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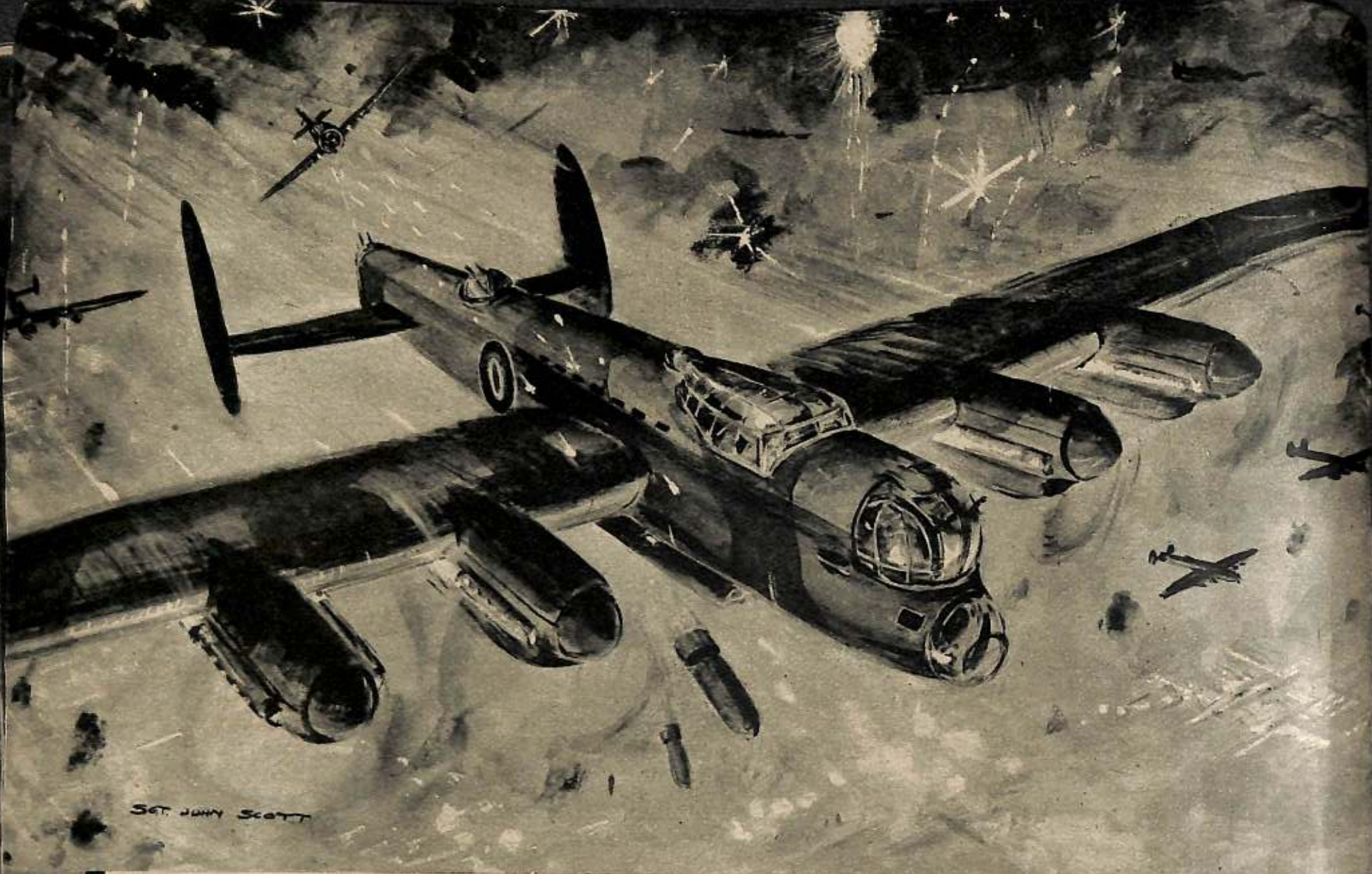
*By the men . . . for the
men in the service*



BRITISH GUNNER

YANK CORRESPONDENT DESCRIBES LIFE OVER BERLIN IN RAF BOMBER

—See pages 2, 3



ENGLAND—A small village lay tucked away in the fold of a valley just below the high, windswept, bleak plateau where a Lancaster bomber station was situated. Housewives were busy in the kitchen preparing food, and the men had left their ploughing to come in for the noon-day meal. In the lichen-covered Gothic church, the minister's wife was arranging decorations, and placing on the altar freshly cut chrysanthemums that had managed to escape the north winds, and were still blooming in December.

The placidness of the village life was in sharp contrast to the bustling activity at the airfield. It seemed as remote from war as any hamlet could possibly be, although the provident farmers, living so close to an obvious military target, had wisely provided themselves with shelter trenches at the edge of each ploughed field.

Nevertheless, the name of this quiet, lovely village had spread far. By borrowing it, the bomber station had made it one to strike terror into the heart of the Nazi High Command.

At the airfield, V-for-Victor's crew lounged around B Flight office waiting to see if operations were on. They kept looking up into the sky as if trying to guess what the weather was going to be like. Some of the men chuckled.

"Papa Harris is so set on writing off the Big City that he hardly even notices the weather," one of them said. "The last time there were kites stooing around all over the place. The met boomed that one."

It was a strange new language. What the airman was saying was that the last time out, the meteorological men had given a wrong steer on the weather, and the planes had been flying all over looking for the field, on the return trip. "Papa Harris" was Air Chief Marshal Harris, chief of Bomber Command.

V-for-Victor's captain came back from operations room with the news that there would be ops. That settled the discussion. You seemed to be aware, without noticing anything in particular, of a kind of tension that gripped the men; like they were pulling in their belts a notch or two to get set for the job ahead.

And with the news, everybody got busy—the aircrews, the ground crews, the mechanics, the Waafs, the cooks. The ships already had a basic bomb and fuel load on board, and the additional loads were sent out in ammunition trailers and fuel trucks. The perimeter track lost its usually deserted appearance and looked like a well-traveled highway, with trucks and trailers, buses and bicycles hurrying out to the dispersal points. It was just like the preparations at any bomber base before taking off for enemy territory—but going over the big city was something different. These men had been there before. They knew what to expect.

In the equipment room, June, the pint-sized Waaf in battledress, was an incongruous note. Over a counter as high as her chin, she slung parachutes, harnesses and Mae Wests. The crew grabbed them and lugged them out to the ships. You kept thinking they ought to be able to get somebody a little bigger for the job she was handling.

In the briefing room, the met officer gave the weather report and the forecast over enemy territory. There would be considerable cloud over the target. The men grinned. An operations officer gave a talk on the trip. The route was outlined on a large map of Germany on the front wall. It looked ominously long on the large-scale map. He pointed out where the ground defenses were supposed to be strong, and where fighter opposition might be expected. He gave the time when the various phases should be over the target. He explained where the "spoof" attacks were to be made, and the time. He told the men what kinds of flares and other markers the Pathfinders would drop. There was the usual business of routine instructions, statistics and tactics to be used. The group captain gave a pep-talk on the progress of the Battle of Berlin. And all the while, that tape marking the route stared you in the face, and seemed to grow longer and longer.

Outside, it was hazy and growing more so. But this was nothing new. The men were convinced that the weather was always at its most variable and its dampest and its haziest over their field. What could you expect? Ops would probably be scrubbed after all. Hell of a note!

In the fading light the planes were silhouetted against the sky. They looked, on the ground, slightly hunched and menacing like hawks. Seeing them there, in the half light, you would never guess how easy and graceful they are in flight. Nor would you realize, when you see them soaring off the runway, what an immense load they take up with them. It is only when you see the open bomb bay, on the ground, that you get some idea of a Lancaster's destructive power. The open bomb bay seems like a small hangar. The 4,000 pound block-buster in place looks like a kitten curled up in a large bed. It is a sobering sight.

In the evening some of the men tried to catch a few winks; most of them just sat around talking. The operational meal followed. It was only a snack, but it was the last solid food any one would get until the fresh egg and bacon breakfast which has become a ritual for the proper ending of a successful mission.

A YANK correspondent went along with the RAF Lancasters as they made two of their historic night raids on the "Big City"—and watched them drop their "blockbusters" and incendiaries on the nerve center of Europe's evil genius. From these two trips he learned what all RAF night bombing crews have learned—that usually you either get back intact or you don't get back at all. This is the story of one of those missions over Berlin.



Night Plane to BERLIN

By Sgt. BEN FRAZIER
YANK Staff Correspondent.

As there was still some time to wait before the take-off, V-for-Victor's crew sat around the ground crew's hut near the dispersal point warming themselves by the stove or chewing the rag with the ground crew.

The Wingco came around to make a last-minute check-up. The medical officer looked everyone over. The engineer officer checked the engines.

The minutes crept by until at last the time came to get into the planes. The deep stillness of the night was awakened by the motors revving up, one after another until each one was lost in the general roar. The crews scrambled into the planes and took their places. The great ships were guided out of their dispersal areas by the ground crews, who gave a final wave as the Lancs moved off slowly down the perimeter track. They appeared more menacing than ever creeping along in the dark with their motors roaring.

One by one they turned into the runway and noisily vanished into the night.

From now on, until they would return, the members of V-for-Victor's crew were a little world in themselves, alone and yet not alone. For all around them were other similar little worlds, hundreds of them, each with a population of seven, hurtling through space, lightlessly—huge animated ammunition dumps. For its safety, each little world depended utterly and completely on its members—and a large dash of luck.

There was not much conversation over the intercom. When you're flying without running lights on a definite course, and surrounded by several hundred other bombers, you have no time for any pleasantries. The navigator was busy checking the air speed and any possible drift. Almost everyone else kept a look out for other aircraft, both friend and foe. A friendly aircraft is almost as dangerous as an enemy plane, for if two block-busters meet in mid-air, the pieces that are left are very small indeed.

Occasionally the ship jolted from the slipstream of some unseen craft ahead, and frequently others overhauled V-for-Victor, passing by to port and starboard, above and below. V-for-Victor gained altitude very easily to maximum ceiling. She was a veteran of over 50 ops and had the DFC painted on her port bow to celebrate the fiftieth, but she had the

vitality of a youngster. Blondy, the wireless operator broke the silence. "Taff, the W/T has gone U/S" (the wireless is unserviceable).

The wireless is not used except in an emergency such as ditching, but it is nice to know it's there. We went on.

Occasionally, Taff, the pilot, would call into the intercom, "Bob, are you O.K.?" There would be silence for a moment while the rear gunner fumbled to turn on his intercom, until you wondered if he had frozen back there. Then he'd sing out, "O.K., Taff." He and the mid-upper gunner were the only two outside the heated cabin. Inside the cabin it was warm and snug. You didn't even need gloves. Jock, the navigator, wore no flying gear, just the Air Force battledress.

Up ahead the Pathfinder boys dropped the first route marker, flak shot up into the air, and the men knew that V-for-Victor was approaching the Dutch coast. An enormous burst of flame lit up the night off to port. "Scarecrow to starboard," the mid-upper reported on the intercom. Jerry intended the "scarecrow" to look like a burning plane, but it did not take long to see it was not.

Jock's Scotch accent came over the intercom: "Taff, we're eleven minutes late."

"O.K. We'll increase speed."

The engineer pushed up the throttles.

Everything was black again below. Occasionally there was a small burst of flak here and there.

"Plane to starboard below."

"O.K. It's a Lanc."

As V-for-Victor passed it you could see the bluish flames from the exhausts lighting the aircraft below in a weird ghostly manner. It was unpleasant to realize that our own exhausts made V-for-Victor just as obvious as the other plane.

Away off to port bow, a glow became visible. It looked like the moon rising, but it was the first big German searchlight belt, encompassing many cities. The beams were imprisoned under the cloud.

"That will be Happy Valley (the Ruhr)," Jock said.

Another route marker appeared ahead.

"Tell me when we're over it," the navigator said.

Shortly, the bomb aimer replied, "We're bang over it now."

"O.K., Digger."

"Taff, we're nine minutes late."

The navigator took a couple of astro sights to get a fix. From this he could determine the wind and the drift of the plane.

Another searchlight belt showed up to starboard. It was enormous, running for miles and miles. It was all imprisoned under the cloud, but it was an evil-looking sight just the same. The top of the clouds shone with millions of moving spots, like so many restless glow-worms, but the impression was

much more sinister—more like some kind of luminous octopus. The tentacle-like beams groped about seeking some hole in the cloud, some way of clutching at you as you passed by protected by the darkness. The continuous motion of the searchlights caused a rippling effect on the clouds, giving them an agitated, angry, frustrated appearance. Once in a while one found a rift and shot its light high into the sky. Flak came up sparkling and twinkling through this luminous blanket. V-for-Victor jolted violently from a close burst, but was untouched. It passed another Lanc which was clearly silhouetted against the floodlit clouds.

Another leg of the trip was completed. The navigator gave the new course over the intercom and added, "Seven minutes late."

"O.K., Jock. Mac, make it 165."

V-for-Victor passed plane after plane, and occasionally jolted in the slipstream of others.

A third searchlight belt showed up, this one free of cloud. It was a huge wall of light and looked far more impenetrable than a mountain. It seemed inconceivable that any plane could pass through and reach the opposite side. You thanked your lucky stars that this was not the target. To fly out of the protecting darkness into that blaze of light would be a test of courage you would rather not have to face.

Nevertheless, there were some facing it right now. The flak opened up and the searchlights waved madly about. It was the diversionary attack, the "spoof." You watched in a remote, detached sort of way. It seemed very far away and it did not seem to concern you at all. Until suddenly, one beam which had been verticle, slanted down and started to pursue V-for-Victor, and you realized that it did concern you very intimately. The seconds ticked by as the beam overtook the plane. But it passed harmlessly overhead and groped impotently in the darkness beyond.

"Four minutes late," Jock called over the intercom.

The target itself, the Big City, came into view like a luminous patch dead ahead. It was largely hidden by cloud and showed few searchlights. It seemed so much less formidable than the mountain of light just behind that it came as a sort of anticlimax. Surely, you felt, this cannot be the Big City, the nerve-center of Europe's evil genius.

It was quiet. There was no flak as yet, no flares, and just the handful

of searchlights. You tried to imagine what it was like on the ground there. The sirens would be about to sound, the ack-ack batteries would be standing ready, the searchlights already manned. You wondered if the people were in shelters.

But it was too much of an effort. It was too remote. Your problems were flak, fighters, searchlights and whether you were on the course, and on time. What happened below was an entirely different problem, which had nothing to do with you. What happened below might just as well be happening on Mars. V-for-Victor's own little world was simply hovering off this planet and leading a life of its own.

Ever so slowly V-for-Victor crept up on the target. The two worlds were coming inevitably together. But it still had the quality of unreality. It was like a dream where you are hurrying somewhere and yet cannot move at all. Nevertheless, Victor was passing plane after plane and jolted in somebody's slipstream now and again. The other Lancs looked ominous bearing down on the target, breathing out blue flame as they approached.

THE minute of the attack came and still the target was quiet. One more minute ticked by. Still quiet. The engineer opened up the throttles to maximum speed, and increased the oxygen supply. Still quiet. The whole attack was a minute or two late. Winds, probably.

Suddenly the whole city opened up. The flak poured up through the clouds. It came in a myriad little lights. It poured up in streams of red as if shaken from a hose. It went off in bright white puffs.

The Pathfinders had arrived. In another moment they dropped the target indicators, great shimmering Christmas trees of red and green lights. You couldn't miss. It would be impossible to miss such a brilliantly marked objective. Bright flashes started going off under the clouds. That would be the cookies of the planes ahead.

V-for-Victor started the bombing run. The bomb aimer called the course now.

"Left, left. . . ."

"Steady now. . . ."

"Right a bit. . . ."

"Steady. . . ."

"Steady. . . ."

"Steady. . . ."

"Cookie gone." V-for-Victor shot upward slightly.

"Steady. . . ."

"Incendiaries gone. . . ." V-for-Victor surged forward again ever so slightly.

"Standby, Taff." It was the voice of Bob, the tail gunner. "Fighter."

"Corkscrew starboard," the tail gunner called.

Instantly, the pilot sent V-for-Victor over to starboard and rushed headlong downward. A stream of red tracers whipped out of the dark, past the rear turret, and on past the wing tip, missing both by what seemed inches. A second later the fighter itself shot past after the tracers, a vague dark blur against the night sky.

"ME109," Bob said calmly.

V-for-Victor squirmed and corkscrewed over the sky of Berlin. You wondered how it could be possible to avoid all the other planes that were over the city. But the fighter was shaken off and V-for-Victor came back to a normal course again.

Down below through rifts in the cloud, you could see that Berlin was burning. The bright, white flame of the incendiaries showed up as a carpet of light, always growing. And flash after flash went off as the block-busters fell.

The dark, black shapes of many Lancasters could be seen all over the sky, against the brilliant clouds below. They were like small insects crawling over a great glass window. It did not seem possible that these tiny black dots could be the cause of the destruction which was going on below. The insects crawled to the edge of the light and disappeared into the darkness beyond. They had passed safely through the target. V-for-Victor followed close behind.

Shortly the course was set for the return and Berlin was visible for many miles on the port quarter. The attack was over now. It took only fifteen minutes. The ack-ack was silent. There was no flak flashing over the city. But the city was brighter than ever. The clouds were getting a reddish tinge which showed that the fires had caught hold below.

And so the capital of Nazism dropped astern, obscuring the rising new moon by its flames. The Government, which came into power by deliberately

setting fire to its chamber of representatives, the Government which first used wholesale bombing, and boasted of it, was now perishing in fires far more devastating than any it ever devised. It was perishing to a fire music never dreamed of by Wagner.

But it was impossible to connect V-for-Victor with the death struggles of Berlin. There was no time for contemplation.

"Standby, JU-88 starboard—corkscrew," came Bob's voice.

Again with lightning speed, the pilot put V-for-Victor over and dived out of the way. The JU-88's tracers missed us and shot down another Lanc which had not been so fortunate.

AFTER that the route home was uneventful. Crossing the North Sea, V-for-Victor went into a gentle incline toward home base, as if by a sort of homing instinct.

The searchlights of England sent out a greeting of welcome. For miles along the coast they stood almost evenly spaced, verticle sentries guarding the island. Then they started waving downward in the direction of the nearest airfield. No doubt they were helping home a damaged bomber. How different they were from the menacing tentacles over the German cities!

V-for-Victor arrived over the home field. The wireless operator called the base over his repaired equipment. He said simply, "V-Victor."

The clear voice of a girl came pleasantly over the intercom, "V-Victor, prepare to pancake."

The short, business-like message in service slang was a wonderful welcome home.

V-for-Victor circled the field, losing altitude.

"V-Victor in funnels."

"V-Victor, pancake," the girl's voice said.

V-for-Victor touched gently down, ran down the flarepath, and turned off on the perimeter track.

"V-Victor clear of flarepath."

The ground crew met V-for-Victor and acted as guide back into the dispersal area.

"How was it?"

"A piece of cake," someone said.

The crew got out, collected their gear, the parachutes, Mae Wests, the navigator's bag, the guns, etc., and then, as one man, lit up cigarettes. The pilot walked around the plane looking for any damage. There was one small hole through the aileron, but it was too dark to see it then.

The bus arrived and the crew clambered in with all the gear and were taken back to the locker room. June was there, and gathered in all the stuff over the counter and staggered away, lost from sight under a mound of yellow flying suits and Mae Wests.

Then back to the briefing room where a cup of hot tea with rum in it was waiting. Each captain signed his name on the board as he came in. Crew by crew, the men went into the intelligence room, carrying their spiked tea with them.

There were packages of cigarettes on the table, and every one chain-smoked, lighting up from the butt of the previous one.

The intelligence officer asked brief questions and the replies were brief, such as "The heavy flak was light and the light flak heavy." It was over in a very few minutes, and you went back to the briefing room and hashed over the trip with the other crews. No trouble, any of them, but there were gaps in the list of captains chalked on the board.

"It's like that," the Wingco remarked. "In night flying, you usually get back intact or you don't get back at all. If you get coned, or a fighter sees you before you see it, then very often you've had it, but if somebody else gets coned then it's that much easier for you."

You thought of that other Lancaster the JU-88 got with the same burst that missed V-for-Victor. And you lit another cigarette.

The first signs of dawn were coming over the field now, and off in the distance, on the bleak, wind-swept little knoll, V-for-Victor stood guard over the empty dispersal points, from which other men and ships had gone out a short while before. "—if somebody else gets coned then it's that much easier for you."



In the equipment room, June, the pint-sized Waaf in battledress, was an incongruous note. You kept thinking they ought to be able to get somebody a little bigger for the job she was handling.

BIG NICK FROM KHARKOV

He had plenty of reason to hate Nazis—they hanged his wife and two children.



"He edged up toward the Nazis as far as he could. There were fewer of them now and he let go. He got all of them and finally got the officer who had shot him."

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

IRAN—Yanks in the Persian Gulf Command, working alongside Russian GIs on the supply route to the U. S. S. R., get a first-hand account of how the Red Army lives and fights at the front. For Iran, lousy as it looks to Yank eyes, is almost a rest camp to the Red Army, and most of the Russkis here are on short vacations from combat assignment.

One Yank who hung around with a recuperating Russian staff sergeant for 10 days is Pvt. Sammy Foust, a Conesville (Ohio) boy who is block operator on the railway from the Persian Gulf north. Sammy sees that the tracks are clear from his station to the next one up. He used to be a fireman on the Pennsy Panhandle.

"This Russki's name was Nickolai," says Sammy. "He came in with an all-Russian supply train and laid over 10 days. Told me his last name, but it was too tough to remember. He was in charge of the Russian train guards and as tough as they come.

"He'd been a machine gunner in the fighting on the Kharkov front before Kharkov was retaken by the Red Army. Kharkov was his home town and he had that to fight for. He had plenty more, too. He was only 26, and his wife and two kids had been killed by the Nazis when they moved in—hanged.

"Nickolai was friendly and easy to get along with. He and the rest of the Russki guards slept in a boxcar of the supply train and he came over evenings and ate with me. He brought his own rations and we cooked them together.

"He was a good cooking partner, but he was hell on waste. Usually, if I had anything left over from dinner, I'd go to throw it in the garbage

can. He'd jump up and argue with me. Save it for the next meal, was his idea. He'd been where every scrap of food counted like gold.

"Nickolai was one of the biggest guys you ever saw. And built. He usually came over just in his pants, and his chest was something on the Jim Londos style. If I was cooking and shied away from a spatter of hot fat in the pan, he'd laugh and move up to the stove and let it scald him. He'd been in the Red Army for three years and there wasn't anything he was afraid of taking. Once, when he cut himself, I tried to put some medicine on the cut, but he shrugged me away.

"We talked by a mixed-up system. He spoke Turkish and I spoke coolie-style Iranian. The two were close enough so we could make sense out of each other. I had some railroad Russian which helped, and he was good at getting things over by sign language. He called me Stasha, which he said was Russian for Sammy. Before we were through he was speaking some English.

"It was after he'd been around for a couple of days that he showed me his wounds and told me about them. It all started when I asked him how many Nazis he'd killed. He rolled up his trousers and showed me three bullet wounds, two in his left leg and one in his right. Not chips, but deep, ugly ones.

"He'd been out on patrol when he ran into a bunch of Germans. He let loose with his machine gun and some Nazis fell. He showed me how they went down by a sweep of his arm. Then a Nazi officer got him one in the left leg. Nick kept crawling for cover and let go another burst and saw more Nazis fall. The officer got him again, this time high in the right hip.

"He passed out—'mush-mush,' he said; coolie talk for 'sleep'—for he didn't know how long. When he came to, he saw the Nazis were still there, and got off another short burst. The Nazi

officer saw him and shot, the second time for the left leg. Nick passed out again.

"He was out for a longer time after this one, and the pain, when he came to, got him. That, and thinking about his wife and the kids and Kharkov. He edged up toward the Nazis as far as he could. There were fewer of them now and he really let go. Babies, he said they were. 'Mama, mama,' they cried. He got all of them and finally got the officer who had shot him.

"As he told this part, Nick got excited himself remembering it. The veins in his neck swelled up as if they were going to burst and sweat stood out on his forehead. I crowded back a little at this point. There's such a thing as being too damn realistic.

"Nick pulled himself up to the officer who had fallen with a handful of bullets in his gut. When he got to the officer, he took out the short knife he carried in his belt and cut the officer's throat and shook him. He was going to bite the officer in the neck for good measure when his own medics caught up with him and took him back to a field hospital.

"The medics wanted to amputate the left leg, but he talked them out of it. As soon as he was well enough to navigate, he went back on duty. He was sulky now because they'd sent him to Iran to recuperate. He felt well enough to go back to the front. Now he could go to meet the Nazis by way of a Russian Kharkov.

"The day the train was to leave, orders came returning him to combat duty. He came to say good-bye, very happy. I asked if he would remember me. He said, 'I shoot one German for Stasha and mark.' And he made a little X on the ground at his feet to show me how.

"With another dose of Nickolai coming up, I don't envy the Germans."

At Aberdeen's Ordnance Research Center, inquisitive experts find what makes an Axis vehicle tick, and their tests produce facts worth remembering.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS and Sgt. RALPH STEIN, YANK Staff Correspondents

ABERDEEN, MD.—The first thing you learn at the Foreign Materiel outfit here is never, ever, to call a Nazi tank a "Mark Six" or a "Mark Four." The correct designation is PzKW VI or PzKW IV. "Mark" is the British way of saying model, whereas PzKW means what it says: *Panzer Kampfwagen*, or armored battlewagon.

For more than a year captured enemy vehicles have been arriving here from every battle front on earth. The first was a half-track prime mover that came in sections and required three months

of trial-and-error tinkering to be completely reconstructed. Missing parts, which were requisitioned from North Africa, never arrived; mechanics in the Base Shop section made their own.

The worst headache for repair crews here is the difference in measurement caused by the European metric system. Nothing manufactured in the U. S. will fit anything in a Nazi machine unless it is made to fit. In reconstructing the captured stuff, it has sometimes been necessary to combine the salvaged parts of two or three vehicles in order to put one in running order. The mechanics have made their own pistons or recut foreign pistons to take American piston rings; they've cut new gears; they've had to re-tap holes so that American screws will fit them.

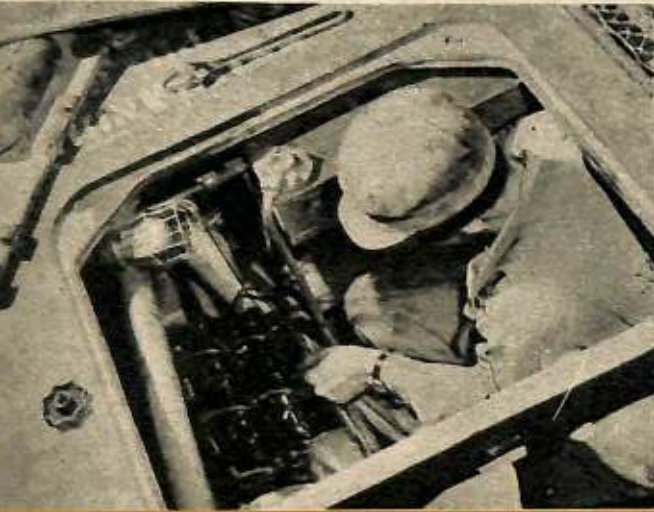
Specially assigned recovery crews, ordnance men trained to know and work with enemy materiel, roam the battlefields of the world to collect the captured rolling stock, which is being accumulated here. It arrives with the dust of its respective theater still on it, plus the names and addresses of GIs who scratch "Bizerte" or "Attu" or "Buna Mission" in big letters on the paint.

Generally speaking, ordnance experts here

T-3 Bruce Warner welds the cracked fender of a German personnel carrier received at Aberdeen.

have found German stuff exceptionally well made in its vital mechanisms, whereas the less essential parts are comparatively cheap. The motor of a Nazi personnel carrier, for example, is a well-built affair, while the body of the vehicle is hardly more than scrap-tin. Japanese pieces of equipment for the most part are cheap imitations of American or British counterparts.

The engineers, who judge by the mass of detail employed in all German-built machines, are convinced that the Nazi idea has been to sacrifice speed for over-all performance and maneuverability. The German equipment, from the sleek motorcycle to the massive PzKW VI, is rugged.



A mechanic at Ordnance Research Center adjusts the valves of the Maybach engine in a PzKW IV.

PzKW VI



This is the famous Tiger (with a picture of its namesake painted on the face plate), the largest and heaviest German tank. Weighing 61½ tons, it is propelled at a speed of from 15 to 18 miles an hour by a 600-to-650 horsepower Maybach V-12 cylinder engine. Maybach engines are used in many power wagons and in submarines. The PzKW VI has an armor

thickness which ranges from 3½ to 4 inches. An additional slab of steel mounted in conjunction with its 88-mm gun forms frontal armor for the turret. Besides the long-barrelled 88, it carries two MG34 (Model 1934) machine guns. Largest tank used in combat by any nation today, the Tiger is more than 20 feet long, about 11½ feet wide and 9½ feet high. It has a crew of five.

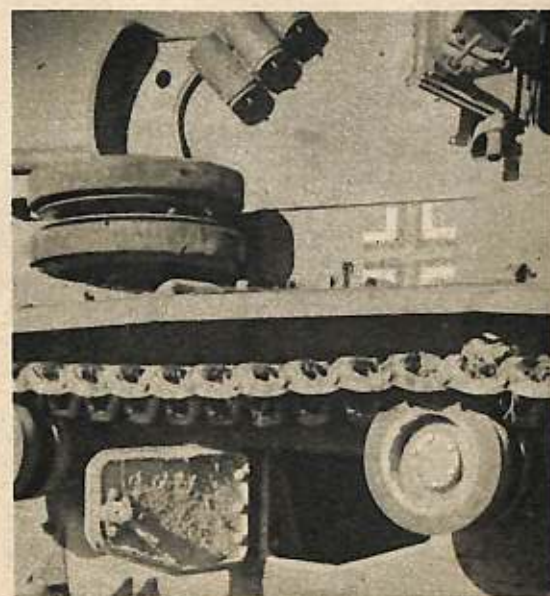
PzKW III



Germans love gadgets. To operate the viewing slots used by the commander of this PzKW III, there is an intricate system of levers and handles to raise or lower the cupola a fraction of an inch. A few grains of sand might very easily jam the works.

The German medium tank (above) is driven by a 280-horsepower 12-cylinder Maybach engine. It can do 29 mph at top speed. Compared with the Tiger, the PzKW III is lightly armored, weighing a mere 19 tons. This tank mounts a 5-cm (two-inch) *kampfwagen kanone* and two 7.92-mm MG34 machine guns, and has a crew of five. It ranges somewhere between our own light and medium tanks, and in the early days of the war it was a mainstay of the German Wehrmacht's famed blitzkrieg tactics.

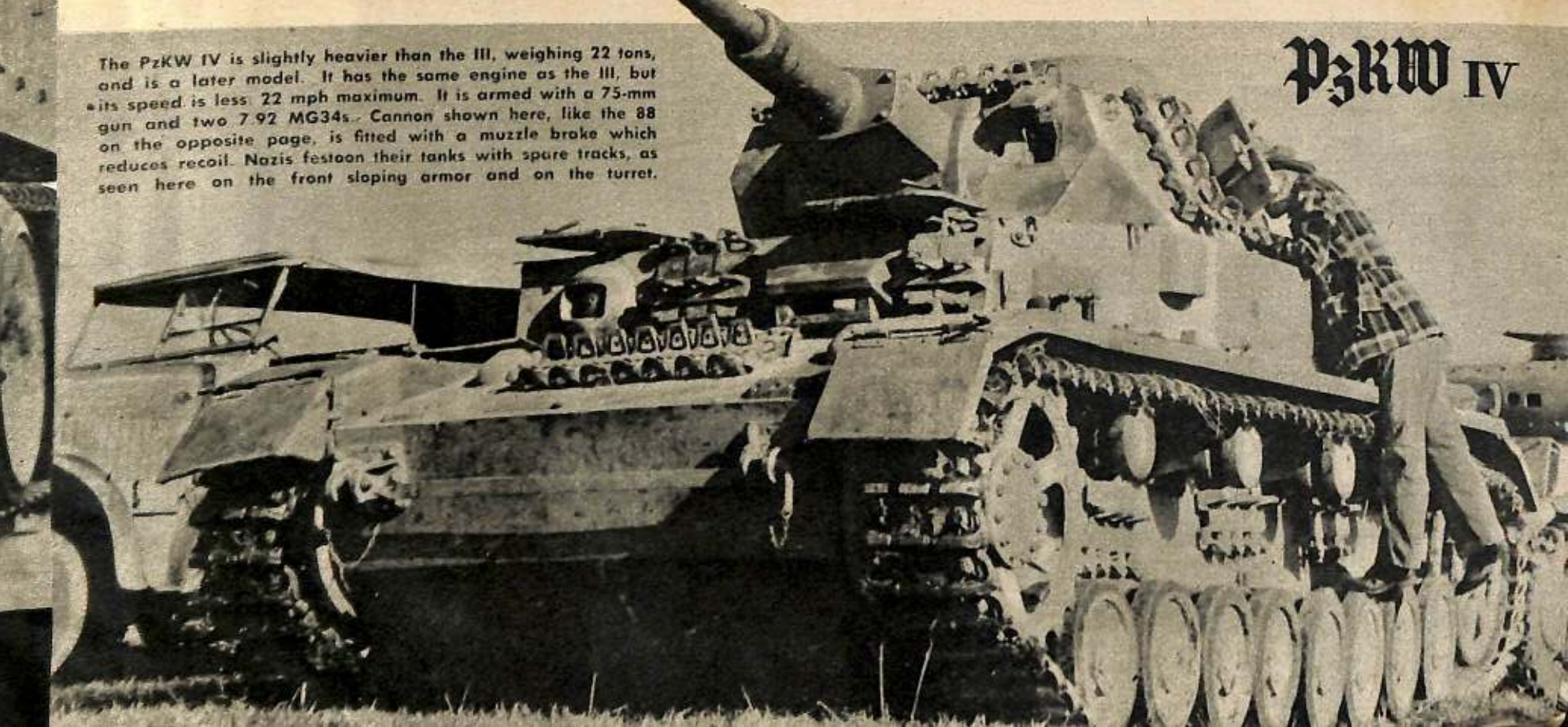
Enemy Vehicles



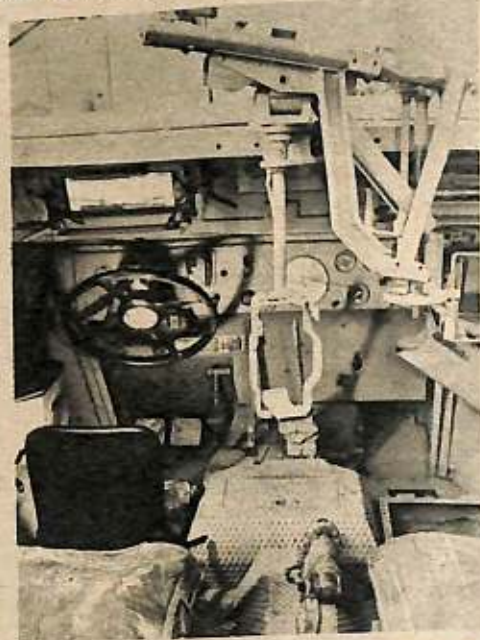
Close-up of the PzKW III shows spare bogie wheel and, on the side of the turret above it, three smoke projectors. Escape hatch, with door open, can be seen in the side of the hull.

The PzKW IV is slightly heavier than the III, weighing 22 tons, and is a later model. It has the same engine as the III, but its speed is less—22 mph maximum. It is armed with a 75-mm gun and two 7.92 MG34s. Cannon shown here, like the 88 on the opposite page, is fitted with a muzzle brake which reduces recoil. Nazis festoon their tanks with spare tracks, as seen here on the front sloping armor and on the turret.

PzKW IV



The Nazis Have a Variety of Half-Tracks and Recon Cars



The German armored half-track personnel carrier is a six-cylinder, 100-horsepower job with a maximum speed of 40 mph. It carries two MG34 machine guns. This vehicle has a coffin-shaped body, and carries 10 men on two longitudinal seats. One machine gun is mounted to the right of the eleventh man, the driver, whose visibility is limited to two small glassed-in slots as shown above.

Interior of the half-track at left shows its unique inverted steering wheel. Included among instruments on the dashboard is a tachometer, indicating engine revolutions.

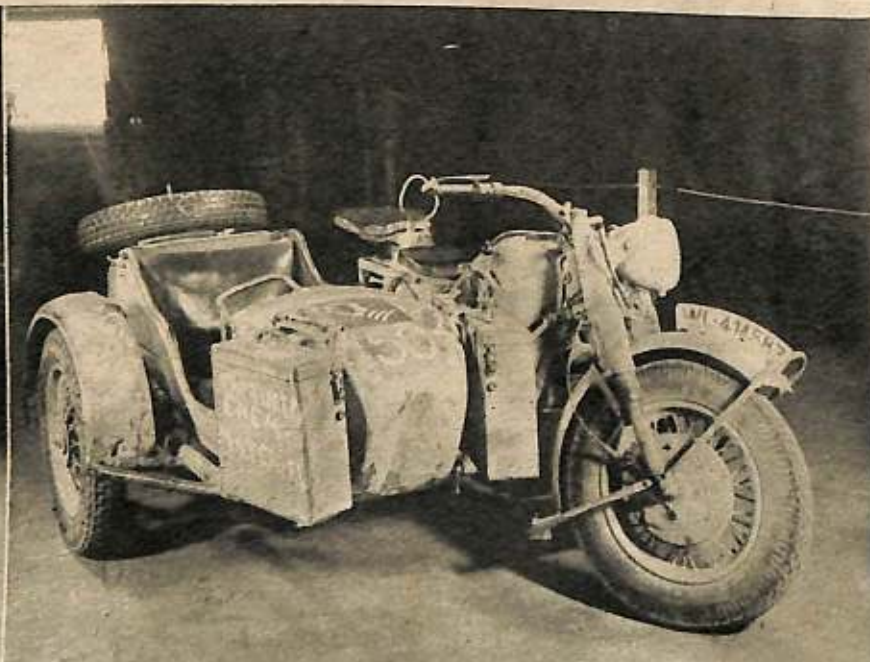


This is the German eight-ton half-track personnel carrier and prime mover. It has a passenger capacity of 12 men and is used as the standard tractor for the 88-mm dual-purpose gun.

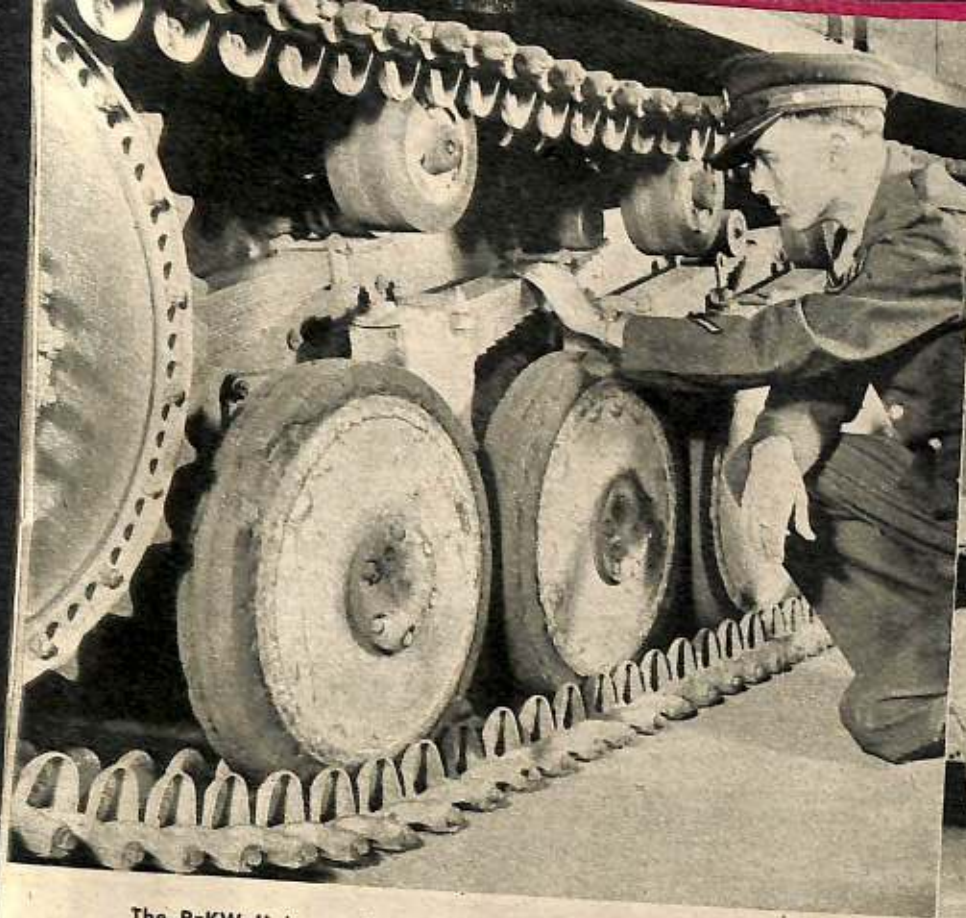
The spare wheel on each side of the chassis of this German command and reconnaissance car turns freely to prevent bellying on rough ground. It has a V-8 engine, four-wheel drive, and can do 45 mph. There is no armament.



The Nazi BMW motorcycle has an opposed horizontal twin engine, driving the rear wheel by a shaft instead of a chain. Unlike most European models it has a hand gear shift similar to conventional U. S. models.



A side-car version of the BMW (Bayerische Motoren Werke) which has a unique motorcycle feature—a reverse gear. Unlike American models it has a hand clutch. This is as good as any motorcycle in the world.



The PzKW II is an obsolete type of tank now primarily used by the Germans for observation and reconnaissance. Although it is comparatively low powered, having a six-cylinder 135-horsepower engine, its maximum speed is 35 miles per hour, making it the fastest German tank in use today. It is armed

PzKW II



with a 20-mm auto-cannon and one 7.92-mm machine gun. In the close-up at left is shown the quarter-elliptic springing of bogies which has been replaced in newer German models by a torsional-suspension system. This PzKW II came into Aberdeen painted a bright red, with "Snafu" lettered on the side.

HOW TO DRIVE AN AXIS VEHICLE



GERMAN, Czech, Italian and some Japanese vehicles have Bosch ignition systems, many of which can be operated by the key pictured at left. Note that the key is notched. Under the key is shown the ignition switch and the ignition light. On the switch, which is turned by the key, are positions numbered 0, 1 and 2, which control the lights. The key acts as a master switch. If key is inserted to its first notch, lights can be operated but ignition is off. If key is pushed in further, lights, ignition, starter all can be operated. In this position of the key, the red ignition light glows; and when this light, which is also the starter button, is pushed the starter will operate.

WATCH OUT FOR BOOBY TRAPS.



Germans frequently use captured material intact or convert it to suit their own purposes. In the foreground above is a German 15-cm howitzer mounted on a French Lorraine medium tank chassis. To its right is a German 75-mm gun on a Czech medium tank chassis.



JAPANESE light tank, model 1935, pictured above and right, was built in October 1941 and was captured last summer in the Aleutians. Like most Japanese equipment, it performs better than it looks. It has a six-cylinder air-cooled 250-horsepower Diesel engine which moves its eight-ton weight at 22 mph. It is armed with a 37-mm cannon and two 7.7 machine guns. Note the old-style riveting of armor plate throughout.



Yanks at Home in the ETO



Anglo-American relations as represented by a pair of American MPs and their ATS counterparts in London whose beats just happen to cross. We don't know much about MPs—male or female—but can't you just imagine at a sweet, tender moment like this that they might be checking up on what nights they all have off?

Initiated

FELLER, have you ever heard a shot fired in anger?" a soldier asked us out on the range the other day. We confessed that, except in air raids, we hadn't.

"Well," said our friend, "neither have I. But we're both going to hear one right now. They've cancelled my weekend pass."

And "Wham!" went the mortar.

Take It Off!

A full moon, as everyone knows, can louse up the best of military ventures, and it sure has done just that to the habits of a platoon sergeant in an infantry outfit we spent some time with last week. Ever since last October, this chap has been baffling the men around his barracks by sounding off on the charms of the British winter; so far as he was concerned, he couldn't see anything wrong with the sun rising about noon. Well, just when the boys were beginning to suspect this bird of being slyly on the make for a Section 8, the moon came out at reveille the other morning and cleared up the mystery.

Seems this sergeant had somehow managed to cadge a pair of zipper leggings and that these— together with a handsome pair of candy-striped underwear, a pair of shoes, an overcoat, and a hat— had pulled him comfortably and sleepily through reveille for several months. The procedure was simple: He'd hear the first sergeant's whistle, jump out of bed and blow his whistle, then jump back into bed. At the sound of the bugle, he'd be out of bed again, yanking on his shoes, zipping on those trick leggings, and getting out there just in time to form his platoon.

Then came the morning with the moon. To make things worse, there was a strong wind which kept the sergeant's overcoat flapping up above his bony knees. All through the usual routine, the sergeant was painfully aware that the company commander was giving him more than the customary attention. The light was far from good, but even so the sergeant was able to sense that the captain's opinion of him was likewise. When the captain dismissed the company, he retained the sergeant's platoon at attention and the sergeant, knew he was a dead pigeon. The

captain inspected the platoon, painstakingly—squad by squad, man by man. Then he turned and said: "And now you, sergeant."

The sergeant stood to, facing his platoon but looking miles over the heads of his men. "What's your uniform, sergeant?" the captain asked in deceptively sympathetic tones.

"Rather skimpy, sir," confessed the sergeant miserably.

"Let's see it, sergeant."

So then and there, in front of his men and on a blasted English heath that even Macbeth's witches would have turned up their noses at, the platoon sergeant did his melancholy strip-tease, right down to candy-striped shorts and knobby knees. He might almost have been a Scotch Highlander on display—except, unfortunately, he wasn't. The captain, however, was merciful, as captains go. "Dismiss your platoon, sergeant," was all he said and all he has said to this day.

The Passing Scene

Make of it what you will, but we saw a second looie shell out ten bob to a private who tossed him a highball on Oxford Street in London one day last week. Is there an OCS camouflaged in the bush somewhere around? . . . And during that brief shower the other day we saw a Wac sergeant with stripes on her raincoat. That's all right, toots—the non-coms down in New Guinea used to paint stripes on their bare arms with betel nut juice.

Title For a GI Dirge

A couple of Joes from out of town stopped suddenly for a red light and we wound up in back of them just as one of those horse-drawn wagons advertising "The Military Pickle" on its side crawled past. "That's a funny name for a pickle," said one of the lads to his pal. "Chum," said the other, "that's the name of what you and me both, and just about eight million other guys, is in."

Words Across The Sea

The ink-stained wretch who struggles to make sense out of the abbreviated cables sent from the States to one of the big London dailies had his hands

full the other day when the paper's New York correspondent wired over a sign which had appeared on the marquee of a Manhattan movie theater. The man on this end evidently pondered the gibberish for some time and finally made it read thus: "One touch of Venus Four Star—Smash it." Couldn't be better for our money. Anything for a touch of good old Venus Four Star! Smash it, boys, smash it!

Our British Buddy

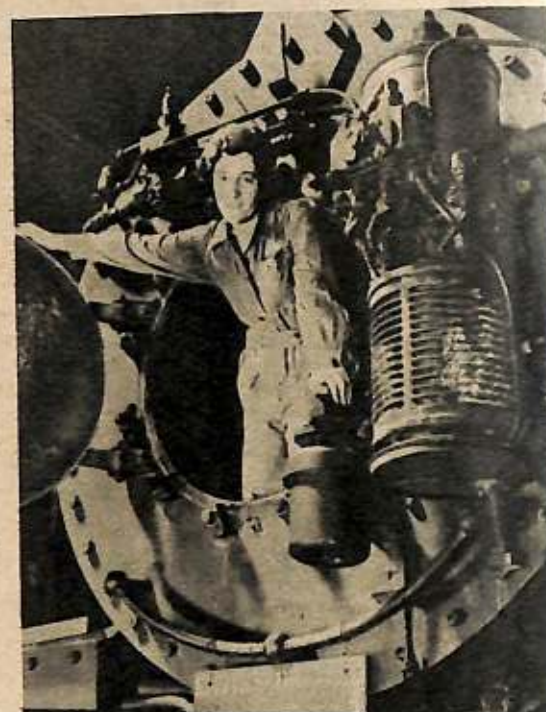
And here's the gist of another item we picked up in the British press—an item you may have missed, but one which no GI who is ever afflicted with low moments should be without:

INK SPILLED ON MAJOR'S TROUSERS

Redcap Accused

"A Major in the R.A.M.C. described at an Aldershot court-martial today how a soldier, who appeared before him on a minor charge, stepped forward, tipped up the ink over his trousers . . . The soldier, a 20-year-old private in the Military Police, said his mind went blank and he could not remember what happened."

That's all, men. We'll leave you for this week to cook up your own picture of that wonderful, awful moment as the ink crept towards the edge of the table. No slugging, mind you, and no shouting—just the trickling ink and then, as the world stood still, his mind went blank. He may not be able to remember what happened, but we always will. What a guy!



A British woman machinist pauses for a moment while working on an American "invasion locomotive." This is one of many 130-ton eight-wheel drivers now being shipped to England from the States.



YANK's Walt Peters gets a dollar bill signed by George Platt who didn't happen to have his short-snorter handy . . . No, men, we don't know the gal's name.



Pvt. Sandile Jones, of Manchester, Ky., was a happy man upon finding himself alive after a bomb from a German plane buried him beneath more than two feet of Italian mud.



The retreating Nazis go in for a little torture on the side. This woman describes the brutal beating of her husband to Lt. Louis Ochoa, Laredo, Texas, who arranged for immediate medical attention.



This German prisoner in civilian clothes was caught near the Italian front when overheard addressing the dog beside him, in German. The Nazi will go to prison, the dog to some lonely GI.

How to Capture a German Patrol

By Sgt. JACK FOISIE
Africa's "Stars and Stripes" Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY (By Cable).—This is a Sgt. York story with screwy overtones of the kind that make you wonder how the Master Race feels about itself these days. Until eleven months ago, Billy Miller, of Peoria, Ill., had been rolling dough for C-ration biscuits in a home front factory. Now, at twenty-one, he was a doughboy of another sort—a private moving forward with his company attacking Hill 396, near San Vitore, on the road to Rome. It was to be his first night of battle, for Pvt. Miller was a replacement, and as he pushed along toward the action which he knew was only a matter of hours—maybe minutes—away, he had that sinking feeling most men experience as they face action for the first time: What, he wondered, was battle going to be like, and what was he going to be like in it?

So far as Pvt. Miller was concerned, things started off nicely enough on Hill 396, and almost before he knew it he had nabbed a prisoner. Then his luck turned against him and, as he was leading his captive back to the American lines, a German patrol put in an unwelcome appearance and grabbed Pvt. Miller. The scouts took their Yank to a cave which turned out to be the make-shift headquarters of an English-speaking German lieutenant with a detachment of 18 men.

The lieutenant told Pvt. Miller that the whole bunch of them were going to make a dash for it across no-man's-land in an effort to reach the German lines. The private never talked so fast or so eloquently before. Such a trip was impossible, he told the lieutenant; every one would surely be killed. The American's concern for the safety of his Nazi captors was truly touching, and finally the lieutenant agreed that it would be best to stay put a while.

The next day, the nineteen Germans and Pvt. Miller moved into an abandoned house in no-man's-land. The American, a pint-sized, beat-up looking Joe who is quiet and shy except when pleading with the Germans, crawled off into a corner by himself

to await developments—developments which he hoped would include the appearance of some Yank forces on a hilltop which was visible from the window. The Germans, he noticed, didn't seem to care much about what went on; they didn't mention the war at all and spent their time singing and drinking wine and eating hard Italian bread which they found in the house. They even offered Pvt. Miller his share—a sign, he learned later from men who had been through the same thing, that they didn't consider their own position so hot and figured they might soon be prisoners themselves, at the mercy of American generosity.

Actually, both captive and captors were prisoners of the war that raged around them. Shells landed near the house all that first day and there was nothing either Jerries or Yank could do about it except try to think about something else. The Germans thought little enough about their prisoner and didn't even bother to follow him when he went outside to what passed for a johnny.

On the morning of the second day, the German lieutenant figured he and his men had better take their prisoner and make a break for it. He was a tall, youthful officer, Pvt. Miller said later, and "not a bad guy"—just a guy in a hell of a jam. The private from Peoria began to go into his song-and-dance again about the dangers of crossing no-man's land when, glancing through the window out of the corner of his eye, he saw that American troops had reached the hilltop.

"And anyway," he said to the lieutenant, "it's no use trying now. The Americans are on that hill over there and they have you surrounded."

The lieutenant took one look and decided it was curtains. "We are your prisoners," he said to Pvt. Miller. "You are no longer our prisoner." The

Pvt. Billy Miller got his introduction to combat by being captured by a German patrol. Then the patrol turned around and surrendered to Billy . . . But how will you be able to tell that to the folks back in Peoria?

Nazi made no effort to check on the Yank's claim that the house was entirely surrounded, which, as a matter of fact, it wasn't.

Pvt. Miller, whose basic training had failed to include instruction on how to take 19 men prisoner, hung back for a moment, pondering the situation. The lieutenant obligingly came to the rescue by rounding himself and his men up and formally surrendering.

First the lieutenant handed over his pistol and his machine pistol to the private. "Now step up and search me," he prompted Miller. Miller did so, a trifle gingerly. Then the lieutenant called his men together and told them they were on the verge of surrendering. The men seemed to think that was a fine idea, and their leader told Pvt. Miller to search them. Miller, who by this time was riding high, did so and his search netted 18 rifles, six pistols and eight pairs of binoculars.

"Now shall we go to your lines?" suggested the lieutenant.

Pvt. Miller replied that would suit him fine so the Nazi officer lined up his men in a double column. The American, staggering under a load of pistols and binoculars (he had to leave the rifles behind), took the lead and triumphantly headed his captives toward the hilltop. The party was of such proportions that the American front outpost there became worried lest it was a counter-attack but fortunately no trigger-happy Joe let fly before Pvt. Miller had been able to make his position clear.

"If that's war," said Pvt. Miller when it was all over, "I'll stick to rolling C-rations—or even eating them." The only thing that bothers Pvt. Miller is how he'll be able to tell that story back in Peoria—and make it stick. "That Miller kid!" he can hear them say. "He always did tell whoppers!"





1. Good eats for old Shellbacks like Comdr. R. Jaspersen. They get the best on the big day.



2. SOS, or chipped beef on toast, for Pollywogs like S/Sgt. Mike Cancellier, who's to be initiated.



3. This Pollywog's job is to make up beds and be a general detail man for Navy Shellbacks.





A veteran Shellback, with fiendish ingenuity, prepares the hot seat before the ceremonies.



5. Lt. Michael Cario on watch. He gives signal to begin ceremonies when he "sights" the equator.



6. The ceremonies start as the Royal Beautician and Barber hack up a victim.

AN OLD SOUTHERN CUSTOM

WHEN a Navy ship crosses the equator, the old ceremonies led by King Neptune are still held even though there's more Army than Navy aboard. YANK's Sgt. John Bushemi took these pictures on a ship carrying an infantry battalion to fight the Japs in the Gilbert Islands. Each victim, rank or no rank, is initiated into the Order of Shellbacks "without justice."



8. "But that ain't all," as Gov. Talmadge of Georgia used to say. After his ducking the Royal Doctor gives him a pill for his pains. The after effect of the pill has unfortunately been censored.



9. Last of all, he kisses the greased stomach of the Royal Baby, enthroned with the Queen, Princess and King.

Lois Collier
YANK
Pin-up Girl



News from Home

The sky grew darker for civilians and brighter for some men serving overseas as the President, despite a hangover from the grippe, cracked the whip over Congress and started the Washington juggernaut rolling creakily into 1944.

It was one humdinger of a week so far as news from Washington was concerned. Every ten or fifteen minutes, so it seemed, some big shot would sound off with an announcement which was bound to affect the lives of hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of people. If words meant anything, civilians on the home front were going to be put through the wringer in more ways than one, and servicemen overseas could look forward to getting a break or two—sometime.

From the point of view of the majority of men in the ETO, the week got off to a glum start and then gradually brightened. The War Department started the ball rolling by announcing that men who have sweated it out for two years in Alaska or the Caribbean Theater would soon be brought back to the States for reassignment. Some combat troops in the North African Theater would be relieved after serving 18 months, the WD added. Plans were also underfoot to start moving back men who have been stuck for long periods out in the South and Southwest Pacific Theaters, it was stated.

But how about the ETO? The bad news from this angle was dished out by Senator Robert Reynolds, Democrat of North Carolina, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, who said that plans to bring men home from England so far covered only combat crews of the Eighth Air Force. He remarked that by and large the men here have not suffered sufficient combat fatigue and battle nerve-strain to warrant a trip home. The gentleman from North Carolina also made an assertion which some Etousians were inclined to look upon as a classic: In the ETO, he said, "climatic conditions don't necessitate a change."

That's the way things stood when, a couple of days later, President Roosevelt presented to Congress a 100-billion-dollar budget, together with a demand that at least a tenth of it be raised by taxes—a demand which made the \$2,275,000,000 tax bill pending in the Senate look pretty sick. To the rank-and-file Etousian, messing around with shillings and pence, the President's figures sounded a little out of this world, but buried deep in the message was one remark which every Joe could understand and which brightened up the week considerably in these parts.

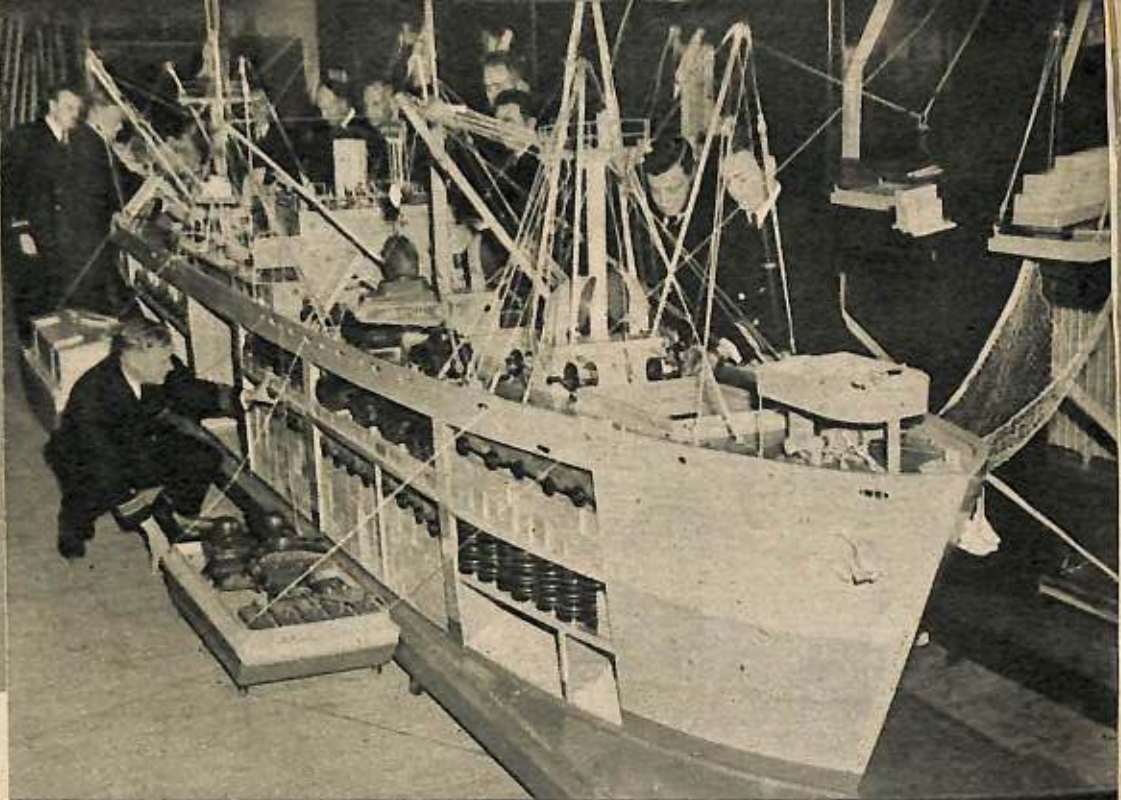
The good news was this: Mr. Roosevelt, while making no promise of an early victory, said that when victory is attained in one major theater demobilization of men in the armed forces will begin immediately, without waiting for victory elsewhere. The President did not say that demobilization would principally affect the theater in which victory had been achieved, but many on the home front were quick to assume this.

Filling out the picture a bit, Major General Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, said that soldiers about to be demobilized would be kept in uniform until civilian jobs are found for them. "The responsibility for the release of members of our armed forces must be closely correlated with the responsibility for placing these servicemen in training or in jobs," said General Hershey. "In demobilization, it will not be wisdom to send home thousands to areas in which there's employment for hundreds."

The President had not yet fully recovered from his recent attack of grippe and had been told by his personal physician to "ease up and take things easy." Consequently, he was not seen by many in Washington last week, but he nevertheless contrived to keep things popping. He was unable to present his State of the Nation address personally to Congress as it reconvened for the New Year, but that did not prevent him from using this occasion to raise one of the most controversial issues yet to beset the home front—a National Service Act.

Mr. Roosevelt called for just such an act. "I recommend," he said, "that Congress adopt a National Service Law, which, for the duration of the war, will prevent strikes and, with certain appropriate exceptions, will make available for war production or for any other essential services every able-bodied adult in the nation."

The President emphasized that his plan would mean no pay cuts, no loss of retirement or seniority rights, and would not include the uprooting from their present jobs of any substantial



This miniature of a Liberty ship is identical in all its parts with the real thing. It is being studied by naval officers in a course intended to produce quicker and more efficient handling of cargoes.



One sign of winter in New England. A cold gale swept Boston, Mass., blowing this billboard across a parked car, besides breaking windows, flattening walls and tangling things up generally.





Madeleine Carroll of the movies—spic, span and ready for a journey to the war left Hollywood to direct entertainment for seamen in New York, then joined the Red Cross Overseas Division.



A railroad employee gets the spirit of things and salutes his boss, now a colonel in the Army. The 20th Century now wears a gold braid, and so does the Lackawanna.

less than the total mobilization of all our resources of manpower and capital will guarantee an early victory and reduce the toll of suffering and sorrow and blood. National Service is the most democratic way to wage war. Like Selective Service for the armed forces, it rests on the obligation of each citizen to serve his nation to the utmost where he is best qualified."

The President said he had been hesitant for the last three years to recommend a National Service Act but that he is now convinced of the necessity of such a measure. He added that the heads of the Army, Navy, and Maritime Commission had jointly urged the same course.

Within a few hours after the Presidential address had been delivered, identical bills calling for a draft of labor had been introduced into the House and Senate, sponsored by Representative James W. Wadsworth, Republican of New York, and Senator Warren R. Austin, Republican of Vermont. By the terms of these bills, all civilian males from 18 to 64, inclusive, and civilian females (with certain exceptions) from 18 to 49, inclusive, would be subject to call. Those drafted would be permitted to decide for themselves whether or not they wanted to join a union.

The President's National Service proposal brought protests from William Green, president of the AFL, and Phillip Murray, president of the CIO. The two labor leaders personally informed Mr. Roosevelt that organized workers were unalterably opposed to the idea of such an act, which, they said, would subject labor to government-directive powers in all jobs. Both contended that strikes had affected only a small portion of industry during the war and they maintained that the President, in sponsoring a measure to prevent threats of strikes and strikes themselves had been taking advice from "the wrong people." Argument on a National Service Act at this time could not fail to hurt Labor's cause, Murray and Green declared.

Green said a National Service Law would place American workers in "involuntary servitude" and Murray said it would punish millions of workers who have served faithfully in the war effort "merely because a small percentage of the workers had engaged in unauthorized strikes." Green remarked that legislation of the kind proposed wouldn't put an end to strikes and pointed out that Great Britain, which already has such a law, has not been able to do away entirely with strikes.

The President had also asked for "a realistic tax law which will tax all unreasonable profits, both individual and corporate, and reduce the ultimate cost of the war to our sons and daughters." This seemed to make very little impression upon the Senate, which the following day tentatively approved its aforementioned \$2,275,000,000 bill.

The question of the soldiers' vote was still being kicked around, with substitute measures for the original Green-Lucas bill being offered from all sides. Roosevelt made his stand on the issue clear in his State of the Nation message when he said that the Army and Navy could handle the service-

men's vote only if balloting were conducted on a national basis. Advocating a simplified federal soldier-voting law, the President declared: "Surely the signers of the Constitution didn't intend a document which, even in wartime, would be construed to take away the franchise from any of those who are fighting to preserve the Constitution itself."

The soldier-vote bill that seemed to be making the most headway, having been passed by the House Elections Committee as well as by the Senate, would give the individual states control of servicemen's ballots. By the terms of this bill, here's the way you'd vote: The Secretaries of War and Navy would send cards to all overseas members of the armed forces (members of the Merchant Marine and Red Cross would be in on this, too) requesting them to notify the secretaries of their home states in the event that they wanted to cast a vote. Distribution, collection, and tabulation of the ballots would be left in the hands of the separate states.

Right in the middle of all this tumult, Harrison E. Spangler, chairman of the Republican National Committee, disclosed in Chicago that "an impartial poll made at our request" by four Army officers in the ETO had shown that 56 percent of the Yank troops questioned would vote against Roosevelt next November. The poll, he said, was conducted without the knowledge of the War Department, and four scattered battalions were canvassed. The officers who made the survey, and whom Spangler declined to name, were "all members of the Republican organization," the GOP chairman said.

Spangler was widely criticized by both the Democratic and Republican press for having pulled a boner, and Representative Emanuel Celler, Democrat of New York, charged in the House that the poll was in violation of the Articles of War. To this, Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Republican of Massachusetts, retorted that, in view of some recently published Democratic claims of pro-Administration sentiment among members of the armed forces, there must also have been some sampling of military opinion on the other side of the fence.

Also from Chicago came word that the Republicans had chosen that city for their national convention, to open there on June 26th. The decision was reached by the GOP National Committee and State Chairmen who were meeting there and the name of Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, was uppermost in despatches as the party's candidate for President. The name of Governor Earl Warren, of California, emerged from the meeting as a likely running-mate for Dewey.

The selection of Chicago as the convention city was interpreted in some quarters as a blow at the forces of Wendell Willkie, although Willkie himself had said only a few days before that he had no personal objections to holding the pow-wow there. Political writers nevertheless pointed out that Willkie had previously expressed the hope that the conven-

HEROES AT HOME



This is a tale of three heroes—our first is Capt. Richard Bong, on leave, telling his sister about those 21 Zeros he knocked down in the Pacific—



But this hero, Marine Sgt. E. L. Dyer who won a presidential citation for valor in action, got an honorable discharge because of wounds suffered on Makin—



And number three is J. E. Dean, Jr., a former Fortress gunner, discharged from the Army for being under age, giving his old man, who's going into the Army, a few pointers.

tion would be held in some city which was not under the influence of the isolationist *Chicago Tribune*.

At a press conference in Albany, Governor Dewey declined to say yes or no when asked: "Governor, are you willing to use General Sherman's statement that 'If nominated I will not accept and if elected I will not serve'?"

So that's the set-up at the moment. And now for something less headachy. David Keith, 24, and Richard King, 23, both of Norfolk, Va., are a couple of young squirts who apparently don't even know there's a war on; at any rate, they've just got through having one hell of a time for themselves in the old-fashioned way. One night at 10 o'clock near the Gravelly Point Airport in Virginia the two jumped into an eight-passenger airlines limousine driven by Herman Corman, 22, of Washington, D. C. The only passenger in the car at the time was Mercedes Platt, a 25-year-old brunette who was returning from Canada to Havana, Cuba, where she works as a naval attache's receptionist in the U. S. Embassy.

Keith and King drew revolvers and took \$48 from Corman and \$11 from Miss Platt. Then one of the two bandits pushed Corman aside, slid into the driver's seat, and headed the car north through Maryland and Pennsylvania, humming boogie-woogie ditties as he drove. Both Keith and King chatted amiably, in a rich southern drawl, with their captives and in Philadelphia they made a stop for sandwiches and coffee at an all-night diner. Once during the drive, either Keith or King (Miss Platt was not sure which) made a pass at the young lady after threatening her with his revolver but he cheerfully laid off when she emphatically told him nothing doing.

The trip then continued without further unpleasantness until the party reached Brooklyn, N. Y., where the two young men kicked their passengers out and drove away, calling: "So long, babe. We're headed for Canada." The next afternoon, Paul Caulford, a Brooklyn taxi-driver, was waiting for a green light when Keith and King drove alongside, forced him to get in their limousine and then robbed him of eight bucks. They told Caulford they wanted to get out of town and ordered him to act as a guide. The cabbie directed them to and through the Holland Tunnel and then to the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge. The boys from Norfolk thought it would be a good idea to cross this. Caulford said nothing, and so the trio landed back in Manhattan. There they tossed Caulford out.

With the cabbie's help, police traced the limousine to a parking lot near 58th Street and Eighth Avenue and then on a hunch went into a movie theater in that neighborhood. The cops knew that one of the pair of bandits was wearing riding boots and they got the usher to flash a light along the rows of seats until it hit upon the telltale footwear. That was the end of the gay career of the Messrs. Keith and King. The picture they had to stop and see was a detective thriller called *The Falcon and the Co-eds*.

Signs that things are loosening up a bit: Within the next month or so, metal baby carriages—just like the pre-war kind—will be on the market again, with the blessing of the War Production Board . . . After March 1 it won't be necessary to turn in an empty tube to get a full tube of toothpaste or shaving cream. The reason, they say, is that tubes nowadays are made with little or no tin . . . More shellac will presently be made available to the manufacturers of phonograph records and the operators of bowling alleys.

Words on Wacs: "What man would join an organization that would automatically bring him the nickname of 'screwball'?" asked Dr. Donald Anderson Laird, internationally known psychologist, of Middle Haddam, Conn., as he blamed the term "Wac" for making the girls leery of enlisting in that branch of the Army. Yes, doc, but how about "dogface"? . . . To make things more attractive for prospective recruits, it was announced that young ladies enlisting in the Wacs in the Second Service Command would be permitted to request assignment to a specific post.



Allen T. Treadway, 72-year-old Republican of Massachusetts, and the ranking minority member of the House Ways and Means Committee, announced that he will not campaign for re-election because of ill-health. He is now serving his 16th term in Congress.

J. Walter Christie, 80-year-old inventor who has often been referred to as "the father of the modern tank," died at his home in Falls Church, Va.

Andy Wright and Clarence Norris, two of the five Negroes convicted in the famous Scottsboro case, were paroled by the Alabama Board of Pardons with the understanding that they would go to work in lumber mills.

John P. Grier, the great stallion who gave Man o' War his toughest races back in 1920 but never beat the champion, died in Moorestown, N. J., at the age of 29.

Flash: Out in Logansport, Ind., Joe Army was inducted into the Navy.

Louis Marino, 20-year-old war worker in Detroit, Michigan, died of burns he suffered when a friend gave him the hot-foot. Flames from his shoe swept up through his oil-soaked clothing. Some gag.

Thomas E. O'Neil died in Easthampton, Mass., at the age of 103. He was to have celebrated his 25th birthday this February 29th.

Harold S. Jacobs, 43, an employee of the New York Navy Yard in Brooklyn, was accused by the FBI of stealing so many tools from the place that he had more of certain kinds in his home than the yard did itself.

Struck by a truck and dragged 30 feet, Mrs. Ella Berry, 83, of Glendale, Calif., jumped to her feet, brushed herself off, and hurried away, pushing aside a cop who figured she might need some assistance.

"Young man," she said, "don't stop me. I'm in a hurry to get to market."

Arturo Toscanini, 76-year-old Italian symphony orchestra leader, refused to accept any pay for his first movie—an anti-fascist film called *Hymn of the Nations* which the Office of War Information is getting out and which will be shown overseas shortly. Toscanini once turned down a \$250,000 offer to make a picture for Hollywood.

One of the current song hits is "Paper Doll," which was written in 1915 by the late Johnny Black but didn't get in the big money until recently. Black's 80-year-old father died last week in a Hamilton, Ohio, rooming house before he could establish his claim to the \$20,000 in royalties the song has produced in the last few months.

Judy Garland announced that she is filing divorce proceedings against Sgt. David Rose, who used to be a Hollywood composer as well as the husband of Martha Raye.

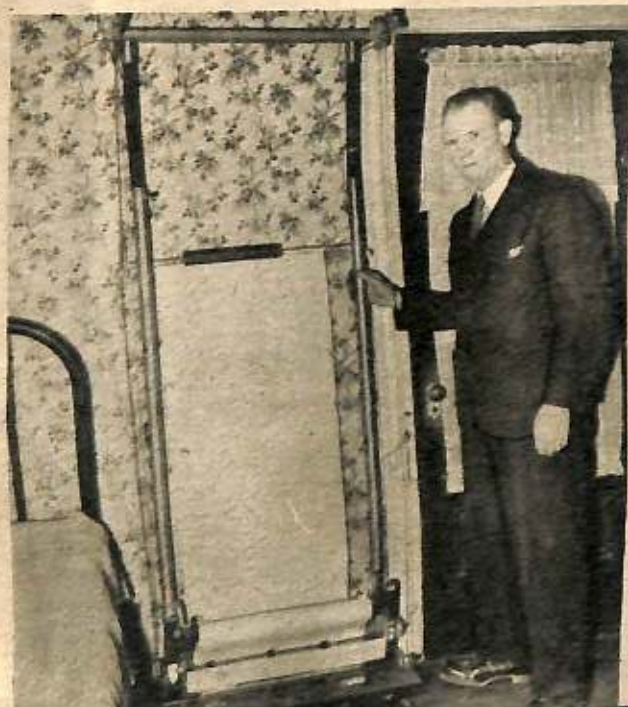
Joan Blondell, reported to be seriously ill with nervous exhaustion, said she was going to file suit for divorce from Dick Powell, who she married eight years ago.

If there had been as much radium as Army officers thought there was in 13 vials in a laboratory at Hill Field, Utah, there'd be a lot of dead or very sick people in Salt Lake City. James C. Burke, a worker at the Hill Field air base, stole the vials one night and took them home in his pocket, travelling in a crowded bus to Salt Lake City. A few days later, reading in the newspapers a description of the deadly stuff he had swiped, he casually mailed them back to the field's commanding officer, wrapping them in only a few pieces of paper. Had the solution in the vials been as strong as officials at the air base feared Burke would almost surely be a dead duck today and so would the bus passengers he had journeyed home with and the postmen who handled the package he sent back to the base.

Representative Warren Magnuson, Democrat of Washington, announced that nine Liberty ships have broken apart in Alaskan waters and James N. Greathouse, official of the Pacific Coast Marine Union, said that many Merchant Marine seamen knew that their lives were endangered by structural defects in some of the ships. They hadn't complained publicly, Greathouse added, because they were afraid they would be accused of squawking groundlessly.

President Roosevelt, acting upon the advice of Attorney General Francis Biddle, decreed that it is unconstitutional for a member of Congress to serve in the armed forces without first resigning his seat. The decision affects two Representatives—Albert Gore, Democrat of Tennessee, and Henry M. Jackson, Democrat of Washington—both of whom recently enlisted in the Army.

Speaking in Chicago, Milton A. Saffir, a psychologist, said that children are sick and tired of being told the facts of life via the old birds-and-bees route. They should be told what it is all about when they are four or five years old, he said, by comparing sex with hunger. Now, sonny, take Spam . . .



INGENUITY. Michael Horan of Brighton, Mass., invented this pasting, rolling paperhanging machine that hardly even needs a one-armed paperhanger.



YACHT CLUB FIRE. Firemen fight the blaze that destroyed the building and marine equipment of the Milwaukee Yacht Club, causing \$50,000 damage.



GILDING THE LILY. For a dance she performs in the movie "Kismet," Marlene Dietrich had to have her legs coated with gold-leaf paint.

Mail Call

The Battle Of Charles Wood . . .

Dear YANK:

For quite some time I have been reading "Mail Call" in *our* magazine and stood by, passing up a lot of chances to write to you myself, thus keeping out of a lot of arguments—but in today's issue came the last straw—namely, the epistle by one Lt. Charles G. Wood, Jr., whoever he is.

Before I go further, let it be clear that my branch of the service, in my opinion, is the best, and I am *damned* proud of it. On numerous occasions, bull sessions often drift to the life of the American infantryman, and we're quite ready to admit that his is not a bed of roses.

But, lieutenant, we envy you. You've a foxhole to crawl into. Can you picture an airman digging a foxhole up in the blue to hide from the flak coming up from the Ruhr Valley?

And where did you get the idea that there is no longer any hazard connected with aviation? I could name a hundred men who "sweat out" their take-offs just as much as the bomb run over the target. All that I can say for any one so gullible as to believe the aircraft manufacturers, is that he is a good prospect for the sale of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Yes, sir, those who earn their pay on combat missions do stick their necks out. They stick them out farther than any one in the armed forces. There is no "small strip of land separating him from the foe." We go deep (and when I say deep I'm not "just whistlin' Dixie") into the enemy's homeland, where our lives aren't worth a plugged nickel, in one sense. In another they have exactly the same value as the same number of doughboys. And in still another sense, in the eyes of the War Department, a Flying Fortress and its crew, and the cost of training mounts high; in fact, it costs John Q. Public upwards of \$1,000,000. Would the lieutenant please be so kind as to multiply that by the total number of crews and planes and he will arrive at a devastating total.

Paratroopers receive "jumping pay," not for their combat hazards, but for the danger prior to combat—the jump. Naval submarine crews receive 50 per cent for the hazards of underwater sailing—and I don't think that the rest of the blue-jackets envy them.

If Lt. Wood can pull the strings at headquarters to get the opportunity to fly a combat mission over the Reich, I will gladly compensate him for his risk by turning over my "flying pay" to him. It only amounts to \$68.40, and I feel sure that he will have earned every cent of it.

Of course, sir, you'll have to draw flying clothes, because you'll want to keep warm up yonder. You see, the thermometer often goes to 30 and 50 degrees below.

If by the grace of the Good Lord, we return to base, I'll treat him to the drinks. Alcohol is a wonderful tonic for the nerves after a "tough day at the office" as we call it.

Britain.

T/5gt. JOSEPH S. DOUGHERTY

In Which Airman And Paddle-Foot . . .

Dear YANK:

I have read every issue of YANK written in the ETO and have never opened my mouth or unscrewed my pen. But that letter in "Mail Call" by one 2nd Lt. C. G. Wood Jr., blew my super-charger. Do we deserve more pay? Are we in any more danger a few thousand feet up than the boy in the foxhole? No sir; he is facing death too, but he hasn't so many nice choices as we have, lieutenant. There are ten men on our crew with from 10 to 24 missions. Each of us agrees that a direct hit is the

least of our worries. And a near or direct hit, whether bullet or shell, is your chief concern. I agree a barrage is a terrible thing to face because you can't fight back, but we have been through more barrages than you have or ever will. And the skin of a Fort or Lib is not a safe place compared to a foxhole—wet or dry. A near one gets one or all of us. A near one scares hell out of you—or should. While we're on the subject here's a little more.

We all have friends in the ground forces. Engineers, who build our fields come hell come high water, SOS boys, transportation, etc., etc. Not one begrudges us our little extra dough. We think that the Air Force may get a little too much glamor. But they—we—are knocking hell out of Jerry's factories and war plants, and *who* is going to reap the benefit? I'll tell you who—the infantry.

Because of the Air Force your roll call is gonna look better when the show closes. When you cross the Channel for the hardest job of all, if you can't see the sun it's because the Air Force is there thicker than hell, earning that graty.

We got all the respect and admiration in the world for you guys that slug it out and cinch victory. We are giving and will continue to give you all the help we can, but, buddy, we are paying a price—a big one, and don't forget it.

We'll be seeing you—across.



Britain.

T/5gt. ED GATES
T/5gt. TOM KON
S/5gt. W. WESCOTT
S/5gt. ED FREISORGOR
S/5gt. STEVE KEATON
S/5gt. K. R. ARMSTRONG

Slug Out Their Perennial Differences

Dear YANK:

The letter from Lt. Wood of the infantry was one I had awaited for some time. As an Air Corps officer (ground) I can appreciate his attitude. My training was all infantry (Fort Benning). From there I was dispatched to this branch and have been one of those unfortunates for a year and a half.

All Lt. Wood's statements are sound. More power to the "Queen of Battle." The members of the infantry will always fight and fight hard without the pampering treatment accorded the "prima donnas" of the Air Corps. That goes for more pay, better food, better living quarters and over publicity. The so-called "paddle feet" stick their necks out day in and day out with no hope for relief until it's all over. With them it's not a case of sweating out a "tour of duty" and then back home for a rest.

To my mind every branch of the Service deserves the same break under battle conditions. Whether in the air or on the ground, when under fire their pay, food and conditions should be as nearly the same as possible. That goes for rank, too!

There is much more to be said for both sides. However, I am merely expressing an opinion rather than inviting an argument.

Britain.

INFANTRY LIEUTENANT

Greeting Card Blues

Dear YANK:

By all standards, we are still rookies in the ETO, having only been here a few years. Nevertheless, we feel we must add our voices to the babble that appears in your publication—to wit:

To date, of the some 1,730 pieces of mail we have received since we came here, 1,000 have been those heart-warming, sprightly, voluminous, wordy V-mail masterpieces; 30 have been regular letters and the remaining 700 (God help us) have been cards:—Victory cards, soldier cards, aviation cards, birthday cards, "Cheer up buddy" cards, "We miss you" cards, "My Son, My Son" cards, "God have mercy on you" cards and so on, ad nauseam.

In the name of humanity, the Four Freedoms, the Beard of the Prophet—and everything else we hold sacred—what mad designer drafts these

flag-bedecked, B17-adorned, GI lousy concoctions of agony? What diabolical, demented poet-genius of Greenwich Village composes the sweet verses found on page three of these gaudy monstrosities?

A perpetual plague on this drivell-dispensing, quasi-patriotic, chauvinistic horde of maniacs. "Let them eat Spam!"

I haven't the heart to attach any specimens. I know you, too, have been subject to this barrage of waste paper.

When you sweat out a three-hour mail line to get a colorful picture of a B17, then it's time for the rest home.



S/5gt. DANIEL F. GILMORE
Sgt. E. R. STEWART
Sgt. F. H. BOOTH
Sgt. M. D. GARCIA
Sgt. W. H. FUSSNER
Sgt. F. J. MIRENDA
S/5gt. L. H. ROWLAND
Sgt. V. D. SWANK

Britain.

APO Antics Of 1944 (Vol. III)

Dear YANK:

In your publication YANK, I notice you've been throwing a lot of orchids to the boys of the Army Post Office for the marvelous work they've been doing. I would like to add my comment—they stink!

I have not received a single letter from home since September 26. In this time I've been to every possible agency in an endeavour to have the situation remedied. My efforts have proved fruitless. The Red Cross is apathetic; the Post Office indifferent; Special Service unconcerned. Their cheerful predictions that I'll probably get a whole bag full tomorrow consoles me not a God damn bit.

I don't expect you to do anything about this "crank" letter, still less to publish it, but I wanted to say what I feel about those puerile fatheads who think their half-baked mail system constitutes a Post Office.

Britain.

Sgt. AL FORRISTOL

Our Future Back Home

Dear YANK:

In the Christmas edition of YANK, I was most happy to see two articles under "Mail Call," one by S/Sgt. Leonard G. Rubin and the other by Sgt. Wally Niss. Both of these articles were pertinent and it is proof that service men are very interested in the coming election and the future of our country.

Every soldier, sailor, airman, marine and many others in or connected with the armed services that I have talked to, listened to, or read about, is rather warm under the collar at all the big dough floating around back home. People are making more money than they know what to do with and in many cases are throwing it away. As soon as the Government removes some of the controls inflation will certainly sweep the country. Prices are going up and up and there is little that can be done about these advances. Wages are high, people are flush, and things to buy are few. Every business man, war worker and farmer at home is afraid of inflation, but without some restriction they are heading right for it non-stop.

Neither party in Washington is anxious to have a large soldier vote. That being the case, it is a foregone conclusion we will not have the opportunity to help elect either one of the candidates. As service men, we are proud to be in uniform and doing our bit for Uncle Sammy, but when this scrap is over we certainly do not relish going home to a country where the people have not been willing to face the issue. If inflation does come as it did during and after the last war it will not be easy to go back and take our place in such a whirlpool. Our readjustments will be many and the little money we have saved before and since Pearl Harbor (and mustering out pay?) will not help in the problems where money will buy little. We in the armed services can do something now that will do more for the future good of America than getting to vote in the coming election. We can *stop* the trend towards the inflation.

Fighters Over France

If Dian scatters silver
And Phoebus sprinkles gold,
And Ceres sends her greenery
On coppice and on fold,
Then how must fare the lovely land
Where men destroy what God has planned?
The moon has shed her silver
The sun has shot her bow
And Nature bred her granary
On every curtained meadow,
For man has wasted now the land
Despite the beauty God had planned.

Britain.

LT. B.P., U.S.A.A.F.

A Wish Made on New Year's Day

May the next year find this world combined
In a true humanity,
May the war of men come to an end
So the world is once more free.
Yes, free, so we may hear that prayer
That "Santa, bring a twain,"
Instead of, "God! Oh please be good,
Bring Daddy back again."
And free, that sweethearts bravely
May face the world as one,
Instead of writing, "Darling,
Your letters haven't come."
May freedom come for that gallant lad
Out there where bullets are hot;
Where a cable means: "A boy!" "A girl!"
Or maybe: "God knows what?"
May she be free, who waits at home
Whose eyes are often wet;
Be free from notes which tell this tale:
"The Services regret."
Let the world be free of the God of wars
And may peace return to men,
So that those both near and dear to you
May all be home again.
May this coming year be free of things
Like bombs and guns and gas;
May the plans of God and man alike
Mean freedom that will last.

ADAM BACHMANN, Jr.,
1st Lt. Air Corps.

Britain.

WAR and the POET

Confessional

Into the cruel reality of the night,
I want to wander forth to play my part.
I want to wallow in the mud of battle where the
fight,
Goaded by hatred woos the God of War.
I want to kiss adventure's scheming lips
And drink the red full toxic juice of recklessness,
I would deny all sense of pity and stir
My every sinew for the cause I love;
And hate with iron poignancy the men who play
the foe:
Miserable, misguided tragic men of woe;
Fight them for home and country, fight and win
For Him—the source, beginning, end, of
everything.
Then melt my heart and let me be
Back with the things I left and long to see;
Or if I have forfeited returning and must go,
The way of earthly things with never more
Of home, of friends, familiar things and such;
Let there be judgment and I shall make much
Of dear remembrances; I shall not fret nor pine,
For yesterday I lived, had friends and joy
was mine.

Pvt. ROBERT REGIDOR

Gone are the Days

Gone are the days when we were free
No fishing, no hunting, no weekend spree
Among neon and show-windowed glass
And no tagging with the upper class
Or chinning and wagging with the guy next door,
No charitable benefits for the unfortunate poor;

Can't sit in the bleachers with the white shirt
sleeved;
Off limits, the primrosed where we did as we
pleased;
Don't tour for pleasure in the summer's rain,
Or take those holiday jaunts on a Pullman train;
Miss those old days when we "dressed up";
Those spectacular matches for the Davis cup,
And ninety yards for an uproarious touchdown;
The sea-green turf of Churchill Downs;
A lazy square in a mid-West town;
A park with kids on a merry-go-round;
The bite of Fall when the season for duck;
No wigwam sight of brown fodder shock,
Or annual carnival coming to town
With its Big Top of animal and clown;
No Kiwanis club or Elk's lodge,
Or congested traffic on Broadway to dodge;
No best girl or wife on a Saturday night;
Can't see a Madison Square Garden title fight;
No hum of insect on a hot summer's day,
Or casual people going their way;
No moonish nights from a park's bench,
Or suddenly caught in an April drench;
Without the fire of a picnic roast;
Can't play the part of a perfect host;
No outbidding a partner in a bridge game;
The flower garden of a motherly dame;
No milkman's whistle in early morn,
Or Sunday dinner on grandad's farm;
Unheard the fanfare of a political parade,
And the Miss America on her promenade;
No Christmas bells ringing o'er the snow,
Or beautiful works of Shakespeare and Poe;
A toast to drink on a New Year's night;
New York's White Way with the dim-out lights;
The beauty of Virginia's Shenandoah,
And color of a Western rodeo,
Or excursion down the Potomac river;
A wintry blast to make you shiver;
No novelty shop of antique ware,
Or subway ride, a nickel for fare;
And book-of-the-month at the nearest shop,
Or pleasant smile of Murphy the cop;
No midnight snack at some lunch bar,
And smart design of a new styled car;
Not heard nor seen this modern way
For lost is a balance; gone are the days.

Pfc. GRADY PARNELL

Britain.

Hundreds of letters from men from every state
must pour into congressmen stating they and
their buddies desire legislation which will tax
those who are now making big profits. Pay as
we go for half of the war debt as we make it.

Face the question now rather than wait until the
millions of GIs come home after the war. If
congress gets on the ball and passes legislation
which will take profits from war to pay for half
of the war debt as we make it, it would avoid
inflation, build health and morale, make many
people at home realize a war for keeps is being
fought, produce some mature thinking on the
home front which is so greatly needed now to
carry us into a successful conclusion of this war
and into post-war peace, and, I might add,
mustering out pay will be unnecessary.

Pvt. G.T.H.

Britain.

Other Thoughts On The Same

Dear YANK:

It seems to me that in 10,000,000 soldier minds
there must be a few who believe as we do.

All over, the prevalent thought seems to be what
are we going to get out of this war:—how much
muster-out pay; how much bonuses, 50 acres and
a jeep and other like ideas; that is to say what are
others, namely, the folks back home, going to do
for us?

We sincerely believe that we should not depend
on others to think for us but that we should think
for ourselves and write our own ticket that would
be fair and equitable to ourselves and the people
back home.

Now you say, some of you, anyway, that's a
good idea, but how? Well, we believe our first
step is by uniting into a common policy in which
the majority would benefit. It's well recognized
that we soldiers if united are a vast political poten-
tial force; however, if not united we will only be
a howl in a storm. To use Ben Franklin's adage:
"United we stand—divided we fall."

Perhaps something is being done on this subject

—if so, a lot of us are in the dark about it.
Frankly we want a voice in the peace that's
sure to come, and we want to cinch the deal by
doing a little thinking for ourselves now, instead
of afterwards when all the groundwork of thought
has been laid.

Fellow soldiers, what do you think about it?

T/5 VINCENT H. KELLY
T/5 WILLIAM FISCHER

Britain.

The Short Snorters Again

Dear YANK:

In your "Mail Call" in the YANK, December 18,
1943 edition, you went to a lot of trouble to give
an inquirer the qualifications of a "Short
Snorter." Since I'm convinced you try to
give the correct "dope" on such things, I felt that
you would like some more information on the
matter and that you wouldn't mind being cor-
rected.

First, flying over or across an ocean is *not* a
requirement as far as the original club is con-
cerned. I base this on the fact that I have seen
"Short Snorter" bills (the old big one dollar
bills) with signatures of early day pilots on them
who were dead before more than one or two planes
ever flew across an ocean. Such signatures as Tex
Rankin, Gene Tiger, McClelland, Stribling (the
boxer) and Doolittle are on these old ones and
were there before any of them ever flew an ocean.

Second, since it started as a civilian club it was
limited to pilots because there was very little other
flying personnel at that time. Now that the
flying job is far more than just pilots it must
certainly include them all.

Britain.

LT. J. R. R.

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ACME; right, PA. 20, upper, PA; lower, Signal Corps.
22, OWI.



IF Joe (Trigger) Gordon of the world's champion New York Yankees doesn't hurry up and decide whether he's going to play baseball again next year, somebody will have to give Cousin Ed Barrow the civilian equivalent of a Section 8. Cousin Ed, the Yankee president, has been going crazy trying to keep up with Gordon's off-again-on-again baseball career.

This no-I-won't-yes-I-will-play business started right after the World Series when Gordon dropped by the local feed store in Eugene, Ore., and told a couple of his buddies he was through with baseball for good. "There won't be any spring training next season," Joe predicted. "And if there is I won't be there."

Joe then told the gang he might even go to work at the feed store, hauling and packing feed, or join the physical-education department of his old school, the University of Oregon. With this announcement, the world's greatest second baseman rounded up his pack of 11 Chesapeake hounds and started on his annual hunting trip with his brother and a newspaperman named Dick Strite.

This was probably the shortest retirement on record, because when Gordon returned two weeks later he was singing a new tune. He said he wasn't through with baseball and that somebody had misquoted him. What he really meant, he said, was that he probably wouldn't report for spring training. He complained that it was too cold at the Yankee training quarters in Asbury Park, N. J. "I can get in better condition here at home and be ready to play when the season opens."

As far as Barrow was concerned he didn't

could spare himself the luxury of 4-F Stirnweiss.

Just about the time Barrow and Griff were getting warmed up on a deal, Gordon sent his Cousin Ed a wire saying he was really leaving baseball and that he would enter some branch of the armed forces. Barrow immediately got the Old Fox on the telephone and told him to forget the Stirnweiss deal and not to waste any more time calling him from Washington because there was a war going on and Gordon was getting into it.

Cousin Ed also called up his West Coast scout, Bill Essick, who, incidentally, was the guy who signed Gordon, and instructed him to hustle up to Eugene and find out if Joe was serious about enlisting. Essick discovered what Barrow had feared all along. Joe really means it this time.

There's only one hitch in Gordon's military plans. His chances of passing a physical are doubtful. For a great athlete, he's the worst physical wreck you ever saw. He has a trick hip, a bad ankle that was taped all season and a bum shoulder from firing his shotgun so much. If Joe does happen to slip past the medics, he will ask for some sort of aviation assignment or, as second choice, a commission as a gunnery officer. Last year he tried to get into the Navy as a fighter pilot, but they bounced him because he was a family man (two children) and he was too old (28).

Like a lot of other Yankees, namely Lefty Gomez and Bill Dickey, Gordon is nuts about airplanes. A few winters ago, when he was working on his degree at Oregon he took up flying. He kept it a secret though, because he knew how Barrow felt about his ball players risking their necks 10,000 feet off the ground. Cousin Ed tried to keep Gomez from flying, but Lefty would get up in the morning before anybody else in St. Petersburg and get in his hours.

Gordon used to own a Piper Cub, until one day he made the mistake of coming in too low over a highway and got tangled in a maze of telephone wires. The partly wrecked plane is now used in Eugene's vocational school for student mechanics to tinker with.

If Gordon does enlist, as he says he will, Cousin Ed shouldn't be too surprised. He should have expected as much. Gordon is a college man, and the Yankees have always had poor luck with college men. Charlie Devens, a pitcher from Harvard, quit just when he was ripe for big-league stardom. Johnny Broaca, from Yale, walked out too. And there was a catcher from Holy Cross, a guy named Donahue, who left the club after two weeks to enter a monastery.

"Well, perhaps he prays for us," Barrow used to say.

SPORTS: JOE GORDON IS DRIVING BARROW TO A SECTION 8

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

care how Gordon got into shape so long as Joe would be back to play second base, short centerfield and part of rightfield. In fact, Cousin Ed was so elated over Gordon's decision to return that he began to listen to Clark Griffith's appealing propositions for George Stirnweiss, a highly-valuable 4-F infielder. With Gordon back in the fold, and the rest of the infield set, Cousin Ed felt he

←The Joe Gordons are riding on air these days. This 1902 Stanley Steamer takes them where they want to go in Eugene, Ore., using compressed air.

Boatswain's Mate Fred Apostoli, who once held the world middleweight title, is the second GI to win the Ring magazine's Boxer of the Year award. Sgt. Barney Ross won it last year for slugging those 22 Japs on Guadalcanal. Apostoli is captain of a gun crew in the Pacific which has been through a half-dozen scraps with the Japanese. . . . Lt. Buddy Lewis, the Senator's third-base slugger, is piloting a C-47 paratroop transport somewhere overseas. . . . When Capt. Clark Gable was serving with the Eighth Air Force in England, he joined his bomb group in several baseball games and played a whale of a game at first base. He looked good at the plate, too, swinging free and easy and giving the ball a real ride when he connected. . . . Aside to members of the 1941 Camp Croft Crusaders, first big-time GI basketball team of the war: Send your present addresses to a former teammate, Edward T. Hulton of 522 19th St., Union City, N. J., who's now a CDD after serving overseas. He wants to make plans for a reunion after the war. . . . 1st Sgt. George Nicholson's nose got such a steady pounding from Sgt. Joe Louis on their recent tour that George had to have an operation to straighten his beak out. . . . Cpl. Al Hoosman, our choice as the No. 1 heavyweight of the AEF, recently took a 10-round decision from the Alabama Kid, the world's fifth-ranking light heavyweight who has been stranded in Australia since the war broke out, without even breaking into a good sweat. Hoosman just stuck out that big left paw and The Kid couldn't touch him.

Inducted: Hal White, Detroit pitcher (7-12 last year), into the Navy; Connie Mack Jr., son of

the owner-manager of the Athletics and one-time Duke baseball and basketball ace, into the Army. . . . Deferred: Tony Galento, boxer, barkeep, referee, etc., because of new legislation on drafting of fathers. . . . Rejected: Joe Haynes, Chicago White Sox pitcher (7-2), because of crippled left arm. . . . Reclassified 1-A: Tony Canzoneri, former world lightweight champion; Ward Cuff, veteran halfback of the New York football Giants; Paul Richards and Dixie Parsons, Detroit Tiger catchers; Lou Boudreau, playing manager of the Cleveland Indians. . . . Promoted: WO George (Twinkletoes) Selkirk, New York Yankee outfielder, to ensign at the Newport (R. I.) Naval Station; Pfc. Art Passarella, first major-league umpire inducted, to T-5 at Camp Grant, Ill. . . . Transferred: A/C Bob Steuber, leading football scorer last fall, from DePauw University to Marquette University for advance naval pre-flight training; Seaman Mickey Vernon, Washington first baseman, from Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Station to Physical Instructors School at Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Station; Seaman Bill Daley, Michigan's All-American fullback; from Portsmouth (Va.) Naval Station to Midshipman School, Columbia University. . . . Killed in action: Capt. Johnny Sprague, blocking back on SMU's 1935 Rose Bowl team, while diving in front of an enlisted man, trying to shield him from German machine-gun fire; Lt. Jimmy Walker, former assistant coach at VMI, in the Southwest Pacific (no details given).



Sports Service Record

HERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN. It's Cpl. Frankie Kovacs, the clown prince of tennis, as he returns a serve to Jack Crawford in an exhibition match played in Australia. Kovacs trimmed Crawford, 6-2, 6-0.

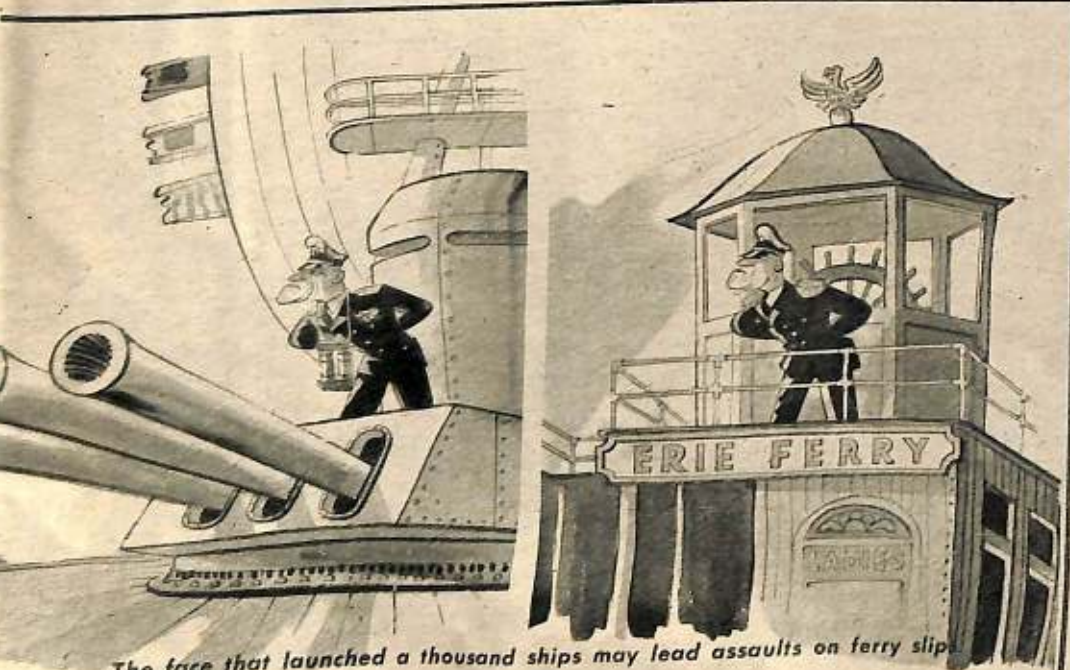
CIVILIAN CLASSIFICATION DEPT.

By Sgt. RALPH STEIN

Just as the Army has the right job for every civilian, this post-war plan aims to find the right job for every soldier.



For every rank and every rating
the post-war world has places waiting.



The face that launched a thousand ships may lead assaults on ferry slip.



The paths of glory lead to fame; civilian life is much the same.

A Week of War

If Hitler's mystical intuitions were working last week, they must have skipped over the German Armies on the Russian front. A lot of dead Nazis testified to Der Fuehrer's New Year plans going haywire.

NORTH and south the Russians were keeping up the good work of killing Nazis. From the frozen lakes near Leningrad to the swamps and forests of the Pripet Marshes, the entire front was one endless eruption of men and planes and tanks toward all the countries bordering Russia, from the Baltic states to Rumania. It was the grand climax of what might very well turn out to be the grand finale of the most enormously scaled battle the world has ever seen.

Last week the Germans, at any rate, were prepared for the worst. They were desperately trying to stand fast at all points, tightening and thickening their defenses all up and down the line. They had given up all attempts to duck the great show-down bearing in on them from all sides. They had given up all the frantic forms of evasive action—the twistings and turnings of an army that is swiftly being cornered, but is still on the run—for they were now a force with their backs to the wall.

Von Manstein's army was again counter-attacking. His troops were aiming straight at the heart of Vatutin's forces to the south of the Red advance into Poland. With great obstinacy and kick-back they hurled themselves violently upon the Red Army in the hope that they could weaken and deflect the strength of the Soviet advance into Eastern Poland. After his defeat in the counter-attack around the Kiev salient, von Manstein and his men withdrew into the Ukraine, to come up again to an even bigger and better pounding by the Red forces.

The German High Command did not have a very bright future staring it in the face. This was the same situation that it was floundering in over a year ago at Stalingrad. Then the Nazis' attack upon the city was met and beaten off, and they had the choice before them of either running for home all up and down a thousand-mile front or else shoving one of their armies right in the path of the Russian advance, sacrificing at least two hundred thousand

men, but saving the bulk of their armies. That was in 1942.

Now in the winter of 1944 the Russians were still advancing, and all bets were off, as far as the German possibilities of stopping them were concerned. The Soviets' November smash-through of the Dnieper defenses had not been expected by even the canniest of German experts. Nor had the Red offensive in the north, that sliced the trunk railway from Leningrad to Odessa, ever been considered in the German prospects for a happy and prosperous New Year. These two offensives, gaining strength and speed every day, were narrowing down the German Armies' margin of time and space and their chances to take evasive action of any form. So history repeated itself savagely and resoundingly—as the Nazi High Command made the same decision that it made at Stalingrad last year; to block the path of the Russian advance westward at any cost.

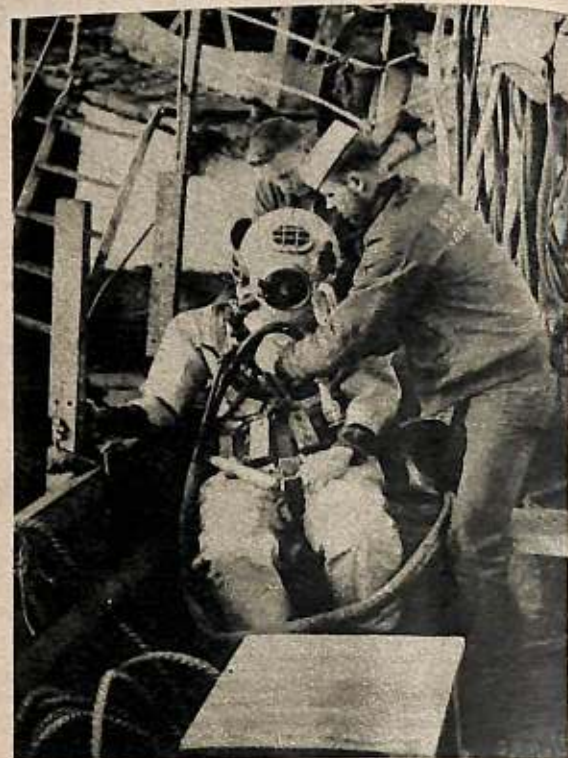
This was by no means one of Hitler's mystical intuitions. The Nazi crack generals must have decided long ago that there was less and less percentage in Der Fuehrer's revelations from heaven regarding the conduct of the war. Nor were they interested in making any fancy sacrifices for the sake of the national honor as at Stalingrad.

It was instead a very businesslike plan to lure a large portion of the Soviet Army southward toward the Black Sea and Crimea regions, to grapple with it in a prolonged war of attrition. This was their only method left of saving the Balkans until this spring—and no price would be too high for the Germans to pay to try to prevent a Russian breakthrough here. If the Red forces could successfully establish themselves in the Balkans, they could take over air bases right next to Germany's eastern frontiers. They could let loose with their heavy bombers and make things exceedingly hot and uncomfortable for the peoples and industries of Prussia and Silesia.

Many factories and families had long been evacuated to this part of Germany from the Ruhr districts to get a respite from the stupendous bombings that were being carried out day and night by the RAF and the 8th Air Force. And it was a good bet that the people who had been thus shifted around Germany would soon be discovering that in moving from the Ruhr eastward they had merely jumped from the fire right back into the frying pan. That is, if the Red Army and Air Force had its way, and took the Balkans.

THIS was a look at things at their best, but even looking at things at their worst was not too painful an experience. Even if the Germans managed to keep one section of the Red Army bottled up in the Crimea, it could not help the Nazi forces two thousand miles away to the north around Leningrad. Not even the most successful sacrifice of men and material in the south of Russia could ease the situation of those German forces now making an involuntary trip home via Poland, or the German forces on their way west in the regions around the Baltic.

It seemed, last week, that this winter should certainly see the Soviet Armies well on their way into



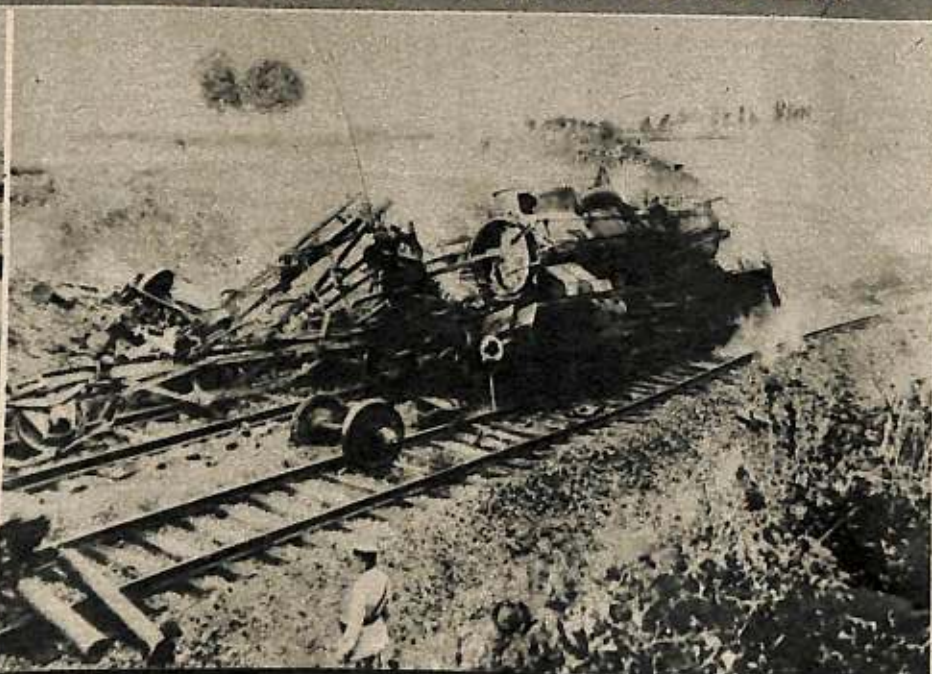
U. S. Navy divers cleared Naples harbor of debris laid by Germans to block Allied shipping.

Poland and into either the Balkans or the Baltic States. Maybe both. Their military thrusts into these countries might not be as swift or as deep as those who indulged in feverish, wishful thinking about such matters. But for over six months the Red Army has been travelling hard and fast over the most incredible distances, straining its supply lines farther and farther.

Their military results, terrific as they are, may not be half as dramatic as their political effects, however, in the countries that they invade beyond their western frontiers. These will become the first nations in the heart of Europe to be set free from Nazi control. How the partisan and guerrilla units in such countries will be able to combine with an invading and liberating force such as the Red Army will be an object lesson to all leaders planning the second front in the west of Europe.

The town of Brunswick was a large and thriving community in the centre of German war industry, and the site of the Me 110 fighter plane assembly plants. One hundred miles east of Berlin, it was last week the target for two classic plasterings handed out by the heavy bombers of the RAF and the 8th Air Force. Three days after the USAAF armada brought off a tremendous daylight raid over Brunswick and other towns, the RAF saturated the same area with a two thousand ton load. The Americans lost 60 planes, the English lost 38, and the Germans put up the fight of their lives, losing over 100 planes and called it a victory—"one of the great turning points in the Battle of Germany." A few more "victories" like Brunswick, and the Luftwaffe would be non-existent.

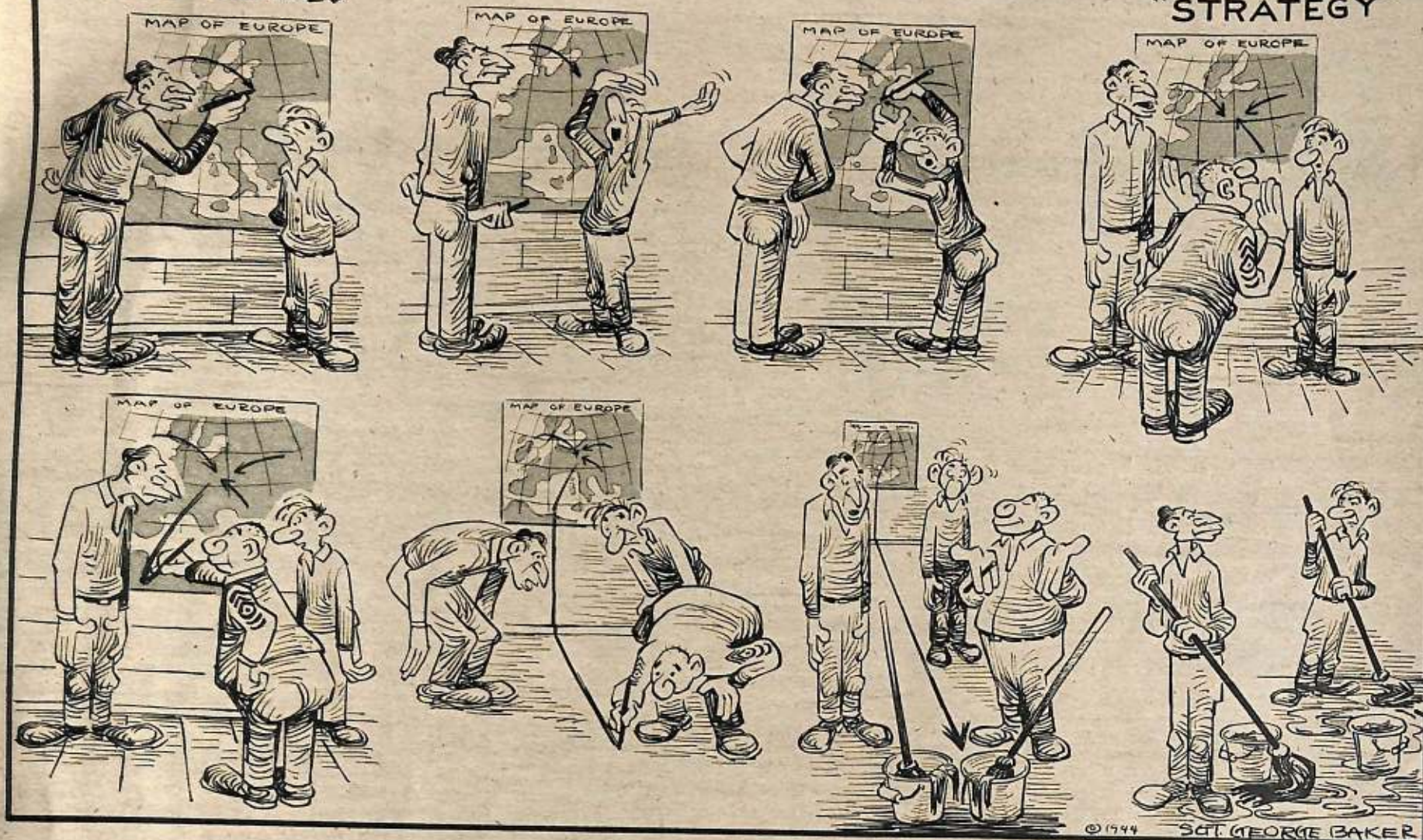
JERRY HAS HIS TROUBLES—SELLING THE "NEW ORDER"



ward went up in flames after a fire that had been started by the Germans. Three

And in France, a Nazi gasoline train was derailed and set afire by French patriots. One of ten trains especially built by the Nazis, its destination

THE SAD SACK



"STRATEGY"

© 1944 SGT. GEORGE BAKER

The Gentle Sergeant

By Pvt. RUSSELL WEBSTER

"An' besides that, yuh'll keep yore dirty, cotton-pickin' han's offen muh God durned bed!" Corporal Franklin Hemingway looked unconsciously at an upside-down presentation of his hometown paper. This was the bellowing, commanding voice of Little Cæsar which rattled his eardrums, and when Little Cæsar barked an order, Congress lit another cigar and took a ten-minute break.

"As fer thuh rest uv yuh guys in thuh hut, yuh'll roll it out when thuh whistle toots or report tuh thuh Oi' Man, and I'm speakin' straight at yuh, Corporal Hemingway!"

So saying, Sgt. Gribble flung his frame out through the blackout entry and was gone.

"Hey, Frankie," one of the yardbirds got confidential, "what the hell has the sarg got against you?"

"I don't know. Guess maybe it's because I'm quiet most of the time and he don't like the idea of me getting two muscle bands when I don't buy the drinks."

"Well, you understand how we feel, Frankie. We wanted to say something but he's pretty mean when he gets sore—and our bones break easy. Ya know."

Hemingway unwrapped a stick of gum and stuffed it in the appropriate place. "Yeah, I know. Wish to hell he'd fall in a foxhole full of nitric acid or something. I never saw anyth—"

He was interrupted by a parade entering the hut. It was the CQ with two British soldiers, both looking like they'd just come back from a major battle of sorts.

"Corporal Hemingway," the CQ said impressively, "there is a maneuver in these parts an' we got two Commandos that ain't got any place to park it for



"How about puttin' 'em in here?"

of the Englishmen, a huge fellow, six feet three and stacked like a brick latrine. "This is George, fellers, and he's an assistant in instructing personal combat or something. You guys don't need to worry about any invasion tonight."

Hemingway shook hands with George. "Well, George, you can have my bunk, cause there ain't any extras and I ain't very tired anyway. Better unpeel and roll in, though, 'cause our rough-tough sergeant will be pushin' his way home from the pub very shortly, and he's meaner than a skunk and twice as nasty."

"Right, chum, I been shovin' meself about a bit today and me muscles are 'urting me blinkin' 'orrible. I 'av covers in me kit bag so don't bother to short yourself."

He laid the heavy kit bag down with the ease of

YANK'S
FLIGHTY
FICTION

There was a bang as Sergeant Gribble kicked the hut door open and followed a twisted path to his bunk, flashing his torch in everyone's face along the way. Suddenly, the room was filled with screeching oaths from the hut sergeant.

"Muh Goddam blankets tied in knots—an' ashes on muh bed! Well, thuh dirty cotton-pickin' son uv uh. . . Oh, muh Goddam back, water in muh footlocker!" There was the sound of swift breathing. "Some lousy, smart-actin'—" He flung his flashlight at the stove. "Corporal Hemingway," he screamed, "get outta yore bunk and git on yore feet cause I'm . . ."

"I wouldn't lethem—" The Commando was doubtful about his being welcome.

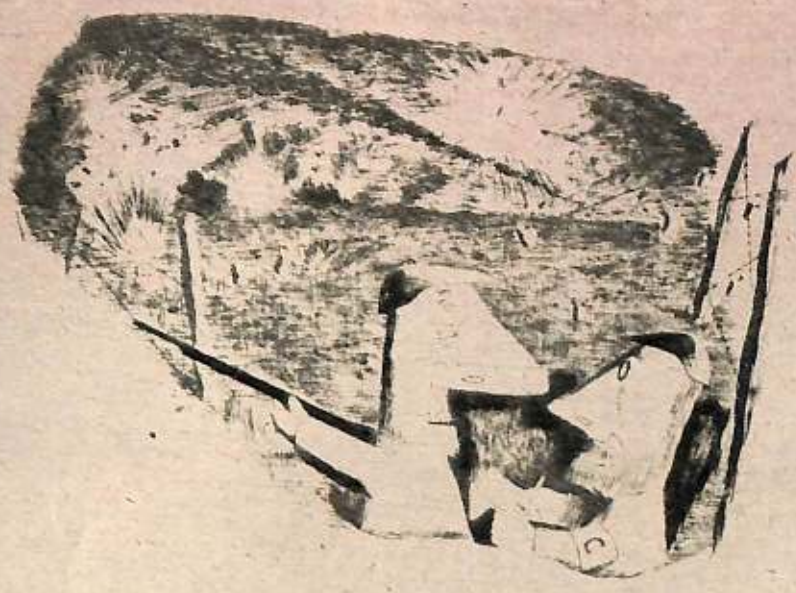
"Go to bed," Corporal Hemingway called, rolling himself in a mass of blankets on the floor. "If he says anything I'll get up and beat the hell outa him!"

Everybody laughed.

Almost thirty minutes had passed and the lights had been turned out when occupants of the barracks heard someone scuffling around in the darkened interior of the hut. There was the sound of blankets being shifted and a sound like a GI shoe being dropped. The ash bucket rattled and it sounded as though someone was pouring out a bottle of beer; then all was quiet. What the hell, maybe one of the boys got restless or thirsty. Everyone rolled over for a second edition of shuteye.

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



"HOLOCAUST IS SPELLED WITH ONLY ONE 'L,' I THINK."
—Pfc. Jos. M. Kramer



"I PRESUME, CORPORAL, THE DECORATION YOU'RE WEARING IS THE GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"SIR, I'VE BEEN IN THE ARMY THREE YEARS NOW AND I'VE DECIDED TO RE-ENLIST."
—Cpl. Ralph Newman



"NOW, WHAT WAS THAT YOU WANTED TO TELL US?"
—Michael Senich 8M2c



"WHAT A RELIEF TO GET OFF THE POST!"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell