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





Waacs on parade in North Africa salute the colors under the accomplished eyes of a band of French poilus. C'est la guerre; and how.

WAACS AT WORK



Pfc. Ethel Ponder of Sulpur Springs, Tex., gives the motor of her jeep the once over with a grease gun. She was formerly a mortician's assistant.



Getting it while it's hot, Rhoda Laird of Houston, Tex., remains pristine while shoveling down the chow. All Waacs don't wear fatigues.

These girls in Algiers don't get any special consideration. They handle without a word of complaint the routine overseas jobs that men hate.



Pvt. Martha Patten of Williamson, N. Y., teletype operator, goes through her morning toilet with a helmet for a washbasin.

The Waacs in North Africa

By Sgt. PETE PARIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ALGIER — The first Waac commended for gallantry under fire in this war didn't do her stuff as a sniper or half-track driver in the front lines. She is a private first class named Mary L. Taylor from Lake Charles, La., who pounds a typewriter for the North African Economic Board.

Pfc. Taylor was walking home alone to the WAAC barracks from her desk at the Economic Board one night during the black-out when enemy planes came over the town and rained bombs on the streets. Lt. Earnest R. Mayfield, a Special Service officer in an anti-aircraft outfit, yelled at her to get under cover. As they ran for a doorway, a piece of shrapnel plowed through the calf of Lt. Mayfield's leg.

The Waac took one quick look and stooped down and did a cool-headed bit of first-aid work. She applied a tourniquet to the wound and stopped the flow of blood.

"I don't know what she made it from—perhaps her slip—but, anyway, she did a good job," Lt. Mayfield said later.

Then Pfc. Taylor and the lieutenant's driver took him 20 miles in a jeep with a flat tire to a

first-aid station. The Waac never said a word about the incident, which would have been forgotten if Lt. Mayfield hadn't turned in a report 10 days later when he was released from the hospital. Col. Edgar W. King, commander of the lieutenant's Coast Artillery outfit, sent an official letter of commendation to Capt. Frances Marquis, the former New York business executive who commands the WAAC company in Algiers. When Pfc. Taylor was questioned by her astonished friends, she merely shrugged her shoulders and said, "I just got caught in a blackout." She wouldn't go into further details.

Like Pfc. Taylor, the Waacs in North Africa are good soldiers, even though they don't pack a gun or sleep in foxholes. They realize that it is a man's war and they have withdrawn discreetly to the side lines, cheerfully accepting the many overseas jobs that men hate. The girls in uniform have not had an easy time in this overseas theater. They live under strict military discipline and they found plenty of Old Army men who resented their arrival in North Africa. "Let 'em stay home and do the house work," these 30-year men muttered.

However, the Army soon found that the Waacs were doing a superior job with the few opportunities opened to them. Capt. Robert Seckinger

of Bethesda, Md., CO of the American Motor Transportation Company, for example, is completely sold on them. He has six Waacs assigned to him as jeep drivers and he'd like to have a whole company. "We need them here," he says. "They can take care of all the headquarters driving while our boys make the long hauls."

The jeep-driving Waacs get no special favors or courtesies. When their buggies get dry or dusty or need a new tire or a grease job, they haul out fatigue clothes and do it themselves. They eat lunch at the GI mess hall with the other drivers, using their own mess kits and sweating out the line to wash them afterwards. One of the Waac jeep drivers is Pfc. Ruth Perchard of Perth Amboy, N. J., who wears pants, has a boyish bob and a sun-burned face full of freckles. Ruth is a graduate of Russell Sage and worked for nine years as a social investigator for the State of New Jersey before joining the WAAC. She was qualified for a commission but turned down a chance to go to OCS when she heard about the formation of this overseas company. Another driver, Pfc. Mary Helen Lovell of Curtis, Ohio, used to be a short-order cook. "I don't see why we can't do more night driving," Mary says. "Of course we are not allowed to carry arms. All I have is this GI billy club."



Pfc. Ralph Bean guards the Waacs, but he's still loyal to the girl who sent him her photo.



These Waacs—veterans, from the look of things—are going through a little intensive training for better things. The training is expected to condition them to first sergeants.

Two of the girl drivers, incidentally, act as chauffeurs for Gen. Eisenhower's staff officers. Since they have been handling Army cars in North Africa, the Waacs have not been charged with a single MP traffic violation, which is quite a record.

The rest of the Waacs—there are 195 of them stationed here in Algiers—work as typists, switchboard operators, cable clerks and teletype operators not only for the Army but also for the Navy and British, French and civil agencies. The roster also includes a couple of draftsmen, or should we say draftswomen? The Waac with an especially interesting job is Sgt. Nan Rae, who is a stenographer assigned to Gen. Eisenhower. She was a stenographer in New York, her home town, before going into uniform and previous to that worked for the Vacuum Oil Company in Glasgow, Scotland. Nan was an auxiliary when

she landed in North Africa but now she is a T-4, thank you. She works hard from 8:30 A.M. to 6 and sometimes 10 P.M.

These girls, the first WAAC company to arrive overseas, crossed the Atlantic in January after training at Fort Des Moines and Daytona Beach, Fla. Arriving here, they were quartered several miles from town in an old convent which they share with several nuns and French refugee children. The only males permitted near the convent are the MP guards, one during the day and two at night. Occasionally some of the local GIs from the Quartermasters get a close look at the place while delivering rations.

The convent is a pretty building, covered with bright red poppies. The monastery, where it is located, owns its own cows and chickens and grows its own vegetables. The nuns get along fine with the Waacs, working for them in the

kitchen and doing their laundry. The money they earn that way goes into a church charity fund.

The Waacs sleep under mosquito netting in GI cots, hospital bunks and some beds that the nuns gave them. They sleep in pajamas—GI issue—blue and white checkered in the winter and peach or blue seersucker in the summer. Just as you can tell a soldier who has been in the Army a long time because the fatigue clothes are blue instead of green, you can spot an old-time Waac by the color of her summer pajamas hanging on the wash line. Peach seersucker is the old issue.

The first sergeant of the company is Elaine Olmstead of Phoenix, Ariz., a former physical ed instructor at Arizona State College with five brothers in the Army. She clips her hair short and wears pants, but the girls say she isn't too tough. Your correspondent had a hard time getting her to pose for a picture and the only quote she gave was "This French plumbing is terrible."



The Waacs line up for chow in the courtyard of the convent where they are quartered.

SGT. OLMSTEAD blows the first whistle at 6 in the morning. Some of the Waacs have to catch a 7-o'clock bus, which doesn't leave them much time for powdering their noses, sweating the chow line and mess-kit-washing line and policing barracks. Lt. Margaret Janeway, a doctor from New York, makes inspections daily. If the girls get giggered for oversleeping or failure to make their beds according to regulations, they are confined to quarters for two weeks.

Unlike all other GIs, the Waacs here praise their cooks who not only dress up the regular issue chow temptingly but occasionally produce such miracles as apple pie, doughnuts and butterscotch pudding. "Sometimes," they boast, "we even have ice cream." God only knows how.

Here are typical menus at the convent mess hall: *Breakfast*—Oranges, French toast, syrup, cereal, butter, coffee. *Dinner*—Baked spam with cheese sauce (very good; I had some), spinach, buttered beets, crushed pineapple, bread, jam, lemonade. *Supper*—Link sausages, creamed potatoes, fresh lima beans, bread, butter, jam, coffee. Once a week they get fresh meat.

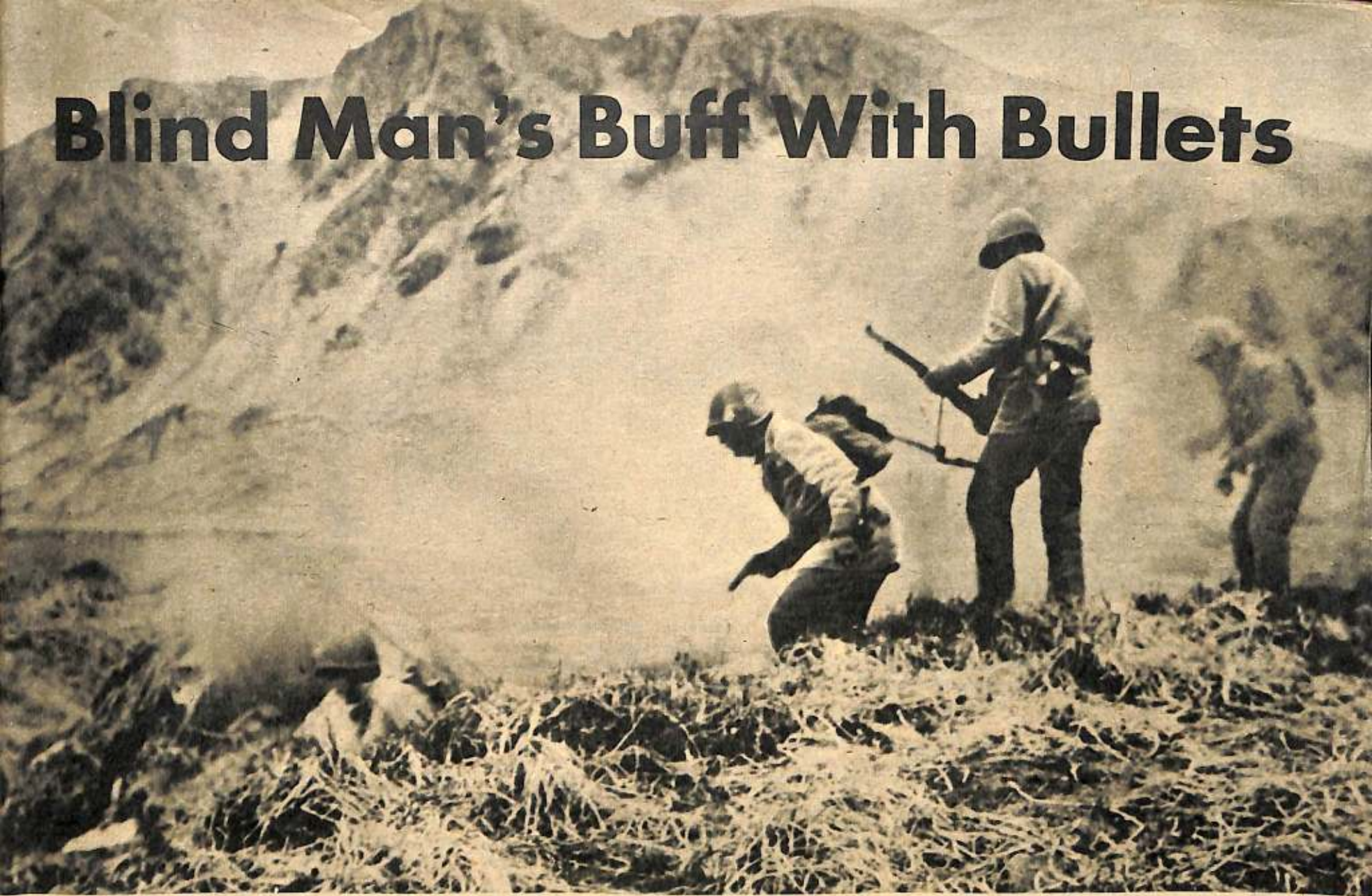
Once a week, too, the tiny PX, managed by S/Sgt. Ann Bradley, the supply sergeant from Philadelphia, Pa., opens up to sell the girls their rations of bonbons and smokes. This PX is a small room filled with candy, tooth paste, cigarettes, bats, balls, catchers' mitts and other toilet articles and recreational equipment. Sgt. Bradley sells no liquor, not even light wine or beer.

The Waac in North Africa puts up with all the bad features of military routine and gets none of the breaks that come to the average dogface. She draws her \$50 a month with nothing extra for overseas duty. She has no free postage and no special GI insurance. Allotments? She never heard of them.

It's about time the Waacs over here started getting some of those breaks. They are doing a swell job under unfavorable conditions and not one of them is beefing.

This is the second YANK article on the Waacs at home and overseas. A third one will appear soon.

Blind Man's Buff With Bullets



In Attu a Yank mop-up squad closes in on some Jap dugouts screened by smoke of exploding grenades. The Japs had to be blasted out of positions like these.

Killing a Jug of Captured Jap Wine, These GIs Rehash the Attu Invasion

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATTU ISLAND, ALEUTIAN ARCHIPELAGO [Via Courier from Massacre Bay]—We are hunched around a small warm fire, a bunch of us, killing our last liter of captured sake and second-guessing the invasion of Attu.

On one point we are all agreed. War here is blindman's buff with bullets. Plus a single sinister, incombustible weapon by which a crafty, vicious swarm of Japs has been prodding off several times its number in battle-eager Yanks.

The weapon: fog.

"What kind of a goddam war is this! You can't see 'em!" swore a sergeant from his litter, while four medics, knee-deep in custard mud, lugged his tough, stringy body from where he lay on a muskeg slope with 11 machine-gun and rifle bullets in his arms and legs. The sergeant, an Alaska Combat Intelligence Platoon scout, had been assigned as bodyguard to Col. Edward Palmer Earle, regimental commander, on a recon foray in advance of the American lines. The sergeant was not told that the colonel was dead of mortar shrapnel, possibly the first American victim of the assault.

"Where the hell are they?" cried the sergeant. "You can't see the bastriches!"

Of course, you can't. All day and all night they crouch in their cliffside caves towering over both the east and west passes of Massacre Valley. From their invisible emplacements they command an uninterrupted view of our entire operations. Shielded by fog, on stubby skis and flypaper feet, they inch their way down the sherbet-snow ravines. When the fog rolls up, like a window curtain, for perhaps a quarter hour at a stretch a half-dozen times a day, they pepper away with

their chattering machine guns and moaning, thudding mortars. Before our artillery can spot the range, down rolls the fog. When it goes up again, they are the little men who are not there.

"It's eerie," says M/Sgt. Charles Burgmann, who formerly handled chores for NBC in Hollywood. "It's a script by Ernest Hemingway, direction by Alfred Hitchcock."

It was there, the fog, when our formidably escorted convoy pushed its way blindly into the rock-fanged maw of Massacre Bay. It chased us down the Aleutian Chain. It forced the assault troops into the most bizarre invasion of enemy shore line in the second World War.

Even the cunning Jap gunner in his steep gopher hole must have doubted his senses when a U. S. Navy destroyer, with foghorn sounding full blast, nosed through the low-hanging mist at the head of an armada of amphibious assault barges.

But on the beach, no Japs.

Riflemen slogged up the central ridge forming the backbone of Massacre Valley. No Japs.

Machine gunners sweated their weapons up the hill, and the mud grew deeper. No Japs.

At the crest of the ridge, Massacre Creek, West Fork, trickled a thin line 1,000 feet below on the left. East Fork meandered deep down on the right. On three sides loomed the sheer, smooth shoulders of mountains whose snow patches were already bruised black by naval bombardment preceding the attack. For more than an hour the guns of warships offshore had hurled their high explosives to blast the Japs off the face of these cliffs. There could be no Japs here.

Howitzers on the hummocky shelf above the beach have picked up where the heavy barrage from seaward left off. More snow is turning black on the mountains. When the fog lifts, there is a

chatter of machine-gun fire. Tracers from our batteries lace the far face of the valley like sparks from a chimney in the wind. A few mortar shells crash up front where our emplacements are thickest.

Snipers, too, play hide and seek in the fog.

Spiderlike, they cling to the crags overlooking our camp areas and bide their time. Most of their hits are sheer luck. They're potshotting from 1,000 yards.

"Some of 'em work closer than that," says Pvt. Randolph Duboise of Phil Campbell, Ala. "The one who tried his luck on me was only about 15 yards away."

"I was slicing across a gulley over on the West Fork. I thought I caught sight of somebody skulking along behind me, but I reckoned it was one of the other boys. I stopped and turned around to wait for him to catch up with me, and there he was, lying on the top of a little mound, just drawing a bead on me. I plunked to the ground and scurried behind a little knoll. In a minute I was higher than he was. He was down on his hands and knees, still watching the spot where I had dived out of sight. He didn't even know I was watching him. He should have known better than to mess with an Alabama boy like that."

The only time American planes have been able to try to give us a hand on the Massacre Bay side, four fighters went roaring up the valley into the gray veil. Only one came out. The same day, a transport plane trying to parachute food and supplies to an advanced position on the other side nosed low into the soup. We never saw it again.

Fog.

The most amazing feature of this operation is the fact that every soldier here thinks the other fellow's job is tougher. The heavy-laboring shore-party crews wipe the sweat from their eyes and vow they wouldn't swap their 16-hour shifts for the midnight jaunts of the medics. The litter bearers regard their neck-exposing task as a soft touch stacked against the infantrymen's lot, firing away from their shallow mudslots. And the gunners themselves yell over their shoulders, "You just carry us some hot grub and dry sleeping bags, and we'll fight the goddam war!"

THE BRITISH

1st... ARMY

THEY'VE COME A LONG WAY



The 1st Army in Tunisia was made up of a motley lot of regiments who fought the pride of Germany to a standstill. The reason they were able to do it, with what they had, adds up to history and tradition and character and a hell of a lot of guts . . .

By Sgt. DURBIN L. HORNER



Lancashire Fusiliers

At Jebel Aboid in Tunisia three companies of the Royal West Kents were attacked by a large force of German infantry and 20 tanks. It was a nasty corner. Most of the men had lost their kits as a result of a bombing attack when they disembarked at Bone, and before the scuffle at Jebel Aboid was over the men of the West Kents had gone 20 days without taking off their boots. Meanwhile they knocked out 14 of the 20 tanks and held their position.

Like many other British regiments, the Royal West Kents have been holding their positions for a long, long time. On a hot June morning in 1776 they marched, under 90 pounds of equipment, up a hill across from the American city of Boston. The hill was called Breed's Hill and from its summit came a withering fire. The fire came from American guerrillas and it decimated the ranks of the advancing British. But the British, and the Royal West Kents, came on. The victory was Pyrric, but they took the hill.

The British 1st Army in the Tunisian campaign was made up of a lot of outfits like the West Kents—outfits whose regimental history is as long as the Russian front, outfits whose battle honors were won on fields at every corner of the world. When the British Army goes into battle, history tags along for the ride.

History was made among the barren hills of Tunisia by the time-honored regiments which made up the 1st Army. The 1st was not, strictly speaking, an army at all. The force that last November had come within 15 miles of Tunis and then had fought a holding action until the time of the offensive was, as a matter of fact, barely a division. It was a thrown-together affair, made up of two infantry brigades of Scottish and Irish troops, two commando outfits, two battalions of parachute troops, and a composite array known as the Blade Force which consisted of a regiment of British tanks, a battalion of American tanks, a motorized company of a Rifle Brigade battalion, a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, some armored cars of the Derbyshire Yeomanry and a battalion of paratroops. There were, too, a scattering of divisional artillery and auxiliary services. Nothing else. And that was the 1st Army.

The division was very short of transportation facilities, for it had landed with only what was necessary to carry out an assault.

Take the armored unit, the 17th/21st Lancers. The 17th Lancers have been called the Death or Glory Boys since the 18th century. They have been known as the 17th/21st Lancers since the 1920's when the regiment was amalgamated with the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers, who made the famous charge

at Omdurman in which Winston Churchill took part. Mechanized in 1939, they are now part of the Royal Armored Corps.

The 17th has won honors on battlefields all over the world since the days of the Seven Years War. They were among the first Light Dragoons in the British Army. Raised in 1759, much of their service in the past has been in India. They served in India from 1808 till 1823, and from 1858 until the end of the century. During the Crimean War, in The Charge of the Light Brigade, the regiment made itself immortal. In World War I they fought on the Western Front from Festubert in 1914 to the pursuit to Mons during the last days of the war. The Somme, Cambrai and St. Quentin were engagements in which the 17th Lancers figured with particular distinction; and they had the proud boast of having supplied Britain with one of her greatest commanders, Field Marshal Earl Haig.

ABATTALION of The Rifle Brigade was in the Middle East at the outbreak of hostilities with its sister regiment, the King's Royal Rifle Corps (originally the Royal American Regiment). It was sent to the western frontier of Egypt before Italy entered the struggle, and from the summer of 1940 was part of the small desert force whose activity and daring thwarted the invasion plans of Marshal Graziani's much bigger army.

The Rifle Brigade was the motorized infantry of the desert column which made the famous forced march of 36 hours from Mechili, across 130 miles of unknown rocky and sandy wastes to Beda Fomm on the line of Italian retreat from Benghazi. At Beda Fomm they were attacked by tanks, infantry and guns, but they fought the enemy to a standstill. The battalion took 8,000 prisoners.

When the Axis began its counter-attack at the head of the Gulf of Sirte, a battalion of the regiment was in the forward positions and took the first shock. They fought back to the Egyptian frontier, and six months later the Rifles were in the forefront of General Auchinleck's offensive.

In May, June and July of last year the Rifle Brigade was in the thickest of the fighting. During the Axis advance, columns of Riflemen penetrated deep into enemy territory west of the Gazala-Bir Hacheim line, destroying enemy transport and releasing several hundred British prisoners. They formed an unbreakable rearguard in the withdrawal to El Alamein. They were in the vanguard of the British advance across Africa, from El Alamein to Mareth and to the end of the campaign.

The King's Royal Rifle Corps was raised in North America in 1755 as the 62nd Royal Americans. A year later it was renumbered the 60th, the name by which it has been known

ever since. At first there were four battalions, all recruited from American colonists. Until 1764 they were on active service in the wars with the French and Indians and in the conquest of Canada.

In 1797 the 5th Battalion was raised in England. It was the first rifle battalion in the Army.

Two additional battalions, the 7th and 8th, were raised in 1813. When the Napoleonic Wars finally ended in 1815 all but the 1st and 2nd Battalions were disbanded. Nine years later the regiment was named the Duke of York's Own Rifle Corps, after its colonel-in-chief. When he died in 1827 the name was again changed to The King's Royal Rifle Corps by order of King William IV.

The 60th is the only regiment in the Army designated a corps and the Rifle Brigade is the only one designated a brigade, the reason being that the term regiment has always been applied to a single battalion. For the same reason these two rifle regiments alone have a colonel-in-chief of the regiment and colonels commandant of each battalion.

From 1848 the regiment took part in a long series of campaigns starting with the Sikh War and ending with the relief of Chitral in 1859. Nearly 13,000 officers and men lost their lives in the Great War.

The colonel-in-chief of the regiment is His Majesty the King.



Rifle Brigade

Two units of the Blade Force were from the Royal Horse Artillery and the Derbyshire Yeomanry. The Royal Horse Artillery was formed in 1793, and it would be impossible to tell the history of this royal regiment without telling the history of the British Army. In the present war it is impossible to mention a battlefield since 1940 where the Royal Horse Artillery hasn't been.

The Derbyshire Yeomanry goes back to 1794 when gentlemen and yeoman of Derbyshire volunteered for service. The regiment took part in the South African War, and during World War I served in Egypt, Gallipoli and Salonika.

Units of these notable outfits made up part of the original landing force at Algiers on November 8th.

The Royal West Kents' successes in Africa didn't surprise those Britons who knew the history of the regiment. No strangers to campaigns in the desert, the colors of the West Kents bear the Sphinx superscribed and campaigns, may be read the words Egypt 1882 and Nile 1884-85.

Two years after Bunker Hill they were serving as Marines, taking part in the naval battle against the French off Ushant. When the French Revolution broke out they were at Gibraltar, whence they were sent to fight at Toulon and in Corsica.

Service followed at Malta, Cadiz, and in the great victory at Vimeiro. They were led at Corunna by General Sir Charles Napier, then a major, who was left for dead on the field, but recovered to win a great name as a soldier. They



17th Lancers



Queen's Own

fought at Vittoria, at Aliwal, the classic battle won under the leadership of General Sir Harry Smith, then Alma, Inkerman, Sevastopol and Lucknow.

The late Duke of Kent, who lost his life on active service in 1942, was colonel-in-chief of the regiment.

It was a full week before the small invading force was up in position after Jebel Aboid, but finally, on November 25th, one brigade attacked Medjez el Bab. It was opposed by three first-class battalions of German parachute troops whose front was protected by the Mejeda River.

In this attack the Lancashire Fusiliers fought like demons. Four of their companies managed to cross the river, and two of them climbed a steep 20-foot bank on the other side only to come under withering fire. The other two companies could not scale the embankment but clung to their foothold in the river bed. All day the Lancashiremen hung on to their positions, their ranks being rapidly depleted, while vain attempts were made to reinforce them from across the river. That night the British withdrew, and the next day occurred one of the mysteries of the whole campaign. When the brigade made its second attack, it found the town abandoned.

The Lancashiremen are tough men from tough towns; Rochdale, Wigan and Bolton.

Formerly known as the 20th Foot, they date their birth from 1688, when they were raised to take part in the Irish campaign under King William III against the deposed King James II. Their great day in the historic past was Aug. 1st, 1759, when it was one of six regiments of British infantry which advanced through an artillery crossfire to receive and shatter the charge of 10,000 French cavalry. Since that day, the Minden Boys—members of the regiments which took part in that famous encounter—have worn roses in their caps on Aug. 1st, in memory of the flowers their forebears picked on the way to battle.

In the last war, they made the famous Lancashire Landing on Gallipoli on April 25th, 1915. Between 1914-18 they won more VCs than any other infantry regiment.

One day, after the Medjez attack, another brigade and a commando outfit attacked again at Jebel Aboid and drove the enemy back along the Mateur road. The same day, the Blade Force, which had a roving commission between the two infantry brigades, contacted German tanks and destroyed 13 of them, with a loss of seven of their own. The Germans were falling back on all roads, and in the evening of the 26th one of the British brigades entered Tebourba.



37th Regiment

It seemed, at this time, that the division, even without sufficient men, air power, or supplies, might turn the tide against the stronger German forces. But this hope didn't last very long, for the next day, 16 German tanks counter-attacked the British infantry at Tebourba.

Meanwhile, two enemy concentrations were reported in strong positions south of Mateur. On November 29th, the British sent forward a mixed force of infantry and tanks to attack Jedeida. The infantry was given a bad beating by the enemy, and it was necessary to relieve them at once.

The men upon whom this job fell were the Hampshires, who had only arrived a week earlier. They were part of the division's remaining brigade, and had outstripped their companion battalions. They were the only

infantry reserve the British 1st Army had in the battle area at that time.

This relief gave the British time to adjust their positions and to realize that the Germans had the two brigades of the division out on a limb. Thanks to the Hampshires, the British were able to weather the German counter-attack that followed and although the 1st Army lost valuable ground it did not lose Medjez, important key spot. In the meantime, the enemy increased its strafing and bombing, and on December 1st, 50 German tanks broke through in the Tebourba regions, with German parachute troops across the Tebourba-Medjez road.

The enemy strength was too much for the British, and, in spite of the valiant defense put up by the Hampshiremen, the British were forced to abandon Tebourba.

The Hampshire Regiment is an amalgamation of the 37th Foot (North Hampshire Regiment) and the 67th Foot (South Hampshire Regiment) which had separate existences before they were united in 1881.

Destined to play an important part in the victories at Marlborough, the 37th Foot was raised in 1702. It fought at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. It was one of the six British infantry regiments which won lasting glory, along with the Lancashiremen, at Minden in 1759, when they successfully charged and routed three lines of enemy cavalry.

The 67th Foot was constituted in 1756, and the first colonel to be appointed was James Wolfe, who died at Quebec. They fought at Barrosa under Sir Thomas Graham in 1811, and formed part of the force which invested Barcelona in the Peninsular War. They served in India, Canada, China (where

the regiment won four VCs in the capture of the Taku Forts) and Afghanistan, before the amalgamation of the 37th and 67th in 1881.

During the First World War, the regiment raised 36 battalions which fought in France, Italy, Macedonia, Gallipoli, Palestine and Mesopotamia.

During the early part of December, the enemy made numerous attacks which finally, by December 10th, forced the British 1st Army to reorganize its line with Beja as the base and Medjez as a salient.



Horse Artillery



93rd Highlanders

On March 28th, the time for the big moment had arrived. By April 23rd, the attack was general. The British 8th Army attacked along the Enfidaville line, the British 1st attacked in the Medjez sectors, and the American 2nd Corps and some French units struck in the hills to the left of the British 1st.

What happened from here on is known to everybody. The story of these battles is studded with memorable names: Hill 609, Longstop Hill, Heidous and Taungouch. Men fought bravely and died bravely.

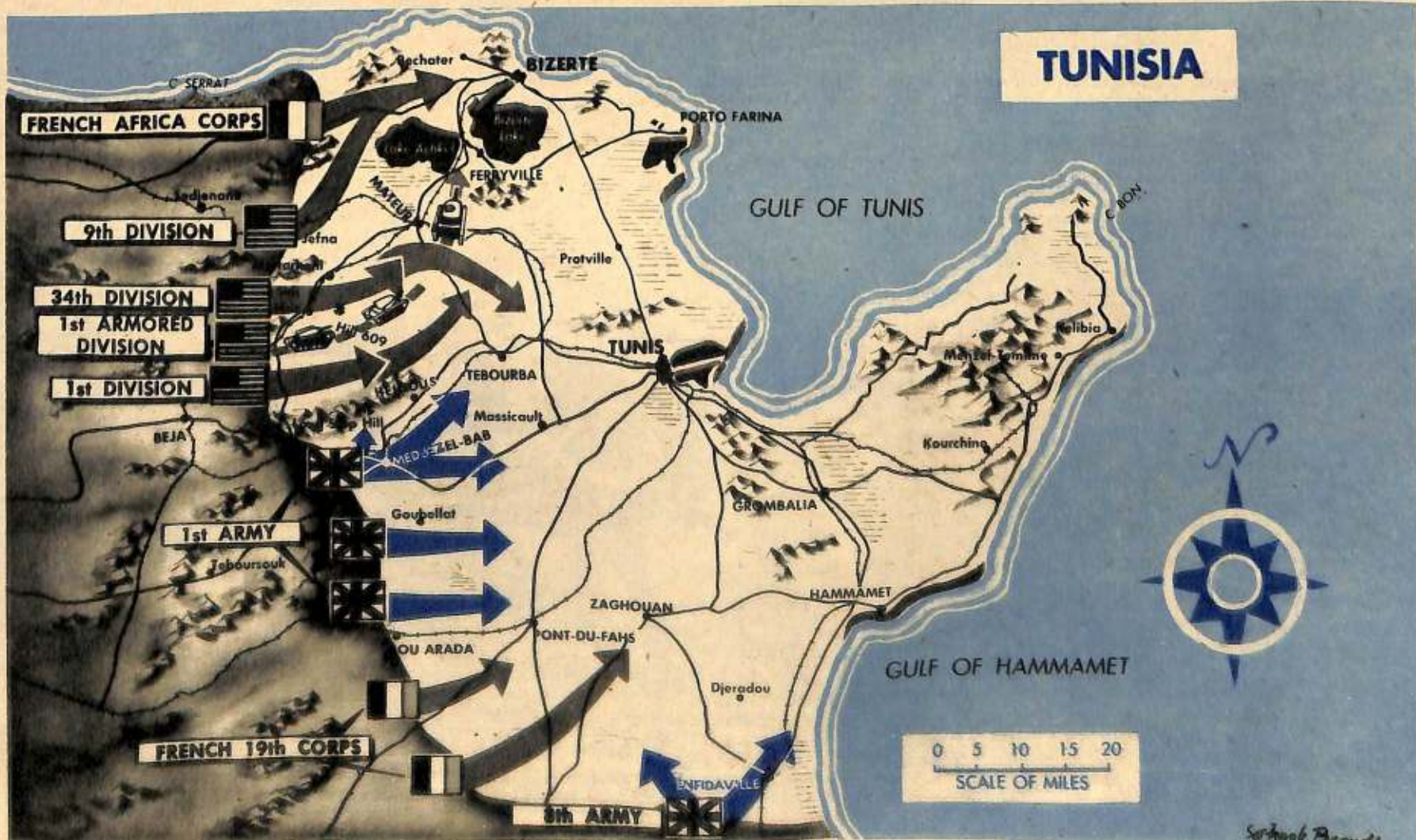
There were days of bloody and desperate fighting. Longstop Hill was captured by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who perhaps had done more fighting in the campaigns than any other battalion of the whole division.

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were raised in 1798 by Admiral Wemyss of Wemyss in Sutherland, to meet the menace of the Napoleonic rise to power. It is said that the applicants were inspected by the admiral, and that to those accepted he gave a pinch of snuff and a dram of whisky.

As part of the 4th Indian Division, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders took part in General Wavell's brilliant first offensive in Egypt and later they formed part of the gallant garrison at Crete.

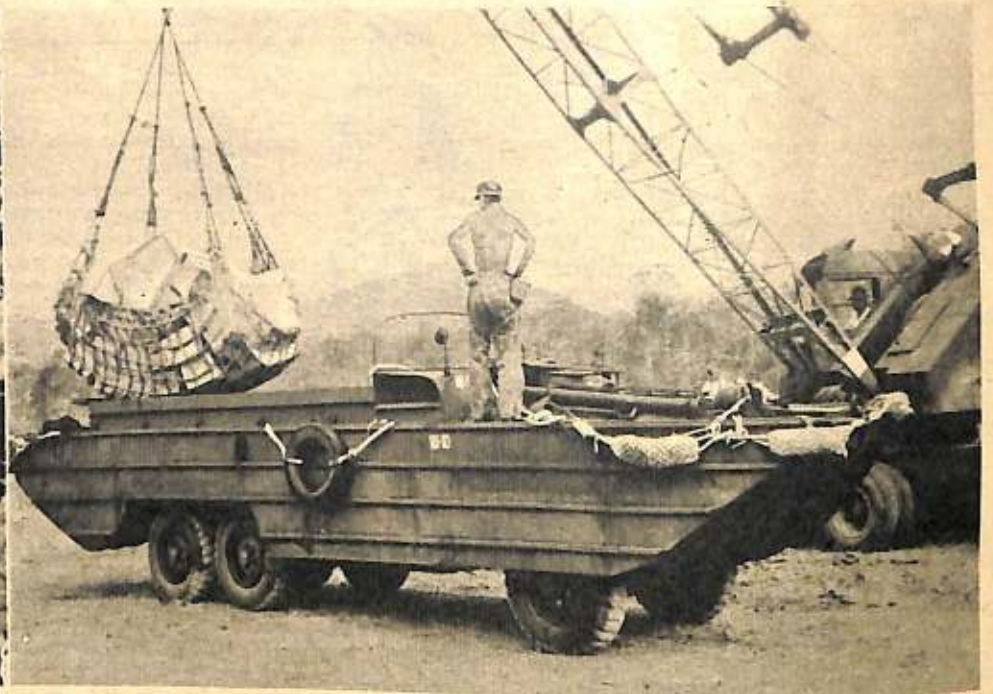
After Longstop, the weakened forces of the enemy between Medjez and Tunis quickly collapsed when the British 1st, with its additional strength, opened up its slashing attack.

The British 1st Army, rolled triumphantly into Tunis and the American Second Corps and the French Africa Corps captured Bizerta.





This, in case you are worried, is what a private in New Guinea looks like when he wakes up. His pants, one leg of which probably contains a boa constrictor, hang from a tree and his shoes, neatly placed under his bed, such as it is, are undoubtedly full of ants.



Hard at work in New Caledonia is the Army's new 2½-ton amphibian truck, familiarly known as the "Duck." It is a very handy little vehicle, as it can chug out to a freighter, wait to be loaded up, chug ashore again, and drive right up on terra firma. Very handy in landing operations, the word is.

They Say It Happened In Algiers. The commander of a British native company asked for volunteers, saying, "All who wish to jump from 500 feet report at headquarters in one hour."

The entire company responded, but their spokesman made a request. "We will be glad to jump, sir," he said, "if you make it 300 feet."

The astonished commander looked at him and said, "But, good lord, man, don't you know a parachute jump from 300 feet would be suicide?"

This time it was the spokesman who was astonished.

"What?" he said. "Do you mean to say we are going to get parachutes?"

Units Overseas. The WD has announced that the following units can be reported as serving overseas:

Fifth Air Force, Southwest Pacific; Sixth Air Force, Caribbean Defense Command; Seventh Air Force, South Pacific; Eighth Air Force, Britain; Ninth Air Force, Middle East Command; Tenth Air Force, India; Eleventh Air Force, Alaska; Twelfth Air Force, North Africa; Thirteenth Air Force, South Pacific; Fourteenth Air Force, China.

Eleventh Bombardment Group, Southwest Pacific; (19th Bombardment Group has operated in the South Pacific); 27th Bombardment Group, Southwest Pacific.

Fifty-seventh Fighter Group, 79th Fighter Group, and 12th Bomber Group, Middle East Command.

American Division (Composite), Guadalcanal; Fifth Army, North Africa; Sixth Army, Southwest Pacific; 25th Division, Guadalcanal; "Elements" of 32nd Division, New Guinea; "Elements" of 41st Division, New Guinea; 164th Infantry, Guadalcanal.

First Armored Force, North Africa; 41st Engineers, Liberia; 1st Armored Division, 34th Division, 9th Division, and 16th, 18th, and 26th Infantry Regiments of 1st Division, all North Africa.

From Washington. Servicemen fathered about 140,000 babies in the U. S. during the year ending July 1st. . . . Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Mass., has introduced a bill in Congress to increase dependency benefits 15 per cent. . . . Chairborne officers have been told to get a half a day of exercise each week.

G.I. Shop Talk. New Zealand girls married or engaged to AEF soldiers can't go to the States until the war is over and their boy friends or hubbies have gone back first. . . . Latest amphibian motor transport is the 2½-ton "Duck." It can smack through 10-foot waves without shipping water and is swell for surf landing operations. . . . The Signal Corps has completed its aerial Alcan Highway, a 2,000-mile radio-telephone line from Washington to Alaska—longest communication system of its type in the world. . . . The QMC has a new G.I. soap for guys on troop transports or overseas—much milder than the old soap and lathers in salt water.

Attu. And then there's the poor catskinner who misunderstood his orders.

For two days he churned his tractor and trailer, stacked with ammunition, up the mossy, muddy slopes. The air crackled with machine-gun fire and the spattering burst of mortar shells. Whenever a bullet singed past his ear, or flying fragments clanked against his iron treads he shook his fist and cursed out the Yank artillerymen for a crew of inferior marksmen. By God, he was supposed to be delivering American ammunition—not dodging it.

He also thought the boys in the foxholes ought to help him unload the ammunition cases, and the intense interest in other matters got on his nerves.

"How about it, men?" He prodded a handful of doggies in a machine-gun nest. "How's for giving a fellow a hand with some of this stuff?"

The men didn't even look around.

"Goddamit!" roared the 'skinner. "If you want this Goddamit

ammunition, climb off your hunkers and help me unload it!"

A machine gunner glanced over his shoulder and then pointed. "Don't be a round haircut," he said



in disgust. "See that trench on the ridge over there? That's where this Jap mortar fire is coming from. Besides," he added mercilessly, "you're supposed to drop that stuff 500 yards back over the hill. We hand-carry it in from there, after dark."

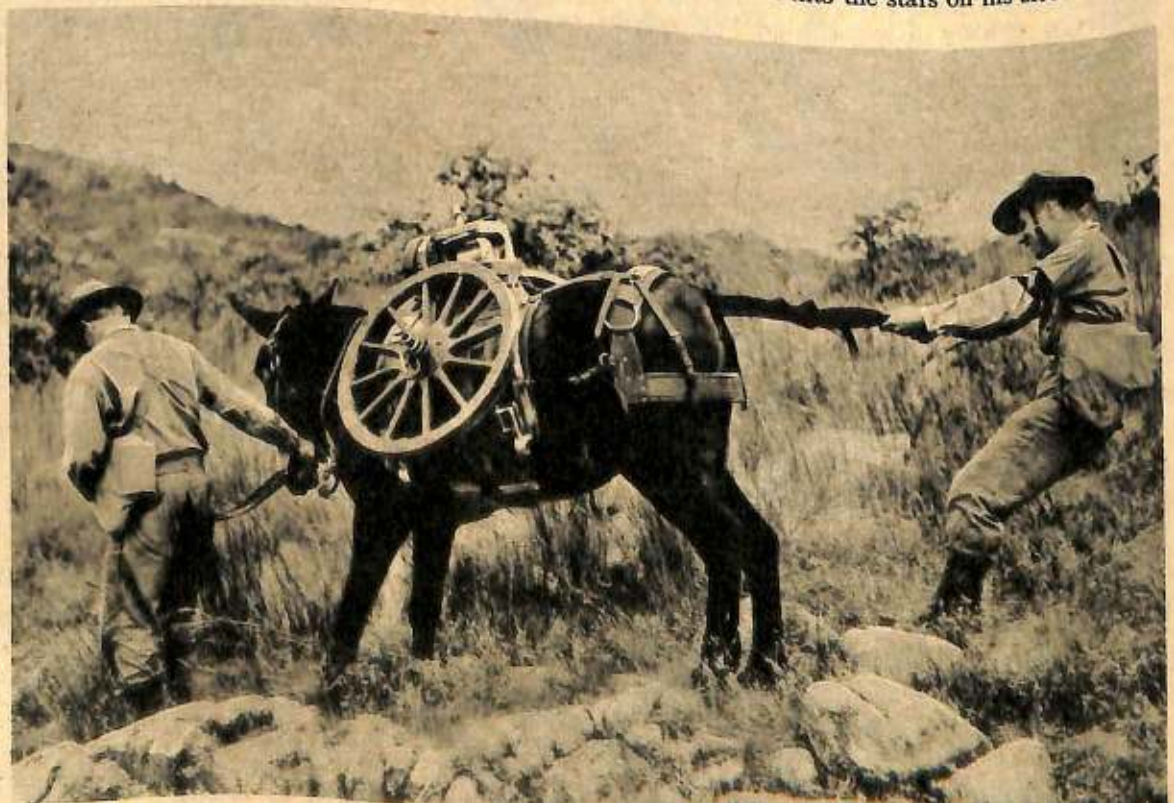
The catskinner dived into a foxhole and wouldn't come out until the major talked to him personally.

Romance. It shouldn't happen to a dog—but it did. There's a G.I. that wanders around the Victory Club with a lost look on his face. Seems he met a gal at a dance there and fell for her like a ton of bricks. She stayed in London for about a week and the guy gave her the big rush; he even proposed to her. She accepted. It was love at first sight.

The gal went back to Devonshire where she lives. The Joe is now frantic because he never thought to get the gal's last name. All he knows is that she goes by the name of "Kay" and lives in Devonshire. And nobody that he knows seems to know anybody that knows who the gal is that he wants to marry.

To add insult to injury: The other day he got a card from Devonshire. It was short and to the point: "Why don't you write?" Signed, "Kay." No last name, no address.

Mayfair. A young naval lieutenant we know has sequins sewn into the stars on his sleeves.



Somewhere on the Fort Sill front an Artillery corporal, temporary, is twisting the tail of an Artillery mule, permanent, who is still a useful bit of fluff along the Mountain Goat Trail. For a man about to receive a kick in the snout, the corporal, temporary, seems like a very gay guy. On the other hand, his buddy appears to be a beaten man. No, Junior, that wheel is not used to steer the critter.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

THE Americans longest under arms in the ETO are not the boys in old style helmets who stepped off the transports into the dreary murk of an Irish day. On the contrary, they're a bunch of business men and students who were living in England when, in the summer of 1940, invasion was just around the corner.

It was then that the Home Guard was formed, to fight in the streets, on the beaches, etc. The rule was that one did his Home Guard stunt either where he worked or where he lived. The Americans, however, though they were scattered all over, thought it would be a good idea to form their own unit, just to give the British a bit of a hand.

The British War Office liked the idea, but the hitch was that the minute the Japs in Britain found out about it they wanted to form *their* own unit, too, and the British didn't take to that at all. The Americans had one ace up their sleeves that the Japs and all the other foreign groups lacked; they could supply their own arms. That was a red-hot selling point in the underarmed days of 1940.

Finally the CO of the Home Guard solved the problem by making the American Squadron—as it was called—the Headquarters Guard. "My security is not important to the war or the Army," he said, "but it's damned important to me." So the Americans set themselves up around Headquarters.

For the first three months they had no uniforms; there weren't enough to go round. They merely wore a brassard with L.D.V., for Local Defence Volunteer. They imported their own arms from the States and began to train. On Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays they drilled from 5.30 to 7.00, when they might have been drinking a quiet whisky and soda, and on Saturdays they drilled all afternoon. They still do. In addition they take turns at all-night guard duty at HQ and go off periodically to the country for field training or target practice.

The Commanding Officer of the American Squadron is Brigadier-General Wade Hampton Hayes, now in business in London. In the last war he was on General Pershing's staff. His rank in the Home Guard is colonel, but he says every one is very polite to him; they always call him general. His point of view is that "if there's going to be a fight I want to be mixed up in it," which he says was the point of view of the Americans here in 1940. Most of them were making their living here and all of them were making their homes here, and if the Nazis were going to invade they certainly were going to help stop them.

The American Squadron never had to face a Nazi invasion, but they have never let up on their training. Perhaps their greatest success on maneuvers was the capture of a golf club which was being used as the HQ of an airfield. They planned the attack in beautiful fifth column fashion. Col. Hayes, playing golf at the club before the attack, sliced a ball into the barbed wire around the club-house and prowled about until he found a hole in the wire. That same day the head of a photographic agency played very bad golf, but he came back with a complete set of photographs, taken with a miniature camera he had concealed under his coat. The attack was planned on the basis of the photographs and, though the umpire declared that almost all of the Squadron was killed in the assault, they put the airfield HQ out of operation.

To have a bit of brass to polish, the Squadron wanted a typically American insignia. Brass in special designs was no longer obtainable. After long and serious consideration, the problem was solved by sending to the States for a lot of officers' cap insignia. With the sunburst removed from the top, they made very handsome badges.

At the moment the Squadron has 32 alumni who are now on active service as officers—11 with the British and 21 with us. They range from shavetails to majors, and Colonel Hayes is as proud of them as though he were superintendent of West Point. The whole Squadron was pretty happy when it was designated as HQ Company to lead the Home Guard review on its third birthday last month.

MOP Story

There was this guy doing a scrub detail, see, and a major came along and the guy had a mop in his hand, see, so he ups with the mop and gives the major what would have been a rifle salute if the guy

had been holding a rifle instead of a mop, which he wasn't.

So the major gets sore and gives the guy KP for a week.

We just thought you'd like to know.

Politeness Is, Etc. . . .

It seems that six Joes were invited for Sunday dinner at the home of a voluntary Red Cross worker, but for one reason or another five of them didn't turn up. It might have been a warm day in Hyde Park or they might have pulled a detail; anyway, only one arrived to partake of the groaning board.

Now, that's a horrible thing in wartime Britain, the food situation being what it is. It resulted in a case of acute embarrassment on the part of the lone soldier to appear. So, to save face, he worked his way around the table, disposing of all six portions. Then he went off somewhere and fell down.

Unhappy Bulls

One of our men, who gets around the country quite a bit, came back to the office recently with the breathless news that he had discovered a town with four American Red Cross clubs and no Americans. The town, a famous old watering place, has an RCAF station nearby which contains a few Americans of a quiet, pensive type who used the clubs occasionally. According to the chap who manages the clubs, however, they're always jammed to capacity on weekends by Joes on leave who come to take a gander at the joint.

This state of affairs makes it tough on the six MPs—five EMs and one shavetail—whose job it is



We are not the only Yanks at home in the ETO. The Home Guard Units, U.S.A., have been here much longer. Here is a representative, replete with motor bike.

to keep the place buttoned up. The EMs pull down a per diem of 10/- and the shavetail gets £1, and all they have to do is walk the streets in two shifts of eight hours each. All week long they have nothing to do but gauge games. They never get to shove *anybody* in the clink. Very unhappy, they are.

Intelligence Dept. (Ghoul Division)

If you stand in front of the Officers' PX in London you can sometimes get as many as 15 salutes for one.



This young woman is not scratching her back. On the contrary, she is indulging in a spot of Rip Snortin' Shuffle with an old master. According to all reports, British parquet didn't know what punishment was until we showed up with our sophisticated square dance.

Yanks at Home Abroad



What appears to be flotsam on the beach at Guadalcanal is really supplies being transferred from a convoy by a fleet of lighters. The convoy, en route, was attacked by dive bombers

Plane Crew Makes Engine Changes In 3 Hours; Made 57 in One Month

AN ADVANCED PACIFIC BASE—There is an aviation maintenance crew here that can repair anything. It can, for example, take a B-17 punctured 300 times by AA and machine-gun slugs, with two of its motors out of commission and much of its instrument panel shattered, and have it in the air again in 48 hours.

"That one," says M/Sgt. Stewart Hammer, the line chief who has spent 23 of his 43 years keeping Army planes in the air, "was more or less routine." The outfit has a record of keeping 70 percent of its planes in tactical condition at all times.

Location of this base is a military secret, but around here it is called the "Gateway to Hell." Malaria is the chief enemy. The temperature gets up to 140 degrees during the day. You open your mouth to talk and get a mouthful of black flies. Red ants and chiggers are present, too. A bottle of beer costs \$10 to \$25. At night there is a solid black-out. But the repairs continue 24 hours a day.

One month there were 57 engine changes, which Capt. Elmer Anderson, chief of the maintenance men, believes is a record for such a small crew. On one occasion eight engine changes were made on one ship in three weeks, the parts having been salvaged from ships even this crew couldn't put back into condition. Another record: eight men changed a fuselage directly behind the radio compartment, a feat usually done only in a factory. The mechanics took the front half of one B-17, the rear of another. What resulted flew. Tools aren't too good, either. T/Sgt. Lawrence Myers of Weston, W. Va., borrowed office shears to cut fabric from abandoned ships.

Aside from Sgt. Hammer, the men did not have too much experience before reaching here. Cpl. Kue Perkey of Virgie, Ky., was a coal miner; he had 18 days of basic training before he arrived in these parts. Now he repairs the electrical systems on B-17s. Cpl. Ray McRee of Detroit had been a factory worker. When he got here about all he could do was gas up a ship. Now he changes engines. T/Sgt. Horace Fuquary of May-

ville, N. Y., was a supply man. He's still on supply, which means that once he dug from the sand a motor that had been abandoned a month before and in a day had it ready for a mission.

Sgt. Jack Lohman of Washington, Pa., graduated from the AM course at Keesler Field. Now he can change an engine in three hours. "We never moved that fast at Keesler Field," he said. "Wish we'd learned how."

One member of the outfit is called Superman. He is Pvt. Cecil Cowan of Los Angeles, who sterilizes, bandages and tapes injuries. Infection is quick and dangerous in these parts. As training for his present job, Superman Cowan had six weeks of infantry drill in the States. That just about completes the outfit, except for the cook, S/Sgt. Theodore Harmon of Louisville, Ky.

The present location, with all its bugs and heat, is better than the outfit's last station, which was on Guadalcanal. Life there was interesting, says S/Sgt. Robert N. Lindley, formerly a farmer from Doniphan, Mo. "You never knew when an attack was coming until you heard the hiss of the first bomb. Then maybe you'd jump for a slit trench or foxhole. Likely there wouldn't be time for that, so you just went right on working—and prayed."

—Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

Tent Peg o' My Heart

NEW CALEDONIA—On this island the barracks are weatherbeaten pyramidal tents surrounded by small ditches and large mosquitoes, but to soldiers they are home. It was inevitable, therefore, that names would be chosen for them.

An informal competition was held to select the best names. First prize was a new razor blade, no mean item in these parts. The judges went up and down the line past such fancy monickers as *Comgensopac*, *Usafispa* and *Sossipa*, finally paused and awarded second prize (a slightly used razor blade) to the pyramidal named *The Sad Sack*.

First prize went to the gents who had dubbed their estate *The Short Arms*.

—Sgt. M. H. WILLIAMS

German Machine Gun Works Fine When Aimed at German Pursuit Plane

WESTERN DESERT—Cpl. Charles Bshara of Sanford, Maine, member of a U. S. Air Force ground crew, found a German machine gun and some ammunition that had been left behind by the fleeing enemy.

Rather than let it go to waste, Bshara studied the gun, repaired it and mounted it on a squadron truck. He figured a time might come when he could use it.

The time arrived when a Jerry fighter came in low to strafe the camp. Instead of diving for a slit trench, Cpl. Bshara jumped to his gun and let go a stream of German lead from his German gun into the enemy fighter. The plane wobbled, went out of control and crashed.

"It works pretty good," Bshara said.

Russians Name Guns and Dugouts For Their Heroic Soldiers and Sailors

MOSCOW [By Cable]—In the Russian Army and Navy the names of soldiers and sailors who perform some brave deed for their country are permanently carried on the rosters of their units and often perpetuated in other ways.

Aboard the Baltic fleet destroyer *Leningrad* a gun bears the name of Petty Officer Vasil Kuznetsov. He died while firing that gun at the enemy during an aerial attack.

A dugout on the Leningrad front has the name of Gunner Alexei Bukhtiarov above the door. He prevented the dugout from falling to the enemy at the cost of his own life.

Seaman Eugene Nikonov's name is on a plate over the first torpedo tube of the destroyer *Minsk*. Nikonov was burned alive by the Germans in Estonia in 1941. The facts have just been confirmed. Nikonov was a torpedo electrician on the *Minsk* when the enemy approached Tallin. He went ashore to help stop the invaders. His detachment held a sector for several days against odds. Although wounded, Nikonov went on a scout patrol and was captured. His comrades noticed a fire and rushed to it. They found flames licking a tall stake to which Nikonov was bound.

Every Man in This Show Troupe Has Seen Combat in New Guinea

AUSTRALIA — Deep in the jungles of New Guinea, the Aussies and the Yanks are going Broadway with the most unusual flesh show of the global war. It's called "50-50," being composed half of American and half of Australian troops, and equally financed by both governments.

Every soldier of the troupe of 60 has done battle on the fronts of New Guinea. Not one member of the cast, Aussie or Yank, was imported from the U. S. or the mainland of Australia, yet the talent rivals any found on Broadway.

Costumes are tailored to fit the individual and include false busts for the "she-males" in the chorus. More than \$300 was spent on shoes alone. The low whistles that greet the lavishly costumed and skillfully made-up "girls" as they truck across the stage to the accompaniment of a 12-piece orchestra indicate the money is well spent.

The portable stage is especially designed and is of all-metal construction to withstand tropical climate and air raids. The electrical equipment, loud speakers, amplifiers, footlights and spots absorbed over \$1,000 of the budget, the marquee another \$500. The estimated \$15,000 spent on clothes and equipment does not include six 3-ton trucks and Army field kitchens, on loan to the troupe for the duration of the show.

Primarily intended for the entertainment of troops in New Guinea, "50-50" will eventually travel throughout Australia.

—Sgt. DON HARRISON
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Pinball Machine in Honolulu Makes a Nice, Cozy Air-Raid Shelter

HAWAII—In one of Honolulu's cafes frequented mainly by GIs on pass there's a sign on the pinball machine which advises:

"In case of an air raid, crawl under this machine. It's never been hit."

A WEEK OF WAR

Gales were blowing over Italy and Germany and even Japan was beginning to feel a light breeze. They would all grow in proportion.

THE aspen that was Italy was shivering more than ever. The winds, from south and west, were increasing in violence, and words were in the wind, and ships, and the scent of danger. The tree quivered and bent with the wind. Carried faintly to the mainland was the sound of bombs falling on Sicily and Sardinia; heard in Rome were the motors of a great convoy, churning east from the Pillars of Hercules; loud in the ears of the Italian Government could be heard a voice of the Cairo radio. "The zero hour is at hand," the voice was saying.

Italy believed the voice, as before, to her sorrow, she had believed other voices, speaking in guttural accents. The Italy of 1935, that had sent her soldiers surging into Abyssinia, was a dead Italy—as dead as the Italy of Julius Caesar, as dead as the Italy of Hadrian, when the Roman Empire had stretched its tentacles to the corners of the known world. The new Italy, watered in blood and deceit, was a tree that was dying. The wind was snapping its branches, one by one. The wind was preparing to split the brittle bole.

The zero hour, then, was at hand. From Gibraltar, moving at full speed, the Allied convoy, destination unknown, moved out into the placid Mediterranean. Reports, Axis and pro-Axis, followed the white wake churned up by its screws; from Spain's La Linea, tucked close by the massive bulk of Rock, to impressionable Rome, the tension grew over the convoy's size, over its destination. La Linea said that it was accompanied by battleships and aircraft carriers. The battleships were named—the *Howe*, the *Rodney* and the *Nelson*. And also from La Linea, a town all ears and eyes, came words that the escort ships outnumbered the vessels in the convoy, which made it a very peculiar convoy indeed.

Yet the convoy was just one of a number of things that were striking terror to Italy's fainting soul. The ageing Mussolini once more called his Cabinet together, this time ostensibly to consider the problems presented by war supplies and their distribution. The fact that the Fascist Cabinet had to discuss such a problem at such a late date could mean only that Italy was undefended. Arms and ammunition were not available in some quarters. And meanwhile the clock was seeming to speed its pace. Time was not waiting for Benito Mussolini. He had toyed with time long enough. In 1935 he had started the clock himself; in Spain he had wound it again; and in the rear of fading France, as 1940's spring ran out, he had adjusted it to suit his own ends. But now the hands were wildfire; they were running away with him and with his country. There was no time to run a wall around Italy.

THE Germans, of course, were coming into the country, division after division. They were moving into cities that stood out as possible invasion centers and they were taking off their gear in the toe of the Italian boot, the strip of land that lay nearest to the dangerous coast of North Africa. The Luftwaffe, too, was flying over the huge peninsula that was the cradle of *Fascismo*; flying without value or success, from the coast of Africa, from the aerodromes for still from the coast of Africa, that even now, grouped around ancient Carthage, that even now, from the tomb of the centuries, seemed to be rising and striking out at the land of the Scipios, who had



These not-too-cheerful luggage toters are French workmen on "leave" from slave labor in Germany. Hitler figured that the sight of them would convince more Frenchmen to come to Beautiful Germany for a few years in the salt mines. Any results? Ach, nein!

brought her to such ruin, the Allied bombers came. Out of a thousand targets they picked two, one in Sicily, one in Sardinia—Messina and Olbia. At Messina, the Sicilian terminal of the Italy-Sicily Ferry, 100 Flying Fortresses burst over the city and in 18 minutes wreaked havoc that observers were unable, because of the smoke, to estimate with any accuracy how much damage had been done. The RAF struck Olbia, exploding an ammunition dump. The approaches to Mussolini's mainland were still being softened and pulverized as, on a smaller scale, had been Pantelleria.

THE war still belonged to the airman. Impatiently the ground forces waited by the shores—the shock and assault troops, the commandos and Rangers. What was happening over Italy, over the Ruhr, over the Italian Islands was, they knew, a preliminary bombardment, on a wider and vaster scale than the men of the first World War had ever imagined. And when the bombardment had cleared the path the whistles would blow all over the southern shores of the Mediterranean and all along the Atlantic coast of Europe and then the assault would begin.

For the moment the European Fortress of Adolf Hitler was sustaining no direct attack. No breach had been as yet made in its walls. But in the Ruhr, the forge of the Fortress, all was death, destruction and desolation. The Ruhr was being smashed, and the trains that chugged out of the valley of rubble, bearing arms and tanks and equipment, were becoming few and far between. The Fortress of Europe was being weakened inside itself; the germ of defeat was being scattered in the Ruhr's smoking ruins. It would spread, as outside the Fortress's walls, the germ of victory was spreading.

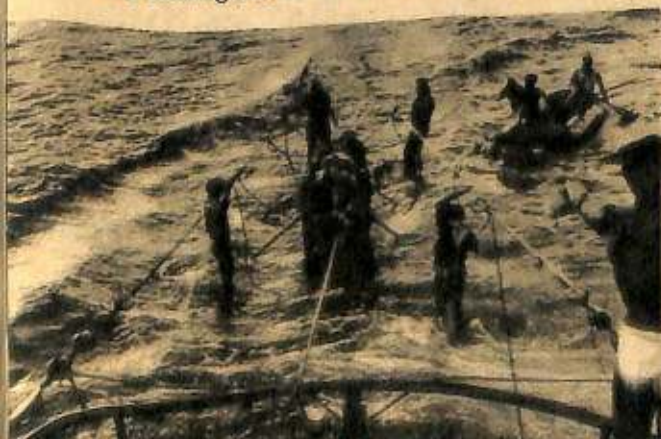
The wind from Cairo carried even to Moscow, and heard there a loud echo of its own words. "The hour of reckoning is at hand," said Moscow, and as if to lend force to the statement, the Germans announced that in the Bielgorod sector, 45 miles north-east of Kharkov, the Russians were massing guns. The mouths of the guns were probably aimed at Kharkov,

for it is from this sector that any outflanking movement would advance on the city. Russia, it seemed, was ready for any eventuality, preferably one that she brought about herself. To President Roosevelt went a message from Joseph Stalin:—"The sooner and the quicker we direct our blows against the enemy from the east and the west, the sooner will victory be ours. Conditions have been created for the final crushing of the common enemy."

Any man could hazard what all the conditions were, and all men knew some of them. The conditions had been created in farm and foundry, in camps and shipyards. The United Nations had more men, more planes, more ships, more food, more will and more guts than Adolf Hitler and his henchmen could scrape up on the enslaved continent of Europe. And—most important condition of all—the United Nations had the initiative. They were on the offensive; the time and the place of the next battles would be of their own choosing. Germany was finished with offensives as, to all intents and purposes, Italy was finished with the war. The men with frayed nerves now slept uneasily in Berlin, instead of in London and Washington. The lights burned late along the Wilhelmstrasse, behind the blackout curtains, and the Nazi generals twitched in their beds. Slowly over the German people was coming the unimagined but inevitable conclusion that the Third Reich was losing the war, the last war she would win or lose for a long, long time.

AND from the Pacific came good news. The wind was carrying even as far as Chungking, riding the rocks of innermost China. With almost a sigh of relief, the capital of Chiang Kai-shek's China announced that a gigantic air offensive was taking shape; new American units were concentrating at bases in Fukien Province, in the south. Their objective was the Japanese mainland. Tokyo, aware of what was coming, announced that ARP precautions were going into effect all over Japan.

The wind would soon be swirling around the paper houses.



These three pictures, taken by Jerry, show the loading of torpedoes on a submarine somewhere at sea. The sub, known to the trade as an Unterseeboot, is evidently lying hard by a mother ship whose belly is just crammed with torpedoes; and the nearly naked gentlemen are members of the U-boat's crew, who understand such matters. By now, sub and crew may well have taken a powder to Davy Jones' Locker, which is not a pub, no matter what you landlubbers think.



"The mail's in"; which is about the best news you can get around here.



Digging out a foxhole after a blizzard. Question: Can he get to China?



Lt. Gen. S. B. Buckner Jr. (then Maj. Gen.), Alaska Defense Command chief, and Brig. Gen. L. E. Jones Sr.



A cold Aleutians cemetery, with a machine-gun nest in background (right).

Aleutian

YANK'S SGT. GEORG MEYERS SENDS A PHOTO REPORT



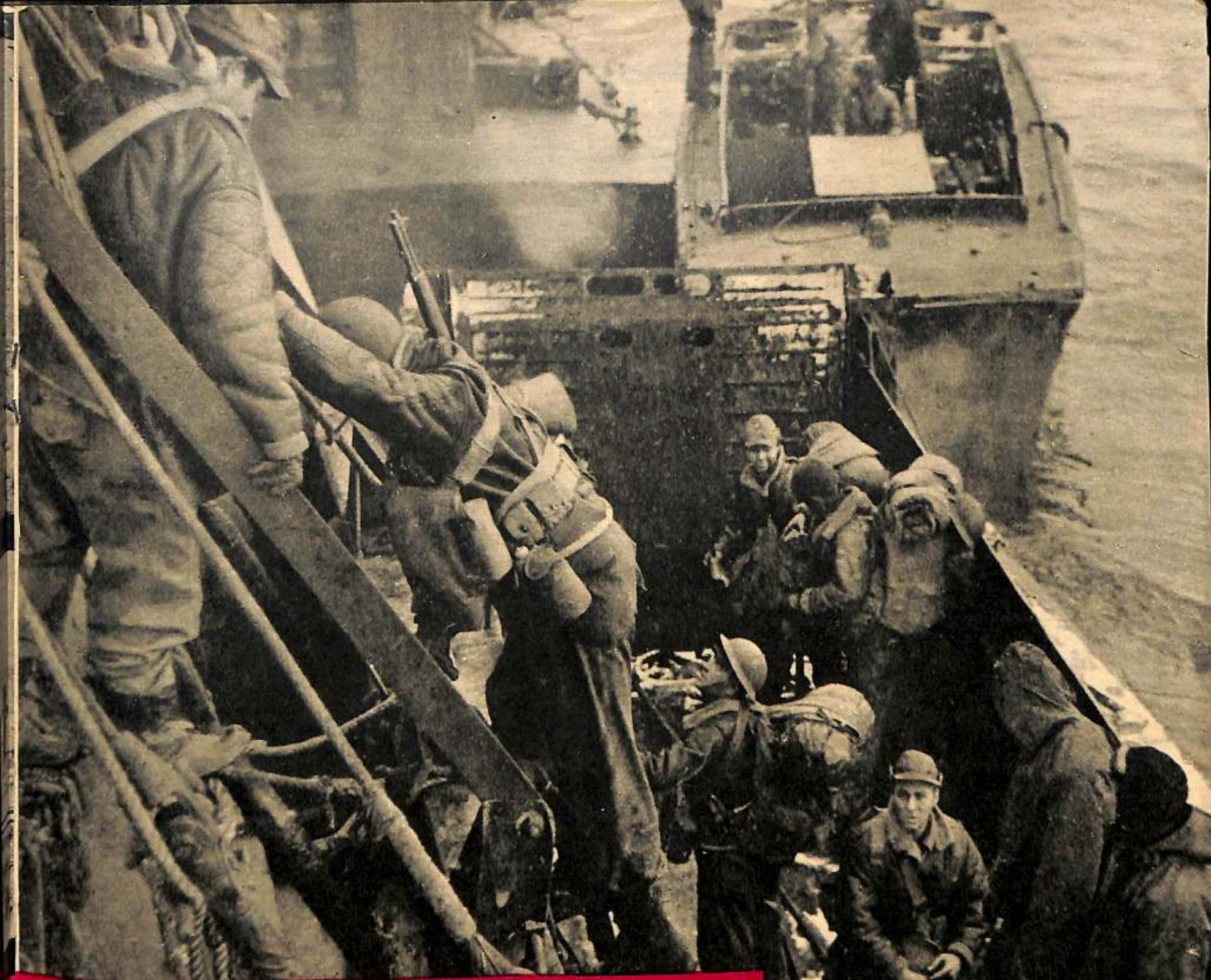
Setting up this field gun is harder than shooting it.



It's wash day. The trick is to wring them out before they freeze.



Part of the business of eating



Outpost

Air Force ground men arrive in a landing barge to groom planes that bomb the Jap-held island of Kiska.

FROM THE NORTH WHERE WE MOVE CLOSER TO TOKYO



GIs clean their mess kits.

Toting in heavy loads of mail makes these men popular.

Here's a load that's going straight to Kiska—by air.

NEWS FROM HOME

The Fairer Sex Was Becoming Stronger, Manville Said He'll Do It Again, and the Nation Was Having "Price Trouble"



Daughter of a tugboat captain, heiress to \$2,500,000, she was divorced.

HOME isn't the same as when you left it, Joe. By the time you get back you'll find more women in the nation than men. The female population, said Frank R. Wilson of the Federal Bureau of Commerce, will be greater by the end of this year than the male. The men topped the fair sex by something like 2,800,000 back in 1910, Wilson said, but that figure has been tapering off by 100,000 each year.

Women are manning jobs all over the nation. In fact, there are 2,000,000 more women working in war industries than there were last year. Figures showed that there were 15,200,000 women in industry last March, and the employment of women during the past six months has more than doubled. The greatest increase was in aircraft and spare parts industries, with munitions next in line.

In Bath, Me., most of the little women are doing the not-so-little wartime jobs in nearby Portland. Last week the labor shortage was so bad that two bank cashiers were seen scrubbing floors after hours.

In Fort Worth, Tex., the annual women's golf tournament was cancelled because so many women were busy at war work. And in the Plumas National Forest in Nevada, an all-gal ground crew services planes used for cricket-control work.

The women have taken over in Baltimore, Md., too. Streetcars there are now operated by all-female crews. Last week everybody was saying, "My God, I forgot Gertrude."

It happened after a female streetcar operator had made a wrong turn. "Gertrude, what shall I do?" she asked the female conductor.

"I don't know; I'm new, too," Gertrude said. "I'll call the company from the nearest drug store."

Meanwhile, neighbors told the streetcar operator for the correct route, and the trolley rattled along for two blocks before the operator slammed on the brakes and ejaculated, "My God, I forgot Gertrude."

The man in the street discussed the home front situation this week, with less emphasis on "labor trouble" and more on "price trouble." To be sure, John L. Lewis was still the topic of much heated conversation. Congress passed the Anti-strike Bill thirty minutes after the President vetoed the measure; 56 to 25 in the Senate and 244 to 108 in the House and rejected his plan for food subsidies as a means to reduce retail food prices.

In his veto message, the President said that with the exception of the United Mine Workers, labor and business have kept their "no-strike, no lock-out" pledge, that only 5/100ths of one per cent of the total man hours in 1942 were lost by strikes—a record that has never been equalled in this country" and "as good or better than the record of any of our Allies in wartime."

Roosevelt explained that although he sympathized with the general purposes of the War Labor Disputes Act to make strikes illegal during wartime, its passage would merely aggravate the labor situation, not better it. In Pennsylvania, more than 7,000 miners walked out again, protesting the passage of the Anti-strike Bill, and the CIO President Philip Murray and

AFL President William Green indicated they would seek an early hearing before the United States Supreme Court to test its validity.

Inflation is the foremost domestic problem in America today, the President told a Press conference. He implied that the attitude of Congress was inflationary and that the result would be that wealthy people would continue paying higher prices, but that the poor would suffer the most.

Congress took a different view. It killed the President's proposal for a \$500,000,000 subsidy to "roll back" prices of meat, butter and coffee by a voice vote in the House, and by a 39 to 37 vote in the Senate. Unions protested sharply and Murray said unless something was done to reduce the cost of living by July 15 that labor will be forced to ask for a general wage increase.

The family of Sumner Hershey, of Natick, Mass., went meatless for three weeks to have roast beef on his brother's birthday. While attending to his victory garden, Hershey's setter stole the seven-pound roast from the dinner table. He appealed to the law, but the Office of Price Administration said he couldn't get more meat points.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes predicted coal rationing next winter as a result of the three mine strikes during the past two months. Lewis ordered the miners back to work two days after the last walkout, and at weekend over 400,000 (out of 500,000) were back in the pits. The UMW leader set October 31 as a new "truce" deadline, but the President said he refused to recognize it and that he would use every means on hand to operate the mines at full capacity. Earlier in the week the President suggested that he may ask Congress to draft all strikers up to the age of 65.

Charlie Chaplin flipped back into the news when an Army private, Fred Steinhauer, of Camp Hulen, Tex., popped up with a claim that he was the father of Joan Barry's unborn child, not the comedian. Joan refused to see the poor Joe, but her lawyers arranged a meeting with Florabel Muir, a newspaperwoman, and Pauline Parker, a detective. They posed as Joan and her mother.

"You remember me, don't you, Joan?" the Joe asked the detective.

"Why are you doing this; can you care for her?" the newspaperwoman demanded.

"Yes," the private replied, and, turning to "Joan," the detective, he said, "You go to Texas with me and then I'll send you to my sister's in New Jersey."

The Joe was asked where they'd live in New Jersey, but he didn't have a chance to reply. Joan's lawyer stepped forward and told him he was talking to the wrong girl.

"I'd still like to marry your daughter," Steinhauer shouted at Miss Muir as MPs grabbed him off on AWOL charges.

The Maritime Commission said that freighters and tankers are now being delivered at the rate of five a day. The shipping situation has improved so much

recently that cargo space now exceeds the available cargo, and the Bethlehem Steel Co. launched the "Quincy," a heavy cruiser, at Quincy, Mass., constructed 11 months after her namesake was sunk off Guadalcanal.

Over 650,000 Americans have failed to take advantage of old age pensions due to them this year, the Social Security Board announced, and 60,000 other men and women left the peaceful life-of retirement to enter war industries.

A Washington, D.C., jury found Spanish-born Carmen Martin, 20, "not guilty" on charges of white slavery, but convicted her and a friend on charges that they "entertained" an Army officer and a civilian. The Government charged that she sent girls to fashionable hotels. A witness named Hope Alonzo,



This gentleman with the definitely non-military haircut is Albert Einstein, and he is in the news again. Reason: he's gone to work for the Navy. Not as a boot, though. The greatest mathematician alive will work along his own lines.

an admitted prostitute, said she visited a "call-house" apartment allegedly operated by Carmen, but denied that she "worked" elsewhere than New York. Another witness, Mrs. Dorothy Smitley, 22, said she worked as a seamstress until "Carmen told me I would make more selling myself than sewing."

Edgar G. Hoover, chief G-man, reported that draft dodgers in this war numbered 62 per cent less than in the last war. So far, 779 men were nabbed for attempting to beat the draft; 161 of them were from New York.

Numerous States and cities throughout the nation have announced precautionary measures against unemployment in the post-war period. New York announced plans for a \$700,000,000 public works program for the first year after the war. Virginia is planning three-lane highways all over the State. Waterloo, Iowa, hopes to construct a million dollar airport, and Vermont will build a new \$5,000,000 state building.

The latest issue of *Fortune* magazine announced that its survey of public opinion showed that 64.8 per cent of the nation's voters favor a fourth term for Roosevelt, if the war is still on, but 59.2 per cent will vote against him if the war is over. Other findings: 70.4 per cent think he's done a good job of running the war; 21.2 per cent said he handled the job "fair," and 4.1 per cent voted "poor." On domestic problems, 56.2 per cent voted "good"; 30.8 per cent, "fair"; and 11.1 per cent, "poor."

John Kovch, 50-year-old widower of Benton, Ill., gave his would-be bride \$600 and drove her to a West Frankfort department store to buy her a wedding gown. After waiting for several hours he discovered the store had a rear exit. He found neither his bride nor the money.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox said the nation is facing a shortage of crude oil. He told the Senate Naval Committee that when the Navy tried to buy the untapped petroleum reserve of the Standard Oil Company at Elk Hills, Calif., the firm asked for the excessive price of over \$200,000,000.

Former actress Madeline Carroll and ex-movie star Sterling Hayden became John and Madeline Hamilton with the approval of the Bridgeport, Conn., court. Hayden, now a Marine lieutenant, claimed that his film star publicity was detrimental to his new career.

Tommy Manville, asbestos millionaire playboy, will say "yes" to Jane Weeks as soon as her divorce from public relations counsellor Edward Conne is final. It'll be Manville's seventh wedding excursion.

The two days "of senseless race rioting in Detroit cost the nation a worse setback in production of the planes and tanks, than all the labor disputes in the entire nation in the first two months of this year," Joseph Keenan, vice-chairman of the War Labor Board, said in Washington. He said a million man hours of labor were lost. Meanwhile, a four-man committee set up to investigate the rioting reported that no subversive organization was behind the rioting. In Cincinnati, James M. Landis, director of the Civilian Defense, lauded the efforts of the Negro people in this war. "We fight as United Nations, a concept not of white, not of black, but of humanity," he declared.

J. P. McEvoy, the writer, wandered into a New York City West 57th Street piano store where a man walked him from one piano to another playing tunes, asking him how he liked the tone. McEvoy finally said, "I am really not a customer. I am a writer named McEvoy." The man replied, "I am not a salesman. I am a piano player, Jose Iturbi."



Miss Vera Anderson, who won the award in a contest for the champion woman welder in the country, is congratulated by her chief rival, Mrs. Hermina Strmiska, at Ingalls Shipyards, Pascagoula, Miss.



These chemical cylinders, stacked at an Eastern arsenal of the U. S., are proof of President Roosevelt's recent warning that the United Nations wouldn't be caught napping by any Axis gas attacks.

The American Army has suffered 63,958 casualties since the war, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson disclosed. The list includes 7,528 killed; 17,128 wounded; 22,687 missing, and 16,615 prisoners. The United States Supreme Court refused to review a decision of the San Francisco Federal Circuit Court which held that Japanese born in America were entitled to vote. In Alabama, legislation was introduced in the House prohibiting the marriage of a white person to a Japanese.

Mrs. Annie Laurine Dodge Lange, a tugboat captain's daughter who inherited \$2,500,000 when her first husband, Daniel G. Dodge, was killed in a motorboat accident 13 days after their marriage, was granted a divorce from her second husband, Dr. William E. Lange. Professor Albert Einstein, mathematician extraordinaire, went to work for the Navy. He'll do research work on the phenomena governing explosives.

Rep. Clare Booth Luce (R., Conn.) told Congress that the "base line" of the nation's foreign policy should be a permanent military alliance with Britain. "The British Empire is America's natural buffer State," she said, "and such an alliance is necessary to keep post-war peace."

Playwright Lawrence Stallings, who wrote *What Price Glory*, is writing a new war play showing how unlike this war is to the last one. The National Broadcasting Company lifted the ban on Hitler's funeral march. And women throughout the nation will very shortly have to go without kissproof lipstick, as there is a very great shortage of wax on hand.

Lend-Lease Administrator Edward Stettinius announced that about \$40,000,000 worth of goods has been shipped to North Africa up to May 31. The French authorities have already paid \$25,000,000

and are arranging to pay the balance in the near future, he said.

Sign of the times: A 42nd Street photographer's window in New York displays this window sign: — "This is one time you'll enjoy being shot."

Hollywood notes: Katherine Hepburn's next picture will be *Without Love*, from the Philip Barry play in which the Theatre Guild starred her in New York. Mickey Rooney, placed in 4-F by the draft people, plans a tour of Army overseas camps. Anita Louise returned to the screen after a two years absence in Columbia's *Nine Girls*. John Garfield will play Barney Ross in a film depicting the former welterweight champ's heroic Guadalcanal adventures.

The National Youth Administration appeared doomed when the House recommended the slashing of \$111,621,630 from the budget requests made by Manpower Director McNutt. The House also denied a \$3,000 salary boost for McNutt and a proposed appropriation of \$1,915,000 for the National Labor Relations Board.

Mickey Alpert, band leader at the Coconut Grove at Boston, where a fire took 500 lives last November, said he will reorganize his band after recovering from a case of the jitters brought on by the tragedy. Abe Lyman's band is touring the West Coast. Griff Williams's band is featured at Chicago's Palmer House. Ted Lewis's boys are now playing at the Biltmore in Los Angeles and Joe Reichman and his gang are now hitting the tunes at San Francisco's Mark Hopkins.

The Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles finally permitted applicants for driver's licenses to describe themselves as "bald."

Who sez the world's not getting to be a better place to live in?



U. S. Army Engineers from Camp McCoy, Wis., built a pontoon bridge across Chicago River in less than an hour and dismantled it in another hour—a demonstration celebrating the Engineers' 168th Anniversary.



Joan Leslie is a student as well as a star. She realized a big ambition when she wore this cap and gown as a member of the graduating class of the University High School at Brentwood, Calif.



This is a detail that won't be stopped before the end of the war. The men are Italian prisoners, interned at Camp Atterbury, Ind. They earn their keep by working on routine camp jobs.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

BEAVER DAM, WIS.—This is a perfectly normal town with a main street, an Elks Club, taverns, a war plant, roadhouses and a cheese factory.

It differs from the average, however, in several minor respects, typical of which are the following: (a) At the age of 6, little boys have shotguns placed in their hands and are sent out to hunt ducks in the wild Horicon Marsh, (b) citizens of 70 take pleasure in ice skating and fishing on Beaver Dam Lake, and (c) the rabbits, possum and deer of the neighborhood are so bold they come right up into the back yard.

In other words, Beaver Dam is a community made up principally of rugged German, Polish and Irish stock, schooled to absorb the hard blows of man and Nature. When a tribe of skunks invaded the cellar of St. Mark's Lutheran Church a few years ago, Bill Field, the conservation warden, calmly proceeded to trap them while his wife sang "Nearer My God to Thee" to the congregation upstairs.

So on the whole, the town has been able to take in stride the changes brought about by the war and the loss of most of its young men.

The Weyenberg Shoe Factories, the Kirsh Foundry and the Monarch Malleable Iron Range Company (now making shells for the Army) are going full blast. But, as Bert Schwake puts it, "You can roll a bowling ball down Front Street any night after 9 p.m. without hitting anyone."

Everybody's got money, but there's no place to spend it except at the local shops on Front Street, like Newton and Wenz's, Maier and Zahn's, and the Model Exclusive Apparel. The women are getting bored with bridge, so they've taken to knitting face masks for Coast Guardsmen. The men are getting bored with scat, keeno and schafskopf, so they've taken to hanging around their lodges where they figure out ingenious new methods of invading Europe.

The library and 82-year-old librarian, Miss

Hattie Doolittle, still look down in Gothic majesty from their vantage point on the corner of Front and Spring Streets. Beaver Dam River rushes cool and green and wild through the center of the town. In spring, kids sneak away from school and pull a mess of bullheads out of Beaver Dam Lake, which is practically in the town's back yard. And Griff Jones (who claims the title of the world's champion bullhead skinner and whose tavern is decorated with a plaque crediting him with the denuding of 2,150 pounds of live bullheads in a competition held at Browns Valley, Minn., on Oct. 16, 1915) still rents his summer cottages up the lake with a stipulation that no rent be paid on any cottage unless the tenant thereof pulls in a certain number of fish.

The Odeon Theater is still jammed for every change of feature. The town's 42 taverns are testimony of the beer-drinking capacity of the forebears of the citizenry. The high-school kids still go to Schwake's drug store for cokes. The boys go into the armed forces as soon as they graduate from school. The girls go away to work. Maddy Horn, once the world's champion speed skater, is in a war plant at Oshkosh while her medals and trophies tarnish in the attic of her home. The few remaining girls spend most of their time in Adlon's Circus Bar.

There are a lot of gold stars around now, one of them for 1st Sgt. Lester Brown of the local National Guard outfit, killed in New Guinea; another for Windy Braun, buried on Guadalcanal. On the lawn in front of the library, there's a big honor roll bearing the names of all the men in the armed forces, and there's a wall filled with servicemen's photos in Tommy's Tavern in South Beaver Dam. The proprietor, Tommy Ellen (ne Xtopolous) turned out to be the town's only hero of the first World War—despite the fact that he could hardly speak English—when he got lost in the Argonne Forest and captured something like 97 Germans in a cave. He still knows more about the war than anyone else in town. And when the troop trains stop just outside his tavern, he gets a strange, far-away look

in his eye. On such occasions, his wife sends him upstairs, locks the door and hides the key.

The only way you can get to Madison and Milwaukee now is by bus, so nobody goes to the University of Wisconsin and Green Bay Packer games any more. Instead, the town jams the local high-school games. This unexpected attention completely rattled the Beaver football and basketball teams, both accustomed to performing in relative obscurity. It affected them, however, in different ways. The football team lost every game. The basketball team lost only to Horicon and ran away with the Little Ten Championship.

THE American Legion waged a campaign against Clarence Keller in 1942, charging him with misuse of public funds. Notwithstanding, Keller was re-elected mayor. Emil Drews, the town constable and taxi driver, was elected dog catcher. This posed a serious problem for Emil, since the town had no dog pound. He has solved the problem, temporarily at least, by running the captured mutts into his taxi stand. Sometimes when he has a particularly vicious prisoner, Emil is afraid to enter the taxi stand to answer calls, further complicating the transportation muddle.

The transportation muddle is really a muddle. You can't get out to Crystal Beach—either for swimming or parking. You can't get out to the Friday night pick-up dances at Fox Lake and Horicon, or the Sunday night pick-up dances at Burnett. You can't get out to Alice King's at Minnesota Junction. Besides, it is reliably reported that blond Alice, a very smart business woman, has packed up her entire entourage and moved them to Merrimac, where the huge new powder plant is now running full blast.

But most important of all, you can't get out to the fields and the woods.

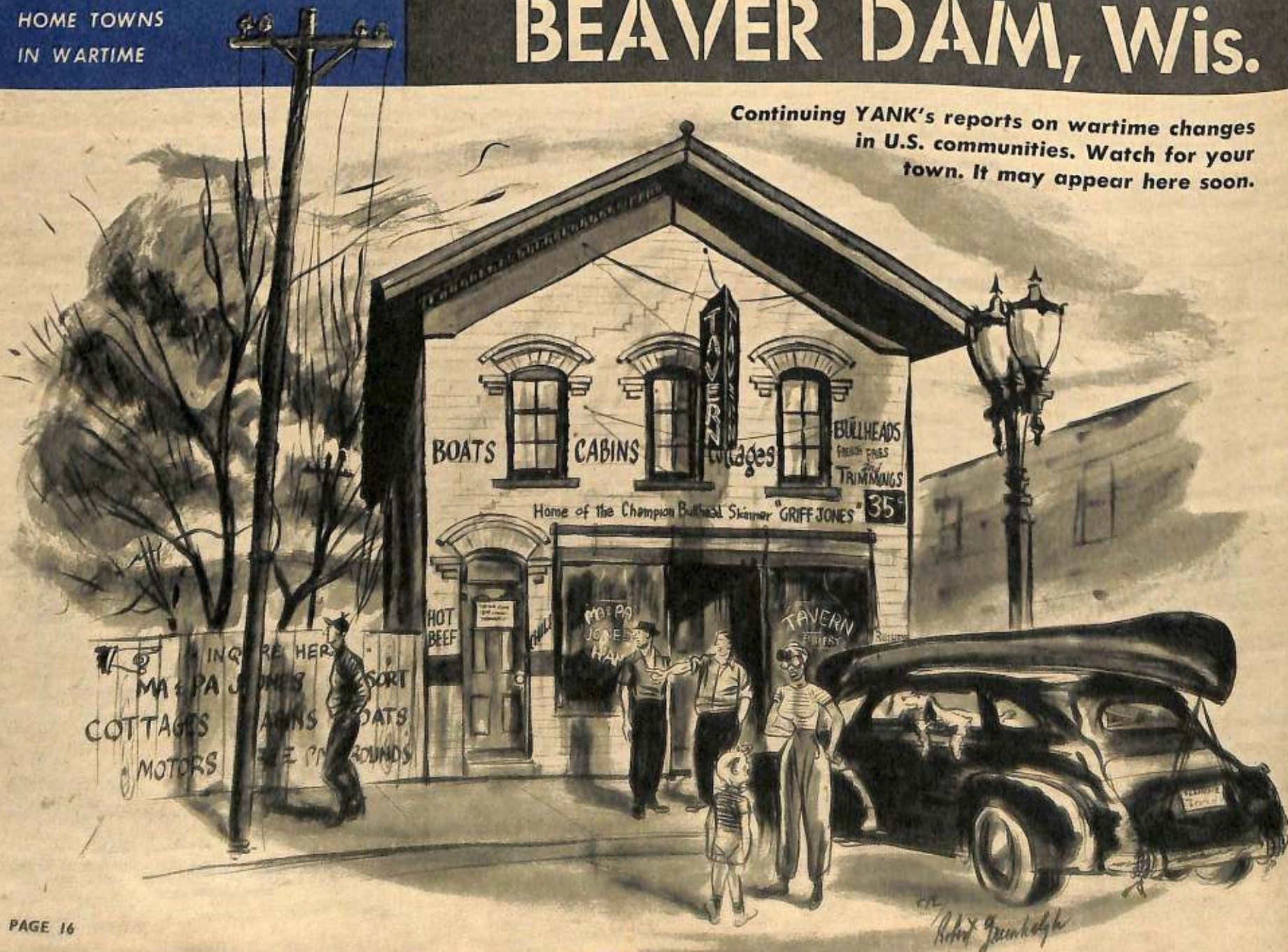
Muskrat pelts are selling for \$2 apiece. The lakes are alive with perch and pike. Horicon Marsh is crowded with pheasant and duck and fox and mink and deer, none of which can quite comprehend what is going on.

There is hardly anyone to hunt them.

HOME TOWNS
IN WARTIME

BEAVER DAM, Wis.

Continuing YANK's reports on wartime changes in U.S. communities. Watch for your town. It may appear here soon.



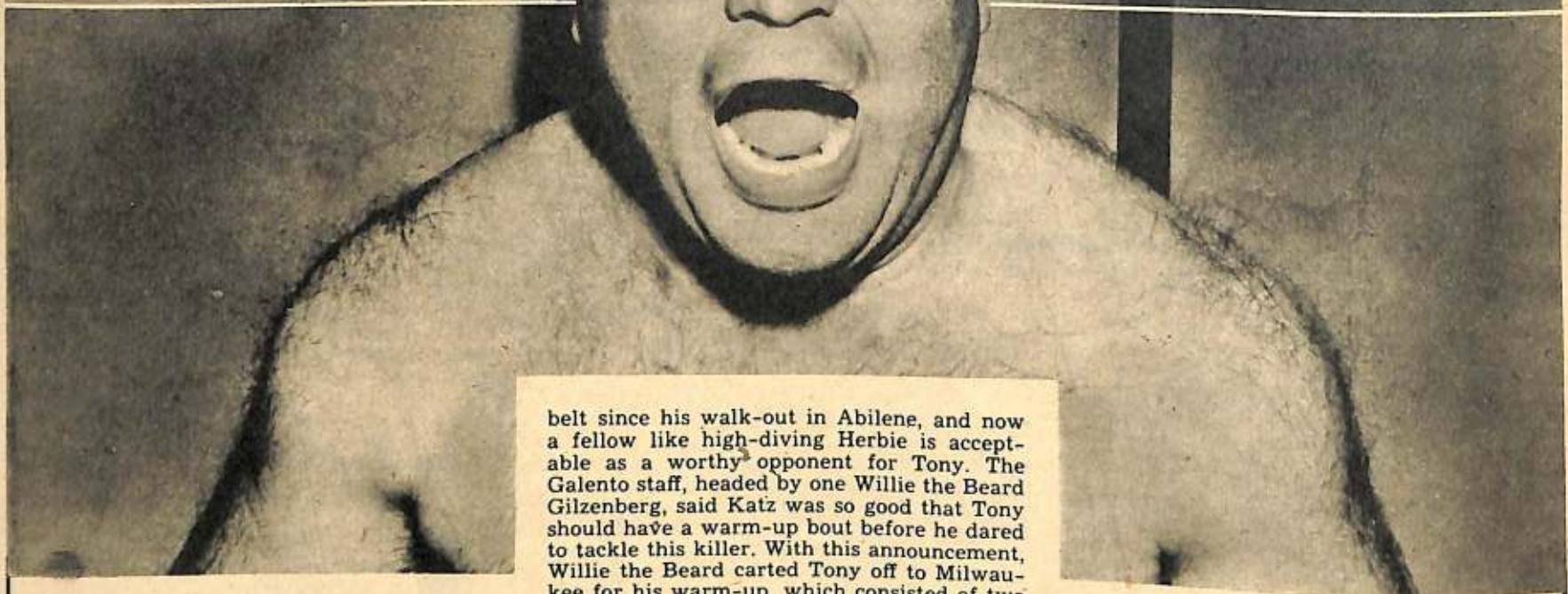
Lena Horne



SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

GALENTO COMES BACK FROM HIS JERSEY BAR



belt since his walk-out in Abilene, and now a fellow like high-diving Herbie is acceptable as a worthy opponent for Tony. The Galento staff, headed by one Willie the Beard Gilzenberg, said Katz was so good that Tony should have a warm-up bout before he dared to tackle this killer. With this announcement, Willie the Beard carted Tony off to Milwaukee for his warm-up, which consisted of two exhibition bouts with his sparring partners.

WHEN Tony Galento decided to come out from the business end of his Orange (N.J.) bar and begin a new pursuit of the heavyweight championship, everybody, including the 116th Field Artillery Boxing Commission, was happy to see him do it. The commission was so pleased with the idea that it decided to treat the GIs in Tampa, Fla., to a bout between the bar-keep and a person named Herbie Katz.

A few years ago, Tony wouldn't have been caught in the same ring with the likes of Mr. Katz, a high-board diver who walked out of the sporting-goods store with the wrong kind of trunks. Once Tony was supposed to appear in an exhibition bout in Abilene, Tex., against Kingfish Levinsky, a gentleman who compares favorably with Citizen Katz—or vice versa. When Tony arrived in Abilene he naturally visited the town's leading bar where he saw hanging behind the mahogany a big poster that read: "Tony Galento vs. Kingfish Levinsky in a Battle of Bums." This infuriated Galento. He sought out the Abilene Boxing Commission and stated his case:

"What do you bums think I am? Punchy? Whacky? I'm a business man and a property owner. A fight with this bum Levinsky would lower my standing. Nothing doing. I'm leaving town."

A lot of beer has passed under Galento's

Willie the Beard knew what he was doing. The exhibition lured a mob of 6,500, most of whom attended because they refused to believe Tony knew how to spar. As one spectator pointed out, "Galento waited until the Marquis of Queensberry was dead before he began his boxing career." Tony did nothing to change their minds. He waved his big paws at his two stooges throughout four rounds and got hit more often than he was able to reach his partners. In fact, Tony got hit by everybody in the house before the exhibition was over. Halfway through the fight the crowd decided it had suffered enough and began to hurl ripe tomatoes at Galento.

Tony screamed that this was all a frame-up and charged that a jealous Newark promoter had planted the tomatoes in the crowd. "I looked all around the arena," Galento said, "and I didn't see nobody selling tomatoes. Besides, ain't them things rationed?"

The Katz fight, which lasted exactly 25 seconds, was a disgrace. Tony went through the motions of throwing only two punches at Herbie, the first one dropping Katz for the count of nine. A few seconds later Herbie just dropped on his own accord and hugged the canvas until Mickey Walker tolled 10.

The 116th Field Artillery Boxing Commission charged that Tony barely brushed Katz

the first time and no more than pushed him the second time, and ordered the promoter to hold up purses of both fighters until an investigation could be made. Galento and Katz probably knew this was cooking because they drew their guarantees immediately after the fight and skipped town. Tony escaped to Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was to meet a wrestler-boxer billed as the Golden Terror. Katz stole away to the safety of Brooklyn.

Tony's bout with the Terror was another sordid affair that adhered to the familiar wrestling script. The Terror started the fight with a typical wrestling gag—hitting Galento on the head while the referee still was giving instructions. That was Tony's cue. He began throwing harmless jabs into the Terror's bloated paunch and stretched the wrestling freak over the top rope for a seven count. The next line was the Terror's. He bounced off the ropes and hastened to exhibit an allegedly cut mouth to the referee, who said it would be brutal to permit such mayhem to continue and stopped the fight.

It would seem from this sorry business that Galento has gone and gotten himself tangled up with a wrestling trust. Maybe that's where he belongs. When Dr. William Walker examined him before the Louis fight, he said: "This man is abnormal. Physically, he is pure animal."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

When A/C Ted Williams first reported for baseball practice at the North Carolina Naval Pre-Flight School he spotted **Dusty Cooke**, the Red Sox's old outfield star and one of Ted's predecessors as batting champion of the American Association. Ted rushed over to Cooke, shook his hand with enthusiasm and told him he had always wanted to meet him. Cooke, who was enjoying himself at this point, confessed that he was the great Dusty, then asked, "But what's your name, kid?" Max just in case you hadn't heard—it's now Cpl. Max Baer and Cpl. Buddy Baer of the Sacramento (Calif.) Air Service Command. They were both promoted the same day . . . Lt. Tommy Edrmon, Michigan's All-Everything, is now in North Africa piloting a P-38 fighter.

Don't be surprised to find **CPO George McAfee**, the Bears' great running back, in the Michigan line-up next fall. He was recently transferred from the Jacksonville (Fla.) Naval Air Station to the Michigan campus and, according to Coach Fritz Crisler, would be eligible to play with the Wolverines. . . . Lt. Ernie Sutter, the Dixie tennis ace, who was wounded in North Africa, is recovering at the Holloran Hospital on Staten Island, N. Y. . . . Sgt. Joe Louis is back at Fort Riley, Kans., after finishing his shadow-boxing skit in the movie version of "This Is the Army." . . . During the battle of Attu, Lt. Cliff Kimsay, Georgia's 1941 All-Amer-

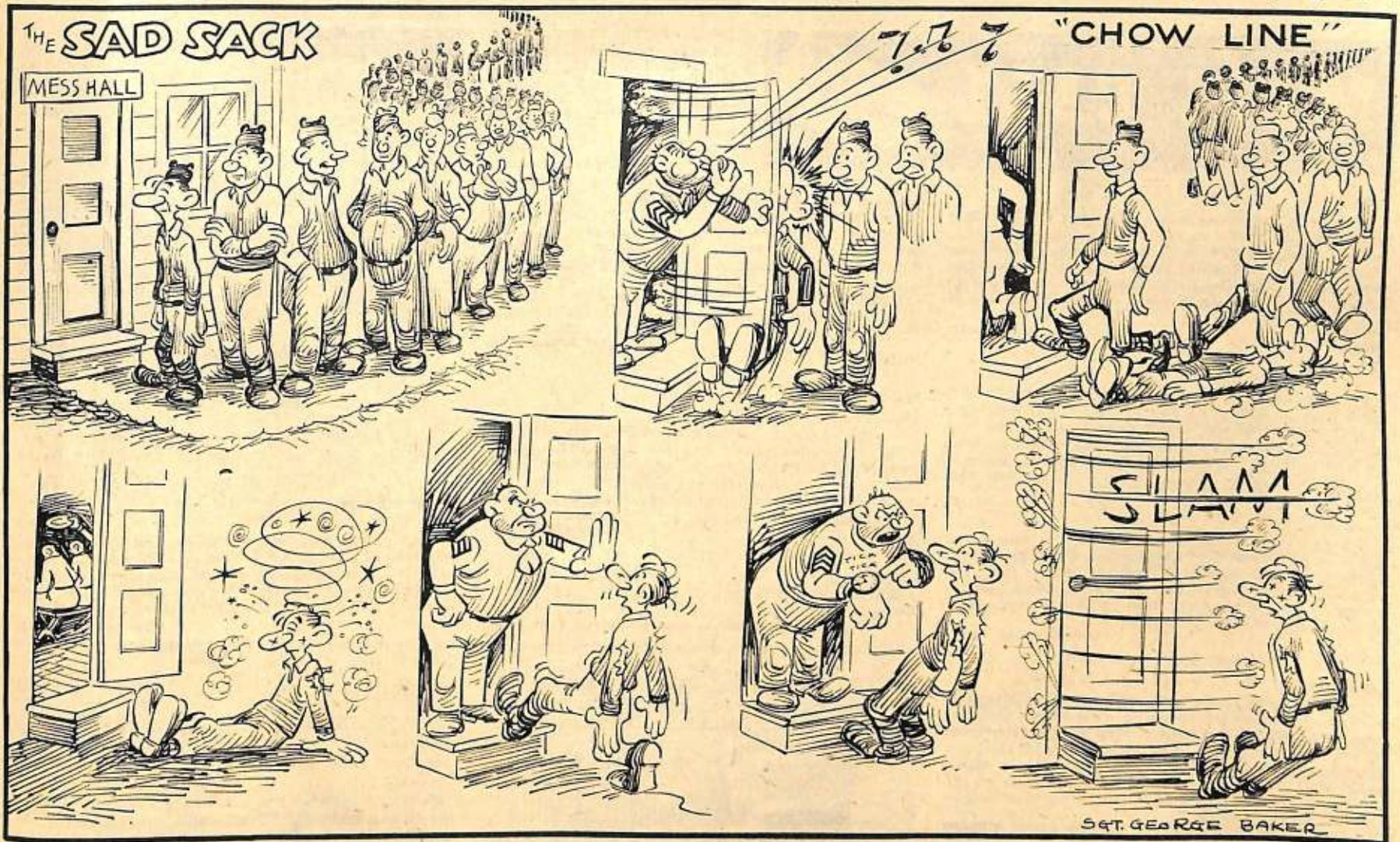


Sgt. Bitsy Grant, the one-time Mighty Atom of tennis, now 31, says he's "an old man" by Air Force standards and has given up hopes of becoming an aerial gunner. He is a physical instructor in Texas.

ican guard, commanded a company of GIs that kept the Jap out of the mountains and finally trapped him for annihilation or surrender.

Lt. Lou Zamperini, former Southern California intercollegiate mile champion, has been reported missing in action in the the South Pacific. He was a bombardier on a B-24 Liberator. . . . Another track man, Sgt. Johnny Quigley, Manhattan College's quarter-mile star who was reported missing in action in North Africa, has been found and returned to duty with the mechanized infantry. Earlier, Quigley had been awarded the Purple Heart for heroism. . . . The Cards' Terry Moore has resigned as a civilian physical-training instructor with the Army in Panama and joined the AAF there as a private. . . . In San Juan, Puerto Rico, listed in the U. S. Army.

The University of Iowa, whose coaching staff was completely wiped out by the war, may have to borrow a head football coach from the Iowa Naval Pre-Flight School. If it does it will probably get an Iowa alumnus, Lt. Denny Myers, the Boston College coach and now a hand-to-hand combat instructor at the Pre-Flight School. . . . Special Service has placed a weekly order for 50,000 copies of the *Sporting News*' overseas edition, and if you are overseas you can get one from your Special Service officer.



“WELL,” we said, “you did it again.”
 “Yerse,” Artie Greengroin said. “I done it again.”
 Artie was digging a ditch with an old and crusty shovel. He was on company punishment for trying to convince the first sergeant that he was a Section 8-er. He had barely escaped the clink, had old Artie.
 “Are you mad?” we wanted to know.
 “Naw, I ain’t mad at nobody,” Artie said, moodily heaving a shovelful of earth over his head. “I thought it was all over. All great men suffers for principles. Look at Napoleon. Look at me. You suffer for principles, you get resigned to fate.”
 “Are you resigned to fate?” we asked.
 “I’m resigned as all hell to fate,” Artie said. “Anybody would be, after the kicking around I been getting from this gawdam blassid rummy of a Army. Honest to gaw, if I had me life to live over again I’d of been a goil, keeping house for some nice man somewheres, with a couple of kids kicking me shins all day. Thass my idea of heaven, when I look back on me pass life.” He sunk his shovel deep into the ground and leaned on it.
 “You could be having more troubles than you have now,” we said.
 Artie nodded glumly. “Thass right,” he said. “Thass what the philosopher in me keeps saying. ‘You could be wise off, Artie,’ it says. And I could be. I might even of lost me rank. You know what the captain said? He said, ‘Greengroin, to unmake you from a Pfc. would be like putting shoeblacking on a piece of tar.’ Thass a very pretty figger of speech, ain’t it?”
 “Very pretty,” we said. “Almost beautiful.”
 “It’s good to be unner the command of a esthetic commander,” Artie said. “Now, if the captain had of been a rummy, like some captains I know, it might of been a different story. I might be in the clink. I might of loss me rank. As things stand, though, I still got pride. I may be doing manual labor, but what the hell. Plenny of great men done manual labor.”
 “They sure did,” we said.
 Artie bent down and picked up a handful of dirt. “Jess studying the composition of the ground brings out the philosopher in me. Now this dirt has been kicking around the English Isle for gaw knows how long. It doesn’t bother nobody. It jess sits around. People walk on it or trun it at a tree or plant a flower in it. It don’t mind. It’s got poise. It knows that the people will go away and it will still be lying around. Now, thass the way I am. Sooner or later and eventually all me troubles is going away. All I got to do is hang on to me beautiful poise—”

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



ARTIE THE STOIC

“For how many years?” we asked.
 “Time is purely relative,” Artie said. “Wass a year in yer life, anyways? You get rid of one, another comes right along.” He worked furiously, in utter silence, for a good ten seconds.
 “You’ll hurt yourself,” we said.
 “Manual labor brings out the bess in a man,” Artie said. “Now, look at this handsome ditch. Three days ago it was oney a gleam in the captain’s eye. Now it’s in full bloom. And how did this beautiful ditch get to be what it is? Because little ole Artie made it with his little ole shovel.”
 “Amazing,” we said.
 “It ain’t no joke,” Artie said. “It’s a very somber matter, believe me. Why, jess working on this beautiful ditch has made me inter a farmer. After this war I’m going to buy me a little farm and woik in the garden all day. You got no idea what fun it is to dig in the ground. You wanna try yer hand with this shovel?”
 “No, thanks,” we said.

ARTIE frowned at us. “Thass what I expected from a lazy ole bassar like you. You got no appreciation of manual labor. You don’t realize that all the turnips and stuff you cram down yer craw come from the ground. You don’t unnerstand the problems of the farmer.”
 “We understand the Pfc.’s problems,” we said.
 “For gaw’s sake,” Artie said, “can’t you keep yer doity ole mine off the Army for ten minnits at a time? Honest to gaw, I never seen nobody like you. Yer a blassid ole military automaton. They’s more in life than a lot of messy militia.”
 “Not for the next six or seven years,” we said.
 “Yer a killjoy,” Artie said. “I wisht I never knowed yer. Everything happens to me. All me plans goes rotten and all me friends have screws loose when it comes to the Army. Army, Army, Army—thass all I hear in me ears all day. When I get me farm and I see a soldier coming up the road I’m gonna shoot him with me shotgun. Thass what I think of this blassid ole Army.”

“Treason,” we said. “Sheer treason.”
 “Aw, poop on treason,” Artie said. “In a democracy a man can say what he thinks. Why, if I wanted to, I could go right up to the coinel this minnit and tell him what I think of him.”
 “And then what would happen?” we asked.
 “Nothing would happen,” Artie said. “It jess so happings that I think very highly of the coinel.”
 “Oh,” we said.
 “Which jess goes to show that yer a very ignorant person,” Artie said. “It’s a very good motter to think before you speak. Thass a nice point about farmers. They’re a tacitoin lot.”
 “Do farmers dig ditches?” we asked.

ARTIE dropped his shovel. “Farmers dig ditches all the time,” he said in a level voice. “Thass all they do when they ain’t growing spinich or kindred fruits. This is the poifeck training for the happy life of the farmer. A farmer’s got to be a stoic.”
 “Just for the record,” we asked, “how long are you going to be digging this ditch?”
 “Jess for the record,” Artie said, “I’m gonna be digging this ditch till the blassid ole captain says I can stop digging this ditch.”
 “And how long will that be?” we asked.
 “It beats the usual out of me,” Artie said. “Right now me and the captain ain’t on speaking toims.”
 “Rather a tense situation,” we said.
 “Thass right, ole cock,” Artie said. “A very tense situation indeed. But while the captain is punishing me, he’s laying the groundwoik for Greengroin the Farmer.”
 “So he is,” we said. “So he is.”
 “Meanwhile,” Artie said, “how’s to spelling me with this shovel while I take a ten. I want to stick a butt in me mush.”
 “Sorry,” we said, “we’re just an old city boy.”
 “Then get the hell out of here,” Artie said. “If you ain’t gonna commiserate I don’t want yer around. We don’t speak the same language.”
 He spat on his grubby hands.

Sgt. HARRY BROWN.

MAIL CALL



DEAR YANK:

If you're going to run fiction why don't you keep in a class with the rest of your material? I mean run strictly grade A stuff. Your articles and everything else in the magazine can't be touched by anything in the field, but that piece of fiction by Merle Miller was golden bantam shining in the sun. Tie the can to stuff like that, will you, please?

Pvt. M. De MARCO

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

I didn't think the story of paratroopers could be told again without killing it. But you did it last week and in such a readable way that I think it one of the best stories you've run yet. Your magazine rates as one of the best in the field and absolutely the best in England.

Major R. J.

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

What's this *Week of War* anyway? I admit it's a bunch of pretty words strung together sounding nice. I admit that it's well-written stuff and that it gives the GI something colorful to read, but what it doesn't give is a week of war, or even four days for that matter. How about giving out with some facts?

Corporal JOSEPH MARKS

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

I'm not saying that you haven't got a hot magazine in YANK but there's a couple of little things that you keep doing that I don't like. First you start running cover pictures that have something to do with stories in the magazine and get us to expecting to look for them. Then what do you do? Start running pictures on the cover that are just pretty pictures and have nothing to do with the book at all.

Sgt. CALVIN WHITMAN

Britain.

TROOP MOVEMENT

These are the young, the pure bred, the highly priced, Travelling in Pullmans, watching the States trophy; The thin, red farmlands of Georgia, the Turkey buzzards Circling against the blue unhurried sky.

Tractors and mule teams crossing the late afternoon, Women from dusty porches waving goodbyes, Improvised peace and Home and family are posed And run off as light entertainment before their eyes.

Green shaded swaying evening; poker and crap Continue, the train turns westward, and singing starts. The air grows colder, gradually night begins And quietly tightens around them and in their hearts.

Pfc. JOHN D. PRESTON

Britain.

They All Do It

DEAR YANK:

Last week you ran a story by Captain Arthur Gordon called *Dream Crew*. "It's the crews that get back intact that are doing the job," he says. What about the guys who go over and get their heads blown off. Don't they count? Don't anybody do nothing about them? If that's the way things are, I guess I'm just wasting my time.

Tech/Sgt. J. M. Tall Gunner

Britain.

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DEAR YANK:

I'm not the kind of a guy who goes around saying that the only heroes are dead ones, but you've got a title in your June 27th issue that I think is away off the beam.

In the heading of the story *Dream Crew*, you've got a sub-head saying, "It's the boys who

get back intact that are doing the job."

Well now, I'm damned glad that Capt. Sims and his Liberator crew are having such a run of good luck, but don't tell me that the guys who haven't come back didn't contribute their share toward getting the job done, too.

I remember a couple of guys by the names of Colin Kelly and Meyer Levine who did quite a bit of getting the job done—and they didn't come back intact.

Pvt. DONALD ROSS

Britain.

He Loves Us

DEAR YANK:

I dislike heaving bouquets at anyone but after last week's issue and after the work that you have been doing for months, I'd like to throw a couple dozen roses at your head. For news, colorful writing, and information, you can't be beat. You really are accomplishing your mission to entertain, educate and instruct the American soldier.

Capt. WALTER ARNTZEN

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

What happened to the ever-loving Pfc. and his ever-loving cane?

A Pfc. Who Was Given New Courage by his Finesse



Here he is with Adolphe Menjou and another darb of a doll.

DEAR YANK:

We have just read Sgt. Al Hine's story, "First GI Report from Iran: It's Cold, Expensive and Strange" (in a March issue of YANK). We are volunteering a second GI report from Iran: It's sweltering, expensive and filthy. How did Sgt. Hine form his impression of this country? Either he is connected with the Chamber of Commerce or he's been walking around without his sun helmet. Sgt. Hine said that it's cold here. Today the temperature is running around 125, and last summer the cold water was so hot you couldn't get under it to take a shower. Perhaps it does get cold in some places but why isn't he more specific instead of describing his locality as typical of the rest of the country. The fellows in this detachment want a personal interview with Sgt. Hine to set him straight on this hellhole of Asia.

T/4 F. J. BENTZ

Iran.

*Letter also signed by T/4 Elmer Johnston, T/3 Evans, T/3 Johnson, T/5 L. H. Zimmerman, Pfc. Morris Rubenstein and Pvt. Paul Sears.

What Happened to Babe

DEAR YANK:

In your sports section you asked what became of Babe Didrikson, the golf champion. Babe is now Mrs. George Zaharias, better-half of the famous Greek heavyweight wrestler. Babe was reinstated to the simon-pure golf ranks last January and is now playing in every available tournament on the Pacific Coast. She won the Los Angeles midwinter championship last March and lately has been busy competing in foursome matches with servicemen.

Camp Hood, Texas.

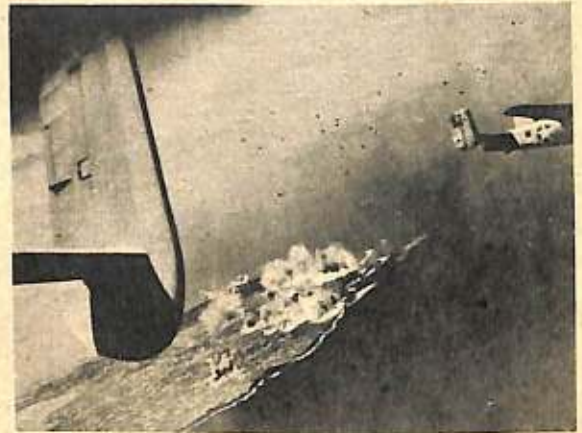
Pvt. KEITH QUICK

As a Spotter, a Voigin

DEAR YANK:

Gawdam it, yer ole bassar of an Editor—Look at the tail of that gawdam boid on page eleven!

When it comes to spottin' blassid planes yer jess a voigin. Or has that ole bassar of arithmetic moidered yer? Perhaps yer can't count up to 25, eh?



Thass a hell of a thing. A ole bassar of an Editor who can't add up pass 24. Thass a swell set-up. Particularly to a guy with a fine sensitive nature like mine.

Britain.

P. FARLEY

L-U-S-H

DEAR YANK:

Your pin-up last week fell down, and I don't mean from the wall because I for one would never pin it up any place. You guys are doggies yourselves or so your masthead says, so keep those pin-ups lush will you, brother. L-u-s-h. We like 'em that way.

Britain.

M/Sgt. LAWRENCE KIRK



And again, as an ambassador of goodwill, with cigar and fire cracker, showing his English friends how the Fourth of July works.

DEAR YANK:

(In your June 27th issue) "It takes two captains to make a lieutenant-colonel." Tck! Tck! Tck!

Britain.

Lieut.-Col. TCK! TCK!



Up, The APO!

DEAR YANK:

Here's one for the books. I just received a letter from Springfield, Mass., dated June 11th. Only the name was written in the space provided for name and address. There was a time not so long ago that yours truly was among the many who wondered and griped about the mail situation. I shall hereafter be one of the PO's greatest boosters.

Britain.

2nd-Lt. JOHN E. BARNETT

EDITORIAL PAGE



"Your orders are to sink the American Navy again."



WE'LL BE BACK



IT WASN'T LIKE THIS BACK HOME

A FEW ITEMS ON SUNDRY SUBJECTS REQUIRING NO EDITORIAL COMMENT . . .

"Were Still Falling"

THE British publication *Perspective* reports the following story current in Germany: A Berliner met a man from Cologne and said to him, "The last bombing on Berlin was so heavy that bits of furniture were still falling from buildings three hours after the raid." "That's nothing," replied the man from Cologne. "The last bombing of Cologne was so heavy that three days after the raid, pictures of Hitler were still falling."

Our Secret Weapon

News dispatch from Ernie Pyle, American reporter in Tunisia: "The Germans worked up a terrific respect for our artillery . . . it was so perfect. One Nazi officer, taken prisoner before the collapse said, when brought into camp: 'I know you're going to kill me, but before you do, would you let me see that automatic artillery of yours?'"

Exit Admiral Yamamoto

The Tokyo radio announced that Emperor Hirohito has bestowed the title of fleet admiral upon Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto and has decorated him with the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum and the Order of the Golden Vulture. All these honors were posthumous, the broadcast added, explaining that Admiral Yamamoto had been killed recently in air combat in the Pacific. The admiral had announced some time ago that he looked forward to dictating peace terms from the White House.

Castor Oil Treatment

Huge quantities of castor oil, says the British news agency Reuters, have been recovered by Allied

Modest Murderers

"Americans just don't understand the Japanese people," mourned the Tokyo radio. "A little thought will make Americans see how patiently Japan has stood American abuses; how tolerant, patient and modest we are." The broadcast took place the day after the announcement of the Jap execution of the Doolittle flyers.

salvage units from dumps abandoned by the Italians. The oil was used by the Italians for medicinal purposes and for "political education."

Raid Over Kiska

On the eve of a bombing raid over Kiska a group of AAF flyers were addressed by their CO: "Men," he said, "tomorrow's job is one of the toughest we've ever tackled. The enemy has received reinforcements. We are using older planes. There's a hell of a storm brewing. We'll be lucky if one out of four of us ever gets back alive. We take off at seven sharp. And if any one of you is 30 seconds late, damit, he can't come with us!"

... Or It Dies"

A Nazi blueprint of post-war Europe in the event of a German victory, as described by Robert Ley, leader of Hitler's labor front: "A lower race needs less room, less clothing, less food and less culture than a higher race. The German cannot live in the same fashion as the Pole and the Czech. . . . More bread, more clothes, more culture, more beauty—these our race must have or it dies."

They Run Faster, Too

The low state of Italian propaganda is shown by this strange boast over the Rome radio by Aldo Valori, Fascist political commentator: "As in the the last World War the Italian Army holds the world

record for the number of captured and fallen generals."

Notes On Tunisian Campaign

"We will hold Tunisia. The danger of being thrown back into the sea no longer exists."—Goebbels to the German people on March 6. . . . "The display and attitude of your troops will be a symbol for the whole armed forces of greater Germany."—Hitler to von Arnim on May 11. . . . "Standing in the moonlight outside British headquarters after a hot supper, Gen. von Arnim seemed to be concerned only about his baggage."—From a UP dispatch from Tunisia, May 13.

"A Real Revelation"

Alan de Bertois, the Vichy broadcaster who stoozes for the Nazis, recently gave the French people some "earnest advice." "Our conqueror has asked us to collaborate by sending our workers to jobs in the Reich. I assure you that when they come in contact with Germany they will find a real revelation." Several days later a dispatch from Switzerland said that "thousands of food parcels must now be sent from France to French workers in Germany, who receive very meagre rations in the workers' canteens."

Adolf's Days Numbered?

The Dutch have a new trick for annoying their Nazi guests. They are printing calendars and desk cards that list American holidays but omit the German ones. Dates of Thanksgiving Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, St. Patrick's Day and Armistice Day are displayed prominently, but Hitler's birthday is conspicuous by its absence.

Nazi Joke

The following joke in a recent issue of the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung* presents a rough idea of humor in Nazi circles: A wife is dying and her husband asks, "Have you got a last wish?" The dying woman whispers, "Yes—apple tart with cream." "You fool," the husband replies angrily, "this isn't the time to eat. It's the time to die."



THE SOFT UNDERBELLY OF EUROPE



"Der Fuehrer is going incognito these days."



By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

THE Army Air Forces' Flying Training Command is using a new secret weapon to create the largest and most powerful air force in existence.

This effective tool of war has caused many changes in the AAF training program, but it looks harmless.

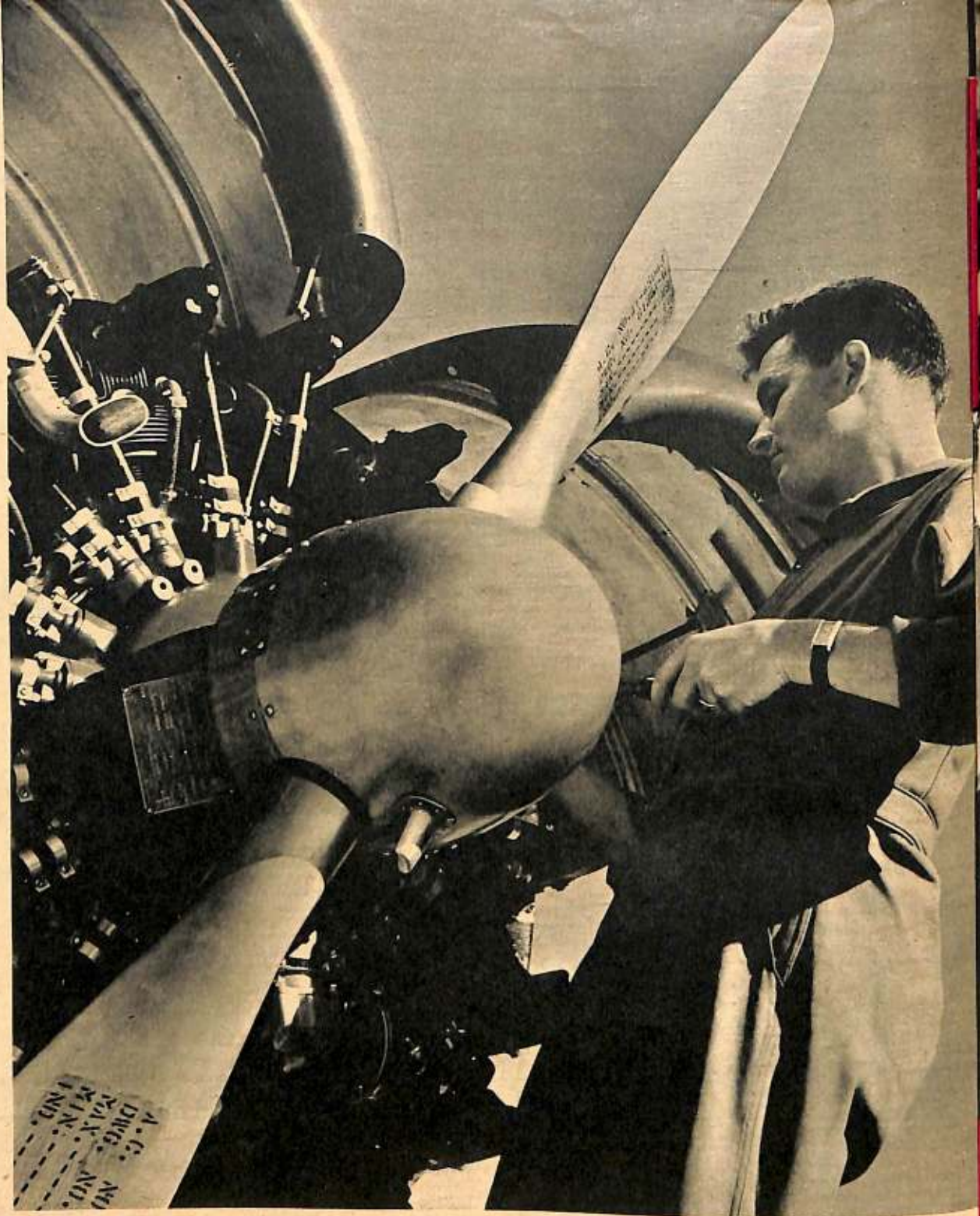
It is a file of letters.

The letters came from American pilots, bombardiers, navigators and gunners all over the world, the Air Force guys who carried the ball for more than a year in the front-line combat zones while the Army's flying-training machinery shifted gears and reached top speed. They learned modern aerial-warfare tactics the hard way and wrote accurate reports on their problems. Now the instructors in Texas are converting those reports to textbooks.

The letters show that for the first four months of war we often flew blind in more ways than one. We also did a lot of blind shooting. Pilots in the South Pacific wrote that our bombers sometimes cracked up, not because of Jap bullets but because they were being flown by men who had never handled such big ships in training. Pursuit pilots failed to return because they had gone into combat with insufficient navigation instruction. Gunners were watching their tracers instead of their sights, wasting ammunition while the Japs dodged in and out until our guns were empty and then streaked in for the kill. The overshooting or undershooting of landing fields by U. S. pilots in those first five months of war accounted for too many wrecked planes.

The Flying Training Command lost no time taking that file of overseas letters, with its precious reports on the reasons behind the failures and successes of our ships and men, and using it as a potent weapon to increase Air Force power and efficiency. The transition schools for medium-bomber pilots in Texas—Tarrant Field at Fort Worth and Laughlin Field at Del Rio—are direct outgrowths of AAF experience in combat. They were established this year for just one reason: to give pilots who have mastered the smaller training ships additional time in which to accustom themselves to the bigger and more complicated bombers before flying them in battle. They study the B-24 at Tarrant and the B-26 at Laughlin, covering the ships from nose to tail in nine weeks, with 154 hours of ground school and 205 hours in the air.

That leaves the students very little time for horsing around. Although they are commissioned pilots with silver wings and have already gone through the mill of pre-flight, primary, basic and advanced instruction, their noses are kept on the grindstone at these new transition schools. They



Air Cadet Walter Derk probes a motor of an AT-9 at the Lubbock Army Flying School, Tex.

Secret AIR FORCE WEAPON ★★

live like privates, eat separately from the post officers and say "sir" when addressing an instructor.

For the first two weeks, students at Tarrant and Laughlin study the Liberators and Marauders on the ground. Then they practice take-offs and landings by the hour, get some high-altitude flying, learn climbs and turns and do plenty of navigation by instruments at night. They also spend several hours a day on meteorology, code, radio, aircraft and seacraft identification. They talk, from time to time, with bomber pilots who have flown combat missions.

One of these pilots will mention, for example, the time he was forced down by motor trouble on a South Pacific island. "If I had known the first thing about simple mechanics," he says, "I could have fixed that ship and got the hell out of there. As it was, we sweated it out for 23 days before we were sighted, and we were damn lucky to get back alive."

To prepare for situations like that, prospective

bomber pilots at the transition schools now spend most of their 154 hours of ground instruction in engineering shops, tearing apart motors and fuel, oil and hydraulic systems. Tarrant's director of training, Lt. Col. Louis R. Hughes Jr., who spent five months as an observer in England, says, "When pilots graduate under this new training program, they are mechanics as well as flyers."

Another common weakness of pilots in combat zones was their lack of training in short landings and landings on rough terrain. Early last year one pilot wrote from overseas:

"We have been wrecking valuable ships out here because some flyers have never learned to land on anything but nice long cement runways. In this area, the runways aren't long and they are not cement. If Japs happen to bomb the place while you're out, they are not smooth either. Can't you devise some special training that will adequately prepare the new guys for emergency landings and take-offs?"

That accounts for the small county-fair variety of inflated toy balloons and old-fashioned clotheslines, hung with red flannels, that now decorate the runways at Laughlin and Tarrant.

The balloons are arranged in patterns, representing the narrow, short or irregular margins caused by bomb craters. Student officers practice landings in these mazes until they can burst any designated balloon with their wheels. The clotheslines, stretched at different levels, take the place of obstructions in combat airfield approaches, helping pilots to judge distances accurately.

"You can talk until you're blue in the face about emergency landings," says Maj. J. W. Hinton, Tarrant's assistant director of training. "But unless you practice them, it's a waste of time. We test every landing theory here and, if it works, we use it."

Pilots also learn gradually at transition school the art of landing bombers at night. They practice first with the field lights on full, then with

only the runway lights and finally they set their planes down with only the margins illuminated.

The instructors are all top-drawer pilots. Take Lt. Eugene Ray of Tulsa, Okla., who teaches the Marauder classes at Laughlin. Lt. Ray won the Silver Star for gallantry in action while flying a Marauder against the Japs.

Incidentally, Capt. Fred O. Easley, Laughlin's director of flying, has great confidence in the B-26. "All that concentrated speed and power naturally makes it a tough one to handle," he says. "But in the hands of a skilled flyer who knows the Marauder from nose to tail, there isn't a medium bomber in the world that can touch it for speed and maneuverability. The Marauder is like a highly sensitive race horse. In poorly trained hands, it's hard to handle but with a good jockey up it will always hit the wire first."

From Funnies to Shakespeare

In the final week of transition school, the new pilots are trained in combat precision-bombing formations. Then they are ready for the Operational Training Units, where they meet the crews they will shortly take into battle.

"Under the old system," Maj. Hinton explains, "graduates of twin-engine advanced schools went directly to OTU where they had to master their ships and study hundreds of tactical problems at the same time. Now, with transition schools in this revised training program, pilots go to OTU already knowing their ships inside out. That leaves them free to devote all their attention to combat exercises."

A typical trainee, Lt. Arthur H. Millard of La Crosse, Wis., was asked if he found much difference between twin-engine advanced school and transition school.

"It's plenty different," he said. "Twin-engine schools are tough but they have a college atmosphere. Here, brother, they mean business. Besides, the B-24 is no AT-10. It's eight times heavier and 20 times more complicated. Going from a trainer to the real thing is like going from the funnies to Shakespeare."

THE effect of the overseas letters on Flying Training Command activity is likewise noticeable these days at Randolph Field, the former "West Point of the Air," which is now the home of the Central Instructor School. The last bunch of cadets moved out of Randolph in March to make room for this teachers college, another new feature of the revised training program.

Like the transition schools for pilots, CIS is a product of actual combat experience. The Air Forces learned overseas that their instructors at home were teaching the fundamentals of flying okay but they weren't teaching each man to fly the same way. (There are about 40 different ways to execute a stall, for instance.) In the South Pacific, Europe and Africa every pilot in a formation must be able to anticipate every other pilot's next move. Dizzy from trying to guess how their teammates would obey certain commands, combat flyers requested more standardization of instruction methods at home. The Randolph Field normal school is the Flying Training Command's answer to that request. Every 30 days it sends hundreds of pilot-instructors, thoroughly drilled in standard Air Force tactics, to the primary, basic and advanced flying schools.

Battles are Reviewed

Nowhere in the Flying Training Command are the reports from combat zones mulled over more carefully than at Randolph Field. The future instructors are constantly analyzing them and getting into what-would-you-have-done discussions, especially when the reports tell of accidental solutions to combat predicaments, like this one:

"My ship was badly shot up and one of my guns was jammed. Jerry was all around me. For some reason (I don't know why — instinct, I guess) I went down low and stayed low, almost on the ground. I noted with satisfaction that the fighters couldn't dive on me at that altitude. As you can see, I got back safely."

Another tells about forced landings: "If you know you must set your ship down, look around for the best possible spot, retract your landing gear and take to the belly. But first check your distance, altitude and gliding speed carefully. If you're careful enough and compensate for any wind and if the terrain isn't impossibly rugged, you'll walk away from the landing."

The single-engine or fighter-plane advanced department at CIS is teaching a big lesson

Profiting from experiences of flyers in action against the enemy in Europe, Africa, China and the Pacific, our Air Forces have made several sweeping changes in the training program for our cadets and new pilots in the ground and cloud schools back in Texas

learned by combat pursuit pilots: solo heroics are useless. The Flying Command stresses formation tactics in fighter-plane operations.

Visiting Randolph recently, a pursuit pilot was telling a group of students how he got five Zeros in a single scrap. He explained in detail that his hits were not luck. They were made possible by the expert maneuvering of the other American pilots in his formation.

One student, obviously trying to draw him out on solo combat stuff like Gary Cooper used to perform in "Lilac Time," asked, "What did you do in fights when you got separated from your formation?"

The pursuit pilot looked at him coldly. "I either found me a new partner or I got the hell out of there fast," he replied.

The future pilot-instructors at Randolph do plenty of formation flying over the dry flatlands around San Antonio. The ships execute different maneuvers employed in dog fights while some planes, pretending to be casualties, drop out of the formation, thus forcing other ships to cover their positions. That teaches students how to reform defensive patterns quickly and emphasizes the teamwork angle.

Three-ship Formation Dying

At Randolph the three-ship formation, except in elementary work, is dying out. Two-ship formations and their multiples are the thing now. The modified "hurdles," used for practice crack-up landings 10 years ago and then abandoned, are back again.

An important change in the CIS advanced twin-engine department is the increased emphasis on instrument flying, inspired of course by experience in combat zones where bad weather is the rule rather than the exception. In such places as the North Pacific, fog cannot be avoided; it must be beaten. Instrument flying in the Aleutians isn't merely a means of saving a pilot's life. It is one of his most effective weapons for surprise attacks on the enemy.

"Some time ago we tried an experiment to determine, once and for all, just how important instrument-flying knowledge is to a pilot," says Maj. C. M. Wharton, director of the twin-engine advanced-training department at CIS. "We selected 10 basic graduates and gave them 10 hours of instrument flying. Then we selected 10 newly graduated flying officers with no instrument training. We took the two groups up together and gave them the works — spins, turns, tight spirals; the whole business. Well, the 10 cadets with instrument training did everything perfectly. The 10 graduate officers floundered, went completely off the beam and got confused. Since that day the art of teaching instrument flying has been a No. 1 must at CIS."

The school for instrument-pilot instructors is a part of CIS located at Bryan Field, Tex. The big news at Bryan right now is a recently developed method of instrument flying called "full panel." It replaces the old "1-2-3" or needle-ball-air-speed system, which most combat pilots criticized as being too mechanical.

Under the old system, a pilot kicked the left rudder if the needle moved to the right and vice versa. If the ball got off center, he used his stick to move it back into position. If air speed dropped, he nosed down to pick it up. This complicated routine wore him to a frazzle.

No Needle Nuts

With the new "full panel" system, a pilot doesn't drive himself nuts chasing a needle all over the place. An officer at Bryan Field describes it like this:

"Every pilot knows that a plane's performance is determined by its 'attitude'—the position of the nose with respect to the horizon and the amount of bank of the wings. That same thing holds true for both blind and contact flying.

"Flying blind under the 'full panel' system, the pilot cross-checks his instruments to see if the plane is doing what he wants it to do. The little horizon bar or gyro-flight indicator, which simulates the plane's position in relation to the actual horizon, gives the man in the blind cockpit his center of reference. Other instruments provide indications of the ship's 'attitude.' The turn indicator and horizon bar may show bank of the wings. Pitch may be indicated and controlled by the altimeter, air-speed meter and rate-of-climb indicator."

Pilots at Bryan swear by the "full panel" system. They say it is easy and natural. "The old blind-flying method," one of them adds, "made you spend half the time praying for a look at the ground."

Effects of all these changes in the revised program of the Flying Training Command are already being felt by the enemy all over the world, from Kiska to Naples. Pilots with the sand of Texas still in their hair are going out to pulverize Jap, German and Italian targets and they are handling their controls with a sure touch.

Maj. Gen. Barton K. Yount, boss of the Flying Training Command, puts it this way:

"In the last month, our forces have dealt the Axis incredibly smashing blows. If they think they are having trouble now, wait till our whole team gets in there."



A transition pilot at Tarrant Field, Tex., aims the landing gears of a B-24 at three balloons secured to the runway. If he bursts all three, it's a perfect landing. From here it looks as if he's on the beam.

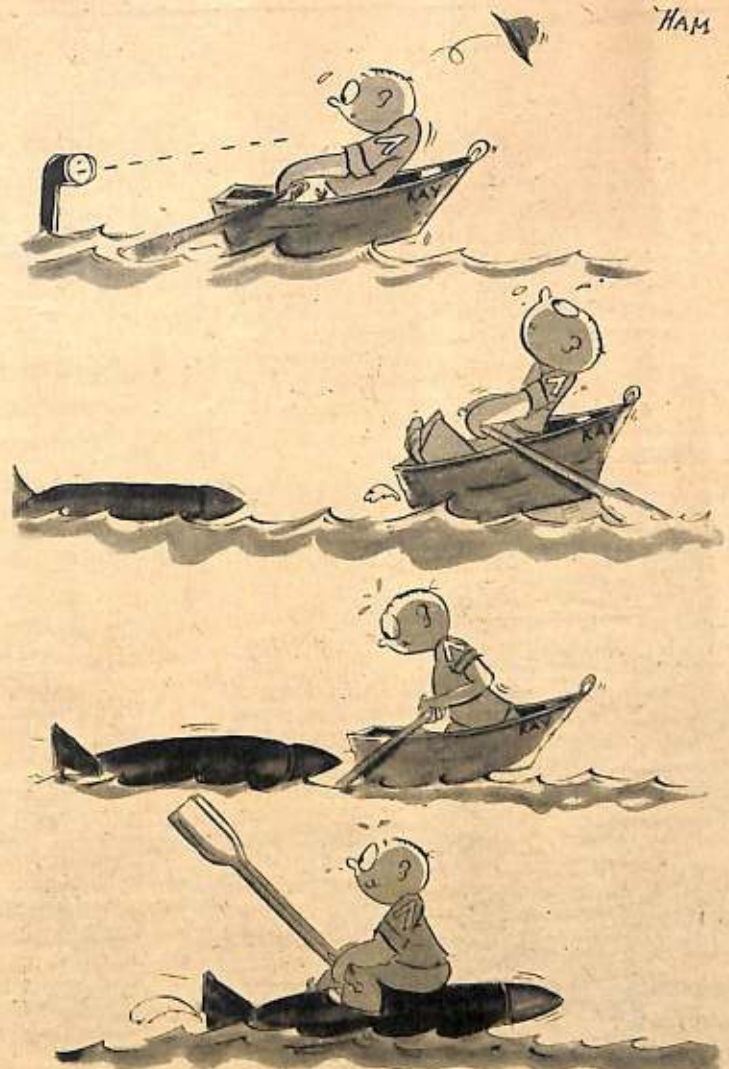
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



"HUT, TWO, THREE, FOUR. HUT, TWO . . ."

—Sgt. Frank Brandt

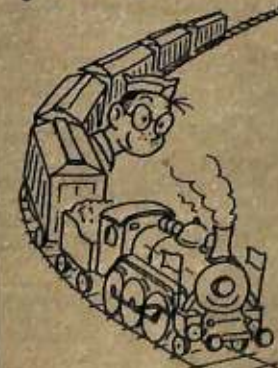


—Cpl. Joe Cunningham, England

G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger

Furlough



Lt. Dave Breger
Britain

HEY, YOU! THE
OLD MAN WISHES
YOU'D SPEND YOUR
FURLOUGH OUTTA THE
CAMP!



DON'T YUH
THINK YOU'RE
SORTA OVER-
DOIN' IT A
LITTLE?



SAID
HE WANTS
TO BE USEFUL
EVEN WHILE ON
LEAVE!



DISPENSARY

SO YOU SAY IT
KEEPS FOLLOWING
YOU AROUND SINCE
YOU RETURNED FROM
YOUR FURLOUGH!

