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# YANK

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

## AFTER THE RAID

Marauder pilots discussing their attack on France whose coast they left less than half an hour before this photo was taken.

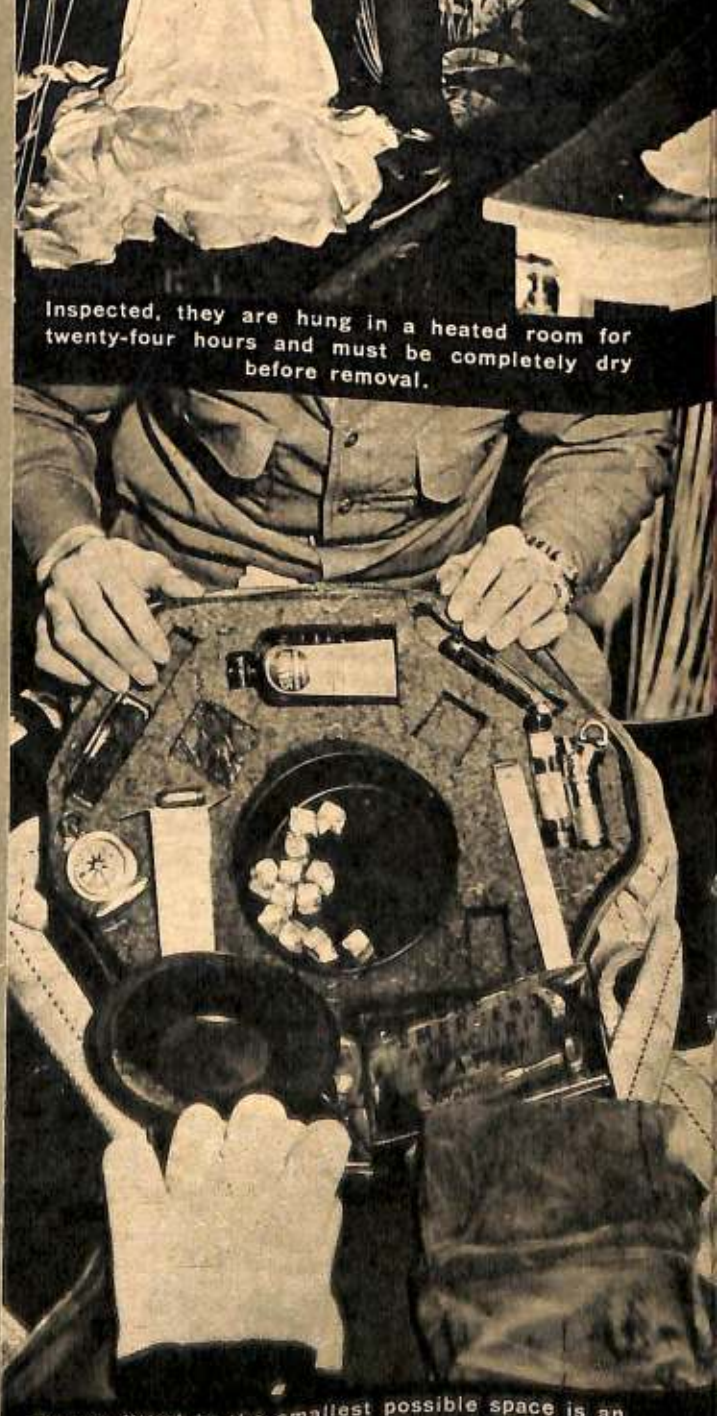
A sharp-eyed staff sergeant inspects fabric for wear and tear.

# SOLDIERS AND SILK

**Again comes the story of men behind the scene, men who are constantly taking precautionary measures to aid in the safeguarding of air crews' lives. Theirs is the task of keeping parachutes in working order. They inspect the chutes monthly. Many lives have been saved in the ETO by these few deft-fingered groundcrew soldiers who are not only watchdogs over the chutes but also over much other flying equipment. Each chute that blossoms white against the sky is a salute and a tribute to their skill.**

Repacking takes a man with a memory, a steady pair of hands and an interest in life and death.

Once repacked, the chutes are stamped with the hour and date of packing. No chances are taken.



Inspected, they are hung in a heated room for twenty-four hours and must be completely dry before removal.

Neatly fitted in the smallest possible space is an emergency kit that contains everything but a morning report.

# THE GUN

*The story of a 105-mm howitzer, serial number 1008, and the men who fired it in Texas and Pine Camp and then for keeps in Sicily.*

**By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

WITH THE 45TH DIVISION IN SICILY—They were given the Gun in Texas. It was delivered right to C Battery of this 45th Division Field Artillery Battalion with the compliments of the Erie Ordnance Depot. With the Gun came a field manual and a log book. The manual said it was a caliber 105-mm howitzer, Model M2A1, Serial No. 1008; the log book for recording the number of rounds fired was empty.

Today the log book is full. They took the Gun from Texas to a tomato patch in a valley on the north coast of Sicily, firing as they went. They fired for record in the dust of Camp Barkeley in Texas and in the snow of Pine Camp, N. Y., and now they are firing for keeps. For three weeks the Gun was not silent for more than six hours at a time. The crew is proud of the Gun. The enemy is afraid of it.

The history of the Gun is not like the story of a Flying Fortress or a British destroyer that battles overwhelming odds, staggers through action after harrowing action and finally goes down in a literal blaze of glory. The Gun has been under fire, but only for a short time, and never dangerously. This does not mean that it was not up there; it means simply that the battery commander knew his stuff. The better the Gun does its work the more chance it has of coming through the war without ever being under any more fire. Its crew has never seen the enemy in action and probably never will. No one immediately connected with the Gun has ever seen the effect of its fire.

The Gun, just a typical Field Artillery piece, is completely unheroic and absolutely necessary. So is the crew.

There are nine in the crew, headed by Sgt. Elden W. Yoder of Chandler, Okla. The gunner is Cpl. Virgil Irwin of Aline, Okla. The cannoneers are Pvt. Emmitt Osborn of Davenport, Okla.; Pfc. Paul J. Hemmelgarn of St. Cloud, Minn.; Pvt. Leonard Jacona of Philadelphia, Pa.; Pvt. Sigmond Biernacki of Baltimore, Md.; Pfc. Rudolph Bistany of Yonkers, N. Y.; Pfc. Walter Flanagan of Williamsport, Pa., and Pvt. Forest Saunders of Ringos Mills, Ky.

There is also a truck driver, T-5 Olen Beasley of Chandler, Okla., who operates the six-by-six that hauls the Gun from position to position.

## Teamwork Without Sentiment

The crew has been together for more than a year now, operating as a team, and each one knows the other guy's job. They are completely unsentimental about the Gun; they have never given it a name other than the Gun, and if it should be destroyed they would not weep over it but simply cuss out the days they would have to wait for another. But they like it. They think it's a hell of a piece, easy to work and terrible in its effect. They wouldn't trade it for any gun

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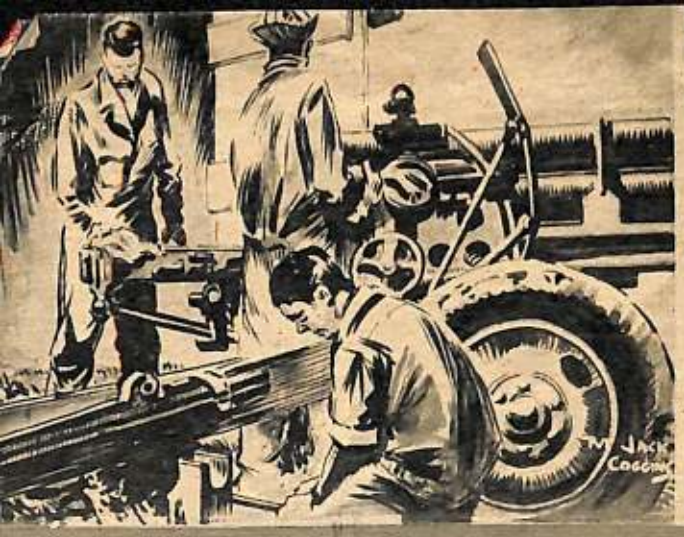


When the Gun was delivered in Texas, they spent three days wiping off all the cosmoline.

After plenty of tough maneuvers in the U. S., the Gun was loaded on a ship bound for the Mediterranean.

It landed in Sicily 10 miles away from its truck and crew. Irwin hauled it back hitched behind a jeep.

in the Artillery, even if they could get another.

The crew is Section 4 of the battery. Its members were first introduced to the Gun at Camp Barkeley. They spent the next three days trying to separate it from several coatings of cosmoline. This did not exactly endear them to the piece, and it was probably fortunate that they did not get a lecture immediately afterward on how the artilleryman's best friend is his howitzer.

They spent the next three months making dry runs. Then they fired on the range. Then there were more dry runs and maneuvers and night problems and amphibious problems, and just enough real firing to make the men think maybe they would get to use the Gun some day. The outfit traveled from camp to camp. Then all of a sudden they found themselves on a transport, with the Gun in the hold.

The Gun was unloaded in Sicily on a morning that the crew will never forget. Before the landing Pvt. Osborn tied a horseshoe on the Gun for luck, and two bombs missed it by 20 feet. The crew preceded the Gun ashore, leaving Cpl. Irwin on the landing boat. The boat couldn't land where the crew landed, so it went about 10 miles farther down the coast and put Irwin and the Gun off there.

By that time all hell was breaking loose. The initial enemy resistance had been pushed back by the combined naval, air and ground forces, but there was still plenty of counteraction. The air was full of whizzing objects, and no one had a very clear idea of what was going on.

In the midst of all this bloody confusion Irwin found himself with one gun, no ammunition and no means of transportation. Beasley and the truck were with the battery, 10 miles up the beach. Irwin finally managed to borrow a jeep that was standing around, hitched the Gun to that with the aid of some sailors and a couple of stray infantrymen, and started up the beach.

Meanwhile the rest of the crew had landed under heavy enemy fire and made their way inland about two miles, until they found high enough ground for artillery operation. They dug in and Irwin finally found them there.

The rest of C Battery had already assembled and was firing, and Sgt. Yoder soon had the Gun in action. It was their first real action. They were too excited to be nervous. The battery had put an observer up with the infantry, and he was calling shots at 1,600 yards with a charge five, and the Gun was really popping them out. The observer kept yelling, "More! More!" and no one in the crew actually remembers what went on that day more than five yards from the Gun.

## Three Sleepless Nights of Firing

The men didn't sleep that night, and the next night they began to move forward. They worked like a good body puncher, moving in all the time, throwing short, hard punches; and the infantry was the final right hand. For three nights, the crew didn't sleep and the Gun didn't stop firing. There wasn't even a chance to clean it during that time.

After the third night, progress was routine. The men kept moving forward behind the infantry, but they were no longer fired upon. They kept the Gun camouflaged and in defilade. Several times enemy guns sought it out; many times there were Stukas overhead. When the planes came the Gun shut up, so as not to give away its position. After they left, the Gun started again. Hour after hour, day after day, the Gun kept throwing its 33-pound projectiles.

And nothing went wrong with it. On that first landing the battery's gun mechanic was killed, and from then on the crew had to look after the Gun's care. Once it fired 236 rounds in 12 hours, getting so hot the paint burned off the tube. That was the time Yoder had to get a jeep driver to take his place at the earphones. He couldn't hear anything because of the constant explosion, and had to go back hauling ammunition. He couldn't hear anything for two days afterward. That was also the time every one pitched in to haul ammunition, from the mess sergeant to the first sergeant.

Once the recoil mechanism had to be filled with oil because the barrel wouldn't go far enough forward into battery. Once the Gun threw Pvt. Flanagan while he was standing on one of the trails, digging it into the ground with the recoil. Once, while the gun was being pulled to another position, it broke loose from the truck, and Yoder and Bistany chased it half a mile. But the Gun fired every time they wanted it to fire, and that was practically all the time. And it fired rapidly; hundreds of the German prisoners here in Sicily keep asking to see those "automatic" howitzers the Americans have been using.

The push from the south to the north coast of Sicily was interesting for the crew but not highly exciting. Most of the time they were too busy doing their routine job to realize they were making history. They worked hard and steadily, with a minimum of snafu, and while they were rarely in positions of great danger they were never entirely out of danger. In the little spare time they had, riding to a new position or sitting by the Gun, they looked at this strange country and collected souvenirs and tried to talk to the people. Pvt. Jacona spoke Italian, and that helped to get fruit and an occasional spaghetti dinner.

And all the time they were doing a job. The Gun and its crew made infantry advances possible and beat back counterattacks. Their observers crept forward ahead of the infantry and spotted targets for them. If there was anything at all romantic about the operation of Model M2A1, it was in the work of the three-man observation crew, who ducked rifle and machine gun fire to spot enemy positions and spent long nights in caves and foxholes. The observers were Lt. Neil McPhail, a former salesman for Firestone in Cincinnati, Ohio; Pfc. Frank Baker, who used to drive busses in Elida, Ohio, and Pfc. Jesse Ferrell, fresh out of business college in Bristow, Okla.

The Gun itself does essentially uninteresting work, and it is dependent on a number of equally prosaic little jobs: the men who string wire from section to battery, the men who run the supply truck up with the ammunition, the officers who do the thankless mathematics that makes the Gun hit where it's supposed to hit, the instrument corporal with his aiming circle, the cook with the chow. All these serve the Gun; and the Gun serves them.

Now that the Sicily campaign is over, Section 4 is waiting to push into the continent and keep on terrorizing the enemy. The Gun is still working and will continue to work until it is put out of action or retired after the war in front of an armory or in a public square.

Lt. Neil McPhail, Pfc. Frank Baker and Pfc. Jesse Ferrell corrected the Gun's fire.

At one point in Sicily, the Gun fired 236 rounds in 12 hours. Even the mess sergeant carried ammunition.

The Gun will never rest until it is retired in front of an armory back home after the war is over.

On sixth anniversary of Sino-Japanese war, citizens of a Chinese province give two steers and 300 bottles of "jingbao (air raid) juice" to the Fourteenth U. S. Air Force. All that meat and wine and no rice.

# Yanks at Home Abroad

## Head Hunters Drop War Drums For Boogie Woogie as GI Band Jumps

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—A Negro Engineers' orchestra has brought boogie woogie to the Naga head hunters at a U. S. Army outpost in India.

The Nagas, who used to collect heads but don't any more, live on the India-Burma border and work as guides and burden bearers for the Engineers. Their only music, before the Engineers came, was the rhythm of war drums, but they take to jive like natural-born hepcats.

The swing missionaries are known as "Pops Hollowell and His V-Boys," and they are a 15-piece outfit directed by W/O Harry H. Hollowell of Leavenworth, Kans. All of the personnel double in a 30-piece regimental band, providing the only U. S. military music in all India. Besides the bands, Hollowell has a 20-man glee club and a 12-man choir, and he tops off his activities by playing the portable organ at religious services on Sunday.

A canvas-topped bandstand has been built in the jungle where the band plays for its regiment, and where it rehearses numbers later played all over this part of India. At another station, a white soldier from Trenton, N. J., said of the V-Boys: "They are our life line to the States. When they start playing 'Star Dust' or some other good U. S. tune out here in the jungle, it almost seems I'm back at the Condado Grill dancing with my girl."

Only five members of the orchestra and choral groups had any previous musical education. Hollowell taught his men to read notes, play instruments and sing. He had solid professional help, however, from Pfc. Charley Freeman, saxophonist of Chicago, Ill.; from T/Sgt. Ike Jones of Columbus, Ga., who played in Army bands for 14 years; from S/Sgt. Walter Murphy, also of Columbus, who played clarinet in an Infantry band at Fort Benning; from Cpl. John B. Reddin of Newark, N. J., a dance-band trombonist; and from Pfc. Manlest Wray of Bessemer, N. C., who beats out a xylophone because the band has no piano.

The band is proud of its cosmopolitan audience. The V-Boys have attracted to their concerts British and Chinese troops, turbaned Moslem soldiers, Gandhi-garbed Hindus, U. S. soldiers and the Naga head hunters.

"Even Carnegie Hall couldn't top that," Sgt. Jones modestly admits.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

Band of Negro G.I.s in India calls itself the "V-Boys."

## Come Home Wearing a Crutch And Get a Welcome Like Sgt. York

SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN—Returning heroes are traditionally modest fellows. When the mayor, a brass band and half the population of their home town turn out to welcome their return from the wars, they are supposed to blush and stammer. Nobody expects them to admit their heroism.

That's why Pfc. Ora G. McClain had such a tough time of it when he returned to the States a couple of months ago, following a knee operation that had no more to do with combat operations than a game of parchesi. On the train bound for his home in Greenville, Ohio, he found himself the center of attention.

The combination of the crutches and his red-white-and-blue American Theater ribbon were too much for the other passengers, who promptly began picturing McClain flat on his stomach in the jungles of Guadalcanal, with a knife in his teeth and a bullet in his leg, coolly facing a ruthless enemy.

"But I tell you I wasn't in action," McClain spluttered. "I haven't been within 5,000 miles of an enemy bullet. The reason I'm on crutches is that I had an operation on my knee. It was a busted cartilage."

"A cartridge, a cartridge! You hear that, folks?" cried an excited man with a bald head. "He was hit in the knee by a cartridge."

"No, no," said the embarrassed McClain. "It was a cartilage—something like a bone, only softer. It started to float around and give me trouble so the medics cut my knee open so I could have it dug out."

"It happened in a dugout," somebody told the passenger in back of him. "Must have been a shell fragment. Got one in the elbow myself at Chateau Thierry."

That's the way it went till they reached St. Louis, when a marine boarded the train and sat down next to McClain. The leatherneck was car-

rying a Japanese rifle and helmet, but everyone soon became convinced that the trophies actually belonged to McClain.

In the crowded Union station at St. Louis, police and railroad guards cleared a path for the Air Force soldier to hobble through. Shouts of "God bless you, son," and "We'll blow those monkey-faced Japs to bits!" greeted him on every side.

By this time McClain quit trying not to be a hero. If backslapping was inevitable, he reasoned, relax and enjoy it. So he bowed, smiled and waved in all directions.

Back home in Greenville he found at last one person who believed him—his wife Patricia. But of course, she thinks he's a hero anyway.

—YANK Field Correspondent

## Three Chinese GIs Sent to Fight Against European End of the Axis

WEST AFRICA—The Army classification system seems to be playing tricks again. This time it has put three Chinese down on the sands of Africa. All three of them, incidentally, speak their native language and would like very much to put their knowledge of China to better use.

There might be some protest at this post, however, if the Army transferred Sgt. David Woo. He's the cook here and a damned good one. A native of New York's Chinatown, he was drafted in March 1941 and became a cook by accident. The cook at Fort Riley, Kans., got sick one day, and Woo filled in. He was that good, he's still cooking.

Sgt. Henry Lum, a radio operator, comes from Little Rock, Ark., and he winds up with half the squadron's pay each month because of his proficiency with the dominoes. On the way here, he cleaned a squadron in Brazil out of $800 in two hours.

Pfc. Fook Loy Wong, third of the trio, is from San Francisco and used to be in the Regular Army with the 12th Cavalry. Born in China, he'd like to be a drill sergeant in the CBI Command. What he's doing around this base is such a secret that Wong says he doesn't know himself. He's here, anyway.

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

## Yanks in New Guinea Learn To Blow Their Noses in Pidgin

AUSTRALIA—The Aussies say all Yanks talk with an accent, but they admit there's nothing quite like a conversation between a GI from Brooklyn and a native Papuan boy.

The native speaks Pidgin English, the language adopted by the people of New Guinea in their dealings with U. S. and Australian troops whom they are helping as pack-carriers and guides.

The Brooklyn boy speaks Brooklynese, the language of a race of people living on an island east of Manhattan.

Pidgin is a unique, imaginative, catch-as-catch-can adaptation of the English language that you have to hear to believe. Thus a man milking a cow is "Pull him soo-soo long bullime kau." When a native forgets his instructions, he says, "Me loos him talk belong you." And if you don't understand him, you say, "Suppose you quick time too much, me no savvy talk belong you."

When tea is ready to serve it is "Tea he cook finish." Sour milk is "Soo-soo, he stink finish." The ocean is "soda water." To chase away mosquitoes is "Raus nat-nat."

Pidgin in very logical: The word for "small" is "lik-lik." "Tablecloth" is "lap-lap." So "handkerchief" is "lik-lik lap-lap." And to blow your nose is "lik-lik lap-lap long nose."

—Pfc. GEORGE KAUFFMAN
YANK Field Correspondent

## Fast Talker Freewheels Himself Into Second Collision With Victim

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—The rain had been beating down hard for hours and there was no sign of a let-up. In a fairly dry tent, five guys lay stripped and sweating inside their mosquito bars. The talk drifted around to funny experiences back home.

Cpl. Lewis E. Brown of Aiken, S. C., told about the fast one he pulled on a fellow in Augusta, Ga., back in '38. "I ran into the back of this guy's car one night and smashed his bumper. Before he could get out to see what happened, I ran up to his car and said, 'I just hit your bumper, mister. No damage done.' So he drives away satisfied, with his rear bumper nearly dragging the ground."

Three of the GIs in the tent got a laugh out of the yarn and let it go at that. Not Sgt. Bob Ellison of Waynesboro, Ga. He wanted to hear more.

"Was the car you hit a '38 Ford?" Yes, it was, the corporal said.

"Did the accident happen on Eighth Street?" Seems like it had.

"In front of Liggett's drug store just after dark?" Brown began to see which way the wind was blowing.

"Y—yes," he admitted.

"*Corporal*," roared Ellison, "that was my car you hit. You owe me 25 bucks for a new bumper and a dented gas tank."

—Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Field Correspondent

## The Good Earth

**PANAMA—There's a little piece of ground here that T/Sgt. David Green of the Bronx, N. Y., will always consider as hallowed.**

**He wrote to his girl friend, Miss Florence Barrasch, to send him some of Uncle Sam's good solid Bronx earth to stand on, and she obliged by sending a chunk of Pelham Bay Park.**

**Green spread the soil out under his feet and reverently stood in the same spot for 15 minutes. He has invoked squatter's rights for the duration.**

**—YANK Staff Correspondent**

## This Panama Town Won't Forget The Master Sergeant From Louisiana

JAQUE, PANAMA—To the local Spanish and Indian natives, M/Sgt. Carl B. Myers of Shreveport, La., is a fabulous hero whose name and fame will be handed down from generation to generation.

Myers saved six native children and their parents from death in a fire that leveled their wood and grass-thatched home several months ago. Dashing inside the flaming shack, he hoisted one child under each arm and took them to safety. Returning, he picked up two more and handed them to a native outside. A third time he entered the burning dwelling and brought out the remaining two children, spraining an ankle as he tried to avoid falling embers.

By now all the people of the village were gathered around the house, but the parents seemed lost. They were trapped in a rear room, with the only exit engulfed in flames. Myers, aided by several natives, tore down the back wall of the hut just in time to save the parents. Then he organized a bucket brigade to prevent the fire from spreading to other buildings.

A delegation, headed by the village *corregidor* (mayor), visited Myers at his camp the following day to thank him for his heroism. When the sergeant was transferred to another Panama base recently, local officials held a farewell party in his honor and awarded Myers an official document listing his achievements and expressing the regrets of the village at his departure. The whole population turned out the next morning to see him off on his plane.

—Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

*This is to prove that the girls in Cairo have learned to swing it.*

## If Cleopatra Was Still There, She'd Like GI Jive

CAIRO—It all started at the Red Cross Friday Night Dance, probably the first place the little ladies of Egypt ever saw American swing in action. At first they were puzzled when the band started to jump and give out with some boogie woogie. They wrinkled up their pretty little noses and just didn't seem to understand.

"That was the trouble," commented T/Sgt. William Bell of Flint, Mich. "Nobody ever taught the girls around here what real swing is. I knew right then we had a big job on our hands."

Slowly and patiently rug-cutter Bell went to work, aided by other pre-war cats. Pvt. Johnny Ford of Boston, Mass., was there. Pvt. Danny Carabello of Brooklyn, erstwhile devotee of the Harlem hot spots and an authority on solid jive, lent a hand.

Months rolled by. Cpl. James Hinder of Frankfort, Ky., and Sgt. Allan Morse of Madison, Wis., joined in the campaign. Along Egypt's Great White Way, orchestra leaders who considered the waltz the last word in dancing began to worry as requests poured in for jive rhythms.

And finally the girls caught on. It's a common sight now to see an exotic little beauty, with her hair hanging in her eyes and her feet beating time, inviting a soldier to "Come on, Jackson, give out with the jive!" As the sun goes down and the moon rises, the sound of stomping feet travels toward the Pyramids. And from the cold, immutable Sphinx there comes a sigh of resignation, as if the old lady had decided that, after all, it would be better to get off her haunches and do a shuffle in the sand.

—Sgt. AL KLINE
YANK Field Correspondent

## GI Cowboys in South Pacific Round Up Creamed Beef on Hoof

*Army cowboys chase a stray steer on a Pacific island with palms and a landing boat in background.*

ON THE RUSSELL ISLANDS—Under spreading palm trees and over crunching coral ledges ride the only honest-to-gosh cowboys in the South Sea islands, rounding up fresh meat for Allied forces at this advanced base.

These tropic cowpunchers, with a group of soldier butchers, operate the original GI slaughterhouse in the South Pacific, providing a regular escape from tinned chow for units of the Army, Navy, Marines, Seabees, Allied air forces and hospitals. Trucks from these outfits pick up more than 26,000 pounds of meat each week at the slaughterhouse's huge refrigerator.

No cattleman of the Old West ever had a scrimpier start than the enterprising ranchers, who made their first bridles out of communication wire and used burlap sacks and Mae West life jackets for saddles. Today they have serviceable Army saddles and equipment.

In spite of these early obstacles, the Bar-X Packing Company, as the boys call themselves, didn't really start out on a shoestring. When the Yanks first arrived, cattle were roaming the island in considerable numbers, most of them half wild. There were 20 horses on the island, 10 of them suitable for saddle mounts.

Rounding up the cattle for slaughter is no mean feat, and sometimes the ranchers ride 25 to 30 miles to bring in the desired number of animals and start them to the killing pen. Their half-wild horses responded to a little broncobusting by Pvt. Charles Spain of Olney, Tex., head cowpuncher of the Bar-X, and now each rider cares for his own mount.

Among the other cowpunchers are Pfcs. Clifton Tuthill of Morrisville, Vt., and George Fountain of Hill City, Kans., and Pvts. Lue Lewis of Cutshin, Ky.; Roy Dunn of Silver Point, Tenn.; Robert Wynn of McDowell, W. Va.; Bob Thompson of Troup, Tex., and Joe Griffin, a former cavalryman who has been in the Regular Army for 16 years.

When the cattle are in the killing pens, S/Sgt. Walter Dawson, former Pawtucket (R. I.) meat carver and head butcher of the Bar-X, goes to work. Assisting him in the slaughtering and carving are Cpl. William Vargo of Elyria, Ohio, and Pvts. Vincent Lombardi of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lionel Roderick of Waterville, Maine; Verde Abbott of Madison, Maine, Alex Penman of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Joseph P. Charron of Munising, Mich.; Paul Gaiser of Salina, Kans.; Willis Johnson of Coventry, N. Y., and Ray Morrison of Grafton, Mass.

The cattle are inspected by the division veterinarian and Pvt. Byron H. Good, former instructor in animal husbandry at Michigan State College.

—Sgt. ARTHUR BARSCHDORF
YANK Field Correspondent

## Chow Notes

A T/5 named Christine Mulkey is not above poking her dainty hooks into some meat which is hanging in the refrigerator of the Service Club at Fort Meade, Md., a mythical place. This just goes to show you that WACs are interested in what we eat. Probably want to fatten us up, that's what they probably want.

Other people, however, don't give a damn what we cram down our gullets. We prefer to believe that Prudence Dorn is a fall girl in the tasting of a new, synthetic meat. The fake steak is made from yeast and cereal.

Some like it hot at the Petty Officers' Club, as can be seen from the picture above, and some like it cold. We like it in the pot, nine spams old. But who are we to judge? Music for dancing is furnished by the Londonderry Eyres (no relation to Jane); bar music comes from the crippling clash of beer against larynx, an ugly sound, truly.

### Petty Officers' Paradise

A few months ago we dealt in these breathless columns with a Londonderry Nissen hut that had lace curtains. We thought that finished Londonderry, but we've just discovered that you can't trust the Navy. They do things behind your back. While you're looking east at Europe they throw up a night club in Londonderry. Things like that hurt.

The night club is the work of the chief petty officers of the base there, and we daresay it belongs to them. Originally two beat-up Quonset huts, some discarded lumber and a few bits of metal from ships, it is now as classy a joint as ever turned out a lush along 52nd Street. The only difference is, there are no lushes in Londonderry.

It all began when the gloomy Irish winter set in last year, and every one knows that an Irish winter is a short cut to paranoia for every one concerned. The CPOs, most of them veterans of years with the fleet, were working 12 to 18 hours a day, according to grade, and were too tired to go into Londonderry for entertainment when they knocked off. So they passed the word among themselves that it would be very nice to have a hot spot within spitting distance and, as chiefs have one of the most closely-knit unofficial organizations in the world, they started the ball rolling.

Bang-hammered carpenters' mates laid the dance floor. Metalsmiths fashioned modern fixtures from bits of cast-off zinc and tin. Shipfitters rigged the bar. Electricians' mates saved their superfluous wire and patched together a very good lighting system. All hands pitched in during their off watches on the project. Last to leave were the ship's painters, and when they departed they left behind them an ultra-modern night club, complete with a dance floor, a bar, commodious booths, and even a fancy white hemp line roping off the dancing area.

Officers were elected to control the cash register and the conduct of the guests, though the latter is the least of the chiefs' worries. The members appreciate the joint too much to want to wreck it. The bar serves only beer, hard liquor being barred from the premises, and the local belles seem to want to come to the club more than any other place around. They consider it Northern Ireland's high spot.

Officers are occasionally allowed to spend an evening at the club, but by invitation only. Marines, if they are staff sergeants or above, can be members. But if you're in the ruddy Army, you can go to a pub and like it.

### Stand-Up

One of our pub-crawling intimates, who stays out of crap games and therefore can afford three more beers a month than his less careful contemporaries, ran into a sergeant he knows in a certain bar adjoining a certain railroad station in a certain city in a certain country. Ah, the hell with it—it happened in England, see? Anyway, the sergeant was lifting a lager with one paw and the other he had wrapped about a bouquet of flowers.

# Yanks at Home in the ETO

"How you doing, sarge ole barge?" our friend asked.

The sergeant said he was doing something awful. He had a date with an English girl, but the date had been for 5:30 and the bar clock said 6:45, which meant that the dame was bloody late, as our cousins say. The sergeant was browned off (also said by our cousins), and our friend, after mature and careful consideration, didn't blame him. He asked if the sergeant hadn't been a little confused, had perhaps arranged to meet the girl at some other dive. In words of one syllable, and with a definitely Anglo-Saxon accent, the sergeant said no.

Just then an ATS with ginger hair and a spring in her gait walked in. The sergeant's face beamed. "It would be a shame for a lovely bouquet of flowers to go to waste, wouldn't it?" he said. "Sure would," said our friend. So the sergeant got up, walked over to the ginger ATS and slipped her the blooms. The sergeant asked her would she like to lift a lager. Yes, she would like to very much, thenk you.

Our friend decided he might just as well run along. As he was going out the door he passed the sergeant's original date, rather tardy, just arriving. Our friend was just stupid enough not to hang around to see the fireworks.

### Love Story

We've just heard as nice a little story of wartime romance as you could hope to find—given, of course, a few wars in a person's lifetime.

George Goulden, of Mechanicsville, New York, was in the 120th Aero Squadron in the last war. The squadron trained with the Royal Flying Corps which, back in 1917, was still part of the British Army. The boys of the sky-blue uniform were still in olive drab and the RAF as a separate branch of the service was still only a bunch of buck-slips kicking around the Planning Division or whatever the British equivalent is called.

George did his training near Folkestone in a small village. He was 22 and he met a girl who was 16. A good case of puppy love, but it was nipped in the bud when George was sent to France six months later.

After the war George went home and the girl and the little village were only a pleasant interlude to be filed away with other wartime experiences, good and bad. He married and went to work for the New York Power Company as an electrician. Later on he set himself up in the garage business. His wife died in 1931.

In 1941 the wanderlust came back to George and he joined the Civilians' Technical Corps (which, if you don't remember a former piece on the subject in YANK, was recruited among Americans to meet the ever-increasing demand in England for trained technicians as the RAF expanded). He came over to England in October, 1941.

He moved around from place to place and at some point he met a fellow from the small town where he had been stationed in World War I. He enquired for his old girl friend. Yes, the fellow knew her. Yes, she was still unmarried. She was a dietician in a London Hospital.

She and George were married in the summer of '42.

### Oh, God, Ribbons Again

In a recent issue we published a paragraph on the wearing of decoration and service ribbons which purported to give the correct order in which they should be worn. We beg to take this opportunity to state that no matter what order the paragraph purported, it purported wrong. We are hereinunder printing a selection from a circular which gives, absolutely finally, the correct order for all ribbons and decorations, and after this any one found wearing his Medal of Honor on the wrong side of his ETO ribbon will be fined a can of Spam.

**WEARING OF DECORATIONS, MEDALS, RIBBONS AND BADGES**

1 Reference is made to paragraphs 53a (2), AR 600-40, 28 August, 1941, "Wearing of the Service Uniform," as amended, and to Sec. II, Cir. 60, Hq. ETOUSA, 6 August, 1943, "Campaign Medals."

2 Beginning with the Medal of Honor ribbon, service ribbons will be worn in the same order and position as prescribed for decorations and service medals.

3 The order of precedence in the wearing of ribbons will be as follows: Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross (Army), Navy Cross (Navy), Distinguished Service Medal (Army), Distinguished Service Medal (Navy), Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldier's Medal (Army), Purple Heart, Air Medal, Gold Life-Saving Medal (Treasury Department), Silver Life-Saving Medal (Treasury Department), Good Conduct Medal (Army), Good Conduct Medal (Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard), in that order of precedence followed by service ribbons in order of the date of the service performed, will be worn on the left breast in order from right to left of the wearer about 4 inches below the middle point of the top of the shoulder, in one or more lines. When more than one line is worn, the lines will overlap.


THE OWI announces that more than 2½ million American soldiers are now overseas, more than half of them in Pacific areas. . . . Here is the order of priorities on mail going overseas: official air-mail letters, V-mail, regular air mail and regular letters under two ounces. . . . The Navy will soon commission 600 women doctors for active service. They will be stationed in the continental U. S. The Army has 10 women medical officers, the WAVES eight. . . . Blood-plasma bottles furnished the Army by the Red Cross will no longer have white labels. Some medics were shot in the Pacific areas by Jap snipers because the white labels on the plasma bottles made perfect targets. The labels are now of colours to blend with the surrounding country. . . . Regulations call for breweries to turn 15 per cent of their beer over to the armed forces. Speaking of beer, brewers say there is very little difference between the 3.2 beer sold in PXs in U. S. camps and the beer that is sold to civilians in gin mills, taverns and hotels. The civilian beer, it seems, is only 3.5, which is very little more alcohol than you get in a bottle of G.I. lager.

### No More Limited Service

A new WD order has eliminated "limited service" as a classification for enlisted men. G.I.s now classified limited service, whose records show they do not meet present Army-induction standards, will be given new physicals. Those who pass these physicals, which have the same requirements as those for guys now being drafted, will be retained in active service. Those who do not pass will be discharged, except in cases where men who are physically qualified for their present jobs *are retained at the discretion of their COs*. All references to limited service will be removed from service records of the men retained.

The Army will also continue to accept a certain number of EM who do not meet minimum induction standards but who have special abilities and aptitudes. Such men will be assigned first to service units of service commands or other noncombatant outfits.

The order applies to men both in the States and overseas. For complete information refer to WD Cir. 161-1943 or Section II, AR 615-360.

### Fifth Army Insignia


Here is the official insignia of the U. S. Fifth Army, the first American field army to be created in this war. It was activated in North Africa last January under Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark. The device represents the land in which the army was created. The background is red, the mosque blue, and the "A" and the "5" white.

### Furloughs Before Going Overseas

The WD has announced that furloughs will be given men before going overseas if they have had no furloughs during the preceding six months, and within "the limitations imposed by urgent military necessity." Soldiers who have had no furloughs since entering military service, no matter how long they've been in, will also get furloughs before being shipped overseas, within the same limitations, all of which is a great help when you're already overseas.

### Paper Communion Cups

Two million paper cups have been purchased for chaplains on transports and overseas posts, the WD announces. The use of paper cups will prevent loss and breakage and will help in the administration of the elements in the Holy Communion service.

### "Altitude Teeth"

Army flyers in the South Pacific are being given special treatment for a kind of toothache called "altitude teeth." The pain starts when the flyers hit high altitudes and stops as soon as they get down to earth. Medics have discovered that a type of metal filling causes this phenomenon and they have developed a cement-base filling that will prevent it.

### Washington O.P.

Plans are being considered to make courses in Army technical schools and OCSs count as academic credits toward college degrees. . . . The WD circular of July 13 which set up new eligibility rules for wearing the American Theater ribbon will not be retroactive. Those who were entitled to wear the ribbon before that date are not affected and may go on wearing it.

The job of rehabilitating disabled veterans, which Congress gave the Veterans Administration last March, is now under way. . . . Face value of G.I. insurance jumped from 57½ billion in April to 85 billion in August as a result of the last insurance drive in which Congress made it possible for soldiers to take out policies without physicals prior to Aug. 19.

S/Sgt. Clifford R. Wherley, discharged from the AAF after 21 combat missions in North Africa because he is only sixteen years old, told us how he happened to sign up at the age of 14. Seems he went to the movies one night, saw *Sergeant York*, and liked it so much that he lit out the next morning at four without so much as an "I'll be seeing you," and enlisted. Then he got into aerial gunnery, he says, to duck a week's KP that was coming to him.

Over the public-address system in Washington's teeming Union Station came this call: "Will the sailor who is to meet a blond in a green dress report to the station master's office. There is a message for you." Six sailors, one tech sergeant and one pfc. were on the ball.

Australians in the southwest Pacific have gone Flash Gordon with a tippit that keeps mosquitoes away, also food of any type. Can be used as a parachute if you ever find yourself falling out of a plane.

Marine private Albert Cook, convalescing in a New Zealand hospital, is doing a spot of wood-carving. Trust a Marine to keep an eye on his work when he has a piece of carving like that bending over him.

# ENEMY WEAPONS NO. 1

# German Side Arms

## *You May Have to Use These Pistols Some Day Soon*


*The new German Army Walther pistol.*

***Material for this series of articles on enemy weapons was prepared by the War Department's Military Intelligence Service with the assistance of the Ordnance Intelligence Unit.***

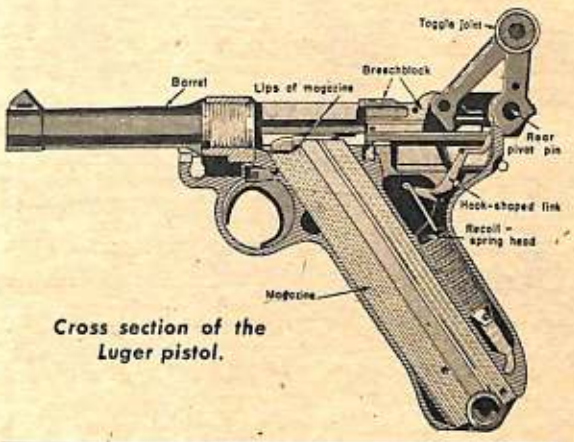

### THE LUGER PISTOL

SINCE 1908 the Luger pistol has been an official German military side arm. Georg Luger of the DWM Arms Company in Germany developed this weapon, known officially as *Pistole 08*, from the American Borchart pistol invented in 1893.

The Luger is a well-balanced, accurate pistol. It imparts a high muzzle velocity to a small-caliber bullet, but develops only a relatively small amount of stopping power. Unlike the comparatively slow U. S. 45-caliber bullet, the Luger small-caliber bullet does not often lodge itself in the target and thereby impart its shocking power to that which it hits. With its high speed and small caliber it tends to pierce, inflicting a small, clean wound.

**How to Identify.** The Luger may be identified readily by its exposed barrel, curved butt, and generally smooth lines.

**Characteristics.** The Luger is the most common side arm in use in the German Army. It is a semi-automatic, recoil-operated, 8-shot pistol with a caliber of 9 mm. (.354 inch). It has a toggle-joint action very similar to that of the Maxim machine gun. It is fed by an 8-round magazine that fits into the butt and is held by a magazine catch similar to that on the U. S. service automatic pistol (M1911 or M1911 A1 Colt .45), and located in approximately the same relative position.




*Cross section of the Luger pistol.*

**TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS**

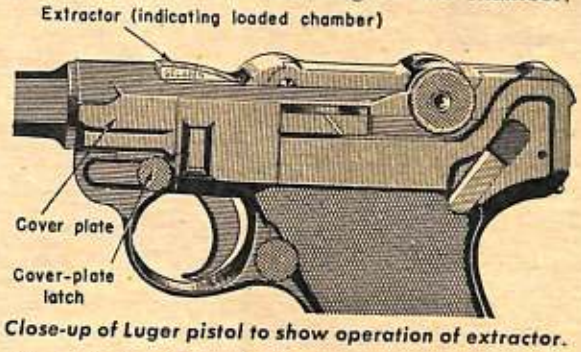
| | |
|---|---|
| Principle of operation | recoil-operated. |
| Caliber | 9-mm (.354 inch). |
| Ammunition | 9-mm Parabellum (German, British, Italian, or U. S. manufacture). |
| Capacity of magazine | 8 rounds. |
| Sights: | |
| Front | Inverted V blade. |
| Rear | Open V-notch, nonadjustable. |
| Length of barrel | 4.25 inches |
| Weight (empty) | 1 pound 14 ounces. |
| Range: | |
| Effective | 25 yards. |
| Maximum | 1,150 yards. |
| Muzzle velocity | 1,040 feet per second. |

**How to Operate.** *Safety.*—The safety is on the left side of the receiver as you hold the pistol in firing. It is a lever pivoted at the lower end. When the safety lock is turned down and to the rear, the safety catch is on and the pistol will not fire. With the lock in this position, the German word *gesichert* ("made safe") is exposed. To release the safety, it is necessary to push the lever forward and up; the word *gesichert* will then be covered by the safety lever arm, and the pistol is ready to fire.

*To load and fire.*—A loaded magazine is inserted into the butt and shoved home until the magazine catch clicks. This is similar to the operation used in loading the U. S. Colt .45.

In order to move one of the cartridges forward into the chamber for firing, it is necessary to pull the toggle joint to the rear and then let it snap forward, in much the same fashion as is done with the U. S. Colt .45. With the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, grasp the knurled knobs on both sides of the toggle joint and draw the joint to the rear as far as it will go. Then release the knobs, and let the breechblock snap forward. This operation will carry forward a cartridge from the lips of the magazine into the chamber. The pistol should then be locked by moving the safety so as to expose the word *gesichert*.

It is always possible to determine whether there is a cartridge in the chamber by feeling or noting the position of the extractor. When there is a cartridge in the chamber, the front end of the extractor projects above the level of the top surface of the breechblock, exposing the word *geladen* ("loaded") on the left side of the extractor. If there is no cartridge in the chamber,




*Close-up of Luger pistol to show operation of extractor.*

the extractor is level with the top surface of the breechblock.

*To unload.*—First, press the magazine catch, allowing the magazine to drop out of the butt. Then, to extract any cartridge that may be in the chamber, grasp the knurled knobs of the toggle joint in the same manner as in loading. Pull the joint to the rear as far as it will come. This operation will eject any cartridge in the chamber.

**Ammunition.** Rimless, straight-case ammunition is used. German ammunition boxes will read *Pistolenpatronen 08* ("pistol cartridges 08"). These should be distinguished from *Exerzierpatronen 08* ("drill cartridges 08"). The bullets in these cartridges have coated steel jackets and lead cores. The edge of the primer of the ball cartridge is painted black. British and U. S. made 9-mm Parabellum ammunition will function well in this pistol; the German ammunition will of course give the best results.

### THE WALTHER PISTOL

THE Walther, officially called *Pistole 38*, is coming into more and more general use as a standard issue in the German Army. Eventually it may replace the Luger. Although the Walther lacks the stopping of the U. S. M1911 Colt .45, it is nevertheless a handy weapon because of its double-action feature and its good balance.

**How to Identify.** The Walther may be identified by (1) horizontally grooved grips, (2) outside hammer, (3) marking ("P. 38") on left side of the slide, (4) safety on left rear of the slide, (5) lanyard hook on left grip, (6) double action.

**TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Principle of operation | Short recoil-operated, double-action trigger mechanism. |
| Caliber | 9-mm (.354 inch). |
| Ammunition | 9-mm Parabellum (German, British, Italian, or U. S. manufacture). |
| Capacity of magazine | 8 rounds. |
| Sights: | |
| Front | Inverted V blade. |
| Rear | Open V notch, nonadjustable. |
| Length of barrel | 4.75 inches. |
| Weight: | |
| With loaded magazine | 2 pounds 5.25 ounces. |
| With empty magazine | 2 pounds 1.75 ounces |
| Range: | |
| Effective | 25 yards. |
| Maximum | 1,150 yards. |
| Muzzle velocity | 1,040 feet per second. |

**How to Operate.** *Safety.*—The safety is a lever located at the left rear of the slide. To fire, thumb up the safety, uncovering the letter "F" *(feuer*—"fire"). To lock the pistol, thumb down the safety uncovering the letter "S" *(sicher*—"safe").

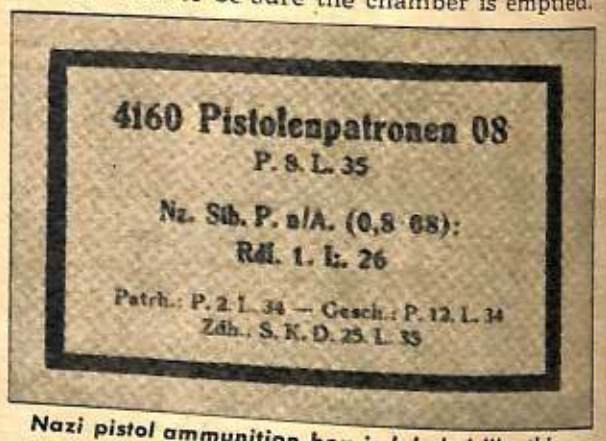
To unlock the pistol, set the safety to the "safe" position. This permits the hammer to fall and at the same time locks the firing pin.

The Walther has a device which enables a quick check to be made in order to determine whether or not there is a cartridge in the chamber. If there is a cartridge in the chamber, a small pin protrudes about a quarter of an inch from the back end of the slide. If the chamber is empty, this small pin will remain flush with the surface of the back end of the slide. This arrangement is particularly handy in the dark.

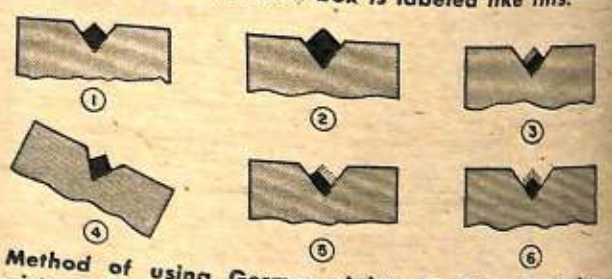
*To load and fire (single-action method).*—Put the safety on "fire." Insert a loaded magazine into the butt and shove it forward until the magazine catch holds it. Pull the slide back once and let it snap forward. The pistol is now loaded and cocked. A pull on the trigger will fire it.

*The load (alternate method).*—Put the safety on "safe." Insert the loaded magazine and work the slide as described in instructions on safety above. This pistol is now loaded but not cocked. When ready to fire, put the safety on "fire" and pull the trigger. As this pistol has a double action, the pull on the trigger will cock the hammer and fire the round. After the first shot, the recoil of the slide will cock the hammer.

*To unload.*—Pull to the rear the magazine catch, located on the bottom rear of the butt. The magazine will drop out. Work the slide back and forth several times to be sure the chamber is emptied.




*Nazi pistol ammunition box is labeled like this.*




*Method of using German sights. 1. Correct sight picture. 2. Firing high. 3. Low and right. 4. Low and right. 5. Lower left. 6. Low shot.*

# A WEEK OF WAR

**A Pithie Unpleasaunt Comedie Intituled The Masque Of Kinges or A Figge For Puttinge Powder Neath The Walles, as has been diverse times perform'd bye the Lorde High Executioner his Seruants.**

ADOLF HITLER, Ye Olde Mediævaliste, had made the entire continent of Europe into a gigantic equivalent of Ye Olde Mediæval Walled Towne. His *Festung Europa*, as he called it, stretched from the German-held steppes of Russia to the equally German-held west coast of France, from sunny, sloppy Italy to where Norway ran into the Arctic Sea. It was going to keep everything out, according to Ye Olde Mediævaliste, including, in all probability, bad dreams. Nothing could crack its walls, even the latest *tormentæ* invented by the Allies. It was solid, gate.

It is still fairly solid, as a matter of fact. As yet the walls have sustained no direct assault, so it has every reason to be. The Italian part, true enough, is beginning to look like one of the ruins that Cromwell knocked abarht a bit, but that has been the work of the disinterested bombardier. No infantrymen have yet surged up the beaches of the European mainland; no bangalore has found its way under the first barbed wire defences of the fortress.

For all that, the *Festung Europa* is being shaken to its very foundations. The trouble lies within, in two widely diverse and separated units of the fortress —Denmark and Bulgaria. For a long time one had been the model slave state of Europe. Here in Denmark, the Nazis said, you can see how utterly beautifully the new order works. Here all is calm; here every man is happy helping the Fatherland. Here is the perfect example of what Europe will be like for the next thousand years if the rest of you swine will only buckle down and shut your silly mouths and dig up those revolvers you buried under the petunia bed.

That was what Germany had been saying for a long time. But last week the model slave state, the well-behaved, docile Danes, were up in arms and killing Germans and raising merry hell from Aalborg to Copenhagen. Something was rotten in Denmark, all right, and it *gestunk* with an umlaut yet. The Danes had had just a little too much of the *Pax Germanica*. They settled down a great deal since the bad old days when their tiny ships, loaded with armored warriors, surged over the Skagerrak and through the North Sea towards England, to see what they could pick up. The modern Danes were peace-loving, slow to anger. They preferred to stay out of wars and they kept their army down. When Germany marched into Denmark they took it lying down; there was nothing they could have done, anyway. The Germans took over everything they needed and the Danes kept on working. Denmark, as far as Germany was concerned, was a pushover. The Danes, it seemed, were going to work very well with the New Order. Because of the docility of the Danes, Denmark received a very light going over indeed, as far as Germany was concerned. The Danes were left pretty much to themselves. Germany merely laid down a few simple, innocuous little laws like forbidding the Danes to think as they liked or read as they liked or vote as they liked. You'd think that the Danes would have been satisfied.

But German rule, light or not, is still German rule and it rankles. The Danes, however, bided their time. They did not indulge in guerrilla warfare or start tossing grenades into troop trains or begin slipping shives into minor Gestapo officials. They merely continued to do their work; but as they worked their grievances piled up, and their blood began to boil.

## The Pot Began To Simmer

AND last week the kettle boiled over.

The Danes blew up. They sabotaged everything in sight. They took rather successful potshots at German officers, they scuttled their small fleet. Six hundred well-armed Danish guards held out in their headquarters at Naestved, 37 miles south of Copenhagen and at Jaegersborg Barracks, outside Copenhagen, where the guards are trained, there was a regular battle, in which three German tanks and 11 armored cars were disabled. At Svendborg, where a German armored division was stationed, more than 450 Danish troops and civilians were killed or wounded. Two hundred German soldiers took over King Christian's castle and made him a prisoner. And meanwhile small boats full of unregenerate Danes were hopping across to neutral and, for the moment, safe Sweden; Denmark, as an Axis showplace, was through.

And in the Balkans, King Boris of Bulgaria was through as an Axis puppet for the simple reason that King Boris was a dead Bulgar. No one knew exactly why he was a dead Bulgar. The Bulgarian Ministry of Justice announced that heart failure had done the king in, but other reports were quite loud in proclaiming that one of his own police had put the slug on him, said slug being about half an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick, with a steel jacket thereon. Whatever the cause of Boris's death, however, it meant that one more of Hitler's jackdaws was underground.

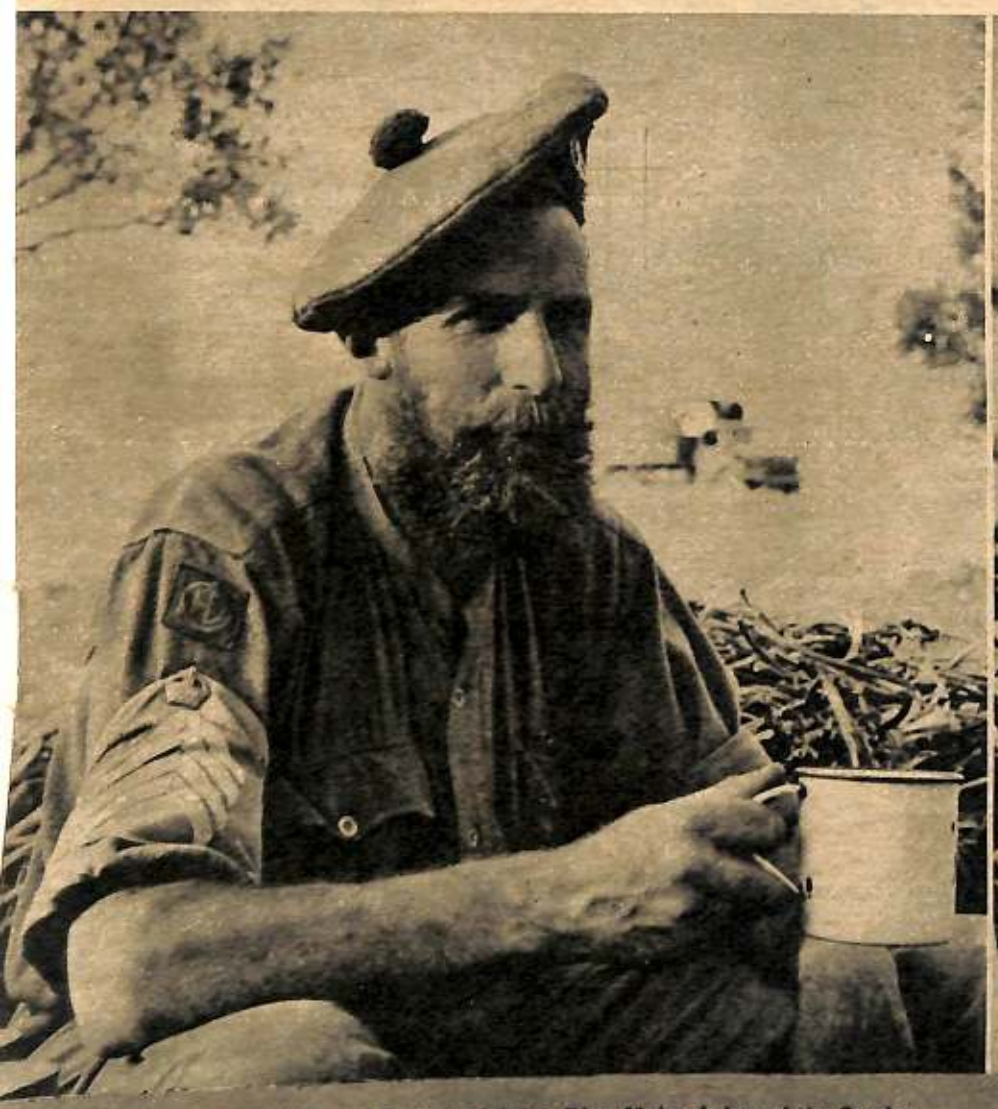
## Trouble In The Balkans

As soon as Boris died the Bulgars, too, started to get slightly out of hand. A general strike was said to have gone into effect, and there was a very good possibility that German troops would have to move in and take over the government. Bulgarians were tired of a war and a world that they had never made, and they were beginning to wish that they were well out of it; it looked as though Filov, Bulgaria's Premier, would be unable to retain power. Probably he would have to go when the Germans came in.

So in two different parts of the European Fortress there was terror and turmoil. Not yet had any Allied Army given that fortress any direct assault, save from the air. And though no air assault could win the war by itself, it would give Hitler plenty to keep him awake nights. Latest German city to depart this life had been Nuremburg, and no German knew for sure in his heart that his own city, whatever it was, might not be next. The British and the Americans were out-Heroding Herod.

It was interesting to note, too, that for the first time there seemed to be an all-out attack on forward German airfields in France. This might mean either one of two things. It might mean that the bombers were trying to clear out the fighter nests so that in future they could bomb Germany in comparative peace and quiet, or it might mean that the Allies were contemplating an assault on France and were indulging themselves in a bit of softening up. Whatever the reason, it was one more worry on the heavy, intuitive head of Adolf Hitler who, with Mussolini bankrupt, his armies in retreat in Russia, and his cities being bombed, was probably as unhappy a man as any ex-corporal could ever be. He very likely had a headache.

And, if the future continued as had the recent past, the headache would get a good deal worse. The pity of it was, even German aspirins were ersatz.



A beaver in Sicily rests from its labors. Pipe Major Asher of the Gordon Highlanders is the only man in the Highland Division permitted to wear a beard, gets extra pay for wearing it. Reason? Beats us.

A private from Missouri and a private from Brooklyn come down with a severe case of wine-drinking in a Sicilian town. The man with the jug is not the local bartender, but merely an old grape-pounding civilian.


THE BUGLER, WITH THE SHIELD OF HIS UNIT HANGING FROM HIS BUGLE, SOUNDS CALL FOR RETREAT.

PART OF THE CEREMONY OF STANDING RETREAT: THE OLD GUARD

# Streamlining th

IN North Africa, soldiers of the storied Foreign Legion among the world's most colorful fighters, are preparing for new battles with modern equipment. Fighting the Axis in Tunisia, the First Cavalry, only horse regiment in the entire Legion, stalked the enemy with old weapons. Now it is being mechanized. The regiment's horses are gone, replaced by American combat vehicles, arms and equipment.

ON A DRY RUN WITH NEW .50-CALIBERS.

LEGIONNAIRES IN THE FIELD, ARMED FOR BATTLE.

THE COMPANY COMMANDER OF A TANK OUTFIT GIVES DIRECTIONS

AND SALUTES THE NEW GUARD AT THE REGIMENT'S GARRISON POST.

# Foreign Legion

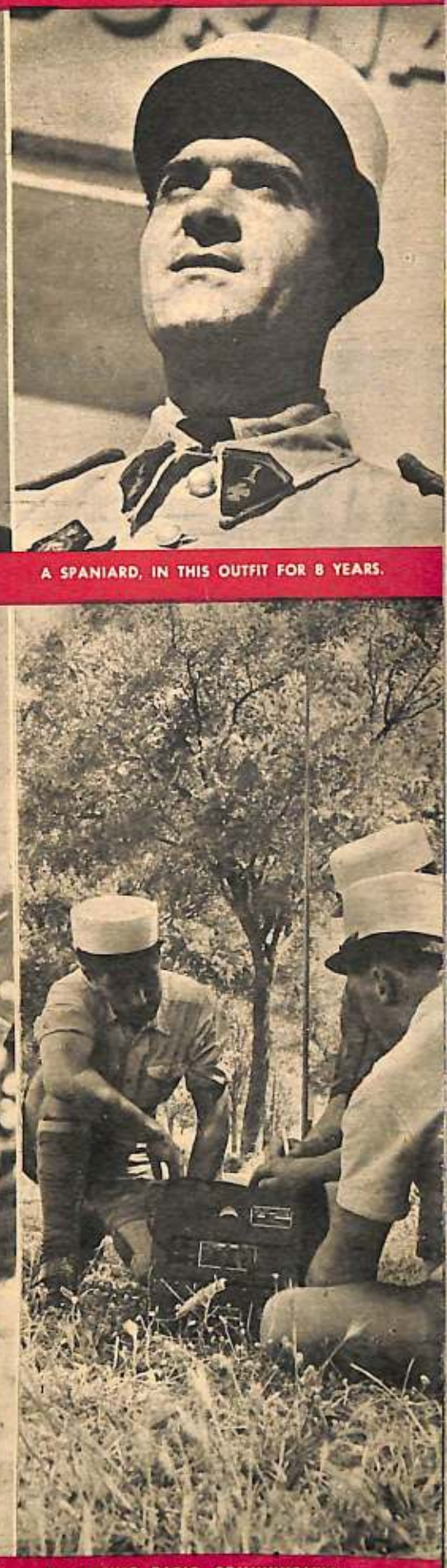
These Legionnaires are now part of a modern reconnaissance unit for an armored division. They were first to be armed with equipment produced on the French-manned, American-directed assembly lines in North Africa. This regiment was not used merely for political effect by the Allies. French knowledge of terrain and the people plus French fighting efficiency were major factors in the victory.

MOTORCYCLISTS, PART OF RECONNAISSANCE COMPANY, ON MANEUVERS.

A GERMAN-BORN SOLDIER, WITH THE LEGION 4 YEARS.

A TANK SOLDIER, NATIONALITY NOT GIVEN.

A RUSSIAN, OLD TIMER IN THE FOREIGN LEGION.



A SPANIARD, IN THIS OUTFIT FOR 8 YEARS.

A LEGIONNAIRE LEARNS TO FIRE AN AMERICAN MORTAR.



PRACTICING RADIO COMMUNICATION.

**AMERICA felt optimistic this week. All over the country people talked of a victory over Germany by Christmas. Gamblers were laying all kinds of odds, and even school kids in the summer playgrounds argued the possibility of an early end to the war. In New York, for instance, there has been a noticeable buying slump. Many department stores refrained from placing further orders for such "victory" items as ice boxes and rayon stockings because of a fear that the war may end suddenly and they'll have an over supply of inferior goods.**

The optimism, however widespread it was, didn't cut any ice with the people behind the war production efforts, nor has it affected any changes in the program for further enlargement of the personnel in the armed forces.

American shipping officials waived all optimistic reports aside and announced plans to construct 20 million tons of deadweight shipping for 1943, and an American-British-Canadian shipping committee was formed to standardize ship designs to speed up production.

Major General Louis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, said that the nation now had 10 million men under arms and predicted the induction of 446,000 fathers this year to meet the Army's manpower needs.

William Jeffers, director of the rubber program, announced the opening of the nation's largest synthetic rubber works in Port Nechez, Tex., and said that between five and six million synthetic rubber tires will be produced this year.

In Geneseo, Ill., a service station vulcanized a girdle for a woman; and a man in Guilford, Conn., was issued new ration books after testifying that he had piled his books and other papers on a railroad track to prevent a train from crashing into his stalled car.

**Meat and poultry was still scarce throughout the country. The Shoreham Hotel, swankiest in Washington, was granted a license to raise its own chickens in a building that once was devoted to the teaching of Shakespearian drama.**

The Chicago Crime Commission announced that since 1935 murders have dropped to fewer than one every other day, compared to the murder-a-day figure between 1921 and 1931. Murders due to gangsters numbered one out of eight.

The *Wall Street Journal* assigned 21 of its reporters to check the black market and found that customers can still buy anything they needed—for a higher price, of course. Black market shoes were selling for more than 50 per cent above the legal price; ham was selling for about $1.25 a pound compared to the legal price of 66 cents, and gasoline in New York's black market went for $2.65 for nine gallons, 70 cents above the regular cost.

**Crude oil from Texas fields began flowing through the "Big Inch" pipeline at the Linden, N.J., terminus as Metropolitan New York area faced one of its most acute gas shortages. Between 50 and 60 gasoline stations in New York were dry and many motorists in the Catskill area were stranded on the highways. State police reported that 200 cars near Monticello, N.Y., followed a gasoline truck until the cargo was delivered to a station. One service station owner was offered a dollar a gallon for gas.**

THE Detroit office of the Office of Price Administration suspended the gasoline ration book of Walter Hagen, noted golfer, for violating the 35-mile speed limit.

The War Labor Board voted eight to four in a decision rejecting a wage agreement between the United Mine Workers and the Illinois Coal Operators' Association, providing portal-to-portal pay of $1.25 daily. The decision invalidates the entire contract unless both parties agree to enforce all the other sections, except the travel time included in the outlawed clause.

John L. Lewis completed his appeal before the WLB for more wage increases for miners by declaring that "corporate interests sucked out the industry's life blood" and warned that a production crisis would result in the anthracite coal fields unless wage increases were forthcoming.

**Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes announced that 53 out of 3,000 soft coal mines seized by the Government when the miners struck, were returned to the owners this week. Ickes said the move was in accordance with the Smith-Connally Anti-Strike Act which requires that struck property be returned to the owners within 60 days after production efficiency is attained. Lewis made no comment, although last June on the termination of the third coal walkout, he said that the miners would remain in the pits until October 31 on the condition that the Government retained control.**

DEFENSE counsel for 30 miners in the Pittsburgh area indicted under the anti-strike law announced their clients would plead "no defense." The plea removes the possibility that the case would be a constitutional test. All defendants are members or officers of the Lewis union and were the first to be indicted under the anti-strike law which provides a maximum of one year in jail or $5,000 fine or both.

Cecil Jones of Rock Springs, Wyo., started dropping nickels into the keyhole of a bullpen door after he was jailed on drunken charges. When police tried to open the door it was jammed, so the court convened outside Jones's door. He was fined ten dollars while a jailor filed the lock.

**The War Department ruled that Archduke Otto of Hapsburg was not "qualified or acceptable" to serve in the Army. The 30-year-old pretender to the Austrian throne is technically an enemy alien. Pawnshops complained that business is 50 per cent below 1941 because their best customers, who used to pawn their wrist watches regularly every few months, are now in the Army.**

A Gallup Poll claims that 64 per cent of the people are against the return of Prohibition and 36 per cent favor it. The War Food Administration announced that more beer is being produced now than ever before but that a shortage exists only because people are drinking more than ever.

Women roustabouts were doing the heavy work

Cordell Hull and Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles came to a parting of the ways. Welles stepped out.

# NEWS FROM HOME

## Sumner Welles Resigned, Tommy Manville's Seventh Wife Called it Quits, and the Labor Board Ruled Against John L. Lewis.

Ramsay Ames used to lead an all-male rumba band in New York and Hollywood until Uncle Sam took away most of her musicians. So she's dropped the baton to act in the movies.

when the Endy Brothers & Prell Carnival opened in Richmond, Va. Women glass blowers are now employed by the Libbey Glass Co in Toledo, Ohio, and a dozen women will be employed by Columbia, S.C., to direct traffic in school areas.

Mrs. Helen Robar reported on the midnight shift at the American Hammered Piston Ring works in Baltimore after bearing a baby daughter at 4 p.m. "I can't sit idle with my husband and son in the Army," she explained to fellow workers.

**Henry Kaiser announced that he is building an eight-engined cargo plane that will be two and one-half times bigger than any plane yet built, with a speed of 170 miles per hour, and Walter Oldeham, a 325-pound war worker, induced a Chatanooga, Tenn., tent manufacturer to make him six special overalls after he found that no store had his size.**

SUMNER WELLES was reported to have informed foreign ambassadors in Washington that President Roosevelt accepted his resignation as Assistant Secretary of State. Welles was said to have resigned after constant friction with Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

Hull this week denounced certain writers and commentators who deal carelessly with facts and make untrue statements. He said that those responsible were jeopardizing cooperation among the United Nations.

St. Louis, Mo., experienced a buying splurge of paper composition alarm clocks with steel works. They sell for $1.65.

**E. C. Finke, a merchant in Syracuse, Nebr., handed out twice as many cigars as he had planned when he became a father and grandfather the same day. Harry James and Betty Grable announced they expect a baby next Spring; and Minnesota outlawed marriages by proxy, except those valid in the state or country where they were performed.**

New Orleans hired a women dog catcher, and Milton Williams, a San Francisco municipal railway motorman, was arrested for impersonating a policeman.

Hollywood: Betty Field, wife of Elmer Rice, the playwright will star in his play *A New Life*. Carl Sandburg, the poet, is making his first film, *American Cavalcade*. Actress Elissa Landi and author Curtis Thomas obtained a marriage license in New York City. Arthur Farnsworth, husband of Bette Davis, died of injuries resulting from a fall on a sidewalk in Hollywood. Actress Sally Eilers secured a mutual consent divorce decree in El Paso, Tex., from movie producer Harry Joe Brown, and announced she'll marry AAF Lt. Howard Barney.

Forty chorus girls will fall in behind Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda in *The Gang's All Here* and, to Benny Goodman's cadence, will do their number barefooted out of deference to shoe rationing. Fan letters demanding snips from Monty Woolley's beard prompted producers of his forthcoming film to insure the actor's alfafa for fifty grand.

**Mrs. Jeanne Nelson Ellis McDonald, self-styled "red-haired blitz" of Winthrop, Mass., who was arrested in Olathe, Kans., on auto theft charges, broke all the windows in her cell, slipped out of her handcuffs and set the jail on fire. The sheriff's wife finally succeeded in keeping her in a cell by taking all of her clothes away. B. A. Ryan, a rancher, was so glad to see a friend in Pueblo, Colo., that he gave him a hearty slap on the back hard enough to send said friend through a plate-glass window worth $129.**

Mayor LaGuardia of New York, named a committee of 41 to design plans for a huge world fashion center that may stretch for several blocks along Fifth Avenue. And the National Catholic Women's Union in Springfield, Ill., charged that women's clothes were becoming "progressively more offensive," and that sport costumes are made of "shamelessly brief fabrics diabolically employed to create sensual allure." The naming of a committee to design "decent apparel" was recommended.

The United States Treasury Department disclosed that there were 12,000 fewer places to buy whisky than one year ago and 32,000 less than in 1937. Boston officials announced that drunkenness and sex crimes were on the upgrade there, and especially among women.

The Department of Justice announced that draft law violations increased in the year ending June 30, but that observance of the law was far better. Records showed 60,116 draft violators convicted between October, 1940, to June 30, 1943. The FBI revealed that 147 men and women were convicted of major war crimes since Pearl Harbour and that six of them were sentenced to death, one to life imprisonment and the others to long jail terms. More than 14,400 enemy aliens, including 5,685 Germans and 5,234 Japanese, were taken into custody during the past year, the FBI announced.

The Department of Justice also announced indictments charging sabotage against the Antonelli Fireworks Company, Spencer Port, N.Y., and four of its officials were returned by a federal grand jury in Washington. The indictments charged the company and men with conspiring to manufacture and sell defective munitions to the Government.

**Film star Alan Baxter reported for his induction physical in a Nazi uniform—it was a movie costume and he was too hurried to change it. Brigadier General Robert W. Johnston, chairman of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, turned in his star and became a civilian again so he could be a "champion of civilian economy."**

THE magazine *Variety* announced that New York's Ziegfeld Theatre, built as a monument to Flo Ziegfeld and in recent years used as a movie house, will be turned back into a legitimate house by Billy Rose. The Denver (Colo.) Theatre began holding "Dawn Jamborees" for swing-shift workers at 1 a.m. every Wednesday. Theatre lovers in Roanoke, Va., petitioned their city council to save the historic Academy of Music, and New York's Steuben County Fair promised hitching racks for patrons arriving on horse back.

**A judge granted an interlocutory decree to screen actress Joan Marsh after she testified that her screen writer husband, Charles Spencer Belden, was "so engrossed in beating me" during the last Hollywood blackout that an "air raid warden had to knock three times and tell him to put the light out." Seniors in the Hammond, Ind., High School claimed to be the first blackout graduating class in the country. Diplomas were being handed out just as an alert sounded, so the curtains were drawn and the program continued.**

**Tommy Manville's seventh bride, thrice-married, 19-year-old Macie "Sunny" Ainsworth who is the mother of a four-year-old child, spat and separated from the asbestos millionaire, 12 hours after their marriage.**

**Ain't love just grand?**

Yes, twins, and identical in almost every way except that one is left-, the other right-handed. Thelma and Zelma Clayton have identical war jobs at Fairchild Aircraft plant, Burlington, N.C.

Father, mother and son stand helplessly by while their home burns to the ground in a fire that wiped out eight houses in Shoemakersville, Pa. Forty-five people made homeless. Loss $30,000.

That bartender ringing up a cash sale is not prop stuff; he's real venison on the hoof. F. G. Mitchell trained him to greet customers at his tavern in Mercuryville, Calif. Antler was bent in fight with a dog.

The Churchills take a look at Quebec, where the conference was recently concluded. From left to right: Mrs. Churchill, the Prime Minister, Canada's Premier Mackenzie King and daughter Mary Churchill. In a speech from Quebec, Churchill said that he and FDR wanted to meet with Stalin, also that the war was moving along very well. He made no commitments as to when it would end, though.

Here's where family ingenuity beat the lack of transportation. Mr. and Mrs. John Pittman of Burlington, N. J., ride in style in a triple-seater, which gives baby Jerry a soft break in the middle.


***When Roger Britt, the meek OCS Student, called these men to attention, all the generals and colonels in the Army were not able to make them stand at ease.***

By O/C RAY DUNCAN

*Camp Davis, N. C.*

OFFICER Candidate School often does strange things to the minds of men. But so far as I know Officer Candidate Roger Britt is the only man whose mind did strange things to Officer Candidate School.

"You are weak in voice and command. You will practice," ordered Britt's platoon commander, using that simple future tense that officer candidates hear so often. "You will practice," repeated the lieutenant, addressing his remarks to Roger's belt buckle.

Roger's jaw flexed perceptibly. His eyes flashed behind his glasses. Roger Britt was a very determined young man.

"You will go out on the drill ramp at night and call commands. You will pretend you are drilling a platoon of men. This practice will be of value only if you clearly visualize men marching at your command. Get used to the sound of your own voice. Make it crack like a pistol shot!"

"Question, sir," said Roger Britt. "When will I have time to practice? Classes end at 9:45 and bed check is at 10. That 15 minutes is the only time I have to polish my shoes and brass, help scrub the barracks, clean my rifle, shave, shower and—well, everything like that."

"Work that out for yourself. That will be all."

"PLATOON," bawled Roger Britt that night. "tench-hut!"

His voice echoed back from the motor-pool sheds that bordered the drill ramp.

"Faw-wud," yelled Roger Britt, "hotch!"

He stepped off smartly with his imaginary men, his mouth set in a firm straight line. He wheeled about to watch them pivot on a column right.

At four minutes to bed check Britt ran back to the barracks and fell in bed. But he couldn't sleep. Commands kept running through his head. Marching men seemed to be tramping through the barracks and executing his orders between the rows of beds. Such a precision platoon Britt had never seen. It reminded him of movies he had seen of the Coldstream Guards, changing the guard before Buckingham Palace. And Britt felt strangely, keyed up, exhilarated.

As the column responded to his commands and headed for the door, Britt rose from his bed in fascination. The column proceeded out the door into the company street. Quickly Britt dressed, caught up with the men, halted them once more before the motor-pool sheds and put them at ease while he tied his shoelaces.

Then once more Britt's voice, like a pistol shot now, echoed on the dark deserted ramp.

"Fall in!" Roger felt better than he had in the four weeks he had been at OCS—four weeks of hard physical labor, rigid inspections, accelerated studies, impossibly multiplied duties and constant heckling over trifles.

"Dress it up!" bawled Britt. "Cover down! All together now. Cut out that talking in ranks!" He felt wonderful. Wonderful.

Britt heard the measured tread of feet, then the little sluf, sluf, sluf, as the men half-stepped out of the pivot on a column movement. Suddenly there they were, in platoon-column formation, coming at him. Like a good officer candidate, Roger's reaction was immediate and instinctive.

"To the rear, hotch!" But now his voice quavered and was not at all like a pistol shot.

The men, tall and grim, their faces set, wheeled about. Roger wet his lips.

"Right oblique, hotch!" They performed it with perfect precision.

Roger nervously moved in closer, barking commands rapidly. He was sweating all over.

"Hey, you!" An MP corporal appeared suddenly from behind one of the sheds.

Britt felt suddenly sick at his stomach, and faint.

"What's the idea drilling out here this hour of the morning?" Officer Candidate Roger Britt was too weak to answer.

"What outfit is this?"

"Beats me," mumbled Britt. "Beats me all to hell, corporal." He twisted around and fell on his face to the pavement.

The MP called his buddy, who was parked in a jeep nearby. They loaded Britt in the jeep, and it headed for the hospital. Then the MP turned to Britt's men, who had been standing at rigid attention all the time.

"What outfit you guys from?" He spoke to the right guide, a tall gaunt man with deep-set eyes.

"That," came the answer, "you will have to discuss with our commander." And he nodded his head slightly toward Roger's form in the departing jeep. Something in the man's manner, in the manner of all the men standing on the deserted ramp, moved the MP to abandon his questioning. Hurriedly he reported to the provost marshal's office.

"They won't answer any questions," he told the provost. "They keep referring me to their commander. And he's Britt—a candidate! My God, sir, it don't make sense. How can he have his own platoon when he's only a candidate?"

"Never heard of such a thing," sputtered the major. "A whole platoon of men and no record?"

The post adjutant hurried over to the ramp but got no satisfaction from the men. They stood at rigid attention despite his commands. As if they were the best trained troops in the world, the grim-faced men would take orders only from their own commander. Even the CO, a full colonel, was rebuffed. He arrived on the double but got no response from the ranks of rigid men.

For the next few days the MPs had a tough job. They had orders to keep everyone from seeing the strange platoon which still stood at attention in the ramp area. At the hospital, the doctors had orders to do all they could for Britt —to get him on his feet as fast as possible.

Meanwhile the wires to AG Washington burned with queries concerning Roger Britt's platoon. No record existed of its induction, assignment or personnel. The neat filing cabinets in the Pentagon Building showed only a break in serial numbers for each dog tag of the platoon. No supply sergeant had outfitted it. No mess sergeant had fed it. Transportation had never moved it. Finance Department had never paid it. But there it was, at rigid attention.

And while the medical officers labored over Roger Britt, the phenomenon grew more and more embarrassing to the CO. The traffic pattern over the camp's small airfield was cluttered with special planes bringing generals to investigate. Each star-clustered authority faced the rigid platoon and shouted in the best West Point manner, "Plah-toon 'smissed." But the platoon remained at attention, awaiting its commander, Roger Britt.

Roger finally came to a little after midnight of the fourth day, responding to the personal administrations of a two-star general from the surgeon general's office in Washington. By that time the commanding general of the service command had arrived in a 12-cylinder Packard with three aides.

"How is he?" the CG asked the two-star surgeon.

"He appears to be perfectly normal, sir," the surgeon said.

"Bring him to the ramp on the double."

When Roger Britt arrived in a jeep driven by the CO himself, he saw his platoon, standing as he had left it. Not a muscle moving; not an eye oblique; brass and leather shining in the bright spotlights that had been turned on the scene from the motor pool. And Roger Britt also saw, standing to one side like a field command, the generals and colonels and majors from the Pentagon Building and from his own camp, their eyes focused upon him.

Roger Britt descended from the jeep, a little dazed. But like the good officer candidate that he was, he straightened his shoulders, threw out his chest and inhaled deeply.

"At ease," he shouted. His voice was like a pistol shot again.

As for the men, a great sigh seemed to come from them as their commander ordered them to relax. But their grim faces did not relax.

"Tell them to fall out," the CG said.

Candidate Britt gave the order.

LATER the CG, the CO and the generals and colonels from Washington were sorry they had not asked Britt to question his men before they fell out. For with the order they had drifted away in twos and threes, and once they were out of sight they could not be found again.

Thus when the adjutant asked the CG, the CO and the generals and colonels from Washington a question, all concerned were greatly embarrassed. How was the adjutant to carry Roger Britt's platoon in his report? The CG told the adjutant to use his own best judgment.

The adjutant sat for a long time in the darkness of his own office wondering what to do. Once he thought he had the solution, but then he decided not. He couldn't report them AWOL; he didn't know where they were AWOL from.

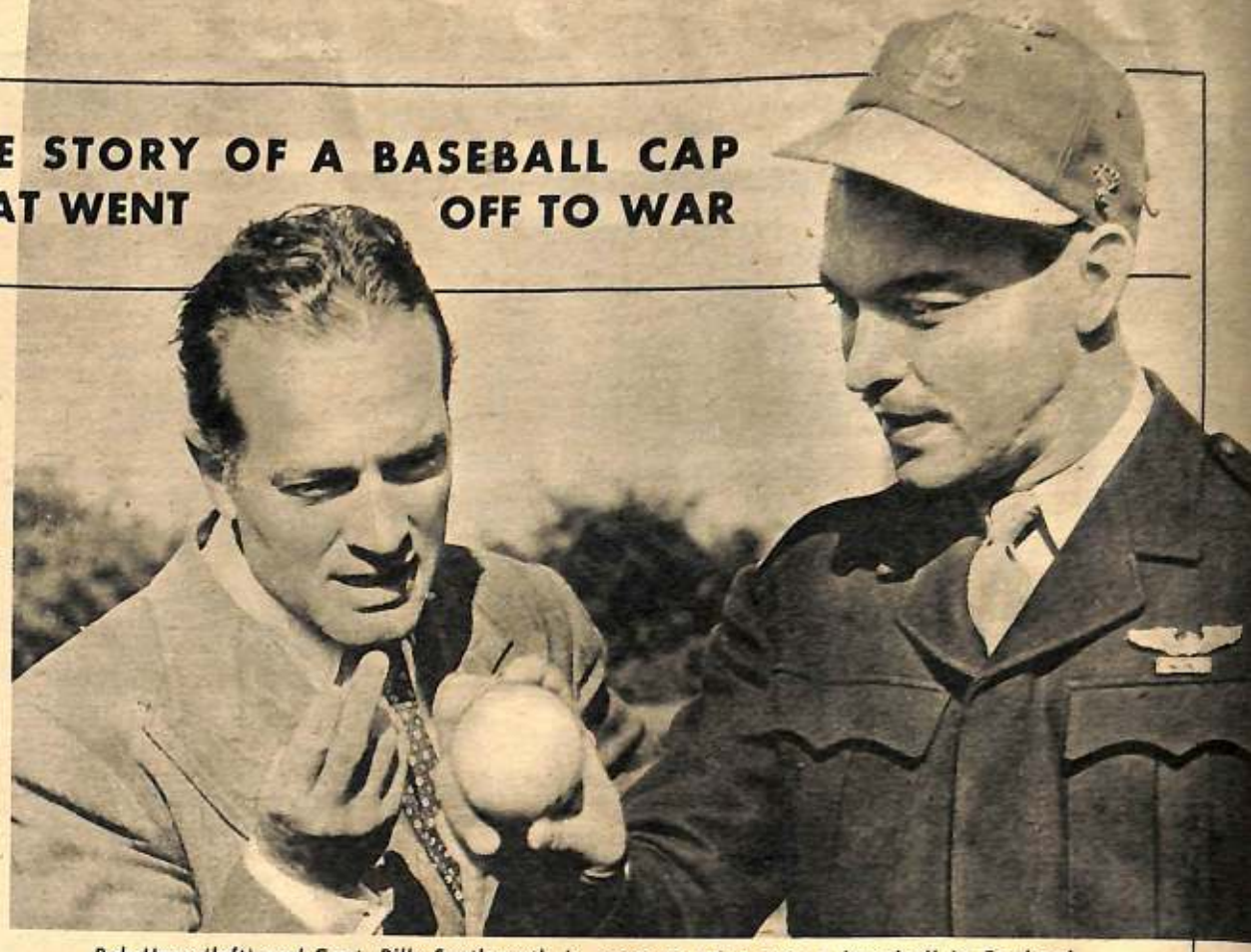
Finally he decided not to mention them at all. Experience had long ago proved that anything you can't explain will sooner or later become embarrassing. And the major, with the subtlety of many Army years, was sure that neither the CO nor the CG nor the generals and colonels from Washington would bring up the subject again.

He did fill out one official paper, however. Camp Grozky, out in Idaho, had requested a drill sergeant for inductees. Roger Britt, the major concluded, was just the man.


Ava Gardner
YANK
Pin-up Girl

# SPORTS: THE STORY OF A BASEBALL CAP THAT WENT OFF TO WAR

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



*Bob Hope (left) and Capt. Billy Southworth Jr. come to grips over a baseball in England.*

ONE day last month a Flying Fortress, just back from slashing at the Ruhr valley, banked around its field in England and then bombed its own control tower with a baseball.

It was Capt. Billy Southworth Jr.'s last combat flight, and his rambunctious crew figured the event called for just such a celebration. Good naturedly, Southworth readily pitched in. He even permitted the crew to tear the shirt off his back so they could tie it to the baseball to soften the drop in case their aim might be bad.

It wasn't so strange that Southworth happened to have a baseball aboard his plane. He always took baseball equipment on his missions so that he and his crew would have something to do for relaxation in case they were forced down on the continent and taken prisoners. Southworth also wore a Cardinal baseball cap on these raids, but not because he wanted to be dressed for any prospective prison-camp game. His father, Manager Billy Southworth of the Cards, had given it to him as a lucky cap when he left Bangor, Maine, for England last fall.

Pop Southworth had worn the cap through the 1942 season and won the National League pennant and World Series. Billy took it off to war and did all right, too. He was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross for blasting U-boat bases, roads and dams and ripping the Ruhr Valley to pieces. And now, though he has completed the required number of missions and is grounded as an operations officer, Billy still wears the faded old Cardinal cap. It means a great deal more to him than just a lucky cap.

Billy and his father have always been great pals. When Billy wanted to enlist in the Air Forces, he waited to ask his father first. Pop Southworth always gave him good advice. Once, when Billy was playing in the Bi-State League, the Cleveland Indians wanted to sign him, but his father told him he would progress faster in the bigger Cardinal farm system. Billy stayed. In four years he was an outfielder with the Toronto club and slated to move into the majors the next season.

It was while Billy was playing in Toronto that he decided he wanted to enlist in the Army. That was back in 1940. He had a day off in Newark and dropped down to Philadelphia to see his dad about it. Pop Southworth scolded him for even thinking about such a thing in the middle of a pennant race and told him to keep his mind on his business until the season was over.

"You can't play baseball and think about something else at the same time," the elder Southworth said.

"I know it, dad," Billy said. "My mind is on baseball—well most of the time, anyway. But I know what's coming and I want to be in on it. They'll have this draft working pretty soon and if I wait for that, I'll have to go where they send me. I want to pick my branch of service."

Billy didn't have to tell his father what branch of service it would be. Ever since he was a kid, the Southworths had been regular subscribers to every aviation magazine in existence. Billy's room was always adorned with pictures of airplanes and in the cellar there was a work bench where he spent most of his time building model airplanes. Pop Southworth also knew that when Billy went to Ohio State he was preparing himself for an aviation career.

Billy finished the season with Toronto and didn't mention the Army again until the next winter. One night he and his father were sitting in front of the fireplace, and Billy said:

"Dad, I know you have been thinking about me going in the Army."

"Yes, I have," his father replied. "But why don't you wait a while? We're not in this war yet. Maybe we won't get into it for another year. By that time you may be in the major leagues—and that would be something to come back to when the war is over."

"That can wait," Billy said. "I don't think this can. I think maybe you've been looking at this a little selfishly, dad."

"Maybe I have," his father admitted. "But I've been selfish for you. I just want you to have the best of everything."

Billy thought it over for a minute.

"Dad, if you were 23 years old, and war was coming on, I know you'd want to be in it. What branch of service do you think you'd like to be in?"

"Why, son, aviation, I guess."

Billy got up.

"It's 11 o'clock, dad," he said. "I guess I'll go to bed."

Southworth sat by the fire alone until the logs had burned down to embers and then put the lights out and went upstairs.

The next morning he told his wife: "Let's have a special breakfast. We'll all eat together and have something a little different."

Outside the snow was on the ground and the warm morning sunshine streamed into the breakfast room.

"Son, I did a lot of thinking after you went to bed. Now I know you are right," Southworth said as he looked out of the window.

"It's a beautiful day," he continued. "You'll never have a finer one to enlist."

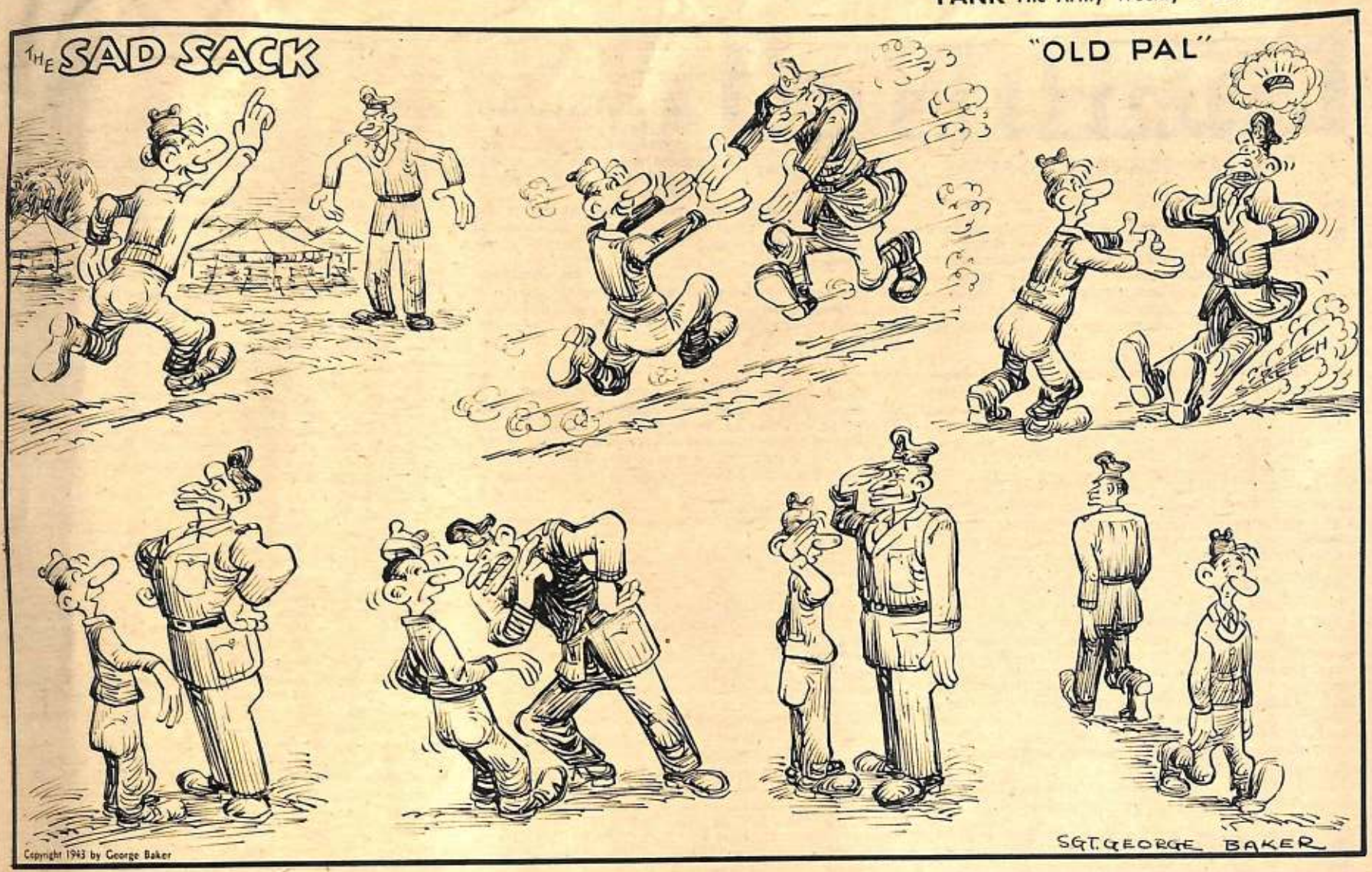
*Fred Apostoli CPO, middleweight champion in 1938, skips rope during a work-out on a light cruiser in the South Pacific. He is a gun captain.*

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

WHEN **Fred Burley**, one-time track coach at Orange, N. J., was forced down in a New Guinea jungle, he tried to teach the natives some real games, but they weren't interested. They wanted to learn calisthenics. . . . **Lew Jenkins**, the former lightweight champion, who's on transport duty with the Coast Guard, was floored three times by a Negro boxer in North Africa recently and lost the decision. . . . Three no-hitters in the Army: ex-Yankee **Charley Ruffing**, pitching for the Air Transport Command, beat Joe DiMaggio's Santa Ana (Calif.) Air Base team, 2-0; **Warren Spahn**, former Boston Brave southpaw, now at Camp Chaffee, Ark., stopped the KFPW Broadcasters of Fort Smith, 15-0, and **William Brech** of the Air Forces handcuffed the Army Ground Force team, 1-0, in London. . . . Fort Devens, Mass., looks like the best bet for the Army baseball championship. At the last reading of the statistics Devens had won 50 out of 54 and licked both Boston major-league teams. If anybody has a better record, let us hear.

The tennis players are doing a little better than all right in this war. **Wilmer Allison**, national champion in 1935, is Lt. Col. Allison now. His doubles partner, **Johnny Van Ryn**, is a lieutenant in the Navy, and so are **Ted Schroeder, Joe Hunt** and **Gardnar Mulloy. Frank Guernsey**, former intercollegiate champion from Rice, is a lieutenant, flying in the Aleutians. **Lt. Ernie Sutter**, another intercollegiate champion from Tulane, received a shattered arm in the North African invasion and may never play tennis again. **Capt. Ramsey Potts**, the University of North Carolina ace, was decorated with the Air Medal for valor in the Middle East. **Capt. Robert Vaupell**, top-rung amateur from Seattle, has won the Air Medal, Purple Heart and Navy Cross for cleaning out the skies over Guadalcanal. **Gil Hall** is a sergeant in the tanks. He was in the last war, too. Then there's **Ensign Kendall Cramm**, a college player who never made the headlines. He went down with his ship in the Pacific after getting all his men safely off the torpedoed vessel.

**Pvt. Charlie Trippi**, understudy to **Frankie Sinkwich** at Georgia, is taking his basic at Greensboro, N. C. . . . The Army rejected pitcher **Atley Donald** of the Yankees because of an impaired left eye and bad back, and **Red Rolfe**, ex-Yankee third baseman and now baseball coach at Yale, because of stomach ulcers. . . . **Gunder Haegg's** interpreter on his American tour is **Pvt. Kjell Peterson** of Bolling Field, D. C. . . . **Dick Wakefield**, Detroit's slugging rookie, left a .324 batting average on the books when the Army took up its option on him. . . . The Great Anti-Climax: Mussolini's son **Vittorio** has just "resigned" as president of the European Boxing Association.




# Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

## ARTIE THE FAG-BUYER

"GIMME a butt," Artie Greengroin said. "I'm nervous and wrought and I got to have a little something to calm me noives."

We felt in our pockets. We were taking a drive with Artie from Little-Dorrit-on-Thames, where he is stationed, to Blackensfield-Uber-Alles. The truck was full of tires.

"Sorry, old boy," we said. "Fresh out."

"Thass a hell of a thing," Artie said. "You're a sergeant, ain't you? You pull down a gawdam fissful of moola. You ought to always have butts."

We said we were sorry.

"It ain't no good," Artie said. "Now what I got to do is drop over to the PX and graft me some fags."

"Got your card?" we asked.

"Card, smard," Artie said. "I got a tongue. I can talk them PX rummies out of anything." He jerked the truck violently around the corner and roared off in the direction of the PX.

In the street in front of the PX Artie cautioned us. "Now don't go interrupting things," he said. "Jess let ole Artie do the talking. These guys is innercents. They used to hang around cigar stores in the olden days, truning pennies against the wall, so when they get in the Army they say they been woiking around cigarettes all their live, so they get a soft touch in the PX. They ain't no justice in this gawdam Army. Jess let me do the talking, thass all. I'll come out with a couple of cartoons of butts."

We went in. It was Friday afternoon, late, and the PX was almost deserted. Artie looked around for a likely clerk. Finally he turned to us and whispered. "See that little corporal over there? A pushover, thass what he is. Probly thinks he's Napoleon or something. Jess watch ole Artie."

We went over to the corporal. "Good affernoon, me good man," Artie said. "I have come in this joint to purchase me some fags. I cannot stand the fags of the English Isle. They are swept up off of floors and the like."

"Where's yer card?" the corporal said.

"Yer a fine type of a man," said Artie. "I'm surprised to fine you behine a counter soiving a lot of rummies. I'd of expected to see a man like you out in the field, leading his troops on to victory. A cartoon of Chesserfields, please."

"Where's yer card?" the corporal said again.

"As a matter of fact," Artie said, "I ain't a Londoner, strickly speaking."

"If you ain't a Londoner, yer on past," the corporal said. "Thass the way it awways happings, you got a card or you got a past. It's a rut, but thass what awways happings. Where's yer past?"

"As a matter of fack, ole boy, I ain't on past, neither," said Artie. "As a matter of fack, I'm driving a blassid ole truck around and I run out of butts. So I says to myself, being as we're in the same racket, so to speak, and all sodjers tergether, I'll jess run over to the PX and cerleck some fags. A cartoon, maybe."

"Beat it," the corporal said. "Yer a chiseler. I knows the type from way back. They's them what uses invisible ink and they's them that says they loss their cards and then they's them that's oney simple chiselers. Yer a simple chiseler. Beat it."

"Thass a fine way to talk to a fellow sodjer," Artie said. "I got a good mine to report you to Devers."

"Lissen," the corporal said, "if General Devers come in here without no card I'd say, 'Sorry, general, but you better bum some butts from a colonel.' Thass the way things stand around this jernt."

"Yer a fine type of man, corporal," Artie said, "jess the type of man I like for a friend. Wass yer name?"

"Gadu," the corporal said. "Reginald Gadu."

"Honess to gaw, thass the most rhythmical name I ever heard in my life," said Artie. "Ain't it?"

"It ain't nothing, really," the corporal said.

"Ever since I was small I awways admired the name Reginald," Artie said. "As soon as I knock me off a kid I'm going to name him Reginald. Jess think, maybe in the next war he'll be a corporal, too. How'd you like to be a gawfather, ole boy?"

"I ain't never thought much about it," the corporal said.

"Well," said Artie, "you can be gawfather to little Reginald Greengroin, as soon as he shows up."

"You married?" the corporal wanted to know.

"Naw, but I got goils," Artie said. "Infinite prospecks, thass what I got. In a quiet way I'm a gawdam Casanova."

"I wisht I was a Casanova," the corporal said.

"You want lessons, jess come to ole Artie," said that worthy. "I'll teach you all I know. And now, how's to a cartoon of Chesserfields?"

"You got to have a card," the corporal said stubbornly, "and if you ain't got to have a card you got to have a past. It's the law of the jungle."

"The trouble with this gawdam Army," said Artie, "is that they's too blassid many regulations. What they need is more free spirits like you and me."

"I ain't no free spirit," the corporal said. "They got me chained."

"I'll settle for five packs of Chesserfields," said Artie.

"No card, no past, no Chesserfields," said the corporal. "It's the law."

"Poop on the law," Artie said. "Gimme two packs and call it square."

The corporal shook his head. "The law," he said.

Artie leaned over the counter. "Lissen, Reggie," he said, "I'm desperate. I'm a butt fiend. If I don't get butts I run round killing and maiming. Thass no life. If you got a good heart you'd want to save me from that life."

"I got a good heart," the corporal said. "It's bad, huh?"

"Yerse, very bad," said Artie.

"I ain't one to see a fellow huming being suffer," said the corporal. "Wait a minnit." He bent under the counter.

"Here," he said as he rose again, "take these, ole boy, with me compliments." And he laid a pack of Chelseas on the counter. "These have been kicking around for quite awhile."

Artie stared for some seconds at the Chelseas, then picked them up and without another word walked out of the PX. When he reached the street he threw them as far as he could, narrowly missing a second lieutenant in the process.

"Now I seen everything," he said. "I run up against some awful ole bassars in me time, but I never run up against a ole bassar like him. Chelseas, he gives me, the gawdam rummy. Slow poison, he gives me, the crumb. Less go and by some Players."

As we got into the cab we noticed three Englishmen fighting over the pack of Chelseas on the sidewalk. One of the Englishmen was hitting another over the head with a cane.

"I wunner whatever happen to that cane I had," Artie mused.

# MAIL CALL


## LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

Dear YANK:

In reading your issue of August 22, I am amazed at the letter written by Billie, Joyce and Betty.

Please do consider this an answer to their quiz contest!

(1) You state that the boys from over the big pond only go for the brainless, fluffy, suicide blonde—surely that is an exaggeration! You must try to realize that these boys are over here in preparation for the invasion of Europe—not for a marriage market! In any case, the majority of these boys have their own girls back home. Secondly, a great many of them, whilst trying in their leisure hours to meet really nice girls do not often get that opportunity. The young, brainless type you mentioned seem to find an intense delight in throwing themselves at these boys' heads. I have seen, whilst being at a dance, some bright young thing stroll up to a Yank and say very pertly, "Got a cigarette; got chewing gum?" (a fact, which, while being very deplorable, is very true). Yanks *are* "on the ball" with we girls who can meet them on their ground, and can develop a really good friendship with no strings and no gold digging! Don't you think it is about time that our own people started to clean their own windows, before having the antediluvian idea of cleaning other people's windows?

(2) I always understood that "pin-up girls" were for the Army, not only for the boys who are comparatively comfortable here, but for those who are in very remote spots and have to derive some kind of amusement, whilst being in what must seem to them hades. Moreover, haven't you got enough of "what it takes" than to want to start "star gazing" over some Casanova?

(3) Well—you know your Shakespeare, don't you? (A rose by any other name!).

NOTE:—Do you really look for the real American screen hero type? I always understood that girls

**All our dames, they tell us, are not brainless, fluffy and suicidally blonde.**

with any brains at all preferred their men with personality and charm, and who could really talk about something interesting—not their masculine beauty! My! My! One lives and learns!

Incidentally, the few Yanks I have met are 100 per cent O.K. and I do not think that I am one of your brainless, fluffy, peroxide blondes. One learns to appreciate grand friendships!

Go and sleep that off!

Thank you, YANK.

"SCOTCH LASSIE"

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

How about the vital statistics on Eleanor Parker, your pin-up for August 1? To say the least, we're *interested*.

As yet it hasn't been determined whether or not Miss Parker's striking beauty or *that* dress is responsible, but LR informs us that a greater percentage of our bachelors are getting serious with the girls they have strung along for years and the married boys are threatening their wives with divorce unless they procure a similar dress. With the "hooked," Miss Parker's charm is not mentioned. To them she's just the reflection of their dear ones.

We suggest that if G.I. WACs, one each, are available on the staff they be allowed to handle the request. We're interested in knowing if the apparent "you'd be so nice to come home to" look in Miss Parker's eyes is as much appreciated by females as it is by us.

If there is a convenient private handy, mark this *Expedite*.

Pvt. WILLIAM R. DAVIES

*Britain.*

**[Editor's Note: We have no vital statistics on Miss Parker. All we know is that she's a woman. And we got no Privates, no WACs.]**

Dear YANK:

I thought I would drop you a few lines to express my opinion to you about your magazine, I think it is really an all round good magazine, except your pin-up girls—in August 15 issue. Dorothy Day is a beautiful lady, that is true, but in my opinion my girl would be a lady with a nice figure and not afraid to show it, like the girls on page 12-13 such as the war babies, now you take a lovely girl like that one the average G.I. looks twice or maybe more at a lovely figure and if you print a big pin-up girl like those well I won't have no complaint.

You see around our squadron you see pictures of just ordinary girl, but there in a bathing suit or slacks so that is my suggestion as I'll write you again sometime and Good Luck.

Cpl. R. HERNDON

P.S.—Keep up the good work. Your magazine is really swell and we all like it and we can hardly wait until the YANK comes. Well I guess it is all for now.

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

We have a collection of sixty women and planes about the room, now, most of which have come from YANK. They're all very nice but we find two things missing. We trim our pictures close to save space and treated in this manner Nan Wynn needs a pair of legs to look her best. Also we want a good pin-up of *the* Madam Lazonga to paste up.

Thanks for a lot of swell pics.

BILL KARRAKER
BILL HUNTER

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

I usta get a laff outa Greengroin's groans, but now I think he's slightly a piker when it comes to havin' troubles.

I also find out that the English word "moor" is a synonym for good ol' U.S.A. "swamp."

Our buzzard toter decides we need a little hardening after a few months of relandscaping Britain and wearin' out the King's Highway with twenty mile road marches, so we spends a week miles from nowhere, in the demon created pup tent.

We pull into the bivouac area in a rain that made the floods of Noah's time look like a light mist. The top-kick splashes around all over the high spots for a while, and then has us pitch tents in a young lake nearby. We gets them up, and ditched, and after a visit to the bean-burners—so to roost.

Nothing bothered me except a slight dampness, so I starts sawing logs.

And the rains came!

About three a.m. my tent mate gives out a yell, a ghastly scream it was, and I grabs him just as he is going under for the third time.

Our worldly possessions are floating out the open end of the tent by this time, but by heroic efforts, we managed to salvage our mess gear.

By a combination of the dog-paddle and the Australian crawl, we were able to make it to the cook's tent, which as usual is on the only high spot.

We spend the rest of the night having chills, and taking turns keeping the stove warm. The air around up was bluer than gas flames. There were words used that hadn't seen the light of day since St. Patrick made a race of policemen and bricklayers out of the Irish.

Thereafter, we spent the night in a truck, uncomfortable, but dry, peacefully indulging in profanity.

The only thing that came of the whole affair is that one second "looie" wrote home to his congressman suggesting that all ground troops in the ETO be issued rubber boats.

Maybe we could get up a trade with some of the desert troops, and both strike a happy medium.

If that crazy cook, with water on the brain don't stop singing "It's Not Raining Rain to Me, it's Raining Daffodils," I'll go batty myself, so help me.

Well, here comes the colonel inspecting the bivouac area in a row-boat, so I guess I had better stop writing this and see if my elbow is too rheumatic to throw him a salute.

BROTHER LIGE

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

Why should there be such a dispute about our screen hero, Captain Clark Gable? The captain is in the Air Force to do his duty same as any other Yankee. What do you think Captain Gable thinks if he read the "Mail Call" in the August 22 issue of YANK?

Sgt. D. HALKER

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

Please permit me to be so kind as to inform M. O'C. of my opinion as to why Captain Clark Gable gets his picture and name in the paper so often.

I'm a steady reader of YANK and especially of "Mail Call," and have read a few letters from other readers and have read a lot about their opinions, but did not think my opinion amounted to much, so I kept it to myself. On reading his letter in the August 3rd edition, and seeing as how I'm stationed right here in the same base with our Captain and have had several contacts with him, I thought I would attempt to help our little Irishman out.

I (as well as any number of fellows here on the base) can tell you Captain Gable is not looking for publicity, in fact he is just the opposite, as M. O'C. can read for himself if he would look up the June 7, 1943, issue of *Stars and Stripes*. As to why he gets these write-ups and pictures, it's simply in my opinion that "he is doing one hell of a good job" and deserves the credit. I believe in the slogan "Give credit where credit is due," and you don't have to take my word for it, but just ask any number of gunners here on the base who will tell you that they can lay a lot of their knowledge and ability at the door step of Captain Gable. That is his job, to help gunners with their problems and to make a training film to help other gunners who have yet to earn their wings. If M. O'C. was able to thank Gable for his life sometime (as can a few gunners here) due to the knowledge that the Captain gave him I don't believe he would holler so much about the Captain getting his picture in the paper.

S/Sgt. W.W.P., E.T.O.

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

In the United States one tends to think of England as dotted with thatched cottages and memorial statues of William Shakespeare. It is a commonly accepted belief in the U.S.A. that this island could be placed in a corner of Texas without it depriving the inhabitants of that State of much *lebensraum*. Now that so many Americans have been given free and in most cases, unwanted—ocean voyages to the United Kingdom, a host of G.I.s are today getting an opportunity to compare their previously formulated beliefs with actualities. The results, in many cases, are, to employ gross understatement, revealing. For one thing, although there is no question the thatched cottages are in truly abundant evidence, the imagined Shakespeare statues turn out, upon closer examination, to be peacefully grazing sheep.

After a few months in England, the average G.I. begins to think that nothing in the world would be a better idea than the literal transportation of the whole of the British Isles to that corner of Texas into which it would best fit without too much disruption in the everyday life of the Texans, provided only that he himself were on English soil when this engineering feat were accomplished.

**One fact which puzzles many a brooding G.I. is that a lion is emblazoned upon the English crest. Were a vote by G.I.s taken, the figure of a lion rampant would soon be removed, to be replaced by a likeness of a sheep grazing. There is no question but that the doughty spirit of the British people is well represented by the lion, but, to take a grossly material and animalistic view of the matter, there are few live lions in England, whereas sheep are omnipresent throughout the length and breadth of the country, both on the hoof, upon the nation's rolling green fields, and, in inanimate state, upon easily half the dinner plates on the island.**

The English apparently entertain a sentimental fondness for sheep, for they permit them to reach an advanced old age before they are led to their inevitable slaughter. While this practice helps to keep England's larder better stocked than would otherwise be possible, it leads to gustatory disaster. Not all the mint sauce in the world, combined with the severest of colds, can disguise the fact that what might, in so many cases, have been a delectable piece of lamb has been transformed, by a simple and natural ageing process into mutton. Small wonder that England boasts an inordinate number of vegetarians, some of whom refuse even to wear clothing made of wool, simply because the cloth derives from the back of a sheep.

The lot of a vegetarian in England is a difficult one. The only readily obtainable vegetables in the country are potatoes, cabbage, and brussels sprouts, and, although the humble potato may be cloaked somewhat under a variety of disguises, the same cannot be said for the various members of the cabbage family, all of which are strongly individual and notoriously opposed to camouflage. The only ray of sunshine in an English vegetarian's life is the fact that he need not, nay, *may* not, partake of spam.

A.G.I.

*Britain.*

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# A-36 INVADER

## This new and powerful fighter-bomber terrorized the enemy in Sicily


*Before setting out on their missions, fighter-bomber pilots get instructions from their CO, Col. Stevenson.*

*A ground crew loads 500-pound bomb on an A-36.*

**By Sgt. PETE PARIS**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

NORTH AFRICA—One of the many unpleasant surprises that greeted Axis troops in Sicily was the appearance of the new and powerful A-36 fighter-bomber, nicknamed the Invader. Its work over Sicily was a vital factor in the swift advance of the Allied troops.

American flyers taking the A-36 into action for the first time raised hell with enemy supply lines in low-level attack, both bombing and strafing. They soon earned for their plane a reputation such as the Stuka had in the early days of the war. The A-36 has become the plane most feared by ground troops.

Built by North American Aviation, this ship is a dive-bomber version of that company's P-51 Mustang fighter. The A-36 can climb at the rate of nearly half a mile a minute, with a ceiling of 30,000 feet. Powered by a 12-cylinder Allison engine, it has a flying speed in excess of 400 miles an hour. Its normal diving speed, with the four hydraulic dive brakes extended, is 450 miles an hour.

Ranging far behind the enemy lines, the Invaders have smashed truck convoys, bridges, lines of communication, power lines and radio stations. After they have dropped their bombs from the racks in both wings, they become low-altitude fighter planes. An A-36 pilot is protected by armor plate and has six .50-caliber machine guns—two synchronized to fire through the three-bladed propeller and two in each wing.

At dawn the planes streak out over the Mediterranean from this hot dusty airdrome deep in the Tunisian hills. At dusk they return with new stories of Axis trucks blown up and Axis supply lines cut.

Here are brief summaries of a day's work given by some of the pilots. The first is the story of Capt. Roger Miller of Salem, Oreg.:

"We ran into several columns of troop trucks, carrying 20 or 25 men apiece. They were probably German and put up a lot of flak, which was very accurate. I didn't think we'd get through, but we did. After that, we saw a train carrying tanks on flat cars. It was in a railroad gorge near Aeia. We made three passes to get in to strafe them, then had a hell of a time getting out. It was one long pull and no picnic. Then we came back to strafe a column of trucks.

"A little farther up we ran into another locomotive pulling flat cars loaded with tanks. We shot up the tanks and blew up the locomotive. It was really a sight to see. The locomotive just went up in steam. About two miles farther we found another locomotive with six tanks and guns all around it. I saw the engineer get out in a hurry. We got that one, too."

Lt. J. B. Walton Jr. of Shreveport, La., followed Capt. Miller into action. "We started after a convoy of 50 or 75 trucks," Walton said. "The captain went after the trucks ahead and I took those on the right. One truck started to turn back off the road and got caught in a gully, and I got him just as he toppled over.

"Then I swung over to the side of the mountain we were passing. There were two trucks carrying about 30 men each. The men started running, and I got both trucks. Then I went over a hill and got three more—all big trucks hauling men. Got them clean; I could see my tracers kicking up the dust around them. Then our flight ran into a locomotive, and I saw it go up in steam. There was some ack-ack around this and I could see men standing around a gun. I was over to the right, and they didn't see me. I shot all the men on the gun and damaged the gun."

Flight Officer R. T. Carter of Birmingham, Ala., gave this report:

"I saw several convoys of trucks split up and park in the shade of trees. I went over them three times and strafed. They had heavy ammo, maybe 88-mm stuff, which began to pop all over, but I got at least 10 trucks and damaged at least 10 more. Toward Prizzi I saw a Macchi jump our flight leader, who shot him down.

"But something must have hit his own plane because he bailed out right after the Macchi crashed. His parachute split when it opened and we all thought he was gone for sure. He came down between a building and a church, and we lost sight of him and figured he was gone. Then all of a sudden we saw him come running out from behind the building.

"He was running toward an Italian truck that was standing there. Some Italians started after him, but we came down and gave them a few bursts. We couldn't see whether he got away or not, but he probably did. This isn't the first time he's done something like this. He'll probably come walking into the mess in a couple of days."

# PSYCHOLOGY for the Fighting Man

**What causes panic and mental breakdowns in the Army? Here's an interesting discussion of such problems in straight, simple language.**

**On these pages YANK presents selections from *Psychology for the Fighting Man*, the new Infantry Journal book prepared for soldier readers by a committee of the National Research Council with the collaboration of Science Service. Material in the book was written and edited by 60 outstanding American psychologists, medical and military authorities.**

## Panic

PANIC can occur in the best-drilled, most thoroughly seasoned troops. Some of the greatest routs in history have been cases of panic. The panicked group is much like a mob but it acts from fear, not anger. Even a well-disciplined regiment can disintegrate into a panicky mob when it meets a situation for which it has never been prepared.

Among troops which are "panic-ripe" a single cry of "Gas!" or "Run!" or "We're cut off!" may start a mad flight. The enemy, aware of this fact, plays on it whenever possible. In the first AEF, agents were planted among American troops to yell "Gas!" when the cry might start a panic. It became necessary to work out a code warning for gas, known only to trusted men. "New York" would mean gas one day, "Minneapolis" the next. The men were instructed not to cry "Gas!"

Trifling things can start panic.

In 1866, a dust cloud was enough to start the cry, "The German cavalry is charging!" among exhausted and frightened Austrian troops. The dust cloud was raised by a herd of frightened pigs.

In 1918, a runner handed a message to a battalion commander. The major read it and called to his adjutant, "Come on, let's beat it." The two started toward the rear at a dead run. The entire battalion was instantly in wild flight behind them. The message was only an order to report to headquarters.

One main cause of panic is lack of training. Troops trained only in methods of attack may, when forced into quick retreat and separated from their leaders, turn into a typical mob.

Bad morale, rumor and poor leadership can make the ground ready for panic, impairing the confidence in command necessary to hold troops to the performance of duty. Contradictory or ambiguous orders make troops ripe for panic. So do apparent stupidity and vacillation among officers. Or prolonged waits under tension. Or frequent false alarms. Or unexplained retreats on the heels of victory. The death of a leader in whom confidence has been too much centered also makes the grieving men more ready for panic.

Once panic has begun, the best way to halt it is to capture attention and then provide positive, clear commands. If no officer is present, any self-possessed man can assume leadership and give the scared men what they need—clear confident direction. Unconcerned calm is effective if it can get full attention. One officer got attention in the first World War by standing up on a stump and laughing loudly and pointing at panic-stricken men who came running by him following others.

## Sleep

YOU can stay up all night and keep awake provided you keep using some muscles, at least the speaking muscles. You can march all night, play poker all night, fight all night, talk all night. You will be likely to get terribly sleepy somewhere along between 0300 and 0600 hours unless you are doing something exciting or intensely interesting. But you can get through provided you are active. It is very hard to fight sleep if you are quiet and by yourself.

By breakfast time you will be getting less sleepy. You can get through the next day pretty well. You will feel uncomfortable. But other people will not notice anything wrong with you unless you sit down and relax with nothing important or interesting to do. Then, very likely, you'll doze off.

The second night you won't want to stay up but you may have to. Another march may be necessary or the enemy may attack. And the second night is like the first but more difficult. It is harder to keep active under your own power; yet you can, if your officers or the enemy furnish the motivation. You don't want to keep your mind on any topic very long. By this time you are probably getting quite irritable. Little things provoke you and you may talk some nonsense.

The third day is better than the second sleepless night, but you will be irritable, rambling and illogical in speech and thought, inattentive, more than usually sensitive to pain. Your eyes itch. You may begin to see double. You can't sit down and read. You can still be spurred to your full mental powers and manual dexterity if the stimulus is strong enough—if your commander demands your attention, if a shell comes over—but the effect of these things doesn't last as long as it would normally.

With frequent food, how long can you go without sleep? You can manage a third night without sleep and maybe a fourth, with all the symptoms getting worse, with attention harder and harder to command, with more and more activity necessary to keep you awake.

There was a man once who believed that sleep was a bad habit which ought to be and could be overcome. He was given a watchman's clock on which to report every 10 minutes the fact that he was awake. He stayed awake almost continuously for 9½ days. As time wore on, he became dazed. He would keep appointments at the wrong time or in the wrong place or both. He got so that he was not always sure where he was. At the end of the time, he had become so cantankerous that the experiment had to be stopped.

Men who stay awake for two or three days are generally in pretty good shape after a 12-hour sleep, and show no effects at all after two or three normal nights' sleep.

## The War Within the Man

HOW to be brave and safe—that is the greatest psychological problem for the soldier. Most of the war neuroses (mental illness) result from the failure of men to find any sort of satisfactory way out of that dilemma. Every man is equipped with two kinds of deep-seated desires or instincts. Often these two conflict. One set has to do with his relations with other men—he wants to be one of the gang, appreciated and admired by the others, and he even likes to sacrifice himself for the good of the group to which he belongs, whether it is family, church, army or nation. But he has also another set of desires that cannot ever be entirely denied, desires connected with himself—his life, his comfort, his personal freedom.

A move to the war theater usually brings a crisis within the soldier as well as in the battle against the enemy. When a man finds himself close indeed to death, then his instinct of self-preservation makes every fiber of his being protest against facing the danger.

Yet his comrades, his officers, his country are all counting on him. If the personal instincts win the struggle, the man will run away or surrender. If the social instincts prevail, then he is the stuff


*Unconcerned calm stops panic. In the first World War, an officer brought panic-stricken men to their senses by standing on a stump and laughing loudly at them as they ran by him.*

of which all good soldiers are made. For a few this struggle ends in a stalemate—a compromise. That is what a war neurosis is. The man cannot bring himself to go forward, yet he is too conscientious to give up. He is not to be blamed. He is not a coward. If he were, he would have no mental conflict. He would see to it that he was not at the front but in a soft, safe job somewhere at a good distance. If necessary, he would desert. But he does not desert and still he does not fight.

## Food and Sex

MEN in any army, especially those recently come into the service, are apt to feel hungry and think the hunger is for food, but actually it is for other satisfactions which throughout their lives have been intimately associated with eating. They may not realize it, but often the truth is they have become homesick. They are longing for those upon whose presence and affection they have long depended. They want their wives or mothers. Because they are not completely aware of what it is they need, they may smoke or drink to excess or may eat quantities of candy or ice cream. Recognition of these facts will enable the new soldier to use the post exchange with discretion.

In some men the sexual instinct is expressed as a direct and not-to-be-denied demand. When excited strongly, especially under the influence of alcohol, almost any woman, the easier the better, will serve to reduce the pent-up tension.

The typical man in the Army, however, cannot find true satisfaction with prostitutes or in other promiscuous relationships. Most men choose a sexual partner not solely for the relief of purely sexual tensions but for the satisfaction of much more complex needs. Many men will have already chosen such a person before they come into the service—a sweetheart, fiancee, or wife. Separation from home, for soldiers of this kind, means much more than merely sexual deprivation. It means the loss of innumerable delights of feminine companionship.

If the cherished one at home sends constant reassurances of faithfulness, expressions of pride in what her man is doing for his country, and gifts and letters in abundance, the soldier will find it much less difficult to keep his spirits high and resolutions firm. If, however, a soldier is denied these substitute satisfactions, then the feeling of aloneness, especially if he half consciously wants to make his own girl suffer for her neglect of him, may drive him to seek sexual satisfaction with other women.

## Alcohol and Tobacco

IN SMALL amounts alcohol may increase strength a little, but in large amounts it makes a man weaker. A man who weighs 200 pounds can stand about twice as much liquor as a man who weighs only 100 pounds. Fats in the stomach—milk, cream, butter, cheese or olive oil—help to keep you sober. The same amount of alcohol taken in tall drinks well diluted with charged water or ginger ale has less effect than it does taken straight from the bottle or in a cocktail. You get the greatest effect from the smallest drink lying down. If you want to drink and stay sober, stand and put one foot up on the traditional brass rail or walk briskly outdoors.

Some men believe that alcohol makes them brave. They want a shot of liquor before they undertake a difficult mission. But this idea is true only in a limited sense. Alcohol does make men face hazards more recklessly because it dulls their appreciation of danger—a very hazardous sort of bravery.

An habitual smoker may work better when he smokes. It is unlikely that tobacco helps him. It is more probable that he has learned to work best when smoking so that not smoking bothers him. There is some evidence that excessive smoking may contribute to the development of stomach ulcers. There is rather clear evidence that heavy smoking produces temporary defects of vision.

The best rule is not to smoke more than is necessary to avoid that bothered feeling which the smoker has when he longs for a smoke.

# A Few Tips on How To See in the Dark

MODERN war is often war at night. That means men must learn to see in the dark and to use their eyes in unfamiliar ways.

Everyone knows that when you go into a dark room from a bright one it is hard to see until your eyes become used to the gloom.

There are two ways in which your eyes adjust for seeing in the dark. They can open up to let in more light and they can shift over to a more sensitive set of light detectors. They do both.

It's the pupil of the eye that opens up in the dark to let more light in—and closes down in bright light to a pinhead opening so as to keep out too much light.

But the important change in this shift is to the more sensitive set of detectors.

The retinas of your eyes have two kinds of light-detectors called *cones* and *rods*. The cones do the seeing in bright light, the rods at night.

The cones—there are millions of them in each eye—are packed closely together in the very center of the retina, the part that does the most accurate seeing in the daylight. That's why, in daylight, you have to look directly at something in order to see it best. The cones also see colors.

The rods—and there are millions of them, too—are color-blind. That is why "all cats look gray at night." Cats really do—and so do trees and flowers, provided the night is dark enough. But a red or green signal light is seen as colored at night because it is bright enough to get the cones working.

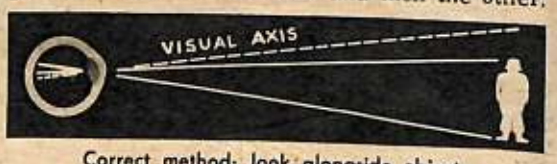
The rods are packed most closely together at the outside edge of your retinas and there aren't any rods at all in the very center. The center part of your eye, that is most sensitive in daylight, is actually blind at night. So don't look directly at a thing to see it in the dark. Look alongside of it.

You may not in the dark be able to spot an airplane if you look straight at it. Yet you can pick it up out of the corner of your eye if you look away.

Always remember, therefore, that you must look a little to one side in order to see best on a very dark night. As you feel your eyes drawn toward what you want to see, just let them slide on over to the other side of it and look again with the tail of your eye.

And don't keep looking steadily to the same side of the object. Because then it will disappear, too. Use first one side and then the other.

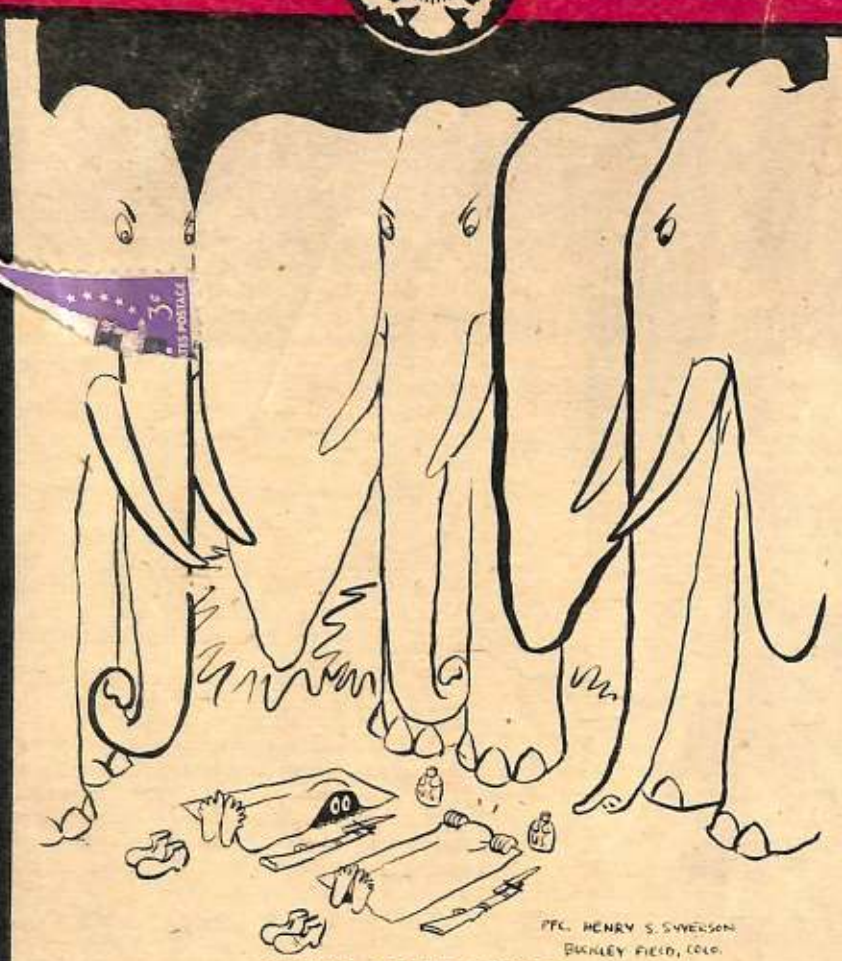

*Incorrect method of seeing in dark.*




*Correct method: look alongside object.*

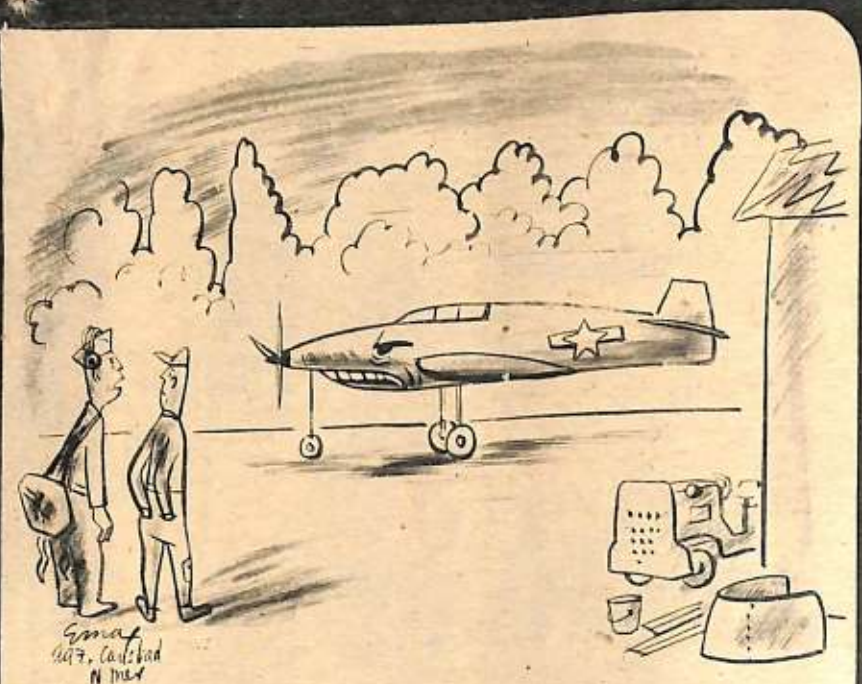
# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY




"ARTHUR, ARE YA ASLEEP?"

—Pfc. Henry S. Syverson



"IT GETS MADDER AND MADDER EVERY DAY."

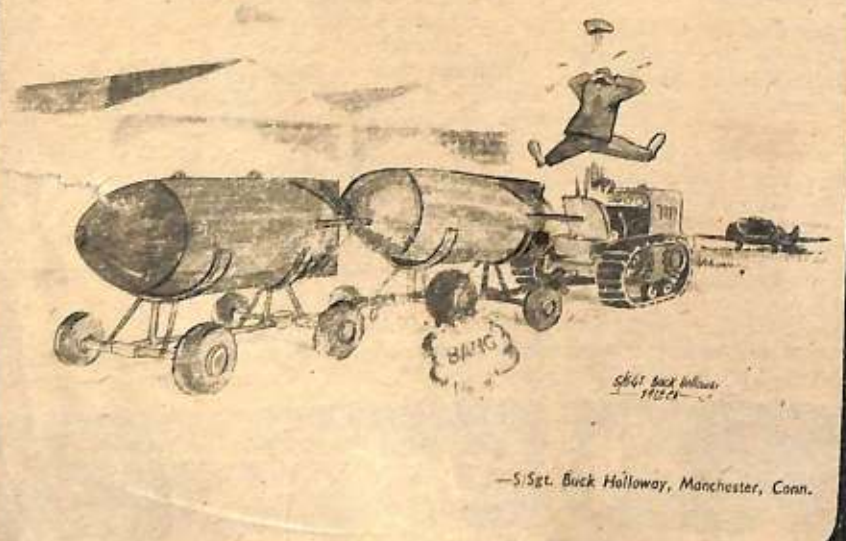
—Cpl. E. Maxwell

"POOR JARVIS IS DEPRESSED. HE WANTED TO JOIN THE SKI TROOPS."

Pvt Robert Bugg

"THEY HAD ME A LITTLE WORRIED FOR A WHILE."

—Sgt. Dyer




—S/Sgt. Buck Halloway, Manchester, Conn.


"I SURE COULD'VE USED THAT 3-DAY PASS BACK IN THE STATES, SARGE."

—Pfc. Mike Duncan