

BRITISH EDITION

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

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

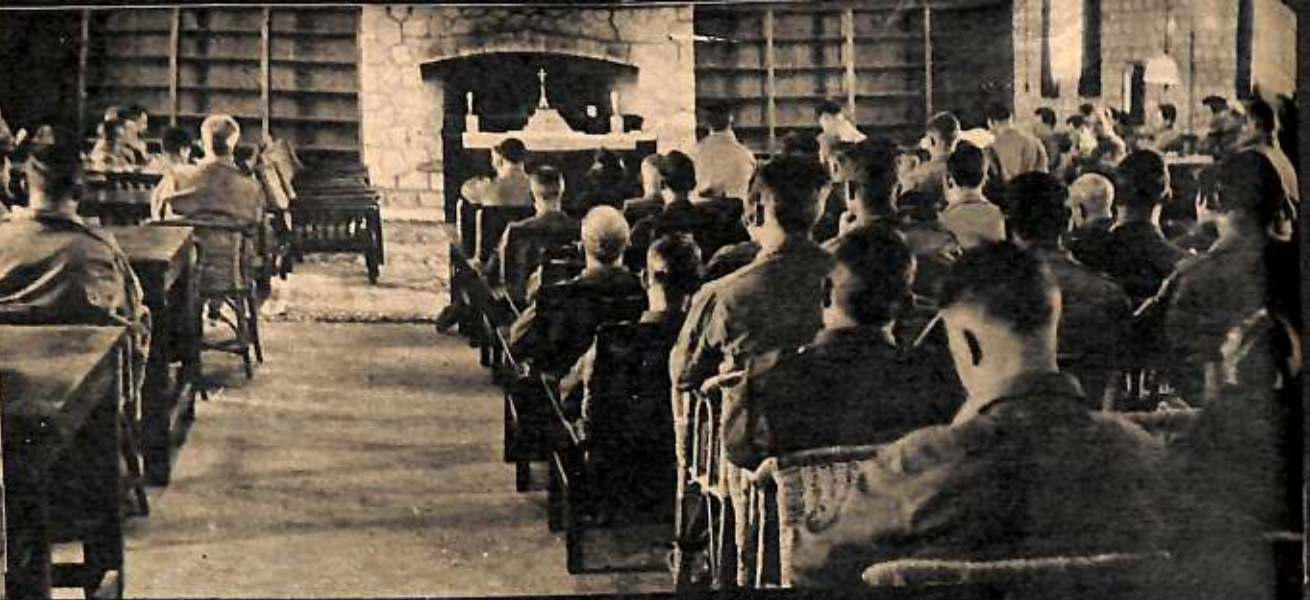


**Back from the Bombs in Africa, Ted's Circus has come Home  
to slap the German on his own Home Ground**

-See Page 3



Two New Zealanders learn American Tank-Gun slang.



Allies sit quietly before the Altar of God—and Four Freedoms.



That's a motor, chum, a Whirlaway tank motor. Ain't it a beaut?

## THEY TELL ABOUT TANKS

They were brown and they were dirty and the only way you could tell they weren't natives from nearby Cairo was by their clothing and the way they talked. . . . They talked American and wore what could be taken for an American soldier's uniform at one time. The talking was awful good talking. About guns. All kinds of guns. Browning machine guns, caliber .50 and 50 AA, the 75 mm. gun of the Sherman and the Grant.

Their talking about guns was so good that the United States Army thought they should talk about tank engines, too, and about driving the tanks. The British came from miles around to hear them. Came from Tunis, came from Tobruk, came from Libya. . . . And they stayed and they learned about American guns and American tanks; learned how to dismantle the guns and the tanks; learned how to shoot the guns and how to drive the tanks.

The tough, battle-hardened British liked the gun and tank talking so well, and so many of them came from the desert and from the battlefield that the handful of dirty brown men grew to thrice the original number. They didn't get any cleaner or any whiter, but as the days went by their talking became more and more fluent. They became experts. The tank and gun school became an accepted Allied training center, peopled with men of every nation. Australia, New Zealand, North and South Africa, Canada, men from all the Island of Britain.

A strong feeling sprung up from the association, the students became masters and the masters became students—students in the art of friendship. The British began to like the Yanks and the Yanks began to like the Tommies. So the school was a success in unexpected ways; the strange and many facets of war and of man sat down in a classroom and had a discussion. About guns, about tanks, about the differences between the American and the British weapons—and the American and British people.

So the school still expands until it now covers an area of several square miles. And the British still come. . . . It's a great success.



Watch your nose, Bud, that '30 caliber's got a snap.



American shows British the function of a '50 bolt assembly.



Tommies grin as a Yank explains what makes the Sherman tick.



A 75 mm.'s parts are many and complex, not unlike the fighting qualities of the grouped allies.



It goes in here . . . comes out fast near Rommel—awful near.

# Ted's Flying Circus



Libs over Britain.

**A New Heavyweight Contender has arrived in the E-T-O. It's winning no beauty prizes for airplanes, the Lib . . . but that isn't what it's here for, after all**

**T**HEY were just about to B-17 everybody in the E-T-O to death when manna finally fell, four motored, from heaven last week. It got so every time you picked up a newspaper there was that elongated tail assembly staring you in the face. It was getting so the British were beginning to think we had only one airplane in our air force, and every time a doubtful caption writer would see *any* picture of an airplane with more than one motor, he would immediately label it B-17.

B-17's adopted children and posed for cover pictures with pretty girls (YANK's Christmas issue). They bombed Germany and inspired bad poetry. It got so bad the architects were even drawing plans for B-17 filling stations, B-17 beach houses and B-17 roadside stands after the war, and more film was wasted on the ship than on Greta Garbo. Soldiers were planning to name their children B-17 Smith or Fortress Jones, and it got so around the Red Cross clubs of London that you couldn't talk to a guy who so much as did K-P on an airfield where a B-17 had landed the month before.

He was above you, in a social stratosphere all his own. Newspapers and press associations would send hard-bitten reporters out to fly on B-17's and they would come back talking like vague poets, letting their hair grow long. Under this magic spell and influence they would leave their offices for days on end, and finally reappear, flak-shocked, mumbling

something about private ops they had been on.

It was a horrible, horrible situation.

Then, out of the skies the B-17 had staked out as their own for the duration and six months, there came a slow rumble in the distance, and it grew into a ripening roar. And all along the route, the B-17 latrine boys and K-P's and fly boys glanced upward from their labors, resentful at this intrusion, mumbled, "Oh, the pregnant cows," and returned to their labors.

The Libs, thank God, had arrived in greater numbers.

Now the Lib is no lily. It does not have the long and graceful, greyhound lines of a Fortress. It is a fat, awkward airplane. It is a sort of flying porpoise. It *does*, in all its effective lack of aesthetic design, look in its bulging fuselage like a cow about to have calves.

But it is the cow that, if it has not jumped over the moon, has jumped over just as much forbidden territory as the B-17. It is a sweet airplane with a big bomb load and a long range and a stout heart. Particularly the Libs of Ted's Flying Circus.

And they were the Libs the fly-boys had seen rumbling through the sunny spring skies of England, battle-scarred and homeward bound after a Cook's Tour that was to be a 10 day jaunt and turned out to be a long, long assignment.

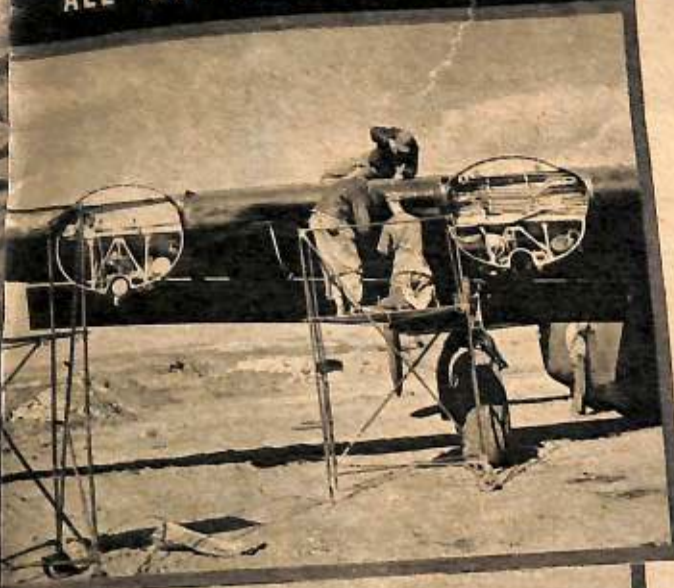
One day last fall, when the skies began to get very weepy with prospect of winter, when you got up in the dark and ate evening chow in the dark and when the flying was due to become more and more limited, they came to the head of the Lib group (one Colonel Edward J. Timberlake, Jr.) and told him they were being farmed out for a little while.

"It was funny the way it happened," Timberlake



Ted's Circus Star Performers.

# ALL WAR AND SOME WORK



A portable landing contraption being contrapted

said. "This Joe comes to me and says get your men together, you're going to Africa for ten days. I said when do we go and he says tomorrow morning. We took off the next morning."

The 34-year-old colonel had a pretty good group. Two or three generals had already given him the business, the old glad-hand about being the first to cross the Atlantic in formation. Even back in October, they weren't bush-league stuff, at all.

They have now dropped more than a quarter of a million pounds of bombs on Naples and Crotona, Messina, Palermo, Bizerta, Tunis, Sfax, Sousse and Tripoli.

They gave the enemy the business first from Libya, and the story of how they licked the heat and cold, the supply problem and maintenance situation is one of the best epics of aviation in this war. But they had a good airplane to work with. An airplane, as one of the pilots said, that had never seen a United Nations fighter. They didn't get any escorts.

"Hell," said Colonel Timberlake, who calls everybody Joe, "some days my Joes used to kid they were going to take a fighter along in tow, just for the historic impression of having one of them go along with a Lib."

Libya can be hot and Libya can be freezing cold. Working under the terrific desert sun, the Liberator men forgot momentarily that they were pilots and gunners and bent their backs to the task of carving out an airbase in the barren waste of desert. They dug slit trenches and dragged an airfield from the rough and rutty earth. They laid a wire landing field and throughout the days of arduous labor and manual work they made operational missions nearly every other day. A grand total of twenty-five raids, hammering and harrying Rommel in some places, scaring the already frightened Italians into a state of near-frenzy in others.

In the desert night, they lay in their slit trenches and shivered and watched for the elusive fighter planes, the Machis, CR-42s, the low-straffing, bombing 79s. A man can easily freeze to death in the desert at night. Timberlake and his men slept under nine blankets, dressed in full flying regalia.

They ate a strange conglomerate stew five nights a week and thought it was good but a little monotonous. Eggs and tangerines from the wary WOG supplemented their larder. A Special Service officer set up a tent and magically scrounged a radio, a few books, a set of gin rummy and three packs of cards. They turned up packing cases and ammo boxes for seats; their light was flickering kerosene lanterns which wouldn't stay lighted because of the strong desert wind and the inescapable dust.

They were a complete entity in themselves, attached to no one they were all very, very happy that headquarters was so far away; happy because when Colonel Timberlake said there was going to be a mission there really was a mission. The paperwork boys were a little too far away to strap red tape around them.

Jerry and the Ities unfortunately had the draw on Timberlake and his group because they were able to refuel nearby. Allied airfields were scarce. It was

even necessary for the "Travelling Circus" to erect a hangar from odds and ends. Nagging little troubles kept deterring progress. Dust storms would last sometimes for days, stifling, burning dust that clogged the nose and pained the eyes, gritty, grinding dust that filled the motors, tintured the grease and oil in the motors and guns. The change in the type of gasoline ruined hundreds of rubber fuel hoses.

With the advent of the Liberators, Germany threw some of her most accurate ack-ack men into the industrial cities of Italy. The Libs nearly always returned to the base, but sometimes in a very sad state from flak, the airplane's most deadly enemy. Even in large central airdromes such damage takes days to repair. Captain George K. Hughel, Timberlake's twenty-four-year old engineering officer and five enlisted men serviced and repaired all damage. Hughel kept ninety per cent of the Libs in the air,



Negro ground staff men look on in admiration, as



Planes always need going over.



two of the Liberator crew head for their plane.

despite sand storms, fighter-raiders, bombers from nearby Bizerta, blinding sun and scarcity of parts.

The *ten days* had multiplied into three months and the three hundred and forty-seven men who had started were now two hundred and ninety-seven. Clothing was no longer a matter of military regulation. Heterogenous articles of every description were worn by men and officers alike. Anything from battle dress to field jackets and fatigues were in order. Beards were approved and the dirty were happy in their own realm.

Then one day, not long after Naples, Colonel Edward J. Timberlake Jr., spawn of West Point, liberator of the Liberators, was recalled to the European Theater of Operations—recalled from the farm, taken from the sand-lots into the big leagues.

And so the "pregnant cows" got back last week. There are some very green pastures across the Channel.

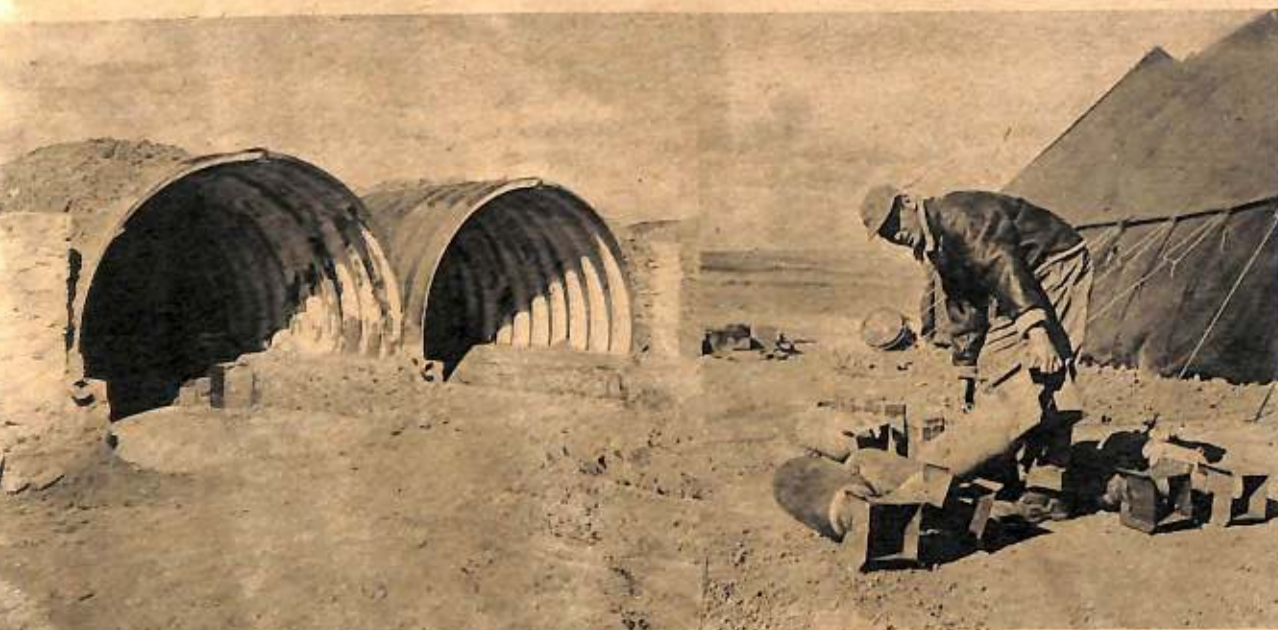


The chow ain't good, ain't bad.



It's nice to sit back in the sun.

THERE'S NO RELAXER LIKE RELAXING



Not sewers, but supply dumps.

They go up easy, come down hard.

A British Lance-Corporal shows a Belgian how an Enfield works.



# ARMY



## PROLOGUE

May, 1940. The 18 days.

There was no hope for it. Even at the first there hadn't been a chance, and it was the same thing over again. They were coming too fast and there were too many of them. No hope at all. They had the bridges and the sky, and the dust came up behind their tanks on the ancient Flemish roads. A nightmare.

Belgium was going under.

The roads were full of dead refugees. Tracks clogged. No ammunition. Rumors flew thick and fast. Said the French collapsed at Sedan. Said the boche was at the Channel.

What the hell's the matter with communications?

Said Germans in town of . . .

Colonel went out in a tank, sir, didn't come back, sir.

Line dead.

MAY 28, 1940. They had them all, did the Germans, in a very small area, trapped—all the British, all the Belgians, some of the French. The Belgian Army was stretched like a bow string.

Dear mother, it has been a fine spring. There seems to be something in the air, but I don't think the boche will move. Hope to go to Brussels soon. Will you . . . (dust on it).

That noise was Maginot, the builder of forts, turning in his . . .

MAY 28, 1940. The bowstring snapped.

And there were two Belgian soldiers, and their

names were Francois and Jean-Paul. And Jean-Paul's regiment was near the British. And Jean-Paul turned his face to a place of fire that was called on the maps *Dunkerque*.

They got Francois.

## INTERREGNUM

Surreptitiously along the moonlit roads of captive Belgium, the Army moved out by ones and twos, down the long, poplar-fringed roads that led to freedom. The Belgian Army was going overseas to fight, to England. They were not being drafted, they were not being called up, they were not being pressed into service. They were going of their own will and of their own volition. The war was still on for them; it was still waiting to be fought, and they wanted to fight for it.

April, 1943.

The armored car, brand new, came down the English road at a satisfactorily dangerous clip. When it stopped, Jean-Paul and Francois got out, grinning broadly. It was a very fine armored car. It was very new. It could do much damage, of an irreparable kind.

It was the same Jean-Paul, the same Francois. They were both wearing British battledress, but they were still in the Belgian Army. And on this day they were engaged in maneuvers.

Jean-Paul, at Dunkerque, had gone through more

hell, but he had escaped immediately. Escape had come hard to Francois. To begin with, he had surrendered, along with his whole regiment, and had gone to Germany as a prisoner of war. He got out of Germany because he was Flemish.

In Belgium there are two big groups—the Walloons, who speak French, and the Flemings, who speak Flemish, which is rather like Dutch. After the war had ended in Belgium the Nazis began to play their old game of driving wedges. To split the population, they adopted a policy of leniency toward the Flemings and treated the Walloons like dogs. Their idea was to make them hate each other so they could never unite in resistance. It was for this reason that Francois was allowed to go home.

Immediately he started to work against the Nazis. It did not take long for the Gestapo to ferret him out, and then it was a quick good-bye to his wife and child. Francois made his way to Britain.

In general, the only ones who can attempt escape are the well-to-do, whose families have sufficient funds to buy them food and clothing for their journey.

The armored cars were beginning to move along the road, and Jean-Paul and Francois climbed into their turrets and rumbled off. The exercise was beginning.

We hitch-hiked to field headquarters in a staff car. On the way we asked Guillaume, the driver, how he had gotten to England. He had been working in India, he said, and after the occupation of Belgium the Belgian Government in London had called up all Belgians overseas. He had come by way of South Africa, South America and Canada. In Canada there is a preliminary training camp; a group builds up there, then is shipped to Britain. Guillaume had been in the diplomatic service. "I was in Berlin just after Hitler came to power," he said. "I had lunch with him three times."

We reached the wood where field headquarters was almost lost in camouflage. Radio and staff cars stood around, equally hidden. Despatch riders lounged near their motor cycles, their helmets sprouting strange varieties of foliage. A canteen car came up. Lettered on its sides was "Presented by the Citizens of Stonington, Conn." The riders made a rush for it.

Robert and Charles were in charge of the canteen. Charles was one of the few older men. "He was all through the last war, weren't you, Charles?" Robert said.

"Yes, and now this one," Charles said. He laughed as though someone had played a big joke on him. "What I can't understand, though, is why I don't hear from my family." Most of his fellow-soldiers have—not much, but enough to give them comfort. Occasionally someone new turns up, and he is immediately surrounded by men from his village, asking him for information of the people they left behind.

One of the men around the canteen came from the Belgian Congo. He said that the Congo Army, largely native, was in the Abyssinian campaign and had captured all the territory south of the Blue Nile, along with some 15,000 prisoners. "There is an air force down there," he said. "We have a lot of Belgians in the RAF here and a lot more in the Congo. We have a training center down there. We're all over Africa now."

Around the canteen were Belgians who had been working in the U. S., South America, Canada and Java. In ones and twos they had come from all over the world, until out of the chaos that had followed the invasion a new Army had been built.

Suddenly the talk around the canteen was cut short as the shells of the 25-pounders screamed overhead in the direction of "enemy" positions on the low hills near us. The armored cars had already tested the enemy strength and had been fired on by machine guns to give them a little battle test.

Now the Bren gun carriers appeared from the woods and scurried like beetles across the fields. The

infantry advanced, took up positions behind hedges, and advanced again. There was a smoke and artillery barrage. Finally, the enemy, after a last stand in a group of farm buildings, was driven into a marsh beside the sea.

When the exercise was finished we walked back with the latest arrival from Belgium, a lieutenant. He had made his escape in the record time of a little over a month, and now here he was, only a hundred miles from his starting point. He met the man from the Congo. They looked at each other for a long minute, and then they shook hands warmly. The Congo sergeant, now driving a Bren gun carrier, had given the lieutenant his basic training in Belgium four years before.

Now that the maneuvers were over the commanding officer gathered all his officers around him and went over the problem in careful detail. They stood on a hilltop with the countryside spread around them. On one side were easy rolling valleys, with a good balance of farmland and woods. On the other the terrain dropped away sharply to a marshy estuary. Here, in the distance, gleamed the sea.

And beyond the sea lay Belgium.

To take part in the maneuver, even to stand on that hilltop, these men had come from the four corners of the earth. They had escaped from the invader and had risked prison from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. They were a visible proof of a living Belgium. And they were the armed free agents of a captive land of 8,000,000 people.



Beside his Bren gun carrier, a Belgian Sergeant lights a cigarette.

# WITHOUT DRAFTTEES



British uniforms, British artillery, and British ammunition. But under the uniforms beats the heart of Belgium, and the guns are on their way to set her free.

SEND  
BLAMP



When a plane crashed in Alaska recently, the Coast Guard went out to find it. For scouting aircraft they laid down messages in the snow. Six C.G.'s can be seen, lower center.

The plane was found, two of its six occupants dead. Coast Guardsmen brought the injured out by sledge. Here Dewey Metzdorf is taken to a hospital.

# Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM BROKEN HEARTS TO "SLIM" AARONS

## Dough for the Woes of Africa Cash Asked for Broken Hearts

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA—In a certain building in a North African city, members of the U. S. Army Claims Commission, waist-deep in worry, hold open house to complaints practically 24 hours a day.

The officer-in-charge sits at a large flat-topped desk. He doesn't say much. Mostly he broods or wistfully scans the horizon. Occasionally he rouses to pass out huge, fat wads of francs—a gesture which levels the rough spots the American Army has left in its wake quicker than any oration by a goodwill ambassador.

This is the place where civilians come with claims against G.I.s for anything from a broken bicycle to a broken heart. Some are small civilians who argue violently and bristle menacingly. Some are big civilians who remain very quiet and merely roll the muscles of their arms.

Just recently a small civilian bristled in. One day, he lamented, he had a fine sty of pigs. The next day he didn't. Strangely enough, that was the day an infantry unit set up camp nearby. Suspicious as all hell, the owner casually wandered into their mess-hall only to stare fascinated while lovely, fat chops—from his pigs—slid gently down G.I. gullets. So, he wanted money for his pigs, lots and lots of money.

The claims officer listened, investigated, and discovered that, although the citizen had told the absolute truth, he also happened to be an enemy alien and therefore must seek payment through civilian authorities. But when the infantry unit heard about that, they passed the hat and turned over enough money for their erstwhile host to open a barbecue.

Sometimes a claim case takes a strange twist. Like the case of the stolen wine. Several soldiers with parched throats broke into a wine cellar and blithely made off with a couple of cases of vintage grape. The owner complained to the mayor. The mayor complained to General Eisenhower. The General's office put a rush call through to Col. Mastin G. White, chief claims officer.

"For God's sake, find those soldiers," the General's aide barked at the colonel. "Those wine bottles they stole are full of sulphuric acid!" Everybody forgot about the claim in the frantic haste to locate the unsuspecting soldiers.

Several times the Commission has issued warnings and suggestions to doughboys as a result of its investigations. One of its latest reads: "Please don't throw lighted cigarettes from your convoy truck." They back this up with the tale of a motor cycle dispatch rider who, ordered to advance from the rear to the head of a convoy, became involved with two Arabs salvaging cigarette butts in the middle of the

road where soldiers had thrown them from their truck.

Smallest claim paid by the commission was the 27 francs demanded by a French girl for damage to her bicycle by an Army truck. More expensive was the claim involving two soldiers who borrowed the mayor's car for a joy ride. The mayor probably would have overlooked the matter if the ride hadn't ended in the bottom of a ravine. The claims commission paid off the mayor. Now the soldiers are paying off the claims commission with a fat slice of their monthly salaries.

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT



Benimm  
dich besser  
als

„Nimm dem Tommy nicht sein  
Mädel weg!“  
Eine amerikanische Zeitschrift zeigt in  
ihrem Bild aus dem Englanden an den Sol  
daten aus USA, militär. Vor allem des  
Plänen mit englischen Soldatenrapier  
geht lahm auf die Nerven.

Sie wählen unter den Töchtern  
des Landes.

## He Saw His Photo in a Nazi Tank

HOMS, TRIPOLITANIA—Looking through papers strewn about the remains of a blasted German mobile gun, George "Slim" Aarons, YANK's Middle East photographer, picked up a page from a Berlin picture magazine to look at it. Slim almost dropped his camera when he found that the page contained the picture below of himself, copied from *Life* magazine.

While a member of YANK's London bureau last summer, Aarons was chosen as the model in a series *Life* was doing on "A Short Guide To Great Britain," the Army handbook given to U. S. troops bound for the British Isles. One of the pictures showed Aarons and a blonde in a punt on the Thames, its caption cautioning the U. S. soldier not to cut in on an absent Tommy's girl.

The Berlin *Illustrierte Zeitung* copied the picture and twisted the caption to make it appear that Americans really were taking English women over the hurdles. "The blonde," said Aarons, "received a fat model's fee for the few minutes she was in the boat. I couldn't get a word in edgewise because she kept talking about her boy friend in the Middle East."

## U. S. Airmen Pleased S. A. Mamas, Sisters, Cousins, Uncles and Aunts

TUCSON, ARIZ.—A bunch of American flyers and ground troops recently arrived at Davis-Monthan Field from South America, where they built air bases, patrolled the Pacific Coast, and acted as part-time ambassadors of goodwill.

Operating under agreements between the U. S. and a South American government, the AAF built airfields on the shifting sands of a country south of the equator, and began an aerial reconnaissance of the Pacific. They hung up a record of two years of flying without mishap.

Native food didn't agree with the American soldiers at first, and before they became accustomed to the steady diet of *pesca de y arroz* (fish and rice), there was plenty of griping. There was a constant lack of supplies and a shortage of water.

Though the social customs of dating are rigid, the Americans ingratiated themselves to such a degree that mothers at times permitted their daughters to attend soldier-sponsored dances. One G.I., Sgt. Joe Yanness of New York, spent \$21 to take a young lady out one evening.

"Her entire family," he said, "Jose, Pedro, Luis, the sisters, Maria and Flora, and everyone remotely akin accompanied us to the theater. After the show I wanted to take my girl to dinner. Sure enough, there was the rest of the family right behind us, following us into the restaurant."

—SGT. SYDNEY R. NEMAROW.



# Yanks at Home in the ETO



The most dangerous picture of the age, for our money. See who's driving? A dame. See who's behind the plow? A sodjer. And you wonder what the world's coming to. Scene: England. See column 2.

## The Turning of the Worm

ONCE in every war a story comes along that restores a man's faith in the human race. Last war was the story of the buck private who said, "Got a light, Buddy?" to Black Jack Pershing and who actually got the light, together with the remark that had Pershing been a shavetail it would have been another matter entirely. That story may, of course, be apocryphal, but it serves to show what we mean. Between the be-deviled enlisted man and his for-the-duration superiors there is a constant *sub rosa* strife, in which the EM is reduced, for the most part, to guerrilla warfare, and the victories are almost all on the side of stars, bars and discipline.

It has to be that way, in the guerrocrazy whose nets now enmesh us. The EM gives no orders, but he takes a great many. He is given no chance to express himself, to add to the Army that little bit of blatant individuality it so sadly needs. He is given no chance, agreed—but occasionally circumstances, perhaps even beyond his control, take that chance from the hands that give it and drop it in the grubby palms of the ordinary Joe.

In the Enlisted Men's Post Exchange in London, there is a corporal from Boston. His name is John A. Cuozzo, and to him one recent gray afternoon came the opportunity so often denied corporals, from Boston or Mobile, and of which their dreams are so often troubled. Into the PX of John A. Cuozzo walked an honest-to-God brigadier general, bold as the brass that weighed him down.

For what the poets call, rather loosely, pregnant seconds, star and striper faced each other. Then the general cleared his throat, hoarse from years of giving commands. "Please," he said, "may I have some Life Savers?"

With the same spirit that once, unfortunately misapplied, animated the breasts of two other corporals, a small Corsican and a middle-sized Austrian, Corporal Cuozzo drew himself up. The words he then spoke should, if set to music and played on a trumpet around the walls of West Point, cause that most ancient and august edifice to crumble unto dust. "Sorry, general," said John A. Cuozzo, Corporal, AUS, "this is a soldier's joint."

The general, beaten as he could never be beaten on the field of action, stiffened, turned on his heel, and walked out, with no Life Savers in his pocket, and Corporal Cuozzo, unaware that he had reached the high point of his life, went about his own business. And that, gentlemen, as far as we are concerned, is the story of this war. It moves us. It chokes us up. *O tempore! O mores! O God! O AUS!*

## The Chicks Who'll Eat the Worm

The night after the last raid on Berlin found us sitting around the mess of one of the London gun sites with a couple of English corporals, waiting for Jerry to come over and do a little retaliating. The two corporals were alert, but disgruntled. "It's a 'orrible war," said one corporal, "a perfectly 'orrible war."

"Yuss, it is," the other corporal said. The first corporal then elaborated on his statement. Things had been nice in Scotland. It was a man's world up there. "Nowt a woman fur moiles around," said the second corporal.

But now those days had gone for ever. The corporals had come south, to London. They still stood by the guns, but it wasn't a man's world any longer. The women had taken over the Army.

"Fact," said the first corporal. "They've tyken over the Army. Look at them, the horrible things." He waved his hand around the mess.

He was right. The mess was full of women. Women in battledress, women in tunics. Except for the fact that certain sections of their anatomy were wider than the corresponding sections in the male, they could easily have passed for men. And even so, they were trying to palm themselves off as a bunch of the boys. In a corner a hefty wench slapped a narrow-faced private on the back. The narrow-faced private gave her a disinterested clip on the ear. It seemed to make her very happy.

At the moment there are almost as many women as there are men handling the ack-ack guns of London. The girls don't fire the guns, of course, or anything like that; they do their work in the control rooms. As far as the actual physical effort of knocking Jerry out of the sky is concerned, man is still king. But when he goes off duty and pops into the mess for a spot of the worst beer that a brewer escapes hanging for, the poor anti-aircraft man has to take a back seat for the dames. But definitely a back seat.

The mess of the ack-ack units is a rectangular building with a snack bar at one end and a tiny stage at the other. The stage holds: painted backdrops, 1 ea.; pianos, mahogany, upright, 1 ea.; drums, set, 1 ea.; pianists, blonde, female, helty, 1 ea.; drummer, male, small, sleepy, 1 ea. Dancing is fairly continuous throughout the evening, until the mess closes at 10.15. It is the women, however, who do the dancing—with each other. The men rarely dance, except when something fast is played.

It is the women who do the loud talking in the anti-aircraft messes. The men occasionally make self-conscious efforts to assert themselves. Usually these efforts take the form of pinching the girls' bottoms. The girls are not very impressed.

All the men of the anti-aircraft units are worried about the situation after the war. They think England is going to be a matriarchy, and they don't like the idea. "Mark my words, Yank," the corporal said, "mark my words. You tyke up your pen and you write a billetedoo to your President Roosevelt and you tell him to disband your WAACS. Tell 'm that if he doesn't they'll be running your Army and your Government and your whole bloody lives within the year. Mark my words."

He can consider them marked.

## The Secret Life of the Worm

Somewhere, a few paragraphs ago, we said that the EM never gets a chance to give any orders—real orders, that is. This is, damn it all, quite true, and nothing can be done about it. Still, we would like to see a plan evolved in the Army that would be the equivalent of something that used to be done occasionally in the States: that is, they used to take some high school kid and make him mayor for a day. Our suggestion is that the ETO Command find a day that is comparatively quiet on all fronts, including the long underwear section of the Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot, and on that day put a Pfc. in the commanding general's chair and let him run the whole blasted theater for 24 hours. You might see a few changes around here then.

We are not a Pfc., but we have some definite ideas on some little things that could possibly be done to improve conditions in this neck of the woods. We hereby pass them on to all aspiring Pfc.'s, in case the Day ever comes. For one thing, we would send out a GO to the effect that hereafter all red linings would be forbidden in officers' greatcoats, and that those officers then in possession of said red linings would perforce rip them out and turn them over to the nearest 300-yard range for Maggies.

We also have a suggestion as to what could be done with swagger sticks.

We could OK a campaign ribbon to be worn by those men who, after eating Spam for six months, have not turned purple. We would also OK another campaign ribbon for those men who have turned purple. Fairness is our watchword. This second ribbon will be of a modest, neutral shade,



You, too, can be a general, like this familiar Pfc. Look what generals get.

chosen to blend with the complexions of its wearers. We are aesthetic as well as fair.

Come to think of it, that's a wonderful idea of ours as to what could be done with swagger sticks.

We would abolish saluting, save among second lieutenants.

Then we would abolish second lieutenants. We would publish an SO to the effect that, inasmuch as the £ is worth only \$2 in actual trade-in value, American soldiers stationed in England would be paid at the rate of \$2 to the £.

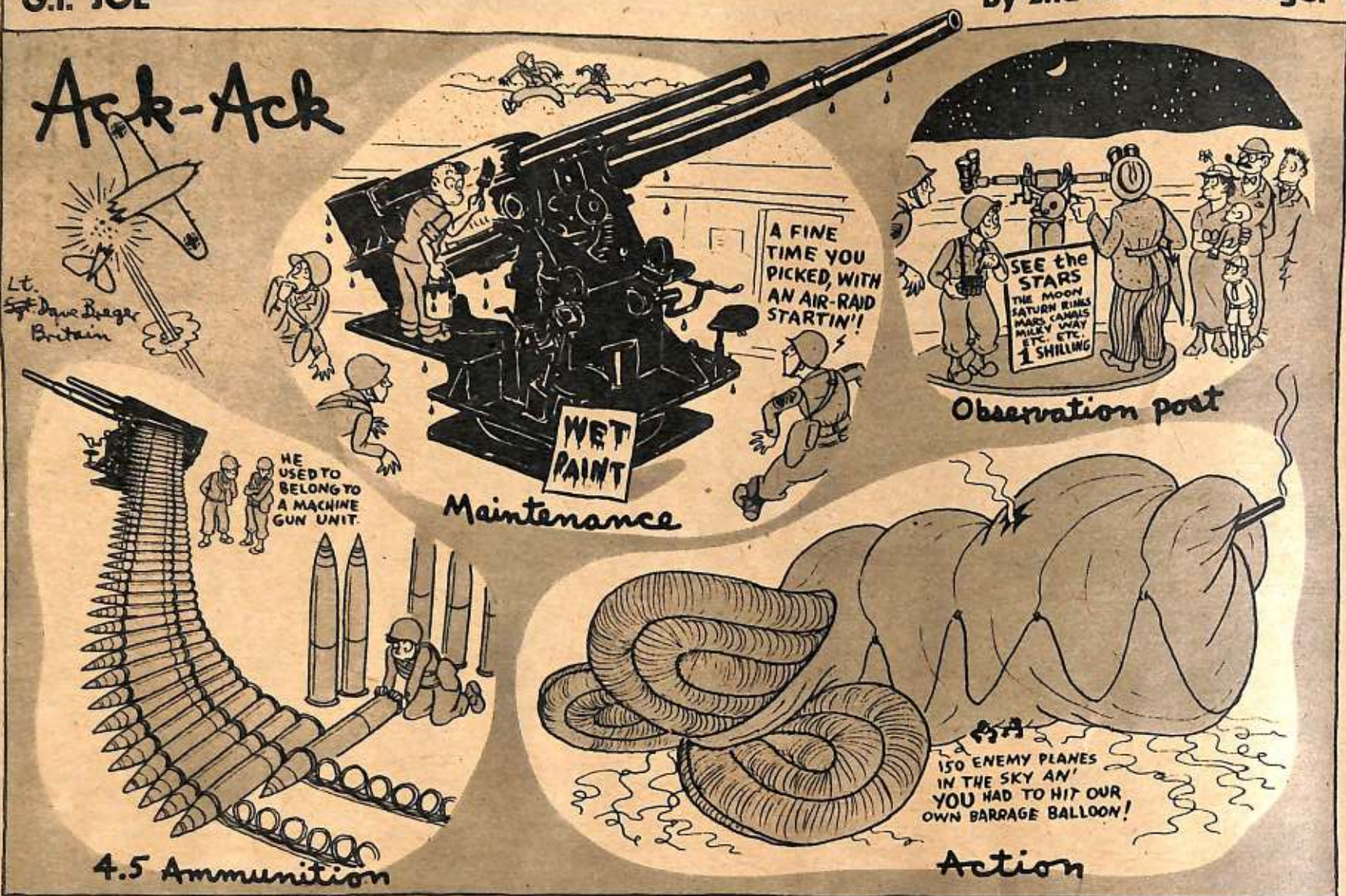
We would order 17 shiploads of rye and bourbon to be imported.

Lastly, style-conscious to the last, we would order, as G.I. equipment, 5,000,000+ camel's hair coats, soft and luscious, if for no other reason than that British girls might have something to cuddle against that wouldn't scrape their cheeks. Then we would rise from our chair, slug our adjutant, and stalk out of the room.

That's how we'd spend Our Day.

G.I. JOE

By 2nd Lt. Dave Breger



Overseas Ribbons

**D**OGFACES may not get their campaign medals—manufacture of them has been discontinued for the duration to conserve metal—but they'll get their campaign ribbons when they arrive overseas. Ribbons will be given for three different theaters:

The European-African-Middle Eastern Theater includes just that, and its ribbon is green, for the green fields of Europe, with the U. S. colors in the center flanked by the Italian and the German colors near the ends, and borders of brown representing the sands of the desert.

The Asiatic-Pacific Theater embraces Alaska, Hawaii, the South and Southwest Pacific, and all Asia Minor. Its ribbon has the U. S. colors in the middle and the Japanese colors at both ends.

Any other overseas jaunt will bring you the American Theater ribbon, which is blue with narrow red, white, and blue stripes in the middle, and Germany's colors at one end and Japan's at the other. Pretty, but only one to each customer.

Eastern Theater



G.I. Shop Talk

Things money can't buy, G.I.s may get by barter at certain overseas points. Over in North Africa, the QMC trotted out some new "barter bags." They contained beads, scissors, cloths, perfumes, candies, cigarettes and food. Wonder how the Yanks will make out swapping with the Arabs. . . There are getting to be so many women in the Army that they've had to open another basic training center for them. The new WAAC powder room is at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. The other two are at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, and Daytona Beach, Fla. . . Banks are being set up in domestic camps and forts to accommodate servicemen. These banks will accept deposits, cash checks, transmit funds, and sell War Bonds and saving stamps. In fact they'll do everything for the dogface except loan him money. These banks are branches of commercial financial houses in nearby communities, approved by the Treasury Department. Any camp may get such a bank if the Old Man applies to the Treasury. Thirty-two are already going.

Of course, if you want to borrow some money, just ask your first sergeant.

Shavetails

The Jersey City Quartermaster Depot gives its version of the origin of the term "shavetail" as applied to second lieutenants. According to the QMs, when men were commissioned from the ranks they still had perfectly good G.I. shirts which were exactly like the officers' except that they didn't have shoulder straps. In order to save these shirts, the ninety-day wonders would snip strips from the tail of the shirt to be sewed on the shoulders. . . The jeep got its name when the first of these bouncing buggies rolled off the freight car. A soldier noticed the initials "GP" stenciled on the side to signify "general purpose."

Gratuity Benefit

Under new WD orders, when a man is reported missing (or missing in action) for 12 months, the head of the department concerned is authorized to make a finding of his death. This will enable the payment of six months' death gratuity. Men returning after such payment is made will pay back the gratuity in monthly payroll deductions.

The Iowa

Some interesting facts about the Navy's newest battlewagon, the 45,000-ton *Iowa*: Carries more ak-aks and heavy guns, including 16-inchers, than any other ship. She is 880 feet long and her beam is 108 feet—just a few inches narrower than any lock in the Panama Canal. The *Iowa's* surface area covers nine and a half acres. She has 800 miles of welding, 250 miles of electric cable and her generators produce enough power to run a city of 20,000 population.

The *Iowa* is the fourth Navy ship to bear that name. The Navy says she is the most powerful ship afloat.

North African Fire Water

Everybody is telling the story about the two G.I.s in Casablanca who managed to get a quart of bootleg brandy and prepared to sample it in a hotel room, which they had hired for the purpose. The first soldier lifted the bottle and took a couple of snorts. But he reached over and pushed the bottle away when the second soldier put it to his lips. "Don't drink that stuff," he yelled.

"Aw, gwan," muttered the second soldier. "Leave me alone."

"I'm telling you—don't drink it," screamed the first soldier. "I just looked out the window and saw President Roosevelt riding down the street in a jeep."

The Old Man Talks

The familiar ritual of "Pvt. Smith has permission of the first sergeant to speak to the company commander," is out at Fort Knox, Ky. A recent order by Maj. Gen. Charles S. Scott, CO of Fort Knox, specifies that at certain times "every company commander in this center will make himself available to any man in his company, and no bumptious company clerk or first sergeant is going to stop him."



This Guadalcanal haircut is strictly G.I., and so is the bib. But the latter is Jap—a captured flag.



"Gentlemen, as commander in chief of the armies of the Third Reich, I am open to suggestion."

IN 1812 a dumpy Corsican who had stood in the sun and thrown a shadow, elongated with each passing year, across a Europe whose face was cracked by wars and revolutions, led his Grand Army against the mysterious northern fortress that was Russia. Napoleon was the master of the Continent. Allied to him, by right of conquest, were Poland, West Germany, Italy, West Yugoslavia, and the greater part of Spain. Allied to him through their own desire were the Austrian Empire, Denmark, Norway and Switzerland. In his train also were Belgium, Holland, the Northwest German Coast and Luxemburg.

To the gates and through the gates of Moscow the Grand Army fought ghosts. The Russian forces melted away before their eyes, drawing them farther away from their bases, stretching their lines of communication and supply to the breaking point. Napoleon got to Moscow, but the victory was empty. He could not stay. He retreated through a horrible winter, harassed on all sides by the wraithlike Russian cavalry, his supplies gone, his men broken. When he got out of Russia, the Grand Army was a rabble and his conquests were running from his hands like dry sand.

In 1941, a forelocked Austrian who had stood in the sun and thrown a shadow, elongated with each passing year, across a Europe whose face was cracked by wars and revolutions, sent his panzer divisions against the mysterious northern fortress that was Russia. Adolf Hitler was master of the continent. In all Europe there were only three neutral countries—Sweden, Switzerland, and Portugal. On the west lay a weakened England. Only Russia, to the east, remained an unknown quality, an unknown quality that must, for the good of the soul of Adolf Hitler and the coming 1,000 years of *Pax Germanica*, be solved.

Adolf Hitler never got to Moscow. Before his panzers the Russians fell back, as they had done a hundred years before. But while they retreated they learned. When winter at last sought out and found Adolf Hitler on the steppes the Russians, like good schoolboys, stepped forward to show what he had taught them. He had taught them a good deal. In winter it was quite the other way. Back fell the "unbeatable" Wehrmacht.

There was a difference between the Russians who crushed Napoleon and the Russians who were beating Hitler. The Russians of 1812 knew what they had to do, had nothing to learn. But 1941's Russians were faced with the problem of learning a new method of warfare in very little time. And they learned. Learned the hard way. Learned from year to year. 1941. 1942. 1943. And at the end of three years, three years of winters, Adolf Hitler could look, once again, east and west, and see how the world wagged.

England was no longer weak. England was strong. England was rampant. And there, in the east, was Russia, still rearing up and striking out, still driving the panzers back, still learning. Now, however, the pupil was teaching the master a few things that weren't in the book. Russia still held, and Moscow was as far away as it had ever been.

In 1940, a triumphant Hitler, a Hitler who had danced a clumsy jig in the Forest of Compeigny,

## A WEEK OF WAR

There's not a great deal of difference between 1814 and 1943. Just 129 years, that's all

came to a humbled Paris and stood looking down on the tomb of Napoleon in the open vault in which it lies. "They should not have laid you so low, my friend," his staff officers heard him say. Perhaps, however, had Hitler been able to spare the time in 1943 to go to Paris and look down on the ex-conqueror, he might have remained silent. His bond with the dead had become too strict.

At the end of three years of Russian war the Europe that had been so tight under Adolf Hitler's thumb, the Europe that had shrunk in terror at the very mention of his name, was frightened no longer. There was guerrilla rebellion in Norway, in Poland, in Yugoslavia, in France. Europe was a seething, bubbling cauldron. The soldiers of Hitler could not walk out alone. Divisions were needed desperately in the snows of Russia, but they could not be spared from guard duty in the enslaved countries. To obtain more men the deputies of Adolf Hitler had to comb their own country, comb Germany, take what they could get, even if it meant a dislocation of industry, a slowing-up of production. There was nothing else for it. Though he was unaware, Adolf Hitler was no longer master of Europe. Europe, conquered, enslaved, was master of him. Silently, subterraneously, passively, conquered Europe dictated what Adolf Hitler should do. The biter had been bit. The Cæsar had been un-Cæsaed.

Sitting in his eyrie at Berchtesgaden, the Fuehrer of Nazi Germany could mumble to himself more parallels with the bit of Corsican dust now crumbling under its polished marble in Paris. Napoleon, too, had tried in Africa. He had gone to Egypt, and he had been beaten at the Battle of the Pyramids, and on the sea at the Battle of the Nile. Napoleon had failed in Africa, and now Adolf Hitler, a most uncomfortable latter-day blueprint, was failing, too.

The Wehrmacht, in the person of Erwin Rommel and his Afrika Korps, had been beaten all the way across the face of North Africa, from Egypt to Tunisia. Now, they were at bay, crushed between the British and the Americans. They had hoped to hide behind a pathetic souvenir of the military thinking of 25 years ago. The souvenir was called the Mareth line, and it consisted of trenches and barbed



wire and pillboxes and concrete emplacements. It had been built by men who had not understood warfare, who had not comprehended the ponderous, vicious mechanism known as the tank. It was a relic, a maiden aunt, and behind its skirts Erwin Rommel had been forced to take cover.

The British had blasted him out. In nine days they had cracked his line and sent his broken forces sprawling back. And behind him, on his flank, waited the Americans. They were something that Napoleon never had to contend with, something new. Behind them they had a country that could out-produce Hitler in men, in munitions, in anything. And here in Tunisia they were for the first time feeling out their strength in this latest of Europe's wars.

Back reeled Rommel. And in Berchtesgaden, or wherever he was, Adolf Hitler could look at the maps and study the histories and know that the jig was almost over, the martial music almost at an end. Still to come was the parallel of the retreat from Russia. It had almost come this year—almost, but not quite. Dead before Stalingrad, before Kharkov, before Leningrad, before Smolensk lay the flower of the Wehrmacht. From now on Adolf Hitler would have to fight his war with weeds.

He could sit at his field headquarters and turn the pages of a *Life of Napoleon*, and toward the end of the book he could find another parallel, the last parallel of all. Reading of it he could turn his face to the west and, listening, almost hear the work that was going on beyond a little strip of water called the Channel. That last parallel had still to come. Its name was Waterloo.



Advancing on Sened in Tunisia, American infantry mount a ridge on the double.



**COMBAT NURSE.** In the midst of battle, a Russian nurse slides into a trench to give first aid to a wounded soldier.



**INFANTRY ADVANCE.** In this picture, against the background of a blasted tree, troops are advancing on the run



**SKI TROOPS.** In white camouflage uniforms and armed with automatics, these famous soldiers file up to the front lines.



**FLANK GUARDS.** These soldiers with automatic rifles are covering a unit which is dislodging the Nazis from an occupied village.

# WAR in



**FIRE AND SNOW.** Flat on their stomachs in the snow, Russian light machine gunners cover an advance by infantry. Smoke to the right comes from a smoke screen laid down by the advancing Russians.



**HUMAN TORCH.** This was a German tankman, shot as he climbed out of the turret of his tank, which had been stopped by Soviet guns. Flames from the burning tank caught onto his uniform and licked across his back.



somewhere on Russia's great front. With typical courage, these soldiers go ahead within point blank range of enemy's guns.



**THE AVENGERS.** Lying scattered through the ruins of a village are the bodies of Germans and their Hungarian allies, who died trying to defend it against guerrillas. Sidestepping the dead, the victorious Russians search for any enemy snipers that might have been overlooked.

# RUSSIA



**TANK ESCORT.** Under cover of a tank, which has been painted white for winter camouflage, infantrymen advance in the deep snow. It was individual soldiers like these, determined and unrelenting, who gave Hitler's great land armies their first decisive defeat, and are still at it.



# News From Home

Last week the Korean Flowering Cherry Trees bloomed in Washington, and a variety of other things budded on the newsfronts of America



**They should have been ashamed to bloom, but they did.**

**I**t was a cold week back home. The weather man said it was one of the toughest on record. In New York 20 people died when the thermometer shot down to eight below zero. It was much worse in the suburbs, anywhere from 10 to 20 below, and in the area around Lake Placid it dropped to 50 below. Railroads were having much trouble; brakes and signals froze, and many trains were as much as 12 hours late.

Americans were faced with their first real pinch of food shortage. The census people announced the nation's population jumped to 135,604,000 during 1942—an increase of 1,851,000. But the food problem wasn't affecting the new babies. Meat was plenty scarce, but fresh eggs and milk were still plentiful. The food situation was not so good for the elders though. Millions of people in New York faced a meatless weekend. Housewives there returned home from the butcher empty handed. Most of the butcher shops were picked clean. The owners couldn't get a supply, so 2,000 of them got together at a meeting and protested. "People are starving not because of a meat shortage but because of an artificial shortage created by the regulations," they charged.

Following their meeting, the butchers stormed empty warehouses and shouted, "We must have meat to feed war workers." Federal authorities acted quickly and announced that arrangements for emergency meat shipments to areas faced with critical shortages were being made. New York was promised one million pounds of meat by Monday.

President Roosevelt issued an executive order appointing Chester C. Davis director over all production and distribution of food. As in the early days of the New Deal, when he was administrator of farm problems, Davis was given blanket authority to cope with the food problem. The President's order was interpreted by many as being directed at a move by the Congressional Farm Bloc for higher prices.

The President said one of Davis's first considerations will be the establishment of a women's land army, patterned after the British model. He also said that 550,000 farmers had been deferred from the draft and at least 3,000,000 others would be deferred this year.

The ban on joyriding was lifted in the 17 Eastern States, but there was a catch to it. The "A" ration cards will be cut from three gallons to one gallon and a half of gas each week. People can't go very far on that. Most war workers will continue using the pooling-up system, or ride to work on street cars, buses and subways.

To make things easier for subway riders Judge Morris Rothenberg, of Bronx, N.Y., ruled that anyone falling asleep in a subway is not guilty of "disorderly conduct."



**His music faded, his life ended.**

"In fact it is difficult to understand how one can be guilty of disorderly conduct while asleep," the judge said. New York cops have been arresting 350 people a month for falling asleep in subways. The judge defended the sleepers. "They are working men who fall asleep after an arduous night's work," he said. "A night in jail and the loss of a day's pay is utterly unjustifiable."

America's big business men came out with their idea of the post-war world. Releasing the study of their 92-man post-war committee, the National Association of Manufacturers said that America's progress after the war will be attained only through cooperation with other nations in "a real effort to maintain world peace."

A sub-committee to study and report on all resolutions relating to inter-Allied cooperation and post-war planning was named. Senator Tom Connally (D., Tex.), chairman of the committee, announced that it includes five Democrats, including himself, two Republicans and one Progressive. Plans for the creation of a special committee to plan an orderly discharge of fighting men after the war was announced by Senator Walter F. George (D., Ga.), who said he hopes arrangements will be made to keep discharges in step with re-employment conditions.

Officials of the War Labor Board were considering the matter of seeking the aid of actresses Lana Turner and Ann Sheridan in settling another labor dispute. The girls at a certain airplane plant in Connecticut



**Racket on the shelf, bars on the shoulder.**

who were sent home last month for wearing all-revealing sweaters are at it again. The employers say the sweaters might get caught in the machinery, but the bigger rub is that the sweater girls divert working men from their work. Officials were said to be toying with the idea of using the two famous sweater girls as "special commissioners" in the dispute.

It appeared that the strike threat of 450,000 soft coal miners was averted when both John L. Lewis and the employers agreed to continue negotiations with the understanding that whatever settlement is reached it would be retroactive to April 1. The United Mine Workers are asking for a \$2-a-day increase.

Lewis rejected a suggestion that the dispute be offered to federal agencies for arbitration. He announced earlier in the week that he considered the War Labor Board's "Little Steel Formula" (limiting wage increases to 15 per cent of the Jan. 1, 1941, scale) a violation of the "no strike" agreement reached between labor and the government.

The war against the U-boats looked better this week. Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, announced production of hundreds of new types of warships, known as destroyer escorts. They are bigger and better than anything we have been using so far to destroy U-boats. The ships are



**Labor almost said "Please" to Ann . . .**



Chet Davis, his cupboard not bare.



Tony Eden had himself a look round.



Judge Ben Lindsey died.

equipped with the latest submarine detection devices and are equipped with torpedo tubes, depth charges and anti-aircraft guns.

Henry Kaiser, the shipbuilder, was in a jam this week with both the government and labor. The government charged him with buying 928,000 feet of lumber and \$2,643,534 worth of electric motors without observing priority regulations, and the CIO Marine and Shipbuilding Workers Union charged that half of Kaiser's "accounts of work are ballyhoo." The union said the extravagant praise was used to cover Kaiser's "anti-labor record."

The Army invited workers in Detroit to spend three days in training at Army camps. The workers returned from the camps enthusiastic about the way the Army operates and announced their determination to speed up production. The War Department also announced it is planning to send delegations of industrialists, labor leaders, mayors and even governors to various fighting fronts. The idea is to give them a first hand account of the war so that they can report to the people back home.

George Sylvester Viereck, freed by the United States Supreme Court last month on a legal technicality, was re-indicted on charges of failing to register as a foreign agent. Viereck is charged with disseminating Nazi propaganda. The FBI nabbed Hitler's former pastry baker on charges of spreading

German rumors. The 40-year-old German baked for der fuhrer at Berchtesgaden until 1937 when he came to America. When the G-men arrested him he was working at a New York restaurant. He told the FBI he would not fight against Germany.

Two popular United Nations figures toured America this week and received enthusiastic ovations everywhere. Anthony J. Eden, British Foreign Secretary, appeared at Senate sessions, visited Army camps and war plants. He ended the week with an address at Annapolis, Md., when he called for a post-war world system to keep the peace and pledged more aid to China. Meanwhile, Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek addressed thousands of cheering Americans in Chicago and San Francisco. She continued her appeal for more aid to China.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture announced that the Japanese Cherry Trees in Washington were renamed again. Changed to "Korean Cherry Trees" last year, the new name now is "Korean Flowering Cherry Trees."

Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, of New York, a major in the Army Air Force during the last war, was reported ready for a G.I. physical exam this week. The 60-year-old "Butch" was said to be expecting to see service in Africa first, but will later become the military governor of occupied areas of the Italian colonies. Reports say he'll go to Africa as a brigadier general.

The Senate Judiciary Committee turned down the President's nomination of former Texas Governor James V. Allred to the federal bench, and Kay Kyser, the bandleader, was again classified as 1-A by the Rocky Mount, N.C., draft board.

Mrs. Karl Simmons, 55, wife of a millionaire, was shot dead in a Tulsa, Okla., hotel room. Mrs. Ella Howard, 44-year-old Fort Worth, Tex., divorcee, was arrested by police and held for investigation. She told police Mrs. Simmons was outside her hotel room door and threatened to kill her. A struggle followed, she said, and the gun went off.

The California House of Representatives repealed the three-day waiting clause for couples wishing to marry. Assemblymen argued that thousands of California couples went to Nevada and other states to marry because of the law. The action is now up for consideration by the State Senate. Bingo was made legal in New York towns where five per cent of the population signed a petition requesting the game. It went through the assembly by a vote of 101 to 33. The bill limits the game to religious and non-profit organizations only.

Frank O. Lowden, World War governor of Illinois and a close contestant for the Republican presidential nomination in 1920, died at Tucson, Ariz. He was 82.

The Navy commissioned Helen Jacobs, former women's tennis champion. She's been assigned to the newly-opened Naval training school for women at Hunter College, New York. FBI agents in Los Angeles had one more good point for the argument that you can't beat the law. They were on the trail of Jesse L. Scheener, wanted for impersonating a Navy officer and passing worthless checks, for the past 20 years. When they found the guy he was working as a garage attendant—it was an FBI garage, too.



Mrs. Miniver and George M. Cohan with Oscar.



... And "Pretty please" to Lana.



All mothers sewed, all soldiers smiled.

**ARIZONA**

**PHOENIX POLICE** banned zoot suits. New attendance records were established at the annual Phoenix Rodeo. Clyde Threlkeld became editor of the Phoenix "Arizona Republic." The Rev. Berlyn V. Farris left the pastorate of Tempe's First Methodist Church to become a Naval chaplain. A \$250,000 new housing project was completed at Third Street and Weldon Avenue in Phoenix. Milk production in Arizona increased 10 percent.

**COLORADO**

**COLORADO BEET GROWERS** received \$1,637,000 from the Great Western Sugar Co. as first additional payment on the 1942 crop. At Denver, Mrs. Frances L. Fry, Mrs. Myrle B. Weller, Miss Sue Soerens and Alonzo Fry were killed in a bus-auto crash. The Denver Planning Commission appointed a committee to study the city's transportation problems. Plans were laid for victory gardens on every vacant lot in Denver.

**IDAHO**

**JEROME** got a \$125,000 potato and onion dehydrating plant. State road crews operated around the clock to keep roads open in the Stidnite mine area near Cascade. Boise policemen were instructed to sweep streets clear of broken glass; punishment for bottle-breakers was announced. Nampa imposed a 9.30 p.m. curfew on children under 16. Gov. Bottolfsen organized a state commission to study post-war problems. Idaho stockmen were hit by labor shortages.

**ILLINOIS**

**JEFFERY MANOR**, an extensive private housing project at Merrill and 99th in Chicago, was formally dedicated. Chicago Presbyterians raised \$1,500,000 to furnish trailer chapels for servicemen and war-industry areas. Half of Monmouth College's September enrollment is now in service. Illinois farmers pledged themselves to exceed the 1942 record crop production. Chicago's fire department answered 433 calls in one day, busiest in the city's history. Rockford jail's delouser was converted to a pressure cooker for canning food. A Monmouth farmer found a hog eating his new 1943 plastic auto license tag.

**IOWA**

Staggered working hours increased street-car and bus traffic in Des Moines. A fire caused \$100,000 damage in Akron's business section; another at Waterloo caused \$100,000 damage at the Hawkeye Steel Products Co. Charles E. Goessling of Shenandoah was elected president of the Southwestern Iowa Lumbermen's Association. Lt. Col. Luke D. Zech of the University of Nebraska became ROTC commandant at SUI, Iowa City. Iowa retail liquor sales dropped \$1,000,000 a month.

**MISSOURI**

**FIFTEEN HUNDRED** southeast Missouri cotton pickers returned from Arizona where they helped relieve manpower shortages. Labor unions in St. Louis fought a move to abolish the street-car and bus weekly pass system. William I. Radkay and Samuel Ricketts, two of three federal prisoners who escaped at Cincinnati, O., were captured at Kansas City after gun battles. St. Louis' municipal auditorium was named Henry W. Kiel Auditorium, for the late mayor.

**MONTANA**

**AT HELENA**, the legislature overran its scheduled session, stopped clocks. The annual high-school week program at Montana State College, Bozeman was canceled. Great Falls ice-cream parlors reported a 3000 percent increase in demand with supplies only 50 percent of needs.



**NEBRASKA**

**AT HERMAN**, livestock prices were up, farm sales were numerous, and farm machinery and tools brought high prices, held down only by government ceilings. Farmers in 61 counties reported 90 percent of 1942 production as their goal for this year. Mrs. Jesus Garcia and her seven children were burned to death at Gering. Fires caused \$160,000 damage at the Cornhusker ordnance plant at Grand Island, and destroyed the Cooper Milling Co. plant at Humboldt.

**NEVADA**

**THE LEGISLATURE** authorized Nevada counties to sue for a share of revenue received by the state from the federal government. The Office of Defense Transportation formed a state advisory board to study Nevada transportation problems. Federal aid was approved for construction of a school in Basic Magnesium Township near Las Vegas. Robert Luck of Truckee fashioned hundreds of left-handed knives for jungle fighting. Stolen from Virginia Lake near Reno, a swan.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**

**A PROPOSAL** to remove beer and liquor local-option questions from election ballots was voted down by the House. Tilton approved Sunday movies. New Hampshire's 235 town meetings acted to reduce appropriations. Town meetings results: Berlin, Earl E. Morin elected mayor; Bow, all officials reelected; Canaan, Herbert W. Day elected selectman and John R. Taplin, treasurer; Barnstead, Charles F. Jenkins elected selectman; Bradford, Thomas R. Nolan elected selectman; Laconia, Robinson W. Smith reelected mayor; Plymouth, J. C. Peaslee elected clerk; Pittsfield, Howard A. Thorpe elected clerk.

**NEW YORK**

**AT ALBANY**, the Senate passed a bill invalidating out-of-state divorces unless the grounds used are recognized in New York. Traffic deaths in the State declined 17.9 percent in 1942; traffic mileage dropped 22.5 percent. Vassar College at Poughkeepsie solved the labor shortage by assigning each student to one hour a day of domestic work. Buffalo Police Commissioner Cronin was fired by Mayor Kelly in the "police-station death" of John Kocemba; Inspector Cannan succeeded Cronin. Rochester's telephones now buzz a warning when over-long conversations burden war-vital wires. Buffalo police conducted an anti-jaywalking drive.

**OKLAHOMA**

**A LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE** heard charges that two former officials took \$8,000 from Mrs. J. W. Eisminger, Oklahoma City, to obtain a parole for her husband. Oklahoma County's oat crop was damaged by a cold snap. Clifton Fox was killed at Chelsea in a dance-hall fight.

**OREGON**

**TAX REDUCTIONS** were postponed until 1944 by the legislature. Lenten fast restrictions were relaxed for Catholics of the Portland diocese. Streamlined passenger trains were discontinued between Portland and Seattle, Wash. The Columbia River Packers' Association called for workers as the annual salmon run began. Fire swept 200 acres of woodland along the Salmon River in Lincoln County. Liquor drinkers were limited to two quarts of whisky and a pint of gin a week.

**PENNSYLVANIA**

**JOHN A. BOLSTER**, safe cracker, arrested at Philadelphia after police traced a priority slip on one of his files, was sentenced to 20 to 40 years. District Attorney Russell H. Adams ousted county detective chief Charles W. Leith at Pittsburgh. William McCausland was charged at Erie with killing Leo Knoll in a saloon over a practical joke. William H. Davis was named fire chief at Pittsburgh to succeed Edward J. Kerr.

**RHODE ISLAND**

**RHODE ISLAND CONVICTS** were used to load scrap metal because of manpower shortage. Mayor Roberts of Providence left for the Navy. Fifteen hundred workers of the Esmond Mills at Esmond struck after Charles LaGreca, local president of the Textile Workers' Union, was fired, then called the strike off after he was rehired.

**VERMONT**

**THE SENATE** rejected a bill to import physicians to Vermont for the duration. The Poultney National Bank was closed by the federal government. An instructor and three trainees were severely injured when a commercial training plane crashed at Burlington.

**WEST VIRGINIA**

**FARMERS WERE ASKED** to report their cedar trees to county agricultural agents; they're wanted for war production. Woodrow Sears of Coalburg was killed in a railway crossing crash near Cabin Creek. The legislature restricted Sunday beer sales to the hours between 2 p.m. and midnight, turned down local option proposals. A budget was adopted reducing state expenditures. Text-books were "frozen" for the duration. Logan adopted a 9 p.m. curfew for juveniles.

**Hollywood** Jimmy Durante is sticking his nose back into print again with his lead on "Comedy Caravan," a CBS program every Friday night. . . . Martha Stephenson, who was married to Hal Kemp and that lovely thing Mature has turned down a four hundred dollar a week singing job because, she says, she can't sing. . . . Who can? They're ganging up at the Red Cross benefits now. The latest is that the Red Cross show soon to be tossed at Madison Square Garden will have a cast that reads like a De Mille dream: Ronald Colman, Paulette Goddard, Bette Davis, Hedy Lamarr, Eleanor Powell and Abbott and Costello. . . . MGM is a little short on love affairs for the unhealthy Mickey Rooney so they're trying to replenish the supply by sending their sharpest scout



Mickey Rooney

thing for the Boys," with Ethel Merman, Allen Jenkins and Cole Porter songs. . . . "This is the Army," now on the road, has grossed \$2,000,000 for Army Emergency Relief.



Jack Mahler into the easternmost reaches of Canada where grow the prettiest pickings. . . . The big studios are battling each other like mad for the rights to film the life of Jimmy Doolittle. . . . Jimmy's doing a little battling somewhere.

**Broadway** Army Military Police and Navy Shore Patrols are teaming up to police New York's Times Square area. One MP and one SP go the rounds together. . . . East and West Coasts still can't agree over what's a good play. "Cry Havoc," the all feminine play about nurses on Bataan, was cheered in Los Angeles and hooted in New York, where it ran only a few performances. First rousing musical hit in a long time is "Some-

thing for the Boys," with Ethel Merman, Allen Jenkins and Cole Porter songs. . . . "This is the Army," now on the road, has grossed \$2,000,000 for Army Emergency Relief.



Paulette Goddard

**All Around** H. E. Dunton, of Birmingham, Ala., shattered the world's rope-jumping record with 8,360 skips an hour—1,112 more than his nearest rival. . . . George Jessel's autobiography will be published soon. . . . Carole Landis was married in London to Capt. Thomas C. Wallace, of Pasadena, Calif., a pilot in the Ferry Command. . . . The Richmond Times-Dispatch listed Sgt. Ted Yaryan among the 12 outstanding women of the year because of his performance as Sylvia in "The Women" at Camp Lee, Va.



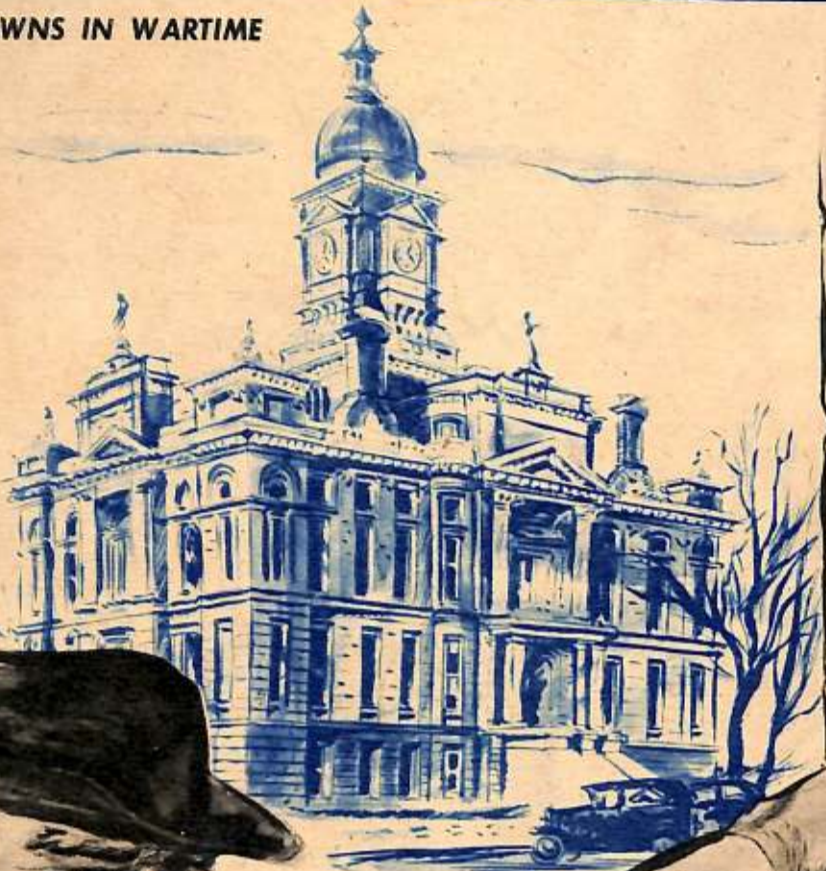


## Donna Reed

From 1st Sgt. B. F. Province of an ordnance aviation outfit in Britain, comes a letter stating his outfit wants to see a full page photo of Donna Reed, M.G.M. starlet. The men have elected her company sweetheart. Okey, sarge, okey, soldiers.

# FRANKFORT, Ind.

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME



**Soldiers overseas are always asking if their home town has changed since they've been away. So YANK decided to visit typical home towns all over the U. S. and publish a series of stories about the way they have been affected by the war. Here is Frankfort, Ind. Other places will appear in future issues. Watch for your town.**

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON  
YANK Staff Writer

**F**RANKFORT, IND.—Indiana is a State filled with individualists, and Frankfort, in its geographical center, is no exception.

You walk into the South Side Cigar Store & Restaurant on Clinton Street, and this immediately becomes apparent. The long, narrow room is cloudy with the smoke of tobacco and hamburger. Sprawled all over the long oak counter and wicker-seat chairs are farmers in overalls, lawyers and storekeepers in business suits, and railroad shopmen in grease-stained dungarees. Little groups are discussing, in loud deafening tones, the comparative merits of Paul V. McNutt, Wendell Willkie, and John Bricker. In the same tones, they are discussing corn, taxes, the Red Army, and fox-hunting. It is like something out of the 1890s, lacking only the cracker barrel.

I asked Ernie Lowden, the proprietor, why he had never modernized his establishment. "This is how they want it," he said, "and this is how they're going to have it. Where else can they go when they come back from market with manure up to the knees? If I prettied up the South Side, they'd open up their own place across the square."

With a town full of people like that, you rapidly become aware of the fact that not even a war

can change it very much. And it hasn't changed.

Like most Indiana towns, Frankfort is laid out around a square, with the court house smack in the middle of it. The communal life of the county still revolves around this square, in a more or less normal way, despite the staggering loss of 2,000 men to the armed forces, out of a population of 14,000.

The high-school kids pour into Aughe's Drug Store every afternoon, sip cokes, and read the comic books on the front shelf from cover to cover. No one ever buys a comic book outright.

Just down the street, the Farmers Bank, scene of Indiana's most spectacular bank robbery six years ago, is prospering. Clinton County's corn, oats and tomato crops were the best in history this year, and as a result the bank was able to install a shiny, new modernistic front. Vachel Howard, as an indication, cleared \$300 on 3 acres of tomatoes—and one day last fall, there was a line of farmers' tomato trucks, no less than 40 long, outside the Kemp Sun-Ray plant on West Morrison Street. Only the new soy-bean crop was bad. An early snow covered about half of the beans before they could be harvested.

Across the square, the town's bars—Roe's Tavern, the Cave, and the Marine Room—are doing extremely well, although chafing at the restrictions of the Indiana Excise Department which



The Farmers Bank has a new modernistic front.

insists that they close at midnight and all day Sunday. The Central Pool Parlor continues to be the toughest hang-out in town. A few months ago the Rialto Theater next door closed down because of whistlings emanating from in front of the Central, directed indiscriminately at all attractive female patrons of the movie house. It developed into a question of either the Central or the theater having to go—one of those "over my dead body" controversies. The Central won.

The other two movies, the Roxy and the Clinton, are doing well, and on the whole, the social life of the town continues the same. The women play bridge, go to church, and occasionally see a show in Indianapolis or hear a lecture at nearby Purdue University. The men attend Elks and American Legion meetings, go to church, and discuss politics. The wealthier families have Sunday dinner at the Country Club. All the kids play basketball in vacant lots, with backboards set up against trees. On Saturday night and Sunday, the farmers come to town with their families, buy bags of popcorn and go to the movies. "So much popcorn is consumed in Frankfort," says Pat Croy, the manager of both theaters, "that on week ends we have to increase the volume of our sound system so the picture can be heard."

On the whole, though, the town is very conscious of the war. It is all around them. In the Woodside School there is a huge service flag with 150 stars on it. In Dippy Rogers' Pool Parlor there is a bulletin board with 65 photographs of men in uniform on it. The Ing-Rich plant, which used to make enameled table tops, is now making steel plates for tanks and thermos jugs for airplanes. The old Red Ball truck plant is now making leggings for the Army. The Nickel Plate Railroad yards have never been so busy.

Trouble was expected from the Dunkard religious community to the north of Frankfort when the Selective Service regulations were tightened up. A special ruling was secured for them, making them eligible for conscientious-objector status. But a strange thing happened. Not a single young Dunkard allowed himself to be classified as such. Some of them even came into town in their somber black suits, round hats and chin whiskers, and demanded combat service.

Sports are hard hit. Frankfort dropped out of the Indiana-Ohio professional baseball league. Transportation difficulties. And last summer the new municipal swimming pool in TPA park was almost deserted. Manpower difficulties. The high-school football team had its greatest season in 1942, winning six, tying one, and losing one; but the whole team has graduated or gone into the Army—and they probably won't be able to lick Miss Whitman's kindergarten next fall. Basketball is already feeling the pinch. The team this season has lost seven out of 10 games.

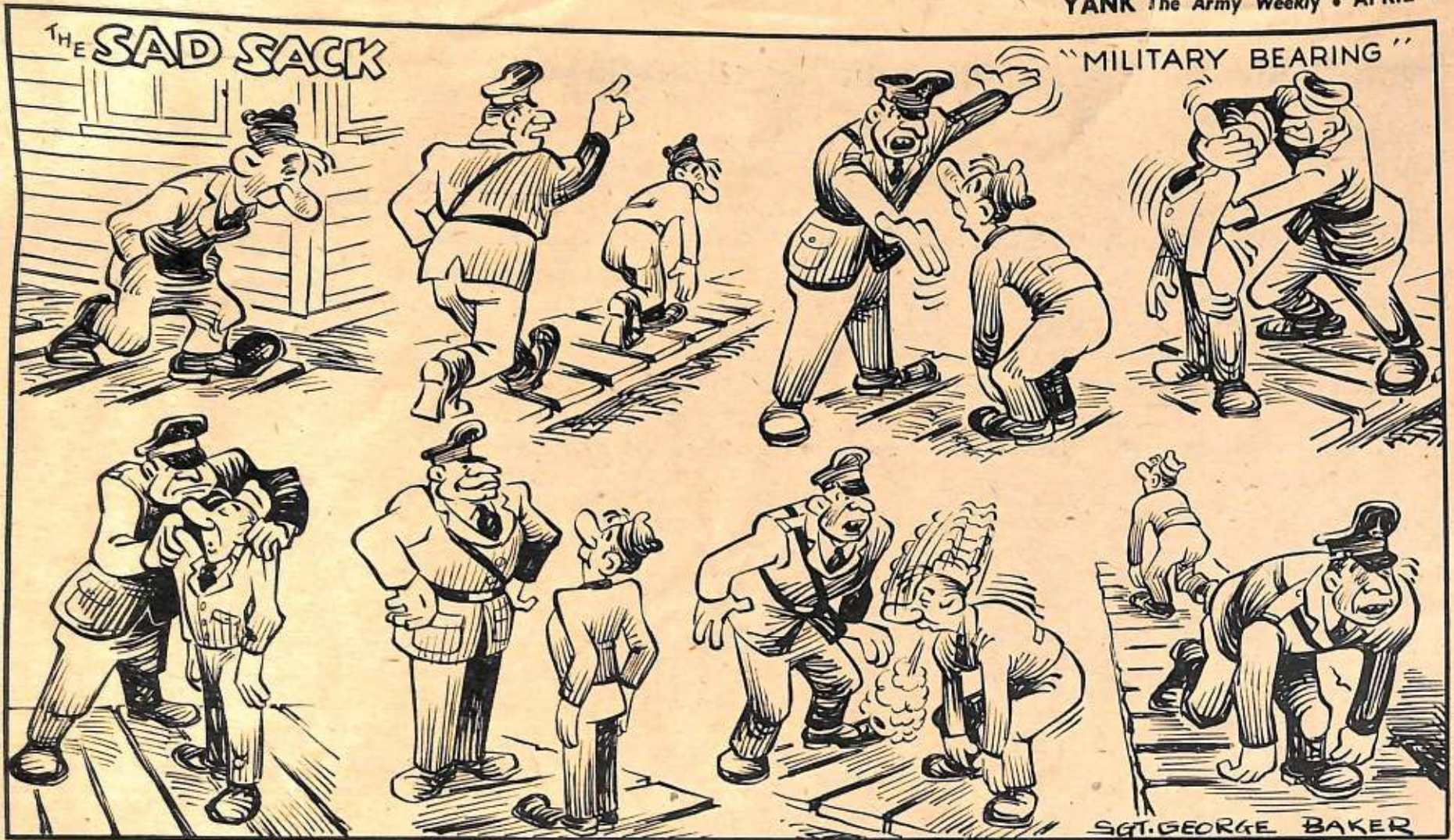
After the men were called away, the girls, too, left in droves. WAACs and war plants. High-school kids seem to be the only ones around, and they are having a tough time of it. The Aero Inn is closed. Ideal Beach is too far away. They can't get to Lover's Leap or their favorite parking spot in the trees behind the swimming pool.

So in typical Indiana fashion they have headed back to the square. They sit in the rear rows of the movie balconies, unscrew the lights overhead, and neck. Or they just park in the square.

Somehow, a Hoosier will always figure out a way of doing what he wants to do.



No customers.



"Sit right here," Artie Greengroin said to us. "This is where it's going to happen."  
 "Here in the orderly room?" we asked.  
 "Yeah, sure," Artie said. "This is the oney telephone in the whole joint. This is where it's going to happen, awright."

He sat down behind the first sergeant's desk and began to bite his nails, starting with the third finger, left hand. After a while his eyes strayed out the window. "What a day," he breathed, "what a country. Honest to gaw, sometimes I'm happy I come to the English Isle."

We said that sometimes we were happy he came, too.

"I've jess had me a change of life," Artie said. "Did you ever think a ole bassar like me could have a change of life?"

We remained non-committal.  
 "I am a new man," Artie said. "A new Greengroin. The ole Artie is dead. And you know who done it to me?"

"No," we said. "Who done it to you?"  
 "Her," Artie said, gesturing at the telephone. "My dream goil. She's like a sunset over Flatbush. She's like the third beer at Tim's Grill."

"Is she like the first sergeant when he comes in and sees you sitting at his desk?" we asked.

"I ignore that rummy," Artie said. "I ain't on speaking toims with him. If I want to sit at his ole bassar of a desk I'll sit at his ole bassar of a desk. What's he got that I ain't got?"

"Five stripes, a diamond, and a good left hook," we said.

"Thass beside the point," Artie said. "I mean man to man, man to man. But I got no reason to complain on a day like this. The boids is singing, the grass is growing, the Captain's dorg is making love up in the village, and things is more peaceful

# Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



## GREENGROIN ON THE TELEPHONE

than they been all winter. I got one thing to say for April. I like it."

"What's this new doll of yours like?" we wanted to know.

"Aw, she's wunnerful," Artie said. "Mine you, jess met her lass night, but I'm completely gone. I'm a loss soul. You ought to see them eyes she's got. They're blinding."

"Is she a darb?" we asked.

"Aw, sure," Artie said. "Mine you, I ain't saying she's perfect, or nothing like that. She don't speak English too good. But her face and form are unconstitutional, honest to gaw. Tell me, ole man, have you ever felt the pangs of true love?"

"Innumerable times," we said.

"I get carried away," Artie said. "In exactly six minutes she's going to give me a phone on this phone here and tell me where we're going to meet tonight."

"And in about one minute," we said, "the top is coming in here and kick you out of his chair."

"Don't talk to me about that top," Artie said. "He's beneath me contempt."

"For how long, Greengroin, for how long?" came the booming voice of the top from the door.

"Hello, there, ole boy," Artie said. "We was talking about you."

"Get yer crummy feet offen my desk," the top said. "Get yer crummy tail offen my chair. Get yer whole crummy carcass out of this office."

"Thass a hell of a way to talk to one of your own non-coms," Artie said. "I jess come in here to ast a favor, thass all."

"I ain't doing no favors terday," the top said, "and I ain't giving out no passes. If the favor you want is a pass fer ternight, ferget it. Ternight everybody's got to stay in and shine their buttons. Coinel's orders."

Artie's face dropped as though Lefty Gomez had thrown it when he was in his prime. "Aw, wait a minute, ole man," he said.

"I ain't a ole man, and I ain't waiting," the top said.

"Look," Artie said, "they's a goil going to call me. On that telephone."

He pointed a wavering finger at the top's phone. For the first time the top became civil. "Oh, a doll, huh?" he said.

"Yeah," Artie said, "a real darb of a doll."  
 "Oh," said the top, "thass different. Never let it be said that I stood in the way of true love. Wass she like, Greengroin, ole man?"

Artie told him. We blushed, ever so slightly. One becomes calloused to such things.

"I tell you what, Greengroin, ole man," the top said after Artie had finished, "I got me orders not to issue no passes ternight because everybody's got to shine his buttons. But being as I never stood in the way of true love, I got an idea as far as you're concerned. Now, you run over to yer hut and polish yer buttons like a little man, and I'll give yer a pass for ternight."

"But what about the phone call she's going to make?" Artie said.

"I'll take care of it for yer," the top said. "I'll find out the time and the place for yer." He smiled a soft smile. "If me ole mother could oney see me now, it'd make her awful happy."

"Sergeant," Artie said, really moved, "I never really unnerstood you until now. I'm very proud to be one of your non-coms."

"Greengroin ole man, it's nothing," the top said. "Go and polish yer buttons."

With a whoop, Artie lit out of the orderly room in the direction of his barracks. With a saintly smile, the top sat down at his desk.

We were about to take our leave when the telephone rang. The top picked up the receiver. "Sergeant Glump," he roared. Then his voice suddenly went gentle. "Who?" he whispered. "Pfc. Greengroin? Oh, he ain't here. He's in the guardhouse. Huh? Oh, yeah, he'll probably be there for a month. What for? Oh, drunk and disorderly. The usual thing with Greengroin. Tonight? Well, I ain't doing nothing . . ."

We got out of there. It might be a good idea, we thought, if we trotted up to the hut and spoke to Artie. Something told us he was going to be an awfully mad Joe.



"In exactly six minutes she's going to give me a phone."



**MY LITTLE HUT**

Be it ever so humble or built in a rut,  
There is no place on earth like my  
little green hut,  
For it's flat on the bottom and rounded  
on top,  
And from roof to the floor's an eleven  
foot drop.

There are twelve men inside all as nice as  
can be,  
And so thoughtful they always quit  
shouting by three,  
And when six rolls around they remain  
in their beds,  
'Till the Sergeant throws water all  
over their heads.

There's a stove in my hut and that  
stove's kind of little;  
There's a guy in my hut—one who  
sleeps near the middle;  
His ambition's immense, for he'll kick  
and he'll poke  
'Till the fire goes out in a billow of  
smoke.

Every man in my hut will make up his  
own cot  
Every eight or ten days if it needs it  
or not,  
And they'll sweep out the dirt 'till their  
cots all look fine,  
And the dirt's in a neat two-foot pile  
under mine.

Though it's built in a rut about seven  
feet deep,  
It's a good enough place for a soldier  
to sleep;  
Be it ever so humble or placed in a rut,  
Thank the Lord there's no place like  
my little green hut!

—S/SGT. GENE E. BLUMM  
Britain

**AND I'D BET ON IT**

In Armentieres, the mademoiselle  
Was quite adept at raising hell,  
But she'd place second to the filly  
This soldier met in Piccadilly.

—T/5 PETER ALFANO  
Britain

**WOES IN THE NIGHT**

"Hardly a man is now alive  
From that mem'able class of '35!'  
Thus speaks a voice in its sullen way,  
Through the dead of night 'cross the  
barracks bay.

Thus speaks a voice from the Southern  
end,  
And the words and the blackness  
seems to blend;  
The jargon that's jabbered is jumbled  
in sleep,  
As the voice rants on about "Jimmy,  
the Creep."

"I haven't seen Jimmy, the Creep," it  
cries,  
"For seven whole years!" and the  
crying dies;  
Then the voice calls out in a weakened  
condition,  
"Oh, Sergeant, did Emerson get his  
commission?"

The moon slides along by the upper bay;  
A mouse cocks his head and scampers  
away;  
A sign is revealed, reading "FIRST  
PLATOON,"  
And a bump in a bed is betrayed by  
the moon.

The bump in the bed starts to rave for  
dear life,  
"Oh where, say, oh where is the  
Staff Sergeant's wife?"

And then, either fearing his neck or his  
foes,  
The voice fades away into peaceful  
repose.

The full sun comes up on another full  
day,  
The full bugle sounds through the  
barracks bay;  
But hardly a man is now fully awake—  
They were up all night long for the  
Corporal's sake!  
—S/SGT. GENE E. BLUMM  
Somewhere in England

**SUPPLY SERGEANT**

"I say there, supply sergeant, how do  
you fare?"  
A growl, "I'm busy—and what do you  
care?"  
"Oh, come now," we soothe, "Don't  
go off in a huff,  
We just sort of wondered how you do  
your stuff.  
This room you preside over—floor up to  
rafter  
And filled with equipment we're forever  
after—  
A model of neatness, the outfit is proud  
Of you and your work, and their praises  
are loud!"

A grin cracks his features, could be that  
he'll say?  
It could be and is, in a tone almost gay.  
"I got forms, requisitions, three-twos  
and three-threes,  
Memorandum receipts, and the work is  
a breeze  
When Joe, my assistant, for privates or  
sarges  
Procures what they want, or a statement  
of charges.  
I got what you want and I get what you  
need

And to Army procedure I pay strictest  
heed."  
His smile is of radiance, expression of  
one  
Who is well satisfied that a good job's  
been done.  
We talk of the weather and some other  
topics  
Of those who we like and of prejudiced  
topkicks.  
"Ah, yes," he resumes, "there are  
methods that work  
That to some men are clear and to others  
just murk;  
At one time or other we best get supplies  
When some guys don't ask questions  
and we don't tell lies!"  
—M/SGT. LARRY McCABE  
Somewhere in England

**MUD!**

The sagas of war always include the  
muddy,  
A union of water and earth—black,  
brown, ruddy.  
For when the rains fall and when the  
snow melts,  
Here's mud in your eye—and every  
place else!  
—M/SGT. LARRY McCABE  
Somewhere in England

**SECOND FRONT**

A Second Front, we understand,  
Is where we're gonna fight,  
When up to now we always thought,  
It's where the belt fits tight.  
—M/SGT. LARRY McCABE  
Britain.

**CHOW NOTE**

At the mess hall over a tough beef stew  
A friend of mine said, "Pal, I'm  
through,  
It's time to switch to the enemy.  
When the Infantry swallows the  
Cavalry."  
—SGT. WALTER STEWART  
Army Flying School, Greenville, Miss.

**GENEALOGICAL REFLECTION**

To know one thing I've often yearned,  
One fact I would discover;  
I'll never rest until I have learned  
Do M.P.s have a mother?  
—Pfc. DAN LAURENCE  
Australia

Dear YANK:

I am not in the habit of writing letters  
to publications, but I must say that I  
agree with Sgt. Tom Long when he says  
that Greengroin is a disreputable charac-  
ter. He is a disreputable character and,  
to my mind, a very bad influence on the  
men of our Army. Heaven knows some  
of them can be led astray very easily, and  
I think it a shame that you, supposedly  
a moral force, should condone his  
escapades.

T/4 ELWOOD T. SMITH

England.

For your information, things is done to  
me, I don't do nothing, I ain't carrying no  
banner, and you're a ole bassar.  
A. G., Pfc., AUS.

Dear YANK:

Recently I had a copy of your magazine  
sent to me from my boy friend, who is  
now in England with the Air Force, and in  
it was a piece about an Artie Greengroin.  
I used to go with a boy by that name who  
used to live on Flatbush Avenue, and I  
was wondering if they were the same two  
people. If they are, I wish you would  
send me the address of Pfc. Greengroin, as  
I have something I want to talk over with  
him that is very important. If he is the  
same one he will know what I mean. I  
do not want you to sign my name, as I  
do not want my present boy friend to  
know who I am.

(Miss) J. O'P. H.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear YANK:

I have no idea where Artie Greengroin  
was discovered, but I hope that you won't  
let the self-centered opinion of some  
namby-pamby jerk deter you from con-  
tinuing your publication of his numerous  
escapades. I refer to the letter concerning  
the aforementioned Pfc. in your magazine  
of March 21.  
As it is my opinion, as well as my

**MAIL CALL**



friends', unanimously, that Artie is a per-  
fect "character," let him maintain his  
quaint idiosyncrasies unchanged, as I'm  
sure any soldier would have him and any  
one who does not enjoy his episodes thus  
should have his G.I. shorts trimmed with  
lace or better still get a discharge and  
join the WAAC.

Pvt. J. B. LENOGHAN

Britain.

Dear YANK:

This is my second letter to newspapers.  
My sole reason for writing is to offset the  
opinion trilled out by T./Sgt. Tom Long,  
QMC, in your latest edition. "Nasty old  
Greengroin!" he chirps.

Three things for you, Sgt. Long: (1)  
You use atrocious grammar in ascribing  
two abstract qualities (literacy and taste)  
to YANK, and then saying that Artie is  
neither. Quite right; Artie is a character,  
or, as written in YANK, a soldier whose  
exploits are damned entertaining to a lot  
of us. (2) Most of us are beyond the im-  
pressionable or plastic age; you aren't  
likely to see any regiments go over the hill  
just because Artie did. Maybe you could  
persuade YANK to run a serial form of  
the *Adventures of Alice in Wonderland*  
or some Horatio Alger stuff. (3) Take any  
future complaints and blow them out your  
"A" bag. Any soldier will be glad to  
explain that one to you in greater detail.

T/3 PAUL E. STEARNS

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I don't know what you people are trying  
to palm off on me, but I can tell you one  
thing. Greengroin doesn't speak in a  
Brooklyn dialect. I think it all boils  
down to the fact that Damon Runyon  
is a fine writer and that the author of

"Greengroin" is not. Your character is  
nothing to be proud of. He is typical  
neither of his locale nor of the Army.

S/SGT. WILLIAM MAXE

England.

Dear YANK:

Some of the men in our company,  
including myself, have been to Greenland,  
and we want to say that your editorial  
last week deserves the highest commenda-  
tion. Since we arrived in the ETO, we  
have talked a great deal about the tough  
time those guys are having up there, with-  
out getting any credit for the hardships  
they are going through. They have been  
sadly neglected, and we are glad that they  
are getting some credit.

T/5 EDWARD LEHZOVSKI

England.

Dear YANK:

I have been to Greenland, and I have  
been on 7 ops. in a B-17 over France, and  
I want to say that I had rather fly over  
there twice every day until 1950 than  
spend six months in Greenland.

T/SGT. JACK MILLS

Dear YANK:

We like your paper very much and read  
it every week from cover to cover, but  
those poems in that Poet's Corner depart-  
ment—whew! You should corner those  
poets, all of them, and put them on ice.  
Otherwise, it is a good paper, particularly  
the way you write about Air Force stories.  
The guys in the Air Force are good and  
tired about the way these reporters take a  
little raid over France and come back  
writing like they were the only guys that  
ever risked their necks doing a job like  
that. This Sgt. Scott is the only honest

reporter in the ETO, or even on the YANK  
for that matter. For instance, that other  
raid story some time back about "Bombs  
Over Burma." What a turkey that was!

S/SGT. MORRIS SHAPIRO

England.

Dear YANK:

I am writing to know how I can get a  
transfer out of the ETO. This was inspired  
by your editorial in the last issue. I wish  
to go to Greenland where there are no  
women because I have had enough of  
women. There are at present three women  
on my neck, and I want to go away and  
forget about it. I could use a good iceberg  
after what I've been through.

SGT. F. E. (LOTHARIO) WILLIS

Ulster.

Dear YANK:

Very many thanks for your interest-  
ing and instructive paper YANK. I wish  
we had a paper like it in our British  
Army.

I am wondering whether you can put  
me in touch with a guy in your Army,  
Navy, or Air Corps who is an ardent  
autograph collector. My collection now  
numbers 2,000 signatures, which in-  
cludes signatures on photos, signed pro-  
grams and souvenirs. Trust you can  
fix me up. I am in the British Royal  
Artillery and my address is 6 Cerne  
Road, Morden, Surrey, England.

England —Gunner C. FREDERICK ADCOCK

Dear YANK:

I didn't like the food at all—I didn't  
like the beds;  
I didn't give a hoot about the U. of I.  
coeds.  
I thought the school was lousy, and  
"I'll tell you, boys"—says I.  
"It isn't worth behaving for a weekend  
pass to Chi."  
So help me, men, I'm sorry now, and  
believe me it's the truth.  
I wish to God I could somehow get sent  
back to Chanute.

—Pvt. A. V. SWENSON

England

## THE SERGEANT'S CONFERENCE

**W**E got back not long ago from a little Anglo-American "Atlantic Charter Conference," not that we'll ever get a bannerline in the *New York Times* on the basis of it; but, still, it was more important than you think, even if it was only us six sergeants. We held said affair 800 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean and 900 feet above it. The altimeter said 1,000 feet, but the altimeter was wrong as we later learned almost at the cost of the lives of the conferees when we landed that night by flare path on the runways of a strange airdrome.

For participants in a highly historic conference, we were the most unhistoric and unimportant group of Joes you ever saw. They would not have let us in the back door at Versailles, even as tourists after the war. If the altimeter had been another 50 feet off, the most important loss would have been a quarter of a million bucks' worth of Liberator airplane, several thousand bucks' worth of bombs that could have been used to better advantage elsewhere, and several thousand dollars' worth of training these Joes had been given in how to fly airplanes.

But that, of course, is why the conference was so important—because none of us were.

At least, not in the sense that Hermann Goering, for instance, is important. Hermann Goering runs the whole damned Luftwaffe, and we were running only one Liberator aircraft on a coastal command patrol, subject to all the long-range fighters he wanted to send out that day. But they could send out the whole German gestapo and drag any six field marshals in the German Army by the nose to Berchtesgaden, and they still couldn't have as imposing a group of conferees as us six immortal sergeants. And they could throw in, additionally, four more from Italy and half a dozen apiece from every one of their satellite countries, and they still would have not had a conference like ours.

They could get together and shout German and Italian at each other for five years, and they still would not have achieved a millionth of what we achieved in one day's flight. They haven't got the touch; that's all. They're very important Joes to themselves, but history, boy, left them altogether in the cradle of the deep that day we patrolled the Atlantic.

They haven't got the touch.

Now, there were only six of us, and Hughie, for instance, hadn't even gone past the sixth grade, but we will stack Hughie up against any of them at anybody's peace conference as a level head. Hughie's got the touch.

He was a very important conferee. Five of us were English, and one of us (us), was American at this conference.

But we all had the touch, like Hughie, who

used to be an estate agent before the RAF. And like George, the pilot, who was a railway clerk, and Jack, a shipping clerk; and Willis, who was too young to work before he became a co-pilot, and Pat, who worked in his father's store before he joined up.

We started off the conference with a little poker, and then we decided to teach the boys some gin rummy. They learned too fast. These, however, were only individual games, played as each man took a relief period from his post aboard the plane.

**P**OKER got a little dull. Everything gets a little dull when you are flying throughout the day through cloudy skies on patrol, with the monotonous roar of the motors, with only half a mile of sea visible on any side, and not a sky above you at all, only the fine gray blanket of cloud.

So we started talking. First, about the patrol we were doing and how damned dull it was, and then about the war in general. And then we started talking about more important things. It was altogether an impromptu conference, there around the radio operator's table, but we tell you it will shake the world some day. It was altogether profound, and that is not an exaggeration.

One by one, we solved the problems of the world, and the beautiful thing about it was that we knew our plans not only were practicable, but that they would definitely reach fruition. We didn't go much into such subjects as the velocity

of world trade after the war. We could not be bothered about details. We did not worry very much about the parliamentary construction of a League of Nations, or how many secretaries we would need to do a job, because that was one for the parliamentarians. Nor did we kibitz the high command on where they should strike next, we left that to the high command.

But Joe, when we got through talking that night, as dusk settled on the shores of England when we made landfall, your problems and my problems were good and solved.

We did a little speculation here and there on the possible shape of things to come, and did talk in detail of the reconstruction of the city of London after the war. We also speculated on when the war would be over, and agreed it was going to be a hell of a long fight.

For a group of unimportant Joes that day we sure did some tall solving among ourselves.

We had all agreed that the world is big enough for everybody but small enough for everybody to live in on a close and friendly basis. That the world is fertile enough to furnish the food and the clothes for man to live comfortably and well like God intended a man should live. That the world of man is good enough at heart, though blighted for the moment by disease of war, for everybody to live side by side without shooting each other up. And that the heart of man is noble enough to have his own ideas, without somebody throwing ideas down his throat.

**W**E had passed Land's End and were heading home. The clouds around us were still luminous with the setting sun. The land below was dark. We flew on into the night, together, coming at length to a strange airdrome, and we ended our conference with handshakes on the tarmac.

It only occurred to us the other night how important our conference really was. Not for what we had talked about. For it suddenly occurred to us that we had just been talking around the Four Freedoms in so much words. But important, merely because we had been talking around them, without even realizing what we said. Important because there must be hundreds of thousands of other sergeants and generals, corporals and colonels who feel the same way, talking at odd moments on battlefields and in the trenches and in airplanes, in Libya and in Russia and Guadalcanal and wherever men fight.

Yes, this is the century of the common man, when in their own words, without reference or allusion to a classical doctrine, men can—in their own words—express and live by a great faith of freedom, whether it is a sergeant's conference or a statesman's conference. Consider your problems solved, Joe, and whenever anybody asks you—or you ask yourself again—what you're fighting for, you take your pick—the sergeant's conference or the statesman's conference. It all adds up to the same thing.

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New York Office:

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weichas, DEML; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Juscius Schlotzhauer, Inf.; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Arm'd. Officer-in-charge, Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor: Maj. Hartzell Spence.

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# CHINA STARS

# ... and U.S. STRIPES

Somewhere in India, S/Sgt. Bill Hancock, of Rock Hill, S. C., instructs Chinese soldiers in the use of a British Bren gun.



## Stilwell's American noncoms streamline Chiang Kai-Shek's veterans with latest U. S. weapons and training methods.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**S**OMEWHERE IN INDIA—An entire company of Chinese soldiers, all veterans of the Burma campaign, are in prone position on the firing line with slings adjusted and rifle sights leveled on the bullseye 200 yards away. At the command "Tzahn tzu day!", they load and lock; then comes the command of "Kai szzz hsieh chi!" and a volley of hot lead whistles toward the target. But it isn't the concussion that rocks and startles your eardrums. It's the distinct Southern accent wrapped around those firing commands—barked out in near-perfect Chinese sing-song by Sgt. Johnnie R. Barnes. Late of Powellville, N. C., Barnes is now one of a cadre of strictly G. I. Americans who are serving as instructors at this

Chinese-American training center where Uncle Joe Stilwell is grooming a Chinese force to go back in Burma and kick hell out of the Japs.

This All-American cadre, recruited from camps all over the U. S., was sent to India several months ago to train Chinese soldiers in the use of American weapons and equipment. Oddly enough, the "pupils" had experience that made their "teachers" look like rookies in comparison; most of them were veterans of Chinese divisions who had trekked across the mountainous jungle into India when Burma fell.

But the Chinese had little, if any, experience with modern weapons, particularly field artillery pieces. Nor had any of them ever had live ammunition for practice. So, with weapons and supplies furnished China under the U. S. lend-lease agreement, Uncle Joe Stilwell's picked

force of American noncoms started teaching the Chinese how to use their new equipment.

The instruction starts with romanization of the weapons and equipment, which simply means teaching the nomenclature in Chinese. That is followed by interior school instruction which includes sighting, aiming, loading, care and cleaning of weapon, triangulation, tripod drill and other phases of small weapons training together with zeroing, assembly, disassembly and maintenance of the field artillery pieces. Then comes the range work where the Chinese put their training to the test with live ammunition.

It's on the range that the American noncoms get the chance to spout forth most of their Chinese. The interior school instruction is so involved that Chinese interpreters are assigned to each class to relay the more detailed instructions to the pupils. But out on the range, the G. I.s from Carolina, Tennessee and Brooklyn really exercise their newly-acquired Chinese linguistics. Here's the sequence of rifle fire commands as Sgt. Barnes or S/Sgt. Felix Southerland, the senior instructor from Charlotte, Tenn., shout 'em out when it's time to get ready on the right, ready on the left, and ready on the firing line:

"Tao pi day" (adjust slings). "Wo dah" (get in position!). "Tzahn tzu day" (load and lock rifles). "Kai szzz hsieh chi!" (commence firing). When the rapid fire time is up, Southerland hollers "Ting tzzz hsieh chi!" which is "Cease firing!" Then he gives the commands "Tzahn chi lai!" (get up!), and "Kan bao!" (mark targets!). Chinese with an American accent is also the order of the day on the artillery ranges where U. S. noncoms are teaching veterans of the Burma campaign how to handle their newly-acquired 105-mm howitzers, 75-mm pack howitzers and 37-mm antitank guns. The same holds true with instructions in the Browning machine gun, tommy gun, Bren gun, 60-mm mortars, bayonet and hand-grenade drill.

The camp's two most fluent Chinese speakers are S/Sgt. Bill Engel, a former Social Security Commission clerk from Bayonne, N. J., and Sgt. Bill Rowe, an ex-milkman from Durham, N. C. They are the "prize students" at the Chinese language classes, conducted three nights a week by English-speaking Chinese, which all Ameri-

call-up to one of his pupils goes thusly: "A wo shih B" (meaning "A from B") That's followed by this bit of tongue-twisting: "Hsien tsai wo yao ho ni chang hua wo ti hsing yee hao bu hao ching hui dah." All of which reduced to English means: "Reporting into the net. What is my readability? Answer."

Sgt. Rowe's old customers back on his milk route in Durham would really be surprised to hear him giving his machine gun class a little close order drill. Here's how Bill sounds off in all-inclusive training.

"Gee ho" (fall in). "Lee jen" (attention). "Shan yo kan chien" (eyes right). "Bah so" (count off). "Shan tzo drehn" (left face). "Shan ho drehn" (about face). "Tze bu tzo" (forward march). "Yo drahn wan tzo" (column right). "Pao bu joe" (double time). "Lee den" (halt). "Shan yo drehn" (right face). "Tzo shio" (left dress). "Shan chien kan" (eyes front). "Sow shi" (at ease). "Lee jen" (attention!). "Gai sahn" (dismissed).

But infantry and artillery instruction is not the

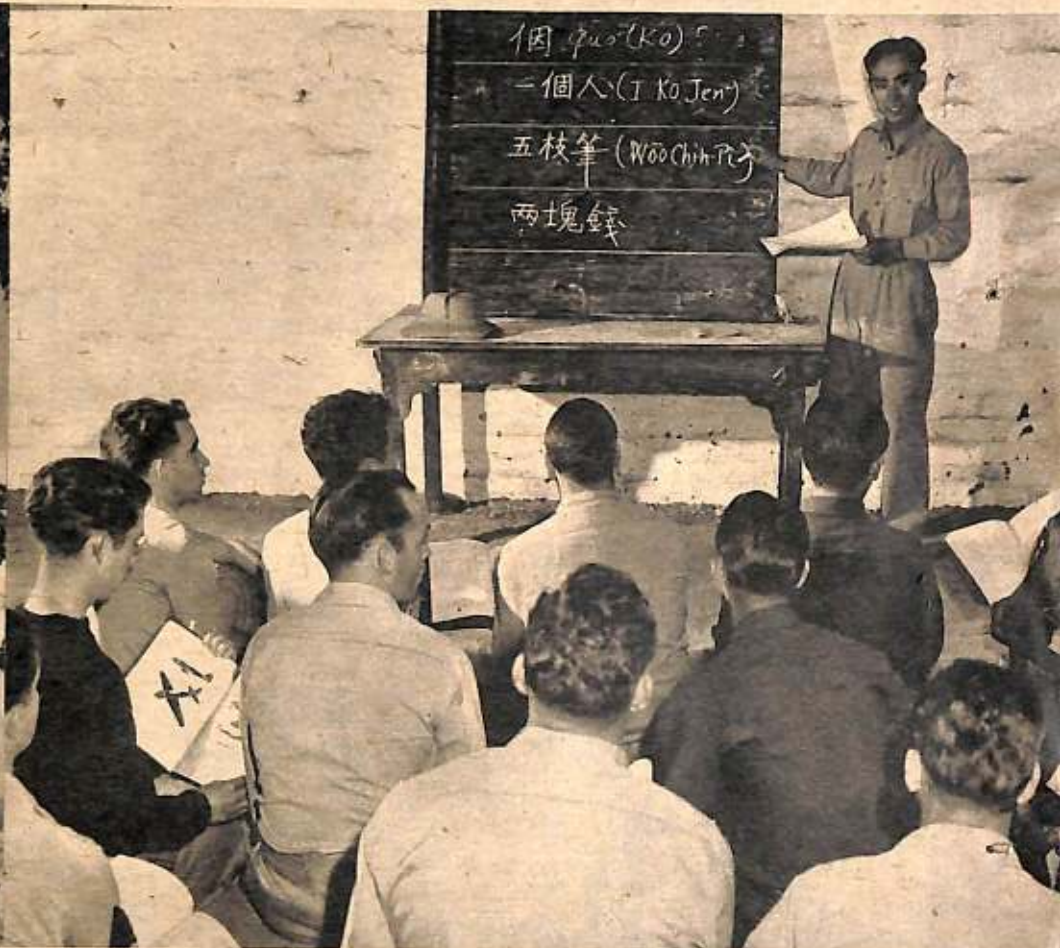
course are other parts of the training given the Chinese soldiers to put them back in proper physical condition. Boxing, track, basketball and soccer classes are conducted by Sgt. Claude (Lefty) Williams, of Dallas, Tex., former pitching ace of the Baton Rouge (La.) Club in the East Dixie Baseball League, and Dara Singh, an Indian Sikh who is a former pro boxer.

Some day when the time is ripe, this Chinese Army is going back into Burma en route to its Jap-occupied homeland. A lot of hell will pop loose for the Japs when Uncle Joe leads this veteran, well-equipped force back to avenge the drubbing he frankly admitted last May.

When you read in the communiques how a Chinese-manned 105-mm knocked out a Jap railhead, credit an assist to guys like M/Sgt. Wilber D. Chambers, of Ennis, Tex., and Sgt. Durwood McGray, of Marion, Kans. Don't forget that S/Sgt. Sam Carmell, of Dorchester, Mass., is the invisible member of the 60-mm mortar "double-play" combination that blasts hell out of a Jap machine-gun nest. And remember the



Sgt. Claude Williams, of Dallas, Tex., conducts a class in visual signaling.



Chinese Maj. C. C. Lee, ex-professor, teaches his language to American noncoms.

can noncoms must attend.

Engel, who is in charge of field artillery radio communications, is teaching the Chinese the intricacies of field radios and battalion transmitters.

Most of his pupils have had experience on the home-made radio and telephone equipment improvised by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's army so they catch on fast with the more modern American equipment. Engel converses with them easily in Chinese and they get a big kick out of teaching him new words to add to his already-polished military vocabulary. Bill's stock Chinese

only phase of training at this base which was formerly a British concentration camp for Italian and German prisoners of war. Classes in chemical warfare, bridge building, demolition, visual signaling, telephonic communication, truck driving, automotive mechanics, veterinary and field hospitalization are other important parts of the all-inclusive training.

The horseshoeing and truck driving classes are the most novel of the lot. At the former class, S/Sgt. Carl W. Zingg, of East Orange, N. J., and Sgt. Leonard Hall, of Bronxville, N. Y., give the Chinese pack howitzer soldiers inside tips on horses and their care that they learned themselves while members of crack "society soldier" units—New Jersey's 102nd Cavalry and New York's 101st Cavalry Regiment—back in the States.

In the classes conducted at the motor school, Chinese who never drove anything more complicated than a rickshaw are learning to repair, drive and handle lumbering GMC 6x6 army trucks in convoy on remarkably short instruction. The main problem with the truck drivers is getting Chinese with legs long enough to reach the accelerator. Rear pillows are also provided for some to push them up closer to the steering wheel. T/Sgt. Richard Zettwock, of New York City, is the senior noncom in charge of the maintenance classes while M/Sgt. Ebie Goodwin, of Rockingham, N. C., teaches driving.

A varied athletic program and an obstacle

men behind the men behind that Chinese 37-mm antitank gun that blows a Jap tank to bits are really a couple of G. Is named S/Sgt. Paul V. Meany, of Boston, Mass., and S/Sgt. Martin W. Rushing, of Bruceton, Tenn.

They're just some more of the All-American cadre who have one main thing in common with their Chinese pupils. The Chinese have words for it—and every G. I. over here knows the expression backwards and forwards.

It's "Wo men ti ti jen shih jih pen kuo": "Our enemy is Japan."



2nd Lt. C. F. Choate trains 105-mm howitzer crew.



Daily 12-mile practice march for pack train soldiers.

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



PT. TOMMY  
3:6  
CAMP DAVIS,  
D.P.T.



"BUT WILL MY WIFE BELIEVE I BOUGHT IT?"

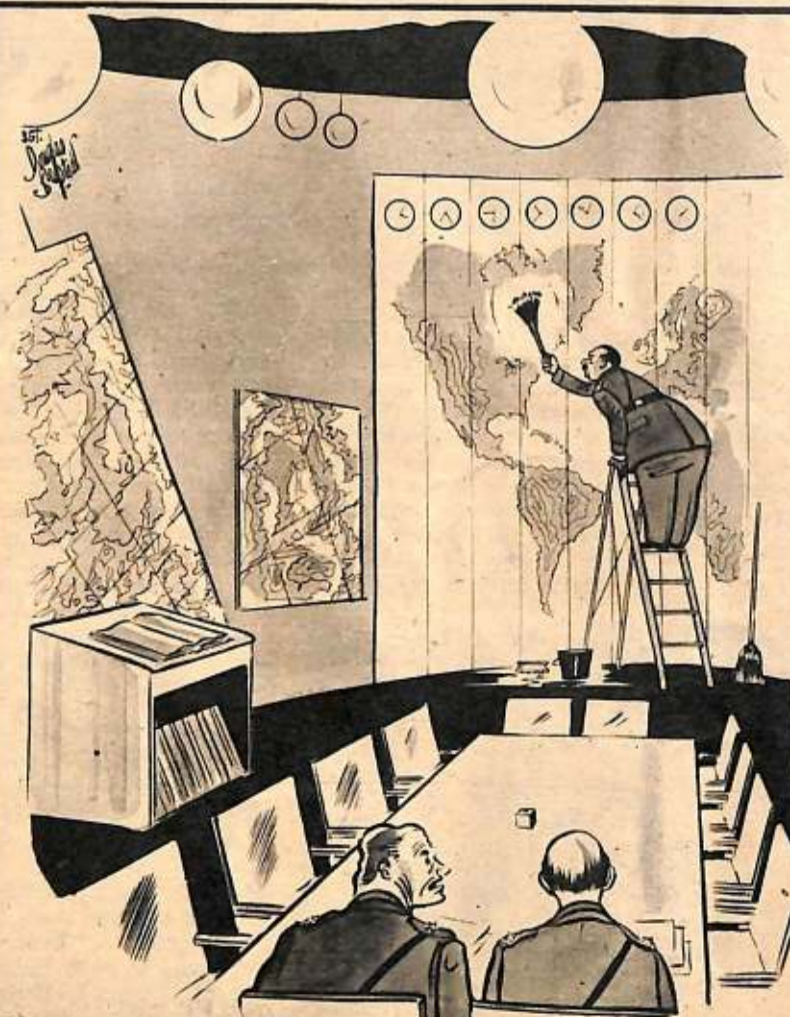


"TELL DA TOP KICK I'LL SING. IT WUZ McCLOSKEY NAILED HIS SHOES TO DA FLOOR."



PR. NEWCOMER  
A.F.S.T.  
FERNOX, KY.

"I'LL TAKE MUD ANY DAY!"



"THERE HE GOES, BUCKING FOR ANOTHER STAR."