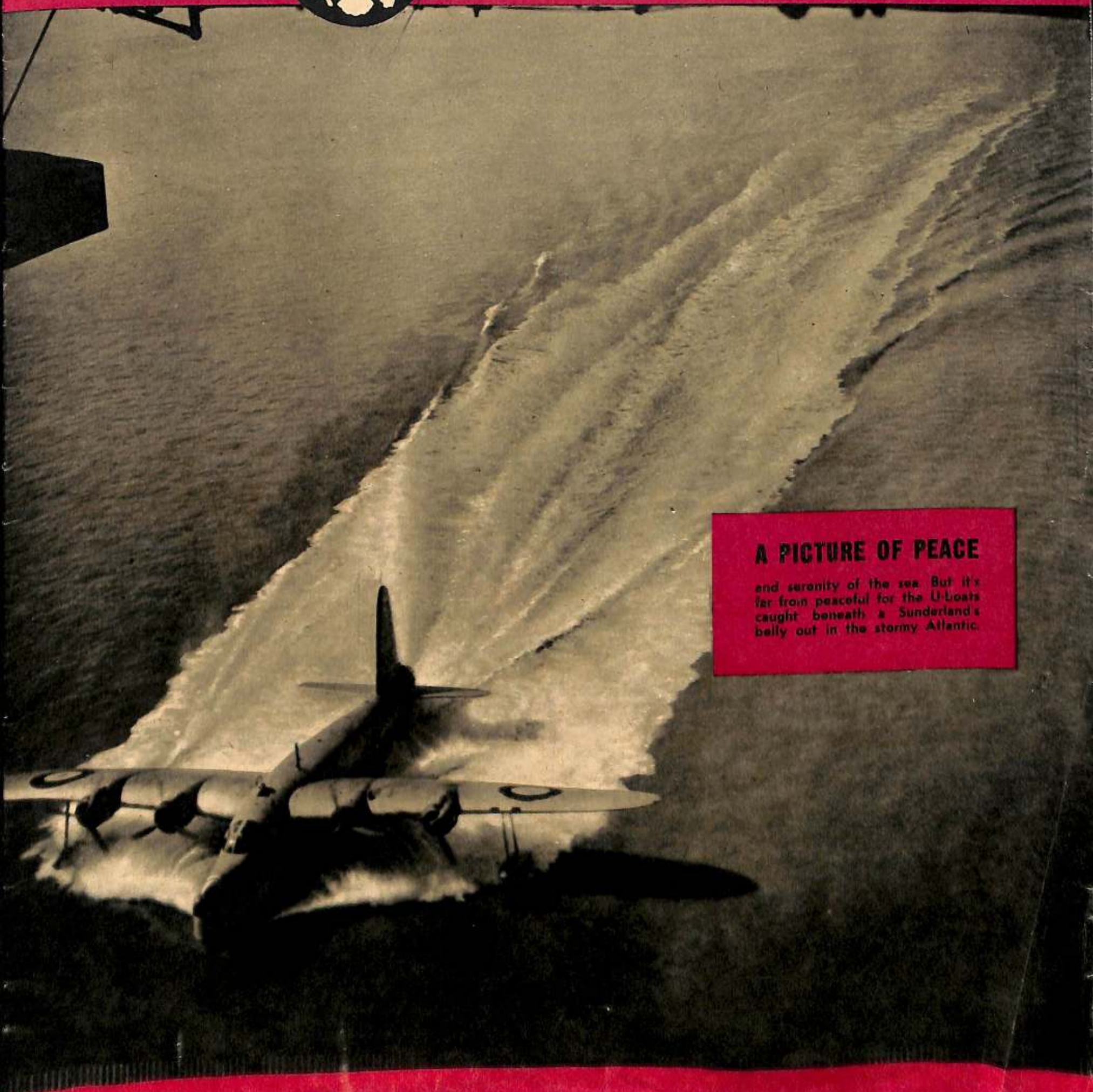
BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d JUNE 27
1943
VOL. 2, NO. 2

By the men . . for the men in the service



A PICTURE OF PEACE

and serenity of the sea. But it's far from peaceful for the U-boats caught beneath a Sunderland's belly out in the stormy Atlantic.

SGT. ARTHUR W. MILLARD of Detroit, Mich., a gunner: "The biggest thrill to me was the time when we dropped a beautiful shot on one of the enemy's pill boxes. Then I got a helluva kick seeing three Jerries come running out with their hands up to surrender. That's something I won't forget."

CPL. PAUL E. GRUBE of Springfield, Ohio, gunner: "There were plenty of exciting moments when we tossed a lot of high explosive shells. The one incident I do recall was when one of my shots went into a small French house where there were some Germans. The house just mushroomed apart."

What gave you your biggest kick during a tank battle?

The question above was asked of five U. S. Armored Force fighters in Tunisia. Here are the men and their answers.

PVT. EARL E. ADKINS of Lynchburg, Va., relief driver and assistant 75-mm gunner: "I was standing in the turret of the tank when an enemy shell hit our 75-mm gun and exploded. The concussion knocked me down. A piece of shrapnel went through my jacket, wallet and pay book—and stopped there."

LT. EDWARD BERLINSKI of Bloomfield, N. J., platoon commander, tank outfit, a former football star with North Carolina State and the Brooklyn Dodgers: "The opening of the battle—which was like the beginning of a football game. The men came down the field in formation, like a well-coached team."

S SGT. WILLIAM SHEPPERD of Anniston, Ala., crew chief: "I guess you would call it a thrill of relief. Our tank was hit by an enemy shell which broke the tracks. We were stalled. We had to get out because we were making a good target. There was lots of lead flying, but we got back safely."

By Sgt. Ralph G. Martin
YANK Field Correspondent

OF all the animals, man is the most deceptive. Perhaps the best description of him is Chaucer's simple phrase, "the smyler withe the knife." And perhaps the men who best exemplify the Chaucerian line are the Gurkhas, the Indian troops who, almost by themselves, cracked the Mareth Line. A man can weep when he is happy and kill someone with a grin on his face; not always is he in control of his emotions, and when he is he is often surprised at the fact.

The Gurkhas, however, are always in control of themselves. A Gurkha in the sun is a world away from a Gurkha by moonlight. In the sun they are always smiling, always laughing, like a bunch of kids just young enough to think the whole world is one big joke. But at night these smiling, laughing little men would creep quietly along with their *kukris*, their 18-inch knives, and when they came across a big man they would hack at his thighs, and if someone came at them with a bayonet they would chop at his arm. Otherwise, they'd just confine their attentions to the lopping off of various and sundry heads, usually blond. This they do with a quick and clean professional touch.

If you should run into any Axis prisoners from Tunisia, as you're quite apt to do these days, ask them about Gurkhas and *kukris*. They can probably tell you some very nervous stories. Many big, bad Axis boys in Tunisia were scared into such a terrific case of jitters by these steel wielders that they preferred to jump off cliffs rather than face a fight with them, which action, almost any Axis prisoner will tell you, was that of any reasonable man caught in the same predicament.

The *kukri* is enough to frighten a ghost, especially when it suddenly gleams out of the darkness of the night, its blade sharp as a razor and its wicked-looking curved shape gleaming in the moonlight. The Gurkhas use the *kukri* for everything from pencil sharpening to headcutting; it is rumored it is only used to draw blood. In the long run, as a matter of fact, and when war is far away, the Gurkhas are a peaceful, pastoral people and not terribly interested in blood at all. They're not really Indians. They come from Nepal, 16,000 feet up in the Himalayas, on the northern fringe of India, between China and Tibet. They're so far away from everything and everybody that Gurkha soldiers get five months off to take a three months' furlough, simply because it takes them a full month to walk home from the nearest railroad station.

Gurkhas sign up for a four-year hitch, but most of them stay on in the British Army for 15 years so that they can retire on a pension. The whole outfit is practically a family matter; when someone returns from furlough he usually brings back a nephew or so or a couple of sons or even an uncle who wants to join up. No British recruiting officer or, for that matter, any one else in India, would think of going into the sacred Gurkha country for any reason whatsoever. They remember 1815.

It was in 1815 that it was the British turn to worry about the *kukris*. They had a jolly little war with them, though at the end of it the Gurkhas were so impressed with the British character and all that, that they asked to be allowed to supply men for the Indian Army. And they did.

Since then, getting into a Gurkha battalion has been a plum much prized by Army career men. Practically every one of the 14 British officers in one battalion had a relative commanding the Gurkhas before he himself was able to slip in. The CO of the outfit is a great-great-grandson of the British colonel who, in an 1814 fracas, challenged the Gurkha leader to single combat in front of both armies in the good old mediæval style. They put up a memorial to the colonel in Calcutta Cathedral.

"My grandfather and father were also killed while serving with this battalion," the present colonel said. "It's a tradition." It's also a tradition for British officers to use the *kukri* just as the men do. Officers learn to speak Gurkali or Khaskura as well. Only three per cent of the Gurkhas can speak English, so all orders and briefings are given in Gurkali, which sounds like Chinese with a Brooklyn accent.

Short, squat, square, with powerfully built necks and shoulders, Gurkhas can carry great weights. They live on rice and curry, sometimes supplemented by tea, jam and biscuits and, very occasionally, goats' meat. They also go for British beer and rum. Their uniform is regulation British shorts and shirt, neat gray wool socks and a green overseas hat. When they snap to attention and click their heels it's sharp and stiff, almost ritualistic. The Gurkha is an ideal soldier because he loves to obey orders to the letter. He never hesitates nor reasons why.

None of the Gurkhas hold a commission from the King. They can reach the rank of *jamedar* (one pip) and *subedar* (two pips). The top-ranking Gurkha is *subedar-major*, who ranks somewhere between a warrant officer and a second lieutenant.

Perhaps the proudest moment the Gurkhas have had in this war was the time they outflanked a Jerry anti-tank ditch in a *wadi*, thereby turning the tide of the whole Mareth Line battle. To reach the high hills at the left flank of the *wadi* they marched seven miles in full equipment, clambering like goats over 600-foot hills and almost unscalable sheer rock cliffs. Soon after they got where they wanted to go they threw back a Jerry attack and completely occupied the whole left flank, forcing the Germans to evacuate the anti-tank ditch and thus opening a pass. Through this pass poured the British armor, on its way to Sfax, Sousse and so forth. When the final Eighth Army push to Tunis was held up, General Alexander pulled out an Indian Division, transferring it to the First Army as a spearhead. Things began to happen after that.

Perhaps the clearest explanation of how the Gurkhas work is given in the hoary old story of the English-speaking Jerry who spotted an English-speaking Gurkha in a foxhole and lunged at him with the bayonet. The Gurkha twisted his body slightly and the bayonet passed harmlessly through the air. "You missed me," he said.

As he spoke he whipped out his *kukri* and cut a swathe in the air in the general direction of the German. "You missed me, too," the Jerry said.

The Gurkha started to put his *kukri* away. "The hell I did," he said. "Wait'll you try to turn your head."

'First In, Last Out'—The Combat Engineers In New Guinea Had What It Takes

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—From the first day, the combat engineers earned their reputation as the hardest working men at the battle front. Within a few hours of their arrival, they had cleared an airstrip on the north side of the Owen Stanley Mountains so the Infantry could be flown in. Then they unloaded the transport planes, slashed jeep trails through the jungles and drove supplies to the front.

After these preliminaries, they were asked to assist in the attack on the Buna area. A Jap hospital had been evacuated, the enemy retreating so fast they left their supplies behind. The combat engineers were detailed to go out and get the stuff.

Within half an hour, they were creeping toward the hospital which was fully exposed to enemy fire. A grenade's throw away, there were Jap pill boxes and snipers.

The engineers could reach their objective only by sneaking through a waist-deep swamp. But they got there and, expecting the Japs to open fire at any moment, carried the precious quinine and medical equipment back through the swamps to the medics.

When the infantrymen drove through the jungles and ran up against their first pill boxes, they found they had a tough job on their hands. Long after hand grenades had been thrown through the slits and tommy guns emptied into the pill boxes, the Japs still kept on firing. Another job for the engineers.

They crept up to the blind spots of each pill box, shoved charges of high explosives into the log structures, lit the fuses and ran. The pill boxes disappeared.

Scattered over each battleground, as the Infantry pushed on, were many unexploded mortar and artillery shells, and occasional booby traps. The engineers got rid of these, as well as enemy mines.

A network of small, treacherous rivers laces the Buna area. The Japs usually built strongholds commanding strategic spots, so as to make American troop crossings as costly as possible.

At one point, the engineers sent for some rubber assault boats and collected some old Jap communication wire. Some infantrymen swam the river and established a bridgehead on the enemy side. Wire was tossed to them and fastened securely on both banks. Other pieces of wire were fastened to the boats, so that they could be yanked speedily across. All the troops had to do was lie low and steer themselves by the wire stretched from bank to bank. They were thus a poor and fast-moving target.

Old Jap bridges, damaged by shell fire, were patched up as soon as possible. At one of these, the combat engineers won official acclaim for their gallantry under fire. The bridge spanned a river between Buna Village and Buna Mission. It was heavily covered by Jap machine-gun fire.

Because it stood in the way of one of the American spearheads aimed at Buna Mission, the river had to be crossed.

The problem for the engineers was to repair the bridge under fire.

They walked right out onto the bridge with planks as rifle bullets whined all around them. Just as they began to make repairs, two Jap machine guns opened up a few yards from the end of the bridge.

The men dove in every direction and swam to the American side of the river—all except Sgt. Charles H. Gray of Petersham, Mass., who was in charge of the crew. He was too far on the wrong side of the bridge to risk swimming back, so he struck out for the Jap side and hid under some overhanging bushes until dark. He and his three-man squad were decorated with the DSC.

Getting into hot spots became the engineers' daily routine. Sgt. Bart McDonough of Reading, Mass., and Cpl. Henry Clay of Beverly, Mass., were ordered to attach a rope across a river, so that the infantrymen could cross hand-over-hand.

The area was thick with Japs, so the mortar company planned to lay down a barrage of fire, to protect the engineers as they worked.

The mortar company sent an observer with a telephone along with McDonough and Clay, and as the party crept up to the bank the barrage began. It was far short of its target; shells fell all around the Yanks. The observer grabbed his phone to report the situation, but the wire had been cut by a shell.

"We took that barrage lying on our bellies for a few minutes," Sgt. McDonough said, "then we got the hell out of there—quick."

Now the big battles are over for a while and the engineers are repairing the roads and bridges that wash out several times a week during New Guinea's rainy season.

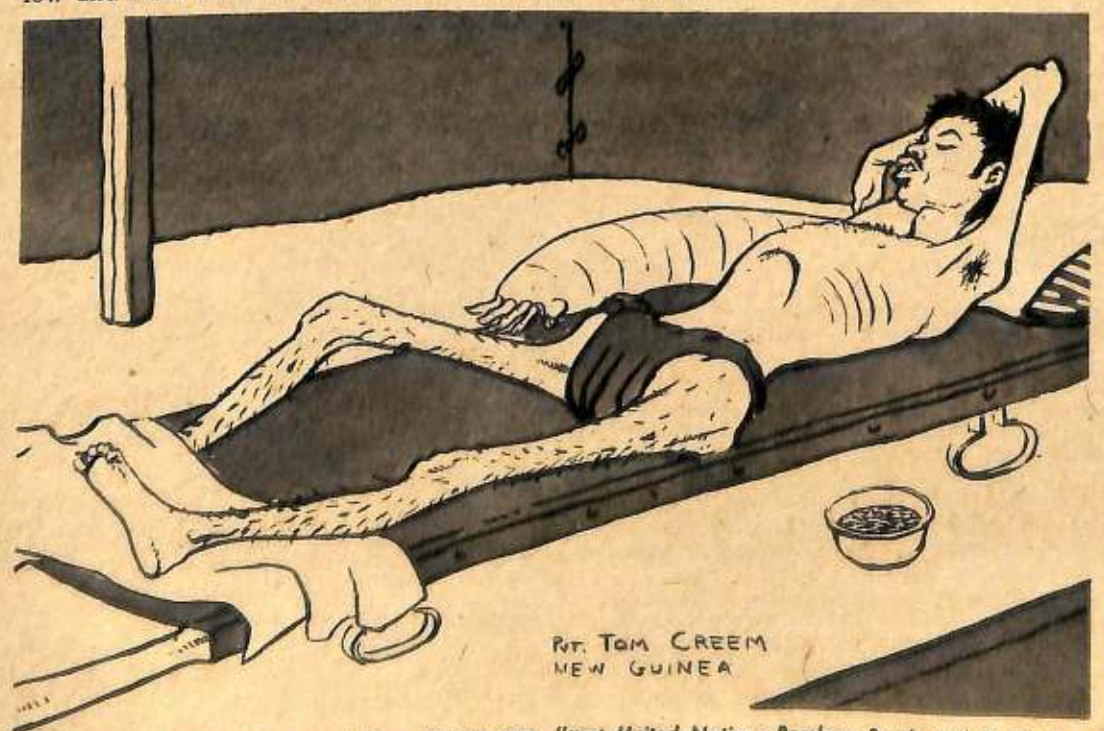
Sweating away under the broiling sun, laboring through driving rain, the engineers get more curses than thanks. Whenever there aren't any roads, the engineers get blamed; when there are roads, they're too bumpy.

"It doesn't matter," philosophized Cpl. Anthony J. Wodenka of Niagara, Wis. "We combat engineers are used to all kinds of dirty work and dirty words."

JAP PRISONERS SKETCHED AT A HOSPITAL IN NEW GUINEA

PVT. TOM CREEM drew these pictures of Jap prisoners at an Australian hospital in New Guinea where they were recovering from malaria, dysentery and starvation, their occupational diseases.

"HERE is a Jap sniper, recovering from dysentery," Pvt. Creem writes. "He has finished with his career among the tree tops. He refuses to believe that Tokyo has been bombed. When I saw him later in his ward, he spoke to me hesitatingly, 'Kind gentleman, please to give cigarette. Prisoners are generally docile, a little blue."

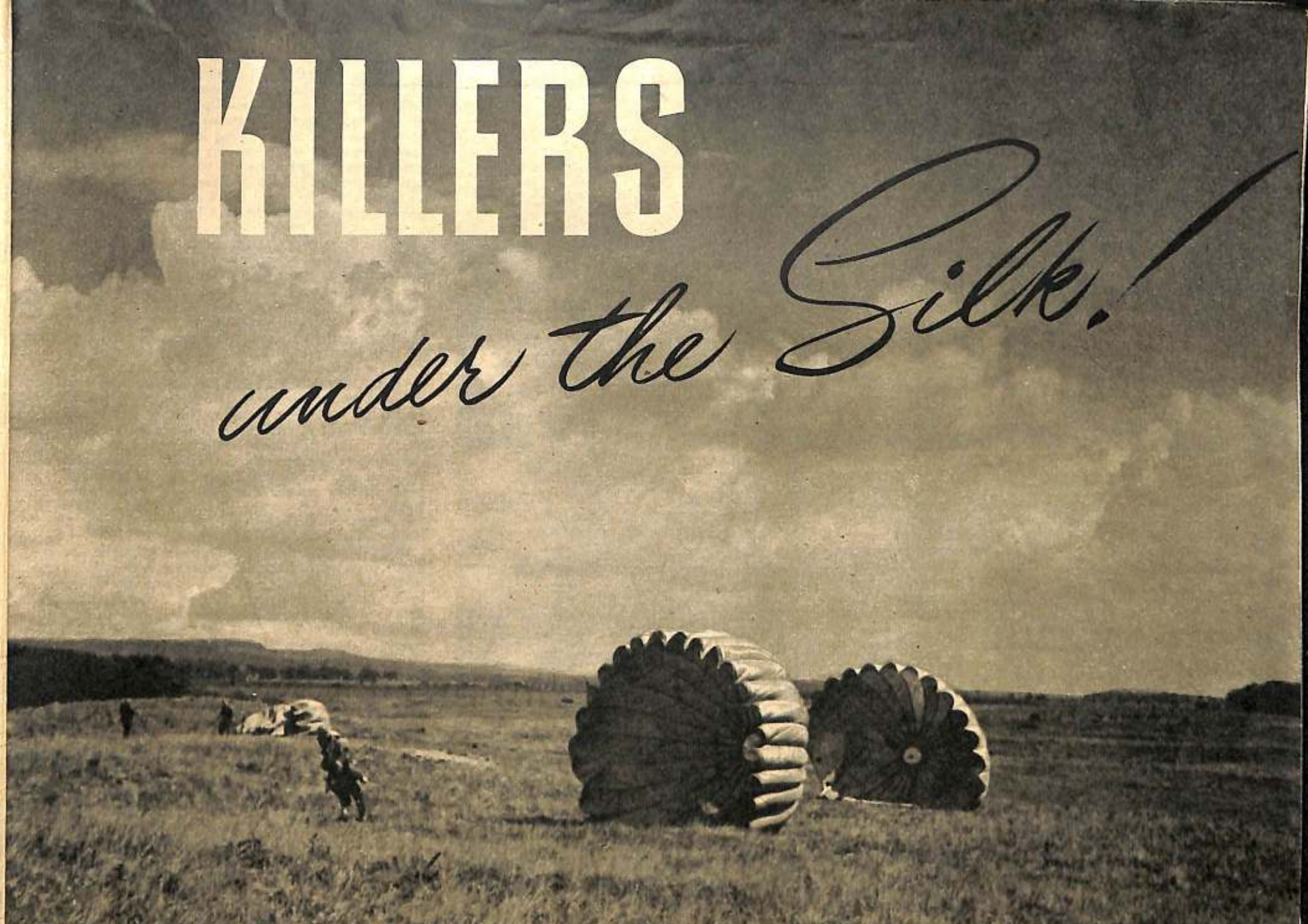


"WE read in the papers," Tom Creem says, "that *United Nations Bombers Bomb and Strafe Jap Supply Line in New Guinea. The Jap Offensive Is Stopped.* Left in the wake of the retreat was this 'superior private.' Too weak to talk and barely able to move, being captured gave him his only chance to live. His arm is broken and he has malaria. This one didn't beg cigarettes. He wasn't strong enough to smoke."

Loyal New Guinea natives lug heavy G.I. equipment.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1943, in the U.S.A. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879
Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford

KILLERS *under the Silk!*



Down on a flower-speckled field come the men of the Polish Paratroop Training Center, fighting a stiff breeze.

With the same demoralizing weapon the Germans used against their native land, the Poles are training to go back against the Hun and demoralize him a little.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND—In this year of grace, 1943, British towns are the most deceptive in the world. On the surface they still possess the same sleepy docility that has been their hallmark for hundreds of years. To the casual observer, one day blends with another, both similar, both falling into a familiar pattern of life. The milkman goes about his business, the grocer purveys, the housewife does her shopping, the children play in the lanes. But underneath the normal run of things the towns are seething. A commonplace wall may conceal the camp of an armored division; an unpaved, winding road may lead from the town's outskirts to an airfield that every night holds a load of death.

Take, for instance, a nameless village in Scotland. It has its church and its cemetery and its old houses, built to stand, of heavy, ageless stone. The villagers are somber and they speak with the burr; sometimes they gossip under the great green trees with which the narrow, winding roads are lined. They gather the wild flowers from the fields and they listen to the cheerful singing of the unconcerned birds.

Every day the villagers pass a drab, uninteresting roadway that runs from their town through a grove of trees. It is like thousands of small roads that wind over the face of Britain. Like thousands, that is, save for one thing. At the entrance of the road is a sign. "If you are looking for death," the sign says, "come in for awhile." Nothing more. But the phrase means that the war has come to the little Scottish village. Up the winding road, far beyond the laconic sign, is the Polish Paratroop Training Center and it is full of men who are looking for death and who have come in for awhile.

They are men of many countries. There are Poles and Frenchmen, Czechs, Dutch and Norwegians, and all of them have come to the little Scottish village to be trained by Polish officers who have years of paratroop training behind them.

The men call the place the "Monkey Grove," and with good reason. Paratroops are highly specialized soldiers; they must be limber, willowy, pliant. To become so they must exercise, exercise eternally, exercise without thought of weariness or fatigue or exhaustion. From early morning until late evening they swing from tree to tree a la Tarzan. They do calesthenics with iron rails, wooden horses and swings that are something like the swings found in American children's playgrounds. There are, however, no seats in the swings of the paratroopers. They hang on with their hands as they soar high into the air. They climb hills and run up trees and practise jumping through little round holes that are the same size as those which open out from British and American planes on the nothingness that is the world of the falling paratrooper. They jump over wide ditches and they jump over each other. The place is a mass of jumping, swinging, running humanity. And all the time the men are laughing because they are happy and they are doing something they like and they know that sometime their work will pay its dividends.

The first paratrooper who ever went into action in this war, or in all history, for that matter, was some anonymous German who floated down on Poland three years ago. Then paratrooping was a new, a radical technique. It was still new in Crete the next year; and until the Russian War it was more or less a German monopoly. The Nazis used paratroopers and used them well. But paratroops are primarily a weapon of offense, and lately the Germans have not been offensive-minded. The torch has passed to the Allies and they have willingly picked it up. Paratroopers were used successfully in Tunisia. And one of these days they will perhaps be once more floating down on the Low Countries, from planes whose bases lie in the west.

THE Poles love paratrooping. The men at the Training Center say they love to *skakac* (jump) for two reasons. One is that the shortest way back to Poland is by air. The other is that jumping from a plane is, to them, the greatest thrill in the world. Too, most have a more than patriotic reason for fighting; their reasons are apt to be very personal. Many of them lost their wives and even their entire families when the Germans stormed through Poland, and those who didn't die were starved and enslaved. Sometimes the laughter and the joking at the Center sounds a little hollow; and when you talk to the men about the war their faces set in grim lines. The worst war of all is a personal war, they say, and they tell you that they will not really be happy until they can see silk above them and Poland below, or—even better—the soil of the heart of Germany.

We watched the Polish paratroopers in a maneuver and saw how they're going to do it when the time comes. An "enemy" force, consisting of British troops, was holding a large wooded area close by a body of water. Polish planes, provided by the British, came behind the enemy in a beautifully straight single file. Then, one by one, objects that looked like gigantic bundles of laundry spilled from the first plane. Then the bundles opened up and the sky was raining parachutes. Hanging below

Silhouetted against a hilltop, landed paratroopers set four rifles pointing down into a valley.

the chutes were long objects, shaped somewhat like oxygen tanks, save that they were longer and rounder. These were the containers that held anti-tank rifles, machine guns, mortars, rations and other equipment.

After the containers came the men. They bailed out of the planes at an even count, like automatons. In less than a minute they had made contact with the earth, tumbled gracefully over, disengaged themselves from their chutes, and were running toward the precious containers. Within half an hour the entire force was on the ground. The containers had been emptied, the men were in platoon formation, the anti-tank rifles, machine guns and mortars were in position and the attack on the "enemy" force was under way. At no time was there any lost motion. Like machines the men went about their work; their timing was perfect. They were beautiful to watch.

"Time is the most important element for paratroopers," their colonel said. To be useful, paratroops must be fast; and to be fast they must be letter-perfect in training, absolutely coordinated in body and mind. They must think quickly, act quickly. They must understand and have an operational knowledge of a terrifying array of both their own weapons and those of the enemy. Every paratrooper must be a weapons encyclopædia. Fighting as they will be in the very midst of the enemy, they must be able to use anything they may run up against, whether it's a Skoda gun or a Luger.

After the maneuver we talked with some of the paratroopers, and as they talked they revealed what type of man it takes to make a paratrooper and exactly what kind of an outfit it is. *Bolek*, for instance, was still in full jumping dress when we ran into him. He was wearing regular British battledress, a helmet with the Polish eagle painted on the front,

Pte. Tice of Allentown, Pa., joined the first army he ran into. It turned out to be the Polish Army.

and an oversized brown jacket. The jacket, it turned out, was a miniature arsenal. In it *Bolek* was carrying a Sten gun and several hand grenades. His personal equipment, when he jumps, said *Bolek*, is the same as is carried by all men until they pick up more equipment from the containers.

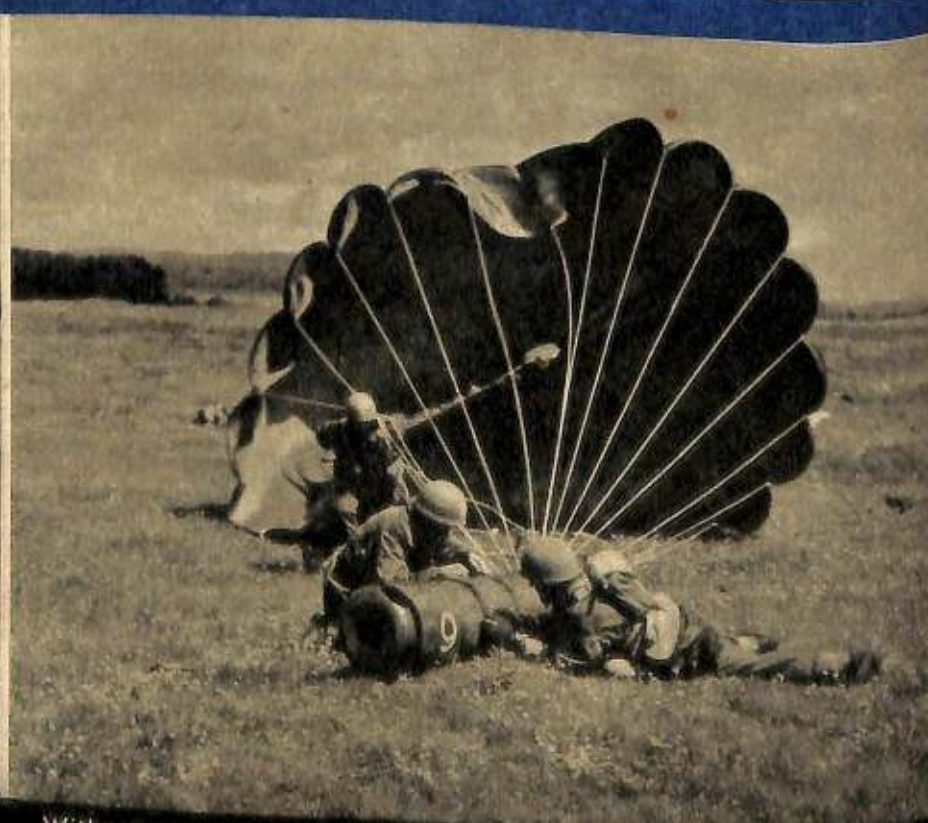
Bolek is 38, which makes him much older than the average Polish paratrooper. He's rather sensitive about his age. "I'm just as good a jumper as the other men," he said, "if not better." When the Germans invaded Poland he was with a field artillery outfit and was wounded in the shoulder during the defence of Warsaw He remained in that city for two months after the German occupation, waiting for his wound to heal, hiding in a friend's home. Then he walked to the border of Czecho-slovakia where he guided more than 75 officers and men who were escaping to France in order to join the Polish forces there. Eventually *Bolek* got tired of being a guide; after three months of it he escaped himself.

With the fall of France, *Bolek* came to Britain with other members of the Fourth Polish Brigade. He began paratroop training with some men of the Brigade in the spring of 1941 and since then has done more jumps than he can remember. Jumping alone, he explained, is really a very small part of a paratrooper's training. The main idea in jumping is to land safely, and once that is done you get on with the real job. That job may be almost anything. *Bolek*, for instance, knows how to operate several types of enemy tanks, can build (or wreck, whichever the case may be) bridges, is expert at a Polish form of ju-jutsu and, if necessary, can live for days with no other weapon but his knife. All paratroopers, incidentally, are taught to hunt and fish, and also how to prepare any kind of game and anything they can catch with a hook. Many paratroopers are even taught how to crack a safe, a fact which causes *Bolek* to smile. "It'll come in handy some day," he says.

Once there were a good many Americans in the Polish paratroops, but most of them have transferred to the U. S. Army. One is still with the Poles, however—Richard Kresge Tice of Allentown, Pa. Tice is of English and French descent and couldn't speak a word of Polish when he joined the Polish Army in Canada in September, 1941. "I went to Canada to join any Army," he says. "And the first soldier I saw was a Pole who was driving a truck. I asked him what army he was in. *'Polska Wojska,'* he said. That was good enough for me, so I asked him to drive me to his headquarters. I signed up there."

Tice, shoeless, stands 6' and weighs about 190. He was in the U. S. Army for 13 months—until September, 1940—when, as he says, "I busted an ear drum and they gave me a CDD." After that he became a race-horse handler in Louisville and Detroit. "But I couldn't stay out of the Army," Tice says. "At least, not while so much was happening across the ocean. That's why I got into a foreign army, I guess." Since March of last year he has been in England, and he has been with the paratroopers all the time. At the moment he is an officer candidate; in a month he expects to become a *Podchoranszy*, which means that he's in line for a commission when his turn comes. Although Tice earns only 30 dollars a month, with jumping pay included, he's well satisfied. "I wouldn't leave this outfit for anything," he says. "They're the swellest gang of people I've ever met. You've got to live with them to know what true friendship really is." Since joining the Poles, Tice has picked up a fairly

Down from the air, beneath billowing silk, comes the cylinder that contains arms and other equipment.



Without even waiting to deflate the chute the paratroopers pounce on the cylinder. There's no time to waste.

comprehensive Polish vocabulary; before the war is over he expects to be a fluent master of the language.

Tice's wanting to live with the paratroopers to know what true friendship really is, is typical of the men of the outfit. There is a great feeling of brotherhood among them. Two of the group, for instance, Michael and Julas, have lost all track of their families in Poland. They do not know whether they are living or dead; but fatalistically they incline toward the latter belief. Their friendship and comradeship in arms has, in the meantime, become so great that they have adopted each other as brothers, and they announce the adoption very proudly. Paratroopers are trained to be like that. They are taught to disregard their own lives at all times in order to assist a comrade in distress, and they seem to take their training along these lines very seriously. They behave much as a single large family would.

This feeling is especially noticeable in the relationships between officers and men. Officer and man jump together and take the same risks, and there are no stiff and stuffy conventions observed between them. They talk to each other more like fathers and sons than anything else. This feeling probably goes deeper than even the mere veneer of training can impart, for officers and men are Poles, all have suffered for that fact, and in the vast private suffering the public appearances are apt to come out second best. Perhaps more than any other Allied soldiers, the Poles have more at stake, more to fight for, and more anger in their hearts. All are working toward one goal, one last objective—the destruction of Germany and the restitution of ruined Poland. To them the struggle is both private and public, and because of what has been done to them and what they once had, they are fighting two wars.

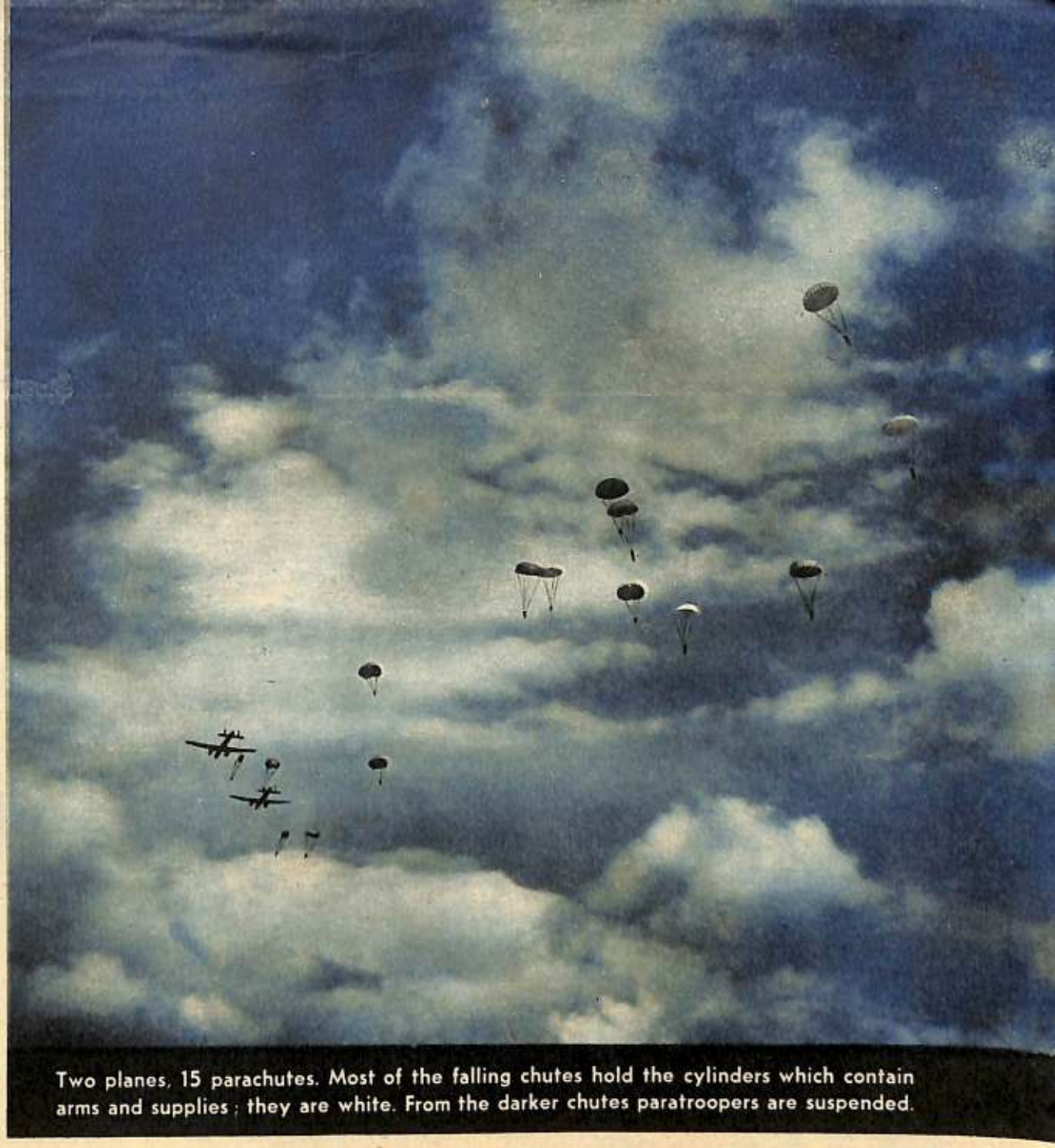
THIS cold fanaticism, however, can be tempered with humor. One Polish paratrooper, for example, wanted to fight so badly that he posed as an insane man to achieve it. This man is called *Slonce* (sun) by the paratroopers because, like the sun, he is always smiling. *Slonce* is 25 and he joined the French Foreign Legion in 1939, several months before Poland was invaded. After the fall of France *Slonce* felt choked in Africa; he wanted to get out of the Foreign Legion, which was lying dormant, and fight for Poland. He decided that the best way out of the Legion was to go "crazy," so go crazy he did. For days he talked to himself, ate paper, and chewed away at his blankets. Finally the Legion shook a sad head over him and gave him his discharge; unfortunately for his plans, however, they also gave him a one-way ticket to an insane asylum in Casablanca. There was nothing for him to do but keep up his act and trust that he would get an opportunity to escape.

One day a French general visited the asylum on a tour of inspection. He came up to *Slonce* and asked him how he was feeling.

"Good, and how are you?" *Slonce* said.

It turned out that the general was feeling fine, too. Slonce looked at the general's hat and remarked how pretty it was. The general blushed. "May I feel it?" *Slonce* asked. The general handed him the hat. *Slonce* gave a whoop of delight, hopped from the bed with the hat clutched tightly to his breast, and headed for the tall timber. The general, with a couple of guards, ran after him. Finally, after a chase that left the general limp, *Slonce* was recaptured. The hospital authorities were ordered to keep a careful eye on him after that.

When the Americans came to Casablanca, *Slonce* got out of the asylum and eventually found his way to the little Scottish village and the "Monkey Grove." In his spare time he tells stories of the asylum in Casablanca; he also has a day-dream which keeps recurring to him. In the day-dream Hitler & Co. are in an asylum and *Slonce*, of all people, is guarding them. "Pleasure is a relative thing," says *Slonce*.



Two planes, 15 parachutes. Most of the falling chutes hold the cylinders which contain arms and supplies; they are white. From the darker chutes paratroopers are suspended.

As two open the arms cylinder, a third man deflates the chute, gathers it up and joins his comrades.

The chute out of the way, the cylinder is opened. From it comes grenades, tommy guns, ammunition, sometimes an anti-tank rifle.

DREAM CREW

It's the boys who get back intact that are doing the job.

THIS is the kind of bomber crew that Air Force generals dream about, the kind of crew that makes Goering tear his hair. A crew that goes out and bombs and comes back. Intact.

Captain Darrell L. Sims and his Liberator crew are grounded now. With no particular fanfare of trumpets. With no tales to relate of desperate air battles or hairbreadth escapes in the stratosphere. They flew over two hundred combat hours, but no crew member was ever scratched, no enemy machine gun bullet or cannon shell even pierced the metal hide of the Liberator. So, of course, nobody bothered to write a story about them.

The trail of this crew leads literally from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli. They met their first Germans last June in the Gulf of Mexico when they sighted a sub. and neatly bracketed same with a pair of depth charges. Four months later they shot down their first enemy fighter high over the locomotive factories at Lille. Three more months and they were in Tunisia, digging dust out of their ears and nostrils, laying thousand-pound eggs on Rommel's rearguard, dodging flak over Naples. Even today, back in England, the new crew's shoes crunch Egyptian sand on the floor of the sturdy old Lib.

When their medals finally catch up with them, the crew will muster nine Air Medals with three Oak Leaf clusters apiece, and nine Distinguished Flying Crosses. But no Purple Hearts—the award for wounds received in action. And a good thing, too.

If you ask the boys to account for their phenomenal safety record, they grin and refer you to the last three digits of the serial number of their plane —711. A rather lucky number. A number, incidentally, which explains the otherwise inexplicable name they gave their ship—"Jerk's Natural." The "jerk" in question was the original pilot, Lt. (now Maj.) John L. Jerstad of Racine, Wis. He's now an operations officer in this same Liberator Group, aptly known in the ETO as Ted's Traveling Circus.

Except for Maj. Jerstad, the tunnel gunner (who was grounded for medical reasons in Africa), the Co-Pilot Robert H. Hudspeth of Verdi, Nev., missing from a raid in another plane, the original crew of "Jerk's Natural" has been taken off combat status intact. At the moment all of them are engaged in training new crews.

When the Group left Fort Meyers finally, they had been officially credited with one sub. definitely destroyed and two probables. In England, "Jerk's Natural" flew in all of the early raids on targets in occupied France. Once or twice she was scratched or dented by flak fragments, but tight formation flying and good shooting kept enemy fighters from putting a single slug into her. Where other Liberators limped home on three engines, or fired rockets to warn the waiting ambulance that wounded were aboard, "Jerk's Natural" went out and bombed and came back and that was that. Thanks to the untiring work of her crew chief, Master Sergeant S. M. Benson of Darien, Conn., she had the fewest number of turn-backs for mechanical reasons of any ship in the Group.

Over those sullen concrete sub. shelters, Bombardier Maurice Elstun of Ross, Ohio, began to make himself a reputation. It takes a lot of guts, in case you don't know it, to keep your plane boring into a solid wall of flak, especially after some of the others have tripped their bomb switches and peeled off. Elstun wouldn't release his bombs until he was convinced that he was on the target.

Life was rugged enough in England (once they had to spend most of the night loading their own bombs and finished just in time for briefing and the take-off) but Africa was tougher still. Dust and sand and a pint of water a day. Spam and dehydrated cabbage cooked in alkali water. Cold nights and hot days and long flying distances. That was the toughest part—the distances that had to be flown after combat.

The first trip over Naples was a breeze, but the second was as rough as anything over the Brest peninsula. Jerry had moved in after the first raid, and Jerry is good. The plane next to "Jerk's Natural" was shot to ribbons. Looking out of his side window, Waist Gunner Samuel J. Delcambre, a swarthy "Cajun" from New Iberia, La., could see the crew of the stricken ship collapsing over their guns as the Liberator plunged downward. But still luck—or more probably a happy combination of luck and skill—seemed to be riding with Sims' crew.

Coming back from one raid on Italy they picked up an agitated news broadcast in Italian, and one of the boys knew enough of the lingo to realize that they were listening to a description of their own raid.

The radio operator, long, tall S/Sgt. Robert H. Harms of Alton, Ill., was responsible for saving several lives when a Liberator was shot down five minutes after unloading its bombs over Sousse. He saw six men bail out and float down into the Mediterranean. Instantly he called Malta. Malta was unable to send help, but it did the next best thing. On the International Distress Frequency it called the Germans and told them of the airmen's plight. The Germans went out and picked up at least two of the survivors.

The only time the crew ever bothered to put on parachutes was on one occasion when the weather was so bad that the navigator, Rollin C. Reineck of Van Nuya, Cal., had trouble finding his home base. So did all the other planes in the group. In the Group Commander's plane, preparing for a crash landing, they threw everything movable overboard, including a case of practically priceless eggs. (This was a mistake, calling for elaborate apologies and explanations later!) But again their luck held; at the last minute, almost out of gas, they set her down safely.

As in most bombers, rank meant nothing in the air. Sgt. J. R. (Pee Wee) Lawrence of Colwyn, Pa., crouched in his tail gun position, was just as important as the pilot or bombardier. If Waist Gunner Howard Chrissman of Butler, Pa., failed to keep his gun clean, the result might be disaster for them all. They all knew it, and acted accordingly.

Every time they landed on the northern route to Britain, they emptied the trash and added a little dirt to keep the cans half full. They kept on doing this in Libya and Egypt, with the result that those cans are now filled with the earth of three continents and four military theaters. Today they are enshrined on a closet shelf "somewhere in Britain."

Capt. Arthur Gordon.

U-boat caught in bomber's fire.

And just for that, we will keep our mouths shut and not make that lovely crack we were going to.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Button Polisher

Now, we are great ones for neatness. Nothing looks better, to our mind, than a guy with polished buttons and shined shoes and a shave. You get a guy like that and you can hardly tell him from a gentleman. But things can be carried too far. You can polish your shoes until the leather wears off. You can shave until your face turns green. And you can shine your buttons until you give approaching shavetails snow blindness. But, as we said, things can be carried too far.

Take, for example, the case of a Joe we've heard about. He's an assistant at an Army dental lab. in London, and when he heard that buttons should be polished he decided that he would have the most highly polished buttons in the European Theater of Operations.

He took some mercury and a buffer that grinds false teeth and he went to work on the eight buttons that God and Uncle Sam gave him. And when he was finished with the mercury and the buffer that grinds false teeth he looked at his buttons and sighed because they were so beautiful.

He still has his beautiful buttons, but he never wears them, except when being inspected. When he is not being inspected he carries them around in a little box, showing them to friends. He's been offered a quid for the set, but no dice. And he probably wouldn't part with them for two quid, even. Of such, as someone else once said, is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Anent Mail

Every once in a while we get a letter from the States. It's not a letter, really, though it is in an envelope and is written on paper. What we always get is a bill, which is no relation to any man of the the same name. It's not necessarily the same bill, either. We usually get our choice of one of seven.

We don't know what the hell is the matter with the censors these days. There were two or three months last winter when we had practically forgotten what a bill was. At least, we never got one. We attributed this lack to one of two reasons: (*a*) no one knew where we were, or (*b*) the censors took a gander at the bill, said, "Why bother the poor guy right now?" and tore the blasted thing up. The latter was a very reasonable approach, to our mind.

Now, unfortunately, things are right back where they used to be. We get our bills, just like the old days. We don't know what has happened to the censors; maybe they've gone back to sleep. Or maybe, and this seems a much more sensible explanation, our receiving bills is part of a diabolical plan on the part of Army censorship to make us fighting mad. If it is, it's working.

We can imagine the censors' little discussion about sending us bills. A half-dozen or so senior censors grouped themselves around a green table, littered with obscene words and crucial place names, clipped from outgoing letters. One of the censors, an ex-longshoreman with a sketchy, grade-school education, clears his throat and speaks.

"Gotta lotta letters here for this guy," he says. "Gotta lotta bills, too. Helluva lotta bills. Geez, heaps."

An elderly censor says, "Let's hide all his letters and send the silly beggar the bills."

"Geez," says the ex-longshoreman, "dat'll boin him, awright."

"An angry soldier is a fighting soldier," says the second censor, the dirty little Clausewitz.

"Where shall we hide the letters?" says a third censor.

"Oh," says the elderly one, unbuttoning the neck of his shirt, "I'll just tuck them down here with my handkerchief." He does so, giggling.

We receive the bills next mail.

Someday, as soon as we learn to operate the bazooka we recently lifted from a beat-up old Ranger, we are going to pay the censors a visit. We'll get the letters we've been missing then, all right. And meanwhile we are tearing up our bills as fast as they come in. We hope that some of our creditors read this. We think they might like to know.

Mediocre Mathematics Division

It takes two captains to make one lieutenant-colonel.

Strategy

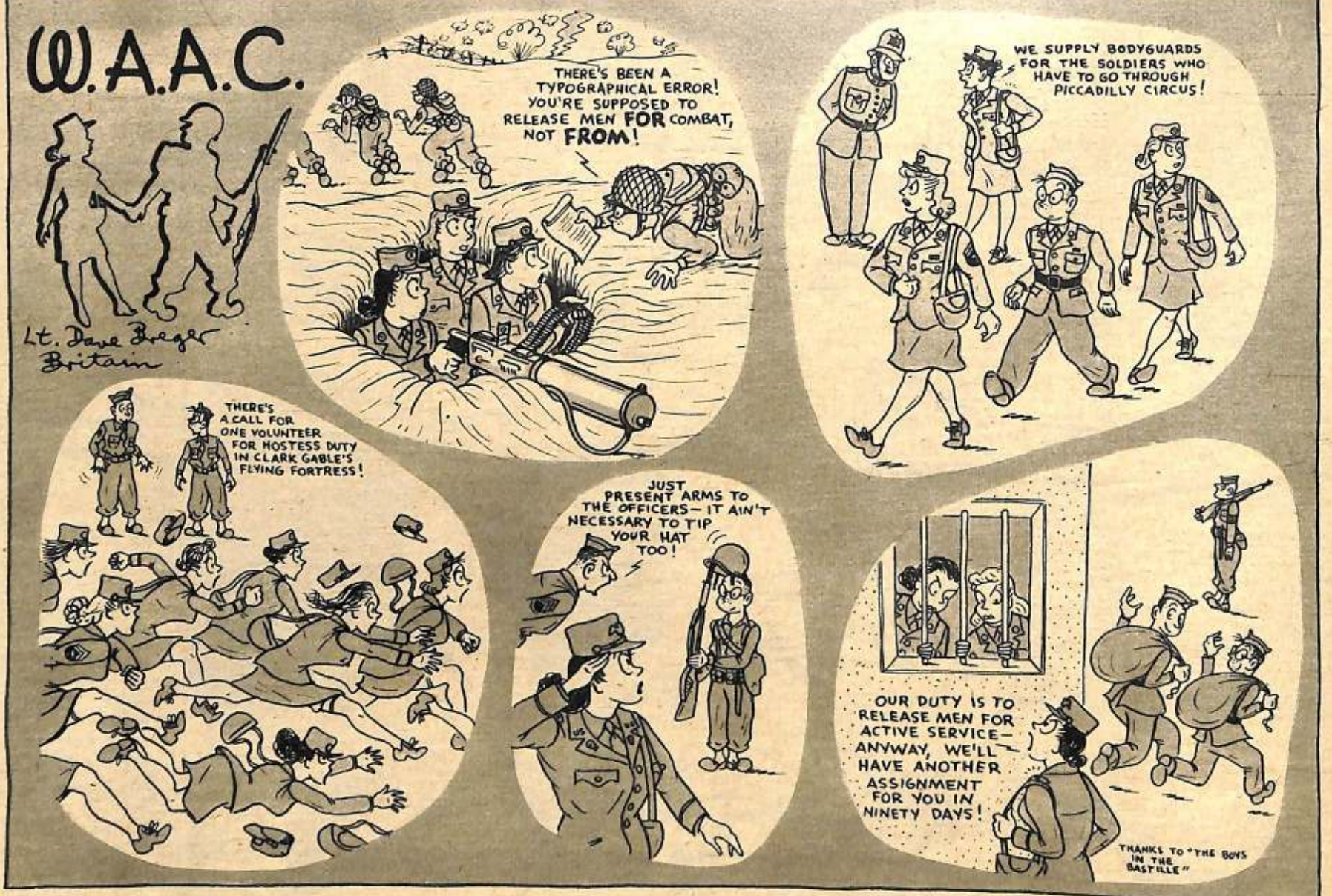
As we get most of our stuff by grape-vine (non-alcoholic) this little gem of a story just reached us. It happened at the recent joint maneuvers between the British and us. We had a man there, of course, but they were using him as a tank trap most of the time, so he didn't get to see much of the action.

It seems that a group of Rangers wandered into the British lines for about 35 miles, looking for something to do. Eventually they came on a British latrine—a rather busy place, as it were. So they just settled down by the latrine and waited for customers. In a little more than an hour they nabbed 20 of His Majesty's Forces. Caught them with their pants down, no less. They then wandered back where they belonged.

It didn't win the maneuvers, or anything like that, but it made the Rangers happy for a little while. We hereby offer the suggestion that the next time the British Army stages a maneuver with us they send their men in hungry and unfed. Might keep the number of prisoners down.

G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger



PRIVATE FRED STEIN learned camouflage tricks so well at a Florida air base that when he went AWOL it took New Jersey State cops 11 weeks to find his hut which was only a couple of feet off the road. . . . At Fort MacArthur, California, Private Steve Crane, who is married to Lana Turner, asked his top sergeant for a twenty-four hour pass. "What d'ya want a pass for?" asked the zebra. "Are you kidding?" said Crane. . . . At Miami Beach Army Air Base, Private Ewen J. McNaron got four months for going AWOL and impersonating movie star Jackie Cooper. . . . At the Desert Training Center, California, 39 pigeons went AWOL because they couldn't stand the heat and snakes. Private First Class Joe Barbato was on guard duty at Camp Adair, Oregon, early one morning when an officer approached. It was gray and dismal and rather hard for Pfc. Joe to discern anything. "Halt!" he said. "Who's there?" "General So-and-So," was the answer. "Advance and be recognized," returned Barbato. The general advanced and Barbato saw two silver stars and became confused. It was the first time he had ever seen a two-star general at this distance. "Well," barked the general, "shculd I stand at attention all night?" "No, sir," replied Barbato. "Parade rest!"

A few months ago a YANK correspondent in Labrador heard that an old Eskimo was trading, even Steven, husky puppies for copies of YANK magazines. The correspondent, interested, went to the Eskimo's shack to investigate. He was cordially invited in. One entire side of the shack's interior was lined with pasted YANK pin-ups. The old Eskimo, who had only half a dozen words of English in his vocabulary, looked solemnly at the wall of pin-ups and said slowly, "Son of a bitch. No kidding."

Names

Tyrone Power, who recently enlisted in the United States Marine Corps as a private, has been promoted to the rank of second lieutenant. . . . The Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Madame Chiang Kai-shek were among those stopped by hard-bitten OPA inspectors in the Metropolitan Day weekend drive against violators of the pleasure driving ban in the New York City area.

Hay

Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, told New Jersey war finance leaders that by the end of the year every American family should be putting 25 cents of every dollar of income into war bonds. He said that 45 billion dollars is needed to complete the 1943 war financing and at least 18 billions or one fourth of the national income for the rest of the year should come from bond purchases.

Bouncing Glass

A new type of chow pottery has been dreamed up. It's made of opal glass and the cups, saucers and the plates have six times the durability of the ordinary vitrified chinaware and costs 50% less. Created especially for the Army, while one drop may break chinaware, the new glass keeps bouncing back after five or six falls. . . . 1st Lt. Nina Piatt, a nurse at Camp Haan, California, outranks her six doggie brothers in the Army. . . . At the Alaska OCS pool at Camp Lewis, Washington, the KP list one day last week contained two master sergeants, four techs, five staffs and two corporals and Private John A. Smith. . . . Recently invented and produced for the United States Army is an instrument that directs anti-aircraft fire with startling accuracy. Computing horizon, vertical distance and the speed of approaching aircraft, the instrument causes the gun to be fired at the precise spot where fire should be directed.

G-2 Officers

G-2 officers on Guadalcanal offering a bounty of 100 dollars each for live Jap prisoners were both startled and curious when soldiers began dribbling in with so many prisoners that the Army funds were becoming very low. A high-ranking officer questioned a sergeant to discover how they were capturing so many of the Nips. "Oh," the sergeant laughed, "that's a cinch. The marines out in the bush don't know about the offer and we buy Japs from them at five bucks a head."

Japanese fighter pilots are trying a new trick. They fly their planes dressed as natives so when knocked down they can slip into the crowds and pass as a native. There's only one drawback. Most of them aren't able to walk. Consequently they're burying a lot of strange natives nowadays.

New Gun

Our campaigns in the mud have brought forth a new invention: a new M-3 submachine gun is now in production which will resist sand, mud and water if a simple seal is placed over the muzzle. The weapon is 22 inches long, weighs 9 pounds. Steady and accurate, it costs only 20 dollars to manufacture. In production now, the submachine gun is another of America's answers to the G.I. need for weapons that are practicable in jungle fighting; the Jap has another surprise in store for him.

Americans and Dutch are working together in Dutch Guiana. Here Pvt. Lee D. Collins stands guard while Sgt. Roelof Ditzel, Dutch MP, questions a driver.

A WEEK OF WAR

Every day last week you could pick up a paper and read some good news in it. Even on Friday.

HALFWAY round the world from each other, two flights of bombers were in search of a target. Over green, unhealthy Guadalcanal 120 Japanese planes, bombers and fighters, came looking for targets. Up to meet them went Allied planes. . . .

Over sub.-building Kiel came a flight of U. S. bombers, and up to meet them went 200 German fighters. . . .

Down on Guadalcanal and the surrounding waters tumbled 32 Japanese bombers and 45 Zeros.

Down on Kiel and across the waters through which the U-boats slide, fell 104 German fighters, many of which were painted red and yellow, the colors of Goering's Flying Circus, supposedly the best the Nazis have to offer.

Both victories were clean, clearcut. And, though they took place ten thousand miles from each other, they blended to form a beautiful picture of Allied air superiority, both offensive and defensive. The superiority was general. It was felt over Germany, over occupied France, over Italy and Italy's Mediterranean islands, over the vast and sullen expanse of the Pacific, in the fog-heavy Aleutians, everywhere.

It was being felt worst by beleaguered and frightened Italy, around whose shores events were taking a rapid and predestined course. Airdromes on Sicily and Sardinia were beginning to feel the same sort of bombing that had smashed Pantellaria into the ground. What those impressionable islands had undergone before was a mere bomb in the bucket to what was coming along.

Italy was growing frantic. Mussolini called his cabinet into an extraordinary session and eight provinces in the south, where invasion might be most apt to come, were put under martial law. New labor restrictions were slapped down on Italians; it was now " work or go hungry " in Mussolini's sunny land. And meanwhile the bombers came over and the bombers came over again and the bombers kept coming over.

From Algiers came a rumor that Italian Crown Prince Umberto and Marshal Badoglio had arrived there with peace terms. The rumor was, of course, fantastic, but the very fact that it could spring up showed which way the land lay, which way people were thinking.

Meanwhile, an old foe of Italy, a one-eyed man who is still the most colorful figure the war has produced, prepared to take over a new job. Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, the man who had started the ball rolling along the bleak and sandy shores of North Africa, was going to be Viceroy of India, replacing Lord Linlithgow. The appointment meant a great deal. It meant that India would have one of the best military men alive guiding her steps. The military men of India are good—the performance of the Gurkhas at the Mareth Line proved that

If you should go to France some week-end, and if you should meet anything like this on the street, do not salute it, shoot it because it happens to be Reichsminister Speer.

—and with Wavell sitting in the Viceroy's seat, India should, at last, develop into a secure and formidable bulwark against a Japanese assault from the East.

But the Japanese were not the only nation who might be willing and able to move from the East. Turkey was balancing on the edge of a fence and seemingly losing her balance fast. Below her, on the Syrian border, British troops were massing. Beyond Turkey, beyond the Dardenelles, lay the soft and open south-eastern flank of occupied Europe. Here there was no Maginot Line, no Mareth Line, no Atlantic Wall. Here, perhaps more than any place else in the world, was the Axis vulnerable to overland assault. It was significant that reports had Franz von Papen, German Ambassador to Turkey, recalled and sacked. It showed only too clearly that, should Turkey tumble at last from the fence, she would fall in the right direction.

All over the world, from the Solomons to the Ruhr, it had been a good week. Along the Atlantic sea lanes, where the plodding, alert convoys keep a weather eye out for U-boats, the news was especially good. The Allies were winning the Battle of the Atlantic, beating German Admiral Doenitz's vicious wolf-packs. It was announced that in two months 50 U-boats had been sunk, one sixth of the total number sunk since the beginning of the war. This success was due to two methods. One was the presence of aircraft carriers in among the convoys.

These aircraft carriers were not the great, gaunt 30,000-ton affairs of the Navy, but converted merchantmen—once, as merchantmen, the hunted, not the hunters. The other method was that of huge land-based aircraft, able to soar half-way across the Atlantic and back, searching for subs. Between plane and carrier, U-boats were taking a shellacking.

Germany was taking the whole business hard. She was beginning to find it necessary to tell the rest of the country that the Ruhr had been smashed silly. There, where once the entire might of German armament had reared smoking chimneys against the sky, there was piled ruin upon ruin. RAF observers, returning to the scene of a bombing a week after the event, discovered fires still burning. The Ruhr was in a beautiful state of collapse.

But it wasn't enough for the RAF to smack the Ruhr. They paid a visit to Le Creusot, where the Schneider-Creusot works had been turning out its own share of armaments for German use. When the RAF had finished leaving its calling cards, Schneider-Creusot was blown practically into Switzerland.

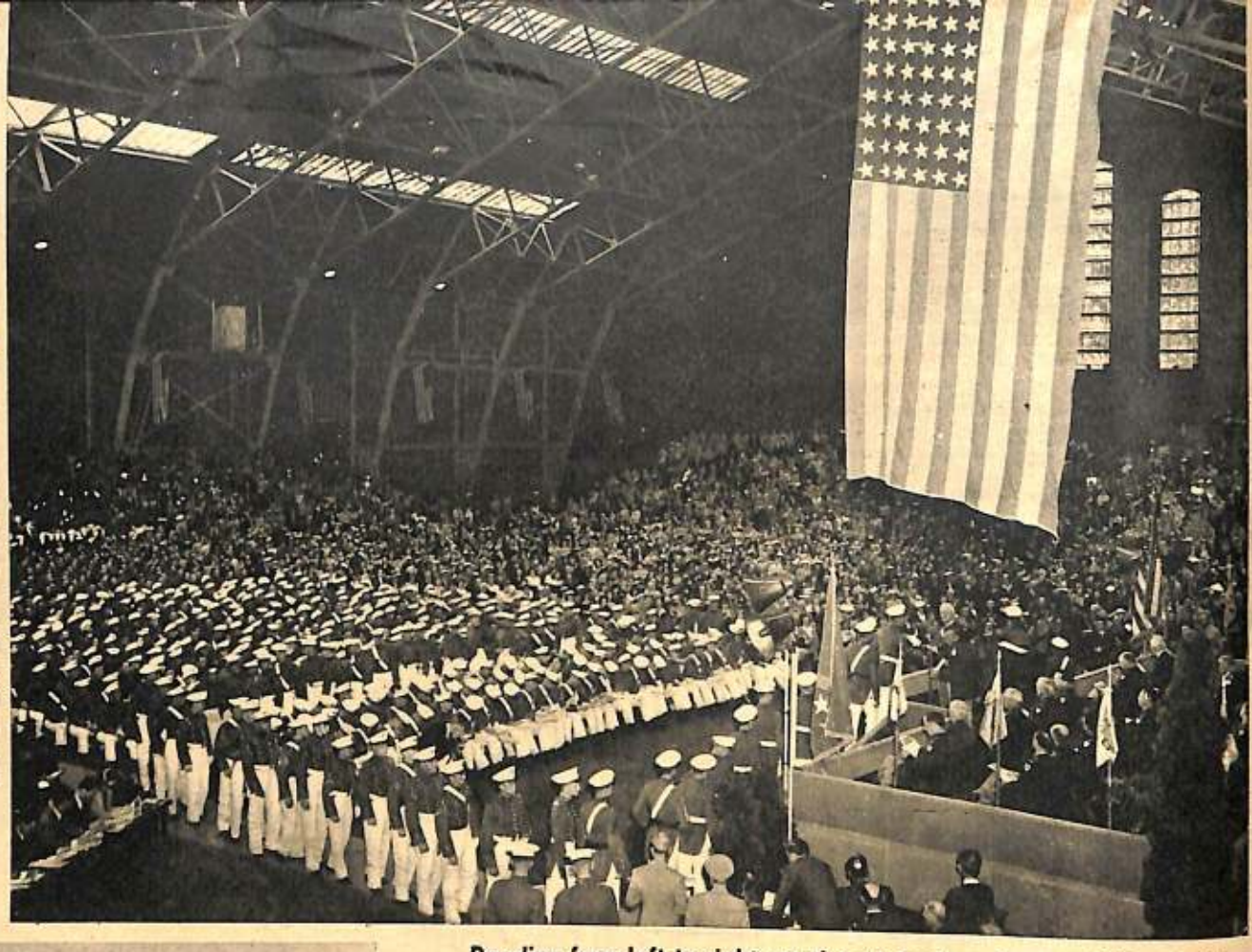
Bombing was having a telling effect on Germany. The German radio announced with regret that it was sorry but it was afraid that the Russian offensive would have to be called off for this summer. There were factors . . . said the German radio. And there certainly were factors.

This announcement fell on a deaf ear as far as Russia was concerned. It was quite all right for Germany to call off her offensive, but that didn't mean that Russia was calling everything off. Russia was going right ahead with her own plans, which seemed to be on a large scale, so large, in fact, that it was taking a good many months of preparation and softening-up before they could be put into execution. And when the day of execution came, the Russians would see to it that Hitler had got a lovely engraved invitation to the event.

All in all, the world was still marking time. But all the news was good and it was good on the right side. It would get better.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. One day the German Navy woke up to the fact that Nazi submarines were taking a licking in the Atlantic. One reason was that aircraft carriers were with the convoys. Here the planes did the job. Result: a lot of ex-submarines.

There probably are men in this Army who volunteered to go to New Guinea, just to get away from dentists. Well, here's New Guinea and here's a dentist, which all goes to show that you can't win. That foot-pedaler probably used to steal candy from you-know-who.



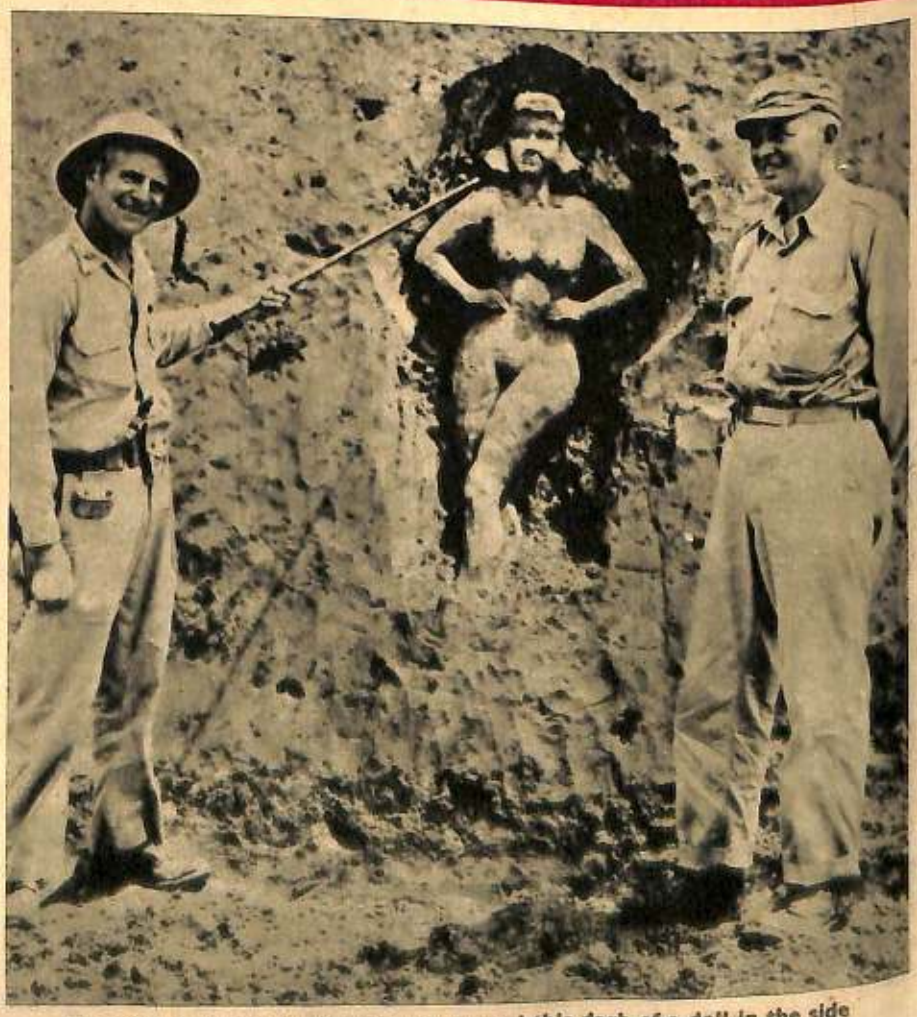
Reading from left to right are the graduating classes of West Point a
to the mercies of topkicks and CPOs. For the record, notice how well

The ARMY-NA

. . . AND BOTH

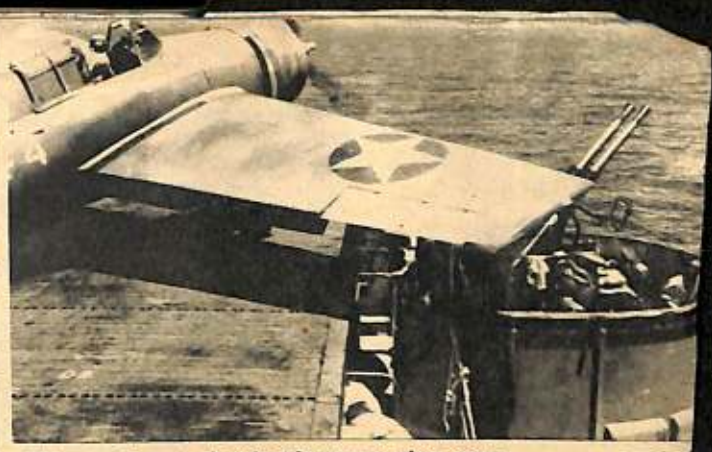
Off the landing barges to the singularly unpleasant soil of Attu in the Aleutians come the first wave of troops that eventually ousted the Japanese from the island. Evidently engineers, they brought their bulldozers with them.

Hitler's children left these behind in Tunisia. Some of them may swing up Unter den Linden one of these days.



Talented engineer in New Guinea carved this darb of a doll in the side of a road cut, which made all his officers very happy.

nd Annapolis, about to be delivered, as second lieutenants and ensigns, -behind the Army boys are. The Navy, obviously, is quite out of hand.



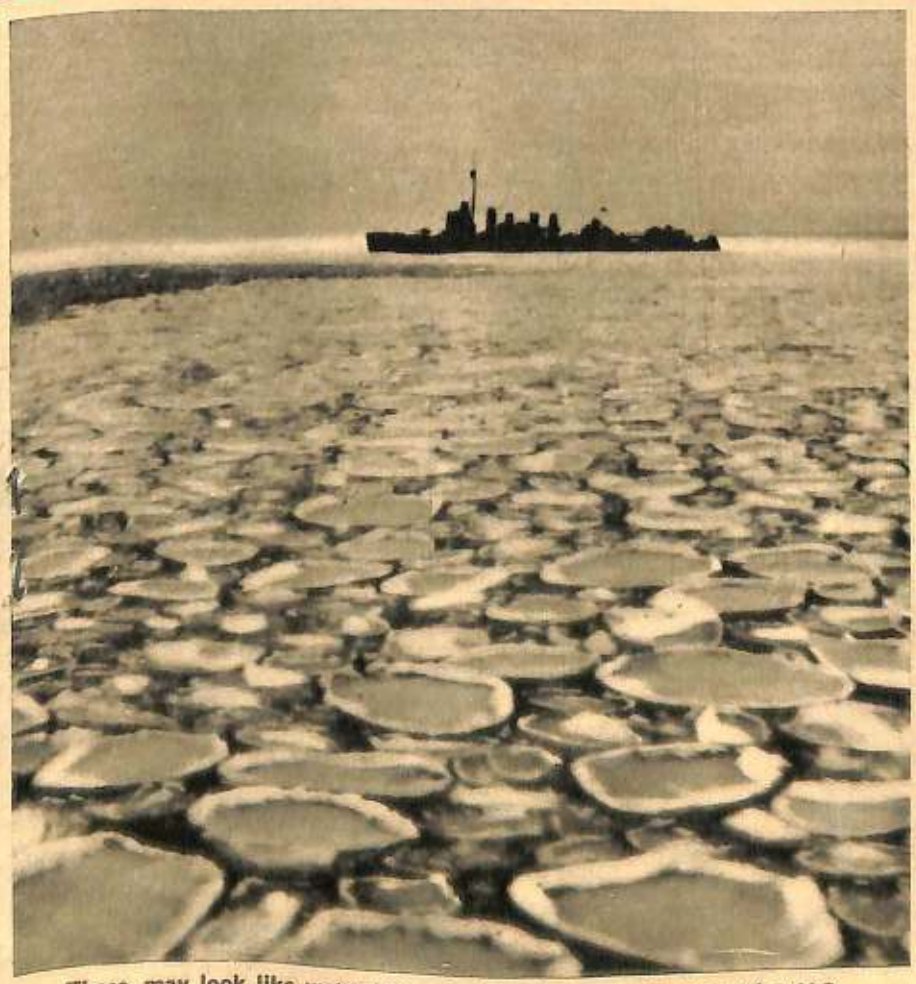
This, gentlemen, is what happens when your plane gets out of control while landing on an aircraft carrier.

Will he make it? Will the other wing fall off? Will a hand reach out of the waves and drag him down? Read the next chapter of this exciting serial.

VY GAME 1943

SIDES WINNERS

Finally at rest on the bosom of the briny, the pilot gets ready to evacuate to previously prepared positions, while his hard-working prop continues to churn up the water. The answer to the next question is: Yes, he came out of it all right.



These may look like water-lily pads, but they're really ice and a U.S. Navy warship is not having the time of her life plowing through them.

The scene is the Atlantic, where Nazi submarines are at last getting more than their share of trouble. Fifty were sunk in two months.

NEWS FROM HOME

The Headlines May Have Been Black Last Week, But Don't Let a Little Newspaper Ink Fool You.

This is the sort of thing you see in Brooklyn today. Female motormen, no less. This is Ruth Phillips, learning how to trundle a trolley.

IF a man from Mars, landing out of petrol in the middle of Kansas or anywhere else in America last week, had picked up a newspaper he would probably have thought that he was in a country that was all shot to hell. The headlines looked bad, not to say unpleasant. But, all in all, things were not quite as black as the five- and eight-column heads were painting them. America has always been a country that seemed to be in a constant state of volcanic eruption without ever being anything of the kind. Gathering most of their information from newspapers, Englishmen have reached the conclusion that the U. S. is made up entirely of Indians and gangsters. Whatever the headlines said, though, America was doing all right. She was getting the work done.

Internationally, America was doing all right, too. From President Roosevelt, on United Nations Day, went messages to two great and good allies—China's Chiang Kai-shek and Russia's Joseph Stalin. "Although formidable difficulties will face us," he said to the Generalissimo, "the firm resolve and the constantly more effective cooperation of the people of the United Nations make certain that the struggle in which we now are unitedly engaged will result in a complete victory for all over the common foe." The President also stressed unity in his message to Stalin when he said "The growing might of the combined forces of all the United Nations which is being brought increasingly to bear on the common enemy, testifies to the spirit of duty and sacrifice necessary for our ultimate victory."

Harriman suggested the British way.

Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson was burned up this week—and he let the folks have it straight from the shoulder. His beef was that American production for the ground forces in May fell off five and one-half per cent below that of April, and that this constituted a "serious let-down" in our war effort.

He attributed the let-down to three major reasons:

1. Over confidence following the Tunisian victory.
2. Success in the bombing of occupied Europe, and unfounded rumors that vast supplies were accumulating in America.
3. A general impression that the war is practically over.

Taking the cue, other Government officials said that price control was not working out as well as it should. The cost of living took a 24.1 per cent hike over the January, 1941, figure. Price Administrator Prentiss M. Brown said that even though the Government's program to stabilize the nation's economy had succeeded in controlling inflation, there was still a long way to go in holding down the cost of living. Prices of certain foods have risen as high as 46 per cent; the general cost of living went up 1.7 per cent for May alone, over the previous month.

The President had several price control plans presented to him. Lend-Lease Coordinator Averill Harriman was reported to have urged the adoption of the British rationing system, also Government purchase of certain essential foods and some sort of Government control over trade agencies.

There is no control of food distribution back home and housewives have to shuttle between many stores before they can buy the necessary food for their families.

The little guy in the street got a chuckle out of all this. It seems that the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York is only able to serve meat on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays; and at the Astor, you can't get beef on Tuesdays and Fridays. Ain't it awful, Joe?

They've got beef "speakeasies" now, just like they had booze joints in the old days of prohibition. Anybody who's sucker enough can get a sirloin for three or four dollars.

Screen comedian Charlie Chaplin, 54, took his fourth wife, Oona O'Neil, 18, daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neil, and the OPA began checking reports that Chaplin speeded his car at an 80 mile an hour clip for 90 miles to get to the preacher at Carpenteria, Calif. (Who wouldn't?) Joan Barry, who a fortnight ago charged Chaplin with being the father of her unborn child, said, "I don't believe it. I don't believe it."

In Hawaii, there are 100 men to every girl. Lovelorn lassies who sign up to go to work there, and incidentally search for a little romance, run into a snag. They have to sign a contract saying they won't marry for a year.

A lot of deep feeling on both sides accompanied the coal strike situation, but out of the muddle of noise and recriminations came the fact that the miners will work for the Government but not for the owners. The dispute originally started over the matter of "portal-to-portal" pay, amounting to two bucks a day which the miners, headed by Lewis, were demanding. Their claim was that their existing wages could not keep up with the prices of the necessities of life as were charged in the company stores where the great majority of miners were obliged to buy.

The dispute vacillated for several months between union negotiators, mine operators, conciliators and the WLB, with no settlement ever having been reached. Present strike is an unauthorized one, the nation's miners simply having walked out on the job after the NWLB's decision that the request for "portal-to-portal" pay was simply a way of getting more dough. Representatives of the miners stated

Ladies in Charlie Chaplin's life. Joan Barry (left) said he was

The suit that brought the war home to Los Angeles.

that they will not work for the mine owners without a contract, but will work for the Government.

During this conflict, peace of a sort seemed to be in the process of developing in certain sections. For instance, the Central Pennsylvania mine owners agreed to pay the miners $1.30 travel time. This was acceptable to the miners, but the Pennsylvania operators were unable to get operators in other associations to go along with them.

In the midst of the present work stoppage, some observers in Washington expected a settlement to be reached within a few days that may come closer to a solution of the problem. Secretary Ickes and Mr. Lewis went into a huddle, and the guess is that the deadlock will be broken by the miners going back to work and by the creation of a new and separate Government agency which will be responsible for the running of the mines for the duration of the war.

Detroit had a race riot of unpleasant proportions on its hands. Started by a fight between a colored man and a white on the bridge running to Belle Isle, the rioting spread throughout the city. In 36 hours, 23 persons were killed and hundreds injured as gangs of rioters moved through the city. After more than 600 persons had been arrested and a force of 3,500 State police had been unsuccessful in quelling the disturbances, President Roosevelt called out Federal troops.

The presence of the troops brought the rioting to an end, and left the country to wonder why, when white soldiers and half a million colored soldiers can work and fight side by side, supporting each other, a city like Detroit should so suddenly and illogically burst into flame.

Here in Britain, the Stationery Office last week reprinted the American National Resources Planning Board's report to President Roosevelt (YANK, March 21). *The Times* of London greeted its appearance as "an opportune reminder, at a moment when the United States is beset by grave short-term issues, that long-term prospects are being systematically explored and projects propounded for the future development and organization for American social and economic welfare.

Such high praise served completely to disillusion the alarmists who pictured the people back home going to hell in a bucket just because of an unfortunate run of news in one week.

To be sure, John L. Lewis's miners were striking again, and nobody was particularly happy about it. But in many Army stations abroad, there were those who did worry about the tendency to identify Lewis's miners with the *whole* labor movement in America when they represent only a small segment of it.

Loss of manpower to vital war industries has caused a shortage in breweries and cigar factories. Americans may soon be drinking less beer and smoking fewer cigars. Aggravating the beer situation is the restriction on malt and barley. Spirits will also be more difficult to get because none is being distilled now. Ohio began rationing one quart of liquor to each person per month.

Secretary Patterson (speaking) said production fell.

Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt testified before the House Appropriations Committee that 2,400,000 more men will go into the armed forces in the next year; war industries will get an additional 1,300,000. Selective Service officials indicated the drafting of fathers is off until October 1. Meanwhile, drafting of childless married men, heretofore granted occupational deferments, will be speeded up.

The House Appropriations Committee endorsed a $71,500,000,000 War Department appropriations bill, the largest single grant in American history. General George C. Marshall, chief of staff, said, "The bill is necessary to carry on aggressive warfare around the globe."

The Air Force is down for more than a third of the appropriation with the money earmarked for 99,740 planes, to include 36,000 bombers, 38,000 fighters, 12,000 transport planes and 9,000 trainers.

The Chemical Warfare Service would receive $1,250,000,000; Medical Corps, $620,000,000 and the Ordnance Department, $15,000,000. Meanwhile, the White House received a Naval Appropriations Bill calling for $27,000,000,000, of which $9,000,000,000 will be used for the construction of new warships.

Fritz Kuhn, ex-American-German Bund leader, was paroled from Clinton Prison at Dannemora, N.Y., where he served 18 months for stealing funds from his organization. He was immediately transferred to a Federal internment camp for the duration.

the f-th-r of her ch-ld. He m-rried Oona O'Neil (right).

Barbara Britton auctions Hollywood trade marks for War Bonds: Dorothy Lamour's sarong, Paulette Goddard's sweater, Veronica Lake's comb and brush.

Sharp-pointed thumb tacks will be a thing of the past. Bulletin boards of the future will be made of steel and you will pin things up on them with small "magnetic" tacks, that will not lie around on the floor to be stepped on.

The new Broadway musical, *Early to Bed*, with Fats Waller music, opened in Boston after a brush with the censors. The bawdy house locale was shifted to a girls' seminary. Show's song hit: "There's a Man in my Life."

Columbia pictures received the okay of the War Department to produce "Officers' Candidate School" and Lt. Walter O'Brien, a graduate of the OCS at Camp Davis, N.C., was assigned as technical advisor. Robert Benchley's next role is that of a whimsical magazine publisher with an eye for beauty in RKO-Radio's *The Sky's The Limit*, starring Fred Astaire and Joan Leslie.

The Los Angeles zoot-suit war ended with the zoot-zuiters riding before the city hall waving truce flags, and the Navy allowed the sailors to go on liberty again. Ten thousand members of the Chicago Women's Defense Corps voted to go stockingless this summer. The national commander urged "all patriotic women and girls to join the stockingless movement in order to avoid diversion of valuable manpower and materials."

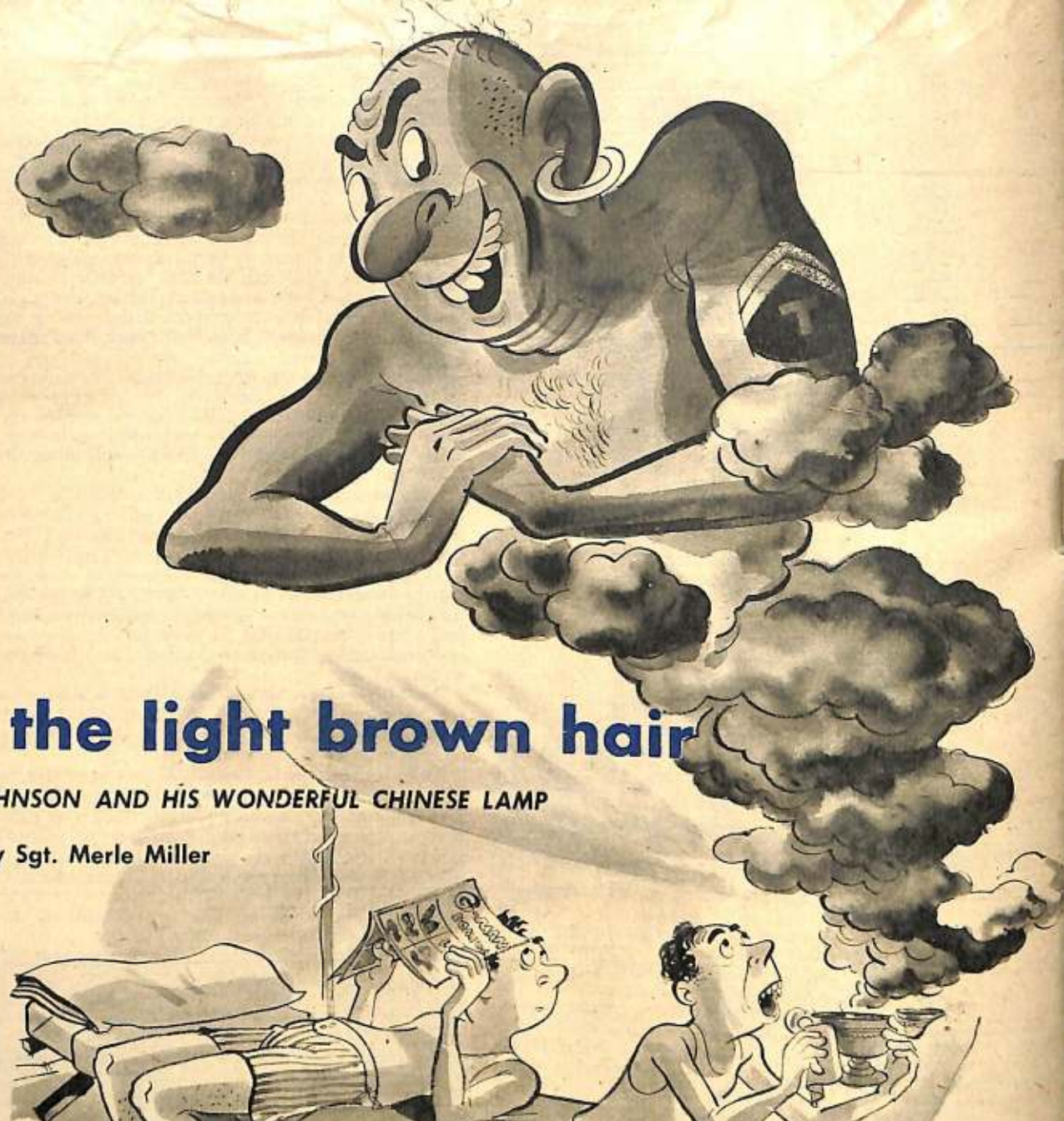
The House discussed a suggestion that the United States should be part of a world organization to maintain peace. Many former isolationist Congressmen were reported favoring such action. Even Rep. Hamilton Fish (R., N.Y.) indicated that he favored the plan but that he was "opposed to any peace commitments before we know the peace aims of Russia and the British Empire."

Herbert Lehman, director of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, announced plans to feed the Italians and people of other occupied countries freed of Nazi domination. He said that in some cases we must advance relief goods as an outright gift to provide a basis for sound credit and exchange for long term reconstruction.

The Dempsey counter divorce suit ended quickly when Hannah Williams, Jack's wife, failed to produce her chief witness, Yvette Colbert, a night club entertainer. Hannah charged Jack with cruelty while he charged her with misconduct with two former fighters. The windup round found Jack denying his wife's charges that he punched her and called her a "bum," also that he pointed a gun at her and threatened to kill her. The court referee said he didn't expect a decision before Fall.

Toledo officials threatened action against downtown real estate owners whose tenants are in the numbers racket. And city officials of Memphis, Tenn., also announced a "cleanup campaign"—against "tramp" cats of either sex. Nice house cats are okay, the city fathers said, but traps will be set up in back yards for cats who are not so nice.

Catty world, ain't it?



GENIE with the light brown hair

THE STORY OF CPL. SAM JOHNSON AND HIS WONDERFUL CHINESE LAMP

By Sgt. Merle Miller

So you think Cpl. Sam Johnson is a liar. Then don't bother to read this. All I'm saying is that Sam had the most unusual furlough in the history of the U. S. Army, and if you think he was AWOL, well, technically, you're right.

I'm just trying to tell you what happened as I know it. Sam has already appeared on all three networks, has been mentioned for President in 1944, praised by Dorothy Thompson, Walter Winchell and Louella Parsons, and condemned by Westbrook Pegler and the Ladies' Aid Society of Popeeka Falls, N. Dak. MGM is making a Mickey Rooney out of the yarn, and Walt Disney has already produced that Donald Duck short. Also two breakfast foods and an electric lamp have been named after him.

We were on a three-day pass in Chungking when it started. We're mechanics in the same squadron over here, you know, and since Sam's from Hill Valley, Wis., and I'm from Milwaukee we have a lot in common.

Well, as I started to tell you, we were walking down this side street in Chungking. "Not much like Wisconsin," I joked.

"Certainly wish I was back there," Sam replied.

"Wish I was back in Mom's old antique shoppe."

It was right about then that I saw the lamp, almost hidden under a pile of old junk in the window of a second-hand store we were passing.

"Get a load of that lamp," I said to Sam. "I bet your mother'd go nuts over that."

"Guess I'll go in and price it," Sam answered. The old geezer who kept the place didn't want to sell, but we pointed out he had no right putting it in the window if it wasn't for sale. Finally he said he'd take 25 bucks for it. I guess he thought that'd scare Sam. But it didn't.

"Okay," Sam said. "Wrap it up."

When we got back to the field, Sam put the lamp in his foot locker. A couple of nights later, Sam said, "I think I'll clean it up and send it back to the old lady." So Sam took out his blitz cloth and started rubbing.

He couldn't have given it more than a lick or two when there was a roar that sounded like all hell had broken loose, and a big cloud of smoke appeared in the middle of the pyramidal. For a second I thought it was an air raid and reached for my gas mask. Then I saw the genie. I knew what it was from reading about Aladdin when I was a kid.

"For God's sake, Sam," I said, "look at that." Sam looked, and he got white as a sheet.

"What woudst thou have, master?" asked the genie, who was about 8 feet tall and had a voice like thunder.

By that time Sam was kind of green all over. "What in hell do you say to it?" he asked.

"Just tell it what you want," I replied wisely. I must admit I was a little scared. But hell, over here anything can happen.

Sam gulped twice, and his voice squeaked when he spoke. "Could you possibly arrange to have 1st Sgt. Doyle on KP from here on in?" he asked the genie.

"It shall be done, *sahib*," replied the genie, disappearing in a cloud of smoke.

The next morning we didn't wake up until 8 o'clock. When I glanced at my watch, I jumped out of bed with a start. Then I saw that everybody else was still sleeping—except Sam. "Where the hell's Doyle this morning?" I asked.

"I'm afraid to find out," said Sam, his voice shaking. Then I remembered, and we both got into our clothes as quickly as we could on account of Doyle is a plenty tough cookie and sees that everybody rolls out of bed for reveille seven days a week at 6:15.

I don't know what we expected to see when we got to the mess tent, but it was a surprise nevertheless. There was Doyle on his hands and knees, scrubbing the floor. "Good morning, friends," Doyle said, which is far from his usual manner of greeting corporals and privates or even sergeants. "And what can I do for you this bright morning?"

Sam looked at me, and I looked at him. "How long does this business last?" he inquired. "As long as you hang onto the lamp," I answered.

Sam got up some courage then and said, "Breakfast, and hurry it the hell up, buster." "Yes, sir, corporal," Doyle replied, "and would you like one powdered egg or two?" "Two," Sam said.

Well, you could have tied up the whole squadron in a knot that day. We spent all our time getting Doyle to do chores for us, like polishing our shoes, cleaning the latrine six times, and bowing and calling us "sir." Even the captain joined in the fun. To tell the truth, he'd always been a little afraid of Doyle himself.

What happened after mid-afternoon I don't know for sure, of course; I only know what Sam's told me.

He went back to the pyramidal, he says, and got out the lamp. He rubbed it once, and the genie appeared and said the same words, "What woudst thou have, master?"

Sam says he spoke up as bold as you please. "I want a furlough," he says. At first the genie didn't understand what that meant, and Sam had to explain that it meant he'd get back to Hill Valley, Wis., for 14 days. That's all he had a chance to say, he reports.

Sam just felt a whisk of wind, and a minute later he was walking down Main Street in Hill Valley, carrying the lamp under his arm. When the local citizenry saw him, they had an impromptu parade right down to his house. They all thought the war was over.

As I said at first, I guess there's never been a furlough like Sam's in the history of the U. S. Army. Sam rubbed the lamp, asked the genie for a roll of bills, and took his girl Edith to Milwaukee, where they had one whee of a week.

As soon as he got back home, Sam asked about the lamp. "I sold it," his mother said. Sam got sick as a dog. "Who'd you sell it to?" he asked.

"To an old Chinese man," his mother answered. "I know you told me to hang onto it, son, but mother knows best. The wick was all gone anyway, and you can get a new oil lamp down at the hardware store for a dollar."

Sam had to sit down his legs were so weak. He tried to find out from his Mom where the old man had gone. But she said she'd never seen the guy after he bought the lamp and what difference did it make anyway.

Well, you know the rest of the story. You know how Sam went down to the MP's at Camp McCoy and how, being MPs, they didn't believe him. How he was written up in all the papers on how the hell he ever got from China to Hill Valley, Wis., and how he was a liar, crazy or, as Walter Winchell said, "a dogface with imagination and good old Yankee daring."

And you know how he was brought back here by plane and how, when he went with the captain and all the rank to Chungking, the shop where he'd bought the lamp was closed and the old man had disappeared. You've also read how the captain said Sam might be crazy, but any man that could get back to Wisconsin without any transportation was okay by him.

Sam's been promoted to staff sergeant now, but he hasn't let that turn his head a bit. I guess the only guy who's mad about it all is Doyle.

Anyway, whether you believe Sam and me or not, you'll have to admit Sam's the only GI anywhere in these parts who's been home on furlough recently

Virginia Patton

SPORTS — THINKING OUT LOUD AND WONDERING WHATEVER BECAME OF TUNNEY'S ANTI-CIGARETTE CAMPAIGN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

We Would Like to Have Seen: Manager Casey Stengel when he was laid up in a Boston maternity ward with a busted leg. . . . Joey Burns of the Braves steal home when Van Lingle Mungo took a full wind-up with the bases loaded and nobody out. . . . Gen. Chennault when he threw a third strike past a private in a softball game played somewhere in China. . . . Dizzy Dean when he was a yardbird at Fort Sam Houston, Tex., before the Cardinals discovered him. . . . Little Barney Ross when he flattened the heavyweight champion of Samoa. . . . Pvt. Joe DiMaggio when he hit a line-drive single in the ninth inning of the Army All Star-Hollywood game with the score tied, bases loaded and two out. . . . Tommy Harmon when he outmaneuvered three crocodiles while fighting his way through the South American jungles.

We Have Always Wondered Why: Mickey Cochrane was fired at Detroit. . . . First sergeants never take calisthenics. . . . Fillies never win the Kentucky Derby. . . . Only baseball players and shop foremen chew tobacco. . . . College baseball players seldom make good in the big leagues. . . . Babe Ruth never became a major league manager. . . . Bill Cox bought the Phillies. . . . All boxing champions go into the restaurant business. . . . The Cardinals traded Ducky Medwick to the Dodgers.

We Would Like to Have: Gen. Patton's ivory-handled six shooters. . . . The inkwell Paul Derringer threw at Larry MacPhail. . . . Bob Zuppke's old sweater. . . . Films of the Dempsey-Firpo fight. . . . One of Connie Mack's high collars. . . . The baseball that Ted Williams misjudged and threw over the fence in a fit of anger. . . . One of those Australian campaign hats. . . . Tony Galento's capacity for beer. . . . A drill sergeant who had not served a hitch in the canal zone. . . . Pepper Martin's midget racer.

Expressions We Are Always Taking Literally: "He couldn't draw his breath at the gate." . . . "He can't punch his way out of a paper bag." . . . "Send that bum back to the bushes."

Casey Stengel, manager of the Boston Braves, waves his fist in protest at being confined to a maternity ward with a broken leg. Stengel was hit by a taxi the day before the season opened.

. . . "He hit him with everything but the ring post." . . . "He couldn't find the plate with a searchlight." . . . "He swings like a rusty gate." . . . "That kid can really carry the mail." . . . "He's got a hole in his racquet." . . . "He couldn't hit a bull in the can with a bass fiddle." . . . "That guy has two left feet."

Whatever Became of: Kingfish Levinsky? . . . The Warner system? . . . The good 5-cent cigar? . . . The Irish whip? . . . Art The Great Shires? . . . Hitler's secret weapon? . . . Bill Terry? . . . The 4-minute mile? . . . Gene Tunney's anti-cigarette campaign? . . . Clark Griffith's Cubans? . . . Paavo Nurmi? . . . Babe Didrikson? . . . The rumor that GIs in isolated overseas posts would be transferred after two years?

We Never Knew: Larry MacPhail threatened to fire Leo Durocher because he refused to send Pete Reiser to Montreal. . . . Tommy Harmon washed out of flying school, but came back to make the grade. . . . Gen. Marshall was an All-Southern tackle at Virginia Military Institute. . . . Henry Armstrong writes poetry. . . . Jack Dempsey has a small, squeaky voice. . . . Earl Sande once sang in a night club. . . . Exactly how to pronounce "Gallahadion," the 1940 Derby winner.

Hockey ace Muzz Patrick cleans his Springfield for the last time at OCS.

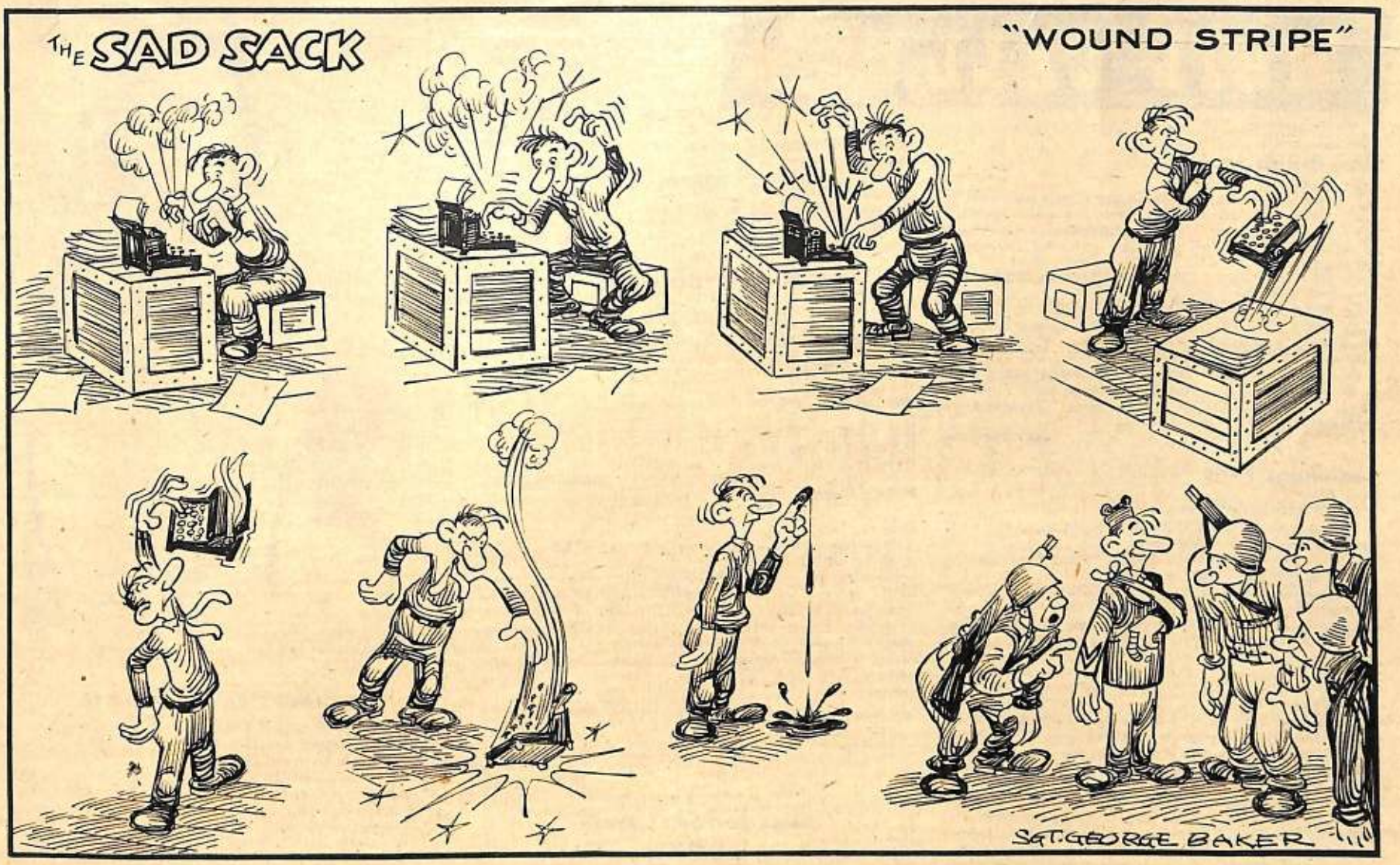
Bill Corum says that GIs overseas may soon be talking with nationally known sports figures like **Sgt. Joe Louis, Sgt. Barney Ross, Cpl. Billy Conn, Pvt. Joe DiMaggio, Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey, Lt. Benny Leonard, Babe Ruth, Jimmy Conzelman** and **Eddie Arcaro** (if reinstated). The War Department, according to Corum, has such an expedition of sports stars to overseas bases under consideration and there's a chance it might go through. . . . In the meantime, the Army has cooled any enthusiasm **Mike Jacobs** might have had for a Conn-Louis rematch simply by assigning Conn to combat duty with the 12th Armored Division.

Fortunes of war: **Indian Bill Geyer,** one of Colgate's greatest broken field runners, was turned down by the Navy as an aviation cadet because a football injury had damaged his vision. His coach, **Andy Kerr,** advised an operation, which resulted in Geyer having to spend three weeks in total darkness—"The most miserable three weeks of my life." After that he had to rest three months but eventually was accepted as a pilot. A few days ago, Geyer returned to Colgate as a Naval math student. His instructor was Coach Andy Kerr.

Not all of the boxers in the Coast Guard are physical training instructors. **Lew Jenkins,** for one, has been made a prisoner chaser at the Norfolk (Va.) Coast Guard brig. . . . **Eddie (Buzzer) Berlinski,** former N. C. State football ace, is reported missing in action in Tunisia. . . . Navy commissions for **Vic Bradford,** New York Giant outfielder; **Wayne Millner,** Notre Dame end coach; and **Harry Craft,** Cincinnati outfielder. . . . **Tommy Tucker,** the light heavyweight contender, was an enlisted man for 23 months before he qualified as a naval aviation cadet. . . . Just eight months out of OCS and he's already **Capt. Hank Greenberg.**

As an enlisted man **Colonel Buster Mills,** former St. Louis Brown outfielder, took a lot of kidding from his first sergeant because of his given name. At the OCS graduation exercises there was considerable eyebrow lifting when **Lt. Colonel Buster Mills** was called up to receive his commission. . . . **Hugh Casey,** the ex-Dodger, pitched a no-hit, no-run game as the Norfolk (Va.) Naval Air Station baseball team snapped the 15-game winning streak of the Norfolk Naval Station. The score was 4 to 0.

In New York, Mrs. Lou Gehrig, widow of the famed ball player, serves up sandwiches to two merchant seamen cadets at the opening of the American Theater Wing Club for the young and ancient mariners.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE BEHIND THE SECTION 8 BALL

"AWRIGHT," we could hear the sergeant shouting, "come out wit' yer light combat packs fer light combat."

"This is it," Artie Greengroin said. "This is where I do me ack. He says light combat but he means a extended order. Me gut can't take it no more."

Artie was sitting on his bed, smoking a weary old fag. "I ain't the kine of man that likes light combat," he said. "I'm strickly a heavy combateer."

"You're going to wind up in the Bastille as sure as you're born," we said, "if you try to play looney with that sergeant." We knew that sergeant.

"Poop on it," Artie said. "I knowed that sergeant ever since they trun me in khaki. He's a rummy. I repeat, Sergeant Crud is a rummy. Poop on him."

The platoon, wearing light packs, dutifully filed out of the hut. Outside, Sergeant Crud called the roll. Finally the ominous word "Greengroin?" rang out in the misty air.

"Lazy ole bassar's in the hut, samt," someone said.

"Dirty ole bassar's making faces at everybody, dirty ole bassar," said someone else.

The roll call went on. "He'll be in in a minute," Artie said.

"That he will, Artie," we said. "That he will."

"I better start losing some of me poise," Artie said. "I better begin looking dishevelled like."

"You'd better," we said.

Artie ruffled his hair and drooled a bit. While he was indulging in this bit of beautification, the sergeant came into the hut.

"Greengroin," the sergeant said, "I want yer."

Artie looked at him blandly. "Nobody can have me," he said. "I'm me mother's."

"In this Army," Sergeant Crud roared, "I'm yer mother and yer father and yer sister and yer brother and yer gawdam ole Aunt Agnes. Why ain't you out wit' yer pack on yer back?"

"The trouble with you is you want to hurt me," Artie said "Everybody wants to hurt me. I'm a sensitive plant. I bruise."

"I'll bruise yer blasted ole brains with the butt of a bazooka," the sergeant said.

"Thass it," Artie cried. "You want to get me out of the area so's you can moider me. Yer a moiderer."

"I am not a moiderer," the sergeant said. He was beginning to look a little worried. "I jess want yer to come out an do a extended order with the boys."

"Moiderer!" Artie screamed.

"Wass the matter with him, anyways?" the sergeant asked us.

We shrugged, implying that God alone knew.

"I think maybe I better go see Sergeant Glump," the sergeant said.

"Moiderer!" Artie shrieked.

The sergeant went out. Curious men of the platoon were peering enthusiastically in the door of the hut. "Am I doing good?" Artie whispered to us.

"So far," we said.

"Wait'll he comes back with that ole bassar, Glump," Artie said "Thass where I'm really going to look good. I got faith in meself, ole boy."

There was a commotion and a shoving away of privates before the door. Sergeants Crud and Glump entered, Crud worried, Glump fierce. "Greengroin," Sergeant Glump said. "I got me eye on you. Yer a devil, Greengroin, but I got me eye on you. Yer a disgrace to the Army."

"I'm a moiderer," Artie said, his eyes flaming. "A moiderer."

"He said I was a moiderer when I was in before," Sergeant Crud said.

"Thass confusing, ain't it?" Sergeant Glump said. "You done somebody in, Greengroin?"

"I'm a moiderer," Artie shouted. "I'm a sergeant-killer."

"He's nuts," Sergeant Crud said glumly.

"I'm going to kill every sergeant in the blassid Army in little pieces," Artie said.

"I better get a doctor," said Sergeant Crud. "Two doctors."

"Not so fass," Sergeant Glump said. "Not so fass. They's nothing the matter with this man."

"I'm a moiderer," shrieked Artie. He was drooling beautifully.

Sergeant Glump waved a magnanimous hand at Artie. "I come in here unner a mistapprehendsion," he said. "They's nothing the matter with this man except esprit de corpse."

"Wass that?" Sergeant Crud wanted to know. "Thass some kind of a disease, ain't it?"

"Ah, nah," said Sergeant Glump, "thass a state of mine. If yer a good fighting man you got esprit de corpse. If you ain't a good fighting man you ain't got nothing. Now Greengroin here is a good fighting man."

"I'm a moiderer," Artie said, much fainter.

"Sure, yer a moiderer," Sergeant Glump said. "All good fighting men is moiderers. I'm a moiderer. Greengroin, I'm proud of yer. I didn't know you had it in yer."

Artie stopped drooling. "Honess, sergeant?" he asked.

"Yerse," said Sergeant Glump. "You keep on this way yer gonna make corporal, sure as hell."

"Is thass so?" said Artie. He ran his hands through his hair.

"Yerse," said Sergeant Glump. "I'm proud to have yer in me company."

"Well, well," said Artie. He got to his feet.

"And now if you will jess join the boys for a little outing," said Sergeant Glump, "I will report me finding to the capting. He will be pleased."

"Thass a good idea, sergeant, ole boy," Artie said. He started to put on his combat pack.

Sergeants Glump and Crud went out of the hut. "You see how it is?" Artie said. "You jess use a little brains and you make corporal."

"You've still got to do extended order," we said.

"They's nothing to it," Artie said. "To a man who's got the ole esprit and who's about to be permoted a little extended order is nothing. Well, ole boy, I got to go fall down on me gut for a while. Keep the home fires boining."

"Something's going to come of this," we said.

"Naw," Artie said. "Not when it's in the hans of a man of the calibre of Glump. A brilliant guy. Strickly brilliant."

He went out to fall on his gut.

MAIL CALL

From British Sources

Dear YANK:

I would like to say how much my family and I enjoy your paper. Thank Heaven for a "Yankee cousin." It certainly puts our English magazines in the shade for all-round literature. Thanks, pals, for the entertainment.

"JUST AN ENGLISH GIRL"

Dear YANK:

At last I have the courage to write to you. I only want to say how much I enjoy your book, the YANK. If only we could produce some books like yours in England.

I admire the Yankee way of doing things. They start at a steady pace and stay at that one pace until the job is done and every detail is correct. Cheerio from an English girl.

MAY CHARLTON

Concerning Artie

Dear YANK:

Attention: Artie Greengroin.

You are terrific even if a lot of them monkeys what write to YANK say you're not.

When this war is over I hope you continue making people happy like you are now.

If you ever decide to run for President, you can count on my vote from Skowhegan, Main, and I know a lot of others what feels the same sentimental way about you.

Note—you can use my name if you want, as I am free and unattached to no one.

Pfc. HENRY TOLER

Dear YANK:

Absolute knowledge I have none, but my aunt's washerwoman's son heard a policeman on the beat say to a laborer on the street that she had a letter just last week, written in the finest Greek by a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo, who said that the Negroes in Cuba knew of a colored man in a Texas town, who got it straight from a circus clown, about somebody in Bamboo who met a man who said he knew of a swell society female rake whose mother-in-law would undertake to prove that her seventh husband's niece had stated in a printed piece that she had a son who had a friend who knew where Greengroin was going to end.

Pvt. KENT R. NEWMAN

Dear YANK:

Your motto, "By the men . . . for the men in the service," is a fine expression of editorial policy and, no doubt, within its scope comes the consideration of grievances. May I present one now? I refer to the matter of ratings and commissions for enlisted personnel overseas.

The U. S. Army is growing daily, new units are constantly being formed and activated, candidates for OCS are still being accepted—at least back home and, to a smaller extent, in the British Isles.

All the while, the man in North Africa is virtually forgotten. He is put on ice, his best initiative stifled. How would you like to face a filled T.O.? A man wants his own stripes, not somebody else's after the latter has been busted. That breeds an unhealthy state of affairs.

The present situation is certainly not conducive to desirable morale.

North Africa.

Cpl. JOHN H. SCHERVISH

Dear YANK:

Honest to gaw, as he would say himself, this Greengroin is terrific. That piece on extended order hit me in the same place it hit him—right in the gut. I have picked pebbles out of my abdomen so many times that I now have a nice little rock garden out behind my hut. If Artie should ever get up around this way we shall go into my little rock garden and we shall pick up some of those pebbles and we shall heave them at the first topkick we see.

Pvt. JOHN ANDERSON

THE WAY YOU WEAR IT

When worn by a gob
On the back of his knob
It means that he thinks he's dapper.

While down on the eye
Means the tar is a guy
Who likes to believe he's a scrapper.

But when worn square and straight
It means brains in the pate
Be the wearer a vet or a rookie!

—Author Unknown

3d Naval District

Dear YANK:

You may as well discontinue printing pictures of your most beautiful pin-up girls. It seems that a certain person, taking over the command of a certain company in the London area, has forbidden any pictures to be hung on walls except those of your family or sweetheart. To add insult to injury, one of his boys had to take down the picture of the Commander-in-Chief. It is rather a strange thing, but the quotation under the picture starts with "For God and Liberty. . . ." Rather asinine, isn't it?

A VERY DISILLUSIONED G.I.

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

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

British Edition:
Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown. Art Editor, Cpl. Charles Brand. Editorial Associates, Cpl. Ben Frazier; Sgt. Denton Scott; Cpl. Steve Derry; 2nd Lieut. Dave Breger; Sgt. Walter Peters; Pfc. Arthur Greengroin; Sgt. Durbin L. Horner. Production, Cpl. Louis McFadden. Business Manager, Cpl. Tom Fleming. Officer in Charge, Major Desmond H. O'Connell. Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Arter. Address: Printing House Square, London.

New York Office:
Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller. Officer-in-charge: Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor: Major Hartzell Spence.

Pictures: 1, Fox photo. 2, Sgt. George Aarons. 5, 6 and 7, Cpt. Steve Derry. 8, top, US Signal Corps; bottom, BOP. 10, Antilles Air Task Force. 11, top, Planet; bottom, OWI. 12, top and bottom, AP; center, OWI. 13, left, top and bottom, AP; right, Planet; bottom right, OWI. 14, top, INP; bottom, AP. 15, top left, AP; top right, Acme; center, AP; bottom, Keystone. 17, Warner Bros. 18, top, PA; center, Acme; bottom, Keystone. 20, 20th Century-Fox. 22, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 23, Signal Corps.

Take this, Jack, and paste it on his wall.

THE CHIEF'S LAST GOOD-BYE

An old chief lay on a bed of pain;
All hope had passed, his life ebbed fast,
Oh ne'er would he rise again.
"Have you no gal so fair and true,"
They whispered over his bed,
"To whom you would tell a last adieu?"
The old chief softly said,
"There's Betty back in Bremerton,
Juanita in Mexico,
There's Sally in Seattle town
And Beatrix in Bordeaux.
At Hampton Roads there's Harriet,
Whom I must surely see,
And Nellie, too, at Newport News;
Please bring them back to me."

The death watchers stared in wild surprise
And then they said once more,
"Come, tell us, pray, without delay
The girl that you adore,
The girl to whom you have sworn to love
And bring both wealth and fame,
To whom you have promised your life and hope.
Quick, chief, tell us her name!"

"There's Lilly at Long Beach," he said,
"And Daisy dear at Diego;
There's Lucy in Los Angeles
And Pauline in San Pedro,
Barbara dear in Brooklyn,
And Susie in St. Paul."
The old chief sighed, "It's time I died;
I've sworn to wed them all!"

New London, Conn. —From U. S. Submarine Base

THE LEGION OF THE UNCOUTH

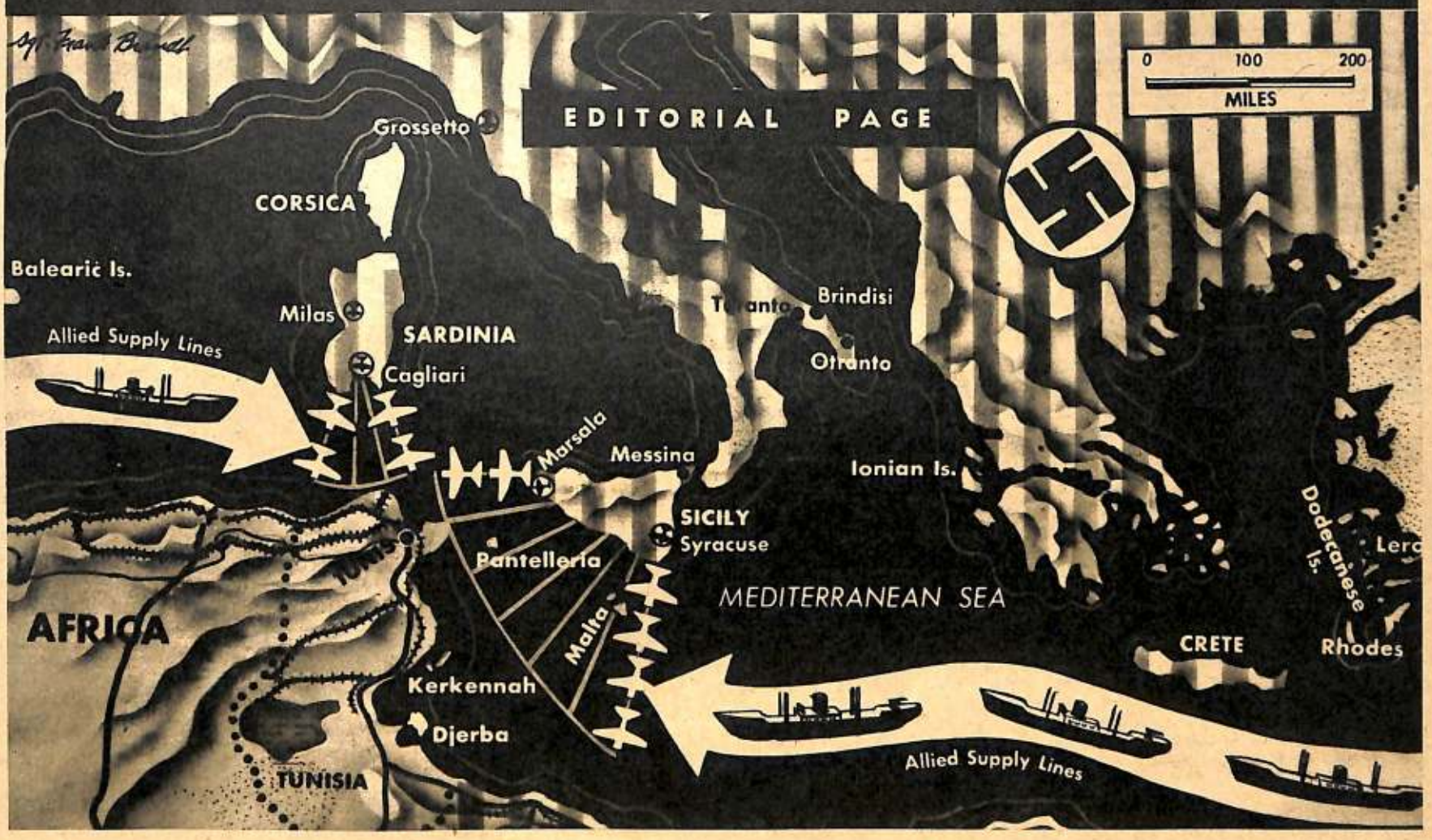
The pages of the magazines back home
That feature stuff of war—the march of men,
The awesome crawl of tanks, the flight of planes—
Have shown a tiresome lot of "glamor Yanks,"
With trousers razor-creased and shirts that still
Retain the sheen of new-spun factory cloth;
With ties adjusted right, and shoes, the gleam
Of which will blind. Too much of new-blown rank,
With chevrons bright and neatly sewn on sleeves
Of sarge or corp; and when I view those lads,
So sartorially complete and nice, I think
Of Hollywood, with extras dressed to fit
A part in some stage scene, instead of soldiers
Girt for deadly, bloody, filthy war.

From the Stevens in Chicago town,
To our sun-blistered, bug-infested post,
Is a far, unholy cry—and the difference
Much the same as that which lies between
My lady's boudoir and a stable stall:
For here we boys are not—oh, really not
The photogenic type! Our hair grows long,
We seldom shave; Svengali would be proud
To flaunt the beards that some of us have grown.
Our pants are frayed and bleached and baggy-kneed;
We wear no shirts—and as for ties, —say, tell
Us, please—what is a tie?
And it's a certain sign
You're "tropo," if you start to shine your shoes!

We're a motley, rugged, crumby lot,
No subjects for a Sunday supplement:
But somehow, I don't think a man of us,
Deep down within his heart, would trade his place
With fortune's darlings in the Stevens lounge.
We're "in" the thing, you see—not quite as much
But something like—our buddies at Bataan,
Corregidor, the Solomons, and Wake;
And because we walk in shabbiness—unkempt,
Ungroomed—and live with pests, and breathe red dust
And thirst and bake in searing heat, and drown
In tropic rains,—like them—we're fiercely proud.
Let others have the dress parade, the show,
The full-page spread in magazines. We like
Our role—the real, the earnest, cussin' sweatin'
Dirty, ugly role of men at war!

Australia S/Sgt. THOMAS P. ASHLOCK

MEDITERRANEAN MYSTERY—MUSSO'S NAVY



Down South the outlook is beautiful, but don't overlook the fact that the Ities, unfortunately, still have some warships—if they decide to use them.

CONQUEST of North Africa has opened again the Allied supply line through the Mediterranean to India and China, but there is plenty of mopping up to do yet before the Gibraltar-to-Suez sea lane is anywhere near secure.

Our Air Forces in Tunisia and Egypt have, since the fall of Tunis, ranged the entire length of the Mediterranean, knocking out Italian airfields on islands and the Italian mainland. As a result, almost everybody has jumped to the conclusion that an invasion of Italy is in the cards. But the bombing of islands along the water route is defensive rather than offensive. It is protection for the sea lane. So also is the bombing out of mainland Italian airports from which planes could raid the sea. Once the islands were occupied, they would constitute stepping stones to invasion.

The occupation of the islands off the coast of Tunisia constituted the first pebbles in this stepping-stone series, but the eastern Mediterranean is still studded with bristling enemy fortress-islands.

The operations of our North Africa Air Force under Gen. Brereton have given us absolute air domination of the Mediterranean. One four-day score was 303 planes destroyed at a lost of 16, our planes ranging as far away as Grossetto Airport 90 miles north of Rome and smacking Milas airdrome on Sardinia. At Grossetto they caught 58 bombers and transports on the ground but met no opposition in the air.

Off North Africa, British guardians of the sea lanes.

Main objects of Mediterranean bombing obviously are Messina, whose harbor will hold 1,000 ships, and Syracuse, both in Sicily; Cagliari, strongly fortified airfield on the southern tip of Sardinia; Taranto, the great main Italian naval base, and nearby Brindisi, in the heel of the Italian boot; the arsenal-armed island of Pantelleria, and the rocks of Lampedusa. Enemy planes could do plenty of damage to sea lanes from any of these.

In the eastern Mediterranean the objectives are Rhodes and Lero, two very heavily fortified islands in the 40-island Dodecanese group that faces Turkey. The Dodecanese might be good bait for our forces, since 90 percent of the population is Greek and therefore friendly. The Ionian islands also are a possible objective; they once belonged to Greece, were fortified by Britain and have been loaded with armament by Germany.

The defensive aerial softenings, which might possibly result in occupation, are vital to our side. The Mediterranean shipping lane cuts 5,000 miles off our supply line to India and China, which means that we can tote twice as much stuff out to China now with the same number of ships that took the 12,000-mile haul all the way around Africa.

So opening of the Mediterranean puts us months, and maybe even years, ahead in the campaign in Burma and China.

Since 75 per cent of Axis air power in the Mediterranean is massed in the lower half of Italy and the strategic islands, their occupation would virtually eliminate air power as an enemy factor and leave only one obstruction in Signor Mussolini's little ocean—the Italian fleet.

AND how big a menace is it? Since it won't come out and fight, counting ships is difficult. It is concentrated chiefly at Otranto, but it will have to get the hell out of there soon. If it chooses to fight, what's it got besides German commanders?

As near as anybody can tell, here's how it lines up:

Battleships: Five. They are the *Impero*, *Roma* and *Littorio*, 35,000 tons with 15-inch guns; the *Guilio Cesare* and a sister of the same 23,600-ton class with 12.6-inch guns, named either the *Duilio* or *Doria*. The *Littorio*, knocked out by the British in November 1940, is presumed by many to be out of commission, but she was reported at sea by U.S. airmen in June 1942.

Heavy Cruisers: Possibly one, the *Belzano* of 10,000 tons and 8-inch guns. They had seven but the *Trieste*, sunk in April by U.S. planes, was the last of a whole flotilla of six of the *Trieste* class. Two others under construction are not believed in commission yet.

Medium and Light Cruisers: Maybe a dozen. Of 12 before the war, four are believed sunk; but 12 new ones were building and one of these may have been hit by an allied sub in April which damaged a new Italian cruiser on her shake-down cruise. There are two obsolete old coffee grinders —or were—in addition to the above.

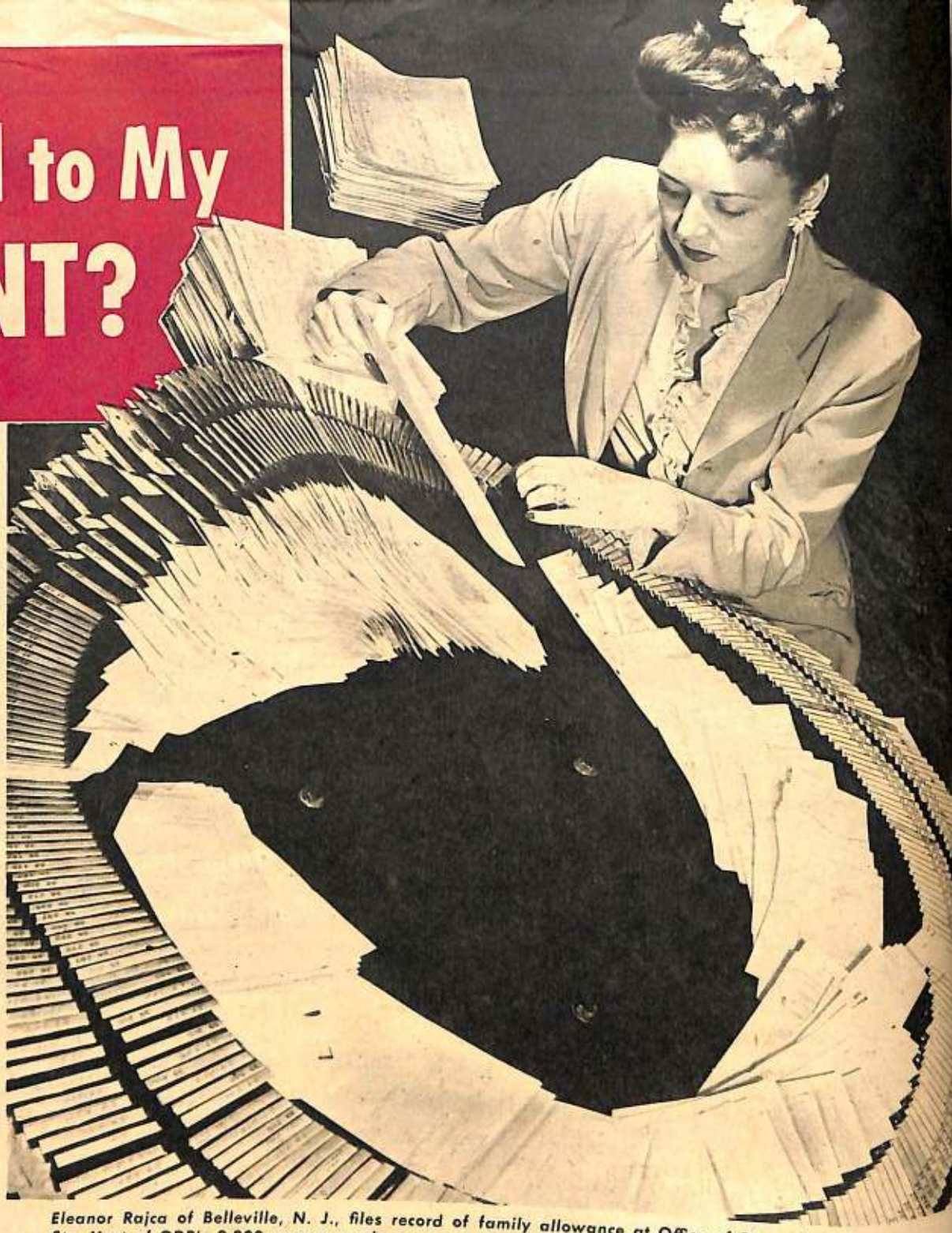
Destroyers: Of 84 before the war, probably at least 50 are now gone. The first two weeks in May the British sank two more; they're going fast, but there must be about two dozen left.

Submarines: About 40 plus any recently commissioned; before the war Italy had 120. They probably don't know themselves how many are left.

Motor Torpedo Boats: A whole flock, of which 100 have been sunk.

If all that power were used offensively, it could cause plenty of trouble.

What Happened to My ALLOTMENT?



Eleanor Rajca of Belleville, N. J., files record of family allowance at Office of Dependency Benefits. Most of ODB's 9,000 women workers are relatives of GIs. Eleanor's spouse is in North Africa.

If your allotment check isn't arriving at your home safely, don't be too quick to throw the blame on the clerks at the War Department's Office of Dependency Benefits. They handle the staggering task of delivering 175 million bucks to 3½ million dependents every month and when they don't succeed, it's usually due to carelessness on your family's end of the line.

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

A NEBRASKA farmer whose son is a corporal sent the War Department's Office of Dependency Benefits a letter.

"I am writing," he said, "about a letter I got from your office this morning. Since I didn't open the letter I presume it was my family allowance check. I live on a rural route and on my way back from the mail box I laid the mail down by the pasture gate while I went to rescue a drowning chicken in a nearby tank. When I returned, the check was gone, and I presume one of the cows ate it. I hereby make application for a duplicate check, if this letter you sent contained a check."

That is just one more problem for the Office of Dependency Benefits, which sees that the money you ante up out of your pay each month gets government money added to it, and that the total is delivered to your dependent.

That farmer's carelessness not only means a lot of extra work for the ODB, but it also means he must wait about six months for a duplicate check, because there is just a chance that a cow didn't eat the original. Maybe it blew into the window of a passing car and somebody later cashed it. In that case, the dough is gone, and it's too bad.

The ODB gets about 60,000 letters a day, and a lot of them are similar to the one from the Nebraska farmer. For the ODB pays to soldiers' dependents a total of 175 million bucks a month, which is a lot of dough: in fact, it's more than two billion dollars a year. And it's not just a matter of pushing the button that starts an automatic check-writing machine. Every check must be verified to make sure the money gets in the right hands.

Carelessness is not the only thing that delays delivery of your money to your dependents. Confusion causes trouble, too.

Take a gander at this letter from a private in New Mexico. He was applying for a family allowance for his 19 brothers and sisters, which would seem like a tough enough mathematical problem by itself without the addition of this paragraph: "Of course, I have 12 other brothers and sisters, but they are older and married. However, I would like to get a little money for my brother Edwardo's children. Edwardo has broken both his legs and I'm afraid his 11 children will go hungry. My other 43 nephews and nieces are fairly well provided for by the State of New Mexico, so I don't think they'll need government help at the present time."

You can't throw as tough a one as that at the ODB and expect to get an answer in five minutes. But you'll get an answer reasonably soon, that's certain. The board has not had a single question of dependency that it couldn't solve, even though some of them have been enough to test the combined resourcefulness of Einstein, Mandrake the Magician and Dick Tracy.

Then the ODB gets letters like this one from the wife of a pfc. in Philadelphia: "My husband has been in the service nine months and has never sent me one red cent. Whenever I write to him about money matters, he always answers me back with sweet love words. Now I can't live on sweet love words—I need support."

Despite problems like these, the Office of Dependency Benefits figures out, computes and mails 3½ million checks a month to GI relatives. And the business is growing at the rate of 12,000 new family allowances a day.

There have been some squawks from soldiers that, although their pay has been clipped $22 a month, their families are not getting their checks. Brig. Gen H. N. Gilbert, director of ODB, says there are cases of that kind—about 30,000 of them—but they constitute only 1 percent of the total. "I can assure YANK," the general said, "that 99 percent of all family-allowance checks and Class E allotments-of-pay mailed from this office are safely and promptly delivered into the hands of the proper payees every month."

What about the 30,000? Most of them can't be delivered because ODB doesn't know where to send them. The customers move without notifying ODB of their change of address.

"Every month," the ODB says, "we can expect about 30,000 checks to be returned undelivered. If your dependent is not getting his or her check, the first thing to do is write to us. Then we know where the dependent lives, and the chances are 30,000 to 1 that there will be no more trouble."

Some confusion arises because it takes about 60 days for the machinery to start working. Suppose you apply (or your dependent applies) for a family allowance during June. The first deduction from your pay is on the July pay roll. The first payment to your dependent goes out the first of August. So don't expect instant action. Wait three months; then if payments are not being made, you can find out why not.

Very few checks are stolen; people who try to cash U. S. government checks illegally have a habit of getting caught. But too many checks are mislaid after the ODB has done its work. The first thing the ODB gets is an excited letter from a dependent, and this starts an investigation.

Cpl. Patsy Cianicullo's wife and baby of Newark, N. J., visit ODB to inquire about family allowance.

Doris Ellison (left) of ODB tells wife of Pvt. Edwin Bartlett her FA application has been approved.

Mrs. Josephine Rowe, with son Bobby, asks about allowance of her husband Pvt. Lewis F. Rowe, Engr.

The thousands of letters the ODB gets indicate that a lot of soldiers and their families don't know the score on the family allowances. To clear up this confusion, Maj. Anson D. Clark of ODB gives us these questions that are most commonly asked and the straight answers to them:

Q. What is a family allowance?

A. It is the government check sent monthly to a soldier's dependent (or maybe dependents) from money deducted from the soldier's pay, plus money added by the government. It is not paid until the soldier or, in some cases, the dependent, applies for it.

Q. Is there more than one kind of family allowance?

A. Yes. There are two kinds. The Class A allowance is for wives and children. The Class B allowance is for dependent parents and minor dependent brothers and sisters, and some others.

Q. How much is taken from your pay for a family allowance?

A. For Class A relatives alone, $22 a month. For Class B dependents alone, $22 a month. For Class A and Class B together, $27 a month.

Q. How much do dependents get?

A. It varies according to the dependents. A wife gets $50 a month. A wife and child, $62. Wife and two children, $72. Father and mother, $47. Wife and parents, $80. But there are about 350 different combinations. The largest family allowance right now goes to the family of a private named Pinkerton, in Chicago, Ill. His wife and 10 children get $152 a month.

Q. Can anybody get an allowance?

A. No. Only enlisted men up to staff sergeants or T/3. Staff sergeants and above, or T/3s and above, are out of luck.

Q. Can your relative apply, or must the soldier do it himself?

A. Class A allowance can be applied for by the relatives or by the soldier. Class B allowances can be applied for by soldiers or relatives, but the soldier must consent before a deduction is made.

Q. Suppose I don't want a Class A allowance made, even though I have a wife and children.

A. That's too bad. They get it anyway if they apply. They've got to prove the relationship, however.

Q. Suppose I have a divorced wife to whom I was paying alimony. Can she collect?

A. She sure can, but she's got to prove you owe her alimony.

Q. How do you apply for an allowance?

A. There is only one way. You, or your relative, make out form WD AGO 625. Army reception centers have them, also recruiting stations, Red Cross offices, Service Command headquarters, and of course the ODB office.

Q. What proof is needed that the person really is your relative and dependent?

A. Proof must be submitted attached to the application. The ODB will take certified copies of marriage certificates, birth records of your children, and sworn statements from persons who know the other dependents. But you must have proof. Otherwise, no dough.

Q. Suppose several persons are eligible. Is the money sent all in one check to be divided by them?

A. That's up to you or your dependents. If you want separate checks, they'll be sent. But children under 16 or mentally incapacitated adults can't have checks made out to them; someone responsible gets the money for them.

Q. Can aviation cadets get these allowances?

A. No. They aren't low enough in grade.

The rules really are quite simple and work out very well. Occasionally a soldier beefs when his wife corners part of his money without his consent, but not often. And once in a while a squawk arises when a soldier gets nicked by a wife with whom he hasn't been friendly lately.

One disenchanted GI in Australia roared when he heard that his wife was getting an allowance. It was the first he knew of it. Sore as hell, he wrote the ODB that he wouldn't cough up a dime. "That babe," said he, "caused me more trouble than six months of intimate life with mud, snakes and sandfleas. I was separated from her a year before I joined the Army. She never asked for money then. Why should I give it to her now?"

Unfortunately he was stuck. Under the law she's his wife and entitled to the allowance.

The ODB also has a service called Class E allotment-of-pay in addition to the family allowance. This is strictly a service, however, and the government does not add to the kitty. Any soldier, of any rank, officer or EM, can sign form WD AGO 29 and have money deducted from his pay to be sent to his dependents, or to an insurance company to pay premiums, or to a bank for his own account. Officers can have their whole pay sent in this manner if they desire. Enlisted men can send their whole pay except $10. GIs must keep out $10 pocket money. A Class E allotment is strictly voluntary. Right now about a million and a half men are taking advantage of it, 77 percent of whom are EM.

There's nothing to stop you from having a Class E allotment in addition to your family allowance, provided you're eligible for a family allowance. There is nothing, either, to prevent you from discontinuing, increasing or decreasing the Class E allotment at any time. But you can't discontinue the Class A allowance unless you get to be a staff sergeant or T/3 or higher, in which case you become automatically ineligible for it. You can discontinue Class B.

One thing to remember about Class E allotment-of-pay. Suppose you've had $75 a month going to your bank at home. You get promoted to technical sergeant and decide to send $100 home instead. In filling out the allotment form, be sure you authorize the $100 deduction in full. If you just say you want another $25 deducted, you throw a monkey wrench into the machinery.

A good thing to remember about all this allowance and allotment business is this: if you don't know exactly what to do, hunt up somebody who can tell you. Overseas, the Red Cross, the Special Service and the chaplains can answer your questions. In this country, your families can get in touch with Army Emergency Relief, Red Cross or write directly to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, N. J. Or so can you, for that matter.

In its 10 months of operation, ODB has run into some screwy situations. One resourceful gal married six different privates in less than a year, expertly keeping the trick from both the soldiers and the ODB. She was collecting six different family-allowance checks before the law nabbed her for bigamy.

There was also the curious case of the buck sergeant from Indiana who had three wives and no divorces. Each wife applied for a family allowance. As it turned out, wife No. 1 was the only one eligible, because the other two marriages were not legal. Wife No. 2 gladly washed her hands of the whole business. Wife No. 3, however, said she'd forego the allowance if she could keep the sergeant. "He's a fine man," she said. "He has only one bad habit; he smokes."

Occasionally authorities get a letter that makes them feel that everybody is not just out looking for money. Here is a letter, written on plain tablet paper, that was received by the ODB:

"Thanks for offering me the family allowance but I won't take it now as I am able to work and my son overseas sends me money which I can use some of it if I need it. I am saving it for him. I would rather for my part to go to a mother who has little children to feed, and can't get out to work. My son has no brothers and sisters under age."

Having Trouble With Your Family Allowances?

Clip this out and send it to your dependent. One or more of these points may explain why your check is not being delivered.

1. Is your name plainly printed on your letter box? If not, the postman can't deliver a U. S. government check. If you live in an apartment, be sure your name is on the door, even though you live with another family.

2. Stay home on the day you expect the check to come, until after the postman calls. Ask the postman to put the envelope in your own hands. Then it can't get lost.

3. Cash the check at the same place each month. Then you won't have trouble identifying yourself.

4. Do NOT write your own name on the back of the check until the very moment when you cash it. If you write in your name before you leave home and lose the check on the way downtown, you can kiss that money good-bye because anybody can cash it then.

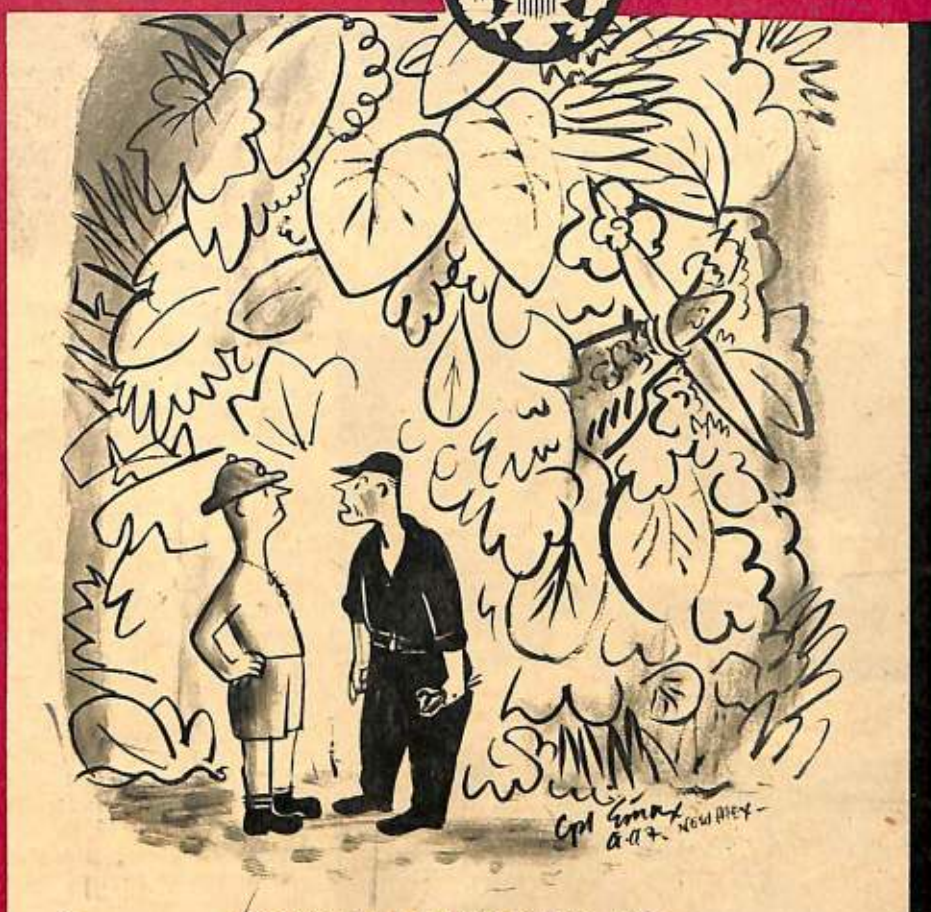
5. Be sure to sign the check exactly as it is made out. If it is made out Mrs. John J. Smith and you, Mrs. John J. Smith, are signing it, don't sign it "Mrs. Anna Smith." Be sure to fill out ALL the information on the back of the check.

6. If you move, report *immediately* by mail, giving your new address to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, N. J. Don't lose a day in making this report, or you may lose a month's money.

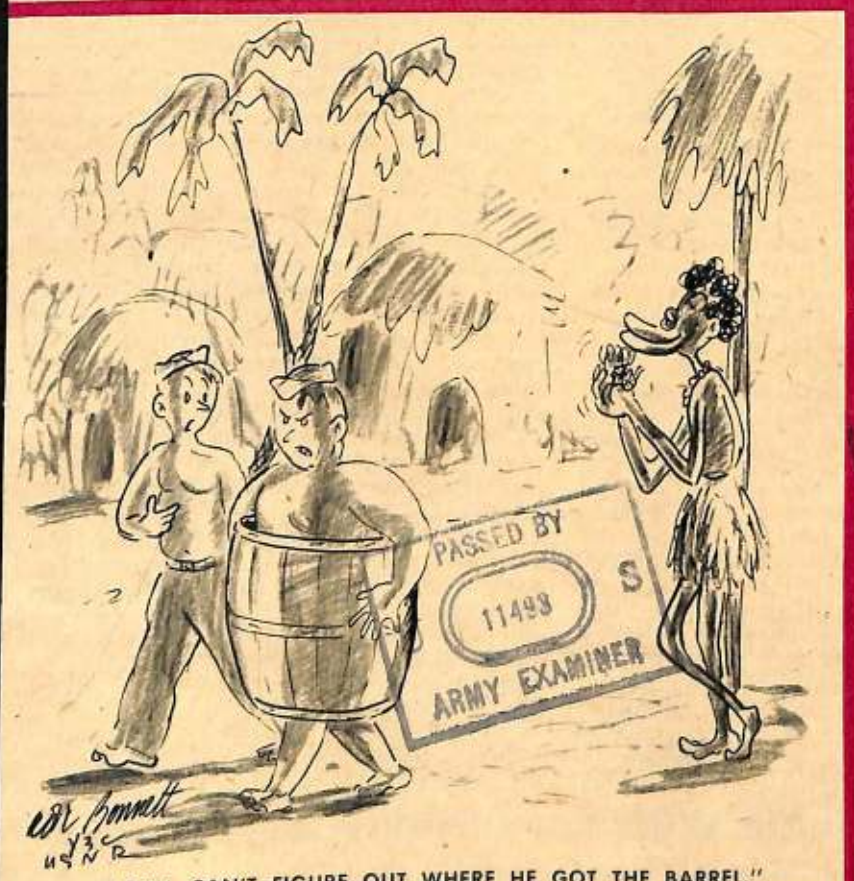
If you've got allowance or allotment problems, shoot your questions to YANK, Dependency Benefits Dept., Printing House Square, London, and we'll give the straight official answers.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND OUR INTRUDING, BUT WE'RE A LITTLE SHORT THIS MONTH."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.

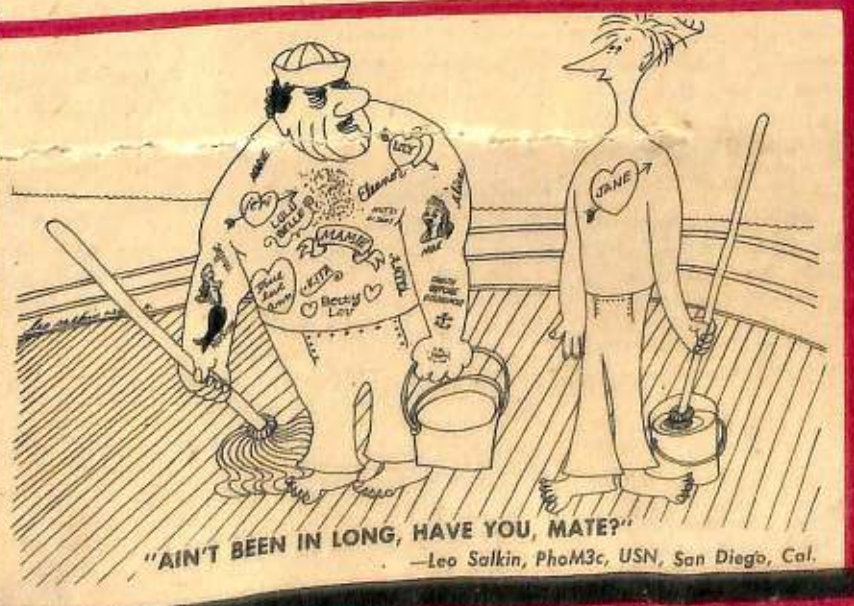


"DID YOU SEE A PLANE SITTING HERE?"
—Cpl. E. Maxwell, AAF, Carlsbad, N. Mex.

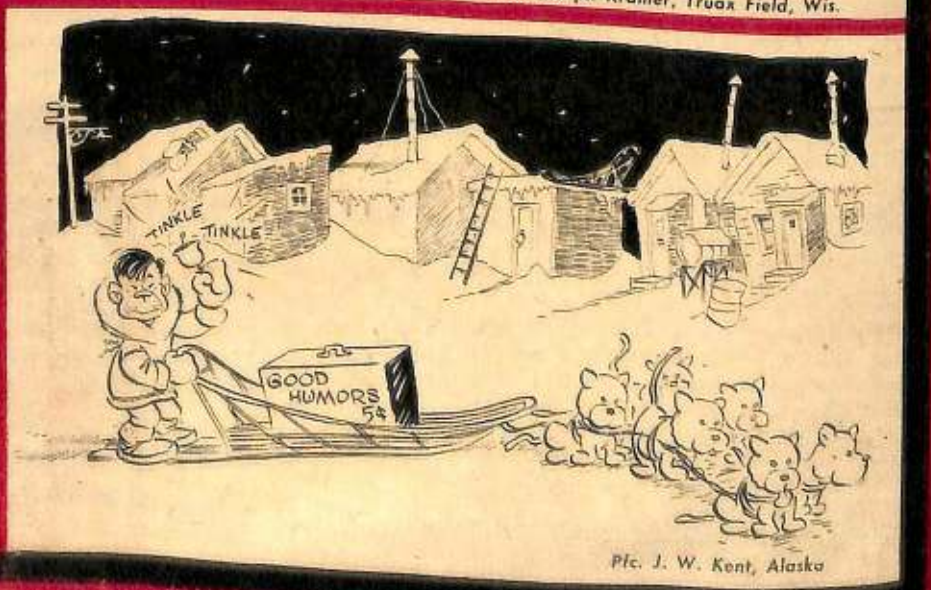


"I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHERE HE GOT THE BARREL."
—Ron Bennett Y3c Astoria, Oreg.

"ANYBODY WANT TO TRADE A COMIC BOOK FOR 'THE SCIENCE OF SUBSTANCE AND RELATED SPACES'?"
—Pfc. Joseph Kramer, Truax Field, Wis.



"AIN'T BEEN IN LONG, HAVE YOU, MATE?"
—Leo Salkin, PhoM3c, USN, San Diego, Cal.



Pfc. J. W. Kent, Alaska