

BRITISH EDITION

# YANK

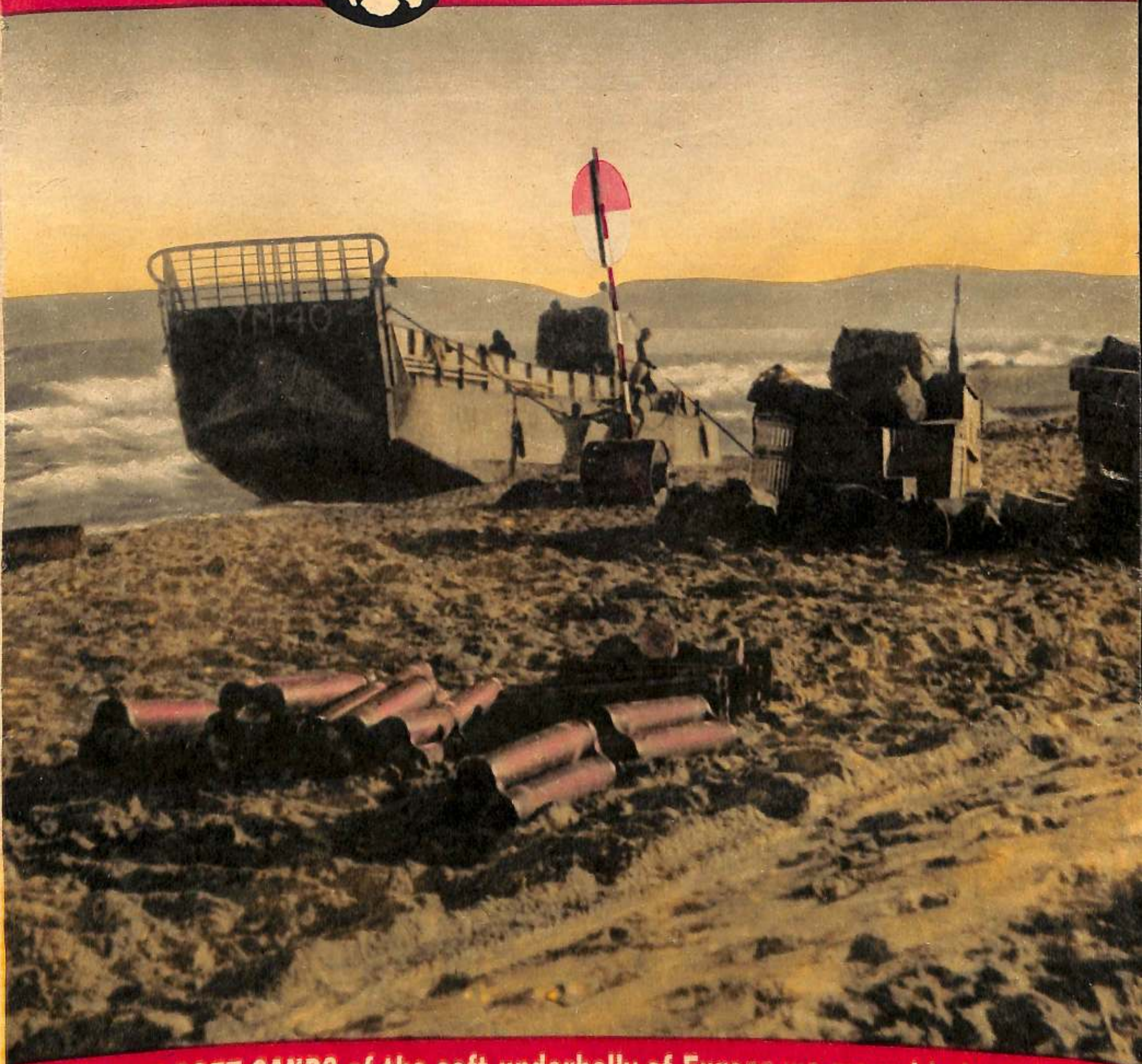
THE ARMY



WEEKLY

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



**ON THE SOFT SANDS** of the soft underbelly of Europe we moved in last week. In the words of President Roosevelt it was the **BEGINNING OF THE END.**



**It was the biggest combined operation the world has ever known. It involved 40 solid nautical miles of ships, and the air fleets covered the sky. But it was more than just ships and planes, tanks, guns and men. It was the beginning of the liberation of Europe—the beginning of the end.**





# The BEGINNING OF THE END



**T**HE Marauders were returning from a mission. High over the blue Mediterranean they cut calmly through the air, moving southward, going home. A heavy summer sun beat on their wings and fuselages, but below, the sea was rough. Pilots, casually peering down, could see whitecaps breaking far beneath them. It was an ordinary mission. The crews relaxed; they were looking forward to something to eat.

Suddenly one of the Marauder pilots went tense, then cold all over. A mile under his feet were more ships than he had ever seen in his life—an armada that stretched to the horizon and beyond the horizon, an armada forty miles long. There were thousands of ships, and behind each one its white wake cut the water, gleaming in the afternoon sun. On the flanks of the armada destroyers zigzagged back and forth, and in the center were invasion barges black with helmeted men and merchant ships heavy with cargo.

The Marauder pilots, unknowingly, had wandered smack into the invasion of Europe. They knew where the armada was going. It was down in the plans as "X," but to every man in the free nations of the world it was a triangular island as old as the hills, and its name was Sicily.

The Marauders streaked for their base. On the sea below, the invasion fleet moved on. It contained more than 2,000 craft. Leading them were the "little ships"—the minelayers, whalers, fishing boats, even motor torpedo boats. Some of the minesweepers had previously been on the Russian convoy run, and they were all moving toward violent action after nearly four years of dull defensive monotony.

## The Sea-borne Caravan

**B**EHIND the minesweepers, surrounded by naval units, were the invasion barges, the Landing Craft Transport Mark IIIs, displacing 350 tons unloaded, 192 feet long, powered by two 500 h.p. Diesel engines. They were big craft, built to carry both tanks and men, and there were hundreds of them.

The invaders moved on into the north, out of the afternoon and into the evening. The sea was rough, almost too rough. When, early that day, they had started for their objective, the wind blew hard and the riled water, heaving up on all sides, threatened the expedition with the necessity of turning back. As the wind rose the spirits of the invaders sank. But

the sun continued to burn down on the rough surface of the sea, and word came through that the operation would continue according to plan.

In the evening a message came that the airfield at Pachino, on Sicily's south-east coast, had been plowed up. The men thought that word of the attack had leaked out. It hadn't. The great convoy steaming north was, as far as the Axis was concerned, non-existent.

In one of the invading ships, as evening came on, Canadian officers met in the lounge. "We are on the eve of a night in the history of the world that will never be forgotten," a colonel said. "We will look back on this night and our children will." Every one repeated the Lord's Prayer and shook hands all around. Then they wandered out, as darkness fell, and watched the bright moon glow on the sea.

## The Greatest Of Them All

**S**IMILAR things happened in other ships and in the close, cramped quarters of the invasion barges, where men, huddled together, glanced casually at their watches and uneasily at each other. Landing operations of any kind are the most difficult operations, in the military scrapbook, and this was the greatest combined operation that had ever taken place.

Darkness fell on the Mediterranean and only the moon saw the ships. Then, out of the south, passing high over the heads of the men on the decks of the armada, came the drone of planes. Their motors filled the sky, but it seemed that there were many planes and few motors. The gliders were on their way.

The gliders passed over the convoy, over water as yet uncut by wakes, over the soft southern coast of Sicily, over the first array of foothills. Two hours before, at North African airfields, jeeps had dragged the gliders into position and the glider troops had climbed in. As they entered their motorless planes listeners could hear the voices of Cockneys and the broad vowels of Yorkshire and Lancashire, the Clyde-side monotone and the North of Scotland burr. The glider troops were British and they were a tough lot.

Over their objectives intercoms went to work between plane and glider. "Hullo glider, hullo glider. Tug calling. We are now approaching the

dropping zone." Silence. Then: "Hullo glider, hullo glider. Tug calling. You can detach now. You can detach now . . . ."

## Landfall By Darkness

**O**NE by one, silently, with only a slight rush of wind against their wings, the gliders dropped off into the silence of the night. Above them the planes that had brought them over the Mediterranean, fighting a miniature gale all the way, lingered around for a while, looking for trouble. There was none. From the earth below came a few searchlight beams and some flak, but nothing else. The glider-carrying planes went home. As he turned the nose of his machine to the south one of the pilots stared at the watch on his wrist.

It was 22:10 hours, Friday, the 9th of July, 1943. The British were in.

Closer to the dark-girded island moved the invasion armada. British and American and Canadian eyes peered forward into the darkness in the hope of discerning something—land perhaps, or even the ragged flashes that would mean gun fire. Nothing. Still nothing.

There were more motors overhead this time, as many motors as there were planes. The aircraft were heading slightly to the west of the first flight. These were the paratroopers, American paratroopers, some of whom were coming back to the land of their forefathers. The planes dwindled to pinpoints in the moonlight.





In the planes, chewing gum, the paratroopers sat waiting. As they came over the coast, flak, hopelessly inaccurate, came up at them. They looked at each other and grinned. In each weapon-crammed cabin a light flashed. The paratroopers got to their feet, got ready. Another light flashed. "Geronimo," yelled the first paratrooper in line. He went out the door and down.

It was 23.20 hours. The Americans were in.

On the sea the convoy was dispersing. The barges and ships that held the American contingent of the invading Army—George Patton's boys—broke off to the left and headed for the Gela beaches. The British and Canadian contingents moved straight ahead.

### The Defenders Of X

**B**EFORE them, hidden by the night, the defenders of "X" stood uncertainly at their posts. Something was up; they knew that. Their radio had told them to expect an attack within 48 hours. But no one knew where the attack would come. It might come against Sicily, it might come against Sardinia, it might even come against Crete. Cairo and Algiers had kept their secret well. When Ike Eisenhower had called in 100 journalists and told them that there would be an attack on Sicily within a month and had pledged them to secrecy he had pledged the right people.

There had been a great deal to do in that month. Sixty days had passed since the war ended as far as the battered country of Tunisia was concerned, and those sixty days were spent repairing harbors, repairing landing grounds, bringing up barges and supplies and men and equipment. It was a colossal, almost impossible task. And now it was in process of completion and still no one knew who shouldn't have known. A gaping-mouthed Marauder pilot was back at his base, telling unbelieving friends what he had seen, but by then it didn't matter who knew. The stage was more than set; it was being acted upon.

There were many people, though, who realized how immense the job had been, people who knew that a motorized division can consume 800 tons of stores in a day—800 tons that are divided into 35 tons of food, 550 tons of ammunition, 120 tons of gas and oil, and tons of other paraphernalia. Multiply that by enough divisions, motorized and otherwise, to run into six figures of manpower, and the job becomes monumental. But the job had been done.

Midnight came, and another day entered the picture. Powerful glasses on the southern coast of Sicily, trained toward the sea, saw the armada approaching. Coastal batteries which had not been knocked out by the unceasing Allied air attacks of the previous week opened up with a ragged, inaccurate fire.

### The Sweetest Sound Ever Heard

**T**O the people of Malta, waking from their beds to watch the flashes on the sky and hear the faint and distant rumble, it sounded like the sweet trumpet of Gabriel, come to judge the world the Axis made.

The inhabitants of smashed, resurgent Malta gathered on the broken roofs of their houses, laughing among themselves. Over their heads buzzed Malta's Mosquitoes, on their way toward the sound of the guns, their bellies crammed with revenge, death and destruction.

In Algiers, Ike Eisenhower, Commander-in-Chief of the whole show, gave seven old coins he carries in his pocket a rub for good luck. Among the coins was an old English five-guinea piece, and one of the general's aide's, a perceptive man, saw Eisenhower rub the coins several times. The general was spending the night at his headquarters, except for a brief period when he drove to the coast with a small party to watch the bombers go over. He got out of his car and stood in the moonlight, looking up and out to sea. Then he went back to GHQ and hurried to the Naval Section where he closeted himself with his



First, they flattened the airfields, the harbors and the docks. It was the soft underbelly of Europe before they began, but before they finished parts were reduced to a very jelly-like consistency.

staff. From there he went to the Fighter Command room, from which the air operations were being directed. Then, satisfied with the way things were going, he turned in at 01.30. He slept three hours.

The bombers and the fighters he had watched head for Sicily had done, and were doing, a beautiful job. They had smashed the Axis headquarters at the San Domenico Hotel in Taormina, a former resort town on the east coast of the island. This, in itself, could cross up for hours, and perhaps days, any Italo-German counter-attacks. They were bombing the airfields to pulp. Few Axis planes were taking off, and those that did take off did not stay up for long. Allied air control was complete.

Over an area of 100 miles, on the south-east coast, the invasion armada prepared to land. Over its head shells hurtled from the great gaunt warships that stood out to sea and smashed the Italian coast defence points. The warships were not all British and American—Royal Indian, Dutch, Polish and Greek naval units were participating. Planes roared through the air, bombing and strafing. From a point south-east of Porto Empedocle to a point south of Syracuse the landing barges moved in. This was it.

At 02.45, Saturday, July 10th, the foot of a Canadian soldier touched a sandbar. The Canadians were in. The land operations were officially under way.

### The Path Of Flame

**T**HERE was flame around all the coast towns—Licata, Gela Pozzallo, Pachino, Noto, Syracuse. As the Canadians piled off their landing barges on Cape Passero they could hear dull explosions, evidently from bombing further inland. Their landing was typical of all the landings, but in the eyes of the Canadians it had assumed a double importance. This was no Dieppe. This was the thing they had trained for for months and years.

The Canadians were getting on with it right now, tumbling off the barges on to the first sands of Cape Passero. Some Royal Canadian Engineers from Nova

Scotia and two companies of an Ontario regiment crouched down and moved up the beach. Machine gun bullets, not as many as had been expected, burst around the barges. Bren guns, sounding like a stick knocking on a door, were firing all around. Some of the beach defences, those that had not been knocked out, were still firing. A coastal battery that lay half-way between the beach and the town of Pachino was sending six-inch shells over, shells that sliced into the sea around the beaches.

All up and down the coast it was the same. The Americans on the left were pushing ahead; so were the British up around Syracuse. The original landings were entirely successful.

In Washington they were giving a dinner for General Giraud, and at 10 o'clock (due to the difference in time) the President of the United States rose to his feet. "I have just had word of the first attack against the soft underbelly of Europe," he said. The room broke into wild applause.

The news was spreading everywhere. Berlin had it. Rome had it. London had it. Europe was being invaded.

Up the beaches and past the beaches went the Canadians and the Americans and the British. Dawn was breaking, had broken. Soldiers with bayonets were prodding the bushes around the sand dunes. A prisoner had appeared. He was the last survivor of a pillbox crew. The invaders moved beyond the beaches and up the hills toward scattered groups of farms. There was some firing, not much. The job had been well done.

The invaders had come to an old island, a miserable and unhappy island that had seen many conquerors and few saviors. Sicily, the island pawn of one nation after another, was used to invasions. For two thousand years and longer she had seen the barren shores. Now, under the rule of Benito Mussolini, she was poorer than she ever was. Her principal crops, citrus fruits, could find no market; her sulphur miners were probably the worst treated

Then they went in with the gliders, through the turbulent night skies of the Mediterranean, entrenching themselves firmly and decisively, cut loose and took position after position.







"Hey, Rocco. Any sign of them yet?"

miners in the world; she had a vicious landlord system that ground her people down; her population (4,000,000) was approximately the same as it was in Ancient Greek times; one fifth of her total area belonged to 1,000 people. Sicily is what is known as a nation of emigrants; Sicilians for a long time have thought that the best thing to do with their island is to leave it.

#### In Time Gone By

It had not always been this way. Once Sicily had been a thriving island, colonized by Greeks and Phoenicians. Her city of Syracuse, by withstanding a siege, had helped to break the power of mighty Athens in the Peloponnesian War. And then had come a succession of conquerors—Norman, Saracen, Roman, Carthaginian, until at last, in the last century, Garibaldi had taken her, at last, for Italy's own. But under Fascism Sicily had not prospered. Plans for her had been only plans, mocking her from paper. As far as Sicilians were concerned, it didn't matter much any more who the invader was.

At 04.30 they awakened Dwight Eisenhower in Algiers. Assault troops had landed, they told him, and everything was going according to plan. The general went to the war room, where reports were coming in regularly. He stayed there until he heard the BBC broadcast his message to the people of occupied France that this was the first stage in the invasion of the European continent. Then he went to change his clothes.

As the landings progressed there were losses. Occasionally a craft was struck before it could get to the beach, but when it was the men clambered out and waded ashore. Bigger ships were arriving, weighed down with guns and stores. Things moved like clockwork. Various branches were assigned to various parts of the beaches. Overhead, barrage balloons were up, in the advent of Axis counter-attack by air. The air counter-attack finally came, and over the heads of the invaders air battles sawed through the sky with the sound of tearing sheets. The

pilots could see the invasion troops swarming ashore like ants.

Still before them lay the forcing of bridgeheads and the meeting with the main body of Axis troops. In Sicily, there were probably 200,000 Italian and 100,000 German soldiers, the Germans being mostly Luftwaffe personnel, pilots and ground crews.

By 07.00, the invading troops were pushing ahead at all points, and they were bringing the heavy equipment ashore—the 30-ton tanks and the bulldozers for repairing airfields. Already the Americans had two airfields in their hands, and one was about to be taken at Pachino. With luck, these fields could be turned against their former tenants in a matter of hours. And as the troops advanced, cautiously, meeting increasing opposition, various parts of the world reacted in various ways.

#### Axis Troubles Spread Fast

ARMED patrols and police detachments were moving through the uneasy streets of Rome, dispersing crowds. Frenchmen were quietly demonstrating among themselves. Pétain called the Vichy Cabinet together hurriedly. Excitement spread through the streets of embattled Moscow. People in Canada went mad. And, oblivious to the joy and the terror and the fear that their actions were causing all over the world, the invaders moved slowly inland.

From Syracuse to Licata the towns fell—Avola, Pachino, Pozzallo, Scoglitti, Gela, Ispica, Rosolini and Noto. Syracuse went down to the British. Inland probed the new American 6th Army, the British 8th Army. Prisoners came in, from the Italian 4th (Leghorn) Division and the 54th (Naples) Division. Both divisions included a stiffening of Germans.

More details were coming in of the first advance. The troops that took Pachino took 1,000 prisoners, while their own casualties totalled only 50. Workers came out of the fields and gave them the Fascist salute, to which they replied with nods. They captured Italians who were caught so unawares that their machine guns were still packed in boxes. The

first Italian prisoner to be taken by the Canadians was captured by a kick in the pants. He was in a pillbox as a machine gunner, and a corporal, who had won the Military Medal in France in 1940, circled the pillbox, came on it from the rear and kicked the Italian in the pants. The Italian surrendered. The peasants who worked in the vineyards around Pachino, frightened by the invasion, fled, only to return to their work.

#### Rough For Yanks

THE Americans, on the left, were having the hardest go of all. Against them, seven counter-attacks were thrown, one spear headed by 45 Axis tanks. All were thrown back, and the Americans plodded ahead toward the center of the island.

Paratroops, scattered by a strong wind, re-formed, reached their objective, and were driven off, but they managed to establish contact with land forces and regained their objective. Then, in one of the most unusual encounters in modern warfare, they were charged by cavalry. The cavalry was repulsed.

The glider troops had it hard. Landing in bad visibility, under heavy flak, they were not able to fight together as a force, but as small units they held the countryside in terror all the first night of the landing. Their principal objective was taken initially by 14 men who, together with about 70 others, held it for 14 hours, in daylight, against increasing Italian opposition, only to surrender at last. The force surrendered in mid-afternoon, but only when all but 30 men were left alive and un wounded. They had been under concentrated fire from 4-inch mortars and heavy machine guns for several hours, fighting with almost no cover.

Within an hour of their capture they escaped. A British reconnaissance unit came along and began shooting at their guards.

From Algiers, Dwight Eisenhower came over on a British destroyer. As the destroyer approached Licata he saw a cruiser bombard a gun position on the side of a hill, where a small body of Italians were holding up the Allied advance. Landing, Eisenhower went to General Patton's headquarters. There he heard how warships had smashed an enemy tank attack.

More and more prisoners came in, 2,000 of them. They were happy and smiling. Still an unknown quality was the fighting spirit of the Italians on their own soil. The main Sicilian conflict would have to decide that. At the end of the Tunisian campaign the Italians had put up a better show than the main part of the Afrika Korps. Now, however, it seemed to be the same old business all over again. The Italians were still surrendering. Food for the prisoners might soon be a big problem.

But bigger problems still were being resolved. One seemed to be preparing itself for solution in the plains beyond Catania as British forces, fresh from the capture of Syracuse, moved in that direction.

#### Ours, The Skies

OVERHEAD the sky belonged to the Allies. Like tenpins, Axis trucks, tanks and lorries moved along roads toward the Allied beach-heads, and like tenpins the Mustangs and A-36s bowled them down. The Axis forces in Sicily seemed slightly disorganized.

So light were Allied casualties that some hospital ships were relieved from duty. One, however, bombed and sunk by the Luftwaffe, got all its 400 casualties off safely. The beach-heads, approximately ten miles square, were pretty much under control and the danger from the air was becoming minimized hour by hour.

Sicily—"X"—had been successfully invaded. All that remained was a successful occupation. Once that was accomplished, Italy would be a lost country, and the liberation of Europe could be considered as on the way. Its first steps were already an actuality.

The next few days would tell the story.

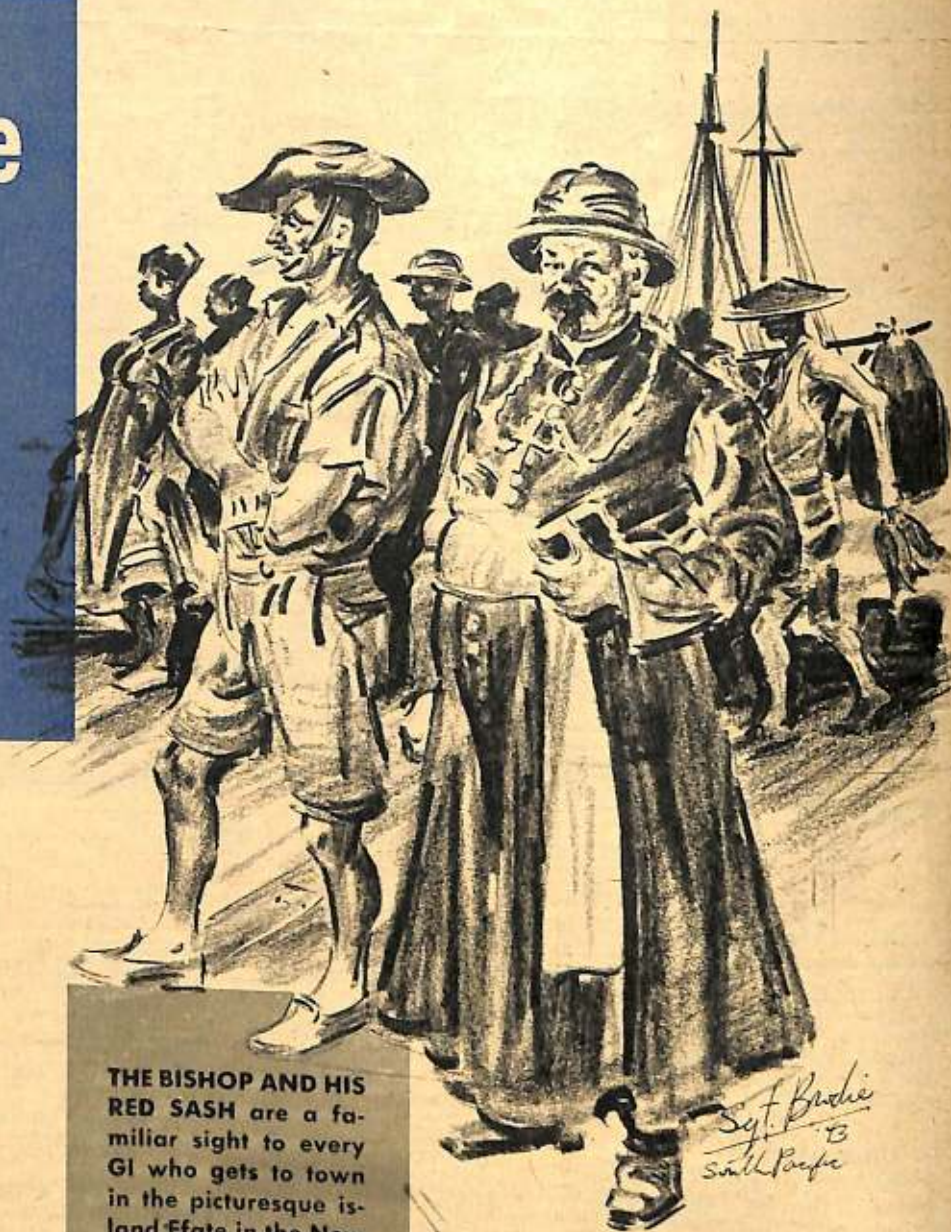
The landing barges they rode to Sicily were effective and efficient. But they were not altogether new as this picture below of the English army in Napoleonic times will tell.





# Sketches from the South Pacific

Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK staff artist, made these sketches in the colorful atmosphere of the New Hebrides Islands and New Caledonia in the South Pacific, bases of operations in the war against the Jap.



**THE BISHOP AND HIS RED SASH** are a familiar sight to every GI who gets to town in the picturesque island Efate in the New Hebrides group, a British-French protectorate, southeast of the Solomons. The bishop posed as Sgt. Brodie did this sketch near the waterfront while the native stevedores worked on docks in background.

*Sgt. Brodie  
South Pacific*



*Sgt. Brodie  
South Pacific*

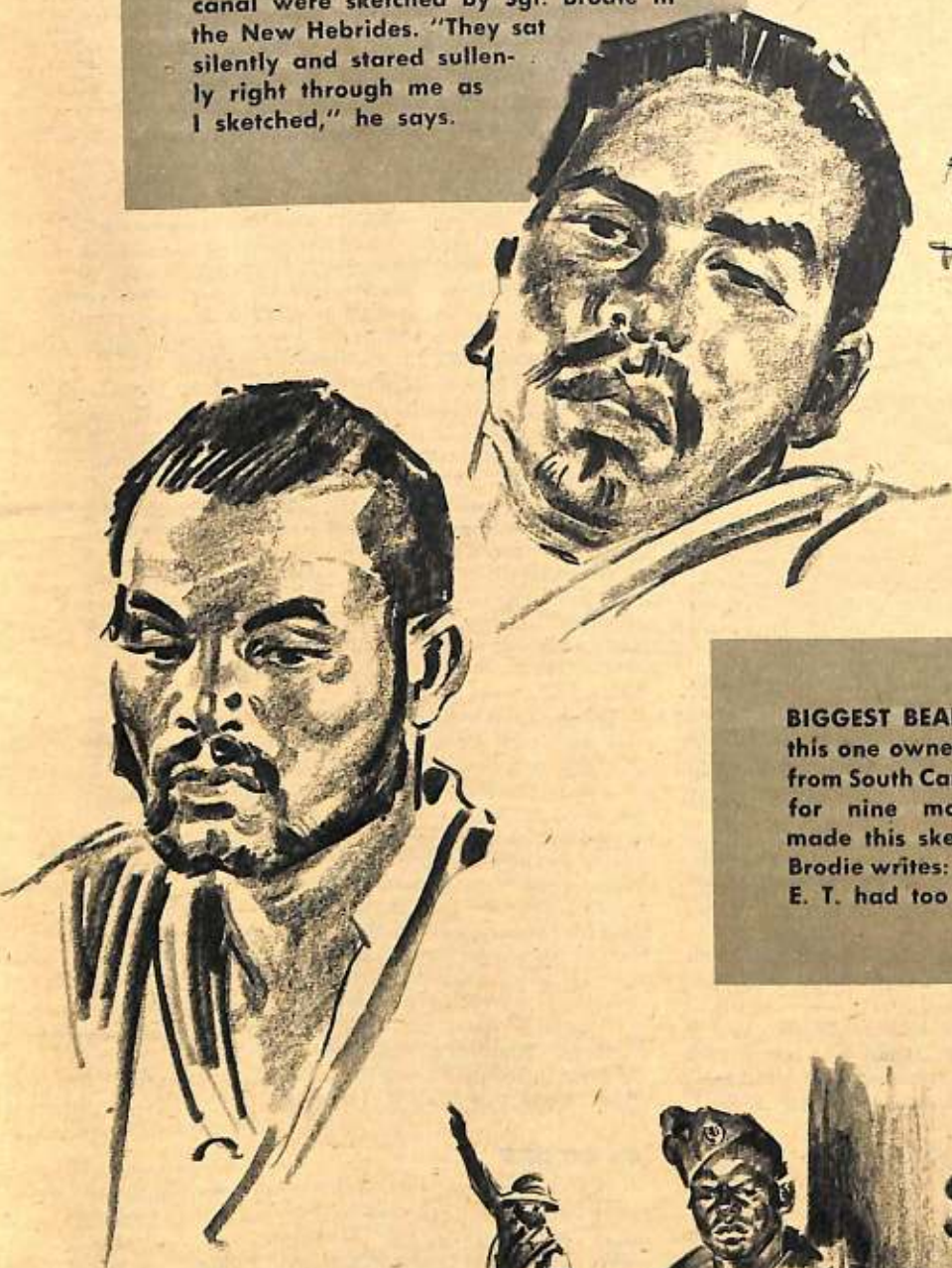
**AMERICAN MP IN NEW HEBRIDES**, Willie L. Somerville, looked at the native belles on his beat in Efate with their long dresses and ample figures. "If I ever see another South Sea movie with Lamour running around in a sarong," he moaned, "I'll throw rocks in the ocean."

**FIGHTING FRENCH SOLDIER** down in New Caledonia walks his post on the road behind the base headquarters in a military manner. "With my meager French I had a hell of a time trying to get these guys to pose," Sgt. Brodie says. "Then as soon as I started to draw, about 50 of them would surround me."



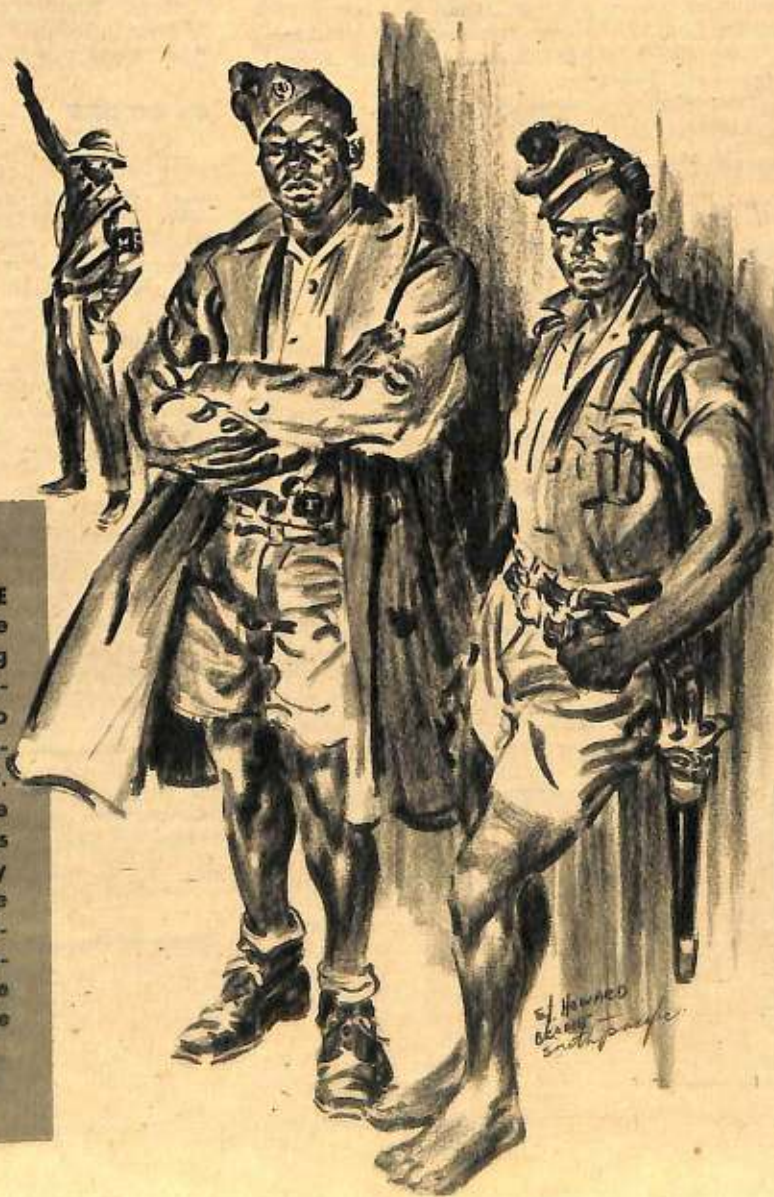


**JAP PRISONERS**, Yamashita and Sato, captured during the fighting at Guadalcanal were sketched by Sgt. Brodie in the New Hebrides. "They sat silently and stared sullenly right through me as I sketched," he says.



**BIGGEST BEARD IN SOUTH PACIFIC** is this one owned by Sgt. E. T. Hawthorne, from South Carolina, who had not shaved for nine months when Sgt. Brodie made this sketch in the New Hebrides. Brodie writes: "Even the natives said that E. T. had too much grass on his face."

*Sgt. Brodie  
43  
South  
Pacific*



**THREE COPS IN THE NEW HEBRIDES**, the American directing traffic in the background and the two natives in the foreground, posed for Sgt. Brodie's sketch. The one with his arms crossed and the fancy coat serves with the English. The barefooted guy with the pom-pom on his hat and the long billy at his side is a French sailor.

*Sgt. Hawthorne  
43  
South Pacific*



**FRENCH MARINE** poses bare-legged with his long bayonet fixed to his rifle at his sentry post in Noumea on the Fighting French island of New Caledonia, a big important United Nations base of operations in the South Pacific.



# Yanks at Home in the ETO



This first photo of the invasion of Sicily catches the breathless moment when the first landing took place. Two company cooks are rolling up a barrel on one of the beaches, guarded by a hell of a lot of transports there in the background. The cooks are grinning at a Sicilian waiter named Joe, who just happens to be standing around. Anything else you jerks want to know about the war?

**W**E are great ones for keeping up with the times, so it is not surprising that we've been wandering into several book stores, making a few discreet inquiries, finding out just how the land lies. You can learn a lot in a book store, even if you just buy a volume telling how Coastal Command goes about its business. The other day we went into some book stores, to see how the second front was coming along, and we found out quite a bit. If it's any news to the gentlemen who are cooling their tails on the concrete of the Atlantic Wall, we found that a sizeable proportion of the U. S. Army is going in for French dictionaries and phrase books. Not Norwegian, you understand, not Dutch, not Italian—French. One book store recently sold 30 pocket editions of a French dictionary, with 23 of them going to U. S. soldiers; another got rid of 15, with 8 of them going to us.

We don't know how many barracks are full of Texas draws going around asking, "Quand arriverons-nous à la frontière?" which is French for "When the hell we hittin' the border?" Probably there are a lot of them. There are plenty of draws, anyway, waiting to massacre an easily-massacred language like French as it has never been massacred before. We have yet to hear some guy from the Field Artillery, say, in London for a gala two-day pass, practise his French on us, or any one else for that matter, by asking "Voulez-vous me dire où se trouve Piccadilly Circus?" (Will you me to speak where finds itself Piccadilly Circus?), but we expect something like that any day now. Just any day.

To prepare, we went out and bought a French phrase book ourselves, and found a good many useful things in it. As a result, we are stocking up on a few expressions that we may get a chance to try out on a landing barge one of these muggy days. *J'espère que vous me donnerez bientôt une meilleure chambre* is a good, clean phrase to have kicking around in the back of your head, as is *Nous nous plaindrons certainement au consul britannique*. Our little book is full of things like that. No end handy, it is.

We were struck by one thing in the book we bought. Nowhere in its pages did we find the

French for "We want  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{one} \\ \text{two} \\ \text{three} \end{array} \right\}$  hostages," or "Where

is the mayor? We want to shoot him," or "Any one disobeying my orders will be hanged, at the very least," or "How would you like a bullet in your belly, *mon vieux*?" There was nothing on that line at all. The phrase books are full of very gentle declarative sentences, though, we must admit, an

occasional porter is belabored for what is obviously unforgivable tardiness. What we think is lacking is a nice German phrase book, with such sentences as, "Pig-dog, point out the *Obergruppenführer* so we can shoot him," or an Italian one which runs along the lines of, "How's to another shot of castor oil, Guiseppa?" After all, chums, there more to Europe than France.

*Faites attention en touchant ceci.*

## Abused Kid

Justice can miscarry in the Army as well as anywhere else. In fact, we had it on the tip of our tongue to say that it might even miscarry a couple of months earlier, but somebody with eagles on is looking over our shoulder, so we don't think we will, thank you. Anyway, justice does miscarry in the Army, and we've got a story to prove it.

Once upon a time, say last week, there was a guy in the Medical Corps, an EM, in case you had any doubts, who worked in the operating room of a hospital and was as happy as a cultured bacillus. This night came along, and he had a pass, and he was going out to have a bit of a time.

Before he went out on his pass he remembered that he had forgotten something in the operating room—a Handy Pocket Chloroformer For Use On Recalcitrant Women, or another gadget along that line—so he went in to get it. Unfortunately, when he got to the operating room he found that one of the patients, unattended, had had a serious relapse. The guy had to do something, and in a hurry.

Working as fast as he could, he got the oxygen tent ready. Then, still red hot on Hippocrates, he stayed with the patient all night. He was a noble character, a minor hero. Maidens should have strewn roses in his path; lord mayors should have given him keys to cities.

Of course, nothing of the sort happened. The next morning, instead of being commended, mentioned in dispatches, kissed by a general or, at least, given an egg for breakfast, he was restricted to quarters for a week for failure to turn in his pass.

Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!

## Sub Sinker

Some of the wounded from Africa are gay dogs who sit around all day, cooking up stories about their adventures and, more particularly, as to how they were wounded. One of them, who is very much in

a cast, has probably the most novel wound of the war, if you can believe him.

It seems that he was on a ship that was torpedoed, and he stooged around the deck so long that all the lifeboats had taken off. Then, when he looked over the side, he saw that he couldn't make a lifeboat for love, money or goobers. So he hopped up on the rail and took a swan dive into the briny.

You know what he done then? Why, he just hit the sub. that had hit his ship. Sunk the sub., too, even though he got a broken neck in the process.

That's the story. The guy has got a broken neck.

## Perseverance

We have heard of a chap named Phillip Messenger of Seattle, who wanted to get in the war and do a bit of fighting long before Pearl Harbor reared over the Pacific horizon. We were pretty quiet then, so he crossed the border and joined the Canadian Army. Unfortunately, they didn't send him overseas—just tucked him away in an office and forgot him.

One day another regiment was sailing, so Messenger lined up with them and got on the transport. For two days he tried to ingratiate himself by doing KP, sweeping up the corridors and a lot of other little odd jobs that came along. Finally, however, a transport being a small place in the long run, they caught up with him and shoved him in the brig, where he spent the rest of the voyage.

When he arrived here he was courtmartialled, but no action was taken because, if nothing else, he had shown a healthy interest in the war. But if there was no action taken on him, he was unable to take any action on the enemy, because they put him back doing office work.

When the Americans arrived, he figured that at last he would be able to get a crack at front-line fighting, so he confessed to being a citizen of Seattle and was transferred to the U. S. Army. But did he get front-line duty? No. He got another office job.

Fed up, he discovered that he was over 38 and had had sea experience, so he applied for and obtained a transfer to the Merchant Marine. This looked, finally, like the real thing, and he was so elated that he went out to celebrate. The result was that he lost all his papers and all his money. Afraid to face the Merchant Marine people, he went AWOL. At last, however, he plucked up enough courage to go around to see them. Much to his relief, all was forgiven. Right now Messenger is at sea somewhere, on front-line duty as he wanted to be. We hope you didn't think this story had a moral.

## At 40,000

This story is new to us, which means that probably every one else in the theater has heard it. Comes from Tunisia, a little late, as it were.

The Jerries had this hopped-up Junkers, with a pressure cabin, which they were sending over on reconnaissance missions at 40,000 feet, which was a pretty untouchable height down there. Day after day the Junkers came over, undisturbed and serene, to stooge around, take its pictures, and then head leisurely for home.

Finally British patience exploded and British doggedness came into play. They took a Spit., stripped her of everything strippable, which included all but one of her machine guns, and sent her up after the Junkers.

The pilot of the Spit. got her up there and he got on the tail of the Junkers, but he was so weak with the height and all, that he didn't even have the strength to press the button that would fire his machine gun. Fortunately, at that moment the pilot of the Junkers looked around, saw the Spit on his tail, and dived. After that there was nothing to it. Once the Junkers got down to a level where the Spit. pilot was able to press the button he pressed the button. Exit the Junkers.

Of course, the inevitable had to happen. The British wanted to look at the Junkers to find out how the pressure cabin worked. And of course, the Junkers, pressure cabin and all, crashed into the sea. It took the British a hell of a time to get their hands on one of those pressure cabins.

In case you were wondering, they finally did.

## Mark It Personal

This bit of fluff is from a letter forwarded from New York to a soldier we know in this theater. It's from the Personal Finance Company.

Dear Mr. \_\_\_\_\_:  
June this year is like to be a difficult month! In addition to living costs being up and the possibility of a June 15 income tax instalment, there is the expense of getting ready for summer—perhaps even some bills left over from last winter's sickness . . .



**C**HRISTMAS gift packages may be mailed to a soldier overseas from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15 without showing the post office a written request from the soldier or an envelope bearing an APO number. The usual regulations as to weight and size will prevail and each package must have lettered on it the words *Christmas Gift Parcel*. No more than one package may be mailed in any one week by the same person. The 30-day period mentioned, in case you're interested, has been officially designated as Christmas Mail Month.

**G.I. Shop Talk**

The new Army camp at Granada, Miss., has been named Camp McCain in honor of Maj. Gen. Henry P. McCain, the adjutant general of the Army from 1914 to 1918. . . . Bible manufacturers are being permitted to make steel-jacketed Bibles, but the metal is not thick enough for protection against direct rifle or machine gun fire. . . . Before they attacked Attu, soldiers were issued plaster models of the island while still on the transports, so that every outfit knew exactly where it was going to land and attack. . . . The QMC has issued a chocolate bar that will stay solid up to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. The average chocolate bar melts at 85 degrees. . . . From now on every dogface will be taught to cook for himself—just in case. . . . EM in Tank Destroyer units are now officially members of the Field Artillery. . . . One of the first Army outfits to land in Guadalcanal was a QM laundry unit. The men fought with the Infantry until the Japs were driven into the interior, then set up their G.I. laundry.



**Our Casualties**

The WD has released the latest complete figures of Army casualties from Dec. 7, 1941, to June 24, 1943. Here are the figures, broken down into the different theaters:

Area	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners	Total
Asiatic	131	15	85	60	291
Central Pacific	272	412	57	0	741
European	436	664	1,196	594	2,890
Latin American	8	3	26	0	37
Middle Eastern	106	96	214	46	462
North African	2,574	9,437	1,620	5,107	18,738
North American	864	1,246	214	0	2,324
(Includes the Aleutians and Western Atlantic)					
Philippines	1,273	1,746	17,939	10,652	31,610
(Includes 12,506 Philippine Scouts)					
South Pacific	622	1,165	236	0	2,023
(Mostly Guadalcanal)					
Southwest Pacific	1,242	2,344	1,100	156	4,842
(Mostly New Guinea)					
	7,528	17,128	22,687	16,615	63,958

The Navy, Coast Guards and Marines list figures for the same period as follows:

Killed	Wounded	Missing	Prisoners	Total
7,604	4,732	11,101	3,556	26,992

The total number of casualties suffered by all branches of the armed forces from Dec. 7, 1941, to June 24, 1943, is 90,860.

**They Could Have Been Worse**

If anybody in the house thinks the United States is fighting this World War all by itself, let him take a long, hard look at the casualty figures above.

Except for Bataan, we have not yet been called upon to make a great sacrifice of manpower. We have been at war a year and a half, yet our total of 90,860 dead, wounded, missing and captured is small compared with Great Britain's 600,000 and Russia's 5,000,000 casualties.

For this we can thank our strategists in the Army and Navy high commands who have conducted their campaigns wisely since Pearl Harbor. But, above all, we can thank our allies who took it on the chin while we were building up strength for the Sunday punch.

In New Guinea, where most of us assumed that the fighting was strictly an American show, U. S. casualties were 4,319 while the Australians had 6,212 killed and wounded. About 1,000 of those American casualties were in the Air Forces. The Australians lost twice as many men as we did on the ground.

In North Africa, we fought bravely, but there were only four U. S. divisions in action and 2,574 Americans killed, 897 fewer than the number of lives lost through automobile accidents in California during 1941. It was the British who buried most of the Allied dead in Tunisia.

And let's not forget that our casualties would be much higher if Russians had not fought so strongly against the Germans last summer. It's no secret that if the Red Army had allowed its lines to crack on the Eastern Front, the British and Americans might have been forced into a desperate premature invasion of Europe at a loss of perhaps a million men.

Remember these comparisons of our own casualties with those of our allies the next time somebody hands you that old line about American boys dying to protect the women and children of Britain and Russia. The figures above don't make nice reading because they represent many a guy we knew in high school and many a recruit we slept next to in basic training. But they could have been much worse.

**Army Insignia Regulations**

The manufacture and sale of Army insignia by civilian firms has been prohibited by the WD, and such companies are to have their licenses revoked within four months after notification. Soldiers will hereafter buy Army insignia at post exchanges or



A tank getting a sun-bath in the Army's new infra-red room where a new paint job dries in four minutes.

QM stores only. The new regulations will help the WD enforce its rules against civilians wearing Army insignia and will also save metal needed for essential war uses.

**Washington O.P.**

Maj. Gen. Davenport Johnson, commander of the Second Air Force, calculates that at least half of the bomber crews listed as missing over Europe are still alive, having parachuted or crash-landed. Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, chief of the Eighth Air Force, recently wrote Gen. Johnson that if the new gangs that he sends over are as good as the old ones, "it won't even be a fair war." . . . The EM in Tunisia who dreamed up an improved sight for the bazooka, now in mass production for the Ordnance Department, is in line for a decoration. . . . Observers back from North Africa tell us that the jeep was so far superior to anything the enemy had that Italian soldiers were given a reward equivalent to a month's pay for each of our jeeps they captured. "Jeep" is now an international word, understood by English, French, Arabs, Germans and Italians.

If you can think in terms of cool billions, you can get some idea of what it costs to run a war from the 72-billion dollar Army Appropriation Bill passed by Congress. With the funds thus provided the Army will have to spend money at the rate of nearly 200 million dollars a day, including Sundays. The AAF gets the biggest hunk—23 billions.

**Purty**

To save highbaling and help the EM in recognizing whom to snap the right elbow at, the Army has decreed that Technical men, war correspondents, etc., continue wearing the officers' uniform but change the cap insignia. Looking exactly like the eagle of the EM's cap badge, it can be spotted for blocks.



This U. S. torpedo boat somewhere in the Caribbean is floating death, carrying .50 machine guns, 20 mm. Oerlikons, torpedos and depth charges, it is three-engined and moves like a wasp.

Few will believe this. Newspaper men drinking water, sea water doctored up by Navy. "No more deaths on rafts," says Navy. The guinea pigs look dubious. But it works.





Cpl. Edward Wedell of San Bruno, Calif., ogles the painting of a native girl. She and the scenes above her were painted by talented members of an Aviation Engineer outfit for their camp in New Caledonia.

# Yanks at Home Abroad

## Japs Used Cecil For Clay Pigeon, But He Kept Coming Back For More

WEST ARM, HOLTZ BAY, ATTU—Cecil is a hell of a name for a character like Cecil Morse.

He's an easy-talking, tan-haired youngster who wishes he was back in Harbor Springs, Mich. With his left arm in a sling the way it is now, you'd take him for a supply-room clerk who had fallen off his cot and sprained his wrist.

But that's because you don't know Pvt. Cecil Morse.

He played clay pigeon to the Japs. Not once, but twice. And he lives to give the sawed-off chopsticks another crack at him, gladly, because six buddies in his platoon are dead and four others wounded.

All of them collected their souvenirs of lead during the 24-hour period when Yank troops were tightening the pucker string that choked the Japs out of the West Arm of Holtz Bay, over the high ground to East Arm and eventually onto the 2,000-foot saw-toothed ridge overlooking Chichagof Harbor.

From the first, the Japs had been holding off the infiltrating American invaders with anti-aircraft artillery, lowered for ground fire. Foxholes weren't worth a hoot in hell against this stuff. As the main Jap forces crawled from Yank artillery, small detachments clung to rear-guard positions with light machine guns. Their trick was to lie low until you stepped in their faces, then hew you down like tall corn.

Cecil's platoon drew the assignment of decoying the Jap fire so bigger American stuff could blow the enemy emplacements to bits.

"We crept up the draw that night like mud turtles," said Morse. "Half way up the gully we made out the black line of an abandoned Jap trench. We knew they'd have their eye on that and we'd draw fire for sure. Then the gang behind us could spot the Japs and let 'em have it."

"We elbowed our way to the trench and let ourselves down into it. With me at the time were Pvt. Vernon Sutton and Pvt. Everett Swanson. We lay there in the mud panting for a couple of minutes, trying to catch our breath, and had decided it was time to poke our heads up and fire a round or two with our '03s, just

to let 'em know for sure we were there, when here came four men walking down the hill in the darkness toward us.

"They weren't talking, and they were sashaying along like there wasn't a war on. I stood up in the trench and hollered our own password. I knew then that the trench we were in wasn't abandoned at all. This crew had just stepped out for a minute, never thinking any Americans would try to sneak that far forward. One of 'em was packing a light machine gun. The others had rifles.

"Well, when I hollered, they dropped to the ground a few yards over us, and one of 'em lobbed a grenade into the trench with us. I saw it coming, and I visualized three rifles stuck into the mud with the dog tags of Morse, Sutton, and Swanson dangling from the butts.

"Then the grenade exploded with a hell of a bang. The concussion shook us up some, but it took us only a split second to catch on that surer'n hell we weren't dead. And it took only the rest of that second for us to start pumping those '03s. Hell, we couldn't miss that close.

"That took care of those four, but meanwhile our position was known to every Jap in West Arm and the whole hillside began catching hell. The three of us sweated it out flat on our bellies in the trench until all was quiet again, and we made it back to our own lines okay. Three of our platoon never made it back.

"The next morning four of us tackled the same trip up the ravine through snow and fog. I guess my luck couldn't hold out forever. When we reached that same trench, they cut down the three men with me and ripped up my left hand."

The Jap who wounded Cecil is probably six feet under the Attu mud by now, of course. Cecil regrets that he didn't have the pleasure of putting him there personally.

"I'd have recognized him easy," says Cecil. "He was such a lousy shot."

—Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

## In Desert One Man Has Ideal Job; Mess Sergeant a Former Hotel Chef

CAIRO—T/Sgt. Bill Mayhugh of Baltimore, Md., mess sergeant of an Ordnance company in the

Western Desert, lavishes on his outfit the culinary skill he once displayed in the kitchens of the Capitol, Willard and Mayflower hotels in Washington, D. C.

The ordnancemen claim he's the best mess sergeant in the desert. Secret of Sgt. Mayhugh's success is his knack at making hotel fare out of issue grub. One of his specialties is a 21-course banquet which he prepares without drawing more than his regular daily rations.

"Uncle Sam gives a cook good food," explained Mayhugh. "The secret of a successful mess is what the mess sergeant does with that food." He says he can take his four assistant cooks and prepare one of his 21-courses in from 2 to 2½ hours—complete from soup to nuts. For his banquets—more frequent now that the fame of his mess is spreading—Mayhugh even types out menus.

According to a recent menu, Mayhugh's customers had this line-up of dishes: tomato-juice cocktail, salad and cole slaw with savory dressing, hors d'oeuvres (made from GI crackers, canned fish and cheese), fish and steaks, french-fried potatoes, lima beans, candied sweet potatoes, peas, chocolate eclairs, custard pie, pineapple fritters, and choice of cocoa, tea or coffee.

—Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT  
YANK Staff Correspondent

## Sailor Puts in a 16-Hour Day As Post's One-Man Radio Station

SOMEWHERE IN BRAZIL—The spare-time broadcasting venture of a gob attached to a small Naval unit at a USAAF base here is rapidly developing into a big-time radio station.

Jointly supervised by Army and Navy officials, WSMS ("The Servicemen's Station") is owned and operated by Donald Wornstaff S1c of Iowa. Two GI tents, rigged up side by side, are his radio studio.

Station WSMS has developed so rapidly that it now maintains a broadcasting schedule 16 hours a day. Reports of clear reception come in daily from civilians 10 miles away and from Army and Navy planes in flight 60 miles away.

Seaman Wornstaff, radio-maintenance mechanic and public-address-system operator in civilian life, started his station May 20 with a wireless record player purchased from another sailor. Since then, he has added a 25-watt transmitter, a short-wave radio for retransmission of overseas programs, and a broadcasting antenna.

An original 15-record collection for broadcasting has been increased to over 300 platters. The station's programs include everything from a long-hair half hour, in which classical music is played and explained, to a rebroadcast of the Hit Parade. Wornstaff picks up and relays BBC news twice daily and also relays Raymond Scott's quintet and other U. S. and British programs.

Wornstaff is on the job from the time he falls out of bed until he drops back in again. He even has moved his bed and living quarters into the broadcasting tent.

—Pfc. NAT O. BODIAN  
YANK Field Correspondent

## Fishing Is Good in the Desert But Bring a Shovel, Not a Hook

WEST AFRICA—In these parts the white hot sands extend for many desolate miles, broken only by scrubby bush and waterless wasteland.

A platoon was en route back to camp recently across the desert when the members saw a native quietly digging a hole in a dry creek bed. By way of wisecrack, Sgt. Al Hunter of Provo, Utah, shouted, "What you doing, fishing?"

It got a laugh from everyone but the wog. He looked up and allowed he was fishing.

This was more than S/Sgt. E. Leroy Holloman of Paris, Tex., could take. "In that case," he said, "I'm staying here to see what happens."

What happened was that the wog scooped up which he pulled a fish about 12 inches long. He held it up, grinned and walked away.

"Well, I'll be —," Holloman said. "That's one they wouldn't even believe in Texas."

Back at camp an old-timer explained that during the very short rainy season the creek bed flows with water. The fish, called "lungfish," dig into the sand when the water recedes and manage to live in the damp sand until the next rainy season—a sort of hibernation.

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT  
YANK Field Correspondent



# A WEEK OF WAR

The War was becoming fiercer by the minute  
—From Syracuse to the South Seas.

**N**OBODY dared to hope too much last week. Nobody even talked a lot about it. But everybody knew it had happened. It wasn't called the second front; in fact, the word "invasion" was seldom mentioned. But hope was high as Allied troops made their landings on Sicily.

It meant so much to so many people—to the guerrillas in Yugoslavia, to the rebels in Greece and other Balkan countries who were straining at the Nazi leash. And most of all, it meant relief to the men and women of Russia who were making a stand along the Byelgorod-Orel front that had assumed the proportions of the heroic defense of Stalingrad.

It meant that the landings on Sicily would have a considerable effect, if not on the actual progress of the bloody battle in progress, at least on German plans for cracking the Russian lines and removing this threat to the Axis flank.

And relief for the Russians hadn't come too soon. Although they were standing fast and taking frightful toll of the enemy, their position wasn't as strong as it might have been. They had repulsed enemy attacks on the Kursk-Orel front, but to the south of the Kursk salient, the Germans had driven in two tank wedges some miles deep. Russian defense lines had been broken, re-formed, and were stubbornly resisting heavy enemy attacks.

Ferocity of the battle was indicated by the German losses for three days: more than 2,600 tanks destroyed, 1,100 planes lost and 40,000 casualties. With the exception of the wedges driven into the Russian lines by the heavy German armor, the Nazis had gained no territory in two weeks of fighting.

And heavy German armor it was. The Nazis threw as many as 400 of their famous "Tigers" into a single narrow breach. And there was considerable danger, for even with the tremendous weight of armor employed, the Germans were still able to use it with great mobility.

Opposed to these German monsters were the Russian "K.V.s," the heavy Soviet tanks, and the much superior Russian artillery and heavy mobile guns.

Fighting in intense heat, with frequent heavy thunder-storms converting the thick black dust into cloying mud, the Russians at the end of the week had prevented the Germans from making any further gains, but had still failed to dislodge the German wedges.

It could have been that Hitler had made his final and complete blunder. Some said that he had become impatient, and that he was not able to stand the Allied inactivity; that he felt that he had plenty of

time to throw a full-scale offensive against the Russians.

That he expected that the Byelgorod-Orel operations would yield quick results was indicated by the manner in which he used his forces, with all the characteristics of the old Blitzkrieg method. But the progress was costly, and distance gained measured in yards rather than miles.

Reports from Germany indicated that official commentators already recognized the problem, and were preparing to explain to the German public why German forces could not get through anywhere. Official German commentators were telling their people that the Germans didn't want to get any territory. They said that if this had been the case they would have picked an easier spot to attack. They said that they attacked where the enemy was strongest in order to destroy Russians and material.

It was also said that at the end of the week that Bismark was whirling in his grave.

Meanwhile, action in the south-west Pacific was encouraging. Allied aircraft dumped 52 tons of explosives on Munda, vital air base on New Georgia, while Allied ground forces were expected to launch a final assault on the enemy stronghold.

American troops landing on the northern side of the island at Rice Anchorage a week ago, had skirted the dense forest, the swamps and rivers, and cut the Jap communication lines to Bairoka. The Japs made two desperate attempts to regain this only supply trail between Munda and Bairoka, but they were defeated.

**O**THER American troops pushed their way through the steaming lowland jungle east of Munda Point, carrying artillery with them, to within two miles of the Munda aerodrome. Final assault was expected to begin any moment on Munda, where between 5,000 to 10,000 Japs are estimated to be left holding the fort. With complete Allied air superiority in the islands, there was little possibility that the enemy could long withstand strong Allied attacks.

Rabaul, the largest and most heavily fortified Jap naval and air base in the south-west Pacific, was also given a shellacking when Liberators and Fortresses dropped 35 tons of explosives on the Vunakanau aerodrome.

Farther to the west the heaviest raids of the war were made on Japanese positions in the neighborhood of Salamaua, the Jap New Guinea base. Forty-nine tons of bombs were dropped by Mitchells who met slight interception by Jap Zeros. These in turn were driven off by Lightnings, which had been flying as top cover for the Mitchells. Five Zeros, and probably two more, were shot down. Two Lightnings were lost.

In the Huon Gulf, Allied surface units intercepted and sank four loaded enemy barges off Cape Gerhards, 34 miles east of Lae.

Gen. MacArthur proved that islands, even when strongly held, could be seized provided the attacking party had superior air power. It was a sure bet that once Munda fell, other enemy bases such as Rabaul and Gasmata in New Britain would be within range of air attack. With these subdued, Lae, Medang, Alexshafen, Finschafen and Wewak would be extremely vulnerable to Allied attack.



The "booty" is on the other foot, no matter how many captured Russian uniforms they exhibit in Berlin. A Soviet camouflaged uniform and swim suit—without the Russians.

The importance of Rabaul and Munda could not be underestimated. It was from these two powerful bases that Japan launched her campaign in the south-west Pacific. It was no secret that if Japan was ever defeated on the 3,000 mile battle front she had established, she had lost the war. Nobody knew better than Tojo and Hirohito that the vulnerable Jap island empire would never stand up to invasion once its protective island outposts had been destroyed.

And so, all things considered, it was a good week.

President Roosevelt hinted back home that the operations in Sicily constituted only a curtain raiser to Allied action to be followed by invasion elsewhere, possibly on the west coast of France. From London came comments to the effect that the move on Sicily should not be regarded as *only* a landing.

Turkey hailed the invasion of Sicily as the "turning point of the war," and all Turkish newspapers featured the news in large headlines. Said one: "Italy has begun to reap the fruits of her alliance with Germany."

And last, but not least, Secretary of War Stimson was in London conferring with the ETOUSA commander, Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, Ambassador John G. Winant, and other ETO officers.

They weren't dreaming up a tea party for Adolf.

No, they don't want just to leave the schoolroom, they want to climb into American khaki and stop the rising sun. Japanese-Yanks in Hawaii pledge allegiance before joining the ranks.







**SOLDIERS' ART.** Sgt. Howard Abert of Syracuse, N. Y., makes a day room in India a brighter place with his paintings. A copy of YANK is being used most cleverly by him.



**THE INSEPARABLES.** Cpl. Dardenell Ayres and King Tuff, ex-mascot of Hq. Co., Firtree Division, Camp White, Oreg., hold discharges, one for disability, one for friendship.



**ASSAULT CLIMBERS.** High in the mountains near Camp Carson, Colo., a sergeant instructor, with rope coil, climbing ax and crampons, leads student officers up a slope.



**OLD SARGE.** M/Sgt. Henry Krauss, of 9th Infantry Training Regiment, Camp Croft, S. C., is near tears as he reviews troops on retiring after 30 years' service. Afterward he was recalled to active duty.



**MISS ARMORETTE.** Mary Oliver was voted the title by tankmen after the 12th Armored Division, Camp Campbell, Ky., entered her photograph in a beauty contest. She's a Woman Ordnance Worker.



**GOLD BRICK.** Hanging's too good! Pvt. Pat J. Carano, Signal detachment, refused to work when he was assigned to a grass detail at Moore Field, Tex. Protesters



**WHY ME?** The photographer caught this pooch in the cage in an unhappy mood. He was being shipped and he sensed that the future was very uncertain. His





from fellow GIs having no effect, they strung him up to show that crime doesn't pay. The pointing accuser at the right is T/4 Larry Hirsch, a very good boy.



master, Sgt. Stanley Gozur, got special permission to take him overseas. Here Sgt. Gozur, toting barracks bag, cage and rifle, boards a transport in Panama.



**BOUNCING BABY.** Which is the American name for a dreaded Nazi weapon, the "5" mine, a store of which is examined in Tunisia by S Sgt. Rufe Johnson. Exploding waist high, each spews 350 steel balls.



**PONY EXPRESS.** In Iceland, ponies like this one are used by civilians as the chief means of transportation. Here Pvt. Emil Hausen of New Orleans, La., drives one for the Army, trying out GI commands.



**IN THE RUINS.** The church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in London's Cheapside, was destroyed by the blitz in 1941, but the Bishop of Croydon preached a sermon in it attended by many U. S. soldiers.



**A REVELATION.** By which we mean that if this bathing suit hadn't been invented you wouldn't see what there is to see of film actress Shirley Patterson. So be thankful.



**FAMILY REUNION.** These brothers, Lt. Joseph E. Helbert, pilot, and Sgt. James R. Helbert, laboratory technician, as they met for the first time in 20 years in New Guinea.



# NEWS FROM HOME

Congress took a recess, Rita Hayworth stopped paying alimony, and five-cent cigars were sold for six cents.



Mrs. Graco Bartusek shown drawing a bead on an imaginary saboteur, is Chicago's only woman war-plant guard. She's employed by an automotive products plant. Heaven help her enemies!

**T**HE chambers of Congress were emptied this week. Tired, weary-eyed members of the 78th Congress converged on the already crowded Union Station, and headed back home. The Battle of Washington was recessed until September 14.

Before adjourning, the Senate reversed a previous action banning food subsidies, and voted by 34 to 33 to support the Administration's subsidy bill aimed at rolling back prices. The life of the Commodity Credit Corporation was extended to January 1 with an appropriation of \$3,000,000,000 for experimental food subsidies.

The House Committee on Agriculture killed a Senate proposal to increase wheat prices from \$1.04 to \$1.40 a bushel. Highlights of the closed Congressional session include: Bills outlawing strikes in war industries; increase of the statutory limit of the National Debt to \$210,000,000,000; liquidation of the National Youth Administration and the Federal Crop Insurance Corporation; and heavy fund cuts for the Farm Security Administration, the Office of Civilian Defense and the domestic wing of the Office of War Information.

A Columbus, Ohio, policeman rushed to the scene of what appeared to be a fight and found Edward Poplawski kicking and shaking a peanut vending machine. The man explained he had received only two peanuts each of the seven times he deposited a penny. "Congress ought to do something about that!" he insisted.

The national beef shortage which kept tables bare of juicy steaks for months is expected to end soon. Farmers holding up cattle for higher prices will be forced to slaughter their stock because of exorbitant

feed prices and dried up ranges. Bigwig cattlemen fear the situation is similar to the recent hog price collapse after the market was flooded with hogs.

New York City's first "White Market" sold 15,000 pounds of beef, veal and lamb in a single day. Wholesalers and retailers are eliminated, and the store deals direct with the consumer. The Office of Price Administration said it will not interfere unless ceiling prices are violated.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Bullock, Berkeley, Calif., rummaged through the attic of a house they just occupied and found a mysterious old box. It looked like treasure, but on opening it they found a mummified cat with a letter saying the mummy was a sacred cat from an Egyptian tomb.

**T**HE whisky pumps: Frank Barber of Hot Springs, Ark., pleaded guilty to selling beer on Sunday in a move to test the State's new law prohibiting Sunday beer sales. The Coast Guard announced plans to use whisky barrels instead of metal drums as Mississippi River buoys. At Council Bluffs, Iowa, Art Stansberry got a five-day jail term for buying a bottle of beer for his 17-year-old son. Ohio State Liquor Director's office reported that less than 80 per cent of liquor registrants bought their full quota during the first ration period. Tulsa, Okla., taverns began closing at least one day a week because of the beer shortage. And the Wisconsin State Assembly passed a bill prohibiting beer sales between 1 a.m. and 8 a.m.

Donald Nelson, WPB chairman, reported that the combined munitions production and war construction for May declined by one per cent compared with April. "It's a very serious matter, involving additional strain in remaining months this year," Nelson said.

A 3-pound son was prematurely born to Veronica Lake after the film star was injured in a fall at her studio. Mother and baby are both reported doing well.

The Maritime Commission reported the launching of eight more ships, bringing the total launchings to 871 this year. Colonel K. F. Harmon, chief of the San Francisco Ordnance District, reported the existence of a secret Ford Motor Co. tank depot in Richmond, Calif., having more supplies than the entire Army had before Pearl Harbor. Charles Wilson of the WPB said America is producing a new secret fighter plane with a radically new design. The *Normandie*, now named the U.S.S. *Lafayette*, may be righted within a fortnight, the Navy announced. The ship was half-submerged after a fire swept it on February 9, 1942.

Fritz Frederick, a Mankato, Minn., farmer, fractured his neck in a fall from a hay mow. While he was in a hospital a dozen neighbours turned up with tractors and in a half-day they cultivated 60

acres of Frederick's corn one way, 30 acres two ways, and 16 acres of soybeans.

Frederick Heizer Wright, 41, a copy-reader for the New York *Daily News*, was indicted by a Federal Grand Jury on charges of failing to register with the State Department as a paid foreign agent. He allegedly worked for the Japanese Government for 10 years until Pearl Harbor and conspired with Japanese officials to keep his connections a secret from his newspaper and the Government. The Government charged Wright received from \$300 to \$400 monthly, plus expenses, for writing Japanese articles submitted to the *Daily News* and other papers.

**F**BI agents were reported investigating individuals in the Pittsburgh mining areas suspected of interfering with mining operations. Practically all of the nation's miners were back at work, but 22 mines are still closed in the Pittsburgh area. The anti-strike law may be invoked against "wildcat" strike leaders in that area. Meanwhile, President Roosevelt told a Press conference he can't force John L. Lewis to sign a contract with soft coal mine operators as directed by the War Labor Board. "What should I do," asked the President, "send Mr. Lewis a polite note requesting his signature on a contract?"

The CIO National Maritime Union met at its fourth national convention in New York City and called on the United States Attorney General to invoke the sedition laws against Lewis. The union also renewed its pledge not to strike for the duration and also requested the War Shipping Board to return to the sea "hundreds of women" who were formerly employed aboard ships.



Julie Bishop, new Warner Bros. starlet, gets measured in Hollywood, Calif., for an insurance policy which pays off \$25,000 if she gains 4 inches around during her contract.



Men in the yards at Junction City, Colo., examine wreckage of two ammunition cars which had exploded, blasting the town with a 3-hour bombardment of shell fragments. Eight persons were hurt.



Jack Dempsey was granted a divorce from Hannah Williams after the court reported "that charges of infidelity" against Hannah were "proved beyond doubt." The decision exempts Dempsey from paying alimony, but the ex-heavyweight champ said, "She won't need to worry as long as I have money. I don't know what happened to Hannah, but she's not the woman I once knew." The custody of the two Dempsey daughters is still unsettled and both Jack and Hannah announced they'll put up a serious court battle for them.

Rita Hayworth's former husband, Charles Judson, hailed her into court to enforce payment of alimony. Rita told a Hollywood Superior Court that she never would have paid her ex-husband \$500 monthly alimony if he hadn't threatened her with bodily harm. She said he demanded \$12,000 "or else."

**A** MAN dropped into a Los Angeles cafe and began counting \$72 from the cash register. "Just checking up the cash and taking it to the boss," he explained to the inquisitive night chef. "I work on the day shift, you know," he added before leaving. The doubtful chef called the proprietor a few minutes later. "Never heard of him! Call the police!" was the boss's reply.

Francis Sayre, deputy director of the U. S. Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, announced that by the end of 1944 the Allies must be prepared to feed between 150,000,000 to 160,000,000 people freed from Axis-controlled countries. Even by pooling all their resources, the Allies will not be able to supply as much as they wish, Sayre said. "But at least it is better than the diet to which the Germans have condemned most of the people who are under their domination."

Report on Hollywood: Irene Dunne returned to fun making in Columbia's *Road to Yesterday* after having played several serious roles. Bing Crosby will play the part of a singing priest in *The Padre*, his play the part of a singing priest in *The Padre*, his latest picture. Eddie Cantor will make a triple contribution in his next picture, *Show Business*. He will collaborate on the script, produce the picture and act in it. The Hays Office killed still pictures showing Charles Boyer kneeling at Joan Fontaine's bedside in *The Constant Nymph*, his latest film. Jack Benny will entertain overseas troops soon.



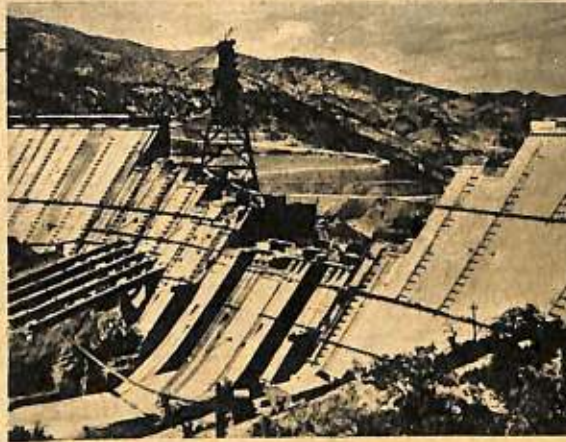
Stocking tears don't lower morale of everyone in Hollywood. Marilyn Maxwell, actress, sews them up with colored threads. It looks good and it costs much less.

Betty Compton is expecting a baby, and Jen Parker obtained a divorce from H. Dawson Sanders, radio commentator.

Thomas Lamont, chairman of J. P. Morgan and Co., sent an open letter to the *Saturday Review of Literature* in a reply to William Rose Benet, the poet, who recently charged "the big boys" with making huge war profits. "I don't believe you need be concerned about the big business boys," Lamont wrote. "I can assure you from personal knowledge that many of our industrial concerns, far from cashing-in on the war, are more likely to be dangerously depleting their cash reserves."

The cast of "This is the Army" will be split into units of 100 men each and sent overseas to entertain soldiers. Band-leader Harry James, married last week to Betty Grable, was reclassified 1-A by his draft board. Former actor Melvyn Douglas, who was inducted as a private in Fort Meade, Md., last December, was promoted from Pfc. to captain at Fort Wallace, Tex. It's believed to be a record advancement within the Army.

Floods in the north and east sections of Ohio caused three deaths. Three other persons were reported missing. Approximately 27,000 rubber workers in Akron were idle as high waters forced Goodyear, Firestone and Goodrich rubber companies



Shasta Dam, Calif., built to harness the rampaging Sacramento River, is nearing completion. Work was begun in July, 1940, and more than 155,900 cubic yards of concrete are poured in each month.

to shut down. Some property damage was also reported in Steubenville and at Reno Beach, near Toledo.

Acting District Attorney Thomas C. Hughes of Brooklyn demanded that Attorney General Francis Biddle release Louis (Lepke) Bulchalter from federal custody for execution at Sing Sing for the murder of Joseph Rosen, Brooklyn storekeeper, in September, 1936. Lepke and his co-defendants—Emanuel Mendy Weiss and Louis Capone—have unsuccessfully sought reversals of their first-degree murder convictions. Weiss and Capone are now in Sing Sing's death house, but Lepke remains in custody of U. S. marshals at Chicago.

**W**ENDELL WILLKIE's book, *One World*, has topped the 1,000,000 selling mark. His publishers claim it's the fastest selling book on the market. Eddie Rickenbacker's biography film will include Irving Berlin's song "If I Had My Way, I'd Live Among The Gypsies." It was the official song of the 94th Squadron which Rickenbacker commanded. Gus Edwards, who gave Al Jolson, George Jessel and Georgie Price their start to fame, is now ill in Los Angeles.

The magazine *Variety* reported that the Richmond, Calif., city council has vetoed swing-shift dances there because of complaints from citizens who devote that part of the night to sleeping. As a curb to juvenile delinquency, Omaha, Nebr., and Los Angeles theatres have declared an 8 p.m. curfew for children under 15 years. Mitzi Green, who impersonated movie celebrities as a child star, is now headlined at Chicago's Chez Paree.

President Roosevelt approved an \$18,000,000,000 program to rehabilitate injured war workers and men with 4-F draft classifications. Under the program, persons would receive physical as well as vocational rehabilitation. Administrative expenses would be borne by the federal government, but both the federal and state governments would share in the payment for medical and vocational expenses.

The Truman Senate Investigating Committee released a report charging the Curtiss-Wright Aeronautical Corporation with turning out defective plane engines. Army Air Force inspectors were also charged with cooperating with the firm. The report also criticized the Ford Willow Run plant for not



In absence of the old swimming hole, New York City kids douse themselves with cans during a long heat spell. They are holding the cans in way of a stream of water from a fire hydrant.

turning out "a plane which was capable of use at the front" until recent months.

The New Jersey Essex County Board of Freeholders decided to abandon the county penitentiary rockpile because of insufficient gas to operate the quarry stone crusher. Cincinnati draft authorities charged George Frank, a gypsy, with buying "a ready-made family" for \$500 to escape the draft. FBI agents said that Frank married at a gypsy ceremony by eating salt bread in the presence of his bride's parents. Another gypsy, infatuated by Frank's wife, reported the matter and the arrest followed.

New York City cops, dressed in blue uniforms and gray helmets, won the annual American Barber Shop Quartet Contest at the Central Park Mall after singing "Massa is in the Cold, Cold Ground." The Ellis Island Coast Guard quartet won servicemen's honors for the second year after singing "Mandy Lee."

The five-cent cigar is a six-cent cigar now. The 20 per cent tax on cigars resulted in the raise. Such old nickel favorites as the White Owl, Dexter, Dubonnet and Melba are all in the six-cent class now. Former 10-cent brands—Robert Burns, Dutch Master and Blackstone—are now handed over the counter for 12 cents, no less.

**M**rs. Ruth Bonner received a divorce at Oakland, Calif., after testifying that her husband went to bed on Sept. 16, 1942, and refused to get up until Christmas. Robert Pinckney, 16, became owner of the Hamilton County (Neb.) county jail when he paid six dollars for four lots at a tax-title sale. And the Ashland, Ky., city council declined a \$45,000 swimming pool offered by Donald Putnam, a civic leader, on the ground that mixed bathing is immoral.

Dr. Udal J. Salmon reported the finding of a new pregnancy test which he claims is 97 per cent accurate. He told a meeting of the New York State Medical Society at Buffalo that the new test includes the use of rats instead of rabbits. The test is less expensive, too, the doctor reported, since rats can be purchased for 60 cents; rabbits for \$3.50. There has been a shortage of rabbits lately, the doctor said, because of the meat shortage. He said that it is doubtful if a similar situation will exist with rats since there is little likelihood of their being used for food.

William Mecur reported to New York police that somebody stole his typewriter, but he figures the last laugh will be on the thief, he said.

The machine prints Hebraic characters.



At Burbank, Calif., Lockheed Lightnings get a final going over by assembly workers out of doors. The P-38s were assembled outside of the plant during a switch-over to a doubly rapid assembly line.



By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON  
YANK Staff Writer

**A**RKADELPHIA, ARK.—There has not been such a lack of excitement in Arkadelphia since the Yankees captured the town in 1865, spiked the one little cannon that sits now in front of the library and went off without perpetrating the slightest atrocity on the disappointed citizens.

No war industry has come to Arkadelphia. Ouachita and Henderson State Teachers, the two colleges which support the town, are stripped of students and having tough going.

The strict prayer-meeting tradition still rules—which means no open dancing, no open drinking, no open you-know-what.

There is still the same strange combination of magnolias, illiteracy, culture, moonshine and vice. And beautiful furniture brought by steamboat from New Orleans before the Civil War.

The hundreds of girls marooned at the two colleges are without men—except for a handful of enlisted reserves and the Ouachita divinity students, whose idea of a date is to take a girl down to the jailhouse with a small organ and let her watch while they convert a drunken prisoner.

For a while it looked as if things were going to pick up when two detachments of Air Force technical troops arrived at Henderson and Ouachita, respectively, for ASTP training. Capt. Charles Hageman, CO of the Ouachita detachment, laid down the law, however, in his opening speech to the men. "This is a town of hard-shelled Baptists and boy-crazy girls," said Capt. Hageman. "You're here to work—remember that. I'll have no loafing—especially around the girls' dormitory. And if you hear any whistling, keep your nose going in the same direction. They'll whistle at anybody. They even whistled at me."

So that was that. The only way the soldiers and the gals can get together now is at heavily chaperoned dances and by Morse-code (with flashlight) through the dormitory windows.

The town itself is so strongly tied to the two schools that the two residential districts are named Henderson and Ouachita, two-thirds of every class graduating from Arkadelphia High School goes directly to one or the other of the two colleges, and Main and Sixth Streets, the



HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

ARKADELPHIA, Ark.

principal intersection, has one corner for its Henderson hang-out and the opposite corner for its Ouachita hang-out.

One way to judge how the town has been affected by the war is to examine the attendance at major sporting events. Last winter when Ouachita's Arkansas AAU championship basketball team played the Memphis Naval Cadets, one of the best teams in the country, the gym was little more than half filled. There just isn't anyone around to attend the games any more. The young men have all been drafted or are on the verge of leaving. The older men and girls are going away to work in the new cinnabar (quicksilver) mines which have opened up in northern Clark County or in the new Alcoa plant at Lake Catherine or the huge Janesville and Pine Bluff ordnance plants. For these same reasons, the crackerjack teams at the Peake Negro High School have been eliminated.

A lot of the girls are working now in a new Arkadelphia factory, set up in the old Chrysler salesrooms and known tantalizingly as the Hollywood-Maxwell Brassiere Company. This establishment makes fancy high-priced brassieres, some of which are rumored to be worn by the movie stars themselves. The opening was a cause for great civic celebration, involving speeches, flowers, refreshments and a special representative sent down from Little Rock by the governor. The new plant employs 60 women at fairly good wages, and the town is highly appreciative. "At least," says Bill Halliburton, editor of the *Siftings Herald*, "we know it is a safe industry which will not fold up after the war. Women will always wear brassieres."

Lumber and farming are still the principal sources of income for the town. There are at least 20 semi-portable sawmills in the neighborhood (most of them owned by the Sturgis fam-

**YANK visits another U. S. community to report how it has changed since Pearl Harbor. Your town may appear here soon.**

ily) and the cutting crews are now earning \$2.50 a thousand feet. The unlimited stocks of fine southern pine hereabouts might make this the center of the nation's new plastics industry.

Other changes around town have been slight. Main and Sixth Streets are as bustling as ever. Sloan's drug store's front showcase displays a Japanese gas mask sent back from the Solomons by Col. Berry. The Royal movie house is packed every night. Harris' shoe and pawn shop window is filled with civilian suits purchased from departing soldiers and cans of a special neat's-foot-oil preparation guaranteed to make precious shoes last longer.

Mac's Cafe, with its counter, booths and hamburgers, is still the place to hang out. The Caddo Hotel dining room, with its veal cutlets, is still the place for dinner dates. The Circle Inn, south on the Texarkana Highway, is the Saturday-night gathering place for the country kids. Its juke box plays only hillbilly music, the girls wear gingham and the boys drink illegal moonshine and wear overalls. The Co-ed Cafe on Clinton Street is still up to its old tricks, and the college kids still congregate at George's, run by a good-natured, Victorian character named Ma, who is the mother of the owner of the Co-ed. Ma refuses to allow dancing on Sunday and reads her customers the Scriptures instead. For her own reading, she alternates the Bible with *Modern Romances*. On the wall there is a sign which reads: "No drinking allowed in here. If you want

to drink, go home to your wife or mother.—Ma." Hay rides have taken the place of auto rides. The Ouachita girls still sneak out to go swimming in the Ouachita River, wearing fur coats over their bathing suits in the middle of summer. The beautiful Bluff, overlooking the river, is still the chief necking place, although not used quite enough to support a small boy named Joe, who profitably operated a coke and candy stand there two years ago. The Park, across from Henderson, runs the Bluff a close second.

The curbstones all over town are still crooked. Houses are still heated with natural gas and "sweat" on damp days. The high-school lawn is barren from the tread of a thousand kids who scrupulously avoid using the sidewalks. Every time a troop convoy goes through town, old Mrs. McMillin runs out and serves lemonade to the MP directing traffic in front of her door. Except during troop movements, Highway 67 (once called the Broadway of America) is deserted. One-third of the town's filling stations are having more filling stations per capita than any other town in the world.)

The chief topic of conversation around town, outside of the war, is Arkadelphia's big murder trial last year. It seems that a respectable married man, a Government employee named Julian Kirby Jones, was having an affair with his secretary, Mary Dell Furlow. One day he loaded the girl on the back of a GI truck and drove off into the woods, where he proceeded to perform an amateur abortion. In the midst of this, the girl got hysterical and began to scream. Whereupon Jones slugged her with the proverbial blunt instrument, tied her up in chains and threw her into the Ouachita River. He got life.

The trial made *True Detective* and outdrew every prayer meeting in town for a week.



Jean Rogers

**YANK**

*Pin-up Girl*





# SPORTS

## RICE KNEW HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

**T**HE sun-baked stadium at Randalls Island, N. Y., was empty. Gunder Haegg and the big crowd that had come out to see him run Greg Rice into the ground had gone home. Beneath the concrete stands in the locker room, Rice, the little merchant sailor, lay prostrate on a rubbing table with a doctor at his side.

He was a pathetic sight, with his solid stocky body shaking violently from muscular convulsions. When he tried to talk, tears clouded his eyes and he choked up.

"Nobody would believe me when I said I wasn't in shape," he said. "I'm not trying to alibi, but I was stiff and I couldn't give it my best. I tried."

Everybody who saw the 5,000-meter race knew Greg never once let up. He was still pouring it on going into the last lap when Haegg led him by almost 100 yards. He could have easily spared himself the awful agony of that stretch kick, but instead he sprinted desperately to close up the yawning gap. And he did manage to cut it in half.

That final burst of speed was a magnificent sight. Rice's little legs churned faster and faster, almost in time with the "Notre Dame Victory March" that blared from the loudspeaker as he started into the last two laps. The crowd, utterly spellbound at Gunder the Wunder, suddenly came to life as Rice spurted, then began cheering him home. Even one of the weary contestants on the field, who had already been lapped, ran along with Rice as far as he could, urging him on.

Rice was beaten, all right, as solidly as any champion has been beaten, but he has nothing to be ashamed of. He ran a good race, the best race he had in him that day. If he had been in better condition it might have been much closer.

Greg never told the newspapers just how poorly conditioned he was for that race. He often hinted that he couldn't get the time or the facilities to train properly at the Merchant Marine Academy. Actually, he conditioned himself by running on the concrete roads around the academy and playing touch football with the cadets and midshipmen.

Rice was asked why he didn't use the three-mile event at the Metropolitan AAU Championships, a few weeks before the Randalls Island special, as a practice race.

"I was afraid my time figures would discourage the customers from coming out to see

the Haegg race," he explained. "Just the other day I ran a two-mile time trial and barely lasted the distance. Can you guess what the watch read?" he asked. "Here's what—9:48. Yeah. I broke 10 minutes all right."

The real tip-off on Rice's poor condition came from Howard Von Elling, the wise old NYU track coach. Before the race, he warned that Rice had no business on the same track with Haegg.

"Rice can't beat the Swede," he said. "He's been walking around with a heavy chest cold for three weeks and he's got a bad case of shin splints from running on those concrete roads."

Rice has now admitted that he didn't want the race, and that he told Dan Ferris, the big AAU man, that he wasn't in shape to handle Haegg. Ferris, it seems, persuaded him to go through with it, because, Ferris assured him, the American track fans were expecting it of him. The repercussions from this were terrific. Dan Parker of the New York Mirror dipped his pen in vinegar and wrote:

"... It suddenly becomes obvious that Greg Rice was used as a sacrificial goat to enhance the Swift Swede's already great reputation.

... Rice didn't have the ghost of a chance of beating Haegg and knew it, but, motivated by patriotism and good sportsmanship, permitted himself to be used as a stooge to make Gunder's debut successful. ... Rice agreed to race Haegg at the distance selected by Gunder, although he is at his best at two miles and Gunder at longer distances. With little time to train, Rice did the best he could because the race meant so much to the Army Air Forces Aid Society, Inc., for whose benefit it was staged."

Rice probably won't get another shot at Haegg before Gunder goes back to Sweden in August. The Merchant Marine has ordered Rice to sea on a cadet-midshipman cruise that will last about a month. This leaves Gilbert Dodds, the Boston divinity student, with the dubious honor of chasing Haegg on the rest of his American tour.

Dodds is a crazy runner, and a lot of experts are saying that he might easily give Haegg many anxious moments if the distance is right—two miles or under. They like his chances, because he's a slugger. He never ordains a set race for himself. He just tears



after the guy in the lead and tries to run him into the ground. But in this case, it will be Haegg that he will look in the eye, and Dodds doesn't seem to be cut out for the job. Count Fleet would be a more suitable candidate.



### SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Can you identify these Cardinal stars at the pennant ceremony in St. Louis? Left to right: Pvt. Frank Crespi, Pvt. Enos Slaughter, Lt. John Beazley.

**A**TENTION, Pvt. Armond Durocher, somewhere in the Caribbean: Your flannel-mouth brother, Leo, will be down to see you and the rest of the GIs in that area as soon as the baseball season is over. From there, he will hop across the pond to entertain troops in England and North Africa. ... **Bob Peoples**, the Southern California fullback and javelin-throwing champion, writes from North Africa that he must have the only football on the continent. Every time he takes it out to practice punting there's such a crowd around that he must take his turn along with the rest. ... **Fred Apostoli** BMLc, the former middleweight champion, who now heads up a Navy gun crew, figures he's the luckiest sailor in the whole Navy. A few days after he was transferred from his old gun crew, they were all killed in battle.

It's now Pvt. **Boo Morcom** at the Camp Wheeler (Ga.) Basic Training Center. He's triple champion (high jump, pole vault, broad jump) of the recent IC4A meet. ... Lead-off "man" and second baseman for the Fort Sheridan (Ill.) post softball team is **Lorraine Worth**, a Waac, who used to play with a barnstorming team out of Kalamazoo, Mich. ... **Jimmy Dykes'** two sons joined the Navy because their pop assured them they would always have a clean place to sleep. ... **Si Johnson**, the 37-year-old Phillie pitcher, and **Ellis Clary**, Wash-

ington's young third baseman, are ticketed for induction. Clary already has four brothers in the Army. ... Navy commissions for two more football coaches, **Don Favrot** of Missouri and **Glenn Presnell** of Nebraska. ... **Tom Kuzma**, Michigan's All-American halfback, is recovering from a lung ailment in an Army hospital in Colorado.

One look at Lt. (jg) **Joe McCloskey** and you immediately come to the conclusion that those Navy pre-flight obstacle courses must be good. Joe, who is 31, won the 3,000-meter steeplechase at the AAU Championships for the ninth time and never looked better. He has been running these things for 18 years. ... The Marine Corps has Sgt. **Barney Ross** back in the hospital for treatment of a knee wound and malaria he brought back from Guadalcanal. ... Lt. (jg) **Cliff Montgomery**, captain of Columbia's 1934 Rose Bowl team, now commands one of the Navy's smaller fighting craft.

The first pro footballer to be decorated in this war was Ensign **Jack Tripson** of the 1941 Detroit Lions. He received the Navy Cross for gallantry during landing operations in North Africa. ... Pvt. **Frank Dixon**, NYU's great miler, probably got it in the neck from his first sergeant at Camp Lee, Va., for overstaying his three-day pass in New York. Dixon came up to see the Haegg race and really missed the train back to camp. ... This isn't the place for it, but he thought we ought to tell you that the Washington Senators are furnishing visiting teams with Chinese bat boys.





**Y**ou look better," we said to Artie Greengroin. "I feel worse," Artie said. We were sitting in the lounge of a Red Cross Club, tucking away a couple of cokes. The swelling had gone down around Artie's jaw, and now the only man in the world who can smoke a fag while actually putting a coke bottle to his lips had recovered the old pasty jaw line.

"Yerse," Artie said. "A dennis can wound, but it's the pain of the heart what kills."

"Is your heart painin' you?" we asked.

"Not in the accepted physical sense," Artie said. "The trouble with me is I'm war-weary. You ever been war-weary, ole boy?"

We said that we were war-weary every morning, from seven to ten.

"Then you got some semblence of my feelings," Artie said. "This is a arduous road we're moving along, a regular ole bassar of a arduous road. I look into the future and I don't see no turning. Every morning I get up and I see the same messy faces around me. I look at the same doity unnershoits, the same ole cruddy khaki. They's no future in it. Was the matter with me is I need a furlough."

"Why don't you get one?" we wanted to know.

"Was the use?" Artie said. "I'd oney waste it on women and beer or wise. Besides, they won't gimme a furlough."

"Why not?" we asked.

"Because I'm a evil liver," Artie said. "What them monkeys in the orderly room mistakes as evil tendencies is oney high spirits. Awright, sometimes I'm like a blassid little colt—I kick up me heels and I capers, but unner it all I'm a fine, poised, sensicute soul, a gennulman to me finnetips. Them rumties don't unnerstand me, thass all. Thass the oney trouble."

"You mean they won't give you a furlough because you're always getting into trouble?" we asked.


"Thass right," Artie said. "And meanwhile, here I am, walking down the ole arduous road of war-weariness. Honnes to gaw, they's not another soldier in this Army that needs a period of relaxation as much as ole Artie."

"This coke tastes like it's been regurgitated." He put out his fag and lit a new one. "I'm smoking too much," he said. "Thass another result of me too much." "I don't know what they're putting in these butts these days, but it ain't nothing that grows. This blassid war gets its gawdam hooks into every thing."

"If you think you're bad off, think of the Germans," we said. "Think of Hitler."

"All the time I think of Hitler," Artie said. "If I ever get me mitts on that sausage-grinder I'll

# Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



## ARDUOUS OLE ARTIE

delimb him. He's the cause of all me troubles. It ain't the mess sergeant. It ain't the topkick. It's that sommer bits, Hitler. Some day I'm going to grind that kraut."

"The old warrior, hey?" we said.

"Don't get comical," Artie said. "This is a very touchy subject with me. When a guy gets war-weary he gets ugly. And this coke ain't no soothing syrup."

"No need to get mad, old boy," we said.

"I ain't getting mad," Artie said. "Oney rumties gets mad. I'm awways calm, awways cerlected. Sometimes I think me beautiful disposition will keep me down in the blassid ole Army. The higher a guy gets, the nassier he becomes. Maybe I better start playing doity like the rest of the boys. When a guy's war-weary he starts grasping at straws. Poop on the war is my motter."

"Rather a destructive one," we said.

"Poop on destruction, too," Artie said. "Thas all war is, is destruction. Sometimes I think me poise is being destroyed, even. I look at me ten finners and they clench up inter claws. It's amazing that they don't connect with somebody's throat or other."

"One should be calm in the midst of crisis," we said. "One should exercise control."

"For gaw's sake," Artie cried, "what do you think I been exercising all these months? Greengroin the Controlled, thass me. But there comes a time in every man's life when the ole blood comes berling up through his veins. Thass the state I'm in, ole boy. I don't suppose you could fix it up with the captin' for me to have a few days off, could you?"

"We could try," we said.

"Now, thass the kine of friends I like to have," Artie said. "Guys that will cut off a right arm they can ill afford to spare. Thass what I call friendship. What can I do for you, ole boy? You want we should leave these cokes while I take you out and buy you a lager?"

"No need to do that, old boy," we said.

"It's the kine of thing that puts faith in a ole bassar like me," Artie said, "when I see friendship.

Even that Hitler don't have no effect on me when I realize that people is trying to do things for me. I renews me faith in humane nature. When you going to see the captin', ole cock?"

"Oh, next week sometime," we said.

Artie jammed his butt out on the table. "Thass what I thought," he said. "You're in the ole Army groove, jess like everybody else. Never put off till terrorrer what you can put off till next week, thass your motter. I thought they was a catch in it when you was so willing."

"We'll see the captin', Artie," we said.

"Fergit it," said the war-weary one. "Maybe I'm happier this way. Maybe it's me trial by fire and brimstone. I dunno. Perhaps Fate decided to make ole Artie suffer. Well, I been expecting it. I lived a wicked youth and a evil adolescence. Maybe I got it coming to me. Maybe I ought to go over and slug the topkick and get a real dose. Maybe I ought to get another session in the clink. I been out too long. I'm getting stale. Maybe I better go get me a sledge hammer and smash up the truck. Maybe when they see what was onced a beautiful piece of machinery reduced to a pulps they'll be sorry they didn't give ole Artie his furlough. 'We been mean to Greengroin,' they'll say. 'We done the doity on ole Artie.' Maybe they will and maybe they won't. I ain't putting money on nothing, not these days."

"You're turning into a manic repressive these days," we said.

"Ah, wass the use?" Artie said. "You talk and you sit and you wait and nothing happens nowheres. Wass the sense of doing anything? I guess I'll go out and get in a craps game. I got three quid which ain't doing me no good. Foist though, I guess I'll get me a coke. I feel a lot of doity woids coming on and I want to loosen up my larynx."

He went and got another coke. We sat back to wait for the doity woids.

We forgot to say that it was raining that afternoon, too.

Sgt. HARRY BROWN.



# MAIL CALL

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS



DEAR YANK:

FROM my unique vantage point as a member of the most vital spare parts center of ETOUSA, I have overlooked (as a matter of good policy, sensitive diplomacy and the better part of valor) some of the best and newest human interest stories of the war. However, there are innumerable current events at this depot which are worthy of publicity; which can and should be told for the information and morale tonic of "Yank's" readers.

It is a grab bag news source. It's a ripe plum tree of journalistic pearls. To this distributing house are shipped bright and shining recruits fresh from the G.I. production lines in the States; slightly damaged, repaired veterans of the African campaign; retreats from the Canadian Army; and salvageable flat tires from the Bastille. Each has a story to tell. And the efficiency with which they are classified and sent to units that need them is a vivid, enlightening serial feature in itself.

"It is as much a human laboratory as an employment bureau in depression times," says Sgt. Levy of the reclassification section, "with one difference: we have no difficulty in finding speedy, suitable employment for our floating population."

These replacements range from Polynesian royalty to Philadelphian lawyers. Veterans and rookies have varied, gripping tales of battle and love, and the nature of my work permits me to listen to them at the moments when they are most inclined to open their hearts in an unrestrained bull session. From them I have learned the original, unexpurgated story and song of Dirty Gertie, from her birth and adolescence in the swamps of La., to her eminence as a world figure in latrine society. What a fascinating dame. They also keep me posted on her present activities.

For the past few weeks it has been my privilege to work among these men in the capacity of SLO (Special latrine orderly). I clean 21 latrines per day, twice a day, but the weight of my responsibilities does not deaden my senses to the stark drama and character studies unveiled before me. All of my greatest inspiration comes to me while I am at work.

Steadily there grows a surging, driving ambition within me. I will not allow myself to get into a rut, but I shall improve my station in life. Some day, with honest endeavour and hard work, I know that I can do much better. Instead of cleaning 21 latrines every day, twice a day, including Sundays, I shall practice until I can clean 42 latrines without drawing a deep breath. It is impossible to keep a good man down (if he knows and associates with the right people).

This morning I was talking with the "Doggie" from whom I steal my sweet soap ("You can't get it now. There's a wah on y'know"). He told me when the war is going to end: April 13th, 1944. I didn't ask how he learned this fact, but I know he is reliable. He once told me I'd be in the guardhouse before morning if I didn't save part of a bottle of Scotch for him; and sure enough that's where I am. This Joe is one of the perpetual SOS cadre who has connections in high places such as the Black Market through which he can obtain unlimited whiskey and silk hosiery at cut rates.

Joe is quite an influential and respected goldbricker in this theater. His daylight activities consist of marching around the officers' quarters three times daily with a mop on his shoulder when he is sure someone is watching.

He said to me, "Kernel, with your journalistic background, your present fertile environment, and your pessimistic long-winded way of writing, it is unfair of you not to offer your leisure time to YANK as first assistant to the associate editor."

Naturally, this caused me to reflect: was I concentrating too enthusiastically upon my career of SLO to the neglect and detriment of YANK and the greater war effort? I realize that I do have a beautifully healthy pessimistic outlook. So has Pfc. Greengroin, and he is helping to win the war with it. But he lacks something which I have: he has not cultivated pessimism as a fine art.

When I wish to suffer with the excruciating, exquisite, ecstatically creative agony of the artiste, I make deliberate arrangements to spend some time in the best, most delightfully depressing guardhouses, and latrines in the ETOUSA. And there I find myself. It is not good for one to hide his light behind commodes and steel bars. Therefore I offer my art to YANK.

The accompanying articles and doggerel are samples of the overwhelming morbid truth and beauty which I find: "portion and beauty around me."

**DOGGIES' DOXOLOGY** (sung *ultra sotto voce* while Big Brass inspects the Sgts.' platoon); Praise flows like sorgum, cold and slow Through funnels, to our N.C.O. But where would brass and sweet stripes be Without dumb Sour-Joes just like me?

**THE CHOW HOUND**  
With a rattle of metal meat can and cup,  
And a jangle of loose dog tags,  
He dashes ahead like a mad, starving pup  
To be first in the queue that lags.

the last one to go,  
He lives but to eat, you see.  
But when the "Top" says, "You're on KP, Joe,"  
You should hear the K(9)P.

Chowmania hits curs of all ranks, chum;  
There is only one cure, hard to beat:  
Stand them upside down in a barrel of slum,  
And apply red-hot spam to their feet.

(NOTE: Technically K(9)P is the chemical formula of a warm, bilious solution resembling H(2)O. Requisite ingredients: one fireplug, one dog. Actually, when vulgarized into G.I. slingo, K(9)P means the sound made by a soldier's grousing, griping, bellyaching, finding fault and feeling sorry for himself.)

SGT. BAKER: My hero is Pvt. Sad Sack. I saw a bit of a tussle between some tough South London schoolboys and a tattered little interloper, an errand boy. Quite! "He's down!" I heard. "Give the little bloke a chance! Don't 'it 'im with the bloody club. Kick 'im!"

The "little bloke" got up and took a helluva beating, but he kept coming back for more against heavy odds, until the fight was stopped. He reminded me of Sack, and my emotion overflowed, bubbling forth in the following incomparable "lyric":

**ODE TO THE SAD SACK**

I find that I'm a kindred soul of Sack's.  
His silence twangs the cat gut of my heart.  
Anon, with baggy, bottle-edged slacks,  
His antics make me weep my soul apart.

Lurks there behind that sad, forlorn dead pan  
Dreams which can squelch warlords and men of pelf?  
Yes! We appreciate you, little man.  
If nothing else, you'll always be yourself.

Britain. "KERNEL" RUFUS A. COBB

DEAR YANK:  
Grannie Stevenson, the writer of the attached communication, is 89 years young, and I can assure you that she enjoys the clean jokes and articles, especially the Sad Sack and Artie Greengroin, as much as any square-headed dogface that ever opened the magazine. This also includes officers, who, incidentally, were classed as gentlemen by Act of Congress.

The treatment I have received from this family is typical of that received by every other YANK who has come in contact with the real Englishman. On Saturday evening Grannie Stevenson's family makes a grand rush for my copy of YANK, so I have made it a policy to bring home enough copies so that every member of the family will have one.

Britain. CAPT. WILLIAM F. WOOLLEY

**GRANNY STEVENSON'S LETTER:**

I have the pleasure of reading YANK every week and always find it interesting in all respects. But the crowning joy is, of course, Artie Greengroin. I think he is priceless. Do take care of him and see that he gets into no real danger. I should be inconsolable if he disappeared from public life and so, I am sure, would many other readers.

All my best wishes for good luck to all U. S. Forces everywhere.

ELIZABETH STEVENSON

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Pictures: 1, Signal Corps. 2, MOI. 3, top, BOP; bottom, MOI. 4, top, MOI; bottom, BOP. 5, Parker Gallery, 2 Albemarle Street, London. 6, BOP. 9, top, MOI; bottom left, OWI; bottom right, ACME. 10, Sgt. John Bushemi. 11, top, AP; bottom, Keystone. 12 and 13, Ghio Pro Camp Croft; AAF More Field; Aarons, U.S. Signal Corps; WW; Pro Camp White; Signal Corps; HQ Armored Force; INP; AP, INP. 14, top, INP; bottom, ACME. 15, top, WW; center, ACME; bottom right, ACME. 17, M-G-M. 18, top, ACME; bottom, INP. 21, Rischgitz Studios. 22 and 23, Cpl. Ben Schnell.

Huge mountains of food, a lion's share  
He gobbles and slups 'til he hurts.  
What he drops in the garbage makes frugal folk stare,  
And he grabs "seconds on desserts."

This "doggie" is always

DEAR YANK:  
Whether employed or not, the Coast Guard Port of Boston Band must practice constantly to maintain its



high standard. Here we are holding a jam session in a "concentration camp" on Boston Common. From left to right: Cox'n Earl Friedman, Seaman Ray Michaud, Seaman Arthur (Rico) Bobrick, Boot Murray Witoski, Cox'n Woody Maguire and Seaman Charley Durette.

DAVID WEISMAN, Cox-Section Leader

Boston, Mass.

DEAR YANK:  
In regard to the article in your July 4th issue, written by Sgt. Merle Miller about all the holes they patched up in a short time and all those fast engine changes, we must plead skepticism.

The piece was date-lined "An Advance Pacific Base." Boy, they sure to hell must have been advanced. Are there eight more of them floating around so that we could get in touch with them?

We have several planes here they could prove their ability on.

All the boys in the squadron seem to be from Missouri tonight. They are all saying, "You've got to show me."

Sgt. LUNSFORD, Sgt. MAIDEN, M/Sgt. RUTHARD, M/Sgt. PIPPIN, Pvt. ROSENBAUM

Britain.

DEAR YANK:  
In your January 31st issue (which I have just run into out here) you publish, as YANK's first fiction, "Hot Bridge," by Sgt. Harry Brown. It is interesting, but in this case fiction is certainly stranger than truth. I have seen wadis of many shapes and sizes but never one filled with water—no, not even in the wet season, and the article states it was 110° in the shade. Also, I think the term "wadi" means a dried-up river bed.

Cpl. D. B. CARSON, R.A.S.C.

Middle East Forces.

[Editor's Note: Cpl. Carson is quite right. Sgt. Brown's story was originally laid in Louisiana during maneuvers, but an old typographical gremlin whose appreciation of natural phenomena seems to be nil changed the locale to darkest Tunisia, thereby upsetting the old appellation. Next week, "East Lynne, or How to Tunnel Through a Gold Coast Glacier."]

DEAR YANK:  
I sure enjoy reading YANK, but I don't see anything funny about that disgrace to the Army walking around with a cane and a Pfc. stripe and a silly look. According to you he is a Pfc. but I heard he really is a sergeant and if that is so it explains everything. I and other Pfc's in this outfit and others resent his masquerading as a Pfc. Is it true he is a sergeant? Please print the truth. Please explain to the other branches of the service that he does not represent Pfc's in any way, respect or form.

Pfc. BERNARD DREIER  
Pfc. MARIO A. SALVATORE  
Pfc. HUGH F. PATTERSON

Britain.

[Editor's Note: In the eyes of God we are all sergeants.]

DEAR YANK:  
We wonder if you will allow two little Wrens to express their opinion of Yankees? We have already met a number of them, and we think that they talk too much about themselves and their marvellous country. The consequence is that most people over here don't believe a word they say.

We really have found them most charming, once we have learned to understand them. But one thing we can't understand is why they find fault with our country and say it is behind the times, because if it were behind we never would have stood alone in the first years of this war as we did.

Britain.

FLORENCE AND JOAN WREN



DEAR YANK:  
Here is a picture of my "Sub-Zeroized Peep" used for trouble shooting. It is equipped for all obstacles and occasions, for the lines of communication must and shall be kept closed at all times.

M/Sgt. JOHN PETISH, Jr.

British Columbia, Canada.



# A Few Lines About GREENER GRASS

To all those under arms who are not using them at the moment, to all those who wish they had gone to Sicily and didn't, to all those on K.P. and M.P. who wish they were junior commandos, to all those who got ETO ribbons when they wanted the D.S.C., to all those who want to stand on a street corner in Syracuse instead of a corner in London, to all those who had rather eat C-rations in Sicily than spam in England . . . to you is addressed this story.

By Pvt. Irwin Shaw

A FEW of the boys were sitting around the campfire outside Carthage about two thousand years ago, eating dinner and dosing themselves on the native wine. They hadn't seen Rome for a long time and it had been a tough campaign and two of them had a touch of dysentery and it was windy around Carthage that day and sand kept blowing into the food, and the boys were complaining a little.

"Look at this meat," Publius said. "I've been chewing on it for eight minutes and you could use it for a shield. You couldn't throw a javelin through this meat at ten paces. How do you think the quartermaster picks up these goats?"

"For their durability," Cinna said. "Back at Cyrene they have roast beef twice a day."

"You ever been to Cyrene?" Publius asked.

"No. But a friend of mine has a cousin in the Ninth Legion there and he heard . . ."

"This wine," Scipio said, making a long face as he

swallowed a quart of it. "I think the natives are trying to poison us."

"The best wine is shipped direct to Rome," Publius said. "Everybody knows that."

"Yeah," said the other two, passing the wine around. "Everybody knows that."

"And another thing," Cinna said, taking another gulp for protection against malaria. "The mail situation. I haven't heard from my girl for three and a half months."

"The navy," Publius said. "What do they care about us? They got us here and that's enough for them. We can rot now."

"Africa," Scipio said. "Just my luck. I couldn't be shipped to Gaul or Britain or stay right there in Rome like my brother-in-law. I had to come to Africa. This is one lousy war."

"Yeah," Cinna said. "They're getting rich on this war in Rome, charging the army all sorts of



P-47 Fighter Pilot, 387 B.C.

prices. Helmets, chain mail, short swords, they're cleaning up on them."

"Yeah," the other two said, and passed the wine gloomily, thinking about them charging all sorts of prices in Rome.

"AND the dames in this part of the country," Publius said. "Not one of them speaks Latin."

"And you need a hundred heavily armed men to get them ten feet away from their mothers," Scipio said. "What a country! Africa!"

"Rome," Cinna said. "That's the place to soldier . . ."

"Yeah," said the other two and pulled at the wine and sent a recruit out to buy another five gallons.

And back in Rome a few of the boys were sitting around the fire outside the barracks, eating dinner and tugging at the wineskin now and then. It was cold in Rome and rainy, and the men had been marched on maneuvers all day and the entire legion was confined to barracks because the general had found rust on three breast-plates during Saturday's inspection, and the boys were complaining a little.

"In civilian life," Marcus was saying, "I wouldn't use this meat to lace on my boots."

"All the good meat's being shipped direct to Carthage," Laurentius said. "They're eating like kings there. I have an uncle in Sicily and he sees the boats go sailing by all day long, loaded."

"It's warm there, too," Horatio said, shivering in the dreary Roman blast. He wrapped his tunic around him more tightly.

"That's the greatest climate in the world," Marcus said. "I understand after the war, that's going to be an exclusive resort."

"And those fellows just sitting there, eating, drinking," Laurentius shook his head. "And no marching. Just sit there and wait for the siege to end. And African wine is the best wine in the world. What a life! The wine back here is hardly drinkable any more. I understand they're using substitutes for grapes around Rome now. Wartime measures."

THEY all took a gloomy pull at the wineskin and Laurentius took a second pull because the wind was picking up.

"Why did you join up?" Marcus asked. "You didn't have to. You had a nice business. What was it . . . chain mail?"

"Uhuh," said Horatio. "Chain mail. It looked good and I sold a lot of it, but the taxes . . . I was on the verge of bankruptcy. Joining the army was my only solution."

"Yeah," said the other two.

"Soldiering in Rome," Marcus said. "You can have it."

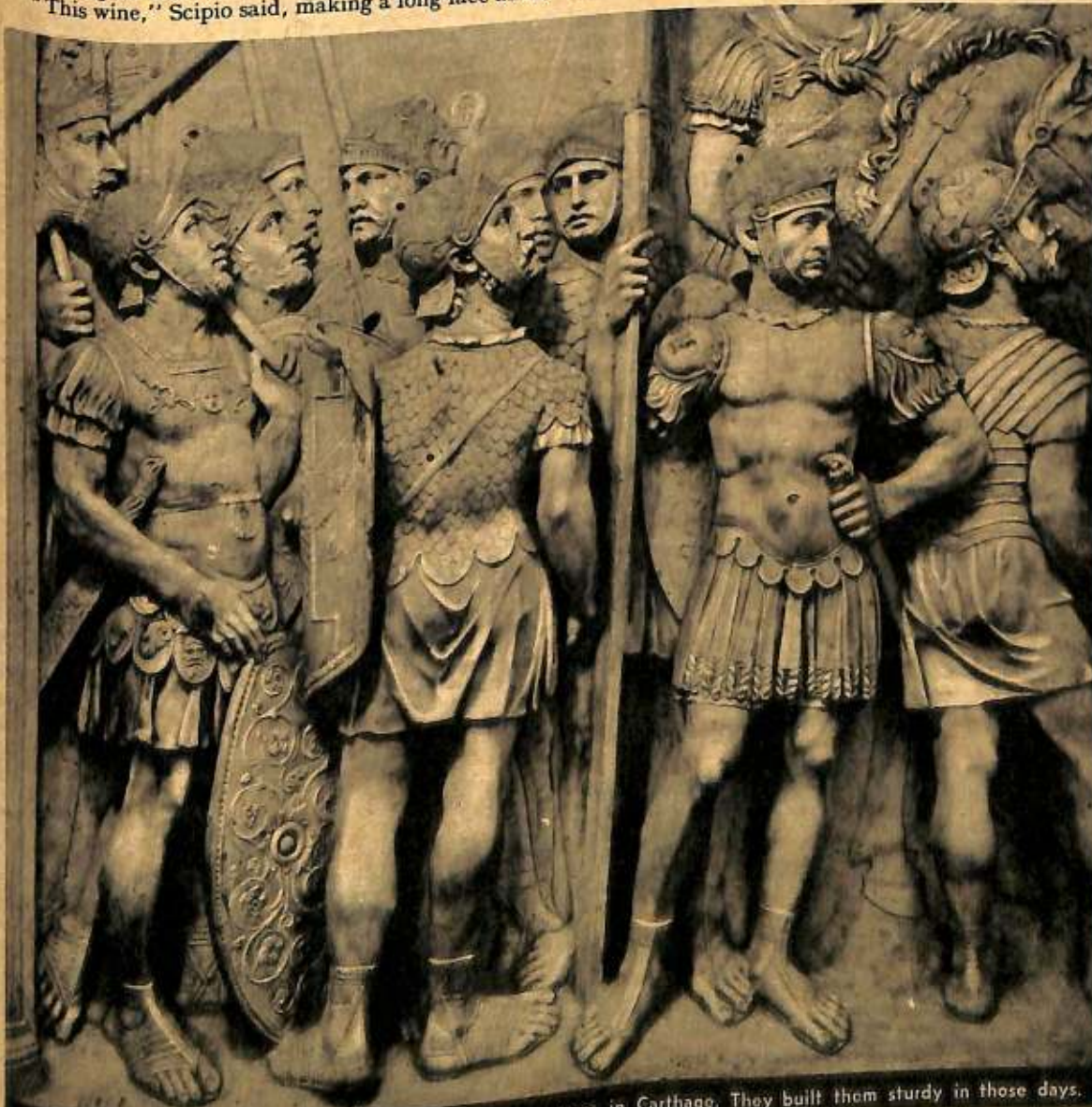
"Yeah," said the other two and sent out a recruit for five more gallons of wine.

Of course, this was some time ago, and wars have changed a great deal, what with airplanes and tanks and C rations. And it's exciting to imagine how much they'll change in the next two thousand years. You can just picture a few of the boys sitting around a campfire outside Tunis in 3943, eating dinner and toying a little with the native wine.

"Where do you think they got the meat for this stew?" asks a buck-sergeant gloomily. "Out of the tombs of Egypt?"

"Yeah," two of the others will say.

And so on for the next four thousand years.



A few of the Boys from Company "B" who wished they were in Carthage. They built them sturdy in those days.



# Marked Cards



**John Scarne, gambling expert, found plenty of them in use in crooked card games around Army camps. He tells you here how to spot this common cheating device the next time some wise guy tries it in a pay-day poker or blackjack session.**

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c  
YANK Staff Writer

**G**AMBLERS call them "readers" and crooks call them "paper." To most GIs they are merely known as marked cards. To any pay-day bank roll, they are poison.

John Scarne, gambling sleuth and card expert, says that marked cards are right up there with crooked dice when somebody asks him to pick the most common cheating device in armed-forces gambling games. He estimates there are 100,000 decks of marked cards in the Army alone.

Marked cards are numerous because, like crooked dice, they're easy to get. Catalogs of marked-card merchants are widely circulated in the Army, Navy, and Marines. Usually the price of a pack is \$1.50. The crooked manufacturers sell so many that their packs cost only \$1 more than honest decks.

Markings on a card seldom indicate its suit. The suit is not important enough; only in pinochle is it worth knowing. What sharpers want to know is the number on the card, for doctored cards are most profitable in the one-card games—stud poker, blackjack and red dog. Reading the cards the other fellows have, and the back of the card that is about to be dealt, the smart boys have the game sewed up in their tight little pockets.

Sharpers operate so scientifically that when they can't work their own marked cards into a game—which naturally is what they always try to do—they mark cards during the game. This is far more dangerous than using cards already

marked, but it is a mighty common practice in the games servicemen play.

Let's see how it is done.

**Nailing.** Sticking his thumbnail into the side of a card, the sharper leaves a small identifying mark which can be seen at a distance like all expert markings. He puts this mark at precisely the same spot on both sides of the card. Why? So that no matter which way the card is held the nailing will be in the same place.

There is a reason for this. The important thing about nailing, as about all marking, is not that the card is marked. What is important is *where* it is marked. For, depending on the game, the location of the mark tells the number of the card. And that, as we have said, is all the sharper wants to know.

For example, in stud the low cards are not important enough to warrant marking, so marks are used to indicate high cards only. A nail near the top of the edges signals an ace. A mark a quarter of the way down indicates a king, and a mark near the bottom means 10. But in blackjack the same marks are used to denote the low cards, for they are the important ones to know.

It's as simple as that.

**Waving** is another example of play-as-you-go methods of marking cards. Here the experienced fingers of the gambler take a card and skillfully bend it over one finger and under the other, leaving an identifying bend or "wave." These waves, too, at the top, bottom or middle of a card, reveal the number.

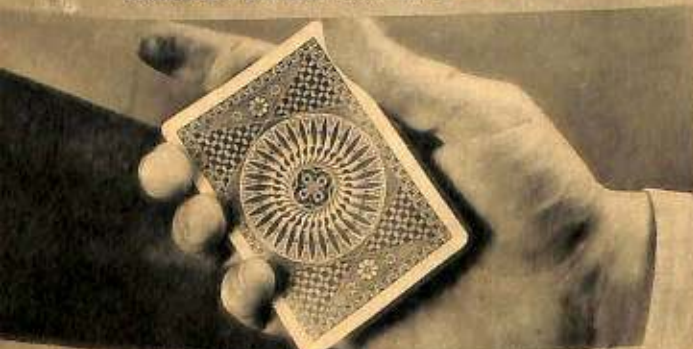
To catch nailing or waving, use the same method used to detect crimping, described in



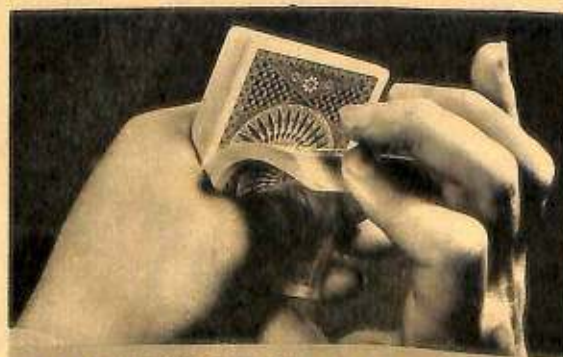
**NAILING** is one way of marking cards in the course of a game. Fingernail is stuck into the side of card. Here John Scarne marks a queen.



**WAVING** is another common way of marking as you go. Pressing card over and under fingers leaves an obvious identifying bend or "wave."



**DAUBING** leaves smudge on certain place on back of card. Note smudge under Scarne's finger here. The paste comes from inside his pocket.



**SCARNE RIFFLE** is the way to detect Lines, Shades, Edges. Any doctoring of backs jumps out plainly in contrast when the cards are riffled.



**PEGGING** tells its own story. The sharper identifies his cards by pricking them, thus leaving marks which the fingers locate later in game.



**YANK** in a previous Scarne article. Square up the entire pack and look at the edges. Any nailing or waving will stand out like Betty Grable on a windy day.

**Daubing** means sticking a spot of paste on the back of the card. The daub leaves a slight smudge which the experienced sharper knows immediately.

Usually the sharper carries the paste for the daub in his pocket. With lightninglike motions his finger is dampened, dipped in the paste, then pressed on the card at the right spot. To detect daubing examine the backs of the cards.

**Pegging**, another marking method, gives signals to the fingers, not the eyes. When he pegs, the sharper appears at the game with thumb or finger bandaged. Usually it is the left thumb, which holds the pack most often. Through this bandage sticks the tip of a thumbtack that has been strapped to the thumb under the bandage. Using this sharp point the crook pricks the right cards in the right places. Usually he pricks only aces and kings. When the dealer feels either one on top of the pack he deals seconds to the other boys and saves the pegged card for himself or his confederate.

To detect pegging run a finger over the backs of the card. A peg will feel like a mountain.

**Sanding** also requires a bandage—for a slightly different purpose. Exposed through this bandage is a slit of the surface of a piece of sandpaper. By pulling the card's edge along the sandpaper the edge is made white-clean. When assembled with the other cards this newly cleaned edge stands out clearly.

Such are the ways in which cards are marked during games. Now take a look at professional methods of marking cards either in manufacture or before a game.

**Shading.** A section of the back of the card is worked over lightly with a brush, leaving a slight color over the identifying section. What is remarkable here is the small, almost infinitesimal, area spotted and the delicacy of the mark. Yet sharpeners can see it across the table.

**Line work.** The finest possible lines are added to a certain section of the design on the back of the card. The innocent naked eye can hardly see a difference, but the experienced eye knows in a second what the card is.

**Edge work.** A slight belly is put on the border between the design and the edge of the card.

**Cut-out.** A chemical preparation, or a delicate knife, removes a minute section from part of the design.

**Block-out.** The same thing—almost. Parts of the design are covered with white ink, or the design is enlarged with ink similar to that used for the design. This is especially effective with cards that are reputed to be markproof: those that have an all-over, no-border design on the back. An example is the Bee card, the back of which is completely covered by a diamond design. Contrary to popular belief, such cards can easily be marked by making one diamond smaller or larger. This is done by blocking out.

To detect all these super-delicate markings, use the Scarne Riffle. It is based on the principle of the animated-cartoon books you played with as a kid. Holding one of these books tightly in one hand, you riffled rapidly through the pages. As you did, the figures seemed to move as in a motion picture.

Try this with any cards you think are marked by any of the methods described above. Hold the cards as Scarne holds them in the accompanying picture. Keep your eyes fixed on a section no more than 1/2-inch square. Then riffle. If the cards are marked, the doctored parts of the design will suddenly jump out at you.

Then you have to find the cards that jumped (for, remember, it is likely that only high or

low cards in the deck will be marked) and compare them with the others. When you have found out how it's done, throw the whole damn pack away where it can't be found.

**S**o far we have discussed cards that are actually marked, either in the course of the game or before. How about markings that alter the actual size of the card?

**Trims.** This process is used on cards that have a border between the design and the edge. The border is trimmed—way down for low cards, say, and a little less for the higher ones. Or perhaps it is the other way around. Anyway, the amount of white space between design and edge is trimmed to less-than-regulation size, and the amount of the trimming signals whether the card is high or low.

Naturally the way to discover a trimmed card is to place it over an honest one. The trim will be smaller.

**Sorts.** If you want a full-time job for a rainy week end, or a rainy week, try making up a pack of sorts. When you are finished you will think that sorts are so much trouble nobody else would ever prepare a pack. But you will be wrong. One week spent on sorts brings months of winnings and many gamblers think it is worth while. Furthermore, sorts are the only marked cards that are not actually doctored. Hence they are the safest marked cards to use.

Sorting is based on the one flaw in Bee cards and others with all-over designs on the back. This flaw is the edge—the all-over design cannot run off the edge at precisely the same point on every one of these cards. There are bound to be variations along the edges; some will go off the edge high on the diamond design, others close to the bottom and many others somewhere in between.

Knowing this, the ambitious sharper buys at least 40, and probably more, identical packs of these no-border cards. Out of them he laboriously sorts one pack which can be read by the edges. High cards may be those sliced off high on the diamond design, and low cards may be the ones sliced off low. Or again it may be vice versa. But whatever the final markings, these cards are easy to read for the man who knows they are crooked, and hard to detect for the man who doesn't. All you can do, if you suspect sorts, is see whether the high cards have similar edges, and if the low cards are the opposite of the high.

Cards with over-all designs on the back can also be trimmed and made into fake sorts.

**Luminous readers** are so called because they are painted on the back with an invisible ink which tells what number the card is. The catch here, of course, is that the numbers are visible only when seen through special dark glasses or through a colored visor. The obvious lesson is never to play with guys who wear either—or, if you must, borrow them first and look at the backs of the cards yourself.

**Pictures.** Here's something else to remember. Don't play with cards that have pictures on the back. A beautiful scene may be a delight to your emotions, soldier, but such a scene can be reversed so that upside down it signals "high cards" and right side up "low." Or vice versa.

Indeed, the more obvious the trick, the fewer people catch it. And, if nothing else, sharpeners are good psychologists.

There is only one rule Scarne can give you as an over-all tip for catching marked-card sharpeners. Watch the guy who keeps his eyes glued to the backs of cards—the cards that are about to be dealt, the hole card in stud, the top of the deck in blackjack, the important card in any game.

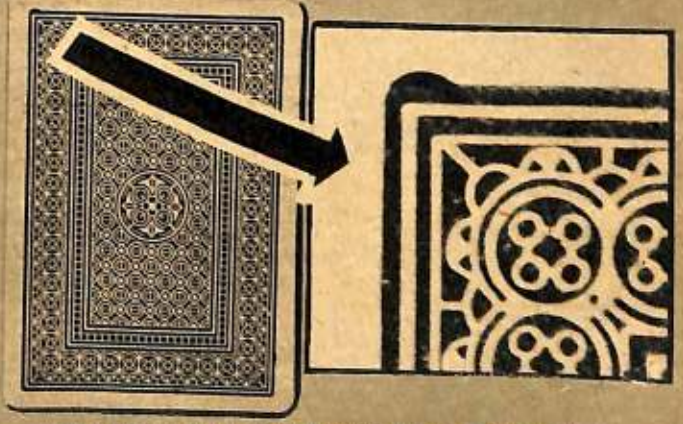
Another guy to watch out for is the man who takes a long chance and wins, who seems to raise too often and too well.



**BLOCK-OUT.** Part of the white in one petal of the daisy is filled in, indicating number of card.



**LINE WORK.** Here a fine line is added or extended into the white surface around bird.



**EDGE WORK.** A slight bevel or "belly" on edge of design indicates ace. Lower means lower card.



**LUMINOUS READERS** look like this when they are seen through certain colored glasses. The card seems to disappear; the number stands out.



**SANDING** is a delicate operation. Edge of card is scraped over sandpaper. Then it stands out conspicuously in contrast to other cards.



**TRIMMED** cards are sliced off at the edges. Trims on border cards are easy to detect. Card on left, with border sliced thin, might signal



high card; its partner might signal low. No-border cards signal by way design goes over the edge; untrimmed these cards are sorts.



# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



PFC Jaro Fabry

"THANKS AGAIN FOR THE SWEATER, ETHEL."

-Pfc. Jaro Fabry, Wright Field, Ohio.



"WE GET OFF AT 11. IT WAS YOU TWO WHO ASKED, WASN'T IT?"

-Ron Bennett Y3c, Astoria, Oreg., and Sgt. Frank Brandt

## G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger

### Flying Fortress B-17



Lt. Dave Breger  
Britain



### Ground Crew



### Briefing



### Bomb Load



### Control Tower



### Enemy Fighters