I don't carry money ordinarily in my pockets, or anywhere else. Kings and dictators do not weigh the silk lining of their pockets down with coins."

"Then," said the operator, "I'm afraid I will have to cancel the call."

"Listen," Benny said. "I own this damned telephone line."

"I'm sorry, I'll give you the supervisor," the operator said.

The supervisor answered, and Benny said, "Gimme Berchtesgaden 2468."

"Not without 97 lire, you don't," she said.

"Make it collect," Benny said.

She did.

Scenes from Shakespeare

(Amid scenes reminiscent of Shakespeare's, etc.—A leader which should have been run in the "Zeitung's" 3 a.m. edition.)

HITLER: Great Caesar, hail.

MUSSO: Hail, Fuehrer of the Reich And savior of your race.

HITLER: How does my lord?

MUSSO: Palely, I think. I have not seen the sun These seven weeks past. The traitors of my realm Did drag me from the bosom of my wife And did most basely cast me in among Rats and damp stones in divers wasted places, Because of my late fall.

HITLER: Not late, my lord;

Behold how I do rise you to a stature Equal to that you once attained; and yet, Within the eyes of men much higher still, Thy stature has not risen more than . . .

(You finish it).

Briefs from Berchtesgaden (1)

(The German radio interrupted a musical program to claim that Mussolini has been freed by German paratroops and is now at liberty.)

Scene: Berchtesgaden.

"Hey you," Benny said to the S.S. man, "turn that up a little."

The S.S. man turned up the radio a little.

"Mussolini is free to take Italy in hand again . . ."

"A little more," Benny said.

" . . . and to lead her along the road from which Badoglio tried to make her swerve . . ."

"Turn it up some more," Benny said.

" . . . free to take vengeance . . ."

"Louder, please," Benny said.

" . . . for the insults which have soiled the Italian flag . . ."

"Louder," Benny bellowed. "That's me. In there pitching again. Up some more."

" . . . free to take his stand again with his army on the European side . . ."

"Louder, LOUDER!" Benny said.

Adolf Hitler walked over to the radio and turned it off with the finality of an Eisenhower communique.

"Will you turn that goddam thing down," he said. "I can't hear a word the astrologer is saying."

"But that's me, Adolf. That's me," Benny pleaded.

"I know it's you," Hitler said, striding back across the Great Hall to where the astrologer was sitting.

Briefs from Berchtesgaden (2)

(The Duce said: "I thought this would happen, and never doubted that the Fuehrer would do everything to fetch me from here."—A line from "Stars and Stripes" and/or dialogue from a new Republic

Pictures western (B film, recommended for the entire family); we forget which.

(Scene: Again, Berchtesgaden. The German radio is making with a brassy rendition of "Sailing Against Italy." Benny is standing bravely by the window, chin out-thrust like yonder mountain peaks. His hand is upraised in a 2,500-feet-a-minute climb. He stares into space.)

ADOLF: I told you once, Benny, for chrissakes, cut out that acting.

BENNY: From the mountains, from the snow-clad peaks, from the horizon yonder I hear the echoes of yesterday like snows of yesteryear on yonder peaks.

ADOLF: Will you shut your mouth?

BENNY: I'm sorry. Some day, Adolf, perhaps you will know the feeling, my friend.

(Adolf is silent, his dark, bovine eyes intent on the large atlas before him, his tongue protruding slightly through the left incisors as he draws lines with a lavender pencil through sundry longitudes.)

(Benny is silently practising that old black magic which worked for 20 years until somebody discovered that under the hat lay a rabbit and not a wolf.)

(The radio is still playing "Sailing Against Italy".)

BENNY: You know, Adolf . . .

ADOLF: Yes, Benny.

BENNY: You got it figured out yet?

ADOLF: Don't know yet.

BENNY: They get to Ploesti once more there won't be enough gas.

ADOLF: Once I told you, twice I tell you, shut up while I figure this out.

BENNY (staring across at the Bavarian peaks):

"How the hell should I know about the fleet? Maybe they surrendered, maybe they didn't surrender. I ain't a sailor."

"They shouldn't have surrendered."

"Things like that get to be a habit."

"The German fleet hasn't surrendered."

"What German fleet?"

"Are you being catty?"

"Not me, Adolf. You know me better than that. Where'd the fleet go?"

"Malta, it says here."

"That joint? We bombed that joint. The fleet couldn't go there."

"That's where the papers say it went."

"Who writes the papers?"

"Joe Goebbels writes the papers. He's a good man, old Joe is."

"I don't know about Malta, but I know if the Rock of Gibraltar hadn't been where it is, it would have been a different story."

"How'd the Rock of Gibraltar get there?"

"How the hell do I know how it got there? A goddam glacier brought it."

"That's a pretty big rock for a glacier to bring."

"All right. All I was saying was that if it wasn't there it would have been a different story."

"I still think that's a pretty big rock for a glacier—"

"Listen, Adolf, what else does it say about the fleet?"

"That's about all."

"They got a hell of a nerve, surrendering like that. When I think of the paint bills I paid on those



SCENE THREE, ACT VI. This is the Chalet at Berchtesgaden, and a crummy-looking dump it is, too, with all the aesthetic lines of a \$968 cottage in West Jersey, advertised in the "Sunday Mirror," with all the architectural style of shoebox. The figure on the roof with the spyglass, which once belonged to Frederick the Great, is Mussolini. He is not watching the retreat from the south; in the next Chalet down the road, a fraulein is taking a German sunbath, and that is what he is watching.

You know, Adolf, they made Europe and Asia too damned big.

ADOLF: Didn't they though?

BENNY: I know just how Napoleon felt.

ADOLF: It won't work! It won't work!

BENNY (pathetically): No, Adolf?

ADOLF: We'd never get across Russia. Never. And those Japanese! They lose, they bayonet the hell out of us. They're barbarians, those Japanese. And furthermore, Benny, I tell you something else.

BENNY: What?

ADOLF: You know, I never trusted Hirohito.

Munich Dialogue (1)

(Italian Fleet surrenders—headline anywhere.)

"Well, Benny," Adolf said, "you seen the papers?"

"I seen them but I couldn't read them," said Benito. "They're in German."

"What's the matter with the papers being in German? This is Germany, isn't it?"

"Listen, Adolf, I don't know where nothing is these days. If you say it's Germany, all right, then it's Germany."

"The papers say your fleet has surrendered."

"You can't believe anything you read in the papers these days."

"I know. But how about the fleet?"

tubs—"

"It's going to be a nice problem when we go back to Africa, Benny."

"When who goes back to Africa?"

"Us."

"How are we going to get back to Africa?"

"By way of Russia."

"Are you kidding?"

"Naw, it's simple. We lick the Russians and then we lick the Turks and then we lick the—pass me that atlas, will you? Oh, yes, then we lick the Persians, and then, before you know it, we're in Africa again."

"I been in Africa."

"Yeah, but this time we'll go at them in the other direction. We'll surprise them, sort of."

"Will I get Libya back?"

"Oh, sure, sure."

"But how about the fleet?"

"Look, Benny, it's your fleet. I don't know nothing about it. All I did was read in the papers about the surrender, so I thought I'd tell you."

"Thanks."

"It's nothing, Benny, nothing at all. By the way, you cancel that plan I just had for the invasion of Africa. I got another idea."

"What is it, Adolf?"

"You tell you tomorrow, Benny. Get some sleep."

Munich Dialogue (2)

(Mrs. Mussolini, a staunch Republican Fascist from way back, has joined her husband.—Practically a German news report.)

"Why, Mrs. Mussolini, I thought you were in Zurich."
 "I can't stand them mountains, dearie. They give me the rheumatism. How's Hermann?"
 "Just fine, thank you. And Benito?"
 "That *schlemiel*? Honest, Mrs. Goering, sometimes I don't know how I can stand him. He carries that balcony manner all around the house. When he sits down at the table and asks me to pass the salt it takes him ten minutes, with gesture, yet."
 "Hermann has his little quirks, too. Always dangling his medals in the soup."
 "Men are silly, aren't they, Mrs. Goering?"
 "By the way, where is Benito?"
 "With that Hitler. Always he's with that Hitler. Talk, talk, talk—that's all they do. I wish Benny would get an honest job."
 "What do they talk about?"
 "Right now it's parties. They're forming a new party."
 "Good heavens, are they really?"
 "Yes. Though Lord only knows what was the matter with the old one."
 "What's the name of the party?"
 "The Republican Fascist Party, for God's sake."
 "Not very euphonious, is it?"
 "It certainly ain't, dearie. Honest, the names they give these things kill me."
 "Men have no imagination at all."

a hurry."
 "Suppose Hermann didn't have the planes?"
 "Oh, he had them all right. Just saving them for himself, that's what he was doing."
 "Are you intimating that my Hermann would have let you and Benito stay down there at the mercy of those democratic wolves?"
 "Well, since you're so insistent, dearie, that's exactly what I'm intimating."
 "Why, you Wop witch, I've a good mind to scratch your eyes out."
 "Listen, dearie, anyone who could have stood Edda for ten minutes can go a couple of rounds with you. Put 'em up."

Briefs from Berchtesgaden (3)

(“Now with the wind whining down from the north, ready to bring it with the snows of winter, the parallel between Hitler and Napoleon Bonaparte is beginning to . . .”—Somebody's editorial in September, 1941.)

(Scene: Berchtesgaden again. The Great Bedroom. It is dark. Only the pale Aryan starlight, bouncing off the white Aryan mountain on to the rich Semitic rug (made in Arabia) lights the scene. Benny is pulling off his boots.)

ADOLF: Give me some light. I can't see.
 BENNY: Watch that blackout, Adolf.
 ADOLF: The hell with the blackout.
 BENNY: Listen, Adolf, you haven't lived through these bombings. This wreck and ruin. The noise is positively horrible. And the effects are terrible on your nerves. If I knew then what I know now

"Adolf, what do you put in your mattresses?"
 "This is war, Benny."
 "I been wondering what it was. You ought to stop stuffing those mattresses with war. Get some goose feathers."
 "Seen the papers, Benny?"
 "Now where the hell should I see a paper? I've been in bed."
 "There's good news in the papers, Benny."
 "Yeah? What?"
 "You know the Fifth Army?"
 "I've met them."
 "We're pushing them back from Salerno."
 "Who's pushing them back from Salerno?"
 "Us. The Germans."
 "I thought there was a catch in it."
 "Benny, are you a dope? Don't you see the possibilities?"
 "What possibilities? I'm hungry. I want some breakfast."
 "The possibilities, Benny, the possibilities."
 "I don't suppose it's possible to get an egg around here?"
 "Look, we throw them off the beach head at Salerno, see? That's the first step—"
 "The trouble with this goddam war is that you never can get any eggs."
 "And after we've done that we push them out of the heel and toe—"
 "You'd think the hens had stopped laying or something."
 "And then out of Sicily—"
 "I should have brought a hen with me, that's what I should have done."
 "And then before you know it we're in Africa again. Benny, are you listening?"
 "Are you still talking about war? I'm hungry, I tell you."
 "Listen, Benny, breakfast is coming up. I've already ordered breakfast."
 "What's the matter with the waiter? Has he got a wooden leg or something?"
 "Benny, the war is going wonderful. Already I've got us back in Africa."
 "How?"
 "By just pushing them back, that's all. Then we take Tunisia again, then Tripolitania . . ."
 "Lots of hens in Tripolitania."
 ". . . then Libya, and before you know it we're at Tobruk, and then El Alamein."
 "Where do we go from El Alamein?"
 "I don't know yet. That's something I've got to figure out. Where did we go last time?"
 "Back."
 "Well, we'll have to go the other way this time. That's orders."
 "How about giving some orders to that waiter?"
 "Listen, Benny, forget the waiter. Forget the egg. Think about the beautiful possibilities. Think of being back in Africa again."
 "I'll think of being back in Africa with some breakfast in front of me."
 "I'll listen, Benny, I've been damned nice to you. And if you think I'm going to run this war all alone while you think of your gut, you've got another think coming. Dig me?"
 "All right, Adolf, I'm listening. There's just one thing I want to know. How far did they push them back from Salerno?"
 "Just a minute. It says right here. Oh, yes. Two hundred yards we pushed them back."
 "Not very far."
 "It's a start, Benny, it's a start. Where's my pencil? Let's see, there's 1,760 yards in a mile. Now, from Salerno to El Alamein is 1,946 miles, less two hundred yards. That'll be—"
 "Adolf, how about my egg?"

Tailpiece

(“At the last historic meeting of the Fascist Grand Council . . . De Bono . . . who led the Fascist march on Rome . . . leaped to his feet and flourished a revolver at Mussolini.”—London Daily Telegraph, September 9, 1943.)

BENNY: Adolf, there's somebody we got to rub out, positively.
 ADOLF: I tell you that man Stalin is so well protected he only gets to see himself in the mirror once a day.
 BENNY: He's not like us, huh, Adolf?
 ADOLF: You want to assassinate whom?
 BENNY: De Bono, that dirty, low-down, stinking, traitorous—
 ADOLF (quietly and firmly, playing a new strong-man role altogether): Benny, before we get to De Bono, we got a big job ahead. There are a number of people with high priority.
 BENNY: Who could have higher priority?
 ADOLF: 10,000,000 Russians, 20,000,000 Britishers, 80,000,000 Americans, 6,000,000 . . . etc.
 (Quick curtain—preferably asbestos.)



SCENE SEVEN, ACT VIII. This is the terrace at Berchtesgaden; and they are having tea. Adolf is pouring which is, as the English say, is playing "mother" when one pours tea. Right behind the sunroom at the corner is the New York impresario, Billy Rose; who has just taken a 99-year lease on the joint, and for after the armistice is planning a gigantic floor-show of six-foot frauleins who will be shot from an 88-mm. flak gun now being used at Lille. Admission free to all soldiers of occupation.

"What's Hermann doing these days?"
 "Not much, really."
 "Men are so lazy. Talk, talk, talk—all the time."
 "Do you think you'll be going back to Italy, Mrs. Mussolini?"
 "Blessed if I know, dearie. Meanwhile I came up to Munich to do a little shopping. Your ersatz is better than our ersatz."
 "Weren't you upset when Benito was incarcerated?"
 "Bless you, no, ducks. Benny's been in and out of more jugs in his life than anyone else I know. He's really done time, my Benny has. He started to lose his hair in them jails."
 "The Fuehrer has been in jail and the Fuehrer hasn't lost any hair."
 "In Benny's day jails weren't what they were in the Fuehrer's day. Right now jails are nice. Benny's last jail was a nice one. They treated him real good."
 "Isn't it funny how so many great men serve raps up the river?"
 "Well, Mrs. Goering, it just goes to show you that the world doesn't appreciate people. For instance, a few weeks ago I didn't appreciate your husband one bit."
 "Why not, may I ask?"
 "Well, when things was black at home he could have sent down a few planes and fixed them up in

I'd never have let Bruno grow up to be an aviator.
 ADOLF: What I want to know is, with all your so-called Italian mechanical skill and all, you didn't invent the Flying Fortress.
 BENNY: Well, we were working on a sort of combined Marauder and a Wellington when—
 ADOLF: Forget it.
 (There is a long silence.)
 BENNY: Where you going, Adolf?
 ADOLF: To the library. You know I been thinking about Elba. It's not a bad place, Elba, really. You know something else?
 BENNY: What?
 ADOLF: I'm beginning to feel a great affinity to Napoleon.
 BENNY: The Newark, New Jersey, *Call* said that back in 1940.
 ADOLF: Did they?
 BENNY: Bring back a copy of *Julius Caesar*, will you? And bring me back something to read.
 ADOLF: What?
 BENNY: Like one of my biographies, maybe. Something light and entertaining.
 Onward and Upward From Italy!

Munich Dialogue (3)

FIFTH ARMY GIVES GROUND—Headline
 "How did you sleep, Benny?"



1. Just before the invasion got under way, soldiers were given final instructions. Relief model gave them graphic picture of operations plans.



2. Assault boats moved through the fog-shrouded waters toward the shore line, where the men jumped out and fought their way inland.



3. Yanks are silhouetted against the sky as they stand on barren ridges passing the ammunition for the guns in the front lines. They had to fight over bare brown tundra of the shore to the rocky hills and ridges farther inland, and then over the mountains, marching through snowdrifts, bitten by icy winds.



4. On a shelf of tundra above the beach, a howitzer fires on a Jap position. Howitzers in this area were the first Army guns in action on Attu.



5. Men working a field radio and a sign reading "Message Center" are what made up the island's first American message center.



6. When bullets whizzed by his ears this Yank fell to the ground with his Browning automatic and scanned a ridge ahead to see if he could get a bead on the enemy sniper. YANK's photographer was able to take this picture from an abandoned Jap trench where he was crouching only a few feet away.

ATTU

THE fight for the Aleutian island of Attu was one of the hardest ever fought by American arms. The Jap, who never surrendered, was not the only enemy; there was also the weather. Both were beaten. Landing with the first U. S. soldiers was YANK's Sgt. Georg Meyers, who, when he wasn't using his rifle, was using his camera. The result is this picture story of the campaign, printed on these and the following two pages.



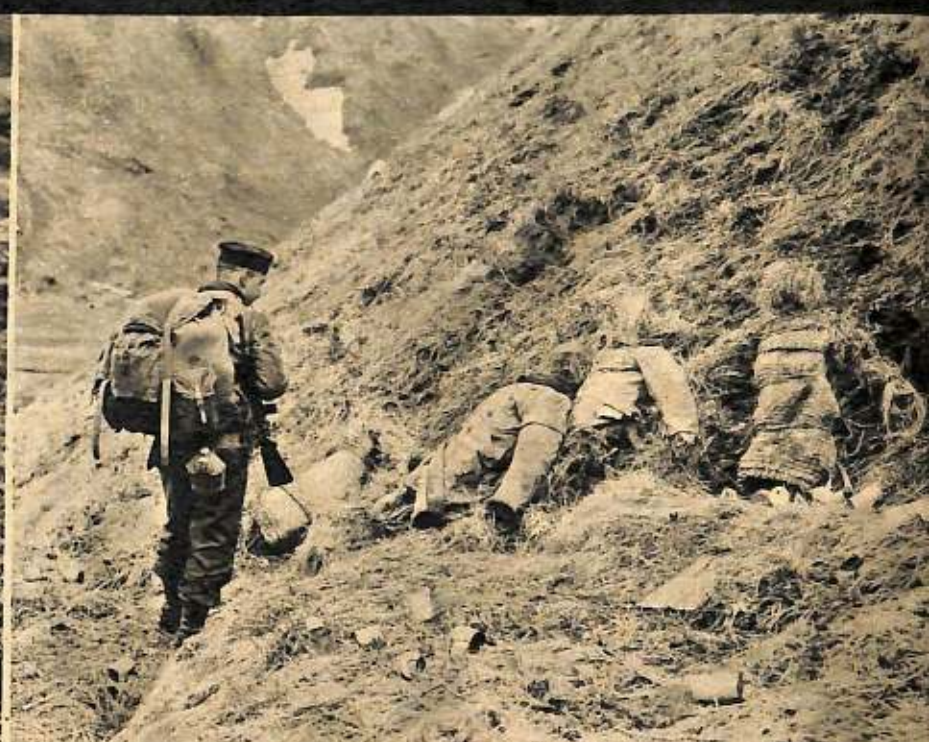
7. A soldier of the emperor lies dead, high on a rocky ridge, and beside him is the grenade he never had the chance to throw. The Japs fought to the last; they had to be blasted out of every crevice and hole on the island. Known Jap dead on Attu were about 1,800, but only 11 were taken prisoner.



8. A chow line forms around a field kitchen set up in a sheltered ravine on the Attu front lines. Hot food, particularly hot coffee, was a luxury in this island campaign. Front-line fighters were lucky to eat a full meal of C or K rations. Very often the fighting did not permit them time to open a cold can.



9. Puzzle: find a general among these dogfaces eating chow on a hillside. He's there, with canteen cup, at the left: Brig. Gen. Archibald V. Arnold, Field Artillery.



10. Inspecting some Jap straw men. The enemy stuffed their uniforms to try and draw fire revealing our positions.



11. "Little Tokyo," a Jap military village dug into the hills. The Americans found hundreds of underground huts and tunnels and picked up a variety of booty.



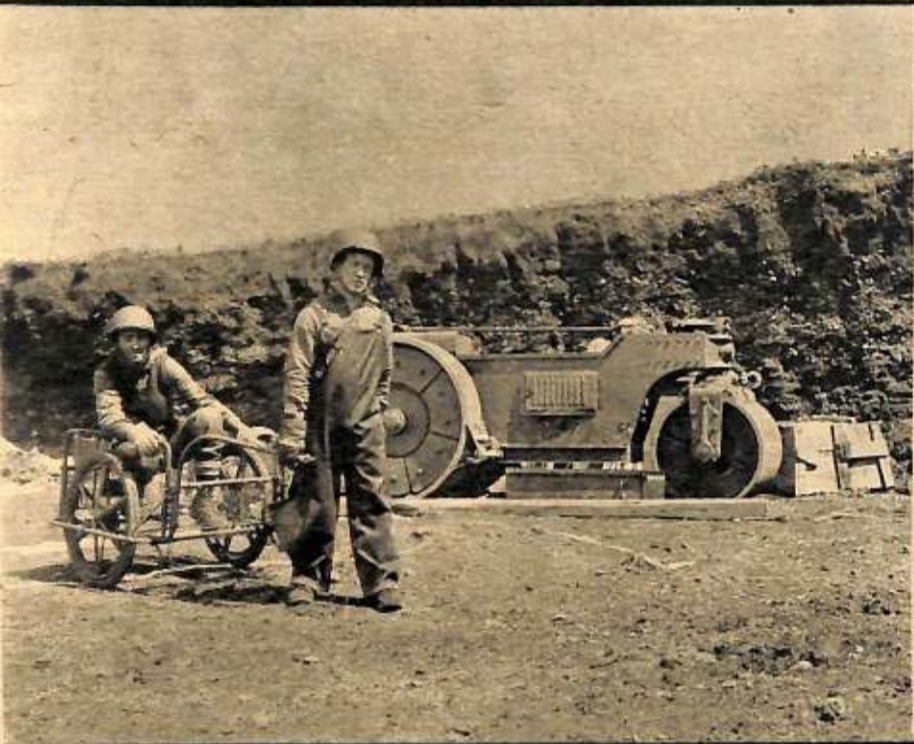
12. This dog, found in an abandoned camp area, was still loyal to his Jap friends. He kept away from the Yanks.



13. Pvt. Royal Kenney of San Francisco, Calif., was given credit for two dead snipers during his first day of battle.



14. The American flag flies over a captured barge in Massacre Bay. U. S. Navy ships had no trouble with the Jap Navy during the three weeks fight on Attu.



15. T-5 A. R. Noennich and Pfc. R. E. Schafer try out Jap freight rickshaw (tractor-roller in rear), on captured landing strip.



16. Pvt. Henry E. Montroy of Los Angeles studies a Jap 40-mm grenade thrower.



17. Sgt. Leonard Bones holds a Jap saber.



18. A wounded American is loaded on an assault barge for evacuation. Final figures showed some 1,135 U. S. wounded.



19. When the sun finally came out these Yanks got a well-deserved rest. Conquest of Attu brought us within 765 miles of great Jap base of Paramushiri.

Yanks at Home in the ETO



Sartorial Note

One of our observant mates was breakfasting in a Red Cross club the other morning and he ran smack into an Air Force EM whose left shoulder was, to say the least, flashy as all hell. He was wearing the 8th Air Force flash, but he had sewed it to his blouse with Roman numerals in white thread—from I to XII—after the manner of a clock. Our man, who is a killer, went over and asked him what time it was. He didn't know.

About Buglers

Now that the time has changed for the worse again, we wonder how the buglers took the achieving of the extra hour. If we know our buglers, probably none of them got it right. Half of them blew reveille an hour too soon and the other half blew it an hour too late, thus disrupting the entire organization of the U. S. Army and delaying the conclusion of the war by several months.

Buglers, once they have winded themselves, are arid fellows, sadly lacking in imagination. They move in a very set schedule and any change of that schedule is apt to send them weeping to their beds, helpless before the pressure of events. Probably all of them were carefully briefed on what time to get 'em up on the morning of the time change, and probably all of them, so hide-bound are they in their ways, deliberately muffed the call by an hour in one direction or the other, merely because they had been playing reveille so long at that hour that they figured it must be right.

We once knew a company that had no bugler. It did, however, have a chap who could play mess call, so they put him on as bugler. Every day for a week that company did everything to the tune of mess call, judging what it was it must do by the time stated by the captain's watch. When he wasn't blowing calls the bugler was out in the woods, learning something besides mess call. By the end of the week the entire company had lost its appetite. Buglers effect men that way.



Those birds pushing the hoes are flyboys yanking out the little weeds that do so much dirt to brussels sprouts in their victory garden. The stuff they're drinking below is definitely not brussels sprouts juice. Definitely not.

First Wave

Now that all the shouting is over and we've gone somewhere else, we can tell the fascinating story of the first American wave in the Sicilian invasion. It came to us from a rather breathless senior officer who passed this way recently on his way to the tall timber, and it has a certain irresistible charm, seeing that it was a bit out of the ordinary and, at the same time, caused harm to no one, except possibly one man.

It seems that we were about to invade Sicily and General Patton had worked out a plan whereby some of the landing barges would carry troops and others would carry empty trucks. The theory was that the troops and trucks would land at the same time, the troops would tumble into the trucks, and off they'd go in the general direction of Gela.

A couple of days before the invasion armada got under way the trucks were brought down to the beach and left there. Eventually a small, beat-up Special Service officer wandered by, looking for something to do, and saw all these lovely empty trucks just standing around. His heart jumped and ideas whirled round his head like mad things. This was his big chance. He, too, would assist in the invasion of Mussolini's island.

He went off and snagged a couple of details and brought them back to the lovely empty trucks. Then he set them to loading the lovely empty trucks—but not with arms, not with ammo, not

with nasty big field guns. On the contrary, the details stuffed the trucks with all the Special Service paraphernalia: books, games, phonograph records, athletic equipment. At last, reasoned the Special Service officer, the 7th Army would have something to do when it got to Sicily. And then, when the trucks were full, the details wandered away.

The night of the invasion arrived and the trucks, manned by disinterested drivers, moved on to the barges. The infantry that were going to use the trucks hopped into their own barges. Then off went the invasion fleet.

Eventually the fleet hit the Sicilian coast, and off the barges trundled the trucks. The infantry leapt madly from their own barges and made a dash for the trucks that were waiting for them in the dawn. But when they arrived at the trucks they discovered that there was no room for the infantry. The truck bodies were choked with, as aforesaid, all the paraphernalia of Special Service: books and games and phonograph records and athletic equipment.

Cursing and desperate, the infantrymen started hurling the equipment off the trucks. They worked fiercely for twenty minutes and at last the trucks were cleared. Then they got into the trucks and drove off in the direction of Gela.

That might be the last of the story save that a little while later along came some more vehicles, to discover that the infantrymen had thrown all the SS equipment on the road, completely blocking it up.

Result: another delay of twenty minutes. And that, gentlemen, is the story of how we landed in Sicily.

We don't know, of course, what happened to the Special Service officer, but we imagine he's probably a colonel by now. The Army can use men of that calibre. See a pin and pick it up, and all the day you'll have good luck.

Now you know why we were forty minutes late in getting to Messina.

The New Soldier

The other day, while reading an old *Newsweek* we found stuffed in a cranny at our favorite Red Cross club, we came upon a paragraph saying that the man who carries the message to Garcia has died. When we were back in our grades, our teachers used to devote an afternoon or two a year to the reading of Elbert Hubbard's essay, footnoted with side-sermons of their own, which emphasized that the man who carried the message to Garcia was determined, self-reliant, brave, noble, an all-round example for small fry because he didn't ask a lot of foolish questions but saw his job and did it.

"Poof," we used to sneer, sucking a jawbreaker behind our grammar book. And "poof" we still say.

If our C.O. ever gave us a message to take to Garcia, you can bet your last can of "K" rations you wouldn't catch us saluting and setting out with a confident "Yes, sir!" We'd

ask all the questions we could think of.

We'd ask what Garcia; we wouldn't want to track down Sam Garcia if his brother Mac were our man. We'd want to know if any one had any idea where this guy hangs out. We wouldn't want to go hunting all over the ETO if by asking a simple question we could learn he's to be found in the Officers' Club slugging Scotch any afternoon between one and six.

"Is the message important?" we'd probably ask. "If it isn't, we'll just keep it and give it to him when he comes in."

Maybe if we asked enough questions like that, they'd even send someone else on the old errand, leaving us to read our *News of the World* undisturbed.

Of course, if you were sick of Army life and wanted to get away from it all for a few months, why, then you wouldn't ask any questions. If you were fed up with your first sergeant and your platoon sergeant and the whole stinking lot, you'd head out blindly—to make the job last as long as you could. You'd take your own time about the thing and eventually, one unlucky day, you'd meet up with this Garcia. And you'd be written up by Elbert Hubbard, and you'd be a hero, and they'd make a movie about you starring Warner Baxter. You'd probably die a colonel, too, just like the original man who took the message to Garcia. We're nothing but beat-up old EM ourselves, see, but we know there's more to this hero business than schoolbooks tell.

A WEEK OF WAR



Fingers in ears, good conduct medal and bad teeth, this German will soon find all nullified. Shells have a habit of nullifying things.

The news from Russia was good and so was the news from New Guinea. They were widely separated theaters, but in both of them men were moving in the right direction.

LAST week it seemed magnificently easy to forget the fact that World War Two was still a world war in the most fierce and literal sense of the phrase. As the German Army dug in for its next to last stand in the towns of Central and Northern Italy and the Allied forces poured up in full spate through the South, those men who went into action on the Italian peninsula might well feel that they had been projected into the lap of the Gods and of modern history.

But the war did not exactly go into a stall in Russia, Denmark, the Balkans, New Guinea, and all the other sore and flaming points of interest around the globe. In Copenhagen a group of Christian and civilized terrorists took as the text for their adventure "The Lord helps them that help themselves," and proceeded to blow up the Citroen factory, wrecking large amounts of equipment in the

railway marshalling yards, just to keep their hand in, at approximately the same time.

In Russia, the Red Army's spectacular advance through the Donetz region has been a sure process of Russian columns covering as much as one hundred miles during the last two weeks. In their approach to the problem of clearing the Germans out of the southern sections of their country they are using their favorite and national technique, the comprehensive progress of a steam roller. The Russian drive to the Dnieper bend alone is going so fast that the Germans have had no time to lay mine fields that might slow down the Russian pursuit.

Railways made up one particular headache of the German predicament. Guerrilla warfare in White Russia struck at the key German railways grouped around Smolensk. To meet these guerrillas streamed fresh Russian reinforcements moving up to a position forty miles east of Smolensk, the German base, whose strength and importance are still incalculable.

The Russian offensive also moved toward the Kursk-Kiev railroad, the last connection left between the German south and central lines. Above all in the south the Red Army moved forward to snap the spine of German resistance. Four Red columns converged around the single railway which the Germans control and could use to make their escape from the Crimea, Kuban and Donetz regions.

IN the hot, dusty autumn of Briansk the rains had not come yet, but the war turned and broke faster than the weather or the season. For weeks the Russian Army had been moving painfully and tremendously at the rate of two to three miles per day toward the German base at Briansk. The Germans held a strongly fortified position, a high site flanked by a river, and the Russians moved across the plain into what are technically known as "the jaws of hell." They announced that they were within twelve miles of their objective, and two days later the Germans made it known to the world that Briansk had been taken.

The average Red soldier could not sit back and rest on his laurels, but he could realize that he had helped to generate what may be known as the greatest military retreat in history. It is already called that in the headlines at least.

The average Nazi soldier had the consolation of listening to Hitler's dead glib voice over the radio calling down the Italian people for their rough treatment of his friend Mussolini. Perhaps the average Nazi soldier might also have gossiped about that rumor that Hitler had had a paralytic stroke in the middle of the winter. That might account for that peculiar flatness of tone in the leader's voice. But for the German Army in Southern Russia there was no way out as quick or inexpensive as a stroke.

There was also great news from the Far East. "Allied troops have captured Salamaua, the Japanese aerodrome in New Guinea," came this plain statement of fact from General Douglas MacArthur's Southwestern Pacific Headquarters. Behind the bare announcement lay months of exhaustive preparation and planning, as well as the bitterest kind of fighting on land, sea and air. With MacArthur in charge of the operation and General Blamey, the Australian commander, leading the land forces, Allies made their advance upon Lae and Salamaua, landing troops



The squint is to make sure that the lobbing shell makes something besides noise. The shell's Russian, so is the man.

under cover of a smoke screen laid by the escort ships. American paratroops floated down and landed in the green Markham valley and were promptly reinforced by airborne Australian troops twenty miles from their objective. The offensive at Lae took the Japs by surprise, as these super subtle warriors thought that Salamaua in the south was the main Allied goal. In some places the enemy did not even wait to fight and die with the proper fatalistic gusto. Allied troops making their way into a Japanese camp in the Markham valley found that the enemy had run so fast that they had left their laundry still hanging damp on a line. Liberators played their part in handing down exact justice upon the heads of the Sons of Heaven, and Allied warships pounded the Jap coastal positions on the Gulf of Huon.

FROM Shanghai came a brief postscript to the Far Eastern news, a report on the new state of life certain English and American civilians have been called to since the Japs took over in the Orient. This report was given out by the International Red Cross delegate who had been visiting camps and centers collecting and delivering mail and parcels. It was the first official news in several months of the European prisoners in Shanghai and gave a total of nearly eight thousand men, women and children interned there. It did not say much more. Their post office is doing a thriving trade, and deliveries are made once a month by steamers, ferry boats, trucks and hand carts. This report did not say how much the prisoners knew about the swift turns of the war in Europe or how much margin they had left in their lives for hope or physical recovery. It was a useful reminder, however, that the war is not the prolonged *Mardi Gras* of flower-filled streets and frenzied family reunions as some of the news items from Sicily would have it.

Also published were the figures for the civilian air raid casualties for August in the United Kingdom. One hundred and eight people were killed or missing, one hundred and sixty-four were injured and detained in hospitals. These are not very alarming figures, but they can be used in observing the anniversary of the Battle of Britain. It was approximately three years ago in the late summer of 1940 that Hitler got bored with the gorgeous image of himself as a matador at the climax of his act, fingering his sword, toying with an England that lay quivering and hypnotized at his feet, so he thought. All through that summer he had allowed his air force, fleet, and land troops to wait while he considered what form the *coup de grâce* might take. Then he gave orders, and the Battle of Britain began. Three years later, almost before the presence of an Allied victory, it is still being fought.

If an aeroplane travels
1204 Miles an hour.
How far will it travel
in $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour?

This New Guinea kid knew the answer. He learned it from the McCoy, real, live airplanes zooming over the hut of his father.





THE UNVEILING. This prize package, O'Neilia De Noux, got the title for the most beautiful legs in New Orleans, La., winning a War Bond and a lot of attention.



HELP WANTED. A German officer, bobbing to the surface from a sub sunk by a U. S. Coast Guard cutter, screams to be rescued. He is wearing an artificial lung.



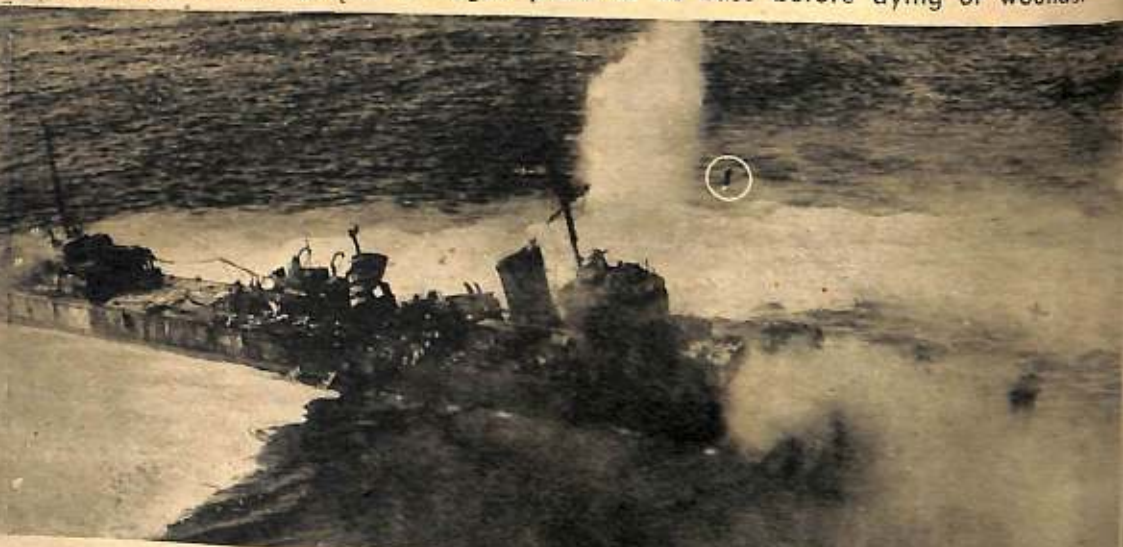
SMALL WORLD. Sgt. Walter Gentry (right), 46, tells 1st Sgt. Edmund Gaultney that he's on the same transport, in the Pacific, that brought him back from first World War.



HERO'S WIFE. The DFC and Purple Heart, awarded posthumously to Lt. T. E. Witt of the Ninth Air Force, are pinned on his widow by Col. C. C. Scott at Fort McClelland, Ala. Lt. Witt guided damaged plane to its base before dying of wounds.



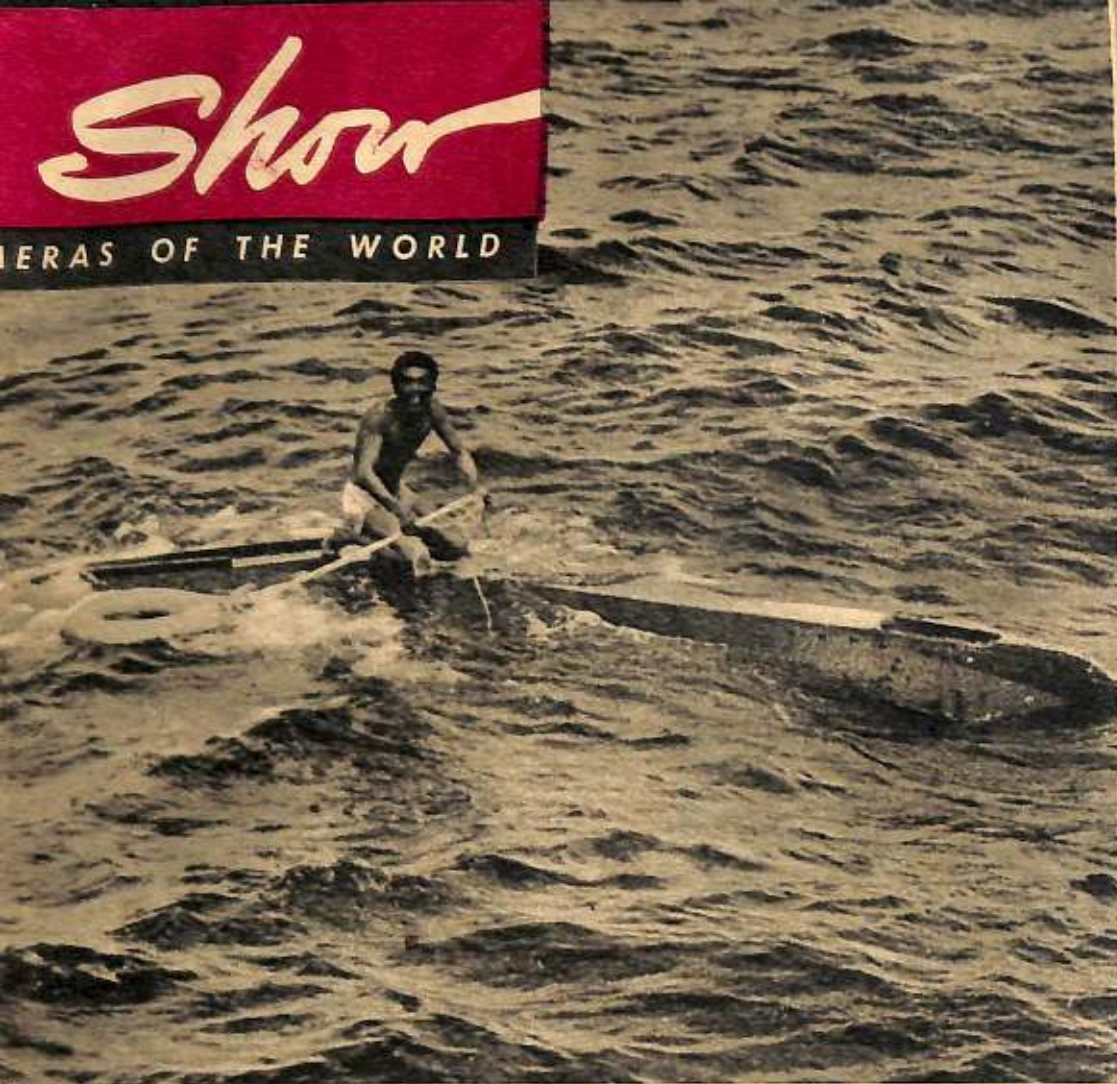
SLICK CUT. 1st Lt. John O'Connor of New York City is in good hands. He's getting a trimming in Iran from Pfc. Oscar Blank, who used to shear sheep back home.



LAST HOUR. It won't be long before this Jap destroyer hits the bottom. Left smoking and helpless by U. S. B-25 bombers which scored 14 direct hits, the destroyer was sunk by them the next day. Note falling bomb (circle) about to hit.

Show

HERAS OF THE WORLD



HELP ACCEPTED. This grinning Jap hauls in a life preserver tossed to him by his "honorable rescuers." He was a crewman from a ship sunk by a U. S. submarine.



VICTORY HURDLE. Capt. Forrest Towns of Athens, Ga., cracked hurdle record at the Berlin Olympics in 1936. In Africa now, he's looking forward to another visit.



MASTER MARINE. An idol to younger marines is veteran Master Gunnery Sgt. Leland (Lou) Diamond, hero of the Solomons.



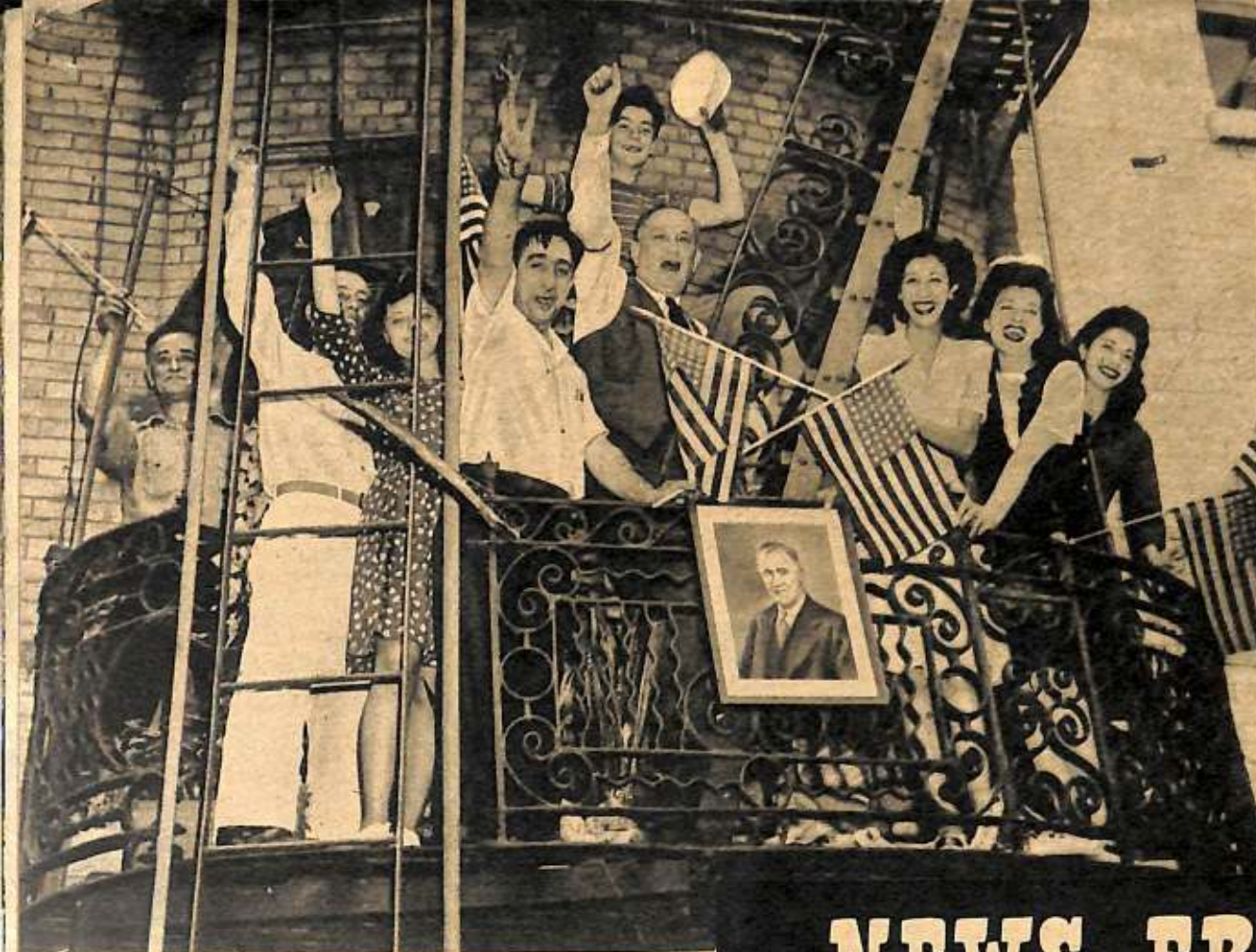
COCONUT ART. T-5 Jack Frost paints his dreams on these coconuts and gives them to fellow GIs in Hawaii to send home to girl friends.



HAPPY JANE. The last picture on this page is designed to let you go with a glow. She's Jane Hale Hollywood dance director.



MARCHING THROUGH. Their backs weighed down with heavy equipment, members of a British patrol party file past wrecked houses in a town in Sicily, just after Gen. Montgomery's Eighth Army had taken it over. In the right background a cross marks an emergency hospital.



Multiply this picture by a million and you'll have a fair idea how New York reacted to Italy's surrender. Above, is a family in "Little Italy."

NEWS FROM HOME

The Nation was Swept by Another Wave of Optimism, Haircuts Cost \$1 in Seattle, and Orson Welles Hitched-up with Rita Hayworth.

AMERICA, always an optimistic country, was swept by another wild wave of optimism. Italy was still far from being completely in the hands of the Allies, and there still were large masses of American soldiers, such as in the ETO, who had yet to get their baptism of fire. But these factors didn't dampen the jubilant mood of people back home. One week after Italy's surrender people in New York and elsewhere were still celebrating, still drinking toasts, still betting on "a peace before Christmas."

New York City's streets were crowded with business men and workers going for noon lunch when the big news came from General Eisenhower. The word rapidly swept from Manhattan to the Bronx, to Brooklyn, to every point in the Big Town. Telephone lines were jammed, the Stock Exchange was interrupted, judges held up court proceedings, telephone books were torn to confetti size, strangers shook each other's hands, and a second looney jumped up near Times Square and yelled: "Yeow, Yeow!"

Harlem Italians, already marching in a religious procession, paraded with American and Italian flags. Dress factory workers drank wine and beer at their work benches, and a barber closed his shop, explaining: "Now I'm going out to get drunk. What do I care for stomach trouble?"

High Government officials were happy, but reacted to the news soberly, as did President Roosevelt. Or like OWI Director Elmer Davis who cautioned that "We haven't licked the Germans yet." Or like Secretary of the Treasury Henry L. Morgenthau who predicted that "before the final shot a lot of lives will be lost and a lot of billions will be spent."

Newspaper columnists and radio commentators saw little military gain in the Italian surrender. Some said that the Italian Navy was "manned by amateurs," and that the Italian Air Force and armament was "ready for the scrap pile." Others foresaw in the Italian surrender an economic headache. They pointed to Italy's lack of coal, oil, iron, wheat, milk and meat.

A LIBERTY ship named after the late Heywood Broun, noted columnist and founder of the American Newspaper Guild, was launched at Baltimore. Under Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal revealed that the Navy would have 14 first-line aircraft carriers by this year's end, and that the Navy now has 10 times the number of planes and pilots as it had in 1940.

Kansas schools were short of 1,000 teachers because former instructors refused to give up better-paying war jobs. Missouri lowered its teaching requirements to fill 1,765 vacancies in schools outside St. Louis and Kansas City. In Rhode Island officials were recruiting 200 Boy Scouts to help harvest the 190,000-acre potato crop in Aroostook County, Maine. And Washington State Supreme Court Justice Millard was spending a month's vacation working as a

carpenter's helper in an Olympia shipyard. Eleanor M. Cuspor advertised in a Cliffside Park, N.J., newspaper for two ushers for her wedding after two she had chosen were drafted. Two Cleveland (Ohio) Press reporters, Patricia Knowlton and Joe Collier, applied for a marriage license after lunch and by dinner time had all legal barriers to a wedding waived. They didn't get married, though. The whole thing was an experiment to prove that the big-city marriage mill is as fast these days as those in the rural areas.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox announced that the German submarine menace is not licked yet. He explained that U-boats have been recalled to Germany to be mounted with more anti-aircraft guns and

explained that helicopters lack the speed and ability to carry sufficient petrol, bomb-load, and crew to fight U-boats. Knox said that the most effective weapons against the subs are long-ranged patrol bombers, carrier-based aircraft and shore-based short-range bombers.

New York's State Police Supt. Warner resigned to accept a lieutenant-colonelcy with the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories. Officials announced that from now on the abbreviation for that organization will be AMG instead of AMGOT. In Turkish *am got* stands for two words, unprintable in English.

Fifteen hundred cons at New York's Auburn Prison were given a half-day holiday to accept the Government's Blue and White Pennant for "Excellence in filling war contracts." Guards were posted in Indiana's Marion County Courthouse after someone stole the keys to all the offices and courtroom; no new keys or locks were available.

General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, submitted a report to Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson wherein he said that the Army strength was hiked by five million in the past two years, and the Air Force by 3,500 per cent. He said that American troops are now stationed in more than 50 countries and that two million men were transported through sub-infested waters, also that the Air Force is now actively engaged on ten fronts.

Haircuts now cost one dollar in Seattle, Wash. A new company began manufacturing wooden-soled shoes at Vineyard Haven, Mass. Markets in Westerly,

R.I., advertized meat for the first time in months. The 72nd Street crosstown and Seventh Avenue bus lines resumed operation in New York City after a 10-week shut-down to save gas.

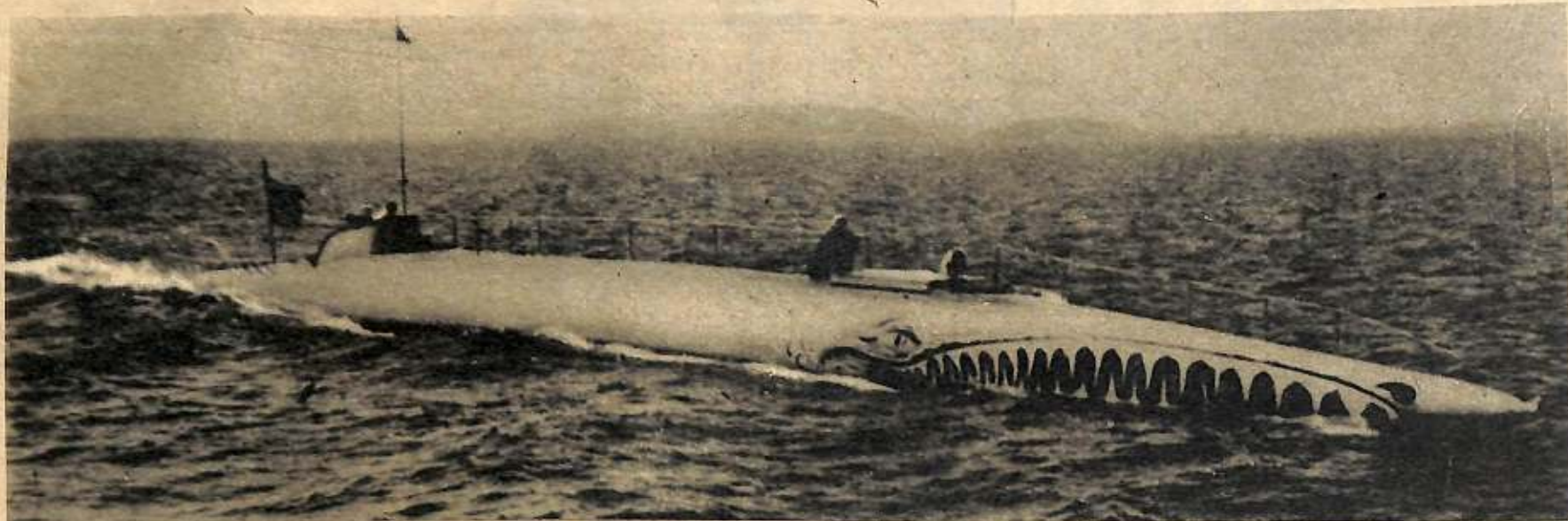
APARDON was granted to Ormond Westgate, 51, modern Jean Valjean, who escaped from Joliet, Ill., Prison in 1924, led a model life with wife and children in New York and then was caught when he had to obtain a Coast Guard pass for a war job. Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York was served right at the door of City Hall with a court summons in a suit for \$1,400,000 damages filed against him by former Deputy City Controller Milton Solomon, whom his honor had accused of accepting a bribe



Three of the Five Dancing Cansinos have a family reunion in Hollywood. At right is Rita Hayworth (née Cansino). Mother, Mrs. Eduardo, holds picture of son, Pfc. Vernon. Left, another son, Sgt. Eduardo Jr.



A bus damaged and a truck folded like an accordion, but no one was killed. Only one passenger was seriously injured in this accident at Newport News, Va. The rest are wondering why they are alive.



This fishy-looking piece of business, dear Joe, is a cross between a shark and a submarine. Its inventor, Hal B. Hayes, of South California, says it's the "ship of the future" and is built of concrete and powered by two V-8 motors.

to prevent the purchase of stirrup pumps by the city. The Republican Post-War Advisory Council met in Mackinac Island, Mich., and adopted a program calling for "responsible" American participation in "a cooperative organization of nations to preserve the peace." They also demanded "permanent maintenance of trained and well-equipped armed forces at home."

THE CIO's Political Action Committee, headed by Sidney Hillman, started a nation-wide campaign to get millions of union members to vote in the next Presidential election. The Committee said that labor lost the 1942 elections because only 15 per cent of its voting strength participated at the polls.

AFL President William Green and CIO President Philip Murray issued a joint statement declaring that "winning the war is the biggest job facing organized labor" because the "survival of free labor movements depends thereon."

Former showgirl Edith Desylva, now working on the graveyard shift at the Lockheed Aircraft plant in Burbank, Calif., was voted by fellow workers as "Miss Graveyard, 1943."

Hollywood: Ida Lupino is being cast opposite Cary Grant in R-K-O's *None But the Lonely Heart*. Gypsy Rose Lee is writing a scenario for International Pictures' latest production *Belle of the Yukon*. The movie version of the Broadway hit, *By Jupiter*, was shelved because of trouble with the Hays office.

Tallulah Bankhead will be the principal woman passenger in *Lifeboat*, Alfred Hitchcock's latest drama for 20th Century-Fox. Katina Paxinou, first lady of the Greek Royal Theater, has been added to the cast of the new Ginger Rogers's film *Tender Comrade*.

Orson Welles, 28, actor and producer, who once scared the entire nation with his radio broadcast of a make-believe invasion from Mars, was married to Rita Hayworth, 24-year-old film star and dancer. Reports in Hollywood were that Rita may soon be starring in Welles's pictures.

Capt. Thomas Wallace, who married Carole Landis while she entertained the Joes in the ETO, was reunited with his bride in New York. Actress Jean Rogers remarried her former husband, Danny Winkler, an actor's agent; they were divorced in June, 1941. Henry Fonda, now a Navy quartermaster third class, was summoned by a court to show cause why he shouldn't pay medical and support expenses for a daughter born to Mrs. Barbara Thompson, of Long Beach, Calif., who alleges Fonda is the father of the child.

Shirley Booth, Broadway star in *Tomorrow the World* and formerly in the stage production *My Sister Eileen*, announced plans to marry Cpl. William Baker, Jr. New York film critics announced that special awards will be offered to theatre managers for ingenuity in the third war bond selling drive.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler (D., Mont.) announced that he will ask Congress to ban the drafting of fathers, scheduled to go into effect in October. Senator Robert Taft (R., Ohio) said that "The Army doesn't need men over 30. I am opposed to drafting fathers." Taft said he would ask that Congress at least postpone the drafting of men who were fathers before December 7, 1941.

Two blind candy vendors were feuding over the Federal Building trade in Detroit; the city upheld the right of Joseph Balsmo to sell on the sidewalk outside the post office while the postmaster supported

the contention of "Smoky" Sam Solomon that his stand inside faced unfair competition.

Seventy-eight persons were killed and 99 injured when the cars of the *Congressional Limited*, Pennsylvania Railroad's crack Washington-New York express, jumped the track along a curve north-east of Philadelphia. Faulty lubrication was blamed for separating the wheel from the axle of the seventh car. Three people were killed and seven injured when the locomotive exploded and derailed 10 of the 17 cars of the *Twentieth Century Limited* on New York Central's tracks near Wampsville, N.Y.

PEARL BUCK, Nobel Prize winner, completed a new novel titled *The Promise*, a story of the Chinese who fought along with the British to save the Burma Road. Arthur Stringer completed his twenty-seventh novel, *Star in a Mist*, a yarn about the stage. Wendell Willkie's *One World* continues to sell at 20,000 copies weekly; about 300,000 copies were sold through the Book-of-the-Month Club. Starting in 1926 with 40,000 members, the Book-of-the-Month Club now claims 550,000. Sears Roebuck announced plans to sell books via mail order.

Vice-President Henry Wallace said in an address in Chicago that the Four Freedoms are not enough; he urged seven others, including: Freedom from worry about a job, freedom from worry about a dependent and old age, freedom from unnecessary worry about sickness and hunger, and freedom from strife between workers and business men, farmers and business men, and workers and farmers.

Gladys Ferber, a showgirl in Philadelphia, reported the theft of a suitcase containing a rhinestone-encrusted G-string, an Indian-type strip gown, a Hawaiian-type strip gown, a string of red beads and three red-and-white feathers.

Ralph R. Beal, research director for the Radio Corporation of America, predicted that home television sets will be available to every American family as soon as the radio industry is again geared to peace production.

Eight million gallons-worth of gasoline coupons and four million gallons-worth of fuel oil coupons were stolen from the Wilmington, Del., rationing board office. State Supreme Court Justice Smith of Arkansas returned to Little Rock from an 800-mile motor-bike vacation that cost him only \$1.70 for gasoline and oil.

The Office of Defense Transportation urged Republicans and Democrats to hold their Presidential nominating conventions in Chicago; and hotel operator Arnold Kirbeby bought the Stevens Hotel in Chicago for \$5,251,000 at an Army Air Force auction sale. The Stevens Hotel is the world's largest and was originally constructed for 27 million dollars. The Air Force used it for a training center until last March.

Thousands of gallons of oil from the "Big Inch" pipeline, linking Texas and the North East Coast, poured out after a break in the line near Lansdale, Penna. A farmer ignited the oil in an attempt to purify creek water for his livestock; fire companies from seven nearby towns had to be called to extinguish the flames.

G-men were investigating a \$100,000 fire that destroyed the warehouse of the Barber Oil Company in St. Paul, Minn.; it was the third serious fire in the area during a fortnight.

Gotolio Azonovich, 87, and Joseph Pelochofsky, 72, Brooklyn, N.Y., bachelor room-mates for years, were hospitalized after a fight with lead pipes and heavy clubs.

Azonovich put sand in younger bachelor's bath.



After their own crops were ruined by flood and drought, these Arkansas farmers got permission to help North Dakota farmers harvest their wheat. Wheat growers paid wages and U. S. paid fare.



Alice, 57 and rheumatic, was painlessly put to death in Bronx Zoo, New York, after she sat down and was unable to get up for a second time in a week. A derrick was used to right her the first time.

Whatever
became
of the

Old Fashioned Uppercut?

By O/C RAY DUNCAN

Camp Davis, N.-C.

I HAD the misfortune, a few hours ago, to step on a corporal's shoe in a chow line. It was after our class in judo and hand-to-hand combat. The corporal had just shined his shoes.

He lifted one foot knee high. With a vicious scrape he brought it down against my shin, and at the bottom of the stroke he stamped hard against my instep. As I doubled over in pain he smashed the bridge of my nose with the heel of his hand. Then he went to work on my kidneys with both feet as I lay on my face.

A couple of my buddies rescued me by kneeling the base of the corporal's spine. I'm resting comfortably now—almost through spitting blood—but the incident set me to thinking.

After this war a whole generation of Americans will be trained in judo and hand-to-hand combat. What will that mean to our way of life?

Come with me to the Riff-Raff Room, a cosy little cocktail bar. It is Saturday night and the war has been over for three weeks. Seated at the bar are a former marine sergeant and his former girl.

GIRL: I'm so happy you're back. Isn't it wonderful here?

FORMER MARINE: This place is too noisy. That piano player. I'd like to break his fingers, one by one—like this. [The girl screams in pain, and a former paratrooper and an artilleryman, just discharged, rush to her aid.]



FORMER PARATROOPER [to former marine]: Take it easy, Mac; yer breakin' the fingers of the girl. He deftly dislocates the marine's shoulder and snaps his collar bone in two places. The artillery-

man sinks two extended fingers into the marine's abdominal wall. Then they go to work with their feet. Several others join in the melee, and the sound of breaking bones and ripping tissues drowns out everything but the tinkle of the piano. The piano player was banging out "It's Murder, He Says."

The former marine drags himself to the piano and throws an elbow lock on the musician with his one good arm. Then with his teeth he methodically breaks the ten fingers, counting each one aloud.

LAST time I was on furlough I happened to ask my little brother what he'd been reading.

"What are all the kids reading?" he cried, drawing from his pocket a worn copy of "Kill or Be Killed, a Manual of Dirty Fighting."

If this trend continues, the American home of the future might easily be something like this:

MOTHER: Jimmy! You've been fighting again! [She anxiously feels the frail little body of her son, who has just come home from kindergarten.]

SON: Aw gee, Mom, I have not! Why?

MOTHER: Your eye—someone's been gouging it again. Your left arm is bent the wrong way. What is it, wrenched socket or fracture? Tell Mommy, honey. Why are you bent to one side? Abdominal wall again?

FATHER [looking up from the evening paper]: Stop nagging the child, Miriam. Boys will be boys, you know. Come here, son, and let me set that arm. [There is a knock at the door and Mr. Robinson, the next-door neighbor, enters. He points at little Jimmy.]

MR. ROBINSON: That young hoodlum has been fighting my Wilbur again. My boy will be a nervous wreck if your son doesn't stop splitting his kidneys.

FATHER: Either you apologize for calling my son a hoodlum, or I'll crush your spinal base.

MR. ROBINSON: You and who else? [They circle around each other, crouched low and growling. Mother draws a stiletto from her bosom. Jimmy's eyes are fixed on the visitor's groin. Father lashes out suddenly with a well-placed kick. Mr. Robinson turns white and weakly attempts a right to the jaw.]

FATHER: Why, you dirty —. [He seizes the fist and twists until the wrist snaps. He jabs his fingers into his neighbor's neck, and all struggling ceases. Jimmy kicks to the groin, then rushes to hug his father around the knees.]

SON: Gee Pop, you're swell. I told that ole Wilbur my pop could kill his pop!

IT was at a bar. In Cairo, the heaviest military concentrations are at bars. From the bars of Cairo, these days, men fan out and conquer the world. The city has a good central location for conquering purposes, the natives are friendly and the climate is endurable on gin and beer.

Two of our brave boys far from home were enduring the climate in front of a pile of sliced limes that the bartender had thoughtfully prepared for the midday concentration.

This was a farewell meeting. One was leaving for India, the other for Sicily.

"Sicily," said the man who was going to India, staring moodily into his glass. "Why, you ought to have to pay the Army to be allowed in."

"There's no sense," said the man who was on his way to Sicily, "in going to extremes."

"In another week," said the man who was going to India, "you'll be in Italy. What a place to invade." He closed his eyes in quiet ecstasy. Then he opened them bitterly. "And where'll I get to invade? China, Burma, Japan, tropical islands?"

"The Burmese girls," protested the man who was going to Sicily. "You could do worse."

"Yeah," said the man on his way to India.

"Figures not bad. Breasts, model 1943, angle of deflection 45 degrees, I admit that. But the faces—" He scowled at the limes. "Mediocre. But Italy—" He shook his head reverently. "All those pear-shaped Italian women, irritated at the Italians, full of gratitude at being delivered from *Il Duce* and *Der Fuehrer*. Do you know any Italian?"

"A little," said the man who was heading west. "I patronized an Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village for seven years."

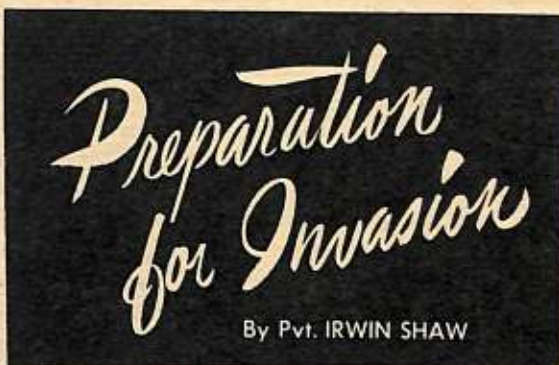
"Can you say, 'What are you doing tonight, Signorina?'"

"Yes."

"Roses, roses all the way," sighed the man with China on his mind. "The Army should charge admission."

"I wish you'd stop saying that," complained the man on his way to Rome. "Some finance officer is liable to hear you and before you know it, you'll have to buy tickets two weeks in advance to get onto a transport."

"The sky is blue," murmured the connoisseur of Burman beauty, "the rivers are broad, the art of 2,500 years is scattered from one end of the land to the other. And you will no doubt arrive in time for the opening of the opera season at La Scala. You will be a cultured man when you arrive in America. You will be in demand by hostesses for their parties from Park Avenue to Nob Hill. And



I—" He laughed mirthlessly. "I will get to the romantic East in time for the opening of the monsoon season."

"Perhaps you're right," said the man who was going to be at La Scala when the curtain went up.

"This is going to be one of the greatest marches of all military history," said the man facing the Himalayas. "A long, narrow, green country, full of handsome people who have been enslaved for 20 years and are now being liberated, and know it. You will be greeted like a *ci-cus* on the Fourth of July, like Clark Gable at Vassar. And can you imagine," he speculated, "what it will be like to be an American lieutenant of Italian descent?"

"I can imagine," said the other in a low, pensive voice. "He would never reach Florence. He would be worn to the bone with hospitality, and would have to be invalidated back to the States."

"Aaah," they both sighed.

"And after that, France," said the man on his way to Tokyo. He shook his head. "I can't bear it," he said as he paid the check. "The Army should really charge admission." And he went to the supply room to draw a mosquito net.





Grace McDonald

YANK

Pin-up Girl



SPORTS: DARTMOUTH, LOADED WITH MARINE RESERVES, LOOMS AS THE FOOTBALL POWERHOUSE IN EAST

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



Imagine the emotions of a Dartmouth man as he watches Marine Reservist Joe Andrejco (42), captain-elect of Fordham, run for the Big Green this fall.

THE other day in Philadelphia, a Pennsylvania coach was talking about his football team.

"Yeah," he snickered, "we're a Navy school. But all of the kids are too young. Watch those Marine schools. They are really going to be tops. Take Dartmouth, for instance. It's a powerhouse—best in the East. "And to think," he continued sadly, "we could have been a Marine school, too. Boy, then we would have been set. Practically all of last year's team went into the Marines and we'd have them back."

The coach had his sights adjusted properly on at least one fixed item. The Marines have come up with the top-drawer football talent in their V-12 student-training program. As a result, Dartmouth, with 660 Marine Reserves among its 2,000 V-12s, may very likely be the ruling powerhouse of the East.

But, on the other hand, the Pennsylvania coach shouldn't treat his own Navy V-12s too lightly. Without them, there would be no football at Penn or anywhere else in the East. Just look what happened to those schools not blessed with Navy boys and those who placed their faith in the Army's no-time-for-football student-training program. They threw up their scholarships and quit the game cold because they didn't have enough boys on the campus to put a team on the field.

As it stands now, the East is equipped with enough bell-bottom trousers to go ahead full blast and have a pretty good season. Here's how they shape up:

Dartmouth. The No. 1 team in the East. Coach Earl Brown, who succeeded Maj. Tuss McLaughry, USMC, has seven lettermen and 11 members of last year's team returning as V-12s. Best of these are Roger Antaya, All-American guard candidate, and sophomore John Sayes, a tailback who can hurl forward passes out of reserves. Brown can also count on Marines Andrejco and Cheverko, Fordham's touchdown twins, and some lesser lights from the same squad.

Army. The Cadets have depth, speed, power and the best tackle in the country in 215-pound Frank Merritt. Coach Blaik himself admits that he has two good teams, which should be warning enough. Watch out for halfback Max Minor, a transfer from Texas University. His old coach, Dana Bible, said he was a holy terror.

Navy. The Army-Navy game this fall might be something more than the old traditional service skirmish. It could very well settle the championship of the East. The midshipmen have all kinds of talent aboard, including Jim Pettit, a 6-foot, 200-pound back from Stanford, and Jack Martin, a 220-pound center from Princeton. Ten of the first-string positions will be filled with lettermen.

Rochester. A real dark horse that is coming up with one of the great teams in the country this season. It's a Marine school and will get most of the Eastern Leatherneck stars who have not been assigned to Dartmouth. They

have 54 players from big football projects like Fordham, Penn and Georgetown which should give you an idea of their strength.

Cornell. Carl Snavely is getting a helping hand from the Navy but unless the material is exceptional he won't need it. His regular backfield of Lou Daukas at quarter, Howard Blose and Bill Wheeler at the halves and big Charlie Robinson at full is one of the best in the East. The Penn captain of last year, Cleo Calcagni, is a V-12 and will help bolster the line at tackle.

Yale. The Elis have not only Navy V-12s and V-5s, Naval ROTCs but also Marines. Therefore they should field a reasonably strong club. Bob Pickett, who, as freshman, was a regular fullback, will hold his own against the influx of V-12 material that includes Johnson, Harvard's fullback last year.

Holy Cross. Well-stocked with V-12 material and a half-dozen hold-overs from last year's Purple Gang that wrecked Boston College. The team will be molded around sophomore George Connor, a 226-pound rock at tackle.

Colgate. Andy Kerr is counting on Mike Micka, his business back, returning to school. If he does, Colgate should hold its own. The V-12s and Naval air cadets will help.

Also Rans. Princeton, Penn, Temple, Brown, Penn State, Columbia, Pittsburgh, Bucknell, West Virginia, Carnegie Tech and Villanova.

No Teams This Year. Georgetown, Fordham, Manhattan, Harvard, Boston College and Boston University, Syracuse and Duquesne.

Next Week: The South and Southwest.

WHEN the War Department cabled Gen. Eisenhower regarding the proposal that two major league all-star teams be sent to the Mediterranean Theater to play exhibitions, he replied: "I not only want those teams, but I insist that they stay over here for 30 days." . . . The swiftest 2-year-old in Col. E. R. Bradley's barn is a colt named 'B-19. . . . John Bromwich, the Australian Davis Cup star, was wounded in the New Guinea show. . . . The Marines have chilled the newspaper report that O/C Frankie Sinkwich would be discharged because of physical disability. It developed that Sinkwich was suffering with nothing more serious than blistered feet. Sinkwich's sister Kitty is a Wac at Daytona Beach, Fla., and real slugger with a softball bat. . . . You won't believe it, but Tommy Henrich, the former Yankee outfielder, is hitting only .186 for the Coast Guard at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Pvt. Quentin (Baby) Breese, the former lightweight contender and now a Marine boxing instructor, has hit upon a new remedy to revive a kayoed fighter. He strikes a match, blows it out and then applies it to the back of the fighter's neck. Breese says the burn is only slight and that it brings the fighter around much faster



Bobby Riggs, national singles champion in '41, is shown at the Great Lakes Naval Station where he begins training as an apprentice seaman.

than smelling salts. . . . **Harry Boykoff,** St. John's All-American basketball center, is now a sergeant in the "King's Guard," an exclusive detachment of MPs all over 6 feet tall, who guard the President at his Hyde Park (N. Y.) estate. . . . **Johnny Woodruff,** the great middle-distance runner, just made his captaincy in Hawaii, where he is stationed with an anti-aircraft outfit. . . . **Lt. Bob McLeod,** the Dartmouth halfback who bagged four Zeros over Guadalcanal, is now an instructor at Pensacola, Fla.

Pfc. Daniel Smeddy of the New Cumberland (Pa.) Reception Center tells us that it isn't necessary to pick an All-Army baseball team to play the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He says New Cumberland, with a record of 34 victories and only 4 defeats, can fill the bill. . . . **Howard Schultz,** Brooklyn's new first baseman, actually stretched himself out of the Army. He stands 6 feet 6½ inches tall. . . . **Johnny Pingel,** former Michigan State halfback, is a major in the Army. . . . **Dick Wakefield,** Detroit's rookie outfielder, will finish out the season now that he's a Naval aviation cadet. He was originally scheduled for Army induction but got his draft board's permission to take the Naval exam.

THE SAD SACK



"SHINE"



© 1943 SET. GEORGE BAKER

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ONE-ROUND ARTIE

“THEY reinstated me as a Pfc.,” Artie Greengroin said, lighting a fag and throwing out what was left of his chest. “Wonderful,” we said. “They gimme a jeep, too,” Artie said. “More wonderful still,” we replied. “I’m a new man,” Artie said. “They’s something about a jeep that makes the woild woith living in. It’s a good thing to get transferred to a carrier of poisonel. Any ole rummy can lug around a load of Spam, but it takes a fine hand and a practised eye to tote a full major or two around the joint.” “It sure does,” we said. “We couldn’t do it.” “They’s those that can and they’s those that can’t,” Artie said. “Me, I’m a adaptable guy. I can do awmost anything in this gawdam Army.” “Except make corporal,” we said. “Yerse,” said Artie, “except make corporal. But I got a leg on it, anyways.” “I’d like to have a leg on you, Greengroin,” a voice said. We turned around. A small, pugnacious private stood glaring at us. “Are you referring to your superior on rank, me good man?” Artie asked. “Greengroin, I wanna go two fass rounds wit’ you,” the small man said. “Wit’out gloves. I’m a killer, Greengroin.” “Wass the matter with you, anyways?” Artie wanted to know. “I never seen you before in me life.” “Toggle’s me name,” the small man said. “And I ain’t never seen you before, neither. But I hearn of you, Greengroin, I hearn of you.” “Awright, so you hearn of me,” Artie said. “But you go making threats at non-commissioned officers, you’re going to fine yourself in the pokey.” “I will take pleasure in the pokey,” the little man

said. “Two fass rounds, thass all I want. Wit’out gloves.” Artie looked at us and frowned. “A nut,” he said. “Yer a truck-wrecker, Greengroin,” the little man said. “I come inter yer truck and yer a truck-wrecker.” Light dawned on Artie. “Aw, so thass it,” he said. “So they give you me truck. Well, you’re a lucky man. It ain’t everybody inherits a truck from ole Artie. A fine truck, that truck.” “I seen the insides of that truck,” said Toggle. “I got to put the insides of that gawdam truck together. Two rounds, Greengroin. Thass all, jess two rounds.” “Lissen,” Artie said. “When I left that truck it was poifeck. It was a thing of beauty, glimmering in the sunshine. Maybe they was a bolt loose here and there, but thass all. I been around trucks and ottermobiles all me life, and as I stand here and reconsider I remember I never seen a better-looking trucks in me life than that ole bassar of a gawdam truck. You’re a lucky man, Toggle.” “I been unner that truck three days now,” said Toggle. “And the way things looks, I’m gonna stay unner it for three years. I never knowed a truck could limp till I give that truck a drive.” “The Pride of Brooklyn is a beautiful piece of mechanism,” Artie said stubbornly. “For one thing, it ain’t named the Pride of Brooklyn any longer,” the small man said. “I changed the name to the Bronx Ox. And for another thing, it ain’t beautiful. It’s ugly. It’s ugly, like you.” “If we’re going to keep this argument on a intellectual level, awright,” Artie said. “But if you’re going to get poisonel, you runt you, I’ll kick yer tooth down yer t’roat.” “Thass what I like ter hear,” the little man said. He danced around, sparring. “Put up yer dukes, Skinny, I’ll cut yer down.” “I’ll beat yer to a plup,” Artie said. The little man stopped sparring. “Wass a plup?” he asked. “I don’t like that woid. It sounds doity. Wass a plup?”

“Yer ignorant,” Artie said. “It’s a French woid. If you wasn’t ignorant you’d have knowed it was a French woid.” “A French woid,” the little man said. “It’s doity. Nobody’s going to call me a plup. Put ‘em up, yer rummy.” Wearily, Artie put ‘em up. The little man danced in and Artie fetched him a clout on the ear. “Thass hitting pretty high, Greengroin,” the little man said. “Watch them fouls.” He came dancing in again. Artie fetched him a clout on the other ear. The little man put his hands down. “Well, now that I taught yer a lesson, perhaps you’ll be more careful of yer mechanical trucks next time. You wanna watch them fouls, Greengroin. Twicet you fouled me. Thass doity, Greengroin.” Artie seemed a trifle nonplussed. “No more fighting?” he asked. “Naw,” said Toggle. “Oncet I teach a man a lesson I don’t want get brutal.” “Thass good,” Artie said solemnly. “I’ll leave yer now,” the little man said. “Jess remember, though, trucks is like horses. You treat ‘em bad, they won’t run.” He walked away. “Well, as I was saying,” Artie said, “a jeep is the ottermobile of a gennulman. Trucks is for rummies, but jeeps is for the finer clast of people like me. I can see the future spreading before me, all glamorous. Maybe one of these days I’ll be driving a general up the Under dem Lindens.” “A marvellous prospeck,” we said. “The oney thing that bothers me,” said Artie, “is what I’ll call this gawdam ole jeep. You got any suggestions?” “No,” we said. “Well, put it in yer doity ole bassar of a paper that I’m looking for a name for it,” said Artie. “Maybe some of those dopes can give a good one. They got nothing to do but sit around and think. Me, I’m busy.” “Busy at what?” we asked. “I got a date with a barmaiden,” said Artie. “And I got to get there before the beer runs out.”



MAIL CALL



Dear YANK:
This is my first attempt writing to you but I feel that I must say something on a little matter which happened to me while on a visit to London. I had just returned from a dance and was waiting in a tube for the next train. I was sitting on a bench with another person when a high-ranking English Army officer (equal to our major-general from what my girl friend told me) and his wife came by looking for a place to sit down. The general's wife seemed tired. Without waiting a moment I came to attention and told them they could have my place. The general refused to take the seat unless I would share it with them, so I sat down again. During the conversation that followed, which lasted nearly ten minutes, we spoke about each other's country, etc. It was really grand and we enjoyed every minute of our talk. Then the train pulled in and we all got on together, at first there were no seats but on the next stop there were plenty to be had. The general invited me to sit down next to him, but I told him I was leaving at the next stop, much to my disappointment as I would like to have continued our interesting conversation. Now the point I wish to bring out and why I wrote this article to you is this—regardless of my rank, this officer certainly showed the kind of friendship and spirit we have in our Allies the British people. It's little things and friendly gestures like this that make for really cooperative and lasting friendship with the British people. The British people can well be proud of their leaders in Alexander, Montgomery, Wavell and others, including the general I met that evening, who are proving that they in simple Yankee language are swell people and on the ball when you get to know them. I should know for I have visited many homes over here.

Trusting this will not be too long a letter for your column and that some of our English friends who get to read the YANK will know how we feel about you.
Britain. S/SGT. CLINTON I. RICH

Dear YANK:

I take pen in hand to write you anent your August 29 issue, specifically your "Yanks at Home in the ETO." Sounded to me like you were putting something of a blast on my beloved Brooklyn.

I've been over here for a while now as a civilian with Lockheed Overseas Corporation, and while I am a little out of close hand touch with goings on in "the garden spot of America," I'm sure the folks would resent somewhat your statements.

I'm a Bay Ridgite myself and maybe you've got something there as regards the Bay Ridge Battalion, Gowanus Grenadiers and Flatbush Fusiliers. Not to mention the Sunset Sappers, Ridgewood Rifles and Canarsie Conquistadores. I believe a word to Borough President Cashman would bring a move in the right direction.

In closing, I'll say that you've got a great magazine and we look forward to it each week.
Britain. HARVEY A. OSGOOD

P.S.—Does the chap who wrote that item come from Brooklyn? If so, what is his name and address?

Dear YANK:

As you will see by the address, I'm in Ceylon. Although I'm this far from Blighty we manage to receive some of your YANK mags.

On the whole they're not bad, but the boys and myself would very much like to see more about your Allies printed in that Mag. They're in the war as much as yourself as no doubt you will guess. The British don't make a fuss about what they do, or have done. If by any chance they do have to mention something about the Tommy, etc., we also mention our fighting friends also. You have noticed that, I suppose. We don't mind the God damn business, but we would like a bit more co-op in the way of gen. (news), etc., from your point of view of what our boys have done as well as your own. So please do your utmost in your next mag.

I thank you.

Ceylon.

P.S.—Please forgive a British boy's attitude towards your mag.
L.A.C. ARCHER

Dear YANK:

The enclosed picture was found in our barracks the other day and after inquiring about the area we are disappointed to find that no one around here can

account for an acquaintance with this little lass.

We would appreciate it very much if you would enlarge the said copy and publish the picture in the hope that someone in the ETO may recognize this lovely creature, for it is

shameful to have such an intimate picture and no name other than the one on the back, that is "Ady."

This may be her name but, as I said, no one seems to know her around. I hope you have more luck than we have had. Our return address will be enclosed and if you can trace the identity of this gal, would appreciate your sending the same to us.
Thanks in advance.

Britain. Lts. BAKER, McLANE, FLEMING and KULESA



Dear YANK:

It has occurred to me after working with army communications, letters, directives, circulars, etc., for over a year, it is very possible in the event this war continues much longer, many of our men working in Army offices will become so unconscious of the Army style of writing, that a letter of love might well be composed as the one I've enclosed.

Whatcha think?

Britain.

PRESTON L. TAPLIN
HEADQUARTERS
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE PLT/plt
SUBJECT: Love.

To: Commanding Officer, Finance Section, Blurp Household, 1167 Upper Tupper Township Road, Upper Tupper Township, A. (ny) P. (articular) O. (bjections?) No.

1. In reply to the communication, your HQ, 12 August, 1943, subject as above, your implied wish for restatement of the points brought out in base communication this HQ, 1 August, 1943, is herewith complied with.

a. It is the desire of this HQ to inform your Command that in any reference to hereabove mentioned Subject, in any directive from this office, the choice of superlatives in adjectives describing same, seems completely inadequate to the feeling inferred.

b. It is the feeling of this HQ that steps be taken, thru channels, to SOS, ETO, USA, to secure a supply of new superlative adjectives which may be applied by this HQ to the above problem.

c. However, it is the further feeling of this HQ that even in the event the Service of Supply can send forward new superlatives, such will be totally inadequate to this HQ's needs.

2. Your Command is urgently requested to reply to this letter, preferably not by 1st Indorsement, in reference to the extent of your feeling for this HQ in the above Subject.

JOHN Q. BLURP
Adjutant General Commanding

Dear YANK:

The story of Dick Castillo in the Stars and Stripes of August 27 inspired the lines that I enclose. The tune is "The Son of a Gamboleer," which, I take it, everybody knows. The third line of the chorus has to be adlibbed a bit, with much crying out loud on the word "sorry." If you think any of your

readers would be interested in trying it out after a rousing evening, you are at liberty to print it.
L. B. SIMPSON, Major, A.C.
Britain.

DICK CASTILLO

"Castillo's guns spat throughout the attack and watchers in other planes reported at least two enemy fighters went down from his fire. There was little doubt that Castillo stuck to his post until the tail structure was separated from the rest of the plane."
(From Stars and Stripes, August 27, 1943.)

It was early in the morning that sultry August day When we took off from England and started on our way.

With Thunderbolts and Fortresses and Liberators, too,
On a little job of bombing, like the Jerries used to do.

Chorus:
Oh, you goddam Jerries with your bombers and your tanks,
You'll be sorry that you mixed it with the British and the Yanks;
You'll be sorry, yes, you'll be sorry,
You'll be sorry that you mixed it with the British and the Yanks.

We had a Jewish pilot and a Polish bombardier,
A Texan belly-gunner and a Bohunk engineer;
The navigator boasted of a bit of Indian blood,
While the turret-gunner didn't know exactly where he stood.

Chorus:
Our Wop co-pilot called our ship the Flying Melting Pot;
But of all that motley bomber crew the bravest of the lot,
From New England's icy mountains to the plains of Armadillo,
Was a fighting Spig from Springfield by the name Of Dick Castillo.

Chorus:
While Dick Castillo manned the tail of our good B-24,
A dozen Jerries dived at him—they may have been a score;
He'd knock the first three galley-west and his guns were smoking hot
When they shot the tail assembly off the Flying Melting Pot.

Chorus:
The tail assembly by itself flew on to Germany,
And Dick Castillo waved good-bye as we jumped into the sea;
When last we saw Castillo he was standing by his guns,
A-scaring the living Jesus out of half a dozen Huns.
Chorus:
(Tune: "The Son of a Gamboleer.")

Dear YANK:

I wish to make it known that a British citizen is very grateful to the Americans for they have been very hospitable to me on many occasions.

I have spent many happy hours in the "Rainbow Corner Club" and in the A.R.C. at Watford where I have made many friends.

So will you say "thanks" to the boys for me as I am leaving London now and can't do it myself.

Also, may I congratulate you on the production of a most informative and humorous magazine, which incidentally I have taken regularly since it came out.

That's all, but thanks again. Good luck.
Britain. KENNETH J. BARTON, Gdsm

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Side Remarks

When the boys hit the chairs at the air base they can talk about anything they want. If they don't like the Army they can say so, and if they do like England they can say so. Usually they do both.

"TODAY I am a father," he said furiously. "When I got paid this morning, they took ten shillings off me for that squadron orphan we've got now. Can you imagine?"

My companion was a short, heavy type who worked at the control tower on our air base. He was the official fat boy and peevish comic relief of the group. At the moment he was really annoyed about pay day, and we discussed it in detail on the way to the Aero Club. Tonight's event at that centre of refreshment was an open forum. At this informal session held once a week those who felt like holding forth on war or politics could enjoy the simple luxury of having people listen to them, as long as they talked well and made sense.

It was a hot, clear evening. Tiers of Flying Fortresses crossed the sky over our heads as we reached the Club. Inside all was fairly quiet. There were the sounds of a Jack Benny show in the music room and the terse echoes of ping-pong. In the library twenty or more men were making themselves comfortable, waiting for the chaplain and the beginning of the forum. Those who go to these open meetings faithfully are men who believe that good talk, like liquor or letter-writing, is as practical a method of self preservation as can be found anywhere in the Service.

The chaplain is a small, active young man with close-cut grey hair, sharp brown eyes, and a slow, plain manner of talking. He is the driving spirit behind the open evening, getting the men together and supplying topics for argument that will really operate on their minds and vocabularies. There is no fixed subject for debate; the talk moves right along from one familiar issue to another. Tonight they started off on the question of compulsory military service during peace time.

"It wouldn't be so bad," a member of the Ordnance was saying. "At least I'd be twenty-one bucks in the clear every month. Supposing they

gave me a job at Mitchel Field. My home's in Garden City. So then I'd have two homes, two crowds to run around with, and at least two dress suits."

"Yeah, and they'd be in two different colors too—light brown and dark brown," someone else reminded him.

"Oh, well, it would be better than beating your gums out on some civilian jobs I know of," he said reflectively.

THE ground crews live about as hard and unceremoniously as any segment of soldiers could overseas. "We are civilians in uniform," they keep saying, and they are not far from the truth. It is hard for them to feel or talk strongly about military service. They all have the stipulated courage, brains and physical ability of fighting men, but few of them even faintly resemble regulation soldiers.

They take modern history easily and accurately. They know that they have been sent abroad in the right cause, and they are willing to leave it at that. During tonight's discussion of the war there was only one extremist, an experienced underdog who got up and said it was all a put-up job, a cheap revival of World War One staged by Wall Street. "All we little people will get out of it is a pension and a mouthful of blood per man," he announced. But he soon bored the others. "Don't worry, Mac, you'll outlast the Army," they assured him.

For the ground crews in England, at least, the war has been a very slow adventure, an indirect ordeal, that they feel chiefly when talking shop with aerial gunners after a mission, repairing flak-torn hulls and motors, or sitting out all night with the beacon crew on a lonely English hill waiting for enemy planes that seldom come.

They take England for what it is, the most comfortable combat zone possible in the late summer of 1943. The English people fill them with respect, amusement, and sometimes with impatience. They

accept with wonder the fact that the English have been at total war for four years. "Give a girl a pair of silk stockings and she thinks it's the world over here," someone said tonight.

"As long as it isn't home, it'll do," said fat boy. "But I don't like the rations we get. That English chocolate tastes like Ex Lax. Anyway, everything's too much covered with ivy around this place," he added rather irreverently.

One minute they were making remarks about the relaxed English plumbing and laundry facilities, the next minute an aerial gunner told us about the treatment he and the rest of his crew got when their ship was forced to land at an RAF Mosquito station. He described the sensitive and lavish hospitality they met with there, and the officers plying them with mugs of beer and questions.

"They had Waafs to wait on us," he said, "and the bitters flowed like ice water. We were really living."

Except for a few cases where the density of their homesickness would prevent them from knowing or liking any new country, the group tonight thoroughly approved of the United Kingdom. As the meeting broke up they were comparing their furlough plans. Every one seemed hellbent to make a grand tour of the island from Inverness to Cornwall.

I WALKED back to the barracks with an older man who did carpentry and odd jobs around the base. He had thick white hair and the charred leathery look of a man who has lived and worked hard in the tropics. He told me about his life and varied careers. He had driven Mack trucks in Pennsylvania, had worked in mines in Missouri and had served with the Marines in Nicaragua. After the war he planned to go back to his home town and marry the girl who was waiting for him. He specified his fiancée for me.

"Her name's Alberta, and she owns a drive-in restaurant along our state highway. She's energetic and thrifty and she's got a clean complexion. She's promised to support me if I go through with it. But I don't know."

"Don't you feel like settling down when the war's over?"

"I really don't know," he repeated. "There's so much else to do. All this kind of makes you restless anyway."

He waved at the night around us. Searchlights swung their rays up over the darkness. In the distance there were flashes of heat lightning or possibly anti-aircraft fire. Directly above us came the massed roars of night fighters flying eastward. The English summer evening seemed in good running order.

Cpl. JOHN D. PRESTON



The New

When the Germans occupied the Netherlands they forgot to occupy a lot of Netherlanders, and ever since, those Netherlanders have been occupying themselves with the war against Hitler. Some of them are scattered with the Allies all over the world, but a good many are waiting around the ETO in the Princess Irene Brigade, and when they go home they want to go the hard way.

By Pvt. ALBERT ORBAAN

A former correspondent for Aneta, the Dutch news agency, now a member of the U. S. Corps of Engineers.

TEN miles from home, with a pocketful of nickels and a pay phone right across the street. That's the sweet spot a Dutch Commando named Jans found himself in recently during an across-the-channel raid against the Nazis who have overrun his native land—only they weren't nickels but coins called *dubbeltjes*.

Jans is neither dumb nor timid. He had shot up his share of German installations for the day and he figured that he had a few minutes to spare before catching the raiding party's boat back to England, so he hopped over to the phone and tried to dial his folks' number.

But no go. During Jans' absence from home, the Nazis had confiscated all Dutch coins, substituted German ones of different size and changed all pay-phone slots accordingly. Jans' *dubbeltjes* wouldn't fit and his fondness for Adolf Hitler hit an all-time low.

Which is pretty damn low. There's probably no better bunch of Hitler haters in the world than Jans and the thousands of boys who serve with him in the Princess Irene Brigade, more often known as the Netherlands Brigade or just the Dutch Brigade, which is now in training in

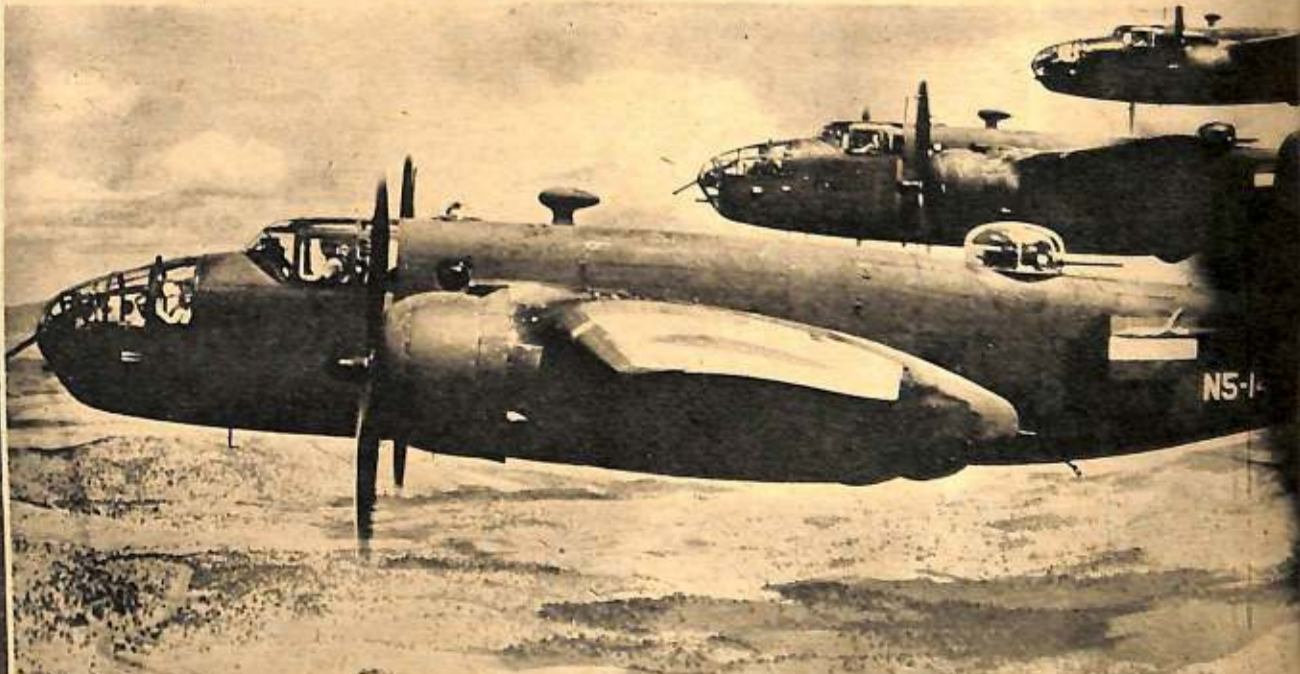
its own camp in the Midlands of England. They'll never forget the reckless way in which Hitler sacked their country three years ago last May. With these Dutch soldiers, who have pitched into the fight at the call to arms of their Queen Wilhelmina, it's a grim case of so near and yet so far. For they are nearer their homes now than a lot of GIs are when they're still at the induction center in the U. S., and yet they haven't a hope of seeing Mom and Pop or the girl friend again until the Nazis are driven back over the boundaries of Germany itself.

The Dutch Brigade is probably an even more cosmopolitan outfit than that famous old catch-all of fighting men, the French Foreign Legion. The Dutch have always been a people whose business interests took them abroad in large numbers, but now that their country is in a jam, thousands of them have come back home—or as near home as they can get at the moment—to join the fight. At least 25 languages are spoken in the brigade's camp, where the men have rigged up a Dutch windmill to remind them of their homeland. Some of the men who before the war lived in Holland had to travel the farthest to report for duty. Unable to escape across the English Channel, they fled to Finland, and went on from there across Russia, the Pacific, the U. S. and the Atlantic to reach England.

Officially named after Princess Irene, a grand-



Becoming skilled in the art of camouflage during maneuvers staged by the Dutch Brigade in Britain.



These are "Flying Dutchmen" somewhere over Australia. They've been helping plenty in the war against the Japs.

Dutch Soldier

daughter of Queen Wilhelmina, the brigade is now the biggest Dutch Army contingent in the world and its men, operating as a distinct Dutch Army within the framework of combined forces, fully expect to form one of the many spearheads which will be necessary for the successful invasion of the continent. They have yet to see action as a group, but plenty of them, like that fellow Jans, have carried out Commando raids against the *rotmoffen*, or rotten Huns, as they call the Nazis.

The outfit was organized after Germany invaded Holland, when the Dutch began calling up men of military age from all parts of the world. (At present Dutchmen born between the years



Allies: In Australia a Dutch flyer points to his mute mascot, the famous American cartoon figure Popeye.

of 1903 and 1925 are liable for military service in the unit.) The brigade is mechanized and is well equipped with tanks, Bren gun carriers, armored cars, half-tracks, trucks and motorcycles. The equipment is supplied by the British but paid for—as Dutch soldiers are quick to point out—in full and in cash by the Netherlands Government.

The training these Dutch soldiers get is similar to that given to British troops and so are the uniforms they wear. It's not hard to distinguish members of the brigade, though. All orders are, of course, given in Dutch (*op de plaats rust*, for example, means "at ease") and each soldier

wears the orange lion of the Netherlands on both shoulders and on his cap. Dutch soldiers who come from South Africa also wear a *springbok* (small deer) emblem and those from Canada a maple leaf. Men from the U. S. wear a maple leaf, too, because the basic-training camp for them and Canadians alike is in Canada—at Guelph, Ontario. Hollanders in the U. S. may join the American armed forces if they prefer.

The Dutch soldier loves potatoes and at the brigade's camp he gets plenty of them, all the peeling being done by one of those goldbricker's gadgets which spin the spuds around until they look like cakes of soap. The chowhound's favorite dish, however, is a hot pea soup flavored with pigs' knuckles. No one gets extra KP for snafu-ing — not even the dumbest "turk," which is the Dutch sergeant's pet expression for an eight ball. Restricted to barracks (*patoet*) or weekend sentry duty (*wachie kloppen*) is the usual lot of the transgressor.

The boys get the usual day off every week and a two-day pass every month. There's a town nearby, but most of them seem to prefer to hang around camp, which has plenty of recreation halls, a library and a stage and movie theater. There's a camp choir and an army band, which is well known all over England, and a weekly paper called *De Kampklok*, which means just what it sounds like. There are also two large canteens.

A lot of the men put in for officers' training and those who are accepted from the infantry get the break of going to Sandhurst, which is the British equivalent of West Point. It's a pretty good break, too, as they are the first foreigners ever allowed to enter that famous institution. Officer candidates in other branches of the service are trained elsewhere in England. Dutch officers carry orange lanyards and wear the insignia of their rank on their lapels. Three stars means only a captain, so don't faint. The old man is the *hooge oome*.

In addition to the Dutch Commandos, many other members of the brigade have already seen active duty as gunners in uniform on merchant ships—risky work for which only volunteers are taken. And, of course, no account, however brief, of the Dutch as fighters would be adequate without mention of the "Flying Dutchmen," members of the Netherlands Air Force, who for well over a year now have been hammering with terribly telling results at Japs and Nazis alike.

Op de plaats rust, men.



In Canada, too, the Netherlanders train for the fight against the Axis. These men are charging directly at the camera during vigorous bayonet practice.



After watching the Dutch Army in England hold maneuvers, Ambassador Biddle enjoys refreshments with the troops. They wear British battle dress.



In Australia, 10 members of a Netherlands bomber squadron are decorated.



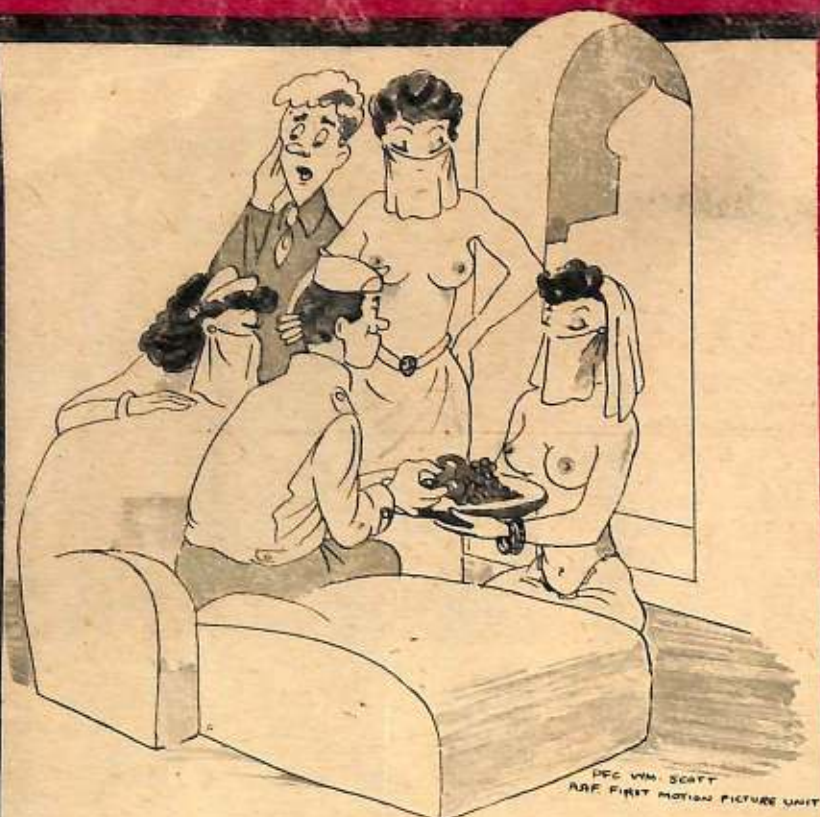
In England, attentive Netherlanders learn about the sub-machine gun.

YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



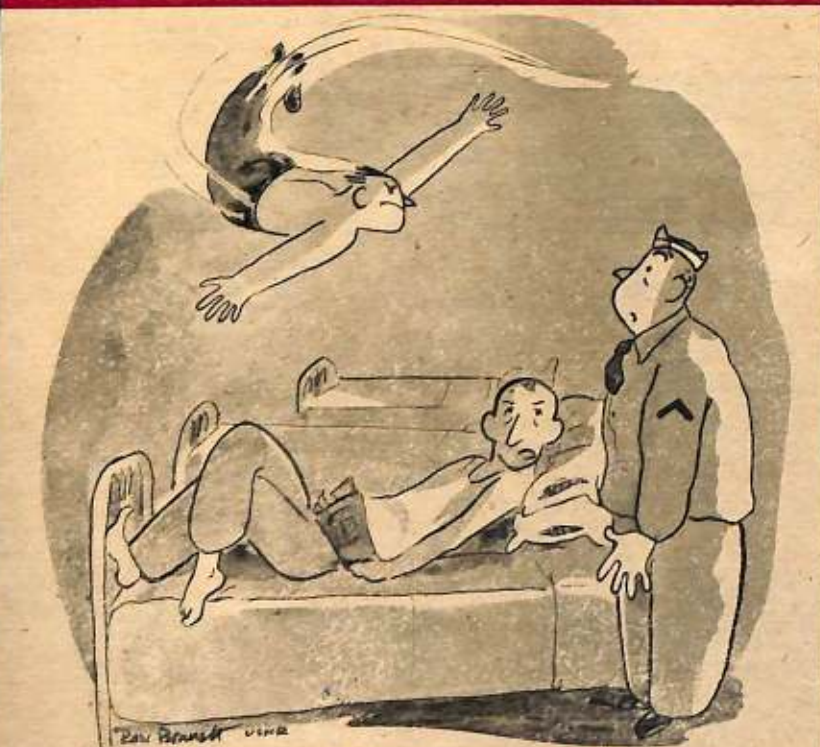
"PSST, HARRY—ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE USO?"
—Pfc. William Scott



"WOULD YOU MIND AWFULLY WAITING A MINUTE
WHILE I SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE?"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.



"DON'T RECALL YOUR NAME, BUT THE MASK IS FAMILIAR."
—Pfc. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.



"UNDOUBTEDLY HE'S NUTS. HE THINKS HE'S SUPERMAN."
—Ron Bennett Y3c, USNR, Astoria, Oreg.



"THERE'S THAT PIGEON 24, BUCKING FOR OCS AGAIN."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt & Cpl. Graf