

MAY 16

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

3^d MAY. 16
1943
VOL. 1, NO. 48

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

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

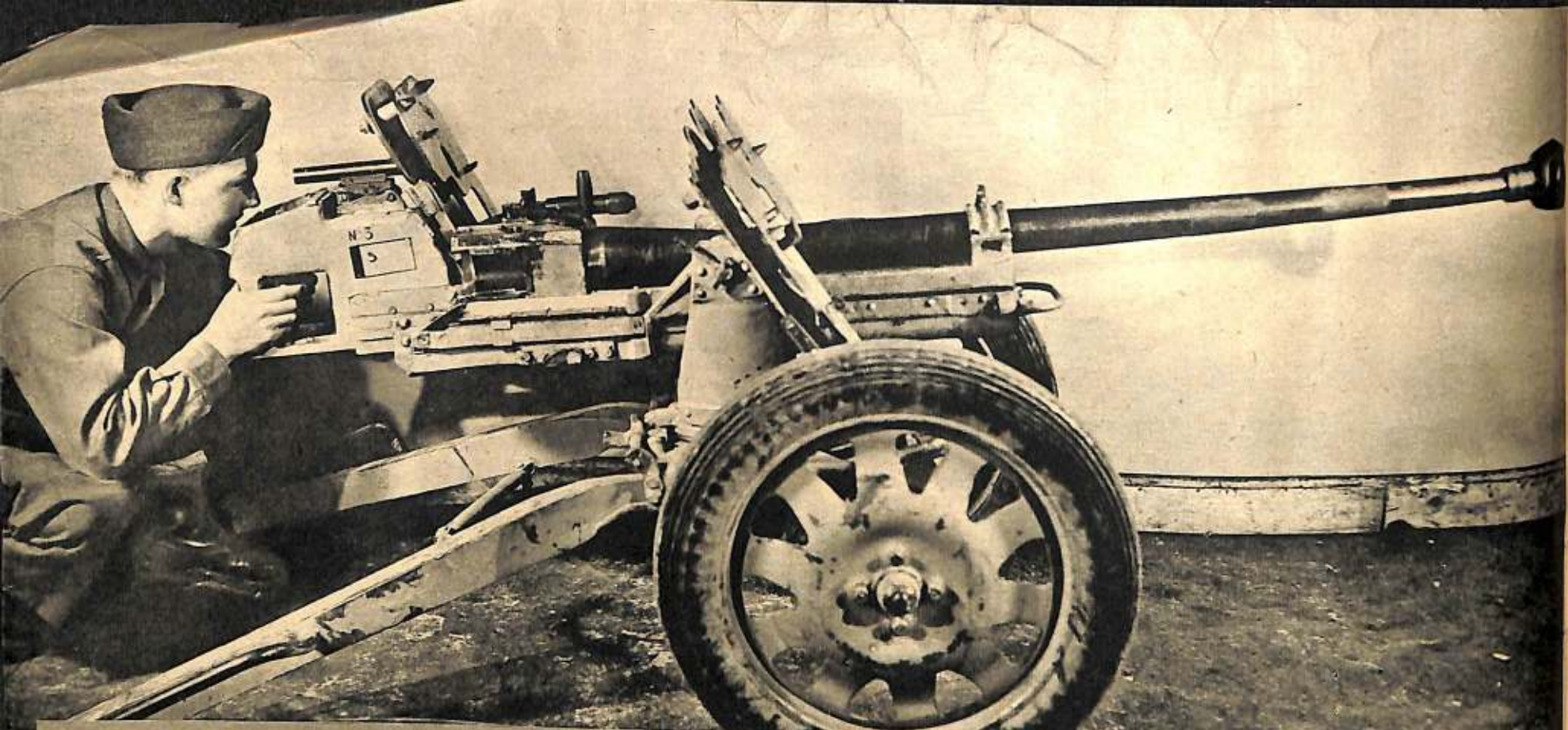


GERMAN MORTAR

*This captured Nazi 50-mm
weapon is being studied by
American soldiers.*

Close-Up Pictures of German, Jap and Italian G

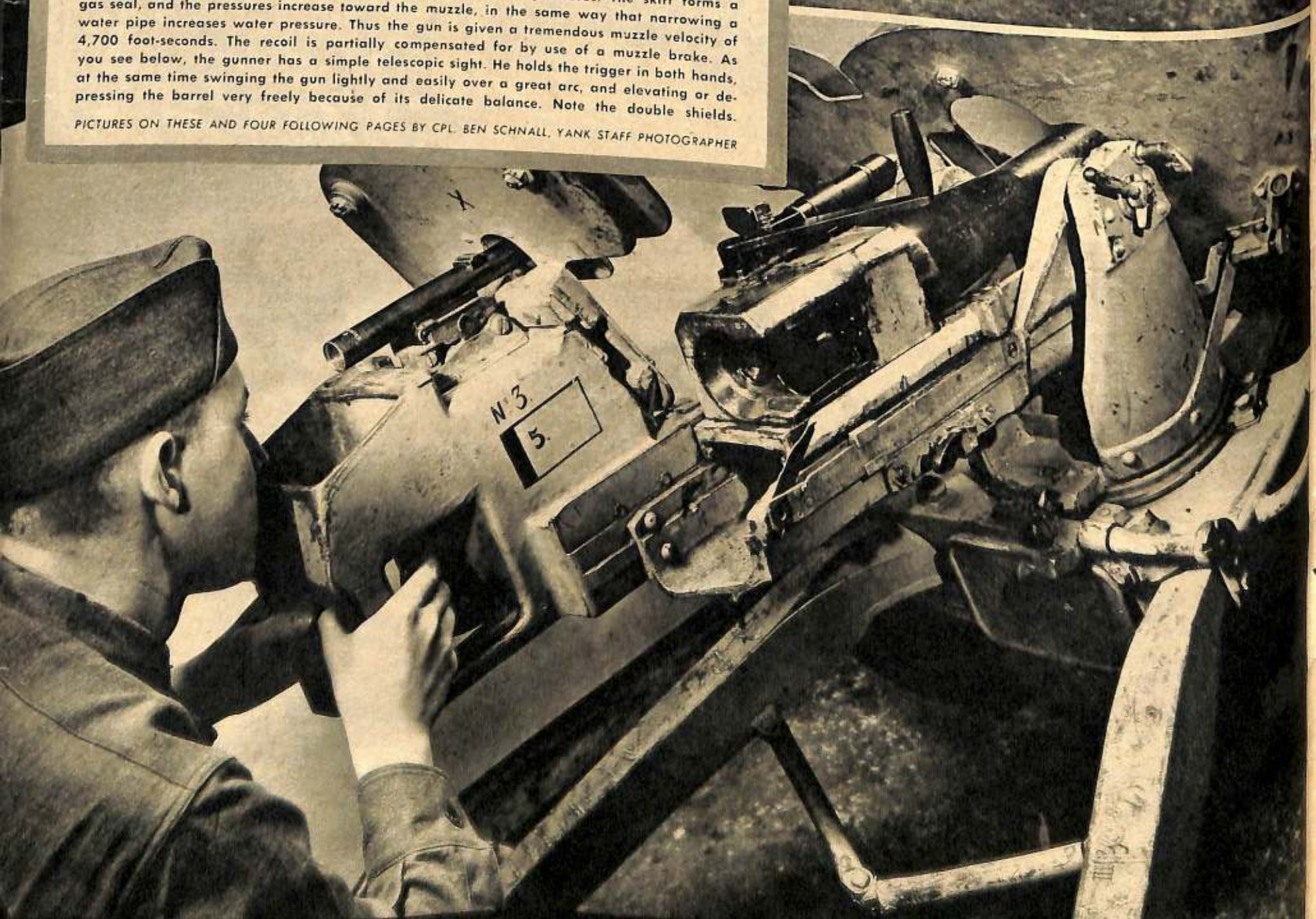
SEE PAGE



HERE IS THE FAMOUS GERMAN "SQUEEGEE" ANTITANK GUN

GERMAN 28-20-MM or Guerlich antitank gun, also known as the "Squeegee Gun," has a tapered bore, narrowing towards the muzzle. The projectile is fitted with a copper skirt, which is compressed by the narrowing bore and falls free from the projectile as it leaves the muzzle. This allows for much greater breech pressures. The skirt forms a gas seal, and the pressures increase toward the muzzle, in the same way that narrowing a water pipe increases water pressure. Thus the gun is given a tremendous muzzle velocity of 4,700 foot-seconds. The recoil is partially compensated for by use of a muzzle brake. As you see below, the gunner has a simple telescopic sight. He holds the trigger in both hands, at the same time swinging the gun lightly and easily over a great arc, and elevating or depressing the barrel very freely because of its delicate balance. Note the double shields.

PICTURES ON THESE AND FOUR FOLLOWING PAGES BY CPL. BEN SCHNALL, YANK STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



CLOSE-UP OF THE BREECH END OF THE GUERLICH ANTITANK GUN. NOTE THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT AND TRIGGER ARRANGEMENT.



NAZI 88 vs. AMERICAN 90. The famous German 88-mm (left), reputed to be a miracle gun, is merely an antiaircraft weapon which levels its barrel for use against tanks and ground troops. Its muzzle velocity is 2,400 to 2,600 foot-seconds, which is not as great as the muzzle velocity of our corresponding

90-mm gun, shown above. The 88-mm armor piercing projectile weighs 21 pounds and the HE projectile 20 pounds, both lighter than ours. The practical rate of fire of this gun is about 12 rounds per minute. The American 90-mm has proved by test to be superior in every way to Hitler's 88-mm.

Enemy Weapons

By Sgt. **BILL DAVIDSON** and Sgt. **RALPH STEIN**
YANK Staff Writers

ABERDEEN, Md.—Rumors about our enemy's weapons are as common as strawberries in Arkansas.

A few months ago, for instance, there was a great furor from Africa about a German field-piece known as the 88-mm gun. The 88 is nothing more than an ordinary antiaircraft gun, similar to our 90-mm. It is used chiefly to protect German cities against our bombing attacks. In Libya, however, a whole echelon of British tanks blundered into a carefully set trap of these AA guns, lowered for ground fire and half buried in the sand. Many of the British tanks were knocked out at close range during that afternoon. This purely tactical error on the part of the British started Rommel's last big drive to Alamein.

It also started a wave of hysterical reports about a miraculous new German weapon.

On subsequent battlefields and here at Aberdeen, where the officers and enlisted men of the Ordnance Department's Foreign Materiel Section work day and night examining enemy weapons and exploding rumors, these reports have been proved to be silly. Just as silly as other reports depreciating the enemy's weapons as useless ersatz junk. The organization of the Foreign Materiel Section gave the U. S. Army something it badly needed—a middle ground for the appraisal of enemy ordnance. Before the section went to work, each German, Jap and Italian gun was classified like a Hollywood production. Either we

thought it was colossal or we thought it was lousy.

The truth of the matter is expressed very aptly by Lt. Col. G. B. Jarrett, chief of the Foreign Materiel Section.

"The enemy," he says, "is not fighting us with pea shooters. But on the other hand, he's not fighting us with Buck Rogers atomic disintegrators either. His weapons are good—damned good. They've got to be, since the Germans and Japanese have been working on nothing else since 1934. But tests here show that our stuff is just a little bit better."

Our artillery is more than a match for the German and Italian guns, and far superior to the Japanese. Our 90-mm AA gun shoots a heavier



Lt. Col. G. B. Jarrett collects enemy weapons.

projectile than the above-mentioned 88-mm and is generally harder-hitting and capable of more damage. This is true of corresponding weapons all the way up to the largest coastal guns, including tank and aircraft cannon.

Our antitank weapons are beginning to surpass the famous German 28-20 or "Squeegee Gun." Our pistols are equally good. Our hand grenades, considering fragmentation and range of danger area, are superior to the Germans', whose basic principle is blast effect alone.

And our combination of Garands, carbines, and Thompson and Reising submachine guns make up for the initial quantitative advantage of the Schmeisser machine pistol, a good weapon issued in great numbers to all classifications of German troops. Any one of our automatic or semi-automatic weapons throws a bullet capable of stopping a man with a hit anywhere on his body, but a man can take two or three of the light Schmeisser 9-mm bullets in non-vital parts of the body and still keep coming on. In Africa, where there was a crying shortage of submachine guns, the British Tommies didn't even bother to pick up the Schmeissers strewn around the desert, if anything else was available.

The Germans' mortars are extremely good. So is their famous machine gun, the Solothurn MG34, which, like everything else they have, is manufactured in great quantities. The MG34 is an all-purpose gun, with a variety of mounts which make it interchangeably a light or heavy weapon. Its most brilliant feature is a device that enables a flick of the wrist to eject an overheated barrel

Enemy Weapons

and replace it with a fresh barrel, all ready to fire. The weapons on these pages were picked up on the battlefields of Africa and the Pacific. Nearly all of the German equipment was gathered by Lt. Col. Jarrett himself, who spent a year in Africa with the British Eighth Army. Some of the stuff was obtained from British Technical Intelligence, some from Maj. Paul Wickins, an American ordnance officer in the Middle East. But most of it Lt. Col. Jarrett just grabbed between the fluctuating lines and towed back to safety. He picked up a 10-cm gun at Fort Capuzzo, a 7.5-cm gun on

the edge of the Quattara Depression, an aerial machine gun out of a Heinkel 111K, which conveniently crashed close by during an air raid on Cairo. Today, however, special Recovery Crews of ordnance-trained enlisted men and officers are collecting foreign materiel overseas. Their job is to comb a battlefield for enemy ordnance and ship it to Aberdeen for analysis. This is not a gold-brick job. The battle surges back and forth, and sometimes the crews are caught in no man's land or behind the enemy lines. Their casualty rate is high.

"The German weapons are ingenious and plentiful," Lt. Col. Jarrett says. "The Nazis make up

for raw material shortages by artfully reinforcing places in the guns most susceptible to strain. The Japanese weapons on the whole are not so good, but the Japs know how to get the maximum use out of them to kill Americans, British and Chinese—which after all is their only purpose. And don't kid yourself about the Italian weapons. They're good—even though the Italians often don't make the best use of them."

As for American weapons, Lt. Col. Jarrett says: "A minute comparison with the enemy's materiel shows that our guns are more carefully made, they are of better quality materials, and the quality of explosives is better. In other words, it's the same old story of superior American resources."



MACHINE GUNS

JAPANESE Arisaka 7.7-mm heavy machine gun is a modern weapon designed in 1936 and patterned after the French Hotchkiss. Standard with the Japanese Army, it fires a slug equal in caliber to the British .303, and if captured the gun can take British ammunition. This arm has a muzzle velocity of 2,700 foot-seconds, a range of 4,587 yards, and a practical rate of fire of 200 or 250 rounds per minute. It is rather heavy, 122 pounds, and has good sights with a modern rear peep. It loads 30-round strips of cartridges instead of belts or drums. Note the fancy cast air-cooling fins and the tubular sockets on the tripod legs.



ITALIAN Breda 8-mm machine gun (caliber .315) is a nicely and simply made weapon, standard with the Italian Army. Its muzzle velocity is 2,600 foot-seconds, its theoretical maximum range 6,500 yards, and its theoretical rate of fire 300 to 400 rounds per minute. Practically, of course, the range and rate of fire are much less. Air cooled and with a tripod mount, the gun has a good iron sight and better-than-average durability; the barrel is good for 20,000 rounds. This machine gun has a trigger arrangement similar to that on our Browning. It takes cartridges in flat strips instead of on a belt or a drum.



GERMAN Schmeisser 9-mm submachine gun or "machine pistol," as Nazis call it, is one of the most common of the enemy's weapons. The 32-round magazine clips on to form the forward grip, and the gun then fires just as our submachine gun fires. Its practical rate of fire is 80 or 90 rounds per minute, and although the maximum range is 1,870 yards, it is accurate only at much shorter ranges. The Schmeisser is cheaply manufactured, made mostly of steel stampings and pressings. It has a folding tubular metal stock.



ITALIAN 9-mm Beretta submachine gun (caliber .350) weighs 9 pounds, 1 ounce, compares rather favorably with ours, except that the slug it throws does not have the stopping power of our heavier .45. It loads either a 10-, 20- or 40-round magazine. It has two triggers, one for single shot semi-automatic fire, one for full automatic fire. A strange feature of this gun is the bayonet. Maybe it is good for shaving or making sandwiches.



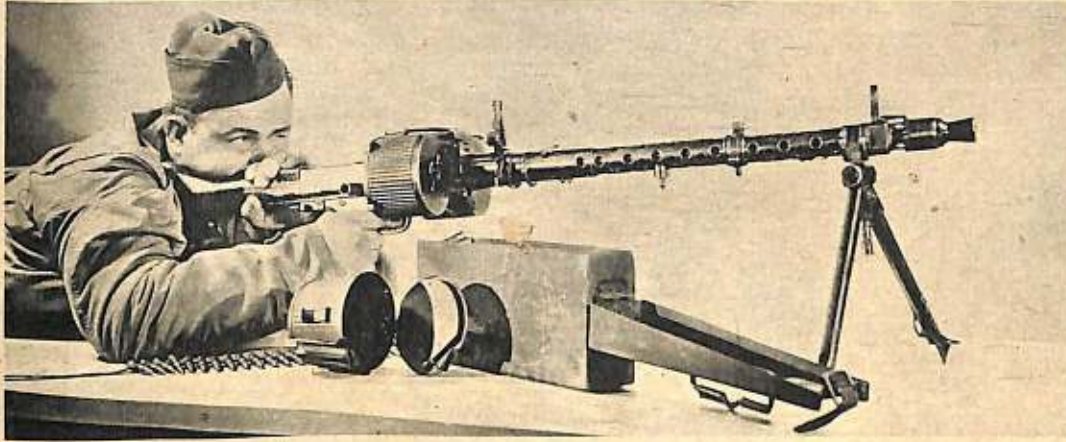
JAPANESE 6.5-mm light machine gun is the standard Nipponese weapon used against us in the jungle warfare of Bataan, Guadalcanal and New Guinea. It loads and fires like our U. S. Army Browning, but like all Japanese weapons it throws a very light bullet (caliber .256), which does not compare with the stopping power of the Browning .30-caliber slug. It has a normal muzzle velocity of 2,400 foot seconds, which is not bad. The gun is crudely made but weighs only 19 pounds, 2 ounces—one of the lightest machine guns in the world. The bayonet is a strange feature for a machine gun. It shows how the Nips are always worrying about the danger of close-up, hand-to-hand fighting with their bigger and tougher American enemies. Imagine running a bayonet course with one of these babies in your arms.



GERMAN Luger automatic, called "the Parabellum" by the Nazis, is their standard Army pistol. Usually carried by officers, it fires a light 9-mm or .35-caliber bullet, which does not have the stopping power of our slugging .45 at the same maximum range. It loads a 7-round magazine by clip. The U. S. tested this pistol before the last war and abandoned it in favor of the Colt .45, Model 1911.

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

THIS NAZI WEAPON CAN BE USED AS A LIGHT OR HEAVY MACHINE GUN



The German MG34, an all-purpose weapon, can be used on a bipod as a light machine gun.

THE German Solothurn MG34, an all-purpose 7.92-mm (.31-caliber) machine gun, was developed in 1934 and ranks today as one of the finest weapons of its kind in the world. Its practical rate of fire is 110 to 120 rounds per minute. The effective range on this mount is between 1,300 to 1,640 yards. Standard throughout the German Army, the MG34 is air cooled and weighs only 15½ pounds, lighter than the Jap 6.5 machine gun.

It can be fired three ways:
 First, with the saddle magazine for anti-aircraft firing.
 Second, with the basket-type magazine for use as light machine gun mounted on the bipod.
 Third, with the belt-type for ground fire when the MG34 is set up on the tripod for use as a heavy machine gun, as shown below. The MG34 has iron sights for use when the



Close-up of artillery type sight on MG34.

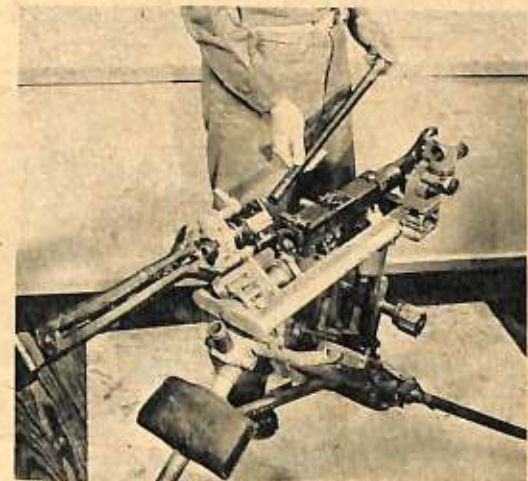
gun is operated as a light weapon in tanks or planes. When it functions as a heavy machine gun on tripod mount, fine artillery type optical sight is used, and the gun is capable of such duties as indirect fire over a hill.



Or it can be operated with belt ammunition on a tripod as a heavy machine gun.

AN important feature of the MG34 is its recoil-operated searching mechanism which traverses the gun through an arc of one or two mills after each round is fired. The front leg of the tripod is padded for easy carrying. The trigger is operated from the mount by means of a large lever.

The MG34 is a very easy weapon to manufacture, many of its parts being designed so that they can be turned on a lathe instead of having to be milled.
 An interesting thing about the Solothurn is the extreme ease with which the barrel can be changed. When the barrel gets over-



Its barrel can be changed very easily.

heated after 250 rounds of sustained fire, the entire gun, forward of the receiver, can be flipped over, the barrel slid out and a new one inserted in less time than it takes to tell about it. In the latest model, the act of flipping over the forward part of the gun automatically ejects the overheated barrel.



JAPANESE Nambu automatic has an action that fires an 8-mm bullet. In appearance it resembles the German Luger but loads an 8-round magazine. Here again the enemy's pistol does not equal in hitting qualities our Colt .45. In fact, its .315-caliber bullet is the smallest slug designed for a standard military pistol, a deficiency only partly made up by the pistol's very high muzzle velocity.



ITALIAN Beretta automatic is a 9-mm pistol. Compared with our .45, this .35-caliber pistol is a light-hitting weapon, since its effective range is 50 yards, about the same as ours. The Beretta has a 7-round magazine, loads like any other automatic. Only 6 inches long, it is much smaller than the usual military pistol, more like a gun a Hollywood woman spy would carry in her silk stocking.



ITALIAN Glisenti 9-mm automatic (caliber .35) looks very much like the German Luger. It probably is nearly as effective as the Luger but has the same disadvantages when stacked up against our pistol, in that it fires a lighter, less hard-hitting slug. The Glisenti is 8½ inches long and loads a 7-round magazine. If an Italian officer carries a pistol, this is the one he will have.

Enemy Weapons



JAPANESE 50-mm "knee" mortar is incorrectly nicknamed because of its curved base plate which looks as though it was shaped to fit against a man's thigh, just above the knee. But if you fire one of these weapons from the knee, as shown at the right, you will shatter your leg. The correct way to fire it is shown above. This popular Jap weapon has a 700-yard maximum range with a projectile that weighs 1 pound, 9 ounces. One man can fire 10 projectiles a minute, two men can fire 20 in a minute. This mortar weighs only 10 pounds and folds up into a very small, compact tube. Range is adjusted by means of a rod that screws in and out underneath the barrel, thus changing the effective length of the barrel. It is fired by pulling a trigger, as shown in the photograph. But, remember, if you capture one of these mortars and get a chance to use it, keep it away from your knee unless you want to spend the next few months in the hospital.

Enemy Rifles Don't Even Compare With Our Garand



Italian Mannlicher-Carcano 6.5-mm rifle (caliber .256) is a crudely made weapon.



Japanese Arisaka 6.5-mm (caliber .256) doesn't have the stopping power of U. S. rifles.



German Model 98K, a short bolt-action Mauser, fires a 7.92-mm bullet (caliber .31).

THESSE are typical Italian, Japanese and German rifles, all bolt-action models. None of them compares with our semi-automatic Garand. When it comes to the manufacturing of rifles, America stands head and shoulders over every other nation in the world.

Best of the three rifles shown here is the German Model 98K Mauser, a short-barrel weapon which has largely replaced the Model 98, GEW, principal German infantry rifle of the first World War. It fires a 7.92-mm. bullet (caliber .31), practically the same as ours, using the thoroughly proven Mauser bolt action. This new model has an improved rear sight, a turned-down bolt handle and, like the old model, it loads a clip of five rounds.

The Italian Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, photographed at the left, is one of several standard types used by the Italian Army. It is a 6.5-mm. (caliber .256) bolt-action weapon, loading a six-round clip with a low muzzle velocity of 2,300 foot-seconds. Like most continental rifles, the Carcano is a crude job compared to our harder-hitting Springfield and out of all range of comparison with our Garand.

The Japanese Arisaka, the standard rifle of Tojo's Army, is also crudely made and an inferior gun according to U.S. standards. It has a rear leaf sight, no windage adjustment and a bolt action patterned after the German Mauser of 1898. It fires a 6.5-mm. bullet (caliber .256) with a comparatively low muzzle velocity of 2,510 foot-seconds. It loads a five-round clip-barrel but otherwise identical.

Comparing the Arisaka with our Garand is like throwing a Three-Eye League team against the St. Louis Cardinals. But Jap snipers are still using it to knock off a lot of Americans and Chinese.

The poor quality of the materials and the second-rate workmanship in these enemy rifles would amaze the average American infantryman. The stocks, for instance, instead of being made from the fine expensive walnut wood that goes into a Garand, look as though they were hacked out of second-hand pine lumber. It is surprising that these rifles stand up as well as they do under combat conditions.

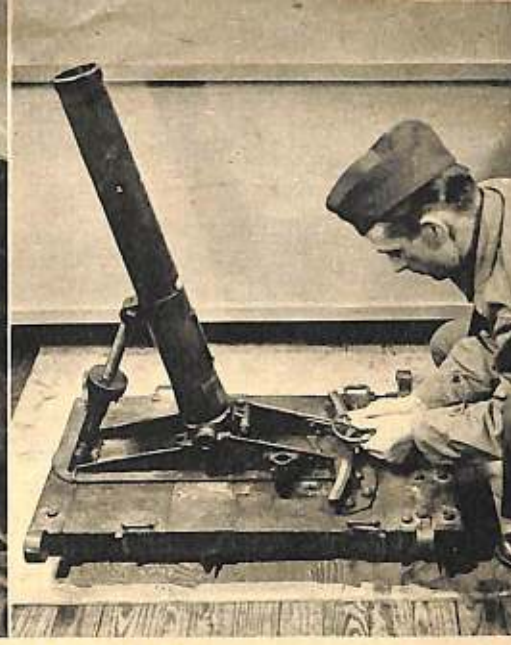
MORTARS



GERMAN heavy 81-mm mortar is a standard weapon, widely used in Russia and Africa by the armies of the Third Reich. It fires a projectile weighing 7.8 pounds at a rate of six projectiles in eight seconds. It has an effective range of 1,312 yards and it fires with four different propelling charges to regulate the desired distance. It breaks down into three sections for easy carrying.



GERMAN 50-mm light mortar, which the Nazis call a "mine-thrower," is a very common infantry weapon. There is at least one in every rifle platoon. It has a maximum range of 568 yards. The weapon is capable of firing six smoke or heavy explosive projectiles in eight seconds. Designed in 1936, this mortar is a nicely finished weapon with a rather neat and cleverly constructed elevating and traversing mechanism. The traverse is 16 degrees to the left and right. Tunisia is full of these weapons.

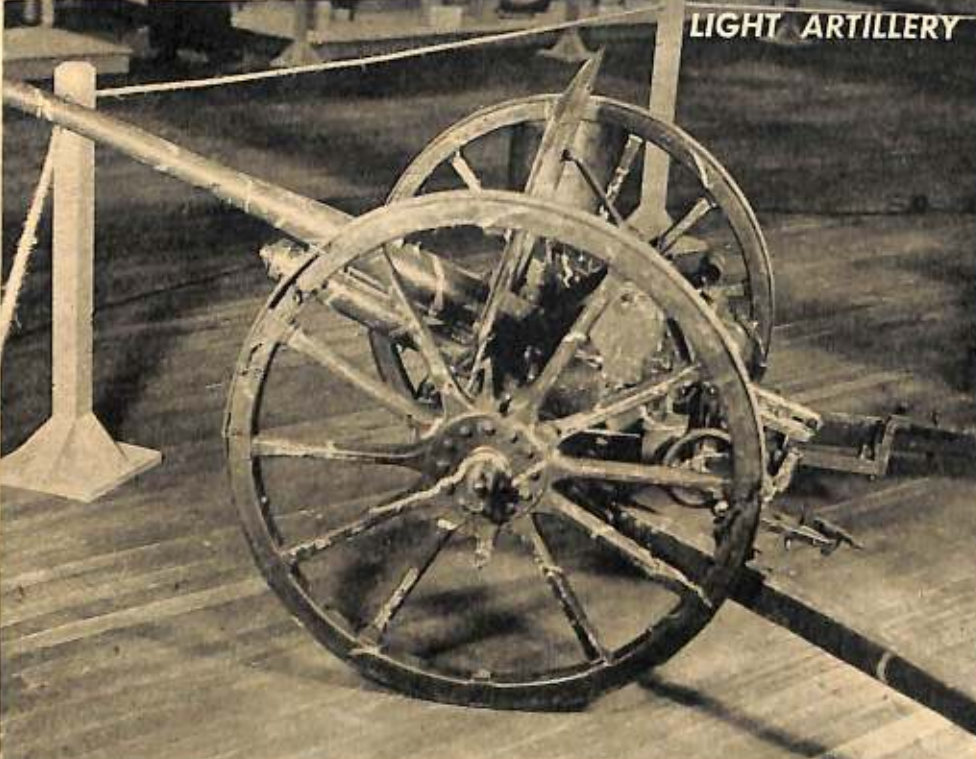


JAPANESE 81-mm heavy mortar is a solid weapon, weighing 129 pounds and firing two sizes of projectiles, 7.2 pounds and 14.3 pounds. It has the unusually long maximum range of 3,280 yards for the light projectile and a maximum range of 1,312 yards for the heavy projectile. It has no tripod for support, being mounted instead on a large slab-like base, fitted with rings for carrying on bamboo poles in jungle warfare. This weapon is used very widely as the standard heavy mortar in the Japanese Army.

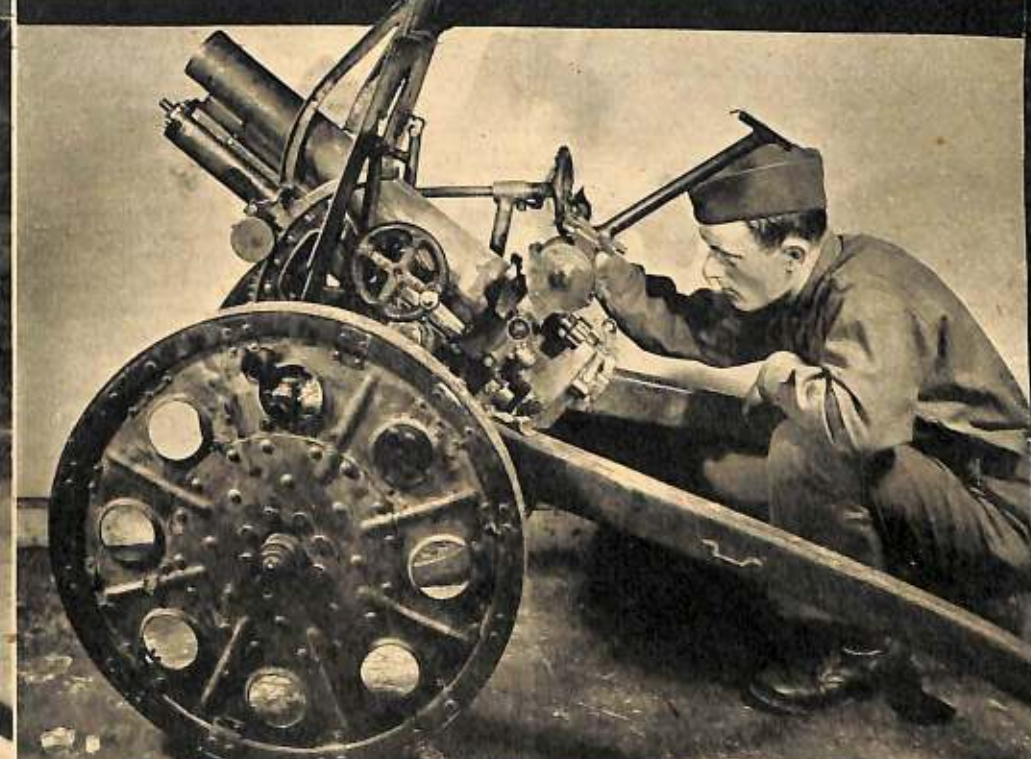


ITALIAN 45-mm Brixia mortar weighs 35 pounds and fires a 1-pound projectile with a maximum range of 587 yards. The rate of practical fire is very high (30 projectiles per minute) because it has a magazine that is capable of holding 10 propellant cartridges. Notice how the Brixia loads through an aperture in the side of the mortar, which is opened and closed by the hand lever.

LIGHT ARTILLERY



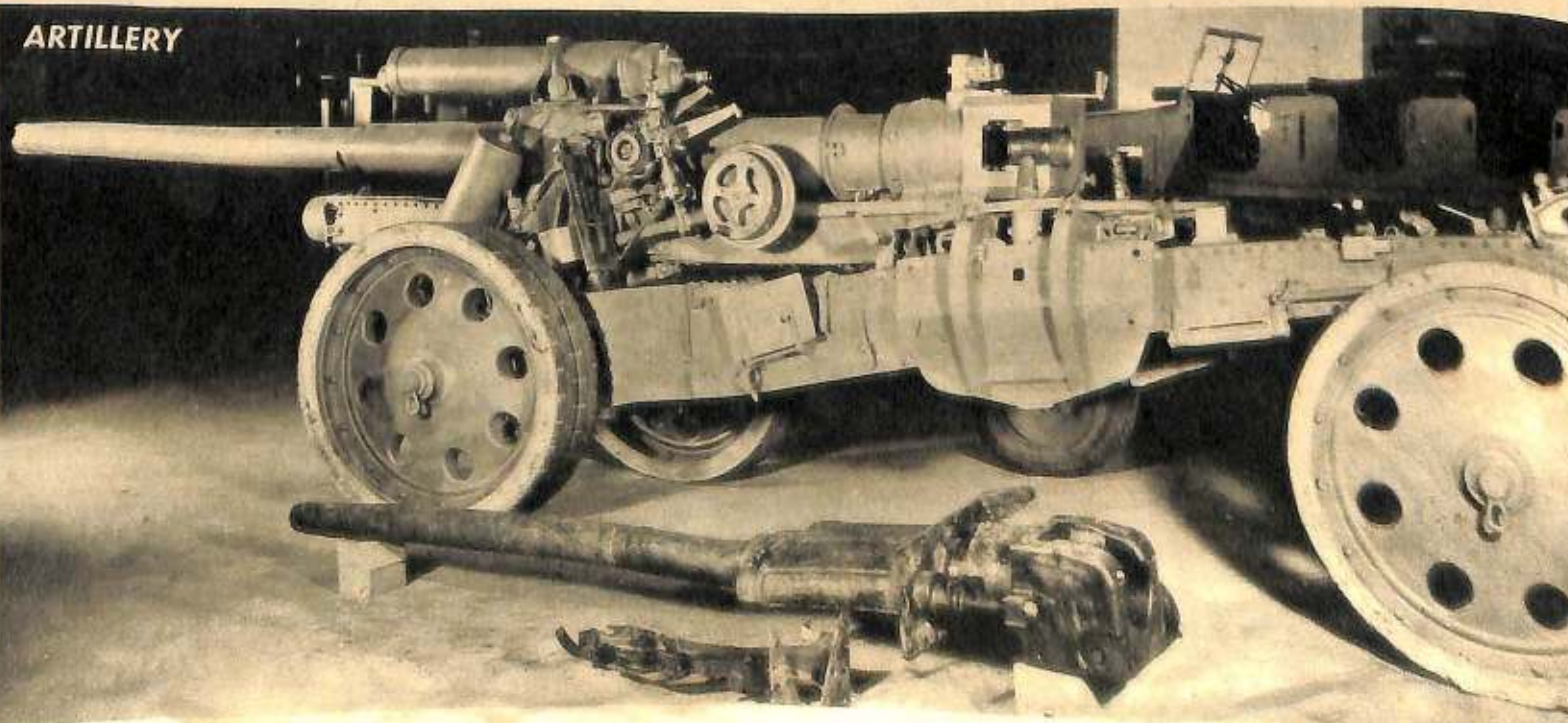
JAPANESE 37-mm gun weighs only 800 pounds and fires a 1-pound projectile. Its muzzle velocity is about 2,300 foot-seconds, maximum range about 5,400 yards. The breech mechanism in this particular weapon is so close to the ground that you would have to be about 2-feet tall to operate it comfortably. Jap gunners must be low guys.



JAPANESE 70-mm infantry howitzer throws a 14-pound projectile 7,600 yards at a muzzle velocity of 1,250 foot-seconds. It is a modern little weapon with a split trail and all-metal wheels. This gun probably was flanked by one of our machine guns. Note those picturesque holes in the wheels, carved by American .30-caliber bullets.

ARTILLERY

GERMAN 10-cm gun at the right is the Nazi equivalent of a 105-mm rifle. It has a muzzle velocity of 2,650 foot-seconds and a maximum range of 19,700 yards. It is a good, modern, efficient artillery weapon, quite similar in appearance to the much larger German 155-mm long-range rifle. The smaller weapon shown in the foreground of the picture is a German 7.5-cm cannon which was recovered on an African battlefield from a burned-out enemy tank. It is a 75-mm model, with a muzzle velocity of 1,600 foot-seconds and a maximum range of 9,000 yards. The Nazis are beginning to remove this type of cannon from Mark IV tanks in favor of a more recent 75-mm with a longer barrel.



Yanks at Home Abroad



This Signal Corps photo shows actual mopping-up operations in New Guinea. When picture was made, Japs were firing at these U. S. infantrymen.

Sioux Scouts Put Finishing Touches on the Japs

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—Sioux warriors helped complete the annihilation of the Japs at Sanananda, the enemy's last stronghold in the Buna-Gona area.

Lt. Col. H. M. Lindstrom, commander of the Infantry outfit having most of these American Indians, said: "They are as good shots as any infantrymen I have, but they are especially valuable when it comes to slipping through the jungles and bringing back detailed information about Jap positions. They are the best scouts and patrol leaders in the outfit."

Acc scout is S/Sgt. Joe Red Door, formerly a tailor on the Indian reservation in Poplar, Mont. Time after time, he stole through the Jap lines and discovered the location of every enemy pill box in a given area and the number of Japs in that area, the type and number of their weapons, and the weak spots where an attack could best be made.

When he had reported all this information, Red Door would go out with a patrol and strike the enemy, disrupting and weakening certain points for direct attack by a larger force.

One time, when he was leading a six-man patrol in a thrust at a big pill box that had been giving the Americans plenty of trouble, Red Door crept up to the coconut-log stronghold and tossed grenades through the gun slits. As the Japs rushed out the back way, they found Red Door's patrol waiting there to knock them off.

The patrol got six Japs in the skirmish, but Red Door was hit. Sgt. Arthur Belgard, another Indian from Poplar, Mont., saw him fall. He rushed over to Red Door, hoisted him to his back and braved machine-gun fire from a second pill box to carry the wounded scout to a medical-aid station. Belgard then collected a patrol of his own and went back to wipe out the machine-gun nest that had fired on him.

Like Red Door and Belgard, most of the Indians in Lt. Col. Lindstrom's outfit were National Guardsmen back on the reservation in Montana.

Most of them belonged to the Guard from five to 15 years before they were inducted into federal service in 1940. Later they made up a single rifle company with Lt. Col. Lindstrom, then captain, in command.

Before going overseas a year ago, however, the company was split up. The ability of the Sioux had been so remarkably demonstrated on the California maneuvers that several of them were assigned as scouts and patrol leaders in two or three other regiments, one of which is now located in the Solomons.

Back in Poplar, some of these Indians were



Joe Red Door before he was upped to S/Sgt.

cowboys, some worked as farmers, and others were in any of the occupations you might expect to find in a Western community.

Most of them have Indian last names with English first names, as, for example, Sgt. Joe Red Door, Pfc. Lloyd Half Red and Sgt. George Red Elk. Others have conventional names like Sgt. James J. Eder, Sgt. Horace McNight and Capt. Duncan Dupree.

Capt. Dupree, a Montana State College graduate, right up front in every attack his company ever made, was killed here in action by shrapnel from a mortar.

"They are among the most patriotic Americans I've ever known," Lt. Col. Lindstrom says of the Indians.

Their home-town paper, *Poplar Standard*, is avidly read between battles. The paper is very proud of the fact that practically every Indian male from 18 to 50 in the little community of 1,400 people voluntarily marched off to military service, among the first to answer their country's call.

The paper is filled with news of how the Indian women of the town are knitting socks and preparing boxes of cigarettes for the men overseas, studying civilian defense, and, in a few cases, joining the WAACs.

Citizens of one town in Australia breathed a sigh of relief after Sanananda. They'd received news that Pfc. Roland L. Pussick, an Indian medic, had come through the battle without a scratch. They had been concerned about him because he had brought his headdress and full Sioux battle regalia overseas with him, and had delighted them with his Indian war songs and dances. He had become a great favorite with the Aussies in the American camp area.

Pussick wasn't as concerned about himself as the Australians were, however. All through the Sanananda battle, he went into the face of enemy fire again and again to bring back wounded Yanks from Jap positions.

Who said the Indians were the Vanishing Americans?

It beats us why we're running this picture on this page. Dammit all, men, teamwork is the backbone of this Army.



Yanks at Home in the ETO

Off We Go Into The Wild (Censored) Yonder

By breathless transatlantic cable we have received word that an Air Force Training Center back in the States has banned a few songs from its repertoire, as being detrimental to women and a few other things. Among the songs are "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," "Roll Out the Barrel," and "When This Bloody War is Over," all of which, according to some brass hat, are detrimental as hell.

When we read this horror story for the first time we fell to musing, as the bards say. We discovered that we remembered several verses of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," passed on to us by a bawdy uncle who used to be in the Balloon Corps. None of the verses were exactly detrimental to women, though they were quite expressive on such subjects as what the Scotch Brigade would do to the Kaiser, how the MPs won the war, and the length of time since a certain person (female) had enjoyed relations of a certain sort. Nothing really detrimental, you understand. "Roll Out the Barrel" is completely innocent, and we never heard of "When This Bloody War is Over."

We don't know what got into the Air Force. We know it's full of clean, American youths who refuse to sully their tongues with immoderate verses of loose songs. At least it is in the States. Over here the Air Force seems to be full of blood and guts, and we don't know how the combat crews are taking this piece of news. We doubt very much, though, that they're singing "Old MacDonald Had A Farm."

We, on our part, have thought the problem over, and we've decided to get out a little song book of our own, which will contain none of those nasty old ditties so detrimental to women. We are going to

call it "Yank's Soulful Songbag," and cripes, every one will be singing from it in a few months. We've already cooked up a few selections for it. One is "Trees," another is "Three Little Fishies."

We're also getting a general order through channels which says that any one caught singing "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" will be made to write "I am just an awful old thing" five hundred times on a blackboard, to be provided by Special Service, with chalk to be provided by the Dover Cliffs Nazi Exterminating and Chalk Producing Company, Ltd. That ought to hold all you mezzosopranos.

Two Tales From Tunisia

A colonel named Darryl Zanuck has been kicking around Tunisia for quite a while. The other day a couple of stories he's been telling filtered through to us, and we thought we might just as well pass them on. Maybe you've heard them, we don't know.

The colonel was on the dock at Bone and he ran into an American Negro sailor who was tall, thin, and a dead ringer for Stepin Fetchit. He had been on a tanker which was torpedoed on the way to Malta, and he was plenty browned off, but not about the torpedoing. "They kin send me to China, Iceland, South America or to Malta as many times as they want," he said. "But no Murmansk for me. When you goes to Malta it's sho' enough tough. They ain't no arguing about it. Them Nazis come ovah an' gives you hell. You eithuh gets there or you don't get there. But when you goes to Murmansk, you *don't* get there."

Another one is about the American dispatch rider, on his way back from a forward position, who was

taking a ten on the side of a road. He was one beat-up old dispatch rider, all right. There was a bullet hole in one of his bags, his left hand was bandaged, and he was covered with mud. While he was dragging on a butt a column of Yanks came by. They were fresh troops, on the way up for their first crack at Rommel. One of them, a corporal, looked the dispatch rider over. "How goes it, pal?" he wanted to know. "Is it tough up there?" The dispatch rider flipped his butt away. "You bet your bottom, chum," he said, dead serious. "Almost as tough as the Louisiana maneuvers."

Hold That Line, Puhloese

We didn't go to see the game at White City Stadium between the Crimson Tide and the Fighting Irish because we thought it would break our heart. It is one thing to see a football game at the Polo Grounds and another thing to see one in London. Too many things are missing over here.

For one thing, the cheering sections were drab, and olive drab at that. There would have been no shot of Scotch under the stands between the halves, because there is very little Scotch to have a shot of anywhere. There would have been no dame on our arm. And very probably there would have been no victory snake dance, for all we knew. And, lastly, as the game was between units of the Field Artillery and Engineers, the Infantry and the Armored Divisions and the SOS and the QMC and everything else was left out in the cold. Unless a man was an engineer or a field artilleryman he was a man without a team. No, it would have broke our heart. And besides, it looked like it was going to be a rainy day.

Only one thing about the game gave us comfort. As we looked down the lineup of the Fighting Irish a lump rose in our throat. There, staring at us as though the year were 1938, were the old Fighting Irish names—Waszil, Bandowski, Passamoni, Chabowski. Faith, now, we could see the Auld Sod as plain as the nose on yer face.

G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger

G-1
(Administration)



Lt. Dave Breger
Britain

IT'S NOT EMOTION, SIR— HE'S PINNED IT TO MY SKIN!



I STILL DON'T THINK OUR G-1 IS ORGANIZED FOR MODERN WAR!

BUTTONS UNSHINED

Rewards & Punishments



I WISH THEY'D STOP ASSIGNING YOU EX-LAWYERS TO US!

Classifications & Assignments



New T.O!

TRY YOUR LUCK! WIN A RANK!
1 MASTER SERGEANT
1 FIRST SERGEANT
2 TECHNICAL SERGEANTS
2 STAFF SERGEANTS
6 SERGEANTS
8 CORPORALS
18 PRIVATES FIRST CLASS
AND
213 BLANKS

WE FIGURE THIS IS THE FAIREST WAY!

Grades, T.O.s, Promotions



WE APPRECIATE YOUR GOOD WILL TO LOCAL CIVILIANS BUT WE PREFER OTHER MEANS!

Civilian contacts



SORRY, G-1 SAYS YOU CAN'T SEND ONE EVEN IF YOU DID PROMISE YOUR FOLKS WHEN YOU LEFT HOME!

A.P.O.

PARCEL POST

STAMPS

Prisoners of War



G-1! G-1! BEST DAMN G IN THE DAMN ARMEE!
G-2? PEW! G-3? FOOEY!
G-4? GOOD LOR! G-5? MAN ALIVE!
WHO'S THE ONE GONNA SMASH THE HUN?
G-1! G-1!

ADJUTANT GENERAL
FINANCE
JUDGE ADVOCATE
SPECIAL SERVICE
INSPECTOR GENERAL
PROVOST MARSHAL
CHAPLAINS

Morale

A NEW amendment to the National Service Insurance Act permits all persons on active duty in the armed services, regardless of date of entry, to obtain new or additional service insurance without taking a medical examination. The amendment is effective for 120 days after April 12, or until Aug. 10, 1943. Heretofore you had to apply for new or additional insurance within 120 days after reporting for active duty, and if you wanted any after that, you were required to pass a physical examination. The amendment applies to all servicemen regardless of physical condition. The limit is still \$10,000 per person.

For EM Over 38

The deadline for men over 38 to apply for release from active duty to work in industry or agriculture has been extended from May 1 to July 1. Men overseas have until Aug. 1. Men released are not handed a straight discharge but are placed in the Enlisted Reserve Corps. This gives the WD power to recall them to active service if they do not fulfil their contract by remaining in essential work.

WAAC Pallas Athene

This is Pallas Athene, the Greek goddess whose sculptured likeness is the official WAAC insignia. T/5 Rosamund T. Hathaway of Fort Mason, Calif., comes through with this information about the goddess: Pallas Athene was a daughter of Zeus, the Old Man of all the Greek gods, and Metis, meaning Prudence. When a couple of trouble-making gods warned Zeus that his wife would bear him a child who would surpass him in strength and knowledge, he swallowed Metis whole. Then somebody banged Zeus on the head with an axe and Athene sprang out, fully armed and ready for trouble. From then on Pallas Athene was the goddess of counsel and the bringer of victory. "Calm earnestness and clearness of vision were her chief characteristics," says T/5 Hathaway.



G.I. Shop Talk

A single infantry battalion now uses three times as much equipment and delivers at least 10 times as much firepower as Washington's entire Continental Army. . . . G.I.s on the Tunisian front report the capture of a two-way, 8-wheeled Nazi scout car which has a driver at each end and is able to do 50 miles per hour in either direction. . . . The QMC depot at Philadelphia detailed 200 G.I.s to do nothing but jump around in rubber sacks. Their perspiration was collected in bottles and it will be used to test Army clothes. . . . Chaplains who have requested triptychs from the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy are asked to be patient. The committee has been flooded with orders, and it takes an artist six or eight weeks to do one triptych, so the waiting list is long. . . . The Navy is replacing the brass on ships' clocks and compass pedestals with plastics, thus saving brass and a lot of elbow grease.



No, Connie Vanderbilt isn't throwing a party for the boys and his yacht hasn't been turned over to the Army. Someone had the brilliant idea that soldiers are people and should travel as such. Two views of a new Army transport.

Private's Lives

Recently Privates Warren J. LeBlanc and Guy J. Albanese, both typewriter repairmen stationed in Panama, met for the first time. They found that they had lived all their lives a few doors from each other in South Medford, Mass., and that they had worked next door to each other in Boston, had been inducted the same day, stationed at Fort Devens at the same time and had been shipped to the Isthmus on the same transport. The payoff: they discovered that they had the same girl friend. Another duo of Pfc. Nat Gabin and Jeffrey Coppersmith, AAFTTC, Chicago, Ill., both came from New York City, were inducted the same day, sent to Camp Upton the same time, transferred together to Atlantic City Army Air Center, and shipped to Chicago on the same train. They met for the first time at the same radio school and discovered that they had married life-long girl friends. Pfc. Jack Levine, Mitchel Field, N.Y., an outstanding artist in civilian life, was selected as the first G.I. artist to be sent overseas to paint battle-scenes in a theater of operations. If it was good enough for da Vinci it's good enough for Uncle Sam.



A WEEK OF WAR

THE 400 British officers and sergeants had been prisoners in the red stucco building for days, waiting for a ship to take them to Italy. Still wearing their steel helmets, they sat glumly on the floor. There were no cigarettes; there was nothing to eat. Time pressed heavily on their empty hands. The city was strangely silent.

Down the street came a roar and clatter. The Germans must be moving up more armor, the prisoners thought. A big sergeant of the Derbyshire Yeomanry climbed wearily to his feet and walked to a window. He looked out languidly. Then his eyes nearly popped from his head.

Along the street was coming a dusty line of armored cars, men standing in their turrets, guns at the alert. And the armored cars were British, and the British were smack in the center of Tunis. The big sergeant began to yell his head off.

All the clocks in Tunisia were moving their hands round at the usual speed, but the British and the Americans were ahead of any clock. They had beaten their own timetable. They had surprised themselves. They had gone into Tunis and Bizerta themselves. They had gone into Tunis and Bizerta themselves. They had gone into Tunis and Bizerta themselves. They had gone into Tunis and Bizerta themselves.

It had happened with a suddenness that shocked even Allied troops. They had expected a fierce, last-ditch stand by the Axis forces; there had been none. From their positions above Ferryville and Bizerta, where their artillery had poured a devastating fire into German airfields, German positions, the Americans swarmed down to the plain.

They started on Wednesday. In the north the American 2nd Corps burst upon Bizerta; in the south the British 1st Army smashed ahead below the River Medjerda. It was a case of knives through cheese. By nightfall an American armored column was within three miles of Ferryville and German troops were evacuating Tebourba and falling back on the suburbs of Tunis. American artillery and American bombers were battering Bizerta silly. Everything went beautifully. Planes made 2,000 sorties, battering personnel, battering shipping.

Back reeled the Germans and Italians. Into Bizerta, almost without a fight, went the Americans and the French, and into Tunis, in the same way, went the British. It was six months to a day since the Allies had invaded North Africa. They came into the captured cities early in the evening, fighting their path down some streets past coveys of German snipers and hidden German machine-gun nests. Bizerta was a shambles. The artillery and the bombers had done their work well. The city was broken, deserted. Ferryville was a wreck.

In the south, in Tunis, it was a different story.

Five Yanks remobilize an Italian 75 mm.



Tunis: Allied be praised.

There the natives came out with flowers and flung them around the necks of Tommies who hung on the side of Bren gun carriers, who grinned down from the turrets of tanks. In Tunis, too, there was scattered resistance, but it was only momentary. Out of the houses came the surrendering Germans. On the far outskirts of both cities could be heard dull explosions as German engineers, remaining behind, blew up equipment and ammunition dumps. The remnants of von Arnim's divisions on the Cape Bon peninsula were travelling light and travelling fast. The only trouble was they were travelling toward a dead end.

South from Bizerta swung the Americans and French, and south from Tunis swerved the British. Trapped in brittle pockets, the Germans surrendered in droves. The toll of prisoners mounted astronomically—10,000, 20,000, 40,000, 50,000. In a pocket near Bizerta 5,000 Germans, trapped, gave themselves up in the first unconditional surrender by Nazi troops since the war began. With the 5,000 came four German generals, rather the worse for wear—Major-General Dorowitz, 15th Panzer Division; Major-General Weber, 334th Division; Major-General Mannteufel, Mannteufel Division; and a General Krause, who seems to have commanded some artil-

lery. It was the biggest haul of German generals since the Stalingrad debacle, and the greatest taken in any single action apart from that.

A British armored car, nosing through the interior of the Cape Bon peninsula, caught up with General Jurgen von Arnim and, with him, 11 of his generals. Von Arnim never had a chance to get out of Tunisia; if he had tried he would have had to take a plane and German planes were not getting in the air in that section of the world.

It was a hectic, incoherent period. Out of the maelstrom of reports sidelights filtered through. A correspondent who entered Tunis with the First Army reported on some of them.

Item: At 4.30 in the afternoon a British forward patrol was seen on the outskirts of Tunis. They had a sizable handful of German prisoners. But it was 4.30 in the afternoon. The British forward patrol was casually brewing itself a spot of tea. Tunis would keep.

Item: There were many Germans on the streets of Tunis, wearing cloth caps and gaberdine uniforms, still carrying their rifles. Two Bren gun carriers scooped up as many as they could carry, but there were still dozens of them left standing around.

Item: Excited French women, slightly confused, showered the Germans on the Bren gun carriers with flowers, mistaking them for God knows what.

Item: An hour before the British entry a German armored car had roared down a street and machine-gunned an Italian sentry guarding some British prisoners. Another Italian, a sergeant, seeing the action of the armored car, had rushed down the street shooting at every German he saw.

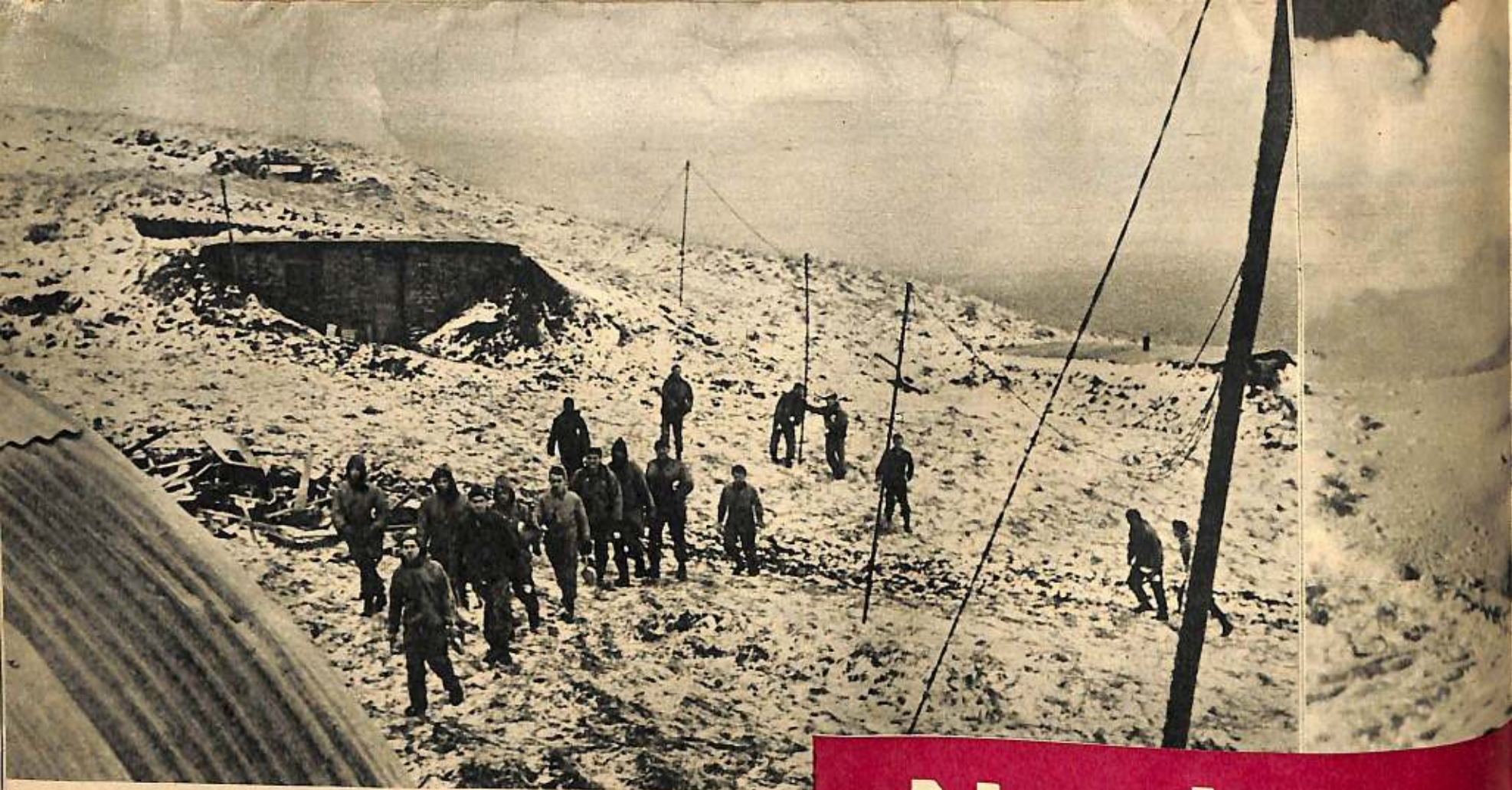
Item: It rained.

Crowded on Cape Bon, the remnants of the Germans waited for the end. They had a choice of death or surrender, though they could choose several ways to die. They could die on the futile small boats that tried to take them home; they could collapse under the pounding of Allied artillery; or they could fall screaming under the bellies of the bombers that soared unceasingly over their heads. Cape Bon was no place from which to escape. Only boats with shallow draught could approach its coast. On one side of the cape rocky and inaccessible cliffs hung over the sea, on the other sandy beaches and shallow water prevented the approach of transports. It was a dead end, and it might be a bloody one.

At the neck of Cape Bon the retreating Germans had flung some sort of line, but it was a line that could not hold. Already the British were nosing along the cape, through the village of Hammamet.

Once Rommel had held all of North Africa, from the border of Tunisia to El Alamein in Egypt. Now the Germans held a neck of land no larger than Bataan. It was all over in Africa but the shouting, and it might take the shouting a long time to die down. And already eyes were looking across the blue expanse of the Mediterranean at the shores of Italy, at the shores of Greece. Already a hand was knocking at the door of the Continent.

Three short knocks and a long one.



WELL NAMED. They call this part of the Aleutians Pneumonia Ridge: which explains why GIs here often like to start the chow line ahead of time.



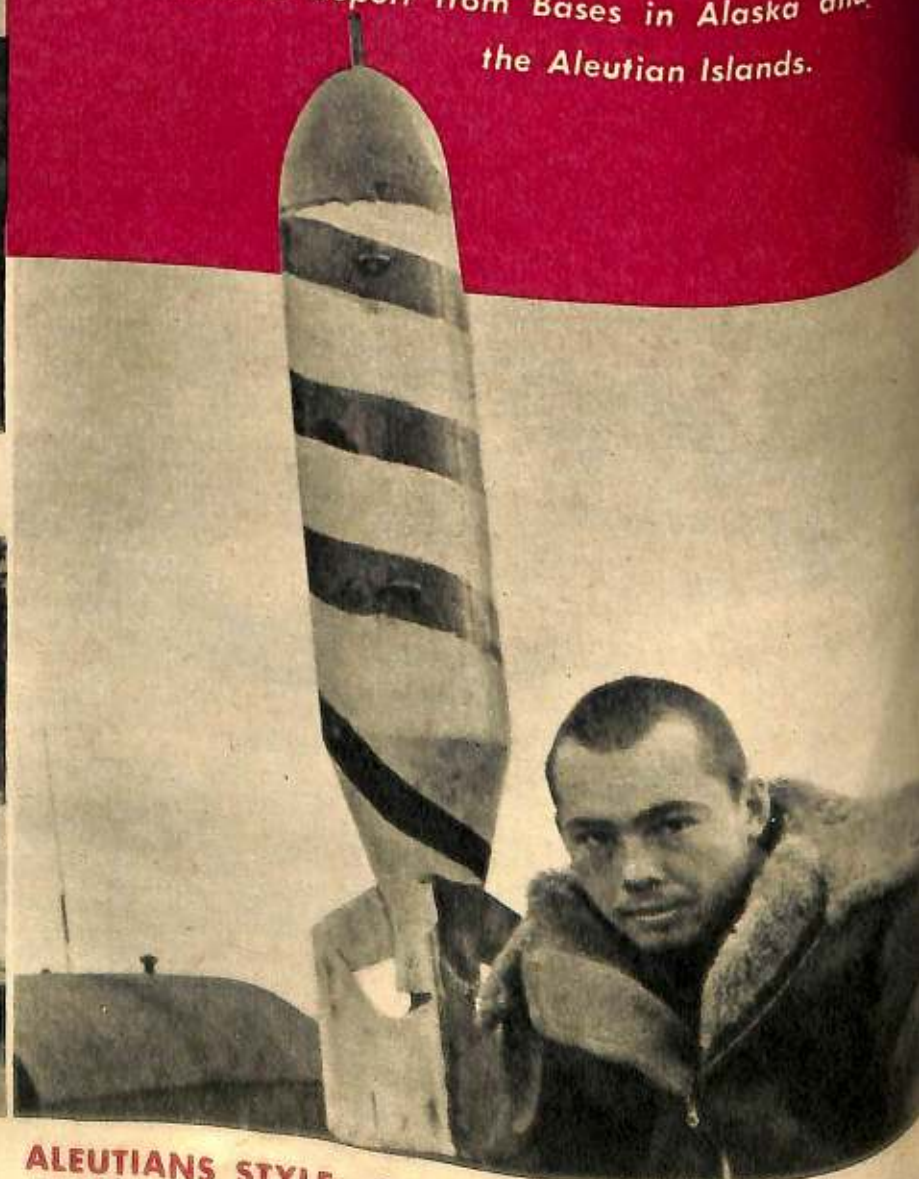
WELCOME GOODS. This truck, used as a mobile canteen, brings cigarettes, soap, YANKs and other needed things to GIs in an Aleutian outpost.



COLD RUN. Infantrymen in Alaska plunge across an icy stream on maneuvers. They've learned to take it. Note white camouflaged helmets.

Northern Front

A Pictorial Report from Bases in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.



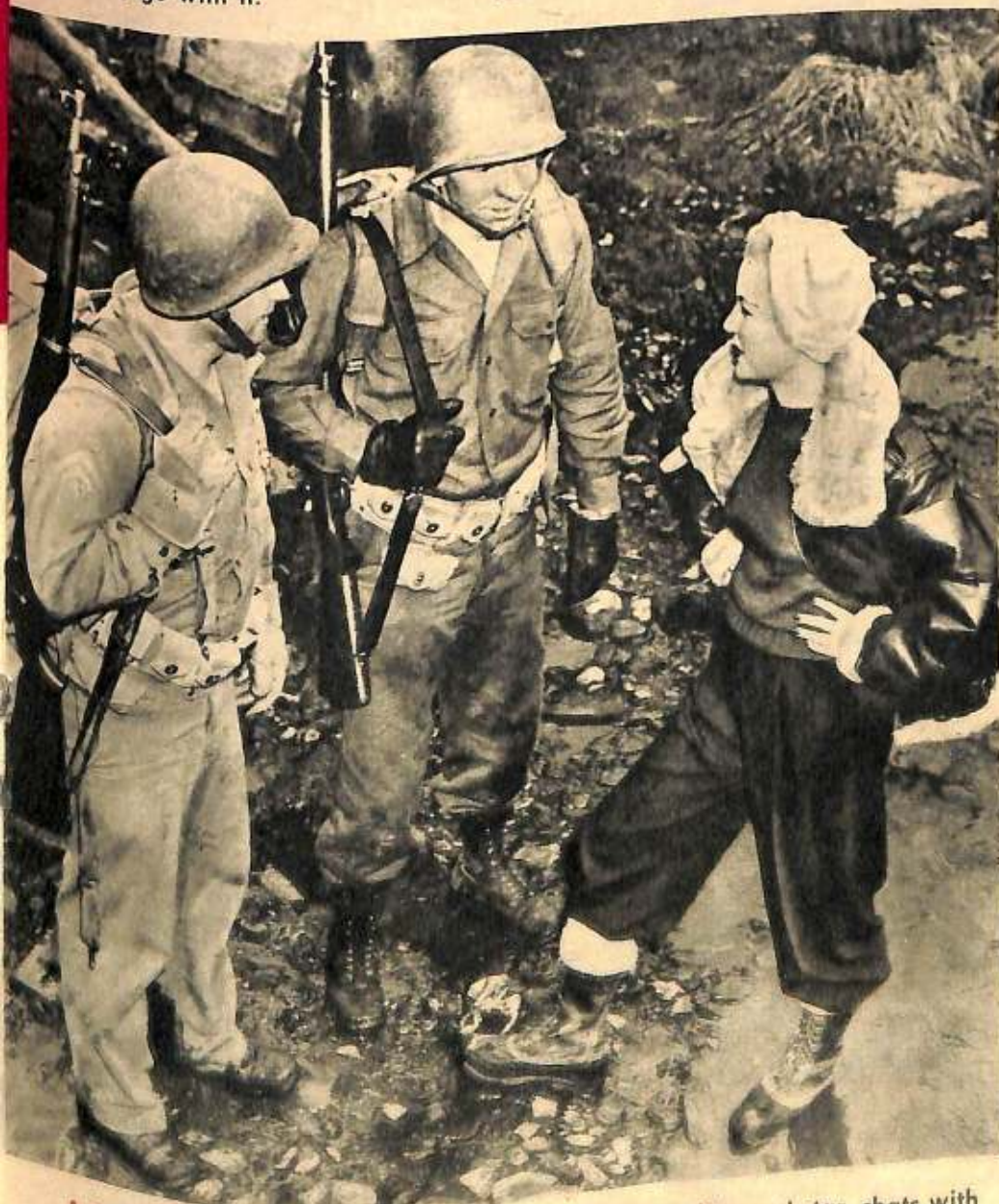
ALEUTIANS STYLE. Pvt. J. T. Broucher found that the barber meant business, with a bomb for a pole and a wicked set of clippers.



HAPPY HOME? We can't believe it, but Sgt. John T. A. Dickey grins anyway.

COMFORT STATION. Sgt. Georg Meyers, YANK correspondent, took this picture of a latrine tent in the Andreanofs, as well as most of the other photos on this page. He evidently thought that no picture could do it justice, because he got lyrical and wrote this poem, entitled "Latrinopsis," to go with it.

*If for the duration I must weep Aleutian tears,
I'll need one alabaster memory: don't spoil it!
No symphony could ring more sweetly in my ears
Than the watery rush of a U.S. porcelain toilet!*



LADY VISITOR. Marjorie Reynolds, touring Hollywood star, chats with noncoms on outpost duty. From their faces it's obvious morale is going up.



ALASKA PATROL. Fast American fighter planes fly across the background of a smoking volcano in the Alaskan theater of war.



CHOW LINE. The snow has left the barren ground, but waiting for chow is still a cold business at this Andreanof Island air base.

News From Home

Last week in America meat prices prepared to roll back, miners marked time, and a WAAC had a baby.



Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Mrs. Avila Camacho, the wife of Mexico's President, shake hands in Monterrey as their smiling husbands look on.

AMERICAN housewives looked to the future for better living conditions. President Roosevelt announced that meat prices will be rolled back. The action topped the assertion of the War Labor Board that the President's order freezing wages was not working because of a rise in food prices. Price Administrator Prentiss Brown said that, beginning June 1, the retail prices of beef, veal, mutton, pork, butter and coffee would be rolled back by 10 per cent; fresh vegetables from 25 to 45 per cent.

The price cuts followed Roosevelt's promise to the nation's soft coal miners that he would take definite action to pull down unfair prices. Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, the government's mine administrator, put the 3,850 bituminous coal operators on a six-day week, thus giving 500,000 soft coal miners an extra day's work and ten dollars more in their pay envelopes. The mine situation was not all settled as yet, however. A "fact finding panel" of the War Labor Board continued to scrutinize the United Mine Workers' original demand from the coal operators for a flat \$2-a-day wage increase, but John L. Lewis' men boycotted the Board's conferences. There have been strong hints from the Lewis camp that unless the Government, now the boss of all bituminous mines, signs an agreement with the UMW by May 18—the end of Lewis' 15-day truce—that another shutdown can be expected. Sporadic walk-outs started in some mines in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana when some quarters said that the Government would not sign a pact, and the miners threatened a general strike unless an agreement was reached by the end of the 15-day truce.

In the meantime, UMW leaders were warned by the President that (a) the miners are now Government employees, and (b) that in his great many years of Government experience he has no knowledge of a strike against the Government. Both the House and Senate passed a bill outlawing strikes in Government industries. Fines of \$5,000 and one year's imprisonment will be imposed upon individuals instigating such strikes. The law may become effective any day now.

More than 50,000 working men met at a "Labor

For Victory" rally at the Yankee Stadium in New York City and booed the name of John L. Lewis every time it was mentioned by labor speakers.

Chicago women safety experts disagreed that sweater-clad girl workers are a threat to continued production. "When a girl in a tight-fitting sweater struts to her work bench she does more to disorganize a department in 10 minutes than the Safety Department can overcome in two months," argued Mrs. Esther Duncan, of the Dodge Company. Miss Ruth Stone, of the General Electric plant, countered with, "The sweater girl is nothing more than a nine-day wonder."

Joseph E. Davies, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, left on a new "Mission to Moscow." With him went a sealed letter to Joe Stalin from President Roosevelt. Unconfirmed reports have it that Davies will attempt to arrange a meeting between the Soviet chief and the President.

The Office of War Information suggested that now is the season to eat weeds. Properly seasoned weeds, like dandelions, should make good salads, the OWI said. Dollar and cent ceilings have been placed on more than 600 grocery items in 150 of the largest cities.

Philip Wagner, of Media, Pa., was not disturbed by the potato shortage. Looking at a menu in a restaurant, Wagner pulled two spuds out of his pocket and said to the waitress, "Cook them right, they're the first I've seen in an age."

Capt. Lindsay C. Howard, socially prominent member of the horse-racing and polo-playing family, filed a counter suit for divorce from his wife in San Francisco. He charged her with being intimate with four men, including Pvt. William Soroyan, of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" fame. Howard is attempting to have the court set aside a 1938 decree, when his wife was granted a \$1,250 monthly property settlement.

The House Ways and Means Committee voted a three-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act under which the President is granted powers to lower American tariffs by as much as 50 per cent to nations who agree to similar concessions.

The 10 Republican members of the committee voted against the proposal, but 14 of the 15 Democratic members called on House members of both parties to extend the Act "so that our Allies may be assured that our cooperation in post-war construction is not a party matter."

Orson Welles, the man who scared hell out of half the nation with his radio Martian invasion broadcast a few years ago, was rejected by the draft board. The 28-year-old actor and producer, was given a six-month deferment, but he tore up the rejection papers. "I wanted to be with the Army anyway," Welles explained.

The United States Navy reported the discovery of a shark repellent. Experiments showed that man-eating sharks turned up their noses at bait treated with the repellent.

Production reached its peak in April, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox announced. He said delivery of combat planes to the Navy had reached a new record and that for the first time the Navy received such planes in four figures. In February alone, the Navy received 1,400 planes, half of which were the combat type. Knox also reported that April was a good month from the point of view of ship sinkings, that less ships were sunk by submarines in April than in March.

Paul V. McNutt, manpower chief, said that the plane industry is rapidly becoming a "woman's industry," and that between 70 and 80 per cent of the workers now being hired are women. About a third of the industry is now comprised of women, and by the end of this year the figure may rise to 50 per cent. At the same time, the manpower head said, another 1,900,000 women are needed by the end of this year to fulfil the nation's production plans. He said that 15,000,000 women are in industry and that the armed forces were draining 300,000 men a month from the manpower pool.

Senator David Walsh (D., Mass.), chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, introduced a bill to "authorize the acquisition, conversion or construction" of one million tons of landing craft at an approximate cost of a billion and one-half dollars. Approximately 14,000 landing craft would be constructed under the measure. At Lake Superior, Wisc., it was planned to rename five freighters after the Dionne quintuplets, but an old sea superstition interfered with the plans. Sailors said bad luck follows a ship whose name has been changed.

Despite manpower shortages, the Northampton (Mass.) Chapter of the Society for the Preservation of Barber Shop Singing has announced that it will admit no women to its barber shop quartets.

The House passed a compromise pay-as-you-go tax plan. The plan, one of the most controversial tax issues in American history, was, as once before, first accepted by a vote of 197 to 166, then rejected by a roll call vote of 206 to 202. The bill was returned to the House Ways and Means Committee and a new measure was presented to the Congressmen. This time it was passed by 313 to 95. Under the bill about 90 per cent of the taxpayers, in the low income group, will have all their 1942 taxes "forgiven." Wealthier taxpayers will have to pay 80 per cent or over of taxes.



These four neighborhood girls, with Bernhardt written all over them, just won movie contracts.



The Draft Board said, "No, Orson."

raisins for men overseas was said to be a contributing factor. An increasing demand for wine instead of whisky has also contributed to the growing shortage.

Robert E. Lee Folkes, dining car cook and zoot suit addict, will die in Oregon's state gas chamber because he "couldn't resist" a beautiful face. He was convicted by a jury of four men and eight women as the slayer who forced his way into the lower 13 berth of a speeding Southern Pacific Pullman car, and slashed the throat of Mrs. Martha Virginia Jones, blonde 21-year-old wife of a Naval ensign.

The Gallup Poll announced that 70 per cent of the Americans interviewed favoured an international police force after the war. 14 per cent voted against the idea and 12 per cent had no opinion. A four-point program for the post-war world was adopted by leaders of 12 traditionally isolationist mid-west states at a meeting held in Chicago. Unconditional surrender of the Axis, permanent union of the Allies, conversion of war industries into peace-time industries and the establishment of a council to assume full responsibilities for maintaining world order were among the points adopted.

William M. Jeffers, the rubber czar, said he is "the maddest Irishman in the United States" because the War Department has threatened to curtail his rubber program again. Last September Jeffers set a goal of one million tons of rubber a year. Later, other needs forced curtailment of his goal to 425,000 tons. Now, Under-Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson has asked a further reduction, claiming that the rubber program has resulted in such a shortage of aviation gasoline as to threaten the air offensive against Germany.

Pulitzer Prize winners for 1942 were announced. Awards went to: Thornton Wilder for his play, "Skin of Our Teeth"; Upton Sinclair for his novel, "Dragon's Teeth"; Esther Forbes for her historical novel, "Paul Revere"; Samuel E. Mossison for his biography of Christopher Columbus, "Admiral of Ocean"; Robert Frost for his volume of verse, "A Witness Tree"; William Schuman, composer, for "Secular Cantata Number Two, a Free Song"; George Weller, newspaper reporter, for his story of an emergency appendectomy operation performed in a submarine in enemy sub-infested waters; and to the *Omaha (Nebr.) World-Herald* for initiating the scrap metal campaign which was later adopted by the nation.

Theresa O'Brien, 17, who testified in a Bronx County court that she was raped by 11 men in a movie house, admitted having more than friendly relations with a soldier in a Southern army post. He paid the hotel bill while she paid the train fare.

Induction of married men with children will begin in August, Major-General Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, announced. A list of 35 essential war occupations were released by Hershey as those from which men will be exempt from the call of the people. The United States Census Bureau announced that 30 per cent of the fighting men sent home from fighting fronts suffered from mental disorders. The Bureau explained that the figure does not mean that war is driving the men insane, but that the number equalled the same amount of mental cases that can



Sinclair's novel won THE prize.

be found back home where one out of 221 persons were confined to mental institutions in 1941.

A Milwaukee school teacher, troubled by figuring his state income taxes, mailed a check for \$159 on a \$900 income. The assessor returned all but \$1.59 to him.

The biggest headlines of the week told the story of the capture by American troops of Tunis and Bizerta. The story excited Americans more than any other single event of the war and the man on the street was confident that invasion of the continent will take place soon.

Rosalind Russell, 31-year-old film actress, and her husband, Capt. Fred Brisson, are the proud parents of an eight-pound boy, their first child. Mrs. Filomena Lydick of Boston was granted a divorce after she testified her husband gave her a bear hug and said "I love you, Marion."

Emil K. Ellis, attorney for William Fox, ex-millionaire film producer, announced that his client would be released on parole from the federal pen at Lewisburg. Fox has been serving a sentence of one year and a day after being convicted of conspiring to obstruct justice and defrauding the government. A Court of Appeals in Frankfort, Ind., ruled that an egg is not a chicken until it is hatched. The court ordered a new trial for Harvey McKinney convicted with stealing a setting hen and 17 eggs. Under the law it is a felony to steal chickens worth two dollars or more, the high court ruled, so McKinney is guilty of a misdemeanor only.

There were two "firsts" among the WAACs this week. First Officer Betty Bandel, Tucson, Ariz., was appointed field director, a rank corresponding to that of major—the first WAAC to reach that rank, and an unnamed WAAC at Fort Des Moines, Iowa., was the first lady soldier to bear a child while in the service. The child was born nine days after the Waac arrived at the post.

Officials blamed the case on a "careless physical examination." My, my.

due, all of which will have to be paid by 1946. The bill was okayed by the Senate Finance Committee, but strong opposition is expected within the Senate itself. The Senate reportedly favors the Ruml tax plan which "forgives" 1942 taxes for everybody. If finally passed, the pay-as-you-go plan provides that taxes will be taken out of weekly pay envelopes.

While eating his lunch, Elmer Cummings, Kansas City elevator operator, drew a hard-boiled egg from his lunch kit and cracked it on his skull. A hurt expression came over his eyes. His wife had forgotten to boil the egg.

The nation was talking about second front action this week as Elmer Davis, director of the Office of War Information, declared in Washington that "there is no question but that there will be Allied operations in continental Europe this summer." Davis said he was confident the Allies would clean up the North Africa situation soon. The OWI also announced that the United States Army has developed portable pipelines to carry gas supplies to field units. The pipelines will be able to deliver gas at the rate of 200 gallons a minute through swamps, forests or mountains.

Newspapers in many cities have shifted the emphasis from war news to domestic activities. Rationing has been receiving a big play in most papers, and a certain "Big Red House on R Street" in Washington was getting much play. The place is under investigation by the House Military Committee. Some quarters charged that a certain James Monroe was running the house as a business proposition. Members of the Cabinet and high ranking officials of the Army and Navy were reported to have been guests at Monroe's place. It was charged that Monroe dined and wined his guests lavishly, and that he was paid back by handsome war contracts for some of the firms he represents.

Whisky was not all that was becoming scarce back home. Wine is getting difficult to obtain. Last year's poor grape crop and an increased demand for



James Carrabis of Boston caught Ann Sabio, 2, thrown from the fourth story of a burning house.



Mrs. G. H. Macomber got the chance to smack Hitler in the face when she was the sponsor at the launching of a liberty ship at the California Shipbuilding Yards in Los Angeles. She had a good time.

The Supply Sergeant

MAKES A STATEMENT OF CHARGES



"Sgt. Ralph Stein"

By S/Sgt. FRED C. BUSE

(Who Takes in Salvage at Camp Butler, N. C.)

In an old issue of YANK, which even its editors do not remember, a certain Sgt. Wileman stated the case of the topkick versus the combined force of evil inherent in every G.I.'s heart. As a fellow sufferer we lend a passing 'tch of sympathy, but if Sgt. Wileman is really to know pain, anguish and inhuman suffering, he should know the case history of a supply sergeant.

The supply sergeant rates eye to eye with the top kick in an infamous whispering campaign directed against maliciously misrepresented non-coms. In all cartoons he is depicted as a cynical, unfeeling demigod whose watch word is "too little or too large."

Sgt. Wilemon confessed to a working day that began at 5 A.M. and ended at 6 P.M. My day begins at 6:30 A.M. (since I reside on the post) and may end anywhere short of 11 P.M. depending on the humor of my charges. From 0630 to 2300 hours there is an unending stream of GIs bent on disturbing my status quo. It matters not that I am in bed of a Sunday morning or penning a seductive note to a fair feminine admirer. They leer and smirk and wheedle me with, "Sergeant, kin I get my laundry now?"

"I lost my locker key, Sergeant. Will you open it with your pass key?"

"When does salvage go in?"

"When does shoe repair go out?"

Sometimes the number of requests and questions covering everything from the possibility of

exchanging a pair of oversize trousers to the disposition of a burnt comforter assume the proportions of a mass persecution.

Normally, a supply sergeant's duties are to requisition, receive and check all property, clothing and equipment received and issued; prepare statements of charges for all clothing and equipment lost, damaged or destroyed; prepare reports of survey on all the above not applicable to S/Cs; to construct and maintain his supply room in a neat and orderly fashion. In his hours free from these light duties he must accept, turn in and call for enlisted men's laundry; receive articles for salvage and replace with new issue. Shoe repair and exchange or alteration of clothing are relatively minor issues. He must be able to furnish on a moment's notice any request for any landish, item or service regardless of how outlandish, untimely, irrelevant or troublesome.

He is guide, philosopher, arbiter, father confessor and friend; a public servant, common carrier and, ostensibly, an affiliate of the Indigent Enlisted Men's Loan Corp. To this, the genial jerks of Company A have added the role of custom tailor and personal valet. For a bunch of pseudo-illiterates whose wardrobe prior to induction consisted mainly of two suits (blue denim)—one for week days and one for Sunday—they have suddenly developed marked sartorial ambitions. They've even reached the point where raincoats must be form fitting. That is what comes from exposing them to the back numbers of Esquire left lying about the day room.

I spoke lightly in passing of a statement of charges. Now, all of you are undoubtedly familiar with the quaint Army custom of show-down inspections. The two go hand in hand.

A recent inspection revealed over 40 items of equipment short, ranging from raincoats to trousers, from messkit spoons to canteen cups, not to mention approximately 20 pairs of gloves. (Some one in this camp has one hell of a lot of gloves.) I prepared the S/Cs and set forth blithely on an autograph hunt. The first man I encountered howled like an air-raid siren and loudly protested that he had the articles in his possession and brought them forth as proof. The second man proved more cooperative; he admitted the loss and confessed further losses in the interim between the show-down inspection and the typing of the S/Cs. By the time I cornered the tenth man my eyes were glazed and flecks of froth were on my lips, my body twitched like a horse pestered by flies, and maniacal shrieks of laughter rent the air. Luckily the First Sergeant, recognizing the symptoms, ordered confiscation of all axes, intrenching.

I beseech the hosts of darkness in accents loud and lewd to grant me a CDD or at least to transfer me to an outfit where they don't own anything but rifles.



"Sergeant, kin I get my laundry now?"



Frances Gifford

One of the ideas behind the new swim suit pictured around the girl on this page is to save material and divert the saving to the war effort. Which proves the war's done some good somehow. Frances has just signed a movie contract with M-G-M.

PUP-TENTS *for* DOG-FACES

By a YANK Correspondent



Fig. 1 Disgusting, seedy, fin le siècle, as it were.

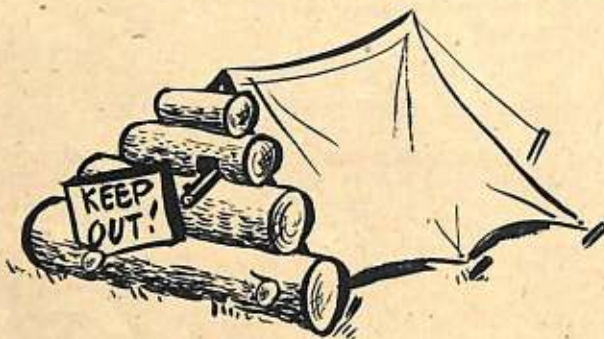


Fig. 2 The Dan'l Boone Darb. Bring your own b'ar.



Fig. 3 The Cape Codder. Refreshing after a landing barge.

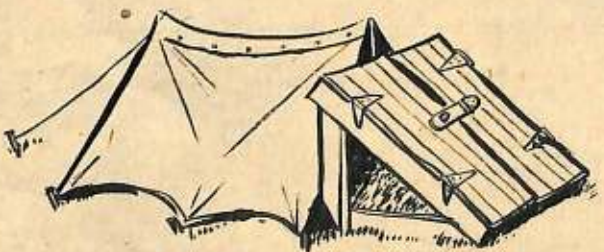


Fig. 4 The Slit Trench Special. Nice for mice.



Fig. 5 The H'empire Style. Just put on a sarong and say "Toomba."

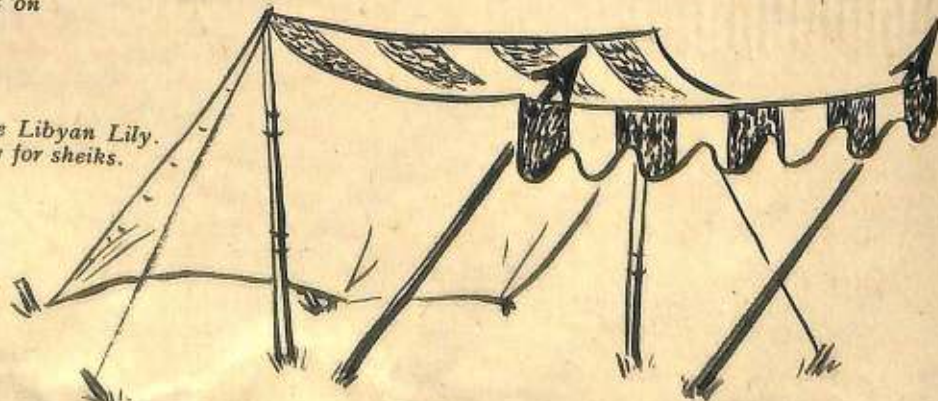


Fig. 6 The Libyan Lily. Strictly for sheiks.

GIVE the American soldier in Africa a leaky pup-tent, a few old packing crates, a saw, hammer and some nails and he will make himself a fairly comfortable home into which he will crawl gratefully every night to strain his eyes reading last year's newspaper or do some close personal bitching.

There is nothing difficult about pitching a pup-tent. You just slap the shelter halves together, support the whole with two tired, rundown poles, pound your pegs and fingers into the ground and lash the entire proceedings together with ropes made of old barracks bags.

Then very craftily you circle the tent a few times, keeping your one good eye on the lookout for sags and humps. Suddenly you pounce on the end of the rope and tighten quickly. When pegs come out, duck and begin again with pitching tent.

Where to pitch your tent also may involve some heavy thought. If you can think heavy, good; if you can't, find a nice little old slit trench. If you decide on a soft grassy spot you'll be sleeping on stumps all night, and if you dig out the stumps you will be sleeping in a hole. Should you decide on the side of a hill, you never know where you will wake up. Quite a few soldiers, however, prefer this location, but those who do are pre-war heavy drinker types who are used to waking up in odd places. Nothing much can be said for flat surface except that eventually you will be washed out.

Disgusting style of pup-tent (see fig. 1) which was cursed in the first World War, and is still being cursed, is the plain regulation-pitched pup-tent, occasionally seen in the bivouac area of some seedy outfits.

When we arrived in Africa there were quite a few boys in our company who had been drafted from Government project homes and municipal development was in their blood. Result was that two days after we hoofed to our bivouac area, "Pup-tent Village" reared up, glistening in the rain. There were all shapes and sizes. Some of the homes were wide and some were narrow. Some tall, some short. Every part of the United States was built into homes.

MOST popular type of pup-tent was the frontier style shown in fig. 2. Instead of an open front which could easily admit flies, dust, field mice and non-coms wanting to borrow dough and to get even in poker games, the door was constructed with the lock inside. In this type the average run of gold-brickers entrenched themselves.

The colonial style had its variations as any symphonic composition does. One type has its entrance flush with the edges of the pup-tent, which means it is reception hall variety. In the space between door and living quarters were placed barracks bags, wine buffet and dirty clothes. The construction of the door varied also. Some doors slid open and some opened upwards, some downwards; some didn't open at all and a few were just props fitting into place, jig-saw fashion.

Another development shown in fig. 3 was the Cape Cod style with the combination entrance, piazza, clothes closet and personal latrine. This style

was not very popular because it required too much lumber and consequently exhaustive arguments with the company mechanic and much foresight and planning.

The front room ensembles in this style home were used also as studies and dens by scrawnier soldiers, but their studies were usually confined to hordes of dirty pictures tacked on the walls.

Double-pitched tents, or duplex homes, followed lines similar in design to single tents, but as before there were variations. One variation was identical with that shown in fig. 3 with the exception that another tent was pitched on the other side.

But the outstanding type of double-pitched tents was the duplex cellar door style shown in fig. 4. This style was used and built by those who habitually come home without a pass a bit under the weather and who preferred to fall in rather than crawl in for the night. In the hallway of the home could usually be found intense and angry groups of ex-crapshooters and blackjack artists.

Thus far discussion has concerned only flat-pitched tents, that is, tents pitched close to the ground with no foundation. Now we come to the foundation type in which no part of the tent itself came in contact with the ground. Extreme in this class was the single skyscraper style pictured in fig. 5 and the boys who liked this style came from Brooklyn.

Soldiers could easily walk in and out of the skyscraper without crawling or stooping. Occasionally windows were constructed and built-in furniture was made and clothes were hung from hooks in the manner of civilian homes. This model offered a lot of resistance to winds; however, sometimes the superstructure collapsed.

THE most popular of all the built-up styles was the late early American duplex with no fancy entrances, no influences and pitched on a foundation of about two feet.

This type allowed its occupants to sit up once in a while instead of flopping about on their stomachs and all in all made comfortable the inconspicuous home for the private or private first class. Flaps at the entrance buttoned up and were waterproof.

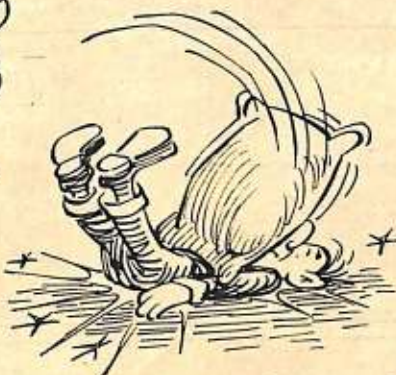
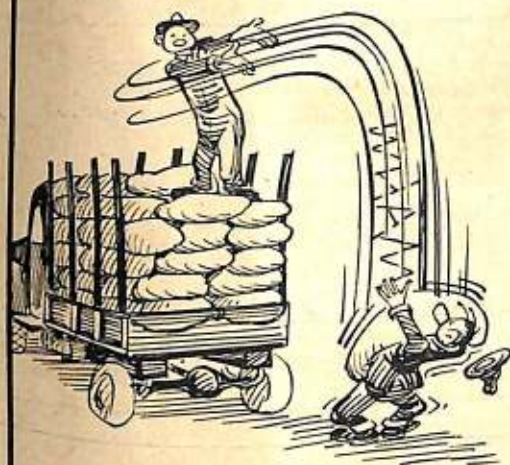
Still another type of the built-up home and by far the most pretentious was the one in which the three African hacienda pictured in fig. 6.

Veranda, awning entrance canopy and storm doors combined in this model. On windy days the canopy was left open. On rainy days everything was buttoned down to form perfect refuge. Haciendas were usually constructed by handshakers in the outfit who borrowed extra tents from the officers or the supply sergeants or if necessary they stole them.

These are pup-tent model homes you will want to build for yourself some day—at least once. After per month you can forget them all except the model shown in fig. 1.

This type, we have decided with a few curses, is really the only practical type of pup-tent home.

THE SAD SACK



"SYMPATHY"



We went up to the hospital to see Artie Greengroin. We had heard around the area that boozled a whole hospital into the belief that he was dying and (2) that he was dying and had bamboozled a whole hospital into the belief that he was a goldbrick of the deepest dye. Anyway, we went up to see him; we wanted to find out the truth.

Well, the truth got up and slowly walked away when we entered that hospital. We found Artie stretched out on a long, white bed, looking, if anything, paler than usual. "What did you bring me?" his first words were.

We had to admit that we hadn't brought him anything.

"Thass a hell of a way to walk into a hospital," Artie said. A nurse was walking by at that moment.

"Hey, noise," Artie said, "this guy jess come to visit me and he didn't bring me nothing."

"Why, the silly thing," the nurse said.

"Bring me something, will you, noise?" Artie said.

"Why, of course," the nurse said. "I'll bring you some nice orange juice." She went away.

"Well," Artie said, "I finely found me niche in the Army."

"Where is it?" we asked politely.

"Right here in this gawdam bed," Artie said. "I never seen nothing like it. I got every one at me beck and call. If I want a major all I got to do is yell. If I want a blood test, all I got to do is say to the noise, 'I want a blood test.' How's to having a blood test, ole boy?"

"Not today, thanks," we said.

Artie shrugged. "You don't know what you're missing," he said. "You don't know what attention is, ole boy. Every day a officer comes along and acts how I am. It's very unusual for officers to do that to me. Usually me and them is at sword points."

"So you like it here?" we asked.

"Yeah, it's a nice place," Artie said. "Of course, they's things that get unner me skin. The X-ray, for instants. That was horrible, that X-ray. A guy named Glasgow, probably a Scotchman, give it to me. It chilled me chest and marred the marrow of me bones. It needed me. I got back at this Glasgow, though. I took him for four quid in a game of craps."

"Where's the four quid now?" we asked.

"Ah, I loss it in another craps game," Artie said.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I got demonic gastritis," Artie said. "The horse-pital staff never seen nothing like it before. I'm a pet of theirs. Honest to gaw, every Saturday a lot

of coinels come in and give me a going-over. I'm exhibit A around this joint, ole boy. Even a sergeant brings me chow. It's unbearable, it's such a set-up."

"When are you getting out?" we asked.

"Thass something I don't know," Artie said.

"A guy never knows when he's going to get out of a Army horsepital. Why, they's a ole bassar two beds-down who's been in here for six months. He ain't never going to get out."

"What's the matter with him?" we asked.

"Gastritis," Artie said. "But it ain't demonic. This is the gastritis ward."

"Big one, isn't it?" we said.

"Yerse," said Artie.

The ward attendant went strolling by. "Boy," Artie said.

"Wassamatter?" the ward attendant said.

"Boy, bring me a nice, tall cole glass of cole water with ice on the top," Artie said. "And snap it up, ya rummy. I'm a parched Pfc."

Without a word the ward attendant vanished, only to return a few minutes later with a glass of water. Artie drank it, smacking his lips. "You know, ole boy," he said, "the oney thing I mess is me lager. I'd like to be lapping up a little lager right now."

The nurse came back with the orange juice. "Noise," Artie said, "I jess had me some water and I ain't thoisty any more."

"That's all right," the nurse said. "Water's very good for you. Much better than that horrible beer you've been putting in your stomach."

"Lady, that beer don't stay in your stummick long," Artie said.

The nurse turned to us. "He's our prize patient, you know," she said. "The first case of its kind we've ever had. We think very highly of him."

"A Greengroin ain't one to get everybody's else's diseases," Artie said. "A Greengroin gets some-thing, it's something new. Any joik can come down with the croup, ain't that right, noise?"

"Oh, yes," the nurse said.

"There's oney one thing I don't like about the horsepital," Artie said. "It's the digging. They's

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ARTIE IN BED

always giving you a dig somewheres. A couple of captains and a major comes in and they stand around and give you digs. The major gives you a dig in the gut. 'Feels funny,' he says. 'You try it, captain.' So the captain gives you a dig. 'Sure does feel funny,' he says. Then the other captain gives you a dig and he says it feels funny, too. Then the major says, 'I guess I'll give him a dig over here and see how it feels,' and gaw dam it, it feels funny there, too. I feel funny all over to them majors."

"Do you feel any pain?" we asked.

"Naw," Artie said, "they ain't no pain connected with demonic gastritis. It's a disease, see?"

We didn't see, but we held our peace.

"Do you know what we're going to give you for dinner tonight?" the nurse asked Artie. "We going to give you some lovely warm milk."

Artie turned to us. "Thass another thing that gives you trouble," he said. "They put you on a liquid diet. My God, all you get day and night is liquids. I'm floating on liquids. I ain't had a solid morsel between me molars for a week now. More than a week. Ain't that right, noise?"

"Liquids are good for you," the nurse said sweetly.

"A he-man Pfc. desoives solider food," Artie said. "A he-man Pfc. desoives steaks and soft shell crabs and everything else. You're killing me with these liquids. What I want is a gawdam steak."

His voice rose dangerously high.

"Sh," the nurse said.

"Thass right," Artie said. "What am I complaining for? I'm living the life a Greengroin should be living. I got servants at me beck and call. I can relax and ponder on the woild. I'm catching up on all me back thinking. Before I get out of this place I may even be ahead on my thinking."

"What'll you do then?" we wanted to know.

"Relax," Artie said. "Get back in the ole rut."

"How about that Wren you were running around with?" we asked. "What happened to her?"

"What happen to her was nothing," Artie said. "The flame is still boining. She writes me notes. Perfumed notes. I keep 'em unner me pillow. Give a smell."

We gave a smell. Very sweet.



The POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

A DOG-FACE IS NO SEA-DOG

In the garrison we were happy
But now they've got our goat,
'Cause they've got us bag and baggage
On a damn banana boat.
On the desert, in the mountains,
We were as happy as could be
But we're having lots of trouble
Since they sent us out to sea . . .

Where the left side is the port side
And the toilet is the head,
Where you bang your skull in the hatchways
Till you wish that you were dead,
Where a chow line ain't a line at all
But just a milling bunch,
And you finish up with breakfast
Just in time to start with lunch.

And you hit the hay in layers
Like a pre-war layer cake,
With bunks four high, that touch the sky;
Oh, what a chance you take.
Each time you wish to turn and toss
Amid your fitful slumber,
You have to warn the other guys
And do it by the numbers.

The drinking water's salty,
And if you should need a shave,
Your buddies sadly wish you luck
And bid you to be brave.

You'll know exactly what I mean
If you've been on a boat,
For the chances are 50-50,
When you shave you cut your throat.

When the weather's nice and sunny
They keep you down below,
But you'll guard guns upon the deck
If it should rain or snow.
We've heard that on the bounding main
All things are pretty swell,
So let the Navy have their boats,
And let them go to hell.

Submitted by Cpl. Ray E. Thomas,
Fort Ord, Calif. —Author Unknown

TO THE EXILE

■ In answer to Pfc. James A. Young, who complained in verse in a March issue about being stationed in the city.

You interest me, pal, with your wanderlust,
With your love for the frozen north,
With its women foul and husky's howl,
For what it may be worth—

Whad'da say we pitch a deal?
My word that I'll shoot square,
With terms to suit and a klooch to boot,
You see, I'm stationed there.

I'm not a hand to gamble my coin
Or fall for a shyster's ruse,
But I'll bet my stack on a lead-pipe cinch,
When I'm damn sure not to lose.

If you're sick of the heat and the smooth concrete,
Of the pavement sand and grit,
When the "old boys" tell of the Yukon spell,
Well, pal, that's just tough—luck!

I gave up the heat and the good old streets
Of a burg in my home state,
And why I'm here and you are there—
Well, buddy, I guess it's fate.

So take a tip from a guy who knows,
And stick with what you've got,
Don't gripe and scoff when you're well off,
The Northland's not so hot!

—Cpl. GLENN A. LYND

Alaska

TO AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER, KILLED IN ACTION

He takes his last look at the stars tonight,
Alone, here on the outskirts of the earth.
He thinks now of the mystery of birth,
Of the tangent between shadow and light,
Of how to struggle is not to fight,
Of how in darkness there is little mirth,
Of how in effort there is little worth,
And yet he knows there is a wrong and right.
He takes his last look and prepares to die.
Death will come silent when he does not know,
When his fingers burn and his head is high;
A wind will blow through him like driven snow.
He will say no prayer, he will ask not why,
Yet he will smile when it is time to go.

—Pvt. ROBERT W. TAYLOR

Fort Monmouth, N. J.

Dear YANK:

The guy, whoever he was, that wrote that piece about wienies in your last issue, had the right idea. I haven't seen a hot dog since one tried to follow me onto my transport. The best propoganda for Germany I have ever seen is the English sausage. What the hell happened to all the pigs, anyway?

THWARTED SERGEANT

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Sometimes, lying on my bed of pain, I look at the walls and think of hot dogs, too. I can see them dancing there, sizzling and brown, wrapped in a roll, with mustard and piccadilly all over them. Because of this I can understand your longing for hot dogs. When a soldier is overseas he can pass up a lot of memories of his native country, but the hot dog is one that he cannot pass up.

Maybe someone ought to take the matter up with the QMC or somebody, and see if they couldn't get a ship-load of them over here. If we could all have just one for the Fourth of July, it would be a wonderful thing.

Corporal J. L. SIMS

Britain.

Dear YANK:

The trouble with YANK is that it's always digging up dead issues. I spent a good many months in barracks back in the States and it seemed that every time I went into a mess hall, there was a slew of hot dogs staring up at me. I got sick of hot dogs and I never want to see another one as long as I live. Why don't you leave dead issues alone? Leave sleeping dogs lie.

Pvt. ARCHIE BROOK

Britain.



The first day's mail to YANK after it mentioned, casually, that hot dogs could, perhaps, be made to substitute for Spam. Space limitations prevent the editors from printing all the letters.

MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:

The funniest picture that has ever been carried in any paper anywhere was that picture of yours which was on page 9 of your paper of May 9. That is what we guys here call a real killer. That is what you dream about will happen when you die and go to heaven. How many times I have dreamed about something just like that. Is there any possibility of it happening when the WAACs get here, like you say in your paper they will? And just one other thing, too. That suggestion somebody made in the "Yanks at Home in the ETO" page about hot dogs has had me not only watering but also foaming at the mouth ever since I read it. I would even take a hot dog from Nedick's, New York, dry without mustard if only I could have one. But one, with Chile sauce! I will give anybody ten bob that will bring me a hot dog, with roll and mustard, onion, pickles and a little Chile sauce. And it is cheap at that price. The splotches on the paper are where I was drooling.

Pvt. EDWARD MORONEY

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I could hardly call myself a writer or a critic, having only worked for a year on a very small weekly back home in Montana before I got the old greetings from the draft board. But I should like to say that I thought YANK's story, "The Night Raiders," was one of the most exciting pieces of reporting I have ever seen. It is a new and novel technique, and one, I think, that other people should copy. It certainly did give us readers a clear and concise picture of what almost happened. Honestly, I almost ducked myself when I read the description of the way bullets come toward you.

Sgt. HARVEY MILLER

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I could almost see again the battlefields of France, where I fought in the last war, when I read the excellent article by Lieutenants (?) Frazier and Richardson in last week's YANK. It was one of the most picturesque pieces of writing to come out of this war.

M/5gt. JOHN WEATHERS

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Who gives a damn one way or another how many of your reporters get shot at. Those two jerks who wrote "The Night Raiders" talk like they are the only men who ever got shot at in this war.

Cpl. MILTON THOMPSON

Dear YANK:

There are thousands of men in this Army who will never see action even though they want it more than anything in the world. The services of supply and a hundred auxiliary outfits are filled with such men. Just because your reporters are lucky enough to get into

action, why rub it in on those who will never know the great thrill that comes from fighting?

Ulster.

Lieut. EDWARD O'MALLEY

Dear YANK:

That was a beautiful picture you had on page 2 of your Easter issue. It was a beautiful girl, and a beautiful dog, but please what was that thing in the middle? Was it a soldier? Where did it get that W-P-A foreman hat?

Northern Ireland.

SOME MARINES

Dear YANK:

We are a bunch of U. S. Navy sailors, and we want to know who is that cute little bundle on page 2 of your April 25 edition of YANK? Also who in the hell is that thing with the cane? How did he get all the campaign ribbons? In the battle of Macy's bargain basement? I always thought the Army was our allies, as a combat force, certainly they must be doing something over here besides looking silly. I understand the sailors in London are whistling at Pfc. now instead of girls. Please print. From a bunch of good U. S. Navy guys.
H. G. SMALL, T. C. TURECKI, JOSEPH L. EVANS, JOSEPH M. BARTEL, JOHN F. SMITH, WALTER KLEROWSKI, M. P. RODMAN



Ulster.

Dear YANK:

On reading the YANK edition of May 2, I find that someone by the name of Joan writes what swell guys the Yanks are, or should I say the Americans, as some of them Yanks, why, I don't know. My boy friend is a Yank, and he brings me a copy of the paper every week. There's a hell of a row if I don't get it. Have been reading it for months now.

Britain.

EVE

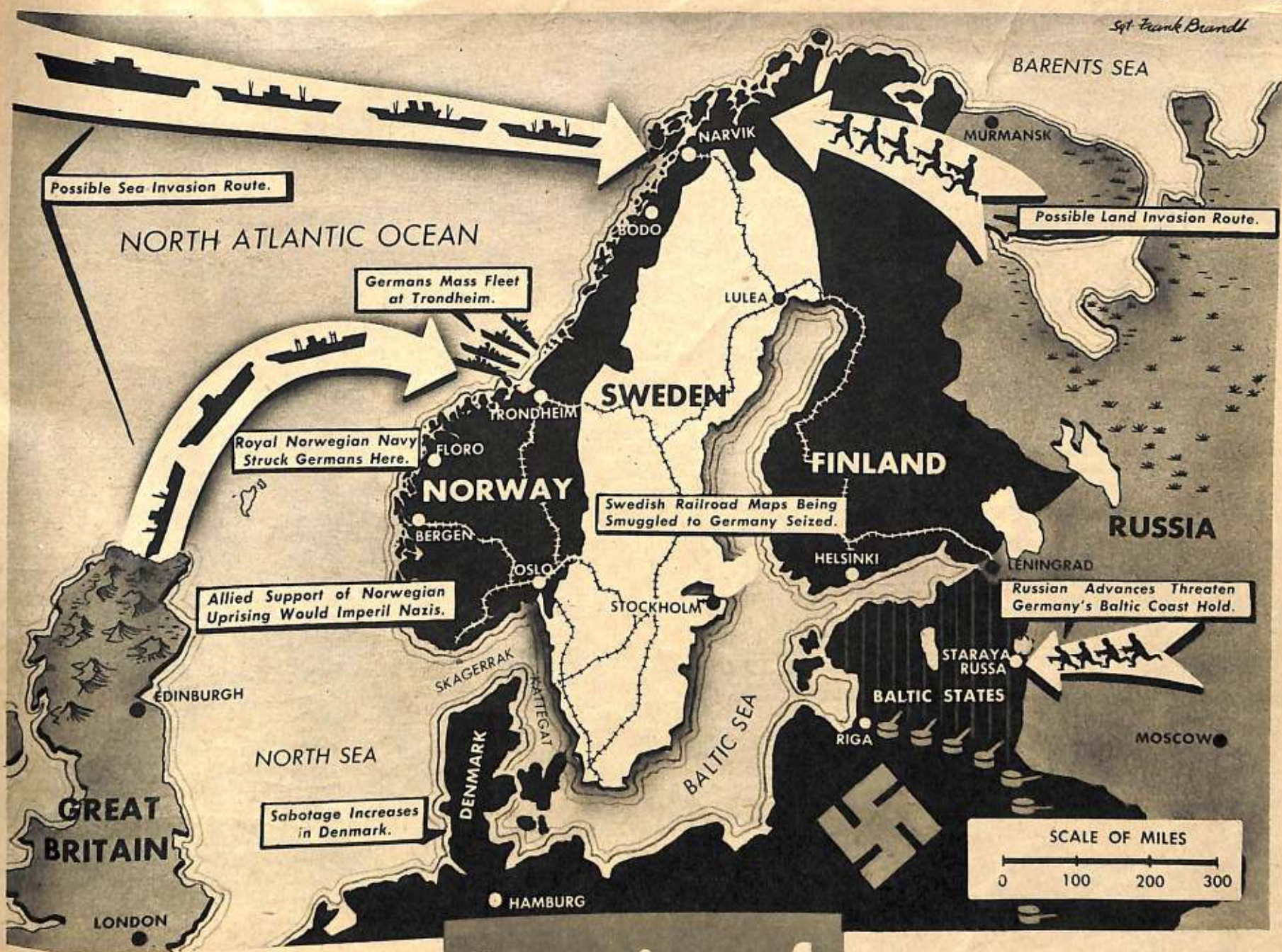
Dear YANK:

Of all the dull, inane features you have ever carried, the Coast Guard stories were the worst. They were not only dull, they were badly written. As P-R-O officer here at —, I could take almost any private from the line and, with a little coaching, have him turn out a piece as scintillating as your leading article this week. It surprises us, who have followed the superb style in which you have been writing, to see a badly written, badly constructed piece such as this in YANK. However, all in all, I firmly believe that YANK is the best-written publication in the British Isles.

Britain.

Maj. R.L.N.

Sgt. Frank Brandt



Growing power of Norwegians, who are determined to retake their country from the Nazis, has Adolf Hitler worried.

As day-by-day reports from the Mediterranean area give Germany the invasion jitters, developments in the Baltic also help spell doom for the Axis in Europe.

For the first time since Bismarck forged Germany into a mighty, militaristic nation, the Baltic Sea is no longer traditionally secure protection for the Reich on the north.

To make the Baltic a natural defensive position, Hitler early occupied Denmark and Norway, commanding the entrance to the sea via Skagerrak and Kattegat. To the east, he had to push the Russians back from the Baltic shore in order to deprive the Russian Fleet of any freedom of action.

But news from Europe indicates that Germany is not so sure of herself on this front. Fearing invasion from the north, Germany has impressed all available Norwegians for labor on defense works between Bergen and Trondheim.

Germany has massed the bulk of her surface ships at Trondheim to repel any Allied attempt at invasion, and to harass shipping lines to Russia.

In Denmark, sabotage against the Nazis has greatly increased, with the Germans vainly exerting every effort to stamp it out.

On the third anniversary of the German entry into Norway, Johann Nygaardsvold, premier of the Norwegian Government in exile, broadcast a message to his fellow countrymen from London. He said that the Norwegian Army was "preparing to play an important role during the reconquest of our country."

These were not idle words. Only a week before, sleek, swift craft of the Norwegian Royal Navy,

Invasion of Norway?

operating out of Britain, slid into Nazi-occupied Floro harbor on the Norwegian coast. Before the surprised Germans could fire a shot, the Norwegians

had sunk two large Nazi supply vessels anchored in the harbor.

Coming as it did, with all the other signs of Scandinavian resentment against the Germans, this was unusually significant. Significant also was the fact that 1,000 Norwegian ships had slipped out of Hitler's grasp and are in the service of the Allies.

To a man, the Norwegians are reported to be awaiting support from the Allies to help drive out the invader. Denmark, long under the economic domination of the Reich, is equally anxious to be freed of Nazi control.

With Nazi reverses on all fighting fronts, it is doubtful if Hitler has the troops to defend the Scandinavian Peninsula against attack from the sea.

To ship sufficient troops into Norway would be a problem. Communications with Norway, and within the country itself, are poor. Germany would, in all probability, be forced to use Swedish railroads to get troops to the proper places in the quickest possible time. Such a move might very likely bring Sweden into the war on the side of the Allies.

Relations between Sweden and Germany are already strained.

Finland likewise is uncertain protection for the Nazis on the north-east. With the Russians threatening Staraya Russa, last German stronghold in the Leningrad-Lake Ilmen region, the Nazi hold on the eastern Baltic coast line is seriously menaced. If Staraya Russa falls, the Germans would be forced to abandon the Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which would practically insure Finland's dropping out of the war.

In such an event Russia could move across northern Finland from Murmansk into Norway. Sweden's Baltic Fleet could be used against the Germans. Combined with a possible Allied sea invasion route aimed at Narvik, these moves would constitute a serious threat to Germany.

Allied air bases established in Norway would be disastrous for the Nazis, since the Baltic is far too narrow a body of water to be an obstacle to long-range bombers.

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

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

British Edition:

Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr. Art Editor, Cpl. Charles Brand, AAF. Staff Cartoonist, 2nd Lt. Dave Breger, AUS. Editorial Associates, Cpl. Ben Frazier, CA; Sgt. Denton Scott, FA; Cpl. Steve Derry, AAF; Sgt. Walter Peters, QM; Pfc. Arthur Greengroin, QM; Production, Cpl. Louis McFadden, Engr. Officer in Charge, Major Desmond H. O'Connell. Detachment Commander, 2nd Lieut. Wade Werden. Address: Printing House Square, London.

New York Office:

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

Pictures: Cover, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, Cpl. Ben Schnell, 8, INP. 9, Sgt. Bob Ghio, 10, AP, 11, top, AP; bottom, Keystone. 12, top, Sgt. George Meyers; bottom, Acme. 13, top, Meyers; bottom left, PA; bottom right, Acme. 17, PA. 15, top, AP; bottom left, PA. 23, top, Acme; centre, PA. 20, Cpl. Steve Derry. 22, PA. 23, top, Acme; bottom left, Acme; bottom right, INP.

PREVIEW OF THE MAJOR LEAGUE SEASON

Play Ball!



The big league baseball season is on again. In Washington, Early of Senators tags out Siebert, Philadelphia first baseman, in the season opener. Washington won, 8 to 5. The ump is McGowan.

By Sgt. DAN POLIER
YANK Sports Editor

IT IS obvious that the Detroit Tigers know who's going to win the American League pennant. A few days before they broke camp at Evansville, Ind., they plunged wholeheartedly into an informal poll to pick the American League pennant winner. One and all, the Tigers voted the championship to themselves and conceded the New York Yankees the dubious honor of being the team they would most likely beat.

For all their unflinching boldness and matchless modesty, the Tigers can hope to finish no better than fourth. If indeed, there's any finishing to be done at all. President Roosevelt gave an interesting commentary on the situation the other day in Washington when he asked Clark Griffith whether he thought the big leagues would be able to see the season through.

Manpower Commissioner Paul McNutt stirred even more apprehension in Mr. Griffith's chest protector when he made it plain that baseball was still a nonessential industry, thus ruling out occupational deferments for players. At the same time McNutt went to bat with a prediction that baseball should be able to carry on through the war.

Baseball owners accepted McNutt's prediction as an optimistic note, and Mr. Griffith, for one, said: "It's good news."

But the Old Fox should know by now that predictions frequently blow up in your face. The Brooklyn Dodgers, for instance, were a healthy prediction that exploded all over the place last September when the light-legged St. Louis Cardinals started dashing around the base paths like a pack of greyhounds.

In these times, when absolutely nothing is safe, we are offering the Dodgers as the team most likely to succeed. That's definitely not what the experts think, which in itself should be some measure of comfort. The experts are currently advising that you follow the fortunes of the swift, young Cardinals.

Nominating the Dodgers in face of last season's flop at the finish wire requires neither ability, skill nor courage. A close examination of their roster is convincing proof. The pitching staff emphatically is exciting. Durocher has six starters who are going to be tough babies in those long series. His catching is strong, the infield has been revived, and the outfield has mobility and power.

The Dodgers have been able to withstand the shock of losing Pee Wee Reese, Hugh Casey and Pete Reiser to the armed forces. This spring they thumped their exhibition opponents with monotonous regularity, and when you consider that they knocked over the Yankees five times, you immediately conclude that Durocher has solid replacements in fellows like Rube Melton, Luis Olmo and Albie Glossop.

The Cardinals, on the other hand, may not survive the loss of Creepy Crespi, Enos Slaughter, Terry Moore, Johnny Beazley and John Grodzicki or take up the tremendous slack that's going to be left when Howie Pollet, Jimmy Brown, Howard Krist and Murry Dickson are called. Southworth has flushed the Cardinal chain gang for replacements, but his recruits, while they follow the Cardinal pattern of speed and dash, can never give him the power and pitching of the Dodgers. The only card Southworth can trump the Dodgers with is his infield. It is positively great.

How YANK Picks 'Em To Finish

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
1—Brooklyn Dodgers	1—New York Yankees
2—St. Louis Cardinals	2—St. Louis Browns
3—Chicago Cubs	3—Cleveland Indians
4—Cincinnati Reds	4—Detroit Tigers
5—New York Giants	5—Boston Red Sox
6—Pittsburgh Pirates	6—Chicago White Sox
7—Boston Braves	7—Washington Senators
8—Philadelphia Phils	8—Philadelphia Athletics

Over in the American League, the wartime drain on player talent has been staggering. You wouldn't know the New York Yankees anymore. In fact, a lot of people who watched them in training couldn't believe what they saw. The Yankees had their ears pinned back in eight exhibition games this spring, which is something out of this world at any time of the year.

There's no getting away from it, the Yankee losses have been tremendous and greater than those of any four teams in the league. They gave up DiMaggio, Henrich, Ruzzuto, Ruffing and Hassett to the armed forces and are now faced with losing two of their most promising recruits, George Stirnweiss and Bud Metheney. McCarthy has rebuilt the club with almost entirely young talent from Kansas City and Newark. Once these kids settle down and forget they are replacing great men, the Yankees should make the long haul all right.

You might not believe us, but the Yankees will get a fierce fight right down the September stretch from the St. Louis Browns. Here's a chronic second-division club that has developed into a surprisingly good contender. Last year the Browns pulled up third after a driving finish and gave the experts something to think about. This spring they have been named for every position except eighth.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Chicago Cubs—Don't underestimate the Cubs. The Dodgers and Cards may find them hard to live with. The addition of Paul Derringer to the pitching staff and second baseman Ed Stankey to the infield should help. Stankey led the American Association in everything last year. The outfield—left to right: Dom Dallessandro, Lou Novikoff and Bill Nicholson—packs some real long distance punch.

Cincinnati Reds—Here's another club that could win it. The Reds have enough pitching to overcome the probable loss of Johnny Vander Meer, who is 1-A in the draft. Eddie Miller strengthens the infield at short. The outfield is all field, no hit.

Brooklyn Dodgers—Pitching is really going to make them tough to beat. Look 'em over: Rube Melton, Kirby Higbe, Whit Wyatt, Ed Head, Curt Davis, Johnny Allen and Buck Newsom. The outfield has power to burn with Medwick, Walker and Galan. The infield has been patched up with Vaughan at short, Herman at third, Glossop at second and Camilli at first. If worse comes to worse, Durocher might have to play short himself. Leo has turned into a switch hitter and figures he might hit .400, a matter of .200 from each side of the plate.

St. Louis Cardinals—The draft hit Billy Southworth in his most vital spots. If the Cardinals ever needed to reap a bumper crop from their farm system, this is the year. Lou Klein from Columbus is playing second base, Harry Walker is now in rightfield and Elvin Adams, up from Sacramento, is the new centerfielder. Harry Breechen and George Munger have been called in from Columbus to take up the slack on the pitching staff. The young Red Birds appear to have enough defense and bounce to stir up a good race. They might even win it.

Pittsburgh Pirates—If Frankie Frisch boots this club home a winner, he will have to dig up some more pitching, hitting and fielding. That could give you a pretty fair idea what he's up against.

New York Giants—Mel Ott thought he had a pennant winner until the draft took Danning and Mize. Carl Hubbell is still the best-looking prospect and he's 40 years old.

Boston Braves—Bob Quinn sold the Braves down the river when he peddled Eddie Miller to the Reds. Manager Casey Stengel has just broken his leg and Lefty Gomez has formally denied that he tripped him.

Philadelphia Phillies—And now for the American League.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Cleveland Indians—At one time this spring the Indians were down to two outfielders. The current figure is four. Lou Boudreau says he has the team to beat. He may have. He has the pitching and hitting, and his catcher, Buddy Rosar, rates with the best in the league. His other catcher, Otto Denning, is playing first base.

St. Louis Browns—The pennant that some of the experts have promised the Browns depends on how long Vernon Stephens, the rookie shortstop, can side-step the draft. Stephens came up from Toledo last year to hit .294 and pace the club to a first division finish. Bill Terry, for one,



Can you identify this reconstructed Yankee infield? Left to right: Joe Gordon, second base, the only hold-over; Nick Etten, first base; George Stirnweiss, shortstop; and Bill Johnson, third base.



Mort Cooper of the Cardinals and Johnny Vander Meer of the Reds meet before their pitching duel in Cincinnati. Vandy pitched two-hit ball, winning 1-0 in 11 innings. Cooper scattered six hits.

thinks the Browns will beat the Yankees to the wire. Luke Sewell thinks he will need more pitching to do it.

New York Yankees—The Yankees are up to their ears in pitchers, including nine who were around at World Series time. Add Tommy Byrne, Bill Zuber and Charlie Wensloff and you have the best pitching staff in either league. The new line-up, with three rookies and Nick Etten and Roy Weatherly, is a far cry from Murderers' Row, but it has the power available.

Boston Red Sox—The draft ripped the heart of the Red Sox. Williams, DiMaggio, Pesky and Pytlak have gone and they represent a lot of strength. Cronin has a weird assortment of re-

placements including 40-year-old Al Simmons and himself.

Detroit Tigers—If Rudy York and Dick Wakefield hit, the Tigers will be in there. If they don't, the club shouldn't do much worse than fifth. The pitching looks better than last year. However, Lefty Newhouser may quit the team because of a heart condition.

Washington Senators—Clark Griffith needed players so badly that he went out and hired Earl Jennings, a taxicab driver, as a pitcher.

Chicago White Sox—Ted Lyons was just about the whole ball club and he's in the Marines.

Philadelphia Athletics—Connie Mack still wants to break up the Yankees.



BOB MILLER, American Leaguer, is still pitching, this time for the Navy's new battleships.



SIGNS OF WAR at the races too. Rosemary Blackburn is limbering them up at Belmont track now, as one of the rare female exercise "boys".

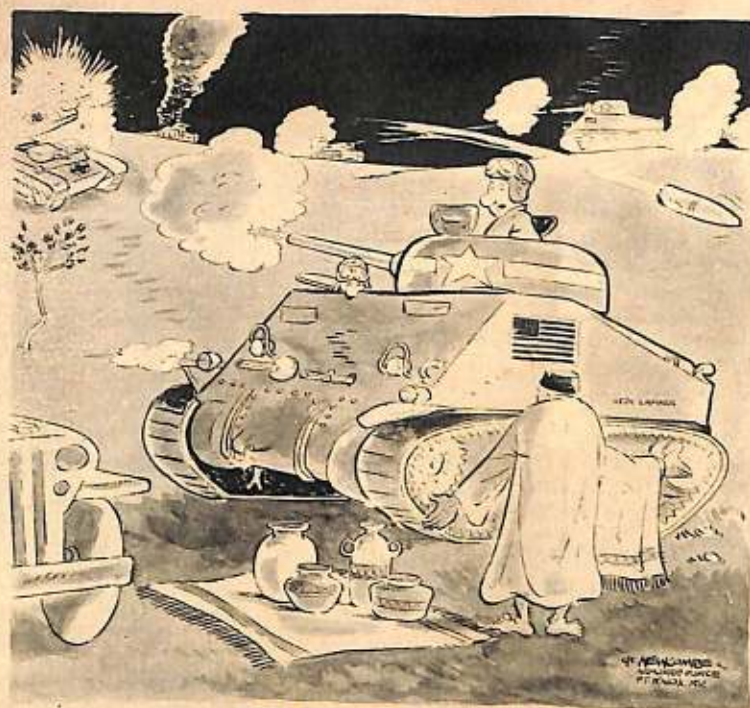
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



Sgt. Fitzgerald
Camp Edwards, Mass.

"HE WANTS US TO REPORT FOR CALISTHENICS!"
—Sgt. John Fitzgerald, Camp Edwards, Mass.



"WE'RE KINDA BUSY RIGHT NOW."
—Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.



"McGUIRE'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE DODGERS COMES IN HANDY."
—Cpl. Salmons, Camp Blanding, Fla.



"THE SUN OF HEAVEN FEELS LIKE HELL TODAY"
—Pvt. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.



"I'M BELOW SEA LEVEL. WHAT'LL I DO?"
—Cpl. E. Maxwell, Douglas Air Base, Ariz.