

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

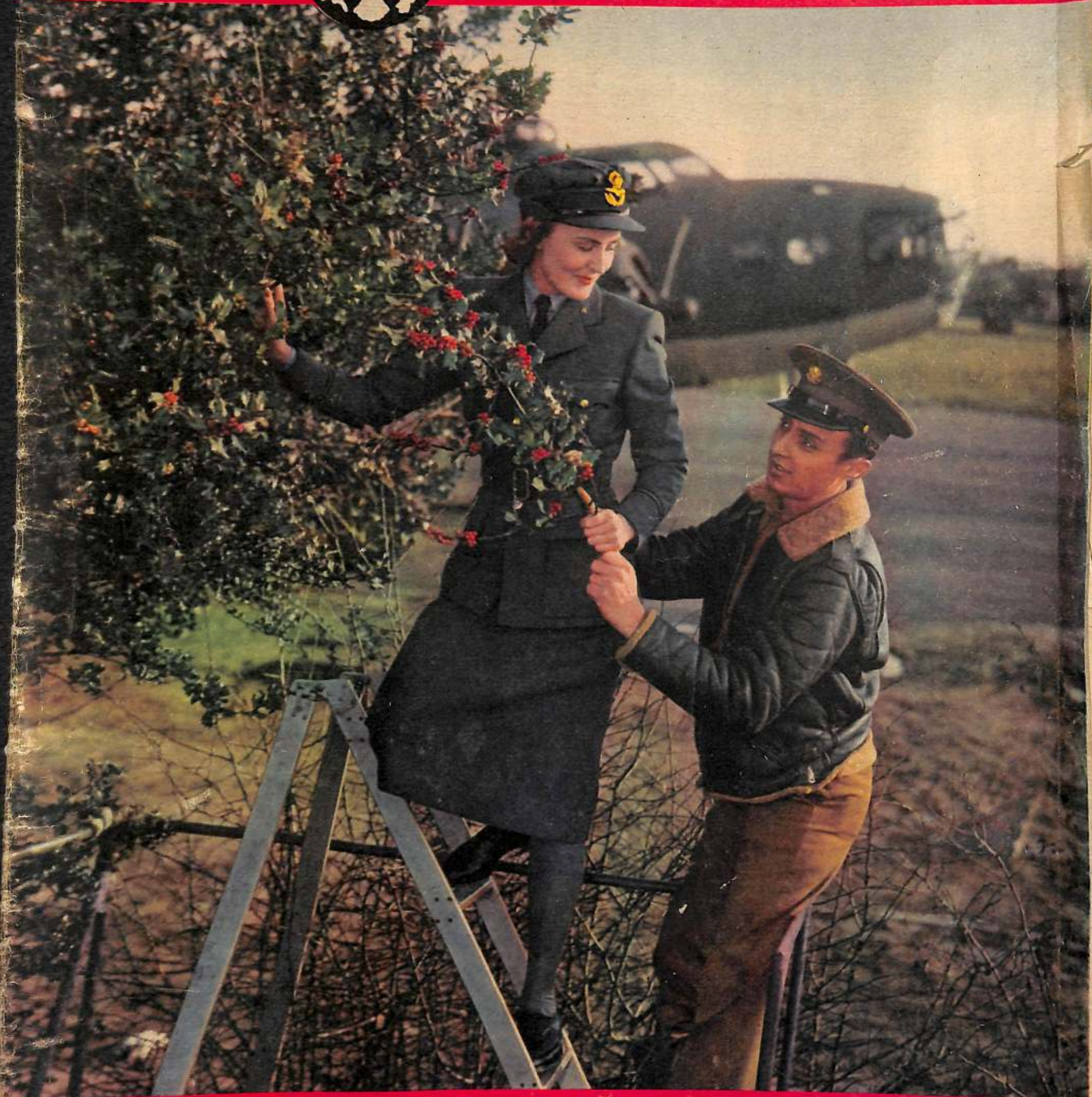
THE ARMY



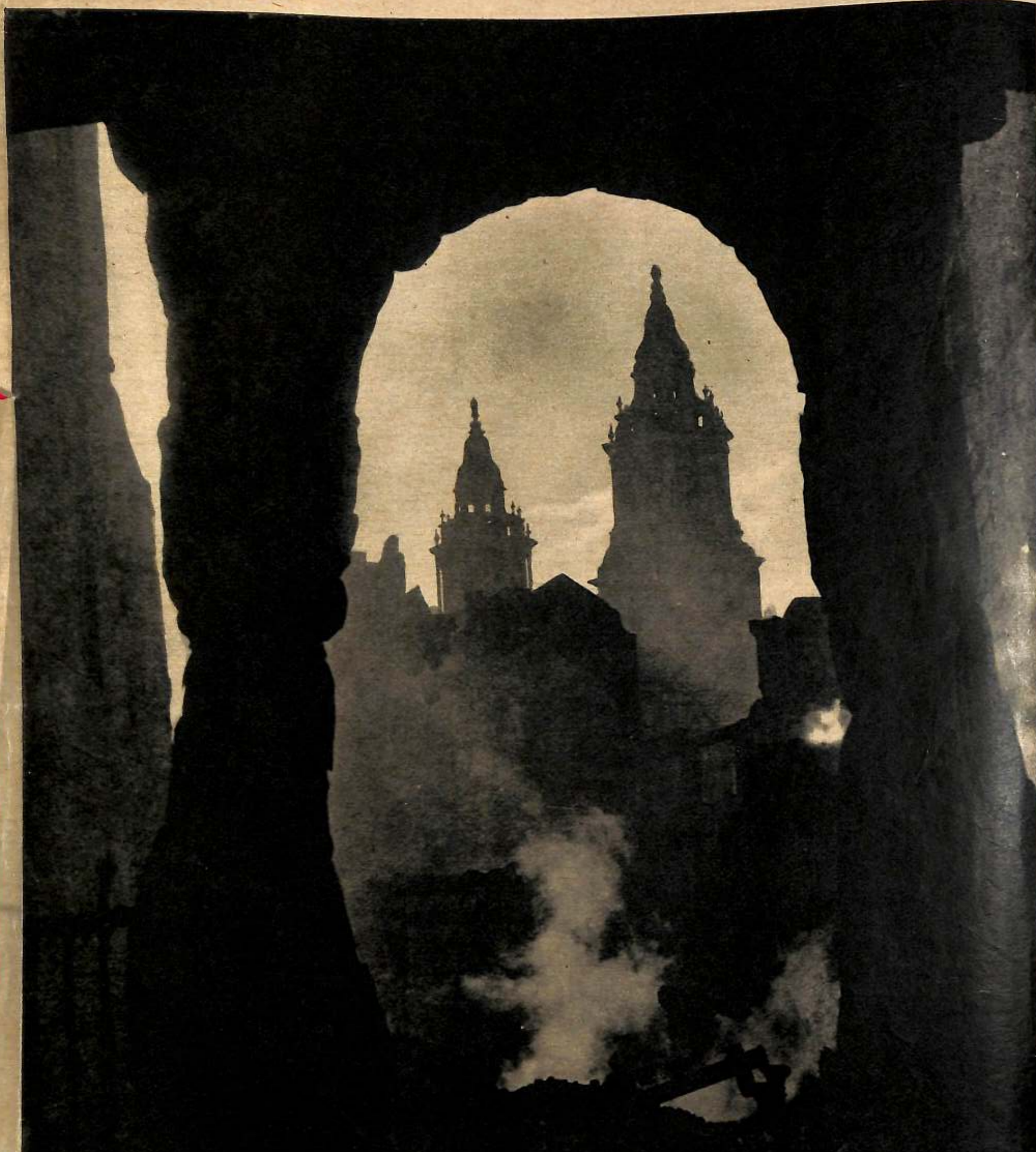
WEEKLY

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



Christmas in Britain—Holly for a Victory Garland



Christmas in Britain—1940

We who came much later should never forget it

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM NAZI E-BOATS TO ESKIMO BABES



British destroyer going into action against E-boats

Yank Goes Hunting Nazi E-Boats with Crew of British Destroyer

By Cpl. Ben Frazier
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE ON THE ENGLISH COAST (By Cable) —It was clear that night and the stars were shining brilliantly in the moonless sky, but there was a low haze hanging over the water. Crews stood by their guns peering into the darkness. Officer lookouts scanned the sea with glasses. Except for the phosphorescent V left by the destroyer as it sliced through the black swells and the winking of the channel buoys, they could see nothing around them. The deep hum of the destroyer's engines as it shepherded the long convoy through this dangerous stretch of water was the only sound to break the stillness. The convoy itself dropped behind as the prowling destroyer pushed forward to scout waters ahead. The crew had just finished dinner. "Hogwash," a gunner, coming topside, looked out over the waters and murmured: "He'll probably be out tonight. Perfect weather for him." And at that moment, staccato words came out of the intercommunications speaker: "E-boat activity suspected!" Almost simultaneously the sea glowed with a quick succession of star shells off the port

quarter thrown out by the destroyer's crew. The ship swung over sharply, the decks tilting, and began to pick up speed.

"Fire star shell, green, oh-four-oh," came the order. A four-inch gun forward of the bridge, swung to starboard and barked sharply.

"Star shell, green, oh-three-oh," rattled the next order.

The second shell was fired just as the first blossomed brilliantly, lighting the waters to starboard.

The gun crews were waiting impatiently to fire destructive explosives, but the ship was still too far away from its target. Another destroyer, closer in, was firing, as we could see from the

red tracers. The bullets seemed to be boring into empty ocean. Then the sound of four-inch pom-poms rattled across the sea.

"That's Jerry, all right," said Hogwash. He sent out more star shells, but the haze obscured the ocean surface.

The radio reported in code "Rosetree actioning" four miles to the south. In that direction we could see the faint glow of star shells. The crew, watching this action battle and the firing over to the starboard, were brought up sharply when the skipper shouted: "You blasted fools, keep a look out on our other side, too. How do you know we won't get a torpedo from that direction? There might be a whole pack of them out there tonight."

More star shells went up. The captain put on his tin hat and stood on the bridge, carefully checking the course as the destroyer zig-zagged over the waters. The E-boats might have sowed new mines, but that was a chance we had to take. The skipper had in his mind a clear picture of the water as it was the day before yesterday—where all the ships were, where the old mine fields lay, where there were hidden wrecks, and the depth of the channel waters.

"Mind that wreck number so and so," he told the helmsman.

"Yes, sir, we're right abeam of it now. Red, three cables."

A moment later, the helmsman said:

"E-boat dead ahead, sir."

"Sure it isn't a trawler? We're supposed to



Women . . . and wine . . . in the South Seas



IN NEW GUINEA, Yank and his gals

IN NEW GUINEA, Yanks and their bar

Yanks At Home And Abroad

pick up some of those fishing boats here." "No, it's him, sir. It's him. It's Jerry, all right." "Twenty-eight knots," the captain said, calmly, then he ordered: "Bow pompom open fire, red, oh-one-oh."

A stream of tracer leaped forward as more star shells lit up the water. There was the E-boat, lazily lying in wait for the convoy. It was leaving a slight smokescreen behind but we could see it plainly from the bridge by the light of the star shells.

She was a long, low-lying craft, larger than might be expected. No Chris Craft runabout by any means. She measured 170 to 180 feet in length, Diesel-powered and could outrace the fastest destroyers. And she offered a comparatively small target.

The E-boat didn't tarry as tracers started plowing the water about her and more star shells went up. She gave up the idea of ambushing the convoy, and roared for home, throwing up a smokescreen from her tail. Now and then she came into view to give the destroyer crew a target. Then she seemed to lose speed.

"We've hit him," shouted a crew member. The destroyer took off in pursuit of the elusive vessel. But the E-boat didn't stop. It kept on going until we couldn't see it any more.

Back to the convoying job went the destroyer. The gun crews, a little disappointed at losing their prey, went below for a snack and coffee. Hogwash got himself a cup of cocoa and settled back with his copy of "Breezy Western Stories."

CENTRAL AFRICA

G.I.'s Teach Frank Buck's Pals In Africa How To Give Out Jive

SOMEWHERE IN CENTRAL AFRICA (By Cable)—The Dark Continent is brightening up.

Yank troops are revising the life of the natives; Doublemint and the Jersey Bounce have edged out coconuts and tribal drums.

Sgt. Daniel Wilkins will testify that Africa is now speaking jive talk. Wilkins, a Negro from Columbus, Ohio, is the ranking non-com in an all-colored Aviation Engineers' unit which is building a modern airfield around here. He's straw boss to 100 native laborers who sing while they work. Wilkins reports that the boys have dropped their jungle chants

in favor of "South Of The Border," in medium swing time. He also claims that he can go into the bush and bring out a native kid who knows all the words to "Blues In The Night."

A long way inland from Sgt. Wilkins' airport, in what should be Frank Buck's private stamping grounds, a batch of U. S. soldiers are living a really luxurious life. They're members of the Army Transport Command, and soon will be at work on aircraft maintenance. Until they start work, they are technically guests of a certain airline. Officers and men live and mess together.

On their company bulletin board is an excerpt from a letter written by a surprised British sailor who was passing through. He wrote:

"We are guests of the Americans and beginning to get a good impression. Their mess couldn't be better. I've a lieutenant sleeping on one side of me and a major on the other. Both are jolly good fellows. We are waited on, our boots are cleaned, and our meals are wonderfully served. These fellows are big eaters, which suits me. In the morning we get pancakes with butter, treacle, and fruit. At dinner we have minced beef, spaghetti, and even pork chops. Most meals have ice cream and fruit juice. They eat with the fork only, but that is too slow for me. I use both knife and fork."

Deep inland, on the fringe of the desert, a small detachment maintains a link in the Army Air Transport route. Along the road to the camp are long lines of natives with bows and arrows. At the camp Sgt. Charles Cooper, of Kingston, N. Y., one of the first dozen Yanks landed in Africa, pooh-poohed the natives' ability with their weapons.

"Those guys can't hit the south end of a water buffalo with those arrows," he said. "Our boys have already beaten them in target practice." As he spoke he turned on a battered radio from which came Artie Shaw's band playing "Georgie On My Mind."

Also at this camp is Lt. Herbert Ruhnke of San Antonio, Texas, a transport pilot, whose girl friend is maintaining long-distance protective custody. Ruhnke wears a silver bracelet she gave him which is inscribed: "Hands off this guy. He belongs to Gladys."

The nearest community is a mud metropolis whose inhabitants have a new pastime: watching the Yanks watch them. Trinkets to make a hit with the natives are passe. Instead, natives try to get rid of a few trinkets of their own.

Most posts around here have movie projectors and late films are flown in. Currently showing is Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager." At one tiny remote emergency airfield one's curiosity is aroused by the frequent visits of natives and soldiers to a small palm hut in the shadow of the jungle. A low purring sound issues from the hut. The reason: it contains a gleaming 6-foot-tall Frigidaire, filled with cans of cold American beer.

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

NEW GUINEA

Aussie Scouts In New Guinea Patrolled All Around The Japs

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—When the story of the Jap invasion and withdrawal from New Guinea is written a lot of credit will go to the Aussie scouts who kept the Allies posted on the location and strength of the enemy.

When Port Moresby received its sporadic bombings an Aussie scout high in the Owen Stanley range radioed to his base each time a Jap formation left an airdrome. The result was that ack-ack and fighter pilots were ready before the Zeros struck. Of course, the Japs tried to get the spotter, who lived for weeks in the jungle with his native carriers, but he was never under the same tree twice and the Japs were always late.

Aussie scout units often operate with as few as three men. On one occasion Cpl. Theo Wyatt, who hails from the back bush of Australia, penetrated the line near Kokoda with two cobbers and worked deep in Jap territory for weeks. One day, stepping from behind a tree, Wyatt found himself face to face with a Jap. The corporal beat the invader to the draw.

At another time Wyatt and his friends, a lieutenant and a private, were camped in the jungle when the Japs discovered they were in the vicinity. A Jap patrol started to shoot wildly, hoping the Aussies would return the fire and thus give away their location. That was one occasion when Wyatt's patrol decided not to shoot it out.

The little group continued to harass the Japs, narrowly escaping capture on several occasions. They concealed their camp in a gully while the Japs combed the jungle for days. Finally the enemy trailed them to their camp, taking frequent pot shots at them. Wyatt's sleeve was grazed by a bullet. Their strategy called for a hurried withdrawal, and they escaped with only the clothing they wore and a tommy gun. The shavetail's clothing wasn't much. He was bathing when the Japs arrived, and he fled with only his towel draped around his torso. After hiding for three days and traveling by night, without food, the scouts returned to their base.

Yanks, too, have come in for their share of close calls in New Guinea, but they have also established a reputation for novel methods of fighting. For instance, Lt. Jim Miller, of Salinas, Calif., was ordered to attack the Wairopi bridge, over which the Japs brought supplies to their troops in the mountains. Miller roared over the wooden bridge and dropped a bellyful of gasoline from his Kittyhawk. Then he swung around and sprayed the gasoline-soaked wood with incendiary bullets. Exit Wairopi bridge.

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

ICELAND

The M/Sgt. Who Sinned, Or The Weak And Windblown Bugler

SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND—A couple of hut leaders in Headquarters Company, HQ, had the back of the CO's hand administered to them the other Sunday morning—a gray day—for permitting their pulses and respiration to idle along at the dark reveille hour. It did no good for them to argue that wind and rain stole decibels from the company bugler. Somebody's got to get the men in those huts up for formation in the mornings, and that means you, quoth the CO.

A competition for the pinkest young master sergeant in the Army is all very well, but let it here be proposed that we start another contest: Find the most humiliated master sergeant. From the outset it's no contest, for we've found him. He was one of the two hut leaders. The other was only a staff sergeant. They were both restricted to camp and promised company punishment. The staff sergeant, a usually conscientious guy from Little Falls, N. Y., figured to avoid recurrences by throwing his alarm clock away and sitting up all night, but the master sergeant, Andy from Baltimore, never depends on alarm clocks. He still trusts bugles.

"The bugler must be getting weak," the major told them as they stood in the orderly room, a couple of stoical ramrods. "Nevertheless, hut leaders will get up for reveille, and you will be restricted for two weeks and receive C.P."

Completely giggered, Andy returned to his bed to reconcile himself to the lot that usually falls to buck privates. The lack of passes means little to him because, as he said, "I haven't put in for a # '&—\$' # pass since June."

Andy has a possibly valid alibi for his deflection: his association with an Engineer sergeant from Chicago, recently removed from the same hut. This sergeant left his mark behind in the shape of flowery



M/Sgt. Andy (rear) and friends at hard labor.

mottoes, and judging from two surviving examples, it may be that Andy has been discouraged from getting up, lest some morning he should discover a new addition to the collection.

Obviously chief of the hut's Department of Subterfuge and Innuendo, the departed sarge left these neatly printed legends:

1. (On a window) Adhere assiduously to allowing zephyrs to flush the hut.
2. (On the ceiling near a waste can) Deposit aggregate of amorphous substance in receptacles provided.

And where has the Chicago sergeant gone? Why, to OCS, but indubitably. The master sergeant remains behind alone with his shame.

Yank's ICELAND CORRESPONDENT

The Fairest Skirts On Earth Blow In The Breeze In Iceland

ICELAND—Without casting aspersions on Texas and California, we feel bound to report that Reykjavik has the most beautiful women in the

Yanks At Home And Abroad

world. We had always thought the city was a barren, Arctic sort of place where in peacetime planes took off to find the North Pole. Like most Americans, we considered it a tiny joint populated by a few Scandinavians living in a barren land.

We admit our ignorance and our full-fledged appreciation of the most delightful street corner we ever saw. There, in the late afternoon, in the shadows of modern Norse buildings, with a wind whipping through charming narrow streets, are to be seen Greta Garbos and Ingrid Bergmans walking along apparently unaware of their own beauty. They're tall and fair and very well groomed. Most of them wear black silk stockings imported from the U. S.

For the first two hours it's very nice, just standing there watching the procession of tall, beautiful women. After that, though, it begins to get a little cold, for Yanks can't wear Arctic stuff in the city, but must go around in class A uniforms. The wind whips around your legs and makes you shiver. However, consolation whips around other legs, too, with attendant results.

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

French Sarge In West Africa Clips The Barber's Auto Option

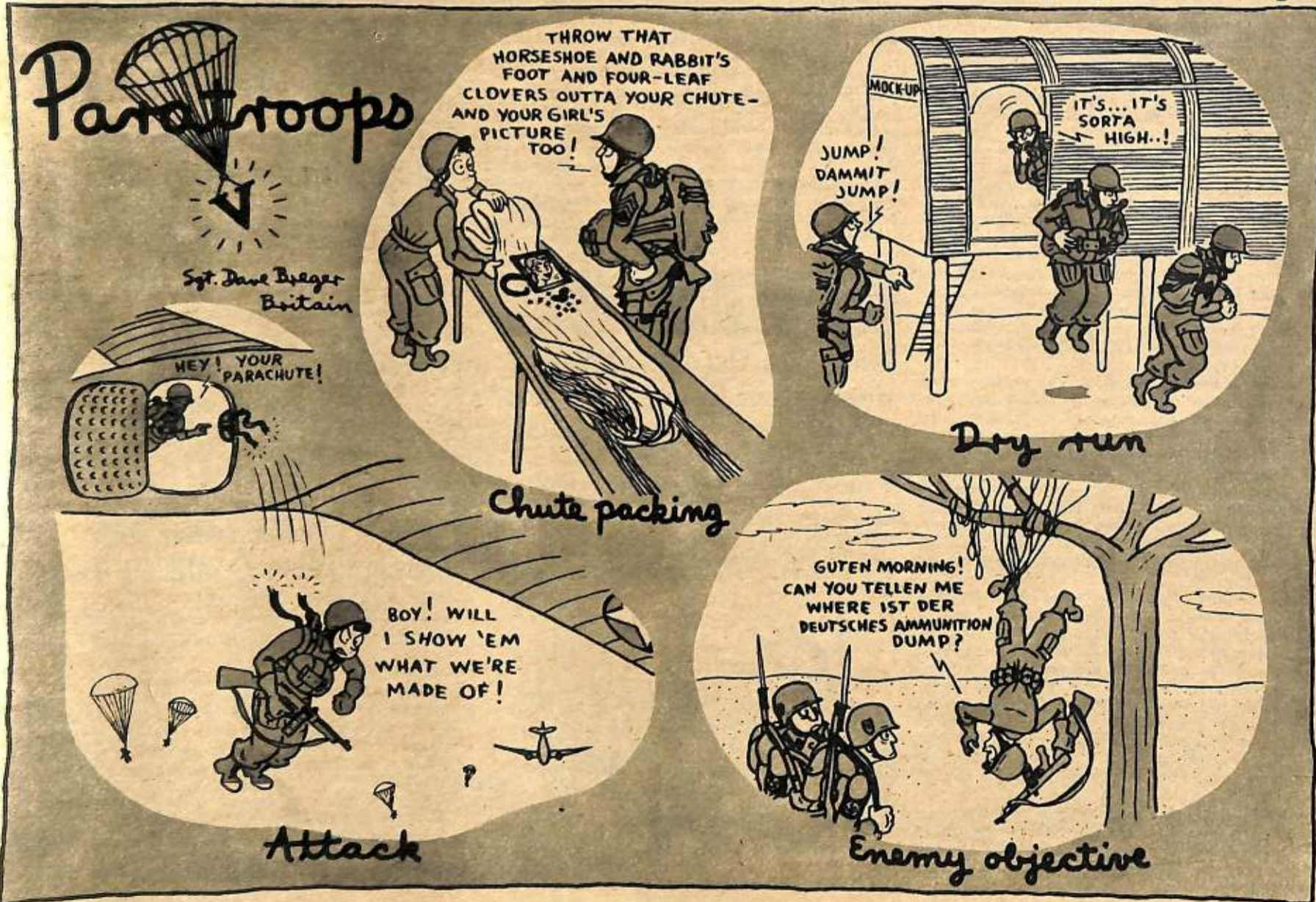
SOMEWHERE IN WEST AFRICA—Dogfaces who think they can drive a shrewd bargain could take lessons from J. J. de Sibour, sergeant in the Free French Air Force. Sgt. de Sibour located an automobile he could purchase for 25 pounds (100 bucks to you, Oswald), but there was a slight hitch. Owner explained the town barber had an option on car which wouldn't expire for 24 hours. . . .

—Sgt. de Sibour immediately announced he was giving free hair cuts to all his buddies. The barber was kept so busy that he couldn't take up the option until after 24 hours had elapsed.

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

G.I. Joe

by Sgt. Dave Breger





IN AFRICA, Gen. Mark Clark—hero of the African spying trip before the occupation—shares a can of peanuts with several officers and a non-commissioned one, the sergeant on the right



IN BRITAIN, the first of the new officers graduated from the E.T.O. O.C.S. School pin their shiny bars proudly on each other's shoulders. Yes, yesterday they were only G.I.s, even as you and I

Yanks At Home And Abroad

This Squadron Once Had Steak But Its Men Are Fatalists Anyway

A PACIFIC AIR BASE (By Cable)—The men of the Bomb Squadron sport no decorations. Most of them need shaves, and none of them wear chevrons. They have been bombardiers, gunners, engineers, radio operators and navigators since last December 7, when the first Japanese bombers roared over their Philippine station. Since then they've had more important business than worrying about stripes on their sleeves.

They got out of the Philippines last March after nothing more could be done there. From the Islands they flew to Java, and from there to Australia.

It was rugged country Down Under. There were girls in Brisbane and Sidney; there was liquor, there were movies and there were some laughs. In camp, though, there wasn't much to laugh about. Maybe once a week somebody got a two-months-old letter from home. A man got a coke maybe once a month if he was lucky, and in rare cases a bottle of beer. Eventually there was real coffee to replace the chicory they had been drinking. Once they had a steak at mess.

Eventually there were reinforcements so no one had to pull guard duty after an all-day trick getting the planes in shape for nightly operations. In fact, things brightened up to the point where the sergeants didn't have to pull K.P.

A newspaper fell into their hands once in a while and once they got a radio report through an Australian friend that Europe was being bombed by thousands of planes. In their particular sector, a "mass raid" meant a flight of nine B-17s—providing they were all in shape to fly at the same time.

Now, of course, they're veterans. None of them knows how many missions he has participated in—anyhow, that's just something for the top sergeant to put in his books. One of the newest members of the group has had only a half dozen bombing missions, but has shot down two Zeros. Some of the real veterans estimate they've been out 40, 60 and even 70 times.

Don't ask how many Zeros they've seen fall with dead pilots at the controls. Nobody bothered to keep score of the number of hits or to paint records on the outside of the planes.

But they know that the enemy is retreating, and they know, too, that the Nips who come up to meet them over New Britain, New Ireland, and the Solomons are not the experienced flyers they met when they began this job.

They know that after a year of grueling, often bloody, fighting, they'll have a short rest, but then they'll return, because there's still plenty of fighting to be done. The Japs are tough. Damn tough.

Don't get the idea that these flying Yanks are modest. As T/Sgt. Arthur Richardson of Shawnee, Okla., puts it, "Most of the Japs who thought they were better than us are dead."

Now there are more Yanks than Japs and more B-17s than Zeros around here. Some of them won't get back to the mainland and some won't get to Java. Some won't get back at all. These fliers don't fool themselves about this, either.

"The only man worth a damn in the air," according to T/Sgt. Stanley Jackola, at 24 a four-year veteran bombardier, "is a man who doesn't plan to live too long."

Back at their base, where the mosquitoes unbutton your shirt and examine your dog tags to see if you have the right blood type, these fliers aren't planning things too far ahead. If you want to hear their story, better not ask about "heroes." If you do they'll look at you and mutter:

"Ain't puttin' out nuthin'."

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

AUSTRALIA

Tenderloins Out In Australia—How's About Having Some Peas?

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA.—If you're a guy who can't get along without steak and French fries, you'd better arrange for a TMD to Libya, because you won't get them here. Yanks who eat in Australian towns must overlook such words on the menu as those noted above, plus legs of lamb and mashed potatoes. They're merely an indication that the menu was printed some months ago. Potato chips are the only spuds available, and even



"A pack of Luckies and root beer!"

these are as rare as caviar. Vegetables are a little more plentiful than potatoes, but there is little variety; you get mainly turnips, squash, carrots or peas. Luckily, however, there is plenty of lettuce and plenty of tomatoes.

Whiskey is increasingly hard to get. It is forbidden to sell bottled whiskey and beer in wartime, but it is sometimes necessary to visit a half dozen pubs before you can get a shot of whiskey. Beer is rationed to each pub and can only be had at certain afternoon hours. Yanks have taken to drinking in ladies' lounges, even though it's more expensive because these places don't do the volume of business that pubs do and thus can offer a greater variety of liquors.

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

144 Feet Of Bar Can Serve 100 Rounders For 2 Pots, No More

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—What is believed to be the biggest bar for Allied soldiers in the world is now going full swing at a northern Australian base.

More than 100 G.I.s—both Yanks and Aussies—can place their elbows on the bar and shout: "Fill 'em up!" But they can only do it twice. Two pots of beer per man is the quota.

If you want the figures, the bar is 144 feet long and is handled by a staff of 29. It's operated by the Australian Army Canteen Service. In case it becomes crowded, there is an adjoining beer garden with facilities for 50 more men. Several hundred gallons of cold beer are on tap at one time. Hic!

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Chinese Sun And Indian Star Are On Patches Of Delhi's Yanks

NEW DELHI (By Cable)—Lt. Gen. Joseph Stilwell's American troops in the China-Burma-India theater have adopted a distinctive shoulder patch to identify the area in which they are fighting.

The insignia is a red, white and blue shield two inches wide and three inches long. On the blue strip at the top of the shield are superimposed in white the Kuomintang sun of China and the star of India. The three red and two white stripes below the blue complete the presentation of Uncle Sam's colors.

This insignia is believed to be the only one worn by American troops combining the insignias of foreign nations. It was designed by Col. Frank Dorn and it has won expressions of appreciation from both Indian and Chinese leaders.

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

The Red-Haired Eskimo Girl

From the land of snow and spruce, where it looks like Christmas most of the year, comes this story of a native girl whose name is legend from Presque Isle to Persia

SOMEWHERE IN LABRADOR—"There is some exciting things to be learned from Eskimos and Indians," said Pvt. Francis Xavier Jones, a product of Memphis, Tenn., and a former staff sergeant. "For instance, there's that red-headed Eskimo girl up here what went to school at the mission."

"You better stay the hell away from that red-headed Eskimo girl," Cpl. Waldman said. "Even if you ain't got no designs, which I know you ain't, she just got herself married to an Indian three weeks ago."

Jonesey ignored him and turned to me. "Come on," he said. "You and me are going to see that red-headed Eskimo girl what lives around here. She is not exactly Ann Sheridan by no stretch of the imagination, but as these girls go she is all right.



Besides she has a very interesting history you may want to write something about."

"It's a damned cinch," Cpl. Waldman said. "That Mr. Samuel Goldwyn is not going to make no special trip up here to Labrador to give her a screen test for the part of Maria in 'For Whom The Bell Tolls.'

"I sure wish I had me Maria," said an anonymous private first class, who had been keeping his mouth shut in the face of such an intellectual discussion.

It seems that everybody around this post has

read "For Whom The Bell Tolls" for several considerations, not the least of which are certain passages revealing what can be done in a sleeping bag, if a man uses a little ingenuity. This is quite within the realm of everybody's imagination since all the sleeping up here is done in sleeping bags. There is absolutely no likelihood at all however, that anybody is likely to get anything like Maria or even a member of her sex into his sleeping bag, but you do not stop G.I.s from dreaming.

The major in the medical corps who had been sitting over in the corner behind the stove pulling on his pipe interrupted the conversation quite informally.

"Mr. Ernest Hemingway," he said with vehemence, "is in my opinion a man with a very powerful imagination."

"This academic discussion of the literary merits of Ernest Hemingway," Jonesey said, "is not getting us one step nearer toward you seeing that red-headed Eskimo girl."

"That Eskimo girl," the major said, "is a legend from Labrador to Presque Isle and to Miami, and the further you get away from Labrador the prettier she gets. By the time the word of her gets around to Egypt, or Iran, the former Shah of Persia probably will get such a glowing description of her beauty he will send a special emissary by airplane to induce her to join his harem."

"By that time," Waldman said, "Jimmy Cagney is going to be with 18 kids, all in 1-A and a beard. A red beard."

"In the first place," Jonesey said, "Jimmy Cagney ain't even married, and in the second we are taking our leave of you argumentative guys right now and going to see an Eskimo beauty with a red beard on her head, and furthermore, she's pretty as a picture out'n some book."

Once outside the door, Jonesey turned to me quickly and said, "Now, don't expect no beauty, but she has got a interesting history. Went to the Grenfell mission down the river, and I bet if she was dressed up in some store clothes, she wouldn't look so bad."

We went upstairs through the barracks hall, dark in the afternoon light, and got some boots and blanket-lined pants and parkas.

Jonesey went and got a pass for both of us, and for Lieutenant Rizzo, the mail censor, who was going along. After getting the pass, Jonesey got a reconnaissance car, and we wheeled off in a slither of mud in the rain. Jonesey is not the type of recon-car driver to make use of the windshield wiper, and as we bounced over the muddy roads leaving the post, both the lieutenant and I looked rather apprehensively at some sharp drops on the right hand side of the road.

"About four miles up the road, and then we got to walk some," Jonesey said.

Finally we got to the spot, deep in the spruce



ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN IN LABRADOR AND FAR NORTH BY S/SGT. N. L. SENTZ



trees. We walked perhaps two hundred yards back of the shack until we came to the bay.

We stood there for a second, looking out over the bay, until finally Jonesy decided that our red-headed Eskimo girl lived back over the other way. We cut through the woods skirting the bay for several hundred yards until we came to a partial clearing. There were some unfinished log cabins there with moss stuffed into the cracks between the logs and covered with plank roofs, and over the entire structure tattered tar-paper roofs. The guts of several seals were spilled around on the spruce needle lawn and smelled to high heavens.

"This is where she used to live before she got married," Jonesy said.

"Nobody is living in these things," the lieutenant said.

"That is what you think, sir," Jonesy said.

An old Eskimo man, who must have been fifty or so, crawled out the door. He was dressed against the cold only in overalls and a Cape Cod fisherman's chest-high boots-trousers and a yellow oil cloth fisherman's hat. He smoked a pipe, holding it firmly between his toothless gums.

"Jessie around here?" Jonesy asked.

"No," the Eskimo man said, in a high-pitched though rather guttural voice, "she moved over there with her husband."

"Living with her folks?" Jonesy asked.

"Uh," said the Eskimo, looking at Jonesy with a quizzical smile.

The Eskimo man pointed across the bay at an inlet about a mile from where we stood.

"You got a boat?" Jonesy asked the Eskimo.

"Huh," said the Eskimo.

"Big enough for all three of us," Jonesy said, offering the Eskimo a pack of American cigarets which the Eskimo did not hesitate to take.

"Thirteen foot and big enough," said the Eskimo.

We went and got the boat which smelled very strongly of seal gut and fish and shoved off. Jonesy and the lieutenant paddled, but the bay was so shallow we finally had to pole. Jonesy got the bright idea of putting up the small sail but it hung limp in the rain, and finally Jonesy got out in the water about nine inches deep and pushed. The Eskimo stood on the bank laughing so hard he doubled up his thin frame, and coughed violently. Between Jonesy's pushing and the lieutenant's pushing we finally got to Jessie's new house. It was set way back in the spruce woods. There was a little dock out in front and a wide plank had been stretched over the bog from the dock to the house which was very new and clean-looking.

"This is a long way to come in the rain to see an Eskimo woman," the lieutenant said.

A big brown Eskimo husky dog, as big as a St. Bernard, came loping down from the porch. He was a very fierce-looking creature.

"You go ahead," said the lieutenant, "I got an aversion to dogs. Ever since I carried the U. S. Mail in New York I got a distinct aversion to canines."

"Part wolf-dog," Jonesy explained glibly. "But they never bother no white man. They tear an Indian or something to pieces, but they're friendly as hell to a white man." Jonesy leaped from the dock and began patting the dog on the head and walked toward the door.

"I was once bitten by a dog," the lieutenant ex-

plained, as Jonesy disappeared through the doorway which was opened by somebody we could not see.

We waited perhaps 10 minutes out there in the rain until Jonesy came back and said it was all right for us to come in. We entered a little hallway about six feet square and walked into another small room perhaps eight by nine feet. Its only furniture was a new kitchen range, a few boxes and a kitchen table with an oilcloth cover. The walls were covered with green paper, and there were flowers in a coffee can on the sill of the one window. It was a very new house for a very new bride, a very new house for Jessie and her young husband who is now making four dollars a day. There was Jessie.

She was a shy little creature, not more than five feet four. Her hair was red, but dark-red and gathered in a knot at the nape of her neck. She had the timid look in her eyes of a young child, gentle and inquisitive. She wore a thin gingham dress, which covered her shapeless young body. Long, soft sealskin boots covered her legs. She said hello in a very small voice which we could hardly hear, and when the lieutenant offered his hand in greeting she took it very limply and timidly.

A young Indian, his face deeply marked by small-pox and his upper lips sunken by his lack of teeth sat on one of the boxes. He had a strong face, looking much like Laurence Olivier if Olivier were minus his upper teeth. By the table sat another man, who looked to be of English descent. He looked not at us, but at the fresh-plucked carcass of a wild bird which lay in an empty coffee can on the table, soaking in salt to take the toughness out. He wore the badge of a construction company which is working on this base, and we found out that he had come down from northern Labrador, bringing his little girl with him. Off to one of the rooms to the right, we could see an ancient Eskimo woman, sitting quietly, sewing.

The rain had stopped outside, but the light was still gray, and the room was dark. Jessie put another log in the big kitchen range, while Jonesy talked to the Indian. Jonesy talked about the deer and the caribou and about the bear, the mink



and the natives which roam the wilderness, about the harbors and settlement to the north, and about the government at Newfoundland. Jonesy seemed to know more about this land than the natives.

"Did you ever hear," Jonesy asked the young Indian, "of a white snake what blends with the snow up here?"

The young Indian spoke, softly in a normal voice, not guttural like the Eskimo, but with a strange sharp twang to it, nearer to a down easter's than anything else, but with a touch of cockney in it.

"I never heard tell of snykes round these woods," he said.

"Eskimo told me," Jonesy said, "about the white snake."

The Indian nodded. "Never heard tell of snykes round these woods," he repeated, smiling.

"No snykes in northern Labrador," the man from the north said.

"Jessie," Jonesy said, "you ever hear at the mission tell of any snakes in Labrador?"

Jesse shifted her weight timidly on her sealskin moccasins. "No," she said timidly.

Jessie went into the other room and brought back a pair of half-finished sealskin moccasins.

The sides of the shoes were of sealskin fur, and the tops were covered with a fringe of white fur, Jessie was sewing in a lining of the same cheap flannelette which was used to cover the bed in the other room.

"That white fur rabbit?" Jonesy asked.

"Puppy fur," Jessie said.



"Sell for Christmas," the Indian said. "Make nice presents," Jonesy said. "I'd like to get me a pair to send my girl. Only she is now going out with some jerk back home. Let him purchase her presents, not me, not Jonesy."

"You got some puppies now?" the lieutenant asked, feeling probably the same way I did. "I'd like to buy some puppies. About half a dozen."

"Yes," said Jessie.

"Too young," said the young Indian. "Three days old."

Jessie went out the front door to the kennel and came back with her thin fragile arms filled with half a dozen puppies. They were beautiful little dogs but so small that they could not even walk and their eyes were not yet opened. Jessie deposited them on the floor and they crawled under the stove, lying against each other for warmth, crawling over each other on their weak young legs.

"Sure hard to believe," Jonesy said to me, "that they grow up to be big dogs like that there one out front."

"Sure is," the lieutenant said. "Can I buy one?"

"They're all spoken for," Jessie said softly.

"For fur?" the lieutenant asked.

"Yes," Jessie said.

There was a long silence.

"It's going to get dark," the lieutenant finally said.

"Yes," I said. "We've got to be going."

"If you ever hear of any snakes up here," Jonesy said to the Indian, "let me know over there. I'll pay fifty dollars for a Labrador snake. Don't forget."

As we were leaving, Jonesy stopped for five minutes to play with the big husky dog out there in the rain. His thick brown coat glistened with the rain. Jonesy said he was sure he could teach that dog to be a good retriever.

Back across the bay, we succeeded in hoisting the sail, since I vaguely remembered something about tacking into the wind. Pure instinct, I suppose, but it made up for the transportation Jonesy and the lieutenant furnished on the way out.

That night, the weather cleared and the stars were very bright. The northern lights threw fantastic patterns in the sky, and you could feel winter in the air.

Out in the spruce, in the still of that fantastic night, the huskies hunted, howling against the dark mountains and the spruce.

"They're wonderful dogs, those huskies," Jonesy said. "If I come back up here after the war I'm going to get me a beautiful pack of huskies for hunting and sledding."

We stood for a long time and watched the northern lights and felt the first breath of winter whining down from the ice cap.

Later that night I was nearly asleep in the barracks when a voice beside me asked, "Sergeant?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Somebody told me," the voice said very quietly, "that you went to see that red-headed Eskimo woman."

"Yes," I said.

"Is she really as beautiful as they say?" the voice in the darkness asked, a little awed.

"Yes," I said. "Very tall and very beautiful. Something like Greer Garson."

Who am I to shatter an Army illusion that has spread to Cairo, Egypt, and even as far as the Shah of Persia?

—Sgt. Bill Richardson.



having "taken it" for two long years, began to dish it out. Her long-range fighters attacking troop-planes and her bombers going for ships.

In Washington, Lieut.-General Henry H. Arnold, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces, said: "In some sections we are stronger, and in others, they are. Out of this African theater may come great air battles which almost certainly will determine the future air supremacy over the Mediterranean, and possibly . . . over Europe."

British observers, with their usual gift for understatement, remarked that the situation in Tunisia was "sticky."

Further south, American troops bulwarked by French were advancing towards the coast near Port Susa, in a flanking movement which, if successful, would drive a wedge between Axis forces in Tunisia and those in Tripoli.

The air blitz over Rommel grows stronger each day. The Anglo-American team is a smooth running affair. British Air Vice-Marshal Coningham remarked: "The American Chief of Staff, General Strickland, toddles over to my caravan with a tin of pineapple juice. I put a little spot of gin in it. That's the cooperation that exists. We are a happy and competent family, and the result is an efficient machine."

ITALY

If the Germans in Africa were jumpy, the Italians in Italy were downright terrified. With each new raid over Turin, Milan or Genoa, thousands more have fled to the country districts seeking safety. Already 400,000 are reported to have left Milan.

Then we hit Naples. Suddenly, in broad daylight, a sharp force of American Liberators swooped down on Naples, leaving the worse mess since "Vesuvius erupted," as one Yank airman put it. One Italian cruiser and a battleship suffered direct hits. Heavy damage was inflicted upon docks and shipping.

The panic of the evacuees is reported beyond control; they carry the panic wherever they go, spreading fear through the country like a disease. Desertion in the army and among factory workers is growing. The black market and gross profiteering are rampant. The arrival of German troops to reinforce the garrisons in Southern Italy is causing great discontent.

Mussolini lives alone and remote from his people, avid only for reports of public reaction toward himself. The Italian Navy huddles in port, while British ships pick off African convoy ships, roaming Mussolini's lake, at will.

RUSSIA

In startling contrast are the Russians. At the end of the third week of Russia's counter offensive, 150,000 to 200,000 Germans are encircled near Stalingrad. They are running short of food and ammunition; every available German plane is being used to supply them, at great loss from the Russian ack-ack guns. They are even short of water and forced to melt snow.

On the central front, the Russian offensive is meeting more resistance from fresh German troops, but is continuing its thrusts near Rzhev and Veliki-Luki.

From yet another front comes as great a tale of heroism as any heard in this war. A tale from the Merchant Marine, the silent front.

A small American merchantman, zigzagging her way through the South Atlantic, encountered two enemy raiders. A Nazi shell landed on her deck. The shrapnel got Ensign D. C. Willett, skipper of the gun crew.

Seriously wounded, he still stumbled over the debris to his station. On the bridge, Captain Buck saw his men falling all around him. But the gun crew had the range. There was a burst of flame aboard the smaller raider—then two more.

But the merchantman was done for. The foremast came crashing down on the deck. The boiler was hit; the speed dropped to one knot. Incendiary shells wiped out the engine-room and the steering engine. The deck house was afire, still she fought back.

With the death of each of his gun crew, Willett took over his duties, until there was no one left but himself. He took over the gun alone. The little merchantman was sinking by the bow. Willetts trained his gun on the larger raider. He not only saw direct hits, but lifeboats leaving the smaller raider. Then a Nazi shell got his magazine.

Ensign Willetts was posted as missing. He was still aboard the little merchantman when, colors flying, she plunged to the bottom of the South Atlantic.

A WEEK OF WAR

Africa and Russia get Hitler Frantic on Two Big Fronts



AFRICA

Fantasy in Africa

A SHORT-LEGGED little donkey trotted down the Tunisian road, muddy from recent rains. He seemed almost hidden from sight by the folds of his rider's flowing Arab robes. He trotted along past Nazi tanks, artillery and infantry. No one noticed him or his rider. But the rider was taking careful note of everything. He was a French officer, the most advanced of all advanced forces sent into Tunisia by General Anderson, commander of the British First Army. The "Arab" and his donkey turned westward, and shortly a detailed description of the enemy strength and dispersements was in the hands of the Allies.

Nearby, a sapper captain was being congratulated by his general for turning a muddy landing field into a fighter station in 36 hours. Had he and his men not worked so fast, the Germans would have been able to bomb an important port between Algiers and Tunis. A valuable supply route would have been closed. An American paratrooper, fighting for days under Colonel Edson Raff, trudges up and joins the sapper captain's party. He is looking for supplies to take back. "We get a long way from supply dumps," he says. "For days we been living on stale bread and dates. But, boy, you should have seen the job we did the other day—knocked out seven Jerry tanks in one small action."

Legends fly thick and fast about the amazing 35 year old Colonel Raff. The Yank paratroopers say he seldom sleeps or eats, yet shows amazing energy. So much that he and his men are a vanguard of destruction. Wrecking and taking enemy supplies, capturing airfields, knocking out communications. French generals have placed themselves at his dis-

posal, cheerfully taking orders from him. He attributes much of his success in the mountain passes to the supporting French artillery, who know every inch of the ground.

Back of these advance bases the eternal problem of supply still harasses both us and the enemy. In some places routes pass over high plateaus so bare and open that the slow-moving trucks remain almost unprotected from strafing German planes. Patches of shade under barren rock are used as cover. Truck convoys are forced to move at night along twisting mountain roads with certain death on either side. Everywhere traffic is slowed by Bedouin caravans of camels and horses.

General Anderson took a big gamble when he advanced so rapidly to the east. But it was worthwhile because it frustrated a German advance into Algeria, where the Nazis had their eye on the port and airfield of Bone. In fact, Secretary of War, Henry Stimson, announced in Washington that operations were a month ahead of schedule. But the supply lines were stretched taut over mountainous coastal roads, and the advance outran any effective air umbrella. The enemy had only a scant hundred miles to carry reinforcements from Sicily and Sardinia, and 350 miles from Naples.

We brought in big Curtis-Commandos, the largest twin-engined air liners in the world to supply the Allies with men and material. Thirty-six men per plane, plus light artillery, a small tank or jeep, dumped right into the battle zone. The Germans are using the Blohm and Voss 222s, so big an Australian airman reported that he mistook one for a 3,000-ton ship. Junkers 52s rushed a mad shuttle service from Italy to Africa and back. American fighters hung on them like mad bees, taking an enormous toll. But still they came, bringing an estimated 25,000 Germans into Tunisia. Flying Forts attacked the docks at Bizerta. Little Malta,



JAP SNIPERS fire at the Chinese from a fortress.



MOUNTAIN FIGHTING, with Japanese gun crews firing 75 mms at Chinese positions.



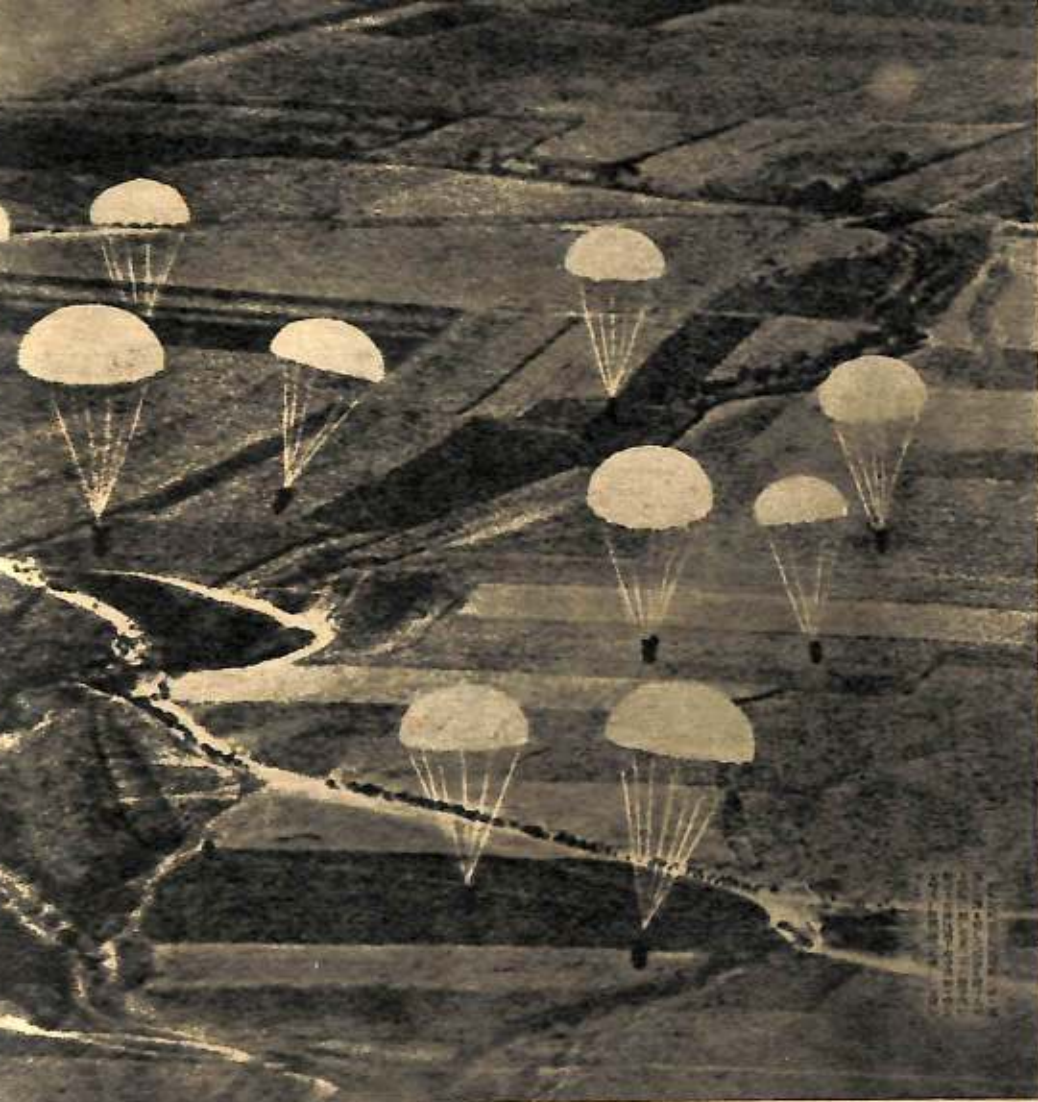
A BATTERY of Japanese 105 mm guns being fired at the enemy by an artillery unit.



CAMEL TRANSPORT is used by the Japs to help move up supplies.



CHOW for this group of soldiers is the standard ration—bowl of rice.



AIRBORNE supplies and ammunition are landed by small parachutes.

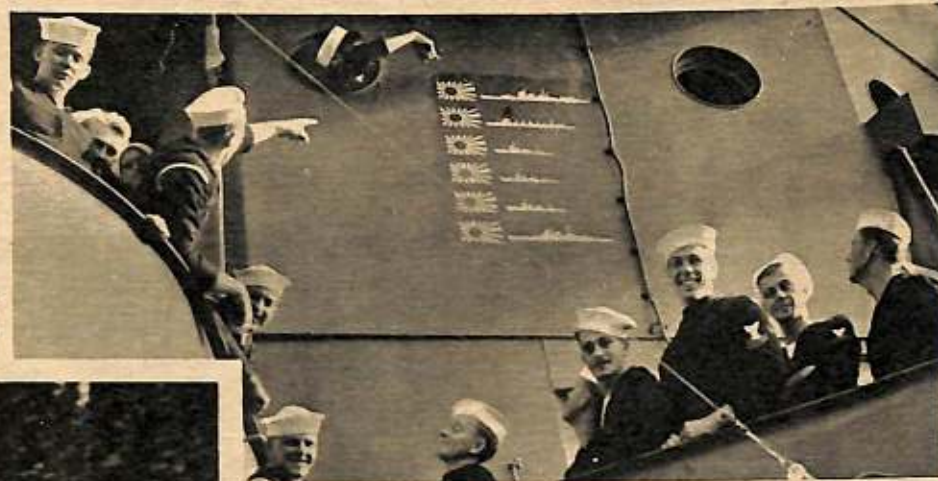




VICTOR. Sergeant V. W. Zekas, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., downed Zero in New Guinea.



INVADERS. In training for smash landing operations, these Navy Seabees jump off the side of a landing boat, somewhere in Eastern U.S. They're ready to build or battle.



SCOREBOARD. Crew of light cruiser Boise point with pride. Silhouettes represent six Jap warships she sent to the bottom.



FASHION. Actress Grace McDonald introduces the new Chute Suit.



OPENING. Shortly after dedication of Alcan Highway, first army truck convoy carries war supplies to Fairbanks, Alaska.



COURTESY. At Camp Lee, Va., WAAC officers Margret Fullerton, and Ruby Herman return G.I. highballs.



LANDING. Jap torpedo was headed for an American ship. Good maneuvering let Guadalcanal beach take it.



PAINTER. T-5 Dick Howard, of Philadelphia, brushes on a little more cold to a shivering Yank, part of mural he's painting in Ireland. Mrs. F.D.R. gave it a big O.K. when she saw it.



A CLEANUP.



RETREAT. A British Bofors gun passes a dead Nazi lying in the Libyan desert. He, and thousands of others, will fight no more for Marshal Rommel in his run from the Allies.



WOUNDED. Yank veterans of the North African offensive return to the U.S.



HUT! Soldiers aren't the only ones doing calisthenics. Dancing girls keep legs' slim.



ADRIFT. This Jap heavy bomber, a Mitsubishi Type 1, was found floating in the Pacific by a U. S. warship. How it was shot down was not disclosed, but your bet's the same as ours.



U.S. rifleman gives a French sailor a cigarette and a light Morocco. How to make pals.



ECSTASY. This G.I. with the beautiful expression is getting his music from Fay McKenzie, singer, who visited Fort Simonds, Jamaica, and let fly with "Kiss the Boys Goodbye."



As he is today.

BY A YANK STAFF CORRESPONDENT

PALL MALL, TENN.—His name is York—Alvin C. York. He resembles that straight-backed sergeant with the fierce mustache who came back from France a hero.

He still has the mustache, but it's mellowed now by flecks of gray.

"I'll tell yuh somethin', son. . . ." He was talking of the war and the glint in his blue eyes was no longer kindly.

"I'll tell it to yuh like I tell it to every soldier in camps I go to. . . ."

"This country's always been fair and square—fought its wars accordin' to the rules, but these here people we're a-fightin' now just don't have no honor. They're mean and they're dirty. And I'm a-tellin' our boys we've got to be just as mean an' just as dirty as they are."

He was a conscientious objector in '17, until his captain convinced him that fighting to protect his country was a necessary evil. But he'd be mighty slow about taking prisoners now. "You can't trust 'em nowadays. Just as likely as not shoot yuh in th' back. When I'm a-talking to th' boys now, I tell em just this. . . ."

War Changes His Life

This war's made a lot of changes in the life of Sergeant York. For twenty years after his return from Europe, he lived quietly on the farm in his Upper Cumberland Mountains that the State of Tennessee gave him—in the home his friends built for him.

The ribbons he won for killing 20 Germans and capturing 132 in the Argonne were put away, and only an occasional visitor journeyed over the mountain from "Jimtown" to see "the greatest private soldier of all the armies of Europe."

A VISIT WITH Sergeant YORK

The hero of the Argonne, now the chairman of his county draft board in the hills of Tennessee, does not conscientiously object to killing the enemy this time. "You can't trust 'em," he warns.

This new war put an end to that. The red-headed mountain hero was remembered when thousands of other Americans began to move from farms and homes and factories to tents and barracks and troop ships.

He's on the go all of the time, now, speaking all over the country—to soldiers in camp, to War Bond rallies, to any crowd where patriotism is the theme.

Plenty of Ideas About War

He's a well-to-do mountain farmer, and he's chairman of the draft board and a member of the Tennessee State Defense Council. But he aims to hang on to that title of "Sergeant York." He was so proud of that "Sergeant" that he turned down the gold leaves of a major to keep it.

But he has plenty of ideas on how we ought to fight the war.

"For one thing," he said, hitching up his khaki pants and then shoving a forefinger under his collar to loosen it, "you oughta be mighty proud to get as much trainin' as yuh do nowadays. To tell yuh th' truth, we did more marchin' and maneuverin' after the Armistice than we did before we went into the trenches.

"An' another thing—a man's got to be in good shape. Why, I spent 26 days in the trenches under fire without gettin' relieved, an' I tell you a man's got to be in good shape to do that."

(Good mountain eating and plenty of it have added an inch to the Sergeant's waist-line, but he'll admit that he's still a "pretty fair shot." And when MacArthur's men were holding Bataan, he said he'd be "mighty proud to take a bunch of mountain sharpshooters over there and clean them Japs out.")

"Course it goes without sayin' that a man's gotta learn to do what he's told," the Sergeant added, shoving his broad-brimmed black hat back. "We was in the Argonne once (that was the time he brought a few German soldiers back) an' I had this feller in my squad. He was hard-headed, an' he wouldn't listen to nuthin'. Dumbest man I ever did see. Well, sir, he wouldn't keep his head down and I kept tellin' him ifen he didn't he'd get it blown right off, but they's some people yuh can't tell nuthin', you know. Well, sir, he got his head blown off, just like I told him."

Up here in the Valley of the Three Forks, people have a habit of taking Sergeant York's advice. As head of the Fentress County draft board, he's been sending their boys off to war, and the people, the boys, and Sergeant York are all proud of the top-notch record their county has made in voluntary enlistments in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Volunteers



In World War I.

filled Fentress County quotas the first months of the draft.

Sergeant York and his exploits are all very real to Fentress County. The Alvin C. York Agricultural Institute and the Alvin C. York Bible School were of his creation, designed by him to give mountain boys and girls "the kind of practical education they'll need."

"Remember, Pinto beans is scarce"

He may be the sage of Fentress County to his neighbors, and an almost legendary figure of history to millions of Americans who saw the motion picture about his life, but he's still very much alive—and he'd like to be where the shooting's going on.

"I'm ready any time they want me. If they'd let me, I'd take a bunch uv men across that Channel. It'd be mighty tough, but we can shore do 'er—I know we can!"

Back behind his red barn a sileage cutter howled again and one of Sergeant York's sturdy boys pitched it beans from a wagon. Sergeant York listened for a moment to the mechanical clatter, stuck out a big, tanned hand.

From the war his conversation turned again to his farm. As he gave a firm hand-shake he said, "Remember, son, what I told yuh—'Pinto beans is scarce.'"

He started back to the silo. A few paces away he half-turned, and with a wave of his arm looked back and grinned:

"Meet me on the Eye-talian Booley-ward in Paris."

When you're on your way through Paris, soldier, keep an eye out as you go down *Boulevard des Italiens* for a big fellow with a thick red mustache and an extra chin. Sergeant York is liable to keep that date.

A NEW SGT. HERO

THIS WAR, TOO, IS PRODUCING ITS FIGHTING SGT. YORKS

By SGT. JOHN BARNES
YANK's China Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—I found him as he was cleaning and oiling his babies, the twin 50-calibers mounted in the power-operated upper turret in "06," the B-25 that was General Haynes' ship and the lead plane in the Hong Kong raid.

His name is Tech. Sergeant N. G. Stubblefield, and he is the mechanic and top turret gunner who had knocked down four Japs while beating off repeated attacks on his ship. In the final count he had official confirmation on two of the Zeros with the other two listed as probables and he had won the praise of the entire personnel of the mission.

Stubby didn't think so much of his part in the raid when I asked him about it. His was the idea that it was just part of the day's work and that was about all. He was glad, though, that he was doing a good job. Gunnery is pretty much of a cinch when you have a pilot like Haynes, was about the only comment that he made without my pumping the story out of him.

After plenty of questioning I finally found out that he was from Dallas, Tex., had enlisted in the army at 19, had three and a half years service, had come across the ocean in May with the same B-25 squadron as a mechanic and gunner, and was ready and willing for more missions like the Hong Kong raid.

This is his story of the raid:

"I left a South China air base about eight in the morning, stopped at an advance base and refueled and started off for our objective at about eleven or eleven thirty.

"I, for one, and most of the other crew members, too, didn't know what our objective was. They don't tell us much for fear of it leaking out. In fact, about the only ones who really know in advance are the chief pilots and the navigators. They have to know to get us there.

"We saw the usual China scenery, paddy fields, rolling hills, crooked roads and villages, went sweeping by under the belly as we cruised along," Stub said. "Finally we swept over Canton and when I saw there was no indication that this was to be our objective, was I glad! Going in that direction there was only one other spot we could be headed for and that was Hong Kong. We'd passed over it a couple of times in making raids on Canton but we'd never dropped anything on it and the place was just asking to be bombed.

"As we headed out to sea toward the great island city we cleared for action. 'Newsreel' Wong, an American newsreel cameraman who was riding in our plane, kept us posted about the area. Hong Kong was his home before the invasion of the Japanese. His wife and child had only recently been able to get out of the city and Wong got a great kick out of being in on the crack at his old home.

"We came in at about 18,000 and headed right

for the Kowloon docks and installations. As we were the lead element, we went right in for our run with the other three elements following behind and the pea shooters under Col. Robert L. Scott hanging overhead as our protective screen against the Zero opposition we were almost sure to meet.

"I could see the bomb bursts right in the center of the target area as we finished our run.

"We pulled up, made a turn to the right and boy, we ran right into them. Here they came, hell bent for destruction, at least 25 or 30 of them. From the direction that they came, they must have followed us from Canton.

"They were about on our level and coming in fast so the general just shoved the nose down and got them above and behind us so I had a good view and I cut loose. 'Newsreel' got some fine shots of the first one that I nailed. He was above and a little in front of us when I got him in the sights and opened up. I followed him around as we turned a little and as he was dropping back he just blew up in the air.

"I turned around after watching the wreckage of the first one falling and there sat an I-45 right above and behind us. All I had to do was swing the turret and I had him full on. He took the first burst right in the guts, dropped off on one wing and, when he was about half way down, he came all to pieces.

"We were heading home now and really had the coal on. The Nips were stringin' out a little and sniping at our wing planes when I got the last pair. I caught the first one when he swung in to 'pass' at our left wing man. He just flew into the sights and fell right out when I let him have it. I didn't get to see whether he fell all the way or not. I had to swing the old turret around after one of them that was coming in on our right wing man. He dropped off at the first burst and went into a glide toward the ground.

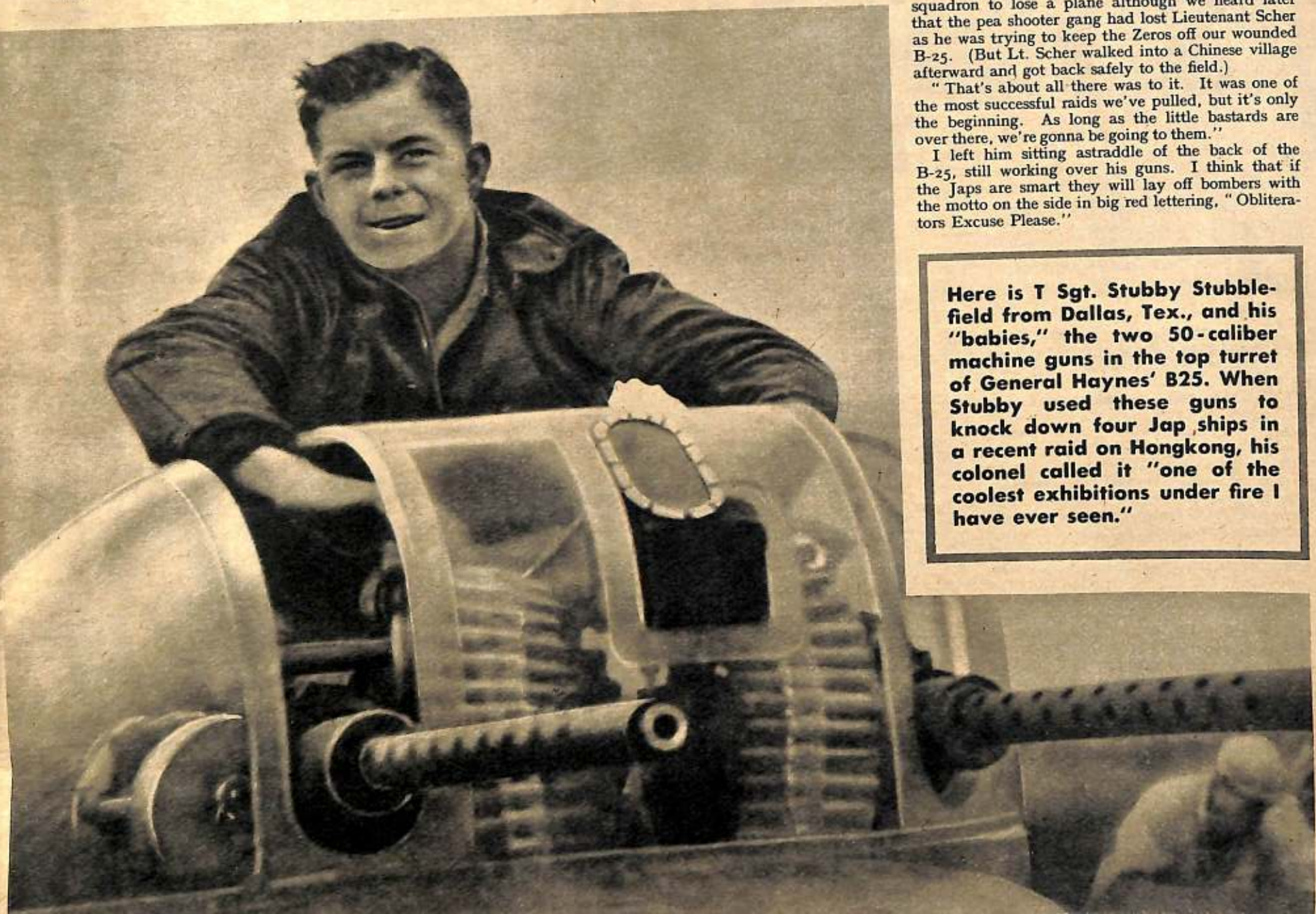
"We were all straightened out for home under full gun when the last element under—Captain Holstrom, who was with Doolittle of Tokyo raid fame—was finishing its run. They were really catchin' hell but they were dishin' it out too. I could see all the guns on all three ships going full blast. The last element was the only one that could use their wobble guns because none of our guys were behind them.

"That last bunch was the only group of our squadron to lose a plane although we heard later that the pea shooter gang had lost Lieutenant Scher as he was trying to keep the Zeros off our wounded B-25. (But Lt. Scher walked into a Chinese village afterward and got back safely to the field.)

"That's about all there was to it. It was one of the most successful raids we've pulled, but it's only the beginning. As long as the little bastards are over there, we're gonna be going to them."

I left him sitting astraddle of the back of the B-25, still working over his guns. I think that if the Japs are smart they will lay off bombers with the motto on the side in big red lettering, "Obliterators Excuse Please."

Here is T Sgt. Stubby Stubblefield from Dallas, Tex., and his "babies," the two 50-caliber machine guns in the top turret of General Haynes' B25. When Stubby used these guns to knock down four Jap ships in a recent raid on Hongkong, his colonel called it "one of the coolest exhibitions under fire I have ever seen."





News from Home

The U. S. Week

WPA Is Laid To Rest As 18's and 19's Register For Military Service

This was the week they laid the WPA to rest. They buried it by the side of the late-deceased Blue Eagle, and nobody came around to put any flowers on its grave. R.I.P., WPA!

That fact told much more about America today than any other single event of the week. It meant that people were working, and not making kiddy cars. It meant that there was no unemployment problem. It meant that the majority of Americans were feeding themselves and their families.

By burying the project this week, America announced to Adolf Hitler that he was on his way out, and that everything he represented was ready to be laid out, too. The WPA had done all right in its time, but its time was gone. It had taken much punishment, but it built 644,000 miles of necessary road. It threw 77,000 bridges across rivers, streams, bays and brooks. It erected 116,000 buildings. It gave work to 8,000,000 men with 30,000,000 dependents, and it enabled them to continue to have pride in themselves. But that was before the war.

Now it is needed no longer. The country has all the work it can handle.

It was in Washington that they buried the WPA and from Washington that the most sensational war news of the week came. President Roosevelt announced that we now have more than 1,000,000 soldiers serving overseas and that they are constantly being swelled with reinforcements.

The President last week also conferred briefly with Spencer Tracy soon before the actor left for England,

with Christmas and New Year's greetings for the men in this European Theater. The details of the conference were not made public.

Also in Washington this week, the Office of War Production cracked down on 60 landlords who were raising their rents. . . . The attorney-general started anti-trust suits against several large companies, including the A&P. . . . It was all a part of the government's steadfast endeavour to keep wartime costs of living checked.

The younger generation also came into its own this week. Boys of 18 and 19 flocked to their draft boards to register. They came trying to look tough, like soldiers. They came from school and work to the same boards we always will remember. They came with books under their arms and with their youthful hands dirty, as youthful hands usually are. They didn't look old, and few looked tough, despite their efforts, but to the Army they looked fine—fine young men, young and flexible enough to make good fighting men in time. They were of the age that makes the best athletes, and athletes make good soldiers.

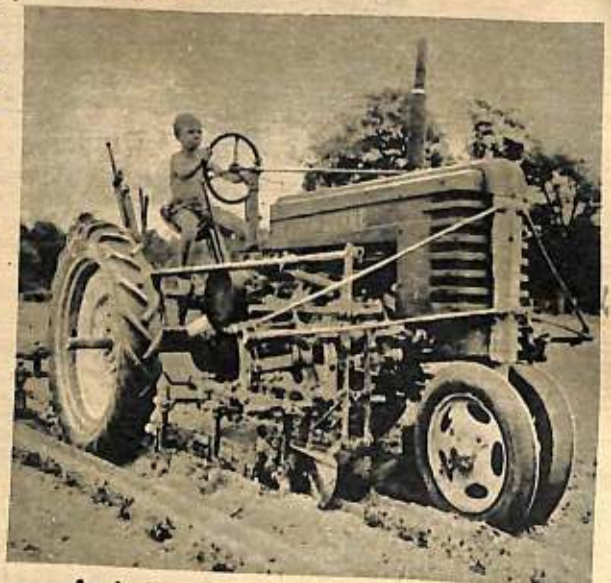
On the political front last week, the Republicans, flush from their recent victory at the polls, elected Harrison Spangler, of Iowa, as National Chairman. He was a compromise between the conservatives and the followers of Wendell Willkie. . . . Ohio decided to ration liquor. . . . Furniture manufacturers complained that young married couples are hesitating to furnish homes these days. . . . The city of New York suddenly became tough and suppressed a musical revue—"Wine, Women and Song," starring that past-mistress at the art of strip-tease, Margie Hart.

The country lost its No. 1 flying hero of the Philippines when Lieut. Buzz Wagner was lost on a routine training flight between Eglin and Maxwell fields. . . . The cruiser San Francisco limped proudly

The 18's and 19's were sworn in

home after sinking a Japanese battleship, a cruiser and a destroyer in the Solomons. . . . Doctors reported a mild epidemic of colds and gripe around the country. . . . Ten Home Front heroes were honoured by President Roosevelt for individual production records, as ordinary workers in war plants. . . . Two men tried to steal the ancient cannon from the lawn of the State capitol of Missouri and were nabbed by police.

This week, the country was quiet—watching the fighting fronts, and working to supply those fronts with the tools of war.



And the 4-year-olds drive tractors



Trainasium Terrors

OR

How to Make a Monkey Out of a G.I.

Words by Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Pictures by Sgt. Frank Brandt

THAT broad young man standing on a platform in front of you, his rippling muscles bared to the breezes, who bellows: "The nex' 'cize'll be done in four coun's"—he is not the worst guy in the world.

He has, you know, a heart, although admittedly very small. But there is something closely related to him that has no heart at all. Some of you have met it (there are dozens at Fort Knox, Ky., and, it is reported, they are contagious). A lot more of you have not. This is to tell you what you have missed.

The **THING** is called a trainasium—very often, more unprintable and appropriate names. It is made up of various iron bars attached to each other and placed on each other until the result is a shape not at all un-

like the picture Sgt. Brandt has created on this page. The theory is that if a soldier is ordered to assume various poses atop, between and among this curious formation he will receive a workout far more strenuous, and consequently, far more beneficial than any he ever received to the tune of "in cadence, 'cise." There is no cadence with the monkey cage except, possibly, that created as your noggin thumps the bars on an unscheduled journey to the ground.

Your introduction to this diabolical device usually comes through a fine young man whose accomplishments include swimming the English Channel (during a storm and with one hand tied behind his back) and the besting of Superman and Dick Tracy in an alley scrap. With

a most reassuring smile he tells you, "We'll take things easy the first day and make things harder later." Then he says, "Follow me."

He climbs up the side ladder with the agility of a monkey. You and many others also climb. He reaches the top and, surprisingly enough, you do, too. You are 20 feet above the good earth and you sway in the wind and in fear. He says, "Walk around the foot paths to lose your fear of height." He neglects to add that, in the center, if you fail to lose that fear you have only a fine breeze to grab on to. You walk and manage to survive.

He points to a ladder that extends horizontally away from you into infinity. "Lean forward," he says, "grasp a rung with your hands, keep your feet steady and walk across like an animal on all fours. One hand and one foot at a time."

You know exactly what sort of an animal to call him, but find it a different matter to walk like one. You miss a step with your left hand while worrying about which foot should be moving and suddenly find the iron bar very hard and cold on your lips. This does not make you feel any better.

Hercules, by now, has started out on a new trick (there are dozens of them), handwalking down the undersurface of the inclined ladder. He moves along as steadily as though he were held aloft by a derrick. Then you begin, hanging from one rung with both hands, reaching your left for the next rung, then your right, and wondering how hard the ground will be when you let go



Bucking for right guide.

along about the tenth rung. But you don't let go and you find yourself, marvelously enough, on the other side.

There can't be any more, you say to yourself. You are at least consistent today, because you are wrong again. There can be more.

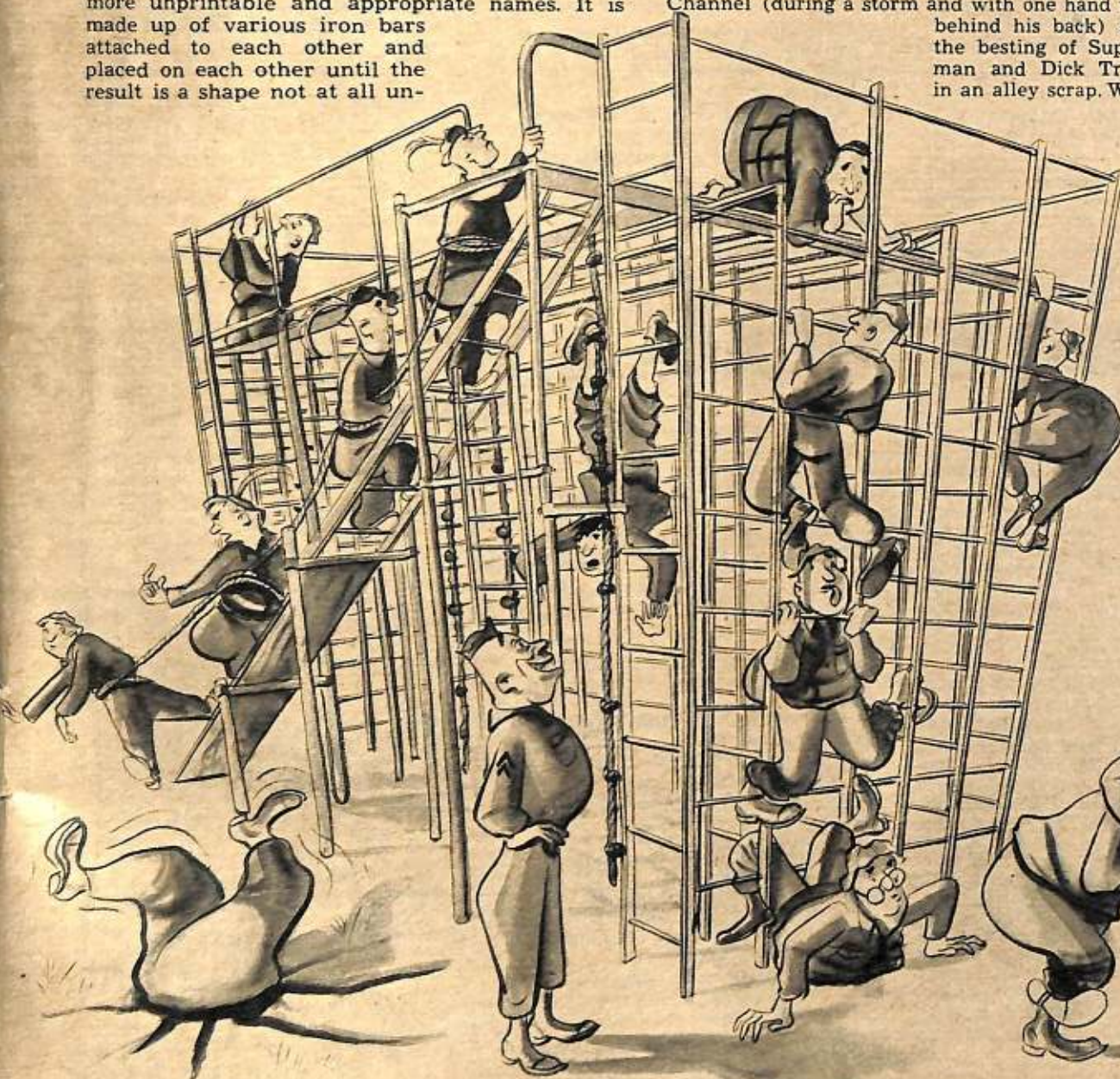
"We will descend," says the Strongest Man in the World, "like a snake, winding in and out of the rungs as we go down, first the feet, the body following the feet, etc."

You mutter something about the snake, not quite loud enough for him to acknowledge the greeting, and begin to wind and unwind, not sure whether it is your feet or your head that you have left at the top.

You are on the ground again, suddenly feeling very proud of yourself, of what you have done and what you have survived. And, strangely, the man who introduced you to all this seems to be quite a human fellow after all.

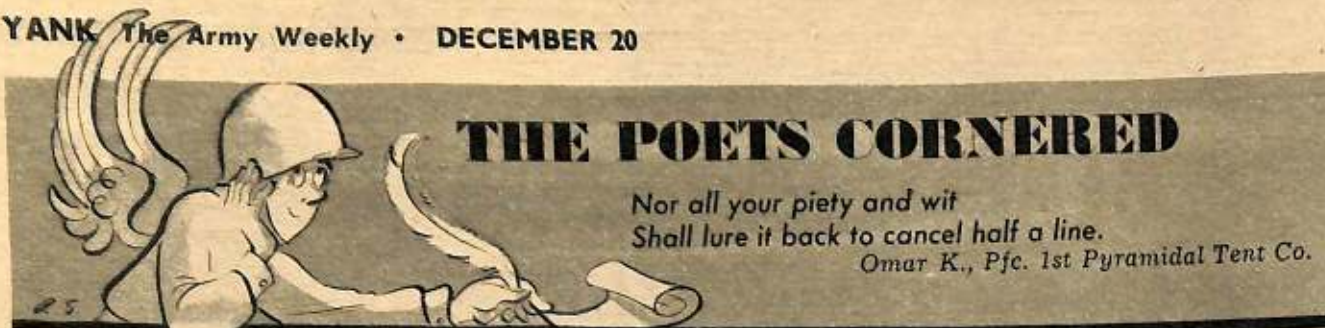
He is smiling and announcing that's all for today, but the next time will be a little harder. You rub your skinned palms and show how brave you have become.

"Next time with one hand," you say.



There is no cadence with the monkey cage except that created as your noggin thumps the bars.

Sgt. Frank Brandt



THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

He's six feet three and he's five feet four
He's as slim as a slat and as wide as a door
He wears a twelve shoe, and a cap marked #7
He hails from Forts Benning, Swift, and Deven.

He talks like Georgia, and his "H'ya all?"
Has a Vermont twang and an Iowa drawl
He's silent and gabby; melancholy and merry
He hails from Forts Schuyler, Livingston and Perry.

He's a farmer, a clerk, a miner, and a broker
He kept a country store, and sailed as a stoker
He's backwards and he's shy; he's a wit and a wag
He hails from Forts Slocum, Claiborne and Bragg.

He's Yankee and he's Polish; he's Spanish, German, French
His home is in the barracks, a foxhole and a trench
He can shoot a squirrel's eye out, at a hundred yards, or more.
He hails from Forts Riley, Gordon, and Orr.

He's polyglot, a melting pot; a mixture of race and creed
With a job to be done and a war to be won

And a shackled world to be freed
So hail to the East, North, South and West

Give Johnny Doughboy the weapons and he'll do the rest.

PVT. MURRAY B. SCHOEN
FORT BELVOIR, VA.

BARRACKS

It is just an old shack
Made of wood and of steel,
And how in a high wind
It will rumble and squeal.

It is hot when we're gone
And it's cold when we're here,
And a darn poor hide-out
When those details are near.

We cuss it and we damn it
From pillar to dome;
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home.
PVT. EARL W. POST
NORTH ATLANTIC COMMAND

CITIZEN-ARMY

We are not professional soldiers,
Bullets were strange to us a year ago.

We were the farmer—the teacher
We were the clerk—the businessman
We were the actor—the mechanic

Yes, we were the citizen of last year—
Now we are the citizen-army.

Since leaving peace and our loves—
We have been taught:
to sleep as the warrior—
to eat as the soldier—
to march as the fighter.

We build bridges—we students
We repair bombers—we artists
We cook food—we fathers
We shoot well, we butchers, we plumbers,
We of the citizen-army.

PVT. HAROLD FEIGENBAUM
LOWRY FIELD, COLO.

CONSIDER THE NIPS

Consider, please, the Nipponese,
They're quite at home in seas or trees.
Though simple folk they do not bungle
Traversing a tropic jungle.
They're apt to start a fight with treachery
And hope to end with wine and lechery.
It is our task—will be our pleasure—
Implacably to take their measure
In order that, where once were Japs,
Nought will be found but Japless gaps.

PVT. Y. GUY OWEN
(PSEUDONYM)



G.I. NURSERY RHYME

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffett,
eating her curds and whey;
Along came a soldier and looked at her bolder
Than any youth of her day.

She put down her sandwich, and in plain G.I. language
Asked him what he wanted—and when.

He said he was coming for some good old home cooking—
So Miss Muffett is finished with men!

PVT. GEORGE DANIELL
DANIEL FIELD, GA.

"KISMET"

In answer to "The Marines" by 2nd Lt. E. J. Wilson, U. S. A., (YANK, July 15).

There are Army men and Navy men,
In Uncle Sam's regime,
The Army men and Navy men,
Are held in high esteem.
But those Army slobs and Naval gobs,
Noted for their valor,
Are apt to shy when bullets fly
With just a tinge of pallor!

There are Army men and Navy men,
In Uncle Sam's regime,
But the only real hard fighting men
Wear khaki, blue and green.
For when cannons roar on distant shore,
'Tis known and proven fact,
Those bellhops fought till the final shot,
The Army stayed in back.

We've been told by a dogface boy,
Who wears a golden bar,
Just what we think Marines can do,
And what we think we are.
But let me task his brain and ask
That stupid dogface cuss,
"How many men in this wide world
Are quite as fine as us?"

So why shouldn't the stars if anxious to rise,
Or the moon wishing to beam,
Get permission to do from the Leatherneck crew,
The fighting, well-loved Marines?
And now, dear old looey, you shouldn't be sad,
Though ruined's your field of clover;
If your sweetie's found charms in a Leatherneck's arms,
Those bellhops have taken over!

E. A. PFORSICH
USMC, ALASKA

DEAR YANK:

I wonder if you would consider printing a little something for a beat-up corporal in this one-sided war (which is being won by the Allies) that would probably bring results that writing has not done for me in the past eight years. You see, YANK, this guy was one of the best pals a guy could ever hope for, and to think that I may never see him again is worse than being in front of the Jap and German Air Force in a link trainer. I am inclosing a snapshot of myself and would like to have it put in the above mentioned column so that he might recognize it and decide to write to me. I also am sending my address along just in case.



The guy's name is Ted Byrley whose home is in High Point, N. C., and I met him going to Jamestown High School, N. C. By the way, my name is W. Morris Caudle which is of no importance.

Well, boys, I have got to git on that ole ball, so I will close. You are doing a grand job and keep it up while Hitler's Mustache is being trimmed.

ANOTHER YANK, BILL
APO 825,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Mail Call



DEAR YANK:

Turgid, ah yes, turgid. No other word could quite convey the umbrage felt at "Sadly The Troubadour" (YANK, Nov. 18), I must unbosom myself, for my heart is near broken. Here, in your mundane way, you have sorrowfully discussed the barracks musician, whether a "getarist," or whether that lesser evil, a "steel blower." But, why oh why, did you eliminate the radio owner? Cloistered here with only my thoughts (and twenty-four hours of duty) I have pondered and pondered of ways to rid myself of him who, in his innocence, wants the whole barracks.

Have you ever listened to the dulcet tones of the Senator from Missouri discoursing on the price of pork at 2000 o'clock? Have you ever been tortured by "The Happiness Boys," just as you saw that dream walking? Have you ever been tormented by hearing sirens screeching in your ears, just as lights go out? Have you ever been scared out of your wits (?) by hearing the Voice of Experience say "IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!!!!!!"? Nay, good comrades. You could not have experienced any of these finely devised mental agonies. How else explain your complete indifference?

CPL. S. L. COHEN
CAMP EDWARDS, MASS.

DEAR YANK:

A certain corporal had better not be caught by the Army's paratroopers. This is a word to the wise off's of the Marines; directed to a certain corporal. They have good men in the Marines but they aren't superior—& every Marine put it in your pipe & smoke it.

PVT. P. GROSS
FORT BENNING, GA.

DEAR YANK:

1. We note the poem "Nurses? Curses!" in the Oct. 7 issue of YANK.

2. We further note that this same poem appeared in the *Two Tenth News*, issue of Aug. 1, duly credited to a previous publication in YANK.

3. We recognize that this poem is very good, but hardly expected to see its publication repeated in the same paper, within a few months.

4. If YANK is so hard up for material that they have to reprint their own articles, we commend their attention to an excellent publication called the *Two Tenth News*.

CPL. GERSHON A. BEIDERMAN
The Two Tenth News
CARIBBEAN COMMAND

It's our fault, brother. We printed it, you used it and credited it to us, and then the ed. of our PX page borrowed it from you in blissful ignorance that it had started here in the first place. Our face is red.

DEAR YANK:

How do they do it? I mean these orchestra leaders, baseball players, movie stars, etc. I just can't get over it. I listen to the program from Frisco over station KGEI each night. It seems, by golly, that each night a celebrity gets a high commission in the Air Force or the Navy. In your opinion don't you think a man who's had two or three years of present Army training is much more important than a civilian, or a reserve, who's served a hitch twenty years ago? This is a modern war and a modern Army which expects its men to be at least familiar with present methods. Why don't they give the enlisted men and officers a break???

Anyway, probably most of these "quickie" commissioned officers never will have to go overseas. Further, there are hundreds of men overseas who enlisted in the Army many months before Pearl Harbor for the sole ambition of learning to fly. But no, the Army had no place for them because they were not college men. Did they get sore and quit? No, they did the next best thing they could. They became expert mechanics, radio operators, aerial engineers, etc. Now that the pilots' standards have been drastically lowered, who should be given the chance to fly? The enlisted men with their competent knowledge of airplanes, or the raw civilian who's been on the "gravy train" ever since the war started.

CPL. STANLEY LUBENSKY
APO 929,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



VOL. I, NO. 27
DEC. 20, 1942
By the men... for the
men in the service

"I FEEL LUCKY AND HONORED"

THE war was a long way away from Chicago in June, 1940, when young Gilbert Omens decided to go off and take a crack at the Axis. But he didn't like a lot of the things the Axis believed in, and he was a flier. So he went and joined the R.A.F.

Two years later Captain Gilbert Omens was leading back his squadron of Spitfires after bombing Hamburg, Germany. When a swarm of Nazi planes swept down on them, Omens was the first to spot them. Since his radio was out of order, he had only one way to warn the other pilots. He broke formation and plunged alone into the enemy planes. All of his squadron returned to England safely—except Captain Omens.

One more aircraft reported missing. One more pilot dead. But Omens had known what he was fighting for. He had believed it was worth dying for. He had put it all in a letter to his mother back in Chicago and given the letter to a friend to mail if anything should happen to him. He had written:

"Today we are faced with one of the greatest organized challenges to humanity and civilization the world has ever seen, and I feel lucky and honored to throw my full weight into the scale. . . .

"The universe is so vast and ageless that the life of one man can only be measured by the measure of his deeds.

"Those who just eat and sleep, prosper; but are no better than animals if they have no will to save the one thing worth saving, the world. . . .

"Mother, when this war is over and the boys come back, stand up and cheer them, because I will be there flying over their heads with the rest of the squadron of the dead. We never die; the things we have done will live forever."

Maybe we can't all be heroes like Captain Omens.

But if we can all fight with the convictions with which he fought, that Victory parade he was talking about won't be so long in coming.

**STRICTLY
G.I.**

Zoot Suit

THE zoot suit, which is fast falling from grace back home because the material is needed for more essential clothing, showed up again in all its splendor in Washington—in the ranks of the Army. A Negro sergeant, arrested by MP's at a jive session, was wearing a GI rug-cutter's uniform of

officer's gabardine: chest-high pants with a ten-inch cuff, a fingertip tunic coat, a cocoa-colored shirt and tie and an overseas cap with a rare flare. The whole outfit was complete down to the stuffed cuffs and the neat pleat. Closer examination showed that he had been forced to fall back on the resources of the War Department for his underwear, which was strictly GI.

Fine Feathers

Seaman Clarence Leroy Braden, USN, and Pvt. Jack Hottenfeller, USA, met in a Detroit jail where both were charged with AWOL. To pass away the time, they tried on each other's uniforms. The sailor took a catnap, still in the Army uniform, and awoke to find that the soldier had been taken away by Naval police. Then two MP's arrived and took the sailor off to the guardhouse at Fort Custer, Mich. The sailor in khaki and the soldier in blues had a hell of a time explaining it to the higher brass on both sides, but it's all straightened out now. The soldier is safely tucked away in the Fort Custer guardhouse and the sailor is in the brig at Great Lakes.

Finance

Yanks in Morocco and Algeria find that their pay, which comes in the coin of the realm, buys a lot more than it did in the PX back home. The American dollar—or 75 French African francs—buys a lot in the perfume, dagger and shawl markets, but the pleasantest thing is this: A bottle of Algerian champagne costs the equivalent of eighty cents.

The Quartermaster Corps is using specially marked American money brought ashore in bundles by details of enlisted men. The British Army is printing its own, good only in North Africa.

Marines

Leathernecks stationed at Sitka suggest that, if they're going to get a campaign ribbon for Alaska service, they should be brown and green. If another color is needed, they say, make it white. The colors would represent the muskeg (bog) they trudge through, the forests and the snow-capped mountain peaks. . . . Trinidad reports that Horse Marines will be patrolling the Naval base there before long.

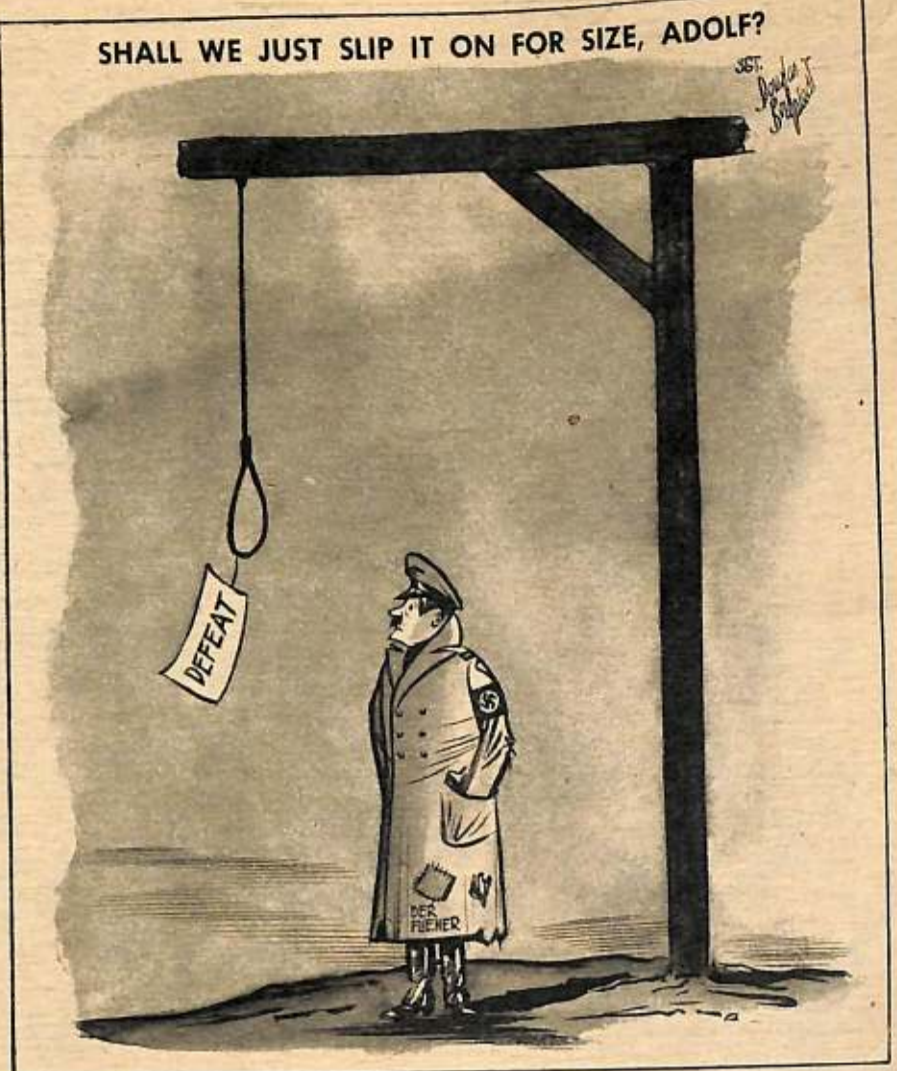
Ninety Days

The new Officer Candidate School in Britain will teach more than 60 subjects. Men in the first class never had to appear before an OCS board; they were picked out of the ranks by their CO's.

Haven of Peace

According to a medical professor at the University of Minnesota, "the high-strung, intensely ambitious man who may have been driving himself to [stomach] ulcers in his business may find military life a haven of peace. . . . He'll relax, forget his personal schemes, and presently find that Army chow goes through his food channel without so much as a whimper, much less a growl."

SHALL WE JUST SLIP IT ON FOR SIZE, ADOLF?



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

(For the following news about American activities in North Africa, YANK is indebted to the shortwave radio services of Dr. Paul Goebbels' German propaganda organization.)

Good Neighbor Policy

"The U. S. military authorities in the Moroccan coastal area," says Radio Berlin DXJ, "have forbidden all traffic between 10:30 P.M. and 6:30 A.M. for the Moroccan population. All restaurants, cafes and cinemas must be closed at 10 P.M. The inconsiderate and the brutal treatment of the Mohammedan population in Algeria and Morocco has led to numerous protests to the American local commanders. The American officers either refused to hear such protests or ordered the delegations to be arrested."

Education

"The population of North Africa," reports Radio Berlin DJB, "has to suffer much annoyance and disturbances by the American soldiers. The USA soldiers stalk women and try to tear down their veils, they try to visit the holy places of the Mohammedans, try to enter Arab houses by force and make themselves conspicuous by drunkenness and loud behavior. It was, however, reported that the USA soldiers had gotten detailed instructions how to behave, but it seems as if there were more illiterates in the USA than has been acknowledged officially."

Recreation

"The American officers" announces Radio Berlin DXX, "who are wandering at night in drunken condition through the streets of Oran are the target of sneering native Mohammedan population."

"One group of young Mohammedans threw three dead-drunk American officers into a sewer. From there they were retrieved a few hours later by their comrades in bad smelling condition."

Religion

Radio Berlin DXJ reveals: "The various mosques in Morocco and Algiers have had to hang up signs in English requesting the American soldiers not to disturb religious services and not to spit their chewing gum onto the floor."

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Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire services.

Cover for YANK by MOI; Page 2, Planet; Page 3, British Official; Page 4, left, AP; right, Keystone; Page 6, left, US Army Signal Corps; right, Planet; Page 10 and 11, US Army Signal Corps; Page 12 INP, ACME, WW, ACME, INP, CAMP LEE PRO, USMC, WW, ACME; Page 13, ACME, ACME, WW, PA, ACME, INP, US N, US ARMY; Page 15, PFC Robert McGregor; Page 16, upper, Keystone; lower, Keystone; Page 21, OWI; Page 22, Bruno of Hollywood.

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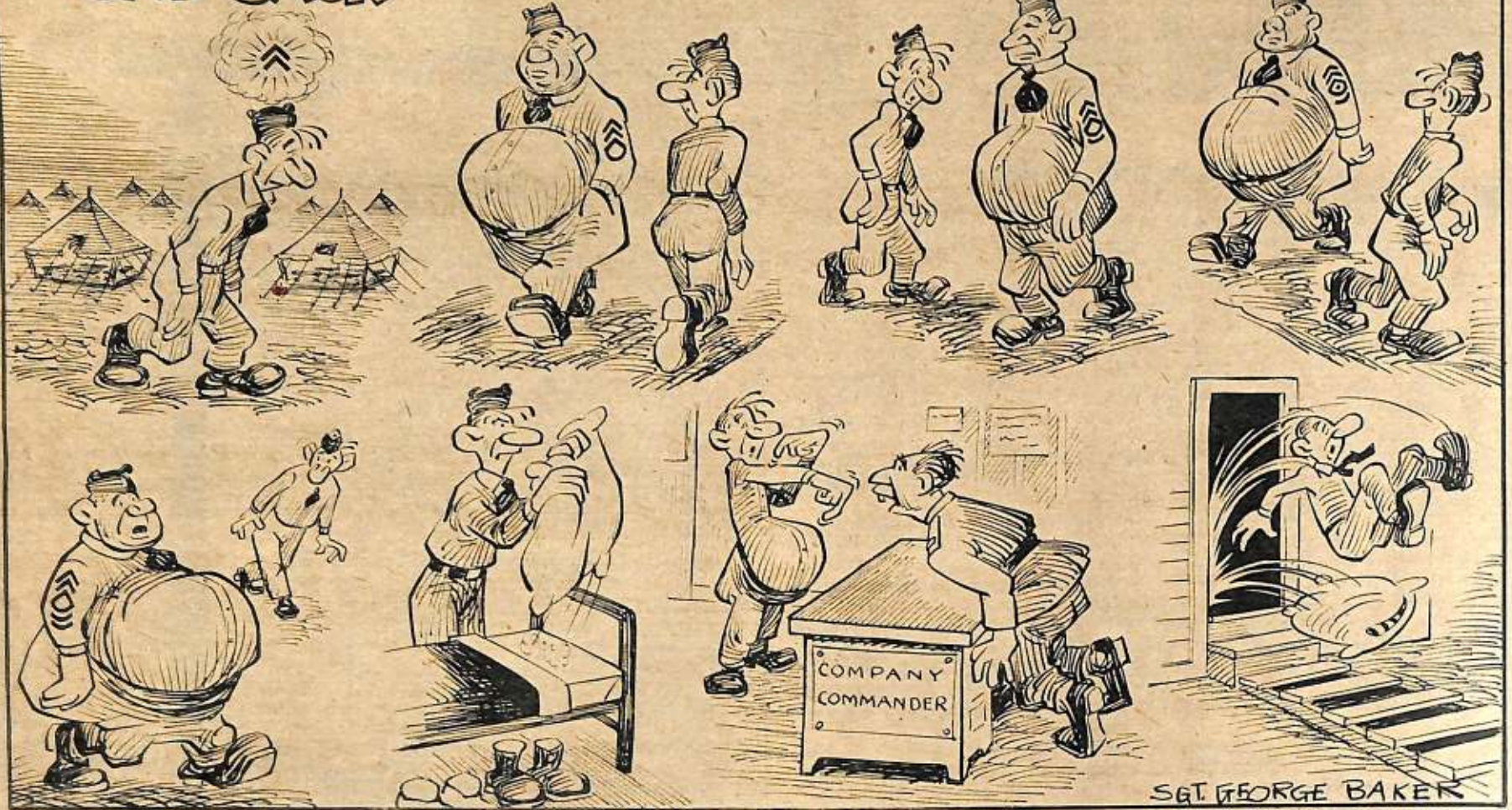
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Officer in Charge, Major Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Capt. Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Lt. Sam Humphus.

THE SAD SACK



SGT. GEORGE BAKER

Applied Psychology

"It is amazing," I said to myself as I eyed my name on the Duty Roster (Culinary Section), "how many soldiers allow themselves to be disturbed, not to mention riled, by the thought of doing a little KP. Now I will go to bed, sleep soundly, and rise in the morning refreshed and happy to be serving my country in the Mess Hall of Company Q."

I was still tossing sleeplessly and moaning when a few rays of early dawn entered the barracks. They were followed hot and heavy by Pfc. Murgatroyd, the Irish-rooster cook, who went through the barracks thoroughly. He shook every bunk with gusto. As its occupant fell out, Murgatroyd would shake him too, whispering "You KP? You KP? You KP?" in stentorian tones.

When he said, "You KP?" to me for the twentieth time I was forced to admit, "Yes, me KP. Me follow longside top man do what he say, no?" Murgatroyd said, "Yes." I dressed in my Sunday, or cosmo-line, suit of fatigues and followed him to the Mess Hall.

I mopped till I dropped. Then, propped against the sink, I washed until all the skin had disappeared from my arms up to four inches above the elbows. Four inches above the elbows being par for this sort of work (Murgatroyd came over and measured the space to make sure), I was relieved. I was relieved and set to drying.

I dried till four-thirty in the af-

BETWEEN the LINES

U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

ternoon. I was tired and I was skinless, but I was feeling a little proud of my work. I stepped back and looked at the rows of plates and cups and bowls, neat as a battalion on review and just as shiny. "Nice, aren't they?" I murmured to no one in particular.

Then I snapped to attention at the entrance of Lt. Col. Ornate X. Hippocrates, M.C., inspecting. Col. H. didn't think they were nice. "All haveta be washed over," he said. "All hafta be dried over. Too damn' greezey."

Well, I washed them all over again and lost skin two inches above the legal limit. I dried about half before I snapped under the strain. Guys who were there before they carried me off to Ward 26 said they'd never seen so much broken china even at a Three Stooges movie.

The hell of it is, I don't think I'll ever get any better. I know the Army is equipped to deal with mental cases. I know that Ward 26 is nice. I've seen it in those rare moments when I don't have my head under the covers to keep the cups and saucers from catching me.

But, Lt. Col. Ornate X. Hippocrates, M.C., is the ward officer.

Here they come again. . . .

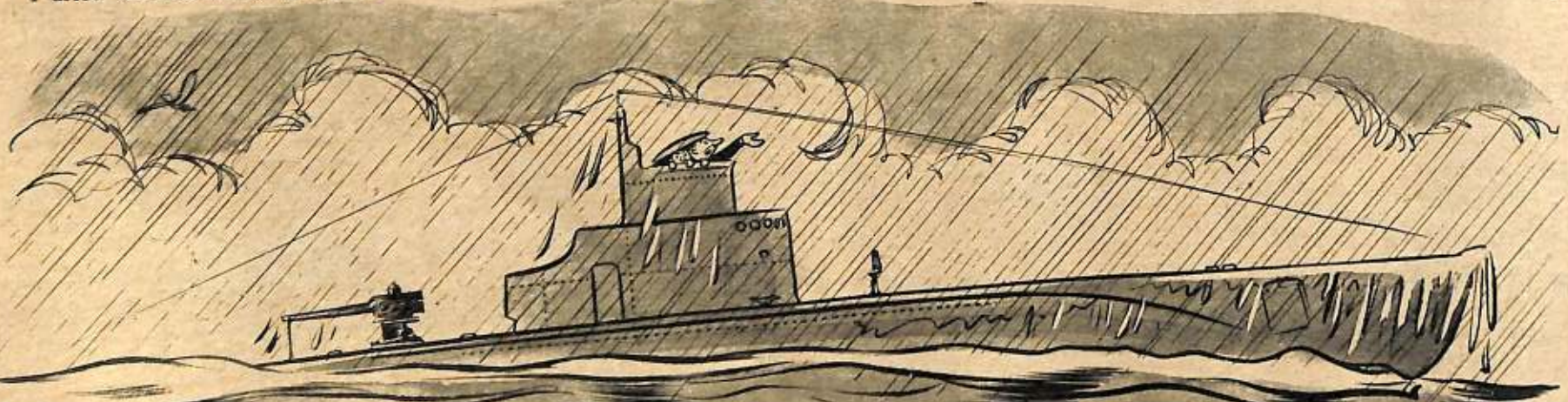
SGT. AL HINE



Pvt. Lunobere

613 T.S. AAF

"Yesterday we changed from pigeons to telephones!"



SPORTS: WAR AND THE DRAFT BRINGS WORLD OF SPORTS INTO NEW ERA—THE AGE OF AGED ATHLETES

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

PRESIDENT ALVA BRADLEY of the Cleveland Indians has announced that he doesn't want any men on his club who aren't heads of families, thus ushering in The Age of Aged Athletes.

This condition has been around the corner for some time now, but Bradley is the first solon to state it publicly. "The members of the Cleveland Indians will have a very good reason for not being in the Army," he has said proudly. "They will have wives and children to support."

It is a little too early to go around weeping that the sport is going to the dogs, but it is certainly well into the pipe-and-slippers stage. All the young men are either in the armed forces or defense plants. This leaves the older generation carrying the ball and while the spirit is undoubtedly willing, the flesh is unfortunately weak. It would be fairly safe to bet that not as many bases will be stolen this season as last season, simply because the current crop of players will have their hands full even walking from base to base. And not even all the old men are returning; Lefty Gomez, for example, has taken a duration job in a defense plant at \$40 a week.

All this is swell for the war effort, but it is raising hell with high class athletics. Some sports escape, such as pro football which is played by a bunch of old men anyway. But baseball will suffer and basketball and especially boxing.

There are no decent heavyweights around who are old enough to vote and the paucity of talent in the division is shown by the attention currently given Lee Savold, a nice guy, and Lou Nova, making another comeback. Both these gentlemen are proud fathers and good providers, but neither is what you would call a hurricane inside the ropes.

The situation in the other divisions is more or less the same. Chalky Wright, the featherweight champ who admits that he will never see 35 again, recently had his crown lifted by Willie Pep, who had not yet been confirmed when Chalky first began fighting. The top-ranking welterweight is Ray Robinson, who expects to register for the draft soon, but the tip-off on that division is that two



Willie Pep takes the featherweight title crown from aged Chalky Wright

leading contenders are Henry Armstrong and Fritzie Zivic, both of whom are old enough to know better.

Armstrong has been making a successful comeback in the West, knocking over the weak, the halt and the blind, and recently took a decision from Zivic. This rivalry is beginning to resemble the French and Indian Wars, but there is apparently no one around good enough to make either of these two accept old age with grace.

Age is even coming before beauty in basketball circles. Probably the best basketball team in the country is the Grumman Wildcats, recent winner of the National Service Team Tournament. Their star is a gentleman affectionately known as "Pop" Gates. Pop formerly played with the Renaissance pro team and is believed to be 89 years old, but that has been unconfirmed.

The Wildcats consist of ex-college and pro stars who just happen to be working in the factories that make the Grumman planes, and won their title in a playoff against a soldier

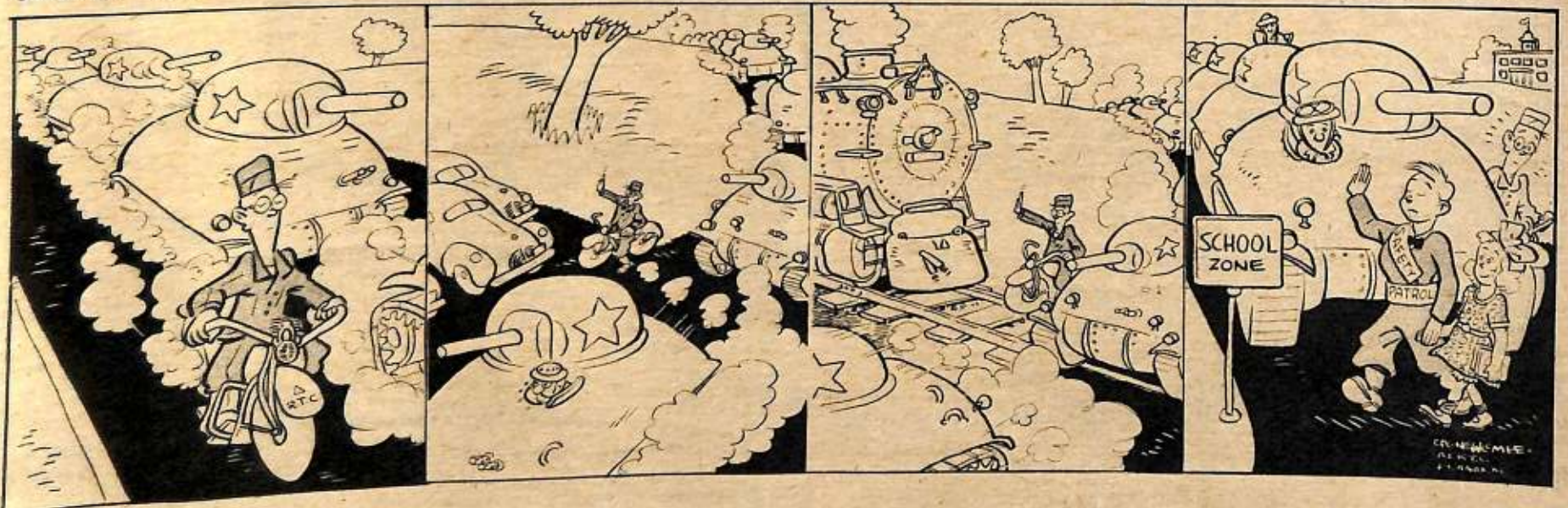
team from the Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

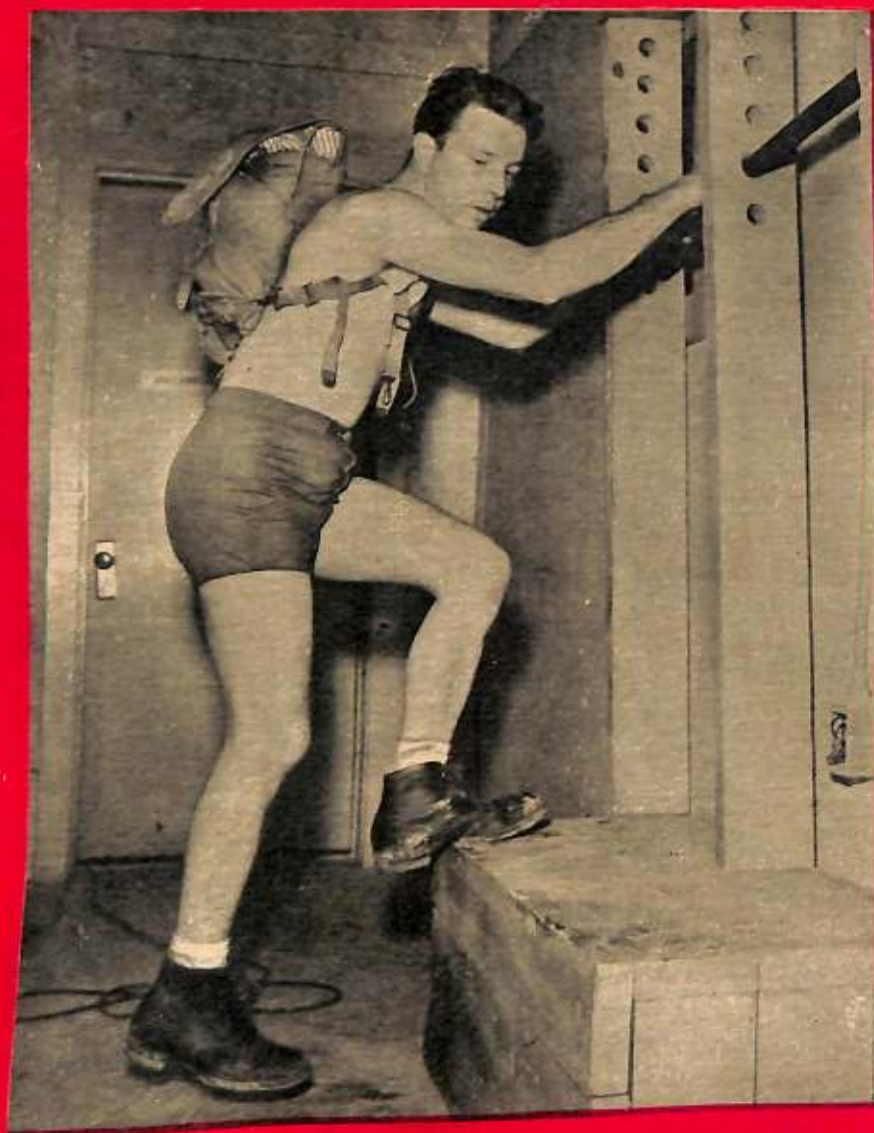
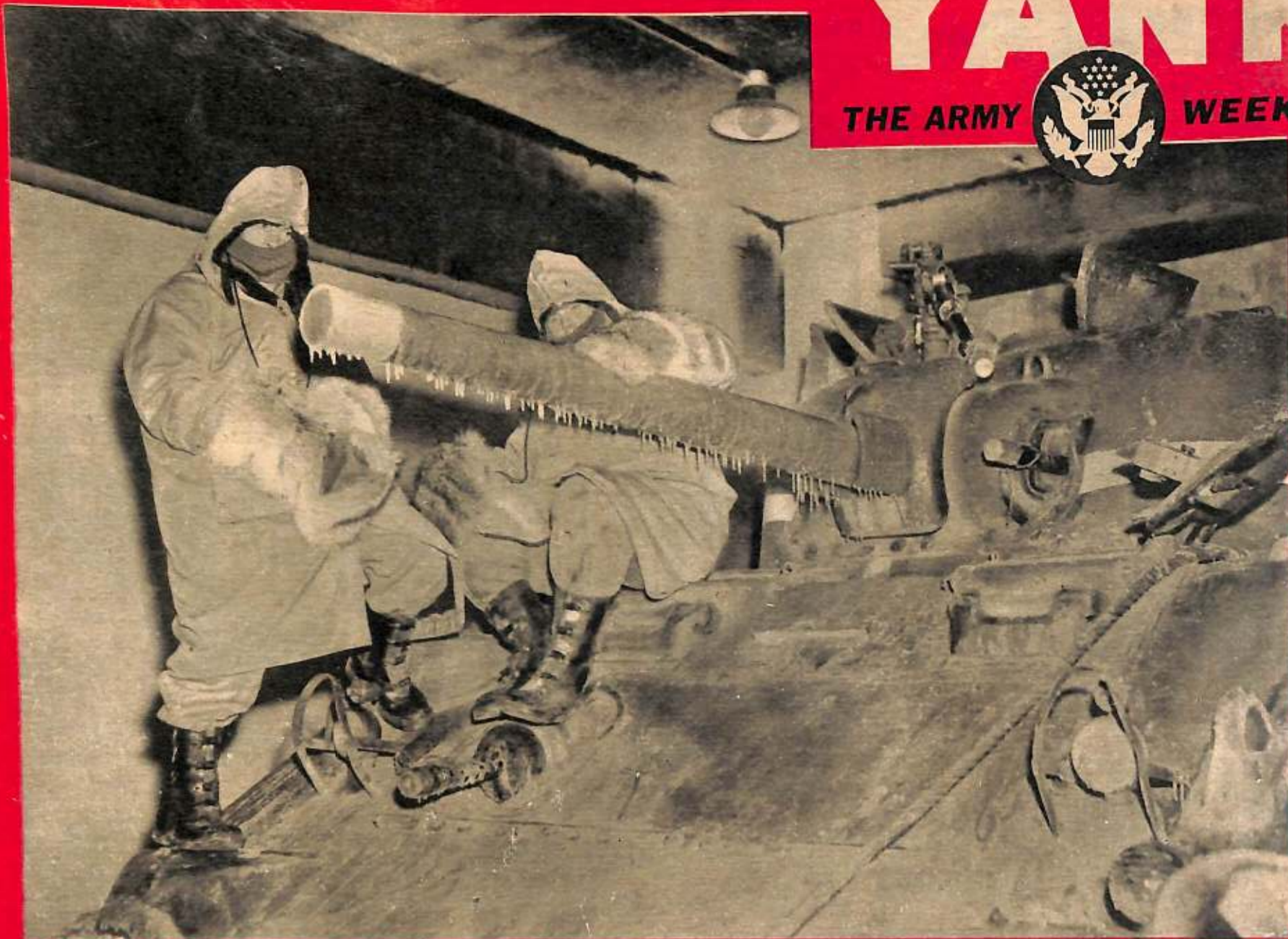
There is still college sport to be considered, but even here the war is striking hard. The new draft of 18 and 19 year-olds will cut very deep and there is a possibility that many schools will stop all outside competition and confine themselves to intramural sports. This will mean a dearth of newspaper stars, but it will probably mean better all-around condition for the country as a whole, and that's the important thing at this point.



JASPER JEEP

By Cpl. Bill Newcomb, Fort Knox





Test for Tankers

One section of the Armored Force Medical Research Laboratory, at Fort Knox, Ky., is devoted to testing tank crews and their equipment under conditions that will be met in the coldest and the hottest regions of the world. In the photo above, icicles hang from the barrel of a tank gun in a room where the temperature sinks to 30 degrees below zero. Below is a closeup of Cpl. James Kane in his cold weather outfit. Now for a quick change, shift your eyes to the left where Sgt. Deane Smith carries a pack up and down a ladder—with the temperature at 120.

