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



NIGHT PROBLEM



1 Nurses in North Africa finish the day's work in the early morning . . .



2 . . . and sleep while the sun is high, and getting plenty of fresh air.

NIGHT SHIFT IN AFRICA

While the rest of the world sleeps, the nurses work—and vice versa



8 Planes can tell the camp's nature by a great cross staked out in adjacent field.

LIKE the policeman's, the nurse's lot is not a very happy one, but she manages to make the most of it. In North Africa these days members of the Nurse Corps are living under primitive conditions in dangerous country. Now that the casualties are beginning to come in, the nurse's working day, more than ever before, runs the clock around. The wounded can arrive at any time, and when they come the nurse must be ready. And in addition to her regular duties around the operating tables and in the makeshift wards, she must take care of herself, must prepare her own food, and police her own tent and plot of earth. These pictures show North African nurses during some of their rare moments of relaxation.



7 Leisure time is usually used in polishing up. Mud is found the world over.



6 And it is often the nurse's job to write for the patients. Letters still have to go home.



3 Rising late in afternoon, this nurse tidies up what is not G.I.'s regulation haircut.



4 This one takes callisthenics in the form of re-locating some old tent pegs.



5 Even nurses have to eat, and the chow call is a welcome note in a day's routine.



Rangers in Battle

It was their first real raid, and when it was over they knew they were tough. So did the Ities

By S/Sgt. Ralph G. Martin

YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE RANGERS ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT—The moon went down at 03.15 that night, and half an hour later the Axis outpost was a shambles, thick with the dead bodies of some newly imported Italian crack troops. The night-raiding Rangers had completed their first mission on the Tunisian front, quickly and completely.

The night before they had piled into fast-moving trucks and had ridden under cover of darkness several hours. None of them knew where they were going. Then they piled out of the trucks, lugging their full equipment, and marched on the double for eight miles across the rugged North African countryside. That night, they bivouacked several miles from their objectives. Between them and the cold night they had nothing but their shelter halves.

The next day, hiding against detection in the sun, they made a careful reconnaissance. They found the enemy, and during the afternoon they drew their final plans for the night assault.

It was tense, waiting there, knowing that in just a few hours they would strike. The axis outpost was heavily fortified.

They sat around smoking and playing cards, but

even then the atmosphere was tense until everybody had a good laugh over the three Arabs who came up to the front lines trying to sell oranges and eggs. Nobody was taking any chances, and after the boys finished laughing they were dead serious and put the Arabs under guard until after the attack.

At sundown that night, they gave a final check to their equipment, and waited.

At the zero hour, they moved into action. The element of surprise was their greatest strategic advantage. They moved stealthily through the night, wearing shoes with special treads. They had thrown aside their helmets, because anything striking a helmet will make a noise, and silence was their main weapon.

The Italians were caught with their pants down. Most of them were in bed or en route to bed. At the first outbreak of action Axis officers in the rear hopped on motor bikes and scrambled, leaving their men to figure out their own angles.

Most of the enemy fireworks came from 37 mm. cannon which were dropping shells blindly around the troops, but more accurately around the CP

—continued

"The 37 mms reached and destroyed, sir," the captain reported.

CPL BRAND



THE ACTUALITY: Tense-faced and fighting mad, Rangers hold a captured French gun at an Algerian port.

The cannon were near the main objective of Captain Murray's company. The colonel in the CP got Captain Murray on the field radio and asked: "Captain, when are you going to reach your objective?"

The captain answered tersely, "The objective has been reached, sir."

"Well," the colonel said, "when are you going to knock out those god-damned .37 mms."

Just then, two of Murray's boys parked a few grenades onto the Italian .37 mm. rifles, and there weren't any more .37 mm. rifles.

"The .37 mms. reached and destroyed, sir," the captain reported.

Home Run

And that's the way the show worked, cool, calm and collected. But it wasn't all cool. One ranger threw a grenade into a foxhole, and an Italian threw it right back. The ranger caught it once more, and threw it right back again. This time it was a strike, and the game was over. The concussion of the grenade landed just one foot away from Pfc. Imre Biro. It picked him up and laid him down again three feet away. It made the former New York City "dead end" kid so mad he got up, shook off the shock, grabbed a tommy gun and waded in after the Itie who threw the grenade.

Colonel Darby, the C.O., called Captain Max Schneider, another of his company commanders, and asked the captain if he had any more prisoners.

"I think I have two, sir," the captain said.

The field connection was bad, the colonel asked him to repeat the question. Meanwhile, the two Italians tried to pull a fast sneak, and Captain Schneider, a sharpshooter from Shenandoah, Iowa, fired two shots and answered the colonel, "Well, sir, I had two prisoners."

The luckiest of all the lucky to be taken prisoner (each received a pack of Chesterfields) was an Italian sergeant with a bump on his head. A grenade had hit him and bounced off his noggin, exploding elsewhere.

The Rangers really messed up the outpost when six mortar crew went into action.

Cpl. Richard Bevin of Esterville, Iowa, went up ahead to determine positions and radioed back the information, and added:

"And throw in the kitchen sink."

The kitchen sink was thrown in.

Most of the boys were having fun, but the Ranger who was having the time of his life was T/5 Stanley Bush. Bush got the purple heart for his action in the Dieppe raid last summer. Cpl. Franklin Koons, the first Yank to get the British military medal in this war, also was along.

This was one show in which the big boys didn't

sweat out the action at a headquarters in the rear echelon. Not only Lieut.-Col. William M. O. Darby, but his executive officer, Major Herman Dammer, New York City, and his chief medical officer, Captain William Jarrett, New York City—all were there right in the front lines, working and fighting as hard as any of their men.

Captain Jarrett and his crew of assistants are unique. They are, so far as we know, the only fighting physicians in the United States Army. They have gone through complete Ranger training, and when they are not using a pistol or an M-1, they are tying bandages. They don't wear the Red Cross armband, and they don't want any special consideration from the enemy. Nor do they give any.

Flying Doctors

The four medical officers on the raid treated two officers and 18 enlisted men. One of the Rangers was beyond treatment. All the rest of the 18 wounded—guys still partially shellshocked or temporarily blinded by the concussion or grenades—all insisted on walking back the nine miles to base.

It was the first all-Ranger raid in history. At Dieppe, a small, select group worked together with



ARGUMENT IN THE MUD: Rangers are taught that the way to a man's heart is through his chest.

British commandos and wiped out four German coastal guns.

They worked again in cooperation with other troops in the initial African landings last November, but this was the first time they had been out on their own.

They don't chew nails or spit rust, these Rangers, but the day after this latest raid one Ranger said, "Now we know we are tough."

How They Got That Way

And they are. They went through the famous British commando course, and broke every record. (Commandos and Rangers have the greatest mutual respect.) When they first were activated as a unit last June, they were 10 per cent overstrength, so they went on a 38-mile hike without food or water, and when they returned they were 10 per cent understrength.

Since they arrived in North Africa, their force has been supplemented by 100 enlisted men and six officers who came directly from the States. This Ranger unit represents the sum total of all Rangers who have completed their training, although more units are now in the making somewhere in the British Isles.

The Rangers are from all over the States. The youngest is an 18-year-old, Pfc. Lemuel Harris from Pocohontas, Va. The oldest is 35-year-old J. B. Coomer of Amarillo, Tex. J. B. averages a thousand bucks every month at cards, and sends it all home to his wife. For two months at a stretch, a while back, he didn't gamble. The next month he sent home \$3,000.

"My wife," he said, "appreciates a little extra money every now and then."

Lion Tamers and Indians

Both Harris and Coomer were on the raid, along with a full-blooded Sioux Indian, T/5 Samuel P. One-Skunk from Cherry Creek, South Dakota. Another Ranger is a former lion tamer who worked with Frank Buck—Cpl. James Haines, Lexington, Ky. Also on the raid were two brothers, both former golden gloves boxing champions, Pvt. Othel and Sgt. Dick Greene of Des Moines, Iowa.

The Rangers also have their own photographers, who shoot nothing but cameras. Among them is Sgt. Phil Stern, former photographer for *Life*, *Look* and *P.M.* and T/5 Henry Paluch, a movie photographer.

In the Rangers are wrestlers and bullfighters, clerks and poets, and any one of them can break their wrath on your head is to walk up to one of them and yell, "Heigh Ho, Silver." The reaction is immediate and unpleasant.

Tough as they are, they did get a great kick out of a letter from the President of the Boy Rangers of America. It read:

"I am very anxious to make the acquaintance of our big-brother Rangers overseas. Upon receipt of this letter, please write and tell us of your experiences in France and in North Africa, and we will assign one of your little Ranger brothers to tell you of our doings."

The letter was signed, "Yours for victory, Trusty Tommy."



Drenched by simulated bomb explosions, Rangers training in England cross a river.

**By CPL. BEN FRAZIER
YANK Staff Correspondent**

SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND—A gloomy and forbidding house, grey with age and greyer still in the sodden weather, is the headquarters. A clear, cold stream leaps down the mountainside and rushes past the house, as if in an angry attempt to wash it away, massive though it is, into the lake a few hundred yards below. On three sides the mountains tower above the rugged glen and its house. On the fourth side is a lake.

A few fields are clear for pasturage; the rest is wilderness.

In one of the fields is their camp. Low, green and black, the Nissen huts barely emerge from the mud. The inevitable drill square is the only solid ground and it is always covered with puddles.

The mists hang heavy on the mountains. Occasionally through a rift the snow peaks can be seen. Then the clouds close in again. Off and on, mostly on, all day, every day, it rains—usually a fine cold mist which bathes the entire countryside in dampness and causes springs and brooks to gush from under every rock. The ground is one great sponge which oozes water at every step of heavy boots. Waterfalls from the mountain snows pour off the cliffs on every side, adding their quota to the wetness of the valley and the misery of the troops.

It is a grim and uncompromising spot for a grim and equally uncompromising school. This is the home, the training school for Rangers.

It is here that the volunteers for the Rangers and the Commando units come for their preliminary training. Here the requisite qualities are discovered and developed. If not the men are sent back to their old outfits. They must have team work, coordination and cooperation. They must be kind and considerate and friendly, and to think of the other fellow. There is no place for the big bruiser or the wise guy. Men trained here must have endurance, to be able to march, run, or climb all

Rangers in Training

In the bleak hills of Scotland, more Rangers are learning all the tricks of the Commando Trade

day, and all night, too, if necessary. And to do it on rations so slim an office worker would consider them a starvation diet. There is no sick call. If a man is sick, he may be given a pill, but he must go on. He might be given an easy detail for a few days like one fellow, almost voiceless from laryngitis, who was "resting up" by driving that well-known pneumonia buggy, the jeep, over the winter roads.

The character of the training is made immediately obvious right inside the gate. A row of graves lies beside the road, well-tended and carefully mounded. They are marked by crosses; on the crosses are inscriptions:

"These men DIED of their own stupidity. Watch your fieldcraft."

"This man forgot to examine his climbing rope."

"This man advanced over the top of cover."

On one cross between two graves—"These men bunched."

"This Royal Marine walked in front of his pal's rifle as a bullet left the barrel."

"This man took up a position on the skyline."

"This man failed to splay the pin of his grenade."

"This officer put a bomb down the 3-inch mortar the wrong way."

The Ranger or Commando volunteers are not told when they arrive whether or not the graves are real, but if they break any of the rules listed, their names are posted on the appropriate tombstones for a week

A very obvious and brutal implication, quite in keeping with this, the toughest of all military training schools.

The school for some time now has been turning out Commando units. The instructors are all from Commando units. They are tough and have the respect of every man under them.

"Come on, you lousy Americans, you ice cream guzzlers, you Coca-Cola hounds. Get a move on before I shoot the seat of your pants off."

That's the way the Commando captain talks to the Rangers, and the Rangers eat it up.

"We like him because he's always with us. He cusses us out from the top of a cliff, not the bottom. He's with us on 15-mile speed marches, and he keeps up on assault courses. He's always there, damn him." Or of another one, "He's got more goddam energy than the sun. Oh, they're plenty tough these instructors."

That is what the Rangers think of the officers and men who are training them. They are mostly British and Scotch, and occasionally from other Allied nations. They are not all young men. Some are definitely middle aged, but they are just as keen and just as wiry as the youngest. They are all volunteers.

The Rangers' day begins at 7.00 with Reveille by bagpipe. "We hate'm worse than bugles." Breakfast at 8. Drill begins at 9, with 40-minute periods until 12.45 when they knock off for lunch at one. There are 5-minute breaks between periods, but

since the next period may be a mile away, they spend the "break" running to get there on time. At 2 the periods begin again until 5 when there is "tea," which consists of a very light supper. After chow, they have to clean their equipment, always soaked in water and caked with mud, until lights out at 9.30. Every couple of nights there are night problems, lasting from a couple of hours to all night.

For entertainment there are movies or a show of some kind three nights a week. If there is any time left over they can and do walk 7 miles to the nearest town for a good four-square meal. And 7 miles back.

They do get one break. They have no details, KP or such like.

Their periods may be PT (physical training). They get out in the company square, stripped to the waist in the February mountain air. Here you can see them in the raw—not loaded down and half-hidden with equipment as they usually are or covered with mud. They have not an ounce of excess weight, all muscle, and well-developed muscle. You look at their faces. They are America, all right. The keenest and the best of every type, mostly from infantry outfits. They were bored with their old units. They are a cross section: farmers, seamen, truck drivers, salesmen, horse trainers, miners, regular army, mechanics, factory workers. And all stocks. A sandy-haired, soft-spoken southerner, an equally sandy-



A helmet can make a shield when Rangers fight.

haired Yankee, perhaps a descendant of Roger's original Rangers, a Pennsylvania miner with a Polish name he himself probably can't pronounce, dark Italians, Jewish, German. A complete cross section in miniature.

They run around the square to warm themselves. Their instructor is from a Commando unit, a veteran of several raids, now detailed for physical training. He has a chest like a barrel and a booming voice that rings through the valley.

They break into squads of 8 and carry large logs, whole tree trunks, away from a pile by the side of the square and toss them over their heads from one shoulder to the other or from one squad to another. Or they hold them between their legs and pass them forward while the end man runs from one end to the other to catch the oncoming log and keep it from falling.

They finish the exercise and run with the logs to the side and throw them into a pile, the devil taking the squad ahead if it's not out of the way in time.

As they go on to another period, the square is taken over by a Commando unit who, likewise stripped to the waist, are in a general rough and tumble which would break an ordinary man's bones.

The next period may be a drill with knives. The men attack each other in pairs. Or one may stalk an unsuspecting enemy. There are bayonet dummies with the heart and the main arteries painted on them—just as a guide. Just to help you with your aim.

"Get his kidneys," the instructor roars, "don't mind if you blunt your knife. You can get it sharpened again." The knives flash even on a dull day, and you expect half the squad will be dead from an excess of realism and enthusiasm.

The period might be the "death ride"—crossing the mountain stream on a little single rope stretched from a high tree on one side down almost to water level on the other.

"The first time I saw that son of a bitch, my eyes popped out of my head," one of the men said. They cross the stream simply by wrapping their toggle rope over the other rope and around their wrists, and off they go, field pack, rifle and all. Their instructor tosses grenades into the water as they



Practice landing operations frequently rustle the surface of quiet English lakes.



Barbed wire has always been the foot soldier's hoodoo. The Rangers make it look easy.

hurtle across. Downstream there is a net rope to catch them if they fall.

Or they might try the less hair-raising, but more strenuous job of crossing by a horizontal rope pulling themselves over hand over hand. Or a trek up one of the surrounding cliffs, being lowered back down over a hundred feet by rope.

They might have a go at one of the assault courses which are built up the mountain sides. Starting from the protection of a gravel pit beside the road, they crawl through barbed wire, over a fence, into a "house" made of old bits of rusty corrugated tin, then past bayonet dummies, down into a gully, slimy with mud. They advance in pairs, each man protecting



A Ranger crosses an English stream a la Tarzan

his partner. One tow-headed fellow steps on a land mine. It explodes right in his face. He falls face down into the mud. Instantly the instructor leaps through the mud and is beside him to see if he is hurt. But he picks himself up, black except a little lock of yellow hair. He looks for his pal and the two start forward again. Over a "fence" about twenty feet high. They climb part way down and then jump into a mud hole up to their arm pits. It's all from hummock to hummock, throwing themselves into the mud and firing live ammunition over the heads of the men in front, aiming at the objective they are assigned to capture.

On the way back to chow, they wade into an icy mountain stream up to their waists and wash the mud off, then dip their rifles into the water and scrub the mud off them. Then they go to the mess hall and have lunch, a very frugal meal, hardly enough for a small bedridden old lady. They curse, but in a friendly way. "Any guy that gets through this will have to be knocked on the head on judgment day. He won't die, that's certain." "Hell, I'm half dead already," a very fit and healthy-looking fellow retorts. "The first week was the worst. After that we sort of got used to it. We like it now. Hell of a lot better than the infantry." "But the weather, oh Jesus, the weather." It rains all the time. All day every day for weeks. "We've only got two coats of boots, and they're wet all the time. All our clothes are wet all the time. We go to bed in wet mountain sides. One of them said as we went out of the tent, 'That's our notion of sunshine for the day.'"

"We're going to beat that mountain tomorrow."



Up and over the top of a ridge. Some day soon the ridges will be German held.



The Rangers have some queer exercises, but it all adds up to war.



Barbed wire and mud can be an ugly combination.

the fellow added. "We're going on a thirty-six hour problem, cooking whatever food we can take or find, and everything."

The afternoon periods might be thrown into one for a speed march. Twelve miles or fifteen miles, with combat equipment and rifles. The Rangers have broken all speed march records. Fifteen miles in 2 hours and 30 minutes. Twelve miles in 1 hour and 46 minutes, against the old record of one hour and fifty-eight minutes. They double-time for a while then march fast-time for a while. Behind them comes a sandy-haired captain of the Commandos, who looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. If the men get tired and start to get out of file, he just sends a few rounds from his tommy gun up between the files. And the butter still doesn't melt in his mouth. If he is not along there is a sergeant who takes his place and he's an even better shot.

Or they might have an assault landing to attack and destroy an enemy strong point or objective.

They set out in little boats from a sheltered cove. And as they do so, nearly two hundred years drop away. History repeats itself, in setting and command, in name and objective. Surely this is not a Scotch loch. Surely it is Lake Champlain, with its wooded deserted shores. It is Rogers and his Rangers slipping up the shore of the lake to attack the French supply dump somewhere in Quebec. Nearer and nearer they come. Is that Rogers with his curious flat-sided hat familiar from the cover of "Northwest Passage"? Surely you are looking at that first Commando raid of the first Rangers. Surely this is not modern war, with those little canoes and the paddles.

Rat tat tat tat tat.

The sandy-haired Commando captain and his tommy gun bring you back with a violent jerk from

Lake Champlain to the Scotch loch, from 1759 to 1943.

The sandy-haired captain is just giving them a little taste of landing under fire. The bullets whip up little flecks of white on the surface of the lake, a few yards from the boats. Red tracers sail out onto the lake and ricochet high into the air. The captain



A rabbit cooked in its skin is very welcome.

moves his fire from one boat to another, giving them all a little toughening up. His dearest aim in life is to shoot a few holes in the paddles.

The boats near the land. Other Commando instructors toss hand grenades and set off land mines on the bank. Mud and water shower the invaders.

Once ashore, they fan out and advance on their objective. Little detachments creep forward from hummock to hummock. With only eight or ten feet between groups, the captain sends a stream of machine gun bullets in between. Red tracers almost clip the soles off their boots as the men lie in the mud, firing at the enemy dummies up the hillside. A land mine goes off, sending mud and turf and tree stumps sailing through the air over the men. One man falls flat in the mud and lies motionless right in the line of the machine gun fire. A doctor sees him, wriggles out on his belly through the mud. He dare not stand up; machine gun bullets are whizzing over his head. The Commando captain has not a thought of holding his fire just to help the doctor. Eventually the medic reaches the casualty and drags him to safety. The "casualty" smiles. He had a strained muscle in his leg, so he had been made a "casualty" for the exercise, and he had so completely entered into the spirit that he flopped right in the line of fire.

Land mines, grenades, mortars, tommy guns and rifle fire cover the hillside, but the Rangers advance slowly from cover to cover up the slope, the tracers just over their heads.

The "outpost" is captured and destroyed and the Rangers retire to the boats. The boats put out and the captain sets to for another try at the paddles.

As the last tracer lashes a red path across the lake and into the sky, as the last grenade erupts on the shore, and the echo of the last machine gun bullet has died away in the remote fastness of the mountains, history slips away again.

Rogers is leading his men up to the shores of Lake Champlain, then, as now, under the friendly eyes of the British officers. Across that little cove where the Rangers are paddling so furiously, history has turned one complete cycle.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM PACIFIC LETHARGY TO CAIRO CAFES



S/Sgt. Wilbur Brandt gets a shave from Mohamed Yagub. The place: New Delhi. The razor: sharp.



Somebody else gets a shave from somebody else. The place: Guadalcanal. The chair: from a Jap bomber.



P. S. Nothing Ever Happens Here Except An Air Raid Every Day or So

AN AIR BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—We were sitting around in the squadron's home-made day room doing nothing in particular when the top kick blew his whistle.

Everybody went outside and fell into formation in the dark. The top held his clipboard under a flashlight and talked from the notes he had written down.

"This is an alert. . . ."
 Nobody said anything.
 "If there is an attack by bombers, it will be around dawn; but these are orders for the 24 hours of this date. . . ."

The orders were that things be cleared for action.
 "We roll out at 3:15 in the morning to get the planes ready to go. That includes everybody. Any questions?"

From the rear rank: "You mean KPs too?"
 "Everybody goes on the line but the men on duty here. Normal camp activity will prevail."

The squadron, some of them not long back from Guadalcanal, turned over the idea of getting up in the middle of the night. The top flipped

out the flashlight and did his talking off the cuff.

"Now this may turn out to be a dud, but on the other hand it may be something mighty serious. Here's some advice to men who haven't experienced a raid. Pick yourself a fox hole and get into it, when you hear bombers.

"If you can hear the bombs falling don't wait around to find a hole—hit the ground right where you are. If you can't find a hole any depression in the ground will do. When you're beneath the surface at all you're pretty safe."

Somebody in the ranks lit a cigarette and in the light of the match you could see him look over where the ping-pong table waited for the game to be resumed.

The top made some remarks about possible objectives so that we could all tell this wasn't just a dry run. Then he cautioned us about our arms and helmets.

"That's all," he said.
 The formation broke and everybody headed back into the day room or for the ping-pong table again.

A kid turned on the record player and listened to a classical number, his head stuck in close under the lid so he could hear above the noise.

Somebody else went over to a table and started on his letter home. He'd gotten as far as "Dear Joan" when the whistle blew. Now he continued:
 "Nothing much in particular. . . ."

—Sgt. MACK MORRIS
 YANK Staff Correspondent

Cairo Cafes Have Trick Checks But If You Can Add, You're Safe

CAIRO—Americans seem to be the only people fighting this war who still observe the old custom of "going Dutch." You find this out in Egypt the first time you ask the waiter for separate checks.

"Makee separate checkum," you say in your

best pidgin-English. The waiter merely blinks. He doesn't get it at all, so he calls the head waiter. This lordly person gets the drift of your precedent-shattering request but feels unqualified to make a decision. He calls the manager.

The manager, his hands on his head, wrestles with the problem for a few minutes, eventually coming up with the solution: "You divide check." This judgment, worthy of Solomon, causes noticeable squirming among the light eaters. The result is an impromptu session with Egyptian mathematics; during which pounds, piastres, and milliemes are laboriously added, divided, and subtracted.

To make matters worse, this state of affairs sometimes happens to total strangers. Recently an American soldier, new to Cairo, went into a restaurant and was given a seat at a table with one of the many Egyptians he'd never seen before in his life. The G.I. went through his meal in silence, finished, and asked for his check. Scattered up and down the rather lengthy bill he found items which the Egyptian had ordered. The waiter had put both of their orders on the same check. It took the soldier 15 minutes to separate his meal from that of his unknown dinner partner.

An American major got so miffed at this custom that he left a hotel without paying his bill, telling the clerk that he'd "pay the damned thing when they got it straightened out." He'd gone into the hotel during a busy weekend and had to share a room with a stranger. The stranger went in for the European plan in a big way, charging large volumes of food and drink to his weekly bill. The major, on the other hand, took only the room, eating his meals away from the hotel. When he checked out he was presented with the entire bill for the week and the suggestion that splitting it would be the simplest solution. It wasn't.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT



"Whiskey's a demon,
It does strong men in,
But it's better than cognac
Or lager or gin."

THE *Ballad* OF AN African Gaol

"Guard comes along,
Says If you tries to run
I'm gonna have to shoot yuh
With my fo'ty-fo' gun."



"Oh, dogs is all right
But they don't take the place
Of a blonde girl whose chassis
Just matches her face."



"The bulls grabs the sinners
And takes them away,
Where they never sees women
Or likker or day."

By Sgt. Milton Lehman
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE JUST A LITTLE BEHIND THE TUNISIAN FRONT IN THE SHADOW OF A LITTLE WHITE JAILHOUSE—Pvt. Kenneth Farmer was an important man once. He was Sgt. Kenneth Farmer until that night, a sergeant and a section leader of machine guns. Then the court-martial met in this place. They sat down Kenneth Farmer in a chair facing the court assembled, and Kenneth Farmer became a private and thereupon went to the jug. Kenneth admits he deserved the jug, honest fellow that he is.

He had been a special M.P. assigned to the solemn defense of the law, but somehow the long arm of the law reached out and got hold of a big, beautiful red bottle of vin rouge, but details don't matter. What matters is that Kenneth is an artist.

The night he faced the court-martial a major, who had been performing the duties of the chief justice had trouble controlling his features when the captain sitting next to him passed a small scrap of paper signed by Kenneth Farmer "drawn in the guardhouse" while Kenneth was awaiting trial.

It was a cartoon of the court sitting in on his case. The major, ordinarily a happy man, was infuriated. With his face drawn as taut in righteous wrath as the kisser of any anti-saloon-leaguer, he looked at Kenneth. Kenneth looked at the floor. Other members of the court, equally angry, looked at Kenneth. Kenneth looked at the floor.

They took a vote on his guilt or innocence, and to a man, they said:

"Guilty as hell." Variations on this theme included, "Give him three months," and "I raise it to six," and "Make it a year," and "Put him there as permanent personnel."

Now, the guardhouse for this infantry outfit is a small square building, and it had white calcimine walls, and for the average jailbird there is nothing to do in the guardhouse but sit and sit some more.

But, for the exceptional prisoner, the clinkeroo is a fine place to be in if you want to get away from things generally and do a little creative work. Adolf Hitler wrote "Mein Kampf" in the jug. The Indian nationalist Jawaharlal Nehru wrote his fine autobiography in jail; Leon Trotsky wrote most of his political theory in jail; Stalin had his moments, and former-sergeant Kenneth Farmer became a mural painter on white-washed walls of the army brig.

In one month, Kenneth had worn out several lead pencils he borrowed from his fellow inmates who are great admirers of his work. They particularly like the back view of a voluptuous blonde who is strictly from a Petty girl and stands on one side of a home-made calendar in which the dates are ticked off day by day.

Then there's a drawing of Disney's dog-star, Pluto, running in circles, evidently trying to get out of a room which for some strange reason is startlingly similar to the guardhouse.

Below that, there is a sign, saying, to coin a phrase:

"There's no place like home." And below that is a picture of the two main streets in Farmer's home town on a very busy day, and below that there is an elaborately printed sign which says, "Buy War Bonds—Help Win the War."

But the masterpiece of them all is a drawing of a chaplain pointing one finger and saying—"You are a bad boy"—to a prisoner in a striped suit who has horns growing out from behind his ears and carries a pitchfork and generally looks like the devil, albeit an extremely repentant devil.

Kenneth Farmer, the artist, will continue to draw until the pencils run out or the walls cave in or his sentence expires.

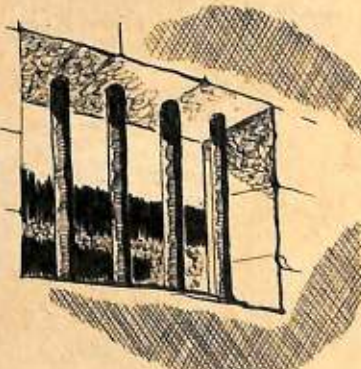
When that happens he'll go back to his machine guns, and his friends say he can draw a pretty sharp line with thirty-caliber lead. We don't want to be his easel, speaking personally.



"I dreams about dames
When I lies on my bed,
If I don't see a woman
I'll drop right down dead."



"I got pains in my legs
And a P on my back,
And a lump on my head
Where they give me a crack."



"The jail walls are thick,
And the jail bars are iron,
I'll never get out
Till I'm old and I'm dying."



"If a man's got a talent
The jailhouse is warm,
He can sit and draw pitchurs
And do no one harm."



"The courtmartial I stood
Didn't have any humor,
If they laugh in the Army
It's only a rumor."



"It's goodbye to the stripes
And goodbye to the sun,
I'll be plain-sleeved and pale
Till my jail term is done."

Yanks at Home and Abroad

Dumbo Is a Lucky Dog, But Eggnog Is a Boozer

A U. S. MEDIUM BOMBER STATION IN THE WESTERN DESERT—Men at this station are subscribers to the "Wake Up and Live" theory after the experience of "Dumbo," their canine mascot.

Dumbo, accompanying the boys as usual on an operational flight, was on his bed of an old sweater and coveralls in a corner of the bomber. As the plane came over its target Dumbo got up, yawned, and stretched. As he did a hunk of shrapnel from the flak ripped through his bed, right in the spot where he had been curled up a moment before.

The incident didn't faze Dumbo. He claims as many, or more, action hours than any of the many flying dogs in the desert air task force. A member of a numerous local breed the men call "desert-dogs," Dumbo was picked up while a pup, and to date has accompanied the boys on 19 missions, including one crash landing.

Another animal which has gained a name for itself is a large duck which serves as a mascot for the men of a South African squadron. Yanks who have visited the squadron report that the South Africans have taught the duck—named "Eggnog"—to drink beer from a can. They say Eggnog sticks the tip of his bill into the triangular hole an opener makes and tips the can up by himself. After one can Eggnog waddles around with a dreamy look on his face, snapping at flies.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

This Guy Wouldn't Be a Captain; It Called for Too Much Red Tape

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Promotions are being made so fast among officers and men here that quite frequently a private will jump to master sergeant and a corporal will be made a lieutenant. It is difficult to keep track of a man's rank. Because of wartime shipping and manu-



In the Florida Everglades, a swamp buggy tracks down a Navy flier who had to bail out.

facturing, Army insignia are scarce. Stripes are hard to get and officers' metal insignia even harder. One shavetail was promoted to first lieutenant but had to go around with gold bars for two weeks, poor man, before he could get hold of a pair of silver ones. That slick sleeve without stripes you see on the streets may look like a dogface private, but probably is a staff sergeant who just couldn't run down any insignia. Especially is this true of troops in the bush or at advanced airfields.

Speaking of promotions, T/Sgt. Charlie Roland, of Berkeley Springs, W. Va., hates red tape so much he actually turned down a chance to get a bar or two. Back in civil life, as a graduate of Syracuse University's School of Forestry, he'd been doing forestry work for the U. S. Civil

Service. In the performance of this work he had to fill out numberless forms in duplicate and triplicate. When he joined the Army he swore he'd never fill out another form unless he absolutely had to. He'd been doing such efficient work in GHQ that his superior officer recommended him for a jump to commissioned grade—possibly a captaincy.

When Roland was told that it had been arranged for him to be automatically commissioned, he was naturally pleased. "Just fill out these forms which I have already approved," the officer told Roland, handing him a sheaf of papers.

Sgt. Roland put the papers in his desk drawer. That was months ago, and he still hasn't taken them out to complete them. Too much red tape.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

G.I. JOE

"Through Channels"



Sgt. Dave Breger
Britain

MEN, I KNOW IT'S A TOUGH THING TO ASK—BUT I NEED TWO VOLUNTEERS TO HANDLE THE WORK IN PUTTING A REQUEST THROUGH CHANNELS!



PURSUANT TO AUTHORITY CONTAINED IN SECTION 26-764.49, XYZ, HH5, PARAGRAPH A6663 SHIF 37.414 GSC HEP HEP REFERRED TO 99QR-7 735.9-HL63 MIX YOLKS OF TWO EGGS 362-40 AS AMENDED BY 74N AGD 52.67½-V6X-3 7R+92 E PLURIBUS UNUM 274-4Q2 + CUBE ROOT OF ZERO...

D'VA MAKE OUT THIS FORM ARX 37-442 IN TRIPPLICATE OR QUADRUPPLICATE?

SEPTUPLICATE! AND DON'T FORGET THE CONFIRMING CABLE TO MEXICO CITY!

IT SAVED US IN THE BATTLE OF HEADQUARTERS BACK IN '43! WITH ALL OUR OTHER MACHINES DEMOLISHED, IT KEPT ON FIRING FOR 57 HOURS—SCORES OF MEN WERE CARRIED OFF BUT NEW ONES SPRANG IN THEIR PLACE—AND AT LAST, HITTING ON ONLY THREE KEYS, IT GOT US THE CUSPIDOR WE'D ASKED FOR!

1ST ORD. BN. CO. B. TROPHY ROOM



URGENT DISPATCH FROM THE C.O. OF BATTERY A, 18th FIELD ARTILLERY, SIR! THEY'LL TRADE THREE 155 MM. HOWITZERS FOR ONE GOOD TYPEWRITER!



HOLY CATS, JOE! IT'S THE COMMANDING GENERAL! HE NEEDS YOU RIGHT AWAY!

TELL HIM TO PUT IT IN WRITING THROUGH CHANNELS.

ORDERLY ROOM

A WEEK OF WAR

*It was warm in Russia,
tepid in Tunisia, and
very hot over Hitler*

It will be two months before the spring softness creeps up to Murmansk in the Arctic Circle, but today the thaws have come to the Ukraine. The rising temperature arrived on time, and now the Red tanks are moving sluggishly where they once moved fast; men are lifting gummy boots in ribbons of glue that were once roads. The cold is coming out of the hard ground, and the snow is running down from the knolls; the only machine that can keep to its schedule is the bomber, rising through the gentle air to its dizzy and dangerous heights.

But in the north, before Moscow and Leningrad, the world is still of glistening ice. And it was here, in the frozen spaces, that Russia, restrained at last in the South, chose to open her new offensives. The restraint in the South was not, of course, complete. In the Donbas the battle was joined with an awe-inspiring fury; there it was tank against tank, and on the outskirts of the battle the artillerymen, dripping wet from their grim and violent work, fired round after round toward the west, and the tank destroyers went about their bloody business. In the regions of Kramatorsk and Krasnoarmeisk the fighting was fiercer than anything since the Nazi debacle before Stalingrad. Beyond recaptured Kharkov, which had seen a mile of bodies hanging down all its main street, the Russians pushed on, and all through the South the slowed-down offensives went on under an umbrella of planes.

On what was happening before Moscow the Russians were silent, holding to their practice of announcing no successes until they had been attained. But at Leningrad the Red tanks pierced the German line south of Lake Ladoga. The announcement came, not from the Kremlin, but from the dour-voiced radio at Berlin.

The thaw had come to part of Russia, but the offensives were not yet over. Not yet had the shattered German armies had time to reform themselves, and not yet had the replacements combed out from the last reserves of German manpower, had time to reach the front. They were still in training, learning in a hurry to handle the weapons that they would be using in the late spring and early summer, Hitler

only knew where. The troop trains were still waiting on the sidings.

And beyond the reach of any troop trains, in Tunisia, Rommel was retreating again. He had reached the high water mark of his offensive in the plains before Tebessa and Thala, and then the Allied planes had come over, beating him back across the open spaces, back through the Kasserine Pass. In his 11-day push, Rommel had lost 76 much-needed tanks, and he had failed. The Americans had had their first trial of battle and had come through. Now, reinforced by units of the British 1st Army, the Americans were on the move again. They retook the three airfields they had lost in the area of Sbeitla. They were only 140 miles from where, in the southeast, the 8th Army was sliding like the tail of a boa constrictor around the left flank of the Mareth Line. Montgomery's patrols were in the Mounts des Ksour, and he had occupied the outposts of the Line before Medenine. It was only a matter of time before he would assault in force.

In the North of Tunisia the British 1st Army, fresh from lending a hand to the Americans, was having its troubles. Von Arnim, hoping to find the British positions weakened because of the reinforcements that had been sent South, struck out in six separate attacks, with 12,000 men and 50 tanks. The British, however, were still around. Von Arnim's old college try was sent reeling back.

The German assaults were born of desperation. Should Tunisia fall, the Germans would be in monumental danger. An offensive, launched from an Africa entirely under Allied control, knifing through soft and war-weary Italy, would drain Occupied Europe of all available Nazi troops. It was a possibility that Adolf Hitler could not allow. His orders went out to von Arnim and Rommel: *Harry and hold. Hold till summer. Hold until it will be too late for them to open an offensive this year.* And von Arnim and Rommel were doing their best to carry out Hitler's orders. But there were only so many German tanks in Tunisia, and over the sea between Sicily and Bizerta roamed the Allied bombers, waiting for convoys and smashing them when they came. Tunisia was becoming increasingly difficult for the Germans to hold. And it might, one fine March day, become impossible.

While the German General Staff, preoccupied with Russia, turned their furrowed brows for a brief moment in the direction of Tunisia, the planes came out from England, wave after wave of them, for hour after hour. For hours that lengthened into days and nights they smashed at German installations on the Continent. Cologne was crippled, Dunkirk was battered, Brest was bombed. It looked very much like the prelude to something. Very much indeed.

German observers, peering through the clouds, had reported abnormal activity in England, along the Channel coast. There were many troop movements the Berlin radio said. *Nicht gut*, they said. The nervous observers went back and reported to their nervous superiors. To them it seemed that a great wave was swelling up toward the sky, about to break over all their lovely conquered territory. There were, as a matter of fact, only two things the Germans didn't know. One was—*When?* The other—*How?*

Everyone knew that this would be the summer of



A Crusader tank, manned by Free French, moves over the desert toward the Mareth Line.

the Second Front. England knew it. America knew it. So did France, so did Norway, so did Finland. The Germans on the Channel coast stared uneasily across the foggy water. In Norway the flak crews were tense beside their guns. It was going to come, all right. The submarines hadn't been enough to stop it, nor the threats, nor the *Luftwaffe*. As sure as death came to every man in his time, or before it, the Second Front was going to come.

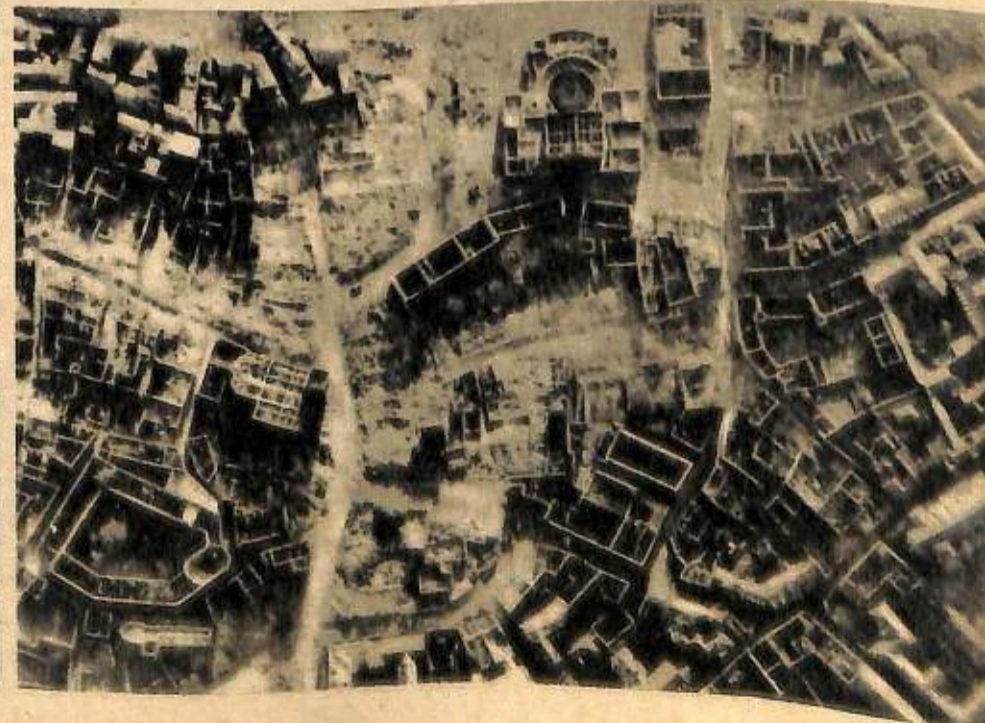
The planes flew over Europe day and night, but unheard below the sound of their motors, inaudible under the concussions of their bombs, the tall, gray staff men were poring over their maps and talking in low voices, as though the very walls around them might pick up and whisper their words. The planes flew over Europe and under and behind them they left death and ruin, and under and before them, as they returned, the gray men were perhaps announcing among themselves the hour that was surely going to come.

Perhaps that hour was going to come tomorrow. Or the next day. Or a week from Tuesday. Any time now.

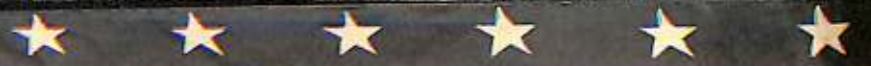
The planes were pointing that way. . . .



The center of what used to be Mainz, after the R.A.F. came over.



And a short while later the R.A.F. came over Mainz again



Our Pacific



AUSTRALIA

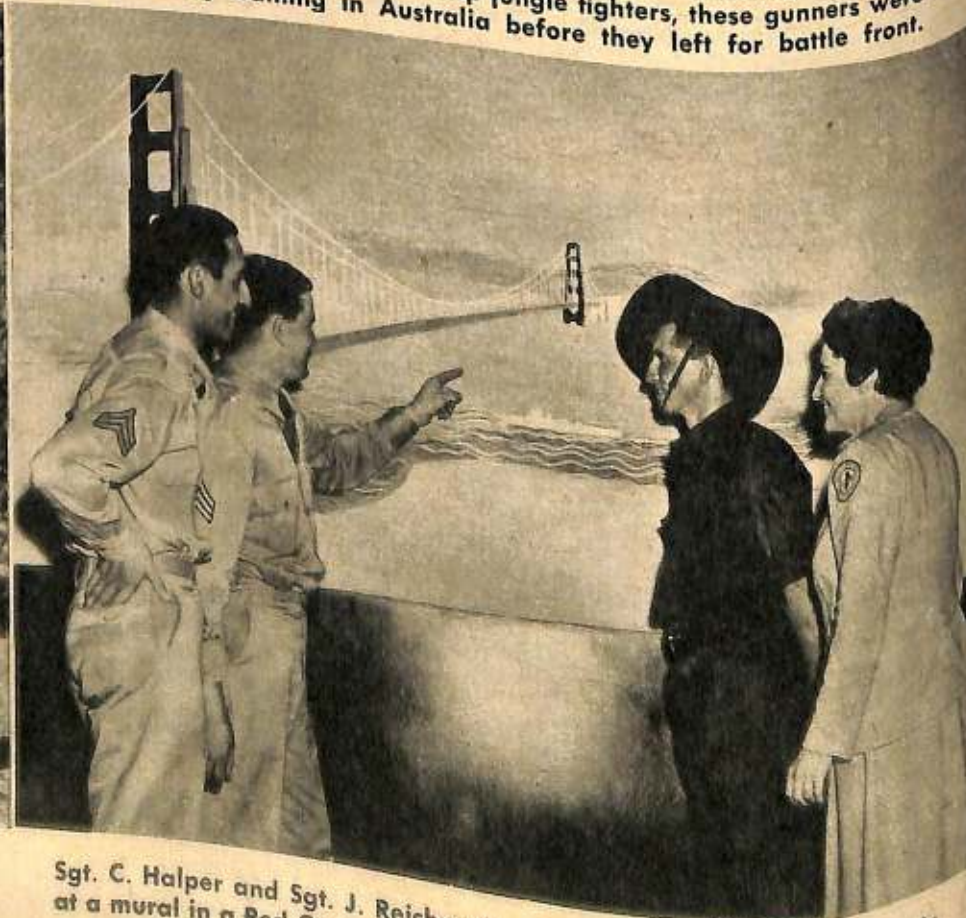


Pvt. Peter Fleming, of Detroit, Mich., takes it easy before going on guard. He's dressed and ready for jungle fighting, with a tommy gun, camouflaged fatigues and a helmet covered with green burlap.

Yank artillerymen are trained to hug ground in defending their gun against Jap infiltration. To meet Jap jungle fighters, these gunners were given infantry training in Australia before they left for battle front.



It's a family squad. Pop, Sgt. Archie Vanskike, 44, of Galveston, Tex., puts his sons, Pvts. Louis, Clarence, and Archie (l. to r.) through paces.



Sgt. C. Halper and Sgt. J. Reichmuth, of San Francisco, point with pride at a mural in a Red Cross Service Club of their own city's Golden Gate Bridge.

Springboards



These mule packers are versatile. The boast is that "they know how to load and shoot every kind of gun available, and how to identify planes." Here, they've set up machine gun in Hawaii hill country.

HAWAII



Lt. John Midzor, commander of this light tank, looks over the terrain before tapping the go signal on the shoulder of the driver, S/Sgt. Raymond Pippin, who was formerly a truck driver from Forsythe, Ga.

Pfc. Ray Miller, of Hamden, N. Y., walks a narrow wall on his post overlooking the wide Pacific. When you are relieved from guard duty there you will know quite a bit about "the ramparts we watch."

This barren ground is good terrain on which to maneuver tanks: anyone directing operations can see results clearly. Here, the photographer got eight light tanks beginning a new kind of "desert" maneuver in Hawaii. The "forward" command was radioed from almost a mile away.

News From Home

Rationing—soup to shoes—attracts America's close attention; for once, Sarovant doesn't



These dames guarded a Naval Establishment at South Weymouth, Mass.

DR. JANET AIKEN, professor of English at Columbia University, donned a bright red hat this week and walked bare-footed down Broadway. It was her way of protesting shoe rationing, three pairs to a customer for a year. Thousands of New Yorkers saw the lady professor; some figured it was a queer thing to do; others just shrugged their shoulders and went on their way. They all had their own rationing troubles, but it was too cold to be walking around Manhattan without shoes.

Housewives will be using that good old American kitchen tool, the can opener, less and less nowadays. Price Administrator Prentiss M. Brown said that canned goods consumption must be cut in half, and almost every little woman in the country got busy revising her menus to fit the new point ration system, which became effective March 1. The new system allows 48 points per person for the first rationing period, or an average of four cans a month. It would be enough to make any chowhound squawk until he got blue in the face, but people back home took it as a matter of course. Another bit of self-denial necessary to help win the war.



Tom Dewey wanted lots of farmers.

Some 200 processed foods are on the point system list, including peas, carrots, lima beans, tomatoes and tomato juice. Beginning April 1, canned meats and fish will be in the soup, too, Brown announced. He said it was necessary because of the heavy requirements for the fighting men and for shipments to Russia and other Allies.

The nation became more realistic in its attitude toward the war—and quit kidding itself every one of our planes won a minor victory. When the Yanks took a trimming from Rommel in Tunisia, the papers headlined very frankly the news. Typical head ran along this line, "Rommel Rips Yanks." The papers also discussed the reasons behind the defeat and praised the British Eighth Army for coming to our aid there. The trimming in Tunisia didn't turn out too badly after all. The Yanks are back in their old positions, and Secretary of War Stimson explained the setback was being a case of green soldiers fighting battle-scarred veterans.

Stimson said, now that our men in Tunisia are battle hardened, we are doing very well.

Congressman Forest Harness (R., Ind.), charged in the House that Washington is loaded down with about 250,000 "desk heroes and draft dodgers" who are in schnozzy government desk jobs. They could be used for the Services or in a war industry, he said. The House Military Sub-Committee is to investigate.

New York celebrated February 23 as "Freedom for France" Day, and officers and men of the French battleship *Richelieu* and cruiser *Montcalm* marched up Broadway while thousands of New Yorkers cheered them on.

There was one very bright spot on the labor front this week. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers (CIO) sent a check for \$350,000 to the U. S. Treasury earmarked for the purchase of a Flying Fortress memorializing the Capt. Colin Kelly-Sgt. Meyer Levin team which sank a Jap battleship. Meyer's father, Samuel Meyer, is a member of this union.

The Flying Fortress production lines at the Boeing factory at Seattle, Wash., were stopped for three hours as workers took out time to discuss a delay in granting wage increases. They protested the fact that shipyard workers are getting more money than they. In Washington, Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, said that we'll be producing five ships a day beginning in May. He said the current program, which includes 1944, calls for the construction of 2,442 ships.

The long-haired musicians had more reasons for losing their hair this week. Arthur Rodzinski, newly appointed conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, sacked 14 players, so the entire orchestra is refusing to renew contracts for the next season. The musicians are also threatening to demand that the musicians' Union hauls Rodzinski in for a trial. At a concert last Saturday, the orchestra stood silent for one minute to pay respect for the sacked men.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer, the first correspondent ejected from Germany in 1933, resigned as deputy director of the Office of War Information in protest against the Administration's North African policy.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, called on every available man, woman and child to volunteer for farm work. The first group to offer their services were spokesmen for Chinese organizations, promising 3,000 volunteers. Dewey also announced he is definitely not a candidate for President in 1944. Former President Hoover said he would not stand for the Presidency in 1944 "under any circumstances." The *New York Times* declared Wendell Willkie is considering to take another chance at the White House.

To help alleviate the nation-wide farm labor shortage, the Army promised soldiers for picking cotton in Arizona, but the offer was suddenly postponed the next day.

President Manuel Avila Comacho of Mexico said his country has no intention of sending fighters overseas. "Mexico will not send men to war, nor has she been asked to," Comacho said.



Mayor Hague was accused of several things.

President Roosevelt remained inside the White House for a couple of days this week with a slight intestinal disturbance. He cancelled several appointments, but his illness was reported as not being serious. Before his illness, on George Washington's birthday anniversary, the President warned Americans who threw their hats in the air and proclaimed victory "just around the corner" because of Russian successes. He said the people "should forget there is no Joshua in our midst. We cannot count on great walls crumbling and falling when the trumpets blow and the peoples shout."

The President wrote a letter to Vice-President Wallace expressing his "unqualified opposition" to a bill introduced by Senator Kenneth McKellar, requiring Presidential nomination and Senate confirmation of all federal employees earning more than \$4,500 a year. He said the bill would slow up the war effort.

Vice conditions in five U. S. ports are bad enough to warrant a federal investigation, according to the House Naval Affairs Committee. Ports named were Norfolk, Va., Portland, Me., Newport, R.I., San Diego and San Francisco, Cal.

Speaking over a radio network, Governor Edison of New Jersey charged Mayor Frank Hague with suppressing freedom of religion, speech and Press in Jersey City and charged the county payroll included three organists for the county jail and a \$4,000 salary for the "foreman of vacuum cleaners."

The War Production Board is ready to limit the nation's recreational needs to a bedrock level, if it becomes necessary. If the war is stretched out, Americans will have only 18 per cent of the outdoor sports of 1941. Suffering most will be horse and greyhound racing, which would be cut to 10 per cent of the 1941 level. The movies would be cut to the 90 per cent level, and opera and theater to 80 per cent.

Ursula Parrott, the author, was acquitted in a federal court at Miami, Fla., on charges of aiding Pvt. Michael Neely Bryan, former guitarist for Benny Goodman, to escape from a G.I. guardhouse. Bryan also faces charges in New York for violating that State's marijuana tax law.

Marriages of the week included Sir Thomas Beecham and Betty Humby, English pianist, who frequently was his guest star, also Pvt. William Saroyan, playwright, to Carol Marcus, daughter of the vice-president of the Bendix Aviation Corp. For the first time in his life, Saroyan refused to issue a statement.

In the House, Rep. Margaret Chase, a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, introduced a bill establishing the rank of Admiral of the Fleet of the United States. She did this at the Navy's request. If passed, the bill would give Admiral King a rank equal to officers of other nations with similar responsibilities.

In Washington there have been rumors that some of the guns guarding the Capitol Building were wooden dummies. Rep. Harold Dunbar Cooley (D., N.C.) climbed to the roof to see if the rumor was true. Next day he told the House that he not only saw "wooden guns," but also "decoy soldiers." It caused quite a confusion in some circles until the War Department explained, "Dummy gun



Madeleine Carroll became an American citizen. Picture shows her with another American citizen.



Prof. Alken walked barefooted down Broadway.

portation it would serve the nation's interest to discontinue its western market.

The people on the West Coast won't go thirsty, said John B. Smiley, director of the WPB's beverage and tobacco division, because Pacific Coast breweries are able to make enough brew to meet the demand.

There's a new jitterbug creation back home—Bomb Boogie is the name. The new hop was first christened at the Pullman Standard Plant in Hammond, Ind., where all-night dances are staged each Saturday for the benefit of swing shift employees.

The photo-film shortage may be eased. The reason given is that so many amateur photographers have been inducted into the Army that the demand for film is now lighter than ever. The Army is supposed to be keeping the photogs so busy that they don't have time for picture making.

There was a new type of alienation of affections suit. Mrs. John Cannel of Los Angeles is suing a rancher because her pet turkey did not remember her when it returned from a mating activity at the rancher's place. The woman told the court that the rancher must have "switched" birds on her.

The women are doing a tremendously important job in the war effort, figures by Manpower Commission Chairman Paul V. McNutt showed. "By the end of 1943 we'll have almost 18,000,000 women in jobs in all industries," McNutt said. "Out of 1,900 war occupations, only 56 are unsuitable for women."

Madeleine Carroll, the English-born actress, is now an American citizen. "I am so moved that I am almost unable to talk. I am happy to become a citizen of the last free great country in the world," she declared at Hartford, Conn., where she pledged allegiance to her new country.

There's a miniature revolution brewing at Louisiana University. Miss Nora Power, the Dean, called all the girls at the school together and said slacks look indecent on pudgy girls, and that any girl wanting to wear slacks would have to parade before a committee appointed by her. The committee rejected fat girls from wearing slacks. The chubby little girls cried and accused the committee of "cattiness and discrimination." The girls also tried to mob the Dean.

Rationing may help that situation.



In a West Coast city, them with strong stummicks ate buffalo meat.

positions, interspersed among active defence elements of a given area, are an indispensable part of normal defensive measures in modern warfare." The WD said it was also a means to hinder hostile eyes from gaining an accurate picture of actual defences.

"Meatleggers" continued to give more trouble to law enforcement agencies. At least a million dollars' worth of meat is sold illegally each week, the Government says. It's almost like the booze-running days, with meat trucks being hi-jacked. In the Capitol, thousands of people have connived schemes to beat the ban on hiring taxis for pleasure jaunts. When they wish to go to the theatre by cab they simply tell the driver the address of the theater instead of the name. Sometimes they get out of the cab a block away from the theatre and walk the rest of the way.

A group of Congressmen gathered around Lease-Lend Administrator Edward Stettinius this week and saw him produce a four-egg omelette and several sausages. The remarkable thing was that the food items took no more space than a match box and a tiny jar. The Lease-Lend chief was demonstrating the new compressed food method which soon will replace the dehydrated type.

In St. Louis the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Co. (Budweiser to you) has voluntarily given up the California, Washington and Oregon district. The company told the War Production Board that "during the present critical emergency" in rail trans-

ILLINOIS

AT SPRINGFIELD, the legislature considered setting aside funds for bonuses for service men after the war; maximum payment would be \$300. Bandits took \$20,000, mostly in jewels, from William J. Cummings, Continental Bank president, Franklin Bliss Snyder, president of Northwestern University, and Rolly M. Cain, of Abbott Laboratories, in a holdup at Chicago. To Mr. and Mrs. Chester Miller, of Silvis, were born twins, their 18th and 19th children. Police believed Estelle Margaret Carey, 34-year-old model and dice girl, was murdered to keep her from revealing the hiding place of \$1,000,000 secreted by Chicago gangsters.

MARYLAND

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, Chestertown, went on a six-day week. St. John's College, Annapolis, will accept boys with two years of high school, cut its course to three years. Baltimore police raided the Elks' Club, seized slot machines. Mrs. Helen A. B. Randle, socialite, was charged at Annapolis with slaying Allen Wiley, 17, after a quarrel with Wiley and her husband. J. Walter Banks, Wicomico County constable; George Edward Dryden, Pocomoke City truck farmer; Charles Carl Dryden, Snow Hill, and Samuel Chesser, tavernkeeper, were sentenced to 20 months, fined \$10,000 each for operating stills on the Eastern Shore.

MASSACHUSETTS

AT REVERE, the Veterans of Foreign Wars asked the OPA to issue special food ration coupons to service men on leave, so their families won't suffer. Taunton Elks initiated 18 candidates. The mayor's salary at Gloucester was raised from \$1,800 to \$3,500 a year. Falmouth High School girls were trained in fire department work. Holy Cross at Worcester canceled formal graduation this year, to save transportation. At Hardwick, the farm home of Charles J. Krasnecky was destroyed by fire. Horses replaced horsepower to haul Springfield cabs. The Rev. George P. O'Connor, 62, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church and chaplain of the 301st Field Artillery in the first World War, died at Dedham.

MISSOURI

THE ST. LOUIS ART MUSEUM paid \$85,000 for a Holbein portrait. Ministers and justices of the peace opposed a bill to allow notaries public to perform marriage ceremonies. Scrap salvage diggers failed to find a 70-ton ferris-wheel axle reported buried in Forest Park after the 1904 World's Fair. Artist Thomas Hart Benton declined to remove Tom Pendergast, Kansas City political boss, from a state capitol mural, asked if legislators also wanted Jesse James struck out.

NEW YORK

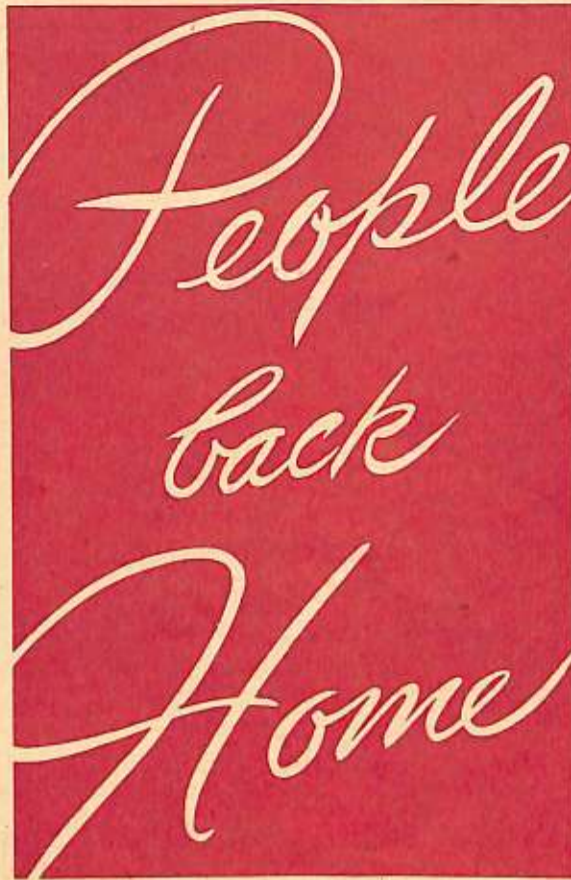
CHARGES AGAINST Lackawanna's City Auditor, W. Jerome Magee were dropped; he will resign. John Grosvenor Thorndike, 22-year-old socialite, shot himself in New York. Fire caused \$20,000 damage to the Kennedy Bros. clothing store in Lockport. Three Yonkers firemen were killed in a fire on Warburton Avenue. Buffalo's Bell Aircraft Corp. sought a \$60,000,000 loan for expansion. New York City school children were given a nine-day holiday because of the fuel shortage. Mrs. George L. Cooke, 59, wife of Monticello's county judge, died. Joseph Compono, 14, committed suicide in Brooklyn after he had failed of promotion in school. E. E. Conroy was named to head the FBI New York office, succeeding P. E. Foxworth, killed in a plane crash. Deaths: Harold C. Urband, district manager of the Grange League Federation cooperative, at Ithaca; Robert B. Carson, mayor, at Lancaster.

NORTH CAROLINA

DR. M. E. HOFFMANN, Asheville, was elected potentate of Oasis Shrine Temple. John B. Hackney, of Charleston S. C., became scout executive for Mecklenburg Council. H. A. Marks was named president of the Carolinas Farm Equipment Dealers' Association at Charlotte. Also at Charlotte, The Myers Park Baptist Church and St. George's Greek Orthodox Church were organized. Howard Snow was elected president of the Charlotte Shippers' and Manufacturers' Association. Charlotte councilmen refused to alter Sunday movie hours. Charlotte's oldest auto service station at South's Tryon and First Streets, closed. Charles F. Tomlinson, 71, furniture manufacturer, died at High Point.

NORTH DAKOTA

THE LEGISLATURE at Bismarck gingerly tackled re-enactment of the 2 per cent sales tax. Thirty per cent of Fargo's physicians are in the armed forces; no more calls to humor hypochondriacs. At Rolla, Antoine Marcotte, pioneer Dakotan, retired after 57 years in the meat business. A general store at Anselm was destroyed by fire. Hospitals in the Fargo-Moorhead area operated with peak patient loads, as influenza continued to dominate state illness lists. LaMoure's Community Club planned a hospital for the town. Ole O. Hagen, 86, pioneer Hawley contractor, died at Moorhead.



OHIO

A BILL WAS PROPOSED in the legislature at Columbus to give each Ohio service man under the rank of captain a bonus of \$10 a month for each month's service after October, 1940, the total not to exceed \$300. At Cincinnati, a man arrested by the FBI was listed as Bedford Forest Hughes, 44, but the FBI said he had more than 100 aliases. Mrs. Alice Hille, whose husband, police sergeant Carl Hille, died in an explosion at the Hodge Drive-It-Yourself Co. garage in Cincinnati, filed suit for \$75,000 against the company and the Hamilton County Eureka Oil Co. William Murray, Mt. Auburn, became president of the Ohio Valley Druggists' Association. David Drenan became temporary fire chief at Marietta. Gallia County tobacco sales, now ended, were estimated at 500,000 pounds, selling for \$250,000. A \$75,000 fire swept the Sandusky Masonic Temple. Cincinnati deaths: Joe Choynski, last of the bare-knuckle boxers, who fought Sullivan, Corbett and Jeffries.

OKLAHOMA

GOV. KERR announced support for a 15-day extension of the deadline for purchase of 1943 auto licence tags. Oklahoma City authorities approved use of the Capitol Hill junior or senior high school swimming pool by soldiers at nearby Will Rogers Field. The State Supreme Court reversed a Creek County decision giving two Kansas City Negroes who claimed to be nephews of the husband of the late Lete Kolvin, an incompetent Indian, half of her \$15,000,000 Oklahoma oil fortune. A janitor in the State Capitol ordered a big, burly man off his newly mopped floor; the man was newly inaugurated Gov. Kerr. Byron and Funston White Man, Cheyenne Indians, were brought before a federal grand jury at Oklahoma City in the slaying of their nephew.

PENNSYLVANIA

JOHN J. BRITT, Philadelphia Ward Republican committeeman, admitted voting for himself 368 times, got a 60-day jail sentence. At Norristown, Mrs. Jimmy Foxx filed for divorce from her baseball-star husband. A trolley strike in Reading was postponed pending further parleys. Muhlenburg College, Allentown, smashed its 76-year tradition, added a woman, Dr. Bertha Paulsen, to its faculty. Five children of Mr. and Mrs. Herndon, S. Neiman were burned to death when fire razed their farm home near Lewiston. Philadelphia deaths: Judson C. Burns, radio Sunday School teacher; Robert J. French, sports editor of the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE COLUMBIA RECORD will move to 805-811 Gervais Street. Frederick H. McDonald, industrial engineer, suggested at Charleston portable communities in portable houses to solve housing problems. The Ben Tillman School opened to serve the area just north of Charleston. Sen. Maybank said South Carolina has more spindle hours in the cotton mill industry than any other state. Dr. Edgar Z. Pence of Greenville was reelected president of the Lutheran Synod. E. M. Duncan of Pickens County won first prize for South Carolina in a cotton improvement contest sponsored by Clemson College; he raised 7,505 pounds of lint on five acres.

SOUTH DAKOTA

FIRE DESTROYED the Quinn School dormitory. At Pierre a bill was proposed to raise the old age pension maximum from \$30 to \$40 a month. At Sioux Falls, Mrs. T. S. Norton, Red Cross leader, won the Cosmopolitan Club's distinguished service medal, and the Junior Chamber presented a distinguished service key to Ralph Roberts. Sioux Falls' new police chief is Fred J. Searls, succeeding J. W. Galvin, who became Mayor Whitfield's secretary. The body of Mrs. Francis N. Orvedahl was found in a tourist cabin near Sioux Falls. Muskrat valued at \$45,000 was taken in Day County during the 30-day season.

TENNESSEE

THE SENATE PASSED Gov. Cooper's poll tax repeal bill, 22-10. The FBI announced 145 persons have been convicted on vice charges in Middle Tennessee since the May Act was applied in the Camp Forrest area. The State Court of Appeals upheld dismissal of Ely Mincey from the Knoxville police department for intoxication. The court of appeals affirmed dismissal of Knox County's suit to compel former trustee Theron Wilson to account for \$78,000 in fees he collected. Maynard Baird was reelected president of Knoxville's central Labor Union. At Nashville 300 Vanderbilt University students protested allegedly radical ideas advanced during Religious Emphasis Week.

TEXAS

FIVE MEMBERS of the Carey Wagley family at Crockett died in a kerosene explosion. At Tyler, Alton Blalock's gasoline truck was struck by lightning; the bolt was grounded by a static chain. Houston's Fat Stock Show and Rodeo opened with \$28,500 in prizes posted. Orville LaFour, 34-year-old white man, was sentenced to life at Houston for the rape of an eight-year-old Negro girl. Alfred Jones, editor of the "Enterprise," died at Beaumont. Palentine's M. A. Davey, oil man, paid \$5,000 for 250 acres of famed dogwood trails, made a park of them. Texas University regents elected Judge J. H. Bickert, Jr. of Dallas, chairman. Mrs. Lottie Bemus of Houston was charged with the murder of her husband, Dewey S. Bemus, 43, commercial fisherman.

VIRGINIA

ICE CAUSED \$100,000 DAMAGE to Richmond trees, some on Capitol Square; the West End section was left without electricity after a tree fell on a power line. A state-wide drive on vice began. The Virginia Fair Association scheduled a fair to begin September 26 on Strawberry Hill in Richmond. Travel on state highways declined 35 per cent. Harry Johnson, 26, was sentenced to life for killing Johnnie Zeheb in a Richmond robbery. Richmond will end its fiscal year with a \$1,000,000 surplus.

WASHINGTON

HEAVY SNOW BROKE the Bremerton skating arena at Seattle. Anti-freeze manufacturers were charged with selling a salt-filled solution which ruined many cars. Cathryn Sites and Lloyd Johnson drowned after breaking through ice at Arboretum while skating. Mrs. Dollie Marth and her year-old daughter perished at Centralia when their home burned. The Windsor legislature at Olympia approved \$3,000,000 for old age pensions. Boeing's employee list at Seattle is now 43 per cent female. Seattle deaths: Charles Dana Knight, 94, Masonic leader; Mrs. Amelia Manion, 103, Seattle former dean of men at Seattle College, and Mrs. Edna Westro, Seattle school nurse.



HAWAII

Pfc. FRANK KANTUCH



**The Best-known Eyes
in the Army**



THE POETS CORNERED

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

OVER THE GUN BARREL

Of all the really dreadful sights
That I have ever seen,
The one that haunts me most at
nights
Is guns in cosmoline.
LT. RICHARD ARMOUR
FT. TOTTEN, N. Y.

G.I. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Now, listen all you Romeos,
No matter whence you came,
You have half-baked lovers look
alike
To certain type of dame,
You dopes are worth some dough
today
To gal who gets your hand,
For fifty bucks* a month ain't
hay,
With chance for ten more grand.**
Just 'cause the dames all look at
you
And give you lots of house,
Don't think that you're the Gable
type
Or even Mickey Mouse.
These few things that I have to
say,
I hope you'll understand;
For fifty bucks a month ain't hay
with chance for ten more grand.

There's dames out here who'll
marry me
Or any dumb G.I.
They know that this is P. of E.***
And soon they'll say, Good-by.
The lottery begins the day
The dope leaves U. S. land,
For fifty bucks a month ain't hay
With chance for ten more grand.

Now, when a dizzy dame at-
tempts
Your heart and dough to cop;
Remember what I'm telling you
And then, perhaps, you'll stop
Before you throw your dough
away
To buy a wedding band;
For fifty bucks a month ain't hay,
With chance for ten more grand.

CPL. JOHN READEY
CAMP STONEMAN, CALIF.

*Class A Allotment for G.I.'s
wife, dope!
**Gov. Insurance, mugg. If he
ain't got that much, the little
woman will talk him into it.
***Port of Embarkation (as if
you didn't know that).

THE WAAC

She cannot lie in bed till ten.
Nor mess around with gentlemen.
For now her bed is lined up neat.
Where no dame can be indiscreet.
T/5 JOHN OWENS
603RD C.A. (AA)
BURBANK, CALIF.

AR 615 -26

("The purpose of this index is to provide a
means whereby enlisted men with civilian occu-
pational experience and skill may be promptly
and correctly classified on the basis of the
specific duty or duties each man is qualified to
perform."—War Department pamphlet.)

Oh, they've got a little index in
the Army,
And it's known as AR 615 -26.
It's the damndest little index in
the Army,
The very brightest thing in Army
tricks.
There's the nicest little number
just for you, lad—
The kind you'll get in heaven
when you die.
It stands for all the things you did
back yonder
Before the good Lord branded
you G.I.

Now take the case of Elmer Jones,
embalmer—
O79, that's him! And what is more,
He's counting packing boxes at
the freighthouse,
Assigned and joined, the Quarter-
master Corps.
Or maybe it's Sylvester Oats, the
barn-boss,
210, they call him now, the lucky
guy!
He types endorsements for the
CCO
And hopes to be a file clerk by
and by.



While Horace Whimperwell, the
erstwhile poet,
Who charmed New York with
neat and naughty fables,
Was indexed 288, and promptly
sent
To GHQ to tend the general's
stables.
Oh, they've got a little index in
the Army,
But believe me, boys, the damned
thing's all in fun.
For they put you where they want
you in the Army,
And they want you most of all
behind a gun!
PVT. CHARLES TODD
FORT DOUGLAS, UTAH

Dear YANK:

I have been reading YANK, dated Feb. 21, 1943, and am amazingly surprised and regret very much your mentioning in "Strange Things in the Caribbean; Snakes Shun Ants; Daughters for Sale." This article appeared on page 8. This are news or information for publicity of the Island of Puerto Rico.

As a matter of facts given out on this article, I couldn't see nothing that help to bring the confirmation or truth about all strange impressions about our customs, races, and the morality of our people there.

I brought this criticism to you, not with the idea of establishing a discussion or bringing up reverses to your Press career, but only for the purpose of taking the initiative on behalf of 25 per cent or more of the Puerto Rican servicemen, and many officers too, that are at the present time in overseas service giving them best and fighting for the solemn cause of our American democracy.

I know it hurt our feelings to read or hear such things that comes fantastic to us people born and raised on the basis of reality. This article can be helpful to our common enemy but to us it is a blow and shock to our moral.

I hope you will understand the explanation of the case above mentioned, and I am very glad and willing to help you with facts of most significant importance, more useful for the Press and public relations to all the brother-in-arms. I remain faithful to my tradition in bringing the true Press news up to date and success of all.

Pfc. RAFAEL O. RODRIGUEZ

Britain

Dear YANK:

In your issue of Feb. 21 you feature a story entitled "School for Gunners." According to your correspondent, Sgt. Denton Scott, inexperienced applicants are accepted there for training in aerial gunnery.

I am personally interested in such training and would appreciate if you would forward to me any information concerning the qualifications and procedure necessary to enrolling in the school.

T/5 HARRY R. JONES

Britain

Your best bet is to write Lt.-Col. John P. Dwyer, Director of Training, Air Force Gunners' School, APO 632.

Mail Call



Dear YANK:

I've been a regular follower of YANK ever since it began publication. I especially enjoy those clever cartoons by Stein, Breger and the rest of the geniuses. Am also a dabbler with the pen and pencil, the non-professional, and am offering my idea of the transformation of "Harry, the Hep-Kat."

Sgt. JERRY DUBIN

England

Send it on, sarge. Maybe we can do business.

Dear YANK:

I'm an English girl in the ATS, but I do want to say how very much I enjoy reading YANK. My boy friend (an American, of course!) used to send it to me whenever he had finished with it. Your magazine is 100 per cent good in every way; cartoons, articles and news. Keep up the good work!

I think all the American Forces are doing a wonderful job, and we in the ATS are with them to the finish, and the "Great Cleanup." Could you tell me how I could get in touch with any American service girls in England?

ELIZABETH J. ANDERSON

England

Your best bet would be to get in touch with the American Red Cross Nurses' Club in Charles Street, off Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

Dear YANK:

Congratulations on your wonderful article about the Negro Decontamination Unit in Australia (YANK, Dec. 20, 1942). It was an extraordinary issue to colored soldiers who so rarely see or hear what Negro troops are doing in this war.

Keep up the good work and tell us more about some of the good things the Negro is doing and not so much of the comical things. There's a war on, we're all in it so let's both win it.

Pvt. CHARLIE ROBINSON

England

Dear YANK:

What about this business if I get married up with an English girl and I want to take her back home with me? Can she go back to America with me, or does she have to wait until I go back and return on the same transport.

There's a lot of fellows out here who are wondering the same way and don't want to make a move until they're sure that they won't be separated when the war's over.

T/5 ANTHONY BOZEK

Britain

The question of how your English wife is to go to America is not determined yet, but we're told the idea of her going with you on a transport is out. Consult the chaplain or a Red Cross worker before making the hitch.

Dear YANK:

I love Spam. Anybody that says they don't like Spam should some day get stranded in a lobster fisherman's cabin off the Maine coast. I once ate nothing but Maine lobster for a month. Yes, sir, I'll take Spam any time.

Don't all jump at me at once!

Pvt. N. GARDNER

Britain

Dear YANK:

I would like to know if it is possible to get back numbers of YANK. I have already written the New York office but if I can get them from the London branch I would prefer it.

I was filling a scrap book with clippings of "The Sad Sack" and "G.I. Joe" which described Army life to a "T" and it was accidentally mutilated by the squadron mascot. That is what prompted this request.

Sgt. ROBERT AGUIRRE

England

You can get back copies of YANK (at 3d. each) from the London office as far back as the Nov. 8, 1942, issue, which was the first issue published in England.

Dear YANK:

Before I left the replacement training center in the States the first sergeant said we should all draw up wills—whether we need to or not. What's the dope. I haven't got much more than my clothing and a few personal things back home. Also have a batch of machinist's tools. Do I have to see a lawyer about a will?

Britain

Pvt. GEORGE STERN

A legal adviser tells us a will is not necessary, except where real estate and finance is involved. A title should do the trick in your case.

Dear YANK:

This Greengroin character is strictly on the ball, all right.

England

M/Sgt. EDWARD DELAHANTY

Dear YANK:

We guys have been arguing over whether this Artie Greengroin is a real person or a *nom de plume* for somebody hiding under the bushes of anonymity.

England

FOUR AIR FORCE MEN

Dear YANK:

I have been reading YANK ever since last August, and I must say that I think that Pvt. Artie Greengroin is the truest army character I have seen in any magazine yet to date.

I can think of at least 10 guys in my outfit who would be a model for him. Who is the writer and where does he get his material? He certainly must have spent a lot of time in the field with the boys. I don't know much about writing, except what I like, but every week me and the boys in the barracks have a good laugh over Artie Greengroin. We are from New York and some of us are from Brooklyn, and when we were civilians we used to know a lot of guys just like Artie. In case YANK does not want to say who the writer of Pvt. Greengroin is, we just want to say that we think he is all right and more power to him.

It is good to find a writer who is really interested in the sort of dogface who is out in the field.

(Signed) A BUNCH OF EX-BROOKLYNITES

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 28
 MAR. 7 1943
 By the men... for the men in the service

To Tommy

Maybe you have to see a fighting man fight to really understand him. We remember when Sgt. Burgess Scott first came to England as a YANK correspondent, fresh from the wilds of Paducah, Ky. Scotty couldn't quite fathom the unfathomable English plumbing and the slow pace of life here. He liked the English well enough, but—

Scotty left for Cairo last fall. He travelled with the Fighting Eighth Army from Tobruk to Tripoli. Last week, we picked up the "Daily Express" and found a little piece which Scotty had written for a British service paper out in Cairo. We offer it this week because you, too, may soon be having just the same sort of reaction as Scotty, when we start fighting side by side with our British Allies when finally we invade the Continent.

This is Scotty's piece:

THE medium-sized figure who features in this piece has got a sun-browned face and he comes from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

His speech is naturally the first thing that strikes you, but after a few weeks or months you are able to place him like you would place a man from Georgia or Maine. You can walk up and say: "You are from the Midlands" or "from Scotland." Though you cannot guarantee to be 100 per cent right it gives you a great kick when you are.

You are just about used to his speech when you realize he does not speak much. He is a quiet man who says: "I will lay on a lorry," and he does not mean that he is going for a nap. That is his way of saying: "I will go and rustle up a truck." He is pretty good at verbal short cuts.

His Geography

After you talk a while you find that, although he is pretty well up on his British Isles, and has a speaking acquaintance with the rest of the Empire, he is not quite certain whether Alaska is one of the 48 states of the union or whether Grand Canyon is the title of a Hollywood film.

He wants to know if all our girls are like the movie stars. You try to learn something about his country and soon find he has not the average American's yen for amateur politics. He simply is not interested in the doings of his or anybody else's statesmen. He wants to get on with the job. But he will open up on the subject of football or his home town or his neighborhood's beer store.

He is a good cook. He can take some tin cans, a pile of sand, and a pint of gas and do swell things to a can of bully. And he is a wow at brewing tea, which he can prepare and drink while you decide that there is not time to do it.

He is kind-hearted, which is reflected in his dealings with the inhabitants of any country in which war places him. In the desert he will take time to give biscuits and bully to a needy Arab, and he will take in any pie-dog that hangs around his bivvy for more than five minutes.

His Adaptability

For a man who hails from a verdant land he takes to the desert uncommonly well. A quart of water will, if necessary, last him for two days, but even when water is plentiful you never see him take a drink of it straight, no matter how much you watch him. His tea and beer—when he can get it—evidently provide enough liquid for his system.

He can go for days without sleep and not show it. When he does get a chance for some shut-eye he does not appear really to relish it. He just disappears into his bivvy and emerges several hours later looking no better—or worse—for his rest.

Watching him soak up his arid hardships, you get a first impression that nothing can ruffle his military calm. Which is correct so long as you do not try to chisel him out of his "rights." But try to put it over him and you have a righteous uproar on your hands.

In the desert, for example, a man's bivvy is his castle and shall not be invaded. You cannot turn him out of it; but he will step outside any night of the week and give you his bed if you are in a jam.

His Poetry

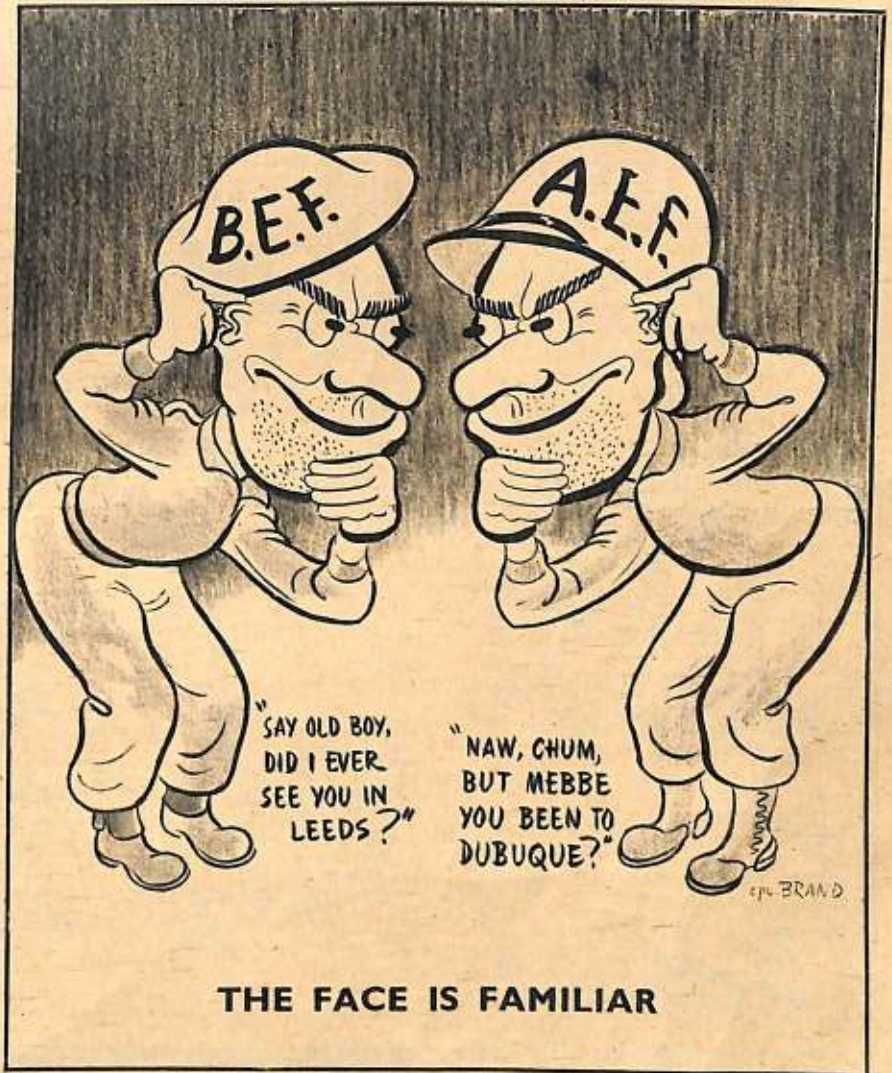
He writes reams of bad poetry on two subjects—home and the desert—which he promptly mails to the editor of his service paper. The poems about Britain are noble and nostalgic; the poems about the desert are not usually complimentary to that section of the earth. Both types in a rather bumpy meter are guaranteed to leave the editor with a headache.

When not writing poetry he is writing him a letter to find out why the last poem was not published.

He is brave under fire. He does not dash to the top of the rise among bullets to wave the Union Jack in Jerry's face. His is a calm valour—as displayed by an infantryman of the Durham Light Infantry who stayed by his gun with one arm blown off and fired on until he dropped dead.

He is brave with a bullet or a leg left behind. If the pain gets too great he breaks down as any man will, but you have to lean close to hear it.

Recently a hospital orderly picked up a letter to mail for a wounded man. It read: "Dear Dad, I'm knocked about a bit but I'll be all right, don't worry." That guy had an arm off and an eye out. Tommy is like that.



THE FACE IS FAMILIAR

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

No Benny Goodman?

Played hot or sweet, it must be Aryan jive, is the substance of a decree issued by the Tojo government and broadcast triumphantly on the Berlin radio. Residents owning American or British phonograph records must surrender them to the authorities, and the only foreign records obtainable in Japan will be of German or Italian origin, the decree ordered. "Particular importance," it was noted sternly, "is attached to the suppression of American jazz music."

Who's Crazy Now?

Operating possibly on the theory that the best Nazi soldiers are the crazy ones, the German medical journal, *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift*, recommends that doctors who examine recruits okay "Slight mental cases, perverts, cases of split personality, epileptics, hysterical men and any who suffer from mental deficiency or the first symptoms of creeping paralysis."

School News

A Dutch Nazi teacher complained in *De Storm*, poopsheet for Nazi Storm Troopers, that Dutch teachers are using textbooks to spread anti-Nazi propaganda. He quoted these sentences from a language textbook entitled "German in One Year" a book, incidentally, which had become strangely popular among Dutch students: "Our Queen is named Wilhelmina. . . . He warns the enemy. . . . Will the Queen return tomorrow?"

. . . Pray and work. . . . The subjects of our Queen love their monarch. . . . This war destroys prosperous towns and turns fertile lands into wilderness. . . . Long live the Queen."

A lot of school time, he further said, was being used to conjugate the verb, "to be hungry."

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Pictures: 1, Ben Schnall. 2, Planet. 4, top, U.S. Army Signal Corps; bottom, Keystone. 5, Keystone. 6, top, Planet; left center, Sport and General; right center, Keystone; bottom, Sport and General. 7, top left, Planet; top right, Keystone; center,

Planet; bottom, Planet. 8, AP. 10, AP. 11, BOP. 12, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 13, Sgt. John Bushemi. 14, top, Acme; center, AP; bottom, AP. 15, top, Sgt. John Bushemi; center, Acme; bottom, AP. 17, Russell Birdwell. 22 and 23, Harris

Mountain Fighters

On snowy peaks of the Colorado Rockies, our new skiing, cliff-scaling troops are mastering all the tricks of mountain warfare.

By Cpl. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

CAMP HALE, COLO.—“We climb to conquer.” That’s the apt motto of our newest unit of fighting specialists, the skiing, mule-cussing, cliff-scaling Mountain Troops, the first unit of its kind to be activated in the U. S. Army.

Here at Camp Hale, in a snow-glutted valley almost two miles above sea level, on the jagged scarps and towering white peaks of the Rocky Mountains, they’re mastering the tricks and skills of mountain warfare.

Lashed together by belaying ropes, with full packs and rifles, they clamber over rock summits as scouts and observers.

Dressed in G. I. white parkas, with rucksacks and rifles, they ski at mile-a-minute speed over snow-packed slopes on reconnaissance missions.

They learn the hard way to live and fight in extreme cold, to sleep through sub-zero nights in sleeping bags under white one-piece pup tents pitched in snow.

Licking Old General Winter

With Yank ingenuity they learn to lick old General Winter, a vital chore the Nazis, to their profound mortification, never quite got around to doing.

They set up artillery pieces and fire them from peaks the ordinary dogface would find unclimbable.

And when the going gets too tough for men and mules, by the use of cables and aerial tramways they throw men, mules and equipment over abysses 100 feet wide and 1,000 feet deep.

That gives you a general idea of what army life is like at Uncle Sam’s Mountain Training Center here in the heart of the Colorado Rockies.

Training for mountain warfare, to be effective, requires an inhospitably rugged terrain, varied enough to include all types of the world’s roughest country. These high-altitude G.I.s at Camp Hale are in the right spot.

As a matter of fact, Camp Hale is a perfect training area for soldier-mountaineers, with every type of mountainous terrain, ranging from ice-coated escarpments to snow-filled passes.

Pausing on his way up the side of an ice-covered crevasse, Cpl. James A. Harris, of Seminole, Okla., digs in before the last swing over the crest. Strapped to his boots are crampons, to guarantee a sure hold.

It offers, significantly, topographical problems similar to those in Norway, the Balkans and southern France, all potential Allied invasion points.

It also offers weather conditions of sufficiently varied severity. Case-hardened soldiers in these frozen parts consider 25 degrees below zero a "moderate" temperature.

As a private from New Hampshire puts it, "It's the only outfit in this man's army where a hot-foot is both practicable and agreeable."

The Mountain Training Center was conceived in the summer of 1940, shortly after the fall of Norway. It was that tragic 60-day battle, in which German mountain troops surprised the British by suddenly appearing on apparently inaccessible summits with heavy artillery pieces, which convinced our strategists that mountain warfare could be waged successfully only by carefully trained specialists.

It's a Job for Experts

In the last days of April 1941, when the British were overwhelmed at Thermopylae by specially schooled and equipped Nazi mountain troops, it became clear that mountain fighting could never again be left to conventional troops. It was a job for experts. Our staff got busy.

Under the command of Brig. Gen. Onslow S. Rolfe, a regiment of expert skiers and mountaineers was sent to Fort Lewis, Wash. There on the nearby slopes of Mt. Rainier, in the sharp cold of an altitude of 5,000 feet, the boys rolled down their sleeves, so to speak, and went to work.

Gen. Rolfe is a tough-minded West Pointer who can be as stubborn as any of his mountain mules when he sets out to accomplish something. Two decorations in the first World War testified to his ability as a soldier. Now he was ready to graft his knowledge of plain soldiering onto the skills of skiing and mountaineering.

Meanwhile, his men were learning the fundamentals of mountain warfare: how to fight when on skis, when handling mules, when climbing mountains.

The Makin's of a Mountain Army

Three things determine the effective striking power of a mountain army:

- 1) Skilled, resourceful skiers and mountaineers.
- 2) Superior arms and necessary equipment to cope with extreme conditions.
- 3) Engineering training.

We're tops in all three departments. There are so many champs around here that roll calls sound like the rosters of 10 Olympic teams.

There's acting top kick Walter Prager, the only skier ever to win Europe's Gold Kandahar race twice. He also coached several champion ski teams at Dartmouth. There's S/Sgt. Peter Gabriel, one of the world's top-flight skiers, a former Swiss mountaineer guide who has climbed most of the world's toughest peaks, from the Alps to Alaska. There's Pvt. Torger Tokle, world's champion jumper. And Sgt. Olaf Rodegaard, former head of the Mt. Hood Ski School.

In the matter of arms and equipment, the Nazis will learn of that the hard way.

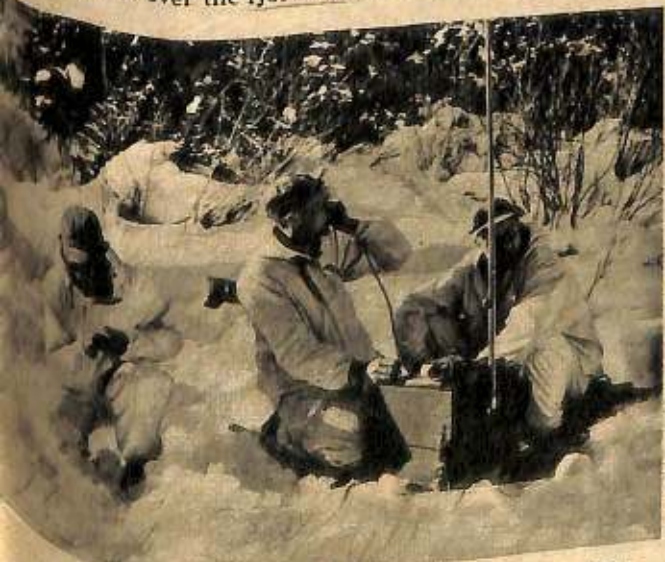
Finally, with respect to engineering genius, you can bet your G. I. drawers that the wizardry and American knack for invention which built a Boulder Dam and a Golden Gate bridge is not going to have too much trouble getting men, mules and lethal equipment over the Balkans—or, say, over the fjords and mountains of Norway.



Under stormy clouds, men of a pack artillery unit lead mules, laden with 75-mm howitzers, through a defile. The 75s are disassembled into six parts, carried easily by the mules, and reassembled quickly.



A gun crew of white clad mountain fighters have set up a 77-mm howitzer on a ridge of the Rockies and are ready for practice fire. Making practical use of artillery at tough heights is natural to them.



A Camp Hale MP on the job, with icicles for com-



Pvt. John Reid, of Adams, Mass., ties his Garand to standard white rucksack (Newspaper)

CAN YOU TOP THE OLD MAN?

COSMOLINE the old pipes, you engineers, because here we go with another rousing G.I. ditty, the second pile of sheet music to be served by YANK. As any frustrated shavetail can tell you, the urge to write a song is no respecter of persons. Even brigadier generals are susceptible to it, as the accompanying opus eloquently testifies.

The words to this song were written by Brig. Gen. Stuart C. Godfrey, and the music was composed by Mrs. Godfrey. The extra verse was written by the general for the troops on the Alcan Highway.

You guardhouse lyricists at long last have a chance, unprecedented in military history, to show up a gen-

uine general in fair and equal combat, with a free one-year subscription to YANK as an added incentive. All you do is write some words to this song that top those of the Old Man. Best versions, with due credit affixed, will be printed in YANK, provided any are up to the general's—or better.

There are only two requirements: 1) Your words fit the music, and 2) your language must be respectable enough to get through the U. S. mails. Just address your lyrical brain-whelps to MUSIC EDITOR, YANK, 205 East 42 Street, N. Y. C.

No verses will be considered which arrive here from a U. S. Camp after March 1, or from overseas after April 1. Results, if any, will be published sometime in April.

U. S. ARMY ENGINEERS 'FIGHT' SONG

Words by
Brig. Gen. S. C. GODFREY

Music by
DOROTHY GODFREY

March tempo

Verse

Guitar

Uncle Sam-my's Ar-my want-ed En-gi-neers
Army planes are ta-king off for dis-tant flight

Said they'd need a lot of hus-ky pi-o-neers Men to build their brid-ges Guys to blast the
Need a hun-dred land-ing fields from which to fight En-gi-neers to build 'em They found some holes and

rid-ges Hen-dy, rea-dy rough-necks, fight-ing En-gi-neers! Now they're build-ing roads and huts on
filled 'em Bulldozed off the sun-ways, work-ing day and night! Laid a land-ing mat of steel with

ev'ry front What it takes to help the Ar-my pull its stunt Noth-ing is a
gobs of paint Cam-ra-flaged a field to look like what it ain't Bombs the field may

po-ser To the old hull-do-zer For jobs the en-gi-neers don't have to hunt;
hut But ne-ver do they quit For A-vi-a-tion En-gi-neers don't faint!

Chorus

There's a road to clear, call the En-gi-neers! For the tanks are wait-ing to go through.

A bridge to build, a cra-ter filled He takes a look and says "Cin

Build a land-ing lam for an Ar-my plane Cross that ra-ging stream by

night When a pill box calls a halt He will take it by as-sault He can fight!

Fight! Fight! Fight! — There's a Fight!

This is the special verse which Gen. Godfrey dreamed up for the opening of the Alcan Highway:
Far Alaska needs a road—supplies must flow,
Sixteen hundred miles to punch it through —let's go!
Up the ranges winding,
Virgin timber finding,
Crunching through the muskeg, bridging streams below,
Came the Army Engineers, machine and man,
Cleared and grubbed and graded—always in the van.
Tough the job they picked,
But soon they had it licked,
And opened up the highway called ALCAN.

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