BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d APR. 2 1944

VOL. 2, NO. 42

By the men . . for the men in the service

"YA CAN'T MISS IT, MAC"

What's the Deal on Pensions for Ex-Servicemen?

—See pages 8, 9 and 10

BOMBS Just a few of the pellets that are being dropped on Germany and the occupied countries—night and day.

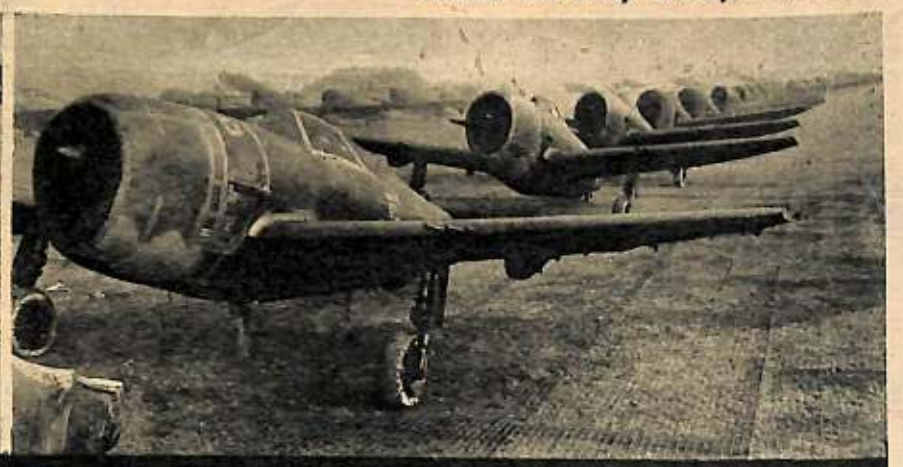
THE guns, tanks, planes and material of all kinds that you see on these pages represent the history of the last five years. Hitler brought them into being when his Nazis marched into Poland. By that act he said to the rest of the world, "Unite and produce weapons, or I will destroy you. But I do not believe that you can produce them in time."

For a while it seemed as if he were right. But at this moment, and with "D Day" the next, great and final move of the War, he has been proven wrong. In the time between the sacking of Warsaw from the air and the progressive destruction of Berlin by the Allies, the thesis of Hitler—that democracy is "decadent"—has been torn to shreds.

American weapons began to move around the world. Our tanks and artillery fed the needs of British and Americans in Africa, Russians at Stalingrad, Australians and Americans in the South Pacific. Now the vast staggering tonnage of weapons is piled, and is piling higher, in Britain for the last sledge-hammer blow at Nazi Germany.

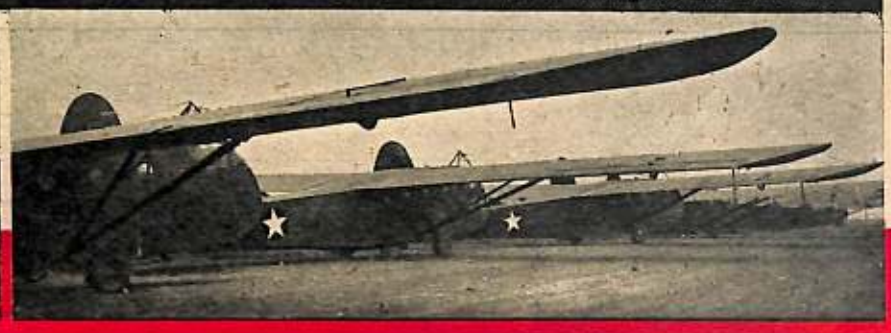
TANKS A close-up (above) and a far-off (below)—and plenty of what it takes, either way you look at it.

Have a handful of Lightnings (above), or maybe you'd prefer a Piper Cub (below). Those Cubs are tricky craft, scheduled for "liaison" jobs in the big job to come.



PLANES

A couple (or maybe two or three) Mustangs are shown above and below are a mess of gliders to transport the "heavy equipment" soldiers, carrying howitzers, anti-tank guns and mortars.

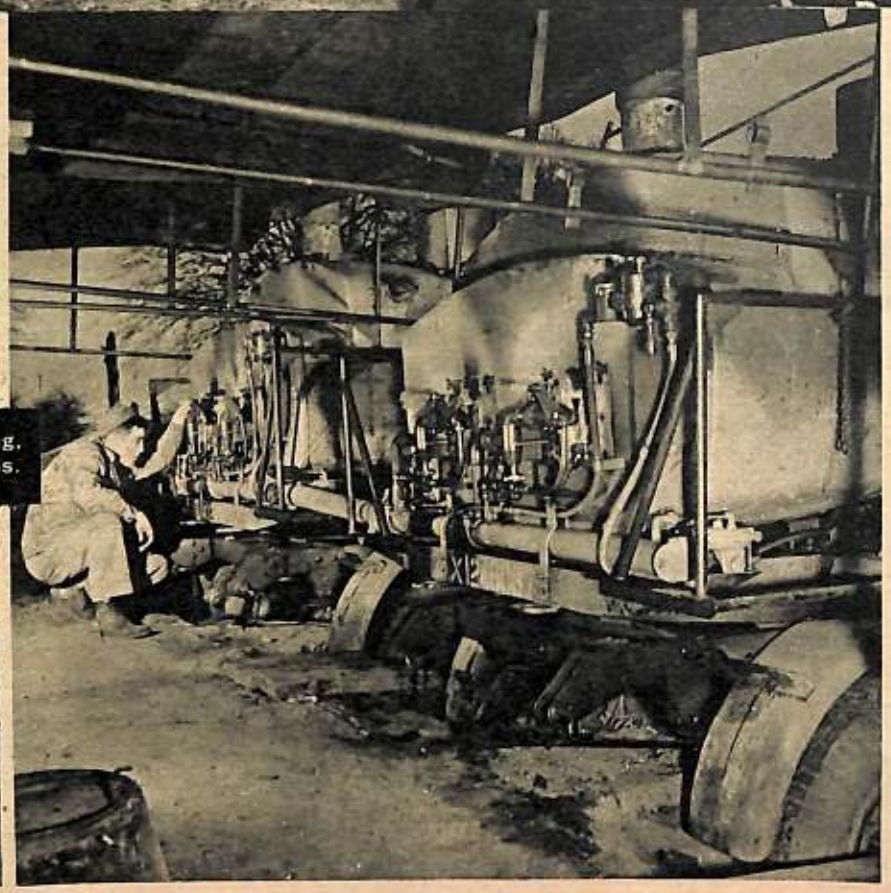


Invasion Inventory

. . . the stuff's really stacking up here

FOOD

The cook, the baker, and the mess sergeant will be crossing, too. These "iceboxes on wheels" mount their own guns.

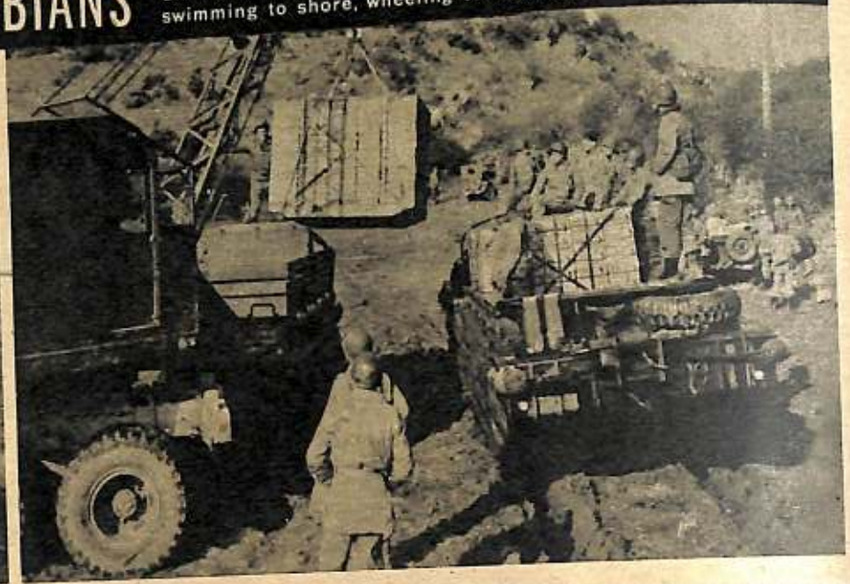


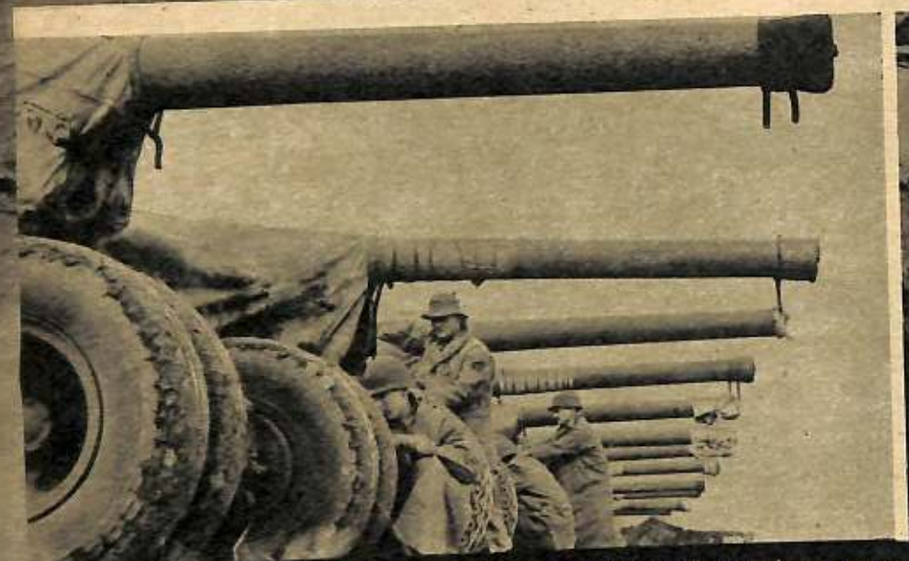
YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Education and Information Division, War Dept., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the Sports page. Entered as second-class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd. Watford

It has taken a little Jules Verne imagination to cover some of the special needs of this war such as sea-going trucks which are also land-going boats.

AMPHIBIANS

Next, one of these amphibians might become what Winston Churchill referred to as "triphibian." That would mean swimming to shore, wheeling to a depot, and flying on a raid.





We began in 1941 with a few tons of shells dropping on Jap positions in the Pacific. It was a weak curtain-raiser to a terrific climax.

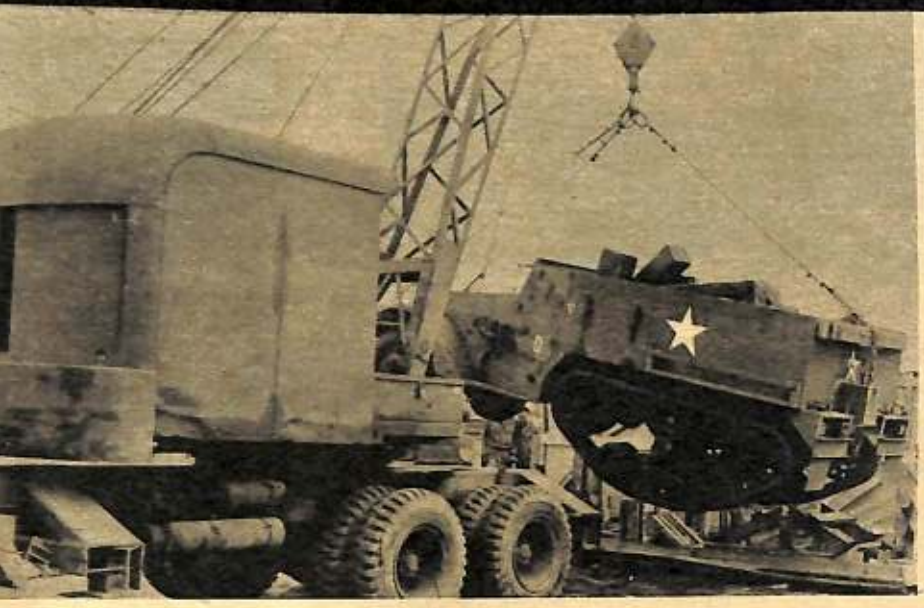
GUNS

In 1944, Hitler, playing Atlas and holding Europe on his shoulders, will begin to look like Sinbad the Sailor carrying the Old Man of the Sea under Allied shells.

s Churchill said of another expedition, we are now "un-oading history" in English ports. These are "props" for the big show to play on the Continent.

MOBILE UNITS

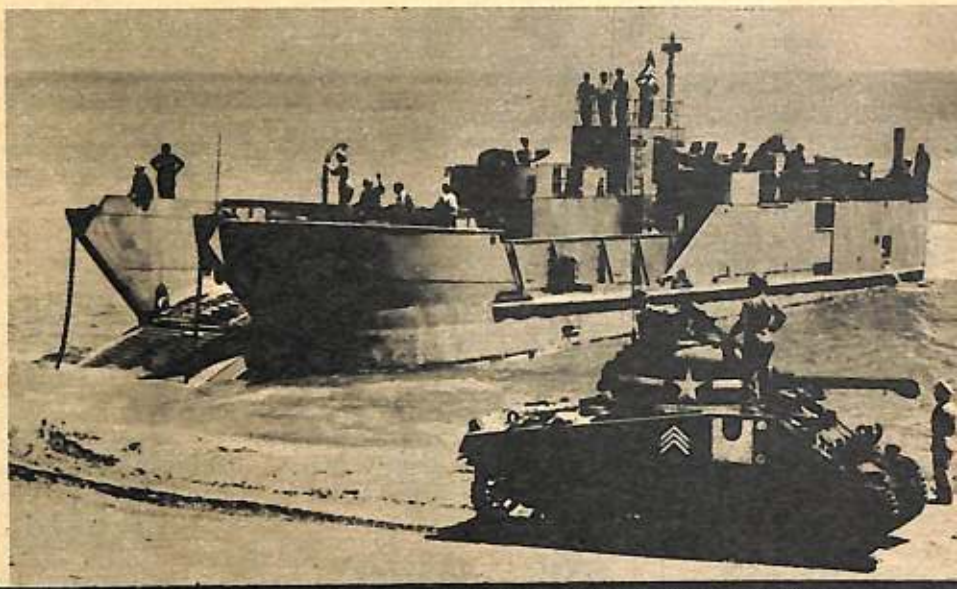
They include vital special weapons, like the giant M-25 which recovers damaged tanks. It is completely armor-plated and mounts a .50 caliber gun.



Zero hour on D-day will find a vast armada of boats, covered by other boats—and those in turn covered by planes—dropping anchor off the European coast.

LANDING CRAFT

It will be a foggy day so the enemy won't see us, or a clear day so we can better see them . . . and the world will listen for the beginning of the end.



MAC'S TRUE LOVE

A FICTION STORY
BY CPL. IRWIN SWERDLOW

It's tough on a man's kidneys and tough on his ears (and maybe a bit tough on his British cousin's fenders), but the Jackson in the truck gets the bombs through to the bombers. And even Grousing Greenpernt admits there's nothing wrong with that.

THE colonel was desolate.

The lieutenant colonel was perturbed. And the major was disturbed.

The captain was most unhappy; the first lieutenant, very.

Second Lieutenant Heller was visibly agitated and clenched and unclenched his freckled hands.

Corporal Mac was browned off.

That morning the men had stood inspection in the barracks. For perhaps the only time that year the colonel was doing the inspecting. The click-click of heels was echoed by the click-click of rifles. The colonel passed swiftly and efficiently from man to man. He snatched the M1 from Mac's hands and held the bore up to his eye.

Lieutenant Heller dropped his eyelids in silent prayer. His round face grew red, and a bead of sweat boiled up on his snub nose. What would it be now? Mac was the well-spring of delinquencies undefiled. Improper haircut, improper shave, hat improperly worn, shoes improperly shined, straws under his bed, hood crooked, untidy wrinkles in his hood . . . It might be one of a thousand things.

The colonel lowered the rifle. Then, with a start, he raised it again. A cockroach straddled the interior of the bore. He stared at the colonel unflinchingly, met him eye to eye. In silence, the colonel handed the gun to the lieutenant colonel. Mac received it last, from the hands of Lieutenant Heller.

"A cockroach," said Mac, with resignation, as he lowered the muzzle. He hadn't seen a cockroach since he left home.

After that, nothing in the barracks pleased the colonel. He stepped up to "Greenpernt Goitie":

"When did you shave last?"

"This morning, sir."

"Why?"

Lieutenant Heller's face was a bowl of flame. His ripe cherub's mouth seemed about to burst. The thin wisps of red hair on his head crackled. The lieutenant was fifty pounds overweight and apoplectic. He returned to his quarters, changed his socks, and went off the post for a glass of business-men's lunch.

Mac changed into his fatigues. "Come on," he said to Greenpernt, who was his assistant driver.

"Why?" said Greenpernt.

"I think a slow leak has deflated one of the tires."

"For a truck driver," grumbled Greenpernt, "there are more than twenty-four hours in the day."

Greenpernt was generally in an evil mood. He hadn't liked the pin-down girl in YANK that week. She had long legs leading nowhere, and not enough saddle.

In civil life, before he had become a heavy driver, Greenpernt had been a barber. When he was twelve his father sent him to Barber's College in the Bowery. There the boy exhibited traits of temperament that proclaimed his unsuitability for the profession. Listening to a baseball broadcast one afternoon, he snipped off the top of a customer's ear. And upon a similar occasion, when singeing a gentleman's hair, he was startled from his concentration to behold a nest of flames. The customer, almost burnt down to the seat, had rushed out on the sidewalk and buried his head in the nearest horse trough. Greenpernt returned to lathering faces in his father's shop in Brooklyn.

After fixing the tire, Mac started the engine. He and Greenpernt sat in the cab, listening to the sound of the motor.

"She's a sweet motor," said Greenpernt.

"She's a sweet job," said Mac.

When Lieutenant Heller returned to the office late in the afternoon, he blinked, sat down on the edge of the chair, extended his arms upon the desk, and said to the first sergeant: "A truck driver doesn't go in too much for the usual military polish, but he'll get the supplies through, under any circumstances, at any time. A good truck driver is the best man the army can put out."

The first sergeant said: "Yes, sir."

The lieutenant sighed dejectedly, and ran his hands through his hair.

IN the good old days they drove by night. The kings of the black-top could manhandle a wheel and sleep with their eyes open, all at the same time, until . . . Until they suddenly felt the truck swerve off the hard surface of the road and felt the sickening crunch of gravel, and then they'd snap right out of it again.

Interstate haulers were always highly paid. Mac, for example, earned fifty-five dollars per week. He played hard, and he worked hard. Mac's six-foot chassis supported over 220 pounds. His broad, hunched-up shoulders reminded one of the rear axle of a powerful truck. In peacetime, husbands had no other alternative than to appeal to Mr. Anthony.

Somehow the misconception prevails that the truck driver is the dumbest guy in the army, when the exact opposite is true. And tough? Mac picks infantrymen out of his teeth with a monkey wrench. When he hits somebody, he wears tire chains on his hands, so they won't skid.

Mac is always on call. He keeps his truck ready to go any minute. A strip-map and a few words of verbal instruction suffice to send him on his way. Day after day he is on the road, on the average of 15 hours out of 24. So his two-and-a-half ton, six-wheel-drive vehicle is his home.

A hurricane may blow the shelter-half off a major, but Mac will be sound asleep right in his truck, when the trouserless officer comes fumbling at the tarpaulin. Mac uses his rear-view mirror for shaving, heats his canned ration on the radiator, and lights his after-breakfast cigar with a lighter whose fluid is drawn from the gas tank. The lighter is a devilish improvisation from a motor part, and, when ignited, looks like a petrol dump going up in flames. Mac is still working on the idea, and he has now got it regulated so that it seems like a mere city gas main hit by a 500-pound bomb. Eventually he hopes to whittle the flame down to two feet.

Mac takes a big pride in his truck, and he is constantly boasting about it. He searched a long time for his sweetheart, but no truck seemed to suit him. Mac is kind of temperamental that way. He didn't like the steering wheel of one truck, the gears of another nauseated him. The last truck he had gave him the horrors. The mechanic went all over it and couldn't find a thing wrong with it, but it made Mac sick just to drive it.

Then he met *Second Front*. It was love at first sight. He liked the way she was stacked up. When he patted her fender it fell off. At any rate, she was

frank about it. Mac got his hammer out and reconstructed her completely. The physical appearance of *Second Front* was very poor. She had been used and abused for years, and had lost face. Rain and poor climatic conditions made her look as though she were lying in hell with her back broke. Mac straightened the dents out of the fender, sandpapered the rust off, improved the fixtures, and gave her a fresh coat of paint. "Rise and shine," said Mac.

Mac got his first taste of blackout driving in the three big Louisiana maneuvers. Out of a convoy of forty, two got to the final destination. Some ended up in a field, several went down the creek and turned over, others charged on to the next town, one truck crashed into a bridge, a couple of trucks smashed through barns, and *Second Front*—in its armored battle rompers, with Greenpernt hugging a 50 calibre machine gun and keeping an eye out for booby traps and land mines—bounced over the torn up roads and stalled in front of a beer joint.

On the second maneuver they were captured by a cavalry officer who suddenly rode out into the center of the road several yards ahead of the speeding truck. Mac jammed on the brakes to keep from killing both horse and rider.

"You're captured," bellowed the captain, poking his head into the cab and flourishing a revolver.

"You're dead," grunted Mac.

It was a blistering day and the captain wanted Greenpernt to move over and make room for him on the driver's seat. Greenpernt was adamant. There

was room for only two people on the driver's seat. It was army regulations. Then the captain wished Greenpernt to give up his seat and hop into the rear of the truck. But Greenpernt was at great pains to point out that an assistant driver had strict instructions never to surrender his seat to any one.

"You're a prisoner," shouted the captain, and Greenpernt gave him his name, rank, and serial number—but not his seat.

In many respects Mac preferred snaking his truck out of a Louisiana quagmire to negotiating the narrow roads of England. There was the fog, when you couldn't see to roll a peanut uphill with your nose. The nights seemed darker, maybe because you knew there wasn't a place where you could stop and get a hot dog. And this business of left-hand driving was such that you didn't know whether you were coming or going.

Mac also discovered that he had the English driver to contend with. On general principles, Greenpernt glared at all civilians with the long, hard gaze of the enlisted man, which combines contempt, envy, and hatred in one withering stare; females, however, were vouchsafed a shy leer and a hand signal. *Second Front* would be having trouble holding her speed down to 45 miles an hour when suddenly they'd run smack into an English vehicle that would be proceeding at a slow, hesitant pace. *Second Front* would almost spill her guts. Or an Englishman would essay to crowd a big-six, like *Second Front*, over to the side of the road with a bicycle.

Then Greenpernt Goitie would blow his top. "The lemons are still trying to win this war with Nelson's lost eye," he'd exclaim. And he'd explode a mouthful of PX chewing cud that would drown the offender out of sight. At such times Mac would feel the limitations of a good cigar.

There were other times, too—like when he found

Squirrel, the NCO at the ammo depot, sitting in the driver's seat—HIS seat—of *Second Front*. Mac knew there would be trouble when he found the little guy there. He always got belligerent when he saw somebody else in his seat. Besides, he was superstitious.

Squirrel jumped out. "Back your kidney pounder up, gear jammer," he said.

Mac backed the truck up, then got out to watch them load the bombs. They placed four one-ton bombs on the vehicle. Mac watched the rear springs sink. He knew that ammunition was heavy, although it didn't look like much when loaded.

"That's enough," said Mac.

"What's the matter?" said Squirrel. "Can't your old jalopy take it?"

Mac conceded that there were disadvantages in weighing 220 pounds, or he would have let Squirrel taste a choice bust in the mouth.

"Put on three more," he said.

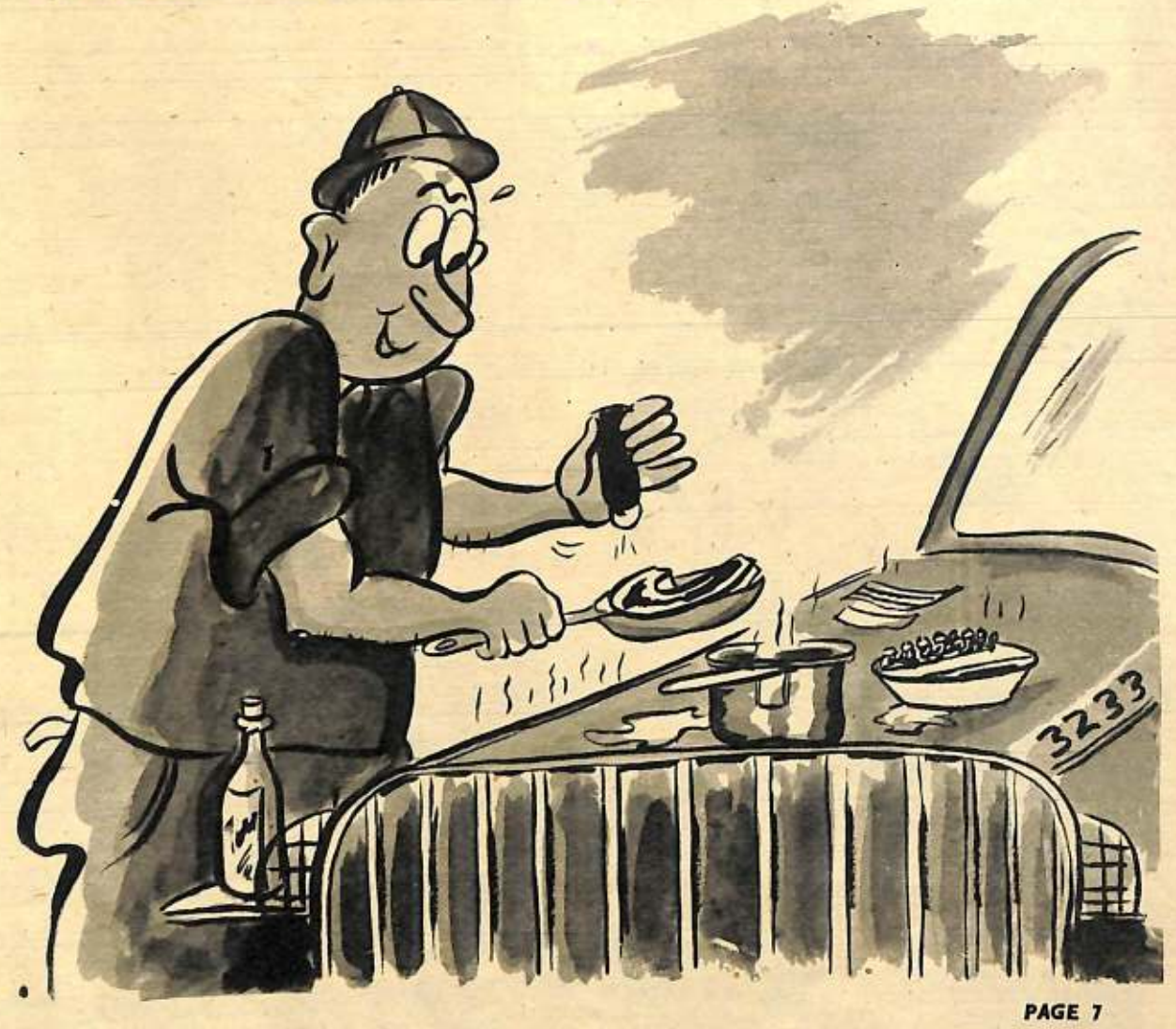
They left the depot in heavy fog and crept along slowly. Greenpernt's body was slung out of the cab, his eyes watching the road. Suddenly *Second Front* slipped: She was off the edge of the road and her wheels were spinning helplessly in mud. Mac lost his head and tried to rock out. In five minutes he had burnt out his clutch.

When the Second-Echelon mechanic looked at *Second Front* he shook his head and was for having her towed to Third Echelon. But Mac was obstinate about letting *Second Front* pass from his hands. He and Greenpernt worked with the mechanic for four solid hours before they brought *Second Front* around.

The engine started with a sob.

"That's all right, sweetheart," Mac said soothingly. "You may be burned out, but you're mine—all mine.

And he climbed into the cab, and shoved in the clutch.



By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

WHAT'S THE DEAL ON PENSIONS FOR EX-SERVICEMEN?

The Veterans Administration was badly snafued last fall when it didn't have enough personnel or priorities to handle the pensions and job problems of the first batch of discharged GIs. But here's how it works now under a new and more efficient organization set-up.

ONE day last fall, shortly after the landing at Salerno, a big rawboned staff sergeant from upstate New York started out on a souvenir-hunting expedition. Ambling along a bomb-pitted street not far from company headquarters, he came upon an old abandoned warehouse. On the ground below the partly boarded-up entrance was a little wooden box. It was a perfect stoop, so the soldier decided to climb into the building and have a look around. He stepped on the box. There was a sharp, shattering explosion. Several minutes later, when the security detail got to him, the sergeant was squirming helplessly under a twisted wreckage of splinters and broken plaster. The booby trap had ripped his right leg off just below the knee.

A couple of weeks ago, the wounded sergeant, limping only slightly on his new artificial leg, walked into a consultation room at the Army's Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C. Seated before him at a long conference table were three middle-aged civilians. One of them, an affable, energetic Irishman named Timothy Sheehan, explained their presence at the hospital.

"We represent," he said, "the Veterans Administration, an independent agency of the Government, set up by Federal law to see that discharged soldiers and sailors, especially disabled ones, get all the benefits that Congress has provided for them."

Sheehan pointed to his two colleagues. "The three of us here form what is called a Test Rating Board. The man at my right is a doctor. His job is to look over your Army medical records and determine the degree of your service-connected disabilities so that we can find out how much Government pension you are entitled to."

The sergeant nodded. He was a blond, earnest-looking kid, and the subject of pensions was one that interested him a lot at that moment.

"The man on my left," Sheehan continued, "is an occupational specialist. He will help you choose the kind of job you want and are best adapted for, and, if the job you choose involves specialized training, he will show you how you can get that training at Government expense. Finally, my job, as chairman of this board, is to help you file your pension claim, advise you what to do about your Government life insurance, explain our free medical and hospital service, and in general do everything I can to help you take full advantage of the benefits given by the Veterans Administration."

Sheehan offered the sergeant a cigarette, incidentally calling him *mister* instead of *sergeant*, a circumstance that startled the kid somewhat until he remembered that an Army sawbones had handed him a CDD that morning.

"Now," Sheehan said, "let's get down to cases and see what the Veterans Administration can do for you."

According to the ex-soldier, they did plenty. The interview lasted less than an hour, but during that time the VA Rating Board had **1)** awarded the former GI a pension of 95 bucks a month; **2)** showed him how to make application for the waiver of premiums on his GI life insurance; **3)** given him assistance in picking out the kind of job he wanted (the ex-sergeant said he'd like to be an aeronautical draftsman) and **4)** arranged for his enrollment in a qualified vocational school, where he will learn the skills of his new trade, with the Government footing the bill for his tuition, textbooks and materials.

Describing the interview afterward to a bunch of CDDs in the convalescent ward, the young veteran said: "Why, hell, those guys helped me map out practically my whole future. I was a little worried at first because like a lot of GIs I thought the Veterans Administration was some sort of old soldiers' home. But everything turned out all right. The picture looks okay now."

What happened at that interview is fairly typical of what happens every day at six other major U. S. discharge points, where new Test Rating Boards similar to the one at Walter Reed are wearing themselves to a frazzle trying to keep up with the rapidly mounting number of men who are returning to civilian life as CDDs.

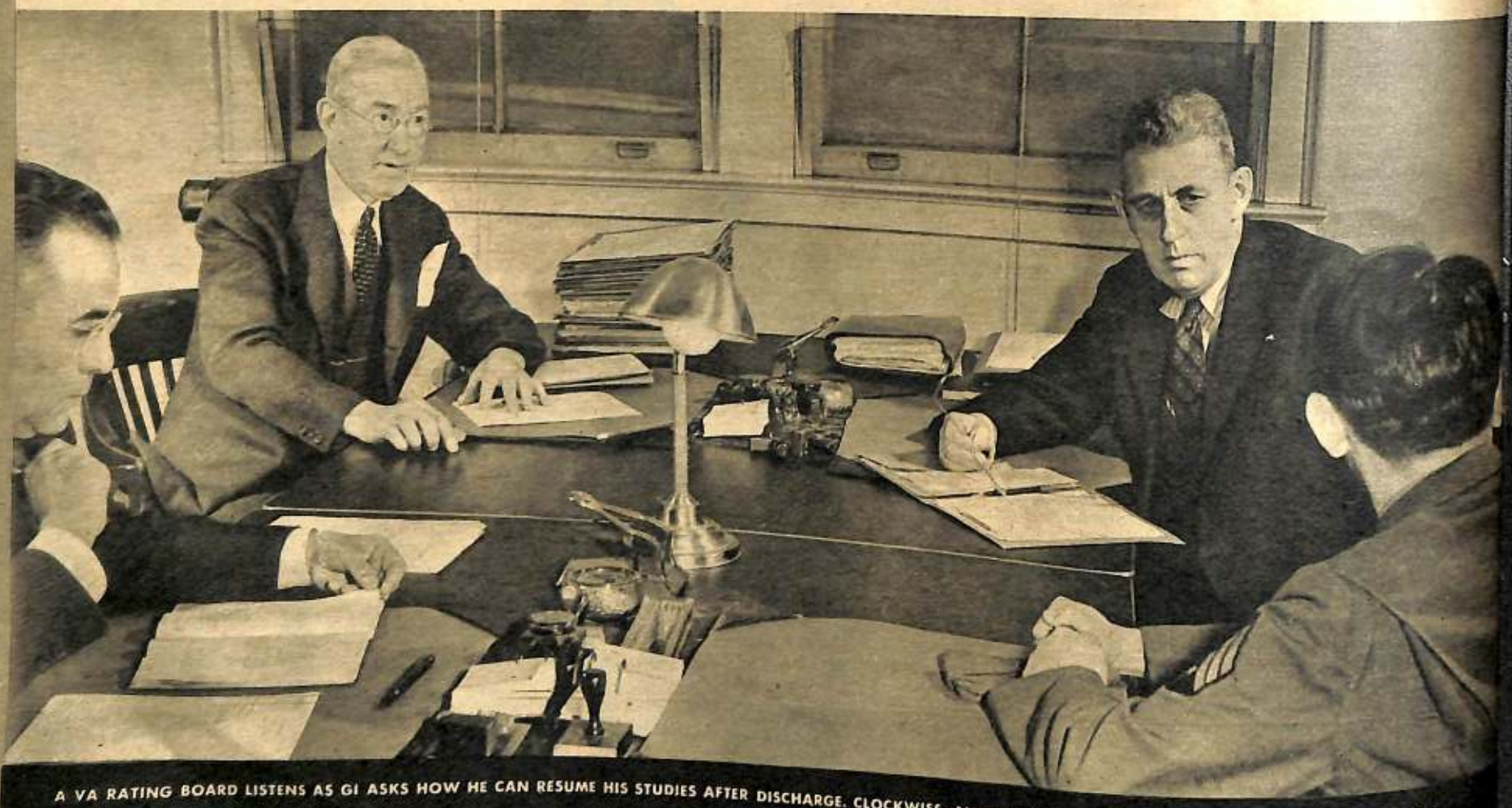
In addition to these seven Test Rating Boards, more than 100 regular rating boards—they're attached to VA field offices located in strategic spots in the various states—are breaking their necks trying to interview the thousands of ex-GIs who have already returned home.

ESTABLISHED by an Act of Congress in July 1930, when the old Bureau of Pensions, the U. S. Veterans' Bureau and other separate veterans' organizations were consolidated in one over-all agency, the Veterans Administration today is the busiest set-up of its kind in the world.

To get an idea of the load it's carrying, take a cool gander at the record. Between November 1940 and February 1944 more than 1,000,000 veterans of the second World War were discharged from the armed forces. Currently, Army and Navy discharges are averaging 100,000 men a month. Virtually every one of these dischargees has some business or other—a pension claim, an insurance problem, a request for vocational training—that falls right in the lap of the VA.

Take the matter of GI insurance alone, which is just one of VA's headaches. By the middle of January 1944, the VA Insurance Section had received 13,754,000 applications for National Service Life Insurance, representing more than 150 billion dollars worth of insurance. At that time, the number of death claims received from beneficiaries totaled 50,661, of which 41,859 had been allowed. When you remember that every one of those policies and claims entails its own correspondence and detailed office work, you will get some idea of what harried clerks in the VA are up against.

Handling the cases from this war is only a part of VA's job; it must also keep up with the



A VA RATING BOARD LISTENS AS GI ASKS HOW HE CAN RESUME HIS STUDIES AFTER DISCHARGE. CLOCKWISE: ANTHONY LA MANNA, DR. E. T. O'CONNOR, B. G. WOODS.

mountainous records of veterans and their dependents of all other U. S. wars. Moreover, besides adjudicating thousands of pension and insurance claims, the VA must see that its many hospitals are adequately equipped and staffed, and must expand its facilities to meet the demands of the returning wounded and disabled who require further hospitalization after discharge.

In October of last year, as dischargees of the second World War swelled to proportions far beyond what anyone could have foreseen, things in the VA inevitably started getting snafued.

YANK began to get boiling letters from honorably discharged veterans who said they were getting the run-around whenever they applied to VA offices for help. Pension claims were not being acted on, and letters to the VA regarding GI insurance were left unanswered for as long as six months. Things were really bogged down.

It didn't take long for the odor of this mess to reach the nostrils of Congress. An investigation was immediately put under way. As a result, several flagrant shortcomings, none the fault of the Veterans Administration itself, were promptly uncovered. For one thing, it was discovered that the Veterans Administration, despite its vital importance to every GI and his family, had no priority on manpower. The fact is, 26 percent of its own male personnel had been called into service by Nov. 31, 1943. For another thing, the Veterans Administration had no priority on materials and hence could not undertake to expand its facilities in order to prepare for the swelling influx of the wounded and disabled.

The War Department, Congress and top officials of the Veterans Administration got busy. Within two months the whole picture had changed. Today the VA has a new azimuth on the toughest of its problems, manpower and materials. Here's VA's status as of now:

1) Has priority on manpower; important VA jobs are classified as essential, and persons holding them will henceforward be subject to deferment.

2) Has improved priority on materials and critical medical equipment right after the Army and Navy needs have been filled.

3) Has already begun a giant expansion program; is hiring doctors, lawyers and job raters for the 225 new rating boards that have been authorized for second World War cases exclusively; has prepared plans for new hospitals and expansion of existing hospitals.

4) Has concluded arrangements with the War Department whereby certain Army camps, vacated by the recent War Department order requiring more and more shipments of troops overseas, are to be turned over to VA for hospital facilities and rest quarters.

5) Has adopted a new procedure to speed and simplify the clearance of pension claims by requiring that all military hospitals begin the collection of necessary records immediately after the soldier enters the hospital instead of waiting, as in the past, until after he gets his CDD.

With the kinks in its priority problems being ironed out, the VA is beginning to make some headway against the enormous backlog of claims and correspondence that has accumulated in its files since Pearl Harbor. Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veteran Affairs, told YANK recently: "I can now assure every disabled soldier and sailor that his pension claim will be adjudicated promptly and fairly by a competent rating board. I can also assure every honorably discharged veteran who requires hospitalization that a bed and good care will be available to him."

Pensions For GIs

ANY dogface in this man's Army, whether he stops a piece of flak over Germany, gets bomb happy in the Marshalls, picks up a couple of ulcers from bad chow in Kiska or acquires a psychoneurosis at a desk detail in the Pentagon Building, stands a chance of qualifying for a U.S. Government pension. What's the straight dope on these pensions? How much dough can a guy get if, like the staff sergeant from upstate New York, he loses a leg? An arm? An eye? What if he just gets sick and is CDDed—is he entitled to anything? What about death pensions for our dependents?

YANK took these and other questions to the chiefs of the Veterans Administration. Here are the official answers:

"Generally stated," says the VA, "a World War II pension is payable to any honorably discharged veteran who has a disability of 10 percent or more if his disability resulted from disease or injury incurred in (or aggravated by) active military or naval service on or after Dec. 7, 1941, and during the present war."

The amount of pension ordinarily payable ranges from $10 to $100 monthly, depending on the degree of disability; i.e., 10 percent, $10 a month; 20 percent, $20, and so on up to 100 percent ($100). If a veteran is 100 percent disabled and also needs regular aid and attendance, he is entitled to $150. However, in extraordinary cases where the disability amounts to complete helplessness, as in the loss of both arms and legs, the pension can run as high as $250 a month.

Certain specific injuries draw so-called statutory pensions, which are paid in addition to the amount paid for the percentage or degree of disability. For instance, the statutory rate for blindness in one eye is only $35 a month, but as that particular disability is rated at 30 percent ($30), a veteran blind in one eye draws a total pension of $65 a month.

Pensions for other disabilities are given below. With the exception of the two cases noted, each amount is the total monthly allowance (statutory pension plus percentage-of-disability rate):

Blind, both eyes	$175
Loss of one leg	35
plus percentage rating of from 40 to 90 percent.*	
Loss of two legs	150
Loss of one arm	35
plus percentage rating of from 40 to 90 percent.*	
Loss of two arms	150
Loss of one arm and one leg	150
Loss of two legs and one arm	175
Loss of two legs and two arms	250
Loss of any two extremities plus one or both eyes	250

* Percentage of disability, ranging from 40 to 90, is determined by point at which arm or leg is lost. For example, at the knee joint or elbow: 60 percent ($60).

Certain diseases—tuberculosis, ulcers, nervous disorders, etc.—also rate pensions, provided they aren't acquired through the soldier's misconduct. These may draw anything from 10 percent ($10, the minimum for any pension) to 100 percent ($100). Unlike the pensions that are awarded for anatomical losses, which are permanent, the pensions for diseases are temporary—that is, if you were given at the time of your discharge a 10-percent rating as a psychoneurotic case, you would be required to undergo an examination a year or more later, and if at that time your condition had improved considerably, you might lose the pension.

In certain instances, scars or other disfigurements rate payments. For example, an Indiana private, a former cosmetics salesman, was recently CDDed, and "psychoneurosis" was written on his certificate as the cause for discharge. In the Tunisian campaign, he had been thrown from a jeep, and the wound left an ugly scar across his cheek. Meanwhile he had developed a chronic nervous disorder. Brought back to the States, he was discharged as being physically unfit for further service. A VA Rating Board

classified his nervous disorder as only a 10-percent disability. But the scar, which would handicap him as a salesman because personal appearance in his profession is important, was rated as a 90-percent disability. Today the ex-soldier is back in Indianapolis, learning to design airplane engines and drawing a $100-a-month pension.

Throughout all the rules and regulations relating to pensions, the words "service-connected" keep cropping up. If the injury or disease is service-connected, a pension may be awarded. If it is not service-connected, no soap. Just what do they mean by this service-connected business?

Actually, the VA's definition of a service-connected disability is pretty broad. It would seem to include all disabling injuries (or diseases) suffered by a soldier or sailor during the present war, provided only that the cause for the man's discharge was not the result of his own misconduct. When you're on furlough, or off duty, the VA says, you're still in the service; so if you happen, say, to get hit by a taxicab on your way to the opera or the burlesque, and as a result of your accident suffer a disability and are later discharged for that disability, you will get a pension. Provided, of course, that you weren't blind drunk when the cab rammed you, in which case the VA would probably rule that your accident was the result of your own misconduct.

A recent case before a VA Rating Board in the South involved this point of service-connected disabilities. A corporal, stationed at Camp Croft, S. C., got a 10-day furlough, which he decided to spend at his home on a little farm near Fayetteville, N. C. On the second day of his leave, the corporal was out shooting rats in the barn when his dog, frisking playfully around his legs, tripped him. As the soldier fell, his shotgun was discharged, the discharge hitting him in the kneecap. He was taken to an Army hospital where an amputation was performed. A month or so later he was given a CDD. The Rating Board awarded him the statutory pension for the loss of a leg ($35 a month) and an additional percentage rating for his disability ($60 a month). Today the ex-corporal is drawing a $95-a-month pension.

A few other points about disability pensions.

1) Pensions are never awarded while a man is still in service. He has to be an honorably discharged veteran.

2) The percentage of disability is always determined by a qualified VA Rating Board, composed of a medical specialist, a legal specialist and an occupational specialist.

3) "The percentage of disability," says the VA, "is based upon the *average degree* of impairment in earning capacity, so that there may be no penalty on any individual for his ability to overcome the handicap caused by his disability." In plain GI language, that means if you get a pension for $90 for the loss, say, of an arm, take special training and overcome your handicap, then get a job, the fact that you get a job doesn't disqualify you for the pension. You could make 500 bucks a week and still collect on your disability.

In the files of the VA is the case history of a veteran of the first World War who was awarded a pension of $100 for a back injury. Immediately after his discharge he was taken to a veterans' hospital where the doctors told him he would never walk again. After a year of lying flat on his back doing nothing, the veteran began to fear that he would go nuts if he didn't contrive something to absorb his interest. He got a telephone. Installed by his bed, that telephone, plus a lot of guts and determination, enabled him to start a business of his own—a laundry business. He called an old friend of his, a banker, and got a loan. He called a real-estate agent and had him rent a vacant storeroom. Then he called an employment agency and hired a few workers. He kept the books. Today, though still confined to his bed in the VA hospital, he is making a cool $25,000 a year. His pension check for $100 comes regularly every month.

4) Government pensions cannot be assigned, and they are tax-exempt.

Pensions For Dependents

IF a soldier is killed or gets a disease or injury in line of duty that results in his death, his dependents are entitled to pensions at the following rates:

Widow but no child	$50
Widow with one child (With $13 for each additional child)	65
No widow but one child	25
No widow but two children (equally divided) (With $10 for each additional child, total amount equally divided,)	38
Dependent mother or father	45
Dependent mother and father (each) (The total monthly amount payable to widow, child or children cannot exceed $100.)	25

The Veterans Administration requires certain evidence in connection with claims for pensions filed by dependents. To speed the settlement of such claims the VA urges all servicemen to write to their dependents, asking them to have in readiness the necessary papers. If the widow is the claimant, a certified copy of her marriage certificate is necessary. If a child is included in the claim, a certified public record of its birth is required. In the event that the claimant is a dependent mother or father of the veteran, a certified copy of the public record of the serviceman's birth must be produced. Wives and children are automatically eligible for death pensions, but parents must prove their dependency.

Jack Mizrahi, formerly of the Signal Corps, discharged for injuries suffered in line of duty, studies accounting in New York at VA expense.

Free GI Insurance

As any guardhouse lawyer can tell you, National Service Life Insurance under certain circumstances provides for a waiver of premiums. Here's the way the VA Insurance Section puts it: "Payment of premiums may be waived during continuous disability of the insured which commenced after the effective date of the policy and which has existed for six consecutive months or more prior to the attainment by the insured of the age of 60 years provided that during such period all premiums have been timely paid."

To get what that means, let's go back for a minute to the staff sergeant who stepped on the booby trap in Salerno. When he appeared before Tim Sheehan and the Rating Board at Walter Reed, the soldier had been continuously disabled for a little more than six months. During that period the premiums for his GI insurance had been deducted as usual from his Army pay. So Sheehan explained that because his disability had lasted for six months continuously and since he was under 60 years old, the soldier would get a refund on the premiums paid during that time. But that wasn't all. Sheehan also notified the soldier that he could convert this five-year-term policy into one of the three other types of Government insurance—policies which, unlike the five-year ones, have cash value and which, after they've been in force for a year or more, may be either borrowed on or surrendered entirely for that cash value. So long as he is totally disabled —that is, "unable to follow continuously a substantially gainful occupation"—the ex-sergeant's premiums will be waived and his policy will be in every respect the same as if he were paying.

VA Vocation Training

IF you are honorably discharged with a service-connected disability rated at 10 percent or more, you may be entitled to special vocational training and rehabilitation. While in training, your pension is automatically increased to $80 a month if you're single and to $90 if you're married, with $5 for each child and $10 for each dependent parent.

There is no ceiling to these payments. For example, a man might have a wife, 10 children and two dependent parents. That would be $90 plus $50 plus $20, or $160 altogether.

All training expenses are paid by the VA out of funds provided by Congress. That includes books, tuition fees at private or state educational institutions, equipment, and any other tools and training paraphernalia needed in your course. Training courses—ex-GIs can go to colleges and universities as well as to trade schools, etc.—may last as long as four years, but they must be terminated within six years after the war.

That just about wraps up the VA picture, except for two things.

If you have to write to the VA in Washington about pensions, insurance or anything else, you'll get a lot better service if you'll include in your letter your full name, your serial number and your full address. You'd be surprised how many needless delays are caused because clerks have to hunt through several miles of files (literally) for an exact name and an accurate address. Put it this way: There are more than 5,000 John Smiths in the service today, and there are 3,096 John Smiths who have files in the VA from the first World War. So if you want to save time in your VA correspondence, always give your full name, serial number and correct address.

The other thing is for chronic goldbricks who, in their zeal to get a CDD, often go to astonishing lengths to misrepresent their "symptoms" to the medicos. It ain't healthy. For instance, at Walter Reed the other day a gangling private from New Orleans told an Army doctor that he was slowly going blind. The doc examined the guy's eyes very carefully but could discover nothing organically wrong with them. Then just as the soldier prepared to leave the room, cockily sure of a speedy discharge, he noticed something on the doctor's wrist that interested him. It was a watch, a very unusual one, quite modern, with no numbers on the face. Fascinated, the peep said: "Say, sir, that watch ain't got any numbers on it." The doctor yawned slightly on his finger nails, buffed them a couple of times on his lapel and said, "That's right, soldier," a sweet destruction in his voice. Today, the private is handling a special detail in a certain well-used latrine in an eastern Army camp.

BARRACUDAS

THE FIRST OUTFIT OF NEGRO MARINES IS ITCHING FOR ACTION.

By Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

A PACIFIC PORT—The Negro construction crew pushed on, cutting a road through Alabama's rural region that day last February. Howard Kimble of Gadsden, Ala., scrambled up a hill to set an explosive charge. Then, with the crew removed to a safe distance, Kimble blew the hill to smithereens.

"Working with TNT every day," said Kimble, "made me think I had my own private little war with Mother Nature, helping to push roads through tough spots. When I heard about the new outfit the Marines were forming, I decided to join up and help them push some roads through to Tokyo."

Now Kimble is a corporal in the Barracuda Leathernecks, the something new that has been added to the Marine Corps. The men in this Negro outfit, commanded by white officers and trained by veteran white noncoms, know the traditions of the Marine Corps from Tripoli to Tarawa. They aim to add their own chapter to the annals of the Corps.

And Lt. James T. Wilson of Jacksonville, Fla., one of the Barracuda officers, is confident of the results. "In the short time they've been in the service," he said, "these men have been trained as thoroughly in combat principles as any outfit. They're damned good jungle fighters. We've taken them on tactical problems in the jungle, and they've shown that they are bushmasters when it comes to camouflage, stealth and patience. They can lie in wait for hours without getting restless. That is their outstanding combat efficiency and one that will stand them in good stead if they should meet the Jap jungle fighter."

The average Barracuda Leatherneck is 19 years old, weighs 155 pounds and is 5 feet 10 inches tall. He is tough, too, usually with a couple of years behind him at some job that has given him broad shoulders and a solid physique.

Take Charley Nesbitt, for example. He was light heavyweight champion in the Golden Gloves tournament held at Memphis, Tenn., his home town, in 1941 and 1942. Between bouts, Nesbitt made his living as an electric welder. So he had a head start when he volunteered for the Marines last June. Now he's in even better shape, and acts and talks like the marine he is.

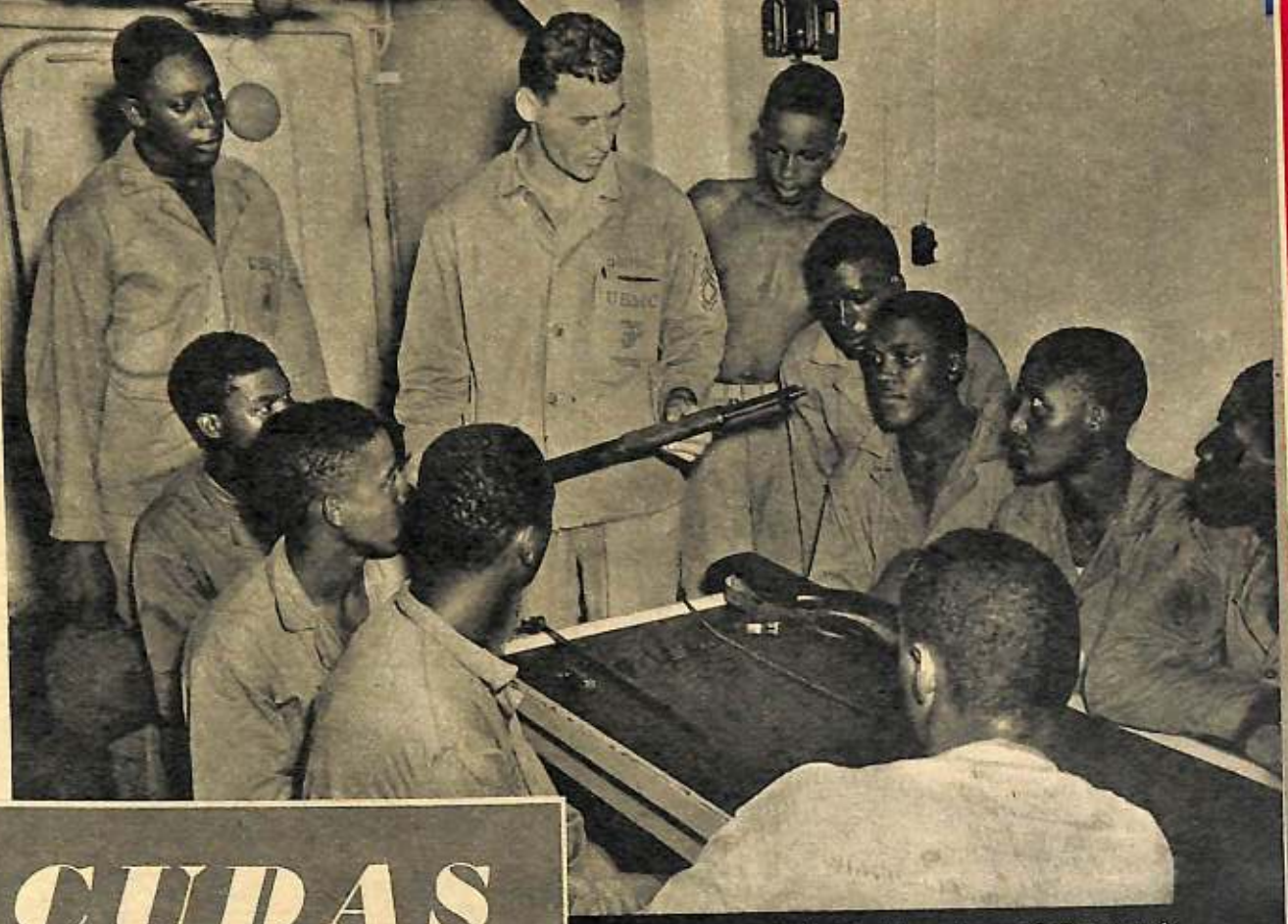
"I liked the glory behind the Marine Corps," said Nesbitt. "They've tackled some tough assignments and put them across. I thought I'd like to fight the Japs, and this is the best outfit to do it in. This service training is a lot more rugged than my ring experience, but we're certainly in great shape now, and when we go into action, watch some Jap blood flow."

Frederick E. Gartrille was driving a truck around Detroit, Mich., when he saw a pal passing on the sidewalk and screeched to a stop. "He told me about some of our boys joining the Marines," Gartrille said. "I thought, since it was a new outfit, I'd like to be a part of it, so the next day I quit my job and enlisted." Gartrille is now a platoon sergeant and helped train the boys who joined up later.

"Every phase of training interested me," Fred said, "and I'd like to put some of it to use in the real McCoy against the Japs."

But not all the Barracuda Leathernecks were construction crewmen, prize fighters or truck drivers. Pierre A. Clarke of Chicago, Ill., was an accomplished violinist, majoring in music at the University of Chicago, when he quit last March to join the Marines. Pvt. Clarke has added 10 pounds to his sound frame since he enlisted.

The men come from many states. There's a large Southern delegation, including Pvts. Jim Grigg of Darlington, S. C.; Carl Sharperson of Orangeburg, S. C.; Joe Griffin and Roosevelt Williams of Fort Worth, Tex.; Carl Adams Jr. of Granger, Tex.; Louis A. Shelton of Memphis; David C. Moody of Bessemer, Ala.; Matthew Hall of Monroe, La., and James R. Jordan of Richmond, Va. But New York City is represented by Pvt. Herbert G. Davis, Chicago by Pvt. Andrew C. Walker, Detroit by Pvt. M. Gerald Taylor and Denver, Colo., by Pfc. Thomas C. Robinson.



Gunnery Sgt. Felix Daniels, veteran of six years in Marines, conducts a class in nomenclature of the M1.

A platoon of tough Barracuda Leathernecks comes to port arms during drill session on board ship.

Before they were sent overseas, these men and all the other Barracuda Leathernecks were given boot training at Mountford Point Camp, Camp Lejeune, New River, N. C.

They were taught the basic principles of attack and defense, with special emphasis on the bayonet, the knife, street fighting, jujitsu and dirty wrestling, so they'll be able to come out on top in the toughest kind of personal combat.

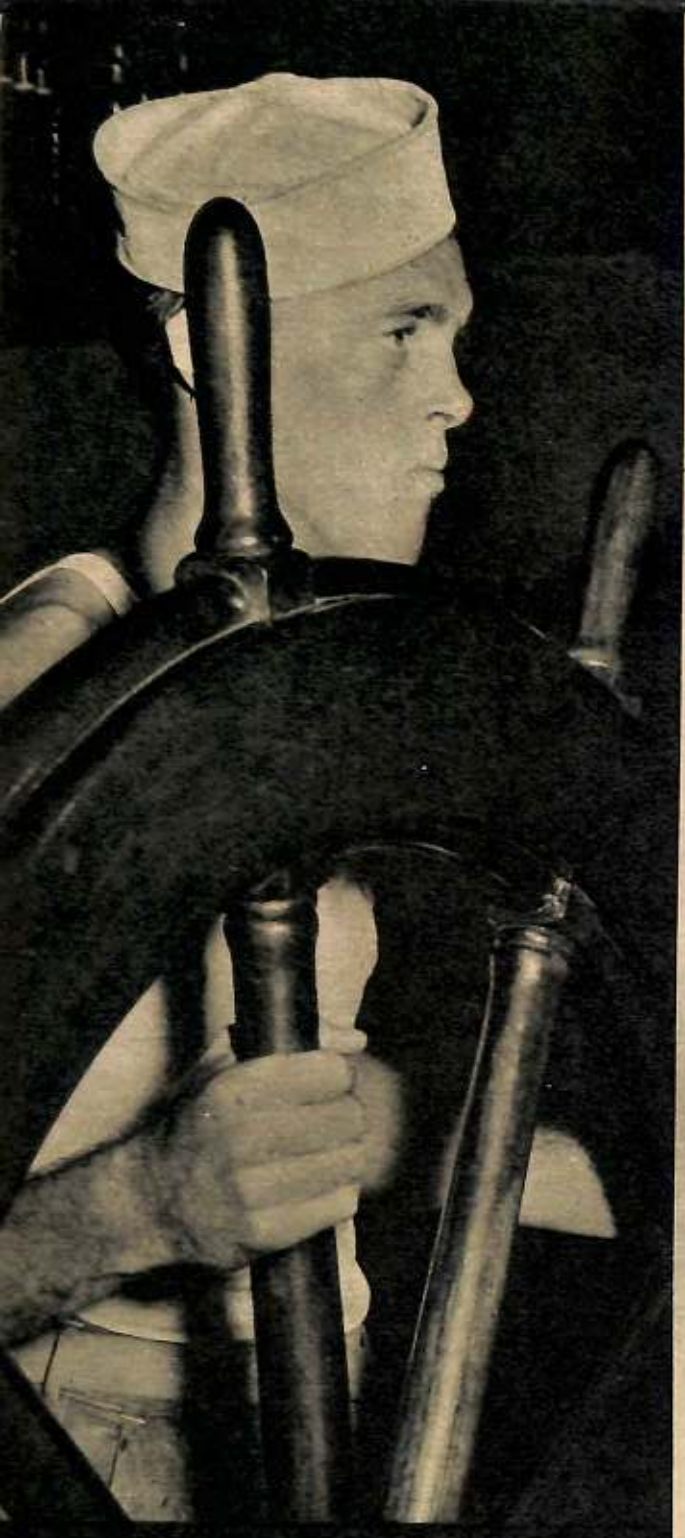
Then Gunnery Sgt. Felix Daniels of Fayette City, Pa., a white marine with six years of service, gave the Barracudas the lowdown on the care and firing of combat weapons. "These men grasp instruction readily and rapidly," Daniels said. "Their work is conspicuously outstanding."

As for close-order drill, 1st Sgt. Olin V. Carey of Wilmar, Ark., a white marine with 10 years in the Corps, said: "There's only one outfit I can think of that shapes up better at drilling than this outfit, and they were a picked group on exhibition at the World's Fair." The Barracuda Leathernecks are particularly hot on fancy drill steps involving timing and rhythm.

Lt. Wilson is all for giving the men Good Conduct ribbons without waiting for the usual three years. Here's the way he put it: "These men have exhibited the best of conduct. The shore patrol has commended the men on their deportment every place we've been. All our boys are thoroughly disciplined."

It's this discipline, coupled with the fine physical condition and training of the Barracuda Leathernecks, that enables the men to do 22 miles in a little better than four hours, said the lieutenant. "If we wanted to take the governor off and let them go all out. I'm sure they could break any existing records for forced marches. I've seen some of the best outfits and they can stop them cold."

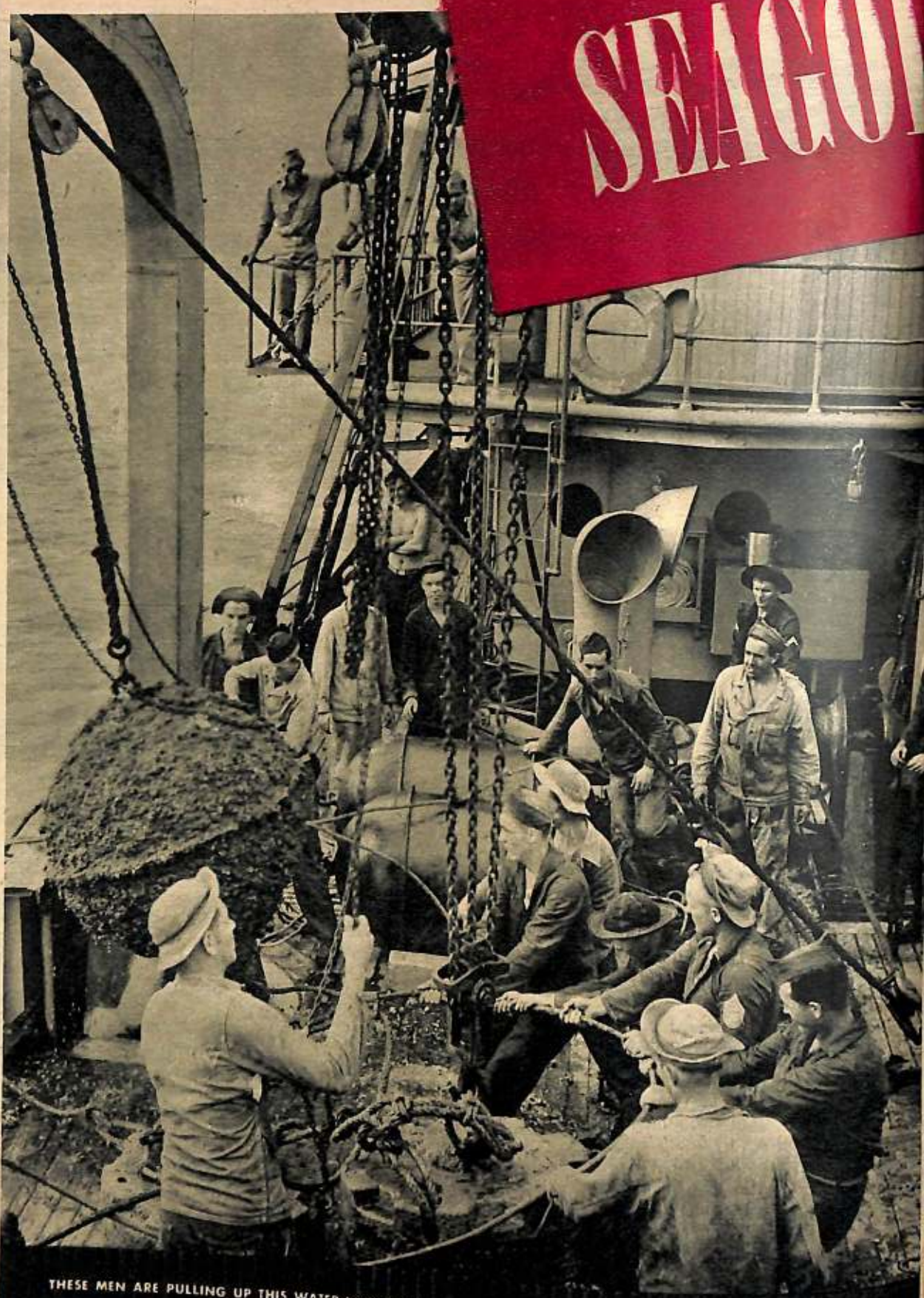
One of these days, the Japs may have some additional testimony to give on that subject.



CPL. PETER BURNS USED TO PILOT A JEEP; NOW HE'S A HELMSMAN ABOARD ONE OF THE MINE SWEEPERS.

1ST SGT. GEORGE H. SMITH TRAVELS IN A SEAGOING ORDERLY ROOM WITH A FINE VIEW OF THE WATER.

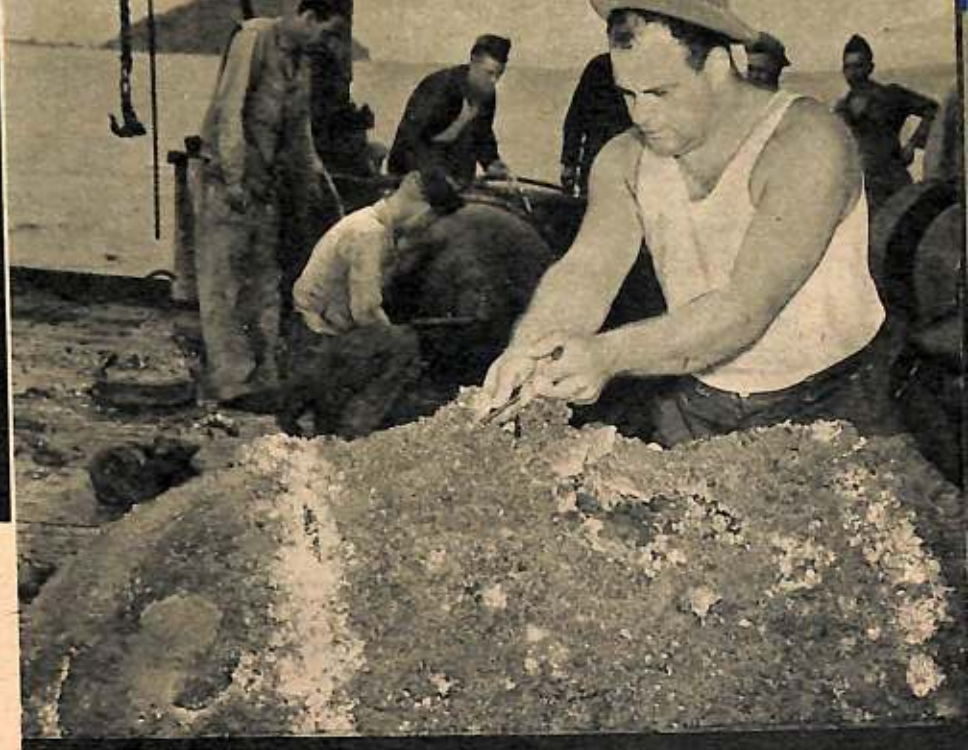
CAREFULLY, SOLDIERS SINK A MINE IN THE OCEAN.



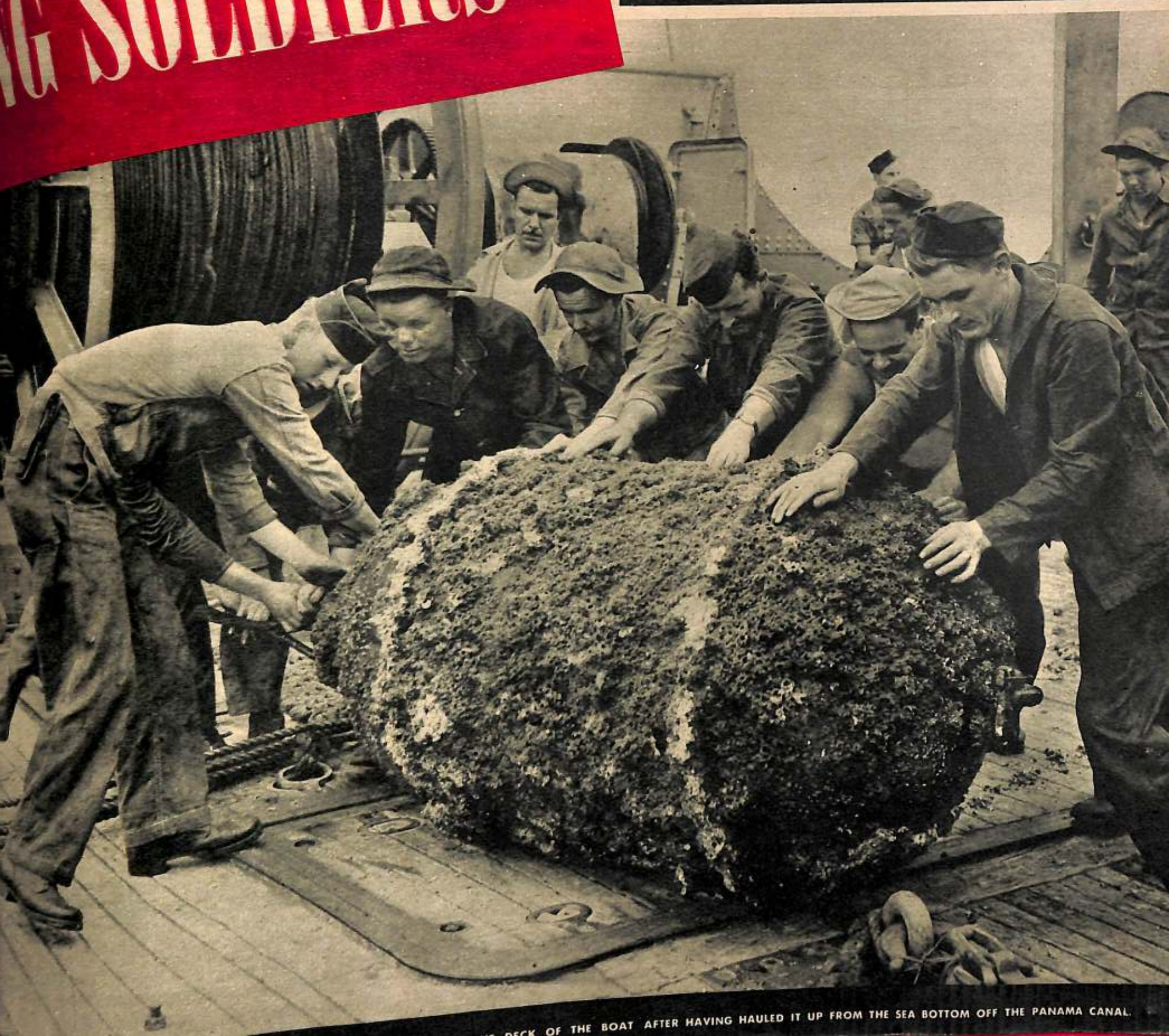
THESE MEN ARE PULLING UP THIS WATER-LOGGED MINE FOR A GENER

Covering the waters at the approaches to the Panama Canal is a bunch of GIs whose job it is to see that the area is closed to enemy traffic. As members of the mine-planting service, they man the boats that carry the "bottom busters" to where they can do the most harm. They are Army outfits that even take their first sergeants out to sea with them.

G SOLDIERS



THIS SOLDIER, WHO LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S TRYING TO OPEN UP A MAMMOTH OYSTER, IS PVT. SAMUEL CULINER, CLEANING THE OCEAN DEBRIS FROM A MINE.



DECK OF THE BOAT AFTER HAVING HAULED IT UP FROM THE SEA BOTTOM OFF THE PANAMA CANAL.

Millions of the rank and file all over the world, in and out of organized armies, are fighting Fascism wherever they find it. Here are the stories of two of them who have wandered about many strange places seeking the enemy to help destroy him.

LIKE MILADA RAJTER, THESE YUGOSLAV PARTISANS RECUPERATE AND TRAIN AT A REST CAMP IN ITALY.

MILADA from BELGRADE

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY—Milada Rajter sits in a hospital here and waits to return to the war. Milada is from Belgrade in Yugoslavia; she is a young woman of about 25 or 26, although she looks a little older now. Her black hair is streaked with gray, but her face is quick and very expressive and she gives the impression of someone who moves a great deal. This is only an impression, since Milada has a fractured leg and will not be able to move at all for a while. Such an injury is a handicap to any one; it is especialy annoying to Milada, who has been working in German-occupied Belgrade for the past two years as a member of the Partisan underground.

The hospital in which Milada sits used to be a children's school, and looks like the kind of school a child in the third grade might draw in black. It squats in a little village near the sea: large and barnlike, with high ceilings and bare walls. There is a general air of disuse about it, as if the children had all grown up and gone away. The wind brushes coldly through the rooms and the air holds a constant chill. At night the lights are dim and insufficient. It is not what you would call a model hospital. You would hunt a long time before finding Dr. Kildare here.

What you would find are some 300 Yugoslav Partisans, recently evacuated from their native country. They are the patients. They are suffering from bullet wounds, shrapnel wounds, fractures, frostbite and assorted injuries, and for every one of them safe in Italy there are thousands still in Yugoslavia with no shoes and little medicine, who have been wounded or frozen while fighting the Fascists.

Milada Rajter is one of the 26 women patients. She is very surprised when any one asks to hear her story because she considers herself no different from any of the others. Actually, she isn't any different; her job might have been a little more dangerous and a little more difficult, but her importance is in the fact that she is not unusual. She is repeated thousands of times in her country and in resistance movements all over Europe. No one is more aware of that than Milada herself, but she tells her story willingly enough, with no posturing and no false modesty. She tells it sitting upright in her bed in one of the two wards for women and children. Next to her is a boy of seven whose leg has been shot away by a German grenade. The rest of the beds are filled mainly with frostbite cases.

A Yugoslav Partisan, a British Red Cross worker, and a British officer pass a cheerful time of day with some of Tito's soldiers recovering from wounds at the same camp.

Milada speaks no English, so a Partisan doctor translates for her. He is a small, middle-aged man, and he is also from Belgrade. "My English is not so good," he says, but Milada points to him and nods and says, "Good. Good," forming the words carefully and then laughing over her pronunciation.

So Milada talks to the doctor, rapidly and with many gestures, and her story comes out. Before the Germans came she was a dental technician. In the spring of 1941, after the government had fled the country, she began to work full-time in the underground. She spoke German fluently, which was a big help.

Underground work in Belgrade presented more dangers than in any other city in Yugoslavia, mainly because the Nazi terror was greatest there. The Germans had set about systematically to slaughter the Serbs and there were daily mass executions. Every day the poison gas vans would appear in the streets and there would be groups of hostages marching out to dig their own graves.

"There was one organization," the doctor said, translating. "In the beginning they had 500 people. Now they have 50." Milada spoke quickly to him, her face set, and the doctor nodded. "She says you must understand. You must understand what these

(Continued on lower half of next page.)

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

Five-Year Search for an ARMY

ENGLAND—On the stand in front of the headquarters of the Foreign Legion in Beirut, under glass, lies the figure of a lion made of chips of red and white marble. It is a Czech lion—" the Lion of Bohemia." If you look closely at the gold emblem above the visor of the cap worn by Czech soldiers in Britain you will see this same lion. The figure in Beirut was fashioned by two of the early Balkan refugees from Hitler. One of them was a former Czech policeman. The other was a far-wandering Slav from South America named Joseph Karel, who is today a private in the U. S. Army Signal Corps and stationed in Great Britain.

For most Americans who join the Army, the changeover from civilian clothes to an Army uniform is a matter of a few hours and a few miles. For Karel an American uniform took exactly five years and some 20,000 miles to achieve. At all times since September, 1939, you might say, he has been en route—a soldier in search of an Army. Now he is part of the powerful American complement of the United Nations poised in Britain.

Yugoslav Partisans fight, grab off plenty of German prisoners.

To his present "general duty" job Pvt. Karel brings a touch of manner that is not strictly out of the Army handbook. He is deferential towards officers but not humble. His manners should not fool you. For sheer stubborn drive against Nazism, for such a long-standing and deliberate hatred of Nazis as his, you would have to look far and deep. Not that he carries an air of toughness, or that he is physically impressive. A slender dark man above medium height wearing a carefully tended black mustache, he wouldn't look out of place in a tweed suit hovering over the Savoy bar. And, at the age of 39, it is pretty clear that he will never be a Commando. The GIs around him sometimes call him "Pop."

By birth he is, he says carefully, "a Slav from somewhere in Europe." He is an educated man, who, in his thirties, could hardly be expected to jump to quick and drastic decisions, involving blood, discomfort, or Gestapo agents. Languages come easy to him—he can get along well in five of them, including the Czech and the Yugoslav. Spanish came last and there could be no doubt about what *la guerra* meant

(Continued on next page.)

Fascists are like."

In the beginning the work of the underground was confined to small actions involving only a few people, such as setting fire to Fascist newspapers on the streets. Then, as the national liberation movement grew throughout the country, the underground movement kept pace with it. Liaison was established with Partisan headquarters on the outside and the underground assumed the responsibility not only of harassing the Germans, but of smuggling supplies and munitions to the growing Army of National Liberation, and performing regular espionage functions. Some of the work was right out of Hollywood: once the Gestapo arrested a woman worker who was about to give birth, keeping her under guard in a hospital while the baby was born. Three days after birth the underground rescued mother and child and smuggled them to safety in a stolen police car.

But most of the work was routine, in the sense that hauling dynamite every day would be routine. Pamphlets and even whole books were printed on illegal presses and distributed all over the city. Partisans were hidden and passed to safety. The organization kept regular concealed supply dumps, over which a 24-hour guard would be posted. Sometimes the guard would disappear and that hiding place would be chalked off the list. But the organization was good; it wasn't often that their shipments were nailed. The Gestapo tried vainly to break them, taking hundreds of hostages whenever they suspected any one of underground work.

"I was a hostage myself," the doctor said, "but they let me go because I was a medical man." Milada spoke to him and he bent closer to listen, interrupting every now and then with a question. Finally he stood up and shook his head. "She was telling me about a family I knew in Belgrade," he said. "They were all executed as hostages—the father, the mother and the two daughters." The doctor shook his head again slowly. "It is always hard to get over things like that," he said. "The father kept a drug store in my neighborhood. He used to fill my prescriptions."

Milada worked constantly in this atmosphere, walking the thin line of danger with absolute single-mindedness. The strain must have been terrific. Pilots come home from a mission and are safe for a while; infantrymen get relieved and are sent to the rear. There is neither rest nor security for any one in the underground. Milada completely renounced her identity and dared not even go near certain streets where she was likely to be recognized. She had altered her appearance by changing her hair and adding a few touches here and there, but there were still anxious moments when she was recognized by people who might give her away. She managed to see her family three times in two years. Her two brothers escaped to join the Partisans; the Gestapo executed her father for that. Her two brothers were killed by the enemy. Her mother lived alone with a younger daughter.

Finally, in May of 1943, the organization decided that Milada had worked enough in the underground. Plans were made for her escape to liberated territory.

ONCE into the country she was passed along by Partisans. The Germans control only the roads and railways in the half of Yugoslavia they now occupy. Even in the flat land they cannot leave the roads without casualties.

Four months later Milada reached Jajce in northwest Yugoslavia, where Partisan headquarters were then located. She was given a short rest and then assigned to a division to do political work. It was while with this outfit that she hurt her leg and was evacuated across the Adriatic to Italy.

"She says she was hurt in an accident," the doctor said, "not while in action." Milada spoke quickly to him. "She doesn't want you to get the wrong impression," the doctor said. "She says she hasn't been in action yet."

There was silence for a moment, while Milada searched for something else to say, and then she held her hands palms upward and shrugged and smiled. It was late afternoon and the room was dark and cold. The other patients were deep under their blankets and only their faces showed. Looking at them you saw that they were ordinary people, just as Milada was an ordinary girl. It was only when you realized what they had done that you understood that they were like the ordinary people all over the world: there was nothing at all ordinary about them. They were heroes, in the exact, ancient sense of the word. And Milada Rajter is one of them.

When fighting Nazis, women and men have the same idea. Two Partisans rehash their battle experiences. The girl was wounded by a sniper's bullet.

A bunch of snazzy Nazis parade through the streets somewhere in Occupied Europe, the idea being to bolster up the citizens. All right, so you don't see the citizens—maybe they're around the corner.

when he heard it shouted in September, 1939, by a newsboy on the "25th of May Street" in Buenos Aires.

Karel was on a holiday from his small, comfortable business. He remembers turning the corner to where Calle Florida meets wide Corrientes Boulevard:—

"I came before a newspaper building," he says. "There was the latest news portrayed. Before that news I had been quite shocked. From this moment I couldn't work. I knew I have to go to Europe. I did not have a precise plan. It was action of impulse."

The impulse took over completely and at once. Now the odd search began—a man in search of an army. His own old country was swallowed. His roots in South America were few. Italy was the first stop. Rationing had begun. The hardest thing at first was the meat rationing "for in South America everybody eats three or four pounds a week." Capri was still something to see, a mirage on the edge of a bloody war—"a garden," says Pvt. Karel, "very beautiful. You cannot imagine it is true; you think it is a part of a Hollywood picture in technicolor. You could not imagine the houses are real. You had the feeling to touch them to be sure that they are not—papier maché?—thank you."

Yet, in contrast to Capri—the "garden"—was the sight of Italian children "marching, the six year olds behind the eight year olds and then the ten year olds . . . you see? And they carried rifles, popguns, blow-guns, how shall I say—air rifles?—thank you. The six year boys they have been carrying small guns, the eight year ones bigger rifles, and so on. All so arranged."

YUGOSLAVIA was different for him—a Slavic country and he knew the language. Moreover, he had come across the Adriatic from Italy with new "friends." They were refugees, many from Czechoslovakia, all looking for an Army. Yet, even in Yugoslavia the curtain was going down, with patrols out on the streets of Zagreb at night and daily reports of at least two or three people shot. The food was getting scarce, due to the huge Nazi levies of stuff from the Balkans.

Belgrade offered him room in the Czech center called *Narodni Dum*—"National Club." Mysteriously enough, there was always food and a place to stay, provided by the Club. With him were former doctors, peasants, businessmen—men who had somehow pulled from under and around the Nazi juggernaut. Belgrade that winter was a town where a man just naturally pulled his hat down a little farther over his face and pulled his coat collar high up before going out for a walk. These men in search of an Army could spot a Gestapo agent as quickly as they could their own mothers. The agents were everywhere, at hotels, restaurants, almost any place where more than two people were together. They took pictures and politely requested names. So the Czechs who had fled to Yugoslavia found it advisable finally to go about singly.

With them, Joseph Karel moved again—this time with French passports and with the understanding that they were to join the Foreign Legion in Beirut. Karel says Greece "was poor . . . stony, poor earth, plateaus nearly without vegetation. Poor people."

"Small Asia," as Karel calls it, began to show in the first sight of Istanbul. At the Ozipek Palas Hotel the accommodations were fairly good. The sands of civilian life were running out, but you could still enjoy yourself a little.

In Aleppo, Syria, the hotels were small, dark and dirty. Beirut, the next day, was a white city glittering on the shore of the Mediterranean. If the plumbing varied from fair to none at all, it was still a place to come to. For the men in search of an Army, the first stage of the trip was over. The Mediterranean was still a free sea leading to France. For Karel—in two minutes you discover him to be a high-strung but controlled man—this was a time to be happy. Like the Czechs who had "adopted" him, Karel could now sing folksongs of the Moldau River—a non-military trait of Central Europe which Hitler mistakenly took for weakness of character. Still civilians, they haunted cafés in the manner of refugees the world over. They lived in tents near the Foreign Legion headquarters. In the end, instead of the Foreign Legion, it was the newly formed Czech Army which Karel joined.

This was at New Year, 1940—"the most quiet and sentimental New Year's I have ever spent." You assume he might have suddenly felt a great sense of loneliness so far from home, but he explains, while flicking his wrist at you, "it was something moving at last. It seems to me I begin to see some end of those (Hitler's) times in Europe. Other things are of small importance then. I am now with these fellows who have come from a sad country whose spirit has been knocked down. Most of them have been caught in Hungary, put in prison, and they have been down. Their spirit has been down to the deathpoint. And now they are together in Czech Army to fight Hitler—it was most sentimental New Year's I have ever spent."

ON a high tide of enthusiasm the volunteers crossed the Mediterranean to France. Karel's unit was billeted in the south near a small town, La Palme. Naturally he remembers the France of that time with a great deal of emotion. Gradually, the Czechs caught the infection of uneasiness sweeping the France of 1940. Out of this time Karel remembers most clearly the visits of President Benes. The Czech President came to their camp to talk to them about the war. He is a man of medium height, somewhat pudgy, with graying hair. He was the President of a country that had no geography, and only a small army bivouacked on foreign soil. Almost, Benes could shake hands with his whole Army without getting tired.

Then came the lightning thrust of the German Armies through Belgium and Northern France. Again Pvt. Karel was on the move—France was gone in one of the darkest hours of all time. He was evacuated from France through Port Sete with British troops and civilians. Dunkirk had fallen—but "the British had confidence," Karel says. In seventeen days at sea the ships of the convoy were strafed by planes. Submarines attacked twice, sinking some ships. Food was scarce. He fell ill. Liverpool was something to see after that trip, the crowds lining the pier shed as they came through. There was a band and cheering. "By now I was so weak that I even had difficulties to carry my bag. And one of my officers has seen this and without hesitation he took it from me and carried it through a long way.

"This officer," says Karel, "has been killed while flying in the RAF."

Of those Czechs whom he met in the *Narodni Dum* in Belgrade, who had broken and bribed their way out of Balkan prisons, who had gone on to Syria, some have been killed. Others are in action. Still others are waiting. One of the men who missed the boat at Port Sete and was thought dead, has turned up—as an officer in Tito's Army in Yugoslavia. Karel's cousin, who fought in the north where the Germans crashed through, was killed. And though Karel has travelled far, he ran into another cousin in France—now a 2nd Lt. in the USAAF.

IN London Karel sometimes meets men who followed him along that course to France via Syria. Always there is something to add to the story of the "Lion of Bohemia" lying under glass in Beirut. The Czechs passing through have planted shrubbery and flowers around it.

Only a private now, Karel has been "connected" with the war for five years. In France with the Czechs he would normally have acquired a commission by reason of previous training, enthusiasm and such special talents as a gift for many languages. But the Czech Army in France was small and its officers already numerous. It was TO trouble, and it appears that Karel now has the same difficulty in the American Army.

Now the zero hour is coming up again—not the first zero hour for him either. The first was in Buenos Aires when he shook his life down to its roots and started his search for an Army. The second was when he enrolled in an Army—the Czech Army prepared to fight with the French. The third zero hour was France at the time of Dunkirk. Invasion of the continent will be number four. Under its glass roof in the alien soil of Syria the "Lion of Bohemia" begins to stir, for soon it will be padding homeward.

And as you ask the last questions of Pvt. Karel and get your last answers and give him a casual "So long," he inclines his head slightly in his own inimitable way and says "Thank you." You feel like a general.

He is really a courteous and deferential soldier.

Fireman

THE recent air raids on London have meant a new way of living for a lot of the Joes stationed there. They've been moved out of their billets and assigned in small groups to office buildings where they have their cots and go on fire-guard duty every time there's an alert. All of which caused a private to grumble the other morning, as he touched a match to the kindling in an officer's grate: "A lot of jobs I've done in the Army are going to sound funny when I start talking about them to my grandchildren, but this one sure takes the cake. 'Why, kiddies,' I'll have to say, 'your grandpappy fought the war in London—lighting fires all day and putting them out all night.' "

Busmen's Holiday

Back home, Congress has been talking about some sort of a bonus bill which would give veterans $4 a day for all the time they've served overseas. Well, we'd like to recommend a rider to that bill which would pay $4.01 a day to Cpl. Lester Shiere, of Somerville, Mass., Pfc. Sheldon Lowery, of State College, Pa., and Pvt. John Ellis, of Roanoke, Va. —all members of an engineer unit out Wales way. The boys, it seems to us, have earned it and yet they've done nothing yet which would be likely to land them a medal of any sort.

The trio made ETO history worthy of at least that extra ha'penny a day while out on 48-hour passes a week or two ago. Figuring everyday life in their pyramidal tents was getting too soft and humdrum, the three men took off with their passes, pup tent, full field packs, and their rations and headed for the peak of a distant mountain. (Security prevents us from identifying this mountain, although it is probably safe to say that, being in Wales, its name is as long as a chow line and is generously sprinkled with tongue-twisting double "d's" and double "l's.")

Reaching the mountain top, the three staked out a claim against allcomers (of whom there were practically none), built a fire, pitched their tent, and settled down to two days of homesteading. They later reported that maybe the wind *did* blow a bit briskly at night but that on the other hand the view was better than from the window of a Red Cross Club and the cost of the trip came to zero pounds, zero shillings, and zero pence. Moreover, though you may doubt this one, not a single MP stopped them and asked to see their passes.

Now don't all rush at once, fellows. We don't want to louse things up by overcrowding these Welsh mountain tops.

Memo For Your Info

Sirloin steak, we'd be the first to admit, is a pretty academic subject to discuss in the ETO, and

"AW'RIGHT . . . LET'S DRESS UP THIS GODDAM LINE!"
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

Yanks at Home in the ETO

maybe it was the scarcity of it that made some lines in the civilian press jump out and hit us in the eye the other day. Talking about a country estate called Hoghton Tower, somewhere up in Lancashire, the item said: "It was at Hoghton Tower in 1617 that James I. was reputed to have knighted a massive roast of beef and created it 'Sir Loin.' "

That was a new one on us and, being of a naturally skeptical nature, we checked with our good old *Webster's Collegiate*, published in good old Springfield, Mass. The word "sirloin" was given there as being derived from the French words *sur*, meaning "upon," and *longe*, meaning "loin." So take your choice, men, while you wolf those fish and chips.

What, No Silk Stockings?

Just when we begin to think we've got everything under control when it comes to understanding these British cousins of ours, whammo, one of them lets fly with something that has us completely buffaloed. Like the for-sale ad that appeared in the London *Times* a few days ago. "Trousseau suitable girl 1-6 years," it read, "20 dresses, knickers to match, as new; silks, taffetas, ginghams. What offers?"

Well, darned if we know what offer we'd make if we were the father of a year-old daughter and someone came along suggesting that we buy her twenty pairs of silk, taffeta, and gingham knickers. No sir, guess we'll have to start trying to understand all over again.

HALEY + EGGER + KLAPUT = 6 NAZI HEADACHES

The roster of the 8th Air Force lists three sets of identical twins who came to the ETO to make trouble for the Germans—and it's been a headache for the ground crews as well as for Hitler.

S/Sgts. George and Joseph Klaput, B-17 gunners.

Sgts. Robert and Richard Egger are also gunners.

2d Lts. Ralph and Raymond Haley are both co-pilots.

Mail Call

Guardhouse Time

Dear YANK:

For some time now I've been over here in muddy Italy, and while I'll admit this is a helluva time for me to start making post-war plans, I can't help thinking of that job-hunting detail waiting for me come Armistice Day. I spent a couple of months in the guardhouse back in the States and I've been wondering whether it's true I'm gonna have to "pay" that time back to the Government by staying in service when normally I'd be due for discharge. Moreover, I'm in a National Guard outfit, and some guy told me that although the Government wanted lost time made up, I wouldn't have to pay that time back if I were a selectee. One more thing: that little guardhouse service cost me dough which I forfeited as part of my sentence, and when the 11,000,000 servicemen and women start scrambling for jobs I could well use that dough—and that couple of months—to look for work, too.

Italy. Pvt. GEORGE BENTON

[According to the 107th Article of War, guardhouse prisoners are required before discharge to make up all time lost in the clink, and this includes selectees as well as every other GI. The pay you forfeited will not be returned to you.—Ed.]

On Cluttered Mails

Dear YANK:

One of the most well intentioned but foolish gestures on the part of our folks back home towards us GIs overseas is their sending us tons of newspapers we don't read. True, many are read. Equally true, a great many—I don't know the actual percentage—are discarded without so much as taking the wrapper off. Many are merely hastily scanned, with little or no constructive or interesting information derived from them. Our Company still receives papers addressed to men who have gone back to the States months ago. Some papers are, true enough, of recent date. But some are weeks and even months old. Their "news" is ancient history by the time it gets here. (Most of a newspaper's value lies in its freshness.) This obviously represents a useless sacrifice of shipping tonnage and a waste of precious paper. It burdens the postal facilities unnecessarily and, presumably, somewhat delays that part of the mail we all do want to get a lot of—letters, magazines, parcels. This dogface believes the Army Post Office ought to request all GIs, from privates on up, to write home and ask that subscriptions to papers and publications which are not being read for lack of time or interest be stopped at once to save paper and shipping space, and the time and effort and postage it costs to transport this pile of pulp. A note, signed by some authority or other, should be sent to the mailing department of papers which are arriving for men that are no longer in the Company, with request to stop sending the darn stuff. Also, this should be done not merely once but from time to time to keep the mail channels pruned of all dead wood. Be it understood, please, that I'm not saying a soldier hasn't the right to receive his favorite or hometown paper if he wants it. If he really wants it and reads it, that's good and dandy. It certainly is his right to have it. But let's not use that right to commit a senseless wrong, against others as well as ourselves. If you don't care for that paper you've been getting then in the name of common sense write and tell 'em to stop sending it. Pfc. ANDREW VENA

Britain.

One Foot In the Bucket

Dear YANK:

Not that we want to be picayune about things like this, but why, oh why, must you picture Superman scrubbing the floor using a fire bucket for his wash water?

We all have respect for Superman and his super-Herculean tasks but couldn't he switch to the nearest supply room and get a regular cleaning pail? ETO firemen have been crusading and protesting against the improper use of fire equipment. Certainly the Super-American can follow regulations!

We, the undersigned, implore the good Mr. Kent, and fotog P. Paris to cease and desist setting bad examples for the poor Etousian. Sgt. W. L. KING, Pvt. B. RICHARDS, Cpl. A. SCHMALTZ, Cpl. J. KANN

Britain.

Connoisseur?

Dear YANK:

That pin-up of Ann Savage in the March 19 issue is a Lu Lu but I wish to bring a slight discrepancy to your attention. If you'll look closely at the net stockings that adorn those wonderful gams you'll discover that they aren't mates. DUKE

Britain.

Pin-ups In Reverse

Dear YANK:

In reply to a beef in your March 12 issue of YANK, "Education versus Inspiration," we the boys in 120 would like to state how lucky T/4 Leo Pompilii and S/Sgt. T. Zanetti are to have both maps and pin-up girls on their drab shack walls. That is the first pin-up girl we have been able to put up and keep up, even though *her face is to the wall*. Thanks a lot YANK, so quit beefing fellows—you're lucky.

Britain. BOYS IN HUT 120

From Other Gypsy-Builders

Dear YANK:

After reading "The Gypsy Builders" in your March 19 issue of YANK, we've come to the conclusion that you haven't been around much.

The hangars you wrote about and had the drawings of are not British, but good old American built—built by the Butler Manufacturing Company at Kansas City, Galesburg and Minneapolis, U.S.A. We happen to be among the first engineering units to put these hangars up in England, and the estimated man-hours of 25,000 must have been made up. The 5,000 man-hours is still slow work. There are boys in this unit that can tell you how it feels to work 36 hours without sleeping to get these hangars ready for use.

When we first came over here, we had no camps, no American rations or cigarettes. We've been here ever since and during this time we haven't seen any YANK correspondent and don't care—we just like to read the magazine. Sgt. RALPH W. KUMPALA, S/Sgt. JOE K. BERRY, 1st Sgt. GRAHAM W. HAMLIN, Cpl. RAYMOND F. BRUNS, Sgt. EUGENE V. SORY

Britain.

It's An Old Idea

Dear YANK:

We are paratroopers quartered in a small Nissen Hut. Have been in the ETO for quite some time now, enjoying the powdered eggs, milk and coffee; not to mention the dehydrated vitamins that we consume.

They have licked the food situation so, dear YANK, why can't we lick the liquor problem by having small containers of powdered or dehydrated liquor? If so, when and why not soon? HUT 62

Britain.

[Alcohol, unfortunately, doesn't dehydrate. Its boiling point is almost the same as water, and the two liquids just boil off merrily into the atmosphere together. We know, we've tried it.—Ed.]

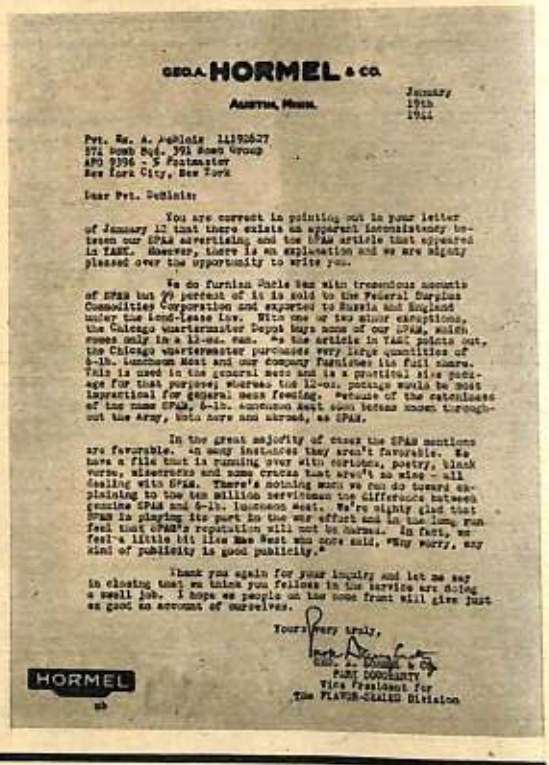
Without Comment

Dear YANK:

I am enclosing a letter from the inspired pen of a vice-president of the Geo. A. Hormel & Co., manufacturers of "Spam."

I pass it on to you without comment. Pvt. WM. A. DEBLOIS

Britain.



GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.

AUSTIN, MINN.

January 19th 1944

Pvt. Wm. A. DeBlois 11190627
574 Bomb Sqd. 391 Bomb Group
APO 9396 - % Postmaster
New York City, New York

Dear Pvt. DeBlois:

You are correct in pointing out in your letter of January 12 that there exists an apparent inconsistency between our SPAM advertising and the SPAM article that appeared in YANK. However, there is an explanation and we are mighty pleased over the opportunity to write you.

We do furnish Uncle Sam with tremendous amounts of SPAM but 70 percent of it is sold to the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation and exported to Russia and England under the Lend-Lease Law. With one or two minor exceptions, the Chicago quartermaster Depot buys none of our SPAM, which comes only in a 12-oz. can. As the article in YANK points out, the Chicago quartermaster purchases very large quantities of 6-lb. luncheon Meat and our Company furnishes its full share. This is used in the general mess and is a practical size package for that purpose; whereas the 12-oz. package would be most impractical for general mess feeding. Because of the extensiveness of the name SPAM, 6-lb. canned meat item became known throughout the Army, both here and abroad, as SPAM.

In the great majority of cases the SPAM mentions are favorable. In many instances they aren't favorable. We have a file that is running over with mothers, poetry, blank verse, miseresses and some cusses that aren't so nice - all dealing with SPAM. There's nothing much we can do toward explaining to the 10 million servicemen the difference between genuine SPAM and 6-lb. luncheon meat. We're mighty glad that SPAM is playing its part in the war effort and in the long run feel that SPAM's reputation will not be harmed. In fact, we feel a little bit like Mae West who once said, "Any worry, any kind of publicity is good publicity."

Thank you again for your inquiry and let me say in closing that we think you fellows in the service are doing a swell job. I hope we people on the home front will give just as good an account of ourselves.

Yours very truly,

Geo. A. Hormel & Co.
PAUL DOUGHERTY
Vice President in
Charge of the PLANTS-SEALED Division

HORMEL

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Contents reviewed by U. S. military censors.

NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller.

•

WASHINGTON: Sgt. Earl Anderson, Cpl. Richard Paul. ITALY: Sgt. George Aarons, Sgt. Burgess Scott, Sgt. Burtt Evans, Sgt. John Frano. ALGIERS: Cpl. Tom Shehan. CENTRAL AFRICA: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott. CAIRO: Sgt. Walter Bernstein, Cpl. Richard Gaige, Sgt. Steven Derry. IRAQ-IRAN: Sgt. Al Hine, Cpl. James O'Neill. INDIA: Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Sgt. Dave Richardson. SOUTHWEST PACIFIC: Sgt. Don Harrison, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, Cpl. Ozzie St. George, Sgt. Dick Hanley. SOUTH PACIFIC: Sgt. Barret McGurn, Sgt. Dillon Ferris, Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Sgt. George Norford. HAWAII: Sgt. Merle Miller, Cpl. Richard J. Nihill, Cpl. James L. McManus, Cpl. Bill Reed, Sgt. Robert Ghio. ALASKA: Sgt. Georg N. Meyers, Cpl. Robert McBrinn. BERMUDA: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

ASCENSION ISLAND: Pfc. Nat G. Bodian. PANAMA: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Cpl. Richard Harrity. PUERTO RICO: Cpl. Bill Haworth, Pvt. Jud Cook, Sgt. Robert Zellers. TRINIDAD: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff. BRITISH GUIANA: Cpl. Bernard Freeman. NEWFOUNDLAND: Sgt. Frank Bode. GREENLAND: Sgt. Robert Kelley. NAVY: Robert L. Schwartz, Y2c, Allen Churchill, Y3c.

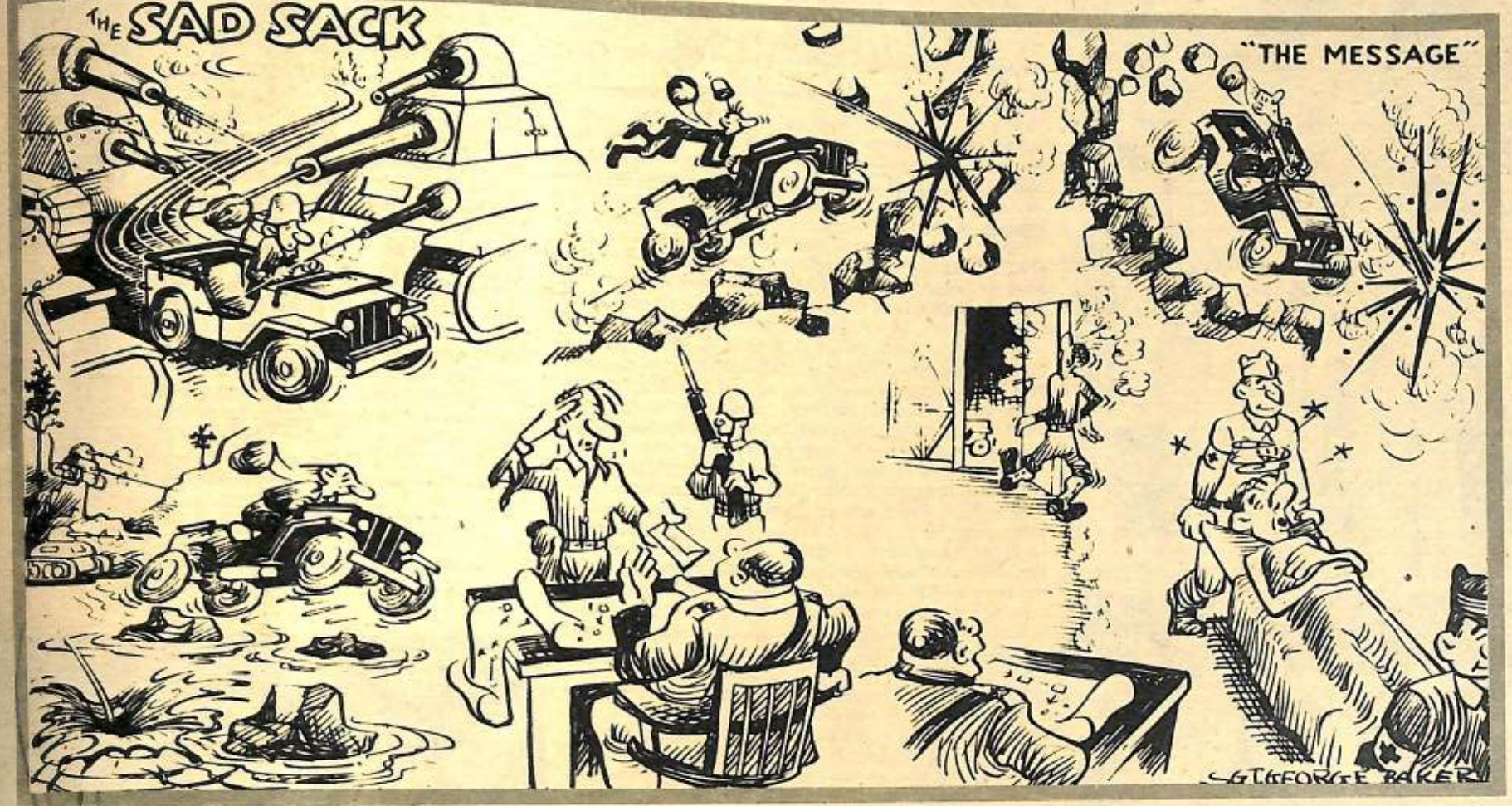
YANK EDITORIAL STAFF
BRITISH EDITION

•

Cpl. Edmund Antrobus, Sgt. Charles Brand, Cpl. Jack Coggins, Cpl. Joe Cunningham, Sgt. Bill Davidson, Sgt. Tom Fleming, Sgt. Ben Frazier, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, Sgt. Reg Kenny, Sgt. Saul Levitt, Sgt. Louis McFadden, Sgt. Pete Paris, Sgt. Walter Peters, Cpl. John D. Preston, Sgt. John Scott, Cpl. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Officer in Charge, Major Donald W. Reynolds. Publications Officer ETOUSA: Col. Oscar N. Solbert. Address: 37 Upper Brook Street, London, W.1.

•

Officer in Charge: Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg. Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Donald W. Reynolds; India, Capt. Gerald J. Rock; Australia, Maj. Harold B. Hawley; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother; Hawaii, Maj. Charles W. Balthrope; Cairo, Maj. Charles Holt.



In All Fairness

Dear YANK:

YANK's cover for March 19th (Marauder navigator-bombardier) drew salvoes of praise from personnel at this base—from the boys in the back room and the brass in the front office—but nary a nod for the GI who clicked the shutter on the Speed-Graphic that took the pix.

Merely in the interest of fairness, this will introduce the cameraman whose "light" deserves a better residence than the tiny area beneath a "bushel."

He is Tech.Sgt. Clement J. Ginther, former rotogravure editor of The Springfield (Mass.) Union-Republican.

Sgt. J. G. SWARTS, Jr.

Britain.

Beef and Chili

Dear YANK:

In regard to T/5 F. Egerter's beef (March 17th YANK) on too much chili, all we can say is "TT" (Navy rendition of TS). We'll gladly swap all the brussels sprouts in the U.K. for one good bowl. The cooks prepare them neither religiously nor conscientiously but we still eat them.

In the future, when full, sign, seal and deliver all GI cans to the U.K. and we in turn will reimburse you with triple the amount in brussel sprouts. Think it over, fellows, we're hungry.

Four hungry sailors,

L. E. THOMPSON, RM1c
K. L. SMALLWOOD, RM3c
J. F. WEYMER, RM2c
J. A. LOFTUS, S2c

Britain.

Hello, Tex!

Dear YANK:

These days there is very little room for fine thoughts and eloquent words; they are long past and must remain dormant until the actions we perform now and shortly will insure a place for them in a progressive and really peaceful world.

I could not, though, help but write my reactions when I read your article on the landings at Tarawa.

Hello, Tex, I see by the latest copy of YANK—
That you were in at Tarawa—It made me think
a lot of things.
Me? I'm over here in the ETO; England
Sounds soft doesn't it? It's been soft so far—
I remember Joe, Jack, Jim and Tom—at Bataan,
Corregidor and
All the way up through Cassino.
They were good guys, Tex, they still are good guys,
The best in the world.
I've been reading about the Jap "march of death,"
too, lately.
We knew about it without the newspapers.
That's why I wonder what the hell I'm doing here.
Yeah, you can figure out that we've got to finish
our training,
Coordinated action, and the stuff generals work on.
That's why I'm dropping you this short note, Tex.
It can't be much longer now. Whatever any of us
has to do,
We'll add it all together and make the sons of Nippon
Eat dirt until they bury themselves.
So long for now, Tex—I'll drop you a line in Tokyo
just as
Soon as we get to Berlin.

Lt. RALPH L. DORFF

Britain.

From The Captain To The Sergeant

Dear YANK:

The poem, "The Beautiful Ruins," in YANK's 12th March British Edition should answer once and for all the gloating screams of those who find it amusing, great sport or the "right thing" to change the geography of the Axis cities. Sgt. Butler has written the most moving GI verse I have yet seen in this war. If he has any more, and can be coaxed to send it in, let us hope YANK will find plenty of space for him.

If "lessons" are to be had from serious verse, then Sgt. Butler's sonnet should help us to appreciate one fact of primary importance: that having failed to crush fascism in its beginnings, we must now perforce strike down innocent and guilty alike.

Britain.

Capt. WILLIAM H. DAVIS

Telephonists' Tirade

Dear YANK:

We are two telephone operators who read with great interest Pvt. Elliot A. Witten's article entitled "Phoneyphoning in the ETO" in the March 12 edition of YANK. We wonder if the aforementioned GI has ever heard that sarcasm is the lowest form of wit.

When Pvt. Witten recovers from his "hallucinations" we would advise him to go and read the "Instructions on how to make a call" again, as he seems to have got his wires crossed somewhere. The difficulties he encountered are too numerous to mention, but we refuse to believe that any operator would advise a subscriber that there was "No Reply" before he had even rung the called number.

When a telephone operator is in training she is taught a number of standard expressions but "Wait a bit" is not one of them.

We wonder if this GI has ever tried to operate a switchboard; if not, we would advise him to try; he would find then that he had ample cause to "Blow his top."

TWO TELEPHONISTS (READING AREA)

Britain.

HERE is the third in the series of simple French phrases being taught on the American Forces Network this week from 11:50 a.m. to 12 noon Monday through Friday, April 3 to 7. By this time you should be able to ask directions "en francais" and find out how the French say, "You cawn't miss it."

ENGLISH	FRENCH
I understand.	Je comprends.
Do you understand?	Comprenez-vous?
I don't understand.	Je ne comprends pas.
Speak slowly, please.	Parlez lentement, s'il vous plait.
Please repeat.	Repetez, s'il vous plait.
Where is the railroad station?	Ou est la gare?
Where is a restaurant?	Ou est un restaurant?
To the right.	A droite.
To the left.	A gauche.
Straight ahead.	Tout droit.
What's this?	Qu'est-ce que ceci?
Cigarettes, please.	Des cigarettes, s'il vous plait.
Matches, please.	Des alumettes, s'il vous plait.
A cup of coffee, please.	Une tasse de cafe, s'il vous plait.
A cup of tea, please.	Une tasse de the, s'il vous plait.
A glass of beer, please.	Un verre de biere, s'il vous plait.
A bottle of wine, please.	Une bouteille de vin, s'il vous plait.
Today.	Aujourd'hui.
Tomorrow.	Demain.
Yesterday.	Hier.

Left to right (if you can stop looking up and down), these are Vora Lee, Ellyno Ray, and Diane Merodith, an M.G.M. rhythm act.

No laughing matter. The comedian, Charlie Chaplin, is fingerprinted in Los Angeles on white-slave charges involving Joan Barry.

Swallowed by the earth. Here's where 3-year-old Jule Ann Fulmer was engulfed by the cave-in of an old mine at Pittston, Pa.

THINGS are warming up on the home front, and have been for the past quarter of a century. So said the Weather Bureau in Washington, which reported last week that the winter the folks have just gone through in the States was "one of the warmest on record"—2½ degrees above the national 33.5-degree average based on readings for many years.

The season was typical of all but four winters the States have had since 1919, the Bureau said. And all but two summers since then have been hotter than the 72.2 average—no one knows why. So, if the trend keeps up, it ought to be a cinch to get the ETO dampness out of your bones on the double, once the troopships start unloading in the Hudson.

The Weather Bureau picked a not-so-hot time to start talking about mild winters. Driven by a 30-mile-an-hour wind, a Spring blizzard blew through the Rockies and turned out to be the worst storm of the year. Colorado, Wyoming, northern Kansas, and western Nebraska were covered with falls of from eight inches to two feet of snow. Bad drifts closed roads and schools in central Wyoming and grounded transcontinental planes in Denver. The storm clouds had their silver lining, however, as they brought badly-needed moisture to the eastern Colorado wheatlands.

As a matter of fact, there were plenty of signs of winter all through that section of the country. The Yellowstone River was so choked with ice just below Miles City, Mont., that a Flying Fortress had to take off from Rapid City, S. Dak., with 4,000 pounds of explosives to break the jam which was backing up the river and threatening to flood the Montana community. The Fort made a bomb run along five miles of the ice gorge, dropping charges in strings of four and five, and succeeded in lowering the river's level below the danger point. Tough mission.

With a warm Spring in view, it was no comfort to beer drinkers to learn that, for the first time since Prohibition, there won't be any bock brewed this year. No time to make the changeover from regular malt to the special stuff needed for bock, said the brewers. And the home folks also became sort of cool toward the idea of a hot summer when they read an announcement from Washington to the effect that only half of the nation's air-conditioned railroad cars will be air conditioned this summer. Trouble is that the chemical which has been used as a cooling gas on the cars is needed by the armed forces to fight mosquitos in malarial countries. It all means that a large portion of the nation's rolling stock this summer will be just about as comfortable as a cinder-filled rattler of the nineties.

SPEAKING in Winsconsin—at Oshkosh, Fond du Lac, and Ripon—Wendell Willkie, Republican candidate for the Presidential nomination, said that the only platform on which his party could stand if it hoped to land a man in the White House next fall must include a plank calling for cooperation with other nations in "scotching" the first indication of future aggression. It must also, he said, call for the restoring of opportunity for individual achievement and an increase in the protection of social advances for those who do not have the power to lead. Willkie said President Roosevelt "will be a fourth-term candidate, I am sure." The Republican candidate, he said, could win by cutting down the great vote usually cast for Democrats in industrial areas and on the eastern and western seaboards.

Lieutenant Commander Harold E. Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota and now Flag Secretary on the staff of Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., commander of the South Pacific forces, wrote to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox to say that he would not try to get the Republican Presidential nomination but that he would accept it if it were offered to him. "I do not seek and will do nothing personally to secure the nomination," he wrote. "If, notwithstanding this position, I were to be nominated, I would consider it to be my plain duty to accept and would do so, requesting inactive duty for a sufficient time to discuss with the people the issues and problems of the future. I wish to make it equally clear that I will make no statement on political issues while on active duty, that I do not wish any publicity of my activities in the Navy to be used in a political manner, and that no one is authorized to make personal commitments on my behalf."

The Democrats in the House of Representatives gained their 216th member when the Navy released Lieutenant (jg) George W. Andrews, Jr., elected from the third district in Alabama to replace the late Henry B. Steagall. Lieutenant Andrews was on duty at Pearl Harbor when he was elected and was recalled to Washington where he was placed on the Navy's inactive list.

Announcing a new series of booklets to be called *American Forces in Action*, the War Department said the purpose will be to tell wounded soldiers what happened in the battles in which they fell. The project was the result of a visit by General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, to wounded men in hospitals. In a foreword to the first of the booklets —one describing the Bizerte campaign—General Marshall wrote: "In the thick of battle, the soldier is busy doing his job. He does not have time to survey a campaign from a foxhole. If he should be wounded and removed behind the lines he may have even less opportunity to learn what place he and his unit had in the larger fight." The series, the General continued, would "show these soldiers the part they and their comrades play in the achievements which do honor to the record of the United States Army."

The WD announced that Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., who commanded the 7th Army in Sicily, had been given command of "another Army." No more specific than that.

The House Military Affairs Committee okayed legislation which would give commissions to women pilots. General Henry H. Arnold, commander of the AAF, spoke in favor of the bill as a piece of emergency legislation and said there are at present 534 WASP pilots but that the Army could use several thousand of them. WASPs, he pointed out, are now only civilian employees of the WD but under the new law they would become eligible for Army hospitalization, disability payments and other benefits to which Army officers are entitled.

The explosive loads being dumped on the Axis by Allied planes are now averaging 60 percent incendiaries, and in one recent raid on Berlin 98 per-

NEWS FROM HOME

cent of the entire load was fire bombs, Chemical Warfare Service reported in Washington. At the outset of the war, incendiaries accounted for only 5 percent of our bomb loads, the Service disclosed.

The Army Air Forces Training Command announced in Fort Worth, Tex., that the requirements for personnel by the combat air forces are being so adequately filled that it has been possible to add nine weeks to the training period for fighter pilots and five weeks to the training of bomber pilots.

All good things must end some time and that time is now for 20,000 soldiers in training at Miami Beach, Fla. The sun-tanned Joes were packing up and preparing to scramble aboard troop trains bound for San Antonio, Tex., in response to the WD's order that there will be no more training at the Florida resort and that 139 hotels now occupied by the Army Air Forces will be returned to civilian use. The boys will all be gone by July 1—but then it does get sort of hot down there in summer, anyway.

OBITUARY Section: Myron Selznick, agent for a whole raft of topflight Hollywood stars, died of internal hemorrhages in Santa Monica Hospital in California at the age of 45. He was in the institution only four days. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., the son of Lewis Selznick, a screen pioneer, he began his career as a film cutter. Among his clients were Katharine Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Francis, Ginger Rogers, Miriam Hopkins, William Powell, Fredric March, and Errol Flynn—all in all, quite a cross-section of the West Coast colony . . . William Hale (Big Bill) Thompson, three times Mayor of Chicago, died of a heart attack at the age of 75 after being in an oxygen tent for 24 hours. Almost as much of a showman as he was a politician, he was Mayor of the midwestern city from 1915 to 1923 and was able to claim credit

for the construction of the Michigan Link Bridge and much of the town's boulevard system . . . James H. Maurer, twice the Socialist Party's nominee for Vice President and three times a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, died at Reading, Pa. He was 79.

About 30 percent of the nation's 4-F's could have been 1-A's if they had been given timely care and treatment for what ails them, Senator Robert F. Wagner, Democrat of New York, said in a radio speech. Calling the rejection rate of men examined for military service "a national disgrace with far-reaching implications," he said it was one of the underlying reasons for the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill for Medical Care now pending before Congress. The poor physical condition of large numbers of men in the nation, the Senator pointed out, is responsible for the fact that draft boards are now having to take so many fathers.

JOSEPH E. MADDY, president of the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich., appealed to Congress to help break the ban on radio broadcasts by school bands and orchestras which has been effectively established by James C. Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, who contends that such performances cause unemployment among union musicians. Maddy told a Senate Interstate Commerce sub-committee that the ban is only a short step to where "no speaker will be permitted to talk over the air unless he is a member of or has permission from some union."

carrying $5,000 or more in cash around in his pockets. A hatchet was found near the dead man's body and his skull had been fractured.

In Chicago, Dr. Spencer Blim was sued for $10,000 by John and Rosella Murphy who claim that he performed an abdominal operation by mistake on their 13-month-old son, Timothy. Dr. Blim admitted the mistake, explaining that on the day it occurred he was scheduled to operate on a 4-month-old girl for an intestinal obstruction. When he entered the operating room, a patient whom he thought was the girl was on the operating table, covered with white sterile cloths revealing only the abdomen. Dr. Blim said he went ahead and operated, found no abdominal obstruction, and immediately sutured the incision. Mrs. Murphy said the hospital authorities had explained to her that the 4-month-old girl had been placed in the same room with Timothy. The girl had cried so much that, just prior to the operation, she had been removed so that she wouldn't bother Timothy, who was suffering from pneumonia. When attendants came to get the surgery patient, they found only Timothy and, thinking he was the girl, took him down to the operating table.

Ira L. Hanna, Mayor of Cheyenne, Wyo., was arrested at a meeting of the City Council and charged with having solicited and accepted a $100 bribe from Nola West, a night-club operator, for protection.

All's well that ends well, so far as Pvt. Robert F. Morris, 22 years old, of Boulder, Colo., is concerned. Wounded during the invasion of Sicily, he was shipped home to the Halloran Hospital on Staten Island, who have been separated because of the war should be positive they still love each other. A waiting period of three to six months is advisable for all couples and a wait of six months to a year is imperative for those who knew each other only a few months before their engagement. In normal times engagements are broken for very trivial reasons and certainly an insurmountable physical handicap, personality maladjustment, or pronounced change in mental attitude would justify a change of plans. The termination of an engagement may temporarily hurt one person but an unhappy marriage would affect both, as well as the children and other relatives."

Crime doesn't pay, not even if you win, or so Charles Stewart, 35-year-old teller in a bank in Boston, Mass., thinks now. Surreptitiously using dough which he took from the till, he bet $4,000 on Whirlaway to win at New Orleans in 1942 and $17,000 on Count Fleet to win the Kentucky Derby last year, collecting on both occasions and returning what he owed to the bank. But the FBI caught up with his finagling, just the same, and it's T.S. for Charlie Stewart now.

Dorothy Thompson, the newspaper columnist, was elected president of Freedom House, succeeding Herbert Agar, editor of the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*, who is now in the ETO.

The first complete unit to be reassigned to the States as part of the Army's troop-rotation program arrived in Fort Benning, Ga. It is the 42nd Troop Carrier Squadron, which has seen twenty months of service in the Aleutians, has been cited twice,

Lt. Tommy Harmon, ex-All-America football star, is safely back home at last in Ann Arbor, Mich. He's brought presents for mom, pop, and two sisters.

Baby giraffe, born in the St. Louis zoo, gets his chow the hard way because his mother won't have anything to do with him.

Mrs. Verna W. Mace, of Baltimore, shown in auto trunk from which she says she spied on her hubby while he pitched woo to another gal.

Three women fainted and several clerks were trampled on when 1,500 alarm clocks, the first released for sale in two years, were placed on the market in a Loop department store in Chicago. A thousand customers were turned away empty-handed.

The Office of Price Administration in Washington removed all price-control restrictions on chewing tobacco as a way to get the only two American firms producing it to increase their output. In explaining its decision, the OPA said: "As the United Nations troops progress in the occupation of Southwest Pacific islands, larger supplies are needed for barter and for actual payment for work done by natives who have used it as currency in some of the islands for several generations. During an island campaign, when battle lines are fluid, tobacco is considered valuable as a means of gaining the good will of natives." Works that way on at least one island in the ETO, too, come to think of it.

Love In the Smoky City: Joseph Koller and Mrs. Julia Marx, both 81 (that's right, 81) years old, came waltzing into the Marriage License Bureau and got married. The groom's first wife died in 1939 and the bride's second husband died a year later.

Three small children of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Driver, of Georgia, Vt., died in a fire which destroyed their wooden home. They were Edmund, 3, Anita, 2, and Nancy, 1. Their father was at home at the time the fire broke out. He smelled smoke and ran to get help. While he was gone an explosion occurred and the whole building burst into flames.

The charred body of Fred H. Sheldon, wealthy 83-year-old recluse, was found in the smouldering ruins of the old barn in which he lived near the Union Depot in Erie, Pa. He had been murdered, according to District Attorney Burton Laub, who learned that Sheldon was reputed to have made a habit of

in New York Harbor, where Mary Green, the 19-year-old sweetheart of his childhood days, came to visit him daily, supporting herself in a nearby community by getting a job in a war plant. Last week, though still confined to his bed in a ward in the hospital, Pvt. Morris was adjudged by the medics to be well enough to marry Miss Green. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. J. R. Meinert, of Great Kills, S.I., with Pvt. Charles Blalock, of Carrolton, Miss., a patient in the bed next to Morris's, acting as best man.

FORTY-SIX druggists were nabbed by the police in Los Angeles, Calif., and charged with the illegal sale of a drug called phenobarbital to draftees who figured on foxing the induction-center medics in order to keep out of the Army. Phenobarbital is a sleeping powder which can legally be sold only to a purchaser with a doctor's prescription. The counties in which this skullduggery has allegedly been going on are Los Angeles, Riverside, and San Bernardino.

Raymond Gram Swing won the second annual $1,000 Alfred I. du Pont Public Service Award as a radio commentator whose broadcasts have been distinguished by "aggressive, consistently excellent, and accurate reporting and interpretation." Stations WLW of Cincinnati and WMAZ of Macon, Ga., got similar awards as large and small radio stations, respectively, which had performed "outstanding service in promoting American ideals of freedom and service to the community and nation."

Speaking to Joes and Janes who plan to amble to the altar as soon as they get back, Dr. Clifford R. Adams, associate professor of education and psychology at Pennsylvania College, said they ought to beware of "gangplank marriages." Here's what he had to say on the subject: "Engaged couples and is commanded by Major Luther B. Matthews, 34-year-old native of Center, Tex., and an AAF veteran with 8,900 flying hours to his credit. The Squadron's duties in the far north included dropping paratroopers, transporting supplies and ammunition, and evacuating wounded and sick. It also operated a regular transport service 1,500 miles down the fog-bound chain of Aleutian Islands.

Dorothy Lamour disclosed in Hollywood that she had received a letter from a Czechoslovakian soldier stationed in England. "I love you very much," he wrote. "I dream about you every night. Please send me a carton of American cigarettes."

In Ely, Nev. (what's happened to Reno?), Ruth Law Fidler received a divorce on grounds of mental cruelty from Jimmie Fidler, the movie critic and reporter of Hollywood chatter.

Jennifer Jones, the comparative newcomer to Hollywood who has already knocked down an Oscar for her performance in *The Song of Bernadette*, said she planned to get a divorce from Robert Walker, an actor. The couple met six years ago when both were making their start in one of those little-theater productions. Walker said he wouldn't contest the action or try to get custody of the couple's two kids.

Charles Vidor, 43-year-old film director, married Evelyn Keyes, 25, at Beverly Hills, Calif.

You sharpshooters, when you get through with the business at hand, are going to go home to some plentiful pickings. Ducks Unlimited, a New York organization which keeps an eye on what gives in the duck world, said that reports coming in from all parts of the nation indicated that 30 states had more of the birds this year than last and only nine had fewer. What's more, there were 28 percent more ducks on the wing last fall than in 1942. They, too, will be so nice to come home to.

Sports camera goes on world tour

WASHINGTON, D. C. Adm. Halsey congratulates trophy winners at the Touchdown Club dinner. L. to r.: Casimir Myslinski, Army center, best lineman; Pfc. Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame quarterback, outstanding player of the year; and Ensign Dick Todd, Iowa Pre-Flight fullback, best service player.

GREENLAND. This championship GI volleyball team is something new in Greenland, where all the natives are potential Sonja Henies and Torger Tokles. Left to right: Pfc. John Di Tomasso, Sgt. Russell Landless, Pfc. John Volk, Pvt. Anthony Ross, Sgt. Fred Quimby and S/Sgt. Clinton Atteridge.

NEW GUINEA. Here's the enlisted men's team of "glammer girls" which lost to the Army nurses, 3-1, in a comedy softball game. Front row, left to right: T-5 Ed Oderkirk, T-5 Robert Driscoll, Pvt. Pedro Saliche, T-3 Herbert Diehl, T-5 Ed Stokes. Back row: Pvt. Will Herman, team physician; T/Sgt. Francis Connor, umpire; T-5 Donald Van Hoy, Pfc. George Lawless, T-4 Ray Zotti, T-5 Frank Loderbauer.

BERMUDA. The second annual Lily Bowl football game between Army and Navy had all the big-time trimmings. Here the cheer leaders and mule masters pose in front of the Army stands at half-time. Also on hand was the traditional Navy goat. Navy gained revenge for last year's defeat, trouncing Army, 19-0.

GUADALCANAL. Harvey Weiss (left) and brother Moe, both Solomons marines, are presented with medals by Comdr. Gene Tunney after winning titles in the South Pacific boxing tournament. The medals were donated by movie stars, and the Weiss brothers got the Betty Grable and Lana Turner awards.

PICTURES

1, Sgt. Reg Kenny. 2, top, HP; left, N.Y. Times; center right, Sgt. Pete Paris; bottom right, AP. 3, top left, and right, Keystone; top center left, Sgt. Pete Paris; top center right, AP; center, N.Y. Times; bottom center left, APS Weintraub; Bottom left, APS Pearson; bottom right, APS Cerfedo. 4, top left N.Y. Times; top right, OWI; upper center, OWI; lower center left, AP; lower center right, Keystone; bottom left, AP; bottom right, N.Y. Times. 5, top left, N.Y. Times; top right, Keystone; upper center, OWI; lower center left, APS Runyan; lower center right, OWI; bottom left, APS Collier; bottom right, OWI. 6, APS Weisenthal. 8, 9 and 10, Sgt. Ben Schnall. 11, Signal Corps PCD. 12 and 13, Signal Corps, Panama Canal Department. 14 and 15, OWI. 16, Planet. 17, 8th Air Force. 18, Reg Kenny. 20, Keystone. 21, left, AP; center and right, Keystone; 22, top left, PA; top right, Sgt. Joe Bird, Camp Wheeler, Ga.; center left, Sgt. John Bushemi; bottom (left to right) Warner Bros., INP, AAF Training Command, Luke Field, Ariz. 23, top and center left, ACME; top right, Sgt. Robert Kelly; bottom left, David Knudsen; bottom right, INP. 24, Warner Bros.

THIS STRIKING CHARACTER STUDY of Sgt. Joe Louis was taken at Camp Wheeler, Ga., on Jan. 13, the first day of his third year in the Army. Louis told Wheeler GIs that he wanted (1) a furlough, which he got; (2) overseas service, which he'll get; (3) another bout with Conn.

Sgt. Joe Louis starts his third year in the Army

4. Like a lot of other GIs, Louis applied for an additional family allowance in 1943 for his daughter Jacqueline, a flyweight, who weighed in at 7¼ pounds at birth in Chicago.

5. Last winter Louis got the assignment he wanted most. The WD sent him on a 100-camp tour with his old sparring partner, 1st Sgt. George Nicholson and Sgt. Ray (Sugar) Robinson.

Irene Manning

YANK

Pin-up Girl