Five-Day Attack on the Japs at Hastings Ridge

THEY GOT 5 ZEROS IN CHINA
This sketch shows the carrier's flight deck on the morning of the first blow against Wake Island. The deck crew is shown pushing a TBF (Grumman torpedo bomber) into position for launching. The wind from the swift speed of the carrier and the plane's propellers makes the men at the right lean forward to keep from blowing over. Notice man behind the plane, directing his "Airedales" with the feeling of a symphony conductor.

Navy air crews rest in the pilots' ready room for their turn to raid Wake Island. In the background, two flyers look at a map of the island while the enlisted gunner in the left foreground relaxes with a cigarette. Some play acey-deucey in the ready room, and you see a lot of six-shooters, cowboy boots and fancy hunting knives here. The squadron group picture is being signed at the right. "Heil, I'll sign when I get back," one pilot said.
Sgt. Robert Greerahalgh, YANK staff artist, was aboard an aircraft carrier in the powerful Pacific Fleet task force, commanded by Rear Adm. Alfred E. Montgomery, that last month attacked the strong Jap air base at Wake Island, 2,300 miles west of Hawaii. He drew these sketches on the carrier before and during the action.

"When the first striking planes came back to the carrier," he wrote, "you could see holes in some of the wings and cowlings. But when the last strike returned, there were no bullet holes, no torn fabric and the pilots climbed out unhurt. They said they didn't see a living soul on the island when they flew away for the last time. Our cruisers laid off shore over there and shelled the Jap positions without ceasing until the guns on Wake were silent."

At least 30 Jap planes were shot out of the air during this raid and 31 more were destroyed on the ground. Only 13 Navy planes were lost during the two-day attack. Some 320 tons of bombs were dropped on the three islands in the Wake atoll. This is believed to be the largest tonnage of bombs ever dropped in any single operation anywhere in the Pacific Theater during this war.

A YANK staff artist with the Pacific Fleet sketches scenes on an aircraft carrier during one of the most destructive single attacks ever delivered to the Japs.
The carrier radioman enjoys a Tokyo broadcast during the raid, listening to the announcer describe the Pacific Fleet's "destruction" and a "famine" back in Texas and Iowa which would be "worse" next year.

The radioman on the aircraft carrier is shown above as Sgt. Greenhalgh sketched him listening to the Tokyo radio news on the night of the Wake Island raid. The Jap announcer was saying: "Japanese bombers have repulsed a raid of American Army and Navy forces on Wake Island. Half the American Fleet is sunk."

Then the announcer added: "There is a famine in Texas and Iowa. Next year it will be worse."

But according to the flyers who participated in the Wake Island raid, the famine prophesied for Texas next year by the Japanese announcer was nothing compared to the destruction that the Pacific Fleet left behind when it steamed away after the first surface attack on the enemy base since Adm. William F. Halsey Jr.'s task force paid it a visit on Feb. 24, 1942.

"Those cruisers were plowing hell out of that island and it made you feel like getting up on your feet and dancing," a gunner said. "We could see an oil dump going up and my pilot said, 'They're getting a hot foot now.'"

A TBF pilot told how he saw our cruisers running back and forth, firing right on the target almost every time. "It sure was a nice picture," he added. "The most vivid picture left in my mind during the raid, though, was that of a fighter who came down in a steep dive right on a five-inch gun they had down there. It didn't fire any more. I don't know who the pilot was. Might have been almost anybody, I guess."

"Coming down on Wake, we leveled off, dropping a few bombs, and all I can remember is tracers coming up," a radioman said. "Everything we could see down there was mixed up and blown to hell. One pilot flew over the island a little later and not a gun was fired at him. So you can imagine the damage we must have done to them. He said it was like a Jap burial ground."

The pilots seemed to enjoy the raid more than anybody else on the carrier. They didn't take themselves seriously. It was often difficult to get them to describe their combat experience.

"Well, I didn't do much," one of them said. "There was one Zero below me and another Zero and one of our own planes in a dogfight above me. Well, by the time I got over to the dogfight, there was my Zero just sitting there right in front of me. I don't think he saw me. The poor bastard didn't have a chance. That was all there was to it, I guess."

Hardest workers on an aircraft carrier during a raid like the Wake attack are the "Airedales"—sailors who push planes into position on the flight deck, moving them forward and backward during landings and launching without a break when the going is hot. "They trot alongside their planes like grooms beside the horses at a race track," Sgt. Greenhalgh wrote. "In fact, they wear bright vermillion, green and yellow shirts, too, which makes carrier action seem something like a day at Belmont or Saratoga."
By Cpl. RICHARD PAUL
YANK'S Washington Bureau

THE new infantry division has 8 percent fewer men and 14 percent fewer vehicles than formerly.

The latest T/O for armored divisions eliminates any regimentsal organization.

A new type of light infantry division has been activated, designed for amphibious, airborne, mountain, and jungle operations.

These were three of the revelations of War Department Circular No. 286, dated Oct. 16. Some observers jumped to the wrong conclusions and read into the circular a fundamental shake-up in the Army Ground Forces.

As well connected with staff work, the circular was neither world-shaking nor new. It was simply a summary of changes which have been taking place over several months—continuous and that with war, organization must continue to change dictated by the policy of learning from battle experience. AGF officers speak of it as a healthy polishing procedure.

It is a healthy process because it shows that the AGF is not static. Unlike the Roman conquerors, who stuck by the phalanx until it had outlived its usefulness and who went down to defeat still using it, the AGF recognizes that war is continuously changing and that with war, organization must change, too.

The staff officers who draw up the tables of organization base their changes on information from four chief sources: 1) The battle reports of commanders in the field, telling how in such and such a campaign they needed more of one weapon, less of another. 2) Findings of official observers who accompany each army. Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, chief of the AGF, was wounded while on such an observation trip to Tunisia in the heat of the North African campaign. 3) Constant study of the other allied' and our own armies to determine their strength and weaknesses. 4) Current shipping problems.

While the staff officers are working out changes, they constantly keep certain basic military theorems in mind. Purposes of reorganization, says the WD circular, are: "To permit transport overseas of a maximum of fighting power; to provide flexibility in keeping with the principles of economy of force and massing of military strength at the decisive point; to reduce head-quarters and other overhead (to) keep pace with modern communication and transport facilities; to provide commanders with the greatest possible amount of offensive power through reduction in passive defensive elements."

The new light division is a good example of the application of these principles. Though some of these light divisions were activated early in the summer, this is the first time censorship has been lifted on them.

The development of the light division was principally the result of operations in the South Pacific area, and, in particular, with its transportation difficulties and the impossibility of extensive use of heavy artillery, made troop forces with high individual firepower. At the same time it was observed that the Germans had some success with their own kind of light division.

Each of the new super-streamlined divisions is being trained for one of four operations: airborne, amphibious, attack and defensive fighting, and the equipment of each varies with the type of fighting expected. But one rule applying to all is that every piece of equipment must be capable of being broken down and carried by hand carts, pack animals and quarter-ton trucks.

That doesn't mean the light division doesn't pack a wallop. Fire power in small arms and automatic weapons is approximately the same as that of a regular infantry division, even though the number of men has been reduced. The high fire power is due to the large number of automatic weapons and the fact that the division is stripped of most of its service elements and defensive weapons.

Though the activation of the first light divisions began several months ago, the reorganization of armored divisions was started only a few weeks ago. The chief organizational change does away with the one infantry and two tank regiments and substitutes the more flexible combination of three tank and three armored-infantry battalions of increased size and power. For each armored division, two combat command headquarters have been retained, under which a varying number of these battalions will be grouped according to their task.

"The new organization of the armored division," according to the circular, "is in accordance with the principle that armored and infantry divisions will operate together in a corps." This is a lesson from early British, German and Italian battle experience in the African deserts. In the new division the proportion of infantry and artillery strength is greatly increased. But at the same time the total strength of the division is trimmed down from 13 thousand men to about 10 thousand. This is done partly by increasing the tank strength but even more by eliminating service elements. The organic supply battalion is completely eliminated from the division; the individual battalions are made self-sustaining and any additional supply facilities are provided by the army to which the division is attached.

Infantry divisions have undergone change and development, too. Three months ago the motorized division disappeared as a separate type of organization. Now all infantry divisions are the same, and can be transported by troop-transport battalion consisting of six truck companies.

The trimming of the infantry division took place last July, when the total strength was reduced 8 percent and the number of motor vehicles was cut 14 percent. On the other hand, its fire power has actually been increased. There is no basic change in organization, but it has been tightened all along the line. The tightening was accomplished largely by consolidating jobs in cases where battle has shown that one man could do the work of two or four men could do the work of five.

A n important trend for divisions in the pooling of defensive means, such as antiaircraft artillery or tank destroyers. Each division might feel more comfortable with enough defensive weapons assigned to it to meet any situation, but the AGF considers that uneconomical. Actually it would result in spreading defensive means so thin that it would seriously weaken the whole Army. Furthermore, the division is primarily an offensive unit. Therefore the revised divisions are provided organically with only a limited number of defensive weapons. Then a large pool of antiaircraft artillery and tank-destroyer units is provided under control of the Army headquarters.

In this way defensive weapons of an army can be used to protect those spots that are particularly threatened or especially vital. For example, the circular points out that though an infantry division has some antitank guns, a pool of tank-destroyer units is held in reserve to meet a massed tank attack. Similarly the infantry division gets its antiaircraft protection from caliber 30 machine guns while 40-mm and 90-mm guns are pooled to protect large installations.

Another trend that extends to the highest echelons is to relieve commanders of combat units of as much administrative detail as possible. To that end the field army now undertakes the main tactical and administrative functions. Thus the corps assigned to it is relieved of administrative jobs and permitted to concentrate on tactical and training functions. The one exception to this practice is the corps that operates separately as a small army. As many service and supply functions of the Army may also be taken over by the army, allowing smaller units to concentrate on aggressive and offensive operations.

AGF officers point out that none of this reorganization involves any radical change in principles. For instance, pooling—nothing new in itself—is simply being done on a larger scale in line with the principles of flexibility and massing. It's a very different sort of change than the basic transition from square to triangular divisions which took place in 1940 and 1941.
The Five-Day Attack on Hastings Ridge

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS

THE U.S. OCCUPATIONAL FORCES ON NEW GEORGIA—Hastings Ridge is just a little place, a sort of quiver in the convulsions of New Georgia's terrain.

If the rough coral slopes were leveled and the steel-scarred trees were cleared away, there might be room for a football field, certainly nothing larger.

Yet the Ridge was literally crawling with Japs—one machine-gun company and one rifle company at least. For five days the Infantry attacked it and when they gained a foothold, they fought all day and all night and then the next day to hold it.

In the jungle, war is always a personal sort of thing, one man against another. On Hastings Ridge it reached a point where individual action and individual courage were knitted together in two- and three-man units of assault, pitted against similar units of Japs crouched in pillboxes. And the best fighters won because they cooperated with each other.

On the first day S/Sgt. Clarence Terry of Arco, Idaho, worked his platoon up the Ridge. Two of his sergeants were ahead of him, almost on top of a Jap pillbox, working together as a team. They were using grenades and rifles, and when S/Sgt. Robert Chambers of Bend, Oreg., ran out of grenades, he called for his buddy to throw him some. The other sergeant tossed them forward and when he did a Jap rifleman in the pillbox shot him through the chest. The sergeant was on his feet, and when the bullet hit him he wheeled to face the Jap and yelled like a man fouled in a fist fight: "Why, you dirty little bastard!"

Chambers, a few feet away, went blind mad. He hurled two grenades into the Jap position as though he were stoning a snake, then leaped into the pillbox with his trench knife. When he came out, he crouched over his teammate but as he did a Jap rifleman in the pillbox shot him there was no heartbeat; he had done all he could.

Terry, in the meantime, was kept busy by a machine-gun pillbox that had pinned him down behind a tree. He tried it but the brush stopped him. Jap bullets sprayed around his feet and he could only lie half asleep. He shot one of the three inside the foxhole and a fourth who came stumbling up with a suddenness that caught the Japs with their guard down. The attack on Hastings Ridge had been stopped.

Fifty yards away, a sort of quiver in the convulsions of New Georgia's terrain, a few men were working in the Jap pillbox. Chambers was dead. Chambers had done nothing more.

On the second day the Yanks sought to feel the Japs out and spot each individual hole from which the Japs poured fire. In the dense undergrowth it was impossible to locate the Japs unless you got up within a few feet of them. A lieutenant and a sergeant pushing forward were nailed by a pillbox and probably never knew what hit her. One of the lieutenant's men was there.

A scout named Herbert Hansen of Lincoln, Ark., stepped out from behind a tree and as he did a Jap rifleman exploded in his face. He dropped his rifle and without a word started back to the rear. The fragments had marked his face but had done nothing more.

Flame throwers were brought up in an effort to heat the Japs out of the ground, but without success; the flames couldn't get close enough. So the Infantry butted and rammed and then retired.

For the next two days the Japs sat on Hastings Ridge and the Infantry sat on a hill opposite, not more than 100 yards away, and the two shot across at each other. Mortars and machine guns blasted into the Ridge until the trees broke out in thousands of brown spots and the Ridge crashed down or teetered dangerously and became a menace themselves.

Then on the fifth day the stymied Infantry sent out patrols. The static war on the two hillsides, and in the draw between them, exploded with a suddenness that caught the Japs with their guard down. The attack on Hastings Ridge began to move.

The patrols were combat-reconnaissance. On such patrols, as the Infantry says, "you either do it or you don't," which means you strike if you think you can win, and if you don't think so, you report back with information and let it go at that.

Patrols went to right and left of the Ridge, and one patrol went straight up the hill. This patrol of 10 men, including a lieutenant known as the Mad Russian, was the one that cracked the thing wide open. Ten men alone didn't take the Ridge, but they gained the crest of it and held until the rest could get up there, take over and go on with them.

The Mad Russian was the patrol leader. Called Tym by his men, his full name is Walter Tymnak, and he is a graduate of the College of the City of New York, where he captained the water polo team. In the summer he was a lifeguard and after college he became an accountant in Manhattan, working nights.

Tym's right hand was a staff sergeant named LeRoy Norton, an ex-lumberjack from Bend, Oreg., who was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism on Guadalcanal. His left hand was Pfc. John Cashman of Brooklyn, who used to be a press foreman on the New York Herald Tribune.

The patrol moved up the face of the slope in the early morning. Tym and Norton and Cash came over from the left, joined him and together they moved on to the right to a .31-caliber machine--
When the buffet bif into hinfte yall»d like a man touted in a fist gun emplacement. Nort yelled to Tym that Japs were munny the gun, then with two bulletts he put it ouut of action. Someone tossed him gre­na­des and he threw them into the face of three Japs who were on the gun. Then he and Shupe moved on.

In the meantime Tym had grenaded out one position; to his right Pfc. Jose Cervantez of Solo­mons­ville, Ariz., had shot out another with a BAR; to his right and in front of him the team of Pvt. Anton Dolecheck of Dick­son­son, N. Dak., and Ervin A. Bonow of Alt­ura, Minn., had cleaned up two more. Tym crouched near the mouth of a blasted-out pillbox, heard a rustling in the led hole and looked in to see a Jap scampering for the opposite exit. The Mad Russian flipped in a gre­na­de, almost indifferent­ly, and they moved on to direct the fight.

Cashman had bor­rowed a clip of am­mu­ni­tion for his BAR from Shupe and as he saw a Jap raise his head, he fired a burst. The Jap was killed, but a rupt­ured cartridge jammed the gun. Cash burned his fingers pulling it out, then went on to the fight. As he and Tym worked together, they sent in a volley of gre­na­des. Seconds later the Japs countered with a grenade barrage of their own. When the explo­si­ons ceased, Cash stuck his head around a tree and grinned at Tym: “We musta peeved ’em off.”

All this happened in six minutes, and the patrol of 10 had not been hurt. The crest of the hill itself was neutral­ized, but now came the problem of holding it. Cash went back to bring up the battalion commander, Lt. Col. David H. Buchanan of Bluefield, W. Va. Other fights raged on either side of Hastings Ridge, and “Col. Buch” got the lay of the land and went back to co­ordinate the action.

More men had to be brought up quickly, but the others in the company were on patrol to the right and left flanks, in the draws that led around Hastings Ridge, and they were having troubles of their own. So Cash went back to the company bivouac to find anybody who could handle a gun.

He came back with cooks and the permanent KPs, a machine-gun section from the weapons company, 1st Sgt. Armond Pearson of Spoke­ne, Wash., and S/Sgt. Arthur Toothman of Kirk­land, Wash., the mess sergeant. These men were committed to the line.

By this time pillboxes over the crest of the Ridge were causing trouble. Nort formed a patrol to wipe them out, with Cash and Shupe in it. The patrol worked to a point within a few yards of the Jap guns. Then Shupe and another man were hit almost simultane­ously. Cash got Shupe out and back to the aid station. The patrol with­drew, taking its other wounded with it, and the situation on Hastings Ridge settled down to a period of consolidating, digging in and blasting with the mortars.

During this action Terry was with the patrol on the right, stabbing at the flank of the Ridge. In the denseness of the jungle it was almost im­possible for them to accomplish even a recon­naissance mission without moving blindly into the path of enemy fire. The Japs had the Ridge defended in concentric circles, roughly three deep stretching around the entire perimeter, and they could not dig fire stops.

Terry decided that burning the brush would help. Since flame throwers had been unsuccessful three days before he looked for another method.

He left the patrol, went back to the medics and gathered all the empty plasma bottles he could find. From Transportation he got gasoline to fill them. Then he took cans and fuses from hand grenades and fitted them into the tops of the bottles. From the materials at hand.

There was one particular Jap in a pillbox who had caused too much trouble, the men called him “Button” because of his unusual accuracy with a rifle. Terry decided to work on Button. With S/Sgt. Eugene Pray of Moab, Utah, he moved up to a position behind a two-foot-thick banyan tree about 25 yards from the pillbox.

Feeling safe behind the tree, he and Pray, who was spotting for mortar fire, stood up and huddled close to each other. Button almost sur­prised them to death, literally, by firing a 35-caliber bullet through the tree, putting it be­tween them and filling their necks with harm­less splinters of wood and lead. Cash and Pray crouched down. Button’s next shot, also through the tree, skinned across Pray’s leg.

If Button hadn’t been expert enough to hit the soft-wood banyan dead center, Terry figures he might have added two more men to his score for the day.

Thoroughly aroused, Terry brought his cock­tails into action. Stepping from behind the tree he hurled first one and then a second gasoline­filled plasma bottle at the foxhole, then swore powerfully when both of them hit trees in front of their target.

He went back, got two more bottles and ap­proached from another angle. Same thing—trees in the way. Button remained untouched but around him on two sides his precious camou­flage blaze and melted away. Eventually that was his undoing.

Cashman, after rescuing Shupe from under­neath the Jap machine guns, spent the rest of the day carting up ammunition to the men on the line. He helped bring up chow to the line, then sometime around dusk—he doesn’t know exactly when—he collapsed from exhaustion. He woke up at the aid station and the medics evacuated him to a hospital.

Arriving there, Cash talked for a few minutes with some of the wounded men from the outfit, who wanted to know how things were going. Then he pulled the casually tag off his jacket, hitched a ride on a passing jeep and went back to the fight.

During the night the Japs, perhaps 15 of them, tried infiltration.

The American outfit, wise in jungle combat, makes a habit of remaining silent and stationary at night; then, if anything moves or makes a noise, it must be the enemy. This is a measure taken in self defense, but apparently one man forgot it.

Lying in his foxhole, he looked up to see a dark figure approaching, walking straight up­right. The infantryman, curious, demanded: “Who the hell are you?” The figure moved boldly up to him, dropped a grenade and moved on.

But in other foxholes on Hastings Ridge the
Recipe for a Civil War in Iran: Mix One Warm Pfc. With One Chill Sergeant

by Cpl. JIMMY O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOUTH IRAN — The Railway Engineers haven't much use for their guns in this country. Except for occasional cleaning jags, their M1903s have been almost purely ornamental ever since the boys landed. But the other night the Headquarters gang brought out the pieces with fitted bayonets and a half a dozen miniguns and fired them. They almost went to war, and all over a lowly pfc.

The Iranian Railroad here is a single-track affair, with more switches and crossbucks than the T11s. The Engineer, a man named Bonow, keeps silent, Doiecheck, the Adjutant, vociferates. Japs move toward them. When the first Jap lands in the hole, Kay quietly spits him on a helmet and hurries to the chief dispatcher's office. The third came on. Ray picks up his bayonet, puts it in a tree, takes a few hops and lands in the comrade's face. For a moment the Japs were firing their knee mortars on a tree, and the pickets, with the bayonets, were climbing into the tree, and the Japs were firing, and the Japs were running away.

The hermit out at siding No. 61 was Pfc. Ernest Cleever, a warm-hearted, talkative chap, sweettalking out the Japs with his friendly dolce. Ernest thought the sarge was kidding. He called 10 times each night for a solid week and each time he tried to tell Wilbur, the squad leader, that he was under attack. Each time he received a loud click for his pains. “Sgt. Taft, begging your pardon,” Cleever finally said, “you are a cruel fellow.”

A week later Taft picked up the phone to find Cleever on the other end. “Don’t you ever give up?” said Taft, in his military jargon. “Ernest thought the sarge was kidding. He called 10 times each night for a solid week and each time he tried to tell Wilbur, the squad leader, that he was under attack. Each time he received a loud click for his pains. “Sgt. Taft, begging your pardon,” Cleever finally said, “you are a cruel fellow.”

The major came into the surprised Cleever’s office and said: “Here are your nights.”

Pfc. Cleever is staying out at No. 61 with his Lana Turner pin-up, his wailing natives, his desert and his telephone—indefinitely. But he isn’t calling Sgts. Taft and Doiecheck.

African Camels, Two Yanks Say, Ought To See Movies More Often

CENTRAL AFRICA — A one-hump African camel, even when his legs are hobbled, can run like hell. That’s the testimony of Cpl. Robert Hornak of Meadville, Pa., and 2/Sgt. Vernon Burkhead of Jackson, Miss. They have been chased by one. Hornak saw it all happen, and in a way he was astonished.

The two soldiers were making a trip into the bush country to take some photographs. Coming on a hill, they met a bunch of eager nomads, all plans apparently hobbled. The GIs dying to get their maps in Life and their Mis in a way he was astonished.

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Who Said There's No Romance in Alaska? Missouri GI Shows 'Em

FORT RANDALL, ALASKA — Like many other spots where GIs are stationed, Alaska is a land where they're not too scared there's no romance. "I've been here for a year now, and I've seen plenty of romance," said Sgt. Eugene L. Kinser, a Missouri GI stationed here.

Kinser, who hails from Springfield, Mo., and his wife, Irene, have been married for two years. They were married in Alaska, and now they live here with their daughter, Molly Jean, who was born in Alaska.

Kinser says that there's no romance in Alaska. "In Missouri, we had romance," he said. "But here, there's no romance. It's just work."

But Kinser's wife, Irene, disagrees. "There's plenty of romance here," she said. "We love it."

Irene Kinser was born in Alaska, and her father, Robert Gould, is a cannery foreman. "I was born here, and my father's a cannery foreman," she said. "I love it here."

In due time a six-pound baby was born to the sergeant and his missus at the station hospital here. Kinser's arrival attracted much attention. "I was the only baby born in this post," he said. "I was even heard over the radio."
By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

"I want a 15-day furlough." I stood before my first sergeant with a suitcase in one hand. In my arms I held six cartons of cigarettes and two big vases of flowers.

"Your little niece," he asked coldly, "is ill again?"

"I wish to visit the Nazi war prisoners," I replied with quiet dignity. "In Colorado." From under my garrison belt I pulled a clipping out of a New York newspaper.

My first sergeant's lips moved laboriously as he read the headline: "ARTISTS AMONG GERMAN WAR PRISONERS. PAINTERS AND MUSICIANS DISPLAY THEIR SKILL.

"Here, let me read it for you." And I read to him about the "muscular blond youths," these "picked men of the Afrika Korps," who were painting pictures of "buffaloes, of white-capped mountains, of Indians." And about their barracks, "from which was flowing a tide of music."

His forehead wrinkled. "These are Nazis?" he asked.

"Listen to this," I said and read further from the clipping: "We have been here only a few weeks, but we are trying to make things nice," explained the Nazi sergeant.

My first sergeant's eyes began to mist over with tears. "Those Nazis," he gulped, "they're tryin' to make things nice!"

"Pull yourself together—that's not all!" And I read to him about the writer's visit to the Nazi prisoners who were painting pictures:

"Good! Very good!" I said, peering over the shoulder of the man who was painting the Sangre de Cristo. "Ja! Ja!" he replied, turning on me his soft brown eyes.

My first sergeant's lips were trembling. "This Nazi boy, this painter, he had soft brown eyes! It says so there!"

I got the furlough, and in a few days I was in front of the Nazi prison camp in Colorado, loaded with gifts from the men of our battery. I elbowed my way through the crowd of paper feature writers who were tossing peanuts over the fence to the prisoners.

Groups of muscular blond youths were practicing ballet on the prison lawn, while a circle of Nazi noncommissioned officers wove garlands with the flowers they had gathered in a nearby forest. Sky, self-effacing second lieutenants with soft brown eyes were having a go at chamber music on the steps, but they rose and trotted away at my approach. I tossed packages of cigarettes in a vain attempt to lure them back. They kept a safe distance, heads down, eyes averted.

"Just like our own second lieutenants," I sighed affectionately.

"Will the American soldier stop this way, please?" said my Nazi guide. He led me indoors, past the classes in basket weaving, hand painting of jewelry and linoleum-block printing. We went through a small side door which suddenly slammed shut behind us.

We were in a spacious, lavishly furnished room. Behind a huge chrome desk sat a little man in the uniform of a German field marshal.

"Ah," he said, adjusting his monocle. "So nice to have you with us. Won't you sit down?"

The young Nazi guide reached over and slapped me across the mouth. "When the commander says sit down, you sit down!" he snapped. "Democratic swine!"

I started to swing, but two Nazi gorillas rushed out from behind a screen and worked me over. "How tiresome," sighed the commander. "Now perhaps you will be more—sensible?"

"The American Embassy shall hear of this!" I muttered through bleeding lips. He smiled and offered me a cigarette from a heavily jeweled case.

I cunningly decided to play his game, to stall for time. "Come now," I smiled, "we are civilized men of the world. Exactly what do you want of me?"

"Ah!" he beamed, "we are getting on much better! I knew you were a sensible young man. I want very little, really." His face suddenly became tense. "Can you get me a working model of the bazooka? What are they saying in your latrine about a second front? What is the strength, disposition and equipment of the American forces in Italy?"

"I don't know about their strength and equipment," I fenced, "but their dispositions are not so good. They are very hot-tempered."

For my impudence he had his gorillas beat me again, and I was thrown into a dungeon. How I escaped, how Gretchen, the beautiful soft-brown-eyed German spy, risked her life to help me slip out disguised as a newspaper feature writer, is a story too familiar for me to repeat here.

"Americans," she whispered, "I love you! Please do not think badly of me. I do not like this work—they force me to do it!"

My nerves shattered and my hair prematurely gray. I staggered back to camp. "Here is another article about the German war prisoners!" cried my first sergeant. "It says their dry-point etchings are simply out of this world!"
SPOKANE, Wash.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON

SPOKANE, Wash.—In the last two years, Spokane has become a changed city. Before the war it was the capital of the fabulously wealthy agricultural, mining and lumbering district known as the Inland Empire (Montana, Idaho and parts of Oregon and Washington).

Now it is a center of heavy industry comparable with Pittsburgh or Birmingham, Ala.

In the rich wheatfields in the valley to the east has sprung up the $79,000,000 Trentwood works of the Aluminum Company of America, second largest plant of its kind in the country. Thousands of people work there, one of its buildings alone covers 55 acres and 16 jeeps are used to transport executives from one end of the plant to the other. On the truck farms to the north has sprung up the $34,000,000 Mead Reduction Works, a second plant of the Aluminum Company of America performing an entirely different type of function. In the forests to the north, just outside the suburb of Hillyard, has sprung up the $23,000,000 magnesium reduction plant of the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

To the west has sprung up the sprawling Army air base, Geiger Field, and beyond that the huge Spokane Army Air Depot with its myriad of civilian workers. At the little summer resort town of Bayview (population 100) on beautiful Lake Pen Oreille, 55 miles to the east in Idaho, has sprung up the Farragut Naval Training Station, second largest in the world. On the vacant lots on the northwestern fringe of Spokane has sprung up the 1,500-bed Baxter Naval Hospital.

All this has left its mark on Spokane. Its population has increased from 122,000 to 151,000, and war workers from 24 different states have come in and quietly made themselves a part of its life. Old-time residents shake their heads and try to adjust themselves to the metamorphosis. "This was a big little town once," says Dave Kirk, beloved DLK of the Spokane Chronicle. "Everyone knew everyone else when they met on the street. Now I hardly recognize anyone any more. Spokane is a city of strangers."

River and Sprague Avenues are so crowded that often you find yourself forced off the sidewalk and walking in the street. Servicemen flood the downtown section every night. The people receive them genially and sensibly. Many take them into their homes, and on Saturday nights the lobby of the exclusive Davenport Hotel is draped with the forms of soldiers and sailors reclining peacefully on the 19th century furniture under hotel blankets thrown over them personally by Mr. McCluskey, the manager. This caused a lady guest who entered the hotel early one Sunday morning to run out hurriedly, thinking she had intruded on restricted government property.

If you go to the Model Restaurant or to the Oasis at the Desert Hotel, the Silver Grill at the Spokane or the Italian Gardens at the Davenport, more likely than not you will find yourself part of a long line waiting patiently to get in. The city's beer joints and chicken-dinner places are jammed, even though the "kitty" orchestras, which used to play for contributions, have been replaced by joke boxes. Joe's with its floor show is the nearest thing to a night club in the city. People save their gas coupons to drive to the Slab Inn across the state line for Sunday beer.

Washington's strict laws allow only private clubs to sell hard liquor and maintain slot machines. As a result, clubs play a more dominant part than ever in Spokane's social life. Such organizations as the Athletic Round Table, the Keglers, the Early Birds and the Press Club occupy lavish quarters and the Masons have a temple that looks like a full-scale model of the Lincoln Memorial.

The bowling alleys, such as the Tempie and the Botero, have turned into all-night places, even though pin boys are so scarce that the bowlers sometimes have to run down after each roll and set up their own pins. About the only way to see a show at the State or Fox without standing in the inevitable line is to get up and go before breakfast after the swing-shift show. This is particularly true at the Nu-Rex, which has found it profitable to specialize in sexy films of the "For Adults Only" variety. The line outside the Nu-Rex sometimes requires the attention of a special detachment of police.

The police have had another problem on their hands since the Army moved in in 1940. The Second Air Force came here at that time, and one of its first official acts was the closing of the red-light district down around Trent and Main Streets.

This problem, like juvenile delinquency, however, is really a minor one and well under control because of intelligent handling by the city administration. To curb the juvenile delinquents, who were developing such delightful habits as slashing the furnishings in the movie houses, a small-try recreation club was established in the old Renewal Creamery building at First and Washington. Now a lot of kids devote their energies to consuming ice-cream sodas and giving at the club instead of doing the things juvenile delinquents usually do.

Side by side with the new Spokane are more familiar things. People still meet under the big four-faced clock in the Crescent Department Store. High-school kids clatter the soda fountain in the store and the street in front of it. When the Shrine's hold their ceremonials, they parade through the streets singing "How Dry I Am" and wearing green-and-yellow sashed coats and red fezzes. The clean white porcelain water fountains on Riverside Avenue bubble unconcernedly all day in the sun. People still dance at the Natatorium, go horseback riding at Coupers, and neck on the dizzy heights of Cliff Drive, on South Hill or the High Drive, overlooking Hargrave's Creek. A Jomie's Club and Gym is still the hang-out of the gambling and sporting set.

No one can forget the cool green Indiens or the indescribable scent of Spokane's lilacs in May. Mount Spokane looks down on the city in snow-capped majesty, and the river dashes itself down the volcanic falls of its deep gorge beneath the Monroe Street bridge—white, awesome and terrifying.

This is the old Spokane that neither man nor war can alter.

PAGE 11
For the second year, Kodiak was the site of the GI Olympic Games, with 800 soldiers competing in track, field and military contests. While the athletes' attire was not quite what it should be, the spirit was, and a good time was had by all.

The traditional parade of the Olympics, different from those that used to be held in various capitals of the world—but still an impressive sight.

The 120-yard low hurdles—but, of course, there's no such thing as a low hurdle when you're wearing GI shoes. Cpl. Bill Combs (extreme right) won it.

The 100-yard dash is won with ease and with GI shoes by Cpl. Leon Dearborn in just 10:9. Sgt. Jesse Horn and Flopper win hill climb.
There's been a lot of arguing over what ship's been doing the most flying over enemy territory. The men from New Guinea enter this top trio: a Fortress, a Liberator and a Mitchell. All three have added to the score since these pictures were made.

The Cap'n and the Kids, with 84 missions to its credit when this picture was taken. It had knocked off 10 Zeros and eight Jap ships. Its crew chief, S Sgt. Jacob N. Warrenfeltz of Hagerstown, Md., seems particularly proud of those ships. Pipe the eight fingers he's waving. The Cap'n was named in honor of Maj. Scott and his 'kids' of Bismarck Sea battle fame. In an amazing career, it has had two of its engines shot out, its hydraulic system shattered, its tail shot away and holes the size of your head blasted in its wings.

Second to The Cap'n is The Eager Beaver with 77 missions, three Zekes, two cargo vessels and a destroyer. M Sgt. Berbard Hanson, crew chief, of Pine Island, Minn., is bringing the scoreboard up to date.

Next, The Tokyo Sleeper with 76 missions, eight Zekes. When picture was made, T Sgt. Clyde A. Gillenwater, crew chief, of Saltville, Va., and the ship had just returned from No. 76. Its scoreboard needs fixing.
Dear YANK:
I'm writing out a God-forsaken spot in the Southwest Pacific where time drags as heavily as a full field pack on a recruit. There are no dames, no movies, no newspapers, and damned little human society. I've been stuck out here for 14 months and I'm beginning to talk to the Dodo birds. In fact it's so bad that our top kick says he recently signed up for a course in interior decorating. No kidding, is there a correspondence school for soldiers? Can I enroll at this isolated post and what subjects could I study?
Seargeant
—Pfc. Harold Stevens

The United States Armed Forces Institute, with headquarters at Madison, Wis., is equipped to serve all men who have been in service for at least four months with correspondence courses on practically every subject in the books, and it's about the most profitable way there is to spend your leisure time in the Army. To enroll, see your Special Service officer or Red Cross field director. If neither is available, write direct to the USAF at Madison, Wis., requesting a catalogue of the subjects offered and an application blank. Choose the course you want to take, fill out the blank, have your CO initial his approval and mail it back to Madison. The current charge for each course is $2, which partially covers the costs of tests and materials. This price may be raised or lowered slightly from time to time, but the Government foots the biggest part of the bill. No previous educational training is required for enrollment, and you may continue your studies as long as you're in the Army, provided you do all your studying in off-duty hours.

In addition to the Institute courses, for which no academic credit is allowed, special college correspondence courses are available to high-school graduates, and academic credit will be given for all courses successfully completed. Fees for college courses vary, but the Government will pay half the cost, provided its $20 a course.

Dear YANK:
I was inducted about a year ago. Recently I was made a T-4. If I decide to stay in the Army after the war will I be able to keep that rating?
Sicily
—T-4 John Berman

No: after the war you will revert to whatever permanent warrant officer you had prior to July 1, 1941. If you had no permanent warrant rank before that, the war's end will find you a buck private.

Dear YANK:
I have heard that whenever an enlisted man is appointed warrant officer, his enlisted rank becomes permanent and that after the war he reverts to the grade he had before his promotion. I was a master sergeant when I was appointed WO. Does the fact that I was appointed temporary WO make my master sergeant's rating permanent?

New Guinea
—Garland B. Smith, WO

No; after the war you will revert to whatever permanent warrant officer you had prior to July 1, 1941. If you had no permanent warrant rank before that, the war's end will find you a buck private.

Dear YANK:
I have been promoted to permanent warrant officer instead of his former enlisted grade. AR 105-10 states that this is so in the case of Regular Army warrant officers but does not specify the exact procedure in the case of AUS warrant officers. This is our question: Does a permanent staff sergeant who gets promoted to warrant officer today and who gets a higher commission tomorrow revert back to warrant officer after the war, or does he revert back to staff sergeant?

Fairfield-Suisun AAB, Calif.—Unit Personal Section

If he passed the tests for warrant officer in the Regular Army and received a permanent appointment, he will revert to that grade after the war. But if his promotion to warrant officer was temporary, he will revert to his permanent rank, staff sergeant, no matter how high he climbed in the commissioned ranks. All warrants are plainly marked temporary or permanent.

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We Could Use More Bob Hopes

The Army Weekly • NOVEMBER 19

The Crusader, official weekly of Gen. Montgomery's Eighth Army, recently delivered an editorial blast against Gracie Fields, the British stage star, because she broke a date to entertain its troops in Italy and ran off to America to keep radio obligations because they haven't got any radio obligations. And they are not planning to lean in on their Army-tour publicity because the papers never mention them. We have never seen headlines, for instance, about Maxine Maria, a tap dancer; Christine Street, an accordionist and singer, and Adelaide Joy, a comedienne. Those three girls, typical troop entertainers, were killed in an RCAF plane crash March 37, 1943, while touring our North Atlantic bases.

It's about time that the hundreds of unpublicized, self-sacrificing show people on overseas duty shared the burden they have been carrying quietly with more of the higher-paid glamorous personalities of Hollywood and Broadway. As far as we know, there's nothing holding them back. The War Department has never set a limit on the number of entertainers allowed in its foreign theaters, probably because it has never had many difficulties along that line. Maybe the food and lodgings won't be the best at times, but we guarantee that the audiences will be appreciative.

New Benefits Law

In case your wife is figuring on moving into a more expensive apartment because of the extra dough she's to get... until the conversion is completed she will get just as much as she would have been working on the stages of camps and overseas bases without a break since Pearl Harbor. They don't rush home to fulfill radio obligations because they haven't got any radio obligations. And they are not planning to lean in on their Army-tour publicity because the papers never mention them. We have never seen headlines, for instance, about Maxine Maria, a tap dancer; Christine Street, an accordionist and singer, and Adelaide Joy, a comedienne. Those three girls, typical troop entertainers, were killed in an RCAF plane crash March 37, 1943, while touring our North Atlantic bases.

New Dog Tags

In the future, GI's upon entering the Army will get dog tags minus the name of the next of kin and the emergency address, but containing all the other usual information (AR 600-35). Old dog tags, however, will not be replaced. The reason behind the change is occasional German short-wave broadcasts to the United States, apparently based on dog tags found on battlefields, which give out false information on casualties to the families of American soldiers. The AGO records can operate just as efficiently with the man's name and serial number on his dog tag.

Erratum

YANK erred in a recent reply to a What's Your Problem? query when it said: "If his [a soldier's] share of the company fund is $10 or more, it may be given to him outright, or transferred to the company fund of his new outfit." The statement should read: "If his share of the company fund is $10 or more, it may be transferred to the company fund of his new outfit."

Army Discharges

Approximately 500,000 officers and enlisted men were honorably discharged from the Army between Dec. 7, 1941, and Aug. 31, 1943, the WD announces. This figure includes about 200,000 men who were over 36 and were let out to go into essential war work. Of the remaining 350,000 a large majority received CDD's for physical and mental disability.

Washington O.P.

Secretary of War Stimson outlined at a press conference the Army's manpower program for a planned peak strength of 7,700,000 on Dec. 31. That's only 400,000 more than the strength on Sept. 1, but 300,000 replacements will be needed by that time, too.

We're told that the first time in war, earth-moving equipment has been adapted to military needs.
FOXHOLE FOR TWO. Rusty the Red Fox registers breathless anticipation as his owner, Pvt. Harry W. Weber, draws a bead on a target in field training at the Marine Base, Quantico, Va. Says Rusty: “Any old time, any old day, I'll be glad to share my foxhole with a marine.”

Wac on the Nose
Turner Field, Ga.—Pfc. Dorothy Rutherford, mechanic at this post, was the envy of all her sister Wacs because of the tremendous amount of mail she received. Finally the reason for the postal deluge came out. When the famed B-26, Jalbo, stopped here, Pfc. Rutherford added her name and address to the signatures on the nose of the ship of Army personnel all over the world. Then Jalbo took off for visits to other fields and everywhere it stopped Dorothy gained a few more correspondents.

Postscript on Matrimony
Williams Field, Ariz.—Pvt. Maurice L. Rampy, a parachute rigger here, feels that it's time for him to settle down. Witness the letter he recently sent to his CO:

Dear Sir:

For the past three or four months I've been keeping steady company with a girl who works in parachute re-pack. Sir, I am getting along in life. I've been the world over and drank enough moonshine to float a battleship, without any conviction. There is an empty space in my life that whiskey will not fill. So I came to the conclusion that there was a woman put down here for every one of us guys, so if every one of us don't get one, some of these guys will have two, which ain't good. Sir, with your permission I wish to make this girl my wife tonight.

P.S. I'm also getting an 8-year-old boy in the deal.

Permission was granted.

Worried Mother
Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.—The worried mother of Pvt. Gillie Weaver Jr. wrote to the adjutant general. Her son, she said, was evidently unfit for military duty. Ever since his induction he had been in a hospital, although he never complained about his ailment. It would save the Government money, she explained, if her son was released to her care.

The letter eventually reached Weaver's CO who had a talk on letter-writing with Pvt. Weaver and then wrote the anxious mother. He assured her that there was nothing the matter with her son, that his stay in the hospital was in line of duty as a medic with the 102d Evacuation Hospital.

NETWORTHY. Nurses from a station hospital unit at Camp Edwards, Mass., show how it should be done, as wearing packs, they clamber up landing net, part of routine training for overseas duty.
THANKS YANK. Cpl. Sam Hampton Jr. displays his collection of patches at Columbus AAF, Miss. Hampton used YANK's Trading Post to gather 53.

DOB PROBE. Bake it out or shoot it out, it's the same to this baker at Camp Pickwick, Va. Carbinette is handy as he takes a look at bread from mud oven.

BONUS CHECK. No extra charge for this study of Mary Yarsco who tests armor plate at Erie Proving Ground, Ohio. GIs at EPG chose her Pin-up Girl.

IT'S always tough to figure out what to give a pal for Christmas, and it's particularly tough when he's in the service. But YANK is a gift that any yardbird or four-star general will really appreciate. Don't scratch all the hair off your head trying to decide. Just fill out the coupon below and relax.

There's no better gift for a GI than YANK! It's 2 bucks for one year or one buck for six months.

SEND YANK WITH A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT CARD TO:

1. Print full name and rank
2. Print full name and rank

Military address

PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS HERE:

We'll send you an acknowledgement when the gift subscriptions are entered.

Enclose check, cash or money order and mail to YANK, 205 E. 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y.
Mail Call

Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK:

I'm in favor of the veterans of this war going in with the old American Legionnaires. Most of them are our fathers and know what we will be up against. If you can't trust your own dads, what are we fighting for? They went through their hell under fire so if the Legion was good enough for them it should be good enough for their successors.

Camp Cud, 99th Div.

M. Galt. Ralph C. Gehman

Dear YANK:

Before accepting the offer of the American Legion to join their ranks, let's glance at their record. In 1921 Alvin Owsley, national commander, said, "Do not sleep when the Paseros are to Italy what the American Legion is to the United States." In 1930 Mussolini was invited to speak at the Boston convention of the Legion. In 1931 Ralph T. O'Neill, then national commander of the Legion, and official greeting to Mussolini. In 1933 William E. Rastetter Jr., national commander of the Legion, offered honorary membership upon him, a membership which Mussolini declined by saying, "I don't want to join your Legion." In 1934 General R. O. L. E. Smith, Assistant Secretary of War, stated, "The Legion-lieutenant general's". Correspondents of the American Civil Liberties Union throughout the country generally agree that the American Legion leads the field in attacking civil rights.

Rolling Field, D.C.

G. David Silver

Post-War Forum

Dear YANK:

I was intensely interested and gratified that you developed a full page in an October issue to letters from soldiers who wanted to discuss post-war plans. Up to the present this subject has been avoided by Army Orientation and by most civilian news agencies.

Scott Field, Ill.

Eugene J. Bayo

II YANK is an open forum for soldiers who wish to express or post-war America.

Resplendent Soldier

Dear YANK:

I'd be very sorry that all ribbons should become strictly GI and not be bought in stores by anyone who has the money to purchase them. Some GI should not return from the South Pacific and were standing in a corner in Frisco when up comes a GI with an Asiatic ribbon flanked with two Good Conduct ribbons. After viewing my buddy's ribbons, which included two battle stars on his Asiatic ribbon, he pointed to me and said, "Well, I see you have two brothers in the Army." He was serious as hell, so my buddy just as serious told him no, they were two sisters in the WAC.

Stockton Field, Calif.

Ph. Phil Barks

Pre-Plumbing Era

Dear YANK:

The only trouble with taking a bath in Alaska is to get the soap off and you feel like a brass monkey. Once you get the soap all off the bathtub recently went up to a height that you had to be taken out with a ladder. This has its ad


Mail Clerk's Gripe

Dear YANK:

Men gripe when the mail service is slow but don't realize that some of the fault lies with them. All GI's want their mail fast but a hell of a lot won't go to the trouble of putting their correct return address on the envelope. Consequently, a lot of mail is slow in delivery and in some cases has to be returned to the sender. It creates confusion when they use just their initials instead of writing out their full names. There are many cases in which we return to the GI's initials and last names and it's always a great deal of trouble to locate the proper man. It would be a lot easier if the Army serial number were put after the sender's name. Mail would be delivered faster if everyone notified their rear echelon service school here we grade a class every week and we're still receiving mail from men that joined back in June and July. Seldom does a day go by without the arrival of 50 to 75 letters that have to be reddressed.

Roadstead, Off. Dep., Tulsa, Ohio

T. S. Leonard J. Kamm

In the New Hebrides these nine GI's want to get in touch with their pals who left them to join Coast Artillery and Quartermaster outfits and a Sanitary Company and all those who returned to the States.

From: (Lieut.) Pfc. John McDonald, WAC Field Hospital, New Hebrides.

Back row (l. to r.): Cpl. Earl V. Hoyt, Pfc. Walter Butler, Pfc. Rollie Age, Pfc. Lawrence Ingram and Cpl. Arthur Moran. All of these guys can be reached c/o YANK's Words Across the Sea. We'll forward the letters.

Parent and Critic

Dear YANK:

In addition to her regular duties, Bonnie, the band mascot, became a mother over the week end. Cpl. Leon Gonion with guitar and Sgt. James Armstrong with trumpets are providing some jazz music for the 150 peps. Bonnie is 49th AAF Band's best critic. During a performance if the music is a little off pitch or someone blows a sour note. Bonnie will point to you and shoo you back high heaven. Once the music sounds satisfactory to her critical ear, she curls up between the drummer and the first trumpet player and goes peacefully to sleep.

Fort George Wright, Wash.

Leon Gonion

Strikes in Wartime

We in the Southwest Pacific Area have been thinking about the strikes back home. Each time a strike occurs it not only delays our victory, but it keeps us in this God-forsaken outback longer. What will those so-called flag-waving American strikers be satisfied? We are doing our job and take a darn sight more risks than they—and for lower wages. Don't get me wrong. I'm not kicking about the money I make. If it were necessary, I'd do my same job for only a place to sleep and something to eat.

New Guinea

Clyde N. Richardson

Dear YANK:

Pvt. Peck in his letter to YANK, in an August issue, kept up his correspondence to theeffects of the weather for the 10 pups. Bonnie is 49th AAF Band's 'best critic. During a performance if the music is a little off pitch or someone blows a sour note. Bonnie will point to you and shoo you back high heaven. Once the music sounds satisfactory to her critical ear, she curls up between the drummer and the first trumpet player and goes peacefully to sleep.

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Leon Gonion

Message Center

Alec Lecker: see Message 1

Barrow, Fred: see Message 2

Benjamin, L. E.: see Message 2

Conrad, M. C.: see Message 2

Craig, Leonard C.: see Message 2

Easterwood, William: see Message 2

Egan, Frank: see Message 2

English, Russell: see Message 2

Euler, John: see Message 2

Fagen, William: see Message 2

Fassler, Robert: see Message 2

Fender, George: see Message 2

Firman, John: see Message 2

Forrest, Robert: see Message 2

Gage, Fred: see Message 2

Garmr, William: see Message 2

Hinson, Jack: see Message 2

Henderson, Jack: see Message 2

Johnson, George: see Message 2

Kemp, John: see Message 2

Kerr, Robert: see Message 2

Lee, Robert: see Message 2

Leonard, William: see Message 2

McCracken, Frank: see Message 2

McGann, Joe: see Message 2

Migrus, Charles: see Message 2

Moore, Joseph: see Message 2

Neff, Walter: see Message 2

Patterson, John: see Message 2

Rafferty, Frank: see Message 2

Roberts, H.: see Message 2

Ryan, James: see Message 2

Schultz, Charles: see Message 2

Wentz, Joseph: see Message 2


SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

The following men want to trade shoulder patches:


This is Kraft's illustration for Pfc. Charlie Murray's GI version of "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain."

Goodnight ladies
Goodnight ladies
Goodnight ladies, we're going to leave
You now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along.
Over the dark blue sea,
2) Sweet dreams, ladies
3) Farewell, ladies

These dogfaces seem to like singing "Goodnight Ladies" and looking at the dame, we can't say we blame them.

This Army version of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" appears to be more of an Army kitchen version.

Look out below
Look out below - look out below!
Let the old static pull tight;
We're the toughest crew that ever flew
And we're bound down to fight.

This one is designed for paratroopers or anybody who feels like a paratrooper and wants to yell "Geronimo!"

Kraft uses Adolf and Tojo to brighten up the finale song of Irving Berlin's famous soldier show, "This Is the Army."
Venuti is calling it quits with the band business the Harry James crew. . . . Marty Schramm and Esquire married Jerome Kern's daughter Betty and now have a little "trumpeter"[1045] recently when she said that Artie Shaw and Artie Shaw and his Navy swing band entertaining Marines at a South Pacific base.

BAND BEAT. A Hollywood columnist pulled a boner recently when she said that Artie Shaw married Jerome Kern's daughter Betty and now they have a little "trumpeter." [1047] Later photo. Anson Weeks takes over Ray Herbeck's band intact when Ray reports to Uncle Sam. Esquire magazine's All American band will make with the jive jump on Jan. 18 at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. After a three-week run at the Frolics Club, Miami Beach, Joe Venuti is calling it quits with the band business for the duration. Helen Ward, former thrash with Hal McIntyre, replaces Helen Forrest with the Harry James crew. Marty Schramm and his Four Kings and a Queen picked up an extra eight weeks at the Hotel Henry's Silver Grill, Pittsburgh. Jack Teagarden disbanded his outfit for six weeks so that he could have time to have an operation. Bob Astor has moved into Pelham Heath Inn, N. Y., to replace Sandy Spear. Woody Herman goes into Dalley's Terrace Room, Newark, N. J., for a four-week stay. Martha Tilton is back on the air following a visit from the studio. Buddy Fisher and orchestra are playing the Met Ballroom, Philadelphia.

COAST TO COAST. GI songsters will have available soon a book of songs of the Army airmen which in its 150 pages and list of 72 titles will include many old favorites. Bound in blue with the AAF emblem in gold, the book comes in two editions—one for voice and one for piano. Sammy Walsh, mc- ing with the Frederick March USO show at Ascension Island in the South Atlantic, and Jack Levine were registered in the same draft board at Roxbury, Mass. Reports indicate that Jack and Barney will quit his acting career to turn executive at the war's end. . . . Democrats in Philadelphia are suing jive recordings on a midnight-to-1 A.M. slot over WIP to coral swing-shift voters. Decca is making an album of six numbers from the new Broadway musical-comedy hit, "One Touch of Venus," with Mary Martin and Kenny Baker vocalizing. . . . Werner Jaeger's Symphony Orchestra opened its season in Pasadena, Calif., with bookings along the Pacific Coast to follow. . . . The manpower shortage put five gals into the line-up of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. . . . Illness forced Joe E. Howard out of "Grandfather's Swing Follies" at Lookout House, Cincinnati.

CAN YOU ANSWER THIS?

Remember those blocks you had to count up the ADCT test? Well, here's a block problem without any picture to help you.

Imagine a cube made up of three closed links, and you want to form one endless chain out of the entire thing. At the rate of 6 cents for cutting one link and 7 cents for welding one link, what's the least amount for which the job can be done?

SOPHOMORES you had four separate pieces of chain, each made up of three closed links, and you wanted to form one endless chain out of the entire thing. At the rate of 6 cents for cutting one link and 7 cents for welding one link, what's the least amount for which the job can be done?

(Solution on page 22.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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**How To Handle a Sponsor**

The gents who publish technical manuals have a yen to turn out something with social significance, all they need do is call on the military patrons of Ale Alley for the making of a socko, one of whose circulation records in AG depots from coast to coast. Ever since the duration began, the words for this yarn have been flitting from pub to pub, just waiting to be written.

The manual, which might be tagged “TM $0.15—$0.25, Taproom Technique, M1943,” would deal specifically with that war-born phenomenon, the Sponsor, the civilian great heart who clamps a dusty paw on your shoulder and insists the next one’s on him. If TM Inc. is interested, it should detail a stoop-shouldered pfc. with some knowledge of shorthand to sit on brass rails and under tables, there to record conversations between GI and Sponsor. This way the dope would be gathered right from the horse’s trough.

Of course there are some proud soldiers who will declare: “To hell with the Sponsor, I got my own kake, ain’t I?” But this group is in a minority so small that it need not be considered. Until TM Inc. gets around to publishing its manual, it might be well to rite a few pointers compiled by the board of control of Ale Alley.

In the first place, every civilian in a taproom is a potential Sponsor, meaning that every civilian may be suspected of earning $100 or more per week. If a soldier determines that his prospective Sponsor earns less than $100 a week, he should declare: “To hell with the Sponsor, I got my own kake, ain’t I?”

In that case, the Sponsor is unpredictable. He might not even speak to you before setting ‘em up; instead he might just see your tongue hanging out and the froth dripping on your OD necktie, and whisper to the barkeep: “Give the soldier a whiskey sizzle; it’s on me.” Generally, though, the GI-Sponsor relationship is a two-way proposition.

In dealing with Sponsors, the importance of safeguarding military information must be constantly borne in mind. The civilian mind is curious; the civilian asks many questions. An S-GI dialogue should go like this:

**Sponsor:** How many men you got in your outfit?

**Soldier:** Enough to keep things churning.

**Sponsor:** Many of your outfit being sent overseas?

**Soldier:** No.

**Sponsor:** How much wood would a wood chuck picking pickled peppers while Celia sells her sea shells by the sea shore, n’est-ce que pas?

**Soldier:** Why, yes, I’ll have another.

This last maneuver is what is termed “turning the black.” In this case it is as be-wildering.

Whether we like it or not, and most of us do, the Sponsor is here for the duration. There’s a right and wrong way of handling him. So how about that TM? And if the manual is published, how about giving that pfc. a T-5? Roger.

---

**BLUES IN THE NIGHT**

The camp they left was always bliss
For those GIs who reminisce;
And disperse them profusely on Nazis and Japs.

And so for the rest of that evening I read YANK and Crossley sang.

At midnight I jumped into Huckins and treated him to a beer at John’s, and there was Crossley sitting at a corner table talking very earnestly to a blond in a green sweater.

---

**MEMORANDUM**

The world is full of gnat’s and chiggers
Who raise weird welts on our masculine figgers:
Sponsor I suggest that we catch these bugs
And disperse them profusely on Nazis and Japs.

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**TE-TOTAL WINNERS**

Top scores in this Te-Total were turned in by A/C Joseph Bena, AAFNS, San Marco, Tex. and M/Sgt. R. L. Powell, Fort Story, Va. They tied at 302. Powell has already won a Puzzle Kit in a previous contest. Kits in this contest go to the top man in each category.

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**PUZZLE SOLUTIONS**

**CAN YOU PICTURE THAT? A—6, B—12, C—4, D—1, E—7**

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**CHAIN PUZZLE. You should pay only 30 cents. Just cut out one of the three links of one of the figures and use these links to make each of the three connections. That makes three cuts and three weldings. Comes to 30 cents.**

---

**TEE-TOTAL WINNERS**

Top scores in this Te-Total were turned in by A/C Joseph Bena, AAFNS, San Marco, Tex. and M/Sgt. R. L. Powell, Fort Story, Va. They tied at 302. Powell has already won a Puzzle Kit in a previous contest. Kits in this contest go to the top man in each category.

This list includes links to make each of the three connections. That makes three cuts and three weldings. Comes to 30 cents.
This is going to be a football season in which a substitute, and a freshman at that, makes the All-American football team. While referring to Glenn W. Davis, the Army's 19-year-old wonder halfback. He's the hottest proposition in the East or anywhere else, and yet he's on a substitute list for the injured Doug Kenna. If, as Coach (Lt. Col.) Red Blair says, Kenna is better than anyone on the team, Davis has convinced the fellow must be a Grange, McAfee, Thorne, Strong and Gipp all rolled into one. Kenna has the physical-education department at the University of Oregon may be the tip-off that the majors used to play an All-American end at Penn State, Giant southpaw, is flying with the Marines in the Air Force but was turned down because of his age won't operate next year. Joe tried to join the Navy too, for a career at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., just in time to greet Sgt. Joe Louis, the Army's 19-year-old wonder halfback.

You fellows who play that sailor football team from Cape Town, Md., take warning. That gang is coached by a gentleman of whom you may have heard—Lt. Comdr. Jack Sutherland. Creighton Miller, Notre Dame's great running back, was given a CD by the Army because of high blood pressure, and Dan Greenwood, who engineered Illinois to a routing 25-0 upset of Wisconsin, was washed out of the Air Forces after a plane crash. You might remember Greenwood as the Missouri end who had an end-zone punt blocked for two points which gave Fordham the Sugar Bowl victory. . . . Joe Louis was hospitalized at Battle Creek. Mich., and asked Joe to represent him at the ceremony. . . . Louis is great, but he's the gentleman of whom you may have heard—Lt. Comdr. Jack Sutherland. Creighton Miller, Notre Dame's great running back, was given a CD by the Army because of high blood pressure, and Dan Greenwood, who engineered Illinois to a routing 25-0 upset of Wisconsin, was washed out of the Air Forces after a plane crash. You might remember Greenwood as the Missouri end who had an end-zone punt blocked for two points which gave Fordham the Sugar Bowl victory.

The most familiar picture of Glenn W. Davis (34) is usually this one—crossing the goal line.

FATHER AND SON DEPARTMENT: Rogers Hornsby's boy Billy has resigned from Missouri Military Academy to join the Army. He was a star football player, boxer and wrestler at school and captainned the track team. . . . Art Nehr Jr., son of the famous American Museum of Natural History in New York City. But a lot of guys will swear that the real plaster of Paris fist is the one Joe carried with him.

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This picture illustrates graphically why Glenn Davis is so hard to bring down. When he's cornered, he gives a tackle, such as Columbia's Gehrke, a stiff arm and a body feast and then explodes with a burst of speed that leaves everybody in the house breathless and the scoreboard keeper with a job to do.

When Sgt. Joe Louis arrived at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., with his boxing routine, he met Cpl. Billy Conn, who was then at an awaiting shipping orders to aerial gunnery school.

"You know," Conn told Louis, "I had you whipped in our fight. All I had to do was coast for two more rounds. I was going to nurse the title for two years and then give you another shot at it." Louis just yawned and said: "How did you expect to hold the title two years, Billy, when you say yourself you couldn't hold it two rounds."

Notes on the Louis Tour. At Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., Joe received the Soldier's Medal on behalf of Pvt. Boyd Ivey, a Negro engineer who was the hero of a drowning rescue attempt. Ivey was hospitalized at Battle Creek. Mich., and asked Joe to represent him at the ceremony. . . . The WD has prescribed a one-month's rest for Louis when he completes his 100-day camp tour. . . . If you're interested in such things, there's a plaster of Paris cast of Louis' right fist on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. But a lot of guys will swear that the real plaster of Paris fist is the one Joe carries with him.

Twelve years ago, if our memory serves us right, the University of Chicago gave Amos Alonzo Stagg his release, because they thought the old gentleman, then a mere 69, had lost his stuff. Now at 81, Stagg seems to have more stuff than ever before. His College of the Pacific football team is one of the most high-powered machines in the country. A few weeks ago it knocked off Lt. Bill Kern's Del Monte Pre-Flighters, who had such All-America and All-Pros as Parker Hall, Paul Christian, Len Eshmont, Ed Cifers, Bowden Wyatt and Jim McDonald in their line-up.

But that isn't the whole story. About the same time Stagg was turned out at Chicago, a young fellow named Babe Hollingberry was producing Rose Bowl teams at Washington State College. Today, while Stagg enjoys the greatest moment of his 54 years of coaching, Hollingberry is tutoring an eighth-grade school team at Pullman. Wash. And oddly enough, on the same day that Stagg's COP heroes upset Del Monte, 18-7, Hollingberry's eighth graders lost to a neighborhood rival by almost an identical score, 7-19.

Staggered Lines. The grand old man has coached through three wars, starting with the Spanish-American, when he introduced the T formation. How do you like that? . . . During the last war, the Army student-training planes assured him of a great team at Chicago, and now the Navy V-12 program has supplied him with the best boys from St. Mary's talent-rich football project. . . . Slickest of these is Johnny Podesto, a little guy who passes like a hot craps shooter.

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"DON'T BE SILLY, DARLING, THEY'LL ADORE YOU!"

"DIS FELLA, BUREAU OF DEPENDENCY BENEFITS, HIM WANTUM TWO
DISINTERESTED PARTY FELLAS, MAKUM NAME ALONG AVIDAVIT."

"... COMING IN ON A WING AND A PRAYER."

"MURPHY, YOU HAVE 5-O'CLOCK SHADOW!"

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