BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d OCT. 10 1943

VOL. 2, NO. 17

By the men . . for the men in the service

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER

SEE PAGE 3

INSIGNIA OF RANK IN THE RED ARMY

ENLISTED MEN

RED ARMY MAN
(Private)

CORPORAL
(Pfc.)

JUNIOR SGT.
(Corporal)

SERGEANT
(Buck Sgt.)

SENIOR SGT.
(Master Sgt.)

CHIEF SGT.
(First Sgt.)

OFFICERS

JUNIOR LIEUT.
(Warrant or F/O)

LIEUTENANT
(2nd Lieut.)

SENIOR LIEUT.
(1st Lieut.)

CAPTAIN

MAJOR

LIEUT.-COL.

COLONEL

MAJ.-GENERAL
(Brigadier)

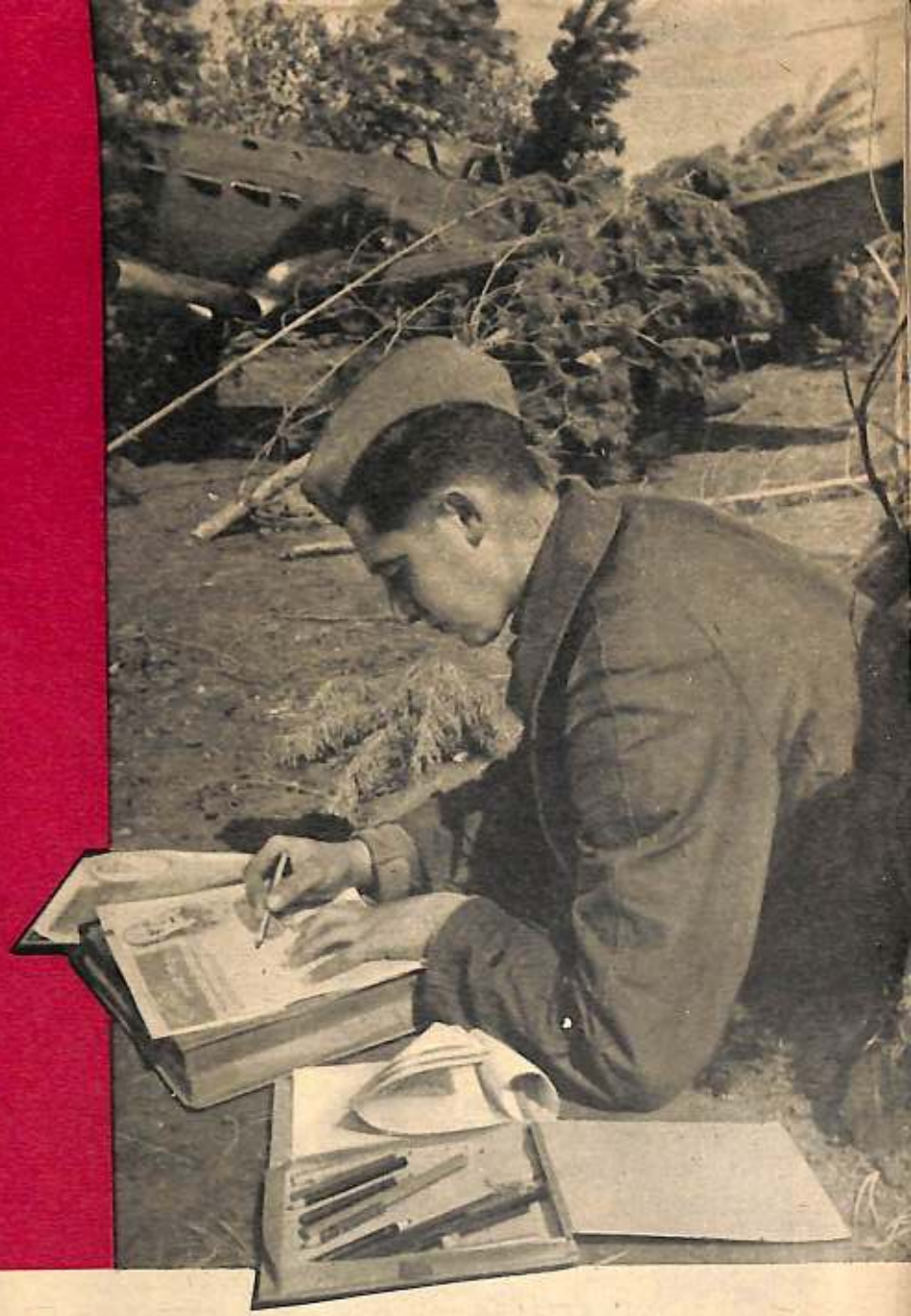
LIEUT.-GENERAL
(Maj.-General)

COL.-GENERAL
(Lieut.-General)

ARMY GENERAL
(Full General)

MARSHAL

The ★ Russian Soldier



By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

A Portrait of the Guy who is Beating Hell out of the Huns a thousand miles across the face of Europe. He has his own K.P., his own M.P.s, his own version of goldbricking, his own U-S-O and family allotments, his own games, his own jive—and he hates his Russian version of spam. In short, he is surprisingly like the average American soldier.

AN American QM sergeant from Kansas City was unloaded at Basra on the Persian Gulf recently, and slapped into a truck convoy, to learn the vital supply road through Iran into Russia. The sergeant sat up in the cab of the lead 2½ ton truck. Alongside him was a young Russian *efreitor*, or corporal, from Sevastopol. The *efreitor* was the first Russian soldier the American had ever seen.

For the first few miles, the two non-coms sat cold-faced and tight-lipped. Then the truck blew a front tire, and both scrambled out to change it. That opened the conversation—in sign language and broken English. By the time they hit Tehran, the American and the Russian were discoursing heatedly on the comparative merits of Kansas City and Sevastopol women. By the time they hit Tabriz, they were eating dinner together and drinking strong Russian beer in the *efreitor's* favorite café. By the time they reached the Soviet border, they had become involved in a baseball game with the Negro truck drivers, the *efreitor* had fielded first base perfectly and smacked the sergeant's pitching for two triples and a single out of four trips to the plate.

The *efreitor* was calling the short, dark American "*Hokhol*," an affectionate Russian nickname for the short, dark, fun-loving Ukrainians.

The American, according to Soviet war correspondent Ilya Ehrenbourg, was calling the *efreitor* "Lou Novikoff," and wonderingly characterizing him as being "just like the fellows I went to high school with back in Kansas City." He couldn't understand it.

It's difficult for *any* of us to understand it, but the guy who is beating hell out of the Germans a thousand miles across the continent of Europe *is* amazingly like the average American G.I. Put him in a U. S. uniform, teach him a little American jive, and if he keeps his mouth shut, it will be impossible to tell him apart from an ex-Dakota farm boy, a Brooklyn aircraft worker, or a college kid from San Francisco's Chinatown.

The typical *Krasnoarmeetz*, or Red Army Man (the lowly Czarist term "private" is never used), despises K.P., which he calls *kuhonii rabochii*, and gets only for such minor infractions as overstaying a pass; and latrine duty, which he calls *banja rubochii* and gets usually when he is gigged for being out of uniform. He falls asleep at training films and stays awake at sex lectures. He is scared stiff of his typhoid, typhus, cholera and tetanus shots, especially if he is a farm boy from the country. He loves his beer, which is a 15 per cent alcohol job and closer to American beer than any other country's. In his battalion day rooms back in barracks, he drinks great quantities of a bottled carbonated fruit water called "*Sitro*," which, by a slight stretch of the imagination, could be called the Russian version of Coca-Cola.

When he gets an *otpusk* or pass, he goes to a *club*, pronounced *kloob*, maintained by every major factory for returning soldiers. The *clubs* are a combination of our Red Cross Clubs, U.S.O. establishments and Stage Door Canteens, providing the Russian G.I. with food, lodging, entertainment and dates, in the proper proportions. The Red Army man mumbles black imprecations under his breath about the *Military Patrools*, when they pick him up for carrying a large package on the street, or for having his garrison belt buckled on the wrong side. (Russian civilians buckle their belts to the right, the Army insists on buckling to the left.) His reading matter ranges in importance from (*a*) letters and photographs from home; (*b*) Red Star, the Russian version of *Stars and Stripes*; (*c*) his daily local Army HQ newspaper with its world-wide news, which he gets every day even in the front lines; and (*d*) the novels, books of poetry and magazines provided by the Russian equivalent of the Special Service Division —which is a civilian agency attached to the Army, rather than a part of the Army itself.

The *Krasnoarmeetz* raises hell with the cooks in his platoon when they serve *borscht* (a thick stew of meat, cabbage and carrots) more than two days in a row. He gets special meals similar to our Thanksgiving and Christmas repasts on the national Russian holidays, May 1 (May Day), February 23 (Red Army Day), and October 7 (October Revolution Day). He makes the same gags about *cvinya tushunka*, an omnipresent canned pork preparation, that our G.I.s make about spam. In training, he hates obstacle courses and extended order drill. In combat, he curses the easy lot of the Red Air Force men and the Red Tank Corps men. The flyers and tankmen wear special caps—also dress uniforms with snappy white shirts and black ties—and, just as in our Army, they are openly envied as "the glamour boys who get everything."

THE Russians have goldbrickers, only they call them by the strange nickname *juchok*, which translated really means nothing at all. Guardhouse is *juba* (contraction of the German word), chow is *harch*. The *Krasnoarmeetz* has a mess kit very much like ours, except that the folding double plate goes into a pouch in his cartridge belt alongside his *flashka*, or canteen, and the knife, fork and spoon fit into little pockets on the inside of his right boot. This is a holdover from the old Czarist Army, when the enlisted man had only one large wooden spoon

for all eating utensils, and no place to carry it but in his boot. The Red Army Man has dogtags, too, which are very much like ours. He doesn't wear them around his neck, however, but in the small change pocket of his pants.

Like our G.I., the *Krasnoarmeetz* is an indefatigable athlete. Almost every evening after chow, behind the lines, you can find him engaged in a murderous game of lacrosse or basketball (both imported from the U. S. and tremendously popular). He also plays a game called *lapta*, which is strangely similar to American baseball. There is a pitcher, a catcher, a first baseman and three fielders on each side. There is only one base, and the game is played with a small rubber ball, which apparently should give the batter a tremendous advantage and cause *lapta* scores to soar into astronomical figures. The situation is equalized, however, by the fact that the pitcher can throw eerie double and triple curves with the soft ball, and the scores are usually kept to a respectable seven to five, or thereabouts. This basic training in *lapta*, by the way, accounts for the Russian *efreitor's* unexpected proficiency in the above-mentioned G.I. baseball game on the Soviet-Iran frontier.

When a healthy young Russian reaches the age of 18, he receives his greetings from the Government and reports to his local draft board. He is given a physical examination and a personal interview. If he passes the physical, he is labeled the equivalent of 1-A and earmarked for the particular branch of the services his education and training best fit him for. Then he is shipped away to a recruit camp far in the interior of the country. He can be sent either to the Army or Navy. Nobody escapes military service in Russia—certainly not now, and not even before the war. The 3-As and not-too-hopeless 4-Fs go into what is called the Reserve of the Second Category and train actively in the field for several months a year. They constitute the Home Guard. The 1-As, of course, are now in the war for the duration, but before the German attack, the Military Service Law of September, 1939, required that they serve two years if they were in the ground forces, three years if they were in the Air Force or Border Guard, four years if they were in the Coast Defense or the Coast Guard, and five years if they were in the Navy.

THE young draftee reports to the basic training camp where over-age officers and convalescing non-coms put him through the wringer. Supervising the training of new armies, are some of the early heroes of the war, including the famous moustachioed Cossack, Marshal Semyon Budyenny, whose experience in two wars' campaigns in the Ukraine is now being utilized to the full. The recruit goes through everything our dogface has to put up with. He sweats out hours of close-order drill and learns how to salute. The Russian close-order drill has none of our flank movements and consists mainly of column and-wheeling movements. When the Russian soldier salutes, he touches the finger tips of his right hand to his temple rather than to his right eyebrow, giving him the appearance of a man wrapped in deep thought. Our salute seems just as funny to him.

The Russian dogface stands endless inspections. He must shave every day, is allowed no hair adornments on his face, must have his boots shined and uniform pressed for morning and evening formations. A favorite trick of company commanders, when additional K.P.s are needed in the kitchen, is to walk up and down a line of recruits and shove his hand inside each soldier's belt. If a belt is buckled so loosely that there is room for three fingers between the belt and the stomach, the unfortunate soldier thus caught is gigged.

The recruits have extended order drill, weapons, obstacle courses, mass gymnastics, overnight problems, and hours of lecture. To keep pace with the war, most of the lecturing is done now by means of movies made in the front lines by the Red Army Film Unit, and by recorded radio talks. Before the recent Russian summer offensive, for instance, a series of 13 films were shown to all troops entitled "Breaking German Defense." The methods taught in this film were given major credit in the astounding Red Army successes at Belgorod, Orel, and then further west. Last winter, the troops were shown another brilliant series called "Breaking German Resistance Under Winter Conditions," in which the mistakes of the previous winter's campaign were pointed out.

A standard part of the basic training for all ground troops is a recorded radio lecture by Lt.-Gen. V. I. Chuikov, one of the heroes of Stalingrad, on how to behave during an offensive. "Let your attack be a headlong one," says General Chuikov. "Get to the enemy in one leap. In open spaces, where the enemy is target-firing, you must make short runs singly, jump up in a trice and forward like an arrow. It is important to give the Germans no time to take aim; run for two or three seconds and then drop to the ground . . . Camouflage yourself. Take cover. Do not get separated from your tanks. Fire at enemy anti-tank crews and wipe them out. Before attacking an enemy trench, throw all your grenades into it first. . . . Do not be afraid of enemy tanks. When they approach, get into a hole and stay there. Our own tanks and anti-tank guns will take care of them. *Your* job is to wipe out the infantry."

If that doesn't sound like Sgt. Richard F. Condon back in our own basic training days, we will eat our G.I. hat.

The basic training period for the Russian dogface varies in length with the exigencies of the military situation. When it is over, the Red Army Man is sent singly or in groups to a technical school, where he will become a technician, or a specialist in some particular weapon. Then he is assigned to a division for further training. Eventually he will go into action with that same division.

Like ours, the old, cumbersome Russian square-type division was streamlined in 1940 to the triangular type. The similarity to our new triangular division is striking. The Russian infantry division now has three rifle regiments, an artillery regiment of 76 mm. and 122 mm. howitzers divided equally among the three rifle regiments, a battalion of tanks for each of the three rifle regiments (this is combat-team plus), a company of engineers, a signal company, a medical service battalion, a quartermaster company with its own supply train, *and attached divisional aviation*. The attached air force and tank units swell the personnel of the infantry division to 18,000 men—some 3,000 more than ours, and 1,000 more than the Germans.

THE Russian G.I., once he has had a reasonable amount of battle experience in the field with his division, can be recommended for OCS—the Russians call it Military School—by his battalion or regimental commander, or even, in some rare cases, by the divisional or Army commander. The man can't apply himself. He must be recommended. Once he has been recommended and accepted, he can't decline. Red Army Men and non-coms who have distinguished themselves or received high decorations in battle, very often are commissioned directly by the Army commander. There are Military Schools for every branch of the service, including the Air Force, and in most cases, the course has been cut down from the peace time maximum of several years, to just a few weeks of instruction in theoretical subjects. By the time a man reaches one of *these* officer candidate schools today, there isn't much doubt about his being a soldier.

Both officers and enlisted men now wear essentially the same uniform, which was adopted in its present form in 1942. First come soft, black leather boots, called *sapogi*. Beneath the boots the men wear high socks, and if there is an old non-com or officer in the outfit to tell them about it, *portjanka*. *Portjanka* are puttees of non-G.I. soft cloth wrapped around the leg as an additional layer between the sock and the boot. This is a holdover from the Czarist days, when the men were issued no socks at all. They are marvellously warm.

The rest of the uniform consists of ordinary underwear and O.D. pants, tunic (called *Gimnasterka*), and shirts. The Russian shade of O.D. is slightly greener than ours, more like the forest green of the U. S. Marines. The new tunic, too, is reminiscent of our little Rover Boys, buttoning up high at the neck in a modified version of the choke collar. The shirts are worn without ties.

The Red Army Man wears a forage cap (like our field cap) at all times. He loathes wearing his helmet, and has been bawled out time and time again by his Army commanders for going into battle with no more protection for his skull than an eighth of an inch of wool serge. Even in summer, he always carries his huge, ankle-length O.D. *shinel* (overcoat) in a skilful roll over his shoulder. This, too, is a throwback to the Czarist Army, where the men had

JITTERBUG SESSION—Red Army style. Three Russian Joes go in for a bit of rug-cutting while the fourth makes with the accordion and the chap on the far left gives out with "Hot-cha!"

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford

to make their overcoats double for blankets. Today, when a Russian soldier becomes separated from his outfit and sleeping bag, he merely unslings his *shinel*, wraps himself up in it and goes to sleep.

Around October or so, special winter field clothing is issued to each man. This consists of felt boots to replace the leather ones, warm woollen underwear, special fur cap and gloves, a white fur camouflage robe, and the famous Russian quilted jacket. All this winter issue is turned in to the supply sergeant in the spring and fresh winter stuff drawn again the following autumn.

Every soldier and officer in the Red Army, from Red Army Man right up to Marshal, now wears *pogony* (epaulets similar to our Naval officers) on his shoulders, to indicate rank. The Red Army Man has no rank to indicate, of course, so he wears the plain khaki epaulet with nothing on it. Non-coms have horizontal, claret-colored stripes on their *pogony*—one for corporal, two for junior sergeant, three for sergeant, and a broad stripe for both senior sergeant (master sergeant) and chief sergeant (first sergeant), who has a longitudinal stripe as well. Officers wear silver stars on their *pogony*—one small star for junior lieutenant, two small stars for lieutenant, three small stars for senior lieutenant, and four small stars for captain. Majors have a single medium-sized star, lieutenant-colonels two, and colonels three. The four grades of generals start all over again with a still larger-sized star plus braid. And marshals (purely an honorary title) have one large star, comparable to Venus at nine o'clock or an old Western movie sheriff's badge.

There are field *pogony*, with a khaki background and simple colored piping to indicate branch of the service; there are garrison *pogony*, splattered with the damndest collection of colors—also to indicate branch of the service. Thus, the field *pogony* for an infantry sergeant will have crimson piping on the simple khaki background, with claret stripes. His garrison *pogony* will be magnificent black things, with a crimson border and gold stripes. An Air Force man will have a blue border around his plain khaki field *pogony*. His garrison *pogony* will be blue, with a black border and gold stripes. Technicians wear the same enlisted men's *pogony*. Their stripes, however, are brown instead of claret on the field *pogony*, and silver instead of gold on the garrison *pogony*.

THE Red Army man calls his combat pack a *ranetz* and never is without it in the field. It is like a musette bag slung over the back, and it must always contain a spare shirt, underwear, handkerchief, toilet articles and cans of emergency rations. Sometimes these rations are our own beloved C or K, sent to Russia under Lend Lease. More often, they are the despised *Cvinya Tushunka*. In any event, the Russian soldier is forbidden to eat them unless he is absolutely beyond range of his platoon cooks.

The cooks probably have the toughest job in the whole Army. They must move forward with the men, sometimes carrying their portable field kitchens and samovars (the Russian G.I. must have his tea, or *kipjatok*, if nothing else) to within a few hundred yards of the front lines. When the hot stew or soup is ready, the cooks carry it themselves, in big thermos pots, to the men at their battle stations. They are armed with rifles, and very often three of the assistant cooks are detached to fight off enemy patrols while the others are working on the meal. A very famous cook, Sgt. Ivan Khlyukin, was cited recently when a passing Army general found his pots full of bullet dents, and discovered a shell fragment in the soup.

Troops in the Stalingrad area listen to an Order of the Day, a ritual which has been bringing more smiles to their pans lately.

This, however, is only part of the rugged existence of the Red Army cook, especially if he is in a mixed outfit containing men from all over the Soviet Union. A boy from the Caucasus will walk into the kitchen and demand *shashlik* (lamb barbecued on a spit). A Siberian from Magnitogorsk will insist on an occasional *pelmene* (meat frozen in dough and then boiled). A homesick Middle Asian youngster from the Uzbek will come to the cook and beg him to knock out a bit of *plov* (curried lamb) just once. And a tough-looking Mongolian kid from Lake Baikal will threaten to break the cook's neck if he doesn't serve dried meat and rice within the next few days. Like our own mess sergeants, however, the cook will shrug his shoulders with supine indifference and go right ahead mixing his dehydrated vegetables and frozen meats into a nice, tasty *borscht*.

Food or no food, the Russian soldier is always singing. You can't, in fact, shut him up. Contrary to general belief, though, he doesn't sing a steady diet of mournful folk songs and *The Volga Boatman*. He sings jive—a strange new brand of Soviet jive which is sweeping the country. The jive consists of Russian words fitted to the most incredible American songs, such as *Old Man River* (which the Russians call *Oh Mein River*), *Jericho*, *My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean*, and *On a Bicycle Built for Two*. Day in and day out you can hear Red Army gramophones blaring out these numbers. The Russians song writers have been working overtime, too, in a herculean attempt to equal the corniest efforts of our own Tin Pan Alley. Right now, the most popular song on the Eastern Front is a little number knocked out by the soldier-poet, Lt.-Col. Konstanty Simonov. The song is called *Wait for Me*, and goes like this: "Wait for me and I'll return, Dear one only wait, When the leaves of autumn burn, Round our garden gate." That will give you the idea.

The Red Army man also reads tremendous quantities of Pushkin's poetry, writes his own verse, and listens to endless readings on the heroic exploits of Soviet heroes at other parts of the front. (Last year three privates named Zhukov, Dubov and Klimenko, who had been transferred from the Stalingrad to the Kuban front, were startled to hear *themselves* eulogized in a poem by Mikhail Sholokhov.) He names his rifle poetically after his wife. He is a great wearer of medals and decorations, including a new minor set, comparable to our ETO ribbons and sharpshooter's medals, and issued for such things as Excellent Road Repair Man, Excellent Baker, etc.

Outside of worrying about the preservation of his own skin, the Red Army Man is singularly free of outside mental disturbances. In the first place, his family at home is well taken care of. Most of the soldier's pay is withheld and matched by the Government for varying dependency allotments. The system is similar to ours, but more sweeping and absolutely compulsory. It leaves the Russian GI broke, but more than 14,000,000,000 roubles were paid out in allotments last year. In addition, Government agencies are set up specially to find jobs and apartments for soldiers' wives, and to provide kindergartens and nurseries for their children.

ANOTHER thing the Russian soldier never has to worry about is fear of contracting venereal disease. Syphilis, gonorrhœa and prostitution are almost non-existent in Russia. This is not propaganda, but a direct statement by Commander Irwin L. Norman, a U.S. Navy surgeon, who studied the phenomenon in Russia in 1940. In his report, Commander Norman wrote: "Read whatever social significance into it that you want, but give a thought to the fact that the Red Army and Air Force are virtually free from venereal disease. You can't say that about any other Army in the world. As a doctor, that impresses me." When you ask a Russian soldier about this, he will shrug his shoulders and say: "I guess our women are too busy nowadays to go in for prostitution."

He will then change the subject to basketball, and offer to buy you a Vodka and Vermouth.

He is not a bad guy.

A RUSSIAN ASSAULT GROUP about to lead an attack following an artillery barrage. The hieroglyphics on the wall say: "We will welcome 1943 with new victories. Rout the German invaders!"

The Russian Soldier

(CONTINUED)

"The fighting, grim and bloody, lasted for two days . . ."

They are men of the soil, the Russians. They are fighting not only for the freedom of their country. They are fighting for the land they love, the good earth that has given them work and given them sustenance.

By Senior Sgt. Ilarion Kizeyev
YANK Special Correspondent

SOMEWHERE ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT—Farmers learn to love the land they farm and the region in which they work their acres. It isn't because they have to, because if a man didn't love the land he wouldn't be a farmer. Many farmers like me have been lifted from their farms by this war and sent to another part of our huge country, to fight over country that is strange to them, over farmland once worked by other men. A good farmer, however, will learn to love that new country. Often the Nazis will have left him nothing else to love.

I am a farmer and I know a good bit about land farming. Before the war I was the manager of a collective farm and village in the Smolensk region. The farm and village are still in German hands. So are my wife, Taisya, and my daughters, Nina and Yulia.

I am not young, and this is not the first time I have had to fight on Russian soil. But when the Germans neared our village I went out to fight them again. It was hard to give up the farm and to leave my wife and children, but I felt it was my duty to fight the Germans and defend my home against the Nazi barbarians.

The Smolensk region, you will remember, was occupied during the first few months of the war. They plundered the farm and forced my wife and daughters to work for them. Great was my grief, but I realized it was no use yielding to despair and tears. I must fight and I must revenge.

During more than two years of war I have, as have most of my comrades, experienced the bitterness of retreat and the sweetness of victory. In those two years I took part in 18 offensive operations and was twice wounded, but each time I returned to the front for more battle. I still do not feel that I have settled accounts with the Germans for the devastation of my village, for the labor of my wife and daughters, and for the blood I have shed.

I always thought that the Smolensk forests were the best in the world, but then I fought near Orel and began to love the woods there. Forests are restful, gentle places—or at least they used to be. Now they can hide many deadly things. I traversed the whole Orel region. First I retreated from Yelets, but this last summer I helped to dislodge the Germans from Mtsensk and Bolkhov and Orel.

Twice I soaked this Orel earth with my blood. The soil a soldier stains with his blood becomes very precious to him—as precious, in its way, as the earth around his own home. I planted something in the Orel earth that I had never planted even in my own region. I will not forget it.

I can tell you about the battle for a certain height which decided the outcome of an important engagement on the approaches to Orel. We were on the roads for two days, ever moving forward, soaked with rain and drying in the hot sun. For a brief spell we continued on the move, then almost before we were aware of it we were engaging the enemy in battle. After gaining a little ground we took to our spades, entrenched ourselves, repulsed some enemy counter-attacks, and once more advanced. That is the way it is here. Nothing comes easy. We must always fight and hold and fight again, always moving forward, always pushing the barbarians back. That is the way wars are won.

We did not know where our energy came from. For weeks we had kept our clothes on, sleeping in them when we could sleep. Usually there was no sleep to be had. We would remain awake for two and three days and nights at a time. But for all that, and because of that, we continued to advance, despite the stubborn resistance of the enemy. I have, in my lifetime, seen and experienced a great deal, but I wondered at my men and myself. Never have I seen such daring and such enthusiasm as I witnessed among my comrades in the fighting around Orel.

The men in my section came from various parts of the country, but they, as I, grew to love Orel and fought for every inch of its soil. We liberated hundreds of places, repulsed dozens of counter-attacks, and finally reached the height that covered the approaches to the town. Our company—my section included—received orders to dislodge the Germans. "Look here, fellows," I said to my men, "we mayn't succeed the first time, but we'll try again. Maybe the third time we'll get there."

I was right. Twice we went into action, and twice we were forced back by heavy fire. The fighting, grim and bloody, continued for two days. We thought that the Germans would waver and break, but Junkers came to their aid, diving right down on us. At first we sat quietly in our trenches, but then I ordered my men to open fire on the planes. One of my men, named Grandikov, set one Junkers on fire after several shots, and neighboring AA gunners shot down two more.

At the same time our artillery opened up and we went into action for the third time. After a fierce struggle we took the height. We knew, though, that the Germans, the stubborn brutes, would counterattack, so we entrenched and waited for them. There was no peace for us that night. In the morning more Junkers kept us busy, and not long afterwards we saw a German battalion moving forward, in the wake of tanks.

We joined battle with them. It lasted, in all its cruelty until midday. We repulsed three counter-assaults and destroyed four medium tanks. Many enemy soldiers met their deaths on the slopes of the height, but we retained our positions. Later in the day we entered the blazing but free town.

Battles have lately raged in the Smolensk region. I know that many soldiers who come from Orel, who are now fighting there, will grow to like the soil around Smolensk as I do that of Orel. It is the soil we are fighting for, and we are fighting for not just one plot of ground, but for all the earth of Russia. It makes no difference where we come from or where we fight. It is all one earth and we will die to keep it free.

Those who now fight near Smolensk will clear that region of Germans and they will free my wife, Taisya, and my daughters, Nina and Yulia.

ENEMY WEAPONS NO. 2

German Submachine Gun

(MP 38 AND MP 40)

Material for this article on enemy weapons was prepared by the War Department's Military Intelligence Service with the assistance of the Ordnance Intelligence Unit.

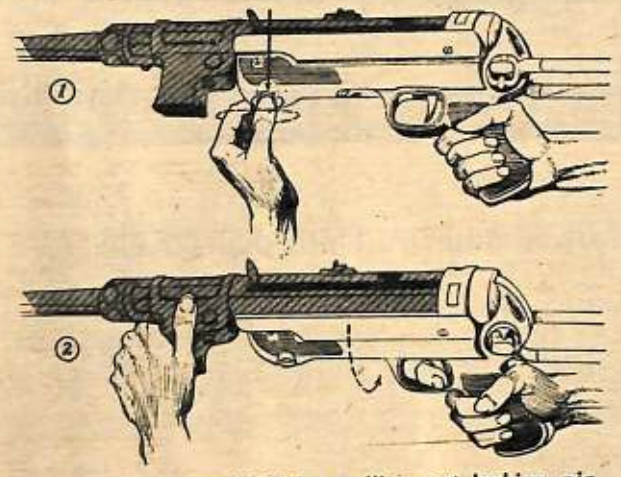
ALTHOUGH this weapon was originally designed for use by parachute troops, it can now be found in general use in all combat units of the German Army. The construction is simple, and both the MP 38 and the more recent MP 40, which has been issued in large quantities, are reliable weapons. They fire from an open bolt, and the pressure in the barrel forces the bolt back in order to extract and eject the empty cartridge case. The spring then forces the bolt forward again, chambering and firing a new round. [MP is an abbreviation for *Maschinen-pistole*, literally "machine pistol."]

How to Identify. The MP 38 and MP 40 may be identified by—

1) Folding skeleton shoulder stock.
2) Absence of wood (these guns are all metal and plastic).
3) Fixed and folding, open rear rights.
4) Hooded front sight.
5) Marking ("MP 38" and "MP 40") on top of the receiver.
6) Corrugations on the receiver casing of the MP 38; smooth surface on the receiver casing of the MP 40.

Characteristics. The MP 38 and MP 40 are simple blowback-operated submachine guns; they are magazine-fed, air-cooled shoulder weapons which may also be fired from the hip. They are used for close work and are not effective at the longer ranges. They fire from an open bolt and deliver full-automatic fire only. Although the MP 40 is slightly lighter and has a slower rate of fire, both types are the same for all practical purposes.

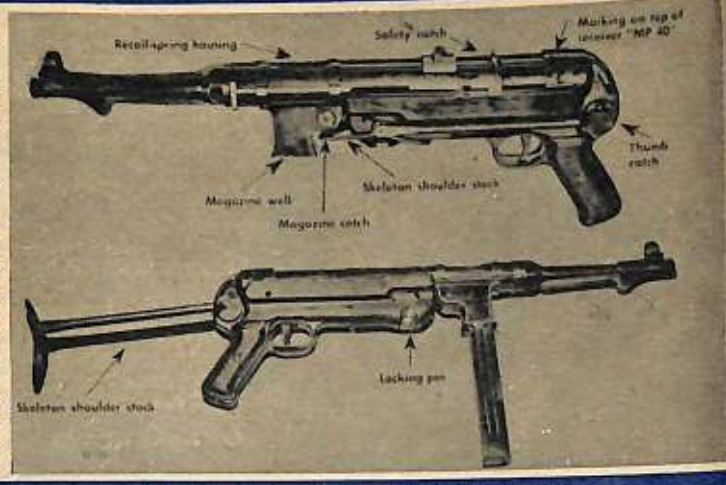
How to Operate. *Safety.*—The only safety on these guns is the notch marked "S" (*sicher*—"safe") at the butt end of the cut made for the operating handle in the receiver. To make the gun "safe," pull the operating handle back as far as it will go and then push it upward into the safety notch. This is not a positive safety, as a jump or a fall may disengage the operating handle from the safety notch and leave the gun ready to fire.



Receiver is removed (1) by pulling out locking pin and (2) turning counterclockwise.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS

Principle of operation	Straight blowback, full-automatic fire only.
Caliber	9 mm (.354 inch).
Capacity of magazine	32 rounds in removable box magazine.
Sights:	
Front	Inverted V blade, with cover.
Rear:	
Fixed	Open V notch, sighted to 100 meters (109 yards).
Folding	Open V notch, sighted to 200 meters (219 yards).
Length	Over-all, with shoulder stock extended, 33½ inches.
Weight	With loaded magazine, 10 pounds 7 ounces.
Range:	
Effective	200 yards.
Maximum	1,850 yards.
Rate of fire (practical)	80 to 90 rounds per minute (in short bursts).



Skeleton shoulder stock folded and open.

Here's how it is held, using skeleton shoulder stock.

To load and fire.—Press the thumb catch above the pistol grip in order to release the skeleton shoulder stock from its folded position. Snap the shoulder stock into extended position and unfold the butt plate. Pull the operating handle back and switch it into the feedway on the under side of the receiver until the magazine catch engages. Disengage the operating handle from the safety notch; then aim and squeeze the trigger. The magazine can serve as a grip while firing.

To unload.—Press the magazine catch and remove the magazine. Check the chamber to be sure that it is empty. After pressing the trigger, let the operating handle go forward slowly.

Ammunition. The ammunition used in these guns is the standard 9-mm Parabellum cartridge, used in all German pistols and submachine guns. This is a rimless, straight-case cartridge with a round-nose, jacketed bullet. The German nomenclature for this ammunition is Pistolenpatronen 08 ("pistol cartridges 08"). It comes in cases containing 4,160 rounds, packed in multiples of 16 rounds in cartons and packages. Ammunition (9-mm) manufactured for the British Sten submachine gun (called a machine carbine by the British) can be used in the MP 38 and MP 40. Italian 9-mm pistol ammunition other than model 34 will also function. But the German-issue ammunition should be used whenever possible.

Maintenance. *Oiling and cleaning.*—These submachine guns are cleaned and oiled in the same manner as the U. S. Thompson submachine gun. In sandy or dusty country, oil should be used sparingly or not at all.

Stripping.—First, be sure that the gun is unloaded and unlocked. Pull out the locking pin located on the bottom front portion of the receiver behind the magazine well and turn the pin a little to keep it unlocked. Grasp the barrel with the left hand and the pistol grip with the right; press the trigger and at the same time turn the receiver in a counterclockwise direction, holding the magazine housing in its normal position. It will then be possible to separate the receiver from the barrel and from the magazine housing. Remove the bolt and recoil spring from the receiver by means of the operating handle. The recoil spring may be removed from the telescoping recoil-spring housing.

Assembly.—Assemble the recoil spring to the recoil-spring housing. Replace the recoil-spring assembly and bolt into the receiver. Hold the trigger back, and assemble the receiver to the barrel and the magazine housing by holding the magazine housing and then inserting the receiver and turning it in a clockwise direction. Turn the locking pin so that it snaps in.

Accessories. Six magazines and a magazine filler are carried in a web haversack. Four magazines are sometimes carried on a magazine holder attached to the belt. A small cleaning outfit is carried on the person, and a sling is attached to these guns for carrying purposes.

Here are the Types of Italian Ships Now Controlled by the Allies

THESE models show the various types of ships probably acquired by the Allies when they took over most of the Italian Navy recently in the Mediterranean. (1) The *Littorio* class battleship, 35,000 tons with nine 15-inch guns, is lightly armored and has a high speed of 30 knots. (2) The *Cesare* class battleship is a reconstructed model of 1911-1913 with a 27-knot speed. (3) The *Bolzano* is a modified version of (4) the *Trento* class, an 8-inch gun cruiser capable of 36 knots, while (5) the *Guiseppe Garibaldi* and (6) the *Emanuele Filiberto* are typical Italian light cruisers with 6-inch guns. (7) The *Condottieri* class is very small and fast—37 knots—with thin armor and 6-inch guns. (8) The *Dardo* class and (9) the *Grecale* class are four-gun, 38-knot destroyers, and (10) the *Balilla* is one of Italy's excellent submarines.

MOVING IN. AN ADVANCE RECONNAISSANCE PATROL CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES MOUTH OF A 200-FOOT TUNNEL DUG BY JAPS ON LAZY CREEK NEAR GERTRUDE COVE, KISKA.

By SGT. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

At Kiska, the sons of the Emperor turned and ran from approaching American invaders instead of following their tradition of honorable death—showing, for the first time, they are only human, after all.

KISKA—*If any Japs dared to come back to Kiska today, they would be blown out of the bay or blasted out of the sky with their own guns. Less than a week after Yanks and Canadians foreclosed on Hirohito's abandoned homestead in the Aleutians, Kiska was as strongly defended—with our own and with enemy equipment—as it had been at any time during the 14 months of Jap occupation.*

The plain fact is that the Nips were pot-poor retreaters. The bulk of the Japanese troops were probably shuttled out over a period of several weeks, with only a skeleton garrison left behind to defend demolition crews in case the Yanks arrived sooner than expected. Though these crews laid a great many mines, they pulled out in such a rush that the major plans for destroying Jap installations and camp areas were botched up.

Big 4½- and 6-inch coastal cannon and 3-inch dual-purpose guns were left intact, except for missing breech blocks. Trained on American invasion parties fighting their way up the cliff walls, these guns might have massacred great numbers of our forces, had the Japs chosen to defend the positions.

Cached away near the abandoned guns was plenty of ammunition, enough for the Yanks to have fought off a month-long countersiege, using only the enemy's fortifications. Dozens of 6-inch shell casings had been stuffed with explosives by the Japs and cemented at the mouth, but fuses intended to blow them up fizzled out less than a foot from the charges.

Small arms and ammunition, construction materials, piles of blankets and heavy coats with dog-fur lining and sea-otter collars and cuffs were scattered around for the taking—further evidence that the Jap demolition crews had muffed the ball.

But most of the installations of the Jap Army garrison at Gertrude Cove were "wired for sound," as were almost all the major Jap Navy and Marine installations at Kiska Harbor.

Advance elements, exploring half-buried Jap huts at the Gertrude Cove beaches, picked up boots and blankets from the floor and exposed booby traps. Dark shafts into the mountainsides, almost as complicated as a Pennsylvania coal mine, had to be scouted as possible hiding places for Japs.

Even after the Allied invasion forces had swarmed over the island, a number of Americans and Canadians fell dead and wounded as a result of the enemy mines. Unlike Attu, where American soldiers on the hunt for souvenirs pawed through tents and dugouts almost without mishap, the pickings on Kiska were dangerous.

All these details we had no way of knowing as we boarded the invasion ships, our faces painted green and gray. At midnight we breakfasted on grilled steak and potatoes and a couple of soft-boiled eggs—standard invasion fare. As the men stood at their mess racks to eat, the chaplain's voice came over the ship's loudspeaker: "And now we commit ourselves, our bodies and our souls unto Thy keeping." Some of the boys did not finish their breakfast.

By a kind of poetic justice, the first four American soldiers to set foot on Kiska were Alaskans. They were part of an advance patrol of scouts from the Alaska Combat Intelligence Platoon, known as "Castner's Cutthroats."

From offshore a brisk chill wind was blowing in their faces as they left the big ship in bobbing rubber boats and paddled through the dangerous rocky passage toward Quisling Cove on the west side of the island. It was 2:30 A. M., and the jagged skyline of Kiska was silhouetted in the moonlight 500 yards abeam.

A short sharp sound, faintly carried on the wind, bit their ears. Sgt. Clyde Peterson whispered: "Hear that! That's a good omen. That's a fox bark. This is the season when the fox are whelping. If there were any Japs around, the fox would have killed their young."

The sergeant was right. There were no Japs.

Peterson, a lank blond 22-year-old fisherman from Sitka, Alaska, was first ashore. Clambering out of the fragile rubber dory right on the heels of Peterson's shoepacs were Pvts. Stanley Dayo, from the interior Alaska mining hamlet of Livengood; Chuck O'Leary of Nome, and Billy Buck, half-Eskimo from King Cove.

While Peterson's squad of scouts, headed by Lt. Earl Acuff, paced hand-picked troops up the knife-edge ridges rising from Quisling Cove, S/Sgt. Edgar M. Walker, a few miles to the north, was guiding a spearhead party of 16 under S/Sgt. Dan Green of Swift Current, Saskatchewan. onto

THESE JAPS GAVE UP without a fight

Lilly Beach. Behind their two rubber boats on a towline was a third air-inflated craft with 1½ tons of dynamite aboard.

One hundred yards from the surf, the deploying patrol crawled into barbed-wire entanglements. They crept beyond, through the wet morning darkness, until they were within grenade range of Jap machine-gun dens burrowed into the cliff faces commanding the entire shore.

Satisfied that this area was clear of Japs, Sgt. Walker and his men gingerly shifted the cases of dynamite ashore and planted them among the reefs blocking the passageway to Lilly Beach. Promptly at 5:30 A. M. he touched off the charge.

For the troops still churning the bay in landing boats, that explosion was a heartening signal. It meant that everything was proceeding according to plan. An hour later the barges were lining up to disgorge men, guns, ammunition and tractors on the beach.

We crunched low across the rocky beach and scrambled up the mossy cheek of the mountain on our hands and knees. By daybreak the first objective, Link Hill, had been reached. Wind cupped under our tin hats and almost snapped our heads off. Fog pressed against our bodies, shouldering us onward like an invisible wet net. We could hear the voices of the men in our patrol, but we couldn't see them.

Already tiers of empty enemy gun slots, deep interlaced trenchworks and one observation post sunk into the hilltop had been passed. By noon, after trailing a thin yellow strand of Jap communications wire over the moss bogs, we had cautiously explored the deep, awesome caverns of Lazy Creek.

As darkness fell, we trudged through the dismal desolation of Gertrude Cove on the southeast side of the island, where steam and stench rose in smoky plumes from the sodden earth. Warily we bedded down for the night in a long, low hutment, half-buried in the ground, shattered by some of the 4,000,000 pounds of bombs dropped by the Eleventh Air Force since Jan. 1.

Before morning we were cursing the Air Force for its marksmanship. Rain roared down and poured through the splintered roof onto the raised wooden platform where we were huddled, rolled up in damp, musty Jap blankets.

At dawn our patrol was on the march again. We stumbled up the steep, twisting road that the Japs, with dynamite and tamping blocks and little wicker baskets full of dirt, had scratched out of the rocky promontory separating Gertrude Cove from Kiska Harbor. Along the road were abandoned Jap heavy-gun emplacements.

Ahead of us, in the murky dusk of the first day ashore, two Yank dogfaces, supported only by each other, had invaded the main camp area at Kiska Harbor. Like a pair of hoboes sneaking into a chickenyard, Pvt. Francis Heston of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Sgt. Gerald Roach of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., had crept along the Jap road.

Now, with fog and sweat begriming our faces, we followed their path to the summit of Magic Mountain. And while we paused, panting, for a break, the haze blew out to sea for an instant.

Below us, gray and ashen and still, lay Kiska Harbor, the main camp area of the Japs. And now we knew for certain they were gone. At first disappointment rippled hotly over us. "Dirty bastards," we muttered. And then we remembered the first day at Attu, and the way the litter bearers had shuffled past with their limp loads. And our disappointment passed, even if we had waited 14 months.

Veterans of Attu among the American invasion forces found it hard to believe that the Japs had chickened out. Though we had been repelled by the methods, we had respected the singleness of purpose of an army whose men committed suicide by grenade rather than surrender, who shot or bayoneted their seriously-wounded fellow soldiers before relinquishing the ground where they fell. That respect was gone now.

Japs, we learned at Kiska, are only human after all.

THE KISKA FOG TURNS SOLDIERS INTO SILHOUETTES. SEEN WITH BACKS BOWED UNDER THEIR EQUIPMENT, THEY ARE PART OF A PATROL MOVING ALONG THE ISLAND RIDGES.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Seeing that there was danger of the tomato crop spoiling, British sailors were among those to sign up for a spot of work at the Campbell Soup Co., in New Jersey, a gesture reciprocated here by soldiers who put on their fatigues and went out to do a little harvesting. This T/5 is taking a tenner, chatting with what is definitely not hay.

Naval Courtesy

CREAKING in every joint from thirty-four years of life too well spent before President Roosevelt decided the Army couldn't get along without us, we were standing sullenly in a Red Cross breakfast line the other morning—hoping for eggs and knowing damn well it would be sausage. Suddenly a downy-cheeked sailor just ahead of us (he must have been all of seventeen) said, with a distinct touch of reverence in his voice: "Say, bud, are you one of those parachutists?" We glanced over our shoulders to see who he was talking to, but "bud" was us, all right, and it developed that he had mistaken our correspondent's insignia for that of the boys who get lobbed in over the heads of the enemy. Half apologetically, we explained our not-quite-so-lethal mission, and the sailor's reply buoyed us up throughout the rest of a long, fog-ridden day. "Yank correspondent?" he said. "Well, that's a good outfit, too."

Hot Air and All That

Sooner or later, the Army manages to find the right place for each of its millions of happy, willing workers. (Mauve lights and soft music, please, maestro.) At least there can be no denying that it has found the right place—England—for a young infantry private we know from Milwaukee who, before he got into this mess, earned his living by installing central-heating systems. This gent (we'll call him Dan because that's his name) has been cooling his heels, and freezing the rest of his feet, on Britannia's hospitable shores for the last several months, during which time he has made the acquaintance of one of the lovelier of the local belles near his camp.

Singularly enough, his intentions seemed honorable, so she invited him to her parents' home one Sunday where he proceeded to justify her faith in him by leaving the family bottle alone and using his prewar talents to rig up a hot-water heating system—a matter of twisting a few old pieces of pipe around in the back of the living-room fireplace.

Poor Dan! He's really grown fond of the girl now, but word of his remarkable contraption has spread far and wide throughout the countryside with the result that every time he shows up at the lady's house he finds one of the neighborhood 4-Fs (or whatever they call them here) hopefully hanging around on the pretence of wanting to take a bath. Moral: When in Rome, keep your light under a bushel.

Agnes and Old Lace

"For pity's sake," writes our elderly Aunt Agnes from the wilds of Greenfield, Mass., "do be careful. How well I remember the time—it was in 1897, I believe—when your uncle and I visited London during Queen Victoria's Jubilee and one evening in a restaurant just off Piccadilly Circus we saw two women (you could scarcely call them ladies) dining with a party of young men. The two women, whose cheeks were rouged and lips painted in a most brazen fashion, were smoking cigarettes and, as if that were not enough, each of them to my positive knowledge, drank a whole glass of champagne. I suppose it is useless to hope that conditions in London have changed for the better since then, and therefore I urge you, my dear nephew, to do everything in your power to avoid such pitfalls."

There, there, aunty—have no fear. Conditions in London *have* changed since you were here, though some would hardly say for the better. Champagne, at least for the average Yank, is unobtainable, whiskey is prohibitively expensive (and pretty darn weak, at best), and, as for cigarettes, we have yet to meet a young lady sufficiently alluring to pry us loose from one of those precious seven packages the PX doles out once a week. No, dear Aunt Agnes, we are in safe hands. The pound, no matter what the bankers say, is worth precisely one buck—no more, no less. Our nearest approach to a binge to date (and, we suspect, for the duration) was on the evening we dutifully took out our landlady's daughter, hideously bare of either rouge or lipstick, for a turn about the town. This consisted of a three-ha'penny bus ride and a spot of tea at a Lyons Corner House. The evening's high jinks reached a climax when, as we were bidding the damosel a hasty good night, we pressed into her chill, moist palm our last rationed Tootsie Roll.

Second Man Down

We do not usually write stories about generals, because there are very few generals and if we paid too much attention to them it would be hell on circulation. But we have run into a story about an unusual kind of general, so we have to come out with it.

It seems that on D-day down around Salerno they were moving up the beaches and an astonished private spotted a one-star general moving up ahead of him. "Geez," he called to his chums, "lookit the general." The general heard him and turned around. "There's a major general up ahead of me," he said. "He's commanding the show."

The private made no further comment.

New Girl

Another story coming to us from Salerno concerns the first baby born on American-held soil on the European continent. The baby, the daughter of a Mrs. Paolilli of Salerno, is familiarly known as "Evac," though her mother persists in calling her Irene, and she is the pet of the evacuation hospital where she first appeared. Mrs. Paolilli happened to be in the hospital because she was being treated for a shrapnel wound at the time. It just happened that Capt. Morris Gershman, stationed at the hospital, had been an orthopoedic specialist in civilian life. When Mrs. Paolilli came in he sized up the situation. He sent an orderly for a nurse.

The nurse didn't believe it, and remained unbelieving until she walked into a makeshift delivery room and saw the doctor holding up the wailing infant. "Golly," she said, "it's real."

This account would be incomplete if no mention were made of the requisition submitted by the nurse to the supply officer. It asked for: nursing bottles, 2; nipples, rubber, 2; diapers, one dozen; bellybands, 3; baby blankets, 2.

That's the way things go in Salerno these days.

It's NOT a Small World

"Where you from, soldier?" said the T/5 hopefully, as he shoved his tray-load of succulent victuals along behind ours in a chow line at an up-country camp we had an occasion to visit last week. We told him and his face fell. "Gol durn it," he said, and those were really his words, "I been over here thirteen months now and I never have met one single solitary guy from my home town." We nodded sympathetically, and asked what town that was. "Wilbur, Nebraska," the T/5 replied, eagerly. "Fifteen hundred population before I left, and there's prob'ly fifty-sixty more moved in since then. Gol durn it," he went on, relapsing into his disconsolate mood again, as a Kaypee sloshed gravy over his apple pie, "when you think of all the guys I've met over here and not one of them from Wilbur . . ."

High Finance

Standing in yet another line—at the bank to cash our monthly Army check one morning not so long ago—we found ourself right behind a brigadier-general who wore an affable though slightly bemused look as he waved *his* Army check beneath our nose. Under the circumstances, we could hardly help but see the amount for which it was written—an amount that, even from our worm's-eye view of military finance, seemed far from large. "You know," said the brigadier, in a tone of gentle exasperation, "these allotments sure play hell with a man's salary, don't they?"

A Week of War

There was a lull along the Dnieper, but there was no lull along the Rhine, and no lull in German depression.

GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE IN RUSSIA

WHERE there had been dry land and a movement toward the west there was a quagmire and a stalemate. On all the vast Russian fronts rain was falling, turning the dust to mud that clung to the bogies of tanks and made men's feet heavy. So, for the first time in three months, a day came when the Red Army could report no real progress, but only an improvement of local positions. The weather, for the moment, was on the side of Adolf Hitler; and so, for that matter, was the terrain.

The Russians were on the Dnieper from above Kiev to below Dnepropetrovsk, but the Germans still held bridgeheads on the eastern side, bridgeheads that they would fight hard to hold and from which it would be hard to dislodge them. Moscow was not fooling itself as to the difficulty of getting across the Dnieper. That long, ungainly river is unique in that its eastern bank is low-lying while its western bank rears up in gaunt cliffs. This quiet phenomenon gives the German denizens of the west bank an enormous advantage in fire-power and observation. Any Russian attempt to cross the river is bound to be costly. Yet the Russians, in spite of weather and in spite of terrestrial difficulties, seem determined to get across the Dnieper as soon as they possibly can. The reason they have not tried already is because of a simple military fact.

In the last three months the Red Army has come a long way, over terrain burned and blasted by the retreating Germans. They have, as would any army in the same position, lost heavily in men and equipment. The Germans, too, have lost men and equipment, but the Germans have been falling back towards supply centers instead of moving away from them. The Russians now casting lingering glances across the Dnieper must wait until the railroads and roadways behind them are repaired sufficiently to facilitate the rapid movement of reinforcements and supplies. Then, and then only, would they be able to achieve the broad and dangerous crossing.

Even if the Russian armies spent the winter along the Dnieper (which would probably be the last thing in the world they would do) they could look back on a summer of unparalleled warfare. They had driven the Germans back from cities and positions they had held for over two years, that they had considered impregnable. The Russians had recovered most of the really valuable territory that the Germans had seized from them; they had stood the Wilhelmstrasse on its ear and caused consternation in Berchtesgaden. They had broken the German hold on Russia and had pushed the invader back nearly to the old borders of Poland. The Wehrmacht would probably never be able to recover from its summer waltz. And, for that matter, the coming winter polka might kill it.

THERE was, however, no stalemate in Italy, where the 5th and 8th Armies were sweeping up the peninsula in the shape of a vast U. Naples had fallen, that had held them up for so long, and now there seemed to be nothing between them and Rome except German rearguards with their demolitions. Nevertheless, the fact that Kesselring's men were stopping to lay mines on their way meant that his retreat was slowed, so slowed, in fact, that American Marauders were able to blow up the important railroad bridge at Capua before the majority of the retreating German forces could cross it.

But Rome would be the problem. Rome seemed always to be the problem. Previously, when the Italians, in a manner of speaking, still held Italy, Rome had been declared an open city. But now the Italians no longer were masters of their own country; German troops stood guard in front of St. Peter's, the Pope was, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner, and the status of Rome was once more an unknown quantity. The Germans, in the past, had proved themselves to be no respecters of cities, open or otherwise. They might choose to defend Rome, which would, should it happen, be a most unfortunate event for the civilized world. Not only was Rome a great repository of art, but its magnificent churches and cathedrals, the heritage of the Renaissance, were irreplaceable, as were the remnants of Imperial Rome—the Forum, the Coliseum, the Pantheon—that stood ageless and dozing in the hot Italian sun. Rome could, of course, be outflanked from the east and invested, but a siege would be long and costly and in the end it would not be the Germans who would suffer but the citizens of the city. Unless the Germans, by some sudden, unbelievable prodding of Aryan conscience, decided to leave Rome an open city after all, General Alexander would have a very pressing problem on his hands, and very soon.

The Allied occupation of Italy is not all German-shooting. In Salerno some Italian Joes of the U. S. Army discuss various things with various civilians and a couple of Italian flatfeet. Italian police guard streets of retaken cities.

THERE were no open cities in Germany though, and the RAF and USAAF were out in strength again, after a lull due to bad weather. In 100 hours, night and day, they smashed 5 German cities—Hagen, Munich, Cassel, Hanover and Frankfort. So, as winter approached, Germany found herself hemmed in as she had never been hemmed in before. The Russians were breathing down her neck. Allied armies were on the mainland of Europe, moving up through prostrate Italy, and the Reich was still being battered from the air. It was a dark period for Germany, so dark that little Goebbels had to threaten any grumblers with instant beheading. The average German could see no light anywhere. Before him, dark and lowering, loomed a winter of hunger and unrest. Gone forever were the great days that culminated in Paris in 1940. Gone, too, were the great days of hardly a year ago, when the Wehrmacht was fighting in the suburbs of Stalingrad and Rommel lay 70 miles from Alexandria. No good had come to Germany from the last 365 days, no good at all. Her armies had been beaten in the field and death had poured down on the homeland from the air. And now, looking into the future, no German could see that picture reversed.

Whatever 1944 might bring, 1943 had been the year of decision, for it had been in 1943 that the battle had been won. What was to come might be fierce and might cost many lives, but its eventual result was a foregone conclusion. Already the armies were gathering for the last great assault on the fortress of Europe, but when that assault would come, and where, was known to but few men. The ground, however, had been laid for it. Now Germany did not know which way to turn, did not know from whence the next blow might fall. All Germany could see, really, was the multiple shadow of an axe.

But no matter from which direction the axe comes, the neck is always in one place.

ACTION IN ADAK. Football in this Andreanof island base is an uncertain business with a field that must have been trampled on by wild horses. But here's the kick-off, with some soldiers weighed down by their beards, others racing to beat the ball.

SUCCESS STORY. Jacqueline Dalya made her way from winning beauty contests to a stage role in Los Angeles to an offer of a job in the movies.

DOG BALL. What a friend! Brownie holds ball while Johnny Hedrick, Huntington, W. Va., kicks.

AN INDESTRUCTIBLE. Though a big chunk of his Corsair's tail was torn off, 1st Lt. Donald L. Balch, Marine fighter pilot, landed it safely on a South Pacific field.

PARAPUP. Salvo, a fox terrier, nears end of a 1,500-foot jump at Andrews Field, England.

HERO'S MOTHER. Mrs. Rittie Williams of Prattville Ala., receives Silver Star awarded posthumously to her son, Pvt. Jack Williams, for gallantry in New Guinea.

FIVE MIRACLES. Starlets is what they call them, making their way in the Hollywood sky. Working for 20th Century-Fox, they have been given roles in four

Show

MERAS OF THE WORLD

SCHOOL DAYS. "I don't wanna!" yells 5-year-old Michael Kanka, very unhappy about starting school in Chicago, Ill. It was a nice sunny day, too.

PRIVATE SHOWING. Navy men know just how to get into the spirit of a place. Look at those pretty pants (upper left)! But the main attraction is these hula-hula girls whisking their skirts for officers and men on leave from an aircraft carrier in Honolulu.

JUNGLE FIGHTER. In the dark-green light of New Georgia Island, Pvt. Lloyd Culuck, tired and unshaven, eats can of B rations, using top as fork.

NAZI MULE. Pvt. Stanley Davies of a British Highland Division rides a swastika-branded steed captured in Sicily.

new major pictures. Left to right, they are: Trudy Marshall, Jeanne Crain, Gale Robbins, June Haver and Mary Anderson. Never say we don't show you the best!

FASHION NOTES. What Yanks are doing to cool their toes, heels or soles in North Africa. These are two examples of American ingenuity. Made from GI shoes, about ready for salvage anyway, the right one shows the open, or barred, toe style, and the left—well, you name it.

This is Mrs. Marjorie Wietinger, of West Medford, Mass., who is the wife of an Ensign and was selected as the prettiest married woman in the Boston area in a contest at Palisades Amusement Park, N. J.

shaft Co. warned women employees in its five war-contract plants that they must not wear sweaters or silk lounging pajamas to work. Explaining this ultimatum, an official of the company said: "Many girls earning big wages like to imitate their favorite movie stars. They stroll to factories in these colorful pajamas, often with long cigarette holders in their hands. They cause the eyes of the male workers to wander from their tasks."

THE Office of Price Administration raised the ration value of butter from twelve to sixteen points because of a decline in production. Butter worth 400,000 ration points was spattered over the surrounding countryside when a Union Pacific passenger train struck a refrigerator truck loaded with 70,000 pounds of the stuff near Meridan, Idaho.

The OPA also raised the A (or minimum) gasoline card ration of eastern motorists to two gallons a week and reduced to two gallons the value of coupons held by B and C card drivers from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. This meant a cut of a gallon in the west and half a gallon in the east.

Mrs. Eleanor Grimm charged in a Cleveland, Ohio, court that sharing rides to work to save gas had resulted in an unfortunate relationship between her husband, who is an electrician, and a lady machinist who worked in the same plant with him. Husband and lady machinist were both fired by their employer—the Jack & Heintz company of big-bonus repute—because of the publicity created by Mrs. Grimm's charges. The gasoline shortage necessitated hitching horses to seventy-five school buses in sixteen Iowa counties.

Marshall Field, publisher of PM in New York City and of the *Chicago Sun*, celebrated his fiftieth birthday by inheriting $80,000,000 from his grandfather's estate—and that ain't hay, even to Mr. Field,

News from Home

Major General Hershey had something to say about Employers and Public Morale, Jimmy Petrillo had something to say about pieces of bone, and the producer of "Life With Father" began: "Even if offered one million . . ."

LAST week was pretty much of a gabfest on the home front. Rumors were kicked around, resolutions were passed, Senators thought this, and Representatives thought that, and all in all not a hell of a lot was accomplished. Fathers were being drafted in sufficient numbers to bring 46,000 new men into the Army by January 1st, and Senator Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, attempted to close the barn door while the horses were being stolen by filing a bill which would take fathers under twenty-five first, under thirty next, and leave those in the thirty to thirty-eight group until last.

At the same time, Major General Hershey, the head man when it comes to draft matters, said that employers were jeopardizing public morale by the extent to which they were seeking occupational deferment for single men. He called such employers "pressure groups which descended upon Washington, attempting to frighten us into amending the regulations." Burton K. Wheeler, the Montana Democrat who seemed to be getting nowhere fast with his bill to postpone the draft of pre-Pearl Harbor fathers, sounded off with a demand that no fathers be called up "until the slackers are taken out of Government bureaus and industries."

The Senate killed, without even considering, the Fulbright resolution, which the House had passed as a means of enabling the U. S. to collaborate in international post-war measures to keep the world on a peaceful footing. Tom Connally, chairman of the Senate's Foreign Affairs Committee, said that the Senate would cook up its own collaboration plan but that it would be kept secret until after a conference of British, Russian, and U.S. officials next month. President Roosevelt announced that the nation had sent its allies 15 billion dollars worth of lend-lease supplies in August, a new record. Another 15 billion dollars of the nation's wealth was accounted for when Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, speaking at Evansville, Ind., where the country's largest inland shipbuilding enterprise is under way, declared that the Third War Loan goal had been reached two days ahead of schedule. Later in the week, Secretary Morgenthau, dealing in mere chicken-feed this time, walked into a drug store in the Hotel Delmonico in New York City and offered the clerk a $100 bill in return for a small purchase. "I hope the bill's good," said the skeptical clerk, failing to recognize his customer. "It ought to be," Mr. Morgenthau replied, "I made it myself." Nebraska's Governor Dwight Griswold paid off on a bet he had made with Governor Herbert R. O'Connor of Maryland on whose state would be the first to surpass its war-loan quota. The stakes: one corn-fed hog.

A shipyard in Portland, Ore., set a record by launching its twenty-fourth Liberty ship in one month. New Yorkers thought they had found a hint of where the next invasions might be when a high Army officer disclosed that 10 per cent of the nation's 1944 lend-lease shipments had been earmarked for France, Belgium, Norway, and Greece. Bishop Oxnam, secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Bishops, said that 16 million Methodists throughout the nation were backing a churchmen's drive to squelch isolationism. Lend-lease Administrator Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., was named Under Secretary of State to take the place of Sumner Welles, who resigned after reported difficulties in getting along with his superior, Cordell Hull.

Since Pearl Harbor, it was announced, the Army and Navy have granted 208,296 disability discharges and the American Legion reported that it had enrolled 42,000 who have become eligible by honorably leaving the ranks during this war. The Legion considered this such a poor showing that it voted $250,000 for a recruiting drive. The Veterans of Foreign Wars, meeting in New York City, debated for three hours and then tabled a resolution to admit women who have served overseas to its membership.

HELEN CARL, a secretary in one of Washington's many bureaus, answered the phone to find herself talking to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. "I met your boy friend, Sgt. Al Lewis, in Australia," said the President's wife. "He asked me to say 'hello' to you. The boys out there are doing a wonderful job, but they're lonesome for their girl friends." Something to keep in mind the next time Mrs. Roosevelt comes your way.

New standard equipment issued to New York City policewomen included a black shoulder bag divided into two sections—one a holster with a .38 calibre revolver and the other a compartment for lipstick, powder, and rouge. . . . The Cleveland, Ohio, Crank-who already had plenty of what it takes.

The average Wac was found to be twenty-four years old with a 50-50 chance of being a high school graduate. Eighteen out of every hundred of the girls in khaki are married, most of them to servicemen. The Senate Naval Affairs Committee killed a bill which would have permitted the Navy to send Waves overseas.

It was disclosed in New York that Army engineers in Alaska have completed, in less than a year, a 1,000-mile pipe line for pumping oil up from Skagway to Fairbanks.

Bert Whitestine, a real-estate agent in Tulsa, Okla., tried to sell a house by inserting a conventional flattering advertisement in the paper. No takers. So Bert composed this ad.: "Six tiny rooms, ratty decorations, leaky basement, muddy street, no bus, no furnace. Price $5,000." The next day he sold the house to one of ten applicants who clamored to buy it. A landlord in Denver, Colorado, named Robert E. Lee, sought permission of the OPA to eject an "objectionable" tenant named Ulysses S. Grant.

After a fourteen-month dispute between phonograph recording companies and the American Federation of Musicians, during which the recording of many popular numbers was held up, Decca Records signed a contract agreeing to pay the union a certain amount for each disc sold in addition to the customary fees for the musicians. James C. Petrillo, the union's president, estimated that if the other recording companies would do likewise it would mean an additional three to four million dollars in his organization's till and this, he said, would enable his musicians to give many free concerts. "We're not trying to get rich," said the aggressive Mr. Petrillo. "We're just trying to get a little piece of bone here and there."

The crew of the fishing smack, *Adelaide T.*, out of

Montauk, Long Island, caught a U. S. submarine in its net but was unable to land it. Instead, the quarry towed the smack for forty minutes before Carl W. Creaser, skipper of the *Adelaide T.*, succeeded in casting his $400 net loose. The sub surfaced, signalled "Sorry," and disappeared.

Jimmy Walker who, as mayor of New York used to throw out the first ball time and again, wrote in too late to get tickets to the World Series.

Police also raided a gambling house in Chicago and fancy Upper East Side, and discovered the names and phone numbers of 250 girls.

Police raided a gambling house in Chicago and arrested 72 patrons after making the interesting discovery that the customers had checked 60 knives in the cloak room.

Colonel Edmund W. Starling, head of Secret Service at the White House, is retiring next month after 30 years of duty, during which he guarded the lives of five presidents.

THE wife of Lt.-Gen. Mark W. Clark, currently directing the campaign of the Fifth Army in Italy, announced that she is giving to the Smithsonian Institution the pair of pants which her husband lost temporarily while wading ashore in the North African invasion.

A woman was fined $10 for disturbing the peace of Des Moines, Iowa, after a dispute with her landlady over the question of bedbugs—yes or no.

A police sergeant in Seattle, Wash., attempting to do a little plain-clothes snooping, stepped out of a tavern and asked to be taken to one of the many speakeasies which have mushroomed there since the town was invaded by war workers. "Hi-yuh, sarge," replied the knowing driver, who turned out to be a patrolman on the sergeant's force, doing a little hacking in his spare time. The two cops settled for a soda fountain.

Making sure there'll be no snafu on his job, a Chicago purse-snatcher has enlisted the services of a small, green snake with which he terrorizes his victims. Most women find themselves too frightened to scream until mug, snake, and pocket book have vanished.

The holy grail for which all gamblers seek—a sure way to beat the horses—was finally discovered by Robert Dalton, of Somerville, Mass., while toying with a list of long shots at Narragansett Park. He had made $265 on it when the cops tossed him into the clink. His system: Cashing counterfeit pari-mutuel tickets.

Los Angeles is planning to hold the first World's Fair of the post-war period. Nice for the lads getting back from Tokyo.

Broadway and Points West: Gilbert Miller is producing *Happy Marriage*, by Clare Booth Luce, now a Representative from Connecticut to Congress. . . . Lucille Watson has been signed by Warner Brothers to play the role of Barbara Stanwyck's mother in *My Reputation*. . . . Mae West is about to appear in a play written by herself and called *Men in My Life*. . . . William A. Brady plans to present Grace George in a stage dramatization of Herbert French's book entitled *My Yankee Mother*. . . . New York City License Commissioner Paul Moss, who is forever getting into the hair of the Broadway sharpies, has ruled that brokers of theater tickets must charge no more than 75 cents above the stated price for orchestra tickets and 50 cents for mezzanine and balcony seats. If the boys can't see it that way, they'll have to fold. . . . A pair of Betty Grable's stockings brought $40,000 at a Hollywood war-bond auction. After all, stockings are scarce these days. . . . Carole Landis won't wear sweaters in her new picture, *Four Girls in a Jeep*, which is based on the overseas entertainment trip she made with Martha Raye, Kay Francis and Mitzi Mayfair. It's a case of censor trouble. . . . Fabien Sevitsky, conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, promised to present Frank Sinatra at every concert. Mr. Sevitsky's Frank Sinatra, however, is a tympanist, not a singer. . . . Helen Jepson, Metropolitan Opera soprano, became the mother of an eight-pound boy. . . . Oscar Serlin, producer of *Life With Father*, a hardy Broadway perennial, turned down an offer of $600,000 for the movie rights to the play. Speaking for Russell Crouse and Howard Lindsay, authors of the comedy, Mr. Serlin wired the movie people: "Even if offered one million cold cash, I am afraid we'd say no. Financial terms will not be a persuading factor in any eventual deal." . . . Hannah Williams Dempsey, former wife of the fighter and restaurateur, is planning to try a come-back as a night-club entertainer, starting off at Manhattan's Greenwich Village Inn. . . . Jane Froman, her arm and leg still in casts as a result of the injuries she suffered when the Clipper in which she was journeying crashed in Lisbon several months ago, attended the first rehearsal of her next show, *Artists and Models*. . . . Philip Loeb is staging a revue called *Roll Up Your Sleeves*, intended to outline labor's program for winning the war and the peace. . . . Paramount announced that Veronica Lake will play the lead in *Victoria Grandolet*, a movie based on a novel by Henry Bellaman, author of *King's Row*. . . . After two years of spadework, M-G-M has started production on a picture version of *Dragon Teeth*, Pearl Buck's novel of China facing invasion. Katharine Hepburn and Walter Huston are to be starred. . . . Forty-second Street, whose theatrical attractions have for many years been limited to burlesque and dime movies, will go legit again when the old New Amsterdam Roof Theater reopens later this month with a show called *Pursuit of Happiness*. . . . Jack Benny, back from ten weeks of entertaining troops overseas, blamed Army food for the fifteen pounds he put on during his trip and said he would have to get rid of them somehow before doing his next movie. . . . Betty Smith, author of the widely read *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, has written a play about Mormons called *And Never Yield*.

Best Sellers: Fiction—*So Little Time*, by John P. Marquand; non-fiction—*Under Cover*, by John R. Carlson.

Here we have twenty-four-year-old Arline Peake Fear, who is suing her wealthy fifty-four-year-old husband for a divorce on the grounds that he lured her to the altar by telling her that they had first been married 2,300 years ago. He claimed to have been a Roman warrior at the time, Arline says, and then "I passed out from too many drinks," and—oh, well, you finish it yourself.

Blonde (as if you didn't know) June Knight won a divorce decree in Little Rock, Ark., plus $50,000 from her millionaire husband, Arthur Cameron, whose counter accusation that she had gone out one night with a Chicago decorator and returned at midnight smeared with lipstick, her hair down and "fighting drunk," apparently didn't cut much ice with the judge.

WELL, boys you can make of this what you want. We'll wind up this week with an item which, although it was hardly world-shattering in its importance, does seem to have a certain haunting significance. It concerns an M.P. This gent, a master sergeant, was collared at Belmont Park, the New York City race track, last week while placing a $600 bet on one of the bang-tails. The civvie police had only been looking for him for a year on the mere charge of having been No. 1 man of Murder, Inc., a Brooklyn mob which would rub out any one you cared to name—for a price. The gambling M.P. was identified as none other than Albert Anastasia, who, although never convicted of a felony, has spent eighteen months in the death house at Sing Sing and has had five murder charges brought against him. Anastasia was inducted into the Army last year and until recently has been keeping the Joes in line at camp in Indiantown Gap, Pa.

The Mott Street communiques, in their own quiet way, keep the residents of New York's Chinatown informed as to the progress of the war. Here, some of the younger generation learn what happened to that last Zero.

Wallace Beery makes with a *moue* as he greasepaints his daughter, Carol Ann, 12, for a role in his new picture, "Rationing." It's her first.

IT HAPPENS ON THE BEACH AT TEL-LITWINSKY

By the sky-blue waters of the Mediterranean, not far from Tel-Aviv, the U. S. Army has established a new recreation resort for G.I.s, replete with feminine company, it would seem. T Sgt. Robert Tipton gets a pass and a date with the gorgeous blond creature at the left and whisks her off to the beach. Everything is free—including the blond.

While the blond dresses, Tipton reflects on the non-G.I. splendors of the place over a bottle of iced beer, another miracle.

The blond returns eventually, and off they go for dinner for two.

Tipton whisks his date off to the beach, where only civilians allowed are females.

Having wonderful time. Wish you were here.

Back to the beach, where Tipton gets himself surrounded by more beautiful dolls. The blond seems to have wandered off to bring back hot dogs for the mob.

Tipton discovers that the blond only speaks German and Hebrew, so they dance—an old habit from Coney Island.


Marguerite Chapman
YANK
Pin-up Girl

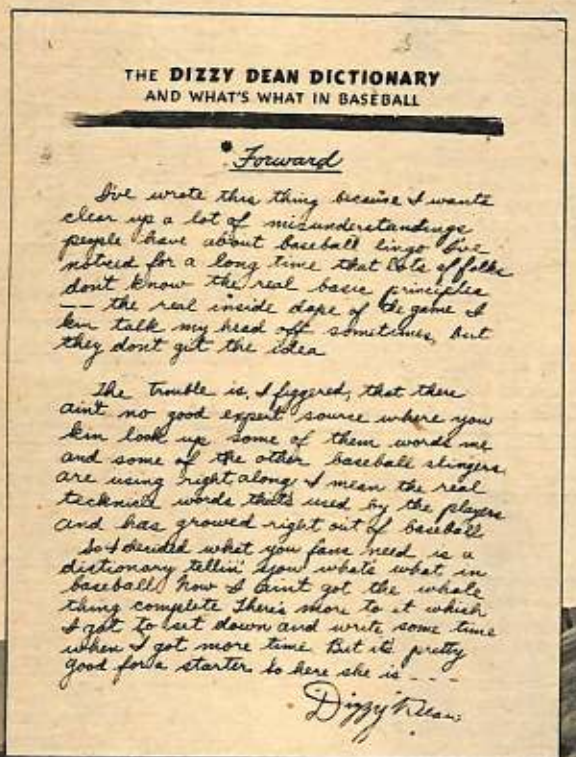
SPORTS: OL' DIZZY DEAN WRITES A BOOK ABOUT HIMSELF

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE war has the damndest way of scrambling things. Your old friend, Dizzy Dean, is now a successful author. Of course, it's nothing short of a coincidence that Dean's publishers and the sponsors of his radio program happen to be one and the same outfit, namely the Falstaff Brewing Corporation of St. Louis. And it's of no great significance that his publishers are giving away the Great Man's volume absolutely free to their clients in St. Louis, Burlington, Decatur, Hannibal and Joplin.

That's just as it should be. Dizzy always did belong to the people.

As you might expect, the Great Man has written this little booklet about his favorite person, Dizzy Dean. He has titled it "The Dizzy Dean Dictionary and What's What in Baseball." On the opening page there is a foreword, unmistakably in Dizzy's own handwriting, explaining why he wrote the book. There also appears on this page an urgent editor's note pointing out that Dizzy undoubtedly meant his heading "Forward" to be "Foreword."



THE DIZZY DEAN DICTIONARY
AND WHAT'S WHAT IN BASEBALL

*Forward

Ive wrote this thing because I wants clear up a lot of misunderstandings people have about baseball lingo. Ive noticed for a long time that lots of fellers dont know the real baseball principles — the real inside dope of the game. I kin talk my head off sometimes, but they dont git the idea.

The trouble is, I figgered, that there aint no good expert source where you kin look up some of them words we and some of the other baseball slingers are using right along. I mean the real technical words that's used by the players and has growed right out of baseball.

So I decided what you fans need is a dictionary tellin' you what's what in baseball how I aint got the whole thing complete. There's more to it which I got to set down and write some time when I get more time but it's pretty good for a starter, so here she is — —

Dizzy Dean

After you have successfully hurdled the foreword, you will find Dizzy's Dictionary, which is broken down into two chapters. The first, "Dizzy Daisies," is a collection of some of his favorite broadcasting expressions. The second is "Dean's Automatic Player Pernouncer." Of the two, the Daisy Definitions are by far the most interesting. Here are a few selections:

Cup of Coffee. Short trial in the Majors.

Foul Screecher. A ladies' day fan who screams on every pop fly.

Guesser. An umpire.

Gully Jumper. A train.

House Dick. Player who spends most of his time in hotel lobby.

Jesse James. Another complimentary term for an umpire.

Meal Ticket. Club's winningest pitcher, like Dean.

Pebble Picker. Infielder who alibis for making error by picking up imaginary pebbles, which he pretends caused ball to hop.

Rabbit Ears. One who tries to hear everything said about him.

Respectable. Respective.

Tools of Ignorance. Catcher's equipment.

Union Hours. Nine-inning game.

The rest of Dizzy's booklet is devoted to six modest little essays on such time-honored baseball questions as "Who's the Greatest Pitcher in the World?"; "Who's Got the Greatest Throwin' Arm in the World? (Not Countin' Days It Was Sore and How It Got That Way)"; "Who's the Greatest Hitter in the World? (When He Wants To Be)"; "Who's the Greatest Pitcher Runner in the World? (Not Countin' Days I Was Tired)"; "Didja Ever Hear of a What's Whatter?"; "Let Me Tell You What a Fiddle Hitcher Is."

In describing the greatest pitcher in the world, the Great Man explores the records to show that he won 17 games and lost 8 for St. Joseph in the old Western League during his first season of pro ball. Then with his usual reluctance, Dean tells how everybody laughed when he predicted that he and his brother Paul would win 45 games in 1934.

"Well we don't win 45," Dizzy says. "We just win 49 which is 3 more than all other 8 pitchers put together. Paul has 19 and I have 30, and then we each beat the Tigers twicet for the World Championship. Of course, I lead the league again in strike-outs, in addition to pitchin' the most shut-outs and havin' the most victories and the best won and lost average."

At this point Dizzy must have suffered a bad case of mental indigestion from so many stuffy statistics because he switches to a discussion on how he ruined his arm by busting his toe.

"I'm startin' a game in Boston with splints on my foot, and a shoe two sizes too big for me. Pain is stabbin' me clean up to my hip. Because of this I change my natural style and don't follow through with my body on the delivery, so's I won't have to tromp down on my hurt foot. Instead I cut a fast one loose just throwin' with my arm. There was a loud crack in my shoulder, and my arm went dead down to my fingers. Nobody knowed it then, but Ol' Diz's great arm was never goin' to be the same agin. I won only one game all the rest of the season. But the fact that I'm leadin' the league, as usual, in strike-outs, and also in victories proves that right today I'd still be leadin' the league if I hadn't tried to pitch too soon while my toe was still broke."

WHILE nominating himself as the man with the greatest throwing arm in the world, Dizzy reveals the Cardinals signed him because they thought he was a left-handed pitcher. It seems that his reputation for killing squirrels with rocks had spread all the way to St. Louis, where it reached the ears of Branch Rickey and Sam Breadon, who immediately dispatched a scout to Gumlog, Ark., to scour the woods for Diz.

"When this scout sets out to find me, he sees a bunch of dead squirrels lyin' around and he follows this trail. I'm just killin' my last un, when he asks me if I want to pitch for the Cardinals. I asks him who was the Cardinals and could I make as much money pitching for them as I could choppin' cotton. He tells me I can make even more money, so I says that sounds all right to me and he can give me a tryout after supper.

"After just a couple of pitches, he says, 'That's enough, you can throw harder'n anyone I ever ketched. But I thought you was a left-hander. That's the way you was throwin' in the woods.'

"So I tell him: 'Yeah, but I throw so hard with my right arm that I squash up them squirrels somethin' terrible and they ain't fit eatin' then.'"

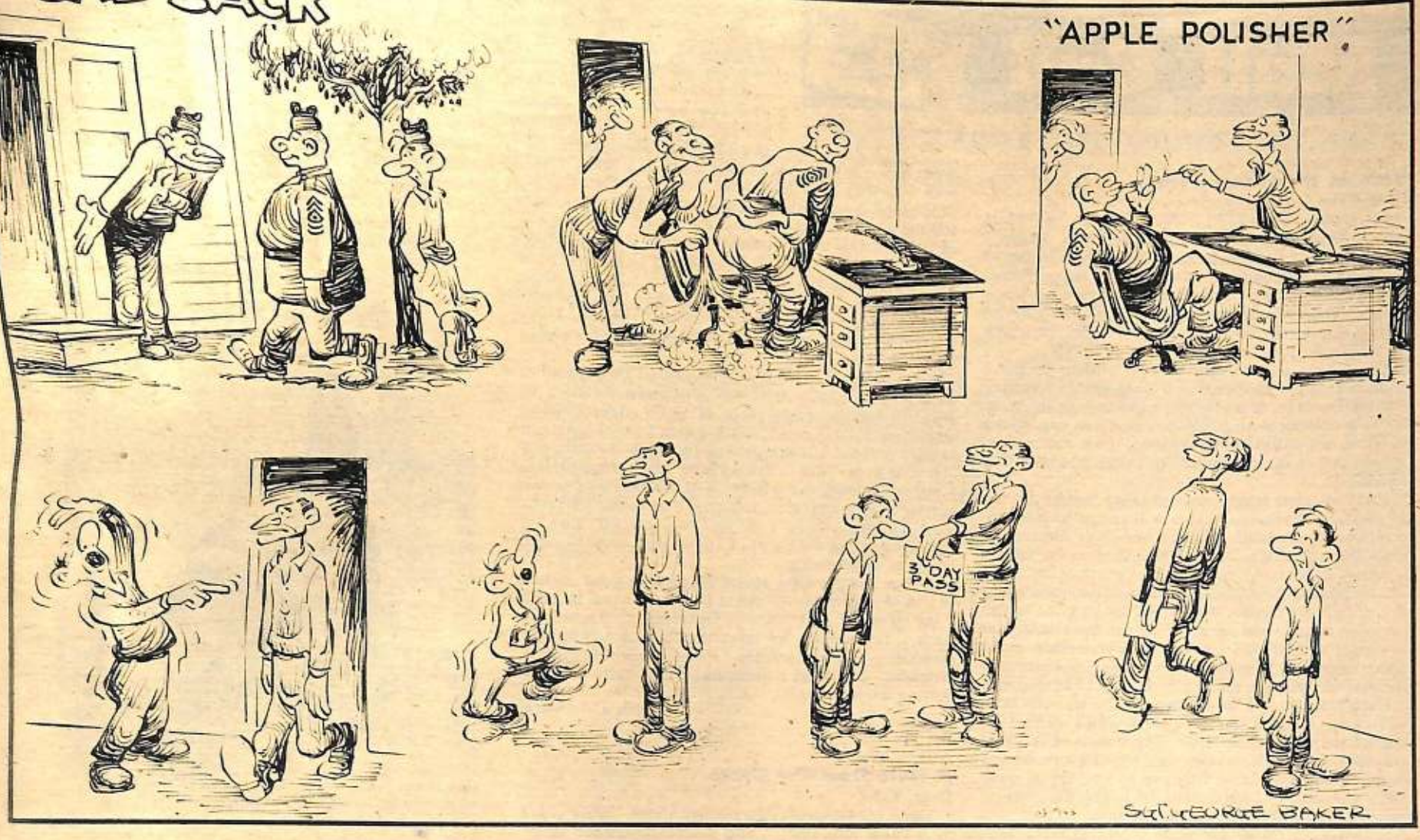
At the left Dizzy wrestles with a mike.

IT WAS bound to happen. **Sgt. Joe Louis** got dumped off his pins by his old sparring partner, **1st Sgt. George Nicholson,** in an exhibition bout at Mitchel Field, N. Y. Nicholson, who was more shocked than pleased, immediately pleaded not guilty, saying that he just stepped on Louis' foot. The officer in charge of the tour told another story. "Louis got one foot caught behind the other and tripped himself," he said. Louis himself was unconcerned about the whole thing until one GI piped: "This is going to look mighty bad in the papers." The champ then said: "It doesn't matter. I know what really happened." Louis probably does, because he's now wearing headgear in the ring for the rest of his tour.

GIs all over the world will see and hear this year's World Series between the Cardinals and Yankees in a two-reel, 22-minute sound film prepared by the American League in co-operation with the War and Navy Departments. The first 100 prints will be rushed overseas and another 100 will be sent to Army, Navy, Marine and Coast Guard bases in the States. The film will show highlights of the play-by-play action and close-ups of star players. . . . The GIs in Iceland swear by their CO, **Gen. William S. Key.** He not only gave the winners of the base softball championship a trip to the ETO play-offs in England, but the losers, too.

The Norfolk (Va.) Naval Training Station and the Norfolk Air Station are playing what they call the "Navy World Series." That's okay with us, but we wonder how Great Lakes feels about it with a fine season record of 52 victories against only 11 defeats and a .418 hitter in ex-Giant **Johnny Mize.** . . . On New Georgia Island there's a marine, **Pvt. Albert A. Harppinger,** who rushes back to his bunk every chance he gets and writes a few more pages for his book on how to play golf. . . . The gagsters are now calling ex-marine Frankie Sinkwich a "cripple threater."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

OLE SHELLEY GREENGROIN

"AWRIGHT," Artie Greengroin said, "so I'm writing pertry. Wass wrong with writing pertry?"

"Nothing at all," we said hastily. "Poetry's fine. Good for what ails you."

Artie was lying on his stomach on his bed, chewing on the stub of a pencil. His hair was disarranged and there was a fairly wild look in his eyes.

"It's this new doll I got," he said. "She's the romantic type, you know what I mean? A great admirer of the bards, this doll."

"That's nice," we said.

"Yerse," said Artie. "I like a intelligent dame. But it makes it tough on me. I tole her I was a gawdam poet, so she's making me write perms about her. This is the thoid I turned out awready."

"How are they?" we asked.

"Woiks of art," said Artie. "Honess to gaw, I miss me calling when I went in the Army. I should of been a bard."

"There's no money in it," we said.

Artie frowned at us. "They's more to life than raking in a little moola," he said. "Ain't you innerested in the finer things? Are you completely brutalized?"

"No," we said.

"Then maybe you can give me a hand with this thoid perm," said Artie. "How's this for a foist line? *Agnes, you are very pretty. . . .*"

"Sheer genius," we said.

"What rhymes with *pretty*?" Artie wanted to know.

We thought a moment. "*Witty*," we said.

"Naw," said Artie. "She ain't witty. She's the sombre type. They ain't no rhyme for *pretty*. I'll trun the line out. Less see, now. How's about *Agnes, you are very nice*? What rhymes with *nice*?"

"*Lice*," we said.

"What are you, a dope?" Artie asked. "You mean I should stick in a woid like *lice*? Something like *I'm glad your hair ain't full of lice*? I do something like that and I'll get the Encyclopaedia Britannica smashed between me teeth. Lissen, when you write perms to dames you got to use nice words like *roses* and *rapture*. Don't you unnerstand women at all?"

"No," we said.

"You got to appeal to their better natures," said Artie. "You got to sooth them, jess like they was babies. You got to pet their blassid heads. You got to tell them how beautiful they are. Thass a idea. Why don't I jess write a descriptive perm, describing Agnes's finer parts?"

"A good idea," we said.

"Awright," said Artie. "I'll start with the hair. *Agnes, your hair is very fine.* How's that?"

"Is her hair fine?" we asked.

Artie shrugged. "If you stretch a pernt," he said.

"Then it'll do," we said. "Go on."

"What comes below the hair?" Artie asked. "Oh, yeah, the eyes. Less see. *Your eyes are as deep as a quart of wine.*"

"What color are her eyes?" we asked.

"Blue, I guess," Artie said. "It's a triviality."

"You ever see any blue wine?" we asked.

"Poop on the color," Artie said. "A quart of wine is deep. Her eyes is deep. It all fits together. Now what comes? The nose."

"A tough subject," we said.

"Nothing is a tough subjeck to a Greengroin," said Artie. "How's this? *Your nose is smooth and very straight.*"

"A very neat handling of a difficult problem," we said.

"Thanks, ole boy," Artie said. "Which leads us to the mouth. *To look at your mouth I wouldn't think you ate.*"

"That last line's a bit obtuse, old cock," we said.

ARTIE studied it a minute. "Yerse," he said, "I see pour pernt. What I'm trying to say is her mouth is so gawdam pretty I wouldn't think she would soil it with food. Get the idea?"

"The most beautiful sentiment we've heard this week," we said.

"Ah, I'm really on the ball this afternoon," Artie said. "Now I think I ought to go inter a little detail about the mouth. They's her lips, for instance. *Your lips are red as a can of maraschino cherries.*"

"There's an extra syllable in there somewhere," we said.

"Yerse," said Artie. "I'll take out the *maraschino*. That does it neat. Now the teeth. Ole Artie's really rolling along. *Your teeth are really quite the berries.* Thass tucking in a bit of slang, jess to show her I'm a man of the woild at heart and not awways up in the Ivory Tower."

"Very good," we said. "How about her tongue?"

"I never seen her tongue," Artie said. "We'll have to let that past. I'll have to get on down to the neck. She's got a long neck, so I'll give it two lines. *Whenever I take a look at your neck, It makes me feel like a gawdam wreck.*"

"WE suspect the profanity," we said.

"Perhaps it's jess a little strong," said Artie. "I'll change it to *a utter wreck. It makes me feel like a utter wreck.* Now less see. Oh, yeah, the shoulders. They's two shoulders, which makes it two lines. *When I consider your fair white shoulder, It makes me wish I was slightly bolder.* Good?"

"Excellent," we said.

"So far, so good," Artie said. "Now what comes below the shoulders?"

"The usual things," we said.

"For gaw's sake, so they do," Artie said. "Thass bad. Thass very bad."

"Don't you know her that well?" we asked.

Artie shook his head in the negative. "Maybe we better skip a few feet of Agnes," he said.

"Maybe we can pick her up again at the knees," we suggested.

"Naw," said Artie, "that won't help. It might boin her up, as a matter of fack. You cover part of a doll, you got to cover all of her. Wass the use, anyways? Thass a afternoon's woik all shot to hell."

Glumly Artie tore up the poem and flung it on the bed of the man next to him. "I might as well jess write her a letter saying I been transferred to the Brenner Past," he said. "This washes me up good. No perms, no Agnes. I should of picked me a jive-mad WAC."

Mail Call

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

More in the Future Tense

Dear YANK:

To collaborate with Pfc. W. Saltsman, of "MAIL CALL," September 26, it should be every soldier's interest and foresightedness to prepare for better future social and political affairs for the Home Front. Worthwhile opinions should be expressed to reach broader understanding of what he will face after the bullets stop flying, and the civilian "war" in which he will participate, analyzed.

Most of us undoubtedly will be content to leave matters with the politician and "big shot." As they can be, however, it is also our right to face the facts and use our home and overseas military experience to contradict selfish political views, if we, ten million strong, find cause and reason for better rehabilitation conditions.

Unlike the last war, plans are being formed for the after-effects of this one. Men will return to jobs, industries will gradually change from war demand to more normal production. These and more are all seriously deliberated and they are worthwhile. But can we pretend these plans will benefit each and every one of us? Of course, we are not looking for selfish personal attainments as much as for the country as a whole, nevertheless our individual welfare must mean something if we desire complete cooperation in the post-war years to reach a maximum of agreement.

Demobilization of the Forces, public war workers, will create a strain on the nation which cannot be immediately comprehended. The results of this will only be solved with combined efforts of every American, consequently, a willingness to undergo a complete national transformation with coordination to survive from this crisis will be our task.

To solve all future problems in one generation is a job indeed. To plan for "No-more-war" could be wishful thinking, yet, if we have the foresightedness, initiative to work and plan against war, we cannot fail in our decisions.

Though we may believe flying bullets are the main part of this war, it's the final outcome, readjustments and cooperation that will lead the world to better or worse conditions . . . and it's never too late to change the old adage, "The world is alright, it's the people that are in it."

Sgt. A. C. LA FRANCE

Britain.

Hope Springs Eternal

Dear YANK:

For weeks now I have sat down every Saturday to read YANK with the vain hope in my heart that perhaps when I turned to "A WEEK OF WAR," I would find it written in good English prose and not in an incomprehensible high-sounding hodge-podge of words. Until this week I have suffered in silence, but now I must give forth with a loud scream of protest at the way the author, whoever he is, butchers the King's English.

To give you an idea what I mean by "butchering," I will quote verbatim from "A WEEK OF WAR" in the September 19 issue of YANK: "As the German Army dug in for its next to the last stand in the towns of Central and Northern Italy and the Allied forces poured up in full spate through the South, those men who went into action on the Italian peninsula might well feel that they had been projected into the lap of the Gods and of modern history." Will you kindly tell me what "projected into the lap of the Gods and of modern history" means? Again: "In their approach to the problem of clearing the Germans out of the Southern sections of their country they are using their *favorite and national technique*, the comprehensive progress of a steam roller." Again I ask what does "the comprehensive progress of a steam roller" mean?

I am not one who is easily moved to protest at anything, especially at anything in YANK, for all in all you are doing a great piece of work under difficult conditions. But week after week I have groaned inwardly at the barbarous way in which the writer of "A WEEK OF WAR" throws into his writing Shakespearean quotations which have no bearing on the situation he is trying to describe, uses vague extravagant phrases where they are not needed, and in general applies words as if there was never such a thing as connotation.

Before I leave off I would like to ask your author of "A WEEK OF WAR" what he means when he says "the jaws of hell" are "technically" known as such. It conveys no meaning to me technically speaking. I have read it in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but what is technical about that? or am I getting too technical?

Pvt. JOHN J. O'CONNOR

Britain.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown. Art Editor, Sgt. Charles Brand. Art Associates, Sgt. John Scott; Cpl. Joe Cunningham. Editorial Associates, Sgt. Ben Frazier; Sgt. Denton Scott; Sgt. Steve Derry; Sgt. Walter Peters; Pfc. Arthur Greengroin; Sgt. Durbin L. Horner. Sgt. William Davidson, Cpl. John D. Preston, Pvt. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Production, Sgt. Louis McFadden. Business Manager, Cpl. Tom Fleming. Officer in Charge, Major Desmond H. O'Connell. Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Arter. Address: Printing House Square, London.

New York Office:

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller. Officer-in-Charge: Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Pictures: 3, 4 and 5, Soviet War News. 7, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 8 and 9, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 10, top, AP; center, Keystone. 11, OWI. 12, upper left, U.S. Navy; upper right, INP; center left, ACME; center right, USMC; lower left, PA; lower center, AAF; lower right, ACME. 13, upper left, ACME; upper right, U.S. Navy; center right, Signal Corps; center left, ACME; lower center and right, Sgt. Pete Paris. 14, Keystone. 15, top, ACME; bottom, AP. 16, U.S. Signal Corps. 17, Columbia Pictures. 18, PA. 23, Sgt. John Busheml.

A Note From The Grave

Dear YANK:

I'm a bit late with my protest about "Only dead men know Brooklyn," and I wholeheartedly agree with her. M. A. Osgood (Sept. 19 "Mail Call").

As you have guessed, I'm a Brooklynite and it "hoits" to have you say such a "ting."

Why, I stayed here in 1941 especially to join up and finish this D war, so that I'd be able to get back to Brooklyn where men are men and no one speaks English.

Now don't go and spoil my dreams by telling me that only dead men come from there.

Incidentally, I might add that your magazine is tops and being the only American at this station I uphold all that's American, even though there may be some who don't like my beloved Brooklyn.

So long, from a Yank in the WAAF.

NIKI

Britain.

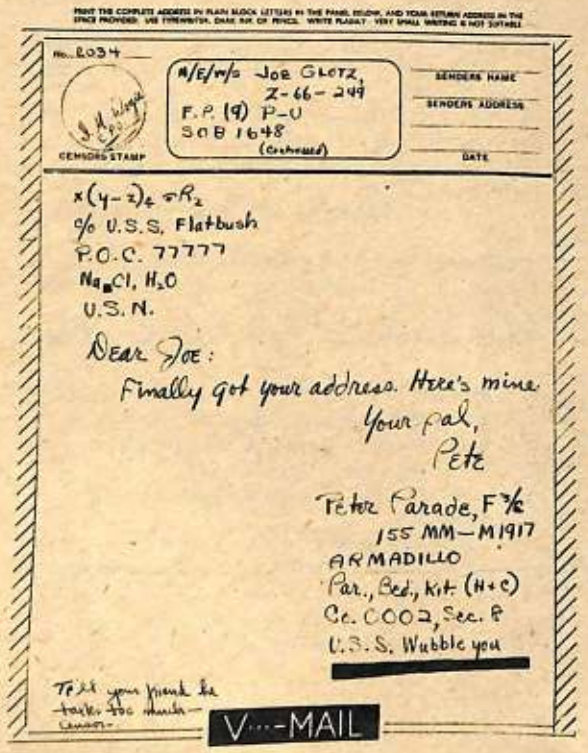
Laconic Correspondence

Dear YANK:

Enclosed is a ground forcer's idea of what happens when two sailors break out the V-mail and go into transoceanic wig-wagging.

T/3 LEON LUKASZEWSK

Britain.



Pin-up Girl

Dear YANK:

This clipping from a magazine back home was sent to me by my dad. His remark was: "A pin-up girl for the Hans Crescent Red Cross," but if I were the judge, I'd say it was Sad Sack's pin-up. Could you use it in any way? It looks good to me.

Having just completed five most pleasant months as M.C. with "Yvette and her G.I. Gang," I was wondering if you couldn't let the boys, that didn't get to see her, read what a grand job she did over here. One of the greatest troupers in the business and incidentally she was claimed by all to be the most popular unit that ever hit ETO. You can check these statistics at Special Service any time. She did 150 shows in all branches of the service, both British and American, and under all conditions, and never a harsh word. Some of the acts on the bill needed coaching and she never hesitated to give out good criticism. But, in spite of all the facts, she has received less notoriety than any other unit that hit her. Could you give the eleven G.I.s that were with her a thrill and mention dear little "Honey."

You're doing a great work with your mag.—good luck. Thanking you for past, present and future.

Pfc. THOMAS JOHA

Britain.

Pin-up for Sad Sack.

Aviation Engineers

Dear YANK:

Just a few lines commending Sgt. Jack Scott for that heart-rending story about the Engineers in your September 26 edition.

We men feel as if we are being left out. Reason for that is we worked two months steady there and at the present time some of us are still working there. That two months put us way back in finishing our own airdrome, but that doesn't bother us. We feel that some credit should have gone to us even though it was only a small paragraph.

That paragraph that Major Cook said about 500 tons of cement were used daily. Well, our "cement dockers" were the ones that unloaded that 500 tons for the two months we were there. Besides that we did many of the important jobs of an airdrome, and in that way we helped make it possible for our planes to come and go sooner than had been expected.

The details that I have mentioned in the above paragraphs are only a small portion of the amount of work we have really done to complete that airdrome.

That story, every one here thinks, is a very fine and efficient piece of work. It goes right to the heart of all aviation engineers.

Britain.

Pfc. JOHN BERRY, Jr.

As Others See Us

Dear YANK:

We, the English people, were more than willing to accept the help of a "democratic" ally.

A Plea to the Post-War Planners

or

PLEASE DON'T STREAMLINE MOTHER WHILE I'M GONE

SITTING here, in my foxhole muddy,
please don't think me fuddy-duddy
if I say that I'm not fighting
for plywood pants and Neon lighting;
and if I seem to doubt the worth of
some things you seem to think the earth of.
Oh, hear, far seers: permit a Pharisee
to sing his sour song of heresy.
Your *post*-war world is strictly "pheasant";
Today is "Spam"—my needs are *present*.
I've little need for breakfast toasters,

built like shiny roller coasters.
Cummerbund of soy-bean sacking
from my wardrobe's plainly lacking.
I need no girdle wove of plastic
nor baseball bat of glass elastic
nor yet a plane that's minus torque,
or even razor blades of cork.
I've little use for synthesized
soup, or operas (soapy) televised,
or trips to Mars in Roman candles,
or caskets trimmed with lucite handles,

or wireless ballots for brainless voters,
or Buicks with transparent motors,
or movies shown in four dimensions,
or breakfast foods of fringed gentians.
Give Gernsback back his grim inventions!

My love for them is sub-platonic.
I can do without your supersonic,
combination, candy-coated,
radium-dialed and ruby-throated,
chromium-plated,
numbered, dated,
ultra-hyper generated,
electro-magno-gyro steered,
acorn-fueled, six-speed geared,
strato-turbine,
intra-urban,
rotor, rocket,
plug-in socket,
superdooper-dyne devices,
born of copywriter's vices—
too much gin and orange ices,
(plus Pernod, Sterno, benzedrine)—
portrayed in poster-magazine,
the livid-vivid world they mean
for us to want, when on returning,
we resume our pre-war yearning
for spending more than we are earning.
Oh, post-war planners, men of science,
though I applaud your each appliance,
permit this note of loud defiance.
Your genius I will gladly bow to,
even curtsy and kowtow to—
but not until you've figured how to
send a female
via V-Mail.

—T/Sgt. PHILIP REISMAN JR., USMC.
Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

We offered our hospitality to your officers and men with the help of our own service girls who have offered the best years of their youth to the service of their country.

Now to our open disgust we all note the new order which has taken place since the WACs, your own girls serving your own country in this great time of need, have taken up their duty on our own soil. This order forbids American officers to mix socially with enlisted girls.

Is this attitude helping to win the war, and afterwards, a democratic peace?

Two Disgusted and Disillusioned English Girls

Britain.

A Side of British Beef

Dear YANK:

Perhaps this may seem a trifle strange that a British boy attached to your service should have to complain or, as you say, *beef* for the GIs.

The transport to the nearest town is lousy. Enlisted men's dances rate the large number of about 12 girls. Officers' dances, 13 truck loads. Perhaps this is the way to keep up the morale of boys who are thousands of miles from home.

L.A.C., R.A.F.

Britain.

An Elucidation

Dear YANK:

In your issue of September 26 we really enjoyed the letter Cpl. Kramer received from Anne Gudia. Now here's the thing. What we want to know is—what did the corporal say to the girl that she would say, and we quote "Go to hell! With love." unquote?

Something there doesn't quite jibe. Please elucidate.

Sgt. CHAN BURKE
Pfc. RICHARD P. BIBERGALL

Britain.

[Draw your own conclusions.—Ed.]

A Friend of Ours

Dear YANK:

You are a great friend of mine! I meet up with you every Saturday morning and read you from cover to cover, and enjoy every moment I spend with you.

It is my business to read and learn everything I can about America and her people because I am an English woman working at one of your A.R.C. Clubs in the Information Bureau. It is an interesting job and has many sides as a diamond has facets.

"Must remember to ask Ted about the new baby! Hope Tom's mother is better! Did Frank enjoy the concert? and I wonder if Slim won his golf match!" All little trivial things maybe, but so important to the well-being of the person concerned, whether it's Elgar or Shakespeare, or the best pub to get a good pint of beer.

You see we think you are "nice people" and are trying our best to make you feel "at home" whilst you are on this Island.

Every one of you who gets safely back home when this shambles is over, goes home as a potential ambassador from these shores. It is the thoughts and impressions which you circulate in your own community that will do so much to help for a complete understanding between our two peoples and bring us, we hope, an everlasting peace.

My little memory book is full and overflowing and some day I hope to pay a visit to you "over there" and meet once again the delightful people I have known "over here."

I should like to end my letter with a beautiful little text that is well worth remembering.

"I shall pass through this world but once; any good thing therefore I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now, let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

"RONNIE"

Britain.

Sgt. Kevin Mc

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF AN INFANTRYMAN IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—In an obscure corner of his foot locker Sgt. Kevin A. McCarthy keeps a small tin box containing the souvenirs he has collected since April 1942 when he first arrived in the South Pacific.

He has Australian shillings, New Caledonian francs, a sou from the Hebrides and a few Japanese invasion coins he picked up during some 50 days under fire on Guadalcanal.

"They'll make a nice necklace for Lorraine," he explains. Lorraine is Miss Lorraihe Meilke, who is head waitress in a cafe in his home town, Jamestown, N. Dak.

In addition, Mac—as he is known to privates and lieutenant colonels in the 164th Infantry Regiment—has a Jap soldier's pay book, some Nipponese machine-gun shells and citations, and his superior officers have recommended him for a Distinguished Service Cross.

But Mac, a blue-eyed, 21-year-old section leader of two machine-gun squads of Company H in the 164th, would gladly swap his citations for a chance to return to his home at 302 Third Avenue, S. E., in Jamestown. There was a time, during the peak of the Battle of Guadalcanal, when he hoped he would be home in a few weeks. In his less optimistic moments he repeats the slogan that is chanted everywhere in this area, "Golden Gate in '48."

Except for one 15-day furlough in June 1941, he has not been home since he was inducted into Federal service with the North Dakota National Guard on Feb. 10, 1941. Since he sailed from the mainland early last year bound for an unknown Pacific destination, his 19-year-old brother William has been drafted and is now a member of a Tank Destroyer outfit at Camp Hood, Tex. Another brother, Robert, 17, has enrolled in the Navy V program for college and pre-flight training at the Valley State Teachers College.

John, 15; Donald, 13; Tommy, 11, and two sisters, Margaret, who is 8, and Mary, 6, are still at home with Mac's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William S. McCarthy.

A cousin on his mother's side, Pvt. Don Tracy of Jamestown, is a Japanese prisoner of war; he was a medic on Bataan. Two other cousins, Pvt. Francis Tracy of Hettinger, N. Dak., a field artilleryman, and Pvt. James Tracy of Jamestown, member of a searchlight outfit, have been under fire in North Africa.

Mac gets a letter from Lorraine at least once, sometimes twice, a week, and his mother writes every Sunday. Occasionally he hears from Father Gerrity, who is still at St. James', and from some of the nuns who were his teachers at St. John's Academy. He was graduated in June 1939, one of a class of 36.

Like most Americans in the Army, Mac had not planned to be a soldier. At St. John's he took a business course, typing and shorthand. For several summers he worked on Dakota wheat farms. One summer he was a laborer in Yellowstone Park, and another he worked with his father, a section boss for the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Ever since he can remember, Mac has gone rabbit hunting in the winter. He was a Boy Scout, a member of the Catholic Youth Organization, and played football and basketball in high school.

After his graduation he took a job as a short-order cook working nights in a small cafe. That was only temporary. Two evenings a week, from 7:30 to 9 P. M., he drilled in the local armory. He had enlisted in Company H of the 164th in the summer of 1938 mainly "because almost all the fellows I knew were joining the National Guard."

When Company H and the rest of the North Dakota National Guard were inducted into Federal service, he was a private first class, the No. 2 gunner on a Browning heavy .30 machine gun. He was working in a garage then, towing used cars from Milwaukee to Jamestown.

NOBODY thought much about it when he and 64 other Jamestown boys left for Camp Claiborne, La. They were going away for a year; that was all.

"It'll do you good," said his father, who had been a private in a Quartermaster outfit on the high seas when the 1918 Armistice came.

Mac thought Claiborne was tough. The 164th was temporarily attached to the 34th Division, which later took part in the first landing in North Africa and fought the famous battle of Hill 609 in Tunisia. Like the others, the men of Company H drilled with wooden rifles and broomsticks. They went on a few night maneuvers, sleeping in shelter halves and bitching, and in August and September took part in the Louisiana maneuvers.

Someone occasionally chalked OHIO signs on the barracks. That meant "Over the Hill in October," and there was a lot of beefing when Congress passed the bill extending service to 18 months.

Late in November a corporal from New York City was making bets that the United States would be at war with Japan by Dec. 12. Everybody laughed at him—until he collected $500 the morning of Dec. 8. That morning the 164th was alerted and on Dec. 12 started for the West Coast.

They were in San Francisco a few days, attached to the San Francisco Bay Defense and sleeping in the stalls of a livestock pavilion. On Christmas Day they were on their way to Oregon, and Chaplain Thomas J. Tracy of Bismarck, N. Dak., said mass in the snow beside the train.

In a few more weeks they were on their way to California again, this time to prepare for shipment overseas. Latrine rumor said their destination was Australia, and Mac bought a map of the Pacific to see how far he'd be from North Dakota. They sailed on Mar. 18.

In Australia he had two dates with a girl whose name he can't remember, but "she was lots of fun, and she thought all Americans, including me, were wonderful. We had a swell time."

A few days later the 164th sailed from Australia for a place Mac had never heard about. It was New Caledonia.

There he walked seven miles to see 2-year-old movies and learned a few words of French, like saying "*bon jour*" or "*tres jolie*" to the girls. He learned to drink hot chocolate instead of coffee and fought mosquitoes that made the memories of Camp Claiborne seem like kindergarten stuff.

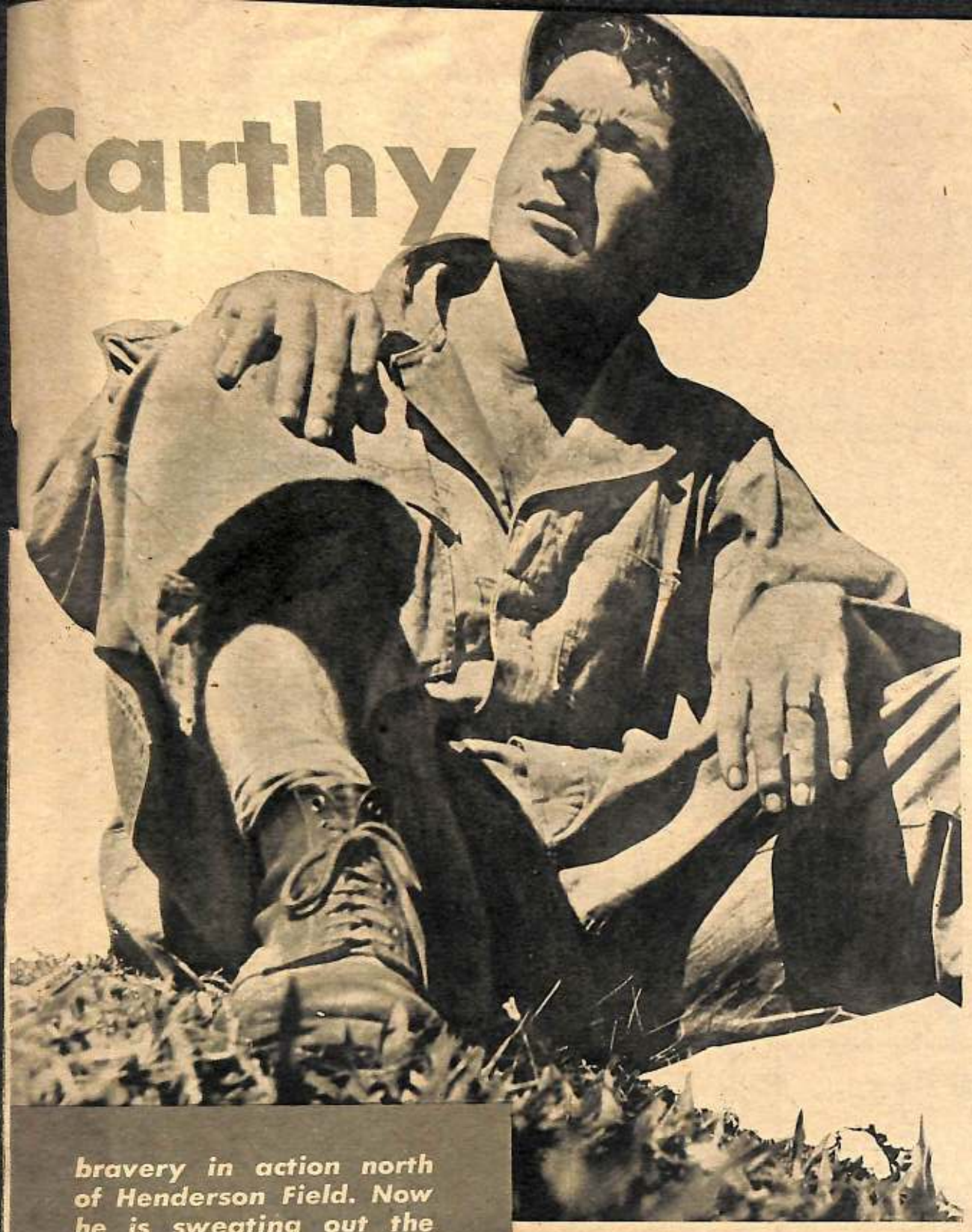
The training program was tougher, too. Ten days in the field was not unusual, and Mac and his crew took turns carrying their Browning automatic and its tripod. The gun with water weighed 40 pounds, the tripod 54, and the ammunition 21 pounds per box. There were times both in New Cal and later when he and the crew swore the whole shebang weighed a ton. In the crew were Pfcs. Alvin Knapp of Groton, S. Dak., second in command; James Johnson of Jamestown, No. 1 gunner; Carl Bowlin of Duluth, Minn., No. 2 gunner; and Emory Mercer of Kankakee, Ill., and David Smercansky of Glen Robbins, Ohio, ammunition carriers.

About the time they'd decided they'd be in New Cal for the duration, secret orders came through. Sergeants from headquarters said it was Guadalcanal. On the evening of Oct. 12, 1942, they saw the dim, shadowy outline of the Solomon Islands. It was Mac's twenty-first birthday.

The profile of a typical veteran from Guadalcanal, a 21-year-old machine-gun section leader in a North Dakota National Guard outfit, who was recommended for a DSC for extraordinary

Although it was only mid-afternoon it was as dark as night, and they missed the marines. They started a second time and brought back seven marines in the carrier.

Carthy



bravery in action north of Henderson Field. Now he is sweating out the end of the battle with the Japs so that he can return again to the girl, family and home town he has not seen since June 1941.

The first scouts left the ship in Higgins landing boats at a spot near Lunga Point on the north central shore of the 'Canal. At 5 A. M. Mac's party landed, and an hour later they were bombed for the first time by two-motored Mitsubishi bombers.

"Sure we were scared," Mac will tell you. "Show me a man who says he isn't scared when he's under fire, and I'll show you a liar."

It took several hours to unload the transports, and Mac piled ammunition on the beach. There were two other raids during the day, and at dusk Jap artillery near Point Cruz fired on them intermittently. That night everyone dug foxholes, deep but not as deep as they were to dig later. About midnight a Jap naval force began firing toward the shore. Fourteen-inchers and star shells zoomed over their heads, but there were no hits.

"It was the noise that got you," Mac recalls. "You thought it would never stop. You thought every shell had your number on it. That night was the worst for most of us, I guess. Probably because it was the first."

The shelling stopped at daylight, and there was another bombing attack at 5 A. M. That made the fourth. There were 30 during the first 10 days.

The 164th moved into the perimeter of defense about a quarter of a mile north of Henderson Field, relieving the Marines. "They were so glad to see us, some of them lay right down on the ground and cried," Mac says.

On Oct. 26, the second day of what has since become known as the Battle of Henderson Field, Mac performed what Col. Bryant E. Moore, then commanding the 164th, said was "commendable service in keeping with the traditions and past performances of our regiment."

What he did seemed ordinary enough to Mac. "Anybody would have acted the same way."

He and his crew were manning the last gun on the Second Battalion flank, about half a mile northeast of Henderson on the perimeter of defense. Japs were moving up with infantry supported by machine-gun and mortar fire. The orders were to hold.

About 50 yards to the left was the Lunga River; to the right was a thick jungle in which a detachment of Japs was firing light machine guns. About 200 yards straight ahead the Japs had established a CP, and in front of the CP and directly in the Jap line of fire was a Marine outpost. There had been heavy fire for about 15 hours, and the Japs were advancing.

That was when Mac got his idea. It was easy to see the marines couldn't last long under the heavy Nip barrage, so he shouted to Pvt. Thomas Campbell of Minneapolis, Minn., who was driving up a Bren-gun carrier filled with ammunition.

"I think we can save those marines. Want to help?"

"Okay," said Campbell. Cpl. Floyd Springer of Jamestown, who was in charge of a nearby gun squad, also agreed. So did Knapp. The four of them mounted a light machine gun on the rear of the carrier. There was already one on the front, and they were ready.

Cpl. Bob Havelick and Pfc. Leroy Chilson, both of Jamestown, opened the barbed-wire gate in front of the gun position, and with Campbell driving and Mac, Knapp and Springer keeping up a heavy barrage of fire, they moved to the spot where they thought the marines were.

Although it was only mid-afternoon it was dark as night, and they missed the marines. Then they drove back to their gun, and Mac shouted to the marines. One of them stood up, and Mac shot an azimuth with his compass. They started a second time and brought back seven marines in the carrier. On the third trip they brought back two who were wounded and three others, and on the fourth they rescued the last eight. In all, 20 men were saved.

The Battle for Henderson Field lasted until dawn on Oct. 27, when the Jap offensive was repulsed and Mac and his crew, who had been three days and three nights without sleep, were relieved.

They rested for two days and on the morning of Nov. 2 began moving with the rest of the Second Battalion toward Koli Point, where a reported Jap force of 3,000 had been landed. They marched almost 170 miles in nine days, fighting every inch of the way after the second day, taking turns carrying their gun, tripod and ammunition and sleeping on the ground. They had one hot meal in nine days.

They would shout at the Japs "Surrender, you bastards!" and the Japs would holler back "Hell with you" or something less printable. When they charged, the Japs would shout in English, "Blood for the Emperor."

On the evening of Nov. 12, Mac and his squad watched the biggest naval battle of the Solomons, only 20 miles off shore, between the islands of Savo and Tulagi. "It was a pretty big thing, I guess; I mean it was exciting and all, but it just reminded me of the fireworks at the Stutsman County Fair back home," Mac says.

The next day the Japs were driven from Koli Point, and Mac had two days of rest. Then the regiment was sent to Point Cruz to relieve another outfit. Of that engagement, he says: "We didn't get into much of the heavy fighting. We dug in for 28 days; we didn't have one hot meal in all that time, and there were so many air raids I forgot to count them. It was mostly a holding action."

When they were relieved, the battle was nearly over. Company H moved behind the lines and was placed on guard duty. On Dec. 22 Mac came down with malaria, and he spent Christmas in the hospital. After five days he was back on guard duty, but on Jan. 28 the medics ordered his evacuation to this quiet South Pacific island. He had been made a sergeant on Jan. 13.

MAC is no story-book soldier. He does not pretend he enjoys war. He's been in the South Pacific for almost a year and a half now, and he wants to hear American spoken again. First, however, he recognizes that a war must be won.

He is proud of the Infantry, prouder than he was when he became a soldier in February 1941. "They said airplanes would win the war," he says. "Well, they help, sure. They're necessary. But over the 'Canal and in North Africa and every place else they find out that in the clinches it's not the planes or the tanks, it's the Infantry that wins wars."

Sometimes he worries about what will happen after the war, worries about a job and whether he wants to spend the rest of his life in Jamestown or whether he'll stay in the Army. He worries mainly about the fact that in the Infantry he hasn't learned a trade, and he thinks the Army ought to give all infantrymen a chance to learn one after the duration.

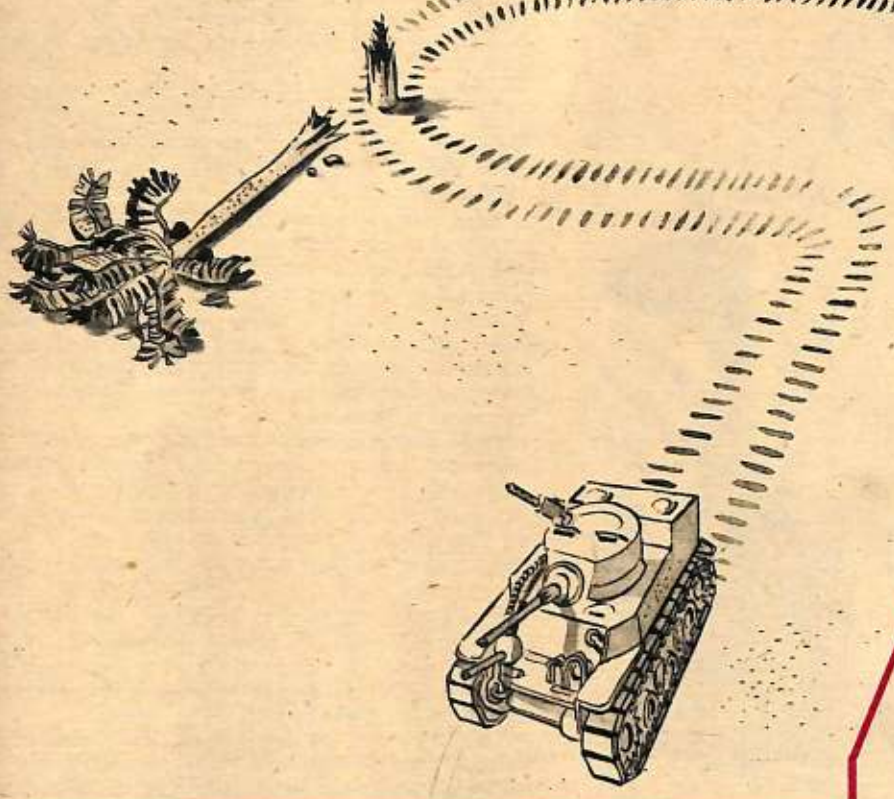
Meantime, he's anxious only to finish the hard fighting that he knows lies ahead. "It's like going to the dentist; you don't like it, but you know it has to be done," he says.

Down on the 'Canal he got acquainted with Capt. (now Maj.) Joe Foss of Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

What did they talk about?

"We talked about home, of course," says Mac, "and wondered how the crops had been and if things would be changed when we get back. What else is there to talk about?"

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER, WE MUST HAVE A BAD CONNECTION."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU FORGOT YOUR GENERAL ORDERS?"
-Cpl. Tom Zibelli

"NEXT TIME I'LL DIG MY OWN HOLE."
-Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"McGUIRE CAN GET HIMSELF A GIRL NO MATTER WHERE HE IS."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson