

BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY



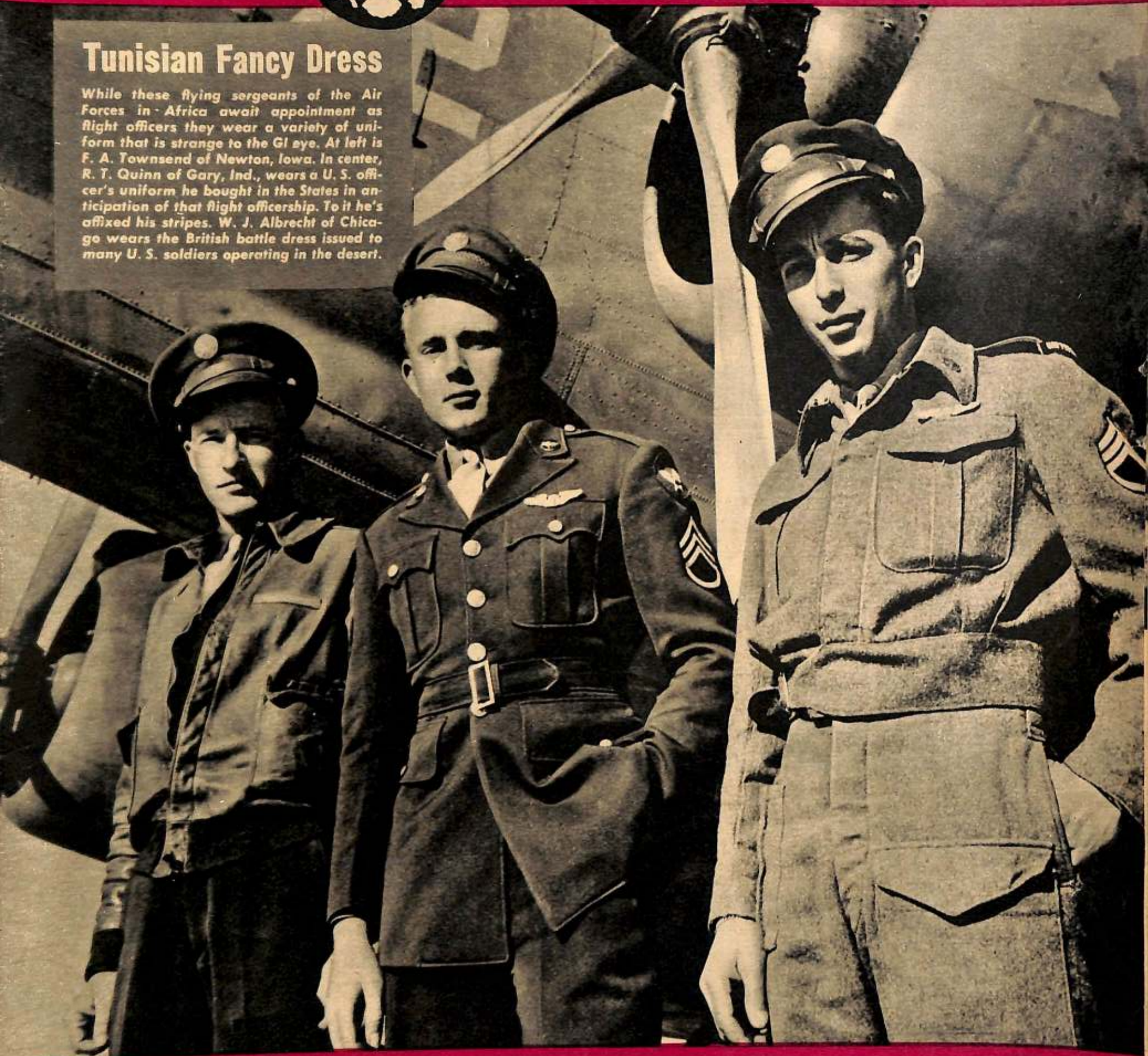
WEEKLY

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

Tunisian Fancy Dress

While these flying sergeants of the Air Forces in Africa await appointment as flight officers they wear a variety of uniform that is strange to the GI eye. At left is F. A. Townsend of Newton, Iowa. In center, R. T. Quinn of Gary, Ind., wears a U. S. officer's uniform he bought in the States in anticipation of that flight officership. To it he's affixed his stripes. W. J. Albrecht of Chicago wears the British battle dress issued to many U. S. soldiers operating in the desert.

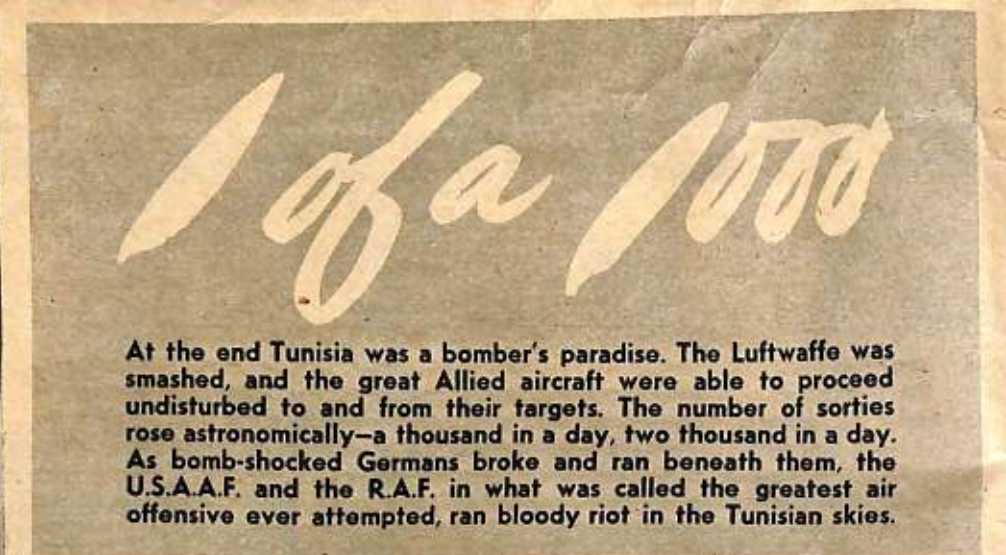


The Story of the Fall of Tunisia

SEE PAGE 3



0800 HRS. Over a cluttered table, on which maps become the country, high-ranking officers plan another sortie.



At the end Tunisia was a bomber's paradise. The Luftwaffe was smashed, and the great Allied aircraft were able to proceed undisturbed to and from their targets. The number of sorties rose astronomically—a thousand in a day, two thousand in a day. As bomb-shocked Germans broke and ran beneath them, the U.S.A.A.F. and the R.A.F. in what was called the greatest air offensive ever attempted, ran bloody riot in the Tunisian skies.



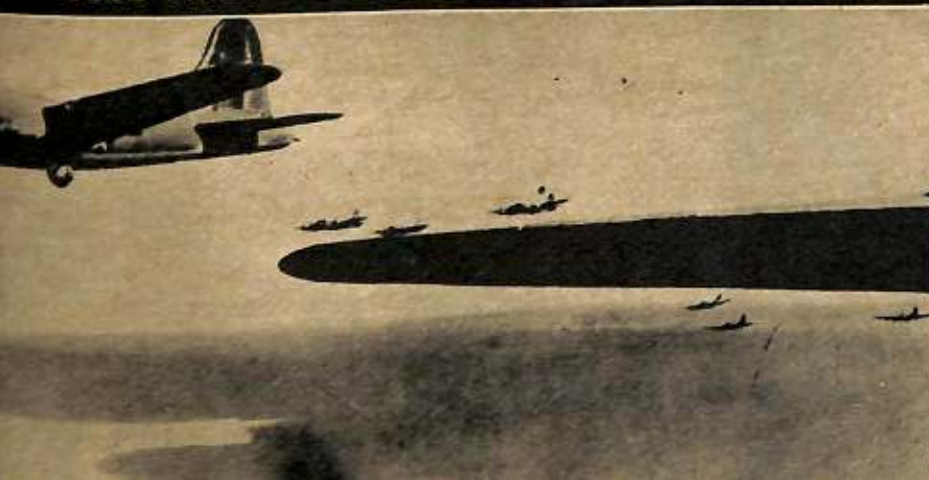
0830 HRS. Bomber crews listen intently as, by means of a pointer and blackboard, the plan is briefed for them.



0850 HRS. The bombs are in, the planes are ready. Crews stroll casually to dispersal bays, hands in their pockets.



0900 HRS. The skies are full of aircraft. High above rugged mountains they chauffeur toward the far target.



THE TAKING OF TUNIS

By Sgt. DAVE GOLDING
YANK Staff Correspondent

THE road to Tunis was clogged like the main highway back home after a holiday weekend before the gas rationing. From Medjez El Bab to Tunis the traffic crawled at a snail's pace.

No one minded the delay. It was a cheerful procession of joking and laughing Tommies who were moving into a historic city that had been the goal of the Allied campaign for six months. There were familiar yellow-painted vehicles of the British Eighth Army intermingled with those of the First Army. It was easy to recognize the boys who came eighteen hundred miles from El Alemain. They were bronzed and their hair was bleached white from the sun.

Meanwhile, perspiring MPs kept scooting up and down like motorcycle cops trying to ease the flow of traffic. Once we attempted to nose our jeep out of line and pass the slower moving vehicles ahead, when an MP nailed us and yelled, "Keep in a bloody straight line from here to Sicily." British soldiers sitting on top of lorries howled approval at the statement.

The main reason for the traffic jam was the stream of lorries carrying back German and Italian prisoners to camps in the rear. The British pressed any type of vehicle into use that had four wheels and could roll.

The Ities had whipdog expressions about them. They were ignored. They had the same expression a puppy has when he's beaten. One truckload was especially mournful. The traffic had stopped and no one paid any attention to the Ities. Ralph (Sgt. Ralph G. Martin) dragged out some Italian corporal's stripes which he had found somewhere at the front and waved them at one of the Italians for identification. He yelled back, "Caporal," and summed up the situation with an eloquent thumbs down gesture. That seemed to break the ice and the Italians leaned out of the lorry, all talking at once.

We heard music at one barbed wire prison cage we passed. Curious, we stopped to investigate. The British had rounded up an entire German infantry band, instruments and all. Every time a carload of prisoners was emptied out, the band would serenade them as they marched into the cage. That's the way it was going on all day. The British were dragging in prisoners like fish from the sea.

The real story, of course, is Tunis, the capital city of which Cæsar once said, "Whoever controls Tunis, controls the Mediterranean."

Tunis, so often conquered in the past, was all dressed up this Sunday afternoon. When the British marched in, it was like setting off one big firecracker of human emotions that kept exploding all over the place.

The city was a wild jamboree of exultation that almost bordered on hysteria. The Tricolor flag came out of hiding and decorated all buildings and windows. Slogans praising De Gaulle, Giraud, Roosevelt,



The people of Tunis went insane with joy. Out came flags, up went fingers in the V sign.

Somewhere in the 40-mile long line of British trucks and armor that moved into Tunis was Sgt. Dave Golding, of YANK. He went in sitting in a jeep, like any good Joe, and he saw what the joint looked like. The girls kissed everyone else, but all they did to Golding was hold his hand. War is still hell.

Churchill and Stalin were scribbled on many walls.

Every street was filled with people throwing flowers, waving V for victory signs and cheering wildly. The British soldiers beamed as applause greeted every vehicle that passed. Military restraint and dignity was dropped and soon civilians were riding around with the British. Americans were rare in the procession. As we were driving down the street enjoying the show, an American major stopped us. "I'm dying to talk to an American," he said. "I haven't talked to one all day." So we talked and a crowd gathered about us. Then a cameraman came around to take pictures of the girls. Ralph, as usual, got all the breaks. The girl next to him kissed him on the cheek. The photographer was not satisfied and took several takes. All the time I was just holding some girl's hand.

Tunis itself was undamaged. Very few spots in the city showed the effect of conquest. In fact, Tunis looked like Algiers. The reception from the people made even the most hardened soldier blink. The commonest sight was people with tears in their

eyes, affectionately hugging any soldier that passed. That was the other side to the war and it was easy to get the full impact of the people's emotion at the arrival of the Allies.

People were virtually starved. When we opened a box of biscuits for the kids, we almost caused a riot. The Germans had taken everything. The people had no coffee, tea, sugar or milk or oil for the last six months. Even the cats looked hungry in Tunis. Happiest American soldier was Private Ossie Pennington from Daly, Ky., who was walking around with a dazed smile. Five days before, he and several members of an infantry company were captured. The Germans rushed the prisoners back to Tunis for shipment to Italy. As the prisoners boarded the ship, Allied planes attacked the harbor and several hundred escaped. Pennington was turned in twice by the Arabs, but the third time he broke away and an Italian woman kept him hidden in a cellar. When the British took Tunis, Pennington walked into the city also. Tunis's leading hotel, the Majestic, which had housed German and Italian officers only two days before, was now checking in Americans and British with the same polite courtesy. There was no electricity or hot water. About the only thing the hotel had was comfortable beds. If you wanted food you brought out your C rations and the depleted kitchen staff would warm it up.

The beds, in fact, were so soft it was impossible to sleep in them after sleeping on some blankets spread on the ground for more than a month. Ralph suggested we put a couple of rocks in the bed so we could get adjusted to the softness gradually. Sleep was out of the question, so at 4.30 a.m. we dressed



North of Tunis, an American advance patrol cautiously edges its way through the outskirts of the city. Tunis, too, was falling at the time.



American sergeant shares a light with a captured Italian officer in the last stages of the Tunisian campaign. The Italians kept cheerful.

and drove around the town, seeing the city at dawn. First stop was the docks where we got a first-hand impression of the accuracy of the Allied airmen who didn't miss much in the harbor and railroad yards. We could count the masts of three large sunken ships near one dock.

On the way out we passed a large airport that had really been shellacked. All that was left of hangars were the frames. There was a mess of crumpled frames of former German transport planes. Our bombers even hit the new sleek Me 109 G, tucked behind revetments. At this airport they didn't miss anything.

Although it was still not quite seven, Abbel, a licensed Arab guide, was already waiting on the corner for business. For thirty francs he would show us the ruins of Carthage. What was left of Carthage was just a few meaningless stones and dust that laid

scattered on the hillside like the hopes of the Axis.

In the ruins of what may have been a Cartagenian apartment house were living groups of Italian refugees. We saw the burnt remains of five German trucks in what once was a Roman amphitheater. Another collection of the ruins consisted of broken and stunted columns of a former temple. In the center there were two shattered anti-aircraft guns. Apparently the Germans had made good use of the ruins. That's all there was to Carthage.

As we returned to Tunis people were coming in from the countryside to take part in the celebration. We gave one woman and her two children a lift. Before we had gone much farther we looked back and noticed that we had acquired two more French passengers. It was that way all day. Every time you stopped, you acquired a car full of passengers,

and you didn't have the heart to kick them out.

Word had gone around that General Giraud was to visit the city and the Avenue De France was thronged with Frenchmen waiting for the parade to start. Streethawkers reaped a harvest peddling little Tricolor flags and badges that had been hurriedly printed. About the only feature of the day was a group of school children marching around singing patriotic songs. A couple of happy Frenchmen started their own impromptu parade and came down the boulevard waving a large flag. Then, as if by magic, the crowd learned, as crowds do, that General Giraud wasn't coming. They broke off in small singing groups and made for home.

When we left Tunis with the sun blazing down on the white buildings and the blue harbor, it was easy to see that the jewel port was already resparkling.

Into Tunis goes a sharp-eyed British patrol. There were still plenty of snipers lurking around the city, still plenty of machinegun nests manned by suicide squads of Germans.

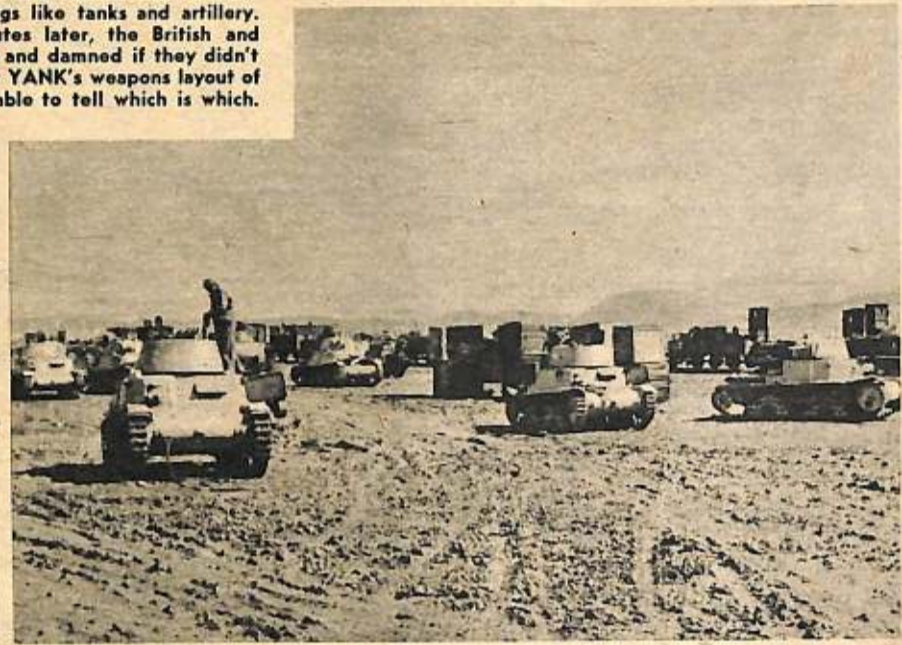
The Tank is Yank, the commander British: General Montgomery of the 8th Army.





THE GEAR THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

USEABLE. In their headlong retreat to the Cape Bon peninsula the Germans and Italians had to leave a few things behind—things like tanks and artillery. Coming along a few minutes later, the British and Americans picked them up and damned if they didn't use them. If you remember YANK's weapons layout of last week, you should be able to tell which is which.



BUSTED. Of course, what with our planes popping down on them every few minutes, there was a lot of Axis gear that got smashed up a bit. There's nothing the matter with this stuff, though, that a few hours in a furnace won't make into something new.



Yanks at Home Abroad



It's enemy flag day in New Guinea. Yanks of 41st Division show trophies (left to right): Jap Army flag, a soldier's personal flag and flag of Japan.

Mess of Destruction is Left in War's Wake On New Guinea's Tropical Shores

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH AMERICAN FORCES IN NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—The shattered and smoldering remains of this once lovely tropical shore are grim reminders of some fierce battles of the war.

Where there were rows of stately coconut palm trees, there is now only a shell-and-bomb-leveled waste of stumps. Where natives once lived peaceful lives, there are wrecked huts and huge bomb craters.

Equipment is strewn everywhere. Rifles, tommy guns and machine guns, hand grenades, packs, rifle belts, bullets, shells and helmets—many bearing bullet holes—lie scattered about. American soldiers collect this equipment for salvage. They burn huge piles of rotted debris and bury the Japanese dead.

The dead Japs lie in water-filled fox holes, pill boxes and shell holes, in tangled jungles and stagnant swamps, in all forms of decay. Some are swollen yellow-green carcasses; others are sun-bleached skeletons with tattered clothes covering their white bones. Others, who sniped from tree tops, still remain tied there.

It will be weeks, maybe months, before all these Nip remains can be found and buried. Meanwhile, the pungent and nauseatingly sweet odor of death pervades the whole area.

Here, lying in a puddle, is a Jap Marine helmet with a skull in it. Over there, behind bullet-splintered breastworks, is a pair of Jap split-toed, tree-climbing sneakers.

On the Buna airstrip are hulks of 12 Zero

fighter planes. Pill boxes, made of earth and logs, are everywhere. Two goats, all that remain of a herd brought to New Guinea by the Japanese to provide milk and meat, amble leisurely among the pill boxes, chewing on cans, hand grenades, helmets and any other metallic delicacies.

A deathly silence lies over the scene. Giant butterflies that once flitted through the palm plantations are gone. So are the startling white parakeets. A deadly poisonous Kunei viper lies



New Guinea landscape with figures. This is what a Japanese supply base looks like after U.S. bombers got through with it.

coiled beside a shell hole, killed by shrapnel. Monkeys which once chattered and clambered through the overhanging vines fled to the hills at the first shooting.

Jap postcards, showing the victorious Sons of the Emperor marching under the Rising Sun flag, are found in many of the thatched huts. A stack of Japanese phonograph records and song books show that the enemy was confident that he was here to stay.

On the wall of one hut is a Japanese calendar with a map of Australia and a picture of a kangaroo vividly printed above the charts of the months; it was used to count the days until Tojo's men would break through to that continent.

Near Sanananda Point is a large headquarters building which may have housed Lt. Gen Horii, reported killed in the battle of Buna. Trucks and staff cars, mostly shrapnel-pocked, stand here in their last parking places. A few of them, still in running order, carried American infantrymen to the rear after the soldiers had mopped up the last of the enemy. Most of the trucks are American, brought here from the Philippines and Java, as were American tommy guns, machine guns and pistols. In their last hours, the trucks served as pill boxes.

In a Japanese hospital, stacked high with the dead, are medicine and equipment as good as that of any army. The quinine is an English brand, much of the other equipment American made.

As Sgt. Paul Stirtz, hard-bitten old jeep driver from Alton, Ill., wandered through the battle-destroyed area, he took in the sight with widened eyes.

"Phew!" he whistled. "I used to work in an ammunition plant, and the ballistics expert there claimed our shotgun shells had a spread that would kill a mouse at 100 yards. I'm going to write him that we've seen miles of battleground where a mouse couldn't live."

It Was a Little Like Magic When The Bakers Turned Out White Bread

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND, IRAN—"These boys landed with their barracks bags and nothing more," Lt. R. J. Shaffer said, "and within the week they were baking white bread."

The boys the lieutenant spoke of are members of a colored QM baking outfit. They took the difficulties offered by a strange country and lack of equipment in their stride, and turned out good white bread in sufficient quantity to feed all their hungry GI customers.

White bread here is the exception rather than the rule. Even the best hotels serve a coarse brown version of the familiar American loaf. GIs alone enjoy the soft white loaf that mother used to buy at the corner grocery.

For their first few weeks in the base camp, conditions were really rugged. Cooks and Bakers School at Camp Lee, Va., hadn't prepared Sgt. Tom Donaldson of Jacksonville, Fla., for mud ovens. But he and his cousin, Sgt. Julius Donaldson (they were drafted six months apart, but have been in the same platoon ever since) waded right into the job ahead of them. Back in Jacksonville, Julius was head steam-table man at the Army Air Base mess. Feeding GIs is routine to him whether it's Florida, Fiji or Iran.

They rigged up the best mud bakery you could want anywhere. Giving them a helping hand was Lt. Harry Watts of the Engineers, who in civilian life helped design the model bakery at the New York World's Fair. It's a long way from Flushing to Iran, but the principles of good baking remain the same.

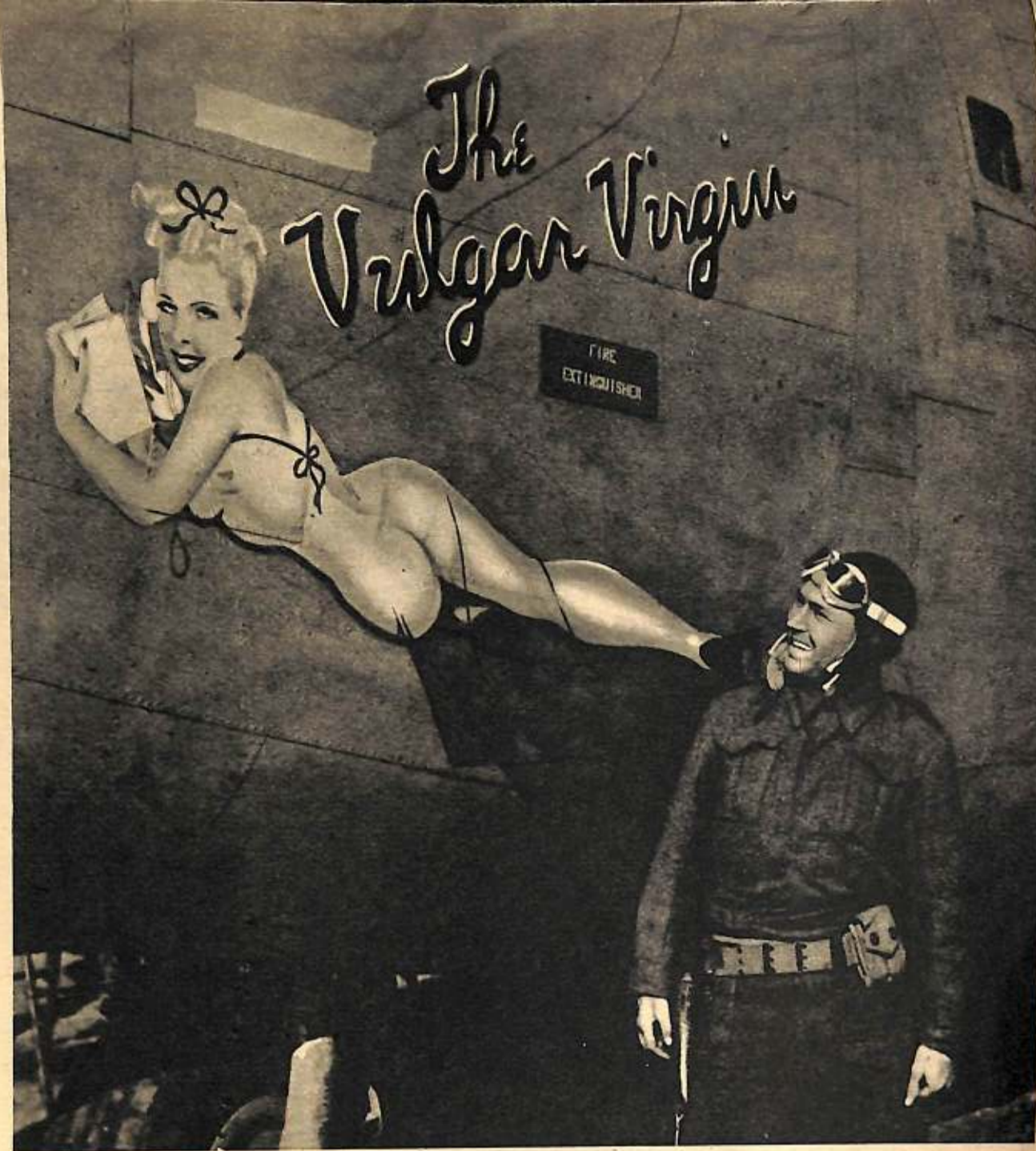
They built their own scales to measure flour. A wooden bar with a GI can at one end to hold the flour served as a balance. For weights at the other end they had a couple of metal bolts, weighing 1 pound and ½ pound each.

It all worked out so well that Sgt. Charles Flanagan of Des Moines, Iowa, who used to be a butcher, isn't sure he won't try to carry on with baking when the war is over. Pfc. Tom Starks, another butcher from Cleveland, Ohio, who used to box a little in the 135-lightweight class in Wyoming, feels the same way. Says Tom, "Man, I really love baking!"

From the base camp they moved to better equipped surroundings. Now they have an old Russian bakery to work in and a Russian master baker to give them tips on how his method differs from the American. The Russki and the boys hit it off well. As far as language goes, they're still strangers but when the loaves are being shoved into the oven, sign language is sufficient and everyone knows his job.

Conditions aren't ideal but the bread comes out uniformly good. Water, for example, is still heated in large GI drums, for there isn't a boiler available. The drums are raised above the ground on bricks and kerosene is burned in loaf molds underneath them.

The men aren't at the bakery all the time. They work in shifts so that while some of them are baking, others are doing guard duty and others are on fatigue at camp. They've even found time to get up a quartet, a socko combo paced by tenor Cpl. Jeffrey Craig, who sang in



Lt. Jack K. Wood of Wichita Falls, Tex., admires his plane's insignia. She's seen action in Africa.

his church choir back in Clairton, Pa., where he used to be a cook. Backing up Jeff are Pfc. Joseph Martin of Chicago, Pfc. Eugene Hawkins (cousin of the band leader, Erskine Hawkins) of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Cpl. James Taylor of Jersey City, N. J.

The quartet started singing together for the hell of it, but they sounded so well that other outfits called them in for entertainment. Now, between singing and baking, they don't have enough time to see the sights of Iran.

Most cosmopolitan of the lot is Cpl. Homer Potter, an ex-waiter from Chicago.

"I worked in the Brown Hotel in Louisville,"

he said. "Quite a place that, especially at Derby time. And then there was O'Donnell's Sea Grill in Washington, D. C. Business was always jumpin'. And the Pantlind Hotel in Grand Rapids, Mich. And I worked. . . ."

Cpl. Potter stopped and heaved a long nostalgic sigh as he stacked the neat rows of white, pleasant-smelling, homelike white bread.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Having a Fine Time, and Certainly Wish You Were Here. (Oh, Yeah?)

LOSEY FIELD, PUERTO RICO—The next time S/Sgt. Claude B. Smith of Wink, Tex., spends the night up in the hills of this part of Puerto Rico, he won't try to put himself to sleep winking the bulb of a signal flashlight.

One evening when he was free from his duties with the communications section of this air base, he made a trip to a nearby ranger lodge in the U. S. Forest Reserve with another Texan, S/Sgt. J. C. Ducros of Bay City, and a couple of Oklahoma corporals, John N. Ward and Robert R. McCurdy, for a quiet evening of peace and relaxation. He happened to have along with him one of those fancy C-3 signal lights with a trigger flashing apparatus like an automatic pistol.

From the mountain cabin, Sgt. Smith had a clear moonlit view of Losey Field and decided to communicate with a friend there, sending some kind of message like, "Having a fine time. Wish you were here."

Innocently enough he started to work the signal light. And immediately every telephone in almost every military headquarters on the island began to ring, reporting that an enemy agent in the hills was communicating with a Nazi submarine at sea.

The next day when Sgt. Smith returned to



Part of the great traffic of lend-lease goods, U. S. Army trucks carry supplies across Iran to Russia.

his outfit, he started to laugh when an officer told him about the alarm he had caused. But the laugh froze when the officer added casually that two Field Artillery batteries had trained their guns on his light, and a strong detachment of Infantry had started up the mountainside with machine guns to clean him out.

"The next time you go up there flashing lights," the officer said, "you better let us know about it."

"Sir," replied Sgt. Smith in a meek voice, "I don't think there is going to be any flashing of lights any more."

—YANK Field Correspondent

He Was Hit by a 20-mm Shell But Thought He Had Lost His Pants

U. S. BOMBER STATION IN ENGLAND [By Radio] —Prime Minister Churchill was once hit by a truck in New York and wrote an article about it.

S/Sgt. Harold Lightbrown of Winthrop, Mass., could write a story titled, "How It Feels to Get Slugged By a 20-mm Shell." Radio gunner on a ship dubbed *The Devil's Workshop*, he was wounded during a raid on Romilly sur Seine.

"Enemy fighters were thick as flies that day," the sergeant said, "and I was playing the gun for all she was worth.

"When I got hit it felt like a bee stinging me. Then I went into a sort of trance. It seemed that I was in the woods back home and wearing short pants. A bunch of bees were chasing me and a gang of other kids. One bee insisted on stinging me again and again, and for a kid I was doing a lot of cussing.

"Then I imagined I had lost my pants. I felt very embarrassed. What made matters worse was that a lot of girls came along.

"I guess I must have been dazed only a few seconds. When I came to, the first thing I did was notify the others over the phone that I had been hit. Then I went right on firing."

The shell struck Lightbrown from the rear, in his left thigh. It ripped through his leather flying pants and electrically heated "zoot suit." The "zoot suit" was put out of commission which, as Lightbrown explained, "was probably the reason I imagined I lost my pants. I felt cold all over because the heat had stopped."

Although his wound was serious and put him in the hospital for four weeks, it didn't pain him.

"It must have been the cold air that stopped the bleeding, too," he said. "But bullets don't hurt very much up there. I guess it's the clean air that helps."

He should know.

—Sgt. WALTER F. PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent



Except for the CO, all GIs above the rank of pfc. were banned from this South Pacific banquet.

This Private Blowout Made Noncom Mouths Water

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC — Two or three stripes, or a bar or two, cut no ice with the 7th Graders of an Air Depot Supply Squadron here on a South Pacific island, when the boys inaugurated their big "Private Blowout."

Only noncoms allowed to attend were those who had received their stripes since first-arrange-

ments for the party were made. Each private shelled out three bucks to cover the cost of the food and drinks. The meal consisted of pork chops, French fries, fresh fruit of all kinds, cookies, French bread, lemonade, wine and coffee.

All the work was done by the men and will probably be recorded as the first real volunteer KP by privates in the U. S. Army. Pfc. Al Edwards, a former New York hotel manager, originated the party and did the cooking for the spread.

—Cpl. E. CULVER WOLD
YANK Field Correspondent

First Date in 10 Months and These GIs Got Stood Up



CENTRAL AFRICA—"ABOARD PLANE NO. — FOUR WAACS ENROUTE FOR DUTY IN THE MIDDLE EAST STOP SHOW THEM EVERY POSSIBLE CONSIDERATION."

So read the message received by Operations at an isolated relay station somewhere on the route of the Middle East Wing Command.

Cpl. Wilbur Freck of Fall River, Wis., yelled, "Boy! Wait till the officers read this!"

Ten months is a long time not to see a white woman. The news spread like wildfire. Anticipation of seeing an honest-to-God American girl again grew greater and greater.

"If only one of them would just say one kind word to me," Sgt. Roland Cundiff of Riverside, Calif., said.

Two isolated rooms in the hospital were set aside for the visitors and cleaned so that they sparkled. The mess officer issued special or-

ders for pastry to be made, inscribed with "Welcome WAACs." Enlisted men and officers outdid themselves shaving; ties, long forgotten, appeared here and there. This day was going down in history. GIs in this part of Darkest Africa don't often get the chance to play host to American gals.

As plane time approached, the excitement increased. Operations had more offers of volunteer labor than it could take care of. For once, even the Wogs were pushed aside, and the enlisted men took over driving the busses and handling the luggage. Boys from the maintenance department hung around all afternoon, even though they were off duty.

Finally, a speck appeared in the sky. "Here she comes!" Pvt. Hornak of Meadville, Pa., cried out.

A few minutes later, the plane made a beautiful landing. Two jeeps, a staff car and a crowd of guys on foot rushed out to meet the ship and greet the visitors.

Capt. Brohme, the pilot of the incoming plane, stuck his head out of the cockpit window.

"What in hell's going on here?" he yelled. "Expecting a general?"

"Where are the WAACs?" Lt. George Hestor, formerly of American Airlines, asked.

"WAACs?" Capt. Brohme said. "There're no WAACs on this ship —unless they're stow-aways."

The welcoming committee, which was half

the camp, slowly returned to the Operations office.

"Where are the guests?" Lt. McKown, a former NBC radio announcer from Pittsburgh, Pa., asked. "Everything's ready."

"There's something mighty funny about this business," Pfc. Melvin Cook of Collinsville, Ill., said. "I never thought the WAACs would pull a stunt like this and stand up a whole Army."

"Hell!" bellowed a GI, after a long silence. "It's April 1st!"

A hasty reexamination of the message. "That's right," someone said. "This message is



a fake—and brother, did we fall for it!" They're not sure who the practical jokers were, but a lieutenant and two GIs in Operations are strongly suspected. They looked too innocent about the whole thing.

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Highball Heaver

ONE of our boys, the other day, fell to talking with Pvt. Fred M. Savage, who is an inside sentry at U. S. Army Headquarters in London. Pvt. Savage has a really soft life to lead. He gets to see practically everybody in the Army who is anybody, and he's on saluting terms with every last one of them. For 14 hours each day Pvt. Savage is on duty, and during that time he averages between three or four thousand salutes. He clicks his heels, too, which raises merry hell with the inside heels of his shoes.

When we heard this, we thought about saluting a bit. Four thousand salutes is, you will agree, an awful lot of highballs. Looking back, we can't remember ever having saluted more than a hundred times in any one day. So we take off our hat to Pvt. Savage. We wish we could take off our right arm, too.

We hope the powers that be realize that when Savage gets out of this man's Army he's going to have an overdeveloped right arm, and that he'll probably have to spend the first six months after his discharge getting it back to its normal shape and size. And even then, habit will still be with him. In 1967, or thereabouts, ex-Pvt. Savage is going to be walking down the street and he's going to run into a newly minted shavetail, who hasn't even been born yet. Then up will go the Savage arm. "Drat!" he'll probably say to himself. "Caught again."

Leaping to Conclusions

Word has leaked out, *par dieu*, that one Red Cross Club in this theater is, in addition to giving us French lessons, about to start a sidewalk café, along Parisian lines, so we'll become accustomed to things French. The sidewalk in front of the club will soon be furnished with tables and chairs, just like the Café de la Paix.

That's O.K. for our money, but there are a few things we'd like cleared up about the whole situation, *s'il vous platt*. Are we going to have to speak French to order our coffee and doughnuts? If we are, there's going to be a little dialogue between us and the minions of the Red Cross that will run something like this:

Us: Doonez moi une tasse de café et deux doughnuts.

Them: Quoi?

Us: Dites-moi, dope. Est-ce que vous avez deafness dans les ears?

Them: Qu'est-ce que vous désirez, caporal?

Us: Dieu damn it, je désire café et doughnuts, mais vite. Croyez vous cette guerre-là is going to last pour une eternite?

Them: Pondon, caporal, mais je ne vous comprends pas. Why not try le autre Rouge Croix Café around le coin, hein?

Us: Listen, sister, slip us some java and sinkers.

Them: Quoi?

That's the way it's going to be. And we want to tell the Red Cross here and now, that they'd better not plan anything for the day we march into Czechoslovakia. We're studying up on Czechoslovakian by ourselves.

Artie

The other day Artie Greengroin came into the office with a letter and a problem. Seems that an At had written him, proposing marriage, and enclosing a picture of herself. If she's really the girl in the picture, she's a knockout, and that's what has Artie worried.

"For gaw's sake," he said to us, "I don't know whether I should inscribe a letter to this doll or ferget her face. She's a darb of a doll, ain't she? But suppose she ain't her? Suppose she token her room mate's pitcher or something and slipped it in. And then suppose I go pay her a visit. Awright, I fine out she ain't the same goil, and her room mate, who's the darb, is engaged to a flyer or something. Then what do I do? I'm too much of a gentleman. Then what do I do? I got to stay and be to get the hell out of there. I got to stay and be polite. A Greengroin never insults a dame, unless



Any normal person looking at this picture would say that these guys were having a bit of a gargle for themselves, but we ain't normal, so we think they're drinking lousy beer. Pretty tonsils they've got, too. Ought to be in a chorus line with those tonsils.

she insults him foist. So there I am, tied up with a gargoil, and for all I know she might hook me or something. Wass the best thing to do?"

We didn't know exactly what to tell Artie, so we suggested the best thing we knew. We told him to write the girl and ask her to send him another picture, signed by a Notary Public to the effect that she is really the darb and not some old goon or other. We also tried to discourage him, in a mild way, by saying that whatever the doll looked like she probably wouldn't enjoy Brooklyn.

Artie asked us to tell any dames that are planning to write in to him that he is very busy with a Wren right now and couldn't be bothered with any outside interests for at least another week. So we're telling you dames.

We Think We Call It Football

We have just been looking at a four-page spread in a British magazine called *Picture Post*. P.P. sent a photographer or so around to cover the recent football game between the Crimson Tide and the Foightin' Oirish. The photographer came back from the game reeling, and so did *Picture Post*. They headlined the spread: WHAT ON EARTH'S GOING ON AROUND HERE? What was going on was a football game, but you'd never know it from the captions P.P. put under its pictures.

Take, for instance, the caption under the photograph of a line up. "Ready for the rush," says P.P. "They all know whom the ball will be passed to. They've got their instructions. But they're not going to let the other fellows know." This is, and we're going to come right out and say it, a big fib. All good football players tell the other side which way the play's going to go. We used to know a half-back named Jack Jukes who always told his opponents which way the play was going. He'd look at the opposing left tackle. "We're coming right through you this time, ya rummy," he'd say, "and I'm gonna shove my foot right down

yer t'roat." Then he'd do just that. His opponents liked to describe such tactics as "disconcerting, to say the least."

Another caption, dealing with a photograph of four players sprawling ungracefully on the ground, says, "Where is the ball? It worries the British spectator. But it doesn't seem to worry the players." The hell it doesn't, *Picture Post*. It drives them nuts. Ask any one who played against Harvard when Dick Harlow's dippy-doodle was really in the groove. If you can't find the ball you might just as well pick up your helmet and walk off the field. Maybe British spectators can watch a football game in which no ball is used, but we imagine it must be a terribly hard game on the players. Especially the slow-witted ones.

Here, for your edification, are a few notes on football, according to P.P.:

"During a 'down' or scrum, each man is marked and obstructed by his opposite number. Three men may simultaneously pretend to have the ball, and there may, therefore, be as many as three simultaneous tackles, unlike our own game of rugby."

"Of course, players are allowed to obstruct in American football."

"A typical feature of the game . . . is when the two teams crouch down like runners, scowl, and then rush at each other . . ."

"A favorite trick of the team holding the ball during a 'down' is to send the left half-back running as though he's got the ball, while the right half-back takes it through. This is an unpopular move with the victims who tend to sit heavily on the left half-back when they tackle him. If they do it too heavily and break his leg or arm, they may be penalized fifteen yards."

Well, that's *Picture Post's* story on American football, and a very accurate story it is. Right now we're going off somewhere, crouch down like a runner, scowl, and then obstruct someone. Maybe a rugby player.

G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger

G-2
(Intelligence)



Lt. Dave Breger
Britain

WE HAD IT
MADE SPECIAL— HE
TALKS TOO MUCH!



Security



NO! NO! THE COLONEL
SAID TO BRING BACK AN
ENEMY!

Information

DON'T LOOK NOW
BUT THAT RAM IS GAZING
AWFULLY AFFECTIONATE
AT YOU!



Espionage



IN CASE I'M
CAPTURED AND
THE DISPATCHES
GOTTA BE ATE UP!

Secret documents



SIR, I
SUSPECT
A SPY....

Counter-espionage

THE WD has amended the requirements for the Good Conduct Medal to include the following: It may be awarded by the CO of a unit for "exemplary behavior, efficiency and fidelity" to any G.I. who, on or after Aug. 27, 1940, had or shall have completed three years of active military service or who, after Dec. 7, 1941, has or shall have completed one year of continuous active military service while the U. S. is at war. Not more than one Good Conduct Medal may be awarded to any one soldier, but he may get a clasp for an additional three-year period. A ribbon of scarlet with a white strip at each end is given in place of the medal during wartime. See AR 600-68 (1943).

Your Girl Shouldn't Wear Army Insignia

G.I.s are warned that their civilian girl friends or wives are liable to six months in jail or a \$300 fine if they wear official Army insignia. The regulation is part of the National Defense Act and has been in effect for some time, but the Army didn't do anything about it until so many women rushed to buy pins, wings and even hash marks that they created a shortage for soldiers. AR 600-40.



Animal Gas Masks

Horses and mules in combat areas are now being issued gas masks. They are like those for human use, having close-fitting muzzle pieces connected by flexible hoses to canisters. This is a great improvement over the first World War models, which were nose bags filled with wads of cheesecloth filter. Pack animals get the M4, with two canisters carried on each shoulder. Cavalry horses get the M5, with one canister slung on the horse's right shoulder to balance the weight of the rifle on the left.

No Stump Speeches

A new WD regulation prohibits a soldier on active duty from seeking or accepting a public office unless he held that office when he entered the Army. If seeking reelection, he must first get permission of the WD and his CO. This permission will be given only in "cases of material hardship." Under no circum-

stances will soldiers be given time off to make political campaigns.

Club, Police, M1.

MPs have been issued a new standard persuader known as Club, Police, M1. It weighs 12½ ounces, is 20 inches long, and is made of ash, elm, birch, hickory, locust, maple, oak or beech.

G.I. Shop Talk

Miss Peggy Keshler, a Washington, D.C., clerk, had a bright idea that if she and 79 others of her fellow workers couldn't all get dates alone, then the next best thing to do would be to share a guy. In theory it wasn't bad. So she formed a club and called it: "Eight Girls for Every Man Club," but the whole thing ran into a little difficulty when it came to sharing G.I.s. About women, dog-faces are pretty fussy, and nine times out

of ten seven of the G.I.s would all take a liking to one girl and tag her like leeches, not leaving her side for a moment. So the gals passed a by-law, number 2, in which it was emphatically stated that if visiting soldiers want to see a girl alone, she must summarily say, "No, no. I'm not supposed to!"

H. J. Heinz 2nd went slightly poetic the other day when addressing a huge crowd of workers before the Pittsburgh plant. He said, "From beans to bombers, from pickles to pursuit planes is a long way. But, gentlemen, we have made it."

If you see a G.I. now wearing silver wings without a blue background, without being pinned on a hunk of blue cloth, then immediately you'll know that he didn't get his wings the hard way. WD has just issued an order that all combat men wearing the deserved wings must wear them against a background of blue.

Privates' Livés

Pvt. Warren Ciotti, an MP at Fort Riley, Kansas, used to be a bartender, now he's taking up Judo so he can double as a bouncer when he gets his old job back. Foresight. Private Denny R. Murphy from Camp Bowie, Texas, used to make a living munching

glass and razor blades and bending six-inch spikes with his teeth. He was a circus sideshow performer. . . . WAAC Margie L. Cox, Fort Devens, Mass., was formerly a singing "mermaid in a washbowl" at a New York hotspot. . . . Pfc. William T. Jones, a chauffeur at Fort Lewis, Washington, is also mayor-on-leave of Lucerne, Mo. He had filled two years of his four year term when he was drafted. . . . A/C Tommie Reaves, Nashville, Tenn., Army Air Center, was a cowboy on the cattle range near Kissimmee, Florida, before he learned to ride P-40s. Said Tommy, "A beautiful horse is prettier than a beautiful girl." Tommy, it ain't so. It really ain't so. Someone's been telling you lies.

Recently, compiled data taken from G.I. dentists on some 50,000 soldiers of ages varying from the age of their parents consent to 38 years of age, show that the average dog-face has lost two teeth at the age of 18, five at 28, fourteen at 38. Which all goes to prove that the life of the guy with little shiny bars on his shoulder isn't such a soft one—especially if he has to look down in the mouth so constantly.



WAVES, like sailors, wear funny pants, and they can heave a hornpipe as well as the surest-footed bos'n's mate, providing they don't trip over their bloomers. Scene: Naval Training School, Madison, Wis.

A WEEK OF WAR

When things were concluded in Africa they began somewhere else. First, over Europe

As the general in the long leather coat stepped from the plane he twitched his swagger stick and shot a look of annoyance at the photographer. He did not like the photographer and he did not like his surroundings. He did not even like the country to which he had come. For the mustachioed general who came out of the plane was Jurgen von Arnim, and Jurgen von Arnim had just arrived in England as a prisoner of war, and Jurgen von Arnim didn't like England one bit.

Next to a parachutist named Hess, or something like that, he was Britain's biggest catch in the war to date. He was quite equivalent to the Russian's Marshal Paulus, captured with the remnants of his destroyed Sixth Army before the ruins of Stalingrad. And von Arnim was not alone in hostile England; with him came most of the 36 other German and Italian generals who were caught off-base on the playing fields of Tunisia.

Their presence in England meant that, at long last, Africa had become a respectable, quiet place to live in. All over that great continent the land operations had ended, to all intents and purposes. But from bases all along the North African coast the bombers were striking out at what Winston Churchill once called "the soft underbelly of the Axis."

Italy was being bombed. Sicily was being bombed. Even the little island of Pantellaria, smaller than Malta, huddled between Tunisia and Sicily's southern tip, was hearing the planes overhead. Bombs were falling even near Ostia, sea outlet of ancient Rome. And, should an Allied invasion come, Italy had no more than 15 divisions to defend herself, Sicily, Corsica and Sardinia. All the rest were either in France or the Balkans, doing garrison duty. The Italian Cabinet was meeting day and night.

But whatever happened to Italy, the whole of German Europe was feeling the weight of the heaviest aerial bombardment that had ever crashed down upon its pillbox-dotted face. Latest assault, and most novel, was the RAF's blowing up of two dams, inundating the industrial Ruhr and Eder valleys. Throughout the Ruhr the water, released from behind its dams by the explosion of mines, devastated railroads and bridges, hydro-electric power stations and railway marshalling yards. RAF and USAAF planes were battering continuously at German arms and production centers. Lorient and Bordeaux were hit again and again.

Where North Africa had grown quiescent, the rest of the warring world was stirring. In Russia the zero hour for another German offensive seemed close at hand. It looked as though this time the Nazis would try another smash at Moscow. German tanks were chugging up to the lines in the regions of Orel



Staff officers of Axis nations study the manual labour talents of the Wehrmacht. From the look of those faces under the helmets, Hitler's getting 'em younger these days.

and Byelgorod, and with them, for the first time on the Russian front, were Tigers, the same Tigers that Hitler put so much faith in, the same Tigers, too, that proved a colossal flop in Tunisia.

The Russians were quite aware of what was coming. For weeks their planes had been battering at German trains and German railways behind the long front line. They had, in this, taken a leaf from the British book. Russian ground troops broke through on the central Donetz bend near Lisichansk and took possession of an important new bridgehead on the right bank of the river. If the Germans tried anything there in the summer they would have to start it against beautiful positions.

There was some doubt as to when Hitler would launch his new Russian drive, because Adolf was in a spot again. He knew, as did every one else, that troops engaged on the Russian front could not be transferred south to stem an Allied invasion. For the first time since 1940 Hitler was faced with the bugaboo that has made German generals shake in their riding boots throughout this century—the thought and the ever-present danger of having to fight on two fronts.

Hitler would have to gamble. If he hit the Russians, the Allies would smack him in the tail, and if he went south to defend the fortress of Europe the Russians would smack him in the other place. And if he failed to hit anywhere, he might get hit everywhere himself. Von Arnim pulling down for a month as a prisoner of war, was living the life of von Riley. Compared to his, the brows of his

Prussian brethren, above their foggy monocles, were becoming as furrowed as a Kansas cornfield. They had plenty of troubles.

Even the Japanese, who had had their oriental way for more than a year, were having troubles. Their latest had come about on Attu. There, on that misty, weather-beaten, silent island, they were locked in combat with American forces, who at last had begun to oust them from the far Aleutians. The Battle of Attu was secret. All that any one knew about it was what had been said by the American Secretary of the Navy. "The battle is going well," he had announced.

And far south of Attu, in steaming Burma, the British, who had been prodding grimly and stolidly ahead for many months, halted their advance to wait out the monsoon. On a hundred islands bombs fell on Japanese heads. And from the United States came perhaps the grimmest hint of all as to what Tokyo might expect. America was building ton upon ton of landing barges, not for use in Europe, but for Asiatic consumption only. It was not announced that the barges were for the Pacific theater, but all the landing barges necessary for the European jaunts were resting beside the proper quays.

Something was very much in the air, all over the world. There was a clean, spring feeling, and it seemed as though some of the musty corners of civilization would soon be swept out. North Africa had been only a beginning.

The first of a lot of beginnings.



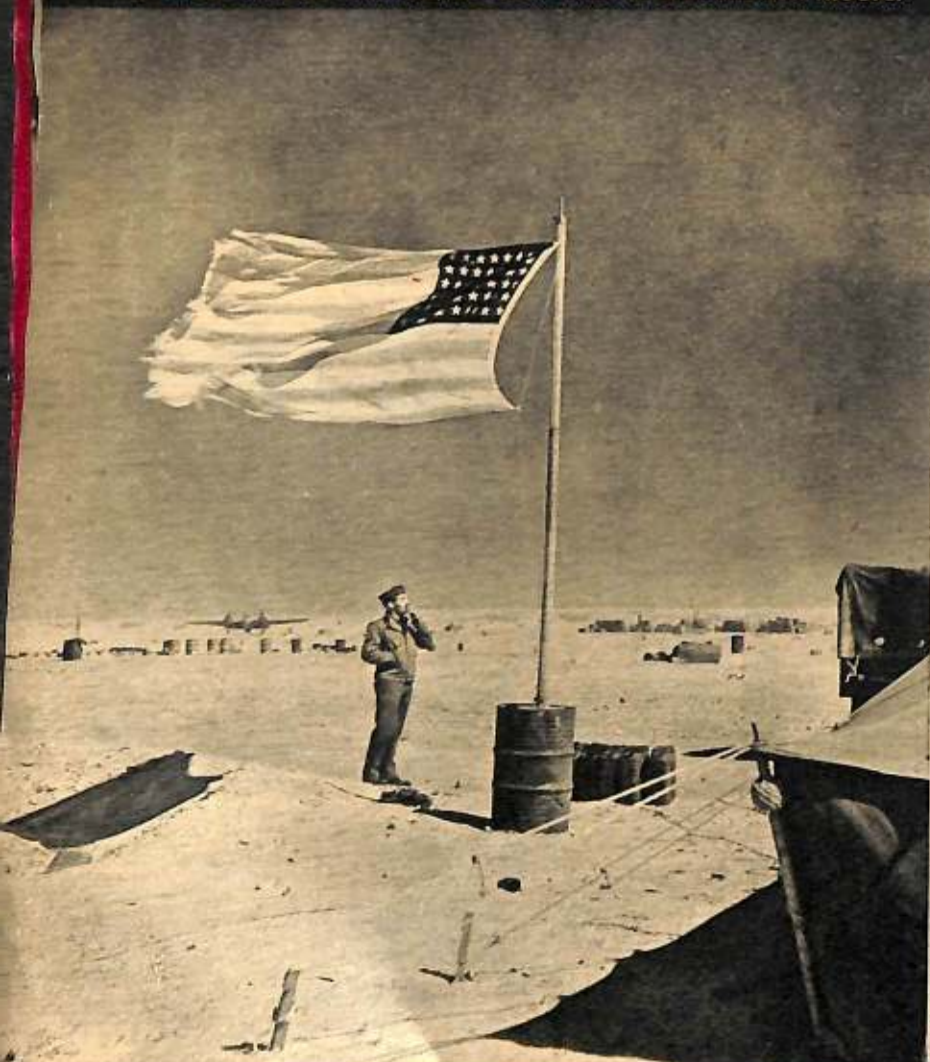
will battering away at lan shipping and communications. Here a bridge out



AT AN ADVANCED AIRFIELD, WELCOME MAIL IS STACKED FOR TROOPS.

Our Fighters In Tunisia

ANOTHER PHOTO REPORT FROM YANK'S SGT. PETE PARIS



PLANTED IN AN OIL DRUM, OLD GLORY FLIES OVER A DESERT AIRFIELD.



MOVING UP FORWARD. YANK AT LEFT TOTES NEW WEAPON, A BAZOOKA.



U.S. INFANTRY UNITS PASS THROUGH A TOWN WHICH HAD BEEN TORN UP BY HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRE. THE ENEMY HAD EVACUATED TWO HOURS PREVIOUSLY.



NEAR THE FRONT WEAR SPECIAL UNIFORMS.



FIRST TO ENTER A TUNISIAN TOWN, THESE YANKS SEARCH HOUSES.

News From Home

Last week America saw Churchill in Washington, nice headlines in the papers, and the usual run of everything else.



The two old masters, still throwing shadows in the proper places, met again, in Washington this time.

THE home enthusiasm over the North African victory was unabated and America turned toward Washington for the big news of the week when Prime Minister Winston Churchill arrived by ship for the second strategy conference with President Roosevelt on United States soil. He was accompanied by his aides, including top British Commanders from India and Burma. They were General Wavell, Admiral Sir James Somerville, Commander in the Bay of Bengal, and Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, Cominch of the India Air Forces. President Roosevelt suggested to the Press that "the lid" be put on most of the comment for obvious

reasons. It's unofficial news that is coming, but the Prime Minister, in his radio address to the people of Britain, gave an inkling when he said the time is approaching when British and American armies "will have advances across the seas into a deadly grapple on the Continent." But he emphasized the necessity for long range planning, "It isn't good," he said, "having only one march laid out. The march after the war must be planned as far as it is humanly possible."

The United States Army and Navy started to drive the Japs from Attu; an unofficial Washington source reports a concerted drive in the Pacific fol-

lowing. Admiral Halsey and General MacArthur held their first war conference as far as the Press was concerned.

Material will be ready for new offensives, President Roosevelt announced. United States airplane production is far exceeding the hoped-for high. Factories will produce \$911,000,000 worth of planes this year and \$1,417,000,000 worth next year.

A Miami divorce court listened to the first recorded case of jealousy because of Army rank. Army Nurse Lieutenant Betty Rachford La Macchia charged her husband, Sgt. Joe La Macchia, with extreme cruelty because he was jealous of her superior rank. She said her husband resented "that she had friends who were officers and that she visited officers' clubs," at which all enlisted men are barred.

Four days before expiration of the 15-day truce threatened the nation with another coal strike the War Labor Board ordered the United Mine Workers' Union and the operators to resume their collective bargaining and negotiations. Both sides were given ten days to report and ordered to continue an uninterrupted production of coal until the final settlement was reached. Union leaders of Kentucky and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, threatened to strike before the end of the truce unless the new contract was signed. Solid Fuels Administrator Ickes returned the properties of 94 Illinois coal companies to private operation upon the receipt of the "no strike" pledge of 40,000 miners.

Roane Waring, National Commander of the American Legion, ordered the South Fork, Pennsylvania, Legion Post to withdraw his membership for adopting a resolution apologizing to Lewis for "our part in placing a man of the character of Roane Waring in office." Waring condemned Lewis. "The Department of Pennsylvania will fire that Post," he said, "or I'll resign as National Commander."

Results of the questionnaires sent out by the State Department to its employees to determine their likes and dislikes of life in the Capitol were not released. The spokesman admitted that the sample questions were way off base.

An example of the sample questions: "Where do you hang your hat? Do you share your room? With how many? What do you want most, more money or more women in the home?"

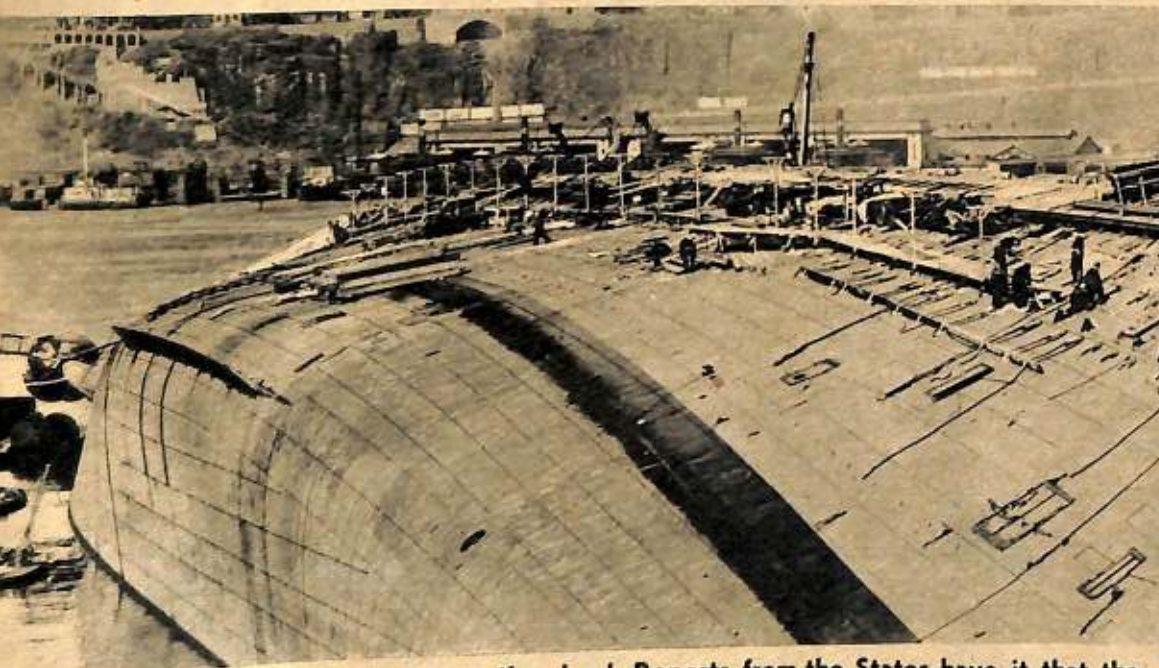
The merger of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph announced by the heads of the companies state that Western Union will acquire the assets of the business, the equipment and the liabilities, including a debt of \$9,000,000. Personnel will be unaffected.

Farmer John Kirsch of Carlton, Oregon, has solved the manpower shortage. He had two tractors and only himself to run them. He set the controls of one and started it driverless across the field, then jumped aboard the other and raced after it. Before the first reached the fence he caught up with it and turned it around. He continued this erratic process for the cultivation of 300 acres.

The construction of 1,000,000 tons of small naval craft was authorized by the House of Representatives, after it had been stated that the boats will be used "to open new fronts on foreign soil."

Here's a new sweater angle from Hot Springs, Montana: Virgill Pitts gave the American Red Cross the same sweater given him during the last war for overseas duty.

In a rather surprising cancellation, Laurence A.



A great ship rises from the dead. Reports from the States have it that the "Normandie" will be righted and doing service as a troop transport by the fall.



A couple of Land Girls, American style, making with the hoe and harrow along the old Santa Fe trail.



Lieut-Comdr. Dempsey was up for a divorce.

Steinhardt, U. S. Ambassador to Turkey, put off his trip to Cairo. He was due to entrain the following night but after a brief session with M. Sarajoglu, the Turkish Premier, he chopped the engagement.

The Senate passed the Carleton Ruml tax plan, 49 to 30, and the final action of the much-debated bill was expected to go to the House next week. The bill's thesis is to skip the taxes of 1942 or 1943, whichever income is the lower, and put collections on a current basis. March or June instalments will be paid for the year, having first considered that one-half of the year's income taxes have been discharged and the remainder of the taxes will be collected by pay-roll tax.

Donald Nelson warned America that it was moving ever nearer to clothes rationing. "We are trying to avoid rationing," he said. "It would be a terrible thing. But it is imminent unless we can utilize the best brains of the industry to get the most out of the material."

The United States Army has just placed an order for 40,000 railroad goods vans for use in Europe. And a competition has been organized between American's two best women shipyard welders.

Recently a Tokyo radio announcer stated angrily that 10,000 Yen—about \$2,500—has been offered for the capture of each member of the squadron of American medium bombers that has been concentrating on the districts of Canton, Heiphong and Hainan.

The fabulous Flying Fortress has hit the headlines again with the news that the bomb load has been increased from 3½ tons to 10 tons. A new wing-loading technique has been developed and the bomb load has thus increased.

More than 150,000 tons of foodstuffs have been convoyed from North America to Greece in the holds of eight Swedish ships assigned to the Greek relief service, the Greek War Relief Association reported.

After a three year moratorium Finland is reportedly prepared to meet the June payment of her debt to the United States. The check for \$168,945 doesn't include anything of the \$8,000,000 principal.

Some 60,000 WAACs have joined up to meet the goal of 150,000. Under Secretary of War Patterson claims, "More and more WAACs are going to go overseas."

The Catholic census for the United States, Alaska and Hawaii has increased 389,005, according to the official Catholic directory for 1943, bringing the total Catholic population of this area to 22,945,247. Of the 97 American Dioceses, 39 are unchanged, with a slight increase in 27 and substantial gain in 51, including 86,905 converts.

Major General Stephen O. Fuqua, 68, retired United States Infantry Chief, died of a heart attack in his room in a downtown New York hotel. He had been in the Army since 1898. Fuqua wasn't a West Point man and that caused much criticism when he jumped over 165 colonels to become the infantry chief. He was in active service in the first World War, serving at Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne.

The Dionnes celebrated their first visit to the United States by christening five coastal freighters at Superior, Wisconsin, before a crowd of 15,000. Emilie, the southpaw, proved to be a switch hitter by changing her stance and crashing the bottle of Niagara river water with her right.

R. B. Wright from Lewiston, Idaho, just missed having a succulent roast duck when he opened the furnace door at the Nex Perce Roller Mills to build a fire, and a wild duck scooted out. It had tumbled down the flue.

Hannah Williams and Jack Dempsey are each suing for a divorce. She charged that the Mauler was intimate with other women "on divers occasions including times at Dempsey's restaurant in New York." Jack, a lieutenant-commander in the Coast Guard, accused two boxers in his suit. The divorce suits were tried simultaneously at White Plains, New York.

Audrey Robert of Miami bopped a drunk attempting to pass by her on her New York City post and became the first WAVE cited, as "successfully defending her post and efficiently carrying out her orders with a disregard for her own personal safety." Doctor Margaret D. Craig-Hill, dean of the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, was commissioned a major. She is the first woman commissioned in the Army Medical Corps.

The Navy announced that the capsized *Normandie* will be righted by fall and converted into a troop transport. The cost of salvaging, rebuilding and refitting the big baby was estimated at \$20,000,000. The ship's furnishings auctioned at \$18,937.

The first case of a "test-tube baby" being conceived by "air-mail" was revealed by the official journal of the American Medical Association. It states that a Canadian boy, now over two years old, blond, healthy and normal, can claim as his real father the contents of a test tube flown 500 miles by air-liner from New York to Montreal for artificial insemination of his mother. Doctors Frances Seymour and Alfred Koerner of New York and Doctor David Costom of Montreal, write the details:

The mother was normal but the husband was sterile. The couple wanted a child and appealed to Dr. Costom. Legal forms were signed, but all names



Steinhardt: he didn't talk Turkey.

were withheld in accordance with medical "ethics." The proxy father lived in New York City and was chosen because of his "close resemblance" to the woman's husband: The trio of doctors announced that thousands of "test-tube" babies have been born in the United States but that this was the first time that an airplane had been used for such an experiment.

People in the United States are wondering what is to be done with 175,000 prisoners recently captured in North Africa. President Roosevelt stated that the problem was mainly one of transport. Two American reporters added their bits. One claimed that ships returning from Africa had to come back in ballast and that prisoners might do for this purpose.

A woman reporter, worried about the rapidly growing scarcity of servants, wanted to know whether there would be any good cooks among the prisoners?

First Officer Virginia Farr, 24, an American girl pilot of the Air Transport Auxiliary, taught many of the air victors of Tunis and Bizerta their trade. Four years before the war she was a civilian instructor at a New Jersey flying club. There she taught well over 100 young Americans how to fly. "None of my boys ever resented the fact that a young girl taught them to fly," she said.

Scientists have dreamed up a new one. They now believe that they can convert seaweed into silk to supplant the silk market's new low. Experiments are progressing rapidly.

John Hicks, accused of murder at Detroit, Michigan, was brought before the judge, who, confusing him with Henry Hicks, arrested for drunkenness, lectured him severely on the evils of excessive drinking and then released him. The mistake was discovered and a hue and cry raised. Nabbed in Cincinnati, John said he was a teetotaler and could not make out what the old judge was getting at.



The biggest fir tree in the state is hauled through North Bend, Wash., in four sections, each 10½ feet around and weighing 35 tons.



The old Dayett House in Glasgow, Del., was set afire when this trailer truck crashed into it. The house was the site of Gen. Howe's headquarters in 1777.



"Hullo, there. Aren't you old Charlie Jones? Dash it ail, I think you are."

By a YANK Correspondent—dash it all.

OCCASIONALLY, during these mad spring days, we find ourselves wondering, in a desultory fashion, what things will be like after the war. We don't mean in England, we mean at home. We will, all of us, have been through a soul-shaking experience, and it is folly for us to imagine that we will be the same people when we get on the other side of the peace. We won't be. England, in her quiet, insidious way, will have left her mark on us; and just how deep that mark will be is a subject that has been keeping us awake these last few nights.

Travel broadens one, the saying is, so we can be safe in believing that we will be broader after the war; no broader, though, than the men who have sweated it out in New Guinea, or frozen it out in Greenland. Every one in this blasted Army—with the possible exception of lame, halt and blind Pfc.s will have traveled a good many miles by the time the signing of the armistice rolls around, and we imagine that the next 20 years will be full of overflowing with stories of how so-and-so told off his topkick under the Puerto Rican palms and how such-and-such gave the needle to a shavetail in the shadow of a glacier.

What has been worrying us, though, is how the average Joe, now stationed in England, will act on his home soil when the war is over. We have, at the moment, an idea how he will act, but we hope to God that it isn't true. We have listened to the dulcet tones of the taxi driver and the barmaid, and we have listened to the average Englishman sounding off in his pubs; we think that these, and other influences, are going to have a dire effect on us in, say, 1949, and we're afraid—horribly afraid. We have nightmares on the subject. Continual nightmares. Night after night.

These nightmares of ours always take on the attributes of a one-act play, which is unusual. Formerly our nightmares took on the attributes of a Bob Steele serial, and it would sometimes take two weeks to get through with one. It is probably due to the literary atmosphere that is a part of England that our nightmares have taken on a more polite form. Anyway, in our nightmares, we always find ourselves a silent spectator to the meeting of two long-lost friends, a New Yorker and a guy from Des Moines,

Iowa, who has come to New York to tie on a good one. They run into each other at 5th Avenue and 42nd Street, within spitting distance of the Public Library lions. We might add that both these Joes spent most of their adult life in the ETO. The date is April 7, 1950.

Smith (*The New Yorker. He has a lovely, long, handlebar mustache and carries a shooting stick*): Hullo, there. Aren't you old Charlie Jones? Dash it all, I think you are.

Jones (*The guy from Des Moines. He carries a shooting stick and has a lovely, long, handlebar mustache*): Dash it all, I am Jones. You look like old George Smith, dash it all.

Smith: Dash it all, I am Smith.

Jones: Well, dash it all. Small world, what?

Smith: Very small world.

Jones: What have you been doing, old boy?

Smith: Not much, old chap. I'm an architect, you know.

Jones: Jolly profession, architecture. Doing much?

Smith: Not much, old fellow. Bit of remodeling. **Jones**: Oh, really? Remodeling anything of interest?

Smith: Not much. Been putting a Georgian facade on the Empire State Building. Grim old hulk, what?

Jones: Frightfully grim. Glad to hear it, old boy. Going to remodel anything else?

Smith: Can't say right now. I've been trying to get the mayor to remodel the whole city along the lines of Portman Square. Frightful old bore, the city. Frightful old bore, the mayor. Can't even remember his name, dash it all.

Jones: Silly how one forgets things, isn't it. Do you know, I can't even remember the name of our old lieutenant. Sbyzzchi, wasn't it?

Smith: Hardly. Rather more southern, I think. Klemspduhici, or something like that. Tell me, old cock, are you in New York for long?

Jones: Dash it all, I really can't say, dash it all. How about popping in somewhere for a spot of something?

Smith: Jolly idea, old fellow. How about dropping in at my club?

Jones: Love to. Shall we take a cab?

Smith: Tophole idea, dash it all. Wish I'd thought of it.

Jones: Taxi! Taxi!

(*A cab stops and they get in.*)

Smith: The Midland & Scottish Club, please. (*They settle back.*) Very odd, running into you like this, old top. Very odd, indeed.

Jones: Frightfully. Strange, how people keep turning up, isn't it? Wonder what ever happened to that terrible chap, Greenleg? That was his name, wasn't it? Greenleg, or something like that?

Smith: Greengroin. Very odd about that chap. Ran into him just the other day. At my Aunt Martha's funeral. He was driving the hearse. Frightfully browned off he was, too, dear old chap.

Jones: Not really? Why?

Smith: He's lost his broad A. Can't find it anywhere. Told me he put an advertisement in a paper called the *Eagle*, or something like that.

Jones: Silly name for a paper, that. An eagle's a bird. Has nothing to do with the Press at all.

Smith: Quite. Good show, wasn't it?

Jones: What?

Smith: The war.

Jones: Oh. Quite.

Smith: Funny old war, dash it all.

Jones: Very.

Smith: Well, here we are. Musty old place, my club. Sorry I can't offer you something better. This isn't quite Pall Mall, you know. Funny, there's a chap in here who's been under a table since the armistice. Lives there, I think. They bring him food. Used to be a colonel, I think.

Jones: Sounds like a silly old beggar.

Smith: Ha, ha. Good joke, that. Probably is, as a matter of fact. I don't know him. After all, one can't go crawling under tables to be introduced, can one?

(*The cab stops and they get out. Jones hands the cabbie a ten dollar bill.*)

Cabbie: Don't think I can make change, guvnor. (*He manages to. As Smith and Jones go up the stairs, Jones discovers that he has been overcharged a dollar. The cabbie, too, has lived in Arcadia—which is due north of Hammersmith as the phoenix flies.*)

Well, that's our nightmare. We wish we could go back to the old Bob Steele days. Corblimey, we wish we could.



Dona Drake

The petite bit of femininity smiling at you from this page is not only that pretty, but an expert dancer and singer as well. Her next picture is Paramount's "Salute for Three."

SPORTS

SHORT SPORTS STORIES: HANK GREENBERG SAYS GOOD-BYE TO BASEBALL AND AN UMP CONFESSES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

LAST summer in Orlando, Fla., Sgt. Hank Greenberg took three vicious swings at some big, fat pitches and sat down. He couldn't punch the ball out of the infield.

"It's this army life," he said. "Another year of this and I'm resigned to the end of my baseball career."

The sergeant never looked bigger and more hardened in his life. He said he was in great shape.

"In a rough and tumble I think I could lick any man in the big leagues, because they have been living soft. When I was playing ball I use to squawk if the hotel mattresses weren't thick enough. In the army, I've been sleeping on the ground and learning to like it. I use to pick up colds when I was playing ball and have a deuce of a time shaking 'em off. Now I'm never bothered by things like that.

"But I've got different kind of muscles, not the kind that ball players need. I'm bigger around the chest from the work and training I've had, and that interferes with your batting swing. Honest, I couldn't bring my bat around today with anything like the snap I used to have. I felt like knocking those pitches out of the lot, but I couldn't connect well. My timing was off, and my muscles wouldn't work fast enough.

"Baseball doesn't want its athletes to be too big and strong. I realize now that it wants 'em quick and supple. Ball players are fragile compared to Army men. They're trained like race horses, to run in spurts, and never mind the stamina that the Army wants. Shucks, if a ball player hits a triple, he's only got to run 270 feet from home to third. And then he rests.

"Make no mistake about it, I'll be better off physically, but I won't play a lot of baseball afterward."

Greenberg was speaking for every other ball player that has gone into the service.

THEY'RE still telling this story on Lefty Gomez:

Last year when the Yankees were rained out in Detroit, Gomez rounded up a gang to visit Windsor, just across the river. When the customs official asked Gomez if he had anything to declare, Lefty said:

"Yes, sir, 190 pounds of dope."

The official demanded to know where it was.



In this picture Greenberg, then a sergeant at MacDill Field, Fla., said he felt like knocking the ball out of the park, but he couldn't connect. He blamed army life. Hank's now an AAF looney.

"Right here," said Gomez, putting his arm around George Selkirk.

THREE Tommies poked their heads through the door of a train compartment and spotted a Georgia Cracker named Pvt. Rawlins, who was en route to his base in England. "What about a game of poker?" sang out the Tommies.

The Cracker invited them into the compartment.

The first hand the Cracker pulled was four aces. One of the Englishmen, heeled with three kings, said, "I'll wager a pound."

The Cracker looked at his hand and gulped.

"Buddy," he said to the Tommy. "I sho' don't know this English money system, but if you bet one pound, dammit, I say one ton!"

A FEW days after signing as manager of the Phillies Bucky Harris bumped into his neighbor, Bill McGowen, the American League umpire.

"Bill, do you really think there'll be baseball this year," Bucky asked.

"Honest, Bucky, I don't know," said McGowen. "Your guess is as good as mine."

Bucky smiled.

"Yeah, I know, Bill," he said, "but you never admitted it before."

Hollywood—Sam Goldwyn claims that he is seeking "The 16 most beautiful girls in the world" for his forthcoming musical, *Up In Arms*. . . . Something new has been added to horror films: Universal has redone the already sadly hacked and overwritten Frankenstein opus for the 98th time, but surprise, this time the nutsey scientist turns the beautiful girl into a monkey or maybe a gorilla. . . . Two of the tallest dames in the business have been signed by M-G-M. They are chlorines, 6-foot-1 Helen O'Shea and 6-foot-nine Bunny Walters. . . . Joan Thorsen, a knock-out blonde, former magazine cover-girl will make her screen debut as a Russian guerrilla girl with a sooty face. . . . Bill Boyd, the blond he-man, looking just a trifle tired, has just completed his 49th straight Hopalong Cassidy film. . . . Pola Negri, who had oomph before any one knew how to spell it, will return to



Bill Boyd

the screen in the role of an opera diva in *Hi Diddle Diddle* with Martha Scott and Adolphe Menjou. . . . The Brooklyn Dodgers will wear phoney beards in the Ebbets Field sequences of Red Skelton's next picture, *Whistling in Brooklyn*. . . . Margo, the Mexican star, will take the lead in R-K-O's ambitious production, *Mad Brood of Japan*. . . . Hollywood's latest contribution to the war effort is a Three Stooges comedy entitled, *Three Slapppie Jappies*. . . . Dave Hempstead, seeking 75 buggies and horses for his

EVENING REPORT

film, *The Gibson Girl*, found only 16 buggies and one buggy whip available. . . . Jimmy Durante and Falstaff, poet laureate of Fred Allen's radio show, have been signed by M-G-M for comedy spots in *A Tale of Two Sisters*. . . . Preston Foster and Kent Taylor have swapped roles in *Roger Touhy, Last of the Gangsters*; Foster, originally cast as the copper, will play rollicking Roger, and Taylor will play the dick. . . . Lya Lys, who decorated *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, and other films is broke; a bankruptcy petition listed her liabilities at \$7,451 and her assets as none. . . . Kate Smith may play the title role in *The Life of Marie Dressler*, and Al Jolson may be himself in *The Life of Al Jolson*. . . . Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne are supposed to be splitting. . . . Jerome Kern and Ira Gershwin are writing the music and lyrics for *Cover Girl*, starring Rita Hayworth.

After years of patient wooing, Hollywood has finally won Margaret Bourke-White, famed photographer. She'll shoot publicity stills for Goldwyn. . . . The dog-faces are still holding their own: Linda Darnell recently wed T/Sgt. Peverell Marley, a former cameraman.

Here and There—Sgt. Sidney Kingsley's *The Patriots* received the New York Drama Critics' Circle

award as the best play of the 1942-43 season by an American playwright. . . . Dorothy Donegan, the "Hazel Scott of Chicago," is slated for a swing concert in Chicago's Orchestra Hall. . . . After his tour of the nation's war plants, Sgt. Barney Ross will return to New York for a leg operation. . . . Mayris Cheyney, Mrs. Roosevelt's protégée and friend, is producing and dancing in a show at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco. . . . Eddie Mack of the old vaudeville buck and wing team of Mack and Woods, is punching tickets at Franchon and Marco's Ambassador in St. Louis. . . . Winnie May, of Winnie's Little Club in Miami, is the bride of Danny Coughlin, organizer of the Cooks, Waiters and Bartenders Union there. . . . "Think-a-Drink" Hoffman, who tosses off 32 drinks in his act, is thinking up a Mickey Finn for his imitators; in Detroit, he filed a suit

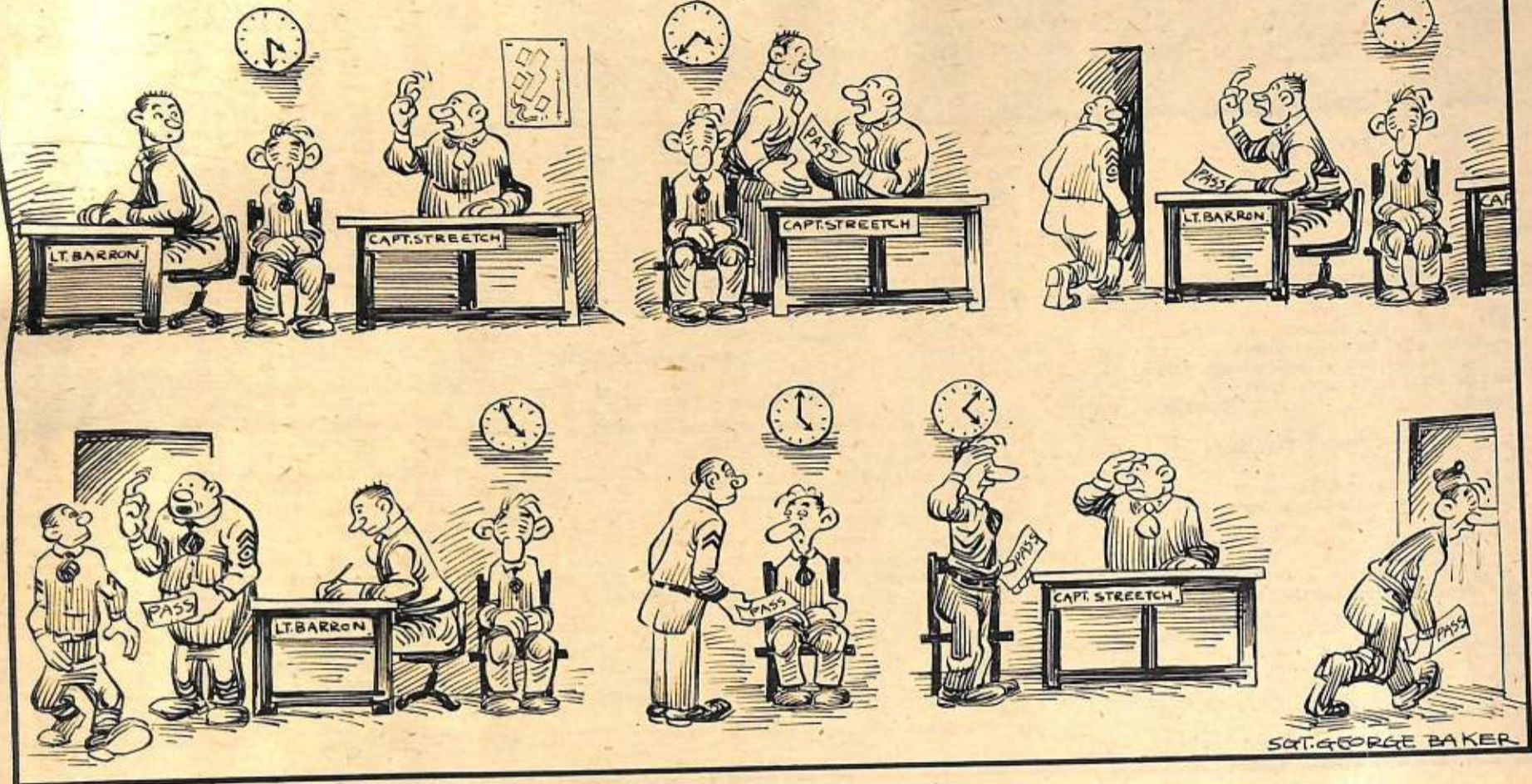


Lya Lys

against another magician, "Think-a-Drink" Dornfield. . . . To solve transportation problems, circuses are playing longer stands this season: Russell Bros. run in Los Angeles was for 16 days, Cole Bros. opened in Louisville, Ky., for six days and Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey, played in Madison Square Garden, New York, only a few days under six weeks. . . . Glen Gray, Louis Armstrong, Noble Sissle and Freddy Slack are playing in Los Angeles; Russ Morgan and Cab Calloway are banging away in Chicago.

THE SAD SACK

"CHANNELS"



WELL," Artie Greengroin said as he sat down beside us at the bar, "I'm a gawdam hero."
 "You always have been in our eyes," we said. "Give him a lager," we said to the barmaid.
 "I don't want no lagers today," Artie said. "Gimme a Scotch. A Scotch is a fighting man's drink."
 "Give the fighting man a Scotch," we said.
 "You know where I been?" Artie said.
 "The clink?" we said.
 "Naw," said Artie. "I been bombing Germany."
 "Cor, stone us till we can't see a bleeding thing," we said. "How'd you do it?"
 Artie lit a Chelsea. "I got a friend in the Air Corpse," he said, "and he slipped me in for a tail gunner. I was a tail gunner for four hours."
 "Kill anything?" we asked.
 Artie downed his Scotch. "You want me to tell you the whole story?" he asked.
 "Yes," we said.
 "Thass what I like about you," Artie said. "You're a sympathetic audience. Well, I got this friend in the Air Corpse, see? And I been hovering around him like a gawdam boid, because I'm really a killer at heart, and I want to get up over Hitler. Finely he comes around to me and says, 'Hey, Artie, you know how to shoot a machine gun?' and I says, 'Like a native, ole boy, like a native.' So he says 'Show up at the field at ten o'clock tomorrer and we'll go on a little trip.'
 "So the next morning I show up, and the foist thing I know I am in this tail end, turret looking down on the English Isle. Very dull, it is. Nothing but country. Well, it goes on like this for pretty near two hours and we get higher and higher. I just sit back there, see, and I'm almost asleep. So this is what the Air Corpse calls being a hero," I says to myself. 'Poop on it,' I says to myself. It's a breeze, see?
 "All of a sudden I look in front of my face and they's three big round holes where they's wasn't three round holes before. Then someone rings me up on the telephone. 'They's a Flak-Wolf at ten o'clock,' he says. I look at my watch. 'Yer two hours slow,' I say. While I am talking someone is doing some riveting behine me. 'Who the hell is the tail gunner today?' says the voice. I am quick on the trigger. 'Pfc. Greengroin,' I says. 'Well, Pfc. Greengroin,' says the voice, 'if you do not take a pop at that Flak-Wolf I will relinquish what I am doing and take a pop at you.' Well, I can't stand having any ole bassar talking to me like that, so I look around for the Flak-Wolf.
 "I see a airplane about two hundred yards away, so I swing around and pull the ole trigger. Nothing happens. 'They's no bullets in this machine gun,' I says. 'I'm sending the waist gunner back with a

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE THE AVIATOR



TS card,' says the voice. A wise guy, see. Well, I fine a big bunch of bullets and I shove them in the gun, but by that time I don't see the Flak-Wolf no more. 'Where's that ole bassar of a plane?' I says over the telephone. 'They oney give them so much gas,' the voice says. 'He had to go down.' Some wise guy, all right.
 "About this time the Germans started shooting at us with anti-aircraft and the airplane begun bouncing around something awful. Somebody was saying things like, 'Steady, a little more to the right,' over the telephone, and then he says, 'Bombs away.' I look down and I see the bombs falling and after awhile they's a real ole hell of a exploding. 'Right on the nose,' I says. 'Never mine that,' says the voice. 'If you will look behine you will see that the German Air Corpse is approaching us.' So I take a look. You know how many German planes I seen? Twenny. Twenny German planes. And every one of them making for ole Artie.
 "I was spelled bound. I never had no cannons shot at me before. 'My God,' I says, 'this is the end, ole boy. This is coitins.' But I kept me head. 'You know,' I said over the telephone, 'I used to drive a hoise in the olden days.' They was a laugh on the other end of the telephone. 'I'm driving one now,'



"and they's three big round holes in front of my face."

the voice says. Well, I think to myself that I might as well go down like a Greengroin, so I start shooting the machine gun. Honest to gaw, you should of seen them Germans spread out. One minute they was flying in a very picturesque formation, the next minute they was scattered all over the sky. I scared the hell out of them Germans, all right.
 "After that they come in a little wiser, one at a time, popping away with them nasty little cannons they got—"
 "You hit any of them?" we asked.
 "Aw, I hit all twenny," Artie said. "Don't innerupt."
 "You mean you shot down twenty?"
 "I said don't innerupt," Artie said. "Of course I didn't shoot down all twenny. I didn't shoot down none. I leave that sort of stuff to the regulars. I'm a amateur, see? I jess wing 'em. Them Germans loined to respect me, all right.
 "After a while it seemed to me that I was doing all the shooting on that gawdam plane. 'Wass the matter with you guys?' I says. 'It seems like a hell of a thing when a amateur's got to do all the woik.' 'How many planes back there?' says the voice. 'Twenny,' I says. 'Well, knock down ten and take it easy,' says the voice. Wise guy. Them aviators don't realize they's a war on. Jess like a bunch of gawdam children.
 "Well, things went from bad to better. Them German planes run out of gas jess like the Flak-Wolf, and they went away. They was lousy shots, anyways. Come to recollect on it, I could jess as well of sat up there and filed me nails."
 "Why didn't you?" we asked.
 "I'm a biter," Artie said.
 "So you got back all right," we said.
 Artie finished his Scotch. "Aw, sure," he said. "I'm unsinkable. I'm a hero. Maybe I'm going to get a medal. Them aviators was very glad to get back on the ground. They tole me so themselves."
 "You planning to go up again?" we asked.
 "Naw," Artie said. "I don't think so. I seen enough of that side of the war. Hey, gimme another fighting man's Scotch."
 A hero, our Artie.



The POETS CORNERED

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

LEAVE ME BE!

To release a man for line duty
Is the purpose of a WAAC.
That is so kind of the little cutie,
Let's give her, three cheers and a smack!

Who told the lady I'd rather fight
Than remain at my present station?
The battle line is for men of might;
Let me goldbrick for the duration.
War can be fought minus women, I guess,
So, away with this undue abasement!
Where lives the WAAC with enough finesse
To rate a goldbrick replacement?

Alaska

-Pvt. FRANK J. MICKEY

PRAISE THE SILK

As I sat in the plane with my chute on my back
I was frightened as could be.
The jumpmaster was ready in the door—
I knew for I could see.
The boys on the ground looked like bugs from afar,
The ground it looked so black.
"Stand up, and hook up!" the jumpmaster cried,
And I found myself on my back.

When I stood on my feet like a leaf did I shake
As my knees were beating a tune,
But bravely I said, "Move over men,
Move over and give me room."
I stood in that door with a prayer on my lips,
Wondering why I was there.

When I saw the jumpmaster leave the plane
And sail out into the air.

Then out I went into the blue
With my face as white as could be;
I tried to count and check my feet,
But God, why couldn't I see?
I opened my eyes and my chute finally opened.
My knees, they even stopped knocking;
I looked up above and saw my true love,
Made from—400 silk stockings.

Fort Benning, Ga.

-Pvt. IRVING E. TAFFEL

BAKSHISH

Bakshish, that's all you hear in India, bakshish.
When you go walking down the street
A thousand beggars you will meet
And each with sad expression
Will chant the same confession:
No momma, no poppa, bakshish.

If you decide to take a gharry ride, sahib,
You state the price that you will pay.
The driver nods his head okay
And when you pay he'll grab it,
Then say from force of habit:
No momma, no poppa, bakshish.

From six to sixty they all shout,
No momma, no poppa, no sister, no brother.
And if you should linger they'll tell you another
But not before they tug at your sleeves,
For the charge will be two annas, please.

Bakshish, that's all you hear in India, bakshish.
No matter where you chance to be
You're followed till you pay a fee.
And once you do they've found you,
And they will gather round you, and hound you:
No momma, no poppa, bakshish.

India

-Cpl. LEO LIEBMAN

SKIS

■ With all due respect to Joyce Kilmer, author of "Trees."

I think that I shall never see
A board as tricky as a ski;
A ski whose slippery side is pressed
Upon the earth's soft snowy crest.

A ski that ends a perfect schuss
But leaves me lying on my puss;
A ski that makes me hope and pray
That I will live another day.

I fly through space, I'm fancy free,
And ricochet from tree to tree.
My bones are cracked, my flesh is torn,
I wish to hell I'd not been born!

They scooped me up from off the snow,
'Twas to the morgue I thought I'd go.
The doctor spoke these words to me,
"In tougher shape you could not be.

"Your skis were found a mile away,
As for your poles I cannot say.
Your pack was hanging from a tree,
Your teeth were spread from A to Z.

"We'll patch you up as best we can,
But let me tell you, man to man,
That if you do not 'bend zee knees'
You'll never learn to ride your skis."

Today I am a wiser lad,
I've gathered from the spill I had
That poems are made by fools like me
And fools should never try to ski.

Camp Hale, Colo.

-S/Sgt. HAROLD J. GUST
and Sgt. JOHN C. DECKER

Dear YANK:

That display of Axis weapons in your issue of May 16 is the best thing of its kind that I have ever seen. The pictures are clear and the text concise. It should be required reading for every man in the Army. A display like that is worth 20 training manuals.

Britain.

Capt. L.B.C.

Dear YANK:

Your piece on enemy weapons was a beautiful handling of a difficult subject. Congratulations.

Britain.

Sgt. THOMAS PEACOCK

Dear YANK:

My husband and I think your magazine is swell, and we felt we had to let you know how much English folk appreciate it. We send our grateful thanks to all G.I.s everywhere, for the great job they are doing.

Britain.

TWO ENGLISH YANK FANS

Dear YANK:

Speaking of Pfc. Artie Greengroin, I think Pfc. A. C. Wetzel owes you some sort of apology. When it reaches the stage that some guy like Wetzel can't appreciate the dry humor and laughs that the Artie Greengroin article affords 99.44% of its readers, most people would agree with me in saying that Wetzel should turn in his precious Pfc. stripes rather than be humiliated by every British soldier.

Who the hell does Wetzel think he is—the only Pfc. in the U. S. Army? Please accept my congratulations when I say that every soldier on this side of the pond thinks that YANK is the best magazine published. Without guys like Artie Greengroin, the Sad Sack and G.I. Joe it wouldn't be YANK. Just keep up the good work. You're doing your share towards winning this war.

Britain.

S/Sgt. T. R. ROBERSON

Dear YANK:

Taking as I do such an avid interest in the activities of your Pfc. Greengroin, I submit for your consideration this new type medal, designed especially for Greengroin and his contemporaries. It has occurred to me that a large number of us here will come no nearer to the field of battle than the pictures in YANK can take us, and this is the primary reason for the creation of this outstanding tribute to the proficiency of the valiant veterans of the "Battle of the Bars." I am in a position to tell you that no harder campaign was ever carried on than this ceaseless struggle in the public houses.



MAIL CALL

I am in a unique position. My duties bring me into daily contact with approximately forty characters cut from the same bolt of cloth as your Greengroin. The only difference is that my group will have attained their pinnacle of military achievement when they reach Pfc. There is hope for your man.

So, after having listened for a year to the daily recounting of the most gruesome and thoroughly Greengroinish adventures of the "ale alumni," I am sending you the attached design. Let them wear it and be recognized.

Britain.

Sgt. JAMES F. COLLINS

Dear YANK:

I picked up an old issue of your book in a latrine and I saw a picture of a guy with a girl with a nanny goat on a leash. That must be Greengroin's brother, I said to myself. Tell me, is it Greengroin's brother? I am sitting in this latrine until I find out.

Britain.

Pvt. J. T. MOOK

(No, it ain't my brother and even if I had a brother it wouldn't of been him and some guys who sit around this theater is looking for a poke in the proboscis. AG, PFC, AUS.)

Dear YANK:

We think we have set a new speed record in our outfit for all men over 30. A few nights ago we had an alert and one of the men, aged 31, jumped up, put on all his clothes, circled the barracks, and was in the air raid shelter before the echo of the alert died down. We figured his time up. In all, it took him 90 seconds flat. Gentlemen, that is speed. Can any one in the ETO beat this record?

Britain.

Cpl. M. R. BROCK

P.S. He never took time to go through the shelter door. Just dove through the air ventilator.

Dear YANK:

I should like to compliment whoever writes the "Week of War" in YANK. It is a very good job, very interestingly written. Most of the fellows at our camp like it, particularly because you can spend 15 minutes reading it and get more news, ordinarily, than you can futzing around the daily newspapers 15 minutes every day. However, we have one complaint. The reading has been good, but for the past two or three weeks there are not enough facts in it. This cheats you if all the week you don't read any newspapers, waiting to read YANK, and then all the facts aren't in it when you get it. Don't cut

out any of the good writing, please, but please get some more facts in it, since it is one of your best features.

Britain.

Lieut. H.J.H.

Dear YANK:

A lot of us have sat back and read the quibblings of a bunch of dumb Johns about the morals of Artie Greengroin, but this mail situation is serious. The guy that had that brainstorm must not have a home! Aren't these boys getting enough candy?

You say in your May 9 editorial that when the boat goes down the mail goes, too. Going to issue a lot of buoyant boxes to the folks back home? Going to fix it so they can insure the packages?

I get a lot of V-Mail, and my wife writes me one regular letter a week. To me, that's just the same thing as getting one letter a week. Why don't you guys leave well enough alone?

Britain.

S/Sgt.

Dear YANK:

I disagree wholeheartedly with the YANK editorial advocating V-Mail only for soldiers overseas. To myself, and I daresay to many other soldiers in this area, a letter from a loved one that hasn't been read by another person is something to be prized highly.

Britain.

Cpl. MAX FIDELHOLTZ

Dear YANK:

You can count me as being strongly opposed to your suggestion to restrict all letters to V-Mail. V-Mail is too brief; it is of a cold, impersonal nature. I feel that to sacrifice warm, uplifting letters from parents, wives or sweethearts for more packages is unfair, a disproportionate exchange.

To eliminate unnecessary and foolish letters from merchants, etc., would be a worthwhile and helpful accomplishment. But wasn't the main reason behind the restriction of packages the constant reduplication of items that could be obtained here?

As much as I enjoy packages, they could never take the place of the morale-lifting regular letter. I say, encourage V-Mail, but allow regular letters from families, friends and sweethearts.

Britain.

S/Sgt. CARMEN E. MERCADANTE

Dear YANK:

We still think your V-Mail campaign stinks.

Britain.

Sgt. SENTIMENTAL JOE (Again)

(Editor's note: From Washington, on May 13, came an announcement that from now on it would no longer be necessary for a soldier to get his CO's permission to drag down a package from home. Only thing is, he must write a letter to the sender, telling what he wants, and the sender must use the letter as Exhibit A for the postmaster.)

Editorial Page

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



CONCERNING AN ANONYMOUS GUY DOWN SOUTH

THE scythe went ripping through Tunisia, in the hand of a big, tired, dirty-faced guy who smelt the way any one smells who hasn't had a bath since God knows when. He didn't have a name. He was just anybody. He was Joe and Louie and Ronald and Frank. He was the average American soldier and at last he was in a real war and he was going in the right direction and he was having a devil of a good time. He knew that he was finishing up a hunk of the war and that if the Germans wanted to teach him anything about soldiering they'd have to get up very early in the morning. Perhaps, if they wanted to teach *him* anything about soldiering, they'd better not go to bed at all.

He had learned his soldiering the hard way, lying on his guts while machine guns played *Die Wacht am Rhein* over his head. He got his elementary schooling crouched in a slit trench while the Stukas screamed like banshees over his head, and he graduated with honors while the German 88s were prodding the hillside where he had dug himself in. He had even take a postgraduate course while driving hell for leather down on Bizerta, seeing the red-tailed German tanks make for the tall timber and the dead-end street called Cape Bon. As far as soldiering went, he was a damned well-educated man.

And there he was, sitting on top of Tunisia, which to him meant on top of the world. He was, of course, a decadent democrat and an international banker, but with an army from a nation of shopkeepers and a grim handful of fighting poilus left over from 1940, he was back doing business at the same old bloody stand. It had taken him quite a while to get started, and at first he had been kicked around. He had been new at the game then, and the Germans looked big and they looked terrifying and they looked tough. They looked like none of those things now; huddled behind barbed-wire enclosures that hemmed them in, they looked exactly what they were—dog-tired, hungry, beaten, battered men. The average Joe was

cutting the *Wehrmacht* down to his own size.

To begin with, there had been a myth. The American soldier had heard it before he even was a soldier. He read it in the papers back home when Africa was merely the place where Stanley and Livingstone said "Hullo!" He was told about it when German might smashed Norway, smashed Holland, smashed France, smashed Greece. He got it on all sides. *You can't beat Hitler*, people said. *Give in to him*, people said. *He's not such a bad old boy*, the word went around. And meanwhile Hitler moved into Africa and Joe moved into a pup-tent. And then he moved over here.

He was here for a while. We saw him. We watched him get into the trains last fall that were the first stage on his African journey. And while he was here we were with him around the camps and in the pubs and wherever he happened to go. He was just an average guy, sometimes quiet, sometimes noisy. He didn't say he was going to Africa to lick Hitler; he merely said that thank God he was going where he could get an egg. And when he got there he got an egg, all right. As a matter of fact, he got a whole hen house.

He arrived in Africa and he was nervous. The old myth was still hanging around. A lot of people had fought the Germans, and they all had gone down. Only England and Russia were still standing up and slugging back. England was a good model to follow.

Ask a Tommy what he thought of Hitler and the Tommy would say, "Cor, I'll spit right in 'is bleedin' eye. Cor, stone me, if I don't. Nothink the matter with 'im wot a bullet won't fix. Cor." So the old nervousness relaxed a little.

Then Rommel came slamming in, and Joe discovered that he was green and that the *Afrika Korps* wasn't. He took it on the chin and he got knocked back in his corner; the British even had to come along and give him a hand. And then, when the German attack had petered out he discovered that he had fallen back in good order, that he was still intact, and that there was no reason on earth why he couldn't go right back where he was in the first place.

He went back. And from there he went on, and he's been going ever since. And at last he came over the mountains and looked down at Bizerta and telephoned his artillery to send over a few and invited his bombers to drop a few down, and then he went in himself. When he went into Bizerta he found that he had really loused the place up. It was a shambles. And so, for that matter, were the shaking German soldiers, the erstwhile supermen, who came staggering out of their slit trenches with their hands held high in the air. So Joe whats-his-name herded a bunch of prisoners together, sat down on what was left of a wall, and said, "It beats the usual out of me." The myth had gone up in bright blue smoke.

Now he's sitting in Tunisia, tough, battle-hardened, grim, wondering "Where do we go from here?" He's been through the mill and has come out the other side with a big, broad grin on his grimy face. He's earned a nice long rest, but if he doesn't get it he'll keep his chin up. He'll gripe like hell, of course, but he's a game guy. If they want him to hop into Europe, he'll hop into Europe, and if they want him to go to the moon he'll look up the nearest RTO to find out about timetables. He's red-hot and he knows it, and so, at last, does Adolf Hitler.

If there were any doubts along the Wilhelmstrasse as to what we could do, they were cleared up by the big, grinning guy in Tunisia. And if there are any more questions that Hitler wants answered we have a lot of smart boys down in Africa who will be glad to answer anything he wants to ask. In person, if it can be arranged.

And meanwhile, the average Joe down south is waiting for orders. Right now he's sitting on his tail, taking a ten, smoking a butt, and thinking that his rifle's getting a little dirty and perhaps ought to be cleaned. And he's scratching his head and cussing hell out of the corporal because the corporal lost the only deck of cards in the outfit and if any brass hat thinks he can fight a war without a little recreation, he can just go out and get himself another boy.

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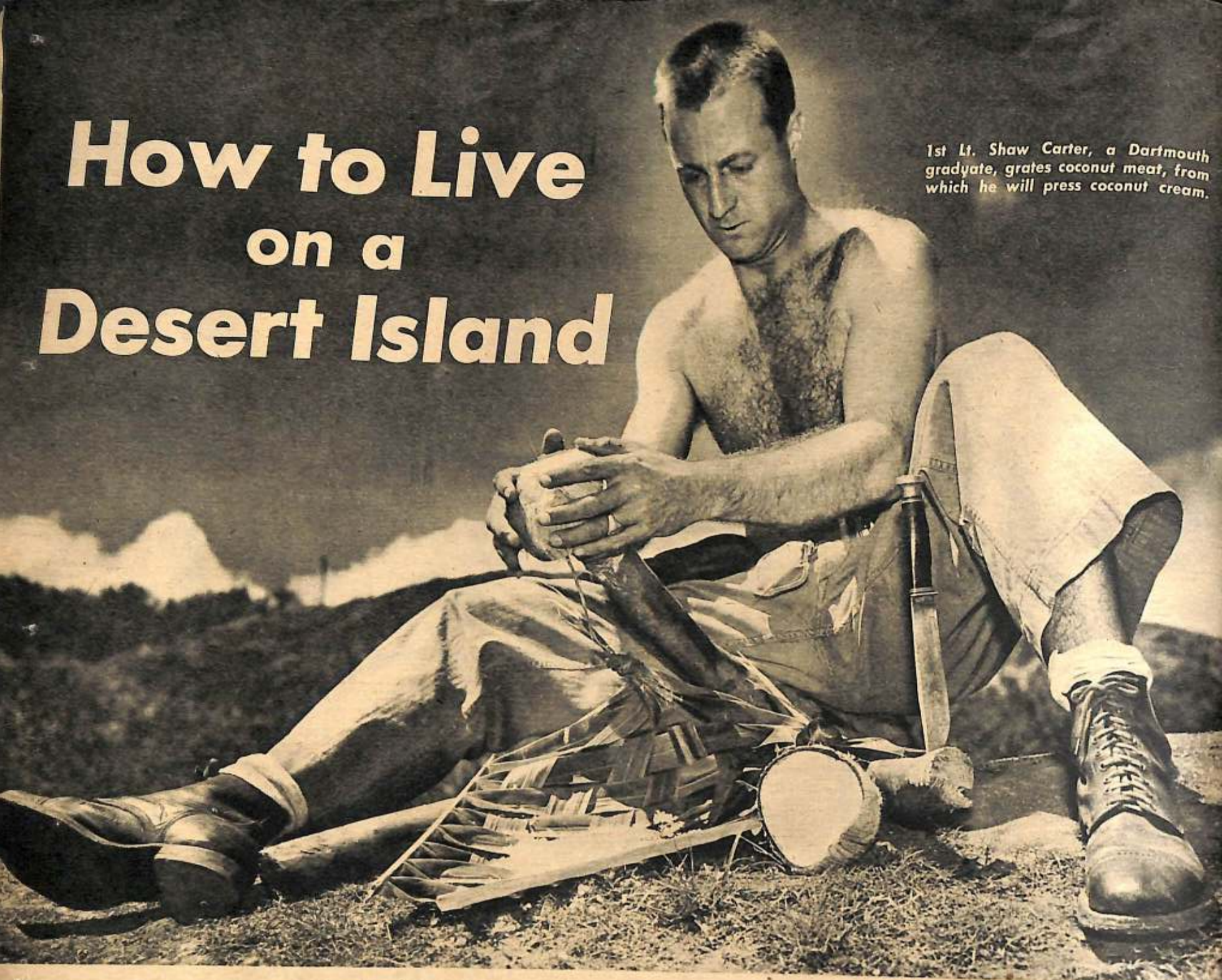
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How to Live on a Desert Island

1st Lt. Shaw Carter, a Dartmouth graduate, grates coconut meat, from which he will press coconut cream.



All you need is a machete to keep your stomach full and a roof over your head. But remember not to act like a tough guy if you meet the natives.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

HAWAII—Let's say you are a GI marooned on a strange island somewhere in the South Pacific or isolated far behind enemy lines in a jungle with no rations. What are the dangers? What are your chances of survival?

Dr. Kenneth P. Emory, ethnologist at Honolulu's Bishop Museum and a walking Baedeker of lore for castaways, has spent a good part of his life among the natives of the South Seas. He says that the only danger is fear. And he thinks that your chances of survival are excellent—if you avoid Japs.

Dr. Emory spent three weeks recently teaching the art of survival in the South Seas with nothing more than a GI machete (and plenty of guts) to a class of 20 of us—Infantry and Artillery officers, a handful of Pacific Rangers, a half dozen assorted noncoms, two teen-aged sailors, YANK's staff photographer, Sgt. John A. (One-Shot) Bushemi, and your correspondent. Here is a pocket-sized digest of what we learned, a sort of South Pacific life insurance for YANK readers who may be bound west from San Francisco one day soon on a fighting assignment.

The first thing to remember is that GI machete. That's the only thing you need on a desert island. If there isn't some kind of GI machete, bolo,

trench or cane knife issued in your outfit, you better buy one before you leave San Francisco.

Your island will be either volcanic or a coral atoll. Atolls closest to the equator are dry, deserted and uninviting but have sea birds, fish and one good vegetable—the common pigweed, a prolific plant with fleshy leaves and a stem which can be eaten like watercress. On semi-dry atolls you will be surrounded by pandanus trees. On volcanic islands you will find coconuts, bananas, sugar cane, mangroves, limes, guavas, papaya and sometimes oranges. Eat any fruit or vegetable that tastes good.

All shell fish are nonpoisonous and—except for several varieties of "balloon fish" which swell when caught and are deadly—so are most fish in lagoons and rivers. If there is any question, try a small piece first. Then, if you become mildly ill, drink enough salt water to cause you to cough up the poison and avoid that fish from then on.

On a coral atoll there'll be no streams, but you can get plenty of drinkable, brackish water simply by digging through the sand to the water-soaked level below. For digging, use a pearl shell or a turtle bone. Drifted coconuts probably will lie nearby. To open these, use any hardwood stick; sharpen both ends with your machete, drive one end in the ground and husk the nut by bringing it down horizontally on the stick and prying away the husk section by section.

Probably your next job will be to discover whether or not the island is inhabited. You'll find most natives in small villages, usually along the coast; and inland villages are almost invariably along streams or on tops of ridges. Where there are no trails, follow the ridges or streams. Wade the streams until they become rivers, then float on a log. With your machete you can find a soft wood that will float easily and can be cut down with a few strokes.

If you can't reach the natives any other way, set fire to a pile of dead leaves and branches or tie a few dried coconut leaves together and make a torch. You can usually bring the natives in canoes and may also attract a passing PB-Y.

No South Sea islander will prepare to serve you as evening chow; cannibalism today exists almost exclusively in fiction and rumor. Natives will not greet you as a "white god"; almost all of them will have seen a white man before, and even in the Japanese-controlled islands the chances are good that the natives will help you—if you know how to treat them.

The rules are simple.

Never show fear and never threaten or use a gun. First of all, find out if anyone speaks English and can act as your interpreter-guide. If not, approach the native who looks like the village chief. Probably he'll have a bigger ring in his nose, be wearing brighter paint, or have a more brilliant headdress. Go up to him with a smile—even if it hurts. Offer him a cigarette if you have one. Use the sign language and ask him for whatever you want—food, directions, advice. He'll probably give you all three. Every week stories come from the South Pacific of men saved by the loan of a dug-out canoe or a native guide.

In case you spend much time with the natives,

learn as many names and as much of their language as possible. Most of them—particularly Polynesians—are incurable practical jokers, and you should laugh as loud and as long as they even if the joke's on you. A jitterbug, a good jive drummer or an amateur magician will probably be a hero—especially if he lets a few natives in on his technique. Anyone who's a superior swimmer and can outrace the village athletes will earn their undying admiration. Better not try it unless you're almost as good as Weismuller.

The women will, in no case, resemble the Hollywood product, and the few instances in which natives have been unfriendly with white men have resulted when the visitor was overly attentive to a wife or daughter. Otherwise, simply treat the natives as your equals and friends who can help you. They will.

For shelter even the clumsiest novice can make a semi-durable, hardy lean-to or hut from the materials furnished by the coconut tree. As a frame use two pairs of coconut-leaf butts for rafters, a midrib of a tree as a ridge pole, and tie with strips of coconut cloth.

For a thatched covering, split long green leaves which are a little longer than the frame and plait the leaves the same way you wove baskets as a boy scout or at summer camp. Then lay the plaited leaves on the rafters from the ground up, tie them, one overlapping the other, like shingles. By thatching both sides and one of the ends, you have a hut that not only will protect you from tropical rains but, with a row of coconut stems in front, keep out curious land crabs. By draping a sheet of coconut cloth over the entrance, your hut is mosquito- and flyproof. Coconut cloth also can be used to make a handy loin cloth, belt,



Dr. Kenneth P. Emory, director of the "castaways" advises them to cut down the tree to reach bananas.

a slight coconut flavor and is a delicacy toasted. The sprout itself can be eaten as a vegetable.

Where coconut trees are numerous, you can fell one with your machete and eat the celery-like heart in the center of the trunk. Dr. Emory calls it "millionaire's salad."

As for bananas, each tree bears only once; so don't hesitate to chop it down. Some bananas may taste strange even when ripe; they are cooking bananas and can be toasted or fried. Even green bananas are edible after being cooked. The breadfruit tree—called the "staff of life" by the natives—has a fruit 5 to 8 inches in diameter with a rough, yellow-green skin. Cook it half an hour over an open fire, peel off the skin and eat with coconut cream.

In case you've been wondering about that fire, the best advice is "Save Your Matches." But you can keep one fire going indefinitely by using pieces of dried coconut husk as punk. They will burn for hours.

If you have no matches, don't try rubbing two sticks together and expect a flame to burst forth. Any of the primitive methods of fire-making are a sure way to a quick Section 8 unless a native or Dr. Emory shows you how. But don't worry. You can make an oven from a shallow hole with fire inside and stones on top.

"With a coconut grove around, who needs a fire?" the doctor demands, skillfully evading a rumor that if you pull off the lower fronds of a tree and let the juice drip into an empty shell tied directly below you will have, in two or three days, a beer that will put any PX 3.2 to shame. Dr. Emory insists that only the natives can make the beer properly, but when we get to our South Sea island, we're planning to try.



Capt. Jacob Hertzog eats the celery-like heart of a coconut tree.



S/Sgt. John Obert of Hibbing, Minn., samples the nutritious end of a coconut sprout.



Pfc. John Eslick of Golden, Colo., cooks breadfruit on a stove made of hot stones.



S/Sgt. Obert shows that a coconut will provide both meat and drink.

bag or shawl as well as a stout all-purpose twine. If you never learned to weave as a boy scout—and this reporter was given up as hopeless by both the scouts and Dr. Emory—don't worry. We found that if you just tie several layers of unwoven leaves over the frame of your hut it's almost as snug—and much simpler to make. A spare thatch, a mat woven by plaiting an unsplit leaf, or even a pile of dried leaves makes a surprisingly comfortable bed.

When your water-soaked GI shoes give out, you can make an excellent sandal by strapping a piece of coconut husk to the bottom of each foot. Foot covering is necessary if you're planning to swim or fish near the coral rocks along the sea or lagoons. Wear as many clothes as possible and try to ride the surf in. Coral cuts are dangerously infectious.

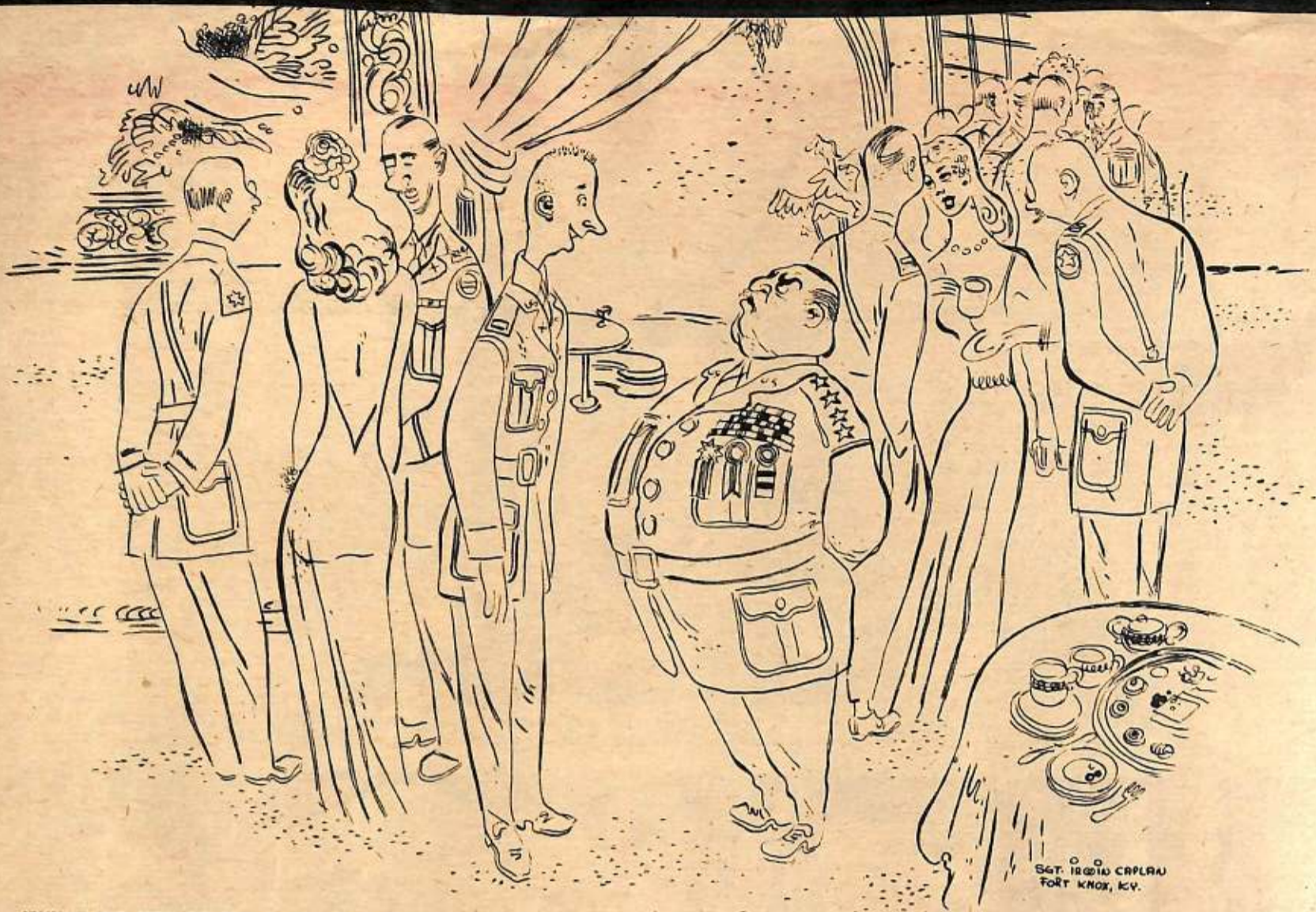
Besides providing you with materials for a house and clothing, even the scrubbiest coconut grove gives you almost a complete diet. For example, there is the refreshing water or "milk" in the half-grown nut whose jelly-like meat is a satisfying though monotonous meal.

The meat of the mature nut—the kind you used to buy at the corner grocery back home—is too rich for a steady diet, but you can grate it with a piece of coral or the edge of a shell, squeeze the gratings with your hand, and produce a cream that will make most cow-envious. You can drink the cream straight, have bananas and cream for breakfast—no corn flake—or make a sauce for fish, pandanus or breadfruit. Dry a mature nut, grate its meat, and squeeze for the oil that, smeared over your body, prevents excessive sunburn and keeps your hair from cracking.

In addition, nuts with sprouts have a spongy growth inside which tastes like marshmallow with



Pacific Rangers return after a day of gathering jungle fruits. Ferns are cool and good camouflage.



Sgt. IRWIN CAPLAN
FORT KNOX, KY.

"WHAT DID YOU DO FOR A LIVING IN CIVILIAN LIFE, GENERAL?"
Fort Knox, Ky. —Sgt. IRWIN CAPLAN



Sgt. RAY JULFS

"NOW THEY TELL ME I GOT MY COMMISSION IN THE NAVY."
—Sgt. RAY JULFS

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



"BUTTON YOUR BLOUSE!"
—Sgt. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT