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







**IN YOUR EASTER BONNET . . .**  
LONDON, 1943





CPL. BRAND

NEW YORK (WE THINK) 1943

# Easter Parade

**"Uniforms will certainly be numerous in the Easter parade this year; for the first time in history the Easter parade will be graced by great numbers of WAACS, WAVES and SPARS."**  
 —Cable from Yank's New York Office

Frankly, we do not know from anything, being some 3,000 miles away from the scene; we would not try to pull an Easter bonnet over anybody's eyes, but this is what the Easter parade probably is like back home. THE EDITORS OF YANK, LONDON.

It had been, no doubt about it, a good year in the fork end of the messkit business.

There were times when he hoped, nights, sitting before a warm fire, cozy in Pariah, Ohio, that he could also make messkit knives, messkit spoons and messkits themselves, a complete unit, like. And he would gaze, dreamily, into the glowing hearth and see in the flames the image of strange battlefields. In the coals he would see the gunfire of the tanks at sunset by the blue hills of Tunisia, and upon the grate would be fought great naval engagements in the far and distant reaches of the Pacific, and in each of these military enterprises there would be time out, now and again, for chow, and many millions of men would reach for their messkits.

It had been an interesting year, and the money was coming in right good, but right out again, going into war bonds, all except several bucks a week to which he limited himself, and all except three hundred and twenty-five dollars which was not, by God, going into war bonds or whisky or anything else. It was going, by God, into an ensemble, going into an ensemble for a very special reason which dated back to nineteen hundred nineteen.

It was the Saturday before Easter when he got back to New York, and the town was still full of the fervors of war. Shirts were not much longer than summer issue G.I. drawers, and a good time was being had by all. That was 1919 for you, and Joe just back from France. He spent a miserable Easter Eve and on Sunday he went furtively to the Easter parade. Standing there near St. Patrick's, watching the human race arrayed in all his glory, Joe made one solemn resolve: Next Easter and the next and all the Easters to come, he would, come hell or poverty, also be arrayed in a new ensemble, and he would make an annual pilgrimage to worship, as it were, at this shrine of haberdashery.

And every year Joe was there.

There was 1924, and Joe on the society page of the *New York Times*. And 1932 when he saw himself in the Fox Movietone News, just before the ladies' fashions and just after that inevitable shot of the inevitable kid's boxing tournament.

It had been a good year, and Easter was such a nice day, and the skies were blue. With all the young men away eating with his messkit forks and fighting Germans and Japanese, he would uphold the grand tradition. He sang in his shower (they still have showers back home, remember) and whistled while he shaved that morning. He had a good breakfast for the occasion ahead, and along about 11 o'clock in the morning he got out of the cab, paid four bits fare and tipped the driver a nickel, very graciously, then

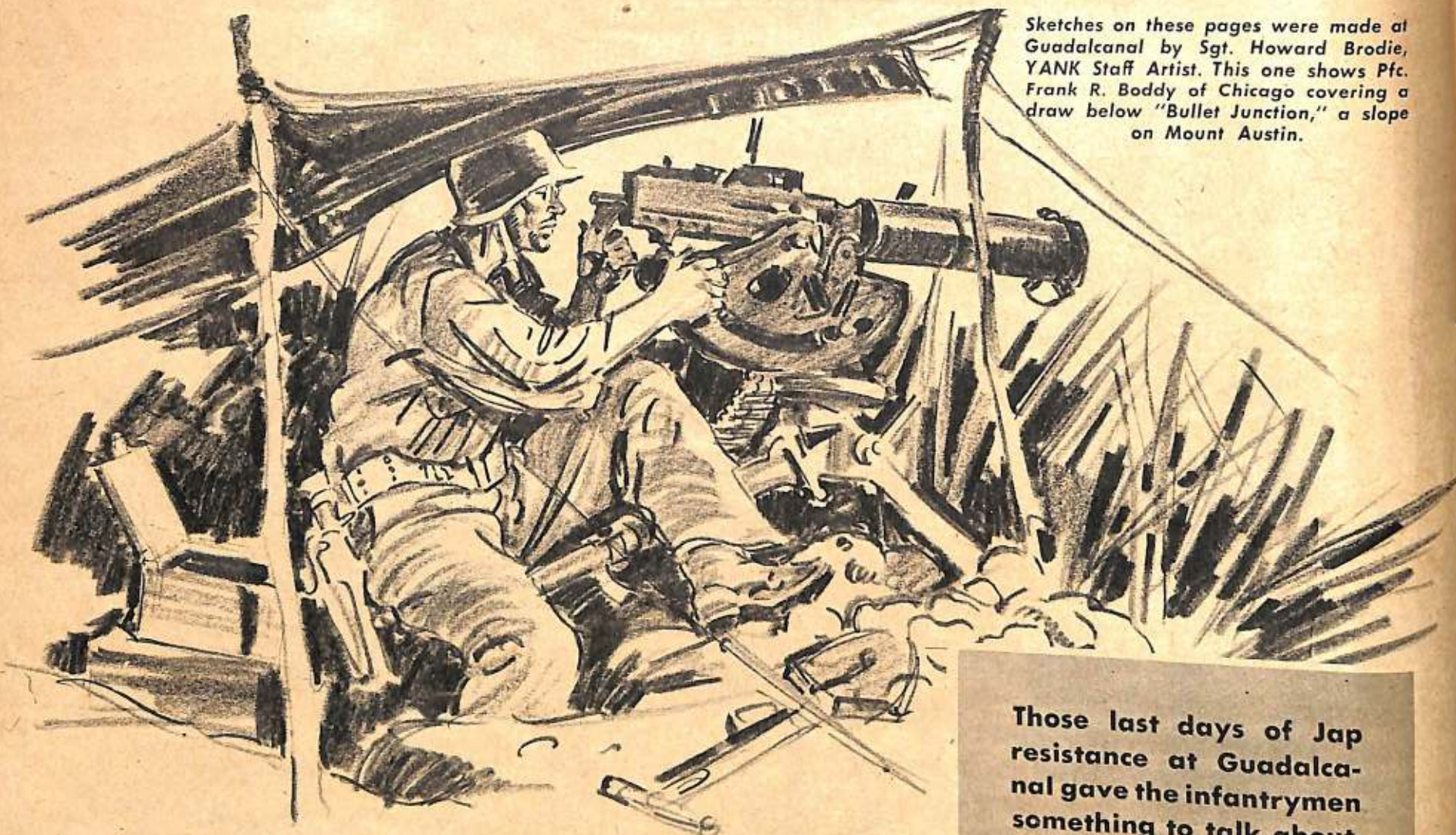
swinging his ever-loving cane, turned up Fifth Avenue toward the park.

WE do not quite know what happened after that, because it all happened so fast. First, he was sore, sore at seeing all these babes, these amazons in uniforms. Oh, for those days of the Easter bonnets and the good things once more. For the days of the morning coats when it was a treat for provincial eyes to see the best from dozens of exclusive shops parading up and down the avenue. Gone was the color, gone the plumage, gone the gay originality of the avenue on Easter. Only that is phrasing it mild to what Joe thought that morning. In his head he phrased it differently, until finally he stopped thinking at all. Those who were there saw him take what looked like a fork from his pocket, polish it with his handkerchief. He stopped dead still and eyed them, WAACS and WAVES and SPARS, eyed them like a sniper picking a target.

Then he walked slowly towards a big husky female sergeant, tough-looking, too. And with precision he picked his spot and with the tongs of the messkit fork he gave her a jab, not gentle, but just enough to make no abrasions, but make her jump. She jumped; better, she squealed like a woman, not a sergeant.

Lost in the confusion, Joe walked away, smiling, happy, his faith in humanity and femininity completely restored. Such a squeal it was. So feminine.





Sketches on these pages were made at Guadalcanal by Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK Staff Artist. This one shows Pfc. Frank R. Boddy of Chicago covering a draw below "Bullet Junction," a slope on Mount Austin.

# "C" Company at KOKUMBONA

By Sgt. MACK MORRIS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**G**UADALCANAL—There wasn't much left of Kokumbona that day back in January when the point of the assault company—C Company—broke through the jungles and emerged on the shell-torn beach that had once been the Japanese core of battle.

At Kokumbona, C Company stopped to draw its first deep breath after 15 days of swift advance and sharp, fierce jungle combat. The spearhead of the attack had earned its rest and had been relieved. Reserve units and Marines took over and pushed on past the Poha River, while C Company and the rest of its battalion sat down in the muck to refight the battle and wait for trucks that would take them to the rear.

Infantrymen sprawled around in groups that afternoon, gulping field rations and talking it up. They were a weary outfit of muddied, ragged men, but cocky as a bunch of school kids. They had done their job and were proud of it. They had taken Kokumbona the hard way.

"We came down the ravines almost all the way," Dick Reese of Denver, Colo., said. "Through that stuff you cut your way and you get hit by whatever you happen to run into. We got mostly machine guns and knee mortars, but the snipers didn't bother us much."

"Yeah," said a buddy beside him. "There were plenty of snipers, but y' know—they damn guys couldn't hit a bull on the back with a shovel full of sand."

The infantry talked with the air of men who know. Snipers on Guadalcanal were a problem until the men learned to pay no attention to

them and go on, leaving the clean-up to people detailed for the job.

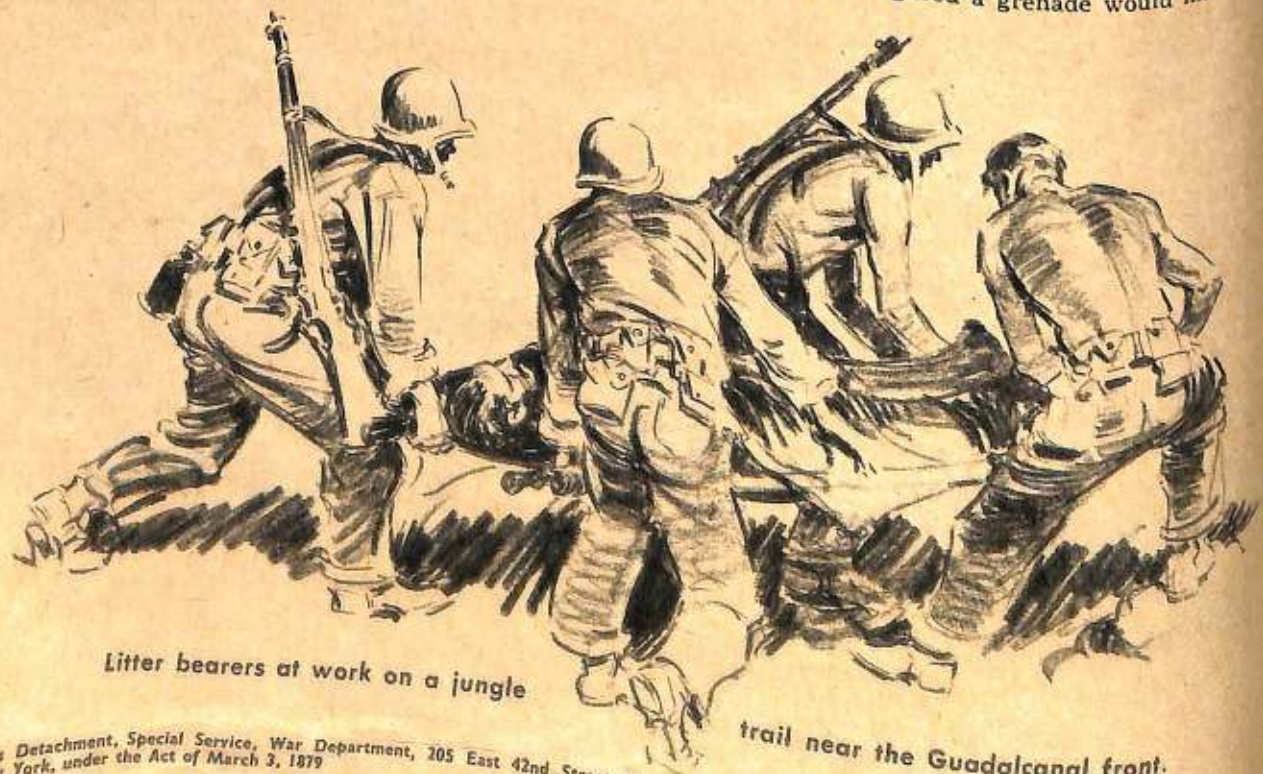
"We came down on 'em so quick they didn't know what it was all about sometimes," Reese said. "Cpl. Howard got three artillery officers; the guys probably never knew what hit 'em."

Laverne Howard of West Edmeston, N. Y., turned a bearded face when he heard his name.

Those last days of Jap resistance at Guadalcanal gave the infantrymen something to talk about. Here's how it seemed to the soldiers in a leading assault company who captured a vital enemy beachhead after 15 days of fierce jungle war.

"Yeah, it was pretty simple," he said. "We were coming down a trail and saw this Jap in front of us. He ducked off down a side trail and we followed him to a dugout; there was some Jap wire leading to it."

"I deployed the squad and we went after him. I couldn't tell whether there was just one Jap or how many, but I figured a grenade would fix



Litter bearers at work on a jungle

trail near the Guadalcanal front.



it up either way. We found the three officers in that dug-out like Dick said."

Cpl. Johnny Risk of Toledo, Ohio, was carting around a Samurai sword.

"Me and another boy spotted these two Japs—looked like they weren't armed. We told 'em to halt, but when they heard us one of 'em flashed his sword. Sort of hated to shoot 'em, but we had to, the way those babies are. Pay-off was—we had to bury 'em."

The line soldiers swapped their stories, occasionally gilding the lily:

"Had one boy in the outfit, forget his name, jumped a Jap right over there and chased him half a mile. When he finally caught him, he whipped hell outta that Jap and drug him in."

The Infantry laughed, because it's the soldier's privilege to stretch a good story now and then. Just as, when the trucks were late and chow was done, it was their privilege to lie amid the wreckage of a Japanese central headquarters and mutter, "Hurry up and then sit around and wait—that's just like the Army."

Along the road a stream of traffic passed—ammunition and supplies to the advance positions, souvenir-laden men returning. A truck went by with a stretcher, and a man lay quietly with a blood-soaked bandage on his face. A bullet had torn through his jaw. Up ahead sounds of fighting—mortar blasts and machine guns—rippled out of the jungle.

### CO Is a Soldier's Soldier

Talk switched to the CO. "Talk about a man—there's a guy who was right up front the whole time. What a guy he is. Knocked off a couple of machine-gun nests himself, buddy, and that ain't hay."

"He's the kind of an officer a man likes to have around. He was always up front, at the business end."

Capt. Orloff Bowen of San Antonio, Tex., CO of the first outfit into Kokumbona, stood out of hearing distance, 50 feet away. Heat-flushed and as dirty as any private of the line, he was absorbed in reading a mimeographed news report.

Pvt. Orville Cox of New Richmond, Ohio, showed them all how courage looks. A draftee with only nine months service, Orville was a conscientious objector as a medico. His religion forbade him to kill.

At the hottest spot C Company hit, Orville went 350 yards up the face of a hill under heavy fire to bring out two wounded men. It took him two hours to get them out, but he brought them back to safety.

"When I went in I said I was willin' to do first aid," the 29-year-old private said, "but I wasn't aimin' to help kill."

Big-boned and blond, Orville won't touch a rifle. His battalion commander recommended him for decoration.

And if Pvt. Orville Cox showed 'em nerve, Pvt. Sam Russell of Camp Verde, Ariz., showed the Japs something about jungle work.

### Strings Line That Saves Outfit

Sam, a burly, squat-built Apache Indian, was a line-stringer in headquarters. During the advance, a platoon was pinned down under fire without any communication back to the rear. It was plain that the men up there were in trouble, but a line had to go through.

Sam was ordered to take it up, but when the order was given nobody knew the platoon was surrounded and cut off. Sam found out.

He worked his way through the Jap encirclement, dragged the line into the middle of the outfit, set up the power phone and tested. With that phone the platoon leader contacted Artillery, spotted the fire for them and directed their big stuff that blasted the Japs loose. The platoon fought on through.

Sam, who was recommended for saving an outfit from probable heavy losses and possible annihilation, didn't think much about it.

"I just ran a piece and crawled a piece," he said.

The pioneer outfit doubled in brass. The pick-and-shovel boys went with the assault company, cutting trails, carrying up supplies, doing yeomen labor with their hands and infantry work with their rifles.

"We had two squads with the point and one with the flanking company," Cpl. Frank Hutchinson of Hartsville, S. C., explained. "This is the worst kind of country there is, but we cut the trail through until we got almost to Kokumbona.

"Then those Wolfhounds advanced so fast we

couldn't keep up with 'em (Wolfhound is the nickname of the outfit). When we cut into the main trail we went back and started carrying up supplies.

"After that my squad was on a holding party, guarding the wiremen, and we ran into a little trouble there. Wasn't much, but we like to have run into an ambush. We fought out of that and then went back to pioneerin'."

The supply problem during the advance was a hand-to-mouth affair. Through the jungle, at the rate of advance, the trails were narrow, one-at-a-time paths hacked by the pioneers out of live vines and rooty, heavy-bodied tropical trees. Over these were brought the ammunition and supplies that kept the outfit going; soldiers packed everything on their backs. There was no other way.

Two days after Kokumbona passed into the hands of the Army and shattered Jap units were still being hurled back toward the Poha and

beyond, the main supply road along the beach was opened. During the first two days, landing barges skirted the coast and slid through long-range machine-gun fire to the strip of sand where the Japs had long landed their own troops and supplies.

A 3,000-gallon water-purification unit was brought up and set in operation within 45 minutes, pumping clear pure water for the sweating infantrymen who filed by and gathered in clusters around a nozzle to fill their empty canteens.

The beach road to Kokumbona, cleared of land mines and artillery-created obstructions, was the Jap artery of supply. It wound through an area of absolute desolation, past Jap field pieces, Jap equipment, Jap installations.

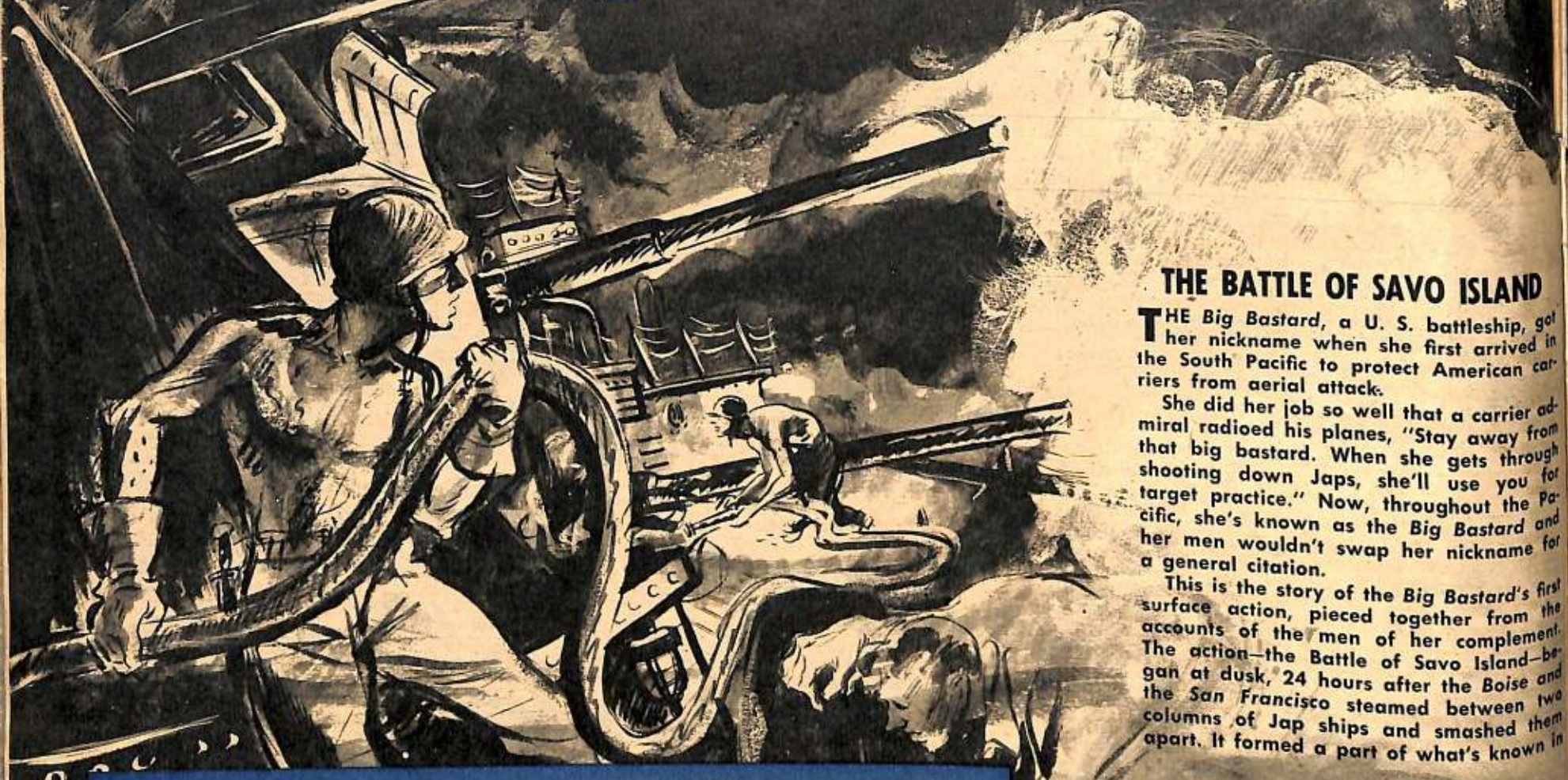
And Japs themselves. The air was sickening with the heavy, pungent smell of death, and here and there along the road were things that were once men.



Natives bring up supplies to U. S. Army troops during the Mount Austin offensive.



# Fifty Minutes



## THE BATTLE OF SAVO ISLAND

**T**HE *Big Bastard*, a U. S. battleship, got her nickname when she first arrived in the South Pacific to protect American carriers from aerial attack.

She did her job so well that a carrier admiral radioed his planes, "Stay away from that big bastard. When she gets through shooting down Japs, she'll use you for target practice." Now, throughout the Pacific, she's known as the *Big Bastard* and her men wouldn't swap her nickname for a general citation.

This is the story of the *Big Bastard's* first surface action, pieced together from the accounts of the men of her complement. The action—the Battle of Savo Island—began at dusk, 24 hours after the *Boise* and the *San Francisco* steamed between two columns of Jap ships and smashed them apart. It formed a part of what's known in

**And it seemed like 50 hours to the men on this battleship who went off hunting Japs around the Solomon Islands and got into one of the roughest night engagements in Navy history.**

By **ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c**  
YANK Navy Correspondent

**S**OMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC [Passed by Navy Censor]—Hodgen Othello Patrick Y1c, talker on the *Big Bastard's* sky patrol, highest lookout post where the ship took its first hit during the Battle of Savo Island, came as reasonably close to being killed as can be expected of any man.

Patrick remembers squaring for battle and from his high perch seeing the Jap ships come up. He saw the first salvo leave the flagship up ahead. His next recollection is of being thrown against a bulkhead and finding somebody's arm, without a body, across his face. A dead weight lay across his chest, pinning him.

"I'm dead," he thought, and the remembrance of it is still clear in his mind. "Here I am dead. This is what it's like to be dead." But the earthly touch of shrapnel in his knee and his hip convinced him that he was still alive. He looked around. The two officers lay dead. Seven enlisted men were still. Four wounded looked at Patrick, not knowing what to do next.

Patrick pressed the button on his headset. "Sick bay," he called, "send help." He doesn't know why he took command. There was another petty officer who not only rated him but was able to struggle to his feet and walk around. The sound of firing roared up from his own ship. He heard hits coming aboard. But no help came.

Patrick ordered the two least wounded to go below and then put tourniquets on the other two, using their own belts. He applied the same treatment to his own leg above the bleeding knee, then remembered to loosen all three every 15 minutes throughout the night. He hunted a long

time for morphine before he found it and divided it with the others. As he was about to take his share of the sedative he noticed that several of the men he had thought dead were stirring. Without a moment's hesitation he divided his share among them. He didn't feel heroic about it. He didn't even think about it.

Despite his injuries, Patrick found that he could get to his feet. He saw that he could report better while standing and remained that way until the end of the battle. Afterward, he fell again to the deck but never stopped his regular reports until he was relieved the next morning.

Patrick was the only enlisted man of the crew who was recommended for the Navy Cross.

**W**HEN general quarters sounded on the *Big Bastard*, Rufus Mathewson Y2c took his post as a talker in the conning tower.

"It'll be a push-over," he heard someone say. "Just a bunch of armed transports. We'll knock 'em off like sitting ducks."

Mathewson said to himself, "I wish I was home." The thought kept running through his head as he watched the captain and the navigator walk calmly back and forth in the narrow steel-walled compartment.

Hours ticked by. Shortly after midnight the loudspeaker carried a cold steady voice from plot room. "Target 20,000 yards, bearing 240° . . . target 19,800 yards, bearing 241° . . ." Slowly the target drew closer.

There was a terrific explosion up ahead. Mathewson dashed to one of the slits and felt his stomach drop as he saw a battleship ahead silhouetted by flame. "Lord, let me out and I'll change my ways," he said aloud. A direct hit had dissolved one of the destroyers.

The captain called for a stadimeter reading to determine the distance to the battleship ahead. A lieutenant on the bridge tried unsuccessfully to take a reading through the narrow slot in the armor. It would have been difficult in the daytime and it was virtually impossible at night.

"What kind of a crew have I got when I can't get a stadimeter reading?" the captain asked.

Mathewson felt sorry for the lieutenant. Over the lookout's phone came a voice, "Destroyer ordered left rudder, and the helmsman swung the wheel. They skirted the destroyer, then came back on their course. From over the phone came the Admiral's voice: "Fire when ready."

The men on the bridge looked at each other. For a full minute no word came over the amplifier from plot room, then a voice giving the range and bearing. The captain looked at Mathewson. "Tell them they can fire now." Mathewson relayed the command. He could hear compressed air being blown through the 16-inch barrels as the gun crews cleared them before loading. Thirty seconds later shells screamed out. The captain and the navigator were jarred away from their positions at the 'scopes, but voices came in over the phone.

"Right on!"  
"The damn thing has dissolved!"  
"Looked like a cruiser."

"That was a battleship!"  
In rapid succession Mathewson heard a loud crash, a rolling explosion, and then the searing rattle of metal fragments as they crashed into cables, guns and superstructure. The ship shrugged, leaned back into a volley of 6- and 8-inch shells that raked through the sky control tower, topmost position on the ship.

Quickly Mathewson called sky control on the battle phone. "Patrick, you there?"  
"Here, but our officers are dead, and 'all of us are wounded."

Mathewson asked for permission to go relieve Patrick but his request was denied. Mathewson and Patrick were close friends, and now the



# of Hell



naval annals as the Fifth Battle of the Solomons.

On the afternoon of Nov. 14, a task force consisting of the *Big Bastard* and several other battleships and destroyers cut away from its carrier for a little show of its own. And at Savo Island, just north of Guadalcanal, it found a nest of hiding Jap ships and got mixed up in one of the roughest night surface engagements ever fought anywhere.

When general quarters sounded at 9:30, no one aboard the *Big Bastard* knew the size or strength of the enemy. But at midnight someone on the bridge sighted three enemy ships in the channel ahead and reported the formation to the Admiral's flagship nearby. Fifteen minutes later the Admiral's ship fired a nine-gun salvo that set afire the leading Jap battleship. From that moment on, the *Big Bastard* and the rest of the U. S. task force saw plenty of action.

Her range finders set on the enemy fire, *Big B* swung her heavies into play, sunk her first target and blew up her second. Meanwhile Jap guns exploded three U. S. destroyers.

*Big B*'s third target was a Kongo class battleship that passed her starboard beam and was cut in half by a salvo from her No. 3 turret aft. Her secondary batteries continued to pour fire into eight Jap destroyers hiding in a cove.

There was a lull then. *Big B* steamed alone in a circle of burning ships. The Admiral's battleship had disappeared in the darkness. Into the narrowest part of the cove came four more enemy ships. The second one threw searchlights on *Big B* and she opened fire. From her rear came supporting salvos, indicating that the Admiral's ship was still in the fight.

The assistance was welcome for *Big B* was being pounded heavily by the guns

of three hard-punching Jap warships. Six- and 8-inch shells ripped through the top of her superstructure, then cut into her secondaries. Her deck was riddled with shrapnel. Fire broke out in the tattered superstructure. Her own wreckage lay everywhere.

But *Big B* kept right on rolling. She opened her main battery on the enemy line. Her secondaries chattered continuously and soon a tongue of fire poked up at the sky from each of the enemy ships. Then the *Big Bastard* knew she had won.

During the night, the *Big Bastard* and the other U. S. ships ran completely around the island and wiped out an enemy fleet in less than 50 minutes. Most of the men said later that they thought they had been running the channel at least half the night.

The story of that 50 minutes, as told by some of the men of the *Big Bastard*'s crew, appears below.

thought of Patrick lying wounded on sky control beyond the help of anyone because of fires burning below him almost brought tears to his eyes.

Methodically *Big B* went on firing.

"Torpedó off the port bow."

"Hard starboard rudder."

The tremendous craft swung over. Everyone strained, bracing for another explosion above the crashing shells and shrapnel. The torpedo missed, but in the confusion following the battleship's evasion tactics she became separated from the other ships and lost her own course.

"If you swing to port you can go back out the way you came in," chart house advised, "but the water's shallow off that way. If you turn to starboard you have to go around the island."

"Starboard," said the captain. And then, as a pleasant afterthought, "Full speed ahead."

Six- and 8-inch shell fire peppered the bridge with steel fragments. It was almost impossible for shrapnel to penetrate the armor of the bridge but the men inside heard one shell smack through the gun director just aft the bridge and then explode against the chart house. Directions for course and bearing stopped coming in.

Over the amplifier from chart house came a voice, "My God, this man's bleeding to death. Send help. Hurry. Please hurry."

Melvin McSpadden, the engine control talker, was first to answer. "Sick bay is on this circuit and they'll send a doctor. Give us some bearings."

"This poor guy's bleeding to death. Have you got any bandages? I can't leave him like this."

McSpadden tore down a blackout curtain hanging over one of the slots, stuffed it through the aperture and shouted to a seaman on the catwalk outside, "Take this to the chart house quick."

Another torpedo was sighted and the ship swung sharply to starboard. From all over the ship came the excited voices of talkers. "We're heading for the beach!"

"Why did we make that turn to starboard?" The query came in over McSpadden's phone and he recognized it as that of Batt II, which he had thought abandoned.

He quickly reassured them: "The captain is conning the ship!" That stopped the queries, the torpedo failed to materialize, and the captain swung again to port. The huge ship churned up a massive letter "S" in white-topped water. Some of the waves in the wake astern were 20 feet high.

**B**ATT II, which is the auxiliary control room situated inside the superstructure below the sky control tower, was the hardest hit portion of the ship. One of the talkers in Batt II was Tom Page Slc of Greensburg, Pa.

Page remembers it was a beautiful night. There was a big moon and it was very warm and quiet. The smell of gardenias was strong from off Florida Island. The association of the gardenias with the action that followed caused Page to lose all desire to smell a gardenia again.

Over the amplifier came a voice, "Guadalcanal on our starboard hand." Big vivid flashes lit the sky—some of it gun fire in the distance, some of



"Help me find my shoe," Robertson said.

it lightning. Everybody in Batt II was tense. Not until the *Big Bastard*'s guns went off did everyone's confidence return. Page went to one of the slots and watched the shells fly through the air like three red dots slowly converging into one, then landing off in the distance. He saw Japs running back and forth on the beach with flashlights.

Page sat in a corner on an overturned bucket, feeling comfortable now that the big guns were booming. He noticed that the commander, usually a very nervous man, was very calm. Then he was knocked off his bucket by a shell hit. The molten metal from the shell ran across the floor like lava and he stepped out of the way. Steam pipes were broken, electrical fires sputtered. Noise and heat from the steam were unbearable. He screamed over the phone to engine control to shut off the auxiliary steam line that went through the compartment to the whistle. Somebody on the bridge answered, "They heard you, Page," and in a moment added, "Secure and get out if there's nothing else you can do."

Several men who had walked out on the catwalk reported that flames were climbing up the tower. Robertson, a quartermaster third class, came through the opening from the catwalk and said, "I've lost my shoe, help me find my shoe." He stood there holding one bare foot off the hot deck, groping in the dark. Everyone helped him, even two commanders. The shoe was not found until next morning—under a body on the catwalk.

No direct hits had been scored on Batt II but flames, explosions and escaping steam threw the place into disorder. Bernard Wenke Slc, the auxiliary helmsman, had been thrown from behind the wheel and lodged in between the bulkhead and the deck. He stayed there, keeping one hand stretched out to hold the bottom of the wheel. Not until flames from below made the deck almost red hot and set his pants afire did he move.

The executive officer pushed aside one of the men to look out the slot and drew back his hand, covered with blood. For the first time he realized that men had been wounded. He called for a talker to relay the information to the bridge but



got no answer. He felt in the darkness until he found a talker with phones on and dragged him to a standing position. Shaking him vigorously, he gave him the message to relay. The talker repeated the message over the phone, and the commander walked away. The talker slumped back to the deck.

Another officer came into the compartment. He walked to the quartermaster and said in a strained voice, "Feel my arm. It's been hit and I can't tell if it's still there. Go ahead, tell me."



The men poured water on the flaming life jacket.

The quartermaster, still standing without his shoe, timidly reached for the officer's shoulder but then decided to find out the other way. He groped his way up the officer's leg until he came to his hip, then reached out for his hand. Finding it still there, he ran his hand up the officer's arm until he came to a gaping shrapnel wound in his shoulder. He reported what he had found and the officer said "Thanks" and walked out.

During the entire action one of the lookouts standing by a slot kept repeating in a low voice: "Lord, I'm scared. Nobody has any idea how scared I am. How could anyone be this scared? My God, I'm scared." He said that over and over for about 10 minutes. Nobody thought it strange.

Men began crawling to their feet. Above the noise of the steam and the fire there rose excited voices. Men asked each other who was hurt, where was the ship damaged, how high were the flames. They speculated on their own chances of getting out. Occasionally they shot glances at the executive officer looking for help. He noticed but didn't know what to say. Finally he blurted out, "Shut up! I'll do all the talking in here!"

The talking stopped. Only the noise of the steam escaping could be heard above the gunfire below. Then the gunfire ceased and within a minute the steam went off. A new noise could be heard now—the moans of the injured and the dying. Pharmacist's mates went among them, injecting shots of morphine. From below came the noise of damage control parties, fighting their way through with hoses and extinguishers. Page grabbed the end of a hose that was passed up to him and pulled on it but it was too heavy. As someone walked past him into Batt II he called out, "Lend a hand, you fool!"

"Shut up, Page," said a voice. "That's Commander Gorton!"

"That's all right," said the commander, "I'm just one of the boys."

Working with the hose they extinguished the flames, then settled back in the darkness to await further action. The steel under their feet was still so hot that they were compelled to keep moving. Outside on the catwalk Page noticed a life jacket on one of the bodies periodically smoulder and burst into flame. Using steel helmets, the men scooped water from the compartment deck and poured it on the life jacket.

**D**AMAGE control parties are formed when general quarters sounds. They go to their posts and wait for calls. When there is damage in their area they run to the spot with equipment that includes everything from fire extinguishers to monkey wrenches.

John Hagenbuch was a nozzle man on a hose party. While he was directing the stream on a

fire in the shadow of the No. 3 turret, Chief Turret Capt. Bowman came out from inside and passed the word for the group to move along. He was ready to fire a salvo and the concussion would be tremendous.

Everybody evacuated the area but Hagenbuch. Standing at the head of the line, he had been forgotten when the word was passed. The guns lowered directly over his head and went off with a blinding flash.

Hagenbuch was thrown to the deck so hard he almost bounced. Slowly he staggered to his feet, temporarily blinded and deafened by the explosion. It had been so powerful that two planes were blown out of their catapults and into the sea.

As Hagenbuch groped his way back and forth, the guns went off with another mighty roar and again he was thrown to the deck. One of Hagenbuch's hose men saw the whole action and rushed out, lifted him to his feet and dragged him away from the turret as a third salvo thundered.

Thirty minutes later he was back on his feet, volunteering to climb to the top of a smoke stack to put out a fire there.

**W**HEN John P. Buck left Athens, Ohio, and enlisted in the Navy he went in as an apprentice seaman. Several months later, while cruising the Pacific, the chaplain found that Buck could type. He got him a rating and had him placed on the muster roll as chaplain's yeoman.

Buck's duty at general quarters was after-battery lookout. Technically speaking, his post was in the surface, horizon and lower sky lookout station, situated just below the after main battery direction finder.

Buck leaned against the open door to the compartment and felt the warmth and silence of the night. Early in the channel run he had noticed the smell of the gardenias and had started to put on his gas mask before a talker on the bridge told him the smell was really just gardenias. About 65 feet aft from where he stood, Buck could see the big 16-inch barrels poking out over the starboard rail. He was lazily watching them when they suddenly fired a salvo with a deafening roar. Buck was picked up bodily and thrown inside the compartment. He heard his helmet fly off and strike a bulkhead 30 feet away, then roll around the floor. The explosion blinded him for about 15 minutes, during which time he groped on the floor and found his helmet. When he took it off the next morning he found it wasn't his. Whose it was and where it came from, he never learned.

Regaining his sight and finding that there was a lull in the battle, Buck offered to aid the pharmacist's mates in caring for the wounded. Before he could leave, however, the after battery once again opened fire, so Buck stayed where he was.

Over five miles away a 14-inch shell came screaming out the muzzle of a gun on a Jap battleship. Buck first saw it when it was about two miles away from him, looming larger and larger as a red dot in the sky. He knew it was going to hit and knelt down in the compartment. The shell came through at exactly deck level. It tore through a slight coaming where the deck joins the hull, made two neat holes through a rim around a hatch leading below, and then crashed against the barbette of the after turret. There was a blinding flash and roar, and shrapnel rained down like cinders. Buck mentally marked turret No. 3 off his list. But when he went out to look he found that the turret was still there but beside it was a yawning hole in the deck.

Looking over the starboard rail he saw a Jap ship racing up. He reported it but worriedly wondered how they were ever going to hit it with the after turret almost certainly out of action. Then he heard the secondaries open fire with a staccato bang-bang-bang, finally reaching the ear-splitting regularity of machine-gun firing, though in each of the little turrets men were flinging in shells by hand.

The after turret, meanwhile, turned slowly toward the approaching ship, now so close that the elevation on the barrels was almost nil. Nobody was more amazed than Buck when the after turret fired. He had no idea it was still in action. Then he saw that the Jap ship had been hit almost point-blank by all three shells. There was a big flash where the ship had been and then smoking, bubbling water. In the few seconds before the Jap went under Buck had seen one of its turrets fly high into the air and the ship start to

split in the middle. But it sank before it had a chance to fall apart.

The firing stopped and Buck left to help in the care of the wounded. At sick bay he found men stretched out on every available table with doctors and pharmacist's mates working over them while standing in 4 inches of blood and water on the deck.

He was sent with a doctor to the top of the superstructure to help the wounded men who had been cut off there. Only Patrick was still there. The doctor stayed with Patrick, giving Buck syrettes of morphine to administer inside the superstructure on the way down.

Descending on the inside of the tower, Buck found a man lying on one of the upper levels with one leg shot off. He took out his knife and walked over to a dangling electrical wire, cut it loose and wrapped it around the injured man's leg. He wrenched loose the shattered rung of a ladder and used it to twist through the wire, making a tourniquet.

On the next level down he felt his feet get tangled in something in the water on the deck. An officer came along with a flashlight and they discovered that his legs were entwined by someone's insides floating on the water.

He kicked himself loose and went down to the main deck where he saw a man sitting wearily against a bulkhead.

"Hey Mac, are you okay?" asked Buck. No answer came so Buck asked him again. When he got no answer this time, Buck reached down to feel his pulse. The man was already cold. Buck left and went back to his post.

**U**P above decks the wounded Patrick was giving out morphine. Page was trying hard to keep breathing above the escaping steam, and Buck was trying to recover his sight after being dazed by shell fire. Below decks, in engine control room, was Chief Yeoman Cheek reading an old issue of the *Reader's Digest*.

The huge panel of gauges in front of him was functioning perfectly. The engine was at top



Below decks, Cheek read the *Reader's Digest*.

speed, the boilers were maintaining a magnificent head of steam, and the blowers were keeping the room quite cool and comfortable. When a command came through, Cheek carried it out, then returned to his reading.

There was nothing else to do. The noise of the battle was distant and remote. Around him the men stood talking quietly or merely looking at the gauges. In a vague sort of a way they all worried about the 600 pounds of steam coursing through the pipes all around them. Engineers always worry about steam. But they had faith in the armor, faith in the engine, faith in each other.

So Cheek kept on reading the *Reader's Digest*. Some reports of injuries could be heard over the phone but not much. The men down in engine control couldn't tell the difference between his and the noise of their own guns.

It was morning when Cheek walked up onto the deck and saw the destruction. Then he realized, for the first time, how many shells had ripped into the ship during the night. After he saw the damage, he couldn't sleep for three days.



# Yanks at Home in the ETO



He takes his Chelseas with better grace than you or I.

**W**e have just come from seeing 57 varieties of dog, all contained in one small, wiggly body. The dog is the pride, joy and pet of the five men and one officer who make up the staff of the Enlisted Men's Post Exchange in London and he is called, oddly enough, "PX." PX is pudgy, clumsy, and has a tendency to fall over when he is chasing something, which is quite often. He never seems to be quite clear about what he is chasing, but he is happy just the same. He is unconscious of his ancestry, such as it is. His parents, loose-living dogs it would seem, were rather careless, possessing a vast disinterest in heredity and the Mendelian Law. He has the head of a beagle, the body of a terrier, and the utter courage of an unusually large Great Dane.

Unfortunately, PX has one drawback. He is not housebroken. Not that he doesn't try to be. He makes every possible effort, but he just hasn't got it in him. Perhaps it's because he has. When he does do something that well-bred dogs don't do, he goes off into a corner and mumbles to himself about the injustice of the world. Sometimes he sits in his errors. As far as PX is concerned, the latrines fall where they may.

He is the common property of every one who works at the PX, and he is the proud possessor of a field jacket, an ETO ribbon, an SOS insignia and stripes. The stripes are those of a sergeant, but we feel that they are rather out of place on his plump body. He is really only Pfc. size.

PX has a nice speaking voice, which he uses when he is barking or muttering to himself. He also has a very good set of milk teeth, which he is ruining, as fast as he possibly can, on G.I. food. His diet is composed of leftovers, but one of his friends is a mess sergeant, so he does all right, thank you. PX is getting a lot of friends, because he is seen not only by men of the London Base Command, but also by men from outfits scattered from one end of England to the other who drop into the Post Exchange while on furlough.

He also has a ration card, which he has been known to use on occasion. He does use it, he takes his Chelseas with probably better grace than you do.

We are going to watch PX grow. From time to time in these pages you may read reports on his progress.

## About the PX

While we were fooling around the Post Exchange we had a little talk with Lient. K. R.

Katz of Baltimore, Md., who is the C.O. in that very interesting neck of the woods, and with S/Sgt. Herman H. Boy, who is Chief Steward, presiding over the Chelseas. In addition to Katz and Boy, there are three more EMs on the staff. They all live in the place, right next door to a roomful of butts that is kept locked out of pure principle. Lieut. Katz used to be vice president of 38 department stores. Sgt. Boy, Cpl. John A. Cuzzo and Cpl. William Jeffornaski were chain store managers. Cpl. Albert Black managed a department store, and Cpl. Julian Desrosiers owned his own grocery. The entire staff of the PX was picked and trained especially for the job they are now doing.

When we talked to Lieut. Katz he gave us some dope on what has been and is to come, as far as PX's in this theater are concerned. There won't, for one thing, be any more Kleenex, because of the transportation problem. It's too bulky. What does get over here from now on will be reserved exclusively for the use of Army nurses. Sardines, which showed up once, won't show up again; they appeared on the orders of a general. Because of lack of shipping space, juices may not be showing up again, either.

One thing is a best-seller in the PX, though from what it is you wouldn't think so. It's snuff. It is bought, almost exclusively, by Southerners in the Corps of Engineers, who are unable to get it at their own PX's and have to wait until they get to town to stock up a bit. Everybody seems to sneeze in the Corps of Engineers.

## Ribbons Again

Browsing, as is our wont, through the *Stars and Stripes*, the other day, we came on a succinct little paragraph on page 4. It said, if we may quote, "The correct way to wear the ETO service ribbon according to AR 600-40 Aug 28 1941 is as amended so that the Italian colors of green white and red are nearest the center of the wearer's body and the German colors of black and white are nearest the wearer's left shoulder. Unquote. Phew!

This is really something new to us, and we are more than glad to conform, because we realize that we have been guilty of several errors in the wearing of the red, white and green. For one thing, we have not been wearing it anywhere near our left shoulder. On the contrary, we have been wearing it in the place we are saving for the souvenir Iron Cross we expect to pick up eventually. It is, as we said, nowhere near our left shoulder, and, we're afraid the German colors do

not point in the right direction. They point toward the ground, in a manner of speaking, though if you pinned us down we'd say they pointed vaguely in the direction of Burma, through several thousand miles of solid rock. The Italian colors point in the general direction of the Dog Star.

Ever since we read the paragraph in the *Stars and Stripes*, we've been wondering just why the colors should be worn in such a way. Is it, perhaps, because really, in the long run, the Italians are a little nearer to our hearts, not quite past forgiveness? Does it mean that symbolically we are giving the Germans the cold shoulder.

These are, if you want an enlisted man's view of things, very weighty matters. Our officers brought us up to believe that the War Department was a damned serious place and that symbolism never showed its flighty head within any portico dedicated to Mars. Now, however, we seem to be on the point of having another dream smashed to bits. If we are going to have a War Department devoting itself to cooking up symbols we're going to find ourselves, before long, with a Navy concerned only with the niceties of iambic pentameter and an Air Force concerned with God knows what.

It doesn't take much to knock us off our perch these days, so the War Department had better watch its step. Any more of this symbolism and there's going to be trouble. We are perfectly capable of clashing a couple of symbols of our own.

## Letter Writer de Luxe

You may never have seen Adele Astaire in the movies, but for all that she was probably the best partner her brother, Fred, ever had before she gave up her career to marry Lord Cavendish. And, though you never saw her in the movies, you can see her almost any time at London's Rainbow Corner Club. Her job there is unique; she writes letters home for lazy Joes.

The job is no joke. If you find it hard to scrawl out one lone letter over a weekend, imagine what she has to go through on weekends when she knocks out from 60 to 70. Fortunately for her writing arm, she gets an occasional bit of relief on her home grounds. Seems that one honest soldier, watching her working away, was seized by pity. He sat down and dashed off a letter to



This we nominate for the silliest damned picture of the war.

Lord Cavendish, who is now in hospital. Now several Yanks are keeping her husband informed of what she's doing. There's more than one way to skin a Lend-Lease these days.

## Cat Story

We have heard, in our time, of some screwball ways in which to spend leaves and furloughs, but we finally think that we've found the most screwball way of all. It seems that there was a Joe Jerk up country who came to London on a three-day furlough, and did nothing all the time but go around to restaurants. Somewhere he had heard the story that there was a restaurant in London where a cat shook hands with patrons as they paid their bills. Why this guy should have to see a cat that shook hands beats the usual thing out of us, but he did. In his three days he covered more than a hundred restaurants and saw at least twice that many cats, but not one of them hoisted a paw in his direction. As far as we know, he went back to camp a thwarted man. A rather stuffed man, too, we should imagine.



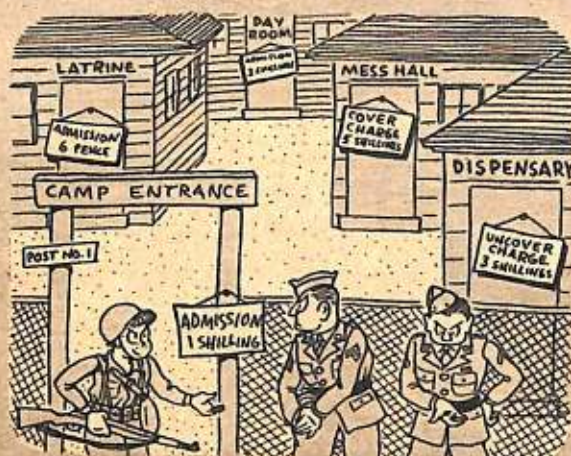
G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger

General Orders  
Part I



Lt. Dave Breger  
Britain



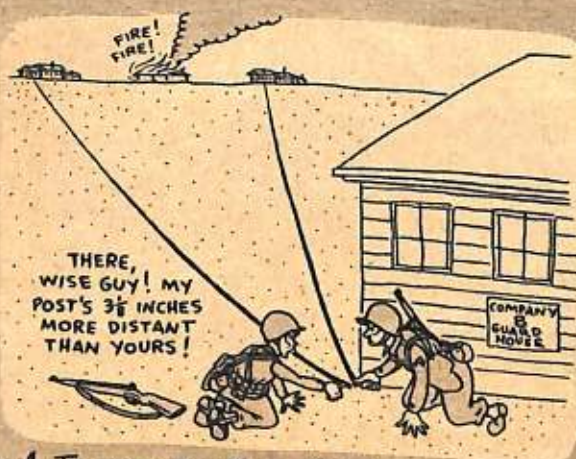
No. 1 To take charge of this post and all Government property in view.



No. 2 To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.



No. 3 To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce.



No. 4 To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guard-house than my own.



No. 5 To quit my post only when properly relieved.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Strictly G.I., Style: Nazi.

THE following is taken from "Crusader," the weekly paper of the British Eighth Army, and is a document captured from the 15th German Police Regiment concerning actions in Russia.

"On Sept. 21st we received orders to deal with the village of Boriki. Two platoons were detailed for this task, which was performed according to the scheduled programme.

"The only difficulty which confronted me was that the village, although shown on the map as a single group of houses, actually was spread over an area of 6-7 sq. kms. This fact came to my notice at dawn, with the start of the operation. Owing to this, the units had to be spread along a line, taking the village in a pincer movement.

"The inhabitants were told to assemble together at a specified spot. Not knowing what was to happen they showed no resistance at all, thus requiring but a few sentries to guard them. Two men who subsequently attempted to escape were immediately shot.

"The executions began at 9 o'clock in the morning and were finished by 6 o'clock in the evening. Out of the 809 inhabitants, only 104 were left alive. The executions proceeded smoothly. The confiscation of property was effected in accordance with the plan.

"The figures of persons executed are as follows: 705 shot, comprising 203 men, 372 women, 130 children."



Strictly G.I., Style: American.

Cpl. H. H. Hatmaker and Sgt. R. L. Cummings, QMC, left Dutch Harbor in June 1942, stopped at Camp Lee, Va., for a couple of meals, and were at a Middle East post within three months. They claim a GI record for seeing the world.

Sgt. A. Wm. Goldberger, Camp Mackall, N. C., and Pvt. Dave Goldberger, AAF Training Center, Miami Beach, Fla., have the same serial numbers except for the second digit, are both assigned to Hq. & Hq. squadrons, were inducted on

the 18th of the same month. . . . Seminole Indian G.I.s at Camp Pickett, Va., are brothers S/Sgts. Francis and David Harjo. Also in the same outfit are cousins Sgt. Gene, Cpl. Bill and Pfc. Mose Harjo. Family slogan: "All for one and one for all." . . . Pvts. Ole and Esten Landsgaard, Camp Chaffee, Ark., registered in the same draft, on the same day at the same center at Des Moines, Iowa. They were shipped to Camp Dodge, Iowa, got seven-day furloughs, and were transferred to Camp Chaffee all on identical days. At Chaffee they were assigned adjoining bunks. And there they met for the first time since induction.

**Letters.** "Don't send me nagging letters," wrote Cpl. Woodrow Hansen, Camp Wolters, Tex., to his wife. "I want to fight this war in peace." . . . Pfc. James Ganz, AAF in North Africa, wrote to his wife, "Boy, I wish I was home with you," then added, "I hope the censor doesn't

mind my writing this." P.S. by censor: "The censor wishes he was home too." . . . Pvt. G. C. . . . York: "Enclosed is \$18 I won in a crap game. Here's to victory and more crap games."



When we departed the States for the dear old E.T.O., it was the monkey cage for training. Now they have thought up a new one, labelled a little too obviously the "spider web." Climbing up the strands are the Navy's Seabees, the little publicised fighting engineers of the sea-going boys. This exercise, a muscle-wrenching proposition, is part of their commando training, and when they finish their course the Seabees will rank with the best fighting men in the world.

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## A WEEK OF WAR

**ARTIE GREENGROIN, PFC, AUS, CONDUCTS A CLASS IN THE HISTORY OF WARFARE. LET THE BODIES FALL WHERE THEY WILL**

**W**AR is a very popular pass-time of humane beings. It is fought by men, on sides, with the popular intentions of killing people of the other side. The more people get killed the more you win. That is war. Historically, war has been fought for a long time and several people have won them. Some people have been Alexander, Julius Caesar and some other people.

In the olden days when they didnt have any automobiles they fought wars on their feet or maybe on horseback if they had horses. Everybody didnt always have horses so they fought on their feet. A man had to be very brave in them days because it is one thing to lay on your gut behind a log and take a pot at a guy 1 thousand yards a way and it is another thing to go after another guy who has a sword just as big or maybe bigger than the one you got and is just waiting to get in a poke at you.

If a general used to be especially well off he would get himself a elephant or maybe half a dozen elephants and throw them in with everything else but elephants is touchy beasts and inclined to run the wrong way so they give them up and went back to horses which they should of used in the first place. Hannibal for instant used elephants and where is



This is the way some guys feels after the 3rd beer.

he now? Nowheres. If he had stuck to horses he might be in better shape today.

Napoleon was a artilleryman which is different from the cavalry. Any body can get on a horse and ride the horse but if you want to be a artilleryman you got to know arithmatic and subtraction and long division. Napoleon had to be a smart guy but he wasnt because he got licked. The reason he got licked was because he bit off more than he could chew and I dont mean tobacco. He was a very modern artilleryman for his days.

When wars first started men used to fight each other with clubs and lousy swords and spears but the metal they used wasnt no good and their swords was only good for a couple of clouts before they got broke and the spears used to chip all to hell. So they finely invented iron and that fixed things up a little better but not much because they couldnt get up any fire power. Any body that reads books can find out these things.

They used to fight just in a common herd with no close order or nothing like that which made the wars pretty noisy and uncomfortable. You was always bumping into the squad corporal or something like that because you didnt have no close order. So the olden Greeks they figured out a close order which they called the phlanks which is where our word flanks comes from. It means on the edge. This Greek phlanks was a body of men who was drilled



WAACs is nothing new. Here are some ancient ones mixing it up with the boys.

and they would come in on the edges of the enemy and push him together so he couldnt breathe and then chop him up. This phlanks was a very successful maneuver for a number of years.

Along come the Romans and they licked the phlanks because the Romans was really hot on close order and no one ever bumped into a squad corporal in them days. Wars was very bloody because a sword makes a very large hole and they didnt have nothing to stuff the hole with. You got stuck with a sword in them days you probably bled to death before you hit the base hospital.

**T**HE Romans really got around and they licked practically every body but they went to seed and the barbarians come in and captured Rome. The barbarians was nuts about cavalry so cavalry started to be a very fashionable thing and you had to have a horse to be any body. If you didnt have a horse you was dirt. Practically every body was dirt in them days.

The big boy then was King Arthur a Englishman. The King had a lot of knights on horseback who were a bunch of clean-living guys and who got around a lot. They won a lot of battles just by using their brain and staying on their horses which they had to do because they was wearing so much armor that once they fell off on the ground they couldnt get up again for nothing and they had to lay down with their legs up in the air till some body come along and put a knife in their giblets.

Meanwhile some smart guy had invented gunpowder which changed a lot of things. Guys used to be able to sit back in their castles and thum their nose at every body but when gunpowder was invented all you had to do was shoot off a cannon and then they was no more castle to thumb your nose out of. So they had to change wars a little and they discovered rifles.

They have had rifles ever since and ever since they have been making them more fancy and more fancy and today we got some very fancy rifles indeed. We also got machineguns which can shoot 6 hundred shells a minute and maybe more. And we got cannon as big as the side of a house. These days you dont have to be able to see a guy to take a shot at him. All you got to do is lob a shell down on his head and put the score down on the blackboard. Us romantics kind of miss the olden days when you may of got a bigger hole in you but at

least you could see the guy that put the hole in you. Wars is too impersonal these days.

Tactics has always been a very popular thing where wars is concerned. If you was a good general you could out-tactic the other guy and if you was a bad general you got out tacticed your self. Tactics is the principal of beating the enemy before he beats you. If you can get around him and hole him up thats tactics. Good tactics I mean. You got to use tactics on the battlefield or you dont get no-where. Any body can fight a war but it takes a general to fight a war with tactics. They comes natural because plenty of generals who could hardly write nor read was red hot on tactics.

Another thing that is very important in war is strategy. Strategy means to plan out a whole campaign so that you know you can lick the other guy no matter what he does. Strategy is more than just fighting a couple of battles because it means that you got to take into consideration the QMC and other fine organizations. There is more to winning a battle than just shooting off a couple of rifles. If you got to get supplies up to the front you got to use strategy and thats where the QMC comes in. The QMC is a fine organization and every body should pump for his own outfit.

**T**HAT is war. Historically speaking war is important and you cant toss it off lightly. A little essay of this size is hardly enough to cover such a important phrase of life but when you only got a little space you got to make the most of it. The war we are fighting today is different from every other war because we got more things to fight it with including airplanes and we got more things to fight it for. You never used to hear much about B-17s in the olden days but now the newspapers is full of them and you never used to hear much about freedom but thats what it all adds up to.

Now we got this war to win, and all we got to do to win it is to remember that strategy and tactics is very important and that 30 centuries is looking down upon us. To win this war we got to be quite unromantic and take the bull by the tail. Theres no use in not facing the truth and as long as we got strategy and tactics we will win the war. Right now our strategy and tactics is very good and we got no reason to be ashamed at all. Just keep in mind that war goes on all the time and read History and books and things will turn out all right I guess.



A bird's eye view of a battle in the olden days. The general's horse unfortunately got in the way.





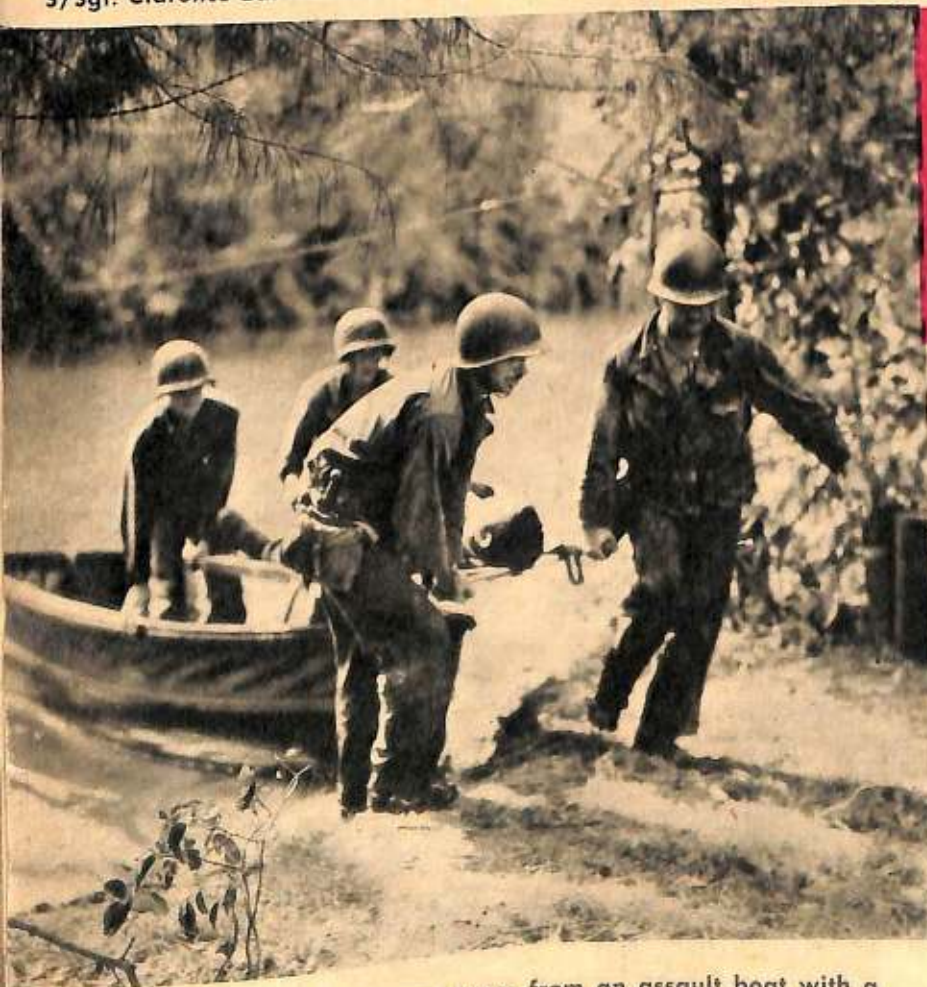
**GRAVE MARKER.** So that the dead will not be forgotten, S/Sgt. Clarence Barnes records dog tag to send to War Department.



**THE ENGINEERS.** These GIs are building a corduroy road of coconut-palm logs, so that Army supply transport won't bog down in the tropical mud.



**JUNGLE COMFORT.** Or is it? Anyway Pfc. Walter Harvey of Cincinnati, Ohio, rests in a pretty special hammock, complete with built-in mosquito bar.



**MAKE WAY!** Litter bearers jump from an assault boat with a wounded Yank before carrying him on a half-run to a hospital.

# New Guinea

These pictures by YANK's correspondent Sgt. Dave Richardson were taken after the Japs had been driven out of the



**JAP EXPEDITION.** The enemy landed with these barges and moved on Port Moresby but were chased back and annihilated by Yanks and Aussies.





**SWIMMING HOLE.** When this was Jap territory a Fortress' bomb blasted this crater. Warfare has skeletonized the jungle.

# Battleground

Buna and Sanananda areas of New Guinea. They show evidence of the savage fighting the Yanks went through.



**SHARPSHOOTER CREW.** This machine-gun trio—Sgt. Don Auler, Cpl. Gilbert Marquadt and Sgt. Harley Rundhaug—is credited with over 24 Japs.



**VICTORY SMILES.** Tired but happy Yank infantrymen ride in a Jap truck down a road up which they fought a few days before.





The Air Reduction Corp. in Dorchester, Mass., suffered a million dollars damage when fire followed by explosions wrecked its munitions plant.



## News From Home

Spring is in the air back home, but Fiorello's fancy doesn't turn to thoughts of women wearing pants, yet.

**M**AYOR FIORELLO LAGUARDIA still wasn't a general. In fact it looks like every one is forgetting about him ever becoming one. But the "Little Flower" is still barking out orders. This week he issued an order that made some New York women wish he were in the Army. Some of the dames liked it, though. LaGuardia banned the city's 50,000 women air raid wardens from wearing slacks.

"Let 'em wear skirts," he ordered, by way of killing a proposal that women air raid wardens should wear skirts by day and slacks by night.

Mrs. Helen Cookman, who designed the uniforms, said she was disappointed. "Of course," she rationalized, "the majority of women don't look well in slacks. It's the way God made them." LaGuardia apparently had that idea in mind, too.

Herbert Boutall, 65, who married a pretty girl 44 years younger than himself five years ago, said he decided he could do without his wife. "There was too much difference in ages," the old man commented. He said he has arranged with the British Consul to return to his native England and get into some type of war work. Before Boutall married his wife she was his housekeeper and only 16. Since



The bride wore white; the groom saw red; so now Herbert D. Boutall is returning to England.

their marriage she has borne him two children, a boy and a girl. But this week Boutall inserted an ad. in a New York paper saying that his wife left his "bed and board" and that he would no longer be responsible for her debts.

Philip Murray, CIO president, said that America is turning out more war materials than the Allies can use or that the United States can ship. And William Green, AFL president, said America will succeed in doubling war production this year.

Murray accused the War Production Board of bad planning. He predicted 650,000 workers would be idle within three months because of over-production. He also warned that unless production was planned better more than 10,000,000 war workers would be out of jobs three months after the war. The CIO chief said that one Pennsylvania bomb plant, employing 5,000, expects to lay off three-fourths of its employees because the nation has produced more than six times the number of bombs the Allies can use. In the aircraft industry, he said that 25,000 workers face unemployment because certain types of planes have been over-produced.

Floyd Hamilton, one-time public enemy No. 1, broke out of Alcatraz with three other desperadoes serving long stretches. Hamilton and his cronies stole Army uniforms and overpowered guards, then they plunged into the bay and attempted to swim to shore. Guards opened fire, three of the men, including Hamilton, were captured and the fourth prisoner is believed to have been shot and his body sunk in the bay. Hamilton is serving a 30-year stretch for bank robbery.

Price Administrator Prentiss M. Brown took the first step toward controlling restaurant prices. He authorized his regional offices to place ceiling prices on food and beverages served in restaurants. He established the week between April 4 and April 11 as the basic price period. Restaurants were asked to send their menus and prices for that week to the OPA regional offices.

The Senate War Investigating Committee announced that a two-year study of selected Army camps in the United States showed that 21 per cent of the food is being wasted. The wastage was



Dorothy Thompson is going to get herself hitched again.





Tanks and tank-destroyers roll off the same Ford assembly line.

issue could be settled by enacting a 20 per cent withholding tax against wages and salaries.

The post-war automobile will probably be the same as the 1942 models, Fred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of General Motors, announced. Only improvements that will not require important engineering changes will be on the post-war automobile, he said. Executives of large aviation firms predicted that there will be a great boom in trans-Atlantic air travel after the war. The cost of passage to Britain would probably amount to \$75 or \$80, it was said. Airplanes carrying an average of 50 passengers would be the ideal types for such a service, the air executives suggested.

Dorothy Thompson, newspaper columnist, announced in Chicago that she will soon marry Maxim Kopf, refugee painter from Czechoslovakia. The marriage will take place at Miss Thompson's summer home in Woodstock, Vt. She is the former wife of Sinclair Lewis, noted American novelist. Margie Hart, noted burlesque stripper, said that she's been a Missus since last July 4. Her husband is Lt. Seaman B. Jacobs, stationed at the New York Port of Embarkation. John Steinbeck, Pulitzer prize-winning novelist, and Gwyn Conger of Los Angeles were married in New Orleans.

Five Chicago "dead-end kids" went out for some fun. For a starter they held up a priest and swiped his car. Then they really got down to business after they had rammed the stolen car into one driven by Kent Clow, Jr., 18, Yale freshman and smart-set blade, who was accompanied by Helen Joy Priebe, 18, and Stanton Armour, 18, suburban Lake Forest socialites. The dead-enders piled out of their car, walked up to Clow:

"This," they said, "is a stick-up."

The three victims were ordered into the kids' car. They were robbed and driven to a lonely section of the city. Then Clow and Armour were dumped and the kids, laughing smugly, drove off with the girl. They finally spilled her on a dark street after she said "no" to a lot of their questions. An hour later, when the cops picked up the dead-enders, they said: "We just did it for a laugh."

Chester C. Davis, the nation's new food czar, tackled his new job by:

1. Streamlining his office staff.
2. Cracking down on the illicit black market.
3. Encouraging farm-bred factory workers to return to the soil.

To aid Davis's back-to-the-farm movement, President Roosevelt announced that the Army will soon release all inductees 38 years old or over for dairy farming and agriculture. He said, too, that men between the ages of 38 and 45 now working in non-deferrable occupations will be urged to join the land army if they know anything about farming. If they don't, it was hinted, they may be in the fighting Army soon.

Frank Gilmore, 75, president and one of the founders of Actors' Equity Association, and for years a militant campaigner on behalf of those who toil behind the footlights, died in New York. A former actor, Gilmore established the principle of collective bargaining for actors when he led a 30-day entertainers' strike in 1919.



Hamilton got off the Big Rock, but now he's breaking them again.

President Roosevelt dedicated the Jefferson Shrine in Washington. The President declared that Jefferson from 1801 to 1809 "faced the fact that men who will not fight for liberty can lose it. We, too, have faced that fact."

Rudolph Halley, who directed a Senate committee investigation of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corp. on charges of falsifying Government specifications, was subpoenaed by a Federal Grand Jury in Pittsburgh. He is expected to produce names of employees of the company as witnesses.

Betty Louise Taylor, 19-year-old Marion, Ill., soda jerker, has filed claim in Washington to a fortune estimated at between \$100,000 and \$1,000,000 left by an aunt, the late Lady George Chomondeley, once a famous Washington society beauty.

Mrs. Ella B. Howard, held in the fatal shooting of Mrs. T. Karl Simmons, who was shot to death in a Tulsa, Okla., hotel room, once received a \$20,000 "gift" from the dead woman's husband, police have disclosed. Mrs. Howard told authorities that she shot Mrs. Simmons accidentally in a scuffle after the other woman came to her room with a pistol.

Selective Service headquarters in Washington announced that 70 conscientious objectors will soon be sent to China for non-combatant and medical services. Another group, about 500, will be assigned to dairy farms throughout the nation, and still another group will collect data and charts for the coast and Geodetic Survey. It's the first time in the U. S. history that "conchies" will serve outside of the country.

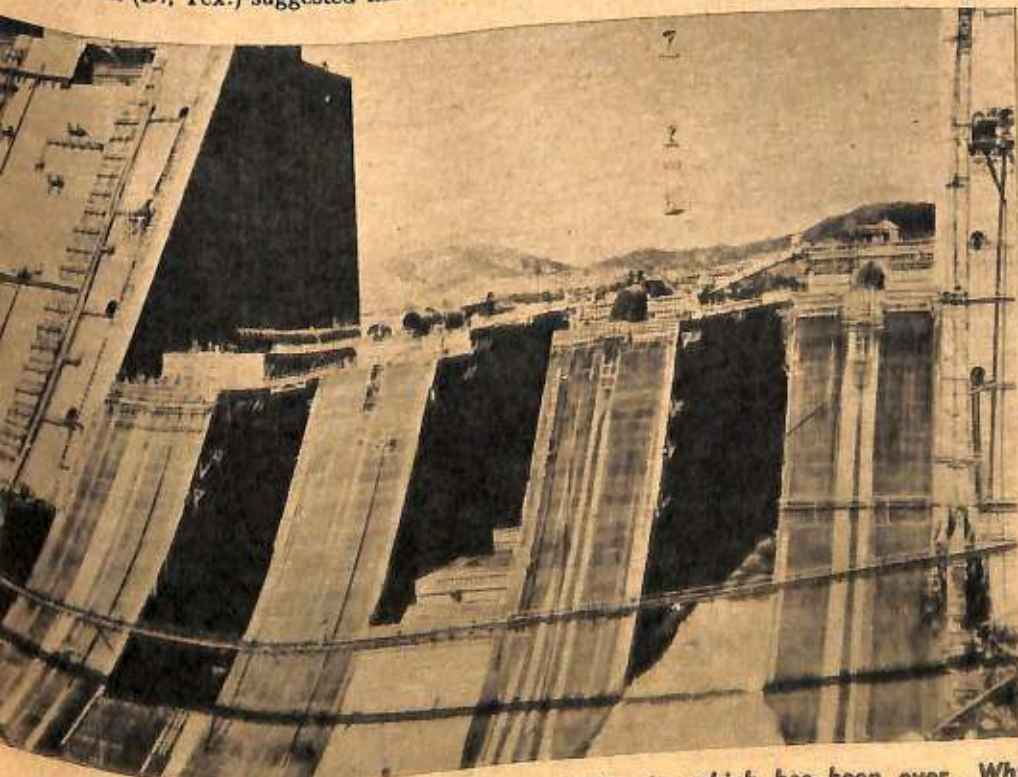
Frank Kominsky, 13, found \$13,928 in cash and \$1.75 in stamps wrapped in a paper bag in a junk pile in front of a shop in New York City. He turned it over to the police, but it's his if the owner doesn't claim it within six months.

attributed to the content of the ration issue. It was said that soldiers' mess preferences and mess management were large contributing factors (and those dilettantes back home don't even have to eat Spam).

Secretary of the Treasury Henry L. Morgenthau opened the nation's latest Victory War Bond Drive in New York by declaring that citizens must loan the Government 13 billion dollars by the end of the month to pay the expense of the opening of the second front and other military offensives. He said the second front was no military secret and that the 10 per cent pay allotment plan for war bonds was no longer sufficient. Everyone was asked to buy additional bonds, much over the 10 per cent figure.

President Roosevelt strongly criticized Congress for repealing his executive order limiting wages and salaries to \$25,000 a year. Congress over-rode the President's executive order by inserting a rider in a Bill allowing an increase in the nation's debt. The President explained that the Treasury Department advised him war financing plans would be delayed if the Bill to increase the debt was not passed without delay. "Had circumstances been different I would have vetoed the whole Act," Roosevelt stated. He said he allowed the entire Bill to become effective but not "without protesting against the irrelevant and unwarranted rider."

Rep. Joseph M. Martin, Jr. (R., Mass.) warned that if the House Ways and Means Committee does not discharge the pay-as-you-go tax legislation he would take other steps to bring it before the House for action. He said he could muster enough votes to discharge the Committee and force action on the floor of the House. Meanwhile, Speaker Sam Rayburn (D., Tex.) suggested that the controversial tax



Spillways of the great Shasta Dam in California, which has been over 80 per cent completed. Its power capacity is vital to the war effort.



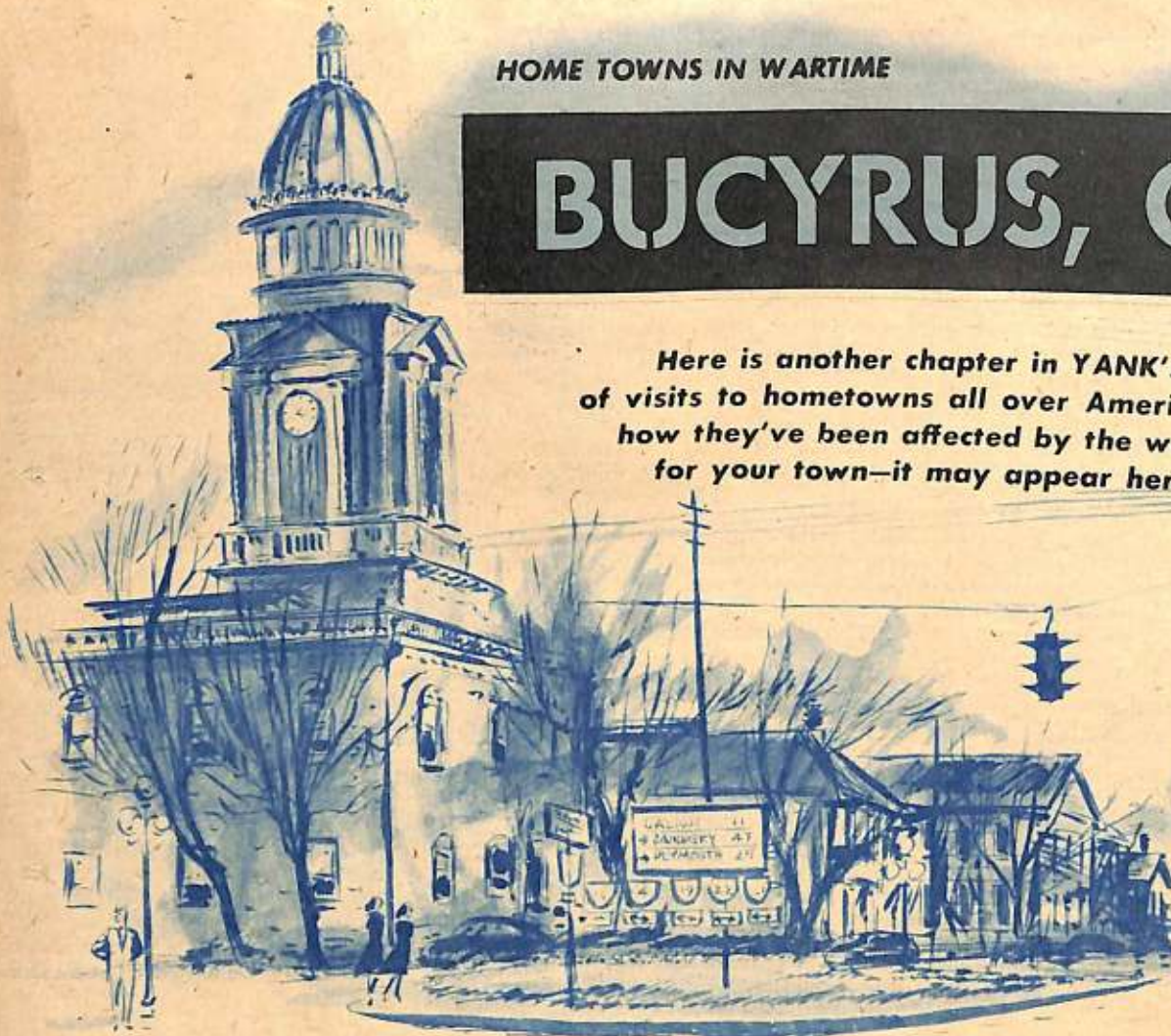
Why are they happy? Because their resistance is being built up. New York models demonstrate British device to give ultra-violet irradiation.



HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

# BUCYRUS, Ohio

Here is another chapter in YANK's series of visits to hometowns all over America, showing how they've been affected by the war. Watch for your town—it may appear here soon.



By SGT. BILL DAVIDSON  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**B**UCYRUS, OHIO—It is difficult to tell just how hard this Ohio farming-industrial town has been hit by the war. Everything looks perfectly normal until you're right on top of it.

That's exactly what happened to an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad's crack Broadway Limited last New Year's Eve.

The Broadway was heading into Bucyrus on the main line to New York, burning up the tracks at about 75 miles an hour. The train was late and trying to make up time. Suddenly, a half mile down the track, a red flare shattered the night. It was a fusee—emergency signal to stop the train. Silhouetted in the red glare of the fusee was the overalled figure of the gate-watcher at Bucyrus' main Sandusky Avenue crossing. It was the gate-watcher who had set the flare.

The engineer jammed on the brakes. In a shower of sparks, the rocketing train ground to an agonized halt. Just before it hit the intersection, the locomotive plowed into an empty automobile stalled on the tracks. The car easily could have derailed the Broadway and cost perhaps hundreds of lives—if the train had not been flagged.

The engineer dropped from the cab and walked toward the gate-watcher, cursing a blue streak. Then suddenly the engineer turned red and fidgeted uneasily with his gloves. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. The gate-watcher who had saved the Broadway was a woman.

**Women Doing Well in Men's Jobs**

This is a perfect example of how the loss of 300 men to the armed forces has affected the life of the town. The manpower shortage has the women doing hitherto undreamed-of things in an attempt to maintain things on something resembling a normal level. The female gate-watcher, the first in Bucyrus history, is Arlean Ratz, a 27-year-old blond, whose husband was killed in an accident. She controls signals, and raises and lowers the heavy street gates by hand, on an average of 50 times during her eight-hour shift.

Women have taken over all the window-dressing jobs in the shops on South Sandusky Avenue. Out at the swimming pool in Aumiller Park, they had a female lifeguard last year—Betty Fegley, who proved surprisingly effective, saving at least one young boy from drowning. This summer, all four of the guards will be girls. Women were called in to fill the ranks of the teams in the Men's Bowling League at the bowling alleys on East Mary Street. All the amateur baseball

leagues, with the exception of the High School Boys' League, were canceled for the duration. The high-school teams have been doing so poorly that the old bell in the tower on the school grounds, which used to be rung to celebrate victories, has been silent all year.

At the Bucyrus Telegraph-Forum, Mrs. Rowland Peters stepped in as sports editor when Paul Keckstein was drafted. Mrs. Peters knew very little about sports, but she managed to do quite well just the same. In fact, she did so well, under her cloak of anonymity, that when she met with the other sports editors of the North Central Ohio High School Conference to select the All-Conference football team, her colleagues were shocked at discovering she was a woman. The meeting was marked by unexpected politeness and abstinence. And with typical feminine guile, Mrs. Peters pulled the coup of the season. Although Bucyrus had ended up deep in the cellar of the league without winning so much as a game, she talked the other sports writers into naming two Bucyrus players to the All-Conference team.

The newspaper, by the way, is becoming more isolationist and anti-Roosevelt in its policy. The county is still loyally Democratic.

**Square Is Dead; People Are Busy**

The Town Square looks the same. The chimes in the fire tower still play their funny melody every half hour. The young kids still hang out in the Bucyrus Restaurant, the older people in the York Cafe. Business is booming at all the shops, although it has fallen off somewhat at Fox's popcorn stand. Bill Nedele is in the Navy, so Nedele's Cigar Store is pretty well deserted, but the Wigwam Billiard Parlor is doing fine.

But Sandusky Avenue and the square are dead. People are just too busy.

Almost everyone works at the war plants now. The Ohio Locomotive Crane Co., making cranes for the armed forces, has taken back everybody laid off during the depression, plus a lot more. There was a big celebration at the plant last spring when Gov. Bricker came up from Columbus to award the Army-Navy "E." It was a wonderful celebration except that it rained, and everyone, including the governor, got soaking wet. A modernistic new General Electric plant has sprung up miraculously in the corn field next to the Kilbourne School. Riddell, Swan and Shunk are going full blast on war orders, too. They are so pressed for manpower that school kids are being released part-time from school to work at the plants.

Even the farmers and their wives do war work.

Last fall, when corn, wheat and soybean crops were the biggest ever, most of the farmers, led by W. W. Robinson, worked in the factories during the day—and then, with lanterns dangling from their tractors, worked in their fields at night. There was no hired help to be had at all, so they harvested on a cooperative basis.

**Other Phases of Life Affected**

The famous Bucyrus Corn Show was nothing last year compared to others, although with Ruth Haala as Queen of the Corn, there was no lessening of quality in that particular department. The town police force has been decimated by the draft, and Jack Hazer, the high-school bandmaster, and George Stoltz, the banker, are filling in and sleigh to his barber shop during the winter. Norton's Florist Shop is using a motor bike for deliveries. There were six different physical directors and three different janitors at the YMCA Tavern is closed. The Evergreens is closed. The Greenlawn and Westlake for necking. But some—

A battalion of Railway Engineers moved onto the Fairgrounds last spring, but so far the presence of the troops has not affected the town, except in two respects: (a) some of the younger high-school girls have been involved in a bit of turning of the head, and (b) the red-light district down on Railroad Avenue was liquidated.





**Anne Baxter**

The dainty little thing on this page is rated a sure bet for stardom by Hollywood and her growing army of admirers. Her latest picture is 20th Century-Fox's "Crash Dive."



# SPORTS

## PHUTILE PHILLIES HAD A NEW LEASE ON LIFE UNTIL BILL COX HIRED A TRAINER WITH COMMANDO IDEAS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

EVERYBODY always talked about the Phillies, but nobody ever did anything about them. Bill Cox did. He bought them.

The National League had the Phillies for sale, cheap, when Bill Cox came along with a bankroll and yearning to angel a big league team. The league had just taken over the Phillies when it became evident that they could no longer advance any more money to keep the franchise from sinking. Bill Cox had the club tossed into his lap for \$300,000, just a little more than the Red Sox paid for short-stop Joe Cronin.

It became an open secret that the Phillies would never be the same under Bill Cox's leadership. He was a progressive young man with reasonably stable ideas, and the feeling was that he would guide the Phillies into a respectable groove along with such staid contenders as the Pirates and the Cubs.

Bill Cox took at least one step in this direction. He walked right up to the front-office staff and informed them they were through. He then turned on his very capable and very old manager, Hans Lobert, and fired him, too. The only man to survive was Jimmy Hagan, for 40 years road secretary of the Phillies. Bill Cox beamed kindly on Hagan.

"This man is a faithful servant," said Cox. "I understand he has seen more games and fewer people than anybody in baseball."

Cox poured another stimulant into the Phillies when he announced that he would treat them to a manager who had once won two major-league pennants. Stanley (Bucky) Harris, the not-so-young Boy Wonder of the Washington Senators, was his choice.

The Phillies were promising to become an interesting development when Bill Cox went out and hired himself a trainer. Undoubtedly this was a mistake. It was, in fact, a grim warning that the new era for the Phillies was over. The sad cycle had started all over again.

Cox wasn't satisfied to call his new man a trainer. He insisted that the public recognize Harold Anson Bruce as the physical training director. Bruce immediately capitalized on this title and became serious with his work.

When the team gathered at Hershey, Pa., for spring training. Director Bruce outlined a well-rounded commando training program which, he said, would go into effect that very day. Bill Cox smiled approvingly, but Bucky Harris only shook his head.

"This is like punishing the boys because they are Phillies," Harris said. "I suggest we give this guy back to the nearest gymnasium."



Commando Bruce, left, and Owner Cox warm up at Hershey, Pa.

"Oh, no," said Cox. "He's got the stuff. He's 57 years old and he ran 10,000 meters only a week ago. Look at him, Bucky, and notice how lightly and briskly he moves."

"You look at him," suggested Harris. "You hired him."

In a few minutes Bruce had everybody on the team looking at him. He was explaining an excruciating little exercise called the elephant walk in which a man turns his stomach to the sky and, using his arms and legs, walks along the ground. Cox was impressed. He stepped forward and pointing to his oldest pitcher, Si Johnson, said, "Let's see you try this elephant walk."

"You try it yourself," roared Johnson.

Getting nowhere with Johnson, Cox turned on another old man, Chuck Klein, and demanded that he walk elephant fashion.

"Who in the hell wants to be an elephant," said Klein. "It's bad enough being a Philly."

Before he was finished, Bruce had not only paced his reluctant crew through the elephant walk but other little tortures like the pin-

wheel, a four-mile dash, and a series of 35 push-ups. It wasn't surprising when nobody showed up for dinner that night except Bruce, Cox, Harris and the faithful servant Hagan.

Owner Cox was disturbed. He dashed upstairs and as he moved from room to room he found his men motionless on their beds, still in their uniforms. Only their eyes moved.

As Cox returned to the dining room, he was greeted by Bruce. "How are my boys?" he asked. "Have they calmed down yet?"

"Completely," said Cox.

"Good, I knew they would adjust themselves," Bruce said. "Tomorrow I will give them something that will really do them a lot of good. It's the internal hot water bath. I am going to bring thermos bottles filled with hot water on the field. When the boys want a drink, they will drink hot water—not cold—and it will act as a magnificent irrigation."

"That will get them into shape," Cox said.

"Or in their graves," Harris concluded.

Bucky Harris seems to know where his ball club is going even before the season opens.

### An Evening Report that's really an Evening Report.

It was night and Orazio Lucenti was sitting in the front row of the Star Burlycue in Brooklyn watching red-headed Lillian Kay shake her hip, not even thinking of his wife and three kids who were also sitting somewhere at home.

When she danced off the stage, Orazio applauded so hard he fell out of his seat. After the show he waited at the stage door, but when Lillian emerged she just gave him the fish eye and walked off with a soldier who was standing there also.



Lillian and Orazio

Orazio thought it over. You've got to wear a G.I. zoot suit, he decided, to get along with a beautiful girl. So he bought a uniform and went back to the stage door the next night. It worked like a charm. Lillian fell for him in his OD outfit, and in a couple of nights she was introducing him to her mother, her father and her sister Frieda, the one with the brains in the family, who told him that Lillian's last name was really Kornblum.

Orazio promoted himself to a corporal. He and



Lillian went to the movies together and held hands in the two end seats of the last row in the balcony. They talked about setting up a home when he got his sergeant's stripes.

In Orazio's army the promotions came fast. In a couple of weeks he was wearing three stripes with two smiles underneath, and in another two weeks he and Lillian were married and had moved in on her parents in the Bronx.

Everything was wonderful except that Lillian's sister Frieda (the one with the brains) didn't understand the set-up. She wondered why Orazio was always on leave. So she checked up with the Selective Service Board and found that her brother-in-law was 4-F, married and the father of three.

When the coppers came around to ask Orazio some questions he made like he didn't get it at all. Why, he was asked, did he marry poor Lillian when he already had a nice wife and three little children? "Gosh," he said innocently, "I thought I was separated."

Orazio hasn't got his stripes any more. Now he's got bars.

They're going to refilm *The Phantom of the Opera*, starring Nelson Eddy, not in the horror part, but as

an opera star. Susanna Foster will play opposite him, and Claude Rains will star as the bogey man. *Desert Victory*, called by William Wyler "the most costly picture ever made," cost the lives of four cameramen, five were wounded and five taken prisoner. Twelve of the original twenty-six cameramen sent to the front to film the picture returned unharmed.

### Hollywood

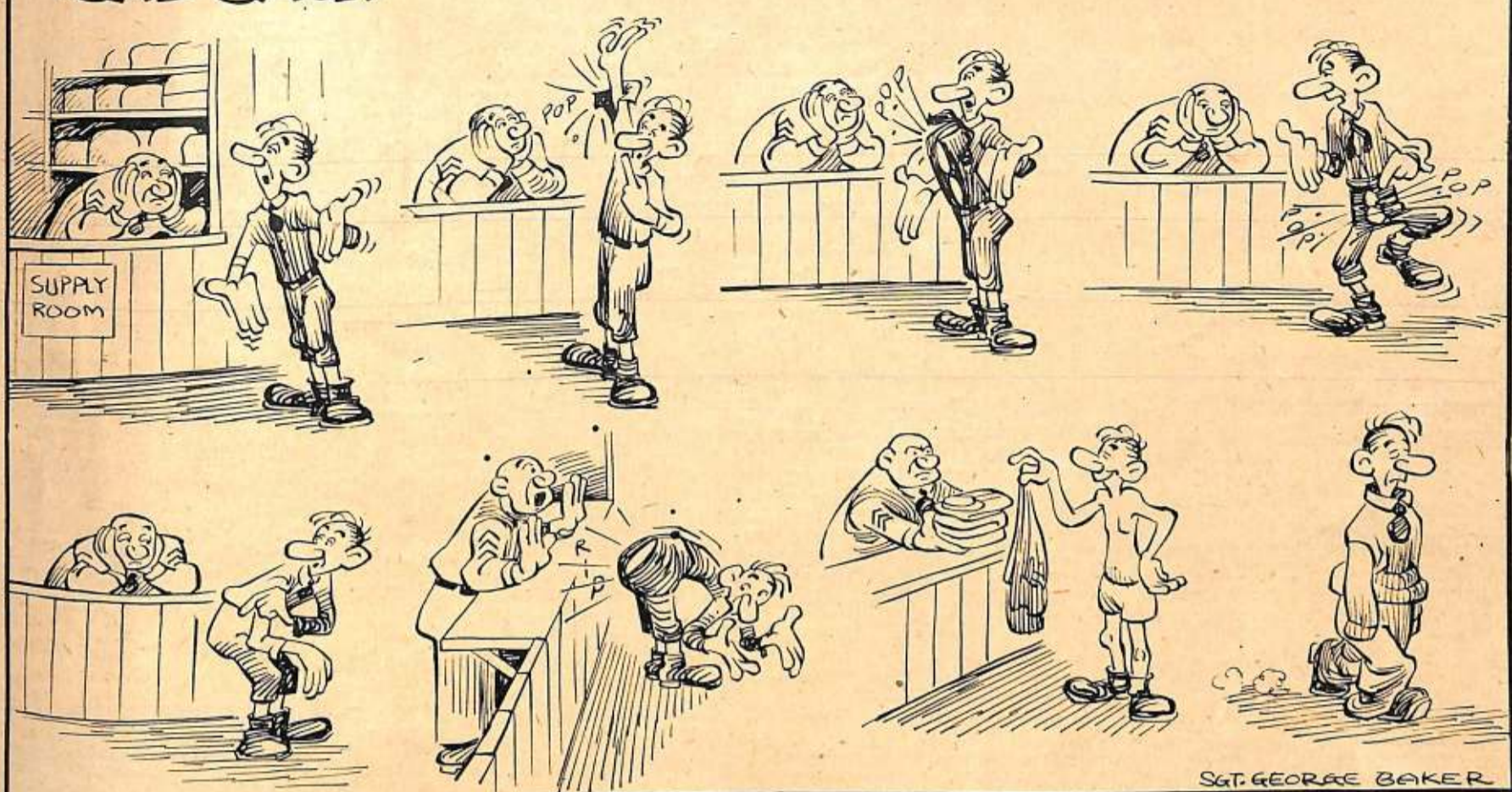
Aggravated by strenuous tap dancing, an old injury has placed Betty Grable in the hospital. The blonde honey is doing okay though, says her doc., all she needed with a minor operation. . . . The motion picture industry's War Activities Committee has presented a check for \$1,625,000 to President Roosevelt's War Relief Board, the proceeds of collections in American motion picture theaters.





THE SAD SACK

"CLOTHES EXCHANGE"



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ARTIE MAKES AN EXPLANATION

**L**EMME up," Artie Greengroin said. "Lemme up, gawdam it."  
 "Not until you tell us what happened to the first sergeant," we said. We were sitting on Artie, feeling determined, but rather uncomfortable, because Artie is by way of being bony, and it doesn't cause Artie to sit on him for too long. The reason we were sitting on Artie was that we were feeling desperate. We had to find out why the topkick went to the clink.  
 "We're waiting," we said.  
 "Yer an ole bassar," Artie said. "I ain't going to tell you nothing. I never violated security in me life."  
 "You're going to violate security now," we said.  
 "Wass in it for me?" Artie wanted to know.  
 We bounced up and down on his stomach a few times. "That's in it for you," we said.  
 "Aw, the hell with it," Artie said. "Lemme up. I'll sing. For gaw's sake, you'd of thought I was a Murderer Incorporated. Wass the matter with you, anyways? I never seen such a inquisitive guy in all me life. You must have some cat's blood in yer veins."  
 We let Artie up. He rose ruefully to his feet, brushing himself off and picking up his dusty cap. His cane had fallen under a table.  
 "The trouble with me," he said when he had calmed down a little, "is that I'm too inhumane. Sometimes I'm jess like a beast, a ravenous tiger or something. Especially where dames is concerned. It's like taking bread out of me mouth when somebody lifts a doll of mine—"  
 "Tigers don't eat bread," we said.  
 "Aw, hamboigers, then, for gaw's sake," Artie said. "Anyways, I can't stand to be needed that way. I go bersoik—"  
 "Berserk," we said.  
 Artie jammed his cap down over his eyes.  
 "Lissen," he said, "if you want to hear what happen to the top, jess keep a civil tongue in yer head. Otherwise, I'm mum."  
 "We're mum," we said.  
 "Thass more like it," Artie said. He relaxed.  
 "Well, when I found out that ole bassar of a top took that darb of a doll I seen red. Crimson, I seen I was all for going down to the orderly room and cutting his neck off, see? But then I caught hole of myself. Look here, Artie, I says, wass the sense of doing something like that when it will end you up in the jug? Why not use the ole brains, I says."  
 "It sounds good," we said.  
 "Thanks, ole boy," Artie said modestly. He began to warm to his subject. "Well, then I done a little detectification. I find out that every night at from about 10.30 to 11.00 the top is in the orderly

room, doing some woik, and during that time the files is left open. I also loin that precisely at 11.00 the C.O. skins into the orderly room to kiss the top good night. So I makes me plans."  
 "Thrilling," we said, "thrilling."  
 "Ain't it, though?" Artie said. "Well, this soiten night I wait till about 10.45, see? And then I get outside the orderly room and I starts to yell things. 'Sergeant Glump stinks on ice,' I says. 'Oh, Sergeant Glump is a ole bassar. Glump should be in a WAAC platoon yet. Glump used to smack his mudder around.' Things like that, see? Well, pretty soon ole Glump comes hotfooting it out of the orderly room and starts running around in the dark to see who's doing the talking. At least, I think thass why he come out of the orderly room."  
 "Very likely," we said.  
**F**ROM then on," Artie said, "it's strictly a zephyr. I sneak around Glump, slip into the orderly room, pull out the whole file of secret orders—we got a hell of a lot of secret orders in that orderly room—and toss 'em up and down the room. Then I take a piece of paper, write on it 'Captain O'Crock is a stinker foist class,' put it on Glump's desk and blow out of there."  
 "Regular little wind, you were," we said.  
 "Yeah," Artie said. "And after that things went poifect. Who should come along at 11.00 but the C.O. and who's he got along with him but the coinel. They go into the orderly room. 'My God,' the coinel says, 'what a queer place to keep yer secret orders.' 'I usually keeps them in a file,' says the coinel. 'They ain't in a file now,' says the coinel. 'Come to think of it, they ain't,' says the C.O. 'And wass this?' says the coinel. 'Why it's a note to wass this?' says the C.O. 'Wass it say?' says the coinel. 'Oh, nothing,' says the C.O., and he puts the note in his pocket. 'Very unneat orderly room,' says the coinel. 'Very unneat orderly room indeed.' I could hear all this through the winders, unnerstand?"  
 "Perfectly," we said.  
 "So what happens?" Artie went on. "So when the top comes back the C.O. and the coinel asts him for a explanation, but he can't give none. So next

morning he goes to the clink. Thass the whole story, or you can give me a hit with yer fists."  
 We thought for a moment. "O.K.," we said.  
 "We accept it."  
 "Thass the way to be—broadminded," Artie said.  
 "Now they's some people in this theayter who wouldn't swaller that. Yer a fine type of man. You got a honest face."  
 "So have you, Artie," we said.  
 "Thanks, ole boy," Artie said. A blush tried to break through his skin but didn't quite make it.  
 "There's only one thing more," we said.  
 "Yerse?" said Artie.  
 "The next day, when we saw you," we said, "you were on your way to the guardhouse to turn yourself in. But they wouldn't take you. What happened?"  
 "Oh," Artie said, "what happen was this. I go in the clink and I see a MP I know, a nice guy, name of Willy. He owes me a couple of quid from a craps game. 'Hey, Willy,' I says, 'come here.' So Willy comes over and I tell him the whole story. 'O.K.,' I says when I'm finished, 'you can lock me up now.'"  
 "And what did Willy say?" we wanted to know.  
 "A very funny thing," Artie said. "Willy tole me to beat it. And you know why he tole me to beat it? Because that ole bassar of a topkick had stole a goil from him, too, and he wanted him to get his jess dessoits. Now, ain't that a hell of a thing?"  
 "A hell of a thing," we agreed.  
 "And now I'm off women," Artie said.  
 "How about that Wren?" we wanted to know.  
 "Aw, thass another thing intirely," Artie said. "I don't look on her as a woman exactly. She's more like a instructress or something. She's giving me lessons in the School of the Gennulman."  
 "You learning anything?" we asked.  
 "Yeah, a lot," Artie said. "In a little while now you ain't going to know me."  
 "What hours does school keep?" we asked.  
 "From seven to ten," Artie said.  
 "Ever have to do any homework?" we wanted to know.  
 "Yeah," Artie said, "lots."  
 He seemed pretty serious about it, too.



**THE MARCH OF SNOWSHOE SAM**

**Y**OU'VE heard of the ride of Paul Revere. The ride that Americans still hold dear. That a great ride it was we know of course. Yet most of the work was done by the horse. But the trek I'll tell, of a powerful man, Was the famous march of Snowshoe Sam. Now this was up in the arctic snow. Where men perspire in 40 below. So as not to go bushed or rum-dum-dum, They drank of 32-overproof rum. And that my friend, if you've never tried, Is stuff to keep your eyeballs fried. You may have drunk cognac, vodka or gin, Okulehau, tequila or strong brandy-wine, Scotch, bourbon, rye or corn from the South, Or some drink that lifted the roof of your mouth. Compared with this rum, for blowing your top, They all are as mild as strawberry pop. As the men sat there silent, in the little tin hut, Their minds seemed to groove the same homesick rut. They all slowly sipped the hot buttered booze, While the radio blasted the 10 o'clock news, When out of the speaker, like a bolt from the sky, This terrible news smacked them all in the eye.



**THE POETS CORNERED**



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

Two weeks from the day of this stark tragic night, All surplus hard liquor would be sewed up tight: The ration per month would be one quart, no more; Pandemonium broke, they screamed, they swore: "We'll be damned, who can live in this perpetual freeze, Who in hell can keep warm on just beer and no shes?" Then the sergeant spoke up to quiet the din. "There is just one way out of the fix we are in. It's 500 miles to where we get rum: G-2 only knows when the next plane will come. To try going by snowshoe who'll volunteer? Who'll get the message through? Who has no fear?" Every eye in the hut turned to look at one man— The huge hulking frame they called Snowshoe Sam. Then all seem to shout, as if in one voice, "For the message to Garcia, there stands our choice. He's the only one here who could make it in time, Over so many miles, to beat the deadline." Sam just swelled up with magnificent pride, His expanding ribs nearly burst through his hide: "Just fill up my pack, boys, I'll be off in a wink: The quicker I get back the sooner we drink." While they filled up his pack he strapped on his shoes And then started out on the long trek for booze.

Three hundred hours later almost to the dot He fell in the doorway of the place that he sought. With weather-black face like a man straight from hell, He moved not a muscle but lay where he fell. Some hours later he finally came round: The news of his feat spread all over town. Next day 30 quarts lay snug in his pack, He waved them good-bye and then started back. His slow dogged pace seemed to eat up the miles, He thought of the men who would meet him with smiles. His burden grew heavy, his eyes seemed to dim, His breath in his parka formed ice on his chin. Two hundred miles later he sank with a groan, His raw back felt broken, his legs made of stone. He knew that unless he lightened his pack He would never return to the iron-bound shack. He knew they'd forgive him if he unburdened some, So he opened a bottle and filled up on rum. So onward he traveled, his spirits on high, As each bottle emptied his lips breathed a sigh. But one eye got frozen and shrank up quite small, The other bugged out from rum alcohol. And soon his eyes saw with so much of a bend That he wandered in circles for days upon end.

In the old iron hut days grew into weeks Ere the men lost their gloom, the tears from their cheeks. And weeks grew to months and months into years But still they conjectured while sipping their beers As to what had become of the strong mighty man, Famed through the Army—the great Snowshoe Sam. Somewhere in the wildness of the long polar night, There stands all alone the world's strangest sight. For poor Sam stands frozen, his face to the stars, His soul having flown to the northern lights' bars, And Eskimos passing this figure so cold, All bow down to worship this odd totem pole. Eons must pass till the great northern fies Melt with a future sun and tropic wind blows, And some distant race the secret will find Of the most famous trek since the dawn of mankind. His tracks will burn scars on history, too, As the world's only martyr to rum 32.

—Cpl. C. D. KRON



Dear YANK:  
With reference to S/Sgt. Irving Maneska's letter in Mail Call of April 11, we of a B-24 station would like to know if he is bucking for a section 8 by such an outburst of ignorance on the subject.  
Cpl. E. J. CHARLES

Dear YANK:  
Where does Pfc. Epstein, an engineer, get that stuff that the Fort is over-glamorized, for crying out loud the Forts deserve all the credit and more, too. The B-24 is a good ship but look at the papers and see what the Fort is doing; anyhow, ask the man who knows, i.e., the Heinies.  
7/Sgt. A. DI BRANGO  
Sgt. M. J. ERICKSON

Dear YANK:  
I'm just one of "Ted's Travelling Circus" who made the trip the B-17 boys are crying about. The only thing for those brave men who fly the B-17s to do is to go duck their heads and howl when one of our B-24s pass by. Remember, B-17 heroes, it's not the beauty but the results that count.  
3/Sgt. H. G. CRISSMAN

Dear YANK:  
I am writing regarding an article in Mail Call, April 11 issue. A statement where Pfc. Epstein praises the lord that the Fortresses were put in their place. I think Pfc. Epstein should accompany us on a mission before he makes any more statements about the Forts. What about, it, Epstein, interested?  
5/Sgt. W. KISER  
Gunner on a Fort

Dear YANK:  
I wish to thank you for the write-up about the Libs. I believe it's time it was given. You know, by giving us a

**MAIL CALL**

little publicity, we feel like we're in this war and doing some good.  
5/Sgt. A. E. B.  
Lib Bomb Co.

Dear YANK:  
A letter appeared in April 11 issue of YANK from a staff sergeant beefing about the publicity given the B-24. The three other letters were from two fellows who fly the B-24 and one from an engineer in the same category as myself. All were glad to see the Lib. get a break and not one called the Fortress a crate. My salute to each and divide the publicity equally.  
Civilian Technician  
GEORGE L. CUMMINGS

Dear YANK:  
I just want to remind the gripers that Mrs. Roosevelt crossed the ocean in a B-24. Churchill flew to Casablanca to meet President Roosevelt in one. Willkie made his recent tour in one, and Kay Francis, Martha Raye, Carole Landis, all flew in a B-24 on their recent visit over here. I have nothing against a B-17, but just remember, S/Sgt. Maneska, we are not over here for any beauty contest, but for a cause, and "Ted's Flying Circus" has set a record for any B-17 outfit to shoot at, not by mouthing off, or publicity, but by action.  
7/Sgt. LOUIS SZABO  
Member of Ted's Circus

Dear YANK:  
Where do people get the idea that the boys in the Fortresses hold a grudge against the boys in the Liberators for their

so-called intrusion on our sacred ground? The more the merrier.  
Love and kisses,  
B-17 LATRINE BOYS  
B-17 K.P. BOYS  
B-17 FLY BOYS  
P.S. The boy who wrote this never got back to mail it.

Dear YANK:  
In your otherwise excellent "Week of War" page in your issue of April 4, you made one error of fact. You said that Sweden, Switzerland and Portugal are the only neutral countries in Europe. I think that you should, however you feel about Spain, include her in that list. Too, Turkey has a piece of land in Europe and could be considered neutral. And how about Italy?  
Northern Ireland.  
Sgt. OTTO SCHWARTZ

Dear YANK:  
I read an editorial last week for the first time. It was in the April 11 issue of YANK. Personally, I think it's about time the Merchant Navy was given a little recognition. What I want to know is, who wrote that editorial? Editors surely can't feel like that?  
M/Sgt. HENRY STONE

Dear YANK:  
That editorial on the Merchant Navy in April 11 YANK was the best I've ever read. Not just because I got a brother in the Merchant Navy, either. I know what those guys go through and it's about time some of the rest of the guys know it, too.  
Pvt. J. A. MILL

Dear YANK:  
I want to shake your hand for your editorial in April 4th issue. It must necessarily be by proxy but I wish I could do it in person. Acting as a liaison officer and knowing a little about the Coastal Command, I also want to say that the British are much more conscious of what they are fighting for than we are. They don't pay quite as much attention to drinking, dancing, bitching, etc., as we do.  
H. A. K.  
Captain, Aus.

Dear YANK:  
I think that picture of that goony Pfc. sitting on the bench holding a broken cane was a honey. And I don't think you're kidding, either. Last week I saw two dog faces with canes myself. They were walking in Hyde Park.  
Sgt. H. K. COONEY

Dear YANK:  
Who do you think you're kidding about the guy with the broken cane? We all know it's Greengroin. You can't miss that mug.  
7/S MILTON FUNKE

Dear YANK:  
What the hell do you think you're running with this Greengroin? It's an insult to the Pfc's. Every time a Britisher sees an American one-striper now he gives a horse-laugh.  
Pfc. HARVEY MCCARTHY

Dear YANK:  
Last week I got my first stripe, and I was kind of proud. This week I'm sorry that I ever saw a stripe let alone wear one. It seems this Pfc. Artie Greengroin is making a bunch of dopes out of us single-strippers. Either he goes or I quit buying YANK.  
Pfc. TOM BISHOP





VOL. 1, NO. 45  
APR. 25 1943  
By the men... for the  
men in the service

## GIVE SOLDIERS—AND THE APO—A BREAK

**B**ECAUSE of confusion in the present Army Postal Service rules for shipment of mail and packages to overseas soldiers, YANK proposes several changes in the APO regulations.

These changes, YANK believes, would simplify the present very tough job of the APO and cut down boat space, and they would make the overseas soldier a lot happier.

These proposed changes will be found in a box at the right, and YANK recommends them to the attention of the Army Postal Service.

YANK has been flooded lately with letters from overseas soldiers asking why they may no longer get packages, home-town papers, magazines, cigarettes and large items from the folks back home.

New regulations, which went into effect Jan. 15, prevent the home folks from sending bulk packages and reading matter except where the soldier sends home a list stating exactly what he needs, and this list is okayed by his CO in writing. In no case can the package go over 5 pounds.

This was amended slightly two months later to allow 8-ounce packages to be sent without a CO's approval by first-class mail, so you can get a wrist watch or other light merchandise without any red tape.

Another change now lets you get magazine subscriptions renewed by the home folks without written authority from you.

The chief squawk of soldiers is that there is no restriction on sailors, so why should there be on soldiers? The reason is that Navy personnel gets its mail at shore stations mainly, and overseas stuff is carried in the Navy's own fighting ships, so that no commercial cargo space is involved, whereas every ounce of soldier mail goes by cargo vessel or by air. Cargo ships, as everybody knows, are scarce.

**T**YPICAL of the many squawks sent to YANK over the APO situation is one from the South Pacific. It is signed by 11 men, and it seems to make sense. It says: "That the Army has post exchanges around all the camps to supply their men with the things they need is a gross misstatement. We have one where we are stationed but we are lucky if we can get a bar of soap now and then, while the Navy drinks Coca-Colas and beer. (We don't even get a smell of a beer cap.) Maybe we are wrong about the whole thing, but we would like to know if there is any good reason why they shouldn't restrict everybody and not just part of them?"

Another letter, from Alaska, says: "A buddy of mine who is from Pennsylvania has a sister who wrote him she could not send a package because he is in foreign service. But if he were a sailor or marine she could send him a package. Is that fair to soldiers?"

To prove that the beefing is widespread, a corporal in North Africa writes that he is unable to get clippings from home-town newspapers because of the new restrictions. He asks for a change in regulation so that newspaper stories can be pasted on V-Mail forms. This is not practical, however, as the V-Mail mechanism is so delicate that even 1 1000th of an inch of raised surface will jam the machinery.

A soldier in New Guinea points out that the regulations assume that soldiers can get cigarettes from overseas PXs, therefore home folks can't ship cigarettes except at the request of a CO. But it takes months to mail that CO's okay home and then get smokes shipped to a place like New Guinea. Meanwhile many men out there are doing without cigarettes. He asks if that's sensible. We don't think it is, either.

YANK took all these questions asked by soldiers down to the Army Postal Service headquarters in Washington to find out just what the score is. They gave YANK an honest answer, opening up a file of previously restricted data to prove that the regulations were urgently necessary. Here's the answer:

*The mails were getting so flooded with parcels, papers and useless junk that important mail couldn't get through. In one APO alone there was a whole warehouse full of papers, all incorrectly addressed. Thousands of cartons of cigarettes were being shipped to places like England where cigarettes are readily available. Razor blades, shoes and socks were being shipped to Hawaii, where the PXs have been long established. Men were getting silly third-class circulars by the thousands stating that there was a suit sale at the old store back home, or letting them know what was on at the local movie house; and collection agencies were sending old bills and demanding payment.*

*To carry all the mail in November 1942 took the equivalent of three 11,000-ton Liberty ships. With soldiers going overseas at the present rate, volume of mail by the end of 1943 would require 25 ships. Shipping nothing but mail. Frankly, there just aren't that many ships. Shipping is one of the biggest problems of the war. And you can't load a ship with mail exclusively. Mail is too light in weight, so part of each mail-carrying ship must be ballasted with heavy cargo.*

*The new regulations were designed to speed important mail on its way by eliminating useless stuff, cutting down the time of handling what was left, and avoiding duplications.*

*Take the case of razor blades. Hundreds of packages of them were sent by the home folks to the South Pacific, where they arrived too rusty for use. The Army was providing special tropical rust-proof blades which could be shipped in carefully packed cartons, saving much space.*

*Take cigarettes. Twenty percent of all the packages that went overseas before the new restrictions were cigarettes. Wrapped in single cartons, they took up more space than cigarettes the Army was shipping in compact, bulk packages.*

*Take magazines and books. The Army has supplied thousands of books and magazines to overseas operations. Why duplicate this effort?*

*The catch is that these restrictions solve the difficulty in most places*

# YANK Wants These Changes In Overseas Mail Regulations

Modify the rule on mailing of packages as follows:

**1. ELIMINATE** the need for CO's endorsement on items a soldier wants. Put the soldier on his honor not to ask for stuff he can get locally; but keep the present size and weight limits which say no one package can be heavier than 5 pounds, or more than 15 inches in length, or more than 36 inches in length and breadth.

**REQUIRE** the home folks to show the postmaster the soldier's request for whatever he needs, plus the envelope in which the request was made. This would prevent anybody faking a request, since the envelope would bear an APO cancellation stamp and be positive proof the request came from overseas.

**DO NOT LIMIT** what the soldier may ask for. (If he wants an angel-food cake of less than 5 pounds' weight let him ask for it.)

**2. CONFINE** first-class mail to V-Mail wherever it is in operation with one exception, thus taking most first-class letters off boats entirely. If everybody uses V-Mail it will get to its destination a lot quicker. Letters would thus be cut to one page in length but the home folks might be encouraged to write oftener. **EXCEPTION:** Keep the present rule that up to 8 ounces may be sent by the homefolks without asking anybody's permission. This stuff, delivered by boat, would include newspaper clippings, wrist watches, etc.

Where V-Mail is NOT in operation, make everybody write first-class letters on V-Mail forms. This eliminates the envelope and if all the letters are the same shape, they can be packed more easily than at present.

**PREVENT** V-Mail forms from being used by advertisers or anybody making more than a single copy of a letter. Then nobody can jam the V-Mail by putting V-Mail forms on a printing press and turning out thousands of copies of junk.

**3. CLARIFY** the rule on shipment of money. Every APO is equipped with money order facilities abroad, every postoffice is similarly equipped at home. Soldiers should be urged, for their own protection, but not compelled, to use money orders where cash is involved. Where soldiers do not have APO money order facilities handy, they be allowed to mail currency under the rule that allows an 8-ounce package by first-class mail to be sent either to soldiers or from soldiers to homefolks.

**4. KEEP** the rule throwing out all third-class and circular matter except newspaper subscriptions actually asked for by the soldier and paid for by him or by somebody who knows he wants such papers. (Clippings would still come under the 8-ounce rule which requires no request.)

**5. KEEP** the rule as it stands on second-class mail. This lets you subscribe to any magazine you want or lets the homefolks subscribe for you without the CO's permission. All you have to do is ask somebody to subscribe for you, and put the dough on the line.

**6. KEEP** the rule that prohibits civilians from writing to soldiers they don't know personally. This prevents phony exploitation of soldiers by spies, husband-hunters and advertisers, and cuts down volume of mail enormously.

**7. KEEP** the present rule for soldiers sending packages to the folks back home. Ship space is not so tight on the homeward trip.

but are strictly snafu in others. Maybe the PX hasn't been set up yet in some overseas installations. Maybe one never will be set up. Maybe the Special Service library hasn't reached its destination yet. To get around this obvious difficulty, the regulations allow men to get what they need from home. They can ask for specific items, with the okay of their CO. If you don't have cigarettes at your HQ, the CO lets you get them from home. But this takes more time than anybody figured and there has been a lot of misunderstanding.

**S**o what started out to be a fair, efficient way of solving a very tough mail delivery problem has bogged down in some cases through no fault of anybody. It's just one of those things.

The APO recognizes that a letter from home is the best tonic a soldier can get. The new regulation was supposed to speed essential mail, but to cut out letters from "lonely heart" clubs, a lot of useless advertising matter, and stale cookies.

But with 20 million pieces of mail leaving this country each week for overseas (four times as much mail per man as in the last war), the transportation problem is terrific. As for magazines and newspapers, the regulation now says you can have any you want, by subscription, without approval of your CO, but you have to ask for them. This is to make sure that you get what you want, and not Reader's Digest if you prefer Superman Comics, or vice versa.

By cutting down useless stuff, essential shipments are speeded. Elimination of 20,000 post cards advertising a sale of zoot suits at McCloskey's leaves room for 20,000 letters from Ma and Doris. Elimination of one 5-pound box of candy which is moldy when it reaches you leaves room for 60 packages of sulfadiazine, or 50 rounds of ammunition, or one rifle, or three bayonets, or 10 snake-bite medical kits.

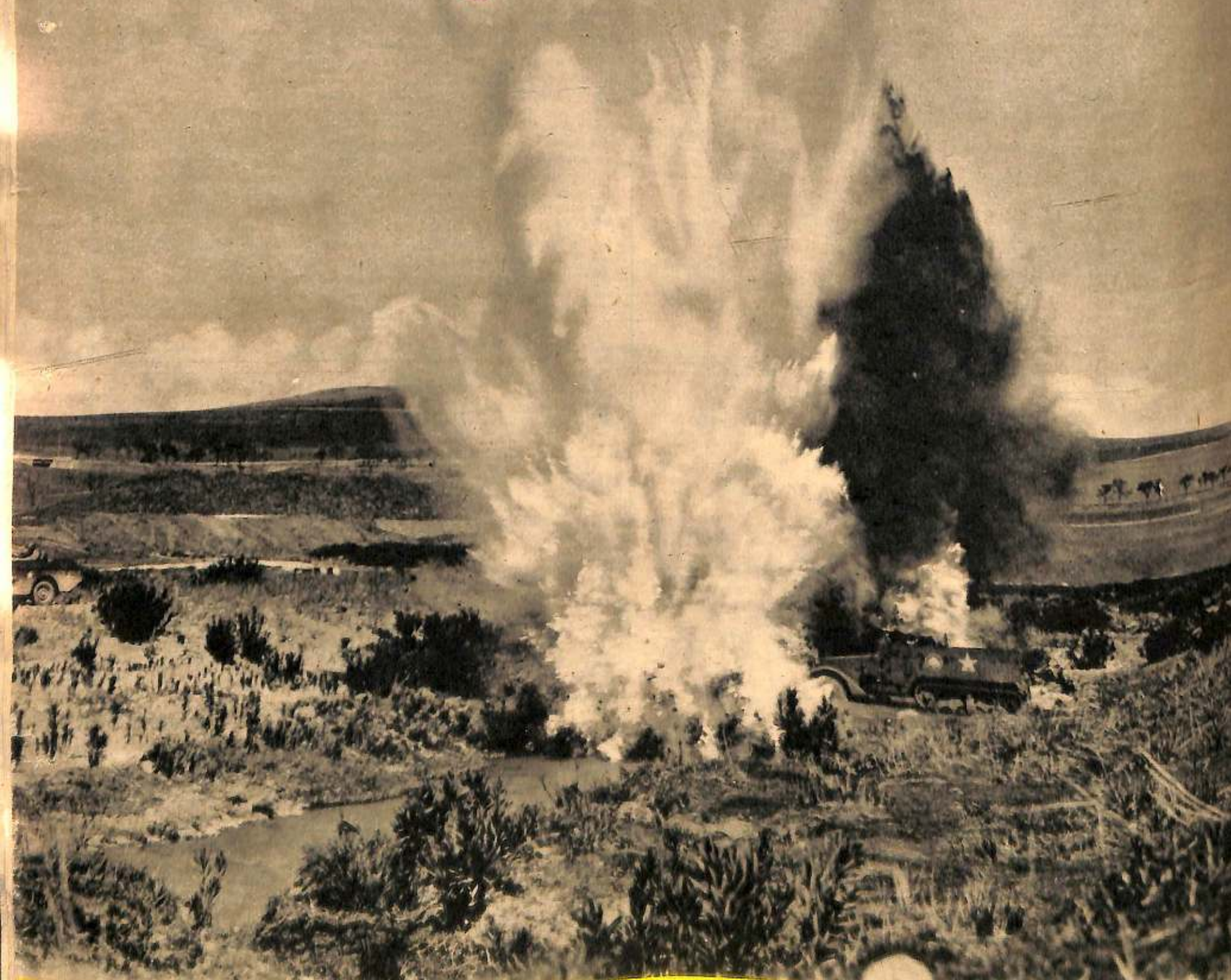
YANK believes that immediate adoption of its proposed changes in the regulations would give a fair break to everybody without going back to the old system.

If YANK's proposed modifications are accepted by the Army Postal Service, YANK will seek the cooperation of all soldier papers in requesting that soldiers do not abuse their privilege to get items from home.



# THE HALFTRACK

# Woff-Facts



Here is "Old Faithful" in action. Not the geyser, mind you, but the halftrack, one of the most reliable flivvers that ever sat on two wheels and a steel belt. During a field day "exercise."



They are nothing like a tank. They are frail-looking little babies beside a German Mark III. But they have raised so much hell with the Germans in Tunisia, that they're called the U-Boats of the Desert

By S/Sgt. Ralph G. Martin  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**ITH AMERICAN FORCES, TUNISIAN FRONT. It was an odd game played in the blazing sun—played in the open, on the desert, in wadis, in gullies, anywhere. Both sides wore the same kind of helmets, the same except for two minor differences: one helmet had a definite flare in the back and was rather old looking. The other was painted a dull green and looked new. In one helmet stood a German soldier, in the other an American.

The score for our side was minuseighteen half-tracks and for Jerry there were thirty tanks that weren't working any more.

Rommel had thrown in the armor of his prize Tenth Panzers to push back and maybe break through the American position near El Muettar. Maybe. But there was a tank destroyer outfit waiting for them.

The steam-roller wave of enemy tanks started toward the American positions at 0530 hours. Concealed in the curves of the foot-hills in front of a long, flat plain, half-track crews waited until they could see the Jerry tanks rolling out of their own smoke-screen and then they opened fire. Almost immediately, Lieutenant Charles Munn reported three hits by his platoons. But the other German tanks weren't hit. They moved stubbornly forward.

Soon after the mortar fire started blistering Munn's position, one Jerry made the sad mistake of stepping out of his Mark III to get a clearer picture of the action. Sharp-eyed Sergeant Milford Langlois spotted him and opened fire with a fifty caliber. Curiosity killed another cat.

Just then the Nazi boys took time out for a short intermission while they regrouped forces. Act two began at 1030 hours when Sergeant Hal Segit reported hits on three tanks. Later, Sergeant Allen Breed counted up six that he and his gunner, Corporal John Sauklis, had knocked out.

One crew threw a lot of armor-piercing shells at a Mark IV, making it so hot that two Jerries jumped out, but they didn't run very far.

Munn's position got tough. An adjoining unit withdrew, cutting them off completely, and German 88s found the range, knocking out another half-track.

"Our position was pas bon," said Munn. It became more and more "pas bon" at about 1500 hours, when they only had one gun left and the Axis artillery and dive bombers started bothering them. But they stood fast, working in relays to keep up the steady fire with their single gun.

The time finally came when ammunition officer Lieutenant John Perry, had to radio headquarters and tell them there was no more ammunition to pass. The order came back: "Wait until dark and try to bring out the vehicles. If it gets too hot destroy the vehicles and come out on foot."

It did get too hot. With one gun, no ammunition, all the artillery, mortar and tank fire coming right at them and a strong German infantry force moving up, they decided to clear out but fast.

A small squad of volunteers stayed behind to destroy the one gun plus some other vehicles. One of the boys tried to make a run for it with a half-track but he didn't quite make it. "One of my best men, too," said Munn. The remainder of the group made for the hills, skirting the ridges like goats, hiking six miles past Nazi outposts and finally reaching the main line without losing a man.

"All of us were pretty happy about getting back but we were still plenty sore about one thing," said Munn. "There was a German officer riding back and forth in one of our jeeps, using it as an ammu-

tion carrier. The boys would have given six months' PX rations if they could have recaptured that jeep—and what was riding in it."

Not too far away from Munn's boys at the same time there was another platoon led by Lieutenant John Yowell. His group was the last to leave the battle area and they chalked up six Nazi tanks in one column.

One half-track crew, in the short-lived, fighting life of ten minutes, blasted two enemy tanks. The chief of section, Sergeant Adolph Raymond, holding the position three hundred yards in front of the field artillery, had a giant Mark VI for his first customer. Five rounds bounced off like beebies but the sixth hit the tank below the turret and started it smoking. In a quick swing to the left at the same time, Raymond's crew was thrown into

the air and badly shaken. Luckily nobody was really hurt. The five-man crew climbed back on to the half-track and went scouting for more tanks with turrets.

Another half-track also had a field day in that battle, but theirs lasted longer. At one thousand yards this unit hit a Mark IV right beneath the boogie wheels, then blew it up a few seconds later with high explosive shells. They got another Mark IV with their first round, and thirty minutes later got their third victim square and solid, watching it go up in flames.



"He also serves who sits and burns." A Nazi big one serving the Allied cause in Tunisia.

Finally, when they were out of everything except smoke ammo, Lieutenant Yowell ordered them to retire. The section leader was Corporal Victor Hamel and his unit included three privates and a Pfc.

A three-quarter-ton weapons carrier trying to evacuate a lot of wounded drew heavy fire. Platoon Sergeant Michael Stima started firing his fifty caliber machine gun at German infantry five hundred yards away, drawing all the enemy fire to himself, and enabling the carrier to sneak through.

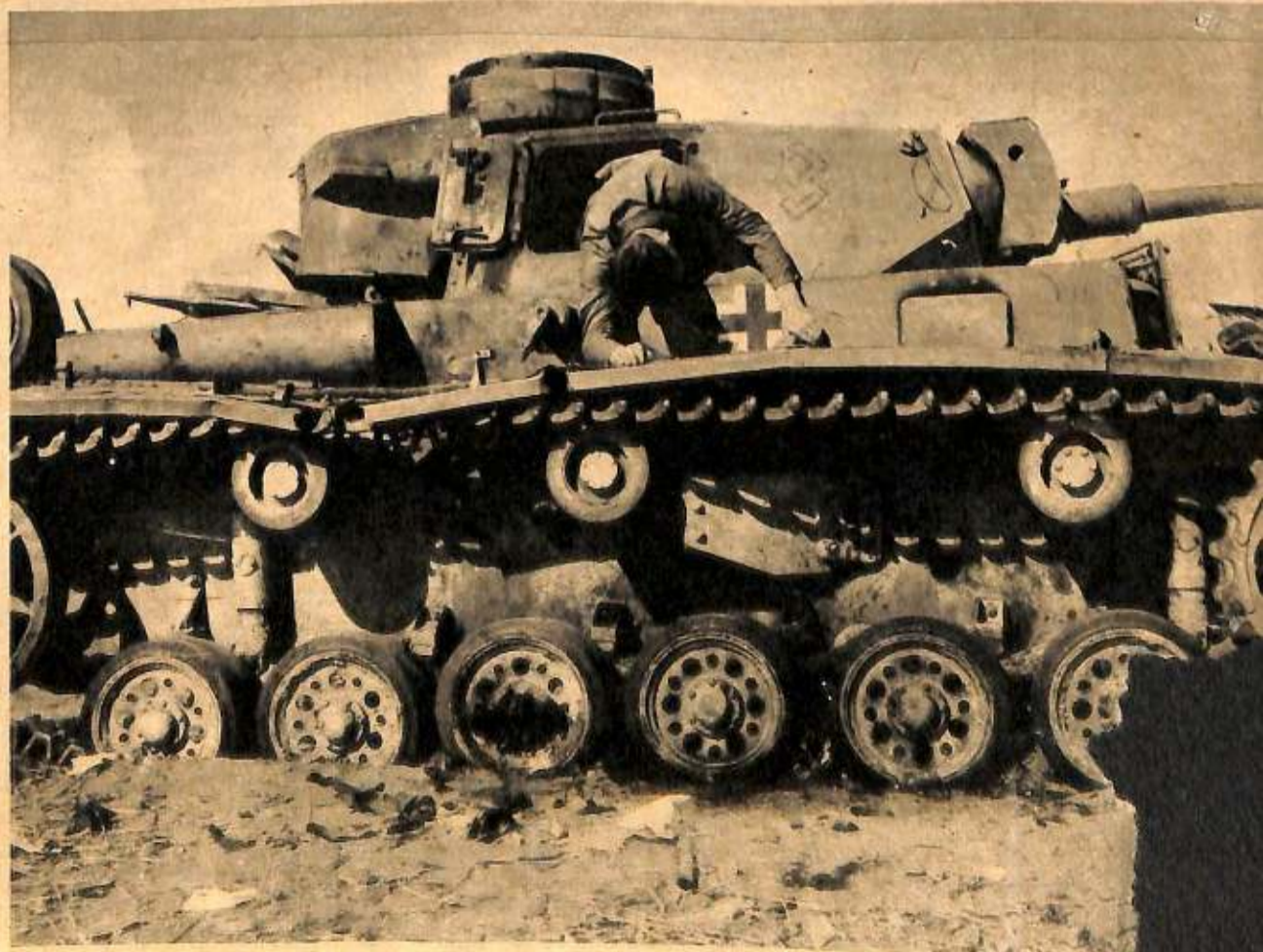
"You know," said Stima, "there were a helluva lot of Jerries in that one spot, but after I was shooting awhile they just seemed to disappear."

Lieutenant Yowell likes to tell this one:

There were several Jerry tanks coming down the road, approaching his position less than six hundred yards away. Yowell turned to Gunner Sergeant Willis Smith and yelled, "Why don't you fire?"

"Well, sir," said the sergeant casually, "I think I will wait until they come a little bit closer."

The day went well.



After the ball is over. Rommel's prize armor, just before the rust.



# YANK

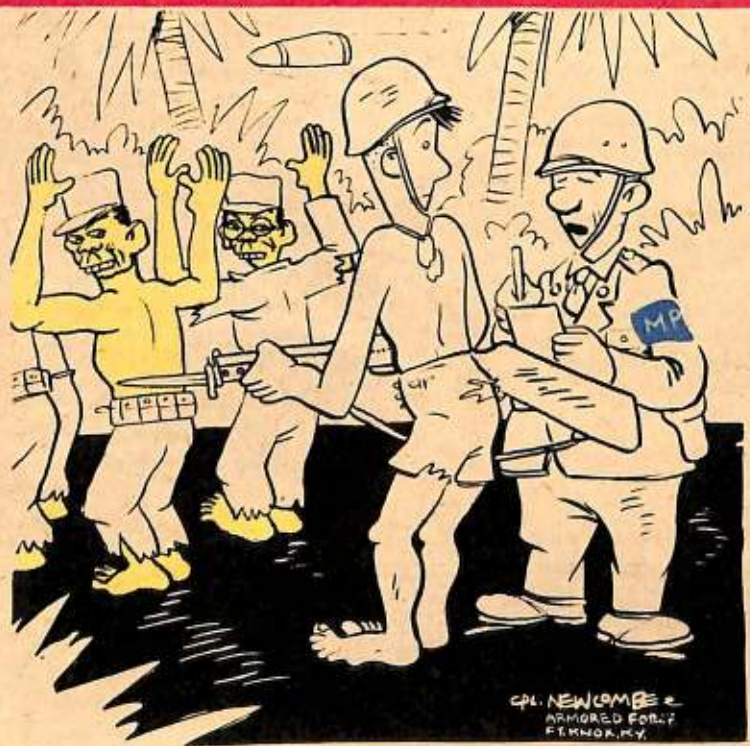
THE ARMY



WEEKLY



"JUST THE SAME, I'D FEEL BETTER IF THEY GOT THEIR EXERCISE SOME OTHER WAY."  
Sgt DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT



"OF COURSE YOU REALIZE YOU'RE OUT OF UNIFORM."  
Fort Knox, Ky. —Cpl. BILL NEWCOMBE  
CPL. NEWCOMBE 2  
ARMORED FOR. 7  
FT. KNOX, KY.



"I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT AT BUNA, BUT LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MANEUVERS IN NORTH CAROLINA."  
Australia —Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON



"HEY, K.P!"  
N. Africa —Sgt. JOHN R. O'DONOGHUE



"PHOOEY! CHEMICAL WARFARE MUST BE OPERATING TODAY."  
Hq. 7th Corps, Jacksonville, Fla. —Sgt. JACK HARIG