

BRITISH EDITION

# YANK

THE ARMY

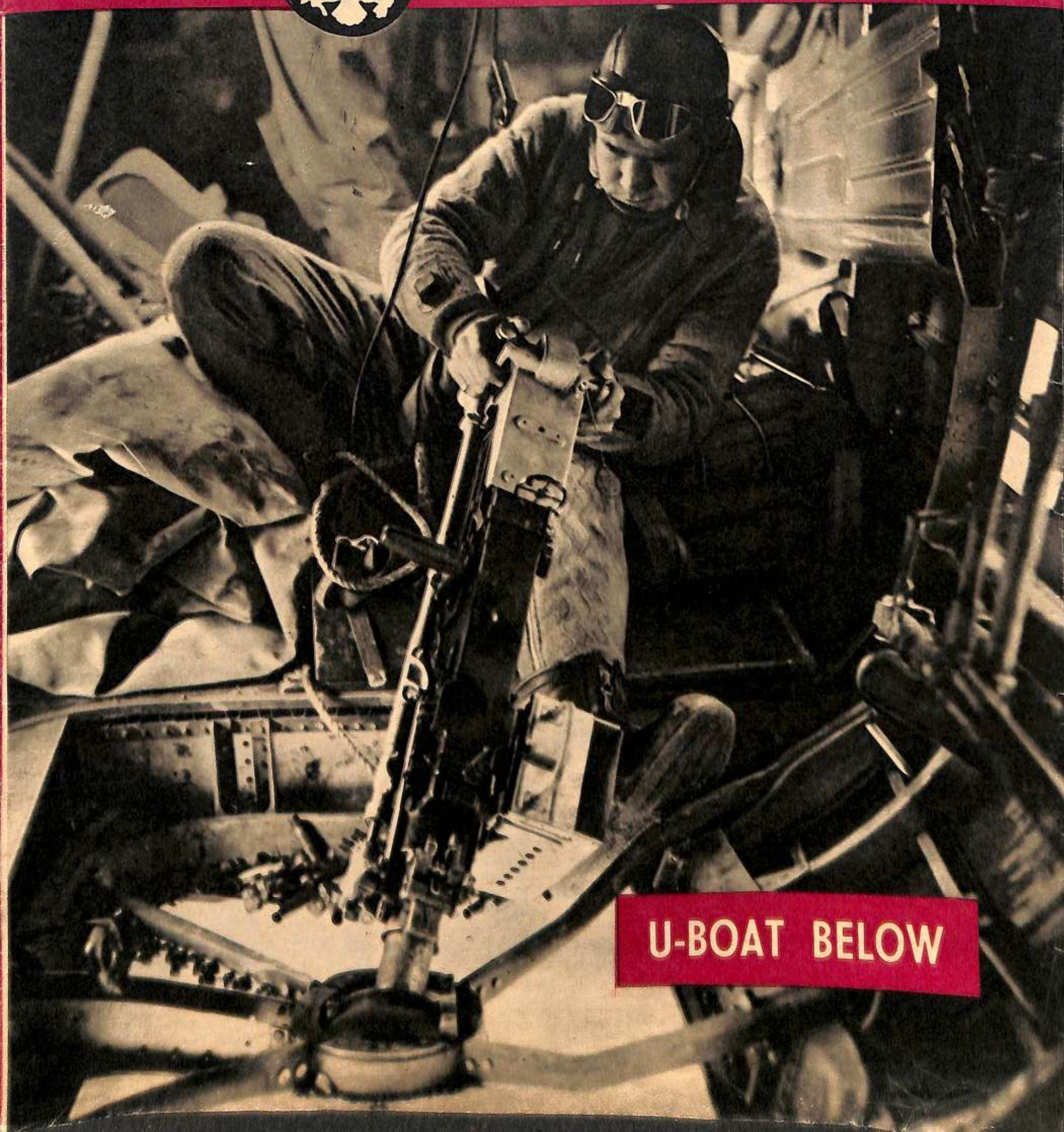


WEEKLY

**3<sup>d</sup>** MAR. 28  
1943

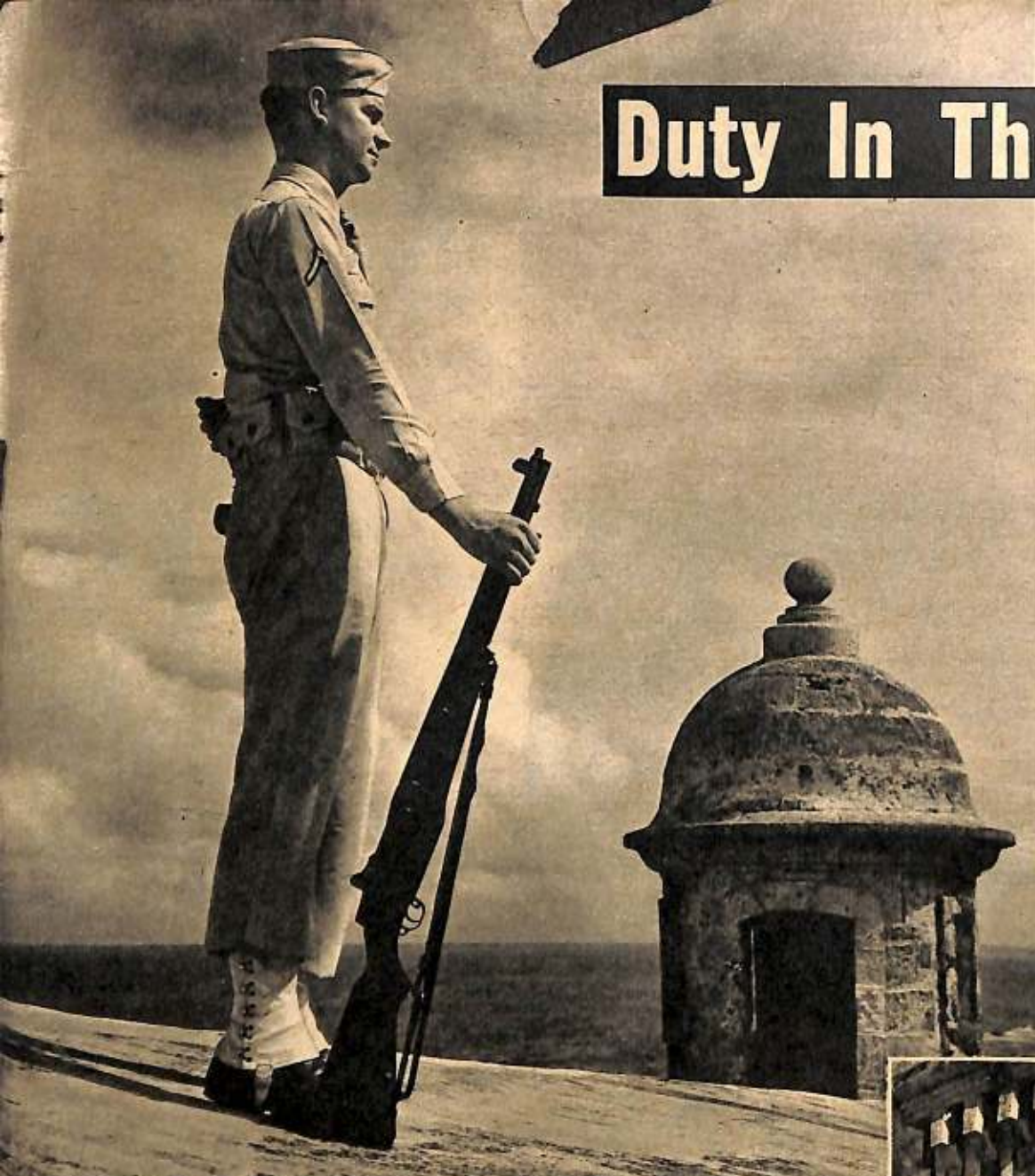
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*By the men . . . for the  
men in the service*

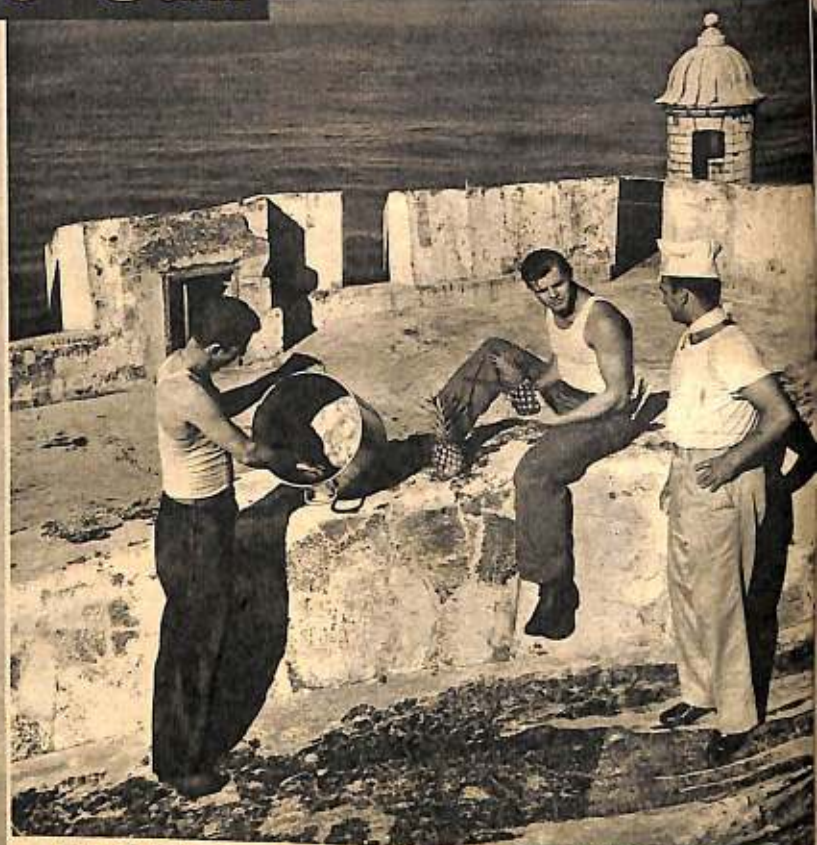


**U-BOAT BELOW**

# Duty In The Sun



**TROPICAL GUARD.** Pfc. Alfred J. Miller of Owendale, Ohio, stands guard next to a 16th century sentry box at San Christobal, another San Juan fortress, connected with El Morro by an ancient tunnel, now blocked.



**PICTURESQUE KP.** Pvt. Claude Hill, Winnetta, Ohio, and Pvt. Stanley Tyrkula, Elizabeth, N. J., pull KP at El Morro under Mess Sgt. John DiGloria, Albany, N. Y.



**OLD AND NEW.** Cpl. Walter Witkowski, Grosvenordale, Conn., drives jeep down a steep ramp built to haul Spanish cannons.



**CARIBBEAN REUNION**

# STUKA VALLEY



THE HALF TRACK THAT CARRIED THE MEN THROUGH AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE IN TUNISIA. AT THIS MOMENT, THE CREW WATCHES NAZI PLANES.

**An Army reconnaissance car crew in Tunisia picks up our man Paris and gives him a taste of real hot action on the front line**

By Sgt. PETER PARIS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**S**OMEWHERE IN TUNISIA—As soon as dawn began to break, I dug up the CO and asked if I could get transportation up to the front. But the answer was no. There was no transportation available. I decided to hitch-hike. It struck me funny, the idea of hitch-hiking to a battle.

I managed to reach the outskirts of town and after sitting for half an hour, listening to the dull boom of the artillery, a jeep came along the road. I lifted my thumb in the approved fashion.

The jeep pulled up. I don't know who was more surprised, the colonel who was driving the jeep, or myself. It struck him funny for anybody to be sitting by the side of this road, let alone an American soldier, thumbing a ride to a battle. I dumped my bags inside and he gave me a

lift to HQ. This was nothing more than an open stretch of the desert, flanking both sides of the road. Vehicles were parked, camouflage nets over them, as far as the eye could see. In one area there was some activity—a chow line. It was staggered, every man separated from the man in front of him by about 20 feet. I got on the end of the line.

That night I dug myself a foxhole with a borrowed shovel. I laid my shelter half in it, wrapped myself in my only two blankets, and crawled in. I couldn't sleep.

About 5 A. M., a jeep stopped at the liaison officer's half track. It was escorting to the front a train of trucks loaded with ammunition. I asked if I could have a lift and Lt. Porter, the driver, said, "Sure, hop in." I stuffed my pockets with rolls of film, checked my cameras, and yelled back to the sergeant to take care of my

bed roll, since I expected to return that night.

We drove for about 10 or 15 miles. The road was torn to pieces with small bomb craters and the tramping of hundreds of heavy vehicles and tanks. Finally, we located our boys up ahead. During the night they had dropped back to change their positions.

Major Michael Popowski, Jr., of Vermont, executive officer, came up to us.

"I've brought you plenty of 50 and 30, but not much mortar, Major," Lt. Porter said. "I thought you wouldn't need much mortar."

"Fine, fine," the major said. "Let's get the stuff out."

Then came the shout:

"Planes! PLANES!"

In the distance with the sun at their backs, the Nazi planes flashed over the mountain, looking like a swarm of hornets. Everybody scattered.

"Don't fire unless they attack us," the major yelled.

I ran forward on the road about 35 yards and then fell into a small hole which someone, evidently, had begun to dig as a foxhole. I quickly adjusted my camera and waited.

On they came until they were about a half mile away. Then our P-40s attacked. We hadn't

noticed them coming up from over the other side of the mountain, because we had been too busy watching the Germans.

Then the Stukas dived, with the P-40s on top of them. The planes twisted, turned, dodged up and down, dived again. It was like watching a mass of insects under a street light on a hot summer night. Dogfights started. I saw five planes go off in smoke. During this time, I had the sights of my camera on them, waiting for a good shot. But they wouldn't get out of the sun. The light was right in my lens.

The Stukas released their bombs. We could hear the dull boom as they went off. Finally, Jerry decided that he had had enough and streaked back for the other side of the mountain.

Then I got into Major Popowski's half track and we started off for the front. Several other half tracks fell in behind us each taking flank



T/SGT. RAYMOND STIRSMAN, BOSS OF THE HALF TRACK.



A Nazi field piece captured by Yanks.



This is the railway station at Sened.

positions in a formation. The other men with me were T/Sgt. Raymond Stirsmen of Bremen, Ky., who was with operations and planning and was boss of the half track; T/4 George Jennison of Independence, Kan., radio operator; Cpl. Paul McCormick of Harmony, Pa., machine gunner, T/5 Paul Drauschke of Medford, Mass., driver, and Pvt. Jud Rosenblatt of the Bronx, N. Y., a machine gunner.

Also with us was T/5 Thomas Fischer of Lakewood, N. J., a driver of a scout car whose vehicle was abandoned the day before when they were under fire.

The job was to reconnoiter the terrain and to designate targets. Behind us, the tanks would be coming up, closely followed by the infantry. There was a field artillery unit with this combat team, too. One platoon carried 75 mm. howitzers.

"You see this box here?" Sgt. Stirsmen said, as he lowered his field glasses from his eyes for a moment. "There's a fuse attached to it. If anything should happen to me, blow that box up. There's too much valuable information in it."

Our car was leading. It would move forward for about 50 or 100 yards and then stop. The others fell in behind taking their flanking positions. There was an exchange of information over the radio. Over to our left we could see the artillery firing. It was a beautiful sight. They kept pegging away at the town all afternoon. Soon the enemy answered with their mortars and 88s.

Unconsciously I ducked when the first shell whistled overhead. Then the enemy whistled back with mortar. It must have been Italian mortar. The German stuff makes no noise. Our artillery had set off two large fires. From the distance, I could see the flames and smoke.

About one o'clock we stopped again. Jennison, the radio operator, dug out a can of bacon. It was passed around cold, among six of us. Our water was low, so we began to ration it. For the rest of the day I nibbled on two pieces of sugar which I found in my pocket. We didn't know when new supplies would reach us.

#### Enemy Counterattack

The artillery had stopped firing now. A company of infantry was sent on forward and met strong resistance. The enemy began to counter-attack. Tanks were sent on forward, but they met stiff antitank defenses. The enemy left one of our tanks burning. The artillery began its steady booming again.

Then our half tracks began to move forward. It was getting quite dark. One man got out on foot ahead of the vehicles and guided them forward in the darkness. McCormick and Rosenblatt were cleaning their guns. Soon we stopped at the designated bivouacking area.

We got information over our radio that a supply train would reach us within a few hours. Stirsmen went over for a confab with the officers. We picked guards for the night.

"Challenge everybody. If they don't answer, give the alarm. Then everybody under cover and shoot to kill."

I dug foxholes.

About nine or ten o'clock we were told that a mess truck had come in with a hot meal. I stumbled through the darkness with a dirty, borrowed mess kit in my hand (we had no water for washing; it was too precious) toward a place where I could dimly see figures.

I stuck my mess kit toward a form hunched

over a large can. The form splashed some sort of hot stuff at me. Some went into my mess kit, the rest went on my sleeve. I don't know what it was, but no food ever tasted sweeter.

Not having any blankets I borrowed a shelter half, wrapped it around me and curled up in my fox hole. We were awakened about 4:30 in the



SGT. PARIS: FEMALE FRIEND

morning by the booming of our artillery. Everything was loaded quickly onto the half track. The radio became active. We began to move on a sweep over toward the mountains, where our tanks had been yesterday. Finally, we stopped in what looked like the bed of a dried up river.

The fellow who had named this place Stuka Valley was certainly right. Just as the sun began to peep over the mountains, they came over. I counted 27. Actually there were 30. They came over in a large, wedge-shaped formation, gleaming in the sun, flying low. Then they began to dive. Our antiaircraft opened up and six P-40s came in to meet them. Dogfights started and I kept shooting away with my camera.

### Those Stukas Again

Two Stukas dived low and, skimming the brush, headed right for our half track. Our gunners opened up on them. The Stukas headed directly for us, spitting fire all the way. I looked for my fox hole. It was too far away. There were two large rocks nearby. I made a beautiful half-gainer for them, banging both knees. As I looked over my shoulder, I saw our two gunners force the planes to rise about 200 feet. They turned, wagged their wings, exposing two beautiful insignia. I banged away with my camera. No film. What a shot, and I didn't have film to make it!

Several planes to our left went off in smoke. I could see one of our P-40s get a good burst at one of the enemy. Smoke tailed him. The P-40



OBSERVATION POST. SHELLS LOOPED OVER THIS SPOT WHEN PHOTO WAS MADE.



PAST A BATTERED BUILDING NEAR SENED.

went after him. Another burst, an explosion and down went Jerry on fire. We stood behind the half track and cheered, just like at a football game.

After the smoke had cleared, the colonel, CO of the outfit I was with, came along with a large recon car. I asked for a ride, and he took me on forward. The infantry had already moved into the town of Sened. The colonel stopped to confer with several officers. I decided to walk into town, which was about a mile away. During all this time the enemy was dropping shells over our heads. I had covered about half a mile when the Stukas came over to hit the infantry close by. I jumped behind a small mound of dirt, flat on my face. Over the small trees, I could see the Stukas diving. Flak from our own AA was falling all around but the Stukas were soon driven off by 12 P-40s. I got up and started to walk on through an olive grove. I was carrying my camera in my left hand and my gun in my right. I felt like a small boy, slightly helpless.

A little further on, I ran into an American soldier sitting in a fox hole. He was an engineer, cleaning his M-1. I stopped for a minute and bulled with him, asking questions.

### Italians Surrender

"Yeah, the infantry's in town," he said. "Just follow this path through the olive grove, past a tank with two dead bodies in front of it and you will find the main road."

As I entered the shell-torn town, prisoners were being taken. Most of them were Italians. One engineer driving into town was surprised by

42 Italians rushing out at him from a building with their hands up in surrender. It seems that the Germans had deserted their allies and the Italians had hidden themselves and waited until daylight to surrender.

The infantry had moved forward to take new positions. The situation was completely under control and I decided to get back to HQ. I got up as far as an open cabbage patch when the Stukas came over again, directly over me. There was no place to hide in this open area so I plunked flat on my face, feeling as naked as a new born babe. They raked the joint back and forth until they ran out of ammunition, and then decided to go back home. The saints alone preserved me.

I finally found the HQ. There I managed to get a ride back to the place from which I had originally started. In the jeep besides myself and the driver was a prisoner. He was being taken back for questioning. During the entire 30 mile ride, I had to hold a gun on him. This was part of my bargain for the ride with the CO.

We reached the town, and in the darkness we managed to find the garrison gate. Letting the driver watch the prisoner, I approached a dim figure, with a gun on its shoulder.

"Halt!"

I froze and waited for what seemed to be an eternity.

"Say something or I'll shoot!" he growled in good Brooklynese.

"Well," I trembled, "what do you want me to say?"



T/5 PAUL DRAUSCHKE



T/5 THOMAS FISCHER



CPL. PAUL McCORMICK



T/4 GEORGE JENNISON



MAJ. MICHAEL POPOWSKI JR.



# Tunisian Tour

A picnic, not the old Sunday School one. Yanks in Tunisia do a bit of stomach-stuffing in palm grove.

... where oranges grow on trees, where all the Arabs are con men, where WAACs are stationed in a convent, and the hens lay eggs

By G. K. HODONFIELD  
(Who has just returned from there)

**T**HE soldier looks at the dirty and very ragged Arab selling oranges on an Oran street corner. It's his first day in Africa, and he's having a hell of a time. Nobody speaks his language. He points to the oranges, holds up six fingers, and points to the oranges again. That ought to do it. The Arab looks up and mutters from behind his beard: "How many ya want, Bub, six?"

That's the way it goes down there. There's nothing typical about the story except that you can always expect the unexpected.

You hear about Moslem women, the ones with the sheets and no shoes. The little blue booklet tells you what to do and, more important, what not to do when you meet them on the street. So maybe the first one you see winks at you and suggests things the little blue booklet doesn't.

Or maybe you're in a little town on the edge of the Sahara. "This," you say, "is the real thing. This is off the beaten path. This is it." Then you see an old Arab man, in a white robe, busily at work on his hemstitching—with a Singer sewing machine direct from the States.

It gets you down if you're not careful. North Africa is a big place, and from Casablanca to Bizerta it's a lot of miles. There are American soldiers all along the route, and they're all living differently.

In Casablanca they have movies, dances, boar hunts—and ice cream. In Oran they have movies and dances. In Algiers they have movies, dances and air raids. In Bone they have air raids. And farther east they have air raids, patrols, skirmishes, pitched battles. And corn willey.

Even the front lines are screwy in Northern Tunisia. Picture a pair of hands, facing each other

with the fingertips extended. The fingertips represent Allied and Axis outposts and patrols. Sometimes the hands come close together, and the patrols are behind each other, if you get what we mean. Sometimes there's a goodly distance between. As you've heard before, there are no lines of trenches in that part of the world. Lots of fox holes, though.

Up there they have a saying: "Famous last words—It's a Spitfire." The planes roar over the tops of the mountains and they're on top of you before you have time to take a look and dig back into your memory for the most recent classes in aircraft identification. You duck first, then look.

You can't tell a chicken by his feathers at the front. There's many an American field jacket shedding rain off the sturdy back of a London cockney. And there's many an American outfitted in British battledress. Like the guy who came up to us in the railroad station at Beja. From top to bottom he was G.I.—British version. Cap over his right eye and ear, battle jacket, battle trousers, short leggings and heavy black boots. We found out later it went as far as his socks and underwear. And the guy's from Des Moines, no less. Got shot up, sent to hospital and discharged in the only clothes available.

You've got to hand it to the British—they've got the supply problem at the front licked to a frazzle.

There was the time we were at Commando headquarters, so close to the front lines it hurt. And in the sergeants' mess we saw more whisky than we'd seen since leaving our favorite London pub. That, brothers, is a system.

About these Commandos. They're about half and half British and American, both officers and enlisted men. Everybody wore British battledress and

played poker for British cigarettes. Of course, that's one thing you can do with British cigarettes.

There's not a hell of a lot of transportation at the front, but they do have a railroad. It's a single track, narrow gauge affair that catches a lot of hell it over from the French and Arabs and it makes regular runs, generally after dark, with ammunition and corn willey.

After a week or so, nobody cares which item the mess sergeant gets.

No matter where you go in Tunisia, you can find eggs. Some of you, no doubt, will remember what the roads, selling them at prices ranging from 4 cents to 12 cents, dependent on the local market. But they'd rather trade than sell. A package of British ration biscuits will get you four eggs any day. Which is, again, one thing you can do with the biscuits.

Boys from Missouri get homesick when it rains in Tunisia, and it often does. The resulting mud is so thick and sticky even the horses go on strike. There are some places, of course, where there is no mud. Like one airport near the front. They had to dig their fox holes with pneumatic drills, the ground was so hard.

When it isn't mud, it's sand. You can get dirtier accidentally in North Africa than you can on purpose back home. The solution is one of those native baths where they beat you within an inch of your life getting you clean. Hell of a lot safer and more comfortable to stay dirty.

Guys at the front who know will tell you about the enemy: "Jerry is rough and tough and he knows



all the tricks. You can't fool around with him. The Italians have one big idea, get the war over with as quickly as possible. The easiest way seems to be for them to surrender, alone or in carload lots."

When a German is captured he's liable to be nasty and truculent, just like your first sergeant. The Itie is glad it's finished.

And already they've captured one Itie who was a barber in Brooklyn before he visited the homeland and got drafted. He was a Dodger fan, too.

Back in Algiers they also have their troubles, and not all of them are air raids. For instance, there's the American Red Cross club where American soldiers, British soldiers and Arab shoe shine boys make their headquarters.

Getting a shoe shine in Algiers is nothing more or less than sheer necessity. They don't have union rules, and everything goes. To play it safe, you let the first youngster that grabs you by the pants shine your shoes. When he finishes one shoe and starts to work on the other, another lad will probably want to start in where No. 1 boy left off—and sometimes it's a good idea to let him go right ahead. Cut those lads short and they'll shove a stick between your legs while you walk down the stairs and you'll plant your kisser in the sidewalk.

There are no spirits for sale to the military in North Africa, but you can get all the red and white wines, cognac, rum and ersatz champagne you want. The latter is made in two steps. They add charged water to vin blanc and boost the price.

Drinking hours in the wine shops for the military is from noon till 2 p.m. and from 5 p.m. till 7.30.

The food situation isn't too bad in Algiers. At Army messes you get corn willey and spam. In the restaurants you can generally get soup, sardines and wine.

And in Algiers they have the WAACs, too. Not too many of them, not even enough to go around. And they're strictly G.I. They can salute better than you or I—and they do a lot of it. WAACs

aren't allowed to date officers, and they don't. The natural result is that said brass is aggrieved and G.I. Joe is right on top of the world.

The WAACs are stationed in a convent, and as if that weren't enough, there is a wall around the building about seven feet high with a crown of broken glass. These females represent 39 States and all seven types. They can stay out, if they have a pass, until the ungodly hour of 8.30. That's p.m. Five per cent of the company can stay out, with a special pass, until 11.30 p.m. But there's no place to go.

The movies in Algiers are a combination of French movies, American movies in French, and American movies with French sub-titles. Most of them are ancient. The Red Cross club in both Oran and Algiers have weekly movie programs. The first ones stunk, with such oldies as *Gold Diggers of 1933* and *Buffalo Bill*. They're much better now.

Oran is much the same as Algiers, but smaller, dirtier and not nearly so pretty. Casablanca and points west are very lively, with about as much to offer the G.I. as you could expect. But the boys there deserve a break. Casablanca was a pretty hot spot last November.

There are Americans in Gibraltar, too. Theirs is a strange life. Eggs, steaks, oranges and bananas galore. Lots to eat, plenty of Scotch whisky at a shilling a shot. Plenty of citrus fruits and the bartenders can really throw together a mean cocktail. And plenty of such things as silk stockings, lipstick, perfume, face powder and rouge to send to the sweetie pie back in England—but the prices are steep. There's no blackout.

The set-up there is perfect—as perfect as any place can be without females. All women working in Gibraltar have to return to their homes across the border into Spain at 9 p.m. every night. They go alone, too.

The Americans are well liked all over North Africa and in Gibraltar. They make wonderful suckers.

## After Thelepte and Gafsa Any GI Could Write a Book

ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT—After a siege in this sector, any GI could write a book. There's rarely a dull moment between Thelepte and Gafsa.

A P-38 pilot returned to base with one engine gone and a bullet through his wrist. Noticing his flying jacket was torn, he looked inside and was flabbergasted to discover a whole 20-mm shell which is supposed to explode on contact.

Another first looney in a B-26 had the silver bar shot off his right shoulder.

A German antitank gunner, Franz Linder by name, was shot through the stomach during a scrap around Sened. Captured, he was rushed to the rear for treatment. He regained consciousness on the operating table and asked, "Where am I?" When they told him that he was in an American hospital, he hauled off and socked the surgeon in the nose.



Proof of the deadly efficiency of U. S. raiding planes was provided by three Austrians who deserted and surrendered to an American patrol. "We couldn't stand the terrible bombing and strafing any longer," said the spokesman. "It was our worst experience since the Russian winter. Three of our companies have 60 percent casualties."

Two officers pitched a pup tent and left several hand grenades outside. Arabs stole the grenades believing them to be a strange species of nut, as one of the survivors later explained. Unable to open the "nuts" with their bare hands, they tried to crack them with rocks. Why say more?

During a tank attack on Sened, one U. S. scout car flushed a rabbit. The startled driver momentarily forgot the battle, and the frenzied rabbit took off for the hills with one scout car after him and .50-caliber bullets tearing about his feet.



Lt. Mark K. Shipman, 22, of Fresno, Calif., blew into headquarters practically nude. It developed that he had been shot down in his fighter plane in enemy territory. "Friendly" Arabs offered to carry his kit, including his pistol. In no time at all, the lieutenant was left only his trousers and wedding ring. He had to cut off half his trousers to make shoes; his only nourishment was obtained by sucking a goat's udder.

Cpl. Jose Villarreal of San Benito, Tex., and Pfc. Ernest Belcher of Hazy, W. Va., had a story-book escape after being captured by eight Italian tanks. Just when they figured all was lost, two Spitfires came over on a hot strafing mission. As their Italian captors hit the dirt, Villarreal and Belcher lit out for the hills. And they made it, returning the next day to join their reconnaissance outfit.

—YANK Staff Correspondent



The native reads Wolfram's letter from the FBI but he doesn't know what the hell to do either.

## You Can't Fool With the FBI; When They Wantcha, They Getcha

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST—Recently, Benton Harbor (Mich.) draft authorities sent T/5 Orville A. Wolfram of Fort Atkinson, Wis., a notice to drop in and talk over his selective service status. Then he received notice to appear in New York City for physical examination. Neither of these notifications, sent to him through his APO, gave him much worry. But now he's

studying a letter from the FBI, telling him to let them know of his whereabouts immediately or things will happen with a G-Man escort.

Having already served 21 months in the U. S. armed forces and being here in the Middle East, some thousands of miles overseas, he's a little mixed up.

—Cpl. JOHN R. EVANS  
YANK Field Correspondent

# Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM LIFE IN NEW GUINEA TO BATHS IN ORAN



Down at Cochran Field, Ga., the cottontails are thicker than flies on a cow's back. The men of the 963rd Quartermaster Detachment can look out in the fields and see them hopping around. Things like that can make a man mighty hungry, mighty hungry. Still, if a man's in the Army he can do something about it. Suppose, say, he took his physical training period and picked up a stick and ran around hunting rabbits for an hour? He sure would get himself some exercise and he might get himself a meal. So that's what they do now down at Cochran Field, Ga. They catch them rabbits and they knock them down. They put them rabbits in a stew. And then they eat that stew, because they've been running over half of Georgia, and they've really worked up a hunger.

## Pills, Rain, Sores, Fever, Japs; The G.I.'s Daily Menu on New Guinea

WITH AMERICAN FORCES ON NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—American infantrymen are hammering out a double victory in this God-forsaken jungle. They not only are whipping the pants off the Japs; they are driving on week after week in spite of canned food, pills, rain, exhaustion, sores and fever.

Cooks, mess tents and chow lines do not exist at the front. Each man is his own cook. Every day he draws cans of C rations from his supply sergeant, with perhaps a bar of chocolate and a pack of cigarettes every couple of days. Building a small fire in a place fairly concealed from the enemy, he eats right out of the can; mess kits are too much bother to lug around. He heats coffee in his canteen cup, if he has any coffee.

Each man takes two quinine pills a day to fortify himself against malaria. He puts chlorine pills in his canteen to protect his drinking water. He downs vitamin pills daily to make up for the lack of vitamins in his canned diet. He uses salt pills regularly.

When it begins to get dark, guards are posted around the area. The rest of the men sleep in fox holes protected by shelter halves against the drenching rain that comes pelting down almost every night. They keep their cocked rifles and tommy-guns by their side and sleep fully clothed.

After dusk and before dawn they stay glued to their fox holes. And for good reason. Guards shoot at anything that moves or makes a noise. No "Halt" is yelled or questions asked. If nature calls during the night, a man doesn't climb out of his fox hole and walk to the latrine. He takes his shovel and edges outside of his tent.

Once in a while, a man finds it necessary to leave his fox hole at night; perhaps he's got a fever and wants to get to the medic. He stands up erect and walks slowly, calling out the password as fast as he can. Trembling, he realizes that he wouldn't be the first man to be shot by his own guards.

There's no smoking after dark. Fires and all lights must be put out. One soldier, newly arrived at the front, forgot about this order. With his flashlight, he began searching for an elusive mosquito inside his mosquito bar. When rifle and machine-gun bullets began whizzing at him from all directions, he quickly doused the glim.

The men are so weary after a day of fighting in the steaming jungle that they sleep through almost anything. One night Jap bombers roared overhead and dumped several tons of bombs on

an area just a few hundred yards away. No one stirred.

The guards have found a sure-fire way of keeping awake. They take a grenade, pull the pin and hold the grenade tightly around its spring all night. They know that relaxing their hold on the grenade will allow the spring to fly off and seven seconds later blow them all to Kingdom Come.

Part of each day's routine is a visit to the medics to have sores painted. Dampness is the main cause of these sores. Wading or standing for hours in the swamps shrivels up the skin of the body just as a housewife's fingers are shrivelled up after hours of washing dishes. Dirt gets into the pores, and turns quickly to infection.

One fact surprises the medics: Men who used to be the biggest goldbricks back in training camp, the ones whose faces were familiar at sick call, now are the very ones who refuse to let fever, sores or minor bullet and shrapnel wounds keep them out of action.

You can bet that any army whose goldbricks are among its toughest scrappers can't be beat.

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON  
YANK Staff Correspondent

## All the Way on the Cuff From Peacock Alley to Tripoli

TRIPOLI—When American news correspondents moved into this city's swank, bepalmed Grand Hotel after the British occupation, they were warmly greeted by its manager, William Gaudenzi.

Gaudenzi said he was a former assistant manager of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and produced a card to prove it. He said he had been in New York for 10 years, leaving in the early '30s to come to Tripoli.

—YANK Field Correspondent

## Taking a Bath in Dear Old Oran

ORAN (December 14)—There's nothing new in Oran, not even in the American Army. The sun comes up in the morning before reveille and goes down after retreat and the fact that Yanks get up in the morning at an hour that is considered fashionable only for wine peddlers and burros is no longer a subject for comment.

For most of us a bath is a luxury almost as great

as the arrival of mail. A field bath is a thing you take by crawling inside your helmet with a canteen full of water. To take a real one you come to Oran, where you try to get into one of the bath houses.

I went this week to the Bains Cavaignac, where you can get a bain simple sans linge for 9 francs, a bain turc for 10, and a douche for 8. A douche is what the French call "a shower."

The bains are run by a busy, birdlike woman who wears a belt with keys and carries on a rapid-fire conversation with the waiting customers. The bath business in Oran has boomed since our arrival, and now you must sweat out a line.

The reception room is lined with benches and madam-in-charge sits on a podium overlooking the room. Her customers included one major, two second lieutenants and three technical sergeants, plus a group of French women.

I asked for a bain simple, whereupon madam's little girl led me to an unusually dark room, opened



the door, pointed and then closed it on me. I fumbled for the light switch for several minutes and finally found it. It was a fine bathtub, the first I've seen in many weeks, but there was unfortunately no stopper and I couldn't use it because I hadn't brought an extra pair. There was, however, a douche—an imposing looking shower fixture intended to mix cold and hot water into a nice tepid flow. It didn't.

I avoided severe injury by standing at one end of the bathtub and keeping the shower at the other, systematically switching the plumbing from chaud to froid, which are roughly the French equivalents for fire and ice. I also noticed that the windows of my bathroom door were made of frosted glass, which was considerate although a pane was missing in direct center. I felt much cleaner if not warmer when I left the bathroom. The women glanced up when I went out and began talking an even more furious French. I paid madam 10 francs in all.

—SGT. MILTON LEHMAN



# Yanks at Home in the ETO

## LIFE IN THE AGO

**T**HE Adjutant General's Office of this blasted Army has, not surprisingly, a few problems of its own these days, as we found out not so long ago when we wandered over there. The AGO, it seems, is bothered by nuts. According to the AGO the whole Army is crazy. According to the AGO every body is working ten hours a day for a Section 8, including first sergeants.

We believe it.

Not long ago there came to the AGO a letter from a simple private of the line. The private had an idea. The only question was: *Would it help win the war?* The private thought so, so he shipped the idea along to the AGO.

The idea was a submarine chaser, shaped like a shark to confuse the wicked enemy. It was equipped with torpedoes which could be released at odd moments, and it carried long steel claws with which it could reach up and drag to a watery grave any stubborn ship lurking over it. Oh, did we forget to mention that it was submersible? Well, it was. Very.

Complete dimensional drawings and scaled plans accompanied the letter. "My invention is invaluable," the inventor said, "because it doesn't need any manpower to operate it." Unfortunately, he neglected to take care of the little problem of how to run the damned thing. All things considered, this guy is now an OC for a Section 8, in case you didn't know. Don't get the idea, though, that you can turn in an idea, say, for an automatic company clerk and get a free furlough in the booby hatch for the duration. The men of the AGO are tired, but they ain't dumb.

## TRANSATLANTIC AWOL

Not so long ago, they had a pretty little problem, as problems go, in the Army, on their hands. It seems that there was a private in barracks in Plattsburg, New York, who had a seven-day leave. On the sixth day, bewildered and scared, he wound up in England.

When he started his leave he wandered across the border into Canada, hoisted one too many, and decided to take a little airplane ride. He stowed away aboard an air liner heading for here. When he arrived he reported, very nervously, to the AGO. "Please," he said, "can I get back to New York today? Another day and I'll be AWOL." The AGO cabled Washington and had the poor guy transferred to ETO. He didn't even finish his furlough.

## STILL ON STYLES

Our Lucius Beebe, a rare broth of a boy, is still shipping style hints to us. The other day he was strolling down Piccadilly, conning the early trade, when he saw a peefcee wearing an unsightly garrison cap, a wrinkled uniform, and with a big seegar in his mush. The one thing that made him different from all other peefcees in this best of all possible armies was the fact that he was swinging a big, beautifully polished cane.

We thought it would come to that eventually, and in the last analysis we're glad it did. We were getting just a little tired of shavetails with swagger sticks, and we're glad that when the blow fell it was a peefcee who was wielding the cane. Peefcees are very much maligned young men; we know, we used to be a



*This is a familiar character. The cane and the darb of a doll are new.*

peefcee. When this cruel war is over we are going to erect a statue to this unknown peefcee and on it we are going to inscribe: **HE TOOK ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS THE ABOLISHMENT OF THE SWAGGER STICK.** Probably the next step the peefcee took, he fell over. He was a bit queazy when we saw him.

## HOW TO CON A CONVOY

We ran into a Joe who just came over on a convoy and, like all Joes who have just come over on convoys, he talked our ear off about the rigors of ocean voyages these halcyon

days. Feeling comic as all hell, we asked him how many times he had been torpedoed. "Oh," he said, "we never saw any subs." We asked him if he hadn't seen any subs, why was he still shaking? The following is his explanation:

"Well, it sounds silly, but we kept thinking that if we did get torpedoed there would be no use in launching the boats because it was so rough that they would turn over in about a minute, and if they didn't we'd freeze to death in about five. We all had the jitters until we figured it out like this: we pretended we had already been torpedoed and had been picked up by the ship we were on, so we spent the rest of the voyage being happy as hell over the fact that we had been picked up. But now that it's all over we're worn out from the strain of imagining being torpedoed."

Yes, there's room for a lot of Section 8s in this Army.

## THE SERGEANT WHO'S GOING CRAZY

The other day we ran into a sergeant who is going crazy. Literally going crazy. He's an old horseplayer, see, a great guy with the gee-gees. When he got in the Army he was very sad for a long while, because he couldn't get hold of the "Daily Telegraph," or any of those sheets. But finally he conquered the old pari-mutuel urge and whipped himself into pretty good shape. Sometimes he would cry softly to himself when he saw a cavalry regiment, but for the most part he kept his emotions under control.

When he came to England he had reached the point where he could even forgo reading the last six pages of the "Daily News." He was, in a manner of speaking a new man. And what happened. What always happens in this bloody Army?

The day the poor guy got to England he was billeted in the two shilling booth of a race track, and he's been there ever since.

We just want the brass hats to know that they're ruining a perfectly good sergeant. This Joe doesn't need reveille to get him up in the morning. Daylight finds him out on the track, clocking imaginary two-year-olds. Nights find him in his lonely cell, pencil and paper in hand, figuring out how much the two-shilling booth would have taken in during the day if the race track were in working order. He cries very often. His hands tremble. He has developed claustrophobia. He has lost 17 pounds.

We don't know how long his outfit's going to be billeted around this race track, but we'll give the sergeant about one more month. Then it's the booby-hatch for him. But if we ever saw a guy who deserved a transfer to the Navy, he's the one. Even then, though, the sight of a sea-horse would set him off again. It's a hell of a problem, if you ask us.

You did ask us, didn't you?



*"My invention is invaluable because it doesn't need any manpower to operate it."*

**T**HE Navy has come out with an emergency fishing kit for guys who are forced to live off the sea after being torpedoed. These kits will be standard equipment on lifeboats, rafts and rubber boats carried by planes. They contain bait, hooks, jigs, lines, a dip net, a knife and whetstone (with wooden handles to keep them afloat), cotton work gloves, a small harpoon, and instructions printed on waterproof paper.

The instructions include pointers from survivors who have learned through bitter experience. Fish juice, for instance, is good to drink. Small fish make better eating than large ones, and are safer to handle. A white button can be used for bait and a flashlight over the water at night attracts fish to the surface. Certain fish are poisonous, etc. All in all, good stuff if you happen to need it.

**Class 6 Marines**

The Marine Corps Women's Reserve wants no nickname—not even leatherneck. In the last war, the Marine women winced when the public called them Marinettes. This time, proud of the resistance to trick appellations adopted by the WAACS, WAVES and SPARS, they just call themselves Class 6 Marines. Class 6-A designates an officer, Class 6-B an enlisted woman. Under present rules, Class 6 will not go overseas.

**No more VOCs**

The Army is accepting no more applications from Volunteer Officer Candidates. Limited vacancies at replacement training centers and OCS make the ruling necessary. VOCs who have started their training are allowed to retain their status, so are those who have already applied and are awaiting induction. Later on the ranks of VOCs just under the wire may be thinned down by reclassification in 1-A. Those reclassified will be inducted and take their chances for selection to attend OCS like any other EM.

**Negro G.I.s.**

Formation of the Army's first Negro cavalry division, with headquarters at Fort Clark, Tex., has been announced by the WD. The new Second Cavalry Division was developed from the Fourth Cavalry Brigade, composed of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry Regiments which were first organized in 1886.

The Fourth Cavalry Brigade fought in Mexico, Cuba, the Philippines, and against the Indians in Texas and Montana.

There are two Negro infantry divisions, the 92nd and 93rd, besides an air force pursuit squadron which is ready for combat action.

In all, there are about 450,000 Negro soldiers in the Army. These include 60,000 G.I.s stationed overseas, of whom 25,000 are in the Pacific areas and 10,000 in North Africa.

There are also about 2,000 Negro commissioned officers in the Army.



**Rations Statistics**

The QM reveals that the 1943 dogface gets five times more fruits and vegetables in his daily rations than were issued to a soldier of the Continental Army of 1775—or 35 ounces against seven. But, here's the hitch; today's G.I. doesn't get the quart of spruce beer or hard cider that the Colonial dogface received each day.

Daily rations of meat and milk were the same then as now—a pound of meat and a pint of milk to each EM. Except, as our history books tell us, the Continentals didn't get theirs as regularly as we do.

**Navigator-Bombardier Training**

The soldiers who drop the bombs are going to be trained to shoot the stars, too, and vice versa. WD announces that aviation cadets heretofore trained as either navigators or bombardiers will now get training for both—30 weeks in all, plus five weeks of aerial gunnery school. The purpose of the change is not to economize in crewmen, but to let men switch jobs during a flight to cut down fatigue (or to take the place of a casualty). Cadets will be appointed flight officers or commissioned second lieutenants after the first phase of their training, and the flight officers will get their gold bars at the end of the training.

**Delay on AAF Technician Badges**

Ever since we announced authorization of an AAF Technician's Badge last November, we have been swamped with questions about it. To wear it, you must have been in the AAF more than six months and graduate from a technical training school. To make the badge prettier, you can add a bar for each

specialty you qualify in—radio operator, parachute rigger, and so forth. But the QM won't say exactly when you'll be able to pin these badges on. Whenever we ask them about it they always answer, "These devices may be supplied on regular QM issue to those organizations entitled thereto," which could mean almost any time between now and six months after the duration.



Bombardier Cadet William M. Taylor, knife in one hand, fork in the other, grins as he sits before a mountain of food which represents the meals he will eat in his twelve-week course of training at the Army Air Force Advanced Flying School at San Angelo, Tex. Mess for the twelve-weeks' period includes 50 pounds of bread, 72 pounds of meat, 90 quarts of milk, 125 pounds of potatoes, 100 pounds of fresh vegetables, 125 pounds of canned goods, 21 dozen eggs, 63 quarts of fruit juices, 7 pounds of coffee, 25 pounds of butter and shortening, 18 pounds of pastries, 20 pounds of sea food, and 22 pounds of sauces, jams and jellies.

**G.I. JOE**

**Booby Trap**

PEACE  
Lt. Dave Breger  
Britain



**By LT. DAVE BREGER**



## A WEEK OF WAR

Someone was getting a kick in the teeth in Tunisia. Nationality: German

FOR 50 minutes he had been talking about post-war problems. Then Winston Churchill, not so long out of a sick bed, paused dramatically and departed from his prepared manuscript. "I have just received a message from General Montgomery," he said, "that the 8th Army is on the move..."

So they were, so they were. The browned, dusty men who had chased Erwin Rommel from El Alamein, inside the borders of Egypt, 1,300 miles to the deadly snakes' nest of the Mareth Line, were getting on with it. Fate, like a theater call boy, had gone around to their gaunt tanks, knocked on their armored sides, and said, "Places, please." The curtain was going up, and it wasn't an asbestos curtain. There was going to be a fire in the theater.

Erwin Rommel had tried, to the best of his ability, to delay the performance. He had stabbed out from behind his defenses, wasting precious armor, precious men, in a useless effort to crack the 8th Army; he had been thrown back, and his tanks had remained, smashed and smoking, behind him on the plains. Now he was on the spot, but good. The British had decided that the time had come, and when the British decide the time has come, baby, you can bet it has.

Before the 8th Army even started their attack they had outflanked the Mareth Line. The hard way. They had worked over the mountains to Ksar Rhilane, and they were prodding, with 50 tanks and 2,000 vehicles, in a north-easterly direction toward the coast. Beyond Medenine they had taken a leaf from the German booklet on "How To Fight A War," and were blitzing the German lines. They were sending their planes over in waves, sometimes 50 at once, bombing, strafing, observing. Their tanks, in battle formation, were on the prowl.

There was a strip of Tunisia, about 75 miles across, which Erwin Rommel could still call home. It was an uncomfortable home, and its dimensions were shrinking daily, but it still was an outpost of the Third Reich of Adolf Hitler. But Erwin Rommel, Berlin's ambassador to the Court of St. Blood, could no longer consider his home his castle. Once in his hands had been almost the entire length of North Africa, save for a few pitiful Egyptian miles. But the storm that had arisen in those few miles had hurled him back headlong to the narrow strip of territory on which he now had to maneuver his wasted and weary forces. Erwin Rommel was getting it on two sides. Not alone in the attack was the British 8th Army. From Sened to the sea the Yanks were coming. Coming this time for keeps.

The Yanks had come back from Kasserine with guilty faces and narrowed eyes. They had had their shins kicked and now they were out to do a little kicking themselves. This time the kick was going to come a little higher on the anatomy, and the anatomy was going to be the sun-browned hulk of Erwin Rommel.

The Americans had retaken Gafsa and Sened, and they knew precisely where they were going. There was a road that ran direct from El Guettar to Gabes, and down this road the infantry was slogging. To the north another road ran from Sened to Achichina, and along this road the American tanks were roaring. They were making doubly sure of Erwin Rommel. If they didn't catch him at Gabes they'd be waiting for him at Achichina.

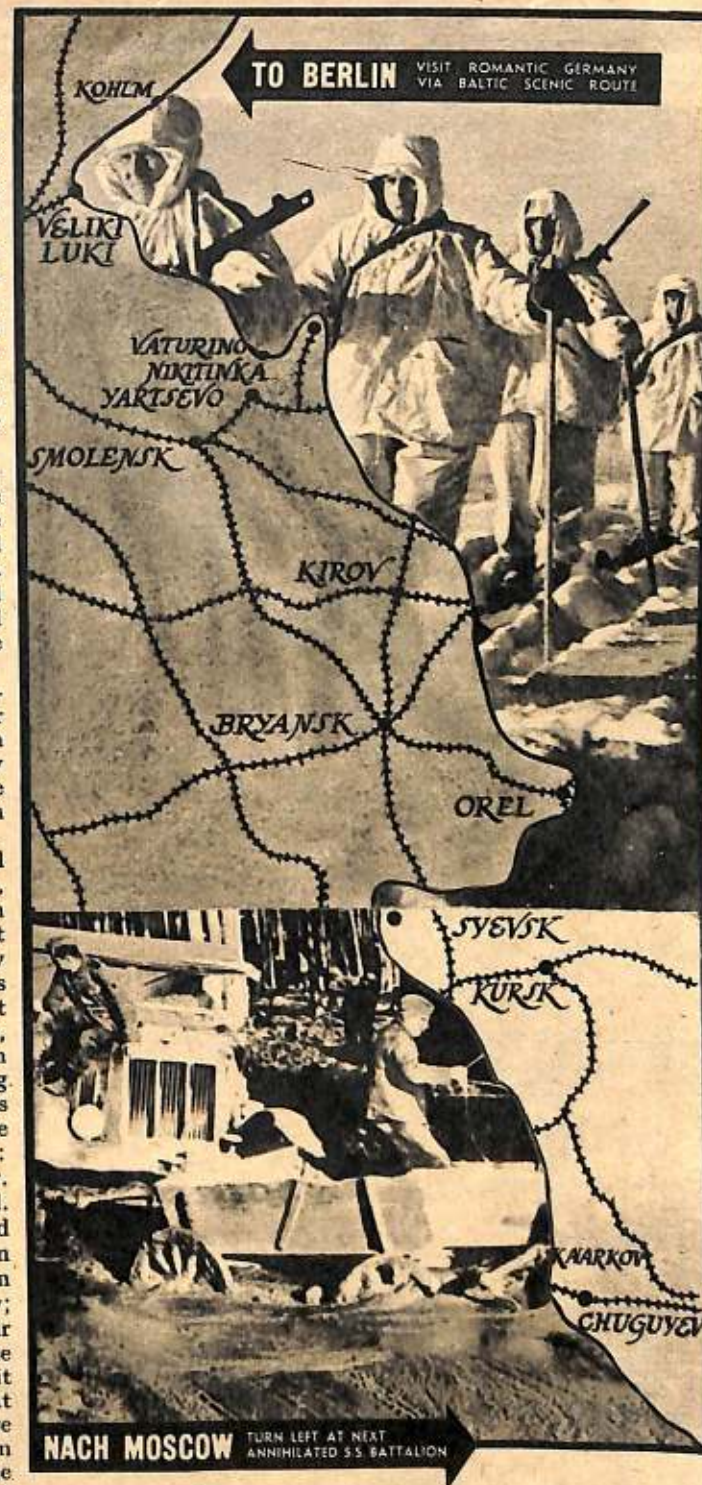
The Nazi forces in Tunisia were being split in two. To the far north, at Tunis and Bizerta, there were still plenty of Germans, but the British and the Americans were out to get rid of Erwin Rommel once and for all. He had been the Villain of Africa long enough, and the Tunisian theater was tired of playing tragedies. When the Americans and British closed in this time, Rommel would be there.

The Allies probably wouldn't catch Rommel himself. There were still planes in Tunisia suitable for removing defeated generals to other parts. The man who had roved the desert as a fox might eventually show up in Russia as a wolf. Right now, even the German General Staff had to admit, the situation in Russia was a peculiar one.

Peculiar was really no word for it. On the central front the Russians were advancing against Smolensk, and in the south the Nazis were advancing through the Upper Donetz beyond Kharkov. If things kept up in this fashion much longer, Russia might occupy Germany; Germany Russia. As far as Russia was concerned, the situation in the Donetz Basin was not the most satisfactory in the world. The Germans, evidently, were really trying to put the slug on them down there. They were throwing in everything they had—tanks, planes, and all the fresh troops that Berlin could get up to the front. They were using the old gambit of panzers and dive bombers: where the panzers failed, the planes were sent over.

Mud never has brought the Russians any good. Always the spring has caught them advancing and has slowed up their winter weapons, slowed them up and stopped them cold. It had caught them in Kharkov this year, and they had lost Kharkov; unknown as yet was the real seriousness of their situation in the south, but observers, looking at the Russian map of last November and comparing it with the Russian map of this week could see that the Nazis had a very, very long way to go before they would find themselves again in the position they held when Joseph Stalin recommended to the Red Army at Stalingrad that it hold that battered city.

And spring, the betrayer, had not yet reached the Central Front, and it was here that the Nazis were taking their punishment of the week. They were being booted from places they had held for two years, ever since they almost took Moscow, when through their field glasses they could see the towers of the Kremlin 25 miles away. Smolensk was on the verge. The Russians were chopping away at it in half a dozen directions; and though the German Staff, who had been so comfortably ensconced in Smolensk for such a long time, had not reached the point where it considered it expedient to burn secret



papers, it was a very nervous General Staff indeed. The Russians were wiping out on the average of two infantry companies each and every day, together with tanks and assorted other delights, and the losses were doing the Germans no good. The only question was: Would the Russians be able to wipe out enough infantry companies before the spring thaw arrived, unwelcome, from the slough of the Caucasus? The question was one that would be answered, not by any communiqué, but by the arrival of the thaw itself. When it came, the Russians hoped, with all their hearts, to be able to meet on the streets of Smolensk.

The Americans were moving from Sened to the sea.



Oiwin.



Portrait of a man about to be run over.

The British had breached the Mareth line.





**LETHAL.** Aussies are issued this combination of dagger and knuckleduster. Wicked!



**DUET.** Whitey, the dog, follows every call of Pvt. Vincent Waldron's bugle at San Bernardino (Calif.) Air Depot.



**SPUDS.** The Army is a far cry from Freddie Bartholomew made the leap. A private now, he's doing the usual thing.



**NORTHERNER.** Eugenie Jackson, of Hartford, Conn., doesn't miss the snow at this California resort.



**FERRY.** This improvised troopship takes Yanks in New Guinea to a harbor near front lines. Jungle march followed.



**MARCHER.** Donald Shaw, 22, being sworn into the Army in New York City, walked 145 miles to report.



**GAME?** No, a Braille writing set. Pvt. Albert H. Bommer, at Camp Roberts, Calif., writes letters on it to his blind mother every week end.

# Show

PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE WORLD



**MUSIC.** Lulled by that which has charms to soothe savage beasts are these Air Force men taking a breather in Tunisia.



**FINISHED.** This German truck driver died at his post, overtaken by New Zealanders chasing Rommel.



**CONGRATS.** War correspondents in Africa give a hand to Lt. John Lyle, a colored soldier commissioned from the ranks.



**SOFT.** Ardelle DeBaere tries out new wooden bed springs, made of steam-bent birch, and says it's not bad. This will save a lot of metal.



**ADMIRATION.** Pfc. Benjamin H. Burton gets a kick out of a Fiji Islander's hair. He ought to!



**GENERAL.** Once a Russian brigadier general, Alexandre Barmine is now just another U.S. Army rookie, fixing his bunk.



**CASUALTY.** The U.S.S. Blakeley, her bow blown off by an Axis torpedo, managed to plow into a Caribbean port for repairs, then made a 2,000-mile journey to Philadelphia, where a new bow was grafted on her. She's back on the high seas now, in good shape.

# News From Home

America last week was full of people talking with their mouths not quite so full as they used to be



If you had nothing to do, you might try to extort \$4,000 from Betty Grable. Don't, though; the last guy just got nabbed. Betty points to a smarter guy; he tried to extort a date—and did.

**C**HICAGO'S ace gangster, Frank Nitti, was found dead by a railroad track this week. It was suicide. The guy was indicted by a grand jury for labor racketeering and decided hari-kari was the best way out. The news would have created a sensation in the days of abundant steaks, shoes and gas, but Chicagoans, and the people of the nation, had more important things to think about. They were preoccupied with what the U. S. will do after the war—whether we'll live in a world of permanent peace or make the same mistakes all over again.

For that reason all eyes were on the Senate. This week was the week when the first clear-cut debate began on the visions of the post-war world. Four Senators, two Republicans and two Democrats, presented a resolution committing the United States to the policy of post-war cooperation with our Allies to preserve the peace through international goodwill and brotherhood. Some sort of a League of Nations with international police powers was suggested.

The Senators, Joseph H. Ball of Minnesota and Harold H. Burton of Ohio, Republicans, and Lister Hill of Alabama and Carl A. Hatch of New Mexico, Democrats, acted after talking with President Roosevelt who said he was not unfriendly to the proposal, although he clearly indicated that he considered discussion on the matter the Senate's own business.

The resolution was hardly proposed before the sponsors were informed they could expect opposition. Senator Burton K. Wheeler (D., Mont.), pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist leader, said he saw no purpose in such a commitment "until we know what Stalin wants." He repeated the old slogan that kept us out of the League of Nations after the last war, the one that says America should enter into no entangling foreign alliances.

In the House, 26 of the 55 new Republican members took issue with Wheeler. They signed a letter pledging their wholehearted support to the resolution presented by the four Senators.

The women of the nation were taking a definite stand on post-war planning. A poll, sponsored by the "Women's Home Companion," claimed 84 per cent of the women want post-war planning now and 92 per cent favor a permanent world congress to settle international disputes.

As aggressively and independently as ever, John L. Lewis bluntly told mine operators that they'll either grant his 450,000 soft coal miners a two-

dollars-a-day wage increase or they will not work. Lewis permitted negotiations to enter the closed conference stage, but ended the open meetings with another strong statement that he'd get what he wanted—or else.

New York tailors said this week that women now constitute 50 per cent of their customers. In most tailor shops lady patronage was not accepted or encouraged two years ago. But now, according to Ray Twyeffort, a member of the National Fashion Committee, most of the tailor shops are staying in business only because of women's patronage. One former exclusive men's shop even went so far as to get a "hostess" for women customers.

In Des Moines, Iowa, governors of nine Mid-Western States gathered for a discussion on farm problems and the manpower situation. Their principal speaker, former President Herbert Hoover, reiterated his proposal to reduce the armed force's goal of 11,000,000 men to allow retention of more men for work on farms and factories.

Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, disclosed that America is spending \$253,400,000 a day on the war—almost two dollars a day for every man, woman and child in the U. S. He also said the basic trend of war production is on the upgrade, although there were fluctuations between December and February. All bottlenecks in the production of component parts for planes, tanks, guns and ships have been overcome, Nelson announced, and our industrial organization is now geared to devote a much higher proportion of its productive efforts to turning out finished weapons.

Last year, a little more than half our war effort was translated into finished weapons. Construction of military installations and factory facilities absorbed the rest. But this year, Nelson said, it is expected that three-fourths of America's war production efforts will be devoted to weapons and ships.

The labor-management situation looked good, too. From Jan. 1 to Feb. 15 there were 101 new labor-management committees formed at key war plants. More than 2,020 such committees representing 4,166,000 workers in war plants are now functioning. Their job is to plan ways for more production, also to avert work stoppages.

Aircraft production was 10 per cent higher in February than in January; ground ordnance production showed 11 per cent recovery in February from the 20 per cent decline in January and there were

more cargo ships constructed in the first two months of 1943 than in the first six months of 1942.

Former Congressman Maury Maverick of Texas, now a War Production Board official, told the American College of Surgeons that we'd be committing national and international suicide by not planning a post-war world now. He said we should either plan ahead now or we'll "go back in the dark ages." He also said people should quit lying to themselves that the war will be over soon "because we don't know."

In Missouri, the House Judiciary Committee killed a bill making dog owners liable for damages if their pet bites a letter carrier or newsboy on the owners' premises. The bill was sponsored by a letter carriers' organization whose spokesman stated that 7,922 of Missouri's 8,000 mail carriers were bitten by dogs last year.

The turbine plant of the General Electric Company at Erie, Pa., was given the "M" pennant by the Maritime Commission for excellent production. Rear Admiral Howard L. Vickery, vice chairman of the Commission, told the employers and employees U. S. shipyards will construct fifty million tons of shipping by the end of 1944, if construction proceeds at the present pace.

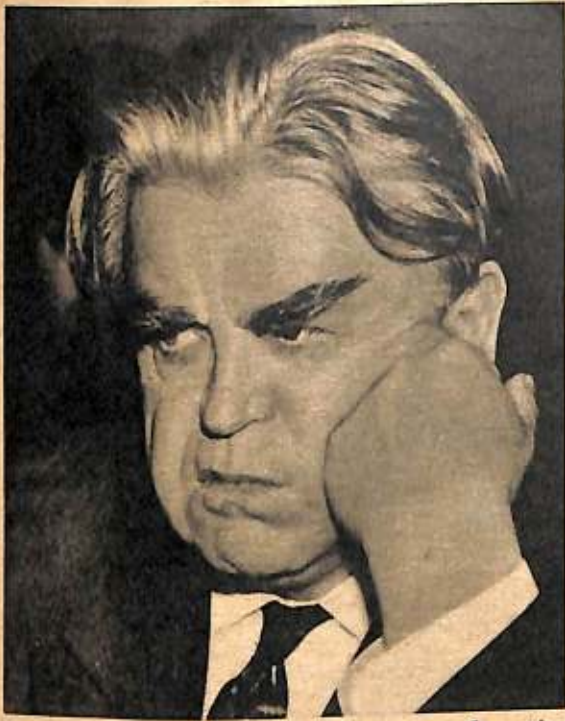
In Boston, a woman fainted while waiting in a butter queue. People showed little sympathy when her shopping bag disclosed seven portions of butter. Price Administrator Prentiss M. Brown said more regulations are coming in for control of prices. "Community prices" are to be fixed in various localities and "the price of meat will be fixed in dollars and cents terms." All other retail food prices will be fixed on a margin basis, Brown said.

The FBI produced an interesting report on its investigation of "landings" by parachutists in various parts of the nation. J. Edgar Hoover said the FBI received 174 reports of "landings" and checked each report carefully but found every story was untrue and unfounded. Recently the office of War Information analyzed 5,000 current rumors and found most of them were based on racial and religious prejudices.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America proposed six guiding principles for a just and durable peace. The Council said collaboration of the United Nations must continue, military establishments must be controlled everywhere by an international organization and mankind must seek to achieve in practice the right of individuals everywhere to religious and intellectual liberty.



Saltstall of Mass., spoke of post-war jobs.



**John L. Lewis wanted \$2 a day more for mine workers.**

The first application to link Boston by air with London, Paris, Amsterdam and other European capitals after the war was filed with the U. S. Civil Aeronautics Board by the North-east Airlines. The Boston-London route would take only 14 hours, while flying time for the 5,000-mile trip to Moscow would take about 18 hours.

Speaking to the Western Massachusetts Employers' Association at Springfield, Mass., Governor Leverett Saltonstall said industry must make plans to provide jobs for soldiers when they return home. He said every soldier will want for himself the things he has been fighting for, including the opportunity to own his own home and to raise and educate his children. "To do this they must have jobs," Saltonstall said.

Trivia: James M. McClanahan, an Akron, Ohio, jeweler, has an insurance policy on Adolf Hitler. If anything happens to Adolf as a result of blitz, tornado, riot, fire, collapse of bridges, or overturn of a vehicle, McClanahan collects \$100. Adolf Hitler is the name of McClanahan's horse. At Salt Lake City a man told police somebody stole his travelling bag from his hotel room. A day later he found a pawn ticket in his room. It produced the bag. Firemen in Seattle, Wash., found a substitute mailman, Arthur Brend, trying to make a mail collection from a fire alarm box.

The Army Quartermaster Corps notified 11 leading food contractors to hold up production of rations "K" and "C" field emergency allowances. Production on the G.I. rations exceeded expectations.

Faced with the biggest outbreak of lawlessness in many years, New York sent 1,000 additional cops



**Gangster Frank Nitti done himself in.**



**Representatives of the United Nations, who are so well known that even first sergeants should recognize them, drink to the future in milk.**

into Harlem with orders to end muggings, robberies and stabbings by gangs of young hoodlums there. An "anti-mugging squad," which includes 64 motorcycle cops, was formed to pursue the "muggers" who attack their victims with knives and rob them—but not before badly beating them in the face.

The Red Cross began a drive for \$125,000,000 and added a vigorous appeal to citizens to donate a pint of blood for war purposes as well. Both campaigns are getting great support.

Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek has recovered from illness caused by over-exertion and resumed her scheduled appearances at Chicago. In Washington, Anthony Eden, British Foreign Minister, continued talks with President Roosevelt and other high officials concerning post-war collaboration. He went to New York last weekend for talks with Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, who is still not saying anything about the reports that he may go to North Africa as a general. Vice President Henry Wallace departed on a six-week goodwill tour of our South American neighbors.

In Hollywood, G-men arrested Russell Alexander, an 18-year-old youth, who tried to extort \$4,000 from Betty Grable. He threatened Betty would not be alive by March 20 if she did not meet him at Gower Street and Santa Monica Boulevard corner on March 19 with the money. Betty's double arranged to meet the youth while the G-men followed closely by.

There was a lot of speculation again on what should be done to Hitler and other leading Nazis when the war is over. The whole thing started with the publication by the "American Mercury" of an article by Kingsbury Smith, who claimed that the officials of the State Department thought Hitler should be shot.

Smith said that the War Department is training more than 1,000 military governors to run Germany and that two classes have already graduated. There would, he said, be a quick roundup of criminals of all types; trial and punishment would be meted rapidly to prevent massacres of Germans by liberated people, and an international education commission for schools, radio and press would be established.

In San Francisco, Nick Demetry, a 32-year-old butcher, was found guilty and sentenced to 60 days in jail when he took a woman customer in the back room and made passes at her. He hinted she'd get extra beefsteaks if she'd be nice to him. The customer decided she'd rather go without her beefsteak and reported the fresh butcher to the cops.

A 42-year old fireman, Lloyd Converse, was one of the proudest employees of the Aluminium Company of America, at Massena, N. Y., this week. He's been showing his fellow employees a telegram from Donald Nelson congratulating him for having walked 20 miles to work through a blizzard and working for 16 hours straight, including an 8-hour shift of a fellow employee who was absent because of the blizzard.

After 35 years of careful planning, the funeral of Howard S. Thomas of York, Pa., has been held just as he wanted it. He made his own coffin of \$4 worth of cherry wood and exhibited it in his barber shop. He carved his own tombstone, complete with all inscriptions—except the date of his death. He chose pallbearers and outlived four of his six original selections.

More than 700 New York coffin makers pulled a strike this week. The War Labor Board advised employers not to deal with the union as long as the strike continued.

In Chicago, Mrs. Frederic Armour kissed her husband farewell when he left home for his Army physical examination. An hour later she decided that since her husband had gone into the Army she should get into the service, too, so she joined the WAACs. Upon returning home she found her husband who declared, "Surprise, dear, I haven't been accepted."

"Surprise, dear," Mrs. Armour replied, "I have!"

The State Department published documents showing that Italy was hinting at war as early as 1928. Italy's insistence on a "place in the sun" was strongly suggested the following year when the Italian ambassador to the United States called on William Castle, U. S. Assistant Secretary of State, and told him the Italian population was growing so rapidly it was necessary to send some of their people to Mediterranean countries, otherwise Italy would face a crisis in from 7 to 14 years.

Speaking to young doctors at Northwestern University, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Board said that there are many reports that typhus is raging in Nazi-occupied Europe. He also said that malaria put more Yanks out of action than the Japs did in the Southwest Pacific.

Several inmates took advantage of their new freedom when the nut house at Evansville, Ind., caught fire. Two of the women patients strolled around the area in the nude, while a third, clad in a slip, swiped a bicycle and went for a ride.



**New House of Morgan head: Lamont.**

**ALABAMA**

**A** THE DEBARDELEDEN COAL CORP. and the UMW signed an agreement to begin Alabama's first six-day work-week coal mining. Ozark, badly hit by the meat shortage, asked OPA aid. Hunters were cheered by state conservation department reports that more shotgun shells will soon be available; the wild turkey season opened. Three homes were destroyed by fire at McDonald's Chapel, near Wylam.

**ARKANSAS**

**ARKANSAS LABOUR LEADERS** opposed legislative bills to require labor unions to elect officials biennially, and to prohibit violence by pickets. North-south airline service was brought to Little Rock by Chicago and Southern. Revocation of a federal parole granted James Hanson, Hazen rice planter, was asked by the government after he was charged with peonage and killing a Negro farm hand. Rev. W. M. McInnis, pastor of North Little Rock's First Presbyterian Church, left to become an Army chaplain. Dr. William L. Lamance, Laclede osteopath, was acquitted at Keytesville on a charge he killed his wife. Claude C. Mundo was named president of the Little Rock Young Business Men's Association. Police Chief H. C. Butler and Levy's three remaining policemen resigned after charges they abused prisoners. James A. Smith, former Poinsett county clerk, was tried at Harrisburg for embezzlement. Morrilton's livestock sale brought \$18,293. Deaths: Sam J. Spitzberg, Pulaski county magistrate who married 6,000 couples, at Little Rock; Le Grande J. Arnold, bank executive, at Crossett.

**CALIFORNIA**

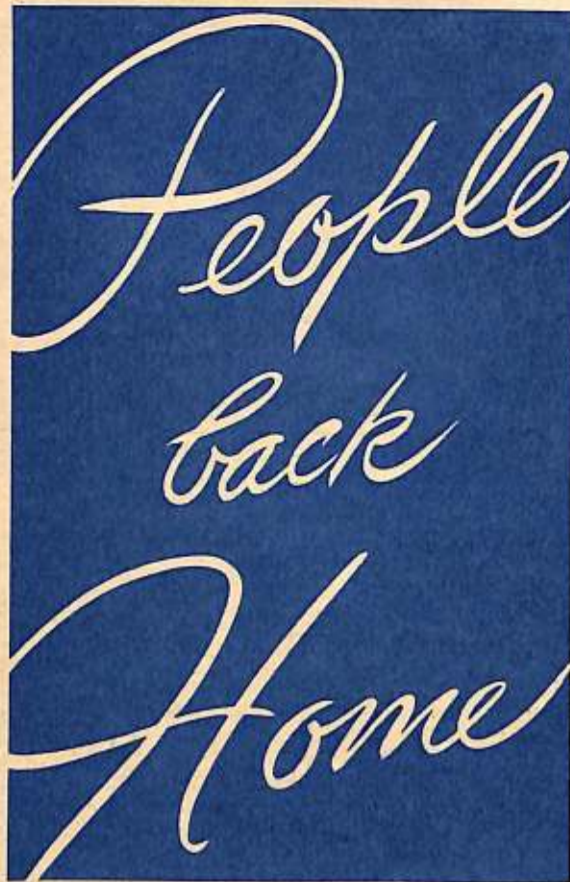
**A FIRE** on Oakland's waterfront caused \$3,000,000 damage to the Albers Milling Co. plant; arson experts and the FBI investigated. Thirty-seven Japs from the Tukelake relocation center were jailed at San Francisco for resisting war work classification. Toland McGettigan became district attorney at San Francisco, succeeding John Dockweiler, who died. The Bay Meadows race track meet opened with no parking lots permitted. A family of five were found shot in a farm home near Roseville three weeks after they were killed. Orson Welles of Hollywood was called for limited Army service. The Army took over Dante Hospital at San Francisco.

**CONNECTICUT**

**ENROLLMENT** in Connecticut's 14 junior colleges increased to 5,887. Election of all 20 Hartford aldermen by the entire city was proposed. The legislature created a state war council. Police, kept at bay for four days by her police dog, found the body of Mrs. Elizabeth From, 70, in her home at Stamford. Abandonment of the Union, Second North, and Center schools in East Hartford as obsolete was studied. Hartford planned new post-war highways to a new airline terminal at Bradley Field. At New Haven, 21 meat wholesalers and slaughterers pleaded not guilty to black market charges. The Connecticut Co. cut Hartford's Mountain Road loop bus service 25 per cent. Edward P. Allen, 83, former insurance executive, died at New Haven.

**FLORIDA**

**THE FBI** smashed a huge bond theft ring with 11 Miami arrests, including John Jay O'Brien, former manager of the Fleetwood Hotel, and Albert J. Contento, former operator of the Embassy Club. Robert R. Cowan tooted the three short and one long blast of V for victory, shouted at Police Officer M. C. Tucker, "slow down"; Tucker did—and took Cowan to jail for drunken driving. Miami Senior High School took the national lead in the drive to raise enough war bond money to buy 10,000 jeeps for the Army. Miami motor-



ists were warned to partially black out their headlights. Dade County conducted a drive against the meat black market. Fires in north Dade County, Broward and Palm Beach Counties were attributed to arson by Everglades fire control experts.

**GEORGIA**

**THE LEGISLATURE** APPROVED Gov. Arnall's constitutional amendment to lower the voting age minimum to 18. The FBI probed a series of fires in Treutlen County forests. Georgia retail sales were up about 50 per cent. The legislature limited campaign expenditures of state candidates to \$25,000. Students at Athens High School struck against the age limit-enforced retirement of E. B. Mell, principal. Five men shot a cow on a roadside near Darien, butchered it on the spot; they were charged with cattle-rustling. Atlanta's new municipal auditorium was dedicated. Atlantans bought \$25,920,084 of war bonds to finance construction of a new cruiser Atlanta.

**ILLINOIS**

**CHICAGO LIQUOR DEALERS** started a Sunday closing movement. State officials said many Illinois highways must be rebuilt after the war; heavy war traffic is wearing them out. Quincy mail deliveries were cut to one a day; carriers are scarce. A Chicago hijacker got 300 pounds of coffee, 1,700 tea bags; 600 bags of chocolate in one haul. Dog quarantines were applied at Peoria and Rock Island after rabies scares. Officials charged arson when four fires broke out in the closed Rhumba Casino in Chicago. The Salem Lutheran Church, on 74th Street in Chicago, was 75 years old. Rev. George W. Wahlin, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, became pastor of Chicago's Albany Park Lutheran Church.

**INDIANA**

**A HORSE-DRAWN TAXI LINE** was planned for Evansville. Benjamin H. Holmes, Elwood grocer, killed Morris H. Solomon in an argument over rationing. At Evansville, the Hotel McCurdy replaced front lawn formal gardens with victory vegetables. Elkhart lost its dog catcher to the Army. Rev. Roy D. Boaz, of Pittsburgh, Pa., became pastor of North Manchester's Walnut Street Church of the Brethren. Fire damage in Indianapolis went up \$331,334 in 1942. Fire Chief Albert Rowe was injured at Terre Haute battling a fire; Kewanna's business district suffered \$50,000 fire damage. Deaths: Rev. H. Victor Magsam, priest at St. Peter's Catholic Church, LaPorte; Claude Trusler, former Fayette County school superintendent, at Connersville.

**KANSAS**

**LEGISLATORS** CONSIDERED a Republican-endorsed compulsory presidential preference primary plan, with the quadrennial elections set for April. Sheriff George W. Hale of Sedgwick County was convicted on liquor charges, sentenced to 60 days, but appealed. Wichita bank clearings showed a big increase, reflecting improved business conditions. The state began planning post-war road improvements. Garnett Dean Cox, of Wichita, was killed in a small pleasure plane which crashed near Moline. Charles Elkstrand, 86, was burned to death at Marquette.

**KENTUCKY**

**THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY** said 85,000 persons have left 33 eastern Kentucky counties for armed service or war jobs. The Henry D. Allen estate was awarded \$108,307 at Owensboro for land for Camp Breckinridge, near Morganfield. Paducah City Manager James P. Smith resigned after a ruling he couldn't live outside the city limits. The Elkhorn Junior Coal Co. announced plans at Whitesburg for opening a large new coal mine area. Rev. G. W. Buchholz Jr., pastor of Bowling Green's Christian Episcopal Church, became a Naval chaplain. Robert H. Anderson, Raymond Baxter, and Thomas Penney were executed at Eddyville for killing golf star Marion Miley and her mother at Lexington. Deaths: Dr. Raymond A. Kent, president of the University of Louisville; J. Edward Madden, famous race-horse breeder, found shot to death near Lexington.

**LOUISIANA**

**THE NATIONAL HOUSING ADMINISTRATION** approved 1,063 more war workers' homes in New Orleans. State Conservation Commissioner McHugh predicted a five million muskrat catch for 1943. New Orleans' fourth Live Stock Show was expanded, dairy calves, pigs included. Miss Nora Neill Fowler, LSU dean of women, ruled out slacks for coeds who are not properly built. Alexandria cracked down on speeding. Opelousas began city hall renovation. The Houma Courier, four years a daily, went weekly. The New Orleans Fair Grounds winter racing season was extended 15 days with benefits to charity. New Orleans males paid 60 cents for haircuts.

**MAINE**

**MEXICO PLANNED REDUCTION** of its town tax rate, largest in the state, by four mills. Transformation of 600 special statutes, each with an individual fish bag limit for specific streams and lakes, into a state-wide game act was studied by the legislature. Fire plant in Skowhegan. At Pittsfield, Howard Jamieson, Pioneer Mills executive, resigned to join the Stevens Linen Association at Webster, Mass.

**Hollywood** Paramount will make fewer war pictures this year than last, says a studio executive. . . . Soldiers like sexy musicals best, they've found out. . . . Vera Zorina, who had all her hair cut off to play the part of Maria in Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and then didn't get the part, is still in hiding until the grass grows green again.



Maureen O'Hara

The latest stars to get into the swim are Buddy Rogers, a lieutenant (jg) in the Navy and Richard Denning, an apprentice seaman. Grace Macdonald, the cuddliest little chicken to show in years, gets her first film break in "It Ain't Hay," the Abbott and Costello opus. Costello breaks a fruit over her head. . . . Despite their bustup, Patricia Dane hasn't returned the 100 carat rock Tommy Dorsey gave



her. The Hays office killed seventeen sexy stills of Maureen O'Hara and Martha O'Driscoll in "The Fallen Sparrow," then sent a sleuth to the RKO lot to tail the pair around so they wouldn't pose for any more.

Ann Corio, who strips to please, collected two hundred dollars selling smiles at a recent war bond rally while Katharine (the colt) Hepburn collected only ninety dollars. . . . Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, the mayor of Harlem, and Mrs. Robinson recently observed their 20th wedding anniversary. The Army rejected Maxie Rosenbloom because his "uncauliflowered" ear has a perforated drum. Slapsie Maxie is said to be having an ear operation so he can jern the ranks. . . . The

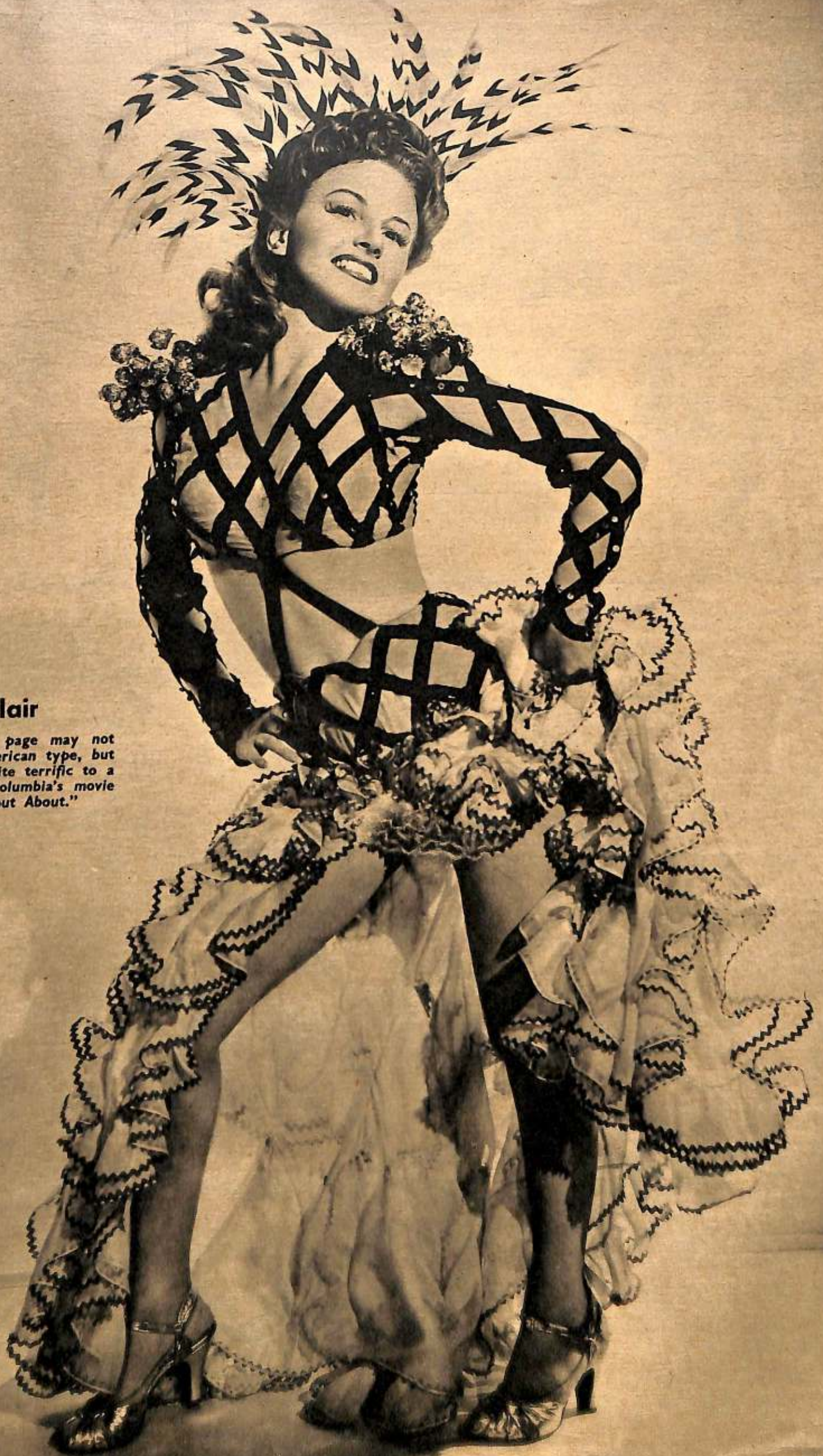
Army is heaving a bunch of rejects. They classified Mickey Rooney as "4-F" because of high blood pressure and heart trouble. . . . Rooney, who has spent the last few days in a strenuous golf tourney, said, "I'm disappointed that I'm not physically fit to become a soldier. . . ."



Ann Corio

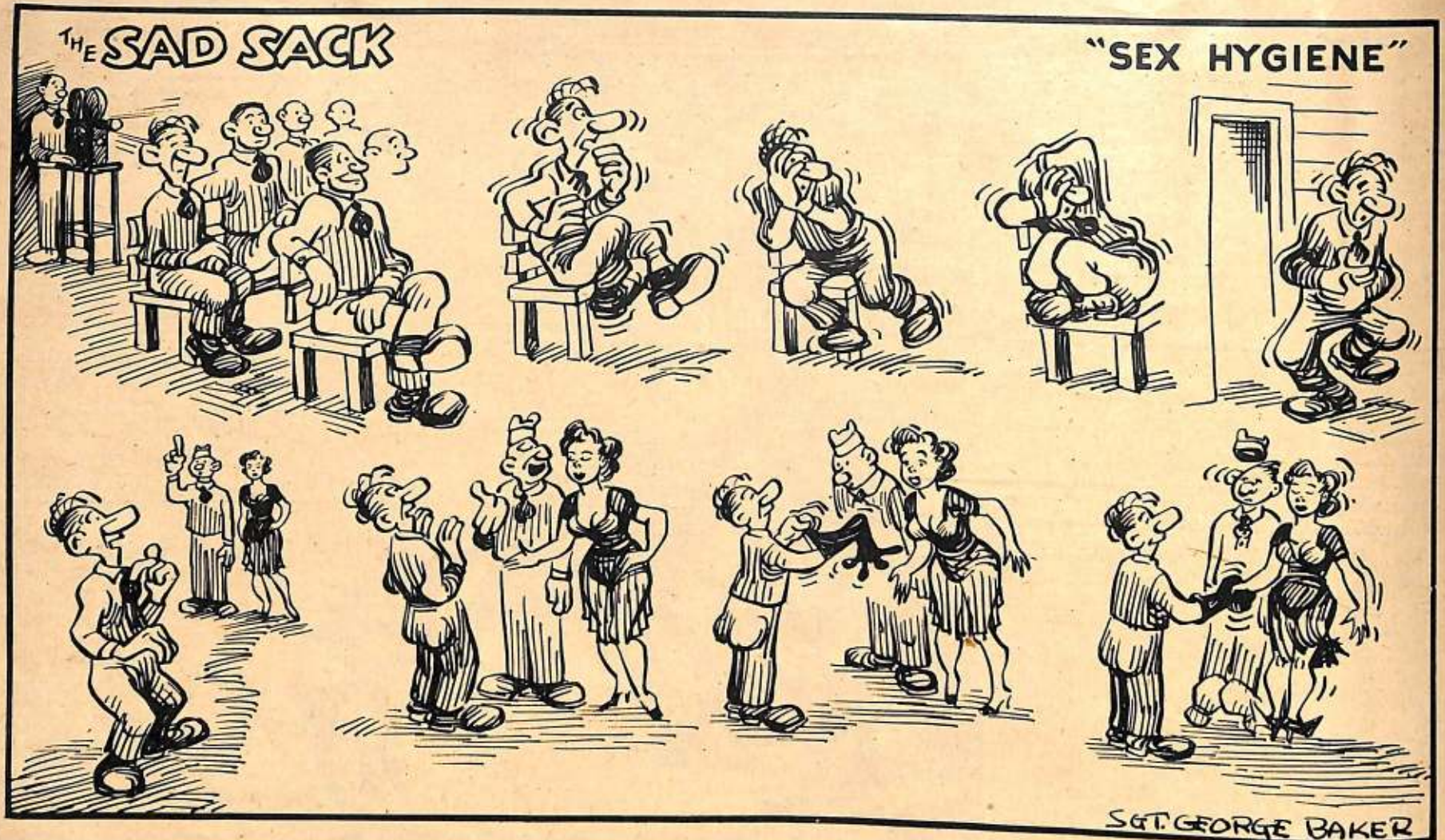
With most of Hollywood's male stars now in the forces, the veterans are booming to the top leads again. Lionel Barrymore, Adolphe Menjou and Cedric Hardwicke, who have usually played in supporting roles, are now going to have films built to fit them. Hollywood is beginning to discover that a character actor can be just as big a box-office asset as any dashing young hero. Groucho Marx plays two Marx brothers in his new CBS series.





## Janet Blair

The attraction on this page may not look like the Latin-American type, but she does something quite terrific to a rumba movement in Columbia's movie "Something to Shout About."



"THINK I seen this pitchur before," Artie Greengroin said. He nudged us. In the half-darkness of the theater we could see him chewing caramels disinterestedly, his mouth moving up and down. "The guy gets the doll, don't he?" "Sure he gets the doll," we said. "Then I seen the pitchur," Artie said. He popped another caramel into his mouth. "He always gets the doll," we said. "Them Hollywood people is in a rut, ain't they?" said Artie.

The soldier behind him, a burly tech sergeant, reached over and tapped his shoulder. "Listen, joik," he said. "You been doing nothing all through this pitchur except talking to your friend here. I didn't come in this theater to hear you talk. I come in to see the pitchur. Shuddap."

Artie shut up, for perhaps thirty seconds. Then he whispered in our ear. "He can't talk that way to a Pfc.," he said.

"Yes, he can," we whispered back. We pointed to our sleeve, then held up five fingers.

"It don't make no difference," Artie said. "Rank makes no difference to ole Artie. All men is equal."

He turned his attention back to the film. For perhaps four minutes he kept his mouth shut, except for the caramel-munching that snapped and cracked like a runaway fire. Finally he leaned toward us.

"Say," he said, pointing toward the picture's hero, who was slipping the mush to the heroine at that moment, "how does that guy keep out of the draft?"

"He's got six kids," we whispered back. "At his age?" Artie asked. "Speedy, ain't he?" "Very," we said.

Artie gobbled another caramel. "You know," he said, "I was reading in the *Star and Stripe* about Mickey Rooney being deferred from the draft because he got heart failure. They made him a 4-F."

"Fancy," we said. Behind us the tech sergeant cleared his throat and stirred threateningly.

"It was a very funny piece in the *Star and Stripe*," Artie said. "I don't read that rag often, but this item jess happened to catch my eye. It said that when they tole this Rooney he had a weak heart he was finishing the second day of a golf tournament."

"Lots of athletes have something the matter with them," we said. "Look at Leo Durocher. He's 4-F, too."

"I seen Rooney in the olden days when he come around Fort Belvoir with his wife," Artie said. "He was hopping around there and he didn't look like no 4-F."

"Appearances are deceiving," we said.

"Yeah," Artie said. "To look at me, you wouldn't of knowed I jess come from the horsepital, would you?"

# Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



## ARTIE IN THE STALLS

"Yes," we said. Artie ignored us. "Maybe they could of made Rooney a company clerk," he said. "Lots of company clerks is sickly." Behind him, the tech sergeant leaned over and tapped him on the shoulder. "In a minute, buddy," the tech sergeant said, "I'm gonna take you outside and mop up Canarsie with you. Shuddap." "O.K.," Artie said, "I was jess talking." He whispered to us: "I'm in a good mood tonight. I'll humor the ole bassar."



"Listen, joik, I come in to see the pitchur. Shuddap."

For some minutes there was silence. Artie had even run out of caramels. At last he nudged us. "You know," he said, "the trouble with this Army is that we got too much entertainment. They's always entertaining us. I'm beginning to feel like a little child whose father brung him a jumping-jack." "We know how you feel," we said.

"Now, when we was civilians," Artie said, "we was capable of finding our own entertainment. If we wanted to go out with the dolls, we went out with the dolls. If we wanted to read books, we read books. But now we got to go and see a lot of corny acts we don't want to go and see. Thass a hell of a way to use the taxpayers' money."

"Are you a taxpayer?" we asked. "A eventual taxpayer," Artie said. "In the future me and the government will probably be seeing a lot of each other, gawdam it."

"You're in a bad mood tonight," we said. "I'm in a very good mood tonight," Artie said.

"You should see me when I'm in a ugly mood. I'm like a moiderer. Nothing can stop me."

The tech sergeant reached over and tapped Artie on the shoulder. "Come on outside, joik," he said.

Artie turned round. "Lissen," he said, "I been trying to see this pitchur for the last twenny minutes and each time I tried to see it you keep interrupting me. Cut it out. And don't go pulling no rank. I'm a Pfc. meself."

The tech sergeant was so stunned by this outburst that he sank back in his chair. "You see," Artie said, turning back to us, "they's no rank in this Army. No rank at all. Now, where was I?"

"You were talking about income tax," we said. "Oh, yeah," Artie said. "That. Well, thass a sore subject with me. Less talk about something else. This doll in the pitchur is a darb, ain't she?"

"Yes," we said. "You know what I'd like to do with her?" Artie said.

"Yes," we said. "Oh," Artie said, slightly crestfallen. "It's a sort of a general emotion, ain't it?"

We nodded. "So this guy with six kids gets the doll, huh?" Artie said. "Thass Hollywood all over, ain't it? Why don't some nice, upstanding soldier get her? Wass the matter with that?"

For the fourth time the tech sergeant reached forward and tapped Artie's shoulder. But this time Artie didn't wait for the sergeant to open his mouth. He leaped to his feet. "It's no use," he said. "No use at all. I come into the theater to see a pitchur and this baboon keeps pulling his rank on me and making noises. I ain't going to stand for it. Come on, less go over to a pubs and lift a lager."

And with that Artie swept out of the theater. Just in time, it seemed to us.

# a KISS from HEDY LAMARR



He gulped twice and glanced at his well-pressed uniform. Then he walked directly to her.

"Let us dance," he said, bowing gracefully.

Miss Lamarr did not reply. She simply smiled and slipped into his arms. Before the first dance ended, Pvt. Benton was well aware that the eyes of every man at the party were fixed on him and his glamorous partner.

"You must have keeled many Japanese, you brave soldier," Miss Lamarr said, squeezing his arm admiringly.

"Only a few score," he answered modestly. He whirled her around three times without stumbling. This was something he had never been able to maneuver before.

When the music ended, he and Miss Lamarr applauded vigorously. She smiled at him again. "You are from Mezuree," she said. "I will feex a surprise for you."

She handed him the tube of lipstick which she had been holding in her hand and went to the orchestra leader to whisper something in his ear. Pvt. Benton saw the leader glance at him as he placed the lipstick in his shirt pocket. And then the musician grinned and lifted his baton again.

By the time Miss Lamarr was back in Pvt. Benton's arms, the orchestra was already playing "Missouri Waltz," and before they had danced four steps she was calling him Paulie and he was calling her Hedy.

As they whirled about the dance floor, Hedy whispered, "I shall now kees you—hard," and she did, leaving a thick smudge on his mouth when she finished. The manufacturer was wrong; the lipstick left a definite smear.

But Pvt. Benton scarcely noticed. He was, for the first time, realizing the possibilities of a kiss. The two times he had kissed Anastasia it had been slightly less exciting than smelling a new carnation.

This kiss was different. Pvt. Benton was very warm, and he danced faster and faster, whirling Miss Lamarr around and around as the music increased in tempo. They had just completed a triple turn without stopping when the bell began ringing.

Pvt. Benton danced toward the spot from which the sound was coming, but as he reached to stop the noise, he felt instead the alarm clock beside his bunk, the one that every evening he set for 5:15 A.M., 15 minutes before reveille. That was so that he would be able to reach the latrine before anyone else awakened. Otherwise he would never have been able to shave.

He turned off the alarm and was lacing his second shoe when he moistened his lips with his tongue. He tasted a sweetish smudge all over his mouth, and bent hurriedly to wipe it on the sheet. It left, he saw, a thick black-red smudge. Pvt. Benton pinched himself and closed his eyes for a moment before glancing at his foot locker.

On top was his only clean uniform, badly mused. Then he looked nervously at the picture. Miss Lamarr was still there all right, still smiling and still wearing the brief white dress.

Pvt. Benton's hand trembled as he reached into his shirt pocket, but the small object inside was no surprise. It was a bright silver tube of lipstick with the initials H.L. in blue on one side. He put the tube back into his shirt pocket, glanced once more at the picture and winked broadly back. Then he picked up his shaving equipment, soap and towel and hurried toward the latrine, humming "Missouri Waltz" as he went.

A corporal was shaving in front of the only mirror, but Pvt. Benton pushed him impatiently aside.

"Get the hell out of the way," he shouted, and the corporal did.

In a very few weeks Pvt. Benton was a first sergeant.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER

**B**EFORE Pvt. Paul Benton received his personal greeting from President Roosevelt, he managed a tiny flower shop in Ringpoo, Mo., had never been separated from his mother more than 24 hours at a time, and had not been in any city larger than St. Louis. He was engaged to marry a young woman whose first name was Anastasia.

After a year and six months in the Army, Pvt. Benton was even milder than before. He took orders from privates and corporals without protest. He had had more days of KP than all the rest of his company combined. He had cleaned the latrine so often he knew its details as well as the growing habits of the petunia.

For 11 months now, Pvt. Benton had been stationed on a tiny island in the South Pacific, and for 323 days, 2,308 hours and 57 minutes he had tended a 5-inch AA gun without an error. He named the weapon *Anastasia* and treated it as gently as a freshly picked bunch of violets. He had loaded the gun, unloaded it, cleaned it, polished it, caressed it—done everything, in fact, except fire it. There were no Japanese on this particular island.

Pvt. Benton hummed as he worked, and he did his job well. It was not until 3:57 on this particular afternoon that the lieutenant was able to find a fault. There was, the lieutenant pointed out, a speck of coral dust in the barrel of the gun. He shouted at Pvt. Benton and mentioned KP ominously.

The lieutenant did not know, of course, that only a few hours before Pvt. Benton had received a letter from Anastasia announcing that she was to marry a sergeant who formerly ran a saloon in Ringpoo. "I shall always remember you as a friend," she wrote, to which Pvt. Benton profanely replied, under his breath, "Oh fiddlesticks!"

He had not been so unhappy since his lilies of the valley failed to place at the Osage County Fair, and as he attempted to remove the speck of coral from *Anastasia's* barrel, two large tears dropped from his eyes and splashed onto the ground.

That evening, immediately after chow, Pvt. Benton went to his foot locker, removed the picture of Anastasia from the lid where it was pasted and inserted in its place a large, brilliantly colored photograph of Miss Hedy Lamarr which he had clipped from the New York *Sunday Mirror*.

Hedy whispered, "I shall now kees you—hard," and she did, leaving a thick smudge on his mouth.

The photograph showed Miss Lamarr in a very brief white evening dress, her mouth heavily lacquered with red-black lipstick, her right eye looking as if she were about to wink at Pvt. Benton.

In her hand she held a tube of lipstick; the picture was advertising a well-known cosmetic that, the manufacturer claimed, would not smear when involved in a kiss. The tube was of bright silver with the initials H. L. in blue on one side.

In the background of the picture was a large orchestra, and there were several young men and women, also in evening dress, dancing about Hedy. It was obvious that she was at a party, waiting for some one to ask her to dance. As Pvt. Benton tore Anastasia's pictures into tiny bits, he reflected that Miss Lamarr would not step on her partner's toes as Anastasia invariably did.

Pvt. Benton was trying to imagine what it would be like to dance with Miss Lamarr when the orchestra leader in the picture lifted his baton. Miss Lamarr gave her mouth an extra daub with the tube of lipstick and winked at Pvt. Benton.

**YANK  
FICTION**



## 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.

### TO SOME OF THE BOYS I KNEW

To you who flew so gallantly  
We bow our heads in memory  
And know at last that you are free  
from earthly care.

And so we're copying your style,  
Laughing at each weary mile  
In hopes that you'll look down and  
smile  
from home up there.

### OFFICER OF THE DAY

So I'm O. D.—Boy what a job,  
My duties are untold;  
I shall relate my troubles now,  
my tale of woe unfold.

First nonchalant and quite blasé  
a flyer makes the gate,  
"You see," says he, "I'm all alone  
and looking for a date;

Fix me up—a little girl  
with eyes of baby blue.  
Sometime when you're not O. D.  
I'll do the same for you."

Another man with peppy steps  
approaches from afar  
The coast artilleries hit the deck  
and says he's up to par.

"I like 'em tall and dark and slim  
with teeth of pearly white,  
Heaven help the army nurse  
Artilleries out to-night."

I fix each one up as they come  
in person or by phone  
And out they go to dance or show  
but I must stay at home.

At twelve o'clock with light in  
hand  
I check each girlie in;  
I chase the boys and stop the noise;  
The O. D. just can't win.

### A PRAYER

Dear God—Please give me peace  
of mind,  
And in my work please let me find  
some kind of consolation.  
I guess I've put up quite a bluff,  
I really thought I had the stuff  
to help them save our nation.  
But now I find that I was blind  
To all those things I left behind;  
And fully understand  
Without Your help I cannot do  
The many things they want me  
to—  
I need your helping hand.



## The Poems of an Army Nurse

THIS week in POET'S CORNERED we are, for the first time, giving one writer all our space. What's more, the writer is an officer and officers are not usually allowed to contribute to this paper. But this officer is a girl, an army nurse in Australia and she couldn't be out there doing her job without the formality of bars. We feel the exception is justified, and hope you'll agree. Her name is 2nd Lt. Elizabeth Itzen, and she comes from Wycoff, N. J.

### THE WHOLE DARN INFANTRY

"Good bye," he said, "And thank  
you nurse,  
This has all been swell;  
But now that I am well again  
They'll send me back to hell."

He handed me an old grass skirt  
That he had highly prized.  
"I know you had your eye on this,  
It's a gift from all us guys."

"We're going back to mud knee deep  
And cooties in our hair,  
And any souvenir like that  
Would never help us there.

"I hope you'll say a prayer or two  
Not for only me,  
But ask the Lord to look out for  
The whole darn Infantry."

He turned and swiftly strode away  
To join the other guys,  
But not before I saw the tears  
That welled up in his eyes.

I held the skirt in one limp hand  
And watched him out of sight,  
And thought of what a kid he was  
And how that kid would fight.

So now each night I kneel to pray  
And say "God just for me,  
Please look out for my patient  
And the whole darn Infantry."

### PERSONAL REPORT

My life consists of bullie beef,  
Soggy clothes and wiggly teeth,  
Gun shot wounds and jungle rot  
and days that are so bloomin' hot  
That even hell compared to this  
would seem a simple life of bliss.

### ONE DAY WITH A GOLD BRICK

I starch my cap and shine my  
shoes,  
Then off to work I go,  
Across the red dust cow lane  
Where the hot winds always blow.

My tents are lined up in a row  
With painted little signs  
Telling what I'll find within  
The heavy canvas blinds.

My patients lounge about the place  
Cracking jokes and such,  
And doing little odds and ends  
But never very much.

The sun grows hotter than a fire,  
We sweat and talk some more,  
And cuss the guy right inside out  
Who started up the war.

Five o'clock rolls slowly round  
And so its time for chow;  
The chow hounds get their mess  
kits out,  
And exit with a bow.

And now the sun sinks slowly  
Like a ball of angry red;  
A cool breeze springs from no-  
where  
And so it's time for bed.

I go around and check each bed  
With only half a will  
To see how many angels  
Took off—over the hill.

And so my day's completed,  
And I will stroll once more  
Back across the cow lane  
Into the hen house door.

### JUST THINKING

Parked alone on my army trunk  
—the girls all have a date—  
I shut my eyes and make believe  
I'm in New Jersey State.  
My trunk becomes a rocking chair,  
the lights are soft and low;  
There's a fire in the fireplace  
with ashes all aglow.  
Mother's baking layer cake  
the fragrance fills the air,  
And Dad is reading politics  
and of the county fair.  
A roaring noise zooms overhead,  
I wake up with a start  
And return to earth and war again  
with memories in my heart.

## Mail Call



Dear YANK:

There's no place where your weekly news is more highly appreciated than by the New Guinea forces. I have spent the past six months in New Guinea so this isn't latrine rumor. I noticed an article sometime ago, "Good News for Chow Hounds," explaining dehydrated food such as potatoes, meat and things. That's really a super idea but there should be a law prohibiting any newspaper from exaggerating the issue. A dehydrated spud taste more like pine needles than potatoes, and dehydrated sheep tastes like a flock of sheep smells.

—L. CISSON, AEF

Australia

Dear YANK:

Just finished reading the sport page where you wanted the soldiers' opinion on whether baseball should be abolished for the duration or not. Well, I am just like the other boys. The war comes first with me and if ball players are needed, then I say put them in uniform. But I don't think we should give up our best of all sports unless it is really necessary. My idea is that baseball, and what it stands for, is one of the things we are fighting for. So let's keep our good old national pastime, for the present at least.

—Sgt. LOREN R. HENDRYX

Camp Claiborne, La.

Dear YANK:

There's no comparison between Labrador and Greenland. Having been in both of these far-flung "resorts" on G.I. service, I feel qualified to make the following statement: If I had to choose one of the two for further duty, I'd flip a coin. If said coin falls on head or tails, to Labrador I'd go; if the coin stands on edge I'd take Greenland. Get the general idea?

—O/C J. E. MADDOX

Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

Dear YANK:

You're cutting off the best part of your paper when you leave out the cartoon page. The music idea is OK but not good enough to replace the part that is read first and forgotten last.

—Pfc. THURSTON

Camp Ritchie, Md.

■ We'll always try to have a page of cartoons somewhere in the book.

Dear YANK:

Received my second copy of YANK and am not satisfied with it. Take out for two copies and remit the rest of my subscription money.

—Pvt. VERDE C. DOLLARHIDE

Fort Douglas, Utah

Dear YANK:

No doubt the meeting between President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill deserves every acclaim, but what do you think of this? Today in my ward, there took place a meeting between Jesus Christ, George Washington, Roosevelt, and General Hayes. There were no weighty problems discussed and it was a pleasant meeting throughout. I was an innocent bystander.

—BERYL HARRIS, ANC

Station Hospital, New Orleans, La.

Dear YANK:

Your publication of the poem "Does Victory Depend on Me" by a limited-service MP was read, enjoyed, and clipped by this YANK reader—a "LS-MP." YANK is good—hits the spot with all the fellows in my outfit.

—Pvt. HARVEY R. JOHNSON

Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

Dear YANK:

The undersigned, a couple of self-respecting military policemen, have borne with ill-disguised disgust the fact that you are so short-sighted and limited in vision that you are unable to find any material for your appeals to 9-year-old IQs except ridicule and calumny for that noble, self-respecting, God-fearing, brave, clean, efficient, and patient epitome of what the ideal soldier should be—the Zone of the Interior Military Police. Contrary to popular opinion, we fight. And when Joe Dope conducts himself in a manner that would cause a sober engineer to rip him limb from limb, we put a comforting arm around the poor sinner, sober him up at the expense of our own valuable uniform and return him to his unit.

—T/Sgt. DWIGHT H. NETZLY,  
S/Sgt. JAMES H. GEORGE JR.

Camp Gordon, Ga.

Dear YANK:

I am on an island somewhere in the Pacific. The place is gorgeous and the natives are very friendly. I haven't seen a white woman in 11 months and by the time you get this letter it will be much more. We get movies once a week and then in different sections of the island. There are hula dances once in a while and also singing. Some of the boys have taught the native girls the American style dancing. Some of the nights the native men play guitars and sing while we dance with the natives. Reading YANK we find out how soldiers are getting along on other islands. I'm surprised nobody from here has written yet.

—Sgt. ROBERT GOETZ

Pacific

Dear YANK:

Maybe YANK can set the guys straight that have the idea the Quartermaster Corps is the WPA of the Army. For almost three years I been givin' my all for Uncle Sam and what do I get? Stuff like, "Yah, goldbrick. A day's work would kill ya." Who do them Infantry guys think they are? Anybody can walk around with a gun on his shoulder and do a right and left face. All the time I am worrying about the shoes they're wearin' out. Some of them guys think I'm the chaplain too. Five minutes after one of 'em has called me a lot of names which ain't nice and explained in detail just how much work I don't do, he is crying on my shoulder. "Good Buddy," he says, "I gotta have shoes as my supply of cardboard is runnin' low. All my socks are worn out and I tore my only good pants. The CO will sure gig me at inspection. Be a pal, will ya?" So as I wipe away my tears I tell 'im, "Okay, send down your supply sergeant and I'll issue to 'im." Always I'm bein' kind to these guys. I figger I saved 'im from gettin' gigged and am just about to mention this fact when he says, "Hello, you yet?"

APO 983

—5/Sgt. FRANK G. STOKES

Dear YANK:

You have a very fine paper and we all read it, but if you continue to drift as you are you might as well change the name to "Gripe." Every page is covered with poor Johnnie's story that he has not seen a woman for four months, the beer is warm, the drinks are not so good, or the local women are not like his home-town gal. Every soldier has his troubles but it is damn certain that no one else wants to read about them. Publish your stories and pictures, and let the chronic griper see his chaplain.

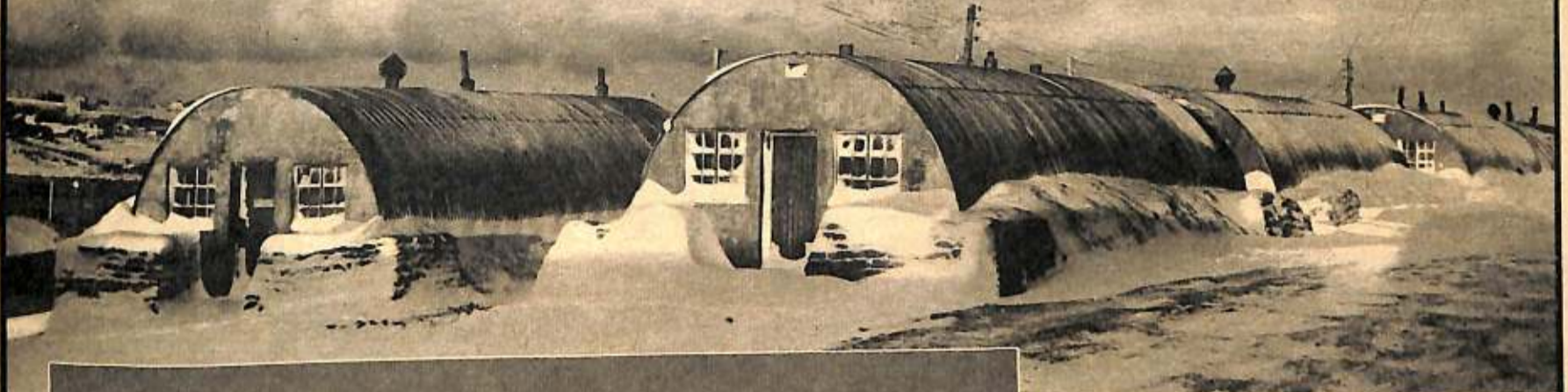
Alaska

—T/Sgt. DON C. JENSEN

Editorial Page

# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



## The Legions Which Serve In Hell: A Tribute . . . . .

**W**E could furnish you upon request with the exact location of hell itself, were it not for the fact that it comprises military information, this being war. And were it not for the fact that the Germans, not without some irony, would like to be there in our snowshoes.

Hell is spread over a wide area, and it gives us pleasure to be able to report for the first time that it is not where you think it is and that the climatic conditions there are not what you think they are, either. Hell has frozen very solidly over.

(It is quite naturally populated almost exclusively by soldiers.)

We are speaking of Hell Proper, as it were, the capital of a vast colonial empire, whose dominions and outposts extend even unto New Guinea and Tunisia and other rugged, lonely, ill-begotten places where men fight. But our hell is the capital, the father of them all, the epicenter and the core.

Our hell hath the fury of loneliness and the Arctic winds, a land of long nights and brutal cold, of some summer, but with it the maddening spectacle of suns that never set and days that never end.

Our hell hath no women, on the one hand, and none of the enemy on the other, and that is above all what makes it hell.

To those who struggle through sickness and sickening heat in New Guinea is given the solemn right of killing Japs. And to those who, with banners waving on their tanks, go out into the long valleys of Tunisia is given the solemn right of killing Germans. In our hell, that privilege is denied.

Those in our hell haven't, some of them, seen a woman for more than a year.

There are several precincts in our hell. The first is Alaska, and that goes without saying; the Army's got publicity men in Alaska.

The second is Labrador. The Army hasn't got any publicity men in Labrador, and unless you've been there you don't know the story.

Labrador is right next door to New York, if you have got an airplane. However, airplanes have not yet become G.I. issue to every Tom, Dick and Harry, and Labrador is 8,347,899 miles away from New York. When you are in Labrador, you do some work for an allotted number of hours every day, and then you try to forget you are in Labrador. This is known over there

as going labby-dabby, and it is not pleasant.

Labrador is a land of vast forests springing up out of a wilderness of bog. In the winter, which is most of the time, the bog freezes and so do you. In summer, the bog unfreezes and there is mud, the flies come up out of the mud, and the greatest diversion against going labby-dabby is slapping flies.

**T**he greatest other diversion against going labby-dabby is reading. The population of Labrador is becoming very literate. You can also go to movies when there are movies. About the only other things you can do are to get yourself a husky dog and tramp around the forests with it, go hunting, break your neck on showshoes or play poker, which is a very popular pastime.

Labrador is bitter. You feel that if you don't see a woman soon you are going crazy, and you never see a woman, but nobody, when we were there last, had gone crazy, which is a remarkable record.

That is only the beginning of hell, a mere oasis on the outskirts of the place. It really begins to get rugged about a thousand miles away on an island known as Greenland. Greenland is an island which narrowly missed being a continent. It is four-fifths ice and one-fifth rock. It is called Greenland, because there was a Viking named Jack Benny who had a sense of humor.

There are some Eskimo women in Greenland, but at the main bases it is very *verboten* for soldiers to see them. Therefore, the soldiers at the main bases never see a woman, except in the movies. This is not much help.

There are some beautiful things in Greenland, but they are not much help, either.

There are the northern lights flashing across the Arctic sky by night, and the sharp metallic brilliance of skies. And there are the incredibly blue fiords, and the dying icebergs which turn the color of the sky and absorb the radiant colors of the water.

But there also are the eternal nights through winter and the same faces day after day and the few miles in the valley which imprison you and the never-ending sense of frustration at what seems your own impotence. And the unchecked envy of the men fighting all over the world while you sit in a land of darkness and cold and unspeakable loneliness, never knowing for how long.

**T**his is really the hell, and these men the legion of it, and when it comes to giving out ribbons for service, valorous service, we nominate them every one for the Congressional Medal.

And again, hundreds of miles eastward, when the winds race down from the Arctic across the brown, barren face of Iceland, when you haven't had leave to go to that *one town* for weeks—at such times they claim, some of them, that Iceland too, is on the fringes of this Arctic hell. But this is a matter for considerable debate. At least, the men *see* women every once in a while if nothing else.

Now, the real center of hell is Greenland, and its nearest suburb is Labrador. There's the toughest detail of the war, where a man can't even have the excitement of trying to get killed.

But the worst of it is that in the outside world, they are forgotten. Men can endure such hardships on one condition, and that condition is that the world knows of it. It was not easy, but it was much easier, on the Byrd expedition. The world knew of their hardships and cared. In Greenland, they haven't even had that.

After the last shot is fired, there should be at least one monument erected to them, and we think we know what it should be. They are talking these days about what we will do with Adolf after it is all over. Now, we know a certain base in Greenland, surrounded by granite walls, and topped by an ice cap. The nights are long, and the wind plays Wagner all night long. It is bitter and cold. We can think of no more fitting monument than that of Adolf Hitler, himself and in person, alone and apart, being presented with an Army barracks all to himself and just sitting there alone, thinking in the Arctic moonlight, till hell melts into the Atlantic Ocean. That would be fitting, classically apropos, until somebody finds the Arctic Styx for an Arctic Elba.

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**Hollywood's high-priced movie experts are now marching to work in privates' and corporals' uniforms, making a new kind of pictures for the Army.**

By Sgt. **BILL DAVIDSON**  
YANK Staff Writer

**H**OLLYWOOD—In a matter of three or four months, the movies will be coming to the fighting zones. This does not mean that Veronica Lake will be functioning as an auxiliary heater in the Nissen huts of Alaska, or that Abbott and Costello will be dangling by their tails from the palm trees of North Africa. It does mean that the Army itself will provide film entertainment and education for U.S. troops everywhere.

Films in the front lines are nothing new. The Germans and the Russians have been doing it for a long time. In Stalingrad, for instance, a movie was shown to the Soviet defenders, explaining that their reserves had been sent to the more vital Voronezh front, and that the entire free world was counting on them to hold on. Because



# THEY FIGHT WITH FILM



they knew *why* their reserves had been withdrawn, they fought all the harder.

Now the U.S., too, is beginning to divert the great weight of its motion picture industry into G.I. channels. A crack Army film production unit of officers and soldiers now is producing movies exclusively for the Army. Special Service companies attached to every theater of operations already have 16-mm equipment to show these films.

### A Typical G.I. Film Program

Based on present schedules, this will be a typical G.I. program:

1) A complete and up-to-date news reel containing more complete material than the civilian news reels at home.

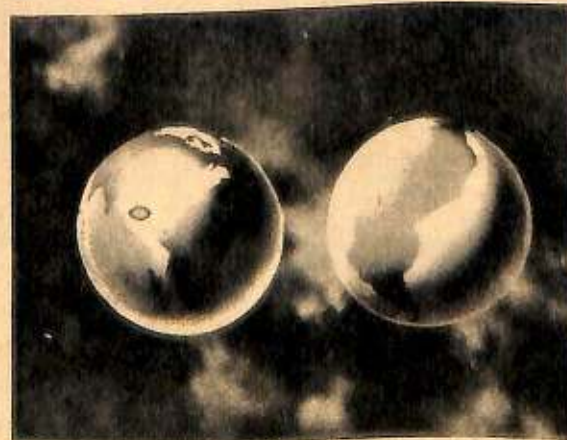
2) A G.I. animated cartoon, "Private Snafu," who is always getting into Donald Duckish complications by forgetting things he is supposed to remember. He even falls into latrines.

3) The story of the American naval victory in the Solomons, told with animated maps and exclusive Navy films.

4) A screen dramatization of the M1 rifle, taken from an article in YANK.

5) A feature film, "Prelude to War," first in a series called "Why We Fight." In this film, Walter Huston, who is the narrator, says, "Why do we fight? What put us into uniform?" Then on the screen, a map of the world splits off into two worlds. One is light, the other dark. Underneath, the following words appear: "This is a fight between a free and a slave world.—Vice President Henry A. Wallace, New York, May 8, 1942." The film shows how in the tortured 1930s these two worlds split apart: our world—the free, and the Axis world—the slave. It shows the invasion of Manchuria, Mussolini's march on Rome, the ascendancy of Hitler, the destruction of the church, murder, assassination, purge, the regimentation of little children.

These films are the job of an outfit in Hollywood known as the Film Branch, Special Service Division. It is one of the strangest, most complex outfits in the Army. Its personnel, most of whom are attached to the 834th Signal Company at Fort MacArthur, include some of the best technical brains of Hollywood, now in uniform. There are no movie stars here, no glamor. Just writers and directors; hard-working cameramen, cutters and electricians—now listed as privates, corporals and sergeants. They were the unpublicized backbone of the film industry. And in G.I. camera crews all over the world, they are fast becoming the backbone of the Army's orientation program. Their job, as Gen. Marshall himself explained it, "is to acquaint members of the Army with the principles for which we are fighting." Their job, as their own commanding officer, Lt. Col. Frank Capra, explained it, "is to fight the enemy with cameras as well as guns—to help win the victory



"Prelude to War" shows a map of the earth split into two worlds—dark and white, "slave and free."

An officer checks map in front of sketches of animated maps to be used in the filming of "Battle for Russia."

of the mind, as well as the victory of the battlefield." Helping them are Hollywood's best civilian writers, directors and producers who work nights for free whenever their services are needed.

They have taken the siesta out of the old orientation lecture, given it the magic of Hollywood.

The first film, "Prelude to War," recently was released experimentally. It was shown to a few high-ranking civilians, and to a few typical Army units. After the civilians saw the film, movie magnates begged the War Department to allow the picture to be shown to the public.

One of the Army units chosen for audition was an Infantry outfit at Fort McClellan, Ala. The men of this outfit marched into the post theater prepared for another orientation lecture on some phase of the war. Some of them, from long practice, fell asleep in their seats before the theater filled. Instead of a lecture, the men saw "Prelude to War." When it was over, they were awake—and applauding.

"Prelude to War" is only one of several dozen films now approaching completion at the studios of the Army's own Film Division. "Prelude" itself is the first in a series, the titles of which have been tentatively listed as:

- Prelude to War
- The Fall of Scandinavia, the Low Countries and France
- The Nazi Strike
- The Battle of Britain
- The Battle of Russia
- The Battle of China
- America at War.

These films involve a complicated editing job. The script of each picture is written by Army

Enlisted men of the film detachment drill on a Hollywood lot. They can use guns as well as cameras.

T/Sgt. Kurt Herrfeld and T/Sgt. Jack Milner, old hands in the movie industry, work in cutting rooms.

Lt. William Barnes, detachment commander, points out G.I. details in sketches of cartoon "Pvt. Snafu."

men who once were among Hollywood's highest-priced and most intelligent writers, but they get no individual credits, no publicity in the gossip columns, no interviews in the papers. Then comes the job of getting the proper motion pictures to illustrate the script. Some are historic news-reel clips. Some are hitherto secret captured enemy films. Some are animations made at the Walt Disney studios. Some are production shots, made on location. Some are battle scenes taken by the Film Division's camera crews, or the Navy's expert cameramen anywhere in the world.

Col. Capra and his crew of 25 enlisted-men cutters (who have had an average of 11 years in the cutting room of the major studios) splice and edit the great mass of material until it is precision perfect. It must be precision perfect. They are editing history.

### Films Portray Allies and Enemies

Second in the list of projects almost completed are two sister series called "Know Your Enemy" and "Know Your Allies." Here, in one film devoted to each, the German, Japanese, Italian, British, Russian, French and Chinese soldiers are taken apart and examined minutely. One little Army production group (writer, director, cameraman, etc.) is assigned to each film.

Here is Hollywood ingenuity at its finest. This is strictly a production job. Each G.I. director is free to use all the tricks at his command. He does. Also he is free to enlist the best of Hollywood civilian talent to assist him anonymously. Thus,

don't be surprised if you think you hear the voice of Charles Boyer narrating the French film, or see Greer Garson in the British. It will be their voices, but they ask no credit, and get none, for helping to win the war.

### A Screen Version of YANK

There is another series under way, known tentatively as "The Screen Magazine." A new issue of Screen Magazine will be released bi-monthly, and will contain two reels of varied G.I. short subjects. It will, frankly, be a screen version of YANK. You will see motion-picture presentations of important YANK features, in addition to exclusive features and interviews which the wandering Screen Magazine camera crews will pick up all over the world. Regular features of the Screen Magazine will be the cartoon, "Private Snafu," and an analysis of the fighting in the war. In short, it will be to YANK what "March of Time" movie short is to Time magazine.

Other individual pictures, worked on independently, round out the present operating schedule of the Army's own Film Division. Typical of these is a full-length feature about officer candidate schools, supervised by Capt. Paul Horgan, the novelist, and directed by two Hollywood directors, Bill Clemens and Ralph Murphy.

Last July, Capt. Horgan was generally minding his business and functioning as a civilian instructor at New Mexico Military Institute. Then he received a message asking him to pay a visit to the War Department in Washington. "Horgan,"

said Col. Edward L. Munson Jr. of the Special Service Division, "you've had a lot of experience with military education. We'd like you to write us a script for a picture on the Army's OCS system." So Horgan made a swing around the country, visiting all the candidate schools and doing research. Now he's finishing the monumental task, working like mad with two camera crews. When the picture is completed, the Army will dispatch him to duty as an Infantry officer, somewhere in the world.

That's the way the unit works.

Men come and men go. Permanently at the top are Col. Capra, assisted by Maj. Sam Briskin, former general manager of Columbia Studios, as production manager. Less than half of the unit is in Hollywood at any given time. You will find the others wherever there are Army pictures to be made. Maj. Anatole Litvak, for instance, is working under fire! with a crew of enlisted men in North Africa right now.

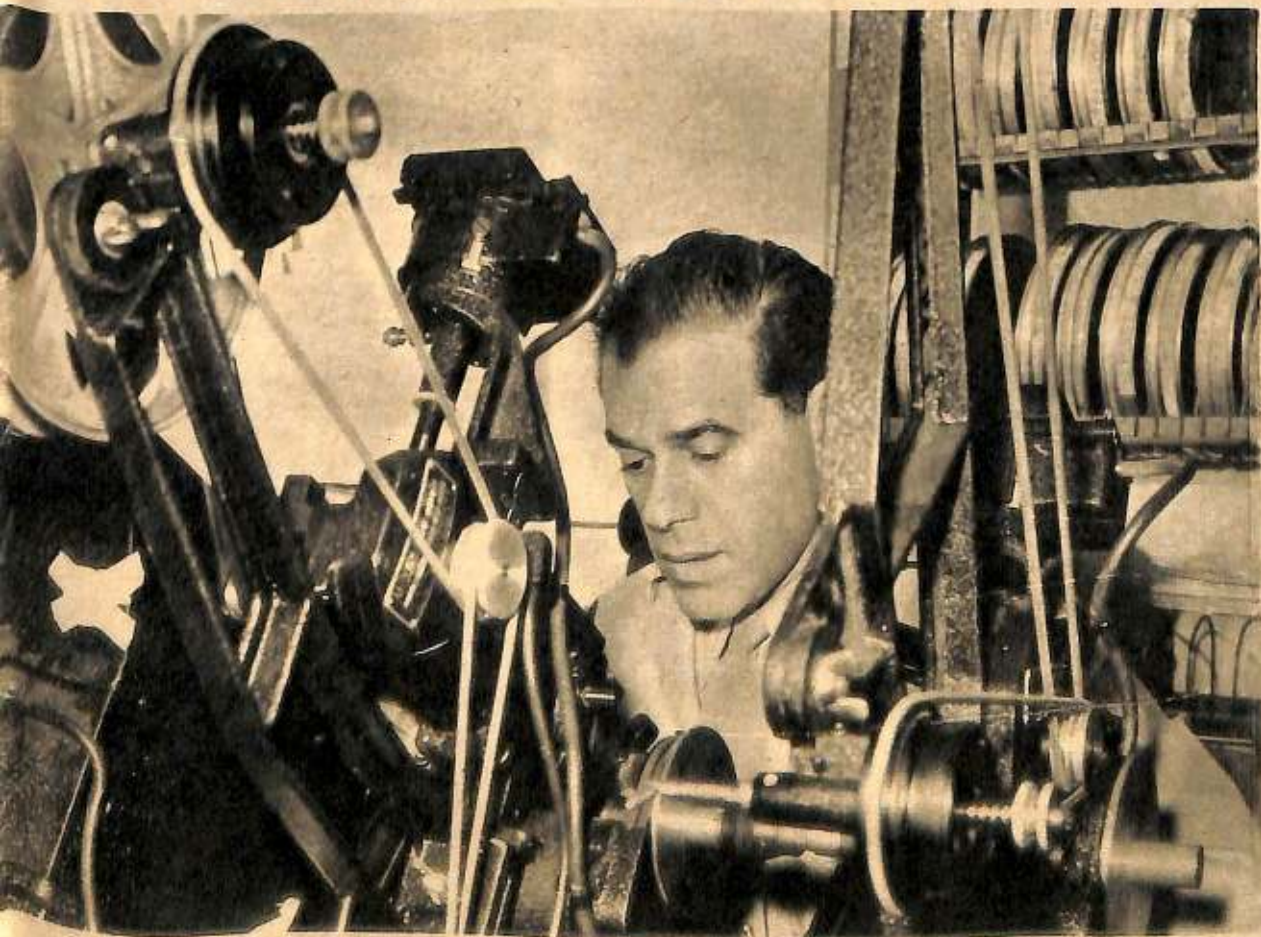
Lt. Col. Warren J. Clear was attached here for a while. He was on Gen. MacArthur's staff and escaped from Corregidor in a submarine, surviving the bloody days of Bataan. Col. Herman Beukema, the great military historian from West Point, was here. So was Maj. Francis Arnoldy, who fought through several campaigns with the French, Russian and American Armies. He was technical advisor on the Russian films. Col. William Mayer, who worked for three years with the Chinese government in bomb-blasted Chungking, assisted on Chinese features.

The enlisted men are old-time Hollywood technicians who were specifically asked to enlist for this job. Most of them are well over 35 and have been working with the studio for years. Some are veterans of the last war, like 45-year-old Sgt. Cecil Axmear, an electrician; or T/Sgt. Jack Ogilvie, who is 44 and works as a cutter; or 45-year-old sound cutter T/Sgt. Charles Gifford, whose oldest son is in the Pacific with the Navy.

### Carry Rifles With Their Cameras

They know their job, which is 1) making motion pictures and 2) fighting. When they go out into the field, they carry full field packs and rifles along with their cameras. When they are in Hollywood, they pull guard duty every five days in addition to their regular work. Three days a week they drill—in the strange setting of a Hollywood lot. They are learning their fighting from experts—Lt. William Barnes, who spent 16 years in the Army as an enlisted man; T/Sgt. Henry Fritsch, the acting first sergeant and head of the research library, who put in several hitches in the National Guard; and M/Sgt. Chester Sticht, a former producer, who served in the Australian Army. They report to their cutting rooms and vaults at 8 A. M., and work sometimes until midnight. Cpl. Cuffe tinkers with his smooth-humming projector, and he knows he is helping to win the victory of the mind. Sgt. McAdam bends over his moviola, and he knows that here Hollywood, stripped of its glamor, is doing its appointed war task.

"We lost the peace the last time," says Col. Capra, a sergeant in the first World War, "because the men of the armed forces were uninformed about what they went to war for—and the nature and type of the enemy they were fighting. None of us here thinks that is going to happen again."



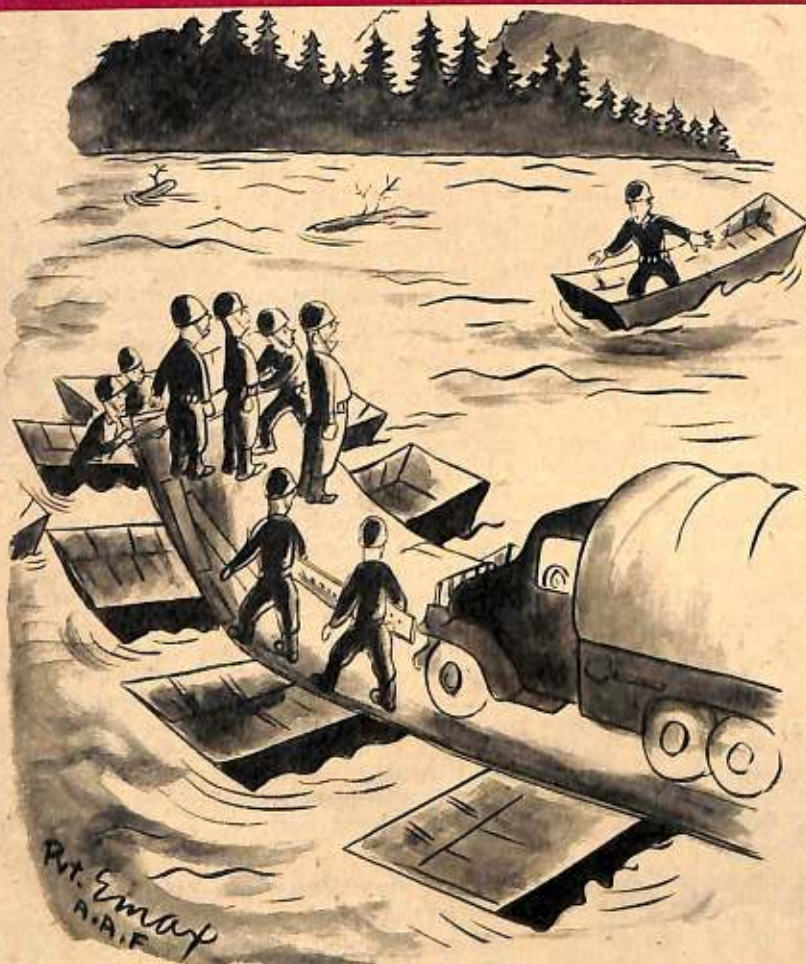
Lt. Col. Frank Capra, commanding officer of the special Service Division's Film Branch, cuts some Army film with a moviola. Col. Capra, a sergeant in the last war, gained fame as a movie director in Hollywood.

Holl  
exp  
wo  
uni

Set  
Pearson  
in  
AUSTRALIA



"I HOPE YOU'RE NOT COMING INSIDE WITH A MUG FULL OF CHAWIN' TOBACCO LIKE YESTERDAY."



Pvt. Wilensky, bring that ponton back here at once."

Pvt. Emay  
A.I.F.

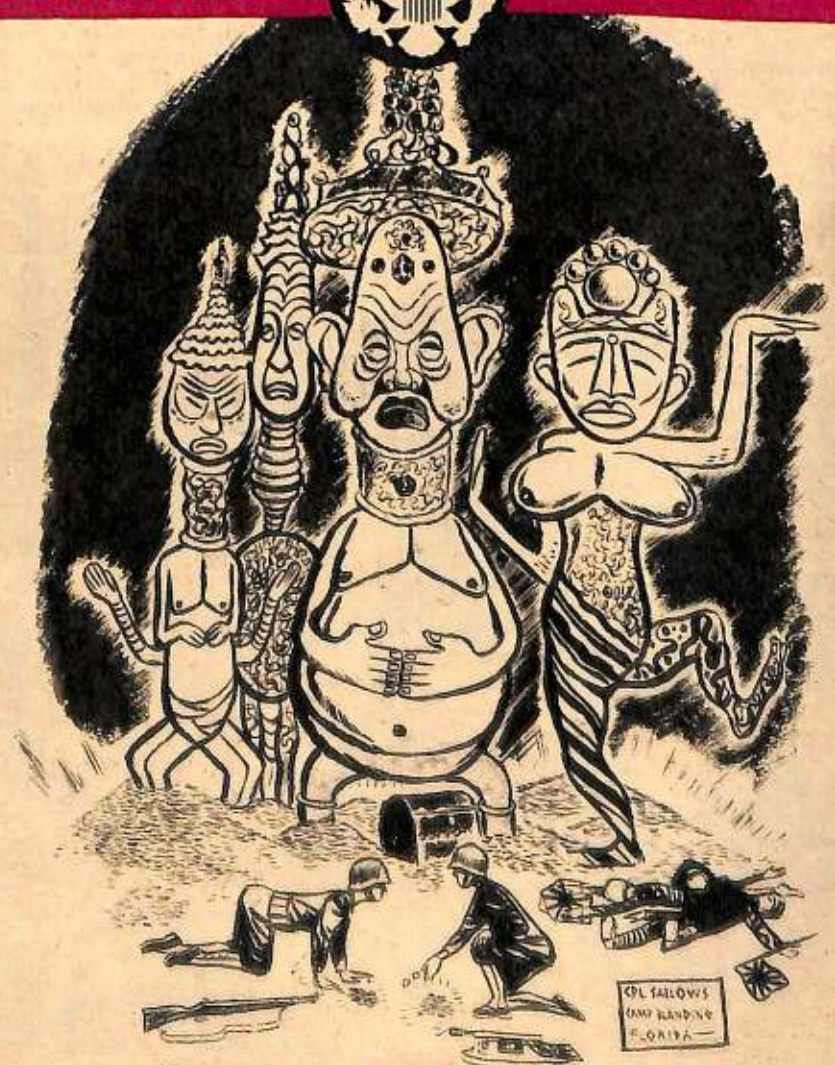


"SERGEANT, MAY I ACQUIRE YOUR CORPORAL'S STRIPES FOR MY HOPE CHEST?"

Pvt. Martin Harris  
A.C. Gunnery School  
Las Vegas, Nevada

# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



"FADE ME, JOE. I'M SHOOTING THE WORKS."