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



THE JOE THE AIR FORCE DIDN'T WANT See Page 5.



RED CROSS CLUBMOBILE

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—If you're a cold, hungry, lonely dogface who's busy building a bridge or digging a trench in some God-forsaken part of England, and if you should suddenly hear some good American jive coming across the frigid air, don't clutch at your topkick and faint dead away. It ain't ghoulies you're hearing; merely the new Red Cross Clubmobile "Pennsylvania" rolling into your camp.

The clubmobile is the latest idea that the Red Cross has pulled out of its bag of tricks, and the "Pennsylvania" is the first of 40 big vehicles that will be based in towns that are too small to have Red Cross Clubs of their own and yet have remote Army camps near them.

The "Pennsylvania" started life as a Green Line (interurban) bus, but when these were withdrawn to save gas she had her seats ripped out and was converted into an ambulance. Now the hospital impedimenta has been removed. A streamlined kitchen has been installed, with a coffee urn that turns out steaming java by the gallon and a doughnut machine that offers a continuous production line from the unmixed flour to the watering mouth. The "Pennsylvania" also holds a library of books and one of records, a phonograph, two loud speakers, and as many cigarettes as can be crammed into odd corners. It's all free, too.

Most important part of the "Pennsylvania" is the crew—three of the best-looking dames the Red Cross could dig up. They're chosen especially for their ability to dish out comebacks as well as doughnuts, and they're able to look their best even when they're

up to their elbows in batter or up to their knees in mud, coaxing the old bus out of a mud-hole.

At the moment the "Pennsylvania" has three test pilots—Hope Simpson of London, Camilla Moss of New York City, and Joan Banker of Cranford, N.J. They've been on the road for several weeks in smaller vehicles, twisting around all the back-country roads in England to get to the most inaccessible camps. The girls like it tough. Their favorite visit, to date, came on a raw, rainy day and was to a detail on a construction job so muddy and so wet that they mistook it for a small lake. Their clubmobile could never have made the trip through the mud, so they loaded all their stuff on an Army truck. The cheer that greeted them more than made up for the extra trouble.

The "Pennsylvania" now has a driver, borrowed for the duration from the London Transport Board and given a special course to brush up on cross-country driving. The thing that really takes the girls' eyes is their own cabin, just behind the kitchen, complete with bunks, blackout curtains, and a mirror to make up by. Their only disappointment is the fact that the "Pennsylvania's" generator hasn't enough juice to run the doughnut machine, and therefore she has to be hooked up to an electric line before the doughnuts begin to roll.

The girls will shortly be going into new uniforms, which are said to be pretty snappy. The details are still a closely-guarded Red Cross secret, but they're reported to be little numbers with zippers. They're called "battle dress," whatever that means.

THE Devil's Disciple

By James Burchard

YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT.—He has the face of a cherub and the habits of an anarchist. He recites Chaucer in a gentle voice and then concocts an infernal machine that blows people up into very, very small pieces. He discusses old world philosophy over tea while all the time he's thinking of dynamite and T.N.T. and picric and other deadly explosives.

As he explains it: "I love to see them go off."

Step up and meet this charming gentleman, but be careful when you shake hands because you may carry off a detonator concealed beneath your thumb which will ignite a small bomb in your pocket when you sit down.

He dotes on intimate little jokes like that, this English captain, a demolitions expert—the demolitions expert—of the British Royal Engineers.

Just now, he's sort of on loan to Colonel Edson Raff as liaison officer.

Raff pays him high tribute. The colonel says the captain was his most valuable assistant during the early stages of the Tunisian campaign.

"But the hardest job," the colonel says, "is holding the captain down. He would like to plant booby traps, the damned fool, over a ten-mile stretch and then blow up half the Italian Army. He probably would blow up half the Italian Army, too, but he's too important to take a chance like that."

Our captain became a practical joker early in life. His first great success, he says, was at the expense of a piano virtuoso about to give a recital. As a kid, the captain de-tuned the piano, and the first chord the great artiste struck was really something from a Chinese concerto.

From there, his advancement was really rapid. He achieved fine finesse at Oxford and later at City

College, but he is very loath, as the English say, to tell of his exploits at these institutions.

With war threatening, he put his natural talent to use where it would do the most good. He studied explosives at several technical schools and it paid immediate dividends during the North African invasion.

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████████████████████. For that, the captain received the Legion D'Honneur, a sward of cognac, a case of the town's finest champagne and two very big, wet kisses from the mayor.

"The next time I get decorated," the captain says, "I do hope to God the good mayor shaves that morning."

Another 25-year-old British captain holds the Croix de Guerre for neutralizing an enemy minefield under fire, but he does not work with the graceful devil-may-care technique of our captain who takes a fiendish delight in improvising booby traps to blow the bloody hell out of trusting enemy patrols.

One particular afternoon, our captain fashioned a trap which blew up six Italians. He figured the number by fiendishly piecing together bits of cloth and other items. It was his afternoon off duty.

The captain, however, was not particularly happy. He constantly regrets that his life as an artist is generally wasted, but he can only see the results later, and he would sure hell like to hang around to watch the fireworks, a privilege which, due to enemy vigilance, is rarely extended in these times of stress.

Such bloodthirsty comment poured out in the



He discusses old world philosophy over tea while all the time he's thinking of dynamite and T.N.T. and picric and other deadly explosives.



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well-bred Oxonian accent of our captain is distinctly disturbing.

He is a disturbing character. Despite the nightly air raids over this sector, the captain dug himself a foxhole in an exposed field. He couldn't find any sandbags as a protection against the wind and the rain and the shrapnel, so he put up some boxes around the top. The boxes were full of high explosives. The captain slept like a baby.

Getting up one morning from his foxhole, the captain was told that some Germans were mining a mountain pass. The captain donned himself a



native burnous, which is a sort of big cape, and set forth with two natives. He sat down about 500 yards from the Germans and watched them work. When they were nearly finished he yanked a tommy-gun from beneath his cape and opened up. The Germans ran like a flock of scared Italians. The

captain came down, took their mines and blew up the pass.

"They were damned good mines," he said. "Damned good mines. If the Germans expect me to use their stuff it better be good stuff."

The captain is a perfectionist. The captain speaks perfect English, naturally, and French and German and "broken American."

This has gotten the captain into several embarrassing situations with American sentries. One night, the password was "Heigh, ho, Silver," and the response was "Away," and along comes our captain who responded "Tally ho." He straightened out his colloquialisms at the guard house.

One night, the captain didn't know the password at all, and argued with the sentry in his best Oxonian accent. The sentry put our captain under guard, then reported to the commanding officer that there was some "queer jerk outside speaking broken English like a foreigner, or something."

The captain, who admires the Americans very much, has his little troubles with us. He is training a couple of plain American dogfaces as his assistants, but he says their trouble is that they are just too damned daring.

His sergeant, from Roswell, Georgia, for example.

"He is very good," our captain says, "but he is a very impetuous chap. Just the other night he tripped over a rock and set off his own mine, losing a part of his ear."

When we left the captain he was still laughing.

These Mines Contain No Gold . . .

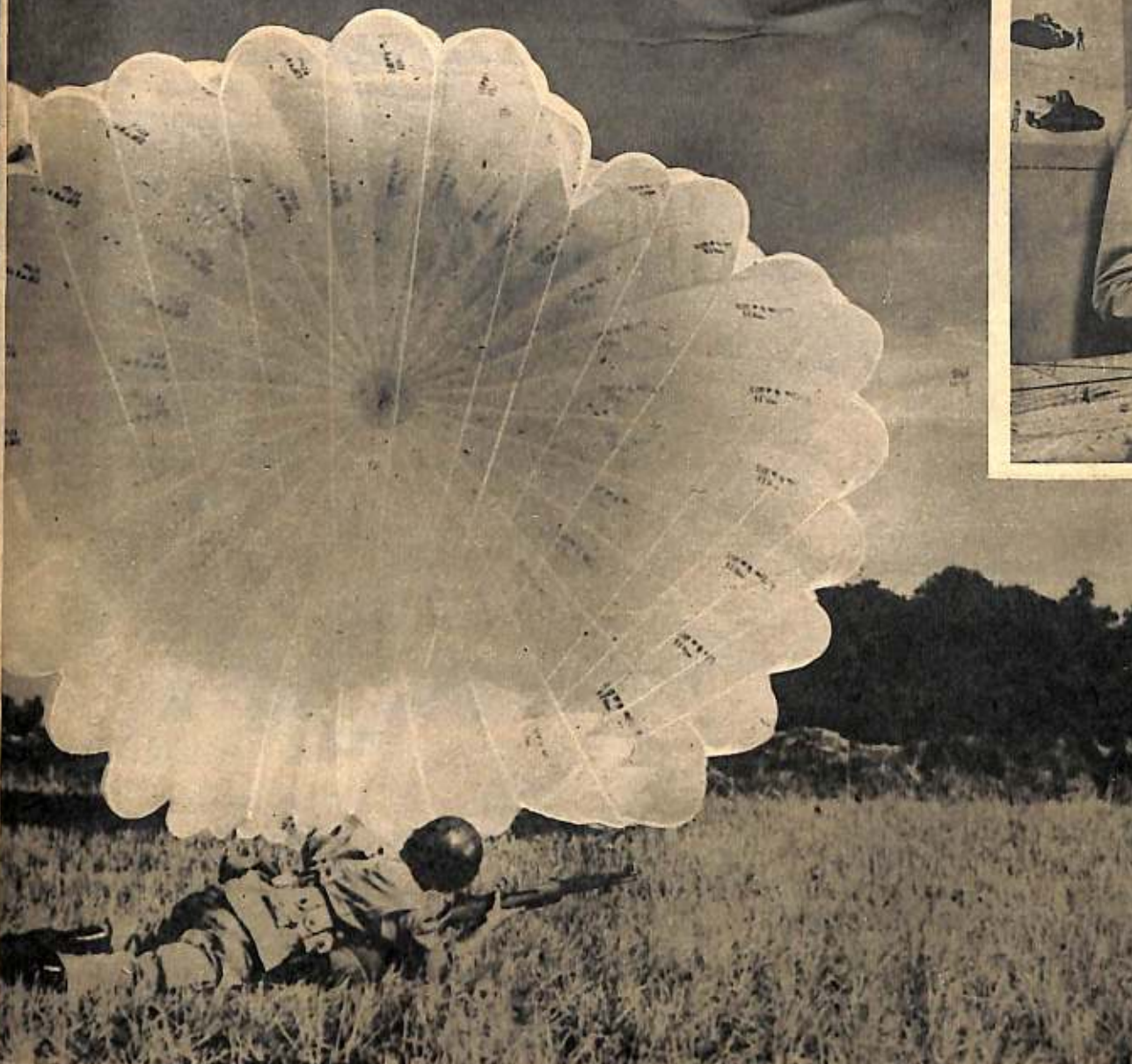


The way to disconnect a mine in the desert these days is to brush the sand away and then remove the igniter—if the igniter doesn't remove you first.



The "S" mine is set off by a person stepping on little springs sticking out of the ground or tripping over a string close to the ground. Better fly, chums!





Col. Edson Raff (right), studies the details of an operational flight with one of his aides, Major Doyle Yardley.

The Air Force Wouldn't Take Him— So Edson Raff "Took" The Air Force

Now He's World War II's "Lawrence of Arabia"

SOMEWHERE ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT—It is a very fortunate thing for the Allies and a very unfortunate thing for the Axis that Colonel Edson Duncan Raff (165 pounds; 5 ft. 6 inches tall) wasn't discouraged by the diagnosis of the Army Air Force doctors. If he had, he probably would have retired to a nice roomy wheel-chair for the rest of his life with a thermometer stuck in his very tough-looking kisser.

The colonel was turned down twice by the Air Force when he tried to sign up. The first time, in 1933, they told the colonel that he was a very swell guy and probably a damned good soldier, having gone to West Point, but that they were really very sorry that they couldn't take men who couldn't look cross-eyed. Colonel Raff was quite unable to look cross-eyed, and no matter how much he practised he still could not look cross-eyed.

Raff had just gotten out of West Point and received his commission. He had kept his eye on the sky for years, and it was a bitter disappointment, the Air Force taking this unreasonable attitude. Young Raff also had for some time kept his eyes on the South Seas, so he said the hell with the Air Force and went to the South Seas.

Again, in 1936, the colonel tried to get into the Air Force, and the Air Force said smugly they still thought he was promising material, but you know how it is up there in the sky when you have got high blood pressure. Raff had high blood pressure.

Raff's blood pressure went still higher at this

unreasonable attitude, so he put his five feet six inches into the cockpit of a light commercial plane and at the rate of six bucks an hour he learned from a commercial pilot how to fly. He flew quite well. He still cannot look cross-eyed.

It cost him 200 bucks to learn to fly that way, and he became so enamored of flying that he just couldn't stay out of the air. Finally, he convinced the paratroopers that he would make a very good paratrooper, probably arguing that there was not quite enough of him to hit the ground very hard, so wouldn't that be a decided advantage?

He went into the paratroops, he said, "just as a plain ordinary jumper," whatever that means. But what a jumper Raff became!

This same Colonel Raff who couldn't crack the Air Force, despite his West Point background, is rapidly becoming one of the most fabulous figures since Lawrence of Arabia. His exploits are by-words, and his expeditions have been the prime topics of conversation in every latrine in Africa ever since he and his paratroopers hurtled down on Oran and at Yourks Les Bain.

Colonel Raff can and does just about everything to make him a grand guy to men and a legendary son of Mars to the folks back home. We have just put in a few days with Raff and his gang at this Tunisian outpost. Raff is now bossing, not only paratroopers, but engineers, infantry, ack-ack batteries, sappers and almost every other kind of fighting unit you can find in a fighting theater of war.

Even though you're a first-time visitor to this particular sector, it is easy to spot the colonel. Just look for a little guy wearing the distinctive garb of a paratrooper toting a rifle to which is affixed a short, wicked-looking bayonet, tailored especially for the colonel in England.

You may see him driving his own jeep or climbing into a liaison plane. Perhaps you'll find him awaiting his turn with the dogfaces in the enlisted chow line or perhaps you'll find him working side by side with some dogface on a menial job. That's the kind of guy Colonel Raff is. His sector is completely informal throughout. Edson Raff is a soldier's soldier, with a bristling aggressiveness and a constant yen for action.

The French call him "Le Petit Colonel" or "Le Colonel Meccano."

The colonel is a young man as colonels go. The day he jumped at Yourks was his 35th birthday. He did better there than at Oran where he broke a rib, but one broken rib for a young colonel isn't much to worry about, and particularly considering the fact he was the first American in the campaign to be awarded the French Legion D'Honneur.

Raff has been an Army man almost all his life, practically from the time he first saw the light of day in the Riverside Drive (173d st.) apartment where he was born.

After the first Air Force incident he went back to the bank, drew 700 bucks which he had been saving for a rainy day, and went to Tahiti, where they were currently having the rainy season. Six months was enough for Raff. He got damned well bored and came back home.

After earning a commercial pilot's licence, he went to Hawaii and taught students how to hop around from island to island. He's owned a plane ever since, right up to the time he went overseas last summer. At that time he was keeping a plane at Fort Benning, along with a wife. Raff met Mrs. Raff at Fort Benning. She is the former Virginia Chaney of Chaney, Maryland. Her father is now a medical colonel at Fort Benning, and her uncle, as every good G.I. should know, is Maj.-Gen. Chaney.

Mrs. Raff and her two children are now living in Savannah, Ga.

Watching the colonel go through his paces on the Tunisian front, it isn't hard to figure he had an athletic background. He specialized in swimming, track and sailing in school, at Babylon, Long Island, at Shenandoah Valley Academy in Winchester, Va., and at West Point, where he turned the 100-yard dash in 10 2/10 seconds. He also won some small fame as a fancy diver. That's a help when he has to hit a foxhole in nothing flat, as even the bravest of them do.

Raff is an extremely modest man and prefers to give the credit to the men who serve under him.

"The American soldier," he says, "is still an excellent soldier. He always has been in every war we've fought. He's courageous, resourceful and has a great ability to improve the enemy's tactics and adapt himself to all conditions and improvise—and all that's his salvation as a soldier."

That was probably the longest speech Edson Raff ever made. He broke it off to push a stalled car which Jack Thompson, the Chicago Tribune correspondent, was driving. Thompson jumped with Raff

"Whatta guy," Thompson said. "He'll really raise plenty of hell, this Joe, before the war's over. He is going to scare the pants off a lot of people. Whatta guy! They'll be looking at him cross-eyed before its all over. They sure will. They sure will."

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM LIFE IN PUERTO RICO TO INDIA TRAINS



In Tunisia a Yank liaison officer questions two German prisoners.



Approaching a G.I. bathtub in New Guinea, a jeep crosses a river.



Life Is Pleasant in Puerto Rico, But Grab Your Drinks While You Can

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO [By Radio]—The Nov. 29 Sunday papers from the States don't arrive here until Jan. 9 and an American girl is just something you see in the movies. But G.I. life in the big Spanish barracks of the Puerto Rican Department headquarters is still a hell of a lot more comfortable than the average camp in the U.S.

For one thing, these headquarters soldiers never pull KP. They never shine shoes or rub sapolio on squad room windows.

That isn't all. When they're thirsty a tall cuba libre made with the best Puerto Rican rum costs only 10 cents in the noncommissioned officers' club. The best rye and bourbon sets them back only a thin dime, and a scotch and soda costs 25 cents. Camels and Chesterfields sell two for 13 cents, and you can get wonderful cigars for a nickel that would cost a quarter back home.

Now don't get the idea that the dishes here are never washed or the beds never made. It's just that Maj. Gen. James L. Collins, Puerto Rican Department commander, and Maj. Allen Emerson, commander of the headquarters detachment, feel that the men cannot be spared from their regular duties for KP and policing the barracks. So they designed a plan to hire civilian KPs and housekeepers.

Each man in the outfit chips in a dollar a month to have his dishes washed, his food served, his bed made and the barracks cleaned. They employ 10 KPs and 11 room orderlies who get \$25 a

month plus room and board, which is good pay in this country.

Supervising this housekeeping staff makes 1st Sgt. Thomas J. Lampart, of Jersey City, feel like Oscar of the Waldorf.

Native KPs do a swell job in the kitchen, thanks to S/Sgt. Louis Cabrera, veteran Puerto Rican regular who acts as Lampart's orderly, interpreter and all-around public relations counsel. KPs sometimes find it convenient to forget their English when given a difficult assignment by Lampart or Oliver Robinson, the mess sergeant. At such times, when they blandly mumble "No savvy," Cabrera is called in from the orderly room and sets the situation straight immediately with a fluent string of Puerto Rican Spanish.

Sgt. Lampart's big stucco barracks built by the Spanish Army in the old days seems like a hotel for other reasons, too. For instance, the variety of guests. Everything comes in and out of the front door except the native goats, and even they approach the threshold now and then.

In addition to his own company, Lampart takes care of the rations and quarters for the headquarters signal detachment, finance detachment and postal unit. Also tucked away in various nooks and corners of his hacienda, are the quartermasters, weather bureau, chemical warfare men, MPs and the station complement.

"When I left Jersey City last April to join the



In Puerto Rico, war-dog sentry is released by Pvt. Louis Robbins.

Army I never thought they would make a Caribbean innkeeper out of me," Lampart says. "I even have lots of guys stop here just for the night's lodging—noncoms on their way to new stations at Saint Thomas, Antigua and our other bases."

But don't get the idea that Army life all over the Caribbean is peaches, cream and daiquiri cocktails. Lampart's hotel is the rare exception to the general rule. Most of the men stationed here are at mosquito-infested gun positions and airfields miles from the nearest Coca-Cola. It's lonelier out there than in New Guinea or Tunisia where at least you get a Jap or a Nazi once in a while to make things interesting.

—Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

In the Daytime, at Least, Iceland's a Thumber's Paradise

ICELAND BASE COMMAND—Thumbing a lift at night presents a pretty problem in these parts, and soldiers really have to sweat out their rides. For the record, one man who tried it had to wait 20 minutes the first time and 40 minutes the second, on lonely stretches of road. Even in midtown, it's not always simple, though it's OK as far as regulations go. It's a far cry from the anti-hitching directives of training days in South Carolina, Michigan or California.

Thumbing is official up here. It's a cinch in the daytime. Everybody stops for a thumber, from the commanding general down, unless a pedestrian can get a ride in a company area or motor pool, without having to go out on the highway. A chap I know, standing at a designated "pull-in" point, successfully thumbed a private, two corporals, a sergeant and a major.

As they sometimes say in this area (where we were preceded by British forces), the system percolates with petrol during daylight. And it's not always slow at night. As a last resort, the night-crawling stratum of enlisted society may be able to snag a Reykjavik taxi on the hoof to spin out to hutments. That is, of course, if the guy in ODs figures to go straight home. And let an eyewitness tell you that for an enlisted man there's no azimuth but home. Ask any MP.

If You Can't Get Jerry One Way, You Can Sometimes Kid Him to Death

A U. S. FIGHTER STATION SOMEWHERE IN EGYPT—It took a traffic cop stunt to do it, but 2nd Lt. R. W. Kimball, fighter pilot from Minneapolis, Minn., finally bagged his Messerschmitt.

On a recent sortie deep into the Western Desert, Lt. Kimball flew into the middle of a hot dogfight. During his maneuvering he found himself zooming up under the nose of an ME that was so close he had to cut throttle to keep from crashing into it. He managed, however, to get a quick burst straight into the ME's radiator and engines.

So close were the two planes that the Jerry's coolant, flying from his riddled radiator, splattered Kimball in the face. He tried another burst, but this time his guns jammed.

The two fighters roared apart. Lt. Kimball got his guns working, located the ME in his sights long enough to get another short burst into its engine—and again his guns jammed.

The last burst definitely winged the German. The ME started to cough and began a slow descent, but it still didn't land. It kept limping like a winged quail, just over the ground.

Kimball's guns were still out of commission but he dropped down alongside the fleeing Jerry. "I motioned him to the curb with my thumb," Kimball said, "but he didn't pay any attention."

Then, Kimball said, he fainted as if he were going to give him another burst, and at this, the Jerry put his plane on the sand pronto.

"The last I saw of him," Kimball said, "he had turned over and burst into flames."

Two other pilots in this outfit told how they had to work a bluff for 25 anxious miles before they could shake off three pursuing Messerschmitts. Capt. Ray Llewellyn of Johnstown, Pa., was out on a job and had poured the last of his ammunition into a Jerry airdrome and the cockpit of a Macchi 202.

On his way home, separated from the rest of his squadron, he tangled with three MEs. Llewellyn bellowed for help through his microphone



Somewhere North of the Equator an old French bomber serves as an Army kitchen.

but learned to his dismay that the other boys also were engaged. He began to feint, dodge and zoom at the Jerries who, thinking that he was trying to line them up in his sights, also dodged. Llewellyn kept this up for a time, all the while heading toward home.

It was with great relief that he saw the fighter of 2nd Lt. Thomas Boullare of Barnwell, S. C., come up to help. But the relief didn't last long, because Boullare only had ammunition left for one of his guns. However, by spreading those few shots out thin, Boullare pulled a bluff of his own, and once more the Germans shied off.

During the long, difficult trip home, Llewellyn and Boullare took turns bluffing the MEs off each other. After 25 miles of this, during which no one received a scratch, the MEs finally gave up the chase and the boys highballed home at full throttle.

—Sgt. BURGESS H. SCOTT
YANK's Cairo Bureau

Detroit Cat Has G.I. Kittens Somewhere in the Middle East

CAIRO—In Detroit a pregnant tabby cuddled up inside a half-packed crate containing a Diesel engine consigned for overseas shipment. The

crating was completed and the cat remained a prisoner.

For 41 days the cat lived inside the crate. When the crate was opened at a British base in the Middle East where U. S. troops are stationed out walked the mother cat and four healthy kittens. The cat survived by licking the anti-rust cosmoline from the engine during the voyage across the Atlantic.

The boys in the machine shop have taken the stowaways under their care and report mother and family are doing well.

YANK'S CAIRO BUREAU

What the AVGs Started in China, The U. S. Army Air Force Is Finishing

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—The American Volunteer Group in China (the Flying Tigers) was a great outfit. There is probably no one who disagrees with this, especially in China.

They took on the enemy any time, any place, no matter what the odds. Invariably, they sent him home licking his wounds.

The AVGs are gone now, and in their place is the U. S. Army Air Force. Even though Brig. Gen. Claire Chennault stayed on as the commanding officer of the China Air Task Force, and

by Sgt. Dave Breger

G.I. JOE

A.P.O.



Sgt. Dave Breger
Britain

IT'S THE
ADJUTANT-GENERAL—
SEE IF HE HAS A
LETTER FROM A
FIFI L'AMOUR OF
HOLLYWOOD



Incoming

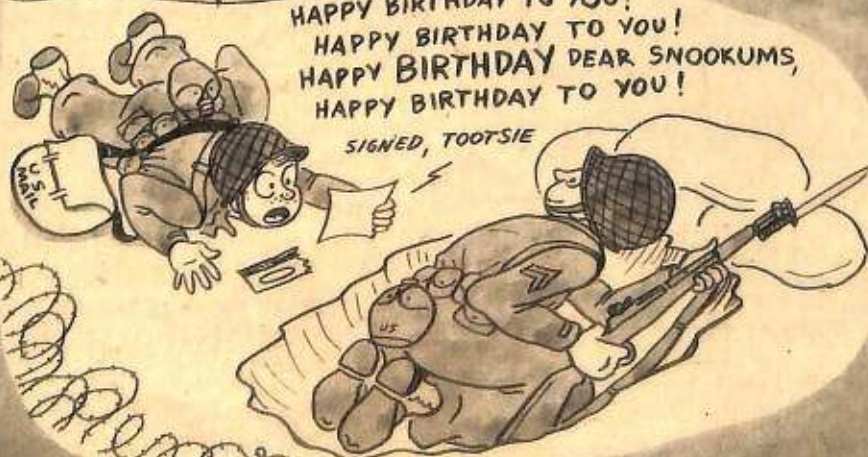
TO? BERLIN
FOR? A. HITLER
CONTENTS? ONE ENGLISH
MEAT PIE



Outgoing

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR SNOOKUMS,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

SIGNED, TOOTSIE



Field delivery

MINUS 16 LBS.,
7 OZ. — THAT'LL
BE \$2.18 WE
PAY YOU



Parcel Post

Yanks At Home And Abroad

even though some of the better men of the Volunteers accepted commissions and positions of importance in the formation of the new group, there were those who wondered. They were not too sure how the young, untried Army flyers would fare against the war-wise Japs who had learned some hard taught lessons in American tactics and how to combat them.

News reports have told some of the stories of the successes of the new men. Here is an account of one of their better days over Canton.

More than 20 pursuits took off to escort a bomber formation on a raid of shipping installations in and around Canton. Those same bombers had hit Canton three times before that same week, and escaped unscathed. With past Jap performances in mind, it was almost a certainty that the Nips would not let another onslaught go unchallenged.

"You can expect anything this time," were the final words of Col. Marion C. Cooper, Gen. Chennault's chief of staff. "Handle things any way you see fit, but your first duty is to protect the bombers—and don't forget it."

The bombers went off with their escort, bombed their target successfully, returned with no losses and few scratches due to the excellent fighter protection. All this was done in spite of the fact that they were met by 30 or more of the best the Japs could muster in the Canton area.

After the bombers had hauled freight for home, Col. Robert Scott and his pursuits went down to make Christians out of the attacking Japs. The following is the numerical count that went up on the group scoreboard when the ships had returned to their base:

Maj. Bruce K. Holloway, one Zero, one I-97, one I-45; Capt. John Hampshire, three Zeros; Col. Robert Scott, two Zeros, one JU-52 transport, probable; Lt. Charles Dubois, one Zero, one I-97; Capt. Edmund Goss, one Zero, one I-97; Capt. Burrall Barnum, one I-97, one I-97, probable; Lt. Lubner, one Zero, one I-97, probable; Lt. Dallas Clinger, Lt. Jack Best, Lt. John Lombard, Lt. Harold K. Stuart, Lt. Hollis M. Blackstone, Lt. Robert A. O'Neil, and Lt. Donald M. Carpenter, one Zero each; Lt. Col. Clinton Vincent, one I-97; and Lt. George R. Barnes, one Zero, probable.

Just to make the history complete, T/Sgt. Adam R. Williams and Sgt. Broughton, of the bombers, each had one I-97 and Sgt. MacLaughlin had one I-97, probable. S/Sgt. Douglas Radney had one Zero, probable. That makes a score



Enemy approaching! And, somewhere in China, American pilots race for their P-40s.

of 24 confirmed and six probables with the pursuits getting the lion's share.

Yes—the AVGs are gone but the U. S. Army Air Force keeps the "No Trespassing" sign held high over China.

—Sgt. JOHN P. BARNES
YANK Staff Correspondent

Any Similarity Between India Trains And the Santa Fe is Purely Imaginary

NEW DELHI, INDIA—It's a rare G.I. who hasn't griped about American troop trains being like lousy cattle cars. But brother, you should get a load of what we've got down here.

The first thing you learn about Indian trains is that they're contrary to all military tradition. You don't "hurry up and wait" when you catch a train here. You just wait.

If your train is scheduled to leave at 6:30 A.M., you get up at 7 A.M. eat chow, pack your barracks bag, march down to the station and then take a little snooze for yourself. If you're lucky, the train may pull in by 8:30. There are a few cases on record where the trains were only two hours late. But they were express trains.

American enlisted men in India travel second class. The first-class compartments which seat six and sleep four are reserved for officers and white civilians. Second-class compartments seat nine and sleep six, the occupants usually being

U. S. or British enlisted men and Indians. Third-class coaches, used only by natives, seat from 30 to 50 on hard wooden benches.

Indian trains operate on the honor system. They don't have conductors. You simply show your ticket to the gatekeeper when you enter the station and turn it in to another gatekeeper at your destination. All of which means second-class ticket holders often ride first class. Your accommodations are usually in inverse ratio to your conscience.

When the train is under way, you get a rough idea of what a desert sandstorm is like. Dust and soot swirl through under the window sills and door jambs, depositing a half-inch layer of dirt on the compartment and everybody in it. At every stop, you get out on the platform to start breathing again while an attendant sweeps out the compartment for the next lap.

First-class passengers have a few extra comforts. They have shower baths in the washrooms so that they can whiten up occasionally during the trip. There also are air-conditioned cars—produced by wafts of cold air given off by cakes of ice in a tin box on the compartment floor.

If you're on an overnight trip, you don't actually need your shelter half but don't forget your two G.I. blankets. You bring your own bedding on Indian trains. The railroad furnishes only the berth—a long leather-covered seat occupied by three passengers during the day.

There's one important thing to remember when you waken in the morning. Don't open your eyes before brushing off your eyelids with a handkerchief. Otherwise, you'll have two peepers full of the grime that collected during the night.

Indian coaches have no connecting doors, so you can't stroll through the aisles looking for lonesome blondes, like you do on the Silver Meteor back home. You stay put in your own compartment for the duration, except for 10-minute breaks when you make way for the sweeper. You also take time out for meals.

At meal time, you get out on the platform and walk up to the dining car where you eat. When you're finished, you sit there until the train stops at the next station. Then you can return to your compartment. On trains which have no dining cars—most of them don't—the engineer just stops over at any convenient town for an hour or so while you eat at a nearby restaurant.

Time is not important to the engineers here, according to Sgt. John Screen, of New Orleans. Screen was on a train crossing the desert just at sundown one day. Suddenly, the train stopped. The engineer climbed out of his cabin, knelt in the sand and bowed towards Mecca for his regular evening prayers. Fifteen minutes later the train resumed its journey.

But Pvt. Earl Davis, of Portland, Me., is the authority on Indian rail transportation. Davis handles the mail and spends four days of each week on a train. At nights, during his three off-days, Davis never sleeps in a G.I. bunk or anything resembling a bed. Instead, he curls up on the back seat of a jeep. He claims it's the only way to keep in shape for his job.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA



Pte. Tillie Jackson is a CWAC in the dental corps. The initials stand for Canadian Women's Auxiliary Corps. Her rank, Pte., is the Canadian abbreviation of private. She sends a message to her husband, L/Cpl. Jay Jackson in England, whose rating is the equivalent of first class private: "I hope you will like my picture. I wish you the best of meals. Try and write more often."



CPO Kenneth Perry was born in Macomb, Ill., but it's a secret where he's stationed now. He joined the Navy fresh out of high school and has been going to sea for 11 years. He sends a message to a shark somewhere in the North Atlantic, CPO Oliver Wallin: "How are the pasteboards running and are you getting plenty of suckers at the pool table?"



Pfc. Edmund Braezinski is a member of the permanent party at Fort Dix, N. J., and says that, at 19, he worked at a little bit of everything in civilian life. He wants to get a message through to Pvt. Walter Fiddler whose last address was in Northern Island: "Carl made sergeant. I expect to leave the permanent party here soon to go to Aerial Gunnery School."



Pfc. Walter Yamato helped beat off the Japs at Pearl Harbor. Now he's stationed at Camp McCoy, Wis., where he drives a jeep and works as a store clerk. He's a native of Hawaii and he sends a nostalgic message to S/Sgt. Herbert Ah Yo, Hawaiian Service Command: "I would like to be stationed with you in the Islands. I'm freezing in Wisconsin."



Cpl. Michael Ritto hopes this message will be delivered one day to Pvt. Tony Lepore, a marine who is a prisoner in Tokyo: "Keep your chin up, and we'll try and do your share of the fighting." Ritto was a bus driver in Chicago before he came into the Army. He was with an anti-aircraft unit in Flushing, N. Y., when this picture was taken.



Sgt. Paul Spiller has been in the Coast Artillery for 10 months at Fort Bliss, Tex. Before the war he was big guns as manager of the Des Moines (Iowa) Little Theater. He sends a message to his brother, Pvt. Marion, on Midway Island: "I have finished my course at Camp Davis." He asks his brother to send him a souvenir—"a G string that I hear the Japs wear."

A WEEK OF WAR

**Goering in the Cellar;
Churchill in Turkey;
Hitler in Hiding**



The Russians were still on the move.

EVERYTHING was all set. It was, of course, makeshift; the Fuehrer wasn't around, but they had dug up Goering, and he was going to speak over the air at 11 a.m. Still, Germany felt, it was a pretty crummy celebration. After all, it was the 10th anniversary of Adolf Hitler's accession to power, and on all the other anniversaries the Fuehrer had held some perfectly lovely parades.

But then, Germany thought, there is a war on. The news from Russia had been black, very black, and its hue wasn't getting any lighter. Germany was beginning to get a few facts for a change, and Germany wasn't liking it, not at all. Germany wished that the Fuehrer was around, to explain a few things. Still, in a pinch Goering would do.

The air marshal was giving his manuscript a last once-over, before stepping before the microphone. All Berlin turned on its radios and waited. Berlin was waiting in shops and in homes. Berlin, helmeted, was listening beside its anti-aircraft guns. And, as the second hand of the studio clock ran out the last minute before 11, out of the west, moving very fast, came some men who weren't listening at all.

They were British bomber crews and they were flying Mosquitoes and they had every intention of bombing Berlin at 11 o'clock in the morning on the 10th anniversary of the rise to power of A. Hitler.

They did, too. In the studio a flustered announcer stepped up to the microphone. "Marshal Goering's speech will be delayed for a few minutes," he said. From somewhere back in the studio came a man's shout; somewhere in the distance was heard a muffled explosion. It sounded like a bomb. As a matter of fact, it was.

Goering Sits One Out

High over Berlin, grinning like wicked little boys, the British were having the time of their lives. They were laying them right down the alley. There was hardly any flak; the anti-aircraft crews had been listening just a little too hard for the voice of Air Marshal Goering.

"Air Marshal Goering will speak to you in a few minutes," the announcer kept repeating at intervals. But it was only after 62 minutes, when the British bombs were exhausted, that Hermann Goering came upstairs again. And when he spoke, he had little to say. The villainous Russians, he announced, had villainously fooled the Third Reich by pretending that their villainous army wasn't as strong as it really was. Definitely not cricket, said Hermann Goering.

At 3 p.m. Berlin felt it had had quite a busy day, what with a delayed speech and the first daylight raid on the city since the war began. Unfortunately, however, the day wasn't over—not by a long shot.

At 4 p.m. little Paul Joseph Goebbels tramped up to another microphone and opened his mouth.

Wheeeeeeeeeee went the sirens. The British—the miserable British—were over again.

Goebbels stuck it out. He warned his listeners that new and drastic manpower regulations would be necessary to keep Germany going. The fight, he said, was now one for survival. But during his speech something happened that had not happened in ten Nazi years.

He was heckled. When he said that every one in Germany, rich and poor, would be in the struggle, a voice cried, "It's about time." And someone else yelled, "Where is our Fuehrer?"

Hitler seemed to have disappeared. "Where is he?" asked Europe. "With his troops on the Russian

front," said Paul Joseph Goebbels. "At Berchtesgarden with his astrologer," said Sweden. "Beats us," said every one else.

If Adolf Hitler was in Russia, he wasn't anywhere near Stalingrad, where the end of another German dream was rapidly being reached. Out of the broken cellars which their troops had captured and then died in came, in surrender, Field Marshal Paulus, whose army had crumbled before the stubborn city, with 15 of his generals. And the Russians announced that they were awfully sorry, but that they had told a lie. They had said that there were only 220,000 German troops surrounded before Stalingrad. Well, their arithmetic had been wrong; there were really 330,000.

Hitler Kicks One Out

Adolf Hitler had made Paulus a field marshal for propaganda purposes only, after he had lost his battle and was making what the German press called a "gallant stand against extermination." But it was not for propaganda purposes that the Fuehrer kicked out Admiral Raeder, replacing him, as Commander

in Chief of the Navy, with Admiral Karl Doenitz.

Any one could see what that meant: unrestricted submarine warfare. Doenitz, a submarine specialist, was a bloodthirsty man; exactly the type to which Hitler, his power waning, could be expected to turn.

The Axis camp was uneasy. All over conquered Europe the soldiers of the Reich were beginning to wonder, were perhaps beginning to ask each other questions.

South and west, the Mediterranean was gone. Italy had this fact impressed on her when Winston Churchill, in a surprise flight, showed up in Turkey. At Adana, near the border of Syria, he closeted himself for two days with Turkish President Ismet Inonu. And when he came back to Cairo, Churchill had little to say, save that the ancient friendship of Turkey and Great Britain was fully restored.

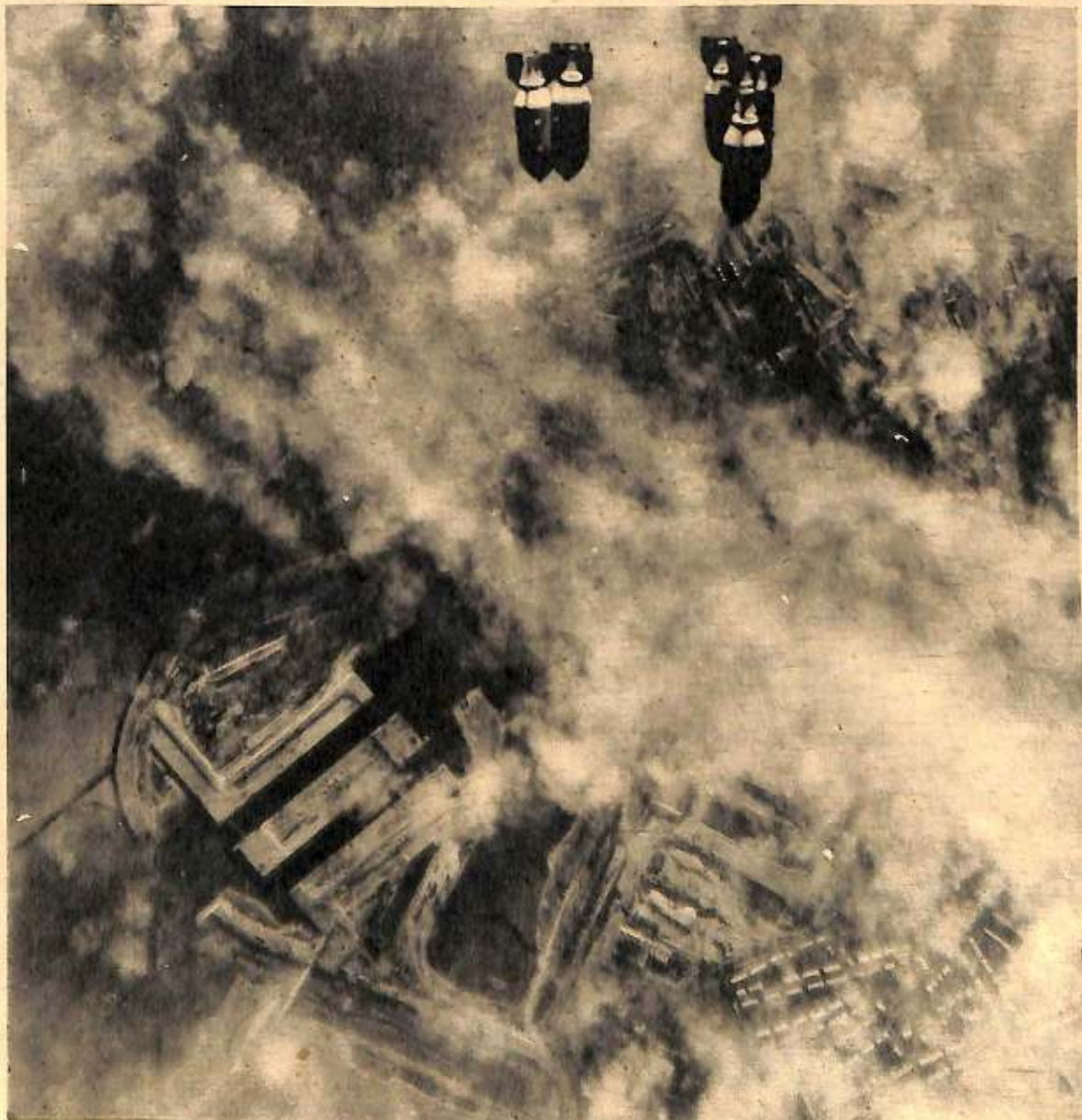
What Churchill failed to say, or chose not to say, however, could be guessed at. For three years Turkey had been sitting on the fence, balancing first one way and then the other, swayed by whichever way the wind blew. Now the wind was blowing strongly against the Axis; in fact, what had never been more than a light gale in the past was increasing to hurricane proportions. Turkey, her feathers ruffling, might at last have decided to get down off the fence. Whatever the decision, Winston Churchill was smiling in Cairo, and Germany was looking nervously across the Balkans and Italy, uneasily across the Aegean.

Italy Sweats One Out

Italy was facing things, for the most part, better than Germany. The Italians were not beating their breasts like the Germans; they were showing a little dignity. The Rome radio was telling the Italian people that they were on the spot. "The one who loses 1943 will lose the war," said Rome. "1943 will be a year of blood and sweat. The danger is very great. Should we lose the war the death sentence will be uttered for all of us."

The earth was stirring in the Campagna. "Spring is near," said Rome, "and it will be a very hard spring. The whole of 1943 will be a hard year. The enemy is preparing to assault us. We must set aside all weaknesses—"

Around encircled, restless Europe, the drums of the United Nations were marking time. The earth was stirring in the Campagna. . . .



While British bombs came down on Berlin, American came down on the Nazi naval base at Wilhelmshaven.

Getting down to BRASS TAXES

HERE'S THE STRAIGHT DOPE ON HOW UNCLE SAM'S NEW TAXES WILL AFFECT YOU

By Cpl. RICHARD H. PAUL
YANK's Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON—If you think that just because you're in the Army you don't have to pay income and Victory taxes this year, you'd better take a good look at this story. War or no war, some of you are stuck.

Even if you're overseas you have a headache, as you'll find out later, so read on. There are more knots in the tax bill this year than a guard-house lawyer can unravel. And if you're in this country, you've got to ante up or give the tax man a good reason why you can't do it. That's what the Treasury says, and we got this story from the Treasury.

The biggest complication is in the new Victory tax, which will be paid by all of you who have stripes on your sleeves except married pfcs. If you are overseas, you'll be required to get the whole Victory tax on the line on March 15, 1944, but you can forget about income taxes until you come home. If you're a private, you can be thankful for once, as the lawmakers were liberal in your case.

This tax business is so complicated that we'll break it down into sections, and take the Victory tax first. This tax clips civilians hard and is deducted from their pay. It is not deducted from soldiers' pay but is due all in one chunk next year; whether you are at home or abroad makes no difference. After the war you get part of it back. You don't pay the Victory tax at all unless in 1943 your pay totalled \$874 if you're single, or \$924 if you're married. On all over that amount you pay 5 per cent as tax, and after the war the government returns to you 25 per cent of what you paid if you're single, and 40 per cent if you're married.

If You Are Buying War Bonds

However, here's another wrinkle. If you're paying for insurance, or buying War Bonds regularly, or making installment payments or reducing old debts like mortgages, you can apply what the government would repay you after the war on your present tax, and pay only 3 1/4 per cent instead of 5 per cent as a Victory tax.

If that makes your head swim, consider a "simple" example. Suppose your Army pay is big enough for you to owe \$50 in Victory tax, but you've bought War Bonds regularly. In that case your Victory tax would be \$50 minus \$12.50 if you're single, or minus \$20 if you're married. The big point to remember is that this Victory tax is due March 15, 1944, no matter whether you are stationed in the U. S. or overseas.

Now for income taxes. If you're single and made \$750 during 1942 or if you're married and made \$1,500, you're hooked. If you were not in the Army all year, you're hooked worse, as the base allowance for civilians is \$500 single and \$1,200 married, and you owe tax on the extra allowance for the months you were a civilian. For instance, if you went in the Army in September, 1942, and were paid \$200 before the year ended, that's all you can deduct from gross income when paying the tax on your civilian earnings. As far as the deduction for a wife goes, you can take the whole \$300 even if you got spliced on the last day of December, 1942.



ADDITION AND DISTRACTION. Under new tax operation, plutocratic top kicks will writhe on the multiplication table while poor privates laugh and laugh.

Don't forget, when figuring your Army income, that it is only your base pay that the government taxes. No tax is collected on any cash you received from the Army for pensions, annuities, injury allowance or sickness resulting from active duty, commutation, food or travel allowances received in cash.

Also, you don't pay any tax on your Army pay received during 1942 for service in the Panama Canal Zone, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Midway, Guam, Wake, American Samoa and Palmyra. For example, if you've been in Panama all during 1942, laugh and to hell with income taxes. If you were in one of these exempted stations for part of the year, don't count as income

any dough you got for service in one of those places.

Here's another thing. If you've been anteing up \$22 a month and your wife has been getting \$50, neither you nor your wife pays a tax on that extra \$28. It's just found money that nobody taxes. Don't say Uncle Sam isn't generous.

Soldiers who have to pay a tax can save a lot of trouble by using the Treasury short form, known as Form 1040A. This is for people whose income is under \$3,000 (we assume yours was) and provided the income was all from salary, wages, dividends, interest and annuities. (You can't file the short form if you got dough from a trust fund.)

If you use the short form, the Treasury sug-



You can tell how hard a guy has been soaked by the expression on his face.

ANY MORE QUESTIONS?

Are you bothered by a special tax problem not answered on this page? If so, consult YANK. The Treasury doesn't want soldiers to overpay their taxes. So if you have any questions, write YANK, TAX DEPARTMENT, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. We'll give you the correct answer. We won't pay your tax, though.

gests you watch out for a couple of jokers. First, notice that you take your gravy for being a soldier (\$250 if single, \$300 if married) but there's no line on which to write the deduction. Make an extra line for the purpose. See footnote 2; it tells you all about it, but don't overlook it or you'll pay more than you have to. The other joker is that if you file the short form, your wife must file one also, if she made any money on her own account during 1942.

Postponement For Men Overseas

Now, who has to pay the tax when it's due on March 15?

If you're overseas, you get an automatic postponement until the 15th day of the third month after the president proclaims we are no longer at war against Germany, Italy and Japan. But at that time, brother, you must pay the back taxes, or request a further postponement until you get your hands on enough money. So you are just postponing the headache. By "overseas" is meant anyone in our Armed Forces stationed abroad. Being on a boat is considered overseas, too. If you are still abroad on the 15th day of the third month after the war ends (as most of you will be), you still have to pay up, but Congress probably will fix it so you get another automatic postponement.

If you're in this country now, you pay. You get the income tax form from any collector of internal revenue. Somebody in your camp will probably be designated by the commanding officer to get a batch of these forms. If you were a Hollywood glamor boy and owe \$100,000 taxes, and obviously on your G.I. pay can't raise the money, you can ask the collector of internal revenue to postpone your tax until after the war. But you have to prove to the tax collector that you can't raise the money. That's what Joe Louis is trying to do right now.

The chances are that unless you made a big pile in 1942, you'll have to pay the tax unless you're overseas. If your income has all been from Army pay, the chances are you'll be told to get it on the line at the proper time. The longest postponement you can get in any case is six months after you're out of the Army.

Suppose you get a postponement, and then get killed in the war. Your heirs are stuck with the amount you owe. That amount is due three months after an executor of your will is appointed. If you're overseas, the tax isn't due until after the

war. If killed in this country, and you have no executor, then the tax is due six months after you left the service, which in the case of death is a date obvious even to a tax collector.

The way the tax bill lines up, the only soldiers who are going to be hard hit by taxes are sergeants and officers. So there's justice in the tax bill, for sure.

One other thing to remember. The Treasury watchdog likes to collect its share of all your crapshooting and poker winnings. You can deduct only the amount of your losses by the same route. So if you're a big money winner you'd better keep quiet about it. If it gets in the papers that you won \$1,500 on the convoy going over, the tax man is going to look and see whether you entered it as taxable income.



If you have collected any convoy change, keep mum. Treasury watchdogs never miss a boat.

TAX SCALE FOR SOLDIERS

RANK	PAY		1942 INCOME TAX*						1943 VICTORY TAX**			
			ABROAD		HOME		ABROAD		HOME		ABROAD	
	MONTH	YEAR	MONTH	YEAR	SINGLE	MARRIED	SINGLE	MARRIED	SINGLE	MARRIED	SINGLE	MARRIED
PVT.	\$50	\$600	\$60	\$720	\$0	\$0	\$0	\$0	\$0	\$0	\$0	\$0
PFC.	54	648	64.80	777.60	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0
CORP.	66	792	79.20	950.40	1	0	28	0	0	0	3.82	1.32
SGT.	78	936	93.60	1123.20	23	0	54	0	3.10	.60	12.46	9.96
S SGT.	96	1152	115.20	1382.40	63	0	102	0	13.90	11.40	25.42	22.42
T SGT.	114	1368	136.80	1641.60	97	0	145	7	24.70	22.20	38.38	35.88
M SGT.	138	1656	165.60	1987.20	149	17	206	64	39.10	36.60	55.66	53.16
2D LT.	150	1800	180	2160	218	85	279	146	58.80	58.80	76.80	76.80

NOTE: This chart, prepared by YANK, presents the purely hypothetical case of a soldier who stays with one rank all year and receives no money except his Army pay. It's not intended to show you how much you owe—you've got to do your own figuring, soldier.

* Figured from Form 1040A—the short form.
 ** Figured without deductions on post-war credit.





The jeep is a vehicle built to carry as many men as want a ride.



To hold an island, fighters need supplies.



Army warehouse, built in South Seas style.

Guadalcanal



Not a living thing in sight. Even palm trees are casualties of heavy shell



One of the Army's 155-mm howitzers which has found plenty of work to do in the Solamans.

Battleground



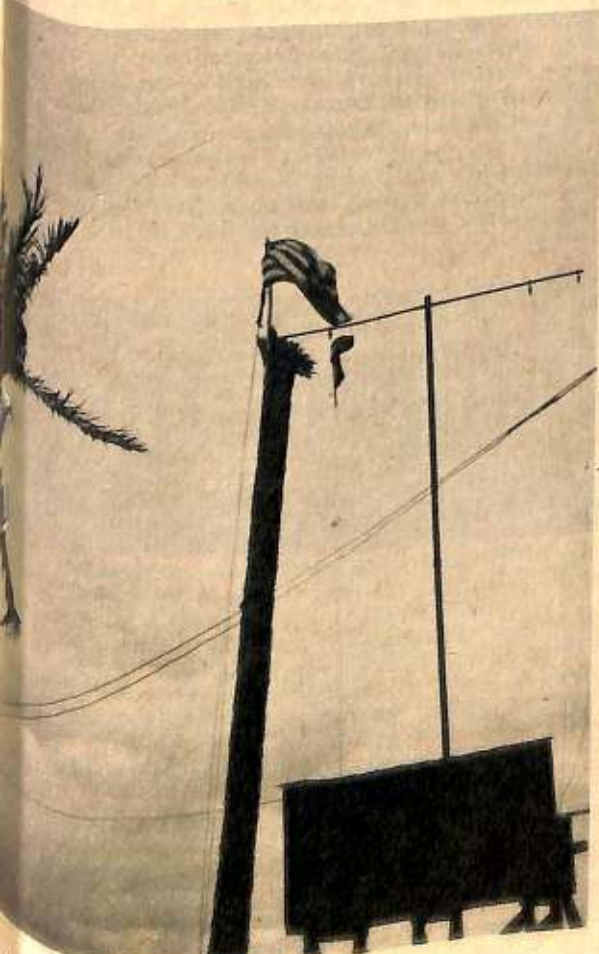
...re that helped U.S. forces rout Japs from this Guadalcanal battlefield.



Sailor joins gabfest of Sgts. Vaughn and Melton (right).



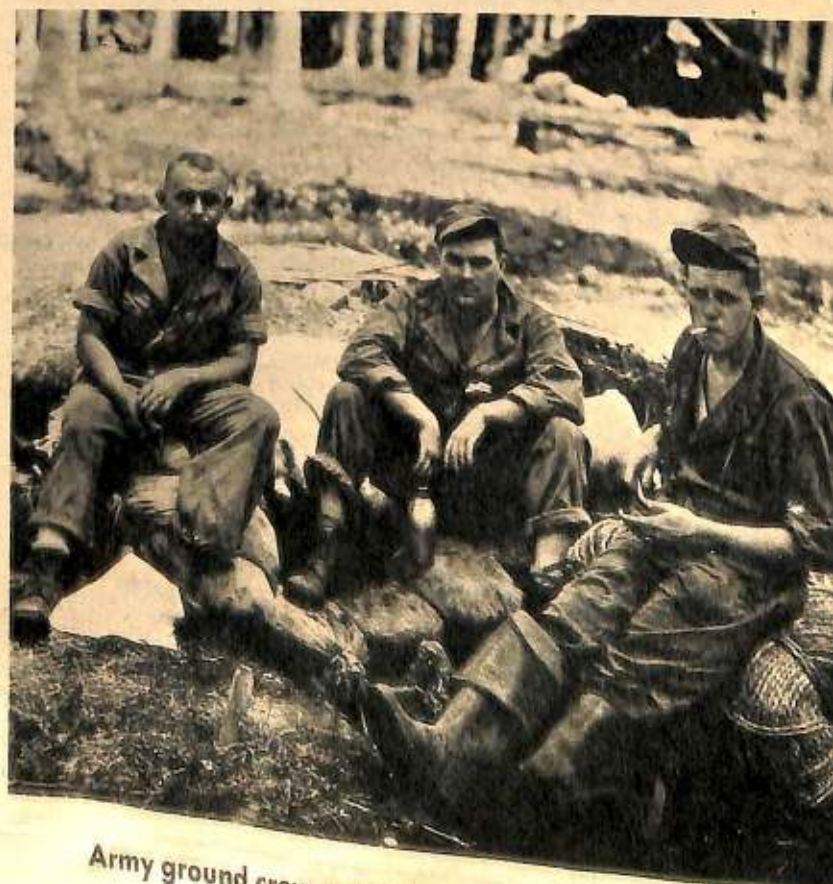
Airacobras ready to leave with fragmentation bombs.



Old Glory flies from what was once a palm tree.



Once a biscuit tin, now a wash basin



Army ground crew men take a break—near a fox hole.

News From Home

Even a good war can't completely quell the lighter side of life as practised in America



Judy Garland, of the dulcet pipes, was separated from Dave Rose, of the dulcet tunes.

THOUGH up to her neck in war, America last week found time to look into the post-war world. The country was beginning to feel really optimistic, was beginning to look ahead with a vigor that had been lacking in the past. The amazing kaleidoscope of American life went on its merry way, but, save for President Roosevelt's return to Washington, it was the post-war world that was getting the attention.

Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson proposed a post-"Armistice" draft in reverse to guarantee that men discharged from the Army would not find themselves in breadlines; and Lieut.-Gen. McNair, Chief of the Ground Forces, advocated peace time selective service to keep American armed strength intact after the war.

Vice-President Wallace, who knows what the post-war world should be like, added to what he has already said on the subject. When peace comes, he said, all Americans should enjoy middle-class privileges; this interpreted, means that there should be no rich, no poor.

Congress, as usual, was most concerned with actuality. In Washington the Senate Foreign Relations Committee wound up the hearing on Roosevelt's nomination of Edward J. Flynn as Minister to Australia without a debate by a vote of 13 to 10, recommending Senate confirmation of the appointment. The Republicans in the Committee voted solidly against Flynn. A sounding of various Senators resulted in predictions that Flynn would be defeated by the full Senate. But the former Democratic National Committee chairman surprised everybody when he suddenly asked the President to withdraw the nomination. So it now looks like the people back home will be reading less about Ed Flynn in the days to come.

In Hollywood, Errol Flynn's attorneys rested the case after the swashbuckling actor appeared on the witness stand for two days. He denied any improper conduct with 17-year-old Betty Hansen and 16-year-old Peggy Larue Saterlee, his accusers in the statutory rape trial. Women continued crowding the court room. The crowds increased by such great numbers that spectators are now allowed to remain in the courtroom for two hours only.

The dramatic murder of Mrs. Martha Virginia Brinson James, 21-year-old wife of Ensign Richard F. James, in lower berth number 13 of a San Francisco-bound Southern Pacific Pullman train near Eugene, Ore., culminated in the arrest of Robert Fowlkes, 21-year-old Negro cook aboard the train. Fowlkes confessed, but the motive was still unexplained as police said the woman was neither robbed nor raped.

Jack Dempsey's charges of infidelity brought counter-charges from former Hannah Williams, his wife. She said that the former heavyweight champ



Joseph W. Martin wanted a standing aviation committee.

threatened her with a pistol and beat her with his fists. Jack, now a Coast Guard lieutenant-commander, promised the White Plains, N.Y., divorce court that he would produce affidavits to prove his charges of misconduct by Mrs. Dempsey with Benny Woodal, former fight promoter, and Lew Jenkins, one-time lightweight champ.

David Dubinsky, president of the AFL International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, ordered 85,000 dress workers back to work in 2,000 New York shops after the War Labor Board called the walkout a violation of labor's "No strike for the duration" promise. The Labor Board declined to discuss wage grievances until work was fully resumed.

Support for Republican House Leader Joseph W. Martin's proposal that a standing committee on aviation be established by the House of Representatives, came from Eddie Rickenbacker. The committee would have as its avowed purpose the promotion of American domination of post-war world aviation. At the same time Senator Ralph O. Brewster (R., Me.) frankly insisted that after the war America

must rule aviation. Denying any unfriendly feeling for Britain, Brewster said sea power has been used to make the British Empire great and that the United States must make its own fate with air power.

National Rubber Administrator William M. Jeffers hurled new charges at the Army in the struggle for control of the national war-born rubber program. He said that the "Army and Navy and these loafers" should be kept away from war plants to permit management to function for better production. He identified "loafers" as those who received commissions because they were "experts" in the business.

The United States and Canada announced a program for settlement of a million-square acre plot where Yukon, Alaska, and British Columbia join when the war ends.

Deaths: Jay Pierrepoint Moffatt, 46, Minister to Canada, career diplomat and son-in-law of former Ambassador to Japan Grew, at Ottawa; Brig.-Gen. Carlyle H. Walsh, of the Air Forces, in an airplane crash near Fomaton, Ala.; Horace B. Taft, 81, brother of late former President Taft, and headmaster of the Taft School, at Watertown, Conn.; and Joe Choyanski, 77, last of the old-time bare knuckle fighters, who was the chief rival of "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, at Cincinnati.

Big announcements came from the military people in Washington. The Navy informed the Senate Military Committee that it hoped to have 2,200,000 gobs in its ranks by December, bringing up the nation's total strength in the armed forces to 10,420,000 by the end of this year. Then Secretary of War Stimson said that American citizens of Japanese descent are to be admitted to the Army. A Japanese-American Battalion has already been formed and recruiting is going on in a big way.

It looks like many fathers back home will be joining the G.I.s soon, too. Selective Service headquarters hinted that if the total armed force strength is to be reached fathers would be called in by next December.

ALABAMA

The War Manpower Commission "froze" 80,000 shipbuilding workers in their jobs at Mobile. Common stock in the Birmingham Electric Co. held by the National Power and Light Co. will be distributed to present individual holders of BECO stock, in compliance with an SEC order. Phillip C. Jackson is foreman of the new Jefferson County grand jury. Mrs. Cora Cunningham, director of welfare work at the Ruhama Baptist Church in Birmingham for 18 years, died.

ARKANSAS

Federal officials impounded Garland County ballot boxes in a vote investigation. Gov. Adkins asked the Racing Commission to cancel the Hot Springs meet to conserve gas and tires. Mrs. Fred Thomsen assailed the University of Arkansas for failing to grant her husband, head football coach, a leave of absence after he volunteered for Army service; she said two other coaches got leaves. At Hot Springs, 14-year-old Everett William Bryant, armed with a toy pistol and a bean-shooter, was held for extortion after he tried to force a grocery chain to give him \$1,500. Dr. J. D. Riley, superintendent of the Booneville Sanitarium, was named chairman of Gov. Adkins' Tuberculosis Control Commission. Henry

Thomas, 44, Negro, was sentenced at Rison to die for the murder of Mrs. Harry Veteto.

CALIFORNIA

Ward G. Walkup, San Francisco police commissioner, and William P. Kyne were seriously injured in an automobile collision in Colma. The new legislature in its opening sessions at Sacramento tackled the manpower problem, reorganization of the defense set-up and State Guard and the reduction of the speed limit of 35 m.p.h. In San Francisco 139 butcher shops were opened only an hour a day because of meat shortage. Col. Andrew Rowan, the man who carried the "Message to Garcia," died at San Francisco. At Los Angeles, James O. Brazell, 25, reputed heir to the Pullman fortune, died. California women donated 500 fur coats for Red Army women flyers. Guy A. Anthony, aircraft worker, held for draft evasion, went on a hunger strike. Mae De Rose, 2, died at Yreka of bubonic plague. Henry Jordan, 16, whose cigarette started a \$100,000 fire of Christmas mail bags, was sentenced to give up smoking for life.

CONNECTICUT

Gov. Baldwin asked the General Assembly to enact a bill giving him authority to expedite the war effort by executive order. Mayor Vincent A.

People Back

A Round-up of New

Scully, of Waterbury, 46, died; he was succeeded by John S. Monagan. Charles A. Lindbergh is doing special research with the United Aircraft Corporation at Hartford. Frederick A. Jubb, 89, former State legislator, died at Danbury. At New Britain, Howard W. Smith was charged with murder, accused of shooting James Thompson after finding him under a bed in the Smith apartment. Gov. Baldwin appointed William J. Cox state highway commissioner for another four-year term.

INDIANA

In Indianapolis, the state legislature convened, and Gov. Shricker asked for harmony in his biennial address. At Fort Wayne a \$35,000 fire destroyed the Fort Wayne Paper Co. building. At Rensselaer, timber wolves stole a pan of dog food from the back porch of a farm house. New Albany's first street-

From the Army-Navy news front also came some casualty figures. Stimson said that on the Tunisian front the Yanks lost 1,258 dead, wounded and missing. The dead numbered 221 and the wounded 530. The rest are either missing or prisoners. Latest Navy figures showed losses at 21,918—6,398 dead; 3,906 wounded and 11,614 missing.

Both good and bad news came from the production front this week. A Government report announced that things are not going too well at Ford's giant Willow Run bomber plant. Production there was not up to expectations, the report stated. But the people were a little more heartened by a statement of Eugene Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, who said that his firm proposes to build a ship a day, including Sundays and holidays, throughout this year. The plan calls for 372 major ships by December 31, as compared with 162 built last year.

Columbia Pictures at Hollywood announced that entomologists have been hired to conduct a nationwide search for a photogenic caterpillar. When the bug hunters finally locate the right caterpillar, a New York flea trainer will teach it to dance. The lucky bug will be co-starred with Rita Hayworth in "My Client Curly."

Madge Bellamy, movie star of the silent days, was held by San Francisco cops on assault charges. She was supposed to have fired a gun at ex-boy friend Stanley Murphy, who she said, jilted her for a New York model.

In Denver, Colo., the "Rocky Mountain News" took a poll of local girls to decide what Army branch has the most romantic boy friends. The cavalry won top honors with the explanation that most girls "love top honors with the explanation that most girls "love boots and the smell of horses." Following the G.I. cowboys were the infantry, artillery, paratroopers, signal corps and quartermaster men. Men in the armored forces rated very low because they're "always in such a hurry."



Women war workers were very much in the news.

There was an awful lot printed in the home town papers about the women this week. For instance, there were several stories about women on the labor front. One of these was an announcement that there are now an average of 250 "Lumber Jills" toiling in each lumber mill at Portland, Ore. It may sound like another tale by Paul Bunyan, but it's true. Former housewives have cast aside their pretty colored aprons for slacks and leather aprons

to fill jobs of huskies who are now with the fighting forces. And way down south in Tennessee, many forest lookout towers are now manned by women. The story is the same; many of the men from Sgt. York's state have been called in to the services.

In Detroit, some of the pretty things are doing without fingernail polish and artificial long nails; all because those things are considered N.G. for working on an important "anti-aircraft director." The instruments used by the girls are machines to a ten-thousandth of an inch, and even uncovered hair-dos are out.

The barmaid, long a controversial subject between unions and night club owners, have finally won a spot in many places in the States. The powerful New



Bernarr MacFadden, here shown at the boxfights with a friend, wanted a divorce.

York bartenders' union said that it may have to permit gals to man the whiskey pumps now that there are so few men left to do that job. In Chicago the city fathers decided that it's okay for women to drink the evil stuff at the bar providing they're accompanied by male escorts.

The Navy graduated its first groups of enlisted WAVES at the University of Wisconsin, and it looks like 350 gobs and coast guardsmen, now on shore duty, will be going to sea soon. The girls completed a four-month course in radio communications. About 175 were made petty officers, and the rest were classified as "radio operator, third class."

It looks like the red-cheeked milkmaids may be doing a little overtime these days. The Agricultural Department came out with a recommendation that cows be milked three times a day. It said that the yield should result in a 10 per cent hike. All of which will mean more healthy bodies for future citizens.

There was much more for the little woman back home to worry about this week. The "powers that be" put the kibosh on automatically sliced bread for the duration, causing many a housewife to turn for the attic upside down in search for grandmother's breadknife. Then the Government came back with another announcement. It said that the average man and woman in civvies will get only 13 pounds of butter this year, compared to the 17 pounds during normal times.

The U. S. housewife was not the only one troubled by butter. In the State Pen at Cranston, R.I., five trusted "cons" were nabbed while peddling butter

by measles. Henry Chevalier, 94, died at Waterloo. Council Bluffs public school teachers formed a union. Legislators at Des Moines elected Henry W. Burma of Allison, House speaker, and re-elected Frank C. Byers, Cedar Rapids, Senate president pro-tem. State liquor stores limited sales to one quart of whisky a week per permit. At Sioux City, Paul V. Weekly, rubbing one itching foot against the other, set his bed afire.

KENTUCKY

The three members of the Madison County Draft Board at Richmond resigned, announcing they were unable to agree on policies. Ashland restaurants made Friday "no-meat" day. Twenty-two Evarts men, including the police chief and police court judge, were charged with violating the state law prohibiting cock-fighting. A Louisville vice squad, headed by Mayor Wilson W. Wyatt and appointed by Police Capt. Charles C. Doyle, made 100 arrests its first weekend.

LOUISIANA

Lockport's high school burned. The Baton Rouge Parish school board again ruled that school children must salute the flag. The bodies of J. Alfred Lutgring of Lafayette and George Gagnard of Hayne were

in the black market at \$40 a tub. They're all in solitary confinement now—instead of having free run of the hoosegow, as was the case before. Just another point in favor of the saying that crime does not pay!

People at Newark, N. J., are no longer just saying, "I'm so hungry that I could eat a horse." They're doing just that; many of them are. The city authorized meat markets to sell horse flesh for human consumption, and already more than two tons of the stuff has been sold.

In New York Dr. Caroline Zachry, Director of the Bureau of Child Guidance, said that most "girls are attempting to grow faster and dress older because they feel they might be cheated out of life, with most of the young men going off to fight." She said it's one of the reasons for the boost in Children's Court cases. And the New York State Board of Social Welfare offered evidence that increasing juvenile delinquency was a problem. It said that a survey in 13 war industry counties showed that juvenile delinquency rose by 22 per cent in the first six months of 1942.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull was picked in a nation-wide Gallup Poll as the most popular member of the Roosevelt Cabinet. In a question, "Which Cabinet Ministers have done the best job in their departments during the past year?" Hull received 36 votes out of a hundred; Secretary of Navy Frank Knox, 18 per cent, and Secretary of Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., 13 per cent.

Picking a name for their new-born triplets was just a matter of headline reading for one couple at Little Rock, Ark. The infants were christened Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin.

A divorce from his "physically perfect" wife was sought by Bernarr MacFadden, 74-year-old publisher of magazines and physical culture enthusiast. The couple were married in London in 1913—after Mrs. MacFadden, the former Miss Mary Williamson, won the title of "physically perfect woman" in a contest conducted by one of MacFadden's magazines. Another marriage gone wrong this week was that of Judy Garland, 20-year-old film star and Dave Rose, former husband of Martha Raye. The couple agreed to a separation after being married since July 28, 1941.



The first enlisted group of WAVES came down the ways at the U. of Wisc.

recovered from White Lake; they were hunting when apparently their boat capsized. At New Orleans five river barges of the Carnegie Steel Co. were seized by the War Production Board after the company refused a government purchase offer.

MINNESOTA

The state legislature, opening its biennial session in St. Paul, considered legislation for the security of servicemen after the war. Gov. Stassen called on Minneapolis to abandon its "archaic" government for the council-manager form. OPA officials ordered revocation of 20 motorists' gas-ration books for speeding. Minneapolis and St. Paul groups began organizing a joint airport commission in line with state aeronautics' commission recommendations. Walter Rapatz, 18, confessed a Minneapolis holdup for which his brother, Henry, 23, is serving time in Stillwater Prison. The Most Rev. Leo Dinz was inaugurated as coadjutor bishop of the Catholic diocese of Winona. Susan Dietzel, 76, of Campbell, St. Paul, the Minnesota Supreme Court ruled that was still missing two weeks after she disappeared. At 6-year-old Judith Ann Ashcroft shall remain with Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Jensen of Minneapolis, despite her mother's plea for her custody. Judith Ann has lived with the Jensen's since she was five months.

Home by State

car "motormanette" made her appearance. Mrs. Paul Penna was killed and Mrs. George Keller critically injured when their car was struck by a C. M. St. P. and P. locomotive at Linton. Several persons were injured when three cars of a Pennsylvania train were derailed near North Judson.

IOWA

Exclusion of home-canned goods from rationing spurred Iowans' Victory Garden program. A sow on the Floyd Metzger farm near Davenport bore 27 pigs. Frank G. Pierce of Marshalltown questioned the power of communities to enforce blackout ordinances. At Frankville, a stove explosion killed Mrs. Melvin Borseth and her mother, Mrs. Madel Moore. Blythe V. Conn, Burlington, was named Des Moines County army service of C. T. were closed

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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FEB. 7, 1943
By the men... for the men in the service

NEW ERA FOR CHINA

ON THE FIRST DAY OF 1942, China became a formal ally of the U. S., pledging her full military and economic resources against the Axis powers.

Exactly one year later, the U. S. and Great Britain signed treaties abolishing extraterritorial rights in China.

The real significance of the move is its triumphant declaration of the aims for which we fight: the restoration of countries to their own people.

In this case, it is the declaration on the part of the free people of the Western world that the free people of China can rule themselves in democratic fashion. It is final recognition for the people who overthrew the rotting Manchu dynasty, who forced the war lords and princes to unite in a common democratic cause. These are the people who made the immortal Long March when Japan invaded their coastal towns—6,000 miles from the farthest point in Fukien on the coast deep into the northwestern part of Shensi. These men, women and children, blazing a trail on foot over terrible and impassable trails, carrying furniture, tools, sewing machines—these people set up the new China.

Today, there are 450,000,000 of them, building a new and awakened China. As fighters they engage from 30 to 40 Japanese divisions. These Japanese divisions cannot attack American troops in the Pacific or India or Australia. Neither can they be used against the Soviet Far East. The Chinese people are giving them all they can handle.

A year ago, China signed the Atlantic Charter. Since then there have been calls for a similar document in the Asiatic countries. But with or without documents, China fights on. Veteran of 10 years of war against a common enemy, her goal is clear: recovery of her lost territory and the permanent establishment of a free and independent nation.



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Horror Tale

Nazi military experts have exhumed Greek mythology to alibi the pasting they're taking in Russia this Winter.

The Monday-morning quarter-back of the *Brussels Zeitung*, after groaning that "exhaustion of Russia appears impossible," drags in Euripides with this crusher:

"Last year's phenomenon has been repeated in supernatural fashion and the Russian Hydra again regrows its severed head. The horrifying tales of last Winter still ring in our ears."

Next week: Dracula and the Seven Dwarfs.

They Won't Co-operate

The amazing ingratitude shown by peasants of the conquered Ukraine for the blessings of the New Order was the subject of a speech made recently by Herbert Backe, Reich minister for food and agriculture, before party axmen at Posen, Poland.

"The fuhrer is relieving us from the choking dearth of space," the poor minister wept into his ersatz beer, "but it will be a permanent blessing only if it is filled with Germans."

To prove his point Backe said that in 1942 only one trainload of wheat had reached Berlin from the promised land. This trainload, incidentally, was plastered all over with signs proclaiming, "Your soldiers send you this food," and it went—you guessed it—to Nazi officials, military leaders and diplomats.

Nazi Latrinogram

German factory workers have been asked to give further proof of their "Strength Through Joy" by controlling calls to nature during work hours.

Also verboten by the Reich ministry of labor, says a recent BBC broadcast, are "whistling, singing and unnecessary conversation."

Workers caught wasting "a single minute of time" out of their regular 12-hour working day are threatened with heavy fines or imprisonment by the solicitous ministry.

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Pictures: 1, Cpl. Ben Schnell. 2, Toni Frissell. 4, middle, BOP; bottom left, BOP; right, AP. 5, AP. 6, top, PA; bottom, DNS. 7, U. S. Army Signal Corps. 8, bottom, YANK Staff; right, Acme. 9, BOP. 12 and 13, Freeman. 14, top, MGM; center, AP. 15, center, AP; bottom, DNS. 18 and 19, Royal Air Force. 22, Cpl. Steve Derry. 23, Columbia Pictures.



Drill Your Way Through College

UNDER its new specialized training program the Army is sending a limited number of enlisted men to college for basic and advanced training in such specialized subjects as science, engineering and medicine. All told, some 250,000 soldiers will get a year of college education at a cost to the government of half a billion dollars.

Applicants for the basic specialized training must have scored at least 110 in the Army general classification test, must have completed or be in the process of completing their basic military training and must have been graduated from high school and be between the ages of 18 and 21 inclusive.

Besides these requirements, applicants for the advanced specialized training must have had at least one year of college work or its equivalent. They need not be under 22.

The successful applicants will be trained under military discipline in batches of 500 at some 300 American colleges.

Naval Etiquette

The Navy suit is losing its zoot. For economy reasons, Navy officers soon will wear gold braid only half way around their sleeve cuffs and considerably less scrambled eggs (gold trim) on the peaks of their hats. What's more, the Navy has authorized for officers a new Army-style overseas cap, which will come in blue, white, khaki and green to match various Navy uniforms. Admiral Halsey's officers in the South Pacific long ago adopted the overseas hat because it was cooler and less likely to sail off into the drink.

Native Etiquette

Special Service is distributing another book of etiquette to Army personnel, this time "How to Behave in North Africa." Here's the dope on how to act toward local belles: "A Moslem woman is usually covered from head to foot in a plain white wrapper, with a white veil stretched across her face just beneath the eyes. Never stare at her. Never jostle her in a crowd. Never speak to her in public. Never remove the veil. Serious injury if not death at the hands of Moslem men may result if these rules are not followed. When you are about to enter a house or a yard, call out to the women to cover their faces or get out of the way." You may use the word *taghuttu* (ta-GHAT-too), like peek-a-boo, which means "cover up."

Not For Heroes

Fort Clark, Tex., offers this to the Army's campaign to safeguard military secrets. When a soldier goes on furlough he is handed four "iron crosses." If he hears another soldier spilling secrets over a beer, he hands the offender a cross and walks away. "The theory being," said Lt. Col. C. B. Wales, the post executive officer, "if he walks up and tells him to shut up, the fellow might take a swing at him. By the time he turns the cross over and reads the printing, the lad who handed it to him is out of range."

Add Tough Jobs

First assignment to combat-reporters of the U. S. Marine Corps: "Write your own obituary."





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.

BY THE NUMBERS

I am a lass in a house of glass,
For I loved a soldier and he told a
Buddy, whose buddy relayed
The terrible tale how I could be
made;
But now that it's done, I know
there is fun
By the numbers.

I am a broad who wasn't specific;
I loved a sailor who wasn't pacific.
But like the Atlantic he was ter-
ribly titanic
And all his emotions were boldly
romantic.
No wonder my joy must have a
convoy
By the numbers.

I am a dame who is moth to a
flame.
My air cadet lover he started the
game
Of playing around while he was on
ground.
'Twas a wonderful affair that went
up in the air.
Now life has its flings, and I'm
wearing wings—
By the numbers.

My name is Gert who was on the
alert,
I wasted no time in being a flirt;
I had my man when the whole
thing began,
So I thought it better to love in a
letter—
But he found a rose where the
shamrock grows
By the numbers.

Caribbean —Cpl. LOTO R. PITTS

LET'S GO BUY NOW

They may not be beauties
Or neatly curved cuties,
But in the PX
The salesgirls are kind of
Good just to remind of
The opposite sex.
—Lt. RICHARD ARMOUR

HIGH FINANCE

Now this Australian money
Is the cause of deep despair;
It makes my brain go reeling,
Makes me rave and tear my hair.
There's farthings and ha-pennys,
Pence and pounds and bobs,
Ten-bob notes and shillings—
They're really raising hob.

I get my pay in "Aussie,"
Then start to sweat and fuss;
Keep mum if I'm paid too much;
If short, I rant and cuss.

But two times out of every three,
My figures can't be trusted;
I cover reams of paper
And figure out I'm busted

Then, after careful counting
And figuring some more,
I find I've been mistaken;
I've got more than before.

But no matter how much money
When the counting's done,
The first week end I'm broke again,
But I've had a lot of fun.

Australia —S/Sgt. S. J. HAMRICK

ANALYSIS OF FREEDOM

I saw you beside me on the plains
When the sheep and cattle fed.
And I saw you beside me on the
plains
When your sons and sires bled.

I saw you charge the pulse of those
Who walked your plains in peace,
And I heard the valiant promise
made:
Your reign would never cease.

I saw you guide the bayonet's
thrust
And the bullet's pathway too,
And the ships that raced towards
the sun
Were racing there for you.

I saw you turn the chariot's wheels
And burst the deadly shell
And guide the charge of loyal men
Into the awful hell.
And brothers dash, and strike, and
kill,
And many of them fall
Dead upon the once green plains—
And you're behind it all.

I saw the cost you charged to man,
The strength that you require,
The skills and substance of the
souls
That tyrants cannot hire.

I saw the blessings of your gifts
On the mountains and the plains,
The rivers and the villages,
And the boundless country lanes.

Pleasure of treasures:
Freedom! you are my friend,
Because 'twas God who gave you
To all mankind—I'll defend you
Till the end.

Caribbean —Pvt. JOSEPH PROCTOR

TO A CENSOR

Out here in the tropics
There aren't many topics
Concerning which a soldier may
expound,
For the censor military
Is a fellow very wary
Who chases every rumor to the
ground.

He's a master at omission
When he swings into position
And there aren't many statements
he condones.
No use to howl at his derangement
If he ruins your thought arrange-
ment
As he adds a couple phrases of his
own.

At expunging he's proficient
And his judgment is omniscient
As he runs his beady orbs across
the script;
From your gossip and your gaff
He takes the wheat out from the
chaff
And leaves your finished letter
neatly clipped.

Just a hint of army ration
Will set his teeth to gnashin'
As he snips it out with hot and
bated breath;
And a bit of soldier's data
Is bound to be non grata,
And is sure to meet a fate that's
worse than death.

And though it may be all fair
weather
When good fellows get together,
You can't transmit the fact to kith
and kin;
For though it's only now and then,
sir,
If you sneak it past the censor,
You're a better man than I am,
Gunga Din.

Hawaii —Pvt. HERB KRAUS

Mail Call



Really, though, I wish to say, that I
enjoy reading YANK, and wish you con-
tinued success.
—Mrs. ANITA WASSERMAN
Walterboro, S. C.

The YANK:
O, yeah? Then what am I? I'm listed
as a s/sgt. pilot and at the present time
there are more than 50 s/sgt. pilots at
the Fort Myers Flexible Gunnery
School. If "there ain't no such animal,"
then what are we?
—S/Sgt. Pilot T. W. LAIRD
Fort Myers, Fla.

Our story was correct. As far as WD is con-
cerned, the conversion's been made. If CO of your
unit is slow, put a burr under his tail—through
channels, of course. Naturally it takes time to
make the switch, so have some pity on the paper
work department. It's merely a matter of time.

Dear YANK:
We read in your magazine about the
man with the size 12 shoes, but we think
that is a very common size. We have
two men in our company that wear size
13½ EE, and their shoe packs have to
be 15s so they can get in Arctic socks.
These men are Cpl. John Lecknich and
Cpl. Lenzen.
The article by Pfc. Janov about the
Alcan Road is pretty good but sounds
a little too smooth. If it is possible we
would like for you to find out if Pfc.
Janov ever saw the Alcan Highway.
—Sgt. TERKHORN
Pfc. KREUSLER
Alaska

Janov was there, all right. As for the big shoes,
wait until you see the winner of our contest.

Dear YANK:
It took you people all season to find
out that colleges and universities other
than the Big Eastern, Big Nine, Big Six,
Pacific Coast, Southwest, South and

Southern Conferences play football.
Now that you have been taught that
lesson, will it take until March before
you find out it is very seldom that the
top college basketball teams belong to
the NCAA schools and that there has
never been a Naismith trophy winner
to play in Madison Square Garden?

I notice that YANK has a UP wire
lease. For your information Carl Lund-
quist of UP's St. Louis bureau is one of
the nation's top college basketball
experts. He has covered more national
college basketball championship games
and tourneys than any other UP man.
Oh, you never heard of the Naismith
trophy? It was originated and formerly
was presented by Dr. James A. Nai-
smith. For further details contact Carl
Lundquist.
—Sgt. MAX E. R. KEIFFER
Hawaii

YANK's football coverage was complete, and
our sports staff is up to date on the Naismith
trophy, so relax, pal.

Dear YANK:
In your Nov. 4 issue of YANK there
was an article that said Australia was
probably closer to the U. S. in customs
and people than any other land over-
seas. I hereby place my contradiction of
that statement.

There is another country that ranks
right beside Australia when it comes to
girls or any other thing you want to
mention. That country is South Africa.
It is a land of sunshine and happiness.
The customs, of course, still greatly ad-
here to the British, but they are gradu-
ally copying the U. S. more every day.
The styles of their clothes, the movies
and the way things are run in general
are the same as in the States. There is
an old saying, "If you can't buy it in
New York or London you can buy it in
South Africa."
—Sgt. JACK RUSE
South Africa

Dear YANK:
Your weekly cheers me up as much
as getting mail from home and some-
times more. The feature that drives me
hysterical is "Pvt. McTurk." You should
print him every week.
Hawaii —Pfc. FRANK SCHARF

Dear YANK:
I would greatly appreciate if you
would give me the ruling concerning
the following phase of the poker game,
"Five Card Draw." The situation is as
follows:

The cards are dealt to four players.
No. 1 man passes, No. 2 man also passes,
No. 3 man opens. Nos. 4 and 1 call the
bet but No. 2 man, who originally
passed, now calls the bet but also
raises it.

I would like to know if No. 2 man
(according to rules) can raise the bet
after originally passing. If possible,
please quote the rule and your source
of information.

—Pvt. BERNARD L. OGRON
Alaska

Eli Culbertson, who plays poker as well as
bridge, says your No. 2 player was "sandbag-
ging," which is perfectly good poker. Oswald
Jacoby, noted poker player in his book "Poker,
How to Play a Winning Game," describes sand-
bagging thus: "When a player merely checks or
calls with a good hand in the hope that he will
be able to raise later." Also on sandbagging,
Jacoby says: "In the early stages of betting,
a player with a normal calling hand usually comes
into the pot with no fuss whatever. However, a
player with a good hand is going to consider
raising and, before betting, is likely to cast a
furtive glance toward the players in back of him
(on his left) to see if he can get any idea as to
what they are going to do. If it looks to him as if
two or three of them are going to call, he
sandbags; if it looks as if they are all going to
drop out, he raises. Accordingly, when I see this
fairly sure that his hand is fully strong enough
for a raise." Hoyle's rules also approve a call or
raise by a player to the left of an opener pro-
vided he keeps the ante up.
YANK will have more to say about the arts of
poker, blackjack and craps in future stories. Watch
for them.—Ed.

Dear YANK:
Suggest you send a copy to Sh...
gruber, Benito and Hirohito
—GEORGE M...
USN
P.S. How about
bees?"

BALLOONS BRING THEM IN

A convoy approaches, the balloons go up, and the balloon ships head for the open sea, hugging the channel, doing their job. It is dirty work and it is hard work, but it is helping us to win.

All over battered Britain the balloons are up. Like prehistoric behemoths of the air, they sway and slide above the tense cities below. Only a thin wire cable keeps each one under control; it seems fantastic that such a thin strand can keep them tethered to earth.

It is not the land alone that sees the balloons. They are over the sea, too. And all the danger to ships these days is not confined to the high seas. There, true enough, lurks the submarine; but inshore, along the coasts and over the narrow channels waits the enemy bomber. A ship sunk in the channel can block it for days. Then it is necessary for it to be blown to pieces before traffic once more can get through.

The Germans know this, and they keep their bombers on the prowl. The British know it, too, and their best defence against a raiding plane they have found is the same awkward barrage balloon which has done yeoman service over English cities for such a long time. When a convoy comes into a channel now it comes under the protection of the balloon almost as though it were a military wedding party, passing under an array of crossed sabers.

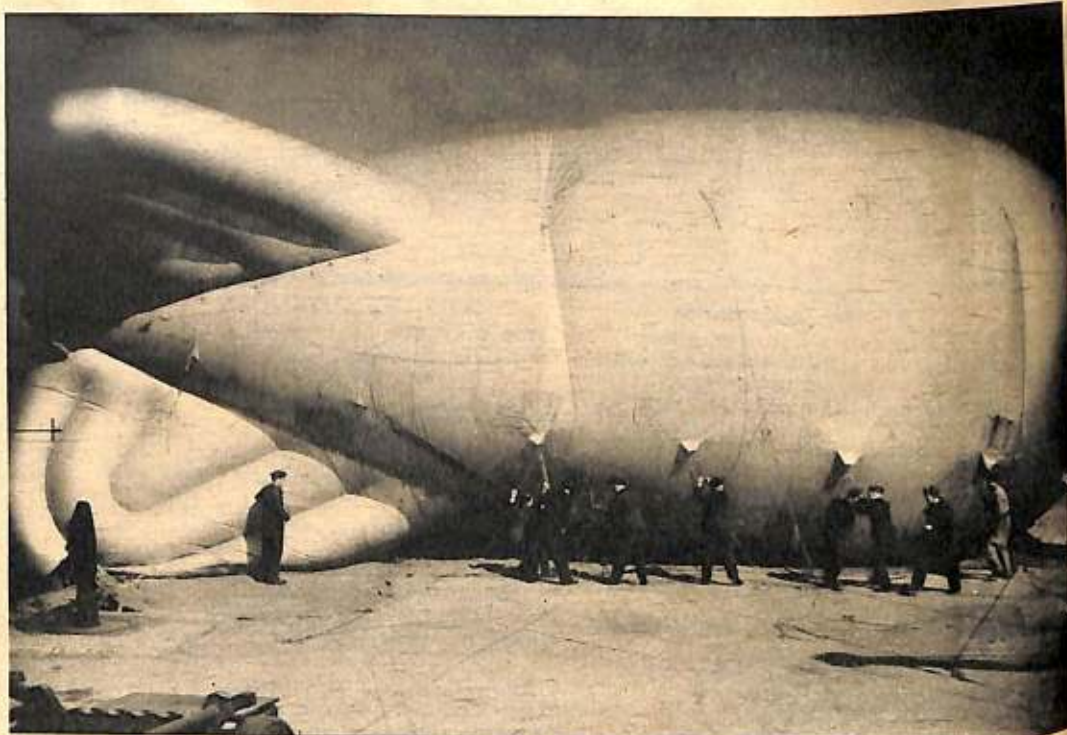
There are many unusual facets of British arms, and balloon ships are one of these. Their duty was created out of an expediency, and they have worked out. It is strange to see them in action, merging as they do in command of the sea and of the air—Britain's oldest and newest challenge. It seems odd to connect the art of Drake and Hawkins with the ungainly leviathans which sway over the little ships, tugging at their cables as though they would lift the ships from the water. It is odd, yes, but it is through just this mingling of the ancient and the modern that England stands where she does.

The life of the balloon ship men is hard and dangerous, and their story has just been told in a film called "Operational Height," and produced by the R.A.F. Film Unit. None of the men in the film were professional actors; the job they do on the screen is the one they do every day.

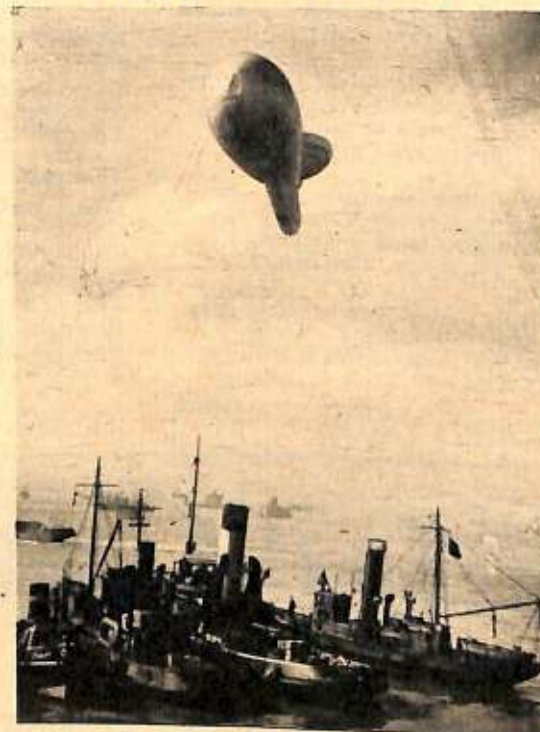
It is a tough life, on the balloon ships. Jerry may be over the horizon at any time of the day. And if he can't drop his bombs on regular channel traffic, he picks on the next best thing—the balloon ships themselves.

In this constant see-saw of danger, the balloons remain up and the channels remain clear. It's quite a trick to shoot down a balloon; any crew will tell you so, and so would a lot of Jerry pilots, except that the latter aren't around any more.

"Operational Height" tells why they aren't.



1 When a new balloon arrives for a balloon ship it has to be rigged, and examined for any imperfections. Looking like ants beside their huge charge, members of the maintenance crew sweat out the rigging



4 The tiny balloon ships move into the channel, and the monsters rise on their cables



5 Up she goes, steadily. Below, on the deck, the balloon's crew watch her ascend into the bright sky. They're



8 Rifles come in to play as Jerry high-tails it back toward Berlin. Rifle fire doesn't mean a great deal to a plane, but the kick of a gun gives a very satisfactory feeling to men who have just been bombed and want to return the compliment



9 All clear, and the Spitfires are after the raider. Once more the balloon ship settles down to routine. The convoy is coming in and Jerry may be back. The price



The balloon ship *Triumph* comes alongside to pick up the new balloon, now rigged and ready. There's a convoy approaching the channel and a vitally important job for the balloons to do



3 In an operations room the placement of the balloons is plotted. Their pattern must be carefully thought out; there must be no holes through which enemy bombers might slip



ous until she hits her right... Keep a weather eye open... thing might happen today



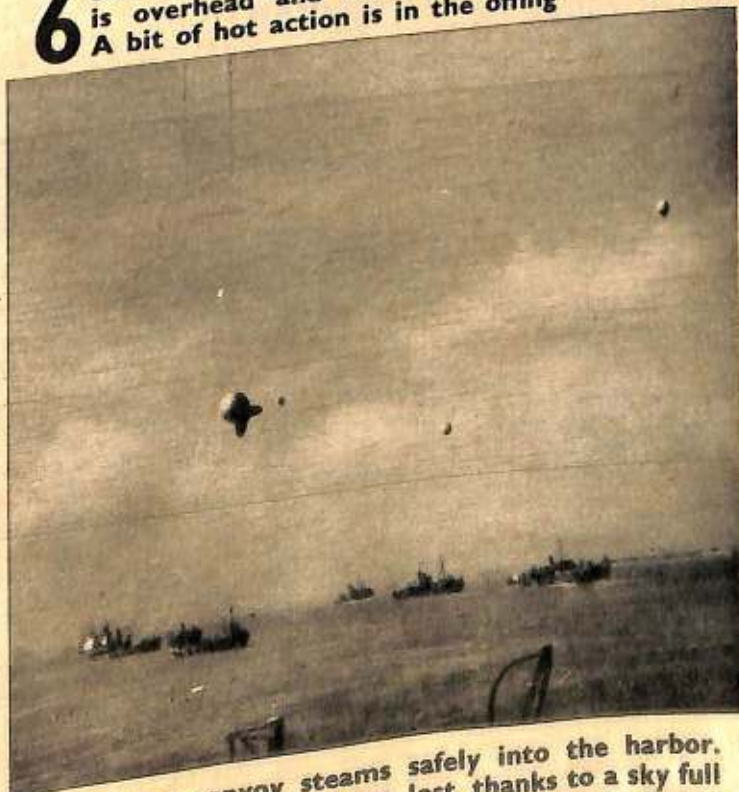
6 Something is happening today. Jerry is overhead and coming in fast. A bit of hot action is in the offing



7 Jerry lets go with a bomb—a near miss—and flat on the deck goes a corporal of the balloon crew. It is a thoroughly drenched and very angry corporal who gets back on his feet



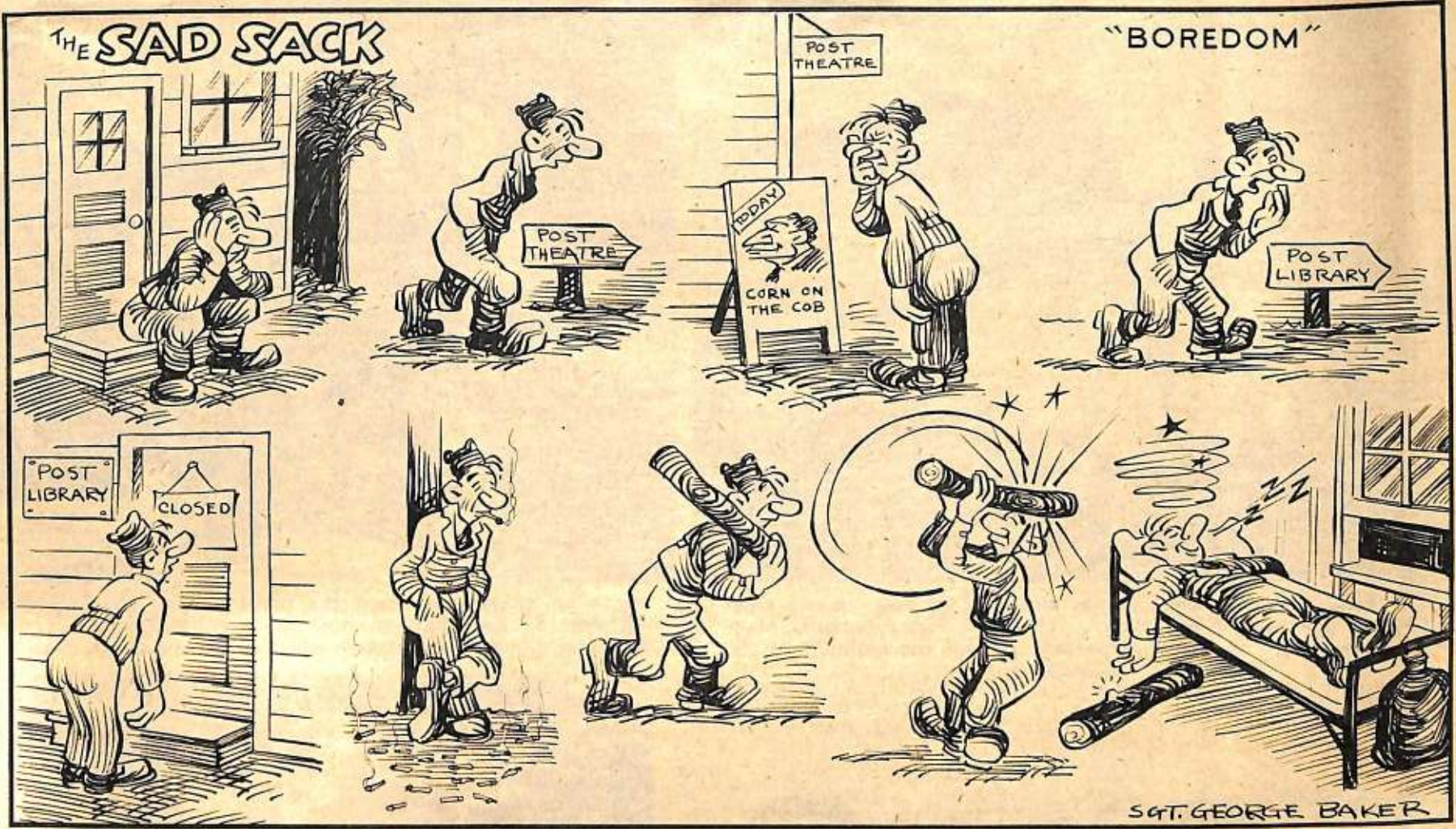
ety here is a constant... A moment's relax... might be a fatal luxury



10 The convoy steams safely into the harbor. Not a ship has been lost, thanks to a sky full of balloons and a group of determined men



11 With the convoy safely... are brought in for... hauls. They'll... again any time



IT'S THE GNATS
 Hopeless McGonigle is a very interesting person. Things is always happening to him from out of a clear sky. He is like "My Sister Eileen" from the picture of the same name. Hopeless and me is members of the AEF, which means Americans Exiled in Florida and not what you thought. The part of Florida which we are exiled in is very hot, but the weather ain't so bad. As a matter of fact it is the gnats that bother us. That's why what happens to McGonigle happens.

It's like this. It's about 11 o'clock in a bright sunshiny day, so Hopeless decides to feed his face. With Hopeless, to think is to act, especially when it is nature what is calling, so he ankles over to Mess No. 2. After sweating out the line in front of the G.I. cafe he passes through the screen doors and enters. The air is very heavy in the joint. In fact, the air is so heavy that you don't breathe it, you just cut off a chunk and suck on it for a little while. But this ain't so bad. It ain't so bad like the gnats.



The gnats like G.I. food. In fact the gnats like it so much that they enter right into the spirit of the thing and float in the gravy. This ain't so bad either, because gnats taste sweet and don't hurt the gravy. In fact, Hopeless is of the solemn opinion that it makes the gravy taste better, which ain't so bad either because after the perspiration from his low brow gets diluting the gravy it takes something like the gnats to give it strength again.

Anyway, Hopeless passes down the receiving line in Ptomaine Tavern and gets his plate loaded with goodies. First comes the meat, then the potatoes on the meat, then the gravy on the potatoes, then the

BETWEEN the LINES

beans in the gravy, then the butter on the beans, then the olives on the butter, then the pickles on the olives. This is G.I. style and is very handy because you get a little bit of everything on the fork at one time which is a very efficient way to dine. Hopeless also gets himself a cup of iced tea which is made by having a Chinese KP look very intently at a tub of cold water. When Hopeless sits down at his table he notices three guys what is ready to pass out from lack of air. "Open them windows," yells Hopeless.

This is sedition and a slight case of mutiny as it seems that the mess sergeant has a suspicion that open windows in the mess hall is illegal. So he says to Hopeless, "Whaddya mean open them windows?" Hopeless is always ready to engage in interesting repartee so he retorts, "I mean open them windows."

This confirms the mess sergeant's suspicions so he peers into Hopeless's face and says, "I think I'm going to report you to the FBI as one of them there saboteurs. You got a underground look."

Hopeless is insulted by this remark so he gets up to leave, especially because he ain't got no more to eat.

This maneuver brings forth action from a gimlet-eyed Joe what is dressed in white and is holding up one of the walls. "Where ya goin'?" he asks.

"Out," says Hopeless. "Eat everything on your plate," says the G.I. house dick.

"I did," says Hopeless. "Who ya foolin'?" asks the guy what is a assistant cook because he was a varnish mixer until his number came up. "Look at the food on yer plate."

"That ain't no food," says Hopeless. "That's a bean."

"Bean, schmean," says the Joe in white. "If it's on yer plate it's food. Eat it."

"I just ate," says Hopeless. "I ain't hungry."

"Then why didja take the bean?" "I was hungry then."

"Ya can't throw that bean away," says the guy in white. "Don't you know that food will win this war and there is probably a Marine someplace what would like this bean?"

"OK," says Hopeless. "You give me his name and I will send it to him."

This disgusts the guy in white, so with a real mean look on his face like is advocated in training pamph-

PVT. MULLIGAN

let 4-202 entitled "How to Fight Dirty," he points his finger at the bean and says, "Eat it."

Hopeless sees that further conversation will avail him naught, as it says in the high-class literature, so he reaches down with his fork to spear the bean which immediately gets up and flies away.

"Darn those gnats," says the cook, real embarrassed.

Hopeless is sore about the whole thing, but me, Stripeless, I just laughed because I know that if Hopeless could read he would understand what happened. After all, ain't there a big sign over the mess hall door what says, "LET NO MISTAKE GO UNCORRECTED, EAT ALL THE FOOD ON YOUR PLATE."

—Sgt. L. A. BRODSKY
 325 Base HQ & AB Sgd.
 Marianna (Fla.) Army Air Field.

by Cpl. Larry Reynolds



"Shucks! Here comes the top kick. I suppose we'll have to police up th' area."

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



A JERK AT OXFORD

We went up to Oxford recently, trying to get a story on a smashed up fly-boy. The story, as so often happens, didn't pan out, and the afternoon found us wandering along High Street, looking in the shop windows and admiring the bolts of cloth that we won't be able to buy for, oh, say ten years or so. We were staring at ten yards of Harris tweed that looked as though it would melt in your mouth, when suddenly, reflected in the shop window we saw a horrible sight.

It was Artie Greengroin. He was standing behind us, gazing moodily at his reflection. He had good reason, too. Over a uniform that was as unpressed as a uniform can possibly be, he was wearing a black scholar's gown. We whirled around and faced him, our mouths gaping.

"Hello, ole fruit," Artie said. "How do I look?"

We were unable to answer.

"I'm glad to see you," Artie said. "You know what I am, huh?"

We managed to say that we didn't know what he was.

"I'm AWOL," Artie said. "I been AWOL for over a week now. You know why I'm AWOL?"

No, we didn't.

"I'm going to collitch," Artie said. "I'm fulfilling a life's ambition. I'm a Oxford man."

He gave his gown a dramatic hitch over one shoulder.

"It all comes down to pure and simple education," he said. "The Army's been recommending that all the soldiers get some education. I take things like that serious. I figure I'm going to be in this man's army for fifteen years, including Sundays and holidays, so's I figured that when I get out I ought to know something besides what to call a topkick when his back's turned. I been taking me some courses for a week now. I been AWOL for that time, too."

We said we thought his uniform looked like hell.

"Them's me Oxford bags," Artie said, not without pride. "A guy goes to Oxford, he's got to have Oxford bags. Don't get me wrong, though. It's a name for pants, strictly."

"What kind of courses are you taking?" we wanted to know.

"Oh, a little of this, a little of that," Artie said. "I'm getting to be well rounded, a complete man. Why, jess the other day, me and another Joe was talking about Pascal—"

We asked who Pascal was.

"Oh, some French jerk," Artie said. "You wouldn't unnerstand. You ain't a collitch man, are you? Did you ever go to collitch?"

"Yes," we said, "in a manner of speaking."

"Ah," Artie said, "then in that case we're equals. I can talk to you man to man. The reason I come down here to Oxford is because the Army's O.K. on this education stuff, but they got nothing on liberal arts. You want to learn steam-fitting, go to the Army. You want to learn spot-welding, go to the Army. But if you want to learn the liberal arts, come to Oxford with ole Artie."

"How do you get in to classes?" we asked.

"Ah, it's a pipe," Artie said. "I tell 'em I'm on



CPL. BRAND

"Savonarola, huh? Thass a familiar name. Less see."

loan from the liberal arts division of Army Intelligence. Why, I got these babies thinking I'm a colonel. They don't know nothing about our uniforms, see?"

We asked him where he was living.

"I'm tucking in with a Artium Magister at the moment," Artie said. "A nice guy. He keeps me out of sight of the M.P.s. Thass the thing I'm scared of. If the Gestapo catches up with me, me higher education will go up in smoke. All's I want is another week or so, and then I'll turn myself in, get a couple of books, and read out a couple of fortnights in the cooler."

Artie put his hand to his hat, adjusting it at a slightly more rakish angle. "I got a class in a little while," he said. "A class in the transition from medieval to modern cultures. I got a field manual for it here in me pocket. I been reading all day. That was quite a period, that medieval period. They fought different in them days. Cleaner. But they didn't have no sulfanilimide or nothing like that. You got gouged in them days, you really got gouged."

We remarked that you could pick up a pretty good gouge even now.

"Yeah," Artie said, "but they ain't so polite about it. Thass the trouble with the human race, it ain't got enough poise and politeness. When I turn myself in, you think my company commander is going to exercise poise and politeness? Not him. He's going to say: 'It's the cooler for you, kid. The Bastille.' Thass all. He ain't going to appreciate the fact that I went AWOL to improve myself. Thass the trouble with the Army, there ain't no place for intelligence in it. Maybe I'm wasting my time here. I don't know."

Artie lit a fag.

"You know," he said, "I should of gone to collitch sooner. Think what I might be today. A Yale man, maybe. I'd walk along the street and people would say, 'The Yale man.' But what do they say now? They say, 'There goes Artie Greengroin, the rummy. He owes me two pounds, the ole bassar.' Thass what they say now. But jess gimme another week in this joint and I'll be able to hole me head up. Jess another week, thass all."

"Good afternoon, Colonel Greengroin," a voice said.

We turned around and came face to face with a very young, very small undergraduate.

"Hello, me good man," Artie said.

"That was a very interesting lecture Dr. Rand gave this morning," the undergraduate said.

"Oh, yes, yes, very inneresting," Artie said.

"What was it about?"

"Why, don't you remember?" said the undergraduate. "About Savonarola."

"Oh, yes, yes," Artie said. "I was immersed in me French verbs for the most part of the lecture. Savonarola, huh? Thass a familiar name. Less see. Oh, yeah. I knew a Pete Savonarola in the Division. He used to box welter—"

Suddenly, without another word, Artie turned and ran madly up the street. We looked in the other direction. Two M.P.s were running toward us.

They were not interested in education, but they were definitely interested in Artie Greengroin, Pfc.

U.S.A. in the E.T.O.

THOSE of you who have eaten English sausages may perhaps have wondered how they're made, a secret which, believe us, is very hard to uncover. We went to a lot of trouble last week to find out and our investigations have revealed something that may, for all we know, rock the British Empire to its very foundations.

It is a secret of awful proportions. Briefly, the secret is this: All the sausages in England are made from one pig. And this state of affairs has existed for the last two years.

The pig, or what is left of it, is kept in cold storage in a small town near the Welsh border. It was a very small pig to begin with, small and unhappy. It did a lot of tearing around the sty, too, and was a bit on the stringy side.

Now all that is mortal of the small, unhappy, stringy pig hangs limply from a hook at this town. When it is time to whip up a new batch of sausages an anonymous person in the Ministry of Food calls up the cold storage plant.

"Cut a piece off the pig," he says. "Somebody in the cold storage plant takes a knife and cuts from the pig a piece of pork measuring roughly, $\frac{1}{4}$ " x $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Meanwhile the anonymous person

in the Ministry of Food has called up a granary in the North.

"Whip up 1,000,000 bushels of coarse, uninteresting grain," he says.

This is done with great gusto and glee by the granary. The small piece of pork is put in a Mosquito bomber and rushed North, to be mixed with the 1,000,000 bushels of grain.

Result: The present-day English sausage. God knows what will happen when the pig wears out.

Every once in a while a gypsy story comes along. You've probably heard half a dozen yourself; remember the one about the motorist who was told by the gypsy that (a) there'd be a body in his car before nightfall and (b) Hitler would be dead in six months? Well, we picked one up the other day. It's a little different from the ordinary run, too, if only for the fact that the person it happened to can be named.

It seems that a T/5 named Jim Freeman, from Palestine, Illinois, was toddling along Piccadilly not so long ago, when he saw a gypsy who was selling small bouquets of heather. The gypsy told Freeman that if he bought a bouquet it would bring him luck. Well, Freeman, who was a bit down on his luck, being in the Army and all, forked over a sixpence and walked off with a bouquet.

Four blocks further down Piccadilly a tall, dark man came up to him and, so help us, put five quid

in his hand. "Here, Yank," he said, "go, have yourself a time."

That's Freeman's story, and you can take it or leave it. A lot of guys are taking it. You ought to see the bouquets of heather being worn on Piccadilly now.

We sweated out a payline last Sunday noon, a very long payline. We were hungry, too. We had expected the eagle to do his duty at 11 o'clock, but when 1 o'clock came around we were still there, still sweating out the line.

At first we thought we were all set. Our last name begins with B, and in the normal course of events the Bs are apt to be pretty near the top of the line. Not this time, though. This time we collected our dough according to grade.

It beats us where all those tech sergeants came from. The company we're attached to seems to consist of nothing but tech sergeants. Thousands of them. Millions. Everybody in the whole damned outfit is a tech sergeant. Except us.

Of course, they paid off the tech sergeants alphabetically, a little process that took up two hours. By the time they finally got to us we were so hungry that we took a bite out of the company stooge as we went into the orderly room. He tasted lousy.

As we see it, the only guy who can expect to get his money early these days would be a master sergeant named Aardvark, or something like that.

The First Fourteen

E.T.O Turns out its Initial Crop of Negro Officers

A LITTLE of the significance of the situation touched every man on the post. It was in the way the major spoke very proudly of the 14 men, and it was in the attitude and manner of the other men toward the 14: a very evident respect. But most of all, it was in every move and gesture of the 14 themselves. They were the ones who felt most acutely the impact of the whole thing.

They knew very well that every move they made was being watched, and they didn't kid themselves about it. Like one morning—

The colonel came in unexpectedly, and he was wearing white gloves, and every man of the 14 knew exactly why he was wearing white gloves. The colonel walked across the shining, highly-waxed floors of the barracks and stopped at one of the bunks. He reached under the bedstead and rubbed the white gloves against the iron. He looked carefully at the gloves, and there was a long black smudge along them. The colonel didn't say anything, but when it was all over, 13 of the men were giving the 14th hell, and there never was any more dirt on the bedsteads.

That was the way it went for 90 days. You just didn't make mistakes, that's all.

You couldn't afford to, not when everybody was watching so intently, as they were those 14, the first Negro O-C-S candidates in the British Isles. So you went ahead through the tough course and, like one of them, broke the assault course record, or, like another, made the best showing in map-reading. That was the way it had to be done.

And so, last week, when the 14 were graduated from the O-C-S school, the adjutant, Major Veazey, said they were among the most soldierly, gentlemanly and competent men who had come up from the ranks



830 hrs. D/W leggings, steel helmet, combat pack, gasmask, under arms, good wind, keen eyes, nerve.

to qualify for admittance to the officers' school.

They were a picked crop, from the very start. Men like Sgt. Murphy. William P. Murphy has been in the army 25 years. He fought through the first battle of the Marne, and got a slight wound, and has been in uniform ever since. After 25 years, he's finally got bars on his shoulders. You don't have to ask whether a man like that will make a good officer.

And men like Sgt. Duckrey. William F. Duckrey is 35 now, and when he was drafted he was just beginning to prepare his thesis for a Ph.D. in educa-

tion. A native of Massachusetts, Bill Duckrey has been teaching in the Philadelphia public schools since 1926. He has his M.A. in Education from the University of Pennsylvania.

Ernest Harris is another example. Harris is a big rangy guy, built on the lines of Joe Louis, a powerful boy. He's 28 now, and he'd never been an athlete, only a maintenance man in hotels, and a steel worker after he got out of high school, but he got out on the assault course and broke all existing records. Then he broke his own record four times.

Those were the types of men they picked for the honor of being the first Negro officers commissioned in this theater. Men with guts and brains, men whom other men of their own race could look up to. Men like Bill Cox, who is 34 and from Brooklyn, who rose from the ranks to master sergeant in the engineers. And like Richard Davis, whose youth (22) would be something of an inspiration to his men. Davis came into the Army less than a year ago from his home in San Antonio, Tex. He's had two years of college.

Kenneth Wilson, 23, of Brooklyn, is another of the youngsters. A native of Brooklyn (N.Y.), which has furnished, we estimate, at least 50 per cent of the men in the Army, Wilson went to St. Augustine College in Raleigh, N.C. He got married just two hours before he left the States for overseas.

Those who picked the 14 knew that men could respect officers of their race like Lester Gordon. He's 30, also from Brooklyn, a man with the patience of Job. After getting his A.B. from Brooklyn College, he tutored for three years before getting drafted.

They knew that men like Samuel F. Coleman would make good officers. Coleman is mature, 32, and furthermore he has his degree in engineering from City College, N.Y. It is highly unlikely that any dogface will be able to call him on any technical problem.

Some of them didn't have the advantage of college educations. They came up the hard way like Carl Pope, 26, of Columbus, O., who was a refrigeration expert but had only high school education. Or like William A. Dyson, who also went only to high school, but passed a civil service examination and became a mail clerk. Dyson is 37 and has been married for 12 years.

Another non-college man is the baby of the outfit, James Rux is only 21. He enlisted from Bloomsbury, Pa., in 1940, and explains rather shyly that he was "very much interested in getting into this scrap."

All the others have been to college—Robert L. Terrell, of Houston, Tex., who is 24, and has a B.S. from Prairie View College; young Richard Wells, 23 who taught psychology at Howard University in Washington, and Lucius Gibson, 27, of Americus, Ga., who graduated from Georgia State Teacher's College and then was forced, like so many college graduates during the depression, to go to work in 1932 as a hotel waiter and a valet.

Those are the first 14 Negro officers graduated in the E.T.O.

You don't have to ask whether they'll make good officers; it's pretty self-evident to those who have seen them.



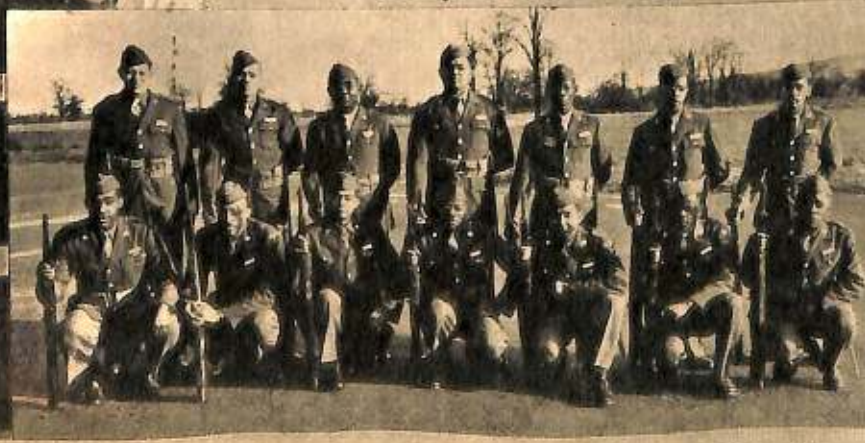
1000 hrs. Classroom C. Required: IQ 110+



1400 hrs. Required: the ability to swear.



1130 hrs. Hospital folds, clean ironwork, shined shoes, erect posture, crossed fingers.



1600 hrs. On drill field D, picture posing, under arms, OD uniforms.

Leslie Brooks

If you can cast your eyes on this page without automatically uttering an "Ah!" then you are not feeling well and should go on sick call. Leslie's latest movie is Columbia's *City Without Men*



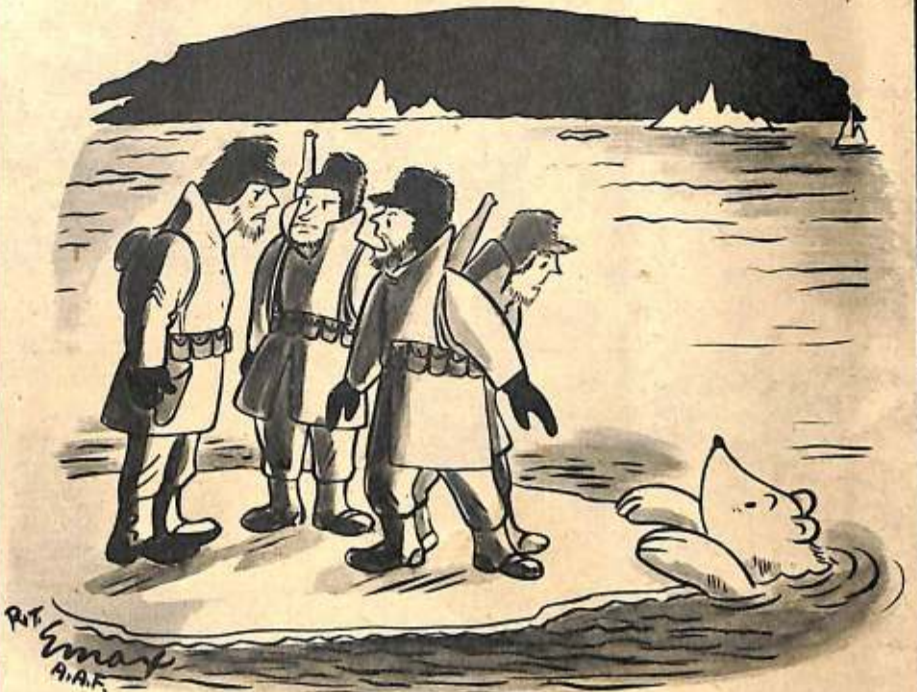
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THE ARMY WEEKLY



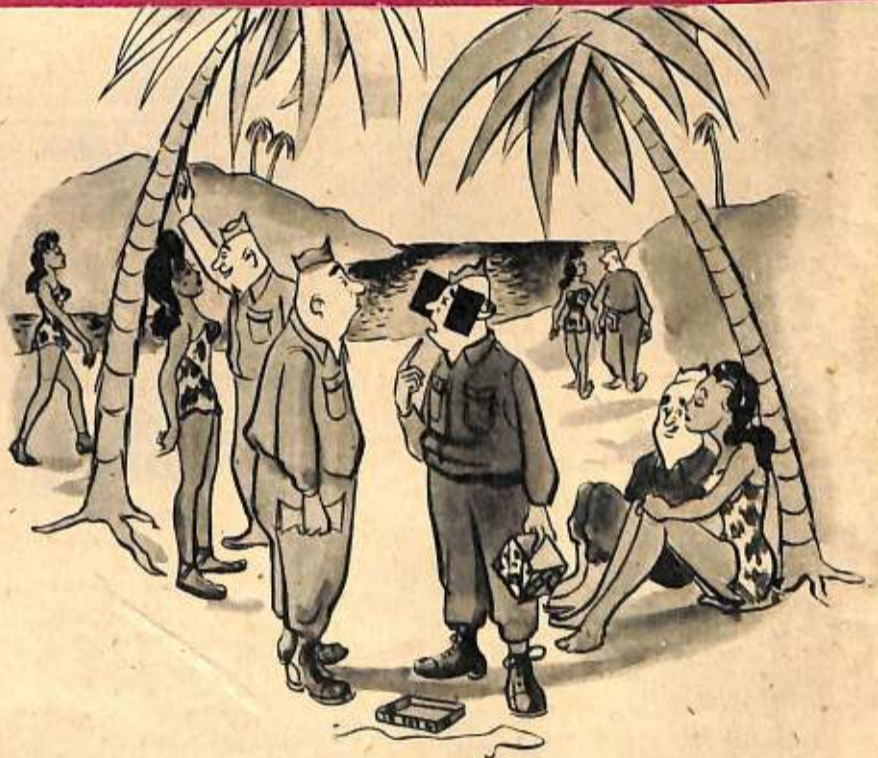
SGT. BILL FERNIM
JEFFERSON
SARRACKS, MO

"DARLING, YOU ACT LIKE YOU WOULD RATHER PLEASE THE SERGEANT THAN YOU WOULD ME."



PT. SMOY
A.I.F.

"AW, SERGEANT, HE'S COLD, LET HIM GET ON."



"LOOK, FROM THE WIFE."



Pr. Spigolon
Air Corps Reserve

TO HELL WITH THE COMPARISON—LET'S SMOKE THEM."



"THERE'S THAT MIRAGE AGAIN."