

BRITISH EDITION

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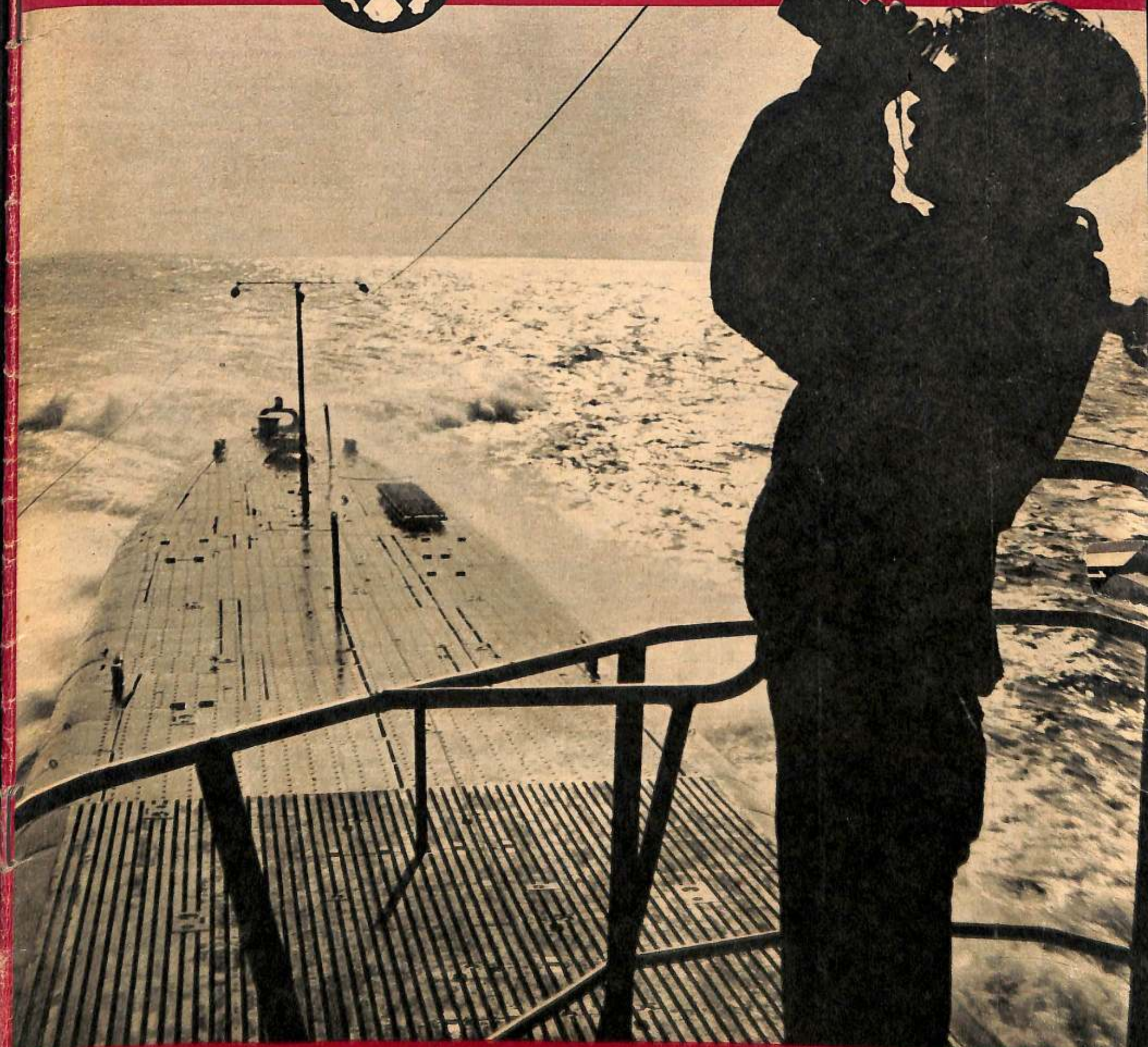
THE ARMY



WEEKLY

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



Pictures of Life Aboard an American Submarine

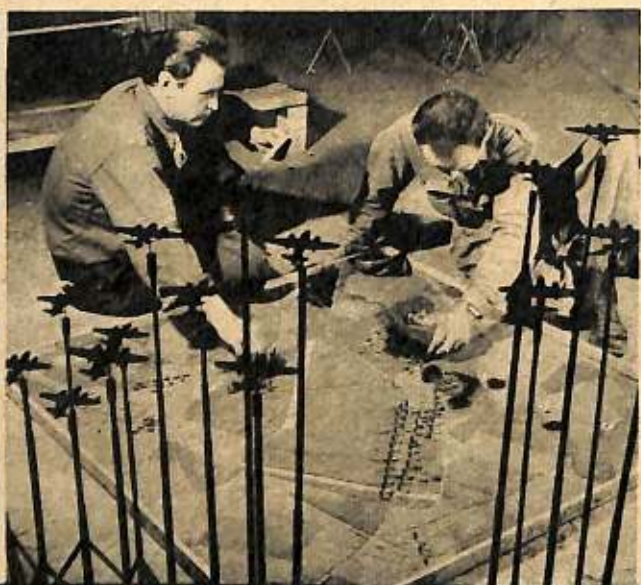
PAGES 1

EPILOGUE to a Raid



A bomb is like an ingenue. It takes a hell of a lot of preparation to get her on the stage and it takes a hell of a lot of post-mortems to get her off again. Every raid means long hours of discussion and study before the bomb doors open and more hours of rehashing after the doors have closed again and the planes have swung towards home.

Interrogation and critique following a raid are important facets of the airman's life. They are being carried on day by day at stations all over the world; day by day more flyers are present.



1 After a raid the results are marked on a miniature plan of the target.

2 All you have to do is watch where they hit when they are hitting and put it down on the sandtable at home.

3 Marauder pilots indulge in a post-mortem over the model of their most recent target or what's left of it.



4 At the critique they listen hard. Few human discussions have as much life-and-death in them.

5 But real post-mortem always takes place in barracks. The enemy planes always seem a little bigger there.



Sgt. JOHN SCOTT

**FIRST ★
LEAVE
in LONDON**

By Corporal JOHN PRESTON

An Adventure in Discovery — repeated as many times as there are troops over here — and an experience which several times that many grandchildren will hear endlessly for the next five or six decades.

You are a fairly interesting study in action, an enlisted man of the Eighth Air Force, stationed with a heavy bomber outfit somewhere in the Midlands, and suddenly granted a four-day pass just after the first of the month. This means a cash balance and a time limit as you make your plans for doing yourself full justice while on leave.

Your friends advise you to go to Blackpool or Edinburgh ("There are no G.I.s at those places"), but you've heard that one before. Also you want more violent refreshment than the blue hills of Scotland or the bright waves of the seaside. In short, you want nothing less than London.

You have never seen the place, but all summer long, whether you were cleaning batteries, tuning up transmitters, or driving bulldozers you have slowly and inwardly built up a foolproof image of yourself as a rich, free, private person in a big city.

So far your movements have been restricted to the small town near your base. By now you are thoroughly fed up with the pleasures it has to offer, the broken-down historical museum, the dusty public library, the A.B.C. tea shops, the local pub where the unwashed blonde slings glasses of black beer across the counter at you to the running accompaniment of "Hurry up, please, it's time." These delights are not enough.

Finally your chance to move on to bigger and better things comes. At the railway station you book a first-class ticket to King's Cross station. This is a grand but useless flourish and you end up standing

in a packed corridor, wedged between a Norwegian sailor and a captain of the Home Guard. It is too hot to smoke a cigarette, but time passes rapidly watching the English land drop by the train window; the green fields, the rivers, the aerodromes, the brick yards, and finally London itself.

On arrival, fumbling with your musette bag and gas mask, you break into a run on the platform to reach the taxi queue before the others. Finally climbing into a cab, you find that you are sharing it with a colonel and his wife up from the country. You are properly paralysed, but they seem glad to meet you. They could not be accused of undue

mateyness, yet they are most polite and interested, and give a few facts about themselves. A bomb dropped through their greenhouse last winter, and their horses have been sent to Ireland for the duration. Their eldest son ("The Boy") who flew with the R.A.F. is now a prisoner of war in Germany. He writes amusing letters home and says he has to use the eating methods of the Chinese as the Nazis do not provide forks or spoons. Their younger son is at Eton, and their daughter works at the Admiralty. The taxi drops them off at Claridges, and you go on to the Victory Club.

After securing a bed for the night, there you relax,

read the papers and have tea served you by musical comedy waitresses disguised as Red Cross volunteers. You get one of them to sew a button on your blouse, and she exclaims over the beauty of the cloth. You assure her she can have it any time she wants it, but you are pleased. An army uniform has its purpose, particularly in a strange town. It gives you a certain surface manhood and look of experience that is very helpful. London in plain clothes might be a rather flat adventure, but right now your first evening in town lies open and empty, and you don't know quite



what to do with it. The best way to begin seems to join the crowd around the soap boxes in Hyde Park. Under a spotless red flag the frothing pacifist screams out at his opposition, "I tell you I'm a realist. I believe that a coal miner is more important than an archbishop. And I know what I'm talking about. I was fighting in a world war before you were a pup. There were a million other fools like me, too."

His Hyde Park audience applauds, and a drunken longshoreman starts to heckle him. "You know you were on the beach at Vancouver from 1914 on."

"No, he's right. And now all the lovely boys are being murdered all over again," yells an elderly housewife, but the rest of the crowd moves on to the adjoining soap box.

Here a non-stop Messiah representing the Society for Evangelizing London, waves a Bible and speaks his piece. He is quite an elegant human curio with an Oxford accent and a smart, shabby blue suit. Whenever he makes a gesture, you think he is clenching his fist. Only if you look closely can you notice that four fingers are missing, but this hardly dampens the interest of his congregation.

"And I could kiss the hand that struck me because he did not do it in vengeance," he proclaims. "Can you admit that? Can you say the name of the Holy Spirit without gulping? Can you read this Book where, in the most particular language in the world, is set down all the revelation and deliverance of the ages without . . ."

A buck sergeant from the 8th Air Force leans over to his companion, an educational little red head in gray flannel slacks.

"Come on, let's get out of this bughouse."
 "No, I want to stay. I like this man."
 "Don't you ever feel like going for a walk?"
 "Not right now."
 "Don't you even feel like sitting on a bench?"
 "No."
 "Say, listen, what religion have you, anyway?"
 "I don't know, Church of England, I think."
 "That's all I wanted to know." He grabs her by the arm and they walk off quickly in the direction of the benches.

Now the sun is setting, and the silver barrage balloons sink in peace on the lawns. The advance of evening cools the air, expands the crowd, and

raises the color scheme. Beyond Marble Arch and a screen of high trees, leafless in the early winter chill, you can see the traffic swell into Oxford Street, the stiff gait of the red and white busses, and now and then a brilliant purple run of taxis with people darting after them on the sidewalks emitting helpless cries.

Around the soap boxes the singing starts up. A sunburnt R.A.F. lieutenant smokes a pipe and listens seriously and intently to a mass chorale of "Chatenoga Choo-Choo." On the shoulder of his dark blue uniform are sewn the words New Zealand in aquamarine thread. A young member of an Irish regiment with a pink face and gold hair gigglingly defends his black beret with its green feathery pom-pom from a host of shop girls. An agitated Marine finds himself surrounded by a gang of urchins who set up their squeals for bubble gum and sixpences. An American lieutenant-colonel standing on the curb jumps on a number 88 bus and is promptly thrown off again by the cyclopean woman conductor.

"That bus is only half full," he shouts.

"That'll do. Thank you, sir, ta," she answers cheerily as the bus rolls off. On the corner a private first class inspects a fruit stall and buys a small bunch of grapes, not without protest. "They charge me ten shillings for these grapes when they're probably ready to knock down the whole country to you for three pounds," he remarks with the buoyant big brotherly rudeness of the American at his ease in another country.

The sight of food reminds you that it is time to eat and relax before turning eastward, so you make your way toward the Victory Club. Here can be found all the deep easy chairs, the reading and writing material, and the other elements that go to make up a successful breathing spell in a strange city. Above all in importance stands the juke box. It plays records without a break for about fifteen hours a day and acts as a mild drug and coagulant upon the mob at the Red Cross, gathering them together and hardening them into tight, peaceful groups, as they listen to tunes from home.

THEY are not overwhelmed by either the war or homesickness. What they have been through so far has not inflated or striped their characters as either Boy Allies, mystics or defeatists. When they talk, the chief complaints come from the misfits. Apparently the 8th Air Force handles its manpower rather imaginatively at times, and there are several cases of lavishly trained men who have gone to Radio Mechanics school for five months only to end up in the ETO typing blood tests or giving lectures in chemical warfare.

You sit around the juke box talking it over and listening to the Bing Crosby records. Suddenly you realize that you are bored and in need of a hard drink. A buck private fresh from 19 months in Iceland is in an even more serious condition, so you both wander over to the Cumberland Hotel. In the bar, amid the rakish respectability given off by the oak panelling and the American officers wielding swagger sticks you drink gin and limes for about one half an hour. Then, feeling even more restless with the liquor and the wad of pounds in your hip pocket working like twin propellers to drive you out across the night, you take the underground to Leicester Square.

Directly in front of you in the queue buying tickets a staff sergeant from the Bronx explains his home town to a WAAF, and she listens to him with that air of expert wistfulness that every English girl assumes when getting information about New York.

"In the subways back home all you have to do is

feed a nickle into the machine and you can go anywhere."

"This isn't half like New York, is it?"

"Baby, you can say that again and you've still said nothing yet."

When you reach the Square, you stroll around in time and step with the rest of the world. Here are the houses and streets of all nations, and the sidewalks can hardly be seen beneath a thick coating of Allied uniforms. Leicester Square nevertheless does not wear its years or reputation very blithely. With its shabby shooting galleries and broken down peep shows it is like a fainthearted imitation of Coney Island.

WALKING west again you face a far different scene, one that proves the fact that London has become a curious combination of the third rate and the totally magnificent. Looking down across Waterloo Place and Carlton House Terrace, you get a sudden sensation of empire. Beyond the tree tops of St. James's Park soar the topmost towers of Parliament and above them two barrage balloons are still floating outlined by the great searchlights.

Turning into Piccadilly, you watch the crowd and the individuals. Three years after the Battle of Britain London is again under fire, a hammering of new faces and new money, and the city is as bright as if on its mettle, as quick to respond as a cash register. You can take London any way you want to, as the Last Frontier or the battered but lively shrine of English culture, or simply as a big, comfortable, ugly, friendly, cool-blooded town that will make the most of you if you get flying pay, but that will let you down gently if you are broke, thanks to the Red Cross and to the friendliness, amusement and respect felt by the average Englishman towards the average American and vice versa.

Piccadilly itself is the main shopping district of London by day, and by night the greatest open-air market in the world, where the supply drowns out the demand in a warm, high, soft, strumming rain of female voices, hoarse pawing whispers, lazy market-wise murmurs. The blackout fits the street like a plastic mask hiding its daylight features but concealing none of its sounds, movements or purposes, and you the typical Government-Issued Innocent Abroad quicken your step and know you are finally coming into your own.



Attu's Oldest Newspaper

By CPL. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—"This," the Attu Sun boldly reported, "is a free press, and we'll print any damned thing that won't get us court-martialed."

There have been no court martials yet, and none is expected now. The lusty, pioneering days of the "oldest newspaper on Attu" are over—the days when the editors used paper and mimeograph machines captured from the Japs and the Sun was delivered to men huddled in muddy Aleutian foxholes a few yards from the enemy.

The Sun started as the Attu Commando, which began publication May 15, 1943, four days after the Infantry regiment commanded by Col. (now Brig. Gen.) Frank L. Culin Jr. of Arizona landed north of Holtz Bay.

"The colonel insisted that we have a newspaper," said 1st Lt. Charles M. Schayer of Denver, Colo., Regimental Special Service officer. "He said we could print anything except personal attacks on any one officer or man and that the paper should be something every man in the unit would want to read. He chewed our tail out until it was, too."

Lt. Schayer assigned a jeep containing a radio to T-5 George L. King, former Sears Roebuck employee of San Francisco, and told him to take down all the news he heard on the air.

A pyramidal tent was set up over the jeep, and King listened all evening to the on-the-hour news broadcasts from the United States and tuned in on Tokyo in the intervals between.

After writing up the most important news of the day, King took it to the regimental sergeant major, M/Sgt. Francis H. Clifton of Lakeland, Fla., who turned it over to T-4 Marcus J. Krug of Wichita, Kans., or T-4 Willard K. Krueger of Appleton, Wis., to cut the stencil.

Couriers carried the mimeographed copies through the mud on foot to each unit of the regiment, then engaged in chopping its way around Holtz Bay to Chichagof Harbor.

Four days before the final defeat of the Japs, the name of the paper was changed. On June 1 the words "The Attu Sun" appeared at the top of the page written on a black and white rainbow, while across the rainbow's base ran the subtitle: "It Seldom Appears."

Because of a shortage of material, the Sun at this time consisted of only one side of a page of ordinary GI office paper and contained only the news picked up by King during his evening vigil in the radio jeep.

Two staff members, T-4 Willard Krueger (left) and T-5 George King, check the finished product. At left on top of case for mimeograph machine is a can of Jap ink which was used together with captured paper.



2d Lt. Lester C. Kimball drawing the paper's most popular feature, a cartoon about the Kee Bird.

The capture of several tons of Jap paper, poor quality but usable, and 12 crude hand-operated Jap mimeograph machines ended the shortage. Circulation jumped to 300 daily and 600 Sunday.

Increased to three pages, with a 10-page job on Sunday, the Sun appeared daily in determined contradiction to its masthead motto. It carried sports news, poetry, letters to the editor and even a series about "Flower Life on Attu" by Cpl. Robert Lossau.

Most of the letters to the editor were signed by such names as "Holtz Bay Harry" and "Massacre Mike," pen names inspired by the mountains and bays of the island.

For weeks a paper battle was in progress between "Attu Ike" and "Nevidishov Ned." Ike wanted the regiment to continue on to Tokyo while Ned, who claimed he had done enough fighting, wanted to go back home.

The paper's most popular feature was the full-page cartoon by 2d Lt. Lester C. Kimball of Salt Lake City, Utah. The cartoon told the story of the Attu Kee Bird, so-called because it constantly chirped "Kee-kee-keerist, but it's cold."

Several times the Sun took the brass hats for a couple of fast rounds and came out the winner—or at least without any court martials against staff members.

One contribution by T-5 Martin Goldberg, "The Ballad of Attu," consisted of 108 stanzas of criticism of the manner in which the campaign was handled.

Another, "Ode to the Rear Echelon," was written by some anonymous soldier. In common with

most of the regiment, he declared that the men left behind at the beachhead to guard their belongings during the campaign not only lived in comparative comfort but looted the baggage of the front-line soldiers.

One of the milder verses stated:

The barracks bags got pretty wet, mostly from the tide,
But we emptied every one of them to see what was inside.
It took time to cut the rucksacks, but the most fatiguing task
Was breaking open lockers with a dull, entrenching are.

The Sun regularly printed the news King picked up from broadcasts by "Tokyo Rose," the Japanese Lady Haw-Haw, and ran it without comment under a Tokyo date line. It reported word for word her threat that the Japanese would give the Americans "24 hours to get off the island" and later her excuses that Japan had lost Attu to an attacking force "10 times the strength of the brave defenders."

Like the metropolitan press, the Sun turned out an "extra" on the fall of Sicily, news of which came in just before distribution of the day's copies began. A page of news flashes topped by a prominent headline was hurriedly mimeographed and clipped to the front of the paper.

In addition to the material contributed by local talent, the editors of the Sun unashamedly stole cartoons, quizzes and other features from commercial publications.

"And if anybody wants to make anything out of it," says a battle-hardened, belligerent staff member, "just let him come and try it."





TYPICAL AUDIENCE, 1943. All kinds of stripes, all kinds of uniforms, and all kinds of expressions. This is the kind of packed house that makes up the Spam Circuit.

THE SPAM CIRCUIT

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent



The Circuit is rare and full of wonders, such as Billy Gilbert, disguised as a white-washed fence, giving off one of his sneezes and Josephine Delmar burning up the tarmac with one Pte. Joe Buckle, an apprentice baker of the R.A.S.C.



NO MATTER WHERE the U. S. Army manages to wander these days, sooner or later a rickety old converted civilian bus comes chugging along down the road after it. In that bus, painted O.D. and marked with the regulation Army white star, is a strange collection of people—an Army officer, a few soldiers and a handful of male and female American civilians.

The officer and enlisted men, mostly recovered wounded back from the battlefronts and no longer fit for any but this limited service, are skilled technicians sent along to help out the civilians.

The civilians consist of beautiful women, and assorted men wearing one of the most peculiar uniforms ever seen. The uniforms are a bluish-gray color and look like a combination of the 1943 R.A.F. and the 1865 Confederate Army ensemble. The buttons of this uniform, for some unknown reason, bear the seal of the sovereign State of New York. The cap bears a striking resemblance to the slouchy chapeaux adorning the heads of drivers for a well-known American bus company. On the cap and the breast pocket of the blouse are large red labels proclaiming that the wearer is an item belonging to U.S.O. Camp Shows, Inc.

On first sight, soldiers laugh and make gags, such as, "Did you bring any Coca-Cola today?" and "What's the bus fare to Kalamazoo?" Then, as the civilians quietly go about doing their appointed job—putting on a pocket show equal to the best Broadway can offer—the gags turn to wonderment. The wonderment turns to open-mouthed admiration. It is inevitable.

These men and women are all volunteers. They are with the Army in all the war zones now, voluntarily making up the greatest entertainment circuit in history—run jointly by the U.S.O. and the Theatrical Section of Special Service. They are all well-known figures in their particular branch of show business. They don't have to do this. With the entertainment boom back home, they could be making small fortunes for themselves in comfort. Instead, they're out in the mud and cold and damp, doing two shows a day for little or no pay, traveling thousands of miles a month, eating G.I. food, and living in broken-down hotels, Nissen huts, and sometimes even pup tents. Deems Taylor recently called them "Soldiers in Greasepaint." That's one title handed out in this war that's really deserved.

According to Hollywood comedy star Billy Gilbert, who was born in a dressing-room and spent more than 30 years in burlesque, vaudeville and the movies, "There is absolutely *nothing* tougher than this Spam Circuit." Yet, when you ask him why he has spent eight out of the last 14 months lugging his 250 pounds around the Caribbean and the United Kingdom, he merely shrugs his shoulders and says, "I don't know, but I go back to make a picture and get restless and I start thinking. And before I know it, here I am again."

That's the way it is. One day last summer, a U.S.O. unit, headed by vaudeville comedian Stubby Kaye, was riding along in its bus somewhere near the South Coast. Suddenly an aerial dogfight developed in the cloudless sky just above their heads. The troupe watched from the windows. But then Lt. Fred Mason, the commanding officer of the group, noticed an ME 109 detach itself from the dogfight and dive earthward. "Duck!" he yelled.

The G.I. driver stopped the bus and every one piled out into the ditch. Seconds later the German plane swooped down, cannon and machine guns blazing. .31 calibre slugs ripped into the roof of the bus. Two 20 mm. cannon shells then neatly sliced the roof right off. In an instant, the plane was gone. Kaye crawled out of the ditch, surveyed the smoking ruins of their vehicle, and whistled slightly between his teeth. "The Orpheum Circuit was never like this," he said. That night, the troupe, still suffering from shock, did a show for an isolated unit that hadn't seen

TYPICAL PERFORMERS, 1943. All kinds of talent, all kinds of acts, all kinds of scenery (female variety). The best in all branches of show business makes up the Spam Circuit.

Peering from their dressing room (yes, we said dressing room) are Florine McKinney and Beth Farrell.



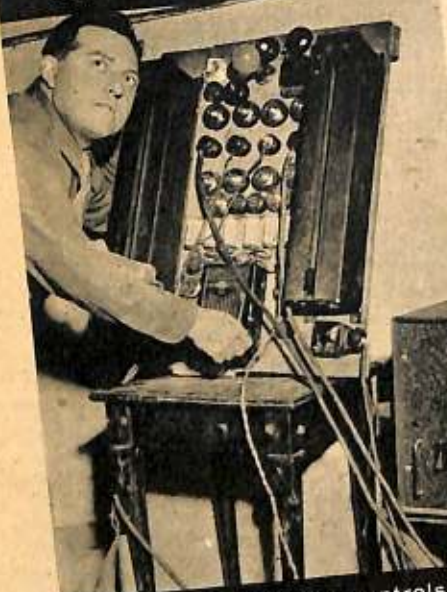
Willie Shore works harder than he did to make a grand a week.



Pvt. Walter Topoll, props and wobbly stages man, dresses Billy Gilbert.



Few magicians are as interesting as Dolly Reckless. Few names, either.



The Army handles the controls, in this instance T/S Eric Sheldon.



Dolly Reckless, Singer Cpl. Jack Power and pianist Leo Silverman.



The one you've been waiting for, Lollie Gilbert and Beth Farrell.



American entertainment in four months. They rolled them in the aisles.

Florine McKinney, whom you may remember as a particularly glamorous Hollywood starlet, was doing her bit with the Billy Gilbert show in an ETO Nissen hut recently. She was singing "In My Arms," with appropriate movements of the torso, when it began to rain. It rained inside the Nissen hut as well as outside. The show continued. Florine's mascara ran. Her gorgeous red-blond hair came down. Her evening dress became drenched, and clung more than usual. She finished the show and discovered there was so much water on the floor of the hut that she couldn't possibly get out to the bus without wading.

At that point, a huge six-foot-four-inch lieutenant dashed gallantly up to the stage, swept her up into his arms and proceeded to carry her out to the bus. Everything was fine, except that just as the lieutenant was about to step into the bus, he stepped into a mud puddle instead. There was an agonized moment of tottering. Then, with a tremendous crash, down into the mud went Florine, lieutenant and all; his 220 pounds fell on top of her. Next morning, after Florine did her part in the show at a G.I. hospital 50 miles away, they had to leave her there for two days of convalescence.

The shows never know what they're going to get in the way of a theater. Sometimes they walk into a beautifully set up recreation hall with a stage, back-drops and all the trimmings. Sometimes they are given a bare floor in a barracks or a mess hall. Very often, the soldier-technician who accompanies every unit has to grab his G.I. assistant (the driver) and start building the stage and dressing-rooms an hour before the show.

Stage comedian Carl Nixon arrived at a base with his unit a few weeks ago to find that the battalion

was quartered in an old race track. The show was to be done in a cellar, which previously had been used as a store room. There was no stage—just four tops of glider crates fitted together an inch off the floor.

Duke McHale, a Ziegfeld Follies and Broadway dancing star, tried to do his tap routine on the crate tops. But with every step, the crates would bounce back and hit him. Duke didn't dance. He staggered. Gale Manners, the luscious blonde soprano who gave up the Kraft Music Hall radio program for the ETO, then got up to sing, and emitted a few extra high notes as water began trickling from the ceiling down the front of her low-cut gown. Finally, Carl Nixon and his wife, Carmen Sands, took over, and there was a terrific crash in the back of the room. A whole row of the ex-storeman's shelves, loaded with soldiers, had suddenly collapsed. Nixon kissed that one off cleverly with the gag, "We did pretty well at the last base—but here we're knocking them off their seats." Aside from all this, the show passed without incident—except that a red alert sounded just as they left the building, and they all had to spend a half-hour in a shelter trench, standing about up to their knees in mud.

Willie Shore is another little guy who runs into all sorts of trouble. Willie is a \$1,000 a week comedian out of such places as the Chez Paree in Chicago and the Paramount Theater in New York. He works so hard and with such noisy exuberance that he strangely attracts all the pet dogs in the camps his show visits. Once a colonel's Great Dane playfully romped across the stage, distributing 118-pound Willie and the props into all four corners of the theater. He also specializes in light failures. There will usually be a light failure (slightly premeditated) just as Willie moves into his hot love scene with

Josephine Delmar, who used to sing at La Conga, back in New York. Willie solves this by asking all the G.I.s in the audience with flashlights to sit in the first few rows and concentrate their lighted torches on the stage. He then calmly continues.

These touring camp shows are the only function of the U.S.O. overseas, and have no connection with the better-known efforts of that organization in behalf of our troops at home. They play Army camps, air bases and hospitals—sometimes penetrating to areas attainable only by dog sled or safari. In the United Kingdom, fully 20 per cent of the shows are put on specifically for British troops and war workers, a practice which has been accused of being one of the secret clauses of the Lend-Lease agreement. A top vaudeville act, the "Three Nonchalants," carry the thing a step further. They voluntarily play R.A.F. bases on their one day a week off.

There are now twelve complete shows touring the ETO alone, and that number is expected to be doubled by Christmas. There are dozens more stationed in every other theater of operations. According to Bill Dover, head of U.S.O. Camp Shows in England, "That means the United States Army is running a vaudeville circuit at least twice the size of anything in the history of show business."

"It also means," continues Dover, "that thousands of American boys who never saw live theater before are seeing it now for the first time. They like it. As a result, they are flooding the London theaters and trying to find out more about what some of them still call 'live movies.' They are seeing good plays. A lot of kids are going to go home a lot smarter than they were when they came over."

In every war zone, the U.S.O. shows are under the direct control of the Theatrical Section of Special





Spam Circuit, G.I. Division. Sgts. Al Trobbe and John Genduso do "Artie Greengroin."

Service, and take their orders from the general commanding Services of Supply. In this theater, Major Eddie Dowling has the job of routing the shows, supplying them with officer and enlisted personnel, signing expense vouchers, arguing with camp Special Service officers as to whether officers or enlisted men are to sit in the first six rows, and playing wet nurse to Hollywood temperament.

Before the war, Major Dowling was a Broadway producer, having his finger in the lucrative pie of such musical comedy successes as *Sons o' Fun*, *Hellzapoppin'* and *Streets of Paris*. In a weak moment last spring, he applied for a commission, and was told O.K., he could have a couple of months to straighten out his affairs. The next day he was in uniform and on his way to Ft. Meade. The morning he arrived at Ft. Meade, he was assigned to a class in commando training. He decided to protest a bit at this point, saying weakly, "I'm a theatrical producer." "Shut up," said the major conducting the commando class, delivering, at the same time, a lusty kick in the Dowling shins.

A few weeks later, Dowling was in London, reporting for duty. The Special Service colonel looked at him and said, "You're here too soon." "Well," said Dowling, "in that case, I'll go back and come in the right way." "Oh, no you won't," said the colonel.

And that's how the Theatrical Section of the Entertainment Branch of the Special Service Division got under way in the ETO.

Today, in addition to managing the Spam Circuit for the U.S.O., Major Dowling has a few other minor departments to worry about. First, his office organizes and produces touring G.I. shows to supplement the professional entertainment. This involves endless auditions and wrangling with COs to pry talented G.I.s loose for a few weeks of touring. Secondly, he takes care of Army outfits who want to put on their own shows with their own talent. For this, he has volumes of *At Ease*, a specially written manual containing comedies, sketches, music and parodies from the biggest Broadway hits. Each volume of *At Ease* has enough material in it for approximately

50 G.I. shows. He also sends along costumes, make-up and technical experts like former radio producer T/Sgt. Bob Frendlich, who go out to the camp and help put the show on.

A third function of the Theatrical Section is to design and requisition stages for any camp wanting one. This little matter is handled by T/5 James Morcom, who was Orson Welles' scene designer and did sets for the Radio City Music Hall and the Center Theater in New York. Morcom has designed three standard G.I. stages: one for Nissen huts, one for small garrison theaters, and one for large garrison theaters. He also visits the camps and instructs G.I. producers how to improvise with blankets, truck headlights, etc.

But running the U.S.O. Spam Circuit still remains the big job of the Theatrical Section.

The civilian artists volunteer in the United States for overseas duty. This is done through the U.S.O., and in the case of people like Bob Hope, Adolphe Menjou and Billy Gilbert, through the Hollywood Victory Committee. The stars work only for expenses, the others get paid about 30 per cent of their normal salary. They all volunteer for a definite period, say six months or a year, but they can't specify the war zone to which they want to be sent. In most cases, they don't even know what kind of clothes to take along. Willie Shore, for instance, ended up in bleak, raw England wearing a Panama hat and a tropical worsted suit. Until the moment the ship docked he was convinced he was going to the South Pacific.

Back in the United States, the U.S.O. pays the artists' expenses to the Port of Embarkation. From that point on, they are under Army supervision and military law. They get processed at the PoE like every one else. They are given shots and \$10,000 insurance. Then they are shipped—with a boatload of soldiers. They start working as soon as the convoy leaves port.

WHEN they arrive in the Theater of Operations, they are split up into balanced little units that are complete shows in themselves. Usually there will be a comedian-M.C. who holds the show together, plus a supporting speciality tap dance, magic or ventriloquist act, and two or three girls for glamour. The girls are singers or dancers. Every one doubles in the comedian's skits.

The shows are directed and produced by the principal (usually the comedian), and vary with the personality. Billy Gilbert's show, for instance, is Hollywood rapid-fire dialogue stuff. Willie Shore's is the broad night club type of humor, replete with skits, blackouts and sex. In any case, the 90 minute shows move at a fast pace and usually overwhelm the soldiers, most of whom have never seen a top flight Broadway review before.

Sometimes the morale factor involved in this response is tremendous. The Willie Shore unit was coming into an air base to do a show recently. Just as they entered the field, there was a deafening explosion and a sheet of flame shot up just over to the left. Two planes had crashed on the take-off. Three popular officers, a major and two lieutenants, were killed.

Thirty minutes later Willie Shore had to begin the show.

At first the faces in the audience were grim and drawn. Willie never worked harder in his life. In a half hour, the men were roaring with laughter. When the show was over the colonel commanding the field came up to the perspiring Shore, shook his hand

and said, "You did more to pick up the morale of the base tonight than anything we could have done in the next four weeks."

Each unit has its own specially rebuilt bus, split up into passenger, wardrobe and equipment compartments. It also has its own drummer and pianist, usually British, although in one or two cases there is a full G.I. band. Ordinarily, the military personnel consists of an officer, an E.M. technician and a driver. The drivers and officers for the most part are men like Pfc. Harold Peterson, who had both legs shattered when his bombed truck fell on top of him in Africa, or Lt. John Goddu, who was leading his First Division infantry platoon into St. Cloud when a hand grenade exploded right behind him, burying a dozen fragments of shrapnel in his back. By this time, they've earned their limited service jobs.

The technicians are men like T/5 Eric Sheldon, who used to face the same problems as manager of a touring review that played places like Malaya, China, India, Japan and Mozambique. In every camp, Sheldon has an unlooked for job on his hands. He has had to build stages, set up side curtains, make fires in the dressing-rooms, and string his electric cable to buildings hundreds of yards away.

Sheldon started out with the same G.I. equipment issued to all units—1 spotlight, 1 miniature public-address system, and 1 miniature piano. That was all. Now he has a complete set of portable footlights, a big-time control board comparable to those used in large theatres, two large spotlights complete with special stands, a backdrop of crossed American and British flags, hundreds of feet of electric cable, and one of the finest microphones in the whole ETO. He built the footlights and the control board himself, a Scottish blacksmith welded the extra spots. He painstakingly swiped a bit of cable in every camp and spliced it to the rest, picking up the two flags God knows where, and talked the employes of a Spitfire plant into making the microphone after the unit had wowed them with a special 12.30 a.m. show. "That guy," says Willie Shore admiringly, "is a genius."

And that's the way it goes on the Spam Circuit—improvisation and hardship all the way through, in an attempt to make a few guys laugh. The Spam Circuit is Frances Langford singing "As Time Goes By" to a wounded, crying kid in a hospital, so choked with tears herself that she could hardly sing. And Hal LeRoy putting on a whole show on the sidewalk outside a theater for the guys who couldn't get in to see him. And Florine McKinney wearing long woolen G.I. underwear beneath her sexy evening gown to keep from getting pneumonia while she sang "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey, Hold Me Tight." And the women using men's rooms in officers' clubs while the rest of the troupe stood guard at the door. And fat, middle-aged Billy Gilbert sleeping in a pup tent in the jungle. And little nude for furred and hooded sailors on the elevator of an aircraft carrier off the coast of Labrador. And the same Beth Farrell not getting back to the States in two years. And Duke McHale standing in a closet for 45 minutes because there was no other entrance except from the stage and he didn't want to do the skit half-way. And 63-year-old Al Jolson almost dying of malaria.

The Spam Circuit is Billy Gilbert, dripping with fatigue after a show, looking up from a plate of cold Spam and saying, "I knew the U. S. Army was accomplishing a lot in this war, but I never thought it could bring back vaudeville."

SOME OF THE STARS U.S.O. HAS BROUGHT TO E.T.O.



Bob Hope



Carole Landis



Adolphe Menjou



Kay Francis



This tasty act was part of an ENSA show in Africa



Vivien Leigh, the soldiers' delight, on tour.

ENSA, the British USO-Camp Shows, Entertains Tommy and His Allies

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW
Yank Field Correspondent

CAIRO, EGYPT—The sun never sets on ENSA. Wherever there are British troops, from Canada to the Himalayas, the super-Shuberts of the Entertainments National Service Association contrive to provide them with real, live entertainment.

Jugglers, crooners, monologists, violinists, tap dancers, comedians, aging matinee idols or younger ones with CDDs, and girls—always girls—sweeten the bitter pill of exile for Tommy Atkins. By troop ship and truck, by DC3 and Oriental caboose, by jeep and command car, the many ladies and fewer gentlemen of the theater wander into sand and jungle with Noel Coward plays and singing-and-dancing acts.

From Vivien Leigh to the ingenue who's just had one year, thank you, understudying in "Claudia" when it toured the provinces, almost every actor and entertainer in the British theater has chipped in for ENSA sometime or other.

Being one of the least sinister of international combines, the theater stretches happily into all camps. Beatrice Lillie is very likely to find herself singing "A Dozen Double Damask Napkins" to 5,000 shouting Americans while Jack Benny, on the USO-Camp Shows circuit, is very much at home playing "Love in Bloom" on his notorious violin before a grinning audience of Tommies convalescing from wounds received in Sicily. And at the theaters in Cairo filled by ENSA shows, all ranks of all the Allied forces are welcome.

The Cairo office of ENSA is like a combination of New York's 44th Street, when Jed Harris, Michael Todd and Norman Bel Geddes are casting plays, and Allied Headquarters on the eve of a new invasion. It is one of the busiest places in the world. Telephones ring; pretty girls in dresses that look like Cape Cod and Santa Barbara sit demurely on the waiting benches; sergeants whack away at typewriters; lieutenants and captains looking as pale and tired as only theatrical people can look, rush in and out with schedules, publicity releases, play scripts.

"What're you trying to do, kill me?" a comedian is shouting in one of the offices. He was sent down from Iran in a tiny one-engined plane and

got caught in a sandstorm, and for a while it looked bad for comedians. "I don't mind dying, but where's my pianist? I demand my pianist!"

A second lieutenant leads him out gently, swearing that the pianist will be delivered from Iran immediately. The comedian leaves and the second lieutenant comes back, wiping his brow and looking 10 years older.

An American photographer from *Stars and Stripes* comes in and looks sourly around the room. His eyes light gloomily on a redhead in a corner. "My God," he whispers glumly to the reporter with him, "am I supposed to glamorize that bag? Hurrel couldn't do it. I'm just a sergeant in the Signal Corps."

From another office, a famous sweet voice is pleading gently: "Please get me an American band to sing with. A nice, fast, sweet, young American band. The American Army is full of them. Those English horn blowers are awful!"

Three telephones ring and in three different accents the secretaries explain to the young men on the other end of the lines just where they can find the girls they met in Accra, Durban, Tunis.

"But, darling," chorus all the pretty girls to a pretty girl who has just come in, "you look perfectly awful!"

"I know," the new girl says despairingly, sinking into a chair, "I'm going on sick parade with the ATS tomorrow morning. And I've got to play tonight, because Cynthia never did learn the part. Too busy with her South Africans."

The aging lieutenant looks out and sees the sick girl and ducks in. "Lord," he mutters to himself, "we have more casualties than the Eighth Army."

And it does seem that Africa is more dangerous to actors than to anyone else. All the least attractive types of dysentery, malaria and desert sores seem to hit theatrical companies as soon as they touch the sand of the Dark Continent. Doctors are often more in demand than grease paint.

The other great problem, of course, is men. You can imagine the furor when half a dozen singing-and-dancing lovelies suddenly appear in a camp where 3,000 men have just been sitting around, looking at the brush and each other for a year or more. Each new camp is like an orphanage on the day Babe Ruth pays a visit.

In one desert radio station, where a small group

of men had been stationed for two years without seeing a white woman, a solemn meeting was held. The men had been invited to visit a main camp and see a show there, but they voted to refuse the invitation. They had achieved a certain tranquillity, a spokesman said, and they didn't care to risk it.

The "big time" of the African circuit, corresponding to the old Palace in New York vaudeville days, is the Cairo Opera House. This beautiful, gaudy, perfectly proportioned little auditorium was opened with a performance of "Aida," conducted by Verdi himself, to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal.

Backstage all seems confusion. Stage hands in *gelabiehs* and *fezzes* tote flats and canvas balustrades, a small barefooted boy dashes up and down stairs with cues for the electrician and curtain man, and blond English girls nervously adjust their girdles before going on. But on stage, the performances often would do credit to the fanciest theaters in London.

ONE of the most successful ENSA productions is a variety show called "Hello Happiness," which has been touring Africa more than three years. After nine months in the Cairo desert, the cast was putting on the last polishing touches before opening. Reg Lever, a well-known comedian who also directed and produced the show, was in the empty orchestra, listening to the rehearsal, making decisions, calling up suggestions. "I don't know," he said, "whether I'm funnier as a producer or a comedian."

He's a broad, pratt-falling comic who wears funny hats. (Sample gag: he comes on as a waiter in a cafe and bustles over to a stuffy gentleman and lady in evening dress. Says the gentleman: "Do you serve lobsters here?" Cracks Lever: "We serve anybody. What'll you have?" The audience roars.)

The man problem intrudes itself in the Opera House, too. At the performance of "Hello Happiness," a sergeant came running around to the officer on duty and whispered that there were two captains chasing the girls backstage, causing embarrassing gaps onstage that a magician was bravely trying to fill. The officer on duty sighed. He looked at the one pip on his shoulder. "Captains, eh?" He sighed again as he stood up. "I wish I was a major tonight," he said, as he started backstage to see what he could do with the two gay captains.

He had to hurry, because outside 2,000 soldiers were waiting to get in to see the second show. Every season is a booming one for ENSA. There are no critics in the desert.

A Week of War



... although everything is possible in this world, it is absolutely impossible that I should lose my reason. . . . Nothing can hit me.

—Excerpt From Speech by Hitler in Munich, Nov. 9, 1943

THE hell it can't, baby. Anything dropped from a plane can hit you, and if you didn't live in the Chancellery, where the shelters are deeper than any intuition, something would probably have hit you by now. In a way, it's too bad. You, after all, were the first to elevate bombing to a fine art. You, after all, were the first to leave the children sprawling in the streets. It's your thunder that's been stolen. And now it's your city that's going up in smoke.

Now the shoes have all gone to the Eastern Front and the barbers have all been drafted and the quality of paper for dolls ain't what it used to be and the scissors are getting dull.

It's enough to drive a man crazy.

In the twenties and thirties, you had a pretty city there, bub, with nice lights burning all the time, and the night life gay, if just a little hollow with all the callow kids floating around the bars heiling the hell out of you every time they ladled a lager down their guttural gullets. It was a nice city, and clean, except for the politics and the general outlook. But the main things were those lovely lighting effects. They may have been a steal from Billy Rose's Aquacade, but never mind that. Last week, the fact remains, Berlin was a sea of light all over again.

Only it was a sea of flame this time.

After nearly two weeks of bombing, the like of which the world had never known, the RAF turned Berlin into a spectacle the like of which the world had never seen. The glare from burning buildings was visible for more than 200 miles around a countryside which once had thought itself comfortably immune from such terror. By day and night the capital of Germany was kept blazing and reverberating as the RAF carried out four major raids over the town and dropped six thousand tons of bombs.

On Friday night, November 26th, came the climax

of the whole effort. Fleet after fleet of Lancasters moved over the nerve centre of Nazi war industry, of Nazi government, of Nazi hero-worship, and laid down a one thousand ton blanket of incendiaries and high explosives. Moving over what was once the proudest city in Europe, the crews could see a column of smoke fifteen thousand feet high swaying and rising in the air, with flames lapping at its base. Six cones, each made up of the rays of fifty searchlights compressed into a single colossal beam, lit up the bombers as they went about their work, and the flak guns sent up a brutal barrage. Neither the lights nor the flak prevented the Friday job from being one of the most staggeringly effective night raids in history.

The Berlin raid was planned and successfully executed on a scale equalled only by the Eighth Air Force's mission to Bremen earlier in the week, when the Americans sent a thousand planes to lay down a formal design of precise daylight bombing over the north German seaport. This—it was a week of deserved superlatives—was the greatest daylight raid the Eighth Air Force had ever brought off. One of its results was to clear the way for the RAF in the nocturnal flights over Berlin by so distracting the Nazi fighter command that it spread its strength out all over the country. It could not adequately defend two big cities at once. It could not accomplish its mission.

Such was the curtain-raiser for the winter bombing season of 1944 and it came at a time when the nights were long enough and dark enough to make the round trip to Germany a hugely profitable proposition. The RAF and the Eighth Air Force are two fighting units with but a single thought this winter and that thought is to granulate Berlin and what remains of its satellites in the same manner as they smashed Hanover, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Hamburg. The advance estimates of what it will take to execute this plan are in themselves enough to prostrate the average mind, but they may look like child's play by the time the final bill is in. To reduce Berlin to the same state of hell as Hamburg, say the experts, will require forty thousand tons of bombs and at least twenty-five giant-sized raids in rapid succession. More than a third of the requisite tonnage, however, has already been dropped on the town this year.

Descriptions of life in Berlin right now give a picture of a population walking around the streets unshaven, singing hymns, praying or merely groping like sleep walkers. News broadcasts from Germany—sometimes furious, sometimes whimpering, but always filled with a calculated hopelessness—protest as usual that only hospitals, homes for the aged, and cultural shrines are being destroyed. Why any commander—be he British, American, Zulu, or even Nazi—would want to risk the lives of hundreds of highly-trained young men, not to mention millions of dollars worth of equipment, in the hope of wrecking a couple of old monuments, the German leaders do not attempt to explain to their people. The Eighth Air Force lost 29 bombers on the Bremen raid; the RAF paid with 32 bombers for its climatic raid on Berlin. Hard-headed realists demand more than statues of Goethe for paying such a price and even the simplest Nazi must know that.

Along the Eastern Front the German defense line was like an old frayed rubber band that may snap when the pressure is applied, but may last indefinitely. The Germans' counter-offensive toward

Kiev that enabled them to retake Zhitomir was a great concerted lunge of men, airplanes, infantry and tanks, and it got them the only motor road that is open in the region during the autumn and winter. Manstein and his panzer units put up a magnificent, highly expensive fight, but he was finally brought to a standstill by a Russian Army, backed by its two most formidable natural Allies—the cutting edge of a high, freezing east wind and the all-engulfing suction power of mud. Manstein had nothing to be ashamed of. For two weeks he and his men had interrupted the smooth tremendous rhythm of the Russian advance, and men have gone down in history for lesser deeds than that.

At Gomel to the north of Kiev, the Russians captured a town that gave them a great opening by road and rail into White Russia, Poland, and all points East. There they had the Germans running for their lives, trying to escape along the railway that heads northwest to Zhlobin, which was now under steady Russian fire. Von Kluge, the German Commander who with his men had settled back at Gomel, evidently hoping they could dig into the snug, well-stocked dugouts around Gomel, with all the comforts of a phoney war, were trapped just as swiftly and beautifully as the Allied Armies were in the spring of 1940 at Flanders.

Instead of a channel of water, however, to cushion their retreat and to protect their fatherland against the enemy, the Germans had only the illimitable nightmare of the Pripet Marshes that stretch from Kiev to Brest-Litovsk, where Germany and Russia signed an Armistice during the last war. The Marshes, as Baedeker might have put it, are famed for their few, narrow, primitive and highly treacherous roads, for their squelching bogs of mud and for their marsh grass which grows six feet high.

It was the long but not the easy way out. The average German soldier must have been thinking harder than ever now about his chances of being out of the Russian trenches by Christmas. What his superiors had seen fit to tell him could only be guessed, but if they had given him so much as an inkling of what the RAF and Eighth Air Force had been up to, he certainly was not singing "There's no place like home."

THE Allied campaign in Italy has slowed down to a long anti-climax of mud, rain and sleet. Tanks and trucks slouched through the icy yellow slough that was Italy from the Alps to Taranto. Dulled, worn down, soaked through by the heavy rain that had been falling steadily for nine days, the Fifth Army and Eighth Army crawled slowly and painfully, but certainly to within a hundred miles of Rome. The Americans celebrated Thanksgiving by munching turkey sandwiches in the rain, while the British pondered Montgomery's message in which the General said:

"We will soon hit the Germans a colossal crack. Good luck to you all and good hunting."

In 1942 those British and that General had turned Rommel back from the suburbs of Cairo. Now it was another year, another country, and what might almost seem another war—a war far different from the fluid one of desert fighting in a dry climate on hard, sunbaked land. Rommel and Montgomery were almost sure to meet again and it was certain that if and when they did the old cliché about the more things change, the more they remain the same, would never have a truer ring.

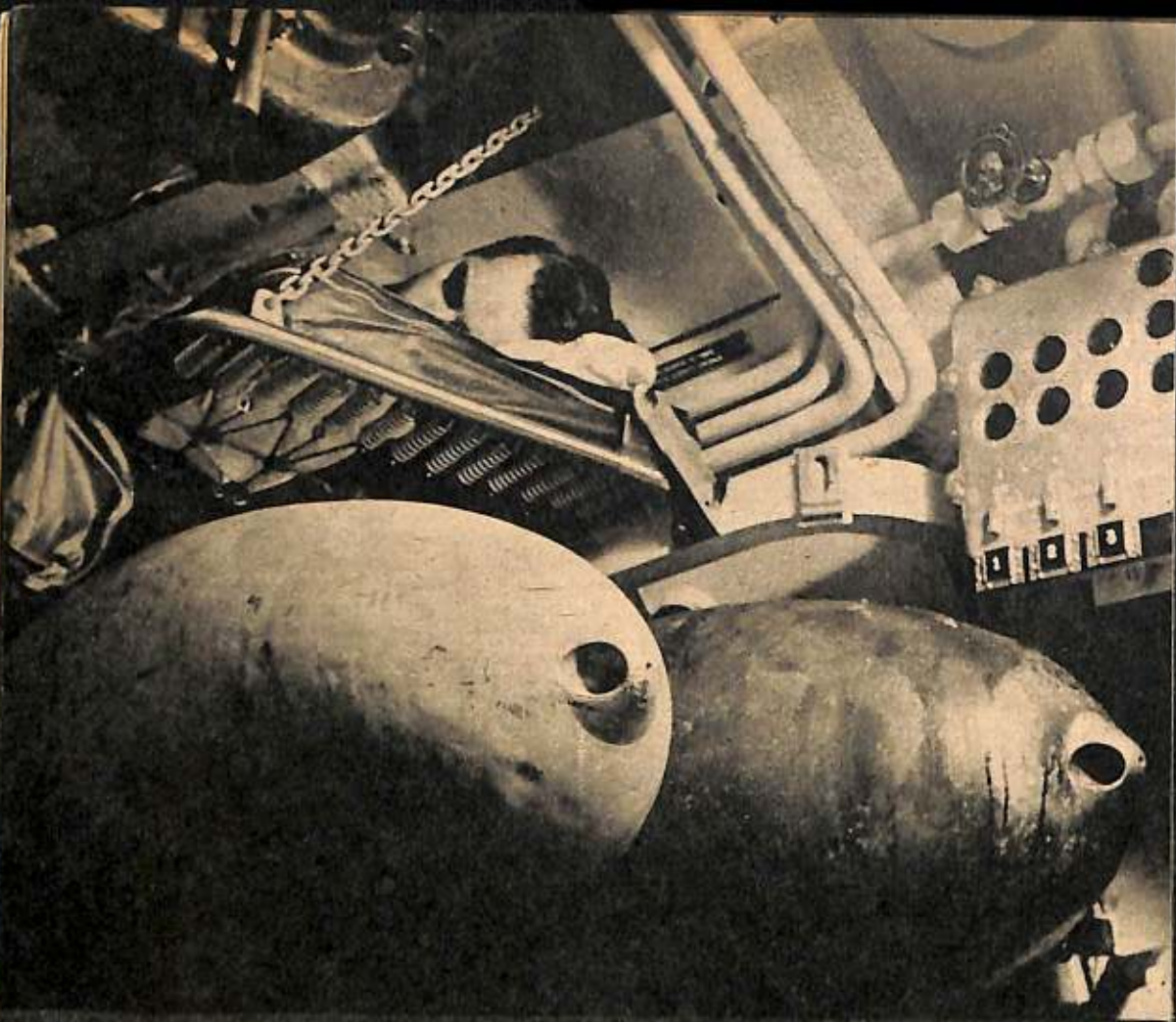


With unseemly haste and a smile on at least a couple of their kissers, six Nazi soldiers pull a Drang Nach Osten to a Russian prison camp, while Stalin's boys makes sure they don't change their minds.



Women and children evacuated from bombed Berlin wonder what's next.

Undersea Fighter



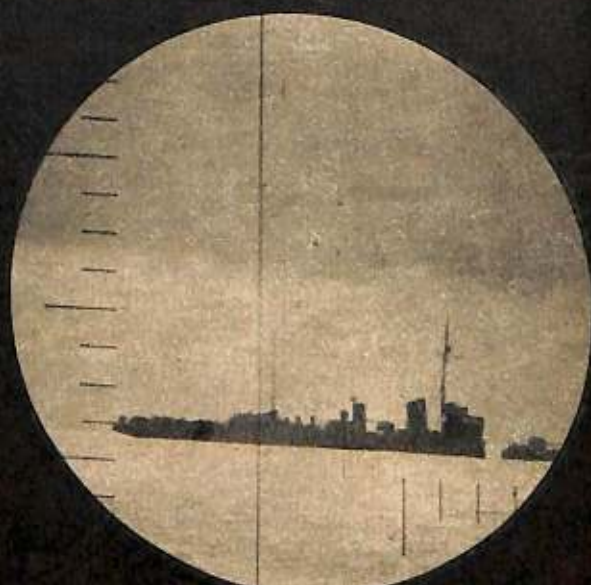
IN THE TORPEDO ROOM A CREW MEMBER GETS A QUIET SNOOZE ABOVE A COUPLE OF DEADLY TIN FISH.



WHEN THEIR SHIP LIES AT ANCHOR SOME OF THE SUBMARINERS JUMP OVERBOARD FOR A WELCOME SWIM.



HERE'S A SAILOR WHO USES WHAT SPACE HE HAS TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE. IT'S CLOSE TO REAL COMFORT



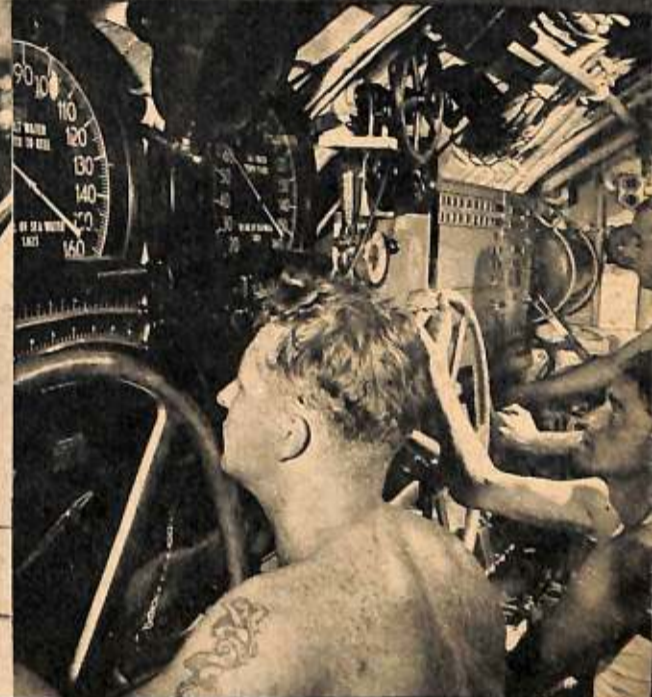
THROUGH THE PERISCOPE: A JAP SHIP GOES DOWN.



A COMMANDING OFFICER AT THE PERISCOPE.

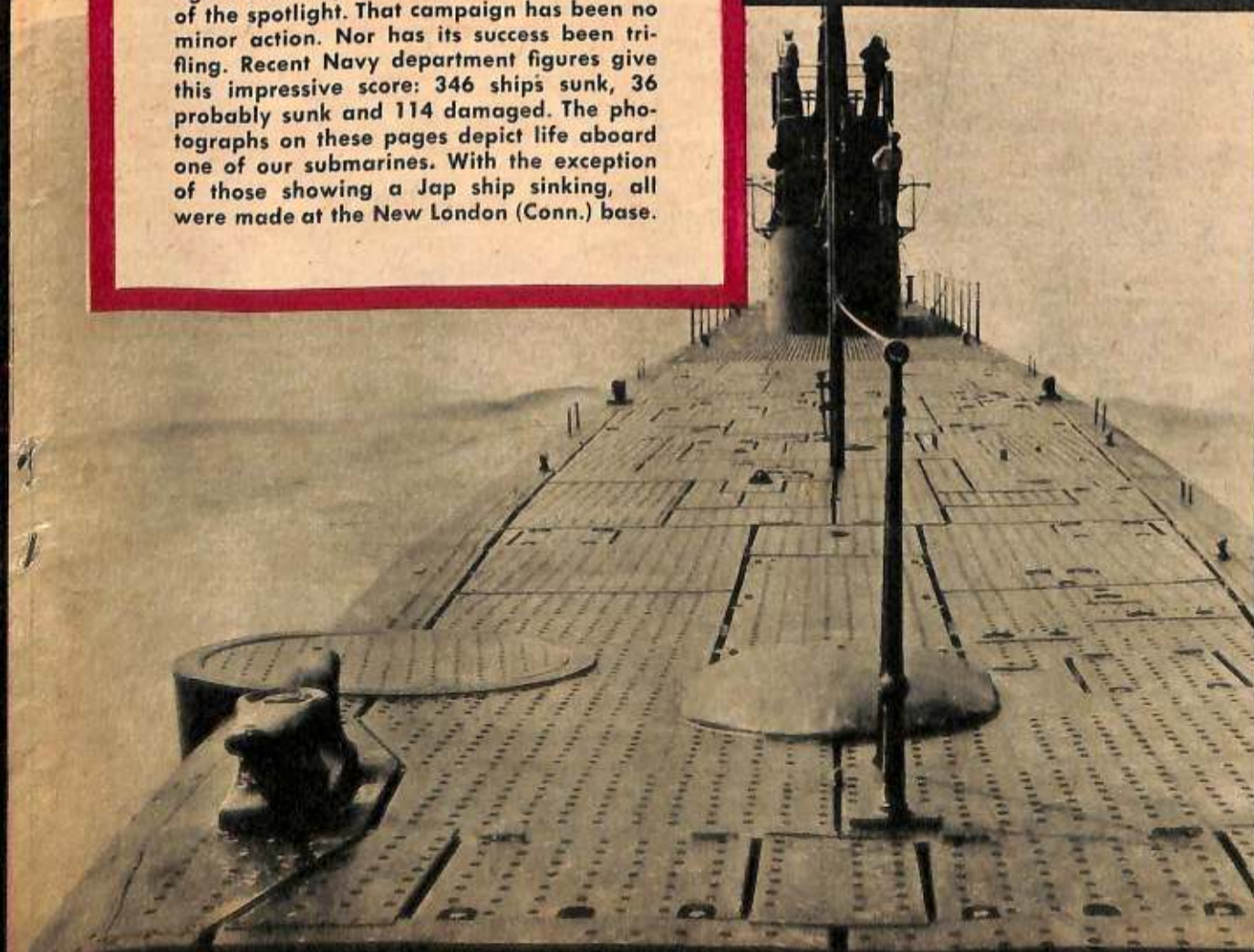


SUB'S GUN CREW WORKS FAST DURING A DRILL.

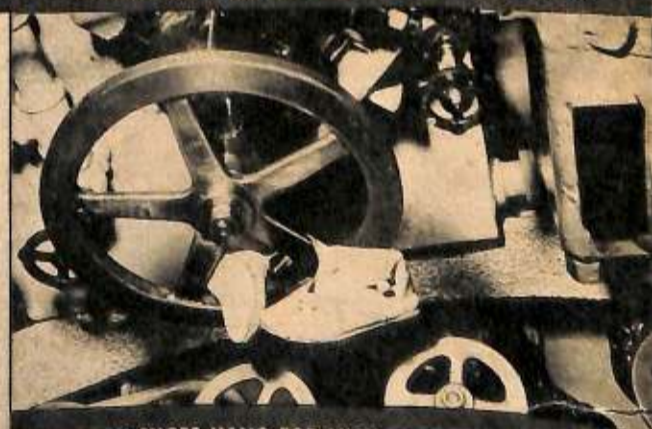


OPERATING DIVING PLANES IN CONTROL ROOM.

WHEN talk turns to submarines, the subject that usually holds the center of the stage is the German U-boat and its success, or lack of it, against Allied shipping. The American submarine and its campaign against the Japanese has been too long out of the spotlight. That campaign has been no minor action. Nor has its success been trifling. Recent Navy department figures give this impressive score: 346 ships sunk, 36 probably sunk and 114 damaged. The photographs on these pages depict life aboard one of our submarines. With the exception of those showing a Jap ship sinking, all were made at the New London (Conn.) base.



LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE STERN OF A SUB. EVEN ON A QUIET SEA THE DECK CALLS FOR A SURE FOOT.



BABY SHOES HANG FOR LUCK IN TORPEDO ROOM.



THE MESSES ARE KNOWN FOR GOOD CHOW.

Anne Gwynne

YANK

Pin-up Girl



News from Home

Soldiers made the news at home as well as abroad last week—their show, their dough, and their right to vote.

WHAT with one thing and another, servicemen came in for a good deal of attention from the folks back home last week—attention over and above the customary daily or weekly letter c/o Postmaster.

To take up the dramatic side of the picture first, *Winged Victory*, the Army Air Force equivalent of *This is the Army*, opened on Broadway and the critics fell all over themselves thinking up new ways of saying it was the nuts. The work of Moss Hart (*Lady in the Dark* and *You Can't Take it With You*), the show is described as "a straight dramatic offering dealing with six potential pilots and the various stages they pass through before getting their wings." It consists of two acts and seventeen scenes and involves a cast of 300.

Unlike *This is the Army*, which makes do with G.I.s, even in women's roles, *Winged Victory* has fifty-four civilian actresses, of whom thirty-nine are the wives of soldiers in the cast. New York immediately went crazy over the show, buying up \$165,000 worth of tickets for future performances, and Warner Brothers put in a bid of a million bucks down payment for the screen rights.

Self-appointed critics among servicemen were equally enthusiastic about a three-point program which President Roosevelt submitted to Congress in an effort to deal with the problem of mustering the boys out after the war. He advocated: 1. That the men receive mustering-out pay on the installment basis so they'll be sure to have some cash in their pockets while getting settled in civilian life; 2. that special unemployment payments be made to ex-servicemen who are unable to find jobs fairly soon; 3. that men who have served their country in uniform be given credit under the Social Security Act for the time they've put in, which would mean that from your earliest days as a rookie you've been building up a nest-egg of old-age and survivors' insurance.

The Senate continued to mull over the Green-Lucas Bill, designed to supervise voting by servicemen overseas in next year's Presidential election. The bill would place this business in the hands of a bi-partisan commission consisting of two Republicans and two Democrats, and it originally provided that Chief Justice Harlan Stone would appoint a fifth member to decide deadlocks. This provision, however, was dropped when Justice Stone declined to become involved in the matter, saying: "Such a function is incompatible with the obligations assumed by the Chief Justice and would be likely to impair my usefulness in that office."

Another touchy provision of the bill would exempt servicemen who hail from poll-tax states from having to kick through with some dough in order to vote, and this was threshed out at length but nothing definite decided. Senator Robert Taft, Republican of Ohio, proposed an amendment which would prevent Federal agencies, officials, and employees from circularizing servicemen with political propaganda. How those boys could clutter up mail call.

So much for the fighting men themselves. There was news, too, about the stuff they get to fight with. Arms production in October showed the greatest gain of any month since last April. A total of 8,362 planes were turned out, and that was not only a record but 10 per cent better than the September figure. Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, said that during the 31 days in which the record was set, "manpower, occasional material shortages, and design changes gave less trouble than in recent months." Shipbuilding was up five per cent over the September figure, ammunition production up eleven, and the manufacture of communication equipment up nine. Fewer combat and motor vehicles were turned out, but that, it was stated, was "according to plan."

J. H. Marks, vice president of the Packard Motor Company, estimated that when the time comes it will take the automobile industry six months to switch back from making war materials to turning out 1942 models again, and another twelve months to get new models on the market.

The Schweitzer Brothers Co. was indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in Cincinnati, O., on a charge of sabotage and conspiracy to defraud the Government by using defective links in tanks baulks supplied to the Navy.

Cancellation by the Army of six-billion dollars of war contracts and lack of effective planning for peace-time production are already causing unnecessary suffering to civilians, Matthew Woll,



She'd be so nice to wake up to. That's Ann Hagerty above, a Travellers' Aid volunteer, keeping vigil in the Grand Central Station to make sure the boys don't miss their trains. Below, a couple of Arabian princes check in at the Empire State Building while the boss of the place, Al Smith, looks on.



vice president of the American Federation of Labor and chairman of its post-war planning committee, asserted in a report submitted to Senator Walter George, chairman of the Senate's special post-war planning committee. According to Woll, small business and competitive opportunities are gradually becoming a thing of the past in the U.S.

The Senate finally passed and sent to the President for his approval a bill placing pre-Pearl Harbor fathers at the bottom of the draft rolls. In effect, the bill would merely give congressional sanction to present draft procedure, but Paul V. McNutt, War Manpower Commissioner, called the measure "sabotage of sound administration" because it nullified the Commission's "work-or-fight" system of classification.

It became known that 141 Vermont physicians are now serving in the Army, leaving only 260 to treat the state's 327,000 inhabitants.

The House of Representatives was feeling in a rambunctious mood, so much so that twice in two days it voted counter to the administration's wishes. By a vote of 278 to 117 it passed and sent to the Senate the Commodity Credit Corporation Bill which would outlaw government subsidies for food, despite the fact that President Roosevelt had asked that those subsidies be not outlawed but increased as a means of holding down the cost of living and thus preventing inflation.

Price Administrator Chester Bowles warned that doing away with food subsidies will increase food prices by seven per cent and Senator Scott Lucas, of Illinois, said that "the end of subsidies will mean overnight inflation." Now it was up to the Senate and, of course, to the President, if he chose to use his veto powers.

The next day the House kicked over the traces a second time by voting, 200 to 27, for a tax bill designed to raise a mere two-and-a-fraction billion dollars instead of the ten-and-a-half billion dollars asked for some time ago by the Treasury. Congressmen moaned and groaned over the Treasury's plan, calling it full of "extravagance and waste," and declaring that such a tax burden would liquidate middle-class white-collar workers. Representative Daniel Reed, of New York, took the occasion to call the New Deal "the greatest spendthrift administration in all history."

Congress had a bad forty-eight hour session with death. The Senate was adjourned for a day after Senator Warren Barbour, Republican of New Jersey, died at the age of fifty-five. Almost at the same time Representative Henry Steagall, Democrat, of Alabama, and Representative William Ditter, Republican of Pennsylvania, also died. Mr. Ditter was the victim of a plane crash.

Ray Atherton, the first U. S. Ambassador to Canada, was installed at Ottawa. He hailed the raising there of our legation to an embassy as symbolic of closer bonds "forged by our unstinting war cooperation and mutual determination to go forward to peace collaboration for the greater benefits of our two peoples and the world."

A FREAK November snowfall, lasting thirty-six hours, covered north-eastern New York and New England to such an extent that transportation and communication systems broke down. Twelve and a half inches fell in Albany, N.Y., breaking a forty-three-year record. A fall of as much as twenty inches was recorded in some communities farther north.

A four-man bootlegging ring in more-or-less parched New York City was put out of commission and a lot of people went thirsty when police, assisted by Federal agents, raided thirty-six taverns, groceries, and newsstands which had been busily selling illegal brew.

Here's good news for all you art lovers. According to reports reaching New York, the postal authorities, by a 2 to 1 vote, have decided that the Vargas drawings in *Esquire* are not "lewd and lascivious" and that therefore the magazine may continue to use the mails. The Post Office, however, had yet to make an official statement on its findings.

Grannies have been acting up. Mrs. Katherine Stager, a fifty-two-year-old grandmother of Los Angeles, was indicted by a grand jury in the shooting of William Lederer, who was killed while carrying of \$7,700 in a satchel. It was charged that she acted as a Fagin who sat by the radio listening to police calls and praying they wouldn't involve her boys who went out on thieving missions and who finally wound up by killing Lederer. . . . Another grandmother, seventy-two-year-old Mrs. Anna Belak, of New York City, confessed that she had killed her husband, sixty-nine, in what she thought was a perfect crime. Old man Belak had been out on a binge and had got into a fight with one John Kovach. Mrs. Belak rightly figured the police would suspect Kovach, so she plugged her husband with a .22 revolver. However,



Mrs. Edgar Burton, of Wichita, Kan., watches as police make some prints of her 6-month-old twin daughters' tootsies so she can tell the mites apart.



Ja, dat ist ein lovely fraulein—but we're hardly flattered. That's a German prisoner, interned at Aliceville, Ala., with a YANK pin-up and snapshots of der family.

she made the mistake of having her son throw the weapon into the Hudson River for her and he subsequently sounded off to the cops.

Chatham County, Ga., which includes Savannah, has already given out 2,241 marriage licenses this year, a new record. . . . Dr. Wilmar Allen, maternity director for a hospital in Hartford, Conn., came up with this frolicsome communique: "Never-ending squadrons of storks bombed us with 17½ tons of babies—forty blockbusters weighing more than ten pounds and some incendiaries with the spark of life weighing not more than one pound thirteen ounces. Casualties have been extremely light. No storks have been shot down so we may expect continued assaults."

Starting next month, housewives who turn over salvaged fats to the Government (as they've been asked to do for some time) will be rewarded by two meat-ration stamps for each pound they come across with, in addition to the four cents they've been getting right along. The American Fat Salvage Committee is planning to put on a \$250,000 advertising campaign in the newspapers in an effort to increase the amount of fat salvaged monthly, which is nine million pounds at the moment.

The first self-propelled concrete ship, forerunner of 24 such craft ordered by the Maritime Commission, has completed her trials off Florida.

Ruth Hiertz, twenty-eight-year-old Wac and a second cousin of Marshal Erwin Rommel, said in Pittsburgh, Pa., that she signed up because "I should like to go overseas and meet my cousin in an Allied prison camp."

Two German prisoners who had escaped from an internment train gave themselves up in Pittsburg, Calif., wearing U. S. Army uniforms with sergeant stripes. There'd be a nice pair to have pull rank on you.

Pennies are getting so scarce (it's the copper shortage again) that two banks in Wilmington, Del., begged the public to open up its piggy banks and cash in. . . . 500 members of the Michigan Farm Bureau, meeting in East Lansing, petitioned the government for priorities on the metal needed to make an adequate number of rings for bulls' noses.

After losing eleven helpers in a row to the armed forces, the Holmes brothers, of Penacook, N. H., decided the hell with it and closed up their gas station.

For the second time in a month, Ben May and Arlis Huffman, prisoners in the Montgomery County Jail in Texas, locked their alert night jailer, W. C. Thomas, in a cell and escaped. Thomas decided to put off asking for a raise. . . . Johnny Kelly made a daring escape from the prison farm in Ramsey, Tex., two hours before his parole came through.

Spike Howard, sixty-six-year-old wrestler of Philadelphia, Pa., gave his blood free for the 1,000th time and invited 250 guests to the Elks Club to watch him do it. Quite a party.

In Northampton, Mass., a room in a Smith College dormitory now occupied by Waves has had a waiting list a mile long since it became known that during the last two years twelve of its occupants have snared husbands.

A ten-hour trawl off Block Island, R. I., by a crew of fifteen fishermen out of Gloucester, Mass., brought in enough mackerel to pay each man \$530. . . . The Rev. Kring Allen, a minister in Brookfield, Mo., more than made good on a promise to provide his flock with venison for a church supper when he returned from a hunting trip with both deer and elk. . . . Beverly and Keith Doyle, of Hope, N. D., are nimrods of another sort. They killed seventy-critters into culverts and snuffing them out with the fumes from an automobile exhaust. . . . While out hunting, Ben Crimsley, of Garden City, Kansas, was knocked flat on his face by a hedge-hopping goose. Broke his glasses. . . . Gifford Nielson, of Erie,



Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Under Secretary of State, hoists the Chinese flag over a cargo vessel built in the U. S. for our oriental ally.

Pennsylvania, bagged five rabbits with one shot. He didn't hit any but scared them all into a hole and smoked them out one by one, catching them alive.

A campaign in New Jersey to buy a bomber for the boys collapsed when two of the promoters involved in it were convicted of using the mails to defraud. It was charged that they collected \$14,800 but crashed through with only \$1,500 to the U. S. Treasury. The bomber was to have been called "Ray of Light," in honor of the inventor, Thomas A. Edison.

The Mormon-owned Salt Lake City *Deseret News* announced that the Mormon Church had excommunicated 72-year-old Richard Lyman, fifth ranking member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, "for violation of the Christian law of chastity."

Three women are now working at Bethpage, L. I., as first-flight test pilots for Navy Hellcats and Avengers. They are Mrs. Barbara Jayne, 29-year-old wife of a Navy lieutenant, who flies fighters and is a veteran of 2,000 flying hours; Elizabeth Hooker, 26-year-old Smith College graduate; and Mrs. Teddy Kenyon, who has been flying for fourteen years and was once Women's National Acrobatic Champion.

If you (or someone else, which for the moment is more likely) arrive in any one of nineteen large U.S. cities without a reservation, the chances of your being able to get a room for the night are only 50-50. Hotels are that jammed. . . . The managers of forty San Francisco hotels have agreed that no guest other than a serviceman may occupy one of their rooms for more than five days at a stretch.

Gladys Isabel Rose, a 17-year-old Brooklyn girl, was arrested in New York on a charge of masquerading as a Wren officer from London. She must have sprinkled a sharp dash of Mayfair over her Brooklyn accent, for she played the part convincingly enough to get several British officers stationed on Manhattan to take her around to the night clubs.

In New York City, twenty-one-year-old Edward Martella and his seventeen-year-old bride of five months were pinched for swiping the wallet of a sailor sleeping on a bench in the subway. Which is one way to finance a honeymoon.

It was pay day in City Hall at Camden, N. J., and fifteen cops were so eager to get at the lettuce that they all jammed into a ten-passenger elevator, which gave out with a couple of groans and dropped to the bottom. No one hurt, but the banks were closed before the guardians of the law had scrambled out and collected their pay checks.

George Cratcha, proprietor of the St. Clair Avenue Restaurant in Cleveland, O., was fined \$125 for serving horsemeat without calling it that. And they give mess sergeants good conduct medals.

The residents of Kent, Wash., which was once a center for Japanese truck gardeners, tacked up posters reading: "We won't want Japs here ever." Can you blame them?

The Mobile County Dental Society in Alabama instituted a plan whereby one of its members will be named each day to do nothing but attend to the aching molars of busy colleagues and their patients.

The Boeing Aircraft Co., in Seattle, Wash., reported that it had \$89,000 in the till owed to former employes who had quit jobs without leaving forward-

ing addresses. . . . Virgil Clark, of Eaton, Colo., wasn't so cavalier about his cash. After plowing up two acres of land, he discovered he'd dropped his wallet containing \$1,000 (what a farmer!) and proceeded to plow back all the furrows until he found it.

In Kingsport, Tenn., when Juanite Barger, the sister of a fireman, married a fireman named Lacy Rudd, the minister and all attendants were likewise firemen and the ceremony was held in the fire house with the fire truck as altar. No, the alarm didn't ring.

Rear Admiral Thomas Gatch, Judge Advocate General, isn't urging that American troops should march in victory down the main street of Tokyo—and for a very good reason. "There will be no main street in Tokyo to march down," he explains.

The Office of Price Administration is trying to cook up some system whereby civilians will be permitted to make unlimited purchases of rationed foods to give to charitable institutions at Christmas.

According to present plans, sixty per cent of all Hollywood stars who are still civilians will go overseas next year to entertain troops. Hardly news to break an Etousian's heart.

Picketing can be fun. In Los Angeles, when Miss Joan Webster found she couldn't buy pajama tops without also buying the trousers, she donned a pajama coat—nothing more, nothing less—and paraded up and down in front of the shop, crying: "It's disgraceful that stores should refuse to sell half a pair of pajamas when so much material is needed for war." Police had to come and clear the crowds away.

By the first of the year the Army will have returned 100 hotels in Miami Beach, Fla., to their former owners for private operation.

Fire destroyed ten million pounds of peanuts in a warehouse at Marianna, Fla., which may be one reason the PX never has any.

J. A. Fitzall, 43-year-old discharged Army veteran of Denver, Calif., sued a 29-year-old stenographer named Suzanne Gough to recover an engagement ring he had given her before entering the service and changing his mind. Suzanne's argument was: "Women don't usually return flowers and chocolates. Then why return a ring?" Well, flowers and chocolates don't usually cost \$850, which is what Fitzall laid out for his gew-gaw.

Harley Dewey, of Adrian, Mich., who described himself as "the Army's loneliest soldier" and got himself a bride on the strength of it, has been divorced by said bride because he beat her and because she discovered that he had been previously married and fathered seven children. . . . Police in Akron, O., nabbed Kenneth Jordan, a deserter who in the last two years has married three girls in Cleveland, two each in Akron and Rochester, N. Y., and one each in Detroit and Midland, Pa. Guys like that sure make it tough for the rest of us fellows.

Dogs for Defense, Inc., a recruiting agency for dogs wanted by the Army to train for war purposes, announced that California owners had the best record, having donated 2,000 of their pets since the first of the year. New York and Pennsylvania tied for second with 1,500 apiece, and Indiana and Illinois were neck and neck for third with slightly over 2,000

between them. The outfit added that the only dog ever recommended for a distinguished service cross was a German shepherd named Chips, serving with the K-9 (get it?) Corps, who helped clean out an enemy pillbox during the invasion of Sicily.

Another tradition bit the dust when the banks in Helena, Mont., decided to remove silver cartwheels from circulation as they were proving too heavy for women wartime workers to handle. (In bulk, naturally. There's not a pretty in Montana who can't tote a week's pay around in her jeans.)

LORENZ HART, member of the famous song-writing team of Rogers and Hart, who wrote the lyrics to "With a Song in My Heart," "It's Easy to Remember and So Hard to Forget," and many another hit tune, died of pneumonia in New York City at the age of forty-seven. . . . Alexander Woollcott, who, as a sergeant, was a correspondent for *Stars and Stripes* in Paris during the last war and later became one of America's most noted writers and broadcasters, left half of his \$70,000 estate to Captain Frode Jensen, according to the terms of the writer's will. Captain Jensen, who is now in the Army and was formerly a physician in Syracuse, N. Y., was penniless when he first arrived in the U. S. Woollcott financed him through college and medical school.

Chester Conklin, comedian in the days of the silent movies, was discovered working in a Lockheed Aircraft plant in Los Angeles. R-K-O got to wondering where he was when someone suggested him for the role of a silent waiter in a forthcoming comedy called *Around the World*. . . . Lou Costello, film comedian, who is still recuperating in Hollywood from an attack of rheumatic fever, was reclassified from 3-A to 1-A by his draft board. His year-old son was drowned only a week or two ago. . . . Victor MacLaglen, fifty-six-year-old film actor, married his twenty-seven-year-old secretary, Miss Suzanne Breuggemann, in Yuma, Ariz. It was the bride's first marriage. MacLaglen became a widower two years ago.

James Thurber, one of *The New Yorker* magazine's best-known artists, plans to use the screwball life around that outfit as the basis of his next play.

Fire destroyed the Casino Ballroom at Ocean Park, Los Angeles; the management says it's out \$60,000.

Eleanor Powell has been signed for the lead of a new movie, *Sensations of 1944*. W. C. Fields, Woody Herman, and Cab Calloway will also be in it.

Reno must be slipping. For the first time in nearly as long as the oldest inhabitant can remember a divorce was denied by the courts there last week. The luckless gent was Herman Fliegal, who naturally thought he was as good as free when he went out there and charged his wife with extreme cruelty. The judge who thus made history was William McKnight. He told Fliegal he hadn't proved his case.

Members of the Parent Teachers' Association of Portland, Ore., volunteered to stand guard in the city's movie theatres and see if they couldn't cut down on all the kissing by 'teen-agers that has been going on in the balconies. To which one theater manager replied: "I'll give a season pass to any P.T.A. woman who can truthfully say that she was never kissed inside a theatre." As we go to press, all the P.T.A. women are still paying their way in.

FIGHTING WITH US ON THE SAME TEAM...



Wac Lt. Emily Shek, an American of Chinese descent, helps recruit others like herself in the New York office of her brother, Shavey Lee.



Two U. S. servicemen and their honeys—all Americans of Chinese descent—nibble a bite between dances at a San Francisco party.

Mail Call

Time On His Hands

Dear YANK:

The Ferry and Transport Service of the 8th Air Force Service Command claims that the commanding officer of one of its squadrons has flown more hours than any other man in the ETO.

Up until the 1st November, 1943, Major Remelin has flown a total of 17,449.30 hours. This is a combination of 9,172.35 hours army time and 8,276.55 hours flying time, all accredited by the United States Army Air Force.

Are there any pilots in the ETO who claim they have flown more than 17,449 hours?

LT. FRANK MARTELLI

Britain.

Pin-ups

Dear YANK:

Each week you portray an eye-ful by way of a pin-up girl. However, at last there has appeared the pin-up girl "to end all pin-up girls." May I refer you to Miss Chili Williams as she appears in *Life*, dated September 27 and also in *Life's* Letters to the Editor column a couple of weeks later (Oct. 18).

I feel you owe it to all your readers to reproduce the picture(s) though you will probably hear from Pvt. Miller—his crowd in the States have probably already written *Life* about them.



UNSIGNED

Britain.

Censorship, Security and Sergeants

Dear YANK:

To this letter a number of the enlisted men on our Base hope you will accord priority in order to correct a glaring, growing carelessness in the important matter of censorship by exposing it as widely as possible.

It has become a well-known fact that every one in the Orderly Room from the mail clerk on up to the top kick have taken over the responsibility of reading and censoring the letters that G.I. Joe writes to his Mother, Sweetheart or Wife.

We have submitted with as good grace as possible to the distasteful necessity of military security, mail censorship, because we have faith in our officers and honestly believe they will treat our individual letters with respect, keeping those personal confidences we choose to write.

We do not bear this same feeling for our fellow enlisted men. We have lived with them, listened to their discussions of our absent friends, and laughed at their dirty stories too often and long. The First Sergeant is just another G.I. to us and we'd just as soon tell him to go to Hell as the next Master Sergeant on the line who was overstepping the bounds of his authority.

The censorship of mail is more than just a security problem. On it rests the morale of an overseas unit who can only reach the ones they love thru an uninspiring sheet of paper. The knowledge that almost anyone else will be pawing over that written confidence is enough to make him violate the security laws and post his letter in a civil post office.

He may cease all letter writing in disgust and so cause anxious relatives to deluge the War Department with inquiries after the welfare of Dear Joe.

Those embryo censors complain, moreover, that we write too much and often. If some of these soldiers who grace the guardhouse had spent some of their leisure time in writing to the folks

back home everybody would be better off and happier including Uncle Sam.

The Security Officers, Squadron C.O.s and Group Commanders would do well to check on who is censoring the mail in their unit and appoint a qualified officer to handle it. Results would soon be apparent in both morale and security.

A BUNCH OF US YANKS

Britain.

If I Had The Wings Of An Angel

Dear YANK:

Does anybody in the ETO happen to know Lt. Bill Barton (USAAF) from Dallas, Texas? If so could you please ask him to read this letter.

Lt. Barton will you please return my wings to me through YANK magazine.

Thanking you very much if you do.

SHEILA

Britain.

More About Cyntax

Dear YANK:

"U.S. TO PRACTISE EUROPE INVASION IN CLEARED AREA"—*Stars and Stripes*, page 1, Nov. 17, 1943.

This makes twice lately somebody has cut the ise and complained about English headline style in the *Stars and Stripes*. Are we men or mice? Next time we're going to tell the police about it.

Pilots have their gremlins, and printers their type-lise, but they shouldn't be blamed all the time. If you give this letter a slise of spase in "Mail Call," it would be nise.

ARTHUR J. RIEDESEL,
S/Sgt., Med. Dept.

Britain.

More Talk About Talks

Dear YANK:

The latest "Army Talks," dealing with the operation of Lend-Lease, is the first valuable and timely information we have yet received in the series from the Education Branch of the Special Service Division, ETO.

Here, at last, are facts and figures which accomplish something definite. It gives the Yanks a true picture of Lend-Lease, thus destroying the distorted view many of us have had on this touchy



subject. It's a strong blow against Nazi propaganda and the ignorance of the enlisted man. The sergeant next to me on the chow-line, who bitterly complained recently, "Sure! Why shouldn't the British eat well? Aren't we giving them a present of all the food we need ourselves?" has already changed his views!

My overseas cap is off to Special Service for this job. Let's hope that future "Army Talks" will tackle other fears and prejudices of the American soldiers, such as those who say: "Those Russians are knocking the hell out of the Germans. To think that we're going to have to fight them, too, after a while!"

Pvt. JOSEPH CONGRESS

Britain.

Starlets

Dear YANK:

As we are veteran ETOians, one year and three months to be exact, plus ardent readers of YANK, we not only feel it our duty to put in our "farthing's worth" but regard it as a matter of respect and decency toward a great cause (don't ask what cause).

We have heard arguments pro and con about Mail Call, Greengroin, Week of War and others. So with or without your permission may we set forth a few worthy suggestions:—

1. Take a Gallup poll on favorite write-ups.
2. Honor the winning author by publishing a picture of said hero.
3. Then do it over until each author wins first place, either by hook or crook.

This method will please us all, plus honoring the relatives of the winning authors by their published picture appearing in YANK.

We are not the only ones that have gone ETO happy.

By order of Two LIMEYIZED AMERICANS:

S/Sgt. LEO F. KOPELMAN,
Duke of Doodlebugs
T/Sgt. GEORGE T. MYERS,
Earl of Earlyworms

Britain.

Who Wears The Trousers?

Dear YANK:

As much as I love you, YANK, you're a god-damned liar.

In your September 25th "News from Home" you said John Burrell's pants were hanging on a chain. In October 17th issue he had the damned things off (pardon) on.

Remember George Washington? I'm waiting for the answer, pal.

Britain.

JOAN

[You are an observant girl.—Ed.]

War And The Poet

This poem came to us scribbled in pencil on a scrap of blue notepaper. It was written by a young British lieutenant, a journalist before the war, under the blackout lights of a Bren gun carrier, as his crack tank outfit lay exhausted in bivouac out in the field. The lieutenant's battalion probably will be among the first to go back across the Channel.

On Garton Wold

With silent flash the distant battle's waged
Quick winking bursts of anti-aircraft fire
Moving in constellation through the sky.
All passion, danger, agony and death
Remote under the quiet moon's light;
Dew on the grass unshaken, clinging still
Soft-shouldered crests stooping towards the sea
All the soft drift of summer's silent night
Ancient, uncaring peace, peace of the spheres
Unmoved by anything except self.
Is it a dream as, half-awake, I lie
And watch death dealing out his random card
To bodies far removed from mine lying here
Beside the tanks in a crushed clover field.

Lt. A. H. V. LONGMAN
Grenadier Guards

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Pictures: 1, U.S. Navy. 2, top, OWI; center row, AP; bottom row, U.S. Army Signal Corps. 5, Sgt. John Bushemi. 6, top, U.S. Army Signal Corps. 7, Sgt. Pete Paris. 8, top, Sgt. Pete Paris; left, Sgt. Steve Derry; left center, Planer; right center, OWI; right, Universal Picture. 9, left, British ENSA; right, Sgt. George Aarons. 10, U.S. Army Signal Corps. 11, left, Planer; right, Keystone. 12 and 13, U.S. Navy. 14, Universal Picture. 15, top, INP; bottom, OWI. 16, Keystone. 17, OWI. 18, center, U.S. Army Signal Corps. 20, left, PA; right, INP. 22 and 23, Sgt. Ben Schnall.

ONE OF OUR COMMUNIQUES IS MISSING



Dear YANK:

[This is from the release files of the Luftwaffe Public Relations Office, Division of Occupied France. It is noted that the translation of this release from the original German does not claim to be literally precise, but so far as is practical, fact has been respected, and even shade of meaning.]

Sgt. P. H. W.

"super" voice of Oberlieutenant I. M. Braundorf, formerly of former Hamburg, had triumphantly shrieked "bombs away" it was obvious that the target was doomed.

As the lieutenant, on "Bleutzenenfeuchrachitz II" recalled, "There's no doubt about it. Our barbarian enemies will have to struggle on without that installation. I saw direct hits on the library, and several near-misses on one of the main wash-rooms."

Lt. Braundorf stressed a significant point for the consideration of Luftwaffe Intelligence.

"The building did not even attempt to defend itself! Can that mean the enemy is experiencing an ammunition shortage? For my part, let them know immediately—there will be no concessions. We will accept unconditional surrender only!"

The liberating intruders, flushed with this vital triumph, hurtled on to their next objective. Again they pay tribute to the ingenuity of our uncivilized opponents.

"We had studied pictures and scale models of

that hospital for weeks," marvelled Captain Von Der Vy, bombardier on *Wilhelmstrasse Fraulein*. "We were sure we could recognize it anywhere—and then the fiends"—here the Captain's ever-mild, ever-kindly eyes flickered for just an instant with the slightest hint of displeasure—"they had completely disguised the hospital by painting an enormous Red Cross on the roof!"

(Note: It was announced early today at the headquarters of the Supreme Command that a protest has already been lodged with the "International Committee for the Ethical Conduct of War" in Poland, for this despicable attempt at deception.)

"Of course," the captain continued, "when we spotted the Red Cross, I automatically reached for the bomb release." Gracefully he shook off the proud flush that so handsomely set off his blond curls. "I've been on too many missions to have lost that habit."

The captain permitted a touch of pride to rattle most of the medals on his tunic.

"They couldn't fool me. The pilot pleaded. 'Ach, Captain,' he moaned, 'maybe that cross is there to trick us into dropping our bombs—please Captain, think. It might only be an aircraft factory.'"

However, as the headlines in this evening's "Latrinachter Zeitung" will proclaim, Captain Von Der Vy remained firm, and again the cry "bombs away" signalled the collapse of a strong point in the enemy's war against Nazi decency and good will.

During the course of the mission, other objectives of slightly less military significance were attacked. Just as the last infant home had received its shower of bomb hits, a squadron of American P-47s from the contemptible Eighth Air Force dove on our Luftwaffe formation. Using shamelessly unsportsmanlike and cowardly tactics, the North American barbarians managed to inflict slight damage to our aircraft.

Further details are lacking. As soon as our crews become accustomed to British prison camp routine more news will probably be forthcoming. Then again, the Fatherland shall be inspired by this glorious and significant victory.

Sgt. PAUL H. WEISS

A Turkey Lays An Egg

Dear YANK:

Reference is made to recent misinforming statements by the *Stars and Stripes* newspaper concerning the much anticipated G.I. Thanksgiving dinner. True, turkey was served at this base, but far from the "pound per person" basis. Not only was it far from that, but there were several G.I.s who were completely left out, two of which are the undersigned.

It is our belief that turkeys come equipped with two legs (drumsticks), breast, wings, etc. However, on close inspection of our plates we found neither of the above items, but there, instead, was a big piece of SPAM. To our knowledge, as yet, Spam, with all its qualities, hasn't been known to fly.

T/Sgt. H. L. WALDROP
Sgt. K. L. HARMON

P.S.—Only one of us is a chow hound.

Britain.

[Don't blame it on S. and S. One of their men only had sausages that day—Ed.]

An Answer For "Exhausted"

Dear YANK:

Here is a question that is never answered correctly by my American friends and they refuse to be convinced by me. However, they will take heed of YANK so please firmly inform your fellow countrymen which city is the biggest in the world. I shall soon be fit to join the Marx Brothers if I have to make any more attempts to disillusion those Yanks who, strong in their belief that whatever America has is bound to be the biggest in the world, calmly assume the world's biggest city to be New York.

P.S.—Best wishes to your very popular magazine (this includes kisses if you answer my request!)

[The young lady must be talking about Reno—"The Biggest Little City in the World." How's about that kiss?—Ed.]

EXHAUSTED

In The Future Tense

Dear YANK:

Here is a little dream that arose from the fetid morass of undigested "K" rations. Perhaps it will amuse some poor G.I. trying to chew a meal of nothing.

"K" Rations—Super Delux

Private Brown stepped down from his electric pogo stick, turned off the power and prepared to bivouac for the night. From his left inner breast pocket he removed a small black box. About the size of a package of cigarettes. King size. He presses the sides inwards, causing a tiny metal rod to spring out. Waits a fraction of a second then speaks the hours code word into the mike. Contact made and excepted, he reports to his corporal the results of the day's patrol.

Brown is through for the day; free to get in some all important sack time. So he unzippers the front of his coveralls and gets out of them. He then re-zips the garment in such fashion that the once-coveralls are (or is) now a sleeping bag. Into which same, said, he crawls and zips the flap closed behind him.

If you happened to be standing some wheres in the near vicinity you would have seen the bag expand to tent proportions as Brown on the inside raised a tent pole and opened an expander ring that spread the bottom out. Looking inside (you really couldn't do this, for the material out of which this tent is made looks out from in but not in from out. Actually from the outside it looks like nothing. That is, of course, if it is erected properly). Again, looking inside you would see him turn his heating unit on. And if you were actually inside you would feel the temperature rise swiftly to a comfortable and constant seventy.

Brown got his "K" rations and mess gear out. Tore the protective metal foil away with his teeth (rugged this boy) and placed one tiny pill in each of the mess kit depressions. To each of the pills

he added water from his canteen which incidently is of the modified "Z" type and will hydrate effectively with practically zero humidity conditions. Some of the men on the desert had been running out of water with the old unmodified type, necessitating the improvement.

The tablets swell and increase in size as the water is added. When he is satisfied with the amount of feed, he stops adding water and turns the power on. Merrily the chow hisses, purrs and bubbles. Pleasant odors arise to pique his palate. It has been a long hard ball breaking day. He turns the power off, laboriously fishes his canteen out. Adds more water and reconnects the juice. (Chow hound.)

To relieve the monotony of the five-minute wait. Time needed to properly cook the food. Brown reopens his trans receiver and switches it to broadcast band. Of course he always keeps "X" channel open. This channel is a direct line to the orderly room and Private Brown, conscientious soldier of the twenty-first world war, is always right up there when his first sergeant has some important work that needs immediate doing.

The steak was a little overdone. The chef salade garnished with caviar instead of anchovies, Brown preferred. The apple pie could have used a vanilla ice cream that wasn't quite so sweet. The coffee was good. But the potatoes were those same god-damned French fries you always get with the steak supper. But then, what right has Private Brown to bitch? This is total war.

Pfc. MAX ALTH

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Brooklyn's (God bless that 49th State of the Union!) T/5 Max Schrier has made a truly excellent suggestion in Nov. 21 issue; about G.I.s in the ETO sharing their Christmas packages with the kids here. Hope that many thousands of our boys take the tip.

Britain.

Cpl. S. ROSENBLATT

ONE day last month a heavily laden Army transport plane, bound for China, strained desperately for more altitude as she tried to negotiate the murderous mountains ahead of her. The pilot ordered the crew to unload the plane's cargo. Overboard tumbled the luggage of several fighter pilots who earlier had flown their P-38s into China. Some of the bags belonged to 2d Lt. Thomas Dudley Harmon, Michigan's All-American football player.

Meanwhile, beyond the hills and deep in Japanese-occupied China, a flight of P-38 Lightnings was tearing into shipping and docks at Kiukiang, the Yangtze River port. Harmon, already a veteran of fighter warfare with one Zero to his credit, was flying in that dive-bombing attack. The flight was jumped by 15 Zeros and in the ensuing fight four Lightnings were lost. The returning pilots said they saw two planes crash in flames, but they couldn't see what happened to the other two. Harmon was one of the four missing pilots.

This isn't the first time that Harmon has been listed as missing. Last April his ill-fated bomber, *Little Butch*, crashed during a tropical storm over Surinam and he and his crew were given up as lost. For four days he hacked his way through the jungles before being rescued by natives.

There's a good chance that Harmon may beat his way out of this one, too. He has the determination and the background to do it. Tom has always been harder and tougher than any game he ever played. Even as a kid of 10 in Gary, Ind., he longed for the day when he could beat the pants off any kid in the Holy Angels' School. He especially wanted to try his fists out on the big fellows in the eighth grade. His chance came when he was still in the sixth grade.

His closest friend, Dave Jones, insulted him and a fierce fist fight followed. Tom was doing all right until Dave's brother, a big eighth grader, declared himself on his brother's side. Tom's older brothers were

SPORTS: HARMON, IN TOUGH SPOTS BEFORE, MAY TURN UP SAFE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

watching the fight, too, but they refused to intervene. They told Tom he should fight his own battles regardless of the odds. Tom fought his own battle, all right, but he took the licking of his life.

Harmon ran into more trouble the first day he reported for football practice at Horace Mann High School. A few days before he had won a bubble-blowing contest and he was anxious to show off in front of the football team. He stuffed his mouth with gum before practice and then proceeded to entertain the squad while Coach Doug Kerr made his opening speech. Kerr became infuriated and ordered Harmon to turn in his uniform, but Tom refused to leave the field. Kerr didn't quite know what to make of the boy, but he thought he would teach him a lesson any how. He told Harmon to join the scrub team and run back kick-offs against the varsity. Kerr figured he was feeding the kid to the lions, because the school's varsity men were all bruising 180-pounders and Harmon was a mere 145 pounds. Tom wasn't fazed. He grabbed the first kick-off and sprinted 90 yards to a touchdown.

When Harmon went to Michigan he discovered that he had to be tougher than football itself if he wanted to survive. He was

blessed with that unmistakable golden-boy touch and he suffered because of it. The press threw high-powered adjectives at him and boomed him as the second Red Grange. The Michigan alumni were equally impressed. They fully expected Tom to explode through any opposition every time he laid his hands on the ball. Coach Fritz Crisler managed to relieve some of the pressure by converting Harmon into a blocking back toward the end of his sophomore season.

But neither Crisler nor anybody else expected Harmon to remain a blocker. He was turned loose on the enemy again as a junior. This time real trouble arose. His teammates were tired of knocking their brains out every afternoon while Harmon's name dominated every story about the Michigan team.

It was Harmon's blocking back, Forrest Evashevski, who helped Tom iron out this trouble and keep the team together. Evashevski called a meeting of the players and told them it wouldn't do a damn bit of good to brood over Harmon, because it wasn't Tom's fault and they were only harming themselves. After the meeting the team went up to Tom and told him they understood.

Evashevski knew human nature wouldn't stop just because of one eloquent speech and that soon the fellows would be smarting from resentment again. So he immediately organized a Don't-Let-Harmon-Get-Too-Big-for-His-Pants-Club. It worked beautifully.

When Tom entered the dressing room, Evashevski and a few others would bow low and raise their right palm to their foreheads in Oriental fashion. Then Bob Ingalls, the center, would announce: "Harmon, I'm really the key man on this team. You'd look pretty silly running around back there if I never passed you the ball." Then there was Ed Frutig, the great end, who walked through the dressing room before every game promising dollar bills to anyone who would join the little happy Block-for-Harmon Club.

But the best piece of ego deflation came from a little Negro boy who was standing in front of the squad as they waited to get into a movie before the Harvard game. His little friend kept nudging him and asking: "Where's Harmon?" The first boy pointed and said: "There's Harmon. Can't you tell by the nose?"

That was all Evashevski had to hear. Every time Michigan got on the spot, he would growl. "Come on, Harmon. Get out from behind that nose and let's go."

Harmon may yet turn up safe as many other pilots have in that region. When he does he will find himself a first lieutenant. His promotion orders came through the day after he took off.

Harmon as an aviation cadet. He washed out, but came back to win wings.



SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

TAKE it from Sgt. Joe Louis, the next heavyweight champion will come out of the Army. In fact, Louis has already picked him out. He's Star Harvey, a Negro private from New York City. Joe and Star recently boxed an exhibition. CPO Bob Feller, a Navy gun-crew chief, is now in the South Pacific after almost a year's now in the Atlantic. . . . Just to keep you convoy duty in the Atlantic. . . . Just to keep you up to date: Joe Gordon's off-again, on-again baseball career is on again. . . . Jack Kramer, whose doubles partner, Ted Schroeder, is now a lieutenant, junior grade, in the Navy, is going after his commission, too, at the Coast Guard OCS. . . . I/Sgt. Frankie Strafati, the former Publincs champ, writes that he gives more than 50 golf lessons a month to GIs in the South Pacific. Offhand, you might think the Australian sol-

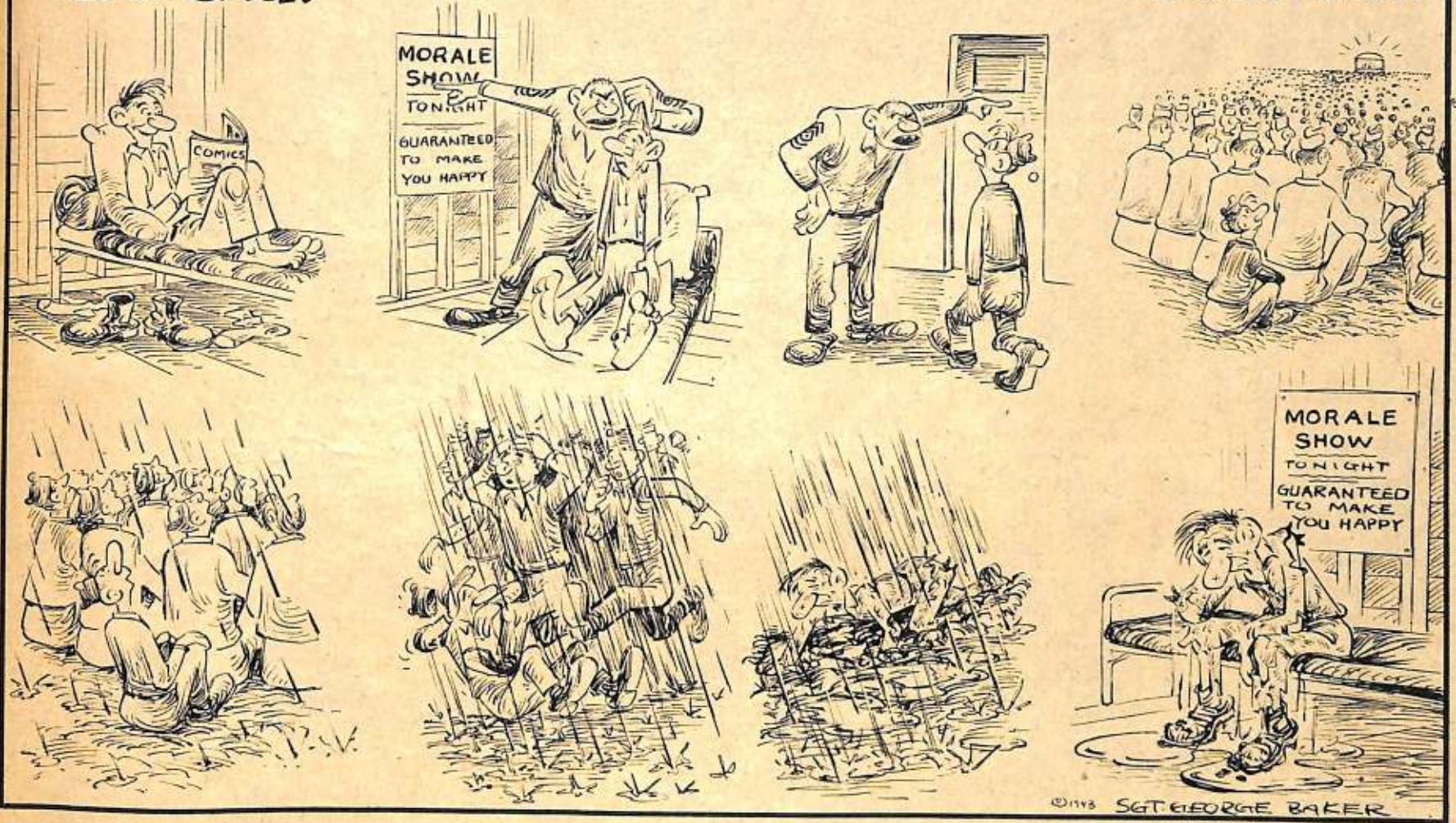
diers, would be first cousins to a kangaroo, but Cpl. Lawrence Andrews, former Dartmouth champion, won the high jump in a track meet between Allied troops in Australia with a leap of 5 feet, 7 inches. Back in the States Lawrence used to clear the bar at 6 feet 5½ inches regularly. . . . Pedro Montanez, former welterweight contender, who operates a cocktail parlor at San Juan, says there are so many champions and near champions hanging around his place that he's thinking about calling it, "Little Jacobs Beach." Some of his customers include Tony Zole, middleweight champion; Willie Pavlovich, light heavy contender, and Sixto Escobar, bantam champion, all of whom are stationed in and around Puerto Rico. . . . When the war's over, we know of a guy who's going to pay more alumni dues than anybody else. He's Ted Hapanowicz, a Navy V-12 footballer, who played for George Washington last year, Penn State early this fall and now is at the University of Pennsylvania.



Comdr. Gene Tunney autographs the head of a bass drum for GIs at a South Pacific base. Lt. Comdr. Dick Harlow, Harvard coach, looks over Tunney's shoulder.

THE SAD SACK

"MORALE SHOW"



"MET me a duchess," Artie said. We were walking up Park Lane on our way to a movie and were looking at the bomb-damaged, closed-up houses across from Hyde Park.

"Did you really?" we said.
 "Yerse, a honess-to-gaw duchess," Artie said.
 "She asted me how I was doing."
 "What did you tell her?" we wanted to know.
 "I tole her I was doing awright," Artie said. "We had quite a conversation. Fine people, them duchesses."

"So they say," we said.
 Artie took out a cigarette and then, from another pocket, took out a black cigarette holder.

"Now what?" we said.
 "This is the proper method of smoking a butt," said Artie. "All the nobility smokes their butts this way."

"Is that so?" we said.
 "Yerse," said Artie. "They's good models ter foller. I think I'll start getting in with a few of the nobility. I decided it's time fer me to improve me station in life. Running around with a lousy crowd sodjers don't get a man nowheres."

"Doesn't it?" we asked.
 "Nah," Artie said. "You run around with the nobility and you end up jerning one of them classy clubs down around Pall Mall. You run around with a bunch of sodjers and you end up jerning the American Legion. They ain't no comparison."

"We wouldn't know," we said.
 "A sensitive character like me should be all the time improving himself," said Artie. "As a guy grows older his station in life improves. But you got to get in with the right type of people. Low companions drag you down in the dust. Ain't that so?"

"Truest thing you ever said," we answered.
 "Thahks, ole boy," said Artie. "Everybody likes to have his ideas agreed with. Now, suppose I done nothing but pal around with the mess sergeant or some low character like that. What would me life be like? Me life would be nothing but a succession of craps games and beer jerns. Or suppose I run around with a line sergeant or something. Me life would be a round of the shooting galleries and the penny arcades. Them guys got no ambitions. They's content with their own little grooves. Now I got a fine soul. I want to improve meself. So what do I do? Why, I run around with people that's got dogs and horses and books and smokes their butts in holders and stuff like that. Get what I mean?"

"We certainly do," we said.
 "This duchess I had the chat with put me on the right track," Artie said. "When I seen what a poised ole woman she was I said to meself, 'Artie, ole cock,

you been running around with evil companions.' I ast meself what would be the result if I kept up such a situation. And I decided that the result would be that after the war I'd go back to Berklyn and back to the ole hoise and the ole rut. Now, wass the pernt of that? The war might jess as well not of come along, if I take a attitude like that. So I been planning me future life."

"What are you going to be?" we asked.
 "A gennulman," Artie said. "Jess a plain, orninary gennulman, with a jern in the country and a jern in town and a hell of a lot of leisure. Woik is for the lower classes."
 "To achieve leisure," we said, "one must have money."
 "Yeah," Artie said, "thass the ole problem, awright. The question is, where am I going to get the dough to lead the life I chose for meself?"
 "How about selling your soul to the devil?" we suggested.
 "Naw, I don't want to do nothing crude," Artie said.
 "Where's all the money coming from?" we asked.
 "Don't perplex me with problems," Artie said. "I'm concentrating on the money end right now."
 "While you're concentrating on it," we said, "see if you can discover a way to pay us the two pounds you owe us."
 "Do I still owe you them two quids?" Artie said in some astonishment. "I could of swore I paid them back long ago."
 He lit another cigarette. "Well, to get back to the future," he said, "I'm faced with the problem of pulling meself up by the shoes from the sink into which being a sodjer has flung me. I got no assets except me native intelligence and me charm."
 "That's a lot," we said.
 "Thanks, ole cock," said Artie. "But right now flattery don't cut no ice with me. If you want to be useful, think around and cook up a way for me to come into some dough."
 "Armed robbery?" we suggested.
 "Lissen," Artie said, "I'm serious. Talking to

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ARTIE THE SOCIAL CLIMBER

that duchess convinced me I was cut out for finer things. When she looked at me I could see she was thinking: 'What a charming man. What a pity they trun him inter the company of rough sodjers.' I could tell she was thinking that jess while I was talking to her."

"You're a very perceptive young man," we said.
 "Yerse," said Artie. "Now if she could of saw me before they shoved me in this gawdam ole Army things would of been a different story. I wouldn't of had on this khaki camouffage and she could of saw me native intelligence peeping out from every pore. Sometimes being in uniform is a tough life."

"Why don't you get an invitation to someone's country house?" we asked.
 "Jess like that, I suppose," Artie said bitterly. "The oney trouble is, I don't know nobody thass got a country house. I don't even know nobody thass got a city house. The oney person I know on the English Isle is the barmaiden at the Snort & Whistle."

"Maybe she knows a duchess," we said.
 "Naw, she oney knows customers," Artie said.
 "Well," we said, "write a letter to the duchess you met, telling her that you thought she was very nice and that you would like to continue the relationship."

"You think that would help?" Artie asked.
 "Yes," we said.
 "It's a very very good idea," Artie said. "As a matter of fack, I was jess about to broach the matter meself. I'll write her a letter when I get back to barracks. Maybe I better lay it on a little thick, to begin with. Give her a line on meself, say, and show her I'm above the average Army type."

"Yes, you'd better," we said.
 "They's oney one trouble with it," Artie said, and his face fell.
 "What's that?" we asked.
 "I forgot the name of the duchess," said Artie. He threw his black cigarette holder out in the middle of Park Lane where, presently, a taxi ran over it.

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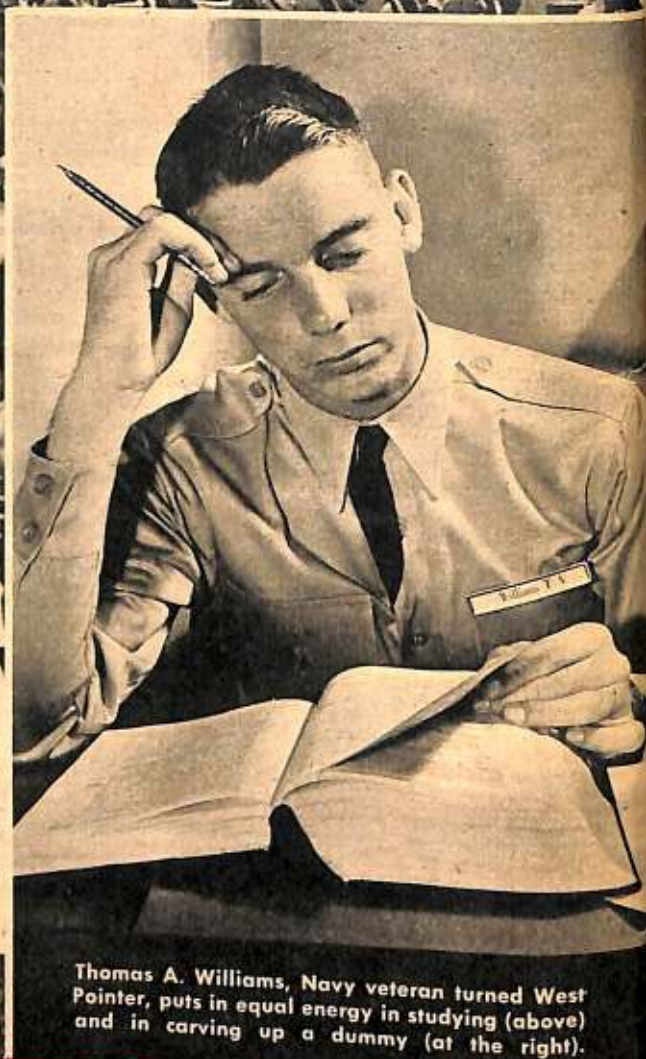
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One hundred and seventy-seven former enlisted men—13 of them from overseas—are taking basic training again as "Dumbjohns" in the Military Academy's largest plebe class.



Thomas A. Williams, Navy veteran turned West Pointer, puts in equal energy in studying (above) and in carving up a dummy (at the right).

Ex-GIs at WEST POINT

By Pvt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WEST POINT, N. Y.—S/Sgt. John E. Stannard of Williston, N. Dak., heard the good news when he was returning to duty with his company in the 164th Infantry after recovering from the wound he received at Koli Point on Guadalcanal.

Tom Williams, a first-class petty officer who saw action with the Navy during the North African invasion, heard it when his ship pulled into Norfolk for repairs.

Frank G. Lester of Phoenix, Ariz., was on duty with "the best damn weather squadron in the Pacific" when they told him they wanted him to catch the next plane back to the States.

The glad tidings in each man's case were an appointment to the U. S. Military Academy here at West Point. Stannard, Williams and Lester are three of the 177 plebes at the Point this year, who make up the largest group of enlisted men that ever attended the Academy in one class. They are also among the 13 EM in the class who have seen overseas service in this war. And, on top of that, they have a third distinction. They belong to the largest enrollment of plebes—1,053—in the history of West Point.

All this only emphasizes a fact that isn't too well known in the Army: namely, that since Congress enlarged the Military Academy cadet corps from 1,960 to 2,496 by its act of June 3, 1942, it has become easier for the average GI to get himself an appointment and change the color of his uniform from OD to cadet gray.

Maj. Gen. Francis B. Wilby, superintendent of

the Academy, and Brig. Gen. Philip E. Gallagher, commandant of the cadet corps, are anxious to have more enlisted men at West Point. No survey has ever been made of the careers of ex-GIs who became cadets, but Gen. Gallagher has the impression that they have held their own as officers and gentlemen.

Of course, an enlisted man has a harder time getting an appointment to West Point than he did getting an appointment to OCS back in the good old days last year when the Army was hungry for officer candidates. Even though the Academy is taking in more plebes than usual, you still have to pass a competitive examination or wrangle an appointment from a congressman, senator or the President. However, an enlisted man can also get a West Point appointment from his division commander. Sometimes a divisional appointment is presented to a deserving soldier who didn't even ask for it.

Stannard, for instance, was completely surprised when he was handed his appointment. He doesn't know yet exactly where it came from. He suspects that it was an Americal Division issue.

"I didn't stop to ask any questions," he says. "I came back from the hospital on Feb. 29 and they told me the next day. I always wanted to go to West Point, even when I was graduated from high school back in Williston, but I didn't know how to go about it."

Stannard prefers to talk about his old outfit, the 164th Infantry (originally a part of the 34th Division) rather than about himself.

"Give those boys a plug," he says. "They were the first Army outfit to land in the Solomons and the first Infantry outfit to see action in the South

Pacific. We went into Guadalcanal to relieve the Marines on Oct. 13, 1942. I was wounded Nov. 6. I was leading a patrol at Koli Point after the big battle at Henderson Field. That was one of the last big Jap pushes there. They ambushed us when we were going through the jungle. A bullet hit me on the right cheek and came out under my left eye."

He pushed back his fatigue hat and showed the slight scar under his eye. It looked like the kind of mark that is left from the time the kid next door hit you with a rock or a piece of glass.

THOMAS ALFRED WILLIAMS comes from Beckley, W. Va. He was appointed by Congressman Joe L. Smith of that state. He didn't know whether to accept the transfer from the Navy to the Military Academy or whether to go to Navy Pre-Flight School at Tulane University. After talking it over with his CO, an Annapolis man, he decided to pick West Point.

"I get seasick," Williams explains sheepishly. "That was what made up my mind about leaving the Navy. One time I was seasick for a week. I didn't even want a drink of water."

Williams joined the Navy on July 16, 1940, and was assigned to fire control after his boot training. He went into Casablanca ahead of the Army sweeper as a member of a crew on a mine-ship and went for a stroll along a seawall with a sub-machine gun under his arm. "I was walking back and forth when all of a sudden something went 'ca-lipee'." He rolled up his sleeve and showed a brownish streak on his left forearm. "Boy, I was scared. I hit the ground and

crawled around until I got me a rock to peep from. I saw what I thought was a helmet and I let it have about 30 rounds. I don't know whether or not I got that sniper, but I didn't hear any more from him."

On two occasions during the North African invasion, Williams was placed in charge of prize crews aboard French fishing trawlers. He was commended by his CO for his conduct on these assignments.

Williams intends to become a lieutenant in the Coast Artillery. "I was range finder for a gun crew that got an 'E' for excellence every time it fired," he says. "If I can't make the Coast Artillery, I'd like to try for the Air Forces."

Like Stannard, Williams is a little bit vague about just how he landed in West Point. "I heard that lots of folks back home asked Congressman Smith to appoint a boy from our county. They suggested me and I got it. Least, that's what my father told me."

Frank Lester had been in Australia for 13 months before he was told to turn in his equipment and start for West Point. He received word of his appointment by Senator Ernest W. McFarland of Arizona on July 9, eight days after the rest of the plebe class had reported for duty, but he came all the way around the world and moved into his barracks on the Hudson only a week later.

Lester's overseas tour of duty was comparatively uneventful except for one time when he was broken from master sergeant to private and then promoted up to staff sergeant, all within 24 hours. "I was driving a weapons carrier down a road and they didn't like the way I was driving," he says. "So they busted me down seven grades and then kicked me back up to staff the next day." This is the third time Lester has gone through basic training.

Another plebe, Robert G. Williamson of Springfield, Mass., had just completed basic training at Sheppard Field, Tex., when he was sent to West Point to start it all over again.

Then there is Andrew Leon Hudgins of Griffin, Ga. Hudgins was an ensign in the Naval Air Corps, already trained as a co-pilot, bombardier and navigator and waiting for an assignment at Jacksonville Naval Air Station when he was appointed to West Point by Congressman A. Sidney Camp of Georgia. He cheerfully tossed his Navy uniform away and started all over in the Army.

Another plebe from the Pacific is Everett E. Christensen of Seattle, Wash., who came from a pack-artillery outfit in Australia. "After those animals," he says, "cadet training is easy."

As plebes, these former GIs occupy a traditional place in the cadet life at West Point which enables them to "rank the superintendent's dog, the commandant's cat, the waiters in the mess hall, the Hell Cats (the Regular Army band at the Point) and all the admirals in the whole blamed Navy."

They can't speak unless they are spoken to, can't take short cuts across the parade ground, can't date a girl or stroll on Flirtation Walk without permission. They can't get shaved by a barber and they must have their hair cut once a week.

In the mess hall they must sit with their eyes glued to the table until it is time to leave the hall. They sit on the edge of their chairs and lift their food to their mouths carefully in sharp right angles. When the food is in their mouths, they must put down their knives and forks or spoons and keep their hands in their laps until it is thoroughly chewed and swallowed.

They may be dismissed from the corps for leaving cadet limits without permission, for being absent from quarters between tattoo and reveille, for calling another cadet to account for something that was done in the line of duty, for drinking or bringing hard liquor within limits or for hazing.

And these are only a few of the many restrictions placed on a plebe during his busy 16-hour working day. On top of that, the scholastic re-

quirements under the present accelerated war-time program at the Point are exceptionally tough. When the current speed-up pace went into effect a year ago, 30 plebes couldn't take it and resigned after the first phase of their training. This season's plebes have more of what it takes. Only one man turned in his equipment after the first five weeks.

Incidentally, 85 percent of this year's plebe class made marksman and sharpshooter ratings when they paid their first visit to the rifle range. Seventy percent is usually considered excellent. And when they were reviewed by Gen. Henri Giraud after only two weeks of drilling, the French military leader smilingly refused to believe that they were new men.

A lot of famous soldiers have had a hard time at West Point in the past when its four-year course was much easier than the new three-year grind. Maj. Gen. Terry de la Mesa Allen, the brilliant commander of the 1st Infantry Division in Sicily and Tunisia, lasted only two years at the Academy. But during that time he was well known among the cadets. They used to call him "Tearing-Around-the-Mess-Hall" Allen. It took Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., commander of the Seventh Army, five years to get through West Point and Maj. Gen. Edwin M. Watson, President Roosevelt's aide, sweated out six years as cadet.

Whenever cadets feel sorry for themselves and their hard lot, veteran officers and instructors at West Point usually tell them about undergraduate life at a military academy that is supposed to exist somewhere in China. At this rugged institute, so the story goes, the graduating class is divided into two groups that are ordered to fight each other with live ammunition. This battle is considered a final examination. After the exam, the dead are buried, the wounded are carried to the hospital and the few students who were lucky enough to come through unscratched receive commissions as officers and gentlemen.

That usually keeps the disgruntled cadets quiet for a few days.



John E. Stannard fought as a staff sergeant with the Infantry on Guadalcanal.

Andrew L. Hudgins was an ensign in the Naval Air Corps.



Everett E. Christensen was on duty with a pack-artillery outfit in Australia.

Frank G. Lester served with a Pacific weather squadron.

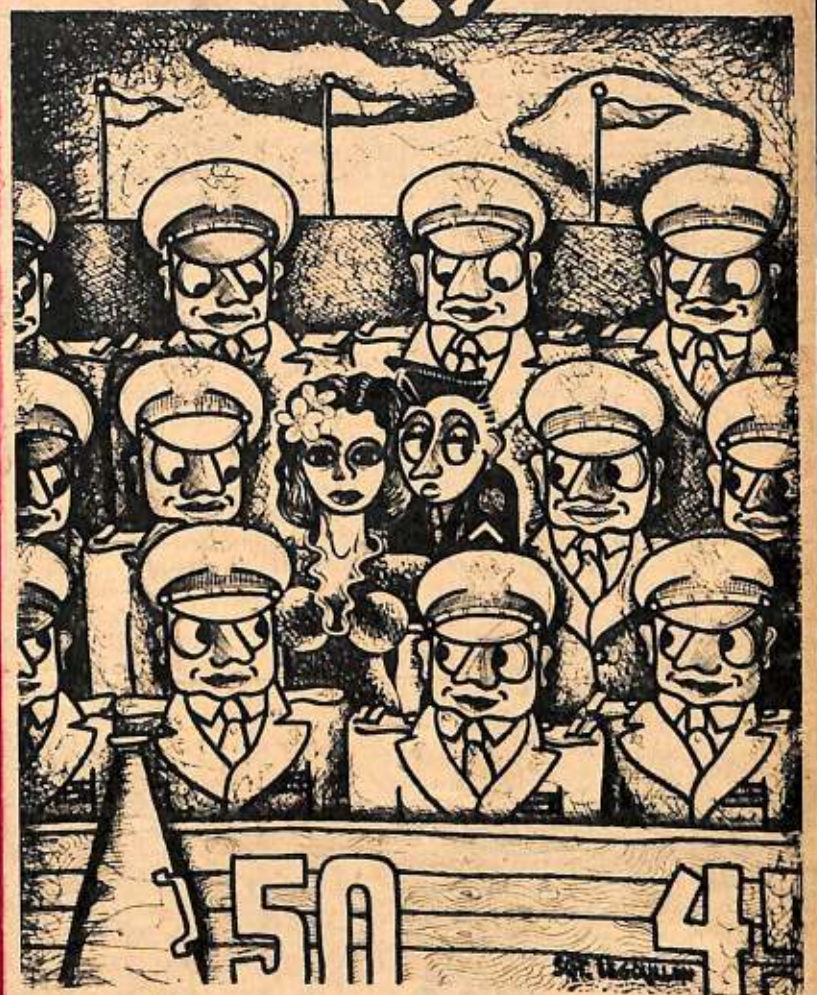
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



"GUM"?

-Pfc. John DeVries



-Sgt. L. C. LeGoullon



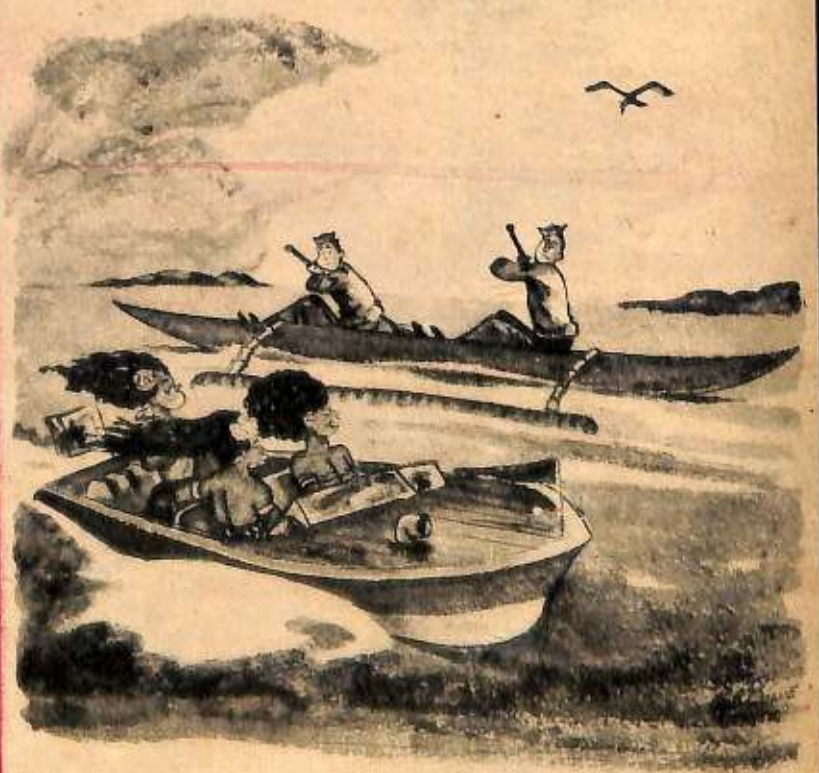
"I THINK WHITEY IS GETTING LOW ON THE MASHED POTATOES."

-Pvt. J. W. Bloke



"USUAL SYMPTOMS, DOC--THOUGHT HE SAW A BLONDE."

-Cpl. Ozzie St. George, Australia



-Sgt. Bob Bowie