BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d OCT. 31
1943
VOL. 2, NO. 20

By the men . . for the men in the service

Firing Squad Executes Two German Spies

A COMPLETE PICTURE STORY, PAGE 2

1. A truck pulls in to the execution grounds and unloads the two spies and their guards. The truck is a little late, because the condemned have lingered over their last letters and prayers. In background at right is an ambulance ready to take them back—in their coffins. The military guard stands at left.

2. The spies are led past the firing squads to the stakes, the tall one walking erect, with almost a swagger, but the shorter one walking slumped and reluctantly between two officers. The firing squads are ready, rifles raised. The soldier in white shorts, left foreground, will administer the coup de grace.

4. As the two stand at their stakes, the court recorder faces them from between the firing squads and reads off the official record of their charge, conviction, and punishment. Preparing for the second when the words end and the shots break in, the noncom in charge of the firing squad raises his saber.

5. The saber cuts down and 24 soldiers pull their triggers. As the slugs tear into their bodies, one man slumps down, but the other, with the top of his stake sheared off, hangs upright to a jagged stump. At extreme left, one of two noncoms who will administer the coup de grace draws his revolver.

Two Nazi Spies Die

A French firing squad executes them in Aleppo, Syria.

SGT. George Aarons, YANK staff photographer in the Middle East, drove 1,600 miles in a jeep across a desert and mountains to get the remarkable pictures, on these three pages, of a Free French firing squad executing two Nazi spies at Aleppo, Syria. With him went Sgt. Burgess Scott, YANK staff correspondent, who sent back the following eyewitness account of the execution:

"The execution ground was a bleak, dusty place surrounded by crude stone walls. In the background, above a low hill, was an Arab mosque over which the sun would soon rise. A great niche was cut into the hillside to form a backstop for the bullets. A short distance from the backstop were two wooden stakes, four inches in diameter, with a coil of rope at the base of each.

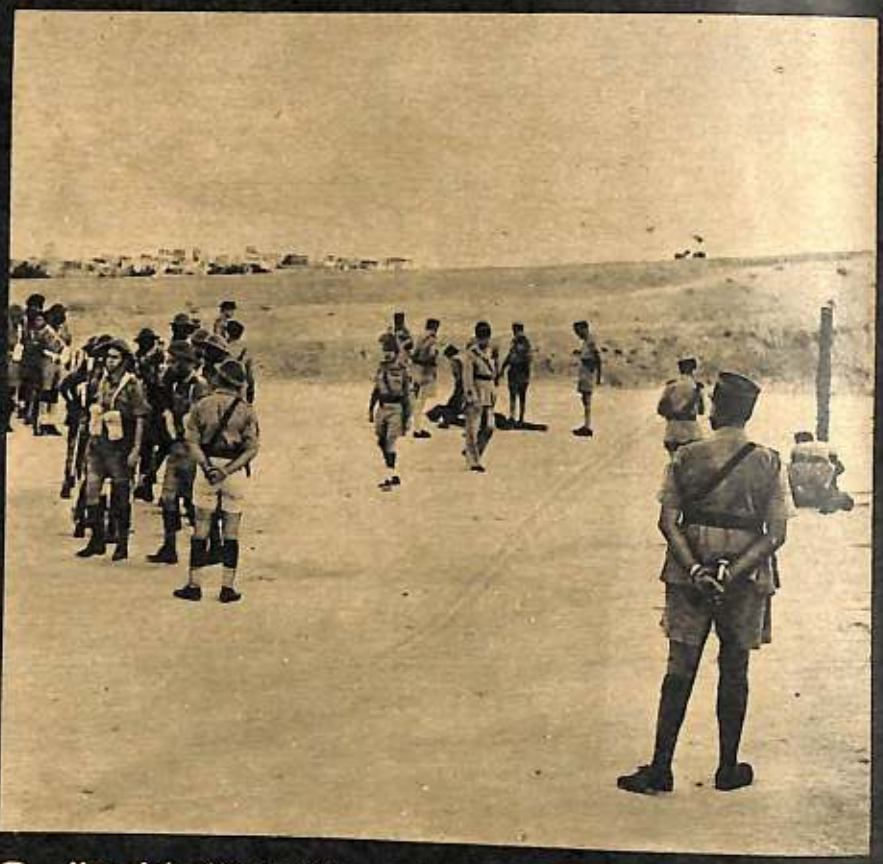
"Two firing squads of 12 men each, one squad for each of the doomed spies, took positions six meters from each stake. Six men of each squad knelt and six stood behind. The noncom in charge inspected the rifles. An officer superintended the loading—six live cartridges and six blanks in each squad—so that no man knew for certain whether his rifle contained a live or a dummy load.

"Minutes later a lone military truck drove up with the convicted spies and their guards. Soldiers alighted and stood at each side as the prisoners left the rear of the truck. The tall one wore a

6. Seconds after the rifles fire, leaving a haze of smoke between stakes, two noncoms advance with revolvers for the coup de grace.

7. One shot in each head, and the two are dead, in actuality, and officially. One lies on the ground, the other hangs kneeling from his stake.

8. The ceremony over, soldiers in firing squads stand up, while others start to remove bodies, first taking the taller man from stake.



9. Men of the firing squads are given the order to fall out by the noncoms. Now both dead lie by their stakes on the execution ground.

brown polo shirt and slacks, the short one a white shirt and shorts. The tall one almost swaggered as he walked toward his stake, pausing once to look around at the firing squad.

"The spies were bound to the stakes, both refusing blindfolds. The French officer who was their defense counsel came up, and, according to custom, kissed them farewell on each cheek. Another French officer read the official charge and sentence. Then the officers drew back and the firing squads aimed their rifles.

"Straining against his stake, the tall one shouted, 'Down with England, down with Russia, long live France, victim of England and Russia!' Then the short one chimed in with 'Down with England—' but his speech was cut short by the downward swing of the noncom's saber and the crash of the 24 French rifles."

Regulations do not permit publication of the spies' names. They were both trained in German espionage and sabotage schools before they were assigned to Syria and the Levant States. The spies had planned to spread destruction by blowing up power plants and reservoirs. They even carried poison to put into the food and drink of Allied soldiers. One of them was instructed to join a refugee army and send back reports on its activities. But French Surete agents nabbed the pair as they stepped off the train at Aleppo.

They were given every opportunity to clear themselves at a military trial in Aleppo but could not build up a convincing defense. Clutching at straws and contradicting themselves, they even pleaded at one time in the trial that they had come into Syria to work as British agents. Finally, as the weight of evidence became overwhelming, the spies broke down and made full confessions.

Arctic Adventure

ONE OF THE EXPEDITION'S TWO MOTOR SLEDS WITH ITS TRAILER, USED IN TRAVELING TO SUB-STATIONS OVER THE GREENLAND ICECAP TO GATHER WEATHER DATA

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ONE morning late in August, 1942, at a base command somewhere on the southeast coast of the U. S., 2nd Lt. Randolph Post Eddy, fresh from OCS, answered an urgent summons to appear before his CO, a tough and forthright colonel.

"Eddy," the colonel said, "there's a hell of a big job to be done up north and we've got to get it started in a hurry. It will be a thankless, nasty business. Are you interested?"

"Well, I——" Lt. Eddy began.

"Good," the colonel said. "Now, here's the set up. Where you're going there'll be a nice little group. There'll be three officers and seven enlisted men, and all of them will be experts on either weather or radio. You'll have full weather and radio equipment, and enough supplies to last a year. You've heard the expression 'The weather comes from the north,' haven't you? Good. Fine. Now, what does this all add up to?"

"I—uh——"

"It adds up to this. Over in England we have an organization called the 8th Air Force, and the 8th Air Force likes to know *today* what the weather will be like over Germany *tomorrow*. It helps them in a business way. Now, if we can get regular weather observations from strategic points on the Greenland Icecap we can put them together with reports from New England and Canada and a few other places and give the 8th Air Force the information it wants. You understand, of course, how vital such information is."

"Sir, I——"

"There will, of course, be things to break the monotony up there." The colonel toyed with a third endorsement on his desk. "You'll be expected to assist in rescue operations for planes forced down in your area and you'll get a chance to test cold-weather equipment. There'll be little things like that."

"Uh, I believe——"

"There may even be several Nazi stations tucked away up there. But whether there are or not, I might as well tell you that you'll be isolated on that goddamned icecap for a year, at least. Now, on a mission of this sort I want volunteers only. You're prepared to volunteer, of course."

"Uh——"

The colonel pounded his fist joyfully on the desk. "Splendid. Now for the orders. You will proceed, on or about September 1 to. . ."

That's how Lt. Eddy, a strictly Temperate Zone fellow whose only previous experience of operations in snow and extreme cold consisted of throwing snowballs at his fraternity brothers at Dartmouth, volunteered for a year's duty in the ice-cube tray of the world's refrigerator—in Greenland, somewhere north of Cape Farewell.

As things turned out, the colonel had overstated his case, but only by seventeen weeks. For almost nine months—from early September, 1942, until the end of May, 1943—Lt. Eddy, with ten other men at the start and only six at the end, stuck it out on the Greenland Icecap. The wretched little band officially constituted an AAF Security Expedition and its headquarters, a dot on the maps back home, was labelled the Greenland Icecap Weather and Rescue Station.

That HQ, which the men christened simply "The Cap," was a one-roomed wooden shack, 18 by 24, with built-in triple-decker bunks along three of its walls and a radio receiving and sending set along the other. Situated in a gully near a fjord that is ice-choked at least eight months a year, the shelter was almost entirely surrounded by tightly packed snow. Only an escape hatch through the roof led to the light and air above. It was a constant struggle for the men to beat down loneliness and boredom.

AT the beginning, after a Coast Guard trawler had unloaded them and steamed back south to civilization, and before the severe weather, the assignment hadn't seemed so bad. While constructing their buildings, setting up their radio and meteorological equipment and storing their supplies, the men in the expedition had been in good spirits. They joked and kidded each other quite a bit. They even kidded Lt. Eddy—discreetly, of course—about how he had "volunteered" for the Icecap assignment.

The men built their hutment HQ early in September, 1942. At that time the outfit consisted of 10 soldiers and one civilian—a Norwegian trapper and

The only contacts these soldiers had with the rest of the world during nine months on the storm-swept Greenland Icecap were two bags of mail, dropped from the air in November and March, and a radio program once each week.

LT. RANDOLPH P. EDDY, EXPEDITION CO. SAMPLES A PIE BAKED BY BASHFUL T-4 JOSEPH LINTON.

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

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford

The Expedition HQ in the fall before the heavy snow came. In winter, it was buried under 25 feet of snow.

dog-sled driver named Johann Johanssen, whom they had met on the coast. But later Capt. A. Innes-Taylor, an expert on Arctic life, who had been on two Byrd expeditions and had helped Lt. Eddy and his men install their weather and radio equipment, went back to the States. He hoped to persuade the War Department to send Eddy's unit additional supplies and materials which he felt were needed if the men were to get through the long winter.

Then, late in November, Lt. Max Demorest of Flint, Mich., a brilliant glaciologist whose knowledge of the Icecap had been of great value to the expedition, was killed when the motor sled he was driving swerved suddenly into a snow-covered crevasse.

That left—in addition to Lt. Eddy and Johanssen—seven enlisted men: S/Sgt. Charles Howes of Stamford, Conn., S/Sgt. Arthur Hall of Chicago, Sgt. Willis Bell of Minnesota; Sgt. Simon Karatzas of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Sgt. Don Tetely of Weeping Spring, Tex.; Cpl. Arthur Goldstrom of Baltimore, Md., and T/4 Joseph Linton of Fernandina, Fla.

None of these men had ever endured the sub-zero miseries of the Arctic before, and only one, Sgt. Howes, had ever been interested in meteorology as a civilian. After Lt. Demorest was killed, the men left had to learn Arctic life the hard way or perish. They learned.

The art of waiting was something the bored and listless members of the Security Mission, buried under 25 feet of snow, got plenty expert at. For almost nine months they waited for one thing or another practically all the time. They waited for mail, which was dropped to them by plane just twice, once in November, once in March. They waited for fresh food and for urgently needed supplies, which never came.

On long northern nights they waited through 20 hours of darkness for the light of day. On rescue missions in the white desolation of the interior, when storms of such violence broke out that even a crawling progress was unthinkable, they dug trenches two feet down in the glare ice, pitched their Arctic pup tents to the windward, wormed down into their sleeping bags and—waited.

The Security Expedition's biggest job was to obtain and transmit weather information by radio four times a day to the base command in Southern Greenland. There it was analyzed, fused with reports from other stations and compiled in an over-all daily forecast. The meteorological data had to be gathered over a fairly large area. The expedition set up two sub-stations, one five miles to the south of the Cap, the other 20 miles to the west. They moved from station to station by dog-sled (at the beginning the expedition had 30 sled dogs), by motor-sled (there were two, with sled trailers) and by foot (skis and snowshoes).

Whenever they left their sub-stations to report at HQ, the men strapped a long bamboo pole to the escape hatches. Returning hours later, they often found only a few inches of bamboo remaining visible above the deep drifts.

Getting those four readings every day seemed easy at first, but later when the winter blizzard roared down on them it became heartbreakingly difficult. As soon as they would repair their instruments after one devastating storm, another blizzard would strike, knocking down the vanes and blowing away the anemometer cups. And they were always afraid, because of unpredictable radio reception, that their reports weren't getting through to the base command.

The expedition's second major job, that of assisting in the rescue of plane crews forced down in its sector, was equally tough and proved to be almost totally futile. From September to May they were able to reach the scenes of only two of the crashes and forced landings reported in their part of the Icecap. They found that one of the surviving crews had already been evacuated by a Navy rescue plane. The other crew, however, was still there when they located the wreck. That kept the expedition's rescue record from being a complete blank.

Another crashed plane, reported down 30 miles from them, was never reached, although the men fought fierce winds for more than five months trying to get to it. Once they managed to advance to within eight miles of the disabled craft before storms, as usual, drove them back.

On another attempt Sgt. Howes and Johanssen travelled by dog-sled about five miles from their base before the storms began. The sky was gray with whirling snow. The wind, coming in gusts like a whip, drove sharp fine needles of snow into their faces. Howes and Johanssen finally stopped, unhitched the dogs and built a wind-break. Then they dug a trench and pitched their tent, carefully banking snow around it to keep the cloth from being torn to shreds.

Through the top of the tent they stuck an ice-axe to keep a hole open for air. After that they crawled into their sleeping bags. As the storm increased in intensity and the drifts collected, they took turns shovelling the snow away. They were stuck there for three days from December 23 to 26.

On Christmas Eve Howes and Johnssen had dehydrated beans and melted snow for dinner. The next morning they said Merry Christmas to each other and, when they went up to shovel away the snow, they yelled Merry Christmas at each of the dogs. Outside of that, according to Howes, nothing much happened; they just hibernated. Finally, as the storm showed no signs of letting up, they decided to go back to the Cap.

They learned some months later that the crew of the wrecked bomber had already been evacuated by a Coast Guard rescue plane.

As the months passed, life at the Cap became more and more strained and empty. Lt. Eddy and his men had very little to help them through the long hours of waiting. They had a good radio receiving set, but because it required a gasoline engine to keep it going, they couldn't use it for pleasure more than an hour a week. The men voted for the program they wanted most to hear each week. Sometimes the winner would be Fred Allen, sometimes Bob Hope. But as a rule it was "Command Performance." That was about the only show they could count on getting clearly whenever they tuned in on it.

As their long, lonely detail came to a close, there were few effective ways left of licking boredom. They had already read every one of their twenty books through three times. They played draw poker but since no one had any money and all bets were on a phony jawbone basis that became tiresome, too. They had bull sessions but after they'd talked to the same guys for months, this left something to be desired.

However, the men got along remarkably well most of the time. They had some laughs and they contrived various ingenious means of self-entertainment. For instance, Sgt. Tetely made a very acceptable guitar out of some plywood, glue and wire. Its tonal characteristics were scarcely of Carnegie Hall caliber, but it furnished an adequate background to many a lusty ballad.

Sgt. Howes, at the November mail call, received a copy of *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition* from his wife, whom he married two days before he left for Greenland. The guys had a hard time making out the notes, but with the help of Hall and Tetley, who could read music after a fashion, they finally deciphered a tune of sorts. Actually, they must have been pretty close to the right melody because later, when they heard the song back in the States, they all recognized it.

For laughs, they always had their basic *Field Manual*. In that venerable volume they found several extraordinary understatements which they pasted up on the walls of their hutment. Two, especially, they will never forget: *"Men show little enthusiasm over bathing in ice water."* (The fact is, not one of them took a real bath in nine months.) The other note was equally wise: *"In deep snow, men are inclined not to use the latrine."*

Incidentally, to reach the latrine at the Cap, the men had to crawl through one of the hutment windows into a long snow tunnel. This tunnel, dark and cold, extended about 50 feet to the right. Banked snow, a trench and a slab of holed wood, suitably sanded, constituted the commode. Needless to say the place was without heat and running water. According to Sgt. Karatzas, it was no spot to dally over the morning paper.

Finally, near the end of May, a rescue party, commanded by Col. Bernt Balchen, arrived at their station. Col. Balchen took one look at the members of the AAF Security Expedition, sat down at the radio and sent this six-word message:

"Get these guys out of here."

Two weeks later, Lt. Eddy and the remaining members of the expedition were standing before their CO, the same colonel whom the lieutenant had had occasion to recall with mixed emotions many times during that winter. The colonel was now stationed at the base command in Southern Greenland.

The men were worried. They thought the whole nine months had been a flop.

"Eddy," the colonel began, "there are two things I want to say to you and your men. First, your report on cold-weather equipment was thorough, excellent and enormously helpful. The things you found out the hard way about Arctic tents, clothing, machinery, will make it a lot easier for all American soldiers stationed in northern regions.

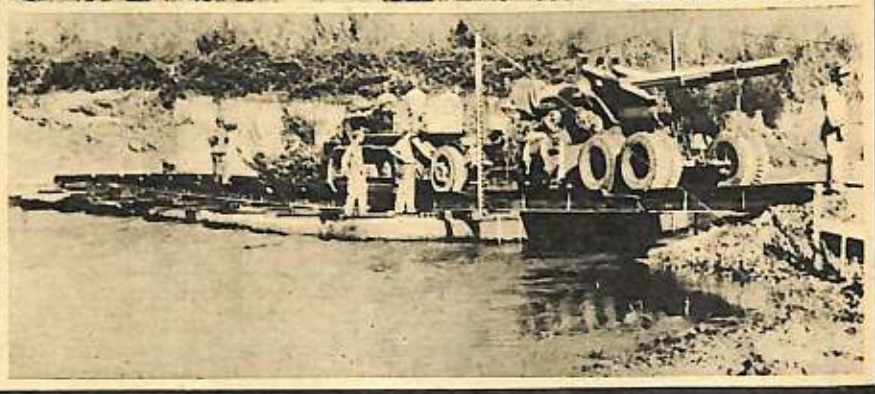
"Second, although you never knew it, your weather reports got through to us regularly every day. Even on the days when you felt sure they didn't, they did. Your signals, on such days, bounced back to our crystal stations in Canada, which shot them to us at once. I want to tell you this, fellows—you got weather for me which no one else has ever been able to get."

The colonel looked at Sgt. Hall.

"Sergeant, what did you think of the Icecap?"

"Well, sir," said Hall, "I'll tell you. It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

What goes on over Greenland has a lot to do with what goes on over Germany. The men who had an icecap for a home were there to help the 8th Air Force in a business way.



Putting up bridges isn't all the Engineers are doing down in Italy these days, though there are an awful lot of bridges to be put up. There are a lot of demolitions to be dug up, too.

Historic Crossing

A brief story of the crossing of the Volturno, where the Engineers put up a bridge under unpleasant circumstances and where Garibaldi had once run into trouble himself

By Sgt. JACK FOISIE
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—Shells were falling all around them. Shells also were falling on them. Nevertheless, the Combat Engineers waded in to bridge the Volturno.

On the newly-won north bank of the river a spearhead force of Americans were having a hell of a fight, repulsing German counterattacks that threatened, one after another, to push them back into the river. The Nazis did not want the Americans, or any one else for that matter, on the north bank of the Volturno. And you can't expect a spearhead force of infantrymen, without reinforcements, to fight off panzer units for any great length of time. It just can't be done. Even with the best will in the world it just can't be done.

Eventually the time arrives when the infantrymen run out of ammunition or run out of men and then—good-bye, bridgehead. Therefore, the Combat Engineers entered the picture. Anti-tank guns had to be shoved across the river; more machine guns were needed, and so was more mortar ammunition. The way to get such things across the Volturno was to build a bridge across the Volturno, a fact which on paper looked easy but which on damp, artillery-battered land was no cinch, lead pipe or otherwise. At this stage of affairs the only available bridges across the Volturno, due to the fact that the Germans were always leaving dynamite around somewhere, were the ones you built yourself. The Combat Engineers had a job cut out for them.

Naked, except for shorts and helmets, they splashed into the waist-high water. They struggled against the flood tide current to link their pontoons together, and very, very often they did a spot of ducking as very, very often the Germans were doing a spot of shelling. They sweated and they swore and they worked.

Though most of them did not know it, someone had been there before, in rather the same situation. The someone had been Garibaldi, and this was not the first time a liberating army had hit the Volturno head-on. Garibaldi's red-shirted legions had come to the Volturno in 1859, to find it heavily defended by the enemy, its bridges wrecked, its waters swollen and sullen and its banks pitted by artillery fire. Yet Garibaldi, who had come along roughly the same route as the 5th Army, had gotten across. He, as they, had marched with his 20,000 Redshirts from Sicily to Calabria to Naples. And now, 84 years later, General Mark Clark had chosen to make one of his initial crossings of the Volturno at a place once picked by Garibaldi—at the ancient town of Capua, 25 miles north of Naples. Here, 17 miles upstream from the mouth of the river, the Volturno is a blue-green stream, muddied by flood waters, not over four feet in depth at its deepest point and only about 100 yards wide. The thing that made it a dirty job was the fact that the current was swift and the banks on both sides were steep. It was difficult to ford on foot and impossible for what is lightly called vehicular traffic. So they sent up the Engineers, because the Engineers knew how to build a bridge where there wasn't any bridge, and if the Engineers couldn't put a god-damned bridge across the Volturno they might just as well call off the war and go home.

The Germans were making things rather difficult. As the Engineers plowed into the river the Nazi artillery, directed by numerous observers crouching behind the shell-seared crests overlooking the river from the north, redoubled its efforts to make the future site of a projected pontoon bridge quite untenable. The ferocity of the German barrage increased. Shells from 88s hit the water and hit the banks, throwing up sand and water and mud and geysers of death. When the water settled back after each explosion it was brown with silt, and sometimes it was red. The artillery was very accurate. Very.

But the Engineers, who had put up a few bridges before under similarly trying conditions, were used to working with shells falling on them. They were also used to working with bombs and everything else falling on them. They clamped the pontoons together. Occasionally a direct hit from an 88 would knock a pontoon or two to hell and blazes. When that happened the missing sections were replaced with grim haste and amid grim curses. The Engineers were very dexterous and very quick. It was, after all, a hot place and no joint for a gentleman, and they wanted to finish the job and get the devil out of there. Engineers, like all of us, are human. Across the pontoon the steel treadways, over which the reinforcements would pass, were stretched. And even as the last bolts were being slammed into place a bulldozer was carving out the approach on the south bank. On the north bank a crew of pick and shovel men did the same job.

"Fightin' with shovels," one of them grunted. "Son of a bitch."

For miles behind the Volturno, on the roads converging on the shattered town of Capua, long lines of vehicles—jeeps, tanks, tank destroyers, trucks and guns—were waiting to pour across the bridge. For miles along the north bank of the Volturno the infantrymen, fighting uncomfortably from their foxholes, kept asking themselves, "Where the hell are they? Why the hell don't they show up? They think we're going to fight this war all by ourselves?"

The Engineers, or what was left of them, waterlogged, sweating, worked-out, backed out of the way and the first Sherman tank rumbled across the Volturno. An infantry sergeant, waiting there to guide the tank into a defiladed position, turned aside to an Engineer at the northern end of the bridge. "Nice job, Jack," he said.

"Any time, chum," the Engineer said. Then with the attitude of a man who had something on his mind, he threw down his shovel, picked up his rifle, and got ready to do a little moving up—along the road to Rome.

It wasn't long after that, that everywhere along the 60 miles of the river that runs west from the Italian spine to the Mediterranean, the Yanks were going across, on every type of truck and weapons carrier that could get them across. It had taken Garibaldi 24 days to get across the Volturno. Mark Clark's army made it in ten.

They both made it. They both had Engineers.

Here is "This Is The Army"

We were sitting in on what we had figured would be just a routine Army Press conference last Monday afternoon, when who, to our wondering eyes, should appear but Irving Berlin—big as life, which wasn't strange since he was very much alive, and proved it by singing *White Christmas*. The first American we've seen in civilian clothes since we waved farewell to the Staten Island ferry, Mr. Berlin was wearing a double-breasted, gray, pinstripe suit which we imagine is more becoming to him than the sergeant's uniform he wore when he staged the soldiers' show called *Yip, Yip, Yaphank* while on duty at Upton during the last war. Probably makes it easier for him to kid around when he lunches with colonels, too.

Mr. Berlin, of course, is over here to appear in *This Is The Army*, his soldier show of this war, and he was on hand to tell our colleagues of the American and British Press all about it. The production, which ran for two years in the States, netting the Army Emergency Relief $2,000,000 and Mr. Berlin nothing, is due to open in London on November 10, the proceeds this time going to British Service Charities. Whether or not the rest of the performers—G.I.s every one—are here yet, Mr. Berlin could not say, that being a matter having to do with the movement of troops.

And troops those guys are, as Mr. Berlin took pains to point out for the benefit of a skeptical young lady reporter. "Our backstage has always been very much the Army," he said. "If the boys don't show up on time or if they do anything their superior officers don't like—well, we've got latrines and kitchen police backstage. Moreover," he went on, "once *This Is The Army* completes its English run and does a turn in North Africa, the company is going to be disbanded and all members of the cast—well, all except Mr. Berlin, who is getting on in years—assimilated into combat units down that way.

"After the boys got through making a picture of the show in Hollywood," Mr. Berlin said, "they went back to Upton for six weeks of the toughest training you can imagine. I did not take part in that," he added with a trace of a shudder, induced possibly by the recollection of his own undergraduate days at the well-known Long Island academy.

The cast, the selfsame one the folks saw back home, consists of 160, of which about a score are Negroes who, Mr. Berlin observed in passing, contribute several of "the real high spots." There was some talk about the men who play the parts of ladies in the show, brought on by a British reporter, who asked how many female impersonators there were in the cast. Mr. Berlin said that female impersonator was hardly the term that would be used back in the States for "the tough-looking mob of greaseballs who do a number called *Ladies of the Chorus*."

"The women, then, are funny in this show?" the reporter inquired.

"They'd better be," Mr. Berlin replied, "or out they go."

Just as in the States, where it played primarily to civilians and raised a lot of dough for needy G.I. families, *This Is The Army* is going to be run here largely as a cash-on-the-line charity enterprise. Two-thirds of the seats at the Palladium Theater in London, where it will make its British début and play for two-and-a-half weeks, are to be sold to the public; the other third will be doled out for free to EMs of the Allied Nations. The same will probably go for the four other English cities, yet to be announced, where the show will make one-week stands.

We started out by mentioning that Mr. Berlin sang *White Christmas*. Well, he did, but just to oblige the Press, and he gave the boys and girls fair warning. "I think," he told them, "that I'd better repeat what Joe Frisco once said about me. He said, 'That Berlin's a great singer, all right, but you've got to hug him to hear him.'" And with that, in his thin, little voice, Mr. Berlin gave out with the song we're all going to be humming again from now to New Year.

Afterward, Mr. Berlin said he had been surprised when *White Christmas* caught on so with the troops; he'd never figured it for a war song. Maybe, he said, it was like *Tipperary*, which became so popular during the last war although it had nothing to do with the fighting. "People read into *White Christmas* things I never intended," he said. "Into it they read the hope of something else, and in a way that's like *Tipperary*, too."

We have only one bone to pick with Mr. Berlin. Referring to the money which *This Is The Army* has already raised, he remarked to his English listeners that $2,000,000 "even in our country—as we say—isn't hay." Maybe the boys on Tin Pan Alley have got culture since we left, and don't say "ain't" any more, but we'll bet Mr. Berlin a shilling to two bits they haven't.

The Way Our Army Travels

Sharing a compartment with a couple of soldiers who were headed back south after eight days in London, we were just dozing off when we heard one say to the other in a quiet sort of way: "So they put us ashore about ten in the morning over in Wales. We'd had breakfast about dawn, and waited around in the rain most of the day. Then the train came in and we got on. The train started up about eight that night. The next morning we got off and they gave us a piece of bacon and a piece of bread. Still raining, and we stood around till noon, and then they marched us off across the fields. About dark, we got to where the tents were and we were getting hungry by then, so . . . ."

Sleeper Subdued

A formidable character we know, a staff sergeant, has the habit of breaking and smashing things when he is displeased. The K.P.s in the messhall which he supervises know his fits of pique and take to hiding under the flagstones on occasions to avoid being included among the items smashed and broken.

One day recently the sergeant betook himself to his favorite Red Cross Club in a rather busy seaport town nearby. He registered for his bed, deposited his luggage and went happily back to the Red Cross Club, weary but still grimly gay. He went to his room and began to disrobe for bed. Something, however, was wrong. Another soldier was already *in* the bed.

He went from room to room, only to find that every bed was occupied. So, as a matter of fact, were the spare cots in the recreation hall. The only available space was on the recreation hall floor. The sergeant, desperate, stretched himself on the parquet, muttering darkly to himself about the prodigious amount of smashing he was going to do as soon as it became light enough to do some smashing.

But, with the arrival of Aurora, as the poets say, the sergeant was completely subdued. The first thing he saw upon opening his eyes were still, sleeping forms all around him. High class forms, too. Flanking him, for instance, were a captain and a major. That's life around here these days.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

There with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough, A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou Beside me singing in the Wilderness—and Wilderness is Paradise enow. . .

We're all for aesthetics and art and things like that, which is why we so admire the murals which Cpl. Arthur Arch Angelo de Costa, of Lansdowne, Pa., is busy painting to decorate some buildings at the Air Force station hereabouts where he is on duty. This triple-A genius, a couple of whose works we respectfully reproduce on this page, seems to have the classical approach—look at that feeling for line, will you, and for symmetry and for tonal values. And then there's that erudite quotation from Omar Khayyam inscribed below the gentleman who is passing the time of day with the young lady. True, the other mural does seem to be a bit more in the modern vein, if we're right in assuming that that Mephistophelian wolf is a guy hot off a Thunderbolt. And—oh yes, the chap with the brush. That's none other than A. A. A. de Costa.

"You're Not Much of a Credit to the Fuehrer . . ."

Street Scene in Berlin

One of our more enterprising reporters reports from the German capital on the situation there, and the situation there is just what you might expect it to be.

"YOUR buttons aren't even buttoned," I told him. "You're not much of a credit to the Feuhrer."

He didn't seem in too much of a hurry to answer. For a while I thought he wasn't going to reply at all. Finally, he moved a bit closer to the blacked-out lamp post and said in a surly tone:—

"You fellows stationed here in Berlin are all alike. You don't have a damned thing to do with winning the war. You don't work on FWs the way I do—in fact, you don't work on any planes—damn it," he added quickly, because he saw I was getting ready to interrupt, "maybe you don't work—period!"

"Gus," I said as softly as I knew how, "Gus, don't get sore. I know you've got it kind of rugged out there, but don't think that you're doing it all. Remember, it's the Berlin Base Command does the organizing. Do you think for a minute you'd have a single plane to fool around with if it weren't for the paper work I do?"

I was determined not to scuffle with Gus. He and I had been friends for quite a while. We were together at his fighter station once—me clerking, and Gus a mechanic, an "A.M.," as they're called. Then came my transfer, and here I was—on permanent assignment in Berlin—two dress blouses, polished buttons, regularly creased trousers. . . . On the face of it, maybe Gus had reason to howl. Reason or not, he started howling again.

"What a setup—what a setup. Plenty of women, shows, cinemas, good restaurants, and a whole chain of Double Cross Clubs working overtime to keep your poor morale up. Good ratings, fast promotions! Ludwig, do you pray once a week, or every night, for the war to continue?"

I still had a reserve of patience. Gus was a good guy. It was worth trying again.

"Gus, ole cock," it was quite fashionable among us boys of the Berlin Base Command to appropriate expressions originating across the Channel, "how can you call yourself a good Nazi when you don't even try to see both sides of a question? Be fair about it. Take this Double Cross Club business. I'll admit it could be a lot worse, but did you ever go to any of their dances? It's a good night you're able to dig up ten frauleins for every hundred G.I.s. (Note—G.I. is Wehrmacht slang for German Issue.)

"On top of that—and don't interrupt me—the girls are registered at the clubs, and you're not supposed to take them home. If you *do* manage to sneak one out, some goddam Gestapo genius pops up with a flashlight, always at precisely the wrong time. It makes a nervous wreck out of a man."

"When you tell me sad stories like that," Gus grinned, "all I can say is 'War is hell.'"

"All right, wise guy." By this time I was almost yelling. "If that's the way——"

I looked down the street, over the craters in the road, through the building fragments—was that a uniformed shadow lurking where the gas works once had stood?

It looked safe enough. I stepped up close to Gus's ear. Some grains of landing strip dust had made the trip with him and were lodged there. I studied the fascinating pattern they made as I whispered my defence of the Berlin Base Command.

"How about the air raids," I said. I had the intense satisfaction of seeing the color leave Gus's face. Instinctively he began to scan the street the way I had done, but I gave him no peace. "What about the blockbusters they're always dropping on us?"

He didn't seem to know what about them, so I continued. "You two-pfennig heroes sit around on your sacks back at the base, way out in the country where they don't care if they never find you. You keep your carcasses warm with the best wood from the Black Forest and the hardest coal the conscript Frenchmen can dig out of the Ruhr Valley, while in Berlin we have to burn furniture just to keep the plumbing from freezing. In your Luftwaffo-clubs you cram your gut with sauerkraut and—yes, I'll call it beer—or get on your bikes and go to town every night.

"And don't try to tell me those local Brunnhildes don't go can over tea-kettle for any gink at all from an air base, even if you are just a mechanic. Maybe they can't afford to wear vegetable-fiber stockings like our Berlin floozies, but that doesn't make their legs any less shapely. And you don't have to spend a Reichsfuehrer's ransom on them to make them listen to reason like you do on these Berlin quail. Just walk them down a lane, with a moon to take a gander at instead of a blackout. No competition from these verstinken civilian 4-Fs, either. Yes siree, Gus! It sure sounds tough. And then you say *you're* winning the war!"

Just as Gus started to say something about Marauder bombers, the sirens started up.

"Follow me," I shouted, "I'll take you to the shelter that Goering doesn't use."

The street was clearing in record time. It was going to be a slow night for the Tiergarten Panzers.

Cpl. PAUL H. WEISS

A Week of War

FORMULA FOR GERMANY:

$$(defeat)^2 - \frac{dnieper}{3} + (0)^0 = (DEFEAT)^n$$

THE Germans had planned to make a stand at the river; it had been an orderly and integral part of their strategy. Berlin did not want to fall back to the Dniester, to make a line running from Odessa, on the Black Sea, to Riga in Latvia.

Berlin thought that the Wehrmacht could hold on at the Dnieper, and the men who commanded the Wehrmacht in the field thought so, too. For the Dnieper was a beautiful and ancient natural barrier, a river that had been given many names and a history as tortuous as its own course. The Greeks had called it the Borysthenes; to the Romans it had been known as Danapris. The Turks called it Uzi and the Tartars, Eksi. On the maps of 1381 it was called Elice, on those of 1437 Lerene, and a Genoese in the early 16th century had written it down as Luosen. In the province of Smolensk, 1,400 miles from Kherson, it rises in a land of swamps, wandering in its dignity and agelessness first through an undulating, carboniferous country, then through the rich plains surrounding Kiev, the city of churches, across the rocky steppes past Dnepropetrovsk to reach the sea beyond the grassy plains surrounding Kherson. At Smolensk the river is 455 feet wide, and below Dnepropetrovsk it has become a great gash of dark water, a mile and a quarter wide.

That was the river. That was the Dnieper. That was the barrier behind which the Germans had planned, on paper, to stand.

But the Germans were visitors, tourists. They did not understand the country nor the river nor the people. And, the worst error of all, they did not realize that the people were like the river and, being like it, comprehended its gigantic course and knew how to profit thereby. The people, too, understood the visitors, the tourists, the invaders. The invaders had been there before.

The morale of the Germans was still very high, but they were tired. For over two years they had been in Russia, and they had surged to the gates of Moscow and to the doors of the Caucasus oilfields. And then, as waves after the surge, the German wave had receded. After the high-water mark at Stalingrad and the death of their hope in that blasted city they had strength only for one abortive offensive, and then all the signposts were reversed and all the roads led back. Orel had dropped from their hands, Byelgorod, Kharkov, Rostov and that great bastion, Smolensk. Back to the Dnieper went the Germans and after them came the Russians, harrying, forcing the issue, driving them from town after town, city after city. At last, the Germans reached the Dnieper, crossed to the high left bank and fell flat on their faces, trying to catch their breath. Now, said the generals, we will hold. Now, said the privates, they say we can hold. Now, screamed Radio Friesland and Radio Deutschlandsender, and all the other German-controlled radios, now we will hold.

Doktor Goebbels said the Nazi retreat was carefully planned, judiciously carried out. It was a trap, announced Doktor Goebbels, designed to make the Russians over extend their supply lines through burned and wasted country. That was the story, and while the Germans caught their breath on the west bank of the river and while the Russians "over extended" their supply lines, it was a good one.

Daily and nightly they deepened their bridgeheads, especially the one south of Kremenchug. There they drove in a deep, wide wedge toward the railway junction of Krivoi Rog, 60 miles from the Dnieper, 75 miles from Kherson. The Russian aim was simple. They merely wanted to cut off a million German troops between the Dnieper and the Crimea.

AND to make sure that they would be able to do it they came across the river at two other places one night and took Dnepropetrovsk where once a great dam, built under American direction, had stood.

To make doubly certain of the Crimea, the Russians were driving west from retaken Melitopol, too, aiming for Perekop along the Nogaisk Steppe. And there was no barrier between them and Perekop —no cities, no hills, no obstructions. There were only a few, low-lying towns on a vast level space, and beyond them waited a victory greater than Stalingrad, greater than any other victory the war had given to Russian arms.

Darkness lay over the German communique, and a deeper darkness lingered over the syllables thrown out by the German radio. The situation was grave, the hour dangerous. The only measures that could still be taken were those that could build up German morale in the face of disaster, a disaster that loomed like a thundercloud over the east, and might break the back of the Wehrmacht.

Gradually the full horror of the thing was dawning on Germany. As the stark facts infiltrated into the German mind, infiltrated also that there was nothing on earth that could be done to save the situation. The Russians kept coming on, slicing into defences, encircling, battering through.

On the other side of the Dnieper, to the east and to the north, in Moscow, a meeting was being held that, while it might not strike terror to Germany's fainting soul, meant much as far as the future history of the world was concerned. There the American Secretary of State, the British Foreign Secretary, and the Russian Foreign Minister were having a series of talks. Cordell Hull, the gray, sedate and ageing Secretary of State, had arrived with a cold; Eden had been his usual immaculate self. For the first time in Russian history, Moscow was the scene of such a conference. What would be the result no man could, at the moment, say. But the talks had reached the stage where an Anglo-Russo-American agreement had been reached and was being drafted on paper.

THE Moscow Conference did not, of course, worry the German home front. There were other deeper and more dangerous things at work in that tinderbox of incipient revolt. Added to the black and sour news from Russia was a continuous aerial offensive that beat down like lethal hail on German city and house and factory. The RAF and the USAAF were striking at German power at its source—at the lathes and workbenches, whence came tank and gun and plane. The results of the offensive were not, as yet, apparent, but they would be. Perhaps in the spring. Perhaps sooner. For Germany was not being assailed from the east alone. The Russians, who had been asking for a Second Front for so long, could, if they really considered, count on two fronts besides their own. One was in the air over Germany; the other in the gaunt reaches of the Apennines that made a humpback of Italy.

As much as anything else the air war was helping to break the spirit and will to win of the German people. For them the Russian Front, the bloody and desperate Russian Front, was many miles away, but the RAF and the USAAF were over their heads day and night. Bombs on their cities and factories were something tangible, something they could understand. The German mind is not given over to any great flights of imagination, and a bomb in a public square could strike a raw nerve in a way that a casualty list from Kiev never could. The German people were taking more punishment from the air than Britain ever took, or ever would take. Travellers reaching neutral countries were still telling of the desolation that had once been the thriving city of Hamburg. Berlin had received more bombs than London had. To soothe the growing unrest of the German *hausfrau* the Luftwaffe launched itself on a series of London sorties. Nightly a few planes were sent over the city, to drop a few bombs and report home that another section of London was now rubble. To neutral countries, however, Berlin admitted that the raids were propaganda raids, valuable for their

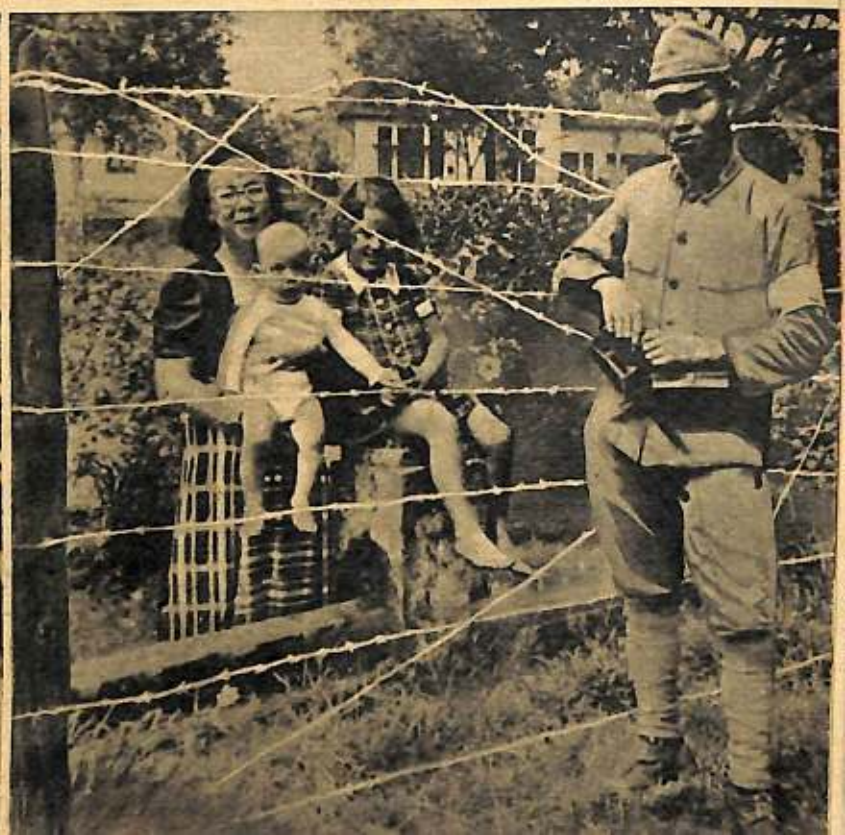
On the battered and sadly bedraggled airfield at Taranto, in Sicily, a captured Italian Macchi C. 200 fighter runs through its routine while a Spitfire, neither battered nor sadly bedraggled, looks disinterestedly on. Silhouetted against the skeletonized

great nuisance quality as well as the fact that they acted like paregoric on the sore teeth at home.

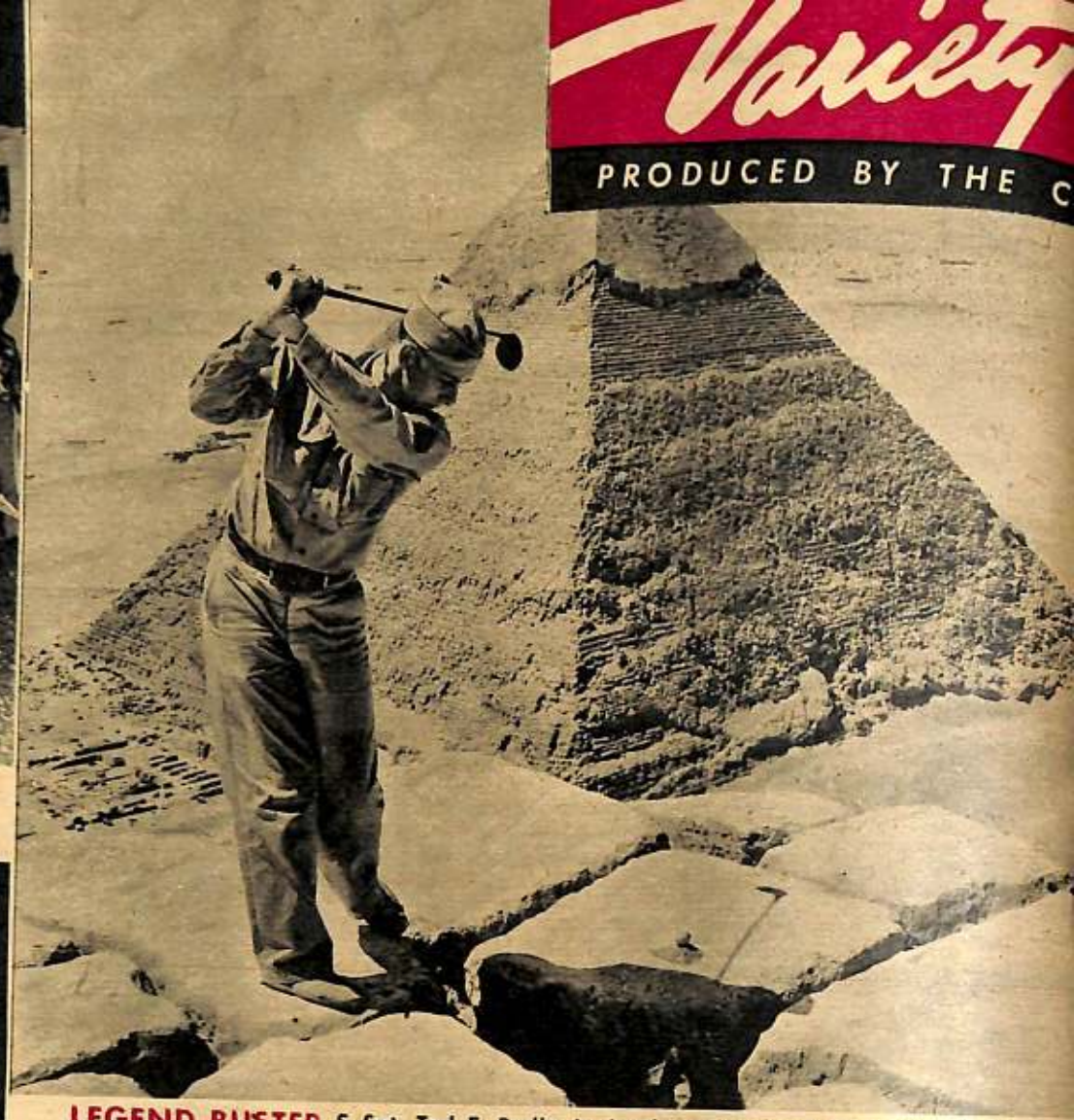
There was only one front which the Germans could look at and feel slightly confident. That front was in Italy, and there the Wehrmacht was holding its own. It was falling back, true enough, but so slowly that the retreat was hardly noticeable. The British and American 5th Army had found it difficult to get across the Volturno and, once across, they found roads mined and bridges blown. The war in Italy was an Engineer's war more than ever. On the Adriatic side of the Apennines the British 8th Army was having the same demolitionary troubles. It was slow going. The Allied commanders were quite definite in announcing that, like geometry, there was no royal road to Rome. It would be hard going, at a snail's pace. The Germans had the terrain in their favor; in the foothills of the Appenines tanks were almost useless; and it was significant of the quality of the fighting that the Americans were using cavalry in many places. At the present rate of advance the Allies would be lucky if they reached Rome before the Spring.

The dusty and woe-begone German soldier, beating his solemn, silent way back from the Dnieper, could pause and consider that even had he been able to hold along that mighty river, it probably would not have saved him. There were too many elements in the struggle, too many forces against him. He, a pawn that had been pushed too far out on the board and that had stayed there too long, could take one last look at the Dnieper River and then turn his face toward the west where, waiting for him like a lion, lay the crouching future.

Behind a cloud of smoke, a Red Army mortar crew send their weapon into violent action. In Moscow (below), Russian sailors and U. S. officers are inspecting an exhibition of war trophies taken from the Germans. One of them may have been the gift of the same mortar crew.



HANDS FIRST. This cowboy is taking a frog's dive after being refused sitting room on the Brahma bull's back. It happened at the rodeo in New York's Madison Square Garden.



LEGEND BUSTER. S Sgt. Ted E. Bodle Jr. is about to smash the myth that no one could drive a golf ball off the top of Egypt's Pyramid of Cheops and clear the base. The sergeant climbed up 450 feet and drove four balls nearly 400 yards away.

GYPSY ROSE KORDA. Lady Korda, better known to movie fans as Merle Oberon, has shown up with a pair of pins which we haven't had the pleasure of seeing before.

SKY GIANT. This C-46 Curtiss Commando has no trouble in holding over a hundred AAFTC mechanics on its wings. The world's largest twin-engined airplane, the C-46 is used for transporting men, supplies and equipment to the war zones.

PRECIOUS SOUVENIR. Pvt. Edgar Heater (right) won't salvage helmet which saved him from Jap bullets in South Pacific.

THOSE EYES! Virginia Cruzon, MGM actress, won a photographers' title of "the most beautiful eyes."

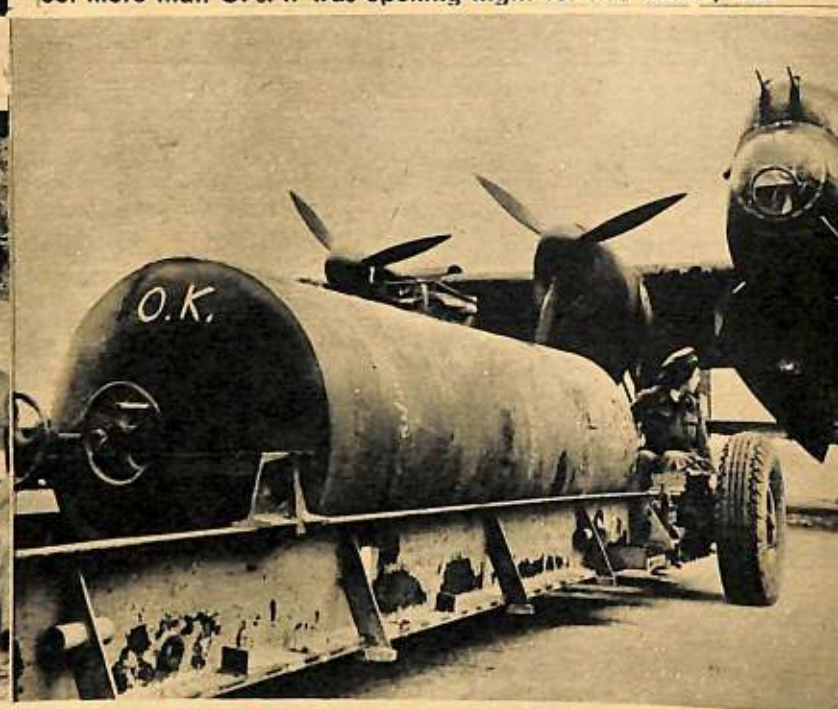
STAR IN TRINIDAD. Ilona Massey, singer and actress, made history for a lot of soldiers stationed at this Caribbean base when she paid them an unexpected visit. When she offered to shake hands all around the heart beats were deafening.

TAKING COVER. A couple of Marine Raiders run and jump into the nearest foxhole as "Washing Machine Charlie," a Jap flyer, makes his daily visit to Enogal in New Georgia.

STANDING ROOM. The showing of the movie "Wake Island" at the Post Command Theater on Guadalcanal brought out more than GI's. It was opening night for this native, too.

RIFLE GRENADE. Add a launcher-adaptor to an Army 30-caliber and it can be quickly turned into a high-powered grenade thrower. A rifle so equipped can reach the areas not covered by hand grenades and is especially effective against pillboxes.

DOG DAY. This is exhibitors' row on one of three barges used for a mass dog show on a lake in Panama. The show, put on by coast artillerymen, featured awards in such classes as "Prettiest Dog," Oddest Dog," and "Smallest Full-grown Dog."



MISTER DEATH. What looks like a small oil car is really 8,000 pounds of destruction about to be loaded onto a British Lancaster bomber. It's the RAF's famous 4-ton block buster.

Bettye Avery

YANK

Pin-up Girl

Still in a wheelchair and with her leg still in a cast, Jane Froman, who was on her way to entertain the ETO when she was injured in a Clipper crack-up at Lisbon last February, attends the first rehearsal of "Artists and Models," a Broadway show in which she will star.

News from Home

Santa Claus wasn't expected to show for very long (although kids of GIs had their own St. Nick in Congress) and a judge forgot to put his vestments on.

NOT that there's a great deal you can do about it over here, especially at this late date, but only half the usual number of toys will be available to Christmas shoppers back home and the whole supply is expected to be cleaned out by December 15th. So any little knickknack you were able to buy or put together is sure to be doubly appreciated.

Remember oranges? Well, they're getting scarce over there, too. Three highwaymen abducted a truck driver in New York City and made off with his load of 291 crates of the precious fruit. Remember rye? Israel Solomon Lesber, 55, of Cleveland, O., was arrested in New York for buying 390 bottles of the stuff in midtown liquor stores and carting them to Grand Central in taxis, figuring he'd take them out to his home, where liquor is rationed at the rate of one bottle a month.

Men are scarce, too, at least in Beaumont, Texas, where women had to serve as pallbearers at the funeral of Mrs. Leonore Gray, because there weren't any males around.

It looks as though it were going to be a sexy season on Broadway. Sally Rand, who made the nation fan-dance conscious, is appearing in a show called *Folies Bergere Revue*. Ann Corio, the stripper who has been trying for months to go legit, has apparently given it up as a bad job and is delighting Loew's State vaudeville audiences in a sketch called "How to Undress with Finesse." A comedy called *Naked Genius*, by burlesque's most famous alumna, Gypsy Rose Lee, opened on Broadway with Joan Blondell and Ann Sothern as its stars. The show got sour reviews (the *Herald Tribune* described it as "naked, but no genius" and the sedate old *Times* hollered "Take it off!"), but then the critics all panned Margie Hart in *Wine, Woman and Song* last season and the darn thing ran for months.

Ben Bernie, the old maestro who feuded it for years with Winchell, died in Beverly, Calif., at the age of fifty-two. Benny Goodman, the clarinetist who first brought swing to Carnegie Hall, was appointed a member of the faculty of the sedate Julliard School of Music in New York. Professor Goodman will lecture on clarinet technique.

The first stretch (five miles) of Chicago's first subway was finally opened. Work on it began back in 1938 and the bill amounts to $57,000,000. The city's entire system, to be completed after the war, will be 46 miles long.

Lieutenant Governor Blan Maxwell of Tennessee was one of ten persons who died in an unexplained crash of an American Airlines plane near Nashville.

Vice Admiral Adolphus Andrews, retiring as Commander of the Eastern Sea Frontier, announced that since August not a single Allied ship had been lost to submarines within a 300-mile area off the East Coast from Canada to Florida. Only three, he said, had been sunk in waters under his jurisdiction since July, 1942.

The admiral's statement lent weight to civilian squawks, long voiced and little heeded, that the dimout in New York City was unnecessarily dim, and by the end of the week orders had been issued to remove the shields from traffic lights in the midtown area. These shields have reduced red and green signals to mere slit-like crosses which made many in London seem bright by comparison. They have been blamed for a large share of Manhattan's 254 night traffic accidents in which people have been killed during the past eleven months. There were only 86 similar daylight accidents during the same period.

AMERICAN submarines have been making a much better showing in Japanese waters than Nazi U-boats have in ours. Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, announced that U. S. subs. had recently added 98 more Jap vessels to their bag, making a total since Pearl Harbor of 460.

The War Department's most recent box score showed that since the U. S. entered the war the Army has destroyed 7,312 enemy planes and has lost only 1,867. Precisely how the Navy has made out was not divulged, but officials estimated that for each plane it has lost four enemy planes have been knocked out of the skies.

Moreover, production figures showed that the nation's slump in turning out new planes, a slump which has been worrying many people for many months, was now a thing of the past and that October will probably be the best month yet seen in the aircraft factories.

But the outlook is still not too rosy. Confidential (more or less) war reports received by Congress from Navy Secretary Henry L. Stimpson, General George C. Marshall, and other authorities, showed that Germany is still producing large numbers of submarines and locomotives and that the Japs are building airplanes faster than we can shoot them down, which is plenty fast. Japan, the reports showed, isn't in the jam the U. S. is on the matter of manpower but is having one terrible time with the problem of transportation. All in all, Congressmen didn't like the looks of what they read and demanded that the public be given the straight dope as a means of counteracting the feeling of optimism which they believed was proving detrimental to the nation's war effort.

A FAR more caustic reference to the way the public is being informed was made by Wendell Willkie in a speech in the Kiel auditorium at St. Louis that was widely interpreted as an outright bid for the Republican Presidential nomination next year, although Mr. Willkie himself said he would back any qualified candidate. Mr. Willkie who, the last time he tried to get to the White House, was beaten by Mr. Roosevelt, called upon the country to remove from Washington not only Mr. Roosevelt but his whole administration as a guarantee to the home front and a sign to the world that democratic government can be maintained in the U. S.

Mr. Willkie asked the Republican party to support international cooperation after the war as a means of preserving peace. He accused the administration of failing to take the public into its confidence, of playing public information agencies "like an accordion," and of manipulating news releases "by subtle ways" toward the primary end of perpetrating itself in office. He was against a strictly Anglo-American post-war Alliance because he thought it would "divide, not unite, the world" and favored instead a joint declaration of intention by the U.S., Britain, Russia and China which would be "preliminary to forming a common council of the United Nations and other friendly nations and ultimately of all nations."

Three other critics of the administration, or at any rate of some of its war policies, backed down a bit. They were Senators Richard B. Russell of Georgia, James M. Mead of New York, and Ralph O. Brewster of Maine who with Senators Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts and Albert B. Chandler of Kentucky, recently got back from a trip around the world and sounded off in a way that Mr. Roosevelt frankly called a damned nuisance. The trio, some of whose remarks had been construed as slurs at the British, said they were disappointed to find that their report to the nation had been interpreted as a reflection on the English people. "We are not mad at anybody except Hitler and Hirohito," Senator Brewster observed.

The flurry of excitement raised by the five senators was slow to subside. Samuel Grafton, the *New York Post's* columnist, had this to say: "If some of those who are now kicking Britain in the face were working hard to promote friendship with her it would be much easier to get her to turn her island bases over to us. What's more, we'd have much less itch to own them. After all, it is better to have all of Britain on our side than to possess some of her smaller islands."

And Walter Winchell had this, among many other things, to say: "Five senators went around the globe, and are still going around in circles. Send our Allies a bill for our weapons, they demand. Our Allies have spilled more blood than America in the fight against the common enemy. What is worth more—human life or dollars? Our Allies are winning in Russia, in the Pacific, in Italy, and in the skies over northwestern Germany. The only place where they are losing is in Washington."

The same idea occurred to the newspaper *PM*, which put it this way: "Hitler's only victories these days are in Washington. Goebbels can take a vacation.

The Luftwaffe is to be reinforced by windbags."

The isolationist *New York Daily News* expressed the belief that it " may be expedient " for the existent military alliance with Britain to be continued in a modified form after the war, and added: " We should help each other where the safety of both is concerned. We should each go his own road where it is not."

That bill, which would raise the allotments paid by the Government to certain dependents of service men, went to the White House for the President's signature and may very likely have become law by the time you read this. Wives without children will continue to get a straight $50 a month (all this is counting, of course, what the G.I. chips in), but a wife with one child will get $80 instead of the $62 she's been receiving up to now. Each additional child means twenty bucks more.

The House Ways and Means Committee was still stewing over the unpalatable job of raising a lot of money by new taxes and finally announced sulkily that it would not report any bill at all on the subject until governmental expenses had been adequately reduced. The House Republicans, under Floor Leader Joseph Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, opposed increasing the income-tax rate, and Representative John Taber, a New York Republican and ranking member of the House Appropriations Committee, said he figured Congress could save ten million dollars by rejecting " unjustified " demands by various administration-spending agencies. Democratic Speaker Sam Rayburn suggested dropping all proposals for tax increases until the subject had been thoroughly explored. Sounded reasonable.

Hattie W. Caraway, Democratic Senator from Arkansas, became the first woman to preside in the U. S. Senate and to sign bills passed by the House and Senate when she took over briefly for Vice President Henry A. Wallace, who was out of town at the time. . . . Even more unorthodox was the conduct of Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black when he absentmindedly strode into the court's austere sanctum minus his judicial robe. A flunky hustled up and whispered to his honor, who beat a hasty retreat and returned a moment later properly clad.

Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, who last week popped up in Algiers on a tour of several war fronts, was reported to be engaged in discussions with European leaders of a post-war world bank idea involving some sort of Reconstruction Finance Corporation on a universal scale to provide loans for peace time reconstruction. Meanwhile, it developed that in the face of Government price controls, Mr. Morganthau couldn't make a go of dairy farming on his 1,400-acre Hudson River estate and had sold his herd of Jerseys and Holsteins in favor of fruit growing.

Twenty-two thousand coal miners in Alabama, who went out on strike when the Government returned the nation's coal mines to their private owners, almost unanimously turned thumbs down on a request by their union boss, John L. Lewis, that they go back to work. . . . Fred N. Vinson, director of economic stabilization, okayed a four per cent wage increase for 300,000 operating railroad employes and at the same time President Roosevelt named an emergency board with powers to act upon the demands of a million non-operating employes for high pay.

Philip Dunham Reed, former chairman of the board of the General Electric Company, was appointed chief of the U. S. Economic Mission to London with the rank of Minister to succeed W. Averell Harriman, who has been named Ambassador to Moscow. Mr. Reed has been Mr. Harriman's assistant in London for more than a year. . . . Prentiss M. Brown resigned as administrator of the Office of Price Administration, saying that the two major problems now confronting the agency are those of food subsidies and renewal of the price control act. His successor was expected to be Chester Bowles, until now general manager of the OPA.

HERE's an item of more cosmic importance. Dr. Kenneth Tillitsen, a Harvard psychiatrist, took the witness stand in defense of *Esquire Magazine* which is in hot water with the postal authorities because of those leggy Varga girls and a poem it ran called " Men Sleeping Beside Your Wives, Awake!" (No, we don't know which issue it was.) Dr. Tillitsen, called to Washington to give his testimony, said he had tried out a Varga girl drawing on forty human guinea pigs and not one of the guinea pigs had anything but admiration for the " nice figure." The good doctor even made his own daughters and some baldheaded men submit to the test and they all agreed that the picture under consideration was oke. As for the poem, Dr. Tillitsen allowed as how it was not " undelicate," title and all.

Vanport, a town with a population of 40,000, is the second largest city in the state of Oregon, but there's not a man in the Army who was born there. (We probably ought to keep this item to ourselves and clean up a few bets.) Vanport didn't exist before the war and it's expected to become a ghost town the minute the last Jap gets himself harikaried on a Yank bayonet. It has shops, movie theaters, fire houses, everything, but they're all temporary. The whole community was put up by the National Housing Agency for the workers at one of Henry Kaiser's shipyards.

Eight officers and men were reported missing after two Navy blimps collided in a fog off the Jersey coast. One of the blimps fell but the other managed to make its way back to its hangar at the Lakehurst, N.J., airport.

The women, bless 'em, seem to have been busy as little beavers. There are no less than 35,000 of them at work in the four largest Ford factories in Detroit where, job for job, they are reported to be outproducing the men, who probably can't get their minds off those sweaters. . . . Waitresses and beauty operators turn out best as welders, according to the director of women personnel at the Todd Erie Drydocks in New Jersey, because they have become accustomed to standing for long periods of time. . . . When the management of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco couldn't get its laundry done on time by the usual means, it set three desk clerks and five elevator operators—all girls—to scrubbing and the work was done in no time. . . . Betty Noyes Knight, twenty-five years old daughter of the late Major Eric Knight, author of *This Above All*, gave up her job with the Brewster Aeronautical Corp. in Pleasant Valley, Pa., in order to become a WAC. . . . And WAC Lt. Mercedes Welcker wrote a song that stands third on the Hit Parade. It's called " Do you Know?" in case you ever come across it on your Red Cross juke box.

Here's one for Popeye—or Superman, at least. The General Electric Co. at Schenectady, N.Y., has built a 400-ton electric motor so darn strong that it will hoist a destroyer, skipper and all, from the water up to the height of a fifteen-story building in one minute. Claimed to be the most powerful motor in the world, it will be used for war work.

Lt. F. D. Roosevelt, Jr., one of the President's sons, recently suffered a slight hand wound while on active duty in the Mediterranean. His father kept mum about it, but a Senator popped off.

Mutt and Jeff stuff: Working side by side in a Des Moines ordnance plant that is turning out bullets are Glenn Olson, twenty-four years old, who is six feet five inches tall and weighs 395 pounds, and Lewis Kroll, twenty-seven, who is four feet four and weighs 140.

Some 120,000 inmates of 47 state penitentiaries have invested $983,000 in war bonds to buy three bombers to be called Striped Lady (that's from the gals), Fighting Felon, and Spirit of St. Germain. The latter name is a tribute to Arthur St. Germain, a prisoner at Norfolk, Mass., who volunteered to let the Navy experiment on him with a plasma test and lost his life in the course of it.

Mrs. Betty Yardbrough, first lady dogcatcher to be employed by the city of New Orleans, resigned because she found the work " uninteresting."

Seventy midshipmen and their honeys got marriage licenses within an hour at the Municipal Building in New York City. . . . Camp Endicott, at the Davisville, R. I. naval base, claimed to have the world's largest swimming pool. It's 246 feet long, 75 feet wide, and holds 860,000 gallons of water and an incalculable number of gobs.

Nathaniel Seaman, a blind lawyer with offices on Wall Street in New York City, was found guilty of trying to steal $4,650 by means of forgery from Mrs. Duncan Phyfe, a relative of the famous cabinet maker. He can get anything up to sixteen years.

The Rev. Dr. Randolph Ray, rector of New York's famous Little Church Around the Corner, who has married 2,434 couples since America entered the war, said that the average American bride these days is 21 years old, and at her wedding usually

In Boston, this 2½-year-old will-o'-the-wisp was found flitting—as is—along the beach at Sunset Lake just before the cold weather set in. It's Marlin Emslie, and her face isn't even pink.

Here's how coastguardsmen like to test the breeches buoy. The dauntless subject is Susie Barnes, a Spar from nearby Boston. Don't fret men—Susie always lands on her feet.

wears a blue suit or frock, a small veiled hat, and a corsage, and prefers a simple ceremony with only two guests. Her husband is 24, in uniform, and mighty serious about it all.

When not altar-bound or working, however, lots of American women are showing that they can be plenty frivolous. Many women war workers, who have yet to come face to face with an income-tax deadline, are spending their earnings like slightly fried sailors. In San Francisco there has been a 72 per cent increase in the turnover of stock in the more expensive shops; in New York during the past year there has been a 50 per cent rise in sales of women's and girls' coats and 37 per cent more rayon-linen things are being bought. Everywhere flowers and cosmetics are in great demand. Liquor sales are up and the ladies, alas, are responsible for more than their share of the sales.

Juvenile delinquency in many communities is up, too. Reports by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor showed that in the last year 17 per cent more boys under 21 were arrested for assault, 26 per cent more for disorderly conduct, 30 per cent more for drunkenness, and 10 per cent more for rape. As for girls, 39 per cent more were arrested for drunkenness, 64 per cent more for prostitution, 69 per cent more for disorderly conduct, and 124 per cent more for vagrancy.

UPSET about the increase in juvenile delinquency, the Parent Teacher Association of Seattle, Washington, has scheduled 106 high school dances for the coming winter season. If that won't keep the youngsters busy, the PTA figures, nothing will.

After living a model life for eighteen years in Kansas City (and just try doing it sometime), Samuel Scott, formerly a railroad man of Hornell, N. Y., was picked up by the police and sent to Batavia, N. Y., where he was wanted on an old charge of double murder.

Clyde Manning, of Hudson, Mich., got hot under the collar every time he saw a certain car parked outside his girl friend's house; figured it was a rival, and finally punctured its tires with an icepick. The young lady did not come to visit Manning during the fifteen days he subsequently passed in the hoosegow. The car belonged to her uncle.

Wallace Bagley, 69, Iowa State Treasurer, whom John Dillinger tried to shoot during the robbery in 1934 of a bank in Mason City, died at Des Moines. . . . Albert Seale, 82 years old, who boasted that he had relatives in every one of the 254 counties in Texas, died in Beaumont. . . . John Cronin, once a WPA worker who won $85,000 on an Irish Sweepstake ticket in 1937, died in Jersey City, N.J., at the age of thirty-three—proving that riches aren't everything.

All the action isn't on the road to Rome. Down in Louisiana, Governor Sam Jones declared martial law in Plaquemines Parish and sent 500 state guardsmen into Pointe-a-la-Hache to kick out Acting Sheriff Ben Slater and install Walter Blaize, the Governor's appointee. The guardsmen were met at the town line by an armed posse led by District Attorney Leander Perez, of the Slater camp, whose men erected blazing barricades across all highways leading into their community. Perez called off his posse to avoid actual combat. The brief insurrection was the climax of a four-month court battle over Sheriff Slater's post.

In Bradenton, Florida, Sexton Frank M. Brunton of Christ Episcopal Church had bootleggers in his belfry. Climbing up to see what made the bells sound so woozy, he found that someone had installed a moonshine liquor still in the steeple, complete with a ten-gallon boiler.

John Thomas, keeper of the Cleveland, Ohio, zoo, was killed by a male spotted leopard named Bozo.

It shouldn't happen to a dogface, but it did happen to a cop named Joseph Kasperan of Yonkers, N.Y. Kasperan was in a drugstore near Getty's Square one dark rainy night when he saw his trolley go by. Rushing out, he was just about to make it when an automobile got in his way. "You ——!" yelled Kasperan. "Get the hell out of here or I'll lock you up!" With that the door of the auto opened and out stepped Chief of Police William A. Kruppenbacher. Kasperan is now awaiting a departmental trial on charges of conduct unbecoming, etc., etc.

Twenty persons were injured when the Chicago-bound Olympian express was derailed at Paragon, near Miles City, Montana.

Mrs. Beulah Greer, of Memphis, Tenn., charged in divorce court that her husband, a pilot who flies a cotton-dusting plane, kept tabs on her comings and goings by painting a large yellow spot on top of her car so that he could spy on her from the air.

Hotels in New York City are so crowded that churches are now providing lodgings for servicemen visiting the town on furlough.

A load of heckling passengers got so on the nerves of a bus driver in Seattle, Wash., that he stopped his machine, announced: "I don't have to take that from any of you," got out and went home.

Civilian rations of ammunition have reached a new low, judging from the following advertisement which appeared in the Twin Falls, Idaho, *Times-News*: "Mister Farmer, your crops are being eaten by pheasants. Sell me your quota of 12 gauge shells and I will help rid your farm of surplus pests." . . . The ammunition shortage has prompted Missouri to legalize the use of bows and arrows for duck hunting, and the ducks say they aren't a bit scared.

In a Hartford, Conn., barber shop, one of the chairs is manned by George Rogow, Democratic candidate for reelection as alderman from the 3rd Ward; Louis Kosoff, the Republican nominee for the same post, presides at an adjoining chair. The customers never get a word in edgewise.

Sabu—you remember Hollywood's elephant boy—is training to be an aircraft mechanic at the Army Training Center at Santa Ana, Calif.

Explaining that he was in immediate need of some valuable papers locked in his safe at home, a man in Omaha, Neb., induced a professional locksmith to help him crack open its steel door. Later, Nick Mercurio reported to police that someone had entered his home during his absence, broken into his safe, and stolen $950 in cash and $1,800 in jewelry. Same house, of course; same safe. The locksmith, when asked what he knew about the case, was amazed. "Why!" he exclaimed. "I worked for two hours last night helping a gentleman open that thing!"

A $1.50 alarm clock that has cost him $1,100 is the albatross around the neck of Walter Ilsley, a drugstore owner of Memphis, Tenn. Ilsley sold the darn thing to one Rush Bryne last December for $5.45, a violation of the Emergency Price Control Act. He was fined $1,000 in Federal Court last July and now the General Sessions Court has told Bryne he may collect $50 for damages and an additional $50 for his lawyer's fee.

THAT man Errol Flynn is costing us more in cable charges than the President. Now he's agreed to submit to a blood test to determine whether one Shirley Hassau is right about his being the father of her two-year-old daughter. Flynn says he's not but admits giving La Belle Hassau $200 shortly after the baby was born as "a nuisance abatement investment." Seemed like a good idea at the time. . . . In Hollywood, Judge John G. Clark suspended until after the war a paternity suit against Lt. (jg) Henry Fonda filed by Barbara Thompson, who says he's the father of her three-month-old daughter.

It looked as if New York was in for one of its better murder mysteries. Early last Sunday evening, Mrs. Patricia Lonergan, attractive, 22-year-old wife of a Canadian airman, was found bludgeoned to death, apparently with an antique table lamp, in her expensive Manhattan apartment. The last person known to have seen her alive, a 43-year-old interior decorator with whom Mrs. Lonergan had been out on a twelve-hour tour of night clubs, winding up at 6 a.m., was detained by police as a material witness.

Mrs. Lonergan's body was discovered by Peter Elser, a Marine captain, who called at 6 p.m. Sunday, twelve hours after the woman returned home from her round of the hot spots. A maid let him in and he waited a while for Mrs. Lonergan, with whom he had a dinner date, to come out of her bedroom. When she failed to after a reasonable length of time, he tried the door and found it locked. Breaking it down, he came upon Mrs. Lonergan's body. It was nude.

Wayne Lonergan, with whom the dead woman eloped in 1941, was said to have visited his wife the Saturday before she died. He was arrested by Toronto police, and the New York authorities said they understood that he had scratches on his face. He and Mrs. Lonergan had been separated for some time. There is a two-year-old son. Police were questioning Jean Murphy, 22-year-old actress, with whom they said Lonergan spent Saturday night and most of Sunday.

Othello, with Paul Robeson in the title role, opened on Broadway and was enthusiastically applauded by the critics. It was the first time Manhattanites could remember that a Negro had played the part of the Moor of Venice with an otherwise white cast. . . . *I'll Marry You Sunday* has been chosen as the title for a forthcoming musical comedy by Dawn Powell and Irving Graham, based on Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*. It's due for a Broadway opening soon.

The Los Angeles Superior Court approved a contract under which Shirley Temple will do one picture a year for the next seven years. She's to get 25 grand for the first film, but 60 per cent of that goes for taxes.

When he's not whooping it up in the jungle, Tarzan is apparently a tough baby to get along with. Johnny Weissmuller's third wife, the former Beryl Scott, wants to divorce him on grounds of incompatibility. His first two—Bobbie Arnst and Lupe Velez—tossed him overboard, too.

• Four officials of a New York egg company were sent to jail for from one to four years for conspiring to defraud the Government in connection with overseas shipments of dried eggs—but the judge didn't make them eat any of the stuff.

Mail Call

How Now, Cholly Knickerbocker

Dear YANK:

Back in that mythical kingdom of the U.S.A., where men are in the Army and women are welders, even privates first class have their innings, as is attested by the following quotation from a Philadelphia society column:

"Private (fc) F. Woodson Hancock, Jr., U. S. Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, of "Sunwood Farm," Valley Forge, has returned home for a ten-day furlough."

As I recall, through a cloud of misty tears, home was never like this before.

From BRITAIN

GIs And The Ladies

Dear YANK:

Regarding a letter written by "Disappointed," an English lass, in last week's issue of YANK, I'd like to put in my threepence worth and inform the young lady how one particular G.I. feels about her slam on American soldiers.

For one thing, I can't for the life of me conceive how any one person can be narrow minded enough to criticize the American G.I. as a whole for the degrading manner of a paltry few. I am quite sure that not one Yankee Doodle Boy Scout has condemned the British women as a whole for the actions perceived in and about Piccadilly Circus.

I can only feel sorry for any one who has the one-celled idea that by our actions American womanhood is being made to suffer. I am sure that not one Yank lassie feels dishonored.

Where I come from, not too far back in the hills, a girl gets as much respect as she demands.

A GI BOB

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I have been in the ETO for several months and have met some very nice English girls who have all my respect. As in any large group, there are good and bad together, and there are plenty of decent Yanks who love to have a good time in a nice way. It just so happens that people with the same ideas do not always meet or get together.

It is the desire of this one Yank that a better understanding could be had by one and all. It is the misdeeds of a few that make things hard for the rest. So, boys, remember that you have sisters, and maybe wives back home who are ladies and have respect and honor. So if a girl acts a lady, treat her as one in England or wherever you go.

After the war there should be a feeling of mutual friendship between us all instead of a feeling that Americans are vulgar and a sissy class of fellow, and I'm no chaplain when I say all of this, but just a Yank who has a wife and several sisters, all ladies.

YANK, your magazine is tops for its reading matter. Keep up the good work and we boys will do our best to "keep 'em flying" until victory is ours.

S/Sgt. PAUL C. WARD

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Here's this G.I.'s first ink ration to your excellent magazine.

My few words concern the young lady asking the whereabouts of the self-respecting U. S. men.

I happen to know the whereabouts of several. You can find them most any evening in their barracks, writing the folks back home or sitting around the fire spinning yarns of the good old civilian days back in the States.

Young ladies, you won't find them at the dance, maybe one out of a hundred. So any time you all are free, drop in barracks 25 and join our sewing circle with your yarns of Britain.

S/Sgt. JOHN E. BARNES

Britain.

Check And Double Check

Dear YANK:

Herewith enclosed is a result of extreme "free association." If you can use it, help yourself.

"WHO'D HAD WHAT?"
Of all the words and phrases
Ever spoke or writ,
The most annoying is
"Chum, you've had it!"

PHILIP R. SCHEIR
S/Sgt. AAF

Britain.

All About Alexis

Dear YANK:

I am hoping this will put you straight on the question concerning the height of lucious Alexis Smith.

Miss Smith is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs about 128 lb., which is not too much for a girl of such classic proportions.

I have knocked around Hollywood (as an actor and physical culturist) for several years and can truthfully say that Alexis is one of the ranking beauties of the classic type in the movie industry.

PRIVATE ROBERT N. LAURENT of West Warwick, "Mr. Rhode Island of 1940," who is with the Army's armored forces, has been called to Hollywood for the part of the "Strong Man" in the forthcoming production of "Lady in the Dark" starring Ginger Rogers.

Britain.

BOB LAURENT
(Mr. America 1939)

Dear YANK:

In October 17th YANK a corporal wants to know how tall Alexis Smith is.

ALEXIS SMITH. Age 21. Not married. Height 5' 7". Weight 128 lbs. Bust 34". Hips 36". Waist 24". Leg length 37½" Foot size 6½-B.

LANA TURNER. Age 21. Married 3 times. Height 5' 3½". Weight 110 lbs. Bust 34½". Hips 35". Waist 24". Leg length 34". Foot size 5½-B.

HEDY LAMARR. Age 26. Married twice. Height 5' 6". Weight 118 lbs. Bust 35½". Hips 34½". Waist 25". Leg length 36". Foot size 6½-A.

RITA HAYWORTH. Age 23. Married twice. Height 5' 6". Weight 117 lbs. Bust 35". Hips 35". Waist 25". Leg length 36¼". Foot size 6-A.

T/Sgt. LINDNER

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I note with a great deal of amusement your query regarding the *height* of the very lovely Alexis Smith, Warner Brothers star, whose picture appeared in YANK recently. I am more than happy to be of assistance in this little matter

due to the fact that Miss Smith acted as sponsor for our Class Book at the American Aircraft Instrument School, Glendale, California, and I had luncheon with her several times at Warner Brothers cafeteria while negotiations were pending. After due consideration, the class, on a standing vote, decided to honor her further with the signal distinction of being the one they wished to bivouac with most on rainy nights. Needless to say, she was appreciative of the honor, and acted accordingly by kissing each and every one of us the day she came over to the barracks to have her picture taken with the group for our Class Book.

The bare facts are these, gentlemen: Alexis is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 128 lbs. wringing wet, and has a bust expansion of 35 inches. She is 24 years old, and engaged to one Craig Stevens, a Buck Sergeant in the Army Air Force, somewhere in California. I might add, in passing on this doleful news, that the above-mentioned vital statistics may be confirmed by Mr. Max Milder, Mgr. Director of Warner Brothers Productions, London, who is a friend of the writer.

YANK is very popular with the boys in our squadron. It seems to be taking on added lustre with age, not like the English spirits, ale, etc.

S/Sgt. "BUTCH" FROEMKE

Britain.

Psst, Pvt. Miller

Dear YANK:

In reference to the "Mail Call" letter written by one Pvt. Miller denouncing the cartoon ("Psst, Harry—are you sure this is the USO?") in YANK September 19th issue, we claim that only a narrow-minded nitwit would object. He sees only the lewd part of the cartoon. We Americans can only see the human part of it.

We've been sending home clippings of the YANK to our grandmothers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts; they don't object, so why the heck should he?

We're for YANK magazine one hundred per cent. Keep it as it is.

Cpl. T/5 W. L. LORENZ
Pfc. WM. M. REISINGER
Cpl. T/5 S. BUCKHARDT
Pvt. C. LOPEZ

Britain.

Dear YANK:

In answer to Pvt. Miller's letter complaining about the immorality of your cartoons and jokes, etc., I wish to offer a reply from a squadron of fighting aerial gunners. We, too, read YANK regularly, and we can truthfully say it's really a God-send.

Who in the hell does this guy Miller think he is, complaining because he thinks the YANK is getting too immoral to send to his *friends*?

As yet, we haven't heard any complaints from the chaplains, because they are broadminded enough to enjoy the jokes.

We say, more power to YANK and less to some Pvt. we have read about. You're doing a damn good job, YANK. Keep it up!

"THE BALL BOYS"
S/Sgt. M. M. KELLY

Britain.

Dear YANK:

We don't know Pvt. Miller or his friends, but as members of the infantry we feel that the cartoon, "Psst, Harry—are you sure this is the USO?" is neither "immoral or degrading," but a morale builder for a soldier.

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

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown. Art Editor, Sgt. Charles Brand. Art Associates, Sgt. John Scott; Cpl. Joe Cunningham. Editorial Associates, Sgt. Ben Frazier; Sgt. Steve Derry; Sgt. Walter Peters; Pfc. Arthur Greengroin; Sgt. Durbin L. Horner. Sgt. William Davidson, Cpl. John D. Preston, Pvt. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Production, Sgt. Louis McFadden. Business Manager, Cpl. Tom Fleming. Officer in Charge, Major Desmond H. O'Connell. Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Arter. Address: Printing House Square, London.

New York Office:

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

Pictures: 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sgt. George Aarons. 5 and 6, AAF. 7, left, Signal Corps; right, OWI. 8, Signal Corps. 9, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 10, MOI. 11, top, MOI; center, MOI; bottom, AP. 12, left top and bottom and lower right, ACME; top right, T/Sgt. Robert Dunn; center right, AAF; lower center, Dick Hanley. 13, top left, Signal Corps; left center, U.S. Army; lower left, Pvt. Frank Tynan; right top and center, Marine Corps; lower right, INP. 14, Hurrell. 15, AP. 16, left, INP; right, ACME. 17, Keystone. 19, top, INP. 20, INS.

LULLABY

(For a photograph with the caption: "Here are three American soldiers who were killed in battle on the beach at Buna, New Guinea. This photograph . . . emphasizing the grim facts of war, was released . . . to give the . . . American public a more realistic picture of the war . . .")

Was it evening, with a slow wind falling
Upon the gray and broken stillness in the leaves,
The birds calling in terror, and the sky
Broken with wings, and on the drifting shore
The slow tide curling inward, curving and rippling.
Fold upon foam-edged fold, folding at last
Upon you in the sand? Was it evening then,
And quiet, falling to sleep in the silence,
You, with your cheek soft on the ultimate pillow
And your outstretched hand reaching no more for the gun,
Or love, or the things of life, sleeping there, sleeping?

You have come a long way to lie on the sand,
Forgetful of the motion of
The slow, incessant waves
Curving and falling, the white foam lifting
The white sand drifting
Over your face, your outflung hand,
Drifting and creeping
Slow and incessant and cool . . . .
You have come a long way, a world away, to sleep.

The page will remember a little while;
You are a warning now; a message,
Sleeping like children on the rippled shore,
Forgetful now for ever of the slow
Whispers of the curling water
Sifting the sand around you with its long
Reiterant falling and lifting whispering music . . .
You are a message now, forgetful, sleeping;
The idiot print of Time on the wave-washed shore . . .

Sleep now, forgetful of the drifting sand,
The strange cries of birds in the green forest;
Sleep, cold on the sand, immortal on the fading page,
Emphatic, grim, forgetful . . . Sleep, sleep . . .
Silence will shield the shrieking of the birds,
The wild, quick beating of their wings against the tree fronds;
The storm will pass . . . Silence will cover it;
Sleep . . .

Sgt. CHARLES E. BUTLER

Britain.

As followers of your magazine we have enjoyed to the fullest extent any cartoon or article that you have published. As the magazine is now, that is the way we would like it to continue; an "elevation," in our estimation, would be the downfall of a swell magazine.

JOHN W. DEIBERT
WILLIAM C. NELSON

Britain.

Dear YANK:

We wish to express our heartfelt sympathies to Pvt. G. W. Miller, who found the cartoon by Pfc. William Scott just too vulgar to send home to his friends.

If possible would you be so kind as to print a special censored edition of YANK for this highly polished gentleman?

I'm sure 99 per cent of the men out there fighting really got a kick out of the cartoon, and they are the ones to be satisfied and not G. W. Miller's friends back home. More power to Scott's cartoons.

THE FLYING FORTRESS
"My Devotion"

Britain.

Talk About Talks

Dear YANK:

Why have you not given more publicity in your pages to the Army educational program? At the moment it is associated in most men's minds with nothing more than lectures and one hour classes. In other words it has about the same significance for most G.I.s as the chemical warfare instruction groups, and about the same drawing power, too, I might add.

This is all wrong. I write this letter, not as a stooge for the Special Service Committee, or as one who wants to become a local tin god around his camp by being made a discussion leader. All I want to say is that, for the first time since I've been in the Army, they seem to consider enlisted men as potential civilians and free thinkers with minds, however dim, entirely our own.

I completely approve of this effort of the Army to establish us on our own feet and keep us alerted mentally to the moves of current affairs. I don't much like the idea of being regimented after a long day's work to go to school again, but if we get an enthusiastic enough bunch of men and leaders who are well trained and sympathetic, the results will be great.

In the Army one not only has to act with the majority but learn to think and talk with the majority. This is not so painful and if you have any individual opinions it does not do any harm to air and test them in a large group and to submit them to the actual facts. That is another point about this educational program that I like. The pamphlets provided for the discussion leaders are filled with very carefully written history, data, and fundamentals about the problems under fire. If we G.I.s can get a few cold facts about what is going on around us, it will certainly cut down on all the windy and inaccurate bull flying around the Nissen huts in England, and that will mean an easier and clearer life for all concerned.

Sgt. K. B.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

You will probably have no possible use for this letter, as it is a protest against the present Army educational program, a campaign that you have backed fairly consistently in your pages. At any rate, I want to set down my own ideas on the subject, whether you want to know them or not.

It seems that the Army is greatly disturbed by the fact that the average G.I. does not know, think, or talk enough about the war and world politics. While he may have ideas of his own, he does not show them off properly, so those in charge of our re-education believe. In order to harness and direct the energy of such young and kicking intellects as are present in the ETO today, they have started a series of Army talks and compulsory open meetings all over England.

But why? Why does the Army treat its enlisted men as a bunch of tongue-tied illiterates? I have been in the Air Force for nearly a year now and have lived in about seven or eight different camps in America and England. If I have learnt nothing else, I have learnt this truth; that good conversation, unlike hot water or forty-eight hour passes, is just about the most reliable luxury in the Service. From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, man is not only vile, he is also lonely and garrulous, particularly if he is an American soldier. He will write letters home and talk as if his life depends on it (and, indeed, sometimes it does). He will blow his top off on any subject under the sun, geo-politics, marriage, the coming revolution, deep-sea fishing, Stalin, baseball, local government, any subject that you wish. Usually it is about his hopes for survival after the war, the kind of a job he wants to get, the kind of a girl he wants to marry. So let the higher authorities stop worrying about the free flow of intelligent conversation among its enlisted men.

This is especially true of Americans in England. Here, every day in pubs, restaurants, buses, etc., we run across a population that has had to stay at home and keep to itself for nearly four years. Therefore all English people, that I have met at least, are more than ready to talk and listen to any friendly stranger whether he is from the States or the colonies. Furthermore, whether you like the English or not, they are certainly an education in themselves as far as native slang and original ideas are concerned.

The only trouble with England right now is that there is too much OFFICIAL exchange of theories and arguments between English and Americans, and we all have been getting a steady overdose of Brain Trust sessions, International Forums, Information Please programs, and last but not least, these open meetings and seminars sponsored by the Army itself.

The other day I had a chance to study one of the pamphlets issued for the help of the discussion leaders. It dealt with the situation in the Pacific, and here is the way a meeting based on such an issue will be carried out, as I imagine it.

In the first place, they will have a full house (quite naturally as attendance is compulsory and you will check in with the M.P.s at the door). The staff sergeant in charge of the evening will be a fairly nervous fellow who has memorized his Army Talk pamphlet word perfectly. Therefore he will be able to give a detailed but clear review of "problems in the Pacific." Then the general public will say its say, and the showpiece of the evening will emerge, a man who has lived in Japan and who has a lot of fascinating facts about Japanese youth movements.

He will be allowed exactly ten minutes to develop his points, and then the discussion will be suddenly derailed. The leader will look at his wrist watch, thumb the pages of the pamphlet, and order his audience to start talking fast about "the responsibility of the United Nations for the economic rehabilitation of China after the war."

I will admit that these pamphlets are in themselves a nice job, containing in capsule form all the history, statistics, and basic facts about the question in debate. Any one can become a good talker and a good listener, as far as current events go if he reads one of these booklets.

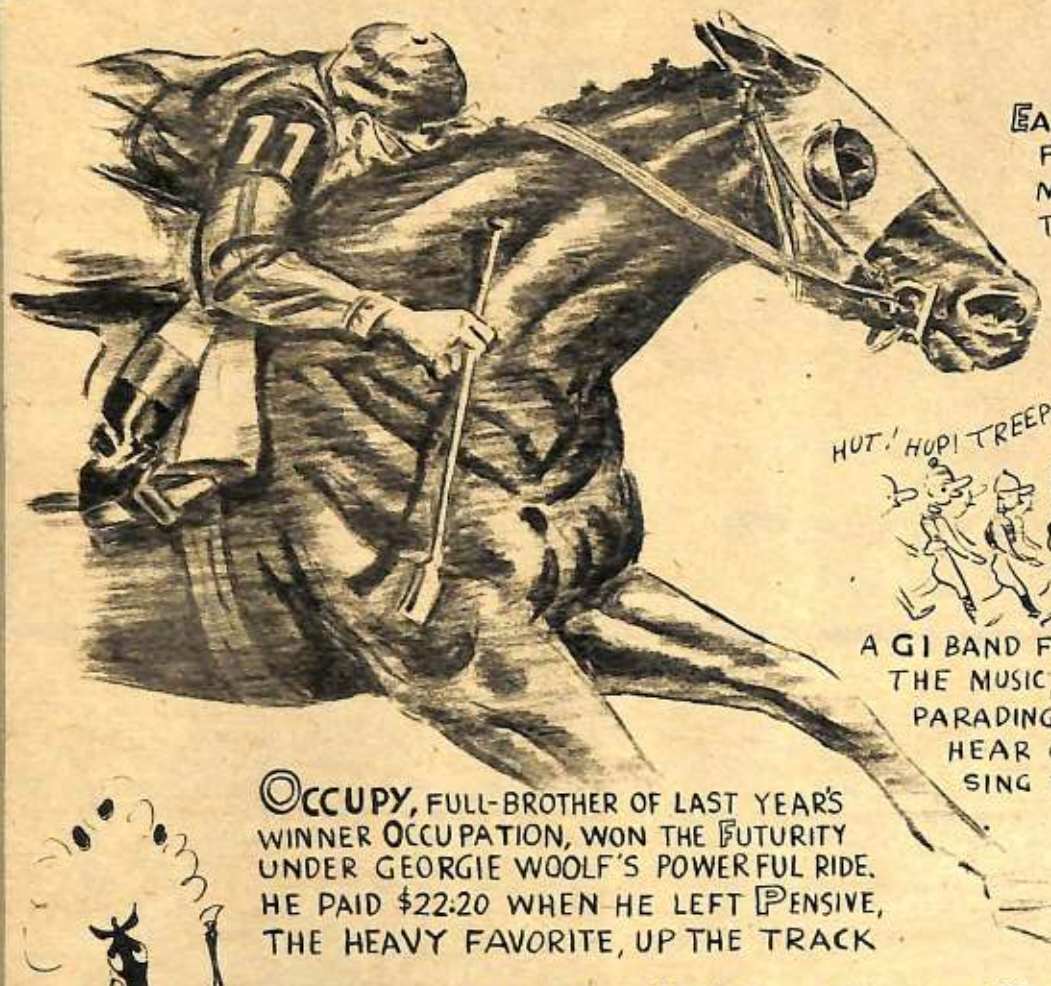
Why not distribute them, therefore, among the camp libraries? There can never be enough to read around camp, even with the excellent libraries provided by the Aero Clubs. But let us not have our bull sessions and conversations policed, stage-managed and stopwatched by a lot of authorized bores and intellectual slavers even though they may have the best intentions towards such as

Cpl. J. P.

Britain.

SPORTS: FUTURITY DAY, BELMONT, 1943 UNCLE SAM THE BIG WINNER

By Sgt. BILL FRAZER

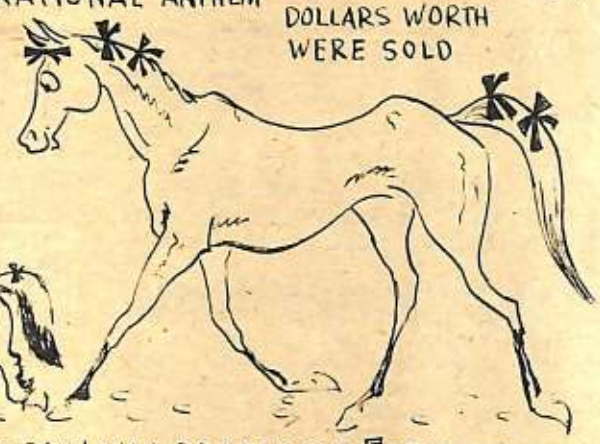


OCCUPY, FULL-BROTHER OF LAST YEAR'S WINNER OCCUPATION, WON THE FUTURITY UNDER GEORGIE WOOLF'S POWERFUL RIDE. HE PAID $22.20 WHEN HE LEFT PENSIVE, THE HEAVY FAVORITE, UP THE TRACK

EARLE SANDE BEAT THE FAST FINISHING FRANK KEOGH IN AN "OLD-TIME JOCKEY" RACE MOUNTED ON STABLE PONIES, THEY PLOUGHED THRU THE MUD TO A ROUSING FINISH

A GI BAND FROM FORT JAY PROVIDED THE MUSIC, BUT THE JOCKS DID THE PARADING WHEN THEY CAME OUT TO HEAR GLADYS SWARTHOUT SING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

THE THIRD WAR LOAN WAS THE BIG WINNER ON "BACK THE ATTACK DAY" ADMISSION WAS BY WAR BOND PURCHASE ONLY. TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH WERE SOLD



THE HIT OF THE SHOW WAS 28 YEAR OLD EXTERMINATOR. HE AND HIS PAL PEANUTS, A PONY, CAME DOWN THE TRACK TO GET A GREAT ROUND OF APPLAUSE. "OLD BONES" IS AMERICAS GREATEST CUP HORSE HAVING WON 50 OF HIS 100 STARTS OVER ALL KINDS OF TRACKS

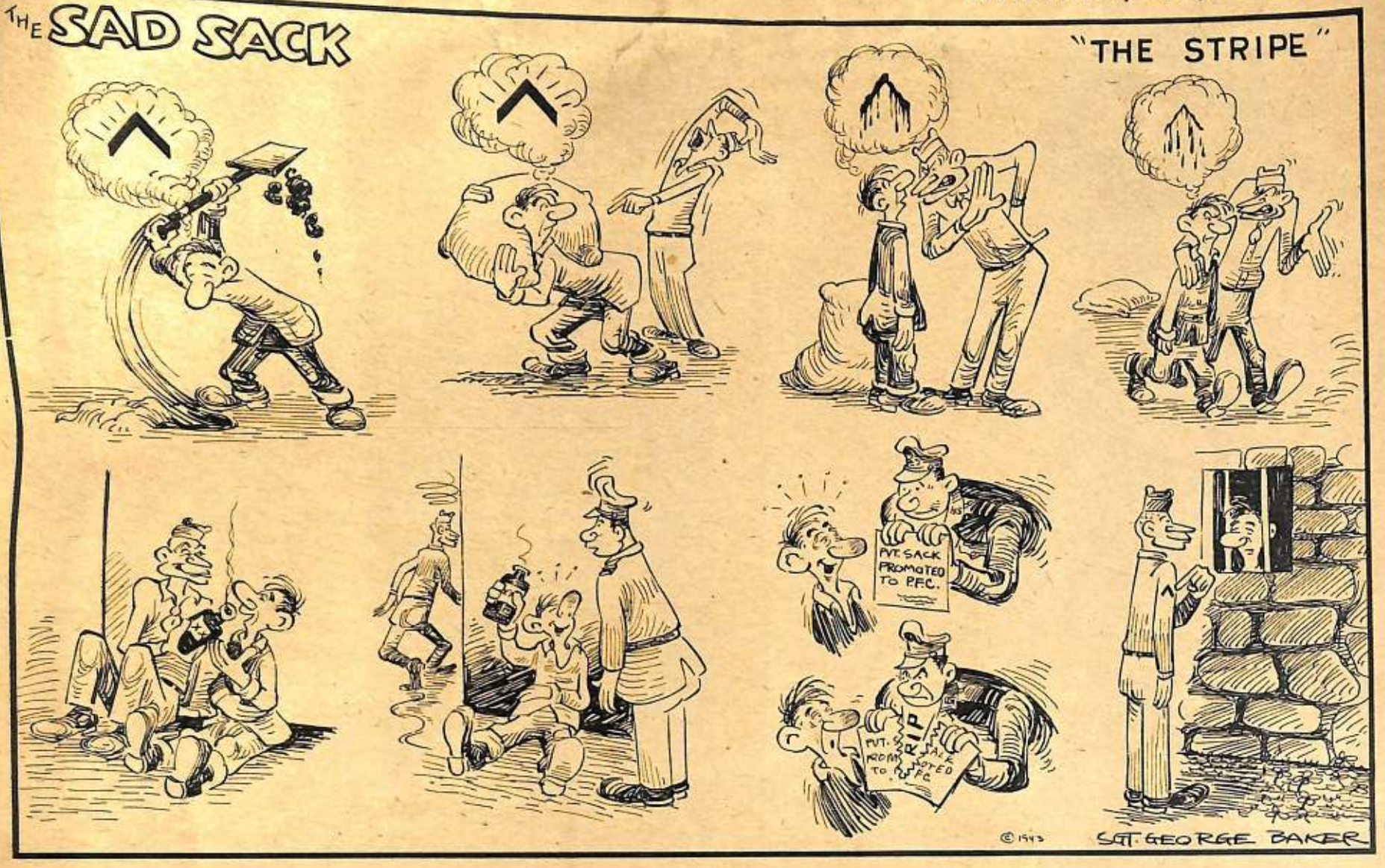
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Phil Rizzuto (left), ex-Yankee shortstop, and Terry Moore, former Cardinal captain, sat this World Series out as interested spectators. Moore came up from the Caribbean and Rizzuto from Norfolk.

Just because Notre Dame murdered Georgia Tech (55-13) and Pittsburgh (41-0), don't go too strong on the Irish to beat either Army or Great Lakes later on this season. The Irish must replace **Angelo Bertelli**, the slim passing wizard, who reports to Parris Island, S. C., right after the Navy game. Against Georgia Tech, Bertelli merely completed six of seven passes, three good for scores, and booted six of ND's seven successful placements. . . . Despite its early loss to Purdue, Great Lakes figures to be one of the hottest propositions in the Middle West. The addition of **Steve Lach**, Duke's All-American, didn't hurt a bit. In GL's 40-0 rout of Pittsburgh, Lach ripped off two touchdowns, one a 13-yard dash and the other a 65-yard scoring sprint. . . . Michigan's thunderous **Bill Daley** will be everybody's All-American this year. You can bet on that. The former Minnesota ace lugged the ball 26 times against Northwestern for a total of 213 yards, or better than eight yards a stab. In addition, he broke away on two spectacular touchdown jags of 37 and 64 yards which gave the hard-pressed Michigans a 21-7 victory.

The real tip-off on the strength of Army's seemingly invincible football team comes from Coach **Red Blaik** himself. Talking about his amazing plebe fullback, **Glenn Davis**, who has been filling in for the injured **Doug Kenna**, Blaik says, "Good as Davis is, he isn't in the same class with Kenna." With Davis in the saddle, the Cadets actually T-mollished Villanova, 27-0, and Colgate, 42 to 0. What's going to happen when this Kenna starts stretching his legs? . . . If you're interested in such things, the **Sgt. Joe Louis** boxing troupe appeared before 150,000 GIs in the first four weeks of the tour. . . . Maybe it was just as well that the War Department called off the baseball tour of the South Pacific. The guys in Africa were getting sore because the big leaguers weren't coming their way. . . . London reports that **Lt. Don Scott**, one of Ohio State's greatest breakaway runners, was killed in a bomber crash over England.

A few weeks ago, **Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** boarded a trolley in San Francisco and dropped five pennies in the coin box. Just as the coins fluttered down the slot, Joe yelled: "There goes my home-run penny!—a 1905 Indian head. Get it out!" The conductor, a girl, Mary Griffin, explained that the coin box was locked and that it would be impossible to retrieve the penny. Joe then carried his appeal directly to the officials of the trolley line. Three days later a weary official looked up from the mountain of pennies and presented Joe with his home-run charm. . . . The Army-Navy football game will be another one of those semi-private affairs. This time at West Point. When German prisoners of war at a Canadian camp put on a track meet among themselves, they invited their Canadian guards to take part. The guards accepted and won every first place in the meet.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

GREENGROIN THE SPEAKER OF BEAUTIFUL PROSE

"Wass the matter with my dialeck?" Artie asked us one morning. We were drinking a cup of coffee supplied by a surprisingly gentle mess sergeant; and when Artie drinks coffee he mellows. He likes to run over his problems. He likes advice with his coffee.

"Nothing that I know of," we said.

"Well," said Artie, "I run into a Englishman the other day and he didn't know what I was talking about."

"Amazing," we said.

"As a matter of fack," said Artie, "I couldn't unnerstand him neither. Maybe it was because he had his mouth full of sausages, but in the long run I think it was because he couldn't talk good English. Lots of Englishmen can't talk good English."

"What was he doing with his mouth full of sausage?" we asked.

"It was in a restaurant," Artie said simply.

"Oh," we said.

"Things like that cuts me," Artie said. "You can call me a rummy and I don't say nothing. You can call me a ole bassar and I don't say nothing, neither. But when you start saying I don't talk good I get boined. Really boined. Jess because Englishmen speak English don't mean they own the gawdam language. I was brought up to speak in a beautiful prose style."

"We believe it," we said.

"I can awways spot a cultured man the minute he opens his yap," Artie said. "Take you, for instance. The minute I heard you say a woid I said to meself, 'Here's a Joe with a background of culture and refindment.'"

"Thanks, old boy," we said.

"Now, the way I look at it," Artie said, "you got to be on the ball with yer tongue if you wanna be a great man. Where would Washington of been if he couldn't speak correck English? What would of happen to Napoleon? They wouldn't of got nowheres. Nowheres at all. Suppose Julius Caesar couldn't speak Latin. Suppose he could oney speak Italian. He couldn't of written all them books."

"They didn't speak Italian in Caesar's day," we said.

"Thass a minor pernt," said Artie. "What I'm trying to say is, you got to speak a beautiful prose style to get ahead in the woild. I don't mean this Army prose style. In the Army they jess yell something at you, and if you don't unnerstand it you can take a couple of weeks in the clink. As a matter of fack, if some of these gawdam orficers would speak a little more distinctly they might save themselves a lot of trouble. Do you realize what could happen if a general gave a order in bad prose style?"

"No," we said.

"Awright," said Artie, "here's a example. You're a general, see? And awright, there's this hill you wanna knock off. So you call up a couple of coinels and say 'O.K., boys, go knock off that hill.' But you don't speak clear, see, so one coinel misstunnerstands and thinks you said for him to transfer to the Artillery and the other coinel thinks you said for him to go get a medical examination. So wass the result? The result is that the coinels go wandering off, you don't take the hill, and instead of making you major-general they retire you foist chance they get."

"A horrible picture," we said.

"What happened to the voice teacher you had?"

"You mean the barmaiden at the 'Whistle and Snort'?" Artie asked. "Oh, what happen to her was she couldn't teach me nothing. By the time we was finished I was teaching her things. I don't know what got inter me, anyways, that made me think I needed a blassid verce teacher. Maybe it was jess that I was overcome by the English Isle the foist few days I was here."

"We all are," we said.

"I should of kept me poise, for all that," said Artie. "A finely balanced guy like me shouldn't go overboard jess because the rigors of the war happen to place him in a foreign place. Less get out of this mess hall and go out in the open air. I can't catch me breath in mess halls. They hole unpleasant memories for me."

We went outside and Artie caught his breath and banished the unpleasant memories. "The way I figure it," he said, "the best way to do is read good books and study the more fascinating conversations. Thass the bess way. Thass what I do all the time. Shakespeare's a good guy to use to study the interesting conversations. I'm a ole Shakespeare fan, from way back."

"A good thing to be," we said.

"But I don't jess read him, you unnerstand," Artie said. "I even take a gander at the Bible on occasion. They's some fine conversations in the Bible, especially if you're sore at somebody. They really teach you what to say when you're sore, in the Bible."

"Are you reading anything now?" we asked.

"Yerse," Artie said. "I'm tossing off a tome called *Frank Merriwell*. They's some really far-flung conversations in that job."

"You think that sort of thing has helped you, then?" we asked.

"Sure it's helped me," said Artie. "If I hadn't of been a speaker of beautiful prose I might of ended up driving a gawdam bakery truck instead of a hoise. You drive a hoise, you got to have dignity and decorum. It's part of the job. If one of the mourners makes a remark about the stiff you got to be able to answer him in a dignified and decorous way. Otherwise you'll be a ex-hoise driver. Everything's got to be poifeck on that kine of operation."

"I suppose it has," we said.

"Which jess goes to show you how the Army truns men away like they was ole shoes," Artie said. "After all that preparation in me civilian life, what does the gawdam Army do to me? They stick me behine the wheel of a truck and say, 'Go to it, Artie, ole kid. Don't get yer hands doity.' Some one of these days I'd like to get me hands doity on one of these guys from Classification. I didn't know what ignorance was until I landed in their clutches."

"They didn't speak a beautiful prose style, eh?" we asked.

"Thass the funny thing about it," Artie said. "Some of them spoke very good. Traitors to their class, thass what they was. Machiavellis."

Nine Wounded Veterans

SGT. Howard Brodie, YANK staff artist, drew these portraits of convalescing veterans from Africa, the South Pacific, Burma and Bataan in the Army's Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y., and the Navy's Oak Knoll Hospital at Oakland, Calif. Brodie found the more badly wounded men to be the most cheerful. Like Sgt. Jones, the marine shown at the right who lost both arms and one leg, they consider themselves very lucky to be alive. Lots of them, such as Chief Murphy, the Navy man, want more than anything else to get back into active duty again.

SGT. JOHN RUSSELL, a motorized cavalryman from New York, who served two and a half years overseas, was strafed by a Messerschmitt while riding in a jeep on the road to Fondouk during the Tunisian campaign early last winter.

T/SGT. RAY A. LENT, Air Force photographer, is now recuperating in Texas. His left forearm was smashed beyond repair and his right side was wounded when a flock of Jap Zeros attacked his plane over Rangoon, Burma, last February.

W. A. MURPHY, Navy chief, lost his right leg and had 25 operations and 90 transfusions as a result of wounds in the Battle of Savo Island last November. The doctor says he owes his life to penicillin. He wants to stay on active duty.

PVT. ABE MILLER, a former steel worker in New York, whose arm bone was shattered by a stray bullet on a beach at Sicily where he landed on the first day of the invasion as a truck driver in a Quartermaster unit. The wound gave him a chance to see his new daughter, who was born while he was overseas.

PVT. LEO SANDERS of Tacoma, Wash., came to Halloran Hospital from Africa with one finger missing, a fractured arm and gunshot wounds in his wrist. Now he is recuperating at the Army General Hospital, Atlantic City. "As far as Africa's concerned," he says, "Sherman surely hit the nail on the head."

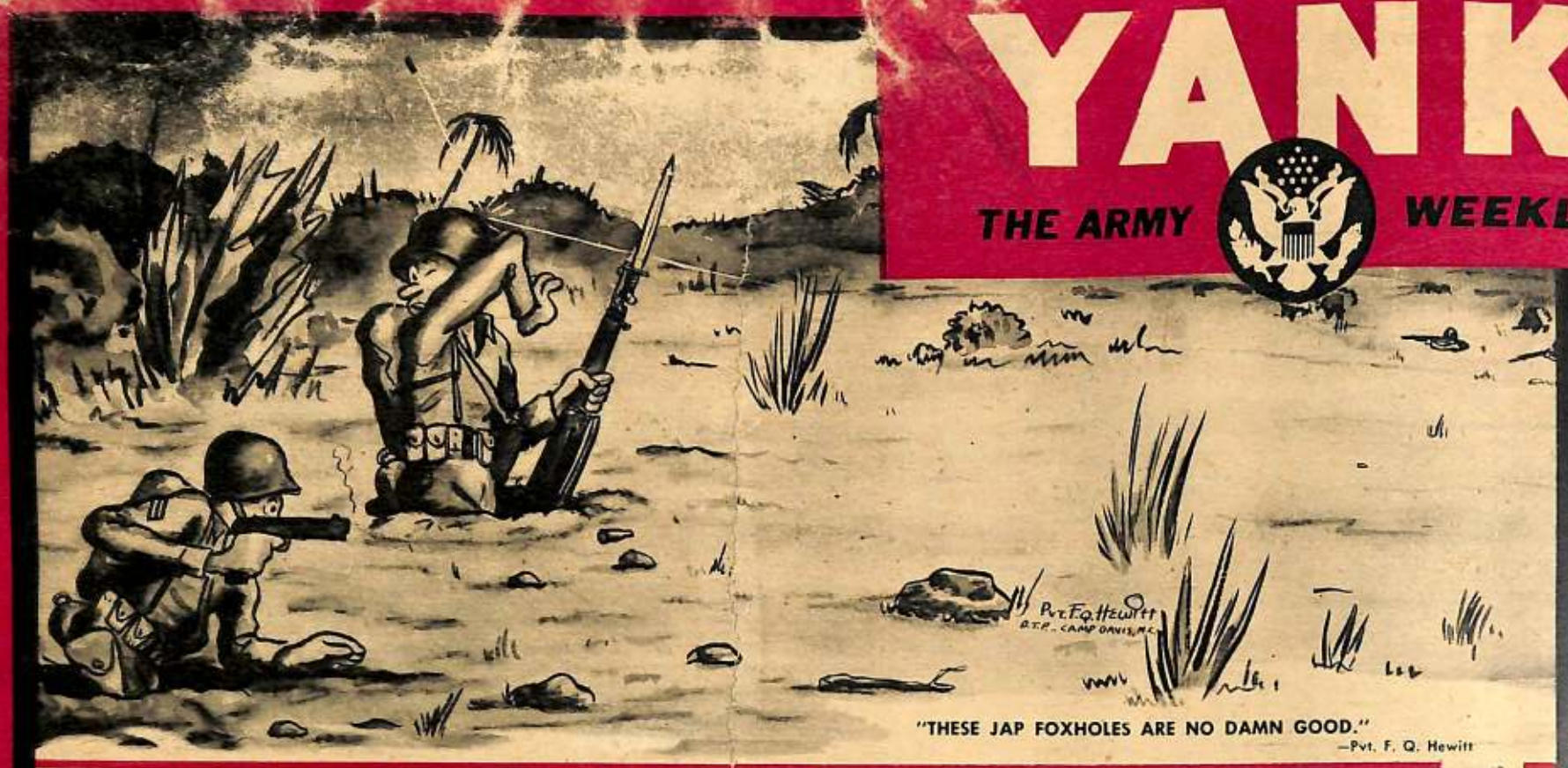
PFC. LLOYD GUNNELS, *a marine from Texas, moved forward alone during a rest period at Guadalcanal, walked into a Jap outfit and opened fire rather than lead them back to his resting unit. He fired 100 rounds before he was encircled and hit in the face, losing his right eye and the bridge of his nose.*

SGT. THEODORE JONES, a marine from Lake Mills, Wis., lost both arms and one leg at Guadalcanal but he says, "I was lucky not to lose my other leg." He hitchhikes frequently from Oak Knoll to Oakland on 24-hour passes to visit his wife.

T/SGT. FLOYD SULLIVAN, an artilleryman who was bayoneted by the Japs at Bataan, later escaped from Corregidor before it fell. Now he is a medic at Halloran Hospital, where he is still treated for his wounds. He does not discuss Bataan.

CPL. JOE SAKASITZ of Nazareth, Pa., lost his arm at El Guettar, Tunisia. Nazi dive-bombers drove some tanks off a road at night into the area where his antiaircraft battery was bivouacked. One of the tanks ran over Sakasitz during the action.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"THESE JAP FOXHOLES ARE NO DAMN GOOD."
—Pvt. F. Q. Hewitt

"I THINK THE M1 WILL DO FOR THAT SHOT."
—Sgt. Roger Cowan

"WHERE'S BARNUM?"
—Sgt. Sidney Landi

"I TOLD HIM TO RUN THROUGH THE INSTRUCTIONS."
—Sgt. John Swayne

"WHEN WE TAKE THE TOP OF THE HILL, GET A LOAD OF THE VIEW. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE WORLD FAMOUS."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt