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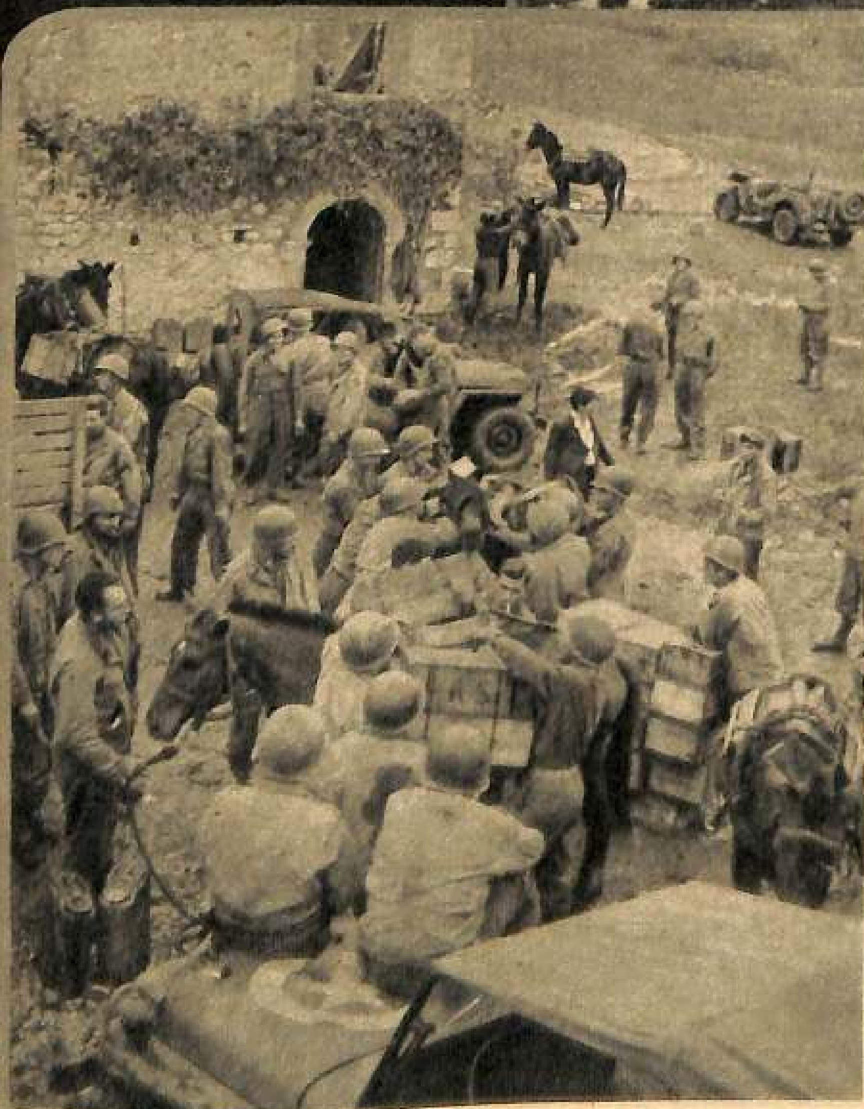
By the men . . for the men in the service

VERSATILE HELMET

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—SEE PAGES 2, 3 and

Some carry their own.

IT was only one shivering, fever-ridden battalion in one tiny Italian town, but it did its job and the Jerries took another reluctant step backwards up the boot. In the accompanying photos, YANK cameraman Sgt. George Aarons proves with pictures that the going down there is a far, far cry from a bed of roses.



In the uphill climb of the 5th Army through Northern Italy it sometimes takes mule train to deliver the goods to the men.

Mules and men both need a breather halfway up the rockstrewn slope.

You're a 5th Army GI perched on a mountain, fighting a mean war, minding your own business—when, what's this coming round the mountain? K rations!

It Looked Easy On The Map

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—It is strange the way some people still think of war as all shooting and commando raids, when, as a matter of fact, it is nine-tenths ordinary grind with no excitement and a great deal of unpleasantness. Sometimes there is excitement, but it is mostly the loose-boweled kind that you would just as soon be without. Sometimes, of course, there is more than excitement; there is the good feeling that comes from being with men you trust and doing a job you believe in. But most of the time, for the men who are really up there, the war is a tough and dirty life, without immediate compensation. It is cold nights and no sleep, the beard matted on your face and the sores coming out on your feet, the clothes stiffening and the dirt caking on your body. It is digging and crawling and sweating out the 88s, inching forward over rocks and through rivers to mountains that no one in his right mind would ever want. It is doing the same filthy job day after day with a kind of purposeless insanity; and dreaming all the time of warm beds with clean sheets and a steak the size of your arm; and pushing, always pushing.

At least that's the way it was with one battalion of infantry when it pushed ahead of the rest of the army and then had to wait until every one else arrived. Maybe if this were a Hollywood war the battalion would have wheeled to the flank and cut off the Germans from their main route of escape. It had the position, all right. It was on top of a mountain almost overlooking the main road that the Jerries were using. Other American elements were fighting for a town some four miles to the flank and five miles behind the battalion. All it had to do was march the four miles across to this road, cut it, and there would have been a good solid minor victory. All the battalion needed to do this was a supply line, communications, artillery; reinforcements and guts. All the battalion had was the guts.

The battalion arrived on the mountain at night, the way it had been arriving at each of its objectives for the past week. The rest of the regiment was some six or seven miles behind. The battalion arrived about midnight, having climbed since dark, and the first thing it did was set up security. The C.O. figured that with enemy on three sides a little security might come in handy. The C.O. was West Point, a small dark man with a little mustache. His name was Williams and his men liked him and called him "Stinky," although not to his face.

The second thing the battalion did was try to sleep. This wasn't so easy, and not because the men weren't tired enough. It was cold on the mountain. It was cold enough, as one of the men said, to freeze the ears off a brass monkey, and he didn't say ears. Most of the men had only one blanket; they had forded a river on the way up and their feet were freezing. So they wrapped themselves in the one blanket and searched for hollows where the wind wasn't so much like a knife. Some of them slept two together for warmth, and they got through the night that way.

THE next morning the colonel moved the battalion C.P. into town. The town was just off the crest of the mountain: an old town with a castle and narrow, cobblestoned streets. The colonel was invited into the mayor's house. There were already three families living there, but the dining-room was free and so was the mayor's study, and there was a kitchen with running water and a fireplace. The colonel moved his staff and their blankets on to the floor of the study and the enlisted staff section took the floor of the dining-room. The rest of the battalion stayed on the mountain.

That first morning they also discovered what a position they held. They heard the shell fire behind them where the Americans were still storming this other town and knew that if they could reach the road in force they could cut the retreat of several hundred Germans. They also knew that in their present condition there was absolutely nothing they could do about it. They were out too far as it was, thrust forward in one of those positions that look so dramatic on a situation map and usually end with

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a hurried retreat. The colonel decided to sit tight and send out patrols. When you got right down to it there was nothing much else he could do.

The patrols went out and the battalion settled down to wait. It was warm in the mayor's house. The colonel was out around the mountain somewhere, seeing what he could see, and the major was out trying to arrange a mule train to go down and get some rations. The rest of the section sat before the fire and listened to the mayor's family. One of the staff section was a T-4 from New York who spoke Italian. His name was D'Crenzo and he had been a golf pro and artist in civilian life; now he was the battalion draftsman. The family thought D'Crenzo's dialect very funny and laughed whenever he spoke, but they brought out wine for him and even potatoes, which they baked in the fire.

The mayor's family all wore black because the mayor had been hanged by the Germans before they left. He had been hanged, together with five other citizens of the town, as a reprisal for the killing of a German soldier by one of the townspeople. The soldier had been stealing the Italian's pigs and chickens, and finally the Italian had taken a gun and shot him. The Germans took the mayor and ten other hostages, held them overnight in one of the buildings, and hanged six of them the next morning in the town square. They kept them hanging there for two weeks until the stink was so bad that they had to be cut down and buried. The Germans said the bodies hanging there would teach the Italians a lesson. The story was told to the Americans by the mayor's daughter, a black-haired girl named Ines. She told the story in French, so that her mother wouldn't understand. The mother had been away when the incident occurred and believed her husband had died of a heart attack. She sat there while the daughter told the story, smiling and nodding and not understanding a word.

Later that morning one of the patrols returned with news that there were Germans evacuating north along the road. About two hours later shots were heard on the other side of the mountain and another patrol returned, marching a group of Germans before them. They were the remnants of a patrol the Americans had accidentally run into. Two other Jerries had been killed.

The Germans were taken into one of the other buildings where they talked with an American boy of German descent.

All the Germans except their sergeant talked. They were all twenty years old, except one who was nineteen, and all had fought in Russia. They were very anxious about what was going to happen to them, but they all thought that Germany would win the war. They also thought the German Army was still advancing on the Russian front. The German sergeant was stubborn, though, and refused to talk. He was a real Hitlerjugend and declared that a sergeant had his honor and had no right to talk. This stand caused much appreciation among the assembled Americans, all of whom said he was a real soldier, and out of deference to the sergeant's honor, did not question him. The Germans were locked up and a guard placed outside, while the Italians stood around and shouted curses.

That afternoon it started to rain. More patrols returned with news of the Germans retreating north. They reported to the colonel in the kitchen of the mayor's house, standing wet in the doorway, eyeing the fire. Then they returned to their positions on the mountain, where some had rigged a shelter half over two rocks or against a tree, and kept reasonably wet that way. The rain made any sort of observation impossible, which did not displease the artillery liaison officer at all. He had no communication with his artillery anyway, but had felt constrained to go out and observe as a matter of form; but now he didn't even have to do that. He just sat with his sergeant in front of the fire and talked of the German sergeant they had killed two days ago. They had gone out to observe the effects of their fire at close range, had strayed into an Italian house for a glass of wine and had been surprised there by a German sergeant, who had stepped into the doorway with a machine pistol. He caught them both flatfooted; the only mistake he made was reaching for the grenade that the sergeant had tied to his jacket. When he reached to take the grenade the captain said, "Now," knocked the machine pistol aside and hit the German with a left hook. The sergeant did likewise; they knocked the German through the door, pulled their 45s and didn't stop until they ran out of cartridges. Then they stood by and watched while the Italians from the house grabbed the German's boots off his feet and then slammed him on the head a couple of times with a fence post to make sure he was dead. The captain now had the machine pistol slung over his shoulder. The only thing he regretted was that his shots had ruined a pair of Zeiss glasses the German had around his neck. The only thing the sergeant regretted was that now he had to clean the machine pistol as well as the captain's 45. The sergeant's name was Mosshead and he was from San Bernardino, California. Every one called him "Moose." The captain was a good-looking rich boy from Daytona Beach, Florida. He had taken his commission in the R.O.T.C. at the University of Florida; looking at him you would have thought, if you thought at all about such things: not Deke, but Kappa Sigma, perhaps, or Sigma Chi. He was probably a good artillery officer and took great delight in pointing to a shattered house or a railroad station with the roof caved in and saying, "I did that. I did that with my little 75s."

It rained all through that day and into the night, a cold, driving rain that went right through you and out the other side. Patrols came and went. The colonel sent one platoon five miles north to a town believed occupied by the Germans. The platoon found the town empty, but met a Jerry patrol coming in as they went out. There was a brief skirmish, with no casualties, and after a while both patrols withdrew gracefully. Back at the C.P. the colonel and his staff sat before the fire, cursing the weather. The mayor's family sat all around them, the old people mute in a corner, the children hovering on the fringe, waiting for the candy and sugar from the C ration cans.

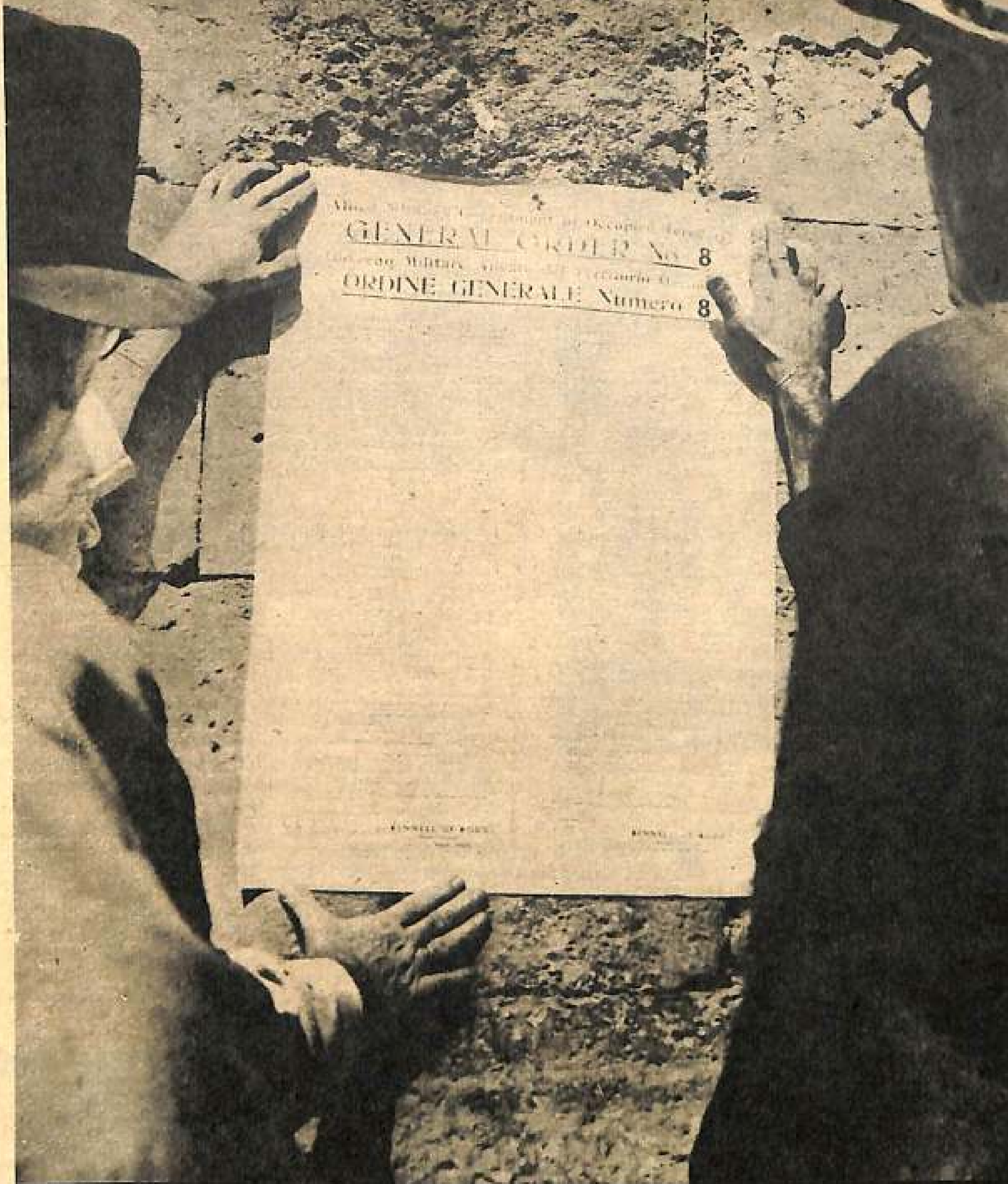
The next morning was still full of rain, but it cleared by noon and the colonel and the artillery captain went out to find an artillery O.P. The mule train returned from the valley with boxes of ammunition and K-rations, and the men even ate the biscuits and the dextrose tablets. At exactly one o'clock in the afternoon someone wondered audibly why the Jerries hadn't shelled the town, and fifteen minutes later they did. Only one shell fell in the town, however, and no one was hurt. The shelling lasted about twenty minutes and the mayor's family huddled in the kitchen, badly frightened. Later that afternoon the battalion medics set up an aid station across the street from the C.P. and began handling the sick cases. Many of the men were suffering from some sort of over-exposure, but only those hot with fever reported to the station. The battalion sergeant-major sweated over his status report, trying on paper to make the battalion come somewhere near battalion strength. "If the Jerries only knew what we had here," he kept saying. "If they only *knew*."

The patrols this day reported a slackening of the German exodus along the road, and the colonel realized that whatever theoretical opportunity he did have was now gone. Towards evening, a regimental wire crew arrived with communication and the colonel discovered that the Americans had finally taken the town to the battalion's flank. The colonel beat his head, thinking about what he could have done, and sent out more patrols. The men on the mountain squeezed the water out of their clothes and wondered why they didn't move. At this point they didn't care much what was in front of them or who they had behind; there was nothing they wouldn't do to get the war over sooner and go home. The regimental executive officer hiked up from the valley, his feet wet, wearing a trench coat. He was a tall, soft-spoken man and he told the colonel that Corps and even Army were very pleased with the job the battalion was doing; even if they didn't fire a shot they were exerting pressure on the German flank, making their position untenable, forcing them to retreat. The colonel shook his head and agreed.

It rained again that night and the patrols reported that the town to the north was clear. During the night the regimental C.P. moved into town, taking the old castle, and one other battalion moved up to secure the first battalion's flank. The rain stopped in the morning and the colonel had a conference with the regimental CO. There was a little shelling in the morning, but not much. It was answered immediately by the 75s, which had moved into the valley at night. The artillery captain directed their fire from the mountain top.

When the colonel returned from his conference he called a meeting of all his company commanders and told them to be ready to move out as soon as it got dark. They were moving to the high ground overlooking the town five miles to the north. The colonel then dispatched a platoon to survey the route and act as guides. In the afternoon, as the enlisted staff section sat before the fire, the mayor's daughter baked them a pizzeria, which they ate while it was still hot. The men on the mountain had been told they were moving again and some of them were trying to sleep, stretched out on wet shelter halves. Just before dark the colonel assembled the battalion, keeping them under cover. The rain had stopped and the sun was suddenly out, sinking over the edge of a mountain. The air was cold and crisp, mixed with the heavy rain smell from the earth. As the men began their march they could see the mountains ahead of them, covered with snow.

HOSTAGES, THE NAZI TRADEMARK WAR, NAZI STYLE. The families are gathered round the graves of six civilians including the mayor of this Italian town, who "fell by the hand of Nazism-Fascism"—they were hostages, that certain memento the Nazi Army always leaves behind.



AMG

IT PIECES CONQUERED TOWNS TOGETHER AGAIN

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
Stars and Stripes Correspondent

MARSALA, SICILY [By Cable]—It is a slow job, the rebirth of a dead town. The story of Marsala, on the western tip of this triangular island, is the story of villages and towns and cities all over Sicily. It is also the story of AMG (Allied Military Government).

Marsala died at noon on Garibaldi Day, May 11, 1943, when several hundred of our big bombers swept in low from across the Mediterranean Sea. Flying through flak in tight formations, they dropped their bombs on this city for almost two hours. When they left, Marsala looked like a squashed tomato.

There had been ample warnings to the 30,000 people of this city of vineyards in the heart of the wine district. Allied planes had dropped thousands of leaflets, and Allied radios had told and retold of the impending attack. The people were advised to get out of town and head for the hills and suburbs.

It was two months later, on July 24, that American troops of the 3d Division marched into Marsala after short, bitter fighting in the outskirts of the city. Marching with them was Capt. William Jequire, a British AMG official.

"I was told to take charge of Marsala," he said, "but there was no Marsala. There were just bricks and rubble and the smell of the dead." A graying, balding man of 57, the captain had a determined tone in his soft voice. Before the war he was the general manager of one of the world's largest perfumery houses, with offices in Paris, London and New York.

For four days, all alone and without communications, transportation or the assistance of MPs, Capt. Jequire tried to shape order out of the chaos. His job was doubly tough because the people of Marsala had spread out in a semicircle as far as 15 miles from the city when they fled from the threat of an Allied blitz.

As soon as they heard that American troops had taken over Marsala, they began to drift back in. "They all acted like a bunch of spoiled brats," the captain said. "Somehow they had gotten the idea that the Americans would come marching in loaded down with clothes and food. They were expecting new donkey carts, cigarettes, even new homes. It took a while before they understood."

But the Sicilian "children" finally did understand. Under the captain's direction they began to clear away the rotting bodies of the dead and fill in the bomb craters in the roads. They tied together broken bridges and pulled down the tottering, lonely walls of blasted buildings.

But the hungry had to be fed and the homeless had to be housed. For the 10,000 Sicilians who were without shelter, Capt. Jequire requisitioned every building still standing.

NOW he was no longer working alone. The *carabinieri* and the mayor were giving their full cooperation. The mayor, who was the tallest man in town, had held his position for 13 years. He was also the owner of the biggest winery in Marsala until the bombs fell.

When trucks came into town with grain, Capt. Jequire found that there was no electric power to run the mills and make flour. He went on a scavenger hunt and came up with two old Diesel engines, which finally were made to work after considerable tinkering.

Most Sicilians ate simply. Some bread, spaghetti and a little wine were all they asked as food and drink. But there was a flourishing black market in certain luxuries and extras, Capt. Jequire discovered. He stepped in quickly to crush it. All prices were fixed, and the "black merchants" were punished.

They were not given summary sentences, but stood trial before a regular court established by the captain to allow for a full hearing in each case. Typical violations of the law were possession of an excessive amount of oil and charging of exorbitant prices.

The *carabinieri* were also instructed to look into other excesses and violations, such as looting and nonobservance of the curfew. They found that some of the Italian kids were playing ball with hand grenades and fishermen were going beyond the three-mile limit.

There were also a number of special problems that cropped up in the life of this Sicilian town. One was the horse-donkey stud system, which had been thrown into confusion by the abolition of the fascist regime. Under the old set-up, the state had owned all the stud horses and donkeys, renting them out to farmers for a 150-*lire* fee. The Sicilians implored the captain to continue this arrangement, and he agreed.

Then there was the girl, already several months pregnant, who wanted the captain to release her boy friend from one of the American prison camps so that he could come back and marry her. And there was the family who brought in an old dead body they'd found somewhere and asked what they were supposed to do with it.

Five hundred people lined up outside the captain's office every day with their problems. Some wanted passes to go to a different city, others wanted more simple things, such as instructions on mailing a letter to the United States. And of course some wanted to be sent to the States themselves. A lot of Italian men stood in line to tell the captain they were soldiers and wanted to surrender; they weren't, really, but they wanted to be sent to prisoner-of-war camps in the States.

Today the people of Marsala are building a new city, and everywhere you can sense the new feeling of peace and order, and the new faith that the Americans will help them create a better Marsala from the rubble of the old. The people know that no one will be punished without a fair trial. They know that any one of them can go to the captain with his complaints or problems. This simple fact of democracy continually amazes them. They are a contented people now, these people of Marsala.

The war has swept past Sicily and this weaver of fishing nets returns to his job.

DARK DAYS. In May 1942 these tired, beaten soldiers were herded to prison camps by their grinning conquerors. Corregidor had fallen. Americans wondered how long they would suffer humiliations of defeat and when they could hit back with enough strength to keep going.

BETTER DAYS. A year and a half after Corregidor, and the United Nations were on the hitting end. Japs and Germans, not Yanks, were falling back or surrendering. Our spirit of offense was winning the war. These German soldiers, being searched by an American sergeant, were captured in Italy

THE Carolina maneuvers had just ended and most of us in the Army that Sunday afternoon of Dec. 7, 1941, thought of only one thing when the news of Pearl Harbor came over the squad-room radio. For three months we had been sweating out 5-, 6-and 17-day problems around Camden, Hoffman, Troy, Belmont and the Pee-Dee River, sleeping in beds only on the rare week ends when we were lucky enough to get a pass to Durham or Charlotte and never changing from those blue fatigue clothes and field jackets with the red or blue ribbons around the left shoulders. All during those months we had been counting the days that were left before we could take off on our Christmas furloughs. When we heard about Pearl Harbor that Sunday afternoon, the first words out of almost everybody's mouth were: "Well, there goes our furlough."

There was plenty of excitement in the Army those next few weeks. A lot of men who were scheduled to be released under the over-28-years-old rule went to the supply room without bothering to ask questions and drew out their equipment again. The guard details were tripled and a lot of new special guards were posted—sabotage guards at the motor pools and aircraft guards in each company area, two or three privates and a noncom pulling 12 hours in a foxhole with a BAR. In fact, during the rest of December and January it seemed as though everybody in the company was either coming off or going on some strange new kind of guard detail.

December and January were the months of record-breaking enlistments at Army, Navy and Marine recruiting stations. . . . On Jan. 26 the first U.S. troops under Maj. Gen. Russell P. Hartle landed in Northern Ireland; Pvt. Milburn Henke, 23, of Hutchinson, Wis., was the first enlisted man to walk off the gangplank. . . . The same day President Roosevelt, sending congratulations to Gen. MacArthur on his 62d birthday, praised him for the "magnificent stand you and your men are making" in the Philippines.

In February 1942 the Japs invaded Singapore

MAP CHANGES. A lot of territory in Europe and Africa has changed hands during America's two years of war. White space on the map above shows Hitler's farthest advances. Notice how it has shrunk on map below, showing 1943 Allied advances in Africa, Italy and Russia

The Two Years Since Pearl Harbor

Their historic highlights tell an impressive story of America's steady comeback.

and American planes went into action over the Netherlands East Indies for the first time. . . . The Navy sank 16 Jap ships in a raid on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands and formed a court of inquiry to investigate the burning of the *Normandie*. . . . Boston and 18 Connecticut coast towns underwent their first blackout test. . . . U. S. troops arrived at Canton Island, Curacao, Aruba, Bora Bora, Christmas Island and Egypt. . . . An Axis submarine shelled Santa Barbara, Calif., in the first attack of the war on the American mainland. . . . The Army was streamlined into three divisions—the Air Forces, Ground Forces and Service Forces.

The next month Gen. MacArthur eluded the Japs and escaped from Bataan, arriving in Australia to take command of the Allied forces in the Southwest Pacific. . . . Secretary of War Stimson drew the first number from the goldfish bowl to start the new draft of men between 20 and 44. . . Yanks arrived at Chile, Ascension Island, New Caledonia and Efate Island. . . . Congress approved a bill creating the WAAC.

In April 1942 the Navy for the first time in history opened combat units to Negroes. . . . Three soldiers were shot to death in a fight over use of a telephone at Fort Dix, N. J. . . . Bataan fell on the morning of the 9th, with more than 35,000 soldiers surrendering after three months of heroic resistance. . . . The bloody siege of Corregidor began. . . . On Apr. 18, Tokyo and other Jap cities were bombed in the famous carrier-based raid led by Lt. Col. James H. Doolittle. . . . The first issue of *Stars and Stripes* appeared in London. . . . U. S. troops arrived at Labrador.

In May 1942 Corregidor fell to the Japs after 24 hours of savage hand-to-hand fighting; Lt. Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright and 11,574 Americans and Filipinos surrendered 150 days after the war began. . . . American troops arrived in China, India, Espiritu Santo, New Zealand, Liberia, Venezuela, Galapagos and Tongatabu. . . . The House started the ball rolling to raise the private's pay from $30 a month to $50. . . . Gasoline rationing began in 17 Eastern states. . . . The Navy announced that it had 15 battleships in service and 15 more under construction, against a total of 14 Jap battleships built and building. . . . Lt. Gen. Joseph Stilwell, commander of U. S. forces in China, Burma and India and leader of the Fifth and Sixth Chinese Armies, completed his historic trek to India and declared: "I claim we got a hell of a beating. We got run out of Burma and it is as humiliating as hell. I think we ought to find out what caused it, go back and retake it."

In June 1942 the Japs made their nervy but unsuccessful air attack on Dutch Harbor, Alaska. . . . Nine days later, in a thick fog, enemy troops landed on the Aleutians without opposition from Americans, who were not there. . . . The Army began to call 1-Bs—men with slight physical defects—to do limited service. . . . For the first time new Army inductees were granted leaves of 14 days to wind up their personal affairs. . . . The memorable American victory at the Battle of Midway pushed its way into the pages of history. . . . YANK, the new Army magazine, published its first issue for overseas distribution only. . . . Eight Nazi saboteurs, loaded with TNT, $149,748.76 and German orders to wreck vital American installations, were landed by subs on the Long Island and Florida coasts—and were caught by the FBI. . . . The War Department announced that no American soldier in any foreign country or possession could marry without the approval of his commanding officer. . . . It was reported that the Army already had begun negotiations for 1,000,000 service ribbons for an army of occupation in Germany. . . . The War Department established the European Theater of Operations under Maj. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. . . . U. S. troops arrived at the Bahamas. . . . American planes bombed Wake Island, flying 2,400 miles to do it. . . . On July 4, American crews, borrowing RAF planes, made the first official U. S. raid on continental Europe.

The Solomons campaigns started in August 1942, when Marines scrambled ashore at Tulagi and Guadalcanal. . . . The airborne division was

Little Boys Shouldn't Play With Matches.

established by the Army. . . . Clark Gable enlisted in the Army as a private and went at once to the Air Force OCS at Florida, while Rudy Vallee became a chief petty officer in the Coast Guard. . . . Some U. S. Rangers joined the British and Canadians in the murderous Dieppe raid. . . . The 1-B classification was killed, and a man was either fit for Army service or was simply 4-F.

In September and October of 1942 the Japs came within 32 miles of Port Moresby, their closest approach to Australia. . . . Capt. E. V. (Eddie) Rickenbacker, ace of the first World War, crashed in the Pacific and for 23 days clung to a raft before he and six companions were rescued. . . . The Alaska Military Highway officially opened for business. . . . November 1942 marked the great Allied invasion of North Africa under Lt. Gen. Eisenhower. Landings were made at Oran, Casablanca and Algiers. . . . U. S. airborne troops in force penetrated Jap lines near Buna on New Guinea. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt turned up suddenly in Great Britain to talk to GIs. . . . The Army announced it would make barracks out of more than 300 Miami Beach and Surfside hotels. . . . The Navy trounced Jap warships in another great victory when the Nips tried to retake Guadalcanal.

In December 1942 we heard that almost 1,000,000 in the armed services were overseas at some 65 places throughout the world. . . . The year's production had totaled 49,000 planes, 32,000 tanks and self-propelled artillery, 17,000 antiaircraft guns and 8,200,000 tons of merchant shipping. . . . The new P-47 Thunderbolt reached the record speed of 725 miles an hour in a power dive from 35,000 feet. . . . U. S. soldiers took Buna on New Guinea. . . . The Army Specialized Training Program, designed to enroll 250,000 soldiers in some 300 colleges, was announced by the War Department. . . . The OWI reported that "no American Army in all history has been so orderly," mainly because there was no "excessive drinking" by soldiers.

The year 1943 began with the activation of the Fifth Army under command of Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark. . . . The Marines at Guadalcanal were relieved by an Army force, under Maj. Gen. Alexander M. Patch. . . . A unified draft system was adopted for all four of the armed services. . . U. S. Flying Fortresses and Liberators, led by Brig. Gen. H. S. Hansell Jr. made the first all-American heavy raid on Germany.

February 1943 marked the first American defeat by Nazis at Faid and Kasserine in Tunisia, but the Yanks, jolted from their positions, hit back within five days and retook their original ground. . . . Rationing of shoes on the home front went into effect. . . . The Army cleared the last of the Japs out of Guadalcanal on Feb. 9 as official tabulations put the enemy total in the whole campaign at 30,000 to 50,000 men, 1,100 planes and 72 ships. . . . Lt. Gen. Eisenhower was promoted to a full general and put in command over all Allied forces in North Africa. . . . U. S. forces occupied the Russell Islands. . . . Gen. Arnold declared he would keep "an appointment in Berlin" on Feb. 14, 1944. . . . The venereal-disease rate in the Army and Navy was reported to be about 40 per 1,000, the lowest in American military history. . . . Joe DiMaggio, Yankee outfielder, enlisted in the Army.

Early in March 1943 U. S. Air Forces in the Pacific annihilated a 22-ship Jap convoy in the famous Bismarck Sea engagement. . . . The Fourteenth U. S. Air Force was activated in China under Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault. . . . The American 1st Division drove 30 miles to take Gafsa in Tunisia.

In May 1943 Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, former Armored Forces commander, was appointed U. S. commander in the ETO. . . . In Africa the American II Corps captured the big naval base at Bizerte in a nine-mile advance, entering the city five minutes before the British First Army seized Tunis in a double thrust that bottled up the retreating Nazis. . . . On May 12 Axis resistance collapsed in North Africa, and in a victory hailed as "one of the most complete and decisive in history" the Allies ended the campaign, which cost the Axis 324,000 casualties in the last few weeks alone and toll of 1,795 planes, against 18,558 U. S. casualties since the African landing and a total of fewer than 70,000 Allied casualties. . . . Army troops landed on Attu in the Aleutians, and in three weeks of savage fighting killed more than 2,000 Japs, taking only 24 prisoners. U. S. losses were more than 1,500.

In June Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, U. S. Eighth Air Force commander, declared U. S. air units in England were growing steadily at a rate of 15 to 30 percent a month and the War Department revealed that more than 2,000,000 U. S. troops were overseas. . . . The movement of troops overseas resulted in the cancelation of Army Air Forces leases on 206 of 434 hotels in the East and South. . . . In a sudden, brilliant move U. S. troops landed at Rendova, five miles from the Jap base at Munda, New Georgia.

July 1943 was an impressive month. . . . The Yanks secured their hold on Rendova, landing the next day at Nassau Bay, New Guinea, 750 miles across the South Pacific, and seizing the tiny islands of Woodlark and Trobriand, in a great three-prong drive aimed at the eventual surrounding of the kingpin Jap base at Rabaul, some 400 miles north. Within seven days U. S. forces landed on Munda, and the long hard push up the New Guinea coast to Lae and Salamaua and up the string of islands in the Solomons—New Georgia, Vangunu, Kolombangara, Vella Lavella, Choiseul, Bougainville — was under way. . . . The scoreboard of operations for the U. S. Eighth Air Force since its first raid on July 4, 1942, revealed that the Yanks had dropped 11,423 tons of bombs in 68 daylight missions over 102 enemy targets, losing 276 bombers against 1,199 enemy planes destroyed, 525 probably destroyed and 501 damaged. . . . The invasion of Sicily, involving more than 3,000 ships, began on the night of July 9, when U. S. glider and parachute troops landed behind the southern coast, and the following morning 160,000 Allied troops, under a formidable air and sea cover, pushed ashore along a 100-mile beachhead. The 39-day campaign, which began the liberation of Europe, cost the Axis more than 135,000 prisoners and 32,000 killed and wounded, and the Allies 21,623 killed, wounded and captured, including 7,500 U. S. casualties. . . . About 500 Allied planes, most of them American, bombed Rome for the first time, selecting only military targets and risking grave danger in their determination to bomb no churches or historic places. . . . Six days later Mussolini quit. . . . The Army revealed that 1,000,000 illiterates had been rejected and every first sergeant found himself quizzically stared at.

On Aug. 1, 1943, more than 175 U. S. Liberators from the Middle East dropped 300 tons of bombs on the Ploesti (Rumania) oil refineries in the biggest low-level mass raid in aviation history, smashing six of the 13 refineries. . . . The Fourteenth Air Force in China reported a 13-month tally of more than 600 Jap planes destroyed or probably destroyed against only 51 U. S. planes lost. . . . U. S. planes bombed Rome a second time, and American warships shelled the Italian mainland. . . . Yanks seized Lipari and Stromboli, islands in the Tyrrhenian Sea north of Sicily, while on the other end of the world U. S. troops landed on Kiska unopposed, finding that some 10,000 Japs had slipped away in the fog. . . . The Navy reorganized its air arm.

In September 1943 the long-awaited conquest of Europe began when Allied planes and ships covered the successive landings of the British Eighth Army on Italy on Sept. 3 and the Allied Fifth Army at Salerno on Sept. 9. Although Italy surrendered unconditionally and gave up her fleet, the Germans took over and swept southward to meet the invasion, while Yanks and Tommies, after the crucial few days at Salerno, successfully joined forces across Italy's "ankle" on Sept. 17 and 14 days later marched into Naples. . . . In the Pacific U. S. forces attacked Jap-held Marcus Island, Tarawa, Makin, Apamama and Nauru, flying more than 200 sorties and in some of the attacks using both land-based bombers and carrier-task forces. . . . Hundreds of U. S. paratroopers, under Gen. MacArthur's personal command, dropped on Markham Valley, west of Lae in New Guinea, in one of the war's largest parachute jumps and seized the enemy airfield, paving the way for the capture of the two vital Jap bases at Lae and Salamaua. . . . The new B-29 was announced when Gen. Arnold revealed that giant bombers "dwarfing" Flying Fortresses would be used in the near future. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt, visiting the Southwest Pacific front, found many fathers already in the service despite the talk of an "impending" father draft.

We drove the Japanese from Guadalcanal.

We drove the Axis out of North Africa.

In October 1943 the largest air force ever gathered in the Southwest Pacific blasted the Japs at Rabaul, in the first of a series of smashing raids that already have accounted for 11 Jap cruisers and 16 destroyers either lost or damaged. . . . Heavy U. S. bombers effectively shortened the war in one raid on the vital Schweinfurt ball-bearing plants in Germany at a cost of 60 Flying Fortresses. . . . U. S. troops landed on Mono and Stirling Islands, 40 miles south of Bougainville. . . . American paratroops dropped on Choiseul Island. . . . In the 31 days of October the U. S. Eighth Air Force dropped 5,551 tons of bombs over Europe.

U. S. Marines opened November 1943 with an invasion at Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville, at a spot only 250 miles from the Japs' great base at Rabaul and then fought off a Jap land force north of their position. . . . The new U. S. Fifteenth Air Force was established in the Mediterranean for intensified bombing of Germany and her eastern satellites. . . . Adm. C. W. Nimitz, commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, warned that "Japan so far has used only about 10 percent of its troops in the island fighting." . . The *Normandie* was delivered, upright, to the Navy. . . . The dimout was replaced by the brownout.

As we look back over those two years, many of the events seem to have happened not two but 20 years ago, for war slows the clock. Now it's almost Christmas again. And our greatest wish—still—is to get home.

Next year's events seem already to be shaping themselves in our minds. The Allies reach the Alps. . . . The Red Army crosses into Germany. . . . The greatest invasion in the history of the world sails for France. . . . Hitler is assassinated and Germany surrenders unconditionally. . . . Combined British and American navies and air fleets turn toward Tokyo. . . . Tojo nobly commits *hara-kiri* and Japan sues for surrender. . . . Each GI can probably take it up from there.

Yanks at Home Abroad

AN IMPRESSION OF RIVER STREET IN HONOLULU ON A SATURDAY NIGHT, BY SGT ROBERT GREENHALGH, YANK STAFF ARTIST IN THE PACIFIC THEATER.

Yank Soldier in Puerto Rico First to View Tribal 'Blood Dance'

PUERTO RICO—An Army aerial photographer, S/Sgt. Robert Berman of Philadelphia, recently became the first known white man to witness the "blood dance" of the Madras tribe of Hindus in the West Indies.

Berman stayed only for the first eight hours of the two-day ceremony, but he came away with a good idea of what it must have been like before the government stopped human sacrifices and caused the substitution of poultry or cattle as victims.

At high noon the sacrificial chicken was anointed, and then began a fanatical dance by the tribal priest, to the incessant rhythm of tom-toms. At the climax of the dance the priest beheaded the chicken with a quick flash of a machete and bent forward to catch a cup of the warm blood.

At this point Sgt. Berman grew a trifle uneasy; it was the custom in the original ceremony to mark the next victim with the blood of the last. He suddenly remembered that he had to see somebody on another part of the island.

—YANK Field Correspondent

This Iran Sergeant Chases Dirt From Bazar and Saves Kid from Death

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND—Found! A bazar that isn't dirty and doesn't stink—well, anyway, not much.

Responsible for the cleanliness of the place, located in a coolie village near a gulf port, is T-4 "Caliph" Adams, one of about 40 Yanks stationed at the outpost.

There's not enough room at the port for the coolies to live, so they travel a few miles every day to their own village. This small community and the soldiers stationed there are technically under the control of Lt. Adam H. Harper and 1st Sgt. Eric S. Jacobson, but it's Adams who cracks the whip.

He has separated the coolies from their normal dirt, and though they don't exactly like it, none of them has died from the change so far. Adams makes several inspection trips to the local bazar each day. If he finds dirt in one of the dozen shops, he raises merry hell until it's cleaned up.

The shopkeepers smile, as if all this cleanliness were just a little bit silly and unnecessary, but they hop to it when Adams starts bellowing out orders in a voice that probably cracked the Liberty bell.

The natives know Adams is a right guy for at least one good reason. Last winter one of the native kids came down with pneumonia, and when that happens to a kid around here, he's given up for dead. But Adams put his foot down, saw to it that the kid got proper medical attention, chiseled fresh fruit and condensed milk from the Army mess and saved a life.

Now the kid's grateful mother is knitting Adams the damndest rug you ever saw. It's all wool—most rugs are part cotton—and she's putting the PGSC insignia in all four corners, with Adams' name, headline size, in the middle.

—Sgt. BILL MARTLEY
YANK Field Correspondent

Shipping Overseas, Yank Finds Brother's Name Carved on the Rail

SOMEWHERE ON THE ATLANTIC—Cpl. D. V. Norman of Waco, Tex., stood in the chow line stretching along the ship's rail. Looking at the water and feeling the sway of the ship, he wondered where and when he'd land.

The chow line moved a little, and suddenly there on the rail was his brother's name, carved unmistakably under the initials of a guy from New York: "Pvt. Woodrow Norman, Waco, Tex."

The last time the corporal heard from Woodrow he was in the MPs back in the States. Now, he figures, Woodrow must be in Sicily or Italy; that was where the transport was headed on the trip before this one.

—Sgt. NEWTON FULBRIGHT
YANK Field Correspondent

Censor's Gift of a Buck Starts Gold Rush for Greenland GI's Kids

SOMEWHERE IN GREENLAND—A lot of Yanks overseas may cuss the mail censors and mail restrictions, but not Pvt. Edward N. Kleitz of Plymouth, Ind. When the censor who scissored Kleitz's mail turned soft-hearted, the Kleitz family back in the States became richer by Kleitz-doesn't-know-how-many-hundreds-of-dollars.

The Hoosier GI spent one hitch with the Coast Artillery in Hawaii before the war. When war broke out, he re-enlisted, though he had a wife and five children back in Plymouth. Things went along okay until Kleitz received a cable from the States a couple of months ago, while he was hospitalized here in Greenland.

His wife, who had been working in a war plant, was ill and in a South Bend (Ind.) sanitarium, the cable said. Four of the children were in an orphanage.

So Kleitz, quite worried, wrote a letter to his oldest daughter, enclosing a couple of dollars and asking her to split it up among the four in the children's home.

Regulations against mailing currency almost prevented Kleitz from sending the money, but the post censor gave his okay, added a greenback and scribbled, "Here's an extra dollar for you.—The Censor."

Somehow the story reached the newspapers back in the States, and before anyone was quite sure what had happened, dollar bills began to roll in to the Kleitz family, as kind-hearted newspaper readers duplicated the censor's generosity.

The first day the family received $101, the second day $274, the third day $513. Kleitz doesn't know how far it has gone by now, but he credits the whole thing to the lieutenant who censored his letter.

—Sgt. ED O'MEARA
YANK Field Correspondent

Yanks at Home in the ETO

The lady who cooked the chow. Mrs. Rosie Lampon, who recently whipped up eighty plates of roast chicken and things for a batch of G.I. and British civilian mechanics in a truck repair factory near London, says hello to the boys, as Capt. H. L. Fortson, in charge of American half of the guests, looks on.

Crankshafts And Chicken

WE tagged along one night recently to a party given in a truck-repair plant by the owner of the place to forty of his British civilian mechanics and as many American soldier mechanics—members of an ordnance medium maintenance company, to be more, but not overly exact. Quite a shindig it was, too, what with liberal helpings of chicken, equally liberal helpings of brew, and a buxom young blonde miss who gave the piano hell and sang songs with (as we'll try to remember to say when we get to Paris) a *double entendre*.

Which helped most to break the ice—the brew or the fact that both groups of guests had the same professional interest—we wouldn't know, but we do know that before long everybody was all mixed together and shooting the breeze in fine shape. We saw one earnest Pfc. who spent half of dinner explaining to a Yorkshireman the relative locations of New York, New Haven, and Hartford; the Yorkshireman had them back-end-to in his mind and seemed frankly not to give a hoot, but the Pfc, was determined to straighten him out, just the same. Such scenes, however, were the exception. Most of the men present, whether British or American, wore their hands-across-the-seas responsibilities lightly, and succeeded in having an easy-going good time.

There wasn't any trouble about mechanical nomenclature, so far as we could see, even when, before the dinner, which was served in a sort of club on the plant grounds, every one went out and had a look-see around the shop where the Britons put in their time. The Americans mostly wanted to know how the plant had carried on through the blitz (fairly well) and couldn't be bothered any more than the British about whether you use a monkey wrench or a spanner to tinker with a spark or sparking plug under a truck's hood or bonnet.

The hits of the evening, for our money, were T/4 Clyde Taylor, of Aspermont, Texas, and Bert Bicks, who lives somewhere hereabouts and picks up a few extra bob by playing the piano nights when he's working the day shift in a telephone factory. Taylor is a skinny, affable screwball (as well as "the smartest mechanic in the whole company," according to a couple of the boys working with him) who assumes the stance and expression of an injured ape while chanting a melancholy but catching dirge called "Fanny." Bicks proved himself a mean pianist by instantly picking up and putting some barrel-house life into "Fanny," despite the fact that Sgt. Taylor is not one to worry about a little thing like flatting a note every now and then.

But don't take our word for it that the party was a success; we have more convincing evidence. The dinner was cooked by Mrs. Rosie Lampon, an amiable, motherly soul who had worked late in the kitchen preparing the meal the night before and had then sprained her ankle going home in the blackout. This caused her to limp a bit when she came out to take a bow from the boys, but she cheerfully cried, "God bless you all!" and got a big hand. Sgts. Robert Keigley, of Crowley, La., and Luther Truitt, of Waco, Texas, were so taken by her that they later dropped into the kitchen for a chat and wound up by finding themselves invited to Christmas dinner at Mrs. Lampon's house. You might ask the two sergeants what they thought of the party—or parties—come December 26th.

Reat Pleats And Stuff

We've often wondered at the way the average G.I., whether he visits a tailor or not, gradually grows into his uniform. So adroit is he at this, in fact, that no matter how many sizes off his stuff may be to start with he has usually managed to shed most of the rooky look of the rookie by the time he reaches the ETO. It was this that brought us up with a start the other morning when we were hanging around a station waiting for a train and saw a couple of soldiers whose O.D.'s bore the unmistakable signs of an Upton fit—blouse sleeves too long, overcoat sleeves too short, pants legs drooping in bunches down over the feet. The only variation on the usual theme was that they were wearing the French flash on their shoulders.

Dusting off and cashing in on what few fragments remain of our high-school French, we asked the two lads how come and they allowed as how they were veteran members of the Fighting French who had recently been equipped by Uncle Sam down in Tunis and shipped North. Been through plenty of hell in their day and expecting plenty more, yet at the moment looking as if they'd faint at the sound of a shot fired in anger. Give those boys a couple of months, say, and they'll be fitting their duds like an oyster does its shell. In the Army, we're convinced, clothes don't make the man, but they darn well mould him to their specifications.

In With The In-Laws

Until we heard about Pvt. Peter Scherer, Jr., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, we'd have thought thrice before messing around with mother-in-law stories in these columns. However, there's nothing the least bit corny about Pvt. Scherer's in-law set-up! in fact, we suspect that it's fairly novel and it's certainly made him pretty nearly the most at home Yank in the ETO you're likely to run across. Pvt. Scherer's wife, Josephine, is living with his mother and father back in Milwaukee—a fairly commonplace situation, of course, in times like these. But the point is that Scherer's outfit is stationed right in *her* parents' backyard here in England—which we'd say is a nice trick if you can work it, especially since Scherer hits it off fine with the old folk.

Pooches at home in the ETO. Dogs lent by British owners to be trained by Yanks for guard duty at airfields and warehouses. They're said to add efficiency to solitary G.I. sentries. Make the time go faster, too.

It all started back in 1935 when Scherer, a young civilian lad in Milwaukee, got the itch to see the world and set out for New York, where he signed on as a member of the crew of a British merchant ship bound for Wales. Arriving there, he found he had a few free days on his hands, so he high-tailed it for London, where he hopped in the first taxi he saw and asked to be taken to the Rainbow Cor—— No, that must be wrong; it didn't work like that in those days. As a matter of fact, Scherer didn't have much of any place to go, but being a resourceful guy, he just moseyed around, meeting people here and there, and pretty soon he found himself in the midst of a birthday party which was being given for a middle-aged British chap named Frank Gray.

Well, it all works out along conventional lines at this point. Mr. Gray, as you've already guessed, was Josephine's old man and two and a half months later she was Pete Scherer's wife. Our hero took a few more sea trips, including the one which he hoped was going to be his last—the voyage back to the States with his bride. There the couple settled down in Milwaukee with Pete's family and the young British wife became a naturalized American citizen. Pete got a job as a truck despatcher with an express company and all was happy and peaceful—at least on the Scherer front—until last January, when came those greetings. Peter Scherer, Jr., found by his examining board to be fine soldier material, was inducted into the Army at Fort Sheridan, Ill., and last summer, attached to a ground-force outfit, he became a member in good standing of the ETO, with all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto.

Poking around in the fog on his first trip to the town nearest his camp over here, Pete gradually discovered that he wasn't far from the community in which his father-in-law was working, and after a while he got enough time to himself to look the family up. It must have been the uniform and G.I. haircut and not the mere eight years since he had last visited the Grays which gave them that blank look; whatever it was, they took him for just another Joe craving English hospitality until he set them straight.

Since then, everything has been jake. The Grays have moved to a house only one block from the gate of Scherer's camp and he uses their place as his operational headquarters whenever he gets a twenty-four-hour pass. It's all very homey and only 5,000 miles from his real home, which just goes to show, Scherer thinks, that it's a fairly large world.

A Week of War

The reverberations of meaningful decisions in Cairo and Teheran all but drowned out, for the moment, the crash of bomb and shell on Axis arsenals and battlefronts.

Last week actions did not speak louder than words or rumors. The fact that Roosevelt and Churchill were meeting in Teheran, the capital of Iran, and that they were meeting at long last with none other than Joe Stalin, hitherto the inscrutable sphinx of the Kremlin, was one of the most open and generally aired secrets of the war. A few days earlier, the secret that Roosevelt and Churchill were holding a similarly momentous meeting with China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek in Cairo had been just as badly kept. As a matter of fact, both conferences had been confidently predicted weeks before the United Nations' leaders had packed up and left their respective capitals.

The result was that after the captains and the kings had departed and the news of the conference was finally released, the world could take calmly facts which a year, or even six months, ago would have had a stupendous impact. But the world could not take calmly the announcements of what had been achieved at those conferences because the Allied portion of that world had not dared hope and the Fascist portion had not resigned itself to fear that anything approaching such perfect and determined accord could result from them.

The Cairo show, immensely important in itself, was the build-up for the terrific climax of Teheran. In that ancient capital of an ally still better known to many Americans as Persia, was held the supreme meeting of the war, the meeting that most of mankind had been waiting for with varying emotions ever since June, 1941, when Hitler followed his crazy intuition East and brought Russia into the fight against him. From here on in, it seemed to many, words will be anticlimactic. From here on in, it will be action that counts.

And action is what was promised—in forthright, solemn words at both Cairo and Teheran. Action in the immediate future to win the war, and action in the more distant future to preserve a fair and decent peace—"an enduring peace . . . which will command the good will of the overwhelming masses of the peoples of the world and banish the scourge and terror of war for many generations," as the Teheran declaration put it. On every fighting front—actual or potential—men in uniform stirred restlessly, knowing as they read the fateful statements which came out of the conferences that, come what may in the meanwhile, the end of the struggle was at last definitely, and not too remotely, in sight.

Out of Teheran came a brief, almost tersely worded document, signed, with no fuss or feathers, "Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill." Its phrasing was at once somber and packed with confidence and its core perhaps lay in these words: "We have reached complete agreement as to the scope and timing of the operations which will be undertaken from the east, west and south. The common understanding which we have here reached guarantees that victory will be ours. . . . No power on earth can prevent our destroying the German armies by land, their U-boats by sea, and their war plant from the air. Our attacks will be relentless and increasing. . . . We came here with hope and determination. We leave here friends in fact, in spirit, and in purpose."

For four days the three leaders and their staffs toiled, shirt-sleeve fashion, at Teheran. Except for a banquet commemorating the event there was almost no pomp and ceremony. The first three days were devoted to formulating the military plans Hitler dreads; the last one to working out a pattern for postwar action—a pattern on which complete agreement was reached. At the banquet Stalin proposed a toast to Churchill, whom he referred to as "my fighting friend," and followed this with a similar toast to Mr. Roosevelt.

The leaders allowed themselves one effective touch of symbolism when Churchill presented to Stalin the famous and costly Stalingrad sword which British workers made as a tribute to the historic defense of the Russian city whose name is derived from the Russian leader's.

Like Stalin at Teheran, Chiang Kai-Shek at Cairo was a new hand at such global meetings. The Generalissimo and his wife had flown all the way from Chungking on a four-day journey over some of the highest mountain ranges in the world. Patient, continually smiling, neat, and vigilant in the uniform of the Chinese Army, the Generalissimo refused the place of honour when the official pictures were being taken of the group, although President Roosevelt reminded him that it was above all his conference.

Roosevelt was right. Chiang Kai-Shek and his elegant, soft-voiced, acutely wise wife, who served as his interpreter and spokesman were the center-pieces of the Cairo display. Posing with them for the Press was the Prime Minister in a white linen suit and panama hat, looking well, cheerful and amused, and slightly squinting in the bright African sunlight, and Roosevelt himself, his cigarette and holder cocked at an unusually rakish and jaunty angle.

The details of what decisions were reached, what plans drawn up to settle the war were not made known at Cairo any more than they were at Teheran. Ends and means were discussed at the long Cairo meetings which were held in the rambling, old-fashioned tourist hotels and white villas of the town.

What was proclaimed was that the United Nations are fighting to punish the aggression of Japan. They covet no gain for themselves, but intend to strip her of all the islands she has seized and occupied since 1914, as well as all territory she has taken from China, including Manchuria and Formosa. In due course, it was decided, Korea shall become independent and free.

The promise to give Korea complete freedom was worth noticing. It was like the promise held out to Austria at the Moscow conference weeks before. Both countries were the preliminary victims of Fascist foes who, one in the east and one in the west, made of them a sort of dress rehearsal for their drives to take over the entire globe. Both countries may still be used toward an opposite end by the United Nations. The Allied promises to give Austria and Korea freedom and independence were like time fuses. The promises may have no surface effect at first, but when the right moment comes they may set off internal explosions and revolts in Germany and Japan that will end the war as quickly and thoroughly as any outside pressure.

None of this was very helpful to the serenity of the German mind. Nazi propagandists tried to use the threat of peace on their own people in the same way that they used the threat of war upon their neighbors in the good old days back in the thirties. They tried to panic the German people by the nightmarish prospect of a quick armistice. They were noisy losers as they swamped their radio networks with feverish broadcasts.

"In their forthcoming manifesto," yelled one German pepper-upper, "Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin are going to represent themselves as so many Father Christmases only waiting to bring their gifts to good children. But the children will be threatened with the birch if they do not follow their advice. An Allied victory would wipe Germany off the map."

At the moment, Germany was being threatened with something more than the birch. On Thursday night the R.A.F. made their fifth giant-sized raid within a period of a month on Berlin, raking the city with a thousand-odd tons of bombs. On Friday night, the R.A.F., just for variety, made a fifteen-hundred-ton deposit upon the city of Leipzig, one of the five largest cities of Germany. The Luftwaffe, thinking that the R.A.F. was going to do the obvious thing and again bomb Berlin, sent all its fighter protection to the capital city, leaving Leipzig to its own resources of guns and searchlights, with the result that the British flyers were allowed to turn the great railroad and aircraft center south-west of Berlin into as reasonable a facsimile of Judgment Day as Hamburg.

In Italy, along the Capua road, the dark, cold, rainy, autumn night was suddenly split by a great, prolonged uproar. The fiercest and densest artillery barrage of the whole war was being laid down by 650 guns of the Fifth Army, still slightly more than 100 miles from Rome but once again on the move. On the right flank the Eighth Army completed its bridgehead of the Sangro river and drove the Germans out of one of their most important defensive positions.

Meanwhile, solemn-eyed, gray-haired Franz von Papen was mysteriously dividing his time between his ambassadorial duties as German minister at Rome and Ankara. Von Papen has two assets—his own ratlike sense of future changes and a reputation of owning a document of Hindenburg's advising the German people to get rid of Hitler and to avoid a war of revenge. It was still good advice, and von Papen may still have a chance of using it.

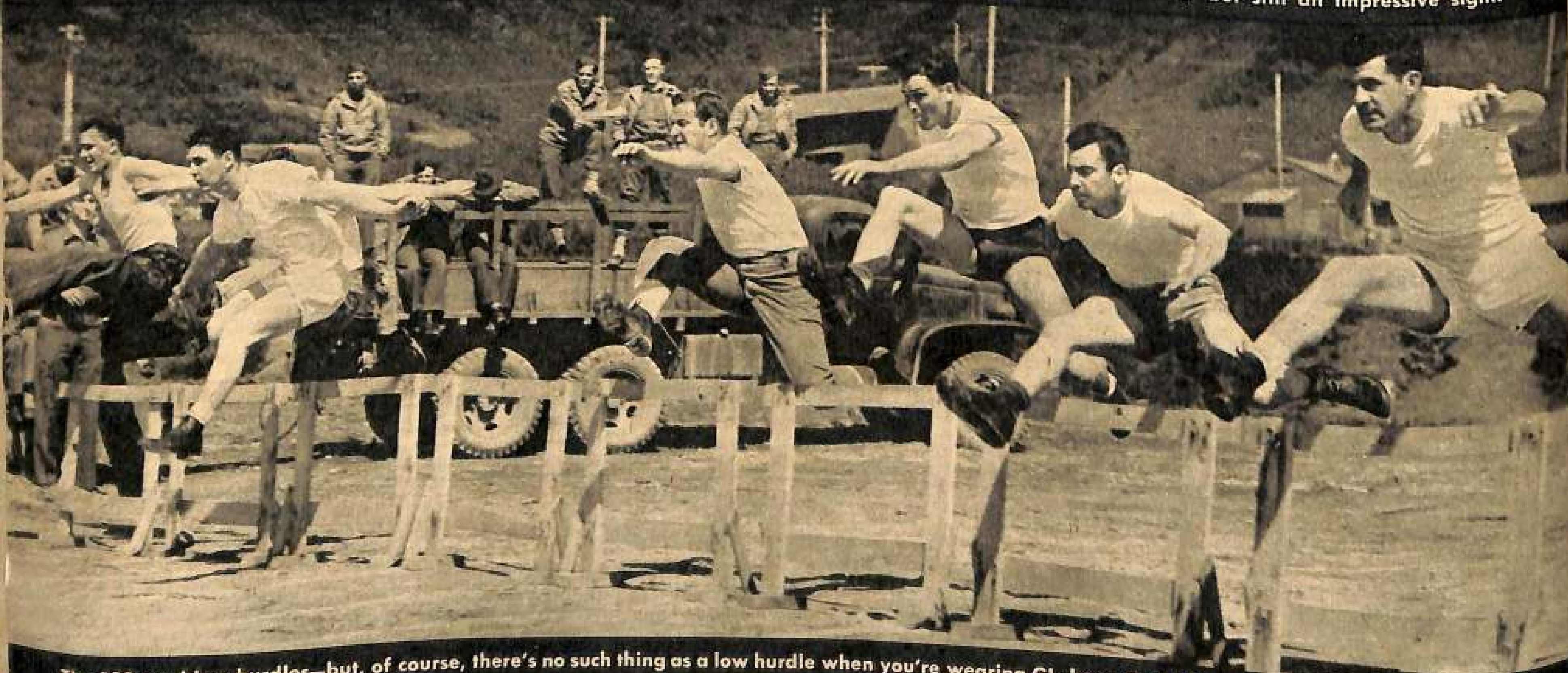
It was stirring news for these fighting dogfaces all over the world . . . .

. . . . as Allied leaders met and pointed the way to the goal ahead

ALASKA OLYMPICS

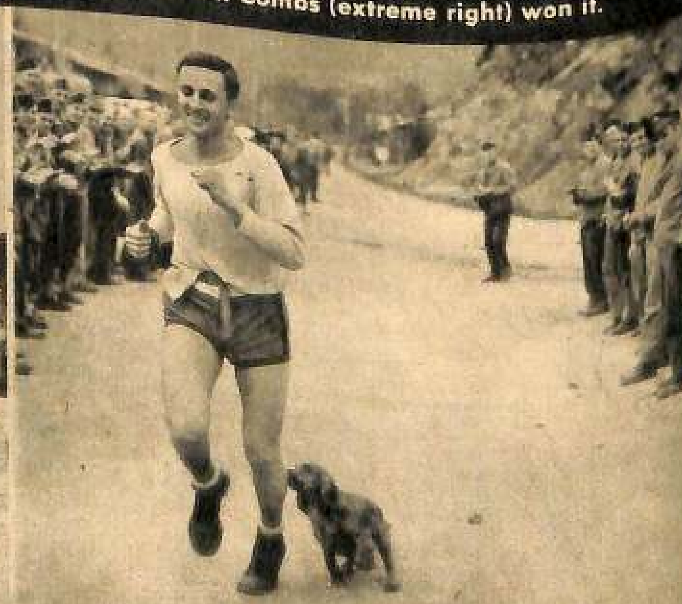
For the second year, Kodiak was the site of the GI Olympic Games, with 800 soldiers competing in track, field and military contests. While the athletes' attire was not quite what it should be, the spirit was, and a good time was had by all.

The traditional parade of the Olympics, different from those that used to be held in various capitals of the world—but still an impressive sight.



The 120-yard low hurdles—but, of course, there's no such thing as a low hurdle when you're wearing GI shoes. Cpl. Bill Combs (extreme right) won it.

The 100-yard dash is won with ease and with GI shoes by Cpl. Leon Dearborn in just 10:9.



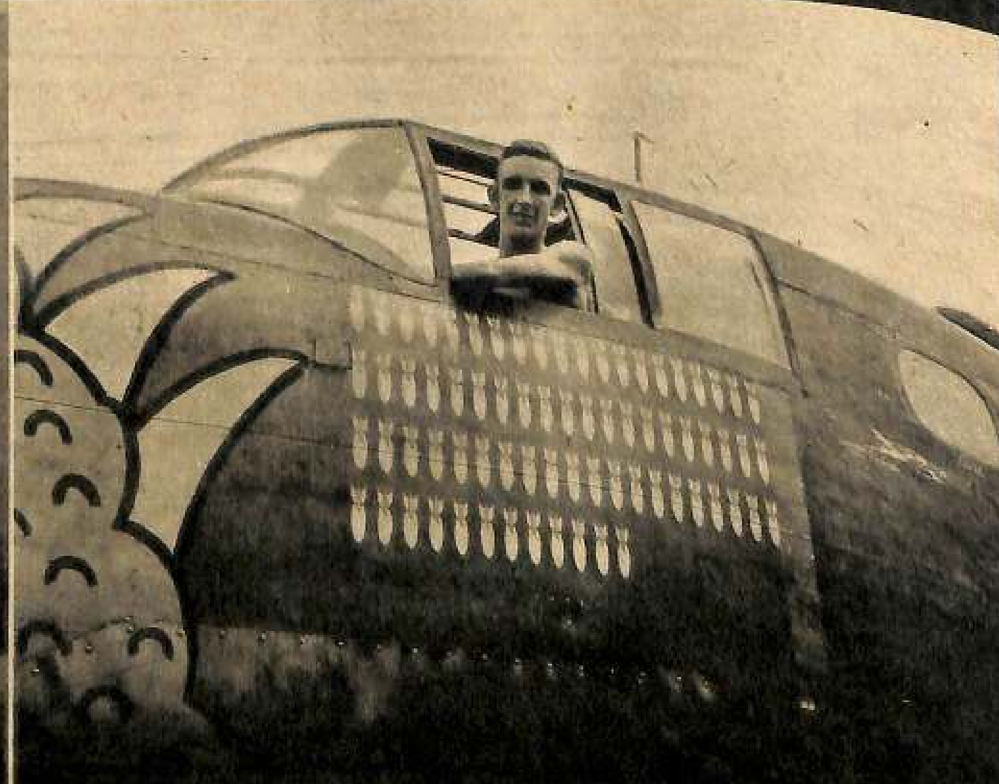
Sgt. Jesse Horn and Flopper win hill climb.

NEW GUINEA CHAMPS

There's been a lot of arguing over what ship's been doing the most flying over enemy territory. The men from New Guinea enter this top trio: a Fortress, a Liberator and a Mitchell. All three have added to the score since these pictures were made.

Here is the New Guinea veteran of veterans, *The Cap'n and the Kids*, with 84 missions to its credit when this picture was taken. It had knocked off 10 Zeros and eight Jap ships. Its crew chief, S/Sgt. Jacob N. Warrenfeltz of Hagerstown, Md., seems particularly proud of those ships. Pipe the eight fingers he's waving. *The Cap'n* was named in honor of Maj. Scott and his "kids" of Bismarck Sea battle fame. In an amazing career, it has had two of its engines shot out, its hydraulic system shattered, its tail shot away and holes the size of your head blasted in its wings.

Second to *The Cap'n* is *The Eager Beaver* with 77 missions, three Zekes, two cargo vessels and a destroyer. M/Sgt. Berbard Hanson, crew chief, of Pine Island, Minn., is bringing the scoreboard up to date.



Next, *The Tokyo Sleeper* with 76 missions, eight Zekes. When picture was made, T/Sgt. Clyde A. Gillenwater, crew chief, of Saltville, Va., and the ship had just returned from No. 76. Its scoreboard needs fixing.

Betty Grable

YANK

Pin-up Girl

News from Home

300,000 men were due to get New Year's greetings from the President, the rationing boys were easing up on steak, and one General had something to say about another General.

These suffering people are British soldiers, and gals from the studios watching a show put on by the stars at the Hollywood Stage Door Canteen—and this picture is No. 16341B in the unofficial "War is Hell" series currently running in YANK. All right, you Joe near the stove, how about some more coke on that fire so we can get to sleep and dream.

THE home front, never the gloomiest place in the world, was all hepped up with optimism last week. Conservative editors took a rosy point of view and ebullient ones really let themselves go with headlines about crushing Germany in four months, as word came in of President Roosevelt's progress from Washington to Cairo to Teheran, in Persia, and of his apparently highly successful conferences with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and Marshal Joseph Stalin—the big men, respectively, of China, Great Britain, and Russia.

But for all the heartening aspects of the general picture, there were still some stern realities for the individual civilian to consider. One of these was an announcement by the Selective Service Board that 300,000 more men will have to get their greetings from the President next month, which is just about twice as many as the War Manpower Commission had anticipated. This will probably mean taking many men who had thought themselves fairly immune in exempt jobs, since fathers can no longer be legally drafted until the last qualified childless male in the country is in uniform.

Straws in the wind:

The acuteness of the manpower shortage gave a wry note to the chuckles evoked by a drawing in *The New Yorker* magazine which showed a store front with the sign: "Wanted—Watch Repair Man. No experience necessary."

Thomas L. Bailey, governor-elect of Mississippi, let it be known that his inaugural parade in January would be run off without the help of automobiles. He said he would ride in a carriage drawn by two horses and that the other dignitaries and satraps would have to be content with buggies, surreys, and wagons.

The Office of Price Administration increased the ration value of cheese from three to eight points, reflecting the increasing scarcity of that commodity owing to government efforts to step up production of fluid milk. Don't weep, though—beef was reduced in ration value and fruit juices were made ration free. The government recently turned 2,400,000 cases of grapefruit juice loose on the civilian market.

The tide has turned in Washington. Figuring they don't want to get stuck in the place after the war is over, civilian workers—especially white-collar girls—have stopped immigrating to the capital and have started emigrating back home in the hope of finding permanent jobs before the big rush starts. More than 16,000 such workers moved out of Washington during one month recently.

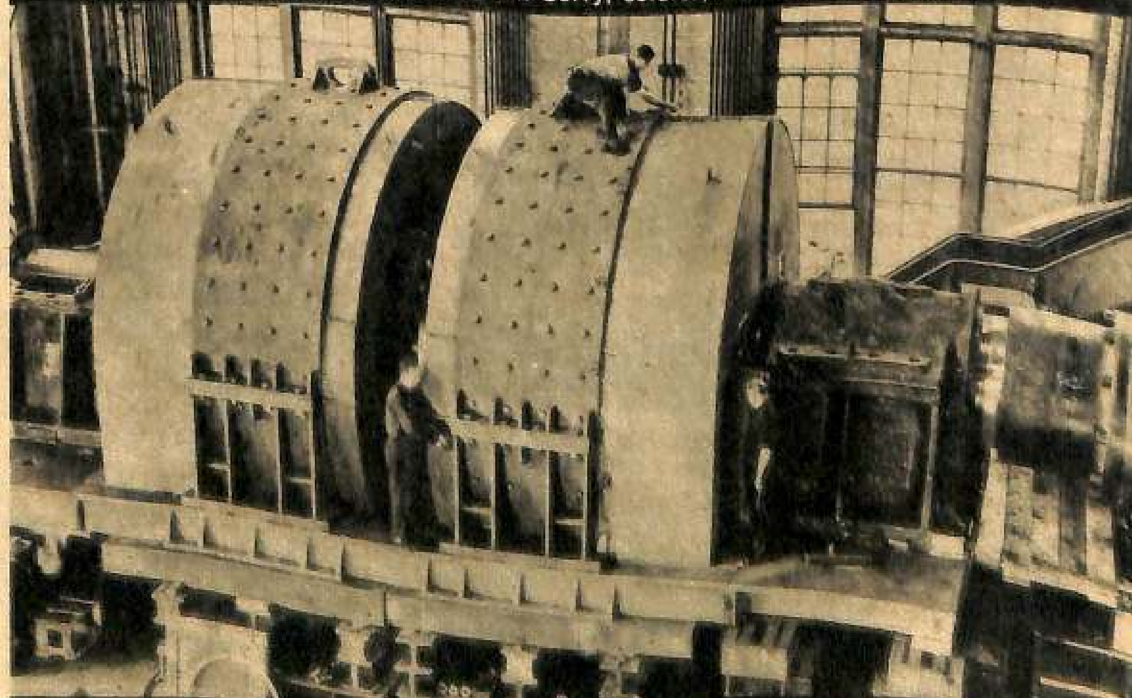
And from Alameda comes this latest curious hunk of data. The fellow scratching his head is Albert Hill, who fell heir to nine babies at the Oakland Maternity Home. The Home is part of an estate which came into the hands of the City of Alameda. It's Hill's job to administer the estate—babies and all. Sorry, soldier, we're all out of spirits.

There was news in Washington both for and of soldiers. By a vote of 42 to 37, the Senate sidestepped the Green-Lucas Bill which would have given a four-man commission the authority to supervise balloting in next year's Presidential election by men in the armed forces serving overseas. The Senate accomplished this maneuver by substituting a measure which turns control of the soldier vote over to the individual States, thus complying with the wishes of certain Southern Senators who squawked about the Green-Lucas Bill on the grounds that it made no provision for the poll tax in the States which exact such a levy.

Senate Leader Alben W. Barkley, Democrat of Kentucky, took a dim view of the proceedings. He said that the approved measure, which now goes to the House, "will have no more effect in giving soldiers the vote than a pious resolution passed by the Ladies' Aid or some Rotary Club." Senator Scott W. Lucas, Democrat of Illinois and co-author of the defeated bill, was even gloomier. He called the Senate's action "the hardest blow ever struck at the political rights of a soldier" and said that the Senators who voted for the substitute "will have to accept responsibility to the soldiers and their fathers, mothers, wives, and friends."

The bill which was passed was sponsored by three Democrats—McKellar of Tennessee, McClellan of Arkansas, and Eastland of Mississippi—recommends that the legislatures of the various States pass "appropriate legislation . . . to afford ample opportunity for members of the armed forces to vote in Federal, State, and local elections and to utilize the absentee balloting procedures of the various States to the greatest extent possible." Twenty-four Democrats, 13 of them from poll-tax States, and 18 Republicans favored the substitute; 25 Democrats and 12 Republicans were opposed to it.

The Senate Military Affairs Committee released a report which



Not everything is on the funny side back home, though. You fellows down on the line get a load of this: the electric motor pictured, to be used in a U. S. steel mill, is able to hoist a 1600-ton destroyer to the height of a 15-story building in one minute; it gets up 7000 hp, has a shaft speed of 25 rpm, and weighs about a million pounds.

C/of Postmaster. Here are your Xmas gifts on the U.S. side of the water . . . Don't crowd, men, everybody's due for at least one, and if yours doesn't get here, dig into the next guy's package.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower had made concerning a story broadcast by Drew Pearson, Washington gossip columnist, to the effect that Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, commanding the 7th Army, had struck a soldier who was a patient in a Sicilian hospital. General Eisenhower in his report said that he had written General Patton a letter "expressing my extreme displeasure and informing him that any repetition would result in his instant relief."

"I told him," General Eisenhower's report continued, "that he would necessarily make upon his own initiative amends to the individuals involved and if necessary to the whole army." The report went on to say that General Patton had apologized individually to the persons involved and had registered regret before the officers of all divisions of the 7th Army. The officers, moreover, according to the report, had relayed General Patton's message to the EMs serving under them.

General Eisenhower called General Patton's conduct in the slapping incident "indefensible" and said that the commander of the 7th Army had been guilty of "reprehensible conduct" in this instance. "I believe," the report continued, "that General Patton has great field usefulness in any assault where loyalty, drive, and gallantry are essential. I believe the corrective action already described is suitable and adequate."

The Democratic leader, Senator Barkley, called General Eisenhower's report "very fair" and said he felt that unless added evidence concerning the situation were uncovered he would recommend that final decision in the matter be left to military authorities. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican of Massachusetts, declared that General Patton's leadership had saved American lives in the Sicilian campaign and he, too, advocated letting the military authorities handle the matter. The Senate Military Affairs Committee asked the War Department to release the details of any similar incidents that might occur.

According to reports previously sent out from Allied headquarters in North Africa, General Patton struck a soldier whom he came upon unwounded and in bed in a military hospital. The General is said to have asked the soldier what was the matter with him and to have received the reply that the EM's nerves were shot by the shelling. The General, who is said by his friends to be skeptical of battlefield-neuroses, then called the soldier a coward and gave him a backhanded slap on the side of the head, the Algiers report related.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull said that there was nothing to rumors of impending efforts by Germany to sue for peace and called all such reports part of an effort to weaken the Allied war effort. He promised he'd tell the press the minute real peace feelers were put out by the enemy.

Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, announced that American forces landing on the Gilbert Islands had suffered 3,772 casualties during a seventy-six hour battle. The costliest action, he said, was on the two-mile-long atoll of Tarawa, which the Marines took after 1,026 of their men had been killed and 557 wounded. . . . Fifty-six-year-old Lt. Gen. Alexander A. Vandergrift, who led the Guadalcanal and Bougainville offensives, was named Commandant of the Marine Corps to succeed Lt. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, who became sixty-four and thus reached the age of retirement last August.

Harold Smith, the administration's budget director, estimated that war expenditures for this fiscal year would come to 92 billion dollars, which is eight million less than previously estimated. The deficit for the year, he thought, would amount to about 57 billion, the whole public debt 194 billion, and who's got sixpence for a shine?

Price Administrator Chester Bowles tossed some more figures around. He said that if Congress goes ahead, as threatened, and abolishes food subsidies, American families would find themselves out nine billion dollars, and he figured it would be only a matter of time before wages would have to go up, too, in the old inflation spiral.

Coal Administrator Harold Ickes made it known that production of bituminous coal had amounted to 12,700,000 tons in the week after the new contract with the miners went into effect—more than has been mined in a similar period during the past sixteen years. . . . Every time the clock ticked off five minutes during November the U.S. turned out another new plane, which is the best production record yet in that field. . . . Otis Massey, Mayor of Houston, Texas, proclaimed a City of Houston Day in honor of the launching of the 100th Liberty Ship from his city's yards. . . . The *David O. Saylor*, the first self-propelled concrete ship ever built in the U.S., was accepted by the Maritime Commission after a trial run off Tampa, Fla.

It was disclosed that President Roosevelt had signed a Congressional resolution providing for the presentation of a U.S. flag to the nearest relative of all Americans who die in the service of their country.

The *Gripsholm* docked at Jersey City with 1,494 Americans and Canadians freed from Jap internment camps. . . . Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson turned down a Congressional proposal that all American soldiers captured in the Philippines be promoted. "The general effect of promoting such personnel," he said, "would be to establish a reward for becoming a prisoner. There is no way to distinguish between those men who by virtue of having fought to the last might be deserving and those who surrendered in circumstances under which they might reasonably have been expected to continue to resist."

Philadelphia had a little excitement for a change. William Harrison, a fifty-eight-year-old real estate salesman, got a hunch that his two employers, Samuel Clokey and David Fink, were holding out on a $15 commission they owed him and plugged them both dead with a revolver. Just as he was about to do it, a customer called the real estate office, heard the phone lifted off the receiver and Clokey's voice yell: "Don't, don't, don't, for God's sake!" The customer called the police but before they could get there Harrison, thoroughly berserk by this time, had hustled around to the Y.M.C.A. where he lived and killed two young women—Mrs. Nora Harley, the assistant secretary of the place, and Miss Madge Chappell, a maid. Harrison then locked himself in his room and killed himself there a moment or so before the police broke through the door.

Out in Washington County, O., the police had a harder nut to crack. Elmer McCoy, a fifty-nine-year-old stockman, was found murdered in his barn, his wife was found murdered on their screened back porch, and their daughter, Mildred, a twenty-two-year-old school teacher, was found dead in her car parked in the yard—murdered, too. All the cops had to go on was a report by Dewey Clayton, a farm laborer, that at just about the time the crimes are believed to have been committed two automobiles were seen to drive into the McCoy yard.

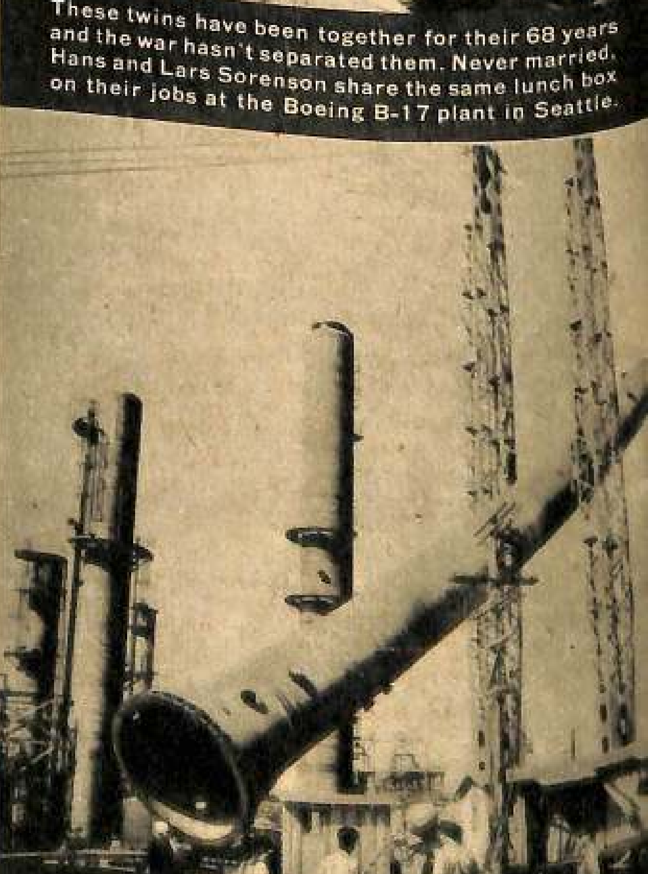
Thomas Robertson, a seventeen-year-old taxi driver, is in trouble, and no fooling. Charged with bigamy in Kansas City, Kansas, he heard three women come forward and describe him as a sort of marrying fool. First was Mrs. Katherine Norris Robinson, twenty years old, who said she married the chap on last July 21st in Corpus Christi, Texas, where she was working as a waitress. She said she lived with him for three weeks but took off for Kansas City when he refused to come across with any dough for her support. Wife No. 2, a young lady of seventeen, said she married good old Tom on October 23rd and that on November 18th he failed to come home. He finally showed up and told her that he had got drunk and married a third girl. He also told her that he had consulted a lawyer about the jam he was in and had been advised to get out of town for a few days. Wife No. 2 said she accordingly gave him nine bucks and he beat it. Then up spoke wife No. 3, also seventeen. She said she married Robertson on November 18th, the day he scrammed on wife No. 2, and that he gave her those nine bucks he had borrowed. "We lived together for three days before the sheriff came and took him away," said wife No. 3. "I think I still love him." Not so the judge, who held Robertson in $2,500 bail.

Mrs. Mary Tomlinson, thirty-four-year-old wife

Vice President Wallace (right) congratulates Wendell L. Willkie after his speech at the *Herald Tribune* Forum in New York. Wallace also spoke at one of the sessions

It's been a busy grid season for the girls. Lady linesmen, coaches, and even place-kickers have been active and now here's Ruby Hunter, of Raleigh, N.C., spotting Columbia players for the radio.

These twins have been together for their 68 years and the war hasn't separated them. Never married, Hans and Lars Sorenson share the same lunch box on their jobs at the Boeing B-17 plant in Seattle.



At the Shell Chemical Co. plant in Los Angeles, Calif., a 186-foot tower is raised all in one piece. A 350-ton acetone extraction tower, it was welded together on the ground before being hoisted up.

Soldiers and firemen fight searing flames in Southern California. More than 35,000 acres were blackened in the Malibu region of the Santa Monica Mountains, and more than a hundred homes were gutted by the fire.

of Flying Officer David Tomlinson of the R.A.F., became so despondent at being separated from her husband that she jumped, with her two small sons in her arms, from the fifteenth floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel on West Fifty-seventh Street in New York City. All three were killed. Mrs. Tomlinson had been formerly married to a Major in the British Army who was killed in North Africa in 1941. Her sons, six and eight years old, were the children of that marriage.

Frank Rice, an aviation mechanic from Miami, Florida, disappeared after waiting, police learned, eleven hours for his wife in Manhattan's Penn Station. Meanwhile, his distraught wife was waiting for him in another part of the station, handing out 1,500 fish, no less, in five and ten dollar bills to passers by as an inducement to them to help her find her husband.

Six young lady assistants to Dante the Magician, a theatrical act, saw paradise go up in smoke before their eyes when they arrived at the Canadian border, each with a $3,000 fur coat given her by a gent named Harry MacLean, who a few days earlier had been passing out $100 bills to wounded Canadian soldiers. Duty on the coats was 50 per cent of their original value. Since none of the pretties had the requisite $1,500, it was no go and they had to leave the coats behind.

Ira Robertson, thirty-five years old, of Wilmington, Del., thought he'd found a real cure for the flu, but his wife thinks otherwise. According to her, when Robertson was stricken, he took to his bed and called in a blonde lady physician who, after ministering to his aches and pains, climbed in beside him. To make things even more cosy he had Mrs. Robertson sleep in the same bed, too. Now she wants—and, according to the court, is going to get—$15 a week from him.

D. D. Davis, principal of a small school in Dade County, Fla., arrived in Richmond, Va., by day coach and bustled off to attend a scheduled regional convention of the National Education Association. When he got to his destination he found the convention had been cancelled months earlier because of the transportation difficulties delegates would encounter. So back to Dade went D. D. in a day coach.

Mrs. Jerry Benedict, a spry housewife of Norfolk, Conn., collected a $2.50 bounty for killing a fox, a feat which she accomplished while hanging up the wash in her backyard.

Iowa churches have been holding special services to celebrate the greatest food harvest in the State's history.

The American Legion post in Hopkins County, Ky., protested that the Office of Price Administration was using soldiers to trap motorists suspected of violating gasoline rationing regulations.

Mayor George Welch, of Grand Rapids, Mich., bet—and paid off—Mayor Kelly, of Flint, that his city would make a better showing than Kelly's in a scrap-for-salvage campaign. The score: 212 tons to 98.

Six deer hunters were killed during Minnesota's five-day season.

A fifty-four-day meeting at the Rockingham (N. H.) race track netted the state $1,200,000, which is a lot of money in New Hampshire, or anywhere else, for that matter.

Bedbugs seem to have taken a liking to jurisprudence recently. The latest courthouse they've invaded is the one in Union County, N.M., where a jury foreman complained to Sheriff Fred Spradlin that the jurors were going nuts with itching. The courthouse was closed three days for a thorough delousing.

McKeesport, Pa., has been so troubled by false fire alarms that the City Council is offering a $25 reward for the arrest and conviction of anybody turning one in.

The school board of Appleton, Wis., has voted to look into the business of high-school hazing following the death of a sixteen-year-old sophomore named Wayne Rogers, whose death was said to be the result of having had wintergreen oil rubbed into a raw spot on his skin, as part of one of those undergraduate rituals.

Last March the Rev. Bernard T. Drew, pastor of the Lawrence (Mass.) Congregational Church started a campaign to get the young ladies to write letters to local boys who had joined the armed forces. The men's names and addresses (APOs, too, although, as you'll soon see, this item has nothing to do with that) were placed in a hat and the girls gathered round, squealing prettily, for the draw. Twenty-one-year-old Gloria Oakes drew the name of a guy she'd never seen in her life—Sgt. George Fenton, Jr., twenty-five. Well, she wrote to him anyway and he wrote back and so on, and then a fortnight ago he came home on a furlough (get what we meant?) and now they're married. To make it all doubly copacetic, the Rev. Mr. Drew performed the ceremony.

In Los Angeles, Calif, the police picked up Louis Botellos, fifty-two years old, and charged him with wearing a uniform illegally. On the blouse of that uniform Botellos was sporting the following insignia: Purple Heart, Pacific Theater with three stars, the American Defense Ribbon, the World War I Ribbon with five stars, the D.S.C., the Croix de Guerre with palms, as well as Belgian, Cuban, and Nicaraguan ribbons, not to mention sergeant's stripes, twenty-year hash marks, and a good conduct ribbon. What, no ETO badge?

Three German war prisoners at Camp Selby, Miss., got married by proxy, you'll be happy to learn. Presumably addressed to bomb shelters, the marriage papers are being sent to the frauleins back home through the Swiss Legation. They will be signed and returned and then Fritz and his honey can kid themselves into thinking they're living happily ever after.

Thieves stole 1,000 pairs of false teeth, valued at $3,700, from a Norwich, Conn., dental laboratory.

A while back there was something in the papers about a sergeant in the ETO who, in becoming a father, had been bewildered by the fact that his wife had cabled him $50 in view of the fact that, before he came over here, they had arranged a code whereby if it was a girl she'd cable him $10 and if a boy $20. Well, it's all straightened out now. The mother is Mrs. Perry Nebergall, of Roodhouse, Ill., and with charming feminine logic she explained last week how come the fifty. "It was so near Christmas," she said, "that I made it $50 as a surprise." P.S. It was a boy.

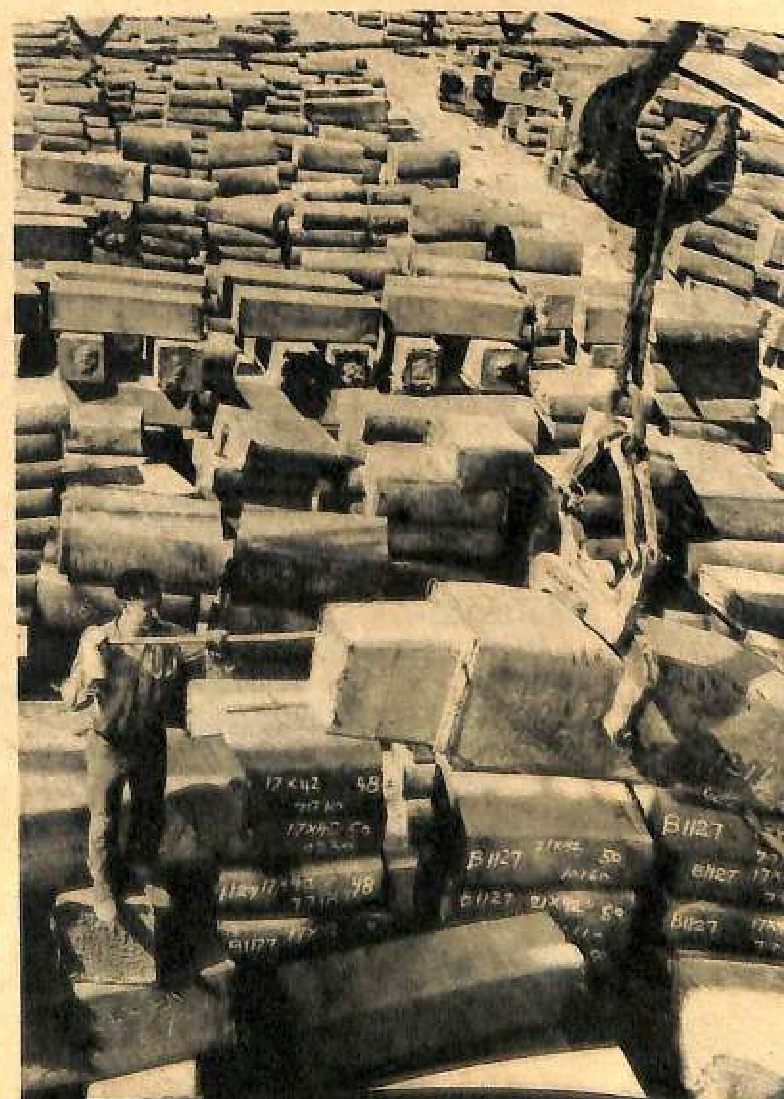
A new life raft for American seamen contains playing cards, 200 cigarettes, double-berth beds, a stove, frying pan, and a Bible fixed up like the Gideon ones with suggestions of psalms to suit your mood.

Pan American Airlines chalked up their 5,000th successful ocean crossing since Pearl Harbor. That includes 3,259 times across the Atlantic and represents a total of 21,000,000 air miles. Only twelve crewmen have been lost in crashes.

The screen rights to *There Shall Be No Night*, Robert Sherwood's play which had a long Broadway run under the aegis of the Theater Guild, are about to be bought by Twentieth Century-Fox. . . . Pvt. William Saroyan's play *Get Away, Old Man*, which depicted the inner workings of Hollywood studio life, closed after thirteen performances on Broadway. . . . The dramatic critics waxed enthusiastic over *Carmen Jones*, Billy Rose's Broadway version of Bizet's *Carmen*, with an all-negro cast. . . . Even Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey have been barely able to keep alive Dodie Smith's play *Lovers and Friends*, recent newcomer to Broadway.

Joan Fontaine, of the movies, put in two days as a nurse's aid in a hospital at Hartford, Conn. . . . Henrietta Leaver, the Miss America of 1935, sued her childhood sweetheart and husband for divorce in Pittsburgh, Pa., charging him with indignities. . . . John Webber, who appeared for years in the Father Whalen rôle in *Abie's Irish Rose*, died in a hospital at Northampton, Mass., at the age of seventy-four. . . . Coastguard Lieutenant Rudy Vallee, forty-two, married nineteen-year-old Bette Jane Greer, a newcomer to the screen. The ceremony took place in Hollywood. . . . Veronica Lake, she of the forelock, was granted a divorce in Los Angeles, Calif., from her husband, Major John Stewart Detlie, after testifying that he objected to her absence from home while making war-bond-selling tours. Major Detlie accused his wife of being an unfit mother for their two-year-old daughter.

And that brings us to the end of another week's roundup of news from the States, with just space enough left to mention that Fitch Beach, a philanthropist of Charlotte, Mich., offered to establish a $100 bank account for any Charlotte baby named after himself or his wife. Which is an item, we'll admit, that the average Etousian, whether or not he hails from Charlotte, is likely to read with little more than academic interest right now.



It's that man, Henry Kaiser, again. Here is steel from a new Kaiser foundry in California—three-ton blocks of it slated for shipment to Britain for immediate conversion into what it takes.

Mail Call

Christmas, Kids And Toys

Dear YANK:

Would Brooklyn T/5 Max Schrier accept the heart-felt thanks and appreciation for his article in 21st Nov. issue of the YANK from a couple of British Army Nurses.

After reading your letter T/5 we (my friend and I) would like to congratulate you on your "Best Suggestion of the Week." We think it jolly fine for you to take that attitude toward the British children. To quote your letter, kids are kids all over the world. I am sure the people of this country will appreciate any help given in the spirit with which you, and thousands of your brothers in arms want to give.

To make Xmas for the children a little like the ones every one used to enjoy. But you can rest assured, boys, that help given like that will not be readily forgotten. No sir, not for a *long, long* time. We English may not be ready to fall on your necks with ardent kisses, lads, but you will know what we are thinking and how we feel. Although at present we are not serving in a child's hospital we have spent a few Christmases in the midst of children, who for some may never see God's light again, or others who were starting out toddling on tiny baby legs only to be cruelly crippled by German bombers sweeping over here night after night with an object in mind—to cripple and break the growing population.

Yes, reader, I think you guess what I mean. These are the kiddies who need your gifts most, no matter how little it is. Enjoy your Xmas in the knowledge that you had made a little sunshine beam for somebody else.

We ourselves do not expect to spend Xmas in this country. When we get over there, we certainly won't forget to tell those British boys what you are doing to make their kids' Xmas a little brighter.

Cheerio boys, tons of luck in your very interesting scheme.

TERRY AND VAL

Britain.

[Thanks for your sentiments—and the best of luck to you too.—Ed.]

Old Ironpants

Dear YANK:

American soldiers may be "caught with their pants down" but only when in the act of exterminating the wrinkles out of them!

When we first arrived in England we found that our dress uniforms contained a large variety of unsightly creases. Tsk! Tsk!

"Yank ingenuity" solved our problem when one eager G.I. came across with an original: "The over-seas handy iron." Believe me, it works! Here's how.

Take one mess-kit—fill it with sand—put mess-kit on stove and gently heat. Result: A pretty good flat iron that'll keep the heat for quite awhile.

So, it may rain, it may be damp here in England. *But* Yank soldiers can go to town looking as neat as ever so long as they have a mess-kit handy.

So long YANK, I must iron my pants!

Sgt. HARRIS LEVEY

Britain.

It Was Done Like This In The Olden Days

Berwick Vs. Bronx

Dear YANK:

In reply to the article "All The News That's Fit To Print," I should like to comment in case Pfc. Paul Klinger has not seen fit to stick up for his own home town.

Having lived in the Bronx on Kingsbridge Road one stop above Fordham on the subway, I happen to know Spiel's former stand in that locality and having been born and educated in a town 22 miles down the beautiful Susquehanna Trail from Berwick, I happen to be one up on my geography in comparison to Spiel.

Spiel means to talk in Bronx language so I guess Spielberg is rightly named.

In case Spiel is interested, Berwick Pa., was named after Berwick, Eng., and the Mayor of Berwick, Eng., went over to Berwick, Pa., for their Centennial Celebration several years ago. An account of it was written in the *New York Times*, I believe, and several other New York papers.

Maybe Spielberg has never ridden on a subway car in New York City and if he did he is not very observant, for in most of the cars he will see a metal plate above the door saying, "Made by the Berwick Car and M'fg. Co. *Berwick, Pa.*"

In case he wants to know where I was born, the town's name is Danville, Pa., where most of the mail boxes for letters, found on the street corners in Manhattan and the Bronx, are made, as well as the first "T" rail-track in the country.

My opinion is that Spielberg "ain't been aroun'" as they say in the Bronx—for the benefit of the educated that means "He has not been around" in American.

Does he want some information about Walpwallopen, Mocanagua and Shickshinny, all Indian names? If so I can accommodate him.

P. BEYER

Britain.

[Looks like he's got you hanging on the ropes, Spielberg, old cock.—Ed.]

Clock Watcher

Dear YANK:

In reply to an article you ran in your magazine dated Nov. 28th. The article was named "Co-pilots also fly" written by Cpl. H. A. Roark. I'm a gunner on a B-17. After reading the article I'm beginning to wonder if I'm a gunner on a B-17 or a magic carpet.

How in the hell can a co-pilot see enemy fighters coming in at 6.00 o'clock on a B-17 or B-24?

What do they do nowadays; put bombardiers and navigators in the tail? I can't figure out how the bombardier and navigator can fire a gun at the 6.00 o'clock position when they are at 12.00 o'clock. If this ship of yours is a new type bomber, make mine vanilla.

Gunner on "MISS MAC"

Britain.

[It's been troubling us, too, but we finally figured out that the plane could have been flying backwards.—Ed.]

More About You-Know-What

Dear YANK:

First let me congratulate your editorial staff on a very well presented and informative magazine. A pity indeed, that it cannot be freely distributed amongst the English, for, next to personal contact, I figure it's the best way of putting the American point of view across to us.

Whenever I chance to see a copy of your magazine, I turn first to "News from Home" to see what is happening on the other side of the Atlantic—and then to the correspondence page, to see how the minds of you guys over here are working.

It would be redundant for me to say that there is a lot of ill-feeling between the average American and the average Britisher. We all know that, don't we—and I hope we all deplore the fact! I know that some of you figure America is being "taken for a ride" in this war, and you resent fighting our war. And some of us are apt to resent the American attitude, quite prevalent, that you've stepped in just in time to win the war for us again!

What we should all try to realize is that this isn't a war of nations, but a war of ideals—and if we aren't going to eliminate this horribly antagonistic attitude—we might as well give up fighting right now. We've heard so much about the "Brave New World" that is going to emerge from this chaos—let's see to it that it does. And it's no use sitting back and thinking *that* is a matter for the Governments of our respective countries to deal with.

Oh no! It's up to the ordinary people, to you and I, soldier. You come from a country where people believe in saying what they think, and have no inhibitions about the other guy's feelings—but here in England most of us present an acceptable counterpart of our real selves to the world. Personally, I'm all for the American way, but that's beside the point.

The thing is that we must study each other's way of living, practice tolerance and understanding, and build a worthwhile Anglo-American alliance.

After all, we represent the two foremost democracies of the world. Maybe some of us don't feel justified in applying the term "democracy" to our present systems. Then it's up to us to see to it that we *can*, in years to come. And to bring up the next generation, on whom, surely, the future of the world depends, to look on all men as their brothers, and to apply the same principles of loyalty and tolerance to all men, as they would to a blood brother.

Only on that basis can we hope for lasting peace, which is surely the desire in all our hearts. I salute you Americans—for the grand part your Army and Air Corps are playing in this war. I salute you for the great guys I know you really are, under the hide of you. Maybe it takes a lot of "getting to know" you—but I figure the effort's worthwhile. And if all of you start figuring the same way—England and America will be able to shake hands after this war, in all sincerity.

Think it over, boys!

MISS M. G.

Middlesex.

It's That Man Again

Dear YANK:

In response to the letter about me in the Nov. 21st issue saying "Take it or leave it," such a childish, narrow minded letter is not worth bothering with; I wonder which one of us really looks like a daisy?

Let the enclosed photo speak for itself.

Can those who criticize produce any better of themselves? The Wacs would appreciate good "pin-up" pictures if they have any to offer.

Any further information may be obtained from Charles Atlas, New York City, or W. A. Collins, Paramount Pictures, Inc., Hollywood.

Pvt. BOB LAURENT
"World's Youngest Most Perfectly Developed Man, 1938"
"Mr. America, 1939"
"Mr. New England, 1940"
"Most Perfectly Developed Man in the Armored Force, 1942"

Britain.

[We are inclined to let the whole thing speak for itself. But this is positively the last time, Brother Laurent. YANK carries no advertising.—Ed.]

Many Thanks To You, Too, Pal

Dear YANK:

I am a British tommy somewhere in Africa and I would like to express my sincere and heartfelt thanks through the medium of your paper to the doctors and nurses of the 40th Station Hospital somewhere in North Africa, who by their patience and wonderful skill saved my life; especially Drs. Brady and Longyear; wherever you may be I want you to know that I shall never forget what you did for me, and to "Connie," our nurse, I never knew your other name but to me I shall always remember you for your untiring efforts to make things as easy as possible for us.

CALYPSO in Trinidad

Port of Spain, Trinidad—To a lot of G.I.s who've never been here, Trinidad means three things: it's the home of Hazel Scott, the comely Negro pianist; Minnie the Moocher chiseled her way to fame here, according to the song; and Calypso was born in Trinidad.

Hazel Scott's in the States and she doesn't seem to have any twin sisters here. No sign of Minnie the Moocher, either, though some of her relatives are around.

But most of the Calypso singers, unable to get transportation for engagements in the States, are living in their native Trinidad. Attila the Hun, King Radio, the Roaring Lion, the Destroyer, Lord Invader, Pretender, Tiger, Lord Executioner and Growler are all present or accounted for.

They've played enough G.I. shows to have many American soldiers humming such Calypso ditties as "Rum and Coca-Cola," "Small Island" and "Some Girl Something." The favorite is "Rum and Coca-Cola," as sung by the Invader (Rupert Grant).

In case you still don't know what Calypso is, here's the authentic dope. Calypso is the name for the satirical native folk song of Trinidad. Of African and French origin, the first Calypsos were sung many centuries ago, but the current songs are as up to date as today's paper. The clever Calypso singers, who have a flare for choosing colorful names for themselves, improvise words as they go along to a score of basic Calypso tunes.

A Calypso singer is a kind of Bing Crosby who makes up his own words as he sings and covers a lot of subjects besides love—politics, war, food and international affairs, for example. He's just as popular in Trinidad as Crosby or Sinatra is in the States, and a lot more influential.

Calypso singers don't worry much about grammar or rhyme—the song's the thing. And they love to wrap their tongues around long, lofty words. The war and the arrival of Yanks in Trinidad has inspired a number of Calypso songs. Attila the Hun (Raymond Quevedo), a college graduate by the way, has composed this "Ode to America":

I beg to welcome wholeheartedly
Our visitors from over the sea.
I'm sure you will all agree with me
In my poem of eulogy
To the veteran champion of democracy,
America—Utopia of liberty.
They are with us as a consequence
Of bases to be built for mutual defense,
And we'd like to assure them we're glad they're here
And that our island with them we'd share.
We know they've helped the native to a marked degree
From life of misery and penury,
For you can never be in a financial jam
When you are working for Uncle Sam.

Love making in wartime is the theme of many current Calypso songs. King Radio sings this one about air-raid shelters:

I thank the government wholeheartedly,
Believe they really did a good to me
By digging holes underground
In case of air raids for us to run.
I hear they are calling them air-raid shelters
But they made them for me to romance my lovers.
At night King Radio is never alone;
I always meet some mopsie who hasn't got a home.
Then you can hear me with my old talk,
Tuts, mama chunks, let us take a walk.
And then I start out to cruise her slow,
She thinking in a mansion she's to go;
And when she catch herself and she bawl for murder
Is when she bounce she head in me air-raid shelter.

Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Also those G.I.s who may happen to read this, the former inmates of Ward 27 who knew me as the "Arkansas Cockney," I wish never to meet better buddies; wherever you may be let's hope that when this mess is all cleared up we can meet once again.

Once again, thanks a million, 40th Station.

Pte. W. COOK

Africa.

Profiteering, Eh?

Dear Yank:

Yours is really a swell magazine. The other day I purchased a copy of *The Army Weekly* and after correctly wrapping, stamping and addressing it to a Leading Wren friend of mine "somewhere in Scotland," brought it into the office of a captain of a certain air force station for censoring; and did the good censor scan the pages for writing of a military nature that might possibly give aid to the enemy? No, decidedly not!

Instead, he proceeded to turn to "Sad Sack," chuckled heartily at Greengroin's "Snort and Whistle," became hysterical at Duncan's cartoon, absorbed himself in Saroyan's "Thoughts While Goldbricking" and while your correspondent stood nervously at attention, read the caption beneath every picture. Forty minutes later, my censor looked up and absentmindedly handing me a threepenny Joey, said, "Alright, I'll take one."

Cpl. DAVID KARTEN

Britain.

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Unsung Hero

Dear Yank:

I've been reading your magazine since I came to the ETO and have seen many men get praised for their heroic work in combat.

There is one man who, in my opinion, and others, did a really heroic job on our Schweinfurt raid, but was never made public. His name is 2nd. Lt. Erwin C. Johnson, Pilot of a Fortress. There was no name on the Fort so all we can call it is a B-17. His plane was really shot up with a hole in the left aileron about two feet in diameter, but he brought it back. We were flying "Tail-end Charlie" in the low element, and really caught hell. If it hadn't been for our pilot we wouldn't be here now.

When we returned to the field we couldn't find the ground because of the fog, so we climbed up again and headed for the coast where we had seen a clearing. We were already very low on fuel, so our pilot told us to put on our chutes and get ready. Soon No. 2 engine quit, so he ordered us to jump. Being the engineer, I waited until after all had jumped except the pilot and radio man.

Just before I jumped I heard No. 3 engine quit. Our pilot went through the plane from the nose to the tail to make sure every man was out, then he jumped. When he landed he broke his ankle and crawled for about three hours dragging his bad leg. He is now in a hospital in England being treated. I believe if any one deserves praise it's Lt. Erwin C. Johnson. Ask any of his crew what his evasive action did to bring us back safely.

"AL"

Britain.

Starr Witness

Dear Yank:

R. Starr says she asks herself many times, are there any decent Yanks? Well, here is two English girls' answer to that question.

It is true there are good and bad among every nationality; the same applies to the Yanks.

Some Yanks are not what I would call bad, but I would say wild or maybe just having a good time getting the best out of life while they can.

My sister and I have met two decent Yanks, in fact I should say, swell. In fact I would class them the same as my brothers—my brothers are two of the best.

Well, Yanks, we are all for you; after all said and done we're fighting for the same cause—freedom.

THE SISTERS

Britain.

Absent Minded?

Dear Yank:

Here is a letter I received from my son recently. Although he neglected to write anything except my name for an address, I received this letter within 19 days, so I'm thoroughly convinced the APO fellows are "on the ball."

S/Sgt. JOHN R. JOHNSTON

Britain.

Bewilderment, Inc.

Dear Yank:

Doesn't any English girl know what the SOS is, or what part it takes in this war? It seems that none of them will have anything to do with us, simply because we wear the insignia of the SOS. We thought, being in uniform, we might be called soldiers, but to the knowledge of our British friends, we are better known as 4 Fs.

Would someone kindly inform them on what the SOS is doing to help win this war?

A BEWILDERED YANK IN THE ETO

[Darned if we know, pal. We're SOS ourselves. Ed].

Britain.

Leahy and Lujack: They both believed Lujack would be a success.

SPORTS: KNUTE ROCKNE WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF THIS NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL MACHINE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

KNUTE ROCKNE would have liked this Notre Dame football team. It was his kind of ball club: big, swift, poised and powerful enough to knock your brains out.

Rock would have loved that youngster, Johnny Lujack, who came in after the Navy game as Angelo Bertelli's replacement. He's definitely the Rockne type. The old man preferred his quarterbacks cocky, especially when they sincerely believed in themselves. When the game started, Rock used to let Frank Carideo run the show. Lujack fits into the same pattern. He has the same assurance, the same feel of confidence that's typical of all great quarterbacks.

There was a little scene in the Notre Dame dressing room after the Navy game that Rockne would have enjoyed. Bertelli was departing for the Marines and Coach Frank Leahy, fearing that the pressure might be too much for Lujack, called the kid aside to comfort him.

"Johnny, you have a great responsibility in the next four games," Leahy began. "You're going to make mistakes, and I want you to know I expect them. We all make mistakes. But when it happens, forget about it. I have faith in you. I think you'll be an outstanding success."

Lujack looked Leahy straight in the eye and said calmly: "I think so, too."

You know the rest of the story. Lujack, with exactly 20 minutes of varsity experience behind him, was a tremendous success in the Army game. Sergeants and corporals who had bet their wives' allotments on Army and lost went home muttering, "Who's this guy Bertelli anyhow?" But the Army team wasn't as impressed. They said Lujack had one glaring weakness—that he couldn't pass while lying flat on his back.

Just for the records, we might tell you that without lying on his back Lujack completed eight out of 16 passes against Army, two good for touchdowns. He also exploded through the Army team for another touchdown on a quarterback sneak and prevented an Army score by diving under a blocker to haul down Carl Anderson. Some people have been generous enough to say that was the greatest defensive maneuver of the season.

Rockne would rub his eyes at the sight of Creighton Miller rumbling down the field like a wide-open jeep. Miller has that same clear-cut, compelling quality about his running that Marchie Schwartz and Joe Savoldi had. And there's Jim Mello, Vic Kulbitski, Julius Rykovich and Bob Kelly. . . . Rockne would swear that Leahy has been letting these boys practice with the Chicago Bears.

And what about the Notre Dame line? Wouldn't Rockne say it was something out of this world? And wouldn't Rockne's body ache all over out of sheer sympathy every time these guys went to work on the enemy?

If Rockne looked long enough he would probably recognize Capt. Pat Filley, the guard. As a kid in South Bend, Pat was always hanging around Rock's practice sessions. Rock would be convinced now that the boy must have been listening to him, because he plays guard as though he invented the position.

Jim White, the tackle, is another boy who would be sure to click with Rockne. The old man would especially have liked Jim's piece of grand larceny in the Army game when he calmly stole the ball away from Glenn Davis to set up ND's second touchdown.

If you could pin Rockne down and ask him to name the player he liked most in the line, he would very likely tell you Jumbo Yonakor, the giant, pass-catching end. Jumbo has that confidence that pleased Rock so much. In the Navy game he played opposite Don Whitmire, who was an All-Southern tackle at Alabama before coming to Annapolis. During the second half Jumbo needled Whitmire constantly by asking him: "Which way do you want us to turn you now, Mr. All-American?"

It was Rock's kind of ball club, all right, but not because it was great. Rather, because it knew it was great.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Southern California's Dreblow is slowed down, then spilled by Crawford of March Field as the Flyers tramped USC, 35-0. The next day twice-beaten USC was named to meet Washington in the Rose Bowl.

EVERYBODY was so busy raving about **Sid Luckman** throwing seven scoring passes to break Sammy Baugh's record that nobody noticed that, only the day before, **Glenn Dobbs**, former Tulsa All-American, now playing for Randolph Field, Tex., broke the same record by throwing seven touchdown passes against the Ward Island Marines. . . Here's a story that goes back to the World Series in St. Louis. After the final game **Bill Dickey** crowded into the same elevator with **Shirley Povich**, the Washington sports writer. An Army corporal pushed his way in beside them. "Hi ya, Bill," said the corporal. "I don't know whether you remember me." Dickey looked him over and said: "Sure I remember you. We used to pitch to you high and inside. When we pitched outside, it was boom, the ball game. Say, what's your name anyhow?" The corporal's name was **Joe Gantenbein**, and just as Dickey recalled, he could really murder an outside pitch when he played for the Athletics. . . . Uniforms for the Army and Navy football teams playing in Bermuda's second annual Lily Bowl game are being supplied by Fordham University, which abandoned its football team this year.

Inducted: **Ken Sears**, second-string Yankee catcher, into Navy; **Mickey Witek**, Giant second baseman, into Coast Guard; **Jimmy Bloodworth**, Detroit second baseman, into Army; **Bobby Cifers**, high-scoring schoolboy football star from Kingsport, Tenn., into AAF; **Hi Bithorn**, Chicago Cub pitcher, into Navy; **Hank Gornicki**, Pittsburgh pitcher, into Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Rip Sewell**, Pittsburgh pitcher and inventor of the ephus pitch; **Jimmy Wasdell**, outfielder-first baseman of Philadelphia Phils; **Bud Metheney**, second-string Yankee outfielder. . . . *Deferred:* **Bill Cox**, owner of Philadelphia Phils. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Oris Hockett**, Cleveland outfielder; **Spud Chandler**, Yankee pitcher and American League's most valuable; **Jim Bivens**, Negro heavyweight contender; **Tommy Bridges**, Detroit pitcher; **Connie Mack Jr.**, son of the owner-manager of the Athletics; **Ron Northey**, right fielder of Philadelphia Phils. . . . *Discharged:* **Myril Hoag**, former Yankee outfielder, because of severe headaches and dizzy spells. . . . *Commissioned:* **Sid Luckman**, of Chicago Bears, as ensign in the Merchant Marine; **Marty Brill**, coach of Loyola University at Los Angeles, as first lieutenant in the Marines after being released from the Army as staff sergeant; **Patty Berg**, woman golf star, as second lieutenant in the Marines.

THE SAD SACK "LOST"

MAP

SLAP

SGT. GEORGE BAKER

The Beautiful Bed Check

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

A GI musical in two acts, suitable for production by military units as a morale booster. Recommended by leading warrant officers as a gripping statement of a simple soldier's faith in his first sergeant. Production notes are included.

ACT I

[As the curtain rises on a pitch-dark stage we hear the frank, unaffected snoring of American fighting men. It is that eerie time in the barracks between lights out and bed check. At left, footsteps move slowly and cautiously towards center stage in the darkness.]

VOICE: Where's m'gahdam bunk?

2D VOICE: Hey, gitcher hands off me, ya lousy drunk! *[There is a creaking of bunks as sleeping men stir.]*

1ST VOICE: Hasa top kick been through yet?

3D VOICE: No, but he's due any minute! Hurry to bed, Butch Norris, the eight-ball of the 8th Platoon! The self-respecting men of the 8th have had about enough of your drunken bungling. You know what the first sergeant said —if you aren't in bed for bed check tonight, we'll all be confined for the week end!

BUTCH: Sounds like Pvt. Buddy Goodwin, best soldier in the 8th Platoon. Blow it out yer barracks bag, Buddy!

[Chorus sings "Blow It Out Your Barracks Bag, Buddy!" *Words and music for this song will be furnished on request, but frankly it's pretty silly. You could have the men sing "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad" instead. Or you could simply go ahead with the play, which isn't moving any too fast as it is.]*

BUDDY: Hush! Someone's knocking at the door!

ALL: It's the first sergeant! Get in bed quick, Butch!

BUTCH: But what am I goin' t'do with Marge?

ALL: Marge! Who's Marge?

MARGE: Wottinell's it to you who I am, you lousy GI meat-heads? I was in this burg before you guys was shipped in, an' I'll be here after yer gone. For my money this burg was a hellu-valot better when the Navy was here!

ALL: Oh! He's brought in a woman again!

BUDDY: Marge, you indecent woman, whoever you are, begone from these barracks. These are American soldiers! Besides, the first sergeant will be here any minute!

MARGE: Stripes don't mean nothin' to me. I'm good enough for top kicks when they're in town, an' I'm good enough fer'm here.

[She sings "I'm Only His Furlough Girl-O." *Incidentally, here's a little suggestion. Why not have some well-known guest star, say Betty Grable or Deanna Durbin, play* MARGE *for you? Any actress will be glad to do it for the publicity. Just drop her a post card, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.]*

FIRST SERGEANT *[knocking again at door]*: Hello in there!

[Hustle and bustle and squeals of excitement as the curtain falls on Act I. Between the acts you could have a bunch of soldiers dress like girls and do a dance. I think this has been done before, but it will simply knock the audience out with laughter, so what the hell?]

ACT II

[Scene, same as Act. I. At rise of curtain we hear the first sergeant knocking on the barracks door. All is quiet within.]

FIRST SERGEANT: It is I, your first sergeant! Are you covered, fellows? May I come in?

ALL: Do!

[The sergeant enters and moves slowly across stage, flashlight in hand, checking the beds. The sleeping men gently chant "How Softly Our Sergeant Makes Bed Check." *This number is very effective if you care for that sort of thing.]*

FIRST SERGEANT: What was that noise?

[Marge has jumped out of Butch's bed as the flashlight approaches, and she jumps into bunk with the next man. She continues this, down the line of bunks, always just one jump ahead of the flashlight. But finally she is trapped in the end bunk with Pvt. Buddy Goodwin.]

FIRST SERGEANT *[shining his flashlight on the two white faces in one bunk]*: Well really! What does this mean?

BUDDY *[staring at his bunkmate]*: Why, Aunt Marjorie!

AUNT MARJORIE: Yes, it is I. I'd no idea you were here.

BUDDY: Whatever brought you to this low condition?

AUNT MARJORIE: Well, I had to put you through the Army somehow. You kept writing for money, and after your parents died I was your sole support.

FIRST SERGEANT: Pardon me for interrupting, but this is very irregular. Women are not allowed in barracks.

BUTCH: Wot kind of a outfit is this, fa crysakes, can't a guy's own aunt visit 'm around here?

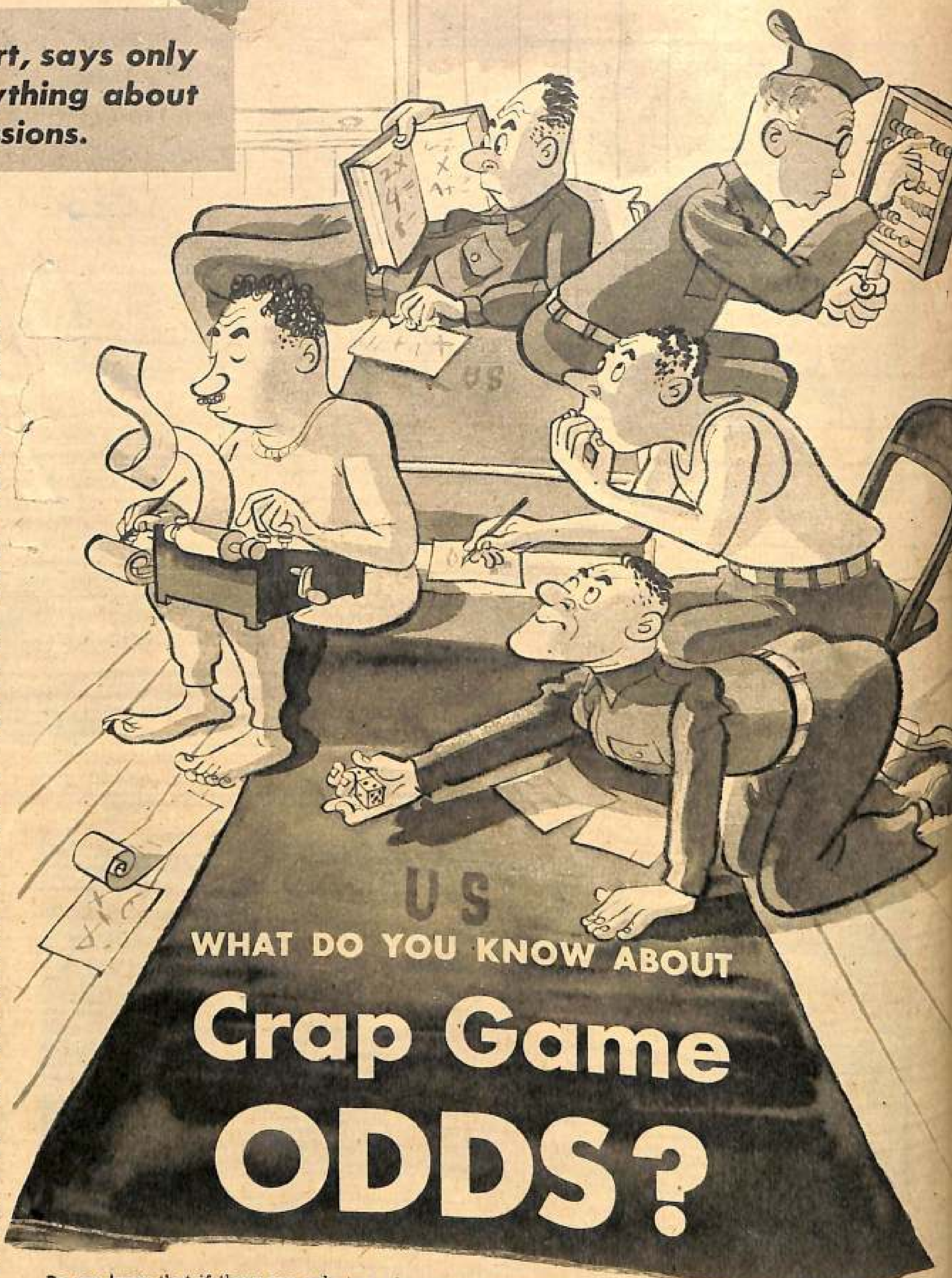
FIRST SERGEANT: Well—yes. But *[glancing at his watch]* it's past visiting hours! However, I'll take it up with the Old Man in the morning. Meanwhile, madam, you can find lodging at the civilian guest house here on the post. You are a very attractive woman, and if you would consider linking your life forever with that of an humble first sergeant——

AUNT MARJORIE: Buddy, did you hear that? Perhaps if I marry him it will help your Army career!

FIRST SERGEANT: Well, I wouldn't say that. But there does happen to be a new pfc. rating opening up the first of the year.

[Chorus sings "A Pfc. Rating Is Open!" *All join hands and dance as they sing, and curtain slowly comes down.]*

John Scarne, gambling expert, says only two out of 100 GIs know anything about correct odds in dice sessions.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT Crap Game ODDS?

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

How many times have you walked down your company street or along the deck of your ship, passing out dollar bills to the guys you meet? Probably never, and probably you never will. But you might as well do this as shoot craps with the odds you get in most camp and ship dice games.

John Scarne, YANK's adviser on gambling, recently made a survey of Army camps and Navy stations. Even Scarne, a hard-boiled citizen, was amazed when he found out how few soldiers, sailors and marines have any idea of fair odds in craps. About two men out of 100, he figures, really know anything about odds.

Shooting dice is like tossing coins. With coins, you take 10 tosses. You may toss 10 heads or 10 tails. Or anything in between. But if you take 100,000 tosses, the heads and tails will inevitably even up. The same holds true for dice.

But say you agreed to take 5 or 10 percent the worst of it on every toss of the coin or roll of the dice. Say you agreed to accept 91 cents every time you won and to pay out $1 every time you lost. If you did this you would be a sucker and go broke in no time. But the odds that most of Uncle Sam's crapshooters are playing are just about as fair as these.

Let's take an example. When a soldier takes the usual even-money bet that he can throw "8", he is cheating himself as much as if he were playing against crooked dice. The proper odds for "8" are 6 to 5, and if he had ever taken time out to think of odds he would know it without being told. But GI suckers seem content to accept the other guy's odds without question.

What's wrong with most of the dice odds used in the armed forces? Plenty—but the reason is simple. They are gambling-house odds. There are three kinds of craps—Bank, Open (Fading) and Army (Private). Army craps is the friendly game of chance that soldiers are supposed to play, while Bank and Open are the big-time games where the house gets a percentage on every bet made. And here is where the dirt comes in. It is hard to believe, but most friendly Army games are played with the same odds that favor the house in Bank and Open.

In short, in most GI games the odds are permanently fixed against the guy who is shooting or betting the dice to win.

The correct dice odds aren't hard to figure. Any GI can figure them out if he takes the time. To save the time, however, John Scarne has done the figuring in the charts presented on these pages. *Charts I* and *II* are the most important. *Chart I* shows every possible combination on a pair of dice. *Chart II* shows how these combinations can be computed in terms of odds.

The trick is to study these charts and learn how odds are figured out. If you find that few of the odds here tally with those you have been playing it's a sure sign you have been losing money in your dice-playing. By studying the proper combinations, you will become familiar with the proper way of figuring odds. Learn the smaller wagers—the 5- and 10-cent ones—first, and then work up to the big boys.

The first thing to do is determine how many combinations can be thrown with a pair of dice. Use elementary arithmetic for this: There are six numbers on each dice. Multiply 6 by 6 and you get 36 possible combinations. They're in *Chart I*.

Then you figure the number of different combinations or ways each number can be made. By figuring the number of combinations by which the point can be made against the six combinations by which "7" can be made, you can easily arrive at the correct odds on all points and numbers. This is in *Chart II*.

But in case you want more specific examples of how the wrong odds can do you out of your hard-earned GI dough, take a look at the following list of "Do You Knows" that Scarne has assembled. These are only a few examples of the bum dice odds that are being given in the games in the armed forces.

Do you know that if there are only two players in a game, one a steady shooter and the other a steady fader, the shooter will go broke in the long run? The shooter has a disadvantage of about 1.414 percent as soon as he is faded—about 7 cents the worst of it on every $5 bet.

Do you know that when you bet even money you will throw "6," you are taking a beating of 9 1/11 percent, or about 45 cents on every $5 bet you make? The same holds true for "8." These two bets are the surest sucker bets in dice. They show up more often than any other points; in other words, 5 times out of 12, a "6" or an "8" will be the point. The disadvantage of 9 1/11 percent for the right bettor will eventually break him, and that is one of the reasons gamblers say all right bettors must die broke.

Do you know that when you accept 7-to-1 you will make "4" *the hard way* (2 & 2); you are taking 11 1/9 percent the worst of it, or about 56 cents on your $5 bet? Same holds true for "10" *the hard way* (5 & 5).

Do you know that when you accept 7-to-1 on making the "6" *the hard way* (3 & 3) you take a disadvantage of 27 3/11 percent or about $1.36 the worst of it on your $5 bet? Same holds true for "8" *the hard way* (4 & 4).

Do you know that when you accept 4-to-1 you will throw "7" in one roll (*come-out*), you take a disadvantage of 16 2/3 percent or about 83 cents on your $5 bet?

Do you know that when you accept 15-to-1 you will throw "11" in one roll (*come-out*), you are taking 11 1/9 percent the worst of it, or about 56 cents on your $5 bet?

Do you know that when you accept 30-to-1 you will throw "6-6" or any other double numbers in one roll (*come-out*), you're taking 13 8/9 percent the worst of it—about 69 cents on your $5 bet?

Do you know that when you accept 9-to-1 that you will throw "4" in one roll (*come-out*), you have a disadvantage of 16 2/3 percent or about 83 cents the worst of it on every $5 bet you make? Same holds true for "10."

Do you know that when you take 7-to-1 that you will throw "5" in one roll (*come-out*), you are cheating yourself by 11 1/9 percent, or about 56 cents on every $5 bet you make? Same holds true for "9."

Do you know that when you accept 7-to-1 that you will throw craps—"2-3-12"—in one roll (*come-out*), you are beating yourself by 11 1/9 percent, or about 56 cents on your $5 wager?

Do you know that when you accept 5-to-1 you will throw a "6" in one roll (*come-out*), you are 16 2/3 percent a loser before the dice start rolling—about 83 cents on your $5 wager? Same holds true for "8."

Do you know that when you bet the dice to lose, the gambling house bars 6-6 on the first roll? This gives the house an edge of 1.363 percent, or about 7 cents on $5.

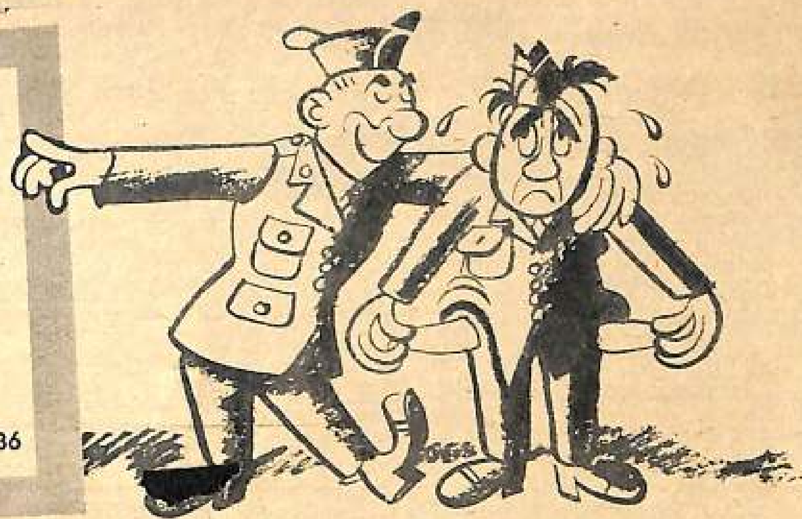


CHART I: Possible Combinations

"2" can be made in one way	1 & 1
"3" can be made in two ways	2 & 1—1 & 2
"4" can be made in three ways	2 & 2—3 & 1—1 & 3
"5" can be made in four ways	2 & 3—3 & 2—4 & 1—1 & 4
"6" can be made in five ways	5 & 1—1 & 5—3 & 3—4 & 2—2 & 4
"7" can be made in six ways	3 & 4—4 & 3—2 & 5—5 & 2—6 & 1—1 & 6
"8" can be made in five ways	2 & 6—6 & 2—4 & 4—3 & 5—5 & 3
"9" can be made in four ways	6 & 3—3 & 6—4 & 5—5 & 4
"10" can be made in three ways	4 & 6—6 & 4—5 & 5
"11" can be made in two ways	6 & 5—5 & 6
"12" can be made in one way	6 & 6
Total number of combinations	36

Do you know that gambling houses purposely paint their lay-outs to read 8-*for*-1, 10-*for*-1, 30-*for*-1, 15-*for*-1, to mislead players to believe odds are 8-*to*-1, 10-*to*-1, 30-*to*-1, 15-*to*-1?

Do you know that when you play the field on all the numbers on the lay-out, "2," "3," "4," "9," "10," "11," "12," they total only 16 combinations? The house has 20 combinations against you—an advantage of 11 1/9 percent, or about 56 cents on a $5 wager.

You may think that the above percentages are big, but let's take an example of how percentages work. You are to bet only on the point "6" to win at even money. On the first "6" you bet a dollar and win. On the second "6" you bet the 2 and win; the third "6" you bet the 4 and win; on the fourth "6" you bet the 8 and win, pulling down $16. You are happy, but you are exactly $7.42 short. If you had received the correct odds—that is, 6-to-5—you would have had $23.42. That's how percentages work. John Scarne says there are plenty of dice hustlers in and around Army camps who earn from $500 to $1,000 a month just by hustling "6s" and "8s." They wait for "6" and "8" and bet you even money. You don't.

Craps is an easy game to play, but don't let that fool you, soldier. To play it right requires a little preliminary brain work. Stop being a sucker and study the Scarne charts carefully. Memorize them. Then never accept a bet unless you are offered the correct odds.

CHART II: Odds Against Passing

	CORRECT ODDS	ODDS IN TERMS OF BETS	
"4" can be made in three ways; "7" in six ways	2-to-1	$.10-to-.05	$2.00-to-$1.00
"5" can be made in four ways; "7" in six ways	3-to-2	.30-to-.20	1.50-to- 1.00
"6" can be made in five ways; "7" in six ways	6-to-5	.60-to-.50	1.20-to- 1.00
"8" can be made in five ways; "7" in six ways	6-to-5	.60-to-.50	1.20-to- 1.00
"9" can be made in four ways; "7" in six ways	3-to-2	.30-to-.20	1.50-to- 1.00
"10" can be made in three ways; "7" in six ways	2-to-1	.10-to-.05	2.00-to- 1.00
"6" (3 & 3) or "8" (4 & 4) can be made in one way	10-to-1	.50-to-.05	10.00-to- 1.00
"4" (2 & 2) or "10" (5 & 5) can be made in one way	8-to-1	.40-to-.05	8.00-to- 1.00

CHART III: Odds on the Come-Out (First Roll)

35-to-1	or	$1.75-to-.05	against	a Specific Double Number
17-to-1	or	.85-to-.05	against	"11"
11-to-1	or	.55-to-.05	against	"4"
8-to-1	or	.40-to-.05	against	"5"
8-to-1	or	.40-to-.05	against	Craps—"2," "3" or "12"
5-to-1	or	.25-to-.05	against	"7"
6 1/5-to-1	or	.31-to-.05	against	"6"
11-to-1	or	.55-to-.05	against	"10"
8-to-1	or	.40-to-.05	against	"9"
6 1/5-to-1	or	.31-to-.05	against	"8"

Sergeant in Sicily Says Sad Sack Is Shrewd, Sly Spy

ALGIERS—The simple soldier Sad Sack is a Nazi spy!

After months of investigation in the musty files of ancient Sicilian archives during which time 16 investigators almost met a sudden end, the truth about the dirty rotten rat, the Sad Sack, can now be brought to the ears of a waiting world. Sad Sack is neither American soldier nor imaginary cartoon: he is Sad Sach of Nuremberg, Germany, and his blackguard family traces back to one Hans Sad-Sack born to spy in 1494.

The Sack (also spelled Sach) family still has members running around loose all over the world. Although the youngest of the clan, Sad, is now having his fate decided by higher-ups, a tight ring of censorship has been drawn about the case, no doubt caused by Sgt. George Baker, whose deft pen works in cahoots with shrewd Sad. YANK, which claimed to be The Army Weekly and god-fathered the entire scheme by first publicizing the character who always is left holding the sack, is in hot water. If Sad meets his deserved fate, YANK can just about pull in its wings and retire to stud.

These are the events which led to his capture and arrest:

Many months ago, a sergeant whose name cannot now be disclosed because of possible repercussions, first suspected that Sack wasn't as dumb as he was drawn. In one cartoon, Sad Sack wore a cloak about his slim figure. When the clothes dropped off in a later issue, there was Sack with the beginnings of a master sergeant's belly! Nobody can be that dumb and still eat so well. Not in the Army.

When the sergeant went to bed that night, a little bell jangled over his head and rang out the bait for the trap: genealogy! He took the first plane to Sicily where records are kept concerning villains, spies, pirates and general tramps with enough black sheep in the family to poison future generations for centuries.

There he whisked away to the *Archivia Araldico Cimino, per copia conforme, casellario*, which in plain double talk means "For a buck and a drag on your cigarette, I'll tell you if your old man's grandfather was royalty or just a plain chiseler. For another 20 *lire*, I'll guarantee that he was a baron." The sergeant only paid one dollar.

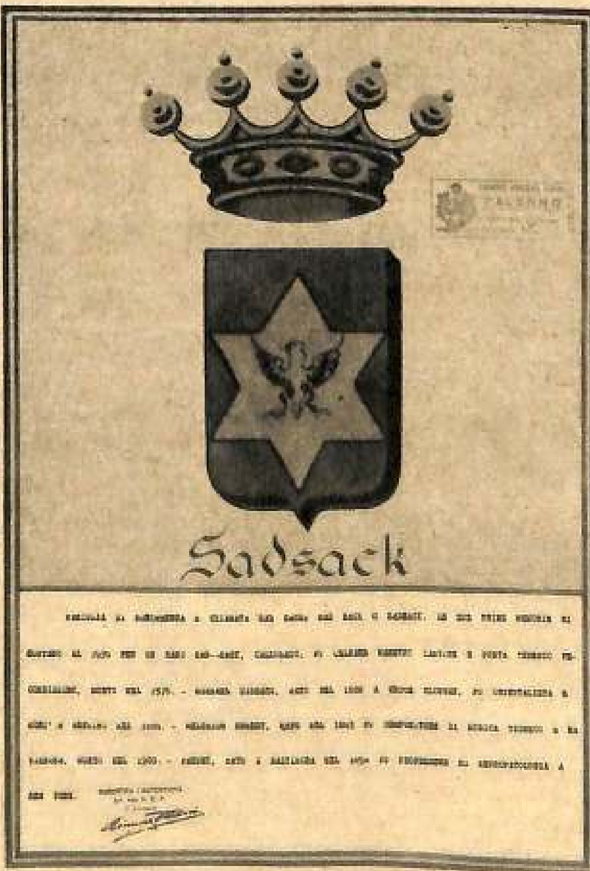
The sergeant almost dropped dead when the archive director presented him with a genealogical report on the Sad Sack family, complete with coat-of-arms and crest. In the center of the coat-of-arms was a dead rooster plopped up against a golden star. The chicken had the same expression on his mug as Sad.

And this is what the family skeleton contained (guaranteed authentic, one buck):

"Family of Nuremberg and known as Sad Sach, Sad Sack or Sadsack. Its origins are traced back to 1494 to a Hans Sad-Sack, shoemaker, who was a celebrated *meistersinger* and German poet of many works, who died in 1576. Michael Sadsack born in 1808 at Groos Glongan, was an authority on the Orient and died in Berlin in 1864. Melchior Ernest, born in 1843 was a German musical composer at Ratisbon, died in 1900. Parney, born in Baltimore in 1858, was a professor of neuropathology in New York."

This, friends, is not fiction. The sergeant is willing to take the stand. He keeps the Sad Sack secret file open to anyone with guts enough to dispute that Shrewd Sad is a spy.

—Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent



Here is the evidence, a history of the Sack's German family tree, showing that he is a descendent of Hans Sad-Sack, the Teuton poet who died in 1576.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"I HATE TO GO HOME ON FURLOUGH. MY WIFE AND I DO NOTHING BUT FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT ALL DAY LONG."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"HOW COME THESE SOLDIER GUYS ARE ALWAYS BUCKIN' FOR STRIPES?"
-Sgt. Bill Newcombe

"HEY MAC, WHERE'S THE REPLACEMENT POOL?"
—Cpl. Hugh F. Kennedy

"BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU—"
—Cpl. Ozzie St. George, New Guinea

"COULDN'T USE A CLEVER LITTLE SABOTEUR, COULD YOU?"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell