

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY

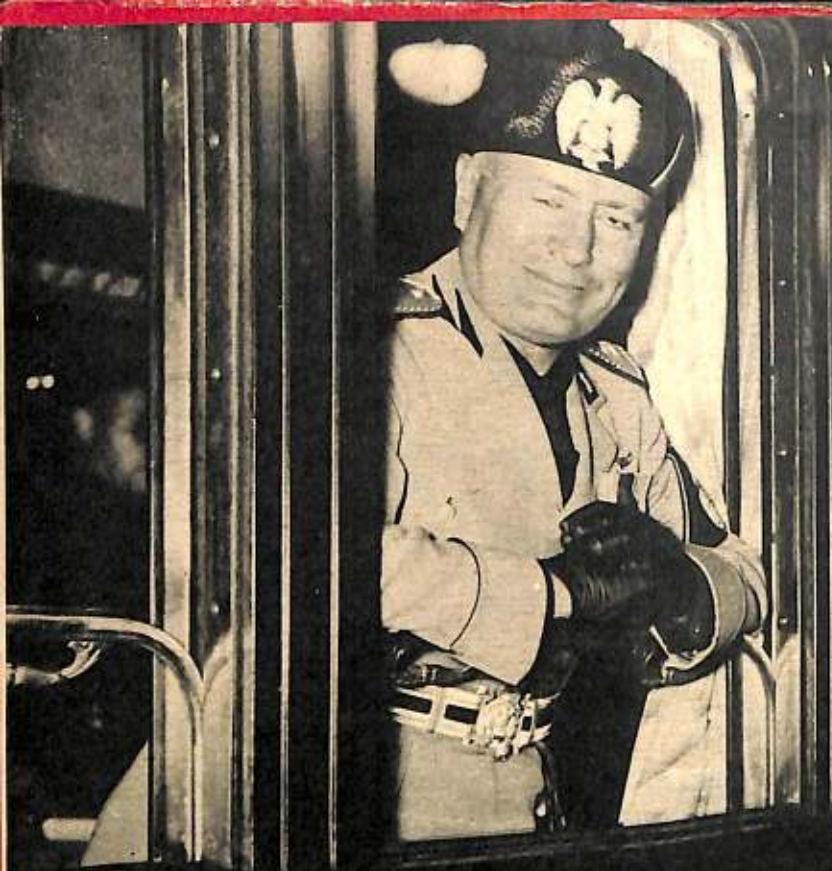


WEEKLY

3^d AUG. 1
1943
VOL. 2, NO. 7

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





Me going places in 1940.

DEAR DIARY, ETC.
 All I tried to do was reincarnate the
 glories of Rome and the grandeur thereof, re-
 create the great things, the fine things like
 the crimson splash of the vanquished blood and
 the pride of the conqueror
 the smoke from the cannon and the empires
 beyond the sea, and the sword which would burn
 and the flame of the freedom, which is elusive
 the symbols of freedom, which is elusive
 anyway. How elusive, as I look back-----



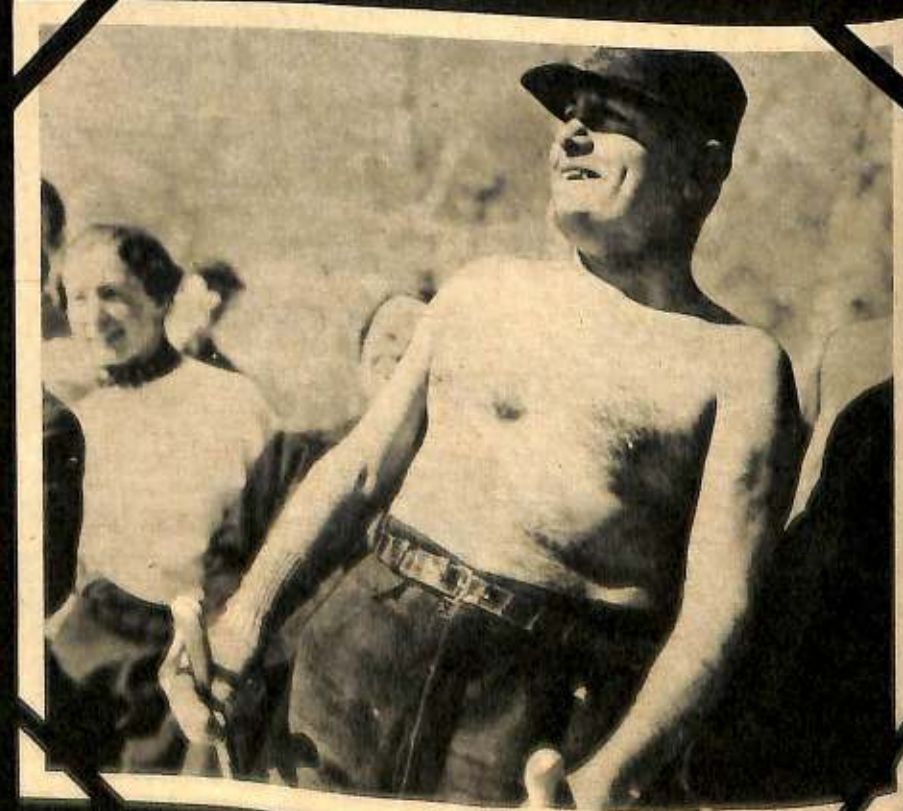
Me putting up red tape in the 1930s.



Me out in front as usual.



Me again. Some Ethiopians I liberated.



Me and ski. Tough sledding now though. No snow.

ONE DOWN . . . ONE! TO GO!



"It was great fun but it was just one of those things."

Benito Mussolini was the first of the dictators. He built an Empire on the sands and the sands ran away. What he wanted he could not get; what he had he lost. For 21 years he stood in the sun, a gross, boastful figure, and then the sun set and he vanished from the eyes of men. They that live by the sword, shall perish by the . . . etc. . . .

By Sgt. HARRY BROWN

As far as Rome Radio was concerned it had been a quiet day. Nothing untoward had happened. Then, at 10:52, an anonymous announcer stepped to the microphone, cleared his throat, and broadcast a statement that electrified the world.

"His Majesty the King Emperor," said the announcer, "has accepted the resignation of the head of the Government, Prime Minister and Secretary of State, tendered by his Excellency, Benito Mussolini. He has appointed, as head of the Government, Prime Minister and Secretary of State, his Excellency Marshal of Italy, Pietro Badoglio. . . ."

Thus, in the year XXI of the Fascist Era, the Fascist Era came to an end, and thus, in the 60th year of his age, did Benito Mussolini conclude the traversing of his long and dangerous road. He went out quietly, in the night. Gone were the trumpets and the marching men and the tanks and the cries of the Duce! Duce!" and the fainting women and the postures on the balcony. Italy, the Italy that Benito Mussolini had made, was crumbling like cake in water. The war was out of her depth. The 8,000,000 bayonets that Benito Mussolini had once announced were shining in the sun, ready to defend or attack, had rusted, had vanished, had disappeared in a puff of smoke. "A man can do anything with a bayonet," someone had said, "except sit on it." Benito Mussolini, the new Caesar, the inheritor of the mantle of Augustus, the emperor-maker, had sat too long. Fascism, the Fascism that had been invented by the son of the Dovia blacksmith, the son of the good socialist who became mayor and went to prison for his political beliefs, had been weighed in the balance

and found wanting. For 21 years and longer the armed gangs had strutted through Italy. They had given little Victor Emmanuel an empire and they had lost it for him again. They had called the Mediterranean an Italian lake, but it was an Italian lake no longer; no ship that flew the flag of Italy dared venture upon its turbulent waters. The enemy was at the very door of the fatherland. Italy, once more, was a lost cause.

How it had come to be a lost cause was a long story, and it was the story of Benito Mussolini, the student of Machiavelli, the disciple of violence. He had made Italy, and Italy had unmade him. He had been the first of the dictators, the grandfather of them all, the man who could look north toward Berlin and mock Hitler for a bumbling amateur. He had caught the First World War by the horns and used the Peace of Versailles as a chariot in which to ride to power. He had posed, and he had posed well. Now that the posing is finished, it is worth while to review his career.

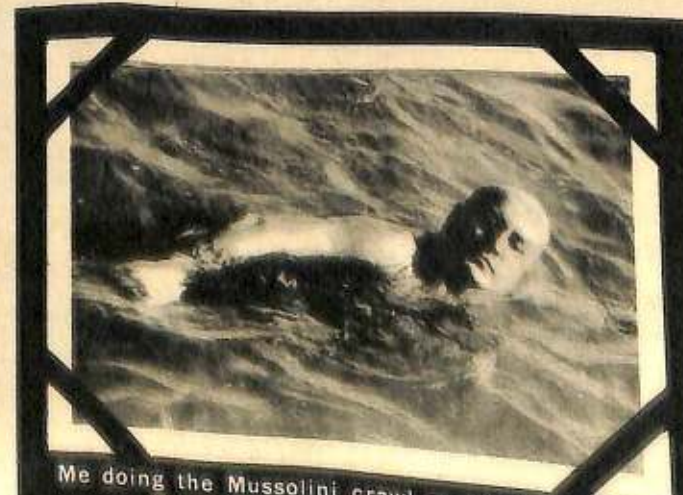
In a way, Mussolini was Italy, semi-comic, semi-serious, given over to the grandiose, careless of the trivial. He had a personality, unlike his puppet, Franco. He was, in his own grim way, human. No man had a greater talent for unconsciously looking foolish. He photographed badly; an unpardonable fault in a dictator. In his photographs his jaw was always thrust out a little too much, his hand was always caught in a gesture that looked slightly obscene, his eyes always bulged a fraction of an inch beyond a decent maximum. He always seemed in a way ridiculous. Photographed with Hitler, he was always walking out of step, or frowning while Hitler smiled, or looking up at Hitler while the Fuehrer of

all the Germans was standing on a platform or on some steps or even hanging from the window of a train.

The Romantic Rebel

In the last analysis, he had always been a ridiculous figure, a contradiction in terms. Born in 1883, he had spent the 80s and 90s in vicious and internecine warfare with other children. He had not been above using a sharpened stone or a knife in his childish quarrels; in one instance use of a knife had caused his expulsion from a school and brought about a priest's wry comment that his soul was black as hell. He had always been the rebel. His father, a socialist, had taught him much about politics of a rather drastic sort, and in a political café run by the elder Mussolini he had sat night after night listening to talkative, politically minded men arguing eternally about Marx and Engels and the First Commune and the Communist Manifesto.

He grew up as a socialist, or so he thought. In 1902 he fled Italy and went to Switzerland, mainly to escape military conscription. While in Switzerland he starved a good deal of the time. Men who



Me doing the Mussolini crawl or me showing my Navy how or no Gloria Callen me.



Me and mustache. In those days I was fierce.
Never again.



Me and flowers. People loved me once. Or did they?
Anyway, never again.



Me and Victor Emmanuel. He gave me the sack.
And I'm fit to be tied.



Me in the middle. Again. Those are Japs.
They'll be too.

saw him then saw a man wearing an artist's hat with a wide brim and an artist's tie, knotted about his throat, its silk ends dragging on his chest. When his stomach was full he plotted and argued. He was full of ideas, ideas that varied from one week to the next. On Friday he would be a Nietzschean, Friday night he would read Schopenhauer and on Saturday he would, like Schopenhauer, be a misogynist. His opinions were as facile as his means of keeping alive.

Eventually he was expelled from Switzerland for falsifying a passport and, once more in Italy, freed under a general amnesty permitting those who left the country to avoid military service to return, he entered the 10th Bersaglieri regiment at Forli.

Class-House Benny

His military service over, Mussolini became the professional agitator, the vocational jailbird. His profession was that of a newspaper man, a writer of passionate and gaudy editorials. Between editorials he went to jail. In July, 1908, he went to prison for eight months for "armed revolt," and in September of the same year he was sentenced to a 100 lire fine at Mendola for revolutionary expression. In November, 1909, he was imprisoned for ten days for general radicalism. In September, 1911, he went to prison for five months. All this time he was, through speeches and editorials, getting a name for himself. The romantic rebel who had starved in Geneva became a leading socialist, the editor of *Avanti*, a man who approved the attempted assassination of the King of Italy, a pacifist, opposed to Italy's entering the First World War on either side.

When 1914 set Europe in flames, Italy, as always, didn't know which way to turn. Bound by treaty to Germany, her rulers leaned toward England. Italy waited to see which way to jump. Mussolini, meanwhile, wrote editorial after editorial at white-hot speed, mocking the martyrdom of Belgium, screaming that the French were a nation of fools, not worth fighting for. Then, suddenly, between September and October of 1914, he changed his tune. The pacifist overnight became a raging interventionist. French money had reached Benito Mussolini. Benito Mussolini could be bought.

The Socialist Party accused him of treason and expelled him from its ranks, for what it described as moral and political betrayal. Mussolini, unconcerned save to threaten eternal vengeance, proceeded to publish the *Popolo d'Italia* with funds supplied by the French propaganda department. Then, in 1915, Italy entered the war on the Allied side and Benito Mussolini was called up.

He fought a beautiful war, from a newspaper standpoint. Back to his paper came photographs of Mussolini strolling in No Man's Land, of Mussolini sitting casually on a parapet, supposedly in full view of the enemy. His outfit was assigned to a quiet sector, a gentlemen's sector. Italians and Austrians fired at each other only at stated intervals; few soldiers were wounded and hardly any killed. This state of affairs galled the soul of Benito. One day he saw an Austrian lighting a cigarette. He tossed a grenade over; next day he was delighted to learn that his grenade had removed several of the Emperor Franz Josef's men from this best of all possible worlds. The Austrians, replying in kind, began to pot Italians who were careless enough to show themselves. Mussolini's sector began to liven up.

Shrapnel Behind Him

The future dictator's war record was a poor one. According to his own account, he was always wandering around No Man's Land; that is, when he wasn't engaged in fierce hand-to-hand combats. He was a corporal, so he must have had some simple talent as a soldier. But his term of service came to a sudden and unforeseen conclusion one day when his outfit was getting in a little trench mortar practice with live ammunition. One of the mortars exploded, and they had to lay Benito Mussolini on his belly and pick 42 pieces of shrapnel out of his backside.

That finished him as far as the war was concerned. As he says, after that he took his place as a fighter in his newspaper office. And that was where he stayed, while Italy went through the terrible defeat of Caporetto, only to surge back at the Piave and be in at the death of the Austrian Army.

After the war Italy was a mad-house. The Italians felt cheated. Feeling against Wilson and America ran high; there were street demonstrations and the American Embassy was guarded. Italy wanted territory, but she didn't know how to get it. Italy might have received rich German territory in Africa, but Italy couldn't wait. Italy wanted something a little nearer. Italy wanted Fiume.

Or rather, D'Annunzio wanted Fiume. Gabriele D'Annunzio was a poet and war "hero," whose greatest exploit had been the bombarding of Vienna with leaflets, and who had a talent for always coming

back from an airplane ride with a dead pilot. He was a silly, posturing, bald little man (he stood 5 ft. 4 in.), who had once been the lover of the Italian tragedienne, Eleonora Duse, and who had cast her unconcernedly aside. Mussolini had run into him, they had hit it off, and on D'Annunzio's suggestion, Mussolini had with some others, founded the movement that was the beginning of Fascism, called the *Fascio Italiani di Combattimento* (literally "Italian bundles of combat"). The bundles were loud young men who wore black shirts, mainly because they were cheap, also because they did not show dirt and thus needed only infrequent washing.

Fiume was an Austrian port of some 50,000 people, of no great value, but D'Annunzio wanted to play prince. With a battalion of men he slipped in and occupied the city. It was straight from the comic opera stage. Two or three times a week the poet-hero would parade his rag-tag and bobtail legions in the public square; he printed stamps and coins on which was his nearly hairless and beaked profile. He stayed in Fiume for over a year. Then, in 1920, an exasperated Italian Government bombarded Fiume. D'Annunzio capitulated, and retired to an estate provided by the Italian Government. For the rest of his life he did odd things on a battleship model moored beside his house.

Mussolini was now completely a power politician. Gone was all semblance of the socialist spirit. He had run into Machiavelli and he was Machiavelli's man. In 1921 he was elected Fascist deputy. Things and events in Italy were moving toward an inevitable climax. A general strike, protesting against the violence of the Fascists, was destroyed by Fascist violence. Mussolini was growing stronger every day. Italy seethed.

Victor Emmanuel was not a bad king nor a stupid man. He was, as a matter of fact, one of the most intelligent monarchs, in factual sense, ever to sit on a European throne. He was a little encyclopaedia. In his youth, as Prince of Naples, he had visited England, had captivated Queen Victoria and had been himself captivated by the English. After the disaster at Caporetto it had been he who had regrouped the Italian Armies and started the offensive of the Piave that eventually culminated in victory. The trouble with Victor Emmanuel was that he was puzzled by the world the war had left. It was not his world. His world was not one of revolution, of general strikes, of undeclared civil war. This was a world he did not understand. What he needed, he decided, was a strong man. Benito Mussolini, he decided, was that man.

But before he called up Mussolini, he called in Pietro Badoglio. Badoglio was a soldier, a King's man, the best soldier in Italy. "What shall I do



"Auf wiedersehen"



"Arrive dorci"

about these Fascists?" the King asked Badoglio. "Sir," said the soldier, "give me a battalion and I shall drive them into the sea." But the King seemed to be thinking of something else. He asked Mussolini to become Prime Minister.

He asked him just in time, for even as he asked the Blackshirts were marching on Rome. Mussolini didn't believe his ears; he insisted that a confirming telegram, signed by the King, be sent to him. It was. And then Mussolini, while his legions were marching on Rome, marched to Rome himself—in the sleeper of a train.

The ardent socialist, the wounded warrior, the editor, the romantic rebel, the disciple of Machiavelli, at last was in the saddle. Italy was his. The year was 1922, and he called it the Year I of the Fascist Era. He demanded, and got, dictatorial powers. He knew how to handle strikers, how to handle the workmen. If he couldn't do it quietly, he could do it with a little gunpowder. He did it with a little gunpowder in Turin. If he couldn't stop free speech by warn-

ings, he could do it with a little murder. He did it with a little murder in the cases of Matteotti and Father Minzoni. He soothed his way with the Church and with business. He made Fascism what it was going to be for the next two decades. Everything was for the State. The individual was nothing. And the State was Benito Mussolini.

Italy, he said, had a destiny. Italy had something to gain in the world. Italy would have a great Army, a great Navy, a great Air Force. Italy would become an armed camp. He began to take children, put them in uniforms almost as soon as they could walk, and give them military training. For 13 years the new Caesar worked on his country. Millions of men were trained for war. In 1930, Italy had the biggest Air Force in the world—some 5,000 planes.

Italy needed an empire. Italy also had four billion gold lire in the bank. What better way to spend the money, thought Caesar, than to carve out an empire with it? He looked around. Most of the available space for empire builders seemed to have been snatched by somebody else. There was, however, a bona fide country, ruled by an Emperor, which might, without too much trouble, be knocked off. The country was Ethiopia.

King Into Emperor

It took a bit of doing to start the war. Mussolini was a little uncertain of himself. The League of Nations was still a paramount force in Europe. By one way or another he got troops to Africa and massed them on the borders of Haile Selassie's country. All that remained was an incident. Mussolini manufactured the incident. According to the Italian story, Ethiopians threatened Italians at a place called Ual-Ual. The master of Italy, nostrils

distended, blowing hard, refused an arbitration move by the League of Nations. Into Ethiopia went the brand-new legions of the brand-new Caesar.

It was not, by any means, a push-over. The Ethiopians made one mistake—they chose to fight in stand-up European style, instead of using guerrilla methods. Even then the Italians had a hard time of it. Eventually, by using mustard gas and a liberal sprinkling of bombing planes, they got the country. Mussolini, and Italy, had an empire.

The jaw went out on the balcony and the crowd yelled louder. The four billion lire were gone, but that didn't matter. Italy was broke, but that didn't matter. What was important was that Italy was a big gun, a world power. She had broken the back of the League of Nations and she had discovered that sanctions applied by some fifty other powers had been of no avail. Force, it seemed, was the dominant thing in the world.

Spain went to war, encouraged by Mussolini. Italian troops went to Spain, fought on the Fascist side. Spain became a testing ground for Axis weapons. It was also another testing ground for the morale of Italian troops. Guadalajaha proved that their morale was not good. But the Fascists got Spain. Mussolini was not only a dictator, he was a dictator-maker.

It was 1939. Summer swelled toward autumn, and then, in the heavy days that ended August, the war broke. Into Poland went the Germans, but the Italians stayed at home. And the reason the Italians stayed at home was because they didn't dare to go anywhere. Italy had nothing. She was not a great military power. She didn't dare attack France, didn't dare attempt an advance against British possessions in Africa. Italy held back. Germany, it seemed didn't need her. The war was more or less a stalemate. Italy still hung back, claiming that she wasn't quite prepared. Then, in 1940, Germany struck at France, and France began to collapse. Mussolini left the balcony long enough to survey the situation. France was definitely through; England looked to be nearly finished. Italy, certainly, was prepared sufficiently for this state of affairs. So Italy, using a dagger, went to war.

France fell, but Britain held on. Italy had few spoils to show for her belated entry in the war, so Benito Mussolini looked around. Across the Adriatic Sea was Albania. Albania was a push-over. Italy took Albania. Benito Mussolini looked around again. Across the mountains lay Greece. Greece was a push-over. So Italy went into Greece.

The End Begins

But Greece wasn't a push-over. Hitler finally took Greece. Mussolini looked around again. Italy was a great country, an empire. There must be some little job she could do in the war. Perhaps she could move from Libya against Egypt and take the Suez Canal. Eventually the Germans had to come to his rescue.

The myth was smashed, broken for ever. Gone was the Italian Empire, gone was the Italian dream. The rest of the story is too new, too fresh in the minds of men, to need repetition. One by one the Roman triumphs went hollow. The dictator's prestige went down and down. Italians who had once howled under his balcony now distrusted him. He kept out of the public eye, made few public appearances. He was ill, said rumors. The Italian soldiers, glad to be out of the war, glad to be finished with the playing at soldiers, surrendered by the hundreds of thousands. The Germans were more or less in control of Italy. The sky was growing darker every day.

There was one last meeting with Hitler at the Brenner Pass, one last conversation with that strange bedfellow, the Japanese Ambassador, and then the anonymous announcer stepped to the Rome Radio and made the announcement that was a death knell to Benito Mussolini and the Fascist Party and the grandfather of all dictators. On one act of the comedy the curtain had rung down. Italy, under a new government, seemed on its way to making peace.

And where was Benito Mussolini? Where was the fallen idol? Where was the new Caesar, the new Romulus Augustulus? Gone like last year's leaves. On his way to Berchtesgaden, said some. Taking sanctuary in the Vatican, said others. Under house arrest, said others. But it did not matter much any more where he was. For he might be flying to hide in the robe of Hirohito or motoring up to Munich to hide in an elevator shaft for all the world cared. Mussolini was gone, was out, was approaching his day of judgment. That was the important thing. Like the body that Hamlet hid, he would stay till they came. And it did not seem as though they would be long in coming.

So they crossed the Fascist date, XXI, off the calendars and forgot the name of Benito Mussolini.



Me out in front again. As usual. I was a leader. Never again.



Me and those people again. They caused all the trouble.



Me getting a decoration. From the Argentine. Never again.



Not me. An Abyssinian officer. Wish I'd had a few on my side.

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW
YANK Field Correspondent

TUNISIA—It was sunny over the Mediterranean and Pantelleria looked like a small dark stone stuck in the shining blue sea 8,000 feet below the six P-40s droning along on an afternoon patrol. The fighters had been ordered to take off from their African field to sweat out an hour and some minutes of cover over the conquered Italian island, while the Allies pushed ahead with preparations for the invasion of Sicily.

Lt. G. W. Dryden of New York City was leading the flight. His squadron, in action for only three weeks, had bombed Pantelleria in the furious air push toward Italy and at other times had escorted bombers. However, aside from a little wild flak loosed by the forlorn gun crews on the island, the outfit had never known trouble.

The lieutenant scanned the wide empty sky and looked around to make sure the flight was tucked in neatly behind him. He looked at his watch and noticed that the patrol was nearly over.

Behind him the big engines filled the bright salt air with their deep steady noise. Then, through the earphones clamped on his head, over the wild and howling crackle of aircraft radios, came the voice of the air observer on Pantelleria: "Unidentified aircraft approaching the island."

Lt. Dryden wheeled and the flight wheeled behind him. They went out looking for trouble.

Behind Dryden were Lt. Leo Rayford of Washington, D. C.; Lt. Willie Ashley of Sumter, S. C.; Lt. Spann Watson of Hackensack, N. J.; Lt. S. P. Brooks of Cleveland, Ohio, and Lt. Leon Roberts of Pritchard, Ala. They settled tighter in their seats and tensed a little against the pull of the big engines, because there was a fight coming up and all their long hours of training, all the studying and all the sweat and misery of earning their wings and learning how to fight were either finally going to pay off or not pay off on this calm blue afternoon.

They went up to 12,000 feet as the still unseen planes dodged in over the sea, trying to avoid detection. Suddenly from out of the sun the Messerschmitts and the Focke-Wulfs dove. There were 12 of them, screaming down the peaceful air, and behind and above them were 12 bombers, come to lay waste the precious airfield below.

Roberts saw the planes pouncing, looking with their pale paint against the bright sky like white puffs of ack-ack. He wheeled and the rest of the flight wheeled with him, but they had been taken off balance, and it was impossible to maintain company front against the Germans, who were coming down in loose formations of two at 450 miles an hour.

THE P-40 is a comparatively slow plane and its fighting has to be defensive, because the Messerschmitt, with its superior speed, can pick the angle and time of attack. But the P-40 has one great advantage: it can make tighter turns. The flight yanked hard on their controls and turned into the German onslaught.

Dryden, after his turn, found himself far out beyond the edge of the melee, with the bombers passing sedately 5,000 feet above his head. So he roared up above them and then dove down across the tail of the formation, spraying them as he went, and continued right down into the dog-fight below.

Three of the P-40s were making a lufberry, a slow, spiraling circle in which each plane protects the other's tail. From that defensive circle, like covered wagons gathered around a square against Indians on the plains, the defenders can shoot out as the enemy speeds around on the outside. Dryden shook a Focke-Wulf on his tail and snugged into the lufberry, circling, firing his guns as the Germans flicked across his sights.

Leo Rayford was having troubles of his own. Two FWs kept at him, and when he turned into one, the other would get a burst in at him. One burst hit and his right wing shuddered as a 20-mm. cannon shell exploded there. Rayford was fighting grimly, taking the long gamble against the two Germans, when Spann Watson appeared on his wing from nowhere. Watson opened up at long range. He hit the outside German, and the two planes broke away out of the fight.

At the initial turn Willie Ashley's plane had gone into a spin and he'd lost considerable alti-



Negro Fighters' First Battle

It was just a routine engagement between P-40s and German planes before the invasion of Sicily but it was a historic event—the first time Americans of this race met the enemy in aerial warfare.

tude. When he pulled out, he started spiraling up to rejoin the others. Suddenly ahead of him he saw another plane on the loose. He edged in to investigate. It was a Focke-Wulf.

Ashley got in good and close before letting go with his entire works. He saw that his tracers were going too far in front, so he cut down on the lead until he saw the tracers hitting home. He sprayed the German from end to end, and it began a long smoking glide toward the sea.

The pilot followed the falling German plane as far as he dared, but the air behind him was still full of machine-gun fire and spitting planes. He wheeled and climbed to make sure there was no one on his tail, and when he looked down

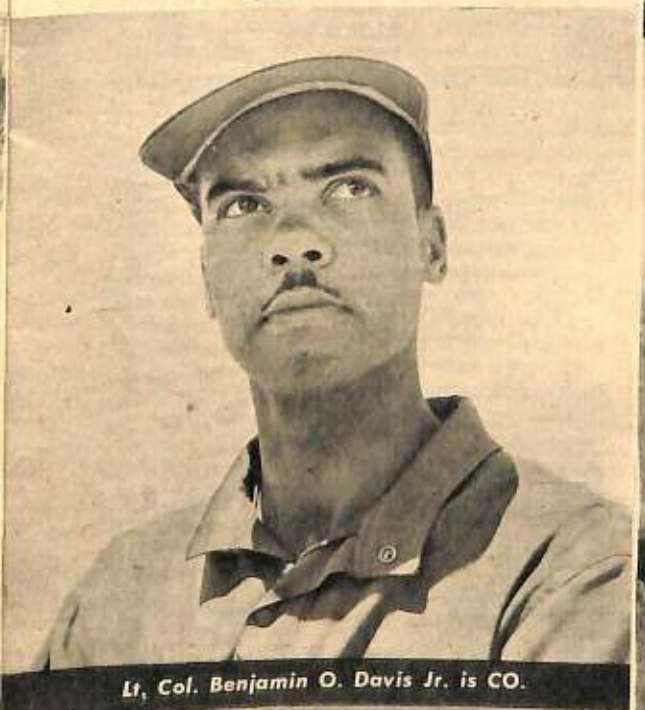
once more there was no sign of the German. Ashley climbed to rejoin his flight.

The six American planes spiraled in formidable porcupine formation, and the German fighters left off and sailed toward Italy. Meanwhile the jittery enemy bombers had jettisoned their loads into the sea, without attempting a run over the island, and were making for home.

Once again the P-40s joined company front, flying wing to wing in extended horizontal order, and resumed their patrol over Pantelleria. A few minutes later they were relieved and headed for home, flying below the formation of Spitfires coming out to carry on the daylight vigil over the island.



Back from a mission, the men report to the intelligence officer, who asks what's been done and what's been seen.



Lt. Col. Benjamin O. Davis Jr. is CO.



Around the airfield is evidence that a little thing like a war cannot divert the native's attention to his farm.



And this happy soldier is M/Sgt. Danvers.

There is nothing very new in this story. Six untried pilots from a squadron new to action meet the enemy and do rather well against him, beating off superior forces without loss to themselves and with probable loss to the enemy. They finish their patrol, alive with new confidence, and fly home to dinner. It must have happened time and again in this war to thousands of fighters. There is nothing new—except that all the pilots are Negroes and the entire squadron, flyers and ground crew, commanding officer and buck privates, are Negroes.

Over the Mediterranean, six Americans of this

race for the first time in history fought for their country in an aerial battle against the enemy.

Lt. Col. Benjamin O. Davis Jr., commanding officer of the squadron, who flies with his men, was graduated from West Point in 1936. He is 30 years old, tall and wiry, and has that peculiar tenseness you find among flyers. Son of Brig. Gen. Benjamin O. Davis, now on duty in the ETO the colonel formed the squadron himself and bears the large weight of responsibility.

He has told his men that he's not interested in commanding just another squadron. He wants a crack outfit or nothing.

Yanks at Home in the ETO



One of the beauties of being a paratrooper in the ETO is that the flatfeet clean up after you. In case there are any doubts, here is the proof in pictures. Down come the paratroopers and then along comes a P.C. (a sergeant, at that) to dispose of their dirty linen. Now ain't you glad you didn't join the Navy?

THERE'S a certain bomber station in the south of England—an American station—and near it is a farmer who owns a herd of goats. None of the officers at the station are on speaking terms with the farmer, nor his wife, nor his goats, nor even his daughter. They say the farmer is prejudiced against officers, that he encourages his goats to dislike officers and encourages them to like enlisted men. The goats seem particularly trained to show little liking for second lieutenants.

Only last week a Lieutenant Harry J. Miller was slumbering away peacefully, if shavetails can do that, when he felt a heavy load on his chest. When he awakened he felt somebody chewing on his ear. At first he thought it was a nightmare, result of a recent experience when flak was so heavy over a German target that the stuff lifted past his lobes. "The hell with it," the lieutenant muttered to himself. Then he opened his eyes wider and saw a bearded goat standing on his chest. The goat was dreamily chewing on his ear. Miller jumped out of his bed and ran. The goat followed him.

It wouldn't be so bad, shavetails at this station complain, if the thing that happened to Lieutenant Miller had been a single instance. But many shavetails are finding goats on their chests these fine mornings. A vicious type, that farmer, but lovable in his own earthy way.

Date-Picker

An American sergeant in London has been here only a few months. In that time he has become very friendly with two British Tommies, who have lived in London all their lives. Whenever the Tommies, who are up-country somewhere, get leave they always come to London and look this sergeant up. They want him to fix them up with dates.
Sic transit gloria British Empire.

... In His Old Tobacco Box

We know a sergeant who is stationed in London and who spends a lot of time, for better or worse, in the Red Cross Clubs. By one of the quirks that God gives only to sergeants, he carries sugar around with him in an old, red Prince Albert tin. Evidently he isn't satisfied with the portions of sugar the Red Cross Clubs dole out, the sugar situation being what it is. The other day he was in one of the clubs and ordered himself up a spot of coffee. One of the hostesses stood aghast as she watched him pour something into his coffee from a tobacco tin.



Now the poor sergeant is pointed out as a nut when he wanders into that particular club. Every one on the staff thinks that he uses tobacco in his coffee.

Cultural Note

When the American troops landed on Sicily, they brought two archaeologists with them to keep the artillery from potting the ruins.

Rank

Two full colonels, their eagles gleaming and smirking brightly on their shoulders, stopped to chat in the tortuous blast-proof entrance to headquarters, completely blocking the narrow entrance. After a while one of them remarked to the other, "Let's get out of here before we're mowed down by a couple of generals." This abject admission of inferiority delighted the ears of the only person waiting to come in—a plain, beat-up little private.

What Cigars Do

One of our spies whose job it is to cover the restaurants in the Soho district reports this story. A sergeant, with the insignia of the fighting

Quartermaster Corps, no less, walked out of a restaurant with an English girl. It was his last day on furlough. The girl was beautiful. He was broke. In fact, he had just enough for taxi fare and tip to take the girl to Charing Cross Station. A taxi stopped and out came a British major with another girl. Without looking to see if there was any one left in the taxi, the sergeant directed the driver to his destination.

"I'm sorry, but I have a gentleman back there," said the driver.

The QMC sergeant stammered and blushed, "So stupid of me, cock," he told the driver. He has been in England for over a year.

The gentleman in the back seat turned out to be about 70. He told the driver to take the American and his girl to Charing Cross first.

On the way over the old gent told the sergeant that he lived in America for several years and that he particularly missed "those good American cigars." The sergeant unbuttoned his pocket and pulled out a half-dozen Dutch Masters. The old man was pleased no end. "I simply must repay you some way. I can't accept them without doing something for you."

"Forget it, cock," the sarge said.

"Forget it, hell," the old gent replied.

The old gent won out. He took the couple to his home where he said he had a surprise waiting for them. He couldn't have had a better surprise, for the sergeant, at least. At his home he pulled open a closet door and, lo and behold, the closet was loaded to the ceiling with cases of Seagram's.

As far as we're concerned we're going to corner the PX cigar market, then we're going to corner the old gent. Blame us, cock?

Just a Note

We want to go on record as saying that, for our money, the softest job in the world is held by the man in the new cabinet formed by Badoglio who holds the title of "Minister for Italian Africa."

Of Pfc's And Yellow Jaundice

Groans of Garrick, but some guys get into the theater in the oddest ways. We just got word from a friend of ours whom we've kept from the Italians with a can of old tomato sauce we've been hoarding for months, that he ran into a Pfc. over at the dispensary who is appearing in a minor part in that play, *The Eve of Saint Mark*.

Our friend claims that the Pfc. was staggering around with a dazed look on his freckled puss and when he gave him the old "What's the matter, bud, did you just discover that you have neurocirculatory asthenia?" routine, the Pfc. broke down and told him that he had just discovered he was to play one of the most important parts, that of the loud Irishman, who made with the dames.

It seems that the Pfc. has carried theater frustration with him for many years and finally had to get mixed up into a war before he could ever do anything about it. Then he only got a minor part as one of the brothers in the play mentioned. He hankered for the part of the Irishman—partly because he's Irish and mostly because it's one of the most colorful. Before we go any further, we'd like to mention that dispensaries have just shelves and shelves of stuff in bottles and we don't know what the stuff is. The Pfc. does. We're getting a little away from our story.

Well, just a short time before this friend of ours appeared on the scene, the veddy veddy talented soldier who had the coveted part of the dame-chasing Irishman came into the dispensary. He was yellow. We mean his complexion was a little Jappy, and our Pfc. had the most exalted pleasure of informing him that he had "yellow jaundice."

There isn't much of a moral to the story, not really much of a point, except the fact that the Pfc. got the part of the Irishman and that the shelves in the dispensary are filled with bottles of stuff and we don't know what's in them. The Pfc. does, even if he is the big star in that big show over at the Scala. We just want to add that we're awful glad that the Pfc. doesn't want anything we have.

Strange Interlude

Army-Navy game, 1943 (sh!).
Scene: London bus.
1st American soldier (to man in blue uniform):
Two to Trafalgar Square, bud.
Blue Uniform: Soddy. I'm not the conductor, old man. I'm a naval officer.
1st American soldier (to 2nd American soldier):
Let's get hell out of here, Joe. This ain't a bus. It's a bloody battleship.
Exit two American soldiers.



Ratings in the ASTP

ARMY privates who are taking the Army Specialized Training Program will be promoted to pfc. when they move up from the basic to the advanced phase of the program, says the WD. Privates who are assigned directly to the advanced phase without taking the basic will also be advanced to pfc. Men in higher grades will retain their

rank and pay when assigned to the advanced phase.

APO Package Regulations

For the benefit of soldiers overseas who still aren't familiar with the latest postal regulations, here's the dope. (And it might be a good idea to pass on the information to the folks back home.) Soldiers stationed overseas do not have to get permission of their CO to receive a package from home. But the sender has to show the post office the soldier's request and the envelope containing his canceled APO number. Packages cannot weigh more than 5 pounds, and must be less than 15 inches long and less than 36 inches in length and girth combined. Not more than one such package will be accepted for mailing in any single week from the same person to the same soldier.

Sea Sickness Capsule

Army physicians of the Engineer Amphibian Command have developed a capsule that is guaranteed to prevent sea sickness. The capsule, called *Motion Sickness Preventive; U. S. Army, Development Type*, has been used in rough-weather operations off the Cape Cod (Mass.) coast with great success. The soldier gets one capsule a half-hour before embarking and another after he embarks. On a long trip he takes another capsule four hours later, and repeats the dose until he is sure he is free from that certain feeling. It is planned to issue these capsules to all soldiers crossing the pond.

Siesta

One infantry outfit out in North Africa has gone native with the adoption of a "siesta" time schedule, knocking off during the three hottest hours of the afternoon for a bit of snoozing beneath the shade of a nearby olive grove. But they make up for the lost time by re-veiling at 4.30 and working after the siesta until 6.30 in the evening.

Medics

Making his first parachute leap, Lt. Col. William R. Lovelace, II, an Air Force surgeon, broke all records at Spokane, Washington, when he jumped from 40,200 feet. He did it to "find out for myself whether emergency oxygen equipment was as good as laboratory tests showed."

The lieutenant colonel, who is an expert on high altitude equipment, received a frost bite as his only injury when his glove flipped off at 50 below zero. The shock of the parachute opening brought on a temporary blackout, but he regained consciousness at 30,000 feet. At 8,000 feet he felt normal and spent the rest of his journey enjoying the ride. It took 23 minutes and 51 seconds for him to reach the ground.

In Case You've Forgotten

Until August 11, soldiers may apply for full G.I. insurance without medical examination, no matter how much time they've spent in the service or whether they've rejected or declined government insurance at any previous date. Application for full insurance coverage, up to 10,000 dollars policy, should be made at unit headquarters.

Reverse Brass

It seems there's a lot of to-do down in North Africa about the sloppy and lackadaisical salutes some officers give. Only trouble is, nobody's had any bright ideas how to change the situation.

One colonel claims he has the perfect solution. He wants the Army to make it compulsory for officers in town to carry a walking stick similar to the swagger stick British officers sport.

With a stick in his left hand, the officer would be forced to keep his right hand free for saluting. *Ipsa facto*, no hands in pockets!

Then, too, the colonel says, a walking stick unconsciously gives the wearer that "what-the-hell" air which goes well with any uniform. The colonel himself carries a sawed-off bamboo piece, part of a fishing pole he wangled from an Arab street vendor. He's hoping officers will take the hint.

NLD

We've heard that atebirin is pretty tough stuff to take, but we didn't know until just recently how tough. The following bulletin, published by ABS headquarters in Casablanca, gives a rough idea:

"Soldiers, upon being hospitalized for malaria, will be given a test for atebirin. If he has not taken atebirin and cannot show a medical certificate from an Army doctor, the patient will be marked 'not in line of duty' and become subject to court martial and hospitalization without pay."

So What Department

The WD has ruled that the Sam Browne belt and shoulder straps are no longer authorized. Officers owning them may wear the belts but no new ones may be purchased because leather and brass are critical materials.

We know some brass that's awfully critical material.



ZOOT SUITS.

The Army does not entirely consist of beat-up old field jackets, as this style parade testifies. Sailors have a lovely new Arctic ensemble, jungle troops are at ease in a camouflaged dimity with face to match, and nurses in India wear just any old thing.



People in Sicily Ask Americans Why They Didn't Come Sooner

By Sgt. PETE PARIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN SICILY [By Cable]—The first thing the people in this village wanted to know when the Americans arrived was when the war was going to be over.

Then they asked us why the Americans had been so long in coming to Sicily.

And, after that, they asked us for cigarettes. By the time I arrived in this small Sicilian village on a shuttle trip with an RAF transport outfit, the first landing force of American infantrymen had already pushed past the beach heads into the fields and woods.

I could see certain signs of action in the distance as we circled the landing strip and dropped down onto one of the two right-angle runways built on a wheatfield within the last 24 hours by a GI Engineer outfit.

Tanks and half-tracks were rumbling along the roads toward what looked like a skirmish of armored forces, and I could see clouds of smoke, flashing occasionally with bursts of fire.

After we climbed out of the plane, the first American we met was Lt. Estel Draper of Knoxville, Tenn., boss of the Engineer outfit that pushed in there under heavy fire right behind the infantry, looking for a suitable spot to construct an airfield. Now the worst part of their assignment was over and the boys were comfortably bivouacked under the trees at the edge of the runways, conveniently close to a watermelon patch. They were sitting around sharing the watermelons with their new neighbors, a bunch of antiaircraft men who had their guns already set up and waiting for enemy planes to knock down.

This watermelon-eating scene seemed very peaceful. The tank battle had drifted quite far away, and we couldn't hear the noise of the guns any more. The engineers and antiaircraft men had plenty of cantaloups, too, which they had swapped for cigarettes with the Sicilians. They were all experienced hands at the business of bartering with natives, having sweated out the Tunisian campaign, and they were getting twice as much for a cigarette as they had when they first landed on foreign shores.

The present rate of exchange was one canta-

loup for one cigarette, but the engineers were afraid the prices would rise when more Americans began to flow into the islands. The demand for tomatoes was also getting heavy.

Between mouthfuls of watermelon and cantaloup, the boys nibbled at C and K rations, just to make the quartermasters happy.

The atmosphere became less peaceful as we moved away from the airfield. In a jeep borrowed from Lt. Draper, a few of us took off for town. The RAF squadron leader wanted to find the hospital so he could evacuate a load of wounded to Africa in his transport planes.

It was a field hospital, set up for the most part in pyramidal tents. The squadron leader went to contact the CO and I began wandering around the receiving tent, where I saw two German prisoners awaiting treatment. The hospital had quite a few enemy cases, so evidently the Germans and Italians were leaving their wounded behind, unattended in the field. These two Nazis I saw weren't more than 16 or 17 and they wore a smart-aleck expression of cockiness on their faces. I felt like putting them over my knee and spanking them.

In front of another tent, some American nurses were sitting with their mess kits in their hands, waiting for chow. They all had red noses from the sun, and some were even beginning to peel. One nice looking blond came over to ask me if I knew a correspondent friend of hers. She wanted to send him a message. The British soldiers around the hospital tents stared at me, wondering how I managed to make such apparently good time on such apparently short notice.



"Hey, Luigi! Lasta time I see you, you was only deesa high!"

The countryside showed some signs of fighting—roads torn up and wreckage scattered here and there. The Sicilian terrain was a lot like northern Tunisia without the Arabs and shoeshine boys. We passed two women carrying heavy bundles on their heads. They waved to us cheerfully. Then we saw a granary with "Duce" painted three times in big letters on its roof.

Approaching the town, we saw a lot of U.S. Army vehicles and half-tracks on the alert. Soon we ran into American soldiers on foot. All of them were wearing woolen ODs, the regulation battle dress here, and all of them were tanned and tough looking. They were packing plenty of weapons and ammunition, and they all seemed to be having a reasonably good time.

The town itself, like many Tunisian towns, was small and sunny, its three- and four-storied stucco buildings very simply constructed. We stopped in the middle of the square, looking for somebody to tell us where to find the hospital. The square was surrounded by bakeries and butcher shops. The Sicilians go big for advertising signs. There were several billboards plastered with pictures of Mussolini and the word "Duce." I also noticed one Singer Sewing Machine sign.

We finally got directions from an MP who had a rifle slung over his shoulder, a .45 hanging on his hip and a knife strapped to his leg. He had been busy talking with two of the local belles but left them temporarily to show us the route to the hospital. While he was pointing the way, a couple of townspeople came up and bummed cigarettes from us. They were very friendly and thanked us profusely in Italian when we gave them a light.

Finally we located the hospital on a road well marked with the familiar GI signs and arrows of various outfits that had moved that way recently.

We all ate supper at the hospital. The medics had bought a cow from a local farmer and we had wonderful honest-to-God hamburgers, washed down with lukewarm tea.

The hospital wasn't quite ready to evacuate its wounded, so after supper we went back to our jeep. The driver was waiting for us in the front seat, surrounded by cantaloups. He was working on one of them with his infantry knife and had a half dozen more scattered around the floor of the jeep.

"You see what I mean?" he said between mouthfuls.

BACK at the airfield we ran into action. Four ME-109s had come over to see what was happening, and the antiaircraft boys cut loose at them. There was a lot of noise but no damage on either side. Two Spitfires sailed up and chased the MEs back where they belonged.

We had flown to Sicily in formation but the squadron leader issued orders for each plane to take off alone for the return trip. We carried a new passenger in our plane—an American P-40 pilot, Lt. William Feustel of Lindenhurst, Long Island, who was forced down on the field when his plane developed motor trouble.

The GIs under the trees were still eating watermelons when we left and everything again looked like Sunday in Georgia. We circled the field and headed down the coast, passing low over the road and scaring the hell out of some native truck drivers. With skill born of long experience, they flattened themselves in a nearby ditch. On the beach of one port town we saw the wreckage of several Italian planes.

In the distance we could still see through a faint haze occasional gun flashes of the tank battle.



They blacked their faces and it wasn't for a minstrel show. They came in soft and quiet from the sky and planted their boots on the back of Sicily.

A WEEK OF WAR

The Russians, of course, were pleased to know that Mussolini took a header, but they were so busy around Orel that they hadn't time to give the matter much thought.

WHILE history was being made in Italy with the "abdication-arrest" of Mussolini, and while the Americans, British and Canadians were pushing magnificently ahead in Sicily, it was necessary to turn one's eyes to the east where the fierce battle for Orel seemed to be a few days away from conclusion.

Last week's news was in some respects wonderfully bewildering; bewildering because it was like a magnificent three-ring circus. You had to keep your eyes on so many places at once. But in one very definite respect, there was nothing at all bewildering about it; it pointed to one clean and simple conclusion. The Axis was on the run.

In the midst of the dramatic news of Italy's one-time Blackshirt leader, the significance of Orel might have been overlooked. It was a major battle, where Germany, using crack troops, had launched one of the greatest offensives of the war. Between July 5 and July 7, this offensive gave the Russian High Command some sleepless nights. The Germans were throwing terrific armor into their drive, using as many as 400 tanks to make a single narrow breach in the Russian lines. In three places, they drove deep wedges into the Russian lines; then they were stuck. The Russians held, and counter-attacked.

On July 24 Marshal Stalin issued an order of the day the contents of which indicated that one of the great turning points of the war had been reached and passed.

He said: *The German offensive of July in the areas south of Orel and north of Byelgorod, in the direction of Kursk was finally liquidated.*

The German Command brought into action on the Orel-Kursk front seven tank divisions, two motorized and 11 infantry divisions, and on the Byelgorod-Kursk front 10 tank, one motorized, and seven infantry divisions—altogether 17 tank divisions, three motorized divisions and 18 infantry divisions.

Sustaining great losses in manpower, men and material, the enemy succeeded only in forcing a wedge into our defences on the Orel-Kursk front to a depth of five miles and on the Byelgorod-Kursk front from 10 to 17 miles.

Our troops wore down and bled white the picked German divisions, and with counter blows not only threw the enemy back and completely restored the situation but also broke through the enemy defenses, advancing in the direction of Orel from 10 to 15 miles.

In the period between July 5 and 23 the enemy lost:—

Killed, 70,000.

Tanks destroyed and disabled, 2,900.

Self-propelled guns, 195.

Field guns, 844.

Planes, 1,392.

Lorries destroyed, 5,000.

The German plan of a summer offensive must be considered completely frustrated.

It was the statement of a great victory of the war. And as the days grew on, the German offensive became a defensive battle for survival. Two hundred and fifty thousand enemy troops were locked in a pocket around the important rail center of Orel, and the Russians were closing in on them from the north, east and south.

Another Stalingrad seemed to be in the making, and people wondered why the Germans didn't try to escape while there was a chance of saving as much as possible from the wreckage.

The Russians managed to cross the Donetz and Mius Rivers at several points, and by the week's end were astride the Bryansk-Orel rail line which was the only line of supply communications left to the Germans caught in the Orel pocket. Even all avenues of escape were closed to the Germans with the exception of one narrow, dirt road. All the villages in the path of the Nazi retreat were in flames, the highway running along the railway about 20 miles to the south was being heavily shelled by the Russians.

Except for the fact that Orel was such a glittering prize, it was hard to figure why the Germans kept



Catching the gleam of the sun, these monsters are being manhandled into the ready line. All Russia is on that line today.

throwing in reserves to defend their positions, instead of getting out.

Even if the Russian offensive went no farther than Orel, capture of this town would be a crowning success. With Orel in their hands, the Russians would be able to restore through rail communications to Moscow and a point just above Byelgorod.

ALL this fits into a single pattern. With the bridgeheads established across the Donetz and Mius Rivers the way was clear for a strong Russian advance into the grainlands of the Ukraine and the coalfields of the Don basin.

With this great supply area restored to Russian use, and rail traffic established through to Moscow, offensives against the Germans in the north would be greatly facilitated.

And there was every indication that these offensives had been started. The German radio announced that 200,000 Russian troops had struck at the German positions on the Leningrad front. The Germans admitted that great forces of Soviet tanks had been hurled against their lines and had been successful in making breaches there.

And thus it was that Orel would go down in history as one of the major disasters suffered by the German Army in the present war. It meant that the first great German summer offensive had been stopped almost dead in its tracks; it meant that the German hold on the Ukraine and Don basin was seriously threatened; it meant that rail transportation between north and south would be restored to the Russians; it spelt defeat for the invincible German Army. It was a major triumph for the cause of the United Nations.

The Germans knew it and the Russians knew it. And in a steady downpour of rain that had lasted

for over a fortnight, the Germans were throwing everything they had into the fight to the finish. Feverishly, they dug trenches along the edges of ravines, rivers and the drenched forests, trying to establish as many points for defence as possible. Said one Soviet soldier: "We don't want any more talk about 'General Winter.' This time we are licking the Germans at the height of summer. We have smashed their Kursk offensive as no offensive had ever been smashed before. Now we are attacking, and we have every confidence that we shall get Orel."

The world believed him.

THERE were other headaches for Hitler, too. In Yugoslavia, and on the Greek-Yugoslav border, guerrilla armies were engaging large Axis forces in the fiercest fighting in months.

The Germans, desperately trying to wipe out the revolutionary forces in south-eastern Europe before the Allies could start an invasion through there, were using three Italian divisions, two German divisions and three Bulgarian divisions. In spite of this array of Axis troops, the guerrillas were more than holding their own.

They were waging a successful running battle around the Kachanik Gorge, and in the Vardar and Morav Valleys. Using hit-and-run tactics, they were destroying large numbers of enemy troops and successfully carrying out many acts of sabotage.

On the Greek-Yugoslav border, the guerrillas were on the offensive, with Yugoslavian guerrillas and Greek patriots in close collaboration.

What would happen to the Italian troops the Germans were using in the Balkans, now that Mussolini had fallen, was anybody's guess.

What the restive Balkans would do, was anybody's good guess.

SHIP

SGT. DICK HANLEY, YANK'S CAMERAMAN, RECORDS LIFE ABOARD



Three pairs of GIs relax in their bunks, stacked together with little room to spare.



One of the chief pastimes aboard a transport is to lean over the rail and



What the PX looks like on a transport. Don't try to buy too much.



Pfc. Eugene D. Landwehr of Mankato, Minn., cleans up, using his helmet to hold water.



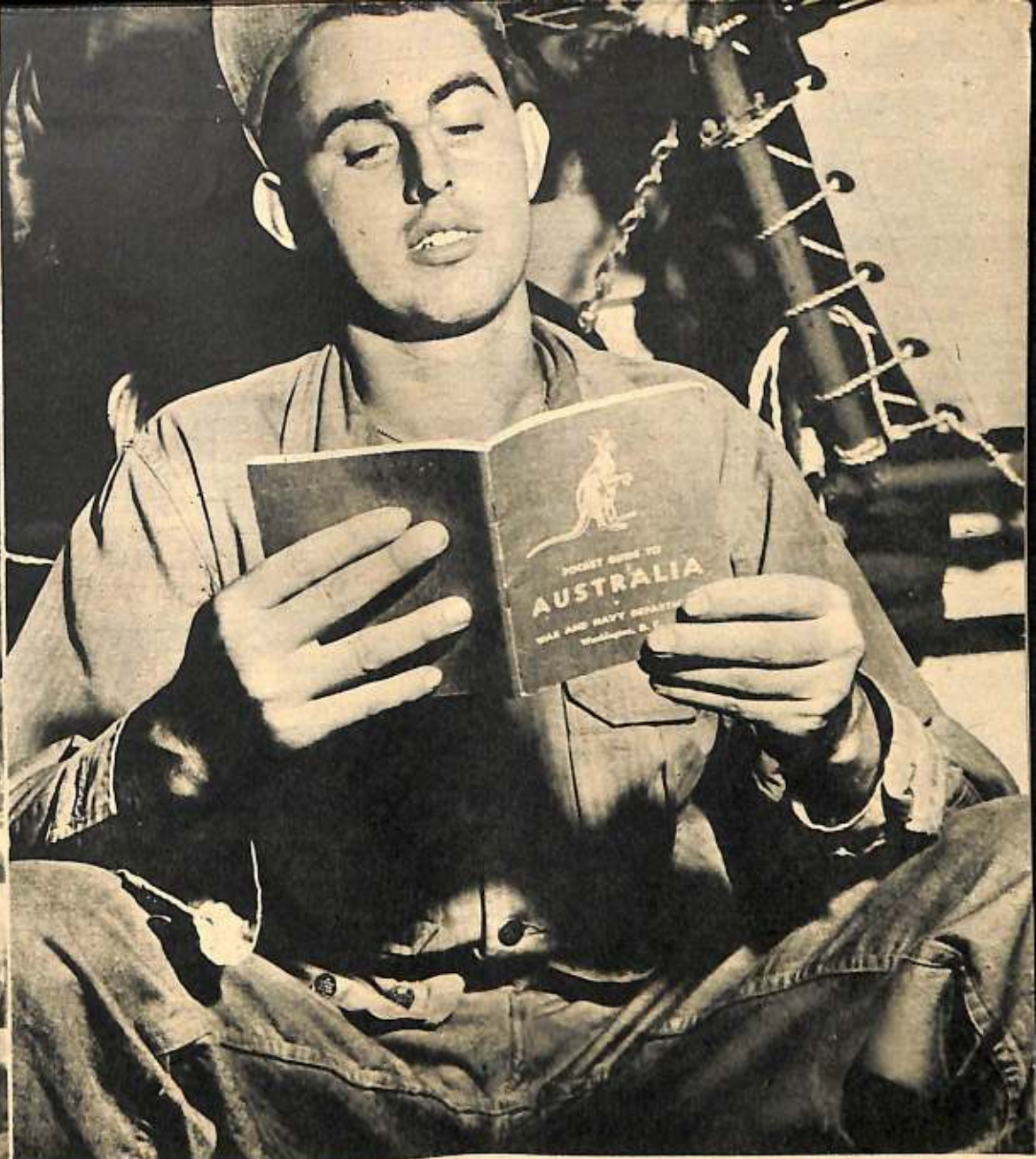
Hiding from a blazing sun under the protecting shadow of a lifeboat, one soldier reads a book while the others rest.

PIPED

BOARD A TROOP TRANSPORT CROSSING THE PACIFIC



and speculate, or expectorate, on the churning waters of the Pacific.



This guy swallowed the latrine rumors and bought himself a book.



Below decks they clean rifles or sleep a bit.



One of the nightly boxing matches.



There's no lack of barbers or customers at this shop. A hatch cover on the transport makes an ideal location. Prices are low.



Pvt. Morton Ross (the stripes aren't his) gets YANK from librarian S/Sgt. Henry Hudson.



Eating chow at one table in mess hall. Salt air makes 'em hungry.



Pola Negri is back in Hollywood to make her first picture in 11 years. She's shown with blond June Havoc, who'll play with her in "Hi Diddle Diddle."

THIS was the week when the food situation and problems of high living costs were heading for a showdown of some sort. People all over the country were squawking. Some of the matters were of a nature that the Government couldn't do much about anyway. Such as the complaint of the residents of Estes Park, Colo., who said that bears were raiding their homes of food supplies and that, therefore, the Office of Price Administration should give them additional ration points.

Both branches of organized labor tossed the food cost complaints into the President's already overloaded lap and, in effect, said to him: "Food prices are much too high and something must be done about it soon, or else."

AFL President William Green and CIO President Philip Murray conferred with Roosevelt and afterwards demanded the ouster of OPA Administrator Prentiss M. Brown unless he rolled back food prices to the level of September 15, 1942. The labor chiefs threatened to discontinue support of the President's price and wage stabilization program unless price cuts are made soon. Speaking in Detroit, Green declared that the "Little Steel" formula permitting wage increases of 15 per cent to cover increased living costs between January 1, 1941 and May 1, 1942, was "antiquated" because prices soared while wages were fixed. "Unless food prices are brought down to a reasonable level organized labor will have no other recourse but to demand wage increases," said Green.

Green said AFL surveys showed that in many instances food costs have gone up from 50 to 200 per cent since Pearl Harbor.

Roosevelt disclosed that a new program to hold down the cost of living is being drafted for Congressional consideration. At the same time, the Bureau of Labor Statistics revealed the first drop in the cost of living index since November, 1940, of two-tenths of one per cent, and the War Labor Board announced its intention of "holding the lid" on further wage boosts.

Mrs. Edith Bell of Berkeley, Calif., asked a court to restrain the James A. Gallagher family from making faces at her dog. The petition charged that the Gallaghers are "annoying and harassing my dog by making faces and loud, unseemly noises by voice and instrument, causing the dog to become excited, nervous and irritable."

OPA agents and police inspectors of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia began requisitioning truckloads of poultry en route to markets in an effort to

provide the Army with food, and to halt Black Market dealings. The seizures were authorized by the War Food Administration after the Army was unable to buy a needed weekly supply of 1,000,000 pounds of fresh poultry at ceiling prices. OPA officials claimed the Delaware, Maryland and Virginia area sent 25 per cent of its weekly 4,000,000-pound poultry output to the Black Market.

"By eliminating the Black Market we shall enable the Army and housewife to buy poultry at fair prices through normal channels," OPA Administrator Brown said. Meanwhile, announcements were made that civilian purchases

warehouse and three dwellings. Her advertisement read: "Anybody who wants to own a good, prosperous and outstanding town can buy one cheap. Right now my men folks are gone and nobody is left but me."

Officials of the War Production Board announced that with the figures on hand they believed July would prove to be the turning point in attaining this year's war production goal. Both Chairman Donald Nelson and Vice Chairman Charles E. Wilson of the WPB issued statements warning that in spite of production rises "this is going to be an increasingly stubborn and hard war."

DR. T. V. SOONG, China's foreign minister, conferred with President Roosevelt and later declared it was "anybody's guess" how long the war against Japan will continue. Admiral Frederick Horne, vice-chief of U. S. Naval operations, said America is building "a fleet which we expect to operate till 1949," and Secretary of the Navy Frank

NEWS FROM HOME

Mrs. F. D. R. Changed a Baby's Diapers, John L. Lewis "Recognized" the War Labor Board, and Doris Duke Cromwell was Reno-Bound.

of turkey will be banned during August and September to assure overseas soldiers of an ample supply for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

Stanley Field of Denver, Colo., searched his basement for a pair of old shoes he discarded. He found the shoes in quick time, but was too late in discovering that wasps built a nest in one of the shoes. A physician ordered Field to recover at home.

MORE than 100 restaurant owners from the Tuscan, Ariz., area met and resolved to serve no meat on Tuesdays and Thursdays as a patriotic gesture. A Newark, N.J., fish dealer named Bernard Schwartz was unable to pay his fine and so started a 2,880-day jail term in Union City for having 12 dozen illegal-sized lobsters in his possession. Mrs. P. Y. Blackburn of Fayetteville, N.C., killed a hen for dinner and found three pins, six nails and two dozen .22 shells inside the fowl.

Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson announced plans to release 4,500 men from the Army whose experience qualifies them for working in copper and zinc mines. Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt said that the Veterans' Employment Division of the United States Employment Service is finding jobs in war plants for men discharged from the Army because of physical disabilities.

Mrs. Ann Daniel, who owns everything in the 36-acre town of Gabbettville, Ga., except the Post Office, offered to sell her 75-year-old community (population, 55) for \$50,000, including a store, barn,



Gen. Henri Giraud calls on President Roosevelt after his arrival in Washington. Gen. Marshall is at the right and two of Giraud's aides in the rear.

Knox condemned "foolish, optimistic talk (that) is going round." Nothing could be worse for ultimate victory, Knox said, as he predicted the Allies would face an army of seven to eight million when they invaded the continent.

Twenty-nine baboons of the Daily Bros. Circus escaped at Delta, Colo. All but eight were recaptured. In Atlanta, Ga., the Government dismissed mail-fraud charges against Dr. Hiram Evans, former Ku Klux Klan head, and John Greer Jr., former state purchasing agent, in connection with state asphalt purchases.

Mrs. Lilian Henton, 76, burned to death in Seattle, Wash., when a cigar she was smoking set her clothing afire. Mrs. Herman Kopp, married for 49 years, won a divorce at Tulsa, Okla., after testifying that her husband had communicated with her only by notes for three years. The Pittsburgh, Pa., Humane Society threatened court action unless Mrs. Cecilia Wega quit her job as a laborer for the Pennsylvania Railroad and stayed home with her 13 children.

John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers split the ranks of the bituminous coal operators by signing a separate agreement with the Illinois Coal Operators' Association. Covering 30,000 miners, the two-year pact stipulates portal to portal pay, a provision once denied by the War Labor Board in the Appalachian coal fields, and includes a no-strike clause. The operators immediately asked the WLB and OPA for their approval for price advances to cover the increased labor costs.

The Appalachian operators were cool to a UMW invitation to accept the same terms specified in the Illinois operators' agreement and demanded that the WLB compel the union to renew its old agreement. Shifting his tactics, Lewis "recognized" the WLB—after repeatedly ignoring its invitations to hearings during the nation-wide coal strike—and asked the Labor Board to approve the agreement with the Illinois operators. Lewis agreed to appear before the WLB in support of the Illinois pact.

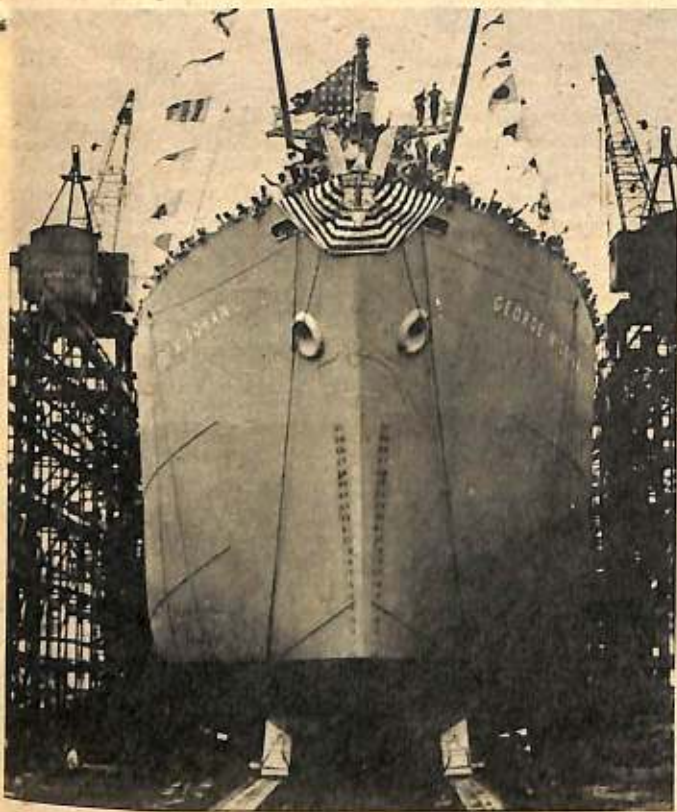
Detective John Pawlick saw 62-year-old Joseph Byrd walking down Monmouth Street in Newark, N.J., one sunny day last week with an umbrella. "What's the umbrella for, pop?" the detective asked. "Just something I carry in case of rain," the old man replied. The skeptical cop shook the umbrella and out fell several hundred policy slips.

Edward S. Stiles, last of the 20-mule team drivers, who made history in the early borax mining days of Death Valley, died at 83 in San Bernardino, Calif.

Nancy Oakes de Marigny described as "fantastic" the charge that her husband, Alfred de Marigny, murdered her wealthy father, Sir Harry Oakes, at Nassau, Bahamas. The 19-year-old Mrs. de Marigny flew to Nassau from New England where she was attending college. She denied that her father objected to her marriage, and visited her husband, a former count, twice at the prison in Nassau.

Most of the aircraft companies, now busy producing fighter and bomber planes, were reported to have designed special planes for the expected post-war boom in aviation. One firm was said to have designed an aerial car; the wings would be detached at an airport and the vehicle would then drive into the city. The Greyhound Bus Corp. applied to the Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to operate "aerial buses." The company proposes to initiate a helicopter line between Detroit and Flint, Mich.

The Twentieth Century-Fox Film Company bought the screen rights of Wendell Willkie's book, *One World*, for \$100,000. The book has already topped the 1,600,000 sales mark. Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne will go to Drew Field, Fla., for the filming of sequences of *A Guy Named Joe*. More than half of the picture will be shot at that field. Freddie Steele, middleweight champion from 1936 to 1938, will play the part of Bugsy, a marine pal of Eddie Bracken, in Paramount's comedy, *Hail the Conquering Hero*. Former strip-teaser Ann Corio



The Liberty ship SS George M. Cohan slides down the ways at Baltimore, Md. Named after the late song writer and actor, the ship was christened by Marjorie Cantor, daughter of Eddie Cantor.

will get \$10,000 weekly for playing in the film, *The Sultan's Daughter*.

Albert Brown, 65, was sentenced to two years in state prison for accepting more than \$1,500 from the Camden, N.J., relief bureau while he had a nest egg of \$1,900 in a bank. He explained in court that he feared the relief fund might be exhausted and he wanted sufficient funds in the bank for a rainy day.

THE OPA ordered the freezing of food and beverage prices in 250,000 restaurants and hotels between New York and Washington, D.C., at levels prevailing between April 4 and April 10. Supplemental orders were expected directing price reductions in special areas by specified hotel and restaurant operators.

John Dmitroff, a St. Louis, Mo., hotel bus boy put his life's savings of \$1,053 in war bonds as a safety measure. The money was stolen earlier in the week but the thief, nettled by his conscience, returned the money, using a clergyman as a go-between. Dmitroff was so happy he declined to prosecute.

Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes told a meeting of powerful industrialists that if the war effort is being bungled the so-called dollar-a-year effort is largely responsible. "The war is not being run by New Dealers, or bureaucrats like me, but by dollar-a-year businessmen imported to Washington for the duration," declared Ickes. He said many of the executives were highly competent in their own fields, "but inexperienced and untrained in government procedures."

The Gideon's International Conference at Boston announced that they have given 5,000,000 New Testaments, enough to make a stack 39 miles high, to service men and women. Stanley Rudd of Los Angeles gave a lift and bought beer for two girl

hitch-hikers and one man. Later they beamed him over the head with beer bottles and tried unsuccessfully to get his wallet containing \$90. They finally threw him out of his car.

GEORGE WHITE'S *Scandals*, now touring the West Coast, did capacity business at Portland, Ore., after arriving a day late because of failure to make train connections from Oakland, Calif. Two New circuses folded in the East—Gilbert Bros. at Hartford, Conn., after a few weeks on the road, and Larry Sunbrock's "big top" back of the Roxy Theatre in New York City. Meanwhile, Ringling Brothers' European-style circus "Spangles," settled down for an all-summer run in Madison Square Garden.

Major General William Upshur, 61, commanding officer of Marine Corps Pacific Department, and Captain Charles S. W. Paddock, 42, known in the twenties as the "world's fastest human," were killed with four others in an air crash near Sitka, Alaska. Paddock was Upshur's aide, represented the United States three times at the Olympics and was the holder of the national outdoor 300-yard and 300-meter records at the time of his death.

Thorworld Hagen, 74, was charged with doing a fan dance in the Loop Hotel in Minneapolis at 2.20 a.m. Police said Hagen had his pants rolled up to his knees, and had drunk everything available for more than nine hours. The old man denied that he was on a drinking spree but said he always "rolled up my pants when I go haying." Fined ten dollars, Hagen declared, "Very cheap, very cheap."

The Army and Navy casualty lists showed 16,556 soldiers and sailors killed during the first 18 months during this war, compared to approximately 53,000 deaths in the same period in the last war. Under-Secretary Patterson warned that it is "almost certain that fighting in the immediate future will likely be much heavier than we have thus far experienced."

The current Boston city directory, containing a record number of names, lists 47 columns of Sullivans, 39½ columns of Smiths, and 12½ columns of Joneses, but not a single Greengroin.

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was resting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kemper Freeman at Port Angeles, Wash., before attending a ship launching ceremony. When the time came to leave for the ship yard, Mr. Freeman asked the nurse where Mrs. Roosevelt was. "She has just finished changing the baby's diapers," the nurse replied. The baby was Freeman's 2½-month-old daughter.

A federal grand jury indicted Harold Ebury, 45-year-old British subject, at San Francisco on a censorship violation charge. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief, charged Ebury headed a "nation-wide platinum smuggling ring" through which more than 7,000 grammes of platinum reached Axis countries.

The town of McClusky, N.D., repealed two ordinances, one forbidding women to wear any clothing resembling men's apparel and another setting the speed limit at "not faster than a horse's trot." The International Association of Clothing Designers prepared plans at a convention in New York to battle the habit of wearing no coat in hot weather, by designing sports coats of lightweight fabrics. The association predicted that after wearing uniforms, soldiers upon returning to civilian life will seek "colorful clothes for the pure joy of wearing them."

Mrs. Doris Duke Cromwell, known as the world's



Bunny Waters, 6-foot movie actress, is "backing" a drive for \$130,000,000 in War Stamps to build an aircraft carrier called the Shangri-La. Actress Helen O'Hara is holding the prophetic design.

richest girl, is reported Reno-bound with three horses in a special car to seek a divorce from Jimmy Cromwell. Pvt. William Saroyan and his wife, Carol Marcus, were reported expecting a baby. And Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hadwig sued the South Hoover Hospital in Los Angeles for \$500,000, charging that a mixup by nurses gave them a baby girl instead of a boy.

James M. Landis, director of the Office of Civilian Defence, notified 200 employees that their services were terminated as a result of the recent reduction in the OCD appropriation by Congress. Senator Millard R. Tydings (D., Md.) said he was "shocked" on learning that the number of Government civilian employes surpassed the three million mark and demanded a 10 per cent cut.

John McCarrens, president of the Cleveland (Ohio) *Plain Dealer* was shot and seriously wounded in his office with a pearl-handed revolver fired by Herbert L. Kobrak, former general manager of Cleveland German and Hungarian newspapers, who afterwards shot and killed himself. Kobrak's brief-case contained notes indicating the murder was premeditated. McCarrens said Kobrak appealed to him for financial help to start a graphic newspaper.

A red-haired youth, killed while rifling the cash register in the store owned by Mrs. Eva Philpott at Williamsburg, Ky., was so handsome that the entire community chipped in to pay for his funeral and everybody in town filed past his coffin. All efforts to identify the youth failed.

A Columbus, Ohio, woman made a frantic phone appeal to the Fire Department emergency squad. "Come at once. Baby is dying," she cried.

The baby died when the firemen arrived. It was the woman's pet dog.



This picture was taken just after a stock of liquor exploded, wrecking the Hula Club in Chicago. Donald Harvey, bartender, lies on sidewalk where he rolled in attempt to extinguish flames on his clothing.

THE NEW TAX BILL

If you're worried about taxes, the word is that you're going to get off easy unless you made a million dollars last year.

By Cpl. RICHARD PAUL
YANK Washington Bureau

THE new pay-as-you-go tax law, signed by the President last month, does practically everything for men in the armed forces except serve them their breakfast in bed. In fact, it's so liberal that unless you made a big pile of dough with investments, dividends and the like in 1942, your tax problems—for the duration, at least—will be as scarce as Japs on the island of Attu.

In this new bill, the soldier's exemption for service pay is \$1,500 as compared with \$250 or \$300 under the old law. This is in addition to the personal exemptions to which every one is entitled. Thus a single soldier gets a \$2,000 exemption from taxes, a married soldier \$2,700. And each child adds \$350 more exemption.

A married soldier with a working wife may, however, want to apply the personal exemption to his wife's salary. Married people are entitled to \$1,200 personal exemption between them, and they can split it up however they see fit. Take for example a sergeant in the U. S. who is pulling down \$936 a year and has a wife who works. His \$1,500 service-pay exclusion will keep him out of the tax brackets, so he can permit his wife to use the \$1,200.

Remember, however, that this \$1,500 exclusion covers only service pay. It doesn't apply to money you made outside the Army. You can't apply it to stock dividends, money from the old company that still keeps you on its pay roll or gambling profits. But you can apply it to such items as overseas pay, flight pay and so forth.

The next biggest feature of the new tax bill is that it puts taxpayers on a current basis. In other words, they pay taxes on their 1943 incomes in 1943, not in 1944 as would be the case under the old system. However, the withholding provisions, by which civilian taxes will be collected at the source, do not apply to service pay. The soldier will be unaffected by withholding unless he is still on a civilian pay roll.

In getting on this pay-as-you-go basis Congress had made provision for taking care of two years' taxes in one year. It provided that:

1. Civilian taxpayers pay during 1943 the full amount of the larger of the taxes for the years 1942 and 1943.

2. The Government cancel \$50 or 75 percent (whichever is greater) of the smaller of the taxes of those two years.

3. The remaining 25 percent of the tax for the smaller year be spread over the next two years, with 12½ percent payable on Mar. 15, 1944, and the rest on Mar. 15, 1945.

For soldiers, however, there is special relief in a provision concerning earned income. Earned income means the first \$3,000 of a man's income regardless of source and any above that amount received as compensation for services. Unearned income means any income other than compensation for services that is not included in the first \$3,000. All service pay is earned income.

If a serviceman's 1942 tax exceeds his 1943 one, the earned-income provision in effect forgives 75 percent of the 1943 tax and as much of the 1942 tax as results from earned income. In a case where his Army pay was his only source of income during the whole year, this means that the whole year's tax is canceled. A couple of examples may make this a little clearer.

Take a soldier who had only earned income in 1942 and owed \$100 tax on it, and, with the new high exemptions, doesn't owe any tax for 1943.



The only GIs with tax problems now are those who made piles of dough from investments in 1942

His greater tax year was 1942, and he would pay that tax in 1943 if he were a civilian. But since the tax was based on earned income, as a soldier he is forgiven that tax, and also 75 percent of his 1943 tax, which is nothing. In short, he doesn't have to pay a cent of tax for either year.

Again, take the case of a soldier who had both earned income and income from investments in 1942. His 1942 tax, after eliminating his earned income, is \$80. In 1943 his earned income is all service pay, and the tax on it is wiped out by the \$1,500 exclusion, but he still owes a \$75 tax on investment income. This year he must pay the 1942 tax of \$80. He is forgiven 75 percent of his 1943 \$75 tax, and pays the other 25 percent of that tax in 1944 and 1945. For his earned income he doesn't owe anything, being in the same position as the first soldier.

THERE'S an exception to this complicated business when a man's 1942 net earned income was over \$14,000, but anyone who made that much money can afford to hire his own tax lawyer.

These forgiveness provisions are most important to men who entered the Army in 1942 or 1943, especially if they made a lot of money before they were inducted at \$50 per. Without these provisions, a buck private's pay might not be enough to take care of all his tax on his civilian pay, but with them the chances are that the tax will be forgiven. They apply to anyone entering the service at any time in 1942 and 1943.

All this forgiving of taxes doesn't have anything to do with the Victory tax, which you still owe and still have to pay on Mar. 15, 1944, unless

you are overseas. However with the new high exemptions you pay a 5-percent Victory tax only on income over \$2,124—your \$1,500 service pay exclusion plus the \$624 Victory-tax exemption.

Not many GIs will have to file declarations or returns from now on. The act provided that everyone would have to pay both March and June installments this year under the old system. But the Bureau of Internal Revenue notified commanding generals of the service commands that servicemen whose March payment took care of their whole liability under the new law would not have to fork over a June install-

ment, saving the headaches of a lot of refunds.

Next Sept. 15 most civilians will have to file a declaration of estimated income. There are three classes of soldiers who must file the declaration also, but not many fall in those classes. If you filed a 1942 return and had a gross income subject to withholding greater than you expect in 1943, you file. Service pay, remember, isn't subject to withholding. Of if you filed a 1942 return or expect to file a 1943 one and had or expect to have more than \$100 investment income in 1942 or 1943, then too you must hand in the declaration. Finally, you must file if you made in 1942 or expect to make in 1943 more than \$2,700 if single or \$3,500 if married (including your wife's income). Otherwise, forget it.

In the declaration you figure what you think you will make for this year. If you owe any tax on it that you haven't already paid in the first two quarterly installments, you pay the remainder in Sept. 15 and Dec. 15 of this year.

One wrinkle of the new tax bill has escaped much comment. It is the provision for abatement of servicemen's taxes in case of death. Anyone in service will have all his unpaid taxes canceled. This applies to anyone who died after Dec. 7, 1941, and will be in effect until the end of the war. The cause of the death doesn't make any difference. If your estate paid the taxes by mistake, the money will be refunded. And it doesn't matter how long you have owed them or how big they are. If you want to get out of any taxes, just get in the way of a Mark VI. Or just spend a few days trying to figure out the new tax act.

ELEANOR PARKER

YANK

Pin-up Girl



SPORTS: WHIRLY HAD TO LICK FEAR TO BECOME A GREAT HORSE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

WHIRLAWAY had just run a hopeless race, finishing fifth in the Equipoise Mile at Washington Park. Back in the barn, Pinky Brown shook his head as he examined the horse's injured left leg. He lowered it gently to the ground and, with a touch of sadness in his voice, told Ben Jones: "Boss, it's still mighty sore. The big horse can't run any more."

Jones hardly heard him. He was in a trance that comes over trainers when, after years of grooming a horse with infinite patience, they finally see him break down. Jones walked out of the barn and looked for a telephone. He was going to ask Warren Wright, the owner, if he could retire Whirlaway. The horse hadn't responded to treatment and Jones knew the only logical course was retirement.

As he walked to that telephone, Jones must have been thinking back over Whirly's career, starting with that cool, spring Kentucky night at the Calumet Farms when Whirly was foaled a silver-spoon colt, the son of the imported English sire, Blenheim II, and Dustwhirl, a fine brood mare.

There was Whirly's first year. Jones could always distinguish him from the rest of the Calumet yearlings as they dashed aimlessly in packs over the bluegrass pastures. His hindquarters looked mighty powerful for a little fellow and he was somewhat less leggy than the others. But in temperament he was irritable and nervous, like any other young thoroughbred.

As a 2-year-old, Whirly became an acute problem. He wasn't mean. He was simply full of fears. Jones told Pinky Brown there was a fine line between plain old horse devilment and fear. Just the same, it took Jones, Brown and three grooms to saddle little Mr. Big Tail. He would buck, rear and jump sideways, and when the jockey finally got him on the track no one ever knew whether Whirly was going to run straight or not.

Take his race with New World in the Saratoga Special. New World came flying from the barrier with Whirly right behind him. As they moved into the turn, Whirly forgot to make the turn and skimmed the outside rail. When Johnny Longden finally got him straightened out, he was seven lengths behind. But Whirly tore after New World, caught him 25 yards from the wire and beat him by a length.

Fortunately for Whirlaway he was in good hands, because he could have been abused and ruined so easily. Jones knew he had a

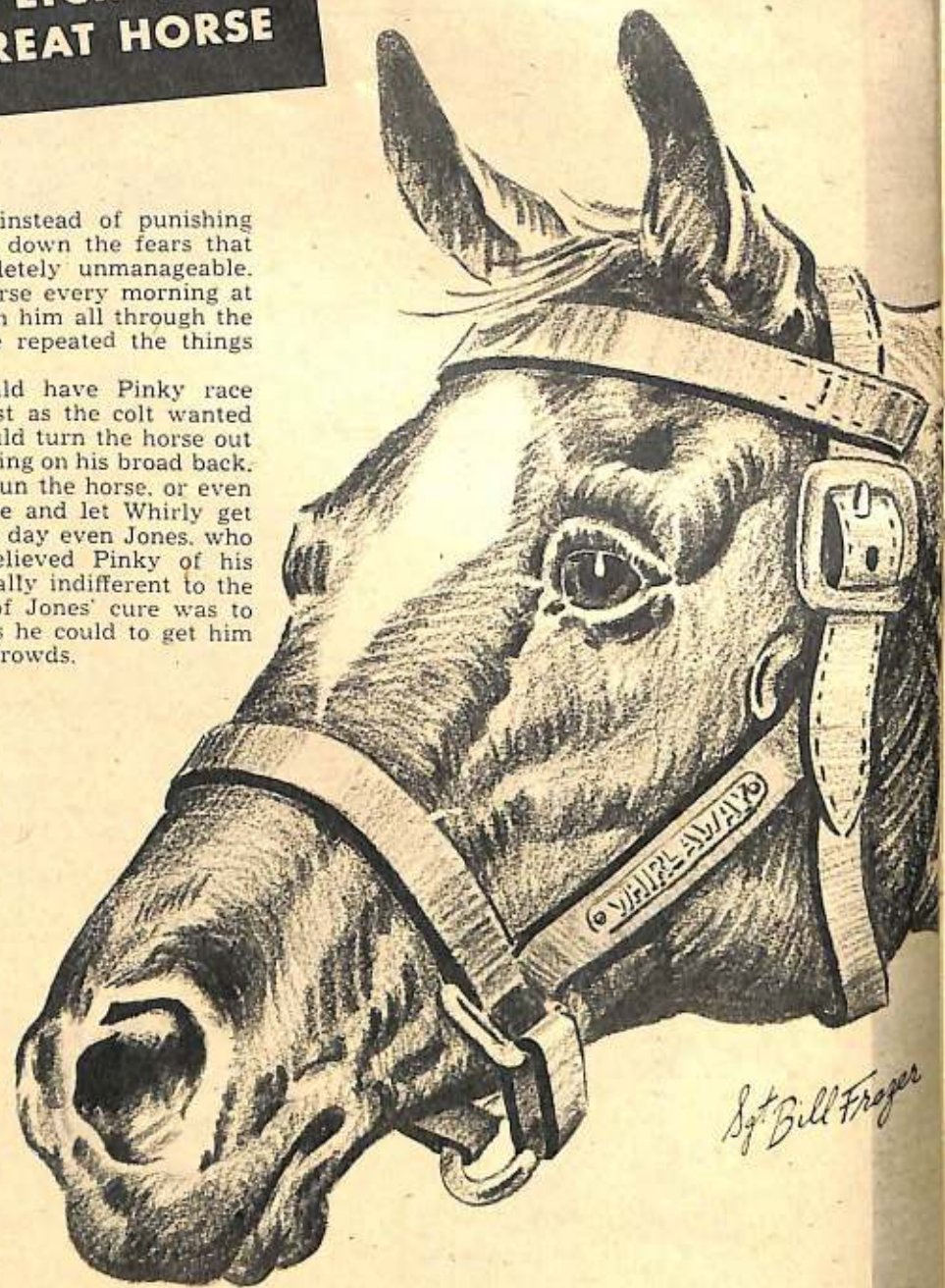
great race horse and instead of punishing him, he tried to break down the fears that made Whirly so completely unmanageable. He was up with his horse every morning at 5:30 and he stayed with him all through the day. Over and over he repeated the things that excited Whirly.

One day Jones would have Pinky race Whirly as hard and fast as the colt wanted to go. The next, he would turn the horse out to graze, with Pinky sitting on his broad back. Pinky was told not to run the horse, or even walk him, just sit there and let Whirly get the feel of a rider. One day even Jones, who weighs 200 pounds, relieved Pinky of his mount. Whirly was totally indifferent to the change. Another part of Jones' cure was to race Whirly as often as he could to get him used to the track and crowds.

As a 3-year-old, Whirly had succeeded in shaking off his fears but still hadn't lost his tendency to bear out. In Florida, the winter before the 1941 Kentucky Derby, the racing writers generally agreed that hot-eyed Whirly was an outlaw, a bum, and they tagged him the "All-American Outcurve." Jones didn't alibi for his horse. Instead he told them that Whirly would win the Derby, and then he went to work to make sure the horse would.

His first step was to find a rider who could keep Whirly straight. Eddie Arcaro was drafted for the job despite his howls that Whirly was crazy. Pinky told Arcaro how to ride the horse. Jones always did figure Pinky knew more about the horse than anybody else. He once said, "Pinky could race Whirlaway with just a halter and shank." And the day before the Derby, Jones devised a one-eyed blinker that permitted Whirly to see only out of his left eye, cutting off his favorite view of the outside rail.

Jones will always remember that Derby. Whirly began pouring it on three-eighths of a mile from home, and when he lit into the



stretch you could swear he was flying. No horse ever ran the Derby faster than Whirly's 2:01 2-5. Then there was Whirly's spine-chiller with the swift Alsab, Whirly and the 'Sab running nostril to nostril and Alsab winning by a whisker in a photo finish; the Dixie Handicap, where Whirly ate up chunks of stretch to make up 20 lengths; the day he smashed Seabiscuit's money-winning record by setting a new track record in the Massachusetts Handicap. And then the Equipoise Mile, Whirly limping home a tragic fifth. Ben Jones made his telephone call.

DURING the filming of "This Is The Army," Sgt. Joe Louis spotted a private walking around the studio lot, twirling an overseas cap in his hand. Louis stalked the private and, instead of eating him out, said: "Son, that's a good way to get sunstroke." The private, a white boy, smiled and adjusted the cap on his head. . . . YANK's proposal for a championship baseball game between the Air Forces and Ground Forces to be played at the Berlin Sportspalast has caught fire. Lt. L. W. Le Feve of the Kansas City QM Depot is so sure the game's coming off that he already has bought equipment for it.

When Jim Braddock was offered a first lieutenantcy in the Army Transportation Corps, he accepted only on the condition that his manager, Joe Gould, would get the same rank. The irony of the whole thing is that Gould now is a captain and Jim is still waiting. . . . Since the Army-Navy football game is Army's home game this fall, Lt. Col. Biff Jones says it will probably be played at West Point. Both Annapolis and West Point have added new teams to their fall schedules. Navy will play Duke University and Army will tackle Temple. . . . Sgt. Barney Ross, the little gray marine, has been awarded the Navy's Silver Star for slugging those 22 Japs on Guadalcanal. . . . Capt. Chuck Gelatka, the New York Giants' big end, has recovered from an attack of malaria

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD



This is the Dobodura Derby and that racing strip was once a New Guinea battleground. The horses, originally British, were captured from the Japs at Buna. Bookies reported over \$10,000 changed-hands.

in the South Pacific and is back in his fighter plane. Another ex-professional end, Lt. Ken Kavanaugh of the Chicago Bears, is a Fortress pilot, hammering Sicily and lower Italy. . . . Billy Soose, the former middleweight champion, who was commissioned an ensign from a CFO, is now a flight intelligence officer at Nome, Alaska. The GIs on New Guinea have opened the trotting-horse season on schedule, using equipment made in Japan. They salvaged Jap planes and bicycles to make their sulkies. . . . When Cpl. Tommy Laughran, the old light heavyweight contender, arrived at the Infantry Weapons School at Camp LeJeune, N. C., he met up with Pfc. Terry Young, the former middleweight champion, and Al Ettore, a recent heavyweight contender. Charley O'Rourke, Boston College's All-American quarterback, was so quiet about joining the Navy that it was not generally known until he had been in two weeks. . . . When last heard from Sgt. Pat Mullin, the Detroit outfielder, was hitting a gaudy .440 for the New Cumberland (Pa.) Reception Center. . . . That 14-0 licking the Army handed a Navy team in Sydney, Australia, was almost a single-handed job by Maj. Norman Duncan, a former UCLA backfield star. He coached the Army team and played fullback as well. He also did all of the punting, tossed two touchdown passes and kicked the two conversions.

MAIL CALL



LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

Dear YANK:

How about some stories giving an idea of what Sicily is like and what the people there are like? YANK can give it to us in our own language. I'd like to know if the dames down there are nice, whether the people are friendly, what they think of the Americans and the English and the French. Whom do they like the best, and why? Give us a story about some Sicilian peasant who has an uncle in the States. No kidding, us guys are sitting over here waiting for things to happen from this theater and we want to know some of the human stuff that happens when a place is invaded. Maybe it will help us when we move in.

Britain.

T/5gt. JACK MORSIE, AAF.

Dear YANK:

Are the Officers' Clubs overcrowded? I'm asking because it seems that every time I drop in the Victory Club for a snack, the chow line is made up of 2nd lieutenants.

If it is okay for officers and even 2nd lieutenants to barge around in our club, then why in hell can't us poor enlisted men enjoy the privileges of the Officers' Club?

DISGUSTED ENLISTED MAN

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Last week's pin-up girl had her mouth open.

Cpl. HENRY J. SIMMONS

Britain.



So this week's pin-up (above) has its mouth closed.

Dear YANK:

One word. Please, please, don't produce another pin-up like the one in your last issue. I, as a humble representative of our sex, call that particular picture of the really beautiful Lucille Ball an insult to the mentality of the average G.I. To think that some poor guy in the jungle has to pin that up in his pup tent! Well, we women think that you must have better poses of this lovely star. Thank you. So far this has been the only flaw in a simply superb publication.

Britain.

JUST A GIRL

Dear YANK:

Don't think you're doing a bang-up job, but there is one thing about your magazine that puzzles me. It's the maps.

Last week I looked at the map on page 21 and for a long while I didn't know it was a map at all. I thought it was a set of cog wheels. Then, finally, I discovered that it was all about the Atlantic convoy routes.

Maybe your map artists should use finer brushes or something, or perhaps not take on such big jobs. This war is hard enough to follow without people complicating it any more.

Britain.

CORPORAL

Dear YANK:

I never went higher than 1st year high school and I want to tell you how nice I think "News From Home" is. It is very simple and I can understand everything in it. I like it. I do not like "Week of War." Thank you.

Britain.

Pvt. E. SERLES

Dear YANK:

What did you mean that the beauty of Alice Faye is being reproduced this year?

Pvt. RALPH JEFFERS

Britain.

[Ed. Note: We suggest that you read News From Home more thoroughly].

Dear YANK:

So the WAACs have arrived in ETO! Today, the Stars and Stripes isn't worth a damn! I found myself looking in the corners for news—in desperation I turned to the sports department. As yet, no WAACs there!

But without a doubt they'll take that over. And now—a women's section—how nice! I'm waiting, impatiently for this week's YANK. A number turned over to the G.I. Janes—right?

Some months ago I picked up a paper, and headlines screamed: "First American Women in the ETO."

Yes, the WAACs have arrived in the ETO!

How many people know what the initials A.N.C. mean? On how many fronts will you find members of the A.N.C.? And how long after these fronts were opened did it take to find the girls of the A.N.C. quietly doing their work and putting up with much the same hardships and problems as our boys? The A.N.C. is taken for granted—you expect to find us—you are glad we are there, doing little things (big things, too) that come to mean so much to you. Taken for granted? We expect it. We want to be. But a little credit, a little praise, means a lot to any of us—to all of us.

Tell me: why the shouts of glee and praise for a group that has yet to prove its worth? Volunteers? Ask any nurse why she is here—if she is forced into the A.N.C. Drilling? Have you seen the A.N.C. drill? Drill periods of two hours—after working eight, ten or twelve hours, we are expected to be there!

Classes? Training? You know the answer to that—we have our own professional classes plus all your G.I. classes. Ah! but the WAACs have left their homes, their jobs and their high paying positions. Ask any



ETO Nurse Lieut. Laura Watson of San Francisco. And who could ignore nurses like the good Lieut.?

girl of the A.N.C. what she was doing before she joined this "man's army." Or are we now calling it "this baggage? Yes, we have to lug them around, too. Hard all night. A week of rest? It sounds grand—wish we had the time and chance. But there's always duty on the following day and you unpack when you get a chance. Our living quarters? No better than yours. Privileges? No!

Husbands, sweethearts and brothers—fathers in the Army? Remember, we are women, too! Though I admit we don't have much time to go around talking about it, we, too, have our thoughts, plans, hopes and dreams.

So the WAACs have arrived in the ETO? Well, good luck to them! Let's hope they do their job—not disrupt the whole Army. Let's keep this a man's army, can. Quietly, as women, as well as ladies.

Britain.

A G.I. NURSE

Dear YANK:

I think in view of what is happening and the way that the Allies are moving in and making for the invasion, ETO. Call it: How to Behave on an Invasion, or something like that and use North Africa and Sicily as examples and tell us what to do, how to act, how to treat the captured people and things of that kind. If it were handled right it should be a big help—especially Germany.

Britain.

Pvt. ROY SPENCER

Dear YANK:

Now that Jimmy Stewart is a captain and everything, I'd like to know where the hell he got the uniform in which he had his photograph taken in your last issue. For one thing, he hasn't got any insignia on, and for another, he's wearing a civilian shirt. If he isn't I'll go out and eat my supply sergeant. Or is the Army issuing white shirts in certain sections of the world? I used to be a tailor's dummy, so I want to know.

Britain.

Pvt. RANDOLPH McKEOGH

Dear YANK:

With reference to "Disgusted Corporal's" letter, may we as service women, point out to him that the WAACs have not yet had the opportunity to prove their worth. We, here in England, we, the service women, have no doubt that they will when the time comes, carry out their many jobs with all the efficiency and skill of the noble women of Russia and China—the women we in Britain are trying hard to emulate. Our cause is a common one, we men and women of the Empire are striving for that cause, and there is no room or time in our lives for petty likes and dislikes, such as "Disgusted Corporal's" dislike of women in uniform. They're a necessity, not a luxury. Give the WAACs the tools and they'll help finish the job.

Nurse D. R. BUTLER, B.K.C.S.

Pvt. B. H. BOWDEN, A.T.S.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

That was a good job you did on Sicily. It seems to me that there hasn't been much in the British papers about our part in the fighting down there, and it's good to know that we're still in the war.

Britain.

Sgt. PETE GRIMES

Dear YANK:

I have enjoyed reading "Evening Report" and would like to have it reinstated. I'm a rabid movie fan.

Britain.

HENRY J. CZESWINSKI

Dear YANK:

While describing wartime Arkadelphia, Arkansas, Sergeant Bill Davidson used the following statement: "There is still the same strange combination of magnolias, illiteracy, culture, moonshine and vice."

Please publish something more than one man's opinion gathered from reading "A Slow Train Through Arkansas." Preferably facts and figures. And please give Arkansas' rank in illiteracy. If we are last, I want to know.

Britain.

Pvt. ANSIL HETHCOX

Dear YANK:

We, the ground crews and mechanics of the Eighth Air Force, here in England, are writing this letter with feeble and trembling hands. One of your articles has so shaken our morale, that we feel that nothing but an actual performance of an engine change on a B-17 (full scale model) by a certain Sergeant Jack Lohman of Washington, Pa., in three hours would restore this outfit to normal.

We realize that he's a graduate of Keesler Field and we read the comics also.

Would you please send us one half-dozen each, G.I., any such sergeants, so we can go home and join the WAACs? With all our experience we cannot come anywhere near that time even with two or more men.

This is written in reference to an article by Merle Miller, in the July 4th issue.

Britain.

WE OF THE ETO

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

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown. Art Editor, Sgt. Charles Brand. Art Associates, Sgt. John Scott; Cpl. Joe Cunningham. Editorial Associates, Sgt. Ben Frazier; Sgt. Denton Scott; Sgt. Steve Derry; Sgt. Walter Peters; Pfc. Arthur Greengrain; Sgt. Durbin L. Horner. Production, Sgt. Louis McFadden. Business Manager, Cpl. Tom Fleming. Officer in Charge, Major Desmond H. O'Connell. Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Arter. Address: Printing House Square, London.

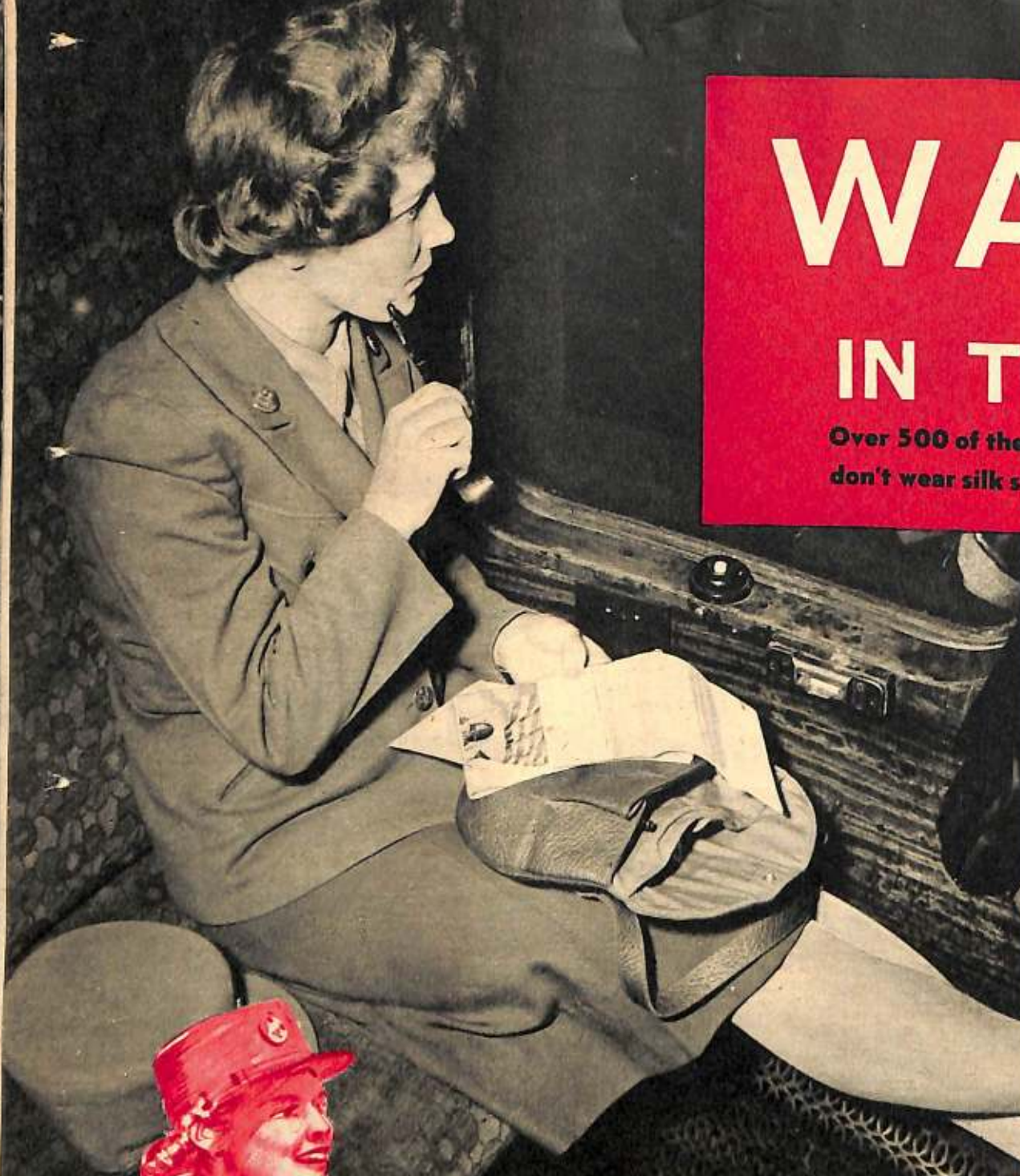
New York Office:
Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller. Officer-in-Charge: Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Editor: Major Hartzell Spence.

Pictures: 1, Cpl. Ben Schnell. 2, top, AP; center left, Planet; center right, AP; bottom, Planet. 3, top, WW; bottom, Planet. 4, top, Paul Popper; upper center, Planet; lower center and bottom, N.Y. Times Photo. 5, center AP; right top and center, N.Y. Times Photo; right bottom, Planet. 6 and 7, Sgt. Pete Paris. 8, top, Keystone; center, AP. 9, upper left, AP; upper right, OWI; bottom, Keystone. 10, MOI. 11, MOI. 12 and 13, Hanley. 14, bottom, Acme. 15, top, WW; center, Acme; bottom, INP. 17, Warner Bros. 18, Acme. 20, left, Popper; center, Keystone. 22, top, Army Signal Corps; bottom, Sgt. Steve Derry. 23, Sgt. Steve Derry.

WAACS

IN THE ETO

Over 500 of them took the ETO by storm; they don't wear silk stockings and they like to work.



Pvt. Nancy McGilvray, of Los Angeles, left Great Britain at the age of ten, returns in one of the first contingents of WAACs.



By Sgt. DURBIN L. HORNER

It was one week the guys in a certain Replacement and Control Depot will remember for a long time. There was nothing like it in the ETO ever before. When we saw them, they were walking around looking a little dazed. They had that dreamy look on their faces. There wasn't any of that familiar, salty G.I. talk being breezed about, and the men were being so polite it hurt.

A grizzled, hard-bitten major shook his head. "I don't know where it'll all end," he said. "I've been in the Army for 26 years, and I've never seen anything like this. For nine months we fought to keep women off this post, and now look at us. We'll never be the same again."

The major had that dreamy look on his face, too. The only ones who seemed to be able to take it in their stride were the WAACs themselves. Of course, there were reasons for this state of affairs, but not the ones you'd expect probably. On such an occasion, things were bound to be different. For a while. You just don't have a battalion of American girls move in on a hitherto all-male camp without a few minor cataclysms.

Just the matter of providing the proper reception for the first complete WAAC unit to reach the ETO was something in itself. But there was a reception, and it lasted about a week. And then it was all over. There were speeches and parades, banquets and

dances, photographers and reporters, and parades and more parades. Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eakers said, after reviewing the First Separate Battalion of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps: "That's the smartest parade I've seen since I've been here, and I've seen a lot of them."

And the parade was good. It had to be. The WAACs knew it had to be. They were a picked group representing every State in the Union, including the District of Columbia. Nobody officially called them a "picked group," but you don't get such a complete geographical representation in a group of 557 people by accident.

Everybody knew this. Everybody knew that the eyes of the whole ETO would be on these girls. They had come to replace the WAAFs serving with the United States Air Forces, and relieve Army personnel from administration work for combat duty.

They would be compared to England's service women. And every little thing they did would be noticed. They knew, and you knew, they just had to be good.

But it was the little things that made you know that things had changed. Like the guys being bashful, for instance.

That just didn't make sense. At least, to the WAACs, it didn't.

Take a girl like Afc. Barbara Caswell. A knock-out. She's 23, hails from Salinas, California, and is a Stanford University graduate. She's got a B.A. degree in English. Back home she was a women's commentator on Station KDON in Monterey. She couldn't figure it out.

"The boys here are much more bashful than they are back home," she said. "Why the other night at the dance there were a lot of soldiers who were even too shy to ask us to dance. We had to ask them—and that's something we never did back in the States."

Of course, it may have been that some of the guys had been in service so long they'd never seen a WAAC before. Maybe they didn't know what to expect. Maybe it was because the whole thing was like a Jerome Kern musical setting.

But it didn't make sense. The grizzled, hard-bitten major kept mumbling to himself all day.

"It isn't as if these guys didn't know how to act around women," he growled. "It isn't as if they hadn't had any female companionship here. Why, down the road there're about fifteen thousand women these guys have been dating regularly ever since they've been here. Hell, we've got a couple of guys married to 'em."

A lanky tech sergeant was sitting in a corner of the enlisted men's lounge drinking beer and looking mad. (There were freshly cut flowers all over the place, colorful drapes on the windows, and lovely water colors hanging on the walls.)

"It's a terrible situation," he moaned. "All us guys got English girls here. We been going steady with 'em for nine months. Now, these WAACs come in, and there's a coupla hundred English girls wondering why they haven't seen anything of us for over a week. We just stood 'em up, that's all—and what happens when the WAACs pull out of here? We're going to have a hell of a time explaining where we been. It ain't fair, that's all. They never shoulda brought them WAACs in here."

He took a big swallow of beer. "I gotta think up something," he said despairingly. "My life won't be safe off this post."

A gorgeous-looking thing was leaning against a tree outside. A nice looking G.I. was standing beside her, sort of shifting from one foot to the other.

She was Afc. Doris Singleton, 21, from Denison, Texas. She was a graduate of South-eastern State College, Oklahoma, and was working as a secretary before she went into the WAACs. She's got a brother, Billy Singleton, 18, who's an air corps cadet back at Wichita, Kansas.

The guy shifting from one foot to the other was Pvt. Alfred Jensen, 22, from Sutherland, Iowa. He's in the ground crew of the Air Forces, and has a brother, Cpl. John Jensen, in the 103rd Infantry



Mess Sgts. Harry Ballou and Margaret McCance demonstrate combined operations. He's married.

Headquarters which are back in Claibourne, La. He looked bashful. So we asked him the inevitable question: "How do you like the WAACs?" "Gee!" he said happily. "They're wonderful." We said, "Are you bashful, Pvt. Jensen?" He said, "Gee! I don't know. I've only been here two weeks." We whispered to him, "Any entanglements down the road?" He looked puzzled. "What's down the road?" he asked. We could see he'd only been around a couple of weeks. A couple of tough-looking hombres in fatigue clothes were cutting grass. We could tell by the tone of their voices they were griping about something. We sidled up to them. "It couldn't be the WAACs that've got you boys down, is it?" One of the guys straightened up and spit on the blade of his scythe. "Yeah!" he said. "It's the WAACs." He wagged the sharp scythe in our faces. "But don't get us wrong, fella. These dames is plenty O.K. They work hard, and don't complain. It's just that it ain't right, that's all." "Oh!" we said understandingly. "You are engaged elsewhere?" "Yeah, we're engaged elsewhere," the guy thundered. "We got our own work to do. And what happens? Ever since these dames has been here, we got to knock off at 3.30 in the afternoon and get all dressed up and have a parade. The WAACs gotta parade every day, and have inspections, and they make us do it, too. Who's gonna do our work for us, that's what I want to know?" We walked past dozens of G.I.s and WAACs



perched on top of a stone wall. It looked like any college campus on any afternoon after classes. There was a lot of talk, but the guys seemed to be doing most of the listening—and enjoying it. One big sergeant was engrossed in a tiny, petite thing, and they were talking in French. She was Afc. Pat Albert, 22, from Matadawaska, Maine, and so pretty, and so demure, with such a quiet little voice. It seemed incongruous that she was in uniform and not a party dress. The sergeant was T/4 Nathan Asch. He was a writer in civilian life, and had lived all over the U. S., as well as Europe. "Whaddaya know?" Asch said, changing back to English so that we could understand him. "Pat's just been telling me about the work she was doing in the Ordnance Department back in Washington. They've got a lot of new stuff we haven't even heard about yet. Very interesting. Very interesting."

PAT speaks and writes excellent French. She ought to. She's of French descent. A graduate of the Maine School of Commerce at Bangor, she wants to be an interpreter now. We stumbled into the mess hall to avoid the sunstroke—or something—we felt coming on. Back in the kitchen, where they have the most modern and complete equipment that has come over from the States, dreamy-eyed G.I. cooks were preparing for the evening mess. No WAACs; just guys up to their elbows in dough. Away over in the corner of the mess hall two people were folding napkins. (The mess hall, like the lounge, was a lovely brick building, painted white on the inside, with vases of fresh flowers all around, and water colors on the walls.) It was a lovely domestic scene. Here, we thought, is romance. This is what we've come to see.

The girl was Mess Sgt. Margaret McCance, from Long Beach, California. Before she came into the WAACs on July 20, 1942, she was a clerk in Sears Roebuck. She's got two brothers in service, Pvt. Arthur R. McCance, who's an Air Corps mechanic somewhere in the ETO, and Cpl. John McCance, who's back in Arizona.

The boy was Mess Sgt. Harry M. Ballou, from Branford, Conn. He used to work for the Howard Johnson restaurants before he got into service.

Sgt. McCance is very pretty, and Sgt. Ballou is quite a handsome gent. We started out tactful like. How about the guys back there in the kitchen, we said. Did they resent having to cook for women? "Hell, no!" Sgt. Ballou said very emphatically. "Women can't cook! There's not a cook in the whole WAAC outfit that can hold a candle to our boys. We do the cooking; they do the KP."

Sgt. Ballou puffed on his pipe. "Yeah; you gotta hand it to the WAACs. They make darn good KPs; better than our boys do. They worked here until 11.30 last night getting ready for today's banquet, and not a gripe out of them. "You know," he went on, "a lot of the guys here were pretty sore when they heard that the WAACs were coming in. They figured we were going to have to do all their work for them. But they changed their minds in a hurry. These WAACs are plenty on the ball. They don't need anybody to take care of them."

MESS Sgt. McCance was engrossed in the napkins she was folding.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she said. "Real Irish linen! I haven't seen anything like them in years."

We nudged Sgt. Ballou; we couldn't hold back any longer.

"Look," we pleaded. "What about romance? How about you and—"

Sgt. Ballou heaved a big sigh. "I got a big romance, boy," he said. "She's back in Branford, Conn., and I've been married to her for two years. I'd give anything to see her again."

"What lovely napkins," Sgt. McCance said.

We shook our heads dumbly and fled. Back in the lounge we looked wildly around. Over in a corner a couple was holding hands. At last, we'd found it. Love at first sight.

"Who is it?" we asked T/5 Garnet Marcum. "Where did you find him? And when's the happy day?"

"Isn't it wonderful?" she said. "I can hardly believe it's happened."

"Yes," said the guy, beaming all over. "It was a lucky break. I was down in the Red Cross Club reading *Stars and Stripes*, and I saw Sis's name listed as one of the WAACs who'd arrived. I telephoned her at noon, and got up here four



hours later. It sure is good to see her again." "Brother and sister, eh?" we said weakly. "Yeah," they grinned. "Isn't it swell?"

From Milliards, Ohio, T/5 Garnet Marcum is a butcher in the WAACs. She tears down big carcasses, and makes little steaks and chops and roasts out of them. She was a butcher in civilian life; she asked for the same kind of job in the WAACs, and that's what she got. Her brother, Cpl. Glenn R. Marcum is in SOS, and has been in the ETO for seven months.

Maybe it wasn't what you expected to find in this Replacement Depot that for one week was the only co-educational set-up of its kind in the ETO. But that's the way it was until the WAACs were shipped out to the various bases to take up their duties.

There were one-time secretaries, telephone operators, welders, waitresses, models, machinists, engineers, artists, mothers, grandmothers. They knew what their job was in the service, they wanted to get at it and get back home as soon as they could.

For instance, talking to Aux. Hazel Apple, 26, of El Paso, Texas. Her husband was a M/Sgt. in the 200th Coast Artillery. He died in a prison camp on Bataan.

Aux. Hazel Apple has plenty of reasons for wanting to be in service.



Aux. Hazel Apple, right, from El Paso, Texas, was married to a M/Sgt. He died in a prison camp on Bataan.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



"DID EITHER OF YOU GENTLEMEN CARE TO VOLUNTEER FOR A LITTLE SPECIAL DETAIL?"
-Pfc. Al Kaelin, Tobyhanna, Pa.



"I CAN REMEMBER WHEN THERE WASN'T A ROAD THROUGH HERE."
-Cpl. E. Maxwell, AAF Bombardier School, Carlsbad, N. Mex.



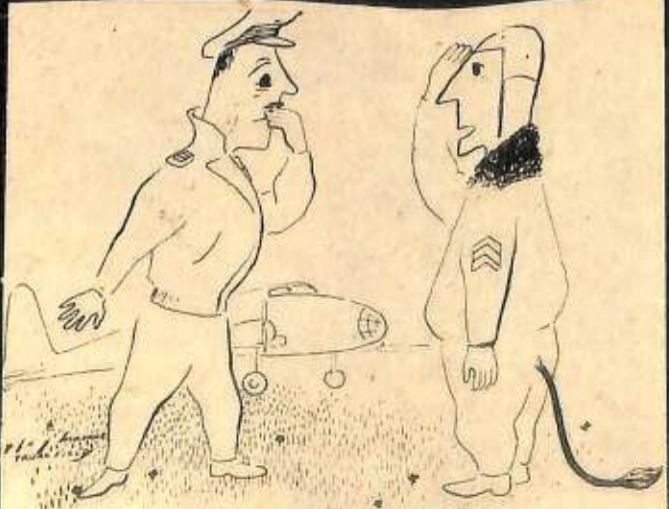
"MUST BE ONE OF THOSE BRASS HATS WE'VE HEARD ABOUT."
-Sgt. Sydney Landi, Antiaircraft Command, Richmond, Va.

SGT S. LANDI



"I SAID 'POLICE UP!'"
-Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.

NEWCOMBE
POLICE UP!



"I'M THE NEW TAIL GUNNER, SIR."
-Pfc. Joseph Kramer, Truax Field, Wis.



"THE COUNT IS NOW 2 AND 3 ON LOMBARDI AND THE CROWD IS GOING WILD."
-Pfc. H. N. Carlson, Truax Field, Wis.

PFC HN
CARLSON
TRUAX FIELD, WIS.