

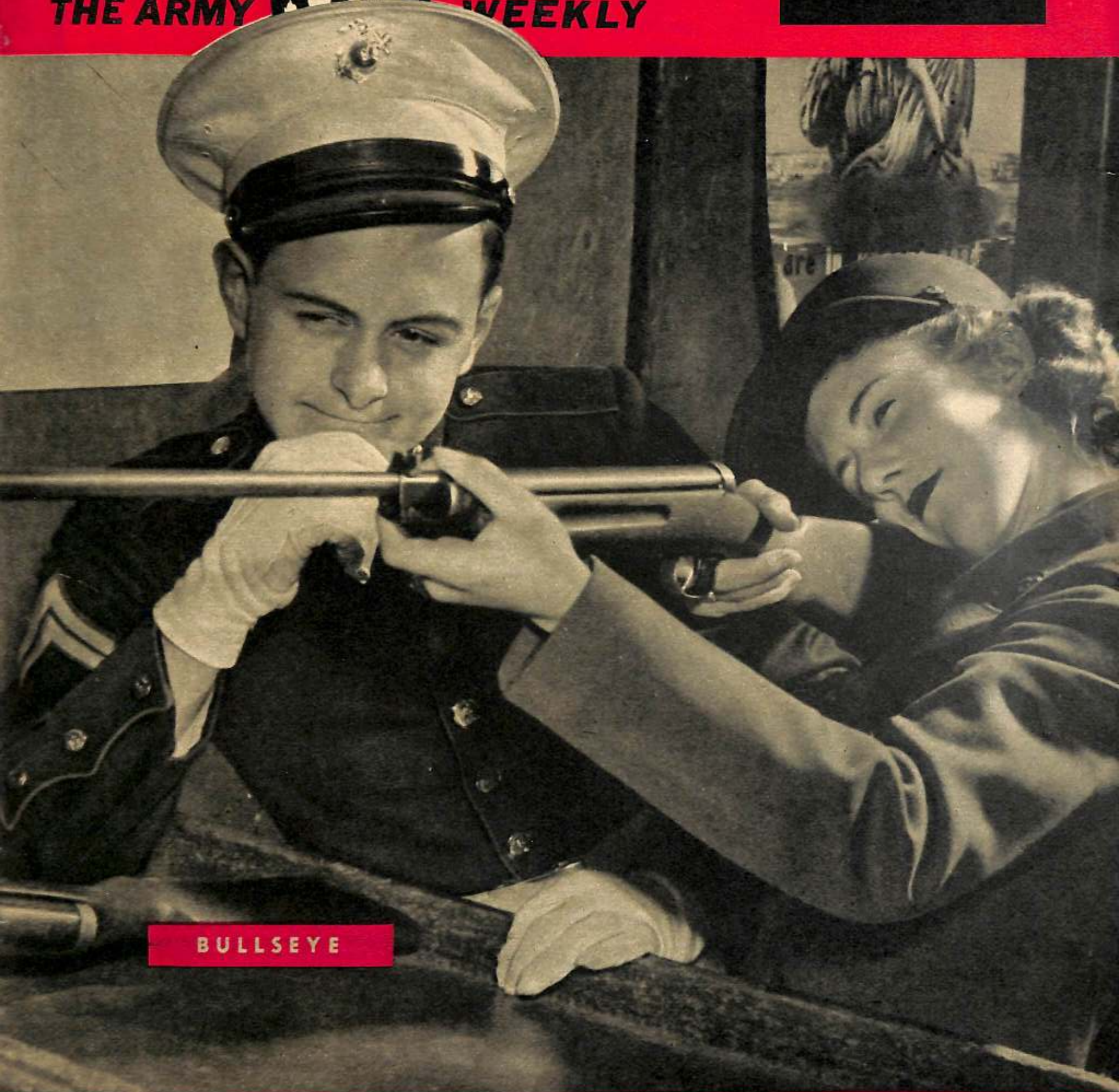
BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY  WEEKLY

3^d APR. 23
1944
VOL. 2, NO. 45

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



BULLSEYE

How Fast Can You Recognize an Enemy Plane?

PICTURES OF ALLIED AND AXIS AIRCRAFT PAGES 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

"Luftpost" or "Air Mail," is a daily on the regular RAF newspaper route over Germany, delivered early every morning with Herr Schultz's ersatz milk. Here, damage to Messerschmitt plant is indisputably shown.

Luftpost

BEI TAG UND NACHT, VOM WESTEN UND SÜDEN

Systematische Zerschlagung der deutschen Luftabwehr

Die deutsche Psychologie im Kampf

Die deutsche Psychologie im Kampf ist auf die gleiche Linie wie die deutsche Luftabwehr. Das ist die systematische Zerschlagung der deutschen Luftabwehr. Die deutsche Luftabwehr ist auf die gleiche Linie wie die deutsche Psychologie. Die deutsche Luftabwehr ist auf die gleiche Linie wie die deutsche Psychologie.

Südfront verschlingt Reserven

Die Südfront verschlingt Reserven. Die Südfront verschlingt Reserven. Die Südfront verschlingt Reserven. Die Südfront verschlingt Reserven. Die Südfront verschlingt Reserven.



Volltreffer auf die Messerschmitt-Werke in Regensburg, 25. Febr.

Zehn Deutsche Divisionen

1. Infanteriedivision von ...
2. Infanteriedivision von ...
3. Infanteriedivision von ...
4. Infanteriedivision von ...
5. Infanteriedivision von ...
6. Infanteriedivision von ...
7. Infanteriedivision von ...
8. Infanteriedivision von ...
9. Infanteriedivision von ...
10. Infanteriedivision von ...

Nutzlos geopfert!

This leaflet, dropped by Fortresses on the first Berlin daylight raid, is one of the most effective we have used. On back side, maps show German disaster at "Stalingrad Number Two," the Korsun pocket of Russian front. Here, ten lost Nazi divisions are identified and crossed off, with words below, "USELESSLY SACRIFICED."

DE WERVELWIND

M. L. ENDELIK V. H. V. R. H. E. I. D. E. N. R. I. C. H. T. V. E. R. S. P. R. E. I. D. D. O. O. R. D. E. R. A. F.



Koninklijke Marine

Two pint-sized monthly news magazines delivered by air to Holland and Belgium.

**By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent**

ENGLAND—The Fortresses were taking off on the first big daylight raids over Berlin. Most of them lumbered down the runway for a long take-off, and climbed slowly into formation with their heavy bomb loads. But once in a while, a Fortress would go down the runway swiftly and become airborne sooner. It would climb faster and take a key defensive position in the formation—like a destroyer escort.

Inside, these Forts were different from the others. Instead of bombs, there were tight, heavy packages, designed to open when they were released through the bomb bay doors. For these were leaflet planes—the newsboys of the Air Force—and they went in over Berlin with the bombers, released their hundreds of thousands of paper bullets, shot down a respectable number of enemy fighters, and came back. At one time or another during the long trip the pilots would sigh and mutter something about, "If we were only carrying a little HE."

From the yelp of pain that went up from the German press and radio that day, however, you would have thought that the leaflets dropped were more damaging than the HE. Leaflet number one was a clear, concise report, beautifully illustrated with maps and charts, on the encirclement and annihilation of von Manstein's ten German divisions in the Korsun pocket on the Russian front. It was called "Stalingrad Number Two" and carried complete data on the lost divisions and the parts of Germany from which they came.

The second leaflet told the German people that with the bombs, they were suffering the ultimate in humiliation, that peace would be much more pleasant, and that President Roosevelt guaranteed the natural development of the German people as a member of the European family of nations. The third pamphlet was a regular edition of *Sternenbanner*—a miniature bi-monthly newspaper dropped on Germany.

No sooner had the bombs been dropped, than official Nazi commentator, Dr. Otto Kriegk, got on the air in a hurried attempt to answer the news stories in the three pamphlets. The Nazi radio program *Mirror of the Times* broadcast a play attempting to show that the "Stalingrad Number Two"

leaflet was Jewish trickery and that the ten divisions had never been lost at all. The commentator, "OK," devoted a whole broadcast to leaflet number two—the peace leaflet—saying that Roosevelt promised an honorable peace but "Roosevelt is known as a man who makes promises and then doesn't keep them." There were a half-dozen more broadcasts along the same lines.

Before the Berlin raids, German air raid wardens never sounded the "All Clear" until the British and American leaflets had been swept up. The Nazis even boasted about how few leaflets were read. But suddenly, on March 11, the day after the raids, Heinrich Himmler issued an official decree stating that as a measure of protection for the home front, serious penalties—prison or worse—would be inflicted on any one caught reading a leaflet. The explosions in the German mind were as serious as the explosions caused by bombs.

Seven days later, however, a traveller from Berlin reported in the Swedish newspaper *Dagens Nyheter* that "Germans now read leaflets openly in Berlin streets."

This was Strategic Psychological Warfare.

Shortly before the leaflets were dropped on Berlin, the Cassino Monastery in Italy was being readied for destruction by Allied bombers. First, leaflets were dropped by long-range artillery and planes, telling the Italian occupants of the terrible destruction to come, explaining to them why it had to be done, and warning every one to get out. In one sector, German units that had been hemmed in were being pelted with safe-conduct passes urging them to surrender. Along other parts of the front, German soldiers were being told by leaflets about the bombings of their home cities and the disastrous defeats being suffered by the Wehrmacht in Russia.

This was Tactical Psychological Warfare.

TACTICAL Psychological Warfare, like Tactical Bombing, has short-range, immediate objectives. It is used on the battlefronts, and its only purpose is to cause or hasten the surrender of a certain specific unit of enemy troops, which already is in a tough spot. The Russian leaflets calling on the German Sixth Army to surrender when it was hopelessly encircled before Stalingrad was a perfect example of Tactical Psychological Warfare.

Strategic Psychological Warfare, on the other

LE MESSAGE DE LA LIBERTE



The Berlin daylight raids gave the first inkling that American and British fighting men were launching smashing attacks against the German mind as well as German factories. Here is the story of our deadly Psychological Warfare campaign on land, sea and in the air—a campaign which has the Nazis yelping with pain.

Words Save Lives ★

hand, is exactly like Strategic Bombing, which it complements. It strikes at German cities far behind the lines, and it has strictly long-range objectives. You can't surrender to a leaflet or a radio. But by pounding away at morale on the home front and creating doubts in the German mind, you can cause a sense of defeat which eventually will seep through to the fighting zones. It's like destroying a Messerschmitt plant; it doesn't affect the fighting front immediately, but at some time in the future, there will be a shortage of fighter planes when the enemy sorely needs them.

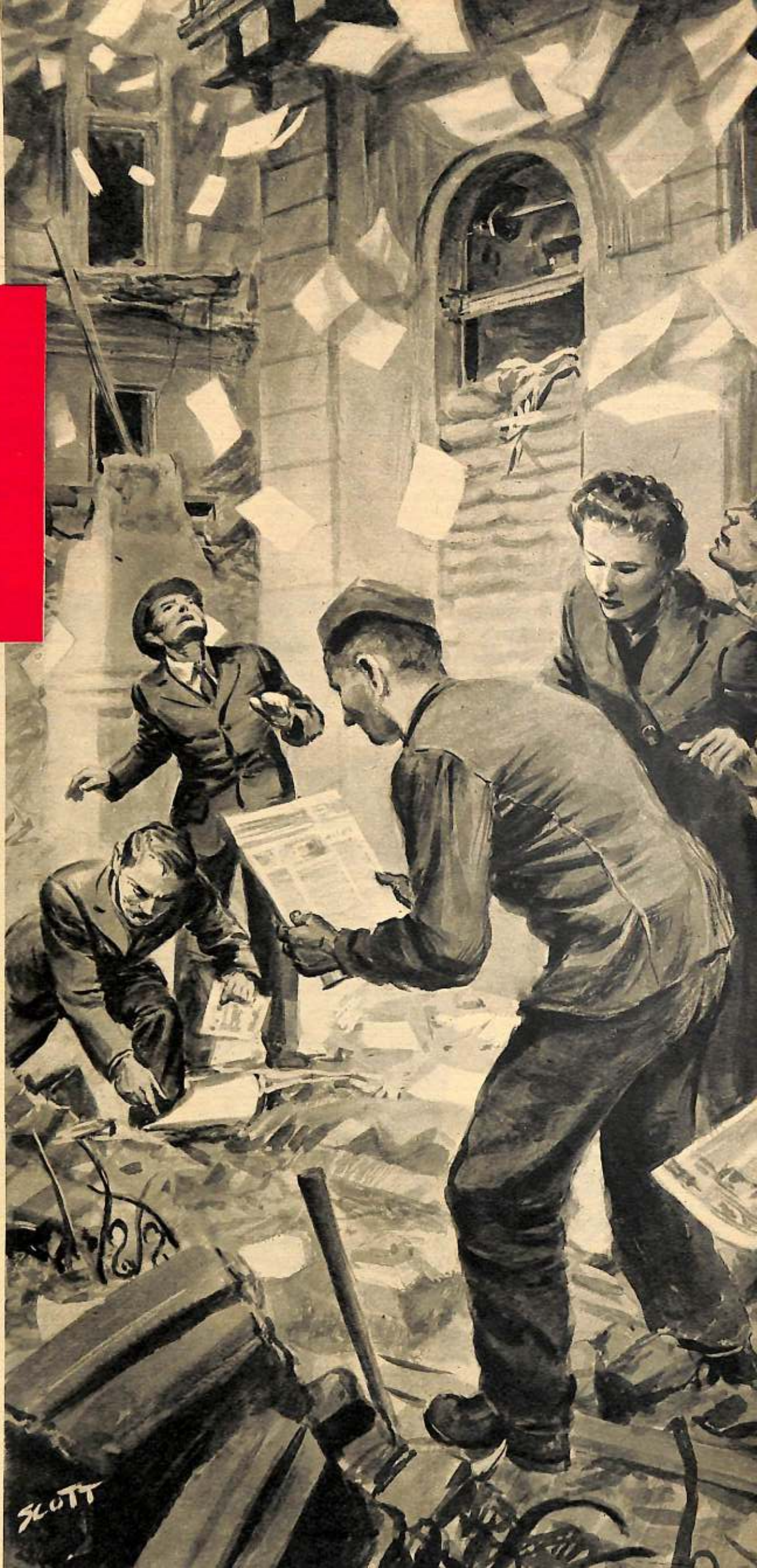
Psychological Warfare, both Tactical and Strategic, works almost exclusively when your side is winning. Leaflets and broadcasts by themselves don't accomplish a thing. As a member of the joint British-American Psychological Warfare Branch explained, "You can't do much against a stone wall with a nail file. But when a stone is loosened by hammer blows, you can chip around it with a nail file and finally pry it loose."

TUNISIA was the first big triumph for Psychological Warfare since World War I, when General Ludendorff, head of the German Army, wrote, "We could not prevent the leaflets from poisoning the hearts of our soldiers."

At first, when Rommel and the Axis troops were attacking, the leaflets didn't work at all. It was like using a bow and arrow barrage to blast troops entrenched in stone caves. Besides, we made several foolish blunders, such as promising the Italians a nice comfortable prison camp in the United States. This petrified the Eyties, since they had been convinced by German Psychological Warfare that every ship crossing the Atlantic was being sunk.

But then the Allied pincers began to close. The enemy troops were being hammered by everything in the book. They were beginning to wonder about the situation. Suddenly, we loosed a verbal solar plexus punch at the Italians. We told them in leaflets simply that Tripoli had fallen. They didn't know this. They thought their flank, hundreds of miles away in Libya, was still secure. We knew they wouldn't take our word for it, so we quoted chapter and verse, telling them about streets and cafés and places that only some one who had been there would know about. The last vestige of Italian hope collapsed like a pricked balloon. Thousands surrendered in a period of three days. And Mussolini announced in Rome: "Any one who believes the enemy's messages is a criminal, a traitor and a bastard."

Our leaflets were dropped by plane and fired into the enemy's lines by 25-pounders and by 155 mm. guns. Near Gabes, an entire Italian tank battalion surrendered without firing a shot. When seven men



had deserted from the hard-pressed German 60th Infantry Regiment after a leaflet attack, an order was issued by the Regimental Commander that if further desertions took place, every tenth man in the regiment would be shot. A handbook was issued to all German officers entitled "The Officer as Leader in the Fight Against Enemy Propaganda." At one stage of the campaign General Alexander actually requested an intensive five-day leaflet barrage against the Germans and Italians retreating northward from Sfax. As the campaign drew to its close the Arab population around Tunis, Bizerte and Cap Bon made a fortune out of collecting British-American surrender leaflets at night and selling them to the Germans and Italians at black market prices during the day.

Lampedusa was the greatest triumph for Psychological Warfare. This was the only case where it worked by itself, but even so, it complemented the pressure of weapons elsewhere. The island had been pelted with leaflets for days. Not a single shot had been fired or a single bomb dropped. Then, an RAF Flight Sergeant named Sidney Cohen ran out of petrol on a fighter sweep over the Mediterranean and had to make a forced landing on the little island. His plane came down in a field and Cohen scrambled out, ready to battle it out with the island's garrison.

He ducked into a ditch and waited. But nothing happened. Then he saw a staff car approaching. Cohen's eyes almost popped out of his head. The staff car was flying a white flag and in it was a group of high-ranking Italian officers. A colonel stepped out of the car and saluted. Cohen blinked and saluted back. He started to stammer something. But the Italian colonel broke in, "We wish to surrender to you," he said.

"Fine," said Cohen, "but how can you surrender to me when this is your island?"

"That's just it," said the colonel. "Your leaflets told us to surrender to the first British or American forces to appear. It is now *your* island."

Cohen since then has been known as the King of Lampedusa.

In Sicily the psychological offensive continued. Two Psychological Warfare combat teams of civilians, officers and enlisted men landed in the first waves. Soon afterwards Luigi Cucco, a high-ranking Fascist official, reported over the Rome Radio: "The scientific hammering extended throughout the island has been accompanied by the dropping of very intelligent leaflets which were to cause the internal collapse of the Sicilians and aimed at tainting the sense of honor of our soldiers." One British artillery battery fired 40 rounds of leaflet shells from a 25-pounder. Seven prisoners appeared with the leaflets before round 40 had been fired. A surrendering Italian general said, "With hundreds of leaflets being showered on my troops daily, I could do nothing about the morale." An Italian anti-aircraft gunner surrendered with a leaflet containing Churchill's speech. He knew the speech by heart.

The day before General Patton launched his big offensive in Sicily he called in his Psychological Warfare men. He wanted a million leaflets to saturate the enemy before he ordered the big push. The offensive was scheduled to start 24 hours later—and there was no printing plant available. This was the biggest rush order these PWB men had ever to cope with, but they rolled up their sleeves and got to work. The General rolled up his sleeves, too. He sat down with a PWB officer and between them they wrote the leaflet "Capitulation with Honor"



"MY MAN ARE APPOINT ME TO OFFER SURRENDERING ONLY UNDER ONE CONDITION—THAT WE ARE NOT REQUIRED TO EAT ADMIRABLE AMERICAN DELICACY NAMED SPAM?" —Cpl. Jack Ruge

in record time. A pilot grabbed the copy and flew it to Tunis. All night the printing plants in Tunis hummed. The next day every available plane in the Tactical Air Force flew from Tunis and dropped a million leaflets from Palermo to Marsala. Thousands of prisoners came in as a result, and that was when the U. S. Infantry first began to realize that there was something in this Psychological Warfare stuff. They saw that it was like a softening-up artillery barrage—it saves lives.

In Italy the situation was different. The Italian fleet surrendered, according to Admiral Cunningham, mainly because of the effect of leaflets. But the German Armies stiffened. Their military situation became better and their resistance to propaganda increased.

Leaflets don't work by themselves. They accelerate a trend. When the trend isn't there, it's like chipping away at that solid stone wall with the nail file. Our best efforts in Italy to date were the leaflets dropped on Rome explaining why we had to bomb the city, and a brilliant series of humorous and inspirational posters tacked up by special squads of GIs all over liberated territory. Those posters played a tremendous part in re-awakening the bedraggled Italian national spirit.

The Psychological Warfare branch functions today with all the armed forces. It is a joint British-American undertaking and consists of British and American officers, civilians and enlisted men, working side by side. Most of the American GIs are former newspapermen or radio news men, like an ex-reporter from New York, who was lifted out of the infantry and shipped to Algiers to work in Psychological Warfare. Others were selected because of their basic knowledge of Italian and the Italian people.

One of the most important functions of the Psychological Warfare Branch is running what is probably one of the biggest newspaper chains in the world. Weekly, pint-sized newspapers are turned out in German, French, Dutch and Flemish, and dropped by the millions during regular delivery runs over Germany and the Occupied Countries. The Germans get bombs with their morning newspaper; the Occupied Countries don't. The newspapers are straight news sheets, well illustrated. There is no attempt to propagandize or even answer German propaganda. "You don't have to do that when you're winning," says the head of the Publications Section. "Straight news, when it's favorable, is the most potent weapon we have. It puts the enemy on the defensive—and soon you find *him* trying to answer your truths and getting caught up in his own lies."

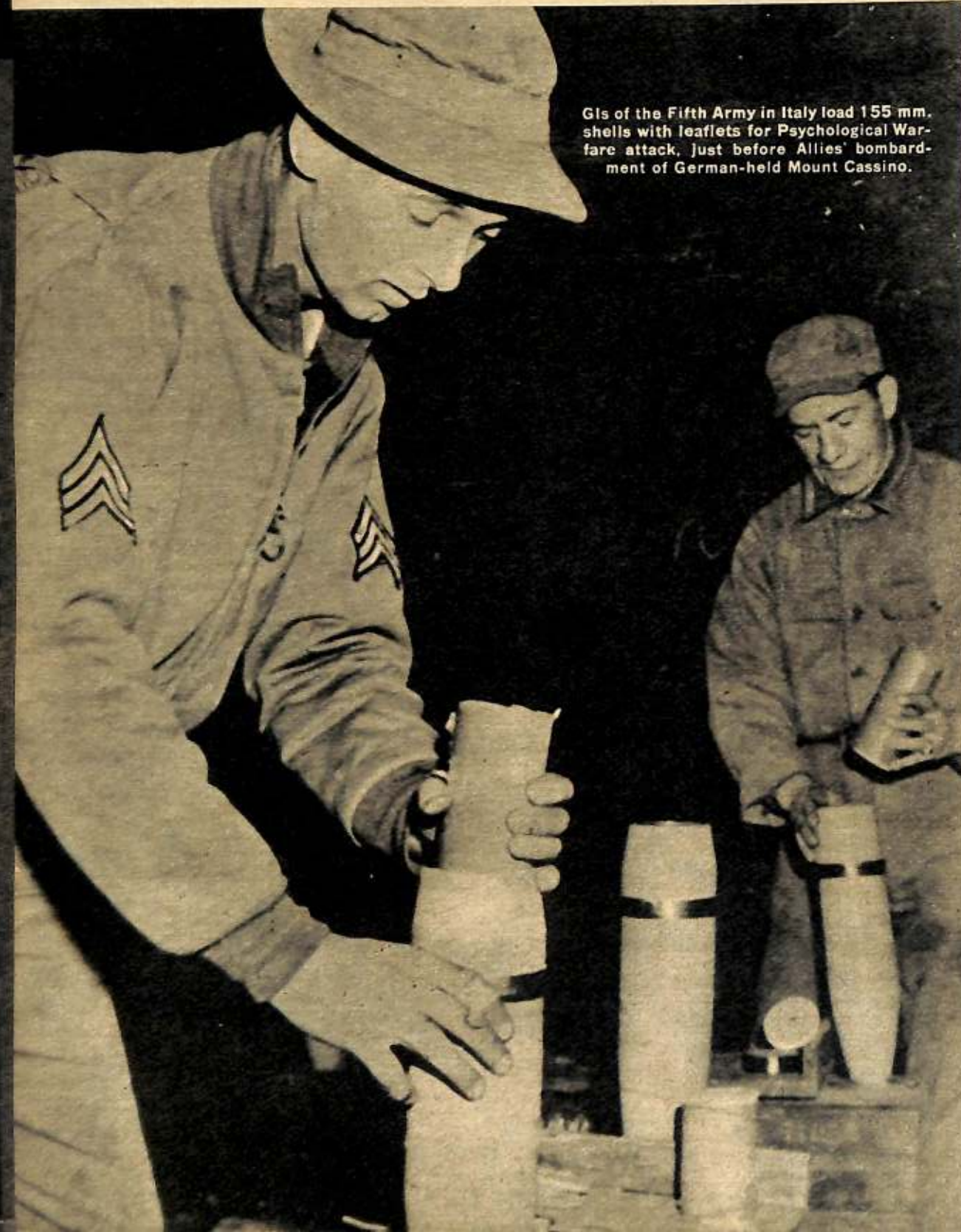
Specially equipped Forts go along on regular bombing missions to drop leaflets and the newspapers. On tactical jobs we use anything that can fly. The leaflet planes are heavily armed and can give good account of themselves in battle. Only a few have been lost so far.

One plane crew worked out an ingenious method of avoiding flak on their bombless, leaflet missions. They filled empty wine bottles with leaflets and dropped them out every time they passed over a gun site. The bottles whistled like bombs as they fell, and the enemy gunners apparently took cover.

"This," said the pilot, "was combining business with more business."

When the leaflet crews begin to champ and gripe because they can't carry a few bombs, the Psychological Warfare boys let them gripe for a while and then they send for underground men to talk to the crews for a few hours about what is going on in their target area. This is Psychological Warfare in reverse.

It works.



GIs of the Fifth Army in Italy load 155 mm. shells with leaflets for Psychological Warfare attack, just before Allies' bombardment of German-held Mount Cassino.

Paratroopers are tough guys who tell tough stories about themselves. This is one currently making the rounds of the ETO—and if you don't believe it, blame it on the paratroopers. They told it to us, and who are we to say it isn't true?

By Sgt. ANDREW A. ROONEY

YEAH . . . them six holes up there is what the paratroopers left. Tough? They was plenty tough. Here six weeks before they pulled out. "One of 'ems name was Marcetti. Toughest guy I ever see. Damn! He was tough. Marcetti used to be a rigger fer a steel mill in Pittsburgh and when he come into the Army they made an engineer out of him. Sent him to Belvoir and taught him how to make bridges out of them little boats and how to dig. If there was anything Marcetti didn't want to dig. If there was anything Marcetti didn't want to dig.

"They kept him at Belvoir 'til they found out they'd got the wrong guy to teach diggin' fer the Army to. He used to give half his month's pay to a guy named O'Hara to pull his KP fer him and the other half he'd spend on scotch up to Washington. Hell of a guy he was, sergeants couldn't do nothin' but put him in the guardhouse when he popped off.



Too Good for the GUARDHOUSE

Too good a man fer the guardhouse, Marcetti was, and them officers of his knew it.

"After they had him fer about six months they decided they better get someone else to do their engineering fer them at Belvoir, so they send him to paratroop school where he's been tryin' to get since they got him. It wasn't so much they let him go where he wanted but they sure'n hell didn't want him and the Army just don't send nobody back to a Pittsburgh Steel Company.

"Marcetti got hooked up with this rugged paratroop outfit. One of the first. Hand picked, them boys were, back in the days when you hadda be able to lick hell out of three Marines before they'd let you in.

"They weren't havin' no more trouble with him like they was havin' at Belvoir. He didn't get drunk much and he began listening because he figured them babies in the paratroops knew more about stuff than he did. At Belvoir he always guessed he could dig as good a hole as the next man without a sergeant tellin' him how.

"Well, hell, first thing you know this Marcetti gets to be the demolition expert of the outfit. Goes to demolition school and learns everything there is to know about blowing things up. Before long the outfit moves over here and they're the babies that's going to drop right out of the ETO on to Jerry some day when he's still tryin' to figure out what day he's going to get dropped on.

"Them six holes is a story. At night Marcetti, Hannock, Taragan and the rest would be sittin' around here playin' poker fer what they had. Marcetti would get restless and without sayin' much he'd get up and wander into that little room at the end he had to himself. He'd start takin' down them bottles of stuff he had on the wall. TNT.

"Damn, he had a pile of the stuff. TNT, nitro, dynamite, everything. Had enough to blow this whole ETO to hell and gone. Under his sack Marcetti kept a hack saw, a bunch of them heavy English beer bottles and three pieces of pipe that run the length of his bed. He'd saw himself off a foot or so of pipe, then he'd come back out here and talkin' natural all the time he'd smash himself up about six or eight of them beer bottles in a bucket.

"He was happy when he was smashin' them bottles with the heavy end of that poker sittin' there. He'd go back to his room with the bucket of glass and pretty soon you'd hear that sound like coal runnin' down a chute when he poured the glass into the hunk of pipe.

"Marcetti'd come out of his room with his pipe in one hand and a fuse in the other. He'd sit down with the boys again fer a while, talkin' just like he

was knittin' a sock as he put the fuse into the moxie he had packed into that length of pipe.

"When he was satisfied with the job he'd lean back in his chair, finish what he was talkin' about and then he'd wander out. In five minutes he'd be back in his chair again, sittin' there talkin' and smilin'.

"All of a sudden all hell would break loose. The whole damn hut would shake and the rivets holdin' them corrugated roof pieces together would snap off, a few of 'em. For 30 seconds you couldn't think what was happening fer the noise of stones and dirt rattlin' down on the roof.

"You shoulda seen the trees out here right by the side. You can still see the scars in 'em. Big hunks of broken bottle stuck into them trees from all angles and out in the field here they was a hole blown deep enough to bury a damn horse.

"After lookin' around to see how Marcetti's concoction worked that time, the boys would go back to the hut and start playin' cards again. In a few minutes this here meek little shavetail from the provost marshall's office would pull up in a jeep outside. He come every time and I know he hated to come in that hut worsen anything in the world. It didn't bother Marcetti and this paratroop outfit none. Nobody who wasn't a paratrooper bothered them guys none.

"This second looie would knock on the door real light and then come into the hut. Standin' there lookin' pretty helpless with a .45 on his hip he'd try to make the boys look up from the game by slammin' the door. Hell, everybody that come in there slammed the door.

"'Look, you fellows,' he'd always say, 'I asked you not to pull that stunt any more,' he'd say. 'Cut it out will you,' he'd say, pleadin' all the time. Hell, it was funny. There wasn't anything he could do because no one give a damn. They knew where they were headed fer and what any one but their CO told them didn't carry no weight.

ONE day they brought some new boys in. Fellows up from an infantry outfit. They'd been through a pretty rugged course but they weren't paratroopers. They'd got most of their training back in the States and they was pretty cocky. Always showin' these paratroopers how they learned it.

"Things didn't go too well between them, and the CO decided somethin' hada be done. He gets Marcetti to fix up a bunch of tear gas bombs under the sacks of a couple of these new Joes. They was in here then, and Marcetti and his bunch went over to the bigger hut next door.

"That night the boys come in after a speed march,

pretty ragged they were, and three of 'em flops down on these sacks with the tear gas underneath. Boy, you shoulda been around. The bombs went off and the hut started fillin' with gas. The bunch thought they'd been hit direct with an HE.

"They come hollerin' and screamin' out of this hut like wild Indians. Marcetti is over there in the next hut not even watchin'. Just layin' on his bunk, lookin' up at the ceilin' and smilin'.

"This new crowd finally catches on and they get settled down. Pretty mad, they were, but they took it good. Couldn't get back into the hut though. All their stuff was in there and a man couldn't go near the place fer gas.

"This shavetail from the provost marshall's office comes along again to find out what all the excitement's about. It's gettin' dark by now and he begins to worry about the lights in the hut. Doors and windows are wide open and there'd been plenty of damn Germans around them nights.

"Marcetti hears what's up and finally comes out of his hut. The looie looks at him pained and helpless like. He knew damn well who set them tear gas bombs off.

"'Can I do anythin' fer ya, lieutenant,' Marcetti asks real casual.

"'Well,' says the lieutenant, 'I gotta get them lights out some way. If you'd put your gas mask on and put them lights out I'd be much obliged to ya, sargent.'

"Marcetti disappears into his hut just like he was goin' in to get his mask like the lieutenant said.

"Well, the funny thing is that Marcetti does come out with his mask—last thing any one expected to see him do. But on his hip Marcetti had strapped on his .45.

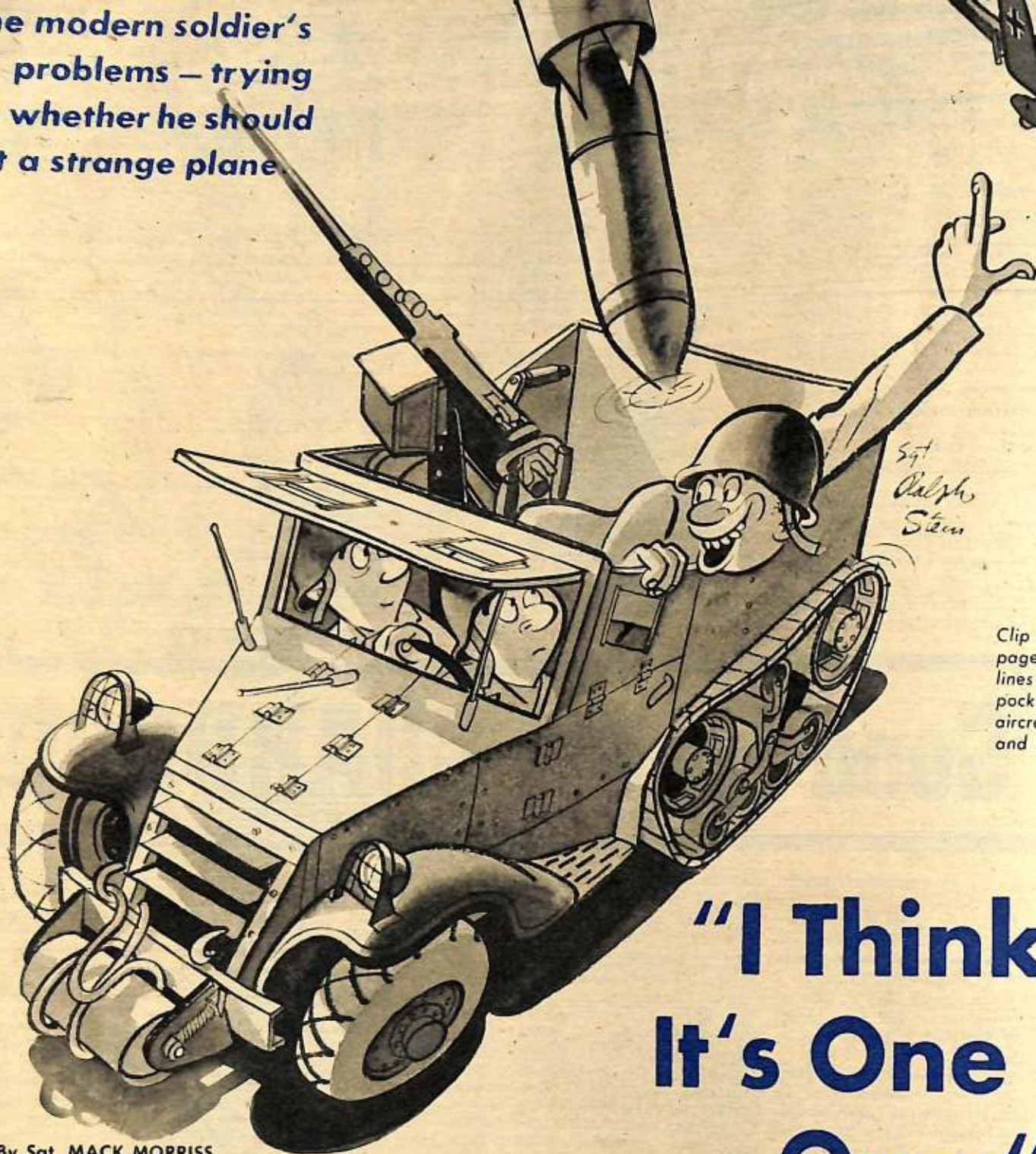
"He flips his hat between his legs like they taught him at Belvoir and starts fixin' the straps on his gas mask. He gets his mask on, puts his hat on his head, waves at the looie through the mask and starts walkin' towards the hut. Marcetti was smilin' sure as hell behind that mask but you couldn't see it.

"About 20 feet from the door of the hut he stops, pulls out his .45 and starts aimin'. Well, damned if every one wasn't expectin' something from Marcetti but they wasn't expectin' this. He just plugs away six times at them lights hangin' there from the roof of the hut, knocks 'em clear out and then calmly he walks back towards the looie.

"Marcetti pulls off his gas mask, says, 'There you are, sir,' to the looie and walks back into his hut and lays down.

"That's how them six holes got up there. Marcetti. Sorta sorry to see them paratroopers go, but damn, they was tough."

One of the modern soldier's toughest problems — trying to decide whether he should shoot at a strange plane



Clip or fold the next four pages along the dotted lines and you will have a pocket-sized collection of aircraft-recognition photos and silhouettes. →

"I Think It's One of Ours"

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Writer

NEAR the front lines in Italy recently a convoy of American trucks was wending its way slowly up the muddy mountain road.

The T-5 behind the wheel in the first truck turned to the sergeant beside him. "Look at them planes over there," he said.

"They're Mustangs," said the sergeant. "Just keep going and don't bother with them."

"Well, if they're Mustangs, they're acting funny," said the T-5. "Look, two of them are peeling off and coming right down at us."

"Just trying to scare us," smiled the sergeant. The two "Mustangs" swooped along the convoy and raked the road with fire. They returned and did it again, leaving several casualties.

"Damn them stupid flyers," roared the sergeant. "Don't they even know their own trucks?"

Wrathfully, Air was contacted. No, no Allied planes were operating in the vicinity. The strafing ships must have been ME-109Fs.

Since the war began there have been dozens of incidents like these—some hilariously funny and some pathetic beyond description—which serve to illustrate the importance of being able to tell one airplane from another.

So important is this recognition of aircraft that the Army, since before our entry into the war, has tried desperately and by many methods to drill into our minds the features of our own planes and those of the enemy. The WEFT (wing-engine-fuselage-tail) system was evolved and outgrown, and numerous posters and self-teaching aids were distributed.

Realizing, finally, that there is no short cut to real aircraft-recognition knowledge, any more than there is a short cut to learning the manual of arms, the Army now insists that men study, in a methodical way, the shape and character of military planes until they are as familiar with them as they once were with the makes and models of automobiles at home. That insistence is backed by the strongest of all appeals: recognition may be a matter of life or death.

Aircraft recognition could be learned most effectively by a study of actual planes themselves. Such a thing being impossible for a great majority of soldiers, training aids have been developed that present aircraft as nearly "true to life" as possible—that is, in all the varying sizes and shapes they would assume in flight. It has been realized, however, that the most familiar planes, as recognized in static pictures and silhouettes, appear quite different in the eyes of a

person seeing them in the air for the first time.

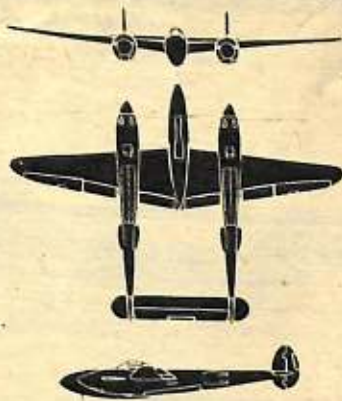
It is for this reason that the soldier in a combat zone must learn the figures of airplanes as well as he learns the figures of persons. He must recognize a plane as he would a friend, from any angle and by any one of countless peculiarities. To become familiar with a person it is necessary to be with that person frequently. The more often he is seen, the more easily recognizable he becomes. It is the same with planes.

On the next four pages YANK presents 32 Allied and Axis aircraft. Some you may have seen around before, some may be old acquaintances, some you may not know at all.

If ever there have been personalities worth your while to know, here they are.



The American P-47 Thunderbolt at the left looks like the German Focke-Wulf 190 at the right. But a student of aircraft



P-38 LIGHTNING. Because of the twin tail booms, it's practically impossible to confuse the Lightning with any other ship. However, Germany has three types of aircraft with twin booms: one a float plane, one a glider and one a recon ship (FW-189). The FW-189 is bigger, slower, more bulky than the P-38.



P-39 AIRACOBRA. This is the baby with the turned-up nose, and by the pert flip of her tail and nose she's recognizable. In fighters there is nothing quite like her, although either a P-40 or an ME-109 might appear similar. The rocking-chair effect and the long nose and center-set wings identify her.



P-40 WARHAWK. This familiar war horse is a ruler-straight job with a long nose and a deep radiator, its most distinguishing feature. It has a big spinner fairing into the fuselage in front of the heavy radiator. Note the P-40's heavy straight taper on trailing edges of wings, which have rounded tips.



P-47 THUNDERBOLT. For a fighter the Thunderbolt is a fat ship (compare figure of the pilot here with pilot in Warhawk). The shape of its wings remotely suggests a Spitfire or a Jap "Val" dive bomber but other features—radial engine, fat belly and sharply tapered tail—easily distinguish it as ours.



P-51 MUSTANG. No other fighter has a tail exactly like the Mustang. The older models of the ME-109 had squared wing tips similar to the Mustang, but the 109s in combat today are round-tip jobs. Outstanding recognition key to the P-51 is its underslung radiator and, as you can see, the square tail.



SPITFIRE. Because of its elliptical wing the British Spitfire might be mistaken for Japan's "Val"—but only at a split-second view, since the Spit has retractable landing gear. Otherwise it has features of a United Nations fighter. Look for spinner on pointed nose and for the radiator intakes under wings.



HURRICANE. This versatile British aircraft resembles no German plane. It has a hump-backed fuselage and a very pointed nose, with a small and sharp spinner. There is a large air scoop below the cockpit on the underside and a large fin and rudder with a cut-in on the trailing edge of the elevator.

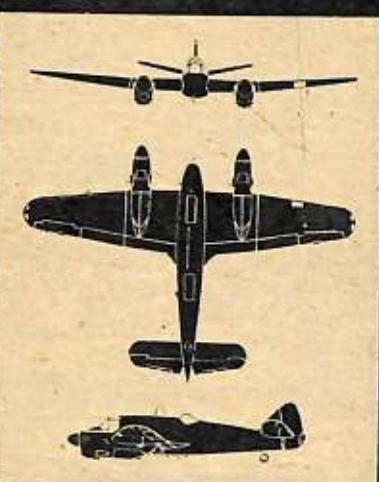


TYPHOON. The deep scoop of this British high-altitude fighter sets it apart, making it resemble a gasping fish. Seen head-on the dihedral (the upward sloping of the wings) is on the outer panels only. Fin and rudder are extended slightly below the fuselage. Wings and tail plane are similar in shape.



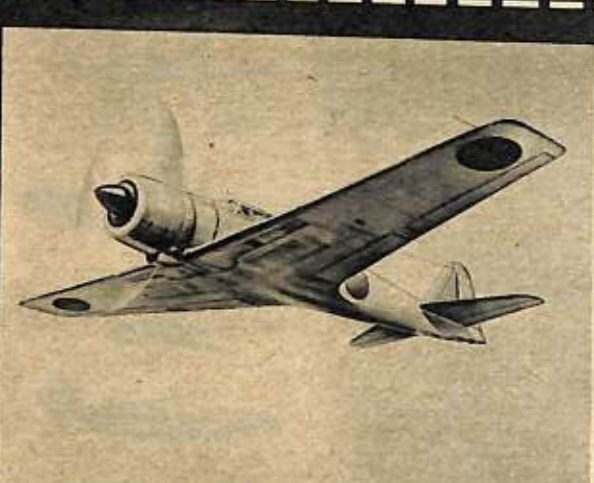
MOSQUITO. The British light bomber-fighter is a sleek job with several easily recognizable features: underslung in-line engines, which protrude nearly as far forward as the nose; high, upright tail; slim fuselage with the wings wide at the base and then tapering out into sharp rounded tips.

FW-190. This is the only German single-engine fighter with a radial engine. Because both the Focke-Wulf job and our P-47 have radials, they may be confused. In head-on view FW-190 has fuselage on top of wing, while P-47's belly bulges below wing. Tails also differ, FW-190's being thin and square.



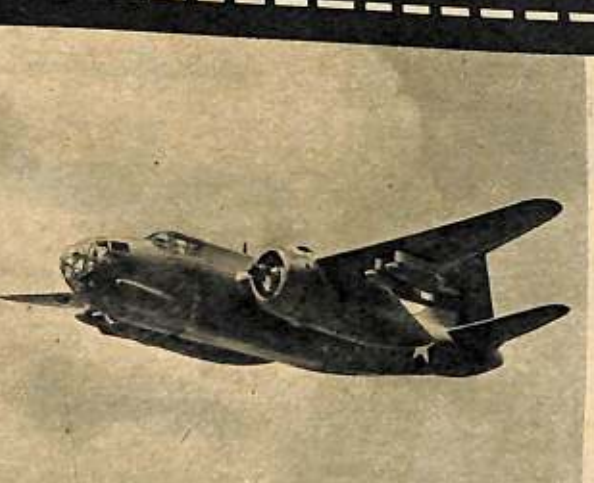
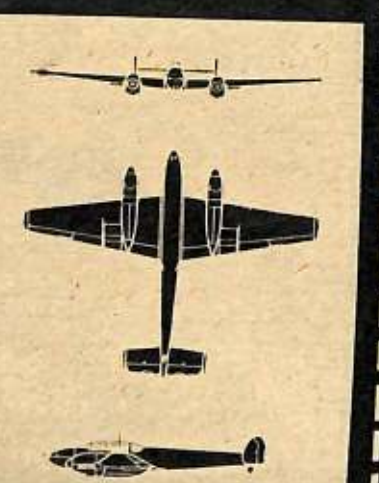
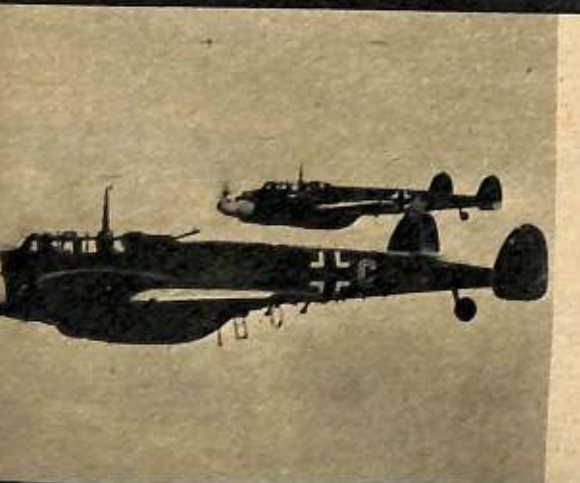
BEAUFIGHTER. Peculiar to this British fighter are the dihedral tail planes (to offset wing in take-off), which are not found in any enemy aircraft. Engine nacelles protrude in front of the unusually stubby nose. The Beaufighter has a crew of two, one man riding under the plexiglas dome topside amidships.

"ZEKE." Mitsubishi's famous Jap fighter—the Zero—is a much praised and often-shot-down airplane, which looks less like any Allied plane than other Nip ships. It might be confused with the U. S. Navy SBD (Dauntless) but is slimmer and does not have our own ship's graceful curves at wing roots and tail.



ME-109. The German Messerschmitt fighter looks like a flying torpedo, because of the thick nose with an even taper to its in-line engine. One feature gives it away, even at a distance: the stabilizer set high on the fin and rudder. The wing tips of the ME-109 are rounded and the wings' trailing edges taper.

"HAMP." Another Mitsubishi product which, in fact, is a sort of M-2 Zero. For recognition purposes, the only significant difference between the two planes is the squared wing tips of the Hamp. At an angle this Japanese plane might be confused with the U. S. Wildcat because of its squared wing tips.

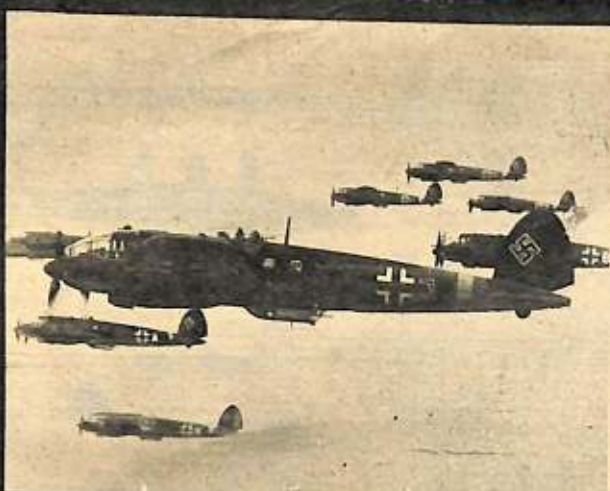


ME-110. Easy to identify from above or below, the Nazi ME-110 fighter-bomber has an extremely long and thin fuselage and a wide tail plane with twin fins and rudders set outboard. Engines nacelles, well streamlined, are not so far forward as the nose. Ship has a comparatively long greenhouse.

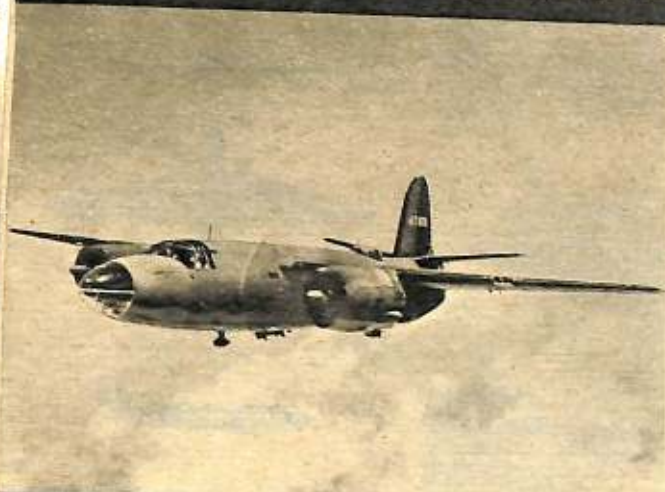
A-20 HAVOC. Known as the "Boston" and as P-70 night fighter. The Havoc is one of the most easily recognizable of all our planes for three reasons: engine nacelles which project behind the wing, distinctive turned-up after section and rear end of greenhouse which has a...



B-25 MITCHELL. This medium bomber has an unusually long nose, giving the impression that there's more of it in front than behind the wings. From below watch for similarity between Mitchell and Dornier 217. The B-25 has a slight gull wing appearance because of the dihedral of inboard panels only.



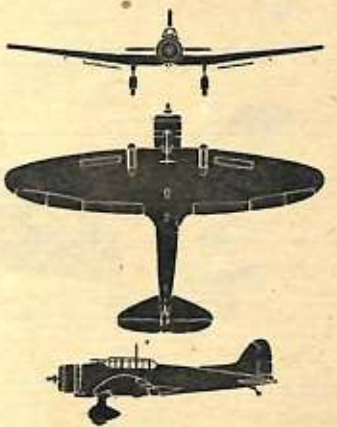
HE-111. The Heinkel medium bomber has one outstanding feature which, if seen from above or below, establishes its identity immediately: the deep "bite" into the trailing edge of the wings as they join the fuselage. From the side it reveals an unusually-designed belly turret aft of the wings.



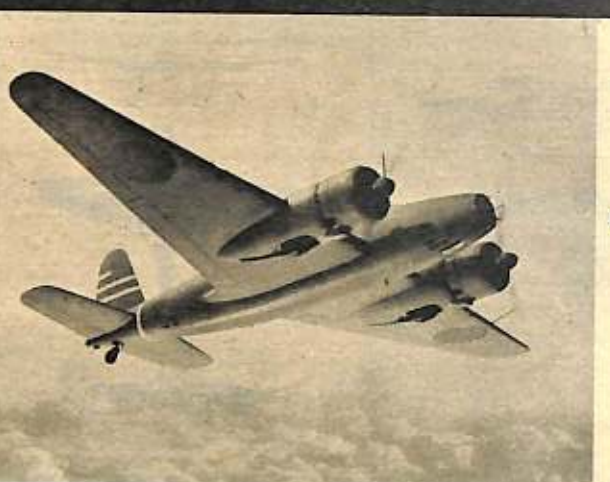
B-26 MARAUDER. Like "Betty" the Marauder has a lot of body at both ends. Like the Jap bomber its fuselage is cigar-shaped. Differences can be noticed most quickly in the tail assembly. Single fin and rudder of B-26 is tall. Tail plane sits high and engine nacelles protrude aft of wing.



DO-217. Introduced about two years ago, this Dornier heavy bomber packs a mean punch. Like the JU-88 it has quite a lot of nose and quite a few guns in it. As you see, the fuselage is long and thin with twin fins and rudder. Long distance from wing to tail gives the DO-217 a stretched-out appearance.

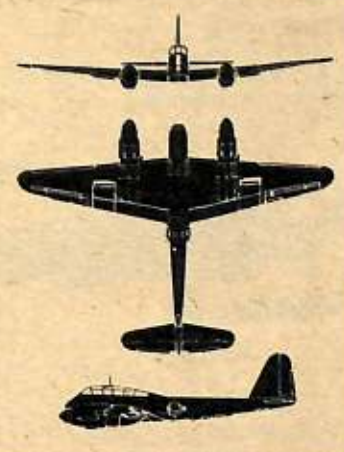


"VAL." Jap dive-bomber made by Aichi who, having left the landing gear sticking down, has produced a plane easily spotted. Val can't pull its landing gear up. It has a long fin faired into the fuselage, elliptical wings, diving brakes, a high Jap greenhouse and a sharp taper to leading edge of stabilizer.



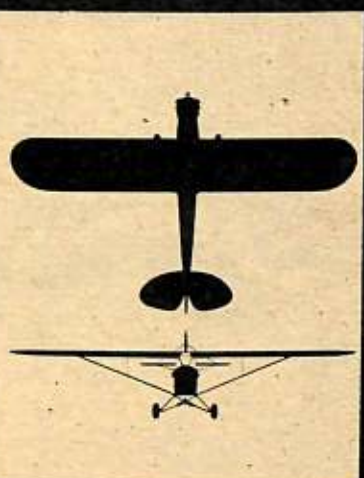
"SALLY." The Mitsubishi 97 medium bomber, which does a great deal of work for Tojo. Sally could hardly be confused with any other two-engine plane of any nation, principally because of the long cockpit enclosure, which is in two sections. The rear greenhouse characteristically juts above the fuselage.





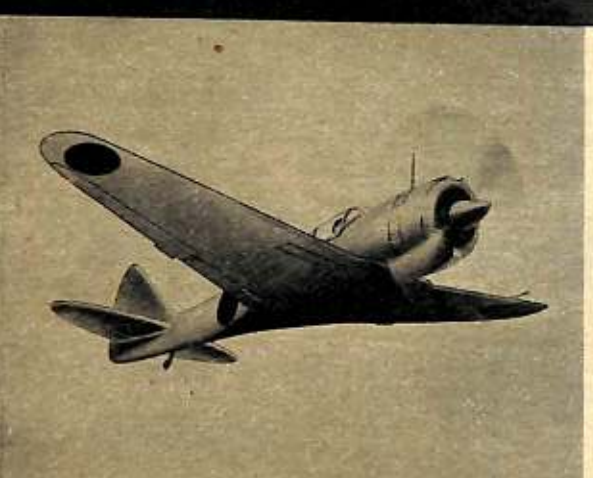
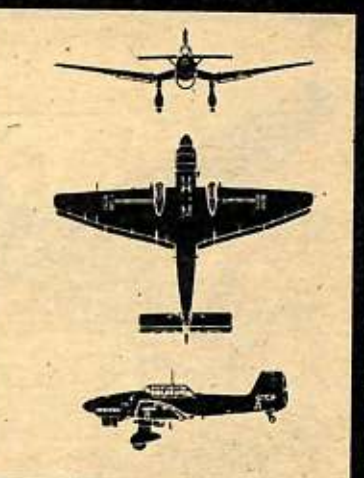
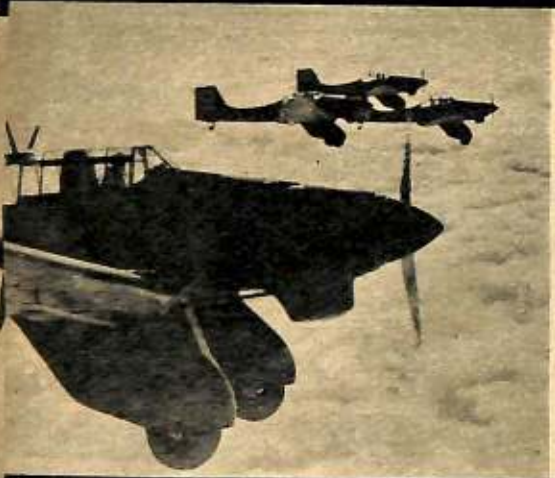
ME-210. This fighter-bomber can be spotted by many unusual features. The tail seems out of all proportion with the thin fuselage on one end, while the nose gives way to a great bulged greenhouse at the other end. Guns at the waist are remotely controlled and fire from blisters on the sides of the fuselage.

F4U CORSAIR. Along with the Stuka and the P-38 the Corsair is one of the most easily recognizable of all military airplanes. It gets that way by its inverted gull-wing design. It has a long nose fronted by a radial engine; the pilot sits almost amidships. Rudder is set forward on rounded fuselage.



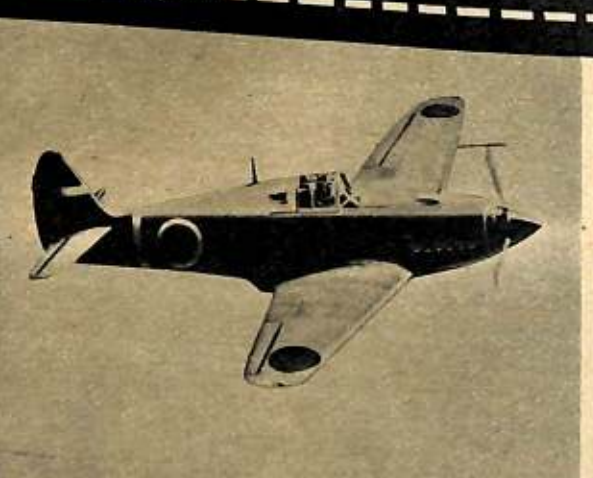
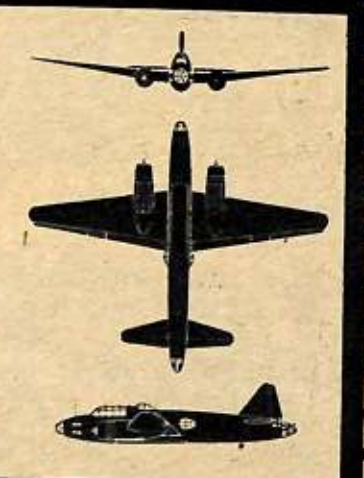
L-4 GRASSHOPPER. This is another U. S. military plane which, in its salad days as a commercial aircraft, probably gave half the population of the country a first look at the old home place from the air. It is typical of the light planes wearing OD. The only Axis plane like it is the Germans' Storch.

C-47 SKYTRAIN. This old baby is the familiar commercial air liner seen every day in the States for several years past. In flight it can't quite tuck its wheels all the way up. Leading edge of the wings taper sharply. Center wing section of a C-47 has no dihedral but the out-panels slope up gracefully.



JU-87 STUKA. It looks more like a saber-toothed tiger than an airplane. The long nose with the big radiator underneath, the fixed landing gear, the humped-up fuselage and the peculiar narrow tail plane with big square rudder and the inverted gull wings are all distinguishing Stuka characteristics.

"OSCAR." Still the familiar-type Jap fighter, Oscar has been around almost as long as Zeke. One of its most distinguishing points is the fuselage, which tapers to a very slender appearance at the joining of the tail assembly. The high cockpit cowling allows all-around visibility. There is a full dihedral.



"BETTY." Another Mitsubishi, Type 1, medium bomber. Betty has a very thick body and from the side looks like she might be able to take off in either direction. There is plexiglas aplenty, in nose and tail and in blisters on either side at the waist. There is a turret topside and the tail is large and triangular.

"TONY." This is one of the newest and hottest of Jap fighter planes and it is a radical departure from anything previously dished out by Japan. Tony is an inline-engined job, unique in Nip fighters, and from an angle it might carelessly be mistaken for either a U. S. Mustang or a P-51 Mustang.

WORD has come in about a little incident which occurred not long ago when a two-star Yank General, stationed somewhere out in the woods here, went down to the local railroad station to welcome a high British official who wanted to have a look around. The General is the hard-bitten kind who sticks to helmets and jeeps, and the hell with the Packard Clipper to which he's entitled. He cut quite a figure that day as he tootled along beside his driver in a jeep at the head of an impressive convoy of lesser brass.

The train toting the visitor's private car was late and there was nothing for the Americans to do but wait. It was a raw and windy day and pretty soon the General hopped out of his jeep and began to pace up and down the platform to keep warm, his two stars gleaming from the front of his helmet like headlights. He was suddenly joined by two ragged little English kids who popped up from nowhere and scuttled along the platform behind him, hollering hopefully: "Hey, Yank! Got any goom, choom?"

Oldest EM?

Way back in February (remember those ancient days before you began to get hashmark-minded?) our esteemed contemporary, *Stars and Stripes*, ran an item nominating Pfc. John J. Donahue, of New York, as probably the oldest private in the ETO. Old Man Donahue, according to that account, was 55, and since then we have seen or heard nothing to cast any doubt upon his claim to fame. However, we have heard from a Master Sergeant and a Tech Sergeant, signing themselves "Two Recruits," who stated flatly that they have discovered in their hut "the oldest enlisted man in the ETO, and we know that this is it!"

The gentleman in question is M/Sgt. George S. ("Casey") Jones, who hails from San Antonio, Tex., as much as any place else, and who is now—get this—65 years old. (Just picture your pop bucking chow lines 10 or 20 years from now.) The "two recruits" told us that the Sarge was retiring from the service on the 31st of May, so we figured we'd better have a word with him before he threw aside his OD's forever. "A word" turned out to be pretty accurate because, when we arrived at the plane-maintenance base where Sergeant Jones is stationed, he shut up like a clam and would say nothing about his exploits, military or otherwise, during the last half century.

Nevertheless, he did have a few words of wisdom for the guidance of all us young-squirt GIs and we'll pass them along in a moment for what they may be worth. We found the Sarge reading *Popular Western Stories* and sipping a canteen-cup full of coffee which he had brought back from the messhall where he'd just had supper. He had settled down for his usual comfortable evening, wearing his Long John uppers and his OD pants and rolling his own cigarettes from a pack of Bull Durham in preference to the new-fangled ready-made coffin nails we offered him. In a

field outside the hut some Joes were kicking a football around and Sergeant Jones gazed at them paternally through the window and the thick lenses of his steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Look at those youngsters," he said. "Work all day and then they still like playing football at night. I'm afraid a lot of them'll have a rude awakening coming when they get back. Those are the fellows who used to be getting \$200 and \$300 a month in war factories before they were drafted and it's going to be hard for them to learn they've got to start in again at maybe \$25 dollars a week after the war. Yep, it's going to be a rude awakening for them, all right—just like after the last war. But they'll learn."

The elderly Sarge got up then, went out, and came back presently with a bucket of water with which he began to wash up. We took it that the interview was over, so we wandered over to the next hut where we ran into a number of GIs who think the world of Casey, including 22-year-old Pvt. Benny Menchaca, of Helotes, Tex. Benny, we discovered, was only eight when he first met Jones, who was a staff sergeant at the time. This happened at a moonshine joint Benny's cousin ran near San Antoine, where Jones was stationed for 17 years, and the Sarge used to drop in for a Saturday-night nip every now and then.

"I never saw him from that time until I ran into him about two months ago," Benny told us. "We didn't recognize each other at first, but we got talking in his hut here one night and found we both knew San Antoine and then we found we both knew about my

cousin's place and then we both remembered."

Sergeant Jones had referred us to his service record for anything we might want to know about his past. There we found, first of all, that he was born in Clinton, Mo., on October 18, 1878, and that he is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, and has no nearest

relative or home address. Somewhat to our surprise, he neither served in the Punic Wars nor did he help Hannibal get those elephants across the Alps, but he did volunteer in the infantry on May 2, 1898, and served until 1902. Then he went back to civilian life and worked as an engineer up to March, 1918, when he reenlisted as a private in the infantry. (Some of his hut-mates told us he had served in the Spanish-American War and was in France during the last one.)

He switched to the Air Corps in 1922 and was a Staff Sergeant from then until 1937, when he became a six-striper. His last overseas duty was in the Philippines, which he left in May, 1941.

All in all, it would seem that, though a lot of Joes may envy old Casey Jones when he checks out of the service at the end of next month, there won't be many who will feel like saying he hasn't—by golly—earned it.

Sunnyside Down

An infantry outfit hereabouts got fresh eggs for the first time in the ETO the other morning and the chow line stretched from here way down to the road. A staff sergeant we know—a grizzled fellow with a hashmark and all the rest—came along, had his two golden-brown treasures plunked into the meat container of his mess gear, and started on toward the coffee when, for no good reason, his kit flipped over and there were the eggs lying on the muddy floor. The sarge staggered to the nearest bench, put his head in his hands, and rocked back and forth in five minutes of silent grief.

Incidentally, we've just looked it up and find that the dictionary says the word "mess" comes from the Old French *mes*, which in turn comes from the Latin *missus*, meaning "course at a meal." Okay, but we'll bet half of the yolk of the first fresh egg we get that the dictionary isn't telling the whole story. We've always had and still have a strong hunch that the derivation of the word "mess" can also be traced to the state of mind of the guy who designed our messkit.



"YOU FAILED TO MENTION, CAPTAIN, THAT THE SPITFIRE HAS A FULL DIHEDRAL, AND CHARACTERISTIC ELLIPTICALLY CURVED WING OUTLINE; THAT STABILIZER AND ELEVATOR ARE SET HIGH ON THE FUSELAGE . . . ALSO THAT THE MARK IX VERSION HAS RADIATOR INTAKE UNDER BOTH WINGS."

—Sgt. C. D. Bengel

Yanks at Home in the ETO



The English countryside sure is lovely at this time of year, at least when you've got a trio of lovelies like these sailing through its canals. Women are being trained to handle the barges these days and are expected to supply one answer to the Second Front transport problem.

THIS SPAHI IS MAKING HIS MOUNT STAND UP ON

TWO LEGS FOR THE CAMERAMAN.

A SQUADRON CHARGES ACROSS A



The SPAHIS

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA — The Spahis like to fight. One of the most famous units in the French Army, they had the opportunity during the Tunisian campaign. Most of them served as advance guards and reconnaissance troops, but the action of at least one regiment, the 6th Algerian, was crucial. The men of this regiment held a defile in the mountains of Tunisia and prevented Axis troops from turning the Allied flank at a critical stage. Another force, serving with Fighting French troops under Gen. De Gaulle, took an active part in all the battles of the Western Desert. But the Spahis are not satisfied to rest on their fame; they are disap-





pointed unless they are kept busy fighting.

The Spahis were originally organized as part of the French Army when Algeria was conquered in 1830. Since then these spectacular horsemen have fought in all of France's wars since the Second Empire. There are two types of Spahis—Algerian and Moroccan, distinguished from each other by their burnouses, or robes, the former wearing red burnouses and the latter blue ones. It takes a lot of persuasion to make the Spahis take them off in battle. They have a superstition that they will be killed if they do not wear a burnouse, even though it makes them into a fine target for a sniper.

Some Spahi units are now being mechanized but most are still being trained as crack cavalry outfits that know everything there is to know about horsemanship. They ride swift, small Arabian horses and spend most of their time training and taking care of their mounts. Each man is responsible for his own. The horses, incidentally, are not full-blooded; the best of the Spahi horses are a cross between Arabian stallions and Spanish Barb mares. Spahis have small carbines and large sabers, which they can use to good advantage at close quarters.

These pictures of the Spahis training in North Africa were made by YANK's Sgt. John Frano.



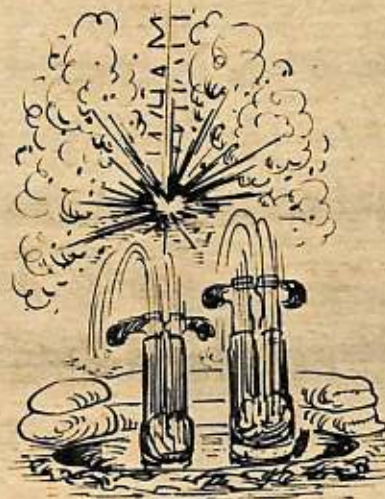
LT. MOHAMMED DERAR, 55, A VETERAN OF FIVE WARS, MOUNTED ON HIS FAVORITE, A CHESTNUT ARABIAN NAMED TARZAN. THE LIEUTENANT WEIGHS 220 POUNDS BUT IS AN OUTSTANDING HORSEMAN.

...RIDDLE. IF HE SHOULD FALL THE
...ALL HIS FRIENDS.

THE SAD SACK

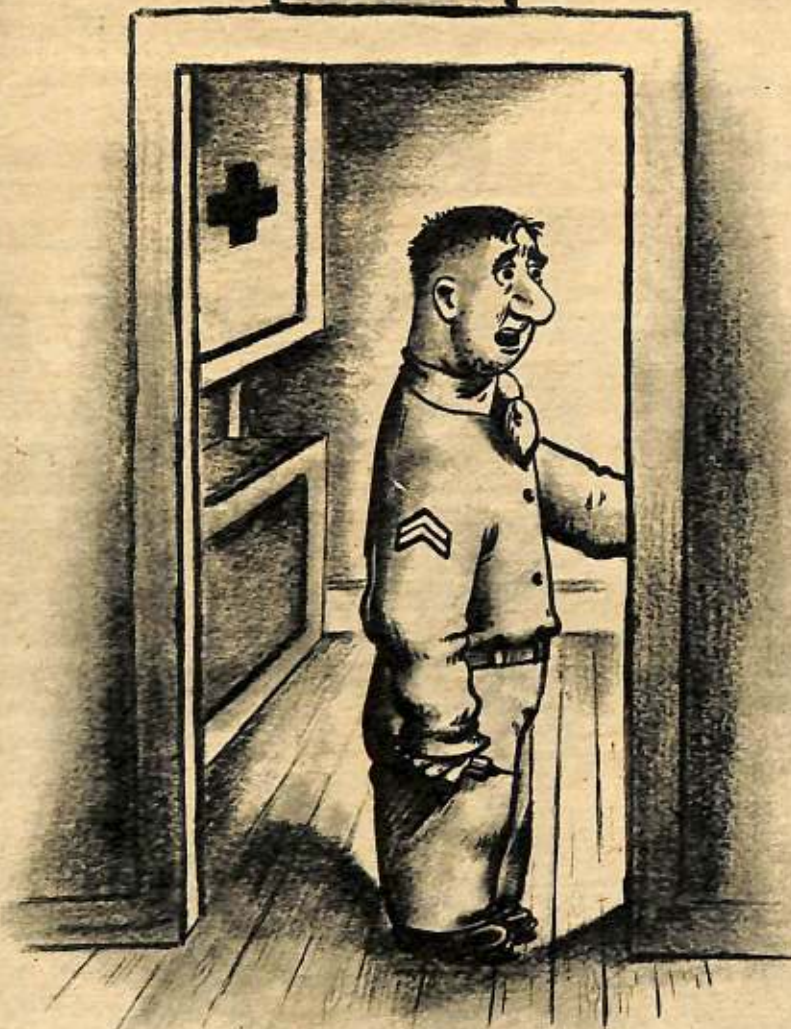


"EXCESS BAGGAGE"



©1944 SGT. GEORGE BAKER

SHOTS



"QUICK! A TOURNIQUET!"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery



"NOW LET'S SEE YOU HIT THE DIRT THE WAY PVT. AMES DID!"
—Cpl. Ray DiTullio



"—AND JUST WHAT IS SO FANTASTIC ABOUT A SIX-FOOT NATIVE?"
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

News from Home

The draft people temporarily shelved men of 26 and over, making a lot of guys happy and others plenty browned off. Dan Topping poked Errol Flynn and an Ohio woman married a gent who got a life term twenty-five times.

THE draft people did something last week that made some Americans quite happy and others plenty browned off. A sudden announcement came from Washington whereby all men over 26 were temporarily exempt from the draft, and the pressure instead was turned on every available younger man, regardless of occupation.

Selective Service people cited the nation's need for young men suited for combat as the reason for delaying induction of older men. Some officials predicted this latest ruling would last only sixty days because draft officials will find themselves far behind the set quotas unless they dip into the fishbowl for men in the 26-and-over group.

The new twist in the draft policy brought complaints from Republicans in Congress where Senator Robert Taft of Ohio demanded that war agencies stop "playing fast and loose" with men and their families. He said the draft situation was "muddled" and that "hardly a day goes by now that a new draft order is not issued."

You'd naturally expect any guy over 26, facing induction, to be overjoyed by the new order, but it didn't work out that way.

For instance, Anthony Rienzi, 37, New York Food Co. coffee grinder, expected to be in ODs this month. He just finished breaking in a new man for his job, spent all the money he had saved for next summer's vacation and made lots of highly complicated arrangements for the care and support of his wife and children. Now it's all off and he doesn't know whether he's going or coming.

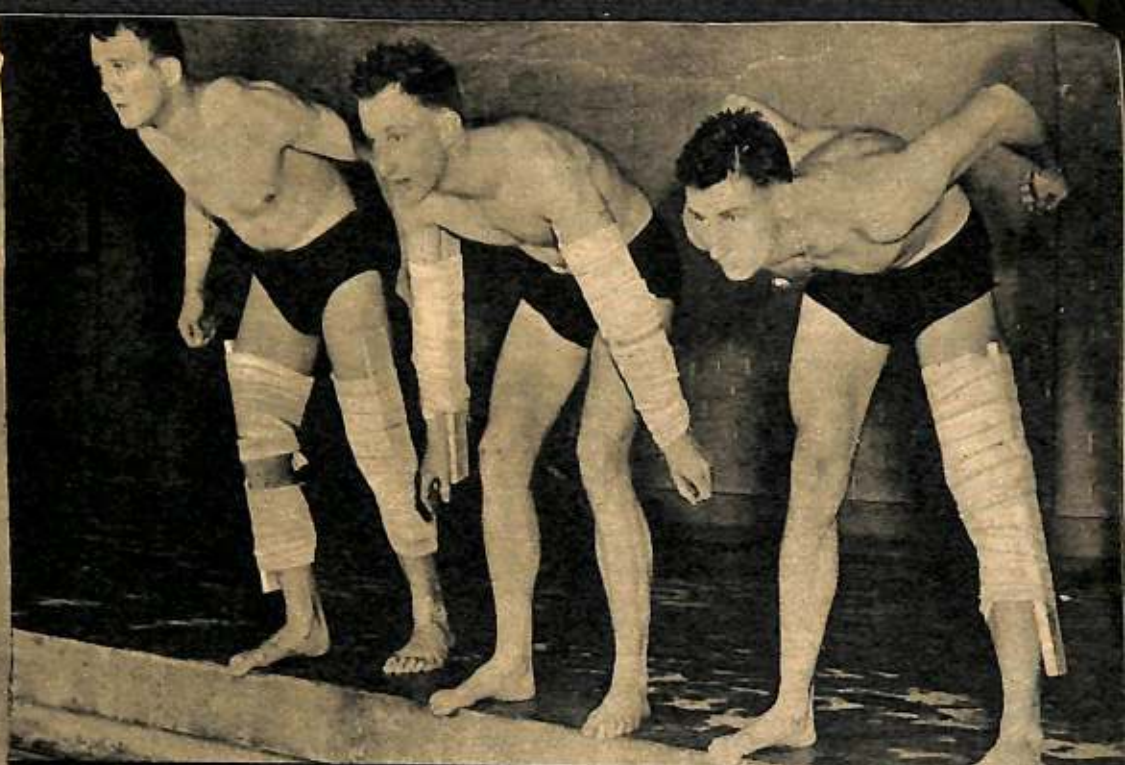
Many men like 29-year-old Peter Falce, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are pretty sore because the government no longer wants him. Single, but supporting his mother and sister, Falce made all plans to go into the Army. He protested: "They should take fellows like me and leave married men home."

Lots of others over 26, who broke in replacements for their jobs and sent their wives home to mother, also wished that draft boards would please make up their minds. The worst break in the latest draft regulation hit those older married men who were inducted the day before the ruling appeared. Their families were very sad. A particularly rugged case occurred in East Orange, N. J., where nine childless men and 14 fathers were called for induction on Good Friday. The draft board offered to let them go home for Easter and report again on Monday. The nine non-fathers accepted the offer but the fathers decided the ordeal of saying goodbye all over again wasn't worthwhile and went to the induction instead. Next day the new ruling was announced. When the nine childless men reported Monday only one under 26 was taken, the other eight were sent home. But the fathers were already in the Army, so the draft boards couldn't help them because after a man takes the oath and gets inducted, he's Army property. Very rugged, indeed.

You'll be very happy to know that the opposite of an induction center was launched as an experiment at Fort Dix, N. J. The idea is to aid discharged men in getting jobs and getting adjusted to civilian life. We don't quite understand the second point unless it means that you're going to have to learn all over again how to talk minus Army barracks vernacular. Anyway, Fort Dix will be the model for other Army separation centers when handling the big job of discharging millions of men after the war.

A far reaching plan to ease the nation from war to peace was announced by James F. Byrnes, Director of War Mobilization and frequently called "assistant President." Prominent in the program for peace are benefits to protect the demobilized servicemen and women against the period of postwar unemployment.

Byrnes urged legislation to make the Administration's blueprint program effective immediately after Germany is knocked out of the war. Chief objectives of the program are: an orderly



JUST IN CASE. Looking ahead to the day when its men may be injured and forced down at sea, the Navy Pre-Flight School at Athens, Ga., teaches cadets how to swim with one or more limbs made useless by splints.



V.P. ON K.P. Vice-President Henry A. Wallace (left) helps Dina Shore and Bob Hope do the dishes at the Hollywood Canteen for servicemen. It's a chore for which thousands of civilians are volunteering these days in canteens all over the U.S.



STRUGGLING FOR LIFE. This picture was taken just after a bus crashed through a guard rail into the Passaic River, N. J. Eight of the passengers are shown trying to keep their heads up in the icy water. Some could not get to the surface. At last report, 19 were known dead and seven missing.

industrial conversion, means to combat unemployment, fighting inflation and converting taxation from war to peacetime levels. "Demobilization," said Byrnes, "must be regarded as a national problem and its costs as part of the costs of war."

He asked for a new federal unemployment insurance law to provide benefits for demobilized veterans and war workers in addition to the present veterans' mustering out pay. Byrnes also cited the need for generous crop loans to farmers for two years after the war to prevent a disastrous drop in farm income such as followed the last war. He also asked for legislation to solve the problem of termination of war contracts and surplus property problems in industry, and prompt solution of the taxation drop problem after the war. Byrnes emphasized the need for a continued fight against inflation and urged immediate closing of war plants as they become unnecessary, to allow workers to find new jobs before the scramble begins after the war.

No sooner did the President leave for an undisclosed place in the South for a two weeks rest when the Axis radio blurted out the idea that he was on his way to meet Britain's Prime Minister Churchill in the Caribbean area. White House officials stated that Roosevelt was merely trying to shake off bronchitis which had been bothering him for several weeks.

Another one of Hollywood's famed one-punch fights happened at a birthday party for Sonja Henie. Her husband, Capt. Dan Topping, poked actor Errol



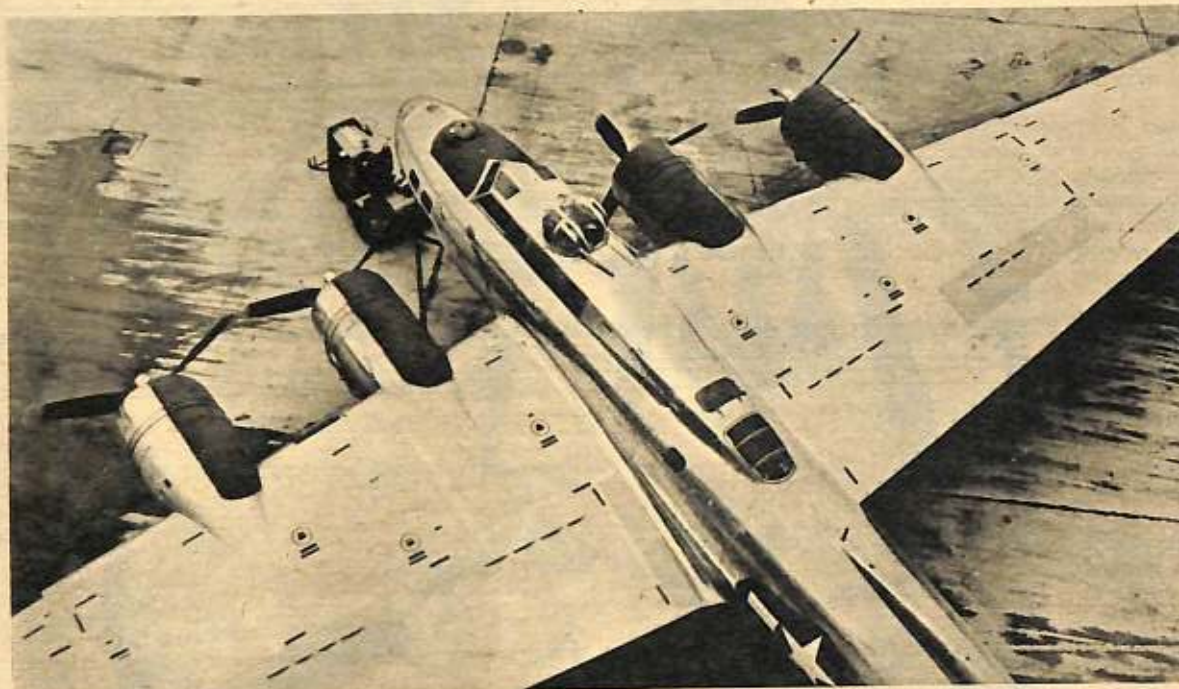
former Hollywood and Broadway director, announced they would marry in Beverly Hills, Calif. Miss Angel was formerly married to actor Ralph Forbes.

Mrs. Dorothea Cornwell, 25, of Louisville, Ky., housewife, won a \$10,000 fiction prize awarded annually by the Redbook magazine and Dodd Mead and Company publishers. Her entry, *They Dare Not Go A Hunting*, started out to be a short story, but finally turned out to be a psychological novel.

Farmers in Warren County, New Jersey, became so bitter over the arrival of five Japanese tenant farmers in their neighborhood that they threatened to run them off with shotguns. The Japanese, brought in by the War Relocation Authority, packed their bags and departed after a mysterious fire destroyed a shed and fertilizer on land which they were working.

Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson announced that more than 26,000 Japanese have been killed in fighting in the Southwest and Central Pacific during recent months. According to the A.P., Stimson gave this summary of enemy casualties in the Pacific war: Central Pacific, 11,000 to 12,000 dead in last three months; Bougainville, 5,370 killed from March 8 to April 8; New Britain, 4,679 killed since landings early this year; Sidor sector of New Guinea, 1,053 killed up to April 8; Admiralty Islands, 2,962.

"These Japanese casualties were all counted dead and do not include those who died of wounds and disease, or who died on ships and barges or in air



NO PAINT. Another big baby rolls off the production line of an aircraft factory in the American Northwest. Nowadays, Flying Forts get only a few touches of paint on their exteriors, at points where reflected sunlight might blind the crew. The rest is left bare to increase both speed and bomb load—only slightly, to be sure, but every bit counts.

SOLE SURVIVOR. A veteran of 20 missions, Rebel was mascot of a South Pacific bomber crew that left him behind on its last flight. Now he is in Washington, D. C., with the mother of his missing master.

Flynn in the kisser after an argument that Miss Henie later described as "just one of those silly things." Flynn was floored, but the two combatants shook hands later.

Midwestern popularity of General Douglas MacArthur and Lt. Comm. Harold E. Stassen, former governor of Minnesota, was demonstrated in primary voting in Nebraska and Illinois. Stassen led in Nebraska where his and Wendell Willkie's names were the only ones on the ballot. But Nebraska gave New York's Governor Thomas Dewey a strong write-in vote and Willkie polled 8,000 votes despite the fact that he withdrew from the race a week earlier. Unofficial and incomplete returns gave Stassen 49,623 votes and Governor Dewey 21,356 write-in votes.

General MacArthur was the only prominent Republican on the ballot in Illinois where he polled three-fourths of the total Republican vote.

The capitol, meanwhile, speculated over the report that Vice-President Henry Wallace will take a trip to China soon. The reason for the trip is undisclosed and some political observers felt the announcement indicated that Wallace will not attend the Democratic convention and the party will name another vice-presidential candidate for the coming campaign.

General MacArthur was the subject of much editorial comment in the nation's newspapers when it was reported that he "unreservedly" agreed with the anti-Administration views expressed in a letter to him from Republican Congressman Al Miller of Nebraska. The Congressman's letter bitterly

attacked the New Deal and expressed great fear that the nation was heading for Fascism unless a change of Administration was made. Miller called on MacArthur to definitely state whether he is available as a candidate for the Presidency. Some of the newspapers, such as the usually conservative *New York Sun*, praised MacArthur for being a good General, but suggested "all the traditions of our military service require him to refrain from anything that might be construed as public criticism of his superior officers."

Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune* and one of MacArthur's chief supporters for the Presidential nomination, asked the War Production Board for enough newsprint to publish a new morning paper in Milwaukee. His argument was that Milwaukee needed a new paper because the existing ones have been repudiated by the people in the recent Republican primary.

On the marital front: Actress Peggy Stewart won a divorce from cowboy actor Donald Barry after she charged that, among other things, "he was just a little impossible." Two days after getting a wedding license, comedian Red Skelton and blonde model Muriel Morris, both 30, announced that the wedding was off. Miss Morris said that she intended to marry "a fabulously wealthy businessman in Mexico City." Skelton's former wife, Edna, who is still his manager and gag writer, said there would be no reconciliation between herself and Red. Actress Heather Angel and AAF's Capt. Robert Sinclair,

raids on Japanese installations," Stimson reported.

Meanwhile, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox made a report on the U-boat sinkings in the Atlantic and Pacific during the past year. He said that "well over" 200 U-boats were sunk on both oceans and that Germany's faith in its submarine force has been destroyed. He said that more German subs than Allied ships are being sunk and that in "a war fought over communication lines that encircle the earth, we have lost no battles of consequence because of lack of material." Knox stated that millions of men have been transported to Europe with "unbelievably low losses" and that Hitler had sacrificed all other naval construction for the unsuccessful submarine war which "was to interrupt traffic across the ocean on which hangs our assurance of victory in the European theater."

People in Bridgeport, Conn., read with excitement of a gory meat cleaver murder. The victim was Mrs. Ruth Beckwith, 41, who was hacked to death in a gas station by her husband. A few minutes after police found the body they found her husband dead in his car on a highway. The police said that the husband still clutched the meat cleaver when they dragged his body from the auto which struck other cars in the traffic as Beckwith died of heart failure.

Ringling Bros. has opened its circus again in New York and looks forward to a big season all over the country. Like everything else back home, the big show is somewhat affected by the war. There are no outstanding new acts because circus performers

usually come from Europe. The only innovation is the new bunch of Percheron horses performing without riders. Many of the male performers have been drafted and the show includes more young girls than usual. The settings and costumes are more lavish and beautiful than ever, though.

THE United States Supreme Court, in a 7 to 2 vote, held unconstitutional a Florida law under which a man failing to perform work under contract can be imprisoned. The court ruled that the law offends constitutional provisions against peonage. The decision frees Emanuel Pollock, a negro, convicted of getting five dollars from his employer and failing to do the work promised.

Joseph P. Day, 70, America's greatest auctioneer, died in New York. He auctioned more than a billion dollars worth of merchandise, including Manhattan's Third Avenue railroad for \$26,000,000.

Charles Evans Hughes, retired chief justice of the United States Supreme Court, observed his eighty-second birthday in Washington. In good health, Hughes said that he's "trying to be as cheerful as possible in this wartorn world."

A discarded etching found in a Dubuque, Iowa, second hand store is being examined by art experts who believe it may be the Rosa Bonheur original, worth \$75,000. Miss Grace Wallace, Minneapolis art teacher, said she purchased the etching after finding it tossed aside by an art dealer who had

in the past, what the price of rubber will be."

In their zeal to hunt down counterfeit ration coupons, the OPA office in Baltimore refused to accept some of its own ration coupons which later proved to be genuine. Counterfeit coupons were flooding the Atlantic Coast area, according to OPA.

No woman hath greater love. Just two hours before Richard Swain, 31, started serving 25 separate life sentences in the Ohio Penitentiary, he was married to Betty Koop, 24, of Columbus. Although sentenced to life on 25 burglary counts, Swain will be eligible for parole in 10 years. "It's a long time but it will be worth it," said the bride.

A milling company in Alton, Ill., paid an employe to stand on the river bank and throw rocks at ducks all day long. The migrating birds were halting production when they landed on the river and got sucked into the plant's water intake pipe.

The first railroad to try out radar for peacetime use was the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway which reported that it was testing the World War II detection devices for communication between front and rear ends of trains.

Storms hit large areas of the South and Central States, bringing floods, tornadoes and wind storms. The death toll was 46 with more than 150 reported injured. Floods hit Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. Arkansas had 32 dead from tornadoes. Windstorms swept Alabama, Texas, Kentucky and Indiana.

James V. Forrestal, testifying before the Committee, said the appropriation is necessary as a preliminary to major operations in both the Atlantic and Pacific.

Judge O'Connor, of Los Angeles, Calif., reported that during the trial of Charlie Chaplin on Mann Act charges, he received a petition from Felix Acosta, 12, and 70 other Brooklyn youths asking that the comedian be freed. "We want to see him in the pictures, not in jail," said the petition which the judge made public after the comedian's acquittal.

James O. Newcomb, 64, of Boise, Idaho, has just been awarded the Purple Heart for wounds suffered in the battle of San Juan Hill, Cuba, in July, 1891. At the same time, it was announced that Marine Sgt. Barney Ross, hero of Guadalcanal, received his honorable discharge papers in a New York hospital where he is receiving treatment for malaria.

American Customs agents at El Paso, Tex., seized \$24,000 in one-hundred dollar bills concealed in the underclothing of a 17-year-old American girl attempting to cross to Juarez, Mexico, over the International Bridge. The agents said the cash was to be made in payment for opium.

THE New York State Conservation Department awarded a Steuben County farmer the title of New York's champion trapper after he captured 75 foxes, 253 muskrats, 12 beavers, 40 skunks, 13 mink, 21 raccoons, 15 possum and two weasels. The trapper's name was Fox—Albert Fox.



\$20,000 SLUSH. Miss Louise Carter lost a pearl necklace worth \$20,000, after a verbal struggle with her escort. It took a two-day hunt through the slush by New York City cops before the necklace was found.



SITTING PRETTY. Joan Craigie is one of hundreds in Boston who are helping test a new type of chair, which will be used to make railroad cars comfortable for the fat and lean.



AN INVITATION. Madeleine LeBeau, beautiful MGM actress, who fled from her native France after the Nazis invaded, took out American citizenship papers. Paris, Idaho, a discriminating place, sent this letter asking her to make it her adopted town.

sold the frame years before. The etching is believed to be the one that disappeared from Rosa Bonheur's home in France 63 years ago.

Soldiers, training for Arctic rescue work near Georgetown, Colo., got a practical test when 34 people were trapped by a snow slide on the 11,000-foot Berthoud Pass. The GIs brought food, water and medical supplies to the civilians whose cars were buried under snow which blocked highway communications to the area.

The nation was promised some relief from its alcohol shortage when the War Production Board authorized the importation of two million gallons of rum from the Caribbean and Latin-American area. Meanwhile, experts calculated that the nation's synthetic rubber program was using up alcohol at the rate of 150 million highballs daily. The industry uses 190 proof alcohol.

William M. Jeffers, formerly head man in tackling the U. S. rubber problem who now has returned to his job as president of the Union Pacific Railroad, said that the synthetic rubber program is running along on schedule and is taking care of all military and essential civilian needs. Production is humming so briskly, he said, that by early autumn it will be possible to divert more synthetic rubber to civilian use. "The net result of the synthetic rubber program," he said, "is that we are not going to be as dependent as before on natural rubber. Chemists will develop an all-purpose rubber synthetically and the United States will be in a position to tell the Germans and the Dutch, who have dictated the price

Baltimore had a spectacular six-alarm fire which sent flames 100 feet into the air and destroyed the large Blockling Market building on Franklin Street and Franklinton Road. Loss was estimated at \$250,000. In Hollywood, a fire destroyed one of the film colony's most famous eating places when flames swept "The Prime Rib" and did about \$100,000 damage.

MILLIONAIRE Isaac Mindheim left his wife only one dollar in his will, but bequeathed half of his estate to Mrs. Charlotte Johnson, blonde divorcee, in appreciation of "friendship and fried chicken" with which she brightened his life. The will was the last word in a long and bitter battle between the Manhattan couple who fought through four unsuccessful divorce actions before his death.

Mrs. Johnson should get about \$50,000 when the will comes up for probate in the Manhattan court, according to lawyers. The only other beneficiary is the millionaire's brother. Mindheim, who made a fortune manufacturing women's hats, referred to Mrs. Johnson throughout the will as "my dear friend."

The House Appropriations Committee sent to the floor a record \$32,647,134,336 appropriation bill intended to provide a Sunday punch for the world's largest sea force.

The lawmakers gave in to almost every request of Naval men for funds and the bill, as it stands, was unanimously and promptly passed by the House and sent to the Senate. Undersecretary of the Navy

Mail Call

We Receive Some Squawks . . .

Dear YANK:

In answer to your article, "First Stop Back Home For Air Force GIs" . . . HOOEY!

Along with about two hundred, two-to-five-year foreign service men, from the Caribbean, Wahoo, Alaska and Aleutians, I had a 15-day delay enroute from point of arrival in the States; two weeks of freezing in a tent city; alerted for overseas shipment with a three minute physical; three weeks of six hour passes and restrictions and then, England.

I like England, but who's kidding who?

Britain.

First Sgt., PANAMA

Wherein We Learn . . .

Dear YANK:

If there ever was a miscarriage of justice, it sure was dealt out to the many men who came back to the States as replacements after spending three to four years in the tropics in Panama. We stayed down there a long time when America needed us so much. We kept the Canal filled with water, which was our main purpose. It was and probably is the most important piece of property Uncle Sam owns. We didn't see any action down there, but we sure were ready for it. Then, when we arrived in the States for reassignment, one would think we were lepers out of a leper colony by the way we were tossed from one outfit to another. They finally tossed us into an anti-aircraft outfit that was nearly finished with their training and ready for overseas. Coming from an entirely different branch of service we knew nothing about this branch. Having no knowledge of this kind of work, they told us that we would have to give up our ratings.

We did our best trying to get reclassified and assigned to our proper outfit, but failed. Men here have had from four to 20 years of service and today they are back where they started—privates. I think the XIII Corps deserves a salute for the justice they dealt out to these men. It sure makes a man want to fight harder when he knows that he will be properly rewarded. When it comes to dishing out justice, they are masters at it. If this is the reward for long and loyal service, then I must have been taught wrong and spent my time in the wrong schools.

Camp Butner, N. C.

EX-PANAMANIAN

That Going Home . . .

Dear YANK:

Take a GI like Yours Truly. I got me a trip back after over 18 months of away from things and stuff. On return they nicely gave me the only furlough Uncle ever did hand me, and that includes a three-day pass. On return to my "Rehabilitation Center" I get ordered to a snafu and tarfu battalion on maneuvers, no less. That's not bad, but to make things worse I'm that awful over-age they talk of, a stepchild not in the T/O or even called for by rank. Half of the gang with me they tried to bust on what seems to be general principles. My whole division is the same way with us alleged over-ages, who in most cases have more time overseas than this outfit has activation. I've spent about three months now not doing a damn thing. I see them using civilian help to teach the jobs I am supposed to be able to do. We were promised a pretty picture

when we returned here. Not that we're not happy to be home, but why waste us? Let the others know that life here in the U.S.A. is punk compared to what it was. Most of the boys feel the way I do. You have a lot less "chicken" to contend with over thar.

T/Sgt. S. C.

Fort Bragg, N. C.

Ain't What It's Cracked Up To Be

Dear YANK:

In newspapers and magazines (YANK, too) I have read about overseas veterans receiving a long rest in a convalescent camp before being assigned to a permanent base. After reading such articles and comparing them to the manner in which a hundred and some men, including myself, were handled after being in Australia and New Guinea over 18 months I have my doubts. I returned to the United States on August 24, 1943, disembarking at San Francisco and clearing through Fort McDowell, Angel Island, Calif. There we received a delay enroute (20 days) instead of a well-deserved furlough. Most of us never had a furlough, and we live in the eastern part of the U. S. We were ordered to report to Santa Ana, Calif., upon expiration of 20 days plus one day of grace. This gave us only 12 days at home.

Upon reporting to the Santa Ana AAB we were handled and treated like a bunch of recruits or "captured civilians." Now, according to articles I have read, we were supposed to be sent to an airfield or base close to our home or home state. This proved to be very false. We were told that once we got in the Western Command we could never get out. The majority of us were placed in the desert areas. From jungle to desert! We may soon become eligible for Section Eight. Where is our rest?

Most of us have malaria and have had several bouts with it. To top all this, we never received a physical exam upon our return—just one of those routine monthly exams in the early morning at 0300. No rest, no physical exam, no proper assignment or fair treatment. We are beginning to feel and believe that the U. S. A. is the most forgetful nation. Why isn't the Air Force prepared to receive and treat its veterans the right way?

Pvt. JOHN G. HUTSKO
Cpl. DAVID H. ADAMS
Pvt. CHARLES R. GEER

Ajo Army Air Field, Ariz.

Tribute

Dear YANK:

Just heard about the recent death of Sgt. John A. Bushemi, who was killed in action while landing on a Jap-held island in the Pacific. I had the honor and privilege of meeting Sgt. John A. Bushemi, the YANK correspondent, in the South Pacific. I am writing this letter to let you know that we servicemen down here, who have seen action, know what it is to meet the enemy with guns. We take our hats off and salute men like John A. Bushemi and the rest of the YANK correspondents who risk their lives and meet the enemy with cameras, so that they can show those action photos to the rest of the armed services. If you have ever seen a hero, Sgt. John A. Bushemi was it, and we hope that his mother will receive something to show the rest of the world her son was a hero.



FIG. PAUL LEVY

Canton Island.

Conchie Objects

Dear YANK:

As a conscientious objector I wonder how many men have a misguided conception and regard us all as a lot of yellow rats because of our moral outlook to warfare.

Yet quite a few of our chaps have volunteered to "dig out and render harmless" time bombs unexploded, and unknown types of delayed action missiles, and have actually done these risky and dangerous operations without the world being told how brave we are, etc., etc. We don't wish to criticize but it takes a lot of guts to be a medical paratrooper, and to be armed, so to speak, with only a bottle of smelling salts dropped on the scene of action in the thick of it. We volunteer for it. YANK, give us a square deal and tell any of your toughs and strong arm men that us conchie's don't have to pack an arsenal to stiffen up our morale.

We can match any combatmen, and what's more we don't want publicity. Remember we are doing our bit, too.

Britain.

Pfc. GIANNELLI



The MPs Again

Dear YANK:

That cartoon of Pvt. Thomas Flannery in April 2nd edition showing the MP dressing up the line in front of the Army Relief Show had one boner that just couldn't possibly be overlooked.

An MP always wears his brassard on the left arm.

Britain.

Lt. A. J. RUTSHAW

[We are so busy avoiding the gents, that we don't notice little things like that.—Ed.]

We Meant "Ordinary"

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue you avow and reiterate that all of your staff is composed of regular army enlisted men. This letter is part of a one-man campaign on the part of a regular army man to have the term "regular army" reserved for the Regular Army. It's little enough we have left nowadays. Not intentional on your part I realize. But we who have the good old short serial numbers are proud of our profession, and jealous.

Britain.

1st Lt. INF.

[We admit our mistake, which was an error of wording rather than nomenclature. The only Regular Army men on the staff of Yank are S/Sgt. Don Harrison in the Southwest Pacific and T/Sgt. Slim Aarons in Italy.—Ed.]

Gypsy Rebuttal

Dear YANK:

I've just read the letter in the April 2nd issue of YANK in which some GI engineers raise objections to portions of the "gypsy builders" article. You had, I know, expected to be "called" on the caption

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NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS

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Pictures: 1, Reg. Kenny. 4, Planet. 6, lower left and right, Army-Navy Journal of Recognition; others, USAAF. 7, 8, 9, 10, USAAF. 11, AP. 12 and 13, Sgt. Franco. 15, Top, Keystone; Center, Bipps; Bottom, INP. 16, left, OWI; right, Acme. 17, left and center, INP; right, Acme. 20, top right and center left, Acme; center right, INP; bottom left and right, PA. 21, top, PA; bottom, Acme. 23, Persian Gulf Command. 24, M-G-M.



"For God's sake, Kurt, will you stop whistling 'We Sail Against England!'"

used beneath the drawing of the Butler hangar, and I felt sure that some corrective letter or other would be published. However, it was rather surprising to find that particular letter in print.

Methinks the complainants are not only careless readers, but, like the queen in the play within the play *As You Like It*, "protest too much" about the conditions they've encountered in the ETO and their failure to have been written up in YANK.

For the sake of the record, here are a few paragraphs you may use, if you wish, to straighten the matter out:

In all fairness to the boys of the "gypsy builder" engineers, a few facts should be stated. The engineers complaining in the April 2nd issue of YANK have a quick enough eye, but appear to be a little careless in their reading habits.

It is certainly true that the caption under the Butler hangar illustration is ambiguous, but not entirely incorrect. The Butler is indeed of American manufacture, but its design is based on that of a British type.

As for the 25,000 and 5,000 man hour figures used in the story, the disgruntled engineers jumped at conclusions. These figures were not for Butlers, but for T-2s. The letter writers will agree, we think, that the completion of a T-2, including concrete approaches, in 5,000 man hours is not exactly a "breeze."

As for the TS ticket embodied in the writers' letter, our comment is that it is strictly TS, and that's all. Ours was the first complete American engineer outfit to set foot in England during this war. We're sure we've had—and still have—a lot more to complain about than the writers. However, we still think that, in comparison to whatever so many soldiers have had to put up with in this war all over the world, we've been enjoying Waldorf-Astoria luxury from the very rough start.

A GROUP OF "GYPSIES"
Britain.

Paddlefoot Protest

Dear YANK:
We, the undersigned, members of a unit that has been overseas for a long, long, oh, ever so long time, would like to call your attention to that item in the papers regarding the issuance of the first expert infantryman badge awarded to Sgt. Walter L. Bull who is bravely fighting the Battle of the United States.

Now, we do not wish to detract from Sgt. Bull's glory in being the first to receive this award. But we do most vehemently insist that every infantryman who has crossed thousands of miles of submarine infested waters, has had to undergo the long monotony of a stay in Iceland, or the hell of a

Salerno, the sweltering of a South Pacific Island or the numbing cold of Attu, be he a gold brick or one "always on the ball." Well, we believe the honor of being the "first" should not have gone to a man who can still crack the shell of an egg, order a milkshake or still quaff good old American brew.

We further believe that we do not have the necessary mental qualification to run this man's Army, we believe in leaving all that to the powers that be. They seem to be doing a darn good job. But we do believe that the article in the newspapers of April 3rd in reference to Sgt. Walter L. Bull being the first to receive the expert infantry badge while stationed in the good old U. S. will have a profound effect on the thoughts of those infantrymen at some lonely outpost in some foreign land or in the fox-holes with the grim hand of death just a few inches above.

Yes, we're just a little "browned off" as our friends, the British, would say.

SEVEN GIs

Britain.

More On That Telephone Pole

Dear YANK:

In defense of the fair damsel climbing "ye olde telephone pole."

Answer to Question 1. She could be going up or down, therefore no great need to maintain that so called contortionist pose for any length of time.

Question 2. The only thing in *The Hut 12 Lovers'* favor, she should be wearing gloves.

Question 3. Who knows for how long or at what she's looking?

Question 4. Woe to the great lovers if they make a habit of embracing the pole. Any lineman with sense knows—keep the body away from the pole, then your climbers aren't so apt to slip out on you.

Come now fellas—perhaps in the future you'd better get your authority on Pole Climbing approved before you criticize. For one, it struck me as kind of petty, or perhaps just a bit of jealousy.

A. E. G.

Britain.

Allotment Advice

Dear YANK:

While I have been in the Army I have supported my mother and father with an allotment which gave them an income of \$47 a month. This was satis-

factory but last January dad passed away and my mother writes me that she is now getting only \$37 a month and can't get along on that amount. Is there anything I can do to raise her income?

Pvt. A. BRELISH

Britain.

[You can rectify this by going to your personnel officer and telling him that your mother is dependent on you for more than 75 per cent. of her monthly income. Then you must write to your mother and tell her to get affidavits from two disinterested persons which also state that she is dependent on you for more than 75 per cent. of her income. Tell her to have these affidavits notarized and sent to the Office of Dependency Benefits, 213 Washington Street, Newark, N. J., making sure that she mentions in her letter your full name, rank and serial number. As soon as the fact is established that she is dependent on you for this substantial portion of her support she will be classified by the ODB as a Class B1 Dependent and will start receiving payments of \$50 a month.—Ed.]

Oh, Our Aching Back!

Dear YANK:

I am an English girl and very much enjoy reading your amusing magazine, which is supplied to me every week by quite the nicest American soldier in the ETO.

Like T/Sgt. Gilmore's family I find the abbreviated GI slang terms, which you print from time to time, most intriguing, but despite all persuasive tactics have found it quite impossible to discover what the initials really stand for.

I have, however, fixed myself up with quite a satisfactory and completely decorous interpretation, much to the aforementioned doughboy's amusement.

T.S. becomes "Tired Sack" with apologies to Sad Sack, or alternatively "Tough Sergeant" according to which best seems to fill the bill; by the way I gather that the latter is nearer the mark judging by the hilarity which invariably greets it.

GFU responds beautifully to "Goofy Flatfooted Unmentionable"; maybe T/Sgt. Gilmore will find these helpful.

Anyway, what beats me is why on earth you boys want to use language for your mothers and sisters to hear. Really, you men never grow up, you are awful babies and the biggest GFUs imaginable. My own special interpretation to be used here if you please!

Best wishes to you all, you are a nice bunch of kids really.

LOIS HAWKINS

Britain.

HERE, in the sixth and last group of simple French phrases being taught this week over the American Forces Network, are the ones you've been waiting for—with a few unprintable exceptions (which you will pick up anyway). The lessons are from 11:50 a.m. to 12 noon, Monday through Friday, April 24 to 28.

ENGLISH

FRENCH

Would you like a drink?	Voulez-vous boire?
Would you like to go to the movies?	Voulez-vous aller au cinema?
Is there a dance in town?	Y a-t-il un "dancing" par ici?
Where is it?	Où est-il?
Do you want to dance?	Voulez-vous danser avec moi?
Have you got a friend?	Avez-vous une amie?
How about a walk?	Voulez-vous faire une promenade?
Let's sit here.	Asseyons-nous ici.
You want a cigarette?	Voulez-vous une cigarette?
You want some chewing gum?	Voulez-vous du chewing gum?
You've got nice eyes.	Vous avez des beaux yeux.
Are you married?	Etes-vous mariée?
Are you busy?	Etes-vous occupée?
Will you go out with me?	Voulez-vous sortir avec moi?
Why not?	Pourquoi pas?
I am married.	Je suis marié.
I am not married.	Je ne suis pas marié.
My wife doesn't understand me.	Ma femme ne me comprend pas.
So long. See you tomorrow.	Au revoir. A demain.

Majors Warm Up In Cold North

TRAINING CAMP SITES

American League

New York	Atlantic City, N. J.
Washington	College Park, Md.
Cleveland	Lafayette, Ind.
Chicago	French Lick, Ind.
Detroit	Evansville, Ind.
St. Louis	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Boston	Medford, Mass.
Philadelphia	Frederick, Md.

National League

St. Louis	Cairo, Ill.
Cincinnati	Bloomington, Ind.
Brooklyn	Bear Mountain, N. Y.
Pittsburgh	Muncie, Ind.
Chicago	French Lick, Ind.
Boston	Wallingford, Conn.
Philadelphia	Wilmington, Del.
New York	Lakewood, N. J.

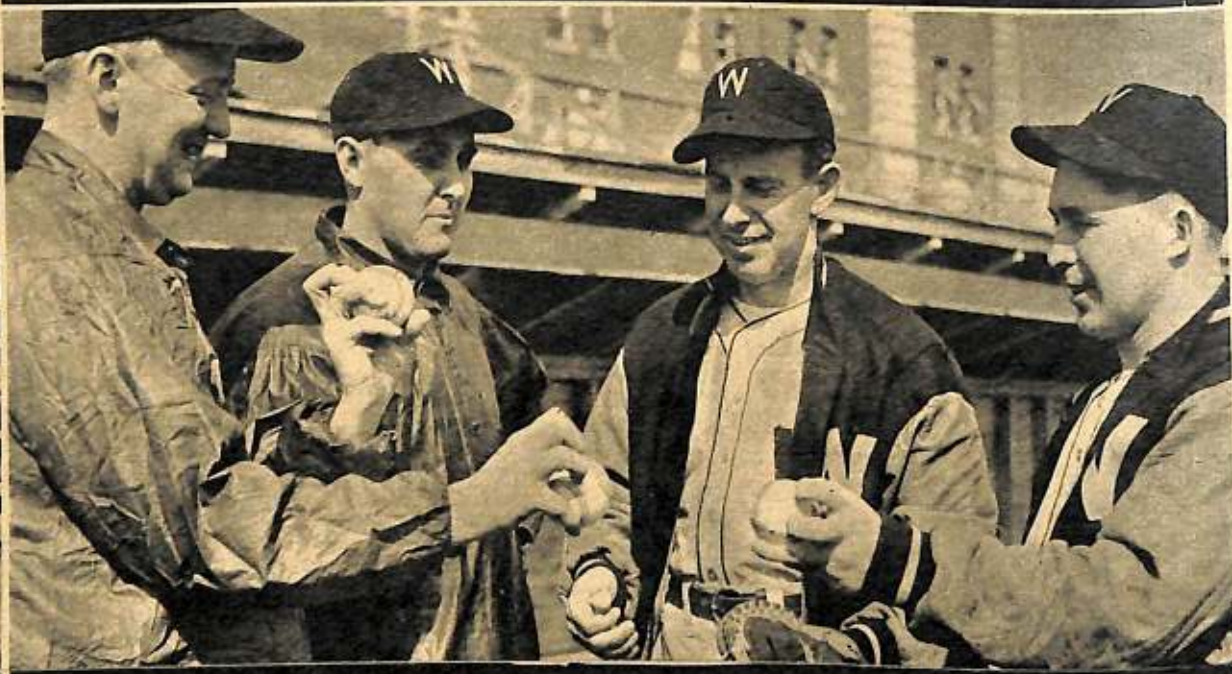
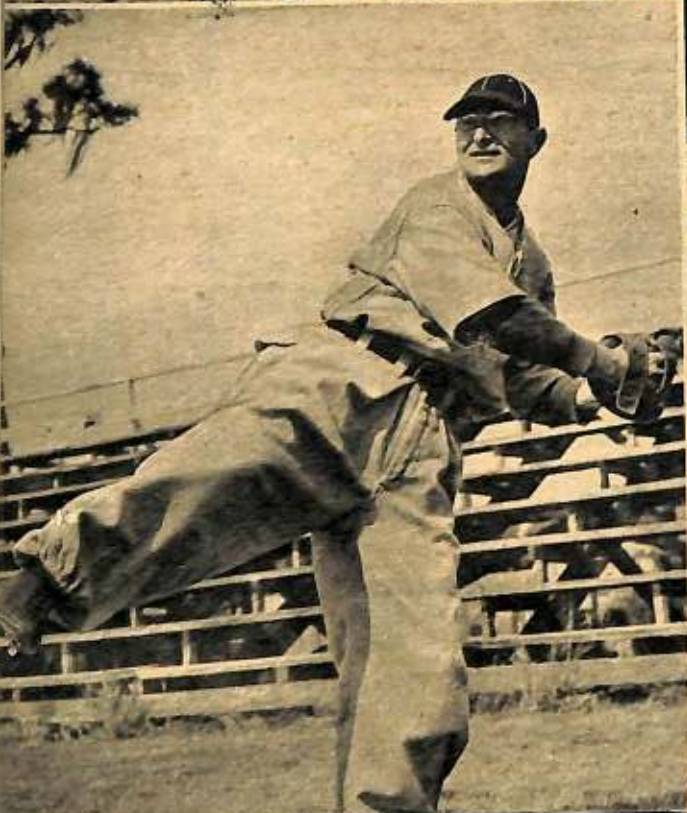


SPRY AS SPRING. Connie Mack rears back and shows his pitchers how it's done as the Philadelphia Athletics begin spring training at Frederick, Md. By the way, Connie is just 81.



SMALL FRY. The little fellow on the right seems to be enjoying this exercise much more than Cliff Melton (left) and Bill Vaiselle. Giants are working at Lakewood, N. J.

BUT CAN HE PITCH? That's probably what Manager Steve O'Neill of the Detroit Tigers is wondering, too, as he watches 6-foot-11-inch Ralph Siewert warm up at Evansville, Ind. If you're interested, Siewert weighs 240 pounds.



TWO-BAG PITCH. Here's what happened when Paul Waner, Brooklyn outfielder, slipped into Paul Derringer's uniform by mistake at Sarasota, Fla. Waner has joined Dodgers at Bear Mountain, N. Y.

MEET THE MAN with the toughest job in the big leagues. We're talking about Rick Ferrell (second from left), former St. Louis Browns catcher, who was traded to the Washington Senators last month. He fell heir to the thankless job of catching three fierce knuckle-ball pitchers. They are (l. to r.): Rodger Wolff, formerly of the Athletics; Dutch Leonard and Mickey Haefner. The Senators are training at the University of Maryland.



THE boxing world experienced a strange and wonderful development just recently. For 48 hours promoter Mike Jacobs was caught high and dry without his usual number of world's lightweight champions, which is two.

Mike never operates with just one world's lightweight champion. He always has two on call and never makes the mistake of matching them in a no-fooling title bout. One of his champions is known as the New York State world's lightweight champion, which means that he's Uncle Mike's personal champion, because boxing in New York is Mike Jacobs any way you slice it.

The other champion is known as the National Boxing Association champion, which is to say he's champion of all the other 47 states and the territories of Alaska and Puerto Rico. Since it is impossible for Jacobs to control boxing in so many states, and especially in Alaska, he does the next best thing. He simply has a contract calling for the exclusive services of the NBA titleholder.

When we last looked, the world's champion for New York State was Bobcat Bob Montgomery, a Philadelphia shipyard worker and one of Uncle Mike's favorite fighting nephews. This is the second time that Bob has been WC of NY. He always either wins or loses this title in a match with Beau Jack, who is likewise a pet of Uncle Mike. The NBA champion at this writing is Juan Zurita of Mexico City, which brings us to our story.

When the news came over the wires that Zurita had become world's champion in 47

my don't see so well any more. His peepers are so bad that the Army doctors had to lead him to the eye chart when they examined him."

"Mushky, how many times have I told you not to talk about our ex-lightweight champion in 47 states like that?" Jacobs said. "Sammy is a good boy even if he can't see. Mushky, I tell you I've got to get this Wand person. Quick. Who do we know in the Mexican Government?"

At this moment Lighthorse Harry Markson, Jacobs' No. 2 aide, ankled into the office with a big yellow and black placard that read:

ANGOTT VS. MONTGOMERY
MAR. 31, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

"How does this look?" Harry asked enthusiastically. "Knockya eye out, eh Boss?"

"I'll knock your eye out if you don't get out of here with that card." Jacobs fumed. "Don't you know Sammy angott his title any more? Which reminds me I'll have to call that fight off. Harry, issue a statement to the press that Montgomery is tired and has asked promoter Jacobs for a rest. Then tell them I called off Montgomery's fight with Angott so he could keep his health."

Turning to Mushky again, Jacobs continued: "About this Don John—who's got him and for how much?"

"A guy named George Rustbif Parnassus," said Mushky from memory.

"Parnassus, huh?" said Jacobs trying to place him. "Okay, send him this wire: 'CAN OFFER YOU MATCH WITH BEAU JACK ON MAR. 31, BUT MUST HAVE EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO ZURITA'S SERVICES IN FUTURE BOUTS. SIGNED, MIKE JACOBS, PROMOTER OF ALL LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONS.'"

A few hours later Mushky returned waving the reply in his hand. It read: "UNABLE TO ACCEPT JACK OFFER. OBLIGATED TO GIVE ANGOTT RETURN MATCH IN 30 DAYS. BESIDES, WE WANT MONTGOMERY, NOT JACK, SIGNED, PARNASSUS, MANAGER OF CHAMPION ZURITA."

"Mushky, get Angott on the phone and tell him he's a sick man as of right now and that he can't go through with a return match." Mike instructed. "Then send Parnassus this wire: 'MONTGOMERY FIGHT AVAILABLE ONLY IF ZURITA BEATS BEAU JACK FIRST.'"

The reply came back quicker this time. It read: "ANGOTT SERIOUSLY ILL AND UNABLE TO GO THROUGH WITH RETURN MATCH. WILL ACCEPT JACK OFFER WITH PROMISE OF MONTGOMERY FIGHT. YOU CAN ALSO HAVE EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO ZURITA."

"But, Boss," said Mushky worriedly. "You mean you're going to match two lightweight champions for the title if this Wand guy beats the Beau?"

"Of course not, stupid," said Jacobs. "Whoever heard of making any money out of just one lightweight champion? By the way, Mushky, send Sammy a wire and tell him to get out of bed before he really gets sick."

SPORTS: UNCLE MIKE OVERCOMES A DESPERATE SITUATION

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

states by outpointing Sammy Angott in Hollywood. Uncle Mike almost swallowed his store teeth. Zurita was the one fighter in the United States that Mike didn't have under contract. Jacobs immediately summoned Mushky Jackson, his No. 1 aide, for an important consultation.

"Mushky, do you realize I have only one world's lightweight champion this morning?" Jacobs said. "What do you know about this John Zurita?"

"His name ain't John, Boss, it's Wand," Mushky said proudly. "Like a fairy's wand."

"Wand or John, I don't care," stormed Jacobs. "What I want to know is why Sammy didn't let me know he was going to lose so I could be protected on this thing."

"Maybe Sammy didn't know he was going to get beat," Mushky said. "You know Sam-

Juan Zurita cools off after beating Angott.

Automatic Jack Manders, the ex-Chicago Bear ace, who was reported here as killed in action in the South Pacific, is very much alive today in Chicago, where he's a salesman for the Boncraft Engineering Company. We had him confused with Capt. Jack Manders, a former University of California football star, who was cited for diving his crippled plane into a Japanese merchant ship.

A severe epidemic of drooling has just broken out among Lou Little and his coaching staff over the pending transfer of V-12 Johnny Lujack, Bertelli's replacement at Notre Dame last fall, to Columbia next semester. . . . Pvt. Ernie White, the Cards' slick southpaw, will manage the baseball team at the Fort Bragg (N. C.) Reception Center this summer. . . . Lt. Comdr. Mike Chambers, who used to train Georgia Tech's Rose and Orange Bowl football teams, is now commanding an amphibious unit in the South Pacific. . . . Lt. Jim Lansing, Fordham's 1941 All-American end, was credited with getting a direct hit on the stern of a Jap warship during the bombing of Truk. . . . Sgt. Charley Trippi, Georgia's sophomore Rose Bowl star, is up for a CDD from the Army because of head injuries he picked up in the All-Star game at Chicago last summer.

Killed in line of duty: Ensign Hovey Seymour, one of the four Yale backs in history to score two

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

touchdowns against Harvard in a single game, in an airplane crash on the West Coast. . . . Promoted: Sgt. Joe Louis, world's heavyweight champ. to staff sergeant in a Special Services unit. . . . Discharged: A/C Steve Filipowicz, New York Giant fullback, from the Marines with a CDD because of nerve ailment in his elbow. . . . Commissioned: CPO James Gleason, ex-Cubs, ex-Reds, ex-Indians outfielder, as a lieutenant junior grade at the Charleston (S. C.) Navy Yard.

Inducted: Glenn Cunningham, the old mile champion, into the Navy; Bill Dickey, Yankee catcher, into the Navy; Paul Brown, head football coach at Ohio State, into the Navy; Bert Gardiner, Boston Bruins' goalie, into the Army; Billy Herman, Brooklyn second baseman, into the Navy; Marshall Goldberg, Chicago Cardinals halfback, into the Navy; Ed Head, Dodger pitcher, into the Army; Hank Gornicki, Pittsburgh right-hander, into the Army. . . . Rejected: Dominic Dallessandro, Chicub outfielder, because of head injury; Dizzy Trout, 20-game winner for the Tigers, because his eyes and ears were below standards.



SINKWICH TO SEA. Discharged by the Marines last fall, flatfoot Frankie Sinkwich was called for a retake by the Army. He passed, but joined the Merchant Marine instead.

HOW TO VOTE IN 11 STATES HOLDING PRIMARIES IN JUNE AND JULY

NAME OF STATE	DATE OF ELECTION	HOW TO APPLY FOR STATE ABSENTEE BALLOTS	Earliest Date State Will Receive Application for Ballot	Earliest Date State Will Forward Ballot to Applicant*	Final Date Executed Ballot Must Be Back To Be Eligible To Be Counted	SPECIAL STATE PROVISIONS*
GEORGIA	4 July	a) In accordance with Georgia law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Atlanta, Ga.	Any time	15 Apr.	4 July	Servicemen 18 years of age and over on 7 Nov. 1944 are eligible to apply to vote in the primary.
IDAHO	13 June	a) In accordance with Idaho law, or b) By mailing to the Secretary of State, Boise, Idaho, the WD post card on which the serviceman has written that he wishes it treated as an application for State Absentee Ballot.	Any time	1 June	13 June	Note that the serviceman must write on the WD post card that he wishes it treated as an application for a State Absentee Ballot. Note that there are only 13 days between the time the state will mail the ballots and the time they must be received back in the state to be eligible to be counted.
IOWA	5 June	By mailing a special application form furnished by Iowa. Servicemen can request this application form (1) by writing to the Secretary of State, Des Moines, Iowa, or to the appropriate local election officials, if known, or (2) by mailing to the Secretary of State the WD post card on which the serviceman has written that he wishes it treated as a request for an application for a State Absentee Ballot.	Any time	11 Apr.	4 June	Note that serviceman must request an application for a ballot, which can be done either by letter or by WD post card on which he has written he wishes it treated as a request for an application for a State Absentee Ballot. The request should be made at the earliest possible date.
MAINE	19 June	By mailing a special application form furnished by Maine. Servicemen can request this application form (1) by writing to the Secretary of State, Augusta, Maine, or to the appropriate local election officials, if known, or (2) by mailing to the Secretary of State the WD post card on which the serviceman has written that he wishes it treated as a request for an application for a State Absentee Ballot.	Any time	10 May	19 June	Note that serviceman must request an application for a ballot, which can be done either by letter or by WD post card on which he has written he wishes it treated as a request for an application for a State Absentee Ballot. The request should be made at the earliest possible date. This information is on the basis of existing state law. The Maine Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions.
MICHIGAN	11 July	a) In accordance with Michigan law, or b) By sending a WD post card to the Secretary of State, Lansing, Mich.	Any time	12 June	11 July	
MINNESOTA	10 July	a) In accordance with Minnesota law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, St. Paul, Minn.	Any time	10 May	10 July	
MISSISSIPPI (First primary)	4 July	a) In accordance with Mississippi law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Jackson, Miss.	4 May	4 May	4 July	Note that this is the first Mississippi primary. There will be a run-off primary on 29 Aug. 1944.
NEW MEXICO	6 June	There is no provision for absentee voting in the primary. Soldiers may vote only by appearing in person at the proper local election polling place.				Note that New Mexico does not provide for any method of absentee voting in the primary. Servicemen to vote must appear in person at the proper local election polling place.
NORTH DAKOTA	27 June	a) In accordance with North Dakota law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Bismarck, N. D.	Any time	1 May	27 June	This information is on the basis of existing state law. The North Dakota Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions.
OKLAHOMA	11 July	a) In accordance with Oklahoma law, or b) By using the WD post card, addressed to the Secretary of the County Election Board of the county of the soldier's residence. The soldier should change both the front and the back of the WD post card from "Secretary of State" to "Secretary of the County Election Board." Application can be made at any time.	Any time	1 July	11 July	Note that WD post cards must be addressed, front and back, to the Secretary of the County Election Board of the county of the soldier's residence, not to the Secretary of State. Note that there are only 11 days between the time the state will mail the ballots and the time they must be received back in the state to be eligible to be counted. This information is on the basis of existing state law. The Oklahoma Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions.
WASHINGTON	11 July	a) In accordance with Washington law, or b) By sending the WD post card to the Secretary of State, Olympia, Wash.	Any time	27 May	Ballot must be marked and mailed on or before 11 July and received by 5 Aug.	

*Application should reach officials on, or as soon after as possible, the date the state starts sending out ballots.

THE table on this page shows how you can vote in the primary elections if you are from one of the 11 states holding their primaries between 1 June and 11 July.

All 11 states provide for voting in their primaries only by state absentee ballots, covering Federal, state and local officials. The new Federal law will not affect the voting procedures in any of these states. However, three of them—Maine, North Dakota and Oklahoma—will hold sessions of their legislatures and may change some of the provisions of their voting laws. Probably such changes would make the existing requirements less strict.

The WD post card referred to in the table is the regular *WD AGO Form 560*, which has been used in elections since 1942. Your CO should be able to give you one. If you can't get it, write a letter, using the same wording that is on Form 560.

Remember to put your party affiliation on

(Date)

Secretary of State of: _____

Being on active duty in the armed forces of the United States and desiring to vote in the coming election, I hereby apply for an official war ballot.

My home address is _____, in the city, _____, in the county of _____, in the State of _____, and my voting district or precinct to the best of my knowledge is _____.

I desire that the ballot be sent to me at the following address _____

Signature certified by: _____ (Signed)

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 560
September 17, 1943

(To be signed by any commissioned officer)
979 16-5028-1

your application for a state absentee ballot, as the primary elections are for party candidates. States have already been troubled by soldiers forgetting to indicate their affiliation and for that reason have not yet been able to send them their ballots.

Remember, too, to print your name and serial number under your signature. Some state officials have complained that they have been unable to read signatures.

With the exception of Georgia, which last year lowered its voting age to 18, all servicemen in these states must be 21 at the time of the election to be eligible to vote. Some states, however, require absentee voters to take steps in addition to filing a ballot application, such as registration or payment of taxes. If you are not sure of your eligibility to vote, write to your Secretary of State.

The material in the table is taken from *WD Circular 119*, 23 Mar. 1944, one of a series of WD circulars on soldier voting.

An American general tells what he saw on a tour of Red Army fronts.

Report From Russia

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

THERAN, IRAN [By Cable]—In a two-month tour of the Russian front, from Leningrad in the north to Stalingrad in the south, Maj. Gen. Donald H. Connolly and a party of his staff officers have obtained the most extensive view of the Red Army in action thus far permitted any Allied mission.

Maj. Gen. Connolly is a West Pointer from Arizona who has been working with the Russians for more than a year now, as commanding general of the Persian Gulf Command and chief of the Yank supply line through Iran. He knows the Russians well as friends, and he and his staff get along with our Soviet allies like corned beef gets along with cabbage or borscht with blini.

"The supply line to the Red Army is a long one," said Maj. Gen. Connolly. "Our end of it begins at the Persian Gulf and goes northward to wherever the Red Army is fighting. We knew the lower end; we worked on it. This was our opportunity to see its final phase."

"We saw American trucks and planes and tanks in action at the front," the general reported. "They were doing a whale of a job and the Russians liked them, all of them. Our equipment doesn't compare in quantity with the equipment the Russians themselves are turning out, but it's still a very important factor, one of the most important in the war."

"The party found the Russian front-line soldier well equipped. The Red Army man has good tools, whether his own or American, and knows how to use them. He uses them to kill Germans, which is a job he knows better probably than any other soldier in the world."

The general said Leningrad was still under constant artillery fire when he and his staff officers visited it. "The Germans kept shelling it around the clock," he said, "anywhere from 200 to 1,000 shells a day reaching the city. But the Russians have taught the Germans one thing: not to send planes over any more. They haven't done that since last May, when they tried a 96-plane raid and the Red Army and Air Force knocked out two-thirds of their planes."

"The most interesting thing to me from a military standpoint," the general observed, "was the amazing speed with which the Russians rebuild and keep fluid their lines of communication to the fronts. You notice, in reading of any rapidly advancing army, how it has to stop occasionally to let its supply lines catch up with it. The Russians don't stop and don't have to. They've been on the move ever since July, biting off huge chunks of territory, and they've kept moving."

"Working always behind the combat units are Red Army units and civilians with them, rebuilding railroads and bridges, keeping motor routes open, making certain that the ammunition- and food-hungry fighters ahead get what they need when they need it."

"It's almost unbelievable how quickly these units work. At one point in the Russian advance, two Russian armies had crossed a river in pursuit of the retreating Germans. The Germans, however, managed to blow up the only railroad bridge that could be of any value to the Russian advance forces. It was a thorough demolition job, the kind any army engineer would be proud of. The bridge was a worthless tangle of sprawled steel. The railroad was cut off. And this railroad was vital. Only by rail could enough supplies be moved quickly enough to the vast Russian force across the river."

"From captured documents, the Russians later discovered that the retreating Germans had set a minimum of four months for the bridge to be rebuilt and put in operating order. Moscow was more optimistic. A general was sent to take charge and was given one month to reopen the supply line. The general, working with Russian soldiers and civilians on a 24-hour-a-day shift, had supply trains running over the rebuilt bridge



Maj. Gen. D. H. Connolly talks with the mayor of Stalingrad during his trip to inspect the war in Russia.

in 12 days. That's how the Russians operate."

Another thing that impressed Maj. Gen. Connolly was the completeness of the Russian war effort. "Everyone worked," he said. "The percentage of women workers, in all kinds of jobs, was especially high. In factories we visited, the women held down from 60 to 80 percent of the jobs. I talked with the factory heads and they told me that not only were the women as capable as men in many jobs, such as machine-tool operations not requiring unusual physical power, but they were even better than men in delicate operations—making precision parts and so on."

"The Russian civilians move right in behind the Red Army and go to work rebuilding the liberated towns and villages. Not only this, but the civilians in German-occupied zones give up being civilians, many of them, and become partisan fighters. These partisans are anything but stray bands of wandering guerrillas. They are well organized on a military basis, and most of them keep in constant touch with various Red Army headquarters. In this way they can time their harrying pressure from the rear to coincide with Red Army pressure from the front."

"The partisans get most of their equipment from the Germans. They raid small German posts, wipe them out and disappear into the woods with valuable arms, ammunition and food. In some cases the behind-the-lines organization will reach the strength of a division."

"Women fight with the partisans and with the Army, too. Even in the toughest combat zones we found feminine MPs directing traffic to and from the front. There is a large percentage of women doctors with the Army Medical Corps. And of course women nurses. Women do a thousand other jobs with the Army. We found many army messes where the cooks and other kitchen help were women. Women in combat units hold their own with men. They belong to no separate organization like our WAC. Men may serve in units with a woman officer commanding. There's no beef on this; the officers, masculine or feminine, have proved their ability."

"As to the Army as a whole, the Russian soldier is a fine fighting man with all the guts in the world. He's well equipped and he knows what

he's fighting for. In his messes, he may get Spam—part of our supply program—just like the Yanks.

"He gets a good program of entertainment. There's a great stress on recreational activities. Moscow alone, one city, has sent out over a thousand troupes with some of Russia's finest artists to entertain Red Army GIs."

"The soldiers, and all Russians, love music—love to listen to it or to sing themselves. Many Red Army units have their own choruses. This liking for music is so strong that they already had a local opera company (of course, this was mostly civilian) in Kiev when we visited it. And at that time Kiev was just beginning to be rebuilt after its stay in German hands."

"In Leningrad, too, they kept theaters and concerts going through even the worst of the siege. Everywhere entertainment is low in cost so that all can enjoy it. Everywhere we found theaters packed with both soldiers and civilians."

"MORALE, to use an overworked word, isn't a problem with the Red Army. These men are too near to what they are fighting for. Their hatred for the Germans is burning and intense. In every acre they recapture, they see the evidence of what the German occupation means. In our party, we saw much of this destruction and talked to inhabitants of the liberated areas. The experience left us firmly convinced of the essential truth of reports of unjustified German brutality."

"In war, certain destruction may be necessary for military purposes, but time and again, the Germans have gone beyond this. Seeing the German desolation keeps the fighting spirit of the Red Army at fever pitch. They cannot forget evidence that is still before their eyes. They hate the enemy."

"In all the trip, our greatest satisfaction and thrill was seeing our American equipment in action. It's the equipment that men of my command have unloaded at the docks of the Persian Gulf and carried on its first lap north, through the heat and rough going of transport in Iran. In that sense, the trip was a special satisfaction to me and to the members of my party. In any sense, it was great to see American supplies getting where Americans want them to get."



Esther Williams
YANK
Pin-up  Girl