

BRITISH EDITION

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

**3<sup>d</sup>** JAN. 31  
1943  
VOL. 1, NO. 33

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

## AFRICAN CLIPPER

With an antiaircraft machine gun not too far away, Sgt. Orland McCall, who used to be a barber back in Boston, Mass., finds a customer on the North African desert. The guy getting clipped is T/Sgt. Aime Lemieux of Fall River, Mass. Next! After the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting in Africa—next to get clipped: Hitler and Hirohito. Musso's just recently got his at Tripoli.



TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

See Page 3.



# FLIGHT

"Berkeley gave the order to bail out, then followed his crew into the night."

## They Bombed Rangoon, Got Hit, Bailed Out, Knocked Out, Brownd Off—But Lived to Tell the Tale

By Sgt. Ed. Cunningham  
YANK Staff Correspondent

AT A U. S. BOMBER BASE, INDIA— There are nine Yank airmen\* at this base who will give you odds they can make any nine-lived cat turn green with envy. They're members of a combat crew who played tag with borrowed time so often on a recent bombing mission that the law of averages is in grave danger of being repealed.

Their tale starts at Rangoon, where the boys went to drop a few explosive calling cards on the Japs. Fifteen minutes from the target area, a fire broke out down in the nose of the plane. A parachute had been placed too near the electric heater. Lt. Thompson's fire extinguisher put out the blaze.

Right over the target all four motors cut out. The plane dipped down toward the Jap ack-ack while Berkeley twisted the controls, trying to get the motors back. The B-24 started losing altitude. Then the motors came on again and Berkeley leveled off.

After Darby had dropped his load of thousand-pounders, the B-24 headed for home. Berkeley and his crew stopped sweating then. Other than a few frayed nerves, the only damage was the burned parachute. But the headaches were just beginning. The B-24 was still 100 miles at sea, in the dark, when its electrical system went out. So did the auxiliary. Shortly after, the batteries went, too. The ship had no electrical power at all. That meant no electric governor for the propellers which were fast approaching the red danger line on the RPM gauge. No means of putting out distress signals or radio identification. No landing lights.

Frost worked frantically trying to get the power back. But no soap. Only a tight-rope walker standing against a 170-mile-an-hour gale out on the wing tip could get at the source of the trouble.

They were over land by now, still without landing lights. Circling over a city, they were looking for an airfield when a Hurricane made a pass at them in the darkness. Unable to radio their identification, they had been spotted as an enemy bomber. Fortunately, the Hurricane pilot must have recognized the twin-tailed B-24. He didn't open fire on them.

The No. 3 engine was running away. The finger on the RPM gauge was up to 3,300, far beyond the danger point and way too far beyond the normal 2,700 revolutions per minute. When the engine started to splinter, Berkeley gave the order to bail out.

The nine parachutes floated earthward through 7,000 feet of darkness. Seven of them swayed crazily, their riser lines unguided by seven unconscious men strapped to their rubber seats. They had been knocked out by the flailing buckles of their chest straps

just seconds after they had pulled their ripcords. They hadn't had time to adjust them properly before jumping. When they hit the cool layer of air, about 5,000 feet up, they came to.

Darby had his .45 with him. Frost had jumped ready for action, too, carrying a tommy gun, 125 rounds of ammunition, a camera and a Musette bag. But he hadn't figured on that strap buckle. When he recovered at 5,000 feet, he had nothing left in his hands but his flight cap. That had been on his head when he bailed out.

Darby, uninjured, took his delayed descent in stride. He pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, lit up and settled back to enjoy his trip down to earth.

The others weren't so comfortable. Salley, with a gaping lip wound where two teeth had been driven through by the strap buckle, landed in a tree. He managed to shake his chute loose and fall to the ground without injury. Craigie, bleeding profusely from a broken cartilage in his nose, landed in a lake. He had to swim and wade through mud for nine hours before being rescued by an Indian boatman.

Some of the crew landed in rice paddies, others in swamps. All but Murphy, Darby and Craigie spent the night where they landed, sleeping on the ground with their parachutes as pillows. Craigie swam and walked until dawn.

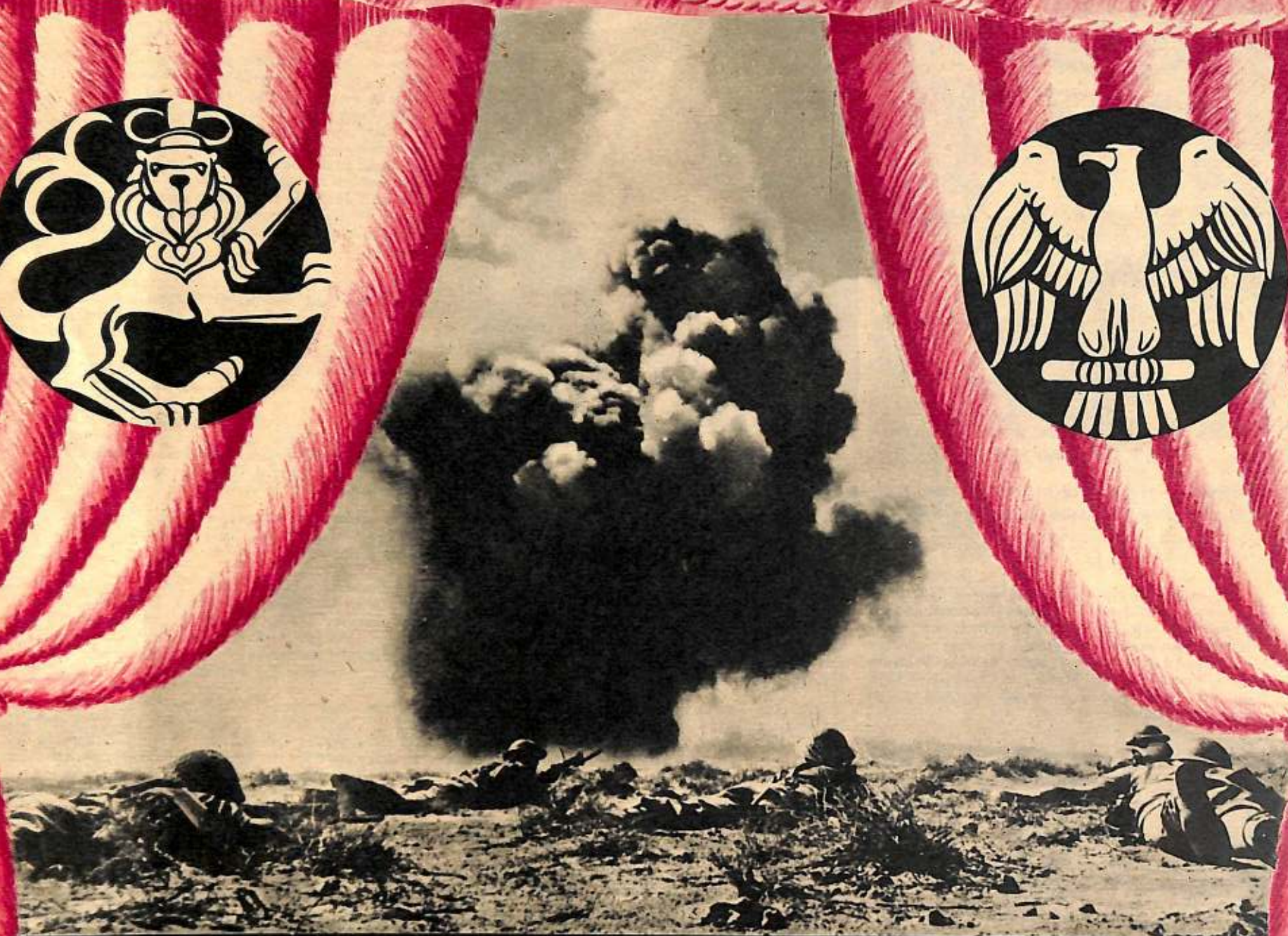
When the sun came up, all nine of the crew started for a nearby Indian city by different routes. Some of them met along the line. Craigie and Salley ran into each other in a native village and boarded a train together. At the next station, Bennett got on. Scolavino and Lt. Thompson had caught an earlier train, at different stations, but the conductor put them in the same coach.

Frost met Darby along the river and got a boat to take them to the city. Lt. Berkeley was also making his way by boat when he was hailed by Lt. Murphy from a village along the river bank. He picked up his co-pilot and they, too, caught a train that took them to the city.

The entire crew met that night at an hotel, and that's where their luck ran out. "We stayed at that hotel eight days," Salley said, "waiting for travel orders back to our base. But do you think we drew expenses? Like hell! We all had to pay our own hotel bills!"

\*1st Lt. William R. Berkeley, 25, pilot, Cleveland, Ohio; 2nd Lt. Thomas L. Murphy, 22, co-pilot, of Shreveport, La.; 1st Lt. Francis N. Thompson, 25, navigator; M/Sgt. Howard C. Darby, 32, bombardier, Plattsburg, N.Y.; T/Sgt. William O. Frost, 25, engineer, Jaffrey, N.H.; S/Sgt. John E. Craigie, 25, radio operator, West Haven, Conn.; S/Sgt. Bernard L. Bennett, 23, tail gunner, Penn., Ind.; S/Sgt. Adolph R. Scolavino, 22, belly gunner, Providence, R.I.; S/Sgt. Edward M. Salley, 22, waist gunner, Houston, Tex.





Before the Eyes of Two Great Leaders at Casablanca Passed the Future, the Plan of Things to Come, the Strategy for yet-unknown Campaigns.

# Casablanca Rendezvous

**For 10 days that shook the world, the two great leaders met in great secrecy and held dialogue with tomorrow and saw, in their plans, the unfolding of great campaigns as clearly as if the armies fought upon some immense and bright-lit stage before their eyes.**

**T**HE American regiment wasn't enjoying the outing, all dressed up and no place to go. The sun is hot in Casablanca in the middle of the day, even in January, and it is not exactly relaxation standing around at parade rest under the sun. Out of the side of his mouth, a corporal from Michigan asked the sergeant from New Jersey what was up, and the sergeant from New Jersey growled that what was up was another bunch of unidentified brass hats, and brass hats were a pain in where he wanted to be sitting down instead of standing there at parade rest.

Out of the corner of his eyes, the sergeant watched the brass hats approaching, and a second later his whole expression changed: "Well, I'll be damned."

There went Franklin Delano Roosevelt, himself, big as you please, right there in Africa. In a Jeep.

The President himself, was grinning, too, like he always seem to grin when he gets into an automobile, even a Jeep. He had a cigarette holder in his mouth.

The German announcer that same January day was having a

propagandist's holiday, getting vitriolic in a fine Nazi manner on the Essen radio. He was a wit, this announcer, and no half-way about it. Prime Minister Winston Churchill, he said, was visiting Washington. Why?

"Roosevelt . . . will not budge from the White House."

The President had budgeted 5,000 miles by clipper plane from the White House to meet Winston Churchill, who, also by plane, had budgeted 1,300 miles from 10 Downing Street for the conference which laid the strategy to budge the announcer's boss from Berchtesgarden. They took ten days to do it and make their plans. And when it was all over, they didn't announce too much. They inferred a lot. President Roosevelt, with his usual fine flair for a phrase, called it:

The Unconditional Surrender Conference.

This time we were playing for keeps; this time the decision was disarmament of the Axis menaces for evermore; playing for a permanent peace.

The big push for it was about ready to start.





"THE COMMODORE"



"THE ADMIRAL"

"Nothing in the course of this war can ever come between us now."—Winston Churchill at Casablanca, Morocco, January, 1943, at the Unconditional Surrender Conference.

They landed on the bright blue day of Jan. 14 at Casablanca's airdrome. President Roosevelt and his staff got there first, and shortly after their two planes settling down on the sun-glared runways, another two hummed in from the north bearing Winston Churchill and his staff. Stalin and Chiang Kai Shek had been invited; they were too wrapped up in offensives at the moment.

Mr. Stalin regrets. Mr. Stalin regrets that it takes up a few minutes a day to plan a campaign that will annihilate 68,000 of 80,000 Nazis caught in the Stalingrad pocket, do away with them in less than two months. Mr. Stalin regrets that continued offensive battles in the snow, in the winter on the south-western and southern fronts, on the North Caucasian front, and the Voronezh front, and the Volkhov front and the Leningrad front require some few minutes a day. Mr. Stalin is himself C-I-C of Russia's valiant armies; he himself plans those offensives.

London headlines, Jan. 27:  
"Churchill and Roosevelt Meet in Morocco."  
"More Aid Planned for Russia."  
Mr. Hitler regrets.

On the afternoon of January 14, cars were waiting at the Casablanca airdrome for the President, the Prime Minister and their entourages. Through the golden sunlight they drove separately to huge villas on the outskirts of Casablanca.

A magnificent villa, no matter how magnificent, is just a little doll-house from 10,000 feet through the crystal-clear African skies. To the pilot of the fighter plane, it was a little boring, circling, ever circling in long sweeping turns, staying always in range of those tiny villas with their well-kept grounds, ever alert for enemy planes. The fighter patrol was constant for 10 days above those shining white houses.

Below, it is like a Hollywood set. Gleaming white, the houses are surrounded by thick hedges of purple shrubs. Magnolia trees bloom crimson outside the massive doorways, and orange trees dot the lawn. Inside the rooms made ready for conference. Long, cool rooms with white Arabic ceilings. Lined with long cedar tables and chairs for the heads of states and their admirals and their generals. The sunlight falls on the Arabic pillars and on the rich polished floors and the bright African rugs.

Military order for Casablanca: Even a mention of the names of Casablanca's visitors, even among officers or men, is a punishable offence.

In the kitchens of the villas, cooks and servants wonder when they will be able to go to town once

more. They have been detained for the duration of the visits. The secret was well guarded. So were the personalities. Sinister amid the hedges, barbed wire. Menacing behind the shrubs, machine guns. Guarding every door, men with rifles. Guarding the skies, fighters.

At 7 p.m. on the night of Jan. 14, a tall, angular man left one of the villas and returned shortly thereafter with a short dumpy little man. Past the sentries they walked, while the light from the open doorway fell momentarily on the white steps, and then again darkness. Churchill had arrived; the conferences had begun. Again, the doorway opened and the light splashed on the white steps. The clocks said 3 a.m.; the stars were waning.



For the French, a better understanding after the rendezvous at Casablanca—

Every night for 10 nights. Generals and admirals with them around the long cedar tables, and the white walls looked yellowish-gray through the smoke and the bright lights. Through conversations at midnight, a world was being shaped, and a future forged.

The Berlin radio:  
"There must be no repetition of 1918."  
New York news story (January 24):  
"Conferences of vast strategic importance are understood to be in progress. . . ."  
No hint of where or when.

News correspondents on the Tunisian front were

recalled one by one, secretly and sent on to Casablanca. Twenty correspondents were loaded onto one huge Douglas carrier plane. Over Spanish Morocco, thrown off their course by ice on the wings, the plane was fired at by neutral Spanish ack-ack. It was very quiet. Above the roar of the engines all the men could hear was a harmless little sound like rain on a tin roof. They looked at Edward Baudry, Canadian broadcaster, and watched the blood spurting from a gash in his head. Baudry was mortally wounded. The rest arrived in Casablanca.

Near Casablanca the green hills of Africa slope down to the sea, down to the blue Atlantic far below, slope down toward the west, toward home. Eighty-eight of our men lie buried there, facing home. Some were privates of the line, and some were sergeants, and some were officers. The tall man, head bared to the wind from the sea and to the sun, stood silently and looked for a moment at the purple wreath he had laid down on the graves, then turned and went away. President Roosevelt had also placed a wreath on the graves of the near-by French. "They fought bravely."

There had been some trouble among the French, to say the least. It was not smooth, you might say. First, the Darlan business, and then the political mix-ups down there. General De Gaulle, leader of the Fighting French, two stars on his arm, went to Africa with Churchill to meet General Giraud, French C-I-C in Africa, five stars on his arm. Their communique:  
"We have met. We have talked. We have registered our entire agreement on the end to be achieved, which is the liberation of France and the triumph of human liberties by the total defeat of the enemy."

On a day yet unrevealed: The President of the United States ate G.I. chow. The men were highly pleased at their C-I-C.

Around the tables of cedar. The faces: (American) Hopkins, Harriman, Generals Marshall, Arnold, Eisenhower, Clark, Somervell, Andrews, Admiral King. (British) Generals Brooke, Alexander, Dill and Ismay. Admirals Pounds, Cunningham, Mountbatten. Air Marshal Portal.

Press conference. A very green, very sunlit garden. The President sits bare-headed in a double-breasted suit. The Admiral, they call him in the security code for the trip. Churchill wore a gray felt hat. Churchill in security code is the Commodore. The Commodore: Don't you want something on your head?

The Admiral (smiling): That's all right. I was born without a hat.



For the brave Russians, more aid and more materiel as a result of Casablanca—

Forty to fifty newspapermen, American and British, spread out on the lawn below.

The Commodore: Nothing that can ever occur in this war can come between us. (Us, meaning Roosevelt and Churchill, Britain and America.)  
New York, Jan 27.—Mr. Wendell Willkie said he was disappointed in the talks. He expressed disappointment at the failure to create a Grand Military Strategy Board.

London news story (January 27).—The African offensive was planned a year ago. Was it announced then?

No. Nor could all the results of Casablanca be announced either.



# THE FALL OF TRIPOLI

Two Yank Correspondents are the First American Soldiers to Enter the City

By Sgt. Burgess Scott  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**ITH THE EIGHTH ARMY IN TRIPOLI.—The Eighth Army entered the city at dawn. They came in armored cars and they came on foot, through the broad, deserted streets of Tripoli. The 11th Hussars came first. At 5 o'clock, in a broad piazza, they parked the tanks, cars and motor cycles with which they had driven all the way from the borders of Egypt. A cat ran across the square; the first sign of life. Then they met men of the forward elements of the Highland Regiments. We had come with them down the coast road.

The Highlanders—the Ladies from Hell—had entered in their best tradition. Their pipers played them through the streets to the square. The shrill banshee wail awakened Tripoli; shutters opened and sleepy citizens peered down in the half-light. Soon people began to appear on the streets, staring at the British armor, until, at mid-morning, hundreds were lining the sidewalks, kept back by Italian civil police in natty uniforms. It was a silent crowd; there was no violence, no demonstrations. A lone piper played on through the morning.

Tripoli, the last bulwark of the Italian Empire, the first cosmopolitan city in the world in which Fascism had been battered down, the first testing ground of freedom over force, oriented itself to occupation easily.

Two Italian soldiers who wanted to surrender had trouble attracting the attention of their captors. At

Marching easily, their bagpipes screaming, the Gordon Highlanders, the vanguard of the Eighth Army, enter Tripoli.



Exit the Italian Empire, enter Montgomery. The little Commander of the Eighth Army takes the salute of his victorious men.

daylight men began to cook beside their vehicles; fried eggs sizzled, tea steamed. They washed up, with hundreds watching, and they raised the Union Jack over the harbor. Citizens of the ghetto received the British with open arms and gave them wine and oranges. They said the Germans took cameras from the shops at pistol point. The Nazis, they said, explained their evacuation by saying they were going west to fight the stronger force in Tunisia.

The first Americans to enter the captured city were five Field Service men attached to the Hussars. Slim Aarons and I were the first American soldiers. Sgt. Ernhart, from Bournemouth, a veteran M.P., was among the first Britishers in. He was on duty at dawn—his uniform brushed, his shoes shined, his red cap dusted. He had been first on duty at Tobruk and Benghazi as well. The Eighth Army celebrated its entry with Chianti; the streets rang with "Loch Lomond," and "Annie Laurie."

Aarons and I joined the Highlanders near Buerat just before the last push started on January 15. Tripoli lay 200 miles to the west. On the morning of the attack Highland outposts in position beyond Buerat were occupied two hours before men of the opposing Spezia and Young Fascist Divisions came in. But the Italians didn't stand their ground; they moved back generally, and soon the highlanders were in full pursuit down the coast road.

We weaved around endless lines of motor transport. Shermans, Grants, Crusaders and trucks full of troops passed Arabs herding camels and donkeys. We spent the night near Tauorga, camped along an open aqueduct, and carried water from the hot springs to town. A hot bath was a luxury. Moving into Misurata the day after the Italians left, we were assailed by crowds of Arabs selling eggs and shoes.

Beyond Misurata we saw our first occupied farms, whose Italian occupants stood in front of their white stucco houses and waved handkerchiefs at the dusty column. As the country grew hillier the enemy took to blasting the highway, blowing huge craters where by-passes were most difficult. The Highlanders stopped until Engineers brought up bulldozers and carved tracks around the holes. During these halts the roads for miles back were jammed with men and equipment; only our vast air superiority made such a concentration possible. Our party was the first to enter Garibaldi, Fascist community center for neighboring farmers; the mayor was peeved because reporters met him instead of a brigadier.

The Highlanders pushed on, through picturesque towns and tree-lined streets—Zliten, Suk el Chemis, Leptis Magna. Few civilians remained in the towns. In Leptis Magna are Roman ruins which the Italians had been developing into a tourist attraction. Sacks of cement with which the ruins had been patched, were still piled high. Soldiers stopped in the gardens of the town to brew tea. They hung their tunics over the extended arm of a Roman statue, and later bathed their feet in a Roman bath filled with rain water.

Beyond Homs we could feel the tenseness of the front. We couldn't see people or animals or even birds. At last we saw an officer and asked him what was ahead. "One of our regiments and the enemy," he said. Early that morning the Highlanders had their heaviest engagement since Alamein. The Sea-

forth, Black Watch, and some other outfits, scouting the green hills west of Homs, had met a pocket of Jerries who threw over all they had, causing numerous casualties. Three hundred Germans, too, had made a stand in a hilltop fort west of Homs until the Jocks brought up 25-pounders and knocked them out. As we passed the fort after the battle, we saw some dead men lying at the base of the hill. Near the road was a human leg, sole reminder of a mine blast. Stretcher bearers were still bringing in the dead and wounded of both sides. We found two dead Germans in a wooded hollow. One had been shot in the head with a .303 bullet; and the Jock who



At Castel Benito Airport, near Tripoli, British sappers remove mines left by the Axis.

had done it was standing beside the body. The other man had been machine-gunned. Near his body was a letter from a girl back in Dresden, asking why he hadn't written.

The Highlanders were having a rest while the artillery went after new enemy positions, and we were moving ahead to watch the barrage when five Messerschmitts came in formation out of the sun, peeled off one at a time, and began strafing. We all went for the gullies, but there was no damage. It was the first enemy air action we'd seen since a few bombs fell near Tamet.

Near the carnage at Homs we saw a lone man pacing in a field, his hands clasped behind his back. "That's Monty," someone said. We went to get his picture. He was smaller than we had expected, quiet and friendly. When we complimented him on the speed of the Eighth Army's supply movement, he smiled. "We're an experienced Army," he said. He also said that we would enter Tripoli that day or the next. His personal tank was a Grant with a "Monty" painted on the turret. It was parked nearby.

The stand at Homs was the enemy's biggest fight. From there on it was only a matter of roadblocks, which the Engineers overcame. The boys were low on cigarettes. There was a rumor that Tripoli was being burned; on the horizon a dull glow could be seen.

There were few German bodies on the road. The way was clear into Tripoli.





—HERE A  
NEW ZEALAND SALOR  
GIVES A G.I.  
A GLANCE

TWO MARINES—  
AMERICAN AND FRENCH



With the

# USAFISPA

UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES IN SOUTH PACIFIC AREA



THE S.P.S  
AND M.P.'S LOOK  
LIKE THEY MEAN  
BUSINESS HERE

The sketches and story appearing on these pages are the product of YANK's team of correspondents in the South Pacific area. Sgt. Howard J. Brodie, staff artist on the fighting fronts in this theater, and Sgt. Mack Morriss, staff writer, have done an excellent job in bringing to YANK readers the strangeness and color of this far-off place. More of their work will appear in an early issue.

**A** U. S. BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—This is one of those places in the South Seas you've read about but, brother, smile when you use the word "paradise" down here. The U. S. Army isn't on location for a sarong opera.

If the average G.I. stops long enough to take in the natural beauty of the place, he may set it down as "picturesque," but he'll have neither the time nor the inclination to say more.

However, if operations have stemmed desires to wax wacky and make with the soft lights and sweet music, it certainly doesn't make this spot any less interesting—especially if you're a new Joe and still aren't used to American-made cars with the steering wheels on the wrong side.

In some places farther south you could spot a newly-minted overseas man because he invariably walked on the wrong side of the sidewalk and looked the wrong direction when he crossed a street; but here that doesn't make any

difference. If you're walking you look both ways, and if you're driving you head for the side of the street that happens to be vacant for the moment.

### Strange Sights But No Liquor

Everything about the island is foreign to a newly-arrived G.I. You're apt to speak to somebody in American and be met with a blank look or a bewildering line of something that might be either native, Javanese, French—or a mixture. In town you may pass a row of run-down buildings, private and public, then run smack into some modernistic structure that looks like an architect's pipe dream. You step high off the curbs; the drainage system is strictly public.

In the shops—such as are still able to be open—you can get sandwiches of a kind, delicious chocolate, tea, cake, fruit drinks—and at some places, the worst coffee under the sun. Two sand-



SOLDAT-  
RYT. HOYAKA  
LEON



wiches, a piece of cake and a beverage cost about 70 cents American.

Liquor for sun-helmeted soldiers? Oh, no. Dates with the local belles? Not today, Junior—this ain't Main Street back home, you know. Music? Well, yes—in the local version of a drug store there is a juke box like none other you've ever heard. A big sign says: "Latest American hits—'Jingle, Jangle, Jingle'; 'Boogie-Woogie'; 'Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition.'" You pass a nickel over the counter, indicate your selection, and the girl puts the record on a phonograph.

You'd be surprised how good home-grown jive sounds.

But even if this so-called "Paris of the Pacific" offered Coney Island's amusements, U. S. soldiers here wouldn't have time to enjoy them. There's too much going on. Men who have been away six weeks have trouble in finding their way around when they get back. You can't escape the atmosphere of hurry up, hurry up—get it done, get it done. Sheet-metal quarters glisten in the sun today where yesterday there was nothing. Rows of pyramidal tents line a field that this morning was bare. Prefabricated offices are pounded together in almost nothing flat by sweating engineers.

**Assorted Arms Under Three Flags**

Strange as the bustle of army life must be to the resident population, the population itself is even stranger to the Army. You walk down the street past tiny Javanese women, barefooted and with the long folds of their skirts hobbling them at the ankles. They carry their children in sash-like cloth contraptions which only a slant-eyed little Javanese could appreciate.

The native men—nicknamed "Charleys" and black as the deuce of clubs—are beautifully built guys who in some cases treat their hair so that it turns out like a sienna nightmare. Fierce-looking fellows, they're perfect physical specimens. Their women are just specimens.

Even so, civilians of any race are the exception. Flags of three nations fly here, and the mixture of arms and services is staggering. Most colorful are the Fighting French; native troops with their gaudy headgear and even gaudier green-striped khaki shorts pace back and forth on post before military installations. French officers manage to look dignified and comfortable at the same time in khaki shorts and shirts, with knee-length cotton socks.

For all the bizarre picture-book strangeness of the place, the nearness of war is ever present. Men who have seen action walk the streets, and convalescent cases test their legs while perhaps a nurse in khaki lends moral support. A sailor



THIS GAL TOOK A  
SWING AT ME  
AFTER SHE  
SAW THE SKETCH  
HOWARD BRODIE

with a green fatigue jacket or G.I. shoes walks by with a red arm band, and you know why he's in mixed uniform. Marine buddies meet on the street and their faces light up and they start off by saying, "What ever happened to Joe at . . ."

**Useful Nuggets of Intelligence**

You pick up odds and ends of information that are worth remembering. Things like doing push-ups in fox holes during shellings, instead of lying flat on the ground; like leaving Jap dead alone because sometimes their own guys have taken the firing pins out of grenades and laid the

grenades under the bodies; like leaving your chin strap loose so that the concussion of a close one won't get under your helmet and snap your neck.

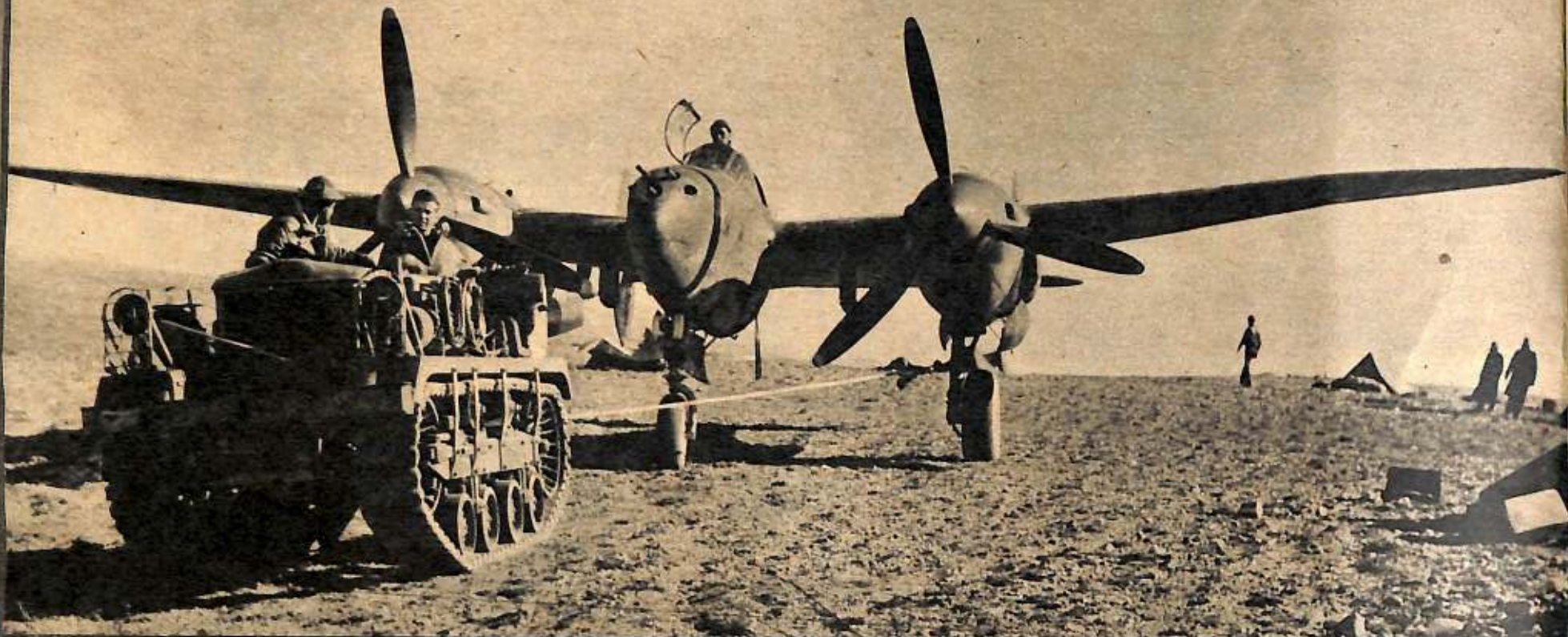
And the stories those Marine kids can tell you. About the time they cornered some Japs who had the habit of pitching back grenades, and how the Marines threw cocoanuts at them, just for fun and the Japs were so excited they threw the nuts back. But that's just mild. Some of the other things aren't funny—the way they fought and how they went in after the Japs and got 'em.

This is a South Sea island at war. Save the "paradise" stuff for Hollywood.



# Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM RAIDS IN TUNISIA TO INVENTIVE G.I.



A P-38 or Lockheed Lightning being brought back for servicing after doing battle with the Germans over Africa.

## An Eyewitness Account Reveals How We're Blasting Jerry in Tunisia

By Sgt. JAMES BURCHARD  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**S**OMEWHERE ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT [By Radio]—Our gang expected fireworks that afternoon.

The day before, our P-38s and A-20s had knocked the stuffing out of Tunis and Bizerte. This was hitting Jerry where it hurt—and it wasn't like him to take such a licking lying down.

I was sitting with half a dozen American pilots in a dirt hole that serves the group as operations headquarters, when Jerry tried to pull his first daylight bombing raid in this sector.

The boys were rehashing the previous day's party, which they had dubbed the "Morning Milk Run," when the fun began.

All over the field ack-ack guns suddenly cut loose. And in less time than it takes to tell it, we were outside headquarters, looking for fox holes.

Directly over our heads, looking as big as a battleship, was a JU-88. I don't know about pilots, but I do know that I started saying my prayers right then and there.

The German evidently had great respect for our ack-ack fire, for he veered off to the left and disappeared into a cloud bank.

We all relaxed, figuring Jerry had decided to go off home rather than stick his nose into a buzzsaw. But we didn't know this particular Jerry. Almost before the ack-ack smoke had cleared away he zoomed out of the clouds. With complete disregard of the AA, he came down at us in a terrific power dive, roared across the field at about 500 feet, and let go with four big eggs.

At least fifty ack-acks were throwing lead at him, but he was a game guy. He had a job to do and he was doing it.

We were so interested in seeing what was going to happen to that Jerry daredevil that we forgot all about fox holes, and were standing up to see the show. It was just our good luck that the bombs that afternoon landed way beyond us. Jerry probably never would have laid the eggs if our ack-acks had not opened up on him.

One of the Jerrys, taken prisoner when his

ship was brought down, told us later that he had no idea he'd blundered onto an airfield. Once he took a close look, however, he made up his mind in a split second. He saw two P-38s taking off after him, and he knew his goose was cooked; so he gambled on the thousand-to-one shot.

Record of the damage inflicted: one sergeant killed (he'd forgotten to wear his helmet); one truck blown up (four G.I.s under it didn't get scratched); one tent set on fire.

Jerry had overshot his target and didn't even come close to the nice batch of bomb-laden A-20s he was trying to get.

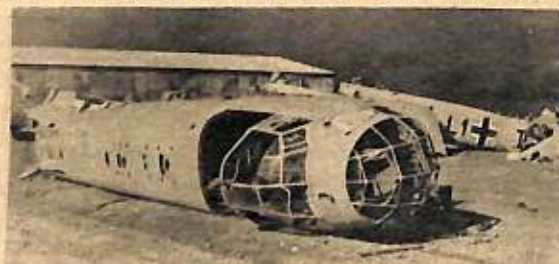
Coming out of his dive, Jerry opened up with better than 300 miles an hour—but it wasn't quite fast enough. A 40-mm crew from New Jersey got in one good burst. Smoke shot out from Jerry's tail and his motors started to chatter. Even then, he might have escaped had three of our second lieutenants not been on deck.

One was already in the air in a P-38. The other two were on the runway.

### Perfect Score Against Jerrys

It developed that there were three Jerrys in the party. When one of them saw the ack-acks open up on their pal, he jettisoned his bombs and tried to make a run for it. The third bombed a nearby town, while dodging French flak. Let me tell you, it takes courage to bomb and strafe a field when you're trying to head for the great open spaces.

It was split-second stuff—bomb and scam. But that split second was time enough for our three



A German plane sprung in the African skies by a deadly P-38

second looys. They and their P-38s knocked down all the Jerrys—a perfect score. One had to chase his man 75 miles, but he got him finally.

Herr Hitler's first daylight raid was a complete fizzle. The men who can step up and take a bow for making it so are: Lt. Robert Moffatt, Detroit, Mich.; Lt. Robert Woodward, Greenwich, N. Y., and Lt. Louis Gregory, Quincy, Fla.

When the JU-88 dug up the field with his steel lemons, Moffatt jumped into action. The wheels of his P-38 left the ground just as the first bombs struck.

"I climbed into the air and chased the bomber to the northeast," his report states. "I caught him about five miles away and opened fire at 350 yards. I closed in and continued firing at 150 yards. He tried to dodge into the clouds but I followed him and continued firing. As we headed for the ground, and pulled out of the dive, I knew he was through. I circled him and saw that his plane was burning. I had only 50 rounds of ammunition left."

### Another JU-88 Ends in Flames

Woodward reported: "I was walking to my ship when I spied the JU-88 to the south of the field. Moffatt was just ahead of me. I stayed below the clouds figuring that Moffatt would get the bomber. I flew east to cut off the plane leaving the area. Twenty-five miles to the east I saw an 88 above me. I attacked and he dove down through the clouds. I followed him, leveled off and, closing up to short range, fired. The bullets hit him and he did a left turn. I made another pass at him and his left engine caught fire. He landed in a dry river bed and four men dashed out. The whole plane was in flames. I did not strafe the men as they did not strafe Americans under the same circumstances."

Gregory came into the fight from the opposite direction. He had been in the air and was due to land in 10 minutes, when he called the field for landing instructions. He was told that a JU-88 was over the field.

"It was overcast at 7,000 feet," Gregory said, "when I started a steep climb to the east. I noticed bursts of flak all around an 88 nearby. Cloud formations and the sun at my back aided me in closing in on the enemy plane. I started firing my cannon a moment later, and then turned on both cannon and machine guns. I could see bullets hitting the entire length of the fuselage but I continued firing. The 88 nosed straight



down, one top-rear gunner still firing. Jerry managed to pull out of the dive for a moment, then went out of control and into a dive again. Heading for the base, I observed a burning plane nearby. I went low enough to identify it." That night the three second lieutenants had a big time. They all were made members of the Messerschmitt Club. You have to shoot down a Jerry to qualify for membership. With three second loeys getting their cards, there are 13 members now.

Only fly in the ointment was that they had to drink the toasts in water.

### You See, Boys, It's Like This— There I Was Thinking of Nothing, Etc.

SOMEWHERE ELSE IN AFRICA—David Cooper, ex-mail clerk in Boise, Idaho, now laboring as a refueler with the U. S. Army Air Force in Africa, is the recipient of a signal honor which has him



PVT. J. TRABAND - AFRICA

Pvt. J. Traband, an artist in civilian life, etched this scene of native life somewhere in Africa.

sort of baffled. He doesn't know whether to pass out cigars or just pass out.

Pvt. Cooper, to take this momentous event chronologically, was bossing his native crew when one of them requested an audience.

"Mastah," said this dusky gas-truck helper, a work-dodger named Quorte, "I would be very

G.I. Joe

much honored if I could give my son your name." Very busy and just half paying attention, Pvt. Cooper replied, "Sure, call him Methuselah if you feel like it."

Four days later, Mr. Quorte again presented himself.

"Mastah," he proudly stated, "owing to the fact I am a big man in my village and son of the chief, my son was given a great christening celebration. He now has the name of David Cooper Quorte. You bring me photograph of yourself, and I give you one of your godson."

Pvt. Cooper is now looking for a photographer and modestly accepting congratulations from his suspicious barracks mates.

YANK Staff Correspondent

### Jungle Warfare in New Guinea Offers Challenge Even to Hollywood

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—When Hollywood starts turning out its inevitable post-war versions of the battles Yanks are fighting all over the world, it's going to have a tough time creating a reasonable facsimile of the nightmarish front on which American infantrymen in New Guinea have been killing and dying.

For one thing, any war movies dealing with this particular sector of the Southwest Pacific will have to dispense with romance: there is only a handful of nurses south of the Owen Stanley Mountains, and women simply don't exist north of this formidable range, where the action has been taking place. For another thing, there will be considerable casting difficulties; there are too many heroes. Finally, the ingenuity of the most resourceful scenic designers in the world would be insufficient to concoct a setting remotely approaching the wild, inhospitable jungle that was never used for very much before but is now being converted, steadily and satisfyingly, into a cemetery for Japs.

Scattered throughout this fantastic area are huge mangrove trees that can hold their own against the dimensional claims of the most self-assured California redwood. I visited a battalion command post the other day, not far from the



With plenty to choose from, Sgt. George Brownell matches shoes at Army salvage dump in New Guinea.

nearest Jap positions, and found that the CP consisted merely of a field telephone installed in a fox hole partially shielded by one of these mammoth trees. The only piece of furniture was a dilapidated C-rations case serving both as a table and a chair. Camouflaged from ground observation by a mass of tropical trees and plants fighting for lebensraum in the cramped jungle,

by Sgt. Dave Breger

## Travel Order

**RESTRICTED**  
HQ COMMAND ETOUSA  
**EXTRACT**  
210.453 (24 NOV. 1942) E-E  
SUBJECT: Travel  
TO: Enlisted Men concerned

1. The following named enlisted men WP from (censored) to (censored) 9/24 Nov 1942 reporting on arrival thereof to the CO for TD with 164-147.

Sgt. Dave Breger  
Britain

I RODE ON ONE OF THOSE LAST YEAR IN CONEY ISLAND!

Entraining

War of Nerves

KIDNEY ROLLS?  
SCONES AND TRECLE?  
LIVER TONIC?  
STUFFED MARROW?

Refreshments

YES, THIS IS BARRACKS C, BUT THERE MUST BE SOME ERROR!

Billeting



and protected against aerial reconnaissance by a natural blanket of branches, leaves and vines, the installation was virtually invisible until you were right on top of it.

To its rear and to its sides, usually fairly close to the single trail which is always the lifeline of jungle operations, were dozens of fox holes and slit trenches. Some contained mortar crews, sending shells up through the trees as fast as the ammunition carriers could bring them up the back-breaking trail. Some were empty, waiting to be used as beds, if ever the rare opportunity for sleep presented itself.

In the jungle, where you can't see enough sky to tell if a plane overhead is friendly or not, your best chance of catching yourself a couple of hours of undisturbed sleep is to crawl into a hole, provided you can find a dry one. Occasionally, when the fighting lets up briefly, you just flop down in the mud and sleep wherever you fall. If you know Tojo isn't going to bother you for a few minutes, what's a little mud?

—E. J. KAHN JR.

YANK Field Correspondent



Torpedo boat and sub-chaser of tomorrow.

## When This Sergeant Has a Day Off He Dreams of the Boat of Tomorrow

WRIGHT FIELD, DAYTON, OHIO—Revolutionary idea in shipbuilding has come from the fertile brain of T/Sgt. Alex Tremulis, engineering draftsman at Wright Field Material Center. His design of a winged torpedo boat, reproduced above, marks a tremendous change in the conception of the modern fighting craft.

The spider-like boat, designed during the sergeant's off-duty hours, would be propelled by an airplane engine, would mount at least two flexible gun turrets, is designed for launching from cargo boats to make sudden attacks on submarines. A sort of carry-your-own-convoy idea.

Of catamaran type, having a pilot, two gunners and aircraft engines, the boat is capable of zooming across the water at the unheard of rate of 110 miles an hour. As you can see from the design, it would make an extremely difficult target.

Operating on the dive-bomber principle, the craft would dispatch its torpedo while aiming itself at the target.

"This design also adapts itself as a submarine chaser," Sgt. Tremulis says, "and instead of a torpedo it would launch deadly depth charges. As a sub-chaser it would also be launched from



**T**HE COMMANDOS are OK and the Rangers pretty swell;  
 "They'll keep sluggin' night and day, and fight like triple hell.  
 "The Marines are plenty game and paratroops are tough;  
 "When it comes to bein' rugged, those babies have the stuff.  
 "The kids who fly our planes and the boys who sail our ships  
 "Can dish it out or take it with a grim smile on their lips.  
 "The hurrah of fame and glory rightly falls around those guys  
 "For they daily risk death boldly on the sea and in the skies."

"Say, Joe, for just an average guy, you're shootin' off your face.  
 "Who are you? Seems I know you, but I don't believe I place—"

"Yes, Buddy, yes, you know me, though you generally forget,

"Or don't see me pushin' forward under all that dirt and sweat.  
 "I've stood and held and suffered, for that's my only game,  
 "To take whatever comes my way and then dish out the same;  
 "To move forward, always punchin' and no matter what the cost;  
 "To hang on to what I've taken—if I don't the battle's lost  
 "Even though the circus aces and the reckless Navy gob  
 "Have slashed at Fritz and Tojo and generally played hob.  
 "Yes, Buddy, they forget me but don't think I give a damn  
 "When we've smashed the Japs and Germans they'll remember who I am.  
 "For when the whole thing's over, and only then they'll see  
 "That I'm the guy who made it stick—the Goddamn Infantry."

—O/C GORDON STRAUSS

Fort Benning, Ga.

cargo ships in order to search for lurking submarines. In addition, the electrically-powered gun turrets could be used for strafing enemy landing barges."

If and when this design of fighting craft is accepted, it is claimed the ship will develop more speed per horsepower than any other known vessel.

According to enthusiastic supporters of the idea, it will do everything but fly.

—Cpl. JACK KANTER

## Gable Becomes Aerial Gunner; He Wins His Wings the Hard Way

TYNDALL FIELD, FLA.—MGM's Clark Gable is strictly G.I.

Graduating from the Army Air Forces Flexible Gunnery School at Tyndall Field, Fla., the former movie star has fulfilled his ambition of becoming an aerial gunner by coming up through the ranks the hard way.

Enlisting as a private last August, he won his commission as a second lieutenant at the Army Air Forces OCS at Miami Beach, was promoted to first lieutenant after coming to Tyndall Field.

Forty-two years old, Gable went through the same rigorous course as the men whose ages ranged from 19 to 25.

As an aerial gunner, he has been trained to be one of the men whose deadly marksmanship, forming a protective screen around the bomber plane, enables it more successfully to carry out its mission against the enemy.

He had to complete an intensive course which began with classroom instruction in the mechanics of machine guns, turrets and the identification of enemy aircraft.

Then he worked out on the firing ranges. He shot rifles, shotguns, photo-electric guns mounted in turrets, .30- and .50-caliber machine guns, and finally, in the air, from a speeding plane, sent machine-gun slugs ripping through cloth tow-targets.

In civilian life an ardent sportsman, Gable proved to be an excellent marksman. His greatest difficulty was when he took his test in "blinker code," the communication method used when radio is not practicable.

One of only two officers to graduate in the class, the rest of which were enlisted men attaining the rank of sergeant, Gable is well on his way to the combat duty he has requested.

Pfc. Bill Flannagan, of Geneva, N. Y., in the Air Force at Mitchel Field, adds a rather blood-thirsty note to his greetings to Pvt. Bill MacDonald, somewhere in the Solomons. It seems that when MacDonald went into the Army, his pals all chipped in to buy him an appropriate going-away gift. It was a large hunting knife. Now Flannagan wants to know how well MacDonald has been using his nice, shiny present.



## Words Across the Sea

Pvt. Louis Cohen is known around the arena at Camp Edwards as the Roxbury Rejuvenator. He's busy whipping the boys into shape for a big program of fist-cuffs, but he took time off to message Sgt. Joe McGann of Waltham, Mass., somewhere in New Caledonia: "Regards to all of Battery B. We miss you all."



Pvt. Edward Feurey used to be a short order cook in Asbury Park on the Jersey shore before that short order came along from Uncle Sam. Now Ed is stationed at Ft. Slocum, and wants to say "Howdy" to his pal Pvt. Aaron Cohen. "Hope to see you and the boys soon," says Ed. "Keep 'em hopping until I get there."



Sgt. Jack Piszczek, of Milwaukee, Wis., now a radio operator at an Eastern Air Field, wants some dope from S/Sgt. Bill Erunczek, an Air Force medico somewhere in the Pacific. "Harry and I have been wondering what you have been doing," he says. "We know you can take care of yourself, but are you still keeping the others on their feet?" Or more important, are you keeping them in the air?







**Sylvia Opert**

The guys over there will probably tell you the North African desert was never like this, but that doesn't mean you can't take a look at Sylvia showing how she appears in Warner Bros. "The Desert Song."



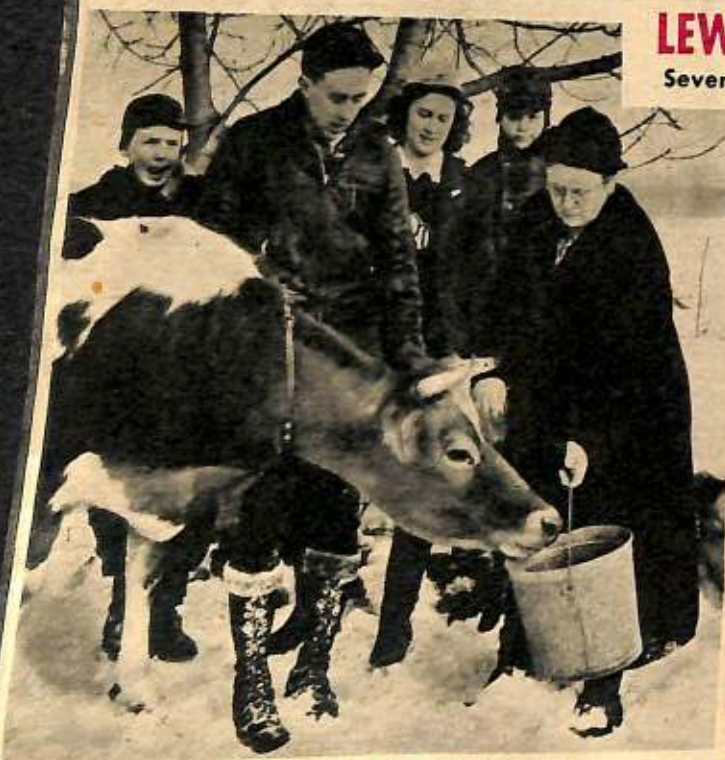
# Pictures



**LOWELL, MASS.** Fireman's ladder was the nearest escape from death for workers in this blaze. The man at the right fell, missing fire net; girl under ladder made it. Twelve were hurt, none was killed.



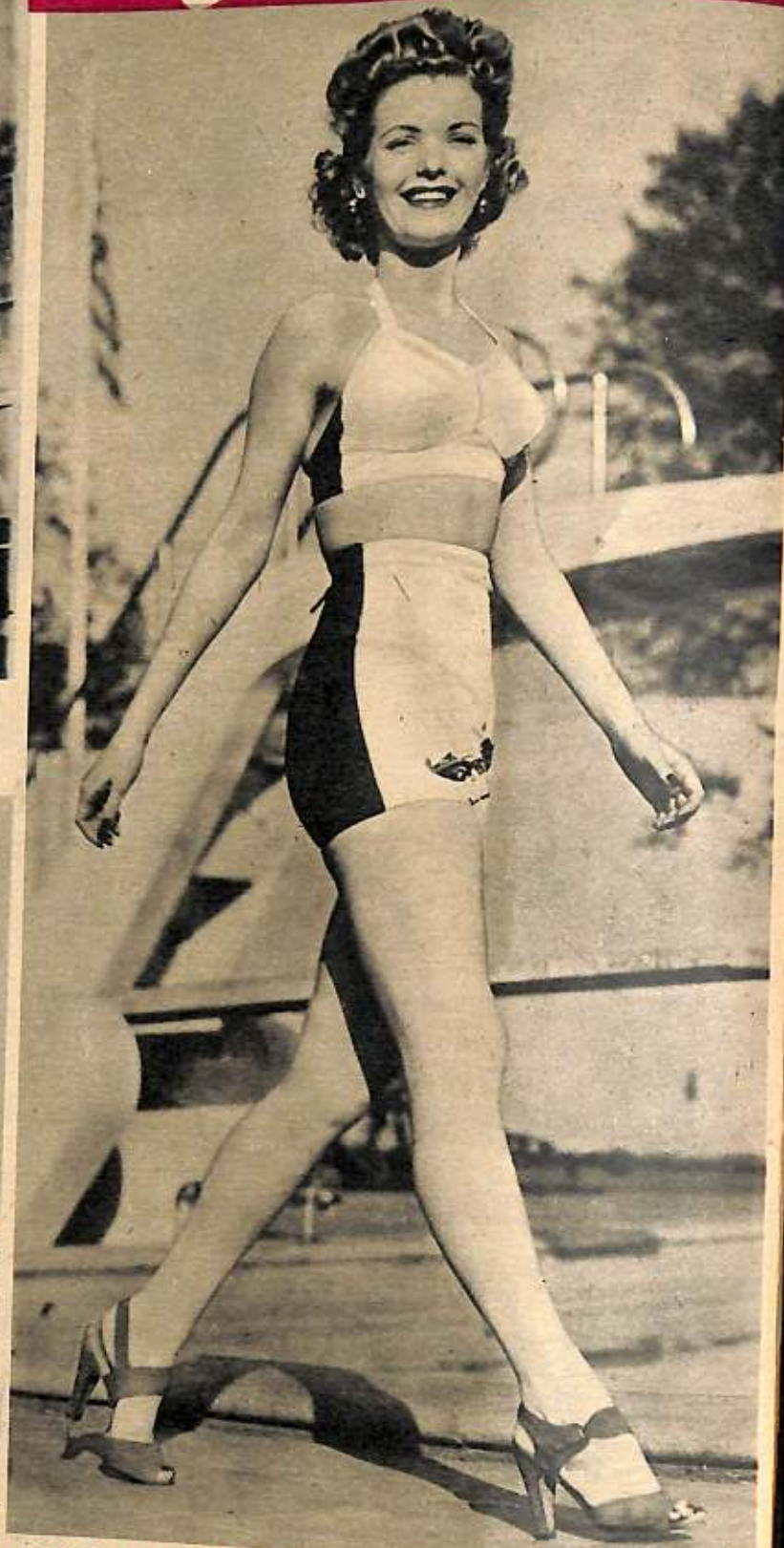
**LEWES, DEL.** This tanker ran aground and then broke in half. Seventy men—the entire crew—were rescued.



**MIDDLEPORT, N. Y.** Because Draege's cow won't milk without warm water to drink, owner asked greater ration of oil.



**FRESNO, CALIF.** L. D. Williams, a bartender, got a discharge from the Army because of his loud snoring.



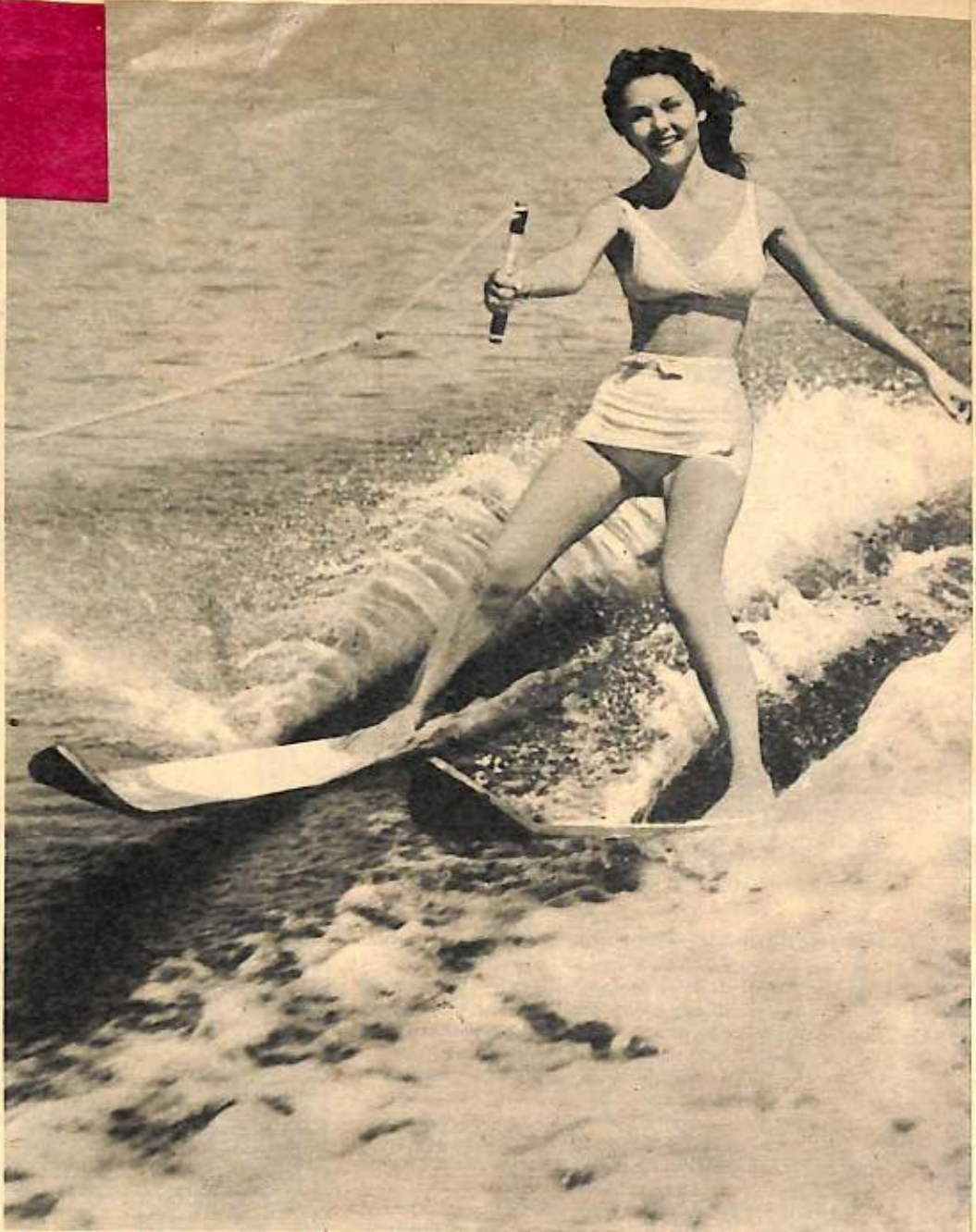
**LOS ANGELES, CALIF.** Dorothy Kolbe, a model side of the times with an ultra-streamlined 1943 bathing suit.



**CHICAGO, ILL.** Iola Swinnerton, victim of disease which is gradually making her "a woman of stone," is married to Theron Warren by the Rev. Eugene Daniels. Doctors limbered up her arms, failed on legs.



# From Home



**CYPRESS GARDENS, FLA.** Martha Gray decorates southern resort with her version of a Winter sport. Why ski on snow when the water's so warm? A fair question.

**HTON, PA.** As snow falls on flood waters in the Pittsburgh area, rescue carry a family to safety from a marooned home.







We still say Marines get that way in the cradle. This one, ex-Pvt. George Holle, was recently retired from the Corps. Reason: too young. Here the thirteen-year-old Devildog gets the feel of things civilian.



Two Flynn's who have been causing a lot of talk. In the scarf, Edward J.; above the hand, Errol. Their kinship last was in the confusion they caused among the American reading public.

## News From Home

Even a good war can't completely quell the lighter side of life as practised in America

**T**HERE was as pretty a little headline mix-up last week as ever you'll read—over the fate of a couple of fellows named Flynn. They both were in the headlines every day, and the newspaper copy desks were having a very tough time clarifying which Flynn they were talking about.

Despite their painstaking care, a lot of politicians still were reading about Errol Flynn when they wanted to read about Edward J. Flynn, and a lot of women were still wading through laborious political copy when all they wanted to read about was a little rape, or charges thereof.

Edward J. Flynn, hereinafter referred to as Edward J., was in the news when his nomination as minister to Australia came up before a senate hearing. Errol M. Flynn, the actor, was still involved in a Los Angeles courtroom, and if you do not know what he was involved in your had better ask your first sergeant about the facts of life, or read last week's copy of "Yank."

In a Hollywood court, Errol heard the second of two under-age girls claim intimacies with him. Peggy Larue Satterlee, who is 16, and from her pictures a very precocious little thing for 16, told a story of what happened to her when she went out with Flynn on Flynn's yacht. She said what happened had happened twice while they were sailing the drink, before which time she said she was a good girl.

A lady doctor took the stand. She said that on Peggy's return from the trip with the young mariner, she had, to use a military term, held an inspection, after which she was pretty certain that Peggy had been a good girl up till the time she walked the gangplank on to Flynn's ship.

Miss Satterlee later admitted she had an illegal operation after the boat trip.

In Washington, Edward J. heard New York Commissioner of Investigations, William B. Herlands, testify that he believed Flynn knew that city paving blocks were used in a Belgian courtyard around Edward J.'s country home. Edward J. denied any improper intention on his part, and hinted at his



Captain Marion Carl, U.S.A.C., has knocked down sixteen Jap planes. Back from The Solomons, he married Edna Kirvin.

resignation as a New York State member of the Democratic National Committee.

Democratic leaders predicted that Edward J.'s nomination as Minister to Australia would be confirmed despite vigorous Republican opposition.

The democratic National Committee, meanwhile, elected Frank C. Walke to succeed Edward J. as chairman.

But even l'affaires Flynn were pushed out of the headlines last week by the biggest aviation disaster in American history. Thirty-five Americans were killed in the crash of a plane leased by the A.T.C. in New Guinea.

Among the casualties were Major Eric Knight, British-born author of the best-seller, "This Above All," William Hodson, New York City Welfare Commissioner, P. E. Foxworth, F-B-I assistant director for New York, who directed the spy round-ups in that area, and Captain Basil D. (Red) Gallagher, a member of "Yank's" staff. Cause of the crash is still a mystery.

In Pennsylvania, striking anthracite miners returned to work still muttering against the half-a-buck monthly dues increase levied by John L. Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, which caused the walk-out. The president bluntly told the miners that unless they went back to their jobs, "your Government will take the necessary steps to protect the security of the nation against a strike which is causing serious injury to the war effort."

The year long controversy between Jack Dempsey and his wife, Hannah Williams, finally reached the



Absent from the home front, and for good reason, was Franklin Delano Roosevelt, first President to fly the Atlantic.

### IOWA

Iowa ration boards revoked gasoline ration cards of six drivers found speeding. Iowa's record-breaking corn crop averaged 61.5 bushels an acre. Jefferson County farmers organized against stock dealing. Black Hawk County appointed two deputies to guard Cedar Falls banks on WAVE pay days. Clyde R. Rabedaux, Muscatine publisher, died. Mrs. Gertrude Hegg, Winneshiek County's oldest citizen, was 102. Donald Stirm, Republican, won the Chickasaw County auditor post over Thelda O'Day, Democrat, in a vote recount. Fred A. Casotti, 59 Fraser postmaster for 30 years, died. Ethel Woodbridge, Central City, was named secretary to Harrison E. Spangler, chairman of the Republican National Committee. Christian H. Wegerslev, civic leader, died at Alta. Milton Perry Smith, former superintendent of parks and public property in Sioux City, died in Van Nuys, Calif. Morningside College's basketball team at Sioux City has won five straight games.

### TEXAS

The Austin Maroons defeated Sunset High School of Dallas, 20-7 in the finals of the Texas Interscholastic League, to win the State high-school football championship. Mrs. Franz Metzger, 83, mother of Catholic Bishop Sidney M. Metzger of El Paso, was buried at Fredericksburg. At Dallas, charter members of the 40-year-old Central Congregational Church were guests of honor at a celebration. The Interstate Commerce Commission has authorized increase of Texas intrastate rail rates to interstate levels. At Austin, the three-year-old DAILY TRIBUNE ceased publication.

### VIRGINIA

Alexander D. Hamilton, leading attorney of Petersburg, died. Gov. Darden presented graduation certificates to the state's first WASPS (Women's Auxiliary State Police), who will take over desk jobs

## People Back

A Round-up of News

now and road jobs later. The Schockoe Valley section of Richmond, north of Marshall between Adams and Tenth, has been declared out of bounds for naval personnel, as well as the Orange Julius Grill on West Broad Street and the Royal Palm Grill on Hull Street. Virginia crops in 1942 were valued at \$172,127,000, which is 39 per cent more than in the previous year, the Virginian Crop Reporting Service disclosed; farmers harvested 3,851,000 acres, with corn acreage up 4 per cent and tobacco valuation



courtroom at White Plains, N.Y. The Manassa Mauler filed suit for a clear-cut divorce from the former Broadway actress. He is also seeking custody of their two children. His wife countered with a plea for a divorce, custody of the children and alimony. Dempsey named Benny Woodall, former boxing promoter from Dallas, Tex., as co-respondent and also mentioned Lew Jenkins, former world lightweight champion.

Affidavits filed by Dempsey, now a lieutenant commander in the U. S. Coast Guard, told of finding his wife and Woodall clad in pyjamas in a bedroom at Los Angeles, and related the unscheduled knock-out blow Dempsey delivered when Jenkins entered the former heavyweight champ's New York restaurant. Dempsey said that he offered his wife a "quiet" Reno divorce and a liberal settlement, but he demanded that the children, Joan, 8, and Barbara, 6, be placed in his custody.

Conservatives kept great situations under good control in Congress this week. Southern Democrats revolted in the House. The Democratic caucus refused to allow Rep. Marcantonio, New York's American Labor Party liberal, a place in the House Judiciary Committee, reorganized the Democratic Steering Committee, and increased the power of the Southern Democrats by adding four more members from the deep South on the Committee.

The first successful blow against the New Deal was struck as Rep. Eugene E. Cox (D., Ga.) got the okay on a resolution to investigate the Federal Communications Commission and its alleged "Communist and Gestapo methods." Cox said the FCC was trying to destroy Congress. In the Senate, Michigan's Senator, Vandenberg (R.) obtained an overwhelming Committee approval for a Bill to replace

babies were born last year, 200,000 more than in the 1921 record year. And that's fancy going!

OPA officials under the direction of former Michigan Senator Prentiss Brown (D.) placed canned milk and jams on the list of rationed foods. And the OPA director predicted "a slow well-ordered rise in prices." He said there has been an overall increase of 39 per cent since September, 1939, compared to the 110 per cent price hike during the World War.

Jim Farley, former Democratic National chairman, broke into print again. He said Germany cannot last another winter and after that it shouldn't take long to lick Japan. And Frank C. Walker, who succeeded Farley as Postmaster General, was elected Democratic National chairman to fill the vacancy created by Edward J. Flynn, who resigned upon being nominated Minister to Australia.

Death called on Winford Lee Lewis, colonel in the World War and college professor, who invented



Rita Hayworth, here dancing with a piece of the Navy, John R. Heckler, was suspended by her studio.



Freddie Bartholomew, now eighteen, joined the U. S. Air Force and headed for the wild blue-yonder.

"Lewisite" which is listed among the deadliest of war gases. Also on the list was Arthur M. Lowrie, general manager of Chicago's famed open air concert theatre.

Hollywood was in the news quite prominently again this week. The Nazis announced through Berlin radio that Robert Taylor, now a lieutenant in the Air Force, was interned by Spanish authorities with other U. S. airmen, who made an emergency landing in Spanish Morocco. As usual, the Axis report was a lie, Taylor was working in a Hollywood studio on the day the Nazis joyfully announced his internment. Rita Hayworth was suspended by Columbia because of a "minor fuss" over a part in her new picture, "My Client Curly." Everybody's betting she'll be on the job soon. Meanwhile, the publicity is doing well by her new picture.

Freddie Bartholomew, 18-year-old English actor, joined the U. S. Air Force.

The Office of War Information is reported to have asked producers to make fewer movies of the gangster and cowboy type. Films showing luxurious cocktail life are also being discouraged. The OWI is encouraging Hollywood to make more movies about industrial, agricultural and home life.

Alexander Woolcott, who gained great fame as an actor, playwright and radio commentator, as well as a writer, died of a heart attack while participating in a radio broadcast.

During the last war, Woolcott went to France as a private in a Medical Corps outfit. Later he joined the staff of old Stars and Stripes. After the last

war, Woolcott and other Stars and Stripes staffers founded The New Yorker.

Two well-known musicians were involved in marijuana cases. In San Francisco, Gene Krupa was charged with sending a 17-year-old hotel valet to his room for marijuana cigarettes. And the FBI announced that Pvt. Michael Neely Bryan, former bigtime guitarist for Benny Goodman, was wanted for violating the New York state marijuana tax law. This is Bryan's second piece of bad luck in a month. Last month he escaped from a Miami Beach guard-house with the aid of Ursula Parrott, authoress, who was indicted and faces a maximum penalty of three years in jail and a \$2,000 fine.

Miss Parrott's attorney announced that she is an important witness in the narcotic case. While appearing in court for a preliminary hearing on the Army charges, she was so nervous that her lawyer was asked to open a package of mints for her. When the four-time married authoress was asked about her present marital status, she said:

"Let's skip that," she pleaded. "This is embarrassing enough."

An 18-year-old mail delivery girl in Old Forge, N.Y., was hailed as a heroine. Pretty Anne Gibbs noticed an accumulation of mail in the box of Timothy March, 79, so she skied one mile to his cabin, where she found he was snowbound for three weeks. The mail-girl improvised a toboggan and drove him to a doctor for frost-bite treatment.

In New York City, another young woman was hailed as a heroine—but for a moment only. When her apartment building was on fire, 19-year-old Mrs. Margaret Reners fought her way through police lines "to save my baby." Two minutes later she staggered out of the building with a paper bag, while crowds cheered her. Later the girl was arrested as a drug addict. She had a baby, but it was in another building. The "baby" that she rescued was a stack of envelopes.



Dames of the Los Angeles A.C. indulging in a spot of water polo, for the benefit of their figures and, of course, Press agents.

Rexford Guy Tugwell, original New Deal Governor of Puerto Rico.

In Pittsburgh, CIO President Philip Murray announced that his organization had a "Beveridge Plan for 1943" calling for higher wages, expansion of social security laws and abolition of the poll tax. And AFL President William Green reiterated the AFL's opposition to a move in Congress to increase the 40-hour-week to 48.

The War Production Board took a crack at eliminating overlapping of war production by establishing concentration and retail divisions. Many manufacturers who formerly produced for general consumption are now working exclusively for the Government. Out of 12 firms which formerly made bicycles, only two firms are doing the job now. The other 10 are engaged in war work only. The WPB also authorized a 30 per cent increase in production of farm machinery following a Senate Committee report that farm production was endangered because of lack of machinery.

While production was soaring to record heights in America's mines, mills and shops, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company announced a new type of record. It said in a report that at least 2,800,000

forest fire fighters service by the Vermont Council of Safety. Louis Lisman of Burlington was named State chairman for Vermont of the Junior Bar Conference of the American Bar Association. Thomas F. Mangan, Rutland attorney on trial in disbarment proceedings, testified that Mary A. Lamb intended for him to have \$11,600 he received from her before her death in 1941 at the age of 78. At Brandon, Thomas Moroney was elected president of the Dunmore Hose Company.

**WISCONSIN**

The State Supreme Court ruled Lt. Gov. Walter S. Goodland will occupy the office of governor left vacant by the death of Gov.-elect Loomis, denying Gov. Heil's demand he continue in office. At Milwaukee, 2,400 employees of the street car system were given a pay increase of 9 cents an hour and a 6 per cent bonus. The 27th street viaduct in Mil-

waukee was put out of commission when bumped by a freight car. Joseph Sgro, who killed the Rev. Benjamin Re, was sentenced to life. Naval Lt. Carl Ziedler, singing mayor of Milwaukee, is still missing at sea. "Chick" Allen, four times runner-up for the State amateur golf championship, died in Kenosha. The Badgers beat Oklahoma 48-37 in basketball; the Oshkosh pros took Fort Wayne 46-43, and Sheboygan beat Chicago, 55-46, to lead the pro league. Washington, North and South are leading Milwaukee's high-school league.

**WEST VIRGINIA**

George Randolph, 40, told a federal grand jury at Charleston he didn't register for the draft because it was raining on Registration Day. The federal government purchased for \$3,300,000 the Greenbrier Hotel at White Sulphur Springs, its furnishings and 6,500 acres surrounding the resort.

**Home . . . . .**

by State  
\$40,000,000. A Negro held up the Zeheb Confectionery on East Main Street and killed 19-year-old Johnnie Zeheb, then escaped. The Richmond Colts will train at home this year—if they have a team.

**VERMONT**

Edward Canfield Woodworth, former Arlington postmaster and retired merchant, died. Plans were announced at Montpelier for formation of a new





## THE POETS CORNERED

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

### LEST WE FORGET

Many a mound this war has seen,  
In distant lands and near;  
Many a spade has clawed the earth  
Midst shot and shell and fear.

Many a man has gazed upon  
That hollow wide and deep,  
Some with blistered hands,  
And some I did see weep,

Many a man will ne'er forget  
As he silently tread by,  
That there once stood his com-  
rades—  
Men like you and I.

And when the strife is over,  
The soldier and marine  
Will ever see before them  
That field G.I. latrine.

—Cpl. HERBERT SELIGSON

Australia

### DOUGHBOY'S LAMENT

Can't write a thing;  
The censor's to blame;  
Just say that I'm well  
And sign my name.

Can't tell where we sailed from,  
Can't mention the date,  
And can't even number  
The meals that I've ate.

Can't say where we're going,  
Don't know where we'll land,  
Couldn't inform you  
If met by a band.

Can't mention weather,  
Can't say if there's rain;  
All military secrets  
Must secrets remain.

Can't have a flashlight  
To guide me at night,  
Can't smoke a cig  
Except out of sight.

Can't keep a diary,  
For such is a sin;  
Can't keep the envelope  
Your letters come in.

Can't say for sure  
Just what I can write,  
So I'll call this my letter  
And close with "good night."

—Pvt. JOSEPH DeCOSTA

Australia

### ENGLAND FOG

Through misty veils of England  
fog  
I walk on new-lain snow;  
I walk as firm as soldiers tread  
But I know not where I go.

The fallen snow reflects on fog  
Its whiteness clean and fresh,  
To make all Nature's finery  
Appear as lacey mesh.

And looking through this England  
fog,  
Which forms in cloudy schemes  
On houses standing firm and near,  
To fade away like dreams.

The England fog envelops me;  
I walk with head bent low  
To see a path on which to walk  
But I care not where I go.

For Nature in her patterned life  
With humans but a cog,  
Revealed to me a sight to see  
As England, in a fog . . .

—Trooper J. BELLAK

Canadian Army Overseas

### TEXAS REVERIE

Now Texas is part of our great  
domain,  
To be cherished, just like the rest,  
And the soldiers raised on this  
great terrain  
All swear by it as the best.

The reason for this is hard to be  
missed,  
Like a dog with his precious bone;  
The one place dearest to all of us  
Is that wonderful place called  
home.

Now home is wherever we hang  
our hat,  
Or barracks bag, I should say,  
And we gripe sometimes of this  
and that,  
With our thoughts at home far  
away.

But soon we'll have that ape on  
the run,  
The one that started this row,  
And when we do, believe me you,  
We'll put him in hell—and how!

Now Texas might be the biggest  
state,  
And flyin' weather the best,  
But when I'm lucky and get a  
break,  
I'll get me out of the West.

All the cactus, coyotes and sage  
brush,  
And the scent of the orange trees—  
I'll leave it all to the natives,  
For a cornfield ripe in the breeze.

—Pvt. HAROLD S. MOODY

Moore Field, Tex.

**PRIVATE PROPERTY**  
Noncoms have their chevrons.  
Lieutenants have their bars.  
Colonels have their eagles.  
Generals their stars.

What, then, has the private  
Fastened to his arm,  
Or resting on the shoulder  
Of his uniform?

Only this (but tell me,  
Who'd not like the same?):  
On his arm or shoulder,  
One delicious dame.

—Lt. RICHARD ARMOUR

Antiaircraft Artillery

### PROFILE

Pvt. Jones my patience taxes  
Though I'm the most patient of  
men:  
He thinks that a prophylaxis  
Is a side view of Adolph and Ben.

—5/Sgt. LOUIS FOX

TCAB, Charleston, S. C.

### SUPPLICATION

Let me not fear the battle's roar,  
Or dangers flying overhead,  
Nor weaken me at sight of gore,  
But strengthen me, Oh Lord,  
instead;

Though bullets whine right past  
my ears,  
I pray to take it all in stride;  
Lift up my head and banish fears,  
I've faith, for right is on my side.

If He is just, as we have learned,  
And merciful and true and kind,  
He'll walk beside and steady me,  
Encouraged, I'll find peace of  
mind;

Though I be faller in the fight,  
I'll rise again, as rise I must  
To march always beneath His light,  
For in my God, I put my trust.

—Pvt. ALFRED BASKIND

TCAB, Charleston, S. C.

### CORPORALS

Corporals, though opulent,  
Are very seldom corpulent.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

Scott Field, Ill.



Dear YANK:

I am writing in hopes it will be possible for me to subscribe to your magazine from Vol. I, No. 1 to the issue of present date. In working with the Canteen Service I have noticed the enthusiasm the men have toward the magazine and there is an urgent request for each issue. Enclosed is a print of one of our personnel taking time off to read a delayed but "new" issue of YANK.

—JAKE H. NULL

Pacific

Any G.I. can get back issues of YANK at 5 cents a copy.

Dear YANK:

What is the dope on sending souvenirs home from abroad? Do we still have to pay duty on them? I have heard so many different stories, I don't know which to believe.

—Pfc. E. CRAMER

India

A bill has just been passed which provides that any bona fide gift can be sent to the U. S. duty free if it does not exceed \$50 in value.

## Mail Call



Dear YANK:

I am with an FA outfit over here on a small island, with a lot of natives and a few hundred white civilians. Everything is off limits after 7 in the evening, there is no other place for a G.I. to go except the small port of 10 or 12 stores.

Some of us have made friends with some of the civilians here. How are we going to visit them if we can't go into town about a mile from camp? There are about 90 MPs there and they will slam you into the brig if they catch you in town after 7. The higher-ups give a dance about one or two times a week for the officers and the girls of the island, but never is anything held for the enlisted men. The only thing that keeps us going is a movie now and then. Please include this in your next issue of YANK; we G.I.s would like for the higher-ups to know how we feel.

Overseas

—Pvt. FRANK E. ALLEN

Dear YANK:

The leg stuff and sports in YANK are really okay. But most of the stories gag me. For instance in the Oct. 21 issue, Sgt. Bill Richardson, YANK correspondent, wrote a touching article on Labrador which really irks me. Says he, "Some of the G.I.s stationed there have been away from the cities in the States a whole long four months!" I'm speaking for a gang of guys when I say the nearest thing to a "filly" I've seen in over 10 months is a picture of Jane Russell in a straw pile.

Yeah, and that's a lead to take a cut at Sgt. Georg Meyers who starts off with the fairy-tale stuff. I'll bet he's been to some of the wild, far-flung outposts such as Kodiak and Fairbanks! He says every second soldier finds Alaska to be much like home.

—Pfc. PAUL J. SKELTON

Alaska

Dear YANK:

In the event of my death, would my wife receive the following benefits, payable each month: 1) An installment on my insurance; 2) Veteran's pension, provided she doesn't remarry; 3) An additional amount for the support of my child until he reaches the age of 18; 4) Six months pay gratuity?

—Sgt. SIDNEY RACHLIN

Camp Howze, Tex.

1) If your wife is under 30 years of age, she would receive 240 equal monthly payments at the rate of \$5.51 per thousand of the Government insurance you carry. For example, if you carry a \$1,000 policy, your wife or beneficiary, would receive \$5.51 every month for 20 years. If you carry a \$10,000 policy, she would receive \$55.10 each month for 20 years. If your wife is over 30, payment would be made for life. If 30, a \$10,000 policy would bring her \$39.70 per month for life; if 40, she would receive \$45.00 per month for life; if 50, she would get \$53.90 monthly for life. (There are increased benefits for beneficiaries of higher ages.)

2) In the event of your death, your widow, if 50 years of age or younger, would receive a monthly pension of \$30.00. If your widow is over 50, she would receive \$35.00 per month.

3) Your child, if 10 years old or younger, would receive \$8.00 per month. If he is over 10, he would get \$11.00 per month. If before reaching the age of 18, the child becomes incapable of supporting himself by reason of physical or mental defect, he would continue to receive compensation until such deficiencies were corrected. Otherwise, if your child is sound, is over 18 years of age, and is studying in an approved educational institution, he would continue to be eligible for benefits until (a) he gets married or (b) reached the age of 21.

4) Yes; your wife would be eligible for six months pay gratuity, which would be six months of your pay for the rank held at time of death.

Dear YANK:  
Your artist, illustrating the story of the moonlight bombing raid over Burma in a recent issue (YANK, Dec. 23), drew the B-24 bomb-bay doors opening in the wrong way. They should slide up the sides, not hinge open like a trap door.

—Pvt. P. SEEGER

Keesler Field, Miss.



Dear YANK:

Enclosed is a sketch left on a table in the waiting room of our dental clinic. One of the patients waiting evidently could see his top kick "sweating it out." Maybe the fellow looking in the window is supposed to be the artist.

North Atlantic —Capt. R. D. ORCUTT

Dear YANK:

Hey you, where did you get that information on the Pack Mule outfit? [YANK, Dec. 30]. Listen, bub, I used to be in Wahoo, in the 19th Infantry, and there was never a Pack Mule lad that could stand up to us. I am now a Paratrooper, but once a "chick, always a chick." We never liked the Pack Mule "dogs," and they never could and never will see the day they could whip a dog-face. It burns me up to have that bunch of goof-offs saying they're rugged. And we went more than a fourth of the way up on those mountains.

U.S. Army Paratroops

—5. E.

P.S.—How's about a little article about the Paratroops in your mag. I think you could get some interesting articles around here, like Max, the jumping mascot dog of the 505th Para. Inf. Regt. Lots of us troopers read your mag and we think it is pretty good.

YANK had a two-page story on Paratroops July 29, 1942, and has carried other features since, including a Paratroops picture on the front cover in the issue of Dec. 16 and a Breger cartoon on Paratroops of the ETO in the issue of Jan. 13.



# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. I, NO. 33  
 JAN. 31, 1943  
 By the men... for the men in the service

## Message From a Peaceful Guy

**"DON'T BE AROUND WHEN I COME THROUGH!"** That's what I have to say to you, Hitler, and you, Tojo. I'm a pretty peaceful guy. I liked dating my girl, drinking a couple of beers every day, having friendly arguments with my buddies over politics and sports, stating my opinion when I thought the government was wrong, going to my own church, working and saving for the day when I would get married.

I can't do any of those things now because one idiot figures he has a plan to rule the world, and because some slant-eyed rats, who have been casting covetous eyes at free nations, decide to try a little backstabbing.

Yeah, I'm peaceful but I'm mad now, see! Just **DON'T BE AROUND WHEN I COME THROUGH.** When a guy has an unpleasant job to do, he gets it done as quickly as he can. I don't hate anybody, but I'm afraid some of your people are gonna get hurt and a helluva lot of your underlings are gonna get knocked off.

Maybe, I'll get killed myself, and I'm certainly going to take care of a few of you first. But I think I'll live to see the day when every hope, every dream, every ambition you've ever had, Hitler and Tojo, will crumble before your very eyes.

No punishment could be horrible enough for either of you but you'll suffer. How you'll suffer. Not by physical torture, perhaps, but by the unbearable humiliation of watching your crazy little worlds come tumbling down. That's the torture for men like you, torture of your warped conceited minds.

For you and the men under you, Hitler and Tojo, **DON'T BE AROUND WHEN I COME THROUGH.** I might lose, momentarily, the kindness, love and brotherhood we inherit in America.

—Sgt. ALLAN KLEINWAKS  
 Hawaii



## APO Figures

**T**HE APO distributed more than 10,000 tons of Christmas packages to the men overseas last year—more than 2½ million individual holiday packages, or three times the volume of Christmas mail received by the doughboys in France for both Christmases of 1917 and 1918. Besides that 31,032,722 individual letters and cards were delivered in the first 15 days of December to soldiers overseas, 40 per cent by air.

## Plastic Equipment

The Army has a substitute for rope. It's a plastic that is strong, fire-proof and doesn't chafe like ordinary rope. The only hitch is that it's slippery. Other miracles to save metal are a plastic bugle and a plastic canteen so strong you can jump on it.

## Chow Hound Notice

Latest dehydrated food going overseas is rice pudding. In concentrated form the pudding consists of pre-cooked rice, processed raisins, sugar, salt, spices and vanilla flavoring. All the belly-robbers have to do is add water and cook. It makes a swell dessert, they say, if you like rice pudding.

## Maneuver Schedule

If it is of interest to any one, maneuvers for the coming year are now lined up. A corps of the Third Army will start battle problems in Louisiana Feb. 1 and a corps of the Second Army will hold maneuvers in Tennessee late in April.

## Wrong Address

Chaplains complain that cards they send to soldiers' parents informing them of their son's arrival in camp sometimes rebound unexpectedly. One soldier listed his wife under "parents" and the irate lady wrote back, "Sir, I'll have you understand I am not Private Blank's mother; I've been married to him now for almost a year." Then there was the wife who hadn't heard from her husband in several years. She received her card and wrote, "Thank you very much for telling me the b—d's location. I'm coming down."

## Words and Music

If there's a dogface in your outfit crooning poems you read in YANK (and he sings on key), you can thank the Special Service Office, Second Service Command, for the added entertainment. They've taken 10 verses from "Poet's Corner" and made up a song book, which is now being sent out. We'll print the music of No. 1 on this OD Hit Parade in a future issue.

## Any Suggestions?

Even the lowest yardbird has a chance to make some changes in the Army—if his ideas are really good. The War Department is open to suggestions concerning new techniques, weapons, military doctrine and organization, and invites ideas and comment from both officers and enlisted men. If suggestions are good enough they will be forwarded through channels to the proper commanding generals.

## Items That Require No Editorial Comment

### Love and the Reich

The tender blossom of true love is having its fertilizer rationed by Der Führer. In a recent editorial *Schwartz Korps*, house organ of the SS Elite Guard, tore into those frauëins who hesitate to enter quickie marriages with German soldiers. People in Germany, sighed the *Schwartz Korps*, "used to marry because they were in love, but they didn't know any better in those days." They know better now.

### Mighty Fortress

The Royal Norwegian Information Service reports that congregations in Norway's churches are now forbidden to sing Luther's famous hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." The stanza which the Nazis particularly didn't like goes something like this:

"And were the world with devils filled,  
 All watching to devour us,  
 Our souls to fear we would not yield;  
 They cannot overpower us,  
 Their dreaded prince no more  
 Can harm us as of yore;  
 His rage we can endure,  
 For, lo! His doom is sure,  
 A world shall overthrow him."

### Company Manners

Japanese sailors, floating on rafts after a recent battle in the Solomons, gave a demonstration in politeness to the crew of an American destroyer who offered to rescue them. They declined the offers with a simple, wistful explanation: "Togo say no."

### Verbs (Lesson Four)

Der Führer has stopped declining the verb "to win" in his New Year broadcasts to the lambs of his flock. The BBC points out that since 1940, Adolf has gone on record like this:

1940: "We have won."

1941: "We shall win."

1942: "We must win."

This year's broadcast, though, might have been directed at the tired Nazi super-soldiers retreating through Russia and North Africa. Said Der Führer:

"We shall not capitulate."

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



## YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Layout, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Asst. M.E., Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armcd.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Cartoonist, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.

British Edition: Officer in Charge, Lt.-Col. Egbert White; Business Manager, Major E. M. Llewellyn; Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson. Address: Printing House Square, London. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown; Layout Editor, Sgt. Charles Brand; Staff Cartoonist, Sgt. Dave Breger; Editorial Associates, Cpl. Ben Frazier, Sgt. Jack Scott, Cpl. Steve Deny, Sgt. Walter Peters; Production, Cpl. Louis McFadden.

Alaska: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, AAF.  
 Australia: Sgt. Dave Richardson; Cpl. Claude Ramsey.

Southwest Pacific: Sgt. E. J. Kahn Jr.

Egypt: Sgt. Burgess Scott.

India: Sgt. Edward Cunningham.

Caribbean: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan.

Hawaii: Cpl. James E. Page.

Marines: Plat. Sgt. Riley Aikman.

Navy: Yeo, 3-c. Robert L. Schwartz.

Officer in Charge, Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Major Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Capt. Sam Humphfus.

Pictures: 1, Sgt. George Aarons. 3, MOI. 4, top left, AP; top right, Plannet; bottom left, MOI; right, British Official. 5, British Official B. 8, top, U.S. Army Pictorial Service; bottom, Air Ministry. 9, PA. 11, Warner Bros. 12, top left, right, PA; center, left, INP; right, Acme. 13, top left, PA; bottom and right, Acme. 14, top left, INS; center, AP; right, Plannet; center, Plannet; bottom, AP. 15, top, AP; center, INS. 18, Sgt. Georg Meyers.





# NO MAN'S LAND

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**A**N ADVANCED ANDREANOF ISLAND BASE—Three times this island base nearest to Tokyo of all North American offensive outposts has played host to not-so-friendly visitors from Kiska.

From soggy fox hole and sandbagged artillery emplacement, 11 Jap bombs have burrowed deep into the cushy muskeg. Outside of spattering caribou moss harmlessly over the hilltops, no harm has been done.

How many times these calls have been repaid—from a runway which U. S. Army Engineers had ready for four-motored bombers 10 days after the first niggerhead had been bulldozed—is anyone's guess. It's more times than you'd imagine, but not enough to satisfy the fog-ferreting bombers and peashooters whose pilots are three parts trip hammer and seven parts homing pigeon.

Otherwise, life in the Andreanofs is no more turbulent than a week end in a wind tunnel at the Wright Field aeronautical laboratories.

Army jargon takes on a new slant here.

"Sweating out" the chow line consists of standing first on one foot, then on the other in ankle-deep mud, while a 50-mph. breeze whips your face with rain as sharp as a steel brush. When the wind mounts to 70-mph. or more, as it frequently does, there is no chow line. For that matter, there is no mess tent. It's gone with the wind.

"Over the hill" is no longer the G.I. translation of "taking it on the lam." No matter where

The soldiers holding down this advance Andreanof Island base in the Aleutians really know what it means to live life in the raw. Does the wind howl? You can almost hear it here.

you go here, it's always over the hill. Archaeologists say that the mountains of the Aleutian chain are the youngest in the world. It's a good thing that this war didn't wait until the mountains grew up.

Intermittent ship and planes from the mainland bring movies. They are shown in shifts in the "Radio City Music Hall of the Andreanofs"—a string of three 16-foot tents. One mess hall doubles in beatitudes on the Sabbath, when the chaplain takes over from the mess sergeant and an impromptu choir ousts the KPs.

Rugged as it is, troops are holding up their spirits by the bootstraps. They'd laugh you down if you made the statement that the spirit is good. But few would deny that they're keeping a grim hold on their sense of humor. Maybe there's a difference between "spirit" and a "sense of humor." Maybe there isn't. After four months under Hirohito's disjointed nose at Kiska, the men have developed a hardened indifference, a "let-the-bastards-come,-we're-ready" attitude.

But it was not always thus.

There was a time when a single Zero might have knocked the Andreanof expedition into a cocked bonnet. In fact, one almost did.

It happened during the week before the surprise occupation of this sub-Arctic no man's land.

A spearhead reconnaissance party of 40, including a pair of Navy signalmen, had sneaked ashore from a submarine to stake out landing beaches, troop-dispersal areas, possible airfield sites. In addition, they were to chase off any Japs prowling around with the same idea.

In the chill blackness of night they paddled for an hour in a dozen rubber rafts and a pair of homemade canvas boats. Six machine guns were lugged along. Each man was armed with a tommy gun and a sack full of hand grenades. Two men narrowly escaped drowning in the

treacherous surf when air compartments of their raft exploded. They made it safely back to the sub, already in the process of submerging, and did not reach shore until a week later with the occupation forces.

Once on the beach, the advance party split into patrols for thorough reconnaissance of the island. They buried their boats, camouflaged their footprints on the beach by dragging boards behind them. With faces, hands, clothing and packboards splashed with the green paint, they trekked through the chest-high sawgrass of natural ravines so as to leave no evidence of their trails for aerial eavesdroppers. Throughout the week, they built no fires except to heat tea over a pocket-sized Swede stove. Tea and dried salmon were their staple diet.

For two days the weather remained mild and misty. Then, like yeast in a crock, a storm brewed, reaching its height the day Brig. Gen. E. M. Landrum landed his forces in Higgins boats.

Only two planes were sighted during the period of scouting. The first was a Navy PBV. Hurriedly, the men laid out panel signals and the Navy craft dropped a supply of cigarettes.

The second was a Jap-pontoned Zero. Knowing that if they were sighted, the beans would be out of the bag and a convoy load of American soldiers blasted into the Bering Sea, the men scrambled for cover. The colonel commanding the patrols didn't have to scramble; he was already under cover snatching some 40-odd hard-earned winks. After the enemy plane had passed from sight, one of the soldiers nudged him and said: "That was a Jap plane that just flew over."

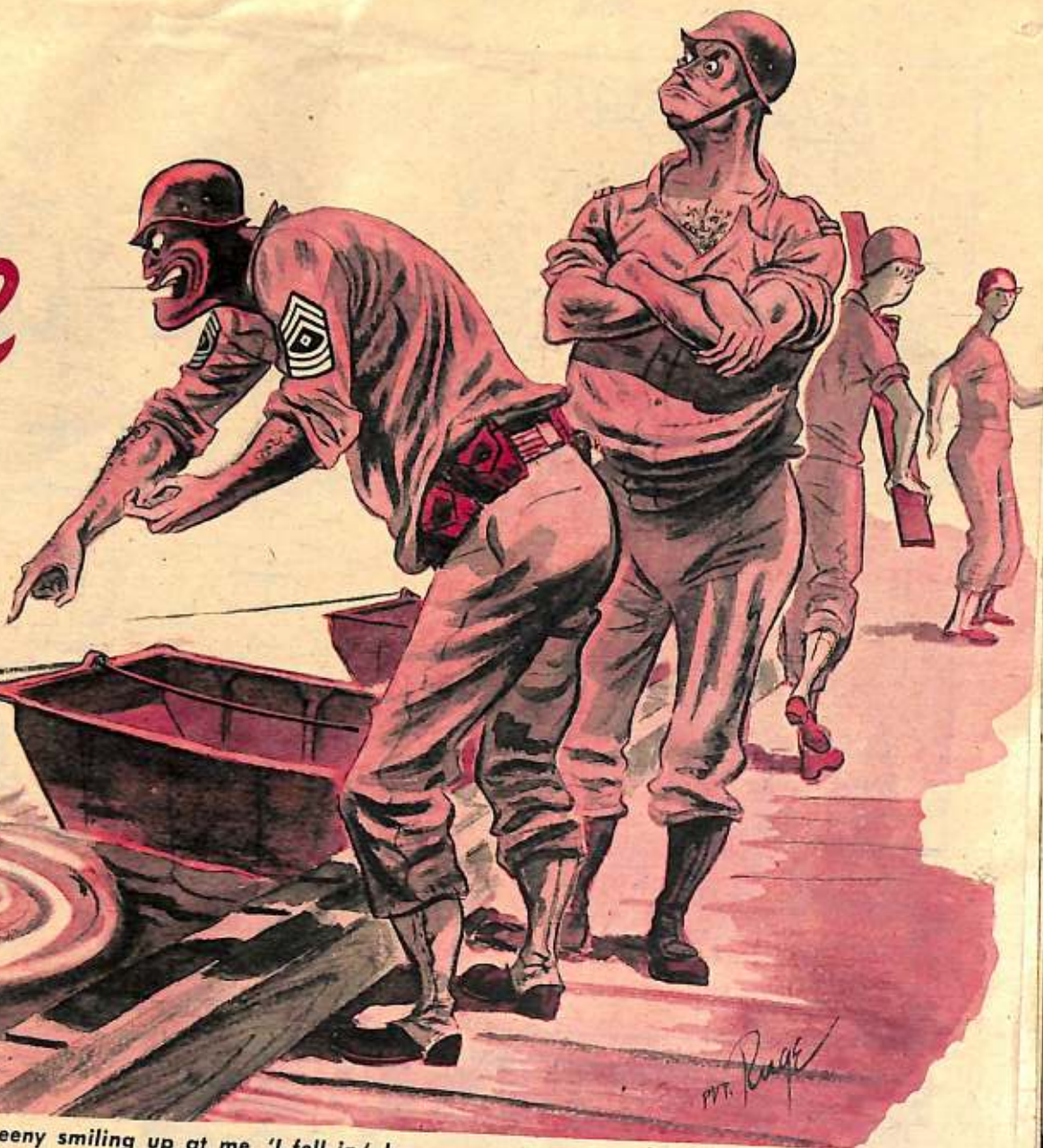
The colonel stared skyward a second through half-open eyes. "The hell you say," he mumbled, then turned over and went to sleep again.

Today, a Jap plane would be welcomed with wide-open armament in the Andreanofs.



# Hot Bridge

By Sgt. HARRY BROWN  
Illustrated by Pvt. JACK RUGE



"There was Keeny smiling up at me. 'I fell in,' he says, cool as a shavetail's heel."

I BEEN in the Army a long time and I seen a lot of branches of the service; but I must say that us Engineers are the most inventive boys in the whole damn war, and if you want proof I got it. Last war we was rated very high and even the Marines had a good word to say for us and when the Marines say a good word for you you must be on the ball.

Very often when the Infantry moves up they find us making them some nice warm trenches and when the Infantry gets enough and moves back again we stay and fix up the trenches for someone else. When we go somewhere we come early and stay late and very often the party's on us, with compliments. But we got our quirks. We can be very balky, like mules in the mountain artillery, and I got proof of that too, like the time we built the bridge across a big wadi somewheres in Africa when it was a hunderd an' ten in the shade and all the shade was shot to hell by somebody's artillery.

Well, that time we got to this wide wadi and we got two hours to do the job because in two hours a armored column is going to come along and armored columns don't like to get wet. It was so hot that the ants just sat around panting and mopping their brows. Top of that, we had a captain who was a real driver. Me being top kick and an easy-going guy, the captain and me had our conflicts on occasion but I will say this for the captain—he was a fine man and the best swearer I ever run into.

This day he was cussing in fine form because he was as hot as the rest of us and he didn't think much of building a bridge for a mere armored column and he said he'd be willing to stretch his blasted gut for a whole division maybe but a column was small potatoes and he'd blasted well rather be sweating in his tent like a gentleman. There was nothing he could do about it however so there we all were, down by this river and dripping like lit candles.

The Joes in the company were taking it pretty hard and they was griping like hell and suggesting that we do a little demolition work on the armored column when it started to cross over. But they was working along just the same as though the guys in the armored column was from the States too, and the captain had no complaints until we had about six pontoons out in the wadi and was making arrangements for the seventh. There was a guy in the company named Keeny and he was standing out waiting for the next ponton to come into place when all of a sudden he stepped into the water.

I was standing by the captain and

we both saw Keeny go in. "Gee Dee it, we got a man overboard," the captain says.

I run out to the end of the bridge and looked down and there was Keeny smiling up at me. "I fell in," he says, cool as a shavetail's heels.

"We are building this bridge against time," I says. "This is no day for water sports." And then I suggest in no uncertain terms that Keeny get the hell back up on the bridge and get to work. A lot of the company was stopped working by then and was looking on with interest. This Keeny climbs back up on the bridge dripping wet from the water and looks very happy. "I was hot," he says.

So I go back to the captain and tell him everything's O.K. and he starts swearing and yelling that we're losing time and let's get the blasted bridge up and get out of there. And then suddenly the captain's face turns purple. "Gee Dee it, we got another man overboard," he says, and sure enough we had.

I went back out on the bridge and it wasn't Keeny this time but another guy and so I fished him out and promised him a trick in the kitchen and went back on the bank. I never saw a man swear as well as the captain done that day and if ever a man had good reason to, it was him.



"There was the captain with his bars and all."

You know what that company was doing? They was falling into the water one after another and there wasn't anything in the world you could do about it. You could fish a man out and tell him to report to the kitchen tomorrow morning and no sooner did you turn your back than someone else took a duck. The captain cussed and the captain swore but the company kept tempting the crocodiles.

"Gee Dee it," the captain says. "I'm going to put this whole company on KP, I'm going to transfer them all to the QMC. This'll ruin me with regimental."

But the funny thing about it was that the bridge was moving right along in spite of the guys accidentally falling into the water. She was a mighty pretty looking bridge too, one of the best I ever seen. The company was having one hell of a good time for itself but they was getting their work done for all of that. And after a while the captain stopped cussing long enough to look at his watch.

"Gee Dee it," he says, "we're going to

get this bridge up on time after all."

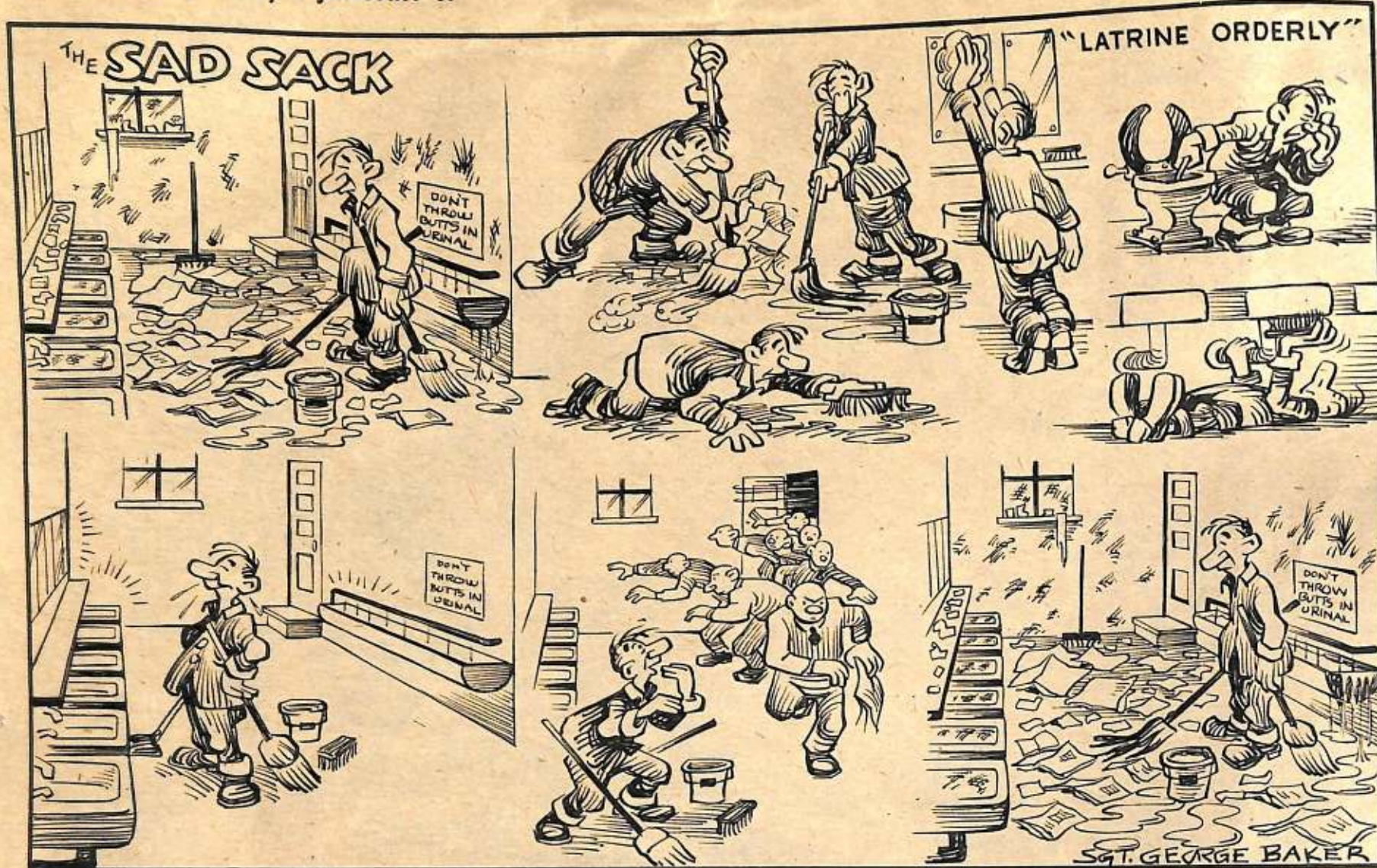
And we did too. Me and the captain stood on the bank and watched those guys fall into the water and the sergeants couldn't stop them and the corporals couldn't stop them but they'd get out of the water all wet and then get back to work and work twice as hard as they did before. And that bridge took shape and finally the captain quieted down and acted almost human.

The bridge was finished in one hour and 43 minutes and the captain began to grin and he turned to me and says, "Gee Dee it, sergeant, I've got a fine company," and then he puts a frown on his face and walks out on the bridge and lines the company up along it.

"Men," he says, "I don't like mutiny which belongs in the Navy and this morning there's been mutiny in this company and tomorrow you're all going to whistle for it. But I want to say that you've put up a fine looking bridge and it's a shame we put it up for a miserable armored column when the whole Gee Dee Eighth Army could go across it. And now that we got it up I'm going to do something I been wanting to do all morning." And with that the captain makes a neat about face and walks right off the bridge into the water and the company cheered like hell.

And that's the way it was when this armored column hove into view. There was the captain with his bars and all floating on his back and blowing out water like a whale with the heaves. The Engineers got their quirks all right, but any time you want a bridge built just come along and knock on our door. We'll accommodate you even if we have to carry you across on our backs and even if it's somewheres in Africa.





## BETWEEN the LINES

### WHEN LINES CLASH

Pvt. Clarence was a pencil pusher in headquarters who knew so much about red tape that he counted WD forms to put himself to sleep.

His pal, Hy, was a sharpshooter and so expert with the bayonet that he often disturbed Clarence's dreams by slashing up said forms.

"The clerk," said Clarence, "is the backbone of the Army."

"The line soldier," said Hy, "is the backbone of the Army."

"Phooey," said Clarence.

"Phooey," said Hy.

One day they met Sally, the PX peroxide.

"Under the provisions of AR XY-ABCDEFGHIJ300, amended by WD circular IOU," said Clarence, "I request a date."

"Approved," said Sally.

"Listen, baby, how about a little blitzkrieging with me?" said Hy.

"OK," said Sally.

So they both had dates with Sally. Clarence discussed forms, both kinds, and Hy discussed war tactics.

Both received black eyes.

"My line failed," said Clarence.

"Mine, too," said Hy.

"Maybe we ought to switch next time," said Clarence.



"Hey, gang—they're MPs."



"Guess this ain't the floatin' kind."

"Could be," said Hy. So on their next dates Clarence tried blitzkrieg methods, and Hy form methods.

Their other eyes were blackened. "Can't understand Sally," said Clarence.

"Me neither," said Hy. "But I think I'll try again," said Clarence.

"Me too," said Hy. So Clarence took Sally out, and this time, without telling anything

to Hy, he used strictly orthodox lines. No blitzkrieging, no forms.

And Hy took Sally out and he, too, without telling Clarence, was strictly orthodox.

Both got good-night kisses. "The clerk," said Clarence, "is the backbone of the Army."

"The line soldier," said Hy, "is the backbone of the Army."

"Phooey," said Clarence. "Phooey," said Hy.

—Pvt. BILL SALTZMAN  
Fort Lewis, Wash.



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

## Air Raid

We were interested to hear that four American soldiers got knocked cold by shrapnel on Piccadilly Circus during the recent night raid. None of them were really hurt; just laid out, like Tommy Farr used to be.

It strikes us that there's a bit of justice in their accident, and all we can say is, it served them right. They shouldn't be so damned morbid.

Probably, had any one checked up, he would have found that they were all from New York. Raised in an atmosphere of gang wars, of mugs full of slugs, of sudden death in the hectic road and the bare furnished room, their bible is the wild word of Winchell and their National Gallery is the gory center spread of the *Daily News*.

Now, three thousand miles away from all the familiar paraphernalia of the hoodlum killing and the hit-and-run death, they were forced to grab at the straw the British call Jerry. So they went out in the street. Above them the disinterested enemy planes went on with their mission of destruction, but the friendly flak, not so disinterested, found its mark. Result: exit from the conscious world, for some minutes, four American soldiers. And rightly, too. However, we spent some years in New York, and we can sympathize with these babies.

When the flak started heading up, we put on our tin hats and went out in the street and watched, too; but at least, we had the sense to wear our tin hats. For a good half-hour we watched the best fireworks display we had ever seen. Beside us, shivering slightly, was a very young shavetail. Whenever a gun went off near us he ducked back. Obviously, he wasn't from New York. From somewhere in Kansas, probably.

## The Topkick

We got this story from a guy who saw it happen. Two of the beggars were blind. One sang in a broken treble, another crucified sound on a violin, and the third, a wizened little man, held out his hat for alms. But the people of Piccadilly hurried by. There was a mist in the air and Jerry was somewhere up in the dismal sky. The alert had sounded and people had no time for beggars. Even blind beggars.

The big American First Sergeant walked up to the three old men and dropped a coin into the outstretched and empty hat. Then he did a strange thing. He took up a position beside them, his legs spread apart and his weather-beaten face stuck out into the light rain.

There were plenty of G.I.s in this part of London, and every one of them had enough sense to respect a topkick. For 45 minutes the First Sergeant stood there, throwing a parade ground scowl at every American soldier who walked by without stopping to drop a sixpence or a shilling in the old man's hat. He didn't say anything to the soldiers; he just looked at them. But it was enough.

After three-quarters of an hour the guy who told us the story went over and dropped a shilling into the hat.

It was almost full.

## The English Climate: Thank You, No

We, as a thwarted mathematician, have gone to a lot of trouble to figure out the amount of sunshine per month that God sees fit to allot to England. It's not a great deal—to be exact, about 17 minutes, 38 seconds. After we had ascertained this figure, we nibbled pensively on some brussels sprouts for an hour or so, and fell to musing.

The climate, we decided, was getting us down. For one thing, we were always sleepier than we were back in the States, though that's saying a hell of a lot. For another thing, we were always getting stomach aches. The stomach aches, of course, we can blame on brussels sprouts, but, after all, if the climate isn't responsible for brussels sprouts, what is?

Lately we've discovered that whenever the sun comes out our eyes hurt, and that whenever the sun goes in our bones hurt.

This bone ache is really getting us down. Our femurs and coccyx suffer the most. Perhaps things will be better next summer, but we won't swear to it. Gorbimey, we hope so, though.

## Question Of The Week

Any one know where a guy can get hold of some Spam?

Sgt. Harry Brown.



CPL. BRAND

Artie was leaning casually against an old subaltern, reading "Sketch."

# Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

WE were strolling around Piccadilly Circus the other day, leading a clean life and dodging the dames, when whom should we run into but Artie Greengroin. He was leaning casually against an old subaltern, reading a copy of the *Sketch*. We hadn't seen Artie since we used to crawl under the bobbed wahr together at Fort Belvoir, and we must say that he looked a lot better under a *cheval de frise* than he did in the heart of London (we're not sure that Piccadilly Circus is the heart of London; it's a little lower down, we'd say). We noticed, to our surprise, that Artie was now a Pfc., but we swallowed our pride and went over and said hello to him.

His greeting was casual. "I been reading a very inneresting magazine," he said. "A English magazine." He waved it in front of our face. "It's got some very inneresting material in it."

We said the last time we had seen him, reading matter was confined entirely to the Articles of War. "Yeah," he said, "thass true. But that was the ole Greengroin. The new Greengroin is innerested in human society, as typified in the pages of this here magazine. I got a entirely new least on life now. I decided to get out and meet some people. Nice people. You know, duchesses and things like that. Someone what wouldn't look twice at a first sergeant."

At this point the old subaltern shifted his position slightly and Artie went sprawling on the pavement. He picked himself up with considerable casualness and aplomb. "To meet yourself a duchess," he said as he brushed himself off, "a man's got to be calm. You got to have poise. Take for example, they's so many soldiers here in the English Isle and they's so many duchesses. They's not enough duchesses to go round. So it all comes down to the fact that the men what have poise is going to be the men what meets up with the duchesses. Am I right?"

We said it sounded reasonable to us. "Sure," Artie said. "Now, they's American soldiers who spends all their free time running around to a pub and lapping up lager. Not ole Artie, though. What I do when I get me a pass is come down here and stand around looking poised. Pretty soon some handsome duchess is going to come along and say, 'My God, what a poised American soldier,' and

things will go on from there, and pretty soon I'll be a dook. Simple, huh?"

We said that Artie had certainly come a long way from the little red schoolhouse in Bread Poulitce, Conn. Artie agreed.

"I admit," he said, "that I sometimes miss the comparative security in which I spent my sheltered youth, but a man needs a measure of excitement to temper his life. You know what I'm going to do? The next craps game I manage to keep out of, I'm going to buy me one of these swagger sticks. They give a man poise. I seen a lot of American officers walking along with them, looking poised as all hell. I envy them boys. Maybe I should be an officer."

We asked Artie what his I.Q. was. "Thass a matter of no importance," he replied. "What counts is a man's qualities of leadership. Any dope can have a I.Q. But they's few of us thass got any poise. Looka these stripes"—he touched his Pfc. chevrons with loving hands—"did I get these because I got a I.Q.? Nah, I got 'em through seniority. Another six months and I'll be a corporal."

"Congratulations," we said. "Aw, congradulations don't come into it," Artie said. "It's jess a matter of hanging on, thass all. You know, this *Sketch* has a whole slew of duchesses in it. I'm memorizing them by my heart. A couple more months and I'll know the whole nobility. But I still wisht I had a swagger—"

Artie broke off suddenly. He was looking at someone coming along the Circus. His eyes popped gracefully. As a matter of fact, it was the most poised bit of eye-popping we've ever seen.

"It's a duchess," he said. "We asked which duchess."

Artie gave us a withering look. "I should tell you," he said. "Go get your own racket." The Duchess evidently was coming nearer, though every woman on the Circus looked alike to us. "Look, ole boy," Artie said, "do you mine moving a little away from me? A unpoised guy might cramp my style."

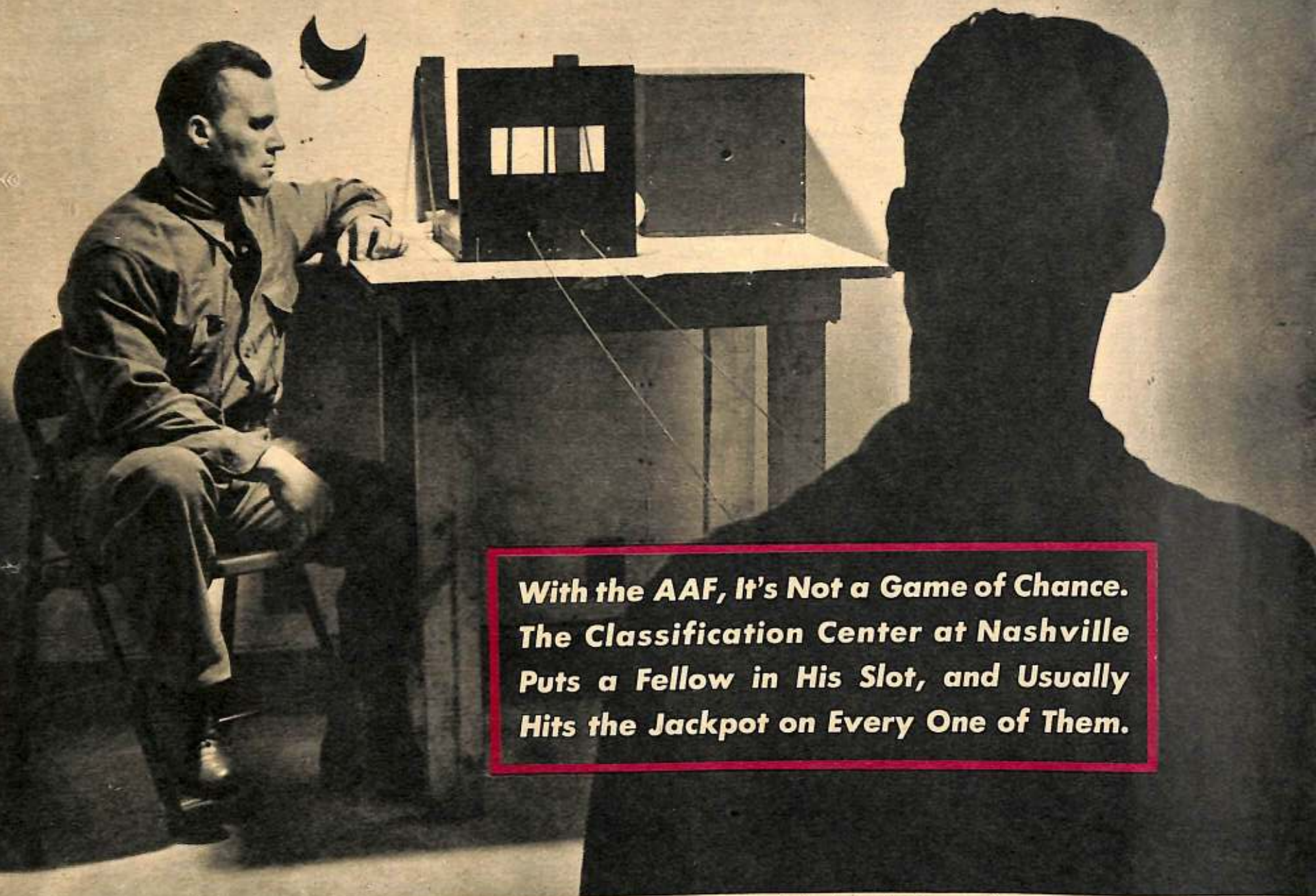
We weren't especially in the mood for humoring Artie, but we moved away a few paces. Eventually the duchess came by. At least, we guess she was a duchess; she looked rather like a maiden aunt of ours in Topeka. She walked past the completely poised Pfc. Greengroin without even looking in his direction. Artie kept his aplomb. When she had passed he crooked a finger at us and we rejoined him.

"You seen that, huh?" he asked. "Well, a guy's got to take the bad with the good, I always say. Wait'll I get me a swagger stick."

We still think Artie looked better under a *cheval de frise*.



# Slot Machine



**With the AAF, It's Not a Game of Chance.  
The Classification Center at Nashville  
Puts a Fellow in His Slot, and Usually  
Hits the Jackpot on Every One of Them.**

*Taking the depth-perception test. The idea is to pull the strings so that the two vertical rods in the box are the same distance from the cadet.*

**N**ASHVILLE, TENN.—Once a soldier gets to the Army Air Forces Classification Center here, he can be sure of one thing: when he leaves he will be headed for a job that fits him like a glove.

The AAFCC at Nashville is the largest in the country. Its main purpose is to find out whether a man should be allowed in an army airplane, and in what capacity. Each day it takes in a new batch of civilians and enlisted men, works them over and then dispatches them to pilot, bombardier or navigator school, according to their capabilities. Staffed by army doctors and psychologists, it is dedicated to the simple proposition that elimination in flight school can be cut down by determining first what job fits a man best. This fitting process is planned and administered by a corps of officers and enlisted men bearing

degrees from here to there. Even the privates are college graduates, while the sergeants walk around with Phi Beta Kappa keys and Ph. D.s. In their spare time they play chess. These are the boys who take over the candidates in order to find out if they are suited to one of the three Air Force jobs.

#### **Preferences Get Recognition**

Three factors determine a man's final classification: physical qualification, aptitudes, and the man's own preference. If he qualifies first as a bombardier, with navigator a close second, and wants very much to be a navigator, he'll be sent where he wants to go. More than 80 per cent of the men passing through Nashville get their first choice of assignment.

Aptitude tests measure what a man can do

rather than what he already knows. They do not depend on education for a passing mark. In the old days it was thought that a navigator had to be a college man, since the job involved a lot of mathematics. Today the classification center sends out men to be trained as navigators even though they may not have finished high school. The reason is that these men have demonstrated in tests that they have a natural flair for math.

But a man may come to the center wanting to be a bombardier and discover that he will make a better pilot, or vice versa. A college man may discover that he's good for none of the jobs, while a man without any formal education may have natural aptitude for all three.

The way it works is simple enough and much like the first few days in the Army. Suppose a man is in another branch of the service and



decides he wants to fly. He takes an initial screening test at his home post to see if all his mental and physical parts are in the right places for flying. He passes the test; they send him to Nashville or one of the other classification centers.

The first thing he does upon arrival is turn in all his old G.I. equipment and draw a complete new set, including everything from toothbrush and garrison caps to a pair of fancy white gloves. Then he is rapidly given a shower and \$10,000 worth of free insurance and assigned to a squadron. There he is assigned to guard duty, KP, or policing the area, just to make him feel at home. Cadets get no special privileges.

### Physical Exam With Trimmings

The next day comes the medical exam, probably the toughest in the Army. A careful medical history of the cadet and his immediate family is recorded. This is because a history of certain types of disease may reflect on the man's physical ability to take it in the air. The actual exam includes all the standard tests for things like ulcers and flat feet, plus several new wrinkles cooked up by the Office of the Air Surgeon.

One of these is the Schneider test, a simple device for noting a man's reaction to strain. First the cadet is made to rest for a few minutes, then made to stand up and down from a chair. Then his pulse and blood pressure are taken and if the result isn't satisfactory, out he goes. However, it is possible to fail the physical as a pilot and still qualify as a bombardier or navigator.

After the medical comes the one and only written exam, a six-hour business designed for the cadet to show what he wants, how much he wants it and what he can do once he gets it. This is where he expresses preference for a particular job and indicates whether he will be willing to accept any other. The questions here are worked in such a way that the emphasis is on what a man is rather than what he knows.

The written exam is quickly followed by the mechanical gadgets. These are to determine whether the cadet knows his left arm from his right arm, a necessary requisite for riding in an airplane. Take the bi-manual coordinator, a harmless-looking thing. All he does here is try to work a rod through a maze of sprockets by manipulating two handles. It looks very simple. But try it yourself sometime.

Then there is the Discrimination Reaction Time Test, where the cadet sits in front of a board

bearing a lot of colored lights. An examiner turns on different combinations of these lights and the man has to decide in a hurry which lever the combination means he should pull in order to turn them out.

Another light test is the Serial Reaction Time Apparatus, or how to decide you don't want to be a pilot after all. This is a little gadget in which the cadet sits with a control stick and rudder before him and tries to match red lights with green lights on a board by manipulating the instruments. The idea here is to give him the fundamentals of piloting and see how fast his reactions are. If he can't coordinate his hands and feet well enough to match the lights then he certainly can't fly a plane. The principle behind these reaction time tests is that things happen fast at 300 miles an hour and if a man can't react just as fast, he'd better stay on the ground.

After these comes a device which looks simple but tells a good deal about a man's nerves. The thing to do here is simply to put a pencil through a little hole with extended arm and without touching the sides of the hole. It sounds easy, but not with bells ringing all around and an examiner yelling in your ear and informing you what a jerk you are ever to think you could get into the Air Force. It's all a means of simulating some of the strain experience in combat. If a man cracks here, he won't be calm and collected over the English Channel.

### Assignments Hinge on Tests

There are other tests like these; some simple like the one where all that has to be done is turn square pegs halfway around in square holes to see how quickly and smoothly it can be done and others more complicated. They are all weighed for some aptitude a man must possess in order to be a pilot, navigator or bombardier. When the tests are finished they are checked and re-checked and weighed against each other. Medical evidence for and against the man is presented by the flight surgeon and taken carefully into consideration. Final tabulation determines the school the man will attend.

As soon as the results are tabulated, the list of assignments is posted on the squadron bulletin board. If a man isn't satisfied with his assignment he can ask for an interview with anyone from his tactical officer to the post commandant and talk it over with him. There are no hard and fast rules; if a man has good reasons why



A man who flies must have good eyes.



Trying to match red lights with green.



Schneider test determines reaction to strain.



Classified. So off they go to training schools: Cadet-Bombardier Melvin Robinson, Cadet-Navigator Constantine Caradiakos and Cadet-Pilot William Roberts.

he should be sent to one school when he was assigned to another, he will be sent where he wants to go. But his arguments must be good enough to balance the weight of scientific fact that determined his assignment.

There is little possibility of chance entering into the final classification, and most men realize that. Sometimes a man qualifies for more than one school, in which case he is sent to the one he most prefers. Sometimes a man flunks out of one school, is sent back to Nashville and out to another school for which he may have qualified. But this is uncommon. When the classification center sends a man to flight school, they know he has the stuff. Their percentage of eliminations is being continually reduced.

So when his school quota opens and he's shipped out, the future pilot, bombardier or navigator knows he's going where he belongs. He also knows that the Army has picked him as a damn good man for the job.



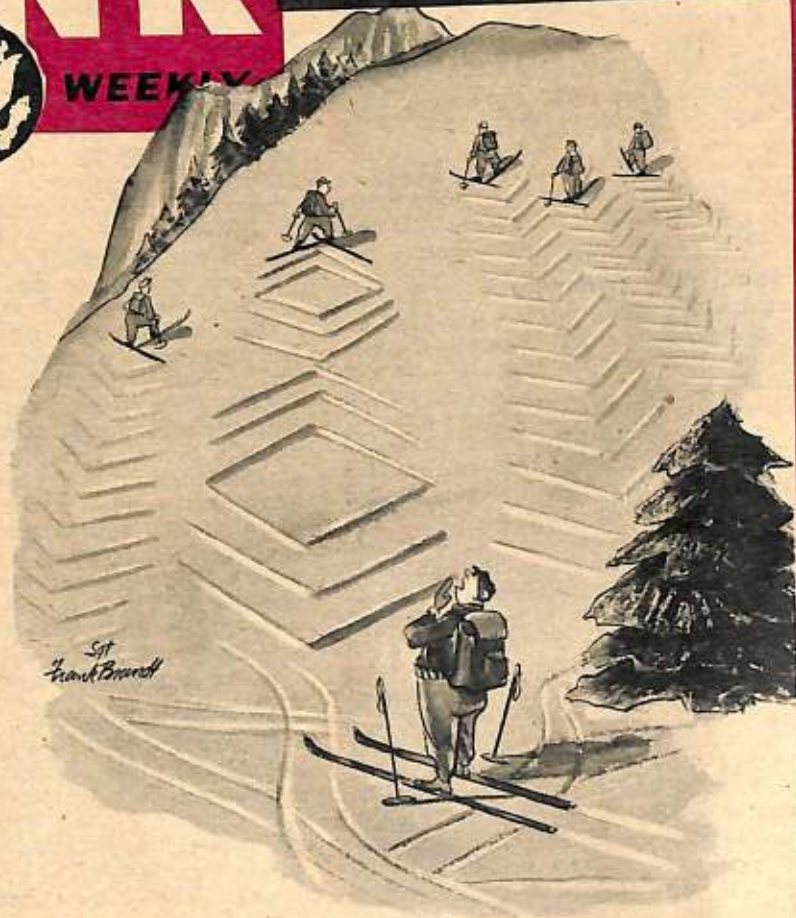
# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



SGT BILL FERNIM  
JEFFERSON  
BARRACKS, MO

"NOW THAT YOU'RE REALLY HOME ON FURLOUGH,  
WHAT WOULD YOU REALLY LIKE TO DO?"



Sgt  
Frank Board

"IS THAT YOU, MASTER SERGEANT O'LEARY?"



Pvt. Sprague  
A.P.F.

"LET'S EAT IN TOWN TONIGHT."



S/Sgt. Walz  
HAWAII - 42

"HEATED AND SERVED AFLAME, THESE LITTLE CAKES  
MAKE A VERY SATISFACTORY DESSERT."



"DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT HERE COMES THAT  
IMPOSSIBLE YEOMAN FROM KANSAS CITY."