

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

3^d AUG. 22
1943
VOL. 2, NO. 10

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

SICILIAN GATEWAY

STRAIGHT AHEAD
... ALL EUROPE





WELCOME YANKS
FIRST CLASS
TAILOR SHOP
DRY CLEANING
AND PRESSING
ALTERATION. NEATLY DONE



These Tommies are peeling themselves a grape. It doesn't look like they'll have to use that thing under the counter after all.

THE HAPPY WARRIORS

They came, they saw, won and made merry. Americans and British alike showed the Sicilians that the conquering hero can let his hair down and act like a human being. There was laughter and bull sessions. And the people of Sicily were glad that the whole thing had happened.

This guy's checking the spelling. They sure can spell, can't they? They sure can.



This guy is English and he's just doing this for a joke. Don't pay any attention to him.



By their little grass shack they sit and play. We can't hear the tune—but we guess it's Italian, or perhaps it's German. Some Wagner, may be a funeral dirge, like, for Hitler.



"The forward reconnaissance units were on a ridge west of town, firing on the road-block emplacements."

TALES FROM THE SICILIAN FRONT

PART TWO

FROM YANK'S CORRESPONDENTS

Six Men and Lulu Belle

Like everything else in the army, it started out as just a routine patrol one bright sunny morning. But before it was all over, every man in the jeep Lulu Belle was a proposed candidate for a decoration.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN

Yank Staff Correspondent in Sicily

At 05.30 hours on the morning of July 20, the sun had not yet come up over the Sicilian hills, but it was light enough to see, and from the way the sky was changing into a beautiful light azure it seemed that it was going to be a nice day.

The six men in the jeep hoped so. Lulu Belle, the jeep, was rolling along at 30 miles an hour, faster than ordinary reconnaissance pace, but Lieut. Samuel W. Riley of San Antonio figured that this would be more or less a routine job this morning.

On the previous evening, his regiment had been bivouacked near the Sicilian town of Cinciano. The division had landed on the south coast nine days before and, after overcoming hard initial resistance, was now pushing rapidly north-west to the capital city of Palermo. They already had travelled some 75 miles to Cinciano. The next town to be occupied was San Stefano, some 25 miles to the north-east.

During this advance, the regiment had acted as the spearhead, flanked and followed by other regi-

ments in the division. It was now at full strength except for the third battalion, which had left the road on which the regiment was travelling some miles before and was now hoofing it cross-country to San Stefano.

Then, on the morning of July 20, Lieut. Riley was assigned to the mission of proceeding to San Stefano and setting up an observation post on a hill north of the town. This hill was the objective of the third battalion and was to have been captured by the time Lieut. Riley arrived there.

The Lieut. selected four men and a driver. The group was headed by Sgt. Peter Tickler of Daggett, Mich., and included Pfc. Theodore Moody of Troy, Idaho; Pvt. Henry Lorah of Sinking Springs, Pa.; and Pfc. Addison McCullough of Reading, Pa. The driver was T/5 Louis Johns of Gridley, Cal. Their jeep was an amphibious model.

The road was good, although two bridges had been blown out along the way. The first bridge was passed by riding the rails across a railroad span. They negotiated the second by plunging Lulu Belle right into a shallow creek. There was a possibility that both these places had been mined, but Lieut. Riley said to his men, "That is just a chance we have

to take," and the men nodded and they took their chances.

The sun was well up by the time they reached the little town of Bivona at 08.00 hours, and the whole town turned out to welcome them. Up a tiny street ahead they saw two more jeeps from division reconnaissance.

They held a short conference, and Riley learned that this was as far as the division jeeps had gone. So far as the men in the other jeeps knew, there were no American units ahead of them. These two jeeps were just turning back to the first blown bridge in order to ferry across the rest of their reconnaissance troop.

The division jeeps went on back, and Riley's little group went ahead, but not before the populace of the town had thrown flowers at them and cheered wildly. It was a very pleasant morning in the little town, with the sunlight throwing cool shadows on the quaint little streets.

It was a morning to enjoy and all the men in the jeep were talking about how much it reminded them of home, especially the boy from California, when the corporal in the front seat spotted a motor cycle ahead of them.



Ouch! That hurts! All over Catania such sights as the one above were common, as the R.A.F. cleared the way for capture of the Sicilian port. The Heinkel had its back broken by a bomb explosion.

It was an Italian job, mounted by two Itie soldiers, and it was about 1,000 yards up the road. As they watched, it disappeared around a bend. The Ities had not spotted the jeep.

Right then, Lieut. Riley decided that perhaps the situation was not developing according to the book. He ordered Johns to slow down to 15 miles an hour, and everybody immediately ceased enjoying the Sicilian countryside, being much more interested in the possibilities of what fate any Sicilian underbrush might hold for them. They stopped carefully at each curve, and proceeded on foot before bringing the jeep around.

About three miles from San Stefano, Pvt. Lorah peered around a curve and saw an Italian soldier coming towards them.

Lorah turned to Lieut. Riley and asked:—

"Want me to shoot him?"

"No," the lieutenant said in a Texas drawl, "there's only one of him and there's six of us, and he will be a cinch to capture."

They captured him. The prisoner was young and terrified, but since none of the group could speak even so much as a word of Italian, there was no way of getting information out of him. So they just took him along with them.

By now, Lieut. Riley was convinced that something was not entirely kosher, and the sound of a rifle shot in the distance did nothing to dissuade him. He decided not to go around the next curve, so they parked the jeep down the road in defilade and climbed a ridge overlooking San-Stefano, beautiful and peaceful in the morning sunlight.

They looked the place over through the glasses, as the rifle crack developed into the sounds of a small battle. Watching, listening intently, they placed the locale of the skirmish at a point south-east of the town. Lieut. Riley assumed then that the third battalion had run into trouble and decided to set up his O.P. on the ridge. It was then about 09.30 hours, and it was pleasantly cool up there after sweating out those curves. They opened a couple of cans of C-rations and sat under a tree, talking about what they were going to do when they got home. The ridge was about two miles west of San Stefano and offered an excellent view of the town, the road leading in and out of town and a railroad station only 700 yards down the road. It was while they were eating that Cpl. Johns suddenly said, "There goes a bastard carrying a tree."

Everybody stopped eating, and Lieut. Riley looked through his field glasses, and they soon discovered



that the gentleman carrying a tree was an Italian soldier refreshing the camouflage over a gun position. Further observation disclosed that the entire area on either side of the road around the railroad station was combed with gun emplacements. These provided a thorough road block, defending the approach to town. The guns across the road from the station were trained directly on the curve in the road that the group would have taken if they had not decided to go up on the ridge.

"Jesus Christ," Cpl. Johns said. "This sure as hell ain't the Carolina maneuvers. If we had gone that way, we really would be dead pigeons."

It was some time before they finished spotting all the enemy positions. During this time the two division reconnaissance jeeps drove up, stopping where they saw Lulu Belle parked. On the way they ran into the colonel commanding the regiment, who was out on a reconnaissance of his own. They all returned to the ridge and after conning the situation the colonel ordered up all the armament carried by the various reconnaissance units in the vicinity. This included one 75 mm. gun, mounted on a half-track, two 37 mms., two 50 caliber machine guns, and four 30 caliber light machine guns. These were put into position on the same ridge, which was now beginning to get a little crowded, fired on the enemy emplacements.

Meanwhile, the third battalion had been having trouble. They had made a forced march on foot from the town of Arigona to San Stefano—a distance of 52 miles—in the excellent time of 36 hours, and had arrived to meet stiff opposition from small arms fire. They had fought their way to a hill south-east of town, and that was where they were held up when the reconnaissance units arrived.

This, then, was the situation. The third battalion was attacking up a hill south-east of town. The forward reconnaissance units were on a ridge west of town, firing on the road-block emplacements. There was no discernible fire coming from the town itself. The remainder of the regiment was some 15 or 20 miles back along the road, advancing slowly and without opposition. Most of the regiment was on foot, with C Company motorized and in the lead.

At this point, Lieut. Riley volunteered to take three men and attack the enemy road-block position. The purpose of this was not so much destruction as information.

Riley's proposal was accepted. He chose Sgt. Tickler and Pvts. Moody and McCullough to go with him. Johns went back for the jeep and drove it up to the bend, where he could provide some cover with the machine gun. The radio on the jeep was dismounted and Pvt. Lorah remained with that; it was

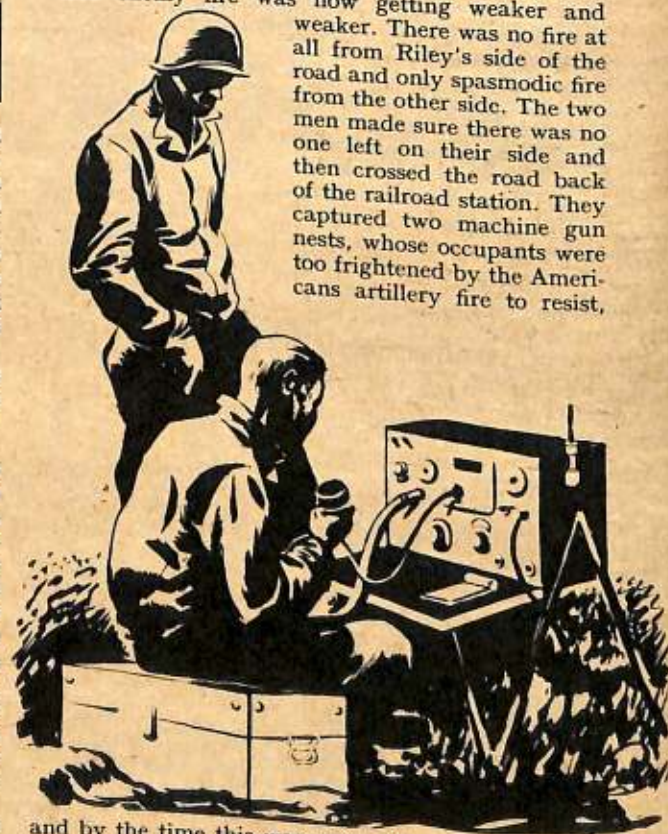
the only contact they had back with the regiment. The prisoner also remained with Lorah. He seemed not at all anxious to escape and just hung around, keeping out of the way.

Lieut. Riley had a carbine, the other three had Garands; armed with these they made their way carefully from cover to cover down the ridge, under fire all the time. At the bottom of the ridge was a dry creek bed and a plum orchard that offered fair concealment but no cover. An enemy machine gun across the road had flanking fire down the creek bed, but that did not stop them from filling their canteens at a spring they found in the orchard and also grabbing a few plums off the trees.

Back on Lulu Belle, Cpl. Johns was having his share of the fun. In order to cover Riley and the others he had to expose himself, and the lead was thicker than dust in the air. Even now, Johns cannot quite figure out how he escaped being hit. He could not see the others after they went down the ridge and concentrated on knocking down whatever Italian heads he saw sticking up. It was a good 45 minutes before he saw Tickler and Moody walking back up the ridge, herding 30 Italian soldiers before them.

These Italians had surrendered as easily as the earlier prisoner they had caught. After eating their plums, Riley and his men had walked up the creek bed to see where the flanking fire was coming from. The machine gun that had been giving them the most trouble had been knocked out, but there was still fire coming down the creek. They were half-way to the road when they saw a white flag waving from the top of the opposite ridge. When they climbed up to investigate, the 30 Italians popped out with their hands up. Riley turned them over to Tickler and Moody, who marched them back.

The enemy fire was now getting weaker and weaker. There was no fire at all from Riley's side of the road and only spasmodic fire from the other side. The two men made sure there was no one left on their side and then crossed the road back of the railroad station. They captured two machine gun nests, whose occupants were too frightened by the Americans artillery fire to resist,



and by the time this was over, all enemy resistance had ceased. The two of them collected 22 more prisoners before returning; there were also numerous Italian dead lying around.

Back on the ridge, the colonel had managed to get hold of two 105 mm. howitzers from his artillery support. These were brought into position and opened fire on the town. This fire, plus the elimination of the road block, relieved pressure on the third battalion. Their opposition withdrew completely to the town, where they could be seen piling into trucks for a quick evacuation. The third battalion immediately split into two sections, one section proceeding up the hill they had been fighting on and into the town, while the other section went around to the north and occupied the hill.

The artillery fire was now directed on the road leading out of town, with the result that only five enemy trucks were seen to escape. C Company was now up to the town and entered along the road from the west, as elements of the third battalion streamed in from the south-east. The town surrendered almost immediately. Several hundred prisoners were taken and much material.

Lieut. Riley has been recommended for the D.S.C., Sgt. Tickler, Cpl. Johns and Pvts. Moody, McCullough and Lorah have been recommended for the Silver Star.

The Bewildered Sergeant

When the kid got to the Sicilian manor house, he found American and German soldiers—all armed—eating and drinking and having a hell of a time. He didn't know what to make of it for a while; nor did his Captain.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN

Yank Field Correspondent in Sicily

FIRST LIEUT. FRED THOMAS, of the paratroopers, walked into the front-line first-aid station a little out of breath and found S/Sgt. Earl Wills on duty there. First he asked the sergeant if he had a cigarette, and the sergeant gave him one. Then the lieutenant took a long drag and said:

"Look, sergeant, there are a couple of wounded Americans in a house over there behind the German lines a couple of miles. One of them is pretty bad off and they need some help right away. I can take you to where they are if you'll come with me."

Sgt. Wills, who is only 23, but a regular army man for four years, looked up at the lieutenant for a few seconds, and in the silence they could hear the distant reverberations of the German 88s. Sgt. Wills thought for a second and then said: "Sure, I'll come."

The sergeant rounded up three other medics, and they piled into two jeeps and started out in the broiling sun, racing along a road far in advance of our lines, the Red Cross flags fluttering in the wind.

Finally, the looey said quietly, "This is the place," and with the tires screaming they turned off the highway and came into the courtyard of a big old house. They got out and walked to the open door, and the four medics looked inside and blinked with disbelief when they saw 18 American paratroopers and two Germans—all of them armed—drinking wine and eating chow served by Italian civilians. They were laughing and having a wonderful time.

The medics looked at the looey who brought them there, and the looey looked back at them and smiled calmly and beckoned them into a back room.

There were three wounded men there, two Americans and a Jerry. Still slightly bewildered by the whole thing, the medics dressed the shattered arm of one of the Yanks, fixed up the Jerry's shrapnel wounds in his arms and legs and stomach and tended to the other man's wounds. They were loading the men on litters when one of the American paratroop lieutenants came up to Wills and said, "Wait a minute, you guys. You're in a pretty hot spot."

"What do you mean, a hot spot?" Wills

asked. "Those two Jerries are prisoners, aren't they?"

The looey smiled again and said, "No."

"What do you mean, No?" Wills asked.

"There are two German Mark Fours parked out there in the orchard," the lieutenant said, and they have got 88s covering the exits. I got to go out and get their permission before you can leave."

While Wills stood there open-mouthed with bewilderment, the looey walked out to the orchard and disappeared. In the other room, the Yanks and the Jerries were still wining and dining and kidding each other and generally having a hell of a time. In a few minutes one of the Jerries came into the back room to say good-bye to the wounded German, making sure he was all right, and assuring him that everything was going to be all right.

Then he motioned to the American lieutenant and said: "All right, you can go now."

Then the looey said to Wills, "You can put them in the jeep now. Look, if any German patrols stop you. The German password is 'lissso,' whatever that means."

The sergeant, four years in the army or not, was getting sore now and he went up to the lieutenant and with a wild look in his eye said:

"Look, sir, what in the hell is going on here, sir."

The lieutenant smiled again and told the sergeant to simmer down and told him the story. It seems that earlier in the morning, the paratroopers had brought two of their wounded men to this villa, and they were sitting there, eating and trying to figure what to do next, when suddenly, without knocking, a couple of Jerries appeared in the doorway and politely informed them that two Mark Fours were out there in the brush and that their guns were focused on the door and that it would be a hell of a fine idea and a good way to save human life if none of the Americans decided to go walking, dear, that afternoon.

Now, a German 88 is a powerful piece of killing machinery, and the paratroopers looked at one another, deciding whether to cut the Jerries throats, just like that, and then make a run for it, or whether to stay or what to do, when the Jerries proposed a "gentleman's agreement," which later turned out to be the only German gentleman's agreement that they have kept since Hitler came into power.

It seems that the two tank crews were the last of the Nazi patrols in that sector, that everybody else was pulling out that afternoon, except these two tanks which had broken down despite the German mechanical efficiency.

However, they made it quite clear that there was absolutely nothing wrong with the 88s and that the 88s would blow the hell out of any American who walked outside the door.

The Germans were planning to blow up their tanks and leave earlier on foot, but one of their comrades had stopped too much shrapnel and needed immediate attention. Their own first aid boys had moved earlier in the morning. If the Americans, they proposed, would send someone to bring back transportation and take their wounded comrade to an American hospital, the Germans would go their way and let the Yanks go theirs—but there must be no funny business.

The Jerries demanded that the Americans give their word of honor, and the Americans with typical shrewd Yankee ingenuity decided what the hell could they lose, anyway, so they gave their words of honor.

But the Germans, just to make sure with their typical Nazi thoroughness decided to hold 17 paratroopers.

Wills, once he had bundled the Jerry on to a jeep, went on back to his first aid station and told his

captain (John Lauren of Glendale, Cal.) what had happened. The captain, being of a sane mind, said:—

"Sergeant, what have you been drinking?"

The sergeant said: "Sir, I have not been drinking anything."

"In that case," said the captain, "you have had the sun shining on your head too long. Go in and lie down."

"But, captain—"

"Let's don't have any more of this," the captain said a little sternly. "This is not a movie set. This is a battlefield, and things do just not work out that way."

But the sergeant insisted that the captain check up, and the captain started checking the wounded Jerry. His story tallied in every detail. When the unit moved up, the captain went around to the villa, and the details there were right, too. After that the captain hunted up the paratroop lieutenant, and the story was justified.

The captain apologized to the sergeant, and even the sergeant thought his apology was a little lame, because all the captain could say was:

"Sergeant, this is the god-damndest war ever fought."

Which, in a way, it is.



Some of the remnants of the glory of Rome, needing a shave, a bath, and a new lease on life.

Yes, Luigi, and how's everything back in Rome? Lousy, I hear. The Itie prisoners are standing in front of a captured two-man tank many of which were used in the defense of the Bisca airfield.



Yanks at Home Abroad



It must be a great feeling, Joe, and maybe it's the shape of things to come. Photo shows the first battalion of Seabees being shipped home after a year in the Aleutians, where they build fortifications and airdromes.

It's time for evening chow but these 12 soldiers look as though they could go marching forever and be happy about it. They're working harder for the pfc. than they've ever worked for a sergeant, and they carry their rifles smartly. Everything, indeed, is very military about this remarkable squad, though you fear, as the pfc. sings the cadence, that the No. 2 man is about to swing out in a furious Lindy Hop.

Then the pfc. yells out:
 "Squad halt! Slide it!" [In four movements, distinct yet somehow miraculously merged into one, the M1903s come down to Order Arms.]
 "Cross yer right eye!" [Up go the rifles to Right Shoulder Arms.]
 "Cross yer left eye!" [The pieces move to Left Shoulder Arms.]
 "Cross yer chest!" [Port Arms.]
 "Peep in it!" [They snap to Inspection Arms.]
 "Big Man coming!" [They close their bolts and Present Arms.]
 "Big Man gone!" [They return to Order Arms.]
 "Get off it!" [They stand at ease.]

This new nomenclature is said to have won many adherents, even in the ranks of sergeants, when the CO is not around. There are some who see the day when the War Department will have to scrap FM 22-5, Infantry Drill Regulations, and FM 23-10, U. S. Rifle, Caliber .30, M1903. For the seed has taken root.

There they go again:
 "Get on it!" snaps the Pfc. [His squad is stiff at attention.] "Kick off!" [They swing down the company street to the rhythm of his cadence.]
 "You hada good gal but you left . . ."

—Cpl. GEORGE NORFORD
 YANK Field Correspondent

If You're Captured, Button Your Lip — Stick to a Polite Dead-Pan Act

NORTH AFRICA [By Cable]—Of all the words in any language, there is one phrase that intelligence officers dread to hear from a prisoner who is brought in for questioning.

In German it is "Es tut mir leid." In Italian it is "Molte scuse." In American it is simply "I'm sorry." It is the perfect answer for any and all questions an enemy questioner may ask, according to U. S. officers who have lately interviewed a great many prisoners.

Back in training, our men saw a British orientation film entitled, "Name, Rank and Serial Number," which explained what to do and say if ever you happened to be captured. But there are any number of ways to circumvent the rules if the questioner is a good psychologist, our officers say.

Here are a few warning hints, from men who question prisoners at the front line, on how to act if captured:

Always be polite and military. This attitude is the strongest weapon for disarming the enemy questioner. If you are taken before someone who outranks you, salute even if it makes you squirm. Stand at attention until told to relax. And don't open your mouth until you are compelled to by common courtesy, then give a polite answer that says nothing.

It's best to call the enemy questioner "Sir," or name his rank if you can figure out what it is. Then when you answer "I'm sorry, sir" to his questions, there isn't much he can do about it.

A German trick employed to break down that "I'm sorry, sir" is this question: "Do you think you Americans can beat us Germans?" Any number of Yanks answer, "You're damned right we can," whereupon the German asks, "Why?" You can't very well answer that one without some proof, so you tell a few things the enemy wants to know. If you fall for that trick, the best way to answer the "Why?" question is come back fast with the stock reply, "I'm sorry, sir."

If the constant repetition of that phrase makes you feel like a parrot or a dummy, don't let it get you down; the investigator is just as frustrated as you are. If you vary your answer by saying, "I can't answer that," the questioner will whip back swiftly with the words, "You mean

you can't or you won't?" and then you're in a hole again.

The Germans like to hint they'll do all sorts of things to you if you persist in saying nothing, but they won't do anything for fear we will do the same to their prisoners.

Don't try to show off if you are captured, our officers advise, because usually the men who question you are among the brainiest in the enemy army. Sometimes the college man struts his learning and lets on he's above the common run of prisoners in intelligence, which just about makes him the dumbest prisoner there is. The investigator gets that kind of soldier talking about what he did in civilian life, one question leads to another and, once you start talking, you can't stop because you can't very well refuse to answer a question after you've already answered a dozen others.

Finally, if you happen to capture prisoners yourself, don't take any souvenirs before turning the soldiers in. Investigators can learn a hell of a lot from letters and personal effects. They use them to find out who the prisoner is, and once in possession of that fact, they can often start the long chain of questions that makes the prisoner talk.

—Cpl. JOHN M. WILLIG
 YANK Field Correspondent

Negro GIs in the Fijis Prefer The Manual of Arms in Jazz Time

FIJI ISLANDS—Down the company street swings a squad of Negro GIs, stomping their feet as a private first class sounds off in the cadence of Duke Ellington:

Pfc. [his voice like a trumpet hitting a high note]: Cadence count!

SQUAD [counting as their left feet strike the ground]: One—two—three—four.

Pfc. [rhythmically]: You shoulda stayed home but

SQUAD: You left—you left.

Pfc.: You hada good gal but you left . . .

SQUAD [now on the right foot]: Right.

Pfc.: You left . . .

SQUAD: Right.

Aussie Infantryman Kills Time Doubling as Gunner on a Fortress

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—Being a private in the Australian Imperial Forces is a full-time job for anybody except Mick Gibson, who uses his "leisure" to fly as a gunner on American Flying Fortresses.



Yanks drag a light field piece ashore on the beach at Rendova Island during South Pacific offensive.

Nimble Thimble Earns Pin Money For This South Pacific Soldier-Tailor

NEW CALEDONIA—Pfc. Mauritin (Moxie) Salamon of the Bronx, N. Y., is a democratic sort of guy, just as ready to press the uniform of a two-star general as he is to stitch the britches of a buck private. As regimental tailor for an anti-aircraft outfit here, Salamon is one of the best known sew-and-sews in the Southwest Pacific.

Though his work consists mostly of alteration and mending jobs, Moxie has found a lucrative source of pin money in designing and manufacturing clothing. He invented a jaunty green overseas cap to wear with fatigues, and a strictly GI type of khaki swimming trunks. His cleverly made khaki watchbands have taken the place of leather straps, difficult to obtain in this area.

Salamon's smartest creation, a khaki dress blouse, is worn by well-dressed Army nurses at



Pfc. Mauritin Salamon, regimental tailor at work.

nearby base hospitals. And the commanding general wears an original model of a hand-made belt Salamon designed.

A prodigious craftsman, Moxie knows all the tricks of his ancient trade and takes great pride in his work. "By me, what I make is the best," he says. But a nimble thimble isn't his only weapon; Salamon's an expert shot with the M1, which he's fired often in his two years of service.

The soldier-tailor was attending an officers' training academy in Rumania in 1936 when unrest in his homeland placed his life in danger. Salamon made his way to the U. S. that same year, leaving behind in Nazi-dominated Rumania his family and his girl. That's why Moxie, though he's facing the Japs right now, hopes to return to the U. S. by way of Berlin.

—Cpl. HERZL ROSENBAUM
YANK Field Correspondent

Wake Island Defenders Get Help From a Totally Unexpected Quarter

SOMEWHERE IN LIBYA—"Playing tonight, 'Wake Island,' with Brian Donlevy and Robert Preston. Bring your own tin hat."

That sign might look funny on the marquee of the old neighborhood movie house, but it wouldn't have been out of place recently at the rec hall of this U. S. bomber base.

Officers and men who packed the hall to see the thrilling movie epic of the Marines at Wake Island were on the edge of their petrol cans when the sound effects suddenly seemed to go haywire at the most exciting moment.

As a formation of Jap planes swooped down on the tiny Pacific garrison whose ammunition supply had been exhausted, heavy anti-aircraft fire was heard. It took a second volley and then a third before the GI patrons realized that the ack-ack wasn't Cecil B. De Mille stuff.

Dashing outside, Pfc. George Henry of Philadelphia, Pa., looked up at the sky and saw a barrage from British batteries making little puffs in the sky. "It's an air raid all right," Henry told a buddy, "but hell, the war inside's got it beat a mile."

—Sgt. JIM SWARTS JR.
YANK Field Correspondent

Mick's made 10 combat missions in three weeks, and calls it the greatest thrill in the world. The B-17 crews are damn glad to take him along, because he can really handle a machine gun.

On a recent mission over the Jap base at Rabaul, New Britain, Gibson helped to keep a night fighter at bay when the waist gunner of the bomber was wounded. They made the run all right, but the plane was badly damaged by ack-ack fire. The pilot ordered the crew to bail out. Gibson missed his chance to join the Caterpillar Club, however, because the pilot succeeded in getting the ship under control just as the Aussie and the rest of the crew made ready to jump.

The 26-year-old digger has two ambitions: to get into the Royal Australian Air Force and to shoot down a Zero all by himself.

—Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Field Correspondent

Iceland's Censor Takes His Work Seriously; Even Scissors His Own Mail

ICELAND—The mail censor up here is so conscientious that not long ago he took out his scissors and snipped off part of a letter he had written his wife.

That sounds like a gag, but it's the truth. The censor has been at this job a long time. In fact he is just about the original mail censor of the 2d AEF, for he came to Iceland in September 1941. With the assistance of a tech sergeant from Indianapolis, he has carried on ever since.

He has three rules in mind when he reads other people's mail. First, no delay; second, secrecy; third, what isn't military information is nobody's business.

"A soldier might write and say he didn't like his company commander," the captain says, "or he might say he is lonesome, or that he doesn't like Iceland. But he cannot talk for anybody but himself. The minute he says 'We don't like it here,' he is subject to censorship."

Also the captain doesn't worry when some soldier makes a play for a babe via mail, or tells her in clipped Anglo-Saxon words what he'll do when he sees her. "My mother," the captain says, "would faint dead away if she saw some of the stuff I read, but we're not moral censors."

The censor sometimes gets a little tired of all the gags directed at him. Many letters take a crack at the censor or make him the heel of a joke. But occasionally this turns out to be fun. The censor here got a letter, on flowered paper,

which said, "Dear Sir: If you want some cookies, too, just send me a note and you'll get some. I know if I were a censor and had to see all those good cookies, I'd want some." He answered, and the cookies were excellent.

Once the censor had a tough problem. Across his desk came two letters written by the same soldier to different girls, and both were sugary. But the soldier had gotten the envelopes mixed. The question was whether the censor ought to correct the mistake or let the mail go as the soldier had directed it. He finally decided not to butt in. "We have no right to interfere with the mail," he said.

The captain's favorite soldier right now is one who writes to eight different girls. His letters are long and frequent. The joker is that the letters to all eight girls are identical.

"I'm afraid," the captain says, "that man is cutting himself out a pack of trouble when he gets home—but then that's not my business."

—Cpl. TED CRONYN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Blurb Writer for Travel Agency Asked for It and Was Stuck With It

TRINIDAD—"The Riviera of the Caribbean—Trinidad, Isle of Enchantment. Moonlit tropical nights . . . luscious native girls . . . adventure, beauty, love Trinidad, where idyllic romance and lazy comfort walk hand in hand under an azure Caribbean sky."

From his swivel chair in the publicity office of a New York travel agency, Stanley C. Lucey used to write blurbs about this West Indian island. The fact that all his knowledge of the tropics came from a Betty Grable movie did not bother Lucey. As a press agent he had no more respect for truth than a soldier on the make.

This is a tale of ironic justice. Fate stepped in and deposited Stanley Lucey, as an MP corporal, on the shores of Trinidad with the first U. S. contingent.

Contrast Lucey's public admission of guilt, written after many months ashore, with his previous dry-run job:

"What I actually find here is steady rain and mud, or dust, heat rash, ringworm, malaria, scorpions, centipedes, bushmasters and vampire bats."

Nor was retribution done with Cpl. Lucey. What happened to him next shouldn't happen to a dog-face. Fate carried him to OCS and now he's a second lieutenant.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent



Soldiers who landed in Rendova in the Solomons carry a wounded man on an army cot through deep and slimy mud down to the beach for evacuation. Mud made the only usable road almost impassable.

Yanks at Home in the ETO



New Orleans came to the ETO the other night. Hundreds of American soldiers from the State of Louisiana brought their English gals to the Red Cross Mostyn Club and made like a Mardi Gras. The music was the way down kind and the girls pretty. And they like Mardi Gras.

WE are, we know, a rather gaudy Army, with our ETO ribbons and our whatnots, but we are not quite as gaudy as one London military store makes us out to be. Said store recently displayed in its window, obviously for sale, a set of tech sergeant's stripes. So that every one would be sure that they really *were* for a tech sergeant, careful British craftsmen had placed a neat T between the three down and the two up.

Knitter

There are, we admit, a lot of peculiar occupations and avocations in the Army; we even have a couple ourselves. And once we even knew a corporal who kept trained fleas. He wasn't a very good corporal in the line. He was always getting his commands of execution balled up and, in the bargain, he had a slight impediment in his speech which made the platoon sergeant call him "Mushmouth" or "Mushy." The corporal got back at the sergeant when the sergeant got in a small, utterly nondescript dog. A few fleas, judiciously released, made the dog's life a hell and it made the sergeant's life a hell, too, because he couldn't bear to see the dog suffer and had to spend many a night, when he could have been drinking PX beer, picking the mutt's back.

All of which is neither here nor there. We don't know what happened to the corporal or the sergeant or the dog or the trained fleas. What we were getting at, though, is that some guys in this Army do funny things. The trained fleas were a funny thing. Not so funny, but pleasant in its way, is the hobby of a topkick someone we know ran into. The topkick is big and bluff and just what you'd expect a topkick to be. But he knits. Sweaters, he knits. Last winter he knitted two sweaters.

Instead of laughing at him behind his back, however, those under him are always nuzzling up to this topkick, trying to needle him into knitting a sweater for them. The reason seems to be that he does a beautiful cable stitch, the like of which ain't seen outside the confines of Brooks Brothers these days.

In a way, we would like to know what happened to that corporal after all.

Society Column

It suddenly dawned on us the other day that before many moons have waned a WAC and an enlisted



man are going to get married in this theater. We're as sure of it as we are that the war is some day going to end—surer, as a matter of fact. We don't think we'll be able to make the wedding, what with one thing and another coming up, so to save our face we are herewith appending a notice which can be sent to any one of several newspapers, thus saving the time of any one of several reporters. We write this wedding announcement for free, as a gift to the bride and groom, and if they want to lay it on the table along with the shiny new whistle, the guaranteed washable ETO ribbon, and all the other presents, it's O.K. with us.

FIRST ETO WAC TO WED

MARRIES STAFF SERGEANT

In a simple ceremony at Westminster Abbey yesterday Minnie L. Crump of Sioux City married S/Sgt. Vernon P. Glump of Austin, Texas. She was the first WAC to marry an American in this theater.

The ceremony, conducted by Chaplain Charles N. Mump of Altoona, Pa., was so military that it hurt. Bride and groom, on the bride's prodding stood at attention throughout the entire ceremony, and WAC Crump saluted every time the chaplain addressed a question to her. The chaplain failed to return the salute. Two MPs who were in attendance took his name forthwith.

The bride was quietly dressed in an OD blouse with a skirt that tastefully kept up the facade of the military ensemble. Her WAC cap was perched prettily on her head, and her ETO ribbon glowed as did her happy face. The groom, a tall, slow-speaking young man, wore his regular Army uniform.

Before the ceremony the song, "Hit the Road to Dreamland" was sung by Pfc. Ronald Donald, former organist at the First Baptist Church of Des Moines, Iowa.

The happy couple first met two months ago at a dance at a Red Cross club. Said Mrs. Glump, "Vernie is a man worth coming overseas to find." Sgt. Glump, a tail gunner in a B-17, said, "Gee, she's got pretty teeth. I'm gonna shoot me down a 109 for every one of them pretty teeth."

The couple will spend a three-day honeymoon somewhere in the country, after which they will return to their respective military tasks.

Well, there's our report, and we give it free to the WAC and Sgt. when they do it. All they'll have to do is change the names. And, incidentally, if the *Stars and Stripes* ever needs a good reporter, they can give us a ring.

It Depends, It Depends

We're having a pretty busy day today and we're not going to have time to do the research, but if it were even true that the first three grades of WACs get dependency allotments for husbands they have left sitting on a hot stove 3,000 miles away, a lot of fun might result. Of course, \$37.50 a month is not really a sum to get excited about, but there are all sorts of beautiful complications that might result.

Suppose, for instance, that a WAC decides the old boy back home is doing a bit of two-timing on his day off from the factory. Will she withhold his allotment? And if she does, what will happen to the money? Will she spend it herself? Will she waste it on silly carousing? These, to our mind, are most solemn matters, and we hope the Army is giving them the full consideration that they deserve.

There's always a chance, too, that the husband is pulling down a pretty penny in the factory, so the WAC can use the money herself. Then, we're afraid, she will have more money on her hands than she can possibly use, as her military duties will leave her little time for careless spending. If such a thing happens, we just want to remind her that we know some very good restaurants and that we're always open for dinner invitations. Husbands, indeed! We can't be bothered with husbands, can we kids?

(Editor's note: WACs don't get dependency allotments anyway, so don't stay up late tonight worrying about it—or trying to meet a WAC from the 1st three grades.)

What Meat?

Lumme, but Lord Woolton's gone and put more meat in sausages, instead of all those bread crumbs. That, at least, is what the British papers have been saying. We don't, however, know what Lord W. was a-thinking of when he made the statement that the new-type sausage was practically lousy with meat. We've investigated, and we beg to report that, as far as we can see, there's no more meat in sausages than there has been all along. Readers of these breathless pages may remember that some time last winter we suggested that British sausages were concocted from one small pig and some 100,000,000 bushels of grain, and at the risk of insulting the British Empire we want to go on record as saying we think this is still the case.

Perhaps when Lord Woolton said that more meat was going into sausages he meant that they had finally struck a lean part of the very small pig. That, in essence, seems quite reasonable. Pigs, small or otherwise, carry a lot of fat, but animal muscle being what it is (muscle is necessary for the pig's locomotion), one can be certain that somewhere on every given pig will be some lean meat. For a moment we toyed with the idea of wandering over and talking with a mess sergeant about just where one could find lean meat on a pig, but then we remembered that mess sergeants are apt to be touchy on subjects like that and are apt, too, to be tolerably handy with cleavers. We decided to let well enough alone.

No, as far as we're concerned, sausages are still primarily bread. It wouldn't be so bad if a man could cadge a little butter to put on his sausage, but we guess you know how the butter situation stands these days. The cows just aren't laying. There, you see—we got so nervous thinking about sausages that we mixed up our bloody barnyard.



HERE'S what a soldier has to do if he wants to vote in the 1943 fall state, county and municipal elections:

He must apply to his CO for a special post card requesting a war ballot. After filling out and signing the post card he must get it certified by a commissioned officer. He then has to mail the card to the

secretary of state of his home state. When he gets the war ballot he fills it out as per instructions, and returns the filled-in ballot to his state.

Some states add a little red tape to the above rules. New York, for instance, does not recognize the post card as an application for a ballot on state or local elections, so upon receipt of the post card the state will send a special application for registration and ballot. This must be filled out according to instructions and mailed; then the state will send the war ballot. Pennsylvania wants you to send in your post card to the county commissioner of your home county instead of the secretary of state.

Soldiers who do not want to vote in the above manner may vote in accordance with the laws of their states whenever practicable. Officers are warned against advising any soldier how to vote. See WD circular 156-1943 for full information.

This is the "off" year for national elections. Only two elections for Congressmen are scheduled: The 2nd Congressional District of California, Aug. 31, and the 2nd Congressional District of Kansas, Sept. 14.

Pipe Lines in North Africa

To help fuel Allied planes plastering the Axis in the Mediterranean, Army Engineers have laid portable pipe lines from North African harbors to interior airfields. With gas and oil supplies taking up half the tonnage of war materials these pipe lines help solve a tremendous supply problem. The pipes are made of light-weight steel in sections short enough for one man to set up, and 1,000 feet can be carried by a single truck. Some lines now in operation are over 50 miles long. Pumping stations can handle as much as 700 tons of 100-octane gas a day.

Souvenirs

When British War Secretary Sir James Grigg visited the American Fifth Army in North Africa with King George, he expressed a desire to bring back a G.I. mess kit to England as a souvenir. Staff Sergeant Frazier Woodard, who served the king his chow, struck a bargain with the British war chief. He got an autographed menu from the king and gave Sir Grigg a mess kit.

Decoration Dept.

Col. John E. Barr of the 10th Army Air Force, who developed the technique of dropping those half-ton eggs from fighter planes, received three medals at the same time. He won the Silver Star for proving that P-40's could carry twice the load they carried before, and the DFC and Air Medal for having completed 75 sorties.

No Bottlenecks

With tongue in cheek, the Special Service Digest ran this description of the new experimental troop train kit. "It is a specially prepared wood box, 2½ feet deep and 2½ feet across. A foot thick, it contains the latest magazines, a dozen decks of playing cards, jigsaw puzzles, dart games, Chinese checker boards, song books and several other items. It was designed to make trips on troop trains more pleasurable, and the kit is absolutely guaranteed to be without bottles of any description."

Washington O.P.

Sgt. Joe Louis, in Washington on furlough, had his interview with the press interrupted by a colonel who wanted his autograph. . . . Lt. Gen. Brehon Somervell, chief of the ASF, received a letter from an ex-G.I. containing \$60 for a couple of blankets he had "borrowed" when he was discharged. The money will go to the Treasury "conscience fund."

Word to the wise, officers and G.I.s: Don't mail back Government property from overseas to friends in the U. S., even if you can circumvent mailing restrictions on the other side. Bureau of Customs and the WD no like. . . . Pictures of the Seventh Army landing on Sicily were delivered to U. S. newspapers within 76 hours after the invasion through Signal Corps Telephoto.

With parachutists having their day, the Army continued to winnow reception, replacement and basic-training centers to obtain volunteers for airborne divisions and separate parachute units. . . . COs in this country are being told that too many EMs are unable to obtain dependable info about aviation-cadet training. Regulations intend that every man who has a desire to fly and can meet the requirements be given the opportunity to qualify.

A Navy officer wearing one of those new slate-gray uniforms strode into the Pentagon Building barbershop. "Sorry," said the khaki-conscious attendant, "but we can serve only servicemen." Not until another Navy officer vouched that this was indeed the new Naval uniform did the clipping begin. . . . It's true, s'help us: We saw a major general with a seat-cane waiting in line in front of one of Washington's downtown movie houses one recent hot afternoon.



African nudies, who are a set of nicely balanced boys, are busy building a runway at a new West African airfield. It's a stopping-place for Middle East-bound aircraft.



A new sub-machine gun, that's good for 450 rounds a minute, is now being fired at that rate in several lethal theaters. A sturdy little job, it can be fired from the hip or shoulder.



To add to their troubles, Chinese soldiers get the hook, too. At the training center for the Chinese Expeditionary Force, somewhere in India, a sad oriental sack takes it with a twist of the lip.



H.M.S. "Battler," American-built escort carrier, has a soda fountain (the U. S. Navy is dry) and British sailors smile gamely as they search for a pint of half-and-half.

Do you
get
romantic
with your
patients?

Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer, asked this leading question of five U. S. Army nurses stationed in the Middle East and got these answers.



2D LT. ALICE DONOVAN of Mount Ephraim, N. J., approached as she luxured her green herringbone twills, answered: "Of course not. The boys are as alike as peas in a pod. They all wear the same kind of pajamas and bathrobes. I guess if I must be pinned down to it, I'll say I'm romantic about them all."



2D LT. OLGA DROBEK of Reading, Pa., was snapped as she slipped a wad of surgical dressings into a hospital sterilizer. She cheerfully quipped: "I work all alone in the sterilizing room and never get into the wards. So, you see, I have no patients for this kind of a question."



2D LT. SALLY TRASK of Skowhegan, Maine, caught in her bed at 5 A.M., was a little annoyed but was enough on the alert to say: "Definitely not. Patients are fine people, but there's nothing romantic about them - especially after you brush their teeth and feed them pills."



2D LT. DOROTHY MAAG of Schwenkville, Pa., was interrupted in her morning shower by the camera's click. Hesitant about committing herself once and for all, she turned off the water and said, "It all depends." The photographer, unable to get more comment, left after borrowing a towel to dry his camera.



2D LT. BEATRICE RAYMOND of Quakertown, Pa., intercepted at the breakfast table, thought about it for a moment and replied: "I think not. I look on them as a group of my children who need my attention night and day. Besides, 99 out of 100 of them have girls already."

A WEEK OF WAR

If you're going to gamble or fight a war, you've got to "put up or shut up." The past week in Germany, Goebbels and Hitler didn't have a word to say.

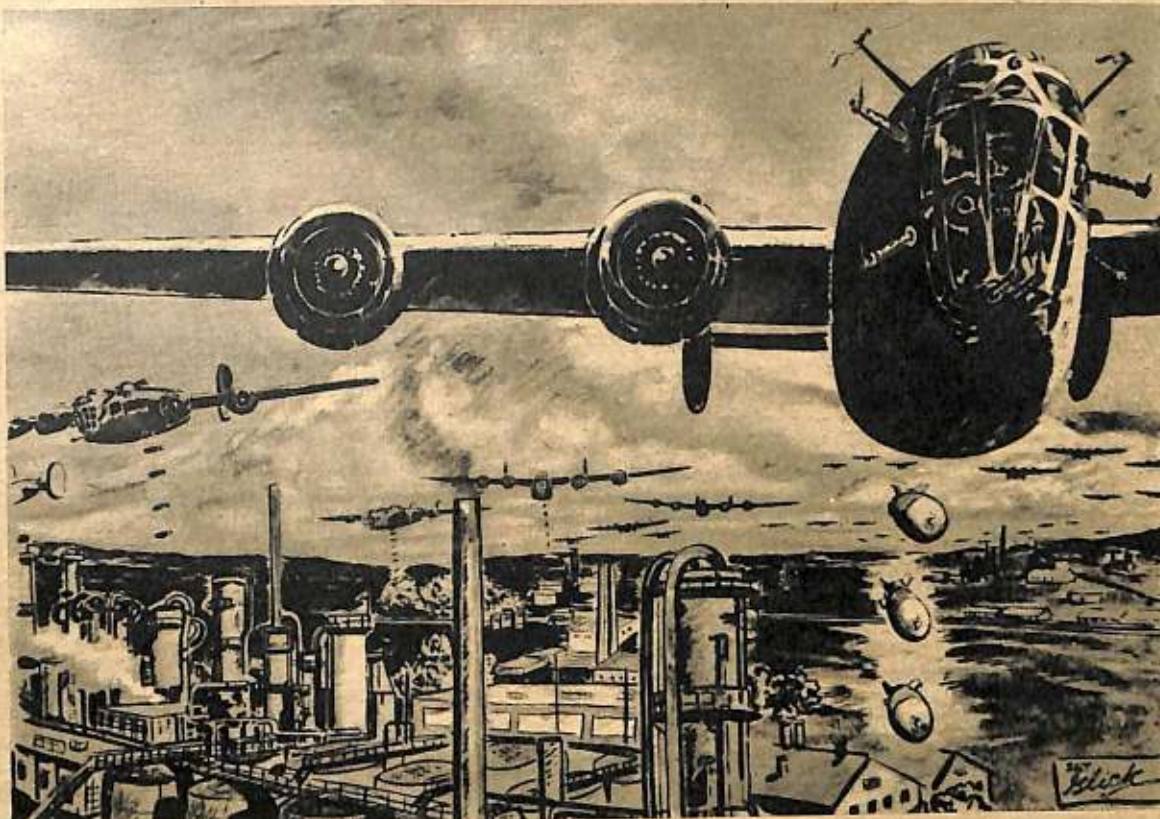
It was the same old story. It was 1918 over again. It was the frustration again, the anxiety that fevered the Germans again, as it did in the hot months of July and August, 1918, when men would rush into battle under the brilliant sun, shirtless, the sweat on their backs glistening as the bayonets on the end of their rifles glistened. They were sweating again last week, the Germans, again under a brilliant sun, the length of the Russian front. Again under the fierce Sicilian sun, and even in the bright reaches of the upper skies where the Nazi pilots, their eyes shielded against the glare, went after the Fortresses and Libs, mostly in vain.

It was very much like 1918—reminiscent in many ways of July 16 of that year when Marshal Foch launched his counter-offensive on the Marne, and of August 8 when the British moved in at Amiens. These were the two blows that heralded the beginning of the end for Germany, for Germany was now becoming exhausted by the war and its economy was a word which meant not theory but a synonym for fragility.

The tides of war do not change in 20 years, the look of it, or the manifestations and the psychology of victory and defeat. Bombers may be doing the work the infantrymen did; airplanes may be serving as the artillery served the last war. But the analogies were clear-cut and crystal-clear.

As they swarmed ahead at the Marne and at Amiens, so also were the Allies forging ahead in the Mediterranean and on the Russian front. Even as German economy was strained to the breaking point in the last war; so also is it being strained now. And the Allied blockade is beginning to take effect—effective because for the first time during the war our bombers in great force had struck at Germany's present greatest source of wealth, the rich black oil of the Ploesti oil fields without which not one Mark Four could rumble into battle, without which the lorries would be immobile, without which even the 100s and the 100s could not climb into the afternoon skies to meet the Forts and the Libs.

The most significant fact of all last week was the great silence in Germany. Sicily had fallen to the Allies, and the Axis was making a mad scramble to get off the island. Under constant attack by Allied planes, and hit from the side by British and American



Sergeant Glick, Ninth Air Force combat member of a Liberator squadron, sketched this version of a mass, low-level bombing of the Ploesti oil refineries—and with authenticity. He was on the raid.

light surface units, the Germans and Italians were being rushed across the Straits of Messina in every sort of craft the enemy could lay hands on. The regular ferry service having long ago been smashed by Allied air attacks, the Germans had gathered every available small ship and row boat from the Italian seaside resorts, and were attempting to escape the tightening noose of American and British ground forces. Crafts and barges made a crazy zig-zag pattern as they twisted and turned trying to avoid Allied planes.

This Was Dunkirk, Chapter II

On the Messina side of the Straits, Allied planes were smashing down a continual hail of bombs on troops streaming to the port and beaches of the bridgehead. Those Axis forces that reached the other side, still had to face another hail of bombs on the beaches and disembarkation points in the southern part of Italy. And if they managed to live through this, they stood a very good chance of being wiped out by Allied planes constantly attacking communication lines in southern Italy. At night, Italian searchlights flooded the two-mile stretch between the mainland and the island, lighting the place up like Times Square before the dim-out. But what the evacuating enemy troops saw didn't make them feel any too good. Our M.G.s and destroyers pestered the coastline.

In Rome, the mercurial temperaments of the Italian people hit top and bottom in quick order. The Italian Government issued the unilateral statement that Rome was an open city. The people went wild when they heard the news. It had spread through the streets like a rumor of peace, and thousands assembled in the great open area of St. Peter's Place. They cheered and shouted for the Pope, until he appeared at the windows of his study and blessed them.

But their joy was short-lived, for the Allies rejected the proposition and insisted on their original demands of

unconditional surrender. Heavy gloom settled down on the Italian capital, and angry mutterings were heard throughout the country as the people talked sullenly of their leaders.

The Russians had battered their way through the big, solid, unglamorous, textile center of Orel, had driven 70 miles beyond Bielgorod in the thick, dusty heat of summer battle, and had enveloped the rail center of Kharkov from north, east and west. Units of Russian troops had smashed their way into the suburbs of the town, and German rearguards were putting up desperate resistance in the smoking ruins. To the north, the Soviet troops were advancing on Smolensk and Bryansk.

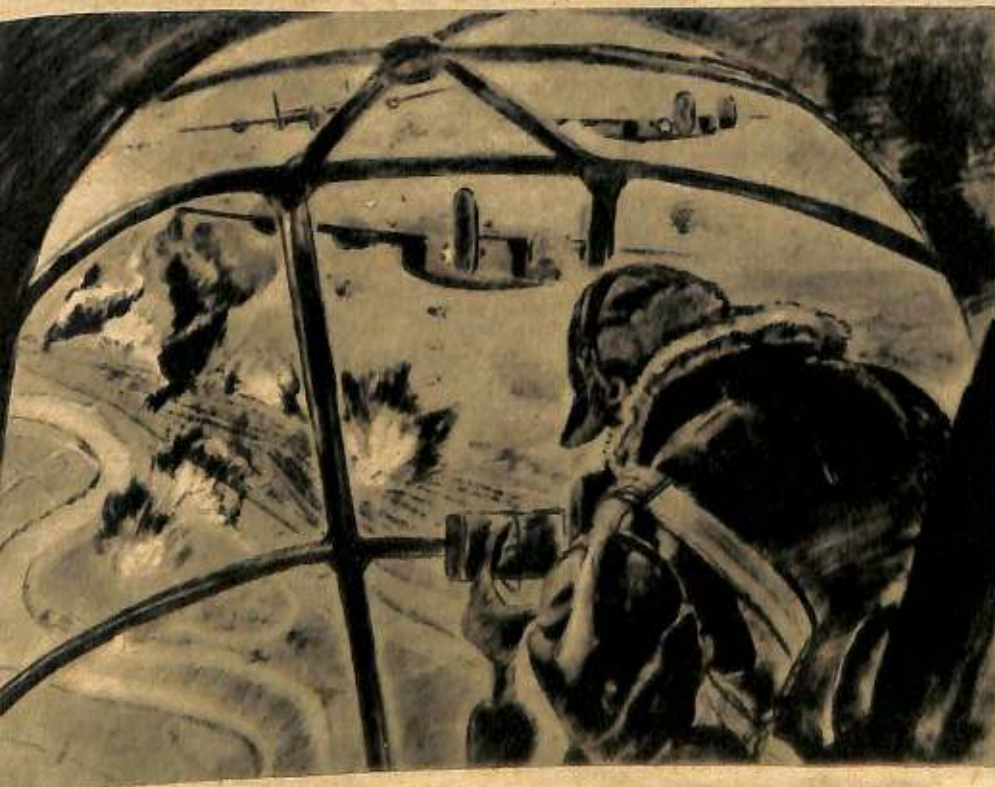
THE only official Nazi utterances were those of German General Dittmar, who said that Germany's present defensive phase was only temporary, that Russia was more exhausted than Germany.

It took no crystal gazer to see what effect, if any, this might have had on the German people. If Hamburg existed at all, it was like a Hollywood movie set, with a lot of false fronts, and no insides. Germans whispered fearfully that there were 160,000 dead in the town, excluding those still buried beneath the debris. At Nuremberg, fires set by Allied bombings, raged for three days, and a million people began to evacuate Berlin while Mosquitos made daylight raids on the Nazi capital. Messerschmitt factories 30 miles south of Vienna were bombed, with Allied planes returning to base without a single loss, and the oil refineries at Ploesti were burning ruins.

It would have been particularly hard for Goebbels to explain away the German losses on the Russian front. Here, the bulk of the Nazi Army composed of the picked German troops, were put to route in the first successful summer offensive ever launched by the Russians. And this was no offensive against an enemy that was badly overstretched. The German defenses were solid and well-prepared in depth, for the Axis—as well as the United Nations—recognized the importance of Kharkov to the Russians.

What President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill were saying about these developments at Quebec, the world would soon know. While the two United Nations leaders were conferring, British, American and Canadian chiefs of staffs and all their aides were gathered at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, working on preliminary plans to present to the President and the Prime Minister when they arrived. There was more gold braid collected in Quebec than at any of the other conferences, either in Washington or Casablanca. And it was the general idea that not only one invasion was being planned, but a whole series of them, so ordered as to split and confuse the enemy, and to get him off balance for the Sunday punch.

There was trouble within *Festung Europa*. As the Allied forces drew nearer and nearer to the German fortress walls, they could hear the sounds of discord within; the creaking of an overstrained military machine, and the angry mutterings of a frustrated people.

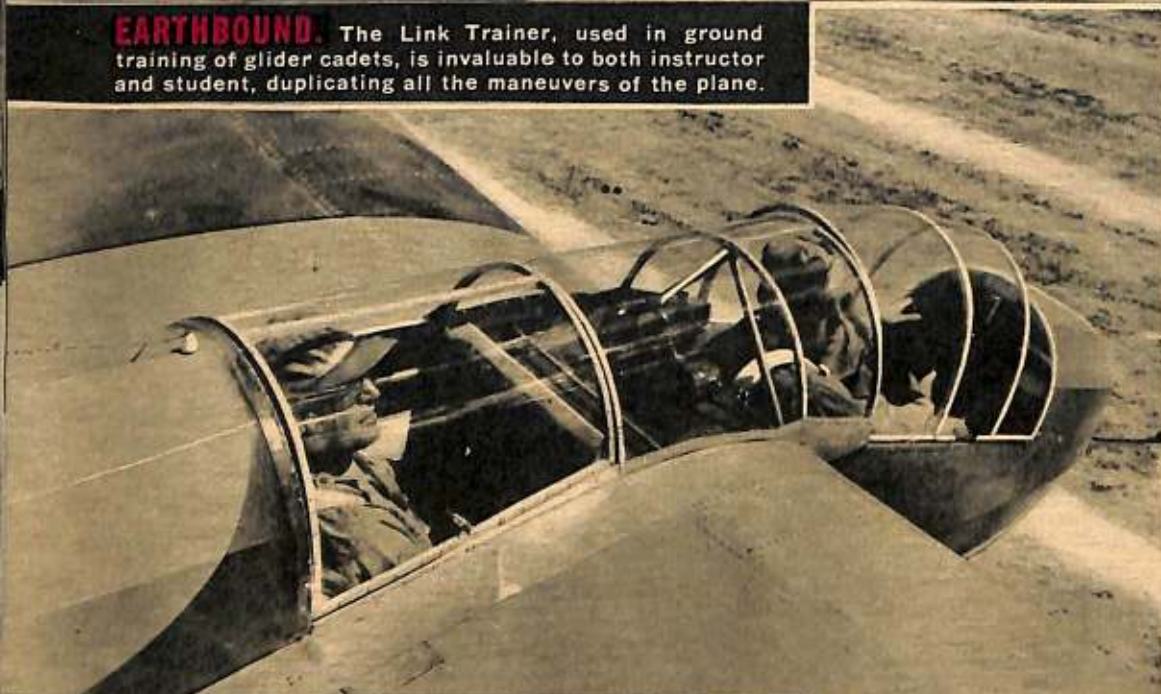


Sergeant Glick here gives a nose-eye view of one of the factors that made Rome an "open city."

GLIDER GI



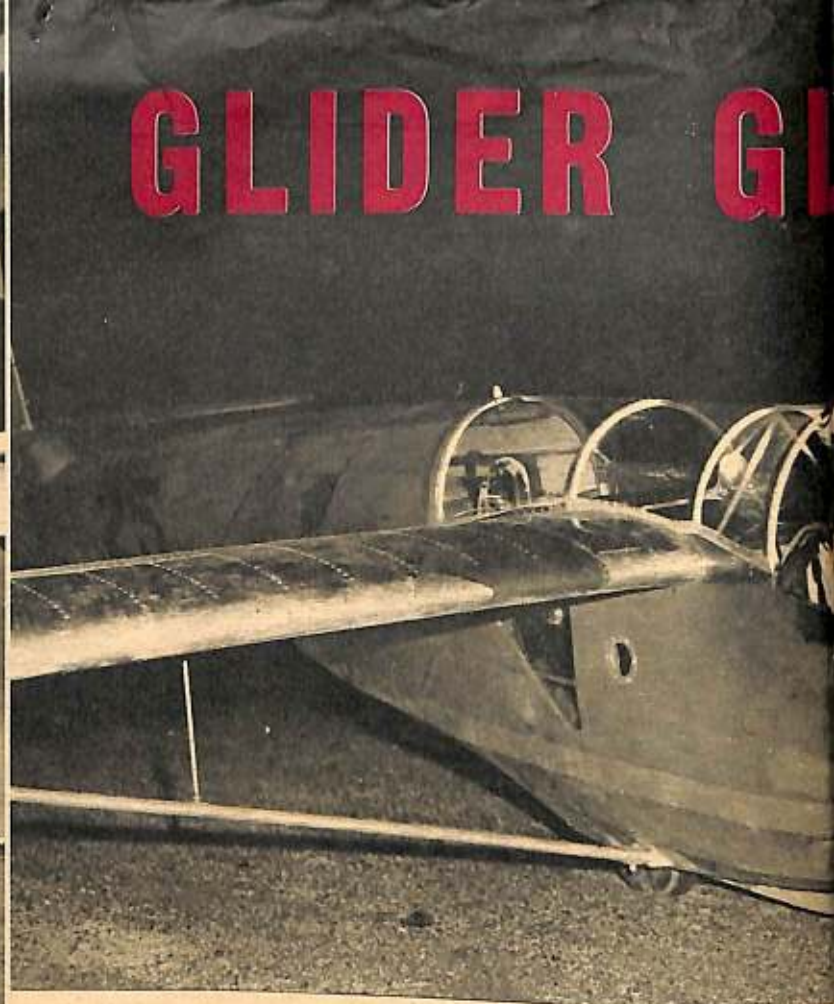
EARTHBOUND. The Link Trainer, used in ground training of glider cadets, is invaluable to both instructor and student, duplicating all the maneuvers of the plane.



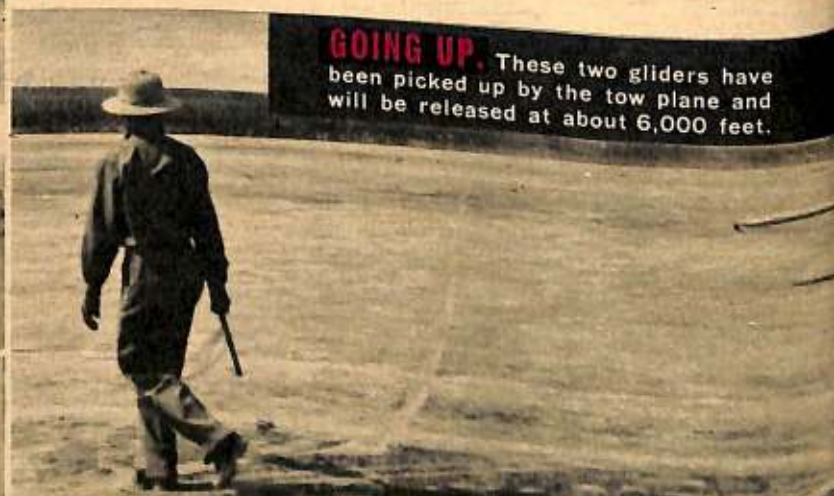
COMING HOME. A corporal at the controls of a two-place trainer is coming in for a landing while his lieutenant instructor observes his style from the rear.



FLOATER. If you were a backseat driver on a two-place trainer glider, this is how the pilot would look to you. He's giving a squint around for a landing spot after being cast loose from the tow plane. This is the trickiest part of training to master.



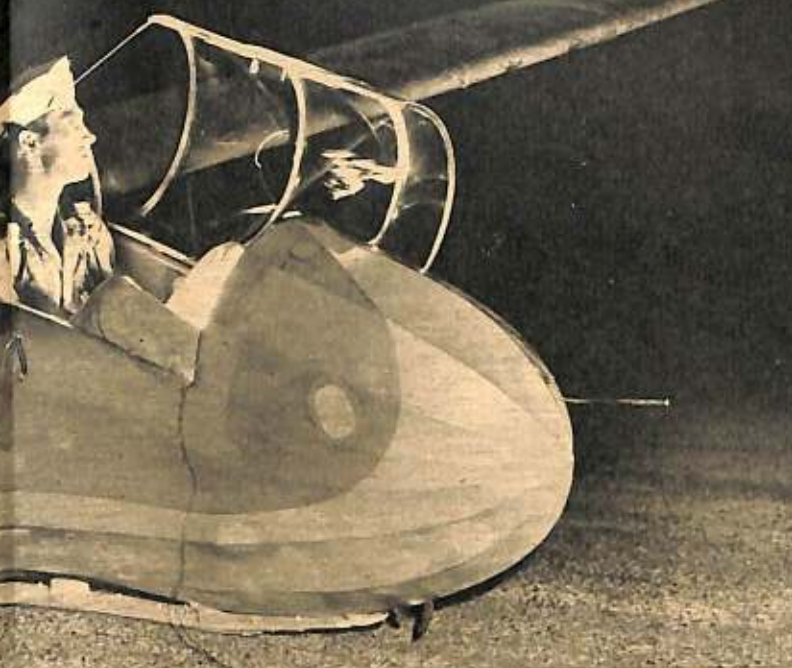
THE world of sky is a strange world and those who come from it to fight on earth are truly "Gladiators." Their success depends upon their training and their teamwork in descent. They use silence and surprise as sharp teeth, and they use American courage and determination to its full advantage once they've planted their boots in enemy soil. More dangerous than parachutes, gliders are easy



GOING UP. These two gliders have been picked up by the tow plane and will be released at about 6,000 feet.



LADIATORS

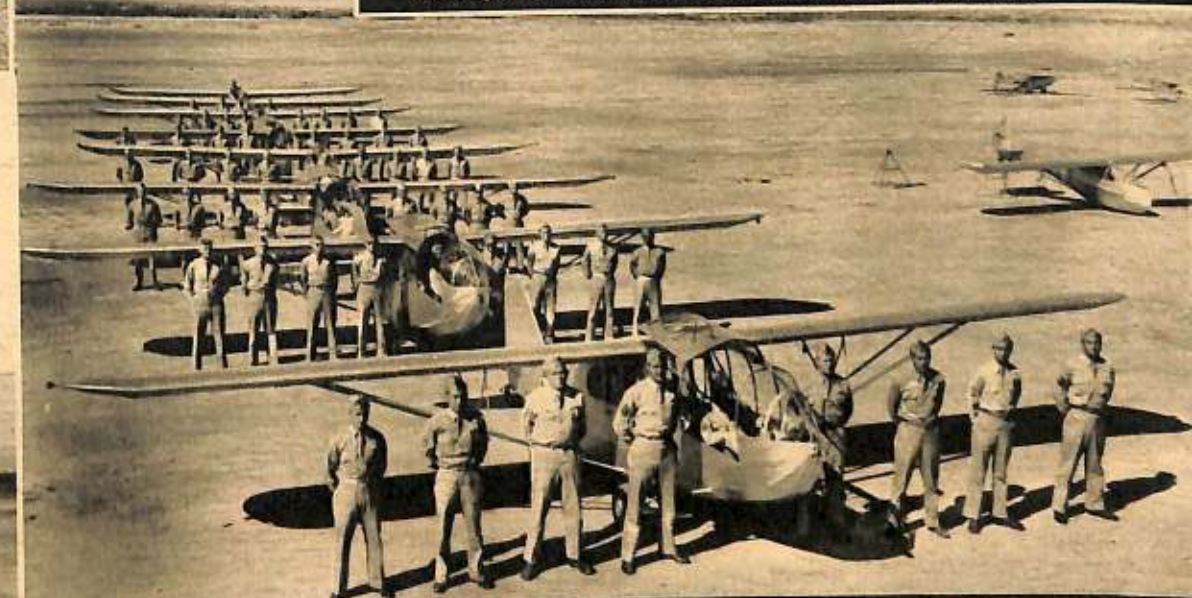


prey to wind and make excellent targets for the enemy. But they work—work because the men who ride them learned their jobs and learned them well. Our last invasion proved the power of the glider. It is no longer a "toy." It is a powerful offensive weapon—like the airplane, it is definitely here to stay for a while.

POW WOW. Flight instructor gives fledglings gen before they go aloft; the boys are plenty hep to the jive.



FIRST AID. The pilot must also know how to repair a glider. Nearly always landings result in damage. Usually a thread, needle and some patches will fix it.



THE SILENT. No longer students, they have soloed. Before taking glider training each must have a power plane license. These men are ready to go aloft.



REWARD. Gliding has its traditions, ceremonies and memories. After their first solo, pilots are tossed into the drink. Gliding is finally coming into its own and has proved to those who were dubious that it's one of our most effective weapons.



This is a new kind of game, see. Which one of the dames is a grandmother? Anyhow, it's the one on the right. Married at 14, her daughter followed in the old lady's footsteps and married at 15. Result: One very young granny.

NEWS FROM HOME

America Reached Its War Production Peak in Spite of Manpower Shortage, Errol Flynn was in Trouble Again, and 44 States Granted Servicemen Income Tax Relief.

AMERICA's production wheels were geared to the highest point of efficiency in history. Planes, tanks and other implements of war were turned out at a pace considered ridiculously impossible in the peace days of 1941. But America was still complaining about a manpower shortage. However good the production accomplishments might be, America was determined that it was still not enough. This week, reports persisted that the Administration will press for the passage of the Austin-Wadsworth Compulsory National Service Act when Congress reconvenes in September. Introduced in Congress last February, the bill authorizes the President to draft men between 18 and 65, and women between 18 and 50 for war work.

Signs of the manpower shortage were felt everywhere. Utah funeral directors, florists and cemetery officials voted to discontinue Sunday funerals because of a skilled labor shortage. The War Production Board reported that seven new aluminum plants on the west coast were idle because there was nobody around to run them. Meanwhile, WPB vice-chairman Joseph D. Keenan said that west coast aircraft factories were losing workers faster than they could hire them.

Because of a lack of prisoners, New York State's new eight million dollar Green Haven prison in Dutchess County was being used for storage purposes.

Hotel and restaurant patrons were feeling the manpower pinch, too. Resident guests of the Commodore in St. Paul and the Sheridan in Minneapolis were compelled by the labor shortage to make their own beds on Sundays. Washington, D.C., restaurants were rationing beer, one glass to a customer. And many people are getting up late these mornings because of a shortage of alarm clocks. A thief ransacked the home of Pelet Melot in Houston, Tex., but stole only the family alarm clock.

Advocates of the Compulsory National Service Bill say it will not solve the hotel service shortages and beer shortages and the many other luxury shortages, but according to the sponsors (Republican Sen-

ators Warren R. Austin of New York and James W. Wadsworth of Vermont) the labor draft bill will add about 1,600,000 employees to the nation's present munitions labor force of 10,000,000.

The mayor of Charleston, N.C., announced that city garbage trucks may be manned by women soon because of the manpower shortage.

ERROL FLYNN, whose statutory rape trial caused a national sensation last January, was in a hot spot again. An 18-year-old girl, Nora Eddington of Hollywood, said that she was married to the actor. Errol angrily denied the charge, but Nora's mother, a bakery clerk, said it was so, and that her daughter fell in love with the actor during his trial in Los Angeles. "Nora became so interested in Flynn that she got a job in the court house so that she could observe him every day and decide whether she loved him."

Wendell Willkie declared that a liberal Republican party "should and can win" in the 1944 Presidential election over the New Deal which he accused of dividing the American people in wartime by providing only "negative" leadership. He proposed the Republicans should pledge a program calling for the restoration of competency in home front government economy and urged a foreign affairs program based on "enlightened self interest," including cooperation with post-war world councils to preserve peace, elimination of trade barriers and establishment of stable international currency. He also demanded "exclusive recognition of the democratic forces in occupied and enemy lands freed by Allied armies."

The Progressive Party of Bridgeport, Conn., was so hard up for candidates that it begged for them in newspaper Help Wanted ads.

Mrs. Edith Mayo, 72, widow of famous surgeon Dr. Charles Mayo and designated "American Mother" in 1940, died in Rochester, Minn. Ten persons, including William D. Becker, mayor of St. Louis, Mo., and Maj. William B. Robertson, president of the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, were

killed when the glider, in which they were passengers during a demonstration flight, crashed before 4,000 spectators at St. Louis, throwing bodies and debris 50 feet into the air.

A survey by the Chicago Federation of Tax Administrators showed that 44 State legislatures granted servicemen some form of income tax relief this year. Arkansas, California, Indiana, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota and Wisconsin granted full exemption, and most States cancelled interest and penalties for delayed payments, but Arizona continues charging six per cent interest annually.

Mrs. George Green, 64, a bookkeeper in Pasadena, Calif, slashed her wrists because she was required to fill out too many Government forms. Neighbors found her sitting in the bath tub screaming, "I couldn't do a thing with them."

The OPA announced that red and blue plastic tokens of varying denominations will supplement ration book coupons by January 1. The plan resulted from requests by retail dealers for better and simpler methods of handling ration units.

HOLLYWOOD: Gary Cooper will take the lead and Paul Kelly will be in a secondary role in *The Story of Dr. Wassell*, the tale of Comdr. Clorydon M. Wassell, Navy Cross winner. William Bendix suffered a sprained shoulder, contusions and lacerations when he dove into a foxhole during the filming of *Guadalcanal Diary* for Twentieth Century-Fox, and finished the scene strapped up. Gracie Fields, English musical comedy star, will not sing a note in her forthcoming film *Holy Matrimony*, in which she is teamed with whisker-man Monty Woolley.

Alice Faye is expecting another baby and is reported to have decided to leave films for ever. Mrs. Maria Thursday asked a Hollywood court for a divorce from actor Ludwig Donath who portrayed Adolf Hitler in *The Strange Death of Adolf Hitler*. She charged him with being "cruel and inhumane."

Mae West told a Broadway columnist that she certainly appreciates the way the R.A.F. boys



Nancy Oakes de Marigny mate of Alfred de Marigny, steps down at La Guardia Field. Alfred is being tried for the murder of his father-in-law, Sir Harry Oakes. Nancy says, "It ain't so."

perpetuated her name and fame by calling their life-saving jackets "Mae Wests." Mae said she wrote the boys thanking them. "I am included in 'Who's Who' and now I know what's what now that I've made the dictionary. It's a nice thought to be flying all over with brave men," Mae said. "For them I've changed my standing invitation to 'Come down and see me sometime.'"

United States Treasury officials started conferences to formulate a program designed to raise twelve billion dollars additional in taxes. Congressional reaction is reported unfavorable and opponents in Congress are said to be advocating the scrutinization of the war spending program before acting. Senator Harry F. Byrd (D., Va.) said he favored "stiff" sales tax for one or two years as a revenue and anti-inflationary measure.

A mouse climbed on the shoulder of Miss Margaret Rathell, a Cumberland, Md., school teacher, causing her to lose control of her car and to hit a tree. Police investigation resulted in "drunken driver" charges. A St. Louis bill collector was fined \$600 for dunning a woman by phone 75 times in one day to pay a bill owed by her son. Judge Wilson of Los Angeles wondered why Archie Walker, colored, wanted to change his name to Cassowary Walker. Walker explained that he belongs to a religious order whose members adopt bird's names—Cassowary is a small ostrich.

Paul V. McNutt, Social Security Chief and Manpower Commissioner, said on the eighth anniversary of the Social Security Act that the nation's social security program has brought America "nearer the victory we all drive for on the home front." He said the Social Security Board is proposing a four-point program calling for the establishment of a single national social insurance system, maintenance of insurance protection for men in the services, extension of the present program to cover all needy persons as well as the aged, blind and dependent children who are now eligible, and contribution of larger funds by the Federal Government to poorer States.

Central and mid-west motorists will get a 25 per cent gasoline cut—a reduction from four to three gallons for ABC ration card holders. The Wyandotte County (Kans.) Ration Board suspended the gasoline rations of the Rev. George Griffith after Miss Lucy Adams, who sued the Kansas City pastor for breach of promise, alleged she "cruised" with him in his Cadillac.

Milk was selling for 19 cents a quart in Miami, Fla., and Federal agents said that the "best selling" bootleg booze in San Diego, made of squirrels, herbs and lizards, was being retailed via the back door at five dollars a quart.

Top song sellers this week were *You'll Never Know* and *Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer*.

Draft board officials in Bethel, Conn., ordered Richard Krebs, who wrote *Out of the Night* under the pseudonym of Jan Valtin, to report to Camp Upton, N.Y., on August 26 for induction.

Marvin Jones, War Food Administrator, announced that despite heavy need of the armed forces and the Allies, the nation's record crop this year will assure every civilian of abundant wholesome food.

TWEEN-AGE jitterbug girls were literally going crazy over Frank Sinatra, the swooning crooner. More than 500 clubs have sprung up all over the country in his honor and he is reported receiving 3,000 letters

from love-hungry young girls. The hungry-looking, big-eared singer left a mass of girls screaming and clawing at each other after appearing at the Hollywood Bowl. Several girls fainted and one bit a reporter's arm.

Naval reserve commissions were offered to 600 qualified women physicians. The ranks offered were lieutenant commander, lieutenant and lieutenant junior grade. Army women doctors are now permitted to serve overseas, but naval authorities still limit women doctors to shore establishments.

Paul Persha, manager of the American Hotel in Minneapolis is recovering in a hospital after leaping from a train travelling 50 miles per hour near Wayzata, Minn., because he said a soldier called him a "wolf."

The executive council of the American Federation of Labor met in Chicago and voted to refer the application of the United Mine Workers for reaffiliation to the AFL convention in October. The John L. Lewis application was considered too hot for handling by the council and no recommendations were made. Union barbers in Boston established a scale of 75 cents for haircuts and 35 cents for shaves.

According to *Variety* magazine, radio station WJOB in Hammond, Ind., sold a full 24-hour program called "Salute to Victory," to become effective the moment Adolf Hitler surrenders. Sonja Henie's *Hollywood Ice Revue*, now on the West Coast, will play only in Chicago, Detroit and New York this year instead of making its usual tour. Paul Robeson is going on the road in a revival of Margaret Webster's production of *Othello*—New Haven, Boston and Philadelphia will see the show before it reaches New York. Margaret Sullivan will play the lead role in the new John Van Druten play *The Voice of the Turtle*. Hazel Scott, night club pianist, will appear in Warner Bros. *Rhapsody in Blue*, a biography of George Gershwin. Broadway saw the revival of the *Merry Widow* with Metropolitan Opera singer Jan Kiepura and his wife, Marta Eggert, in the lead roles.

AFTER lying at a 79 degree angle since it was swept by fire 18 months ago, the *Normandie* this week floated to 35 degrees—at a cost of \$3,700,000 to the Government. All but 100,000 gallons of water remained to be pumped out before the ship, now called the U.S.S. *Lafayette* can be completely refitted.

Rep. Andrew May (D., Ky.) announced he would introduce a bill after the summer recess prohibiting the drafting of married men with children. "I think Congress must decide that the Army has enough with the 80,000 18-year-old youths they are getting every month," Rep. May declared. Meanwhile, the Army granted indefinite leaves to 4,500 soldiers to work in approximately 100 metal and mineral mines which were in dire need of manpower.

Monte Proser, prominent New York night club owner, describes his show girls as "Delovely, Delicious, Delinquent." Playwright Ben Hecht, 49, and his wife Rose, 45, became the parents of a daughter, their first. Orson Welles is giving a two-hour tent show in Los Angeles including magic which finally produces Rita Hayworth from a trunk. The show is free to servicemen and \$5.50 tops to others.

Harry Hopkins, close adviser to President Roosevelt, announced he's moving out of the White House this fall after sharing the residence with the President for three years. Hannah Williams Dempsey announced she is appealing to the Supreme Court the

decision of a lower White Plains, N.Y., court giving Jack Dempsey an interlocutory decree and awarding him the custody of their two children. "I was found guilty when I was absolutely innocent," Hannah declared. "I will do everything I can to clear my name."

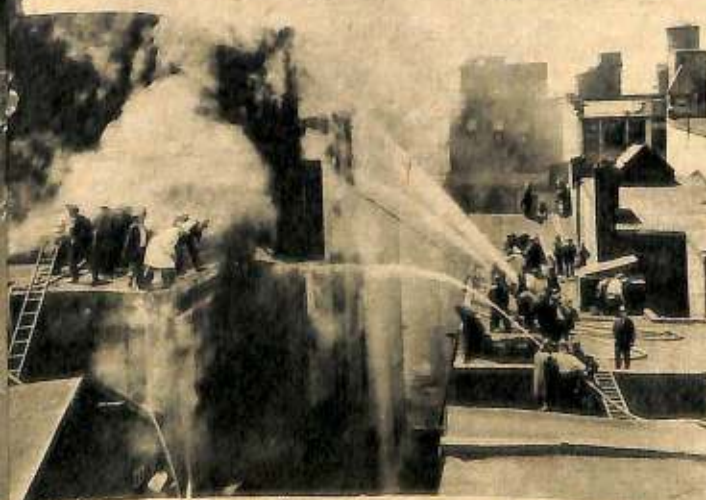
The Rev. L. V. Lyons, pastor of the St. Ambrose Cathedral, Des Moines, Iowa, completed a radio broadcast with the plea, "Go to church," and then announced the playing of a transcription supposedly "Ave Maria." Somebody made a mistake, and the record turned out to be, "Don't Bring Lulu."



These gats are being inspected before shipment to the Allied Fifth Column in Europe. Look nasty, don't they?



This is what is known as going "out on the limb." Back home, the tattooer is becoming the most envied guy in business.



Using roofs of adjoining buildings as bases, firemen pour tons of water on flames that virtually destroyed the 5-story building of the T. G. Cooper Co., importers, in a four-alarm fire at Philadelphia.



White squaw and papoose. Mrs. Stanley C. Gray of Seattle, Wash., could get no gas for her car, and could find neither a baby carriage nor anyone to watch her baby. This was her foolproof solution.



Rescue workers carry out one of six workers who were saved after being trapped for 43 hours in a flooded mine at Federal, Pa. Fellow miners and relatives waiting at the mine entrance cheered the rescue.

THE SAD SACK



"GARBAGE"



Sgt. GEORGE BAKER

ARTIE GREENGROIN, a reformed man, was being nice to his mess sergeant. They were sitting at a table in the mess hall, Artie leaning on his hands, smoking a fag and watching the mess sergeant eating carrots.

"Yerse," he was saying, "I been misunderstood about you, mess sergeant, ole boy. The other day I was thinking. That poor mess-sergeant, all the time he's scrubbing around for grub to stuff inter a company of hyenas. What a thankless job, I was thinking."

"Thass what it is, awright," said the mess sergeant. "And guys like you what's awways giving trouble don't make it no easier."

Artie snagged one of the mess sergeant's carrots and put salt on it. "I'm a reformed character," he said. "From now on, jess ast me a favor and I'll be glad to oblige. Any time you want me to strip a pertater, jess let me know. Thass the trouble with this Army, everybody's awways pulling against everybody else. It's a gawdam wunner we ever get anything done."

"Yer speaking poils of wisdom," said the mess sergeant. "But don't go eating up all me carrots. You got rabbit blood, huh?"

"Jess hunger, thass all," said Artie. The mess sergeant shook a carrot at him. "You ain't coming in here because you wanna do me a favor," he said. "You're coming in here because yer blassid guts is aching and you wanna cram some curds down them guts. Well, I ain't going to feed no rummies that comes in here hungry. Bead it!"

Artie choked on the carrot he was eating and glanced at us with a certain measure of despair in his eyes. "I ain't in here because I got the hungries," he said. "I come in here to make peace with a man what's suffered. If I eat a carrot or two it's because I'm absent-minded. Carrots ain't any good to fill you up, anyways."

"They fill me up," said the mess sergeant coldly. "Unnerstand, I ain't belittling yer choice of food or nothing like that," Artie said. "Every man's got a right to his gastronomic sensibility. After all, if a friend of mine wants to ruin his stummick, it's his stummick. I ain't one to stop him."

"Who's ruining his stummick?" bellowed the mess sergeant. "Nobody," said Artie quickly. "Who's a friend of yours?" bellowed the mess sergeant.

"Lissen, mess sergeant," said Artie, "I come in here to get on a good term with you. In the pass I been blackguard to you. I admit it. Now I come in to make amends and you yell at me like a gawdam bull

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ARTIE THE GOOD BOY

or something. Thass no way to treat a ally. How'd you like it if we started yelling at the citizens of the English Isle?"

"The hell with everybody," said the mess sergeant. He bit into another carrot. "The hell with you. Yer a rummy."

"So you don't want to be friends with ole Artie, huh?" said that character.

The mess sergeant stopped chewing his carrot and his eyes narrowed. "You kidding?" he asked. "Honesst to gaw, I come in to make friends," said Artie.

"Well, thass fine," said the mess sergeant, "thass wunnerful. If they's one thing I need in this woild it's a friend." He smiled half to himself. "You know what they done to me terday, Greengroin ole cock?"

"No, mess sergeant, ole cock," said Artie. "What did they do to you terday?"

"Why, them silly creatures didn't give me enough K.P.s," said the mess sergeant. "Nowheres near enough K.P.s. What I need is strong hearts and willing hands." He gestured to a small, nondescript K.P. who was scrubbing the floor near him. "Come here, you," he said.

THE small, nondescript K.P. got wearily to his feet and came over.

"Tell me, me man," said the mess sergeant, "don't you think this mess hall needs some strong hearts and willing hands?"

"Yerse, I guess so," the K.P. said. "Yer overwoiked, ain't yer?" the mess sergeant said.

"Yerse, I guess so," the K.P. said. "Any complaints?" asked the mess sergeant.

"Me knees is sore," said the K.P. "Lie on yer belly and scrub, then," said the mess sergeant. "Ain't you got no imagination?"

"Naw, I guess not," said the K.P. "How would you like Greengroin ter give yer a hand?" the mess sergeant asked.

"It wouldn't do no good," the K.P. said wearily. He wandered back to his soap and brush.

"Wass that about me giving him a hand?" Artie said.

"I ain't got enough men," said the mess sergeant. "Yer a volunteer, ain't yer?"

"This is me day off," said Artie. "How many stripes you got on your sleeve?" the mess sergeant wanted to know.

"On both sleeves—two," said Artie. "Well, on both sleeves I got"—the mess sergeant figured silently for a moment—"I got eight. And them eight stripes says that you do K.P."

Perhaps never in his life had Artie been so crest-fallen. He got to his feet and looked desperately around for an escape. There was none. "Thass a hell of a thing," he said. "I come in here to make friends and you toin on me. You got the mine of a Nazi. Hitler wouldn't even speak to you, you're that doity. I seen a lot of ole bassars in me time but I never seen a ole bassar like you."

The mess sergeant remained unperturbed. "You come in here and offered to do me a favor," he said, "so I'm gonna let you do me the favor. I got some pertaters that ain't been peeled for weeks. I been saving 'em for you."

"Benedick Arnold was a baby in a blassid bassinet compared to you," Artie said. "I hope you drop the shoit off yer back in the next craps game you get into. I hope the MPs give you more hits on the head than you got hairs on the head. I made a mistake. I forgot huming nature. From now on I'm going to be a tiger. I'll make this mess hall into a shambles, the wise shambles on record. You've made yerself a enemy, mess sergeant."

The mess sergeant remained unperturbed. "Hey, whiskers," he said to the small, unkempt K.P., "go, get ole Greengroin a pertater knife."

The K.P. got wearily to his feet and started off. "Jess a minute," said the mess sergeant. "Get him two knives. After all, he's got two hands."

Ida Lupino

YANK

Pin-up Girl





Jimmy Dykes, ex-inmate of Camp Grant's bastille, knows the "Prisoner's Song" well.

SPORTS: GI SHORT SPORT STORIES FROM HERE AND THERE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Dykes' Guardhouse Blues

DON'T ever mention guardhouse to Manager Jimmy Dykes of the Chicago White Sox. According to Arthur Daley of the *New York Times*, Jimmy knows all about GI clinks and has actually seen the inside of one of them.

Last spring the White Sox were playing an exhibition at Camp George, Ill., and his shortstop got into a violent argument with Umpire Art Passarella. Finally Passarella signaled the MPs. They escorted the shortstop off the field and threw him into the guardhouse to cool off.

A few weeks ago the White Sox were playing another exhibition at Camp Grant, Ill., and Passarella was umpiring again. Only this time Passarella was in the Army himself.

"One of the boys tipped me off that Passarella is all set to have me thrown into the guardhouse if I open my trap even once," Dykes said. "So I keep nice and quiet. I won't even talk to him.

"But by the ninth inning I begin to get curious. So I tell Mike Tresh, my catcher, to object to a decision. As soon as he does I rush over to the plate and raise hell. Before I know what's happening the MPs grab me and bring me before a major.

"What's the charge?" he asks. Then he says, 'Oh, never mind. Leave the charge open. Lock him up.'

"I'm in there a while and Passarella comes to see me. 'Get me out of here,' I tell him. 'Sorry, Jimmy,' he says. 'I'm just a private and I haven't any influence.'

They left me in there an hour before releasing me. I sweat so much that I was wringing wet. It taught me that the Four Freedoms are not enough. There should be a fifth guaranteeing that Dykes will be kept in the open air."

Sharkey Challenges Louis

JACK SHARKEY has been lured into a match with Sgt. Joe Louis. But don't get excited. It's only a golf match.

It happened like this:

Fred Corcoran, former PGA tournament manager and more recently a Red Cross field

director in England, was putting on one of his camp sports-quiz programs at Fort Devens, Mass., and he asked Sharkey to come along and help entertain the boys. Sharkey cheerfully agreed, little suspecting that Corcoran would back him against the ropes and trick him into challenging Louis.

During the show a GI asked Corcoran: "Can Sharkey beat Louis at anything?"

"Yes, I think he can," Corcoran said. "Probably at golf.

"What's your highest score, Jack?" Corcoran asked him.

"Oh, I guess that would be the 99 I got the first time I played," Sharkey answered.

"If you broke a 100 the first time you played, you are the first one who ever did," Corcoran assured him. Then he asked, "What's your best score?"

Sharkey modestly confessed that he had once shot a nifty 78.

"Then you're just the guy to take on Louis. You'll murder him," Corcoran exclaimed.

"I'd like to do that to him somewhere. I couldn't do it to him in the ring," Sharkey admitted as he lowered his guard.

"That's a challenge, Jack," Corcoran shouted. "We'll get Gene Sarazen up here to get you in condition for Louis right away. I'm sure you can beat him and I'm not kidding. Are you sure you're not kidding about that 99 first-round of yours and that 78?"

"As true as I'm sitting here, I did both of them," Sharkey said. "But you don't want me to tell you what I did between those rounds?"

"Positively not," Corcoran insisted. "Don't try to spoil this one on me now."

Corcoran hopes to match Louis and Sharkey in a best-two-out-of-three exhibition series. The first match will be played at Fort Devens. The others? Sharkey has something to say about them.

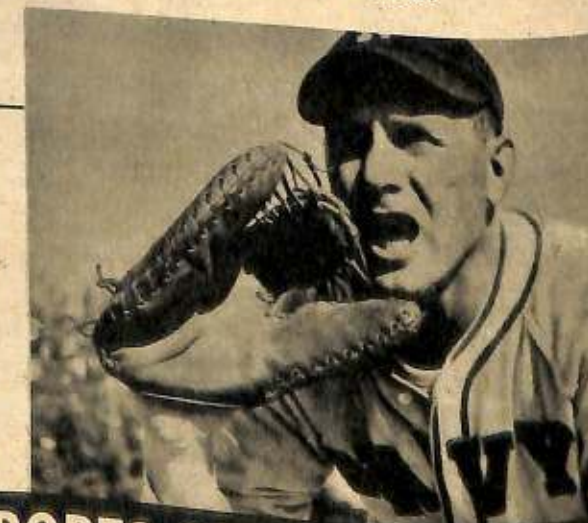
"You'd better find some Naval station that has a golf course for our second round," Jack told Corcoran. "I'm an ex-gob myself and I insist that the Navy gets cut in on this one."

Pitcher from Heaven

Sgt. Burt Evans, YANK's Caribbean correspondent, recently went to Trinidad to get a story on a Negro Antiaircraft outfit whose baseball team, the Red Diamonds, had won the Island World Series. During his interview with Sgt. Henry McKinney, the team's star pitcher, Evans asked:

"Where do you come from?"

"Why d'you wanna write about that," McKinney complained, "when these hens down here think I come from heaven?"



SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Biggest noise on the North Carolina Naval Pre-Flight baseball team is Lt. (ig) Buddy Hassett, former Yankee first baseman. He leads all other Cloudbusters, including Ted Williams, with a gaudy .460 average.

YANK's correspondents in North Africa tell us that Cpl. Zeke Bonura (he used to be a sergeant) is overlording the vast Special Service baseball program at Oran, Algeria. He controls the destinies of more than 1,000 players, 150 teams and even the generals call him by his first name. . . . Sgt. Joe DiMaggio is only second in the team batting averages at the Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base. A GI named Ward has led him all through the season. . . . That no-hitter which Walter Masterson pitched for the Navy in Honolulu was the first one in the history of the 15-year-old Hawaii League. The week before Masterson, a former Washington Senator, struck out 19 men.

The GIs on the Fiji Islands have reconditioned an abandoned race course and now conduct racing meets every other Saturday with spavined native plugs. . . . Tommy Thompson, slick forward-passing star of the Philadelphia Eagles, was drafted although he has only one eye. . . . Capt. Billy Southworth Jr., son of the Cardinal manager, is piloting a Fortress named the *Winning Run* in raids over Germany. . . . Bob Westfall, Michigan's great halfback, washed out of flying school, be-

cause, of all things, he was too nervous. . . . Lt. Eddie Berlinski, one-time North Carolina State and Newark Bear football ace, has been reported by the War Department as a prisoner of war in Germany. Earlier he was listed as missing in action in North Africa. . . . Sgt. Ben Hogan, golf's leading money winner during '40 and '41, is shooting for a commission at the AAF OCS at Miami Beach, Fla. . . . Dizzy Dean is now 1-A. Greetings, pal.

Ozzie Simmons, Iowa's All-American end of a few years ago, is ticketed for induction. . . . Johnny Mowers, goalie of the Detroit Red Wings, who enlisted in the CRAF, was the sixth member of the Stanley Cup champions to join the armed forces of the United Nations. . . . Patty Berg, the golfing frail, was sworn into the Marines Women's Reserves within 24 hours after she won the women's title at Tam O'Shanter. . . . Pvt. Sixto Escobar, former bantamweight champion, is teaching boxing to the MPs in Puerto Rico. . . . What's this we hear about Frankie Kovacs being a lieutenant? The last we heard Frankie was a corporal and driving every first sergeant in Australia crazy.

SOLDIERS IN SPORTS



Cpl. George Siconolfi poses with Millwood and Arrayed, the race horses he bought in Australia.

GI RACE HORSE OWNER

WHEN Cpl. George Siconolfi, a medic from Lodi, N. J., returned to Australia after half a year in New Guinea, he found he had \$485.20 coming to him in back pay. He bought two beers with the odd 20 cents and, as he pondered what to do with the rest of his wealth, he happened to pick up the sports page of an Australian newspaper. At the bottom of the page was this advertisement:

TO SELL—Two first-class race horses from the stables of trainer entering war industry. Bargain rates. Call Windermere Stables.

That settled it. George hotfooted it out to the stables and invested most of his fortune in the two horses. With the rest of the money he hired himself a trainer, a veteran horse man named Pat Ryan.

So far the corporal's horses, Millwood and Arrayed, haven't won a race or even finished in the money. But Ryan assures him it's just a matter of time.

In the meantime, George reports: "Ryan is doing everything for me, including dreaming up a helluva big bill. He is such an old hand at making out bills I can't even read what he scribbles. He tells me, though, that it's mostly for oats and horseshoes."



Cpl. Siconolfi and Trainer Ryan talk things over before a race. Millwood is kibitzing.



FEETBALL FOR FEET. This Islander knows the finer points of Hawaii's barefoot football. Pvt. Harold Franklin of Cleveland, Ohio, is neatly sidestepped. GIs like Franklin are learning the barefoot game in Army camps all over Hawaii. It's the American game except for the equipment. The Islanders insist that game should be played with no padding or shoes, but the soldiers insist on keeping their shoes on.



BAREFOOT BLOCK. Here a barefoot exhibits another use of the lower extremities of the island game. T-S Leo Wall of the Bronx, N. Y., tries to recover a fumble, but finds a foot in his way. Most barefoots are experts at kicking. They usually turn their toes up or down and catch the ball at the point where the toes and feet meet. Otherwise, broken toes. Most soldiers find it a better game to cheer than play.

MAIL CALL



LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

Dear YANK:
Hurrah, yippee and cheers to the little nurse who voiced such a perfect opinion concerning the WACs. We A.M.s of barracks do do heartily agree with ye little nurse. How about a little more fanfare for those women, namely the G.I. nurses who have proven more than their worth on all of the fighting fronts. How about those in Africa, in the Pacific and the ones here in the ETO who "sweat out" the same things as we do, and YANK, what's the gen on the nurse whose picture appeared with the article? Could you, somehow get a front-view picture, as you know we all have our pin-up collections and she should, by far, be among the top-notch photos. Try your darndest, YANK, to get the picture for quite a few of us. Boy, those eyes she has!

G.I. JOE

Britain.

Dear YANK:

This is in answer to the Army nurse whose letter appeared in the August 1 edition of YANK, inquiring why the WACs are drawing all the attention, and why the members of the A.N.C., who are also women doing their duty, receive little or no attention at all.

The reason why they don't have the G.I.s talk about them as the WACs, is because they are all officers, and we respect them as such.

I personally have seen some nurses for whom I would give a whole month's pay to be able to speak to, not as a soldier to an officer, but as a man to some lovely young lady.

Let's, for instance, take Lt. Laura Watson, whose picture came out in YANK along with the letter. If I was to meet her in the near future, could I, as a non-com, have the privilege of dating her as a young lady and not as an officer? No indeed!

All that would stop me from doing so, are the little bars on her uniform.

Now, as far as doing their duty, well, like the WACs, they are indeed!

They are doing a marvellous job and I for one feel quite honored to salute them, as they have as much ordinary fighting guts as some of us so-called "fighting men." They give proof of this by going to our fighting fronts and saving the lives of men who mean nothing to them and whom they have never seen, or will probably never see again.

I say, "May God bless them all, and may they feel that we look upon them as real American girls we are proud of."

SAD SACK, Jr. & JOE DOPE

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I'm going to stick out my neck with reference to comments on a letter from Wrens Florence and Joan.

Far be it from me to let down good old U.S.A. or my buddies, but there are some (just some mind you) few G.I.s who will still persist in playing into the hands of Schickelgruber and Goebbels Inc, by belittling England through contrasting what she has to offer with what we were accustomed back home.

I think we can agree that England is giving us all and the best she can offer under existing conditions and circumstances. I've heard griping, bitching, bragging and belittling by discontented G.I.s and can only say: If those guys found their fannies out in mire, swamp-land and jungle with bullets whizzing around, they would be damn glad to have the comparatively safe refuge of a "Goode Olde Englishe Pubbe" even though at 22.00 hours they must heed the familiar cry: "Drink up now! Hurry along, hurry along now—mind the bloody blackout."

Think it over, you discontented G.I.s. Call me a blinking limey-lover if you want to, but I still say Wrens Florence and Joan are justified, and they still have a leg on which to stand (two nice ones each, I hope).

P.F.C., W.E.M., E.T.O.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

In my opinion, the staff of YANK is a bit too optimistic over the war situation. You are making a terrific mistake by counting on all of our plans and hopes and those of our allies to succeed. It need not be again stated that although the German Army has suffered very heavy casualties, it still remains almost intact and a very formidable force. The German Air Force, it is reported, is keeping a very formidable force, composed of both fighters and bombers, in reserve.

I consider it very significant that of late, all German propaganda has been defensive and pessimistic. Doesn't that sound like the velvet lining for a nice trap? I wonder if Goebbels is pleased with your optimistic version of the news!

In closing, I might add that no war has ever been won in an editorial room.

Cpl. ALFORD G. CLARK

Britain.

[Editor's Note: Read page 21 of August 15 issue but don't bother to apologize. We share your thoughtful fear of optimism.]

star to get patriotic, and if it is, please ignore my letter. But I've known a lot of American G.I.s much better looking than Captain Gable and who have served more than twice as long as he has, yet I've never seen one small word in YANK about them, and I read your magazine regularly every week. Yet Captain Gable gets 486 words about himself. If you don't mind, I'll just sign this letter with my initials. I'd hate to have a tough land girl named Gwen after me for attacking Captain Gable. Incidentally, I think she should get off that rick and get on with her war work.

M. O'C

Britain.

[Editor's Note: Captain Gable, as a celebrity who is in the Army, is still news as far as we're concerned, and if we run 486 words about him it's because he deserves it. Meanwhile, we are dispatching a rider to tell Gwen to get off that 'rick and get up them stairs.]

Dear YANK:

Since reading your issue of August 8 it appears to us that there are several popular fallacies amongst your readers which we would like to have the honour to correct.

1. Re your "being on the ball as regards hero-worship" over here. Let's knock the daylight out of that right away! It seems to us that the Americans over here only go for the brainless, fluffy, peroxide blonde type. Perhaps someone would explain this to us. Furthermore, we have yet to meet the *Real American Screen Hero* type.

2. In "Mail Call" Private Joe Renkins asks for some English pin-up girls. How about some pin-up boys for we poor English females to gaze on. Or do you keep yours for home consumption?

3. In your article on Capt. Clark Gable we note that the writer states that all English girls are named either Pat, Gwen or Kay. We, the undersigned, wish to dispel this illusion forthwith.

BILLEE, JOYCE AND BETTY

Britain.



TWO PIN-UPS: Here is the Real American Screen Hero Type. And another—Greengroin

Dear YANK:

It was a very kind gesture on the part of Lt. Frank B. Eshelman in making known that little story of English hospitality in your issue of July 25.

We also have two or three Yanks visiting our home and I would like to return a compliment in saying that these boys are the nicest, friendliest and must be among the most well-behaved of the U. S. Forces—it is a pleasure to know them.

Although they have visited us for a long time now, we never tire of their company, and it pleases us that they always seem to enjoy coming here. We might own a mansion instead of just a little house with a little garden—threadbare carpets, cups and saucers that don't match, and bread buttered with margarine.

They bring us books, including YANK, also their mending, but they are never above helping with the washing up or making coffee. No, they don't eat our rations! When they come for more than a day they bring their own and we share each other's. In the cold weather we have had lots of fun, sitting around a cheery fire, playing cards or discussing the grand meals we are going to have and all the grand things we are going to do when this war is over.

There will be many a sad good-bye on this side of the pond when the Yanks go home.

JUST AN ENGLISH MOTHER

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I'm Irish, so maybe I'm a little dumb, but would you please be so kind as to tell me why every paper and magazine printed lately has Captain Clark Gable from beginning to end? Maybe it's an unusual thing for a film

Dear YANK:

I have a problem. If and when I have a pass I wander up and down the streets, looking hopefully at various and sundry females in uniform. Alas, no WACs. To put it bluntly, I don't believe in them. There must be some over here, because you printed pictures of them, but I (so help me) have not laid eyes on a single one. Prove it.

T/SGT. R.F.Y.

Britain.

[Editor's Note: What's it worth for us to prove it?]

RHYMES FOR THE END OF THE MONTH

THE DANCING IVORIES

Tinkle, tinkle, little dice,
Lightfoot foils of avarice;
Joe would like to shoot a pound—
Are there any sports around?
Simper, simper cubist flirts;
Swirl your scintillating skirts.
Soldiers leap to your commands,
Vying for your wanton hands.
Rumble, rumble, hollow bones!
Join the dirge of hollow groans.
How long till another payday?
Surely then we'll have our heyday.



BLACK JACK

If I stand short
And the dealer's got 'em,
My assets' graph
Will reach the bottom.
But if I hit
(As I think I'll do)—
Can I hope for less
Than twenty-two?
The deck's against me;
I'm disgusted.
Hit me, brother.
—Hell, I busted!



POKER

There are many rules to the game of poker;
You can play deuces wild or play with a joker.
Five card, seven card, stud or draw—
You can play on a table or play on a floor.
Three small deuces beat two pair;
An insid' straight is hard to snare.
But just one thing is firm in my mind—
A full house bows to four of a kind.
I've learned that rule as I learned addition,
By grim, relentless repetition.
For whenever my aces are full of kings,
Someone has four of the filthy things.

Pvt. THOMAS B. LOGUE

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I noticed on page 18 of your August 8 issue a picture of a sailor whose name, you say, is George Dickey—a former catcher and now an anti-aircraft instructor.

If my eyes do not deceive me, this individual is Willard (Skeeter) Dickey from Little Rock, Arkansas, an old team-mate of mine and brother of the famous New York Yankee backstop, Bill Dickey.

Major THOMAS J. GENTRY

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I got a little leave, and the way I figure it, if I have somebody else who is one of your reporters.

What gripes me is why should Artie be a Pfc. while practically everybody else on YANK is marked down as a sergeant. Where is the justice? I think Greengroin is the best reporter on YANK. His style is terrifeautiful (I invent words on the side).

A MISUNDERSTOOD CORPORAL

Britain.

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

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Pictures: 1, BOP. 2, top left, OWI; top right, BOP; bottom left, BOP; bottom right, AP. 4, BOP. 5, BOP. 6, top, AP; bottom, INP. 7, INP. 8, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 9, top, BOP; upper center, U.S. Army; lower center, AP; bottom, Keystone. 10, Sgt. George Aarons. 11, OWI. 12 and 13, Keystone. 14, ACME. 15, upper right, INP; lower right, Keystone. 16, ACME. 17, upper right, center and right, INP. 17, Warner Bros. 18, upper, PA; lower, ACME. 19, top, Sgt. Dick Hanley; bottom, Sgt. John Bushemi. 20, U.S. Signal Corps. 22 and 23,

A LETTER FROM NEW GUINEA



PRINT THE COMPLETE ADDRESS IN PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS IN THE SPACE PROVIDED. USE TYPEWRITER, DARK INK ON THE PANEL BELOW, AND YOUR RETURN ADDRESS IN THE PANEL ABOVE. WRITE PLAINLY. VERY SMALL WRITING IS NOT SUITABLE.



CENSORS STAMP 5742

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CO. "A", [REDACTED] INFANTRY
SENDER'S ADDRESS
A.P.O. [REDACTED] C/O POSTMASTER
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

JUNE 16, 1943
DATE

DEAR JOE,
YOUR LETTER OF MAY THIRD CAME TONIGHT. GEE: IT REALLY WAS SWELL TO HEAR FROM YOU. THE NEWS ABOUT YOUR PROMOTION WAS ESPECIALLY GOOD. I ONLY HOPE THAT THEY KEEP COMING FOR YOU.

I DO WISH YOU'D QUIT KICKING YOURSELF AROUND SO. IT ISN'T EASY TO EARN PROMOTIONS, ESPECIALLY IN THE RANKS, AND YOU HAVEN'T BEEN IN AS LONG AS I HAVE, EITHER. I HAVE ONLY EARNED TWO PROMOTIONS--YOU HAVE EARNED TWO--AND IT IS EASIER FOR ME TO GET PROMOTIONS THAN FOR YOU: THERE AREN'T NEARLY AS MANY OF US. LISTEN---AND I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU IN PERSON---THE VALUE OF A PERSON ISN'T IN WHAT HE GETS CREDIT FOR DOING, BUT WHAT HE DOES. KNOWING YOU, I KNOW THAT YOU'RE DOING A THOROUGH JOB; AND PEOPLE WHO MATTER DON'T JUDGE A FELLOW BY THE TITLE IN FRONT OF HIS NAME. YES, JOE, WE OFFICERS HAVE IT A BIT BETTER FROM A LOT OF VIEWPOINTS; BUT THE RESPONSIBILITIES AND EXPECTATIONS ARE GREATER TOO. I DO KNOW THAT YOU CAN LIVE UP TO BOTH EXPECTATIONS AND RESPONSIBILITIES, WHEREVER YOU ARE CALLED TO SERVE. YOU DO NOT WISH MORE THAN I THAT THERE WERE BARS ON YOUR SHOULDERS; I HAVE JUST RECOMMENDED THREE OF MY SERGEANTS FOR OFFICERS CANDIDATE SCHOOL, AND I WISH THAT I COULD DO THE SAME FOR YOU. I'D LIKE TO DO IT NOT JUST BECAUSE OF WHO YOU ARE, BUT BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE. IT SEEMS THAT THE BREAKS ALWAYS HAVE BEEN WITH ME, AND YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MADE MANY OF THOSE BREAKS POSSIBLE. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, YOUR KID BROTHER HASN'T FORGOTTEN THAT. IF I HAD YOUR ABILITY TO GET AROUND AND MEET PEOPLE TO GO WITH MY BARS, I'D REALLY BE OKAY ON THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THIS LIFE.

ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU AND I ARE GOING TO CELEBRATE A FURLOUGH TOGETHER, AND WE'LL CELEBRATE IT AS MAN TO MAN. WE'LL STAND ON OUR OWN FEET WITH ONE ARM ABOUT EACH OTHER AND, PERHAPS, THE OTHER ABOUT SOME LOVELY LASS: THERE WON'T BE THE FLASH OF A BAR TO MAKE ANY SEMBLANCE OF DIFFERENCE, EITHER.

THIS SOUNDS LIKE A SERMON, BUT I'VE SLEPT IN THE SAME MUDDY HOLE WITH MY MEN ENOUGH TO LEARN THE WORTH OF WHAT IS UNDER THE SKIN, RATHER THAN ON THE SHOULDER OR SLEEVE. SURE: SOME OF US ARE OFFICERS, SOME ARE NON COMS, OTHERS ARE PRIVATES, BECAUSE WE HAVE TO HAVE IT THAT WAY TO WIN THE WAR. MY VERY LIFE HAS DEPENDED ON THE ABILITY OF THE MEN UNDER ME TOO OFTEN FOR ME TO EVER GROW UNMINDFUL OF THEIR WORTH. SOME OF THESE SAME MEN, HOWEVER, IT FALLS MY LOT TO CORRECT AND TO COMMAND; AND THEIRS IS THE DUTY TO SERVE AND OBEY. YET, AT THE SAME TIME I SPEAK TO THEM (I HOPE) WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT FAVOR, DEEP WITHIN ME I SINCERELY APPRECIATE THEM MORE THAN THE SURFACE CAN BE ALLOWED TO SHOW. MY GREAT DESIRE IS THAT WHEN WE RETURN TO COMBAT, I WILL BE PERMITTED TO RETURN TO BATTLE WITH THE MEN I KNOW. YOU SEE, I FEEL THAT THERE ARE CERTAIN SERGEANTS WHO WON'T LET ME DOWN; THERE ARE CERTAIN CORPORALS IN WHOM I HAVE THE GREATEST FAITH; THERE ARE CERTAIN PRIVATES WHOSE VALUE CANNOT BE MEASURED IN MEDALS OR WORDS: THEY HAVE ONE JOB AND I ANOTHER, BUT BOTH ARE NECESSARY; AND, WHATEVER HIS JOB, EVERY MAN IS AS IMPORTANT TO ME AS I AM TO HIM.

PERSONALLY, I AM FELLING FINE AND TRAINING HARD FOR TOJO'S KNOCKOUT BLOW WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR US TO DELIVER IT. WRITE SOON AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT WHAT MY SWELL BROTHER IS DOING.

LOVE,

Sheldon

V...-MAIL

From half-way round the world, from the steaming jungleland of New Guinea, from a sector where the day that a Jap doesn't try to blow your brains out is a rare day, comes this letter from an American captain to his older brother working here in the peaceful English countryside. The letter speaks for itself.



Yes, Butch O'Hare is very much alive. At a Pacific base, he's turning out "Butch's Busy Babies."

What's Butch O'Hare Doing These Days?

Navy hero who shot down five Jap planes in one day now teaches combat tricks in the Pacific.



Between training flights they play bottle-cap checkers.



All veterans of aerial combat (l. to r.): Lt. Paul C. Rooney, Lt. Al Fairbanks and Lt. Robert Merritt.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—Some people, especially the Japs and particularly Radio Tokyo, said it was luck when Lt. Edward H. O'Hare took off from his carrier in a Grumman Wildcat and shot down five twin-engine Jap bombers on Feb. 20, 1942.

President Roosevelt did not agree. In presenting Butch O'Hare with the Congressional Medal of Honor, the President called his achievement "one of the most daring, if not the most daring, single action in the history of combat aviation."

"Conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in aerial combat," the citation read.

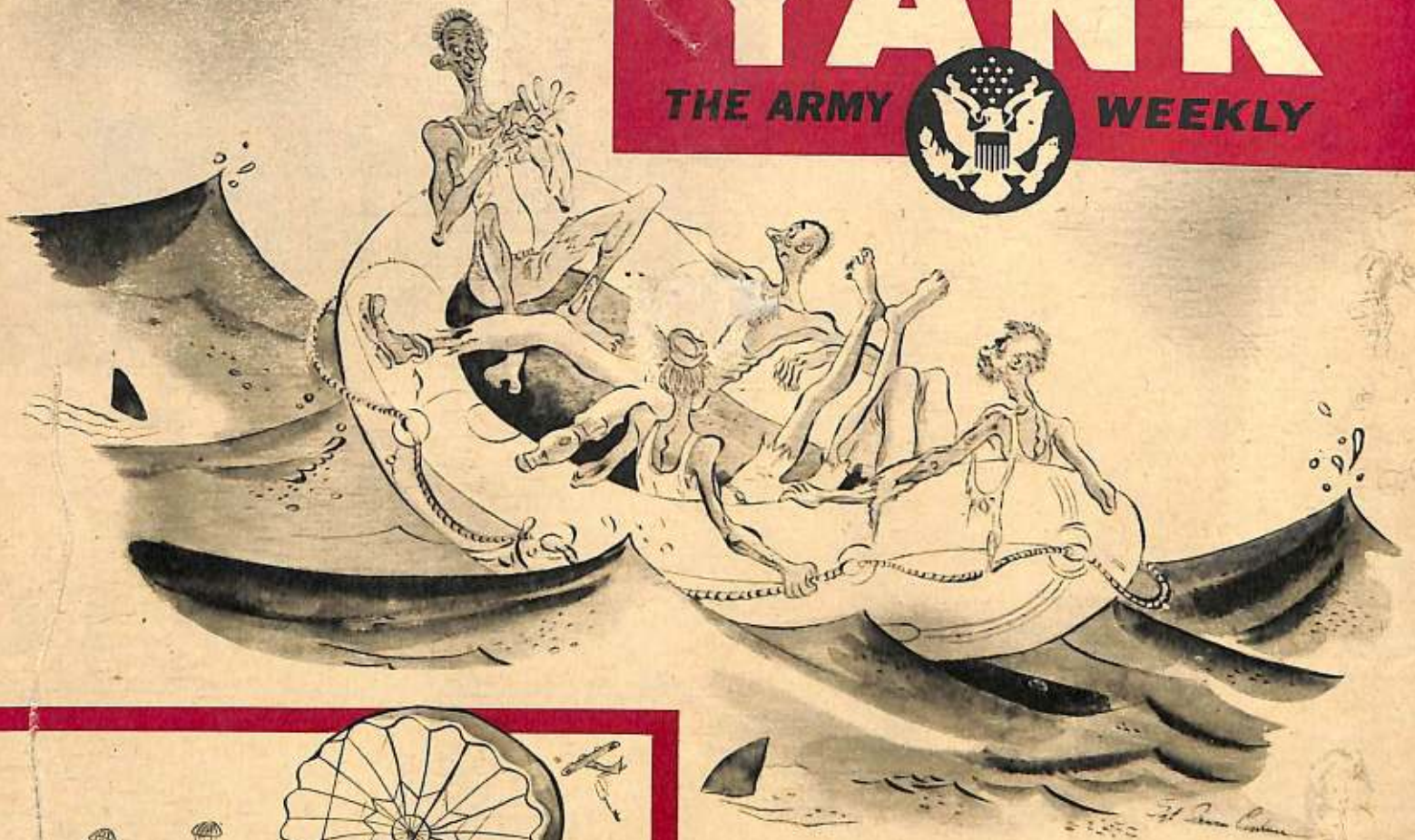
The Japs jeered. Butch O'Hare was a one-battle fighter, they said. He was afraid to return to the Pacific. Tokyo Rose, Japan's Lady Haw-Haw, declared he was probably dead.

Lt. Comdr. O'Hare is, of course, very much alive. He is in the Pacific, and he is much too busy to worry about Japanese radio propaganda. At this advanced Pacific base he is training a squadron of Navy fighter and pursuit pilots. He calls them "the lads"; they call themselves "Butch's Busy Babies."

The "babies," many of them veterans of a year or more of Pacific combat with Zeros and bombers to their own credit, expect to repeat

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



"GEE, FELLOWS! JUST FOUR MORE DAYS TO GO AND WE BEAT THE RECORD!"

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.



YAM



"SINGE?"

—Cpl. W. R. Watt, England, and Sgt. Frank Brandt



"THAT ISN'T QUITE THE TYPE OF BOOBY TRAP WE HAD IN MIND, FLETCHER."

—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt