

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

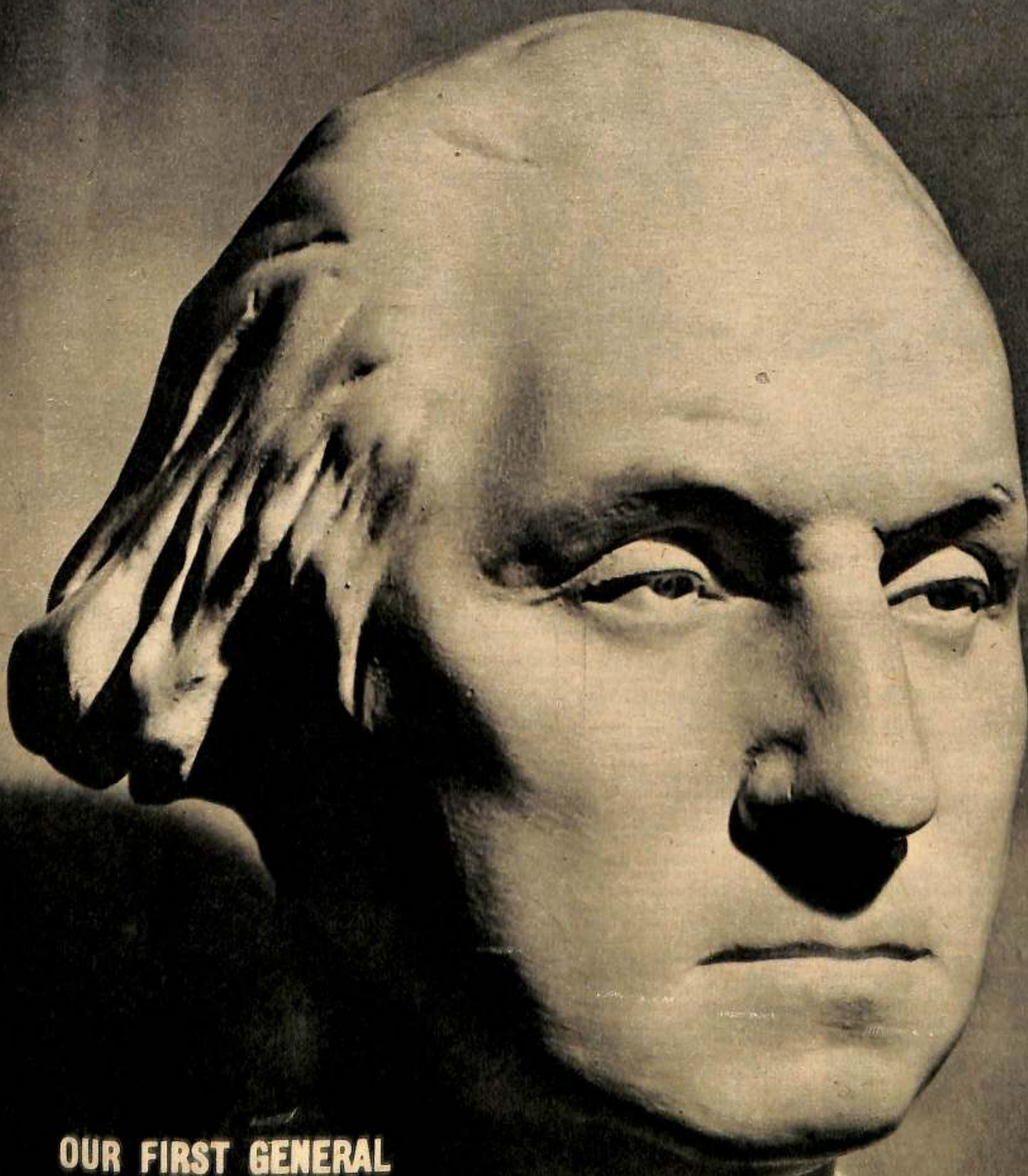
THE ARMY



WEEKLY

3^d FEB. 21
1943
VOL. 1, NO. 36

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



OUR FIRST GENERAL

Junior Solomons

Training on U. S. East Coast Prepares Marines to "Fire for Record" in South Pacific



Below, a wave of yelling marines jump from their landing boat and plow through the surf to shore. And above, machine gunners quickly set up a position on the beach.



AT A U. S. EAST COAST PORT—Somewhere in the Atlantic off North Carolina is a tiny group of uninhabited islands known to the men of the Marine Corps as the "Junior Solomons." These sun-baked, jungle-ridden specks are white, sandy beaches, flanked by tufted dunes. Beyond the dunes is matter undergrowth and dank, fever-infested swamp.

It is as near as you can get to conditions in the Solomons in North America.

Here Marine regiments practice landing operations and jungle warfare in the last stages of their training, before embarking for what they call "firing for record" in the South Pacific.

Trainees here are young, eager, brutal in their desire to come to close quarters with the Japs. Most of the men are in their teens, like 19-year-old, 200-pound Pvt. Charles Gorrell, who was a football guard at Spartanburg (S. C.) Junior College when he enlisted, or Pfc. Richard Rhoades, who was a cowpuncher on the Russell Hill cattle ranch at Bakersfield, Calif.

The officers are young, too—almost all of them fresh out of college. The commanding officer of one platoon is Lt. James A. Stranahan of Mercer, Pa., graduate of Wooster College who was studying law at the University of Pittsburgh when the war came along. He would have been the fourth James A. Stranahan to practice law in Mercer.

The most important phase of the marines' advanced training is, of course, the landing operation pictured here. This is like the parachute jump to the paratrooper. After the beachhead is won, the leathernecks dig in and deploy like G.I.s in contact with the enemy.

The landing operation is the same operation as that executed by our own amphibious troops on

the coast of North Africa. The men scramble down cargo nets from their transports into Higgins landing boats, usually operated by skilled coast guardsmen. The boats meet at a fixed rendezvous point at sea, just out of range of enemy shore batteries.

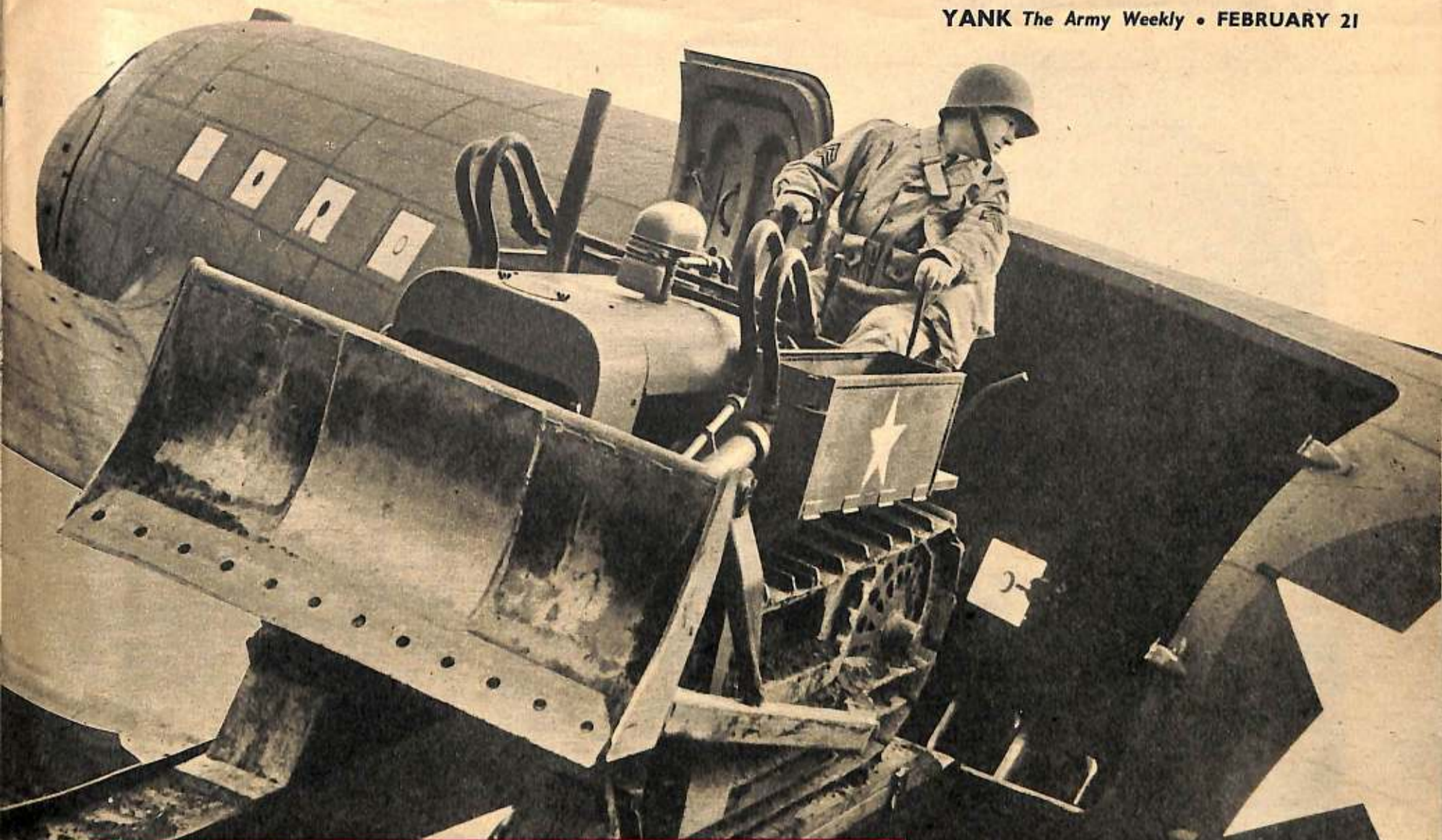
The attack is made in a series of waves. Each wave approaches the shore with the boats arranged in Vs aimed at a fixed point on the beach. This formation prevents swell from the advanced boats from upsetting those in the rear. It also presents a smaller target to the enemy on shore, and allows machine guns in the bow of each Higgins boat to sweep the entire stretch of beach.

The early waves almost always consist of riflemen, machete-men and machine-gunners, whose job is to clean the beach of the enemy so that heavy equipment can be landed. The last waves are almost always engineers, whose job is to construct fixed positions on the newly-won beach, build roads inland, and set up command posts.

Pharmacist's mates from the Navy go along in an early wave to administer first aid to wounded marines in the field. These pharmacist's mates are peculiar hybrids, allowed to wear either the Navy or Marine Corps uniforms, with Navy chevrons stitched to their sleeve. William Gates, PhM2C, a chemistry student at Penn State before the war, says, "I wear the Marine uniform. It's healthier."

These trainees act like our own G.I.s. In a Higgins boat, they go to sleep or yell disparaging remarks about the ancestry of the platoon in the next boat of the formation. They kid each other about getting seasick and about their home towns. When they hit the shore, they get mad and tough. They whoop and holler, and yell obscene, terrible things about Wake Island and Bataan.





Flying Airport Makers

Here is the first picture story of the Army's new Airborne Aviation Engineers who played a leading role in the North African invasion

By a YANK Staff Correspondent

WESTOVER FIELD, MASS.—The Airborne Aviation Engineers came as a surprise to everyone—including some of our own far-flung generals.

Shortly before the remarkable new Air Force outfit was exploded in the face of the enemy, one general wrote from the Solomons: "If we could only get engineers in here to keep these airfields repaired, the Japs wouldn't last for more than a week. But how are we going to transport that huge, heavy equipment into the islands?"

Another wrote from Somewhere in Asia: "What a cinch if there were some way of bringing bulldozers and tractors this far inland. We could make any rice field or jungle clearing into an airfield in less than 24 hours. The enemy could then be disorganized, and hurled into disastrous retreat."

Lt. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, kept the secret well, and helped throw the enemy off the track.

"Our air power," he said at the time, "is like a three-legged stool. The first leg is pilots. The second leg is airplanes. The third leg is bases. We've built the first and second legs. Before the stool can maintain itself erect, we have to lick

the problem of keeping the third leg intact at all times."

A few days later, during the early morning of Nov. 8, the Airborne Aviation Engineers were unveiled to the enemy—in North Africa.

They came ashore just south of Casablanca, Morocco. They came in small landing boats, converted temporarily from airborne into amphibious units. As the bows of their landing boats dropped, and their equipment rumbled through the surf, regular Army engineer units who had landed from other ships rubbed their eyes in amazement.

Machinery in Miniature

First came a bulldozer or tractor-scraper. It was just like any other bulldozer they had ever known. But a bulldozer is ordinarily the size of a 2½-ton truck and this one was smaller than a jeep.

Next came a carry-all or dirt scraper and remover. Generally, a carry-all is about the size of a small house. But here was one, complete to the last detail, no bigger than an average office desk.

There was a slip-scraper—to level airfields—the size of a G.I. cot, a sheepfoot roller—to break up and level hard earth—no bigger than an ordinary tennis court roller, an asphalt repairer more compact than a field stove, and a

A miniature tractor is backed into a C-47 cargo-transport plane by Sgt. John Zazzarino, squad leader, Airborne Aviation Engineers.

gasoline-operated portable lighting unit capable of keeping an entire airfield illuminated for an indefinite period of time.

Everything was built to the exact size of the door of a C-47 transport plane, or the nose of a transport glider.

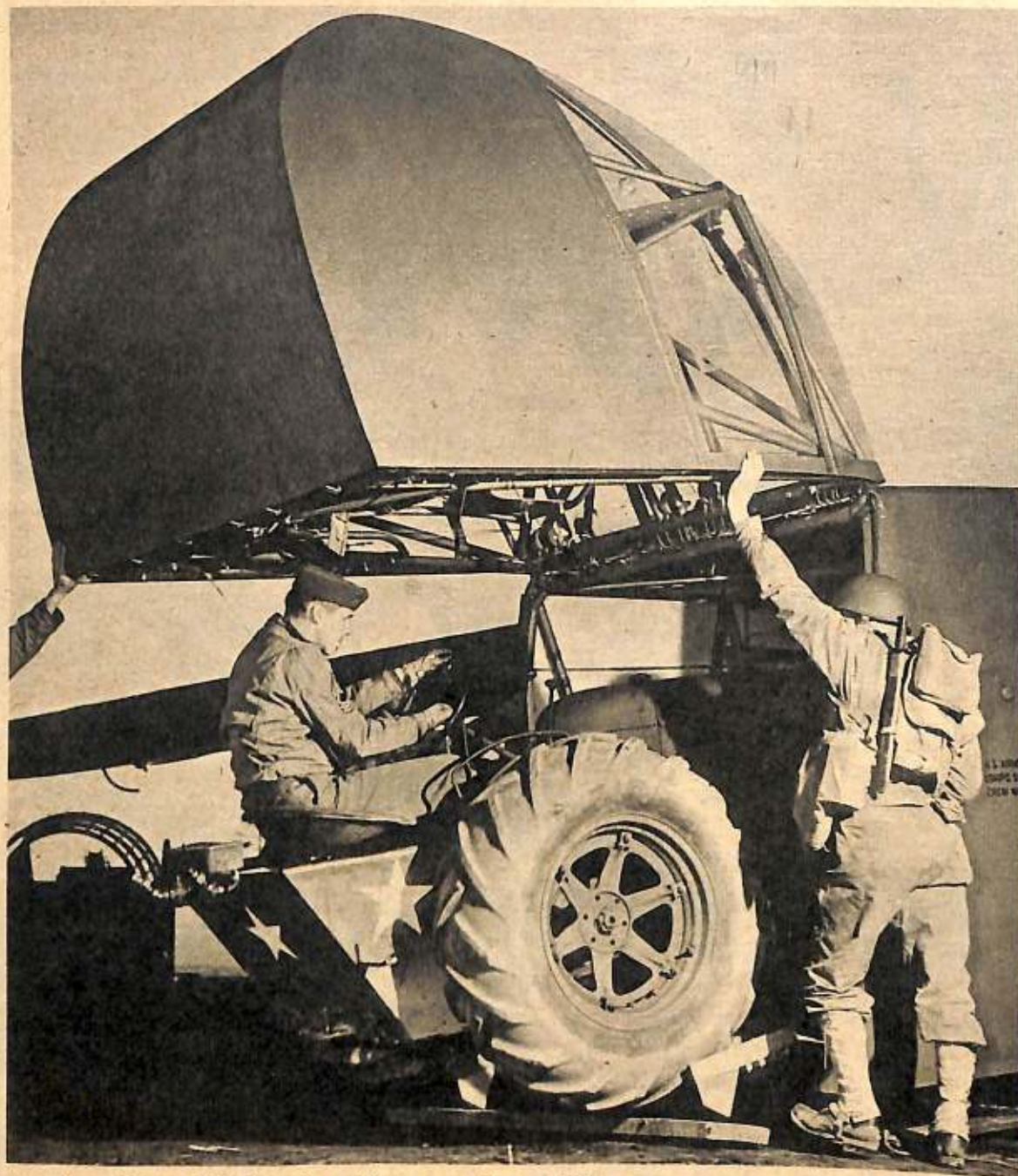
It was a miracle of American production and engineering skill.

The Airborne Aviation Engineers went into action that same day, Nov. 8. Riding their precious equipment, they pushed inland seven miles to an airfield behind the enemy lines, already captured by our parachute troops. The field was pocked with bomb craters, the runway strewn with wrecked planes and blasted into uselessness. The field, although captured, was absolutely worthless to us. Not even a kiddie car could land there, let alone a fighter plane or a bomber.

But then the engineers arrived. Working with their M1s, tommy guns and carbines slung over



Creating an emergency airfield at night.



They fly to objectives in gliders, too. Here, glider nose opens to admit equipment.

their shoulders, they tore around the field in their bug-like little machines. While the paratroops held off enemy counter-attacks, they removed the wrecked planes, blew up enemy mine fields, tamped down the bomb craters, filled them with newly excavated earth, covered them with asphalt. Then they installed their own lighting system to replace the one knocked out by the fleeing enemy. In a few hours, the field was ready for use. Their miniature pack radios flashed the news.

A Present From Gen. Doolittle

Down came American and British planes in droves. First, airborne infantry to consolidate the Allies' hold on the field. Then fighters and bombers. Then empty cargo planes.

"What the devil are these for?" asked the major, commanding the engineers, when he saw the empty cargo planes.

"A little present from Gen. Doolittle," said one of the C-47 pilots. "He sent these to pick up your men and equipment. You've got a little job to do at a field about a hundred miles from here. The paratroops have already grabbed the field—and now they're waiting for you to fix it up. Also the general said to tell you that your boys did a swell job—and thanks."

In this way, the Airborne Aviation Engineers, making their first public appearance, hedge-hopped a censored number of times to a censored number of airfields, and rebuilt them—behind the enemy lines. Their work was one of the principal crushing factors in the quick overwhelming of enemy resistance. It was also one of the principal factors in changing our whole concept of aerial warfare. Now we are no longer restricted by fixed bases, and can attack the enemy from anywhere and everywhere. Our new Airborne Aviation Engineers can make crash

landings in gliders in any open space, and set up an airfield even in a rice paddy a hundred miles from Hirohito's palace, if they so desire. No other air force in the world has anything remotely to compare with it.

Within a few hours of the great North African victory, Brig. Gen. Stuart C. Godfrey, Air Force

Chief of Engineers, was swamped with requests for the new units from AEF commanders all over the world. Gen. Arnold expressed complete satisfaction. "The third leg of the stool is built," he said. "Now we can go to town."

The Airborne Aviation Engineers are Air Force troops and must not be confused with ordinary Airborne Engineers, whose principal mission is to assist the airborne ground forces behind the enemy lines. The Airborne Aviation Engineers have only to do with air fields. They were strictly Gen. Godfrey's baby from the very beginning. The idea came into the general's mind less than six months ago, when plans were being made for the invasion of North Africa and Europe. Gen. Godfrey called together a staff of brilliant army engineers, among them 26-year-old Maj. H. G. Woodbury, and set them to work on plans for the organization and equipment of the new outfit. Later Maj. Woodbury was put in command of the first provisional battalion. He drew up specifications for commercial manufacturers to make the new miniature equipment. This was a back-breaking task. Not a single manufacturer had ever dreamed of making anything so small. The only model Maj. Woodbury could give them to go by was a tiny tractor used by the U. S. Forestry Service, capable of winding in and out among trees, and putting out forest fires by ploughing up furrows.

Blitzkrieg—American Style

Before any of the equipment could be completed, units of the Airborne Aviation Engineers were ordered to a port of embarkation. Gen. Doolittle wanted them for North Africa. A few days before the engineers were scheduled to sail for Gibraltar, they didn't have so much as a tractor in the way of equipment. When they sailed, they had everything. Maj. Woodbury had rushed production, commandeered a squadron of C-47s, and flown the machinery direct from the factories to the port of embarkation.

An entire outfit was ready for action less than six months after the Airborne Aviation Engineers were nothing more than an idea in a man's mind. This was blitzkrieg—American style.

Today, the Airborne Aviation Engineers are training at Camp Claiborne, La., and here at Westover Field. Other battalions are springing up elsewhere, to meet the demand for them from all over the world. The men are volunteers, hand-picked for physical stamina and technical skill. They must undergo a rigid physical examination before acceptance. Although their job is fully as dangerous as the paratroopers, they don't get extra flying pay yet—but probably will in the future.

Every man must be a thorough specialist in the handling of machinery. In a company, for instance, there are only six shovels. All the rest are trained operators of the highly complicated miniature equipment. Also every man must be a thorough specialist in fighting and, like the paratroopers with whom they work,



Interior of a C-47 cargo-transport plane filled with armed engineers and a grader.

HOW ENGINEERS REPAIR AIRPORT UNDER FIRE



1. While readying a captured "enemy" airfield for use by U. S. planes, the "enemy" bombers attack.



2. A bomb hits the newly repaired runway.

must be able to handle himself in all emergencies. The fire-power of a single company of Airborne Aviation Engineers is terrific. Every private carries an M1, every corporal a Thompson sub-machine gun, every officer a carbine, and every sergeant an '03 rifle with an M9 anti-tank grenade. Even the clerks fly and fight.

As 21-year-old M/Sgt. William Watkins, tractor expert from Bessemer, Ala., puts it, "Our principal job is to work—not fight. But brother, we work with one hand on a bulldozer, and the other on the good old rifle."

When the men arrive at Westover Field, they have already completed basic combat training and ordinary engineer training, usually at Fort Belvoir. All that remains is to get them accustomed to flying, and teach them the intricacies of the new miniature equipment. The second day after they arrive, they are loaded into a C-47 and taken up for a test flight. The pilot puts the big plane through dives and turns, hedge-hops a few feet above the surface of the Connecticut River, and generally tries to scare hell out of the new Airborne Engineers. Cardboard Coca-Cola containers are provided for any nausea that might develop en route. This procedure is repeated for the next few days. At the end of that time, those who still get sick are classed as unfit and weeded out.

Tough Training Makes Experts

The others are then given intensive training in handling the equipment. This is directed by technical experts like 25-year-old company commander Capt. William Shoemaker, who was a public health engineer for the state of Virginia; Sgt. Robert McCauley, a master truck mechanic from Greensboro, N. C.; and Sgt. Ray Sumner, superintendent of streets in Beaumont, Calif., for seven years, who can handle a baby tractor the way Eddie Arcaro handles a thoroughbred horse.

Interspersed with the mechanical training is more flying. The men are loaded into a C-47, which lands in the middle of a tiny clearing in the mountains. The problem is then to build a runway suitable to allow the plane to take off again. If they can't, they're stuck—miles away from nowhere. The men never know where they are. Once, Pvt. Robert McNulty, a British seaman in the last war, stumbled on a ramshackle soft-drink stand and inquired as to his whereabouts. When he was told the name of the town, McNulty blandly asked, "What state?" He was almost arrested as a lunatic or a Nazi spy.

Each morning, every man, from company commander and master sergeant down, goes through a long period of commando exercises, and a rugged 200-yard obstacle course.

It's tough, but when the training is finished, the men are experts—in a remarkably short period of time. They can:

- 1) Load their equipment in C-47s and repair any seized airfield, or make an airfield out of any flat piece of ground;
- 2) Accomplish the same thing by crashlandings in special gliders whose noses open up to admit and discharge the equipment;
- 3) Accomplish the same thing by landing their equipment in small assault boats on an enemy-held beach;
- 4) Reinforce ordinary aviation engineer ground crews, if necessary, in building roads, demolishing enemy minefields, de-contaminating gassed areas, constructing camouflage for airfields, and installing power and supply systems;
- 5) They can fight.

As Maj. Woodbury, who now commands the first Airborne Aviation Engineer battalion to see action, sums it up:

"Wherever the Air Forces go, we'll be there—to keep 'em there."



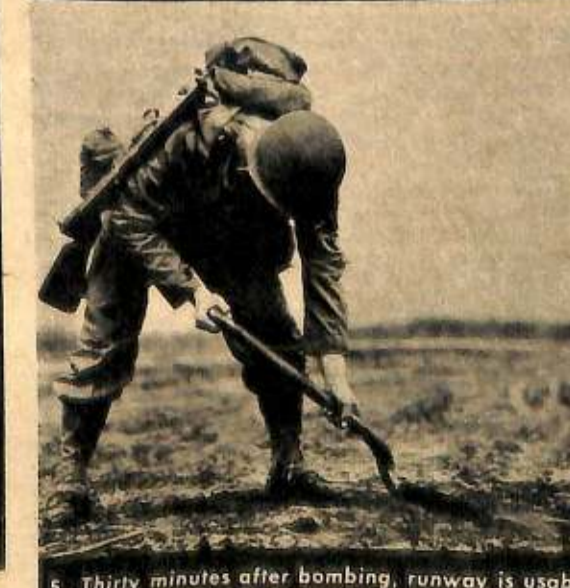
3. Quickly, jeep-dumper and scraper fill crater.



4. Pneumatic rammer packs down dirt in bomb hole.



Under wing of a glider, these engineers guard against attack while others work.



5. Thirty minutes after bombing, runway is usable.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM SKY GUNNERS TO ALASKAN ROLL CALL



By Sgt. Denton Scott
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE in the Mud—The B-17 looked like an angry bear attacked by dogs. Four Me 109s streaked at her, cannon blasting. Then from the tail of the big Fort twin flames leaped and one Me broke into pieces. Right and left waist caliber 50s chattered. Another 109 became bright flame in the sky. The other two bellied up and fled.

It was the usual thing. Readers would pick up their daily newspaper and murmur: "Another Flying Fort story. The way they write about those planes you'd think their gunners were wonder men."

They are. It all happens in a muddy airfield somewhere in England. In a small group of buildings called *Instructional Site Headquarters* there is a natty little man called Lt. Colonel John P. Dwyer from Clarion, Pennsylvania, director of training of the most efficient air gunnery school in this country.

But before you have the pleasure of attending the school of Colonel Dwyer in the muddy airfield somewhere in England, you must go to another army base some fifteen miles away and sit yourself down in a small chamber.

It's called the *pressure chamber* and is owned and operated by the Royal Air Force. Seating capacity is six men—three on each side. It is attached to the

rear of a truck and is mobile. The operator is a flight surgeon and as he turns the pressure up simulating different altitudes, he keeps contact with the men taking the test by microphone. Before entering the chamber oxygen masks are adjusted. If you don't blow up like a sausage, you can take high altitude.

Great stuff this high altitude, but that comes later—much later. You're just starting.

Now you're at the gunnery school. Air gunnery school, the place where you learn how to sieve Jerry. Indian dark, Sergeant Joe V. Jeager takes over at your first class. Five rough wooden tables are spaced in a big room. On each is a caliber .50 machine gun and an enlisted instructor. We drew a Sergeant John E. Reahder.

Sergeant Jeager talked in a deep, well-modulated voice and illustrated all points on the blackboard immediately before him.

Captain John W. Johnson from Lynn, Mass., and Lieutenant John I. Good, collective chiefs of the gunnery classes roved among the green johns at the tables.

Slowly the gun was stripped by the instructor. And Jeager drew pictures on his blackboard. And we got damned confused and began to build up a deep respect for air gunners.

School For Gunners

Our "Gun-running" Correspondent
Learns to Operate The Armament on
A Bomber; and God Help Hitler.

The class seemed to last for hours. We got grease on everything but our shoelaces.

Names and strange-sounding words bothered us. Like oil buffer and bolt assembly and first, second and third position stoppages. We looked and we listened.

Then we took the gun apart and put it together. Wrong.

Jeager stood at his blackboard and spelled out the important parts of the gun. We learned how to screw the barrel extension off the barrel. Knew the breech block and the breech block pin. We never realized how dumb we were—about guns.

Then we went and listened to a captain talk about first aid.

We left his lecture wondering on which part of the barrel extension we applied the tourniquet. That was the first day.

At eight-thirty the following morning we were hard at it again. A very, very interesting RAF flight sergeant named Benny Hall gave us a Yorkshire accented lesson on aircraft recognition. There are so many differences in planes that it all made us wonder how come we hadn't been fighting an air war with ourselves. German ships, the Me 109 E, the 109 F, the 110, the FW 190, Me 210, and British Spits, Hurricanes, Typhoons, Beaufighters, American Mitchells, P 38s, Flying Fortresses—we had to learn what their differences were.

A mere nothing. At 1,000 yards, the distance the air gunner commences fire, any ship is more or less a vague shape and it takes an alert man, a man well schooled in aircraft recognition, to recognize if it's an allied or enemy aircraft.

Benny Hall talked in a loud voice and interspersed his lecture with dry, humorous accounts of his own combat days. His missions number well over fifty.

After Benny had finished we went over to the

ready room and togged ourselves in flying clothes. We were going to take our high altitude flight. The first-aid lecture had given us the information about oxygen masks, and about chewing gum and yawning if the sudden change in pressure affected our ears.

We drew a B-17 named Johnny Reb, piloted by Captain Ward. Staff Sergeant Knapp Vallas was the radio operator and we sat across from him.

The flight lasted two hours and we went up 25,000 feet. Flight Engineer Neander Fiedler wandered around the plane with the *walk around bottle* checking on our masks and giving us the altitude as we ascended. He didn't have a flying jacket on but it didn't seem to bother him. Ice formed on his eyebrows. He was one tough G.I.

We came down and I couldn't hear anything but whispers for six hours.

For a little relaxation we went back to Jeager and field stripping the caliber .50. It was great fun.

This time we had to tear the gun down and re-assemble it on our own, naming the important parts as we went along. Eagle-eyed enlisted men watched us and jumped the minute we made an error.

They jumped a lot.

We knocked off after a few hours and had a little lunch.

Then we went back to Benny Hall and aircraft recognition. By this time we could tell what a B-17 looked like at 1,000 yards and we felt pretty proud of ourselves. Benny didn't.

An hour of this and we never wanted to see another plane. But when we did get outside and heard the roar of a plane overhead, all eyes immediately searched it out and tried to identify it. We were learning.

That was the second day.

The redoubtable Sergeant Jeager gave us another blackboard lecture, this time on sighting. He told us to pay particular attention to this lecture because it was very important. Sighting. Aiming at Jerry so you could hit him. It did seem rather important.

We learned the five forces affecting a projectile, meaning of harmonization, reasons the gunner leads his target and how to draw a pretty diagram of similar triangles complete with labels.

After a few hours of this we were given a ten minute break and then Jeager broke the gentle news that we were going to have a written examination.

We did. Then we had a little lunch and went out to the pistol range. Out there we first fired a twelve gauge shotgun at skeet in order to give us a practical



The first Negro captain to bring an American ship into a British Port: Capt. Hugh N. Mulzac of the Booker T. Washington.

demonstration on leading a target. Skeet wasn't in season for us.

With the help of Sergeant Harvey Banks we did a little better on the caliber .50—never call it a .50 caliber, it ain't done in the better circles.

Corporal Fred Collins from Manchester, Conn., gave us more practical instruction and we were going all right until the gun jammed. We had to stay at the gun until we discovered what caused the jam. There were four guns and we fired all of them. And all of them jammed. And we had to find out what causes that.

A Hollywood major's gun blew up. Nobody was hurt. And it was a good lesson on what can go wrong when you least expect it. But the major's five men rallied around him and everything turned out all right.

That was the third day.

It was cold the next morning and firing the .45 automatic pistol on the range wasn't a lot of fun. Your hand shook with the cold and you didn't do too well hitting the target. But you learned more about sighting. After the .45 pistol you cradled a Thompson sub-machine gun in your arms and leaned forward and fired it. You were getting good. Shot-guns, caliber .50, .45 pistols and Tommy guns.

When you got back to the school all your confidence drained out. Benny Hall was giving an aircraft recognition test. It was a honey.

Then Captain Johnson gave the caliber .50 test. That was the fourth day.

This was the last day. We had taken a week's course in five days and we were plenty worried about our marks on the tests taken the day before. The instruction had been good, far above average. We just wondered if we were.

We had a lecture on ditching. Leaving a crippled plane over water. We were told to get rid of all the clothing we could and still keep all we could. A young second lieutenant gave us sage advice on bracing yourself in the radio compartment, learning what to take on the life raft with you, where in the radio compartment the release handles for the raft were, the first-aid packet and rations to always have on the raft; about switching the emergency radio switch on number three so that automatically an SOS would be sent.

Then we made an inspection of planes and the lieutenant pointed out the things he had been talking about.

The five days were nearly over.

Slowly we walked back to Instructional Site Headquarters to see one Sergeant Spitzfadden. He marked the test papers.

We saw this Sergeant Spitzfadden and found out that we passed all the tests all right.

But we still have plenty of respect for air gunners. And for Colonel Dwyer's school.

WE ran into a softball game the other day, it doesn't matter where. The point is, the game made us very sad. Not the game itself, mind you; it was well enough played, as softball games go. The thing about it that cut us to the quick was that the guys who were playing it were talking like Englishmen. So help us.

They were Yanks, too.

Listening to them, you couldn't tell whether they were playing softball or cricket. "Oh, jolly good hit," we heard a sergeant say after a Pfc. had slapped out a two-bagger. "Thanks, old boy," the Pfc. called back from second base.

One of the pitchers asked, believe it or not, if he was tossing them too hard. "Not at all, not at all," the batter said. "They're coming over perfectly." We were glad to see that this batter struck out, the rummy. We were also wishing that someone would get hold of a sizzler and part the pitcher's hair, but of course this never came off. God loves pitchers, we guess.

We stuck it out for three innings and then we went away from there, walking slowly. We got to thinking about after the war, as we occasionally do these days. What, we wondered, is going to happen to baseball? Perhaps, we thought (and we shivered) it's going to turn into a kind of nine-man tennis, with players bowing and scraping to each other all over the infield. When that day comes, we decided, we will have lost not only the war, but the peace and the century and everything else.

The last thing we heard from the softball field was someone yelling, "Oh, a beautiful catch, Mickey, a beautiful catch." If we'd had an umpire there at that moment we'd have killed him. Throttled him with our bare hands.

Would have made us feel a little better.

THE first WAACs have reported for duty in the E.T.O., two of them. They are, respectively, a first officer and a second officer. The first officer wears a captain's bars, and the second officer wears a first lieutenant's bars. They are both,

U.S.A. in the E.T.O.



S. O. Swart and F. O. Henson: Their handbags are lovely.

in their own fashion, attractive, and wear their officers' uniforms with a very decided flair. They are very military in carriage, and they rate a salute, but anybody who thinks that the WAACs army is a man's army is militarily mistaken.

They brought the press in the other day to interview the two charming ladies, First Officer (Mrs.) Zelma F. Henson, of Los Angeles, and Second Officer (Miss) Dorothy L. Swart (25), of Elsa, Tex. The two officers were very military about it all, and even addressed an enlisted reporter from *Stars and Stripes* with "Yes, sir, that's right." They also were as cagey about security as any two army people we've ever seen. But the conference broke down when several American women correspondents started admiring the lovely leather handbags which are G.I. issue for the WAACs. However, we will not go into women's handbags.

The second reason advanced to support the argument that the WAACs army is not a man's Army is the startling statement by the Second

Officer that she was intrigued by the whole idea and that she would like very much to remain in the service after this war is all over. She said she thought it was a very good life. That, brother, is all, is all, is all.

SPEAKING of WAACs, which, incidentally is something we never thought we'd have to do again, we've been seeing a lot of rather attractive women lounging around these days in peculiar uniforms. For a long time we weren't able to place those uniforms, but now we have. The women are drivers.

They don't, of course, drive for privates, or for sergeants, or even for shavetails. You've got to be something above a captain to nail one of these dames for your khaki sedan. This, we think, is an abominable state of affairs. After all, who's fighting this war, anyway? Colonels? Nah. Generals? Nah. Majors, yet? Nah. It's us, the enlisted men. And we think we're getting a dirty deal.

Why shouldn't we have some dames to drive us around. After all, generals are perfectly capable of driving automobiles. Any one who is incapable of steering a car is incapable of leading an army. Ain't that right? Sure, it's right. But us, we're incapable of leading armies, and therefore we're incapable of driving cars, even of driving tanks. Something ought to be done.

There are a lot of women around here who can drive cars, and at last count we had 6,000,000,002 lorries, etc., in the British Isles. Why don't we take the women drivers away from the generals and betake them to ourselves? If they want uniforms, we can slip 'em our seconds. We can even put them into tanks, and the rest of the tank crew can relax. There's a great point there. Put women drivers in tanks, see, and then let the Germans know that our General Lees have dames at the controls. "Mein Gott," they'll say, when our tanks start moving up. "Women drivers. Let's get the hell out of here." See, we've just won a battle, just by using our heads. Any general around here got some better ideas?

Yanks at Home and Abroad

Strange Things in the Caribbean; Snakes Shun Ants; Daughters For Sale

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—A newly-arrived soldier in the Antilles Air Task Force, which sweeps in vast loop over the tropical bases of the Caribbean and South America, guarding this vital approach to the Western Hemisphere, finds new and strange languages, customs and people.

Like Cpl. John C. Duraccio, 26, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Cpl. Stanley Yedlicka, 23, of Universal, Pa., he may wake up and find himself in his free time smashing a forhand drive across one of the world's most expensive tennis courts, a court made of bauxite, more than 50 per cent aluminum.

He finds even the roads at his base made of bauxite which is so important in the construction of bombers and fighter ships. The nearby hills have so much of this ore that there is enough of it to be used as gravel while other thousands of tons are being exported to refineries at home.

Or like S/Sgt. David A. Halt, 23, of Negaunee, Mich., the soldier may find himself a weather forecaster at a huge base surrounded on one side by high mountains and on the other side by dense, snake-infested jungles. They killed a 23-foot Anaconda within 50 feet of a captain's quarters at Halt's airfield the other day.

These Anaconda snakes have strange habits. They've been known to crush full-grown cattle in their coils and then circle the area for three miles to make sure there are no army ants around. After this they return to their victim and swallow him in one gigantic mouthful.

The snake will lie for three or four days after such a meal. If it gets caught by a crawling mass of army ants, sometimes 20 feet in height, before the after-lunch siesta is over, it's just too bad. Both snake and victim disappear quickly,

leaving two skeletons grotesquely entwined.

Or again, the new Antilles Air Task Force recruit may land in the same island base with Pvt. Robert H. Wyles, 20, of Lincoln, Ill. The surroundings Bob sees in his aircraft sheet metal working job down here are not much like his home in Logan County. Here, he's 30 miles from a strange metropolis of 20,000 people who speak 15 or maybe 20 different languages and represent that many nationalities and creeds.

The strange soldier from Georgia, Nebraska or Idaho sees some queer things in this town. He passes Hindu homes with flags flying from bamboo poles in the tiny front yards. A red pennant trimmed with white means that the family has a virgin daughter of marriageable age. The white signifies her chastity.

Sometimes the soldier may see the red pennant without the white fringe, and you can imagine what that means. Occasionally the red pennant minus the white fringe flies with a

smaller red, white-trimmed flag underneath it. That means the family has a non-virgin girl of marriageable age with a daughter born out of wedlock. If the smaller flag is white, it means that she has an illegitimate baby boy.

An orange flag flying before one of these Hindu homes means that the head of the house is willing to swap a daughter or two for a son. A purple colored pennant is practically an SOS. It means that the old man wants to get rid of some of his daughters for cold, hard cash.

Perhaps the new soldier may get assigned to one of the Antilles Air Task Force landing fields on the water's edge of a tiny island somewhere between Florida and the mainland of South America. The scenery he sees on his way to chow in the evening is as beautiful as anything in those movie travel talks.

It's quite a change from Rock Rapids, Iowa.
—Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent



At Losey Field, Puerto Rico, Col. Thomas W. Haste pins the Soldier's Medal on three Air Force men for heroism. Left to right, Pfc. Donald P. Lemons, Cpl. George H. Fenning and Sgt. Eugene J. Belensky, soldiers who, in danger of being overcome by gas fumes, rescued two Puerto Rican workmen from a burning gas tank.

Imagine This Guy's Surprise! His Buddy Turned Out To Be A Jap

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Woodrow Webb, 22-year-old marine from Wildwood, N. J., thinks this Solomon Island adventure is funny.

He decided to evacuate his machine-gun post in a hurry when a Jap mortar found the range. He and another guy, who rose up out of the inky jungle night, ran side by side and dropped simultaneously into a fox hole while the shells exploded around them. The young Gyrene was comforted by the presence of a buddy, but he was too breathless to say anything—which was very fortunate.

During a lull in the shelling, Webb's companion spoke—in Japanese! Webb nodded his head but didn't answer. Stealthily, he reached for a grenade, slipped the pin out and cautiously slid it under the Jap's pack.

"Then," Webb said, with a grin, "I got the hell out of there!"

—Sgt. ROBERT N. BLUM, USMCR

G.I. JOE

by Sgt. Dave Breger



MY WAR with JOHN JARVIE

By Sgt. James Burchard
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT—If, after all this is over, anybody ever asks me if I ever saw a battle, I am covered. I just returned from a three-day battle, and I shall be willing to tell them how I shot a .45 at a Stuka, but I also shall be forced, out of sheer intellectual honesty, to admit that all that is danger is not necessarily the enemy. My closest call, as a matter of fact, came not from the enemy, but from the magnificent disdain of a fellow correspondent named John Jarvie, who fears neither God nor Jerry.

Jarvie is a red-nosed Scotchman who writes breathless epics for Australian newspapers.

I went forward as to war with this character one Sunday morning with an armored division making ready to attack. Jarvie was sleeping out a mild jag in his 1932 Bugatti when I waked him up a couple of hours after dawn, and said, "Come on, we are going to the front."

Jarvie and I and the Bugatti soon were speeding at the rate of 18 miles an hour toward the Tunisian front. It was a very impressive sight. Tanks, studded with guns, and half tracks, and scout cars, and artillery, and infantry spread out all over the valley. A very impressive sight, with all of them rolling over the 30-mile road toward Sened, which is a dismal little joint that has just got to be captured if you want to continue eastward.

There undoubtedly is a first-class battle in the making, I said to Jarvie. Jarvie said I was right.

Both wheels of the Bugatti were out of line, but despite the wobbling we made steady, shimmying progress toward the battle. About noon, Sened was in sight. Many strafed American vehicles were on the road, victims of Messerschmitts and Stukas. German planes had employed their favorite tactics of zooming out of the sun. Nine Stukas got in a very solid lick, and Messerschmitts blew up a couple of half-tracks and a scout car and smacked a motor cyclist in his belly. One half-track driver continued to fire a .50 caliber machine gun despite a hunk of shrapnel through his left foot. No Germans, however, even bothered with our Bugatti. Even the altitude couldn't disguise the prehistoric feature of our crate; it wasn't even worth a good machine gun burst.

Two miles from Sened, the great Australian correspondent broke his silence. He stopped the Bugatti and addressed an American sergeant.

"Is this town," he asked pontifically, "one of ours?"

The sergeant nodded politely, a sort of non-committal politeness.

Jarvie nodded back in a similar manner, and remarked:

"American tanks have done their job. Let us advance into this town and observe the unspeakable carnage. My readers, clinging as they do to my every word, will enjoy my first-hand account of such horror and utter destruction."

The sergeant nodded once more, but more vaguely than before.

German 88's were shelling a bit too close to the road so, readers or no readers, Jarvie swung the wheel of the Bugatti and we got the hell off the road. A mile from Sened, I noted that we seemed to be all alone, half a mile ahead of the American armored column, but I had no fear. All we had to do was drive into Sened to witness our victorious tanks.

Suddenly, queer spurts of dirt appeared beside the car.

I turned to Jarvie and said, "Jarvie, there must be a number of field mice about."

Jarvie turned to me and said, "Jim, those are not field mice. As I was a machine gunner in the last fiasco, I can speak with authority. Far from being playful field mice, those are machine gun slugs."

"And what, Jarvie, is that?" I asked, pointing to a huge cascade of African earth being hurled in a great shower into the air.

Jarvie did not answer me. I turned to repeat the question, and saw the driver's seat was empty. Jarvie had deserted me and the Bugatti. Jarvie was headed for the hills from whence cometh shelter on such occasions. I followed Jarvie, who for a man 52 years old can certainly run like hell. We retreated full speed, straight toward the rear of our lines, finally establishing contact with a reconnaissance car that led our armored units.

"I wonder," said Jarvie to the company commander, "how they have so much fire power when we have taken the establishment up there."

"You stupid son of a bitch," the company commander said. "We haven't taken the town yet."

"I was misinformed," Jarvie said, apologetically. "And you and that other damned fool," the company commander said, continuing his tirade, "were leading the American attack by 800 yards."

"Eight hundred yards?" said Jarvie. "You mean we have run back eight hundred yards?"

"Eight hundred yards and through a bloody mine field," the company commander said.

"You hear that?" Jarvie asked me.

"And how you're alive right now is something I'll never be able to understand."

"Neither will I," said Jarvie. "Neither will I. Nor my readers for that matter."

At this stage, I left Jarvie. I said, "Jarvie, you and I have come to the parting of the ways."

"We leave, I hope," he said, "as friends."

"Yes, as friends, but better a live friend than a dead pigeon," I said. Jarvie clasped my hand warmly.

I did not see Jarvie again that day. At dark, the planes and the artillery folded up for the night, and we dug into foxholes and went to sleep. On the second day, the Stukas and the artillery dominated the show, dominated even Jarvie and his Bugatti.

But on the third day, our gang moved into Sened and knocked hell out of the enemy.

They also blasted a dozen tanks and took 90 prisoners. I do not know where Jarvie was during all the excitement. I am told he was the 73D of the 90 prisoners taken, having gotten mixed up amid the enemy lines. However, I offer this solution as pure rumor, since newspapermen also can sue for libel. I am much too fond of Jarvie to be sued by him for libel. But even at that it would be safer than going to the front with him. Next week he is getting the wheels of the Bugatti re-aligned. So, when you start that European offensive up north, if you see a Bugatti with re-aligned wheels on the streets of Berlin, withhold your fire, will you, Joe, because it will be Jarvie. Poor Jarvie.

"Jarvie," I said, "There must be a number of field mice about!"



ONE OF OUR REPORTERS GOESTOWAR AND NEARLY GETS KILLED (VERY SAD)

Yanks at Home and Abroad

The Chaplain's Lot Is Not Easy Which So Much to Do With So Little

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Chaplains down here fly thousands of miles to minister to servicemen. They build chapels of ammunition cases, and hold services in mud and among swarms of flies. They follow soldiers through the thick of the jungle and up the hellish battle trails of New Guinea. They bear no arms.

The average chaplain here is a fellow with a high-school and college education, who has had three years in a seminary and three more as an active preacher, priest or rabbi of a regular church. He has passed stiff verbal and written examinations. With much to be done and little to do it with, the chaplain tries to bring to battle-worn men the strength given by religion.

He does his job. There was Chaplain Albert Hart of Los Angeles, whose unit, separated by jungle and water, was in three different places. Hart's plane cracked up when he tried to serve the whole outfit. He was the first man of God to die down here.

Chaplains don't waste time bickering about whose religion is the right one. Fighting men aren't particularly interested in the fine points of dogma and theology. They want someone who will listen and clean up last minute details. They have debts to pay off, financial and moral, and maybe a last word to the wife or a special message to the girl back home. So the chaplain does his best to fix things up, regardless of creed.

If a fellow is a Catholic and the chaplain is a Protestant, the latter will do his best to get a priest to take care of any confidential matters. Whatever their faith, chaplains try to get each other to the places where the need is greatest. For instance, Chaplain James J. O'Donnell, Roman Catholic, found a group of Jewish boys; the nearest rabbi was 700 miles away. Chaplain O'Donnell was loaned a Methodist Church and a Jewish boy led his buddies in the service.

Negro troops have Negro chaplains. There is Chaplain Hubert C. Dubra whose flock is making history at one censored spot. While Chaplain Dubra was hard at work, a bomb fell by his slit trench, some say only 10 yards away. Anyway, it was mighty close. Chaplain Dubra went on working.

Sometimes serving communion can be quite a problem. In a cool wine cellar, the primary liquid of the holy service holds its taste, but it's another



IN SPITE OF WHAT ROSTERS SAY not all the guys in uniform are named Szywiskimzki (pronounced "Woof"). For instance, here are five familiar gentlemen, all of them either giving or receiving something. Marine 1st Lieut. Ted Lyons, ex-White Sox hurler, is cadging a highball. Pvt. Max Baer and Sgt. Bitsy Grant are exchanging hits in the head. Marine Pvt. Tyrone Power is getting something nice from a colonel, and Chief Specialist Bob Feller is mushing with a brand new bride.

matter in the tropical heat. A chaplain is liable to start out with grape juice and wind up with something else.

Every chaplain here is an American citizen, but they joined up from all over. Chaplain Thomas A. Shanahan, executive chaplain for the forces here, and a former Jesuit missionary, was holding forth in the Philippines when the

Japs hit Pearl Harbor. Chaplain E. A. Levi, former rabbi of Central Synagogue, Sydney, comes from Auburn, N. Y. Three combat officers hereabouts were preachers back home. If a full-fledged chaplain isn't around, these officers pinch hit.

Chaplains do plenty of financial worrying for the boys. They aid them with their tangled personal affairs, and help them get money to dependents, wives, children, or the girl back home. Almost \$15,000 in money and valuables cleared through one base chaplain's office in three days. Church-going may have seemed sissy back home but down here it's different. In fact, the chaplains claim the Army average is better than the civilian. The average soldier worships at least once a month—a lot of boys oftener.

Every 1200 men are supposed to have their own chaplain but that doesn't mean you can count chaplains' noses and figure strength. That would be too easy for the Axis. Actually the Army provides chaplains as the case demands. If 1200 men are spread all over the lot, it naturally takes more chaplains. One chaplain travels 1500 miles to cover his "parish." It takes another two solid weeks to bump around by jeep. By comparison, the itinerant preacher of horse-and-buggy-days had a soft job.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Reveille Is Tough on the Tonsils Of This First Sarge in Alaska

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—If Top Sergeant Victor G. Bowen of this cold-shouldered soldiering outfit wears a harried look on his face every time he calls the roll, squint once at his company roster and bid him sympathy.

Here are just a few of the rocky syllables he has to trot over with his bare tongue: Ronczkoski, Ostrowski, Opielinski, Pierantoni, Truzzkoski, Ronewicz, Szerba, Petricek, Ronspies, Wilczak, Stahulak, Ulanski, Prokopec, Pofelski, Romitti, Savelich, Pietrangeli, Rabideaux, and—paging Pete Smith—Przybyz!

YANK'S ALASKA CORRESPONDENT



IN ENGLAND. At the home built by George Washington's grandfather, American and British troops together pay homage to the first great American warrior and statesman.



ON THE DON FRONT, Russian armoured cars move up to smash the Nazi.

A WEEK OF WAR

Hitler's little situation just gets worse and worse all the time, fortunately

THE two men who had been taking all the plane trips had come home for awhile. Behind them lay the heaving Atlantic reaches and the sultry countries encircling the Equator and the vast and sandy vistas of the Western Desert. Behind them, too, lay the interpreters and the talking and the plans made at midnight. The conferences were over. The decision had been achieved. The course had at last become clear.

The good fight was on the upgrade. The two men had come home to report. They had taken their time in returning; they had stopped in strange places and spoken to unknown men. Between them they had seen the Near East and the tropics. There was a lot to say. The free world, that had looked with startled and unbelieving eyes at the thunderbolt that had been the Casablanca Conference, now turned toward the capitols of the two great and free democracies. Turned, and listened.

London in the Spring

Spring was already in the London air. It had been a mild winter for England. Flowers were already up in the parks and in the provinces. When Winston Churchill entered the House of Commons a rousing cheer went up, and when he gave his report he was almost gay. The galleries leaned forward to catch the surge of his resounding sentences.

He began darkly. The losses we suffer at sea are very heavy and they hamper us and delay our operations. They prevent us from coming into action at our full strength, and thus they prolong the war with its certain waste and loss and all its unknowable hazards.

But, said Winston Churchill, we are holding our own, and more than holding our own.

The House of Commons cheered. There were many factors: American shipbuilding was hitting a new peak, there was a rising tide of tonnage, the convoy system was doing its job, more U-boats were being sunk. The situation was bad, but it was remediable and being remedied.

The enemy had bled and burned in Libya. Churchill had seen his victorious Eighth Army on parade. They had come 1,500 miles through the desert, but they looked as though they had just stepped out of Wellington Barracks. General Alexander was awaiting further orders.

The situation in North Africa was, as far as Winston Churchill was concerned, quite clear. At the moment he was quite disinterested in the ex-Vichyites who were holding office under American military control. The command in Tunisia was

settled. When the 8th Army entered Tunisia it would come under the sphere of General Eisenhower's influence and thus under his command.

In wind-blown Washington, Franklin Delano Roosevelt sat down at dinner with the White House Correspondent's Association on Lincoln's birthday. After a meal that resembled, as much as possible, an average Army menu, save that it contained neither sugar nor coffee, the President made a broadcast to the American people.

More than anything else, he talked about the American men who were fighting the war. He had seen them in strange places and strange guises, and he was proud of what he had seen. And he wanted to say so.

I have seen our men—the nation's men, he said, in Trinidad, Belem and Natal, in Brazil, in Liberia, in Gambia. In these places there is no actual fighting, but there is hard, dangerous, essential work, and there is a tremendous strain upon the endurance and the spirit of our troops. They are standing up magnificently under that strain.

No American can look at these men, soldiers or sailors, without great emotion and great pride and a very deep sense of responsibility to them.

Faith in the Future

Like Winston Churchill, Franklin Delano Roosevelt closed on a note of hope. We have supreme confidence that with the help of God honor will prevail. We have faith that future generations will know that here, in the middle of the twentieth century, there came the time when men of good will found a way to unite and produce and fight to destroy the forces of ignorance, intolerance, slavery and war.

Casablanca was over, and the two men who had talked there had come home for awhile. They had spoken their pieces. Now nothing remained but the action to come. The free world waited for it.

For the present action it did not have to wait. On two widely different and separated theaters the good fight was progressing according to plan. On Guadalcanal, in the sultry Solomons, where thousands of men had died to hold an airfield, the Japs were gone. They had folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away—to their ancestors. They had tried to retake Guadalcanal, and they had failed, failed miserably. They had died under the

palm trees and in the sea. Their transports had been bombed out of the water, artillery had smashed and crushed their land positions, and American infantry had decimated them. They were gone from Guadalcanal as they were gone from Papua. They had been driven into the sea and they had drowned there.

The American victory was clean cut. The Japs had not lacked equipment, had not lacked supplies. They had been fed and equipped as well as the Americans, and they had been outgeneraled and overpowered. The planes that had swept down on them from Henderson Field had been the deciding factor, and one of the Jap tentacles was gone, chopped off at the root. The Pacific was running with blood.

The Great Exodus

Ten thousand miles away, on the stark and snow-driven plains of Russia, the German was in headlong retreat. He admitted it. He had been driven out of Rostov and he was driven out of Kharkov. Now he was talking about falling back on Kiev. He had, of course, not planned to hold Rostov. Not at all. Rostov was really unimportant. Rostov didn't count. As a matter of fact, Germany was saying, Kharkov doesn't really count either. Russia can have it.

Germany was beginning to think of shorter supply lines, and a line whose one end clung to Riga (Latvia). The Russians were allowing the troops of Adolf Hitler no rest, no respite. The retreat from Moscow was still going on. And up to the front was coming all the supplies that Russia could handle—supplies from Britain, supplies from America. And Hitler was still keeping out of sight.

On two fronts of the war the good fight was moving along. On another front, a crucial one, things were still stalemated. In Tunisia, American troops had had their first taste of Rommel. They knew that they were lined up against all the crack regiments that Hitler could spare. They knew that they were going to lose a lot of men, and they knew that the fight before them would be hot and heavy. But they also knew that American troops under a man named Pershing had slapped seasoned Germans back through the Argonne not so many years ago. They could probably do it again.

It was, after all, the good fight.



ON THE SAME FRONT, Nazis retreat to avoid being smashed. (They were, anyway).



EXPLORERS. Perhaps these U. S. Air Force reconnaissance men feel like Admiral Byrd. Looks like his territory. But they have Eskimo kids for company.

SNOW

MEN OF WAR IN THE ALEUTIANS



TRANSPORT. This mammoth barge could hold a small army. Here it is floating reinforcements ashore for one of the Andreanof Island outposts.



READY. This grim faced gun crew is ready to deal with whatever might come its way, as destroyer spills depth charges in icy Aleutian waters.



GUARD. At his post on an Aleutian convoy ship, Pvt. Reno Harden, Wenatchee, Wash., has to face an icy gale. "It ain't poetic," he says.



and **SAND**
 TANS AND NORTH AFRICA

REPAIR. Yank mechanics S Sgt. Harold P. Corey (left) and S Sgt. George R. Oldfield, fixed up wrecked ME-109. That's a Nazi BMW motorcycle.



MARKER. A British grave registration unit at work in Libya. Travelling behind the army, they record location of graves, which are later moved.



WARBIRDS. The wing with insignia of the U. S. Army Air Forces points down to a desert airport, with American planes parked or taking off.

News From Home

Production—and manpower for production—are the week's big problems back in the U. S.

THIS was the week when the 40-hour work week was buried under in 32 war production areas back home. The President signed an executive order instituting a minimum 48-hour week to include shipbuilding districts on the East and West Coasts, ordnance plants in the East and aircraft factories in the West and Southwest.

To some 15,000,000 American workmen in those areas, the executive order meant they would be working at least four more hours each week. To the nation at large and the fighting men on the fronts it spelled more ships, more guns and more planes—in the end, quicker defeat of the Axis.

In Washington, James F. Byrnes, Director of Stabilization, predicted that dozens of other war production centers, faced with labor shortages, might also be included in the order.

At Bridgeport, Conn., aircraft workers threatened to strike when the company sacked a few girls for wearing sweaters and "skimpy, all-revealing" blouses. The company said men workers were "hypnotized" by the sweater gals, resulting in a drop in production. To that, the sweater girls replied:

"Even the war cannot change woman. She is built the way she is, and no company rules can disguise her figure." The women also said that the company should take care of the production, "and we'll take care of our morals."

There was a lot of talking in Congress about production, too. One proposal, which appears to have popular support in the House and Senate, is to place all men between 18 and 65 and all women between 18 and 50 under a National Service Act. The measure would act as a labor draft, a setup equivalent to Selective Service. It would place almost every person in the United States in some type of war job.

Former President Herbert Hoover told the Senate Manpower Committee he believed the nation can alleviate the shortage of labor by reducing the induction rate into the armed forces. He also said that, if necessary, production could be curtailed to allow the "bottleneck in shipping" to catch up with military training, since "time runs in our favor."

Manpower officials said that 12,000 men a day must go into the armed forces and that few between 18 and 38 would be deferred—unless their work was essential and irreplaceable.



Winchell was accused of saying "Damn."



These non-G.I.s just happen to be members of the New York Stock Exchange, drilling like mad. The guns are wooden.

G-men were hot on the trail of meat bootleggers who reportedly have gotten hold of more than 3,000,000 pigs and 400,000 hides of beef. The bootleggers—including former Al Capone henchmen—are operating on a coast-to-coast scale, the G-men said, and are doing a flourishing business with luxury hotels, night clubs and wealthy homes.

In Detroit, Federal authorities are prosecuting tire bootleggers, in the first case of its kind. Fourteen persons are facing criminal proceedings for buying and selling new tires on the Black Market.

Rationing is becoming a big problem, even in places where it's not in effect by official orders. The Government announced there would be no rationing in clothes—as yet—as long as people did not engage in hoarding. This caused a stampede of shopping. One New York store advertised it would sell two pairs of nylon stockings to every customer buying a war bond. More than 10,000 men and women showed up.

Nylon is under big-time discussion back home these days. Newspapers are discussing the myriad ways it can be used in the post-war period. Laboratory experts say nylon is now developed to the point where it can be woolly, silky, rubbery, hairy, almost metallic and ivory-like. When the G.I.s get back home the stuff will be used for the manufacture of goods ranging from dames' stockings to a greaseless, non-metallic bearings for high-speed machinery.

The House Appropriation Committee turned thumbs down on the President's program for a U. S. "Beveridge Plan" by refusing to vote funds for the National Resources Planning Board. The funds were needed for the Board's work in making plans for post-war construction. No explanation was given by the House Committee for its action.

Death claimed the widows of two noted magicians. Beatrice Houdini died at Los Angeles and the widow of magician Thurston passed on in North Adams, Mass. With Mrs. Houdini died all the secrets of the famous magician and exposé of phoney spiritualists, also the ten-word key message Houdini had promised to send her from the world beyond.

Newspapers already are beginning to speculate on the question of a fourth term for the President. Kenneth Crawford, Washington correspondent for the New York newspaper *PM*, and the *Chicago Sun*, flatly stated that the President's close advisers "now talk as though his candidature was a certainty."

Republican leaders observed the annual Lincoln Day Dinner with battle cries. At Indianapolis, Ind., Wendell Willkie pleaded for clear understanding of post-war problems; while in Omaha, Alf Landon compared the "global thinking" philosophies of Vice-President Wallace as the "same primrose path along which Hitler led his people." Landon attacked any possibility of a fourth term for Roosevelt.



Lou Gehrig's mother christened The Lou Gehrig.



James Byrnes announced an invasion of Europe.

In a radio speech, Director of Stabilization Byrnes said that Allied war plans contemplated an invasion of Europe in 1943. And in New York a firm is already manufacturing great quantities of campaign ribbons to be worn on the lapels of those who march through the streets of Rome, Berlin and Tokio. The ribbons are in vertical blue, red and white, with black stripes.

Rep. Clare Booth Luce (R., Conn.), (wife of Henry the publisher) made her maiden speech in Congress. Mrs. Luce, in what her critics characterized as rather flighty fashion, said that America must dominate world air transport after the war. Her critics had no objection to that statement, but when the author of "Margin for Error" openly suggested that the planes of our allies, in transit, be denied access to the American skies, a number of people got, to use a flying term, extremely browned off.

Adolf Berle, Assistant Secretary of State, replied that airfields must operate on a "fair and equitable basis."

"Access to fields built with Lend-Lease funds for our forces," he said, "necessarily involved the larger question of the extent to which we will be prepared to afford access to the landing fields in our own country. It cannot be expected that our planes shall be accorded rights in foreign countries if we adopt a policy of denying access to the fields of allied aircraft reaching our shores," which is what Clare Booth Luce, author of "The Women," apparently suggested.

Senator Claude Pepper deplored Mrs. Luce's ideas and several Congressmen took issue with her. Later, Mrs. Luce denied that her speech suggested that the United States should dominate the air, that what she really meant was that we should now consider "a policy giving each country the maximum of air power its economy will stand, and its defense demands." The *New York Post*, a pro-New Deal newspaper, went so far as to suggest that Mrs. Luce's speech, if taken to a logical conclusion, "would ensure a war against Britain."

In New York a man named Joseph Mittel named his baby Adolf Hitler Mittel and aroused nationwide indignation. He was besieged by letters, wires and angry neighbours who demanded that he wise up. The baby's name was forthwith changed to Theodore Roosevelt Mittel.

The Dies committee was given approval by the House to continue for two more years.



Marlene Dietrich's daughter got engaged.

Sgt. Joe Louis's wife gave birth to a baby girl. In Cincinnati, a grand jury released two women—Mrs. Eleanor Caproni, 26, and Mrs. Pearl Leonard—who admitted killing Mrs. Caproni's husband. The women claimed the man forced them to submit to "unspeakable indignity" by threatening to harm their children. Mrs. Caproni said she shot her husband as they lay in bed, and Mrs. Leonard described how she finished him off at a hospital where he was recovering from his wife's wounds. "Murder was more than justified," the jury said.

The Blue Network censored commercial newscasters, and some quarters protested the "gagging" of Walter Winchell. "Several commentators recently departed from prepared scripts to discuss controversial issues in a biased and inflammatory manner," the network said, explaining that it did not allow partisan commercial broadcasts in order to prevent a financially stronger faction from gaining "air superiority." Responsible for the rule's strict enforcement was an alleged reference by Winchell last November to persons who supported pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists as being "damn fools."

In Sacramento, Cal., Harry Bridges was denied a writ by a Federal Court barring a deportation order to his native Australia. The CIO West Coast leader said he would carry the fight to the Supreme Court, if necessary, and denied again that he was a Communist.



Hoover offered solution to manpower shortage.

The people back home will soon feel the pinch of thinner newspapers and magazines due to paper shortages, and many who depend on newsstands for their magazines will find it difficult to buy them. "Reader's Digest" announced it will cut its newsstand circulation by 1,000,000 copies and cut its average pages to 144. Other magazines will follow suit, including "Time" and "Life." There is also talk of rationing advertising.

Nine fishermen at Gloucester, Mass., reaped a virtual gold mine during the past year. They earned a record income of \$7,728—weekly average of \$144—the highest fisherman's pay in Gloucester's 300-year history.

A great American institution was saved from annihilation when the Office of Defense Transportation granted the Kentucky Derby permission to run this year. Ticket sales will be limited to Louisville residents only. "That's fine," Derby officials said, "It'll be a street car show."

Victor Mature, a beautiful hunk of coastguardsman, was divorced by his wife, the widow of band leader Hal Kamp. In Berkeley, Cal., Mayor Frank Gaines suggested his council should "pass the hat" instead of imposing more luxury taxes. Robert Taylor was sworn in as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. Miss Lilly Grace Matheson, secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, said the return of prohibition is just a matter of time.

"We shall soon find America dry again, perhaps within a year," the lady promised.

The millionaire playboy, Tommy Manville, is being sued for divorce by his sixth wife, Billy Boze. Manville told reporters he was the most surprised man in the world—his wife wasn't asking for alimony.

"Even at the last moment I offered \$25,000 and she said 'no,'" Manville declared. "I have never heard of such a woman!"

Neither have we.



Harry Bridges still says he was no Commy.



This picture really doesn't need a caption. We just hope the old boy keeps 'em dusted.

CONNECTICUT

FOUR DEATHS OCCURRED in the state's first blizzard of the year; David J. Winchester, at New Britain; Gilbert J. Query, at Glastonbury; Mrs. Mary Bullis, New Haven; John Fitch, Hartford. Mayor pro tem John S. Monagan of Waterbury, decided to remain mayor, rejected a federal post in New York. At Rockville a jury quashed Victor V. Tocchetti's suit for \$15,000 against the Johnston Memorial Hospital at Stafford Springs, charging inefficiency brought the death of his infant daughter. Leslie S. Myrick, 37, rescued his three daughters from a fire in their home, ran back to recover some papers, was burned to death. Dr. Jacob Shapera, 28, Rockville dentist, was charged with attempted murder after he allegedly placed two bombs in the car of Robert Pigeon, an attorney.

ILLINOIS

TO ENABLE WOMEN to wear slacks, Chicago's city council considered amending an old city ordinance barring "any person from appearing in dress not belonging to his or her sex." A South Shore Lines suburban train crashed into a gasoline truck at the Kline Avenue crossing in Hammond, Ind., killing the motorman, William Stork, and injuring 11 passengers. The American Council of Education cleared the University of Illinois of charges that it is "politics-ridden." At Chicago, detectives were called within two hours to investigate burglaries of three widely separated Burnu Brothers bakeries; three safes were carted away. Southern Illinois legislators are advocating a second state university at Carbondale. The Carthage school board rejected a teacher's resignation; teachers are too hard to find. The Canton police chief visited a WCTU meeting to explain that he wasn't drunk New Year's Eve—just sick. At Moline, William Pascoe, 90, continued to work a 40-hour week in a tool factory. Rock Island County bought 185 new voting machines to use in the spring elections.

KANSAS

WALLACE BROTHERS, INC., began a \$100,000 experimental aviation manufacturing plant to be affiliated with Cessna Aircraft at Wichita. Topeka decided to retain its biennial city elections, rather than shift to the four-year-term plan. The Kansas legislature at Topeka rejected a bill to allow soldiers divorces after 30 days in the state. Bids were opened on Wichita's new community house for Hilltop Manor residents.

MARYLAND

THE LEGISLATURE at Annapolis considered a resolution to cut the minimum constitutional voting age to 18. Local option on liquor was voted down by a legislative committee. Mrs. Francis King Carey, founder of the Gilman Country School near Baltimore, died. In Baltimore it was proposed to cut or tunnel Franklin Street under the business district, widen it to eight lanes.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE MASSACHUSETTS Agricultural Fairs Association, meeting at Springfield, planned to hold states fairs as usual this year. William E. Smith, 30 years an instructor at Boston English High School, died at Marblehead. Col. Natalie Hays Hammond, organizer of the Massachusetts Women's Defense Corps, resigned. Dr. Nelson B. Baker, pastor of Trinity Baptist Church in Arlington, became an Army chaplain. At Dedham, Mrs. Mary Curley Donnelly, daughter of ex-Gov. James Curley, was granted a divorce. The Rev. James J. Mooney, pastor of Immaculate Conception Church at Newburyport, braved flames which destroyed a convent to rescue the blessed sacrament. At Springfield, J. C. Garand, inventor of the M.1, gave the Red Cross a pint of blood. Patrolman Louis C. Miller, Springfield's first motorcycle cop, retired. Fred C. Mitchell resigned as principal of Lynn Classical High School. The fuel oil shortage caused the Lawrence police station to be switched back from oil to coal.

MISSOURI

LIVERY STABLES have been revived in some Missouri towns; blacksmith shops in others. Kansas City building trades unions bought the Jacob L. Loose mansion on Armour Boulevard, where Queen Marie was once a guest. At Crane, fire wrecked a theater and the Farmers' Exchange Building. Teen Town, liquorless night club for youths, was opened in a church basement at Columbia. At St. Louis, Harold Lawrence, 27, confessed he killed his wife with a hammer, threw her body in the Mississippi River, and brought his girl friend home to live with him.

NEW JERSEY

TWO GROUPS of Newark tavern operators disagreed over a change in tavern closing hours on Sunday from 2 a. m. to 3 a. m., but the change was approved by City Commission. Frederick O. Runyon was named president of Presbyterian Hospital at Newark. Howard W. Buck of Maplewood was granted another divorce from Martha Jane Smith Buck; they were married, divorced, remarried, now divorced. Dr. Louis M. Levitsky, rabbi of Congregational Oheb Shalom, was named chairman of the Welfare Federation's Council in Newark. At Hackensack half Bergen County's lawyers divide their time between courts and war work.



NEW YORK

ILION BECAME the second community in the U. S. to win a "T" flag, meaning 90 per cent of the inhabitants are putting at least 10 per cent of their salaries in War Bonds. Mayor George Inglis of Niagara Falls, Ont., proposed the post-war peace conference be held in the twin cities of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Niagara Falls, Ont. In Buffalo, the Sisters of St. Francis bought the Central Park Hospital. Former Principal Milton Gurvitz of Sanborn school, sentenced to five years for writing threatening letters to three school trustees, was indicted for burning the school. Fire damaged the Swados Department Store on Gibson Street in Buffalo. Apprentice Seaman Arthur Coscarelli found a check for \$500,000 in a New York street corner, returned it to the owner. Mrs. Anne Kaufman killed herself and her crippled 3-year-old daughter in New York, leaving a note asking that their bodies be used for medical research.

OHIO

AT CINCINNATI, Victor Caproni, 29, was shot by his wife, Eleanor, carried to Good Samaritan Hospital; there, police said, he was fatally shot by Mrs. Pearl Leonard, divorcee, who said she and Caproni's wife were forced by him to live in his house, under threats of violence to their children. Cincinnati handbook operators announced business is off 80 per cent. Cincinnati lifted its anti-rabies quarantine on dogs after nine months. Mayor Spagnola of Youngstown ordered Police Chief Preclomsky to "clean up the city of vice, crime and gambling—or resign." At Cleveland, parents of 2-year-old Raymond Gentry "bailed him out" at Police Station after he took a nudist stroll. Cincinnati deaths: Frederick Hertenstein, 84, for 33 years president of the Western Bank and Trust Co.; Billy Haass, Democratic political leader and adviser of ex-Gov. Davey; Archie Bell, 56, former theater critic for the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" and the Cleveland "News," died.

OREGON

RATIONING OF FIREWOOD in 32 Oregon and Washington cities began on Feb. 1, but OPA said there's no fuel oil shortage in Oregon. The state's worst storm since 1937 took four lives, gummed up transportation. Deep snow halted clearing of the right-of-way for the Pepco electric railway west from Estacada. Gov. Bottolfson of Idaho and Gov. Ratner of Kansas endorsed the celebration of the Old Oregon Trail Centennial. Oregon State College has announced it will accept a limited number of high-school students before their graduation. Dairymen at The Dalles ceased milk deliveries on order of the OPA. Rep. S. S. Pier introduced a bill to free all men and women in the armed services from state income and intangibles taxes.

PENNSYLVANIA

DR. A. C. MARTS, director of Civilian Defense in Pennsylvania, resigned to join the Coast Guard. In Philadelphia, 139 persons were arrested in Sunday gambling and liquor raids. Robert C. Lemerhart, Reading school teacher, was indicted for falsifying his fuel oil application. C. C. Nicolet, of the Philadelphia Record staff died. Scores of guests were rescued when fire swept the Rittenhouse Hotel in Philadelphia. At Philadelphia denaturalization proceedings began against ex-Bund leader Alexander Martin Hartmann.

SOUTH CAROLINA

DR. SHELTON PHELPS, president of Winthrop College at Rock Hill, resigned; ill health. The United Waste Co. warehouse in Spartanburg was destroyed in a \$100,000 fire. Retiring Gov. Jefferies said he may run for the U. S. Senate in 1944 when Sen. "Cotton Ed" Smith's term expires. Gov. Olin D. Johnston urged prohibition in his inaugural, and legislative dyes began work on a prohibition law. A bill to permit women on juries was considered. Clemson College will begin a 12-month year in June. Mareen Linton, 17, was held at Cheraw in the death of David Boan, 29. Deaths: D. C. Heyward, former governor, at Columbia; E. C. Hasselden, superintendent of the municipal water and light plant, at Georgetown; James Carlisle Hardin, mayor pro tem and president of the Rock Hill Body Co., at Rock Hill.

TENNESSEE

THE HOUSE PASSED, 75-19 the Cooper administration poll tax repeal bill and a companion permanent registration bill; West Tennessee poll tax repeal foes planned a last-ditch fight in the Senate. In Nashville, fire destroyed Fortland, home of the late Dr. Rufus E. Fort, on Riverside Drive. Engineer detachments at Camp Forrest practiced demolition on eight abandoned bridges in the area to be covered by the backwaters of new TVA dams. Dr. M. B. Murfree, 61, Murfreesboro physician, was killed when his car skidded off the ice-coated Woodbury highway. Memphis, Harriman and Etowah refused to sign a scroll thanking George W. Norris for TVA; said the honor should go to Senator McKellar. Gen. R. E. Bullington, 95, who rode with Nathan Bedford Forrest, died at Memphis.

TEXAS

AT COLLEGE STATION, 655 Texas A. & M. cadets graduated, most of them immediately entering active army service to complete officer training. At Fort Worth, Prince Johannes von und du Lichtenstein received \$875, a truck and the crown silverware in a divorce property settlement; his wife, formerly Aleene McFarland, of Weatherford, got \$100,000 in property. Two Houston brothers, 11 and 12, robbed a store to finance an expedition to whip the Japs, landed in jail. Malakoff (population 2,000) faced a ghost-town future after the Texas Power and Light Co. closed its coal mines, switched from coal to oil for fuel at Trinidad. Deaths: W. M. Briscoe, former head of the Baylor University French department, at Waco; John H. Tucker, 58, veteran production manager of Gulf Oil Corp., at Houston.

VERMONT

THE CAA THREATENED to take away a \$500,000 allotment for the Burlington airport unless the city purchased an additional 140 acres for expansion of runways. Only 164 students dropped out at mid-year at the University of Vermont. More than 350 women swamped a U. S. employment service office in Burlington for 50 jobs as sewing machine operators. At Thetford, plans were laid to rebuild Thetford Academy, destroyed by fire. Betty Leavens, 12, was killed at Jeffersonville in a coasting accident.

WISCONSIN

SHARP METAL OBJECTS were sprinkled on several Milwaukee streets, causing damage to tires. Mrs. Rosina Trounce, 83, and Mrs. Lucille Long, 81, were found dead in a house built on stilts, just outside South Milwaukee, where they lived with 24 dogs. Mrs. Fred Seyfert was killed by an explosion in Saukville. Frank Anthony Kopjar was killed in an attempt to escape from the State Prison at Waupun. Willi Kenzia, Carl Woeppel, a denaturalization trial at Milwaukee which charged them with being Nazis.





Veronica Lake

When it comes to a sexy, little blonde, or a little, sexy blonde, the gal across the way seems to rate near the top these days. Her latest is Paramount's "So Proudly We Hail."



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

ALERT

The beams of light, like giant scissors, snip the sky to shreds. See! Two have met and cross above the chapel on the hill! Now satisfied, they flicker out, and stars fall back in place— The threat is gone, but nerves are tight; alert, the land is still.

Oh the fingers of light are out tonight
Probing the fringe of mist,
And the outpost lines under jungle vines
Are waiting with mailed fist.

Hark! The beat of giant feet across the star-strewn floor!
The million-candled fingers leap and point where wings are bared;
But now the word dit-dits between, and friend is greeting friend:
The beams flick off; again the land is taut, alert, prepared.

Oh the pencils of light are eager to write
A one-way ticket to hell.
Dream on, my sweet, in your distant retreat—
Dream on, we are watching well!

—Lt. ROBERT G. RASHID

14th Inf., New Orleans, La.

CHOW NOTE

At the mess hall over a tough beef stew
A friend of mine said, "Pal, I'm through,
It's time to switch to the enemy
When the Infantry swallows the Cavalry."

—Sgt. WALTER STEWART

Army Flying School, Greenville, Miss.

DOES VICTORY DEPEND ON ME?

I am the butt of the soldier's joke,
At me the sailors their lampoons poke.

Does victory depend on me,
The limited service, bedevilled MP?

With stalwart heart, if quavering stand,
I take the situation well in hand
When the husky marine is on a spree,
The "off limits" sentinel, the sober MP.

When the carrot-fed aviator, daring and sky-eyed,
Misses his train because he is pie-eyed,
I steady his step because, you see,
That's a limited service of the grounded MP.

I guard the work of the steady man
Who works to build the best he can
The ships, the planes, the guns,—
you see,—
My service is limited to just MP.

Armed with a night stick, a brassard and whistle,
In rain and snow, I hope that this'll
Somehow help in the victory—
The limited service of the poor MP.

Poor vision, fallen arches, overage or too short,
I do the duties of a catch-all sort
For the men who got credit for victory—
The "behind the scenes," the bedevilled MP.

When the heroes come home with adulation,
I'll make up the army of occupation
And stay on the job for victory—

The unlimited service of the poor MP.

I walk my post in a military manner.
There is little glory to tinsel my banner.

Does victory depend on me,
The limited service of the poor MP?

Please, God, when you've handed round the glory,
Find a place at the end of the thrilling story
For the contribution to victory
Of the limited service, bedevilled MP!

—Cpl. DENIS MCGENTY

Presidio, San Francisco, Calif.

SOIREE

You sing a song or two
And you have a little chat,
You make a little candy fudge
And then you take your hat,
You take her hand and say "good-night,"

As sweetly as you can.
Ain't that a hell of an evening
For a great big healthy man?
USN

—DOUG WILSON, Y1c

JUST A PRIVATE

You can have your deeds of glory,
All your tasks so nobly done,
But if not for all the privates
Then this war could not be won.
Master minds may plan the battles
And strategic things to do,
Yet it's just a lowly private
Who must carry these things through.

So next time you drink to heroes
Who are known from coast to coast,
Just think of the simple private
And then drink another toast.

—Pvt. HYMAN LAZAROWITZ

Canada

A FIGHTER'S LAMENT

I am sitting here and thinking
Of the things I left behind;
And I'd like to put in writing
What is running through my mind.
We have dug a million ditches
And have cleared 10 miles of ground.

We have drunk our beer and whisky

In every honky-tonk in town.

But there is one consolation,

Gather round while I tell:

"When we die we'll go to Heaven,
For we have done our stretch in Hell."

We have built a million kitchens;
For the cooks to burn our beans;
We have stood a million guard mounts,

And we have cleaned the camp latrines.

We have washed a million mess kits,

And peeled a million spuds,
And killed a million snakes and ants

That have tried to steal our grub.
When our work on earth is ended,
Then our friends on earth will tell:

"When they died they went to Heaven,
For they've done their stretch in Hell."

When the final taps have sounded,
When we lay aside life's cares,
When we stand our last inspection
On those shining golden stairs,
The angels will welcome us,
Their golden harps will play;
And we will draw a million canteen checks

And spend them in a day.
It is there we will hear St. Peter
Tell us loudly with a yell:

"Take a seat, you boys from the desert,
For you've done your stretch in Hell."

—This poem came to YANK the same day from Sgt. CLYDE HOGUE, Panama, and Pvt. PAUL F. CHENOWETH, India.

ARMY NURSES

Army nurses
Are unimpressed by curses.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

Scott Field, Ill.

Dear YANK:



There's quite a resemblance between this picture of myself and the one of that fellow over there that's causing all this trouble, so I'm not bragging about it.

The gang says it's the best thing to do with it would be to send it to YANK to do with it what you please.

Newfoundland

—Pvt. FRANK KNECHT

Dear YANK:

It is too damn bad that there isn't some way to get YANK to the boys out here at the fighting fronts. The boys just eat it up. There is nothing they would like more than to get it regularly. As it is we have received about five issues and all of them were about three to five months old.

—2nd Lt. ROBERT E. LONGSTRETH

Middle East

Dear YANK:

I wish I could tell you about my squadron but censorship forbids. But I can say the French are very glad we are here. The civilians seem very friendly, the French soldiers are quite chummy with us, and the French girls are quite pretty.

—Cpl. XAVIER M. BROCK JR.

Overseas

Dear YANK:

At last the true facts of the Alcan Highway have emerged, thanks to YANK of Dec. 2. You bet it's been no "G.I. glamorized picnic"—it's been a "G.I. nightmare." Where's all that "G.I. recreation and entertainment" that Pfc. Janov raves about?

Alcan Highway

—T-3 G. W. GRADY

WD says it's "on the way." By this time we hope it's arrived

Mail Call



Dear YANK:

91. SALUTE WITH THE HAND (fig. 1).—a. With the addition of the WAVES and the WAAC's to the regular armed forces the salute is hereby revised to meet the existing conditions. Whenever meeting a WAAC or WAVE officer (or for that matter an enlistee) the following salute is given: 1) Raise the left hand as in an ordinary salute. 2) Raise the right hand as in an ordinary salute. 3) Lean forward from the waist at a 30° angle, at the same time emitting a long low whistle. The facial expression should remain in as near a smile as the conformation of the man permits.

—T/Sgt. MYRON NEWMAN

Camp Stewart, Ga.

Dear YANK:

I am a classification clerk at the Lake Charles Army Flying School and just to illustrate how really difficult the job is, the following is a typical telegamed order: EXPEDITE AT ONCE STOP RESCINDED.

Of course the order is short, pithy, military and to the point. But what is the point? That is the question and that is my job. Do you sympathize with me?

—Cpl. SAMUEL GEO. GOLDSTEIN

Lake Charles Army Flying School, La.

Dear YANK:

How about a little more photos and news about colored troops at home and abroad. After all we're Yanks too, even if we do have a dark way of showing it.

—Pfc. ROBERT A. PAUL

Camp Livingston, La.

You'll find something on pp. 20, 21 of this issue in the story of the "Alcan Epic."

Dear YANK:

The picture and letter about Pfc. Moroschak (YANK, Dec. 23) and his "rather unique physical appearance" was very interesting to us guys here. How do we know that beautiful hunk of man really is Pfc. Moroschak? How do we know he only weighed 160 pounds when he came into the Army, and was not very muscular? And all that schmaltz about his physical development after six months at Shelby. A lot of us served in Camp Shelby. You can't tell us that Pfc. Moroschak got that way after six months there. Why, there isn't a chigger bite on the guy.

—Pvt. MYRON R. PLESCHET

Camp Blanding, Fla.

Dear YANK:

When this outfit landed in Alaska over a year and a half ago, most of the lads began itching to get a crack at the old billy goats that moseyed around the cliffs nearby. But the Alaskan game laws said "no." Then, unbeknownst to the goats, the game laws were modified to permit us to buy hunting licenses after a year's residence.

Two of our sergeants took off to the hills one afternoon where they jumped a rugged old billy which took off down the hill. Sgt. No. 1 fired and missed but Sgt. No. 2 caught the old guy with an M1 slug right amidships of his nether extremity. The goat didn't stop but was slowed down sufficiently for Sgt. No. 1 to catch up with him.

After a short debate, Old Billy was led by the horns, under his own power, out of the hills to a spot where he could be carried to camp where he was shot. Is that ingenuity or just plain laziness?

—T/Sgt. TOM E. CLARKE

Alaska



First Day



Last Day

Dear YANK:

Let these pictures be sound advice to all men expecting to take a trip on a transport. Don't start your trip with a Hollywood haircut, or you will wind up looking something like this.

Pacific

—F. A. SCANLAND, S1/c, USN

Dear YANK:

A letter was mailed from Atlanta, Ga., to me at Fort Benning. Then it was sent to my old company at Indiantown Gap Mil. Res., Pa., to my new company to A P O, Postmaster, New York, to my outfit overseas, back to New York, to Casual Det., Indiantown Gap, to Miami Beach, Fla. (Air Force), to the Flex-Gunnery School, Fort Myers, Fla., to Nashville, Tenn., and finally caught up with me at Santa Ana, Calif. It was almost five months getting there.

And what did the letter contain? An application blank for Georgia license tags for a car that had been sold for over four months!

—A/C LAWRENCE H. VIEL

Rankin Aeronautical Academy, Tulare, Calif.

Dear YANK:

In your Dec. 16 issue under strictly G.I. the Jersey City QM Depot gives their version of the origin of the term "shavetail" for second lieutenants. If they would consult some of the older officers who saw service in the last war they would find that the term originated from the fact that the tails of the unbroken mules were shaven so they could be separated from the trained.

—2nd Lt. JOE G. WHEELER

Fort Benning, Ga.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 36
 FEB. 21, 1943
 By the men... for the men in the service

OFFICERS PLEASE NOTE

BEFORE the British Eighth Army moved on El Alamein and routed Rommel's Afrika Korps, British Gen. Montgomery called his staff officers together for a conference. He outlined his plan of battle. He explained where he was going, and why, and how to get there. It was a standard General Staff huddle, open only to the higher brass. But Montgomery didn't stop there. He ordered the battle plan explained to every man of the command, right down to the last buck private.

Inspired by the confidence their commander had placed in them by letting them in on the whole secret of the campaign, Gen. Montgomery's men went out and chased Rommel clear off the desert.

Thus was rewarded a general's faith that enlisted men are intelligent enough to be trusted with a broad plan of battle. In effect the general said, "We are all in this together. Here's what we're going to do; let's go." As a result, every soldier was able to make his own individual effort in relation to the whole strategy.

We'll bet a hat that the Eighth Army is a better outfit today for having shared, each man equally, in the campaign. We'll also bet the Eighth Army has such confidence in its command that in history it will be recorded as one of the greatest armies of this war. Smart general, that Montgomery.

More Dope for Overage Soldiers

HERE'S THE LATEST from WD for over-seas G.I.s more than 38 years old who are wondering about getting a discharge. They may get released, but there's a big IF. It's at the discretion of the Commanding General of their theater of operations. Also, they will be released only where there's a trained replacement available. If they get over these hurdles, their release still depends on whether there's transportation available, which may be tough to find.



Cellophane Gas Wrapper

Latest wrinkle in protection against gases is a cellophane wrapper guaranteed to make G.I.s feel like a package of cigarettes. For protection against burning gases like mustard, this cover is a large envelope open at one end, the upper part of clear cellophane and the lower part of olive drab. Some troops landing in North Africa were equipped with these covers. They fold into a small package but can be thrown over your head and pulled to the level of your knees in a few seconds. Once contaminated with gas, the cover is thrown away and you're entitled to a new one—if you can find your supply sergeant.

1942 Score on Plane Losses

The box score on enemy and U. S. planes shot down in 1942 reads pretty well for our side. In that year we lost 309 planes of all types in combat compared to 987 enemy planes shot down plus 362 probables. The figures include American planes shot down by anti-aircraft fire, but not enemy planes shot down by our anti-aircraft gunners.

More Button News

The new QM regulation substituting plastic buttons for the original brass on enlisted men's uniforms will not apply to the brass on officers' blouses. Officers' overcoats are not affected because they never had brass buttons.

Facts and Figures

Out of every thousand dogfaces, 106 drove trucks or tractors in civilian life, and another 38 were mechanics, chauffeurs or auto servicemen. Next largest single group are the sales clerks, with 43 out of a thousand. Down at the bottom of the list are bakers, barbers, stenographers, lumberjacks and lawyers.

"Nisei" Outfit Formed

American citizens of Japanese ancestry who have no use for Tojo are going to have a chance to get a crack at the Axis. WD announces formation of a combat team to be composed of "nisei," as American born Japanese are called. This will include infantry, artillery, engineers and medical personnel. The unit will be filled by voluntary induction, but no one of doubtful loyalty can get in.

G.I. Shop Talk

The Army says that whenever possible they'll put twins in the same outfit, provided they get along with each other. The QMC is now quartering G.I. canines in discarded liquor barrels. We hope the dogs don't get any wrong ideas. The Air Forces have received enough steel landing mats to lay a 150-foot steel runway from Washington, D. C., to Buffalo, N. Y., if any one wanted to use them that way. A 3,000-foot runway can be laid in less than 48 hours. Note to MPs: Don't pick up Coast Guardsmen in a single-breasted coat with brass buttons for being out of uniform. That's new G.I. for Coast Guardsmen of other ports. The cap is like the one worn in the summer.



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Those Last 10 Kilometers

When the Red Army broke the siege of Leningrad the German Underground Radio reminded Hitler that as a judge of distance he was a good paperhanger. On Nov. 8, 1941, while addressing party henchmen at Munich, the Underground needed, der Fuehrer said, "Leningrad is surrounded and no one will free it again. Besides, whoever has advanced from the East Prussian border to within 10 kilometers before Leningrad can also march those last 10 kilometers into the city."

They Don't Know From Nothing!

Explaining the complexities of Soviet strategy to the confused German people is tough on Nazi news commentators. Witness the following broadcast from Berlin: "What are these crazy Russians trying to do? First they advance from one place, then they advance from another. Do they know where they are going? How can they, when all the world knows Russians have no knowledge of geography. And yet, in spite of their ignorance, they keep on advancing."

Shrinking German Minorities

The latest joke making the rounds in Nazi-occupied Prague, says the Free Czech Government Journal in London, concerns a memorandum by Reich foreign minister von Ribbentrop to the League of Nations in Geneva, in

which he protests "the Russian persecution of German minorities between the Volga and the Don."

We Wonder Why

The Nazis have a new theme song to close their official news broadcasts, says Reuters. It used to be "Deutschland Uber Alles"; now it's Chopin's "Funeral March."

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.



YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Layout, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEM; Asst. M.E., Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hoffler, Arm.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Cartoonist, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.

British edition: Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown. Layout Editor, Sgt. Charles Brand; Staff Cartoonist, Sgt. Dave Bregger; Editorial Associates, Cpl. Ben Frazier, Sgt. Jack Scott, Cpl. Steve Denny, Sgt. Walter Peters, Pfc. Archur Groengroin; Production, Cpl. Louis McFadden.

Officer in Charge, Lt.-Col. Egbert White; Business Manager, Major E. M. Llewellyn. Address: Printing House Square, London.

Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF. Australia: Sgt. Dave Richardson; Cpl. Claude Ramsey.

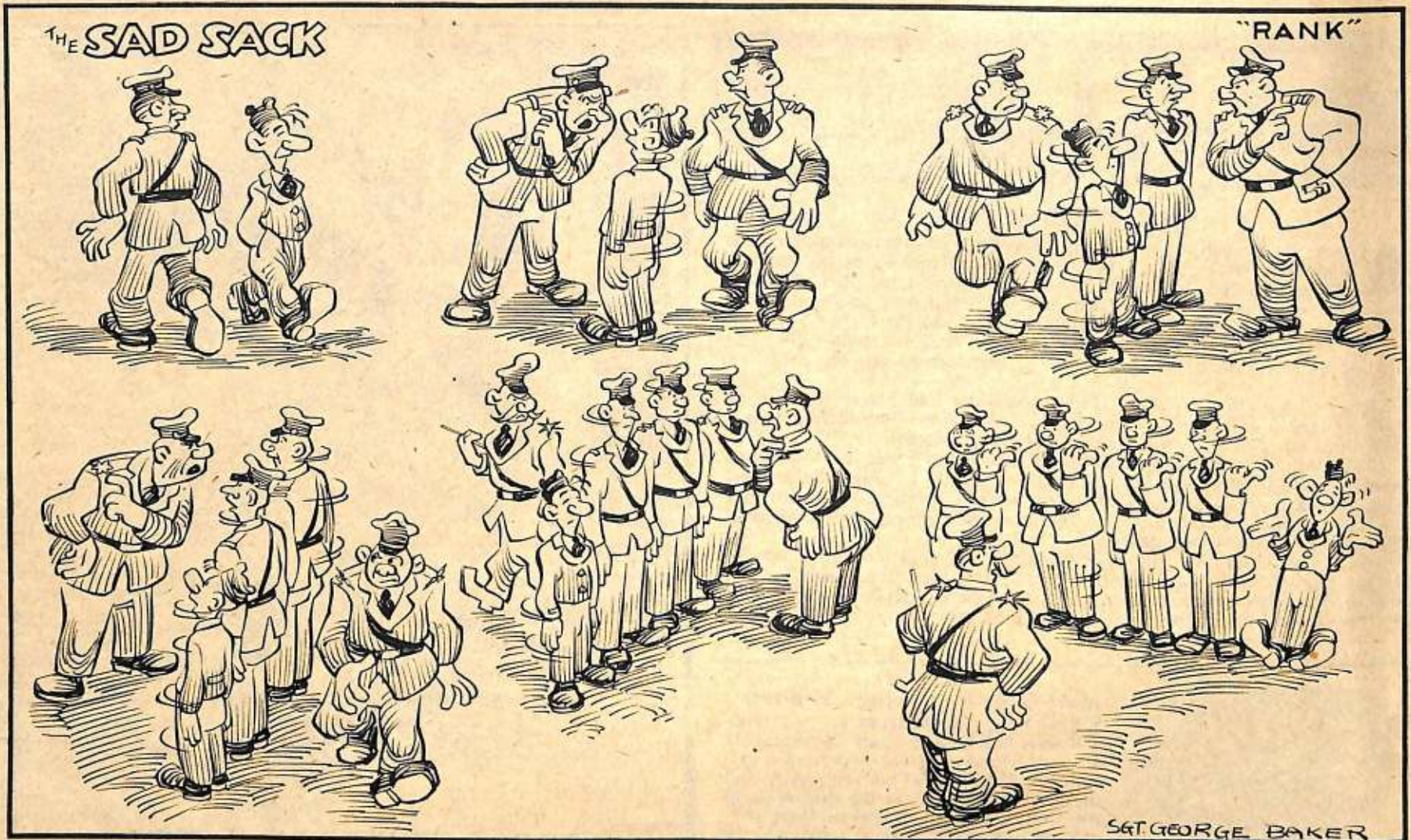
Southwest Pacific: Sgt. E. J. Kahn Jr. Egypt: Sgt. Burgess Scott.

India: Sgt. Edward Cunningham. Caribbean: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan.

Hawaii: Cpl. James E. Page. Marines: Platoon Sgt. Riley Aikman.

Navy: Yeoman 3-c Robert L. Schwartz. Officer in Charge, Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Major Hartzell Spence; Detachment Com-

Pictures: 1, Cpl. Steven Derry. 2, 3, 4, 5, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 6, top, R.A.F.; middle, Army Picorial. 7, top, Planet; center, Cpl. Steve Derry. 8, A.A.F. 10, top, OWI; bottom, OWI. 11, top, Planet; bottom, Keystone. 12, Sgt. George Meyers. 13, Sgt. George Aarons. 14, top, AP; bottom left, AP; right, OWI. 15, top left, AP; center, OWI.



BETWEEN the LINES

IN NVR NVR LND W/SPCL ORDR FILE

See those olive-drab spots in front of my eyes? I've been reading special orders. I was sent to look through a pile of them recently for some information, which I won't talk about, not because it is a military secret, but because I'm so mixed up I'm not sure what the hell I was trying to find. After 20 minutes with the special order file, I went to the library and did three cross-word puzzles in Sanskrit to relax.

Now, there's no sense pretending I have not always been easily confused by initials, symbols, words over four letters and women. But even if I had the mind of an Einstein, and I read about an EM who was a T/5 at S-2,

atchd, unasgd trfd fr CRTIC—MPRTC eff 301830—all right, Mr. Einstein, What have you got to say?

Although I was forced to leave school at a very tender age to help support my grandmother, who at the moment is driving for the Junction City Bus Company, I did learn to read almost fluently. That sign up there, for instance, says, "We respectfully reserve the right to deny you that one too many." But the special order file is just a happy void to me.

Well, to get the information I needed, I called in my friend Joe Blue.

"First of all," said Joe, with author-



"Sarge—we better move in fast before those 2nd looeyes start coming."

ity. "an EM is an enlisted man. Now it says here that he's a T/5 at S-2. A T/5 is a technician fifth grade, or a model T corporal. Do you dig me Jack?"

My name isn't Jack, but I nodded for the exercise.

"You know what S-2 is, don't you?" he asked me with a leer.

"Sure," I told him. "It's what we get for chow every night."

"No," said Joe firmly. "S-2 is the intelligence and public relations section."

"Why is it called S-2?" I asked.

"Do you see any brass on my hat?" demanded Joe. "Don't bother me with foolish questions. So this guy is a corporal technician at the intelligence and public relations section. Now it says atchd, unasgd. That means attached but not assigned to that section."

"Uh huh," I said, dazzled.

"OK. Now the next thing is trfd fr CRTIC — MPRTC, which means in English, transferred from the Cavalry Replacement Training Center to the Military Police Replacement Training Center. Poor guy!"

I shook my head dubiously, straining two tendons. "But what do all those numbers mean?"

"That, you dope, is the date and hour. Eff 301830 means effective 6:30 P.M. thirtieth day of the current month of the current year. 1830 means six-thirty. It's a new way they have of telling time. They don't say what month and what year because if it's the current month of the current year, it's understood."

"Understood by whom?" I asked.

"By anyone with brains," he said. "Now let's see what this guy's name is. . . . Hey, wait a minute," yelled Joe, grabbing his hat. "It's me!"

Fort Riley, Kans. —Cpl. JULIAN CLAMAN



"This one's been ordered to sleep at attention for snoring!"

PTC. Aldo

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ARTIE WEEPS IN HIS BIER

"It ain't going to be the same like it was," Artie Greengroin said. "It ain't going to be the same at all."

We had run into Artie in a Nissen hut somewhere up in the provinces. He was sitting with his head in his hands, disconsolation personified. His tie was loosened at the throat and his shoelaces hung on the floor.

"I never had it brung home to me like it was today," Artie said. "I don't think I want to go home. It ain't never going to be the same. Berklyn is dead."

We were touched. "What do you mean, Artie?" we asked.

Artie ran his hands through his stringy hair. For once he seemed to have lost all his poise.

"I seen a guy," he said. "A guy I used to know when I was in Berklyn. It ain't never going to be the same, ole boy. Never again."

"Elucidate, ole boy," we suggested gently.

"Well," Artie sighed, "it's a long story. It all goes back to Berklyn."

"Most things do," we said.

"Yeah," Artie said. "Well, this was the times when I used to be a driver on a hoise, ferrying stiffs, after I got trun out of the trucking business. They used to be this pubs in Flatbush called Jerry's Gardens, see? And I used to toss in there after a hard day of stiff-hauling to wet me whistle and mull over Larry McPhail. Remember him?"

"Vaguely," we said. "A light-heavy or something."

"Yeah," Artie said. "Well, it jess don't matter no more. Anyways, I used to crawl into Jerry's Gardens to talk with Jerry, who was one of the real ole boys of Berklyn. He remembered everything about that joint. He used to say to me, 'Artie, I know every stiff you ever carted off of here. It hoits me to see 'em go. Every time one of 'em goes a piece of Berklyn goes with 'em. Have another beer, Artie.' Then I'd have another beer and Jerry would tell me about the ole times, befor Prohibition come along."

"This Jerry, though, ain't the main point of my story. He's merely the setting, like. They was a very nice crowd of people used to come into his

pubs. You'd never of seen more than one fight a week, and sometimes not that. And it weren't jess because Jerry was a handy man with his dukes, neither. They was jess a nice crowd of people. If they got too loud, Jerry would pound on the bar with a sawed-off Louisville Slugger and say, 'Shuddap, you bassars, or I'll trun the lot of you out, close up this joint and go to Florida.' See what I mean? Jess a nice place."

We said we saw.

"Well," Artie went on, "there used to be this little guy, name O'Toole, who used to hang around the end of the bar that was nearest to the door. I seen a lot of this little guy, because he was a professional mourner, for gaw's sake. You ever hearn of a professional mourner? Whenever they was a funeral and they wasn't enough bawling relatives to make things inneresting, they used to get this little O'Toole and slip him a quid to tail along and look sad. Thass all the woik he ever done, jess mourning. He made a very good living off it, too, because someone was always kicking off in Flatbush and they felt that it give a funeral a lot of poise to have O'Toole come along and see the stiff off. It done jess that, too. Finally, a funeral weren't complete unless O'Toole was along. He made a very nice living off funerals."

"This O'Toole was a horrible looking little guy. He had been going to funerals so long that he had what Jerry used to call The Eyes of Sorrow. Honest to gaw, he had six bags under each glim. 'O'Toole, you little bassar,' I used to say to him, 'you look like a bloodhound with a hangover.' 'The marks of me trade, Artie,' he used to say, 'the marks of me trade.' He was always wearing this ole black suit. I never seen him in nothing else. And he never smiled. He would come in to Jerry's Gardens and grab onto a piece of the bar by the door and order a beer. Then he would jess stand there, noising the beer and looking at every one who come in the door."

"It was a very unpleasant feeling to have this O'Toole give you the cold and fishy. Guys would come up to me and say, 'Cripes, Artie, The Eyes of Sorrow is measuring me for a grave. It gives me the creeps.' It gives me the creeps sometimes, too, but seeing as me and O'Toole was in somewhat the same line, I couldn't do nothing about it. If he could

frighten somebody to death, okay. It meant more business for Artie Greengroin, The Driver of the Hoise.

"Well, this little guy O'Toole used to drive Jerry nuts. Jerry would be pouring out a straight up by the gents' and he'd look down the bar and say, 'Look at The Eyes of Sorrow. He's ruining my business. He's wrecking my trade. A guy comes in here, minding his own business, jess wanted a beer, and The Eyes of Sorrow takes a look at him and he can't stay. He thinks he's at a wake or something, so he tips his hat and walks out and I lose another customer.' Then Jerry would yell down the bar, 'Hey, O'Toole, you sorrowful little bassar, toin your head aways from the door so the customers can't see you.'

"If I was a stiff," Jerry used to say, "and I knew O'Toole was walking behind me, I'd toin over in my coffin. So help me, I would. I'd toin over in my coffin and fall right out in the street and trip the little bassar up. I jess couldn't stand it. I'm a sensitive man and I'd be a sensitive stiff.' But every night, come five o'clock, there would be this O'Toole, standing by the door and giving the cold and fishy. He considered his mourning hard woik, too. 'Artie,' he says to me one night, 'sometimes I envy you, sitting up there in that big hoise, driving along nice and calm like. Look at me. I seen off five stiffs today. I'm all mourned out.' And he looked it, too. He had seven rings under his eyes. But he liked his woik, that little O'Toole bassar."



"What's all this got to do with you and the Army?" we asked.

"I'm coming to that, ole boy," Artie said. "I'm coming to that. When I went off to the wars I left O'Toole by the door and Jerry behind the bar, jess like ole times, see? Well, today I pulls a truck detail, to go over to Little Dorrit-on-Thames and pick up some tires. They's a supply dump over there. Well, I get off at the supply dump and start looking around for the tires, and run smack into the supply sergeant. Guess who it is? It's little ole O'Toole, The Eyes of Sorrow. A tech sergeant, for gaw's sake, and jess as sorrowful as he ever was. He still had that look like he was measuring you for a grave. Them guys he had under him looked as though they'd lost fifty pounds in a month. Skeletons, they was, and all looking very uneasy."

"Well, O'Toole," I says, "it looks like you've had a change of life."

"Yeah, Artie," he says, "I got a new perfession. I'm a happy man. I got no Jerry to tell me to take me eyes off people."

"You like the Army, huh, O'Toole?" I says.

"Yeah," he says, "I like the Army. I think I'll stay in the Army after the War."

"Jess then this big corporal goes by, a big solid guy, and I see O'Toole Eyes of Sorrow light up jess a little bit. I know he's giving this big corporal the measure for a grave. The corporal catches O'Toole's look and he seems to wilt, jess a little. 'Yeah,' O'Toole says, 'I like the Army a lot. I found me niche.'

"How'd you leave Jerry?" I says.

"Poor Jerry's gone," O'Toole says. "I follered poor Jerry down the street jess before I come in the Army. The lass Dodger season done for poor Jerry."

"Naw," Artie said, "Berklyn ain't never going to be the same again. Maybe I'll stay in the Army meself. Unless I get a better offer."



"He's ruining my business. He's wrecking my trade. A guy comes in here, takes a look at him and can't stay."

THEY DIDN'T USED TO GIVE A DAMN

The Official
Newspaper
of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For
the Soldiers
of the A. E. F.

VOL. 1—NO. 8.

FRANCE, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1918.

PRICE: 50 CENTIMES.

The staff wasn't subject to military discipline and neither was the paper. Second looys were harassed so much they went around saluting sergeants.

By Cpl. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Writer

HERE'S A TRUE STORY that has everything—a soldier's dream.

This took place one night in 1918, long after the 10 o'clock curfew in the bawdy French port of Bordeaux. A tired American doughboy, without a stripe to his credit, sat on a park bench, harming no one. Up came an American shavetail, out to impress the French girl who hung on his arm as though it were the village pump.

"There's a 10 o'clock curfew in this port, soldier," said the second looey. "Here," he signalled to an MP who had suddenly appeared in that annoying way MPs have of being in the right place at the wrong time, "Lock this man up."

Before he knew it, and before he had a chance to say a word, the American private was up before a tough MP captain who seemed hell-bent on jailing him for the duration. In this emergency the doughboy finally found his voice.

"Sir," he said in his best military manner, "if the captain would look at my papers it might explain everything. Here they are, sir."

With that the American private pulled out a



"The owner of The Stars and Stripes,"
by Baldrige.

sheaf of official papers that would have choked an Army mule. They covered everything. There's no need to describe them all, but one for example was a travel order authorizing the American private to visit any point "between the eastern shores of the Atlantic Ocean and the Swiss border." Another provided that the soldier was "not subject to local military discipline" as long as he behaved himself.

When he had finished reading the impressive bundle of GHQ orders, the flustered MP captain shouted to his sergeant: "Take this man out to the patrol wagon and drive him back to the park. And don't ever pick him up again or I'll break you."

That was how it was to be one of the editors of the old STARS AND STRIPES, the breezy AEF newspaper of the first World War which was the father of YANK and of the present-day STARS AND STRIPES in Britain and North Africa. The old STARS AND STRIPES was probably the wackiest, liveliest, best loved and most successful newspaper ever published.

The paper was the shouting voice of the enlisted man, reasonably profane and reasonably irreverent. The staff put up a tough fight to keep it from smelling official. It kidded the pants off second lieutenants until a desperate shavetail complained:

I've reached the point where I walk down the regimental street and salute sergeant ma-

jors. I'm even bawled out by corporals. Why not put us into squads and put a corporal over us?
Lieut. A. L. Finch

Censored: OK by L. K. Johnson, Corporal

Started just a quarter century ago (Feb. 8, 1918) in Paris by a couple of privates and, of all people, a second lieutenant, THE STARS AND STRIPES in its 16-month career grew to a circulation of 526,000 copies, at 50 centimes (10 cents) a copy. Someone once described it as "the only activity of the armed forces of the U. S. which not only cost the docile taxpayers nothing but which actually turned back into the thunderstruck treasury of that government a profit of 3,500,000 francs (about \$700,000)."

Ross, Winterich and Woollcott

The STARS AND STRIPES had a brilliant and erratic editorial staff, principal members of which were Pvt. Harold Ross, later to become founder and editorial whip of *The New Yorker* magazine; Pvt. John T. Winterich, who edited much of the copy and later published the *American Legion Magazine*; Sgt. Alexander Woollcott, who had a belly like a top kick even then and who was so nearsighted he couldn't wind on his wrap puttees; Pvt. Hudson Hawley, humorist and foreign correspondent; and two artists—Pvt. Albion A. (Wally) Wallgren, USMC, as famed for his Montmartre escapades as for his devastating cartoons, and Pvt. C. LeRoy Baldrige, whose distinguished drawings were usually made in the front-line trenches.

By twos and threes these staff members would drive to the front a few hours from Paris in a general staff Cadillac—No. 13, the same car in which Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker once chauffeured Gen. Pershing. Everyone thought Woollcott was brave for driving into areas exposed to shell fire; the dope is that he was so nearsighted he never saw the shells.

A Boche plane 150 feet overhead tried to machine-gun the Cadillac one day. The driver raced the car for the protection of an old stone mansion a mile down the road. When he reached it, Ross and Woollcott tumbled out and rushed inside, thumping their noses at the plane.

It turned out the mansion had no roof. Fortunately a French gun crew brought the plane down just at that moment.

If the papers couldn't be delivered to soldiers in fox holes and trenches by land, they went by



You feel like a cover design for the Saturday Evening Post when you are standing behind that wall (five miles back.)

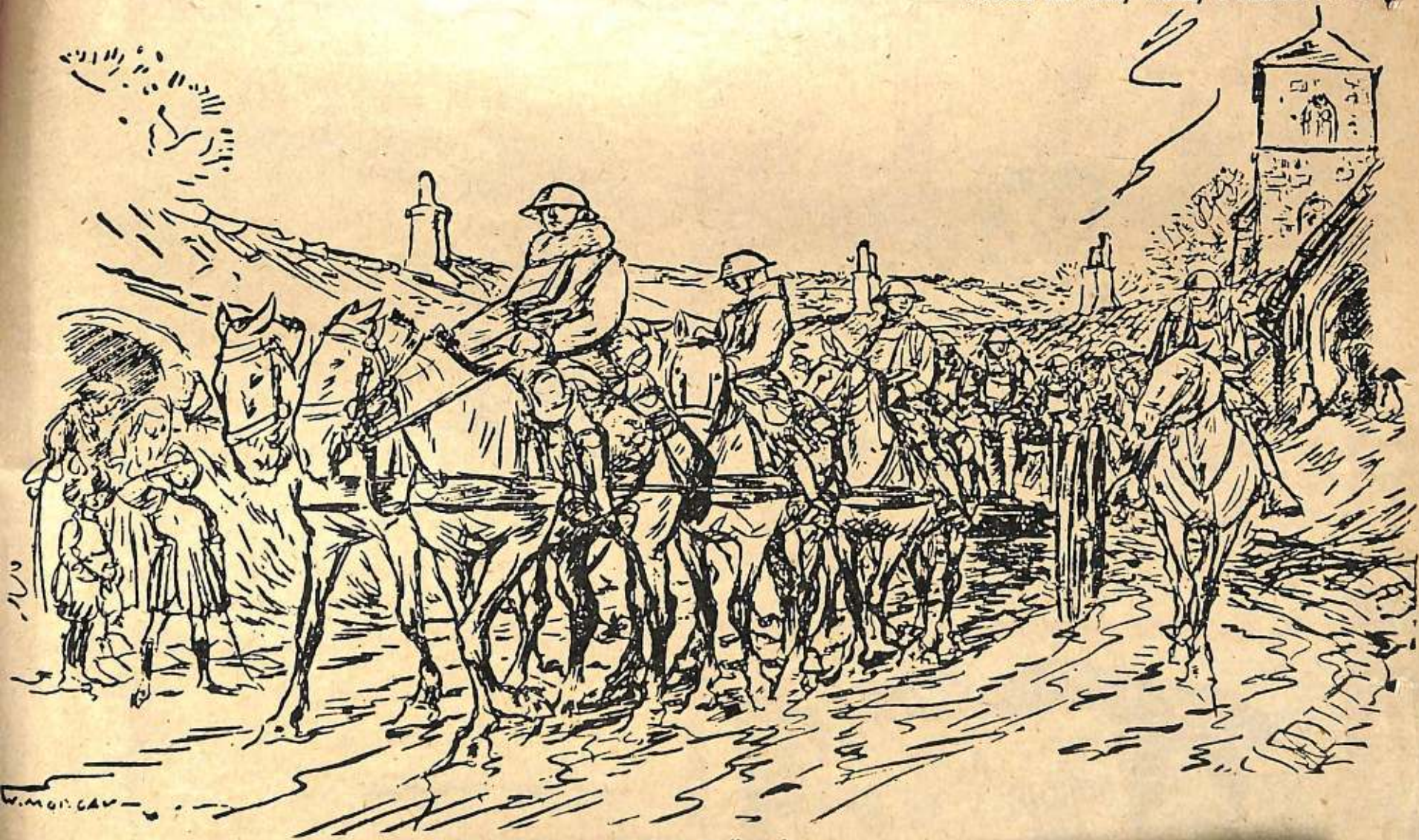


But lack of cover brings on most irritating apparent distortions of one's frame (two hundred yards away)

"The statue—and the bust," by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather, BEF.

The complete letter-writer—



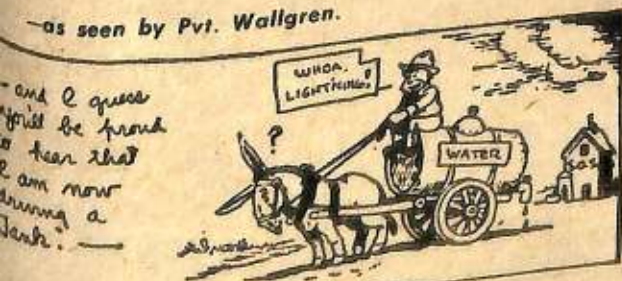


"The Yanks are coming!" From the drawing by Capt. Wallace Morgan.

air. A platoon in the Argonne once protested that half its casualties had been caused through men being knocked unconscious by bundles of THE STARS AND STRIPES that fell from the sky. Another time Sgt. William Hale and Cpl. B. C. Warlick bounced a Ford truckload of papers out onto a mucky battlefield, where they were promptly captured by the Germans—Sgt. and Cpl. too.

The paper's first campaign was to devise a name for the AEF doughboys. The British and French often called them "Sammies" or—more horrible—"Glories." After several months the paper announced: "One nickname alone has withstood the shell fire of discussion. It is Yank—Yanks, representing North and South, East and West, anything wholly American. Yanks it is." Best-received of all the paper's campaigns was its drive, suggested by Pvt. Ross, for American soldiers to adopt French war orphans. One of the early contributors, listed inconspicuously at his own request, was Gen. Pershing, who adopted two orphans. The original goal was a thousand, found time and francs to adopt 3,444 orphans of French soldiers.

—as seen by Pvt. Wallgren.



THE STARS AND STRIPES

Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces

in the European Theater of Operations



Vol. 3 No. 90

London, England

Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1943

It may not be too long before "The Stars and Stripes" of today is back again in France, its birthplace, after 23 years.

In its 71 issues THE STARS AND STRIPES had such beats as the first story of the Lost Battalion, the first printing of the soldier ballad "Justice" by Rudyard Kipling and of Joyce Kilmer's "The Woods Called Rouge-Bouquet."

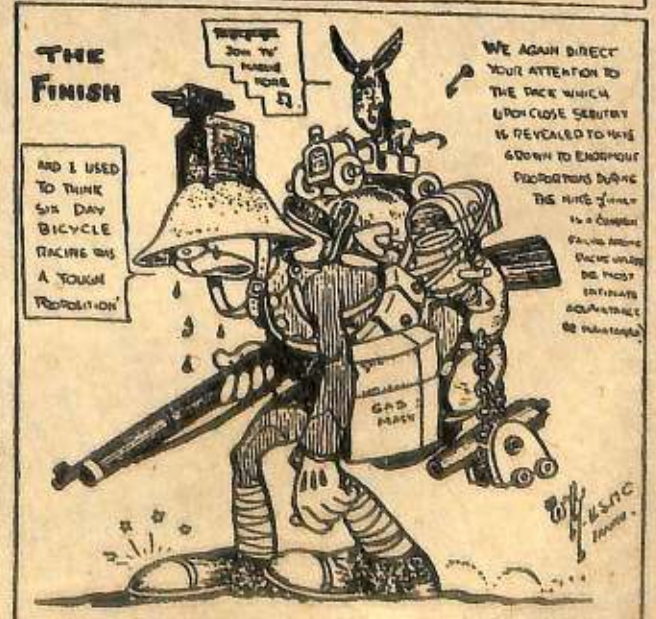
Eighty per cent of the soldiers who had taken French leave at the news of the Armistice double-timed it back to their outfits when the paper reported that captured AWOLs were being put into labor battalions and would be the last to leave for the U. S.

Old soldiers still repeat THE STARS AND STRIPES tale of the party of doughboys who were leading a blindfolded German officer prisoner across a ponton bridge over the Meuse, subjected to fierce shell fire from both banks.

"Let's shove the son-of-a-bitch in the drink," argued the corporal. "Nobody'll ever know the difference. Then we can beat it for the shore."

"No," replied the sergeant in charge of the detail. "It wouldn't be sportin', and besides the officers most likely want to third degree this guy so's to prod some information out of him."

When the doughboys removed the prisoner's bandage, on the Yank-controlled shore, the German colonel adjusted his monocle and smiled.



BRITISH EDITION

YANK

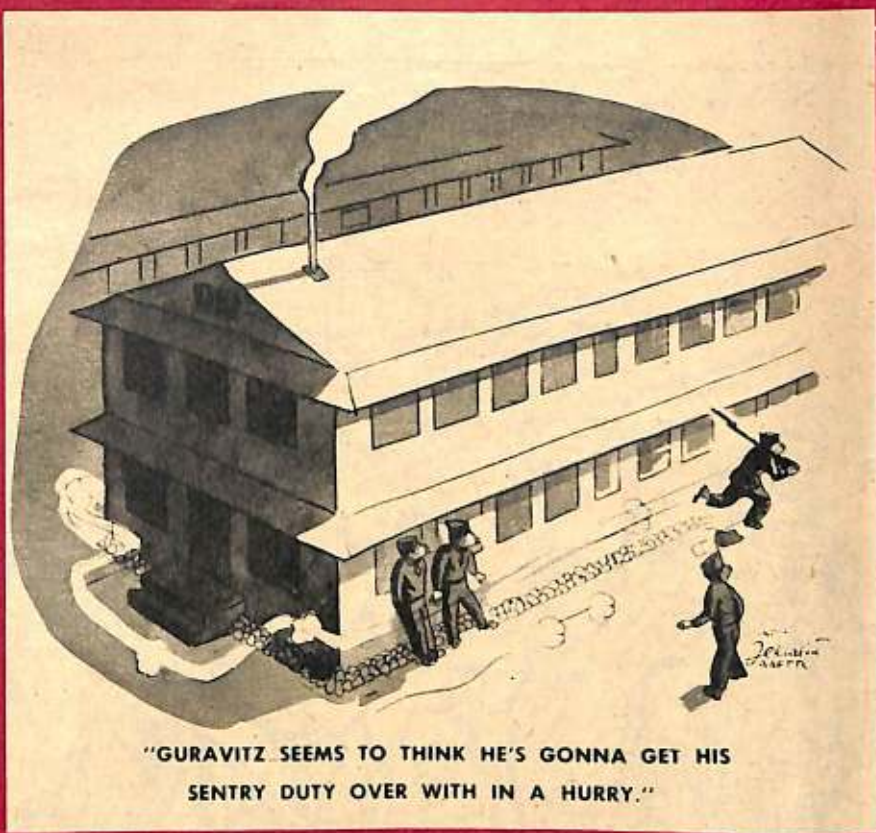
THE ARMY



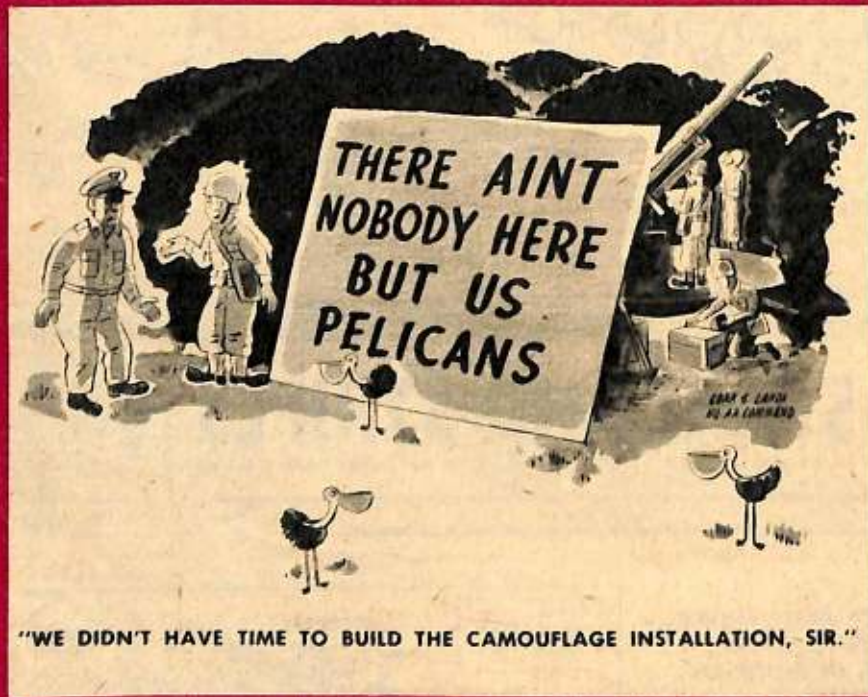
WEEKLY



"THEY'RE OLD SERVICE STATION MEN."



"GURAVITZ SEEMS TO THINK HE'S GONNA GET HIS SENTRY DUTY OVER WITH IN A HURRY."



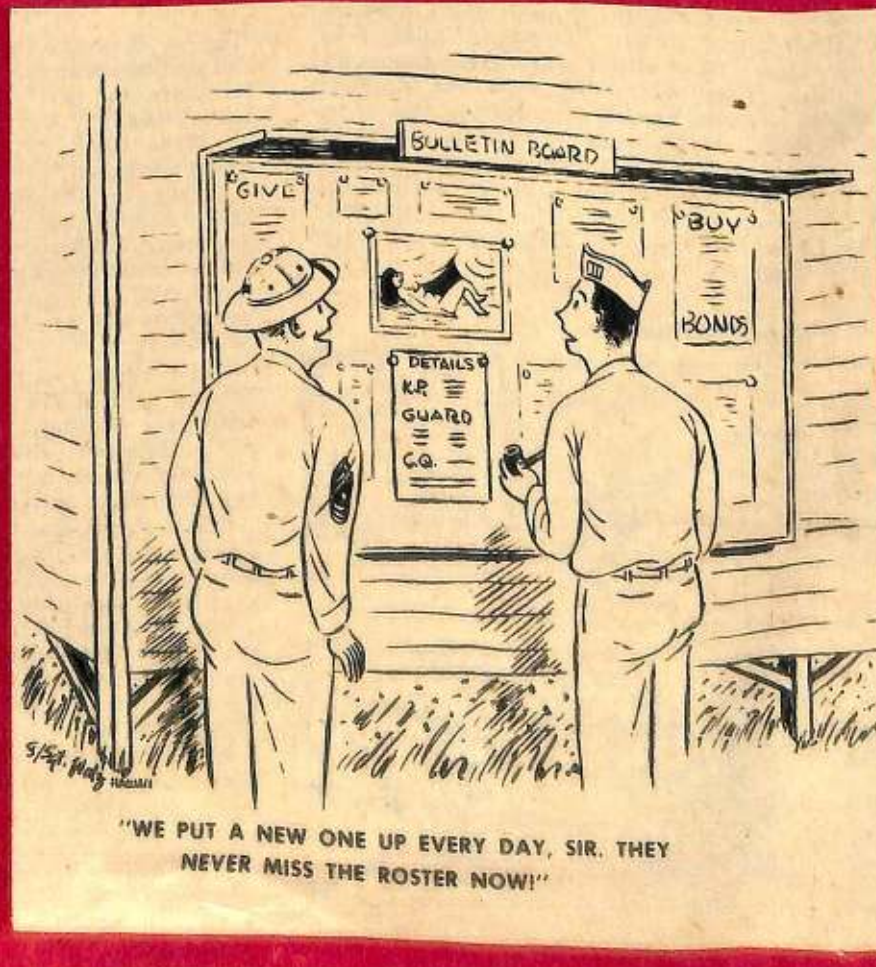
"WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO BUILD THE CAMOUFLAGE INSTALLATION, SIR."



"NO, JOHNSON, MY ADVICE IS NOT TO TRY TO CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS."



"I SEE HORVATH HAS HAD HIS DATES TO THESE DANCES BEFORE"



"WE PUT A NEW ONE UP EVERY DAY, SIR. THEY NEVER MISS THE ROSTER NOW!"