BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

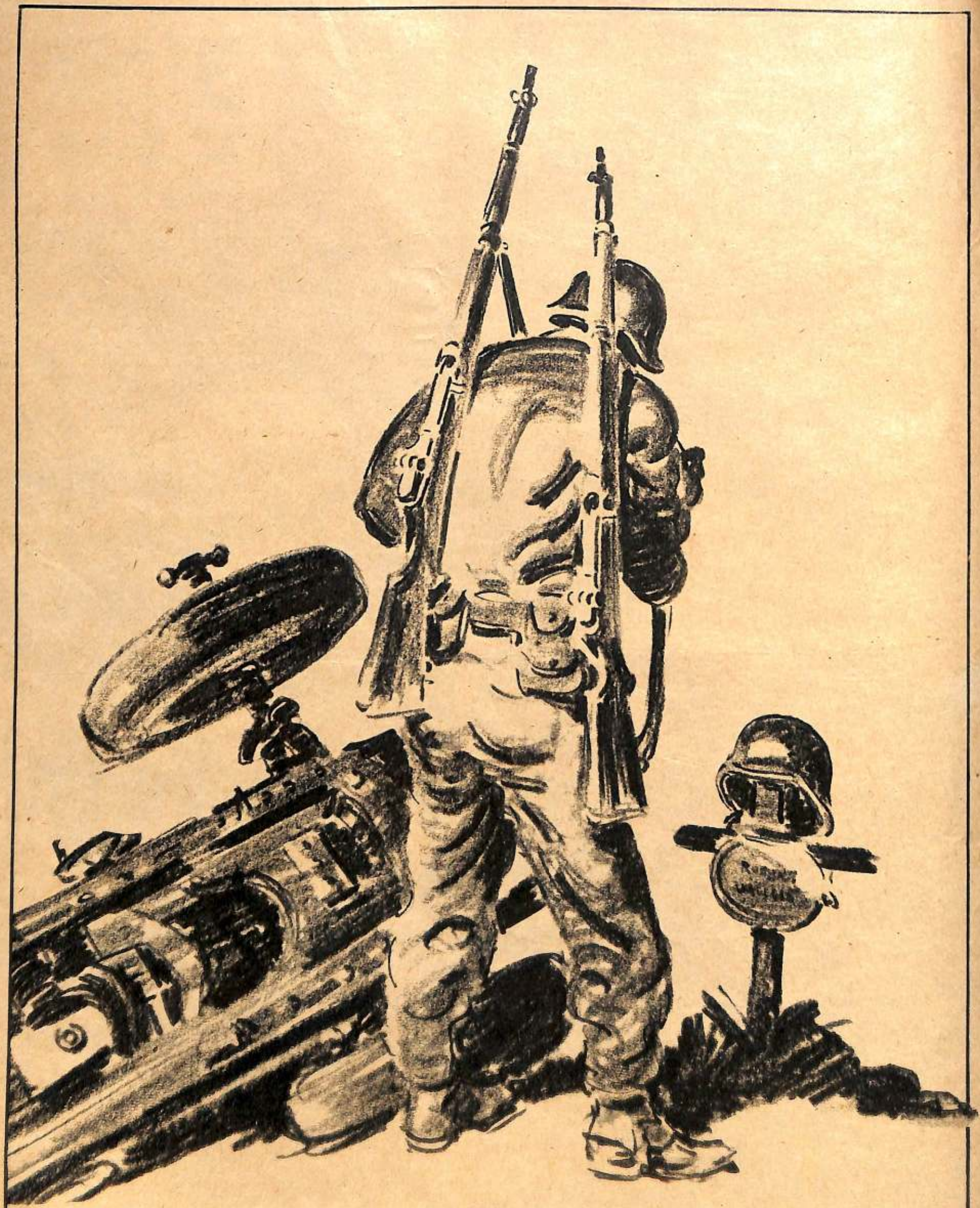
3d MAR. 21 1943

VOL. 1, NO. 40

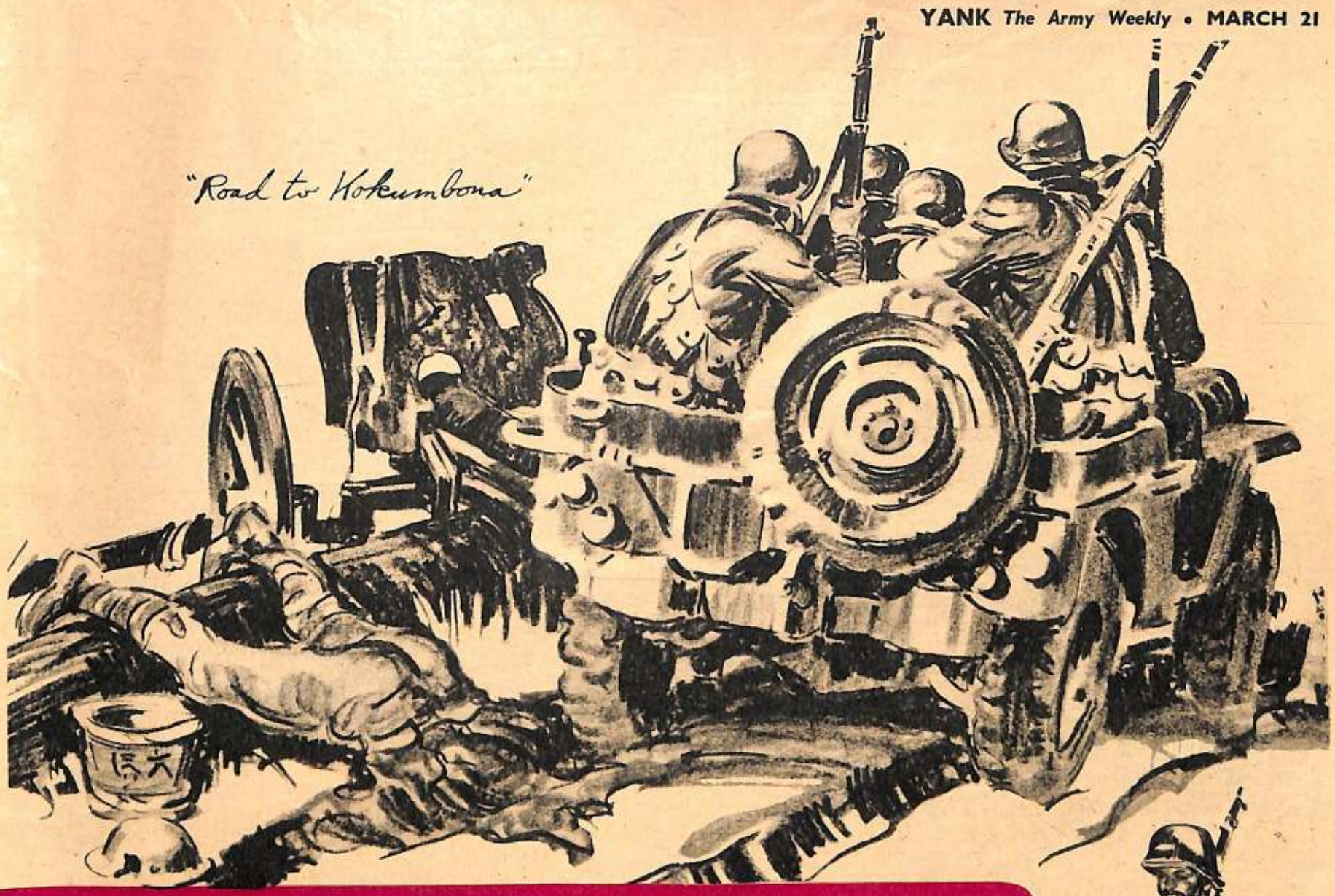
By the men . . for the men in the service

THE TWO OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN who are sitting pretty in the skies of Europe—**ARNOLD** of the U. S. Air Forces, **PORTAL** of the R.A.F.

For more Anglo-American co-operation, see pages 6 and 7



Burial on the spot—



The LAST DAYS at GUADALCANAL

Out of a South Pacific shambles has come some of the best art of the war. Sgt. Howard Brodie finished three drawings the day the last Jap went down

A FEW months ago we used to see Howard Brodie around the *Yank* office in New York. He was a big, quiet, red-faced kid who used to sit in a corner, keep his mouth shut, and turn out his drawings. And then one day he and Mack Morriss, a kid of 21, disappeared. Under orders, of course.

A little while later we disappeared, under slightly different orders, and by the time we opened our orders we were a damned sight closer to the war. Not quite as close, though, as Howard Brodie. He and Morriss went to Guadalcanal, where the gravy tastes like the mud and if it don't move you shoot it because it's a Jap.

Not much was heard from Brodie for quite a while, communications from Guadal being sketchy, to say the least, and then the drawings started to come along. They've been coming along ever since. They'll continue to come, too, from time to time, but we won't be getting any more from that sector of the Solomons. Brodie and Morriss have pulled up their stakes, gone somewhere else.

The sketches on these pages were completed on February 9, which was the day Jap resistance ceased on the jolly little island of Guadalcanal. Brodie was probably plenty glad. He was pooped. He had been working at the front for weeks under conditions that would have sent Rembrandt to the rum barrel.

He drew most of his pictures in fox holes, stinking CPs, dressing-stations and artillery positions. Not once was he ever able to complete a drawing without being annoyed by air raids, mortar bursts and Jap snipers.

Brodie would do his original sketch at the front and then bring it back to the tent he shared with Mack Morriss, who was going about his father's business in the same neck of the woods with a gun, a typewriter, and his fine Tennessean hand. Brodie would finish up the drawing in the tent, toward the last working with pencils that were nothing but one-inch stubs.

It was no pink, blue or otherwise tea on Guadalcanal. When we took a look at this picture of Brodie we blinked our eyes. He looked like hell. As we said before, he used to be a big, red-faced guy. We hope that he and Mack Morriss are sitting in Brisbane right now, lapping up all the suds and sleep they can hold.

Before he enlisted in the Army last August, Brodie was a staff artist on the San Francisco *Chronicle* for seven years, although he's only 23 now.

By some strange fluke, the draft board had turned Howard down on physical grounds. He spent three days convincing his draft board doctor that his heart was all right. Then, while awaiting his call to *Yank*, he was sent to Camp Crowder, Missouri. They were training him to be a message-centre clerk, for God's sake. . . .

An artilleryman with bluebirds tattoed on his chest. Pvt. Steve Kitt, Purple Heart.

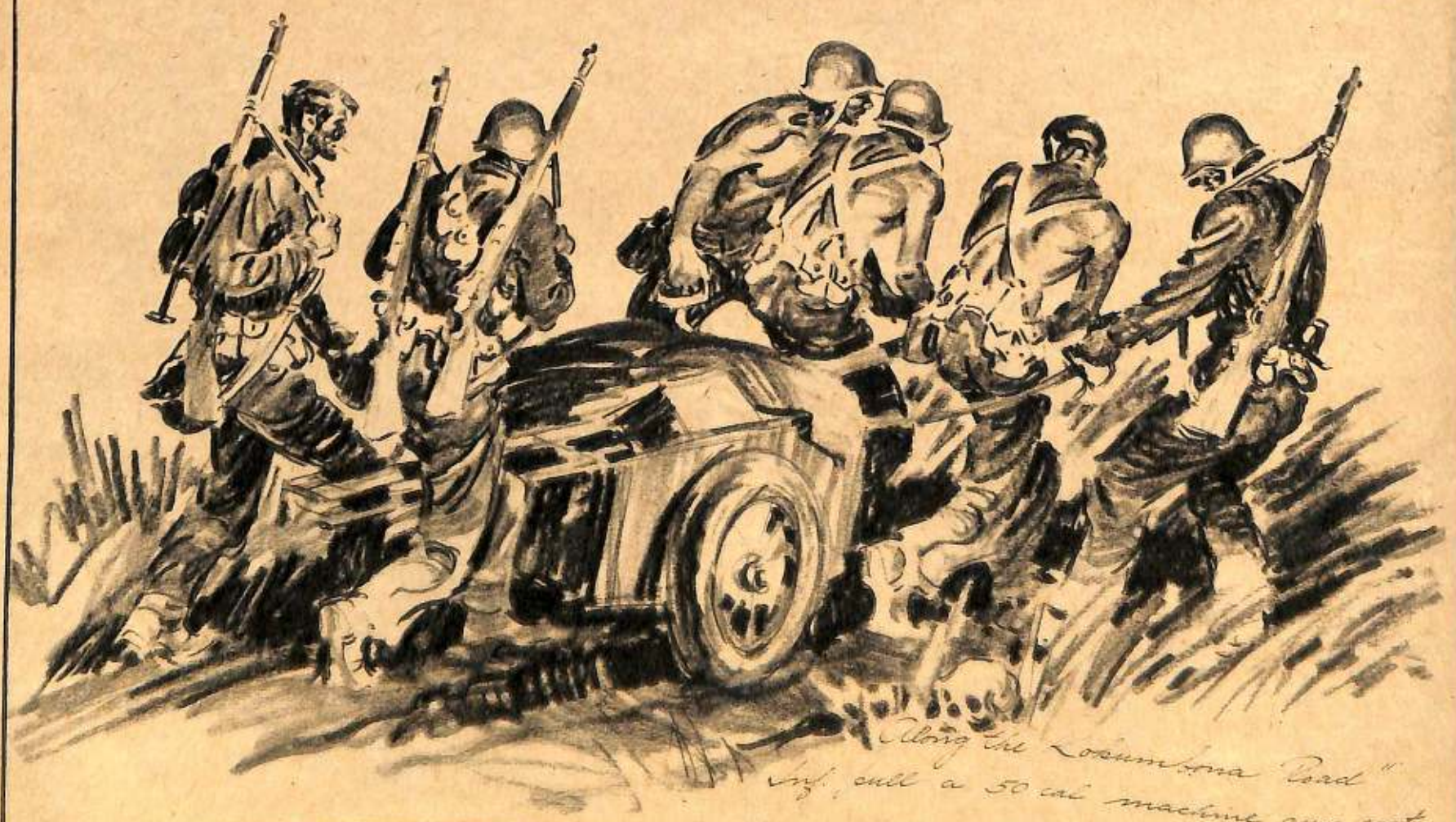
Sgt. Brodie at work in Guadalcanal.

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

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford

The marine officer, Lt. Col. W. E. Cumings was sketched as he came up to confer with Army infantry officers.

This infantryman came in from a patrol and dropped down to show me how he had just fired his Browning gun at the snipers.



"Along the Corumbona Road" we, and a 50 cal machine gun cart.

Infantrymen lugging Jap prisoner back on shelter-half who wouldn't walk and wanted to die — On the "Hyane's Back" front. sketched between daytime air-raid alarms.

I sketched this battalion commander, Lt. Col. Earl J. Rjostad of Nashville, Tenn., in his fox hole at the front.

Pvt. Merlin Murray sits on a ridge, guarding native supply boxes from Jap snipers. Notice the matches stuck in his helmet.

AMOUNT OF
SHIPPING SPACE SAVED
UNDER
REVERSE LEND-LEASE
TOTAL

3,000,000 TONS (+)

10,000 TON SHIPS
(Each unit represents ten *ships)*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

5,000 TON SHIPS
(Each unit represents ten *ships)*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

WARSHIPS FREED FOR FIGHTING ELSEWHERE

The big boy on Lend-Lease: Major General John Lee, SOS, gets a light.

Lend Lease

A century and a half ago they tried to force some tea on us and we wouldn't take it, but now we'll take anything they'll give us, which just goes to show what a century and a half will do. Under Lend-Lease, Britain and America are swapping things like horsetraders and it looks as though the coming peace will be a good one.

THE troops were strange. They came off their transports in the early morning and the natives, Frenchmen and Arabs, looked at them curiously. Their helmets were peculiar and their uniforms were odd. To the French civilians standing silent in the streets there were only two things about them that were familiar. The first was their accent—the same accent that had been heard, many years before, in Belleau Wood and throughout the long columns moving up to the Argonne. The second, and more noticeable, was a small flag that was sewn on the left shoulder of each man.

The date was November 7, 1942, the troops were American, the place was North Africa, and the flag was the Stars and Stripes.

The shoulder patch was a simple thing, used purely for purposes of identification, but behind it was an amazing story, a story that is just now beginning to come out, a story that will probably not be revealed in its entirety until after the war. It is the story of an unparalleled cooperation between Allied nations. Formally it is known as Reciprocal Aid, more familiarly as Lend-Lease in Reverse.

What it means, in the plainest terms, is that the American Army is living in England for free, or practically for free. There is a solid section of the U. S. Army quartered in Britain right now—we'd rather not say just how many—and all it is costing the U. S. Government to feed, clothe and house them is $35,000 a month, $420,000 a year—which is less than a lot of captains of industry make in a single twelvemonth.

After the last war America went to town about war debts, and there was a great deal of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth because England wasn't coming across with hers. That sort of thing will never happen after this war. Morally, we are indebted to her; for two years she held the Axis off by herself, without complaining, while we sat back on our haunches and chewed the fat. It was during those two years that the original Lend-Lease was born.

Lend-Lease has developed into a beautifully uncomplicated system: (*a*) we helped Britain, so now (*b*) Britain is helping us, when and where she can. The most important aspect of the whole business is that no attempt is being made to put a monetary value on what the British are giving us in the ETO.

IN CASE YOU WONDER WHAT WE GET

HOSPITALS—The British have either built or requisitioned all the hospitals in England used by the Medical Corps.

RAILROADS—British Army engineers have laid over 100 miles of track at U. S. Army railheads, have constructed other railroad facilities.

TRANSPORTATION—All rail transportation, passenger and freight, required by our Army, is paid for by the British. Monthly cost: $1,500,000.

COMMUNICATIONS—All commercial telephone, telegraph and teletype lines of the United Kingdom are used by us without cash payment.

CLOTHING—In many instances, our clothing has been supplied to us, without cost to the U. S., by British industry.

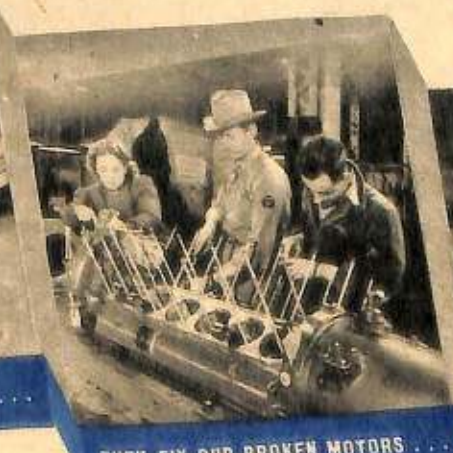
LAUNDRY—Together with almost all mending, dry-cleaning and shoe repair, is taken care of by the British.

OFFICE FURNITURE—Is all supplied by the British. So, too, is a considerable amount of stationery and office supplies.

YANK'S PICTORIAL GUIDE TO LEND-LEASE IN REVERSE

WE GET TIPS FROM THE R.A.F. . . .

AND THEY REPAIR OUR PLANES . . .



THEY FIX OUR BROKEN MOTORS . . .

THEY GIVE US KITCHEN STUFF . . .

No monetary value at all. They're just saying, "You want this. We've got it. Take ours. Forget it." As simple as that. It'll pay dividends after the war, too, when, as civilians, we begin to look income taxes in the face again.

Reduced to its basic elements, Reverse Lend-Lease means that it is an established policy to give our Army, at no cost to us, all the materials, services and facilities which Britain's resources, productive capacity and labor will permit.

Britain helps us in a thousand ways. If we want a plane, she slips us one; if a dirty latrine in the North of Ireland is perishing for the lack of a scrubbing brush, the scrubbing brush is delivered.

Millions of dollars worth of private property have been taken over for our use; thousands of men and women are working for Pvt. Joe S. Sack. The British Government pays the wages of 15,000 civilian dockworkers, stevedores, warehousemen, clerks, typists, stenographers, charwomen, skilled and semi-skilled mechanics, all of whom are employed full-time by our Army. On part-time work are another 50,000 civilians, employed in construction and building trades and various industries and public utilities which are serving the needs of our forces.

More important than anything else, perhaps, is the ability of Reverse Lend-Lease to save invaluable shipping space and relieve a ponderous shipping problem. One aspect of this is shown in the ETO. If it were necessary for us to transport our own plumbing, our own barracks, our own food, our own clothing, the strain on our convoy system would be irreparable. Faced as we are with barely enough ships to go around, the fact that England can supply us with all these things frees our Merchant Marine for the transportation of necessary arms and implements of war.

Another way in which Reverse Lend-Lease saves shipping can be shown by the following example. The British Forces in Australia need blankets, say, and so do the American Forces in England. Instead of it being necessary for British ships to convoy blankets all the way from England to Australia and for American ships to convoy blankets all the way from America to England, the British Government says, "Here, we will give the American troops in England these blankets that are intended for our troops in Australia," and the American Government replies, "Well, it just so happens that we've got a convoy going to Australia, so we'll pile some of *our* Army blankets on it and shoot them along to your boys 'down under.'" That way everybody is happy, and a couple of merchantmen are freed to bring over a load of sub-machine guns or something else equally lethal. The supply problem is met by one shipment over the shortest distance.

Not counting building materials, we have obtained enough supplies from the British under Reverse Lend-Lease to have saved more than 3,000,000 tons of shipping. It would have taken a fleet of 150 10,000-ton ships (or 300 5,000-tonners) to transport this cargo. More than just the shipping, it has released Naval units from convoy duty for bloodier and more violent business elsewhere.

A small English city has a district made up of factories and tenements. Along its narrow, winding cobblestone streets are 10 vacated garages and former shoe factories through whose doors G.I.s wander at all hours of the day or night. The 10 buildings are used by the QMC for the storage of food supplies.

This is a usual thing in the England of 1943. Britain has provided us with 15,000,000 square feet of storage space, which is a lot of storage space in any language. Approximately 75 per cent of this space is taken up by buildings that were privately owned and which have been requisitioned by the British for our use. We have supply depots in ex-breweries and warehouses, in addition to factories and garages, and at the various ports commercial warehouses have been turned over to our exclusive use.

As far as our living quarters here go, they, too, have been turned over to us by the British. When we first came here we found camps already built for us, camps that originally had held units of the British Army, now themselves somewhere overseas. Added to this has been a vast construction program, at the expense of the British Government, plus an unsparing requisitioning of private property for our use.

When we moved into the British Army camps, we found them already equipped with bunks and mattresses; some even had blankets. In most instances, too, complete kitchen equipment had been left behind for us, and in some cases fully equipped dispensaries were ready for us when we came.

These camps are not, of course, dream palaces—not by any stretch of the imagination. Except for a few permanent posts, once occupied by peace time garrisons, they consist of Nissen huts, together with homes, barns and other requisitioned buildings adjacent to the camp site. One unit of the Air Force lives in what used to be an exclusive girls' school; on the ceiling of one of the larger rooms, naked nymphs disport themselves, greatly disturbing otherwise preoccupied company clerks, who have yet to voice a complaint. The camps we have occupied are spread out over the country, due to geographical limitations and the possibility of air attack.

But all the camps that the British had on hand were insufficient to accommodate all of us. Some more had to be put up, and in a hurry. So the British put them up, using their own materials and their own labor. And not only did they supply the metal and the concrete for the construction of the huts, they also supplied the materials for the installation of water, sewage and electric light systems, and plumbing and heating equipment. As far as living quarters go, the average Joe is living a purely British life around these parts.

American officers are tucked pleasantly away in private homes, or in hotels which have been specially requisitioned for the purpose of tucking American officers pleasantly away. At one of our headquarters eight hotels have been taken over for this reason, complete with their personnel and furnishings.

There is scarcely a facet of our life in England that the British have not made possible. Even some of our food comes from the scanty English stock. All the men of the Services of Supply have to do, when it comes right down to it, is to go and pick up whatever it is that they need.

The British are not worrying over the fact that they are not getting full credit on paper for what they are doing. They are not even bothering to try and figure out how much they are putting forward for us. They figure that they haven't the time for that sort of thing, nor the manpower to make adequate records. Services of Supply Headquarters keeps a record of what's received, that's all. Some day, when the war is over and won, the total extent of the British contribution may be known. There have been instances where Britain has turned over to us weapons that we gave her during the first stages of Lend-Lease, when she was fighting the war alone.

A whole new concept of economy is being evolved—a concept based not on money but on goods, and goodwill.

For the first time in history, under Reciprocal Aid, two Allied nations are sharing both their blood and wealth. Before, this blood has been commonly shared, but wealth has been jealously guarded. Now, however, with Lend-Lease, the possibility of friendly relations on a greater scale than ever before seems possible after the war.

AMOUNT OF STORAGE SPACE GIVEN TO US

. . . 15,000,000 SQUARE FEET

THIS IS A ROOM 10' × 10' - 100 sq. ft.

THIS IS A SIX ROOM HOUSE EACH ROOM 10' × 10' - 600 sq. ft.

THIS IS A CITY OF 25,000 SIX ROOM HOUSES WHICH EQUALS THE AMOUNT OF STORAGE SPACE WE HAVE TODAY IN ENGLAND

FROM THE BRITISH, HERE'S A LIST . . .

HOUSEHOLD ACCOMMODATIONS—The QMC has obtained a great deal of new stoves, cooking containers, utensils, dishes, plus other mess equipment from the British.

FUEL—The British Government pays for the fuel to heat the billets, hospitals, offices and depots it has provided for us.

MORE COMMUNICATIONS—The Signal Corps has received hundreds of miles of wire, thousands of poles, plus batteries, tools, radio parts, and equipment.

MEDICAL EQUIPMENT—U. S. Army hospitals in England are 85 per cent equipped by the British, as are our laboratories and dental clinics.

AUTOMOBILES—We are using more than 3,000 British passenger cars and busses, many of which were requisitioned from their owners.

ENTERTAINMENT—Special Service has obtained thousands of books and games from the British with which to stock our recreation rooms.

AIR FORCE—The British are giving us planes, engines, accessories, ammo, bombs, meteorological stations, portable hangars, use of RAF facilities.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

A warship in the Arctic. An icy-decked white ghost, she plows through northern waters on convoy duty.

VOYAGE TO THE ANDREANOFS

The Tub sailed 23 days through storms, quakes and Jap subs.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AT AN ADVANCED ANDREANOF ISLAND BASE—All we knew was that we were reinforcements for an island somewhere to the west. Snatched from our cozy, double-storied, centrally-heated barracks, we were herded—A bag, B bag, rucksack and stub-necked shovel—aboard a former Alaska Packer freighter. We immediately dubbed it *The Tub*.

Even the skipper, Capt. James B. Downing, agreed that *The Tub* was better suited for a fish-canning enterprise than an Army transport. It had triple-tiered bunks in which you had to imagine headroom; and there were automatic blackout safety lights in the latrine. They went out every time someone came in the door. Chow lines were two-hour affairs.

Mess Sgt. Farrar, former Blytheville (Ark.), newspaperman, had trouble keeping a full complement of KPs. Every lurch of the ship took a few more guys out of the mess hall.

But there's nothing like the sub-Arctic waters of the Aleutian Chain, with a 70-mile gale batting around! We hit them in about a week.

First, needlepoint snow fogged out our view of other ships in the convoy. Frost began crusting the inside rim of the hatches. Clerks, in "Headquarters Hatch," where they bedded down at night in sleepsacks, watched their breath vaporize like cigarette smoke before their faces.

Seventy-three times a minute the ship's engines chugged. But they were beating their cylinder heads against an evasive wall of waves. Every mounting swell flung the propeller high out of the water. And each time the screw spun viciously in midair, the hull of *The Tub* vibrated the way you do when the dentist hits a nerve.

The speed was 10 knots: five up, three down, two forward.

In the mess hall, sudden lunges sent men sprawling like pins in a bowling alley. Topheavy with the balsa brassieres they wore for life preservers, the men scrambled on hands and knees among crashing pots and kettles in a mire of butter, sugar and condensed milk.

A 75-mile-per-hour wind sprayed *The Tub* with a buckshot of rain and waves. Then gradually the sleety barrage slackened into tapioca snow, and someone sighted land off the port bow. A few hours later we were peering over the rail, trying to pick out bomb craters in the hills which huddle around Dutch Harbor.

Our hopes for a chance to get ashore were squelched by a bulletin which read: "No passengers or troops will be given leave to go ashore until further notice. By order of the transport surgeon."

Two cases of mumps aboard! One case of measles!

That evening at chow the ship's sergeant major burst into Headquarters Hatch. "Tell all the first sergeants to tell all the men to sleep full pack tonight," he said. "We may see a little yellow flesh tomorrow."

Then he gave full sea alert instructions.

Tin hats and life preservers. Double the guard on the hatchways. Nobody above deck except the ship's crew, 37-mm artillerymen and machine gunners, Navy gunners and signalmen. If you have to abandon ship for the small boats, leave your rifle or you'll be bashing each other's teeth out. If anybody gets panicky and tries to break for the deck, knock him on his can.

A bunch of the boys in the Andreanof mud.

Sgt. Steve Rocco, of Detroit, piped up, "Ten to one we don't see a Jap." It was exactly six months since the Japs had dropped bombs on this harbor.

At 6:30 A. M., alert bells broke us from our bunks, fully dressed except for shoes. But it was a dry run. You'd think the guys would have been relieved, but they weren't. They were disappointed.

Beyond that, the only events to break the monotony until we landed at our destination were an earthquake and a submarine contact.

The earthquake struck at 12:20 P. M., at the height of noonday chow. *The Tub*, lying at anchor, shook like a rag in a pup's mouth. The first G.I. theory was that we had been struck by a torpedo that didn't explode.

Forty-eight hours later a torpedo would have been more like it. Crew and troops of *The Tub*, and accompanying vessels, were snapped to alert by a submarine contact. While a Navy destroyer cruised over the suspected area, spilling "ash cans" into its wake, Navy gunners swiveled their four-inch 50 tentatively, and the helmeted men on the 37s looked grim.

Because the sub didn't come up, we figured it went down. The convoy didn't loiter in the area to check the result.

Twenty-three days later our island slid into view. By nightfall, sweating under full field pack, we were trudging sightlessly through eight inches of snow over treeless hills toward a barren lake shore which was to be our camp area. An entire detachment of us, marching in the night, made no more noise than a pair of asthmatic horses stomping in a manure-sogged stable.

At last, exhausted, we collapsed into the white-swathed lap of the hillside. Officers and enlisted men exchanged cigarettes and bitter cracks about the bleak panorama. Someone in the outfit with a portable battery radio flipped the switch, and we lounged in the damp snow for a few minutes listening to a recording of Alvino Rey and the King Sisters from KPO in San Francisco.

A quarter of an hour later we were bivouacked, some in shelter halves, the rest in sleeping bags.

Somewhere in the darkness a voice, bleeding with longing, called out: "Geez, it was comfortable on *The Tub!*"

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Though he comes from Boston, and never eats peas with his knife, he's still a staff sergeant.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

TAKE it from us, the next time some dope starts talking about the average American soldier, just slip him a faceful of fives, because he is talking a long way behind the cracker barrel. There ain't no such animal as the average American soldier, and there never was, and there never will be. We all think differently, even first sergeants, and we come from different ways of life and we've all got different habits. And, save in a military way, rank doesn't mean a thing.

The reason for the above outburst is a little story we heard the other day, and except for the names of the people involved, the story is gospel. We got it from a guy who never told a lie in his life, except to the Treasury Department.

Seems that a staff sergeant has been seeing a lot of lesser and greater nobility these last few months—baronets, dukes and the like. Though he comes from Boston and never eats peas with his knife, he's still a staff sergeant, salary $115.20 per month. But he gets around for a' that.

Not so long ago he was at someone's country house with the Duke of A and the Duchess of B and Lady Diana D. They were all having themselves one hell of a time, playing parlor games like mad. Finally they started to play a little game called "What Would You Like To Have Most In All The World?" Of course, if our staff sergeant had been a Pfc. we wouldn't have to go on with the story. Every one knows what Pfc.s would like to have most in all the world.

Well, the game got around to the Duke, and he said, "I think that I should like to have a lot of money."

And the game got around to the Duchess and she said that she'd like to have a lot of money, too.

And the game got around to the Lady Diana, and she said, gee, she could use a lot of money, too.

And finally the game got around to the staff sergeant. He looked casually around the room. "Well," he said, "as I've probably got more money than all of you put together, I can't ask for that. Let's see, now——"

Fashion Trends of the Week

IF you thought we were joking, last week, when we stuck that topper on the Pfc., we merely direct your attention to the picture elsewhere on this page. We told you we had connections in Washington. We told you we were going to get those new uniforms through channels. It was a breeze, pals.

However, one of our men has reported a horrible sight to us. He was hanging around an airfield, trying to induce a few flying-payboys to shoot a little craps, when a real doozer of a flyboy strolled past. He was a buck sergeant, but he was wearing red riding boots (at least they looked red, our man says), a garrison cap shaped like a tricorn, a white scarf, an officer's blouse, and a pair of yellow gloves. Of course, the sergeant might have been just coming from a crap game in the officers' mess himself, but our man doesn't think so. Our informant, who thinks a grommet is something his grandmother used to knit with, was stunned. But stunned.

A Hat Like the General's

This man, of course, incidentally, who is a hell of a clothes horse, if you ask us, was in a haberdasher's (get that woid, Artie) near the same airfield and a G.I. came in to buy a garrison cap. He put one on that was so big that it sent one of his ears flopping down on his jowl. "Ah," said the clerk, "that looks very smart. You should wear that size. It's the same size that General Spatz wears."

The kid bought the hat.

Moved to tears, our man turned around and bought one of the same size that General Eisenhower wears.

Plain Tales from the Clink

We were fooling around the Provost Marshal's office the other day, trying to beat a rap for unshined buttons, and we fell into conversation with a member of the Gestapo, the second literate M.P. we have ever met. He told us a couple of stories that gave us a very good idea of the sort of thing that goes on in Provost Marshal's office.

The first story was about a refugee pill-pusher, a sergeant. This Joe took off one day and went over the hill for six months. Finally the Gestapo found him. He was in civilian clothes and was working, of all places, in Rainbow Corner. Seems that he couldn't keep away from the pinball machines.

The second story was about the British civilian who had been AWOL from His Majesty's Forces for nine years, man and boy. He dropped around one day and said that he wanted to join the American Army. Because of the food, he said. The M.P.s told him to beat it.

P.S.—We beat the rap for the unshined buttons. Go thou and do likewise.

The USO gets around

THE other day we ran into the USO unit that's been playing around the United Kingdom for the last six weeks, knocking off 42 camps in their travels. The troupe, composed of Master of Ceremonies Stubby Kaye, Magician Paul Le Paul, Dancer Peggy Alexander, Impersonator Julia Cummings and Accordionist Olya Klem, has been kicking around England in a beat-up old ark driven by an ordinary Joe.

Kaye has been emceeing USO shows since June 25, 1941. We remember catching him back in the olden days at Fort Belvoir, and probably you caught him where you were too. Le Paul, whose hands are the ones you see in the movies whenever Henry Fonda or someone is doing a trick, has been doing his act for the last 20 years, played the part of the butler in "Eternally Yours."

Peggy Alexander, from the Abbott and Costella "Streets of Paris," was made an honorary colonel in ordnance G-25, whatever that is. Together with Misses Klem and Cummings, she is an avid collector of Army insignia, specializing in stars and eagles, but favoring the impedimenta of the enlisted men. Strictly speaking, they ignore the brass. We wish we could, too.

Miss Klem, Miss Alexander and Kaye, have toured nearly every military circuit in America. They've even put on a show in Newfoundland.

Well, this just goes to show what happens when you follow our style hints: you get married.

A Yank Tail Gunner in RCAF Tells of a Bombing Raid on Turin

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND [By Wireless] — "I didn't fire a shot," Sgt. Carl Keller said, "but I sure had a front seat on that last raid over Turin."

A little guy who looks very smart in his dusty blue RCAF uniform, he wanted action and couldn't wait for the U. S. to declare war. He joined the Royal Canadian Air Force early in 1941, and within a month after leaving Long Beach, Calif., got into the fight. His size made him a tail gunner in a Halifax, carrying an all-sergeant crew.

"My crew's the best bunch in the air," he said. "They're really hot stuff. Art Grant, the hockey star from Winnipeg, is the pilot; Chick Fowell, the mid-upper gunner is a kid of 19; we call Mark Loage, the wireless aerial gunner, 'Wag.' Swifty Church navigates the crate; Pat Kelly drops the eggs and Ricky Steniferds is the flight engineer.

"We got called into the briefing room and were told that we might meet heavy flak and fighter planes.

"The sky was clear when we loaded the old girl at dusk with the biggest eggs you ever saw, plus incendiaries. We knew exactly where we were going. I scrambled back to my spot with Sadie, which is what I call my center gun.

"It seemed a helluva way over there. By my watch, it was four hours. Then suddenly I heard Chick's gun chattering. When it went quiet again I figured he had knocked himself down a Jerry, but I kept my finger on Sadie's trigger nevertheless. I hoped that Chick had slipped and would give me a crack, but nothing happened. As the old girl roared along I could see nothing but a long dark slot, and I wondered where we were.

"When Swifty Church and Pat Kelly started arguing about pin-points I knew we had arrived. The sky was heavy with flak and we were the target. I heard something that sounded like someone ripping an old paper bag. Holes appeared in the fuselage next to my left arm. Someone was doing all right with ack-ack. Art nosed the plane up, circled and levelled off.

"In about 10 minutes fires sprang up below me and made me feel like an old Greek god sitting on the mountain. A great sheet of flame spouted and spread. It looked like a circus at night.

"The city which looked like it was hiding in shadows was jerked into bright relief when Pat dropped the big egg. I knew it was right on the target the way the flame licked out. It seemed that the whole city was on fire. I just sat and watched. It was a beautiful sight. I didn't have to lift my hand, yet I was part of a bunch that was really raising hell.

"The gang started singing 'Stomping at the Savoy.' We dropped our load and headed back. We knew Turin would never be the same again.

"I've been on 11 operations but when the plane sat down at the base, I felt that this raid was our best. I climbed out of the ship, and saw the damage the flak had done. There was a hole as big as my head four inches from where I sat."

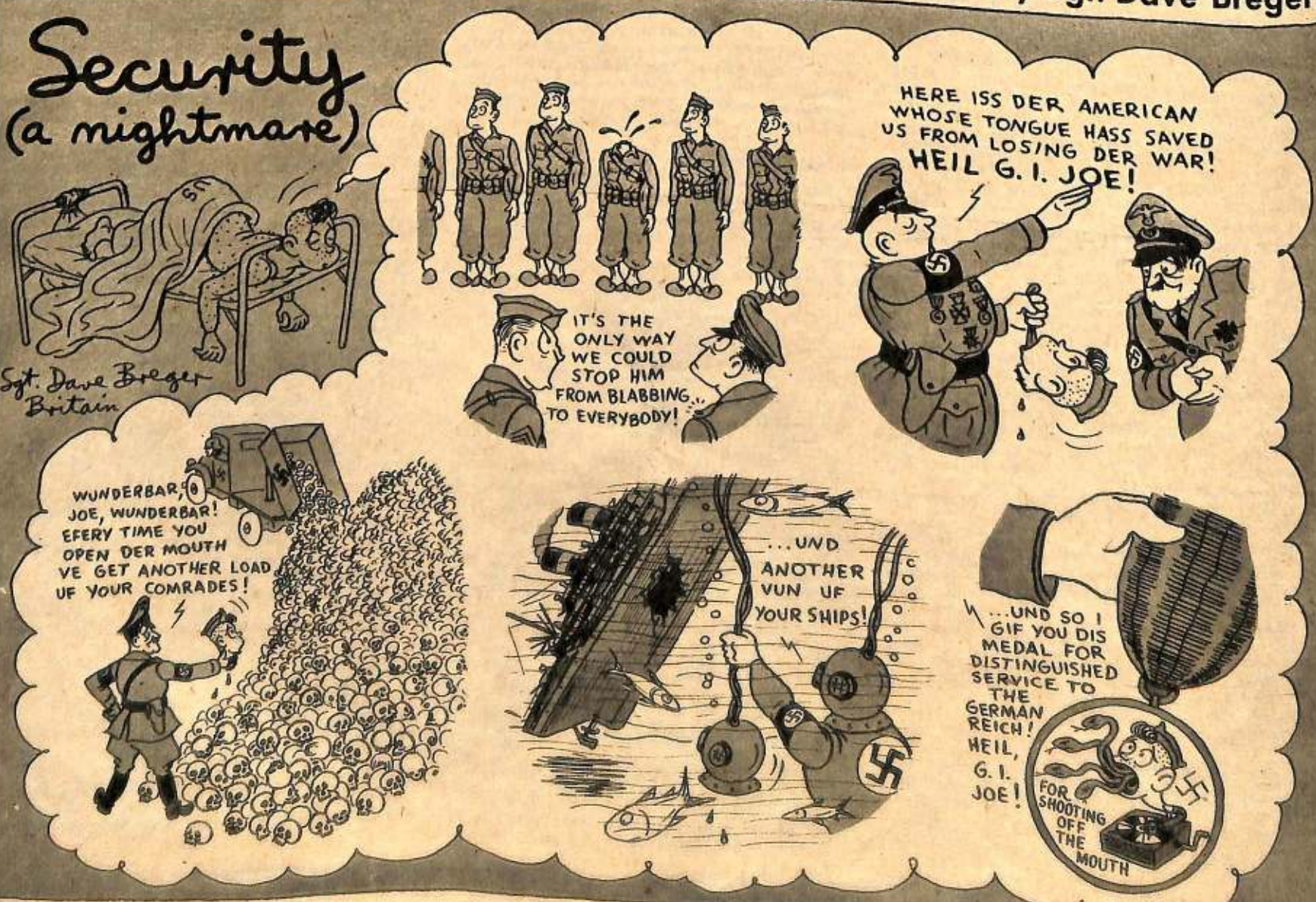
Sgt. Keller slid his field cap at a cocky angle. "That's it, kid. Tales of Turin. See you at Hamburg."

—Sgt. JACK SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

In New Caledonia, Anzac and Yank look over each other's rifles, Garand and Enfield.

G.I. JOE

by Sgt. Dave Breger



The old spell-binder binds a spell. Joe Goebbels tells munitions workers it ain't true about Adolf.

A WEEK OF WAR

The Krasnograd Choo-Choo, Track 29, was unfortunately, on time

THE Quartermaster Corps of any Army leads what looks, at first glance, to be a very quiet life. They take a box of ammunition from Place A to Place B and then sit down and listen while the boys in the front lines use the ammunition up. The Quartermaster Corps never gets to make lovely noises like the artillery or lovely silences like the bayonets of the infantry. Not in any army.

But where the rest of any army fights one war, the Quartermaster Corps fights two: one with the enemy, the other with the weather. And last week, in the muddy reaches around bomb-blackened Kharkov, the Quartermaster Corps of the Red Army lost a battle with the weather and the Red Army itself lost Kharkov.

The loss was excusable; the free world had been surprised when Russia walked into Kharkov, anyway. The Red Army had been moving too fast, much too fast. The Red Army had been trying to beat the spring thaw that creeps up from the Caucasus early each year and this year, of all years, had crept up too soon.

The men who took Kharkov were advance elements of Joe's boys, fast tanks, on whose steel backs rode infantrymen loaded down with grenades. Far behind these advance elements came the main body of the Southern Red Army, sloughing through mud and slush and water, their trucks dropping hub-deep into mush, their boots soaked with melted ice. General Winter, whom so many nations have called an ally, had turned traitor again.

West of Kharkov the Nazis, like wolves, had turned at bay. From the fatherland, on special troop trains, had come division after division. They had climbed off their trains at Krasnograd, within sound of the guns, had flexed their cramped legs in the spring air, and then had slogged toward Kharkov. German armored divisions, fresh, new and shining, coming from the life of ease that was Occupied France, clanked and rumbled along the terrible roads, their tracks throwing mud in the faces of the *feldgrau*-clad infantrymen who moved in the same direction.

The German lines of communication were still in good shape. The trains were still running from Berlin to Krasnograd, even though all the tickets were one-way. But between the Russian advance units, crouching and waiting in Kharkov, and the main body of the Russian Army lay miles of twisted railroad track, tens of smashed locomotives, dozens of broken bridges. The Russians could only come over the roads, and the roads were a shambles.

The Russian Quartermaster Corps could not get reinforcements up to Kharkov; no human beings could have gotten around such massive obstacles in such a short space of time. And when the Germans hurled their counter-attack at the city, hurled all the lovely new and young and fresh divisions against that smouldering city, Kharkov went down, went down for lack of replacements, went down because the ammunition ran out, went down quickly. Went down.

At Stalingrad things had been different.

Back in good order from their lost city went the Russians. The war had a long way to go still. Somewhere to the east lay their comrades, still moving up through the slough of the Ukraine. Soon they would join forces, and this time the whole business would be slower, more methodical, more sure. This time it would be the way they were doing it on the central front. . .

. . .where, around Smolensk, where the Germans had lorded it in the streets for so long, the pincers were closing inexorably down. Still clamped on Smolensk was the bitter Russian winter. The chimneys of the houses that held the Nazi Staff sent their blue smoke into the air through the day and through the night. Three arrows pointed at the heart of Smolensk: the shaft of one ran through Byelyi, of another through Vyasma and of the third toward Yelnya. Vyazma was now possessed by her proper possessors, and that was half the battle. Already the Russians were shelling the first defense line of Smolensk. And already German communiques were preparing the home folks for further withdrawals in the central front.

The Russians seemed to be taking the fall of Kharkov in their stride; to them, evidently, the fall of Smolensk would make up for the loss of the Southern city. Germany's luck was still not holding out: they gained a city and they stood to lose one. And then, beyond all that, there were more troubles in Occupied Eurpoe. . .

. . . where, for nearly three years, a crumbled France had lain dormant under defeat. The only head she had raised had been that of a weary old man and, after he had failed, that of a greasy, dark man who always wore a white tie. Defeated France had seen her possessions slip away, had heard the boots of the German patrols on the streets outside her houses, had heard the betrayers voices whispering in the *Palais de Justice*. France had been stunned for nearly three years. France had amnesia. France had forgotten her destiny.

But where a blow in the head can cause amnesia, another blow, struck in the same place, can bring the memory back. And for three years France had been receiving blows in the head, and at last one had awakened her.

Up in the mountains of the Haute Savoie, backed by the green shores of Lake Geneva, young men were in rebellion. They were opposing the labor decrees that would send them to Germany as slaves, and this time their rebellion had taken on a more serious tone than the dirty word scribbled on the wall, the muttered imprecation, the badly-hurled grenade at the railway station. This time the rebellion was real: it was backed by machine guns and 75's, and those who were rebelling had officers, even British officers, and discipline. They were getting equipment, dropped from British planes in the night hours. They were having themselves a very nice time, à la 1848.

In the villages below the mountains units of the *gardes mobiles* formed for the ostensible purpose of ousting the rebels. Unfortunately, however, the *gardes mobiles*, were not so sure that they wanted to do any ousting. Some of them could be seen casting longing glances at the mountains above them. Only the Italian troops were willing to go in and fight, so the Italian troops went in and fought. For a while. Then the Italians came back, and they didn't feel so much like fighting.

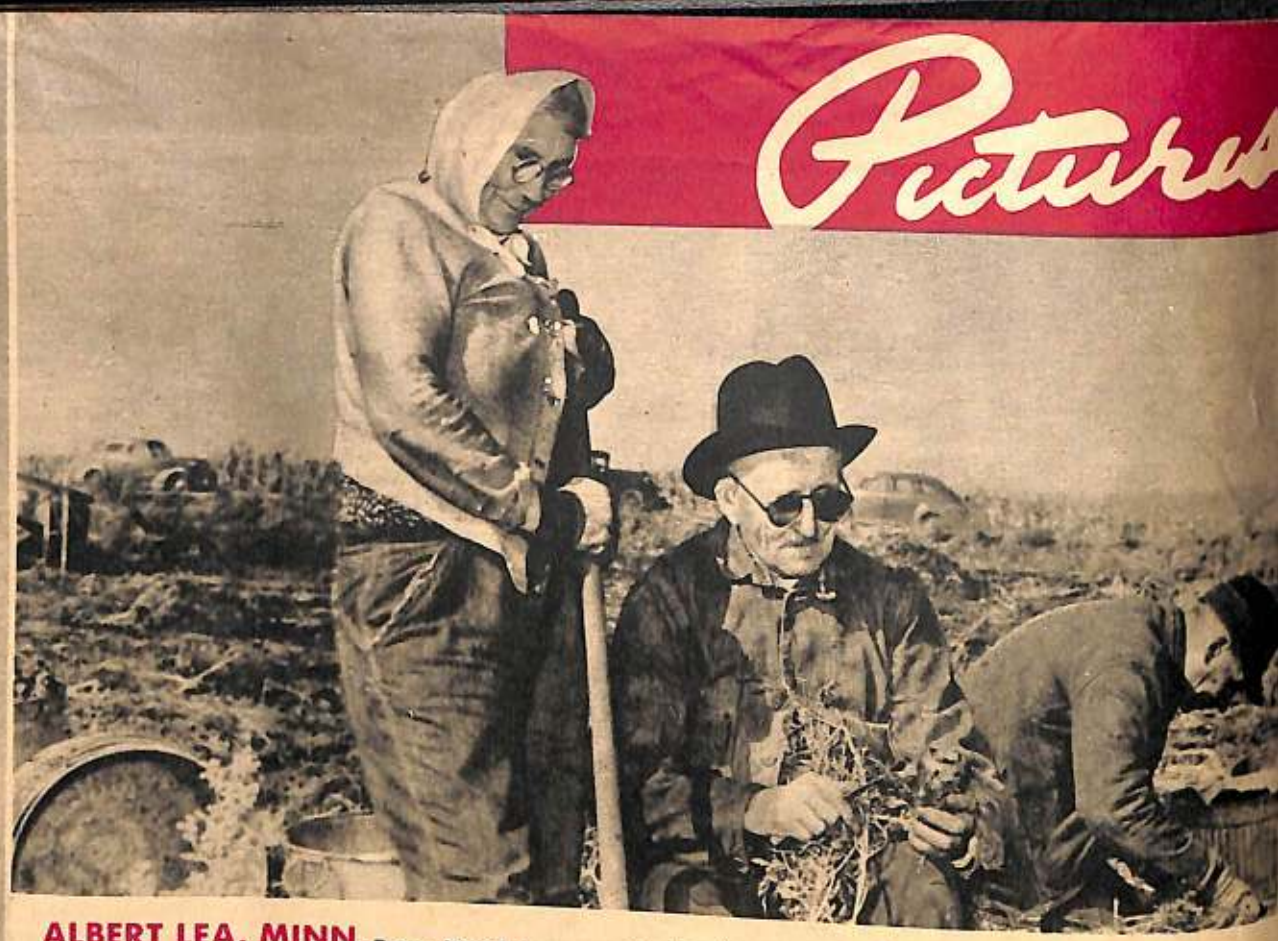
The Germans, who had their own methods, sent over some bombers to blast the Frenchmen out of the mountains. The Frenchmen looked up, spat on their hands, and shot three of the bombers out of the sky. Somewhere, it seemed, they had picked up a few anti-aircraft guns. The rebellion began to look like a large-scale affair, carefully planned, carefully prepared. Around the mountains the *gardes mobiles* threw a corden of men, but they did no good. Young Frenchmen filtered through the cordon, joined the rebels. Down from the mountains came other young men who went around to Haut Savoie villages, gathering recruits.

What would happen in the mountains against which nestled Lake Geneva no one could say. But any one could read the implications. One far little corner of France was getting fed up with the whole business, and one far little corner of France had decided to do something about it. To men sitting in England, making their plans, and looking across the gray Channel, it seemed a portent that when the the second front came the whole of France, now awake and waiting, would decide to do something about it.

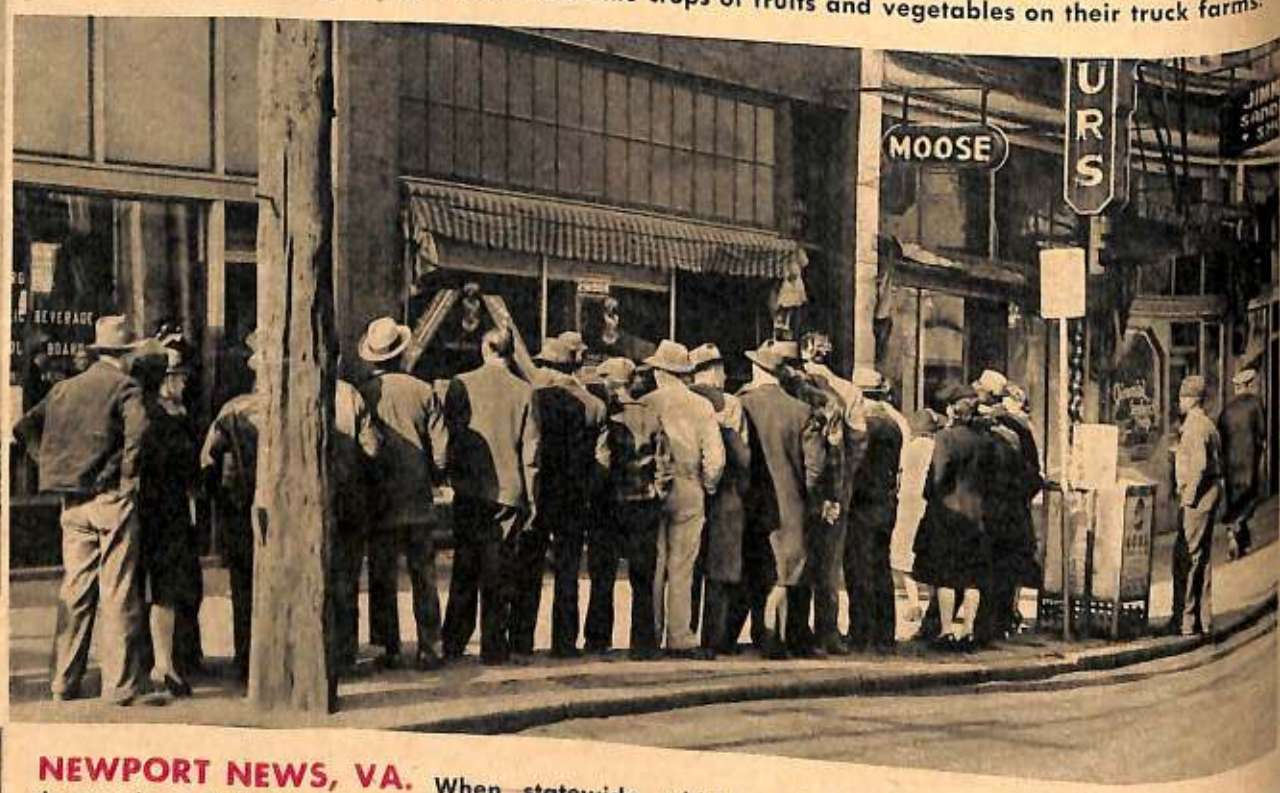
The Gardes Mobiles looked uneasily toward the mountains.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. Vicky Lane's "devilish beauty" won role as Satan's assistant.

Pictures



ALBERT LEA, MINN. Peter Wold was a retired farmer, 75 years old, and blind, but he came back with his wife to help bring in record wartime crops of fruits and vegetables on their truck farms.

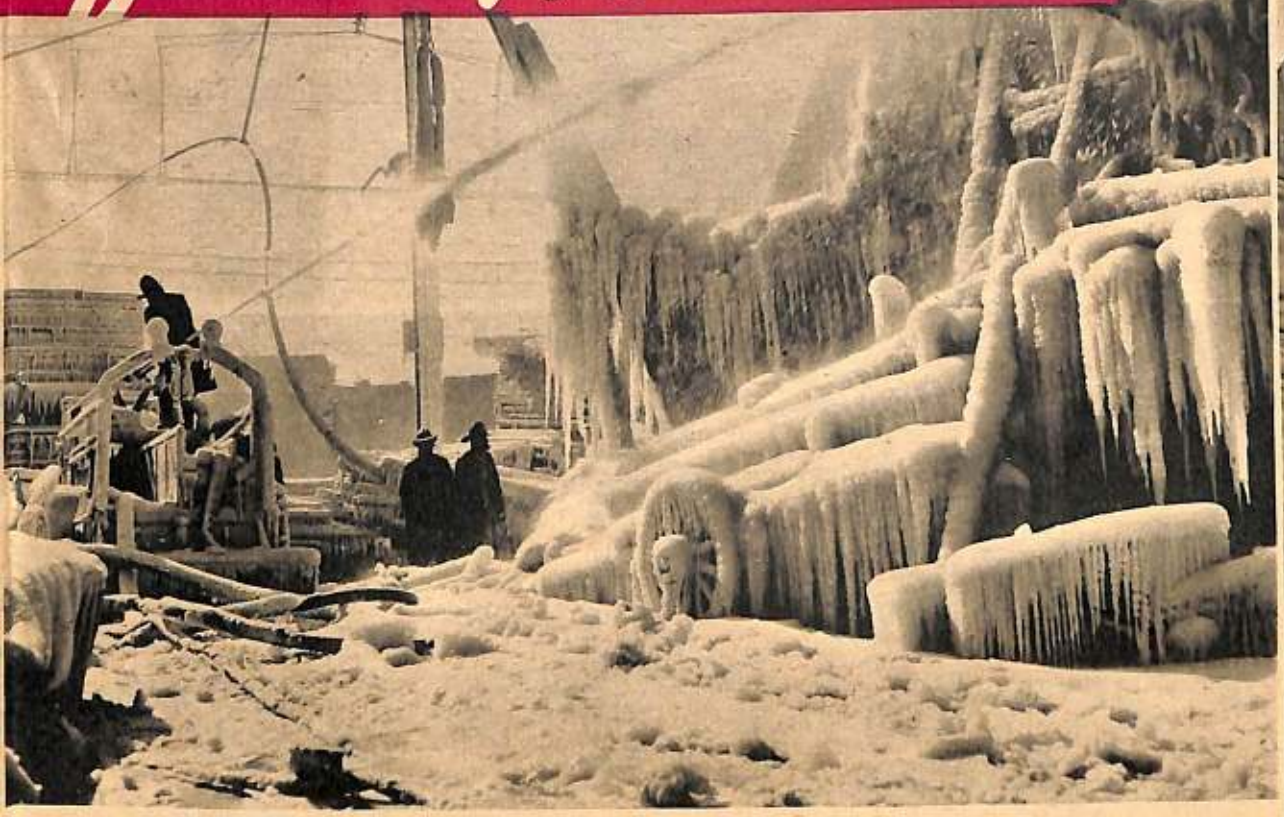


NEWPORT NEWS, VA. When statewide whisky rationing clamped down on Virginia, thousands of folks like these crowded State Beverage Control stores to register for ration books.

BURLINGTON, IOWA. Ice coats ruins of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad station. Four persons were burned to death in the fire.

PENNSYLVANIA. Workers lay the world's largest pipe line which will carry oil for 1,388 miles when completed, from Texas to New York.

-from Home



NEW YORK, N. Y. The mercury was 8 below zero when fire broke out at this Brooklyn lumber yard, damaging $100,000 in lumber. Ice has covered both the wreckage and the fire engine (left).

FORT KNOX, KY. Maria Montez, actress, tripped, and had knee treated by Lt. Col. Marren.

CHICAGO, ILL. Edythia Turnell won three firsts at annual model show with the equipment you see right above.

DEARBORN, MICH. B-24 Liberator bombers, just off the assembly line at Ford's gigantic Willow Run factory, line up for test flight before acceptance by the Air Force.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. A long line of beautiful cells and no one to enjoy them! This new prison, built for $8,000,000, may be used to house enemy prisoners or aliens.

News From Home

Last week America had her own Beveridge Plan —and her usual problems and the usual trivia.

Ann Sheridan gave a sweater away to a guy in the RCAF. Hardly news, but we'd like to see him in it.

THEY put one of the "Four Freedoms" to a test last week: the third one, which holds that Freedom From Want is the inalienable right of every human being. Perhaps some will not agree with the method, the approach of the 600-page American Social Security plan which President Roosevelt submitted to Congress last week.

Maybe it will turn out to be something just for the record; maybe it will have been just a noble gesture in the midst of war. But, even if the proposals never see the light of day, it will have meant that back home they began thinking and planning tangibly for the world the soldier will come back to after this is all over. And it will have meant that the "Four Freedoms" were not empty phrases cast upon the waters that summer in 1941 at the Atlantic Charter meeting in mid-ocean; it will have meant that they were envisioned as realistic, workable precepts for a brave new world.

That's what the report was about last week. They gave it a nick-name back home; it's easier for the headlines in a catch-phrase. They called it the "American Beveridge Plan." It was drawn up by the National Resources Planning Board's Committee on Long Range Work and Relief Policies.

Boil it right down to its elementals, and there wasn't anything very startling in its main precepts. It maintained that—

1. There must be work for all who are able and willing to work.

2. We have come to recognize that any person who makes his contribution to our national life is entitled to protection against the necessary interruptions of income.

3. America must not return to the insecurities and fears of the past at the end of this war.

4. Adequate social insurance must be given when work is interrupted.

5. Soldiers and sailors must be given immediate employment upon demobilization.

6. Old age and widows' pensions should be increased.

7. Adequate federal financial aid should be provided for services essential to the health, education and welfare of the population where none are available.

No, there was nothing startling about those precepts. But the report also quite bluntly stated that the need for public aid "will be both large and persistent for some time to come," and for some anti-New Dealers that would be a large dose to swallow. Some of our economists, even conservative economists, have recognized this for a long time, but maintained that it would impose no severe restriction on our national economy, since large works programs would serve permanently to neutralize any large-scale unemployment, and since large-scale unemployment is in substance responsible for stifling the flow of purchasing power, then the works programs would be a more or less stabilizing factor without too much fluctuation in their own size. Or, in short, that a large-scale sensible, well-planned public works program wouldn't mean the whole damned country would be working for the Government. Quite the contrary.

The "American Beveridge" report was the result of more than three years of survey by the board. Congress has never been enamored of the board, even refused it an appropriation to continue its work.

However, the results are now before Congress. The principles are laid down. And the initial bids for the post-war world in our own country have been made.

The President let it go at that. He said that further post-war planning is now up to Congress. A 10-man joint committee has been named to chart plans for post-war planning.

J. P. Morgan died last week. He was 75 years old. He was suffering from cerebral hæmorrhage and was in a coma for three days without regaining consciousness before he passed away in his winter home at Boca Grande, Fla.

Known to millions of Americans—and to many others the world over—simply as "J. P.," the tiger of Wall Street was known as the world's greatest moneylender during the last war.

"J. P." got his start in 1889 with his father's bank in New York. Two years later he was manager of the London branch. He shied away from public life and did not like newspapermen in particular. Once, J. P. warned cameramen that if they didn't get away, "I'll turn the hose on you."

When a young man once asked him: "How can I make money?" Morgan replied: "Find something everybody wants and will pay a penny for; then you manufacture it for a halfpenny."

J. P. Morgan died in Florida; cerebral hæmorrhage.

Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Secretary, came to America for conferences with President Roosevelt to "discuss the most effective method of preparing a meeting of the governments of the United Nations to consider questions arising from the war." Eden's visit, with promise of future Allied talks on more complete collaboration, ended the week of national questions for information on present and post-war status of United Nations' ties.

First, Vice-President Wallace warned at Columbus, Ohio, that a third world war is "probable" if the Allies "double-cross" Russia. He said world peace after the war depends on the ability of Marxism "as it is being progressively modified in Russia" and democracy "as we are adapting it to twentieth-century conditions" to live harmoniously together.

Second, Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles, repudiated the statement of Admiral Standley, U. S. Ambassador to Russia, that the Russian Government is not informing its people of the aid given by America. Welles's repudiation off-set a bi-partisan flood of Congressional criticism.

Congress voted to extend the Lend-Lease program

Clare Booth Luce asked the President if he wanted to listen to her.

for another year. The vote was 407 to 6 in the House and unanimous in the Senate. Administrator Edward Stettinius Jr. reported $9,632,000,000 worth of materials and supplies were shipped so far to United Nations. He said in the past year America sent 30 out of every 100 bombers produced; 38 out of every 100 fighters; 28 out of every 100 light tanks, and 33 out of every 100 medium tanks.

There was a warrant out for the arrest of Father Divine this week. One of his feminine "angels" successfully sued him for default in her wages. Now the self-proclaimed god is boycotting his Harlem "heavens," except on Sunday when the warrant can't be enforced.

America was turning out shells at the rate of 50 a minute during February, Under-Secretary of War Robert Patterson announced. The total number of shells for that month ran close to two million. Other output figures that should be of little comfort to the enemy are: 419,000 bombs of all sizes, including "block busters"; 150,000 machine guns; 134,000 sub-machine guns, and 5,000 tanks. Armament production was 300 per cent higher than a year ago.

In Detroit, the Ford Motor Company began production of sea-going "jeeps." Designed to carry five men, the vehicle will be able to ford lakes and rivers besides accomplishing the terrain feats of the land "jeeps."

The President's press secretary, Steve Early, took Congresswoman Clare Booth Luce (R., Conn.) to task this week. When invited to a White House reception given by the President to all newly elected representatives, she sent Roosevelt a long letter outlining her political ideas and asking him if he'd like to hear them in person. The letter appeared in newspapers even before the President received it. Early answered the Congresswoman, said the gathering was social, not political; and that her letter was a political attack on the administration.

While Congress debated the tax question, March 15 came as usual. Americans who had never filed returns before were faced with the necessity for payment of at least one-fourth of an all-time high in taxes.

The House Ways and Means Committee approved a compromise income tax collection plan imposing a 20 per cent withholding levy on all taxable portions of wage earnings. It was left to the individual whether to remain a year behind in payments, or double up the taxes in one year, going on a pay-as-you-go basis.

If passed by Congress, the withholding levy against pay-checks will go into effect July 1. The Committee rejected another proposal to apply payments this year on 1943 levies and skipping 1942 taxes. Republicans in the House promised to fight for this plan, which Treasury officials charged would profit large taxpayers to the tune of $90,000,000.

Rev. G. Ashton Oldham, Episcopal Bishop of Albany, N.Y., told his parishioners that painted lips and tinted nails were unessential to the nation's morale. Hollywood girls protested. So did many girls in offices and factories. One actress suggested that if the Bishop would abandon his razor a group of actresses agreed to dispense with lipstick. The Bishop replied, "That's a bargain." Last weekend the Bishop was still clean shaven and said he didn't expect the women of the nation to accept the bargain.

As girdles became scarce the dolls used tape on their stockings.

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, began negotiations with employers of 450,000 soft coal miners for whom he is asking a $2-a-day wage boost. Lewis refused to leave his demand up to arbitration. Although he has not mentioned any strike threats thus far, employers appealed for continuation of negotiations regardless of progress.

Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York is the Republican voter's choice for 1944 Presidential candidate, a Gallup poll claimed. Trailing him were Wendell Willkie and Gov. Harold Stassen, of Minn., respectively. Dewey recently announced he will not run for the nomination.

Henry J. Kaiser, the West Coast shipbuilding wizard who never entered a shipyard before the war, has purchased the Fleetwing Aircraft Co., Bristol, Pa. Employing 5,000, the plant produces aviation parts for the Army.

American housewives were told they could put away their bread knives again. The Department of Agriculture rescinded the order stopping bakers from slicing bread. It was said that factory slicing had advantages which far outweigh its disadvantages.

Mary Pickford and her husband, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, announced they are planning to adopt a six-year-old boy and become guardians of a six-month-old girl. Ann Sheridan gave one of her favorite sweaters to a man in the Royal Canadian Air Force to take with him into battle. Other girls should follow suit, she said. Sgt. Pilot Sam Beeby was the first RAF man in training in the U. S. to marry an American girl. Beverly Thompson of Phoenix, Ariz., is the bride.

Pickford and Rogers planned an adoption.

Wendell Willkie argued before the U. S. Supreme Court that cancellation of citizenship for an alien, because of Communist party membership, would constitute "a drastic abridgement of freedom of political belief and thought, as well as of freedom of speech." He was defending William Schneiderman, California Communist leader, whose citizenship was revoked by a lower court. Willkie also declared that the "Communist Manifesto," often referred to as the bible for Communists, was an important historical document, even if one doesn't agree with it.

Congress was asked by the President to consider giving the people of Puerto Rico the right to elect their own governors in the future. "It is America's policy to reinforce the machinery of self-government in its territories," the President said. A committee, consisting of an equal number of Americans and Puerto Ricans, was named to advise the President on further constitutional changes. Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes is chairman.

Secretary of War Stimson went on the radio this week to warn the people that curtailment of plans for an army and navy of 11,000,000 men would prolong the war "and needlessly cost thousands of lives." He said there was a strong move in Congress against the big Army-Navy plan, and suggested that industry and agriculture could be put on a more workable wartime basis without "crippling" the armed forces.

President R. J. Thomas of the CIO United Automobile Workers' Union plans to visit Britain and Russia soon to study the war effort and post-war plans in those countries.

A "utility" horse is being developed by horse breeders back home. Wayne Dismore, Secretary of the Horse and Mule Association said that the "smaller-sized 'utility' animals can be used for all kinds of farm work." He said they can pull a cart or a pleasure vehicle and even do well as saddle horses. The "utility" horse is being developed from Arab stallions, heavy Suffolk mares and Cleveland bay mares.

Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek caused a crisis among

Steve Early said a certain gathering was purely social.

faculty members of the Wellesley Women's College last week when she appeared in exquisitely cut navy blue slacks. Faculty members who had been trying to ban slacks from the campus, changed their minds. "We now favour trousers for girl students," one member of the faculty said.

Edward J. Flynn, whose ill-fated nomination to the post of Minister to Australia caused so much turmoil in Congress, has resumed private law practice in New York. Gertrude Ederle, first woman to swim the English Channel, is now repairing plane instruments at La Guardia Field. And in Philadelphia, Henry Arrup is flying a 24-star service flag from his flophouse, a star for each former resident now in the ranks.

Muskrat, long a delicacy in the Great Lakes areas, will help the nation's meat rationing problem. Southern trappers say they'll provide at least 20,000,000 pounds of choice muskrat next winter. Popularity of the muskrat is expected to sweep the nation as rationing will soon limit meat to two pounds a week for each person.

There was more speculation on the possibility of New York's Mayor, La Guardia, becoming a general. The "New York World Telegram" suggested that "Butch" was sent to North Africa as the first step in a propaganda offensive to soften up Italy. Walter Winchell wrote in his column that the mayor was slated for a major-general's commission in North Africa.

Food will win the war and write the peace, Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard said a year ago. Now the people back home are beginning to feel the pinch of that prophecy. The enormous task of supplying our Allies, coupled with a shortage of farm labor, has made food more scarce all over the country. Secretary Wickard said the problem is a serious one. To meet the shortage, many other items, besides canned food, will be rationed beginning April 1.

Congress disregarded appeals of administration leaders in the House this week and tossed the President's $25,000 limitation on wages on the scrap heap. It also voted an amendment to a bill providing that the national debt limit be raised from $31,250,000,000 to $210,000,000,000.

At Fort Adams, R.I., Pvt. Irving Cohen had his head x-rayed after an injury and was shocked to learn his skull was an exact replica of the skull of prehistoric Neanderthal Man. At Maceline, Mo., Arthur Fuzzy was haled before a court for passing worthless checks and was fined $17.95, which he paid by check. It bounced, too.

The Navy this week announced the formation of a women's unit to guard port installations. That organization will be part of the volunteer port-security force of the Coast Guard.

In Washington, it was announced that the Japs are allowing planes to be used against Germans to be shipped from the United States to Russia. The planes are being shipped in Russian vessels and the Japs don't want to infringe on their non-aggression pact with the Soviet Union.

Matches became one-sixteenth of an inch shorter this week. The War Production Board said it will result in a saving of 7,000,000 board feet of lumber in 1943.

The War Department this week announced that the average Yank's favourite meat is frankfurters, with ham as second choice. It was also said that G.I.s eat six per cent more during cold weather and four per cent more when it's cloudy. At Camp Edwards, Mass., there actually is a guy who likes KP duty. He's Pvt. R. R. Compt and has been doing that awful job for six months.

"I like KP," Compt said.

MARYLAND

A $350,000 FIRE swept the Central Chemical Co. plant at Hagerstown. Judge Eugene O'Dunne took under advisement charges that Americus (Slim) Pavese, former operator of the Band Box night club in Baltimore, accepted $22,000 of bank robbery loot. W. Royston Smith, Hagerstown businessman, was fined $1,000 and costs for evading income tax payments from 1937 to 1940. Parishoners at Baltimore's Woodberry Church of the Brethren sought an injunction to prevent installation of a new preacher.

NEW JERSEY

AFTER THREE CITY OFFICIALS had been indicted on conspiracy charges, editors of the Hudson "Dispatch" and the "Jersey Journal" at Bayonne were ordered in court to tell how they procured vice exposes. Northvale got a new police force—Edward Martini, veteran New York cop. Gov. Edison proclaimed a state of emergency and established plans for emergency control of all protective services. Trenton bartenders can't serve Coast Guardsmen who wear leggings—they're under 21. Clarence L. Cole, Jr., son of the late jurist, was questioned in the death of Mrs. Lillian Yates Phillips at Atlantic City.

NEW MEXICO

LIVESTOCK GROWERS WORRIED over a shortage of stock and early green range feed. Representatives of 22 colleges met at Albuquerque to talk war problems. Dr. George St. Clair, dean emeritus of the University of New Mexico College of Arts, died in Florida. Mrs. Rosa Chavez went from Albuquerque to the Canal Zone to become a translator.

OHIO

AT CINCINNATI, 2,200 AFL meat workers called off a "strike holiday" by request of their union's national officers. Stanley M. Rowe was reelected to head the Cincinnati Metropolitan Housing Authority. Cincinnati's Board of Education considered full-day summer school for high-school students to speed college entrance. The Rev. Arthur H. Stainback came from Long Branch, N. J., to be pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church in Cincinnati's Northside. Five prisoners overpowered two guards and escaped from the Hamilton County jail.

OKLAHOMA

STEPHEN S. CHANDLER, nominated by President Roosevelt as U. S. district judge for western Oklahoma, faced a stiff fight for confirmation by the U. S. Senate. Gen. John W. Harris, 95, commander of the United Confederate Veterans, was seriously ill at Ardmore. The House voted separation of beer establishments from dance halls, banning of beer sales outside incorporated towns. Gov. Kerr announced reallocation of school funds to aid weaker school districts. The legislature considered restoration of central standard time.

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA'S PTC ordered emergency valve cords removed from "L" and subway cars; too many drunks and kids yanked them during rush hours, disrupting traffic. The Town Talk Industries food plant at Phoenixville was wrecked by a $125,000 fire. Nine sport planes, valued at $75,000, were burned when fire swept a Port Meadville hangar. Two children of Mr. and Mrs. Kelley Cogar were burned to death at Waynesburg. Federal indictments were returned at Philadelphia against 105 persons, including Foster C. Hillegas, Montgomery County commissioner, charging them with running an illegal tire syndicate. Twenty-five machinists who learned aviation in their spare time saved 100 Army and Navy planes from a flood at Lock Haven by piloting them to dry fields. Capt. Edward Aloysius Duff, 58, former chief of Navy chaplains, died at Philadelphia.

People back Home

RHODE ISLAND

THE NAVY CONDEMNED 6,680 acres in East and West Greenwich, Exeter and North Kingston in the biggest land condemnation case in Rhode Island's history. Gov. McGrath said 1943 racing probably will be canceled. All but a few Brown University dormitories at Providence were closed by the fuel shortage. Mrs. Virginia J. Tobey, a Republican, became Warren's first woman nominee for town council. The Office of Civilian Defense rejected Gov. McGrath's plea for restoration of service on the Providence-Bristol Railroad line.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE "CHAMPION," crack streamliner, was derailed near Coosawhatchie; no one was injured. Fire destroyed a business block at Spartanburg, causing a $250,000 loss. The J. L. Sulton and Sons planing mill burned at Orangeburg. Wofford College students were shifted to Converse College and Spartanburg Junior College; the Wofford campus will be used for military purposes. The legislature passed a $17,024,747 appropriation bill. Presbyterian College at Clinton graduated 44 seniors.

TENNESSEE

NASHVILLE THEATERS were asked by police to bar juveniles during school hours as a result of a wave of purse-snatching. Federal internal revenue collections in Tennessee were $57,921,230 the last six months of 1942, twice the amount for the same months of the previous year. The legislature ended a 38-day session, shortest regular biennial meeting in 50 years, and passed only 158 general bills, a record low. Trenton's Mayor W. E. Seat was 92; he is reputed to be the nation's oldest city executive. J. Ridley Mitchell, former congressman and unsuccessful candidate for governor last year, became federal alien property custodian for four states. Fire destroyed the YMCA building on the University of Tennessee campus at Knoxville. Brushy Mountain prison will have a 1,000-acre victory garden.

TEXAS

FRED KNETSCH of Seguin was named highway commissioner. Canton donated its jail to the scrap-metal drive. The legislature at Austin refused to confirm Gov. Stevenson's nomination of J. Watt Page as adjutant general and William Lawson as secretary of state. Train service opened between Houston and the ship canal. Fire destroyed the Oldham-Barks Lumber Co. plant in Houston. Helen O'Keefe, blonde secretary sentenced to 25 years for killing her boss, was granted a new trial at Houston. A home-made cannon exploded at Silsbee, killing Clyde Brown, 15. A trapped vulture dragged its trap over a power line, cutting off Madisonville's electricity for an hour. Texas grocers complained housewives were transferring canned foods to jars and claiming they were home-canned. A milk shortage in the Dallas area was threatened as many dairy cattle were sold for beef.

UTAH

ROBERT AVERY, 34, was executed at Salt Lake City for the murder of Hoyt L. Gates, Ogden detective; he was shot by a firing squad of Gates' fellow detectives. Thomas Nemier and Norman Standard were sentenced to die for assaulting guards in a prison escape. The WPB banned embroidering of waitresses' names on their uniforms. At Ogden, irate wives protested the hiring of women by the Ogden Union Railroad to replace war-scarce men as "call boys"; the wives can't tell whether feminine voices phoning their husbands are business calls or not. Ogden and Salt Lake scheduled their annual cattle shows. Charles Segmuller, 100, took his first plane ride at St. George.

VIRGINIA

IN RICHMOND, fire swept the crowded Park Theater but no one was hurt. Dr. John E. Pomfret, formerly of Vanderbilt, became president of William and Mary, and John Stewart Bryan became chancellor. Richmond city schools got a $61,800 budget increase. Dr. William A. Weisiger became grand master of Virginia Masons. Virginia Methodists complained that churches had difficulty getting fuel for Sunday services. U. S. marshals condemned 683 miles of 4-inch gauze bandage at Richmond's Quartermaster Depot as unsterile.

WISCONSIN

COLLAPSE OF A CLAY CREVICE in the C. F. and H. mine near Shullsburg killed eight men in Wisconsin's worst mine disaster. Milwaukee tavern-keepers asked that bars be closed from 2 to 6 a.m. on weekdays and 3.30 to 10 a.m. on Sundays. Gov. Goodland fired Ralph S. Kingsley as state civilian defense chairman and appointed Brig. Gen. Alvin A. Kuechenmeister to replace him. Stanley Badowicz was fined $25 in Milwaukee for drunkenness, paid it from a $6,000 roll police found on him after he "passed out." Four young men—Roy Ackerson, Melvine Gilbertson, Palmer Hanson and Paul Nelson were killed near Barron by carbon monoxide fumes from the heater of their snow-stalled car.

WYOMING

DAN EAGEN, young Caspar attorney, lost a two-year fight to avoid a prison term for killing his wife, began a one- to two-year sentence after he was rejected for the Army. The legislature rejected a bill to require school courses in health and physical education after religious groups objected. One-third of Wyoming's draft registrants have entered armed service. Hugh J. Findlay of Smoot and G. W. Yeaman of Afton were elected directors of the Star Valley Creamery at Afton. C. W. Slingerland, 72, of Pine Bluffs was killed 24 miles from Cheyenne in an auto accident. Gov. Hunt trimmed $562,000 from the legislature's appropriation bill before approving it. Sheridan planned to resume its annual rodeo this year.

Hollywood Mae West has given rationing the double cross, adding twenty pounds to her already beautifully padded figger, and Hunk Mature neatly getting rid of one dish is getting ready to waddle down the aisle with Rita Hayworth. George Brent is being chopped off by Ann Sheridan; Jack Oakie and his Missus are having a battle.

John Garfield

Dead at 53 was W. S. Van Dyke II, famous director, whose pictures included "Trader Horn," "The Thin Man," and "Marie Antoinette." Phil Baker thinks Hitler's new book should be called "Mein Cramp," and Jack Benny and Jimmy Cagney have turned producers.

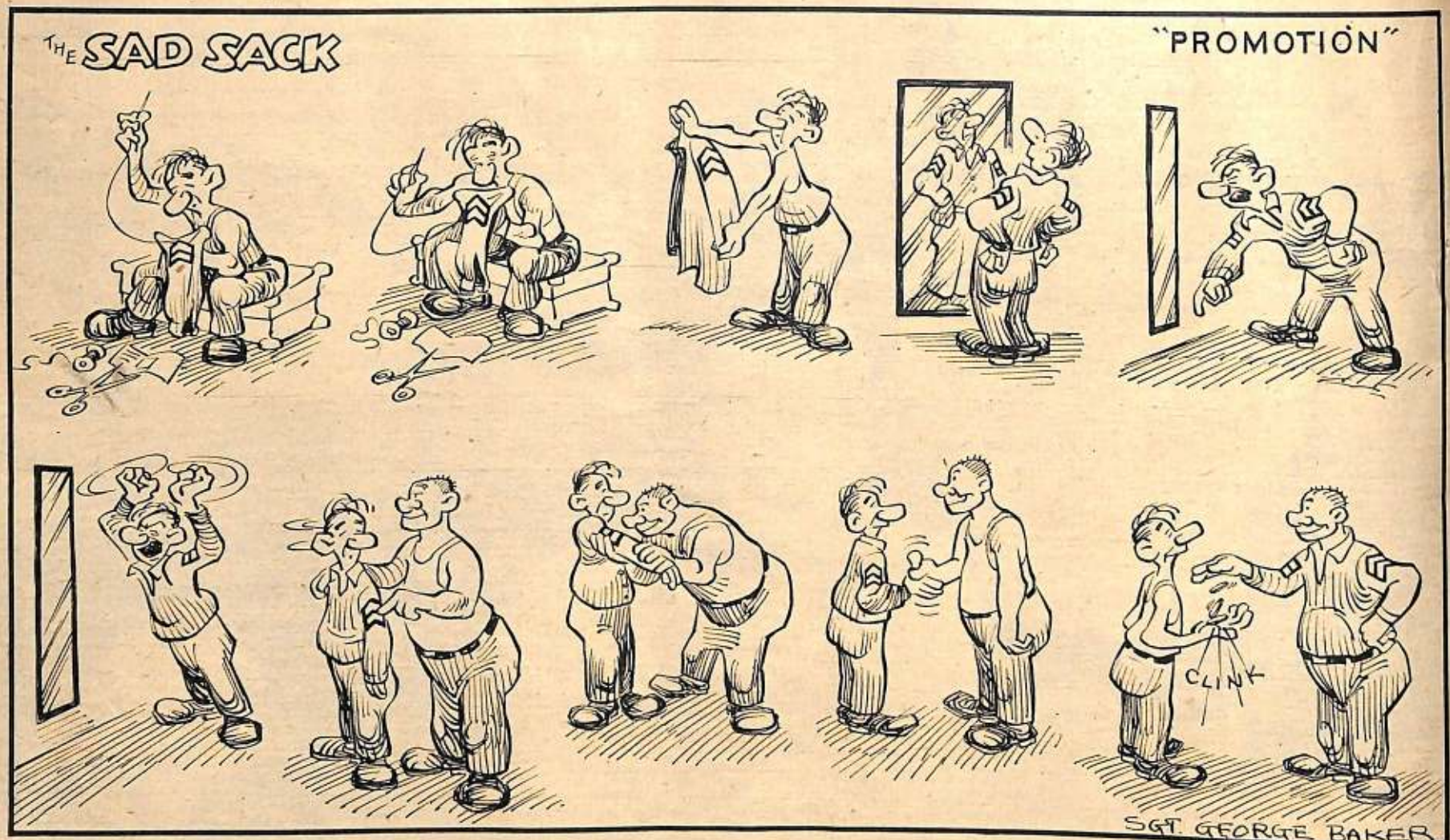
Toughy John Garfield has gone sissy in his newest flick and he and Dinah Shore dish out a croon job together.

The Sheridan has some advice to sweater girls engaged in war industry: "If the sweater's too big for you look out for the machine. If you're too big for the sweater, look out for the men." Joe E. Brown, first actor to visit the South Pacific war area, has conferred on himself the title, "commander of the beer gardens of the South Pacific." Cesar Romero has joined the Coast Guard and John Payne the Navy. . . . Jack Benny is so hateful he steals lollypops from little boys in his new film, "The Meanest Man in the World." . . . .

Gypsy Rose Lee's shapely little sister June Havoc dances with Jack Oakie in "Hello, Frisco, Hello. . . ." Rationing has hit Hollywood so bad that Orson Welles has to ride to work on horseback. A drive-in sandwich stand has changed to a walk-in and a shortage of candy in movie houses has sent managers screaming to ration boards. . . . One manager said, "We are facing a grave crisis in chocolate covered butterfingers." Ingrid Bergman is making a Swedish-language short for the OWI.

"Random Harvest," having shown to 1,600,000 people in 11 weeks at Radio City Music Hall, has broken the longevity record set by "Mrs. Miniver." Margie Hart is quitting burlesque and will have a role in the Chicago play of "Cry Havoc," the play about nurses in Bataan . . . Abbott and Costello are bemoaning the loss of 17-grand in a gin-rummy game on a train from Chicago.

Hazel Scott



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

THE LOWDOWN ON ARTIE

We thought it was Artie's truck and it *was* Artie's truck, and there was someone under it, but it wasn't Artie. We could tell that right away. For one thing, the feet of whoever was under the truck were too small, and for another, the shoes were laced. We got down on our knees and peered under the crankcase to see who the usurper was.

It was the hungry-looking K.P. we had seen in the mess hall last week. He held a wrench in one grubby hand and he was staring at the crankcase with a rather gruesome interest.

"Hullo," we said.

The little man turned a baleful eye on us. "What's eating you, ya jerk?" he said. "Did you get drunk and fall down?"

"We thought you were Artie," we said.

"Yeah, sure," the little man said. "I remember you. You're the friend of that rummy, Greengroin? Am I right?"

"Right," we said.

"Well," said the little man, "I suppose it ain't your fault. Anyways, Greengroin ain't here."

We asked where he was.

"In the horsepital, for krissake," the little man said. "Where'd you think he was, after eating his own cookings for a week?"

"Will he be out soon?" we asked.

"I hope not," the little man said, "and then again, I hope so. This Greengroin gives me a pain in me painer. Honest to gaw, I been doing nothing in the Army but going round cleaning up after that bassar. Past me that wrench, will ya, chum?"

We passed him the wrench.

"This is Greengroin's truck," said the little man. "It is not woiking. Why is it not woiking? Because it is Greengroin's truck. I have been trying to fix it for three days. It is the most busted truck I ever seen. This Greengroin snafus the mess hall and snafus the trucking business. Past me that spanner, please."

The little man took the spanner and began to pound the crankcase of the truck. "You know," he said, "pretty soon I'm going to pound me a hole in this crankcase and I am going to get erl all over me face. That'll be Greengroin's fault, too. Gimme that hammer, Jack." We passed him the hammer.

"I was drafted the same day as Greengroin," the little man said, "and I been in the same place with him ever since. I know all about Greengroin. Next time you see him, ast him who takes all his dames away from him."

"Who does?" we asked.

"Me," said the little man. "Past me that ax, will you?"

"Artie never told us anything about having dames taken away from him," we said.

"Ah," said the little man, "thass that bassar all over. You never gets but one side of the story from Greengroin. Why, I tooken more dames away from that toikey than they is in Canarsie. I think this crankcase is going to bust any minute now, gawdam it."

"When did you see Artie last?" we wanted to know.

"I seen him this morning, the rummy," the little man said. "I go around to the horsepital every morning and gloat over his body. 'Yer getting yer pay, now,' I says to him. 'How's yer guts terday? I hope you got the gripes awful.' It's getting Greengroin down. I figure my jess going around to see him has delayed his recovery three days. And meanwhile I got to fix this ole bassar of a truck. Greengroin should live so long. Past me that auger."

We passed him the auger.

"He makes himself out to be a hero," the little man said. "But he ain't no hero. He's a bum. He owes me four dollars. One quid. Will I ever see that quid again? No, I will never see that quid again. Why not? Because Greengroin never pays. What a doity world."

"Who's taking his place in the messhall?" we asked.

"How should I know?" the little man said. "I never go in that joint. I take care of me stummick. Me teeth are bad and I can't hear very well and I'm getting balder than Mussolini, but I got a very good stummick. It's all that's left to me, so I take care of it. I been living on beer and cookies. Past me that pneumatic drill."

We passed him the pneumatic drill.

"Lemme give you a woid of warning, chum," said the little man. "Keep away from Greengroin. He's a bum. He is a typical bum. I seen a million like him. He can't cook a meal, he can't drive a truck and he can't hold a dame. For a year and a half now I been going around and cleaning up after him. And now I got to go ahead and fix this truck he ruint."

We made the timid suggestion that the underside of the truck was beginning to look a little green around the gills.

"Greengroin's woik," said the little man. "It's awways Greengroin's woik. Here I give me blood and sweat to repair damage done by a incompetent. I should of been a lieutenant now if I hadn't had to go around all the time cleaning up after Greengroin. Past me that pick, will ya, Jack."

We passed him the pick, and he maneuvred it in the way picks have always been maneuvred. Here was a dull clank, and then a great jet of oil descended from the crankcase to the little man's face. He crawled out from under the truck.

"See?" he roared. "Greengroin's fault. Wait'll I get my hands on that bassar."

We decided to drop over to the hospital and inquire after poor ole Artie.

"Yeah, this is room service.

You're in MIAMI Now

A STUDY OF ARMY HOTEL LIFE

(Oh, God, how things have changed since we came to the ETO)

By Pvt. R. C. BOLTON, who claims he prefers a tent, and pictures by Sgt. RALPH STEIN, who wants some ice sent up to Room 1004 right away.

MIAMI BEACH, FLA. — So you'd like to spend the winter in Florida? Well, brother, just join the Army. It's as easy as that. But don't say I didn't warn you. You guys who have the weird idea that life here is just one big vacation sprinkled with pay days had better change your brand. Try reefers and get on the beam.

Sure, we are quartered in modern hotels, the beach is at our back doors, the "Moon Over Miami" is as beautiful as the song would have you believe, the climate is delightful, some of us have hotel beds (with double mattresses), each room has a private bath, there are venetian blinds on the windows—and, oh, how we long for the sight of a tent.

Your idea of life in a Miami Beach hotel doesn't include the jeep CQ who comes running through the corridors at 5:20 A.M., blowing his lungs out on a little tin whistle, and, when he has the breath, yelling, "Rise and shine. Up and at 'em, men!" Nor does your notion of life here take into consideration that lowest form of human specie known as hotel sergeant. The toughest top kick in this man's Army is a mere trainee in the hard-boiled class compared to these three-stripers.

Want to know what it's like here? OK, I'll tell you. When the old whistle blows you tumble out of bed and snap on your lights — if you're lucky enough to have lights. They are prohibited in some hotels. But be sure your blinds are tightly closed unless you want the corporal of the guard on your neck in 30 seconds flat. They have what they call a "dimout" here, but it's the nearest thing to a blackout this side of London.

OK, you're up, so now what do you do? Well, there are any number of things you think of doing (getting back into bed being at the top of the list) but you "decide" to fall out for roll call—and I do mean fall out. This is one of the most hazardous jobs in the Army here. Practically all of these hotels have front steps. These are very attractive in the daylight and make excellent places for the boys to sit during their off moments, if any. However, at 5:30 A.M., you can't see these steps even while you are falling down them, which is what usually happens.

You have about 15 minutes now in which to sit and meditate, or you can make your bed. It's a good idea to do the latter, and it's no mean trick. If you think hospital corners are difficult on a G.I. cot, try making them while you juggle an inner-spring mattress that is eight inches thick.

Of course falling out for breakfast is as dangerous as for roll call, and if you think it's fun to stumble in the dark (they call it marching here) to a hotel a block away for chow, you're eligible for discharge as soon as the man in the white coat catches you.

Back in your room (it's now about 6:45) you have a half hour in which

to get shaved and clean your room. You learn for the first time why those venetian blinds are on your windows. They're there so you can dust them every morning, and on *both* sides. You probably never stopped to figure that those innocent looking gadgets have about 40 slats and each one must be treated individually. Now you can understand why, with five jeeps in the room, one is assigned to that task alone.

Another job is the sweeping. You're probably one of those unfortunates who has a pretty carpet on his floor of his room. This makes for a homey atmosphere but it also makes for plenty of grief. Be a contortionist and sweep under five beds, and you finally wind up with the

"Have you a reservation?"

nap of the carpet in a neat little pile. And don't ever kid yourself into believing that some day you'll have all the nap swept up. You'll be moved to another hotel before that happens, and you can start all over again on a nice new carpet.

Dusting, except for the blinds, is the softest detail. That is grabbed by the "veteran," the fellow who has been longest in the room. You gaze at him longingly each morning and dream of the day when you will have that job. But it never happens. By the time you work your way up to duster, you're transferred to another hotel.

Our days outside the hotel are like those at most any camp. A beautiful golf course is our drill field, and the famous beach is the scene of our calisthenics. But our every waking moment is haunted by thoughts of our rooms and the inspection by the hotel sergeant. Many of our evenings are spent indoors—gigged. When we do get out we rush to a recently opened PX where 16 ounces of beer are handed out for a dime, and the chief topic of conversation is how swell it must be to live in a tent.

But the daily average temperature here is 78. Sun shines all day. Maybe we'd better stay here at that.

"You don't have to carry their bags, sir. Remember you don't work here any more."

THE POETS CORNERED

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

SONG OF THE G.I. LANDLUBBER

(Aboard a Troop Transport)

Uncle Sam gives his nephews
All their hearts desire,
Every little G.I. item
Their G.I. lives require.

So I've eaten G.I. hash,
Off a dented G.I. tray,
Had G.I. socks and ties,
But never a G.I. sway.

I've used a G.I. razor,
And taken a G.I. leave,
Had G.I. pack and harness,
But never a G.I. heave.

On Sundays I've repeated
A G.I. prayer in church,
Had G.I. mask and mess kit,
But never a G.I. lurch.

I've done some G.I. scrubbing
With a brimming G.I. pail,
But never a G.I. leaning
Over a — — rail.

Uncle Sam gives us all things:
Complaining is disloyal,
But how I long to plant G.I. boots
On some good G.I. soil!

England —Pvt. STANLEY FERBER

PERSONAL INSPECTION

His blouse was too tight
And it sagged to the right
While the collar bulged out in the back;
His trousers rode high as
They stretched on the bias,
Because of his large lower back.

Yet his sweetheart, Miss Nashing,
Cried, "My, you look dashing."

—Cpl. RAY DUNCAN

Santa Ana Army Air Base, Calif.

MY BLACKOUT DREAM GIRL

'Twas in a London blackout that I met her;
Her silhouette left naught to be desired.
Such grace and charm! I knew I'd ne'er forget her;
Her silv'ry voice my very soul inspired!

We strolled the parkways gazing at the starlight
(Which was a trifle dim, I must admit);
We cooed, and then we kissed,—and lo, a far light
Of love with each embrace her eyes relit.

We made a date to meet upon a new night
Within a cozy pub that I had seen.
She thought that she had found at last her true knight,
And I that I had found my virgin queen.

I spent but little time that night in sleeping;
The dawn came late, and slowly crawled the day.
My love-wracked brain urged on the clock hands creeping
Around their cruel, staid, indifferent way.

The hour came; we met, ah, sad to mention,
For what I saw caused all my blood to freeze.
Until the lights of London shine again, son,
Remember lemons aren't all grown on trees.

England —T/5 CHAS. B. PERRY

JUNGLE SENTINEL

I'm on guard in the jungle, it's black as hell,
The cry of the beasts makes my very blood jell.
Owls hoot and the mosquitoes bite,
Birds swish around in nocturnal flight.
I'm on the alert for Jap or Hun,
And I trust in God and my good old gun.

Frogs croak in monotonous tone,
From the trees comes an eerie moan,
Lizards dart and the snakes crawl,
The reeds are alive with nothing at all.
I'm unafraid yet I like the sun,
And I trust in God and my good old gun.

The ground is wet and the air is chill,
At times it gets too damned still.
I'm not a guy that likes to boast
But I stay alert while walking my post.
Come what may, I'll keep the belief
In God, my gun, and my good old relief.

—Pfc. WILLIAM FREEDMAN

Panama

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

Although I think the Army's grand
It's not all "cream and gravy."
In days to come,
If I have a son,
I'll make him join the Navy.

—Pvt. ANTHONY BOGOSIAN

708 MP Bn., Hartford, Conn.

RESOLUTION AT 3 A. M.

I would trade the *biggest* sloe-gin rickey
For a sloe-eyed look from Marlene Dietrichy.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

Scott Field, Ill.

JOISEY BOUNCE

We'll fight with the jerks from Joisey
To set the rising sun,
If they'll get the hell out of the Lone Star State
When 'er the war is won.

Guys and gals in Texas
Like to drawl "out yonder," "you all" and "sho nuff;"
We don't think "jeeze," "youse" and "how long are you here"
Exactly up to snuff!

When it's round-up time in Texas,
And the Jap rats have met their doom,
May the sidewalks of New York be crowded
And we'll no more hear their gloom.

'Tis a shame there isn't room for all
To live in the very best state.
Let's begin a "Joisey Bounce" campaign,
Before it is too late.

Let's tell them the Dodgers are good
And need all the support they can get.
Why should they stay in Texas,
When in Brooklyn they'd be all set?

But when they're home and look things over,
Open their bags, and start to unpack,
Memories of Texas will unfold
And they'll wish that they were back!

—Pvt. ROBERT D. MIDKIFF

AAFBS, Childress, Tex.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

Due to the fact that YANK has provided genuine entertainment to so many pilots and air-crew members in their few hours of relaxation, further because your publication has piled up much combat flying time in bombardment aircraft on operational missions, it is our great pleasure to make YANK an honorary member of the New Guinea Bush Pilots. May we take this opportunity to thank the members of the staff of the YANK for the grand work they are doing.

—2nd Lt. JAMES F. WARD, JR.

Australia

■ We're very much honored, and are sending you a certificate of membership in our Marching and Mayhem Club.

Dear YANK:

A fellow in the QM in White Horse, Canada, was court-martialed, and had his choice of taking 30 days in the guardhouse or putting in his 30 days working with Co. A of the 340th Engrs. The poor fellow took Co. A. He is regretting his decision already.

—Pfc. WILLARD K. MEYER

Canada

Dear YANK:

On our post we do not have any laundry facilities other than taking it to town or doing it ourselves. Then we are not permitted to hang clothes indoors regardless of weather conditions. Having returned from furlough I needed clean linen, so decided to do it myself. When I had finished it it began to rain. What to do? We have a large heating stove on each end of the barracks with a sand box underneath it. Filling my mess kit with sand and putting it on the stove, I proceeded to set up an ironing board. In a minute everything was ready and I was drying and pressing my laundry. The boys said, "We thought they had seen everything." Incidentally, we still are without laundry facilities.

Marianna, Fla. —Cpl. JAMES P. ROTHER

Dear YANK:

Here in the desert a rolling canteen for the benefit of the USAAF, owned and operated by the U. S., sells us such sundry articles as we may need. Said articles are all tax free, and I'd like to know why one must pay at least 8 PTs (32 cents) for any American cigarette. If the sailors can get them for 6 cents, why can't we? Beer and other things are just as unreasonably dear. Another thing: a buddy of mine just brought to my attention the "Smokes for Yanks" drive in Washington. I donated a buck to the cause and to this day none of us has as much as seen or smelt a "Smoke for Yanks" and we have been here almost nine months. Reckon something can be done?

—Cpl. I. H. DEMERCADO

Overseas

Dear YANK:

I would like to see a picture of a soldier or know the name of one who has an umbrella and makes use of it in camp. Is there any? I always wanted to see a soldier with an umbrella.

—Pvt. HENRY DEMCHUK

Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

■ Anybody ever seen a G.I. umbrella? We haven't.

Dear YANK:

I was reading a recent issue of YANK and ran across Pvt. Campbell's letter asking how to get into the paratroops. Please tell him the best way to go about it is to get transferred into infantry basic training. From there he won't have any trouble getting into the paratroops, and he will find it much easier to pass the paratroopers' training once he has gone through the rugged training of the infantry soldier.

Fort Bragg, N. C. —Cpl. BILL HOLIN

Dear YANK:

If any one branch of the service is stepped on, it is the Quartermaster Corps. I am a member of the QM and proud of it. But to hear our fellow soldiers talk you would think we were a lot of goldbrickers, collecting pay and not doing anything. I wonder how many men know what QM really does and where we fit into this fight. Perhaps they never stopped to wonder about those three meals a day, those uniforms they wear, the transportation they use and the million and one other things that the QM furnishes. Instruction is being given in everything else in the Army, why not give a little on the services performed by the various branches?

Moody Field, Ga. —Sgt. CLARENCE E. BAILEY

Dear YANK:

There are set regulations in the Army as to uniform insignia. Why in the hell don't these "wildcat" service pilots commissioned into the Ferry Command wear service wings? They sport regular Army combat wings and it gets in plenty of the Army pilots' hair. After all they didn't go through what we did in training and don't have the right to wear them. They use the argument that some of them have thousands of hours (cubs) and some had to pay as much as $20 an hour to learn to fly. Is that our fault that they couldn't pass the regular physical (or mental) exam. Oh hell, what's the use. Some poor staff sergeant pilots will bomb Tokyo next month or so and end the war and this will be the real G.I. Army again.

—"P-O" SOLDIER

Dear YANK:

Where, may we ask, did you discover this Arthur Greengroin person who has been consuming valuable white paper in your most interesting magazine. Pfc. Greengroin seems to be entirely out of keeping with the fundamental dignity which your publication has established, an impeccable reputation both for literacy and good taste. Pfc. Arthur Greengroin is neither, and what an example to set for other boys.

T/Sgt. TOM LONG, QMC

Dear YANK:

A "G.I. Joe" cartoon in YANK called "Night Guard" showed two spies coming out of Headquarters, ETOUSA, with a safe marked "U. S. Army Secret," and a MP calmly standing by asking, "Hey! Got a pass to take that out?" I wish to inform you that the MPs are not guarding the ETOUSA but an infantry company is doing this job. Also, we don't ask questions; we get results.

—1st Lt. RAY W. MILES

England

Dear YANK:

The base ordnance office at this base claims to be responsible for the care and feeding of an even more infantile sixstriper than M/Sgt. Billy T. Hutson (born June 7, 1923) of Camp Roberts, Calif., winner of YANK's youngest master sergeant contest. M/Sgt. Alton B. Lewis of the 1081st Ordnance Co., Avn., was born June 30, 1923, and attained the highest enlisted man's rank Nov. 7, 1942. We are sorry we were unable to get this info to you before the close of the contest, but M/Sgt. Lewis toddled into this office only yesterday for some advanced training.

—Cpl. NORMAN McCARRON

Army Air Base, Topeka, Kans.

■ M/Sgt. Lewis is younger all right, and we're sorry you weren't in time to win.

Dear YANK

It seems a couple of camps back they are bragging about their KP's dream come true—an electric potato peeler. Over here we have an electric potato peeler, too. Our CO shows it off to all visitors and is proud of it. So are we, the boys who run the gadget.

—Pvt. LOUIS G. STEVENS

Australia

Editorial Page

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

The General

THE general is one of our favorite characters, quite unbeknownst to him, we assure you. We would like to introduce the old boy to anybody whose conception of a major-general was forged during that era of wonderful nonsense when war was unnecessary and all generals were both unnecessary and thick in the stomach and fat in the head. Our old boy is neither.

The general is a rather small man as generals go, but then he is not yet a full general. He is about five feet eight inches tall, and since he is an English general we will measure him in stones. In stones he would come to about 11, maybe a little more in his battle dress.

The old boy is quite given to battle dress, and battle dress is quite becoming to the old boy. He walks like a regimental sergeant-major, only he smiles, which is probably a prerogative of generals and not of sergeant-majors. But, not being in the British Army, we would not know.

There is a lot of spit and polish about the old boy. His battle dress is not new, by any means, but it is always neatly pressed, including those ribbons he got for heroism and not for just being somewhere where he had no choice about being. The old boy has a full mustache, from a standpoint of area covered on his upper lip, but it is neatly trimmed to about ¼ inch in length. It curls up at the end and accentuates his smile. The old boy is very thin and wiry. We do not know for certain, but we guess his age as 51.

We could look up his age in a reference book, or call the war office and find out for certain, since the general is *not* a fictitious character. But we prefer, after seeing the old boy in action, to leave ourselves just with the impression he gave offhand, unencumbered by details.

School for Warriors

He was at a British battle school when we met him. A battle school is an institution devoted to the pursuit of having men run through barbed wire and under and over obstacles under fire. It's tough training, but worth it. Generals Alexander and Montgomery, of the First Army, both wrote letters to the battle school saying that the men who had been through the hell on that new-type playing field of England were 100 per cent better than those who hadn't and had overcome all their gun-shyness.

At the school there were about 50 junior leaders (or corporals) from the old man's division, ready to go through the battle inoculation course for the first time. All morning long, we had been watching them go through various thrusts and strokes of battle formations. This they did on the double. The colonel, an old Sandhurst man and an M.C., explained that it was like a practice run in our own American football, that this was a formal way of teaching the boys the basic plays against, for instance a pillbox, and that when they got into action, the rest would be easy like a football team which had practiced its basic plays well. That appealed to us as one of the soundest ideas we had heard for a long time, and one which we Americans—with our natural penchant for sports—could study.

The General's Informality

The general was due to show up at 11.30 a.m. and at 11.29½ the old boy's car pulled up before the huge estate house which served as headquarters, and promptly as an old clock in the stately hallways struck 11.30; in popped the old boy.

In a room which once had been a ballroom, or a banquet hall, the men were ready. Among them were four American N.C.O.s going through training with the general's junior leaders; that also sounded like an excellent idea since some day soon these men, American and British, will be fighting side by side in Europe.

The old boy was scheduled to start speaking at 11.45, and at 11.45 the old boy started speaking. But, first, he lit a cigaret and told the men they

the lecture platform, crossed his boots, blew a long stream of smoke from a Players No. 3 towards the beamed ceiling and started talking. This is some of what he said.

The old boy said the assault courses weren't being run as "hate cults" any more. He said he thought it was bad psychology to spill guts and pig's blood all over "my men." He said that was the Hun's way of doing things. The old boy told his men they were not fighting just to kill Huns, a word he used as though it were, in itself, a hate cult all its own. Which it undeniably is.

"We are," the old boy said, "fighting for a much higher cause. Even as we fight for victory, we also are fighting the battle for peace. The discipline we have learned in the Army will be invaluable to us in the days of peace."

The Meaning of Discipline

We liked the way the old boy brought that one in. We liked the way he spoke of discipline as *battle* discipline, of men trained to go through their plays on the field in unison, with teamwork. Every man in that room knew what the old boy meant by discipline and it wasn't the second-looie-throwing-his-bars-around, grommet-in-your-cap kind of discipline. It was the kind of discipline the Australians, who will spit in anybody's eye, had when they went into Tobruk singing "The Wizard of Oz," which concert certainly had no place in regulations.

And we liked the way the old boy didn't let his men forget that the war will be over some day, and then the fun, the battle for peace begins, the dark difficult days. We wished, rather furtively, that more of our own military men would remind their troops of that fact in the same manner, not forgetting that the war is *not* an end in itself. We personally have yet to hear of a base commandant in our army instructing a "junior leader" to talk very seriously of a post-war world while giving them gas-mask drill.

We also liked the way the old boy told his men not to underestimate the enemy.

"We mustn't think," he said, "that the Hun is not able to start an offensive, anywhere, any time. He's everything that's awful and despicable, but he's a damned fine fighter. He's a gambler, and he might even throw his last dice right here at us, at home, and we're here to see he'll crap out when he does."

We liked the way the old man drew his analogies that every soldier would appreciate.

"The battle inoculation course," the old boy said, "is tough. But it's to impress you chaps that war really isn't so tough if you know the rules. That's important; it's rather like a game."

"But this course is tough. Watch the safety rules! This is not a leg-puller. You'll find the course no rest cure. You'll find it a very fine test of guts, absolutely a game of guts and wits.

"And there we've got it on the Hun. Now this is a bloody assault course. I won't try to disguise it. On the other hand, it's not meant for heart attacks, and that sort of thing. It's meant for pride of achievement; that's the main thing."

And that's the main thing we liked about the old boy, the way he was building up unit pride in his division, the way he didn't try to scare the pants off their battle dress, the way he was realistic but humane, both and at once.

The old boy lit another cigaret.

"Now just one more thing. We are *not* the the poor bloody infantry of the last war, and don't let's have any sort of inferiority complex about it. Infantry and gunners are masters of the tank. Now this is not a leg-pull. If you dig in, a tank can run right the hell over you, and you're his master. I know. I've had one run right over me. And another thing, the planes. Now sometimes, it's a terrible thing to be attacked from the air, and it's damn bad luck if you get hit. Damn bad luck. But remember the chap up there in the air feels pretty alone himself. Pretty naked. Pretty alone."

The old boy was proud of having the Americans at his battle school. "Remember," he said just before he walked from the platform, that these men here from America are more than our brothers. They are our *twin* brothers. We welcome them."

The Actor Spectator

For lunch, the old boy just ate what everybody else ate, which wasn't exactly a feast, and after lunch, wiry and supple, the old boy ran along the assault course, jumping up and down like a jack-rabbit, shouting encouragement to the men as they waded through mud, swam cold wintry streams, crawled under barbed wire under grenade-bursts.

The final barrier was a 20-yard-long obstacle of barbed wire, laid less than a foot above the mud. The men had to crawl under this entanglement on their backs with the barbed wire just inches from their faces. Hand grenades exploded a few yards away. The men, by this time, were almost nauseated with fatigue. The old boy stood watching. One man faltered. The old boy ran over to the obstacle, knelt down at the entrance and peered through. His general's cap, with it's red band, was askew on his head.

"Come on, son, come on," the old boy shouted.

The soldier was whimpering for breath.

"Come on, son," the old boy pleaded.

The soldier, sucking in his breath, smiled, paused in his struggles for just one second, then panted:

"Blimey, sir, the things I do for dear old England."

Come the second front, we hope we are in a sector somewhere near the old man. He's one of our favorite characters.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer, Inf.; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.

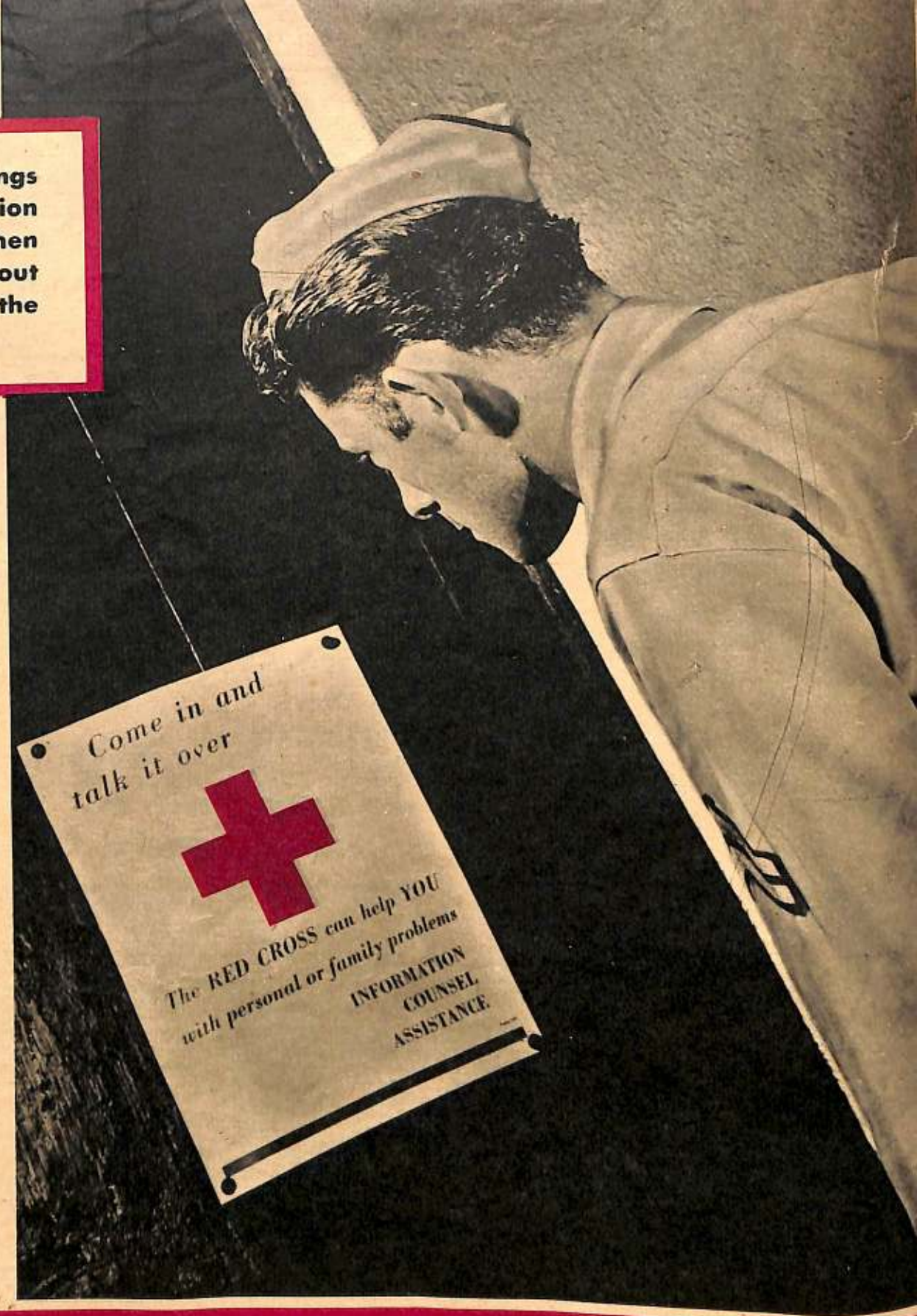
British Edition: Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr. Art Editor, Cpl. Charles Brand, AAF; Staff Cartoonist, Sgt. Dave Breger, DEML. Editorial Associates, Col. Ben Frazier, CA; Sgt. Denton Scott, FA; Cpl. Steve Derry, AAF; Sgt. Walter Peters, QM; Pfc. Arthur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

North Africa: Sgt. James Burchard, Inf.; Sgt. Peter Paris, Engr. Cairo: Sgt. Burgess Scott, Inf.; Sgt. George Aarons, Sig. Corps. India: Sgt. Ed. Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. Robert Ghio, MP. China: Sgt. John P. Barnes, AAF. Australia: Sgt. Don Harrison, AAF. South Pacific: Sgt. Mack Morriss, Inf.; Sgt. Howard Brodie, Sig. Corps. New Guinea: Sgt. Dave Richardson, CA. Hawaii: Sgt. Merle Miller, AAF; Sgt. John Bushemi, FA. Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF. Alcan Highway: Pvt. Donald Seely, Engr. Trinidad: Cpl. Frank H. Rice, Inf.; Sgt. Tom Vahey, AAF. Iceland: Cpl. Dennis Weigand, AAF. Washington: Sgt. Earl Anderson, AAF; Cpl. Richard Paul, DEML. Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y3c; Allen Churchill Y3c. Officer in Charge: Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Editor: Maj. Hartzell Spence. Detachment Commander: Capt. Sam Humphfus. Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE:

205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

The Red Cross does other things besides hospital and recreation work—it's the place to go when you're overseas and hear about sickness or financial worry in the family back home.



Trouble at Home?

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Writer

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—Ever since that time back in 1941 when Bubble Butt Nelson and Dinny O'Brien got disgusted with the way things were going in our Field Artillery outfit at Fort Bragg and went over the hill for a week, I have been inclined to be rather skeptical about the American Red Cross and the social service it performs for the enlisted men in our armed forces.

When Nelson and O'Brien returned to the barracks, they told the rest of us how local Red Cross workers had visited them in their homes, describing AWOL as a sucker's racket and urging them to report back to the orderly room as soon as possible. Naturally we were all firmly convinced that the Red Cross had been sending our battery commander hourly reports on the movements of Nelson and O'Brien during their unofficial furlough.

"Why them low bums," declared one private from Scranton, Pa. "Somebody ought to lock them in a garage with the motor running and sophisticate them."

And so when I decided to spend a few days here in Puerto Rico finding out what the Red Cross does to help the soldier or sailor overseas who has personal problems at home, I didn't exactly approach the job in a spirit of friendliness. I was waiting for the Red Cross to show me.

After I was introduced to Moe Frankel of East Orange, N. J., field director of the Red Cross service for the armed forces in this overseas area, I happened to mention the impression that the Nelson-O'Brien episode had left on my mind.

"I don't blame you guys for feeling that way," Frankel said. "But you got the wrong idea. When a fellow goes over the hill, the Army sends the Red Cross a report on him. Then the Red Cross sends a worker to his house who tries to talk him into returning before he gets in too deep. We do that for his own good.

"But the Red Cross never sends any kind of a report back to the Army on the dealings it has with any individual soldier. We never let the military authorities see any records we have of conversations with you men. And that's not just in AWOL cases, either. It applies to anything we do for you."

That was news to me. So were a lot of the other things I saw the Red Cross doing for soldiers, sailors and marines here in the last few days.

For instance, I didn't know the Red Cross could locate your brother in a combat zone in another part of the world.

A sailor in the Naval Air Station at Puerto Rico heard that his brother in the Army had been shipped overseas. He didn't know when, where or how, and he was getting worried about it.

So he told Frankel the story and gave him the name of his brother's infantry outfit. Frankel sent the information to the Red Cross headquarters in Washington which happened to know where that division was located in North Africa. The Washington headquarters contacted its field man in North Africa who, in turn, located the town where the sailor's brother was walking guard.

Within a week, the sailor in Puerto Rico received the following radiogram from Oran:

"SAFE AND SOUND FEELING FINE SIGNED TOM."

Getting Rid of a Cheating Wife

I didn't know, either, that the Red Cross could help a soldier overseas get a divorce from his wife back in the U. S. The day I was visiting Frankel's office, a Coast Artillery sergeant came in and showed him a letter from his wife saying that she was six months pregnant.

"Couldn't have been me, sir," the sergeant said. "I been down here in the Caribbean for a year and a half."

I had heard a lot of latrine jokes about this particular type of wartime social problem but, seeing it here before me in real life, it didn't seem so funny.

"What do you want to do about it?" Frankel asked.

"I want to get rid of her," the sergeant said. "I don't want to have no more to do with her."

"Well, if you say the word, maybe we can get you a divorce," Frankel suggested. The sergeant agreed immediately. Frankel collected a few more details about the case and arranged to get the necessary legal aid from the Red Cross chapter in the wife's home town.

After the sergeant went away, I asked Frankel how the Red Cross could arrange such a divorce. I thought it was always necessary for the plaintiff to appear in court and testify in person.

"Oh, no. Several states allow divorces in absentia under these circumstances," Frankel said. "Besides, we've found that the judges nowadays lean over backwards to give every break to a serviceman—especially if he's serving overseas."

Frankel is a typical Red Cross overseas man. He's a Dartmouth graduate, class of 1934, who was just getting established in life with a wife and a new daughter and a good job as head of the social studies department and football coach at Clifford J. Scott High School in East Orange when the war broke out. He gave up all that and a comfortable 3-A classification to volunteer for Red Cross service and, after a short apprenticeship in the States, they shipped him down here to the Caribbean Defense Command.

Now he occupies a small office in the post of San Juan hospital building, an old Spanish barracks, assisted by Richard J. Burtnett, who used to be a safety engineer with a large transportation company in Baltimore, and William Manard, a Notre Dame graduate from Buffalo, N. Y., who takes care of cases at nearby Fort Buchanan. The Red Cross men overseas have been assimilated by the Army and given a rank corresponding to captain so they will be treated as officers in case they are captured by the enemy. But Frankel, Burtnett and Manard are not anxious to wear captain's bars on their uniforms.

"The enlisted men wouldn't feel as free to discuss their personal affairs with us if we were officers," Frankel says. "And, on the other hand, we

couldn't talk as freely to a colonel or a general if we wanted to complain about something. I'm not saying they would pull rank on us—but still it would be possible. We won't put bars on our collars unless they force it on us."

Frankel, Burtnett and Manard have nothing to do with hospital or recreation work. They concentrate entirely on the personal problems of able-bodied men on active service. Burtnett told me they had 136 cases in the past two weeks.

"That is rather slow," he added. "We'll probably have a lot more in the next two weeks."

Frankel showed me a handful of radiograms that he was sending back to the States that afternoon. Here are a few samples, with the names and addresses changed, of course:

Moe Frankel hears a soldier's problem.

"VERIFY SERIOUS ILLNESS MRS MARY RAYMOND 1425 BLANK STREET RICHMOND VA MOTHER OF CORPORAL JOHN RAYMOND"

"CONTACT MRS FRANK COMMINSKY 675 BLANKVILLE MICHIGAN MOTHER OF LT. MARY COMMINSKY ARMY NURSE VERIFICATION BAPTISM OF NURSE NEEDED FOR MARRIAGE BEING PERFORMED HERE FEB 2, 1943"

"COULD WE HAVE PERIODIC REPORTS FLOOD CONDITIONS IRONTON OHIO FOR PERSONNEL HERE"

"CHECK HOME CONDITION MRS JULIA SMITH 57 NONESUCH STREET JERSEY CITY NEW JERSEY"

Most of the personal problems handled by the Red Cross overseas, and at home, too, are financial ones. Frankel is getting an extra heavy load of financial cases here in Puerto Rico because, for some reason, the allotments for wives and parents made in this area have been slow in paying off. Things are tough in the homes where those allotments are badly needed.

A soldier came to the Red Cross office here a few weeks ago with a typical allotment-trouble story. His wife, living with his father on the farm back in Arkansas, was in her eighth month of pregnancy. She was expecting a hard time with a breech delivery and, because the allotment *hadn't gone through, she was absolutely broke.* The soldier was broke, too, because he had been redlined and hadn't been paid in a month.

Frankel loaned the soldier $25 on the spot and mailed the money to the wife. He also wrote to the Red Cross secretary in that county of Arkansas, directing her to visit the home and see what help the Red Cross could give. He asked the secretary to see what reductions she could make in the hospital and doctor bills and to arrange for credit until the soldier's allotment arrived.

Report Reveals All is Well

A full report on the case reached Frankel the day I was visiting his office. Things weren't quite as bad as the soldier had suspected. The Red Cross secretary said that breech delivery stuff was a lot of nonsense. The girl was going to give a normal birth and the doctor said she wouldn't have any trouble. The doctor was also perfectly willing to wait until the allotment came before presenting his bill and the Red Cross made a deal with the local hospital to extend credit, too, until that time. The soldier's father said he was able to give the wife plenty of nourishing food and care before and after the confinement and the wife told the Red Cross she was feeling fine. Frankel drove around to the soldier's barracks the next morning and told him the good news, and the soldier relaxed.

Not many soldiers know just what the Red Cross can do to help solve financial problems.

The Red Cross itself can give loans only for pressing emergencies. You can borrow money from the Red Cross for emergency transportation or emergency medical aid for your family back in Ohio. You can also get quick loans for almost any other absolutely necessary expense that must be paid at once. For example, if you broke your glasses and really needed a new pair right away to do your work and couldn't wait six weeks for the Army to get them through channels, the Red Cross would advance you enough money to buy the spectacles.

For other financial headaches, the Red Cross can't give you loans from its own pocket. But it can make arrangements to borrow the dough from the Army Emergency Relief fund or the local relief agencies in your home town. Here's a case that shows how the Red Cross works along that line:

A soldier, broke and waiting for his allotment to be approved, has a penniless wife at home and a mother-in-law who is dependent on him. The mother-in-law has a heart condition, needs $5 a week for a vegetable-and-milk diet and $3 a week for medicine. They owe the doctor $37 because, in addition to the mother-in-law's heart trouble, the wife of the soldier is pregnant. (The wives of the soldiers who come to the Red Cross for financial or legal help are almost always pregnant, you've probably noticed by now.) They also owe the grocer $15, the landlord $30, the milkman $12 and the druggist $17. How does the Red Cross handle that one?

Well, the mother-in-law's case is turned over to a local hospital which takes care of her more or less free at its clinic. The Red Cross lends the soldier money to pay the doctor, druggist and milk man because those bills are considered emergency medical expenses. The landlord and the grocer fall into a slightly different category. The Red Cross gets the Army Emergency Relief to pay their bills, with the understanding that the soldier will return the money when his allotment comes around.

Handling Army's Headaches

When Frankel isn't wrapped up with these financial problems, he is launching investigations at the request of the military authorities on behalf of soldiers and sailors who feel that they are entitled to receive dependency or medical discharges. The Red Cross, through its agencies back home in the States, also makes all the arrangements with relatives of servicemen who die or get killed in action overseas. When a soldier's name comes out on the casualty list, the Red Cross sends a representative to his home to help his family fill out the papers for burial and sees that they collect the insurance.

When I got up to leave Frankel's office, I felt somewhat like a heel for denouncing the Red Cross people as a pack of stool pigeons that time in 1941 when Nelson and O'Brien went over the hill. It seemed as though they handled the Army's personal headaches overseas with much more efficiency than the average lawyer or psychiatrist at home.

"You've got a depressing job," I said. "How do you stay so cheerful?"

Frankel smiled and said that, although his daily routine was quite similar to that of Mr. Anthony on the Good Will Court, he usually found something funny in the batch of mail and radiograms on his desk every morning. The other day, for instance, a soldier reported that his father had packed up and left home. The soldier was afraid his father was losing his mind so Frankel had the local Red Cross secretary check on the case.

"Instead of checking on the father, we should have checked on the Red Cross secretary," Frankel said, handing me her report.

"There is nothing wrong with this man's sanity," it said. "He is a spiritualist and he is required to leave home frequently because the spirits are always calling him to other parts of the country."

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

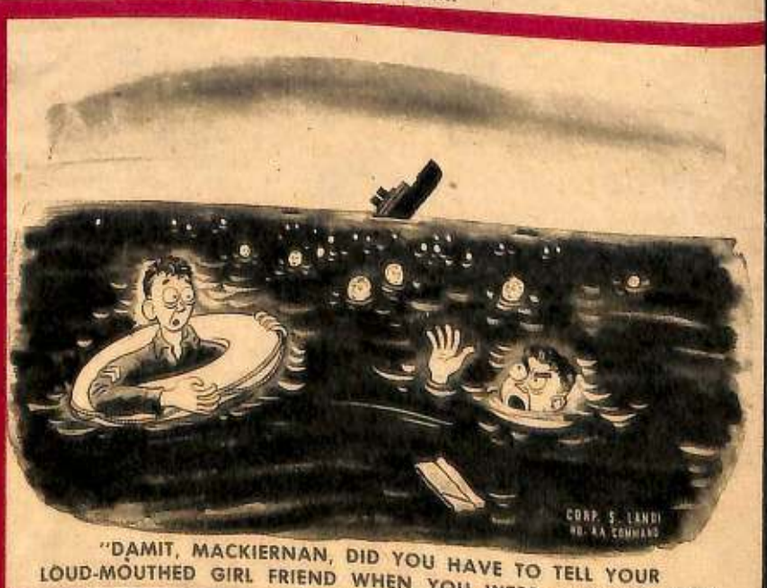
"NEVER MIND THE FANCY STUFF, OLSEN. I SAID 'BY THE NUMBERS.'"

"SERGEANT, WE WOULD LIKE TO HELP THE BOYS BUT WE HAVE SO LITTLE TO OFFER. HAVE YOU ANY SUGGESTIONS?"

"PREPARE TO BLOW NOSES."

"CLEAN UP ALL THIS JUNK."

"HE USED TO BE A PURSUIT PILOT."



"DAMIT, MACKIERNAN, DID YOU HAVE TO TELL YOUR LOUD-MOUTHED GIRL FRIEND WHEN YOU WERE SHIPPING OUT!"