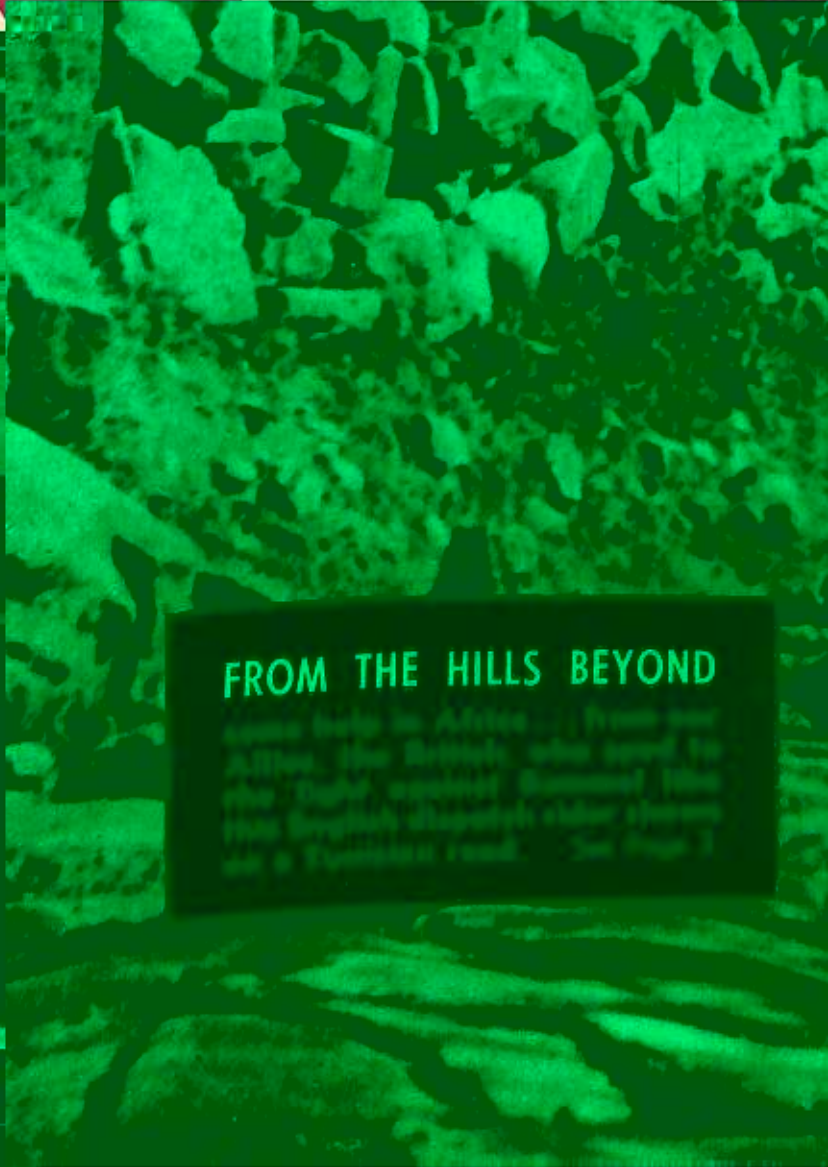


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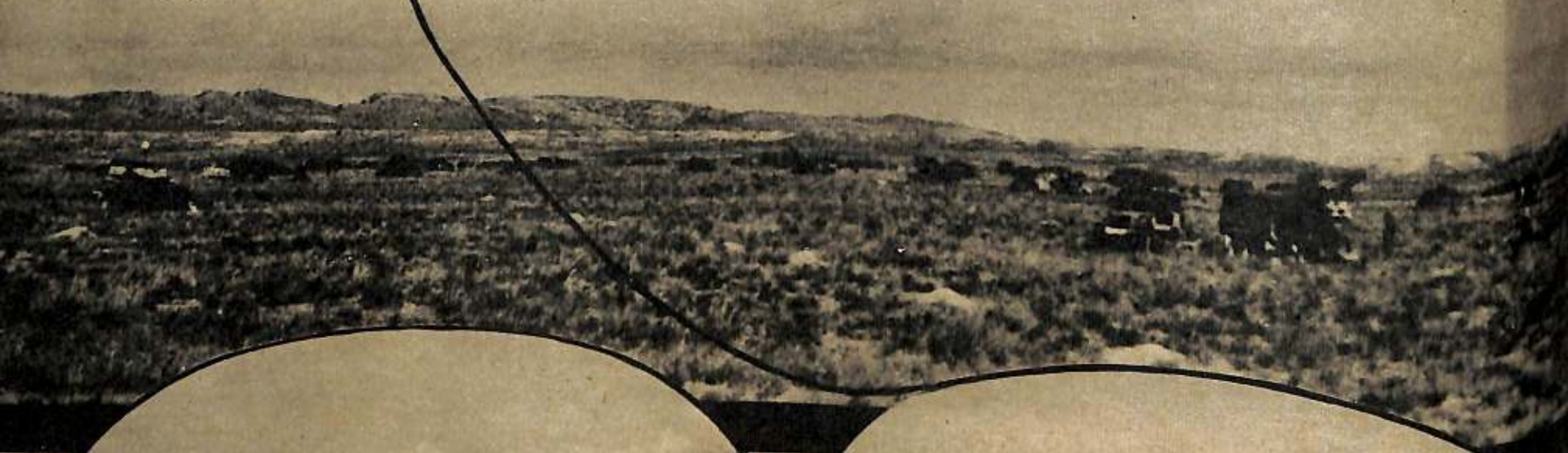


FROM THE HILLS BEYOND

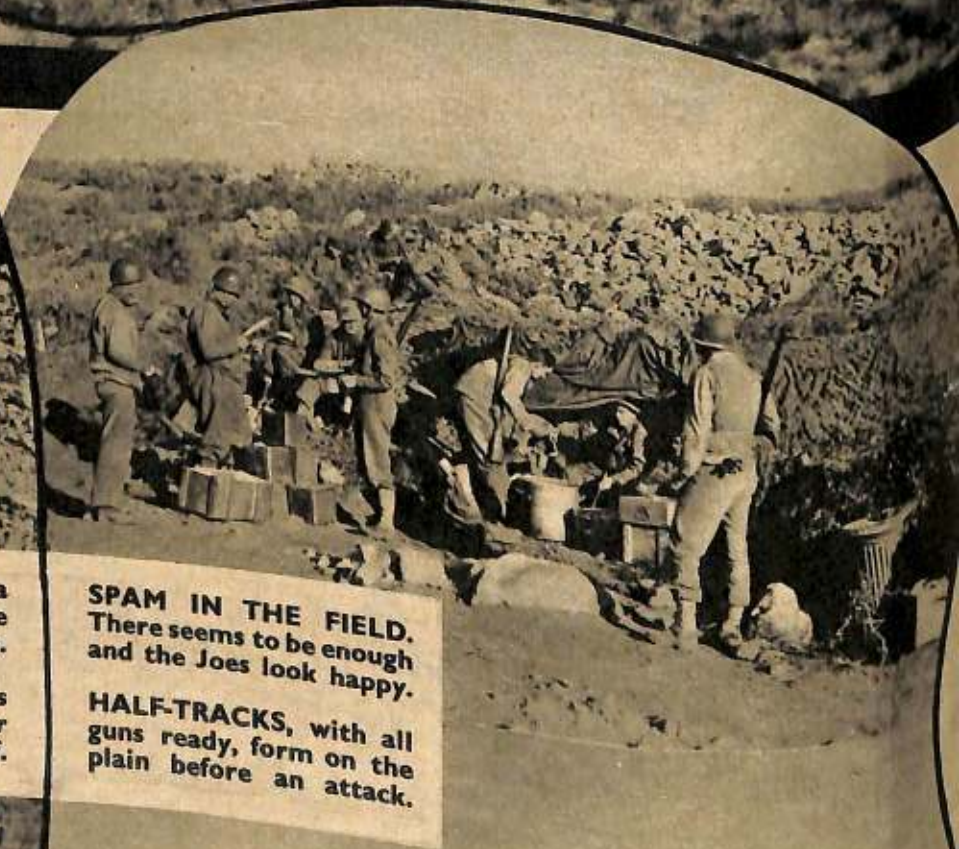
Some hills in Africa... from the hills, the British, who led to the light, would demand the the British should take them as a British rule. "The Hill"



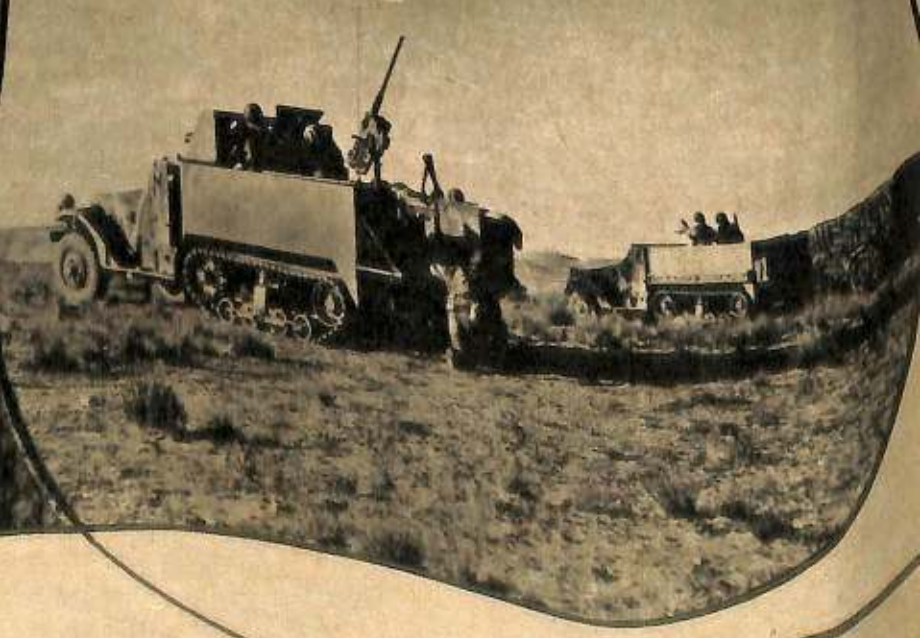
In North Africa we're taking a spot of punishment, but it's only the second round, and we've still got a lot of water left in the bucket in our corner.



TO A TRENCH, a runner brings a message from the Headquarters.
SLEEPING OUT. This guy just has to roll over to become bomb-proof.



SPAM IN THE FIELD. There seems to be enough and the Joes look happy.
HALF-TRACKS, with all guns ready, form on the plain before an attack.



BATTLE IN THE PLAINS



In Tunisia the tanks form for the battle, and when they come they come with the noise of hundreds of motors . . .

In Tunisia, the scrub brush grows between the rocks, and the horizon always seems to be fifty miles away.

In Tunisia, to hold the heights is to hold everything.

In Tunisia, the armies live in the ground and the tanks form for the battle in the plains and when the attacks come they come with the noise of hundreds of motors.

Rommel's attack came that way, on a line running from Pichon in the north to Shott-el-Djerid in the south. The ex-Fox of the Desert, beaten out of Libya, desperately playing for time, drove green American troops back 70 miles, almost to the Algerian frontier.

Rommel struck hard. Using 220 tanks, almost the entire lot of available Axis armor in North Africa, he knifed through the plains and took Kasserine Pass after a bloody battle in the moonlight and an artillery duel that lasted 36 hours. Before him lay the American main base at Tebessa. In the old walled town, heavy with crumbling Roman ruins, lay supplies for uncountable roads and airfields.

But when Rommel, after having moved so far like a cleaver through cheese, attempted to attack Tebessa and Thala, to the north-east, he was stopped cold. The British 1st Army had moved in to help the beleaguered Americans. For the first time Churchill tanks went into action in Tunisia. Outside Thala the attacking panzer divisions were defeated and thrown back. It looked, at last, as though the threat were over.

In the cactus groves in the plain behind Kasserine Pass, weary American infantrymen crouched in their foxholes and waited. They had come a long way, but they had made an orderly retreat. They had been brave in defeat—almost foolhardy, as a matter of fact—but they were green troops coming up against veterans for the first time. There was no surprise in the fact that they had been pushed back.

Rommel's strategy was becoming clear. His business was to play for time, to keep the Allies occupied so that they would not be able to take Tunisia before the summer ran out and with it the possibility of a second front stemming from North Africa. Rommel's position was, in the long run, hopeless. Behind him, to the south-east, the 8th Army, that had run him out of Libya was hammering at the Mareth Line. The time of the Nazis in Africa was running short, but they were not letting the minutes run out without a fight.

The Americans had been spread too thin, over too much territory. Too, their equipment was not all that it might have been. Their bases were far to the rear, and supplies had to come up over hot and precipitous roads. They were not, as yet, used to German ways of fighting. They had even let some of their tanks waltz into a beautiful trap of 88 mm. guns, something the British learned to circumvent in Libya long ago.

The Germans had some new weapons, too—notably the mammoth "Tiger" tank. But the one lesson that the Americans were learning, and the hardest lesson of all, was that they weren't quite as good as they thought they were. But once they

had learned that lesson they were well on the way to battle-wisdom.

Adolf Hitler was doing his damndest to hold Tunisia, and he was putting up a very good show. But the situation was gradually resolving itself; Adolf Hitler had, after all, put up a very good show in Libya—for a while.

In Tunisia, the clear air was heavy with the sound of guns.

In Tunisia, the rainclouds hovered threateningly over the battlefields.

In Tunisia, the planes in the air usually carried the swastika and the black cross.

For awhile. In Tunisia. . . .



Here, and above, advanced outposts on the Tunisian front. From these come the information that controls the varied movements of thousands of men.

Alcan Epic



The final break-through: Cpl. Refines Sims Jr. (left) and Pvt. Alfred Jalufka shake hands where their bulldozers met.

Negro engineers built one third of the Alaska-Canada Army Highway. Here's their story of road-making over the toughest kind of terrain.

By **RICHARD NEUBERGER**
YANK Field Correspondent

WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY—In the dark spruce forests near the international boundary between Alaska and Canada's vast Yukon Territory, a Negro corporal from far-off Philadelphia, Pa., guided his bulldozer along the rocky shores of Beaver Creek. As he jounced across a low ridge, Refines Sims Jr. thought he heard the crunching of another bulldozer far ahead. But he wasn't sure. He crossed another ridge, and still another.

Suddenly he saw spruce saplings commencing to topple towards him. He slammed his lumbering "cat" into reverse and it bolted backwards. Through the green wall of the forest shot another bulldozer. It nearly touched the Negro's machine before its white driver could stop. For nearly a full minute Cpl. Sims and Pvt. Alfred Jalufka of Kennedy, Tex., sat and looked at each other.

Then they realized the significance of what had happened. In the Arctic twilight, crews working

from both ends of the Alcan Highway at last had met. The Great North Road, a road dreamed of by Americans since the time of President Lincoln, had been cut through. This meeting in the wilderness between the colored soldier and the white soldier symbolized the breaking of the final forest and mountain barrier on the fabulous 1,630-mile highway to Alaska.

The bumping of the bulldozers piloted by Sims and Jalufka was symbolic not alone of the completion of the road to Alaska but also of the manner of its construction. The first land route in history linking America with its largest territory has been a product of Negro and white troops of the U. S. Army. Their mutual effort is responsible for what Prime Minister King of Canada has called "an enduring contribution to the well-being of both our great nations."

Road-building is difficult at best. In the desolate and uncharted Arctic wastes it is a task of Herculean proportions. Much of the region penetrated by the Alcan Highway was blank space on the maps before the Army came through. A few

Indians had been there, and occasionally a lone trapper or a patrol of scarlet-coated Mounties. Yet even on the charts in the Royal Mounted barracks at Whitehorse and Dawson the route of the road was not fully reconnoitered. "You have both explored and built," Inspector William Grennan, commanding the RCMP in the Yukon Territory, told Brig. Gen. James A. O'Connor, head of the Northwest Service Command which operates the Alcan Highway.

"Some day," said Gen. O'Connor, "the achievements of these colored soldiers—achievements accomplished far from their homes—will occupy a major place in the lore of the North Country."

The story of the thrusting of the bridge across the Sikanni Chief River is part of that lore. Around the evening campfires, when old-timers tell tales of the '98 *cheechakoes* and the Hudson's Bay Company and the Royal Mounted, they also talk about the American Negro soldiers who bridged the Sikanni Chief in 84 hours.

Four-Day Goal for Two-Week Job

Down from the ramparts of the Canadian Rockies the Sikanni Chief brings its cargo of glacial water. Its current races at 10 miles an hour. It is flecked with innumerable rapids. Engineers estimated at least two weeks as the time required to span it. The Negro contingent at mile 119 out of Fort St. John decided to do the job in four days. Along the trails the report spread; men on pack horses carried it from camp to camp. Monthly salaries were wagered. To add competition to the venture, one group

started from the south bank of the river, the other, taken across on rafts, began from the north shore. In the Arctic summer the soldiers worked the clock around. Waist deep in the icy river, they pounded piling and nailed planks. S/Sgt. James A. Price of Baltimore and Sgt. Gordon Brawley of Lewiston, N. C., led the northern section; the group from the south bank was headed by 1st Sgt. Herbert Tucker of Washington, D. C., and S/Sgt. Thomas Bond of Alexandria, Va.

Miracle Achieved Ahead of Time

In the Canadian forest solitudes, these Negro soldiers performed a construction miracle. S/Sgt. Harvey Walker of Burgess Store, Va., and Pvt. Allen Hickens of Chillicothe, Ohio, selected the spruce and pine trees which were to be the bridge timbers. Cruising through the woods, they blazed the best spars for the fallers. Their selections had to be straight and true, for bridges on the Alcan Highway are buffeted by crushing ice jams.

The bridge carpenters were Pfc. Don Wilmore of Philadelphia, Pa., and Otis Waldrum of Wheeling, W. Va. These men worked and ate, and went back and worked some more. At midnight company cooks brought hot coffee and biscuits out onto the piling and partially-finished deck. Stringers, carpenters and spikers went 30 hours at a stretch without sleep. The 166 colored soldiers toiling on the bridge had promised the regiment up ahead at Fort Nelson that the structure would be ready for traffic in four days.

At high noon of the fourth day, 84 hours after construction commenced, Pvt. Walter Henry of Philadelphia, Pa., drove a command car across the Sikanni Chief River. The bridge held the load without a tremor. The Negro troops had beaten by half a day the objective which veteran engineers considered nearly impossible.

Sgt. Walter Simon of Brooklyn, N. Y., editor of the mimeographed *Alcan Dispatch*, wrote in his camp paper: "We're a lucky outfit, lucky because we are good. If we weren't, we could never have been chosen to do this job. We can't afford to lose all, our reputation, our own personal pride, by 'slipping up.' It's tough going, it will be tougher, but our will to see this 'baby' through will keep that road going, as the miles flatten out under our D-8 bulldozers. Fort Nelson, see that cloud of dust getting nearer and nearer? That's us building the Alaska-Canada Highway."

The pride of the troops in this accomplishment was demonstrated the following Sunday when they formally dedicated their handiwork. Honor guests were Gen. O'Connor and William Hazlett Upson, collecting background material for his "Earthworm Tractor" stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Cpl. Timothy Wamack of Americus, Ga., played "I'll Never Turn Back" on a hand organ. A record was played of Marian Anderson singing "Ave Maria." A colored chaplain, Capt. Edward G. Carroll of Washington, D. C., told the soldiers, "We have built this bridge as a symbol of service to the democracy which we love." And he added: "Unless the Lord builds a house, they labor in vain who build it."

Then the troops stood on the bridge which they had constructed across the mountain torrent and, in the heart of the Canadian fastnesses, sang the anthem of their homeland. As the last echoes of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were flung back on the wind from the Rockies, the soldiers broke rank and began starting up their bulldozers and trucks for the long push ahead.

The work of the Negro regiments on the Alcan Highway is studded with stories like this. From rafts they bridged the hurtling 15-mile current of the Racing River. The grip of winter had fastened on the British Columbia wilderness and it was too cold for men to work in the water. Using empty oil drums and logs cut and trimmed on the shore, they fashioned rafts from which the entire bridge was built. Not a soldier got his feet wet, even though the piling had to be pounded into place with sledge hammers rather than with pile-driving equipment.

S/Sgts. John Ross of Beltsville, Md., and John L. Wilson of Portsmouth, Va., built 44 log culverts in four days. S/Sgt. James A. Price of Baltimore, Md., supervised the blasting of more than a score of cuts through Sikanni Mountain. "If that

fellow was a civilian I'd hire him in two shakes," a Canadian contractor told Gen. O'Connor. "He's the best demolition man I ever saw."

When ice floes as big as grand pianos were bumping at bridge piers, Sgt. Price blasted them to fragments without damaging the structure of the bridge. When his commanding officer complimented him for the feat, Price gave credit to Cpl. George Hack of Philadelphia, Pa., who built the bridge abutments. All along the 1,630 miles of road—a road which Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson has described as "a monument to the officers and men of our Army"—Negro soldiers have completed difficult and taxing assignments.

Many lyrical words have been written about the beauties of Alaska and the Canadian Northwest, but the building of a road through this vast region has been one of the war's sternest tasks.

Hardships, Heroics—and Humor

It is one thing to build a road leisurely, with ample time, with sources of supply near at hand. To construct a road under pressure, miles from town or village or railway, is a totally different undertaking. That is the kind of job the Alcan Highway has been. The Negroes who bridged the Sikanni Chief and the Racing, who crossed the Alaskan Range, have lived in the chilly tents, eaten monotonous meals of canned meat, gone for days without mail or news from the outside. It has been no picnic. At few places on the globe have troops undergone more sustained hardships.

Chaplain Carroll, a graduate of Columbia University and the Yale School of Divinity, said, "By and large the colored troops coming under my surveillance have adapted themselves to these new surroundings, new work and new climate. A man who used to be a dining car waiter is now one of our best bulldozer operators; a soldier who wrote fiction for pulp magazines is an excellent cook. Cpl. Reilly, one of our finest soldiers, is known all over Detroit for his splendid baritone voice. His singing thrills his comrades on many occasions."

There are humorous as well as heroic stories about the Alcan Highway experiences of the Negro troops. The wilderness at night is grim and dark, and sentry duty is an ominous assignment for a soldier with a lively imagination. In the middle of a stormy night shots, shrieks and yelps suddenly rang out. Sleeping men sat up on their cots; lights were switched on. A frantic sentry came running pell-mell into camp. "A bear! A bear!" he shouted.

Other soldiers put on parkas and grabbed flashlights. They examined the sentry post. Sure enough, there on the ground was a patch of brownish pelt that the valiant sentry had evidently sliced off with his bayonet. It might have even been a grizzly! His comrades lauded him for his bravery and went back to sleep.

In the morning a mongrel dog around the camp appeared with a patch of hide missing. The slice found at the sentry post just matched!

Chaplain Carroll, whose wife and 4-year-old son live in Washington, D. C., has fixed up a library of more than 500 books in his tent. Contractors and other civilians he has met on the road mail him books whenever they can. Tables and writing paper have been sent by the Fayetteville (N. C.) USO—a helping hand 4,000 miles away. Last summer a British Columbia farmer who had mechanized his ranch gave the men some horseshoes and they pitched them the full 24 hours, under the glow of the midnight sun.

Music, Movies and Mail Help

When Chaplain Carroll, who is a Methodist, organized a band, he had so many volunteers that he says he is sure he had a "bigger organization than Sousa." A religious film entitled "The Power of God" he was asked to show so many times in his tent that the celluloid practically wore out. When the chaplain started off his phonograph record collection with only swing music, he discovered that many of the soldiers wanted to hear opera and the light classics. He sent for Bizet's *Carmen*, and now he reads the story to the men before playing the score.

The first movie shown in the Negro camps on the road was "The Battle of Midway." When the colored soldiers camped near Fort Nelson in the Rocky Mountains, soldiers who had vanquished the Canadian wilderness saw their comrades in arms vanquishing the Japanese Navy, their cheers filled the chaplain's recreation tent.

Chaplain Carroll reports that the big event



This section is graphic evidence of a heroic job.



U.S. Army Engineers build bridge linking highway.



View of wilderness through which highway passes.

along the highway is always the arrival of mail. "The men have a deep and abiding attachment for their homes," he says. "When mail comes in, the soldiers would leave the most luscious repast on earth to get it. Some read the letters right away. Others carefully husband them, opening one a day to make them last as long as possible."

The colored soldiers on the Alcan Highway have received many salutes but probably the most unique was in connection with the ceremony officially opening the road. The night before the formalities, everyone was camped in rude new spruce barracks at Kluane Lake in the Yukon Territory. Souvenir programs had been distributed and autographs were being traded.

Pvt. Philip Bush, Negro soldier from Baltimore, Md., came into one of the barracks. For several moments he eyed the form of Gen. O'Connor, rolled up in a sleeping bag. Finally he gulped hesitantly and walked over and gently shook the canvas. "General, suh," he said, "will you put yuh name on my program for me?"

Gen. O'Connor pushed back the flap of his sleeping bag. He blinked several times. "What'd you say, young man?" he asked.

Pvt. Bush repeated his request. "Sure I will," the general said.

And he did.

While the Negro soldier waited, the commanding general of the Service Command got out of his sleeping bag in his long wool underwear, put on his spectacles, got his fountain pen from his jacket pocket and autographed the program.



Chaplain E. G. Carroll



Looks almost like home except for the soda jerkers. For the record, it's an ice cream bar in an Indian base port, featuring U. S. patrons.



The jeep shows another purpose, as a trail blazer. A G.I. guides it through long grass in Guadalcanal, breaking way for the truck behind.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM WAR ORPHAN TO GUADALCANAL SAGA



When Sweetpea Visited Her Uncles There Was Hell to Pay Over France

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—The British think it's "jolly" the way the average, tough Yank melts at the sight of a youngster.

There's a story kicking around these parts about a group of American airmen who came to London with \$400 and said they wanted to adopt a war orphan.

The Yanks, S/Sgt. Louis A. Dabney, of Birmingham, Ala., Sgt. Arthur E. Ward, of Portsmouth, Ohio, and Cpl. Irvin W. Combs, of Humboldt, Kans., were secretly hoping that they could adopt a boy.

But a Red Cross worker presented a smiling, blue-eyed, curly-haired blond, of 3½ years, who made the G.I.s melt like snow in a frying pan. The kid's name was Maureen, daughter of a Tommy who had been killed in action.

The airmen adopted the youngster on condition that she visit the squadron regularly. Then they tagged her with the name Sweetpea, after their Flying Fortress.

Sweetpea's first date with her G.I. uncles fell on a day when they were hovering over a vital Nazi air supply base in Romilly, France. Jerry offered a stiff battle, but three of the fighters got closer to the Fortress than was safe. Two Focke-Wulfs were smacked down in flames, while a third was blown to bits by flak.

The Yanks dropped their load over the target, but had to fight their way home through a sky clouded with enemy planes. The battle ended with 44 Jerries in hell.

The Fort returned safely and on time for the date with Sweetpea. One engine was lost, enemy flak had bitten hard into one wing, one supercharger was blown out and the life raft knocked out by a 20-mm shell.

It's a mystery how the Fort ever got back to England. Said the American uncles—a G.I. never breaks a date, especially with a blond.

—Sgt. WALTER F. PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Special Troops Unit in N. Africa Becomes a Haven for Lost Soldiers

U.S. BASE IN TUNISIA [By Radio]—This story is about a unit that doesn't exist. It doesn't have a T/O, there's no AR to cover it, it's not like any other outfit in this man's army.

What it does is take care of the waifs and strays who have been separated from their units in battle as a result of injuries, and have nowhere to go.

In a war of slashing movement, getting lost is inevitable at times, and that's the reason for this special troops unit.

Several weeks ago, close to black-out time, a staff sergeant and two corporals who had been wounded in the early stages of Tunisian campaign and had been discharged from the hospital, moseyed into a major's office.

"Where do we go from here?" they asked. The major didn't know, and sent them to the headquarters of the special troops unit. They didn't know either, but gave the guys a hot meal and put them to bed.

The next morning, six more G.I.s strayed in. Within five days there were 50 lost soldiers hanging around.

The colonel of the special troops unit and his executive officer, Capt. John E. Kieffer, of Buffalo, N. Y., sat down and talked it over. They were already taking care of a parachute battalion, a surgical outfit, a combat team, and a boat for the new, unofficial recruits.

The ordinary army answer would be to pass the buck, but the two officers had other ideas. Capt. Kieffer said they had to do something, so they rolled up their sleeves, crossed their fingers, and stuck out their necks.

They drafted the 50 new guests, and gave them the job of visiting hospitals, identifying the wounded and finding out what clothing and equipment was needed.

The guys in the hospitals didn't expect anything to come of all this. But when the strays returned with the equipment, and even cigarettes, their faces lit up like they were seeing Hedy Lamarr riding through the wards a la Lady Godiva on a bicycle.

The thing worked out swell. Patients who came out of the hospital then did the same thing that had been done for them, by joining up with the strays' casual unit.

The physical condition of the strays varies; some have been wounded by shrapnel, bayoneted, run over by tanks, shell-shocked. Special atten-

tion is given to the shell-shock cases. One of them went AWOL for four days and didn't even know it.

Recently, 40 strays, completely rehabilitated, were returned to their outfits at the front.

The motto of the casual group is, "Anybody who comes here regardless of who he is or where he comes from can have anything we've got if he really needs it."

—Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

Here's One Time EM Broke Rules And the Officers Didn't Say a Word

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—There's one outfit down here whose enlisted men are still laughing at the way they brought the New Year in—and, incidentally, settled a score at the same time.

It all started the week before. The officers were having a Christmas Eve party, and at the height of festivities, they decided that things were not lively enough. Dragging out their .45s they punched full of holes the cardinal rule against firing small arms except in combat. To the EM, this was carrying things a bit too far. It was bad enough, they figured, to be dead sober on Christmas Eve, but to be awakened in the middle of the night and reminded of it—

They vowed vengeance. New Year's Eve was also as dry as a prohibitionists' convention. By 11:30 the camp was in total darkness, and it would appear that the Old Year was going out unattended. But all was not as it seemed.

Promptly at midnight, a half-dressed figure stepped out of a tent, and the silence was shattered by the crash of rifle shots. They hadn't stopped echoing when men poured out of every tent as though to repel an invasion, and from the noise that followed it might well have been an attack. Rifles, pistols, tommy guns, anything that could fire was pressed into service. The New Year was getting a welcome that couldn't be beat.

The officers? They were good sports about it, and from the direction of their tents streams of tracers splitting the sky testified that they were joining in the celebration.

Sure, it was a waste of ammunition, strictly against the rules, but the next day the powers-that-be maintained a discreet silence. After all, men don't get a chance to blow off steam very often over here, and besides—who started it all, anyway?

—Cpl. RALPH L. BOYCE

U.S. Air Warning Net in China Stymies Once Potent Nip Air Forces

CHINA—Suddenly, the receiver crackles forth: "Noise of many engines over area —, section —." Warning signals are posted and radio men of the central base anxiously await further reports from other stations in the same area. The far distant outpost men of the China Air Warning system are on the ball.

Not once, since the Army Air Forces relieved the AVGs, have the Japs been able to unload over a major center of Free China.

Practically living the life of hermits, the outpost men stay at their lonely stations weeks on end. They do their own cooking and laundry, are out of touch with the rest of the forces except when the finance officer or supply truck pays them an occasional visit.

Their posts are real hot spots. All of them lie close to the enemy lines or near emergency fields that are often the target of Nip bombers.

Strafing and bombing are old stories to these guys of the warning net. On one occasion, while the Japs were raiding one of the jumping off spots of the Ferry Command, the operator stayed at his post and gave the rest of the circuit a play-by-play account of the whole procedure. His post was right in the middle of the most heavily bombed area.

Twenty-four hours a day they operate out of shaky temples, mountain caves and ancient, tumbledown mansions. Theirs is the job of keeping fighter squadrons from being surprised on the ground, and Jap airmen away from unprotected Chinese cities.

This is a sample of their work. The bomber group of the China Air Task Force had moved into an advance base and was lambasting Jap-held ports, cities and airfields in South China. Swallowing their fear of the shark-nosed fighters, the Japs sent over a night bombing mission to put the Americans out of commission.



Big four of the China Air Task Force: L. to r., Lt. Col. Morgan, Gen. Chennault, Col. Scott and Lt. Col. Basye.

A little after midnight, the net came on the air with "Unidentified planes heading northwest over section —, area —." A little later, another station gave out with "Three unidentified multi-motor planes heading west." It wasn't hard to figure out their destination.

The Yanks had plenty of time to get as high as they wanted, and the fighter alert crew took off and went upstairs.

The Japs played it foxy. Departing from their usual procedure, they came in low at about 1,500 feet to unload. They got their eggs away, doing no damage except to the dirt runways. They started for home but didn't have what it takes.

Down came the fighters of the alert crew. There was a target apiece. Maj. Hal Pike dumped the first one just away from the field. Shortly afterward, Lt. Joseph Griffin's victim lit up the sky as he crashed in flames. Lt. John Lombard had the third victim in his sights and was pouring round after round into him when his own plane was hit and he had to bail out, leaving the fleeing Jap to go his way.

Now the warning net went into reverse action. They trailed that homeward-bound Nip out of the area and almost into occupied territory. Finally one station reported him overhead; the next one in line saw neither hide nor hair of him.

Days later, Chinese found the wreckage on a hillside. Lt. Lombard hadn't missed after all.

—Sgt. JOHN P. BARNES
YANK Staff Correspondent



New Tunes for the Buglers or How to Blow A Blue Plate

BERMUDA—The present chow call, "Come and Get Your Chow, Boys," is no good. It doesn't say enough. Buglers should play different tunes for every meal. Then if you didn't feel like eating what was being served, you could just roll over on your bunk and sleep it out.

Say you're in your tent around 4:45 P.M., and you hear "O Sole Mio." "Spaghetti," you say to yourself; "to hell with it." And you lie back and sleep.

Suppose at the next meal, the bugler plays "Cow-Cow Boogie." Ah! Steak! Or maybe he plays "Chicka-Chicka Boom-Chick." Good; we're having chicken.

At noontime the bugler plays "Christmas Night in Harlem." Solid pork chops! At breakfast, you hear "Der Fuehrer's Face." Ah, nuts! SOS. You go back to sleep.

Later on, "You're in the Army Now." Slum, the Army special. Perhaps they're dishing up Spam. The bugler plays "Hit the Road," and you don't blame him. Hot dogs or Vienna sausages you'd know by "Git Along Little Doggie."

A medley for each meal could describe the menu in detail. For instance: "This Little Piggy Went to Market," "All Alone" and "Pffftttzzz." Bacon, onions and beans.

—Cpl. WILLIAM PENE du BOIS
YANK Bermuda Correspondent

Marine Saga on Guadalcanal; Japs Ain't Supermen, They're Dopes

ON GUADALCANAL—The marine, stripped to the waist, was cleaning his '03 with a brush. A couple of other guys lay under the shelter half reading a month-old newspaper account of action on Guadalcanal.

Over the rim of the hill, the rest of the squad was manning a .30-caliber light, covering the defilade below. Along the ridge to the right, our positions ran down to the beach. Now and then somebody would pop off with a rifle and the spat of it would come up to us across the draw. To the left of us, on even higher ground, was our left flank.

"Whistling Willie," the Jap mortar that fires 'em end over end, had been dropping a few around but now he must have knocked off for lunch. In



"Halt! Who goes there?"

front of our left flank the artillery tossed a couple of shells but otherwise the front was quiet. For the moment, we sat in the sun and batted the breeze.

"These Japs," said the marine, "they ain't so hot. We've been fightin' 'em for quite a while and I don't see where they're so damn good."

He didn't know it, but he was saying exactly the same thing his regimental commander back at the cool CP had said a couple of days before. The colonel had said, "The Japs are good fighters, but they're poor soldiers. They're stupid."

The marine said, "Them Japs is dopes."

"Tell you what they did the other day, the day we had the big rain. The boys on the ridge down there were out takin' a shower in the rain. The Japs saw 'em and here they came chargin' up the hill. We just mowed 'em down. Them Japs didn't think we had sense enough to keep our guns manned."

"You know," he went on, "they talk about the Japs being so smart and all. Sometimes they're just crazy. There was that time they tried to get at the field across Lunga Ridge. They came out in the open to cut our wire and then charged up right in front of our guns, singin' like hell and yellin'. We mowed down nine or 10 waves of 'em—cut 'em down until there wasn't any more Japs left to try it. We counted more'n 400 bodies. You can call that 'suicidal' or whatever you want, but I say them Japs was plain nuts."

He talked about something that happened not so long ago. It had given all the marines a horse-laugh, it was such outright stupidity.

"We were out on a patrol and came across a bunch of Japs filling their canteens. We hit 'em before they could even look up. And—by hell, the very next day another patrol caught some more of 'em at the same place. The same thing happened all over again."

"They get all messed up sometimes, too—same as anybody else." The marine pointed over to the Jap positions and grinned at a bearded squad leader who'd joined in. "Remember that time they were supposed to bomb us and drop supplies for their own men? We saw this Jap plane come over his own lines and just bomb hell out of 'em and then here he came over us. We were in our fox holes and pretty soon we heard something go, 'Thruump!' Some of the boys went out and found a big bag of rice."

The colonel's outfit had been fighting in the Solomons almost from the beginning and he and his men don't believe the Japs to be supermen.

"It's like this," the marine said, "they're no pushovers any way you take it, but we found out they got weaknesses same as anybody else and we know we can whip 'em. And they know we know it."

Back at the CP, the colonel had told a story. "I said a Jap would die before he'd surrender, and most of them will—but there was one who pulled a trick we'll never forget."

"It was over on the Matanikau when we were doing some pretty stiff fighting. All of a sudden, this Nip got up right in front of everybody and started walking toward our side. We didn't shoot him and they didn't shoot him, and we'll never know why. Anyway, he got over to us and gave himself up and we asked him what the hell possessed him to do a thing like that."

"He said he was thirsty."

—Sgt. MACK MORRIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

One Sergeant the Marines Love, He Saved Their Record (Pay) Books

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—No seagoing marine will ever forget the name of Sgt. Major Ernest D. Villegas, late of the aircraft carrier Yorktown.

He was a marine of the old school, and wore service ribbons like a rainbow. Belleau Wood, Nicaragua Expedition, China Seas—he'd seen them all.

But what Marines remember and bless him for was the job he did when the Yorktown took the count.

Sgt. Villegas just had time to grab a few treasured belongings and make it overboard after the "abandon ship" order—but he didn't take a thing of his own. All he took over the side with him were the boys' record books. That meant pay for the men of the Marine detachment from the Yorktown wherever they might scatter to, instead of payless months of waiting while new books were created and records checked.

—Sgt. ROBERT N. BLUM, USMCR

Yanks At Home And Abroad

New Problems for Ground Crews: Bird Nests in the Air Intake Scoops

A U. S. HEAVY BOMBER BASE IN INDIA [By Cable] — S/Sgt. Keith Sedgwick, Sgt. Mack Combs, Cpl. Everet Malick and the other ground crewmen at this base, have been around. They left the States over a year ago. En route they stopped in Australia and assembled P-40s and dive bombers for U. S. combat crews in the South Pacific. They sweated six weeks converting crated wings, motors, props and a thousand other parts into planes that could stack up against Jap Zeros.

The armorers assembled guns for each plane and synchronized those in the dive bombers. Working around the clock on three eight-hour shifts, they set up planes that helped turn the balance of power in that area back to the Allies.

Arriving in India just before Burma fell Sedgwick, Combs and their buddies teamed up with combat crews and moved forward. The heat was on literally and figuratively, for they worked endless hours in temperatures soaring to 130 degrees to keep bombers in shape for their missions.

With the coming of the monsoons, the bombings ceased. But just about that time, Rommel's Afrika Korps cracked the Eighth Army in the Middle East and moved toward Alexandria. The AMs, armorers and other ground crewmen were ordered to Palestine on the double.

Liberators and Flying Fortresses were sent in for relief duty with German troop concentrations and Axis shipping in the Mediterranean as targets. That meant plenty of work for the ground crews, changing engines, tuning radio transmitters, synchronizing turret guns, loading bombs and fueling planes. Sometimes they got all of two hours sleep a night.

Coming back to India from the Middle East in



Pvt. Walter Hancock collects 1,500 fish for—the prize-winning design for a new air medal.



the late Autumn, the boys are still in there pitching. Sedgwick, from Gann Valley, South Dakota, and Combs from St. Petersburg, Fla., are the aviation mechanics. Senior noncom is S/Sgt. Lester Gates, of San Francisco, bomb-sight maintenance man. Malick, 20-year-old corporal from Yoocun, Tex., is the armorer. Radio maintenance man is Cpl. Stanley Hade, of Newell, South Dakota. The instrument specialist is S/Sgt. Edward J. Momahon, of Kansas City, Mo.

The approaching hot season in India bothers Sedgwick and the crew more than the Japs or Germans did.

"Last summer the intensive heat raised hell with us AMs in making engine run-ups for regulation check on props, supercharger, fuel and oil with the motors running was like taking a Turkish bath. It was even worse working down in the nose. From 11 A.M. on the outside of the plane actually sizzled, and the wings were so hot you could fry eggs on them."

"Sand storms were plenty bad, too," Combs

added. "Sand got into the engines, wearing out the cylinders and pistons and making the engines use more oil. Back in the States we got 300 hours on engines between overhauls. But because of the heat over here, we get far less."

"The payoff over here wasn't the heat," Sedgwick said. "It was the birds that used to build their nests in the air intake scoops of heavy bombers and P-40s almost over night. Several cases of reduced power in P-40s were traced to bird nests on top of the carburetor screens at the rear of the intake scoops. That's when we made dust proof covers for the scoops which kept out both the dust and the birds. We weren't taking any chances on a nest being forced into the supercharger and chewing up the buckets on the turbines."

"One thing about being a ground crew man in India," Combs said. "You get all the repair jobs in the book. When we leave here we can really claim we've seen everything."

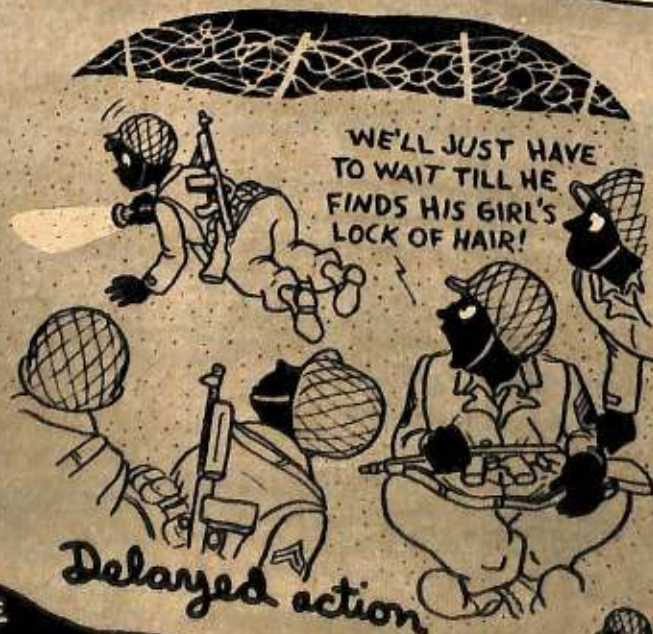
—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

G.I. JOE

Night Patrol



Sgt. Dave Breger
Britain



Delayed action

By SGT. DAVE BREGER



Military courtesy



Enemy contact



Foreign entanglements

Grasshopper Planes



By S Sgt. SAM A. ILITZKY
(Fort Sill's One-Man Band)

FORT SILL, OKLA.—The Artillery's famous "Caisson Song" has been rewritten in these parts by a new outfit of flying artillery known as the "Grasshopper Pilots." The song goes like this:

*"We don't need spurs or boots
And we fly too low for chutes,
We're the eyes of the Artillery;
Into action we will go.
Flying too damn low and slow,
We're the eyes of the Artillery."*

Taking the place of the observation balloon of first World War fame, light, tiny flivvers of the air remain behind their own lines at an elevation of from 400 to 600 feet, flying back and forth behind battery positions. An aerial observer watches the target and corrects errors in firing. The Grasshopper Pilots are artillerymen trained especially for observation. They have no

connection with the Army Air Force. Both the commissioned and noncommissioned pilots must possess the equivalent of a private pilot's license before they are eligible to apply for artillery observation training.

These pilots need no elaborate landing field, because any small plowed field or wagon track through the woods, any spot with wing clearance for the plane, is a potential airport.

Low flying speed and absence of armament make the Grasshopper easy prey for enemy pursuit planes. For this reason planes remain behind their own lines at all times, the pilot keeping one eye on the target and the other on the alert for enemy aircraft.

"Take a look and then run like hell," the artillerymen are instructed. This is not too tough, since a successful flying mission for a Grasshopper can be completed within eight minutes. The protection, despite low speed, is low altitude flying, ability to land almost anywhere, ease with which the small plane may be hidden under trees, and the difficulty of spotting from the air—except when the plane crosses an open field.

Officials of the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill began a year ago to experiment with small planes to determine whether their use for observation was practical. One detachment was sent to Fort Sam Houston, Tex., to conduct tests with the Second Division and another was sent to Fort Bragg, N. C., to work with the 13th FA Brigade.

As a result of these experiments, the Air Training Detachment of the Field Artillery School was set up at Fort Sill to train commissioned and enlisted flyers and mechanics.

Pilots in observation training come from two sources—civilian and military. Civilians who enroll for Civilian Pilot Training receive 10 weeks of instruction from CPT and then are sent to Fort Sill where they get eight weeks of basic military instruction. Then they study advanced courses in observation and plane maintenance. Military personnel of the ground forces who already hold ratings of private pilot or higher undergo a two-week refresher course and then begin the five-week advanced course.

Commissioned officers chosen for Grasshopper training must be in the grade of captain or below. Qualified enlisted men may be chosen regardless of grade. After beginning their pilot-observation training they are promoted to the grade of staff sergeant, creating what has become known as the staff sergeant pilots of the Artillery.

The Grasshopper flies low, can land almost anywhere.

U.S.A. in the E.T.O.

WE have just read, in some paper or other, that a recruit with green hair recently enlisted in Washington. His C.O. was pleased as all getout because, as he said, he wouldn't have to teach him camouflage. We don't know whether this statement bespeaks laziness on the part of the officer or not, but it certainly sounds that way. It's the sort of thing that can be carried too far. Pretty soon Engineer battalions will be drafting men with big feet so they won't have to be putting up pontoon bridges, and infantry outfits will be coaxing little boys with slingshots to join up so that they won't have to teach them how to fire rifles. If we were the War Department, which, it just so happens, we're not, we'd ferret out that C.O. and do something awful to him. Maybe break him down to a shavetail or something like that. Meanwhile, we can feel sorry for that poor devil of a Joe with the green hair. We can also feel sorry for the first G.I. barber who gets a gander at him. The only bit of good we can see in the whole thing is that this Joe is going to look teddibly chic in his fatigues. A regular ensemble, wot?

RECENTLY we got hold of one of these Western Union E.F.M. Cablegram blanks—you know, the ones that carry certain stated messages which you can send home for 2/6. For that amount of dough you can send home any three of 136 passionate and exciting phrases. It's a very nice idea, really. The only trouble is, most of the phrases are damned funny things for a Joe to be shooting back to the home folks.

Take message No. 69, for instance: ALL WELL, CHILDREN EVACUATED. That should wake your

father and mother up. "My God," your father would say, "Joe's done gone and got hitched." "And to a widow with brats," your mother would chime in. "He hasn't been over long enough for anything else." Or perhaps they might even decide that CHILDREN was the name of a town, imagine that since it was being evacuated the war was going badly, call up half a dozen commentators, and raise merry hell with the Blue Network.

If you want to give your family a start, just send them 81 and 82 together. These run: I HAVE LEFT HOSPITAL. IN BAD HEALTH. Or, if you really want to play (remember, you can send three phrases), toss in 86: DAUGHTER BORN. A cablegram like that should kill the poor old dears.

The best fun of all, though, we imagine, would be to drop around to a Western Union office the day after the eagle does what all eagles have to do, pick out three phrases at random and shoot them off to your girl. The best method of doing this is to close your eyes and use a pin. You might get a message, composed of three gems, that runs something like this: CONGRATULATIONS. LASTING HAPPINESS TO YOU BOTH. HAPPY ANNIVERSARY. PLEASE SEND ME \$x. Or perhaps, as an alternative, this might show up: HOPE YOU ARE IMPROVING. GLAD AND PROUD TO HEAR OF YOUR DECORATION, EVERYBODY THRILLED. HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Somebody ought to drop over and have a little talk with Western Union.



Anticipating the season by just a little, six G.I.s from New York do a bit of maneuvering à la Leo Durocher.

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ARTIE IN QUOD

"How do you like it here, Artie?" we wanted to know.

"Ah, I been in worser places," Artie said. "As guardhouses go, this is a very good guardhouse. As guardhouses go, you unnerstand."

We understood. "How's the food?" we asked. Artie winced. "Thass the catch," he said, "thass the oney catch. If I'd of knowed the food was going to be so bad I wouldn't of done what I done. Never. I got a congenital stomach and it bruises easy. If I do much more biting on bones I'm going to need new teeth when I get out of here. Less not talk about the food, ole boy."

We said that we were sorry about Artie's stomach. "It's me own fault," he said. "I shouldn't of done what I done. I should leave colonels alone. Thass my motter from now on—live and let live."

"What happened between you and the colonel?" we asked.

"A inspection," Artie said. "Jess a little inspection. The oney thing about it was, it was the thoid in three days. I was fed up, completely fed up. I guess I tole the colonel off."

We said he must have told someone off or he wouldn't have been where he was.

"Yeah," Artie said, "thass right. I jess couldn't stand no more inspections. I got enough to do to keep me truck clean without bothering too much about me person. Thass all I do in this Army, polish that ole bassar of a truck. I don't even get time to shave, hardly, except when I got a date with some darb of a doll. These colonels is going to be the death of me."

"What happened, old boy, to the best of your recollection?" we asked.

"Well," Artie said, "as I tole you, it was the thoid inspection in three days. Foist we had a general come along and then a colonel and then this other colonel. I bore up fine through the foist two inspections. Nobody had no complaint to fine with me at all. I was poised, perfectly poised. But they exhausted me. Nothing in the Army is more exhausting than a inspection. Am I right?"

He was right.

"So this one morning I was unner me truck," Artie said, "toying with the differential, not causing no trouble to nobody, when this corporal comes up and says, 'Hey, Greasy, they's going to be a inspection in a hour. A colonel's coming around. Go and get into your pretties!'"

"I crawled out from unner me truck, for gaw's sake, and I was very boined. 'Ah, the hell with it,' I says to myself. 'Artie,' I says to myself, 'it's time you put a stop to all this inspection business.' So I made me plans.

"Come a hour later, and we're all drug out of the Motor Pool and lined up for this colonel to take a gander at. Everyone is wearing their pretties, except little ole Artie. Little ole Artie is still wearing his little ole grease suit and he hasn't shaved or nothing. 'The hell with the colonel,' I says to myself.

"Well, this colonel comes down the line. He's a very inquisitive Joe, see? He's always asking the guys questions. 'What is your job, soldier?' he will say, and the guy will say, 'Oh, sir, I'm the company clerk.' 'Hump,' the colonel will say, and then he'll move on to the next guy.

"The colonel slides down the line, and finely he skids to a stop smack in front of little ole Artie. 'Hump,' he says.

"'Hump yourself, you ole bassar,' I says unner me breath.

"'Wass that, soldier?' the colonel says.

"'I was clearing my t'roat, sir,' I says. 'I got a cole, sir. Standing inspections in the open air all the time is bad for my larynx, sir,' I says.

"'Hump,' says the colonel. 'And wass your job?'"

"'I'm a driver, sir,' I says. 'That is, I used to be a driver. Lately I been standing so many inspections that I haven't had no time to drive. Some war,' I says.

"The colonel had a couple of very interesting blood vessels on his neck and they began to regurgitate. Pockety-thump, them blood vessels was going. I figured the colonel was getting kind of boined, but I was feeling very careless that morning.

"'Begging the colonel's pardon,' I says, 'but when

are we going to stop being inspected and start fighting a war? I am having trouble with the differential on me truck, and if I hadn't had to stop woiik for this inspection that differential would be humming like a hiveful of bumblybees."

"The colonel toined to a shavetail foist class who was standing behine him. 'Take this man's name,' he said. 'Put him down for insubordination. Other things, too. You know, the usual.'

"'Wass your name, soldier?' the shavetail says.

"'Greengroin, your honor,' I says. 'Artie Greengroin. I used to be a P.F.C. in the olden days. Believe me, ole boy, I was really in the groove.'

"Well, the shavetail took my name and him and

the colonel sauntered away. And next morning I fine myself on the primrose path to the jug. So here I am."

We said he had shown an unparalleled bravery.

"You hit it right on the head, ole boy," Artie said. "Thass what I shown—a unparalleled bravery. I should get me a medal. A Victoria Cross, maybe."

"A Charing Cross," we suggested.

"Still and all," Artie said, "I got no complaints.

This is a pretty good guardhouse. The MPs is very decent MPs, and I took one of them for fourteen shillings in a poker game the other night. Thass strickly off the record, unnerstand?"

We understood.

"You know," Artie said, "the oney thing that gripes me about this whole performance? It was the attitude taken by my barracks mates. They was scandalized, simply scandalized. For gaw's sake, what kind of a war are we fighting? I can't stand no more pantywaists. You know what I'm going to do when I get out of here? I'm going to jern either the parachuters or the Rangers. A man can really spread himself in them outfits."

"When are you going to get out of here?" we asked.

"Thass a moot pernt," Artie said. "Less talk about something else, huh? Less talk about the fourteen shillings I token off the MP."



"I got a cole, sir. Standing inspections in the open air all the time is bad for my larynx, sir."

CPL. BRAND

A WEEK OF WAR

The population of Germany ain't what it used to be; especially male



In the Northern Caucasus, a Red Army mortar patrol lobs something for the boys over a ridge.

NINE million Germans add up to what statisticians would call a beautiful hunk of Heinie population. It adds up to more people than there are in New York City, including Ebbets Field on a July Sunday. It means more Joes than there are in the whole American Army. In short, it's a large crowd.

Joe Stalin mentioned 9,000,000 Germans this week, and mentioned them with relish. The round figure rolled out from under his mustache in an Order of the Day that told the world the approximate situation among the snowdrifts. Coming from Stalin it sounded good. The 9,000,000 Nazis, he said, had been put out of action since the beginning of the war; and when Joe Stalin says "put out of action," children, he means "put out of action."

And, by the way, Stalin said, almost as an afterthought, 4,000,000 of the 9,000,000 are dead. Definitely out of action, as it were. He reported on the state of the Rumanian, Italian and Hungarian armies in Russia, thus:—

The Rumanians: *Dished.*

The Italians: *Diddled.*

The Hungarians: *Ditto.*

Then he gave a few more round figures. In the last three months the Red Army had disposed of 112 German divisions; in the same period the Nazis had lost: as prisoners, 300,000 live soldiers; as dead soldiers, 700,000 dead soldiers; together with some 7,000 tanks, 4,000 planes and 17,000 guns.

Stalin admitted that, in the absence of a second front, the effort was hard. But it was being done. In the newspaper maps the arrows all pointed westward. Russia's Old Man Colossus, it just kept rolling along.

There were rumors of thaws in the Ukraine, but the Red Army seemed to be paying no attention. With thaws comes mud, and tanks stick in the ground and men's feet are heavy in the gummy earth. Yet the Russians roared on. In two theaters great battles were shaping up. Around Orel and in the Donetz Basin, and, in both, disasters of Stalingrad-magnitude were facing the worried, desperate Germans. North from recaptured Kursk the Russians were biting at the feet of Orel. They were only 25 miles from the city. There was only one railroad over which the Germans could get supplies.

One German division after another moved into the city over the single line. The Nazis were determined to hold their base. But retreating troops and advancing troops are two different things. Before all

the Germans loomed the spectre of the Stalingrad struggle and the Stalingrad dead and the Stalingrad defeat. And it was noticeable that the Nazis were not out to avenge, but merely to hold. Still in the cold they prepared to turn their faces to the west once more.

Below the Orel battle, below retaken Kharkov, the Russians drove for the Dnieper, which was the key to the whole southern situation. Should the Germans lose the river, or should the Russians effect a crossing, it would mean that the Ukraine was lost to Hitler, that the Crimea was gone, that the whole sector from Rostov to the river would become another Stalingrad, the armies there cut off, trapped, and open to annihilation. Tanks were fighting 23 miles from Dnepropetrovsk, at Pavlograd. It looked bad for the Germans.

Should the Dnieper line be breached, should Orel fall, there would be nothing for it but to fall back, back to Kiev, back to Odessa, and back to Riga in Latvia. The Germans in Russia had nearly reached the limit of their effort, and once the peak of that effort had been passed, anything might happen.

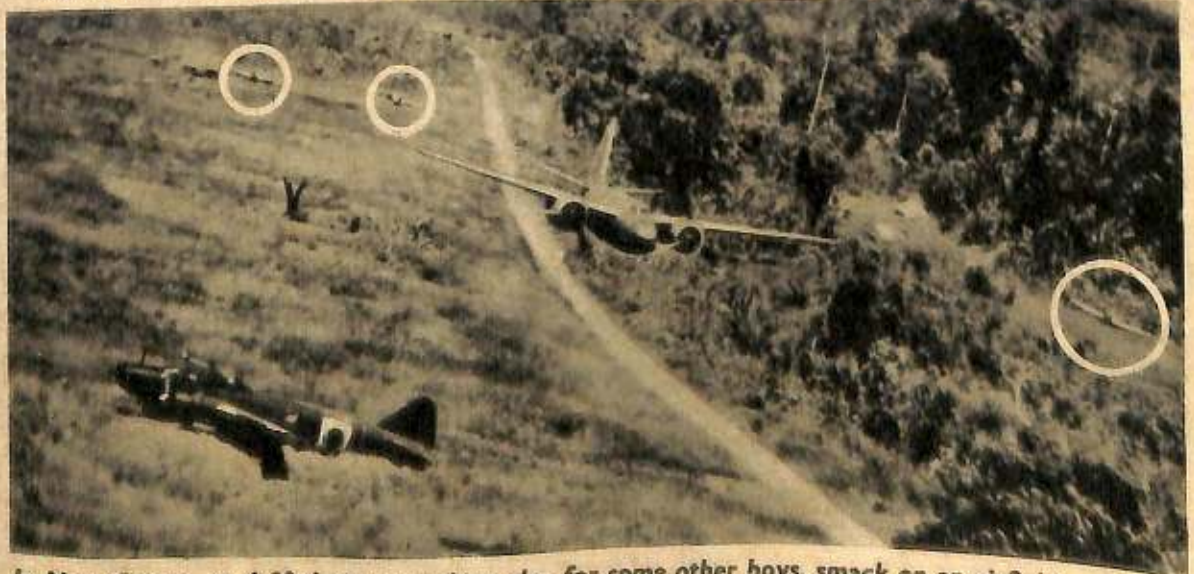
Yet Hitler, terrified at the effect any relinquishing

of territory would have on subjugated Europe, refused to drain men from conquered territory. Desperately Germany was combed for available manpower. Untrained troops were going to Russia, as were crack Gestapo units. At last the butchers were being butchered.

Far away from the frost, far away from the ice of the steppes, far away from the snow, a little gaunt man was dying. Mohandas Gandhi was fasting for a principle, for India. He had fasted for India before, and come through, but this time his wasted, small body was not holding up. The struggle was becoming too much. Daily he grew weaker, and the bulletins issued by the doctors who attended him became graver.

Elsewhere in Asia, and in the Pacific, things were fairly quiet. The situation had, for the time being, resolved itself into a war of plane against plane, raid against raid. Little was happening on the ground.

But that same ground might, any day, without warning, erupt into a volcano of destruction, as it had once in the Philippines, in the Solomons, and in New Guinea. As it some day would on Japan herself.



In New Guinea, an A-20 drops something else for some other boys, smack on an airfield. Circles enclose strafed Jap planes.



HEALED. An American Gen. Sherman tank is being taken back to the front, after repairs, by these British soldiers.



ACTION. Command post of a British battery during a Nazi air raid near Bengasi. The pictures on these pages were made by YANK's Sgt. George Aarons.



DANGER. On the outskirts of El Agheila, British troops uncovered this Axis man trap, and left a warning behind.

A Yank Joins the 8th Army

OUR STAFF CAMERAMAN TRAILS THE BRITISH FIGHTERS THROUGH LIBYA TO TRIPOLITANIA



CAPTIVE. U. S. supply men in British outfits use German water tank.



UNITED. In this cemetery at Derna, German, British, Canadian and Italian soldiers lie together.



ALLIES. In an RAF hospital near Bengasi rests U. S. Sgt. Henry Plattner, of Jersey City, N. J.



MEMORIAL. The "Marble Arch," on the border between Libya and Tripolitania, built under Mussolini, and now a gravestone of Italian Empire.



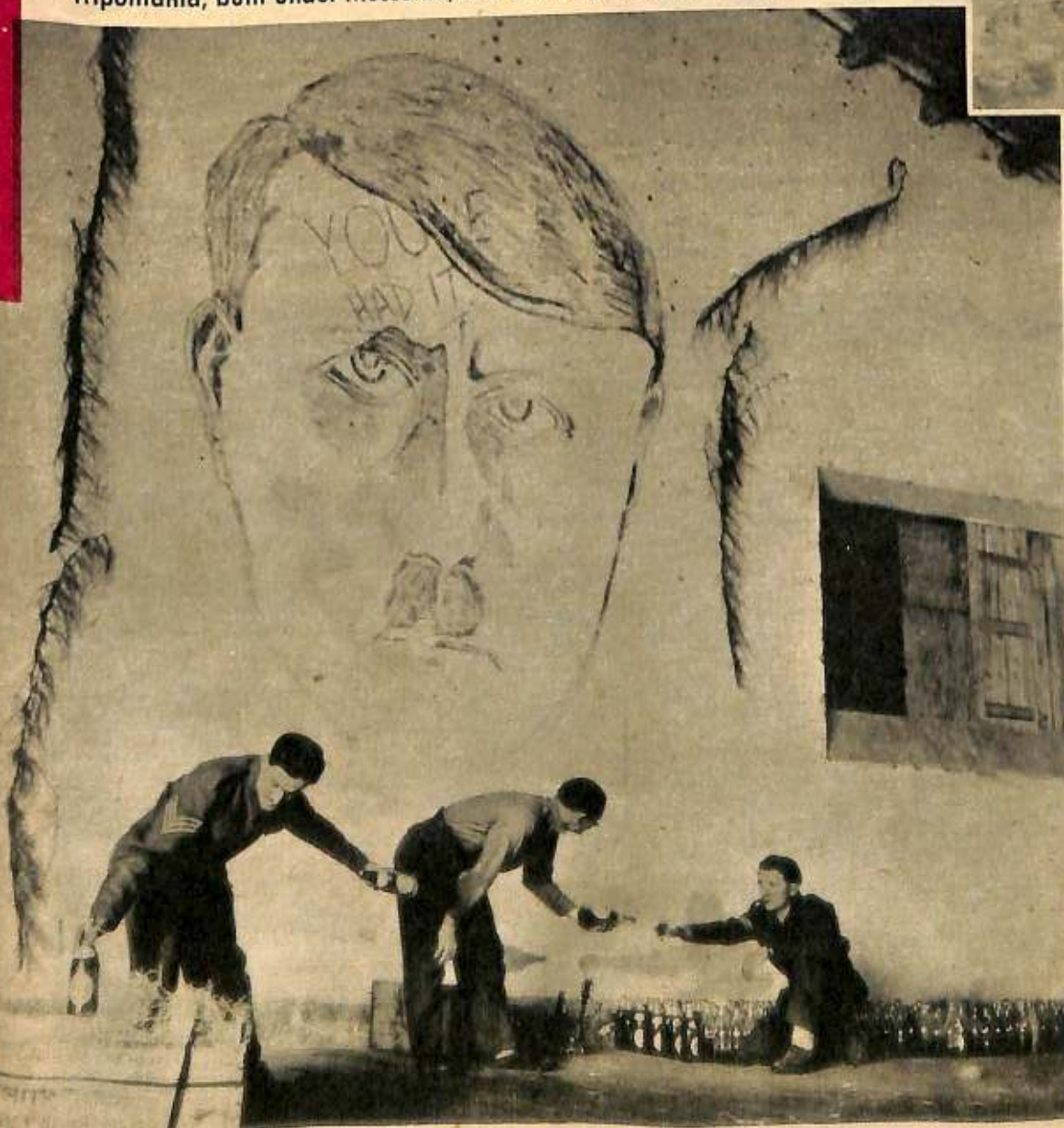
GREETERS. Friendly Libyans of the Senusi sect. The man is wearing parts of discarded Axis uniforms.



GUNS. This picture and the two below give some evidence of what the British did to Axis equipment.



TRUCKS. A desert dump with more of the wrecks that Rommel left behind as he fled toward Tripoli.



UNHAPPY. The face on the wall looks sad about the British soldiers stacking up beer beneath him. A German soldier drew this 12-foot Hitler; the British added a postscript.



PLANES. Cows graze on an airfield in front of some skeletons, once part of a boasted Axis air fleet.

News From Home

Production—and manpower for production—are the week's big problems back in the U. S.



The labor situation was getting serious. Here, honey, take a lift of this barracks bag.

The G-men were back in the news again this week. They unmasked the head of a large New York war production plant as a guy who wanted Hitler to win. The Nazi sympathizer—a \$75,000-a-year executive—was arrested with his wife, son and daughter. They were all detained at Ellis Island. The name of the plant executive is being withheld, but it was revealed that he served in the German Army in the last war and offered to return to Germany to fight against the Allies in this one. The Nazis turned him down because of his old age. He calmly told G-men that he would not take up arms against the Nazis, even if they invaded America.

In Congress, a proposal for a "work or fight" plan was under study to stop tardiness among Navy Yard workers. The plan would require Navy Yards to report names of tardy workers to the local draft board. There was a lot of dissatisfaction in official circles about the low production schedule at the vast Henry Ford Willow Run bomber plant. The Special Senate Committee, headed by Senator Truman (D., Mo.), appointed a sub-committee to "get the facts." The committee was also directed to visit the Ford plant. The committee will also go to Columbus, Ohio, to inspect the Curtiss-Wright plant where production of dive bombers is said to have fallen below schedule.

Those fighting Marines went in for women recruiting this week. More than 18,000 women enlisted, including 1,000 officers. Unlike the Army and Navy women's divisions, the Marine girls will not be distinguished by a fancy name. They'll be called Marines, just like that.

The House delivered several minor defeats to the Administration this week. Anti-New Deal Democrats and Republicans joined hands and defeated the President's executive order limiting salaries at \$25,000 a year, after payment of income tax. The House Military Committee supported a measure which would prevent the conscription of fathers with dependent children until all other classes have been exhausted. The House also erased appropriations for the National Resources Planning Board, and appropriations to the Federal Communications Committee were cut.

A SMALL, pretty Chinese woman, wearing a black silk gown and speaking in a rich Southern accent, stole the heart of the nation this week. The great lady ascended to the rostrum of both the House and Senate and told members of Congress that "Japanese military might must be decimated as a fighting force before the threat to civilization is removed." She also appealed to Congress and the American people not to forget that her country bore "Japan's sadistic fury" alone and unaided for four and one-half years; and she warned that the longer Tojo is left in undisputed possession of occupied areas the stronger he must become.

The woman is China's first lady—Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

During the middle of her talk, Congressmen rose to their feet and applauded enthusiastically. Some cheered, many whistled. It was the first time that a private citizen of any country, including our own, was allowed to mount the rostrum of either wing in Congress. It was also said to have been one of the best speeches delivered before Congress.

Madame Chiang was the guest of President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House. She had been in America for 12 weeks before addressing Congress. During her stay she underwent treatment of a back injury received in an auto accident on the Chinese front. Her Southern accent was acquired in her younger days when as a girl of nine she attended a Georgia school. Sixteen years later she graduated from one of our leading women's colleges.

It took a Government request to do it, but Veronica Lake sheared that long mane. The story was the same: sacrificing for the war effort. The U. S. Manpower Committee appealed to the film actress to cut her long hair after receiving complaints that thousands of women war workers, imitating her hair-do, were getting their hair caught in machinery. Many of the women were nearly scalped while bending over machines. This alarmed the Manpower Committee, and prompted the appeal to the actress.

For Press agents it was a great field day watching Veronica cut her hair. They made sure that she leaned over a whirring machine, her hair

Civilian control of America's war production effort won another battle this week as Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, dismissed Ferdinand Eberstadt, vice chairman of the WPB, who was nominated for that position by both the Army and Navy. Succeeding Eberstadt is Charles E. Wilson, a leading industrialist, who was brought into the war production picture at the instigation of President Roosevelt.





No matter whichever you cut it, it is apt to be horse.

The Government is mobilizing 3,000,000 old men, women and boys and girls to work on farms during the planting and harvest seasons. The Government also plans to bring in about 50,000 Mexican farm workers; and the services of some 10,000 Japanese evacuees and thousands of conscientious objectors will be used.

In Philadelphia, about 50 war workers, noted for consistent absence from work, received the shock of their lives upon receiving a telegram signed by Adolf Hitler. The wire read: "Thank you very much for taking the day off. By doing so you are helping me to beat decadent democracy.—Signed Adolf Hitler." The telegram was sent out by the Manpower Commission.

Lana Turner, the original "sweater girl," and her wealthy ex-husband, Stephen Crane, were in the same hospital at Hollywood this week. The actress' former husband, police said, became desperate when she refused to remarry him. They said he planned to drive his car over a cliff overlooking Miss Turner's home. This purported suicide attempt failed when his car hit a tree, so Crane took a big dose of sleeping tablets. The actress suffered from nervous shock when she learned of the suicide attempt and was rushed to the hospital. Doctors feared her nervous condition might prove fatal to her unborn child, but later it was reported that "her child is all right."

The Office of Civilian Supply is studying methods to cut down food consumption by 30 per cent, clothing by 36 per cent, alcohol by one-half, and tobacco by a quarter. The people were warned to be prepared for a "period of almost unprecedented austerity and sacrifice." It was said that production of watches, silverware, paper handkerchiefs, and of a great number of other "unessential" articles will soon be stopped. The buying spree continued this week. Some people purchased perambulators and kiddy wagons, which they stocked up with canned goods. One merchant complained, "The scratching of women was horrible. They almost grabbed the coat off my back."

While millions of cars wore thin, irreplaceable tires, the Office of the Price Administrator suddenly reported it is planning to ease restrictions on new car purchases to allow 240,000 cars, now idle in dealer's storerooms, to be used. Purchase of new cars has been frozen many months ago and only a few have been sold through rationing regulations to motorists working in essential industries.



Undersecretary Patterson said the enemy was off the ball.

Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson told a conference of the American Labor Press Association that the enemy has lost the initiative, but the fighting will probably not end before next year or 1945. He also said Germany has lost at least 4,000,000 men in Russia. His estimate on when the war will end is not based "on a mere guess," but "on the best information we have been able to gather," Patterson declared.

Trivia: It looks like the Abbot and Costello team may soon take a temporary bust. Abbot is 35 and will probably be called "by the people" to join the ranks by April 1. Costello is 43 and is still safe from the draft man. The courts are getting plenty tough with violators of the National Selective Service Act. A 25-year-old seaman, Vernon Krafft, who was torpedoed twice and wounded by shrapnel in a North African port, was arrested and sentenced to four years by a federal judge in St. Louis, Mo., for failing to notify the draft board of his change of address. The judge told Krafft he would suspend sentence if he joined the Army, but the ex-merchant marineman said he couldn't get in because of a shortened arm. The judge then promised to do what he could to get Krafft back into the merchant marine.

Mrs. Roosevelt wrote an article for *Colliers Magazine* this week, discussing the American attitude toward Britain. She said that the typical American attitude toward the English is that their manners and the way they talk and act are not only arrogant but unintelligent. She also said that most people back home look upon the British as "self-satisfied snobs who have a class system which gives great power to small groups, and therefore is not deserving of consideration by people who believe in Democracy."

The G.I.s in Britain find this picture very inaccurate, wrote Mrs. Roosevelt. "I think it would be safe to say there would not be a soldier in our Army who would not answer 'yes' if you asked him whether he had made friends and whether the British people were hospitable." She also suggested that many of the men in Britain now will return home to fight down "old-time prejudices."



Ferdinand Eberstadt. Donald Nelson gave him the sack.

"Greatest responsibility in the post-war period will rest on the shoulders of the chemists, engineers, metallurgists and men with special training in various scientific fields," William M. Jeffers, Rubber Director, told members of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. He said the development of various metals and plastics "because of the necessities of war" will extend to every phase of life after the war.

People picked up a copy of the *New York Times* and were shocked to read an advertisement, stating: "For Sale to Humanity, 70,000 Jews, guaranteed human beings at \$50 apiece."

The advertisement was placed by the American Committee for the Jewish Army of Stateless and Palestinian Jews. The ad. referred to a reported proposal of the Rumanian Government to neutral diplomats offering to release Jews upon payment of a tax of 20,000 lei, equivalent to \$50. The Jews would be sent to Palestine in Rumanian ships, carrying the Vatican insignia, the ad. said.



Lana Turner was having her troubles.

The National Safety Council released some figures at Chicago. The Council reported that one out of 1,400 people were killed and one out of 14 injured during 1942. The domestic casualty list far exceeds the battle front list. Figures showed 92,300 killed and 9,300,000 injured. It meant a loss of close to three billion dollars in wages, medical expenses, property damage and insurance.

At Murphy, N.C., 12-year-old Mrs. Royce Grady Foster became the mother of a seven-pound daughter. Both mother and daughter were said to be doing well. The 21-year-old father is in the Army.

Negotiations between James C. Petrillo, President of the AFL Musicians Union and record companies to permit union musicians to make records for juke boxes were stalemated when the companies questioned the legal status of Petrillo's suggestion that they could use his musicians upon contributing to the union's fund. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court upheld Petrillo's right to ban his musicians from making records.

The Roosevelt-for-a-fourth-term issue cropped up again this week as Senator James Murray (D., Mont.) predicted the President would be drafted to run again. It was the first statement made by an influential supporter of Roosevelt since the talk of another term began.

Mayor La Guardia, of New York, revealed to the Italian people, via a short wave broadcast, that he recently talked with nine captured Italian friends. Among them was General Bergonzoli, known as "Electric Whiskers," who was captured by the British in 1941. The mayor said some of them were his comrades in arms in 1918, and that when he asked them if they had any message to the Italian people, they answered: "What can we say?"

George Clinton Fields joined the Navy this week and President Roosevelt lost his valet of 10 years. The Negro accompanied the President on his tour of the nation last September. He was so impressed by the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago, that he decided to join.

Another man, Harold Starry, of Sampson, N.Y., tried to join the Navy on three occasions. He was turned down each time because of his 5 ft. 1 in. height. "You're too small," the Navy said. Starry got very angry and wired Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox. "I'm as big as any Jap," he told Knox.

Knox ordered the Navy to accept him.



Postal Telegraph recommissioned some old destroyers.

ALABAMA

KNOWN GAMBLERS are automatically classified as vagrants in Birmingham's drive against gambling and vice. Burglars ripped open the safe and a storeroom at the Ritz Theater in Birmingham, got nothing. J. Reese Murray, 55, referee in federal bankruptcy court in Birmingham, committed suicide. Rules of Alabama's new Alcoholic Beverage Control Board forbid sale of liquor in places where dancing, music or dim lights are allowed. Alabama's prison population has dropped from 7,700 to 5,400. The Fifth Avenue underpass is undergoing a \$70,000 renovation job. A new airplane modification plant in Birmingham will cost \$13,700,000. Christian K. Kelly, 67, was slain with a hatchet in the Benton Bros. dry cleaning plant in Birmingham.

ARIZONA

THURSTON M. THAMES, 70, ran amok at Franklin Village, killed Mrs. Stella M. Crust, Thomas J. Harris and Mrs. Thomas J. Harris. Celora Stoddard, former Republican candidate for Governor, died at Phoenix. After legislators heard charges that horse meat was being sold as beef in Maricopa County, a butcher posted this sign in the window of his Phoenix store: "Our beef positively has never worn saddles." Japs evacuated to the Gila River War Relocation Center produced \$287,238 worth of vegetables the last four months of 1942.

CALIFORNIA

PAUL C. SMITH, former general manager of the San Francisco Chronicle who resigned a lieutenant commander's post to become a Marine private, was named outstanding young man of 1942 by the National Junior Chamber of Commerce. Fire caused \$25,000 damage at the Redwood Empire Academy in Santa Rosa. Dr. Donald Bertrand Tressider, president of Yosemite Park and Curry Co., was named head of Stanford University. A \$3,500 heating plant renovation at San Francisco's zoo brought relief to shivering animals. The East Bay Park Board in San Francisco will buy 2,500 acres for new East Bay parks.

COLORADO

COLORADO HAD sub-zero temperatures, a blizzard, a chinook, then mid-forty temperature readings—all in a week. Secretary of State Walter Morrison joined the Marines. The \$308,000 school contract for the Japanese relocation center at Granada will be rescinded, the high school built, the elementary school not. A steer named Columbian Hellspopper, owned by Walter Wilson, won grand prize at the Denver Stock Show. Four men trapped in the Argo Tunnel at Idaho Springs set off a blast which tapped an underground lake, drowned them. Stockmen again demanded more Colorado big game be killed off, to make room for cows and sheep. The Rio Grande Railroad laid 17,000 feet of track in thousand-foot sections in Moffat Tunnel without disrupting traffic.

FLORIDA

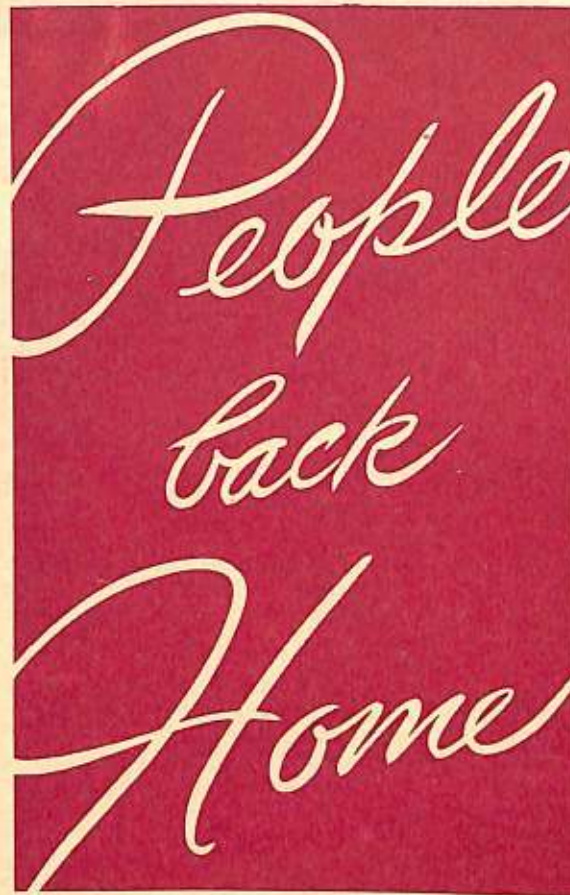
MRS. DWIGHT G. PAUL, Palm Beach socialite, sought \$30,000 damages from Mrs. Helen Webster Carey, New York, for allegedly telling mutual friends that Mrs. Paul was a Nazi spy. Harry Hart Holden, 18, self-styled conscientious objector, was nabbed by the FBI when he left his draft refuge in Collier County's swamps. The FSA brought 137 Mississippi Negro farm workers to Sanford to relieve a labor shortage in the celery farm area. Jacksonville's traffic deaths jumped from 36 in 1941 to 42 in 1942. William C. Vedder killed himself at Miami. Police Chief W. R. Hoban of North Miami was exonerated by city council of charges he misused his office in a recent election.

GEORGIA

CONFUSION FOLLOWED the legislature's order that the state change from Eastern war time to Central war time; railroads, busses, planes operated on Eastern time. Atlanta neighbours of Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Ellison were relieved when told strange lights in the Ellison yard only meant the Ellisons were planting their victory garden at night. Citizens of the Buckhead territory will vote on annexation to Atlanta. Atlanta expects a 1,000,000 population within an eight-mile radius after the war. Georgia cattle now are stamped "U. S. choice beef." Georgia's new board of regents began college reforms. Jack Forrester resigned as state revenue commissioner, refusing to carry out economies revenue commission. Deaths: Ernest Neal, 93, poet, at Atlanta; Owen A. McDermed, 65, former mayor, at Gainesville.

IDAHO

DUNCAN M. JOHNSTON, former mayor of Twin Falls, serving life for murder, was denied a pardon. A pig auctioned at a Homedale War Bond dance escaped, was found days later on a farm miles away. Snow is uncommonly deep in Idaho mountains. The House passed a bill repealing the \$40-a-month "Ham and Eggs" act initiated last November. The Senate approved a bill that would permit Idaho soldiers home on furlough to fish and hunt without licenses. A methodical bandit placed a "Closed for the Night" sign on the door of the Stork Club on Main Street in Boise, tied up two waitresses, robbed the till.



INDIANA

THE MARION HANDLE AND BOX CO., oldest manufacturing concern in Indianapolis, had a \$100,000 fire. Indianapolis has two women motor coach operators, Mrs. Wilma Lair and Mrs. Jeanne Finnegan. South Bend has women meter readers. Tobacco sales at Madison totalled \$51,473 for 126,038 pounds and at New Albany \$12,766 for 34,038 pounds. Charles and Bobby Field, 12 and 10, drowned at Winchester after they fell through ice on White River. Mrs. Beatrice Dowling, Akron, shot at her husband in a poker game, killed Robert Hoffman. Deaths: Edwin P. Thayer, secretary of the U. S. Senate for 10 years, at Indianapolis; John W. Rhoades, pioneer basketball coach and harness horse trainer, at Shelbyville; Solomon Wineinger, 94, Jackson County's last Civil War veteran; the Rt. Rev. Peter J. Killian, founder of Holy Name Catholic parish, at Beech Grove.

IOWA

THE INFANT DAUGHTER of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Doolittle was burned to death and 12 patients were rescued when fire destroyed Iowa Sanitarium at Nevada. Oscar Heline, Marcus, was reelected president of the Iowa Farmers' Grain Dealers. Capt. Jesse H. Clift of the Cedar Rapids police force joined the Navy. Fire destroyed the Ashton hatchery at West Liberty, the Meggenberg building at Manchester and the Beebe clothing store at Emmetsburg. At Cherokee, Robert W. Perrin, charged with slaying his mother, was sentenced to the ward for criminally insane at Anamosa Reformatory.

KENTUCKY

THE ASHLAND HIGH SCHOOL held its first mid-year graduation; many students are entering the armed service. School Superintendent James A. Cawood, charged the Wallins High School fire in Harlan County was intentional. G. W. Combs lost \$1,000 of meat in a smokehouse fire near Hopkinsville. No coal miner shortage exists in Eastern Kentucky, said Sam Caddy, president of United Mine Workers' District 30.

LOUISIANA

THE COMMERCIAL BANK AND TRUST CO. at Covington declared a 100 per cent dividend. Jules Krauss was named president of the Hobo Volunteer Fire Co. at Lafayette. At Bogalusa, the Washington-St. Tammany Charity Hospital, built with state funds, was opened. Shreveport's chapter of the Sons of Pericles, Greek-American youth organization, folded; 95 per cent of its members are in the armed forces. New Orleans city officials raised green fees, asked the public whether it wanted two municipal golf courses, now almost abandoned, to remain open.

MAINE

EXTENSION OF THE DEER SEASON for two weeks was proposed to relieve the meat shortage. Sylvanus Rice Knowlton, owner of the Exchange Hotel in Farmington, died. Bowdoin College's service flag has 1,024 stars. Miss Doris B. Litchfield was named supervisor of York County's Herd Improvement Association. Irving H. Lohnes was elected president of Lewiston's Chamber of Commerce.

MINNESOTA

A DULNUTH GRAND JURY was summoned by County Attorney Thomas J. Naylor to investigate St. Louis County's government. Glenn Blanchard, 15, Roosevelt High School ski jumper, was unconscious two days after a spill. Friends prevented a fist fight between County Commissioner W. W. (Pudge) Heffelfinger, one-time football star, and Rep. Thomas O'Malley, who boxed under the name of "Kid O'Malley." The legislature increased unemployment benefit payments from a maximum of 16 weeks to 18 weeks.

MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI'S 1942 ANTI-SEDITION ACT was upheld by the State Supreme Court in a decision sustaining the conviction of three members of Jehovah's Witnesses. The town of Coldwater has been moved, bag and baggage, one mile up Highway 51 to avoid inundation by the Arkabutla flood control dam. At Meridan, Dr. K. O. Stingily was named president of the Lauderdale County Medical Association. The State owns 906 autos, a survey revealed. In Clarke County Clarence Ainsworth, 81 years old, died while charged with selling prospective draftees a concoction to prevent them from passing Army physicals. Mrs. Myrtia Reynolds Booth, 48, Kosciusko civic leader, died.

MONTANA

THE BEAVERHEAD COUNTY JAIL at Dillon was vacant for the first time in five years. One hundred and 97 Montana women have enlisted in the WAACS. J. C. Ryan was elected president of the Butte Country Club. Charles W. Francis, 83, pioneer settler in the Big Hole, died at Wisdom. At Helena, George Niewoehner, White Sulphur Springs attorney, claimed the state attorney general's office because he got 134 write-in votes in November, though no election was held for the office.

NEBRASKA

A BUILDING ENGINEER'S STRIKE against the Brandeis Investment Co. reduced heat in 21 Omaha buildings for two days. Sgt. Arthur Rupp and Miss Alberta Henderson were killed near Omaha when a cattle truck struck their car. Msgr. Augustine Colaneri, 68 years a priest, died; he had been chancellor to every Omaha bishop since the diocese was founded. Blood tests before issuance of marriage licences was proposed in the legislature at Lincoln. State draft officials said 74,000 Nebraskans are now in armed service.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HENRY F. BERRY defeated Tom Kirby for alderman at Manchester. Mrs. Hedwick Cameron, 33, became a railroad crossing tender at Manchester. At Londonderry, Wesley Adams, ex-president of the State Senate, was killed by a truck. Deaths: Judge Henry A. (Plupy) Shute, 86, author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," at Exeter; A. Y. Pearl, once a partner of "Death Valley Scotty," at Rochester; Prof. William L. Murray, at Hanover. A bill was proposed at Concord to set aside one-half the state's liquor revenues for a post-war bonus for service men.

NEW MEXICO

DR. M. K. WYLDER is new chairman of the State Board of Public Health. Bean growers are to receive AAA benefits of \$20 for every acre used to produce crops over 90 per cent of 1943 food production goals. The legislature began investigation of eight state departments. The Albuquerque Gas and Electric Co. was ordered by the State Public Service Commission to cut consumer rates by \$200,000 a year.



"Are you sure we're going to Fort Dix?"
Fort Belvoir, Va.
—Cpl. LEONARD SANSONE

Alexis Smith

While it seems entirely superfluous to say anything about the picture on this page, you might like to know that Alexis is a star in the Warner Bros. "Gentleman Jim."

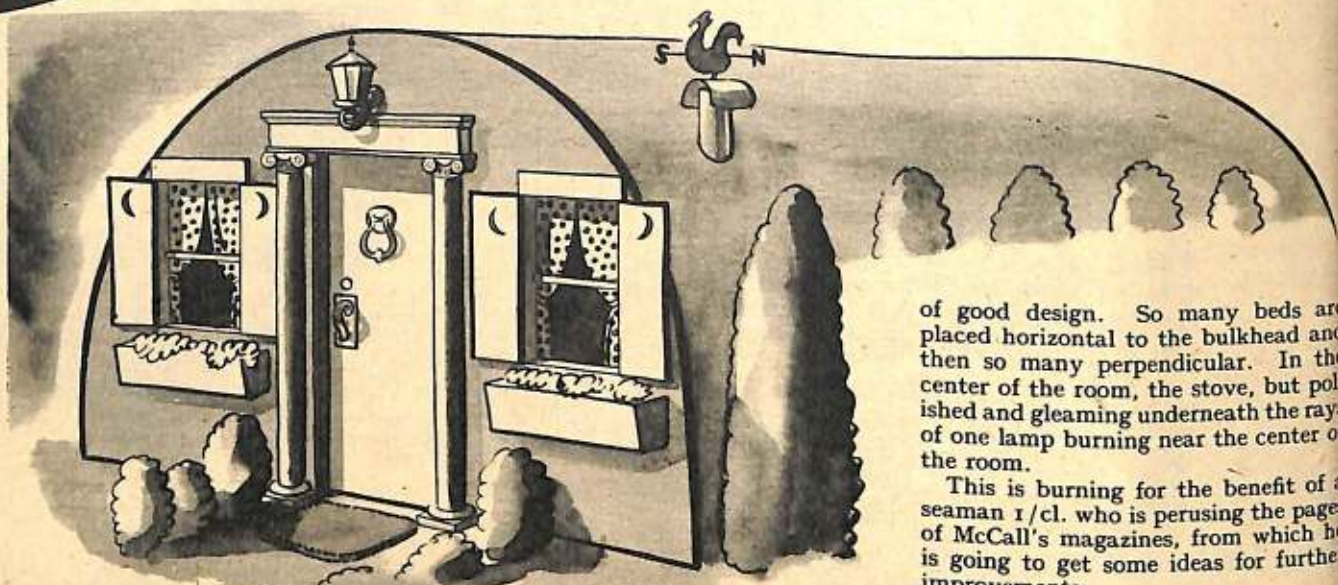


BARRACKS

Be it ever so humble... there's no place like a NISSEN HUT

AT THE U. S. NAVAL OPERATING BASE, LONDONDERRY, NORTHERN IRELAND — What's wrong with the Army is that the Army hasn't got any imagination, any sense of decor. What's wrong with the Army is its unmitigated willingness to go right on through life living in bleak surroundings, totally colorless quarters, except for a Pearl Harbor ribbon here and there on somebody's tunic. Oh, dull and drab, life in the Army without any gay curtains on the walls, or polish on the floor of their Nissen huts, without any white built-in radios in the walls, and without any indirect lighting.

Not the navy, a finishing school for interior decorators and a prep school for F-H-A officials and editors of *Good Housekeeping*. These sailors, they have got imagination, and they are be god-damned if they are going to spend their lonely hours in some stark-furnished Nissen hut, doing nothing but playing cards and reading smutty magazines. They are going to live in style. They are sensitive, these sailors, very sensitive citizens to the environment in which they live and they have fixed up those Nissen huts to look like some boudoir you would give your fourth



wife for a birthday present if you were a Hollywood leading man in 1929. Blue walls, white-and-blue walls, saffron-colored walls, everything but chartreuse walls which would be carrying things a little too far. Rugs on the floors, which are burnished and shining with wax. Indirect lighting. . . . Come with us to one of these magic stately homes of Ulster, carved out of the wilderness, set back in a lovely dell, with the late afternoon sun playing on the camouflaged roof, enchantingly submerged in the deepening shadows

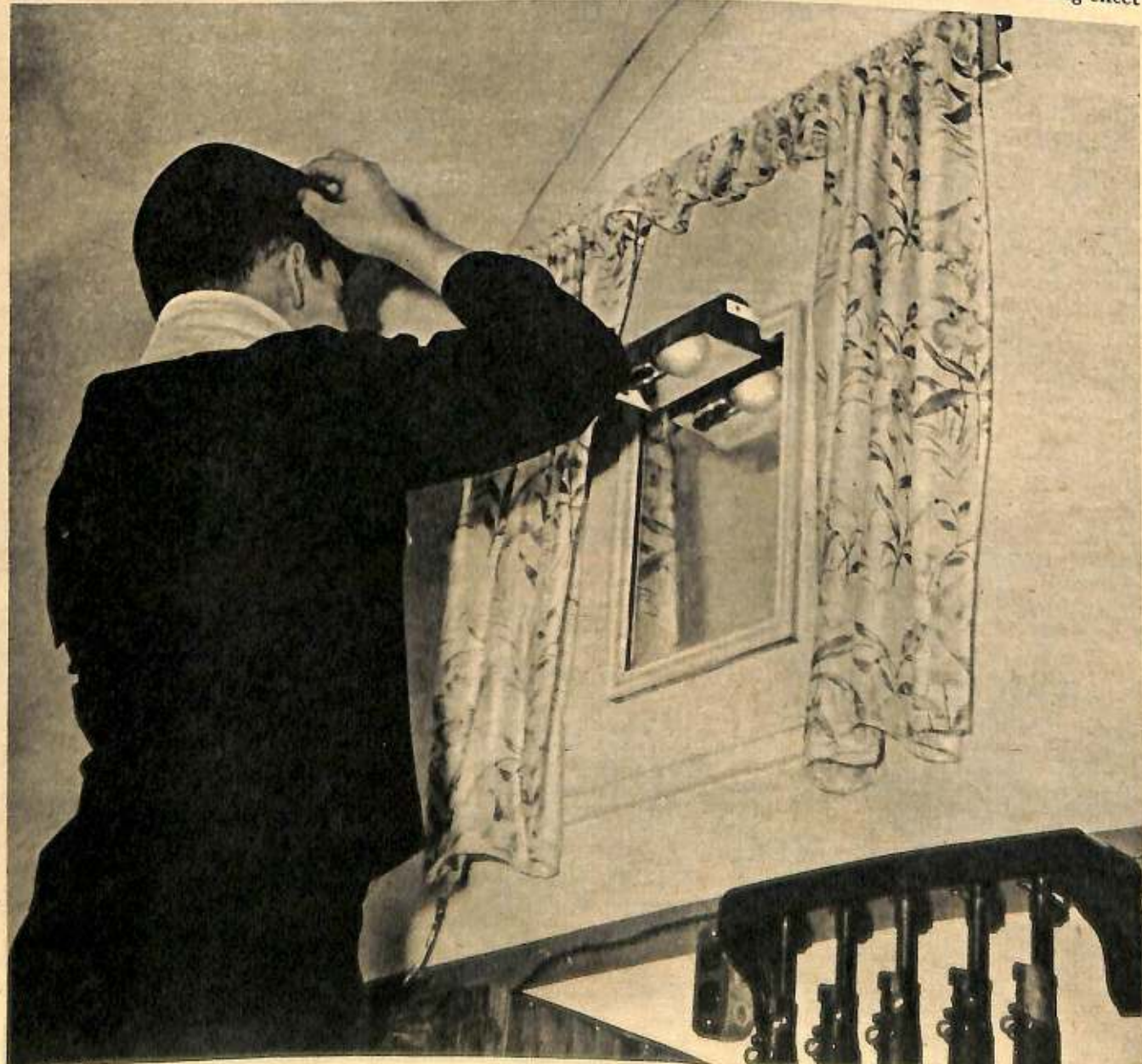
of a delightful February afternoon. Come to the door of one of those charming Nissen cottages, and admire the 18th-century brass knocker, glinting in the late afternoon sun. Open wide the doors and enter a typical Nissen hut in Londonderry. Below you, the shining, highly polished floor, and on its gleaming surface three brightly patterned rugs. To port and starboard, long rows of comfortable beds, cunningly arranged to present, not an Army appearance of regimentation and severity, but a soothing effect

of good design. So many beds are placed horizontal to the bulkhead and then so many perpendicular. In the center of the room, the stove, but polished and gleaming underneath the rays of one lamp burning near the center of the room.

This is burning for the benefit of a seaman 1/cl. who is perusing the pages of *McCall's* magazines, from which he is going to get some ideas for further improvements.

The walls, or bulkheads, as they are called, are painted a sky blue, and on them the interior decorators have pasted cut-out silver stars about the size of a baseball. At the port-holes, as it were, at either end of the hut, curtains sway gently in the February breeze. They are gaily colored affairs, of chintz. The windows themselves are clean, having been rubbed down assiduously with old copies of *Stars and Stripes*, the ink thereon being very good for polishing glass, according to the seaman 1/cl. who reads *McCall's*.

At either end of the hut are mirrors, the rims of which are painted a pale, September-morn pink. Above each is an indirect light. Lockers, of course, or rather chiffoniers, line the walls, and these are done in a lovely grammar-school-locker green. Above two of the bunks are built-in radios, one an oyster-white affair with red knobs. There also is a built-in ironing board for the domestically inclined. The W-P-B and shipping space were the two principal



IN HIS BECURTAINED BOUDOIR, a Londonderry tar belays a beany over his long, dark and glossy.



factors precluding installation of a double-motor triple-rotary washing machine.

That is about all we have to say about the joint except that we are not kidding.

It all can be very easily explained. Whereas, a pfc. in the Army, drab, colorless character that he is, had his mama and papa send over chocolate to feed his face on, the spartan Navy man had his packages from home filled with such goodies as Johnson's floor wax, bon ami powder, electric light fixtures and other items to make life a more charming, liveable, proposition. The chintz, incidentally, was sent by the Philadelphia fiancée of a gunners mate 3/cl., who had the mother of his Irish girl friend transform them into the right proportions for the windows above his — sack

However, it is not any Irish Shrangri La, because a man still has to walk anywhere from six to fifty feet to the head in the dead of night. So, old soldier, do not be grieved.

HOME COMPANION



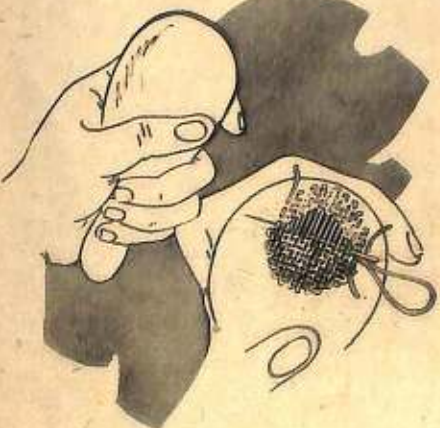
NEEDLE POINTERS

NEEDLING is one of the most honorable and popular pastimes among supply sergeants. They have been needling men for years. Now they are going to make it stick. Soon you may expect to be issued needles and thread. You should also be issued a manual entitled: "Operation, Maintenance and Ordnance of the U. S. Army Needle M2," and since none is in the works, we present our own.

This is all part of the Army's new plan to rip the brass buttons and insignia off your overcoat and blouse and throw them into a melting pot to furnish more metal for war production. They will be replaced by nice, dull, olive-drab plastic buttons, and you will do your own replacing with your own needle and thread.

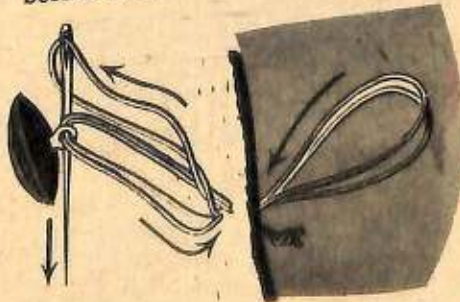
All in all, you will have 20 plastic buttons and two collar insignia—to sew on your overcoat and blouse, 10 buttons on each garment. And while you are learning to sew on buttons you might as well learn to darn socks and patch holes or large tears. We went over to Good Housekeeping magazine for a lesson in the art of sewing, and here's the result:

DARNING A HOLE. With sock right side out, insert "egg" (a hand grenade will do just as well) under hole. Trim ragged edges of hole with



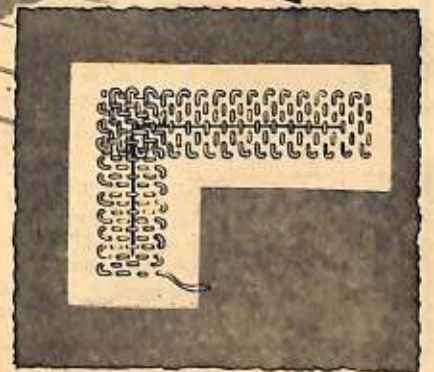
scissors. Do not knot the thread. The lengthwise threads come first. Leaving a short end free, take a few running stitches far enough from the hole to take in all the worn part. Turn, leaving a small loop at turning. On each succeeding row increase number of stitches so that when you come to the hole you will cover it and also strengthen the worn part. Arrange stitches so that needle comes out over edges of hole. Decrease length of rows on other side of hole. Cut thread when finished. Then weave stitches in the same manner across the width over and under the foundation stitches already made.

BUTTONS. Double the thread through the needle and put a knot in the end. Insert needle from the outside of the garment and draw through the cloth, catching the shank of the plastic button. Repeat this procedure until the button is secure, then bring thread to the inside. Take several small stitches and run thread between two thicknesses of fabric before clipping thread.



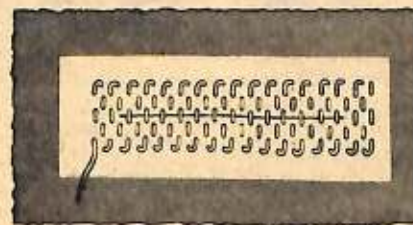
STRAIGHT TEAR. About 1/4 inch beyond end of tear and a little to the right bring thread through from wrong side, leaving an end of 6 inches on wrong side. Following the thread of goods, take small running stitches back and forth 1/4 inch on each side of tear. Do not darn too tightly but leave a very small loop at each turning. Fit edges of tear

together and sew across opening. On one row make the stitch over tear and on next row under. Continue for about 1/4 inch beyond end. To finish, catch thread through stitches of last row and clip. Thread needle with thread left hanging at beginning and catch it through stitches of at least one row. Clip closely.



THREE-CORNERED TEAR. Tear is both lengthwise and crosswise. Darn in the same manner as for straight tear. Stitches run at right angles to opening. Begin at one end and darn one side completely. Then begin at other end and darn the other side completely. Stitches at corners thus overlap and are strengthened.

Or just get some gal to do the whole job for you.





THE POETS CORNERED

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

POOR PVT. QUACK

God moves in a mysterious way,
But the Army has him beat.
To prove my point we'll take the case
Of Pvt. Joe McTweet.

He joined up with his Uncle Sam,
'Twas just a year ago;
They sent him straight to Scott Field
To study radio.

He started school with Pvt. Quack,
An egocentric lug;
But just two weeks thereafter
Poor Pvt. Quack washed out.

Joe learned his code and theory,
too,
And never once held back.
So help him God, he'd not flunk out
Like poor Pfc. Quack.

Four months have passed in this sad tale,
And never does he slack;
He knows now that he will not fail
Like poor Cpl. Quack.

Now Pvt. Joe is out of school,
Degrees he does not lack;
He's thankful that he made the grade
Unlike poor Sgt. Quack.

Pvt. Joe now pounds a key,
In a land where all are black;
While in St. Louis at the USO,
Sits poor Staff Sgt. Quack.

—Pvt. HERBERT A. HANLEY

Australia

GREEN BANANAS

Oh, I picked some green bananas
And I pushed them down the hatch;
Now boys I think I'm dying
Cause my eyes don't even match.
I am sitting by the window
And my sight is getting dim,
Yes I know the end is nearing
'Cause the things about me swim.
So, boys, please lift me gently,
Put a pencil in my hand,
For, I'm gonna write my story,
How I died for Uncle Sam.

—2nd Lt. ELIZABETH ITZEN, ANC
Australia

AT EASE!

There's a sergeant out our way,
Where the dots and dashes play
And the spread antennae hum like
bumble bees,
Who, when it's time for class, sir,
He's our own G.I. professor
When he says, and, boys, he means,
"By gad, AT EASE!"

"Now, this here's a generator,
That'n there's an oscillator . . ."
"Sarge, at what potential will it
bat the breeze?
What's its tonal variation?
How does sun spot infiltration . . ."
The sergeant scowls, he means,
"By gad, AT EASE!"

"What equation of resistance?"
Ask the student with insistence,
Punctuating with North Carolina
wheeze.
"Haven't you the least propensity
To compute the gaseous density . . .?"
The sergeant booms, "I said,
"By gad, AT EASE!"

"But in gases radioactive
Seen through spectroscopes refrac-
tive,
Like we worked on in the physics
lab'rat'ries . . ."
"Say, d'ya wanta teach this class?
If ya do, get off yer seat!
Now I said, an' by gad I mean,
I said, AT EASE!"

Well, at last the day is done,
And the honey-dripping sun
Is sinking fast behind the gilded
trees;
Stand retreat, chow, movie,—bed!
Get my pillow 'neath my head;
I say, and by gad I mean, Sarge,
I'm at ease.

—Cpl. EDWARD M. BERSHTEIN
Casual Det., OCS, Fort Sill, Okla.

THE GUY WITH THE SQUEAKY SHOES

I rather like a good long hike,
But there's one thing gives me
the blues:
It's to suddenly find I'm right be-
hind
The guy with the squeaky shoes.

"Fall in, fall out," some noncom'll
shout,
And each man follows these cues,
Except,—well, you see, they were
drowned out for me
By the guy with the squeaky
shoes.

So, I'm bawled out, called a fool
and a lout,
Man, I take plenty abuse,
Oh, why must it be I, who is
hounded by
The guy with the squeaky shoes.

—Pvt. HY YANOWITZ
Camp Pickett, Va.

KP JABBERWOCKY

(With the usual apologies to Lewis Carroll, who
certainly deserves them.)



'Twas dawnish, and the sloplich
prive,
Did toil and spicker in the kitch,
A-polixing the fork and knife,
The plate and cup, no matter
which.

"Then never goldbrick here, my
son,
"And never loaf upon the job;
"This kitch, it is no place for fun—
"And messy sarges will play
hob!"

He took the vormal mop in hand,
Long time the grimish floor he
mopped;
He peeled spuds to beat the band,
'Til on his tiredy back he flopped.

And, as a-goldbricking he lay,
The messy sarge, with eyes of
flame,
Came shuffling in to start the day,
A-whistling lightner as he came.

"Well, well! Well, well! What have
we here?
"A goldbricker upon his back!"
The messy sarge's face did leer—
He took his gig list from his
pack.

"So, hast thou been a bad gold-
brick?
"I'll gig thee now, my beamish
prive!
"Take up thy mop, now do it quick!
Thou sluggard! Let thee look
alive!"

'Tis nightish, and the sloplich
prive,
Still toileth longly in the kitch,
Peeling the spud, shining the
knife,
Mopping the floor, no matter
which!

—Cpl. DICK B. GEHMAN
Fort George G. Meade, Md.



Dear YANK:
What is all this fuss about the young-
est master sergeant? For your informa-
tion and for the information of all the
readers of YANK, we have the youngest
master sergeant. This baby is M/Sgt.
Zewel Berman who joined the Army at
18 years and 4 months, and who through
hard work (that's a laugh) and diligent
study at Fort Monroe, Va., was pro-
moted to the grade of M/Sgt. on Jan.
15, 1942. At the time of this promotion
M/Sgt. Berman was 19 years and 11
days old. He was born Jan. 4, 1923. The
other fellows in the picture are M/Sgt.
Berman's nursemaids. Left to right:
Sgt. Loudermilk, Sgt. Lieber, M/Sgt.
Berman, Sgt. Kostrzak, S/Sgt. Snyder.

—Sgt. LINUS K. LOUDERMILK

Australia

Sorry, but our winner was born
June 7, 1923. But thanks anyway for
the snapshot. To M/Sgt. Berman a
six-striped candy bar as consolation.

Dear YANK:
There was a big mistake in the story
of the Tulagi attack in YANK Jan. 16,
where it said the Yorktown protected
the Lexington's rear while it attacked.
I was aboard the Yorktown and on May
4, 1942, we launched three consecutive
attacks on ships at Tulagi. The Lexing-
ton was no where close at the time. Who
wrote that story, a Lexington man?

—NORMAN G. JOHNSON, 51c

Pacific

Mail Call



Dear YANK:
Here's a problem I'd like YANK to
yank the teeth out of. When we were
stationed in Australia, I won two jitter-
bug contests (these Aussie gals kick a
mean heel) and I collected a £6 prize,
plus a £2 prize. I gave £4 (or half the
take) to the lady, and that left me £4
in the black. Am I legally entitled to
keep that dough—or does Uncle Sammy
get a cut? All I want out of life right
now is a steak, a glass of milk, and
something delicious to squeeze (I don't
mean lemons). As for you guys who
always wanted to live on a South Sea
island—just wait, you dopes, just wait!

—CHARLES C. SCOTT

New Guinea

The rule says you may keep dough
earned in spare time, but you can't
sell something the Army pays you
to do. In this case, you keep the
money.

Dear YANK:
The best way to keep a safety razor
blade in action is to strop it on the
palm of your hand. It is very easy to
do, without much danger of a self-in-
flicted wound, and the result is surpris-
ing. It should be done right after one
shave and just before the next. This
little shaver with practically a porcu-
pine mug used to harass a new blade
daily; since a British officer divulged
this trick, a blade goes for a week at
least.

—BOLTON MALLORY

Mexico, D. F.

Dear YANK:
I am flattered that YANK "after due
deliberation and the exercise of careful
thought," should have admitted me to
the Marching and Mayhem Club. Bou-
vier's dictionary defines mayhem as

"The cutting or disabling or weakening
of a man's hand or finger, or foretooth,
or depriving him of those parts, the
loss of which abates his courage. . . ."
I agree with you that membership "is
no light gesture, lightly given."

—FRANCIS BIDDLE, Attorney General
Washington, D. C.

Dear YANK:
We would like to take exception to a
sentence in your story "Hot Bridge" by
Sgt. Harry Brown (YANK, Jan. 20):
"Gee Dee," the captain says. "I'm going
to put this whole company on KP. I'm
going to transfer them all to the QMC."
What the hell's the matter with the
QMC? We feed you, we clothe you, we
bring you supplies and ammunition and
we don't use the back door to bring it
to you either. We fight our way through
to keep you as comfortable as possible.
I pity any engineer who gets trans-
ferred to this corps.

—A Barracks of Indignant QMs
Camp Lee, Va.

Dear YANK:
Tear down the camp stockade; send
the long termers to the federal pen.
Then return the yardbirds left to their
outfits, there to do extra duty after
hours, preferably KP or cleaning trucks.
After doing either or both I doubt
whether any would "do it" again. Con-
finement of a soldier costs too much in
time and men, and the men's spirit and
courage are often impaired. It is sadder
yet when the prisoner is in splendid
physical shape and those are what the
Army is needing now.

Please use initials in case you publish
this letter or I will be in stockade
again.

—Pvt. J. T.
Camp Livingston, La.

Dear YANK:
One thing bothers my buddies and me:
the cheap commercialism on the part
of advertisers who play upon patriotism
in the furtherance of their products.
Why should the name of a service or-
ganization be used to further the sale
of Gaspies by showing Plaudett Bolbert
"doing a grand job" giving them out to
the boys at the Canteen? Most ob-
noxious are the radio commercials—one
repeating to the point of exhaustion
that "Blucky Mike Green has gone to
War" and another scaring the Axis out
of its wits by personally telling Hitler
and Hirohito about our modern design
in war equipment—and how their ciga-
rettes also have modern design.

—A/C DAVID T. COHEN
Ellington Field, Tex.

Dear YANK:
We are sending along a letter
thanking Claude Thornhill, Benny
Goodman, Glenn Miller and Tommy
Dorsey, to you, which we would ap-
preciate your forwarding. The ar-
rangements which you got for us
from them have been a godsend, and
we wanted to thank them as well as
you.

We have transcribed almost all
the original scores which they sent,
and the soldiers are eating them up.
Claude Thornhill's arrangement of
"Sorghum Switch" is one of the
most popular. We get requests for
the Tommy Dorsey arrangements of
"Swanee River," "Blues No More,"
"So What," and "Hawaiian War
Chant" three and four times a night,
and Harry James' "B-19" is a swell
seller.

When we first heard that there was
to be an Army magazine published
for and by the soldiers, we were a
little afraid it would be corny. YANK
certainly isn't at all, and we read it
as avidly here as we used to read the
"New Yorker" and "Time" in civilian
life.

S/Sgt. BILL WALKER

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 37
 FEB. 28, 1943
 By the men... for the men in the service

SALUTE TO THE NAVY

SINCE THIS IS THE ARMY, it was deemed perfectly normal that we should have a little harmless fun with the Navy this week on page 18, one of our amphibious reporters just having returned from an excursion with the Navy in Londonderry.

While there, he discovered one of the greatest phenomena in the E-T-O—Nissen huts that actually were not only liveable, but right on the verge of being very, very comfortable. That's something the Army has never done, the Army not being very domesticated by nature. But don't let the description of the luscious layout at Londonderry give you any ideas about the Navy being either soft or frilly, or whiling its life away doing embroidery for curtained windows there in Northern Ireland.

In every one of those Nissen huts there's at least one man who's been torpedoed, at least one who's been injured in the line of duty in the battle of the Atlantic. There are men who fought the German in the North Atlantic even before we entered the war, men who have taken the long voyage to Murmansk and who have seen the dive bombers sitting in the Mediterranean sun by the dozens before they screamed down on ships bringing supplies for Malta.

Soldier, they're not soft, these sailors, at sea or on land. At Londonderry they have an equally important job, repairing the ships that come limping in from the high seas, gaping holes in their sides, wrecked by torpedoes. Under lease agreements, the machine shops at Londonderry are humming day and night, ceaselessly for the common cause. British, American, Norwegian—all Allied vessels—are given equal priority, depending only on the extent of their damages.

The sailors are working hard, for a common cause. They have been given excellent equipment. They have been given excellent officers. Their workshops are as technically well-equipped as any back in the States.

Don't let the lace curtains fool you.



Out of the Frying Pan

DURING a lull in the fighting, a mess truck with containers, round, insulated, full of hot food prepared in the rear area, started down the road to find the company bivouac. It was a nice, pleasant day and the mess sergeant and his three cooks were taking it easy, probably discussing new methods of

broiling sirloin steak. When they discovered that the driver had lost his way, they told him to keep on going—until they saw a road sign that said: "Tunis—4 km." They got out, picked up the sign, put it in the back of their truck, turned around and beat it the hell down the road.

Hair-Brained

Moving to the attack on Sened, one U. S. scout car flushed a rabbit. The startled driver said, "Oh, look, a rabbit." The battle was momentarily forgotten, and the frenzied rabbit took off for the hills with one scout car after him and the 50 caliber bullets tearing up the ground around his feet. It later developed the driver was a veteran Michigan hunter.

A Lesson in Nomenclature

At the front, two officers pitched a pup tent and left several hand grenades outside. Arabs stole the grenades, believing them to be a strange species of nut, and the survivors later explained. Unable to open the "nuts" with their bare hands, they tried to crack them with rocks. Why say more?

African Social Note

The Franco-American wedding bells, which rang so often in the last war, have started to peal again—this time in Africa.

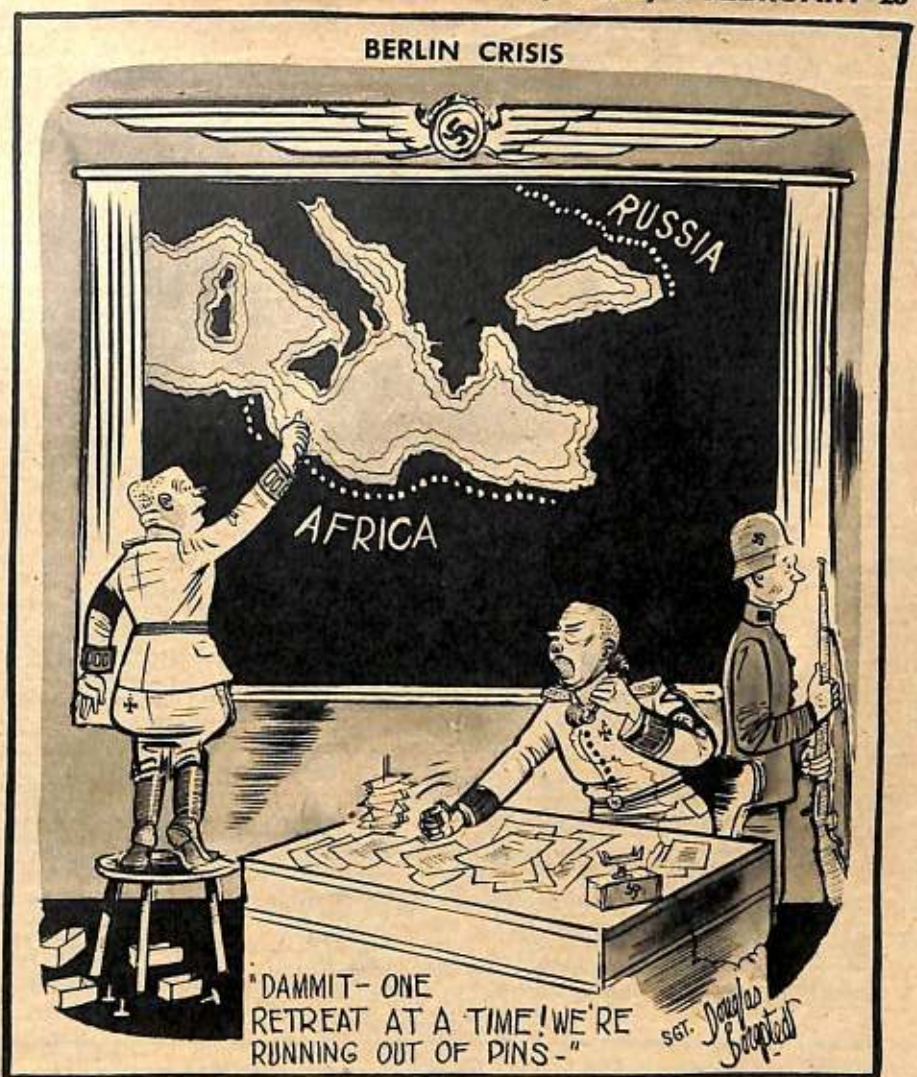
Air Force Sergeant, Frank M. Cheney, 28, of White Plains, N. Y., married Mlle. Sylvia Cavalier, 20, of Algiers, on February 7, having met her on December 15, shortly after he arrived.

Lt.-Col. Elliot Roosevelt, commanding officer of the unit was there to see the knot tied, as were most of the other members of the unit.

Sergeant Cheney, who seems to be a pretty fast worker with Army red tape about marriage permission, was not so successful in getting leave for a honeymoon.

Rain

In one section of the front, which shall here be nameless, a bunch of ex-cavalry-men, quite dehorned, were huddled under a shelter composed of gasoline tins and canvas. It was, to speak mildly, raining. It was raining both outside and inside the shelter. It just so happened that the canvas was full of rips and the gasoline tins were full of old machine gun holes. The cavalrymen huddled together miserably. One of them, up to his knees in water, was trying to write a letter on soggy paper with the broken stub of a pencil. Finally he sighed and looked at the commanding officer, a shavetail. "Lieutenant," he said, "how do you spell 'pitiful'?"



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

R.I.P.

Two German women were boasting of their gains from various Nazi conquests. Said one: "From Norway, I got the most beautiful pair of gloves; from Czechoslovakia, such stunning shoes, and my gown from Paris . . ."

"And what," interrupted her friend, "did you get from Russia?" "From Russia," came the answer, "I got my widow's veil."

Fly Swatters Are in Order

An order from the German Army that the tails of all cattle in Germany be shorn for the hair needed because of the Reich's textile shortage brought the following comment from the correspondent of a Swiss paper: "A little tuft should be left at the end of a cow's tail for whisking off flies."

Kindness in Reverse

A Norwegian audience at an obligatory showing of a propaganda newsreel was dumbfounded on seeing a scene depicting German soldiers "giving food to the Norwegian citizens." Titters rose to murmurs, and murmurs to outright hilarity as some one in the darkened house shouted, "Germans giving food to the Norwegians. No. They're running the film backward!"

The Better Realm

One of the customary formal death notices appearing in a German newspaper recently happened to contain the phrase: "God the Almighty, having seen fit to call our dearly beloved husband and father to a better realm . . ."

The next day all members of the bereaved family were arrested and sent to a concentration camp for "grumbling about conditions and slandering the Third Reich!"

German Treasure

A Nazi leader was ending a two-hour pep talk to a group of factory workers.

"And whenever the seditious agitators talk to you of poverty, remember that Germany is a rich nation," he roared. "Don't we still have our treasures of coal, ore and potash under the ground? And on top, we have our greater treasures: Hitler, Goering, Goebbels . . ."

Some one in the audience whispered: "Be a damned sight better for us when we reverse the position of our treasures!"

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



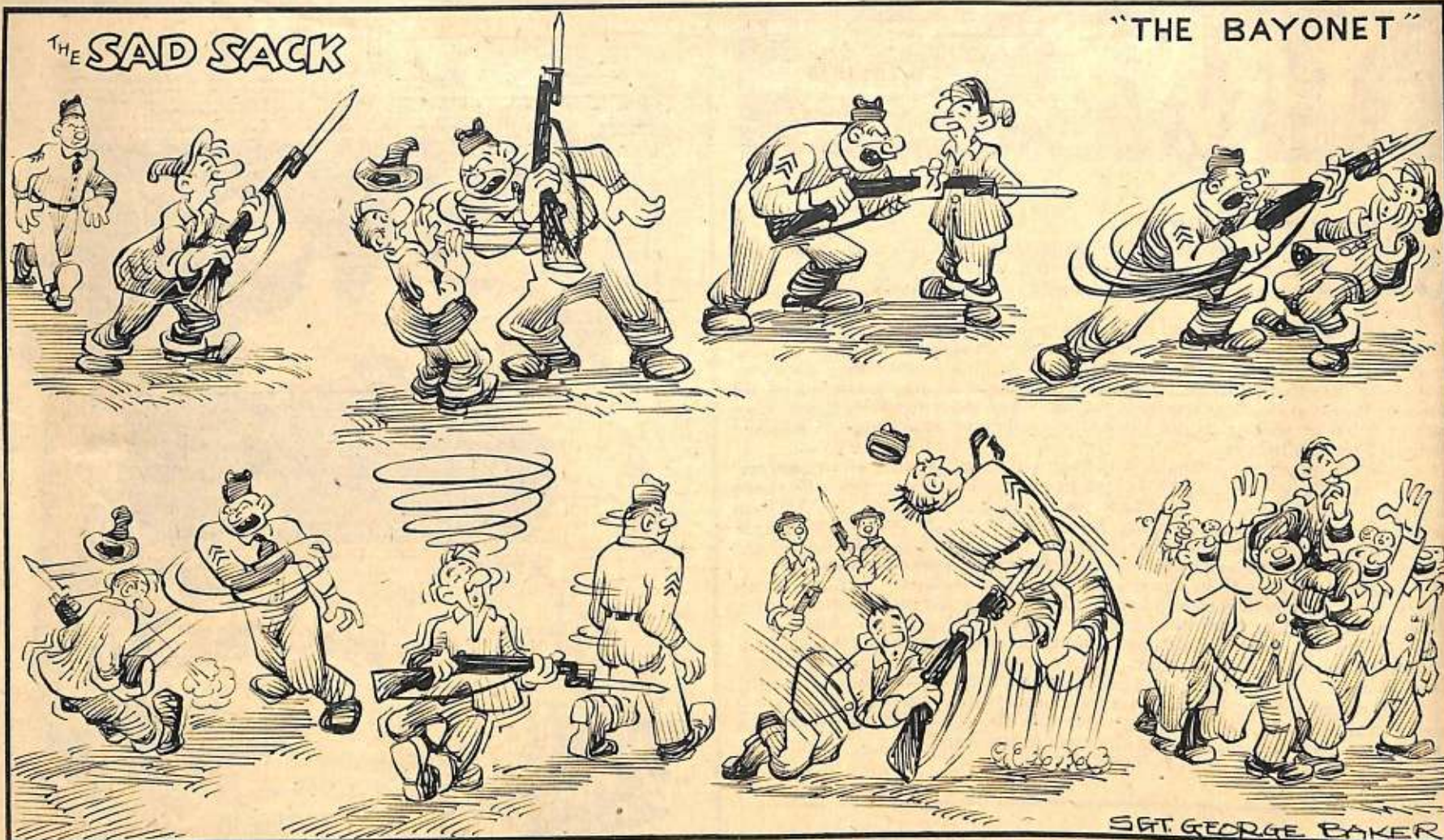
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11, top, Planet; bottom, AP. 12 and 13, Aarons. 14, top, INP; bottom, Planet. 15, top left, INP; right, Planet; center, AP; bottom left, AP; right, INP. 17, Warner Bros. 18, Sgt. Bill Richardson. 23, top, Acme; bottom, INP. Pictures: 1, BOP. 2 and 3, Planet. 4, Engr. News Record. 5, left, U.S. Army Engrs; top right and center, U.S. Army; bottom right, WW. 6, left, Sgt. Bob Ghio; right, PA. 8, top, AP. 9, bottom, Central Press.



BETWEEN the LINES

HOPELESS' DREAM

EVERYTHING happens to me, Stripesless Murphy, and Little Orphan Annie, but mostly to me because Little Orphan Annie has Daddy Warbucks and I've got only Hopeless McGonigle.

Hopeless is a very queer character. This is why, he is called Hopeless. One day we are gambling on the greensward which is different from gambling on a blanket, when the sergeant what is teaching us how to be soldiers says, "Guys, when yer wants ter fall on yer bellies, ya gotta support yerself wit' yer butts." Whereupon Hopeless says that he ain't built so's he can support his belly with his butt. The sergeant tells him he's hopeless, so ever since then he is.

One night we is rumormniscing in Club La Trine when Hopeless finds out he is eligible for a furlough. The next day he presents himself to the first sergeant. "Master," he says, because this is the kind of a sergeant

we got, "I would like a furlough." The bulb on the end of the sergeant's nose starts making red danger signals, but Hopeless heeds not. "Sergeant," he says, "I am in the Army six months, I am fatigued with details and I am in desperate need of a furlough to spend at home."

"Where at's your home," says the sergeant whose nose has turned back to a normal blue.

"Here," says Hopeless. "Naw," says the sergeant, "I mean where at you going for your furlough."

"Here," says Hopeless. The sergeant's nose is beginning to get red again. "You can't spend no furlough on the post," he says. Now Hopeless is been around so many bars he thinks he is a lawyer so he quotes as follows: "Par 2, Sec. 5, Amend. IV, AR 300-0072, signed by Gen. U. S. Grant what ain't never been rescinded says like I repeat. 'Enlisted personnel below the first three grades are entitled to the hospitality of the post at which stationed, concurrent with furloughs, if, due to the emergency of war they have no where else to go.'"

This AR makes the sergeant very unhappy as it is the first time he has to back down. But he gives Hopeless the furlough.

All this happens 11 days ago. The first day of the furlough Hopeless goes back to the sergeant. "Bub," he says to him (after all he's on a furlough). "Bub," he says, "if you would be so kindly, I would appreciate you awaking me at 10:30 A.M. sharp tomorrow morning."

"Wha-a-a-a-t," screams the sergeant.

"Tut, tut," says Hopeless, "Remember AR 300-0072, signed by, may he rest in peace, Gen. Grant."

"OK," says the sergeant what is got a wild gleam in his eye. But all this ain't nothing. The next day about 3 P.M. Hopeless wanders into the kitchen of the mess hall and says to the mess sergeant, "I am craving a double thick-cut sirloin steak smothered with two

lamb chops, mushrooms and french fried potatoes with coffee royal and ice cream for dessert."

The mess sergeant is going to call the hospital for a laced canvas jacket when Hopeless flashes the furlough, all the time quoting Gen. Grant's AR what ain't never been rescinded. He gets his steak and so forth.

A couple of days later Hopeless proceeds up to the supply sergeant. "Fella," he says, "because the chamber maid service in this place is punk, I got dirty sheets. I do not like dirty sheets. I would appreciate you changing the linen on my bed."

"Ha, ha, ha," says the sergeant, what gives no request more than a three ha rating.

"AR 300-0072," says Hopeless. He gets his sheets changed.

The whole 10 days goes on like

this. Hopeless is very overjoyed. He ain't never had no better time since they broadcast his number on the radio. For 10 days he is leading a life like Riley never had if he was in the Army.

But Hopeless' furlough is over yesterday. Things is returned to normal and Hopeless don't feel so good. Especially when the sergeant comes in and hands him a bill for 10 days' room and board with additionals on the American plan.

"What's this," says Hopeless. "Par. 1, Sec. 3, Amend. V to Par. 2, Sec. 5, Amend IV of AR 300-0072 what ain't never been rescinded either," says the sergeant whose nose has now turned red, white and blue.

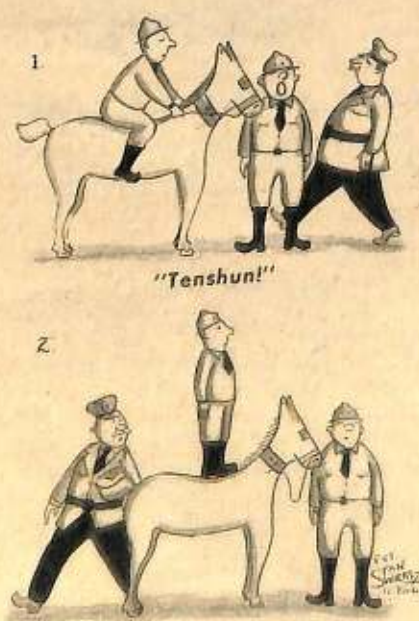
—Sgt. L. A. BRODSKY
Marianna Army Air Field, Fla.

PRIVATE MULLIGAN

by Cpl. Larry Reynolds



"Let's not crowd. I'll capture all youse Italians if you'll be patient."



SPORTS: YANKS PEDDLE LEFTY GOMEZ TO BOSTON BRAVES WHERE HE'S SURE TO BE SAFE AND CLOSE TO HOME

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

MR. ED BARROW grabbed one of the six telephones on his desk and called up his manager, Mr. Joe McCarthy.

"McCarthy, this is Barrow, your boss. I have a painful duty to perform. I must release our funniest left-handed pitcher."

"Which one?" asked McCarthy.

"Gomez, who else?" said Mr. Barrow. "In all my years of baseball I do not recollect a more distasteful job than releasing Gomez. But the situation demands that we throw sentiment to the Phillies and face the hard facts. Gomez must go!"

"Boss, I think it's our duty to treat Gomez gently," McCarthy said. "He's like my own child. I have raised him from a 130-pound rookie. I put meat on his bones. When he goosed them with the handle of a bat, I saved him from the terrible wrath of 63 umpires who threatened to ban him from baseball."

"McCarthy, I haven't been touched so deeply since I threw \$35,000 to the San Francisco Seals for that string-bean 10 years ago," Barrow said. "How do you suggest we treat this thing?"

"Let's sell Gomez to the Boston Braves where he will be safe and close to his home in Lexington," McCarthy said. "That Boston park is huge and those long foul lines and the wind from the Charles River will protect him. For the last couple of seasons I have had a feeling that our 301- and 295-foot left and right fields in the stadium have been much too short for Lefty."

"This is a good idea, McCarthy, if I say so myself and I say so," Barrow said. "I will peddle Gomez to the Braves within the hour."

The Yankees and McCarthy won't be the same without Gomez. He was a furious bundle of nervous energy and he took it all out on McCarthy. During a tight game Lefty would pace up and down or chin himself on a pipe in the dugout or beg McCarthy to put him in the game.

"For God's sake, Gomez, go down to the bull pen or in the clubhouse. Go some place. You're driving me crazy," McCarthy would plead.

On or off the field, Gomez gave McCarthy many anxious moments. Once, with a man on first base, a ball was knocked back to Gomez and he wheeled around and threw to Tony Lazzeri, who was a good 10 feet off second base, instead of to Frankie Crosetti, who was covering the bag.

"What the hell did you throw the ball to me for?" Lazzeri demanded.



Gomez was calm and ready for him. He reached into his hip pocket and brought out a newspaper clipping.

"It says here, Lazzeri, that you are the smartest man in baseball and I was just curious to see what you would do in a spot like that."

When the inning was over McCarthy stalked Gomez as he walked off the mound. "I want to know why you made that throw to Lazzeri," McCarthy asked.

"Honest, Mack, I was a little confused," Gomez said. "When I looked around there were two fine Italians near the bag and I didn't know which one to throw it to."

"There was another one in centerfield," McCarthy snorted. "Why didn't you throw it to him?"

Gomez has reached the end of his string. He still has his bewildering speed, but the magic in his arm is gone. Last year he leaned heavily on Grandma Johnny Murphy to finish almost every game he started. Box scores often read: Winning pitcher, Gomez and Murphy.

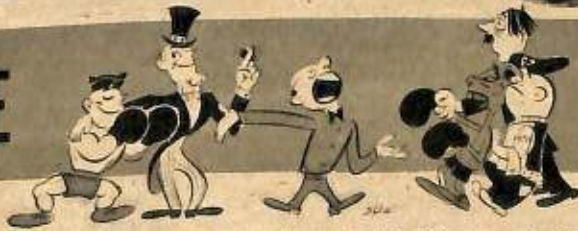
Gomez watched the last World Series from the dugout complaining that the Cardinals looked like pickets going from third to home. After the final game Judge Landis dropped by the Yankee dressing room to express his condolences. He walked up to Gomez, offered his hand in sympathy and said:

"Tough luck, Lefty."

"What do you mean tough luck," Gomez asked. "I didn't do nothin'."

"That's the trouble," answered Landis.

SPORTS SERVICE



RECORD

Southern Cal. May Be Nation's Top Cagers

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Southern California's greatest basketball team in years is well on its way to the Pacific Coast Conference Championship, and before it's through it may wind up in the National playoffs — it's that good.

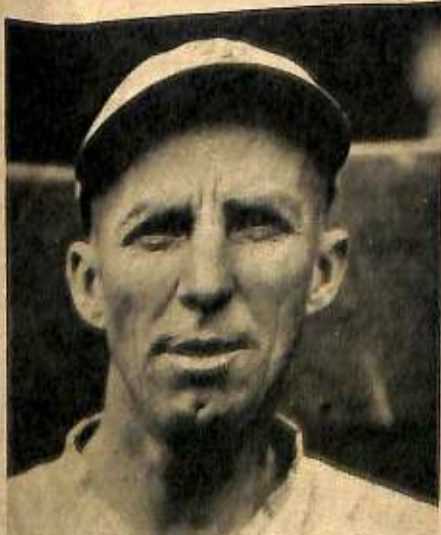
Nobody is going to stop the Trojans in the southern division of the coast conference. They have trimmed California twice, overpowered Stanford once, and knocked off the UCLA Bruins, who have dropped 41 straight games to Southern Cal in the last 11 years. When the Trojans finish their business in the Southern division they will meet Washington or Oregon State, both in the running for the Northern championship.

While Southern Cal romped toward the coast title, both Illinois and Indiana walloped Iowa to remain in a deadlock at the top of the Big Ten standings. Kansas holds its Big Six lead, Pennsylvania heads the Ivy League, George Washington and Kentucky paced the Southern field, and undefeated NYU topped the Metropolitan league.

THE FIRST BIG LEAGUER to join the big parade in the first World War, **Old Sarge Hank Gowdy**, is back in the fight again—this time as an infantry captain at Fort Benning, Ga. The 53-year-old Cincinnati Red coach was a color sergeant with the Rainbow Division during the last war. The baseball field at Benning, where he is serving, was named Gowdy Field in his honor some years ago.

Comdr. Gene Tunney is polishing up an ensign's commission for **CPO Billy Soose**, the ex-middleweight champion. Tunney reports that Soose is doing a great physical training job under trying conditions at Kodiak, Alaska. . . . **Pete Reiser**, the Dodger outfielder, has turned up at the Fort Riley (Kans.) Cavalry Replacement Center. Reiser's teammate, **Pee Wee Reese** enlisted in the Navy and is now training at the Norfolk Physical Education School under Tunney.

S/Sgt. Fred Perry of the AAF says he's permanently out of tennis because of an elbow injury he received while playing Bobby Riggs in the Garden last year. "I knew then the arm would never be the same," he explained. "I've gone out on top. Why should I start again at the bottom of the heap?" . . . **Skeets Dickey**, Chicago White Sox catcher, is now in Alaska, and his teammate, **Bob Kennedy**, a third baseman, is winning his navy wings of gold at the University of Chicago. . . . **Bill Butland**, Boston Red Sox rookie pitcher, has completed his basic training and has been assigned to a field artillery battery at Camp Gordon, Ga.



Capt. Hank Gowdy

Battle Scarred

Poem by Cpl. John Readey

Set to Music by Pvt. Albert Kohn.

BRIGHTLY
Verse

They stick the need-le in me dry, They stick it in me
Times those vam-pires stick me good, They at-most fin-ish

Yel-low Fer-er is ex-cuse for one more hole in me. Oh,

wel me. They punch me full of holes, it seems at
And then they take a pint of blood and

I haven't been in bat-tle yet In war I have'n't starred, But

ev-ry chance they get - Some glee. They
Smile in fiend-ish

if you saw the holes in me. You'd swear I'm bat-tle scarred.

CHORUS

Give me some shots for tet-an-us, For Ty-phoid I get three - The



FRONT AND CENTER, you latrine Carusos. Here is YANK's first sheet music (you heard us) of the war. The ditty to the left, words by Cpl. John Readey, Camp Stoneman, Calif., and music by Pvt. Albert Kohn, first appeared in our Poet's Cornered some months ago. The Special Service Division of the Second Service Command, where they say the boys even snore in four-part harmony, has set 10 of YANK's poems to music and this is one of the best. Try it on your zither, comb or glockenspiel, and if you can think up a better set of words, mail them in. A year's free subscription to YANK to all additional verses sent us that are good enough to publish. Just address MUSIC EDITOR, YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. Incidentally, the music for all 10 poems can be obtained by addressing Special Service Office, HQ, Second Service Command, 7th floor, 52 Broadway, New York City. But the supply is limited, so better hurry.



Ed. Ralph Stein

