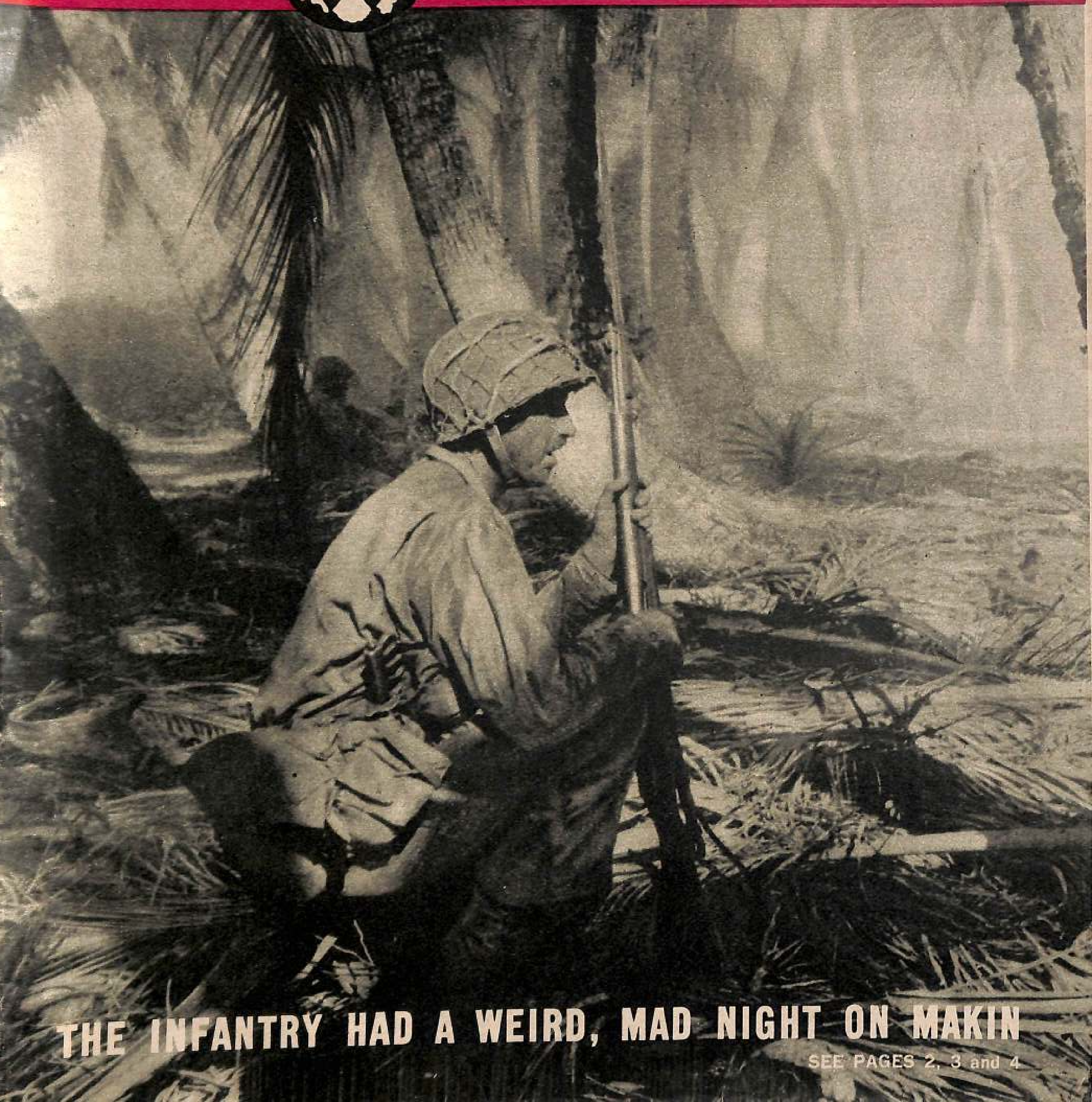
BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

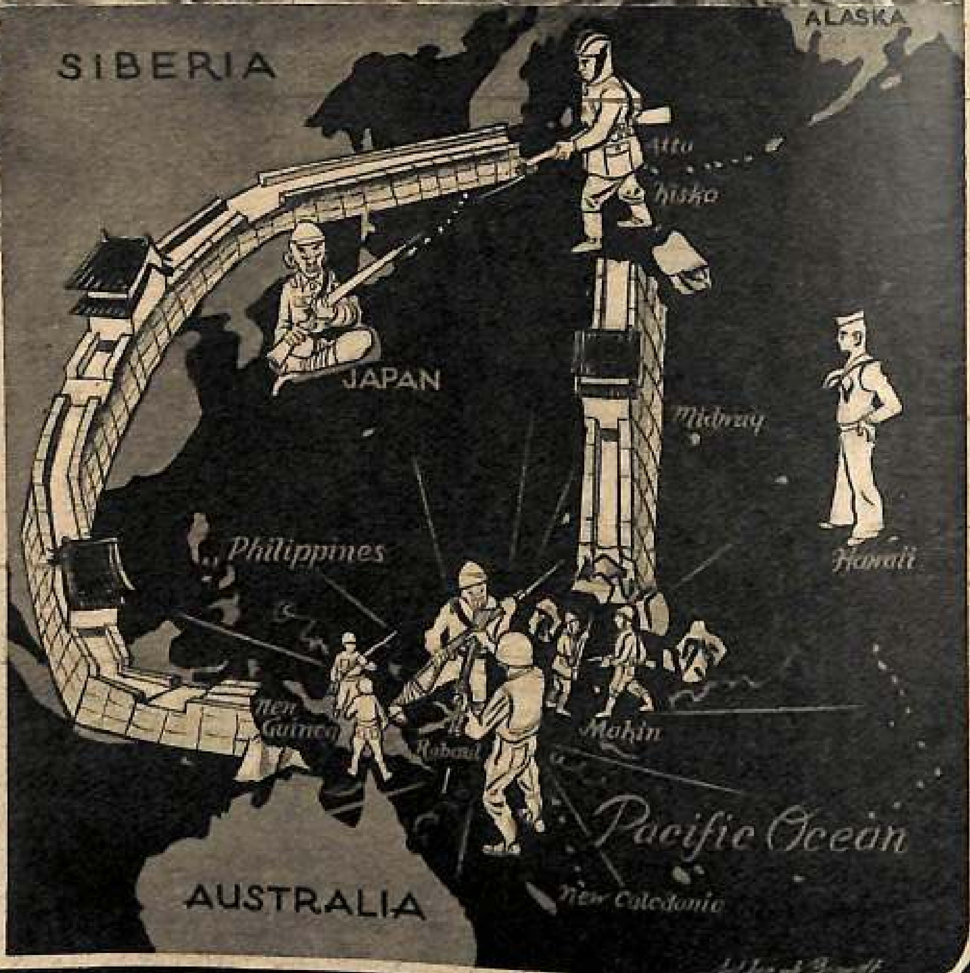
3d JAN. 9
1944
VOL. 2, NO. 30
By the men . . for the
men in the service



THE INFANTRY HAD A WEIRD, MAD NIGHT ON MAKIN

SEE PAGES 2, 3 and 4

The Marines and the 165th Infantry have made good their bloody landings on Tarawa and Makin, two islands in the Gilbert group, and the 6th Army is pushing up through New Britain toward Rabaul and, ultimately, Truk. Vast stretches of the Pacific separate these two actions but both have been undertaken with a single purpose—drawing tighter the noose which will some day strangle the Jap.


SIBERIA
ALASKA
Attu
Kiska
JAPAN
Midway
Hawaii
Philippines
New Guinea
Rabaul
Makin
Pacific Ocean
AUSTRALIA
New Caledonia

The "Fighting 69th" at MAKIN ★ ★

By Cpl. LARRY McMANUS — YANK Staff Correspondent

BUTARITARI ISLAND, MAKIN ATOLL (By Cable)—It was a wild mad night, that final period of Jap resistance—a bedlam of infiltration, screams, laughing and suicidal charges against the American perimeter defense. The enemy had been pocketed between two Army forces and was finally crushed between them.

The anvil against which the Japs were crushed was the force on Kuma Island whose machine guns prevented a retreat from Butaritari. The hammer that did the crushing was Lt.-Col. Joseph T. Hart's Shamrock Battalion of the 165th Infantry, New York's old "Fighting 69th."

The Jap marines who defended this advance base in the Gilbert Islands were hard to kill. "You can't hurt one of them by hitting him in the head," said Pfc. George Antolak, a machine gunner from St. Clairsville, Ohio. "Three of us were in a machine gun pit the third night after the landing. The others were trying to sleep and I was on guard. I could hear the Japs a few yards away. They were laughing like crazy men, a weird sort of shrieking laughter. Then, about 2300, one of them charged our hole, yelling like hell and slashing around with a saber. My Springfield jammed. The Jap was too close for me to use it anyhow, so I threw it in his face. It smacked him right across the nose. He didn't even slow down.

"Meanwhile I was hollering to the other guys in the foxhole, but it all happened so fast they didn't even get to their feet. I grabbed the barrel of a carbine and let the Jap have it on the side of his head. He kept coming—I tell you, you can't hurt one by hitting him in the head—and swung his saber at me. I grabbed the blade with both hands."

Antolak glanced at the bloody bandages on each of his hands.

"That pulled him into the pit and the other guys held him and beat him over the head with helmets while I got the saber and stabbed him in the chest. And still the bastard kept up his awful screaming laugh. We finally got him but he took a lot of killing."

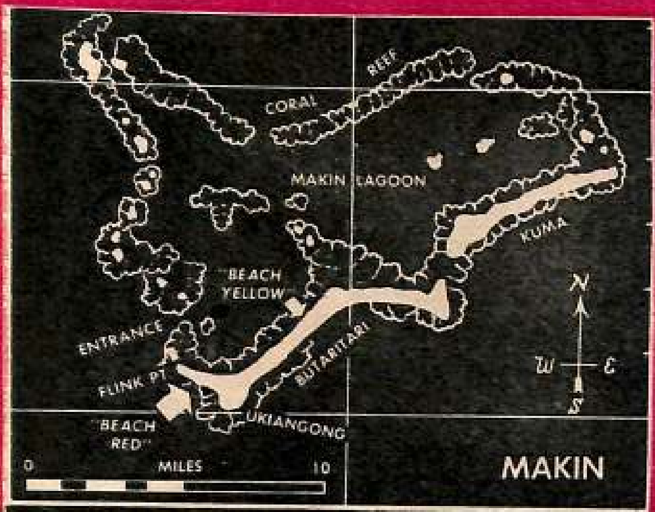
That third night was a frightening nightmare. The Japs, dressed in their best uniforms and wearing their medals, kept attacking in the face of certain death.

The action took place on the eastern end of Butaritari, the principal island of Makin Atoll and the only one heavily fortified by the Japs. Butaritari is shaped like a skinny Italy, with the toe pointing to the north-west and a thin leg stretching to the north-east. It is about eight miles long and averages 500 yards wide. Butaritari covers most of the south side of a triangle of islands enclosing the Makin Lagoon.

Near Butaritari's knee was the atoll's largest village. The Jap defenses were concentrated there to protect four piers extending over the reef into the deep water of the lagoon. At each end of the village the Japs had cleared the coconut trees and underbrush from strips 150 yards wide and extending from the lagoon to the ocean shore. In the center of the clearings were water-filled tank traps, five yards wide.

The original force landed at H-hour, 0830 Saturday, Nov. 20, on Beach Red at the sole of the Butaritari boot.

THE operation proceeded according to schedule, with one group turning to the right and cleaning out Ukiangong Village, another pivoting to the left to investigate Flink Point, while the main body



Assault force hit "Beach Red" at 0830 Saturday and pushed up Butaritari to main Jap defenses opposite "Beach Yellow," where second force landed at 1030. The two forces joined Sunday and drove Japs toward Kuma, where third force, which landed Monday, cut off enemy retreat.

S/Sgt. Mike Thompson, a platoon leader, charged a machine gun nest 50 yards off and took over.

advanced east toward the Jap fortifications on the island's center three miles from the beach.

Resistance was almost nonexistent—six Jap marines were killed and one Korean laborer captured—as the Beach Red force pushed east up the leg toward the village. But the snipers increased in number as the infantrymen approached the clearing and the tank trap west of the village.

The infantry assault force suffered its first casualties when it came upon Jap pillboxes made of coconut logs and banked with sand. They had to be destroyed by tanks. When he stood up to give orders to the tank commanders, the 165th's CO, Col. James Gardiner Conroy of New York, N.Y., was killed by a sniper's bullet.

At that point the narrow, coral-topped road that ran the length of the island curved north, parallel to the lagoon's shore, where coconut trees grew in profusion and the undergrowth was dense, affording easy cover for many snipers.

CROSSING the road to aid a wounded soldier, Capt. Stephen Meany, regimental chaplain of the 165th, was shot and fell into a shell hole. Several hours later, after other attempts to rescue him had failed, Lt. Warren Lindquist of Boonton, N.J., crawled to the hole and dragged the wounded chaplain to safety. A sniper's bullet had struck a religious medal worn on a chain around the padre's neck. The bullet was deflected by the medal, tearing three flesh wounds as it ripped across Father Meany's chest and through his arm.

Two hours after the landing on Beach Red, additional landing boats entered the lagoon and deposited another force on Beach Yellow, between two of the village piers and directly in front of the principal Jap fortifications.

Despite the tremendous bombardment of the beach before the landing, some of the troops were hit by machine gun fire as they waded over the 300-yard reef to the shore.

The landing party silenced these machine guns, but they chattered again the next day, manned by Japs who had infiltrated the American lines during the night and taken the old positions.

The Beach Yellow force fanned out to right and left, pushing to make contact with the Beach Red party to the west and advancing against the Japs on the east. The two American forces established contact with each other the morning after the landing.

It was the Shamrock Battalion that was at the front that last wild night. The Shamrocks moved up to the assault position at 0800 Monday and late in the afternoon set up a perimeter defense across the island three and a half miles from the eastern tip. It was there, at night, with the Shamrocks ahead of them and another American detachment waiting on the next island to prevent their retreat from Butaritari, that the Japs made their final eerie series of attacks.

The Shamrocks dug three-man foxholes surrounding the grass shack that had been chosen by Lt.-Col. Hart as his CP. Except for a small clearing around the shack, the area was the usual tangle of underbrush and coconut trees, with the island's main road running through the left flank of the American box defense.

The night began quietly enough—for Makin. The sharp tenor crack of sniper's rifles rang out constantly, but the men were accustomed to that by now, and it hardly disturbed their sleep. Two men slept in each foxhole while the third kept guard. The clouds of mosquitoes were more annoying than the snipers.

At 2030 the guards heard a noise—an incongruous sound for a battlefield—and awakened the sleepers, figuring that it was another Jap trick. The sound was repeated—the thin, breathless wail of a baby crying. It came from the Jap lines. Fingers tightened on American triggers as the wail was accompanied by the sound of many feet shuffling down the road toward the Shamrock defenses.

A shaky voice answered the challenge of an American soldier. The voice identified the newcomers as a group of natives—men, women and children—who had fled to the tip of the island to avoid the American shells and bombs, and now were attempting to return to their village behind the American lines. For their safety, the natives were taken inside the perimeter and ordered to stay until dawn.

A few minutes later, at 2040, a second group was sighted coming down the same path. This time there was no answer to the American challenge. It was a Jap party. Our men opened fire. Four of the enemy were killed and the remainder scattered into the brush.

THAT was the beginning of the final four hours of Jap resistance. Sgt. Chester Dey of Lambertville, Mo., was in a foxhole between the two machine guns of his section that night. He heard the mad laughter of Japs ahead. "They sounded drunk," he said later. "As if they'd been drinking *sake*." His voice was weak and he spoke slowly in an attempt to reconstruct accurately the events of the night.

"At about 2300 something grabbed my arm and squeezed it so hard it went numb," said Dey. He held out his left arm, covered from palm to elbow by a stained bandage. His pale face very nearly matched the color of the dressing around a head wound.

"This thing—I suppose it was a Jap, I never did see it—held my arm so hard it tore off my wrist watch. I kicked, kneed and pounded with my free hand until I tore myself loose, then I started to crawl to another foxhole to get help from some of my men. Just as I started, something hit me on the head, but I made it to the other hole before passing out. Next morning, when the rest of our forces had advanced, the aid men found me. It was lucky for me they did. I was about out of blood by then."

Another soldier was lying in a foxhole when he heard a clod of dirt roll to the bottom of his pit. He remained still and watched a hand tentatively pat the side of the hole and explore ahead. Finally the hand reached his leg. It drew back a few inches and then went forward again and lightly patted the leg, as though it was making sure that the leg belonged to a dead body. The soldier had been temporarily hypnotized by the whole thing. But now he grabbed the hand, pulled himself erect and, holding his carbine like a pistol, pumped three shots into the Jap on the end of the arm. Then he fired several more rounds at another Jap who was running away from the foxhole.

One group of eight Japs worked their way to within 15 yards of Lt.-Col. Hart's CP before they were discovered and killed. The lieutenant-colonel's jeep was pierced by several bullets before the skirmish ended.

It was suicide that night to leave a foxhole for any reason. Anything that moved was a legitimate target. The soldiers lay prone before tilting their canteens and lay on their sides to urinate.

Meanwhile, on Kuma Island, separated from Butaritari's north-eastern tip by 1,000 yards of waist-deep water, lay a detachment of infantry commanded by Maj. Edward T. Bradt of Schenectady, N.Y. They had landed on Kuma Monday morning. To guard against a possible Jap retreat from Butaritari, they were manning machine guns placed so as to command the reefs joining the islands.

Shortly before 2200 this detachment heard a woman's voice scream, "Jap boy, Jap boy." The guards saw about a dozen persons moving toward them from the other island. "We could see them clearly, silhouetted against the surf breaking on the reef," Maj. Bradt said. "We opened fire and must have got all of them or we would have seen them retreat or heard them splashing in the water."

The next day a party of soldiers and a native guide combed the reef for bodies but found only two. The rest must have been swept out to sea by the heavy current that washes between the islands. One of the dead was a young native girl. She was dressed in a grass skirt, dyed black, and she had been hit twice in the chest.

Beside her lay the body of a Jap sergeant. At the sight of him, the native shook his fist and burst into a torrent of excited speech. An interpreter explained that the sergeant was the most hated man on the island. He had been in charge of native labor, and at one time or another most of the island's residents had felt the weight of the club he carried.

The girl, the natives said, had a good reputation and was not sympathetic with the Japs. Evidently they had made her put on the black skirt and forced her to lead the party across the reef. Her cry of warning to the Americans must have come as a complete surprise to the Japs.

The natives were not angry or resentful at the girl's death. They accepted it philosophically as part of the price they had to pay for getting rid of the Japs. They had proved their friendship for the Americans from the time they first staggered, dazed by aerial and naval bombardment, from the dugouts where they had taken shelter when the American attack began.

The natives had been ordered to stay in their village and not to show lights, but they were anxious to help in mopping up the remnants of the Jap garrison. When dawn came the Americans discovered that the local chief had armed his young men with spears that had not been used for generations and had stationed them on a defense line extending across the island behind the American perimeter. Unknown to the Americans, they had guarded their posts all night.

Four miles away Lt.-Col. Hart's men resumed their advance over the bodies of 100 Japs killed in the night's attacks. Among the weapons found were five light machine guns and three knee mortars. A few feet from the CP was a mortar shell. The excited Jap who fired the mortar had failed to pull the pin, and the shell lay unexploded in the center of the area occupied by the headquarters group.

At 1010 the Shamrocks reached the end of Butaritari, mopped up the area and withdrew to the narrow neck of land a quarter mile to the west to establish a defense line. Makin was ours.

Lt. Col. James Roosevelt and Col. Clarke L. Ruffner look over results on the southern part of Butaritari.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1944, in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879
Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford

FIRST MISSION

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—Somebody ought to do something about a briefing room, with the lights going on and off, and the experts stepping up one by one to give you the dope on the mission. This time the mission is St. Nazaire; the lights go off and the maps appear on the screen; the voices go on. Here is the weather, here is the formation, this is where your plane will be. Nobody says very much. The job is set, is definite. You even know the figures on the anti-aircraft that will be down below blowing up those black puffballs of hot iron at you.

And there is your first mission—St. Nazaire, the myth, the Paul Bunyan place where you're supposed to be able to walk across the flak—St. Nazaire is where you're bound for. It's morning as you go down the road to the line and break down your guns. Rub that oil off, for the stuff will freeze in the guns at altitude. Check oxygen, radio, bomb fuses; check a thousand damn things and still you haven't checked them all. Around you are the boys on your crew, Clanton and Petro and Lt. Brady, the pilot: the men who will go with you through the living myth of St. Nazaire. Time runs and take-off time will not wait. For the timing is spread through a dozen airfields, and up in the sky over England the Armada will form. Take-off Time Waits For No Man. Gangwer, the ball turret operator, can't find his flying boots and electrically heated shoes.

St. Nazaire was one man's first mission. But the men who made the "first" over Bremen or Kiel or Paris will recognize the symptons—and as the thousands of airmen crowd "this gigantic aircraft carrier, called Britain," preparing to make their first mission in the final assault on Nazi Europe, something like this will lie in front of them as they trudge down to the briefing room.

What are you going to do about the parachute? Wear it up there or leave it nearby so you can grab it in a hurry? Each man to his own pleasure about parachutes. Me in the radio room—"Saul's bird cage" somebody named it. I guess it was Blum, our engineer. Me going nuts over transmitters and the tangle of mike and telephone wires and oxygen piping as our plane goes down the runway for the take-off—always caught short at the take-off is something I can't figure out. But that's the way it is.

To hell with that too, and please buddy, please remember your signals for enemy aircraft or in case that old devil sea gets you on the way back. . . . Please remember this and please remember that. Remember to turn on the detonator so that just in case you land in Jerry's Europe, the equipment will be blown to hell. Remember how to work the camera, because S-2 has kindly conferred upon you the privilege, seeing that you haven't a thing on your mind, of bringing back a few pictures of the bombing. Remember how to make a tourniquet and to administer the morphine needle just in case.

And that's all you have to do as you climb up there and circle and circle in the sun, sweating out that bombing run, that very first real mission. Back in the waist I can see Clanton and Petro, our waist gunners, leaning out of the open hatches checking the formation. You smoke cigarette after cigarette because after altitude you won't be able to smoke any. The signals are beating through the static into your headset. Somewhere somebody is telling the Base that their long range tanks aren't full and can they please turn around and go back. Base says to go on.

Good-bye, England. Now the water down below. Over the interphone the navigator says an hour and a half to the target. Now you go to your gun and swing her through her circle. How about test firing? asks the ball turret. OK says the pilot. The calibre 50's sing through the air. Petro, the gun specialist at the waist, asks through the interphone about all guns. All guns OK. Down in the ball, that lonely ball turret below the belly, Gangwer's feet are beginning to get cold. The cold is knifing through the metal, and your electric suit doesn't quite do the trick for the toes and fingertips.

We are at altitude now, and soon there is France below. The enemy is down there in his Fortress Europe, and his St. Nazaire submarine-building plant is buried under fourteen-foot roofs. But maybe we can rip up some part of the works here. France. The Army has kindly arranged for this little trip by air over France at no charge whatsoever. Here you are. Modern science, the airplane. Not to mention the flak that can find you up to 30,000 feet. You swing your gun through her circle.

We are over St. Nazaire.

The planes go in one by one. Don't ask me what you think about because you don't think. You just stretch taut. The bomb doors go down. There are minutes now, maybe seconds. There's an uprush of cold air that cuts your ears and fingers into little pieces, and with one dead finger—by God, you did remember it—you press the camera button. Hold it for two minutes. And now the bomb doors come up. You get a glimpse all around of those innocent-looking little puffs of smoke. There's a sharp crack like a pistol shot somewhere forward.

Over the interphone: "Let's get away from here in a hurry." That's Lt. Hamilton, of Kansas, the bombardier, speaking from the nose, sometimes called "The lair of the Kansas Tornado."

WE are riding away from France now. And eastward there's a line of smoke climbing into the sky. I open the radio room door to the bomb bay, and there is one flak hole. Just one. And you look around to find more. That single piece of hot iron ripped through the bay and went somewhere. But where?

Clanton comes up and points, and I follow his finger around to where that little hunk of iron went, as if it had been chasing after my skull like a bloodhound—ending up on the wall a foot off my head.

The coast of France and that line of smoke seem to hang on to us, won't let go. By God, aren't we moving, can't we get the hell out of here? Over the interphone it's silent for a minute. You suppose everybody is holding his little hunk of life in his hands and looking it over tenderly. And that damn coast of France and that smoke hanging on.

A voice out of the cockpit: "Is everybody OK?"

Gangwer comes back out of the ball turret: "My feet are frozen, I can't take this much longer."

"Just a little longer," says the pilot.

"How much longer on oxygen?" asks Blum, the engineer.

"Just a little longer," says the pilot.

"My oxygen line is screwed up," says Blum.

"We're descending gradually," says the pilot.

Out of the window the planes are riding to our left. We're on the right wing, and to the right it's lonely and empty on that blue water all the way to the line of smoke. You have the sensation of a vacuum, of something huge and empty waiting to be filled up—we're waiting for the sky to release Jerry's murderous FWs. It's unnatural for the sky to be like that. Two-thousand-pound bombs have fallen on Jerry's fortress; somewhere his fury must be waiting and ready to burst at us.

"We should be seeing fighters just about here," says the navigator.

"I've got to get out of here," says Gangwer, "my feet are gone."

Petro, the waist gunner, steps up and opens the ball turret—Clanton comes over too. They lift him out, under the armpits, with his dead feet hanging beneath him and lay him out in the waist.

NOW what do you do for frostbite, just what? You forget. Your mind isn't very good at 20,000 feet, it's kind of slow and frozen. Frostbite, and me the first-aid man, that's the radioman's job. What did they tell us about frostbite? My mom used to take my shoes off when I was a kid and wrap my feet in blankets until they were warm and stinging. We lay Gangwer out and pull off his shoes and wrap his feet in blankets. Under the oxygen mask his eyes are yelling at you to do something.

"Fighters at three o'clock level," says the co-pilot.

Petro is now in the turret, and Clanton and I are at the waist guns. We see them sweep wide and around to the rear, with McCusker, the tailgunner now reporting.

"Eighteen of them," says Mac.

Our guns circle, waiting.

They hang back of us on the horizon.

One of our ships falls back, maybe flak in an engine, maybe this or that. Dropping back toward that wolfpack of fighters waiting back there. England, I love you, where are you?

Now we're below oxygen level—rip the things off our faces—I go up to the radio room, give Gangwer a cigarette. Life is back in his feet. His eyes are better. Signalling England now about enemy aircraft and no answer. The radio picks its own damn time to get coy.

The fighters disappear below the horizon, but one of our planes is going down. She lands smooth. The planes circle her like a flock of sisters as she settles in the sea, with her crew tumbling efficiently into their dinghies. They go in right—just the way they've told us a thousand times in lectures about those dinghies and how to get into them, and all the radios are at work summoning help.

We're over England now, green and friendly below. Everybody is chattering, including brother Frostbite, who can now get around on his own pedals, everybody irritable, tough, wisecracking about little things, now that the big thing is over.

And that's all there is to that first mission, just that and no more. We land somewhere in England, not our own base, but at a field where the RAF boys who have been at this business for a long time, move around quietly. One of the gunners gets his electric suit off saying he must investigate the possibility of armor-plating under the soles of his shoes because he doesn't like the idea of that flak coming up at him.

"That flak," he says, "it's raunchy, you can't fire at it. And then suppose it gets you in your humbarish, you know what I mean?"

Call it a day. And top it off with guard duty all night, lying in the radio room and watching the Big Dipper and listening to the English planes doing the night job on Fortress Europe till the "Big Bs" pick the ball up at dawn.

FOXHOLE UNIVERSITY

Pfc. Thomas Price, of Brooklyn, N.Y., now of the ETO, who had a job in a grocery store, is taking a course in traffic management. "I always wanted to take that up in peacetime," he says, "but I never got the chance."

By Cpl. RICHARD PAUL
YANK's Washington Bureau

RIGHT now the Army is running the biggest college in the world. Its campus runs from Iceland to the South Pacific, from Alaska to Sicily. All of its students are soldiers, sailors, marines, Wacs and Waves, studying history, math, mechanics, electronics and practically anything you can name. Its name is the United States Armed Forces Institute—USAFI.

Not long after Pearl Harbor, the Army started talking about setting up a system of correspondence courses for GIs. By April 1942 a school was in operation at Madison, Wis., in conjunction with the University of Wisconsin. Then it branched out and signed contracts with other universities, such as the University of California, the University of Chicago, the University of Alabama, Baylor University and 77 others. First known as the Army Institute, it broadened its entrance requirements, allowing anyone in service to enroll, and changed its name accordingly. There are 75,000 students by now, 60 percent of them overseas, and the enrollment is increasing at a rate of 1,500 a week. It's the biggest and fastest growing correspondence school in history.

The directive which set up USAFI outlines its objectives. The school, it says, is intended "to provide continuing educational opportunities to meet the requirements of the command; in particular to furnish assistance to personnel who lack educational prerequisites for assignment to duty which they are otherwise qualified to perform, and to assist individual soldiers in meeting requirements for promotion. To enable those whose education is interrupted by military service to maintain relations with educational institutions and thus increase the probability of the completion of their education on their return to civil life."

In other words, if you have been sweating out a promotion in the Field Artillery and have been unable to get it because your math isn't good enough, you might try brushing up with a course in arithmetic at USAFI. If you are anxious to get ahead in the Signal Corps, the Institute has courses in radio, telegraphy and telephony. If you want to have something to do in those long off-duty hours when you've read all the magazines and written letters to all the girls you know, maybe the USAFI is your answer.

It has been the answer for 75,000 students, and among them you find all kinds of people. The average age of the enrollees is 25, but there are plenty of 18-year-olds rounding out their high-school educations. The oldest man to take a course was Sgt. Sam Daniels, at Fort Banks, Mass., a former steam fitter. With the intention of going into radio work after the war, he took a course at the age of 57 to prepare himself for that field.

There are GIs enrolled with every sort of background — former accountants, salesmen, hotel managers, telephone linemen, welders, baseball players, boxers, actors, high-school and college students. Pvt. Jacques Singer, with the AAF band at Randolph Field, Tex., was conductor of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra for four years and is taking a course in general science. Pvt. Franz H. Duelberg, with the Engineers in Fort Meade, S. Dak., was a professional bicycle racer before Uncle Sam tapped him. Now he's studying arithmetic with the aim of building a better bicycle. Pvt. Arnold Brewer, an Eskimo, was a reindeer herder in Alaska, receiving one reindeer a month as pay. He enrolled in an English course.

The educational backgrounds of the students are just as varied, ranging from men who never finished grammar school to men with Ph.D. degrees. Pvt. Oliver Dennis, truck driver in an aviation squadron in New Orleans, finished only one year of high school. He's studying math. T-5 Henry Naquet-Hamilton, at the Army Medical Center in Washington, D. C., formerly did research in tropical medicine and holds three degrees, including an M.D., from French universities. He's studying English for foreigners.

THE Institute itself offers about 300 courses, in high-school and technical subjects. They cover English, science, math, engineering, plumbing, railroading, bookkeeping and a lot of other subjects. The shortest course, six lessons long, is marine engineering; the longest, 23 lessons, is

Some of the USAFI Correspondence Courses

Course No.	Title	Course No.	Title	Course No.	Title
131	English grammar	651	Railroad rate clerk	7x2	Advanced mechanical drawing
132	Business letter writing	652	Traffic management	7x3	Plumbing drawing
311	American history	711	Steam engineering	7x4	Heating drawing
341	Civics	721	Refrigeration, I	7x5	Machine design
361	Economics	722	Refrigeration, II	811	Elementary Electricity
411	Arithmetic	723	Air conditioning	812	Industrial electricity
431	Algebra	731	Automobiles	813	Electrical illumination
441	Geometry	732	Automobile repairing	814	Preparatory radio
451	Trigonometry	733	Automobile electric technician	821	Radio operating, part 1
461	Analytic geometry	734	Diesel engines	822	Radio operating, part 2
471	Calculus	741	Aviation engines	823	Radio operating, part 3
511	General science	742	Airplane maintenance	831	Basic telegraphy and telephony
521	Physics	751	Marine engineering	832	Commercial telegraphy operating
531	Inorganic chemistry	752	Marine boilers	833	Practical telephony
611	Typewriting	753	Marine engines	892	Electric welding
621	Shorthand, Gregg	754	Marine equipment	911	Surveying and mapping
622	Shorthand, Gregg, advanced	771	Plumbing	921	Engineering mechanics
631	Bookkeeping and accounting	772	Steam fitting	931	Structural engineering
632	Cost accounting	773	Heating	941	Waterworks and sewage plant operation
633	Advanced accounting	791	Machine shop practice	951	Carpentry
		792	Gas welding		
		701	Mechanical engineering		
		7x1	Mechanical drawing		

surveying and mapping. In the universities that are cooperating with the Institute in giving their courses to servicemen, there are about 350 other courses you can take, many of them vocational courses like journalism or business or radio, others cultural, such as literature and philosophy and history.

Here's the way you get into the Institute. First get an application blank and a catalogue from your library, Special Service education or orientation officer, or Red Cross field director. Pick out the course you want and fill out the blank, a blue one for a university-extension course, a red one for an Institute course. Then get your CO'S okay and send your application to USAFI, ETO Branch, together with the money for your share of the cost. It's as simple as that.

Once you are enrolled, the first four lessons are sent to you if you are in this country, or all the lessons together if you are overseas so that mail irregularities won't throw you off. As soon as you finish one lesson, you send it in to the Institute, and it is corrected, graded, commented upon by an instructor and returned to you. Each enrollee gets individual attention.

You're your own boss and can go ahead as fast or as slowly as you want or your military duties permit. The maximum amount of time allowed for one lesson by the Institute is one month. But if you're a real grind, there's nothing to stop you from finishing a lesson a week; or, if you can't get your work in on time, the Institute will give you an extension.

The university-extension courses usually set their own time limits. You're only allowed to take one of these courses at a time, but if your CO will certify you, you can get around that rule.

THE ARMY IS RUNNING THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE WITH GI STUDENTS ON ALL FRONTS

When you finish a course with the Institute, a certificate of proficiency is sent to your CO, who presents it to you. The fact that you took the course is entered on your soldier's qualification card, AGO Form 20. That way your outfit can't miss giving you the credit, and you're likely to move up a peg in the eyes of your CO.

When you finish a course from a university, you get credit with that university, though sometimes you have to take a final exam under the watchful eyes of some commissioned officer. The credit is usually transferable to any other educational institution that you may want to go to, unless its rules specifically forbid the acceptance of correspondence-school credits. Before taking a course, it's wise to check on the school you expect to attend to see what credits it allows.

A GI looking for an education cheap can't beat USAFI. For an initial fee of $2 any enlisted man or woman can take as many courses as desired, so long as his or her work remains acceptable. The books and materials for one course alone are usually worth much more than that. This fee applies to personnel of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard as well as of the Army.

The universities have their own prices for their courses, but the Government pays half the bill, up to $20, for any course a GI takes in any of the contracting universities. In other words, if you want to take a course in Spanish that costs $15 in some university, you fork over $7.50 and the Government antes up the other half.

Anyone in the armed forced can take the courses. The only requirement is that he must have been on active duty for four months; the Army doesn't believe in distracting influences during basic training. It makes no difference how much or how little schooling a man has had before. In order to take some of the advanced courses, it is necessary to have first taken other courses of the USAFI or their equivalent. For example, a man can't take algebra unless he's had arithmetic. But a man who is weak in his math can take the arithmetic course first and the algebra course after that.

Commissioned officers and warrant officers can enroll for the Institute courses, but they have to pay more than enlisted men. The charge for them is based on the actual cost of each course they take. To enroll they must deposit $15 in the "officer fund;" then any surplus will be refunded.

Do the Institute courses pay off? Alumni are enthusiastic boosters. Pfc. Lawrence Schloss was a cornetist with a Coast Artillery band in the Canal Zone. His ambition was to go to West Point. He took Institute courses in English grammar and American history to help him prepare for the competitive examinations. And he got there. He wrote to the USAFI commandant: "It definitely helped me make the Military Academy."

S/Sgt. Max Graber, in the AAF in Canada, had four years in high school but no diploma. A former grocery clerk, he became a radio operator in the Army and decided he'd follow electrical engineering as a career. But he needed more credits in order to take the engineering courses. USAFI courses in economics and American history gave him his diploma.

STUDENTS in USAFI have their troubles, as students always do; but their alibis have a different ring from those of civilian students who play hooky or make mistakes. S Sgt. Donald L. Clement, in North Africa, wrote in with his bookkeeping lessons: "Red ink has not been used on these reports, as I do not have any available and the local foxhole does not carry it in stock."

Pvt. John P. Kastelic, an infantryman in the South Pacific, requested another set of lessons in engineering mechanics because his first set got lost in the Munda battle.

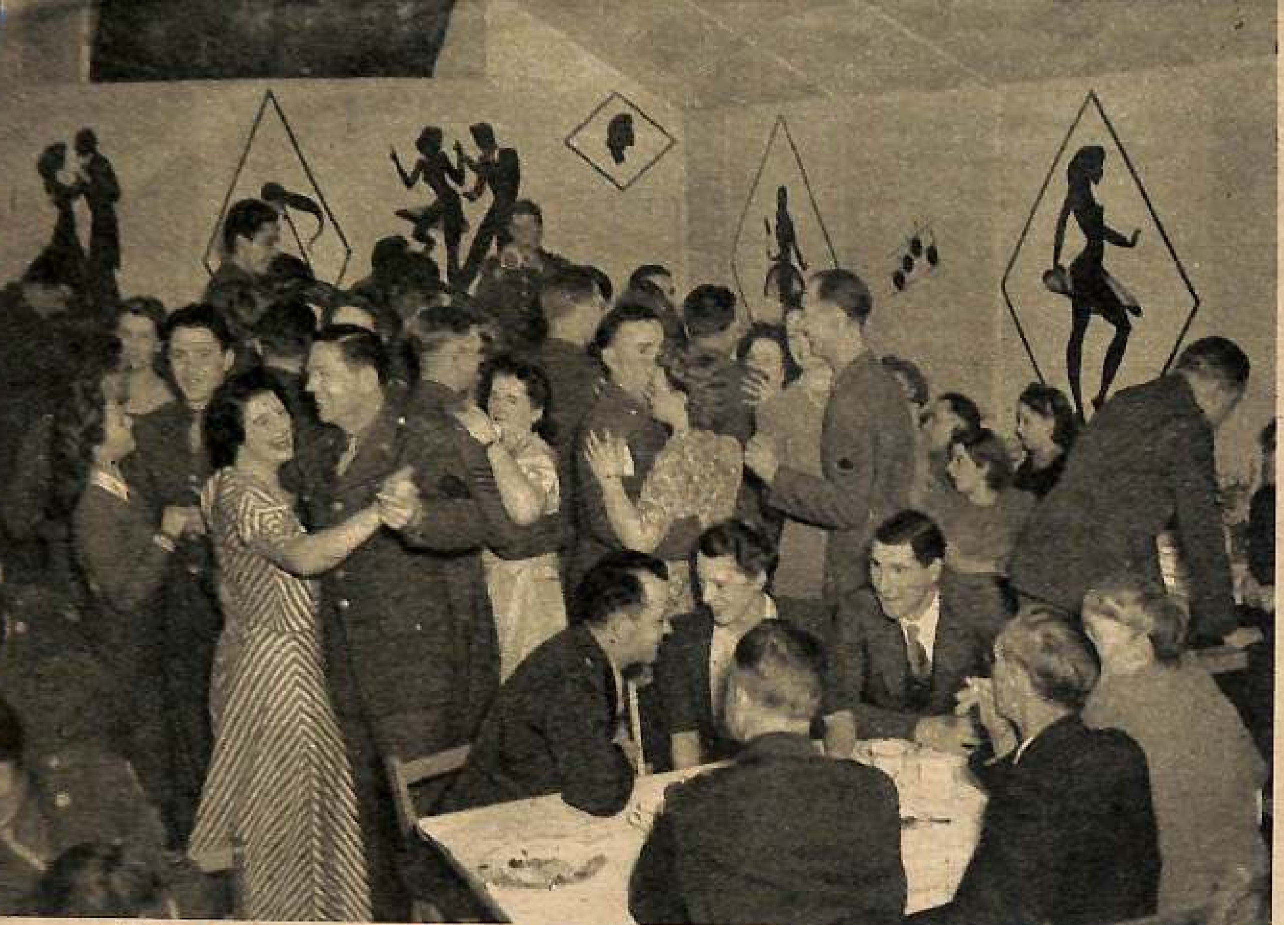
The usual excuse for a late lesson is: "Censorship forbids my telling you, but you may be sure it was military duties." Cpl. Edward A. Wittenauer was a little more specific. He wrote: "I am finding it very difficult to keep my lessons up to date. I am stationed at a bomber station in England. This should explain why I am so busy." The corporal got his extension.

But all the difficulties that students get into aren't strictly military. Here's the letter one instructor received with an algebra lesson from a sailor: "This lesson shouldn't have taken me quite so long, but I lately had a 10-day leave. While I was home my wife wouldn't let me study. She said: 'You can forget that damned X, Y, Z stuff while you are home with me. I'll teach you all you need to know.' "

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
MAGRUDER
Work Book of Reports
BOOKKEEPING
PHYSICS
ELECTRICITY
EXPLORING THE WORLD OF SCIENCE
MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE
PLANE GEOMETRY
SHORTHAND
REVIEW ARITHMETIC PRACTICE BOOK
A HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY
ELEMENTARY PRACTICAL PHYSICS
The RADIO MANUAL
PLANE TRIGONOMETRY AND TABLES
English Grammar

Maybe this looks like a lot of reading to you, Joe, but it's only part of the text books and study matter for the more than 500 courses offered directly by the Armed Forces Institute and in cooperation with American high schools and colleges.

Cpl. Walter Barry, of Detroit, Mich., who used to work in a bomber plant, studies airplane engine maintenance in his Nissen hut in the ETO. "If they start building cargo planes after the war, I'll be ready for anything," he says.



Natives of a town near a Yank camp here donated a barn and some paint, and Sgt. Jere Gabrielle, a mural painter of West Lawn, Pa., made with those nifties on the wall. Result: an American nightclub right smack in the ETO.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Note For An ETO Guide Book

"THIS sure is a wonderful little town," said the driver of the message jeep in which we were riding, as he swung over the crest of a hill and roared down toward a cluster of church spires and smoking chimney pots. It looked like a picturesque spot, all right, especially as we drew nearer and saw its narrow, crooked lanes and arched gateways reeking with antiquity. We were charmed, and asked the driver what he liked about it particularly. "Well," he said, "there's a bar here where, if they know you, you can get iced beer."

From Stork To Spam

We went out the other morning to have a look at one of the latest airdromes to be completed by the U.S. Aviation Engineers, and traipsed around all day in a wind that would have embarrassed a brass monkey. It was, therefore, in a distinctly hot-coffee mood that we finally came upon the mess hall and struck up a conversation with T/4 Jean Authier, Ist Cook, in the hope of wangling a cup. A sociable fellow, he obliged, and we got to talking with him and before long had found out that here, by golly, on this bleak English moor, was a man who, in the high old days, had often shaken the hand of Tommy Manville, the marrying whiz.

Now you have to look hard, of course, to find a girl in the States who hasn't been kissed by Manville, but it seems that, in the ETO at least, cooks who have shaken the old codger's hand are few and far between. So we said "swell" to another cup of coffee and asked Jean how come. Turns out that for 15 years, right up to the time his draft board got busy a little over a year ago, Jean was a chef at the plushy Stork Club, on East 53rd Street in Manhattan, and that every now and then Manville, who has more or less the run of the place, would come looping out to the kitchen and holler for some special dish calculated to drive the butterflies out of his stomach. Jean would pump the playboy's hand and promise to fix the dish. Then Manville would remember that babe out at the bar and wander away.

At the Stork, where he first went to work when it was one of New York's most famous speakeasies, Jean also came to meet citizens of perhaps a bit more substance than Manville; Jack Dempsey, for instance, was one of his favorite customers. Military life is by no means new to T/4 Authier, by the way. He was born in France, learned his trade there—but good—and served with the French Army in 1926-27.

Jean, who is 37 now, got only two days of basic before the classification boys shoved him into the kitchen. That suited him fine, but he was kind of sore when they wouldn't even let him go to Cooks & Bakers School for a while. Jean pointed out to them that, although he was pretty good at whipping up things like *filet mignon* and *poulet sous cloche,* he understood such dishes were not served with great frequency in the Army and he felt he ought to brush up on things like hot dogs and spam. But classification said never mind, with his experience he'd catch on quick enough.

Classification was right. In fact, T/4 Authier's men eat as well as, or better than, most, yet you almost never see *poulet sous cloche* on his tables these days.

. . . And Contents Noted

Stories about the way strictly civilian-life mail catches up with GIs in tight spots are old stuff, of course, but every now and then a better-than-average one comes along and seems worth repeating. Especially when the gent in question is an Etousian and values the letter almost as highly as the Silver Star he received at about the same time.

Pvt. George A. Morgan, of St. George, Staten Island, N.Y., is the gent and he owes a civilian flying school in the States something like $1.50 as the balance due on some lessons he took way back when.

Last spring, Morgan found himself in Africa, slugging it out the hard way for seven days and nights from foxholes at El Guettar. When his company communications sergeant was hit by a German bullet, Pvt. Morgan took over his superior's job and, according to his Silver Star citation, "exposed himself on a clear field to enemy shell and machine gun fire in order to operate the company radio and maintain contact between the company command post and the assault platoons."

Well, right in the thick of it, Morgan saw an intrepid chaplain crawling toward him with a letter in his hand. It was the first word from home the private had had in weeks and, despite the shells and the shouts and the general atmosphere of doom, he tore it open and read it.

"Dear Sir:" began the lawyer for the flying school. "Do you realize the seriousness of your position? Unless you take immediate steps, etc."

Said The Looie To The Rookie

One of our colleagues who hasn't been over here from the States very long, but still should have known better, has been telling us about a trip he took to see an infantry outfit in training. At about noon they dished out chow in the field, and our man lined up behind the truck with the rest of the boys. Pretty soon a second lieutenant popped up and announced that they were going to eat tactically.

"I noticed there was some grumbling and shuffling around," our friend told us, "but I didn't think much about it and just stood there. Then this lieutenant begins staring at me and finally he yells, 'Hey, you! You got ears? I said we're eating tactically.' So then I look around and I see everybody else spread out all over the field, like no chow line I'd ever been in. And the Joe I'm following keeps trying to get away from me like I'm poison, and at last he says, 'Lissen, bud. Git five paces away from me, willya?'"

We asked the novice what he thought the lieutenant meant and he said: "Darned if I know. I figured tactically must be some kind of food—like K rations."

All Aboard!

Live and let live is our motto, and it will therefore be oke by us if, when we Yanks finally scram out of here, the British decide that American ways aren't so hot and keep on doing things as they think they ought to be done. And we guess the British won't be awfully griped, either, if the Yanks, when they get home, don't try to remake the U. S. along British lines.

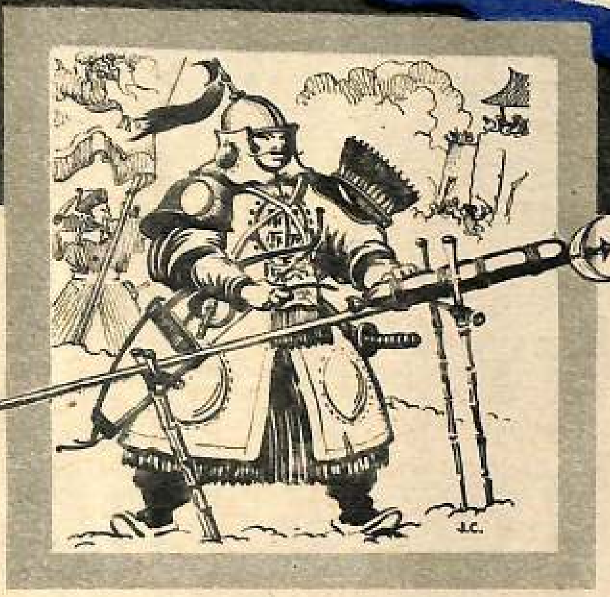
However, the folks here have one thing which we sort of like and which the U. S. hasn't—or hadn't when we left—and that's lady announcers in railroad stations. This is probably not one of their oldest traditions (Chaucer, for example, seems to have been silent on the subject) and it may even be an upstart development of the war years but, whatever its origin, it suits us and for our money rates at least a footnote in anybody's prospectus of a post-war world.

The trouble with catching trains is that most of them seem to leave in the early morning, when most people are feeling their worst and lucky to have so much as a cup of coffee on their uncertain stomachs. At such a time, the rasping mechanical male voice sounding off over an amplifier is a tough thing to take, whereas these British lady announcers are something else again—not Mae Westian, of course, but still soft and smooth and managing somehow to give the impression that you'll never regret having made this trip.

How the British succeed in finding girls who can sound this way at such ungodly hours is something else again—must have to keep them up all night feeding them bitter, or something—but whatever the answer, enterprising Etousians should learn it and forward it to the States. Not that we'll be fussy when the time comes, but it would make a red-letter day perfect to hear the voice of some lovely in Grand Central announcing the departure of the Demobilization Special—to all points north, south, and west.

Bishop James Andrew Gregg, of the African Methodist Church, in England on a tour of Negro troop installations on the battlefronts of the world, chats with three GIs—Pvts. Paul Fuell, of Wichita, Kan., Frank Johnson, of Fayetteville, N.C., and Clifton Washington, of Norfolk, Va.

THE 700 YEAR HISTORY OF WAR ROCKETS



Away back in 1232, the Chinese introduced the first war rocket ever used in battle. Today, the news is flooded with fantastic stories of secret rocket weapons being used again in the final phases of World War II. YANK sent one of its correspondents out to get the lowdown on this much discussed development of "modern" warfare—and this is what he found.

By Pvt. JACK COGGINS
YANK Correspondent

LONG, long ago, a daring Chinese engineer touched fire to a paper cylinder, bound to one end of a long stick. With a swoosh, the first war rocket drove into the enemy's ranks and exploded with a loud bang. Or maybe it just sputtered and went out; we wouldn't know. But we do know that from that first rocket has sprung as potentially dangerous a weapon as World War II is likely to produce.

The road from that primitive projectile to the 15-ton monsters reportedly used against Leningrad has been a weary one, and the end is not yet in sight. It is a road littered with blasted hopes, and blasted inventors (rockets are tricky things). But as war goes on, rockets will undoubtedly grow in size and nastiness.

The rocket principle, that of utilizing continuous or recurrent recoil, has appealed to the artilleryman for a long time for the reason that it showed a way of projecting a comparatively large charge of explosive or combustibles from extremely light and simple apparatus. It was pointed out as early as 1807 that the bursting charge of a rocket able to be carried and fired by a man was as large as one that could be fired from a 10-inch siege gun, which was so unwieldy as to be almost immovable.

The bazooka projectile, for instance, is capable of stopping any tank, yet missile and projector weighs but a few pounds. Also, the almost complete absence of recoil enables the projector to be mounted on relatively light and unstable platforms; on small boats, for instance, as in the attack on Boulogne in 1807; or from planes, as the Germans and Russians are demonstrating today.

The rocket suffers from one serious defect; lack of accuracy at all but the shortest ranges. Guiding sticks, vanes, stabilizers to compensate for shift of gravity as fuel is expended—all have reduced the margin of error. But much remains to be done before it can rival the gun in this respect.

In the days when all firearms were inaccurate, the deficiency of the rocket was not so apparent. The musket used by the British during the Napoleonic wars, old "Brown Bess," was so erratic that a trained marksman could not hope to put more than one shot out of twenty into an eighteen-foot square target at two hundred yards. Of necessity, ranges were incredibly short. Troops blazed away at each other in close formation, or marched shoulder to shoulder literally up to the cannon's mouth. (The slaughter per square yard per minute was appalling; more men fell in a few hours at Waterloo, over a few acres of ground, than the British and Americans have lost in the Italian campaign to date.)

In this kind of fighting, the rocket was an effective weapon, and it remained standard equipment in many armies until the advent of the rifle and the rifled cannon. Then, with the change of tactics made necessary by these later weapons, the rocket fell from favor. Ranges increased, and accuracy became the prime consideration. Now that tactics call for the saturation of whole areas with high explosives, the rocket has staged a come-back. Conditions favor its use, for instance, as an anti-tank weapon; the target is large and the range short. The same applies to its use by attack planes against bombers, especially when the bombers are in tight formation.

A rocket works on exactly the opposite principle from a gun, being propelled by the recoil of the projectiles it shoots. The projectiles in this case are molecules of gas being fired continuously from the base of the rocket. The recoil from this uninterrupted stream of projectiles imparts a forward motion to the rocket, the speed of which varies with the intensity of the series of explosions. Unlike a bullet or shell, which is at maximum velocity as it leaves the muzzle, the rocket builds up increasing speed limited only by fuel consumption and air resistance. Theoretically, there is no limit to the size, range, or velocity of a rocket. The substitution of such mixtures as liquid oxygen and gasoline for the older powder propellants has increased efficiency to the point where really large loads may be lifted.

THE early history of the rocket is lost in antiquity. However, records show the Chinese used some sort of powder-driven projectile against the Tartars at Kai Fung Foo, in the year 1232. The exact nature of these weapons is unknown, but a Chinese war-rocket of later date was preserved till recent times in a museum. This was much the same in appearance as the ordinary Fourth of July job, but with the stick carried all the way to the head, and tipped with an iron barb. Presumably, a percentage of the Chinese rockets relied on more tried and true methods of doing execution, than on the tricky fuses and bursting charges that existed at that time.

Rockets were used in Europe as fireworks for displays in the latter part of the Middle Ages, and there is good reason to believe that they appeared on the battlefield before the bombard (which early prototype of the gun made its debut about 1320). The earliest picture this writer has seen showing a war rocket, is a woodcut in a book on military matters, written by one Hanzelet in 1598. This shows a rocket of conventional type about to be fired from a wooden trough mounted on a table. Elevation of the launching trough was obtained by jamming a block of wood between the forward end of the trough and the table.

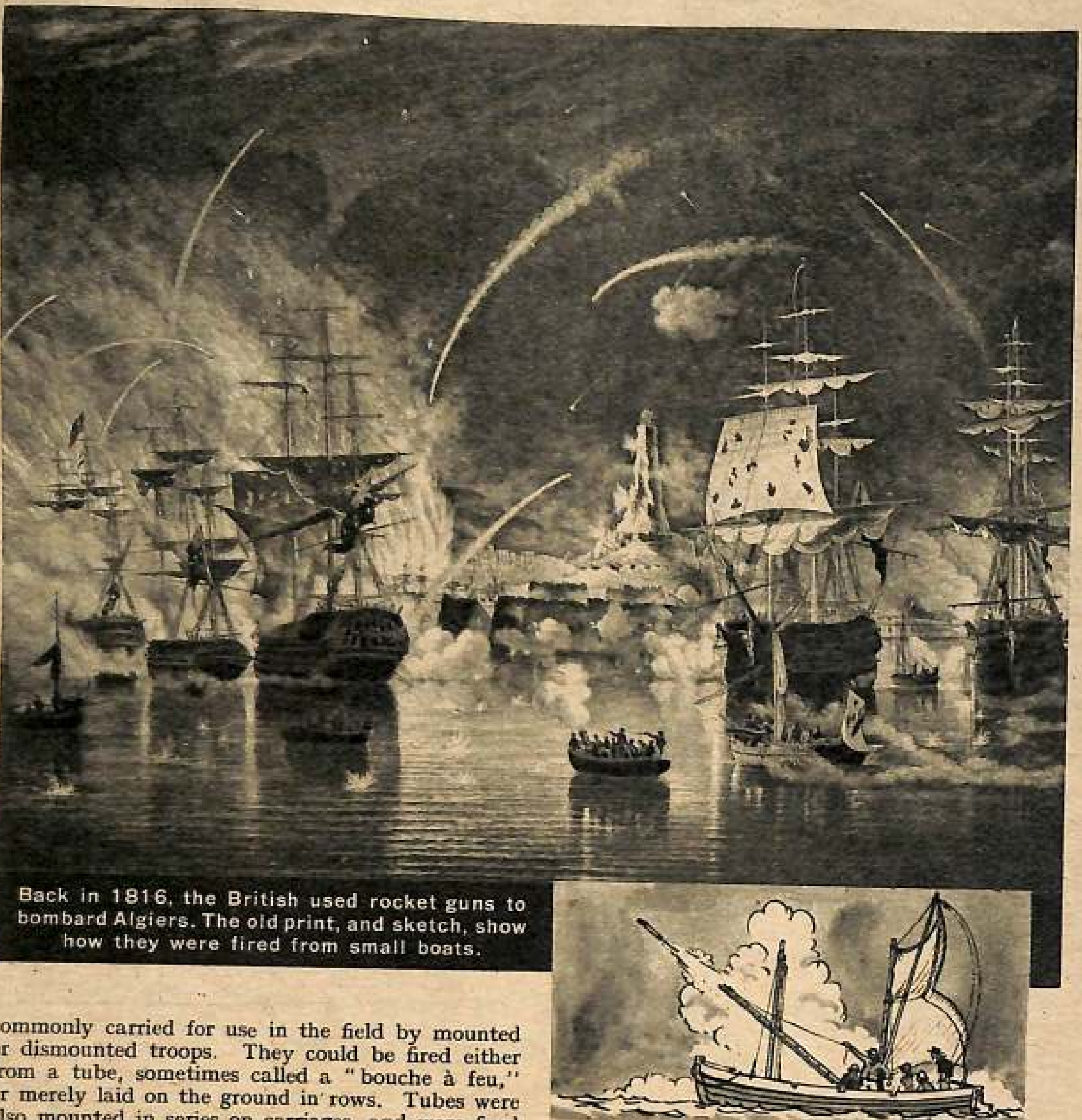
General Desaguliers, of the British service, experimented with rockets at Woolwich Arsenal about 1750. But while he didn't seem to have a great deal of success, his findings undoubtedly helped William Congreve to develop a projectile which could propel itself with some decree of accuracy. Congreve, Sir William Congreve, as he later became, started by substituting a metal case for the paper one then in use. By carefully designing the stick, and paying special attention to the measuring and loading of the propellant, he attained uniformity of weight and performance unequalled by any of his predecessors. Later, he devised a method of fixing the stick—so necessary for steadying the flight of the rocket and in preventing it from "tumbling"—in the center of the base instead of fastened at one side.

The increase in accuracy brought the rocket to the point where it became of real military value, and it was used in 1806 in an attack on Napoleon's invasion fleet lying in the harbour of Boulogne. Rocket troops were formed in the British Army, and detachments of marines and sailors were trained as rocketeers.

Congreve designed rockets of many different weights, those most used being of 3, 6, 12, 18, 24 and 32 pounds. The 12-pound rocket had an extreme range of 2,500 yards, and was reasonably accurate up to 1,000 yards. The smaller sizes were most

A WORD ABOUT THE AUTHOR . . .

Pvt. Jack Coggins, who prepared this article on war rockets, comes close to being YANK'S military expert. Before entering the Army he did war drawings for Life Magazine and PM, worked on aircraft identification charts for Special Services, and illustrated a book on the fighting ships of the U. S. Navy.



Back in 1816, the British used rocket guns to bombard Algiers. The old print, and sketch, show how they were fired from small boats.

commonly carried for use in the field by mounted or dismounted troops. They could be fired either from a tube, sometimes called a "bouche à feu," or merely laid on the ground in rows. Tubes were also mounted in series on carriages, and were fired singly, or in volleys. Larger rockets were usually set up on tall wooden frames, and fired by a portfire on a long stick, or by a flint-lock and a lanyard. They could also be fired from small boats in the same manner, the sailors being provided with heavy tarpaulin coats and hats as a precaution against blast.

Small success was obtained in the first Boulogne attack, due mainly to a break in the weather, the attempt being carried out in a gale which swamped some of the smaller boats. The place was again attacked the following year and the rocket behaved to everyone's satisfaction. In 1809, rockets were mainly responsible for the burning of Flushing, then held by the French.

Rocket troops were sent to America during the war of 1812, and fought, among other places, at Bladensberg in 1814. Writing in Army Ordnance (May-June 39), Lieut. Col. Goddard states: "A flight of these ungainly projectiles directed against Stansbury's brigade had caused the regiments of Schultz and Regan to break and flee in wild disorder. . . . As a result the American flank was turned—and the day lost. Thus we may indirectly (or directly) thank Congreve's invention for the capture and burning of Washington which followed."

THE rockets whose "red glare" so impressed Scott Keyes at Fort McHenry were fired from the rocket ship *Erebus*, specially fitted out at Woolwich by Congreve himself. Rocketeers put on a devastating performance at the decisive battle of Leipzig, where the allies defeated Napoleon, but their use at Waterloo was restricted to a few rounds—rockets being one of Wellington's pet horrors. This deep-seated aversion to new ideas which seemed to have been inbred in most professional soldiers of that time undoubtedly was the reason that rockets did not keep pace with regular artillery in the great development of that arm which took place during the next seventy-five years. True, Continental nations set up rocket brigades, and experimentation went on, but the weapon failed to effect the revolution in warfare that its more enthusiastic supporters had imagined. As we have seen, changes in tactics, and the increased ranges of the new artillery demanded an accuracy that the rocket of that day could not meet.

Experiments by Hale, another Englishman, produced an improvement on Congreve's rocket, by eliminating the cumbersome stick. Hale's projectile remained on its course with the aid of curved vents or vanes, slightly offset, past which the blast rushed, thus giving the rocket a spinning motion. An extreme range of three miles and improved accuracy were obtained with this missile, due to the rotary motion. Then the government of the United States became interested, and in 1847 purchased the rights to manufacture.

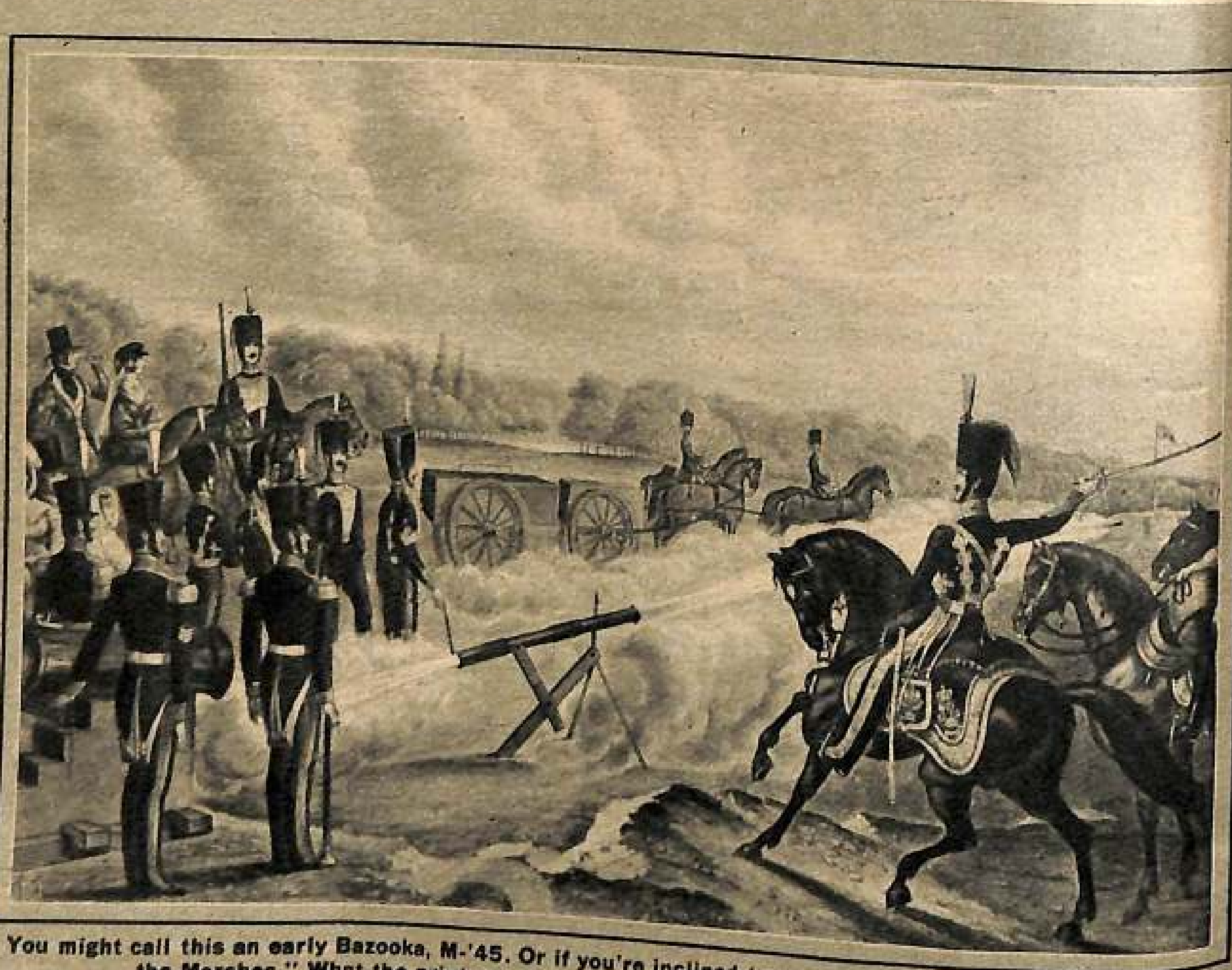
The British also adopted Hale's rocket, and rocket brigades figured in many of the wars against the savages, where the weapon's effect on morale was more important than pin-point accuracy, and so the rocket lingered on in the British service till 1885. The Mark IV rocket of this time was two feet long, four inches in diameter, and was enclosed in a steel tube. It was propelled by a mixture of saltpetre, willow charcoal and sulphur, and carried a bursting charge of three pounds of wet guncotton two and a half miles.

An impetus was given the rocket movement around 1900, by a Colonel in the Swedish service, Baron von Unge. He experimented with a rocket shell, started on its way by a low velocity mortar. Von Unge's projectile attained a velocity of about 1000 feet per second, and extreme ranges of over 5000 yards. Giving up the mortar idea, he tried firing his rockets from troughs. In 1909 the firm of Krupp bought up the patents, apparently forgetting the rocket part and concentrating on the mortar, numerous models of which appeared in the war of 1914-18.

THIS writer has discovered no mention of any true rocket weapons in histories of the last war. French aviators lashed signal rockets to the struts of their biplanes, and fired them electrically to ignite German observation balloons, but this would seem to have been a sort of stunt, rather than a serious attempt to use the rocket as an offensive weapon.

Experimenting went on after the war, and rocket societies were formed in Germany, Austria, Russia, and the U.S.A. New fuels were tried, and different metals had to be found to resist the increased strains and terrific heat. The public was on the look-out for anything to take its mind off the dreary problems of post-war reconstruction then, and sober statements by rocket engineers and interested scientists were enough to start a flood of "Space ship" stories, and wild speculation on interplanetary travel in the immediate future. As the ballyhoo increased, with no Moon-Mars service in sight, solid citizens tended to condemn the rocket, along with the Death Ray and other much publicized failures. Not so the military. Probably the infusion of new blood after the upheavals following the war had something to do with it, but whatever the reason, the soldiers of the Reichswehr and of the Red Army showed marked interest in the rocket as a weapon.

The outbreak of World War II saw no results of their experiments in the field. The British were sending up rockets carrying long thin cables attached



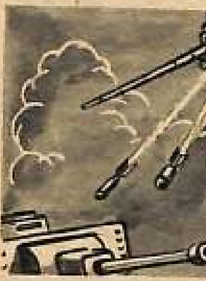
You might call this an early Bazooka, M.-'45. Or if you're inclined to corny titles, just "Rocket Practice in the Marshes." What the print actually portrays is a British Rocket Brigade in 1845.

to parachutes, to entangle the Nazi dive bombers, but these were only a development of the parachute flare rockets, which were nothing new.

However, the titanic struggle on the eastern front had not gone on long before rumors began to sift back of a new and deadly Soviet weapon, the Katousha. Very little has been released on this to date, but from the meagre descriptions and fuzzy photos it appears to be a series of launching tubes, or troughs, about six in number, mounted on the back of a truck.

The Germans were not very far behind. At Veliki Luki the Russians captured a queer-looking affair, rather like an old-fashioned pepper-box pistol, mounted on a pair of wheels—Nebelwerfer '41, smoke projector, model 1941. Whether this was originally intended solely for throwing smoke shells is not known, but it is obviously a rocket weapon and can throw a H.E. projectile weighing about 70 pounds over 3½ miles. It has six thin-walled launching tubes 150 mm. in diameter, on a modified 37-mm. anti-tank gun mount. Each tube has three straight guide rails about one-third of an inch deep, and a projection at the back of the tube which keeps the rocket from falling out when elevated for firing. The actual firing, as in all modern rockets, is done electrically.

Nebelwerfer '41 has been sometimes referred to, wrongly, as a mortar. Drawings show it being fired with its brave crew grouped picturesquely behind it. But what is never explained is whether the crisped remains of the men are then removed and a new crew supplied for each successive discharge.



Photos recently released show a new type of German projector, with rockets of about 14 inches in diameter fired from a sort of open case or frame. The frame appears to hold six projectiles, and from its appearance looks as if it might be merely an elaborate crate, carried into position loaded with rockets, elevated to the required angle, and fired. This is pure conjecture on the writer's part, although the 32-cm. incendiary rocket is certainly fired from its crate.

The actual launching apparatus doesn't seem to trouble anybody very much. Soviet photographs from Stalingrad show rows of rockets being fired from what look like ordinary stands, the projectiles laid up against them like sticks leaning against a fence.

Another piece of rocket apparatus has been developed on our side of the Atlantic. This formidable little weapon, popularly known as the Bazooka, consists mainly of a thin steel tube, some fifty-four inches long. It fires a vaned projectile with considerable penetration and a bursting charge large enough to inflict crippling damage on a tank.

The Soviets, also, are reported to have both a single tube model similar to the Bazooka, and a multi-tube piece, which fires all tubes simultaneously.

MUCH publicity was given to the Russian Stormovik attack plane, but it was not generally known at first that the Stormovik was equipped with rocket-bombs for use against tanks.

The ordinary free-falling bomb cannot attain enough velocity to pierce thick armor, but the addition of a booster charge supplies the extra velocity needed. Not only does it ensure penetration, but by increasing the speed of the projectile, and flattening the trajectory, it gives a greater percentage of hits. The Luftwaffe is reported as using rocket-bombs, and it is believed that a missile of this type penetrated the deck armor of the Italian battleship *Roma*, causing the explosion which sent her to the bottom.

The latest development of this weapon is the rocket-glider, used by the Germans in a recent attack on Allied shipping off Italy. This is a remote control job, working on the same principle as the radio-controlled target planes in use by most air forces. The glider (or gliders) fitted with a rocket engine behind and a bomb in the nose, is towed to within sight of the target. It is then released by the tow plane, the rocket starts firing and as the glider, or winged rocket-bomb, picks up speed, the controlling plane "takes over" and guides the projectile into the target.

The tremendous advantage of this weapon is that no successful evasive action on the part of the target is possible—the bomb, controlled from above, following every move of the intended victim. It has one weakness, in that both the target and projectile must be kept in sight simultaneously by the pilot plane. This takes a bit of doing, especially when under heavy flak and attacks by escorting fighters. However, until means of combating this weapon are found—perhaps by "jamming" the radio control in some way—it remains a deadly addition to Hitler's arsenal.

Some time ago, crews of Fortresses returning from raids over Germany began to report attacks by Nazi fighters using rocket projectors. The projectiles fired from these tubes have been variously described, but all accounts agree on the large area of burst.

"When they exploded," said Col. Peaslee, co-pilot of a Fort on the Schweinfurt raid, "they were twice as big as any flak."

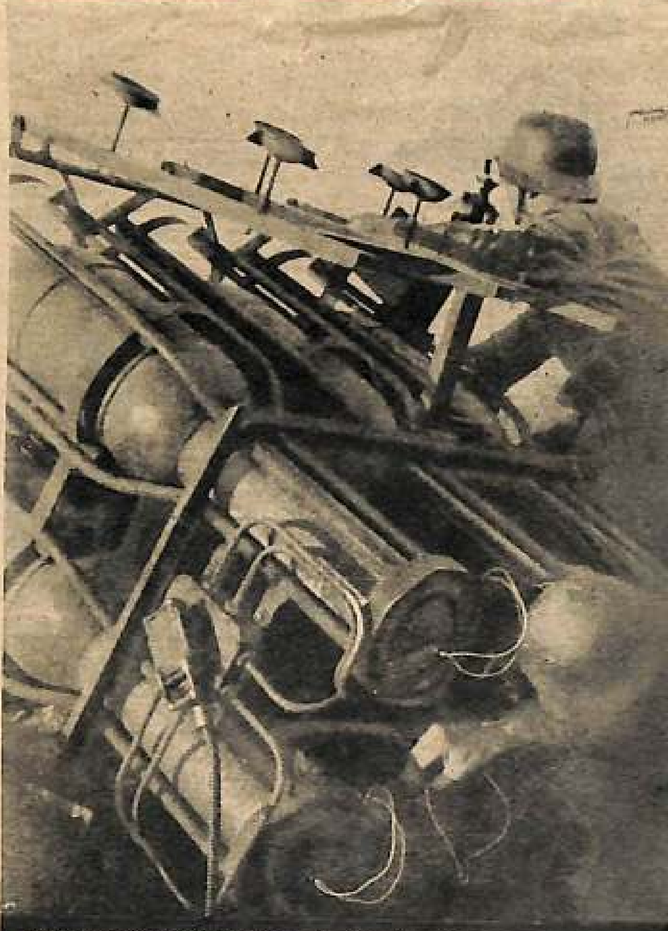
On firing, a brief burst of flame about twelve feet long is seen; then further bursts every two hundred feet or so. Fired with a fairly flat trajectory, from ranges up to two thousand yards, they are capable of causing considerable damage to formations of heavy bombers.

NATURALLY, the latest Allied developments in rocket weapons are on the secret list. The Germans, on the other hand, have made a point of publicizing stories of giant rockets to be released against England from the French coast. How much of this is directed against British morale, how much is for home consumption, and how much is truth, remains to be seen. Reports are so persistent, and are from so many sources, that it is obvious something big is in the wind. Late news flashes from Berne say tests are being carried out night and day on the German side of Lake Constance, and tell of hearing explosions, followed by loud roaring noises such as might be caused by the blast of huge rockets. The terrific pounding given the Pas de Calais area recently was believed to have been directed at enemy rocket installations of some sort.

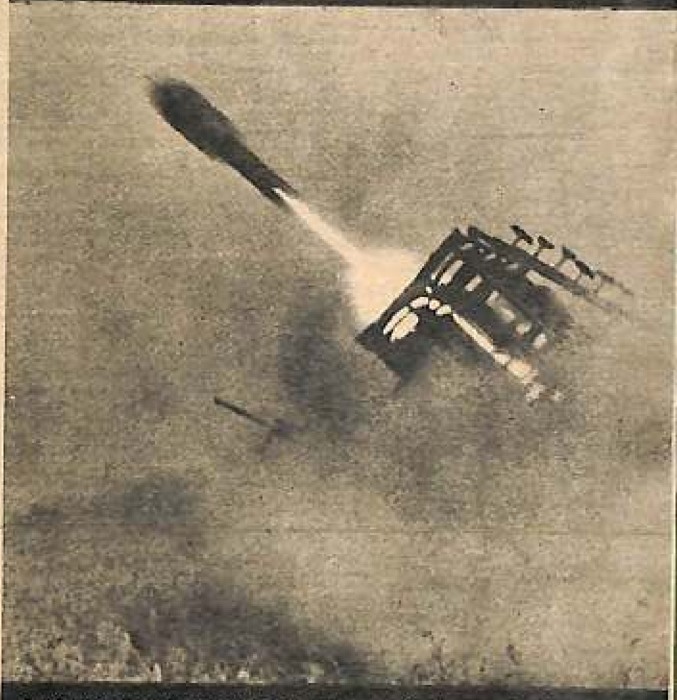
A rocket designed to reach London, as some say is intended, would have to carry a very large fuel load. The proportion of pay load (explosives) to fuel is small, and if a bursting charge of any size is to be carried, the rocket must be of huge size. Whether such a rocket, fired from across the Straits, would stand a chance of hitting the capital city is another matter. At first glance the odds would seem to be against it. However, the Germans must have learned much from the eighty-mile Paris gun used in 1918. And when you consider the calculations involved in naval gunnery, where hits are obtained at 12 and 14 miles on a moving target a few thousand feet square, by guns fired from a platform not only moving but rolling as well, the problem of hitting a target some 25 miles in diameter does not seem insurmountable.

A radio-controlled rocket could be sent up by Jerry, and picked up near the target by an enemy pilot plane. But such an attempt would naturally be met by swarms of fighters and heavy flak, and could hardly hope to succeed. Without some such remote control a rocket bombardment of London would be pretty much of a hit and miss affair.

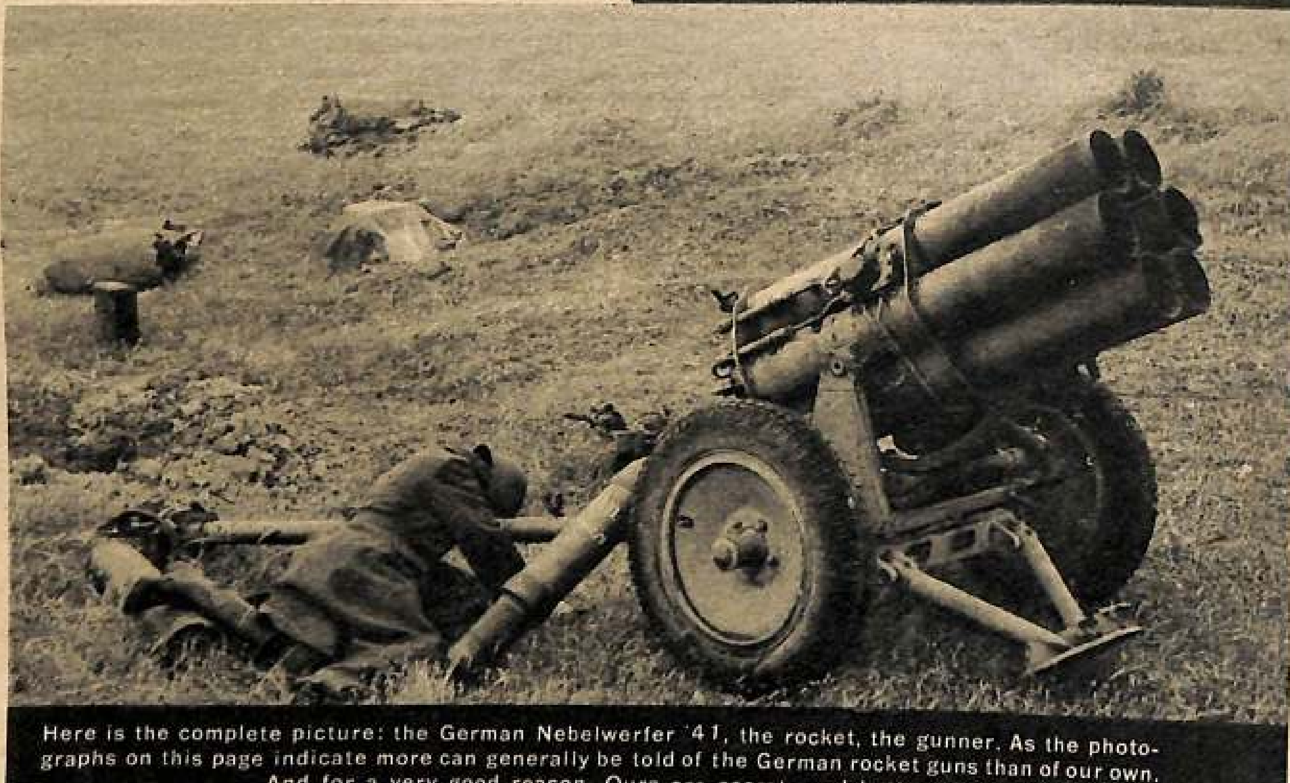
Random shelling, being unpredictable, is probably harder on the nerves than bombing, but it is our guess that the British don't get "nervy" very easily. We have a hunch that tea will still be served at four o'clock, rockets or no rockets.



This photograph released by the Germans, shows a gunner adjusting the firing leads to a rocket-launching apparatus.



And this is the way the Germans photographed a rocket as it left its launching apparatus on the Eastern front.



Here is the complete picture: the German Nebelwerfer '41, the rocket, the gunner. As the photographs on this page indicate more can generally be told of the German rocket guns than of our own. And for a very good reason. Ours are secret—and better.

Variety

PRODUCED BY THE C

MUDDY WATER. A platoon does its best to avoid a big puddle filling an Italian road. The rainy season has changed any previous ideas about "sunny Italy" for U. S. soldiers.

DEVIL DOG. Caesar, a German shepherd attached to the U. S. Marines, was carried back wounded to a dressing station during the battle of Bougainville. Caesar and other trained dogs have helped ferret out Japs in the dense South Pacific jungles and warned many Yanks of traps.

RESULT NOTED. An assembly crew for 105-mm guns at the American Locomotive Co. plant in Dunkirk, N. Y., looking over a story in YANK on a 105 which they helped to make.

STAR GUNNER. Senior Sgt. Polienko of the Red Army is commander of an antiaircraft gun crew which has shot down 16 German aircraft over Russia. The record is there for all to admire in the form of 16 stars on his gun's barrel.

UNSCHEDULED. *Margaret Adams, MGM actress, got in the way of a wind machine and look what happened. Just look what happened.*

FULL SPEED AHEAD. These British infantrymen of the Fifth Army under Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark are in no mood to linger. They have a position to take. Crouching forward they advance over a blasted railway bridge to take an Italian town on the other side. Then come mountains—and Rome.

Show

RAS OF THE WORLD

FLAT-TOP FOOTBALL. A plane-handling crew takes advantage of a quiet moment on the Atlantic front to play a brisk game of football on the flight deck of the USS Card, a converted escort carrier.

HOMECOMING. An Italian woman came back from hiding in the hills when the Nazis were thrown out but found her home nothing but a heap of rubble.

DECORATED. At a base in England, T Sgt. Harold Rogers, bomber tail gunner, enjoys a party and extra big stripes he earned for completing 25 missions.

PRIDE. Pfc. Harry Kaplan, in Southwest Pacific, is so proud of Purple Heart and ribbon he wears them on fatigues.

REQUEST GRANTED. Julie Bishop, Hollywood actress, wears a grass skirt sent to her from the South Pacific by Pfc. Philip Davis. He wrote that he wanted to see it properly filled.

TWO ALLIES. Cpl. Rolf Krog, Yank, and a Chinese soldier light up during a U. S.-Chinese operation against Japs in northwestern Burma.

Nan Wynn

YANK

Pin-up Girl

News from Home

The home-front had its share of hangovers and the President had the grippe, but the war plants kept humming and there was peace again in the ranks of labor.

Congress had a recess, the President had the grippe, and the nation was busy building up to two big holiday weekends—and nursing itself through two aftermaths. The wheels kept turning in the war factories but otherwise there was a lull on the home front. Besides, the really hot news was popping on almost every other front.

A few pot-shots at the domestic headlines:

The Yellow Cab Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., applied for a license to set up shop after the war with a fleet of helicopter taxis which would operate between Pittsburgh and the Allegheny County Airport near the city.

Seventy-eight thousand Hollywood show people are in the armed forces, according to Edward Arnold, vice president of the Screen Actors' Guild, and 135 of them have been killed.

The latest big name to join the Joes is Representative Albert Gore, Democrat of Carthage, Tennessee, who became 36 years old on December 26th. Although a married man and father, the Representative is now Pvt. Albert Gore, having waived his Congressional immunity to the draft. A member of Congress since 1936, Pvt. Gore entered the Army at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and said he wanted to serve wherever the classification boys saw fit to place him.

It may just stir up false hopes, but the War Food Administration has ordered all U. S. stocks of frozen chickens set aside for the armed forces and the War Shipping Administration. The action is intended as a step toward giving all GIs chicken on Sundays at least twice a month—an ideal which the WFA hinted had had some tough going during the past year.

The President's grippe grew out of a cold which produced a slight fever. Before being sent to bed by his physician, Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntyre, he held a press conference at which he explained, in the terms of a parable, why he preferred the slogan "Win the War" to "New Deal." Republican leaders, insisting that the New Deal is still the No. 1 issue of the forthcoming presidential campaign, have protested loudly that no one political party has the right to the "Win the War" slogan because that's been the slogan of the whole nation ever since Pearl Harbor.

"Does all this add up to a fourth term declaration?" a reporter asked the President. Mr. Roosevelt replied that such a point of view was both "puerile" and "political." He then went on to tell how he felt about the matter in terms of this story:

The New Deal, he said, came into existence because there was an awfully sick patient called the United States who was suffering from a grave internal disorder. In fact, the patient was awfully sick, and so Dr. New Deal was sent for. The President listed some thirty remedies which the doctor had prescribed—all the way from banking laws to the Tennessee Valley Authority.

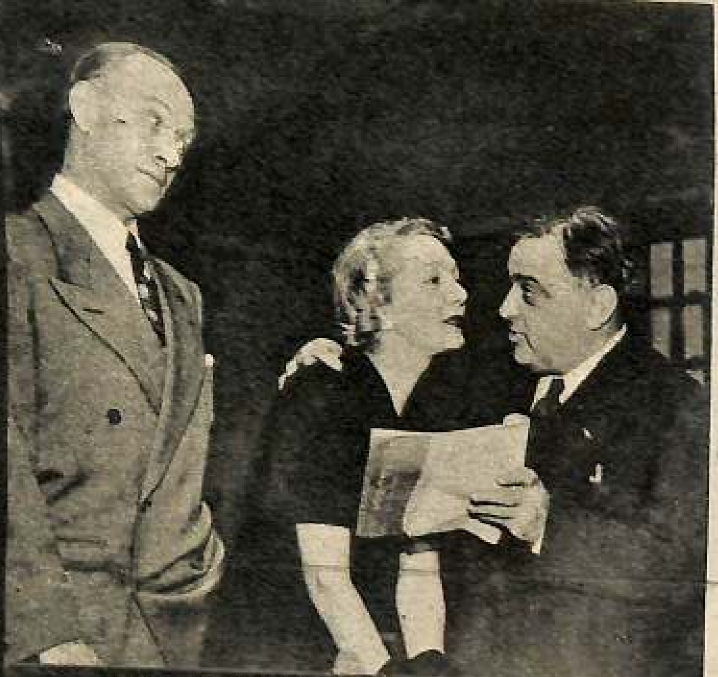
The patient, the President went on, was in a very bad smash-up on December 7th, 1941, and suffered many broken bones. Dr. New Deal knew nothing about the fractures and so Dr. Win-the-War had to be called in to help.

Senator E. V. Robertson, Republican of Wyoming, was not favorably impressed by the President's simile. Charging that Mr. Roosevelt's change of slogans was only camouflage to pave the way for a fourth term, the Senator said: "Certainly at his remarkable conference with press and radio reporters it was Candidate Roosevelt and not President Roosevelt who was speaking. The real question is why Mr. Roosevelt does not take the people into his confidence. If he feels he is the one indispensable man he should admit it and state publicly that White House political maneuvers which are going on under the direction of Harry Hopkins and others of the palace guard have his full approval."

In Chicago, the MacArthur-for-President Club announced that it had circulated petitions to enter General Douglas MacArthur in the Illinois Presidential Preference Primary.

All of which won't mean much in the ETO unless some provision is made for soldiers serving overseas to vote. Pending the return of Congress from its holiday to chew over various ideas for balloting GIs, a survey showed that the Governors of five states have already called special sessions of their legislators to set up the necessary voting machinery. The five:

The gals back home are behind you, gents. So don't believe all you hear. They sew your pup-tents for you and service the planes. The gal above guarantees to keep the rain out of your comfy little shelter half when you start moving on to the continent of Europe. And the two lovelies below, two of the Air Service Command's 140,000 women workers, are doing you know what with the wheel of a Liberator. Recently, at an ASC depot an all-woman crew completely serviced a P-38 fighter plane, and there were no complaints about their manicures being ruined, either.



Mayor LaGuardia takes over from Conrad Nagel to teach Gertrude Lawrence love-making at New York's City Center, formerly Mecca Temple, which city will operate as a theater.

Colorado, Georgia, Iowa, Michigan, and Virginia.

In addition, the survey showed, seven states will hold regular legislative sessions early this year at which the problem will also be considered. They are Mississippi, Rhode Island, Kentucky, South Carolina, New Jersey, Virginia, and Louisiana. Special sessions are considered likely in Nebraska and Indiana. Officials in New York and Pennsylvania believe their states already are in a legal position to handle the service vote, and the Governors of Illinois, Tennessee, and Utah figure on lying low and taking no action until Congress comes up with something more definite than it has to date.

The railroads were operating smoothly after a nationwide strike just before the New Year had been averted by a Presidential order for the Army to take over. Eight prominent railroad presidents were commissioned Colonels and tried out the prestige of their newly won eagles on the lesser members of a group of 672 other Army officers—experts on transportation—who were despatched to railroad centers throughout the nation to keep the trains moving.

More than 170,000 steelworkers throughout the country walked out for a weekend to back up their demands for a wage increase of 17 cents an hour over the ceiling set by the Little Steel Formula. They quickly returned to work, however, when Philip Murray, their union president, ordered them to do so with the assurance that the War Labor Board and Mr. Roosevelt had agreed to make retroactive any pay increases which may be decided on during negotiations.

The war in the Pacific came in for a good share of comment by the experts. Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Fleet, disclosed in Washington that studies have been under way for the past several months preparatory to shifting Allied power from the European to the Pacific theater as soon as Germany's defeat appears to be close at hand. "When that power is shifted," he said, "the main lines of attack on Japan will be already determined and the additional means will be used to implement the general strategy for the defeat of Japan."

Asked whether it would then be necessary to continue the island-hopping tactics in the Pacific, Admiral King replied: "I'm afraid that question is like the famous one, 'Do you still beat your wife?' The so-called island-hopping is due in large measure to the limitation of ways and means available to do anything. That is the big factor in the Pacific."

The Admiral said he thought that, thanks to large shipping losses inflicted on the enemy, the Japs would be unable to undertake any sustained offensive in the Pacific this year. "As our means have permitted," he went on, "we are getting into better and better position all the time to attack the Japs." He added that he hopes impending developments in the Pacific will lure the Jap fleet out of hiding to face a showdown.

Speaking in Chicago, Joseph C. Grew, former Ambassador to Japan, called upon the nation to "offer the Japanese people hope for the future." He warned that if the United Nations build "a fence around Japan and let her stew in her own juice, they would be creating a festering sore with permanent explosive tendencies."

Not that it means much to you, but Paul V. McNutt, War Manpower Commissioner, announced that soldiers who have already been discharged from the service don't have to take war jobs if they don't want to. He said he imagined most such men would want war jobs but that if they preferred jobs with greater permanency there would be no kick.

There are almost four times as many $100 bills kicking around the country as there were ten years ago, according to the Treasury—which will be good news to those training-camp crap-game artists back home. . . . Steel pennies, introduced about a year ago as a means of conserving copper, are on the way out—too many kicks from people who live on dimes. Penny-vending machine people and dime-bus operators didn't like them, either. However, 700,000,000 of the steel jobs are already in circulation, so there'll probably be some left for you to fool around with when you get back.

Gert Hans von Gontard, 37-year-old former baron who was born in Germany and is an heir to the Anheuser-Busch brewing millions, was arrested in New York City on a charge of draft dodging.

In New York City Thomas Calabori discovered that there are worse things than having a tooth pulled, when he leaped from a dentist's chair to escape his tormentor, crashed through a window and fell ten feet to the sidewalk.

Billy Rose, the pint-sized showman who has always wanted a theater of his own to play with, finally got it when he bought the Loews Ziegfeld, on the northern fringe of Manhattan's theatrical district, for $630,000.

Buffalo, N. Y., was stranded without water for three hours when a five-foot main leading from the municipal pumping station went haywire. Several fires broke out during the period of drought but were extinguished by chemicals. Hospitals operated on emergency reserves.

In San Francisco, Calif., Seaman Gilbert Peter Anson was indicted on a charge of bringing in nine letters from men on war fronts and mailing them in the U. S. to avoid censorship. Seems the Department of Justice is on the warpath to put an end to this practice.

Jean Bartel, the freckle-faced Miss America of 1943, wound up a War-Bond-selling tour of the nation in Los Angeles and announced that she had been pleasantly surprised to find that America has outgrown "the bubble-bath and cheesecake era." She said she sold 2½ million bucks' worth of bonds without once being asked to strip down to a bathing suit. "I use a bathing suit to go swimming in," said Miss Bartel, depressingly.

Fifteen persons making merry over the holidays were injured when an explosion wrecked the Silver City Club on South Main Street in Butte, Mont. Police Chief Jack Duggan said that a charge of dynamite had been set off in the rear hallway of the club—though just why, he couldn't figure out.

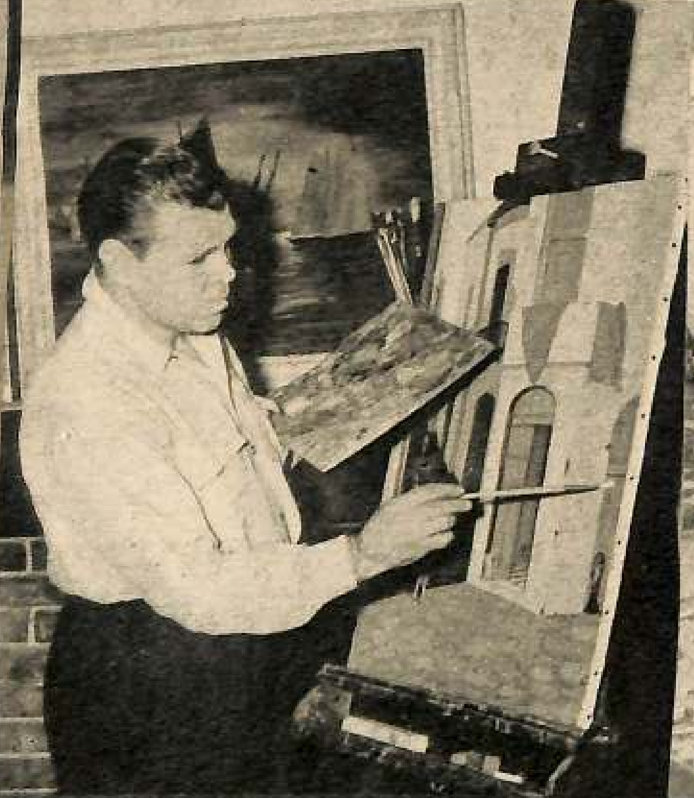
Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Van Coutren, of St. Louis, Mo., are adding a twelfth star to the service flag in their window. They already have three Wac daughters, six sons in the Navy, one in the Army, and one in the Merchant Marine. Now their married son, James, is enlisting in the Marines.

Paul B. Johnson, 63-year-old Governor of Mississippi, died at Hattiesburg following a heart attack which he suffered November 2nd. He is survived by his wife, a daughter, and two sons, both of them lieutenants in the armed forces. Lieutenant Governor Dennis Murphree will take over as head of the state until January 18th, when Governor-elect Thomas L. Bailey, of Meridian, moves in. . . . Acting Governor Walter S. Goodland, of Wisconsin, observed his 81st birthday by going to work and announcing that he would run for Governor next year.

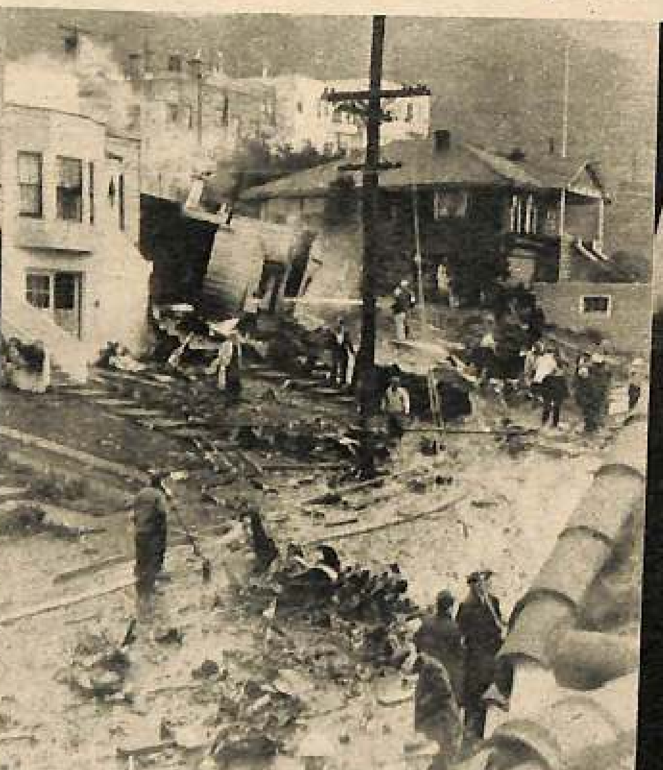
Robert Scott, 25-year-old father of Minneapolis, Minn., has been tossed into the clink charged with beating his two-year-old son because the tot wouldn't—or, more likely, couldn't—tell him what he wanted for Christmas.

Eight-year-old Roger Weld, son of Mrs. Beatrice Weld, of Santa Monica, Calif., came out the better in a set-to with his elders. Awakened by a thug who had climbed into his mother's bedroom, Roger grabbed a bottle of perfume, conked the guy with it, and knocked him cold.

Here's another eight-year-old with plenty of what it takes. In Kankakee, Ill., Jackie Lee Tedford was thrown from the horse he was riding along a country

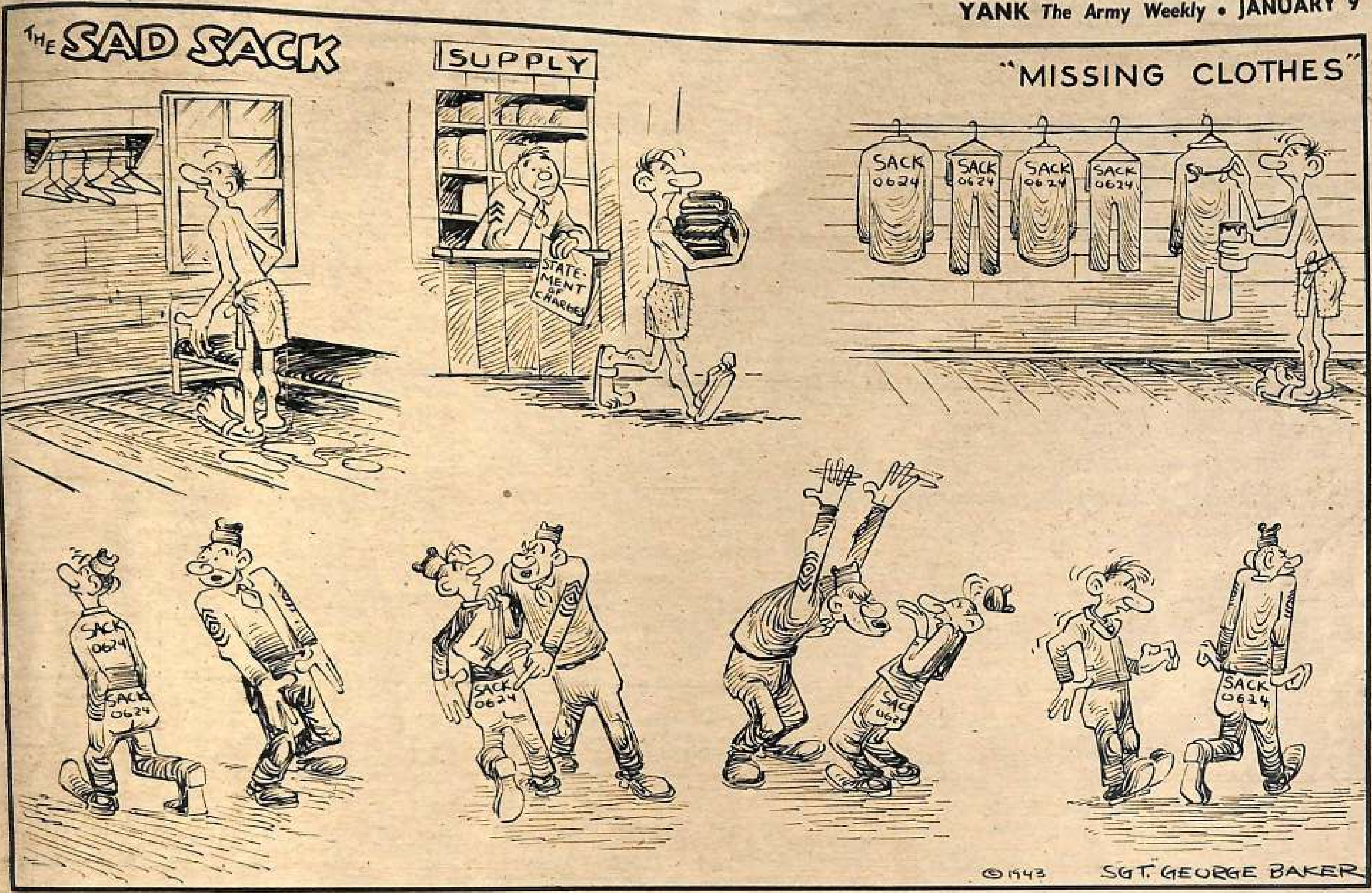


Mickey Walker, former World's Welterweight Champion, who used to paint a canvas red, now does it in greens, blues and other colors. They say he's good, too.



Out at Daly City, Calif., half a city block was wrecked when an Army fighter plane, out of control, crashed and exploded. Sole casualty was the pilot.

Ruth A. Hirtz, of Pittsburgh, a WAC and second cousin to Marshal Rommel, the Nazi "desert fox," wouldn't mind meeting her cousin Erwin "under the right circumstances."



road when the animal shied at a passing auto. Jackie fell into a ditch and the horse fell on top of him, fracturing the kid's pelvis. For more than an hour the two lay there until the horse finally managed to regain its footing. Then Jackie dragged himself a mile to the house of Dalain Homan. Nobody was home, but Jackie managed to let himself in and find his way to a bedroom. There, after carefully taking off his shoes and stockings, he climbed into bed, where he waited several hours until the Homans came home and took him to hospital. "It wasn't much," said Jackie, when someone suggested that he'd had a rather tough time of it.

Elmer Jones, 41-year-old resident of Springfield, Vt., was driving his wife, four children, and a shaggy mongrel dog named Boy home from a Christmas holiday at Granville, N. Y., when, passing through Ludlow, Vt., his car skidded on the icy highway and plunged through the ice-covered Black River. A passing truck driver dragged Mrs. Jones and three of the children to safety but Mr. Jones and his year-old daughter Eileen were trapped and drowned. The dog Boy paddled safely to shore and then dove back in twice when he saw moving objects in the water, but all he was able to retrieve was a pink blanket in which Eileen had been wrapped and the baby's rubber ball. Even after the bodies of father and daughter had been recovered, Boy refused to leave the hole in the ice and snarled when people tried to coax him away. The remaining members of the Jones family finally had to leave him there, making him as comfortable as possible with a blanket and a dish of food.

Edwin Codarre, 13, slayer of 10-year-old girl, hears sentence of 30 years to life pronounced in Poughkeepsie courtroom. He pleaded guilty to second degree murder.

Now that the censorship ban on rumors has been lifted, papers in the States have been rehashing publicly some of the penny-dreadful talk that has been going around during the past several months. One of the most persistent false reports was that a Japanese aircraft carrier had been sunk off the West Coast. Another out that way that started last winter when a routine Navy alert sent sailors on leave hurrying to their ships, was that 500 U. S. Army bombers had intercepted a Jap invasion fleet 400 miles off the Golden Gate and had sunk every one of the enemy craft. Still another whopper was that a squadron of Japanese planes had landed on secret airfields in the Nevada Desert and was prepared to attack the West Coast from the rear.

"Hamburger-Wiener," read an entry on a Los Angeles police blotter. It referred to an automobile accident involving the cars of Alfred Hamburger and J. D. Wiener. Each, facing the other's charges, said, "Bologny!"

In Armonk Village, N. Y., only a commuter's hop from Manhattan, two giant bucks locked antlers in a struggle which lasted for hours while dozens of passing motorists stopped their cars to watch. When it became plain that there was no hope of separating the animals or of otherwise calming them down, Edward Townsend, the local game warden, put an end to it with his rifle. Too bad, but then venison makes a good substitute for non-existent Christmas turkey.

Returning home from visiting a neighbor, Mrs. J. E. Grady, of Great Falls, Mont., found that thieves had got into her kitchen and made off with three thick, juicy steaks which she had placed in the ice-box. Mrs. Grady felt as bereft as if someone had cadged her wedding ring until she discovered that the intruders had considerately left 60 meat-ration coupons on the kitchen table. "That," said Mrs. Grady, "is my idea of the right way to purloin a sirloin."

Jo Ann Kiger, 16-year-old schoolgirl of Covington, Ky., was acquitted after a two-day trial of charges that she shot and killed her father, Carl, and her brother, Jerry, six, in their beds one night last August. Jo Ann's defense was that she had a nightmare in which she thought she saw a robber struggling with her father. She admitted hiding two pistols in a cistern behind the house after the shooting. Her mother, who was struck in the hip by a bullet, testified that the girl's father had also been given to nightmares.

Pvt. Charles L. F. McIntosh, who went AWOL and used forged checks to finance a cross-country trip with Mrs. Alice Rand de Tarnowsky, Chicago heiress, was dishonorably discharged from the Army. But that ain't all. He got ten years at hard labor.

In Detroit, Mich., five Fuhrer brothers—Henry, David, Harold, Arnold, and Tobias—asked the court to change their last name, for reasons you can guess.

The New York film critics voted *Watch on the Rhine* the best movie of 1943. The performance of Paul Lukas in that film was called the best of any male during the year and, among the ladies, Ida Lupino was handed the same honors for the work she did in *The Hard Way*. The best job of directing, the critics decided, was that of Major George Stevens, now of the ETO, in *The More the Merrier*. The U. S. Army Signal Corps was voted a special award for its *Why We Fight* series and the film *Report from the Aleutians*.

Glendon Bryant got a 60-day extension of leave from the New York City police force so that he could continue in his role as Husky Miller in Billy Rose's all-Negro show *Carmen Jones*.

Anybody know how reliable this guy Virgil Smith, of Baldwin, Ga., is? Anyway, he predicted during the summer of 1918 that the first World War would be over on November 11th, and that's now Armistice Day. Last week good old Virgil up and predicted that the present war would end on Easter Sunday, 1944. We can't even be bothered looking up what date that is. If the prophet's right we'll be only too glad to apologize.

Mail Call

Really Sweating It Out

Dear YANK:

"Sweating It Out," a short story by Sgt. Saul Levitt in the December 26th issue of YANK, has intrigued me.

Yes, Sergeant, I know you men of the Air Force sweat them out; but, to borrow from the foreword of your story:—I figure that it is better to have never had a son in the Service. Then, if anything happens, it's just a name and you don't know the guy. You can figure your head off about this war business, and in the end I know that the biggest part of the game is the ability to take it when you hear that your son is "missing in action."

I visited with him only two days before his last raid. I "sweated out" his first mission during that time. I heard the call to the briefing room; the whispered conversation of the raiding party as they dressed; the heavy breathing of the crews not called; and the nervous laughs of the crew as they hurriedly ate that egg. We shook hands, wished each other "Good luck"; and then I watched them fly out in the cold gray dawn to meet the enemy.

I walked miles and miles that day with God. I prayed for their safe return. I paced the floor of the Officers' Club suffering the torments of the damned. No one knew me; or, if they did, no one bothered me because—well—they knew. I imagined that I was suffering all that a father could suffer; but I was not. I was merely "sweating it out."

Later that evening I stood in the gathering fog and saw them roar out of the sky to a safe landing. How happy we were that night.

Two days later, November 5th, 1943, S/Sgt. Robert B. Feese, ball turret gunner of the Fortress "Pistol Packin' Mamma," again flew out at dawn. The target—Gelsenkirchen, Germany.

If any of you who read this know anything of the fate of "Pistol Packin' Mamma," who failed to return from the raid on Gelsenkirchen, will write me it will be appreciated more than you will ever know. It may be from your combined letters that I will glean a ray of hope that will enable me to "carry on" like Bob wants me to while I "really sweat it out."

MAJOR MARTIN B. FEESE

[Since we can't print your address, Major, we'll be glad to forward any information about your son that we receive.—Ed.]

Those Shavetail Blues

Dear YANK:

Just a few lines to R. H. Smith, 2nd Lt. Corps of Engineers. It is my belief that you are not a good 2nd Lt. unless you have been one for at least a year and a half.

2nd Lt. SIGNAL CORPS.

Britain.

The Sergeant And The General

Dear YANK:

In reference to an article in your YANK magazine (in a November issue), I wish to state that I have been insulted by the article on "Square-Cut Diamond," written by Allen Churchill Y3c, and I have written to my lawyer in Toledo, Ohio, to take action on the article. (1) I am not an old bastard. (2) I am not 200 years old. (3) My tongue does not hang out and I did not hike 50 miles to get back to my outfit. (4) And those chickens I had was named "Bud." (5) I had orders to report to the 1st Marine Division on Guadalcanal, which was on the same place and I did leave with a part of the 1st Marine Division. (6) Who gave your outfit permission to use my name? (7) Also I am figuring on a nuisance charge against you. I served in the last war and am trying to do my bit in this one, and I do not like the way your outfit is trying to do.

Master Gunnery Sgt. LOU DIAMOND

Parris Island, S.C.

Dear YANK:

The article on Lou Diamond was splendid and everyone in our office enjoyed reading it. It was called to the commandant's attention. We thought it an especial tribute, on our anniversary, to have a meeting of the services in your article: a Marine subject in an Army publication, written by a Navy man. Let those who are captious on the cooperation of the services be silent.

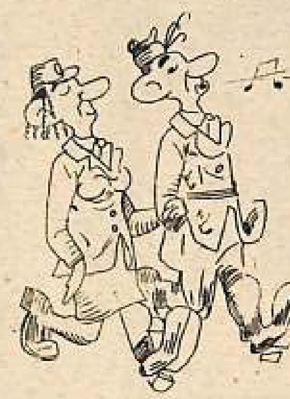
Brig. Gen. ROBERT L. DENIG

Hq. U.S.M.C.
Washington, D.C.

Sad Sack's Mad WAC

Dear SAD SACK:

Who was that mad Wac I saw you with last night? Luckily I had my camera along so I snapped a photograph of the two of you. Hope you like it.



You should show your girl friend in public instead of monopolizing her. Really you make a lovely couple—both so high-class and intelligent-looking. We had begun to think that your love life was completely lacking, but at last you have redeemed yourself as far as we are concerned.

Keep your nose clean, Sad Sack, and we'll see you in the funny papers.

P.S.—What's her phone number?

ENVIOUS

Britain.

More On The Soldier Vote

Dear YANK:

November issue of the *Reader's Digest* contained an article which I feel needs necessary discussion. Titled "The Big Political Problem of 5,000,000 Overseas Voters," it gives vent to a question of the utmost importance—that of presenting the views of the parties that will be involved in the forthcoming nation-wide elections.

If we as citizens of the United States while in the Army are to be allowed to have a hand in the selection of the future administrators (and that seems to be the full extent and purpose of the Congress), then a method of enabling us to use this initiative should be inaugurated. That is being taken care of by the proper agencies back home. However, the question is raised as to the way each political party will be able to present their varied and composite views. We aren't all Republicans or Democrats or Socialists. Many—in fact a great majority of the soldiers—have completely forgotten about the home scene as far as politics are concerned. An attempt to present to as many soldiers as possible the true and undiluted national situation should be made. But how? In the ETO I believe such a plan could be outlined and organized. May I suggest that through the medium of the American Red Cross—discussions be planned. There are numerous clubs throughout the British Isles and if properly organized they could be utilized in various ways as, for instance, having speakers from each party speak at the same meeting or each group have their own planned discussions.

Or still another plan. Issue a pamphlet that would contain all the questions that have weight as far as the soldiers are concerned. Then have both the pros and cons of their question discussed by the proper persons. The persons who are trying to gain office; this plan could even be used by the State governments as well.

Perhaps what I have written will not be useful in any respect, but it may be helpful in that other soldiers will bring forth their own views on this all-important subject.

Cpl. AL TRIZZINO

Britain.

British Mail For Maile

Dear YANK:

After reading Miss Maile's letter in your issue of December 19, I was left with the feeling that she had you people so mixed up and wrong that I had to reply with some of my own opinions. I will admit that they are purely personal, and that I could not possibly say all I would like to in the short space of a letter, but all the same some of her points just left me "all burned up."

G.I. SHORT-STORY CONTEST

YANK announces a short-story contest, open to enlisted personnel of the armed forces. Stories must be original, unpublished and should run from 1,000 to 3,000 words. Send entries to Fiction Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. The author of the story adjudged best by the editors of YANK will get a $50 War Bond. The winning story and any others deemed worthy will be printed in YANK. Entries must be received not later than Mar. 1, 1944.

To begin with, the Americans as a whole do *not* suffer from an inferiority complex, far from it. If they brag, as you put it, Miss Maile, it is simply because they are all intensely and justly proud of their country, their state and their town, and they honestly think there is no other place in the world quite like it. They are mostly rather home-sick over here and if they think that they have found a sympathetic listener they will seize the first opportunity to tell you all about it. But this is not self pity; quite the reverse. It is self, or rather national, satisfaction, so much so that one has to know them very well to get them to admit that there is anything worth writing home about over here.

The salient point about the average American is his charm and his extreme simplicity of temperament. He is both quick to like and to dislike; he is terrifically enthusiastic and he really gets a kick out of life and living. He is rarely bored and the simple things can give him quite as much pleasure as the more elaborate, such as his own little Xmas tree which you could have found in his barracks all over England at Christmas time. He is a sentimentalist at heart, and has an intense love for children and is both warm hearted and generous towards them; he enjoys the parties he has with them as much as they, not to mention candy which I think he enjoys even more. On the whole he has no guile and does not relish intrigue; therefore he considers that such things as "savoir-faire" and "finesse" could well have died in the French courts from whence they sprang.

Americans do not lack education. The standard as a whole over there, especially on the technical side, is much higher than ours, although our public schools may take things a grade further for the few who can afford them. I will admit that they mutilate the English language, but it is not that they do not know how to talk properly, but simply that they prefer their own peculiar jargon, and they want to show us how go-ahead and time-saving all things about them are, and how the long-winded Englishman wastes

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

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Sgt. Charles Brand, Pvt. Jack Coggins, Cpl. Joe Cunningham, Sgt. Bill Davidson, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Ben Frazier, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Louis McFadden, Sgt. Pete Paris, Sgt. Walter Peters, Cpl. John D. Preston, Sgt. John Scott, Cpl. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Officer in Charge, Major Donald W. Reynolds. Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Arter. Address: Printing House Square, London.

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

Pictures: 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sgt. John Bushemi. 6 and 7, Sgt. Pete Paris. 8, top, Army Pictorial Service; bottom, OWI. 10, Parker Gallery, 2 Albemarle St. 11, top center, Keystone; bottom, BOP. 12, upper left, INP; lower left, WW; center, ALCO; right (top to bottom), USMC, SOVFOTO, ACME. 13, upper left and right, INP; center, PA; lower (left to right), ACME, Sgt. Dick Hanley, ACME. 14, Keystone. 15, OWI. 16, top, ACME; bottom, Keystone. 17, Keystone. 18, right, U.S. Army Signal Corps. 20, upper left, INP; lower left, ACME; upper and lower right, PA. 21, upper, PA; lower, ACME. 22, OWI. 23, Sgt. George Aarons.

WHEN ARE WE GOING HOME?

EVERY soldier overseas is looking for an answer to that big important question, "When are we going home? " We all know the war won't be over for a long time. But those of us who have sweated out a year or more in combat zones or the dull noncombat zones like Panama, Iran or Iceland still feel that our outfit is entitled to return to the States for a short time, at least, while somebody else takes over. And we don't see any reason why we should have to wait until the end of the war for such a change in scenery.

There have been all kinds of answers to this question about going home floating around the foreign latrines but all of them have been strictly confidential and highly unofficial answers. In fact, the whole overseas Army is fed up to the ears with unofficial inside dope about new policies and new rules about shipping troops home, none of which, as far as we know, has ever turned out to be correct.

So YANK last week decided to try something different. Instead of concocting an editorial of its own on the problem of when we are going home, it sent a corporal to Washington to ask the War Department for an official reply to the question.

The War Department's answer isn't half as cheerful as the one YANK would have liked to create and it does not jibe with stuff we have been hearing in the chow lines and latrines these last few months. But at least it is straight and official and maybe it will kill a few of the rumors that have been building us up to an awful letdown. Here it is:

"The WD has been studying the problem of rotating personnel outside the continental limits of the United States ever since the beginning of hostilities. However, in every general plan designed to provide a definite time limit for overseas or a definite percentage of personnel to be returned, there is one insurmountable obstacle—insufficient shipping space for the necessary replacements."

In GI language, here's what that means. You can't start to make substitutions in a football game until you first put your full team of 11 men on the field. The War Department says that it needs all its available shipping now to move overseas all the troops that are required there. It can't afford to use ships for the job of making substitutions—sending out replacement units—until it first completes the job of bringing our overseas Army up to its full quota.

WHEN we have all the men we need overseas, the War Department will be able to send out units to take the place of those outfits that have done their share of foreign service. But until then it is just TS and there is nothing we can do about it, except hope that when replacement shipping becomes available, our outfit will be at the front of the line.

---

such a lot of time saying things that could just as easily be said in a series of phonetic-splutters. Although we have absorbed these splutters to a great extent, I may say that I do wish, since they are mainly phonetic, that the Americans would keep them for the spoken word and omit them from the written.

I am not sure of my statistics but you are quite wrong when you say that they come mainly from the British Isles, for a large percentage comes from other European countries. Many of these in latter years have gone to the U. S. as a place of refuge and they, I am sure, would prefer to *forget* their original heritage.

I could continue for a long time on this well-worn theme, Miss Maile, but I would suggest you meet a few more of our American friends, and that you think a little harder instead of reiterating the opinions of your friends with whom you seem to have wasted so much time in agreement, not discussion, and from which so very little, except condemnation, seems to have emerged.

In conclusion I should like to say how much I would like to see a letter from any GI on his opinions of *us*. This seems to be so one-sided, and I am sure they would be interesting—that is if they did not burn a hole in the paper!

JOAN PHILLIPS

Britain.

Dear Dorothy Dix

Dear YANK:

I see that one of your photographers is a chap by the same name as myself. Would you please be awful kind-hearted and send me his address? You see, it's such an uncommon name that I'd love to get to know the fellow. I saw his photograph in YANK and like his looks, too.

VERA AARONS

Britain.

[Yank photographer George "Slim" Aarons is now somewhere about one third of the way up the Italian Peninsula. The only way to get to know him is to come along with us. We estimate that you should meet him then — somewhere around Munich.—Ed.]

On The Chemical Warfare Service

Dear YANK:

Every Saturday we wait with bated breath; in fact, often let our Chemical Activities slide for a while so that we can get your wonderful publication, known to all Americans in the ETO as the best magazine for the boys in the Service, namely: YANK.

Occasionally we come across items which jolt our pride in your wonderful publication. We are referring to instances that have definitely "browned us off," namely, the insults to the one and only branch of the service, Chemical Warfare. Now we do not wish to be classified as "Pvt. Millers" but we C.W.S. men feel that it is our obligation and duty to institute a vigorous protest.

It seems as though the MAIL CALL boys have a rather contemptuous attitude towards Chemical Warfare, due no doubt to their insufficient Chemical Warfare Training and Education. We can readily understand this attitude as they might have been subjected to such horrors as the Gas Chamber Exercise and perhaps a Mustard Exercise (and we don't mean with hot dogs), which to Chemical men are nothing more than mere routine.

Many a time the expression is heard: "Which is your best friend, your gas mask or your mother." Here in the ETO with the situation as it is, we but definitely feel and state that no matter how much your mother loves you, she is no protection against gas.

Let us say in closing, a lecture in Chemical Warfare is quite unromantic and a good time to catch up on an hour of lost sleep, but the day may come when that hour of sleep may be permanent to those who have failed to hear and heed our lectures.

TWO PRIVATES IN C.W.S.

Britain.

On The Infantry

Dear YANK:

As I've read YANK (and think it's damn good) in Africa, Sicily, England and the good old U. S., I think it's about time I put in my two cents' worth.

Before I go further, let it be clear that my branch of service is the "Queen of Battle" and I am proud of it. On numerous occasions, bull sessions I've sat in on have turned to the Air Corps and why they should receive flying pay. We cannot understand why they are in any more danger floating along a few thousand feet off the ground than we are sitting in our foxholes sweating out an enemy artillery barrage.

Flying today is no longer a great hazard as in the infancy of military aviation. Why, therefore, should a man receive a bonus for something which, if you believe aircraft manufacturers, is no more dangerous than driving your car.

For those who earn their pay on combat missions there is a possible explanation. *But*, do they stick their necks out any more than the doughboy who, for days and nights on end is separated from the foe by only a small strip of land, is never quite free from the constant strain of watchfulness?

We have discussed the question from the responsibility of the pilot. Under his control is thousands of dollars' worth of equipment and the lives of his crew. Are they worth more than the lives and equipment of forty individual doughboys that an infantry platoon leader commands, the tanks and crews an armored force leader controls, the expensive gun and gun crews of an artillery unit?

Well, YANK, I turn it over to you. Are we right or wrong in thinking that the ordinary foot soldier is as much entitled to extra pay for the time he puts in at the front as the Air Corps is for flying time? How about it?

CHARLES G. WOOD, Jr.
2nd Lt. Infantry

Britain.

[In partial answer to your question, the War Department has just revised the infantry T/O to promote 275,000 enlisted men in 16 combat categories one grade, in recognition of the hazardous nature of an infantryman's duties.—Ed.]

On The S. O. S.

Dear YANK:

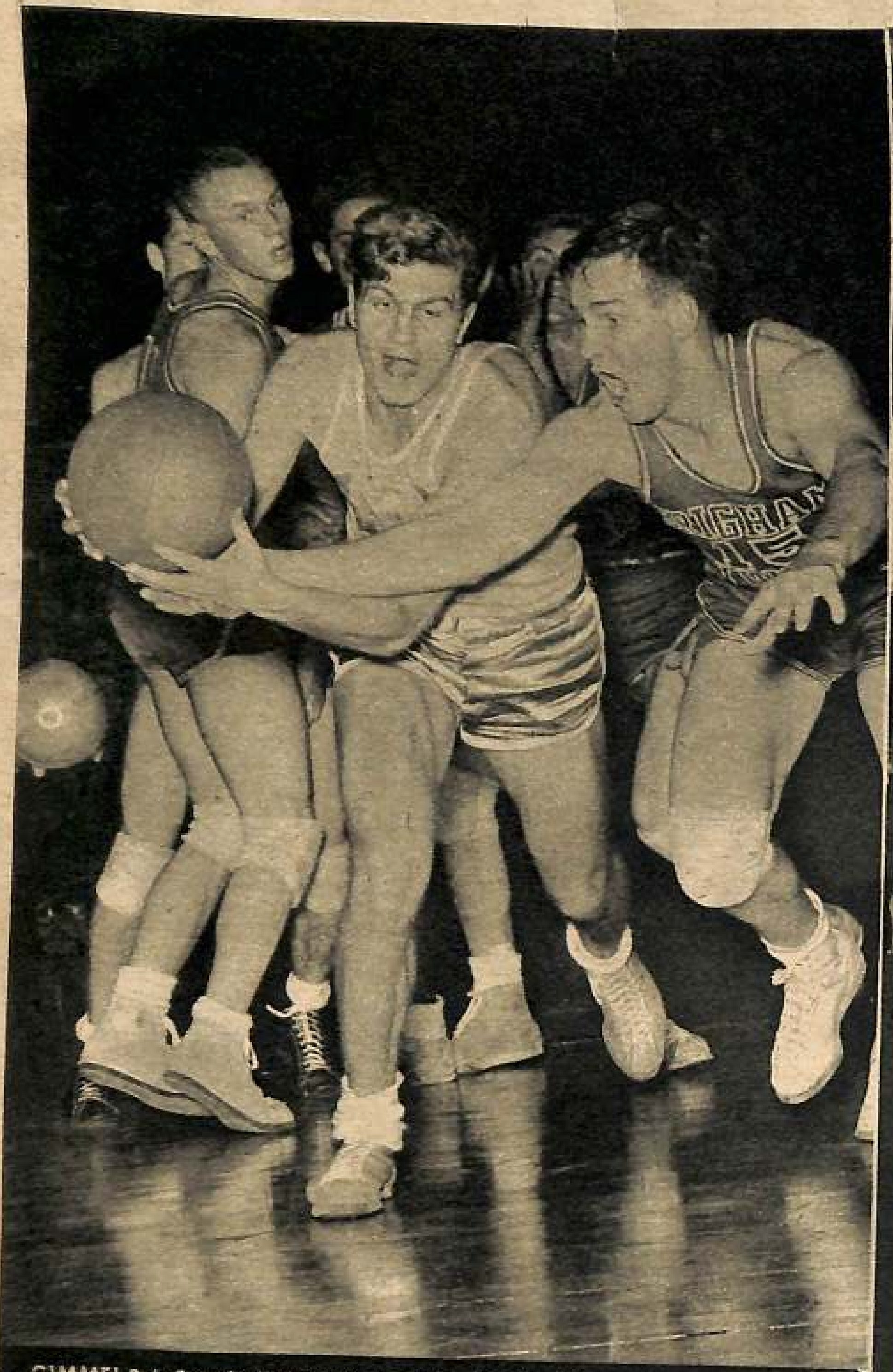
We boys in Hut No. 11 appreciate and enjoy reading the YANK very much, but we gave you credit for a little more sense. What we mean by that is your publishing of the Fortress Crew's letter concerning S.O.S. Those four little darlings most likely have been here a month or so. Well, here is a little information for them from an S.O.S. unit. We have been building air fields and barracks for the Air Corps for the past year so that they will have a suitable place to live in. Maybe they think someone plants a seed and up grows an air port. We don't want any credit but we eat mud, sleep in mud and work in mud day after day. Personally Hut No. 11 thinks those four honeys received their wings by flying kites. What do you say heroes? Now that you're here winning this mess by yourselves maybe we can get permission to go home. So wise up and quit patting yourselves on the back, because you know what self-praise is. Maybe if you are good little boys the Regular Air Corps may consider you soldiers.

So long Saviours,

HUT No. 11
Pvt. A. C. GAECKLE
Sgt. ED MALONE
Pvt. JACK J. SILVER
Cpl. BOB McGILL
Cpl. BILL BLAKE
Sgt. LOUIS BAUM
Cpl. J. C. BROWN

Britain.

The OFF season is ON again



GIMME! Bob Fountin (15), left forward for Brigham Young University, gave a lunge and what looks like a howl, when Al Blair of Long Island University snatched the ball during a hard game at New York's Madison Square Garden.

FEMALE GROANERS. Mae Young, "blond bombshell" of the pro wrestling circuit, holds onto a hunk of leg belonging to her opponent, Mae Weston, in a bout at Washington. Miss Weston won the decision.

SMASH-UP. Bert Gardiner (18), Boston goalie, did a rush job in stopping Dutch Hiller from shooting a goal for the Rangers at Madison Square Garden. Rangers defeated Bruins 6-4, their first victory of the season's National Hockey League campaign.

NEEDING SUPPORT. During their 10-round match at Madison Square Garden, Bobby Ruffin hangs on top of Sammy Angott who has fallen against the ropes. Angott won the nontitle lightweight bout.

SPORTS: MAN-OF-THE-YEAR STAGG SET OUT TO BE A MINISTER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

ALONZO STAGG was poring over a deskful of scout reports on the March Field (Calif.) football team when the telephone rang in his College of the Pacific office. The scout reports were the work of Mrs. Stagg, who used to chart his plays at Chicago and still does the scouting for him.

"Well, my gosh!" blurted Stagg after the voice on the other end of the wire told him he had been named football's Man of the Year for 1943. Then for a minute he paused to catch his breath. "Thanks very much. I certainly didn't expect any honors. Not at my time of life."

Although he never received such a title officially before, Stagg has been football's biggest man in innumerable years past. But in 1943, he especially deserved such recognition. His little College of the Pacific eleven played a rugged schedule, losing only one game during the regular season, a 6-0 loss to Southern California, on a much-discussed penalty. Then in a post-season charity game, after the Marines had called up his best boys, Stagg was beaten by the big, talent-rich March Field Flyers, 19-0.

The most remarkable thing about the 81-year-old Stagg is that he ever became a football coach or player. His boyhood dream was to become a minister. And his first love was baseball, not football. Yet he gained lasting fame as an end on Walter Camp's first All-American team in 1889 and became one of football's greatest coaches. He now says these were the two biggest detours in his life.

When Stagg reported to Yale as a would-be divinity student in 1884, he went out for the baseball team. His fame as a pitcher at Phillips Exeter Academy had preceded him to New Haven and in order to make room for him on the varsity, the coach shifted the regular pitcher to catcher. Stagg's first game was against the Philadelphia Athletics and naturally he almost had his head knocked off. Against college competition he fared better. He pitched every game for Yale that season and beat Harvard, 8-3, for the eastern championship.

Stagg reached the peak of his baseball career as senior against Princeton. This game was supposed to be for the championship of the East, but it rained most of the day and by 4 o'clock the field was so muddy that nobody wanted to play. It so happened that Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the President's wife, was visiting Princeton, and rather than disappoint her, they agreed to an exhibition.

When Mrs. Cleveland entered the grandstand, Stagg noticed that she was wearing the orange-and-black colors of Princeton and that she sat on the Princeton side. This infuriated Stagg. He thought the wife of the President of the United States should have been neutral and sit on the Yale side for half of the game and the Princeton side the other half. He was so angry that he almost pitched his arm off. He struck out 22 men and let Princeton down with only two scattered hits.

Stagg became an over-night sensation after this game. He was showered with offers from six major clubs. The top bids came from the Boston Nationals and New York Giants, who each offered him $3,000. Stagg turned them all down because he frowned on the hard-bitten character of professional baseball, and he still wanted to become a minister.

This refusal prompted one newspaper editor in faraway Fair Point, Miss., to write: "Just so long as the pitcher of a baseball club gets $3,000 for six months' work, and a preacher $600 for a year's service, just so long will there be good pitching and poor preaching."

If it hadn't been for Stagg's inability to speak free and easily before an audience, he might have been a minister. As a divinity student in the Yale graduate school he spoke at a YMCA program with another student, John Mott, who later became a famous international YMCA leader. Stagg followed the brillant Mott on the platform, and the contrast was startling. After the meeting, Stagg overheard Mott tell another student: "I can't understand why Stagg simply can't make a talk."

This convinced Stagg he would never be a good preaching man, so he left Yale and went to Springfield College, where he began his football coaching career. At Yale he hadn't played football until he entered graduate school, and then only because Pa Corbin persuaded him to come out for the team.

Around 1890 Stagg moved West to coach the University of Chicago and kept the job for the next 40 years.

Although Stagg never made the grade as a minister, he has always conducted himself like one. He doesn't drink or smoke and has never cursed a player. The strongest language he uses on the field to dress down a boy is "jackass." If he wants particularly to emphasize something, he will call a player a "double jackass."

Bob Zuppke, the old Illinois coach, once told his coaching school: "It is true Stagg does not swear at his men. But he calls this man a jackass, then that man a jackass, then another a jackass. By the end of the workout there are no human beings left on the field."

Sports Service Record

SAME NUMBER. *Pvt. Tommy Bridges (left), newly inducted Detroit Tiger pitching ace, draws bunk No. 10 at Fort Sheridan, Ill., the same number he wore on his baseball uniform for 13 years in the majors.*

BEFORE going overseas for the USO, **Lefty Gomez** reported to an Army medical clinic to receive his shots. After the doctor had jabbed his arm full of tetanus, typhus and typhoid serums, Gomez rolled down his sleeve and said: "That was a terrible waste of that stuff, doc." The doctor was puzzled. "Waste?" he asked. "Yeah," snickered Gomez, "you shot it into my left arm, and that arm has been dead for two years." . . . Aside to **Lt. Lanny Ross**, the singer, now a Special Service officer in New Guinea, who wanted to know if his world's record for the half-mile still stands: According to the National AAU headquarters, this record is held by the late **John Borican** who ran a 1:50.5 half in 1942. . . . **Pistol Pete Reiser**, the Dodger outfielder, is a GI postal clerk at Fort Riley, Kans. . . . **O/C Dutch Meyer**, who caught Sammy Baugh's passes at TCU and then went on to play second base for the Detroit Tigers, is supposed to graduate in the next class at Miami Beach as a physical-training officer. . . . **S/Sgt. Bill Singer**, coach of the 604th Training Group basketball team at Lincoln (Nebr.) Air Base, almost fainted when 400 guys turned out for practice the first day. Included in the mob was **Pvt. Reece (The Goose) Tatum**, a bizarre character who stands 6 feet 3 inches, has a reach of 7 feet 3 inches and played the Harlem Globe Trotters last year. Tatum is famous for deliberately running around the court in a swaying chimpanzee gait with his teeth bared and flapping his arms goose-like when he goes after the ball. One of his favorite tricks is to stand the ball on top of a befuddled opponent's head. . . . **Sgt. Barney Ross** is trying to get back in action, but the medics say his health is too bad.

Inducted: **Al Blozis**, once-rejected tackle of the New York football Giants, into the Army; **Jimmy Demaret**, pro golf star, into the Navy; **Lonnie Frey**, infielder of the Cincinnati Reds, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Hank Gornicki**, Pittsburgh pitcher; **Mort Cooper**, ace pitcher of St. Louis Cardinals. . . . *Deferred:* **Charlie Keller**, slugging Yankee outfielder, for six months because of war job. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Bob Ruffin**, twice-rejected lightweight contender; **Schoolboy Rowe**, Philadelphia Philly left-hander; **Bob Seymour**, Washington Redskin fullback. . . . *Commissioned:* **Ben Johnson**, champion Columbia University sprinter, as second lieutenant in Coast Artillery (AA). . . . *Promoted:* **Joe Gallagher**, former Yankee and Dodger outfielder, to top kick of the 496th Fighter Bomber Squadron at Harding Field, La. . . . *Transferred:* **S/Sgt. Mike Ruffa**, third-ranking featherweight contender, from 20th Armored Division, Camp Campbell, Ky., to parachute troops, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . *Accepted:* **George Lacy**, Boston Red Sox catcher, for Armored Force OCS at Fort Knox, Ky.; **Cpl. Harry Eisenstat**, Cleveland pitcher, for AAF OCS at Miami Beach.

A Week of War

There wasn't any bigger news than the collapse of the German armies before the irresistible drive of the Russians across the Polish border. Here, as elsewhere during the week, the German High Command had been tricked, outfought and soundly trounced.

Like a bursting sea the Russian Army exploded and expanded westward last week. All the dams and breakwaters in the world, all the fortified bastions, pill boxes, and defense positions that the Germans had thrown up in their stay in the south of Russia could not stop this tidal advance of the Red forces under General Vatutin from crossing the Polish border beyond Korosten, on the road to Warsaw, and south towards the Bug River guarding Rumania.

A few weeks ago Kiev was one of the most advanced points along the southern front that the Soviets could talk about in their official communiques. But it was then that Vatutin, a large, stolid-looking man and a past master at the art of sending tanks and infantry divisions where the enemy would least want them, or expect them, first began to make himself seen and heard in the headlines.

Talk fast, Hermann, but make it good. You've got a lot of explaining to do. Pipe the skeptic down front.

When Kiev finally fell, and the Germans withdrew their garrisons of about 150,000 men from the mined, blackened and shattered city, it was announced in Moscow with a thunder and pealing of bells as one of the great moments of the year 1943. Soon, however, it was 1944, and Kiev was merely the jumping-off point for the next military action.

And as the new year started, Vatutin's men were on the march again. Thirty-five divisions made up of about 500,000 men in motorized infantry and tank units were crashing forward, fanning out, making a bridgehead of 10,000 square miles from Kiev, shoving their tremendous way through the flat lands and forests of Southern Russia toward the Polish and Rumanian borders.

This terrific progress meant, among other things, that winter had set in in dead earnest even around the Dnieper regions, and it was bringing fresh life and fresh drive to the Red forces. What they could do under bad weather conditions was already a matter of legend. Last autumn they had won two of their most superb victories at Smolensk and Kiev at a time of rain, mud, fog and freak blizzards. Their airfields were engulfed, their roads oozing sloughs of black mud.

Now there were steady frosts, firm ground, and high visibility; in other words, perfect weather for the Red Army's Air Force and motorized sled and ski troops.

The only thing that was not responding to the winter, the only mass that was in a really rotten, liquescent, and melting state was the German Army. In some sections they were putting up a desperate defense, but in most cases around the Dnieper bend and the Kiev salient they were really running for their lives, abandoning valuable equipment, and leaving roads and railways intact in their retreat.

As the Russians drove beyond Novograd-Volynsk—on the direct road to Warsaw—there came to light another of the Russians' superlative military tricks. Some time ago, the world watched nervously as the Germans dug in, and seemed to have stopped General Vatutin's offensive in the Kiev bulge. They counter-attacked, and sent the Russians back. Only last week did it become known that Vatutin had deliberately invited German counter-attack. He wanted to reduce the strength of Manstein's available armies; he wanted to gain time to mass fresh armies on the Dnieper so that they could be released at the psychological moment. Again, the temporary retreat was part of the Russian strategy—and it was successful.

In the north, Soviet troops also made progress and military history as they fought hard and well around the German stronghold at Vitebsk and gradually pried loose the Nazi hold around Leningrad. But over and above everything else, however, was the simple and colossal fact that the Soviet forces had crossed the Polish frontier. And in every sense of the word, this was the biggest news of the week.

Queueing for water in Berlin—after a RAF raid.

Berlin received its 101st raid of the war with a thousand-ton bomb attack by the RAF, the second in 24 hours, and reports from Madrid said that total evacuation of the capital city was being planned. With the RAF unleashing its attacks of the new year on Berlin, the total number of bombs dropped on Unter den Linden and neighbourhood reached more than 14,000 tons since the night of November 18. And in many ways Germany seemed to be hanging on to the ropes. On one of the raids, Air Chief Marshal Harris so tricked the German defenses that the main enemy night fighters went the wrong way, leaving the city protected only by guns.

The sinking of the *Scharnhorst*, one of the largest and most perfectly equipped battleships of the German fleet was also listed as one of the neatest tricks of the week. There seemed to be every indication that the German High Command had sent the great ship out to sea the day after Christmas as a dramatic gesture to prove to the world and to themselves that the German Navy was afraid of nothing.

For two years the 26,000-ton ship had lain at anchor in her Norwegian harbor, two hundred miles within the Polar Circle and Allied convoys streamed steadily by her harbor towards Russia. The *Scharnhorst* had rarely ventured forth.

But the inaction, the Norwegian winter, and the contempt of the occupied peoples toward the Nazi sailors must have got on the gentle Nazis' nerves, and finally the great ship set out to attack the first Russian convoy that came its way.

Her final action from start to finish was a fantastic performance. The Germans took an unparalleled gamble when they sent her out with a destroyer escort to break up the convoy. Then they changed their minds and tried to renege on the whole operation. The minute the first English cruiser fired on her, she tried to steam away from the scene of action instead of heading straight for the main section of the convoy. Immediately she became a simple target for torpedoes and salvoes from an English warship that finished her off once and for all. Neither this nor the rout of eleven German destroyers three days later in the Bay of Biscay did much to help the German Navy's self-respect. In the latter engagement the skittish, gun-shy Nazi destroyers dispersed and fled, losing three of their ships in the process, when they met up with two English light cruisers and U. S. Navy Liberators of Coastal Command.

And so the week went by with lightning-like flashes of brilliant news popping up from all over the continent. Not the least of these flashes was the report of Marshal Tito and his Jugoslav guerrilla Partisans who were holding down in the Balkans as many German divisions as faced the Fifth and Eighth Armies in Italy.

In Italy the war of attrition was slowly but agonizingly being turned into a war of successful offensives by the Allies. Rain, wind and snow, combined with the Nazi will to put up as savage and expensive a defense as possible, blocked the Fifth and Eighth Armies' advance. But they had not lost their sense of direction and were still edging forward directly toward Rome.

To a world who thought the progress in Italy was slow, General Montgomery had a few words to say. Addressing the Eighth Army before he left for England, he said: "There has been no slowness at all. This army landed in Italy on September 3, and by December 3 had fought its way over 700 miles of country. I don't call that slow."

Queueing for a Russian prison camp on the Eastern Front.

What do you think of the Italian people?

Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer, asked the question of five representative GIs in Italy and got these answers.

CPL. CHARLES EBERLY of Asbury Park, N. J., had this to say about the Italians: "They're a very sociable people, very eager to return the slightest consideration you show them. They look much the same as Italians I've seen back home."

T-4 HAROLD L. PECK of Phelps, N. Y., said: "They seem to be interested in what's going on in America and in learning English. I was surprised to hear them singing American songs they'd heard without understanding the words."

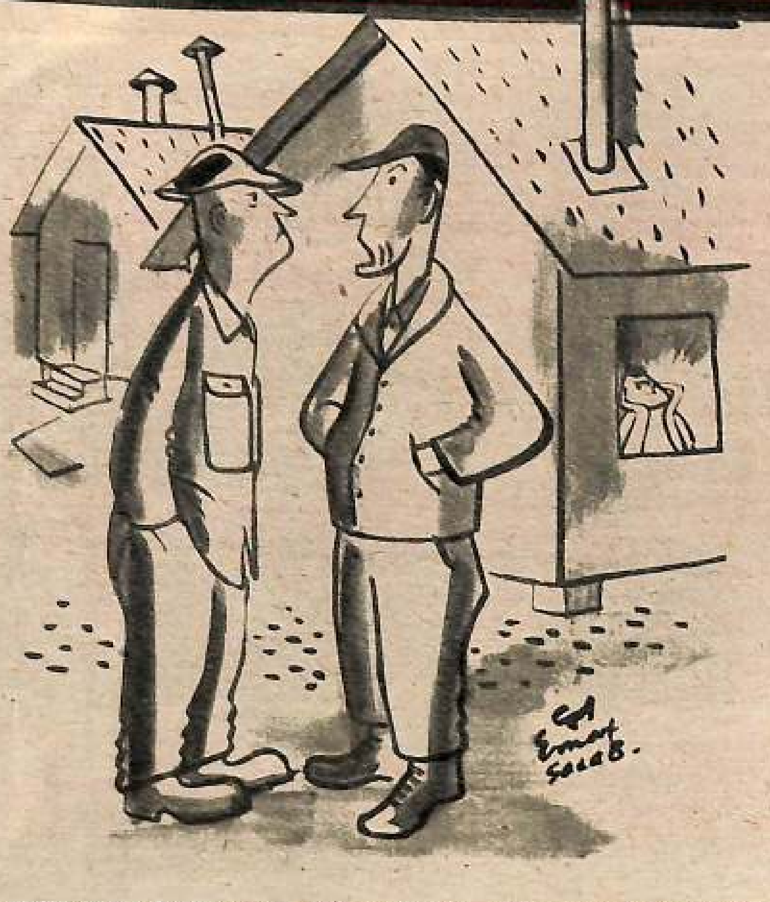
T-5 W. S. TYSON comes from Trenton, N. J. He said: "On the whole they're a pretty nice looking, friendly bunch of people. If you visit their homes, don't praise their furniture or pictures or they'll certainly try to give them to you!"

S SGT. JOHNNY BOYD said: "They certainly are hospitable. If they invite you to meals you have to hold down your appetites because of rationing but their spaghetti is almost as good as the spaghetti you get in the States." Boyd is from Augusta, Ga.

T-5 ROBERT CROSSLEY of Pittsfield, Mass., thinks the people are "pleasant and amiable, and Italian girls are decidedly on the good-looking side. They're hard to talk to on a date, but that's on account of the language, not their dispositions."

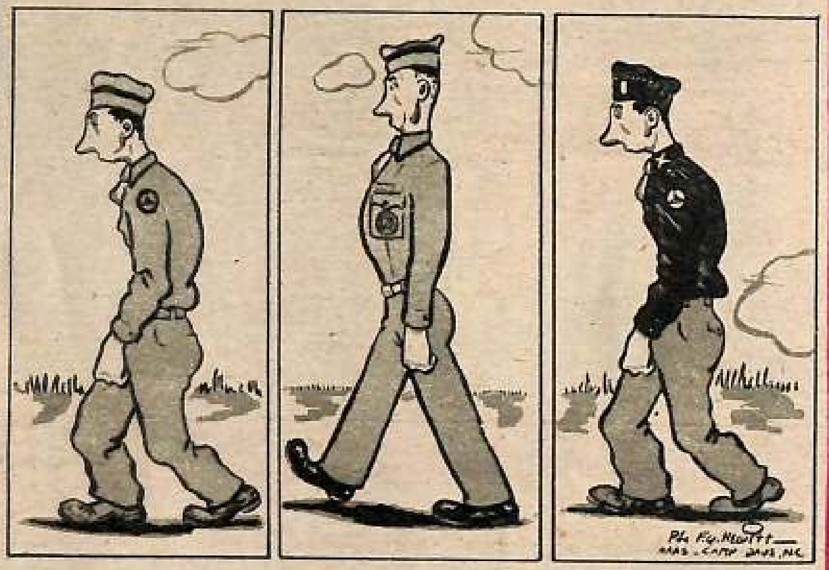
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

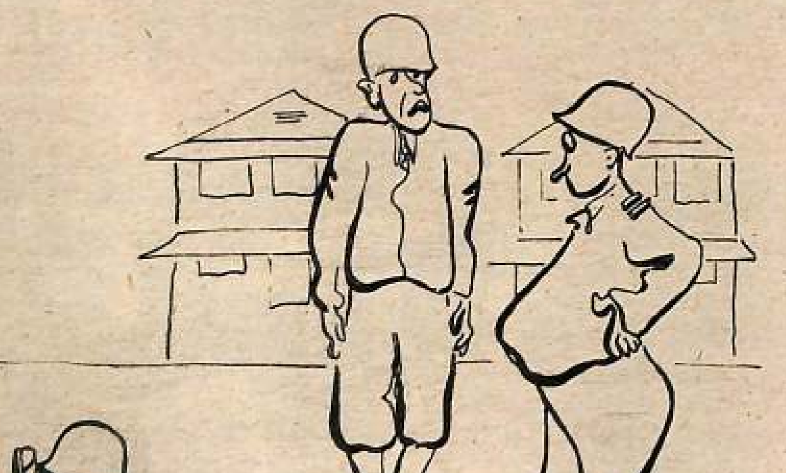


"THEY CAN'T SHIP ME! I'VE GOT A DENTAL APPOINTMENT TUESDAY."

—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

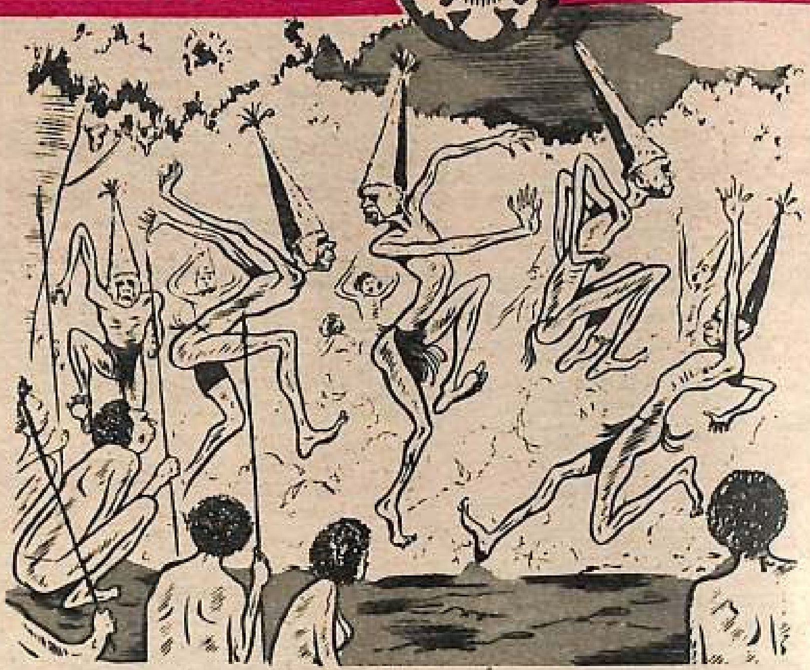


—Pfc. F. Q. Hewitt



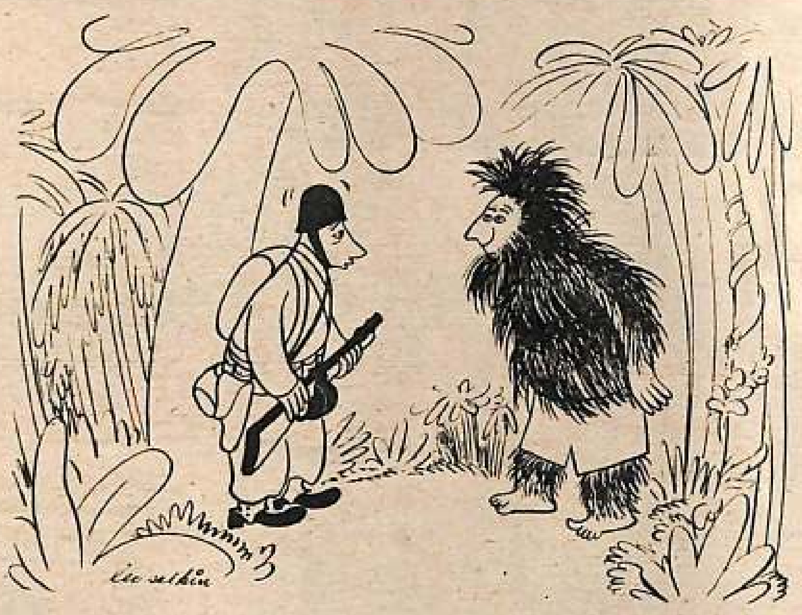
"I DON'T RECALL HIS NAME, SIR. WE JUST CALL HIM SHORTY."

—Sgt. Edward G. Urban



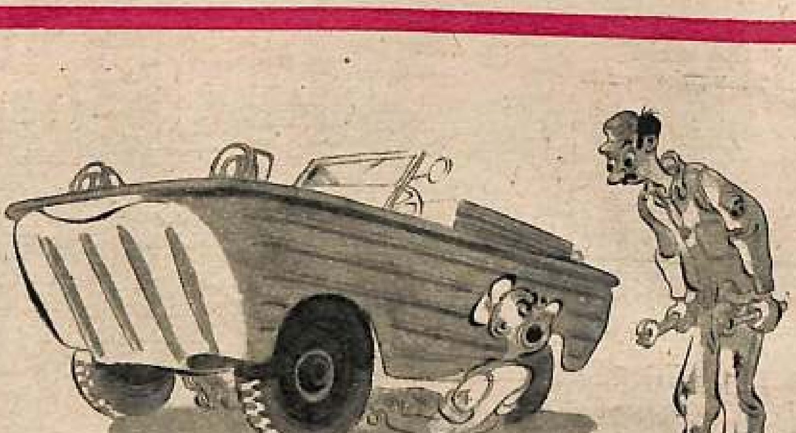
"SAY WHAT YOU WILL, GIVE ME A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WALTZ ANY TIME."

—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



"WE HAD GIVEN YOU UP FOR LOST."

—Leo Salkin PhoM3c



"TRANSMISSION HELL! IT'S BARNACLES!"

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan