

BRITISH EDITION

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

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

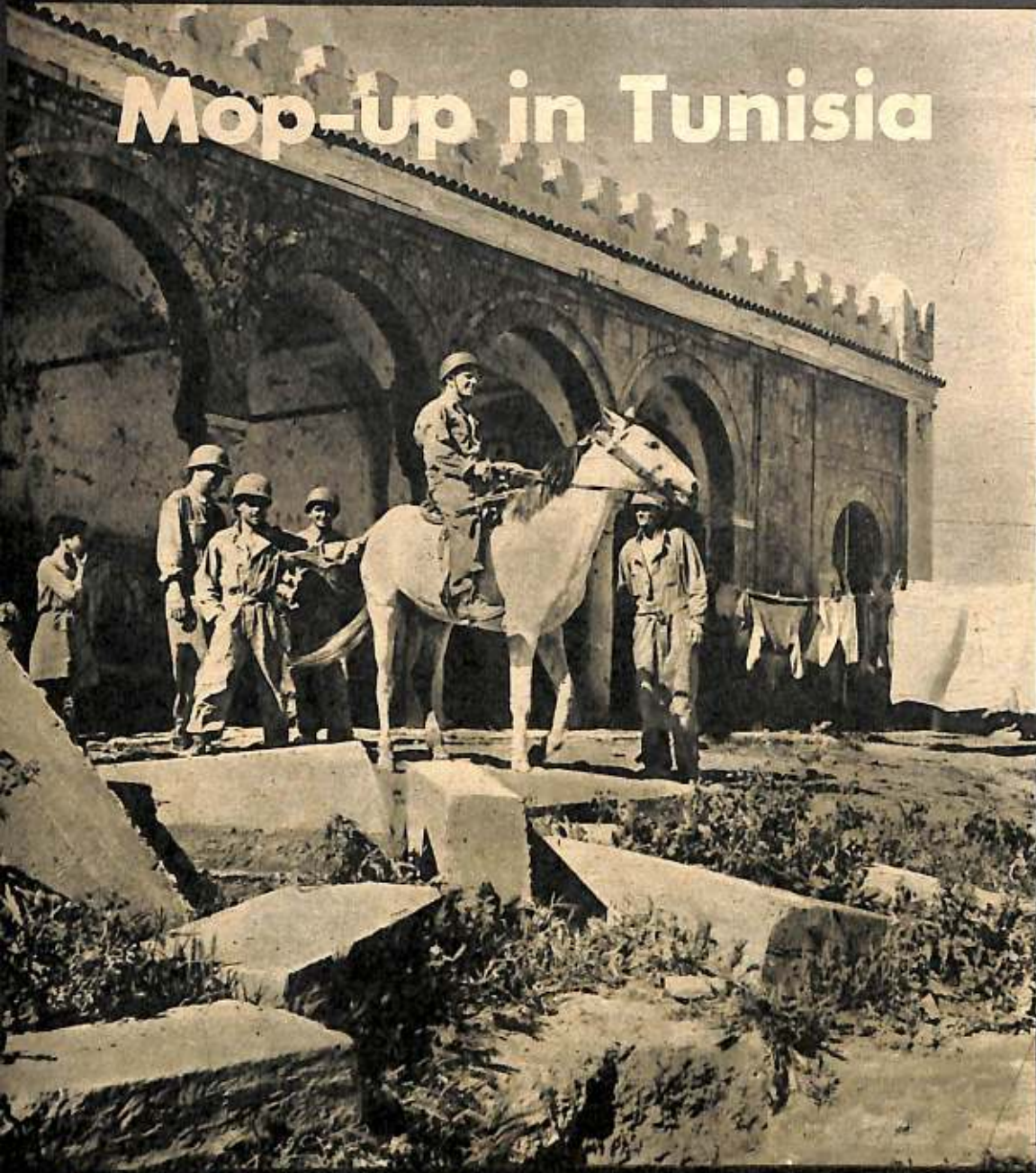


COMBINED  
OPERATIONS

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



# Mop-up in Tunisia



**CAVALIER.** GI nobility on a white horse once used by the Nazis for transport.



**POSSESSION.** Sitting on enemy guns, Pvt. Milton Adelman gnaws bologna.



**FIGHTER.** Sgt. Jim Gomillion takes time for lunch.





Pop. JACK COGGINS

# 12 MONTHS under FIRE



**The Army Has Tested New Weapons, Proved Old Tactics, Eaten Plenty of Spam and Found Places Where Scotch Costs \$400 a Quart**

**W**HEN YANK's first issue was circulated, June 18, 1942, America was doing its fighting exclusively on the sea and in the sky. But in the year that has passed since YANK came into existence, Guadalcanal has been captured, New Guinea cleaned out, Australia freed from the threat of invasion, Africa freed from Axis domination, Pearl Harbor rebuilt and the submarine menace lessened in the Atlantic, and now a drive is under way to push the Japs out of the Aleutians. Soon will come the invasion of Europe.

During that year of war, American soldiers have had a good look at themselves as fighting men. They have had a chance to put the theories they learned during basic training into practice under fire. They have been able to test their weapons against the enemy.

On these pages, YANK has rounded up from reports of its correspondents on every front the general reactions and conclusions of U. S. soldiers concerning their Army's progress in the last 12 months. These pages hold the mirror up to ourselves.

A lot of lessons have been learned and new techniques and equipment developed that we still can't talk about. But here, in brief, is what can be told at this time.

## Fighting the Japs

**O**UR war against Japan was fought chiefly during the last year in the jungles of the Solomon Islands and New Guinea. To our men, jungle warfare was new and strange. They soon discovered that throwing a hand grenade in a dense forest was a hell of a lot different from grenade practice on a parade ground. The men also had to learn the technique of working on their own in small scattered patrols where the natural inclination to bunch up in twos or threes was a fatal error. Each soldier had to do his own thinking, and he had to have enough patience to lie motionless for hours.

Many a soldier in Guadalcanal and New Guinea gladly would have paid \$100 for a pair of silent

rubber-soled sneakers like those the Japs wore. They even taped their dog tags to prevent them from jingling on patrol missions.

Lessons we learned about jungle fighting:

**Our weapons** have been away ahead of the opposition in combat except that we had nothing to equal the Jap "knee" mortar, a handy 50-mm portable one- or two-man piece with which the enemy did a lot of damage. Our men like the Tommy gun best for individual shooting and respect the M1.

The men discovered at Guadalcanal that jungle warfare gave them little opportunity to use the rifle sling. Fast fire in volume was often required. The target usually was obscured, and volume battle fire was most useful. Deluges of rain ruled out compliance with the "soap and water for three days" cleaning rule. Men cleaned bore and chamber of their guns with socks, shirts, undershirts, even tore legs from trousers to get rags.

**Cover and Concealment.** Through experience our men learned not to neglect the basics of camou-

flage. They wore green clothes, blacked faces for night work, in the absence of chemicals allowed their beards to grow and learned by hard work to walk quietly, although Jap prisoners said they didn't learn that lesson well enough. They learned that foxholes and slit trenches must be dug well and concealed equally well. They also learned to keep off the trails even when jungle brush was matted, since Jap MG fire covering trails did not traverse.

**Infiltration and Diversion.** The enemy worked behind defensive positions to create confusion and to draw fire by simple but effective shouting, rock-throwing or feinting away from the main attack. Jap sniper fire proved disconcerting until it was evaluated for what it was—a not-too-effective nuisance.

On the offensive, artillery played the major part in softening up defensive positions, but the Jap usually doesn't quit until an infantryman nails him.

Officers learned not to wear identifying in-





signia and not to allow their men to call to them by rank or to look at them for orders. The Jap will pass up 20 enlisted men to get an officer. In such a situation, officers had to prove themselves real leaders, and those who were not found themselves in the rear.

Also, our reports from Canal say, "you learn, after watching a couple of successful operations, to trust and welcome support from artillery and air and coastwise naval shelling. This is particularly true of artillery, which worked in close cooperation with infantry. You have to have plenty of faith in the accuracy of somebody else when he's shooting at an enemy 100 yards away—the same faith William Tell's little boy had."

In New Guinea, on the other hand, artillery played a very small part in the Buna and Sanananda campaigns. It was almost impossible to move heavy field pieces in that swampy terrain.

**Target designation** gave way in New Guinea to concentrated fire power in the general direction of an enemy who did not show himself. Every morning trees were sprayed top to bottom to catch snipers and, in the absence of heavy artillery, 81-mm mortars disrupted enemy supply lines, particularly parachuted supplies.

On the march, such pack essentials as shelter halves, raincoats and mess kits became nonessentials and, along with gas masks, were left in the rear to be brought up by reinforcements. Stripped down to necessities, infantry equipment contained a canteen, sun helmet, fatigue cap, gun, ammunition bandoleers and a little food. Even blankets were torn in half to lighten the load.

Use of five- and eight-man squads was sometimes moderated owing to density of the jungle, which prevented deployment in force. So the soldier in New Guinea, as at Guadalcanal, had to learn how to do his own thinking and his map- and compass-reading instead of depending upon an officer or noncom.

Chewing gum, pin-up pictures, comic magazines and crunchy candy bars became memories to the men of New Guinea, and while there were sometimes cigarettes, it was hard to find a light. The fighting men had great respect for the QM

jeep drivers, the medics and the Fuzzy Wuzzy natives. They also had great respect for the rules for preventing malaria, and the guy who didn't follow those rules was a chump and a very sick one, at that.

## Fighting the Nazis

**I**n military tactics as well as in miles it's a long way from the South Pacific to Tunisia. In Tunisia our men demonstrated in highly mechanized warfare that they could take it and could dish it out. War in the Pacific had many of the elements of Indian fighting before the Revolutionary War. War in the Mediterranean was from the modern assembly line.

The basics of mechanized combat were not changed. The rules don't need rewriting. The men had to learn a lot more about the use of land mines, though; they all admit we should use more of them in the future, sow them more liberally and be more careful about clearing enemy mine fields. As Lt. Gen. McNair says, the way the Germans used mine fields "almost amounted to a new arm."

**Artillery concentration** followed by infantry advance was proved by the British at El Alamein to be as effective against a mobile mechanized tank army as it was against the trenches on the Somme. The artillery is helped far beyond its former power by aerial bombing, which also is artillery, by aerial reconnaissance, by antitank guns and AA batteries, and by advances in Signal Corps technique which have given artillery a new dimension. But it is still artillery. The infantry now has tanks as blocking backs and planes to heave forward passes, but it is still the infantry that crosses the goal line and kicks the extra point on ground it has occupied and held.

The foxhole and slit trench were the soldier's best friend in Tunisia. Men learned to dig every time they stopped moving, using any damned thing that was handy, even a helmet.

Our tank and antitank equipment proved to be so good that the Germans couldn't come near it. But its deployment was not movie-style—in a broad sweep, pennants flying, across windswept space. It was found that tanks are handiest when used as the British use them, as interference for the infantry. Similarly the tank destroyers had to learn they weren't tanks but strictly what their name implied—a defensive weapon best drawn up into strategic position determined by reconnaissance, their high speed used to get them into position, not to chase out into open country.

## Alaska

**A** YEAR and a half of waiting and preparing has paid off in Alaska. There the lessons to be learned were patience and coordination of Army and Navy units. It was a case of waiting for the day, and finally the day arrived when troops and sailors moved into the Aleutians.

The lessons in Alaska were in favor of the rule book. Nothing much new to learn, but a lot that had been learned was put to the test of 60-below-zero cold, interminable rain and fog, instantaneous freezing, rugged living. The men got along

without women, radios, books, Coca-Cola and sunshine. And they sure want to get the war over so they may get to hell home.

With the movement out along the Aleutian Chain and the victory at Attu, the men began to feel that the war wasn't going to last forever. They understood, then, why they had been stuck in a remote, quiet sector for so long. Alaska was quiet no longer.

## Army Air Forces

**T**HE Air Forces made many innovations during the 12 months from June to June. They mastered an air route across the Himalayas from India to China, they met and mastered the *Luftwaffe* in Africa and Europe, shagged Jap airmen from China, and flew through zero ceilings and sub-zero sleet in Alaska. They have for six months been invading Europe almost every day of the week, pounding the Axis arsenal into rubble. They have made the Flying Fortress great because, and only because, great men have flown the Fortress.

Fighter planes have learned not to monkey with individual acrobatics but to stay in formation. Pilots have learned there's a lot of difference between air and ground shooting. Twin-engine pilots have discovered that you can turn in toward a conked-out motor and come out alive. All concede that a bombardier ought also to know navigation and a pilot must be able to give "first aid" repairs to his engines and electrical and hydraulic systems.

**Europe.** Our Air Forces, with the British, have already invaded Europe. Our Eighth Air Force and the RAF have had a second front going in the sky for a full year during which time it has constantly grown in intensity and effectiveness to the point where now its commander, Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, says experimental operations over Europe have been concluded.

No section of the U. S. Army has done a tougher or more effective job in the last 12 months than the Eighth Air Force. No target in Germany was too remote for our Fortresses and Liberators.



A trick Gen. Eaker's men have learned is to put fighter planes on the outer rim of formations when the bombers have loads, then when fighter ammunition is about expended to pull the fighters inside the bomber protection for the run home. The men have also had to learn the hard way to be careful in adjusting their electrically heated clothing to prevent frostbite at high altitudes. Gen. Eaker is experimenting, he announced, with bulletproof vests on the order of those worn by Al Capone's boys years ago in Chicago. These are expected to prove helpful against splinters and spent bullets.

**Southwest Pacific.** The Air Forces successfully carried an invading infantry force into New Guinea, then teamed with ASF to keep it supplied. Aerial troop transports shuttled back and forth delivering reinforcements to areas inaccessible to land and sea. Heavy-caliber artillery was flown over the Owen Stanley Mountains and into such isolated spots as Wau. Lack of heavy naval units at times led to innovations such as skip-bombing.

In the Southwest Pacific, Air Force planes shelled the Jap Navy in two epic encounters and made the apparently impossible job of aerial warfare over a wide area of islands and sea seem routine. The Air Forces also evacuated hundreds of wounded men from Guadalcanal and other islands to hospitals where their lives were saved.

**North Africa.** The Air Forces flew in whole crews of engineers to repair airfields under fire, and set up hedge-hopping light planes as reconnaissance units for artillery.

## THESE LESSONS WE HAVE LEARNED

1. Our enemies—Japs and Fascists—are not supermen. They are damned good offensive fighters, but like all men who are taught to die for their country, they aren't as strong as democratic men who have something to live for.

2. The Italian is just as ready to fight as the German.

3. Our equipment is the world's sweetest.

4. Our training is good, and most guys in combat wish they'd paid more attention to it.

5. You can't win without air support, but air power is indecisive without infantry and artillery. There is no substitute for artillery preparation and infantry occupation.

6. Lone Ranger tactics in fighter planes are magazine stuff; planes fight most effectively in squadrons, not solo.

7. Water is always scarce; a fighting man must condition his body to much less water.

8. It is a fatal error to shoot unless you have something to shoot at and destroy; you just give away your position.

9. Our soldiers work best when they know not just what to do but WHY they are doing it.

10. The best way to help a wounded man is not to stop and give him first aid but to press forward and cover the medics, who are equipped to give expert help.

11. The proper way to move forward is still either bent over or crawling. The man who runs standing up is a dead duck.

12. Tank destroyers should be used like artillery, not like tanks.

13. Jap and German units don't function too well after their officers have been liquidated.

14. K and D rations are better than Spam, and there is no substitute for the sugar report.



**China, Burma, India.** The 10th Air Force has learned how to combat dust, heat and monsoon rains. It organized a striking force even though it was at the tail end of the long supply line from the U. S. via Panama, Brazil, Africa, Cairo and India. Its record in that time: 1,000 sorties over Burma with loss of four planes in combat, 500 fighter sorties with loss of two planes. B-24s, B-25s and P-40s kept the Jap constantly off stride and broke up a planned invasion of India. And all the while the 10th so carefully guarded the Air Transport Command's supply lane across the Himalayas that not a single ferry plane was lost through enemy action.

Outstanding development in C-B-I was the 10th Air Force's use of P-40s as dive bombers. They dive at their targets, drop their loads, pull out of the dive and make another run, strafing troops and installations. It has been so successful that the Japs now move over North Burma's railroads only at night. With creation of the 14th Air Force in China, which already has raided the Jap Hainan Islands, things are looking up in the Orient.

The system of Maj. Gen. Chennault for air war

have turned out thousands of experts. And there is no end to AAF resourcefulness. Hell, they are even ferrying fighter planes across oceans, now.

## Army Service Forces

**T**HE ASF used to be called the Services of Supply. But whatever they call it, in the last 12 months it has had the biggest supply job in the history of warfare. ASF is the gang you cuss when you get Spam three times a day. But you can thank ASF for mail, medical care, transportation, Ordnance, the QMC, Signal Corps, the Engineers, the WAAC, the MPs, your PXs, movies and recreation, and YANK, among other things.

Just thinking of all the things ASF has to worry about would make anybody dizzy except Lt. Gen. Somervell, the boss.

ASF has moved so fast in the last 12 months it is impossible to report its achievements by theaters. It's all we can do to keep track of them by branches. Here are some of the records:

1. Bought and delivered world-wide 17 billion dollars worth of supplies.

## SIGNAL CORPS PROGRESS

**O**NE of the year's outstanding developments in military science is the expanded use of Radar by the Signal Corps. Radar, which has the sub menace on the run in the Atlantic, is also used for airplane-spotting and a lot of other things. In fact, it will do everything but boil your coffee.

Signal Corps scored in North Africa by laying communications wire under fire at a speed of 35 miles per hour, which is something the Old Army wouldn't believe. It has also perfected the Walkie-Talkie even in Alaska, where batteries freeze in five minutes.

**Ordnance** produced several big developments. The small-arms section developed the bazooka, with a rocket projectile that is strictly from Buck Rogers. For one- or two-man operation, it is our answer to the Japanese "knee" mortar. Ordnance also standardized a corrugated rawhide-handled



against the Japs in China has become as famous in the air as the Notre Dame Shift and the Warner Single Wing Back in football. Since the China Air Task Force took over from the AVG and in turn became the 14th, these flying men, on every occasion badly outnumbered, have scored 182 Jap planes shot down, plus 63 probables at a loss to themselves of 14 pilots. In addition the 14th has been constantly busy with bombing and strafing. One bomb squadron alone has turned in 70 missions with loss of only one plane in combat, and in addition to this bombing it got nine Jap planes confirmed and 13 probables and destroyed 33 Jap planes in the ground.

Because China is at the end of the supply line, food must be procured locally, and not a man in China but would give a month's flight pay for a good roast-beef dinner with mashed potatoes and gravy. A glass of fresh milk, if auctioned, might bring \$30. A bottle of good Scotch costs \$400-\$600, Chinese money.

**Expansion.** The big story of the Air Forces in the last 12 months is their expansion. They have doubled in size from a sprinkling of power in England, China, India, Australia and Alaska to 14 full-fledged forces in all theaters. New planes like the Lightning have been introduced. Techniques have been perfected. Flying sergeants have become flying officers. Aviation students have become cadets. Gliders are now practical and in use. New gunnery and navigation schools

2. Inducted, classified and assigned 4 million draftees.
3. Built 6 billion dollars worth of Army installations.
4. Moved 14 million tons of supplies and a million men, including you.
5. Developed (through the QMC) new clothes to meet new types of war and the dehydrated rations, and took the brass buttons off a lot of uniforms.
6. Saved 97 out of every 100 wounded, perfected the use of atabrine, new anaesthetics and pain killers, and through the Medical Department did 100 other jobs that couldn't be done.

The Engineers built the Alcan Highway, perfected the Airborne Engineers which flew into North Africa to repair bombed-out airports, built Army camps from Hell to Breakfast, and climaxed a brilliant year by keeping the roads clear in Tunisia while the Second Corps moved from Maknassy to the Bizerte sector directly across the Allied line of communications. In North Africa the Engineers built roads at the rate of four miles a day. In Australia and New Guinea the Engineers built 100 airdromes, some actually behind enemy lines.

Construction the Engineers have completed during the year amounts to 20 times the work needed to build the Panama Canal.

trench knife. In ammunition, Ordnance substituted the steel cartridge case for brass.

New artillery pieces included a 155-mm 8-wheeler that proved very accurate in Tunisia at up to 20 miles. Antiaircraft has developed a 37-mm and two 50-caliber machine guns on a single mount to fire simultaneously from a half track, a weapon aimed at dive bombers. A new 40-mm AA gun had fine results in Africa. A new 90-mm AA gun drew loud cheers in the two Pacific theaters. Another new piece is the M7 tank destroyer, a 105-mm howitzer called "The Priest" because its 50-caliber machine-gun mount looks like a pulpit, and when it hits you, you need absolution. Tried by the British against Rommel last December, its enthusiasts say it makes tanks obsolete, but don't tell that to a tank man or you'll get a battle. Also first used in Africa was the 155-mm-gun motor carriage. This utilizes a medium tank chassis to tote a 155 rifle that can throw a 95-pound projectile 15 miles and can knock out anything on tracks or wheels. Very new is the gun motor carriage M10 that mounts a 3-inch antitank gun to supplement the M7 howitzer.

There were plenty of other developments during the year, but if we tried to list them all there wouldn't be any space left for the pin-up girls. You will find the regular pin-up as usual on page 24 and eight extras in the middle of the magazine.





Sgts. Mack Morriss and Howard Brodie covered Guadalcanal for YANK.



Sgt. Jack Scott reports the bomber raids on Germany.



Our Sgts. Burgess Scott and George Aarons moved with British Eighth Army.

# YANK

Its first year in the ARMY

"They're all strickly a bunch of characters with whom I decry all affileations"—Pfc. Arthur N. Greengroin, June 18, 1943.



The familiar Pfc. and his ever-loving cane (Sgt. Walter Peters).

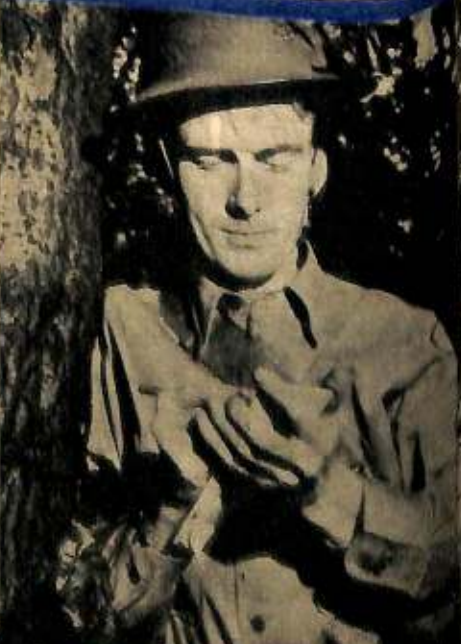
### THE SAD SACK



Cpl. Steve Derry shoots pictures in Britain.



Sgts. Merle Miller and John Bushemi operate from Hawaii.



Sgt. Dave Richardson in New Guinea.





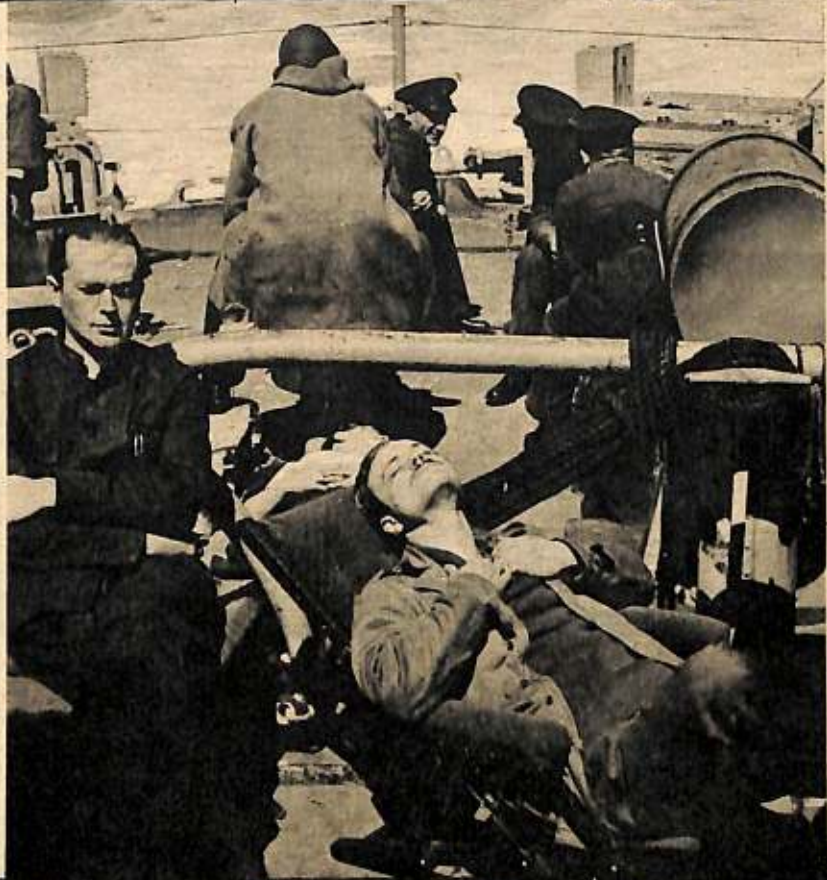
Sgt. Georg Meyers (left, with a pal) was with the Americans who took Attu.



With camera and typewriter Sgt. Pete Paris reported Tunisian campaign.



The familiar Pfc. and his ever-loving parachute.

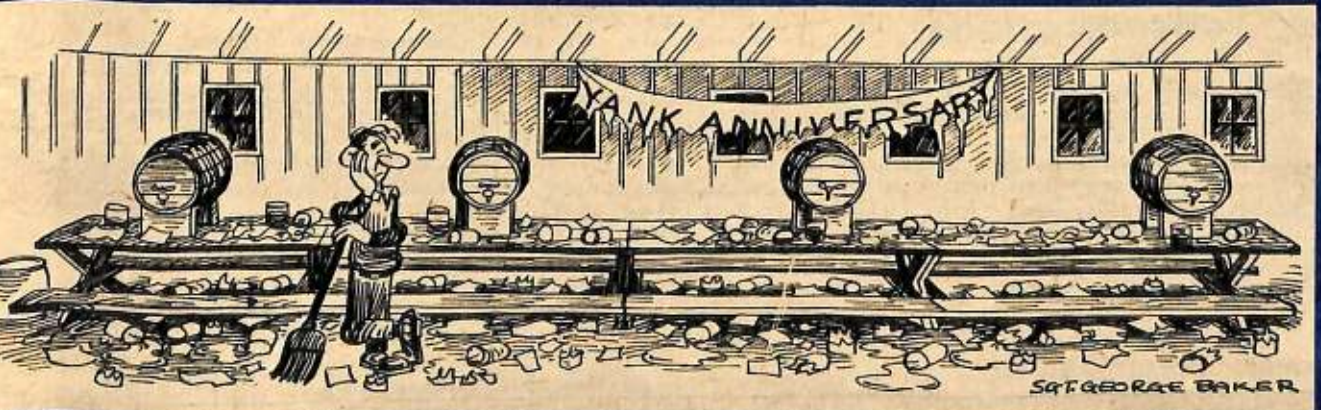


At sea as usual, the Editor of the British YANK plans the next issue in the middle of the English Channel.

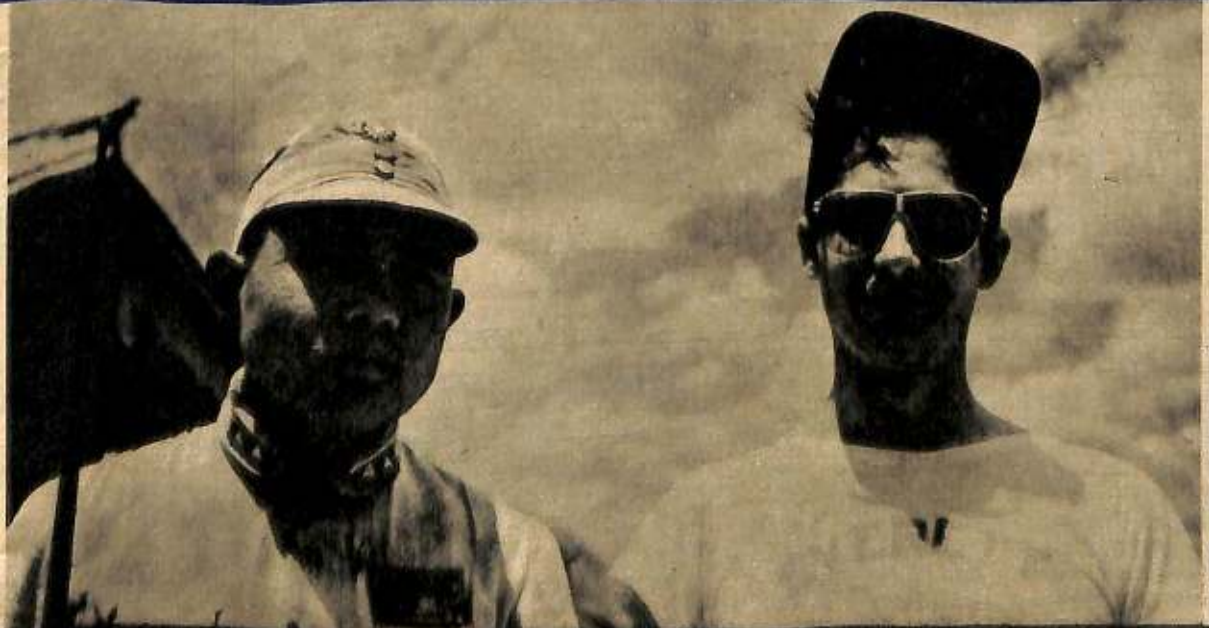


When Sgt. Robert Ghio clicks his camera we get photo coverage in India.

### "BEER PARTY"



Sgt. GEORGE BAKER



Sgt. John Barnes reports the war from China, still wearing his Everett Air Base shirt.



Sgt. Ed Cunningham writes of events in India and Burma.





Yanks who occupied Attu look over equipment and quarters used by a Jap medical unit. The Japs dug holes and interlacing tunnels through the hills.

## Yanks at Home Abroad

# How Planes Support Infantry

**Command in B-24 over Attu took radio directions from ground during attack, then sent P-38 fighters to raise hell with Jap concentrations.**

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**A**MCHITKA, RAT GROUP, ALEUTIAN ISLANDS [Passed by Navy Censor]—Today the feeling among the men was different.

The setting was the same as it had been for a year—a clammy dawn on this sliver of an island that parts the Bering Sea and the North Pacific. The plane was the same—a Liberator, ugly as a blimp but a great worker. The crew was the same—it had flown so often together it was a family.

The men walked out to the ship without any fuss whatever. But this time there was an extra eagerness in their stride. This was the day they had waited for. For a blasted year they had flown in the heavy cold of the Fairbanks country and had dropped supplies to a party testing arctic equipment on Mount McKinley. They had sweated out many hours of ceiling zero along the Aleutian Chain, where the fog gets so tight you'd swear there was no place to come in. Once they had crash-landed on a wild island and had camped all night under the plane's wing before a rescue party found them.

But it was just reconnaissance, so much a routine that they called it "the milk run." Today it was the milk run no longer. Today this ship and this crew were coordinating air support for ground troops.

Of course there had been bombing runs against Kiska and Attu but no ground action. The Air Forces had been at it alone. And Cpl. Alan C. Meador of Nacogdoches, Tex., tail gunner on the *Milk Wagon*, had often complained, "Man, we been doin' all the fightin' up here." To men who had waited so long this was a

great day, comparable to the day back home when the circus had actually fulfilled the promise of its big red billboards. And that's why there was an added zip to the *Milk Wagon*. Every man of its crew knew that this morning Ground Forces had been landed on Attu, had cut behind the Japs and were driving toward the beaches.

And on this trip, inaugurating coordination of Air Force and Ground Force action, there was high rank aboard, Col. John V. Hart, command pilot, chief of staff of the 11th Air Force and CO of the 11th Advance Echelon.

The Liberator lined out for Attu and the waist gunners shifted into heavy clothing and readied their Brownings. Gun-studded Kiska, seat of the main Jap strength in the Aleutians, was directly in their path, and Attu was only 20 minutes away.

But he wasn't too hopeful. This was not a bombing mission. Today the *Milk Wagon* was a command plane. And anyway, Sgt. Balas knew the Aleutian weather. If the ceiling proved as low as usual it would conceal the precipitous peaks of Attu and no heavy bomber could risk the narrow valleys under low overcast.

Attu came in sight, and sure enough, the ceiling was too low. A mattress fog blanked out the ridges where the fighting lines were and folded down the cliffs to within 1,000 feet of the beach. Along the shore American tents and supplies were evidences that the Yanks had landed. Outside the shoal water Navy vessels circled in tight patrol, locking out any Jap reinforcements that might try to get in and locking in any Japs who might try to run out. Within the harbors small craft boldly did their work, and Navy PBVs and Kingfishers floated at anchor. The push was on.

Somewhere ashore back in the fog an Air Force liaison officer was moving up with the foot sol-

diers and artillery, precisely defining for Col. Hart in the *Milk Wagon* the limits of the American positions. He called happily, "Everything south and east of the lines I've given you is open season. There are plenty of the bastards in there. So have a good time."

Col. Hart had a good time. He summoned his heavy and medium bombers. The ceiling held down, though, and they couldn't go in. They patrolled offshore, watching for Jap ships, and Col. Hart sent in the nimble Lightnings. They approached the *Milk Wagon*, swift and graceful, circled for orders, and plunged boldly into the narrow valleys.

And Sgt. Balas, disappointedly fingering his own gun, watched them sweep down the treacherous slopes, buzzing low over the dug-in Japs, tossing light bombs from their wings and throwing quick bursts from their guns.

So close was the terrain that the Lightnings had time only for a quick one before whipping up and banking sharply to avoid crashing into the valley walls.

The wave of Lightnings finished its work and raced home. Another wave took over the job. The Liberators and Mitchells meanwhile cruised offshore, cursing the weather. For seven hours they cruised with nothing to do.

And then, at the *Milk Wagon's* signal, they headed for home, their only consolation being the brief moment when they unloaded their bombs on Kiska en route back to their base.

"Anyway," Sgt. Balas concluded, "it's good to see those Ground Forces down there. Maybe we'll have a better break in the weather tomorrow."



This equipment was left behind by the Japs in the Massacre Bay area of Attu, perhaps intended to be used in building a seaplane base.



# Yanks at Home in the ETO



Inside the splendor, Adolphe Menjou, with Bill Dover, director of ETO USO Camp Shows. Adolphe designed the uniform for tanking around on tours.

**W**e are in receipt of a communication from a T/4 named Leon Lukaszewski who is in the medical end of SOS and sounds thwarted as all hell. We can't say that we blame him. For all we know, Lukaszewski may be a Headquarters man, but we wouldn't swear to it. He merely sounds a bit beat up about Headquarters men. And we can't say that we blame him on that score, either.

Anyway, Lukaszewski, who seems to be a hot Joe

with the Greek and Latin, has suggested the following special award for Headquarters men, any branch, any grade. It will, like any nice ribbon *a la royale*, be red and black, and Luk. wants the reels to be extra special awards, like oak leaf clusters or something. He also suggests a carbon paper background, which is O.K. with us, because carbon paper is deep blue and deep blue seems to go well with this sort of thing. The Latin motto, *Circumvolutis Circum-*

*ambulamus*, for the benefit of those who majored in Sanskrit and Hindustani, can be roughly translated as "Here we go round the mulberry bush." Literally, according to our small Latin and less Greek, it means "Wound up, we go around in circles."\*

On second thought, we think that blue background should only be worn by those Headquarters men who have been locked in mortal office combat, just like aerial gunners. And if any one has an idea for an award for button-polishing, we're wide open to suggestion. But wide.

\*Artie Greengroin, the Ovid of the QMC, who just happened to drop in the office, translated this as "Sir, when it comes to volunteering, we chase around with the ambulances."\*\*

\*\*This has been translated from the Greengroinness.

## Dog Story

We know an indigent major who, a couple of weeks ago, managed to snag an invitation to an up-country estate that puts up a handful of officers each weekend. It's a nice, quiet place, guaranteed to shake any senior officer out of himself, for a few days, at least. There's not much to do save eat, sleep and go cycling, and there's nothing to drink but beer. This major, who doesn't enjoy being shaken out of himself, decided one afternoon that he'd like just a wee drap of whusky. He'd been cycling, and he wanted to take the ache out of his legs.

It so happens that the estate is about two miles from a practically invisible village, so the major didn't quite know how to find the local pub, not 'arf, he didn't. He asked his hostess. Oh, she said, just take the black dog (gesturing at one of two dogs who kick around the place) and he'll lead you right to the door of the pub.

The major was dubious, but he decided to take a chance. He whistled up the black dog. Soon he was strolling over the fields and far away, trailing the wicked beast. And sure enough, the dog led him right to the door of the pub, and sure enough, the major had his whusky. A wee drap.

The dog, however, after coming all the way to the pub, refused to follow the major inside. Not because he's a temperance hound, though. It's just that there's a terrier inside the pub and he scares the living hell out of that big black dog.

There is a colonel in London who wears diamond-encrusted eagles.



Inside the splendor, ten WAACs. The War Department designed the uniforms for touring around town.



G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger

G-6?  
(Welfare)



**ANDREWS FIELD**, the first American-built air base in England, was named in honor of Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews, former commander of the ETO, who was killed recently in a plane crash over Iceland. . . . The *USS Harmon*, a Navy destroyer, escort ship now under construction, was named after Leonard Roy Harmon, Navy mess attendant who was killed in action aboard the cruiser *San Francisco* at Guadalcanal. . . . A congressional Medal of Honor has been awarded posthumously to Douglas Munro, Coast Guardsman, killed in action at Guadalcanal. Munro was the subject of an editorial in the recent Coast Guard issue of YANK.

**The Rainbow Division**

The 42d Division of the U. S. Army, better known as the Rainbow Division, will be reconstituted July 14 at Camp Gruber, Okla. The Rainbow Division in the last war was so called because its personnel came from every state and the District of Columbia. One of the COs was Douglas MacArthur, then brigadier general.



**Free Books for Overseas G.I.s**

Thirty-five million copies of popular American books will be shipped abroad to the armed services this coming year, says the Council on Books in Wartime. The books will be pocket size, paperback and will average 100,000 copies an edition. No educational or technical books are included.

**Air-Ground Training Tests**

The WD has announced that from now on new Army divisions will round out their combat training in the States with comprehensive air-ground training tests. The tests will be divided into four phases: Identification of friendly aircraft; defence against low-flying air attacks within small-arms range; use of air-ground signals between ground troops and planes, and coordination between troops and planes in attacking enemy land targets with special emphasis on close-in support by aircraft.

**G.I. Shop Talk**

The AAF plans to adopt pigeons as a secondary communication method, to be used in case a plane radio gets shot up. . . . The Lunk Trainer is the latest mental obstacle course to test nerves of officers by duplicating the worst conditions of the battle front—or so they say. . . . Among G.I. papers published in Africa are the *Bush Weekly*, a four-page folder printed in "Bushtown," and *Bonjour*, a semi-tabloid. Both swell jobs. . . . The Navy has developed a plastic life jacket which is both waterproof and fireproof and especially valuable as protection against burning oil in the water.

**Angels**

Staff Sergeant H. T. Ade, manning one of the guns on an A-20 Havoc in action in North Africa; saw a burst kill his pilot. As the plane went into a low spin, Ade was wrenched from his turret, thrown over the lower gunner and out through the bomb-bay. He pulled his ripcord and floated to safety just as his plane crashed. . . . T/Sgt. Robert E. Moore, member of a bomber crew in Tunisia, was ordered to bail out of his plane, after it had been riddled by enemy flak. He floated to within 75 feet of the ground, when a delayed action bomb exploded directly below him and blew him straight up again. That was all Moore remembered until he gained consciousness in a hospital, badly shaken but ready in a short time for active duty. . . . S/Sgt. Norman S. Goldstein, on a bombing raid over Rangoon, suddenly discovered that the bomb-release was stuck. While repairing it to release the load of bombs, he ripped his oxygen mask and collapsed over the bomb-bay doors. His heavy clothes, wedging him against the bomb-racks, prevented him from falling out until he could be rescued by crew mates. He was awarded the Silver Star.

**Angles**

514 men, the largest graduating class in the history of the United States Military Academy, were told by Gen. Henry Arnold, chief of the United States Army Air Force, "that we are going to end

the war, and end it soon by bombing military objectives consistently with the maximum destructive power we possess. . . ." Among the graduates were Bruce. Thirty-two of the newly created second lieutenants immediately slid into halter—they were married after the graduation ceremony.

**Brain Stuff**

The War Department has announced that an additional 103 colleges and universities have been selected to participate in the army specialized training program. Twenty-two of these will be "star" units where soldiers will be classified for special types of studies. It was also announced that by the end of July, nearly 60,000 soldiers will be taking part in area, and language study, medical, pre-medical, dental and veterinary training.



Strictly G.I. among the Samoan Fita-Fita guards, attached to the Navy, is this web belt and sarong affair. The MP band nestles against nude epidermis and the ground rests heavy beneath nude feet. What's the matter, did you think for one horrible moment Dorothy Lamour had joined the WAVES?



# A WEEK OF WAR

**Pantellaria was a light job, the Sunday punch is on the way, and if you see a towel coming in from Musso's corner, don't duck it, boy, just catch it in the air.**

If a man has to cross a brook, there are three ways he can go about it. He can swim, he can find a ford, or he can cross on stepping stones.

The Mediterranean is no brook. It is too wide to swim, too deep for fording. But running across it, from Tunisia to the toe of Italy's boot, are a set of islands. They are the stepping stones.

Last week they belonged to Benito Mussolini. This week they belong to us.

Pantellaria went first. Day after day she had seen the bombers come over, in ceaseless waves. To begin with the island had had a set of beautiful defences. Long range guns had pointed their gaping maws toward the African coast. Strong points guarded all possible places where an Allied invasion force might attempt to whittle out bridgeheads. Anti-aircraft guns aimed their muzzles at the blue Mediterranean sky. Deep underground hangars, concealed by cunning camouflage from air observation, cut into the brows of hills, sheltered fast fighter planes.

Had there been a land invasion, Pantellaria might have held out. But there was no land invasion. Instead, there was something unique in the history of warfare, something new, something that had never been tried before. No invasion barges or transports poked their noses over the southern horizon. No parachutes came tumbling down. Instead, there was the continual drone of motors over the island, and the continual explosion of bombs on the runways and the gun positions.

Pantellaria went under siege from the air. When the attack started it had been a quiet little island—a threat to Allied shipping in the Mediterranean, but still a quiet little island. Its town had held 3,000 fishermen. Its defensive positions held some 15,000 Italian soldiers. When the attack was over the thousands of men were still there, but they were shattered and trembling and there wasn't a whole house on the island.

One by one the anti-aircraft guns stopped firing. And then, at last, after days of one of the most merciless poundings of modern times, Pantellaria gave in. And then, when it was all over, the invasion craft finally came. The Allies did not lose a man.

After Pantellaria it was the turn of Lampedusa and the other little Italian islands between Tunisia and Sicily. One by one, they raised the white flag. And at week's end the Allies found the way to Sicily open to them, and the entire stretch of the Mediterranean sea free and open to their shipping.

Sicily, as a matter of fact, was very open, as were Sardinia and Corsica. The capture of Pantellaria



This remarkable photograph shows Liberators dodging enemy flak just after they had dropped their load of bombs on Pantellaria.

meant that Allied bombers would get fighter protection for just that many more miles on forays over the nearer approaches to Italy. To observers all over the world it was obvious that the Allied attack on the continent would begin somewhere between Palermo and Catania. The Axis was resigned to the fact that the inevitable was about to happen. Germany was shunting planes down to sunny Italy as fast as she could and sending as many as she could spare, but they weren't enough—not by a long shot. The box score of Axis planes shot down as compared to Allied planes shot down told the whole story. It wasn't a case of one pilot being superior to another. On the contrary, it told a story of overwhelming superiority of mass. Where the Germans and Italians sent up 20 planes they were met by a hundred. The Luftwaffe was being out-Luftwaffed. And the Regia Aeronautica, such as it was, was getting a jolly old kick in the teeth.

Allied policy and planning in the Mediterranean was becoming as clear as the lens of a telescope. The bombers, engaged in their business of softening up the Axis, were moving north as one Italo-German stronghold after another fell into their hands. Now it was Sicily and Sardinia's turn. And after the bombers had done their work the parachutists would come, and after the parachutists the invasion barges. Axis reports had invasion craft grouped in a dozen places.

Sicily would not be an easy nut to crack, but it was definitely crackable. Allied equipment was, at long last, superior to that of the enemy, and equipment, as always, could mean the turning of any

tide. Unknown, as yet, was the factor of Italian morale when Italian soldiers were fighting on their own soil. And in Sicily they would be fighting on their own soil, for Sicily was Europe.

The Third Reich and the Italy of Mussolini had nothing to look forward to but a gloomy and desolate summer. They had more to be worried about, in the long run, than a mere assault on Sicily. A man looking from a window along the Wilhelmstrasse or from the Palazzo Venezia had no direction in which he could look and honestly say: "There is no threat this way." In the east, Russia was massing men before Moscow, and massing them with malice aforethought. The Russians, too, were keeping up their bombing attacks on German airfields and lines of communication, stopping any projected offensive before it could get under way. Norway was under nervous German observation; already the Lofoten Islands had been evacuated by men of the Wehrmacht. And anything might stem from England, at any time, against the coasts of France or Holland.

For a long time the United Nations had been crouched to spring, and it looked as though the last tensing of muscles had been undergone. The summer of 1943 was going to be the summer, all right. And where and when the blow might fall was a vast and lethal guessing game. One blow, a kind of light jab, had fallen on the little and lost island of Pantellaria. But it was anybody's wager as to where the uppercut, the Sunday punch, would land. If Adolf Hitler had any sense of humor, and if he hadn't known that it would mean his neck in the end, he might have laid down a mark or two himself.



Symbolic of the united effort of the Chinese in their great campaign against the Nips, is this photograph of Chinese airmen pulling a roller over a runway.





**GOING DOWN.** Cpl. Ralph Kniffin, about to meet his shadow, was thrown by this Brahma bull during a big all-servicemen's rodeo at the IRTC, Camp Roberts, Calif.



**JOB DONE.** Even a wild Aleutian blizzard didn't stop this U. S. navy pilot from carrying out a patrol bombing flight.



**HAPPY WARRIOR.** S/Sgt. D. W. Andus got the Purple Heart overseas and mail from home at the same time.



**INLAND BATHERS.** Southern California beaches being closed to public, this bunch of Warner Bros. starlets had to take to this swimming pool in Hollywood.



**FAMILY TRADITION.** These crack shots at Keesler Field, Miss., have a lot in common. They are Pvt. Alvin C. York of McMinnville, Tenn., and Pvt. Alvin C. York of Old Hickory, Tenn., both related to Sgt. York, famous hero of the first World War.



**EASY WAY.** Somewhere in Newfoundland, Cpl. Preston Williams of LaFayette, Ind., Sgt. Henry Dunn of Fitzgerald, Ga., Pfc. Frank Haggarty of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Pvt. Edward Schenk of Philadelphia, Pa., indulge in a bit of harmless make-believe.





**GI ADMIRATION.** Pfc. Basil R. Gill wouldn't mind having stripes as big as those on this Sudanese sergeant in N. Africa.



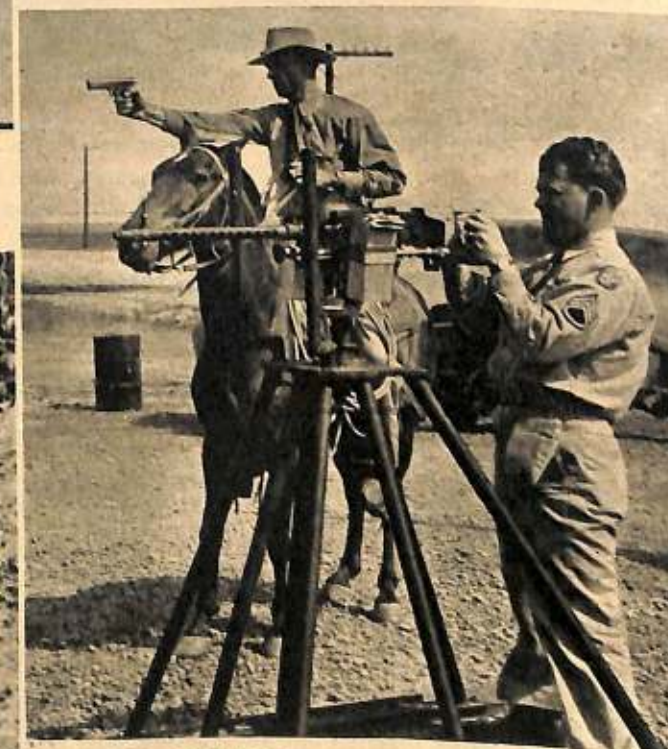
**GREMLIN CHARMER.** Frances Rafferty of the movies can have another job. British flyers want her on bombing missions to pacify gremlins.



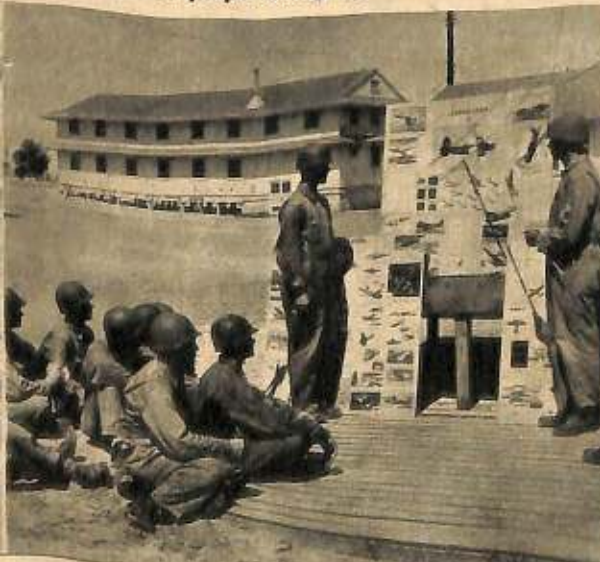
**SCENIC ROUTE.** That's what seamen at a Canadian port are calling the torpedo hole in this freighter's bow.



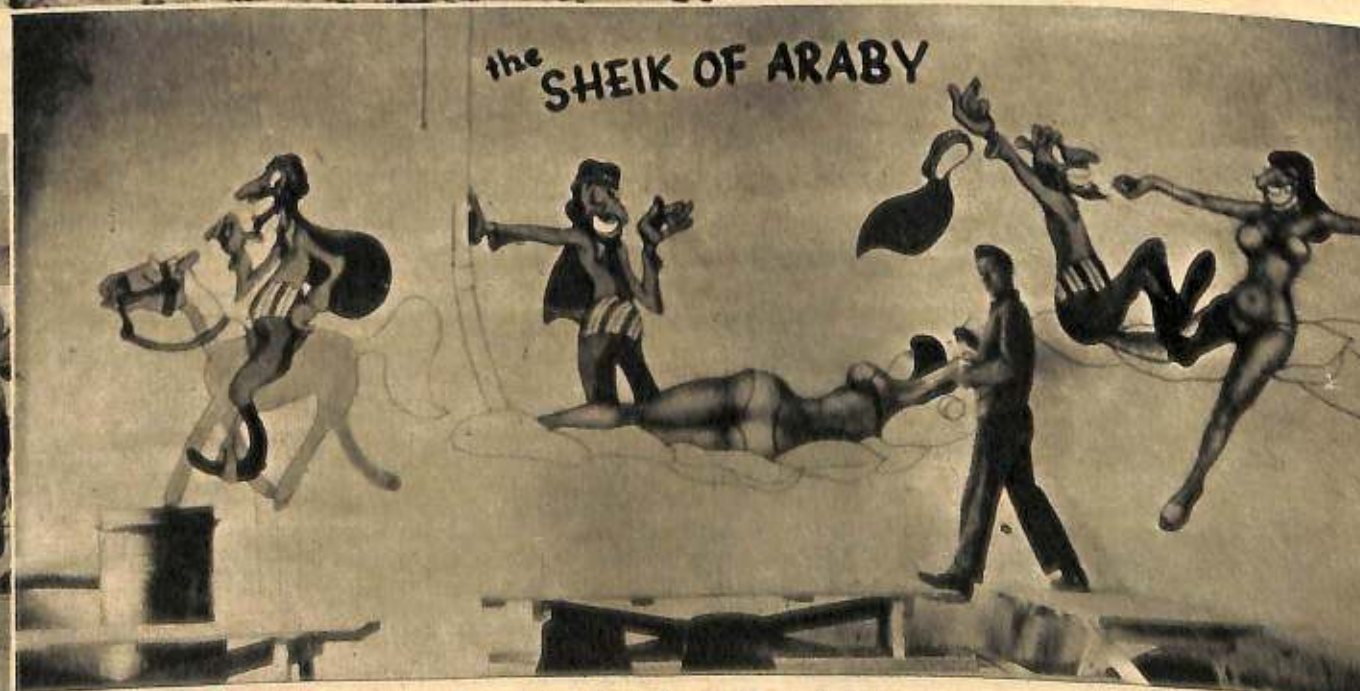
**MAIL RUN.** Allied troops cut roads through New Guinea palm woods for daily convoys of jeeps bringing mail and food.



**TWO STYLES.** At the Harlingen (Tex.) Gunnery School range, a rancher tried out his .45 against a 50-mm and lost.



**WHAT'S THIS?** If they're good they'll know it. It's part of a pictorial test in aircraft identification, Camp Polk, La.



**SOLDIER ARTIST.** Cpl. Keiffer of Los Angeles, Calif., is helping to keep up GI spirits in Iran by letting his sense of humor out in oils. These murals, on which he is working with a haughty air, decorate the walls of a mess hall and are designed to keep up the appetite of potential sheiks.





Ma is off to the wars; Trixie says goodbye to the kids as she enters the Army's Dogs for Victory Service

**T**REND of thought back home is not only toward winning the war quickly and surely, but what to do after the war.

There's plenty of good brain-power being spent on that little matter of the post-war world—and much of what goes on in this respect doesn't reach the guys in the ETO.

Recent appointment of Dr. James Crabtree by Herbert Lehman as chief medical officer of the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations is indicative of this type of news.

Dr. Crabtree is on loan from the United States public health service. A graduate of Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, he served in the Tennessee State Health Department in a number of capacities, and was Deputy Medical Director of the Tennessee Valley Authority. He was appointed to the public health service in 1937.

In announcing the appointment of Dr. Crabtree, Mr. Lehman said, "It is apparent that the control of epidemics is an integral part of the problems which confront the O.F.R.R.O. Hunger and disease will be two major facts in any populations freed from enemy domination. These two horsemen always follow in the wake of war."

It's probably news to G.I.s not there, that food and medical supplies are being sent in quantity to the people of North Africa. And it is significant that in the present war, there have been no full-scale epidemics to date; epidemics that follow naturally widespread malnutrition.

Three public health service medical officers have



LSU Proxy Smith asks to get out of the jug cum laude.

been assigned to North Africa to strengthen the personnel of the O.F.R.R.O., which has been in Algeria and French Morocco since January, under the direction of Mr. Fred K. Hoehler.

Said Mr. Lehman: "The task of healing the wounds of war should engage the full efforts of all the United Nations and all freedom-loving people everywhere. When our victorious United Nations' armies complete the liberation of the suffering peoples, it will no longer be a question of how much we contribute out of our largess to aid the starving and the sick, but rather how completely we are willing to share our limited joint resources to aid the sick and the starving."

**John L. Lewis and his threatened mine strike is still the big issue back home. June 20 is the next truce deadline set by the mine union leader, and at the present writing there is no settlement in sight.**

In some sections there is peace. The Central Pennsylvania mine operators settled with 65,000 miners for an increase of \$1.30 travel time a day. However, new strikes threatened in Pennsylvania and Alabama when Secretary Ickes levied a fine of a dollar a day per man for five days on the miners for what was termed an unauthorized strike.

The tension was lessened when it was disclosed that the fine assessments could be taken up through the grievance machinery to the Government plant manager.

Both the House and the Senate passed the anti-strike bill which, if signed by the President, would enable the Government to jail Lewis if he sanctions another coal strike. The bill authorizes Government seizure of any strike-threatened war industry, prohibits strikes in government-operated plants and provides imprisonment and a fine of \$5,000 for any person encouraging interruption of production in any government-operated plant.

All week long, Los Angeles has been the scene of violent street fighting between servicemen and teenage, zoot-suited youths. Several sailors were knifed and black-jacked, after which the 11th Naval District barred the sailors from the entire city.

However, the sailors roamed the East Side hunting the zoot-suiters they claimed had insulted their girl friends. They found one of them, and hauled him up on to the stage of a theatre where they ripped his pants off.

The audience loved it, but the city council drew up an ordinance providing a 30-day sentence for any one wearing a zoot-suit henceforward.

Psychiatrist Joseph Catton, of San Francisco, said it was natural for servicemen to resent the zoot-suit "which gives a distorted impression of Americanism."

He said that zoot-suiters suffer from "an overwhelming inferiority complex."

Morristown New Jersey's municipal brass is shining these days because two boys thought that turning in false alarms was fun. Police Recorder Mischiara sentenced Hugh Callahan, 18, and Eugene Coffey, 16, to go to church every Sunday for six

months and spend eight hours cleaning and polishing fire and police headquarters.

The first bill to provide for a post-war bonus for the veterans of this war was introduced into the House by Representative Joseph C. Baldwin, Republican from New York. It was estimated that the average bonus would amount to about \$300 to \$400 for every soldier, and would cost the government \$3,000,000,000. The bill is designed, Baldwin said, "to give all the veterans of this war some measure of post-war security and obviate the tragic spectacle of 25 years ago."

At Savannah, Ga., the 1,000th marriage licence for 1943 was issued.

In Michigan, the Senate, conducting its first impeachment trial in 71 years, removed Probate Judge Michael E. Nolan of Ironwood on charges of racketeering in secret marriage licences.

Addressing 760 Naval Academy graduates, Secretary of the Navy Knox said, "I am happy to say that we've assembled a new fleet, and the choice of the place and time for striking the enemy is ours."

## NEWS FROM HOME

The Papers Talked About the Post-War World, the House Anti-Strike Bill Passed the Senate, and a Zoot-Suiter Lost His Pants

Knox said that the United States shipyards are turning out six ships every day, and that the fleet's numerical strength was doubled this year with the tonnage up two-thirds.

Richard (Jan Valtin) Krebs, author of the sensational book, "Out of the Night," was recently released from Ellis Island after being interned for six months as an enemy alien. Quick as you could say "Greetings," he was classified 1-A by his draft board in Bethel, Conn. Said Valtin, "I am happy to be accepted."

The State Department handed to representatives of the United Nations the draft of an agreement for the creation of a post-war "United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration" drawn up after



Chaplin pays: says he's no daddy.



consulting with the British, Soviet and Chinese Governments.

The four nations agreed on the provisions, but no action will be taken until all of the governments concerned have had a chance to study and suggest possible changes in the scheme.

Basically, the proposal is that the United Nations establish immediately a central agency to assume responsibility for victims of the war. Preliminary discussions will be undertaken to clear the way for a meeting in the very near future at which time a definite agreement can be reached.

Under the control of the military authorities in each area liberated from enemy occupation, the relief agency would attempt to meet such basic needs of the civilian population as food supply, shelter, clothing and medical care. Each of the countries participating would be expected to provide whatever funds, services, equipment and materials it could for the work.

Aircraft production topped the 7,000 figure for May, with particular emphasis being placed on heavy bombers. Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, called for 8,000 airplanes in June.

Last year, there were 27,800 motor vehicle deaths in the U. S. Safety organizations and the War Production Fund to Conserve Manpower are working with industry and city councils to eliminate the conditions that produce this inexcusable waste of human life.

Burglars who cracked a safe in a Winston, Salem, N.C., office building failed to read a sign: "Safe not locked—no money in it."

Hannah Dempsey was just a "No" girl in the White Plains, N.Y., divorce court.

Asked, "Did you ever receive Mr. Woodall in negligee?" "Did you ever commit adultery with Benny Woodall or Lew Jenkins?" "Was Woodall ever in bed with you in your apartment?" "Were you ever so drunk that you staggered?" Her answers were all "No."

Hannah gave an emphatic "Yes," however, when she was asked whether she had "an entire suit of pajamas on" when Dempsey and a bunch of detectives raided her Los Angeles apartment.

Hannah charged that Jack once held a gun to her head and said, "You're going to be my wife or there'll be trouble."

Then, she said, she told Jack to "take one good shot and end our misery."

She went into the bathroom and when she came out Jack dropped the gun and apologized. She said that she objected to Jack parading before the children



New York's Rep. Baldwin starts bonus talk for G.I.s.

with only his undershirt on, and in private testimony, she mentioned the unspeakable names Jack allegedly called her.

Fight Manager Woodall admitted kissing Hannah, but only in a friendly way. He denied any misconduct with her.

Jack, called back to his Coast Guard job, may return to the stand to make a rebuttal.

The fight between the old Manassa Mauler and the comely Hannah Williams, is over the custody of their two children.

The Office of Price Administration announced that there will be a ten per cent cut in the price of meat, effective June 21, with subsidy payments of \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 going to the meat packers annually. Reductions in retail prices will amount to from three to six cents a pound.

To roll back the prices of butter and coffee, annual subsidy payments will be made to the tune of \$65,000,000 and \$30,000,000 respectively.

Radio Singer Lee Wiley, 28, of Beverly Hills, Calif., failed to show for her wedding with Lt. Charles Boettcher, 2nd, for a very simple reason. She married Benny Goodman's pianist, the famous Jess Stacy, 38, the night before.

Said pert Miss Wiley, "I guess this is something like leaving the bridegroom at the altar. It's too bad it had to be that way, but I don't think wealth is as important as love."

Dr. James Monroe Smith, former president of Louisiana State University, asked for commutation of his 8-to-24-year state prison term for forgery.

A potato famine hit Maine's Arrostook County, the biggest potato producing county in the United States. Potato growers themselves were hunting spuds at the local stores until their crops are ready for digging. At Pawtucket, R.I., pedestrians scrambled for a 100-pound bag of potatoes that dropped from the rear end of a vegetable truck. By the time the bewildered driver had gotten out of the cab to retrieve his potatoes, they had disappeared.

"Stripper" Ann Corio is working on a new play, "Men, Gentlemen and Others," which she hopes to get produced on Broadway this fall.

Fifteen months ago the U. S. Navy announced that the submarine "Shark" was overdue and "must be presumed lost."



If you're late, you can still make the plane, if it's a Sikorsky helicopter. It can hover 30 feet above ground as the passenger climbs a rope ladder. Since it needs small space to land or take off, the helicopter fills many needs. It's been developed by U. S. Army.

But Mrs. H. F. Glass, of Battle Creek, Mich., never gave up hope for her foster-son, Lawrence Glass, whom she had cared for since he was four years old. "God will answer my prayers for him," she said.

The other day, she was informed that a bottle had been washed ashore in San Francisco with a hastily scribbled note in it:

"Mom, I'm still thinking of you.—Lawrence Glass, Electric Ave., B.C., Mich."

Clara Bow, the original "It" girl, is recovering from a nervous breakdown on her California ranch where she lives with her husband, Rex Bell.

Eight kids, ranging in age from 17 to 22, were sentenced to indeterminate terms for assaulting Theresa O'Brien, 17, in a darkened box of the old Bronx Opera House.

County Judge Stackell said, "All the defendants are liars and loafers and I am glad the Bronx Opera House is closed. It was nothing but a hell hole and a vice den."

Because of the labor shortage, 20,000 rural customers of the Houston (Texas) Lighting & Power Co., are allowed to read their own meters.

The National War Labor Board ordered equal pay for white and Negro workers doing the same work. The decision was made in a test case involving Negro workers in a Texas oil refinery. In addition, the Board ordered such classifications of "colored laborers" and "white laborers" done away with.

Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of North Carolina University, announced the board's decision:

"It is a test of our sincerity in the cause for which we are fighting. The Negro is necessary for winning the war."

"More hundreds of millions of colored people are involved in the outcome of this war than the combined populations of the Axis powers."

The illustrious Southern gentleman's words will radically effect the lives of 13,000,000 United States' Negroes.

Ann Pennington, former Ziegfeld Follies star, is wearing a hoop-skirt in a revival of "Student Prince." Guys who remember her lovely gams, say it's a shame to cover them up.

Film comedian Charles Chaplin agreed to make a down payment of \$2,500, plus \$100 a week until beginning of the trial to determine whether he is the father of red-headed Joan Barry's unborn child. Chaplin denied the charge but agreed to pay \$1,000 when the child is blood-tested at the age of four months. Joan, 22, said Chaplin called her "hunchy" for "honey," and blames him for the misconduct which she alleges occurred during dramatic lessons she was receiving at his estate.

The Packard strike ended when 20,000 workers who had objected to three Negroes being placed on the assembly line, went back to work.

Roland Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers' Union, said the strike had been prompted by the Ku-Klux-Klan. The union had never authorized the strike, and many employees were suspended.

Rolls Royce aircraft and marine engines are made at the Packard plant.

Out in Wyoming, Yellowstone Park buses will not operate this summer and none of the park's hotels, lodges or cafeterias will be open.

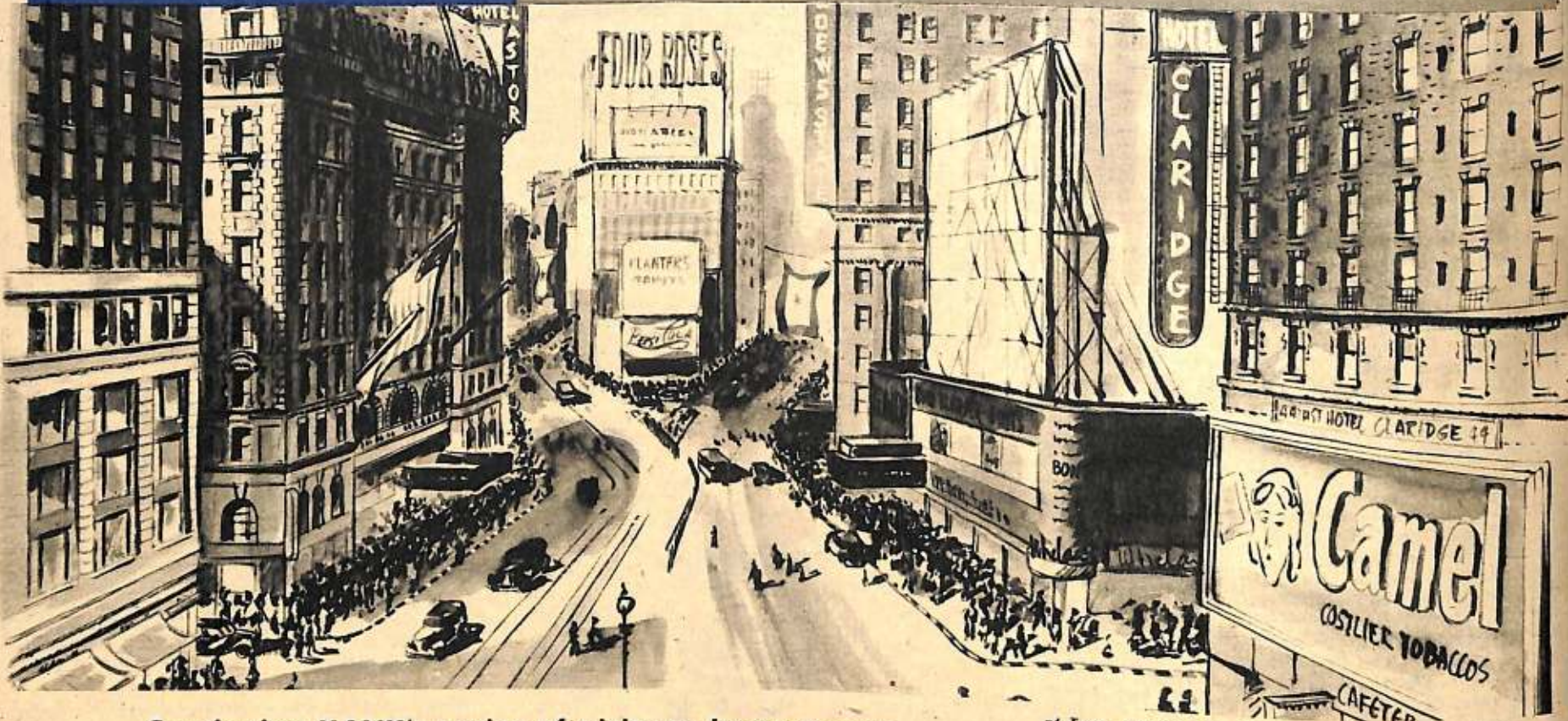


Gorgeous Corio's going legit.



## HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

## THE BIG TOWN



Continuing YANK's series of visits to home towns scattered over America, revealing the changes war has wrought on them. Watch for your town. It may be the next to appear here.

By Sgt. DURBIN L. HORNER  
—who just came from there

**D**EAR old dirty Manhattan—you wouldn't know the old town. It acts like a Pfc. on his first three-day pass, his buttons all shined up, and his pocket filled with dough. New York loves the soldiers, and the soldiers love New York. Everybody's having a hell of a good time.

Every night in Times Square is like New Year's Eve. The joint's jammed and jumpin'. There's even standing room only at the Flea Circus. Department stores are packed to the doors. Every day is like the day before Christmas. Women mutilate each other in their mad rush to get to the counters. Not that they can buy such a hell of a lot, but they've got the urge, brother, and how!

Bars are doing a land office business, and the night clubs are having a field day. It's wonderful, Joe, it's wonderful.

Most of the town's younger men have gone off to the wars. If you're one of those rare birds, a native New Yorker, left behind by your draft board, you realize that all your pals are gone. You do your drinking alone, and on Saturday night you wait until your best girl comes home from canteen work or a Service club dance somewhere before you get a chance to say a brief good night.

But if you're in uniform, Joe, it's paradise. All you have to do is walk into any bar looking a little thirsty and the civilians fight over who's going to buy that poor little soldier a great big drink. You can get into any movie for half price, and at 99 Park Avenue you can get tickets for practically any show in town. Some of them are free; others cost next to nothing, depending on how popular the play is.

There are strange sights to be seen, too, Joe. There are still plenty of taxi cabs scooting around, but not as many as there used to be. Rationing and a shortage of drivers has cut them down somewhat. So it's not unusual to see those old-fashioned hacks and hansom cabs driving sedately around the town, taking up the slack, so to speak. The horses step along looking pretty smug about it all as if they knew all along that some day they'd come back into their own. The old hackmen have their high silk hats polished up, and they treat their passengers with that old world courtesy that brings back other more gracious days.

Gals are taking the place of men on the trains, too. Out on the Long Island Railroad, 20 good-looking females startled the commuting population by taking over as guards, brakemen and collectors. They stepped up the passenger rate considerably, they say. The gals wear well-cut black suits trimmed with shiny silver buttons stamped with the L.I.R.R. insignia, and act as if they'd been railroading all their lives.

There aren't many new plays on Broadway, but the ones that are there are doing good business. *Oklahoma*, the musical adaptation of *Green Grow The Lilacs*, is the rave show of New York. They've been turning them away at the box office for weeks now. If you can get a ticket for less than ten bucks a throw, then you know somebody.

That magnificent lady of the theater, Helen Hayes, is still wowing the intelligentsia with her characterization of Harriet Beecher Stowe in the play *Harriet*. Miss Hayes gives a mediocre play new life with one of her most superb characterizations.

*Tomorrow the World* is the current Broadway thriller. It's a play about what happens when a 12-year-old Nazi brat comes to the Land of the Free to live with his relatives. If you're like this correspondent, you hate child actors like poison. But also, if you're like this correspondent, you'd have to admit, after seeing these kids in action, that you've spent a great evening in the theater.

**N**ow that 42nd Street's girlie-girlie shows have been closed up, they've put "looser" tights on the gals and moved the shows uptown.

*Star and Garter* is the most elegant of this bunch and features Gypsy the Rose Lee, Bobby Clark and the same old burlesque jokes, only dirtier. The jokes can be dirtier because the price per seat is higher, namely, \$4.40 a throw. Remember Minsky's, Joe?

There's also a Ziegfeld Follies, playing the girlie-girlie trade. This particular version of the famous musical extravaganza bears no resemblance to the old Follies, but does feature plenty of gorgeous gals with plenty of exposed midriff, delectable Ilona Massey and comedian Milton Berle. It's worth the dough to get in.

*Sons of Fun*, run in absentia by producer Eddie Dowling who is now a special service captain in Britain, is still packing them in.

Old shows still running, and revivals packing them in, are *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *The Corn is Green*, starring Ethel Barrymore, that perennial *Counsellor-*

*at-Law*, starring Paul Muni, and *Life With Father*. Altogether, there are 19 plays running, and 7 musicals. Those mentioned above give some idea of the kind of program they're offering.

In case you didn't know, the crazy pulse of Broadway is now beating to the rhythms of the samba, the rumba and the conga. In the event that you didn't learn to swing your hips like a Latin lover before you left the States, Joe, you'd better start practicing now because the little women are just cuhrazy about South American music.

This doesn't mean that swing is out, but the caracas (round things that rattle in time to the music, dope!) are giving the swingsters plenty of competition.

**A**MONG the most popular night clubs in town are the Copacabana, the Latin Quarter and the Havana feature nothing but Latin music.

Gravel-voiced Frank Sinatra is still all over the place. He's become the second Bing Crosby. All he's got to do is start crooning and wives begin singing in night clubs, making personal appearances at movie houses and playing innumerable benefits. Broadway's gone Sinatra-conscious in a big way.

Harry James is still King of Swing, and the *Ballet Russe* is making the lah-de-dah set squeal with delight.

The St. Regis Roof opened the summer season for the social set, and all of the Blue Bloods of Manhattan were present.

Over on the West Side the Tenth Avenue Gentlemen's Club ushered in the mad-dog season with a brawl that brought in the cops from three precincts. It was a howling success.

Food rationing is beginning to get itself ironed out, and officials and civilians are working together to get prices down somewhere around normal again. If angry, vigilant housewives have their way, anybody trying to sell goods over the ceiling prices had better leave town in a hurry.

New York is really dimmed out. Blackout regulations are respected by every one, and although the surprise alerts, nobody ignores those sirens. Manhattan would know how to act if there ever was a real raid on the town.

There are plenty of soldiers in town, and it's a strange sight to see a bunch of G.I.s hutt-hutting stay there very long. A few months, and they're off to the wars. The rest of the guys are in on leave.

Liquor consumption has become a problem. At the present rate of consumption—164,000,000 gallons of whisky in 1942—it has been warned that there won't be a quart of whisky left in the States for drinking purposes within 12 to 15 months.

And that, Joe, would be pretty tough!



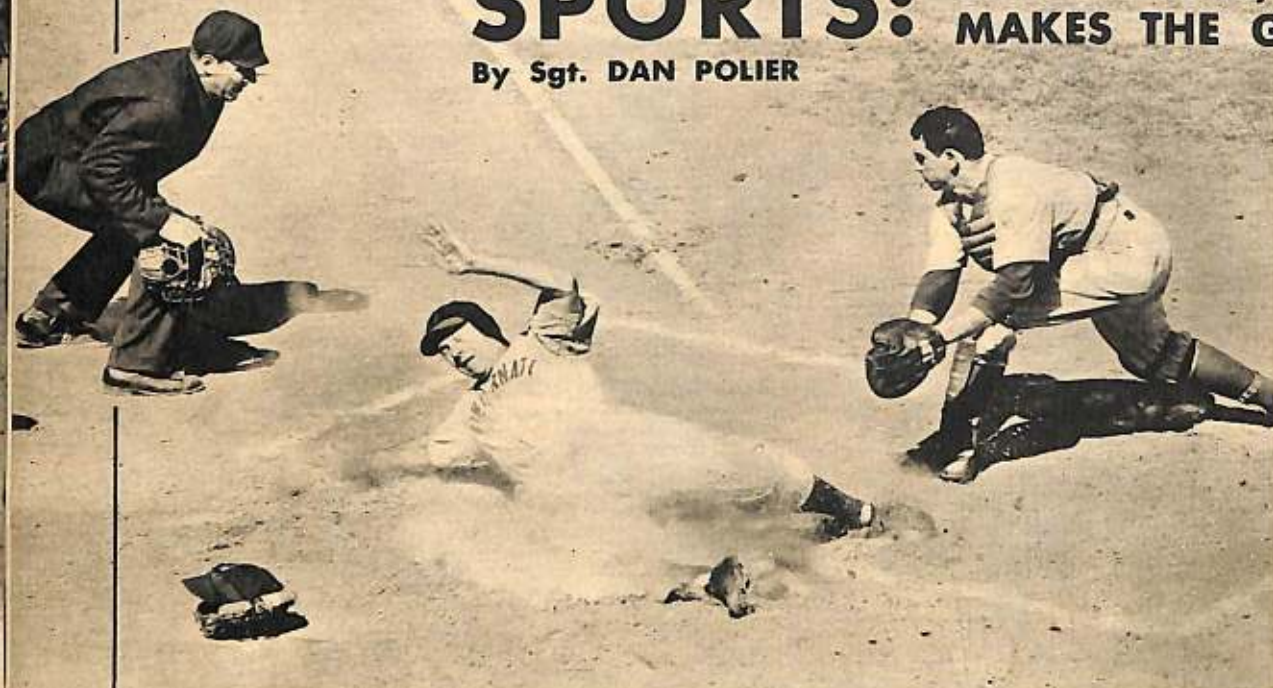
**Lois Andrews**





# SPORTS: ERIC TIPTON, DUKE'S GREAT PUNTER, MAKES THE GRADE WITH CINCINNATI

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



Eric Tipton, who was ear-marked for the majors while still an undergraduate at Duke, slides home to score against the Dodgers. Mickey Owen is the catcher and the umpire is Al Barlick.

**V**AN LINGLE MUNGO and Babe Barna were sunning themselves just outside the Giant dugout when Eric (The Red) Tipton, Cincinnati's new outfielder, stepped up to the plate to take his practice swings.

"You see this guy Tipton," Mungo said. "He was one of the best football players that ever lived."

"How do you know?" asked Barna.

"Because I saw him. That's how I know."

Mungo said indignantly. "I saw him beat Pitt almost single-footed to give Duke the Rose Bowl bid in 1938. There was an inch of snow on the field and this guy Tipton kicked a wet ball from the 50-yard line and it went out of bounds on the one-foot line. The next time he punted, the ball went out 18 inches from the goal. Then he kicked one 75 yards and it stopped dead on the goal line!"

"Yeah, and I understand," Billy Jurges interrupted, "that he can kick a football farther than he can hit a baseball."

The truth of the matter is, Tipton can wallop one as far as he can boot the other. When he was wowing them as an undergraduate at Duke, he didn't get all of his distance on booming 80-yard punts. There was more to his power than that. Those were the days when, with the bases loaded and two out, Eric would bang mighty 400-foot home runs and bat .400 consistently every season for

the championship Blue Devil baseball team.

Along with Ace Parker, who played the season before him, Eric was one of Duke's greatest athletes. As a sophomore he started coming fast and when he became a senior he had really arrived and so had the Duke football team. That was 1938, the year the Blue Dukes stormed through an undefeated, untied and unscored-on season. Tipton was the boy that made that team go.

Duke wasn't an offensive club. In fact, it had no offense. There was only one swift running back on the squad, a sophomore named George McAfee, and he was side-lined virtually all season with a foot injury. Wallace Wade was forced to play a defensive game, and it turned out to be a great offense.

Tipton and seven other Duke scholars, affectionately known around Durham as the "Seven Iron Dukes," were that "offense." Tipton could kick, tackle and bust up more passes than a blond in a rumble seat. The Iron Dukes were his 60-minute support. They were always down the field talking with the safety man when Eric's high, lazy punts bounced out on the 18-inch line. It was this combination that won the Rose Bowl bid for Duke. Tipton's magnificent kicking in a driving snowstorm kept Pittsburgh backed up so completely that they were actually calling half their signals from behind their own goal

line. It was on just such a play that the Iron Dukes smashed through and blocked a punt for the only score of the game.

If Tipton ever had a bad moment for Duke, it was the time when he let Al Kruger, the Southern California end, slip behind him during the last 45 seconds of the Rose Bowl game and grab that desperate pass from Doyle Nave. It brought the roof down on Duke, 7-3. But we doubt if Wallace Wade ever really held that against Tipton. The red-head had been in the game all the way, kicking the Trojans silly, and in those fading seconds of the fourth quarter he was a weary boy standing there in the cool California twilight. Besides, Wade always did believe that Nave-to-Kruger pass was a screen play and that even Tipton couldn't watch a half dozen receivers.

When Tipton finished at Duke it was no surprise that he signed with the Philadelphia Athletics. A lot of people consider this a post-graduate course in baseball for Duke players because so many of them usually join Connie Mack. There was also strong talk of Tipton plunging into professional football with the Washington Redskins. He might have, too, if he hadn't seen what happened to his predecessor, Ace Parker. The Ace nearly killed himself trying to combine the two. He broke both his legs. Instead, Eric signed as assistant football coach at William & Mary.

The jump from the Duke campus to the Philadelphia outfield was too great for Tipton. He wasn't ready for it. Connie Mack sent him to Toronto and Eric soon found his range and became one of the International League's leading fence-busting sluggers. In fact, one day he really did bust open a fence. He was chasing a foul fly when the outfield fence loomed in his path. He kept right on going, ripped open the fence and barged back unhurt with the ball in his glove.

Cincinnati didn't find Tipton—or vice versa—until last year. Deacon Bill McKechnie, who had already blown over a half million dollars trying to fill his left-field position, was losing Mike McCormick to the Army and he was desperate. McCormick was the only man who could do the job. By this time Tipton had moved to Kansas City and made the American Association all-star team. McKechnie thought Tipton would be a natural for the job.

Eric turned out fine for Cincinnati. He's hitting a cool .300 and fielding his position nicely. McKechnie says he's here to stay. He must be. He has a head full of punctured eardrums and he's color blind—a perfect 4-F.

Maybe it was because his own team lost, but a sailor at the Norfolk Naval Training Station wrote Arthur Siegel of the *Boston Traveler* that he wasn't impressed with the major leaguers now playing at his station. The sailor had just watched the North Carolina Pre-Flight School beat the Norfolk station when he wrote this critical review: "Dom DiMaggio is far below par. Phil Rizzuto is marvelous and Benny McCoy does okay. Don Padgett is awfully slow, while Tom Early and Charlie Wagner do all right. Pee Wee Reese of the air station hit into three double plays and I haven't seen him get a hit yet. Johnny Pesky of the Pre-Flight School was sleeping. He overran the bag twice and made four errors."

The Army had a look at Wendell Eads, the jockey, and said he is not tall and heavy enough to make a soldier. Eads, who once rode Whirlaway, is only 4 feet 10 inches and weighs 106 pounds. . . . Corporal chevrons for lightweight boxer Ray Robinson at Mitchel Field, N.Y., and Giant outfielder Willard Marshall at the Marine Corps Quartermaster Division in Washington. . . . Art Pasarella, the recently inducted American League umpire, divides his time at Camp Grant, Ill., between umpiring ball games and leading the camp band. . . . Buzz Borries, Navy's great running back, downed two Jap Zeros during his first five minutes of flying in the South Pacific. The Army is beckoning Vernon Stephens, the

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD



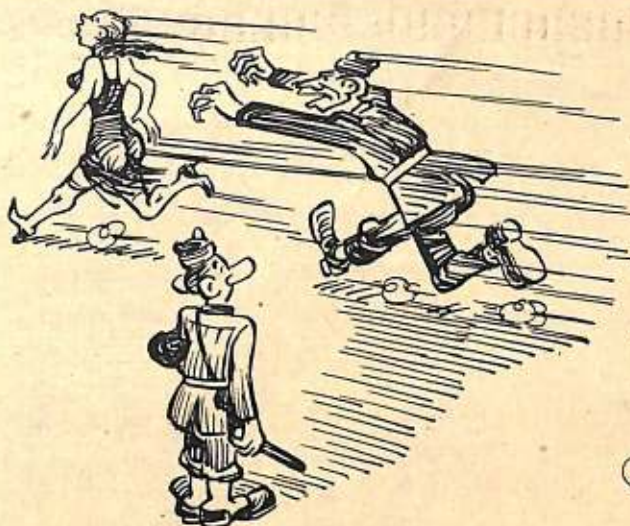
After spending a year in the infantry getting his weight down, All-American John Kimbrough (left) begins his basic flight training at Pecos, Tex. Here he is with instructor William Kemerling.

Browns' star shortstop; Tom Lanning, Pittsburgh pitcher, and Dick Wakefield, Detroit's \$52,000 outfielder. Lanning tried to enlist in the Navy a few months ago and was rejected because of hay fever. Wakefield, who is only 22 years old, had been in 3-A because his two brothers were in the Army and he was supporting his mother. . . . There's no chance of Lew Jenkins testifying in the Dempsey divorce action. He went over the hill at the Norfolk Coast Guard Station and was assigned to a transport for punishment. . . . Fred Frankhouse, who threw a jug-handle curve for the Dodgers, Cards and Braves, has turned up as a shavetail at Fort Hamilton, N.Y.

The Army is standing pat on its policy not to allow its soldier-students to compete in inter-collegiate sports. Three former football players now in Congress—Representatives Mike Monroney, La Vern R. Dilweg and Samuel Weiss—had demanded a revocation of the Army ban, pointing out that the Navy permits its trainees to participate if it does not interfere with their training. . . . The scores from that GI basketball tournament in the African desert sound more like baseball returns. One game actually ended 5-4, while the highest score of the tournament was 29 points. The boys blame the freak scores on the ball they were using. Regulation basketballs were not available, so they substituted the smaller, lighter English soccer ball.



THE SAD SACK



THE M P



SGT GEORGE BAKER

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ARTIE THE BIRD-FANCIER

"They been giving us drills," Artie Greengroin said.

"That's nice," we said. "What kind?"  
 "It ain't nice and they's all kines," Artie said. He sighed. Artie was in a very melancholy mood that afternoon. We were lying on our backs on the side of a green hill, looking up at the sky and watching a couple of birds circle overhead. Occasionally a Spit would drone by, leaving the birds quite undisturbed. They were used to Spits by this time. "Look at them gawdam boids," Artie said. "Happy as clams, they are. And why are they happy as clams? Because they don't have to do no drilling. They jess float along up in the air and spit in everybody's eye. I wisht I was a gawdam boid."

"The drills getting you down?" we asked.  
 "That ole bassar of a extended order is getting me down," Artie said. "In close order I stay on me feet. I'd like to get me mitts on the guy what started up this blassid drilling again. I'd mangle his mean ole molars."

"Are you fighting trim these days, ole boy?" we wanted to know.

"I'm awways in fighting trim, ole boy," Artie said. "Thass what I come in the Army for. Then they stick me in a truck and say to me, 'Greengroin, all the fighting you're going to do is with shell holes in the road, maybe,' so I say 'O.K.' and now they slap this close order on me neck. Maybe in a battle or something I can do close order in the blassid cabin of me truck. I'm fed up with the Army. I'm transferring to the Air Corps."

"You shouldn't take things so hard, Artie," we said.

Artie sat up and turned steely, or at least glassy, eyes on us. "Thass a hell of a thing to say," he said. "Yer ignorant of the facks, thass the trouble with you. Here, give a feel of me stummick."

We gave a feel of his stummick. "A little soft," we said.

"Yeah, it's soft, all right," Artie said. "And you know how it got soft? Naw, of course you don't. When it comes to drilling yer a voigin. You ain't even had yer surface scratched. Look, tell me something. What happens when you keep dropping a orange on the floor? It gets all softened up, don't it?"

"Guess it does," we said.  
 "Well, thass what happened to me stummick," Artie said. "I been truning meself down on me stummick in a extended order so much that it's got all softened up. It ain't doing me no good, believe me."



"We believe you," we said.  
 Artie relaxed on his back once more. "To a fine, sensitive nature like mine," he said, "the regimentation a guy gets in close order is very bad. Get what I mean? It thwarts me. It ruptures me. A couple more weeks of drilling and I'll need a truss on me ego. If these ole bassars would jess leave me alone unner me truck they wouldn't be no gripes at all on the part of ole Artie. I'm a reasonable and humane being. I unnerstand some things. For the infantry, drilling is fine. For the QMC, it's unconstitutional."

"Why don't you take the matter up with the CO?" we asked.

"Ah, that'd be moider," Artie said. "Unadulterated moider. He's got no sense of the humorous. Besides, he's a ole thwarted infantryman himself."

"It sounds to us as if they had you, old boy," we said.

Artie spat on a buttercup. "Naw, they ain't," he said. "I'm a natural born rebel. I'm going to thwart right back at 'em. When I get this private army of mine going they ain't going to be no close order drill. But until I get this private army of mine I'm going into a seclusion unner me truck. Let that ole bassar of a top trot around the area yelling 'Greengroin, where are yer?' Jess let him, thass all I got to say. I'll be unner a truck with a piece of literature in me hooks, boning up on Shakespeare or something."

"Do you read Shakespeare, ole boy?" we asked.  
 "Aw, all the time, all the time," Artie said. "Now that Hamlet, he was a character. A smart apple, that Hamlet. He was a lot like me."

"That's what we've always thought," we said.  
 "Look at them gawdam boids," Artie said. "All they got to do in the world is whiz around the air, eating woims. Some set-up."

"Cats get them," we said.

"Thass a chance anybody's got to take," Artie said. "Remember me and that Wren?"

"We'll never forget it," we said.

"Compared to my troubles, boids has it easy," Artie said. "Of course, I ain't got too much to complain about. I'm a Pfc. I got rank. I eat well. I oney owe about ten quid around the joint. I been keeping out of the clink. I'm laying off the dames. All in all, I should be a happy guy. But I am not a happy guy. And why not am I a happy guy? I am not a happy guy because some ole bassar has trun me out in the cold every morning to do a extended order, to be polished off with some close order. Some war, thass all I got to say."

"You've got more to say than that, Artie," we said.

"Them boids," Artie said, "have been buzzing around the English Isle since gaw knows when. Nothing bothers them. They get tired, they sleep. They get hungry, they knock off a couple of woims. They get the ole vernal urge, they meet up with some woman boid. They got no troubles at all. Honest to gaw, I want to be a boid."

Artie suddenly jerked himself to a sitting position. "Jess a minute," he said. "Jess a minute. A idea jess give me a clip on the clipper. They ain't going to drill ole Artie termorrer."

"How so?" we asked.

"Hamlet," Artie said.

"Hamlet?" we said.

"He went nuts," Artie said.

"So he did," we said.

"So am I," Artie said. "Termorrer morning."

"It's a hanging matter," we said.

"A Greengroin was never a man to dodge risks," Artie said. "And besides, if it woiks I might sweat meself into a Section 8 and be discharged from the Army. And anyways, I'm out of a morning's doity woik. What have I got to lose?"

We didn't know and we said so.

"Jess you come around termorrer morning and watch ole Hamlet Greengroin," Artie said. He got to his feet. "Well, he said, 'I got to hop along now. I'm a blassid table waiter.'"

He started to stroll away, staring up at the sky. "Look at them gawdam boids," he said.



# MAIL CALL



LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

During the past year YANK has become a part of America's war effort. It has become important to officers and enlisted men, particularly in overseas theaters.

All the members of its staff—editors, reporters, cartoonists, photographers—are commended for the services they are performing to the Army. Their responsibility is one which cannot be over stressed—not only in the matter of entertainment, bringing to service men overseas weekly messages from home, together with the humor that they like, but also in the matter of keeping us abreast of important matters through articles and pictures.

You have accomplished a noteworthy work in this past year and I am confident that your importance to the esprit of our forces will increase with the second year.

—Lt. Gen. JACOB DEYERS  
Commanding General, E-T-O

I am proud of YANK's first year of achievement, and I congratulate those who have shaped its constructive policy. In this theater, it has not only provided welcome entertainment and information for the men of our Army and Navy; it has also served the further useful purpose of promoting a better understanding between our armed forces and our British allies. This builds a firm foundation for our united effort in war and in the peace to come.

—Admiral HAROLD R. STARK  
Commander, U.S. Naval Forces, E-T-O

I should like to extend my heartiest congratulations to YANK, the Army Weekly, on its first birthday. YANK has faithfully reported the great job our Ground Forces have done in many parts of the world during the past 12 months, and also has published some remarkable pictures of Ground Force operations. During YANK's second year the Ground Forces expect to provide YANK with plenty of important stories. Keep up the good work. Yours for continued success.

—Lt. Gen. LESLEY J. McNAIR  
Commanding General  
Army Ground Forces

To the staff and contributors of YANK, congratulations on your first year's activities.

Your magazine has been of inestimable morale value to the personnel of this theater. Scattered as we are at isolated outposts on far-flung islands in the Pacific, YANK has been the one magazine hashed and re-hashed. Even our native friends, in their varied (sometimes scanty) attire, look forward to Sad Sack and all his friends.

Keep up the good work—and please don't fail to get each issue out to our people.

—Lt. Gen. M. F. HARMON  
Commanding General  
South Pacific Area

It is a pleasure to greet the Navy's brothers-in-arms through the Army's voice, YANK. Soldiers, sailors, Marines and Coast Guardsmen in the Pacific Ocean areas realize the urgent necessity of fighting as a team. The enemy is learning to his sorrow how effective this Army-Navy cooperation can be.

Through YANK I should like to compliment the Army on its fighting spirit, which has already proved itself in battle on many fronts in this war.

—Admiral CHESTER W. NIMITZ  
Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet



YANK has well earned its acceptance among Army men. It is sprightly and informative. My visits to Army Air Force installations all over the world have demonstrated to me its popularity. To the man overseas, it carries that most welcoming and heartening message—news from home. To the man stationed in the United States, YANK brings vivid and knowing accounts of action at the front.

On this first anniversary of YANK, I extend congratulations to the many enlisted men upon whom falls the responsibility for its actual preparation—the writers, artists and photographers who today are serving alongside their fellow troops on all nine fronts.

—Gen. H. H. ARNOLD  
Commanding General  
U.S. Army Air Forces

Congratulations on your first birthday. YANK's mission with the Army is one of vital importance. It has been carried out in a commendable manner during the past year.

Speaking for the Army Service Forces, let me assure you that your efforts have been appreciated. We are looking forward to the continued success of the Army's own newspaper.

—Lt. Gen. BREHON SOMERVELL  
Commanding General  
U.S. Army Service Forces

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.  
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Pictures: 1, MOI (cake courtesy men of Mostyn Red Cross Club). 2, Sgt. George Aarons. 6 and 7, Yank Staff photo; photo. 8, Sgt. George Aarons. 9, top, U.S. official; bottom, bottom, AP. 10, Keystone. 11, top, U.S. official; bottom, Planet. 12, top left, PRO, Camp Robert, Calif.; top right, U.S. Navy; center left, Sig. Corps; center, INP; center right, AAFTTC; bottom left, U.S. Navy. 13, top left, Sgt. George Aarons; top center, PA; top right, WW; center left, Sig. Corps; center, WW; center right, 11th Armored Division; center, Acme. 14, top, Keystone; bottom left, Acme; bottom right, AP. 15, top, Acme; center, AP; bottom, AP. 17, 20th Century-Fox. 18, top, WW; bottom, AAF, Pecos, Tex.

YANK in the past year has done a noble job as a morale-booster of troops serving in the Caribbean Area.

Soldiers stationed at strategically located defense positions guarding the vital installations of the Panama Canal have brightened long, monotonous hours of watchful waiting by reading their own soldier-edited weekly.

Flavored in a peppy, interesting style, YANK's stories, gags and cartoons fortify the troops on duty here with a desirable type of reading material.

YANK's staff has done splendid work since the inception of the publication last year, and I know the future will bring continued success.

—Lt. Gen. GEORGE H. BRETT  
Commanding General  
Caribbean Defense Command

As the first year of publication of YANK comes to a close, I congratulate the editors and staff of the newspaper upon the fine work which they have done. As a newspaper published by soldiers and for soldiers, it is the official voice of the American Army and fills a very definite place in the Army life.

—Lt. Gen. DELOS C. EMMONS  
Former Commanding General  
of the Hawaiian Department

Please accept my heartiest congratulations on YANK's achievements during its first year of publication.

YANK has well earned the popularity it enjoys with men in all branches of the service. We are grateful for the special Marine issues of YANK and for all Marine material included in other editions.

May I, as a regular reader, extend best wishes for your continued success.

—Brig. Gen. ROBERT I. DENIG  
Director, Division of Public Relations,  
U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.





## FROM THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

This message from President Roosevelt is taken from the first edition of YANK. We reprint it now, after a year of publication, because it states so clearly and concisely the objectives for which we are fighting.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

May 28, 1942

To you fighting men of our armed forces overseas your Commander in Chief sends greetings in this, the first issue of your own newspaper.

In YANK you have established a publication which cannot be understood by your enemies. It is inconceivable to them that a soldier should be allowed to express his own thoughts, his ideas and his opinions. It is inconceivable to them that any soldiers--or any citizens, for that matter--should have any thoughts other than those dictated by their leaders.

But here is the evidence that you have your own ideas, and the intelligence and the humor and the freedom to express them. Every one of you has an individual mission in this war--this greatest and most decisive of all wars. You are not only fighting for your country and your people--you are, in the larger sense, delegates of freedom.

Upon you, and upon your comrades in arms of all the United Nations, depend the lives and liberties of all the human race. You bear with you the hopes of all the millions who have suffered under the oppression of the war lords of Germany and Japan. You bear with you the highest aspirations of mankind for a life of peace and decency under God.

All of you well know your own personal stakes in this war: your homes, your families, your free schools, your free churches, the thousand and one simple, homely little virtues which Americans fought to establish, and which Americans have fought to protect, and which Americans today are fighting to extend and perpetuate throughout this earth.

I hope that for you men of our armed forces this paper will be a link with your families and your friends. As your Commander in Chief, I look forward myself to reading YANK--every issue of it--from cover to cover.

*Franklin D. Roosevelt*





Here is our secret bottle weapon which is used to float troops in battle equipment to Germany by the Gulf Stream, if it happens to be going that way.

# Secret Weapons

FOR THE INVASION OF GERMANY

By Sgt. RALPH STEIN

More details gladly furnished to any accredited Nazi spy if he encloses a self-addressed stamped envelope



## OLD TOWN INVASION BARGE, SUBMERSIBLE, MARK VII, SECTION 8 (WITH PARASOL AND BANJO)

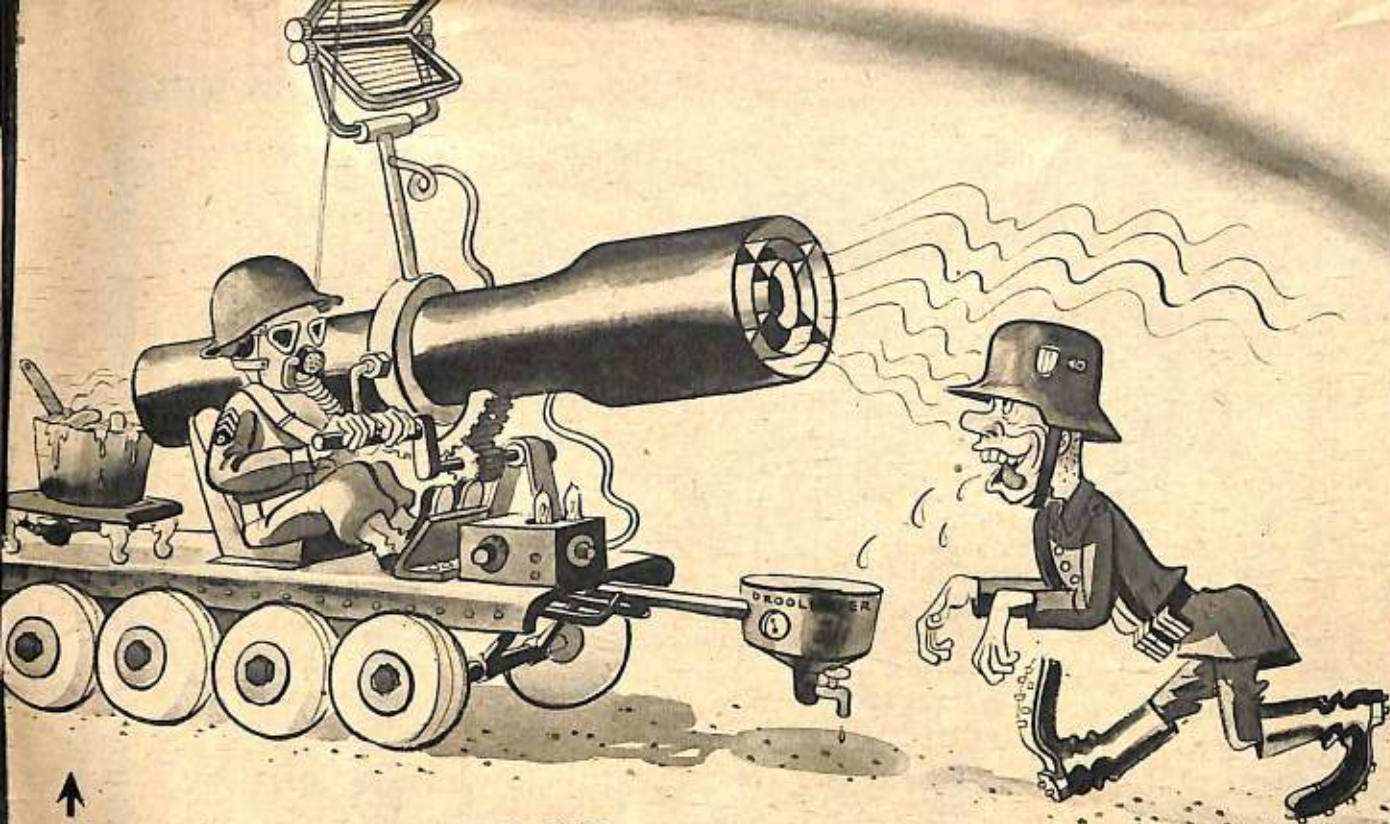
OUR simple-hearted Nazi coast sentry thinks that he sees only romantic couples, spending Sunday afternoon in canoes. But beneath the surface our invading troops are lurking, well supplied with Spam for the fight that looms ahead and studying their comic books as the Zero Hour draws near. *Technical Data:* Notice the young lady, or frail, in the stern of the canoe. She steers the barge with that innocent hand which she trails so languidly in the water and conceals with her distracting legs, or hockeys, the trap door in the floor of the canoe which serves the attacking force as an exit from the barge.



## WENCH MORTAR

These weapons create confusion by dropping tasty babes or reasonably exact facsimiles upon installations. Service of the Piece: Tube should be swabbed often with perfume, preferably Chanel No. 5.



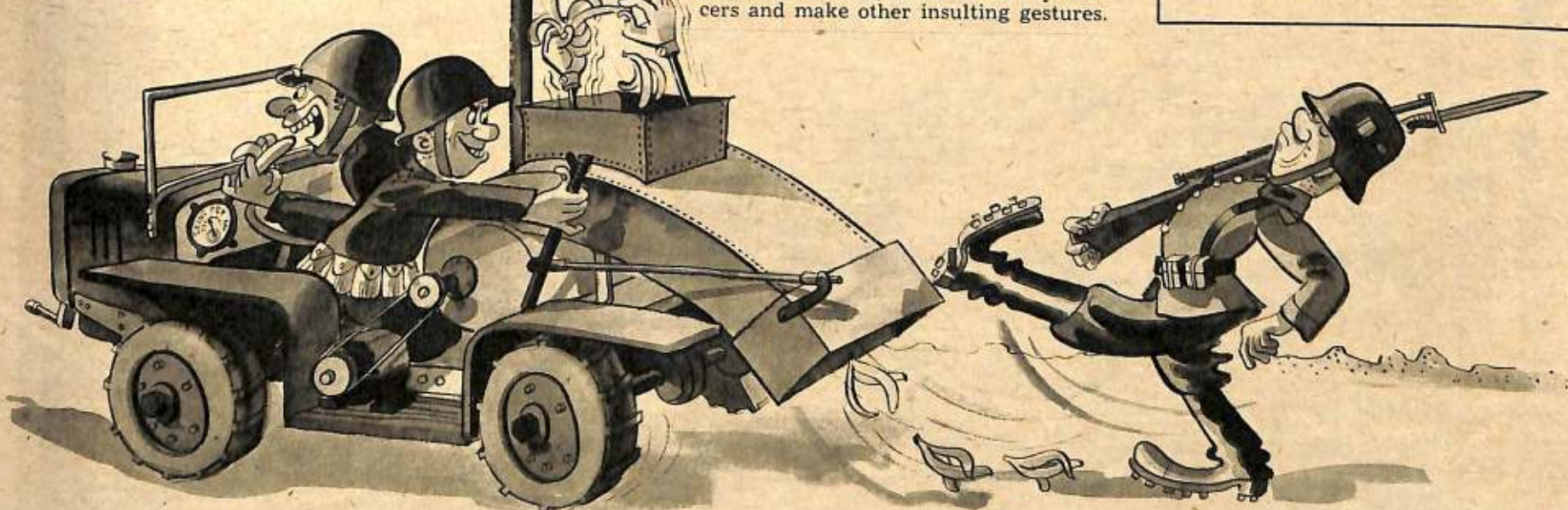


**KNACKWURST AND SAUERKRAUT PROJECTOR, OLFATORY**

**T**RACTOR at left carries an engine-driven fan which forces the odor of knackwurst and sauerkraut, cooking on gas range, through the projector tube. Drool sergeant at projector controls can elevate or depress tube through controls an arc of 70 degrees. Drool meter under Nazi's chin registers excitation of salivary gland. If victim doesn't drool enough, put some more kraut in the pot. *Method of use:* The enemy follows the smell of the knackwurst and kraut and he is yours. Then you don't let him eat it.

**TRACTION REDUCER, BOOT M13, or PRATT-FALL INDUCER**

**T**HIS two-man motorized dignity destroyer features a pair of automatic hands which pick bananas very rapidly, dropping the peels in the path of advancing enemy infantry. Rest of the banana goes into GI pudding which is used as a devastating booby trap. Automatic hands can also be used to snap fingers under the noses of enemy officers and make other insulting gestures.

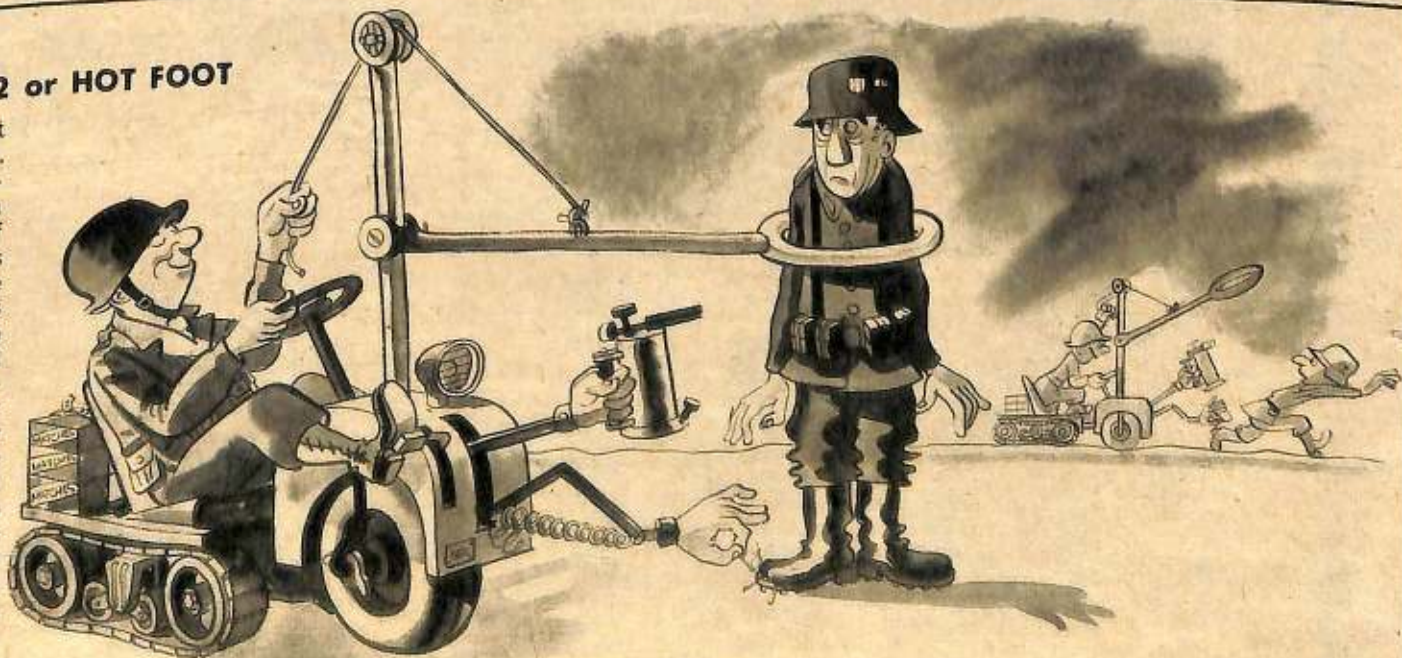


**PARACOOK, PTOMAINE**

This cruel weapon of invasion is used only under extreme provocation. Cooks and accomplices armed with copies of the Army Cook's Field Manual are dropped behind the enemy's line to cook for him. No special training necessary. Supplies of dried eggs and creamed beef on toast may also be dropped but only as a desperate last resort.

**INCENDIARY, PEDAL M1922 or HOT FOOT**

**T**HIS is a light, mobile, single-seat infantry cooperation weapon, which can also be used to illuminate GI crap games at night when the invasion is over. *Method of operation:* The bewildered Nazi is chased until exhaustion. Then the embracing ring, or hugger, clamps over his head, pinning his arms to his side while the automatic hand appears with a lighted match, applying a hot foot in the customary manner. When a storm trooper or oberfeldwebel is bagged, the weapon applies the blowtorch with satisfactory results. How do the matches get stuck in the boots of the Nazis? They are placed there weeks before the invasion by fifth-columnists disguised as poor but honest shoe-shine boys.





# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



"GOING ASHORE EARLY TONIGHT, EH, WILCOXEN?"

—Sgt. Frank Brandt



"THE DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION COMMENTATOR SAYS THAT ALL ATTEMPTS TO SMASH OUR SUPPLY LINES HAVE BEEN REPULSED."

—Sgt. Charles Pearson, Australia



"AND I DON'T LIKE BEING REFERRED TO AS 'THE LOWEST FORM OF GENERAL.'"

—Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.



"BRING ANY LATE COMICS WITH YOU, MEN?"

—Cpl. E. Maxwell, AAF, Carlsbad, N. M.



—Sgt. Sydney Landi, AAC, Richmond, Va.