

INFORMATION

In the North African desert of Cranston, R. I., finds fact he already knew—that

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

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YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY

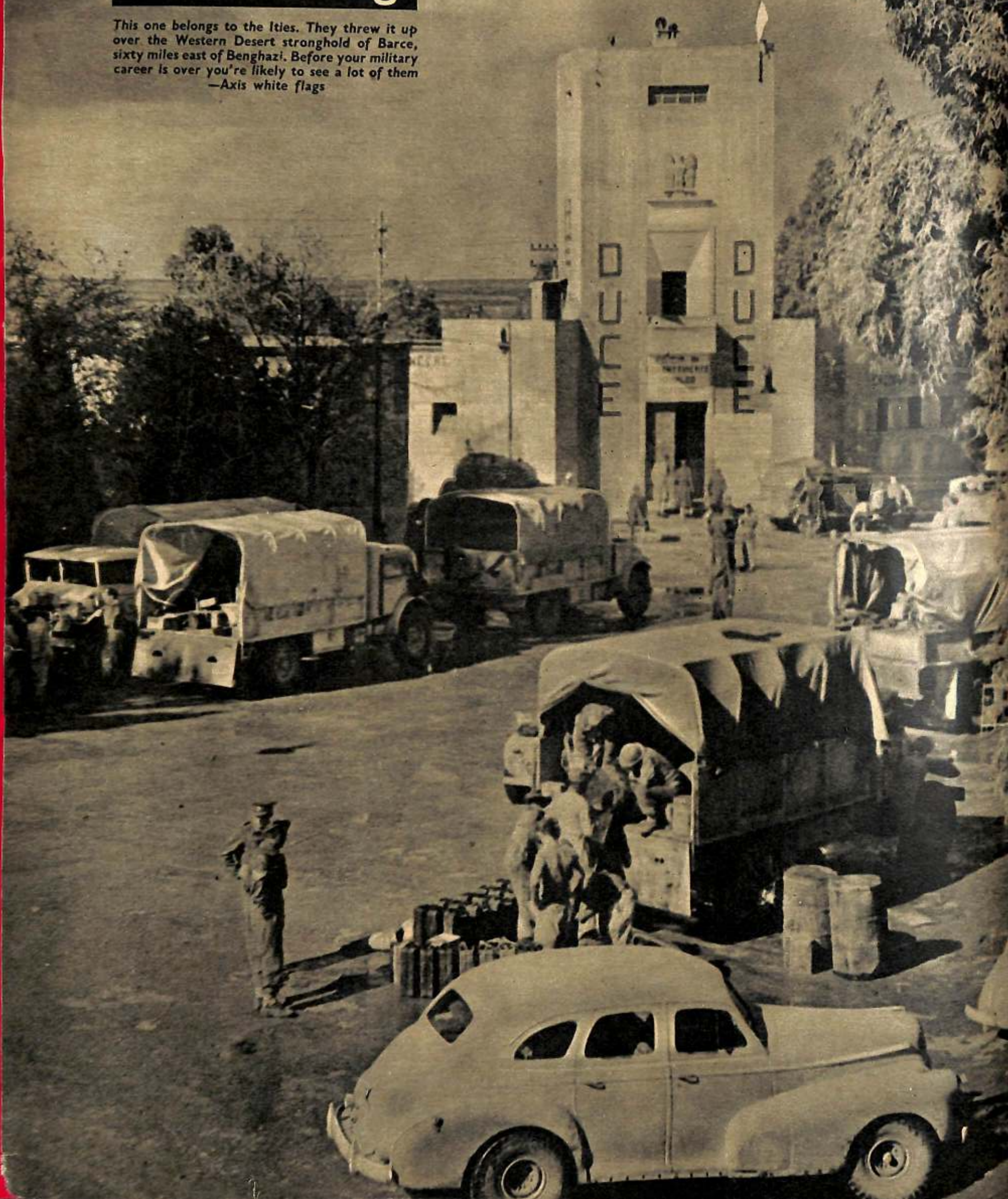
New York
← 5,000 Miles

ON BOOTH

rt, Sgt. Robert Miller, other confirmation of a it's a long way home.

White Flag

This one belongs to the Ities. They threw it up over the Western Desert stronghold of Barce, sixty miles east of Benghazi. Before your military career is over you're likely to see a lot of them
—Axis white flags



A Yank In Tobruk



British Tommies combing out the ruins of a Western Desert stronghold for snipers or other Rommel rearguardsmen protecting Nazi worthy's retreat

It was in the Western Desert that General Alexander's men paved the way for the Allied West African offensive. Here a YANK reporter tells a vivid story of the British advance

By Sgt. George Aarons
YANK Staff Correspondent

I'm writing this from the ghost town of Tobruk, shell of a seaport which has known more masters than any city on the North African coast. The British bombed it to a pulp, and the Americans bombed the pulp to a powder a few days ago. I saw Germans drop more and more bombs into the powder, causing us of the advance Press party to seek shelter in ragged remains.

I'm one of the first American soldiers to set foot in Tobruk and my appearance caused comment from British soldiers guarding the ruins. Curious, they asked if I were one of the Tunisia Yanks. Other Americans have been here but they passed through and didn't stop.

Port of Shadows

The harbor of Tobruk is a scene of utter destruction. It is filled with ships. But the ships aren't floating. They are bomb-blasted wrecks whose masts stick from the water marking their graves. More than fifteen are rusting there in the Mediterranean waters.

I first saw Tobruk from a high hill to the south, looking like pictures of ancient Greek or Roman ruins. The sun was setting but there was no reflection from the windows. Houses were pounded to rubble and what windows were left were dark shadows. Enemy guns on trucks were still pointing toward us. Men who operated them left so fast they

didn't have a chance to move them. They also left thousands of shell-cases and rounds of ammunition scattered around, as if they had only escaped bare-handed.

Not a City But a Skeleton

We drove into town, impressed by the destruction incessant bombardment causes in a town which had been taking it for two years. There wasn't much left. No panes in any of the windows, few roofs. We passed what had been a twenty-five-car garage, now a skeleton filled with charred chassis. The walls of every building were pocked with shrapnel and the streets lined with riddled cars and trucks. Some vehicles were on sidewalks where they landed in the rush to avoid destruction.

Besides the occupying troops, flies were the only living things. Over all hung the offensive odor of burnt high explosives. The town square was dominated by a church, resembling a New England Methodist church.

British soldiers in town picking up abandoned Axis supplies and seeing the sights, stopped in the church, each one removing his cap as he entered. We followed them in and saw warm sun shining from a hole on the left side, illuminating what must have been the altar. Madonnas on the right and left of the altar were undamaged. There were no furnishings except a bench on which the Tommies sat. A British major praying suddenly brought to my mind that today was Sunday.

Signs of Nazi "Respect"

A sign near the altar read: "There was much destruction here, so please don't lend your help." An Italian had scribbled words beneath one of the Madonnas. "Madonna Mia, look over and protect my family. Scire Guiseppe." We looked for signs of Germans using the church but couldn't find any. The absence of wooden furnishings however indicated that the Nazis had stripped it for firewood.

Going through town we again found signs scribbled in German and Italian on charred walls. One had the single word: "Welcome." It was still fresh because the Germans had left only the day before and we wondered if it was a joke. One wall bore a chalked "Heil Hitler," an Itie had added "Viva Il Duce." A Tommy had placed, "Long Live The King" and beneath that I wrote "God Bless America."

Poking through the rubbish for souvenirs, we



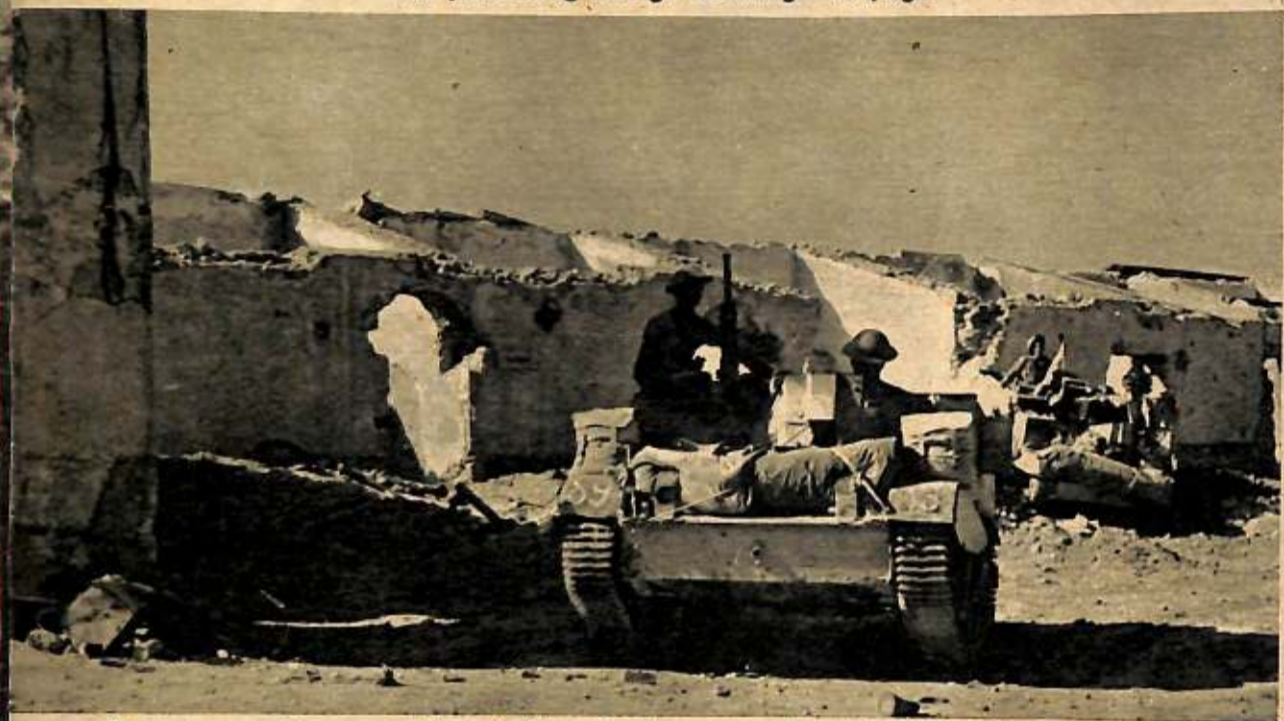
Desert Dilemma



What better could a Tommy ask to stand on, while he hoists the Union Jack? The scene is at Tobruk, Rommel's remnants had hurried away to the West. The British, hot on the trail, pause long enough to change the flags.



Dropped and ran—Rommel's boys were in such a rush to escape the Allied forces' swift advance, they abandoned trucks.



Bren gun carriers scout through the ruins for strays from the Afrika Korps. Roofless rubble was all that was left of the Libyan towns after the American and British Air Forces had softened them up for the advancing ground troops.

found two framed pictures, one of Admiral Raeder, the other old Adolf. Both pictures apparently fell with the town. Tommy had bayoneted Hitler. I later saw them slide Der Fuehrer's likeness behind the iron bars of a blown-out window.

We decided to sleep here and push on to Gazala in the morning. Short of water, we got several bottles of mineral water and a dozen bottles of good Chianti wine from an Axis warehouse. We also found a room which the Nazis had used as headquarters. The company records and paybooks were left and I figured the company clerk would have a headache if he ever faced his company again.

Finally we found some inhabitants in Tobruk. In the street were two dogs, one limping from shrapnel wounds, and a frisky cat. The three came up for petting. In a battered hotel opposite the church we found a room less dirty than the rest and bunked.

Raid on a Shattered City

The only furnishings were jagged, frameless windows and gaping shell-holes in the walls, which fully air-conditioned the place. As we washed in some of the mineral water, we heard planes overhead and thought they were ours. We paid no attention until we heard the thud of bombs. Running to the window, we saw three Jerries swing about and come back.

Dead Tobruk seemed to waken for an instant. Ack-ack popped, tracers fingered the sky. We couldn't figure why the Germans were wasting eggs



Sunset in the desert. The time for the Arabs to turn toward Mecca. But this tank crew on patrol have more material thoughts. They are getting their chow ready before the short twilight is over.



Sunday in Tobruk. Surrounded by ruins and tottering walls, the church at Tobruk stands almost undamaged after the great



ammunition, weapons and their Italian allies. In the foreground stands a Nazi gun-carrier. Forlorn as Rommel's hopes.

on battered Tobruk unless they were saying a last farewell. Don Whitehead, of Associated Press, and I were invited to dinner with the British commander at his headquarters, which, until a few days ago, had been occupied by Rommel. The colonel proved to be a genial host and when he heard I was fresh from London, asked many questions about his home town. He said he was thrilled at seeing a motor-convoy bearing the white star of the U. S. Air Force passing through Tobruk. And he asked how many planes we had here.

Hotel a Haunted House

After dinner, British staff officers escorted us back to our hotel, saving us the trouble of talking our way past the British sentries. Our hotel was like a haunted house as the officers left us. Wind whistled through eyeless windows, shutters banged. Jerry came over at midnight, again at three. Meanwhile, the mosquitos moved in and started their own dive bombing, which was worse than Jerry.

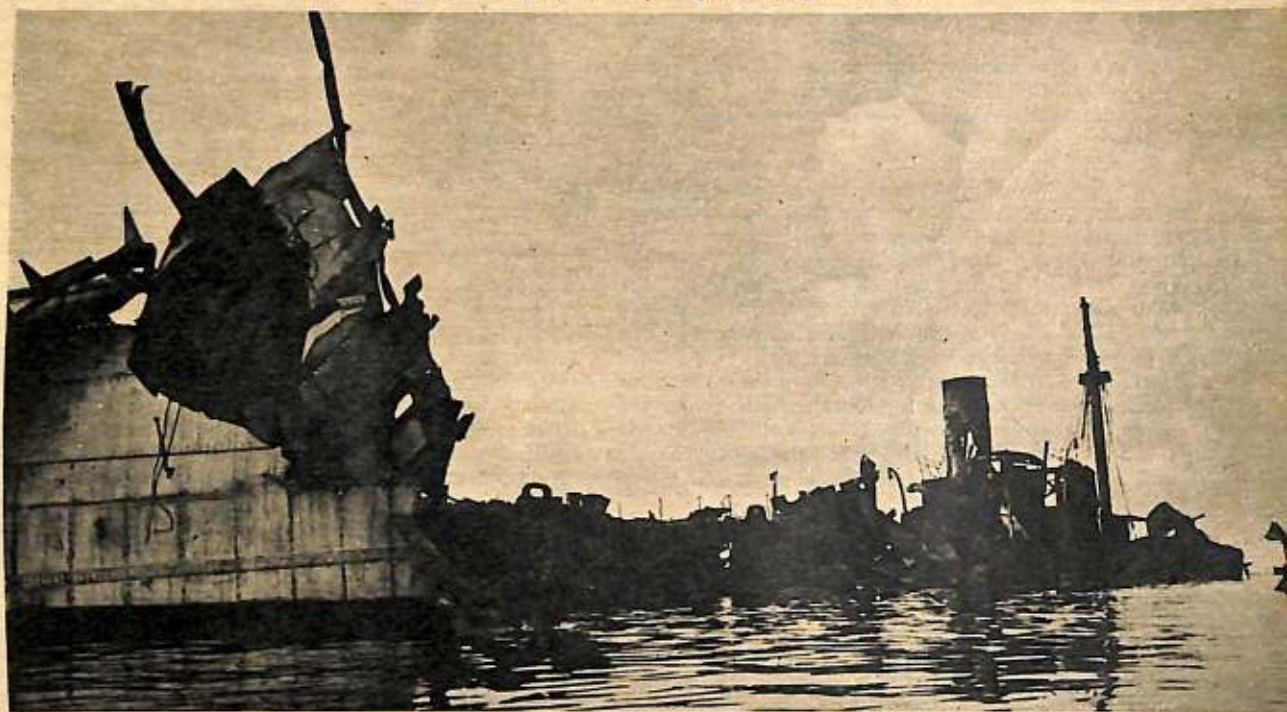
The Germans were back in the morning as if they knew I had forgotten my alarm clock. We washed and shaved in mineral water, went outside and grabbed an Army truck for Gazala. With the rain and cold desert wind as accompaniment, we'll always remember that last view of Tobruk as we bumped out in the Army truck. A desolate, ruined city, completely smashed docks—the harbor studded with rusty masts.



air blitz, a tribute to the accuracy of Allied bombing. YANK'S correspondent found British Tommies praying there



Dead ducks now. The mangled corpses of Nazi planes litter a captured desert airfield. They were caught on the ground by the overwhelming Allied air attack which preceded the offensive of the British Eighth Army in Libya



Twisted plates of bombed and sunken vessels provide grim skylines in the Libyan ports. Perhaps these ships had time to land their supplies for Rommel, but they never returned home for another load



Peace on earth now for these men. Some of the thousands of Germans and their abandoned Italian allies rounded up in the British Eighth Army's offensive in Libya. They were lucky to have escaped death in battle or starvation in the desert

The Plot That Failed

U. S. S. R.



AFTER the first shock of the incredible and treacherous Jap attack on Pearl Harbor had passed, it was obvious to any one what the Axis was up to. The Nazis were pushing east; the Japs would push west and the two would meet in India or Persia. It was a great strategy, and shows that these blond and yellow devils were after exactly what they had said over and over again—world domination. Only nobody took them seriously.

Look at the situation when Japan struck. Germany had carried everything before her. Country after country had fallen. Poland in '39, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France in '40, Yugoslavia and Greece in '41. Only once had she been checked in her mad lust for conquest. She had lost the air Battle of Britain. But that had been overlooked in the successes elsewhere. She was pushing Russia back step by step.

What could be a better time to strike? Moscow would soon be in German hands. Rostov, in the south, the gateway to the Caucasus, had already fallen. The road to the oil fields, the Caspian, Persia and India lay open. The British were doing well

Perhaps one of the most startling stories of 1942 was not what happened—but what might have. And that, a junction of the two great Axis powers somewhere between the East and Near East. Many a qualified military observer a year ago saw that as the main Axis objective. It wasn't a pipe-dream; it was potential reality

in Libya, it is true, but the Mediterranean had been cut in two. Supplies were flowing to Rommel. Suez would be in the bag shortly. Mussolini was already dreaming of his triumphal entry into Alexandria.

Yes, on paper, it was a good time to strike. But there were a few miscalculations. In the first place Russia wasn't licked at all. The very day before Pearl Harbor, Rostov was retaken, Moscow was saved. Nor was the German offensive of 1942 able

to get beyond Stalingrad or to the Caspian, or, in fact, to hang on to what it did take. So much for the northern arm of the German pincers.

Miscalculation No. 2 was the African situation. Alexandria and Suez did not fall. Mussolini, having flown to Libya for his triumphal entry, flew home again. The Axis underestimated British strength in Egypt. The American occupation of Algeria caught them completely flatfooted. Between the two offensives the southern arm of the pincers is now being completely washed up, right on the shores of the Mediterranean.

There was still a third miscalculation; the air offensive. Fat Goering had boasted so often that never a bomb would drop on Germany—that, maybe, he believed it himself. But the bombs are dropping by the ton. By night from Lancasters and Halifaxes, and now by day from Fortresses and Liberators. Not only on Germany, but on the occupied countries, and now Italy. And they are dropping more and more all the time.

Yes, it was a beautiful strategy. The only trouble was it hasn't worked.

And Three of the Principal Reasons for the Failure



There were other reasons, of course—Allied Fleet action, the campaign in the Solomons, the stopping of the Japs from their southward surge by the Axis during the year: Russia's indomitable stand, the Anglo-American offensive at both ends of Africa, and the rising tide of our air power in every theater of war

SCHOOL FOR Rangers



The 76th Division at Fort Meade. The front-line experience of men in Africa and the Pacific is producing a new technique of hand-to-hand slaughter which soon will be taught to every infantryman in our army.

By A YANK STAFF CORRESPONDENT

FORT MEADE—It was the day after the great Commando raid at Dieppe and everyone in the train was extolling the virtues of the British Commandos and the American Rangers. Only the short, sandy-haired Canadian lieutenant colonel in the club car was silent. He listened to the newspapermen's enthusiastic chattering for a while. Then he said very simply, "You know, gentlemen, this may startle you—but there are no commandos any more."
The colonel introduced himself. "The name's Guildford F. Dudley. A Jerry bomb knocked me out a few weeks ago. That's why I'm here, in-

stead of on the other side, commanding my battalion.

"But getting back to what I said about the commandos—the method we're using in Great Britain now is to put *every* fighting man through the same course of training formerly reserved for the commandos alone. They get Judo, hand-to-hand fighting, cross-country and landing problems. They go through combat courses where they're fired on with live ammunition. Bakelite land mines go off under them, and they have to wade through cattle blood and dummy corpses. Why last fall, 1,000,000 men went on commando maneuvers, covering 200 miles on foot in five days, without so much as an hour's sleep. That's why I say there are no commandos any more. In a manner of speaking, *every* British soldier is a commando."

Then, shy and half-apologetic: "I hope you don't mind my telling you this—but you see, it was *my* outfit, the Cameron Highlanders, that spearheaded the attack on Dieppe, just 24 hours ago."

That was last August, and Col. Dudley was speaking only of the British Army. Today, less than six months later, a good many G.I.'s are painfully conscious of the fact that the trend has

spread to the United States Army as well. Here at Fort Meade, the Army has established a Ranger and Combat School. No less than 1,000 officers from divisions in training all over the country have already been sent here to submit themselves to intensive combat courses. Now, bruised and battered, they have gone back to their respective outfits. And from this point on, every division still training in the United States will learn at first hand that "there are no commandos any more."

Already well-acquainted with this new Army dictum is the 76th (Liberty Bell) Division, stationed at Fort Meade. Principally because of its proximity to the mayhem laboratories of the Ranger and Combat School, the 76th—a typical triangular division activated last June—was chosen as the guinea pig outfit to test out the new methods of training.

First, a group of 212 specially-selected officers and non-coms was sent to the Ranger and Combat School. Those that emerged in one piece then went back to the division to give the same course to every man in the 76th—including cooks, clerks, bandsmen and everyone else. The results were nothing short of amazing. Medical corps Lt. Eugene W. Williams wrote in his report, "As the



Japanese soldiers (and eventually all American soldiers) actually know more about Judo than the average Japanese!

This reverses the usual story, and constitutes one of the most flagrant swipe-jobs we have ever pulled on the wily Japs.

It happened back in 1928, when Maj. D'Eliscu was manager of the champion American Olympic swimming team, captained by Johnny Weissmuller. The Japs invited D'Eliscu and his team to Tokyo for exhibitions—and then proceeded to photograph every stroke, which they subsequently adopted and used in the 1932 Olympics. They also invited D'Eliscu to demonstrate American wrestling at the famous Kazuma and Takashi Institutes. This he did—while the Jap cameras again clicked merrily away.

When he had finished his exhibition at Kazuma, D'Eliscu bowed to Hori Takima, head of the school. "I have heard so much about your own form of wrestling," he said. "Would you honor me by demonstrating some of your more complicated holds in return?" The Japanese scowled. Then, when a quick glance assured him that D'Eliscu had no camera and no means whatever of recording what he saw, Takima smiled politely, and proceeded to put on an exhibition.

At first Takima was reticent, but goaded on by D'Eliscu's flattery, he soon had unloaded his complete bag of tricks. When it was over, D'Eliscu thanked him, bowed to the assembled Japanese, and went out.

Fourteen years later, American soldiers were silently killing Japs with the same Kazuma holds.

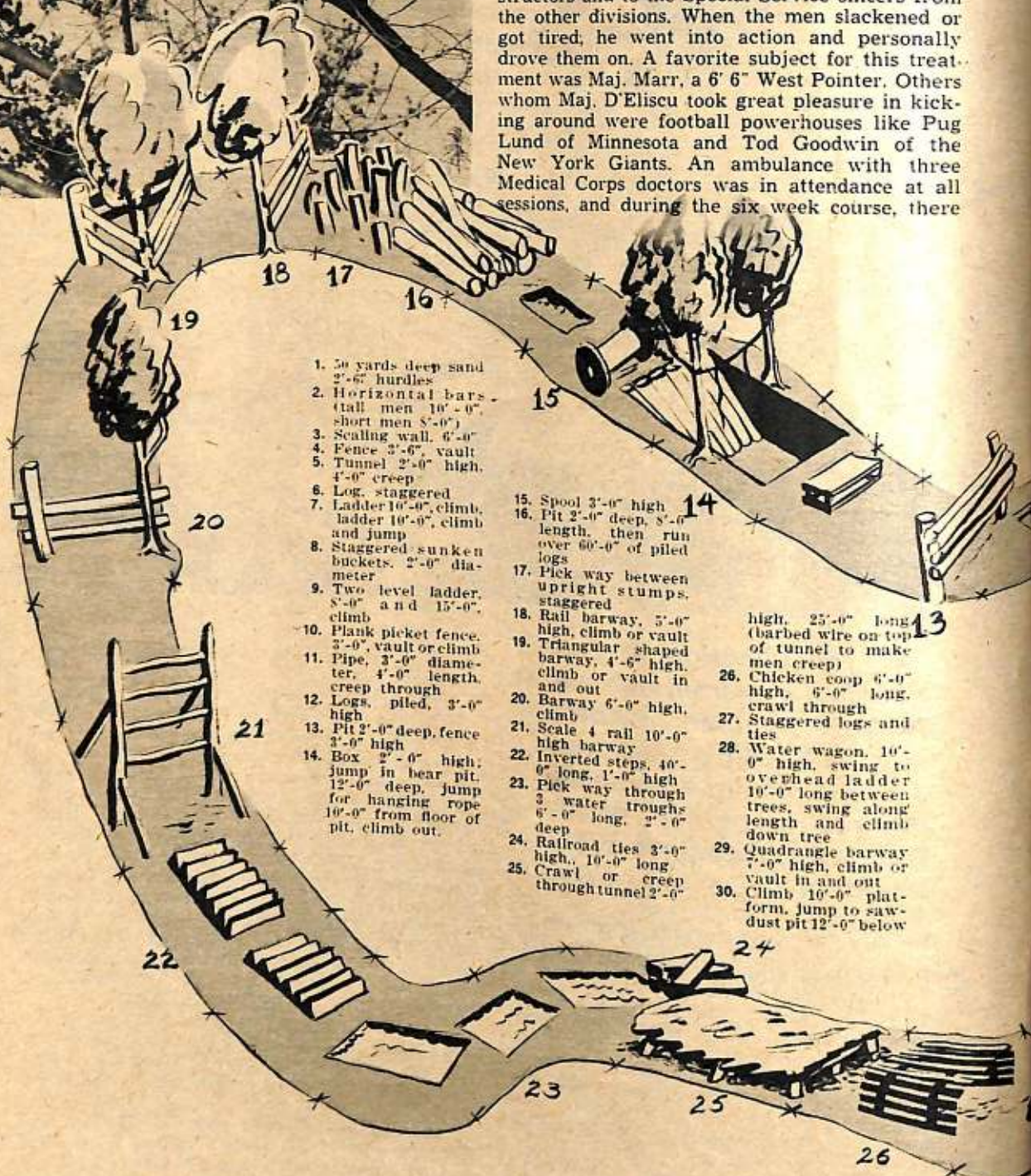
Maj. D'Eliscu is one of the toughest men alive. He can kill with a flick of his elbow—maim with a pinch of his fingers. He imparts this toughness into the course he gave to the 76th Division instructors and to the Special Service officers from the other divisions. When the men slackened or got tired, he went into action and personally drove them on. A favorite subject for this treatment was Maj. Marr, a 6' 6" West Pointer. Others whom Maj. D'Eliscu took great pleasure in kicking around were football powerhouses like Pug Lund of Minnesota and Tod Goodwin of the New York Giants. An ambulance with three Medical Corps doctors was in attendance at all sessions, and during the six week course, there

At Ft. Meade, Lt. Norman Bickling illustrates one method of dealing with a tree sniper. These men are taught to use their feet as well as their hands and weapons.

course progressed, the morale and aggressive spirit of the men became extremely high. They developed great pride in their own accidents and injuries, and in the 'toughness' of the course. They became confident in their own prowess, and other soldiers who had always been bullies became respectful and cautious of them." In short, an entire division had become tough. Six weeks of intensive training was enough to instill in it the basic concepts of the toughest kind of fighting.

The men of the 76th took the training for an hour a day, five days a week. The course simply replaced the old "cadence-exercise-to-be-done-in-the-following-manner" which is more or less out for the duration. At first the men were scared—but after a while they loved it. College professors became savage. Concert violinists became potential killers. They fought free-for-alls, battled in trees, sparred with naked bayonets, carried each other pic-a-back for half a mile or more, jumped from moving trucks. They learned Judo and dirty wrestling—and choice methods of flattening an opponent by noiselessly breaking his neck, or "kneeing" him. As the commander of the 76th Division, stocky, jeep-driving Maj. Gen. Emil P. Reinhardt, put it, "It's a rough game. But they might as well learn right here in the beginning that war itself is a rough game. When these boys join the men already in the front lines, I can tell you right now—there aren't going to be any weak-sister divisions."

The combat training course was originated by Maj. Francois D'Eliscu, head of the Ranger and Combat School. Maj. D'Eliscu, a slightly-built, greying man, looks and acts much less than his 57 years. Before the war, he was an instructor of physical education at both Columbia and New York Universities. Also, he was America's foremost exponent of Judo, the silent, murderous



1. 50 yards deep sand 2'-6" hurdles
2. Horizontal bars (tall men 10'-0", short men 8'-0")
3. Scaling wall, 6'-0"
4. Fence 3'-6", vault
5. Tunnel 2'-0" high, 4'-0" creep
6. Log, staggered
7. Ladder 10'-0", climb, ladder 10'-0", climb and jump
8. Staggered sunken buckets, 2'-0" diameter
9. Two level ladder, 8'-0" and 15'-0", climb
10. Plank picket fence, 3'-0", vault or climb
11. Pipe, 3'-0" diameter, 4'-0" length, creep through
12. Logs, piled, 3'-0" high
13. Pit 2'-0" deep, fence 3'-0" high
14. Box 2'-0" high, jump in bear pit, 12'-0" deep, jump for hanging rope 10'-0" from floor of pit, climb out.
15. Spool 3'-0" high
16. Pit 2'-0" deep, 8'-0" length, then run over 60'-0" of piled logs
17. Pick way between upright stumps, staggered
18. Rail barway, 5'-0" high, climb or vault
19. Triangular shaped barway, 4'-6" high, climb or vault in and out
20. Barway 6'-0" high, climb
21. Scale 4 rail 10'-0" high barway
22. Inverted steps, 10'-0" long, 1'-0" high
23. Pick way through 3 water troughs 6'-0" long, 2'-0" deep
24. Railroad ties 3'-0" high, 10'-0" long
25. Crawl or creep through tunnel 2'-0" high, 25'-0" long (barbed wire on top of tunnel to make men creep)
26. Chicken coop 6'-0" high, 6'-0" long, crawl through
27. Staggered logs and ties
28. Water wagon, 10'-0" high, swing to overhead ladder 10'-0" long between trees, swing along length and climb down tree
29. Quadrangle barway 7'-0" high, climb or vault in and out
30. Climb 10'-0" platform, jump to sawdust pit 12'-0" below



The Master in action. Major D'Eliscu shows how a man can be choked to death.

were both hospital cases and breakages. There is, in the Ft. Meade Station Hospital, a department officially labeled the "D'Eliscu Ward." In spite of all this, not a single one of the 212 76th Division men quit.

The first thing the major did was to order all his men into fatigue clothes stripped of all insignia of rank. Then he goaded them to get into a genuine free-for-all. This procedure continued the entire six weeks. Corporals walloped colonels, and vice versa. No one knew whom he was slugging.

In one case, a strapping sergeant named Davey Wilson took great delight in picking on one man throughout the course. The only reason he could offer was that the man had the type of face he didn't like, and that all his life he had enjoyed pushing in that particular type of face.

When the course was over, Sgt. Wilson came to Maj. D'Eliscu, trembling like a leaf. "I just found out," he croaked, "that this guy I've been slugging is a company commander in my own outfit."

Every day, Maj. D'Eliscu began the sessions with a two mile run, to warm the men up. This provoked a wave of nausea and vomiting at first,

but the major mercilessly kept the men running. Another regular fixture was Maj. D'Eliscu's deluxe, 600 yard obstacle course, which reigns undisputed as the toughest in the world. It features a fifteen-foot-deep bear trap with smooth sides, from which the men have to clamber as best they can. "If they can't get out," said D'Eliscu, "Let 'em stay there. Sooner or later they find a way." One captain is reported to have been stuck in the bear trap for more than five hours.

The training opened with alertness drills, in which the men had to freeze into position on command, or hang from the limbs of trees.

Second came physical tests, like pull-ups, chins, etc.; then simple combatives—boxing, wrestling, tugs of war. After that the rule-book was tossed out the window.

The fourth stage of the training was dirty wrestling—with everything thrown in from the ripping off of ears, to the stuffing of fists down the throat.

Fifth was boxing without gloves. At this point the Medical Corps officers standing by were extremely busy attending to abrasions and missing teeth.

Sixth was rough and tumble games, 60 of which have now been collected by Maj. D'Eliscu and made into an official Army manual.

Seventh was disarming practice—in which the men learned murderous ways of relieving an opponent of a knife, pistol, rifle, bayonet, tommy gun and machete.

Eighth was specific Ranger problems—one of which involved carrying bound prisoners a mile or so through heavy undergrowth.

Ninth was elementary and advanced Judo. This taught the men every conceivable method of strangling and killing by applying pressure to the proper parts of the anatomy.

Tenth was tree and bush fighting. The men were required to stay in the limbs of trees for as much as ten hours at a time. This section of the course was emphasized more than any other. Very shortly, Jap tree snipers are suddenly going to find their skulls bashed in by camouflaged American G.I.'s sneaking down on them from above.

The eleventh and final phase was trench and fox-hole fighting—concentrating on tumbling away from an enemy's blows. Before getting his diploma from the Ranger and Combat School, each man was required to duel with naked bayonets.

When the course was over, some of the men went overseas, where they were subsequently heard from at Dieppe, New Guinea and Morocco. Others went back to put entire divisions through the exact same training.

That's why there are no commandos any more. That's how the 76th got tough.

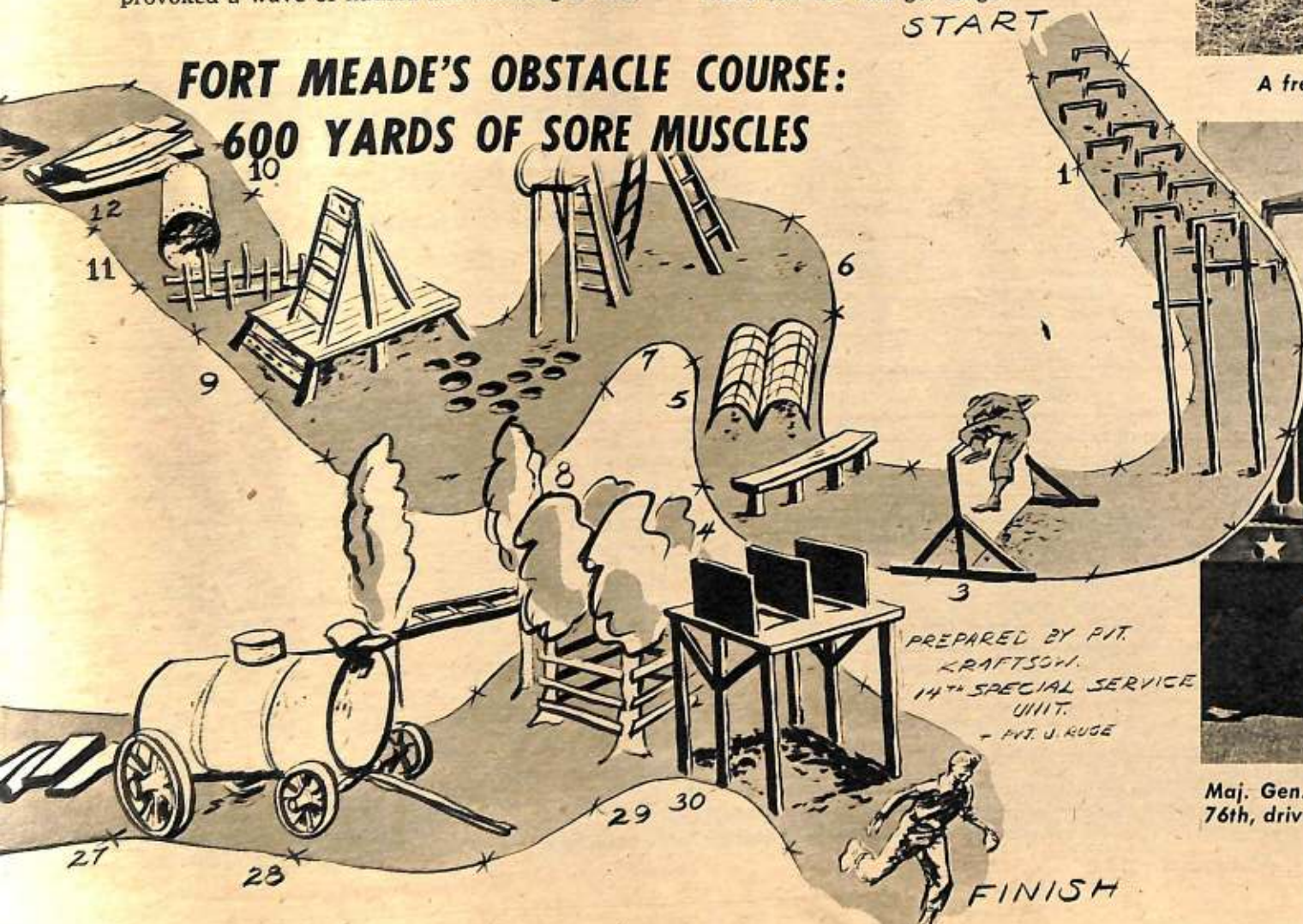


Sgt. Martin Morrison (minus teeth lost in training) uses hair grip on Pvt. John Hennon.



A free-for-all. And the boys love it.

FORT MEADE'S OBSTACLE COURSE: 600 YARDS OF SORE MUSCLES



Maj. Gen. E. P. Reinhardt, commander of the 76th, drives own jeep on inspection tour.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS FROM A TRIP TO HAWAII TO AN ICELAND ALERT



Native Hawaiian girls entertain soldiers and sailors

HAWAII

Notes On a Pacific Convoy: K.P., Guard Duty, Rumors, Etc.

SOMEWHERE IN HAWAII—When you go overseas, they tell you, you leave all your troubles and unpaid debts behind on the day you climb into your transport.

All your troubles, that is, except K.P.

To get the feel of K.P. on a rough day in mid-Pacific, cram yourself into a telephone booth with 24 other G.I.s, have somebody swing the booth onto a moving five-ton truck, and start to work.

Then, too, there's guard duty. Nobody seems to know what you're guarding from whom, but you're at it for a 12-hour stretch unless the corporal of the guard forgets your post. One private we know spent the entire voyage guarding the ladies' latrine. There were two ladies aboard.

On a convoy deck, games are available before blackout time, though you won't get much practice at shuffleboard. For the most part you'll be throwing around two squares with dots on them. A fantastically fortunate corporal on our ship bought a \$2000 War Bond upon docking, and no rich uncle had died while he was enroute.

On a transport you may want to browse in the ship's well-stocked library. We read right through "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue on Blueberry Island," and had finished two chapters of "Dick Prescott's Second Year At West Point," when a lieutenant-colonel returned the other book in the library—"Marriage Customs of the Mormons."

Soldiers in a convoy spend much of their spare time in the latrine of their ship. It's about the only place where there's a light on during a blackout, and a man can smoke there and dream up rumors by the score. A Ph. D. from Harvard who kept a copy of Webster's International, unabridged, in his helmet, opened our Latrinogram Bureau by inquiring, quite suddenly, "Quo vadimus?"

Translated into the dogface tongue, this means: "Where the hell are we headed?"

That one was easy.

A good friend of a clerk who knew a brother of the ship's sergeant major released the fact that we were aiming for Singapore.

That rumor was easily discounted, however, because a Pfc. from Whaoo, Neb., had word straight from the ship's radio operator that the war was over and, after a short cruise, we'd turn around and go back. Hirohito, this Pfc. knew for a fact, had committed hara-kiri, and Hitler had died from indigestion after eating a genuine Navaho Indian carpet.

The true word got around on the third day: we were headed for the home of the hula and, as an after-thought, Pearl Harbor. This news increased the popularity of two privates—piccolo players—who knew the Hawaiian War Chant and who taught it to large groups of G.I.s, sad young men who wished they had known their destination so they could have bought a sarong or two before embarking.

There was nothing stronger than a cola beverage on sale at the PX, but the bottling company did an excellent job of camouflage, putting the stuff in squat brown bottles that looked as though they were full of b—r.

Stars are bright over the Pacific, and the Big Dipper looks low enough to touch. Nobody who heard them will soon forget the night a dozen men from Harlem and points south stood around a lifeboat humming spirituals, with silvered clouds overhead and dark waves below.

On the morning we reached the Islands, a private from a place called Hominy, Neb., observed the white houses, red-roofed, scattered over the green mountains, and the blue of the sky and the cobalt-colored water.

"I'll be a son of a first sergeant," he said. "I owe the Army money for this."

Someone began singing "Song of the Islands," and an Army band on the pier struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Dorothy Lamour did not appear, of course, but there were two very bronzed young women on

the pier, dressed in red calico. They waved an enthusiastic hello.

It was not until later that we learned that there is only one woman—of any shape or shade—for every 100 or so men on the Islands. But that is a different story. A very different story.

Yank HAWAIIAN CORRESPONDENT

INDIA

The AAF Polices Up The Area Where The Bengal Lancers Lanced

A YANK AIRBASE IN INDIA (By Cable)—American troops in India are living in quarters running the whole range from modern hotels in New Delhi to bamboo huts in the mountains of the Napa head hunters. Few, however, can touch the military surroundings of this Army Air Forces base where G.I.s are occupying old-fashioned brick barracks that once quartered the Bengal Lancers.

The stone-floored squad rooms and white-washed walls once echoed the Cockney accents of London lance corporals and the burrs of Edinburgh sergeants. Now they resound to the drawl of a Memphis staff sergeant and the modulations of a Jersey City peecee.

Before the First World War this was a training camp for mounted lancers, including the 17th Hillidar Cavalry Regiment immortalized by Yeats Brown in his book, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Led by British officers and noncoms, the Pathan horsemen made up one of the most colorful fighting units of the Royal Army. Their corrals, stables, parade grounds, and guard house are still here.

Kipling is probably turning in his grave at the use to which these installations are being put by Yankee airmen. The stables are garages for jeeps and recon cars that bounce over roads once trod only by sleek horses. The parade grounds, where

the Afridi Risaldarmajors and Wizir Lancedafadars once stood review with their mounts is cut up into slit trenches with a basketball court in the center.

A British sergeants' mess built in 1903 serves as a kitchen for G.I. slumgullion, eaten in mess kits on the verandas of a building which once served as regimental headquarters for the Hilliard cavalry unit. The cell rooms of the guard house are now quartermaster warehouses, where spare parts, oil drums, jeep tires and the like are kept behind barred doors. The rusty floor rongs serve as reminders that these cells once housed ball and chain occupants. The guard room where the lancers slept in rope beds during off-duty hours is the camp hospital, with pretty American nurses tending the sick, lame and lazy G.I.s.

On the verandas of the officers' club, where lancer colonels with chain mail epaulets, turbans and cummerbunds once sipped their whiskey in the cool of the evening, khaki-clad Joes from the States now inhale rum cokes and Manhattans. And, incidentally, this enlisted men's club is the only one in India specializing in American drinks, served by American bartenders.

One thing remains constant from the days of the Bengal lancer to the days of the American flier—both griped about the chow. Latrine rumor intimates that one Mess Sergeant Garand supplies fried chicken on Sundays not from a nearby barnyard flock but from hovering vultures that swoop too low near the mess hall.

Other chow hounds insist that the twice-daily main courses of "hump" are not just tough pork, but camel or water buffalo. Certain logical-minded gripers bet on buffalo because of the present shortage of camels in the vicinity. However, a certain Chicago corporal has solved the difficult masticating problem and absorbed a little Hindu philosophy in the bargain.

"Me and my buddy take turns chewing the hump," he says, "and then we toss a coin to see who swallows it. But after breaking off two upper teeth, I can understand why Hindus over here are strict vegetarians."

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Monotony Broken In Iceland When An Enemy Plane Is Sighted



SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND—The Base Command Forces up here hopped into combat positions on a quiet Sunday this fall and staged one of the best displays of anti-aircraft firing Iceland has ever seen.

Reykjavik was covered with a heavy screen of projectiles for more than 40 minutes and after the smoke finally cleared away, the Army explained all the excitement with a brief official announcement:

"A hostile four-motored plane appeared over the Iceland area."

That polite statement from headquarters didn't sound much like the remarks of the dogfaces around this post as they grabbed up their helmets, arms, gas masks and ran off for their battle stations when the alert signal sounded.

They were plenty sore but still they seemed to welcome this taste of action after so many months of dull and boring guard duty.

"Boy, this is the real thing!" a Manitowoc Pfc. from the Signal Corps yelled as the percussions of the anti-aircraft guns knocked a bedroll off the shelf in his Nissen hut.

Most of the G.I.s were pleased by the excitement even though it interrupted their sleep, card playing, writing of love letters and bull sessions. After a raid the latrines buzzed with wild stories about the number of enemy planes that were shot down by this guy and that guy, but there was no official announcement of the results of the ack-ack sharpshooting.

Yank ICELAND CORRESPONDENT

Yanks Send Koalas To Keokuk And Black Opals To Oklahoma

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA (By Cable)—All the gifts that go over the water these days aren't coming from home to us. We get our cigarettes and our socks, true enough, but the exotic stuff we ship back home makes cigarettes and socks look pretty tame. For instance, the three biggest sellers among the things Yanks are buying to send to the folks are stuffed koala bears, black opals and boomerangs. They're all peculiar to Australia.

Koala bears served as the original models for Teddy bears, so popular with American children. Soldiers are buying them for three or four bucks to send to girl friends, wives and children. Black opals are leaving the jewelry stores by hundreds. Wartime Australia considers the mounting of precious stones as a non-essential industry, so Yanks buy them unmounted and send them home to be put into rings, pendants and brooches. Most stones cost only a few dollars here. Boomerangs are selling faster than they can be made. One store sold its entire stock—six dozen—in a week, and could have sold twice that many had they been available. Instructions accompany each boomerang, as the manufacturers do not approve of throwers getting conked on the bean. They sell as cheaply as \$1.25.

Expense is no object to Yanks who get to town from bush camps and advanced areas. A costly 70-year-old collection of aboriginal weapons had collected dust on exhibition in a big store for years; then Americans swooped in and bought out the collection with fistfuls of pound notes. In the meantime, they raided perfume counters to buy the costliest French perfume available.

One colored soldier walked up to a counter in a department store and asked for a fancy brassiere for a girl in Alabama. When he was asked the size he wanted he scratched his head and said, "Well, miss, I kin jes' about get my arms aroun' her."

He had long arms, too.

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

G.I. JOE

By SGT. DAVE BREGER





MECHANIZED SANTA. Father Christmas (Capt. Raymond Jen-nison, of Hopkinsville, Ky., formerly of the Green Bay Packers) arriving at a Christmas party given by an armored unit Somewhere in England for war orphans

CONGA LINE? The Yank in the center at a native dance in

TROPICAL PARADISE. U. S. troops on near Australia.



DONKEY DERBY. Cpl. Harold Ramey of Los Angeles is the winning jockey of a U. S. Army donkey race somewhere in Tunisia.



TURBANED AND DECORATED.

An American officer examines the decorations of a new ally, a Spahi cavalryman, now serving under Col. Edson Raff in Tunisia



BOMBS AND BLONDES. Two American gobs and an R.A.F. fighter pilot find blonde Christina Ratcliffe more interesting than the bomb damage in Malta.



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.

(Ed. note: We want all the poetry you're inspired to send in, but try to hold yourself down to three or four stanzas!)

YOUNG 'ERBERT JOINS THE ARMY

Young 'Erbert got into the Army, seems his number came up in the draft. But before he'd been in for a fortnight, why they had the poor blighter most daft: 'Erb was classified tested and X-rayed, and they filled him with all sorts of shots. 'Til he leaked like a sieve from the punctures and in front of his eyes 'Erb saw spots. Well, they gave 'Erb some clothes which just fit where they touched and he certainly looked like a frump. For his trousers drooped down 'til they bagged at the knees so that 'Erbert looked ready to jump: Then they sent 'Erbert on the parade ground and they taught him to drill and salute. And he hiked 'til his feet were all blisters, then he learned how to march and to shoot. 'Erb was given a gun; soon they took that away in exchange for a broom and a mop. When he got to his bunk at the end of each day, poor 'Erb hit the old sack with a flop: When they took 'Erb to see a few movies, 'Erbert thought he'd be given a thrill. But when 'Erb saw the film which is called "Sex Hygiene," he got out and went "over the hill." Well, at last 'Erb returned to the Guardhouse, and the officers buried the key. He was told when the war would be over, they'd consider on setting him free: Then 'Erb wrote him a letter to Mater, signed "To Mom from her favorite son. 'Though we don't get a great deal of shillings, Mom, we sure have a whole lot of fun!"

PVT. BENJ. J. BERLANT
APO 944
SEATTLE, WASH.

SOS

Savory dish of creamed beef poured on toast. A tasty concoction, and many cooks' boast "I make that there stuff and for everyone fit A shingle, some cream and of meat quite a bit."

Admire we do, for there's something appealing That catches the eye, and you soon get the feeling A worthy dish here—and it does seem a shame That your appetite fades as you hear its nickname!

M/SGT. LARRY MCCABE
APO 634
NEW YORK, N. Y.

ARMY AIR FORCE KITCHEN POLICE HYMN

I'm sitting here and thinking
Of the wife and babe I left behind.
I'd hate to put on paper
What's running through my mind.

We clean a million mess kits
And also pots and pans
We never squawk or squabble
Cause it's for Uncle Sam.

We've cleared a hundred miles
of land
A million rocks we've lugged
We'll keep right on plugging
For it's America that we love.

We've worked at Every Detail
From KP to the Latrine
But we do them all while singing
And pray it's all a Dream.

We're also Here for Old Glory
Dear Old Red, White and Blue.
So Have Patience Dear Wife and Babe
I'm here also for you.

Here's our Consolation
Gather closely while I tell
If we Die we'll go to Heaven
For we've done our Hitch in Hell!

PVT. JAMES KERR
794 TSS Bks 422 (SP)
GOLDSBORO, N. C.

"HOME"

It is just an old shack
Made of wood and of steel,
And how in a high wind
It will rumble and squeal.

It is hot when we're gone
And it's cold when we're here
And a darn poor hideout
When those details are near.

We cuss it and we damn it
From pillar to dome
Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home.

PVT. EARL W. POST
APO #860
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE LATRINE BLUES

Some fellows want to be a cook
Or sell in the Canteen.
Now, all I want is just to be
The Sergeant of Latrine.

I know a guy who is a jerk;
His mind is not so keen.
For he would rather be a clerk
Than Sergeant of Latrine.

Have you ever seen a washroom
When two hundred twenty men
Have used all its facilities
And gone their way, again?

That's when I go to work, boys:
I really think it fun
To clean out all the bowls, and feel
The joy of work well done.

Oh, you can have the Captaincy
And run the whole machine.
Just let me feel the ecstasy
Of Sergeant of Latrine.

CPL. JOHN READEY
STATION HOSPITAL
CAMP STONEMAN, CALIF.

POEM

I love little sergeants,
Their fur is so warm.
If you try to buck them
They'll break your damned arm.

PFC. BURMA LI PO SHAVE

Words Across The Sea

Corp. Margaret J. McInnes, a McGill gal who joined the RCAF (women's division) and is now at a Canadian base, messages to Cousin Corp. Douglas Mason, overseas with a Canadian tank unit: "Howya, Doug, got yourself a girl yet? Will make you some fudge if I can get the sugar. Say hello to Beryl for me." Margaret is a dental assistant, the same work she followed in civilian life.



Corp. Barbara Bourne, Montreal lassie in the Aircraft Detection Corps at a Canadian base and a Montreal publicity peddler before the war, has this word for Pvt. Horace Jones, with a Canadian artillery unit somewhere in England: "Have a few more purls and plains to knit on your socks yet and will mail when finished. Norm says you are coming to see me the next time, I hope."



Pvt. John Thomas, 19, of Springfield, L. I., now at New River, N. C., Marine Base, calls this roll for Pvt. John Conklin, somewhere in England: "John and Ray in the Navy; Herbie in the Air Forces; Charlie got married. Knock off a bunch of Nazis for me and I will reciprocate by knocking off some Japs."



George P. Ratts is a Carpenter's Mate 1st Class and has been around and about for 53 summers. His home is in Brattleboro, Vt., and he is stationed with the Coast Guard at Ellis Island, N. Y. He would like to get a personal word through to his nephew Edward Russell with the RAF. "Mother sends her love, Edward," he said. "Let us hear from you more often."



Pvt. Lloyd H. Fortune, 28, of Baltimore, has been in the Army four months and is now with the Medical Corps in New York City on detached service. He messages this to S/Sgt. Fred Coleman, somewhere in Ireland: "You and the rest of the boys keep up the good work you are doing and we will be over to help you finish the job."



Dear YANK:

I don't know of anybody more anxious to win this war than the soldier in the service.

Look what just one dollar would mean toward planes to defeat the axis.

What do you say boys? I'm good for five.

Your paper is very entertaining and educational. Keep up the good work.

Is it true that soldiers spending eighteen months in foreign service go back to the States?

PVT. LEO E. SIMON.

OVERSEAS.

P. S. My Corporal was born "30 yrs. too soon," I quote him.

"I began to work and they started a depression; I joined the Army and they started a war."

The answer to the overseas furlough question is "NO".

Dear YANK:

A million thanks for the issues you are sending my way. We'll keep reading 'em just as long as the presses keep 'em rolling.

PFC. JOHN PLOTHE.

APO 862.
NEW YORK, N. Y.



Dear YANK:

To revise pay day in four acts as seen by top-kick Ed Sullivan 258 EA:

Act I. Soldier Pay Day, Allotment slip and a few pennies.

Act II. Soldier Pay Day and Card Pals.

Act III. Soldier—and Allotment slips.

Act IV. Soldier and dream of girl. It so happens we are on a South Sea Island that does not afford dates or girls but we have a heck of a good time along with the seriousness of our job.

We eat steaks, swim up a storm and see a movie every now and then.

Well, YANK and fellows, the boshing of Japs and the ending of a turmoil for peace is the thing now—to hitch with the rest.

Hope the revision of the soldiers pay is not too harsh.

PFC. WOODROW W. ASHWORTH.
APO 502.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Dear YANK:

It's a far fling from Monmouth (N. J.)—here—and "here" is just the place for the breezy style that YANK offers.

Honest Ed, the boat can't bring enough copies, and if one of the lassies (kind of dark & somewhat on the beautiful side, by the way) didn't sort of put a copy aside for me, I'd never get a look-see at our mag.

Following is a list of the more popular features in order of their popularity with my buddies: 1. Sad Sack (mucho funny) 2. Joe McTurk (why don't you have him pitch a shelter half) 3. Mail call.

If you see Pfc. Omar K. of the 1st Pyramidal Tent Co., ask him if he's got room in his corner for some of my so-called poetry.

PVT. LARRY CYTRYN,
APO 832,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1943—YEAR FOR A PAYOFF

In just a few days, 1942 will be a dead pigeon, and it's one year we're all glad didn't last any longer than it did.

The New Year is something to look forward to. It's the year we're really due to start slugging, the year we're going to cook with gas. The great resources of America have been geared to that all-out effort; we now have over 1,000,000 troops on every continent on the face of the earth.

That, after a year. It's not a bad record, really, and although we'll be damned glad to see 1942 pass into limbo, we must admit that it was the year we laid the groundwork for victory.

We got off to a bad start; we left some men on Bataan and Wake Island and in the Java Sea. But we discovered in the process that we still could fight. We were still the people who chased one invader at Trenton with home-made muskets and carved a nation out of wilderness and chased another military machine through Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. We were the people with the great democratic heritage and we could still fight to keep and extend it.

So far we've been lucky. We haven't felt the war the way the Russians have or the English or the Chinese. We haven't had our homes destroyed or our books burned or our women taken. But all of us have been fighting, and some of us have been killed.

It has taken a year even to begin to get optimistic. Today we know that we'll win, that some day the war will be over and the world free from ocean to ocean. Ask the men in the Pacific, who mauled the Jap fleet around Guadalcanal. Ask the guys in Africa, who walked in and spit right in Hitler's eye. Ask Hitler himself, trying to defend the whole coast of Europe against the invasion he knows is coming and coming soon.

After a year, few people say "Remember Pearl Harbor." For one thing, you can't say that without saying "Remember Ethiopia" and "Remember Manchuria." For another thing, people aren't talking so much these days. But in the book of this war we remember Pearl Harbor as we do Bataan, as the Russians remember Odessa and Sevastopol, as the English remember Dunkirk, as the Chinese remember Peiping. All of them have gone into the account book to be settled in due time.

At the end of our first year of war, it looks like the due time is coming.



Third Lieutenants

WARRANT OFFICERS, under a new WD directive, are to get the courtesy and respect accorded to commissioned officers. They will eat in officers' mess, receive the salute and be called "sir" instead of "mister." The new directive ranks them just below

shavetails and just above cadets and six-strippers.

Field Rations

Field ration K is going to include a super-graham cracker fortified with powdered milk, extra shortening and a wild variety of vitamins and minerals. The new dog-biscuit is officially entitled K-2, although most of us boys will probably call it K-9.

Married Nurses

The Army Nurses Corps is now open to married nurses, it says here. Registered nurses between 21 and 40 who are citizens may put in for appointment to the corps. Those who have husbands in the Army, how- appointment to the corps. Those who have husbands in the Army, how- ever, won't be allowed to serve at the posts where their husbands are stationed. Applicants with minor children will be taken only if adequate care for the little ones can be provided elsewhere than on a military reservation.

Likely Story

Our leading Australian latrine reporter sends on a story that he says is making the rounds down there. It's about a G.I. who talked his way into an air ride to San Francisco and back again and made the whole thing in a two-weeks furlough.

Alaska Movies

Hollywood, the American Red Cross and the WD Special Service Division have hooked elbows on a deal that will make the fur-fringed Alaskan dogface the envy of his civilian neighbors. Air transports, land- ing barges and dogteams will rush the latest motion pictures to every military installation in the Territory and along the Aleutian chain. The military installation in the Territory and along the Aleutian chain. The same night that the boys are chuckling over Roz Russell kicking out the conga in "My Sister Eileen," such civilians as have access to movies at all are apt to be making the best of "Anthony Adverse."

Kindergarten

New order says that no enlisted man can be sent to a Special Ser- vice school until he's had his basic training. Men assigned to SS schools will be rated Pfc, unless they already have higher stripes. Men sent to advanced schools will make technician-fifth.

Servant Problem

Yanks in India are still having trouble keeping the caste system straight when they hire native room orderlies and such. The sweepers, who keep the barracks clean, aren't allowed to shine shoes or make beds. The bearers, who handle bunks and shoes, are above sweeping. Enlisted men pay a buck a month for dog-robbering service; officers pay more. Laundry is done on a monthly pay basis by members of the Dhobi caste who work cheaply but lose a lot of laundry.

"DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE..."



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

No Love Match

At the end of a tennis tournament in The Hague, the committee chairman apologized to the spectators because the tennis balls were not good. He added: "Maybe we will soon get new ones; perhaps they will come by plane." He got as much applause as a stripteaser at an Army post.

Hurt and indignant, the National *Dagblad*, Dutch Nazi Party daily, later editorialized: "Let him have his rain of balls—English ones, of course. Let this shower come for him and the applauding anti-Nazi crowd."

Even the Walls—

In occupied Europe the penalty for listening to the shortwave radio is death. From Brussels comes the story of a man who left a restaurant saying, "Well, I must go home to listen to the news in English."

Almost as soon as he got home the Gestapo arrived.

"Do you listen to the short-wave?" they demanded.

"Every day," replied the Belgian.

"Then where is your radio?"

"I haven't a radio myself," said the Belgian, "but the walls are thin and I listen to the German officer's next door."

All Quiet

No comment comes these days from Dr. Ley, leader of the Nazi Labor Front, who said a few months ago: "When the English Peers now hear Rommel's name, their knees begin to tremble, their faces turn pale and their eyes become glassy."

Happy Landing

In Oslo an old Norwegian carried his umbrella into a restaurant where the Nazi diners began to taunt him: "Who do you think you are? Chamberlain?"

The old man started to leave but the ridicule continued: "Chamberlain. Hey, Chamberlain. Aren't you Chamberlain?"

Whereupon the old man stepped up on a chair and then onto a table. Opening his umbrella, he said: "I'm not Chamberlain." Then he jumped. "Hell, no, I'm not Chamberlain. I'm Hess."

Finance

"In Algeria, also," says DXX, "the occupational forces of the Plutocracies are circulating false money in great quantities."

Faint Praise

The only broadcaster who had a kind word for the Yanks was "Mr. Best," the American Lord Haw-Haw. Said Mr. Best: "Franklin D. Roosevelt shipped tens of thousands of fine young men off to Africa, there to bleed and die."

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CPL. O. L. DUDLEY
CAMP WALLACE, TEX.



P.T.
Foster in
Australia.

"This Grand Rapids where you come from must be a wonderful place, but aren't there any other cities of note in America?"

BETWEEN the LINES

THE VITAL COG

This week's first prize, a choice of weapons or ten yards' head start across open country, goes to Sgt. Nikolai Nikititch Bel Geddes, who has become a vital cog in the war effort and seems destined to stay that way for a long time.

Nikolai first astounded his parents and the Bright Sayings of Children Editor on October 13, 1923, when he was four years old. His mother, admonishing him against feeding salt to the baby chicks, asked him, "How many times am I going to have to tell you about that?"

A thoughtful look creased little Nikolai Nikititch's cherubic (and four-year-old) face. "Mother," he reminded her, "you have said nothing about the matter since the twelfth of November 1923. If you will check your diary, you will see that I am right. Incidentally, as I remember it, you were using a deep purple ink that day."

Mother Bel Geddes checked and found her little Nikolai Nikititch correct in every detail. She was astounded at the boy's memory.

His fourth grade history teacher, traveling lightly over the career of Julius Caesar, was corrected in a point by little Master Bel Geddes. "You are confused in that matter," he told her. "You fail to mention that at Luca in 55, B.C. it was arranged that Crassus and Pompey

should be consuls for a year and then should govern the provinces of Spain and Syria, respectively, for five years. It was also arranged that Caesar should keep the province of Gaul for five more years. Right?"

The teacher was flabbergasted. "How did you know?" she asked.

"I read it last January in a book," said Master Nikolai Nikititch. He then recited the name of the book, the author, the publisher, the date of publication and half the bibliography.

"What is two and two?" asked the teacher.

"I was never told," said Nikolai Nikititch.

Thus it went. N. N. Bel Geddes could remember exactly everything he had ever heard or seen. It still took him nine years to finish grammar school, however. He was just dumb.

Nonetheless, his parents and his teachers all felt that Nikolai Nikititch Bel Geddes would leave his footprints on the sands of time. He will be a learned doctor or an astute professor, they said.

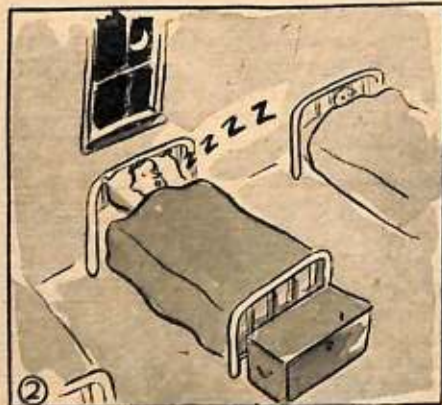
The hell he was.

Nikolai Nikititch Bel Geddes is now, by the grace of God and the regimental commander, a sergeant in our outfit. He is the man you have to see when you want another three-day pass.

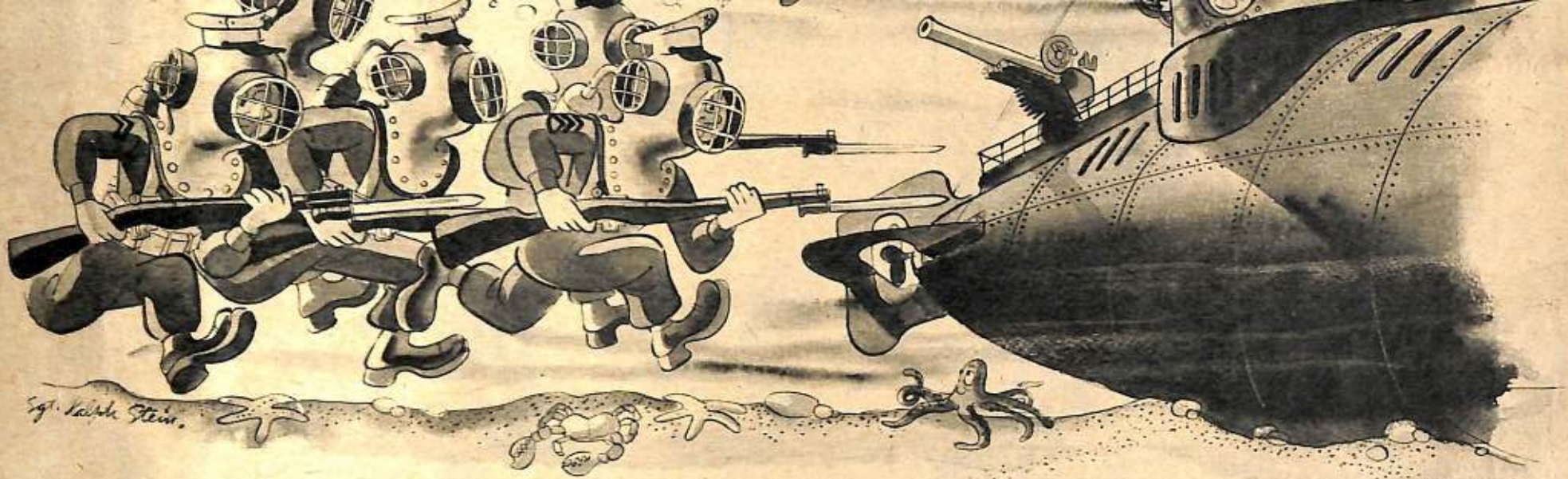
CPL. MARION HARGROVE



"Why should I pay more?"



P.T.
ABRAMOWICZ
H. HANAUER
N.Y.



Words by SGT. HARRY BROWN

Pictures by SGT. RALPH STEIN

ONCE upon a time there was an old soldier, and he had a wooden leg. He also had a grandson named Oscar who was always asking the old soldier questions about the Second World War.

One night Oscar crawled up on the old soldier's mahogany knee and said, "Cripes, grampaw, tell me about the Marines."

So the old soldier coughed a couple of times (he never recovered from PX beer) and, after giving Oscar a clip on the ear to keep him from fidgeting, he said this:

"Wal, when I was in the Infantry the Marines was a mighty tough bunch of men. Supermen, you might

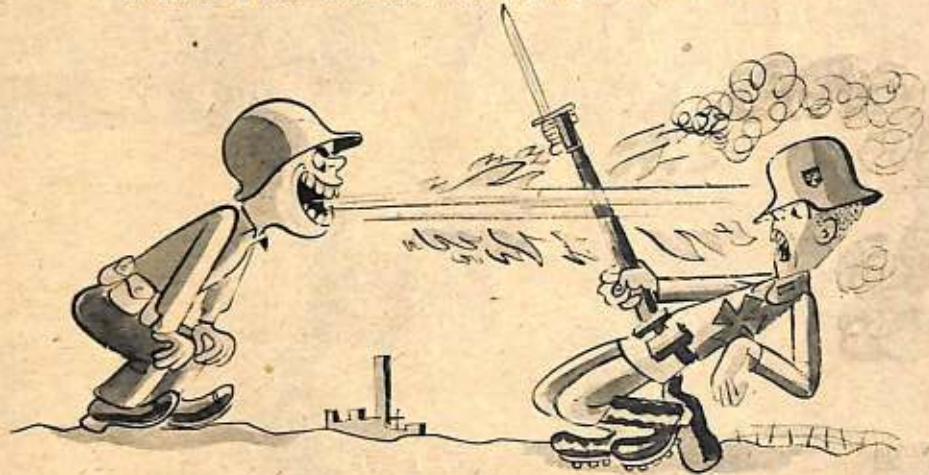
call 'em. When they spit, it was always in asbestos cuspidors, and barbers always had to cut their hair on the run, because they was always going off somewhere.

"A Marine was the way he was from the day he was born, and he was born standing up. He slept on nails in his cradle, rode in a hand-propelled tank instead of a baby carriage, and used a hand grenade for a rattle. Before he could say 'mama' he could give you the Burmese word for women and the Chinese word for beer.

"A Marine not only could lick his weight in wildcats, but a lot I knew used to keep their weight in wildcats in cages out behind the barracks, so's they could check up every once in a while.

"A Marine'd fight anywhere, including the bottom of the sea, as several U-Boat commanders, now extinct, will testify. And sometimes, when he got so far front that his ammunition couldn't keep up with him and his gun would be empty, he'd just open his mouth,

"A Marine'd fight anywhere, including the bottom of the sea."



"He'd open his mouth, press a button and turn himself into a flame thrower."

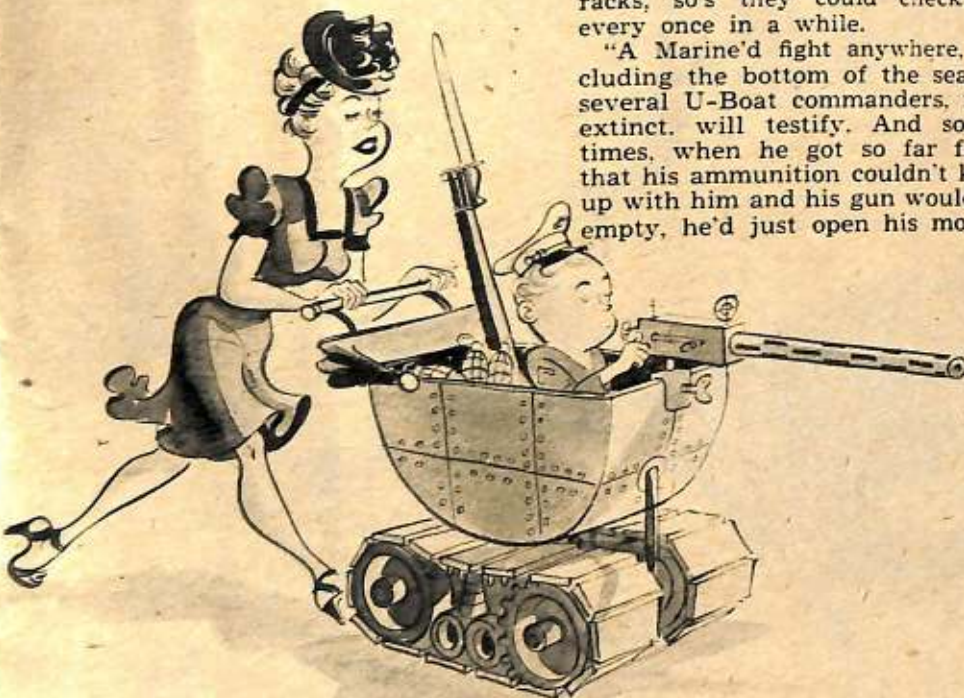
press a button, and turn himself into a flame thrower. That sure used to always burn his enemies up.

"A Marine had to be a good athlete—fast, balanced, light on his feet. Why, I heard tell of a Marine who took a shot at a Jap who was 1,200 yards away. He hadn't had any sleep for the last 247 hours, so he aimed just a little bit off-center. When he saw that the bullet would miss the Jap he jumped to his feet, ran after the bullet, caught up with it, passed it, picked up the Jap and set him down where the bullet was coming just in time for the bullet to take him right in the heart.

"Marines had to be good shots. Fact is, they had to be good in every-

thing. They used to get medals for being proficient in rifles and machine guns and bayonets and everything else. Some had so many medals they dragged on the ground, and many a time I've seen a platoon sergeant walking along with a Pfc. at his side holding up one end of his chain of medals.

"Wal, if I was a Marine I could go on talking like this all night, and I've seen some Marines do just that. They were a fine bunch of men, and very proud, too. A little on the peacock side, maybe, when they was dressed in their best. But when they did their fighting they wore fatigues and looked just like human beings."



A Marine is born, not made.



This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

THE ENGLISH BICYCLE

Hail to the King and Hurrah for the Queen!
Cheer for the British, and shout loud, old bean!
If to this Great Britain, Dame Fortune, the fickle
Should ship you, you must try the English bicycle.

Full many a year since we sprang to the saddle
And pushed on the pedals to ride, not to waddle.
So joyous the welcome we gave the machine,
'Twould rebuild our muscles, our wind—make us lean!

Now onto the seat, although not with a spring.
And off on a course of eccentric ring
With confidence now, we're as one with the rocket.
Ca-rash! Down on face—pants leg wound in sprocket!

Cautiously mounting and under full way,
We'll try again, but, oh Daisy Mae!
On downgrade our speed is too much for on land,
The pedals spin backwards, the brakes, bub, are hand!

Left hand brakes the rear, and so, naturally, right
Squeezes the lever for wheel kept in sight.
Bear that in mind, chum, or your bloomin' fault
If over the handlebars you somersault!

Puff up the hills and collapse at the top!
Know pain of foot-slippage, your shins catch a bop.
Your memory of first rides will fade long before
You can walk straight again and you're not saddle-sore!

So hi to the battle and ho to the fray!
Bring on the enemy, most any day!
They're licked to a frazzle; on this our last nickel
We've conquered a tougher, the English bicycle.

M/SGT. LARRY McCABE

GREAT BRITAIN

TRAVELOGUE

"Where are you going, my little man,
"Dressed in khaki from dirt so free?"
"I'm going to CENSORED as fast as I can
"On a merry TMD."

I'm going to travel and see the sights
From Memphis to Mobile, from Gulf to Maine,
As from a cold sandwich I take slow bites
On a roaring railroad train.

I'm going to pack myself into a car
(A hundred or more other doggies besides)
And reflect on the fact that there isn't a bar
On the train a soldier rides.

I'm going to cover myself with grime
And glare at the stolid patrolling MPs
And travel the country from clime to clime—
"Will you close that window, please?"

Or maybe I'm going to toss in a boat,
Sailing away on the seas so blue,
And wince as the seamen cruelly gloat
While I get rid of my stew.

At the end of my trip (whether sea or land)
I'm going to be crummy and dirty and mad
And if I get sight of a Nazi on hand
For him it'll be too bad.

CPL. JOEY SIMS

GREAT BRITAIN



PEGGIE WATSON

"Advance and be recognized..."
PVT. GREG WATSON
CAMP CALLAN, CAL.



"Jump for your lives men, there's a woman driving this truck."

LOWRY FIELD, COLO.

CHINN

Animals in Alaska

ALASKA—Guard duty, K.P. and wild animal study, these are the occupations of G.I.'s in this hangover from the Ice Age.

For a unique mascot one artillery outfit captured an adolescent otter. Named "Oscar the Otter" by custodian Slim (6'7") Williams, the furry creature snaked about in very friendly fashion. He rose to brief glory when he licked the Old Man's Malemute pup in a free-for-all. But the vicissitudes of Army life did not agree with Oscar, and he contracted distemper. The best efforts of the hospital staff were in vain. Oscar was buried with full military honors.

Alaska's penthouse dwellers are the sheep and goat. They rarely come below the highest and most inaccessible peaks and crags and are mostly seen at great distance. Any sourdough can tell them apart at a distance because the sheep are pale yellow, quite communal, travelling

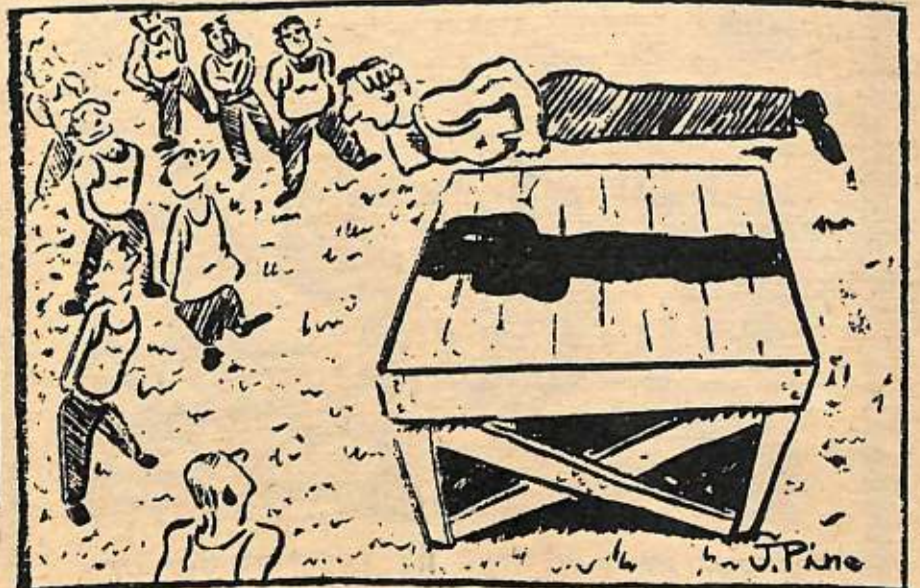
in large bands, while the goats are more nomadic and are a shining white.

Black bear stalk around the post with greatest nonchalance. Considered harmless, they are always on the lookout for a warm spot, like a furnace room, in which to take their six month nap. Brown bear consider themselves the exclusive type, which is probably just as well since they would as soon mangle a G.I. as a blueberry.

The moose look something like a toss-up between an over-grown cow and a payday nightmare, and they sometimes get playful and challenge six-wheeled G.I. trucks to a race. The antlered animals gallop along, staying just far enough ahead to keep from being booted in the after regions, and finally go snorting off into the brush, disgusted at the lack of competition.

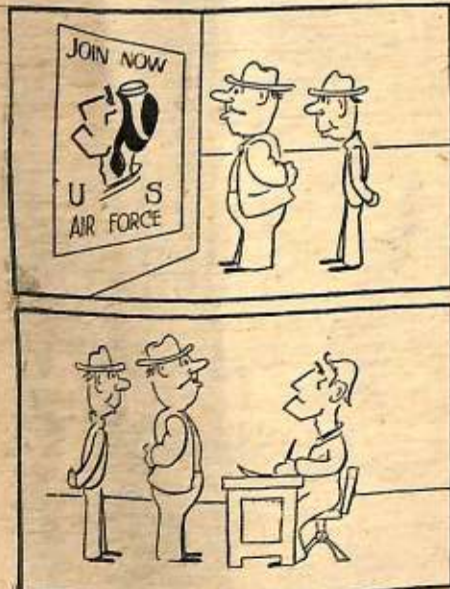
CPL. RICHARD NEU AND PFC W. PAUL THEAD

ALASKA



"Next exercise. Pick yourself up. Right hand on head. Left hand grasping stomach. Done in four counts."

CAMP HULEN (TEX.) Searchlight



The Air Force makes men.

MARANA BASIC FLYING SCHOOL, ARIZ.

FERRIS

Ann Sothern

On the opposite page is a girl with a past and a future full of applause. As pretty as her pictures, she stars in M.G.M.'s "Three Hearts for Julia."

NEWS FROM HOME

The American Week

Manpower provided the Nation's Big News as it looked forward to a "White Christmas."

MOST of the important news back home this week concerned manpower. Paul McNutt was chief of the new setup designed to see that men were placed where needed rather than where someone thought they should go. Under the new arrangement the Army began releasing men over 38 for work in defense plants.

The Army and Navy also came out with a plan to send thousands of men back to college to finish their education as technicians. McNutt's first act was the freezing of six hundred thousand Detroit war workers in jobs. This didn't mean that they absolutely couldn't quit; just meant that they'd have to have a damned good reason.

America is looking forward to a white Christmas. Number one on the hit parade is Irving Berlin's "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas." Stores have reported an annual shopping spree, with prices higher and some goods limited or unavailable.

Christmas trees will be festive this year although trimmings are scarce and the trees priced fabulously. The upsweep in price is due to lack of transportation which is choked with war materials. Men are working in war industries instead of chopping down harmless fir trees. A ten-foot fir in the New York market wholesaled at sixteen dollars.

The Seventy-seventh Congress ended without fanfare leaving some unpassed legislation that the next Congress must face.

Leon Henderson resigned as chief of Office of Price Administration due to illness. His successor is likely to be Senator Prentice Brown from Michigan, recently defeated for re-election. Regardless who's boss, OPA will still be fighting to keep down prices.

Stricter rationing of certain goods was announced this week and the English point system of rationing will soon be in effect.

Alarm clocks became the new article hardest to buy. People began to get used to awakening by themselves.

All over the country advertisements continued to appear asking for women to work jobs formerly held by men. Illinois Institute of Technology, largest engineering school in the country, opened their doors for the first time to women. Slacks were beginning to outnumber dresses on the streets.

Production figures still climbed. Soft coal mines announced a six-day week effective this week.

Trains were late because freights were getting preference.

The drive for scrap metal taken from national parks ended with a haul of six million tons—including several liquor stills picked up in the parks of the Blue Ridge mountains.

President Roosevelt made a mistake in spelling and the nation clucked its collective tongue. He spelled Generalissimo with two Ls in a letter written in longhand to Chiang Kai-shek.

New York City did without newspapers in a four-day strike of newspaper deliveries. Three muskrat trappers killed a sixteen-foot whale with buckshot in a creek near Salem, New Jersey.

Mickey Rooney took his physical exam. The Army braced itself.

A woman was arrested in Atlanta, Georgia, for the unprecedented crime of impersonating a WAAC.

A forty-four years old bank guard did his bit for National Defense by swiping eleven thousand



There's that present, soldier! Back home the Apos rested after strenuous holiday "trade"

bucks from his bank—and spending the bulk entertaining soldiers in Philadelphia.

There are going to be a lot of questions asked about the stopping of gas sales in the 17 eastern states. No less than 7,000,000 cars are affected by the new ruling which limits sales to commercial vehicles and one coupon to ordinary users "for emergency only," and forbids any to those with three gallons or more in their tanks. Nobody has explained just what constitutes an "emergency." Most people feel that the demands of the African campaign for tankers, the reason for the shortage, might have been foreseen some time ago, and steps taken then to introduce tighter rationing, instead of the sudden complete stopping of sales. Coming as it does just at the holiday season, a great many easterners are going to be asking themselves whether the Christmas journey they had been saving up gas for is really necessary, even if a nice turkey dinner is waiting for them at the other end.



"D'YA HAVE TO TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF EVERYTHING!"



"HE JUST KEEPS MUMBLING THAT HE'S TIRED OF LAMB AND MUTTON."

SPORTS: A MARINE SPORTSWRITER DOES SOME BOASTING ABOUT A FEW OF HIS LEATHERNECK ATHLETES

By S Sgt. Hy Hurwitz, U.S.M.C.

It certainly is a privilege for a Leatherneck to be permitted to rubberneck in an Army Weekly. Of course, I don't know who will regret it most, the Army Weekly's editor or your correspondent (who as usual is leading with his chin) or you guys who have to suffer through a column of the stuff that I dish out. But, anyway, let me tell you something about the Marine Corps and its sports figures. We haven't any football teams touring the country these days like the Navy. But we're well represented in other lines.

As an old-time fight writer, it's quite fitting that I've found many a leather pusher in the uniform of a Leatherneck. Two of the greatest fight champions of modern times at their respective weights, Tommy Loughran and Barney Ross, are now doing their fighting for the Marine Corps.

Loughran a Natural Marine

Why did Loughran and Ross choose the Marine Corps? Well, if you know anything of their backgrounds you'd realize it was only natural. Loughran is a former light heavy-weight champion of the world but today he is simply Pvt. Thomas Loughran, USMCR. During his career in the cauliflower set, he endeavored to fight as a heavyweight. How like a Leatherneck.

He carried on a brilliant campaign as a heavyweight until he was qualified for the world's heavyweight crown. He met Jack Sharkey when the Boston flower-and-fist addict was the heavyweight titleholder. Tommy was kayoed in four heats by one of the strangest punches that ever ended a title scrap. An uppercut of Sharkey's hit Loughran right on the Adam's apple and knocked Tommy out.

Like Loughran, Ross tackled men above his own weight. Winner of the world's welter-weight title, Barney fought middleweights and light heavyweights. While he never copped any championships in the heavier classes he scored several notable triumphs over heavier men.

Lucky Sevens for Hanley

A man doesn't have to be a boxer to be a fighter. Two of the greatest athletes in this scribe's book, who have waged successful campaigns against terrific odds, are now brother Leathernecks — Maj. Leroy (Pat) Hanley, former football coach at Boston University and Carlisle Institute, and Pfc. Ted Lyons, the great White Sox pitcher.

Maj. Hanley, of course, is a Marine from



Tommy Loughran, Young Terry and Al Ettore swap their boxing gloves for Marine bayonets.

way back. He was in the corps during the last war and as soon as the Japs attacked us at Pearl Harbor, he jumped right back in again. Speaking of Pearl Harbor, Maj. Hanley has a strange superstition about the number seven. His telephone number in Boston was 7777. His automobile license plate was 77,777. And he came back into the Marine Corps because of the Hawaiian incident on Dec. 7.

Possessor of one of baseball's greatest pitching records, Pfc. Lyons probably would be rated with the horsehide pastime's immortals if he had been with a pennant-winning team. For 17 years, Ted twirled for the White Sox,

ever since he left the Baylor University campus. He has won 263 games during that stretch and for a large part of the time he pitched for a second-division team. If fate had only sent him to the Yankees, his winning record would have been over the 300 mark.

In Maj. Hanley, Cpl. Ross, Pfc. Lyons and Pvt. Loughran, the sports world has certainly made a grand contribution to the Marine Corps. They, let it be understood, are only four top-flight performers. There are hundreds of others serving with us, but after all, I don't want to fill this whole issue of YANK with a long list of their accomplishments.



"SORRY LADY—THE WAACS ARE AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAMP."



"I USED TO THINK IT WAS PRETTY BAD WITH THE WIFE JUST HOLLERING FROM THE BACK SEAT!"



FOOTBALL IN IRELAND—Frank Beck of Gretna, La. throws a pass a la Sammy Baugh during a realistic, workman-like practice scrimmage, between two G.I. football teams somewhere in Ulster. He seems to be getting good protection.



CAMP POLK BOWLING CHAMPS—That's the Hq. Co. of the 11th armored division, left to right, in front Sgt. Larry Bassett, Lt. Edgar Flemister, Cpl. Joe Mastro-manaco, rear S/Sgts. Clarence Beyer, Bob Ollerman and Danzel Rose.

Athletes at Annapolis Face Sports Depression

ANNAPOLIS—The Naval Academy's athletic program will either have to be curtailed or operated on the taxpayer's money next year.

This was all due to the transfer of the annual Army-Navy football game from Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, where 100,000 cash customers paid \$4.40 a head, to the Academy's own Thompson Stadium, which seats no more than 15,000.

Varsity football receipts at the Naval Academy—as at West Point—pay the way for the entire sports program, and the bulk of this dough comes from the service classic.

Due to the war, the sports program at the Academy has been greatly expanded. Without the usual fat sum from the Army game, the Navy Ath-

letic Association expects to be broke some time next year. Then the program will either have to slow down or operate in the red.

The Navy didn't get any cut from the radio rights, which were sold to an oil company for \$100,000. That little bundle is being divided equally between Army Emergency Relief and the Navy Relief Society.

Florida A. & M. Clinches Negro Football Title

NEW ORLEANS—By its Thanksgiving Day defeat of Xavier, the juggernaut of Florida A. & M. has established itself as the top-ranking Negro college football team of the year.

Undefeated and untied, Florida has beaten most of the top-notch Negro teams, including Morris Brown, to whom it lost last year.

These Gridders Aren't Numerous But They Are Certainly Rugged

NEW YORK—The toughest college football team in the country ended its season this week, and promptly donated its services in a post-season game for the Red Cross.

The team is that aggregation representing the College of the City of New York, otherwise known as C.C.N.Y. Its charity game was against its arch-rival, Brooklyn College, with whom it had played a 7-7 tie earlier in the season. Result of the play-off was a 27-26 victory eked out by Brooklyn.

One of the reasons why City College is so tough is that there are only 20 men on its squad, and only 13 of them have ever played football before. Each man on the team frequently has to play the full 60 minutes.

No man on the squad is over six feet and the heaviest is not much over 180 pounds.

No one on the squad can practice every day because of other work.

Two men come to practice three times a week, two practice twice a week and one practices once a week.

Some don't practice at all, but show up just in time for each game.

The coach of this team used to be Benny Friedman, former Michigan star. Friedman has since joined the Navy and his place has been taken by Dr. Joe Alexander, the only man ever to be picked by Walter Camp on two consecutive All-Americans.

Fortunately, Dr. Alexander is a man with a sense of humor. He is also a man of great imagination, which is how City has managed to finish its season with a whole team.

When one of his ends was urgently needed in the backfield because one of his backfield men couldn't keep up the grind of working after school and then studying after work, the good doctor promptly threw the team's manager into the end slot, where he has been satisfactorily performing ever since.

Since C.C.N.Y. provides no money for competitive athletics, the team has only one item of each kind of equipment. It has only one football and one helmet per man.

When one of the players ripped his pants just before a game, the coach had to borrow another pair from a convenient high school. And there are no fancy grounds-keepers for the field, either. Before each home game, Dr. Alexander has to summon the student body to walk up and down the field picking up the boulders.

"COMMANDO TENNIS" IS THE LATEST G.I. RACKET

THEY have developed a new game at one of our airfields Somewhere that is positively guaranteed to keep the boys in shape and instill in them the necessary fighting spirit. It's played by suspending a tennis ball on a rope from the ceiling; then you detail a large number of idle soldiers, arm them with ping-pong paddles and tell them to try to knock the ball into the other guys' faces. To keep all this in the old Army tradition, each player must wear full field equipment, including helmet, gas mask, pack and rifle.

Now we have two bones to pick with this innovation in training. The first is placing it under the head of games. Any platoon of normal infantrymen lured into this pastime under the impression they were in for a period of recreation would not react favorably. They might even begin to sulk after the first hour or two when they find themselves unable to breathe or even see what the hell is going on. It would be far better to come right out in the open and call it Training of the Group Soldier, or something equally sinister, and then have the men pleasantly surprised when the gruff old sergeant breaks out a can of tennis balls, a gross of ping-pong paddles, a long rope and two tons of full field equipment.

Our other beef is the name of this sport. It's called "Commando Tennis", which is a contradiction in terms. Tennis is a game for gentlemen; war isn't. Applying commando tactics to tennis is like grouse hunting with a machine gun. It just isn't done. Besides, what kind of training is that where you train with a rubber ball and ping-pong paddles? The idea of enlivening dull, back-breaking training by turning it all into a merry game is fine. It makes for good conditioning and implants a sense of sportsmanship, like learning never to kick a Fascist above the belt. But these games should be played with the

weapons of war; this business of tennis balls and ping-pong paddles is Boy Scout stuff.

We have a few suggestions here for real, red-blooded soldier games, at which men can break an arm or a leg with pride. There is "Blitzkrieg Baseball", for example, played with live mortar shells instead of balls. This is a great conditioner, all right, especially if you use a mortar instead of a bat. It is advisable here to have several new teams available on the bench at a moment's notice. It's better not to have the bench too near the field, either.

Then there is "G.I. Hockey", which is just peachy for men in tank destroyer units. This is just like regular hockey and can be played on ice or any boulder-strewn field. The players here all strip to the ankles, except for cartridge belt, canteen, canteen cup, canteen cover and first aid pouch. Regular hockey rules are strictly enforced, with the minor exceptions that rifles are used instead of hockey sticks and a land mine instead of a puck.

There are really no limits to the number of fascinating games any alert physical training instructor can think up. Try playing football with a demolition bomb instead of a pigskin. This game is a great conditioner, but great. The only hitch is that you never get a chance to call "Butter fingers!" to the man who drops a forward pass.

This sport was originally designed for parachute troops, but can be easily modified by substituting full field packs for the two chutes a parachutist wears. For the sake of conditioning the civilian custom of rests between the quarters should be discontinued and the game played straight through until one side is completely annihilated.

After all, if they won the battle of Waterloo on the playing fields of Eton, there's no reason why we shouldn't win this war with some good clean American sport.

Bivens New Negro Heavyweight Find

CLEVELAND — Latest heavyweight sensation to come out of this red-hot fight town is 21-year-old Jimmy Bivens, recent conqueror of Bob Pastor and Tami Mauriello.

The young Negro fighter makes his Madison Square Garden debut soon against Lee Savold, called "Lethal" Lee by his relatives. Bivens was originally scheduled to fight Mauriello again, but Tami had his beak busted while outpointing Savold and had to bow out.

Instead, Mauriello will fight Lou Nova, the California Adonis, and the two winners will meet in another one of those matches to proclaim a new "duration champion."

Modest, Intellectual Type

Bivens is a modest, intellectual type, who dislikes the fight racket and plans to quit as soon as he makes enough money. He only missed being high school valedictorian by one vote and has his heart set on going to college.

Besides being an artist in the ring, he is an accomplished amateur painter and even writes poetry.

This gift for verse has impressed fight followers, who remember that Henry Armstrong also wrote poetry. They now regard Bivens as possibly a second Sam Langford.

Long Legs and Arms

Bivens is really only a light-heavy, but has abnormally long arms and the shoulders of a full-grown heavy-weight. He had both Pastor and Mauriello on the floor, but was unable to knock out either.

His fight with Savold will be a family man's affair, since both fighters are parents. Bivens figures to win, but not without a good deal of blood being spilled. Savold has broken the noses of the last three fighters he has met and intends to make Bivens no exception.

Bivens, on the other hand, has other ideas. He fully intends to have a B.A. after his name some day, and he isn't going to let anyone stop him.

Table Tennis Carries on Annual Championships

TOLEDO, O.—The U. S. Table Tennis Association has announced that war or no war, the national and sectional table tennis championships will be held this year just like any other year.

The various tournaments all over the country will begin late in January and culminate in the nationals some time in Spring. In addition plans for the national inter-city team championship have been completed. This title has been won by New York ten years in a row.

The USTTA has also announced its annual ratings of table tennis stars. Seeded first again this year is Louis Pagliaro of New York, who also ranked first in 1940 and 1941. Second is William Hozrichter of Chicago. Ed Pinner and Sy Sussman of New York lead the doubles champs. Pagliaro is expected to repeat again this year.

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FULL NAME AND RANK _____ A.S.N. _____
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FIREBALL FRANKIE IS NO SPEED DEMON — BUT HE DOES EXPLODE WITH THE GENTLENESS OF AN ANTI-TANK GUN. ... IF HE CAN'T GO AROUND OPPONENTS HE GOES OVER THEM.

PAWDON ME, BOY — BUT AH GOT BUSINESS

HE IS ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST DARING PASSERS IN SOUTHERN FOOTBALL CIRCLES

THE MARINES WILL TRY TO MAKE A DEVIL-DOG OUT OF A BULL-DOG WHEN FRANKIE GRADUATES IN JAN... HE SHOULD FEEL RIGHT AT HOME... HE'S HAD THE "SITUATION WELL IN HAND" FOR SOME TIME

FRANKIE SINKWICH

GEORGIA'S ALL-AMERICAN HALF-BACK FROM YOUNGSTOWN OHIO....

BY CPL. HOWARD GOSHORN AAFTC

SPORT SHORTS



Ben Hogan, now enrolled in a civilian flying school at Tulsa, Okla., is the winner of the P.G.A. Vardon Trophy for the third straight year. ... The annual Berwick, Pa., Thanksgiving Marathon Run was won by Pvt. John Kelly, on a three day pass. He covered the nine-mile, 300-yard course in 48 minutes and 55 seconds. This year's winter horse-racing capital bids fair to be New Orleans, replacing Florida, which has been taken over by the military. ... First bowl team to accept a bid was Texas U. The Longhorns voted to play in the Cotton Bowl on Jan. 1 after winning the Southwest Conference title. ... The National Inter-scholastic Cross-Country Championship was won by Trenton, N. J., High. ... With the appointment of coach Dick Harlow as a lieutenant com-

mander in the Navy, Harvard's football team faces the prospect of being disbanded for the '43 season. ... Crack shot of the current bird-hunting season is Pvt. Benjamin Rambo. He fired one shot and got five pheasants. His method: he downed one bird with that shot; it fell into a groundhog hole; Pvt. Rambo went to pull it out and found four more pheasants there. The private isn't sure whether they fell in by accident or he scared them in with his sharp-shooting, but he isn't looking a gift pheasant in the mouth. ... The Navy was given a mascot goat in time for the annual Army-Navy game. The donor is President Carlos Arroyo Del Rio of Ecuador. ... Outfielder George Selkirk of the Yankees is another ballplayer who has entered the service. Selkirk is 36, married, the father of two children and 3-A in the draft, but he volunteered anyway. ... The C.C.N.Y.-Brooklyn College post-season charity game for the Red Cross, only college football game of its kind, netted \$2,588. ... Bert Gardiner, the Chicago Black Hawk goalie, wears a white-backed glove on his right hand on that side to enemy forwards. He's left-handed. ... The West Point football career of Lt. Gen. D. W. Eisen-

hower was cut short by a broken leg. ... The penalty of having an undefeated football team: Coach Denny Myers of Boston College has lost 27 pounds since the start of the football season. ... A basketball game in which the players wore gas masks was played recently at Chanute Field, Ill. Only the officials were exempt because no one could think of a way they could blow their whistles inside a mask. ... After leading the field to within a mile of the finish of the annual Buffalo Y.M.C.A. Thanksgiving Day five-mile race, Gus Gressell faltered and finished 17th in a field of 35. Gressell is a ripe 65.

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YANK



THE ARMY

WEEKLY



One of the first soldiers landing on Guadalcanal to join the Marines in socking the Jap, totes his equipment to quarters