BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WE[...]

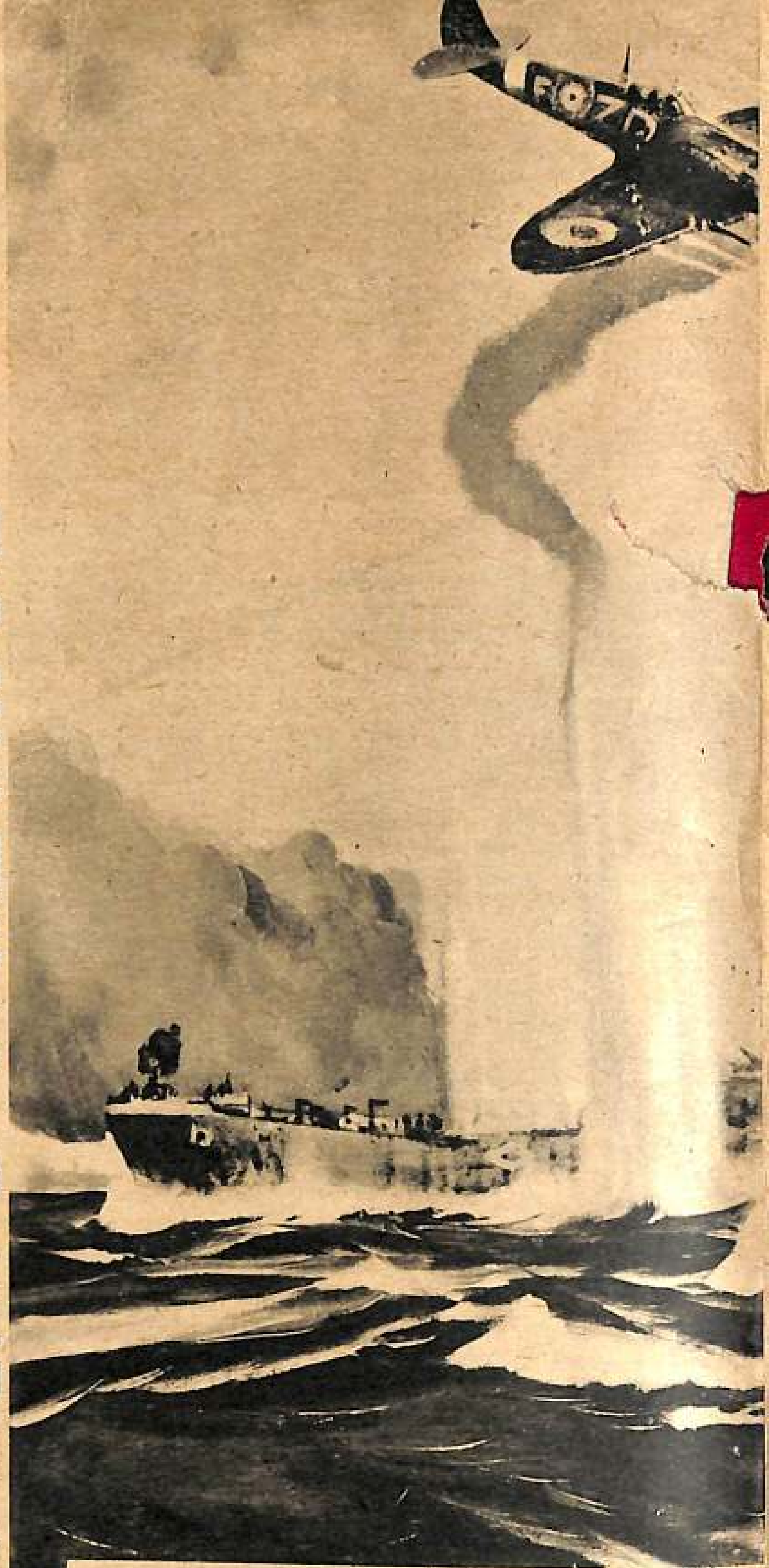
3d OCT. 3 1943
VOL. 2, NO. 16
By the men .. for the men in the service

HOME-MADE KNIFE

GENERAL MARSHALL'S BIENNIAL REPORT ON THE ARMY

SEE PAGE 2

America's problem was not just a problem of men and guns and tanks. Prior to our entry into the war, as General Marshall reports, it was even a matter of getting enough ammunition to supply both our guns and those of some of our allies who had been forced into exile by the Japanese and Germans.



Our Problems in 1941

On July 1, 1941, the international situation was extremely critical. The full power of the German Army, overwhelmingly successful in its previous conquests, had just been loosed against Russia. Strong Italian forces meanwhile were massing in Africa. In the Pacific the menacing preparations of Japan were regarded as a possible preface to attacks upon British and Dutch possessions in the Far East and upon the Philippines, Malaysia, Hawaii and the Panama Canal.

At this time the Army of the United States consisted of a partially equipped force of 28 infantry divisions, a newly created armored force of four divisions, two cavalry divisions, the harbor defenses of the United States and an air force of 209 incomplete squadrons.

Our first obligation had been to see that the troops assembled in this country possessed enough equipment (about 30 to 50 per cent per division) to permit them to be trained for employment wherever the defenses of the Western Hemisphere might require, and to make certain that we had in the Panama Canal zone, Hawaii and Alaska sufficient garrisons and armament to prevent a hostile landing. All this took time, and time was what we lacked.

Deficiencies in arms and equipment, especially in ammunition and airplanes required for the immediate defense of the Western Hemisphere, the Panama Canal zone and Alaska, and for the regular army

General Marshall REPORTS

TWO of the Most Incredible Years in American History are Documented for the Future in these Excerpts from the Chief of Staff's Biennial Report to the Secretary of War

General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, United States Army.

and National Guard with supporting troops, were so serious that adequate reinforcements for the Philippines at this time would have left the United States in a position of great peril should there be a break in the defenses of France or Great Britain. It was not until late summer of 1941 that reinforcements for our most distant outpost could be provided without jeopardy to continental United States.

As an example of the degree of our shortages, the representatives of the Netherlands East Indies Government, after urgent requests through the various channels, finally called on me personally in the latter part of August, 1941, and made a moving appeal for an initial allotment of 25,000,000 rounds of small-arms ammunition. They stated that they feared the disintegration of their ground forces unless at least a small amount of ammunition was promptly issued. We had an extremely critical situation here in the United States but the dilemma of these fine people was so tragic in the face of the Japanese threat that it was finally decided to accept the hazard of reducing the ammunition reserve for the troops in movement to Iceland to an extent which would permit 7,000,000 rounds being turned over to the Dutch.

On all the fighting fronts the Allies were in a desperate situation. The trying problem of the War Department was to meet the urgent necessities of critical fronts without jeopardy to the security of continental United States.

Our Army Today

JULY 1, 1943 finds the United States Army and Navy united in purpose and operation, a unity shared by the British, Chinese, Dutch, French and other fighting elements among our friends. The enemy has been driven from North Africa. The Russian Army, engaging four-fifths of the German ground forces and one-third of the German air fleet, has dispelled the legend of the invincibility of the German Panzer divisions. The British Isles are stronger than ever and a new France is arising. The Japanese are being steadily eliminated from their conquered

territory. The end is not yet clearly in sight but victory is certain.

During the past two years, the enlisted strength of the Army has been increased by 5,000,000 men; the officer corps has grown from 93,000 to 521,000. Included in these figures is an Air Force of 182,000 officers and 1,906,000 enlisted men. The expansion of the service units for the Air Force has been approximately 12,000 per cent, and that of the Air Forces proper about 3,500 per cent. The Corps of Engineers has been increased by about 4,000 per cent.

The development of the training program, the adequacy of ammunition and the influence of officers who have returned to the United States after participation in combat have given us for the first time a reserve of trained units ready for dispatch to the various theaters as rapidly as shipping becomes available. We are reaching the end of expansion.

It has been practicable to lengthen the basic-training period for soldiers and to extend the period of training for officer candidates. Most important of all, it is no longer necessary to drain units of their best officers and men to furnish trained cadres for new organizations or students for officer candidate and technical schools.

By June 30, 1943, officer candidate schools had given the Army more than 206,000 officers, from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel. Early in 1943, when the officer shortage had been overcome, procurement from civil life was restricted to professional and technical specialists not otherwise obtainable, and a gradual reduction in the capacity and output of the officer candidate schools was initiated to keep step with the decline in the expansion rate of the Army.

The Jap Error

THE major miscalculation of the Japanese was the apparent expectation that the Russian Army would collapse under the German grand assault then under way against Moscow. Also unanticipated was the prolonged defense of the Philippine Islands which upset their timetable for other offensive operations in the Southwest Pacific, including Australia.

The Coral Sea action marked the high tide of Japanese conquest in the Southwest Pacific. The battles of the Coral Sea and Midway restored the balance of sea power in the Pacific to the United States and lessened the grave threat to our Pacific possessions.

North African Invasion

THE invasion of North Africa involved some grave risks. The combined air forces, other than carrier-borne and a few transports and heavy bombers, had to be funneled through a single restricted field at Gibraltar which could have been put out of action by the enemy in less than an hour. The risk had to be taken. The Allies had to penetrate an 800-mile coast line and a vast hinterland with only 107,000 men open to what could well have been a disastrous Axis attack through Spain.

It was desired to carry out the North African landing operation early in the fall but it was necessary to delay until November in order to receive a large number of craft from the shipyards and provide and train the crews for the operation of these vessels. Some of the larger vessels did not become available until a week before the convoys sailed.

Three task forces were formed. One entirely American (the 3rd Infantry and 2nd Armored Divisions and a major part of the 9th Infantry Division reinforced with supporting arms and services) sailed directly from the United States and carried out landings on the west coast of Morocco. Another of American troops (1st Infantry Division and 9th Infantry Division and a Ranger battalion) escorted by the British Navy sailed from Great Britain and landed in the vicinity of Oran. The third, a combined British-American ground force (the U. S. troops here were two combat teams from the 34th and 9th Infantry Divisions and a Ranger battalion) escorted by the British Navy sailed from the British Isles and landed at Algiers.

Gen. Eisenhower organized a combined staff in London and directed the planning.

Each task force proceeded on the assumption that determined resistance must be expected. They were under orders not to fire until fired upon. A code signal "Play Ball" was to be broadcast to the entire force at the first hostile act on the part of the French in any sector.

Facts and Figures

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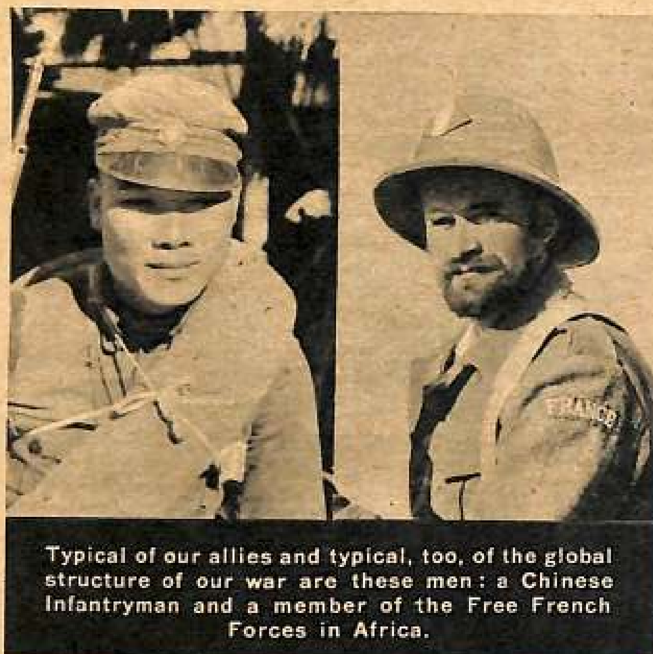

Typical of our allies and typical, too, of the global structure of our war are these men: a Chinese Infantryman and a member of the Free French Forces in Africa.

Radical changes have been made in tactical units to meet the requirements of modern war. Motorized divisions have been eliminated, the transportation formerly a part of these divisions to be held in a pool to meet a special situation. Horse and mechanized cavalry regiments have also been eliminated by substituting motorized separate squadrons. Nondivisional units (except infantry, horse cavalry and armored elements) are being organized in battalions or smaller formations, with command groups capable of directing the operations of two to eight such units. Emphasis is now upon combat teams, organized to meet specific requirements of battle.

Britain has greatly reversed lend-lease. Within the United Kingdom, in one year alone, 1,500,000 ship tons of material, and additional construction assistance, were provided United States forces; these supplies would have required more than 500 fully loaded American ships to transport to our troops in Britain.

The United States has delivered over 3,000 planes, 2,400 tanks, 109,000 submachine guns, 16,000 jeeps, 80,000 trucks, 7,000 motorcycles, 130,000 field telephones and 75,000 tons of explosives to Russia.

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Blockade running by the Allies during the perilous days of Bataan was on a strictly cash basis. Ship owners and crews in Java, Timor and New Guinea refused U. S. Governmental checks, demanding cash before carrying medicine, munitions and other supplies to our forces on Bataan. Cash had to be flown across Africa and India.

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DEPLOYMENT OF AMERICAN TROOPS

GENERAL MARSHALL'S REPORT ON THE ETO

UPON our entry into the war it became urgently desirable to move United States troops into the United Kingdom as early as possible to bolster the defenses there which had been seriously weakened by the dispatch of troops to the Middle and Far East, and for the psychological effect on the British people. At that moment, however, the threat to Australia was so serious that most of the shipping immediately available in the Atlantic in January had to be hurriedly employed for the movement of 25,000 troops to the Southwest Pacific, largely to garrison New Caledonia. It therefore was not possible to send more than a single division to Ireland until the following summer.

Steps were immediately taken to build up in the United Kingdom a strong American Air Force, notably precision bombers. These units would afford additional protection to the British Isles against any invasion attempt.

The movement of the United States troops to the United Kingdom utilized our shortest line of communications overseas and effected a concentration of British, Canadian and American forces which, with the support of the powerful Metropolitan Royal Air Force, forced the enemy to employ additional troops in North-western France, thereby reducing the strength he could employ elsewhere.

YANK, The Army Weekly [illegible]ued 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, [illegible] Office at New York, [illegible], under the Act of March 3, 1879 Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd. [illegible]

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What Happened to Those Tanks?

ARMORED Force GIs, still wondering what happened to those 51 tanks and 28 105-mm guns suddenly taken from them without explanation during maneuvers in the spring of 1942, found the answer in Gen. Marshall's report. Replacing a shipment that had been torpedoed in mid-ocean, they were rushed to the British Eighth Army and played an important part in the offensive against Rommel at El Alamein.

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GREENLAND June 30, 1941
ARCTIC OCEAN
ICELAND Aug. 6, 1941
LABRADOR April 9, 1942
UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS
BRITISH ISLES Jan. 26, 1942
NEWFOUNDLAND Jan. 20, 1941
BERMUDA April 20, 1941
NORTH AFRICA Nov. 8, 1942
IRAQ Dec. 11, 1942
CHINA May 16, 1942
JAPAN
BAHAMAS June 2, 1942
EGYPT Feb. 2, 1942
HAITI Jan. 19, 1942
ANTIGUA Oct. 2. 1941
IRAN Dec. 11, 1942
INDIA May 16, 1942
PANAMA
ST. LUCIA Aug. 4, 1941
PHILIPPINES
TRINIDAD May 5, 1941
EQUATOR
VENEZUELA May 12, 1942
LIBERIA May 6, 1942
ESPIRITU SANTO May 28, 1942
BRITISH GUIANA July 20, 1941
SURINAM Dec. 3, 1941
NETHERLANDS INDIES
FIJI Jan. 29, 1942
ASCENSION March 30, 1942
GUADALCANAL Aug. 7, 1942
EFATE March 18, 1942
BRAZIL Dec. 19, 1941
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
AUSTRALIA Dec. 22, 1941
NEW CALEDONIA March 12, 1942
NEW ZEALAND May 30, 1942
60 30 0 30 60 90 120 180

all over the world as shown in Gen. Marshall's report, with the date of the arrival of first contingent in each location. We also have foreign bases in New Guinea, numerous Solomon islands, Sicily, Italy, Trobriand and Woodlark. The Aleutians belong to the U. S., therefore are not marked.

In the latter part of January, 1942, the first convoy of our troops arrived in Northern Ireland. The complicated transportation, construction and administrative problems were solved with close cooperation of all the British agencies concerned. . .

The United States Army Air Force's assault on the continent of Europe was launched on July 4, 1942, when six American aircraft and crews participated in a Royal Air Force attack on targets in Holland. The combined American-British bomber offensive against the continent of Europe today gives promise of being a decisive factor in the ultimate destruction of the German citadel. It has for its objectives the reduction of German air combat strength to a virtual impotence; the disruption of vital elements of the enemy's line of communications, the progressive destruction and dislocation of the German military, industrial and economic system; and by the resultant psychological impact on the German people, the undermining of their morale and their willingness to continue to support the war effort. Thus, the objective of the combined bomber offensive is the elimination of both the German ability and will to continue to wage war.

A reminder of the furious Battle of Britain, the Hurricane is still a good plane; she helped clear the skies for our Fortresses in the ETO.

Teamwork in the Air

The British Heavy Bomber Command was developed for the purpose of carrying out night missions, while the American Flying Fortresses and Liberators were developed for daylight operations in the British plans. Speed and armament were limited in favor of long-range and heavy bomb loads. This type of plane is specially effective for night operations over industrial areas, where a high degree of precision in bombing is not vitally necessary. On the other hand, the American bomber design tends toward a fast, very heavily armed and armored high altitude plane. Its more limited bomb capacity is compensated for by the perfection of the precision bomb sight which permits small specific targets to be singled out for destruction. The violence of the German fighter plane reaction to our daylight attacks is convincing evidence of the deadly effect of precision bombing. The enemy must find a counter to this technique or accept the emasculation of his industries and his fighter command.

Allied operations to cope with German submarine activities furnish an excellent example of British and American cooperation, coordinated to achieve maximum results. There are three possible types of offensive action against submarines: that is, to sink them at sea, to destroy the factories which build and equip them, and to attack the bases from which they operate. . . .

Reports during the past months have mentioned with increasing frequency air attacks against Lorient, St. Nazaire, Brest and La Pallice, all U-boat bases on the west coast of France. The precision attacks have been aimed against critical points, the destruction of which render the general installation ineffective, a particularly important procedure where the docks and other vital installations have been protected by heavy concrete overhead cover. The night bombing attacks carried out by the British have involved loads of over 1,000 tons dropped in a single operation with the effect of devastating general service facilities and of shattering the morale and working efficiency of the personnel operating the submarine bases. . . .

These bombing operations, together with the action of the anti-submarine command and Allied destroyers and escort vessels, appear to be in process of driving the submarine from the seas. . . .

Our air assault on Germany and Northwestern Europe has grown heavier and heavier with the constantly increasing strength of the Eighth Air Force operating out of the United Kingdom. More recently it had been possible to coordinate these attacks closely with operations using bases in North Africa. The enforced concentration of the Germans' most experienced fighter pilots in Northwestern Europe had an important bearing on air operations during the final battle in Tunisia and the situation in Russia.

Born to the jungle, he can stick a knife in your back before you know he's on the same island, covers 30 miles a day over tough terrain, often has five "wives" and admires Joe E. Brown.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SUVA, FIJI ISLANDS—When the bushy-haired, broad-shouldered native *bula* boys line up for their Army physical down here, they have not received a "greeting" from a committee of their friends and neighbors. There are no draft boards in the Fijis.

The village chief or *ratu* simply summons a group of the town's huskiest youths to his *bure* and says in Fijian: "Boys, I want you to join the Army." If a *bula* wants to stay healthy, he does not argue.

In a one-piece khaki uniform, his hair shorn to regulation 1½-inch length, and with a few months of training behind him, the Fijian is one of the best jungle fighters in the South Pacific.

He can live indefinitely on the roots and plants he finds in the fields; he can travel 28 to 30 miles a day over the toughest terrain; he can move so swiftly and silently through dense undergrowth that not even the most acute ear can detect his presence; he can build shelter out of jungle leaves and reeds; he can look at a footprint, a broken twig or a dead fire in the bush and tell how long it has been since someone passed that way. And he can kill ruthlessly and quietly with a knife or a blow from the butt of his gun. All this was proved on Guadalcanal.

For days after the first handful of Fijian guerrillas landed at a point near Henderson Field last December, every *bula* asked his captain, a 24-year-old New Zealand farmer, "*Vana kai Japi?*", which means "Can we kill Japs?"

As regularly as he was asked, the captain replied, "*Sega, sega!*" ("No, no!") The *bula's* job, he would explain, was to operate on scouting and reconnaissance missions just ahead of and behind enemy lines, and to observe and report on Nip strength.

He told them they were to move 800 or 1,000 yards ahead of advancing columns of American troops, and to serve as a protective screen while the Yanks moved through the jungle. If heavy enemy installations were discovered, they were to sound the warning, but they were to keep their presence a secret from the Japanese as long as possible.

Early in January, however, the *bulas* had their chance to kill. The New Zealand captain, a New Zealand sergeant and six Fijian scouts were on an advance patrol up the Lunga River on Guadalcanal when they encountered a party of four Nips carrying dynamite to Henderson Field to blow up American planes.

The Japs did not see the scouting party, and the captain whispered to his nearest scout, "*Vana-take!*" ("Fire!")

Within a split second there were two shots, and two Japs were lying lifeless on the ground. Cpls. Emosi and Sailasa had shared the honor of shooting the first two Nips. The other two were dead a few seconds later. None of the four knew what had hit him.

In all, the Fijians shot and killed almost 100 Japs on the 'Canal, not counting the incalculable hundreds who died as a result of *bula* patrol and reconnaissance work. Not a Fijian was killed or wounded in 2½ months of front-line activity.

After five days here with Fijian infantrymen and guerrillas in training for further South Pacific action, it was easy to see why on Guadalcanal the troops said that "a *bula* can smell a Jap a mile away."

As the officer in charge of the guerrilla training program declared, "These boys are born to the jungle. All we have to do is teach them to shoot, and that's simple."

Nine out of 10 of the men inducted into the Fijian Military Forces had spent their lives in small villages not far from the jungle, where they fished and hunted roots for their food. They had never even seen a rifle, never worn shoes and never had a haircut.

Like any other recruits, the Fijians are first taught close- and extended-order drill. After three weeks they are issued British service rifles and taken to a range.

Orders are given in English, since almost all the Fijians have had at least two or three years in British-operated schools on the islands. Lectures are given in Fijian, which most of the New Zealand noncoms have learned to speak fluently, or in English, with an interpreter translating the instructions into Fijian.

At first the *bulas* refuse to believe that guns are dangerous weapons. Since they can't see the bullet's flight, they think the only way to use their rifle is as a striking instrument. Once they see the target they've hit and recover from the initial shock of hearing fire, they develop into excellent shots.

Pvt. Apisai Ravoilita with a Bren gun.

A Fijian corporal drills his squad in a coconut grove.

Fiji Fighter

In recent rifle competition with Anzac troops, the Fijians won three events out of five. Most of them are also taught to use the British-made Bren machine gun, the Thompson submachine gun and in some cases the American M1.

They have at least a week of unarmed combat training, jujitsu, kicking, biting and hitting with the bare fist. They are issued a Commando knife but need no instructions on its use. Only 75 years ago their ancestors were still engaging in occasional cannibalism, and a knife is part of every young Fijian's inheritance from his father.

Then they begin the long, arduous toughening-up process, starting with what they think are short hikes of 20 miles daily and gradually lengthening in time and distance. Twice a week they are on all-night maneuvers.

Recently one battalion made a 5-day, 100-mile trip through the bush, tapering off with a final march into camp and then passing in review before high-ranking United Nations officers. Only one man dropped out, though nine others had to be sent back on doctor's orders.

On the last day of the march a strapping corporal bet two of his fellow *bulas* a carton of American cigarettes that he could carry a complete 3-inch mortar, weighing about 123 pounds, the last 25 miles. They laughed. The corporal picked up the mortar and won the cigarettes, which he immediately distributed among the rest of the company.

The Fijian is unbelievably generous. He never steals and he never gambles for money, but the day after pay day he is always broke. He simply gives his money away to anyone who needs it or asks him for it.

In his village he has lived a completely communal life. No one in the *koro* owns any property. The land, all the houses and almost everything in them belong to the *koro* as a whole. Work is divided fairly by the *ratu*. Some men are designated as fishermen, some build *bures* or houses. Others become planters, while a few work in the gold mines.

A Melanesian, the Fijian is big and rawboned, with a magnificent physique. In one infantry company there is not a man under 6 feet tall. A Fijian swims practically as soon as he can walk. He is a fine athlete, playing rugby football and soccer, and hanging up a good mark in the 100-yard dash.

White troops here say the Fijian soldier has "cat eyes" and can see better at night than in the daytime. With the exception of the few natives who live in and near large villages like Suva, the average Fijian never sees electric lights until he gets in the Army. He spends his evenings in the dark.

Recreation is no problem. On the march and in camp in the evening, the *bula* sings for hours at a time. Once in a while he sees an American movie. His favorite stars are comedians, like the Marx Brothers and Charlie Chaplin, whose humor is broad and mainly pantomime. Joe E. Brown was a sensation during his visit here. The Fijian takes considerable pride in the size of his own mouth. Brown was immediately made an honorary *ratu* in several camps.

Occasionally a Fijian soldier will get to know and like American firewater, but usually he prefers *yaqona*, a beverage prepared from the cava root. *Yaqona* acts as a mild laxative when taken in small quantities. In excess, it may cause your knees to collapse, but it doesn't affect the brain.

On Saturday afternoons and Sundays, when a Fijian soldier is stationed near home, he may be visited by his family or sweethearts. He usually has several of the latter, and some soldiers have requested allotments for as many as five "wives" apiece.

The Fiji soldier has one 10-day furlough every year and one week-end leave every three months while in training. The only disciplinary problem arises from his very loose idea of time. One day is pretty much the same as another, and until a couple of men in his company have been punished, the average Fijian is likely to overstay his leave a week or so.

Except for their tribal battles before the British took over these islands in 1874, the Fijians have never been in a war. A handful volunteered for service with the Anzacs in the last World War and a few have joined the French Foreign Legion. Among the several Fijian commissioned officers are Capt. *Ratu* Edward Cakobau and Lt. *Ratu* George Cakobau, both direct descendants of King Cakobau, last of the Fijian rulers. They were educated in British schools and colleges.

"Our people," one of the officers declared, "are not warlike. We are not expert in mass action or with mechanized equipment. We are not mechanically minded, but give one of our soldiers a knife, rifle or tommy gun and tell him what you want, and he'll do it or die trying."

As a result of experiences on Guadalcanal, the officers are now emphasizing scouting and patrol work. The Fijians are taught landing operations in native canoes, which move more silently than our own landing boats. Special lessons are given to the soldiers in demolition work, sniping from trees and shooting from the hip. Little training is given in motorized and armored equipment.

"The ideal," according to the New Zealand captain in charge, "is to arm the Fijian with a light hand weapon and his inevitable knife and send him out alone or with a small party. He can exist indefinitely with the rations he can carry with him, find in the jungle or steal from the Japs."

Recently the guerrillas went through an all-night maneuver in cooperation with the Yank troops at a certain camp on the Fijian island of Viti Levu. The American guards were doubled at every post, and the *bulas* were given pieces of white chalk and instructed to mark with a cross every objective they could destroy under battle conditions.

It was a clear moonlit night, and the Americans were on the alert. But nothing happened. It was easy to see, they told each other before daybreak, that the *bulas* had failed.

As the sun came up, the guards said nothing at all; they merely blushed. On the seat of the trousers of the sergeant of the guard was a large unmistakable white cross. Every military objective in the camp was chalked. In an orderly room in which two men had been on duty all night, the four chairs and table were all marked with chalk crosses.

But the mess sergeant suffered the final indignity. He had risen early to bake cakes for dinner that day, and as he lifted the six cake pans from the oven, each tin had a distinct white cross on the bottom.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Notes on the Days of Yore

NOSTALGIA AND THE OLDEN DAYS in the ETO, when all was sunshine and the leisurely life was the thing. Here, perched about a silvery stream, two American soldiers take piscatorial instruction from Tommy, surrounded by small Britons. The soldier on the left, with his mouth open, is S/Sgt. Robert Moora, now a shavetail somewhere in the ETO, which shows you how things can change. Tempus fugit, chums. But fast.

Nostalgia and The Olden Days

The other day we were staring through a window at space, empty space, and were suddenly brought to our feet by the realization that, as far as the ETO goes, we were old hands. We have been here for months that seem like years; we have seen winter and summer and spring and fall. Everything that has happened here has happened to us, or come to us, in one way or another. But here, between Land's End and the Hebrides, are thousands of new-comers, who came, unpressed and gaping, from the swarming transports, months, and perhaps even years after we first arrived. The men who were here when we came have scattered to the ends of the earth, or at least to Africa and are working their way northward now. It may take them some time, however, to return here by way of Paris; and in the meantime we are alone. We have no one with whom we can converse on the days of the brussels sprout and those mornings when the Chelseas flowed like wine or, at least, like chlorinated water. As far as we are concerned the great days of the ETO are over.

Fled is the time when a man could wander into his supply sergeant and come out with whatever he wanted, the supply sergeant, being new, figuring that we were in a theater of war and that everything was expendable. In those days a man could come by a kit bag merely by crooking a finger. Vanished like smoke are those PX appearances when the invariable carton of Chelseas was placed before one, at no extra strain on the ration book. Disappeared is the night when the bomb fell on the brussels sprouts patch and the following sigh of relief that rose from the throats of the English like a pillar of living light. We have come, by devious and crooked ways, to an era of dark hours and gloom. All our old friends have gone sailing over the horizon. All that is left is the brash newcomer, the pristine ETO ribbon, now newly worn.

When the WACs arrived, we think, it marked the end of an era. They it was who rushed to the ETO ribbons, pinning them on their, shall we say, chests with a hurried aplomb. The ETO ribbon, we always felt, was perfect for WACs, and there was a time, as recent as last spring, when the average soldier scorned one. But now the Philistines are riding high, the ETO ribbon sprouts like a weed along the streets and the only escape is the past.

Now another winter approaches, and the spam and brussels-you-know-what will be appearing on the long tables. But it will not be the same spam, not the same sprouts. This winter they will taste like ashes—like ashes and Dead Sea fruit.

How To Be Happy

A good many sagacious soldiers are solving the leave problem by staying with civilian friends; we call them sagacious because the men who have made English friends are the ones who seem to be enjoying life over here. We have heard of a good many who are able to enjoy life to the full along these lines. Just recently, though, we ran across one who is able to enjoy life as life was never enjoyed before.

This guy met an English family through a friend in the RAF, and the family invited him to stay with them when he had his next leave. He accepted, thinking that it would be nice, but just the usual run of things. When he went to bed the first night he stayed with the family, however, a bit of a shock awaited him. On the night table by his bed he found a fifth of excellent whisky, a syphon of soda water and a glass.

What he had not known about the family was that they were the present generation or two of a long line of whisky distillers, who have been at the job for a century, more or less. And their cellar will last, even at a bottle a visit, for the next several decades. The only catch in the whole thing is that we can't get him to tell us the name of the family. After all, we get thirsty, too.

Premature

We know, of course, that New York went wild and the ticker tape came down like summer snow on the bared heads of the strollers down Broadway, but we had no idea that the effect of the Italian surrender, such as it was, would have any repercussions among the stalwarts who fight the war from this theater. Unfortunately, however, it did. A rather bewildered young man came into this office the other day to tell us that a group of armorers were loading what we laughingly called "bombs" into the bulging belly of a B-17 when the field amplifier announced, rather hectically, that Italy had tossed in the sponge. The armorers, realizing that the war was over, laid their bombs down on the greensward and made for their barracks, where, after a half-hour of talking about what they'd do, boy, now that the war was over, they threw themselves down on their pallets to sleep.

Needless to say, they were roused, dragged out in the air again, and set to work on the bombs. Gradually it dawned upon them that the war was not over, and had no intention of being over for some time. They got the bombs on all right, kicking them as they did so.

Sleeper Subdued

A formidable character we know, a staff sergeant, has the habit of breaking and smashing things when he is displeased. The KPs in the mess hall which he supervises know his fits of pique and take to hiding in the potato barrels on occasion to avoid being included among the items smashed and broken by the sergeant.

One day recently the sergeant (who is an ex-prize fighter) 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 off to a pub. Some little while after closing time he tripped 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.

Red Cross Clubs being what they are, there was nothing in the room to smash, save the soldier on the bed, and things were a little too public for that sort of exercise, so the sergeant decided to scout around. 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 a prodigious amount of 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 was 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.

Samaritan

A very pretty English girl we know was standing on a station platform waiting for a train back to London. She had been spending a holiday with friends in the country and was feeling rather sad at the prospect of going back. Furthermore, though this is not necessary to the plot, she had a hangover. She was struggling along with a heavy suitcase, a large bouquet of flowers, a substantial box of fresh vegetables and, 'strewth, a dozen eggs.

Somewhere along the station platform she was approached and befriended by a U. S. soldier, a lithe, clean-limbed, imaginative lad. He carried her suitcase for her and they fell into a desultory conversation. She confessed that she had the grandmother of all hangovers, that she couldn't bear the thought of having to stand all the way to London, but that, travelling being what it was, she probably would have to.

"Leave it to me, lady," the soldier said. "I'll get you a seat."

When the train came in he bustled her and all her belongings into a compartment which, as she feared, was overcrowded, kissed her violently a good many times, and said, "Good-bye, darling. Take care of yourself. Remember, we don't want anything to happen to Junior."

Immediately a flight sergeant rose and gave her his seat. The whole compartment nodded sympathy and said how pale she looked (that was the hangover paying dividends), and an old lady shared some tea and biscuits with her.

"When—er—do you expect?" the old lady asked.

"In February," the English girl said modestly, casting down her eyes and adding months like mad. This done, she settled down to a comfortable, uneventful journey.

Yanks at Home Abroad

Yanks Free Chinese Workers Brought By Japs to New Georgia

MUNDA, NEW GEORGIA—There's a kid called Pee Wee down here who wears staff sergeant's stripes, an oversized sun helmet and GI shoes that turn up at the toes. In the chow line he has to reach up to dip his mess kit into a GI can of boiling water.

Pee Wee is 15 years old, and for the past two years he has been away from his native China doing forced labor for the Japanese Army. He and several other Chinese workmen were released by the Yank soldiers who overran Munda Beach, fought their way to the airfield and eventually cleared this entire island of enemy forces.

As the Jap troops scattered, the Chinese laborers hid until our GIs found them during the mop-up. Technically the Chinese are now civilian employees of the Army, and they receive room and board, plus pay amounting to $7 a month. They will help the American soldiers settle down here to stay.

Pee Wee, whose trade-mark is a big grin accompanied by a salute given with either hand, was picked up by the Japs when he was 13 years old. They shipped him out of his home district of Fansan in Canton Province, by way of Hong Kong, with a load of horses. Pee Wee worked as a groom. Other boys of his age were shipped out at the same time.

The lad had never been out of his village before and he's still a little vague about where he is. Because of his youth, Pee Wee says, the Japs didn't beat him "as they did the others." While the Japs held New Georgia, Pee Wee was made to work as a dog robber for the officers.

All of the Chinese laborers here were yanked off the Hong Kong streets, apparently at random, by Jap troops not long after the city fell to the enemy. The Chinese were herded into detention camps and almost immediately loaded aboard boats for shipment to Jap bases.

One of the other Chinese laborers here, a 49-year-old Hong Kong construction worker, said the Japs told him "not to worry" because he was being sent on a job that would not last "more than 10 days." He was promised 70 *sen* a day (about 18 American cents), and during the time he was with the Jap Army, he said, he received 120 *yen*. About 50 *yen* ($10.50) was taken back by the Japs, who said they would send it to his family in China. He doesn't know whether the folks back home ever got the money.

Another Chinese laborer and his 19-year-old assistant were picked up while working as painters outside their home city of Hong Kong. They were promised the same 70 *sen* per day, but in a year and a half they received only one day's wages.

In assigning the Chinese to jobs, the Japs apparently used hit-and-miss tactics, without too much consideration to the jobs the laborers used to hold. A carpenter became a water carrier, a painter was made a cook and a construction worker was told to forage for papaya and taro to feed Jap troops.

None of the Chinese laborers speaks English, but that situation is being remedied as fast as the GIs can pump phrases into them. The painter, known locally as Charley, is the best student of the new language. His vocabulary consists mainly of "good morning," "thank you" and "okay." But all of the Chinese, apparently content with U. S. Army life until they can return home, understand one word. That's the most popular term of all—"chow-chow."

—SGT. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

PFC. Raymond San Juan, a full-blooded Indian from Albuquerque, N. Mex., holds a "home-made" weapon at the Ranger and Combat School in Hawaii. Before "students" were graduated, they were required to fashion an original weapon capable of killing a man. San Juan's seems able to do that.

This Chaplain Ducks Bullets, And Finds No Atheists In Foxholes

NEW GUINEA—When Edward Connelly of Scranton, Pa., left the quiet job of a missionary to join the Chaplains' Corps, he admitted that one reason he did so was that he's an Irishman and he wanted to get into the thick of the fight.

Less than two months later, 1st Lt. Connelly was dodging snipers' bullets at the New Guinea front. Here he joined a crew of combat unit chaplains who have been all through this fierce jungle war. One was killed in an airplane crash, two others were wounded while administering last rites on the battlefield and another was awarded the Purple Heart for an act of bravery while wounded.

Right from the start Chaplain Connelly has seen plenty of fireworks in New Guinea. He arrived at the front after a 12-mile hike through knee-deep mud and was so tired he flopped down in a foxhole to rest. Next thing he knew, bullets were whipping overhead, pinning him down. When he finally managed to crawl back to safety, a grimy infantryman asked him:

"Say, Chaplain, where wuz you goin'? Do you know you wuz resting between us and the Japs?"

"No, I didn't," Chaplain Connelly said. "I thought I'd just keep walking until I came to some sort of front-line trenches."

He soon learned that there aren't any front-line trenches, and it's safest not to walk near the front unless you don't mind eating Jap chow.

Next day Chaplain Connelly attended a burial in a front-line cemetery. As he read the service and two graves registration men finished digging the grave, two Jap rifles cracked from nearby foliage. The chaplain and two GR men dove into the grave at once.

"It made a good foxhole," the chaplain said later.

Creeping out of the grave after a few minutes, he completed reading the burial service in a faster, slightly trembling voice as the GR men performed the burial in record time. Then the three of them beat a hasty retreat back to their company.

Another time the chaplain was helping out the medics in a front-line aid station. A Jap patrol swept within a few hundred feet of the station and filled the air with bullets. Chaplain Connelly heard one whine close to him. Looking down, he saw a bullet hole in his shirt. The bullet had gone right through the right side of his shirt without even touching him.

Besides helping out the medics in getting the wounded back to aid stations, administering last rites and performing burial services, Chaplain Connelly helped out in several other capacities at the front. One of these was bringing Christmas packages up to men in advanced outposts.

He delivered two of these packages to Sgt. Richard and Pfc. Mike Gladzachk, brothers from Milwaukee. A week later he met Mike

Chaplain Connelly in New Guinea.

again when they went on a burial detail. Mike told him that he hadn't been able to locate his brother for several days and didn't know whether he was wounded, captured or dead.

When Mike and the chaplain arrived at the cemetery and went to the side in which fresh graves were dug, Mike's eyes fell on a dog tag on one rustic cross. It said "Richard Gladzachk." Mike's search for his brother had ended.

At 32 years of age, Chaplain Connelly says he wouldn't trade his experiences as a chaplain for anything.

"Men who haven't attended church in years become far more appreciative of religion when they see action," he says. "As a colonel in the Philippines said, there are no atheists in foxholes."

Religious services, Chaplain Connelly found, are out of the question for men at the front. He tried to conduct a service one Sunday morning in a clearing near Buna. Before he had a chance to finish the preparatory prayers, Jap snipers opened up on his soldier congregation. The service ended then and there.

Of all his battle front experiences, Chaplain Connelly remembers best how he arranged a reunion of two brothers.

"I was wandering around near a forward outpost on Dec. 24th, a rainy, dreary day," he says, "and came across an American soldier sitting in a foxhole with a forlorn look on his face. I asked him why he was so sad and he told me he hadn't seen his brother, in another infantry company, for weeks. He wished he could see him on Christmas Day. So I looked up his brother. I found that he was badly wounded in a hospital. I arranged that they meet Christmas Day in the hospital. That night, after the brother had gone back on guard, Dale, the wounded brother, died. Their names were Pvts. Gale and Dale Sites, and they lived in Wisconsin. Later, I received a letter of appreciation from the boys' parents."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Susie and Mata Looked Alike But Susie Was Male, Mata Was Not

SOMEWHERE IN BRITISH WEST AFRICA—Cpl. Charles Bishop of Middletown, Ohio, didn't think it was a joke—at first.

He'd just got off a plane after a long, tiring trip. A nice bed had been assigned to him. He'd taken a shower and shave, stretched out on the bunk and was sawing away for dear life.

Suddenly, he jerked wide awake. A big hairy paw was running over his bare leg. Staring into his face was the biggest leopard he'd ever seen outside a zoo.

Bishop practically flew into the upper bunk. The leopard went after him. Cpl. Bishop kept on traveling — up the barracks rafters — with the leopard nibbling at his heels.

Just as he was about to give up the ghost the guys who had been enjoying the show grabbed their pet and put it back into the cage.

Just another practical joke on a new man.

The fun began about six months ago when a native brought two leopard cubs into camp. They immediately were adopted by the GIs. Susie, the larger of the two, became quite playful. Susie's the one who goes after bare feet. For some reason a soldier's bare doggies affect Susie like catnip.

Mata shows wilder tendencies than Susie and stays in the cage except for an occasional run through the camp. When both of the cubs are let out at the same time, it takes the entire detachment to get them back in the cage.

Lately the boys found that they'd been calling their pets by the wrong names. It turned out that Susie is the male and Mata the female. But it doesn't make much difference because the fun's just about over. The boys are also discovering that eight months is just about the age limit for playful leopards to remember how to play. They're three feet long, with eyes that are getting that wild look; their jaws are strong and wide, and their claws long and sharp.

It looks like the zoo for Mata and Susie.

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

Their favorite pastime is slitting Nazi throats. They slashed a few in Sicily and then moved northward in the invasion vanguard which went to Corsica. A little more blood flowed there from a few more Nazi necks

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
YANK Field Correspondent

"THOSE Goums don't fight fair," an English-speaking German prisoner complained to me in Sicily some days ago. "They're crazy."

Be that as it may, these French Moroccan native troops took hill after hill here in Sicily, bringing back hundreds of German prisoners and leaving behind many more Jerries quite dead.

All the Goums have an intimate knowledge of French light machine guns, the American tommy gun and the 81-mm mortar. But give them a bayonet and a bunch of grenades, and they'll charge any position anywhere.

They were the first to see action in this northeastern pocket of hills, on the flank of U. S. troops. Their objectives were twin hills, held by two companies of well-entrenched Germans, just outside Mistretta.

The Goums took up their positions in the night, climbed the hill as quietly as mountain goats, heaved several dozen well-aimed grenades and made a "cold steel" attack. When the Moroccans were within 50 yards of the top, the Jerries opened up with machine guns. Instead of falling flat on their faces and hunting for cover, the Goums rushed straight in for hand-to-hand fighting. They drew their 10-inch knives, known as *koumias*, which are used to cut off heads. Once this was a popular weapon with the Goum; now he only uses it when he gets very, very mad. That sometimes happens, as it did on this night, and that is why these big black boys rank so high on the Nazi list of "people we wouldn't want to be with on a desert island."

The Germans definitely don't like the Goums. As for the Italians, they're scared to death of them. In the Mateur and Bizerte sectors, where the Goums were attached to the Ninth Division, three Italian companies surrendered en masse as soon as they heard that the guys in front of them were Goums.

Unlike the Gurkhas, British Indian native troops who look like a bunch of kids but aren't, the Goums look and act as tough as they really are. And they really are tough. Back in 1912, when French troops came to Morocco and overwhelmed the place, the Goums still had very primitive ideas about fighting, torturing and killing. They were just as ready to cut off somebody's head as to tell him "Good morning."

After the French took over and tamed the

A COLORFUL GOUM SHARPENS AN AMERICAN BAYONET. HIS RIFLE IS ALSO AMERICAN; HIS HELMET, FRENCH.

NAZIS DON'T LIKE GOUMS

Goums a little, these native soldiers were absorbed into the French fighting forces but kept as separate units. They were organized into *tabors*, which are the approximate equivalent of our battalions, consisting of four companies with 200 Goums to a company.

Most of these native soldiers have crinkly hair, close-cropped except for a plaited pigtail. The pigtail is worn, the Goums say, so that the Lord will have something to grab hold of when He yanks them up to paradise.

The Goums, who follow the religion of Mohammed, are of Berber origin. The Berbers, not the Arabs, were the original natives of North Africa. Practically all of the Goums wear beards, because they believe that a man who hasn't seen action and has no beard is no man at all.

That was the explanation offered by 1st Lt. Bistos Hubert, the Goums' commanding officer. Hubert has been with the Goums for three years. Before that, he served with the Spahis, the French North African native cavalrymen with the red caps and the Technicolor-conscious uniforms.

"These Goums are the best fighters I've seen anywhere," the lieutenant said. "They just don't know when to quit." Besides the commanding officer, each Goum company has one other French officer and 10 French noncoms. In addition, the Goums have their own native sergeants.

They all eat the same food now—C rations—which they don't particularly like. The Goums would prefer a steady diet of bread and green tea, the national dish.

Attached to every *tabor* of Goums is a cavalry unit, in which each man owns his own horse. This unit is employed strictly for reconnaissance, since all Goums fight on foot. Several scores of mules are also attached to each section, to carry ammunition over terrain where even jeeps can't go.

The Goums, though, are crazy about jeeps. It is a terribly funny picture to see one of the Goums, wearing his wool-sack uniform, tearing along in a jeep with his pigtail streaming in the wind.

A Week of War

With the Russians almost in Poland, the old names were beginning to be heard again. This time they would be heard in reverse order from the last time.

THROUGH the ruins of Smolensk the great tanks poked their way, moving westward toward the borders of what had been Poland, southwest toward the marshes and northwest toward the pine forests. Beside the tanks the small men in quilted uniforms slogged stolidly on, or paused beside the road to brew their harsh tea and their hot water, their *kipjatok*, and drink their thin soup. The small men in the quilted uniforms were moving like lemmings toward the sea. The Russians were winning the war.

The *Wehrmacht* was being picked up and wrung out and hung up to dry by someone who had been kicked around for three years, who had seen his family melt away and had seen his city in ashes, who had hung on and stuck and then come back, smashing his way from the depths of the Caucasus and the approaches of Moscow to the long, winding line on the map that was the Dneiper River. He had reached Kiev, city of churches; he looked across the river at battered Dnepropetrovsk, where once the great dam had reared its concrete mass toward the sky. In one place he was 80 miles from the old Polish border, in another, above Kiev, 150 miles. And there was no sign of his slowing down.

Back went the Germans, back and back; they apologized, they hemmed and hawed, they said that they didn't want *this* city and that *that* one had never been fortified, they claimed that by retreating they were sucking the Russians forward, that soon they would turn and strike back. But the words were hollow. They had no ring. When the Germans left Smolensk they left it for ever; when they retreated from Kharkov they knew they could never go back. Some of the richest and most fertile areas of Russia lay broken behind them, but broken, too, was the striking power of Hitler's armies, those invincible 250 divisions that had smashed into Russia in the summer of 1941, that now lay, like dry stubble, upon the battlefields that had played them false.

Everything lay open to the Russian advance. There seemed to be no door that they could not force open. Slowly, sturdily, they pushed on. Before them lay Vitebsk, before them lay Gomel. There were few more great fortified places left in Russia. The Germans were talking of a new defence line running from Riga in Latvia to Odessa on the Black Sea, one of the few bastions in Russia they could still call their own. There, said the Germans, we will hold. There, said the Germans, all this nonsense will come to an end.

The Germans, man and boy, were beginning to feel like a family of storks, nesting on a chimney during an earthquake. The Germans, man and boy, were beginning to feel like a tortoise, tight inside a neat little armored shell, and this was no kind of weather for a tortoise, man and boy, to stick its neck out. The Germans were all set to crawl through a hole into the Fortress Europa and then pull the hole in after them. All signs pointed to the Germans having a very jolly winter.

Russia, the Germans had always said, was not really in Europe. Russia was in Asia and that made the Russians Asiatics and that, in its turn, made the Russians a very low state of human life indeed. But, unfortunately for the racial theories of the good Doktor Rosenberg, the mighty armies of the Third Reich were taking an unmerciful pummeling from that low state of human life. Grey was coming by leaps and bounds into the hair of Adolf Hitler; his generals were game, but they didn't have the push. They didn't have the reserves, either, which was even more important. Hitler was trapped in his own dungeon, hoist on his own petard. The Russians were telling the world, in no uncertain terms, that Germany was going to have to pay for every blade of grass that had even been stepped on by a German soldier. The average German, if he had no other rights, had a right to be glum.

And meanwhile the victory guns kept booming out over Moscow, almost daily, almost nightly. There seemed to be no end to them. The Russians were using more powder in victory salutes than had probably been used in the whole Thirty Years War.

FAR south, at the other end of Europe, the Allies were not moving quite as fast and the Germans were not doing too badly. They were trying, with the worst intentions and the best technique in the world, to divide a wrecked and foundering peninsula into a series of water-tight compartments. This feat of engineering was coming a little late in the day but the Germans were doing the best they could and their best was fairly impressive. Italy was receiving a real going-over, whether she wanted to or not, and there was no sign of a sudden German surge over the Brenner Pass.

The Germans had abandoned the lower sections of Italy, deftly removing their forces from the plains of Calabria to avoid any danger of collision with the 8th Army. Around Naples, their main stronghold in Central Italy, they compressed themselves, digging in to secure their defences and at the same time lavishly planting mines and destroying any dock installations that might come in handy to the Allies at any future date. Naples, a city surrounded, was no longer the city of beauty. It was a mess, a shambles.

Fine as the German position was, it was like a sand castle in the path of waves. It was crumbling. The 8th Army was nearly to Foggia, where a set of very fine airfields, which they could very well use, awaited them. But Italy was not going to be a pushover. Germany, it was only too clear, was going to contest every foot of the way, even to the steps of St. Peter's. Impossible to foresee was the extent of Italian aid. That there were Italians who would be glad to slip a shive between a set of German shoulders was obvious; shives had already been slipped into just that place. But the Italians were like sheep. They were leaderless, and 22 years of Fascism had given them no chance to join together, to band themselves at the drop of a hat against the ally who had become the invader, to aid the invader who had become the ally. The Italians were out on a limb, and it was a long way to the ground. Not much more could be expected of them than the muttered curse as the German lorries roared by, the scribbled "Bastia!" on the broken statue.

But, no matter how long it took, and no matter how hard the Germans fought, they would be driven out of Italy. They had neither the men nor the equipment. The wave that was sweeping up from the south was bound to engulf them, as the wave sweeping from the Russian east was doing at the present time. Prodded unmercifully on two sides, nearly helpless from air blows thrown at her industrial centres from the island aircraft carrier that was Britain, Germany had turned into the last long mile, was in the last lap of the race. There was no telling what would be the result of another winter campaign in Russia, no telling even whether or not the average German soldier could stand up to another season of frostbite and bitter cold.

So there it was, as Europe swung toward winter.

Boss, maybe we need a new scarecrow.

Little man, you'll have a busy day.

In a city which is starting point for the train.

Sgt. Mac and French colleague check watches.

Engineer gets some instruction from Sgt. Mac.

When the train moves slowly along, Arab children run after it shouting for "shawkalat," "shewing gum" or "bon bon." The cry for chocolate is heard from kids all over North Africa.

GI ★ RAILROAD

TWO YANKS TAKE OVER A LINE IN NORTH AFRICA

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW
YANK Field Correspondent

NORTH AFRICA — On a railroad in North Africa there is a caboose that once had plush seats. It no longer has plush seats. But it has an American sergeant and private who live in the caboose and see that the goods get through. The sergeant is Frank S. Mac of Omaha, Nebr., who used to be a switchman for the Union Pacific. The private is Carl Wedan of Galesburg, Ill., who used to be a brakeman on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

Every three days they average a 26-hour trip up and down the great hills of the Atlas Mountains. The caboose that is their home is covered with the dust of Africa; there are cobwebs everywhere; all the windows are broken; plain board benches serve as parlor, bedroom and bath; and on a recent trip their quarters were shared by a large live chicken that was going to become their Sunday dinner.

Between them, Mac and Wedan combine the duties of conductor, brakeman, baggage agent, armed guard, diplomat, cook, interpreter and good-will ambassador to the French and Arabs. Once the train gets going, Mac is in full command, urging the French engineer on to greater efforts with wild blasts on a policeman's whistle.

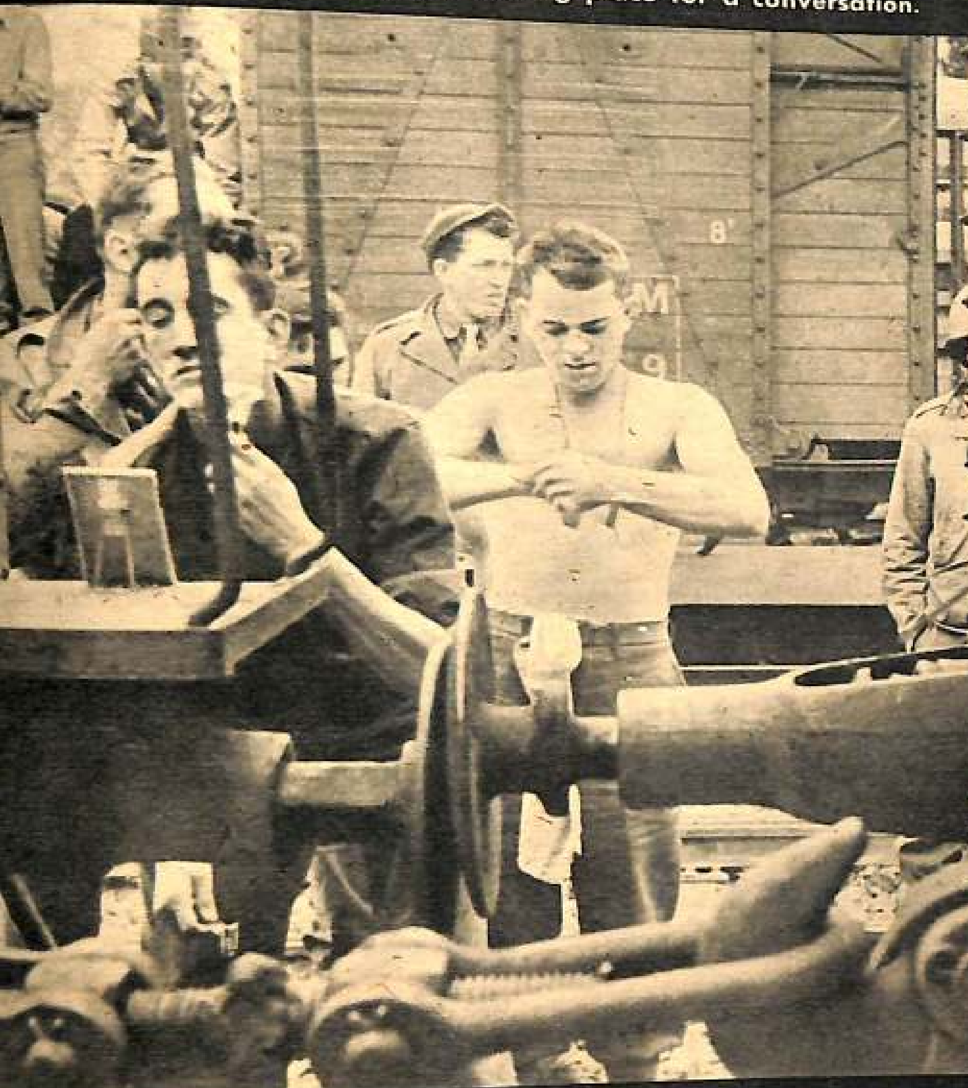
It is a habit on this railroad, which for a long time has led a leisurely single-track existence, for the engineer to stop at all whistle stops and shake hands with all present. Mac and Wedan get off at the whistle stops, too, and shake hands all around, admiring new babies, saluting veterans of the last war, trading cigarettes and chewing gum for eggs and an occasional chicken.

Then, with the high, hysterical whistle of the French locomotive, which sounds like a maiden lady of 40 being pinched by a stranger in the subway, the 40-and-8s move off, followed at a dead run along the tracks by the thousands of Arab children you find in every village in Africa.

Sgt. Mac and Pvt. Wedan have ridden in the unplushed caboose behind uncounted tons of supplies and uncounted thousands of infantrymen. While the war was still on in Africa, the Germans came over again and again, bombing and strafing. But now the only Germans to be seen are captured Germans, riding glumly in the open cars, back to prisoner-of-war camps.

A 40-and-8 boxcar makes a good meeting place for a conversation.

Sgt. Mac gives chewing gum to some of his little French girl friends.



When the train stops, as it does many times, some of the Yanks leave their crowded cars and take advantage of the lull to make their toilet outside. It's certainly steadier for shaving.

The tracks conduct so much heat that they're as good as a kitchen stove for Pvt. Wedan.

Whenever the troop transport train stops for any length of time some of the population comes out to discuss the weather and such.

Another custom during a long stop is for the escorting officer to build a fire so that the traveling soldiers can get their C rations hot.

JUDGING by the military and naval might arrayed against it last week, Senator Burton K. Wheeler's bill to postpone the drafting of fathers stood about as much chance as a Jap on Attu. General Marshall, Admiral King, and that astute jack-of-all-trades around Washington, Bernard Baruch, were among the top-notchers who told the Military Affairs Committees of the Senate and House that 446,000 fathers must be inducted into the armed forces by the first of the year and that any shilly-shallying on the issue at this time might gravely interfere with the successful and rapid prosecution of the war.

There was no knowing, of course, what Congress as a whole would do when it got around to debating the touchy Wheeler measure. Each Congressman had plenty of constituents back home who felt that the drafting of fathers would be the biggest blow the war has yet dealt to civilian life. On the other hand, there were plenty of mothers in the States and fathers in the Army who had reason to regard the debate as rather academic, because, for months now, draft boards with a lean supply of single men and a heavy roster of essential workers, have been quietly calling

News from Home

Poppa Was Going Into Uniform. A Citizen Goes on a $47,000 Drunk, and Girls in Washington Could Spend Only 15 Minutes Taking Baths.

up fathers and putting them into uniform. Only a few weeks ago, newspapers throughout the nation carried a picture of a soda jerker in Nantucket, Mass., surrounded by a brood of five or six youngsters. He had just received his card of greetings from the President of the United States.

The gist of Gen. Marshall's testimony before the Military Affairs Committees was that the more than two million men the U.S. already has sent overseas are a mere token of what is to come. "We are just getting ready for the employment of our forces against the enemy," the General said. "We have moved rather small units until now."

Admiral King warned that the hazards to our forces in the Pacific may be expected to increase because we are now in a position in which we can afford to take chances. "We now have the means for more aggressive action," he explained. "We have a job to do and we must have the men to do it. To delay means prolonging the war." Mr. Baruch was for putting a period to all the quibbling. "We have victory within grasp if we don't stop now," he declared. "The moral is plain: If Gen. Marshall says a specified force is required for our strategical planning, give him what he wants."

EXCEPT in homes where Congressional action on the Wheeler bill might decide whether the breadwinner would soon don khaki or remain in mufti, the big issue on the civilian front last week was, as usual, rationing or, to be more exact, shortages. By the terms of a new fuel-conservation order, landlords and homeowners, whether they plan to heat their buildings by oil or coal, must not get up steam until November 1. Although scarcely calculated to wring tears from the eyes of a GI sleeping on the stone floor of a draughty old-English country house, this decree is going to be especially tough on Americans who spent a lot of dough this past summer converting from oil to coal on the assumption that if the former proved to be as scarce as it was last winter, there would at least be enough of the latter to go round.

The coal-burning consumer was given another shovelful of bad news when an agreement was signed between the United Mine Workers and the Illinois Coal Operators' Association which, if okayed by the War Labor Board, will mean a twenty-cent-a-ton boost in the price of coal—at least of coal produced in the area involved. The Office of Price Administration indicated that it would give its blessing to this boost because the agreement, which guarantees miners a $2-a-day wage increase in return for from three to seven more hours of work a week, will mean that more coal is brought out of the mines. (The U.M.W. predicted that it would step up production by 7 to 10 per cent.) This is the all-important consideration at a time when to the clamor of the nation's war machine and civilians for fuel, may at any moment be added the staggering requirements of Axis satellites which have decided to throw in the towel.

Now it's chewing gum that seems destined to go the way of so many good things back home. For some time it has been hard to buy gum in some places and impossible to buy it in others, and dealers—the men who run news stands and candy shops and so on—have been rationing it unofficially at the rate of one package to a customer, when and if there was any to ration. Now "drastic cuts in the supply of chewing gum are threatened because most of the available peppermint oil is needed by war industries and, no matter what the label says, peppermint oil is what you mostly in gum."

Government workers in Washington boarding houses—girl secretaries, mostly, and stenographers and file clerks—were told by the Office of Price Administration that henceforth they could spend no more than 15 minutes taking a bath in the morning. Seems they'd been spending up to three quarters of an hour in the tub, with the result that only the earliest risers were getting to work on time. . . . To help combat the meat shortage, the War Production Board increased the number of cartridges which farmers and ranchers may buy to shoot game. Wild duck, deer, quail, elk, and pheasant are the hunters' standbys. . . . Heard any of the homefolks complaining that they were allowed only three pairs of shoes this year? That was merely the beginning. Civilians next year will get only two.

Michigan State College, feeling that its coeds needed to be made more war-conscious, did its best to brighten the picture by rationing the number of liberties a girl may take with the ordinary campus routine. Each of the young ladies was given a ration book containing 30 coupons and point values were placed upon such specially licensed conduct as a night away from school, a Monday morning return from a weekend, and tardiness in attending classes. . . . A more sombre note was sounded by the Office of Price Administration when it announced that the new war-ration book (No. 4), which will become valid in November, has been designed to keep every American civilian on a ration basis for the next two years.

The United States is face to face with a shortage of newsprint, not so much because it hasn't got the wherewithal (trees) to manufacture it but because it hasn't got the men to chop the wherewithal down. Though publishers back home are still far from being reduced to the four and six page papers seen in England, they have for months been compelled to trim here and there, wherever it would be least noticeable. Sunday papers, in particular, are no longer the arm-breakers they once were, and some editors run a box on the front page of each issue telling readers exactly how many columns of advertising had to be omitted in order to keep the paper within present bounds. The bars were let down, however, to merchants who wanted to help plug the Third War Bond drive and for a few days newspapers were as fat as they used to be when manufacturers of automobiles and automatic refrigerators were fighting one another to get their advertisements before the eyes of the public.

THIS sort of thing, plus the efforts of endless radio speakers and touring pep-up cavalcades from Hollywood (*plus* the fact that to buy a bond was not only patriotic but a good investment) created a buying stampede. By the end of last week the 15-billion-dollar goal was within 3 billion of being reached and the drive still had a week to run. . . . Concurrently, the papers were further jammed by full-page ads of the Columbia Broadcasting System announcing that in the future its newscasters would not be allowed to editorialize and would have to stick strictly to the facts. Cecil Brown, who was aboard the British battleship *Prince of Wales* when the Japs sank it off the coast of Malaya during the early days of the

campaign there and who has since become one of C.B.S.'s top-ranking commentators, resigned rather than bow to his employer's wishes.

U.S. war casualties to date total 105,205, the Office of War Information announced. The cold statistics of men on the national honor roll show the following: 20,104 dead; 28,226 wounded; 32,905 missing; 23,970 taken prisoner. . . . More cheerful statistics (issued by the Navy Department): three years ago the U.S. fleet consisted of 1,076 vessels (1,875,000 tons); today it has 14,072 vessels (nearly 5,000,000 tons). Moreover, in 1940 the Navy had fewer than 2,000 planes; today it has more than 18,000. Elsewhere it was disclosed that the Navy now has 25,000 trained pilots. . . . Washington announced last week that the Ford bomber plant at Willow Run, Detroit, is now turning out ten Liberators a day and that this number will be doubled before too long. The newest Liberators have a forward, power-operated gun turret over the bombardier's compartment in the nose. Ford is training women now to replace skilled workmen who have been drafted. The A.A.F. persists in ordering

ments with the other world powers to maintain peace but opposed an alliance with any single power. It came out against U.S. participation in an international police force on the ground that such an organization would deprive the nation of the right to direct the destinies of its own troops; it came out in favor of a year's furlough with pay and permanent jobs for soldiers discharged after the war.

Political Notes: Tammany Hall, formerly the headquarters of New York City's Democratic political machine, was vacated by its now more or less discredited tenants who took rented office space pending the day when, they hope, Mayor LaGuardia and his Fusion administration will be kicked out by the voters and the Tiger returned to its position of power. The building has been bought by the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union. . . . Wendell Willkie, the G.O.P. candidate for President in 1940, came up with a piece of Look magazine expressing his willingness to run again as a Republican in 1944 provided that the party took a liberal stand and included the following five points among its objectives: 1. Protection of minorities, (2) An efficient, well-managed, and eco-

Howard columnist Westbrook Pegler—criticism against which the union retaliated by picketing the New York offices of Pegler's publisher.

As probably must be expected in a nation engaged in total, global war, the U. S. has had more than its usual share of serious accidents lately. Last week 17 persons were killed and 250 injured at the Naval Air Station at Norfolk, Va., when fire swept a train carrying 26 depth charges and set off a blast which demolished everything in the neighbourhood, including a fire engine which was racing to the scene. . . . Twenty-five passengers, including three Wacs, were killed at Maxton, N.C., in the crash of an Army transport plane.

Manhattan was treated to one of its best elevator-strike stories when the operators walked out of towering Rockefeller Center just before the noon rush hour. Some 27,000 occupants of the buildings walked down for lunch. A few walked back up afterwards. Most didn't.

The liquor back home may not be what it used to be but there's still plenty of it, as a chap named Paul Podgus, a twenty-eight-year-old bookkeeper

SIGNS OF THE TIMES in America seem to be concerned with Joes, dough and pedal extremities. The Joes are being sent Christmas presents by strangers (in this case Joyce Reynolds, of Warners, who couldn't be doing it for the publicity), the dough is being spent on the Third War Loan Drive, on bonds yet, and the pedal extremities are sans shoes because shoemakers are all jammed up.

improvements in the planes, basing its decisions on battle-front experience, and the necessity for altering machinery to keep abreast of these changes has naturally slowed down the pace of production. It's the old story of quality versus quantity.

Also from Washington came word that the House, by a vote of 360 to 29, had favored adoption of a resolution introduced by Rep. Jaye William Fulbright, Arkansas Democrat, advocating participation by the U. S. in post-war collaborative efforts to maintain peace. The Senate is next to be heard from on the subject and both friends and enemies of the resolution are keeping their fingers crossed.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt returned home after what was probably the longest trip that she has ever made; a thirty-seven day, 23,000-mile journey by plane to the Southwest Pacific where, as a representative of the American Red Cross, she visited military hospitals and chatted with troops on active duty in New Zealand, Australia, and Guadalcanal. She said the uniformed Americans whom she met "have very strong feelings about strikes," and added, "I didn't see any boy who justified strikes but the approach they all had to the subject was always reasonable." Stopping off at Honolulu on her way home, Mrs. Roosevelt had already tackled an equally touchy subject when she declared that American soldiers overseas were setting such high standards of gallantry in their attentions to local belles that their British and Anzac brethren were being left in the lurch.

The American Legion brought its annual national convention to a close at Omaha, Neb., by passing a resolution demanding that no immigration to the U.S. be allowed after the war until the number of unemployed Americans drops below the million mark. The Legion also advocated broad agree-

nomical administration, (3) Rebirth of real enterprise, (4) Absolute guarantees against unemployment and want, (5) A new foreign policy to promote the future safety of mutual interests with other nations.

Word of the Wacs: A contingent of the uniformed lasses stationed at Columbus, Ga., nominated Sergeant Marco La Bianca, a parachutist stationed at Fort Benning, Ga., their pin-up man. The lucky fellow is twenty-five years old, six feet two inches tall, and weighs a hundred and eighty-five.

Stork Club: Private Martin Finneran, twenty-four years old, delivered his wife's eight-pound baby at their home on the Bronx, New York. Ten minutes later the doctor arrived. . . . Mrs. Bertha Stavianos, a member of the faculty at Smith College in Northampton, Mass., beat the long-billed bird by bicycling to the hospital. (Gives you an idea of what the taxi situation back there is these days.) . . . Mrs. William England gave birth to twins and, in doing so, created work for the Bureaus of Vital Statistics of two states. The first arrival was born in Mrs. England's home at Gans, Okla.; the second came five hours later, by which time the mother had reached the Fort Smith Hospital in Arkansas.

New Hampshire made its first bonus payment to a veteran of this war when it gave $100 to Donald Elliott, of Plymouth, a nineteen-year-old Marine Corps veteran who was wounded at Guadalcanal. . . . The New York City draft board in charge of handling the case of Joseph Curran, thirty-seven-year-old president of the National Maritime Union, voided his deferment from the draft which he had successfully claimed for some time on the grounds that he was essential to the war effort. Curran, though not far from being over age, was reclassified from 2-A to 1-A. His exemption from the draft has long been a subject of criticism by the Scripps

of Brooklyn, N.Y., will assure you if he has quieted down enough by now to talk. Podgus told police that he had always wanted to go on "one grand binge," and from the shape he was in when the police picked him up in Denver, it would appear that no man could hope to go on a grander one. From the hospital bed to which he was sent, suffering from "extreme alcoholic shock," Podgus managed to explain to detectives that he started his toot when the oil company by which he was employed sent him out with $50,000 to pay off a large number of seamen working on its tankers. When the sailors learned his mission, Podgus said, "they were delighted to see him and many insisted on buying him a drink or two—or three. Soon Podgus decided that he couldn't possibly get around to all the seamen to whom the company owed money and it seemed to him a good idea at the time to spend what shekels he had left buying drinks for the seamen who were being so nice to him. Well, that's what cooked the goose of our man Podgus. From there on in he drew a blank, except for vague recollections of being in Chicago, Des Moines and Omaha; when he's not too busy fighting those little green men on his shoulder he has a hunch that he also flew to the coast. Podgus had spent or paid off all but about $3,000 of his $50,000 by the time he caught up with himself. Better stick to lager tonight, boys.

And now we come to the sad ending. In New York City, Mario Quarello, thirty-seven-year-old, Italian-born waiter, put on a shiny black silk shirt the other Sunday afternoon, placed a medal with the likeness of Mussolini on it around his neck, turned on the gas, and—curtains. Quarello left a note in which, after asking that he be buried in his Fascist uniform, he observed: "I did my best for the cause, right or wrong."

Well, pal, it sure wasn't right.

One Soldier from the Wars returning and one headed thereto chronicle their impressions of New York.

★ New York ★

Hello and Goodbye!

NEW YORK, SEPT. 10—It was on the early morning of a bleak autumn day nine months ago that I had last seen America and my view of it had been from the rail of a troopship snaking out of New York towards Africa. The American people at that time were still fumbling the ball in the changeover from peace to war. Now I was back again riding from the airport to Manhattan in a taxi, eager to see what American was like these days and to find out how it feels to be back in the States from overseas.

It was exciting to be coming home, but there was another sensation too, a kind of a lost unreal feeling, a sense of not belonging here any more. It hits you quick. You think: Where are all the jeeps and command cars? Coming from Africa, you wonder: Where are all the bicycles and wine wagons driven by Arabs cracking their whips and the British Tommies in their shorts? It all seems too quiet.

After checking in at an East Side hotel, I took a cab over to Broadway and 44th Street to watch the crowds on Times Square. On the way across town the driver and I got to talking and I remarked that I was just in from Africa. "Yeah," he said, glancing back at me. "How's everything over there?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Got a nephew myself somewhere in Africa, except I haven't heard from him in a couple of months. The boys are doing pretty good over there now, I guess. Kinda looks like it'll be over pretty soon with Italy out of the way."

The idea that the war is all but won in Europe is, I soon discovered, a prevalent one in New York. Like my cab driver, most people apparently took Mussolini's startling comedown as merely added proof that they had been right all along in the rosy outlook in which so many Americans have persisted in from the start. A man just back from overseas may feel that civilian America is indulging in too much wishful thinking about the Allied advances but he will have to admit that it is dead serious in its eagerness to make whatever sacrifices are necessary to win the war on the home front.

Rationing has brought a raft of changes in the nation's eating habits. If you've been dreaming about the day you could go home on furlough and walk casually into the nearest drug store for a coke or a hamburger and coffee, you can wake up now. The chances are that you would be certain of getting the coffee but cokes are scarce and hamburgers scarcer. Many hamburger joints are meeting the beef shortage by remaining closed until five or six o'clock in the evening. You will pay 15 or 20 cents for an order and maybe there won't be onions to go with it.

People do not ask the price of foods any more, particularly of meat. Now it's "How many ration points does it cost?" Meats and fats are paid for with red ration stamps, sixteen of which are issued to each person per week. Butter costs ten points a pound, if you can get it, and meat averages eight points a pound. There you are. And if you think the Arabs ever gypped you on egg deals, you have to pay 60 to 70 cents a dozen here and the price is rising. Ice cream is not a war casualty yet, but it is limited and shops that are cleaned out coax their customers to buy sherbert as a substitute. That's the picture. Strange though it all may seem, you can see that the average citizen is still comfortably far from starvation.

Despite what you read about gas rationing, there seem to be lots of cars on the go in the cities, although country roads are mostly deserted. Railroad stations are madhouses and the only break servicemen get on the trains is cheap fares. A reservation doesn't guarantee you a seat in the Pullman; just as likely you will find yourself standing on the car platform or sleeping in the gents' washroom—that is if you can squeeze aboard at all. MPs make train rides uncomfortable by stalking down jammed aisles at regular intervals to see that soldiers don't get too chummy with civilians and their liquor.

Liquor and beer, by the way, don't flow as freely as they used to. Whiskey is rationed by dealers and gin has gone back to the bathtub variety. I caught on to the beer situation easy. At first I asked for six bottles and got three. Now I ask for a dozen and get six.

You will find lots of changes on coming back to America now, but probably more important are the little things that haven't changed and that you never thought about at all until you got overseas. Things like water that comes from faucets and can be drunk, barbers' chairs that tilt back and shaves with hot water. And if you're anything like me, the thing that will mean most to you is what America has the best of in the world—plumbing!

T/Sgt. JOHN M. WILLIE

WAITING IN A NEW YORK AIRPORT, SEPT. 15—So it's good-bye New York, and two hours from now I'll be on an Army transport plane on the first lap of my journey overseas—to somewhere in England, I suspect. Manhattan (I've lived there all my life except for three months of basic training in Virginia) looked pretty much the same as it always has this morning, but I had to ask three cab drivers before I could find one with enough gasoline to take me out to the airport. "It's hell on tires, too," said the chap who finally did condescend to accept me as a fare. "It's been a year since I've had any treads that would take hold on a wet pavement."

Last night, as my five-day furlough came to an end, I tried to do a little celebrating, but it was pretty thin going. First came dinner with the family. I always like eating with them, of course, but they were full of apologies. My father hadn't been able to get gin for martinis and mother had been to every butcher store on the avenue looking for a steak, but nothing doing. She took it sort of hard because she'd been saving her ration coupons all week for that steak, but the butchers just laughed at her. So we had chicken instead, which seemed all right to me, but mother said that she couldn't see why they have ration coupons if the coupons are no good. It griped her, too, that if we'd gone out to a restaurant and paid two or three bucks apiece, we could have steaks as thick as your arm. Black market, she said.

The folks go to bed early, so after we'd done the dishes (mother can't get a maid, no matter what she offers to pay these days) I got on the phone to see if I couldn't get together some of my old friends. I knew, of course, that most of the boys I used to chew the fat with were in uniform, but I thought maybe George, who's 4-F because of his eyes, and Phil, who works some sort of trick machine in a war plant out in Brooklyn, would be around. George's mother answered the phone, and when I asked for George she laughed just a little and said, George ought to be in India by this time. He'd left a couple of months ago to join a volunteer ambulance force there, because he just couldn't stand hanging around any more and having people wondering why he wasn't in uniform. Phil's wife was home; she said yes, Phil was still in New York (his boss wouldn't let him go, and she was sort of selfishly glad, too), but he was on air raid warden duty until ten that night so she invited me to come round after.

I didn't have much money left after five days on the town but I knew how Phil and his wife like a highball now and then, so on the way down to their apartment I stopped in a liquor store to buy a quart of rye. The clerk didn't have the kind I wanted (he only gets three bottles of that brand a month) and charged me $4.38 for something I knew wasn't nearly as good. "Sure," he said, "we used to sell that stuff for less than two bucks, but they ain't making rye any more. You're lucky to get it at any price."

Phil lives down in the Village and I had some time to kill, so I took a trolley down Broadway—and then wished I hadn't. The dimout, of course, has ruined the place. There were lots of men in uniform shuffling along, but they didn't seem to be having much fun. After all, Broadway hasn't got much to offer a soldier these days, now that burlesque is gone, except movies, shooting galleries, and not-too-good beer.

At Fifth Avenue and 42nd, I got out and took a double-decker bus downtown. For some reason, Fifth Avenue is the most dimmed-out street in New York. It's a lot more dangerous to walk on alone at night than, for instance, Ocean Avenue out in Brooklyn, or Jerome Avenue up in the Bronx which, by comparison, are all lit up. A G.I. got mugged the other evening on the corner of 45th and 5th—knocked out and whatever dough he had stolen.

Phil was home by the time I got there and he whipped up some drinks, though he said I shouldn't have spent all that money for the bottle. Phil's making around a hundred fish a week these days—on paper. By the time he gets his taxes paid, though, and his Social Security, and his compulsory office health insurance, and the War Bond the management makes him buy, his salary isn't much bigger than it was before the war. On top of that, the landlord had just raised his rent five bucks and his wife figures it costs them just about twice as much to eat as it used to. Phil's wife was in a hell of a dither because she'd just found a run in her last pair of nylon stockings and even her black-market hairdresser couldn't sell her any more.

We talked a little about the war and what I'd been doing in the Army and what I figured I'd be doing from now on, but it was uphill work, somehow, and I left early. I bought a paper and took the subway uptown but the lights in the car were so dimmed out (because the train runs above the ground when it gets to the Bronx) that I couldn't read without hurting my eyes.

All in all, I didn't really mind so much leaving town for overseas this morning.

Pvt. S. V.

Frances Rafferty

YANK

Pin-up Girl

SPORTS: WASHINGTON HUSKIES MAY GO ROSE BOWLIN'

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

A LOT of football coaches, especially Jeff Cravath of Southern California and Frank Leahy of Notre Dame, are beginning to find out that maybe the Navy was just being shrewd when it gave its V-12s permission to go out and play football for their step alma maters.

Probably neither Leahy nor Cravath realized it at the time, but there was a tricky little joker in that Navy decree. It said in effect: go ahead and play football if you can find the time and energy and still keep up with your studies.

At South Bend, Ind., the Notre Dame Navy boys have become painfully familiar with the interpretation of that phrase "time and energy." Some of them became so frightened after looking over their Navy curriculum that they decided to stick to their guns and books and leave football to the civilian students. And at Southern California, where Cravath is fashioning a Rose Bowl contender, 12 of the best football trainees have already been ruled ineligible because they ran afoul of scholastic traps.

Maybe, as they say, the Navy is the backbone of football these days. Certainly there's no denying that it has built powerful teams at Washington, Michigan, Southern California and Notre Dame, where it has assigned the biggest batch of athletes. But the question is: How long can they last?

In brief, football in the Middle West and West shapes up like this:

MIDDLE WEST

Michigan is the universal choice for the Big Ten championship and perhaps Ohio State's successor as the nation's No. 1 team. Halfback Elroy Hirsch, quarterback Jack Wink and center Fred Negus, who almost won a Big Ten title for Wisconsin last year, have shifted to Michigan as V-12s. The Wolverines also won Minnesota's thunderous fullback, Bill Daley, in the shuffle of service talent. George McAfee, the great Chicago Bear running back, is stationed at Ann Arbor as a physical instructor and could play if he took one scholastic course. Also available are such hold-overs as fullback Bob Wiese, center Merv Pregulman, halfback Paul White and the All-American Negro guard, Julie Franks. Franks, however, was injured in practice and may be out part of the season.

Northwestern has been blessed with an ample supply of service talent from last year's Minnesota and Nebraska teams and should give Michigan a whale of a battle for the Big Ten title. Otto Graham, generally recognized as an All-American halfback last season, is supposed to return for the early part of the season and will be Lynn Waldorf's scoring menace. When Graham moves on, Vic Schwall, a low-slung, swift sophomore will take over. He'll get all the support he needs from such transfers as Herman Frickey, Dick Kelly and Bill Garnaas, all Minnesota backfield regulars last year.

Notre Dame is regarded as one of the strongest teams in the Midwest, but Frank Leahy moans otherwise. If his Navy and Marine boys don't shy away from football to keep up with their studies, the Irish appear to be more than a match for their schedule which calls for games with Northwestern, Michigan, Army, Great Lakes, Navy and Iowa Pre-Flight. Angelo Bertelli, the pass master, is a marine and will be at quarterback for about five games. Julie Rykovich, Illinois' freshman whiz-bang, has won the fullback job, beating out Vic Kulbitski, the Minnesota veteran.

Also Rans. Wisconsin, Minnesota, Purdue, Illinois, Ohio State, Indiana, Iowa and Marquette.

No Teams This Year. Michigan State and Detroit.

THE FAR WEST

Washington has its sights fixed on the Rose Bowl and there's a strong possibility that it may get there. Only Southern California blocks the way. Coach Ralph Welch has the boys to make his "T" formation click. Among the brighter prospects are backs Sam Robinson, Bob Erickson, Pete Susick, Bobo Moore and Jay Stoves, a triple-threater who moved over from Washington State; center Jim McCurdy, who was a freshman sensation at Stanford; tackle Don Deeks, and end Gail Bruce, the strong boy of last year's frosh club.

Southern California has found out that the V-12 program can give as well as take. Jackie Fellows, high-scoring halfback from Fresno State, has been instructed to forget football and concentrate on his studies. Unquestionably this hurt the Trojans, but Jeff Cravath still has such a wealth of material that he is seriously thinking about organizing a B team. That is, if he can find anybody to play it. The Trojans will be built around Mickey McCardle, last year's excellent sophomore halfback, and Capt. Ralph Heywood, a three-year letterman at end who can play again under the new eligibility rules.

Also Rans. California, Washington State, UCLA, Oregon State, Oregon, Idaho and St. Mary's.

No Teams This Year. Stanford, Santa Clara and Montana.

Bill Daley, Michigan. *Otto Graham, Northwestern.*

Southern California's starting backfield. Left to right: Lou Futrell, right halfback; Mickey McCardle, left halfback; Chuck Page, fullback; and Jim Hardy, quarterback.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

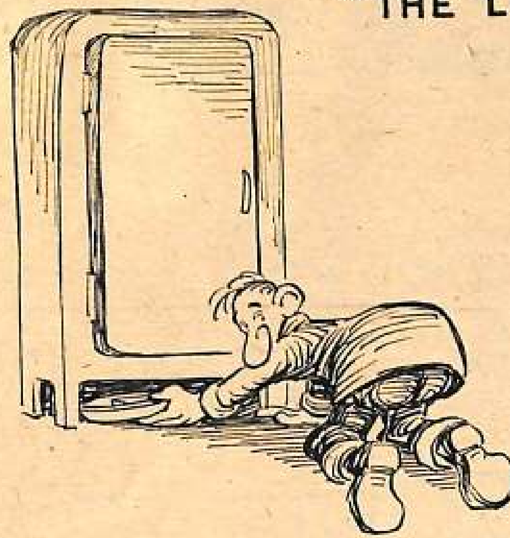
Here's one match that ended with the champion on the "floor." Lt. Joe Hunt (right) ran to the net to greet Jack Kramer S2c after winning National singles title, but fell to the ground when a cramp seized his left leg. They shook hands there.

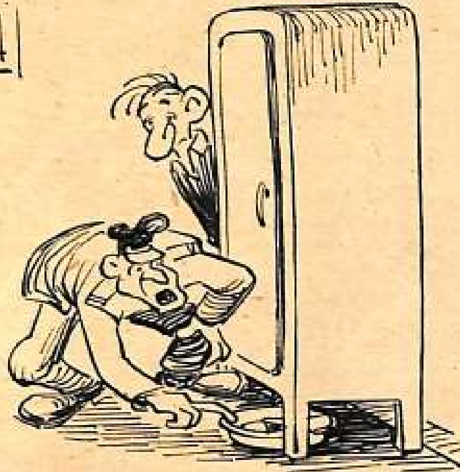
IT now develops that **O/C Frankie Sinkwich** was suffering from something more than blistered feet at the Parris Island (S. C.) Marine Base. He has been discharged because of a heart murmur, high blood pressure and bad feet. If he can elude the draft, Sinkwich will play for the Detroit Lions. . . . The combination Pittsburgh-Philadelphia pro team has come up with halfback **Max Partin**, who was wounded in the Tunisian campaign, and the Washington Redskins have signed **Red Roberts**, a merchant sailor who had two ships sunk from under him and once spent 14 days on a raft. . . . **Capt. Harry Torgerson**, one of New York University's most illustrious football heroes, was the marine who first thought of blasting the Japs from their coral caves on Gavutu Island in the Solomons by attaching blocks of TNT to boards and hurling them into the caves. . . . **Lt. Gil Hunt**, the tennis champ, was the top-ranking man in the graduating class of 300 AAF weather officers.

The real sleeper for the coming gridiron campaign will be the Commodores of the Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Training Station. One look at their collection of talent is enough to make a college football coach join the Army to forget. For instance: **Bill de Correvont** of Northwestern, **Harvey Johnson** of William and Mary, **Paul Anderson** of last year's Great Lakes team, **Yen Akin** of the Chicago Bears, **Howard Hickey** of the Detroit Lions and **Cluie Mosher** of the Pittsburgh Steelers. . . . When the GI baseballers in Surinam go on the road, they sometimes travel 100 miles through the jungles to play teams guarding important bases. Most of the journey is made on foot, too. . . . **Charles Hoff**, onetime holder of the world pole-vault record and for the past three years director of the Quisling sports movement in Norway, was murdered near Oslo.

If **O/C Ben Hogan** graduates in time from Miami Beach, he'll be an odds-on favorite to win the All-Service Golf Tournament at Goodfellow Field, Tex. . . . **Betty Hicks**, apprentice seaman in the SPARS, is no stranger on that drill field at the Hotel Palm Beach Biltmore. It's the golf course where she won the 1940 Palm Beach championship. . . . **Sgt. Joe Louis** on football: "It's too rough for me! Any game where 11 guys all pile on just one guy, well, that just ain't fair."

"THE LEFTOVER"





©1944 SGT. GEORGE BAKER

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

THE ORDEAL OF ARTIE

"COME on with me over to the supply sergeant's," Artie Greengroin said. "I got a pair of pants for the salvage."

"What happened to them?" we wanted to know.

"What happen was I was sitting in a field with a twist," said Artie, "and a gawdam big bull come along and I tored a hole in the pants going unner some barb wire. They was a good pair of pants, too. I had 'em ever since the olden days when they first tooken me in the Army."

"A shame to lose them," we said.

"Thass life," said Artie. "But as a matter of fack, they never fitted me around the gut, anyways. And the blassid legs was too long."

"Sounds familiar," we said.

The supply sergeant was a huge man, huge and unyielding. As we approached him he eyed Artie coldly and disinterestedly.

"If you're planning on toining in them pants," he said, "you can stop planning on toining in them pants. The Army has stopped making pants. From now on you can fight bare-naked, for all I give a damn."

"Thass the way I like to begin a conversation," Artie said. "On a nice basis of fack."

"You don't want no pants," said the supply sergeant. "Awways you guys come in here you want something big. You don't want a pair of socks. You don't want a hannerchief. Naw, you got to have a gawdam field jacket or a blouse or a pair of pants. Greedy, thass what you are. Yer all toining me into a idiot."

"They's nothing I like better than a man of spirit," Artie said. He handed the supply sergeant the battered pants.

The sergeant took them calmly, and held them up. "These pants is torn," he said.

"Yerse," said Artie.

"And not oney is these pants torn," said the supply sergeant, "but they got spots on them. Millions of spots. Yer a doity thing, Greengroin."

"I come by them spots honessly," Artie said. "I got them spots unner trucks and things when they wouldn't run and they was nobody that could make 'em run except ole Artie."

"Nobody ever toins in a clean pair of pants," the supply sergeant said gloomily. "Everything's awways doity. This is a doity Army."

"They should keep us indoors more," Artie said.

The supply sergeant dropped the pants on the floor. "I don't want them pants, Greengroin," he said. "Take 'em away. Go boin 'em. If the Army had of knowed you was going to rip up all yer uniforms they probly wouldn't of took you. They'd of made you a 4-F, Greengroin." He surveyed Artie's rather wasted form coldly. "Yer a borned 4-F, Greengroin," he said. "They shouldn't of took you anyways."

"Thass beside the pernt," Artie said. "The pernt is, I got to have a new pair of pants. You don't want me to be a gawdam sloppy sodjer, do you?"

"Greengroin," the supply sergeant said solemnly, "It's a army of sloppy sodjers. I never seen such a crummy bunch in me life. Awways they come to me to fix them up nice and neat. I can't fix 'em up nice and neat because the oney sizes I ever get in is odd sizes. I don't know what them tailors think huming beings look like, but they don't look like what them tailors think they look like. Thass gaw's truth."

"I still got to get me some pants," said Artie.

"Wass the matter with these pants, anyways?" the supply sergeant asked. He picked them up and looked at them again. "They got a little tear, thass all."

"They got a hell of a big tear," said Artie.

"How'd they get that little tear, anyways?" asked the supply sergeant.

"I done it on the barb wire," Artie said simply.

"Wass the idea of crawling around in the barb wire in yer bess uniform?" the supply sergeant said. "Didn't they give you some fatigues to crawl around in the barb wire in? Wass the matter with the Army anyways? Are we going to fight this blassid war in the bess uniforms we got? Honess to gaw, them ole bassars will kill me one of these days. I wisht I was back in the A & P, in the American United States."

"I was crawling around in the barb wire because I was saving the life of a doll from a mad bull," said Artie. "I should of got the Sodjer's Medal, but all I got was some tored pants."

The supply sergeant drew himself up. "So you didn't get in the barb wire in the line of duty, huh? Then they's nothing I can do for you. You got to go get your own tears patched. I oney attend to guys what got tears in the line of duty. Beat it. Yer a rummy, Greengroin. Yer trying to milk the Government. Beat it."

"Listen," Artie said. "Two pair of pants I got. If one pair is tored, it means I oney got one pair of pants. A man can't keep up his respeck on one pair of pants. You want I should lose me respeck?"

"I don't care what you lose," the supply sergeant said. "I don't care if yer head falls off and you lose it. Yer a ole bassar. Beat it."

"I give this Army the bess years of me life," said Artie, "and the lease they can do for me is give me a new pair of pants. Thass law and order. The trouble with you is that yer a amichist. Yer trying to pull down the whole social structure of the Army."

"I ain't trying to pull down nothing," the supply sergeant said. "But I'm gonna let you in on a secret, Greengroin. I ain't got no pants. I ain't seen any new pants since lass March. They ain't making no new pants."

"Why ain't they making no new pants?" Artie wanted to know.

"Maybe they're making new pants," said the supply sergeant. "Maybe they're sending 'em all to Greenland. Don't confuse me. You want a hannerchief, I'll get yer a hannerchief. You want a belt, it can be arranged. But pants is out. How's about a nice new rifle all full of cosmoline?"

"Ah, the hell with it," Artie said. "Yer a tool, thass all. A tool. The next time they catch me on a inspection I'll tell 'em you done it to me."

"They awways do," said the supply sergeant.

Mail Call

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

Concerning a Flag

Dear YANK:

Having looked at your illustration on the cover of your September 19 issue, we found that the two Yanks were holding the Japanese flag sidewise instead of right side up. How about that? We have figured the writing on the flag means "Always be strong"; also on the flag is the captain's name and the name of his outfit.

Thought this might be of interest to you.

We all like your magazine.

Britain.

Cpl. CHARLES SPENCER
Pfc. CLAYTON MORGAN
Pfc. TING YEE SAM

[Damned if we could have figured it out.—Ed.]

The Younger Generation

Dear YANK:

My father is in the U. S. Signal Corps now training in England. He sends me old copies of YANK and I enjoy them very much.

In YANK's edition of May 16, 1943, Pvt. Robert W. Taylor wrote a poem which he called "To An Unknown Soldier," killed in action, stationed at Fort Monmouth, N.J. Before daddy was sent overseas he was stationed there. His name is 2nd Lt. Kenneth E. Converse.

CONNIE L. CONVERSE
Age 8

Gorham, Kan.

Dear YANK:

I do so love reading the YANK. I am 12 years of age, name Marjorie Tye. But although I am young, I certainly have noticed that some of the English people give you the cold shoulder, but please remember not all the English are like that.

Although I am English, my brother is in the U.S. Army, and I should not like to see him get the cold shoulder either.

My mother and I know two very nice boys, who come to our house; they are the sweetest boys, oh! and so jolly, one of them is known as Merry. All you English people, who now and again read the YANK, and yet do not help to make the U.S. boys happy, will you turn over a new leaf, and behave like true Britons should, and entertain the Americans (after all they are far from Home, and must be pretty lonesome).

P.S.—My mother has resolved to entertain more of your fellas. We have not much to offer, but we will do all we can to make the U.S. boys happy.

Britain.

"BUTTON"

This is my new name given to me by one of the U.S. boys (because I am small, I suppose)

Dear YANK:

Since this is the department for gripes and groans, I'm putting forth one on the subject of "Jeeps."

I've been associated with the ¼-ton truck ever since the thing was inaugurated into the Army, and I think it's time we should all get together on what to call them. They have been referred to as "Peeps," "Jeeps," and what not. (I understand they are "officially" called "Peeps.")

Now the British call them "Jeeps," the Russians call them "Jeeps," the Chinese call them "Jeeps" and as far as I'm concerned they are "Jeeps," so since it seems they are more or less universally adopted by that name, we might all call them Jeeps for keeps.

Britain.

T/Sgt. CLYDE V. BAGWELL

Peeps About Jeeps

Dear YANK:

I see by your paper that Greengroin, the only, has come into a peep, or jeep, as he calls it. Taking him seriously, I am suggesting the following name for his little roustabout. Here's hoping he likes it. But here's also hoping he doesn't christen the "baby" with a Molotov cocktail.

"LI'L BO PEEP"

Sgt. MACK L. STAHLER

Britain.

As Time Goes By, etc.

Dear YANK:

As a veteran of World War Number One, with vivid recollections of many an enjoyable hour spent with your predecessor, the old *Stars and Stripes*, let me assure you that your worthy publication is as great an improvement over that ancient and hoary periodical as this generation is over mine—and that's plenty.

In all seriousness, may I respectfully suggest that you include an occasional article on post-war problems as they will confront us on our return home and also, if permissible, the pros and cons of the sort of peace terms which should be given our defeated foes if, as and when the hostilities end. At this writing my memory goes back to the last war and the horrible flop my generation made of the peace and the subsequent tragic years. It is with this in mind and the most ardent desire to see this young, keen generation avoid the same mistakes that I urge you to use your splendid paper as a powerful medium for awakening these fellows to the great tasks that lie ahead of them and to the great privilege that is theirs to rectify the errors of the past and make for all of us the kind of a world that we all want and *can* have.

This may appear a sour note from an old "vet" but, believe me, we old timers now in the service don't want to come back here again in another twenty odd years to do it all over again. No, siree!

So with the best of luck to you and to your swell mag, and may you continue your merry way with continued success, I am

Britain.

"POP" FREED

Dept. of Grave Errors

Dear YANK:

In your August 29 issue under "News From Home," you once again referred to General Henry Arnold as a Lt.-General. For your information there are four full generals in the U. S. Army, Generals Marshall, MacArthur, Eisenhower and Arnold.

Britain.

FROM A FULL CORPORAL

[We have just broken the man who made that mistake to a T14.—Ed.]

Double Talk, G.I. Version

Dear YANK:

This has been knocking around in my head for quite some time:

CENSORITIS

The censor says I can't say much,
Can't talk of so and so and such;
Can't even say we're having weather,
Or you'd put two and two together.
Can't say just where I am, or what,
Can't tell you why, or if, or but;
Can't tell you what we do or don't,
Or if we might, or will, or won't.
But—I *can* send my love to you
Without restriction—so I do.

1st. Sgt. JOHN B. CAHILL

Britain.

The Mystery of Ada

Dear YANK:

This letter is in reference to the picture of the comely lass printed on your "Mail Call" page in the September 19 issue.

Strangely enough, about 14 months ago I was lucky enough to take the picture in Sacramento, California.

Only one hitch involved—the picture was taken at the request of the young lady's husband. Lt. and Mrs. "Bebe" Gold are very good friends of mine. Her first name is Adrianne which accounts for the "Ady" written on the back.

I haven't seen them in a year and how the picture was found in the ETO is a bit of a mystery to me. If any one can answer this one I would greatly appreciate it. Sorry to disappoint the eager lieutenants.

LT. L. E. FLEUELLING, USAAF

Britain.

Dear YANK:

At least one soldier in the ETO was stricken with a severe case of the "St. Louis Blues" last Saturday—all because of a picture in the latest issue of YANK. For I know "Ady" very well.

Her name is Adrianne Palan. Past performances include "Junior Prom Queen" at Washington University (my date for that affair) and modeling for ads. that have appeared in *Harpers*, *Vogue* and *Madamoiselle*. What a gal, men! What a gal!

But (and you can all weep with me) she is now married to a lieutenant in the Air Force, and as late as last July was with him in New Mexico.

For your information, gentlemen, there's a younger sister even prettier than Ady.

LEONARD ROSENBAUM
T/5 Signal Corps

Britain.

The Beloved Pfc.

Dear YANK:

I have an idea you will find this an unusual letter as I am an English girl, who is all for Brooklyn. My sister is going to marry a Pfc. from that exclusive portion of the great U. S. A. He has the speech of Artie Greengroin, but a solid heart of gold; he enjoys a pleasant friendly evening at home or an occasional movie; in every way he is an ideal representative of all that is O.K. in the U. S. A. and ETO.

I should be so happy if you print this as he always reads YANK and I know he will recognize himself. If I say that of all the boys I've met, the guys from Brooklyn are still "tops" and are always welcome in our home, don't think I am biased because of my future brother-in-law. I have met many other Americans from all parts; some are good, some *think* they are good, and others just couldn't be good, but as I said before, for an all round great guy—"Gimme Toity foist and Toid Avenue."

So with best wishes to our Artie and Best of Luck to your very enjoyable paper.

Yours very sincerely,

Britain.

BABS

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

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Pictures: 1, Sgt. John Bushemi. 2, INP. 3, Signal Corps. 4, left, AP; right, BOP. 5, Charles E. Brown. 6 and 7, Sgt. John Bushemi. 8, YANK Staff. 9, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 10, Signal Corps. 12 and 13, Sgt. Pete Paris. 14, INP. 15, right, ACME. 16, AP. 17, M-G-M. 18, upper right, INP; center and lower left, ACME. 20, left, Sgt. Georg Meyers; right, Unknown. 21, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 22 and 23, Cpl. Ben Schnall.

"Sing you Soldier!"

By
Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON

Last week a small group of hushed people stood in the wings of world-famous Royal Albert Hall in London, listening to the U. S. Army Negro Chorus rehearse for its record-shattering concerts and broadcast a few days later. Among the awe-struck spectators was a young lady music critic from the BBC. "The very fact that these men are appearing here," said the young lady from the BBC, as she looked about the hallowed structure, "is an absolute miracle."

Also in the group of listeners was the renowned American Negro tenor, Roland Hayes, who had been flown over from the United States especially to solo with the crack engineers. "The very fact that a few days ago these men were building an airfield with picks and shovels and bulldozers—that their untrained voices have been brought to such a peak of magnificence," said Mr. Hayes, "to me that is even more of a miracle."

In the background of the group of listeners was Cpl. Marc Blitzstein, the composer, who had been assigned to help whip the program into shape. "To me," said Blitzstein quietly, "it is no miracle at all. These are ordinary guys playing an ordinary part in the bloodstream of the war. There are two things they have naturally been fitted for. The first was to build airfields—and when they're inspired, they can build airfields better than any outfit in the world. The second was to sing—and when they're inspired, they *really* can sing." Then with a shrug of the shoulders: "It's about as much of a miracle as a squadron of Marauders getting through to hit a target."

The controversy is still raging about whether the miracle of Albert Hall really was a miracle at all. There is no argument, however, about the final result. The chorus, 200 voices selected from a Negro Aviation Engineer regiment, sold out the huge old hall weeks in advance. British and American critics raved. And Lancashire farmers, Welsh miners and Scottish factory workers (part of the concert was broadcast over the BBC, NBC and the American Forces network) have been humming snatches of *Ballad for Americans* and *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho* in their respective accents ever since.

There are two schools of thought about how the unprecedented G.I. chorus got under way.

One story says that John Steinbeck, the novelist, was on the deck of a troopship coming over in convoy last year, when he heard voices singing far off in the hold. He listened. A group of unknown Negro soldiers had gotten together, and had begun to sing to pass time. First one voice, then a quartet in harmony, then a chorus of 20 or 30. They were singing a spiritual they had learned back home in church—*When the Saints Go Marching In*. Steinbeck couldn't forget that singing. When he arrived in the ETO, he wrote columns about it and pestered HQ for months to organize an official U. S. Army Negro Chorus as an important cog in Anglo-American relations.

In the meantime, Negro troops poured into England. In most cases they had little recreation. But they couldn't stop singing—and singing became their recreation. In one engineer battalion, Pfc. James McDaniel, one of the original Charioteers back in the States, organized a quartet. This quartet, with McDaniel the only trained voice in it, pulled the house down at camp shows and enthralled the local inhabitants when it sang carols in the villages on Christmas Day. In another battalion, a chorus was organized by 1st/Sgt. Alec Jordan, who had sung in the famous Tuskegee University Glee Club. Chaplain William M. Perkins developed a quartet that became a sensation among the Royal Navy men stationed in the area.

The thing grew spontaneously. British farmers who heard the men sing at their work deluged the BBC with letters requesting spirituals. Army outfits miles away called the quartets in for camp shows.

Then one day all these separate developments were suddenly fused into one. Chaplain Perkins was called down to HQ and requested to form a 200-voice, official U. S. Army Negro Chorus for a world-wide BBC broadcast. The London *Daily Express* immediately offered to sponsor a full-length concert in Royal Albert Hall, with the London Symphony as accompaniment. Marc Blitzstein was assigned to assist in the arrangements. W/O Hugo Weisgall, former conductor of the Baltimore String Symphony, was brought in as guest conductor. Roland Hayes was flown over from New York. And up in Chaplain Perkins's regiment (which included McDaniel and Jordan), "making the chorus" became about the same as making the varsity football team in college.

The men built their airfield by day and sang by night. Alec Jordan and Jim McDaniel taught them. Chaplain Perkins taught them. And the New York night club singer, Sgt. Jimmy Daniels, taught them. Mill hand and cotton picker and college instructor "got the inspiration." And when the big night came in Albert Hall, they were ready.

They were terrific. It was called a miracle.

The next day they went back to building their airfield.

And that's the factual, chronological story as advanced by the miracle school of thought.

The other school of thought analyses it differently: That this is no miracle, and no beginning or end. The roots go back to almost anywhere.

S/Sgt. Henry Whiteside, 41, was a Pullman porter once on the Pennsylvania Railroad's crack Jeffersonian on the St. Louis to New York run. He wanted to sing, so he joined an Elks Club chorus in Dayton. He sang a spiritual called *I Want to Die Easy* because it had stuck in his mind, particularly on the trains, ever since he was a child. Last week, Sgt. Whiteside sang the solo part to *I Want to Die Easy* in the world's most famous concert hall.

Little Pvt. Nathaniel Watson worked on his father's tenant farm in Forrest, Arkansas. He chopped cotton toward the end of August, and it was hard, back-breaking work. The only thing that made it easier was that he would start to sing and forget the broiling sun and his aching arms. When his father was around he would sing *Jesus My Heavenly King*. When his father was beyond earshot, he would sing a song called *Come Back Baby, Please Don't Go, Let's Talk It Over One More Time*. He was a little bewildered the other night. He felt as if the whole world were listening to his powerful bass voice. But the world had been listening all the time.

Serious-looking Sgt. Willis Jones was pretty well off before the war. His father was a miner in Glen White, West Virginia, and Willis was majoring in art at West Virginia State College. It was a tough course, and he had to study hard every night. But two evenings a week he had to drop in at glee club practice. He picked up the habit way back in 1929 when he was six years old and Reverend Abron got him to sing in the boys' choir at the Shady Grove Baptist Church. Last week, singing, not painting, took him to the highest pinnacle of his life.

Burly Sgt. Reese Howard was the local jokester at the bagging mill in his home town of Henderson, North Carolina. He worked as a weaver at the mill for 18 years, and every day without fail, Big Reese would burst forth suddenly with a rollicking bass version of *Old Rocking Chair Got Me* or *In The Dark*. The hundreds of workers, both white and colored, would listen and call for an encoré. Some would join in the chorus. Last week, Reese Howard sang a solo in the Albert Hall. Jim McDaniel has been coaching him. He's convinced that Big Reese will be a fine professional singer in the United States after the war.

Cpl. Ted Brown of Woodbury, New Jersey, was an All American quarterback on the great 1938 Wilberforce University football team. He was famous for singing *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho* as he snake-hipped down the field. Sgt. Cleveland Perry, a cafeteria cook from Corpus Christi, Texas, sang in St. Paul's Methodist Church ever since he was five years old. Cpl. John Jackson would park his taxi cab in Cincinatti to sing baritone with a YMCA glee club named, prophetically, "The Doughboys." Pfc. Lewis Torian harmonized *The Old Rugged Cross* with his seven brothers, as they harvested tobacco on a farm in Hillsboro, North Carolina.

"Hell," says Marc Blitzstein, "there's nothing so miraculous about these guys being good. They've *always* been good."

We're inclined to favor the Blitzstein point of view.

Blackjack

IT KNOCKS OUT EVERYONE BUT THE DEALER

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

John Scarne, card expert de luxe, explains why the odds are deadly in the most popular GI gambling pastime unless you hold the deck and reveals a few of the favorite methods of cheating in this pay-night game.

Sgt Ralph Stein

Blackjack was the most popular card game in the last war. This time it is just as popular, probably more so, because it can be played by any GI, sailor or marine who can count as high as 21 and has 25 cents in his pocket.

But there is another reason for blackjack's popularity in the armed forces. No other card game gives the dealer a bigger break for less effort, and a smart gambler easily gets to be the dealer. John Scarne, gambling sleuth extraordinary and soldiers' guide in matters of card trickery, says that gamblers, inside the Army and out, prefer holding the blackjack bank to playing any other card game. The task of separating a GI from his dough in blackjack is so simple that it is almost honest.

Also, blackjack is an easy game for cheating. The top card is the one that matters, so marked cards, second dealing, stacking false cuts and all the other tricks that Scarne has exposed in YANK come in handier here than anywhere else.

First let's find out why professional gamblers like blackjack. Roughly the answer is that the percentage is in their favor and can be made more so by innumerable slick methods. How? We'll show you by example.

Something all serious blackjack players have seen is the sign above the blackjack board in a gambling house. It informs soldiers what a swell break the house gives them when they play blackjack. Here is one such sign copied from the wall of a gambling house patronized by soldiers:

BLACKJACK PAYS 3 TO 2
ALL TIES STAND OFF
DEALER MUST STAY ON 17
16 OPTIONAL
PRIZES ON $1 BETS—
$5 FOR ACE AND JACK OF SPADES
$5 FOR 6-7-8 OF SAME SUIT

From reading that, soldier, you don't see how you can lose any dough—which is exactly what the house wants you to think. But let Scarne break this chart down and you will understand why you are always baffled when you walk away from the blackjack table not badly bent, but broke.

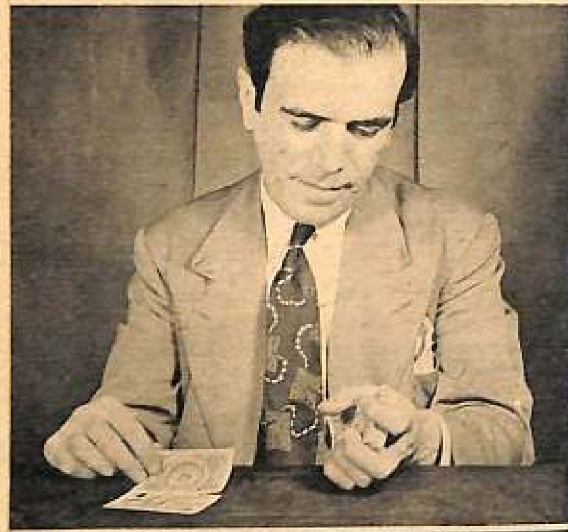
Blackjack Pays 3 to 2. That is, the bank pays you $1.50 for $1 if you make blackjack, which seems mighty square of them. But stop and figure it out. Your chances of making blackjack are 1 out of 21 deals. At this rate, you get a bonus of only 50 cents on every $21 you throw away!

Dealer Must Stay on 17. This rule is made (by the dealers) to prevent dealers from drawing too many cards and going over 21. Why not let the dealer draw? Because the odds are greatly against his making 21 from 17. Once he has 17, there are only 16 cards (or fewer) in the pack that will better his hand. But there are 34 cards that will put him over. Therefore, if he tries to better 17, the odds are at least 2⅛-1 that he will go over.

16 Is Optional. This means the dealer may stay or draw on 16. Reason for the ruling is to lessen the dealer's chances of overdrawing by making 15, instead of 16, the highest number the dealer must draw to.

Prizes on $1 Bets. *$5 for Ace and Jack of Spades.* Natural result of this is that players try to

PEEKING means seeming to look at card on table, actually peeking at card on top of deck. Above: top peek as it looks to player and dealer.



SIDE PEEK, also favored by crooks, is so fast it's almost impossible to detect. To catch peeking, watch closely the direction of dealer's eyes.

win the $5 bets and consequently play for dollars when ordinarily they would play for quarters. Odds against winning the $5 bet, in case you are too busy to figure them out, are 1,325-1. $5 for 6-7-8 of *the Same Suit*.—Same psychology here. You bet dollars instead of quarters. And the odds here are 5,524-1. All told, the chances of getting a prize on the ace and jack of spades, or on the 6-7-8 of the same suit (not necessarily spades), are 1,068-1.

All Ties Stand Off. This says that the dealer does not take the player's money if the two tie. Which is all right as far as it goes; the only trouble is it doesn't quite mean what it says. It is true that if there is a tie at 21 or lower, the dealer never takes the player's money. But—and the "but" here is a big one—what happens when player and dealer tie over 21? If all ties *are* stand off, as the sign says, the dealer should not take the player's dough if they tie over 21. But when a GI goes over, the dealer doesn't wait to see if there will be a tie. He grabs the player's money the minute the cards go over.

Here is the crux of the hidden percentage that works so heavily in the dealer's favor—the real reason gamblers like blackjack. It makes blackjack the only game where the player gambles against two opponents at the same time. How so? First, he is playing against himself to see how close he can come to 21. Second, he is playing against the dealer to see if he can beat *him*. Anybody who plays against the dealer is 50 percent licked when he starts.

Let's illustrate this a little further. Say you are a player who has been dealt 15 in the cards in his hand. You decide to ask for another card. If you get a 7 or higher, you pay the dealer. Has he beaten you? Soldier, this time you have beaten yourself! If you draw a 6 or lower, have you won? No, you still must beat the dealer, and the chances are you won't.

To figure the percentage in favor of the dealer in blackjack is impossible. A difference in players makes the job too complex, for some players make a habit of staying on 13-17. But after studying thousands of games Scarne knows that the guy who tries to beat the dealer in blackjack is tackling the impossible.

For proof try doing this: Ask your favorite dealer to draw the first card and, if he goes over 21, to pay off all customers. You will be shown the door so fast it won't be funny. One thing is sure: the only way to win in blackjack is to have the deal. Maybe you can do this in rotating games in camps. You certainly can't get it in a gambling house. The gamblers see to that.

Some blackjack games, in camps and in towns, offer other inducements which "favor" the player. Here is Scarne's break-down of a few more:

TURN-OVER PEEK requires that hole card be picked up and shielded by both hands, while top card in pack slides out for a second.

You can double your bet if you have 11 but can only draw one card. Chances are 2⅛-1 against getting a 10, and the dealer can always tie if you do, which makes your chances even smaller. Then if you draw, say, a low deuce, you have to stay with that weak 13.

Player may split pairs—except aces. Catch here is that aces are only cards worth splitting. It is foolish to split 9s and 10s.

Dealer turns his second card face up. This is supposed to favor the player, but it usually distracts him instead—something the gamblers know. The player tries to figure out what the dealer has and fails to concentrate on his own hand.

The bank uses chips or silver dollars. It's easy to make a house rule that the lowest chip is a dollar. That takes care of the guys who want quarter bets. There just aren't any to be had.

Bets run from 25 cents to $25 only. Accounted a great boon to the boys who may bet too much, this rule also effectively stops all progressive betting and safeguards the house against lucky streaks.

So much for rules and percentages. Now, as we said, there is another hazard in blackjack—the fact that cheating is so easy. Gamblers need only to know the top card, and practically all the methods of cheating that have been described in previous articles are used by one crook or another to learn that top card. Cards are marked, given false shuffles, dealt seconds and dealt from the center. Sleight of hand is used to get the right top card when the wrong one comes along. Palming, hold-outs, nearly everything the crooked gambler knows can be used in blackjack.

There are a few crooked tricks, however, that are particularly suited to the game. Peeking, for example. Peeking is just what the name implies: the dealer peeks at the top card on the deck—the next card to be dealt. Usually he does this while pretending to examine the cards face down before him on the table, for peeking is made easier by the fact that in blackjack the dealer holds the pack in his left hand, moving that hand freely at all times. To peek at the top card in the pack he provides some distraction with his right hand, brings the pack into his line of vision and bends the top card back so that he can see it.

Peeking leads naturally to dealing seconds, which is also made easier by the blackjack tradition that the cards are held in the left hand and dealt with an overhand motion. If a one-hand second dealer peeks at a card he wants himself he merely deals seconds until his own turn comes.

Dealers who can't deal seconds use the services of an "anchor man." Say the dealer has 16. He peeks at the top card and sees a 10. So he turns the hand that holds the pack up, a signal to the anchor man on his right which means "ask for this card." The anchor man asks for a card and gets the 10. This goes on for as long, or as short, a time as it takes the dealer to get the card he wants.

Stacking, that old business of arranging the cards as they are picked up, is also easy in blackjack, where high and low cards are important. Picking up the cards, the dealer arranges them high-low-high and keeps these cards on top of the pack during the shuffle. Then he has a pretty good idea what is coming off the pack next. A more useful, though far more difficult, method of stacking is the "riffle stack." Here the delicate fingers of the sharper are able to slip the right cards into the right place during the riffle. How? As the riffle comes close to the top of the pack, the gambler's left hand stops (imperceptibly) every fifth or sixth card—depending on the number of players—and slips into that place the right card from the bunch in his left hand. This requires great skill. Amateurs better not try.

Then, for the gamblers who aren't smart enough to peek or stack, there are ways of finding out the top card by mirrors if the card is moved a bit. Mirrors in rings, on pipes, matchboxes or anything that can be placed on the table near the cards serve this purpose. It is always smart to be suspicious of rings and objects on the table. Look 'em over carefully.

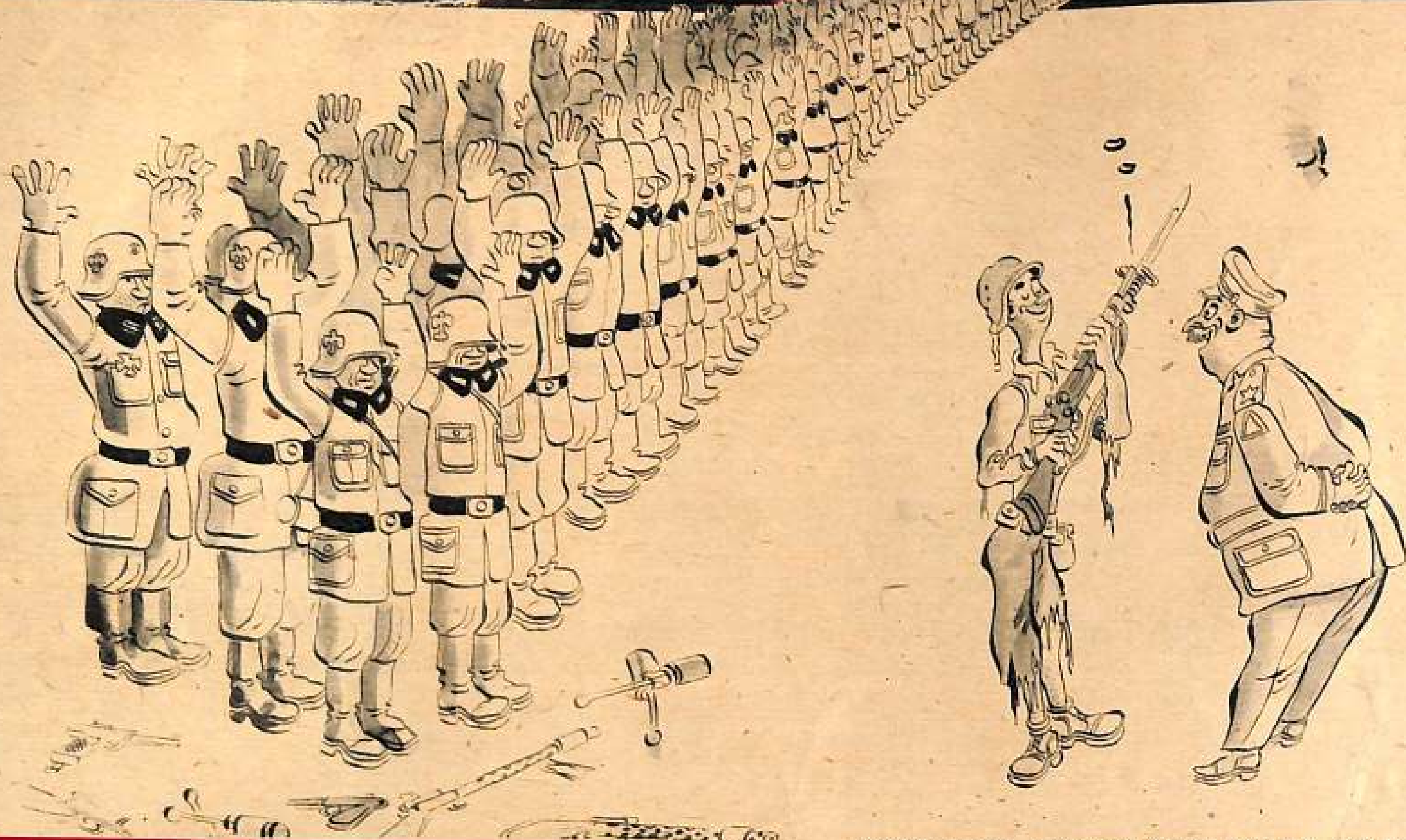
Should you play blackjack, soldier? It is hard to say you shouldn't; the game is a lot of fun. But don't forget that in this game, as in no other, the chances are against you. Scarne advises you not to play blackjack in a gambling house. If you must play, do it in a rotating game, where you will get the deal once in a while. Then maybe you will break even. But chances are you will *never* do better than that!

SIGNALING to anchor man. Here Scarne signals "Ask for a card" by holding pack up in left hand. Hand turned down means "don't."

ONE-HANDED second deal is for blackjack only. Reason: the movement of a one-hand deal distracts attention while the card slips out.

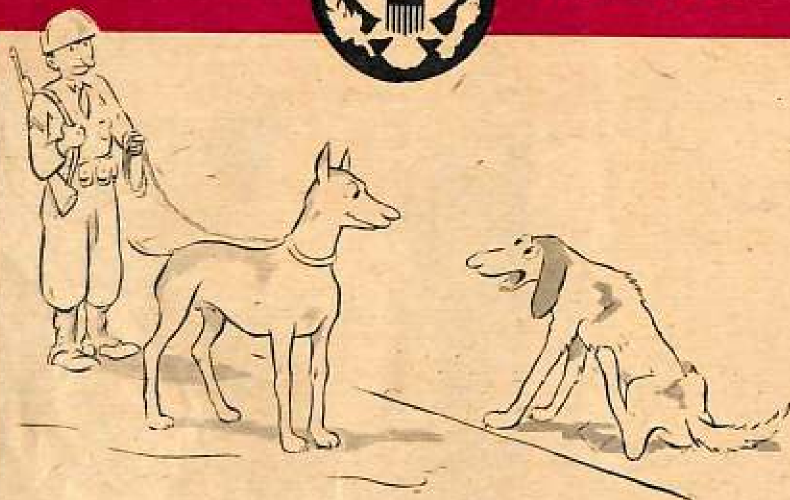
STACKING on the pick-up alternates high and low cards, is easy for experienced tricksters who then can gauge cards that are dealt off pack.

SHINERS are mirrors placed in rings, pipes, matchboxes or anything else that can reflect top card. Watch out for shiny metal on table.



"GREAT GOING, MAHONEY! YOU'LL GET PFC. FOR THIS!"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.

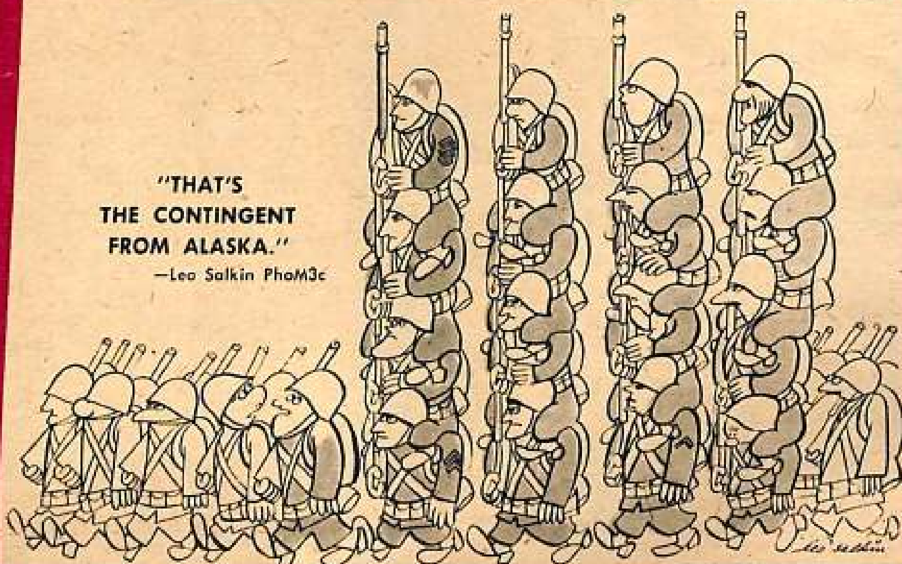
YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"IS BASIC TRAINING AS TOUGH AS I HEAR IT IS?"
—Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy

"IN THE MEDICAL CORPS, SOLDIER, WE DON'T HAVE CHASERS WITH OUR SHOTS."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt and Cpl. Joe Procyson

"AND THEN HE SHINNIES UP THE CABLE."
—S Sgt. Ted Miller



"THAT'S THE CONTINGENT FROM ALASKA."
—Leo Salkin PhoM3c