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



Our Readers Are Varied and Many: A Few Intellectuals of New Guinea



Deep in the jungles of New Guinea rest the bodies of Japanese who have sampled the effectiveness of the attacking Americans. One of the Yanks is dramatically mirrored in the water as he marches by.

Jungle War

Three of the men who participated in the American victory at Buna are shown at right in a .50-caliber machine gun emplacement. Left to right, Pvt. Lawrence Leishman, of Peoria, Ill.; Cpl. Rodney C. Reimur, of Manitowoc, Wis., and Pvt. Martin Denueli, of Cumberland, Wis. Signal Corps made these photos.



There's no FRONT LINE in New Guinea



Men of the 32nd Division working a 37-mm. gun from the shore of Buna Island.

They don't fight that way because the Japs hide all around them—and sometimes stroll into the CP, wearing new American uniforms and whistling "One Dozen Roses."

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

AT THE FRONT IN NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—Any school kid can tell you that the equator's an imaginary line running around the center of the earth, but all the brains in the world couldn't locate the front line in New Guinea. There just ain't no such thing.

One newcomer, creeping up through the mud to a grimy, sweating Yank in a fox hole, asked the veteran where the front line was.

"We don't fight that way, buddy," was the answer. "There are Japs up ahead but there also may be Japs behind me and I'm sure as hell there's a couple of them a few yards over to the side. We can't be bothered with technicalities like front lines. We just keep looking for Japs, killing them and pushing ahead."

Jungle fighting is all very informal. There are no elaborate sand-bagged trenches, no dug-out living quarters and no fields of barbed wire as there were in France back in 1918. The climate is too blazing hot to go to the trouble of building much more than shallow slit trenches and fox holes. The daily rains would fill up deep trenches. Barbed wire is too heavy; the only way things can be carried here is on your back.

When Americans, Australians and Japs clash, no more than a few dozen men on either side are involved. There's none of that dramatic "over the top" stuff here. Patrols go out every day to

feel out the Jap pillboxes and strong points. Then stronger forces come in to knock them out, supported by mortar and light artillery fire.

When the pillboxes and machine-gun nests are gone, more Yanks and Aussies come in to mop up the snipers and occupy the area.

The Yanks, most of them from Wisconsin's thickly wooded country, are beating the Japs with tactics borrowed from America's original fighting men—the Indians. These tactics involve swift, silent movement and sudden thrusts out of the jungles and swamps with the rifle as the basic weapon.

The machine gun has been tried in New Guinea but to little advantage. A handful of light tanks were used by the Aussies in the bitter fight for the Buna air-strip, some of the only relatively open dry ground in the Buna-Gona area. But generally the undergrowth is too thick and the mud too deep to use tanks in many other places.

Few Americans ever went into action with as little equipment as these soldiers carry. Battle-dress seldom consists of more than a helmet, jungle-green uniform, socks, shoes, rifle belt, extra bandoliers of bullets, pockets full of grenades and a rifle or a tommy gun. Packs are brought up only after an area is occupied.

The Japs Pull Some Fast Ones

During these wet, wearying months of jungle warfare, the Yanks have developed a healthy respect for the craftiness of the Japs they seek to kill. The Americans know the Japs as past masters of jungle fighting, as experts at camouflage, fanatics in their courage and magicians at pulling disconcerting tricks in battle. Several nights during the battle for Buna Mission, the Japs played a machine-gun record on a phonograph to draw American fire. Other times they threw rocks at American outposts after dark or shouted, "What's the password?"

If they succeeded in drawing American fire

they spotted the rifle or machine-gun flashes and picked off the men who fired.

For signalling each other the Japs often use bird calls. When a lot of bird calls start filling the jungle air, Yanks usually cheep in with a few more just to confuse the issue. On one occasion this caused a Jap to growl in good English, "Shut up, you American bastards."

On patrol an American soldier ducked behind two bushes when Jap bullets whined close to him. Suddenly the bushes started to move. They were Jap observers covered with brush.

Grimacing at his good luck, the Yank casually took a grenade from his pocket and tossed it into the bushes as they slowly moved away. In a second the bushes became two very dead Japs.

Truck Driver Nips a Slick Nip

Pfc. William H. Ford, from Port Royal, Ky., had even better luck in outwitting the Japs. A truck driver, he wasn't allowed to go with his buddies when they went out to attack the Japs, and was left behind to guard the CP.

About dusk he saw someone walk out of the jungle toward the CP humming "One Dozen Roses" and wearing a brand new American uniform. The clean uniform puzzled Ford because the swamp and jungle living had ruined every shirt and pair of pants in his outfit.

It was too dark to see the stranger's face under his helmet but Ford got a good look at his feet in the moonlight. Instead of American shoes, there were tiny, split-toe tree-climbing sneakers which only the Japs wear.

"'One Dozen Roses', eh!" Ford yelled. "Well, here's three of 'em for you."
"Don't shoot, American!" the stranger begged but he had hardly got the words out when Ford pumped three M1 slugs into him.

Now Pfc. William H. Ford, former truck driver, is fighting right up front in the informal jungle war where anything can happen and usually does.

THESE PICTURES WERE SKETCHED UNDER FIRE

SGT. HOWARD BRODIE, the YANK staff artist who drew these sketches at the front in Guadalcanal, was fired upon by a Jap sniper while working on the picture at the right. Dodging bullets, Brodie threw himself into what he thought was a slit trench. You can imagine why the picture is such a mess.



"I drew this one at the infantry platoon command post on 'Bloody Knoll' where things were plenty hot."



SGT. HOWARD BRODIE
"YANK" STAFF ARTIST
GUADALCANAL '43

"Here are the engineers and the medics bringing the wounded down the Matanakau River after one of the battles."



"I believe I was bitten by every bug in the jungle while I was sketching this advance base bivouac area."



"This is the way you can light a cigarette in a front line fox hole at night. Bend over and stick your head inside a sack or a fatigue jacket."



JAP TRAP

In those last days at Guadalcanal, the little men of Hirohito were outnumbered, encircled and exhausted but they still refused to give up the jungle without a death struggle

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUADALCANAL [Delayed]—The battalion's position ran along the crest of a ridge and off down into the jungle. It took three hours to reach them over the supply trail.

When they first gained the ridge and consolidated it, flights of B-17s flew low and dropped in supplies by parachute. There was no other way, until the men hacked the supply trail through along the Matanakau River, shouldered boxes of rations and ammunition, and struggled up on foot.

Coming up the trail, they followed the river where naked soldiers brought the wounded down in flat-bottomed boats to a collecting station. The men swam the boats down, pushing and pulling them over the rocky narrows, churning their legs like frogs to get through the deep, slow-moving pools.

Above the river, litter bearers fought their way down steep slopes, each bearer with another soldier helping him keep his balance holding him back. Cables stretching from the ridge to a ravine helped them over part of the way. Down a tangled cliffside they moved along a rope of vines, litter handles in one hand, rope in the other.

When the battalion moved up, they had put on the pressure. Planes came in and bombed the sector; artillery opened up and sent heavy stuff crashing into the Jap's jungle-held ground; mortars, with their tubes at high angles, tossed their stuff into the sun blazing almost overhead. Machine guns added their stutter to the roar. Then the line companies hit.

Ray Flemm, of Freeport, Pa., cursed with every breath. His BAR was jamming. He fired a shot, stopped to clear the gun, then let go with another round.

Montez, the big Mexican, got one for sure. The Jap raised up right in front of him and Montez let him have it, point blank.

Leslie Kitay, of New Rochelle, N. Y., moved his light machine-gun squad up and was pinned down by Jap fire from the trees. Ray Boyce, of New Jersey, his gunner, didn't wait to be told what to do. He picked the gun up, tripod and all, and sprayed the trees. Kitay figured 14 Japs on that, but it was hard to be sure.

A mortar ammunition bearer, Dewitt Stewart, of Jamestown, Tenn., spotted a Jap machine gun and took a bead on the gunner before the guy had a chance to open up. He and rifleman Bob Brown, of Erwin, Pa., knocked off part of the crew, and then Stewart went back to toting mortar shells.



with the first shots, four more men bolted for the emplacement. Bill Harvey, of Clearfield, Pa.; Bill Edwards, of Durant, Okla., and Walter Chrzanowski, of Detroit, cleaned up what was left, and swung the gun in the other direction.

Platoon Sgt. Bill Cummings, of Winters, Tex., got on the trigger and Chrzanowski fed the clips. They shot every round of Jap ammo they could find, splattering the enemy with his own gun.

Harvey, Edwards and Chrzanowski were cooks, with no business on the line. They'd just gone along for the ride.

Four other guns got a Jap 77-mm field piece, set up to blast the battalion's position at short range. Roy Searcy, of Moultrie, Ga., spotted the gun and let out a yell. He and Sparky Adams, of Vernal, Utah, started working around it. Frank Sisk, of Harrisburg, Pa., with Chester Delaney, of Dalhart, Tex., followed them up.

When they were close enough, the four of them heaved grenades and then rushed it. There wasn't much left but the gun.

When they'd gone the limit on their drive, the men settled down to catch their breath and wait. They reorganized and posted outguards. The enemy was pocketed with no possible way for escape; everybody knew it. Even the Japs must have known it.

Then headquarters pulled a brand new trick out of the hat. A loudspeaker system was hauled up and set on the saddle of the ridge. The captain spoke first to our men on the line, telling them to hold fire. Then he switched to Japanese.

"Japanese soldiers, attention. . . . Escape is impossible and further resistance is useless and will only result in your complete annihilation. . . . We have no wish to kill you needlessly. . . . Cease further resistance and make an honorable surrender. . . . We have Japanese food and facilities for feeding you. . . . By bravely fighting until your case was hopeless you have fulfilled your obligation to your country and your Emperor. . . . Escape is impossible. . . . If you do not accept this offer, you will be subject to attack by artillery, mortar and planes greater than any of you have yet experienced. . . . Consider carefully before you sacrifice needlessly. . . ."

Infantrymen offered bets there would be no surrender. "Them little bastards won't give up—they're too damn ignorant." Men sat by fox holes, cleaning guns and breaking out chow. On the ridge coffee steamed over tiny fires.

It was dark within an hour. The infantry manned positions or fell asleep under shelter halves staked low on the muddy ground. Tomorrow would bring the showdown.

Occasionally, from other ridges and other positions, shots popped and echoed with a hollow sound in the ravines. A mortar blasted from time to time, and now and then came the sharp, fast chatter of a Jap automatic weapon. From out of nowhere ricochets whined overhead. Once or

twice red rockets from Very pistols sailed skyward, fire signals from an OP.

At dawn, signal men moved the PA system to another ridge overlooking the Jap positions and the captain spoke again. A parachute, its white silk shiny against the mud, was placed on a bush in plain view. The captain called on the officers below to give up and call it quits:

"We will give you an hour to talk this over; at the end of that time, have one or two officers proceed to the point where this broadcast is coming from. They must come unarmed and identified by a flag of truce. You have nothing to fear."

No dice. At the end of an hour, he tried again. Still no white flag.

"All right," said the infantrymen, "if that's what they want that's what they'll damn well get." But before the bayonet there was to be one last belting from the mortars.

"Fire When Ready"; Japs Catch Hell

Men on the line pulled back and at the OP, Bucky Walters, captain of the weapons company, spoke into the lower phone.

"Right gun only. . . ."

Bill Schumacher, platoon commander of La Valle, Wis., received the command and relayed it to his guns. Other positions, under other commands, prepared to join in.

"Base stake . . . deflection zero . . . range 375 . . . shell HE light. . . ." The commands were repeated by the crew. "Fire when ready."

On the right gun, men were working from the first fire order: Wesley Cameron, of Hillsboro, Oreg., on the sight; Bill Adamick, of Houston, Tex., waiting to drop in the shell; Ray Conley, Erie, Pa., and Ariel Lanzone, Clinton, Ind., tearing open the boxes and sliding out the yellow painted HE projectiles.

Adamick dropped the first shell in, and with a queer metallic clang the right gun went into action. Cpl. Wilbur Bye of Portland, Oreg., stood by and checked his crew.

The left gun took it up. Down in their holes on the other side of the ridge, the Japs were catching hell.

Then it was over and the infantry went down again.

This time they staggered back loaded with souvenirs. American-made watches, a razor manufactured in Geneva, N. Y., a celluloid-backed souvenir scrapbook from Danbury, Conn. They brought back sabers and rifles and flags and bayonets by the dozen. Father T. P. Finnegan, of Norwich, Conn., the outfit's sandy-haired padre, came back with a fan, ivory handled and decorated by the rising sun, and the picture of a Japanese bathing beauty.

Leland Cagwin, of Carbondale, Pa., company commander, brought in the first prisoner. He and Tom Walker, of Quincy, Mass., flushed him out of a dugout.

Soldiers swarmed around the little guy, a corporal. They fed him and he wolfed down a can of beans and candy. He said he hadn't eaten in seven days. He was emaciated and dirty beyond description.

Eleven others, in a horrible state of filth, sickness and hunger, were laid out side by side to await removal to the rear. They were sorry, utterly beaten little men.

Decide to Die, No Matter What

But the effectives weren't all like that, and the soldiers knew it.

The men asked questions and passed out cigarettes and food. The Japs, some sitting, some sprawled on the ground, moved their heads in silent bows.

The little corporal said there were two officers and about 100 men left. Like himself, they hadn't eaten in a week. The Japs, the corporal said, were afraid to come out. They'd heard the broadcast but the officers had decided they would die no matter what course they took.

Night came again, and the men used empty mortar-shell boxes to light small fires for coffee and hash.

Daylight and the artillery let fly again. For two and a half hours, the ravine below rocked and shuddered under a hell of fire. Black smoke gathered and hung like mist over the tops of splintered jungle trees, and the ridge quivered under foot as screaming projectiles hurtled into the ground.

Then the artillery quieted, the infantry went in again—this time for keeps.

Army Nurses in New Guinea Can Take It



These American nurses with the sunny smiles are standing in an air-raid shelter in New Guinea.

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—The show was over and the Yank was picking his way through the brush towards a line of trucks. Suddenly he heard something that almost made him stumble into a slit trench. It wasn't much, just two words, in fact—but it was a woman's voice; more than that, an American woman's voice. Who else could say, "Oh yeah!" just like that?

That was the beginning. Now the band of courageous U.S. Army nurses is well established in New Guinea. There is some suspicion, probably unfounded, that the hospitalization rate jumped considerably when they arrived.

For the boys who haven't seen hide or hair of a white woman in more months than they like to think about, it is quite an experience. One G.I. said, "At first you're kind of tongue-tied and embarrassed, but after a couple of days you get so you can talk to 'em natural like."

On guy tells this story: A pretty young thing

in his ward was shooting the breeze with him, and happened to ask him how long he'd been in the jungle. When he told her seven months, she exclaimed, "Oh, you're one of them!"

When he asked her what she meant, she explained, "Well, you see, they didn't want to let were men who'd been in the jungle so long it wouldn't be safe."

A major told the patients in one ward that if he heard any cussing while the nurses were around, it would be just too bad. Very shortly afterwards one of the boys let something slip. It wasn't much, but the major heard it and told time off. She blushed, knowing what was coming, and left. When she returned after the major had finished brushing off the culprit, she looked over the tent and said, "Gosh, fellas, I'm sorry you caught hell!"

—Cpl. RALPH L. BOYCE

First G.I. Report From Iran: It's Cold, Expensive and Strange

SOMEWHERE IN IRAN—If there's any truth to the old proverb, "Early to bed, early to rise," G.I.s in Iran (Persia to you) are going to be mighty healthy, wealthy and wise. Reason: there's an 8 o'clock curfew that sends the sidewalks scurrying out of sight; closes the bistros and cabarets, and drives the dogfaces to bed.

A pack of any one of the leading U. S. brands of cigarettes costs 80 cents on the black market. And the black market is about the only place where American cigarettes may be bought.

Customs and living conditions, trying to approximate the European or American, are strange. The curfew is only one example. Language is another. Iranian is the local lingo. French and, in some instances, Polish and Russian are spoken. English is rarely used except by G.I.s and graduates of the Presbyterian American University.

Currency is in Iranian rials and is complicated by a division into technically nonexistent units known as *toumans*. A rial is roughly 3 cents and a *touman* is 10 rials. Most Yanks master the system after a few days of costly experimentation. The trouble with the rial as a unit is that the G.I. is used to thinking in terms of 1 cent. Suddenly faced with a 3-cent basis for his folding money, extravagance becomes rife. By the time he wises up nothing is rife.

Folding money is the proper term here, for all values except the half rial are issued in banknotes scaling from 5 to 10 to 20 to 50 to 100 and so on up. The half rials are coins and are used mostly for change-making or tipping. If a G.I.

produces a 1000-rial note in public he is in danger of being swamped by solicitous citizens anxious to advise him how best to get rid of it.

There is no girl shortage, and the girls like the G.I.s. The language difficulty is a slight barrier but love laughs at linguists as well as locksmiths. Transportation is by *droshky* and the *droshky* driver is far and away the least cooperative citizen. He seldom attempts to understand the G.I.

Streets are wide and traffic menaces include American cars as well as *droshkies* and goats and camels. Parking is in the center of the street, leaving plenty of room on either side for the Iranian Army which is strong on marching.

The Iranian soldier wears a very classy yellow uniform; the higher the rank the classier the duds. Officers carry swords.

Billets for Americans range from Army barracks to hotels. Most of them have taught the G.I.s that the old familiar straddle-trench was a luxury. A simple hole punched in the floor is considered ample here. The latrine rumor is dying out as a result. No one wants to hang around long enough to start one.

Entertainment isn't too bad in spite of the early curfew. The cabarets simply run their dancing and floor shows earlier to conform. There are five-year-old American movies, and softball and basketball. There are occasional soccer matches between British and Iranian teams.

Iran is cold and expensive and strange. But at that it's the worst place in the world. —Sgt. AL HINE

YANK Staff Correspondent



THE RAID

A Yank Reporter Takes a Flight to Lorient

By Sgt. DENTON SCOTT
YANK Staff Writer

To reduce it to very simple terms, forgetting the Beau Geste and young Bruno Mussolini's highly poetic "flowering of the Rose"—to get right down to the essentials and what you feel like suspended up there with nothing but 24,000 feet between you and the cold Nazi ground, a bombing operational flight is just one long process of sweating and swearing and swallowing your heart.

At 24,000 feet, an altitude known in scientific circles as the stratosphere, the sun is hot and brilliant through the glass of the nose blister, hot and almost blinding, and you sweat. The fighter planes come out of the sun at you, noiseless above the roar of your own motors, and you sweat some more. The flak is something to be feared, not admired for its artistic appearance, and you damned well sweat some more.

You see a fighter on the port side, and the port side gunner doesn't see it. He may be your best friend, but you yell through the intercom at him, frantically, and you swear and you curse his stupidity. You're the bombardier, trying to get a sight through the cold white frost which covers the glass and shines brilliantly in the sunlight, and you scrape at the ice like a man insanely trying to claw his way out of a prison cell with his bare hands and you curse the stupidity of the man who didn't clean the windows.

You see the fighters flashing at you, and you curse them and Hermann Goering and the Nazi party. You sweat, and you curse another bright son of a bitch, who designed the flying equipment that is too hot and makes you sweat.

Your vocabulary is one long procession of unprintable words, and you are hardly impressed either by the mighty majesty of "pillars of fire," the artistry of a cannon shell's bright trajectory, or the magnificence of the landscape below. You are moving at several hundred miles an hour, and things are coming at you several hundred miles an hour, and you dearly love life and your wife back in the States, and the sooner you get the hell out of there the better it will suit you.

And that's a bombing raid as I know it, and as most of the men I have talked to know it, and the resemblance to anything I'd read, living or dead, about mountains of fire, is strictly coincidental. And the guy whose head is swimming with poetic prose and reflections on the future brave new world while he's suspended up there above it is a guy whose head ought to be examined, because he's strictly out of his world, brave, new or otherwise.

The only time it probably really gets you is when you climb into the plane itself.

The wind is blowing that morning from across the

Channel and you know, across the Channel, the Nazi fighters are waiting and the guns are primed. Then, perhaps, just for one second you *do* feel a strong and definite affinity to the world and all the people in it, to the war and the multitudes of flyers elsewhere on this earth, waiting and anxious, in the snows of Russia and hard by the hot green jungles of the tropics, and farther south in the purple shadows of the African hills. But then you know your thoughts of geographic latitude are stimulated only by the fact that you are thinking more specifically of those fighter planes behind the ramparts watched by the Nazis in France. And so such thoughts are momentary.

The moment you climb past the bomb bay, you forget, forget altogether once you shudder involuntarily at the monstrous, sinister cases, fused and ready to explode. You shudder, but you force yourself not to think about that, and you climb up to the nose. The doors to the bomb bay close behind you, and you know that you are a prisoner of this ship, this gaunt fuselage, a ward of those four motors—for many long and tedious hours to come. That imprisonment can be broken only by three factors, and they are, in order: Disaster by explosion and parachuting to another prison, death, or a safe return.

The nose of a B-17 is cramped and small, and once there you know you are no longer a part of anything except this ship.

You look out at the black tarmac, at the camouflaged hangars, and they are remote and distant. They are a part of a world which does not concern you in the slightest. They are a part of a world, seen in a dream, securely moored to the safety of the earth itself—a world you are leaving for eight hours, perhaps forever.

This is your world now: The tarmac flashing by on take-off, the emptiness of the sky, the vertigo caused by looking straight down at the earth below with only glass supporting you. It is a sparsely populated world; the only men in it are the men imprisoned with you. This is your world: The strong faces around you, the acrid smell of sweating flesh, the gun you man. This is a world in which four motors are a human, tangible part of your crew, because motors can be temperamental and therefore assume a personality—a personality at which you can curse if they fail, which you can beseech if they falter, which you can almost subconsciously praise if they beat forever strong. This is your world.

We move out to sea in perfect formation. Men speak among themselves in this world not as men speak in the world we know. Speech is an automatic reflex, born of fear and excitement. Speech in our world is the speech of Dutch Schultz when the gang-

CPL. BRAND

ster delivered his death-bed soliloquy. The tongue speaks before the mind thinks. It is almost a world of subconscious reactions. A man cannot, and will not, stop to rationalize his way into the arms of death, or of Jerry.

That is why Santoro, the bombardier, turns to me and says:

"For Christ's sake, don't get rattled. Just do what I do."

Now, Santoro is a mild fellow, ordinarily, patient and untiring. On the ground he would have said:

"Now, Scotty, the main thing is to take it easy and relax. It's just like any other game where you need quick reflexes. Tensing only slows you up."

But now, we are over the channel, and it's "For Christ's sake. . . ."

All questions and answers are clipped and grievously accentuated by the circumstances, as another voice through the interphone:

"Scotty, don't pay any attention to that son of a bitch. All bombardiers are nuts."

We are told to test our guns. There again, spontaneous reaction, I had pressed the trigger of the .30 caliber and had watched the tracers stream down toward the sea, had accomplished this order as an automatic reflex, without hesitation, without thinking. The last bullet had sliced its red-hot path into the cold waters below before I realized specifically and rationally that I had been given an order and had complied with that order.

We are nearing the coast, nearing the flak and the fighters, the targets, into a clean and sunlit battlefield, a land of quiet, swift violence, on which the traces of violence leave no mark save for a vanishing cloud of smoke, or the white, pathetic shroud of a parachute blooming against the blue skies and slowly leaving this battleground that refuses to be despoiled by war.

We are nearing the coast, flying low now at just 1,500 feet. And now we begin the long haul up to the front, up through the mist, into a land of broken patches of light and darkness and then entirely above the clouds into the clear. The sun is bright in the nose, and warm. There is a natural feeling of security in sunlight, but when that sense of warmth and security is tempered first by the knowledge that the air outside is cold and sterile and then by the knowledge that the sunlight is your enemy, it produces an effect far more eerie than fear in the night, since the primary association of fear is with darkness.

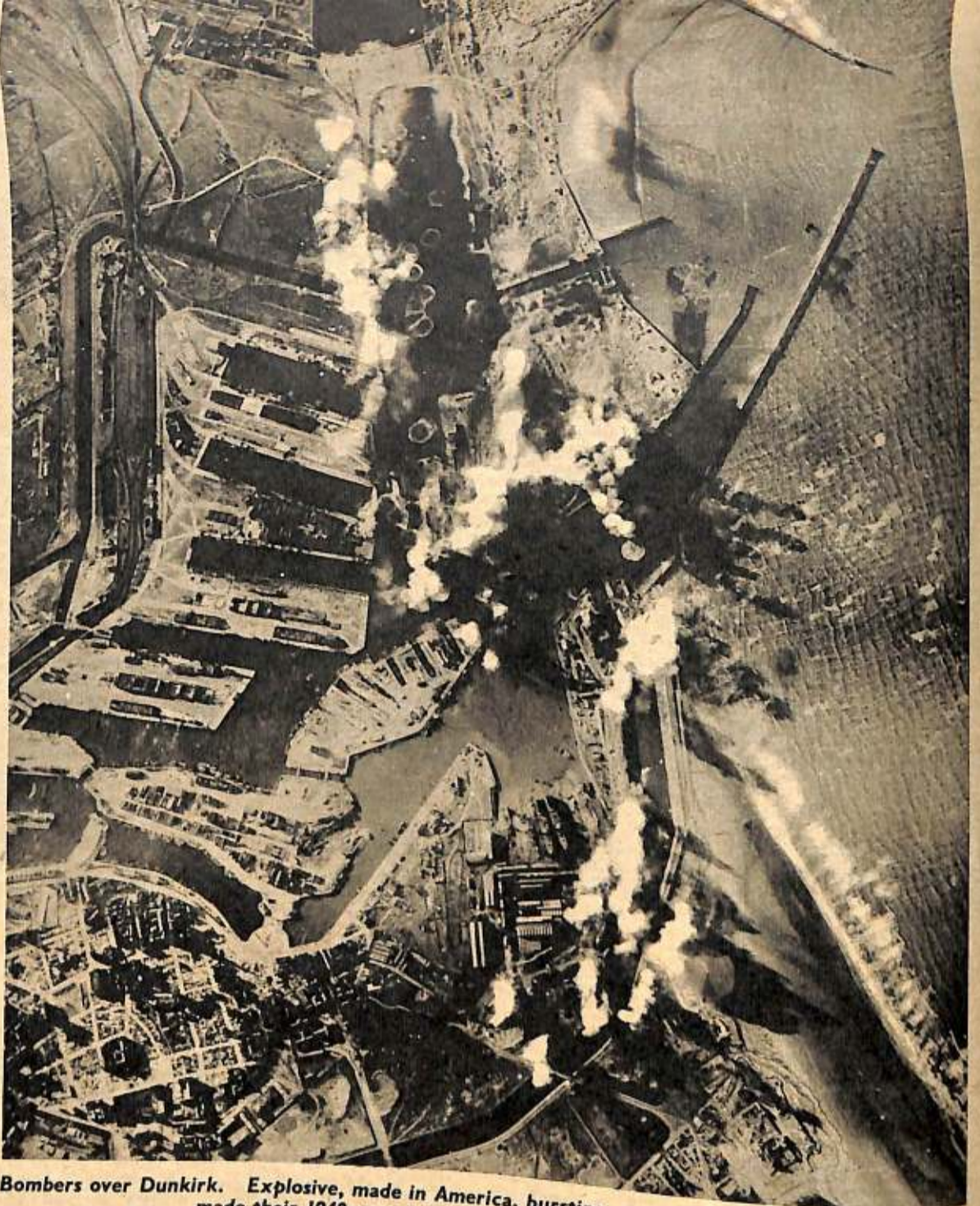
If men sing in the sky, going into battle, as they say men sing, it is the singing of a small boy who finds in passing a graveyard by night that the action of his lungs reduces the tingling in his spine and the awkward, involuntary tendency of his legs to break into a fast run and get out as fast as he can.

We did not sing. "Fighters at nine o'clock! Fighters at nine o'clock! Oh, you little bastards. . . ."

They are Fw 190s, and they are rubbed down and polished so they glitter in the sky, and they are hard to see. They come right at us. Hausman opens up. I look straight into their props; they come straight towards us. They then veer away, leave by lowering a wing and just sliding off and away from us, turning slowly up and over, exposing their slick Nazi bellies to the sky above, and then just floating off. There is no sensation of speed, strangely; I always had thought there would be a sensation of speed; but they just float away like feathers in a breeze.

We are coming over Lorient now, Lorient with its docks and quaysides and its sinister submarine pens. We come steadily, thundering relentlessly toward the target. The charge of the light brigade is no more impressive than the firm, sure run through blast-troubled skies of a bombing run. The city spreads out far below us through the nose. Santoro, the bombardier, squints through his sights. The windows are glazed with ice, and Santoro curses. He presses the button and the bombs go tumbling from the opened bomb bay doors, down through the clear blue skies, down through five solid miles of space, gathering velocity, becoming steadily smaller and smaller and finally falling out of sight. Then the brief eruption down below.

I look ahead. One B-17 slips out of the group, faltering and crippled, helpless. Its right wing,



Bombers over Dunkirk. Explosive, made in America, bursting among the docks where the British made their 1940 evacuation. Sgt. Scott saw a similar sight.

riveted with science and the delicate touch of experts, begins shredding off. Chunks of metal flutter through the sky, caught up sometimes in the propwash of oncoming planes. She loses speed, and then gains it. The right wing is breaking into bits. Then the parachutes, one by one, billowing out against the blue sky.

The flak is becoming hot and heavy, black deadly puffs of the stuff erupting all around the ship. Santoro rages back and forth in the restricted confines of the nose, cursing the men for not cleaning the windows. He curses the Germans. He hurls vile imprecations at the men. He curses the major in the leading plane for flying too high, for giving the wrong kind of evasive action. The Jerry fighters come in through the ripening fields of flak, and he curses them too. The red tracers stream past the ship. Two red balls of flame rise in front of the nose and disappear. Me canon blasts, somebody yells and we look through the frosted windows. The two Me 109s are coming in at 300 miles an hour. I grab my gun and let go. The sweat is pouring from my face. Once, the oxygen mask loosens and I stop to fix it to my face. Somebody is yelling through the intercom that the supercharger on the number three engine has blown. We have driven the Mes back, and now our problem is to stay in the protecting line of our formation or risk getting picked off by fighters.

We streak out across the Channel. The fighters don't follow. The sweat dries on our faces. It is cool and quiet now, and the sky is peaceful. We come down again, slowly, surely from our great height to 1,500 feet once more. At times, we can see water. It seemed very blue. The tension had been broken but we did not sing. Until we landed we still would not have established contact with that world we had left on take-off. Even when we made landfall once more, the sight of men's houses, and were nothing more than impersonal landscape, a painting that held nothing but objectivity. I am

afraid I did not look down in wonder and admiration and say:

"This is what must not be touched by the dirty business in the air. This is the one true reality—the houses, and the women in them, and the child-long struggle to keep them safe. Below you lies the life which you are fighting to preserve, the life through your efforts, see your returning. This is the world that is waiting for you just the other side of the airdrome, just beyond the sound of the sullen motors."

I am afraid it did not even occur to me, not out of callousness or a total lack of sentimentality, but merely because I had flown, not just so many hundreds of miles that day, but had flown into a completely different world, devoid of all reasoning except the primary will to live and of all logic except a purely instinctive reaction to pull the trigger at the right time.

What I did feel was a sudden physical release from strain, but more acutely a deep affinity to every man on this ship, my fellow prisoners. The swearing and the violence in the sky had only brought ten men closer together in eight hours than world, such being the inevitable bonds between men who have suffered fear together and fought against it. This is perhaps the strongest of all ties among men; but that affinity now was only of the confines of our ship; for the moment, it did not extend to those outside the circle of those experiences we had just lived through.

We had been to a battlefield, not of this earth and not of the men in it. There is a chasm greater than 25,000 feet of bright blue altitude between those two worlds.

It is a hard and terrible transition to come back, I hope we all make it . . . after so much sweating and swearing and swallowing our hearts.



THE other night we had all of a half-hour off duty, so a friend of ours took us into a club, one that serves b-r and wh-sky and g-n. We were having a quiet b-r in a shady nook when what should we spot but an Air Force shavetail, wearing what struck us as a very peculiar blouse. It was a single-breasted affair, of the type cultivated by trumpet players in third-rate bands, having only one button.

We have kicked around with the Air Force enough to know that fly-boys are just a bit eccentric in their dress, but this one was a shocker. We gulped down the rest of our b-r and trotted over to the shavetail. "Parm us, sir," we said, "but that's a mighty fine hunk of cloth draped around your torso. Whence cometh it, pray, before we turn you over to the Gestapo for being out of uniform?"

The shornstern smiled a winsome smile. The blouse, he explained, was really a mess jacket—sort of a formal thing, you know—and as far as he knew it was the only one in this theater and when he came over here he wasn't sure that he would be allowed to wear it, but he asked his commanding general and his commanding general said that he didn't care if shavetails ran around barenaked and so evidently it was all right to wear mess jackets in this theatre.

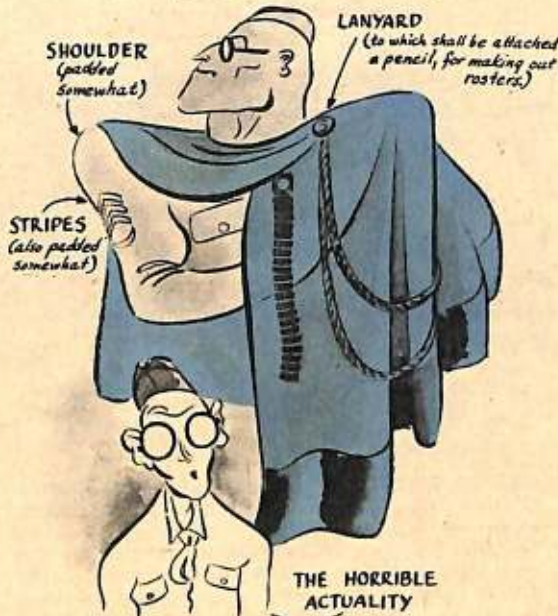
We walked back to our shady nook, musing like mad. It may be O.K. with a commanding general for mess jackets to be worn, but it definitely ain't O.K. with us. Definitely not. What the hell kind of a Army is this, anyways, as Artie Greengroin would say (and will say, when we tell him). We can't even wear a muffler without an overcoat, but second lieutenants can run around in anything except the crown jewels of England.

Stung to the quick, we came back to the office, took our ole artist by the scruff of the neck, and told him to whip up a couple of ideas for formal

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

WE are in receipt of a memo from London Base Command which says that the word "jeep" will no longer be used in official correspondence to describe a jeep. The reason for the order seems to be that people requesting a

PROPOSED COSTUME FOR COMPANY CLERKS (Every Man a Clerk Kent)



quarter-ton 4 by 4 truck (called a "jeep") were receiving a three-quarter-ton 4 by 4 truck (called a "jeep"), a discrepancy in weight that annoyed them no end. According to the order, "jeep" may mean one thing to a man in the field and quite another to the agency filling the request. The danger of this is evident.

We don't know about the danger, but we can see that this order means the end of an era of wonderful nonsense, when a jeep meant a soldier, a command car, a mythical beast out of Popeye and, incidentally, a jeep. We suppose the little combat car has a technical name and number, as everything else in this best of all possible armies, but we have today made a vow that we will never learn it. You will never hear us say "We rode into town in a Td/M 32-A-4638D (Willys, 1942)." Not us. We're going to go right on saying, "We rode into town in a jeep." And if someone should ask us whether it was the quarter-ton or three-quarter-ton model, we shall simply answer, as coldly as possible, that we are not in the habit of weighing our conveyances, thank you, any more than we are our words.

RECENTLY we have run into a couple of jobs that we would like to have. Of course, we'd still like to be the commanding general, for a couple of days at least, but until we reach that exalted station, either of these will do very well.

The first is that of courier. It's really a beautiful job. All you have to do is hop back and forth across the Atlantic with diplomatic pouches, travelling as a civilian, in honest-to-God civilian clothes. We ran into one of these couriers in Bermuda a couple of months ago. He was a staff sergeant, and a very contented staff sergeant at that. We are a staff sergeant, but we are not contented.

The other job is one that civilians have, but they're civilians in uniform. The only catch is that they're technicians, and as we were not a technical civilian, in any sense of the word, we wouldn't have had the chance of a Hellball in snow of ever slipping into that niche, even if the Army hadn't caught up with us in the first flower of our youth.

We saw a couple of these technicians at a small station on one of the coasts not so long ago. One was wearing an RAF uniform, with CTC (for Civilian Technical Corps) on his shoulder. Under the CTC he was wearing USA (for USA) and below that three bars enclosed in a wreath, which meant that he was a Foreman of Trade, the

second of five ranks in the Corps. The others are Principal of Foreman, who pulls down nine quid a week and has four bars, Charge Hand (seven quid, two bars), Senior Craftsman (six pounds ten, one bar), and Craftsman, who has a very small salary (six quid) and no bars at all, no bars at all. A Foreman of Trade knocks down eight quid a week.

These civilian technicians like their work. They have no expenses, except a small charge for the sergeant's mess. They're not regimented. Another CTC man we ran into was in Air Force uniform, though he worked for the Navy, as an electrician on their launches. He was an apprentice in a shipyard before he came here, and when the shipyard found that he was casting sheep's eyes toward England they offered him more dough, but he came anyway. He's glad he did. He's gotten married since he came here, his wife works in a Navy yard nearby, and he's allowed expense money to live off the post.

That's more than you can say for first sergeants in this neck of the woods.

We have a friend who can't seem to keep away from the Red Cross Clubs. Whenever we say to him, "Come on, let's pop into a pub and lift a lager," he always excuses himself and runs off to some club or other. He says he gets stories there.

We don't know, though. He told us a couple of the stories the other day, and we're just a little skeptical. One of the stories (and this guy swears it's true) is about the guy who went into the Red Cross Club and asked a hostess where he could get some V-mail forms. The hostess blushed a blush. "Some what?" she said. "Some V-mail forms, dammit," the Joe said. "Oh," said the hostess, sighing a sigh, "I thought you said female forms." Maybe he did, for all we know; hell hath no fury like a guy on furlough.

The other story, hot from the doughnut counter, is about a Joe Sad who came running up to a Clubmobile, clutching a record. "Please," he said, "will you play this for me. It's just come from the States, and there isn't a phonograph in camp." The Clubmobile bases said sure, they'd play it for him. They took the record, put it on the turntable, and broadcast it all over the camp on the Clubmobile's amplifying system. This poor Joe nearly fainted. Seems that the record was from his girl back home, brimming over with passion and pretty phrases. Every one in his outfit heard it, and they say that his life in barracks has lately become a thing of horror. We are glad we are not that Joe Sad and we are glad we do not use V-mail forms, and we are glad we don't run around to Red Cross Clubs and hear stories.

LAND ARMY COSTUME (For those who know the farmer's daughter)



FORMAL ATTIRE FOR PFCs



dress for enlisted men. After all, we're fighting this war, too, but during the times we ain't fighting the war we want to look just as nice as the next man, even if he's a shavetail.

These ideas for formal attire may look a little strange to you right now, but you ought to be wearing them soon. We are recommending them for adoption this afternoon, in writing, through very deep channels, and by God, we're going to get them accepted. We've got connections in Washington, see?

Meet you in front of Molyneux's at 2 o'clock, dearie.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

When You Get the Yen to Trade, Pal, Obey These 10 Commandments

CENTRAL AFRICA — Johnny Doughboy is the world's most persistent collector of souvenirs.

By the time he comes marching home, he will have the damndest collection you ever saw of ivory carvings, rings, skins and, from what we hear from 'way down under—women.

To fit him for this energetic pastime, he has had the equivalent of 13 weeks basic training.

Before he was AIA'd this was enough. But now that his position in life has changed, he needs a little advanced training in the art of trading.

The following rules of procedure are recommended by those who have already run afoul of local manners and customs. In case you're of a trading disposition, read them and heed:

- 1) Walk up to the trader in a nonchalant manner.
- 2) Greet him in his native lingo if possible. This goes over big.
- 3) Look over his wares. Don't appear too anxious when you see that necklacé or other item you like.
- 4) Ask him how much.
- 5) You will notice that immediately his face will cloud over with a very pathetic look. Brother, don't be fooled. This is darned good acting. Hollywood would sign him up in a minute. He names his price.
- 6) Now it's your turn to utter a loud howl of disapproval. The louder the better. Throw up your arms. "Too much." "No good." "Nuts." It's your turn to act now and, boy, go to town.
- 7) Turn away disinterested. But don't worry; you haven't lost that beautiful necklacé you want to get for your Betty back home. Not yet, by a long shot.
- 8) See what we told you? Here comes the trader running after you. He loves you like a brother. He wants to start all over again. Another price? No, not so good. At this stage of the game, the bickering really gets down to business.



BRAINY SOLDIER. Nineteen-year-old Pvt. Preston G. Redd (left), still somewhat dazzled by the results of his entrance examination at Fort Knox's Armored Force Replacement Training Center, tells all about it to Brig. Gen. Henry C. Newton, plans and training officer at the center. Every classification record of the training school tumbled when Preston scored 159 out of a possible 160 points in general intelligence, 141 in mechanical aptitude, 126 in radio aptitude, and 165 in clerical aptitude. Private Redd was a premedical student at the University of Southern California, prior to induction.

The price goes back and forth. You gain a coin, you lose one. You think this fellow is good? He ought to be back on South Maxwell Street in Chicago.

9) Look over the article again. Point out all the defects you can find or make up. This tends to break down any affection the guy might have had for his masterpiece. If you speak his lingo spring a joke on him. He loves to laugh.

10) Now, if you have followed the foregoing rules, you are ready to make a killing. The last price is given and you accept. The trader puts out his greatest effort to make you relent. You don't. He tells you you are ruining him. You stand fast. You are a hard man.

So you win. You have bested the trader in this little game of skill. Your chest inflates a little. Betty will be happy. She'll get her necklacé, and maybe even throw over that guy she's running around with back in the States. You grin as you walk away. Boy, did I make a killing! I got it for a third of what he asked me.

Yeah—you made a killing. Behind your back, the trader is grinning, too. He is fingering his new coins. He is eight something or other ahead on the deal. But what do you care?

All you got to do now is figure some way to get all that junk you collect back home. Maybe they should issue a third barracks bag, just for souvenirs.

—Pvt. KEN ABBOTT

YANK Field Correspondent

If Your Gal's Father Interferes, Don't Argue; Poke Him in the Eye

SOMEWHERE IN PUERTO RICO—At one of the large camps on this island, native soldiers in one of the crack Puerto Rican infantry outfits are telling each other about the local sugar farmer who objected to the attentions that their sergeant was paying to one of his daughters. It seems that the farmer called on the regimental chaplain and left word that if the sergeant didn't keep away from his house, he would be killed.

Naturally, the chaplain passed the warning along to the sergeant. The next day the chaplain received a frantic telephone call from the girl's father.

"Why did you tell that soldier what I said?" he moaned. "He came over here last night to see my daughter and blackened both my eyes."

—Sgt. JOE MCCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

G.I. JOE

by Sgt. Dave Breger

Base Censor
Sgt. Dave Breger
Britain

IS IT OKAY FOR THIS COLONEL TO WRITE THAT HIS REGIMENT'S GONNA OPEN UP THE 2ND FRONT THREE WEEKS FROM TOMORROW AT 4:15 A.M. 7½ MILES SOUTH OF CHERBOURG?

CHIEF CENSOR

WOW! WHEW!
ANOTHER LOVE LETTER FROM THAT 8TH AIR FORCE LIEUTENANT TO HIS GIRL!

WE ADMIRE YOUR ZEAL BUT YOU'LL FIND THE SCISSORS QUITE SUITABLE

A BIRTHDAY GIFT FOR YOU, SIR, FROM ALL OF US!
FAMOUS LETTERS IN HISTORY

WHO THE HELL KEEPS CENSORING MY MORNING PAPER?
FINEST VICTORY AREA

CHIEF CENSOR

THE MAJOR'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR. HE'S JUST SEEN LETTERS TO HIS WIFE FROM AN ARTILLERY STAFF SERGEANT.

MEN take on, at times, the attributes of animals or fish or fowl. Mussolini, for instance, who thinks himself as a lion, resembles the jackal; Churchill the bulldog. Last week a nation could be likened to a wolverine, an army commander to a bird in a cage, and a shark to ultimate justice. These resemblances took place on widely separated spaces of the earth, but they were all part of the war.

THE SHARK, alone, played himself.

There was a convoy of Japanese ships moving down through the Spice Islands, 22 of them, transports and warships, bringing needed reinforcements to New Guinea. On the transports were 15,000 men, at least a full division.

The convoy was ploughing slowly through the Huon Gulf. Lae was 75 miles away. Foul weather had been in the Jap's favor for days. Then, suddenly, the clouds broke, and with the clear skies the Allied planes came, Australian and American, Catalinas, Beaufighters, Havocs and Mitchells.

One after another the ships of the convoy went down. Transports broke in two, spewing men out into the cold blue water. Destroyers sank in two minutes.

The planes kept coming in, the bombs kept tumbling down. And at last there were no ships on the Huon Gulf. There was nothing but wreckage, and rafts and Japanese bodies. The convoy had been annihilated.

And then the sharks came. From the far corners of the Huon Gulf they came, hungry, swift, their great mouths gaping. Into those mouths went the little Japanese bodies. They were snapped up in the sea, they were dragged from their poor rafts. The Gulf ran with Japanese blood. At week's end the water held nothing but wreckage.

The worst convoy disaster of the war had happened, and no one could say what effect it would have on Pacific strategy. The Japanese at Lae, who had lost 3,000 men at Wau, were at last on a spot. There had been more on the convoy than reinforcements: there had been food and clothing and medical supplies and, most important of all, ammunition.

Japan at last was paying the price that armies without airfields must pay. It was a lesson she had learned on Guadalcanal, it was a bitter lesson that would soon be drilled into her brain as she began the long, arduous retreat through the Spice Islands.

THE CANARY IN THE CAGE had once been a fox, but he was a fox no longer. Erwin Rommel was beginning to beat futilely against the bars that restrained him. He had beaten his wings against the Americans in the west and he had gone through the Kasserine Pass and made his stab at Tebessa, but he had been hurled back, back through the Pass, back into the plain. The Americans, pressing ahead, took Sidi Bouzid, aimed for Gafsa and Faid Pass.

Rommel, desperate, looked to the southwest, to the Mareth Line, on the other side of which the British Eighth Army champed at the bit. With an audacity that approached folly, Rommel attacked the Eighth Army.

He attacked not once, but twice. In the biggest battle since El Alamein, he threw his panzers against the British positions before the Mareth Line. They were major attacks, and the ex-fox used all his strength.

The British held. As a matter of fact, they did more than hold. Old hands, schooled in all tricks that Rommel knew, they gave him a pretty mauling.

The first attack, to begin with, looked good. The



A WEEK OF WAR

Men are beasts: being a series of paradoxes based on various actions

The Russians get 'em and use 'em. American light tanks on the Caucasus front.

to Berlin and the rage of his Fuehrer might even now be warming up on some North African tarmac.

THE WOLVERINE had once, in the old days, been called the Bear-That-Walks-Like-a-Man. But the bear and the wolverine are two different beasts. The bear lumbers; the wolverine thrusts. The bear can have enough of a fight and can clump away to a thicket to fight some other day. The wolverine, on the other hand, never stops fighting; only death can stop its deadly heart.

The Russian nation had become a wolverine. Stopped in the south by an unusually early spring thaw, the Russians had struck on the Central Front, before Moscow.

This, of all the long German line, was the toughest place to crack. Here, between Smolensk and Moscow, the Nazis had laid down their strongest defences. Yet the Russians slammed against it. On a 500-mile front, running from Staraya Russa in the north to Orel in the south, they were cracking the German line.

They had to work fast. The thaw was moving up from the Ukraine, and any day might bring that first softening of the snows that would mean clogged roads and paralyzed transport. So the Russians worked fast. They began to indulge in what they called a "relentless pursuit." They were 45 miles from Vyasma, 75 from Smolensk; they were pulling the old pincers on Orel.

It was doubtful if the Russians could knock off Smolensk before the thaws came north, but there was a very good possibility that they would take Vyasma. They were trying, anyway; and lately, when the Russians have tried something, they have been successful.

As far as the Germans were concerned, whatever happened, it would never be the same in Russia. The Nazi armies were not broken, and the Great Retreat had not yet started, but there would be no more Great Advances, and no more dancing in the streets of Berlin.

Hitler once had had a timetable, but like millions of other commuters, he hadn't been able to understand the damned thing.

panzers pressed ahead. But the British waited, behind their guns. They gave Rommel just enough rope, and then they let him hang himself. When he fell back he left 21 tanks smoking and ruined on the battlefield.

The reports on the second attack were not complete, but it looked as though the same thing had happened. No figures were given out, but when the attack was over the British were where they had been before, and so was Erwin Rommel. There were, however, fewer German tanks than there had been.

The problem of armor was becoming serious for the Germans. They were thrashing about Tunisia, attacking and attacking again, hoping to hold the Allies until summer, and they were paying for it. They were making slight gains in the north at the price of heavy losses. They had tried in the west and failed, and there had been more losses. And now, in the southeast, the losses were heaviest of all. The Nazi armor was running thin. And out of Tunisia were coming reports that said, outright, that this was the beginning of the end. The Germans and the Italians had run their course; they had smashed against the Allied lines and had broken like waves on a shore. The time was coming when the British and the Americans and the French would begin to move in.

The plane that would carry Erwin Rommel back

FISH, FLESH AND FOWL



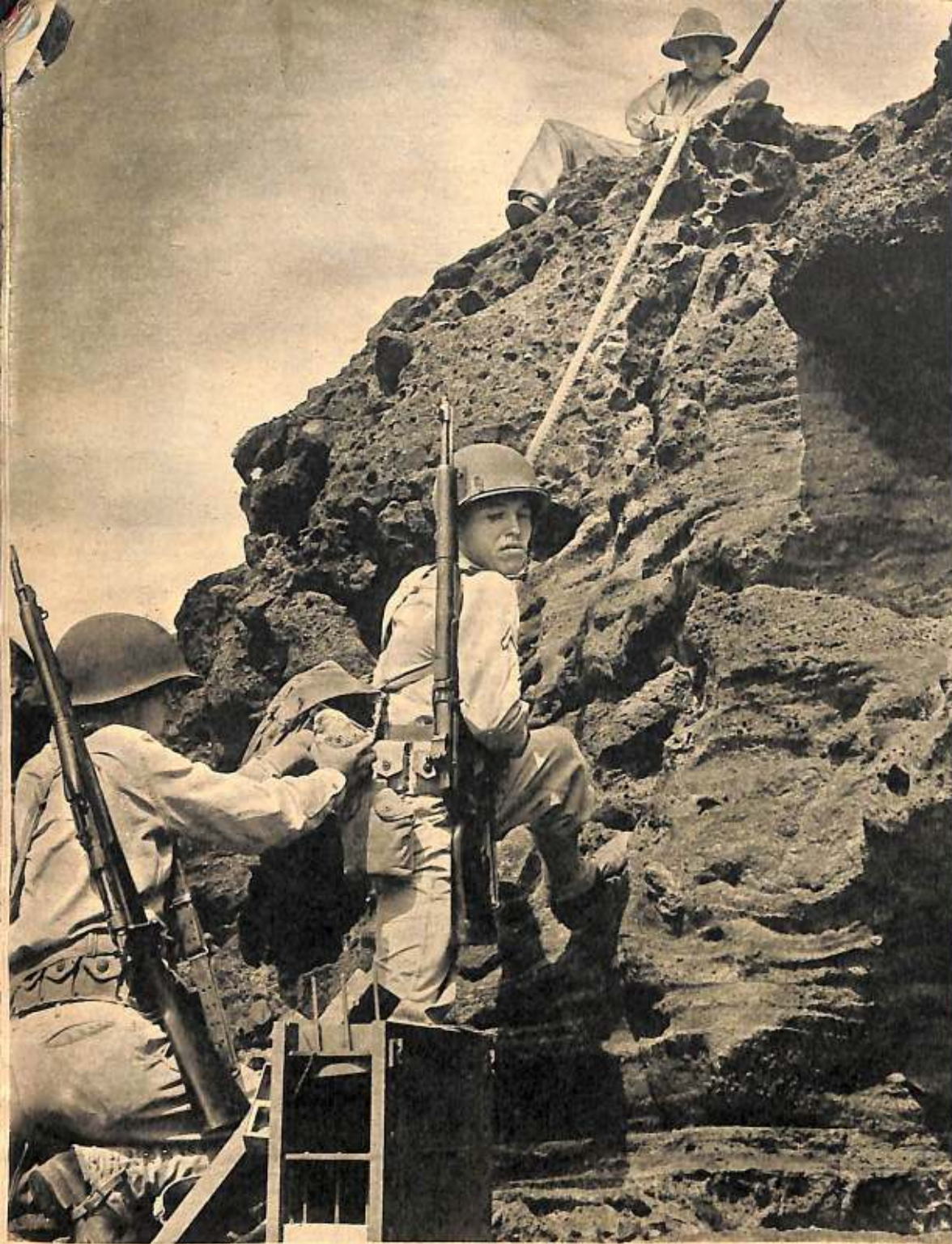
While Nemesis had dinner . . .



The little fox became . . .



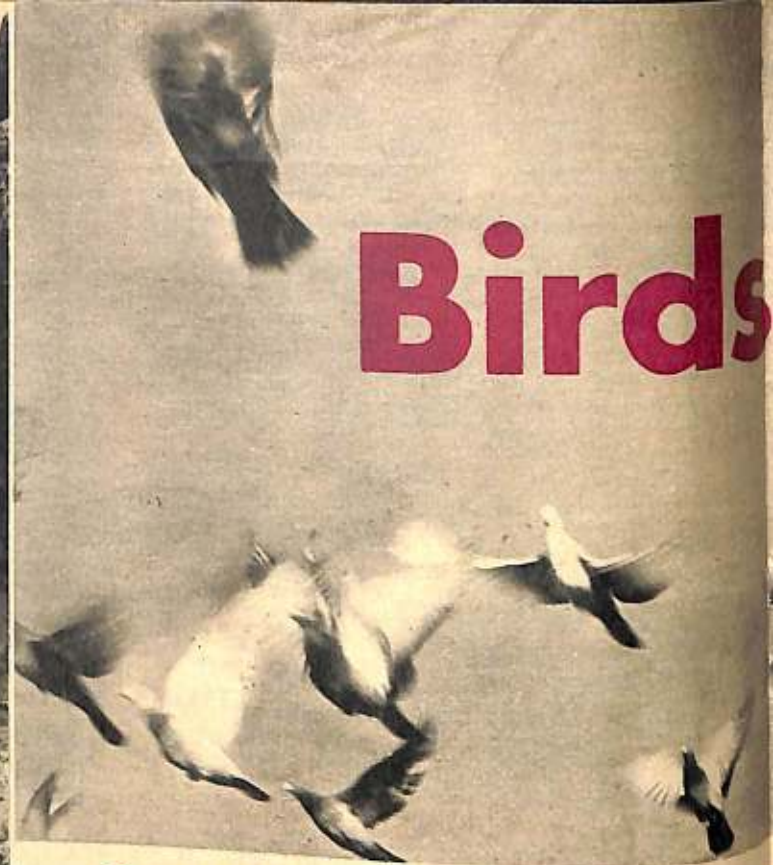
The bird in the armored cage.



MOUNTAINEER. The pigeon is taken out of its box and put into the pigeon pack on the back of Pfc. Thomas B. Austin, who is ready to be hauled up a mountain slope.

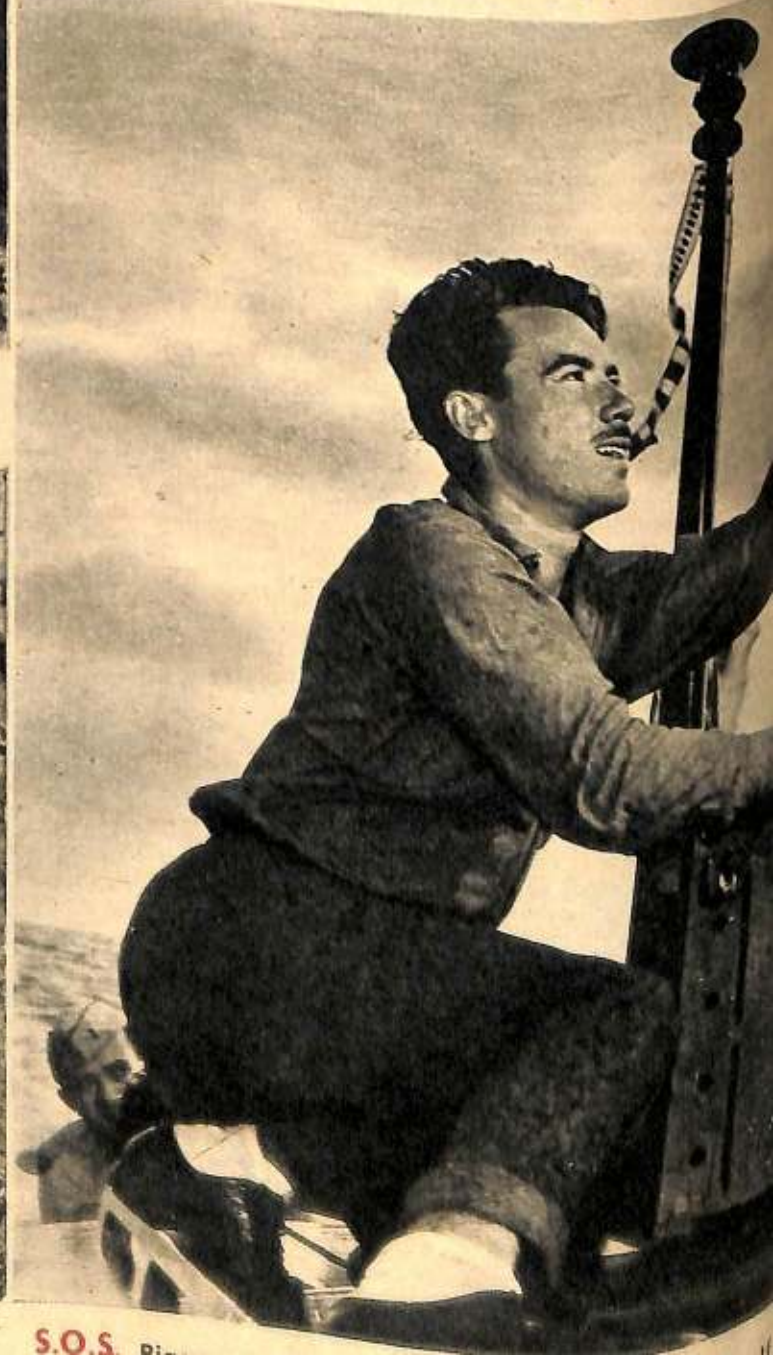


CARRIER. Six a war dog is an old hand with pigeons. He takes two of the birds



Birds

SOME of the best trained members of the Army are in the Hawaii Pigeon Section of the Signal Corps. They are staffed by men who have had years of experience in breeding the birds. They took over the job of fitting them work after their own three months of basic training. Usually when communications break down, or when there is a possibility of enemy interception, pigeons are trained to fly message to their home lofts, as well as to fly out to a given point with an answer. Of vital use in the first World War, when 98 per cent got through with their messages, pigeons have



S.O.S. Pi-

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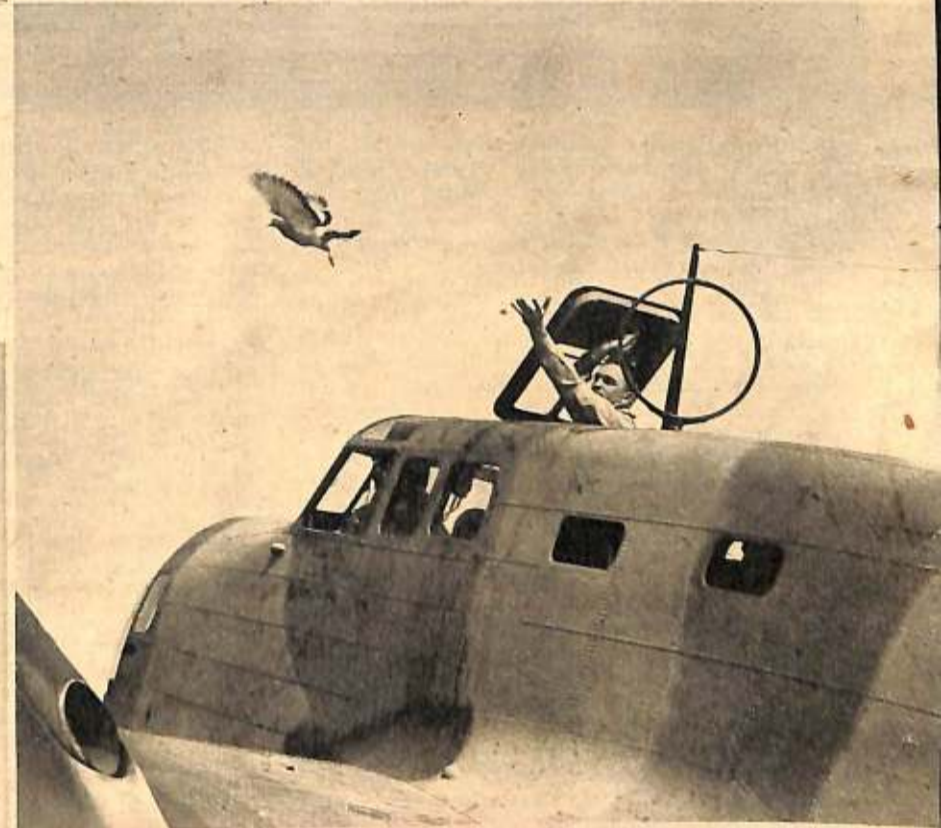
used in this war for espionage activity in the conquered countries of Europe. Bombing planes carry pigeons, and dozens of flyers owe their lives to distress messages sent out by that means. Pigeons trained in Hawaii are ready for active duty after two to three months, after which they are loaned to units throughout the islands. Soldiers in these units are then responsible for using the birds properly and caring for them. Pigeoneers, the original trainers, visit these units frequently to inspect the care of their birds. If the pigeons have been badly used they take them back, and a guilty outfit has difficulty getting new birds. They are worth the Army's best care.



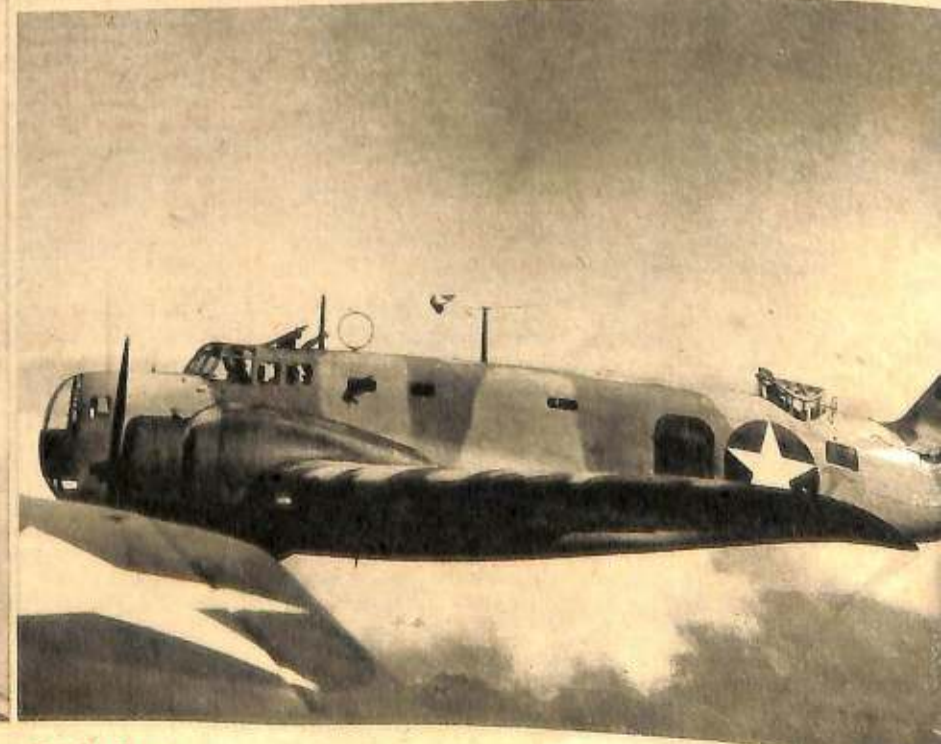
... the radio should fail on this Coast Guard boat a pigeon could be sent off with a
... reich and Enoth Osborn release a bird on a practice flight that should carry it home.



PREPARING. In a bomber 3,000 feet up, a message on onion skin paper is placed on capsule and attached to pigeon's leg. See below . . .



RELEASE. Lt. Herschel Chenoweth, commander of the Pigeoneers, tosses the bird from the bomber, which is on an observation flight.



FLIGHT. The pigeon, which can fly from 35 to 50 miles an hour, is on its way to get the message through to the right quarters.



Cpl. Billy Conn wants to fight Sgt. Joe Louis.



In New York, crew members from the French warship "Terrible" look into their phrase books.

News From Home

In America people are talking, getting pinched, getting married, etc. — the same old stuff.

A PEANUT vendor died last week and the whole nation was sorry. Steve Vasilakos was the famous little Greek who operated the peanut stand by the White House Corner the past 38 years. He was a friend of everyone; seven presidents knew him well enough to call him Steve.

He died on a Sunday, on the very day when he was to be hailed as the "Common People's Man of the Year." Although he was made famous by his White House peanut stand, Steve lately became recognized as the nation's Number One War Bond Salesman. Last fall he offered a free bag of hot peanuts to every person buying a bond from him. People came by the dozens and Steve hired a secretary to assist him with his new job, becoming the first peanut vendor in the world to have a secretary.

Vasilakos came to America a poor man and died the same way "because of his goodness." Whatever he earned he shared with others less fortunate.

Everybody in New York was asking, "Where's Butch?" this week. The squat, picturesque mayor vanished early one morning and no one has heard from him since. One story is that Mayor La Guardia may become a brigadier general and be sent to North Africa as an administrator over occupied territory. For a long time he has been complaining to Roosevelt because his only war job is that of broadcasting anti-Fascist talks to Italians. He wanted to pilot a bomber. "No, you're too old and fat," the President reportedly said.

Before disappearing, La Guardia put in his two cents' worth as to what should be done with food racketeers. The Black Market is daily gaining a stronger foothold throughout the nation. The situation in New York is "horrible" and "maybe capital punishment ought to be held in the offing for convicted racketeers," La Guardia said.

One method of counteracting the Black Market has been the establishment of meat price control. Retailers are required to post prices, and housewives may sue for \$50 if overcharged.

G-Men are investigating a theory that Fifth Columnists are inspiring a clothes-buying orgy back home. The probe was asked by the Office of Price Administration. Clothing stores in New York, Washington, San Francisco, Dallas, Cleveland and Detroit are experiencing sharp sales hikes. Government agencies said that if panic buying continues some sort of rationing may have to be instituted in the clothing field.

At Pawtucket, R.I., Miss Bridget McGovern fractured her hip when she fell while standing in a queue for butter. She wouldn't leave the store until the purchase was made.

Rep. W. P. Lamberson (R., Kans.) criticized the war record of the President's sons. He said that Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and his wife were "doing the night clubs in New York." This aroused the ire of Elliot Roosevelt, a lieutenant colonel in the Army

Air Force, who has seen much action on the North African front. Col. Roosevelt wrote to another Congressman, Fritz G. Lanham (D., Tex.), "For God's sake, let us fight without being stabbed in the back for the sake of politics. I don't care whether a man's a Republican or a Democrat. Let's get this damned war won," Elliot declared.

Rep. Lanham read the letter in the House of Representatives.



Erich von Stroheim is playing Erwin Rommel.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox said this week that before the end of 1945 America would have a five-ocean Navy. By that time our fleet will be four times stronger than it was when Hitler invaded Poland in 1939, he said. He also stated that Navy construction activities cover 225 different localities — from the United States to Britain, the West Indies, the Caribbean, Hawaii, Alaska and islands of the Far Pacific.

Naval strength now totals 1,286,000 men and will be increased to 1,608,000 by next June, Knox announced, adding that the total strength must be raised to 2,250,000 men to ensure casualty replacements. He said we can expect at least a 10 per cent casualty list in the Navy. Meanwhile, Rear-Admiral Randall Jacobs, chief of Navy Personnel, said that to date less than 10 per cent of the Navy's strength has been used in "any fight."

The U.S. Supreme Court set aside the conviction of George Sylvester Viereck, on charges of doing propaganda work for the Nazis in this war "without registering as a foreign agent." In a five to two decision, the court criticized Federal Prosecutor William P. Maloney for "unduly prejudicing" the jury and insisted that even a wartime government protect citizens' rights. Viereck was sentenced to between two and four years by the Washington Federal Court last March.

Lend-Lease Administrator Edward R. Stettinius released some interesting figures on the Army's cost

in Britain. He told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that it is costing the Government less than \$25,000 a month for maintaining the Yanks here, all because of lend-lease in reverse.

"In the last war some \$2,500,000,000 was expended in a year and a half by the United States Army in France and Great Britain," he said. "In this war the total dollar purchases of our Army in Great Britain from July 1 to Dec. 31, 1942, amounted to less than \$1,000,000 and they are declining month by month."

The War Labor Board boosted the wages of 30,000 Boeing Aircraft workers at Seattle and 11,000 other aircraft workers in eight Southern California plants, thus quelling walkout threats. In Congress, Rep. Robert Ramspeck (D., Ga.) predicted the House Labor Committee would order a general probe of the nation's labor situation.

In the Senate, Senator Harry F. Byrd (D., Va.) introduced a "work or fight" bill. It would authorize draft boards to order strikers to return to work or face immediate induction. George N. Taylor, vice-chairman of the War Labor Board, gave a brighter picture on the nation's labor situation. Loss of time in war plants, due to strikes, during 1942 amounted to only six one-hundredths of one per cent, Taylor said.

Speaking off the record, he said: "The War Labor Board could not have asked for a finer support from the trade union leaders of this country in fulfilling every obligation of theirs under the 'no strike' agreement." He added that at no time has the Labor Board failed to get "unqualified and full support" from the national union leaders.



The supreme court set aside Viereck's conviction.

In Denver, Colo., a man was arrested by Federal agents and charged with defacement of currency. The man, Kenneth Stewart, was found eating money in his home. He had eaten \$11 by the time the cops nabbed him and was preparing to wash it down with \$75 in war bonds. "The cost of living has jumped so high, a person might as well eat money directly," Stewart declared.

Sen. William Langer (R., N.D.) proposed in a bill that the Army base pay be increased from \$50 to \$100 a month. First graders under the bill would receive \$188. No backers were found.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek continued to charm people back home. In New York she addressed thousands of spellbound people at dozens of meetings. She left for a nation-wide speaking tour with a proposal that the U. S. send an expeditionary force to China as a token of interest in the Chinese struggle. Even a small Yank force would prove to the Chinese that America meant business, Mme. Chiang declared.

Two Hollywood engagements were announced this week. Wendy Barrie was quoted by a Las Vegas, Nev., newspaper as saying she was engaged to Ben (Bugsie) Siegel, linked with the notorious Murder, Inc., case. Freddie Bartholomew, the British-born actor who is now a buck private in the Army Air Force, announced his engagement to Rita Quigley, actress.

Billy Conn, now an Army corporal, is still trying to get a match with Sgt. Joe Louis. Conn says he's willing to fight the champ for nothing, with the proceeds going to the Army Emergency Fund. He was scheduled to meet Louis in the ring last autumn but the War Department cancelled the fight because it was "not in the interests of the Army."

The House rejected the Republican-backed plan to set up an Aviation Committee to plan post-war American aviation. The vote was 256 to 142. The resolution was based on Rep. Clare Booth Luce's (R., Conn.) "Globaloney" speech. It died without fanfare, with 50 Republicans joining Democrats to kill it.

A "health bomb" which exterminates disease-carrying insects has been turned out of the research laboratories of the Westinghouse Electric Co. at Springfield, Mass. It is designed for fighting men in the tropics and is harmless to humans, but sure death to disease spreading insects. The "bomb" emits vapors when discharged.

The problem of post-war rehabilitation and present relief is under discussion at Washington. Herbert Lehman, former governor of New York, now director of the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation, is being mentioned as the possible head of a United Nations Relief Council.

Food is the nation's "number one problem for 1943," former President Herbert Hoover said in Chicago. He said America has been cut off by the Japs and Axis submarines from our normal supply of food imports. "Our larder is thus depleted," Hoover said. "We must supply Britain and Russia, and extra food is required for our armed forces if we are to win this war."



He wants to be a Brigadier General; Mayor La Guardia, surrounded by what are definitely not aldermen, or even lieutenants, for that matter.

A judge at Hartford, Conn., ruled it's not sufficient grounds for annulment if a husband concealed a glass eye or false teeth until after he married. The same goes for the gal with beautiful blonde curls that turn out to be a wig. In Washington, it was finally decided by the OPA that laundries may require a deposit on diapers. Deductions are permitted when diapers are not returned, but no deduction is allowed "for reasonable wear and tear."

Negroes comprise a very sizeable group in the Army, War Department figures disclosed this week. More than 450,000 Negroes are in the Army now, including 60,000 serving overseas. It's estimated that 70,000 Negroes are in the infantry and 40,000 in field and coast artillery units. More than 2,000 Negroes are officers and many more are being turned out of officers candidate's schools.

It's a helluva dreary existence being a buck private, Jakie Webb, great-great-grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, decided. He left Fort McDowell, Calif., one day and headed for Reno. There he bought an Air Force captain's uniform and set up headquarters in an hotel room full of beautiful babes. Army cops caught up with him and confined him to an Army Air Base hospital in Reno. Jakie escaped and when apprehended for the second time, he explained, "I think I had amnesia."



Wendy Barrie said she'd be Bugsie Siegel's bride.



For a father of a couple of hard-scuffling kids, this shoe-rationing business means plenty of trouble.



Steve Vasilakos, the White House's peanut vendor, died on the day he was to be honored as the "Common People's Man."

ALABAMA

ALABAMA HAS MET double its quota of physicians for the armed services, won't have a quota this year, State Medical Officer B. F. Austin announced. More than 2,500 persons were to be enrolled in training classes for Birmingham. Federal officials approved a \$7,500 improvement project at Birmingham municipal airport. Birmingham's traffic rules will be revised to conserve tires and gasoline. Alabama oversubscribed its \$589,000 USO quota \$161,000

ARIZONA

ORDERS FREEZING 55,000 Arizona war workers in their jobs forbade employees to quit or employers to fire them except with War Manpower Commission approval. Phoenix cracked down on drunken driving. Authorities revealed 40,000 persons have come to the Phoenix area since the war began. Twenty-seven Negro soldiers were tried by court martial at Phoenix for participation in a street riot. Mrs. Kathryn Duffy Williams, wife of Dr. Henry G. Williams, was killed in an auto accident at Phoenix.

ARKANSAS

FOUR LEVY POLICEMEN were indicted in Pulaski County for alleged brutality and mistreatment of prisoners. The University of Arkansas Medical School was said to be slated for Army supervision. A Legionnaire of Arkansas raised \$700,000 bomber. The legislature banned sales of wine on Sunday, cut cities and counties in on sales tax revenue, and considered a bill to increase teachers' salaries from an average of \$584 to \$706 a year. The Mamelle Ordnance Works was awarded the Army-Navy "E."

CALIFORNIA

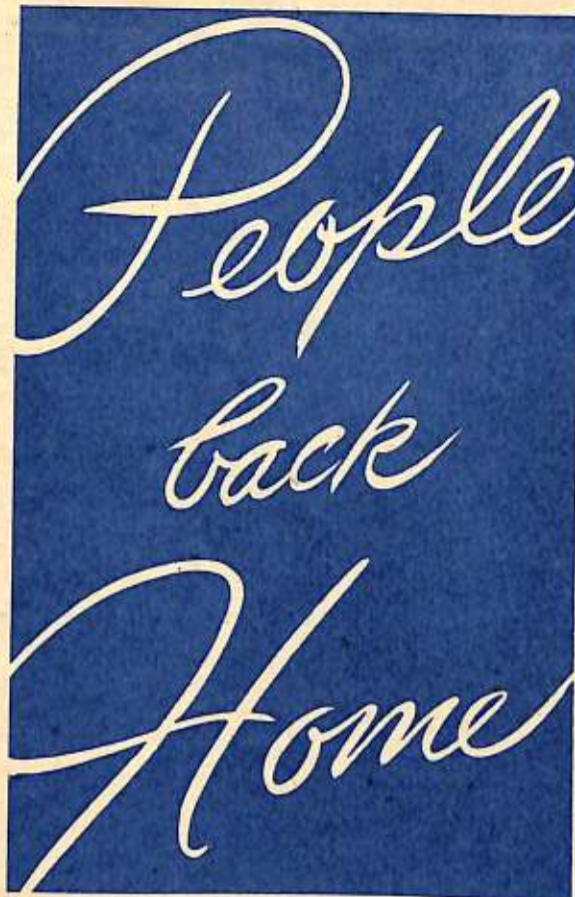
DR. LYNN WHITE, JR., became president of Mills College, succeeding Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt. A monkey in the San Francisco zoo tried to become dictator; fellow monkeys ganged up on him and tossed him in a moat. San Francisco traffic experts will use Van Ness Avenue in experiments to eliminate traffic bottlenecks. Mrs. Edith White Lane, arrested in Oakland on a charge of drunkenness, admitted she'd been wanted since 1931 for murder in Washington, D. C. At San Diego, something went wrong with a bakery mixer; the dough began to rise, pushed out a wall and went into a street, blocking traffic.

FLORIDA

THE THIRD ANNUAL SOUTHEASTERN FAT STOCK SHOW was held at Ocala. The Shipworkers' Trade and Labor union, independent, defeated the CIO union for representation of Miami Shipbuilding Corp. workers. Five more Miami hotels were taken over by the Navy; 1,000 evicted guests, many forced out of other hotels, prepared to move again. Dade County's bean and tomato crops suffered \$4,000,000 damage in an unprecedented freeze and damage was widespread throughout the state. The Danceteria in Miami was raided again; nine employees were arrested, charged with disorderly conduct. Florida traffic deaths dropped from 70 in January 1942 to 38 in January 1943.

INDIANA

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING and two dormitories burned at Evansville Hospital, causing a loss of \$2,000,000; 1,200 patients were evacuated, one woman was killed and another is missing. A night clerk and guests at the Riley hotel in Indianapolis were stick-up victims. Fire damaged the Greencastle Daily



"Banner" plant. The body of 9-year-old Henry Metz, Jr. was recovered from the canal in Indianapolis. The Rev. Camillus Lutkemeier left the faculty of St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, to become head chaplain at St. Rose Convent, LaCrosse, Wis. Charles A. Wood was chosen as mayor of Delphi to succeed C. Clay Pearson, resigned. Will R. Puckett, 64, was convicted at Lafayette of the murder of his "mail order" wife.

IOWA

THE LEGISLATURE cut 1943 and 1944 income tax payments in half and killed a local option liquor bill. Alonza Good, stereotyper, and his wife were charged at Sioux City with counterfeiting. William A. Broquist, Des Moines, was named president of the Iowa Retail Hardware Association. The State Liquor Control Commission blamed hoarders for the liquor shortage, promised adequate supplies. Iowa colleges have lost 1,200 students and 128 faculty members to the war effort; 12 colleges have turned over parts of their campuses for war training.

KANSAS

THE BEECH AIRCRAFT CO. at Wichita and the AFL Machinists' Union agreed on a new pay scale. Walter Ray-Severns and his wife were charged at Wichita with the murder of Severns' 8-year-old niece, Inez Viola Burling; mob violence was threatened. The legislature killed a bill to end Kansas income tax and whittled down authority of the state social welfare board. J. K. Dirks was named president of the Wichita City Teachers' Association. Clayde Carpenter, 18, was killed in a rock slide at Sedan. Gov. Schoepel appointed Sallie O. Athearn of Winfield probate judge of Cowley County. The independent Gasoline Distributors' Associa-

tion elected George Betz president at Wichita. Carl Brown, editor of the Atchison "Globe," died.

LOUISIANA

FIRE CAUSED \$50,000 DAMAGE to the old Citizens Bank and Trust Co. building at New Orleans. Tulane graduated 80 seniors and Loyola 105; most will enter the armed Services. Mayor Maestri of New Orleans ordered speedier trials for prostitutes. At Baton Rouge, State Senator D. Y. Smith of Sterlington was named director of the State Highway Department. Louisiana's first State Guard company was organized. Muskrat pelts rose in price to \$1.33 2/3. The population of Lake Charles has increased 50 per cent in two years. In New Orleans, Waldo Angelo threw a pan of hot grease in Albert Lott's face when Lott called Angelo a Jap. Twenty farmers' cooperatives organized a state council at Baton Rouge.

MAINE

THE MAINE PUBLIC UTILITIES COMMISSION ordered all Aroostook County stores closed on Wednesdays to conserve electric energy after low streams caused a power shortage. Seven persons died when fire swept a house used as a home for state wards at Augusta. Maine shipped potatoes to the Pacific Coast for the first time. At August, 500 women enlisted for an eight-week course in airplane mechanics to be given at Eastport.

MICHIGAN

MICHIGAN REMAINED part eastern war time, part central war time, after many communities declined to turn clocks back an hour. The First National Bank at Mt. Clemens canceled a \$13.75 debt of a soldier in the Southwest Pacific, who'd written he was too busy killing Japs to pay. Seven persons were injured at Detroit when a gas-tank truck exploded in a Lincoln Park garage.

MISSISSIPPI

NINETEEN LONG-TERM CONVICTS escaped from Parchman Prison; three were caught. Thomas L. Bailey, ex-Gov. "Mike" Conner and Lester Franklin are candidates for governor. Jimmy Thompson, state excise officer frequently arrested on post-electrocution Agriculture Department granted growers in Covington, raise watermelons. Sale of wine and beer was prohibited in Long Beach. Luther Lee Cooper was electrocuted at Magnolia for killing his wife.

MONTANA

WAAC RECRUITING OFFICERS mailed literature to every person in the Butte city directory and caused many a red male face. The Owl Tire and Sales Co. in Butte sued the OPA and local officials for \$200,000 after being charged with tire sale irregularities. A bill to legalize gambling was killed by the legislature.

NEVADA

THE RENO BUS LINES asked a 1-cent fare increase. Employees of Reno's street, sewer and park departments asked civil service protection and pay increases. Fire destroyed the Reno race track clubhouse and the adjoining Meadows, once famous night club, later a rooming house, was razed by fire. The Ely County board of agriculture protested importation of Japanese labor. Snow and water conditions in the Sierras promised an ample water supply for the Reno area.

Hollywood Greer Garson will play the part of Madame Curie, the co-discoverer of radium, in the MGM version of Eve Curie's book about her mother's career. . . . Eric Von Stroheim, who has played ramrod-necked Prussian officers in so many pictures that his jugular vein looks like a poker, will be given a chance to giraffe himself to death as Marshal Rommel in "Five Graves to Cairo." . . . The talent scouts are on the prowl again out here. Those Warner Brothers—Tom, Dick, and the fun-loving Jack—have dispatched one of their ace reconnaissance men on a tour of eight West Coast universities to skim the cream off the crop of co-eds. And MGM, short on love affairs for Andy Hardy, is seeking to replenish the supply by sending scout Jack Mahler into the easternmost reaches of Canada where grow the prettiest pickings. . . . The big studios are battling each other with blood in their eyes for rights to film the



Greer Garson

life of Jimmy Doolittle. Latest Hollywood split-up: Judy Garland and David Rose; he's now in the Army. . . . Charlie Chaplin proposes re-issuing "The Kid," with sound added. . . . Rita Hayworth is in an argument with her studio; she objected to the role she was to play in "My Client Curly" and Columbia suspended her. . . . Gross receipts rate "Shores of Tripoli" the most popular film of the year in Army camps, with "Son of Fury" and "Sergeant York" next. . . . And things we hoped we'd never see: Gary Cooper is to sing "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" in his next picture. . . . Jack Holt goes to the Quartermaster Corps at Fort Reno, Okla., as a



Joan Bennett

captain. Cpl. William Halop of Camp Woods, N.Y. used to be Billy Halop of the Dead End Kids. And two big fellows, Broderick Crawford and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, are wearing G.I. shoes at the Atlantic City, N.J. Army Air Basic Training Center. . . . Joan Bennett is writing a book called "How to Keep Attractive."

Broadway Model agencies report a surplus of pulchritudinous feminine talent and a shortage of good-looking men. . . . Patty Garfield, the shapely Conover model, who once started a street fight by kicking a cop is kicking about her husband now. Seeking an annulment of her marriage to Fred C. Jacoby Jr., she told the judge that she wanted tots, but all Jacoby wanted was hot toddies. . . . Tommy Manville lost his sixth spouse, cuddly Billy Bose, in Reno. But now they are back together. The fact that Billie didn't want alimony "floored me."



Judy Garland

captain. Cpl. William Halop of Camp Woods, N.Y. used to be Billy Halop of the Dead End Kids. And two big fellows, Broderick Crawford and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, are wearing G.I. shoes at the Atlantic City, N.J. Army Air Basic Training Center. . . . Joan Bennett is writing a book called "How to Keep Attractive."



Esther Williams

You've seen pictures of this girl before, probably as a swimming champion. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw her, too, and now she's an ex-swimming champ and a movie starlet. She made her debut in "Andy Hardy's Double Life."



WINCHESTER, Ky.

Soldiers overseas are always asking if their home town has changed since they've been away. So YANK decided to visit typical home towns all over the U. S. and publish this series of stories about the way they have been affected by the war. Here is the first story. Others will appear on this page in future issues. Watch for your town.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

WINCHESTER, KY.—A town is like a human being. You can seriously maim it by amputating 800 of its young men. You can cut off and reduce the vital fuels that gave it life. But the heart of the town keeps beating.

Here in Winchester, for instance, there are some things that have changed, and some things that will never change. The First Christian Church, Evans' Place, the Lions Club and Kid Kennedy's are the same. So are the people who go to them. Main Street with its famous high sidewalk is the same. The entire west side of the street, including most of the town's leading stores, is still perched atop the flight of eight or nine stone steps, originally designed to allow modest ladies more gracefully to descend from their horses while shopping.

The fields and farms outside the town are the same. In June, when the grass comes to seed, the blue haze sits on the rolling hills. Last August the tobacco stood leafy and straight. Last fall the black cattle silhouetted against the 50 different shades of green in the fields of new-cut hemp. This winter the snow blankets it all softly.

The beautiful white courthouse is the same; the sprawling, musty Brown-Proctor Hotel, with Louis' Restaurant on the ground floor. People still cover their lawns with tobacco stalks to protect them from the snappy Kentucky winter. The women play bridge. The kids from Winchester High flock to Flynn's juke joint after school, and the kids from Clark County High to the Wel-Kum-Inn. Thursday is still the big market day for the farmers, and Saturday night the big whoop-it-up night. The well-to-do people in the south end are still well-to-do. The poor people on Rose Hill and in Poynterville are still poor. Fluty's pool room is still crowded.

Everybody sees every show at the two movie houses, the Town Hall and the Leed's. Town politics are overwhelmingly Democratic, but the people get burned up about such scandals as Happy Chandler's swimming pool.

But the war has wrought its changes in Winchester, too.

Back in 1840, this was the hemp center of the world. Here in Winchester was made all the fine rope that went into the globe-girdling Yankee Clippers. But with the coming of steam and the opening of the Philippines' Manila hemp market, the raising of Kentucky hemp degenerated into little more than a hobby for a few of the wealthier farmers.

Then came Pearl Harbor, and the loss of the Philippines. Suddenly there was no more hemp to be had from that source. The government came running to the hemp hobbyists of Winchester. "We will distribute our seed," they said, "to anyone who has room to raise it." So today, as in 1840, the lush fields around Winchester glow with the soft green of fine Kentucky hemp.

Pearl Harbor brought other changes. Ten gold stars went up in Winchester windows, one of them for young George Scott, who went down with the *Arizona*, another for Chester Rice, who was killed on the *West Virginia*. Few towns in the country were so hard hit in a single day. The scrap drive took away the German war relic museum in Winchester High School. The shelves which once housed the old anti-aircraft gun, the three Spandau machine guns and the punctured helmets, are now filled with Silas Marnier, David Copperfield and war posters. The iron fence around the Presbyterian Church went, too. And the L. and N. Railroad spur that ran for 53 miles east to Maloney through the Natural Bridge State Park is no more. It was ripped up by the WPB and converted into 10 million pounds of potential shells.

Early in the war, George Tomlinson's lumber company was converted to war work, and now, instead of table tops, it's turning out 1½ million feet of American Walnut for rifle stocks. The only other war industry is the Army Signal Corps Depot at nearby Avon.

The crops were good this year. Tobacco



Horses still graze in the Kentucky blue grass.



The girls sit alone in Flynn's, sipping cokes.

brought 50 cents a pound at Lexington, and last May, June and July anywhere from 5,000 to 6,000 lambs a day were sold on the Thursday market. Labor and tires are scarce. Most of the day help has gone into the Army, or to war work in other towns. Those who remain are getting \$3.50 a day now, instead of the \$1 they received before the war. The Firestone store that once had a 50-foot wall completely stacked with tires now has them compressed into a 6-foot space. Its chief stock now consists of overalls, crockery, fishing poles, luggage, mops and brooms.

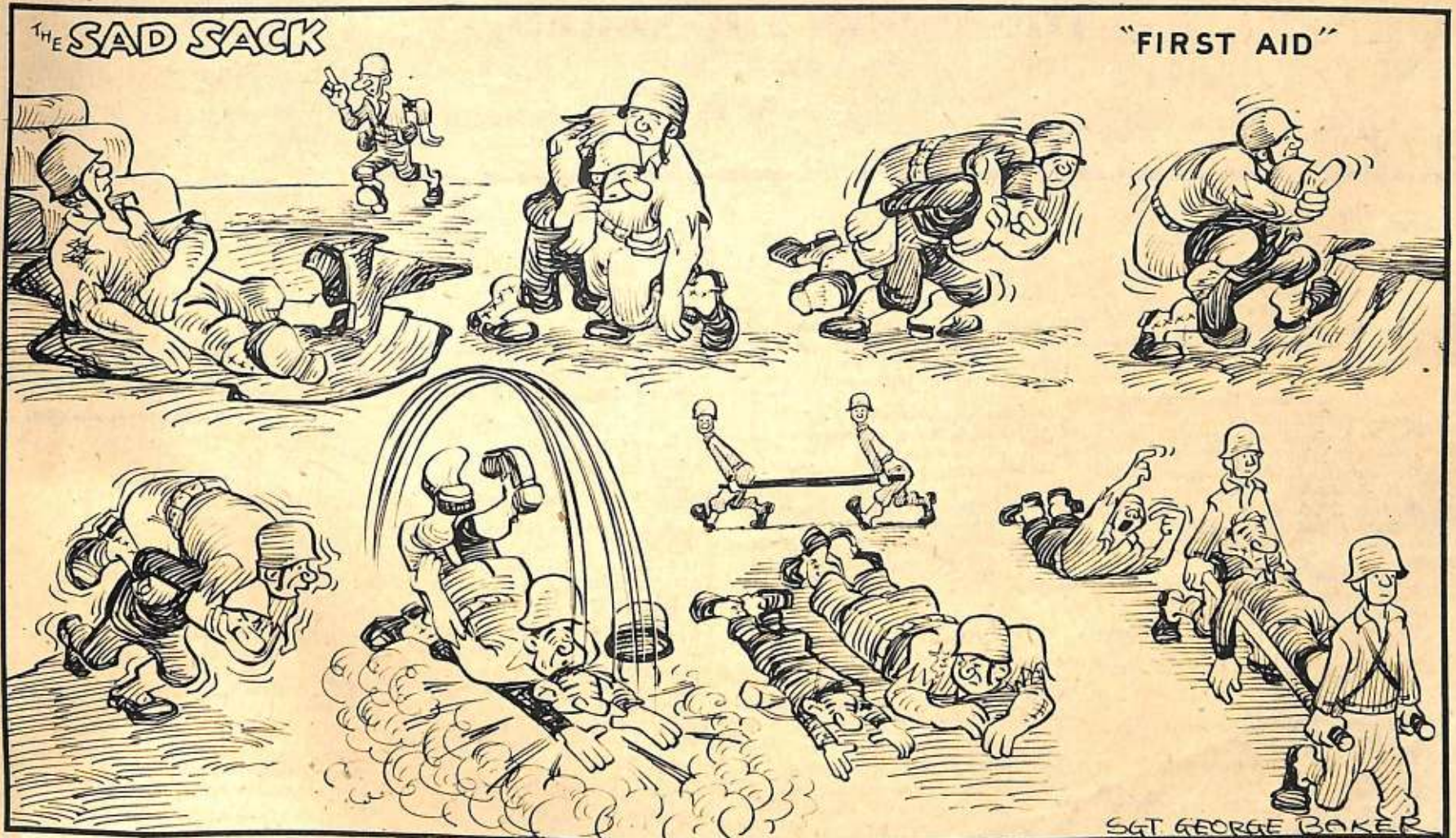
Wherever you go there is an air of loneliness. The men are gone. Even Morris Smith's barber shop is deserted. Everywhere girls are alone or in groups. They sit in Flynn's sipping cokes, watching the 14-year-old jitterbugs. They go to the movies. They knit and listlessly attend Junior Red Cross meetings. Many of them work as clerks and stenographers at the Avon Signal Corps Depot, and, like little Betty Bruce, spend their money on new clothes at Vic Bloomfield's. Others have gone away to work in Washington and other cities.

The only thing to break the boredom is basketball. The girls go to the basketball games alone or with their parents, and get excited about such things as Clark County's 31-to-21 win over Winchester High, and the new cheer at the Oliver Street School, which goes: "Hey! Hey! Ho! Ho! Old Oliver's . . . got to go! Boogie Woogie." They also got excited over the fact that because of the gasoline shortage, the Frankfort High School team arrived an hour late—in a moving van. The big news of the season was a letter from former basketball star Mitchell Wiley, somewhere at sea. It read: "Do your part for all of you on one of Uncle Sam's sub-startling upset, 21 to 18.

Boonesboro bathing beach on the Kentucky River was deserted last year. At the height of the season, only five persons were counted on the beach. No gas.

The Old Mill roadhouse closed down last fall. No gas, no men.

There is no parking any more up by Dix Dam. No gas, no men; restricted area.



We were walking by a messhall the other day, hurrying as we always do when we walk by messhalls, when we were hailed by a familiar voice.

It was Artie Greengroin. He was lolling in front of the messhall, picking his teeth with a fork. On his head was a tall white chef's hat.

"Well, well, ole boy," he said. "I'm glad to see you. How do I look?"

"Awful," we said. "Thass jess because you got no æsthetic appeal. Unner this hat lies the new Greengroin, a Greengroin who has found his niche. They remade me a P.F.C."

"Congradulations," we said. "I'm the new cook," Artie said. "What happened to the old one?" we asked. "He was taken away with ptomaine," Artie said. "Took away very sudden. Then the company was without a cook, so the Ole Man looked around and says, 'Who knows how to cook?' and I says, 'Well, I spent more time in the kitchen than anybody else,' and the Ole Man says, 'O.K., you're the cook.'"

"Congradulations," we said again. "Come on in," Artie said, "and I'll whip you up a snack, ole boy. You look hungry."

"Well," we said, "we might be able to force a steak or two."

We followed Artie into the messhall. A couple of K.P.s—sad, starved-looking little men—were doing a spot of table polishing. They looked at Artie in what might be described as an unfriendly way.

"My slaves," Artie said. "A bunch of rummies."

"Rummy yerself," one of the K.P.s said. "You ole bassar."

"Remember you're talking to a P.F.C.," Artie said.

"Ole bassar," said the K.P.

"They's a unmanageable lot," Artie said. "When they make me a mess sergeant I'll cut off their ears." Artie began to rummage through the shelves in the storeroom. "You hearn about the new diet, huh?" he said.

"No," we said. "What about it?"

"All the soldiers is going to eat more vegetables," Artie said. "Lots of lovely greens. Brussels sprouts, and things like that. It's a good idea. If you eat a lot of greens you grow up to be a big boy."

"What are you going to give us to eat?" we

wanted to know. Artie took a can down from the shelf. "Wass this label say?" he asked us.

"Spam," we said. "We got a lot of those around here," Artie said.

"We heard rumors to that effect," we said.

"Now," Artie said, "if a man's going to be a good cook, he's got to make ordinary things taste good. I'm going to take this ole can of Spam and I'm going to take a handful of Brussels sprouts, and I'm going to make you a delectable dish. A Greengroin Delight."

"We doubt it," we said. "Go sit over there," Artie said. "I'm a sensitive person. If somebody watches me cooking I get noivous."

We went over and sat down at one of the tables. Artie busied himself over the stove. Out of the corner of our eye we saw him fill a pot with water, add Brussels sprouts and Spam. Our gorge rose, ever so slightly.

One of the K.P.s sidled over to us. "It's yer gut, buddy," he said. "Meself, I prefer a bullet." He sidled away again.

At the range, Artie was humming to himself and stirring the pot. After a while he beckoned to us.

"Now," Artie said, "before you taste this thing of beauty, I want to ast you a question. When you take a piece of toast, some cheese, some beer, and various other things, what does the result taste like?"

"Welsh rarebit," we said. "Right, ole boy," Artie said. "Now taste Greengroin's Delight."

"What does it taste like?" Artie said. "Spam and brussels sprouts," we said.

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.



SPAM & ARTIE

"Thass a hell of a way to talk," Artie said. "It don't taste like Spam and Brussels sprouts at all."

"You left something out," we said. "Gimmie a taste of that," Artie said.

"Thass funny," he said. "Come to think of it, it does taste like Spam and Brussels sprouts. I wunner what I left out."

"The arsenic," we suggested. Artie took another taste. "I got in the termay-ters," he said. "And I got in the vinegar and salt and mustard and pepper."

Artie took a couple of huge mouthfuls. "They's something I left out," he said. "Evidently I left out the priceless ingredient, evidently. Tell me, ole boy, do you feel a little funny?"

"A little," we said. "Me, too," Artie said.

He dropped the spoon back in the pot and lurched over to a table. The K.P.s watched him with interest. One of them strolled over to us, just as we were on our way to feel Artie's head.

"Leave him lay," the K.P. said. "Cooks comes and goes in this outfit."

"He looks a little green," we said. "He'll toin poiple in a hour or so," the K.P. said. "I seen men like this before."

"What's the matter with him?" we asked. The K.P. shrugged. "I ain't no doctor," he said. "But I ain't no fool, neither."

"What do you mean," we asked. "Why," the K.P. said, "I ain't et in this messhall for two weeks. I been existing on cookies and beer. It's a hard life, you don't toin poiple."

"Why haven't you eaten in this messhall?" "Greengroin's been whipping up the vittles," the K.P. said. "Me, I prefer a bullet."

We suddenly felt the desire to get out in the fresh air. As we left the messhall we looked back. Artie was still lying on the table, and the K.P. was moodily staring at the dastardly pot. After all, we thought, Artie was a P.F.C. again, anyway. A sick P.F.C.





THE POETS CORNERED

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

TO THE DAY OF RECKONING

'Twas the night before Sunday,
Just outside the fort;
There were eight boys in khaki,
Eight men—and a quart.
They drank "chuck-a-luck" and
downed the booze;
That's a soldier's pet toast to down
the blues.

As they made their way homeward,
Each wearing a grin,
The rain came a-pouring—
They got soaked to the skin.
The puddles were plenty, both sides
of the street,
So they walked in the road, pro-
tecting their feet.

As they passed the main outpost
Still singing with glee,
They were halted and cursed
By a lanky MP.
"Disorderly conduct — disturbing
the peace":
That's just what he told the chief
of police.

The time: Two weeks later.
The place: Dan's cafe.
The eight boys in khaki
Sit drinking away.
They all drink a toast (though al-
ready plastered):
"Here's to that MP—the tall, lanky
devil."

This rhyme has a moral
As you'll find in time.
It's a real, true-life story
Of eight buddies of mine.
They all learned their lesson—
"crime does not pay,"
But God help that MP if they meet
him some day.

—Cpl. JOSEPH LEE
Fort Benning, Ga.

BLACKOUT

I've got a bit of trouble
And it's preying on my mind;
This bloody, bloody blackout
Is treating me unkind.

I bumps into an ATS, or WAAF
Or maybe it's a WREN;
Her voice is kind of lovely
So I bumps her once again.

I begs her pardon sweetly
And I leads her to the light,
Then I dashes back to blackout
'Cause I always draws a fright.

I don't think that you'll blame me
For letting go this howl,
But the guy that thought of blackouts
Must have been a bloody owl.

Britain
—Sgt. BILL

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Long and loud the battle rages,
Wasting strictly rationed pages,
While Gob and Bell Hop—and Dogface
Vie in self-inflicted praise.

This can easily be settled
(Tho' all three of them be nettled)
For in the long run, if you please,
Wars are won by FAT DRAFTEES!

Wars are won on terra firma,
By getting mud on your clean "derma."
So when the big shots want TERRAIN
It's "Joe Draftee, COME HERE"—
(again).

Our hero's uniform is dirty,
His A.S.N. starts off with thirty,
His taste more often runs to truces
But what's the diff—THE BOY
PRODUCES!

—SIGNED 33105387
Somewhere in England

A RESERVED SEAT

A soldier at the pearly gates,
With face quite worn and old,
Meekly asked the man of fate
For admission to his fold.

"What have you done," said St.
Peter,
"To gain admission here?"
"I was in Company L, 129,"
Said the soldier, drawing near.

The gates swung sharply open,
St. Peter rang a bell.
"Come in," said he, "take up your
harp,
You've had enough of hell."

There were beautiful angels every-
where;
His peace had come at last.
Then thought he, "My company—
I'll get them all a pass."

So he turned to old St. Peter,
Saying, "Sir, could one more favor
be mine?"
May I reserve this area for Com-
pany L,
The pride of 129?"
—Pvt. CARL GRABIG
South Pacific

WEATHER REPORT

While jungle fighting in New
Guinea
It must be cooler to be skinny.
Alaska is another matter
For there it's warmer to be fatter.
When temperatures are minus zero
It's tough as hell to be a hero,
And so is intrepidity
In spite of the humidity.
So take the hint, each fighting
man,
The weather's pleasant in Japan.
—Pvt. Y. GUY OWEN
1st Decontamination Unit

ADVICE TO YOUNG ROOKIES

Girls who are busy
Are apt to be lusty.
Mascaraed maidens with manners
cute
Dwell in houses of ill repute.
Ladies with slant eyes
Aren't necessarily spies.
Ladies who the wrong way went
Sprinkle their bosoms with hya-
scent.
When a girl says, "I love you like
a brother,"
Find another.
The country girl
Is plenty virile.
Ladies who accost you on a well-lit
street
Are indiscreet.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT
Scott Field, Ill.

ENCIRCLEMENT

It will take no great diplomacy
And very little tact
To draw up an armistice
Between the AEF and WAAC.
—Sgt. WALTER STEWART
Army Flying School, Greenville, Miss.

SADISTIC OLD SERGEANT

I want three good typists
With nice finger nails.
Let's go, fellers!
Grab three mops and pails!
I want three college guys
Who speak Latin and Greek.
Get a monkey wrench a piece
And fix that leak!
I want three smart guys
Who are nice and clean.
Get into your fatigues
And scrub the latrine!
The rest of you guys
Who ain't so wise
And never went to any schools,
Don't hang aroun'
Here's a pass to town,
You thick-skulled, empty fools!
—Pvt. MURRAY B. SCHOEN
Fort Belvoir, Va.

Dear YANK:
In YANK of Sept. 16 Pvt. Steve Bayur
of Fort Jackson, S. C., refers to the
Medical Corps as the "heaven for con-
scientious objectors." I resent this state-
ment as I have been in the Medical
Corps since February, 1935. I object to
names like Pvt. Bayur who can't seem
to see beyond the end of their noses.
Perhaps he has been seeing too many
Kildare pictures.

—M/Sgt. EARL R. BRANDT

Australia
ING SIZE!
A cartoon illustration of a soldier in uniform carrying a very large, floppy hat on his back. The hat is significantly larger than the soldier's head.

Dear YANK:
I've been told I have an enormous
head. I haven't any photo to show you
and I'll give you the measurements.
Length of fingers: thumb, 3 1/2 inches;
middle, 4 1/2 inches;
ring, 4 1/4 inches; small, 3 1/2 inches.
Across palm, 4 inches. Across wrist to
end of fingers, 9 1/2 inches. I've tried to get a
photo of gloves to fit me but as yet
haven't succeeded. So I do without.

—Sgt. JOSEPH FABUS JR.
Camp Wallace, Tex.

Ed. Note: Anybody got bigger
hat-hooks than the sergeant?

Dear YANK:
The boys here at Bolling Field en-
joyed very much the song "Battle
Carroll" (YANK, Feb. 28). We have been
singing it a great deal, so send thanks
to Cpl. John Readey and Pvt. Albert
L. ...
—Cpl. SOLOMON ABRAMSON
Bolling Field, D. C.

Mail Call



Dear YANK:
In the story entitled "Hot Bridge"
[YANK, Feb. 7], one paragraph reads:
"Gee Dee it, the captain says. I'm going
to put this whole company on KP, I'm
going to transfer them all to the QMC.
This'll ruin me with regimental." This
article was written by a Sgt. Harry
Brown. Is he winning this war all by
himself in his spare time and writing
fiction during duty hours, or vice versa?
We do not claim to be any better but
we feel our part in this war is just as
important as the next guy's. Right?
—Det. 913th Quartermaster Corps
BTC No. 8, Fresno, Calif.

The above letter was signed by S/Sgt.
Bert F. Gizewski, Sgt. Walter L. Sisk Jr.,
T/5 Joseph S. Labbotto, Pvt. Leonard J.
Kozlowski, Pfc. James A. Campbell, Cpl.
Harold L. Connett, T/5 Sam S. Bevinetto,
Pvt. Carmine N. Alveari, Pfc. Shelby K.
Petersen, Pvt. John Caplico, Pvt. Tracy
Bennett, Pvt. Leonard P. Kidneigh, Pfc.
John E. Cronin, Pvt. Ed J. Murphy, Cpl.
W. E. Baldwin, T/3 George F. Plitt, S/Sgt.
Melvin J. Kamma.

Ed. Note: Right. But not Sgt. Brown.
He's overseas, which is no spare-
time occupation.

Dear YANK:
In regard to a letter from the Alcan
Highway, Canada [YANK, Dec. 23, over-
seas edition], I think the lot of you
should be entered under the heading of
"Sad Sack." What are you beefing
about? Why not be thankful you are
not having the presence of Japs along
with the absence of women? Stop
worrying about wandering through 500
miles of Canada. How would you like
several thousand miles of the Pacific,
then bed down, so to speak, in a nice
wet swamp?
Fiji Islands —Sgt. HERBERT RAMMELSBORG

Dear YANK:
Ninety per cent of our organization
are subscribers to YANK, while the
Marines borrow copies from soldiers.
—1st Sgt. THOMAS McCARTHY
England

Dear YANK:
In connection with your story on
the original STARS AND STRIPES [YANK
Feb. 10] it might be appropriate to
mention that at least seven of the origi-
nal staff are again in the service: Lt.
Col. Egbert White, with YANK in North
Africa; Lt. Col. J. T. Winterich, with
the PRO in Washington; Maj Adolf
Ochs, in England; Maj. Dan Miller, in
London; Maj. Peter Goza, with the En-
gineers; Capt. William J. Slator, Aber-
deen Proving Ground; and Lt. Edward
Hipps, with the Coast Guard.
—Capt. WILLIAM J. SLATOR
Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.

Dear YANK:
I have just seen and enjoyed reading
the colorful article on Airborne Avia-
tion Engineers in the Feb. 21 YANK. Col.
Woodbury and I both feel somewhat
embarrassed because of the credit given
to ourselves and the omission of other
names equally deserving. In all these
activities we have had the fine sup-
port of the Chief of Engineers and his
Engineer Board. Lt. Col. E. I. Davis
of the Engineer Board, who worked
intensively for months on the details
of equipment, is particularly deserving
of mention. The excellent cooperation
of Gen. Borum and the Troop Carrier
Command in furnishing planes for
training should also be mentioned. Col.
Ulysses G. Jones, Air Corps, com-
manding officer at Westover Field, has

been in administrative charge and most
helpful in the organization and train-
ing of these and other aviation engineer
units. They have also had fine support
from the staff of the First Air Force
at Mitchel Field, under whose super-
vision they were organized. Col. David
A. Morris, Corps of Engineers, has more
recently been assigned to command the
Provisional 925th Airborne Engineer
Aviation Regiment, at Westover Field.
The only other comment that occurs to
me is a word of explanation to offset
any possible implication that Engineer
equipment will in general, in the future,
be airborne. The great bulk of the
equipment used by the Engineers of
the Air Forces and Ground Forces is
too heavy to transport by plane.
—S. C. GODFREY
Brigadier General, U. S. Army
Air Engineer

Dear YANK:
As leader of a dance band somewhere
in England, we are in a spot where we
cannot get music. We are touring Eng-
land, playing for soldier audiences
everywhere. Our principal stop was
London where we played for 16 nights.
Playing the same tunes since coming
over is making the band stale. There-
fore, we thought you would help us by
sending us your Special Service Library.
—WO FRANK J. ROSATO
England

Dear YANK:
We are urgently in need of any and
all kinds of orchestrations. We had one
dance band in our organization upon
our arrival in this country but readily
saw the need for more, and formed an-
other complete band from the remain-
ing members of our organization.
—Pfc. JOSEPH FRANK
North Ireland
Ed. Note: Eighteen orchestrations
are on their way to Pfc. Frank and
to WO Rosato.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



VOL. 1, NO. 39

MAR. 14, 1943

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

DEAD MEN'S WORDS

A QUICK REFRESHER COURSE we took this week on what America meant to the old-timers turned up the lesser known quotations printed below. We offer them to Adolf and Benito as proof that our form of government is not outmoded. The guys who said these things have been dead some time; the ideas are peculiarly potent today.

"The cause of America and liberty is the cause of every virtuous American citizen, whatever may be his religion or descent."—G. Washington.

"Our cause is the cause of all mankind. We are fighting for their liberty in defending our own."—Ben Franklin.

"We fight not to enslave but to set a country free, and to make room upon the earth for honest men to live in."—Tom Paine.

"Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."—Abe Lincoln.

"The greatest glory of a free born people is to transmit that freedom to their children."—John Harvard.

"It is not an army we must train for war; it is a nation."—Woodrow Wilson.

Our favorite of all of them, though, is this from Tom Jefferson:

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of tyrants. It is its natural manure."

**STRICTLY
G.I.**

More Dope on 38s

FOR THE SAKE of the record, here's the latest summary of the WD ruling allowing discharge of enlisted men 38 and over.

May 1 is the deadline for submitting to the CO written request for discharge. But the time can be extended in the

case of an individual who did not have reasonable opportunity to file his application—for example, due to absence.

G.I.s in foreign service are given an additional month to apply. Due to communication difficulties, they will not be required to present evidence of future employment in an essential industry, including agriculture. However, for military reasons, no man will be returned from overseas until a trained replacement is present and available. Also, transportation must be available.

No enlisted man will be discharged unless his 38th birthday falls on or before February 28, 1943, and he must have enlisted or have been inducted on or before that date.

Chaplain's Report

Church attendance in the Army for the three months ending Sept. 30, 1942, totalled 9,345,197, the Chief of Army Chaplains reports. This figure does not include church-going dogfaces overseas. During that same period Army chaplains married off 10,414 soldiers, baptized 2,006 per-sons, "including infants," and visited camp guardhouses 139,597 times.

Hard Liquor Taboo For Officers

A new WD circular decrees commissioned officers, like enlisted men, must do their serious drinking from now on outside post areas. The order forbids sale of anything stronger than 3.2 beer on "any premises used for military purposes by the U. S." Officers Clubs, the order heartlessly adds, have been ordered to dispose of all liquor stocks "immediately."

New Fire Control

A 15-ounce pressure transmitter, made by the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., is helping safeguard the lives of Army bomber and well pursuit pilots by reducing cockpit fire hazards. The new device eliminates gasoline and oil pipe-lines to the plane indicator, and so keeps these lines safely beyond the protective fire wall.

G.I. for Army Nurses

In hot spots like Bataan, Army nurses had to borrow slacks, boots and steel helmets from soldiers to supplement their feminine government issue. Prompted by overseas commanders, the WD has decided that the Nurses' Corps is old enough to have long pants of its own and have issued the gals two-piece slack suits, ankle-high field boots and steel helmets.

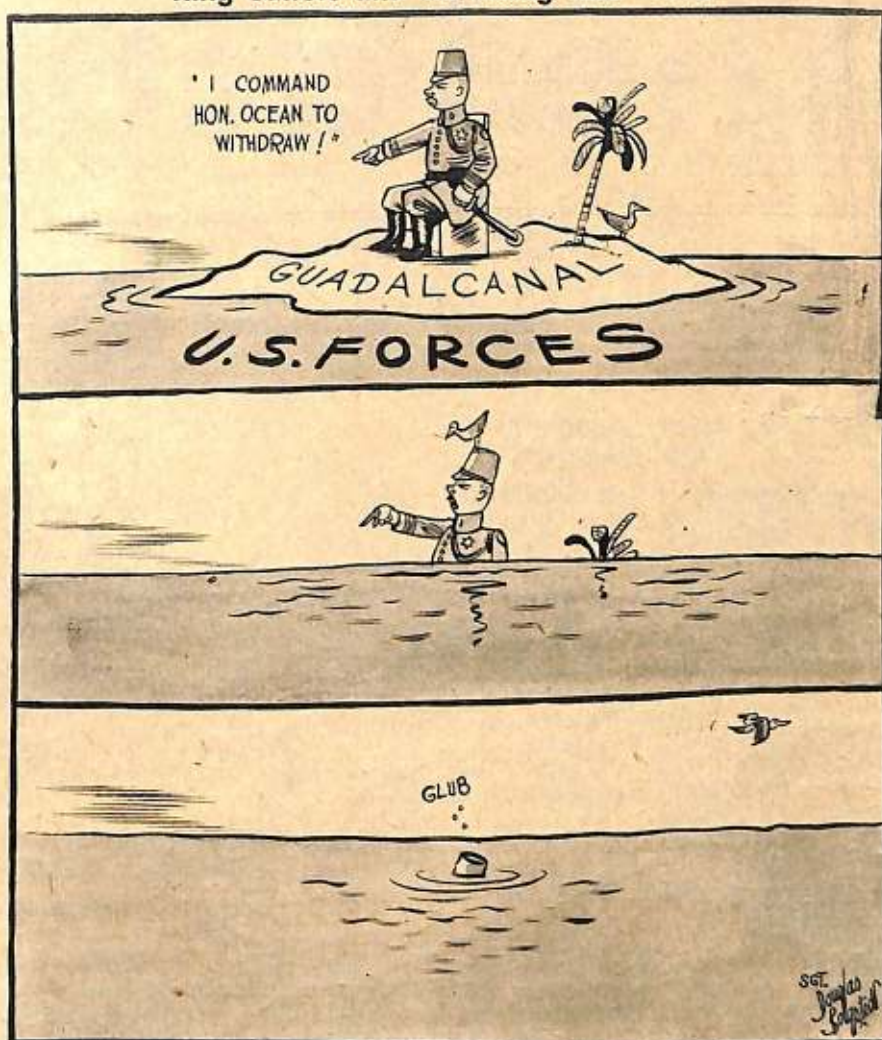
Legal Advice

For G.I.s who need legal advice but can't afford to pay for it, free bureaus are being opened near Army camps all over the country. Under the supervision of the American Women's Voluntary Services, local lawyers will help soldiers solve legal problems which have arisen since they joined the service, such as allotment payments to dependents, leases and liabilities on installment purchases.

Female Marines

Women have finally taken over the last stronghold of the services. The Commandant of the Marine Corps has announced the establishment of the United States Marine Corps Women's Reserve. With women in the Marines, the fair sex now has the situation well in hand.

King Canute and the Rising Tide—1943



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

This Little Pig Went to Market

A plump little pig was on sale at the market of a Norwegian coast village, but, strangely enough, nobody wanted to buy him. Instead, the village housewives looked the little fellow all over, giggled, and went their ways. The suspicious Gestapo investigated, found the baby porker painted on one side with a large swastika, on the other with the doleful inscription "What else could I be?"

Who Laughed Last?

Lord Haw Haw, the Englishman who yaps for Hitler over the Berlin radio, was summarizing the late war news in Russia for his Canadian public. "And now, my friends," said Haw Haw, "the lying

British press is crowing over the so-called Russian victory at Stalingrad. They are even predicting that Kursk will fall. As if they could ever take Kursk, which has been in our hands for 17 months."

Two days later the Russians took Kursk.

Service in Silence

A soldier at Camp Roberts, Calif., was sentenced to six months at hard labor. He also must forfeit \$28 from his pay each month for six months. He was found guilty by a special court martial of making public to unauthorized persons the fact that he was to be transferred in a troop movement on a specific day to a certain destination.

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Davidson; 23, Cpl. Dick Hanley

The Facts of DICE

By ALLEN CHURCHILL, Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

HAVE you been losing dough lately in one of those pay-day games? If so maybe it isn't all bad luck. Maybe the bones, or the cards, are being manipulated by experts.

Some soldiers are too handy with a set of dice, and that goes double for some of the civilians who run games in town or near camp. Most of the cheating, according to a recent survey by card expert John Scarne, takes place in crap games. Scarne believes that two out of every 10 Army crap games are crooked.

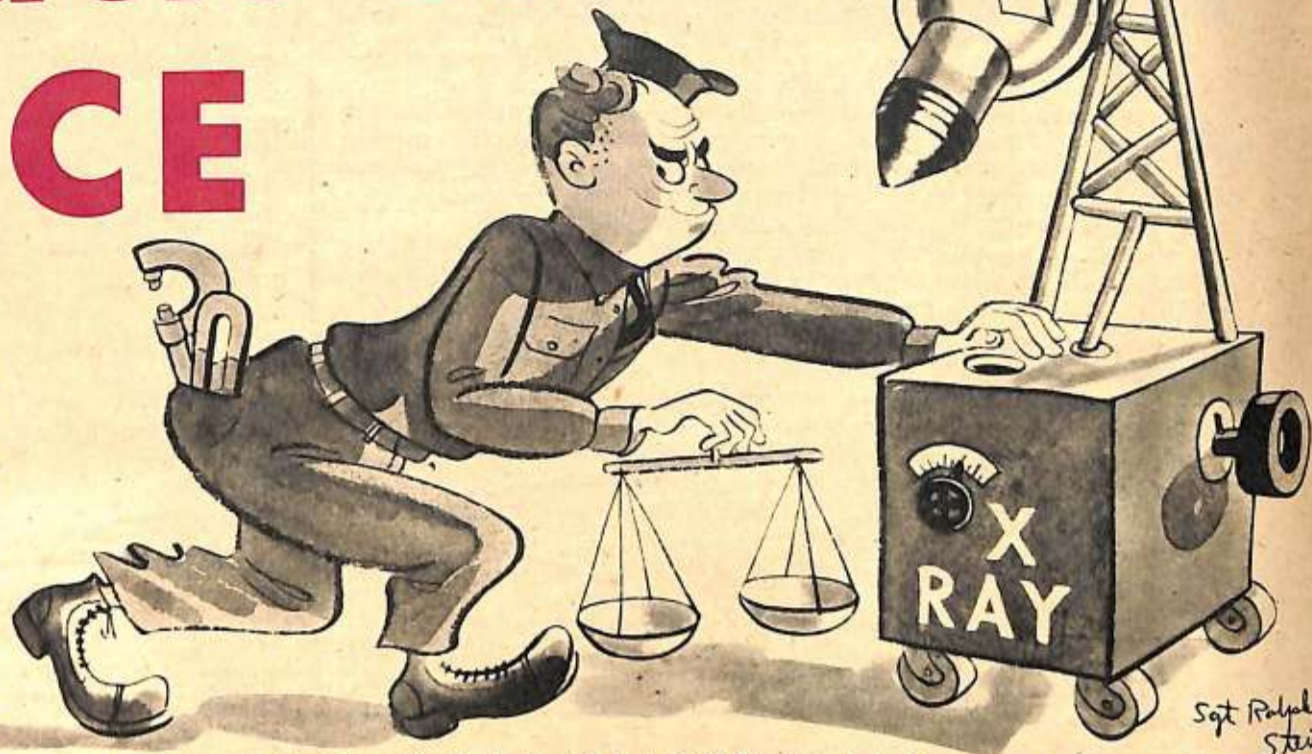
This is true because it's easy to be a hustler. Anyone who doesn't care how he wins can become one. All he needs is a pair of crooked dice and a circle of suckers. Nowadays both the dice and the suckers are easy to come by.

According to Scarne here are the favorite methods of cheating in crap games:

Passers & Missouts are crooked pairs of dice that have been doctored to beat the law of averages. A *Passer* is gaffed to favor making the point. The *Missout* favors missing the point. A shyster who knows which way his dice will come up a majority of the time will show a good margin of profit at the end of the game. Either that or he will be broke, but his confederate will have all the money in sight.

Shapes are the most common forms of *Passers* and *Missouts*. They are dice whose outside surfaces have been altered. *Brick Shapes*, for example, are cubes that have been shaved down on one side so they are no longer perfectly square but are, by the merest hairsbreadth, rectangular or brick-shaped. Though this filed surface may be only 1/1000 of an inch it is enough to change the roll when the ivories begin to gallop. For example a pair of *Bricks* can be shaped into a *Missout* (usually is the case) simply by cutting the cubes down on the 6 and 1 sides. Or they may be made into *Passers* by manicuring the 6-1 on one cube and the 3-4 on the other.

Bricks are hard to detect, especially when the



The G.I. who uses scientific methods of detecting crooked dice travels to his games laden like this.

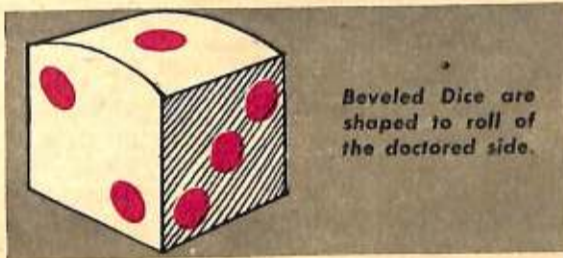
pecially tricky. Here the cubes are likely to roll backwards instead of forward. To catch *Cut-Edges* use the *Brick* test again. This time if one combination of positions makes a little V at the top, it's a V for victory—but not yours.

Bevels have been manicured so that one surface is rounded. This bevel causes increased roll, the tendency being to roll over more. Like all

posite sides come up more often than they should. **Capped Dice** are easy to catch. Jab a pin into the sides of the cube in question. If there is capping, the pin will sink into the phony side.

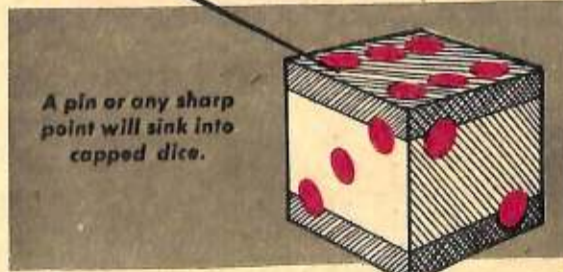
Loaded Dice don't come up to the same combination on each throw as most yardbirds think. Like *Shapes* they favor a certain combination only on a majority of rolls. In fact, they are shaped, too, but shaped inside instead of outside.

A lot of G.I.s have been told that if dice are transparent they can't be loaded. The Army has a four-letter word for that. Transparent dice can be loaded simply by drilling the spots on two sides a little deeper, inserting lead, gold or platinum slugs at the bottom of the holes and

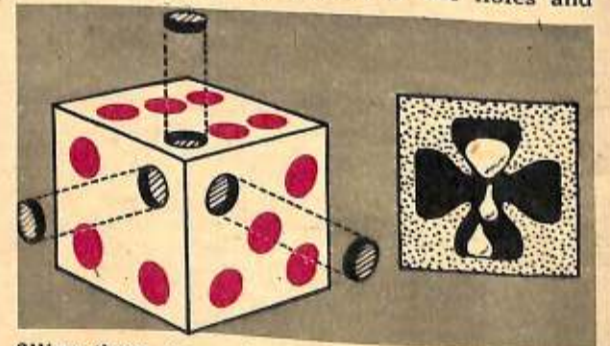


Shapes, the *Bevels* work best on a flat, hard surface. Now for other brands of doctored dice:

Capped Dice are those that have been shaved way down on one side so that a piece of rubbery



composition can be glued on in place of the filed surface. This is done with such skill that the junction is invisible. Naturally the rubbery sides make the dice bounce instead of roll and the op-

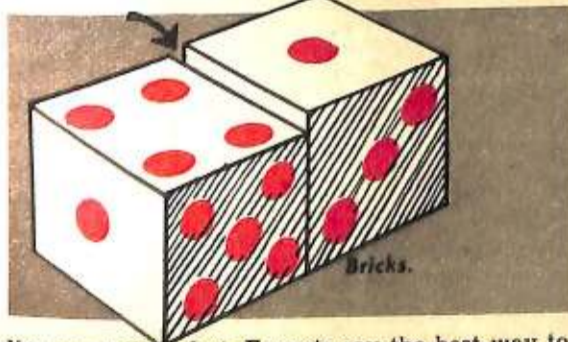


Scarne says that the best way to spot *Loaded Dice* is to drop the cubes in a glass of water; if the same number comes up too often, they're loaded. But in case you don't go to crap games with a glass of water in your pocket, try this thumb and forefinger at its extreme points and try various positions. If it is loaded, when you get the loaded side on top, the cube will turn

slowly downward. When it begins to move the pressure is unmistakable—and you've been rooked. Loading of non-transparent dice is easier. Let's take the most obvious example, pictured on the op-

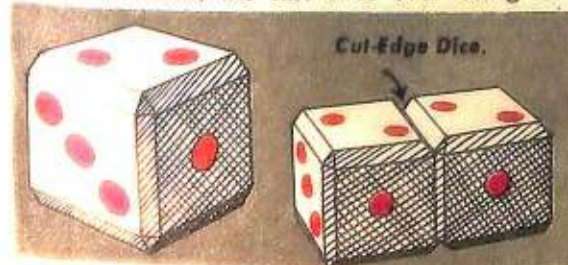


slowly downward. When it begins to move the pressure is unmistakable—and you've been rooked. Loading of non-transparent dice is easier. Let's take the most obvious example, pictured on the op-



dice are rolling fast. Experts say the best way to spot them is to measure the cubes with a caliper, which you probably don't have. Next best thing to do is place the two cubes side by side on a flat surface. Hold one cube stationary and move the other into all possible positions. If one position turns out like the illustration above (one cube higher than the other) then you start punching.

Cut-Edges are shaved down along the four sides of one surface, making them roll in the right direction, the last time over being es-



THIS is the first in a series of articles on crooked gambling tricks, prepared for YANK by John Scarne, one of the leading American authorities on gambling and sleight-of-hand, who has just completed a tour of Army camps. On these pages he covers shady crap-shooting. Watch for Scarne's studies of poker, blackjack and confidence games in later issues.

If you have any questions about crooked gambling, mail them to Yeoman Third Class Allen Churchill, YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and he will get Scarne to answer them for you. Maybe he won't be able to tell you whether you've been actually cheated but he can tell you what to watch for the next time you run into a smart operator.

Paste This In Your Hat

BETTING ODDS ON CRAPS

IT'S bad enough to be cheated by the other fellow—but why cheat yourself? Yet most craps shooters do. Few of them know anything about odds, and they are always ready to shoot on the odds the other fellow suggests. Recognized odds today are not in favor of the shooter. According to John Scarne, who knows, the following are the correct odds in craps:

AGAINST PASSING

- 6 to 5 against 6 or 8
- 3 to 2 against 5 or 9
- 2 to 1 against 4 or 10
- 8 to 1 against double 2 or double 5
- 10 to 1 against double 3 or double 4

ODDS ON THE COME-OUT

- 35 to 1 against double numbers
- 17 to 1 against 11
- 11 to 1 against 4 or 10
- 8 to 1 against 5 or 9
- 8 to 1 against crap (2, 3, and 12)
- 5 to 1 against 7

The only even-money bet that's fair is on fading the shooter. This isn't exactly a fifty-fifty chance, but the percentage of 1.415% against the shooter isn't strong enough to take your shirt.



John Scarne demonstrates the Blanket Roll and other trick shots. This article follows a tour of Army camps where Scarne saw plenty of cheating at craps.

posite page. Here six hollows have been drilled under each surface of the cubes. In the middle, little channels run from one hollow to the other. One of the hollows is filled with mercury, which drains quickly into the hollow closest to the ground. To make his point, the hustler simply sets the dice on the floor just before rolling—“to change his luck”—or he taps the point he wants on a hard surface.

Tops & Bottoms are mis-spotted dice that require skill in sleight of hand to manipulate. They are so obvious, and dangerous, that they can only be whisked into a game for two or three throws and then whisked out again. For the way this is done see the illustration at the end of this article.

At a distance you need a mirror to catch **Tops and Bottoms**: the eye can't see three sides of a square at one time. But once you get a mis-spotted dice in your hand there is no mistaking it. There are only three numbers on each cube, and each number appears twice.

What a good hustler can do with a pair of **Tops** would fill a book. **Tops** bearing 2, 4, and 6, for example, will throw out only even numbers. You can get one crap (12) and no 7, which means you do all right.

Any mug can be a crooked dice-hustler. But it

takes real art to roll the dice the way you want 'em. The man who can do this has probably practiced it at least two years.

The Blanket Roll, for example, is a favorite with the smart roll boys. This one cleaned up in the last war when it was fairly new. It's still used on rookies who haven't heard of it.

This roll works best on the soft, rough surface of an Army blanket, which accounts for its name. To catch it, watch the way the sharper holds his dice. **The Blanket Roll** calls for the dice to be held in position by thumb and forefinger, as in the picture below. Held this way, the dice can be rattled convincingly, but they don't change position. On the throw, the thumb rolls the dice to the finger ends and they turn end-over-end on the blanket without falling sideways. With the 6 and 1 inside you can't possibly throw a crap.

The Whip Shot is another trick roll that is harder to learn but better to know. The dice are held as in the **Blanket Roll**, but the edge rather than the back of the hand is toward the floor. A downward, whip-like snap makes the dice spin rather than roll, the faces on top staying there. This one needs no blanket.

The sleight-of-hand guy is hard to spot; that's why he did all that practicing. Best protection against him is to roll against a wall or board,

though some of them have figured this angle, too. But the best protection is to watch for the tricks we have mentioned. We have covered all phases of dice cheating but the magnetic table.

Often small-time cheaters fix their own dice before a game by waxing opposite sides, roughing surfaces or making sides sticky. All these amateur tricks are easy to spot once the dice are in your hands. Don't ever be afraid to pick up the dice and examine them. Hustlers will ridicule you when you do it, but do it anyway.

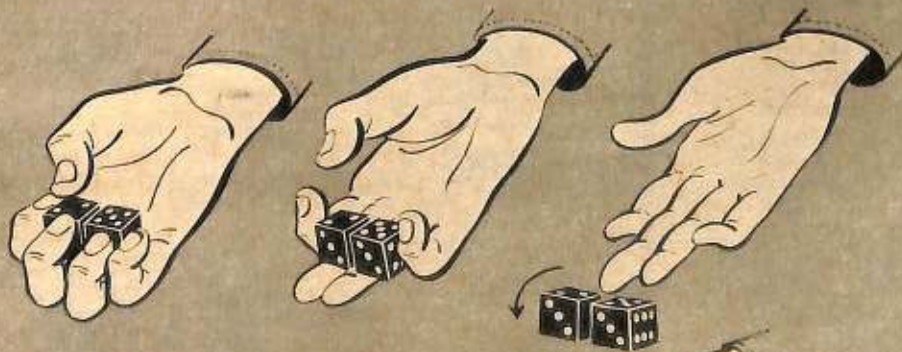
Next time you roll the ivories do these two things: 1) Keep YANK's list of percentages in mind and 2) look around the circle at the men you are shooting with.

Are any of them particularly friendly? Hustlers seldom work alone. That would be too obvious if the guy who rolls raked in the money. The hustler usually rolls for a confederate to win. Misdirection, this is called.

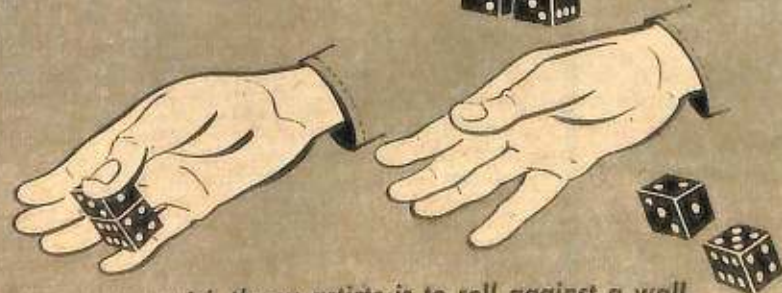
In a crap game your best friend is your intuition. Hustlers work so skillfully today that you probably never will catch one in the act of rolling crooked dice. The thing to do is keep your eyes glued on the dice. If they seem to act strangely, or pay off too frequently on certain rolls, pull yourself out of the game while the pulling is good.

Keep a lookout for this roll. The guy who does can make his dice talk.

BLANKET ROLL



WHIP SHOT



Good protection against trick throw artists is to roll against a wall.



Scarne palms the dice, switching a new pair in.

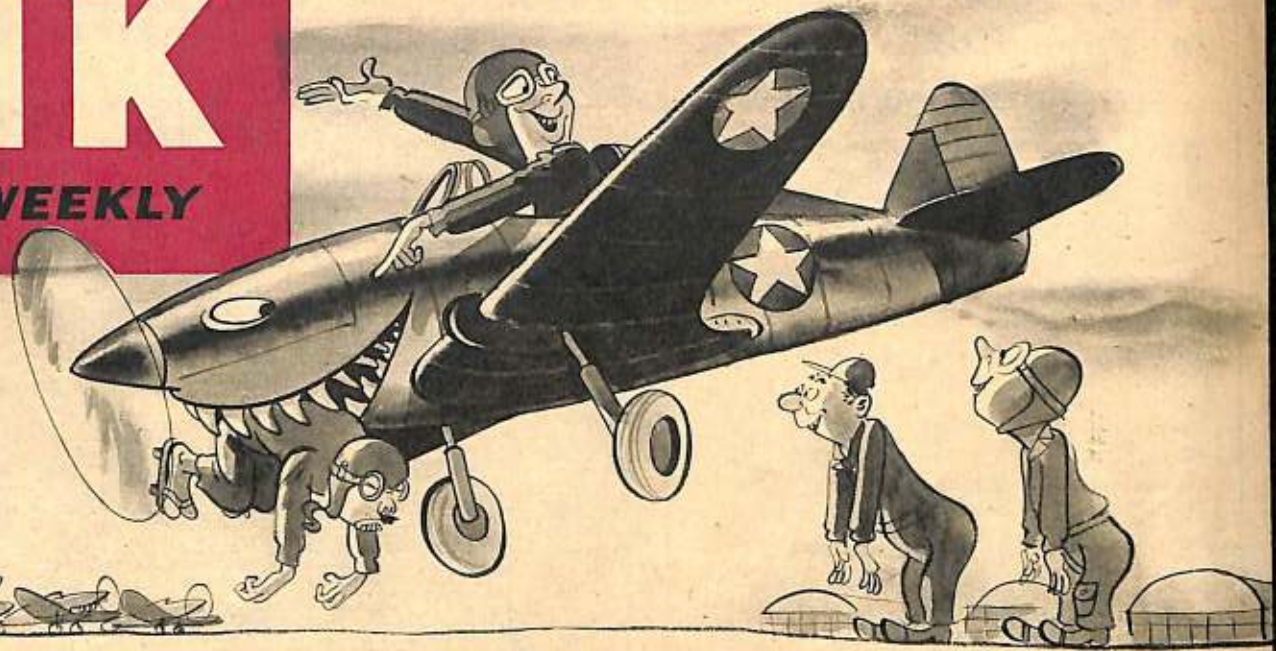
BRITISH EDITION

YANK

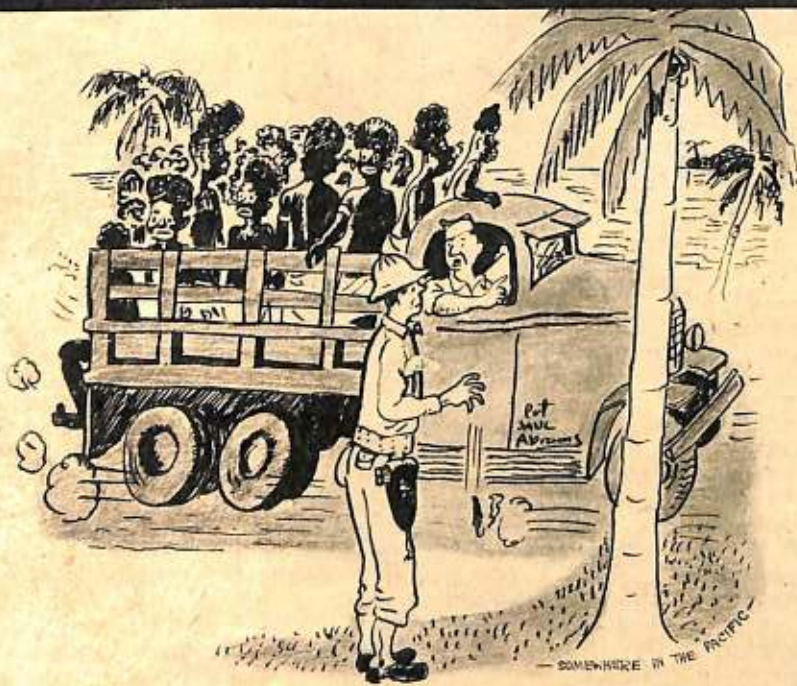
THE ARMY



WEEKLY



"HE PULLED A KNIFE ON ME!"



"THEY ALL GOT OVER 110 IN THE I.Q. TEST—
SO WE'RE TAKING THEM TO OFFICERS' CANDIDATE SCHOOL."



"CAREFUL, BUCKY, IT MAY BE A BOOBY TRAP."



"HOW DO YOU SAY 'BOO!' IN JAPANESE?"



"OH, BOY, A \$25 GIFT CERTIFICATE TO ANY OF THE
CENTRALLY LOCATED BARNABY MEN'S STORES!"