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# YANK

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



## THE LAST TO EAT

At an advanced base in the North African desert, the cook sits himself down to chow after all the men have had theirs. The cook is Cpl. Marcus E. Barrett of Nitta Yuma, Miss.



**IS YOUR JOURNEY REALLY NECESSARY?** Dead by their barge near Buna are three Japs who came a long way to die.



**OVER THE HILL** and down come a string of Jap prisoners, some of the few who did not die on Guadalcanal.

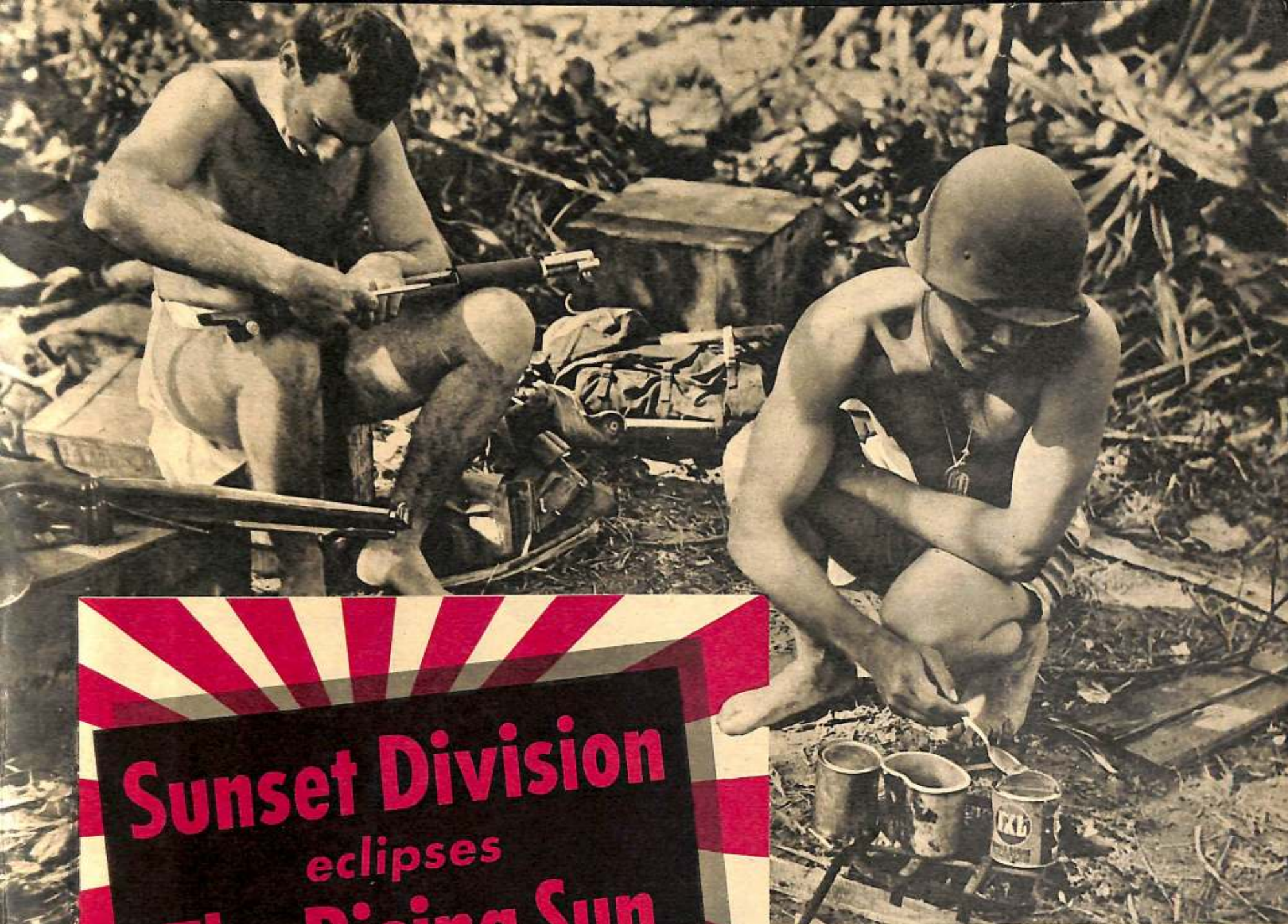
# EBB TIDE *in the* SOUTH SEAS



**THEIR ANCESTORS MUST WAIT** for Japs who chose to surrender, stand bathed and in new P.J.'s before a field tent.



**THEY SWUNG AND THEY MISSED.** Jap prisoners, skin and bone, sit on the Bad Earth of New Guinea, now lost to them, and accept their captors' butts.



# Sunset Division eclipses The Rising Sun

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**N**EW GUINEA [By Radio]—Of all the gorgeous sunsets American fighting men have witnessed from this tropical battleground, most vivid was the one that lit up the sky the evening Yanks and Aussies smashed through to capture Sanananda Point.

It seemed a fitting climax to the fierce battles in which units of the 41st Division—the Sunset Division—and the Aussies chased the Japs down the very trail up which they came so confidently a few months before.

Typical of the heroes of this battle was Cpl. Carlton C. Tidrick of Belton, Mont. Tidrick's squad was sent out on a mission near a Jap stronghold, which opened up on the Yanks with machine guns and automatic rifles. Tidrick was hit three times, and Pvt. Kenneth E. Paul, an ex-farmer from Big Fork, Mont., was also wounded.

Bleeding so heavily that his squad pleaded with him to get to safety, Tidrick thought quick. He knew that crawling back might mean death. But he also knew that Paul was badly injured and that the lieutenant had to have information of the Jap position.

Half carrying, half dragging Paul back to the platoon, Tidrick turned the big farmer over to the Medics but refused treatment himself until he had given the lieutenant details of the Jap positions. Concerning the rest of his squad, he said: "If the others aren't hit as badly as I am they can wait and get back afterwards. If they're

hit worse than I am, they're dead." Then he collapsed. Tidrick's commander recommended him for the DSC and Silver Star.

Advance man for his rifle platoon, Sgt. Joe Oliphant of Fort Worth, Tex., edged up to within a few feet of some Japs in fox holes. They fired on him and he gave them a few bursts with his tommy gun. Evidently the Japs thought Oliphant had a lot of men with him for they got out of the fox holes and started to run back to other positions. Before they could get there, however, Oliphant sprayed them with his tommy gun and dropped most of them, releasing his trigger when he realized he had only five more shots left. When his platoon caught up with him, Oliphant was saving his last five bullets to defend himself. Sprawled before him were 12 dead Japs.

Pfc. Maurice Levy, former Chicago artist, made even a bigger haul with his Garand. He sneaked through the Jap lines to the edge of a path running from a machine-gun nest to other Jap positions. Twenty-two Japs passed down that trail within a few hours, and Levy killed every one of them. Finally the Japs located Levy and got four bullets into him. But when his pals captured the nest, they found Levy still eyeing the trail for more victims.

S/Sgt. Johnnie Mohl is always up front when his men attack. Mohl is from White Pine, Mont., and left Montana State College in his junior year to join the Army. Together with Cpl. Bill Rummel, former Hartford (Kans.) service-station operator, Mohl crawled into the Jap perimeter one night as part of a platoon plan of attack. Mohl and Rummel crawled up to the pill boxes and poured lead into them. The confused Japs were firing all over the place, not knowing which were their own men and which were the Yanks.

After a hard day of Jap hunting in New Guinea, Pvt. Irving Bannister of Chicago cleans his M1, while Pvt. William Lauritsen of Montevideo, Minn., cooks beans and coffee.

Mohl and Rummel were having a good time until one of their guns jammed and the other ran out of bullets.

"We got mad as hell that we had to throw away our guns just when the fun started," Mohl said. "But we had our pockets full of grenades which we kept rolling into the pill boxes until our men arrived."

The battle up Sanananda Trail was made all the more difficult by New Guinea's rainy season which had begun a few weeks before. In several places the trail was under two or three feet of water. On either side of the built-up trail were swamps. Because the Japs had built their pill boxes and strong positions on all the available high ground commanding the trail, the Yanks and Aussies had to advance and live for days in the swamps and water.

Getting supplies through to American infantrymen in these positions was a major problem. Sgt. Owen D. Gascall, husky supply man from Oregon, met his death this way. He had waded through water skirting the Jap perimeter with a supply squad and bumped into a Jap machine-gun nest. He was shot through the helmet but the bullet just grazed his head. He motioned his squad to make a wide detour and go on as he drew fire from the nest by tossing hand grenades at the gun slits.

When his squad was safely past the nest with ammunition and food for the Americans on the other side of the trail, Gascall went to join them. But the Japs had him spotted and killed him.

# The Kiwi

## FROM NEW ZEALAND



NEW ZEALAND ARMY BADGES OF RANK	
NCO'S	COMMISSIONED RANK
 LANCE CORPORAL	 2ND LIEUTENANT
 CORPORAL	 LIEUTENANT
 SERGEANT	 CAPTAIN
 STAFF SERGEANT	 MAJOR
 WARRANT OFFICERS	 LIEUT. COLONEL
 WO 2nd CLASS COMPANY SGT. MAJ.	 COLONEL
 WO 2nd CLASS QMS RANKING	 BRIGADIER
 WARRANT OFFICER 1st CLASS	 MAJOR GENERAL

American soldiers, stationed in the South Pacific beside this hard-boiled veteran of Greece, Crete and Libya, find him an all-around good guy who hates snobs and stuffed shirts.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**A**N ALLIED BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—The New Zealand soldier calls his chow "tucker," his dog tags "meat tickets" and refers to a goldbricker as a "lead-swinger." When he accuses somebody of bucking for lance corporal, he points to the guy's highly polished shoes and cries, "Crawler!"

The New Zealander also wears shorts and high, black, hob-nailed boots until 6 P.M., uses an open-hand salute and addresses his lieutenants as "mister." Still he has a lot in common with the American soldier who is stationed beside him down here in the South and Southwest Pacific. Both like their beer cold, and both hate stuffed shirts and unreasonable authority and don't hesitate to say so with a remarkable vocabulary of military profanity that is quite similar in range and scope.

### A Case of Mutual Admiration

Ask a New Zealand digger what soldier he respects most outside of his own army and he will invariably reply, "Those bloody Yanks." Ask a U. S. sergeant around here the same question and he'll answer, "Them damned Kiwis."

"Kiwi" is the name that American soldiers use in referring to anything of New Zealand origin. It comes from the national bird of the dominion, an impudent fowl without a tail that cannot fly.

Americans who have been stationed in New Zealand found it very much like Nebraska except for the traffic on the left-hand side of the



Artillerymen have leapt to their positions around a 3.7 howitzer.

streets and the tea everybody drinks instead of coffee. Almost a third of the male population is in uniform, and thousands of diggers have been fighting on the battle fronts of the world for three years. Many New Zealanders here in the South Pacific are veterans of the brutal campaigns at Greece, Crete and Libya. After those three defeats, the news of the victorious New Zealand outfits with Gen. Montgomery's British Eighth Army in Africa came as a refreshing relief.

### Hardened by Reverses

The New Zealand soldier took the set-backs at Crete and Libya courageously because he is used to doing things the hard way. While we speak of Gettysburg or Valley Forge, the Kiwi remembers Gallipoli. He was the NZ part of the tough ANZACS, the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps which landed at Gallipoli on April 25, 1915, dug into the rocky ravines on that peninsula and fought the bloody massacre that followed. A typical Gallipoli report was one of May 2 which said:

"Eight hundred men lost without advantage, trying to take a knoll."

Like the Americans, the New Zealanders remind themselves that they have lost bitter battles in every war but they have never lost a war. They are hardened, smart troops. When I was visiting them, they went out every morning on field exercises that involved 10-, 20- and 30-mile marches, and their "smoke-kooos" (10-minute breaks) came after 90 minutes of walking instead of 50 minutes.

The diggers use several American-made weapons, some purchased outright, others obtained through lend-lease. The infantrymen carry our Springfields, occasionally a Garand and many British Lee-Enfield .303 rifles, which are bolt-action, magazine-fed 10-round jobs.

The Kiwi calls his bayonet a "needle" or "pricker." He has picked up expert advice on its use from the Maoris, a fierce Polynesian people who originally settled New Zealand and know more about the bayonet than Billy the Kid knew about the six-shooter.

There are Maori battalions in the New Zealand forces. They have scared the hell out of Italians and Germans in North Africa with their battle cry, "Ake ake ki a ka ha e!" which means that they will fight forever and ever, amen.

### Must Be Picked To Be an OC

The Kiwi receives far less pay than an American soldier and anywhere from a fourth to a third of his pay must be allotted to dependents or saved by the government until after the war. However, chances of advancement are good. The New Zealand private can go to OCS—they call it OCTU, which stands for Officer Cadet Training Unit—but he can't put in for it himself. He has to be selected by his platoon officer and interviewed in turn by his company commander, battalion commander and brigade commander, and then, finally, he gets a final once-over from his commanding general.

If he survives all that he goes to OCTU in New Zealand, gets his "pips" (officer insignia like our gold bars) and becomes a "leftenant." A candidate may also graduate as a sergeant and wait for his commission until some officer gets knocked off in battle.



A platoon of diggers on the march. Training takes them on daily 10-, 20- and 30-mile treks.

The officer-enlisted man relationship in the New Zealand Army is much closer than it is in the British Army, not quite so close as in our own. The digger has no respect for his superiors unless they prove themselves, and no one dares question his independence. Many Kiwi enlisted men are independently wealthy. The acting sergeant major who shared my tent here recently owned three farms back home and the smallest was 3,000 acres. He stood 6 feet 1 in height and weighed 250 pounds, so naturally everybody called him "Tiny."

He told me a story about a Kiwi private who burned up when he saw a notice in a bar at a Pacific post which said, "No Enlisted Men Admitted." The very next morning the private took out his checkbook and bought the whole bar outright. And that night he nailed a new sign over the door which read:

"No One Above the Rank of Lance Corporal Admitted."

Such an act of righteous indignation was, Tiny declared, "Fair dinkum go." Higher praise from a Kiwi is hard to find.



Sign of the tailless Kiwi bird, symbol of New Zealanders.



Lance Bombardier Simpson greases tommy gun.



Pvt. Bill Ogsden and Pvt. Henry Burns give a show.



# Angling for Algiers?

# YANK'S VACATION

Being a Guide to Some Hot Lush Places, Their Peoples and Their Former Peoples: Also, Being an Historical Brief on the Joys and Pleasures of Communal Bathing



"GUNS, firearms and gunpowder," the book says, "may not be imported to Tunisia. Everywhere, life and property are safe."  
 Our African man, Sgt. Milton Lehman, dug up this little classic the other afternoon while browsing around a bookstore in Gafsa. It amused the Sgt. to such an extent he spent the rest of the afternoon reading the little number from which it was taken, a production by Thomas Cook (Wagons Lits) & Sons, being a superlative little brochure on life in Tunisia, done in the manner of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. A man of letters, Sgt. Lehman writes that he has discovered many many things about Tunisia, not the least of which is that, in his own words, "Tunisia is Lousy with Tradition, its foxholes are full of history, and the Romans raised plenty of hell in the Sbeitla pubs."

"Caesar," Lehman writes from Africa, "slept here. So did elephants. Why not you?"  
 Tunisia, the Sgt. writes, was once populated in the ancient days by people known as ancients. When the ancients were not bathing and bating around the local pubs, they were fighting.  
 The ancients were great ones for washing themselves and lolling around naked, admiring each other, in the very famous baths as at Biskra in the Sahara. These baths, known to some of our men in Africa, are hot up to the temperature sometimes of 115 degrees and they are recommended for rheumatism, tuberculosis, skin diseases, scrofula, renal infections, dysentery, partial paralysis, spear wounds, arrow wounds, diseases of the female, hangovers, arthritis, gravel, constipation and diseases of the respiratory organs. They are, however, positively useless for anaemia, neurasthenia, chlorosis, brain diseases, gout and all that sort of thing.  
 As Sgt. Lehman said, when the ancients were not bathing, they were fighting, and this explains the attitude of the Arabs who now stand around with the carefree attitude of Dodger fans who have seen everything before.  
 The Arabs in Constantine, for instance. Most of the men going to the front passed through there, and the Arabs did not even so much as look up, except to try to sell them something.  
 "Constantine," says the guidebook, "is a fortress of the first order, practically impregnable. It's situated on an isolated block of rocks rising perpendicularly nearly 1,000 feet, circled on the north and east by a deep ravine 75 yards wide. It has withstood 80 sieges."

well-rounded riflemen in a foxhole most needs to know are some salient facts about the towns he is planning to enter. Like Tunis, for instance. Tunis is next door to ancient Carthage. Tunis is really older than Carthage and became the capital when Hannibal's elephants, the tanks of their day, fell before J. Caesar's tank destroyers.  
 Cities are, in their way, like women, and Tunis is one of the most fought-over cities in human history and has been occupied more times than Pfc. Arthur Greengroin has been on sick call. The Spaniards got hold of it in the seventh century and in 1574 the Turks took it away from them. It became a goat's nest of pirates, slave traders and pimps until the French moved in and cleaned it up. Then the British fleet moved in and cleaned it up some more.

There is another, smaller but equally interesting town, in the area called Souk Ahras. It once was a Roman municipium in the time of Emperor Septimus Severus. Souk was originally called Thagaste, and it was there that St. Augustine was born in 354 A.D. There are sulphur baths at Souk Ahras.  
 There is also a little place called Sfax. We are due at Sfax any day now. Sfax has been bombarded, it says here, in the past by the British.  
 What will happen to Sfax now, with the British Eighth Army moving in is a little matter which is not discussed in Cook's Travellers' Handbooks of Algeria and Tunisia.

It does not say whether there are baths or not in Sfax, but the place probably has hot and cold running water. Through pipes, yet.  
 "With the taking of Kairouan in the nineteenth century, the holy city where the prophet's own beard is buried," it says, "the Arab insurrection was practically at an end, and since that time Tunisia has been as safe and peaceful as Algeria."  
 That is very nice indeed to know. A copy of "Cook's Little Travelogue" has been forwarded to Erwin Rommel. If he can read it, he will appreciate it.  
 Oh, wasn't that wonderful the way the ancients used to sit around, male and female, in their ancient baths, looking at each other?

After the Romans got finished with the town, the Arabs took it over again and made it a center of literary and religious life. Then the Turks came along in 1535. And the French, under General Damremont and the Duc de Nemours, an ancestor of the American du Ponts who own General Motors, moved in during the year 1837. As soon as the battle was over, the troops hunted up a place to wash up and discovered three baths steaming at 104 degrees. The troops took their chance.  
 However, to get back to the original premise, it was the Romans who really spruced up the joint. They came into Tebessa, for instance, and built a rampart against the Berbers. Nine big roads led to Tebessa, and 1,700 years ago, Tebessa was the richest city in Africa, next to Carthage, of course. It drew conquerors like jam draw flies. As a result it is as jammed with relics as the Smithsonian Institute. The walls of the place are some 1,300 yards long and originally were built to surround the city, but with all the hell-raising Tebessa has been through during the last 500 years, the city has outgrown the walls.  
 But all these towns are to the west. What the



You can't get away from Caesar.

# Bermuda Bound?

## TRAVELOGUE

By Cpl. WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS  
YANK Field Correspondent  
Illustrated by the Author



Drummer in a Bermuda Artillery band wears a big leopard skin.

**B**ERMUDA—Standing one Thursday afternoon on the corner of Queen and Reid Streets, the Broadway and 42d Street of Hamilton, capital of Bermuda, I was approached by a bunch of sailors just off a ship who asked me in dead earnestness, "Where is the town down here?"

Maybe it's unfair to judge Hamilton by a Thursday afternoon when everything is shut up tight, but even on a Saturday night it's a pretty dead proposition. There are three

movie houses that show the same pictures we get at our own War Department theater, two bars open to enlisted men, and a United Services Club.

Bars in Hamilton run in three categories. There are the snooty ones that actually display, right out in the open, brass plaques with such inscriptions as "Here one wears one's coat and stockings and leaves one's dog at home," or "All facilities for the pleasure of its guests—civilians and commissioned officers." The term "dogs" seems to apply also to dogfaces; an enlisted man might sneak past the doorman but he would never get waited on. At the other extreme are a few joints off limits, and in between a couple of bars where an enlisted man may go. These are enjoying a thriving business and are slowly deteriorating from lazy lack of competition.

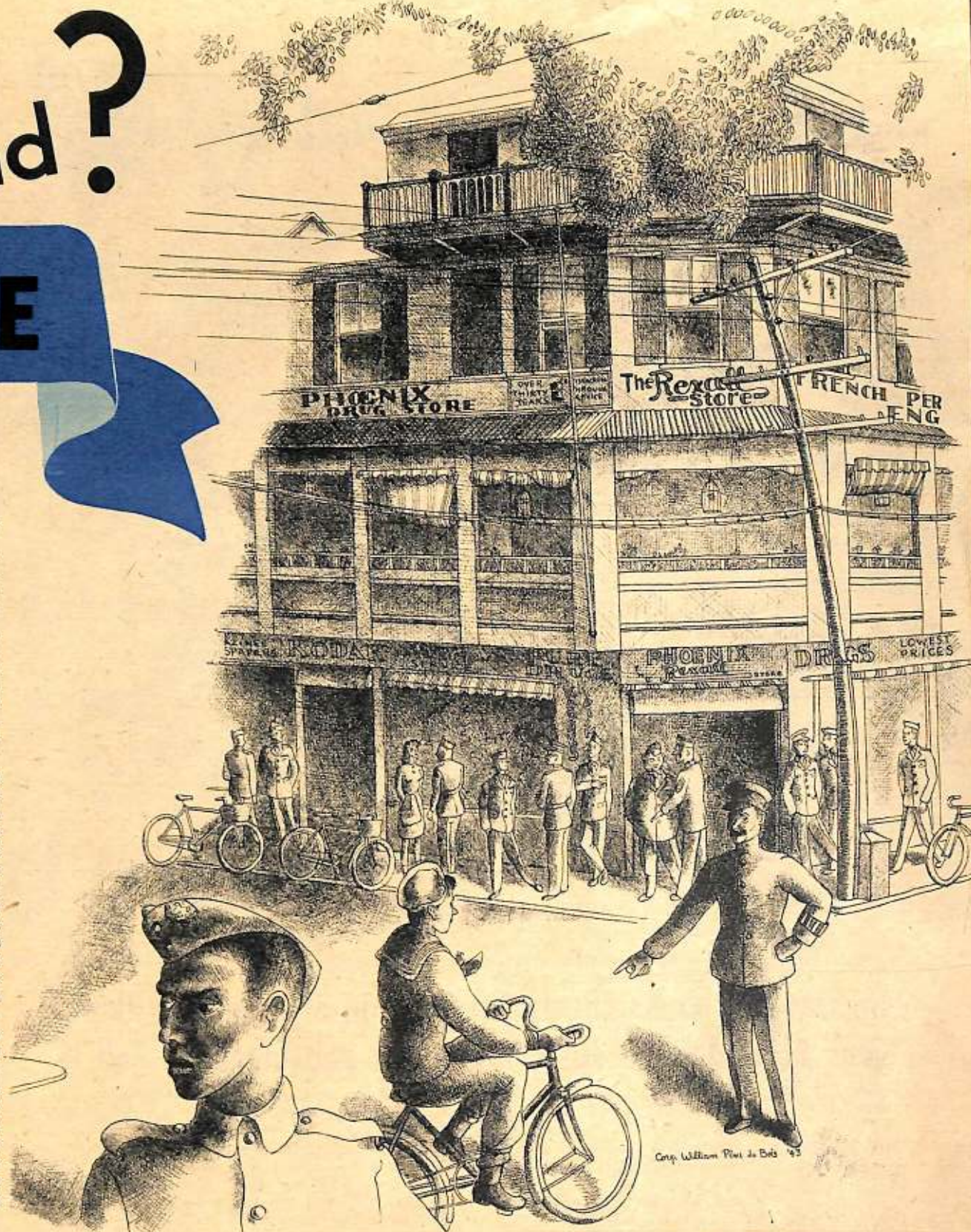
All liquor but beer is cheap in Bermuda, averaging around 40 cents for all whiskies, 30 cents for rum, 50 cents for brandy and liqueurs. Beer is 20 cents at the USC and 30 to 40 cents at local bars. Bars without a restaurant license close at 10 P.M. and those with a restaurant license at 11 P.M.

The United Services Club occupies the first floor of the Hamilton Hotel. It offers ping pong, a couple of beat-up pool tables, magazines and two typical Bermuda dances every week (15 men to one girl). It is not a very exciting club.

Perhaps the most famous landmark in all Bermuda for the enlisted man is the Phoenix Drug Store. It is the place where every sort of meeting is arranged—a hang-out for drug-store cowboys who look upon it with nostalgia as the part of the islands most closely resembling the American landscape.

Transportation is the biggest gripe. If you manage to get a date, there are no cars. Horse-drawn carriages are the only satisfactory answer and they cost a fortune. If you take a girl out for supper and dancing, the cost of your evening will run something like this: \$8 for food and drink, \$12 for the carriage, total \$20. And that is only the average price. It's often higher.

Bermudians call all spectacles except sports events "concerts." A play is called a concert. A magician and trained dogs performing on somebody's lawn are a



Hamilton policeman directs U.S. sailor to left side of street. In foreground, a Bermuda infantryman.

concert. Any act with live talent is a concert and Bermudians love live talent. Some enlisted men from a Coast Artillery outfit down here put on a show called "Gone With the Draft" that really knocked Bermuda out. An amateur production,

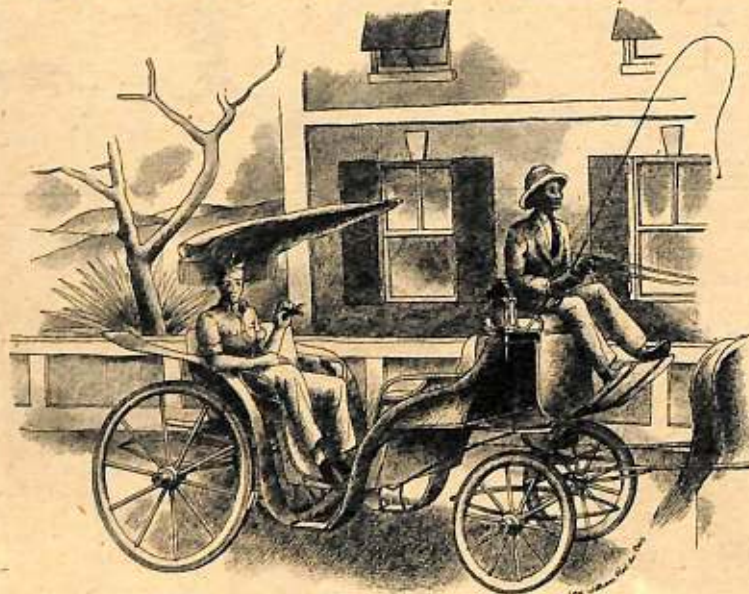
this "concert" played to enormous audiences all over the islands.

Cricket matches and track meets receive plenty of attention. The U. S. Army entered a military track meet and took a nice trouncing from the Bermudian troops. Favorite event in these meets is the tug-of-war.

Soccer also is very popular. This year, the U. S. Army caused a sensation by coming within one point of being champions of the Bermuda League. To beat Bermudians at their own game would have been almost too much. It seemed strange for a U. S. team to do so well until it was discovered that our eleven was made up of Americans from seven nations, some of whom had played soccer in their native lands.

Bermuda is by no means a tough post. The battle of Bermuda is a battle against monotony and a sort of damp, semi-tropical numbing atmosphere that kills ambition. After the recruit has shouted himself blue in the face voicing his many complaints, he settles down and becomes an almost complacent victim of Army routine. He finds himself, if not too contented, at least resigned.

But there are practically no women in Bermuda, and as those sailors just off a ship expressed it so well, "Where is the town down here?"



This carriage costs 50 cents a mile; average ride \$4.

# Yanks at Home Abroad



In Tunisia, after a battle against Axis forces, U. S. soldiers give a captured Italian tank a thorough going-over for possible booby traps.

## He Got Lost Over Enemy Territory in a Transport Plane, Was Blasted by a JU-88, Crashed and Lived To Tell It

**C**AIRO—It gave them one hell of a feeling, guiding a Lockheed Hudson across dark skies, not knowing where they were, not knowing when a JU-88 would panther out of the thick clouds, not knowing whether the AA below was theirs or Jerry's.

Packed to the roof with gas, rubber tires, and radio equipment, they were en route to India. The navigator had lost his bearings, and they had been flying around for hours. The pilot, Sgt. E. J. Doherty of Boise, Idaho, was sure they were over enemy territory.

Back in the bowels of the ship he could hear the muttering of his two wireless air gunners. The job was a 50-50 one; the wireless could help. If they were flying over friendly territory, any airfield would guide them in.

The navigator climbed through and stood beside him. "I think we're near Malta, Ed."

Doherty shook his head. Faint buzzings came from the earphones strapped on his head—jerky little sentences meaning nothing.

"Yeah, you're right. We're approaching Malta." Now the wireless was full of sound. Doherty began pulling the Hudson down.

Below a green light flashed. Doherty circled the field. He was certain that it was an airfield, although he couldn't see a thing. The sky and earth both seemed to meet in one great black mass. But this was it all right. The flare path lit up. He glided in at 300.

There was a rapid black streak. The blackness of earth and sky seemed suddenly to light and explode before his eyes. The left motor was one roaring mass of flame. The great ship staggered like a sick old woman. She nosed down.

"A JU-88," one of the WAGs cried. "I saw him just as he hightailed."

Loaded as heavily as she was, the Hudson couldn't take the terrific strain on one motor. Flame from the ruined motor was licking back toward Doherty. He fought to level the ship. He

didn't know whether he would crash into a mountain, a base hospital, or belly in on the landing tarmac.

At 100 he could see the faint signs of the horizon. Now he knew that he could bring her in. When you can see the horizon, no matter how dimly, it's pretty certain that there are no obstacles in the way.

With a great roar, the Hudson bellied in, crashing and sliding. The left motor was still flaming.

### Plenty of Slaw in the Middle East



MIDDLE EAST—Army KPs get oversized vegetables to work on, as evidenced by this 30-pound specimen, which gives soldiers in the Middle East theater plenty of vitamins. "The Nile River valley grows three crops of cabbages per year," says Cpl. Al de Bergh of Passaic, N. J., "and I'm personally peeling two of 'em." —Cpl. JOHN R. EVANS  
YANK Field Correspondent

She stopped after 300 feet of dragging her belly on the ground. Flame had reached the pilot's compartment. The nose of the ship broke off in one hunk and dropped, the navigator and the two wireless air gunners going with it. A terrific jolt and Doherty blacked out.

It was strictly from Hollywood when he awoke in the hospital. His left arm was burned horribly. His face was swathed in some evil-smelling cloth. The doctor told him that he had pulled the ship up at the edge of a cliff; that the nose had broken off and fallen over. The navigator would never lose his way again; the wireless operators would never strap on earphones again. The ship was a complete wreck but the cargo had been salvaged.

Two months later, Flight Sgt. Edward J. Doherty climbed into another Hudson—one reloaded with the cargo of the ruined ship—and flew her to India.

—Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT  
YANK Staff Correspondent

## A Good Reason for Drinking Beer: Shellac Remover Is Too Hard to Get

NEWFOUNDLAND—Even though American beer sells for 35 cents a can at the local drinking spots, there're two good reasons why the guys go for it.

In order to buy a bottle of anything else, you must have a license, which is procured from the local government at \$2 a year. You then proceed to one of the three oases where you stand in line for an hour. After forking over five bucks, a fifth of a gallon is yours—that is if you can get there before 4 p.m.

That's reason No. 1; beer is cheaper and less trouble.

There is also a local drink called "Screech," a rum-slum concoction of molasses, rum, and several other mysterious ingredients. This is an equivalent of "Jersey Lightning" and a double "Zombie." It can also be used as shellac remover.

That's reason No. 2 for sticking to beer. It's better for the constitution.

—Pfc. FRANK BODE  
YANK Field Correspondent



# Yanks at Home in the ETO

THOSE of us who have been eating Spam for the past two hundred and fifty years may ask ourselves, semi-occasionally, where it comes from. This is a subject on which many, not to say most, soldiers are completely ignorant. The other day, in the ten spare minutes God allots us, we conducted a little poll of our own, subject: *Whence Spam?* The answers we received confirmed our opinion that we were a member of an exceedingly stupid Army. "Spam comes from cows," said a tech sergeant who was chewing tobacco. "Comes from pigs, don't it?" said a low-foreheaded Pfc. "Dunno," said three line sergeants and a top. One hyper-sensitive corporal took a swing at us when we mentioned the word. "Comes from our ole messhall," said a simple private.

You see what we were up against. Honestly, we don't know how Dr. Gallup does it. When we had finished our poll we discovered that we had solved absolutely nothing, just-as though we had been an order to shine buttons. All we had learned was that we were part of an Army of dopes, a fact we had suspected for some time. It made us mad, frankly. Here was an Army of 17,000,000 men, including the QMC, and probably not one of them knew where Spam comes from. Shameful, absolutely shameful. It made us so mad that we went on pass to the British Museum, did a little research, and came out with a three days' growth of beard and the Story of Spam.

Spam comes from an animal called, reasonably enough, the Spam. It dwells in the shady nooks and bosky dells of sylvan Hitzedam, a mythical country three stops by tube from Switzerland. It is an odd-looking little beast; if you can imagine a cross between a pig and a giraffe, shrunken to the size of a French poodle, you have a very good idea of the Spam, as long as you don't forget it has horns. Wild and quite hairless, it has a plaintive call. "Hoop, hoop!" it can be heard howling in rural Hitzedam. For years the good people of Hitzedam, such as they are, have been gorging themselves on its succulent flesh. Even their babies have been able to eat it, for the Spam is unique in that it has no muscles, like a company clerk. Which is not to suggest that company clerks are good eating. Just don't get us wrong, that's all.



"Spamiensis Grotesqua," male and female, at work.



This is the chair of the Lord Mayor of London, but the gentleman sitting in it is not the Lord Mayor. He is a corporal named Lewis E. Baker, and he is in the pensive midst of a tea party tossed by the Lady Mayoress for United Nations' service men.

Well, the people of Hitzedam may be bosky, but they're a set of smart apples for all that. They haven't been in a war for 600 years; the last six centuries have found them in the enviable position of slipping gastronomic Mickey Finns to one warring nation or another. This time, bless our poor old ulcers, it's our turn. And what do they export to us? Brother, you guessed it.

If you are gripped by any mad dreams to the effect that soon the Spam will be extinct, you can forget them. Spams will never be extinct because they breed too fast—a litter a month, 28 in a litter. Male Spams do nothing all day but run around and breed, which means that female Spams don't get time to do anything else, either. So it doesn't really matter if this is a short or long war. As far as Spam goes, we're hooked. Of course, we might be in a position to invade Hitzedam some day, in which case we may be able to eat a few of the burghers, just for a change. We're not advocating cannibalism, understand. We said just for a change.

Until that day comes, however, we might just as well take the bull by the horns and wish we could have a hunk out of his haunch.

### For Scholars Only

According to what we hear from the mob, certain Joes, provided they can spell c-a-t without falling over backwards, are taking courses at Oxford these days. We think this Oxford business is a good idea. Until now the only schooling a man got in this Army was a half-yearly reading of the Articles of War, read in a drab monotone by a disinterested lieutenant. Now, it would seem, you can be an EM, a scholar, and a gentleman, simply by slipping the University a couple of quid and signing up for a refresher course in Early Attic Drama.

We have, on the tip of our tongue, a couple of pointers for gentlemen about to embark from the ranks to the Quad. They have some funny rules at Oxford, quite different from the simple ones,

like: "Sophomores Are Not Permitted To Spit In The Corridors," which you may remember from your jolly old High School, wherever the hell it was. We're just giving you these pointers for your own sakes. For ourselves, we don't care. We're going to stay ignorant, thank you.

For instance, there is one rule at Oxford, evidently passed when a lot of mediaeval Joes were returning from the Battle of Crècy, which says that students are forbidden to use the bow and arrow. Just remember that, will you? If you've got to take something martial along with you to keep you amused, take a couple of grenades. Then you won't have to see the Dean.

Another thing that's annoying about Oxford is the rule which says that students hiring female help must be careful to choose only dames who are *horrida et antiqua*. You may never have understood your *Gallia est omnia divisa* . . . and your *Arma virumque cano*, but you ought to be able to catch on to that. For the benefit of any interested first sergeants, though, we'll translate. Roughly, it means that if you go to Oxford and hire any doll, be sure that they're damned ugly and damned old. Who do you think you are, anyway? Billy Rose?

### They Surrender Shined Up

Our sartorial spy was sitting the other day in a shoe shine parlor, or the English equivalent thereof, which is a place he frequents because he likes the sparkling talk that goes on there, the scintillating give-and-take that can, as every one knows, always be found in shoe shine parlors or the English equivalent thereof.

He was having a glow put on his left toe when in walked a seedy-looking soldier whose face was possessed of a black look and whose shoes were possessed of much mud. Not at all the type of chap one would expect to meet in a shoe shine parlor. Oh, not at all.

He slumped himself down in a chair and bade the attendant attend to his brogans. As the good fellow bent to his task two MPs sauntered in. They approached the newcomer. "O.K.," one of them said in perfect English, "come along wit' us."

The black look did not leave the soldier's face. "Wait a minute," he said. "Wait a minute. Always in a hurry, you guys. Just wait'll I get my shoes shined. I want to look nice for the Old Man."

Can you imagine! The bouncer was AWOL—had, as a matter of fact, been over the hill for a month. It's simply terrible, the sort of people one meets in shoe shine parlors these days. War is really the most gruesome leveller.

### Neither Snow nor Rain, etc., etc.

It's about time we got around to the A.P.O. About time, if you ask us. Those guys have been making our life a hell for a long while now. Every morning we come in and say, "Well, where's all our mail from the States today?" Some laugh. The only mail we've gotten from the States to date is a rubber goods catalogue, and every one knows the Japs got Burma, so it's no good now.

They tell us, though, that the men of the A.P.O. are a crew of bloodhounds. They never give up, people would have us believe. According to stories, they will hunt a man down no matter what continent he's on. And maybe the stories are right—we don't know. The other morning one of the solidier citizens on this staff got two letters. One was postmarked March 16th, the other postmarked August 23rd. The first was about a blizzard back home, the second about a heat wave. The poor guy read them both, came down with chills and fever, and damned near died.

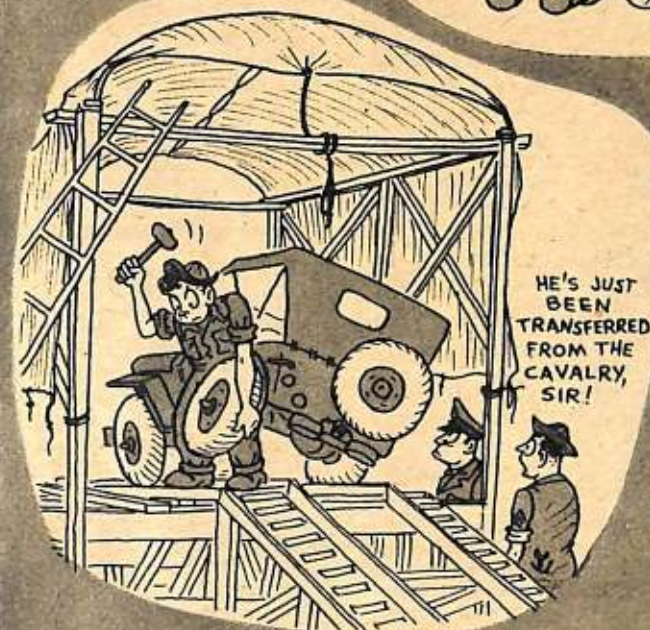
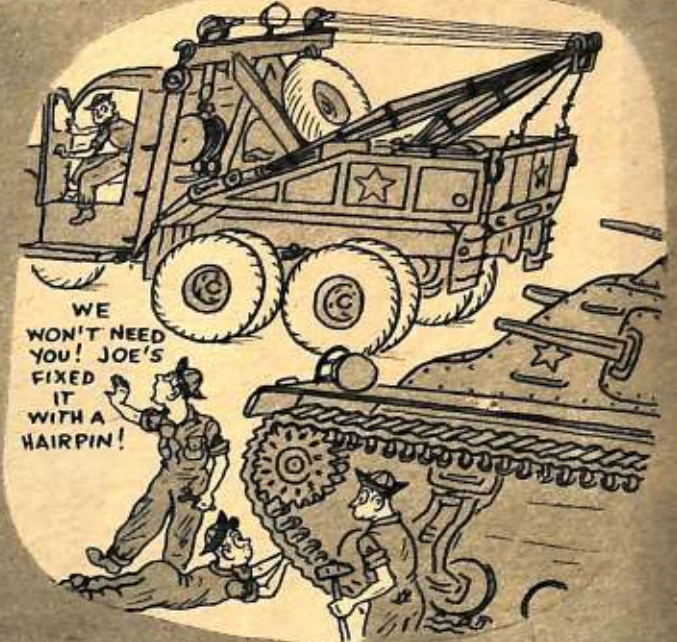
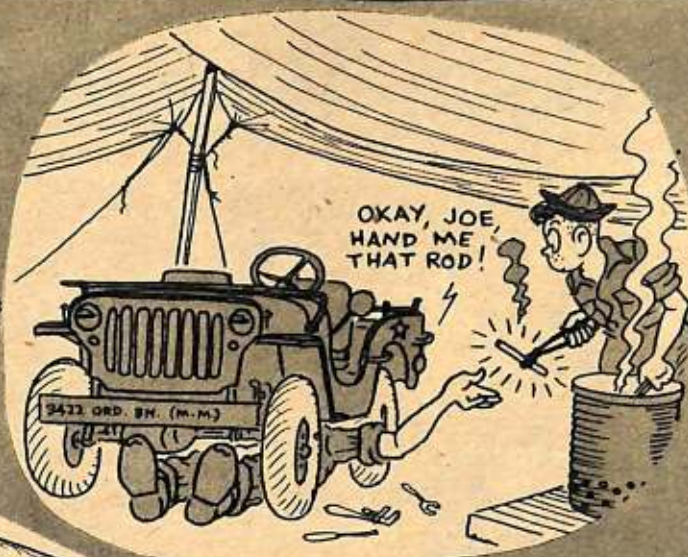
Had he died, we'd have blamed the whole thing on the A.P.O. They're in league with the censors, see? They got hold of this August 23rd letter and then they said to each other, "Let's hold on to this until we get one about a snow-storm, then send 'em both along and scare hell out of the guy." Well, that's what they did; but if they want to play games, we're willing to play right along with them. Our next letter home is going to say that on Thursday, April 22nd, the entire personnel of a certain A.P.O. is going to be machine gunned to death. Then we'll see who gets the hell scared out of them.

G.I. JOE

Motor Pool



Lt. Dave Breger  
Britain



New plastic item that the QM has dug up is a rifle cover. It's an elastic, translucent bag which slips over a rifle like a sock on a foot and ties up at one end. It's guaranteed to keep sand and water out of Garands in a landing. If you get in a pinch, you don't take it off—you just shoot through it.

More Dehydrated Foods

The QM is carrying the dehydration of foods process to new heights with waterless eggs. One ship can carry 11 times as many dehydrated eggs as ordinary eggs. You may get your next dish of ice cream in the form of a little square tablet, too.



Grenade Signals

The Chemical Warfare Service has worked out a new kind of grenade that gives off colored smoke for signalling. They beat signal pistols and rockets for daylight signalling all hollow because they are more readily seen and throw off a cloud of dense, brilliantly colored or black smoke. Surrounded troops can use them to indicate what food, medicines or munitions are needed, and observing planes can use them to point out targets to following bombers. They can even be used for giving orders to ground troops from the air.

Iceland Notes

The QM has opened the first G.I. ice-cream plant in Iceland. The plant is partly run by four lucky EM with ice-cream and dairy-manufacturing experience in civilian life.

Noncoms from line outfits recently replaced MPs in handling traffic on the dance floor during parties at the Red Cross Recreation Center in Reykjavik. MPs take over as usual in the foyer and outside.

Crash Truck

At opposite poles to the jeep is the Army's latest non-combat vehicle—a giant Diesel-powered truck weighing 52 tons. The monster provides breakdown service for trains. Manned by seven soldiers it speeds to the railside after a blitz and hoists the engine back on its tracks. The 52-tonner is already in use in North Africa. It has 10 wheels and can traverse the roughest terrain.

Service Flags

Service men's families have hung flags in their windows since the beginning of the war, but the custom has just been officially approved by Congress. A blue star represents an individual from an immediate family or member of an organization, such as a school, church or business concern. A gold star, superimposed on a larger blue star, an individual killed. Instead of separate stars, numerals beneath a star may be used to indicate the number of persons represented. Manufacturers must have a license to sell the flags.

New German Gas

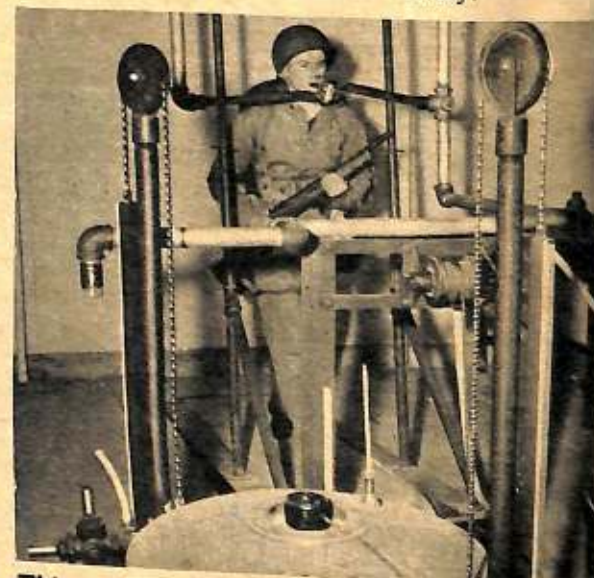
The Nazis have a new kind of blistering gas called nitrogen mustard. It's more effective than plain mustard because it's odorless and difficult to detect. Chemical warfare officers say its presence can be detected by color changes produced on certain paints, crayons and powders with which the Army is equipped. Thus a soldier could put a smear of detector paint on his steel helmet or on the muzzle of his rifle—and if he noted a color change he would put on his gas mask. With eyes and lungs protected, Cellophane clothing will prevent skin blisters. American chemists have learned the formula and will blow it back in the Fuehrer's face when it's used by the Axis powers. Added Nazi note: German sailors wear the insignia Blockade Runners on their uniforms. Since this insignia was designed before the war started the Nazis evidently were expecting the worst—and got it.

New Name for SOS

The War Department has changed the name of the Army's Services of Supply. From now on, SOS will be known as the Army Service Forces. There are two reasons for the change of title. First, it fits in better with the names of the other two branches, Army Ground Forces and Army Air Forces. And secondly, the WD liked the new monicker because it takes the emphasis off supply, only one part of the organization's many activities—which also include such things as finance, MPs, postal service, transport, chaplains, Special Service and the WAACs.

G.I. Shop Talk

For G.I.s who would like to become officers in the aristocratic sense, there are openings at West Point this year. Candidates are selected by their COs, must be between 19 and 22, and have served in the Army at least one year. . . . To discourage the belly-robbers from burning synthetic chow, the QM has published a cook book called "A Dehydrated Foods Cooking Manual". . . . They've also experimented with a chocolate bar, to be eaten as a last resort. It will fit into a soldier's shirt pocket, remain solid at 120 degrees and not be too delectable. The latter specification has been made to prevent a soldier eating it too soon. . . . The WD warns new recruits their civilian ration books are "hot" if they weren't surrendered at the induction center. Failure to comply is punishable by civil and military law. This doesn't apply to the basic A gas ration book which may be retained providing an authorized person is using the soldier's car while he's away.



This poor Marine Joe is Pvt. Richard Kilcoyne, an Irishman yet, and look what they've got him doing—hopping along a treadmill to see what his reactions are at a "forced march" speed of 5 m.p.h. If they're interested in our reactions, we can tell them plenty.

## A WEEK OF WAR

Those who have built sand castles and watched the waves wreck them know how Hitler feels this spring

ONCE upon a time, when Cœur de Lion was looking up at the walls of Acre and dodging the Greek fire, a fortress meant something that the average man could understand. It was a walled strong point, sufficient in itself, capable of bearing up under long and arduous siege. It could be taken only by dangerous assault or by an endless battering by engines or, and most probably, by a reasonable combination of the two. Whichever way it was finally brought low, however, it was done so at great loss to the attackers, a loss they frequently rectified by a wholesale slaughter of the besieged, once they had attained the town.

Until this century, too, a battle was a reasonable business. Two armies met on a plain. One, of course, maneuvered to obtain the advantage of a slight rise in the ground or to have the sun at its back. Both forces paraded their entire strength, in the hope of frightening the enemy by a mere show of numbers. When combat was joined it was joined all along the line; men fought toe to toe, eye to eye, until one or the other side, appalled by its losses, left the field in some haste. The men who still held the field were considered the victors. In former, more innocent days, battles were fought in this manner and called Crecy or Cannae or Fontenoy. Usually they were named for the town or city that was nearest to the area of action.

We are living, at long last, in a highly complicated age, an age devoted to the huge (not to say sometimes grotesque) in architecture, fiction, ocean-going steamships, night clubs and, not least of all, war. No longer is the name of a town sufficient to describe the place of a battle. Countries must now suffice. We have had the Battle of France, the Battle of Britain, the Battle of Russia, and several other battles whose names would seem to have been conceived by a set of tipsy geographers. These vast reaches, masked by the names of engagements, are not too far-fetched for all that, however. War now moves so swiftly, in so many vehicles, over so much terrain, that it has become impossible to localize any battle. One scuffle of reconnaissance patrols can cover a hundred miles.

To no one on God's earth have these leviathan



Coming out of a smoke screen, Ghurkas with the 8th Army yell up a hill.

terms been more welcome than to Adolf Hitler. As a man who is prone to call a spade a steamshovel and a minnow a whale, Hitler has always managed to magnify everything on which he has laid his hands. Lately he has come up with a fairly new idea. He has taken Europe, the Europe that the *Wehrmacht* has conquered, and called it the *Festung Europa*—the Fortress of Europe. The idea, of course, is not novel. In 1939 France, squatting on her heels behind her Maginot Line, considered herself a fortress—the Fortress of France, safe, undefeatable, eternal. Eternity, unfortunately, came to an end in the spring of 1940: military men have always said that no fortress was ever built that couldn't be taken. Sometimes they have been forced to prove their point. Always they have done so.

Not so long ago Adolf Hitler, looking toward Russia and the debacle his forces had met there, knew that the war he had begun would not be a quick war after all. On the contrary, it could very well run for a good many years, perhaps for even more years than a merciless Valhalla had allotted to the perky soul of Adolf Hitler. What must be done, then, was retrenchment: the war, that was to make the Third Reich supreme for the next 1,000 years, including Sundays, would have to become a war of attrition. *Amen*, said Adolf Hitler, and a war of attrition it became. It is, on Germany's part, a war of attrition now.

FOR his *Festung Europa* Hitler accepted the plans of one General Jodl. The Fortress, as Jodl saw it, should encompass all the territory that Germany had taken to date, and around this entire area should run a ring of steel, a series of hedgehog defences in depth. Each section of the Fortress would have its own place in the course of things. Munitions would be moved east, farther from British airfields. Poland would become one gargantuan munitions works. France would become a nation of farmers and laborers. Some hundreds of miles of Russia would be completely devastated, forming a buffer state of desolation between the Master Race of Europe and the Soviet State. On the sea warfare would consist of submarine attacks only. Under Admiral Doenitz submarines would

hunt in packs of 12 or more instead of singly or in small groups. The strength of the *Luftwaffe* would be carefully husbanded against the inevitable invasion from the West: German planes would, under no circumstances, be goaded into measures that were purely retaliatory. Germany, Jodl said, should hang on, bide her time, wait, let Britain and America hurtle their strength against the European walls and fall back again. In that way, and that way only, according to Jodl, the war would be won. And Hitler agreed.

Now, in this year of grace 1943, the *Festung Europa* is in process of completion. Not yet, however, is the job done, and the chances are that it will never be. Already, before it is even finished, the structure shows signs of collapse. On the west, of course, all the work is done; the coast of France and Holland and Belgium are alive with soldiers and heavy with their weapons. But the Jodl plan said that the Fortress must hold the Tunisian bridgehead, and today that bridgehead is crumbling under the blows of three armies. The last antiquated French line—the Mareth—has been broken, and the British and Americans are pressing in on a running Rommel in the south of Tunisia and a despairing von Arnim in the north.

WHEN Tunisia falls to the Allies, exposed to their bayonets will be the entire northern reaches of the Mediterranean Sea. Here, and here only, are the walls of the Fortress low, the defenders few.

There is a whole series of stepping stones from Tunisia to Italy; Sardinia is one, Sicily is another. With Tunisia lost to Hitler, the Axis will be threatened from three sides. Hitler knows what is coming, but as yet he does not know where. The Allied attack may stem from Britain, or it may stem from North Africa, and it may strike in any one of fifty places or, more probably, in several places at once. And the Russians had said that could the Allies divert 70 Nazi divisions from the broken Soviet earth the Russians would thank you very much, win the war all by themselves. On the Russian front the Nazis have had 240 divisions; in Tunisia they only have eight.

Adolf Hitler, a great reader of history, knows, as formerly did many a lord of a castle, that when the besiegers make an attack on one section of the wall, it may merely be a screen for a more massive attack on another wall section. When, as it will surely come this summer, the second front begins, Hitler will be caught between two very hot fires. Three things can happen: the second front can succeed; the second front can fail and the Russians succeed, or both can fail. Disregarding the last possibility, it is easy to see that the Third Reich is not too happy a place these pleasant Spring days. On the east is Russia, still cocky, still licking her chops. On the west are Britain and America, flexing their muscles, shuffling in their corner. And between the two, like Abdullah in the story, lies the *Festung Europa*. With Tunisia in our hands, the stage will be finally and completely set. There will be war in the east and war in the west this summer. And down will come walls, *Wehrmacht*, Hitler and all.

The Russians, too, get an occasional camp show. Here, somewhere on the southern front, a singer named Alexandrovskaya gives out with the *Caucasus jive*.





**FIGHTING SCOT.** A Highlander and his Sten gun. This tough and cheerful soldier serves with a famous unit in the British Eighth Army.



**MOVING UP.** One of a column of U. S.-built tanks snapped and drove toward Tunisia. The English said: "They're the best we've had."

# FIGHTERS



**DESERT SALVAGE.** An RAF truck (left), hauling plane wings back to repair shops in the rear, passes by the charred and twisted wreck of an Italian fighter plane. From Egypt to Tunisia the desert shows these signs of Axis defeat. (Pictures on this page are by Sgt. George Aarons.)



**NAZI OUTPOST.** Now in British hands, this outpost near Fourn Tatanouine overlooks several roads. A sergeant studies the terrain.

# in AFRICA



**CAPTIVE GUN.** Pvt. Jeremiah A. Heffernan (right) explains German light machine gun to Pfc. William DeFroschia. Heffernan captured it.



**SAFETY FIRST.** Before taking off for chow these doughboys look out from their Tunisian airfield "barracks" for possible enemy planes.

# News From Home

Last week the army dumped some canned goods on Americans and Americans dumped themselves into bed after a hard day's work in the factories.

**T**HE nation went General Issue this week, at least partly so. As rationing of meat and canned goods went into effect officially, the Office of Price Administration announced that the Army was releasing large quantities of meat and 24,000,000 cans of other food for civilians. The result was that in New York, where there has been little meat, the best cuts of beef went begging for customers. The average American civilian was concerned with other matters than the food problem. He has, all in all, a great deal to occupy him.

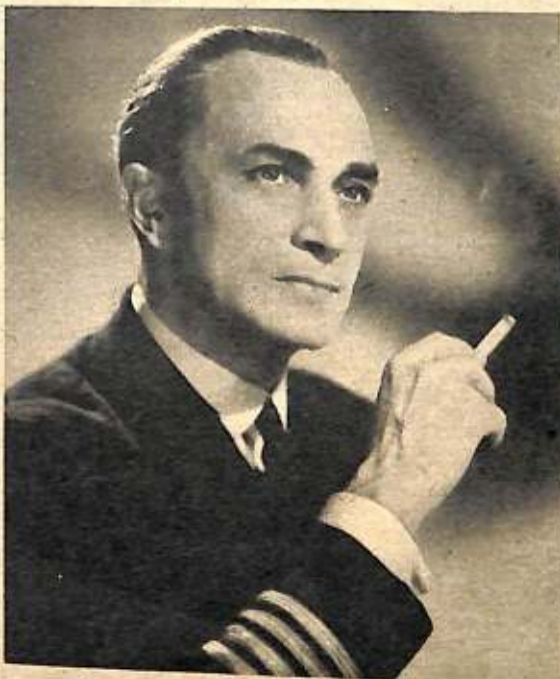
The House of Representatives juggled, then temporarily shelved, the nation's most controversial tax problem—the Ruml Pay-As-You-Go tax bill proposed by Rep. Frank Carlson, Republican from Kansas. Democrats won a shallow victory in the shelving. It happened like this. By a teller count of 199 to 188, in the House, the Pay-Go plan, which would cancel taxes payable on 1942 incomes was accepted. A few minutes later a roll-call vote was taken and Congress reversed its action by a vote of 215 to 198.

Rep. Robert L. Doughton (D., N.C.), chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, said he expects no action on the Pay-Go plan for a while, but Democratic floor leader Rep. John W. McCormack, of Massachusetts, said he expects a compromise bill. Republicans are projecting a new vote on the plan.

The President announced he expected talks between the United States and Russia to begin. The *New York Times* suggested that the President may personally meet with Stalin. "If Stalin cannot leave Russia, Mr. Roosevelt has expressed his willingness not only to meet him two-thirds of the way, but also on Soviet territory," the *Times* reported.

The talks between United States and Russia would be along the same line as those held between Britain's Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, and heads of our government. The meeting would probably include discussion on the treatment to be accorded defeated Germany, the matter of safeguarding the world against aggression after the war, and post-war frontiers in Eastern Europe.

Russia has already informed Secretary of State Cordell Hull that it accepts his invitation to attend the United Nations food conference to be held in the United States sometime this spring. Great Britain, Australia, China and several of the South American countries have also promised to send representatives. It was announced that reporters and photographers will be barred from the meeting. Columnist Raymond Clapper immediately called this a danger to freedom of the Press. There is speculation on the possibility of Secretary of Agriculture, Claude R. Wickard, becoming the coordinator of Allied food problems, first phase of which would be a food production program for North Africa.



Conrad Veldt died on a golf course.



Engaged to a captain was Dorothy Lamour (trans. the love) shown with former friend.

The Army's release of canned goods foreshadowed a new reduction of point prices on most canned foods, probably lower ration points for fruit juices, removal of dried and dehydrated fruits from rationing and higher ration points for some vegetables, such as Lima beans.

Food racketeers were beginning to get tough with officials of local ration boards who refuse to play ball with them, OPA chief Prentiss M. Brown announced. Two officials narrowly escaped death when gangsters fired at them from an ambush. Threats have been made against other officials.

Senator Robert Taft (R., Ohio) said in a speech in Cincinnati that the American people are in favor of a League of Nations. He approved the idea, but said that the bill introduced by the four Senators (YANK, March 28) is "wrong in principle." General disarmament and a world police force are beyond "the political lifetime of any Senator now asked to pass upon the question," Taft stated. He said a League of Nations "in which nations agree to go to war against an aggressor" would be a more likely plan for preserving the peace. In the House, Rep. Michael A. Feighan (D., Ohio) said he plans to introduce a resolution providing for a referendum of the voters on the peace terms after the war is over. Meanwhile, Sen. Carl A. Hatch (D., N.M.) and Sen. Joseph H. Ball (R., Minn.), two of the four Senators who introduced the resolution for a League of Nations and an international police force, explained their reasons to the people over a coast-to-coast radio network.

Pfc. John Kaseno, of Mellen, Wisc., now stationed at Camp Pickett, Va., received a draft board notice. On investigating, Kaseno found he had been serving another man's time in the Army—16 months of it. The FBI arrested Louis Brander of New York City for disregarding a draft call. Brander explained that

he was getting treatment for his thinning hair and figured the Army does not provide that type of treatment.

The War Department released a few facts about a new anti-tank gun called the "Bazooka." It is capable of firing a projectile that penetrates armor, demolishes brick walls and shatters bridge girders. The gun is of such simple design that it can be handled by one soldier and can put any tank out of commission. The "Bazooka" was said to be doing miracles in the North African campaign. The gun is being manufactured on a mass production basis, the WD said.

In St. Louis, Mo., manufacturers of baby carriages are producing wooden "victory carriages." Most of the baby carriage factories are now producing munitions and expectant mothers are having a hell of a time finding a store that can supply a perambulator.

John L. Lewis uncompromisingly demanded that, if necessary, the government should subsidize mine companies in order to meet the demand of the United Mine Workers for a two-dollar-a-day wage boost for the nation's 450,000 soft coal miners. The mine owners rejected Lewis's demand on the ground that the wage increase would hike the price of coal up to \$350 a ton.

President Roosevelt set the stage for a showdown with Lewis by vetoing the Bankhead Bill, which calls for a boost in farm parity prices by allowing farmers to include labor costs. The President called the bill a step toward uncontrolled inflation. The War Labor Board said the same thing in refusing a pay hike for Lewis's miners.

Postmaster-General Frank C. Walker, returning from a trip through 20 midwest states, talked cautious politics in Washington. He refused to discuss a fourth term for Roosevelt, but admitted his predecessor, Jim Farley, is much discussed as a

presidential candidate in 1944. Walker asked Republicans to join with the Democrats in making next year's elections short and sweet.

The women cast 53% of the votes in last November's Congressional election, the first time in American history that the women's vote outnumbered that of the men. The Gallup Poll announced that the female vote may be the decisive force in next year's presidential election. In a survey made recently by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver, it turned out that three Americans in four are willing to keep part of the Army overseas for several years after the war. The survey also claimed that the majority of Americans favor the maintenance of a strong Army and Navy when peace comes.

Chicago's subway finally opened with 450 city officials riding in an eight-car elevated train through the \$57,000,000 job. Five miles of the line is still uncompleted.

W. C. Fields, red-nosed Hollywood comedian, was summoned into court to answer a \$20,000 suit charging he pilfered a snake joke. Fields appeared in court with a large jug which he claimed contained a snake bite remedy if he lost the case. Ross Allen, who keeps the government supplied with anti-snake serum, said he will need 35,000 poisonous snakes this year to meet government contracts. The snake serum is used to control bleeding and for snake bite treatment.

The Combined Shipping Adjustment Board announced that America's Merchant Marine may exceed Britain's by the end of 1943. Last year's shipping output of 8,000,000 tons will be doubled this year with plans for 18,000,000 tons. Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce and chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, announced that the government subsidized or built 1,479 war plants, costing approximately \$7,000,000,000. Among the plants constructed are 51 for the manufacture of airplanes, 344 for airplane equipment, 161 for the manufacture and fabrication of aluminum and 50 for the manufacture of synthetic rubber.

Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, said that Liberator bombers now cost 27% less than in 1942. Cost of tank production also fell down 27%, Tommy guns by two-thirds and machine guns by about half. The New Britain (Conn.) Machine Company found that the awarding of a swastika plaque to the department with the most absentee workers brings results. No award was made last week because 1,000 man-hours have been saved in seven days.

The White House cancelled the traditional Easter egg rolling on the lawn because food restrictions made the customary Easter eggs unavailable. It also looks like it will be a thin Easter all around, as chocolate bunnies and fancy sweets are out for the duration. Most candy stores are now open only five and six hours a day. Candy shelves in most cigar stores are empty or close to it, and candy bars are one to a customer in Army PXs.

Rep. Melvin Maas (R., Minn.) proposed a "Master War Plan" to the House Naval Committee. It provides that the entire war program—production, man-power and military strategy—shall be cleared through joint Chiefs of Staff. He said that under his plan "production would still be handled by civilians, and the economy of the nation would not be turned over to the military; but the final decision upon the balanced program, as it affects the conduct and operations of the war, would rest with the joint Chiefs of Staff."

James A. Farrell, who saw the U. S. Steel Corporation spread from a few scattered mills into the largest single industrial firm in the world, died at the age of 80 after a long illness. He was once president of the huge steel corporation and was credited with building the firm's great merchant fleet. In Boston,



Senator Robert Taft said he was generally in favor of a certain post-war idea.

a cafeteria dishwasher known only as "George" died at the age of 53. It was learned he was the Rev. George Zarman, graduate of three different universities.

Philip Murray, CIO President, demanded a Congressional investigation of overseas shipping. Lives of American and Allied soldiers are being endangered, he claimed, because of inefficient supplies and delays. "Waste, confusion and lack of planning are holding down efficient use of our available shipping resources to an alarming degree," Murray said. Congress was also asked by the Navy Department to crack down on manufacturers' representatives in Washington who "have offices in their hats." Sales agents are receiving outrageous profits, the Navy said.

The ladies were still taking over men's jobs. In Wichita, Kans., Ray Dumont, president of the National Semi-Pro Baseball Congress, gave the job of umpire to Lorraine Heinisch, who immediately announced that she won't stand for any back-talk from disgruntled players.

Senator Harry S. Truman (D., Mo.) said that he would object to the appointment of Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, of New York, as a brigadier-general, and so did Senator Robert R. Reynolds (D., N.C.), chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Reynolds said he could not understand why generals have to be selected from political life. The President's request for a commission for LaGuardia was filed more than 10 days ago. No action has yet been taken by the War Department.

Radio fans were told it costs more than \$22,000 a week to produce Jack Benny's program. Other program costs: Bob Hope, \$12,000; Information Please, \$10,000; Charlie McCarthy, between \$11,000 and \$12,000; Abbott and Costello, \$10,000, and the March of Time, \$3,200.

The British General Montgomery was the hero of America's millions last week. Newspapers throughout the country ran prominent pictures and stories about him. His victory at the Mareth Line thrilled the nation as much as General MacArthur's escape to Australia. Movie fans applauded loud and long at newsreels showing "Monty" leading the men of the Eighth Army into action. When Wall Street's share prices rocketed to the highest point in three years, the people behind the tape tickers called it "Monty's Day."

After the three male civilian reporters assigned to the Army Recruiting Station volunteered for duty, the Buffalo (N.Y.) *Courier-Express* detailed a woman Jeanne R. Brozman, 24, to cover the station. Now the paper is looking for another reporter. Miss Brozman joined the WAACS.



W. C. Fields knows what to take for snake bite.



Near Dearborn, Michigan, 12 new amphibious jeeps sail blithely along. "Hey, skipper, how's for bumming a lift back to Georgia?"

# SPORTS

## BARNEY ROSS RETURNS FROM GUADALCANAL STILL ON HIS FEET. THAT'S THE WAY HE LEFT THE RING, TOO

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

**C**PL. BARNEY ROSS came home from the wars the other day. He hobbled down the gangplank of a hospital ship at San Diego leaning heavily on a cane. It was a native-made affair studded with sure enough Japanese buck teeth. The cane was a grim reminder of the harrowing night at Guadalcanal when he flattened 22 Japs. As everybody knows it was one of the few times that Barney was evenly matched.

As he walked down the gangplank, Ross smiled and waved his hand, but his eyes were searching for the ground. When he reached the end of the gangplank he stopped in his tracks, kneeled as if to pray, and kissed the ground. It was good to be home.

"This I vowed to do if ever I saw American soil again—sometimes out there we're not so sure we shall."

Bracing himself with his cane, Barney watched as his buddies were carried from the big hospital ship. They, too, were a grim reminder of the night he stood guard over his wounded comrades in the bloody jungles of the 'Canal.

"The night I spent in that shell hole with five wounded marines and two soldiers was by all odds the toughest round I've ever slugged through," Ross said. "I thought the bell would never sound."

In his time, Barney has slugged through a lot of rounds and slugged a lot of fighters. He won three different boxing titles. But that round he won on the 'Canal is something you just can't measure in titles or service medals. It's different when you are slugging for your life.

Barney continued his story:

"We'd been expecting Army units momentarily when we were cut off by the Japs. We dived for a pair of shell holes about 10 feet apart. I was the only one unhurt."

"It was about 4 P. M., and in the shell hole with me was an Indian named Pvt. Monak. My best buddy, Pvt. R. C. Atkins of Rome, Ga., was in the other hole with two other marines. That night two soldiers wriggled into my shell hole."

The Japs poured mortar and machine-gun fire into the two shell holes until 7 the next morning. Three of the wounded marines were hit again during the terrible night. It was left to Ross to hold the Japs at bay. He crawled around gathering grenades and ammunition. The others were too badly injured to even help load the rifles.

"In all, I threw 21 hand grenades, fired 100 rounds of M1 rifle ammunition and at least

80 rounds from my Springfield," Ross said. "They never did get a telling punch in on our little group."

"Sometime during the night I got a leg and arm full of shrapnel," Barney related. "But, by golly, I can't tell you when it was—I was just too busy to notice. I had malaria at the time, too."

"The next morning Freeman Atkins suggested that we crawl from our shell hole," Ross continued. "I lifted him up on my shoulder when, looking up, I beheld what looked like angels from heaven coming toward us. It was Capt. LeBlanc, Lt. Murdock and enough of the others to make us realize the round was over."

The round was over all right and Barney had won. The captain counted 22 dead Japs and 30 bullet creases in Barney's helmet.

Barney has been recommended for the Navy Cross or the Army Distinguished Service Cross. He has already been named as boxing's "man of the year." We would like to think of him as just a damn good marine.



Barney walks the gangplank home.



Ross never kissed the canvas as a fighter. This was different. It was good to be home.

Dotty Lamour has put aside her tan grease paint, hung her sarong in the corner, and has gone off to marry Captain William Ross Howard of the United States Army Air Forces—in two weeks, says her studio.

Sir Alexander Korda, the British film producer, is planning to bring Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Lionel Barrymore, Hedy Lamarr, Mickey Rooney and other M-G-M stars to England. He said he wants to make as many films in England as humanly possible. He also said that he was sure that this war would bring out new ideas, new stars, new talents and he has a hope his pictures will show the world a new England in the making.



Rosalind Russell.

The Hays office has finally let down its hair and decided to release *The Outlaw*. They have been battling about its release for months and Howard Hughes stubbornly refused to cut the scene Will and his boys objected to, i.e., the hay stack classic. But now the boys have reached an amicable agreement and soon the girl with all the "classic features" will be seen romping in the hay. Jane Russell, the gal with the beauti-



ful eyes, is soon going to be giving the Joes a treat that is a treat.

After a separation that lasted exactly one month, Lana Turner announced in Hollywood yesterday that she was remarrying Stephen Crane in Mexico. Although she is expecting a little Crane she had previously said that she and Crane would never "make a go of it." Now she says, "I love Stephen very much and of course I want our baby to have a normal life with its father."

Kay Williams, former model, now a M-G-M glamor girl, fought the charges of her millionaire Argentine husband, Martin De Alzaga, "that she was a wife in name only." She said, "I did my best to make a go of things." Philip Dorn and Donna Reed are co-starring in M-G-M's newest drama, *Malta*. After laying sixty-five gees on the lap of W. Somerset Maugham for *The Hour Before Dawn*, his story of wartime England, back in August, 1941, Paramount has finally decided that they will film the story in a very short time.

The gangly but definitely got-something Katharine Hepburn is scheduled to play the part of Cornelia Otis Skinner in the humorous *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*.

RKO has thrown Rosalind Russell and Fred McMurray together again in *Flight For Freedom*, one of the many Air Corps flicks to come.

Know anyone seven feet tall? If you do, tell him M-G-M wants him to play Ursus the Eunuch in the new film, *Quo Vadis*. . . . The Office of War Information has asked the draft deferment of eight movie stars, claiming they are essential as civilians. They are Kay Kyser, Bob Hope, Edgar Bergen, Nelson Eddy, Lanny Ross, Red Skelton, Freeman Gosden (Amos 'n' Andy) and Harold Pary (the Great Gildersleeve). . . . Lt. (jg) Robert Montgomery has been upped to a lieutenant-commander. . . . Myrna Loy has quit the screen; says she'd been getting distasteful roles. . . . M-G-M will produce *The Hangman*, based on the assassination of Reinhard Heydrich and the rape of the Czech town of Lidice. John Carradine will have the title part.



Spencer Tracy.

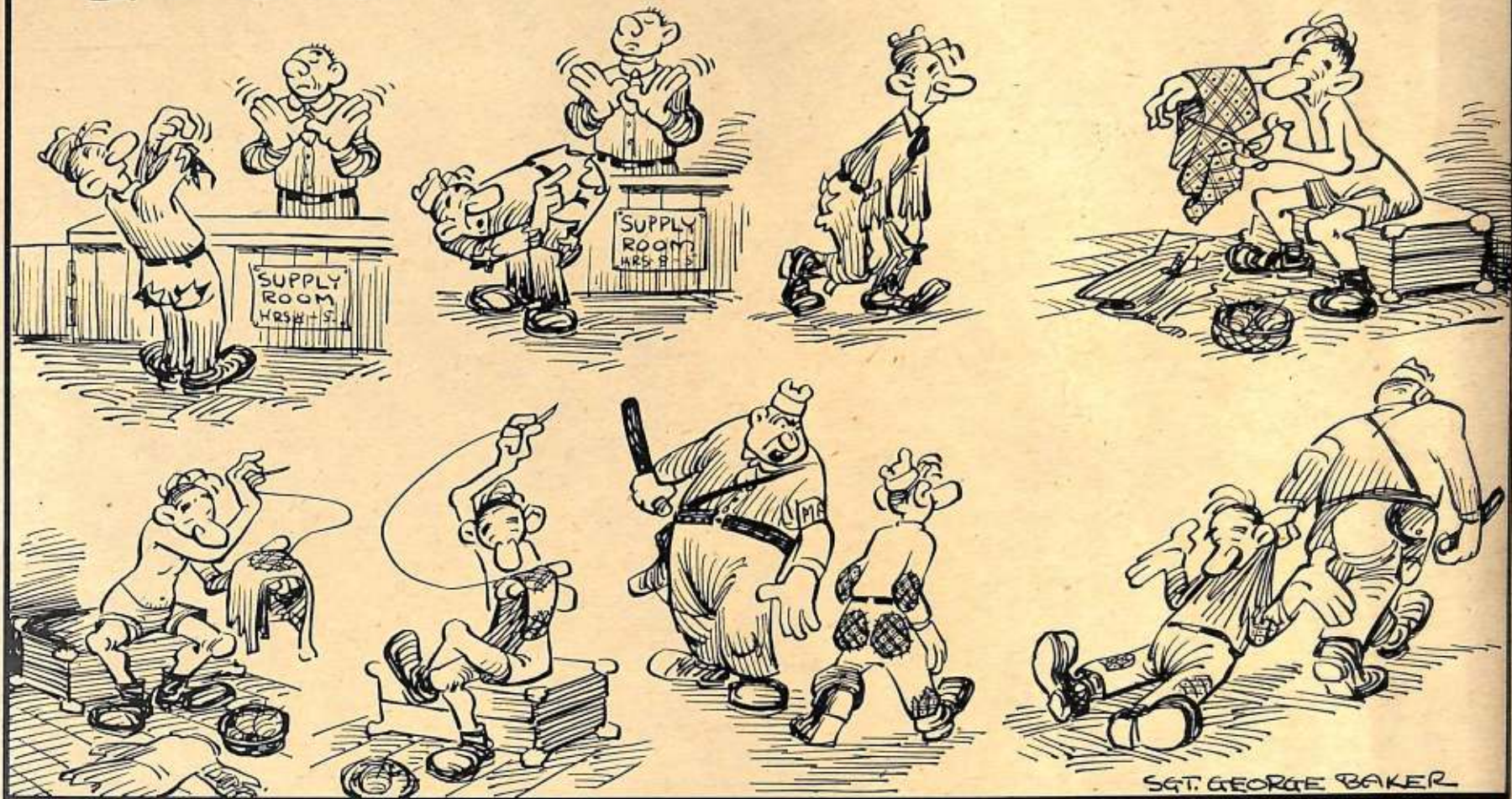




**Dolores Moran**

You don't need strong eyes to see why the lady on this page is a hit in Warner Bros. "Old Acquaintance."

# THE SAD SACK



# "SALVAGE"

"I got to take a little walk," Artie Greengroin said. "Come and take this little walk with me. I got a yen for company."  
 "Where are you going?" we wanted to know.  
 "The guardhouse," Artie said. "I'm going to give myself up."  
 "What for this time?" we asked.  
 "For what I done to the foist sergeant," Artie said. "That ole bassar finely got what was coming to him."  
 "How come there aren't any MPs with you?" we asked.  
 "They don't know yet that I done what I done," Artie said. "If they'd knowed they'd of sent sixty-seven MPs along with me. Why they ain't enough guys in the whole Gestapo to see me to the clink if they knowed what I done."  
 "It must have been awful," we said.  
 Artie grinned. "Awful," he agreed. "Thass what happens when somebody tries to take a darbo of a doll away from ole Artie. Thass what always happens. Greengroin the Avenger, thass me. Greenhornet, thass me."  
 He rubbed his hands. A Pfc. came out of one of the huts. "Hello Artie," he said. "Where are you going, Artie?"  
 "The Bastille," Artie said. "The glasshouse."  
 The Pfc. nodded glumly. "Uh huh," he said. "What for this time?"  
 Artie gave a beautiful poised shrug.  
 "Well," the Pfc. said, "give me regards to Hymie. Tell him to bust a rock for me. Bust one yerself while yer at it."  
 "O.K.," Artie said. The Pfc. passed on.  
 "Well," we said, "it looks like you'll lose your stripe again."  
 "Yeah," Artie said sadly. "Thass the oney thing that cuts me. If it weren't for being busted in grade, I wouldn't mind these periodic confinements at all. Not at all. It's the humiliation of being a private that breaks me ole heart."  
 "Listen, Artie," we said, "what did you do?"  
 "It wasn't human," Artie said.  
 "We're waiting," we said.  
 "Tell me something, ole boy," Artie said. "Have you ever had a guy muscle in on a doll you was running around with?"  
 "Yes," we said.



# Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



## ARTIE THE MARTYR

"And did you know how to stop him?"  
 "No."  
 "Well, I did," Artie said. "Thass all I got to say, I did. Don't press me for any more infirmation, ole boy."  
 We walked on. The guardhouse was looming uncomfortably close, but Artie seemed quite unconcerned. We asked him why he was so phlegmatic.  
 "I'll tell you," Artie said. "I'm a happy man, thass why. A happy man. I am secured in the laurels of a job well done. They gimme the tools and I finished the foist sergeant. Here I am, walking to me execution, like, and I ain't got a care in the world, I was always like that. I even used to whistle when I was driving me hoise back in the olden days. I used to get in the soup about it. The boss would come up to me after I'd been hauling stiffs all day and say, 'Hey, Ardie, I got a complaint.' 'Wass the complaint?' I would say. 'Oh,' the boss would say, 'these people been complaining you whistle while you're driving the hoise. They don't think it's dignified,' the boss would say. 'Cut out the whistling, Ardie. These is solemn occasions.' Yeah, I was awways carefree. They ain't a guardhouse in this Army I can't take in me stride."  
 We said we were glad to hear it.  
 "Greengroin, ya rummy, ya owe me four quid," a voice said.  
 We turned around. There was the little man we had seen, first as a K.P., then working under Artie's truck.  
 "Gwan," Artie said. "Gwan, or I'll pull me rank on you."  
 "Aw, poop on it," the little man said. "Yer ears is red. Where're ya going?"  
 "The guardhouse," Artie said.

"So they got ya again," sneered the little man. "You thoid-raters never can keep out of stir. Where's me four quid?"  
 "I loss it in a game of craps," Artie said.  
 "Ah, ya rummy," the little man said, "yer awways going to the guardhouse. You go to the guardhouse so's you won't have to pay me me four quid. Poop on it."  
 "Ain't you got no sympathy?" Artie asked.  
 "Sympathy?" shrieked the little man. "He wants to know have I got sympathy? Why, I hope they pours berling erl down yer t'roat. I hope they sell yer lousy hide for four quid and give it to me. I hope yer rots."  
 The little man wandered away, picking his nose.  
 "A nice little guy," Artie said when he had gone. "I like him. He's me broker. A clean living kid."  
 We were almost at the guardhouse. "Tell us what you did," we begged Artie.  
 "Sorry, ole cock," he said. "It's a matter of giving military infirmation away. It'll all come out in the court-martial, and maybe I can get you a pass. It should be an inneresting occasion. Maybe they'll even drag around a few sob sisters to do a little bleeting for me. You can write it up in the paper. Well, here it is."  
 The exterior of the guardhouse looked very cold and uninviting. We shivered slightly as we stood in front of it. "Yeah," Artie said, "If the foist sergeant had of let my doll alone nothing like this would of happened. Thass the trouble, if something wouldn't happen, then something else wouldn't happen." And with this bit of philosophical meandering, Artie started up the guardhouse steps.  
 "Incidentally," we said, "where's the first sergeant now?"  
 Artie stopped, turned in his tracks, and favoured us with a big smile. "Oh," he said, "he's here in the guardhouse. He's been here since 7 o'clock this morning. You see how it is, ole boy."  
 There he was gone.  
 We didn't quite see what it was. And we certainly would like to know what he did to that first sergeant.



39th Troop Carrier Squadron



306th Bombardment Squadron



27th Troop Carrier Squadron



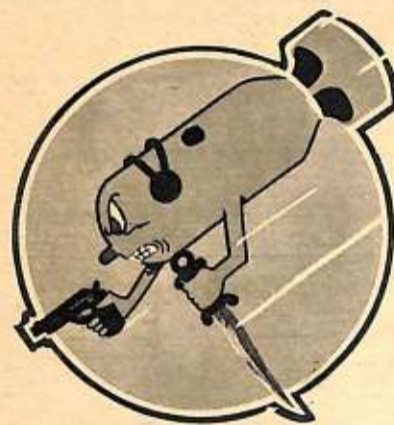
127th Observation Squadron



472d Bombardment Squadron



13th Fighter Squadron



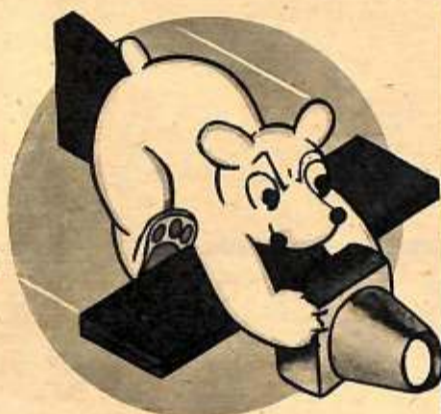
46th Bombardment Squadron



319th Fighter Squadron



4th Tow Target Squadron



16th Photographic Squadron

## Air Force Insignia

THE insignia on this page are selections from more than 250 which were drawn at the request of the squadrons by the Insignia and Design Section, Special Service Division, Army Air Forces, from rough sketches made in the field. Other squadrons which want insignias should send requests through their commanding officers to the Commanding General, Army Air Forces, Annex No. 1, Gravelly Point, Va., attention Personnel Director.



86th Fighter Squadron



20th Observation Squadron



413th Bombardment Squadron



404th Bombardment Squadron



55th Bombardment Squadron



46th Troop Carrier Squadron



305th Bombardment Squadron



76th Bombardment Squadron



**ENSMINGER-RUDDY**

Whenever the details come floating around, Ensminger-Ruddy can always be found—  
If not in the barracks, then down in the town,  
And the best part is this: you can't get 'em down.

That old Duty-Sergeant's a son-of-a-gun,  
He's a sadist at heart and his work's never done;  
Every time he has need for a good detail team,  
Why, Ensminger-Ruddy fits in with his scheme.

He gloats and he grins and he cackles outright,  
At three in the morn or eleven at night;  
He won't even whisper, he hollers instead,  
"Hey, Ensminger-Ruddy, get t'hell out of bed!"

So their snooze-sacks are emptied and out the two ploop,  
And they run to the mess-hall, the drill-grounds or shop,  
And they peel or they shovel like fools all the day,  
'Till they drop with fatigue and are carried away.

They were made for the Army and now they are in it;  
They won't win the war, but they'll help us to win it,

On guard—in the mess-hall—on land,  
air or sea,  
For the war is a mess and they're both on K.P.

Whenever the details come floating around,  
Ensminger-Ruddy can always be found,  
But to make doubly sure they can always be seen,  
They are moving their beds to the sergeants' latrine.  
—S/SGT. GENE E. BLUHM  
Somewhere in England

**TO THE SERGEANTS AND GENERALS**

Feel not your oats too much,  
Proud wheel horses of Mars;  
A zebra has more stripes than you,  
The sky has still more stars.  
—Cpl. CLYDE KENNETH HYDER  
Australia.

**EGGS**

Oh, I've never had much money,  
Though I've never had to beg,  
But I've never known a thing as scarce  
As one doggone fresh egg.

At home we had Rhode Island Reds  
And chickens with white legs,  
And we always had enough of  
Those precious things called eggs.

Yes, at home we had a-plenty  
And never had to pay,  
But on this confounded island  
The hens refuse to lay.

When I return from this darned place  
I'll eat my fill and then,  
Just to top the whole thing off,  
I think I'll eat the hen.  
—Pvt. MALCOLM WYMAN REYNOLDS  
New Hebrides.

**QUESTION**

Will WAACs and WAVES,  
In civil lives,  
Enlist again  
As humble WIVES?  
—Sgt. W. C. ALLISON  
Camp Walters, Tex.

**DIM OUT**

It was three a.m. in the early brights,  
And the joint was loaded with darks and lights,  
A G.I. square was lapping Saki,  
Hep to his jive, a Kat in Khaki.

A prima donna caught his eye,  
Fine as wine and three quarters high,  
"Whatever she wants!" And this creola  
Ordered her up a big rum cola.

He eased on over to this Queen's table  
To soft gum beat her a bedtime fable:  
"Baby, you're really the town's sensation,  
You rate A-1 in my classification."

This here now cat was a bogus creeper,  
Oiled to catch an unbooted sleeper,  
A Harlem hipster, sharp from the city,  
He thought he could trick this small-town kitty.

"Look here, chicken," the G.I. speiled,  
"You're with the man that runs this field,  
My raiser's got him a seat in the senate,  
The stripe on my arm means first lieutenant;

And Babe, I've got a top B.S. plan.  
I'm the smartest kat in this whole land,  
I make my money playing cards,  
Don't need no pass; I jive the guards."

As they sat there lushing and having a ball,  
Our boy didn't know he rode for a fall,  
He mugged her lightly; she said, "Please stop."  
And he dunked his drink with a knockout drop.

When our G.I. square began to think  
He was back on the post in an M.P. clink,  
And his country chick, in her village flat,  
Was splitting his gold with a country kat.  
—THE HAWK'S CRY  
Tuskegee Army Flying School.

**THE DIAL TWIRLERS LAMENT**

I wish the Army kindly would do me a simple favor  
And raid these guys who use a fancy 'lectric shaver.  
Why can't they be like most of us, as even you and I,  
Who rise each morn and scrape our chins with razor, plain G.I.?

If this keeps up I do confess that I shall rise some a.m.  
And go and search these culprits out and perhaps commit mayhem.  
For nothing seems to burn me more, with this I am emphatic,  
Than turning on my radio and getting all this static.  
So will the Army kindly grant this small and simple favor  
And confiscate this curse of mine—the fancy 'lectric shaver?  
—Sgt. FRED M. ROGERS  
Camp Rucker, Ala.

Dear YANK:

I picked up a raggedy old copy of the British Edition of YANK the other day off an airplane which stopped in at our field, and caught a story called "The Raid," by Sgt. Denton Scott. I read it through three times, so help me. We see plenty of action here in Africa, and know what it means. That Scott fellow has really got the feeling of fighting in his piece.

Cpl. VINCENT O'BRIEN

Africa.

Dear YANK:

I have been flying bomber command with the RAF two years now. I found a copy of YANK around our hut the other night, and enjoyed it very much. Specifically, I want to say that I have never seen a better piece of reporting than the story, "The Raid," by Sgt. Denton Scott. Every man who has been over on the other side can appreciate it with double enjoyment. Scott really recaptured the feeling on operational flying. Incidentally, that character (?) Greengroin is one of the funniest blokes that ever hit the pages of a newspaper.

F/O EDMUND MORRISON

Britain.

Dear YANK:

You will never know how pleased we were to read your editorial of a couple of weeks back about "The General." To us in the British Army it was really refreshing indeed to find that you Americans are really discovering that we are not all Colonel Blimps and that not all our officers wear their old school tie over their battle dress.

The characterization of the general was so well drawn that we could not help but believe the writer had one general specifically in mind, and a number of us were guessing who he might be. However, I suppose that's security information since you can't take the name of high staff officers in vain.

Lt. WILLIAM ARNOLD

Britain.

**MAIL CALL**



Dear YANK:

Where in the hell do you think you're getting off these days with that publicity gag for the B-24's? If I had to fly in one of those crates, I would quit flying. There has never been but one airplane made, and that airplane is the B-17, made by the Boeing Aircraft Company. Whoever wrote that story obviously doesn't know anything about airplanes or he never would have written the piece.

S/SGT. IRVING MANESKA

Britain.

Dear YANK:

We men on the Libs were damned pleased to see the B-24 get a break at long last: It was about time. The Liberator is a good, dependable airplane, and it's good enough for my money any day. I won't say that the Fortress isn't a good airplane. Both have their very decided advantage. But since the B-17, either through press agentry or popular fancy, had so completely captured the public imagination, we men who fly the 24's were very pleased to see this airplane get the credit which is due to it.

Sgt. MARTIN LEWIS

Britain.

Dear YANK:

And who says the British didn't know there was such a plane as the B-24? We've been flying them for several months now on coastal command work. At first, we weren't very pleased, because we had been flying the Hudsons, and they're a little faster and much more maneuverable, and you can shoot things up a little with them now and again. The Lib., it seemed at first, was like driving a truck. Then, we grew to like them tremendously. They're dependable airplanes, and that's the highest compliment you can pay to

any aircraft. Personally, I've never flown a B-17, although I'd like to very much, and I have no preference, naturally, on that score, but I do want to tell all you Americans that we are very pleased indeed with the performance of the Libs.

F/O EDWARD MORRISSEY, R.A.F.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Thank God you put the Fortress in its place. I am not a flyer myself, being in the Engineers, but I am so damned sick and tired reading about Fortresses that I almost was ready to quit reading. I know the B-17 must be a good plane, but I don't see why we have to over-glamorize it like some movie star. We indulge too often as a nation in these sudden flurries of enthusiasm over personalities, fête them to the skies and then leave them in a lurch. We seem to be doing the same thing now over an airplane.

Pfc. MURRAY M. EPSTEIN

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Arthur Greengroin is beginning to bore the hell out of me. I am not a T/Sgt., Tom Long, and my tastes are not particularly Catholic, but Arthur Greengroin still just bores the hell out of me. P.S.—Do I make myself clear?

Pvt. TOM McFADDEN

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I am a British girl in the ATS. I have been reading your paper, and I think it is wonderful. I like the frank way you handle things, and I think that the Sad Sack cartoon on "Sex Hygiene" is one of the funniest cartoons of this war. We

have hung it up in our hut. But what I want to say, is this Artie Greengroin a real person? He seems much too lovable to be true to us girls. What we want to know, if that is his picture on page 9 of the 4th April issue of your paper. If it is, I can say that I am much better looking than that "darb of a doll" he is with. Please do not use my name in print, but I am enclosing my address to Artie, and if he is ever up my way on a story or anything the girls up here would love to meet him. I think that first sergeant last week is about the lowest creature on earth. I am a sergeant myself and I would like nothing better than to tell him what I think of him.

Sgt. EVELYN —, ATS

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I once knew a guy named Arthur Greengroin and he owes me ten dollars. I have got a sneaking suspicion that he is now serving in the AUS under the nom de plume of Greengroin. And I have got a sneaking suspicion that I am going to run across him some day in a Red Cross club or some place, and I can assure you with hesitation that I am going to collect that ten dollars. When I do, it will make a good story for your paper, but you better send somebody along to write it up, because Arthur GreenHORN is not going to be in any condition to serve in the capacity of a reporter that day.

Sgt. EDWARD McCONNELL

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Your editorial page is rapidly becoming one of the best editorial pages I have ever read. Back home, I used to turn the editorial page of any paper I read because it was so dull. But the way you tell stories on your editorial page here is very good reading. I look forward to it every week with pleasure.

Cpl. MARTIN GOLDMANN

Ulster.

Editorial Page

# YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



## FOR THE MERCHANT NAVY

**W**E are not beginning any beguine about unsung heroes or giving anybody the routine about the romance of the sea, but it comes to our attention this week that a beat-up bunch of characters are getting a break they deserve.

They were fighting this war, many of them, while we still were in civilian clothes. While we were deciding whether to wear a blue tie or a red tie that day, they were deciding whether they needed their sheepskins that icy day in the North Atlantic or whether a lighter coat would be enough.

While many of us were deciding on a good warm beach to go swimming, *all* of them were speculating on the best ways to avoid a long swim in the oil-soaked waters around their sunken ships.

We went into the Army and got our uniforms. Now, a uniform is a wonderfully symbolic piece of haberdashery. It makes its wearer immediately recognizable as a fighting man, and evokes all sorts of heroic images in the minds of those who see it. You never know, really, whether that uniform has been through battle, or not.

They stayed in the merchant marine, these merchant mariners of ours, and all they had were their blue serge suits. There is nothing very hot about a blue serge suit. You can be Francis Drake in person out there at sea, but when you come into port in a blue serge suit, you are just another civilian.

You could have spent 19 days in an open boat, you could have saved dozens of fellow seamen from drowning, you could have been torpedoed a couple of times and bombed a couple more.

But as long as you had nothing but a blue serge suit to show for it, you were still just another civilian to the world, subject sometimes to jibes and questioning:

"And why aren't you in uniform?"

Sure, you got paid for it, and paid well, but then nobody in the Army is exactly starving to death either.

You got into port, and the soldiers went to the Red Cross Clubs and the Stage Door Canteens, and you went on the beach in your blue serge suits.

The soldiers had dates with beautiful dolls all arranged for them, and the best bands played at their dances, and coca-cola was served them in foreign lands, and they had clubs to sleep in and eat in, and guides to show them the sights.

They had the wonderful facilities of Special Service—books to read and papers to read and concerts and special shows.

You, on the other hand, had the privilege of buying your way into any movie you could pay the price of.

You got into a strange port somewhere in the British Isles off convoy duty. The soldiers, on their first furlough, went into some nearby city, and got treated like kings everywhere they went.

You, a mariner, paid some god-awful price for some god-awful room, and after the pubs closed down and the movies closed down, there you were in the blackout, you and your blue serge suit.

Sometimes, in the bars you would hear the soldiers indulging in long masochistic dialogues about convoy trips over, and how terrible it was, and that there were only two other convoy trips they wanted to take: To the second front, and then home. You smiled a little, tolerantly perhaps, and then there you were in the blackout with no place to go.

It was different in peace time. A seafaring man could have himself a hell of a time. But war is a little different, and you, too, are in your own way a soldier. More of a soldier, in fact, than many who wear the uniform. You know, by the law of averages, that you will be shot at more times than the *average* soldier, and that your chances of survival are not nearly as good. You know that the same grim type of warfare which has reduced your chances of survival also has reduced your fun in living.

And that was your lot until—

A very few weeks ago, through the facilities of lend-lease in reverse, and through the courtesy of the United Seamen's Service, you were given a place to go in port, a place to relax and have a drink, and lay your weary head.

It was a break long coming, and every soldier who came over in a convoy is glad for you.

In Cardiff, in Liverpool, and in Gourock they have taken over three huge buildings and fitted them out more or less on the order of the Red Cross Clubs.

The bills are met by lend-lease in reverse and by the Seamen's Service which was formed last September on the recommendation of the War Shipping Board, whose chairman, Admiral Emory S. Land, pointed out that the ratio of losses among merchant seamen was 400 per cent greater than for combined armed forces and that:

"... the outstanding need so far in this war is consideration for the basic human requirements of our merchant seamen. . . . They must be helped."

Every man overseas, alone in a strange country, every man who came over on a convoy knows what that means.

To the merchant marines, congratulations. The Army salutes you!

YANK is published weekly by the  
Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.  
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Pictures: 1, Sgt. George Aarons. 2, Keystone. 3, Sgt. Peter Paris. 4 and 5, Sgt. John Bushemi. 6, right, British Museum; left, Cpl. Steve Derry. 8, top, Acme; bottom, Cpl. John R. Evans. 9, Keystone. 10, AP. 11, top, BOP; bottom, Keystone. 12, Sgt. George Aarons. 13, top, BOP; bottom right and left, Sgt. Peter Paris. 14, top, Planet; bottom, Keystone. 15, top, AP; center, AP; bottom, Acme. 16, top, PA; center, PA; bottom left, Keystone; right, GPA. 17, Warner Bros. 21, top, BOP; center, Cpl. Steve Derry. 22 and 23, Cpl. Dick Hanley.



John Scarne, gambling expert, finds plenty of cheating in Army card games — especially by the dealers. In this article he exposes their favorite methods.

# It's in the CARDS

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c  
YANK Staff Writer

**T**HINK back on the card games you have played recently. Did you hold good cards? If you did, what about the other fellows? Were their cards better, especially when the pot was biggest? A lot of soldiers, sailors and marines must answer "yes" to that last one.

That there is crooked card playing in and around the camps and stations of the armed forces is no secret. But the amount of crookedness might surprise you.

It did surprise John Scarne, the sleight-of-hand and card expert who recently made a tour of Army camps. Scarne found plenty of guys wise in the ways of cards using all kind of tricks to separate GI suckers from their dough. Some of these sharpers were in uniform. Others hung around towns near the camps. Both used the same crooked tricks.

Here Scarne exposes some of the methods sharpers are using to win those piles of soldiers' pay.

## Stacking the Deck

Most gamblers cheat by stacking the cards. Stacking means that the gambler knows the location of some cards in the pack. Or he stacks his own hand by slipping the right cards into it at the right moment.

"The idea is wrong," says Scarne, "that when a deck is stacked every card is in a special place and the gambler knows exactly where it is. The gambler does not exist who can riffle a pack and retain every card in his memory. The truth is a smart gambler can clean up by knowing the location of only two or four cards. And you

would be amazed what the same guy can do by knowing the location of just one."

The Pick-Up method is the sharper's best friend in stacking cards. Imagine you are a gambler, playing poker. The next deal is yours. Five hands showed at the end of the game just ended. Looking them over with a wise eye you see in each hand one card you want to deal yourself in the next game. Let's say you see four jacks and a deuce, one in each of the five hands showing.

All you have to do is stack the deck so that you will deal these five cards to yourself. Hard? Hell, no—it's simple. As the next dealer you make it your business to pick up the cards on the table. When you do this you pick up separately each of the five hands that showed. Picking them up, you slip the card you want to the bottom of each hand. Then you put all five hands together and place them on top of the pack. When the pack is assembled, the cards you want are numbers 5, 10, 15, 20 and 25.

## The Shuffle

The cards now are stacked. If you are fifth man in the deal you will get them automatically. If you are a good sharper you will get them no matter how many are in the game. Here's how. Once his cards are stacked the sharper keeps them stacked in spite of the shuffle and the cut. Both of these time-honored devices are calculated to prevent stacking. But they don't stop the smart boys.

The Pull-Through is the trick used in shuffling. In the pictures at the left, the cards have been riffled—the right way, there is no doubt about that. But watch as the dealer prepares to assemble the cards from both his hands. Does he shove them together and then stop, as he should? No. With a quicker-than-the-eye motion he pulls the cards from one hand through the cards from the other and whips one bunch back on top of the other.

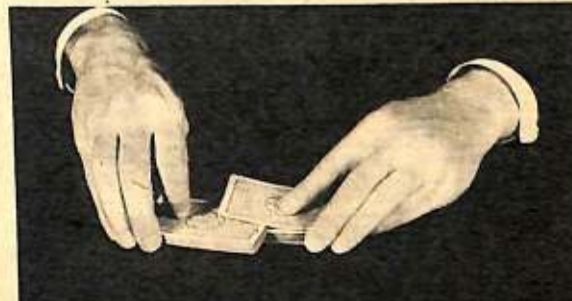
Although the cards have been shuffled, they really have not changed position at all. They have been reassembled exactly as they were; not



THE PICK-UP method for stacking the cards in five-handed poker: Use best card showing in each hand to scoop up others. Place cards picked up on top of pack. Result: Every fifth card in the new deal will be a good one.



THE PULL-THROUGH is used for a crooked shuffle to keep the cards stacked. Instead of pushing cards together after riffle, the dealer pulls those from one hand through those from other. They then are same as before.



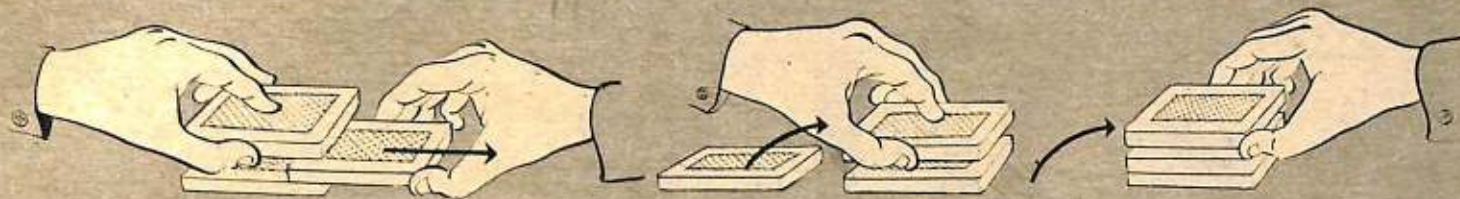
THE ONE-CARD CUT also keeps the stack. Hold top card, slip out all cards between it and middle of deck, and whip them back over it. Only top card actually changes position; the others remain as they were before the cut.



MECHANIC'S GRIP. Watch for the guy who holds his cards this way. This is called the Mechanic's Grip because all accomplished sharpers are "mechanics" to the profession. The pack is held this way for trick deals.

**THE SCARNE CUT**

It prevents all stacking, crimping and bottom dealing. Take about a third of the cards from the middle of the deck. Place them on the table. Cut the remaining cards in the regular way, putting the two piles on top of the cards you cut from the middle.



CARDS ARE SLIPPED FROM CENTER OF PACK.

THEN TOP CARDS GO OVER THEM.

CARDS FROM BOTTOM GO UP ON TOP.

a single card has changed position—it only looks that way.

And the cards are still stacked.

**The Cut**

After the shuffle comes the cut. This offers more opportunities for trickery than any other single step in a card game. Most common are "crimps" and "shifts." Here are a few:

**Crimping for the Cut.** The photos of crimping on this page are highly exaggerated. Scarne warns that the crimp left by a good gambler is so slight that the eye can hardly see it, yet is sufficient to make the pack break at that precise spot in nine cuts out of 10, even when the cut is made by an innocent player. When made by the gambler's confederate, the crimp is foolproof.

federate takes the pack in both hands and quickly gives what looks like a simon-pure cut.

But look again. What about that top card? Something funny there. Watch a one-card cut done slowly, and you will see that the confederate holds the top card, pulls out the cards between it and the middle of the deck, and whips them quickly over the No. 1 card, which he still holds stationary. As the pack fits quickly together the No. 1 card is at the bottom of the top half of the cut.

Think that one over. How many cards changed position? Only one—the top card, now in the center of the deck. Aside from this one change, the cards are exactly as they were—stacked.

**The Deal**

Now the cut is over. And the cards are still stacked. So the sharper must deal the right card to the right guy. This may be himself, his confederate, or even the sucker—who will get a good hand but not too good. If the cards have been stacked in order, so that the right guy automatically gets the right card, the dealer just deals.

But say the cards are not in the right order. Say the dealer only knows where certain cards are. As he riffled, perhaps he glimpsed an ace four cards down. After the cut he shifts the cards back so that the ace is still fourth card. But the crooked dealer comes sixth in the deal.

To get the ace he can deal seconds. That is, he deals the first three cards honestly. The fourth, remember, is the ace, the card he wants himself. When the fourth card comes up he holds it and slips out the card under it, doing it so fast that no one sees it. He deals these seconds until he comes to himself. Then he deals the top card, and the ace is his.

Or, to get the ace in another way, the dealer might deal bottoms. He might slip the ace to the bottom of the pack, an easy move for an experienced hand. Then he takes a casual-looking but firm grip on the pack, curving his fingers around the lower half. When his own turn comes the top card is used as a cover, and the bottom card is dealt in its place.

**Palming** is another method of improving on the deal. Scarne says it is among the commonest cheating methods in use today. Here the desired card or cards are pivoted into the palm of the dealer's hand, then pivoted back in time to win the pot. This is a dangerous method, but a lot of sharpers can do it and do it well.

**The Cold Deck** is even more dangerous but equally prevalent and is easily the most effective method of stacking a deck. Here a whole new pack, stacked ahead of time, is switched in for the deal. Sharpers with fast fingers have cold decks down to an art. In one sleight-of-hand switch, the sharper slips the cold deck out of his pocket into his lap. When he pulls the pack on the table toward him for the deal he quickly drops it into his lap, at the same time whipping the cold pack up in its place. After the deal the

old pack is gathered up in a handkerchief usually spread there for the purpose and stuffed away in a pocket. Other methods require an elaborate sneeze while the decks are switched, or a confederate who distracts attention by passing drinks, or—and this is a favorite—a confederate who leans far across the table to ask change for a \$20 bill.



SECONDS OR BOTTOMS are dealt by sharper who keeps desired card on top or bottom of deck until he needs it. To hold it on top his expert fingers deal second card out from under. For the bottom deal, bottom card is slipped upward to take the place of top one.



CRIMPING is method of keeping cards stacked through the cut. Cards which dealer wants to keep on top are crimped (dented), then shifted into midpack. When cut, they naturally break at crimp and land back on top.

**T**HERE are other ways of cheating at cards — many of 'em. Those covered here are chiefly concerned with the deal. In an early issue another article will cover cheating during the game. In the meantime, if you have any questions about gambling with dice or cards, write Allen Churchill Y3c, YANK, Printing House Square, London. He will pass your letter on to John Scarne for expert advice.

How is the crimp used? Say the dealer knows the location of an ace. He may have stacked the cards as he picked them up. He may have glimpsed the ace as he shuffled, an easy trick for an expert dealer. Anyway, he wants the ace in his next hand and he has stacked the deck so that the ace is the sixth card down, where he will automatically deal it to himself.

But the cards still have to be cut. An honest cut would bury the ace in the middle of the pack. So the sharper gives one more shuffle. As he does he crimps the top group of cards, then does a quick cut, bringing them into the center of the pack. When the regular cut is made the cards easily break at the crimp. The same cards come back on top, the ace is still sixth, and one player (at least) is happy.

Or the dealer can use crimps and sleight of hand to slip the cards back after an honest cut. Here's how. Before the cut he crimps the top cards. Then, after the cut, he uses the crimp to break the cards at the right place and slide them back by sleight of hand.

Maybe he does the sleight of hand as he pulls the cards toward him after the cut. Maybe he provides distraction by reaching for a cigar as he shifts the cards under his other arm. Or he may have a confederate who drops something.

**The One-Card False Cut** requires a confederate who can do sleight of hand. Signaled that the cards are stacked for a one-card cut, the con-



PALMING. The sharper pivots cards into palm of one hand. This can be done in either right or left hand. Palming is a dangerous but popular method of cheating, executed with skill by many sharpers to improve on the deal.

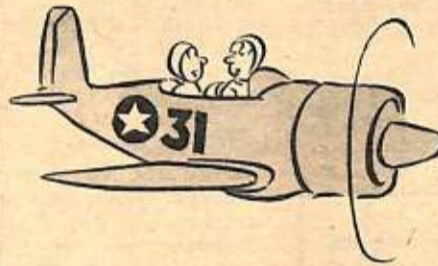
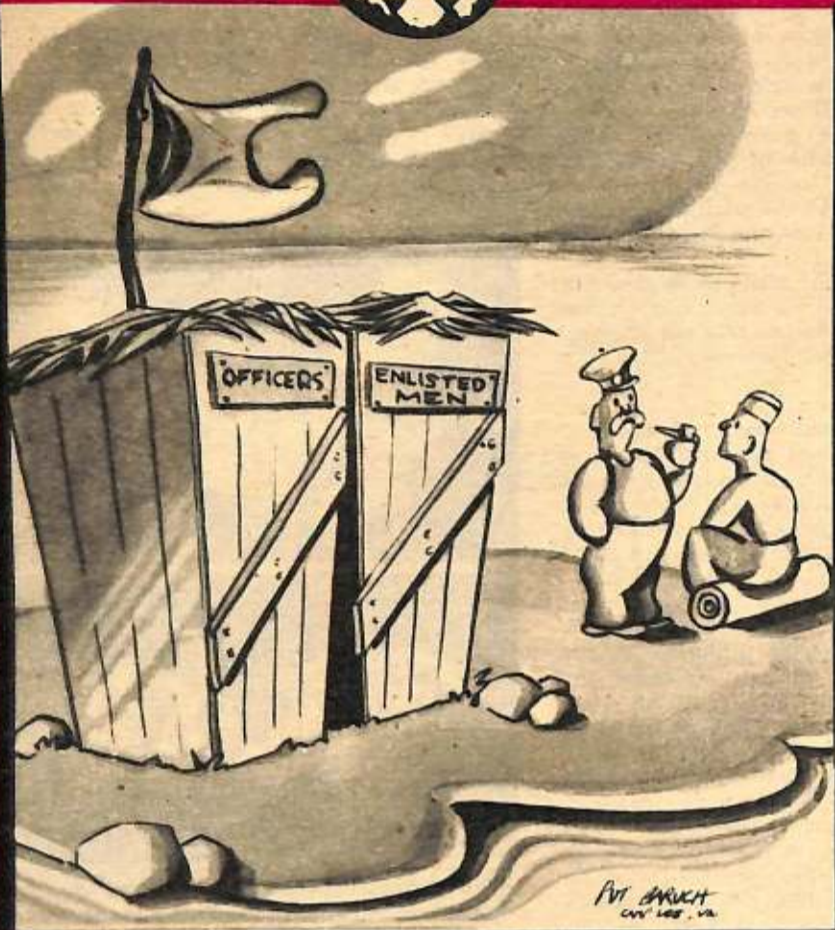


ONE-HANDED SHIFT has variations. Here it is done under cover of the arm while Scarne diverts attention by reaching for a cigar. A shift also may be achieved when a confederate spills a drink or makes a sudden noise.

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THE ARMY WEEKLY



"WHO'S THE NEW FLIGHT LEADER?"



"WADDA YUH MEAN, YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE HEAD WAITER?"



"WHERE, MAY I ASK, DID YOU GET THE GOOD-CONDUCT RIBBON?"