

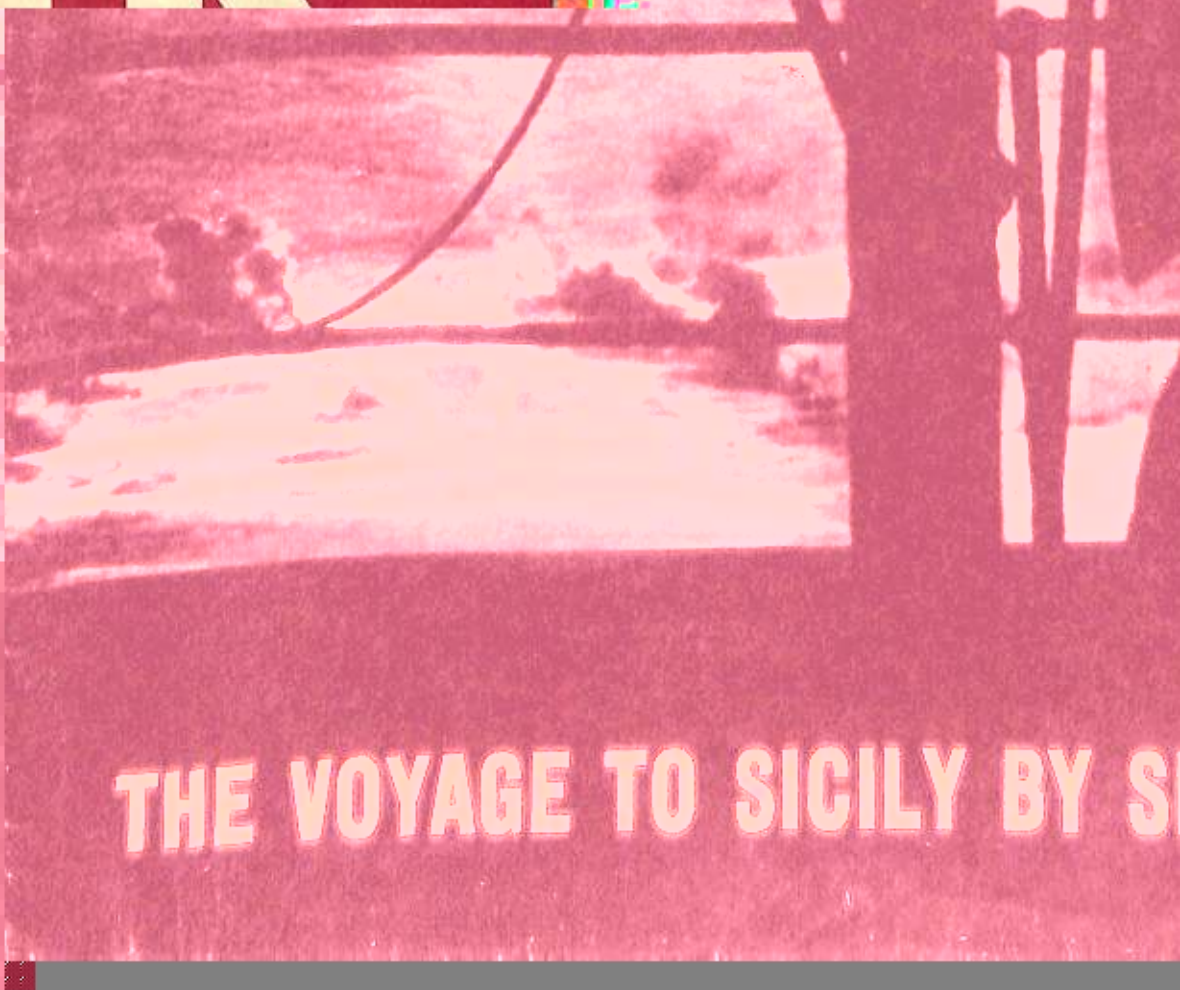
BRITISH EDITION

# YANK

3<sup>d</sup> JULY 25  
1943



SEA AND AIR—See Page 3

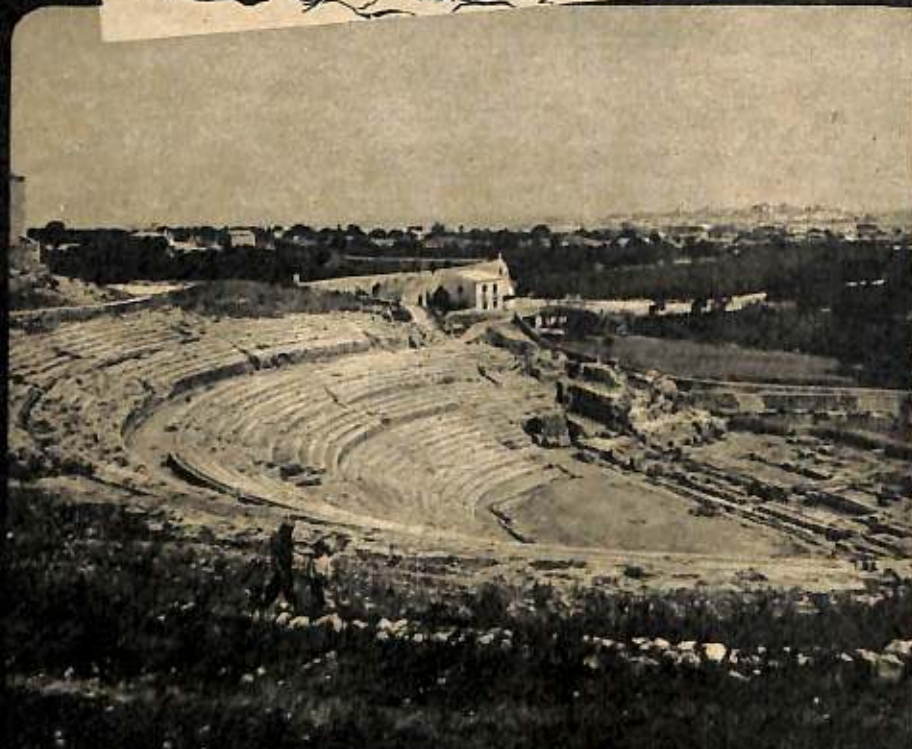


THE VOYAGE TO SICILY BY S

# Visit Beautiful SICILY



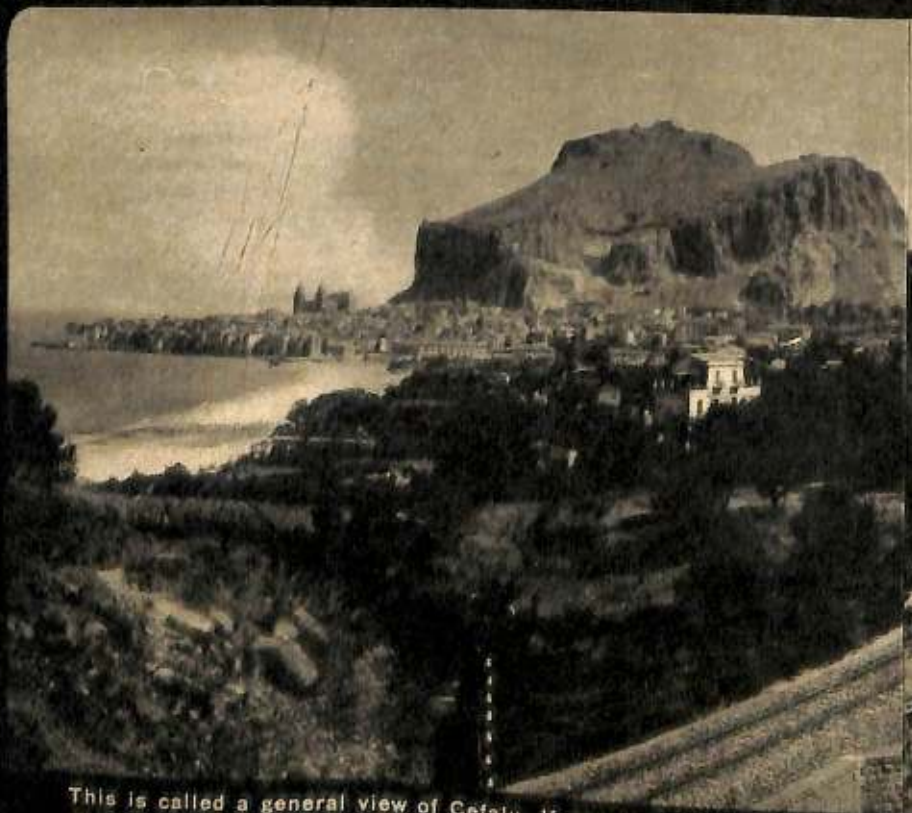
This is the castle of Aci built on precipitous cliff over which you could toss Il Duce with pleasure if you could ever catch him.



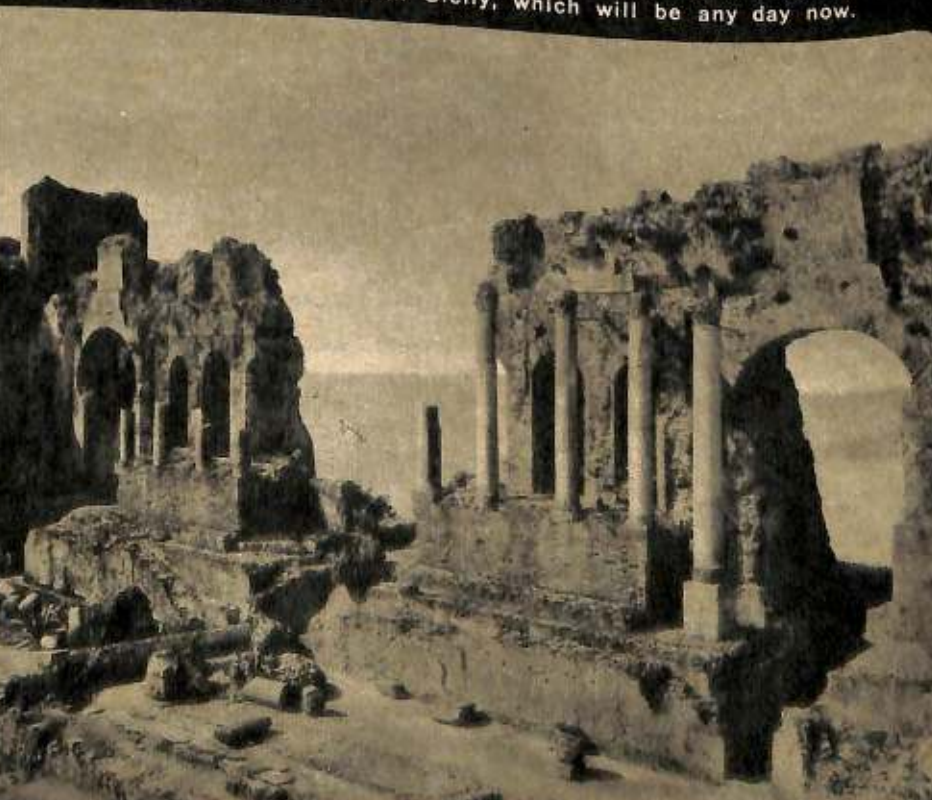
This is the Greek Theater at Syracuse where the old Greeks used to watch burlesque shows. A good one's coming in the vicinity.



This is Messina. It overlooks Italy, which we are not overlooking after we have finished with Sicily, which will be any day now.



This is called a general view of Cefalu. If you look close you can probably see the Italian Army behind that house on the right.



These are the ruins of Taormina, which give a pretty good idea of what most of Italy will look like if some minds aren't changed quick.

# ROUTES for INVADERS



Italian gentlemen, about to make a gracious exit from Sicily, are taking a stroll along the shore, guarded by Naval Commandos.

**Some came by air, descending silently into the night. Some came by sea, tossing in their tiny craft across the dark waters of the Straits. This is the story of how we went into Sicily—told by two Yank reporters who were there.**

## THE PARATROOPS

by Sgt. JACK FOISIE

**I**n an hour they were going to be in Sicily. The war moves that way. One minute you're hanging around an airfield, smoking a cigarette, and the fighting is hundreds of miles away, across mountains and across a sea, and a few minutes later you're on your way down. The big silk over your head is cutting off half the sky, and below you the mysterious half-world of the war that will soon explode under your boots rises up to meet you. The war has become a matter of time, and especially so to the paratroopers, who come down in a soft, hissing silence and who bring the war tucked under their arms.

There they were, then, the paratroopers, waiting to be taken to a foreign and Fascist island. They lounged under the wings of the giant transports that were waiting to carry them over the dark and moonlit Mediterranean to a new theater of war, a theater that was still quiet, that stood to its guns, that knew something was coming but did not know when or where. The paratroopers knew where. *Where* was a pinprick on a map. *Where* was a falling through space and a hard landing. *Where* was a Sicilian garden or a soft shoulder on the side of a road near

a bridge or a Roman ruin that gleamed white under the moon.

*Where* precluded conversation. There was not much talking. Many men smoked. Some whispered together of a giant beer party the regiment had thrown the night before, a joint celebration of the eve of battle and the outfit's first anniversary. It had been a rough, tough party. The beer had flown freely and the songs had been obscene, as they had a right to be. It had been the last fling before a difficult mission, but none of the paratroopers looked at it that way. They consider themselves ordinary people doing an ordinary job. They'll all tell you that. T/5 Raoul Anaya would have told you that while he sat waiting to go to Sicily. "Hell, we're just average," he would have said. "Look at me. I used to be in the recruiting service and I fell for my own line."

Sitting and waiting by the giant transports, rolling cigarettes gently between their index and second fingers, was a cross-section of America—ordinary America, Americans doing a routine job. Ordinary America, with its tommy-guns lying across its knees ranged from 19-year-old Pvt. Harry Rifas, a former professional magician, to 54-year-old T/5 Pop Burt, who fought five major battles in the last war. Pop got into the outfit as a non-jumper, but the Old Man had let him make one combat jump just to get his

wings. Just one jump, that was all he was going to make. Yet when they sat around waiting to go to Sicily, Pop was there.

It had been a knock-down and drag-out party and it had lasted from after supper until the next morning's reveille. It had been a fine preparation for the big show ahead, the best preparation in the world. There had, of course, been other preparations. The maps had been studied. The orders had been completed. The plans had been co-ordinated. But it hadn't been until that morning at reveille that they had been told this night was *the* night. As, at reveille, the orders were read, someone in the rear rank sighed. "Thank God," he said. "No more C rations."

### No Heroics, No Doubts

**T**HROUGHOUT the day they had checked and packed their equipment. Each pocket of their jumping suits was packed full. The high jumping boots that are the trademark of their lethal profession were laced with an extra tightness. The bivouac atmosphere remained grim and business-like. There was no horseplay. There were no boasts. There were no heroics. There were no doubts. Horseplay is for a barracks area, boasts are for fools, heroics are for screen stars, and doubts make for dead men. The men were ready and full of a quiet confidence. As time passed, tenseness mounted. At 15.30 hours the last chow was served.

Now the sun was down behind the Tunisian djebels where, two months ago, the enemy had spun out the last of his African web, only to have it ripped to bits before his eyes. An evening breeze stirred by the cooling of the earth picked hot sand off the runway, enveloping the field in a brown haze. The colonel who was going to lead the combat team into action came around to give them a last-minute briefing. His plane bore the emblem of the mighty eagle of war.

The briefing was a sacred huddle; generals and staff

officers who had come to wish the outfit luck stood to one side, mute and respectful. The men stood around with blackened faces and American flags sewn on their sleeves, while the colonel gave his final commands on the continent of Africa. He spoke about stowing equipment, about the fact that there would be no smoking while in flight, about the time of the appointed rendezvous, about the time for departure, about the time for replacing Mae Wests with parachutes, and about what would happen after the ground was hit. His words were cool and direct.

When the briefing was over the men still had a few minutes for another cigarette and a drink of water, with perhaps a little small-talk. The thirteen enlisted men who were to go in the lead plane sat by themselves in a tight little circle. It is hard to ask a man who is about to go into action how he is feeling, but I did it. Their answers were typical of ordinary America. They rang true. This is what the thirteen enlisted men had to say, almost the last words any of them said on African soil . . .

*Cpl. Nicholas Kastrantas:* "I feel better than I have for a long time. You see, this is taking me closer to home. I spent most of my life not far away from where we're going. If you want you can write down my nickname. It's 'Baby.' That's the first English word I ever learned."

*Pvt. David McKeown:* "I'm rarin' to go. All on edge. They call me 'Dandy Dan.'"

*Pvt. Robert C. Boue:* "We've waited for this chance. I'm certainly glad to leave Africa."

*Pvt. Joyn Noncak:* "I feel just like the rest of the boys."

*Pvt. Louis Mendiata:* "A man can live anywhere in a free land. I might even want to live in Sicily some day, so I figure we'd better get going."

*Sgt. Jack Gavign:* "We're going in with the colonel, so everything's going to be all right."

*Pvt. Francis Dogget:* "I feel pretty good right now."

*Pvt. Nally R. Keen:* "I've been waiting twelve months for this."

*Cpl. Doug Gabriel:* "I want to get this over with, and the quicker the better."

*Pvt. Willie Snowden:* "I haven't jumped for some time, so I'm overdue. I'll know how I feel when I jump."

*Pvt. Robert N. Lowry:* "I feel damned good. Of course I have felt better."

*S/Sgt. Bob Gillette* had nothing to say. It was his 23rd birthday. ("We'll give him Sicily for a birthday present," said the others.)

These were the men, taciturn, varied, who were to jump with the colonel. They stood under the wing of their ship, not saying much, and then the colonel said, "Okay. Let's load up." They took a last drag of their cigarettes, tightened the chinstraps under their helmets, and climbed aboard. One by one they disappeared into the cabin. The colonel turned, saluted the group of staff officers assembled outside, and then climbed in himself.



Second largest city in Sicily, Catania marks the end of the Axis left flank. This picture was taken before Catanians heard the bombs, on the way down and saw the ships of the British Navy lining up off shore to toss a few in.

### They Rose Like Condors

**T**HE dual motors of the transport roared into vicious life and the roar was taken up and thrown back by motors all over the field. It was dusk. A wind was blowing, whipped by the backwash of many propellers. From all the darkened corners of the field the transports were taxi-ing up. The colonel's plane raced its engines, throttled down, and then took off gracefully, like a great hawk or an Andean condor. One by one the other transports nosed through the dust and took the night air in formations of three. Each plane circled the field, waiting until the formations were complete. Above them darting fighters hovered and above the fighters passed wave after wave of bombers. One of the greatest air fleets ever assembled was passing overhead. As far as the eye could see the sky was heavy with planes. In the twilight the red and green wingtip lights clustered and sparkled like the gay bulbs on a Christmas tree. Slowly the mighty formation swung north.

Somewhere among that vast armada, huddled together in the middle air, the paratroopers who had had the beer party, who had talked and smoked and grinned at each other in the brown twilight, who had stood with blackened faces and tight eyes and heard their final orders, were moving steadily and silently towards a strange island. They were the first of many to come, ordinary men who were the first of hundreds of thousands and millions of ordinary men, and they were bound for the first outpost of a broken and enslaved continent, a continent whose ultimate liberation was written on their faces in the darkness above the slowly turning and disinterested earth.

## THE INFANTRY

By Sgt. RALPH MARTIN  
YANK Staff Writer

This is the diary of an invasion, by one who went along. It was written while the guns still thundered by the surf of Southern Sicily, and it is by no means complete, but it may give you a good idea of what you'll be in for when your time comes.

### The First Day:

**W**E are aboard our ship now in an African harbor, and except for the lack of women, the lack of liquor and the lack of deck chairs to lounge around in, this looks like it's going to be a beautiful Mediterranean cruise. But things change rapidly in times like these. The change this time begins with a latrine rumor that we are shoving off. The captain confirms the rumor with the announcement that we can no longer use the ship's radio for listening to the news broadcasts and that is the tip-off.

### The Second Day:

Ships of every shape, size and description are spread around us, as far as the eye can see. Big ships and little ships and medium-sized ships. Everything, it seems, but the canoes from Central Park Lake. Some of them are so small that they look like submarines every time they hit a big wave, plunging

under the blue waters and bobbing up again, their sides glistening with the sea.

All of us keep hoping for placid seas, because nobody can fight as well on a seasick stomach.

Our much-rumored air umbrella boils down to an occasional group of Spitfires. Someone wisecracked that it looked like the naked Emperor's new clothes—"Only the good people can see."

But the officer explains the setup. The air cover doesn't matter as long as we had air control. And the truth is we never saw a Jerry plane until we hit Sicily. The biggest piece of uplift the boys have each morning is the sight of about a hundred bombers and fighters heading out on a bombing mission.

At the Naval rendezvous in the afternoon the fat convoy is bloated even more with a strong skirt of sub-chasers and destroyers, and on the outer fringe cruisers and battleships erased the worry of torpedos.

We are briefed today. They tell us where we are going and what we are expected to find lined up against us. That spikes the rumors which are sending us everywhere, from Havana to the Yankee Stadium.

The hour is 2.45 and shortly afterwards we see the first flashes of the first fire of the big coastal guns.

### The Third Day:

Five bombs thudded a hundred yards from the ship just before a gray dawn today. The bomber was a single plane flying high and in one very big hurry to get out of sight before any one spotted it.

The ship parked several miles from Gela and the beaches stretched before us, scrawny and desolate. It was very unwise to get much closer because several of the enemy's heavier artillery have been splattering shells in the face of the sea all around us. The town itself is ringed in with a thick wall of smoke where all the fighting is. We've had some air raids, but mostly sneak stuff that meant little or nothing. Our warships, the big babies have been parading up and down the coast like belligerent old ladies, letting loose with the terrific whoom of the eight inchers and focusing upon the enemy artillery several miles from the beaches. All day long we've been hearing war noises. Some of the boys are getting a little hypersensitive and confusing the sound of the ship and the sea with the guns and the planes.

Everybody sleeps with their clothes on now, and you never know when to expect the long shrill shriek of the general alarm. The ring is nerve-jangling even to guys who have spent months in Tunisia. All agreed with Private John Griggs from Newark, New Jersey, who says, "The main reason that I get a little jittery is because this ship makes me feel like a duck in the shooting gallery at Coney Island."

### The Fourth Day:

There was another morning raid this time, three planes criss-crossing a pattern of six bombs just off the starboard side. We are in the Axis backyard now and they've been throwing all kinds of planes at us all day. They come only in small formations but they come often and from all sides. So far we haven't captured any airfields and so our fighter plane cover must come all the way from Africa. On the other side, the Me.s and the Macchis are only a few flying minutes from us.



One of the favorite Axis tricks is something that they have done a dozen times today. They send a single plane tearing out from inland, sweeping across the beaches on a super-fast strafing job. Or else they send a couple of dive bombers barely skimming above the docked ships. Sometimes when the Spits are around you can see a fast Grade B movie thriller chase. Twice we saw those concentrated crinkly black puffs of flak hit smack on the target and both times the Me.s crashed, coming down crumpled and stricken like torn kites in a strong wind.

The raw nerves are becoming dulled to it, glossing over with a patina of warworthiness. Although when a flock of fifty Jerry bombers passing immediately overhead, not too high, in formation, and the sky has enough light in it for you to see them plainly, it is very tough for any one to appear disinterested. I never saw such a flak-freckled sky. Every ship in the harbor threw up everything she had. But the bombers were uninterested. They were going elsewhere.

After midnight, immediately after some Fourth of July fireworks, we loaded the vehicles and troops on barges and landed in Sicily.

#### The Fifth Day:

We started for Gela just before dawn with our necks craned up scanning the black for Jerry. But this time all we saw was a perfect cover of Spits all over the place. It was beautiful.

Gela itself looks like a slightly overgrown Gafsa without the Arabs. Some streets are skinnier than any in Medina.

Jetties are blown up and wires were down and houses were badly hit by bombs and shells.

The whole town was out to give us the once over as we drove in, but they weren't shouting "Vive L'Amerique!" as they had back in Bizerta. These people had their relatives and friends fighting us only a few miles away, and they knew that some of them wouldn't ever come back.

But still, there are some of the natives who do seem glad to see us. One of them said to one of our boys, "We have starved too much."

Everywhere you look you see soldiers handing out their rations to poorly dressed and pitifully skinny kids.

Long lines of prisoners march through the town all day long. They are dark, wiry-looking men, and they look quite tiny standing next to our big MP.s. It makes an ironical picture as they are herded past buildings which are marked up with the Italian victory slogans signed by Il Duce.

Some of the women along the sidewalks are crying but one of them yells out to one of the Itie prisoners she recognizes, "You're all right now. You're all right, now!"

#### The Sixth Day:

I hitch a ride with the Provost Marshal, Major Thomas Lancer, who was formerly in the New York Constabulary for fourteen years. His job is keeping order in Gela.

"I didn't have any trouble with these people," he said, "because right away they knew we were too many for them and they knew they were licked."

The biggest job we had was the evacuation of prisoners. There were thousands of them streaming in from everywhere, from all sections of the front.

One of the strangest things was that there was no sniping by the Italians.

"They don't go in for that," the major said.

We ran into some Rangers who had been fighting up in the hilly country nearby with a heavy concentration of enemy infantry. The two hills they took look like two little knobs placed close together, but they are important because they command all the nearby roads.

This country isn't like the Djebel country, or like that around Tunis or Bizerta but there are plenty of hills.

Most of the fields around the town were still littered with Axis tanks that had been blasted by a company of U. S. artillery.

Wheatfields are still black and burned out as a result of that same artillery duel.

Everywhere you went you could see those all-purpose two and a half ton trucks, "ducks," that can go anywhere and carry anything. These little babies weren't even bothered by the sand. And, brother, what mud is to Oran sand is to Sicily.

Things here are finally settling down and order is being made out of chaos. Italian speaking Yanks—and there are plenty of them—are telling the people that we're here to help them, not to hurt them. One that we're here to help them, not to hurt them. One staff sergeant, Frank Sclafani, from the Bronx, is going around quoting Tom Paine in Italian. It sounds something like, "We fight not to enslave but to set a country free and make room on earth for honest men to live in."

It's been a long week—but a good one.



Off their barges come the British, and the dawn's early light shows Italian troops that their flag is still there on the island but that it's been pushed a long way back from the beaches.



When a man can take time to dry his clothes on the beach, it's a pretty good sign that the situation is well in hand. The situation was well in hand along this south-east coast beach.



This is Taormina and that building hanging on the edge of the cliff used to be the Axis headquarters in Sicily until a flock of Allied bombers came along and did the dirty on it.



**CPL. DONALD H. CRANDALL**, one of Hollywood's top designers before the war, held a reserve commission in the Engineers until 1935. Enlisting as a camouflage expert, he was sent to Combat Engineers OCS but washed out because of "physical condition." Now he is an expert instructor in camouflage and hasty fortifications, will probably be sent overseas soon.

## So You Washed Out of OCS?

Overseas training centers give "failures" another chance to fit themselves into positions of leadership and usefulness.

By Sgt. **BILL DAVIDSON**  
YANK Staff Writer

**J**EFFERSON BARRACKS, Mo.—So you washed out of OCS.

All right. According to the formula, you now report to your new assignment or to an overseas pool, such as the Air Forces Overseas Training Center here at Jefferson Barracks, feeling low and useless and ready to carve out a slit trench with your teeth.

You sulk through lectures; you resent the restrictions and the rugged physical training. You're convinced that you got a raw deal in OCS. You feel that you were sent to the wrong school, or you were discriminated against because of your background or the branch of the service you came from. You feel that the Army doesn't want to have anything more to do with you and you certainly don't want to have anything to do with the Army. In short, at this stage you're a pretty sorry mess of a soldier.

Either one of two things can now happen: You can continue to act in the above-named manner, contaminating not only yourself but the more susceptible men in your outfit as well. Or you can snap out of it and get yourself another chance—with the aid of the Army.

Recently, Pvt. Remy DeVarenne came to Jefferson Barracks, an OCS wash-out. Before the war, DeVarenne had been a promising opera singer. He was under contract to Edward Johnson to make his debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York at the start of the 1942 season. Instead he enlisted.

DeVarenne sang his way through the Army. He sang on detail, on KP, in camp shows. He rattled the windows of latrines with his power-



**1ST SGT. JAMES FINLAY**, in the Army 12 years, fought through Pearl Harbor and two other major actions as a communications sergeant before applying for Signal Corps OCS. Sent to Infantry OCS instead, he resigned the first day. Now he wants to go overseas and get into action again as a communications man.



**CPL. FRANCIS J. LECLAIR**, a medical student before the war, washed out of Medical Administration OCS. Now he's coordinator of medical and chemical warfare lectures, with 15 lecturers working under him. Cpl. Leclair will probably be sent back to finish medical school under the Army Specialized Training Program and will then receive his commission as a full-fledged Army doctor.



**SGT. JOHN H. PATRICK**, a commercial artist, spent most of his 19 months in the Army with an aviation ordnance outfit in Panama. Washed out of Antiaircraft OCS, he was sent to Jefferson Barracks where he is drawing visual aids for training lectures. Not troubled by his purely academic failure, Sgt. Patrick is waiting to be shipped and will apply for an OCS overseas.

ful French tenor. Then OCS—and academic failure. DeVarenne came to Jefferson Barracks. He didn't feel like singing any more. For weeks he walked around in a daze, completely beaten.

One day his squadron commander sent him to the Special Service officer on detail. The Special Service officer talked music, then asked DeVarenne to sing with the orchestra. Hesitantly, DeVarenne sang a French folk song, then got warmed up. Soon he was putting everything into an aria from "Carmen." A few minutes later, the classification officer, who had been listening, came up to him. "Where did you learn to speak French like that?" he asked. "It's my native tongue," said DeVarenne. "Come into my office tomorrow," said the classification officer.

The next day the classification officer listened to the details of DeVarenne's failure in mathematics at OCS, asked him to fill out an application for another OCS where DeVarenne's knowledge of French and other languages was sorely needed. Today, Remy DeVarenne, OCS wash-out, probably is a lieutenant overseas.

This, of course, is an unusual case, but it is indicative of the attempt the Army is making to get these men back into their proper places. It is almost a matter of rehabilitation.

**S**HORTLY after an OCS wash-out arrives here at Jefferson Barracks, he is given a furlough. During his period of orientation, he is not actually restricted to the post, but is taken to see ball games, burlesque shows and the like in St. Louis—an effective process for keeping his mind from self-pity. Gradually, he settles down to work. Unless he is an easily rusting radio operator, he is kept away from his specialty altogether. His training here is designed largely to teach him basic infantry weapons and to harden him physically for possible overseas duty. Too many of our technicians have been found to know too little about soldiering.

This is the toughest period for the OCS wash-out. He drills, runs obstacle courses, feels degraded and has plenty of time to think. One sergeant got up in the middle of a sex lecture and

made the classic remark, "What kind of prophylactic do I use after what happened to me at OCS?" Another, Sgt. William Richardson, who had been cited for bravery at Pearl Harbor and wounded in both legs over Midway, unconsciously drew crude, bitter OCS cartoons during lectures on weapons by pfc. instructors. It's not so easy to get failure and hopelessness off your mind.

This is where intelligent handling comes in. Maj. Curtis I. Pullig, wing commander in charge of training, speaks to each class, asks the OCS wash-outs to hold up their hands and then addresses them directly. "You men," he says, "are the leaders of this group—otherwise you never even would have been selected to go to OCS. Something happened down there at school to mess you up. But you're like a cork in a tub of water. No matter how deep you're pushed under the surface, that leadership quality in you is going to pop you to the surface again. Nothing is going to hold you down, and you've all got a fine job to do yet in this Army—a lot of you as officers."

This takes the 500 or so wash-outs by surprise. They lose their listless look and sit bolt upright. Within a few days, nearly all of them have been in to see Maj. Pullig personally. Each man discusses in detail his own personal problem and grievance. Maj. Pullig, a lanky, astute ex-school teacher from Arkansas, estimates that these conferences take up fully one-third of all his time. It's the same with the other wing and squadron commanders, but this work ranks as the most important they have to do. The classification officer is always standing by for consultation.

In addition to getting things off your chest, here is what you find out about your future in these conferences.

**1. You can apply for OCS again.** If the classification officer finds irregularities in your record or outstanding qualifications for any school on the hot list, you actually will be rushed through the local OCS Board because of the fact that you have been selected for leadership once before.

In most cases, however, when you apply yourself, there will be no time for your application to go through channels, and chances are you will be shipped before being assigned to another school.

**2. If you are shipped, you can apply for OCS overseas.** Each commanding general has set up schools in his theater of operations, and they are accepting men now at a faster rate than the schools in the United States, which have been drastically cut down. Here, too, the fact that you have already been selected for leadership by one board greases the way with another—provided, of course, the reason for your failure doesn't ballax you up.

**3. You can be commissioned directly in the field.** This is a fairly common occurrence overseas, and if you develop into a crack specialist, come up with some outstanding achievement, or wind up a hero in action, the fact that you attended OCS will weigh heavily in your favor.

Or you can remain an enlisted man at a job you like. After a wash-out finishes his training at the overseas pool, every attempt is made to get him back to the work he likes and does best—even while he's here. Thus, supply clerks become supply clerks again, mechanics become mechanics, and specialists in weapons and camouflage become instructors in their favorite subjects. It's amazing how soon you can get over failure when you're doing something useful and interesting. By the same token, when you get back in the saddle as a gunner or radio operator or tank commander overseas, it isn't long before you lose yourself in your work and say, "what the hell!" After all, there are some pretty nice guys who are enlisted men, too.

Sgt. Tom Damico, former New York newspaperman and Armored Force OCS wash-out, summed up the situation perfectly. "No man who washed out of OCS ever lost anything," he said. "Once he gets straightened out, he's a better soldier than he ever was before, he knows how to keep from getting killed, and he certainly knows how to take it—both mentally and physically. That's the kind of guy who comes home with medals."



**SGT. WALTER L. HAFER** was a good supply sergeant before washing out of Antiaircraft OCS for a failure in advanced mathematics. Now he has been reassigned to the work he knows and likes best. Sgt. Hafer is slated to go to Quartermaster OCS as soon as an opening occurs. It will suit him better and he is convinced he'll make the grade this time.



**CPL. LYNN H. CAMPBELL** of Chicago, Ill., washed out of Armored Force OCS, where he was sent after applying for Air Force Administration. A musician in civilian life, his hobby was guns and he had been instructor in weapons for nearly all of his 1½ years in the Army. Now he's back instructing again in weapons and demolition at Jefferson Barracks, likes it and has no regrets.



**SGT. DAVID SCHLEIFER**, a veteran of the first World War and a purchasing agent as civilian, was a crack Special Service man before being sent to Quartermaster OCS. Washed out because of age (he has a fighter-pilot son in England), Schleifer is happy now as Special Service sergeant for the 28th Overseas Training Group.

# Yanks at Home in the ETO



You wouldn't think a little old cup of tea could do the things it does. Like stopping trains and starting trucks and things like that. Those guys in the hospital train won't move a throttle until they trundle the tea. The engineer is sulking and the other guy making with the beckon. The staff sergeant is taking a fast delivery with his good right arm, the other is crippled with doughnut.

## Hope Springs Eternal

As every one knows by now, Bob Hope is running around Britain these days entertaining us. And as every one knew, even before Pearl Harbor, Hope is one hell of a big draw. Naturally, then, it stands to reason that, as a voice from home, he is an even bigger draw among the troops here than he was when they were miserable, unhappy old civilians.

Recently Hope was scheduled to give a performance at a base Somewhere in England. Twenty-four miles away was a battalion that wanted to hear him, but there was no transportation for the battalion to get to the area where the performance was being given. So the permission of the CO was given and the battalion, in formation, marched twenty-four miles over the moors. And not only that, but they marched in an absolute downpour of rain.

When they got to the area where the performance was being given, the footsore battalion was refused permission to hear Hope. As the battalion was only under command of a lowly shavetail, who had volunteered to march them over, there was nothing for it to do but turn around and start its weary march home over the moors, in the pouring rain.

Somehow Hope got word of what had happened. As soon as he had finished the scheduled show, he commandeered a jeep, stuffed Frances Langford,



Tony Romano and Jack Pepper aboard, and headed over the moors. About ten miles out he ran into the gloomy and dripping battalion.

So there, on the wild moor, in a rainstorm, Hope stopped the jeep and put on an hour show for the water-logged battalion.

And that's the sort of thing that makes us feel good in the morning.

## Cane Shortage

The other day a staff sergeant we know had occasion to wander into a cane and umbrella store to buy an umbrella (black) for a faithful female friend. While he was in there he fell to admiring the display of canes, doing the usual thing, trying them out on the floor, swinging them like golf clubs, and twisting their handles to see if they contained swords.

The woman who seemed to be in command of the store came over and watched him. "I wonder," she said, "if you can tell me why so many American soldiers are buying canes. I must have sold at least 55 this week to your troops."

Our man, thank heaven, couldn't tell her. He carries a swagger stick himself.

If any one does know, however, we'd like to hear.

## Lion and Lamb

One of our men, whom we weaned away from the Japanese by putting salt on his rice, saw a miracle the other day. The miracle was a soldier and sailor, walking down the street arm in arm. It was not even a small miracle, either, for the soldier was a simple private of the line and the sailor was a lieutenant commander.

Our man, who some day is going to get a slug in the chops for being over-curious, decided to follow the ill-assorted pair, so he shortly found himself in a pub, which didn't bother him a bit. The private and the lieutenant commander were draped over the bar and our man, by careful listening, discovered that their chumminess was not due to the fact that they were brothers, or even cousins. Just acquaintances, that's all.

Things became curiouser and curiouser, as we once read in a book. The private began to say what a horrible place the Army was and, boy, how he wished he were in the Navy and, boy, if the lieutenant commander could fix up a transfer for him, boy, how happy he would be. All this time, of course, the lager flowed like wine.

The lieutenant commander said it was real nice for the private to feel the way he did about the Navy, but it was pretty hard to arrange transfers from one branch of the service to another, but that he'd see what he could do.

The private gave a great many more reasons why he didn't like the Army. He didn't like his sergeant, and especially he didn't like his corporal. Too, he didn't like Army food, and the uniforms made his legs itch. All in all, he was having a hard time in the Army.

The lieutenant commander expressed the proper sympathy. Then, for a moment, he found it necessary to excuse himself. While the private was waiting for the minion of the Navy to return, he looked casually over his shoulder. There, full of beans and wrath, was the corporal who was one of his main hates in the Army.

When the lieutenant commander returned, the private, who had been duck soup for a press gang, had vanished. And he still doesn't know where he is. We do, though. He's waiting to be brought up on charges of consorting with the enemy, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

## Crime Doesn't Pay

The best little horror story of the year, for our dough, took place one moonlit evening in Hyde Park. An enlisted man was out walking with a girl and was engaged in a rather lively conversation with her, so lively, in fact, that he failed to notice the frontal approach of a second lieutenant, also with a girl. Anyway, he forgot to salute the shavetail.

The latter, either through some personal quirk or through a desire to impress the young lady who was accompanying him, called the errant soldier to a halt and asked him why the hell he hadn't saluted and didn't he know that he was supposed to and wasn't he aware that any number of memos had recently appeared deploring a laxness in the ritual of saluting among officers and men stationed here and there.

The enlisted man didn't have to rise to the occasion, because the girl he was with immediately lit into the shavetail, calling him the English equivalent of a stuffed shirt and a few other terms, guaranteed impolite. Then she seized the enlisted man by the arm, told him to forget it, and dragged him off by main force.

That might have been the last of it, but it wasn't. The lieutenant's girl chose that moment to give a little speech about democracy and evening freedom and the simple pleasures such as walking in the park with your girl, and then she, too, walked off and left the lieutenant.

We don't know what happened to him. Don't care, either.





**U**NITED STATES Army Air Force planes will carry a new insignia from now on, the War Department announced recently.

New insignia retains the white star on the circular blue field, but adds a white rectangle, horizontally, at right and left of the circle, with a red border enclosing the red insignia.

It's so you can see them better. And not confuse ours with theirs.

### Legion of Merit

The WD has simplified regulations governing the award of the Legion of Merit decoration, which is given to soldiers for services not on the field of battle. There will no longer be four degrees of the decoration except in its award to members of the armed forces of friendly foreign nations. "It is particularly desired," the circular says, "that recognition shall be given to personnel in the enlisted and lower commissioned grades." The changes do not affect previous awards of the Legion of Merit.

### New Army Clothing

The QMC has started to issue cotton clothing to Arctic troops and knitted shirts to guys in the jungle. It has discovered that the most comfortable clothes for sub-zero weather are alternate suits of wool and cotton topped with an outer garment of wind- and water-repelling material, such as a fine-woven poplin. Hoboes use the same principle in wrapping newspapers under their coats as insulation against the cold.

The knitted shirt for tropical climates is like a pullover sweater and has a high collar and long sleeves. The shirt comes in handy on cold nights in the jungle.

### China

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek received the Legion of Merit, in the highest degree of Chief Commander. The award was conferred by Lt. Gen. Joseph E. Stillwell, commander-in-chief of American forces in the Far East.

### Gas Mask Drill

Those gas mask glasses you may or may not have, are now to be used only as an auxiliary pair of glasses for ordinary wear. The WD, in a memorandum issued from Washington, reported that recent tests of the gas mask type glasses showed their use beneath the mask impracticable because of the difficulty of perfect adjustment at the temples, which created discomfort and allowed the leakage of gas in many cases.

A substitute eyeglass for use beneath the mask is being developed.

### Chow Line

We hear from North Africa that water melon, musk melon and grapes will soon be appearing regularly on most G.I. menus down there, according to the quartermaster, NATOUSA. All three items are grown locally; the water melons already being sampled by soldiers in French Morocco are the small, round variety occasionally seen back home. The musk melons, they say, taste rather flat and lack the sweetness of the American variety. They're large and yellowish-white on the inside, like honey dews.

Africa grows three kinds of grapes. Besides the table variety which are green-skinned, there are wine grapes and dark grapes which the natives use mostly for wine. The QM says there will be no strawberry shortcake or strawberries, however, as strawberries give dysentery. Kale and lettuce have been blacklisted for the same reason.

### Museum Piece

No one envies the souvenir S/Sgt. Albert Michael, of Ashland, Ohio, picked up from the African campaign. Left for dead on a Medjez el Bab battlefield after his platoon had been ambushed and he was shot up by a German tank, Michael later was picked up by his buddies and sent to a rear hospital. That was in December. Michael's shoulder, ripped by bullets, healed, but in the weeks following the doctors couldn't understand his complaints of frequent stabbing pains over his heart. Finally, Col. Paul Wood, a London heart specialist, was called in, put him under the X-ray and received the shock of his life. Michael was living and breathing with a bullet in his heart!

The bullet had entered Michael's shoulder, was deflected by bone directly into the right arterial wall of the right ventricle.

"He should have been killed instantly," the amazed surgeon said. Strangely, Col. Wood treated the only known case of the same sort in World War I.

"A man has a five-million to one chance of surviving such a wound," he said.

To remove the bullet would have been fatal, so now Sgt. Michael is resigned to going through life carrying a Nazi bullet beneath his shirt. "If and when I come out, I'll have my heart complete with bullet sent to you as a museum piece," Michael told Col. Wood. "But I hope it'll be a long time."

### Jewelry in Hawaii

Sgt. F. S. Miller writes in from Hawaii that the latest jewelry gadget there is a gold lapel pin for the soldier's girl. The pin has the letters "USA," with the guy's rank insignia, from a Pfc. stripe to a general's star, suspended by delicate chains from the initials.



At a Bomb Disposal school in the States they learn of explosives—the right and the wrong way of handling the bang-bang stuff.

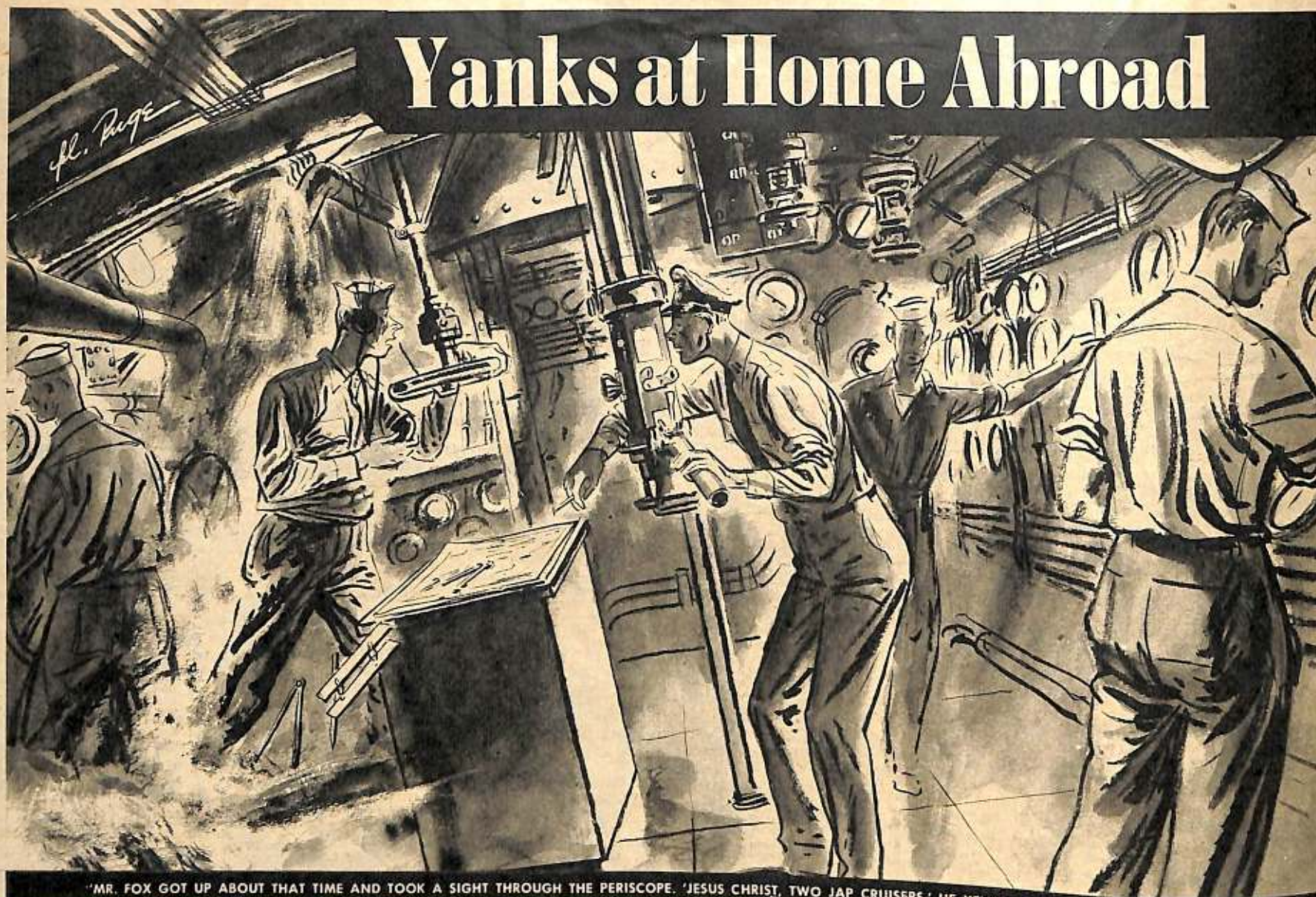


Amid a concerted ogle from a disconcerted soldiery, Army nurses take P.T. aboard a troop transport.



Somewhere in the Pacific, without time-clock or heckling sergeant, the boys uncrate wheelbase axle assemblies for trucks and jeeps.

# Yanks at Home Abroad



"MR. FOX GOT UP ABOUT THAT TIME AND TOOK A SIGHT THROUGH THE PERISCOPE. 'JESUS CHRIST, TWO JAP CRUISERS,' HE YELLED. WE THOUGHT HE WAS KIDDING."

## Submarine Sailors Describe Their Recent Journey Along the Shores of Japan

By Sgt. ROBERT G. RYAN  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**A** PACIFIC PORT—"We had submerged to about 60 feet when the first depth charge crashed. Lt. Whitaker was sitting in the control room singing. Every time a charge went off, he'd stop singing, look up and say, 'Throw another one, you sons of bitches. You missed that time.'"

"The explosions came closer and closer, with the Japs heaving ashcans all around us. We just squatted there and took it. Eighteen depth charges fell in all; I know, I counted them. Our sub shivered and the light bulbs shattered when one charge fell damn close. At last the destroyers lost contact and moved on. That attack lasted 22 minutes."

That was George F. Smith SM1c of Akron, Ohio, describing his recent journey to Japan. Smith is a member of the crew from a U. S. Navy submarine which has four Jap flags painted on its conning tower, representing the destruction of an enemy heavy cruiser, a destroyer and two merchant ships. But in order to hit that jackpot, the American underseas boat had to sweat out three very close encounters with the Japanese Navy.

The particular close call Smith was referring to occurred after his sub, under the command of Lt. R. T. Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., nosed into a formation of seven Jap destroyers. The Americans drew a bead on the leading destroyer and blew her apart with a torpedo blast from a difficult 30-degree angle. Then the other destroyers streaked down on the bubble-charged path of the submarine and the fun began. Chief Torpedoman E. A. Duva of Altoona, Pa., picked up where Smith left off.

"No one likes depth charges exploding around

him. If he says otherwise, he is either a damned fool or a damned liar.

"During the attack, some of our crew prayed while others just sweated it out. After the destroyers left, we relaxed. The smoking light was switched on, and the skipper passed down the word that we could smoke one cigarette only."

But that was nothing compared with the jam they got into the following day, as recalled by Smith:

"Our air-induction valve went flooey when we made a dive. The air pipes filled up with about 7,000 pounds of water, which shot all over the engines and the ship. We tried to make repairs on the surface but had to quit when daylight forced us to dive.

"We were below the surface trying to stop the water when we heard a commotion. Lt. Whitaker brought the sub up to periscope depth. The horizon was thick with Jap ships; five destroyers were coming right at us. He yelled, 'Down periscope. The whole Jap Navy is on our tails.'"

"We immediately submerged and, with water pouring in on us, couldn't attack them. The destroyers went right over us, never even spotting us. That night we surfaced and fixed the valve with anything we could find. Our prayers were answered when it held."

One fight with the Jap cruiser was exciting enough to satisfy Boatswain D. B. Erico of Newark, N. J.

"We were all sitting around taking it easy one day," he said. "And we were talking about what we'd do if we saw a Jap warship. Mr. Fox (Lt. Roderick Fox of Milwaukee, Wis.) got up about that time and took a sight through the periscope. 'Jesus Christ, two Jap cruisers,' he yelled.

"We thought he was kidding, but when he ordered us to call the captain, we figured he was serious. When he rang the battle-stations signal, we knew it. We shot four torpedoes and sank one of the cruisers. She took a nose dive in seven minutes. I pushed the firing button during this action."

Another experience was described by Lt. Fox: "A Jap freighter crossed our sights. We fired a brace of torpedoes at her, and two of them hit, blowing the ship in half. But that didn't finish our action for the day. We had started to submerge when a Jap plane spotted us and dropped what felt like a 500-pound bomb on us. The explosion tore one of the main hatch dogs off and flooded the conning tower. It also broke our gauges and knocked out our steering and stern diving plates. We went down at a sharp angle by the head. Finally, we got her under control and got out of there."

Lt. H. K. Hauman, 32, of Frankfort, Ky., in command of another sub that has been giving the Japs a thrashing, told of action he'd seen: "We were patrolling when our sound detector picked up the vibrations of ships on the surface. We thrust up our periscope and saw three Jap destroyers. We fired at the nearest one, then submerged. While submerging, we heard an explosion and knew we had scored a hit. One destroyer was probably sunk, but we couldn't confirm this for the other two raced over and started dropping depth charges.

"Another time when we were on patrol, a Jap sub, which had been in ambush, let go two torpedoes at us when we were on the surface. Both missed but came so close the men on deck could smell the exhaust. The next night when we were surfaced some Jap planes came out of the clouds and let us have it with bombs and machine guns, but they all missed. Two nights later, we contacted another Jap sub and played tag with it most of the night, neither of us being able to get into a good firing position. Those games of tag in the dark tend to pile the years on you fast, because the first ship that makes a mistake is 'it'."

# A WEEK OF WAR

The dream of Caesar's wife came true this week, but the old man kept away from the Capitol. It wasn't March, anyway.

A MAN named Shakespeare wrote a play about a man named Caesar, and in the play Caesar had a wife named Calpurnia, who was a woman who went in for nightmares. One night Calpurnia woke up screaming and the next morning she said to Caesar for Jove's sake not to go to the Capitol that day because in her dream

*Fierce, fiery warriors fought upon the clouds  
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.*

Probably the play was pretty accurate, because Shakespeare got the plot from Plutarch and Plutarch, even though he believed in ghoulies and ghostlies, was a fairly factual guy. Of course, Caesar paid no attention to Calpurnia and he went to the Capitol, where Brutus and a few of the boys did him in.

The moral of this is not that one should listen to one's wife. There is no moral. There is only a parallel. For last week fierce, fiery warriors fought upon the clouds above the sacred and eternal city of Rome and, though blood did not drizzle on the Capitol, it came bloody close.

Over the City of the Caesars and the Cradle of the Church, 500 American bombers from Middle East and North African bases, their bellies heavy with 700 tons of bombs, serenely soared. Below them, terrified Italians squeaked and gibbered in the Roman streets. The bombers were, in a way, on a cultural mission. They planned no damage to historical buildings and archaeological sites; they were after definite military objectives, and pilots and bombardiers had been specially briefed and specially trained in precision bombing. They had lived with maps of the city for weeks, until they knew every corner of it as well as they knew Denver and Tallahassee and Pittsburg.

They had three main targets—marshalling yards at San Lorenzo and Littorio (bottlenecks to war traffic moving southward) and the Ciampino airfields. They did a good job on all three. No bomb fell within four miles of the Vatican; all Rome's treasures went unscathed.

## Caesar in the Cellar

Not unscathed, however, were the minds of Italians who imagined that the concrete presence of history made their city an impregnable fortress. Terrified, they screamed "Blasphemy!" but too late. Rome had been bombed, and another question had been answered to the satisfaction of the world. Next day Caesar did not go to the Capitol; he preferred to cling to his bomb shelter.

Far to the south, but not too far, Caesar's legions were having a Roman bath, in hot water, which they were sharing with a few of Vercingetorix's boys. The Italians and Germans in the browbeaten island of Sicily were taking the same licking they had taken in Libya and Tunisia. The Italians, with praiseworthy consistency, were surrendering *en masse*, as usual. The Germans, with equally praiseworthy consistency, were pulling out and leaving the Italians

to surrender. Catania, the strongpoint of the Italo-German left flank, was on the point of collapse. Enna, almost the exact center of the island, and a crucial roads junction, was in Allied hands. Back on Acireale and Aderno the Axis forces were falling. General Guzzoni, Italian commander in Sicily, sent a message to the King of Italy stating, in no uncertain terms that the island was on its last legs. No reinforcements were arriving and the beleaguered Italians were using their last air reserves. Over Messina and her Strait lay a cold blanket of Allied planes, making further reinforcements impossible. And up the dusty roads of the interior and the east coast of the island moved British, American and Canadian troops, past peasants apathetic and disinterested, past droves of prisoners moving towards ships that lay waiting for them to the south, past



bombed pill boxes and wrecked Axis tanks and dead Axis soldiers.

In the future lay the possibility of an offensive on the Italian mainland, as soon as Sicily's east coast had been cleared. The clay-footed Caesar in Rome had good reason to stay away from his Capitol. The worlds that he helped to create, the world that had been suckled in Ethiopia and weaned in Spain was dying in the full flower of its manhood. It was dying in the Sicilian dust and in the smoke that rose over wounded Rome. There were rumors of peace feelers emanating from the Tiber, but what would eventually happen depended to a great extent on the soft, excitable man in the Italian street. He heard the bombers and he read the news, and even though the version of the news that he read was highly colored he could read between the lines the fact that very soon he was going to have a new government.

## Wherefore Art Thou, Adolf

PERHAPS, though the words caught in his throat, he asked himself: "Where is Berlin? Where are the Germans? Where are our Allies?" The answer

was that Berlin was where it had always been, the Germans were dying like may-flies on the Russian front and the Allies were not allied any more because if you only have so many men you can only put them where they will do the most good, and Germans weren't doing much good south of the Brenner Pass.

They were not, for that matter, doing much good in Russia, either. Early in July they had begun an offensive between Orel and Kursk and for ten days armored division after armored division and army after army had been hurled against the Russian positions. The offensive, bloody and violent, petered out, and then the Russians, in their own good time, had launched a counter-offensive. This counter-offensive was every day bringing them closer to the German base at Orel and bringing them nearer to a general German collapse in that sector.

## All Well at Orel

BUT the Orel front was not the only one in Russia. As the week reached its middle, German reports had the entire Russian front in a flareup, had the Russians beginning an offensive 2,000 miles long. The Russians, taciturn as always until anything they begin is well under way, say nothing, but their very silence implied that something was up. This, at last, might be the beginning of the great Russian drive that would send the Germans surging backwards, back through Poland, back to Berlin, back to the post-war world.

For the post-war world was already beginning to take shape. In Sicily, first definite fascist country to come under the Allied thumb, an occupying authority had already been set up. It was called, for short, AMGOT (Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory) and it showed the way the wind was blowing. Allied occupation was reasonable, benevolent. It endangered only those faithful to the fascist regime; others might go about their business as usual. It was composed of men specially trained for the task, and the whole world, fixing its eyes on Sicily, watched to see the success it would have. It was a point poised against the blackboard of the future.





**SALVAGED WIRE** is being rewound on cable drums by men of Construction Battalion.



**COMMANDING OFFICER** of this outfit is Maj. James E. Bartgis of Frederick, Md.



**RECEIVING MESSAGES** over land lines. The messages are typed out, then delivered.



**COURIER SERVICE** section where armed couriers pick up messages to go to field units.



**MESS HALL** for this Construction Battalion is in the great North African outdoors. It's stand-up chow, and all, including officers, eat here, with no exception to general use of mess kits.



**ON LAND** a crew of pole setters raise one in place near a base HQ. A wire crew follows. Such outfits have set new records for speed.

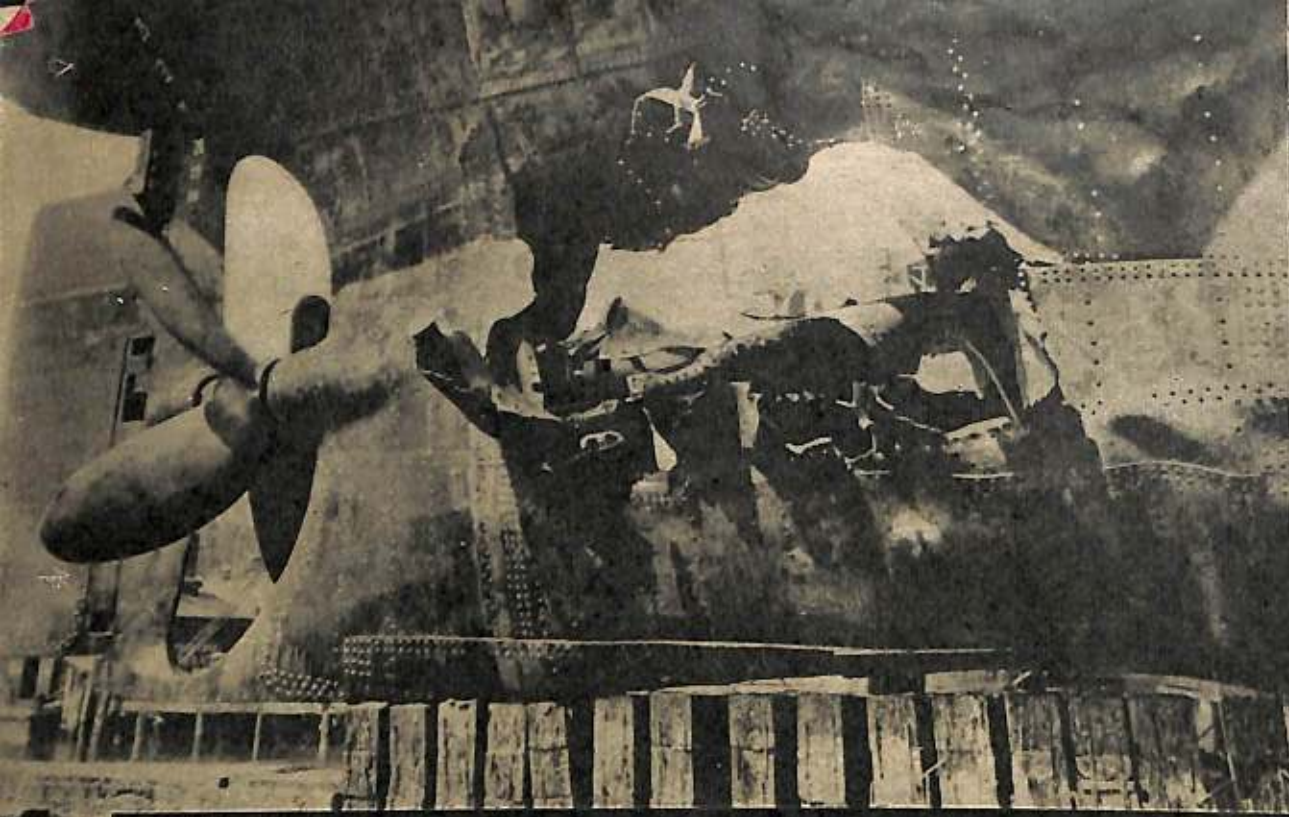


**IN WATER** an X frame is used instead of the usual T frame in rapid pole-line construction. Behind pole is a tractor-drawn wire feeder.

# Signal Corps Unit in Africa



**CAMP AREA** of the Signal Corps Battalion seen through barbed wire. Large tents at the left are used by officers. Enlisted men set up pup tents. This unit, photographed by YANK's Sgt. Pete Paris, is typical of Signal Corps outfits which have set high standards in North Africa.



# NEWS FROM HOME

Back Home This Week You Could Beat Up a Woman, Threaten To Kill Her, and She'd Still Insist on Marrying You. Ho-Hum.

**A**MERICA was feeling the pinch of man shortage more than ever this week. Selective Service headquarters announced that as from July 1 the nation had 9,300,000 men under arms. It's a big chunk of manpower at any time. The nation's industries and farms felt it. So did the members of the fair sex, like, for instance, the woman in Hartford, Conn., who gave police the description of a man who dragged her down two flights of stairs by the hair, shouting threats that he would kill her. The cops said, "Don't worry, lady, we'll have him arrested in no time at all."

"But I don't want him arrested," the lady protested. "I just want you to find him for me. He promised to marry me."

With over nine million men in the Forces the nation's industries were pressed more than ever for increased production. War Production head Donald Nelson announced that what has been done so far is in many ways an amazing achievement. "But it is not good enough," he declared. In June, American industries produced six billion dollars worth of munitions and war construction—a colossal effort. But Nelson said the schedule called for six and one-half billions. "We are gaining in total output, but that output is not rising fast enough to meet the steady rise in our production goals," Nelson declared.

War workers, returning home for late suppers after putting in many hours overtime, were taking Nelson's words very seriously. "If the boys need more, we've just got to work a little harder," was a common statement. In Los Angeles, Fire Chief John Alderson said that half of his men are working at war jobs during off hours and 658 others are doing spare time war jobs. The same was true of cops, firemen and other municipal employes in many other American cities.

Officials of the Office of Price Administration said coffee rationing may end by August 1. From then on people may be able to drink as much coffee as they like. Coffee supplies have reached a normal level lately now that the U-boat menace is under better control. The East Coast gasoline shortage may also cease to be a serious problem soon, too. The new 1,400-mile pipe line from Texas to eastern shortage areas may start flowing oil this week. The \$95,000,000 line will eventually deliver 300,000 barrels of crude oil daily to Bayonne, N.J., and Philadelphia. The Petroleum War Industry Council said that it may soon be possible for eastern motorists to get as much gas as the rest of the nation.

**T**HE meat situation was still bad, even though certain big cattlemen last week said the meat shortage would end soon. The gravest shortages were felt by people in the East Coast. Boston's meat

supply was 36 per cent of normal. Pork was virtually unobtainable. Fish dealers were withholding their products from retailers and selling to housewives from the dock. Providence, R.I., had been without beef for almost a month and eggs were getting increasingly scarce, although fish was still plentiful. An estimated 1,500 retail stores in Philadelphia were reported closed because of critical shortages of meat. Poultry, eggs and lambs were practically unobtainable there. Chicago expected the beef shortage would be alleviated within 10 days by the heaviest arrival of recent years of lamb and pork. Shipments were so plentiful that the Government suggested that meat producers lighten their market shipments.

The Black Market wasn't faring too well in beef supply either. Black marketeers in many parts of the country couldn't meet their customers' requirements. The egg market was facing the worst period in history. San Francisco lacked beef, but the meat supply otherwise was good. A federal grand jury in Wilmington, Del., indicted nine persons and three corporations in six states for dealing in a poultry Black Market. All were wholesale buyers. A United States attorney said that the court action was "the largest blow delivered to date at the poultry Black Market."

CIO President Philip Murray urged a labor coalition of the CIO, AFL and Railroad Brotherhoods in



The beauty of Alice Faye is being reproduced this year.



Ships are not only being launched, they're being patched, welded, renovated and made seaworthy. Beach umbrellas go to war, shading the heads of welders from the broil of sun on the steel decks. There's more to keeping ships afloat than meets the eye, especially when a Nazi torpedo gouges a submarine path through the hull below the water line, as at left.

support of the President's "Victory Program." And shoeshine boys in Boston were asking customers 15 cents for a Sunday shine because of the rising cost of ice cream, double features and soda pop.

The OPA ordered a cut of 25 to 50 per cent in the price of lettuce and cabbage and promised a similar cut in fresh fruits and vegetables. WPB Chief Nelson announced a program to eliminate clothing rationing for the duration. There is an adequate supply of textiles, Nelson said, but the idea will be to produce only essential clothing.

**A**N Oakland, Calif., department store offered 4,000 pairs of silk stockings at an anniversary sale. A police riot squad managed to keep the store from being torn down.

President Roosevelt scolded Vice-President Henry Wallace and Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones for publicly airing internal Government disputes before the public, and warned all department heads to resign when they decide to submit such controversies to the Press instead of to himself or Director of War Mobilization James Byrnes. The President wrote to Wallace and Jones that he came to the conclusion "that the controversy and acrimonious public debate which has been carried on between you in the public Press concerning the administration of foreign economic matters makes it necessary in the public interest to transfer these matters to other hands." Roosevelt then abolished the Board of Economic Warfare, headed by Wallace, and created a new Office of Economic Warfare headed by Leo T. Crowley, custodian of alien property. All foreign functions of the BEW and Reconstruction Finance Corporation were transferred to the new office.

The President's step was interpreted as a move toward a centralized administration of foreign policy similar to the British Foreign Office and Ministry of Economic Warfare. The President assigned the OEW with the specific task of "unifying and coordinating policies and programs of agencies engaged in foreign economic matters in conformity with the foreign policy of the United States as determined by the State Department."

Joseph Hilfigoss of Milwaukee was sentenced to two years in jail for stealing a brassiere with \$400 pinned in. He stole the brassiere from his rooming house. When police picked him up he was drunk and had \$275 left, but no brassiere.

The Federal Government filed damage suits against ten high officials of the Curtis-Wright Aeronautical Corp. on charges of conspiring to defraud the Government. The suit is based on reports of the Truman Senate Investigating Committee charging the company with presenting false claims about their aircraft. Ship construction during the first six months of

1943 showed a 250 per cent increase over the same period in 1942, the Navy announced. More than 6,000 naval craft and 9,000 Navy planes were produced from January 1 to July 1. The Navy also announced a new air fighter called the "Hellcat." A single seat fighter, the new plane is said to have a performance equalling the best land-based fighters.

**T**HE two-man police force of Olivehill, Ky., arrested 16 rioting jitterbugs after a mob of 100 stoned the municipal building protesting a midnight curfew in "juke joints."

Barbara Thompson, 22-year-old divorcee, charged in Los Angeles that film star Henry Fonda was the father of her three-week-old daughter. She asked a court for \$5,000 medical expenses, \$10,000 legal fees, \$2,500 court costs and \$2,000 monthly for the support of the child. Fonda, now a naval seaman, denied ever knowing Barbara and declared the suit was "ridiculous." Mrs. Fonda backed her husband. Meanwhile Long Beach cops said Barbara was wanted on charges of disorderly conduct and vagrancy in a warrant issued in July, 1941. The police said they entered an hotel room during an early morning hour and found her in the company of an Army officer.

Walter Rogers was driving Dr. Thomas D. Staffier to a Boston Hospital where his wife was awaiting



He's got a pretty uniform now with two bars and everything.

delivery when his car jumped a sidewalk and crashed into a building. Rogers explained to police while the doctor dashed to the hospital. The hospital later called Rogers at the police station with the news—it was triplets, two boys and one girl. The police released Rogers.

Madge Bellamy, screen actress in the silent screen days, brought a divorce suit at Las Vegas, Nev., against Albert Murphy. Murphy's wife, Amy, was named as co-respondent. Madge, who once fired three shots that missed Murphy, charged that he followed a "notorious course of wilful unlawful conduct" with Amy. She asked for alimony plus a community share of Murphy's reported three million dollar fortune. Madge claimed she married Murphy at Las Vegas in April, 1941, but the records showed no marriage. The actress said the suit was based on "mutual consent" marriage. Murphy's secretary said, "We don't know what to say because there never was any marriage."

**R**OBERT R. McCORMICK, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, arrived in New York by plane and indicated that he would not enter Illinois Presidential primary elections next April. Later, Wendell Willkie, who had challenged McCormick to a primary race earlier in the week, declined to say whether he would still enter the Illinois test now that McCormick declined to accept his challenge.

Screen actress Jean Parker received a divorce from radio announcer Douglas Dawson at Los Angeles after she testified her husband's attitude was "just rather vague." Jack Dempsey, who was granted a divorce last week, was given custody of his two daughters, Joan, 8, and Barbara, 6. His attorney said that Mrs. Dempsey would be permitted "reasonable visitation." The Dempsey divorce decree becomes final in 90 days after which time Mrs. Dempsey's \$500-monthly alimony will terminate.

The Rainbow Division was reactivated at Camp Bruber, Okla., with the blessing of General Douglas MacArthur, its former commander. "We of the old 42nd place our pride in your hands," MacArthur's message stated. "May God bless and aid you." The old Rainbow Division drew troops from 26 states and District of Columbia. The new division head is Brig. Gen. Harry J. Collins. Troops will now be drawn from every state for the famous division.

Fred B. Alberts of Bryn Mawr, Pa., dashed to his neighbor's burning home and yelled, "Jump, Steve, I'll catch you." Steve jumped from the second floor all right, but not before tossing a 200-pound cash register on top of Alberts first. Both men were treated for bruises.

**M**AE WEST is planning a screen comeback. She also wrote a play called *Catherine Was Great*, for Broadway production. *Stage Door Canteen*, the movie with 48 stars and six bands, is breaking all attendance records in 32 cities. Margie Hart, who put her G-string aside for more clothes and dramatic roles, has quit *Cry Havoc* to take her own vaudeville unit, *Bombshells of 1943*, on a nation-wide tour, beginning in Boston August 1. Twentieth Century-Fox announced plans for two films sympathetic with labor, *Home of the Brave* and *Up From the Depths*.

Alice Faye is expecting another baby and the premature baby born to Veronica Lake died. Doris Duke Cromwell, the richest girl in the world, was reported working 10 hours every day as a research assistant in the School of Public Health of the University of North Carolina.

Dr. Lee Vincent, noted Detroit psychologist, told



Betty Lou Melby and Shirleen Barr scooping in little fishes called smelt. Those are wastebaskets, wartime.

ceeds at the University of Michigan that indiscriminate romances with soldiers is nothing less than "indirect sabotage." The War Production Board reported it is testing synthetic rubber for girdles.

Jimmy Stewart, former movie star, has won his captain's bars at Boise, Idaho. He is a squadron operations officer. The beauty contest in the sixteenth annual Indian pow-wow was cancelled because tribesmen said the girls were too bashful to compete.

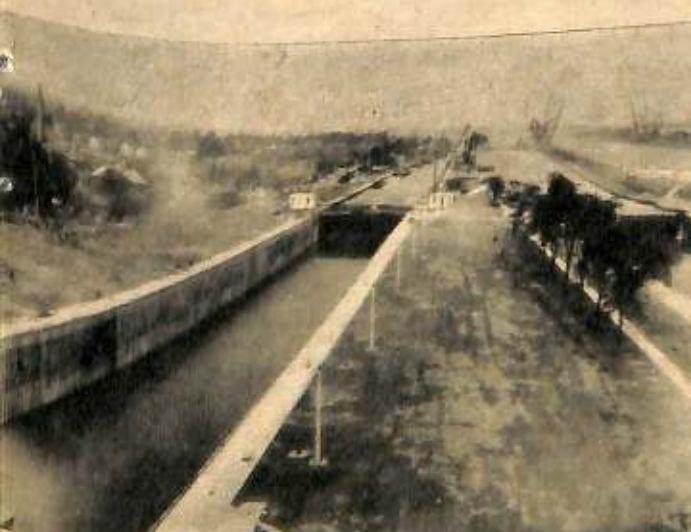
Intimate friends of the Charlie Chaplins are already congratulating them on the baby allegedly expected early in 1944. Mr. and Mrs. James Bullock came to Indianapolis from Brooklyn to adopt their 100 per cent Hoosier six-month-old-baby. They advertised for the baby a fortnight ago.

**J**OHAN W. KELLY, Oregon post-war planning commissioner, reported that approximately \$100,000,000 is already earmarked for public works projects in that state for the transition period after the war. He said the projects represent only a part of the ultimate program to be carried out while industry re-tools for peace time production. Meanwhile, the Connecticut Post-War Re-employment Plan began to function. The plan directs men discharged from the armed forces to places where jobs are available, makes available vocational or educational training, and establishes a working relationship with industry and labor to find jobs.

Marie (Cissie) Loftus, 50, stage and screen star, died in New York City. John Anderson, drama critic for the new York *Journal-American*, died at the age of 46.

Paul Atkinson, Denver, Colo., insurance broker, is fighting a city ordinance which would exterminate all squirrels. He has obtained 237 signatures to a petition and bought radio time to further his campaign.

In case you decide to go home in the near future—Champagne is selling in swank places for only four quid a quart.



The new Douglas MacArthur lock gets its first taste of water. Built in 13 record months at Sault Canal.



Approaching the gray stone battlements of West Point these youngsters are marching to a haircut, a uniform and a future.



This is a stockyard, and those are pens supposed to be filled with cattle. They aren't. Steaks are from dreamland this year.

# Nomenclature of the PACKAGE, APO

By Cpl. JAMES O'NEILL  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**S**OMEWHERE IN THE PERSIAN GULF—Now that the Army Postal Service has restored the soldier's privilege of getting packages from home, we would like to commend the APS for putting in the clause which says the soldier must ask for a package in order to get it.

This requirement that soldiers must ask for packages is not, as some believe, an effort to limit the number of packages. It springs from the demands of soldiers that they be protected against the parcel-post system. Reports might show that the first AEF in Ireland as long as a year ago was actually sabotaging incoming box-laden boats by purposely not claiming title to the merchandise at time of delivery.

This practice spread until thousands of boxes lay purposely unclaimed on wharves all over the combatant world, and the Army Postal Service probably conducted an investigation to discover why. The APS no doubt discovered the reason: no soldier would claim a package because (a) he knew what was in it, (b) he had had enough of what was in it or (c) even his worst enemy and first sergeant had had enough of what was in it.

From now on we get an even break with the people who make up packages. We get to tell them what to put in.

Up to this time there have been only four variations of the box-sending theme.

Let us discuss them, now that they are a thing of the past:

**TYPE A—THE GOODIE BOX.** Invariably consisted of one of two items—candy or home-made cookies. There were two choices open to the unfortunate recipient of home-made cookies. He could, if still in love and his sweetheart sent them, try to eat the cookies. This lovelorn type cabled home the next day for a new upper plate and a stomach pump. If the guy wasn't in love or just didn't give a damn, he took the sensible course of donating love's handiwork to the Engineers for road markers or dummy land mines.

**TYPE B—GOOEY-YUM-YUM KANDY KIT.** En route the kit was placed by considerate stevedores between the engine-room boilers and a shipment of Grant tanks. When the soldier received it, he could use the mashed-up goo for pasting French postcards or YANK pin-ups on his barracks wall. Or, if he had a little goat's blood in him, he might start right in eating Gooley-Yum-Yum's wrappings, partitions, string, APO number and all.

Suppose the sender was the thoughtful type and sent hard candy that stayed hard. Tell me who in hell is going to sacrifice his native-likker-weakened molars on a job a couple of Grant tanks couldn't do? The ingenious AAF is said to be using these dextrose blockbusters over Berlin, the only practical use so far discovered.

**TYPE C—THE KNIT-ONE-AND-PURL-ONE BOX.** The sort of box that caused the recent high female death rate by accidental self-stabbing. It contained The Knitted Glove or The Knitted Pull-over Sweater. Already enough has been said on this gruesome subject in newspaper editorials, syndicated columns, joke books and returned packages marked "Wrong Address."

**TYPE D—THE ODDS-AND-ENDS BOX.** This always fell into one of the following subdivisions:



No soldier would claim a package. Even his first sergeant had enough of what was in it.

**1. The Sewing Kit.** This was the 1,442d one the helpless GI received. Despite all the Boy Scout and Sewing Kit Concession propaganda, the average GI doesn't know how to sew. Even if he did, Whistler's Mother couldn't darn the craters he plows through a sock. Upon receipt of the sewing kit, the soldier carefully took out the needles to pin up that picture of Jane Russell and threw the rest away.

**2. The Compact Shaving Kit.** This monster was delivered by a detail of 10 and, when opened, resembled a surgeon's operating room, complete with X-ray equipment. It so scared the dogface he refused to shave with anything for a month.



If the girl was a looker, she had her picture taken with a guy clutching a \$1,000 war-industry check "just to make you feel a teeny-weeny bit jealous."

**3. The Cigarette Lighter.** It didn't work, but there was plenty of fluid at the PX. It did work, but there was not a drop of fluid at the PX. Or no PX.

**4. The Photograph.** Usually sent by that much-maligned creature, the Girl Back Home, who, unless she was straight out of Vogue, included an original little note, "Put this in the mess hall to scare the rats away." It could do the job very well. If the girl was a looker, she had had the picture taken with one of the boys back home "just to make you feel a teeny-weeny bit jealous." The guy looked like Cary Grant and was either sporting a pair of oak leaves or clutching a \$1,000 war-industry check in one hand.

**5. The Canned Tidbit.** Usually tied in a maze of fancy ribbon, this was something the dogface hopefully ripped open with anxious hands only to discover a can of Spam. (Last week the mess sergeant was clubbed to death with empty cans that had contained this ersatz chicken.)

**N**OW that us soldiers overseas are allowed to select the contents of our packages from home, here are four types of gift boxes that we would like to receive:

- A—One Lana Turner and one case of Scotch.
- B—One Dinah Shore and one case of Scotch.
- C—One Rita Hayworth and one case of Scotch.
- D—One Scotch and one case of Jane Russells.



**T**HE Gooley-Yum-Yum Kandy Kit was placed by considerate stevedores between the engine-room boilers and a shipment of Grant tanks. If the soldier had a little goat's blood, he might start eating Gooley Yum-Yum's wrappings, partitions, string, APO number and all.



Ralph Stein



Lucille Ball

**YANK**

*Pin-up*



*Girl*



# SPORTS:

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON

## CAMP ROBERTS IS GLAD THAT KOVACS WENT TO AUSTRALIA

**S**OMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—A year ago the Army took a tennis racket away from Frank Kovacs and gave him a gun. But when Kovacs arrived in Australia as an infantryman, an officer took one look at his backhand grip on the musket, grabbed the deadly weapon away from him and gave him back the racket.

In fact, the officer handed Kovacs not only a racket, but also baseball bats, boxing gloves, footballs, golf clubs and just about everything else in the line of sports equipment. Which is how the Clown Prince of tennis landed his present assignment as director of athletics at a big replacement center, and as a corporal, mind you.

If you thought Kovacs was a screwball on the tennis court just because he threw rackets away, sat down after high lobs or argued with the umpire as vehemently as a Brooklyn Dodger, you should hear of his Army career.

It all started the day he was drafted. When the clerk asked his occupation, Kovacs replied, "Tennis clown." When the doctors inquired whether he had any physical defects, Frank answered, "Yes, I find it hard to reach Don Budge's cannonball serve." And when the personnel interviewer requested information about his favorite hobby, he was met with this reply: "Throwing five tennis balls into the air at once on a serve and scoring an ace with one as my opponent watches the others."

Despite such answers, Kovacs was inducted and shipped to Camp Roberts, Calif., for basic infantry training. In just two weeks his platoon sergeant developed a definite dislike for the Clown Prince.

"He just didn't like tennis," explains Frank. "Craps was his game."

But then again, maybe the sergeant didn't like Kovacs because he walked into the CO's office after a few days in the Army and demanded a 10-day furlough. The CO bawled out the sergeant for allowing Kovacs to come within 50 yards of his office.

When his outfit took part in a parade, Kovacs was made acting squad leader because of his height. Trees lined the parade ground, and as the outfit wheeled around in front of the inspecting colonel, Frank decided his squad would have more room marching on the outside of the trees. Result: the parade looked more like a skirmish line than a parade.

On top of this, Kovacs went to the PX one day instead of reporting to a truck that was to take his outfit on a field bivouac. Frank's punishment for this was a full week's KP,



during which he harassed the mess sergeant by saving the potato peels and throwing away the spuds, spilling ketchup in a rice pudding and tossing china plates at fellow KP's as he hollered "Surprise!"

"Because I had demonstrated such initiative in training," Kovacs declares with pride, "Camp Roberts lost no time in shipping me overseas where I could be of more value—to Camp Roberts."

As yet, none of Frank's Army horseplay has come up to some of his tennis-court antics. The biggest blunder of his life took place when he had the umpire removed for favor-

itism in officiating at the Seabright (N. J.) Invitational Tournament—only to discover later that the umpire was president of the Seabright Tennis Club. And the Clown Prince's most embarrassing moment occurred during his National Championship final match with Bobby Riggs at Forest Hills, L. I., in 1941, when a certain very important set of buttons on his pants flew open. The huge throng roared with laughter as Kovacs buttoned up in the shelter of Riggs' back.

Although Kovacs never won a major tournament because of his love for horseplay, he was second so often he felt like the best man at a wedding. Joining the pro ranks six months before induction, he played dozens of matches all over the country against Don Budge, Bill Tilden, Fred Perry, Bobby Riggs and Gene Mako. At the end of the tour he was, of course, second again—this time to Budge.

When the U. S. Army finally marches into Tokyo, Kovacs hopes to be in on the kill. He played tennis in Japan a few years ago with a touring American team. Because he won his first seven matches, he found himself very unpopular with the Japs. One day, however, the Japs gave him too much *sake* before a match and he lost. Immediately he became a hero with the Japs, who threw him a huge banquet.

"Those Japs can't stand to lose," Frank says. "They had to dope me to beat me."

**W**HEN A/C Johnny Pesky was 13 years old and batboy for Portland in the Pacific Coast League, he was always wrapped up in some heavy hero worship for one ballplayer or another. Two of his first idols were Bobby Doerr, San Diego's second baseman, and Lou Finney, who played the outfield for Portland. He thought Doerr was the greatest infielder he had ever seen, and there wasn't enough he could do for his hero. Johnny used to shine his shoes, run his errands and see that he was treated with the respect due a great player. Doerr liked the kid and gave him an old glove for his trouble. Last year when Johnny came up to play shortstop for Boston, he still had the old glove Bob had given him, and he never quite got over the thrill of playing on the same team with his idols, Finney and Doerr. Pesky is now learning to fly for the Navy, and he has already got himself a new hero, Capt. Joe Foss, the marine who knocked down 26 Japs. The chances are, when Johnny starts to shoot up a few Japs for himself, he will never lose his great respect for Joe Foss, either.

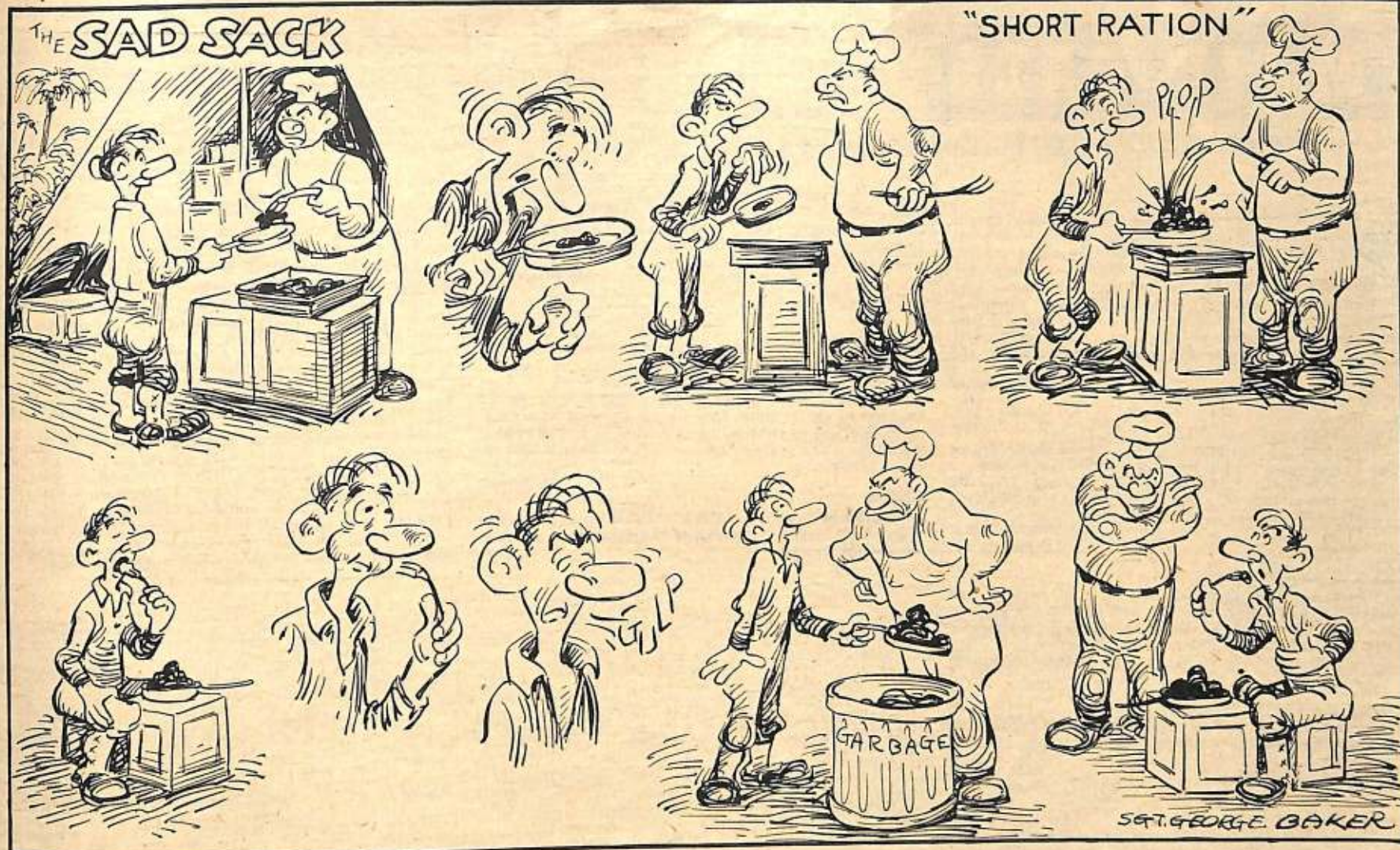
YANK's correspondents tell us that henceforth Iceland's GI athletic champions will compete in the ETO play-offs in England and North Ireland. The first sergeant at the Army Exchange School, Princeton, N. J., is Dave Smuckler, the old Temple fullback. . . . Johnny Goodman, for-



## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Capt. Hank Greenberg (right) stopped off long enough on his inspection tour for the AAF to work out with Detroit and talk to his old manager, Del Baker, now coach of the Cleveland Indians.

mer national open and amateur golf champion, and Rodney Bliss, five times Nebraska State golf champ, were inducted together at Fort Cook, Nebr. . . . Joe Kilgrow, Alabama's great back of a few years ago, was commissioned a lieutenant in New Guinea for outstanding leadership under fire. His antiaircraft gang downed four Zeros in one raid. . . . In the same recruit detachment at Fort Eustis, Va., are four members of the Holy Cross football team which last fall upset mighty Boston College, 55 to 12. The four: Bob Sullivan, fullback; Ray Ball, quarterback; Johnny Bezemes, halfback, and Bill Swiacki, end. . . . Cpl. Billy Conn wears an MP arm band at Camp Campbell, Ky. In his last fight as a civilian, Cpl. Ray Robinson flattened Sgt. Jackie Wilson in three rounds. A few days later, Robinson found himself in the same barracks with Wilson at Mitchel Field, N. Y. . . . In the same week at different flying fields, Lt. Henry Mazur, one of West Point's greatest football captains, and Lt. Joe Bartlett, Georgia Tech halfback and shot-put champion, had similar accidents while flying their fighter planes in training. Both lost control of their ships and had to bail out. But before they could pull the rip cords of their parachutes, each was hit by the tail of his plane. Mazur was only swiped on the leg and was able to pull his rip cord in time. Bartlett never had a chance.



“THE war looks pretty good, don't it?” Artie Greengroin asked us. He had a newspaper in his hand, and what on any other face would have been called a grin. Artie was happy, for the first time in weeks.

“Very good,” we said.

“Maybe we'll be out from unner the trucks by Christmas, maybe,” said Artie.

“Don't go leaping to conclusions, old boy,” we said.

“I ain't leaping to no conclusions,” Artie said. “Me diagnosis is based on a careful study of current events. We got the enemy on the run.”

“The enemy,” we reminded him, “is an artful dodger.”

“Aw, I got no patience with defeatists,” Artie said. “Don't you read newspapers?”

“Like mad,” we said.

Artie handed us his newspaper. “Lookit them headlines,” he said. “Mussolini is hiding unner his bed. Hitler is hiding unner the carpet. Everything is rosy. For gaw's sake, you got to have them shot poisonous in front of yer face before yer satisfied? Don't be so blassid bloodthoisty. Face the facks.”

“We didn't say anything about shooting,” we said.

“Wars is shooting,” Artie said simply. “You run inter a enemy, you shoot him. In war, it's legal. All I was saying was, we got the enemy on the run.”

“All right,” we said, “we've got the enemy on the run.”

“Lookit them Russians,” Artie said. “A wunnerful people. Tough babies. You'd never know it to look at 'em, though. I knowed a Russian name Orloff used to be a bookie. They called him Orloff the Skipper because he was always unbooking himself and taking a powder. A timid little guy, to all appearances, but he's probly got fifty million relations knocking off Germans right now.”

“Where's Orloff now?” we asked.

“How the hell do I know where Orloff is?” Artie demanded. “He's probly in the Army, for gaw's sake. Everybody's in the blassid ole Army these days.”

We nodded sympathetically.

“But thass water over the bridge,” said Artie. “The thing is, we're winning the war. In Africa it was beautiful. I got a letter from a friend of mine down there, name Tyrone Goldberg. He tells me everything's unner control.”

“Where's he now?” we asked.

“In Sicily, probly,” Artie said, “sweeping the enemy ahead of him. Thass the way things is going down there these days.”

“So they say,” we said.

“You don't sound very enthusiastic,” Artie said.

# Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



## ARTIE THE OPTIMIST

“Wass the matter with you, anyways?”

“Nothing,” we said. “We're just careful, that's all.”

“They's such a thing as being too careful,” Artie said. “Where would Napoleon of been if he'd been too careful? Right behine the eight ball, thass where he would of been.”

“That's where he ended up,” we said.

“He was getting ole,” Artie said. “His wind wasn't so good, jess like a outfielder of a gawdam middleweight. A guy's got to have good wind in this war business. Thass the trouble with that ole bassar, Hitler. Bad wind.”

We said that we believed that, all right.

“Out from unner the trucks by Christmas,” Artie said, half to himself.

“What about the Japs?” we wanted to know.

“The huh?” Artie asked.

“Japs,” we said.

“Oh,” said Artie. “Them guys. They's out of me jurisdiction.”

“They're not out of the war,” we said.

“They ought to be pretty soon,” said Artie. “Half of Greenpernt's over there right now. That takes care of the Japs as far as I'm concained. Them Greenpernt boys believes in quick action.”

“The Japs are tough babies,” we said.

“You ever seen a good brawl in the Greenpernt pubs?” Artie wanted to know. “If you'd of seen one of them, you'd know the Japs didn't have a chance.”

“Big brawls, eh?” we asked.

“Real moiderous ole bassars, believe me,” said Artie. “In Greenpernt you got to be a man.”

“Fighting conditions in the Pacific theater are difficult,” we said.

“They weren't so hot in Greenpernt, neither,” said Artie, which seemed to settle that subject.

“Well,” we said, “if that's the way things are, the war does look pretty good.”

“Ah, it's beautiful,” Artie said. “Awready I'm

itching to slip inter a honess-to-gaw clean white shoit and lie on me back in Prospect Park with a cole bottle of beer in me mitt and nothing on me mine but supper or something.”

“Sounds lovely,” I said.

“Thass what it's going to be, ole cock,” said Artie. “Every night I paint a couple of post-war pitchers in me mine. Dreams, thass what me life's full of these days.”

“We still think you're being hasty,” we said.

“Ah, poop on it,” said Artie. “Yer a kill-joy, thass wass the matter with you. I ain't no dope. I read the papers. I know what's going on. Everything's rosy, thass what everything is. Don't you ever read the newspapers?”

“Sure,” we said.

“Then you muss be a blassid ole bline man,” Artie said. “Every day it says in black and white that we're on the upsurge. You know what a upsurge is? That means it's the beginning of the end. I got that right from the mouth of the President of the United States.”

“All right,” we said, “so it's the beginning of the end.”

“So I got to do me post-war planning,” Artie said. “Everybody else is doing it, so I might as well strike while the irons is hot. I'm planning out me life to come.”

“Why,” we asked. “Are you going to die?”

“Naw, I ain't going to die,” Artie said. “I mean me gawdam life after the war. I'm getting it set.”

“Good for you,” we said.

“And I regret to say,” said Artie, “that you ain't included in it. I'm wiping me hands of the Army.”

“So are we,” we said.

“Well, in that case,” said Artie, “maybe you can drop around Berklyn some day and split a beer with me. We can talk over ole times in the English isle. I'll probly be a sentimental ole bassar after the war.” He probably will be.

# MAIL CALL

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS



DEAR YANK:

Thanks for the article about the 1st Army in the YANK, July 4th. It was the first paper to publish what the 1st Army was out there at the beginning. I am glad to have served with the Yanks, and am very thankful to the Americans, doctors and nurses, who helped me to recover after being seriously wounded. There is one thing I should like to see in YANK and that is a photo of a discharge badge, as I have had trouble telling Yanks what it is and that I am not dodging the army.

Ex-BRITISH TOMMY

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed that story of the Polish paratroopers by Sergeant Walter Peters. I am a Pole from Buffalo, New York, and naturally am a little prejudiced. But it really was a good story. Thank you.

Sgt. LARRY KOSLOSKI

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

There must be plenty of big name athletes in this theater. How about devoting that half sports page to one or two of the characters in this ETO for a change? You know a little local color.

Cpl. GEORGE WHEELER

Britain

DEAR YANK:

I just wish this guy of yours who writes "Yanks at Home in the ETO" would stop using French. I can't understand it.

Pvt. KARL MOSHER

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

I think this guy Brodie is terrific and those sketches last week from the South Pacific were very, very good. But I also have a kick. How about a little thought to the guys in ETO? How about doing some sketches from this theater? I know that Brodie isn't around to do them but I also know that you must have some artists that are plenty good. The stuff wouldn't be as colorful from this theater but it would be good. Have an airman in their grometless caps, a London cab driver, a cockney costermonger, a Highlander in kilts, a Tommy, a red Devil. There's quite a lot of color here.

Pvt. JACK DeVOE

Britain.

[Brodie is now in a New York hospital recovering from several kinds of tropical fevers he picked up in the South Pacific.—Ed.]

DEAR YANK:

A little story about English hospitality was brought to my attention and I think it should be aired. Two Yanks were looking for a cup of tea. They found it, and a beautiful girl and her family. For a full year now the same two Yanks have been enjoying the hospitality of this family. One would think that they were nobility considering the attention fostered upon them.

Hospitality such as this constitutes the backbone of the English people. When war is finally over and we go back to our homes and loved ones, we shall take with us the undying respect of and for the English.

FRANK B. ESHELMAN, 1st Lt., A.C.,  
Photographic Officer

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

I see by the paper ("Stars and Stripes," July 20th) that us guys now have a woman's page. Now ain't that sweet. Ain't it just? Well, I suggest that our magazine the YANK start a man's page. What about it?

Pvt. STEVE CONLEY

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

It hurts me, honestly it does, it makes me feel sadder than the saddest of Sad Sacks. Why? We've been ignored. Who? The "Eve of St. Mark" cast. When? All the time, especially on Saturday mornings when my favorite mag comes into my hands and I open it feverishly and smell printer's ink and see pretty gals but find nothing about the show.

I should like as many soldiers as possible to see the show. I'd like to know that some Ack-Ack or Beer-Beer man stationed in the wilds of Scotland knew that we had a show and that he was invited to bring his girl along if he ever got to London.

YANK is the way to let them know that we want them. So help. This magazine gets into the queerest places, and there are many troops who haven't seen a G.I. close-up who know about G.I. Joe and Sad Sack and little Artie via YANK.

Cpl. LEO KAYE  
(Alias 1st Sgt. RUBY)

England.

[Ed. Note: To the entire cast of "The Eve of St. Mark," "Yank" presents its compliments for a magnificent job.]

DEAR YANK:

Just a word to let you know how much we look forward and also enjoy your program "G.I. Jive." It gives us a moment of great relaxation every day just after chow.

We, in our foxhole hacienda would like to hear some soft, sentimental melodies. For instance: Glenn Miller's "The Angels Sing," Harry James's "I Had the Craziest Dream," and "A Poem Set to Music." We thought by writing YANK that maybe some of these requests would get attention.

S/Sgt. GAYLE HASENFRANK

North Africa.

DEAR YANK:

For some weeks now I have been having the YANK weekly magazine, as I have been going out with an American boy and he gets it for me every week.

Now he is leaving here, so unfortunately I shan't be able to get it from now on. I think it is a great magazine and enjoy reading it heaps, so I wondered if I paid for it at the above address, could I have it sent me every week?

MISS JACKSON

Britain

[Ed. Note: Sorry, "Yank" is sold only to those in the armed forces. Looks like the solution is another American boy.]

DEAR YANK:

As an Englishman, I would like to express my thanks to you for such a grand magazine. I manage to get one every week and after passing it to several people to read, I post it to my pal in the British Navy. He tells me that all the boys on his destroyer are all anxious to read it and finally when they do get the one copy it is unreadable.

M. J. PEGLEY

Britain.

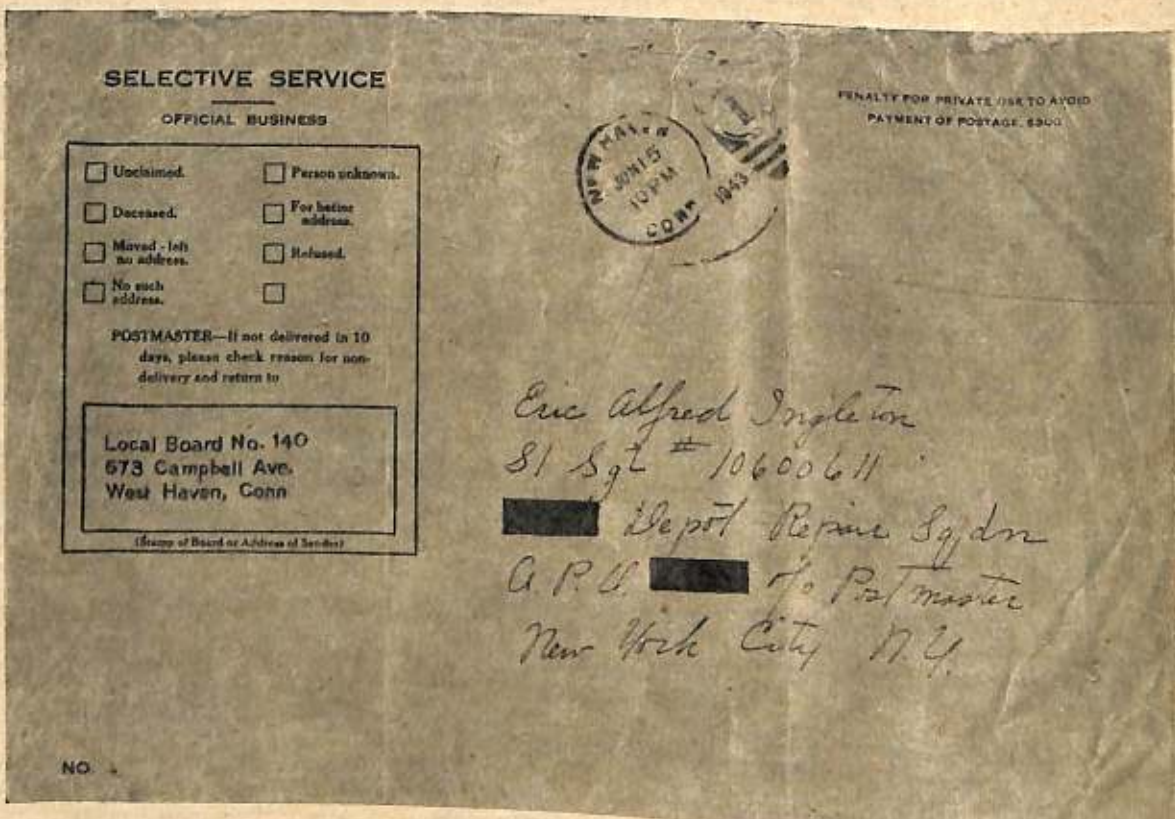
DEAR YANK:

After we reached the shores of North Africa and took our positions to help the war effort, the first thing the boys searched for were Special Service Kits.

While playing with the various games, we observed the local gas house kids became daily visitors to our barracks. Of all the kids, one of them stood out, a 9-year-old Arab boy, thin in structure, curly hair, yes, G.I. as the boys now call him. A kit within himself.

Day by day, we grew fonder of him. He began to pick up our expressions, such as, "Chow Hounds," "Nuts to you," "Goldbrick," etc.

The boys taught him to drill, hup, tup trip—and to do the manual of arms. After G.I. passed his recruit training, the boys presented him with an OD uniform, custom tailored to fit him, shoes, overseas cap, underwear and a tie. When he first sprouted his uniform, G.I. was the proudest little boy in all North Africa. He has his own toy gun, mess kit (bucks the chow line as we do), stands inspection and has the shiniest kit in the squadron. To



Now this doesn't mean that the shortage of the stuff they make soldiers from has reached any perilous new low, and it doesn't mean that you can't outdistance the long grab of the draft board, it just goes to show that local boards are showing no partiality. If the guy's a civilian, draft him; if he's a soldier, draft him. Can't say that isn't fair. There's the proof above. (Unit and A.P.O. numbers, of course, have been censored.)

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.

**YANK EDITORIAL STAFF**

Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown. Art Editor, Sgt. Charles Brand. Art Associates, Sgt. John Scott; Cpl. Joe Cunningham. Editorial Associates, Sgt. Ben Frazier; Sgt. Denton Scott; Sgt. Steve Derry; 2nd Lieut. Dave Bregger; Sgt. Walter Peters; Pfc. Arthur Greengrout; Sgt. Durbin L. Horner. Production, Sgt. Louis McFadden. Business Manager, Cpl. Tom Fleming. Officer in Charge, Major Desmond H. O'Connell. Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Arter. Address: Printing House Square, London.

New York Office:

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weichas; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlottzauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller. Officer-in-charge: Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Editor: Major Hartzell Spence.

Pictures: 1, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 2, Exclusive News Agency. 3, BOP. 4, AP. 5, top and center, BOP; bottom, N.Y. Times photo. 6 and 7, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 8, top, Keystone; center, Val Doonee. 9, top, ACME; center, Keystone; bottom, OWI. 11, top, INP; bottom left, Fox; bottom center, AP. 12 and 13, Sgt. Peter Paris. 14, top left, AP; top right, Planet; bottom, AP. 15, top right, ACME; center, AP; bottom, AP. 17, R-K-O. Radio. 18, top, Sgt. Dick Hanley; bottom, PA.

fail inspection would break his little heart. I frankly believe that he will be a jitterbug when full grown. You should hear him jive out with "Get out of here, and get me some money, too" with all the personality of a hep now talks American!

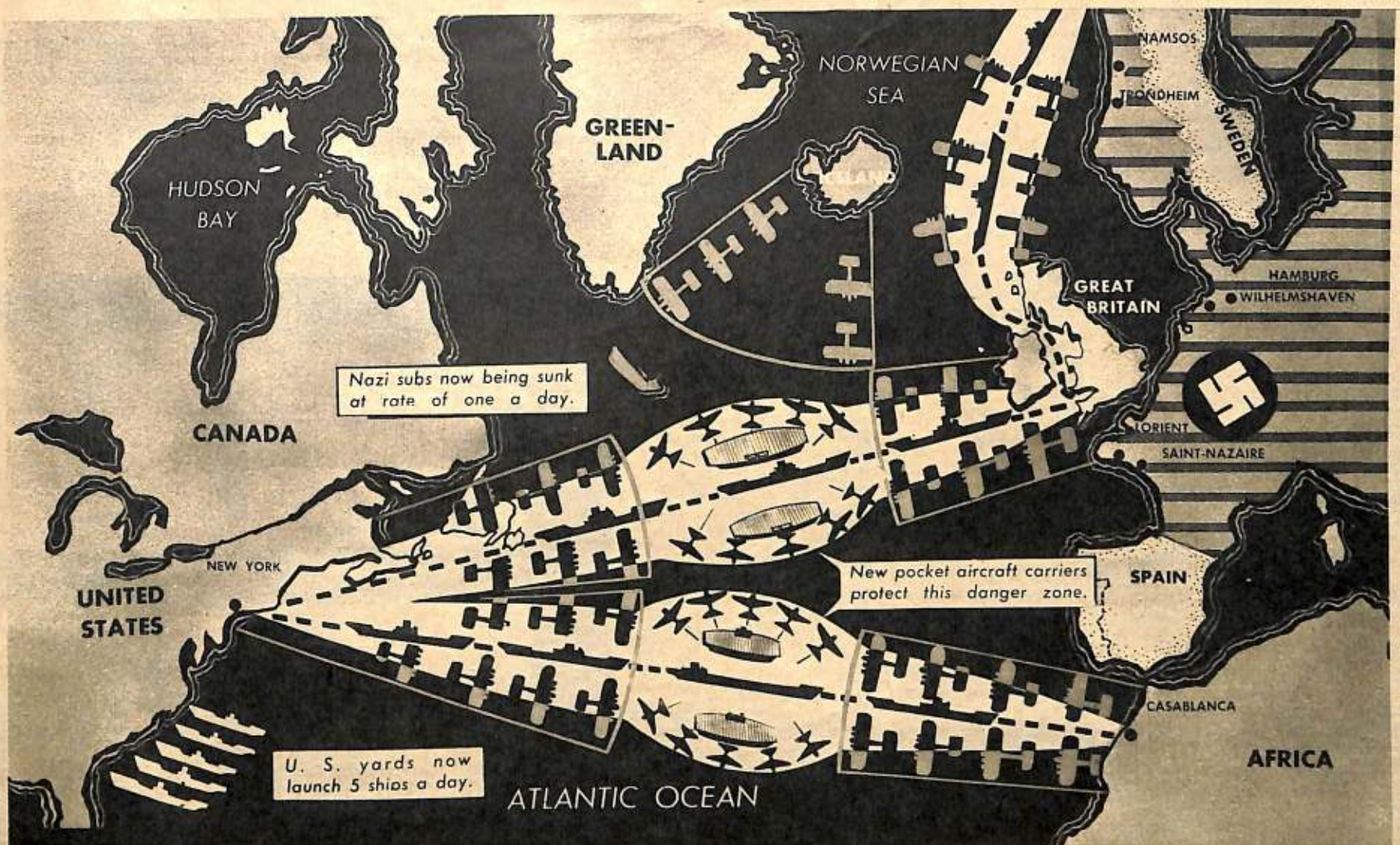
On June 29, G.I. reached the proudest moment of his army career when, at the squadron presentations of the Good Conduct Medals, his name was called out. "Cpl. G.I." In the quiet and anxiety of the men, he stepped forward in the best military manner possible, snapped a salute, received his ribbon (paper of aquamarine color with a red ribbon in the centre, and his name, "G.I." printed on it) shook hands with the colonel, stepped back, saluted, and returned to his place in the formation. The expression on his face could never be described with words.

The colonel was so impressed by his display of soldiering, that he called for him the very next day in his car. Gallantly G.I. rode down the streets of Casa to his office. After one half hour of a man-to-man talk, the colonel promised him a new sun tan uniform and, if the squadron commander would keep him off KP, he would make him a Sergeant on the next promotions.

It is only in the wind now, however, it is only a matter of time before it will be a reality to set up a trust fund for our mascot. This fund will provide an education in one of the local colleges.

After a day's work, the boys return to the barracks, only to be greeted by this boy with, "Hello, Sgt. Chamberlain; hello, Kelly; hello, Nicky." He even wants steel wool from the supply sergeant on an MR.

S/Sgt. EDDIE LEONARD



## Tide Turns Toward Allies In Battle of Atlantic

**T**HE Battle of the Atlantic has turned suddenly, sharply, perhaps disastrously against the Axis. In one of the war's most significant reverses, Hitler's desperate sea offensive is wobbling.

Affecting as it does the whole strategic picture, the startling, abrupt change in the war at sea during the past few weeks is a defeat particularly bitter to the Germans. The greatest submarine fleet in naval history had been assembled by the German Navy in an all-out effort to smash the Atlantic supply lines this spring and summer. Out of a U-boat fleet totaling perhaps 600 boats, the German high command planned to keep 150 to 200 "killers" loose in the Atlantic simultaneously. Allied invasion preparations spurred the Nazis to zealous fury; invasion meant more and fatter convoys, and wholesale destruction of these ships would perhaps turn the tide against the Allies again, would at the very least postpone the date of German invasion until the "fortress of steel" around Germany was sufficiently strengthened to meet the Allied armies.

The Allied outlook in March was serious. Only two months ago American and British officials frankly forecast staggering ship losses. New ship construction was almost certain to be more than offset by the U-boat killings. Already in 1942 alone the Germans had sunk 3,000,000 more tons of shipping than was lost in the whole four years of the first World War. During recent months Allied losses had totaled some 700,000 gross tons a month, dangerously higher than the 400,000 average gross tons of shipping lost each month in the 21-month U-boat campaign in 1917 that proved almost fatal to the Allies. Germany's titan force was out in overwhelming strength—the lone raiders, the wolf packs and the echelons of wolf packs—to prey in some 10,000,000 square miles of sea. Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz exhorted his U-boat commanders to "kill, kill, kill."

It was to be a battle without quarter.

It was. The Allies answered by striking from the sea, from under the sea, from the air. For more than two months the Allies have sunk at least one U-boat a day. In May planes alone killed more U-boats than the Germans' monthly output, estimated at 15 to 20. With special concentration on U-boat yards and bases, heavy bombers from the RAF and our Eighth Air Force vaulted the bastions of Europe's fortress and struck repeatedly at Trondheim and Namsos in Norway, Wilhelmshaven, Hamburg and Vegesack in Germany, and Lorient and Saint-Nazaire in France. The brilliant record of submarine killings today is a smashing climax to the long Atlantic campaign, for during the 12 months ended June 1, the number of U-boats destroyed was greater than the total for the whole preceding period of almost three years.

The impact on the Germans has been staggering. They admit that United Nations merchant-ship losses have dropped from a high of 851,000 tons in March to 415,000 tons in April, dropping even further in May to a total for the month of 372,000 tons. (By vivid comparison the German high command claimed 924,000 tons of shipping during May of last year). Admitting the worst was not yet over, German spokesmen gloomily disclosed an even greater decrease for June (149,000 tons), when Allied losses were admitted to be "the lowest in years." They were. June was the best month in the war for the Allies; during the 6-week period ended June 30 "scarcely a single ship had been sunk in the whole North Atlantic," in the words of Prime Minister Churchill, while submarines have been sunk at the rate of "one a day." The real set-back to the Germans is even greater than these figures indicate, for shipping to Britain, Russia and Africa has been at its heaviest in about 18 months.

Allied merchant vessels meanwhile are launching in record-breaking numbers. More than five ships are being completed per day, or more ships

in the first five months of this year than were built in all of 1942. Some 19,000,000 deadweight tons of shipping are being produced this year, or well over 1,000,000 gross tons a month. Even by German claims the present rate of sinkings is only one-third as great as production; in reality, output of new ships is from seven to ten times as much as the rate of sinkings in June.

**T**HE Allied success is a product of the most concentrated antisubmarine campaign ever conceived. The newest, probably most far-reaching development in the current U-boat war is the tremendous success of air power over the submarine. American-built Liberators are now flying against U-boat fleets from American, British and Canadian bases, and from Iceland and Ireland. These VLR (very long range) bombers, equipped with special fuel tanks, wing out 1,000 miles and more over the Atlantic, accounting for steadily increasing numbers of submarines. Canadian bombers sometimes meet British planes over convoys in mid-ocean. Near the coast lines, planes like the Sunderland and the Catalina and low-flying blimps fly out to meet convoys.

Destroyer-escort ships, particularly effective against submarines, are turning out in record number. Half of our new fighting ships that were completed in a recent month were destroyer escorts, and next year the largest single class of warships in the Navy will be these swift boats.

The new pocket aircraft carrier—a merchant ship converted into a small plane carrier—has also been especially deadly of late. The 1,000-mile danger zone in the mid-Atlantic, the so-called air gap where land-based bombers cannot reach with their limited range, is patrolled—and, lately, virtually controlled—by the miniature carrier. In addition the Navy has disclosed that secret weapons have been very effective.

Allied naval officials warn that the submarine menace is not licked yet, despite the shattering losses to U-boats within recent weeks. German submarine crews are still the elite, and only recently a U-boat crew was reported to have mutinied because its commander surrendered under emergency to an Allied ship. But the German is unquestionably stunned. Many submarine crews home on leave in Germany have been reported "discontent" with their lot. Reports from Germany say that Admiral Doenitz is already holding many of his boats in port pending a "revised" strategy to meet the Allied attacks.

# PRIVATE "SNAFU"

HERE is a quick preview of Pvt. Snafu, the animated cartoon character who will come to your post theater or overseas movie soon as part of the Army's own screen magazine, "The War." Snafu, produced by the motion picture branch of the Special Service Division, will be a versatile soldier. Films will show him in all sections of the Ground Forces, Air Forces and Army Service Forces at home and overseas. He is a little GI who really gets things screwed up. On these pages are work studies used in developing his character, and the original rough sketches of "Spies," one of Pvt. Snafu's first adventures.



ANOTHER MOVIE shows Snafu taking command of the Army. "To hell with discipline," he yells and lets all soldiers relax. This scene shows him being told of an enemy invasion.



Snafu learns a military secret.



"I'll never let it slip," he sings.



"I gotta secret, Ma; here's a tip."



"Keep it quiet. I'm going on a trip."



The padlock starts to dissolve . . .



and alcohol melts the chains.



wakes the pigeon on her hat . . .



which carries the note to Berlin.



"Calling all wolf packs! . . .



Dot U. S. convoy leaves at 4:30!"



Torpedoes come from all directions . . .



and hit him all together.



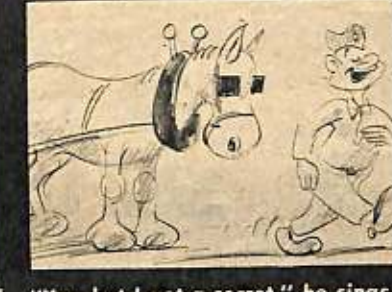
When I learn secrets, I zip my lip."



A cross section of Snafu's brain.



The same with its secret padlocked



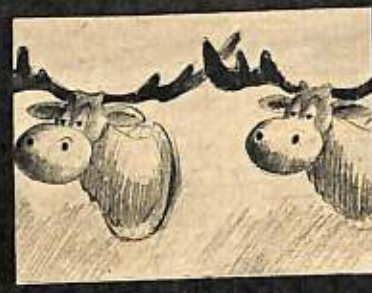
"You bet I got a secret," he sings.



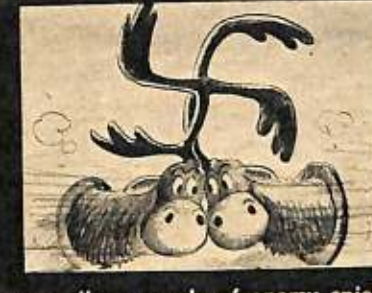
"We'll find it out," says Jap spy.



Snafu stops for refreshment.



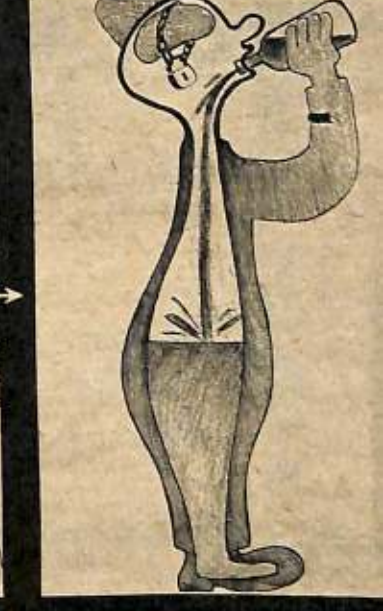
Two moose heads over the bar . . .



are really a couple of enemy spies.



Snafu pours one down the hatch. →



His lips begin to loosen up . . .



and the zipper zips wide open.



He sees a babe, starts talking.



She uses garter typewriter, . . .



where it arrives air mail special.



More of Snafu's secrets . . .



go into her special transmitters



which send them to Germany.



"He sails at 4:30, Fuehrer!"



The Nazi U-boats find the convoy.



Snafu sights sub and shrieks.



Ship pulls away at full speed, . . .



leaving Snafu alone in midair.



He sinks with a splash into ocean.



giving him a ride high in the sky.



He falls to a warm place.



"How did my secret get out?" he asks.



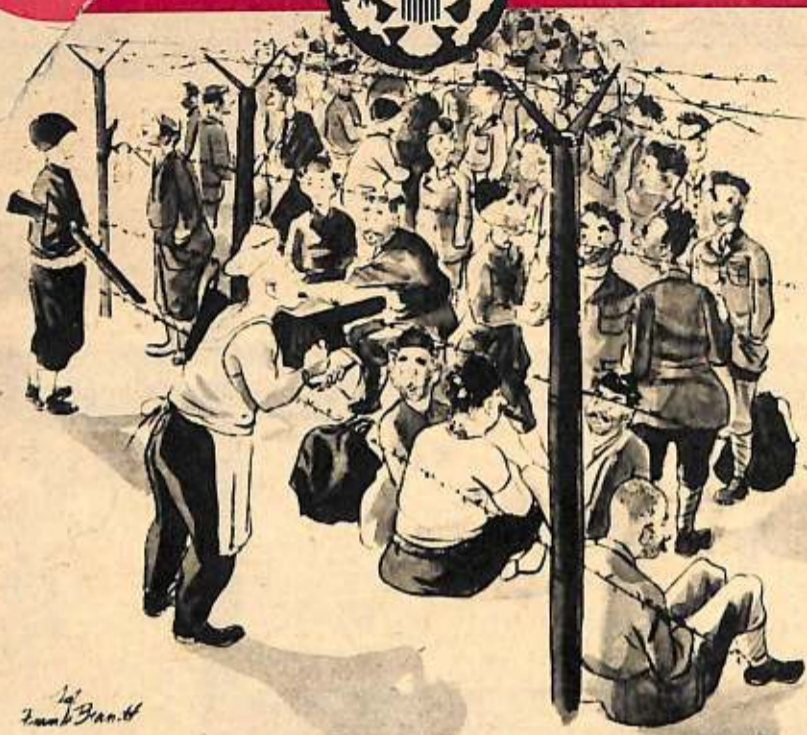
"This guy blabbed," says Satan.



Snafu sees his own reflection.

# "STANK

ARMY WEEKLY



"HEY! ANY YOU GUYS GOT A GOOD RECIPE FOR SPAGHETTI SAUCE?"  
Sgt. Frank Brandt



"THERE'S THAT GUY FROM THE BROOKLYN DODGERS SHOWING OFF AGAIN"  
—Joe Cunningham, England

## G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger

### Gas Mask

