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YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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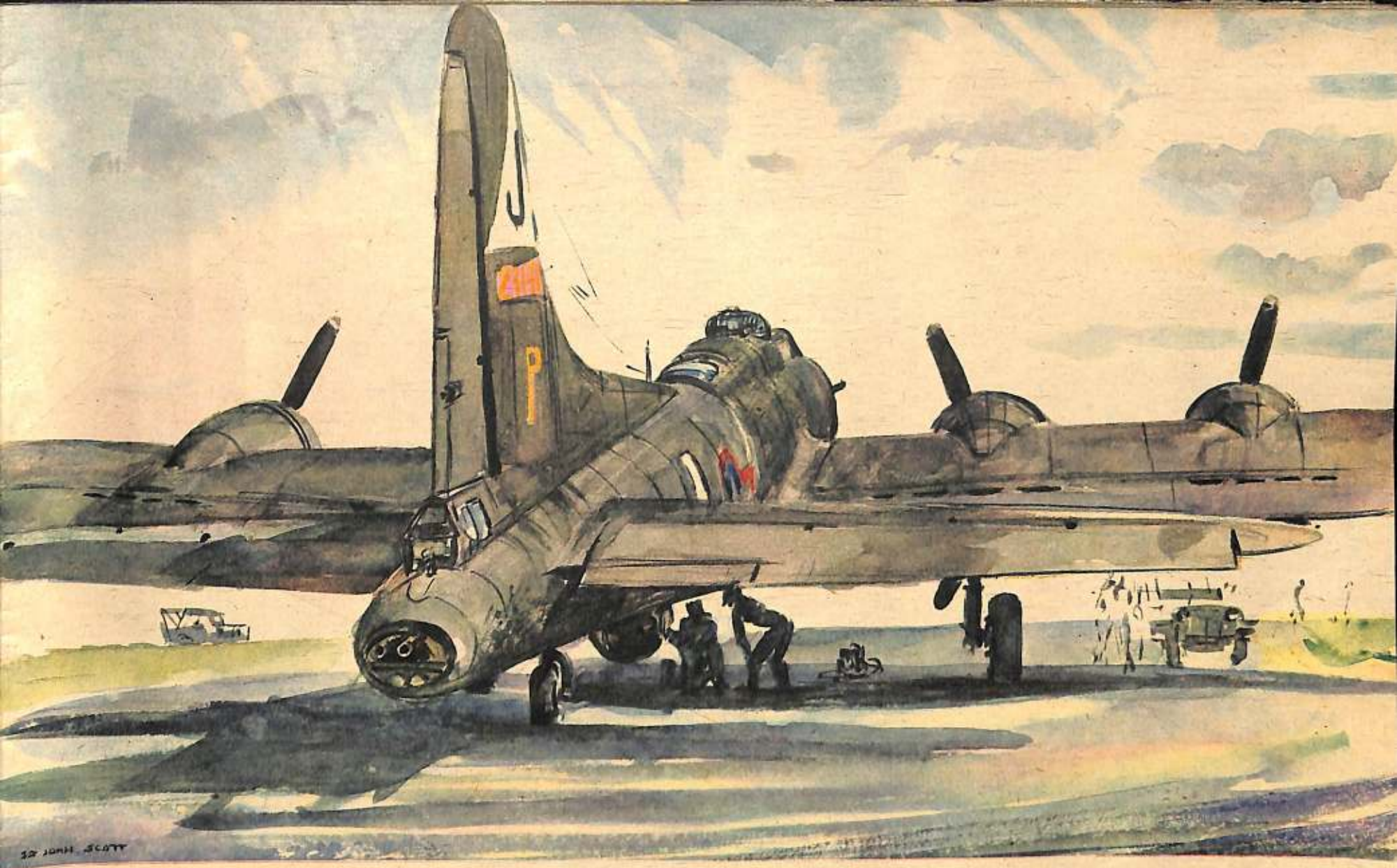
By the men . . for the men in the service

Souvenir Hunting, Southwest Pacific.

The room is the right size, the floor is unwaxed but smooth, and the jazz from a small band comes through very clear . . .

Two radio mechanics walk across the field to the mess hall. As the planes leave the noise dies off, sighing easily away . . .



Life at an Air Base

THE average day does not get off to a very violent start at an Eighth Air Force station in England. There are none of the usual sound effects of an army camp at daybreak, the bugle call reveille, the sergeant's voice cracking open your sleep with "Rise and shine; everybody up, up, up, up, up."

Instead, there are two dominant sounds on an air base at this time. The rattle of mess kits and the widening roar of engines in the distance. The ground crews are going to breakfast at the same time as the bombers tune up for mission or practice.

Two radio mechanics walk along the road to the mess hall. As the planes leave, the noise dies off. Suddenly there is a new drone above their heads.

One man says, "You know what that was? Those were Nazi observation planes photographing this camp. We can't see them because they fly so high. One of their planes sounds like a flock of ours. That's how I can tell. I've been reading up on it."

The other man looks at the scene around him. It is studiously picturesque. Sheep come milling out on the road from a thatched farmhouse. Birds sing, and across yellow grain fields big green trees spread out in the clean, silent morning.

"Yes, we're really in a hot spot," he said happily.

RETURN

It is an afternoon of vivid calm. Crash cars, jeeps, ambulances, Red Cross mobile canteens, trucks, all line up in two rows between the hangars. People stand around in the dust and glare talking, smoking, feeling the heat mounting on their heads and shoulders. They are almost sure that there will be one or two ships missing on the return flight. It is hard, though, to work this scene up into a state of melodrama. The atmosphere is quiet, casual and nervous, like the crowd at a steeplechase.

A bunch of men by the marker beacon garage play with an ailing ferret that they have caught and tied to a string.

The star turn of the day is provided by a slim, excitable pursuit plane. It comes in fast, drives right up the sky in a sheer vertical climb, waves and flashes in the sun, then vanishes in the distance.

Before they are seen, the thunder of the bombers closes in hard on your ears. Then they appear in orderly clouds, moving in perfect unison and certainty over the afternoon.

As they land the bombers lose all their assurance, speed, power and even size. They lumber out to the dispersal area, and the trucks start off from the hangar. The flying crews climb out from the cabins. A flight operations officer approaches one of them.

"Well, how did you enjoy it?"

"Not bad. Some of the flak chipped our tail. But it was all a little too quiet."

They use understatements but act slightly drunk with relief at being on home ground again. They slam each other on the back and lean against the hulls of the planes roaring with laughter.

THE ORDNANCE

They are sometimes called armorers, but theirs is not a very knightly craft. They are the boys who load the ships with bombs shortly before a mission. Their work is filthy, critical and boring, and they keep the most unsteady working hours of any of the ground crews. A complete night's sleep is a rare treat for them, as no one officially informs them until just before the take-off that there is a mission on.

The bombs are brought out to the ships in movable racks. A rope and pulley arrangement worked by hand slings them into the hulls. Considering their weight, cubic content and purpose, the bombs are handled rather informally. The armorers know what they are doing, however, and tell you that until the fuse caps are inserted the bombs will not go off. Once they fit the caps on, it slightly increases their chances of being blown to everlasting life, should a rope fray or a chain slide. They also tell you, though, that there is a gadget in the bomb's tail that steers it through the air and releases the detonator. The bomb therefore will not explode until it has dropped through space a certain distance.

SQUADRON PARTY

The room is the right size, the floor is unwaxed but smooth, and the jazz from a small government issue band comes through clear and rapidly. There are only two couples on the floor, all four of them Waafs dancing sternly together. The other girls stand around a far corner of the room. There are several civilians, pliable young blondes in pink angora jackets, and one fervent imitation of Hollywood in a black satin dress and hair rolled up high over her ears. The rest are Waafs and Ats looking hot and fresh and pretty in shirt sleeves.

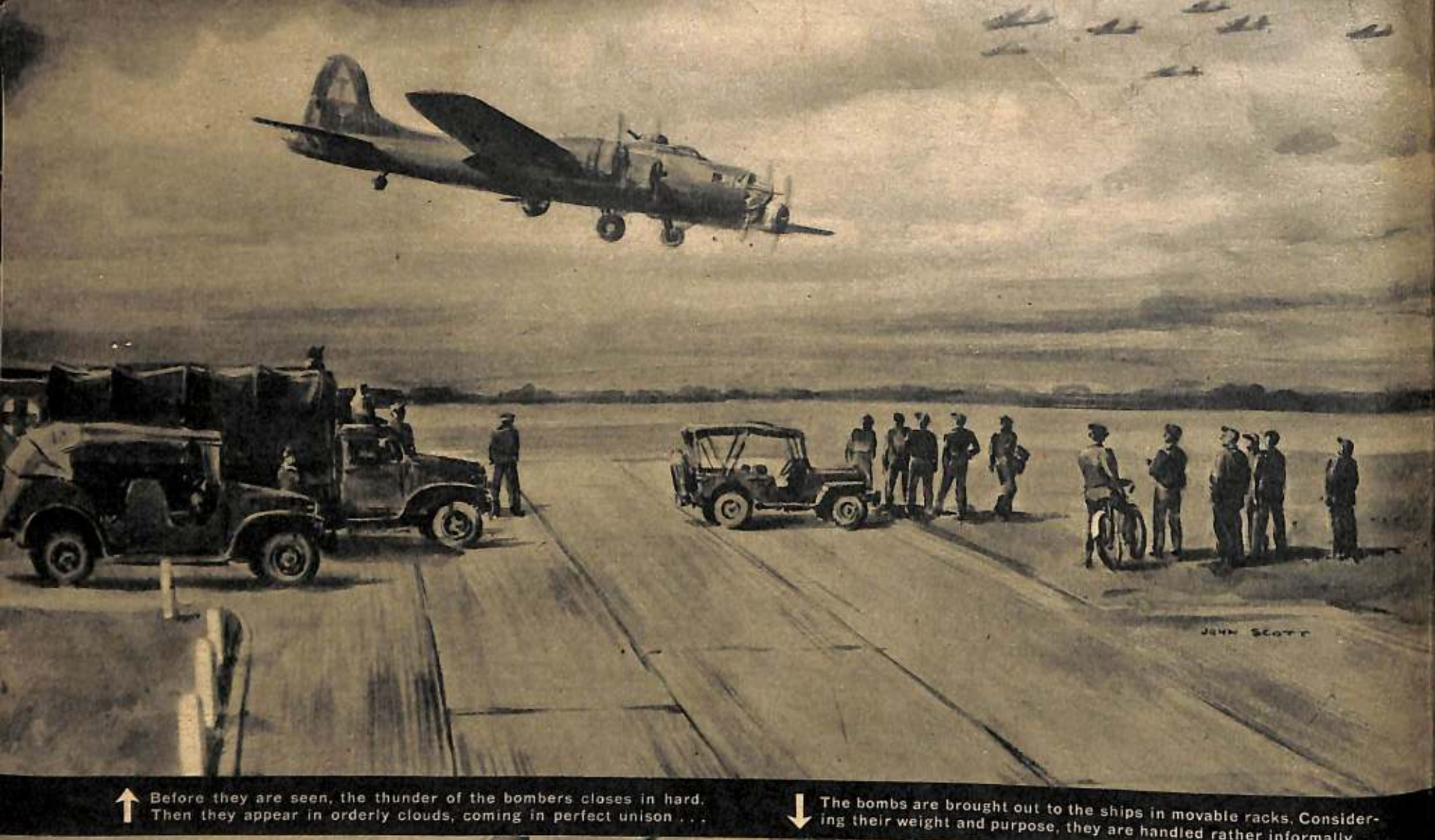
Dancing with an English girl is like learning a new language. She is usually very shy and patient and tells you that she is "thrilled to bits" with her evening. But she does not say much more. After a while the allied dancing gets more and more fluent. During the breaks, couples wander out into the open to get air and reach a clearer understanding.

The squadron parties are held at the Aero Club. This is a long, flat, single-storied building brightly furnished with geraniums in pots by the entrance and red and blue curtains. There is a library, a games room and a snack bar where hamburgers, one per person are sold. In the library there are plenty of home newspapers and copies of *Tarzan and the Golden Lion*. Three nights a week classes in French German and Italian are held for all who expect to become model trippers in a great cause soon. Once a week a discussion group meets to hold debates.

All these are serious, successful efforts to deny the fact that the Army is, among other things, a system of rigidly enforced childhood. One is fed, dressed, sent to work and supervised physically and mentally by one's seniors at public expense. The Aero Club can do a lot to control this kind of paralysis.

The Red Cross hostess is tall, trim, good looking, and insistently gay. On her grey lapel she wears a badge that reads: "My name is Joan, what's yours?" Along with the hamburgers, the books and the geraniums she has a very restoring effect on tired men at night.

Cpl. John D. Preston.



↑ Before they are seen, the thunder of the bombers closes in hard. Then they appear in orderly clouds, coming in perfect unison . . .

↓ The bombs are brought out to the ships in movable racks. Considering their weight and purpose, they are handled rather informally . . .

A long line of U.S. Infantrymen moves down a mountain toward the valley stream below in a successful enveloping movement.

WAR is either dull or confused. The knights have gone, and the handsome uniforms, and the crowds that might be cheering are always thousands of miles away. War is dull while the soldier waits for something to happen, while he tries to write a letter in his barracks, while he waits to be sent somewhere. And when he finally is sent somewhere and the guns open up, war becomes a confusion. Values disappear. The average soldier has no idea of the battle in which he is involved, except when that involvement concerns his own little foxhole, or a road under his observation, or a mountain which is being shelled by artillery and which he can see. These are stories of just such actions.

TALES FROM THE SICILIAN FRONT

PART THREE

FROM YANK'S CORRESPONDENTS

By Sgt. JACK FOISIE

YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH AMERICAN FORCES IN CENTRAL SICILY—Each of the mules was loaded with 250 pounds of K rations and 12 cases of C rations. They also carried radio batteries and field telephone wire. There were twelve mules, all Sicilian, and with them went 15 American muleskinners, most of whom had never seen a mule until a few weeks ago. They were taking food to the Second Battalion, which hadn't received rations for 48 hours, and the 15 muleskinners were really cooks whose job was to feed their men no matter where they were. The mules were balky. They bucked and reared and managed, at frequent intervals, to drop the loads they were carrying. Even Cpl. Robert Kees, who knew the Missouri variety of mule, had trouble with them.

The mule train was somewhere in the darkening mountains beyond Cerami, two days out. They had spent the first night in an unsuccessful search for the battalion, and the second night they rendezvoused behind a hill just beyond the first blown-up bridge on the road between Cerami and Troina. This was as far as they had been able to advance in daylight, taking advantage of the artillery barrage and air bombing which had smothered the Germans' long-range efforts.

All the packing equipment they had was a saddle consisting of a straw mattress and an old Army blanket. Only the brightly colored britchen strap, which is part and parcel of all Sicilian mules, lit up the drab trappings. The cooks knew nothing about diamond hitches, strange loading contraptions and square knots. Skinner Kees did what he could but there was barely enough rope to lash all the loads securely across the broad backs of the impatient mules. One of the mules, named Lightning, lashed out with his hooves, smashing the ribs of one of the Yanks who hadn't learned that the rear end of a mule can pack dynamite. There was no joking as the train started off on the second night's journey.

Behind me I could hear the men and mules stumbling along, feeling their way through the black night. We could hear the shrill whistle of crickets, and a great feeling of loneliness came over us as we moved along. Our instructions were vague. They were: "Locate the wire that leads to the Old Command Post. A guide will meet you there." Nothing else.

After a while we halted in the shadow of a large rock ledge. This had been the CP of two nights before, when the battalion had last been supplied. We spread out to find the single line of telephone wire that was to be our guide-line. For fifteen minutes we stumbled around, feeling with our hands and feet.

"It must run along this ravine," someone said.

"No, this is the wrong place," said someone else.

I tripped over something, picked myself up, and tripped again. "Damn it," I said, and then all of a sudden I realized I was tripping over the wire.

All of us grabbed the wire, and somehow the feeling of that little strand gave us new energy to go on. When we got up to the guard at the CP, he

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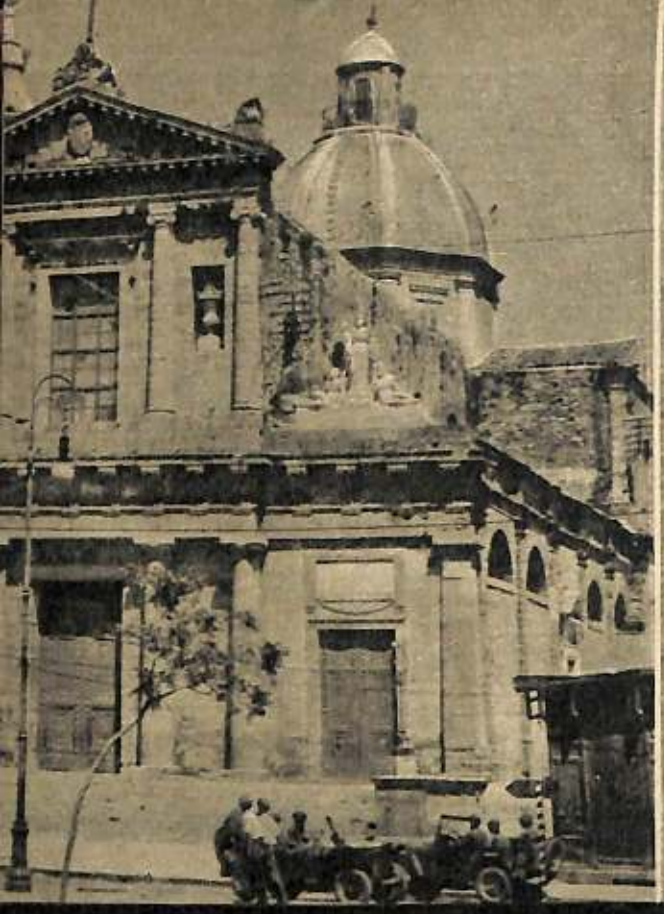
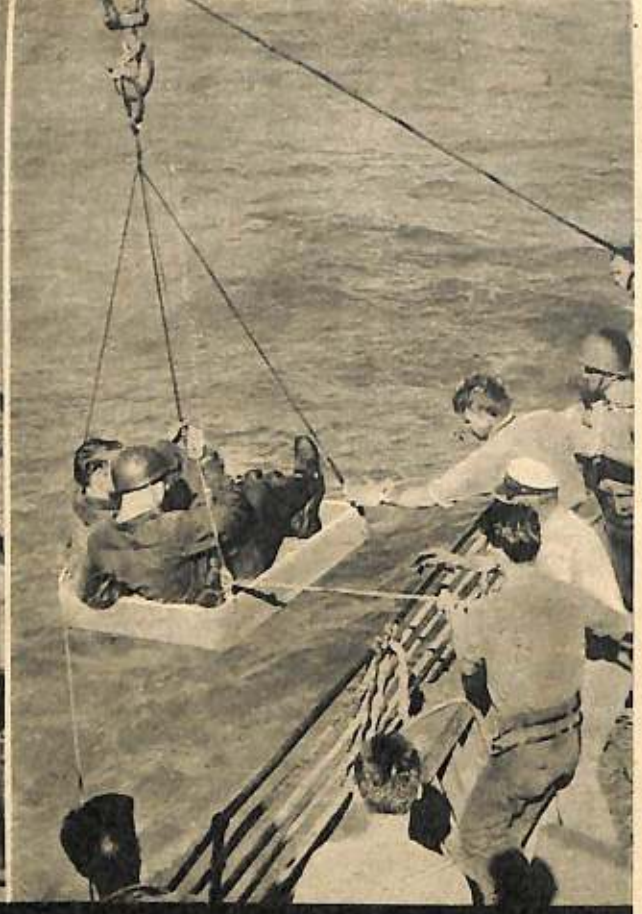


A CATHEDRAL IN AN OCCUPIED TOWN.



WOUNDED ARE MOVED TO COAST GUARD TRANSPORT.

told us he could take us to where the battalion had been a few hours ago, but that it was moving to avoid sniper fire. Being the battalion command, in direct operation of the companies, the snipers were eager to get it to break up the smoothly functioning attack.

The packtrain was moving up the saddle of a ridge when there came the shrill whine of a shell. We had heard them going overhead before, but this one was coming our way—and it was close. It burst on the side of the hill and there was the sing of shrapnel. Every one hit dirt.

"They've seen us, they've seen us!" one soldier shouted hysterically.

"Shaddap," said the guide. "They can't see us. Let's get going."

The mules and the men were breathing hard. A mule gives off a rasping sound when put to a strain. The men yanked viciously at the halters to get the animals up a second ridge. The file began to spread out as the more stubborn of the mules began to fall back.

One mule never did make it up the second ridge. It stumbled and its shifting load struck an over hanging rock. The mule reared, slipped off the narrow goat trail, and rolled over and down the shale rock side. We heard its terrified snorting as it dashed madly away, apparently unhurt. Now we had no way of carrying those six cases of rations, and we knew that half a company wouldn't eat tomorrow. As we descended into the gorge beyond the second ridge, we met three stragglers and challenged them. "Who's that?" we called out.

"Ration detail for Third Battalion. Who's that?"

"Second Battalion packtrain," we said.

"Know where our rations are?"

"No. We haven't got them."

"Damn it," one of them said, "we've got to get something to eat." He was almost crying.

Over on the side of the hill was what looked like glowing embers. One soldier said they were cigarettes, another said fireflies. The lieutenant said they were tufts of grass, set on fire by the artillery.

A sniper's rifle cracked and a mule reared and threw off its pack. Six more cases of K rations plunged down in the black chasm below. Thirty more men wouldn't eat tomorrow. It would have been better if the bullet had killed the damned mule.

We entered the bed of a stream, sloughing through water, and headed downstream where we believed we would locate the CP. We were eagerly awaiting the challenge of the outpost guard. Finally it came.

"Who's there?"

"Second Battalion packtrain with rations."

A face appeared out of the dark. "Boy," it said, grinning from ear to ear, "are we glad to see you. Come right in, gentlemen." We came.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN

SOMEWHERE IN SICILY—The patrol left the regimental CP at 16.00 hours. We each carried either a tommy gun or an M-1, and we took three 536 radios along with us to keep in contact with the CP. It was just an ordinary patrol. It didn't fire a shot and it didn't have a shot fired at it—unless you count the few artillery shells that might have been meant for anybody. In fact, this patrol didn't even find what it was looking for, but no one in it had what might be called fun. Nobody was a hero and nobody was a bum. Everybody did his job, and the patrol was typical of about 70 per cent of the men in the late-lamented Sicilian campaign.

The reason for the patrol was that enemy artillery fire was delaying an advance across the valley. The drive was from west to east—down one mountain, across the valley, and up another mountain to a town on the summit. While in the valley the troops were in defilade except from one high peak to the south. It had been decided that the artillery fire was being directed from this spot. The CP was on the mountain to the east, and we cut south on the trail running from the mountain's crest. The idea was to flank the high peak and climb it from the south. There were about four and a half hours of daylight left, and it seemed to be enough time.

The town on the other mountain was being pounded by our artillery, and we could see flashes as the shells hit. There was no movement of any kind on the mountain or in the town, but every so often there would be a spatter of machine gun fire. The enemy artillery was also active, dropping occasional shells into the valley.

THE trail was good and we made good time. After about an hour, we dropped a private with the first radio. We were to check into him every fifteen minutes, and he would relay back to the CP. Soon after we left him, the trail began to thin out and then it disappeared altogether. By this time, we were about level with the high peak, and the lieutenant decided to cut down the mountain. There was no path of any kind but we cut down anyway. Most of the descent was made in a sitting position. Finally, we hit a clearing with only a gradual slope, and we were able to walk more or less naturally. This clearing turned out to be a pasture with cows in it, and at the edge, just as the mountain dropped abruptly down again, there was a small, empty house.

At the bottom of the mountain was another clearing that ended at a wide gorge. At the bottom of that was a river bed that was almost dry, and on the other side of it, was the base of our high peak. We climbed down the gorge, waded the river and climbed up the other side. By now, it was getting dark. The peak loomed before us, but it seemed miles away, and it looked like it was going to be a pleasant little business trying to find anything once it got really dark. Our relay to the first radio had been weak so we left two more men on the river with one of the other radios, and continued on our way up.

WE had been going for almost four hours now and it was getting a little strenuous. The Sicilian mountains are straight up and down with no level space at all. Every few hundred yards we would have to stop for a break. No one was actually suffering yet, but a sergeant's underwear shorts were up around his neck and every few yards he would have to stop and pull them down again. We had lost sight of the town on the other side when we started down the mountain but now we could pick it up again. One of our shells had started a fire on the slope just below the town. Small arms fire had increased and we supposed that our troops had started some kind of attack. It was easy enough to tell our guns from the enemy's, especially the machine guns. The Germans and Italians use the machine pistol a great deal,

THIS YANK HAS MADE FRIENDS AMONG SOME SICILIANS WHO HAVE BID THE "NEW ORDER" GOOD-BYE.

LT. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (LEFT) OF THE NAVY DIRECTS LANDING OPERATIONS

SHELLS FROM GUNS OF THE ALLIED NAVY BLAST AXIS TANKS IN HIDDEN ORCHARD NEAR GELA WHILE U.S. TROOPS IN THE FOREGROUND AWAIT RESULTS.

and that has a faster rate of fire than our machine gun. We could hear the short bursts from their guns that sounded like triphammers, and then the more reassured rat-a-tat of our guns. Still, there was not much rifle fire, they seemed to be using more mortars. We could not see much except the flash of the shells as they hit, but we could tell what was happening in a general way from the different sounds.

By the time we had gone a quarter of the way up the mountain it was dark. There was no moon and it was very dark. We were about half-way up when we discovered that the enemy had begun jamming our wave frequency, and it was impossible to get Brewer on the radio.

Our instructions had been to keep in constant contact with the CP, so there was nothing to do but sit around and wait for the jamming to stop. This took about an hour; then we contacted the second radio all right and continued on. After another hour of climbing we discovered that we couldn't get the second radio again. This time it wasn't enemy interruption; we just couldn't get him. There was nothing to do but go back. We were in a-kind of No Man's Land, and our job didn't call for us to run into any enemy patrols. We started down.

GOING down was harder than going up. We got lost a few times and kept falling into bramble bushes. It was important that we keep very quiet because of our position, but we made enough noise falling all over ourselves to wake up the whole island. Finally, we ended up in the river bed. We could get the second radio all right from here, but now he couldn't get the first. It was after midnight, and we were wet and tired. So we decided to bed down on the sand by the river and try again in the morning.

No one got much sleep that night. We were too wet, and it was too cold. In the middle of the night a shell whizzed over us from somewhere and started a fire on the side of the mountain we had descended first. The fire lit up the whole area for more than an hour, then it died down. It was a good thing we were down in the river bed because everything stood out plainly for miles.

When it got light we started back towards the CP. On the way we picked up the second radio crew who were still unable to contact the first set. We climbed back up the mountain by a different route, stopping at a farmhouse to see if we could find something to eat. The earth was all scorched around the house and there was a large shell hole in the yard. Standing by the hole was a very old, thin man. He spread out his hands when we came up showing us what had happened. Then he spoke to us in broken English explaining that he had lived in New York forty years ago. Now, he worked as a handy man around this farm; the owners had taken to the hills when the Americans got near, and he was the only one left.

We walked around to the back of the house where there was a tomato patch, and the old man gave us some tomatoes and some onions he brought from the house. While we were eating we got the CP on the radio. The lieutenant then took over and explained the situation and was told to proceed with his mission, keeping as much contact as possible. So we finished breakfast, and started all over again.

While we were eating we had seen some B-25s come over the town and drop a load of bombs, and the small arms fire had increased, sounding like a full-scale battle. We started down the mountain again, crossed the river and made our way painfully up the other side. By now, everyone was good and tired. We climbed steadily for three hours, doing about three hundred yards at a stretch. Finally, the mountain levelled off before the final ascent to the peak and we stopped for another look through the glasses. There was a house on the slope, and even without the glasses we could see people moving around. One of the non-coms looked through his glasses, put them down, shook his head, put them up again and said in a voice full of surprise, "They're American doggies!"

This was the last thing we expected to find, but we went up the trail leading to the house and there were empty packages of K rations all over the trail, so we knew that there were Americans around. When we came up to the house, there were a bunch of infantrymen sitting in the shade under the roof. They said that they were part of A and B companies; it seemed that during the night the First Battalion had climbed up and occupied the high peak and was now going to flank the town from the south.

This meant that there was no enemy OP on the peak now, although we still thought that there had been at some time. We were too tired anyway so we sat down in the shade and talked things over with the dogfaces. They were even more tired than we were. They had spent half the night digging in to escape the enemy artillery, and the other half climbing over the mountains. One of them had been wounded by shrapnel; he took off his shirt and showed us the bandage, explaining that it wasn't a serious wound, and that the Medics had fixed him up fine right on the spot. He was weak all right but he thought he could make it.

WE started back at 18.00 hours following the trail that led around the high peak, and up the mountain to the CP. It was a trail they had been sending supplies over, and it was under more or less constant fire. Someone said that they had had an 88 trained on the trail because they would shell wire men working on it, and even individual pack mules that came down. Nothing happened to us on the way around; a few shells came over but none landed close enough even to make us hit the ground.

Once across the river we picked up some 110 wire that had been laid and followed it up the trail. It was lucky that we did because it got dark in a short time and we didn't know where we were going. Once we passed a dead mule that had been hit by artillery fire. We finally lost the trail altogether and just followed the wire, climbing through the bushes and up the cliffs. Then we ran into one of the wire men who had been shooting some trouble along the line and he led us the rest of the way back. We had to rest about every hundred yards now. When we stopped we could see back across the valley to the town which was still being shelled. It looked like a Fourth of July celebration.

We got back to the CP at 23.30. The lieutenant reported directly to S-2 and the rest of us just fell to the ground. The next day we heard that they had taken the town and then we had to get everything together and move out after them.

YANKS OF A U.S. ARMORED INFANTRY REGIMENT ADVANCE ON A SNIPERS' HIDE-OUT NEAR CANICATTI.

This little picture is called Bringing In The Sheaves, or No Matter What It Looks Like Now, It'll Be In Your Sausage Next Year. Two of the boys, both of whom look very happy at being in a nice cool wheat field instead of in a nice hot latrine, are helping two of the girls at harvesting. Well, they's details, and then again, and they's details. Ain't It?

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Only the Dead Know B'klyn

Ever since we've been in the Army we've been plagued by Brooklyn. Brooklyn turns up on every hand. In the first place, we were in training camp almost entirely filled with Brooklynites. We got very sick of anything to do with Brooklyn. Even the Dodgers for whom we had previously had a high regard. The other day we saw a big headline in a London paper "Blow at Dodgers." It just showed what a lot of publicity Brooklyn can get for itself. We still, even in the ETO, couldn't get away from Brooklyn. But at least somebody felt about the Dodgers the way we did. It turned out to be about new regulations for people who are trying to dodge firewatching. We breathed easily again; we were safe from Brooklyn for another day or two. But it was a nasty shock.

Another day or two. It was only another hour or two. We picked up a magazine and there was a piece about Winston Churchill's mother. Now off hand you would have thought that was a pretty safe subject. But it started right off, "Ever since her early childhood days in her native Brooklyn . . ." That is going too far. We can take almost anything from Brooklyn, but when we find that the Prime Minister's mother came from there, it's too much. We've gotten used to Brooklyn taking all the credit for the American war effort, but now they'll probably take all the credit for the British war effort, too. We expect to see the Bay Ridge Battalion, the Gowanus Grenadiers and the Flatbush Fusiliers any day now.

Hundred Bucks' Worth

There was a soldier who was coming across on a ship, bound for England. He had all the equipment —A bag, B bag, rifle, gas-mask, haversack, mess equipment, shelter half—everything that the average soldier carries when in the field, probably a little more. He kept worrying about what he would do with all his equipment if a sub attacked. He worried himself and all the guys around him. One day he suddenly got up and calmly he threw everything but one barracks bag into the sea. Then he sat down again and the guys never had another beef from him until he touched shore. About three weeks after he landed they were making out a statement of charges against the clothing. He had to pay over a hundred fish for the stuff.

Coffee Cup

Two weeks ago at an air station a master sergeant had a little trouble with a KP. Reason: the KP washed a coffee cup belonging to the sergeant—a personal cup which the sergeant had personally kept unwashed for many months. It was encrusted, to say the least. A good crust makes it mellow, according to the sergeant, just like a pipe.

Moral: Goldbrick on KP.

Sergeant's Mess

There's an airfield in England where all the NCOs not in the first three grades are bucking and shining brass and obeying orders like mad. And it's all because of the only American sergeants' mess and club in the European Theater of Operations. Only the first three grades can belong. But it doesn't cause any animosity—quite the opposite, in fact. The CO of the drome claims that it is one of the best boosting influences on the field. It's run by a chosen committee of eight sergeants and an elected President, also a sergeant. He is M/Sgt. Robert A. Snow.

Here the men have rooms of their own, ice-cream every other day, meals cooked by Sergeants Frank Spencer, Charles McDaniel and Charles Tipson. The ice-cream is whipped together by Sgt. James Coates. The dining-room tables are so filled with stripes come meal time that even the CO is loath to walk in uninvited. And the meals—consisting entirely of legitimate issued rations—are the kind of which dreams are made. There are two civilians in the club—a Mess secretary and a barman, both hired with the approbation of the CO, and both paid with the dues which are collected monthly. DROs—dining-room orderlies—serve and permanent KPs who are paid five pounds a month extra attend to the trivia which attends a good meal. It's the 9th Depot Group where all this happens and it really has developed into something for those not in the first three grades to strive for, and for those who do to brag about.

Last week they had an anniversary and the biggest cake ever seen in the ETO was dragged out and placed on display. It vanished in five minutes flat—Waafs and the guys with all the stripes took care of it.

A Naval Story

We're not going to say which Navy this story comes from, but anyway, on one of the destroyers of one of the Navies the boys were having a bit of a beano, with a lot more boys from other ships helping to keep things going. The destroyer was moored a few feet away from the jetty, and the only contact it had with *terra firma* was one rickety plank.

About four o'clock in the morning people started to leave and there was quite a gay congregation on the deck. First one to make for the jetty was a lieutenant. He hopped up on the plank, wavered, spun three times, and plucked into the ocean. A captain watched him fall. "Ruddy clumsy great ox," said the captain, and forthwith he hopped up on the plank.

And forthwith he tumbled after the lieutenant.

We could go on like this for quite a while, but we might as well make a long story short by telling you that 13 officers and gentlemen hit the briny before the thing was over and that the ruddy clumsy great ox of a destroyer had to lower a ruddy adroit small boat to fish them all out.

Yoicks, admiral!

A Postscript

The chap who usually writes this drivel is now spending his 4-day "furlough," quite naturally, at a place called Chateau Bellevue (after the hospital) down in Devonshire.

STRICTLY G.I.

THE Waves will expand from their present number of 27,000 to 90,000 by the end of 1944. . . . Thousands of tons of battlefield scrap and salvage are being shipped back to the U. S. to be reused in the war effort. . . . The WD will retire or relieve on Sept. 1 "the great majority" of the 900 officers who will be over the age-retirement limits: 64 for major generals, 62 for brigadier generals and 60 for all other commissioned officers. . . . Army Engineers have developed a mower that cuts grass in swaths of 21 feet at 20 mph. Used especially on airfields, the mower can cut 40 acres of grass in an hour. . . . The Army has a new ack-ack half-track that can make more than 60 mph. It mounts 37-mm AA guns and .50-caliber machine guns. . . . Enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps Women's Reserves are now eligible for O/C School. . . . One out of nine officers overseas got promotions during May and June as compared to one out of 13 officers stationed in the U. S. . . . The latest pocket guide issued to G.I.s is "Italian—a Guide to the Spoken Language." Comes in handy these days in Sicily. . . . The Army is getting 15 per cent of the beer brewed in the U. S. during the next year. It's 3.2 or less.

Discharge Buttons

Here is the new lapel button to be issued to military personnel honorably discharged from the Army. It's a gold-plated plastic button featuring an eagle inside a circle with wings extending beyond the circle's edge. The button is now being made by the QMC. Full details on how to get it will be given as soon as it is ready for distribution.

Chow Note

The recipe for G.I. coffee, if you're interested, is three pounds for seven gallons of water—and this is supposed to make enough brew for 100 men. The QMC doesn't say, though, how G.I. coffee gets its flavor. Which is, of course, the original military secret.

Tank Gun Stabilizer

Army Ordnance has released details of the gyro-stabilizer, a robot aiming device that stabilizes tank gunfire in spite of terrain, pitch or speed. The device places the tank gun on a floating mount where the stabilizer keeps the gun barrel at a fixed elevation. In that way the target is always within focus of the gun's telescopic sight. The stabilizer has increased the firing accuracy of tank guns as much as 300 per cent, and was a great factor in helping us to knock off the Nazis in North Africa.

Army Band In North Africa

The WD has announced that the U. S. Army Band has been sent to North Africa to play for Allied soldiers there. The band opened its North African tour with a concert at Casablanca before a great crowd of Allied troops and natives. The program ranged from American jazz to American, British, French and Moroccan national anthems. The Army Band was organized in 1922 by order of Gen. Pershing.

How To Wear Ribbons

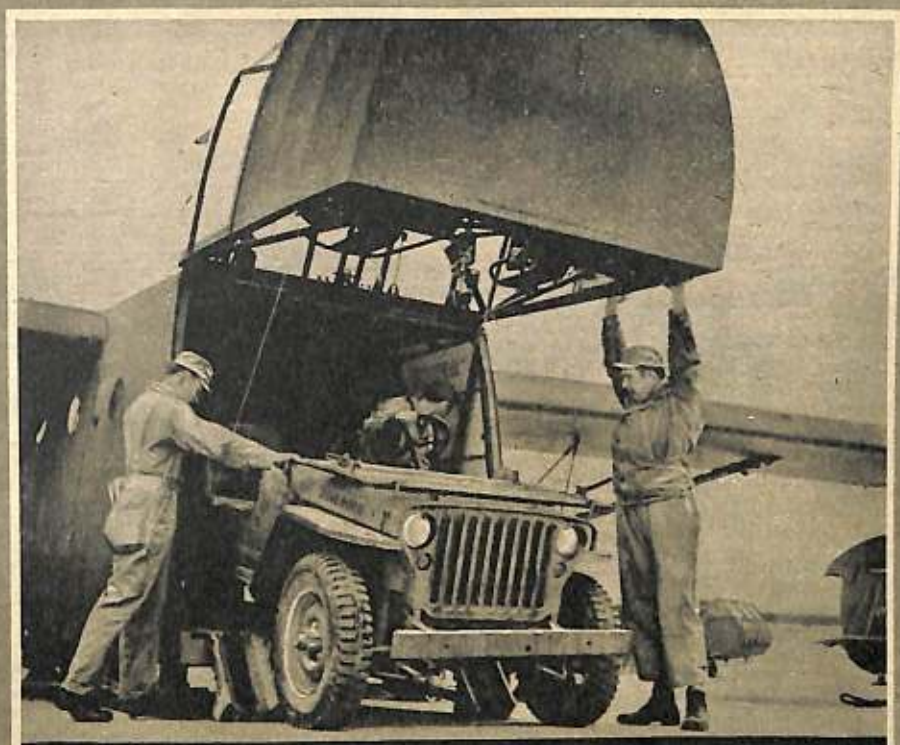
Decoration ribbons and service ribbons should be worn on the blouse or shirt, four ribbons to a row with the first row at least 4 inches below the left shoulder and at least ¾ inch between rows. They should be worn in the following order (from the wearer's right to his left): Medal of Honor, DSC, DSM, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Purple Heart, Soldier's Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, Individual Citation Device (a blue ribbon with gold frame)—then the service ribbons and, last of all, the Good Conduct ribbon. In the service ribbon row, the Before-Pearl Harbour one is worn to the right of the foreign or American Theater ribbons. If a man has been in more than one theatre, he wears the various ribbons in the order in which he served in those theaters. Medals are worn only on special occasions or by the specific command of your CO, and under no circumstances can a medal be worn in combat.

Washington O.P

The Allied military currency being used in Sicily was planned by Army and Treasury Department months ahead of time. Printing of the bills started in June with the name of the country and currency designation omitted. Then, when the invasion news came, the presses started printing in "Italy" and "lira." A few days later the first big transport took off from Washington loaded with the new folding money.

If you've lost a fountain pen, camera or some other item of personal gear, you might be able to recover your loss through the claims division of the Judge Advocate General's Office in Washington. While the Army can't be sued and doesn't run a personal-property insurance business, it does repay soldiers for property lost or damaged under certain circumstances, as in the case of a fire where you rescue Army property at the expense of your own.

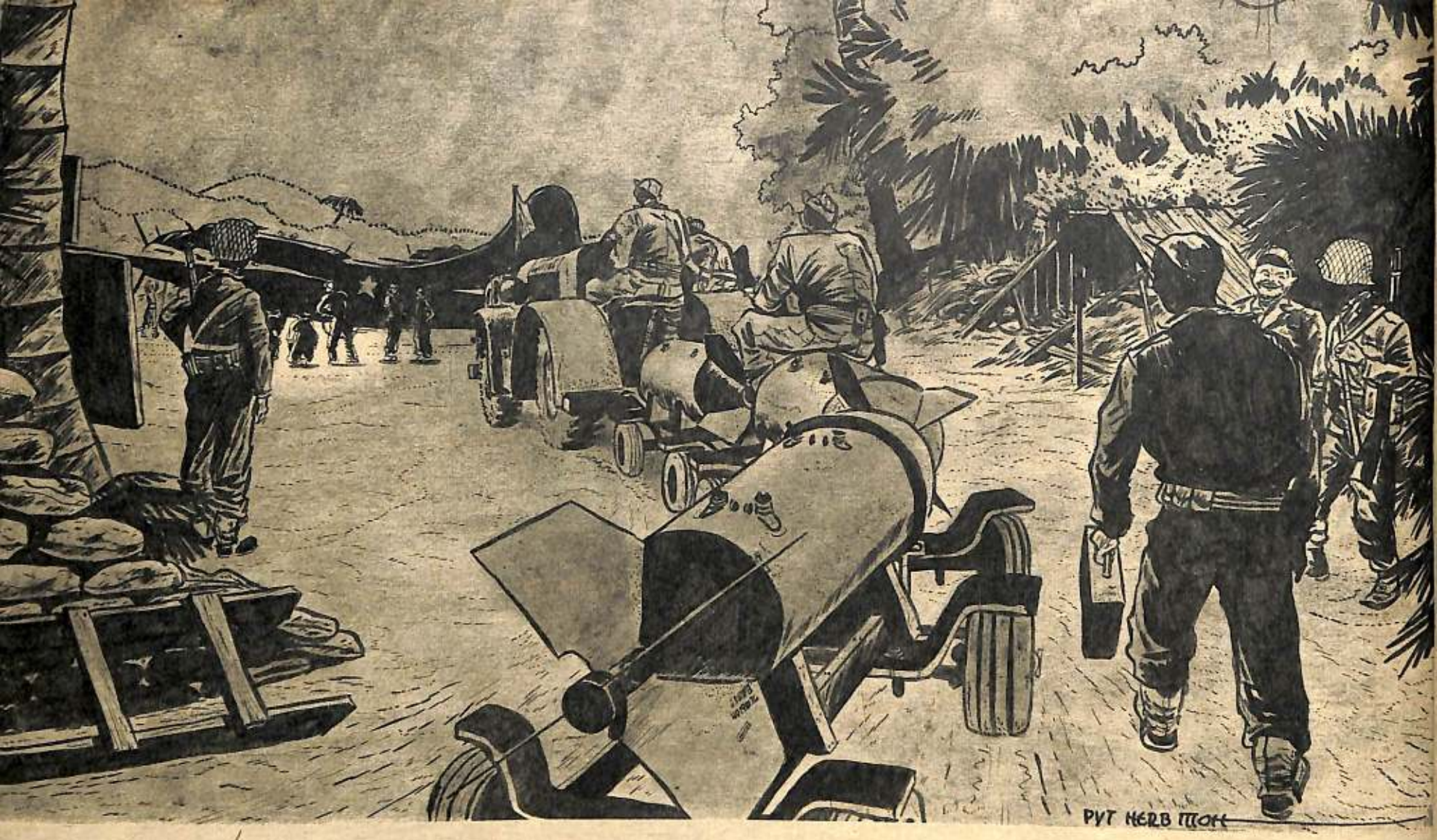
The Transportation Corps on its first birthday went to the top for permission to reveal the number of G.I.s they'd shipped overseas up to last May. The number was 2 million. . . . Incidentally, the TC boys tell a yarn about how they speeded up the unloading of ships at Karachi, India. When native labor proved too slow, they rang in just one of our trained port battalions—and competition made the wheels spin.



And this one is going for a trip in a transport. Of course, it's just a practice trip or those guys wouldn't be sitting around in their summer pretties. They ain't packing gats, see?

The only thing left for the jeep to do now is cross the Mediterranean by crawling along the bottom. Until that day comes, this one is going for a glide in a glider.

Preparing for the Battle of the North Pole (probable date: 1987) this engineer is testing a Wright engine at sub-zero temperatures. Poor old motor looks like it's caught cold.



The Eight-Ball, Chugalug and C. E. Shack Gave the Japanese Hell in China

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—"Heavy bombers of the Fourteenth Air Force today bombed Japanese installations in the Ichang area, inflicting heavy damage. The bombers were attacked by a large formation of Zeros, and aerial gunners of the B-24 crews destroyed 20 confirmed and 4 probable enemy aircraft. All planes returned safely."

The day's doings probably filled an inch and a half of column space in the papers back home, but they gave aerial support, which was all the Chinese ground forces needed to halt a determined Japanese drive on Chungking.

The best story of the mission came from the crews of a flight of three B-24s—the *Eight-Ball*, the *Chugalug* and the *C. E. Shack*—which were at the tail end of the formation.

"We'd been bombing the hell out of three Jap bases for two days," the boys said, "before the Japs woke up enough to give us any opposition. On the third day our target was Kingmen, a Jap fighter and bomber base on the Yangtze.

"We sent one of the escorting P-40s to look things over, and when he came back he had every damned Zero in China on his tail. We didn't have time to stop and count them, but there was something like 50 of them coming up."

According to T/Sgt. Donald (Dog) Masters of Baker, Oreg., top-turret gunner on the *Eight-Ball*, "for about 45 minutes there, we had the damnedest fight you ever saw. There were Zeros everywhere you looked, trying everything they could think of to break up our formation. They even dived through it, and they came so close you could have chunked rocks at them. One Zero that was already burning to beat all hell tried to ram us as it went down, but we finished it off with a .50-caliber."

S/Sgt. Louis Kne of Chisholm, Minn., tail gunner on the *Shack*, told how seven Zeros were flying behind his formation. "Two tried coming out at the formation, one at a time," he said. "We turned loose some bursts at them and they went back to mamma. Finally all seven came up, peeled off one by one and dove at us.

"Our top-turret man [S/Sgt. Charles (Horsehide) Hanks of Crawford, Nebr.] started shooting at 400 yards and let them have about 75 rounds. I thought one of them never was going to stop. He was coming down from above our tail at about 400 yards and we could see from our tracers we were shooting a little over him. But when he got 200 yards away he pulled up a little and we could see the tracers come right down through his cockpit and engine.

"I could hear the others hollering that Zeros were coming in from 12 o'clock to 6. All the guns on our ship were firing at the same time, and the ship was shaking like it had epilepsy. One Zero came up at us from below. The waist gunner yelled it was coming, so I turned my guns and threw it 15 bursts at about 100 yards. The waist gunner saw it going down."

"I was in the upper turret of the *Eight-Ball*," said Masters, "when I saw one of them make a dive straight at me off the left wing. I cut loose at him and I could see the pieces falling out of it like it was a gutted hog. It headed for the ground, went over our right wing and started stalling. The *Chugalug's* waist gunner [T/Sgt. Leroy Harned of Plainfield, N. J.] shot it again and it blew to hell and gone.

"There was a P-40 chasing a Zero—a little above and behind the Zero—and I saw him give a dive at the Jap. The Zero burst into flames just as the P-40 pulled up over it.

"Another Zero glided over our turret so close I could see the gold in the pilot's teeth. He couldn't have been more than four feet away. Another came straight at our nose. The navigator let go a burst and he and the bombardier saw it start smoking. The Zero went around our side and our left waist gunner shot at him as he came alongside. He must have been about 50 yards away when he broke into flames."

Sgt. Bert (Bitch) Morgan of St. Louis, Mo., tail gunner on the *Eight-Ball*, said: "Two of them came in at the same time at the tail of the *Eight-Ball* and both of them were shooting at me. I was shooting with one gun—my other was jammed—but I got one of the Zeros."

The left waist gunner on the *Shack* is T/Sgt. Wayne Sadler of Deming, N. Mex., who has a heavy old-style bartender's mustache that droops and then curls fancifully at the ends. "One Zero came at us from over toward the *Eight-Ball*, down low," he said, "and I started popping at it. He fell over on one wing, and when he did, I poured a burst into the belly of his plane and he started going on down."

Ichang, an important Yangtze port where the Japanese were concentrated, was the secondary target on the way back from Kingmen. "When we got there," said Sadler, "we found another nest of Zeros waiting for us. There was also some ack-ack, but it was quite a ways below us. We bombed the bejesus out the dock installations."

The *Shack* heaved into home plate on three engines. One of her gas tanks was shot out, one of her tires was flat and she had five other holes. The *Chugalug* had a cannon hole in her wing and the navigator's dome was shot off. The *Eight-Ball*, too, had a hole in the wing and the elevator trim-tab cable was shot in two.

But there wasn't a scratch on any of their crews and the other planes in the mission had fared equally well. Of the 20 enemy planes confirmed as shot down, the three B-24s got credit for 10, the high score for the day.

This Week's Cover

SOON after the first troops had landed on Woodlark Island in the Southwest Pacific, Pvt. Eugene Maranto, a machine gunner, found himself some native souvenirs: a drum and a carved wooden head. See pages 12 and 13 for more pictures of the American occupation of Woodlark Island.

A WEEK OF WAR

That man on the left is just wasting that Molotov cocktail because the Nazi tank in the background has just made its ungainly bow out of the war. Save it for the next one, pal!

Germany didn't know what a Pincers Movement was until she found herself in one whose ends ran from Quebec to Kharkov.

THE city they entered was a shambles. Walls were down, houses were down, streets were blocked. Everywhere lay the smashed equipment of war. Everywhere lay the sprawling dead. Smoke swirled over the gutted squares. But standing among the debris were Russian soldiers, resting on their rifles, breathing heavily. The city, the dead place, was theirs, to have and to hold.

The Red Army was in Kharkov again.

In Moscow they were tolling the bells. In Moscow they were firing 25 salvos from 224 guns. In Moscow it was a great victory.

And in Berlin? In Berlin the radio sent out the news in Morse, for the German Press. Kharkov, of course, had been included in the area of elastic warfare. It was evacuated according to plan, to save German manpower. Kharkov wasn't very valuable anyway. Of course not.

But Kharkov, whatever Berlin could say, was the key to the Ukraine, and whoever held the city held that rich, wheat-producing area, whose harvest was even now ready, in the palm of his mailed hand. Kharkov was a great victory, greater than Byelgorod, greater than Orel, to celebrate which only 12 salvos from 120 guns had been fired.

IT was a hard victory, too. The Germans didn't want to lose Kharkov, and they put up a devil of a fight to hold it. Day after day the Russians had pushed them back toward the city and then, at dawn one day, the Red Army broke into the city from three directions. There was fierce fighting in the city center.

From southwest the Germans brought up all the reserves they could spare and tossed them into the city. German planes made 1,500 sorties. Neither reserves nor planes did any good. Before the city they had 150 guns to the half-mile, but the guns didn't do any good, either. In the street fighting they used buildings as fortified points and stuck machine guns on the roofs. No good. When they knew they were done for they blew up what was left of the city and then blew out the back door themselves.

It wasn't much of a back door. Only 13 miles wide, it was battered and bemauled by continual Soviet air assault, and hot on the German heels came advance Russian elements. Fighting was still in progress southwest of the recaptured city. Looming on the western horizon, a goal for the advancing Russians, lay the Dnieper River and the city of Dnepropetrovsk, that once held the great dam. North lay Kiev. The Russian offensive showed no signs of petering out. On the contrary, it might not even yet have reached its peak.

Certainly its peak was yet to come, when a new breakthrough could be reported, directly after the Kharkov victory. North of Rostov the Red Army cracked through the German line, took Donetsko-Amviosievka. In a direct line from the captured town was Stalino. Here the going might not be so easy, for the country is a highly developed mining district, which offered terrain that could be defended without too much trouble.

Nevertheless, the Germans were falling back under continual and unrelenting pressure. The Wehrmacht was finding the war more uncomfortable every day.

The defection of Italy, the fear of a second front opening suddenly in Europe, the problem of Finland's peace overture suggestions, and the unrest in the occupied countries all contributed to a feeling of unrest, a belief that Germany's difficulty was rapidly becoming Germany's plight. True, there were still some 200 German divisions on the Russian Front. They were not the matchless army that swept through France in 1940 and into Russia in 1941, but they were fighting well and they were doing the best they could with growing shortage of equipment and a growing distrust of the entire situation. In over two years of Russian war Germany was no nearer conquest than she had ever been. As a matter of fact, she was getting farther away from conquest every day. Every mile that the German armies were forced back in Russia meant that just so much more sand was slipping through the dry fingers of Adolf Hitler.

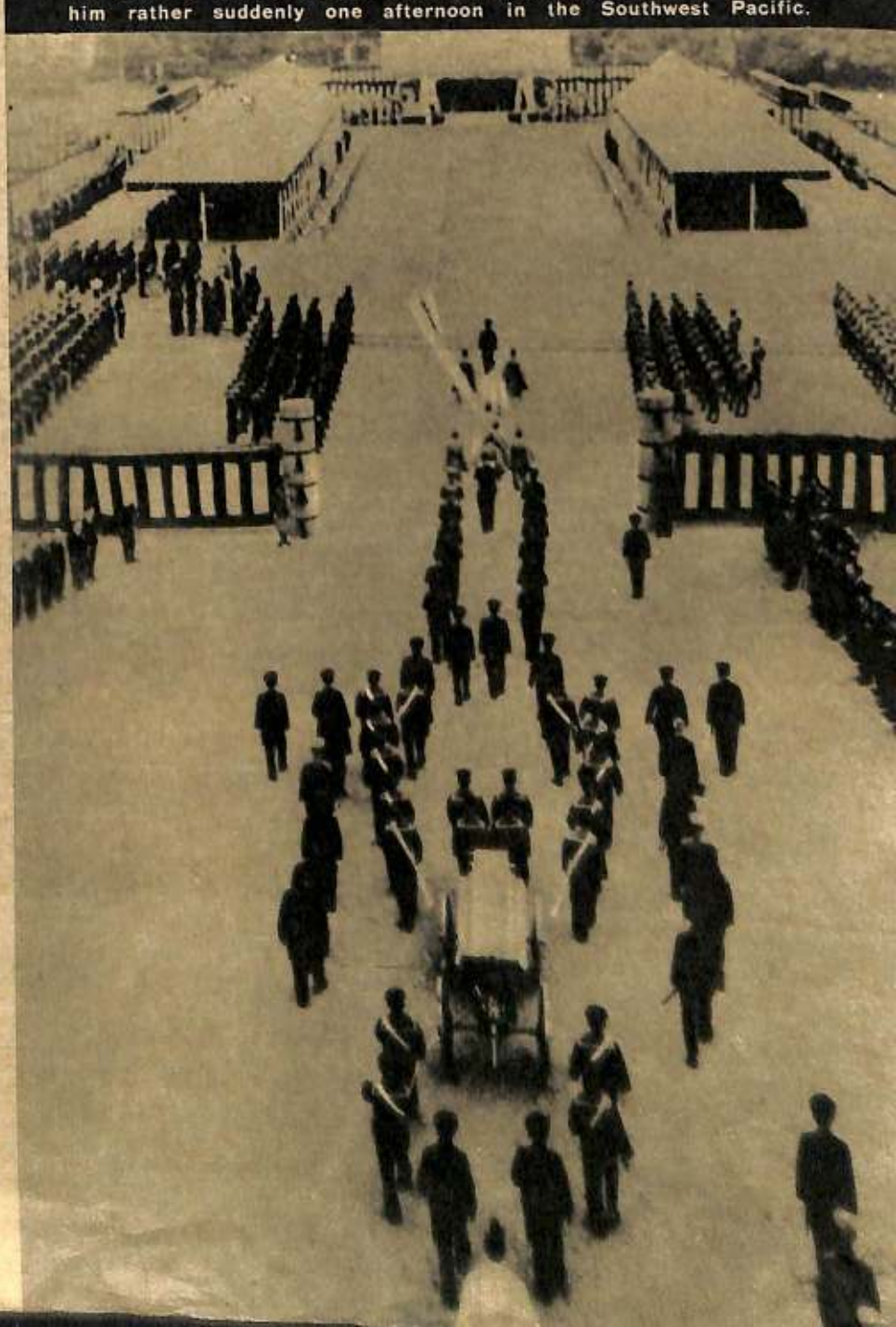
AND if the Russian front had been the only problem Germany might still have been of good heart. There were, however, other considerations. There was an allied army, a big one, poised in conquered Sicily, ready to strike. Any morning might see the landing barges landing their lethal cargo on the coast of the Italian boot. There might be an invasion of Greece as well. And, worst of all, the second front, full-fledged and blooming, might burst forth on the west coast of Europe any day. Meanwhile the bombers, British and American, were sending their bombs smashing down on German factory and German city. Germany, untouched by war for such a long while, was feeling the full weight of the horror of combat, without seeing an enemy soldier, without hearing the crack of an enemy rifle. The enemy was coming to Germany from the skies, daily, nightly. Germany was getting the blitz that she once thought she was giving Britain. The Britain of 1940 could not have stood up to the utterly destructive pounding that was being visited on the Fatherland in 1943; there was a good chance that Germany might not be able to stand up to it now. A good many allied airmen were willing to stake their professional reputations on that eventuality.

ACROSS the Atlantic, in the citadel city of Quebec, that had herself seen much of war, that had seen Wolfe and Montcalm both grapple on the Plains of Abraham, a conference was being held between Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt. It was similar to all their other conferences. And at all the others something had resulted. The African invasion had been one of these things. The invasion of Sicily had been another. And now, with the Quebec Conference in progress, there remained only one great invasion as far as Europe was concerned, and that was the invasion of Europe herself. Germans had every reason to eye the conference askance, to suggest that the second front could be expected next Tuesday or, failing that, the following Saturday, time to be announced later. Germany was leery. Germany was nervous. Germany was forgetting to talk big. Germany was girding the old loins.

The whole world waited for the word that would eventually emanate from Quebec. And meanwhile the Russians, oblivious to it all, went blithely down the merry path that might lead, for all they knew, right smack down the Unter den Linden. It would be nice if they could get there before the leaves fell.

Taking no chances, the Russians have improved the old Bunker Hill technique of not shooting until you see the whites of their eyes. They permit German tanks to advance nearly on top of them. They make certain there's no retreat.

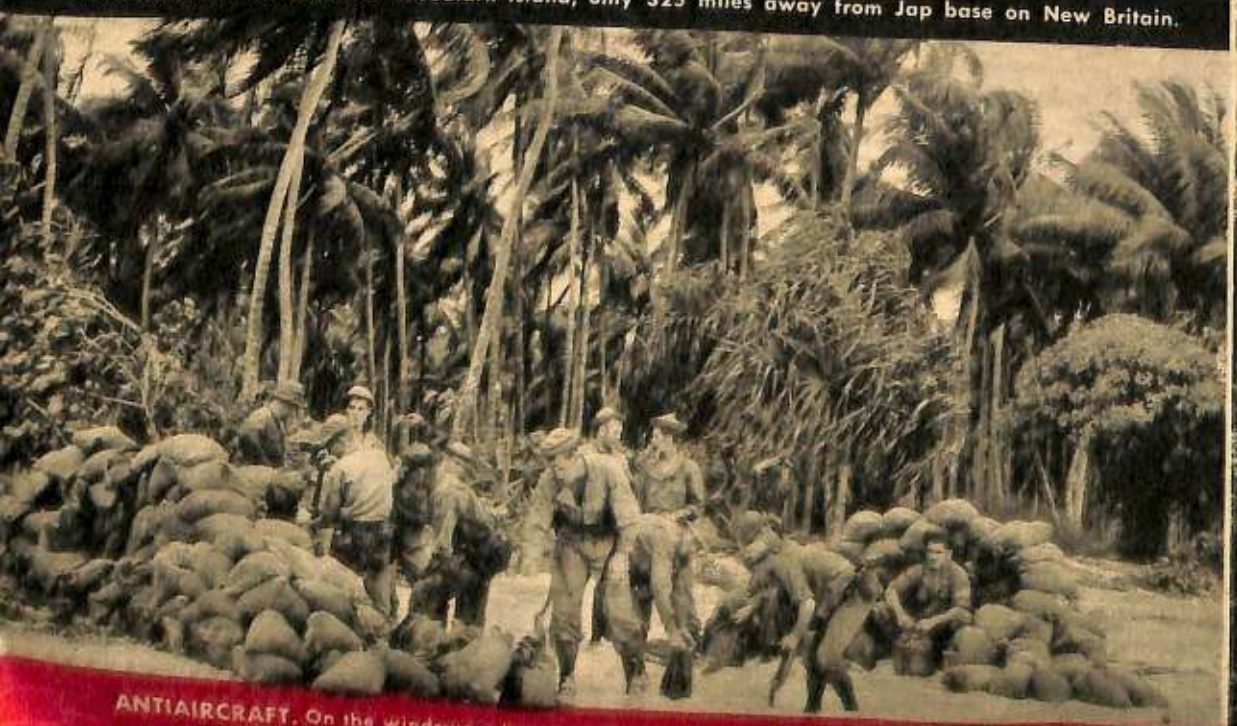
Admiral Yamamoto has a bit of a funeral for himself. The man who was going to dictate peace in the White House had peace dictated to him rather suddenly one afternoon in the Southwest Pacific.



Closer t

WHEN WE TOOK WOODLARK ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC, YA

PATROL. On the beach at Woodlark Island, only 325 miles away from Jap base on New Britain.



ANTIAIRCRAFT. On the windswept beach of Woodlark, soldiers fill sandbags for gun emplacements.

MUD. After heavy rain, tons of it had to be cleared off road

o Tokyo

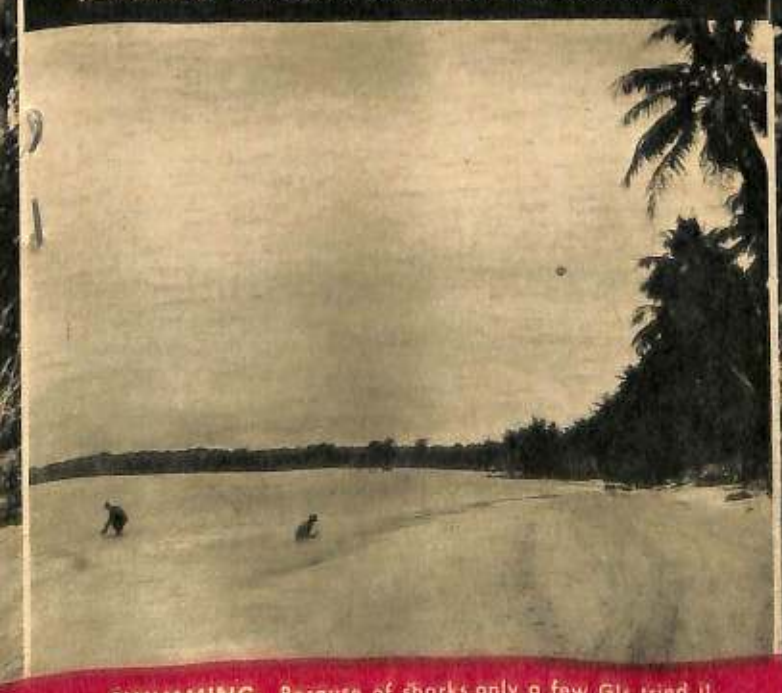
'S SGT. DAVE RICHARDSON WAS THERE WITH A CAMERA

REMINDER. Pvt. Harold Roberts is a man from Texas.

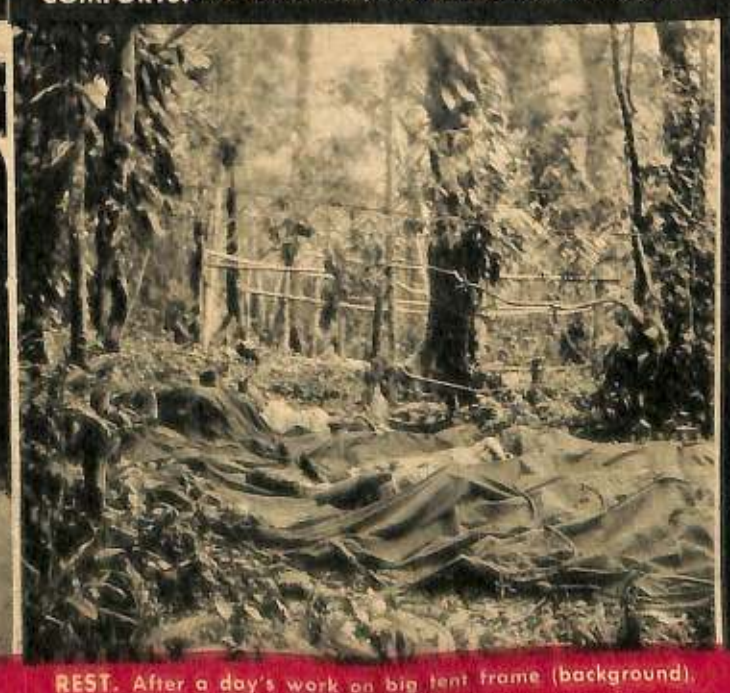
EMBARKATION. Boarding a landing craft bound for Woodlark Island, taken without opposition.

COMFORTS. Pfc. Williamson, Pvt. Barin check PX supplies.

OBSERVER. Climbing to his post.



SWIMMING. Because of sharks only a few GIs tried it



REST. After a day's work on big tent frame (background).

ARMORER. He puts in detonators.

The KP on the right is a corporal in the Jeeps, a Hammond, Ind., outfit of youngsters who do their part by minding babies and doing KP for busy war workers.

NEWS FROM HOME

Back Home Teen Age Kids Were Running a Big Business, Al Capone Was Seriously Ill, and Beer Was Scarcer.

THE nation was paying a lot of attention to the 'teen age problem. The story was good and not so good. On the one hand, the whole nation was happy over the activities of the youngsters in salvage and bond selling campaigns. It was also happy to learn that a group of youngsters, from 14 to 20, are operating 200 companies in 50 cities—and making a huge success of it at that.

The unhappy feature in the 'teen age problem was the spread of juvenile crime. Only last weekend newspapers headlined the story of the 17-year-old reform school parolee who shot 10-year-old twin boys "because I did not like 'em," and the 13-year-old New York boy who strangled a 10-year-old girl "because she cried." There were many other such stories. It was alarming and people began talking of taking steps to lead youth in the right direction.

John M. Fewkes, president of the American Federation of Teachers, said America could expect a more serious juvenile problem if the practice of taking teachers into the armed forces is not stopped. He pointed to Britain's serious juvenile problem early in the war as an example of what our nation can expect if its schools become depleted because of a teacher shortage.

In Jackson County, Alabama, the teacher shortage was being met by volunteer housewives, former teachers and farmers. Many cities and towns throughout the nation established early curfews. In Spokane, Wash., youngsters were offered soft drinks and hot music at the city's Hi-Nite Club, opened to counteract juvenile delinquency.

The Junior Achievement Organization, formed by business men in 1938, was busy offering its solution to the problem. "Keep the kids busy and they'll keep out of trouble," one of the organization's leaders said. Under its directions, 'teen agers in New Jersey are making wooden shipping blocks used in packing delicate parts of aircraft landing gear. Boys in Cleveland, Ohio, are producing other wooden parts of planes, in Chicago one "junior company" produced 150,000 pants hangers for the Army and in other plants throughout the country the kids are manufacturing arms bands for air raid wardens and MPs and wooden splints for the Red Cross.

The kids have raised their own capital to establish their companies. They keep their own books, pay the usual corporation taxes and declare their own dividends.

Joel Kupperman, the 7-year-old mathematical Quiz Kid wizard, signed up for a $2,000-a-week movie contract.

THE Institute of Student Opinion polled 85,916 students in 1,000 high schools and announced that 53 per cent of them voted against the lowering of the voting age from 21 to 18. Ranging in age from 12 to 19 the students offered opinions such as this: Boys and girls of 18 do not understand political and economic affairs; that they have neither the mental ability nor experience to vote honestly and intelligently; or that boys and girls of that age are too pre-occupied with frivolities.

Members of the Casket Makers and Furniture Workers Union, Boston, threatened to picket funerals unless union-made caskets were used.

The War Manpower Commission altered draft induction regulations giving men possessing 149 "critical" skills a number one deferment priority if they are in a war industry by October 1. Under the new system those who refuse or are not in a wartime industry by that date will lose their occupational deferment status.

The following sign appeared in a Marblehead, Mass., Chinese laundry. "Closed for duration. All gone to war. Pvt. Wu See Wing. Pvt. Chin Bow, Corp. Chin June; Chin Wah, Air Transport Command; Chin Gong Sang, USN."

War Mobilization Director James Byrnes promised a "substantial reduction" in living costs. He declared that a program of increased taxation of a "freeze by enforced savings" is vital if excess purchasing power is to be drained off. He pointed out that it is necessary to maintain the price front as well as the wage front to save 20 million persons with fixed incomes from being driven below a "fair substantial level." Byrnes emphasized that the present Allied initiative would prove valueless unless the home front program was geared to meet the major fighting ahead. "I am authorized by the President to say that major battles are ahead, not behind us," Byrnes said.

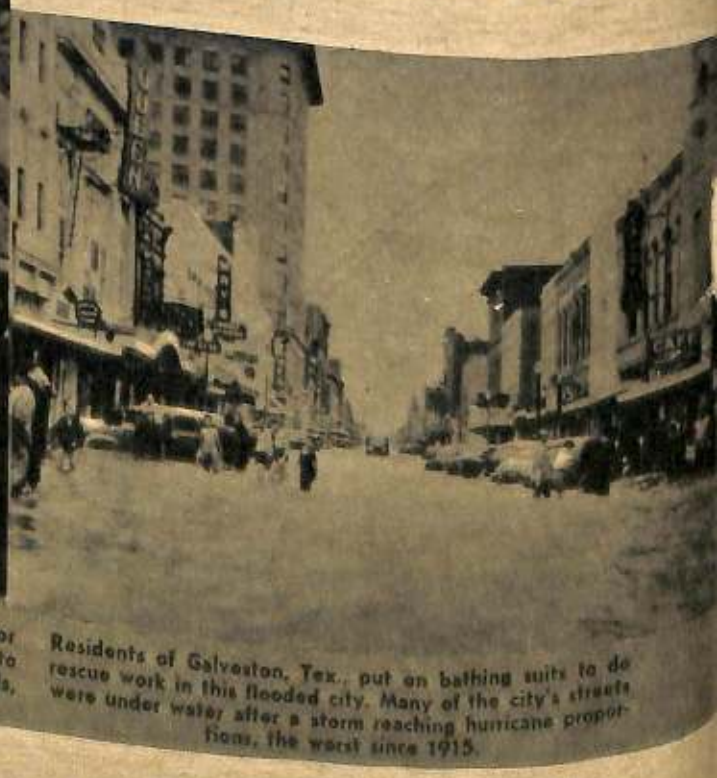
Judge Williams of Knoxville, Tenn., startled people in his courtroom when he rapped for order, thereby exploding a cap-pistol cap which a prankster had placed on the end of his gavel.

The Government moved to solve the production problem by increasing the coal miners' work week from 42 to 48 hours, with the miners receiving one and one-half pay for overtime. The action followed a decline last week in bituminous coal production. The objective this year is 600,000,000 tons compared to 580,000,000 tons mined in 1942.

Deaths from traffic accidents in Michigan declined 40 per cent the first six months of this year compared with 1942, and auto accidents were cut by 50 per cent for the same period in Vermont.

Chester Bowles, deputy senior administrator of the Office of Price Administration, announced that the only item that may be rationed in the future would be coal, and said: "I am hoping to be well

These full-blooded Navajo Indians, with their instructor (third from left), come from a reservation in New Mexico to be welding trainees at the California Shipbuilding yards, aiding the Great White Father.



Residents of Galveston, Tex., put on bathing suits to do rescue work in this flooded city. Many of the city's streets were under water after a storm reaching hurricane proportions, the worst since 1915.

Elmer Hagy, a retired banker of Scio, Ohio, wanted to help out with the war, so, forgetting his pride, he got a job as a telegraph messenger boy. Here he is delivering a message to Miss Helen Pappas.

able to avoid rationing that." He expressed complete confidence in the ability of the OPA to get down living costs which are now reported at three per cent over September 15, 1942, level.

Bowles intimated that the ban on pleasure driving on the Eastern Seaboard will end September 1, and that the gasoline allotment to motorists will be increased from one and one-half to three gallons a week.

G. W. Hughie and his son, G. D. Hughie, of Mobile, Ala., were haled before a court on disorderly conduct charges after engaging three members of their ration board in a free-for-all. The father and son combination took on the board after they refused to okay their application to buy a new car. When the cops arrived, two of the board members had several facial bruises and the other lost his shirt.

The War Labor Board was provided with powers by a Presidential order authorizing the Selective Service System to cancel draft deferments to recalcitrant workers. The WLB was also empowered to withold a union's check-off, dues and other union benefits after the Government seizes a strike-bound plant. Employers defying the WLB are threatened with Government plant seizure, and less drastic sanctions, namely, control of war contracts, transportation, fuel and essential materials for refusal to comply with a WLB order.

Adolph Brown and Miss Frances Bernstein were sentenced to jail by a Chicago judge after Brown refused to make payments for his former sweetheart's mink coat. The judge said the couple would remain in jail at the rate of seven dollars a week until the $89 balance is met.

Hollywood: Joan Blondell was given the lead in Gypsy Rose Lee's forthcoming comedy, "The Naked Genius." Betty Hutton's next assignment is the portrayal of the late Texas Guinan in a musical titled "Incendiary Blonde;" Brian Donlevy is slated for the role opposite Betty. Frank Sinatra is in Hollywood to begin rehearsals for "Higher and Higher," a musical picture.

THE Charles Boyers are expecting a baby by Christmas. Bing Crosby has plans to buy a ranch in Mexico. Mae West is writing a novel about the love affairs of a hicktown vaudevillian to be called *Joe Casanova*. The Hays office killed pictures of a soldier, made up as a chorus girl, kissing Alan Hoy in *This is the Army*.

Miss Pauline Rugh became the country's first woman football coach with a "system all my own." She was named head coach for the Bell Township High School, Salina, Penna., when Tom Rich resigned to accept a similar position at the East Pittsburgh High School.

AFL President William Green declared after the quarterly meeting of the executive committee in Chicago that unity with the CIO within the next six months is impossible, but an AFL committee was instructed to reopen negotiations.

Capt. Eddie Rickenbacher returned from his tour of fighting fronts in the Mediterranean, Russia and the Far East for Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and predicted Germany will not crack before the fall of 1944. "I am not an air-power fanatic but firmly believe that Germany must be broken from inside-out, not outside-in," he said.

Taxpayers in Swampscott, Mass., started court action to block the payment of a pension to Walter L. Reeves, 47, who resigned as police chief for health reasons and five days later travelled to New Hampshire where he married Mrs. Elihu Thomson, 67-year-old widow of the inventor.

This parade down Pennsylvania Ave., in Washington, D.C., was the opening gun of a campaign to enlist 20,000 more workers in the civilian-defense program. Women marines and Waves are among marchers.

LT. GEN. Henry Arnold announced that two new types of bombers are now coming off the assembly line that make the Forts and Libs look like "toys" and the heavy armament includes cannon of such calibre that "the guns of the Fortresses and Liberators will seem like peashooters beside them." Other features: The bombers will be used for daylight raids, they can carry a load of eight tons and are capable of a non-stop flight from New York to Paris and back at 300 miles per hour.

Milese Ryan Jr., a Boston beggar, who was classified 4-F by his draft board after feigning paralysis, was caught leading a bright social life wearing an Army uniform. A federal judge sent him to prison for three and one-half years.

The WPB announced that beer will probably continue to be "hard to get" for the duration with the demand 50 per cent ahead of production. Production of beer in the California Bay area was cut 50 per cent. A reduction in the available stock of grain, bottles and barrels caused a beer shortage in greater New York.

Police in Oakland, Calif., were looking for a thief who tripped Miss Ruby Sutherland and stole the new pair of shoes she was wearing. Texas shoe store dealers did a June business 105 per cent greater than in the same month last year.

New Orleans suffered an acute ice shortage, owing to labor shortage. A potato-digging contest, to help relieve the labor shortage, replaced the annual golf match for women at the Gibson Island, Md., summer colony. Lou Apsel gave up the newsstand he ran for forty years in Newark, N.J., to take a job in a war plant. And in New York City, three women train callers began working in the Penn Station.

Mrs. Eleanor Kootz was granted a divorce in Chicago on cruelty grounds after she testified that her husband banned her from the bathroom while he sang under the shower for four hours steady.

A woman in Columbia, S.C., became the candidate for the title of "World's Meanest Woman" after she slashed two of her husband's automobile tires. She was given a 30-day suspended sentence.

Miss Ada Blough, Palmyra, Penna., became the first woman to pass a state examination as a "chick sexer." After a quick glance she determines whether a day-old chick is a male or female. She is paid a cent apiece and separated 102 chicks within nine minutes in her first test.

New Yorkers are now calling the section around 47th Street and Broadway "Pick-up Plaza." Tommy Manville picked Sunny Ainsworth, 19-year-old Texas showgirl, as his sixth wife. She declined to wed immediately because she wanted to become better acquainted with the play-boy. Sunny was married twice previously and is the mother of a four-year-old child.

Run, Little Chillun had a try-out performance recently at Camp Kilmer, N.J., This is believed to be the first time an Army camp was the scene of a try-out for a Broadway show. Major Bowes gave up his amateur units which, according to *Variety*, have netted him around three million dollars in eight years. The War Department is furnishing technical advice to the all-woman revue, *Salute to the Wacs*, scheduled to open in November.

THE London chiller success, *Murder Without Crime*, left Broadway audiences cold. *Tobacco Road* is scheduled to return for another Broadway engagement beginning September.

Members of the family of "Scarface Al" Capone were reported to have gathered at the notorious ex-Chicago gang leader's bedside in Mercer, Wisc., where he is reported seriously ill.

The War Department announced that Sgt. Joe Louis will go on a 100-day exhibition trip to home camps beginning August 30 after which time he will tour overseas camps.

A new aircraft carrier being constructed in Portsmouth, Va., was named *Shangri-La*, after the mythical air base from which Doolittle was reported to have bombed Tokyo.

The WPB announced the release of 100 million shotgun shells for hunting purposes next fall, one-sixth of the annual output in peace time. The game-bird season opened in Idaho, but hunters were reported having little ammunition.

United States shipyards launched 1,012 ships from January 1 to August 4, including 712 Liberty ships, 22 long-range tankers, 229 miscellaneous cargo ships and 49 special Navy ships.

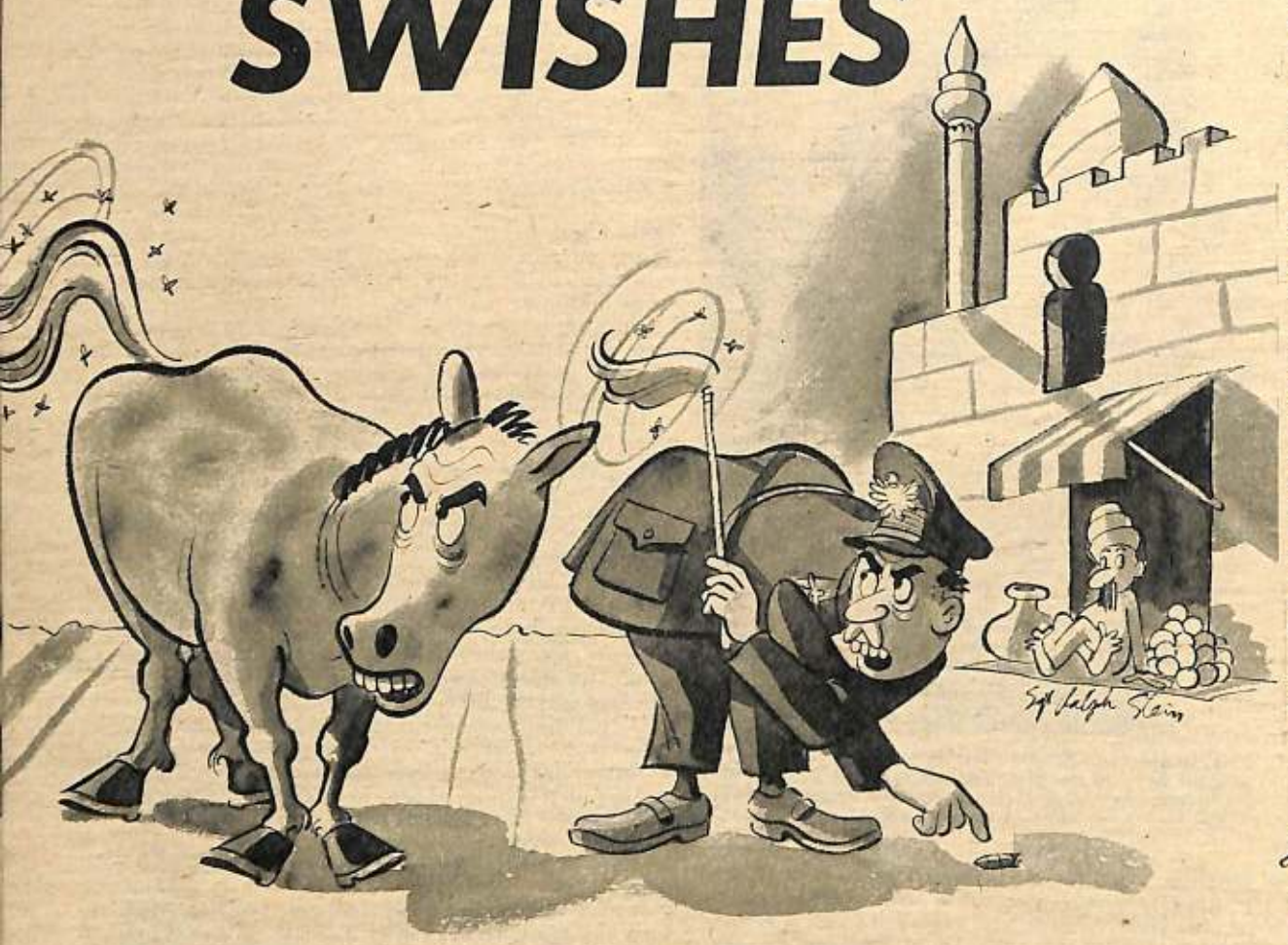
Munitions factories produced 43 per cent of the 1943 requirements by the end of June and aircraft production was increased by three per cent in June over the May figure.

A man walked into a dentist's office in New York City and recognized an inlay bearing his individual touch. "Did you ever live in Chicago?" the dentist asked.

When the man said he did the dentist dunned him for $25, owed him since 1928.

This stuff, no matter what you think, is plastic. It's going big back home, made from Lucite, a non-essential material. It is here shown with an essential material. They call that essential stuff Nancy Brinkman.

The Swagger Stick that SWISHES



Horses have flywhisks, why not colonels?

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE EAST OF SUEZ—The poor commissioned fish back in the States, with his shiny gold bar moved to an inconspicuous spot on his collar and with nothing for swank but a puny swagger stick, will meet a new and better world when he goes to face destiny in the insect reservations of the East. Here he can wear a pair of dashing cowboy boots. Here he can wear a bush jacket that is strictly Hollywood. Here he can find a super swagger stick with a tail on the end—a thing called a flywhisk—that dances and prances of itself.

With his high-topped boots, his go-to-hell shirt and his tasseled swagger stick, the newest shavetail from the Fork Union Class of '43 or the least glamorous Sears-Roebuck major can transform himself from dull coccoon to brilliant butterfly. He can cut a figure that would make the boys back at the 21 Club gawp with admiration, grimace with envy and leave their cocktails to grow warm and flat.

It is a lovely thing, this flywhisk. From 18 inches of wood or bamboo, and the simple and unassuming tail of horse or cow, military science has fashioned a weapon both practical and chic.

It would be unfair and untrue to say that the flywhisk is merely a matter of style, of grace, of military bearing. It is a formidable weapon, useful to the same degree and for the same purpose as the humble cow's tail from which it sprung. It is a double-purpose weapon. When you swish it sharply to punctuate a particularly poignant piece of palaver, you seriously annoy and discourage the flies that have gathered about you. This latter purpose is the real, true, practical value of the flywhisk.

In pre-war days it was well known in civil life. When the dainty ladies of Cairo and Delhi and Shanghai went for their morning pony ride, to settle their dainty breakfasts and jiggle their dainty buttocks before the appreciatively gaping crowd, they swatted daintily at the flies on their ponies and rapped daintily upon their dainty thighs with them. In humbler homes, a brightly colored flywhisk hung in a place of honor by the mantel and was used by loving mothers to beat the flies off their little children, who seemed to have a talent for drawing flies.

But the flywhisk came into its own only when it was issued to Tommy Atkins, chiefly to make him keep his hands out of his pockets. From the Tommy and his officers it went to the more glamorous American officers, who saw in it a means toward making themselves even more glamorous American officers.

From observation it would seem there are certain correct sizes for the flywhisk and its user. Usually the tall and massive major uses a small whisk, modest and restrained, to emphasize his manly bulk. The undersized captain carries a large and imposing whisk with a tail that is bushy and impressive.

The flywhisk is infinitely more useful than the simple, unadorned swagger stick of 90 Church Street and the Pentagon Building. An officer describing a magnificent piece of personal heroism finds his powers of speech only vaguely and weakly augmented when he makes a broad sweep of his arm with the swagger stick. Describing the same military miracle and making the same broad sweep with a lavishly betailed flywhisk, he produces a picture of streamlined power moving with speed and majesty through a larger slice of air. And, instead of the swagger stick's helpless silence, the whisk produces a sibilant swish.

And when he exasperatedly shouts, "Goddam it, Jenkins, I said orange squash, not lemon barley!" he can smite his thigh, not with the ineffectual tap of a mere stick, but with the infinitely more powerful swish of a horse's tail.

Aye, bravely wave them on, these plain blunt warriors with their dashing flywhisks. Welcome them home when the war is done, and see what effect their whisks will have on society, on office discipline, on art and interior decoration. They are our ambassadors behind the rear lines, carrying the American tradition of adaptability throughout the world, and they shall bring back to their homeland the Orient's mystic beauties.

They will, that is, if they don't put their own eyes out with a careless wave of the swagger stick that swishes.

A tall major uses a small whisk; the undersized captain carries a large and imposing one.

The boys back at the 21 Club will break their swagger sticks in despair.

Joan Leslie

YANK

Pin-up Girl

SPORTS: AN OPEN LETTER TO CPL. IZZY SHAW IN SICILY ABOUT THE FALL OF THE DODGERS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Cpl. Izzy Shaw,
En route to Italy,
Somewhere in Sicily.
Dear Izzy:

You probably don't know it, but you are one of the most quoted GIs in the whole Sicily campaign. That statement of yours about the Bums—"Say, tell them Dodgers to get onna ball. They're breakin' the hearts of a lot of guys in this outfit"—has been printed in every newspaper in the country. It even made the front page in *The Eagle*.

Everywhere in Flatbush people are talking about you. The other day while some of your chums were derailing a subway full of Giant fans one of them said he wouldn't be surprised if Branch Rickey gave you a season pass to Ebbets Field when you got back home. And everybody at the regular Saturday tea dance in Red Hook agreed that if the Bums shook off their slump and went on to win the pennant, it would be because of you and the fellows in your outfit.

Now, Izzy, I am going to tell you something you and your buddies won't like. The Bums are through. Washed up. They are breaking everybody's heart. Mine, too, because I crawled out on the limb this spring and predicted they couldn't miss.

But the worst part of it all, Izzy, is that the Dodgers know themselves they are licked. I know Durocher thinks so, or else he wouldn't have booked himself for a USO Camp Shows trip overseas as soon as the baseball season is over. And now I hear the Lip may leave before the season ends if his Bums continue to flounder. The players feel the same way. The other day in Chicago they were sitting in the lobby of their hotel shooting the breeze when Kirby Higbe spoke up:

"Boy, I never have seen a ball club go worse than we are now, and if we don't look out, we'll slide right out of the league and lose our franchise."

"Maybe we're just too old," Albie Glossop suggested. "I'm the second youngest player on the club and I'm 27."

"Hell, even the Cubs have a better club than us in every spot but two," added another veteran Dodger. "I'd take Herman and Vaughan, as well as Stanky or Hack. Otherwise, we ain't got much. We've been lucky."

Izzy, I think maybe Glossop was right. The Dodgers are too old and too slow to get out of their own way. And when their pitching flopped they were really washed up. All the hitting in the world couldn't help them.

Suppose you heard all about the big sympathy strike when the Lip suspended Bobo Newsom for trying to "show up" Bragan with a spitter. Brooklyn wasn't big enough to hold both Durocher and Bobo, so Rickey traded Newsom up the river to the St. Louis Browns, who appear to be going more places than the Dodgers.

Bobo's loss hurt plenty. He had already won nine games and looked good for 15 or 20. But as far as Rickey was concerned, the mutiny was an ominous sign that the Dodgers were through as a pennant contender. He said so himself: "We may not win the pennant, but there will be other seasons."

With Bobo as a starter, Rickey began unloading all of your old heroes and started building for next season. Ducky Medwick was the next to go. The Giants bought him, cheap, for the $7,500 waiver price. There were a lot of reasons why Rickey gave up on Medwick. For one thing, Ducky hadn't been hitting, and another, he was too intimate with Durocher. They played cards together and when Ducky felt like loafing he did so without fear of Durocher fining him. The players noticed these things and didn't like it. They told Rickey so.

Izzy, I don't think anybody realized how straight-out serious Rickey was with his housecleaning campaign until he traded Dolph Camilli, the best damn first baseman in New York, and Johnny Allen to the Giants for three guys named Joe Orengo, Bill Lohrman and Bill Sayles. Like any self-respecting Dodgers would act, Camilli and Allen said they wouldn't play for the Giants and stayed in St. Louis until they could get train reservation back to Brooklyn.

Meanwhile, the Dodgers got into a great fist fight with the Cardinals. Walker Cooper shot his spikes at Augie Galan on a play at first base and Mickey Owen ran out and swung at Cooper. Les Webber, the pitcher, took on five Cardinals at one time and emerged with nothing more serious than a few scratches on his head. The fight even spread to the stands, where Camilli and Allen were watching the game. Allen got so mad that he tore into a St. Louis fan who had been deriding the Dodgers. Camilli started to climb out onto the field and then suddenly remembered that he wasn't a Dodger any more and went back to help Allen.

If Mr. Rickey is trying to give Brooklyn the kind of team he always had in St. Louis, one of those lusty Gas House Gangs, he had better be more careful about who he trades. Izzy, he's getting rid of the wrong guys.

Good Luck,
SGT. DAN POLIER

Look here, Izzy. This is the start of the big fight between your Bums and the Cardinals. Mickey Owen (10) is climbing on Walker Cooper of the Cardinals for spiking Augie Galan. Ed Head (23) tried to separate them, but couldn't. They went down swinging and the battle between both teams was on. Unofficial decision: a draw.

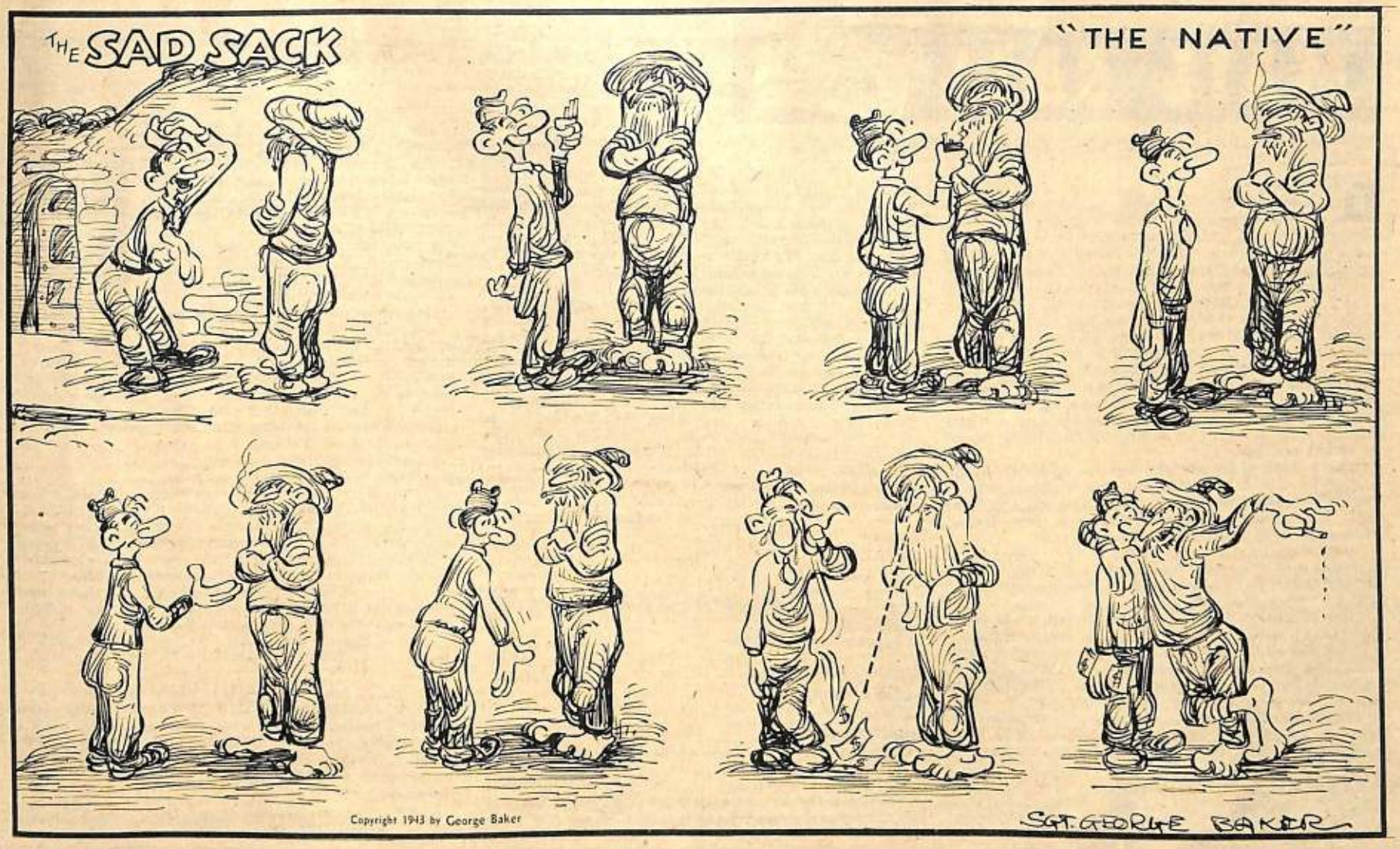
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

This is the fighting front of Cpl. Al Hoosman, the No. 1 contender for the AEF heavyweight title. He stands 6 feet 5 inches, weighs 210, was undefeated in 25 fights. He's an MP stationed in Australia.

Comdr. John Graff, skipper of the North Carolina Pre-Flight School, is so impressed with **Lt. Buddy Hassett** that he wants to make a small bet that some day Hassett will be manager of the New York Yankees or some major-league club. . . . If the boys in Australia have anything to say about it, the heavyweight champion of this AEF will be **Cpl. Al Hoosman,** a 210-pound Negro MP from Los Angeles, Calif. In his last start, Hoosman flattened the Aussie champion, **Cpl. Herb Narvo** of the Royal Australian Air Force in nine rounds. Back in the States, Al is the former Pacific Coast Golden Gloves champ and was undefeated in 25 straight fights. . . . **Lt. Monte Weaver,** Washington's World Series pitcher against the Giants, is stationed in England with the Fighter Command of the Eighth Air Force. . . . YANK erred last month in locating **Lt. Ken Kavanaugh** of the Chicago Bears in North Africa. He's in Trinidad flying patrol duty.

Indian Bill Geyer, one of Colgate's greatest broken field runners, has been honorably discharged as a air cadet because of an eye condition and will join the Chicago Bears. Geyer was turned down by the Navy last year because of his vision, but he underwent an operation, which resulted in his spending three weeks in total darkness, and eventually was accepted as a pilot. . . . Remember **Sgt. Sammy Baker,** the middleweight contender of the 20s? Well, he's back in the Army, serving a hitch with the infantry in Trinidad. He's a 30-year man. . . . According to the latest check-up by the *Ring Magazine*, 3,987 professional boxers are now in the armed forces, including 33 champions, past and present. . . . **Cpl. Hal Surface,** former Davis Cup star, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Air Force at the China-Burma-India front.

The Navy football teams, the Pre-Flights and V-12s, have **Secretary of Navy Knox's** permission to play anybody they want in their own area, but they can't play in any bowl contests. . . . Camp Perry, Ohio, claims one of the best baseball service records in the country, one defeat in 17 games, that coming from the Toledo Mud Hens of the American Association. . . . **Jimmy Gleeson,** ex-Cub and Red, is playing the outfield for an Army team in Hawaii. . . . Latest tip is to watch out for **Millington College** of Memphis, Tenn., come football season. It's a Naval Air Technical Training Center with **Lt. Denny Meyers** of Boston College as coach and a schedule that includes the N. Y. Giants, Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers, Texas Aggies, LSU, Pittsburgh, Oklahoma and SMU. . . . Those Georgia V-12 gridders at Duke will not play football this year.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE THE RUFFIAN

"We regret to say it," we said, "but you look as though you were right at home."

"Thass where I am, awright—right at home," Artie Greengroin said. "As jugs go, this is a good jug. And if it hadn't been for me losing me stripes and me rank and the respeck due me rank I wouldn't mine a bit."

Artie was doing another tour of duty in the Bastille, for getting in a little trouble with the mess sergeant—something about K.P. At the moment he was playing two-handed blackjack with a simple soul of an MP. When Artie goes to the jug he always lives well.

"Haven't you any regrets?" we asked.

"Naw, I ain't got none," said Artie, "except for me stripes. What I done to that mess sergeant was what he desoived."

"What did you do to him, anyways?" the MP wanted to know.

"I trun a big squash at him," Artie said.

"Hit him?" asked the MP.

"A poifeck shot," said Artie. "They was enough seeds in his hair to keep him busy for three days picking them out."

"Thass a bad thing to do," the MP said solemnly.

"If you'd of knowed this mess sergeant you wouldn't of thought so," Artie said. He dealt a new hand.

"Wass the mess sergeant's name, huh?" asked the MP.

"The ole bassar's name is Quitshaw," said Artie. "*Sergeant* Quitshaw, the ole bassar."

"I hearn of him," said the MP. "I hearn he was a rummy."

"You got good spies," said Artie. "Ante up some shillingses."

The MP put down five shillings. "Hi'me," he said. Artie hit him.

"Poop on it," the MP said. "I'm over. Awways I'm over. I got no dough. Lemme some dough."

"It's imperlite to borrer when you go broke," Artie said. He turned to us. "Ain't it?"

"You should know," we said.

"I got to cut out playing with you," the MP said. "I play with you and then when it comes time for me to go out, I ain't got no money. That ain't no fun."

"Gambling is fun," Artie said. "Thass what I'm going to be from now on—a gambler. I'm also going in for the women and the booze. I'm going to be a bad character. I've loss all me sensitivity. When you try to be good to people and they toin on you it makes you inter a wile animal. Thass what happen to me. Thass what made me inter a monster."

"When are you getting out?" I wanted to know.

"I dunno," Artie said. "When am I getting out?" he asked the MP.

"I dunno," said the MP. "I dunno nothing. I'm jess a guard around this joint. Nobody tells me nothing."

"It don't matter," Artie said. "I'm oney going to be out long enough to get back in again. I'm through woiking for the Army. They don't appreciate a honnes effort. Diddle the Army, is my motter from now on."

"Fine talk, fine talk," we said.

"If it hadn't of been for you I might never of ended up here," said Artie. "You was the one what tole me to be nice to the mess sergeant and the top kick. You're the guy who done it all."

"Come off it," we said.

"If you hadn't of egged me on I'd be a free man terday," Artie said. "And not oney that. I'd of had me rank and me pride of place. What am I now? Now I'm a lousy gawdam private. Any dope can be a private, but a Pfc. is a non-commissioned orficer. Thass the thing that cuts me. Still, as a private I can pursue a course of wickedness without being broke no lower. They's nothing lower than a private. Honess to gaw, I been leading the woist toikey of a life I ever seen. Here I am stuck in the clink till gaw knows when. For all I know a big WAC is driving me truck. Maybe when I get out of here they'll shoot me down to Italy and shove me up to the front with a bazooka in me mitts. That kine of thing ain't for ole Artie. I ain't a Congressional Medal man; the Legion of Merit is ole Artie's meat. They's heroes and then, again, they's heroes—thass my motter."

"You're some hero," we said.

"A man is a hero if he jess hangs on to his sensitivity while he's in the gawdam Army," Artie said. "Everybody's a blassid ole hero. I'm a hero, you're a hero, ole Polished Buttons here is a hero. In me day I've gone through more troubles for the U. S. of A. than the U. S. of A. ever went through for me. But do I get any thanks? Naw, I don't get any thanks. What do I get? I get trun in the clink for clipping some ole bassar of a mess sergeant who used to kick his poor mudder downstairs for laughs. Someday that mess sergeant is going to fill the Spam full of arsenic and knock off the whole company for a laugh. The day he does that they'll probly up him to tech. The Army likes killers. Thass why the intelligensia like myself has to fall by the wayside."

"We were wondering why it was," we said. "Thanks for telling us."

"Don't mention it, ole boy," Artie said. "In me lucid moments I'm a mine of infirmation. But I been in the Army so long I ain't lucid very offen."

"Wass 'lucid' mean?" the MP wanted to know.

"It means not nuts," Artie said.

"Yer going nuts, huh?" the MP said.

"Yerse," said Artie.

"Thass bad," said the MP.

"We hope you're not going to try the old Section 8 gag again," we said.

"Aw, for gaw's sake, I'm off of that stuff," Artie said. "Us hardened criminals can't be bothered with amateur attempts to clear out of uniform. All I said was, I'm losing me mine."

"Your mind looked all right while you were playing blackjack," we said.

"When I play blackjack I'm awways lucid," said Artie. He turned to the MP. "Hey, why don't you go and borrer a couple of quids from the corporal and come and win your money back?"

"I might lose the couple of quids," the MP said.

"Lissen, luck is awways changing," Artie said. "Look at Hitler, he's the poifeck example. Look at me, even. In the olden days I was a fine, upstanding character. Now I'm a rummy, strickly a rummy. Nobody's got any use for me."

"We've got use for you, Artie," we said.

"Shuddup," Artie said. "I loss all love for you."

"I'll go get me some dough," the MP said. He went out.

"I'll rob him of his lass cent," said Artie. "I'm a criminal foist class."

MAIL CALL

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

Dear YANK:

I came to England in July, 1942, when the Germans were still running a regular bombing route over southern England. Five months later I was on my way back to the States for O.C.S. Today I'm in England again, minus the bars, but that isn't the story here.

I remember a brightly lit library room on an army post back in the States. I remember windows in this room which were shaded with venetian blinds and the soldiers who looked neat and clean, and myself, wearing the first decently cleaned uniform in months.

I remember thinking that if I should get up and walk out into the street there would be no difficulty. Outside the streets did not resemble the winding paths of a coalmine pit. Neither would you hear the ugly wail of a siren, nor the scream of a bomb, nor the steady pound of an ack-ack gun.

Now I think of friends who went on to North Africa and Sicily and I remember Bill and I standing on a bridge in a small town in England nine months or so ago. Bill is Bill Komisar from Elizabeth, New Jersey. He was going to North Africa, I to America.

There wasn't much to say on the bridge. There never is during such moments. You just look over the rail into the water and you know what the other one is thinking and he knows what you are thinking.

Once he said: "What'll you do when you get home?"

"I don't know," I said. "Nothing much, I guess."

That was all there was to it. There were some other things but they are not important here. What else can be said when you are about to leave a friend you've known ever since you got into the Army?

These friendships, you say to yourself, these are the strongest bonds men find for themselves. You know he thinks the same thing, so what is there to say?

But now there is something to say. Now that I see the whole thing from a new perspective what there is to say is this:—

We did not realize America until we got away from her. Then, and only then, certain personal remembrances about the United States, about our homes, the streets we live on, the friendly faces we know, the small insignificant incidents grew gigantically in our minds. I used to recall with the most vivid clarity the pearly string of white lights along Riverside Drive and the way, towards evening, the lights would pop on in the tremendous buildings of New York City. I would remember the small southern towns where a lonely neon sign flicked above a diner at two in the morning. I would remember tired faces I had seen in railroad stations any number of times. I would remember the wave of a man's hand on a lonely road in West Virginia as I drove by in an automobile. And always I could see the friendly faces and hear the friendly voices.

Over here, or over in Africa, or Sicily, or out in the Pacific, or up in Alaska, we think good and hard about going back. And we learn why it is we want to go back. That happens to be the hard-earned lesson.

Soldiers in America do not know it, will never know it until they get away. Then when they do and they are away for sometime they will learn that a man does not, and will not fight for big America; he fights and will fight for small America, the small America of his own street, his own home, the friendly faces he knows and the friendly voices he cannot forget.

T/5 SAM ELKIN

England.

Dear YANK:

I am writing to thank you for your most excellent magazine. You are doing a great job in publishing it. I do not like "A Week of War," it is boring. I am very fond of "Sad Sack" and "Greengroin." That story "The Brothers" by Sgt. Jim Dugan was a top-notcher. Let's have more like it.

Well that's all from me, but keep on with the job of publishing this great magazine.

ORDINARY GUY

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I, for one, will stick up for the WAACs. I've seen them as dispatchers, grease monkeys, chauffeurs, truck drivers, radio operators and telephone switchboard operators and in all of them they've done a wonderful job. I've probably left out a lot of other things they do well, too.

JUST A Pfc.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

This is the first time I have ever written to any publication so I hope this is printed.

I have just read your August 15 issue of YANK and took particular notice of the article written by Sgt. Walter Bernstein on the Forty-fifth division of M.P.s. Ever since the last war M.P.s have had more cracks made about them than enough and this is the first article ever written in favor of them. Some of the remarks made are justified but most of them are not. We have our share of jerks in the C.M.P. just the same as any outfit you can name.

There are a lot of non combatant M.P.s but there are also lots of non combatant infantry, field artillery, engineers, air corps, quarter masters, etc., so we are really no different than anybody else. I am not looking for any pats on the back and I know the rest of my outfit isn't either, but how about giving the whole army the low down on the M.P.s that are attached to Infantry division. They are the boys who are quite often away ahead of the infantry and when they are posted to direct the infantry and traffic to the front lines, they stay on that post come hell or high water. Besides that we handle prisoners of war, establish straggled lines, guard rail heads, command posts and a thousand other duties. Anyhow we are fighting M.P.s.

ONE OF THE FIGHTING M.P.s.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Why do all Yanks try to make out they are toughs and big bad wolfs when all the time they are mostly swell guys?

From one who knows.

Britain.

S.E.H.

[We don't.—Ed.]

Dear YANK:

Since the Waac-Nurse or vice-versa controversy has created somewhat of a tempest in the ETO teapot, I think I might as well add my 2/6d to it.

Certainly the Army nurses deserve all the credit they should get and don't get and more. Like many another branch of the service, and—if you please—more perhaps than any other branch of the service, they have done and are doing a heroic albeit silent and unpublicized job. My overseas cap off to all nurses.

On the other hand, however, there was no cause for that indignant outburst in the August 1st issue of your magazine. Really, the whole issue is very simple. The YANK is a magazine for *enlisted* men (not for officers); a large group of enlisted women (or is it enlisted men?) came over here and it's quite natural that a lot of fuss should be made over them. Nothing warms the cockles of a G.I. heart more than receiving something from home. And what could be nicer than girls from home with all the attendant glamor? The nurses are, after all, officers with whom enlisted men may not associate. This is a ruling made not by the enlisted men, but by the War Department. Furthermore, nurses usually come in small groups together with other units and their arrival is unheralded.

Among ourselves in our small talk we sometimes poke fun and jeer at branches of the service other than our own. But please let us not make a serious matter of this stupid and *harmful* attitude of disparagement of one arm of the service for another.

Britain.

Pfc. IRVING GARBATI

[Editor's Note: Yank is published by the enlisted men and edited and written by them but it is a paper for the *entire* army.]

Dear YANK:

May a humble English girl give you her opinion of the Yanks? I have met over two hundred of them and have found them two be honest, freindly and extremely humerous. Recently I have become freindly with a Yank who can truthfully be described as a "Southern Gentleman."

I would like you two print this if you will as a lesson two those misguided people who doubt and mistrust Yanks, just because they are Yanks.

Yours sincerely,

Britain.

CHATTERBOX

Dear YANK:

I have just finished reading your issue of August 15th. I have never expressed my opinion about the WACs, but being there is so many G.I.s letting them down I might as well put in my "topence" worth.

Women of the ANC are doing a fine job and have been since they first organized, but after all the WACs are the enlisted women, or the back-bone of the women's part of this Army. They associate with the enlisted man, they are our class, and for the benefit of the majority it's up to the WACs.

I'm not running down the women of the ANC. Their jobs are very important, but I do think the WACs have some important jobs too.

When an enlisted man is on leave and would like the company of a woman, could he take a member of the ANC out for dinner (there are such things) or to a dance? That is where the WACs will help keep up the morale of the enlisted men, the back bone of the Army. I think the girls deserve a lot, publicity too.

Sgt. HAMILTON

Britain.

Dear YANK:

The letter from "A G.I. Nurse," Aug. 1 edition, brings this on.

Yes, the WACs have arrived in the ETO! We have been given a hearty welcome and we appreciate it. Naturally *Stars and Stripes* and YANK have given us write-ups. They print news, and we happened to be "news" at that time.

I have always admired and respected army nurses. They are courageous, hard-working women. They are outstanding in their work, an honored profession, which we could never infringe upon.

But—why must this "G.I. Nurse" be so resentful of our coming to the ETO? True, we have yet to prove our worth. We *do* expect to be given a sporting chance though. "Nursie" seems to have formed her opinion of us already. If it's the publicity that is burning her up, I'd like to say that the army nurses *have* been given credit for their wonderful work. Perhaps the enlisted men have made a bit more of a "fuss" over WACs, and why not? They don't have to salute us, but instead can talk with us, hear good old American slang again, dance the "Yankee Way" with us.

We know the nurses have calisthenics and drill. We saw them being taught to drill and salute—thousands of them—by army officers, a week before they went overseas. We have had *months*, and some more than a year, of classes, drill, Army Regulations, etc. We have stoked our own furnaces, lived in anything and everything from a tent up, and have worked hard to get where we are. I'm not boasting—just stating facts. We are soldiers—not nurses. Why do they dislike us so? We don't criticize or ridicule them. Are they really of the opinion that we are disrupting the Army? Are they mad? Jealous?

I certainly hope that all G.I. nurses don't have the same ideas and opinions of us as your correspondent and several I have come in contact with.

In closing, I want *her* to know that we are, and intend to remain, ladies as well as soldiers. We know we can help our fighting men—we are being given a chance—we are trying.

A G.I. JANE

P.S. Incidentally, about that so-called week of rest—just ask any member of the WAC Separate Battalion if that could honestly be called a rest. To me it was hectic!

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Yes, it does repeat itself, it started with Eve; seems that every time women interfere with anything, they introduce chips, grudges, jealousies and what not. No sooner than WACs appeared on the scene, that this tradition had to follow, this time being ANC and WACs. To hear what they have to say, you would think that they have the situation well in hand and either could win the war alone. A very good spirit and exactly what it takes, except when they become hostile among each other. It is certain that they form a link of a very long chain and should pull together in order to make it stronger.

A big mistake they both make is using "I" and "my." Remember what one of our greatest leaders said: "*We* shall win or *we* shall die," in comparison to the words of a supposed to be a man who said: "I shall win the war this spring, if it takes me ten years to do it." Let us not think we are too important as individuals, as it takes a "we" and not an "I" to win the war, and remain as always united Americans against the common enemy.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I respect, salute and take my hat off to both of you, but most of all challenge you both to show us a much better attitude and conduct towards each other.

Tech. Sgt. AL. E. SALIBA

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New York Office:

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

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THE Halved Fort and the Tail Gunner

It may never happen here, but if it does the tail gunner won't be coming down on a desert island. It's a chance in a million that he'll come down at all, the way they've been bringing them back in the E.T.O.

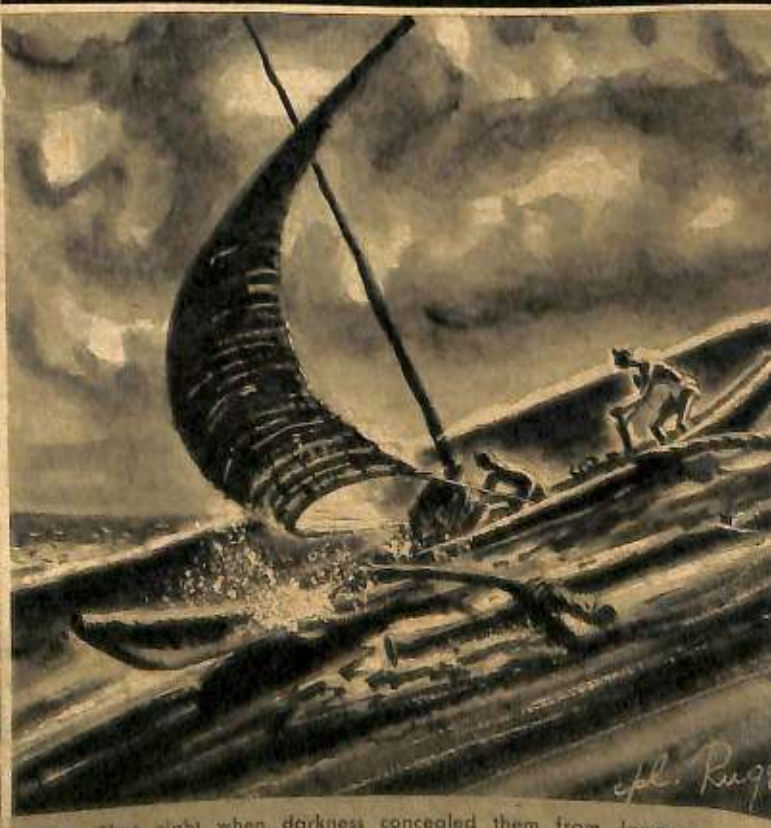
1. The Jap Zero came in so fast no one had time to train a gun on it. It dived into the Flying Fortress, cutting it in two about the middle, and knocked out Tail Gunner Joe Hartman of Birmingham, Ala. Everything was quiet when he came to a few seconds later. He wondered why the motors weren't going, then suddenly realized he was all alone in what was left of the bomber, dropping fast toward a coral-studded island. The 10 other men in the front of the plane had been killed.

2. Joe was wearing heavy clothing and an oxygen mask. These prevented him from fastening the leg straps of his parachute when he recovered consciousness. But he managed to get the chest straps on, crawled to the small escape hatch and bailed out. The first sharp tug of the parachute blacked him out for the second time.

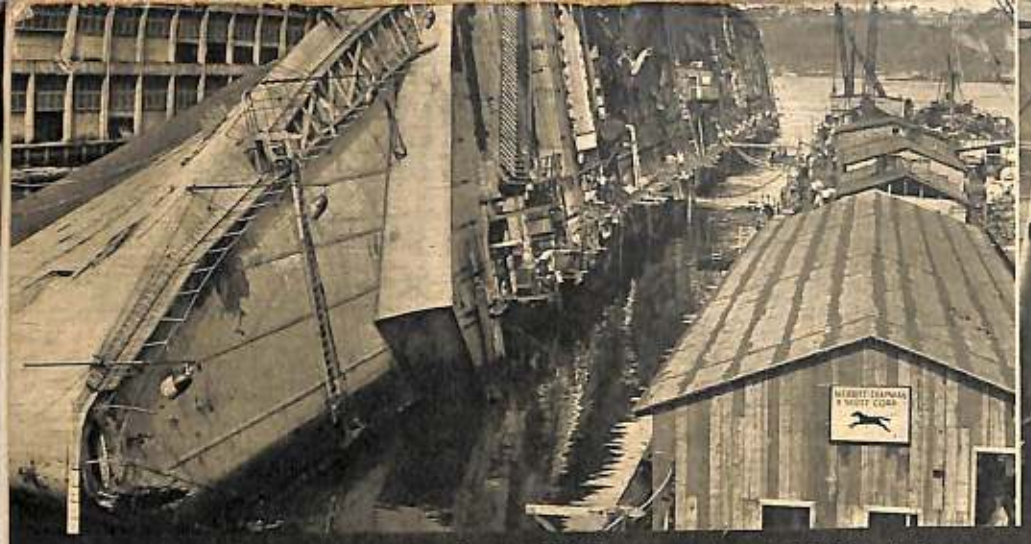
3. He was only a few feet above water when he again recovered. He knew he would sink if he didn't get out of his heavy clothing, so he struggled out of it. Then he slipped off the parachute and fell the rest of the way. In all he had descended 17,000 feet. He was still 150 feet from the island, and as soon as he hit water he swam for it.

4. Exhausted, he lay on shore after crawling through the last few yards of shallow water. Two friendly natives, who had seen the plane fall, finally found him stretched out on the beach. They carried him inland to their small hut.

5. Here the natives sheltered him throughout the day and fed him a diet of jungle delicacies. The only food he couldn't stomach was bat meat, although he admits it smelled good. Then they made plans to get him back to his base.



6. That night when darkness concealed them from Japanese planes and shore patrols, the natives paddled him in a dugout canoe to a village where only the women worked and the men just loafed and fished. Here he rested for more than a month before he was taken by canoe and motor launch to the U. S. base at Tulagi.



Salvage required 18 months while submerged hull was made watertight by closing openings under water and building compartments where pumping could be controlled.

Tests proved the hull to be watertight in July and raising began Aug. 5. A week later the vessel had lifted from 79 to 36 degrees, was moving toward the desired 30.

Aerial view shows the great vessel in process of rolling from its side as the salvage operation proceeded.

Raising the NORMANDIE

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

ONLY the instruments could see her move, but she came up out of the mud and water 8 feet the first two days. The fourth day she had reached an angle of 45 degrees. By the next afternoon she had risen to 40 degrees, and it seemed certain that the Navy had pulled off the world's biggest job of salvage.

Oddly enough, it was just 18 months ago to the day that the *Normandie*, practically refitted as the transport *USS Lafayette*, had caught fire and rolled over on her side in the dock in the Hudson River, New York, a smoldering wreck.

The first divers who went down inside the ship found themselves in a black labyrinth of unfamiliar and unorganized passages, staterooms and holds. Every movable object — furniture, stores, everything—had tumbled to the port side when the ship rolled over. All this debris would have to be removed before any work could start. Because of the silt in New York Harbor, underwater work would be done in darkness.

Yet the Navy decided that salvage was both possible and worth while. It was figured that the job would take about two years. The salvage operation they estimated might cost $5,000,000 (so far it has cost $3,750,000) and the subsequent fitting out $20,000,000. But for that $25,000,000 the Navy would have a ship that would cost $50,000,000 to build.

In the 18 months of work there was hardly a day when from 70 to 80 divers did not work in 10 to 80 feet of black water. In all there were 5,000 openings to be sealed up, and through most of them mud had squeezed into the ship. Divers who first went down sank over their heads in ooze.

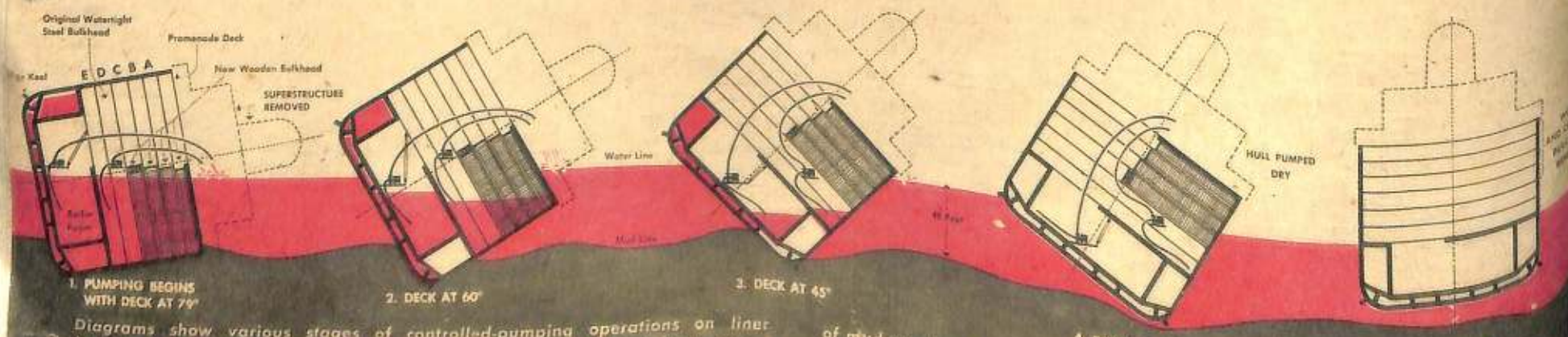
Always under water, always in the dark, the divers—some servicemen and some civilians—did their job. In 17 months all the openings below water were sealed. Five thousand tons of superstructure were cut away—even under water most of this was done by acetylene torch—and brought up in small pieces. Concrete was poured through hose lines into forms built beneath the water for new compartments.

Early in August, the *Normandie* seemed ready for the real business of being raised. Pumps were slung aboard, capable of pumping 40,000 tons an hour. With all 93 pumps working full force the ship could have been pumped dry in 2½ hours. But that wasn't the idea. Controlled pumping means a little pumped out here, a little pumped

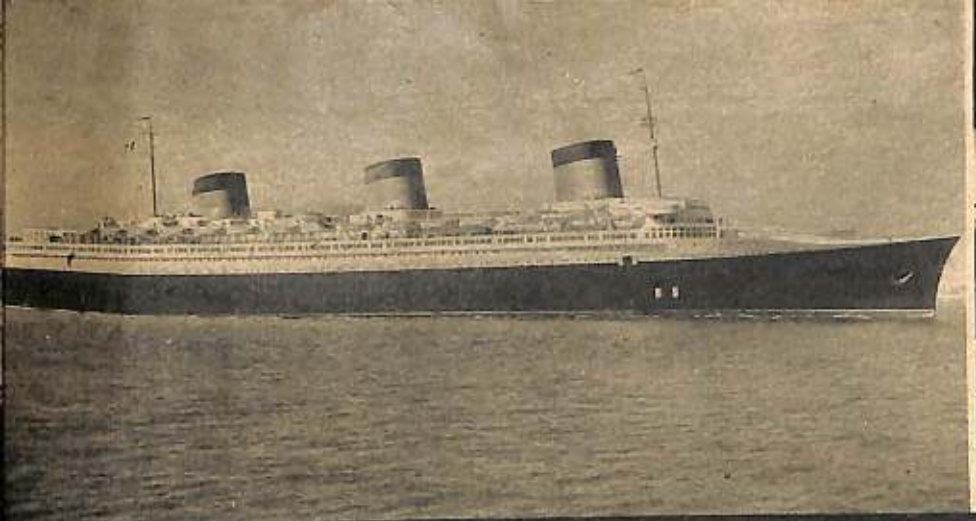
Normandie rested on rock and hard-packed mud.

out there—just enough to urge buoyancy and gravity along. Too much pumping would bring the great ship up with a gigantic heave that might flop her over again or smash her dock.

Only the instruments recorded the first upward movement; in fact, at no time could the rise of the ship from the water be seen with the naked eye. Everything went so smoothly that the Navy decided to go beyond the 45 degrees originally decided upon before pumping her out completely. Closer to 30 degrees now seemed better (because of the extra bulkheads she would list to port). Then all the remaining water, an estimated 46,000 tons, would be pumped out and the *Normandie* would be ready for the voyage from the dock that many thought was her grave to the drydock where she would again become the *USS Lafayette*.



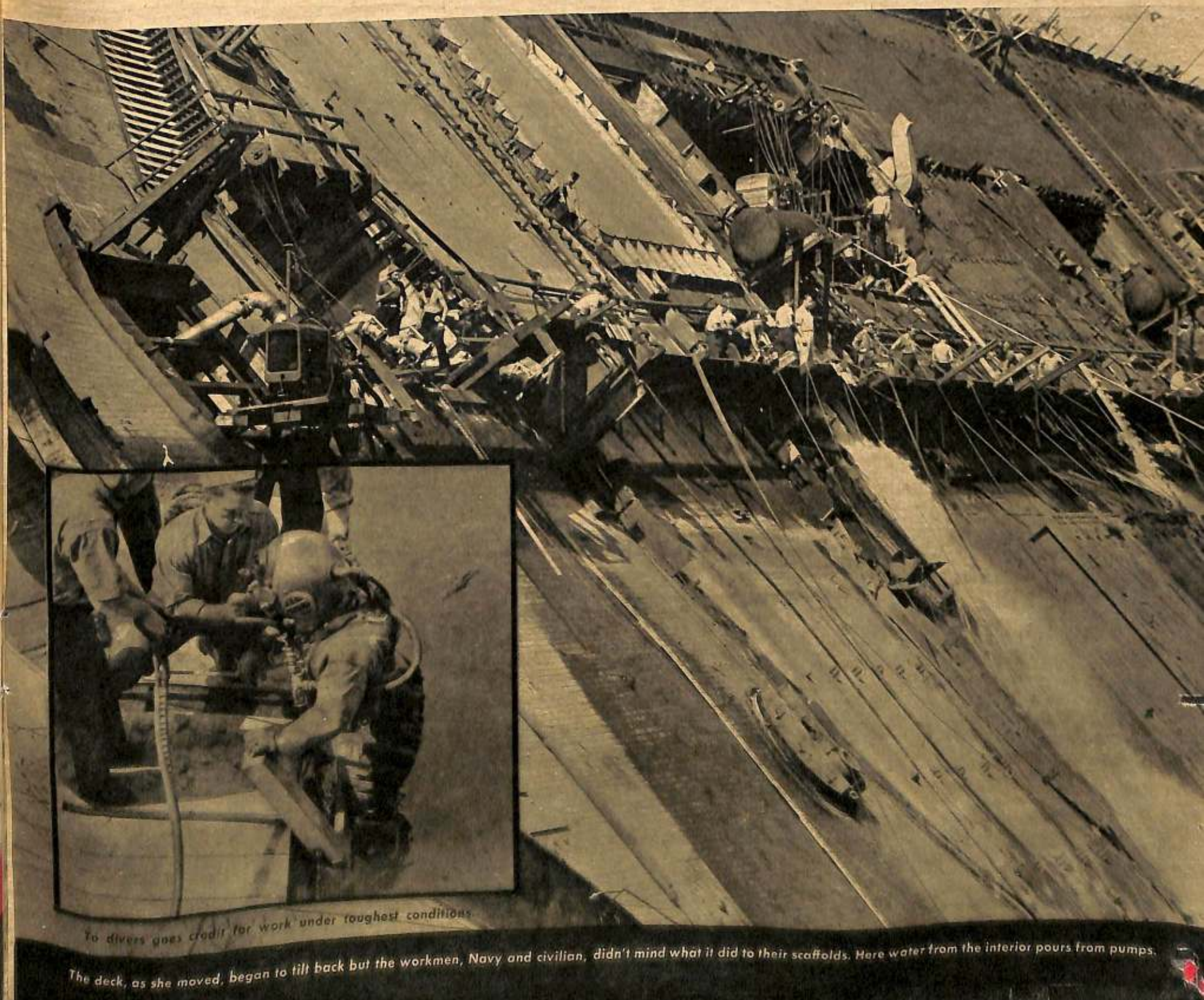
Diagrams show various stages of controlled-pumping operations on liner Normandie. Greatest moment of danger came in loosing the ship from a mound of mud on which she rested. If tremendous pressure had been required to break the suction, the ship might have torn herself free suddenly. The Normandie didn't.



The Normandie in her prime (1937). She is as long as three football fields placed end to end, and skyscrapers put in her would be visible only above the tenth floor.

Renamed the USS Lafayette, the vessel was swept by fire on Feb. 10, 1942. Rolling over to 90 degrees, she came back to 79, showing that gravity favored salvage.

It was the toughest salvage job in history and a lot of smart guys said it couldn't be done—but the Navy is completing the gigantic task of lifting this huge ship from the mud of the Hudson River where it sank 18 months ago.



To divers goes credit for work under toughest conditions

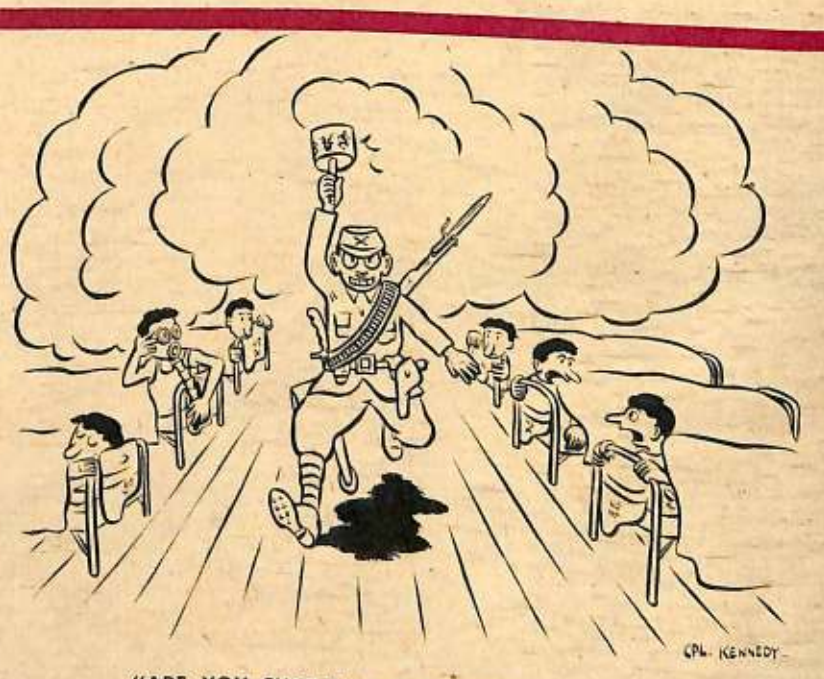
The deck, as she moved, began to tilt back but the workmen, Navy and civilian, didn't mind what it did to their scaffolds. Here water from the interior pours from pumps.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"LIEUTENANT, MEET YOUR NOSE, BELLY AND TAIL GUNNERS."
—A S Stephen T Rascoe, Oklahoma City University

"SAY BOY, I'LL GET YOU A COUPLE OF COCONUTS FOR A CIGARETTE."
—Sgt. O. F. Johnson, Australia



"ARE YOU SURE THIS IS ONLY A GAS DRILL?"
—Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy, San Bernardino, Calif.

"IT STARTED OUT AS HIS FOXHOLE, SIR."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.

"GEE WHIZ, SERGEANT! MY DOG TAGS ARE LIKE ICE!"
—Sgt. Sydney Landi, Antiaircraft Command, Richmond, Va.