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# YANK

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



**'ROUND THE CLOCK WITH 9TH AAF MARAUDERS**

—See pages 2 and 3





Three raids in 24 hours kept everybody at this Marauder base busy—including the little man who ran the pub in town. Crew members of "Sad Sack, Jr.," are, left to right, 1st Lt. Phillip G. Haglund, bombardier-navigator; Cpl. Edward F. Anderson, armament man and T/Sgt. James R. Jordan, crew chief.



A huddle with 1st Lt. Haglund, left, Sgt. Joseph L. Bothwell, radio operator-gunner, Capt. James F. Hunt, pilot.

# TRIPLE DUTY

By Pfc. BILL HENNEFRUND

A U. S. NINTH AIR FORCE MARAUDER STATION, ENGLAND—The man who stands behind the bar at a tiny English pub always runs outside the door and onto the street when he hears the planes roaring over the town. "It's the Marauders," he says to his wife, looking up at the tight formation.

He always makes a special note of them, because many of the fliers will come to his bar in the evening. And then he'll say something confidentially, like "We gave Jerry another dose of medicine today, didn't we?" as he winks, and fills up a half-pint of bitters.

ON February 8 and 9, the bartender made three separate trips to the street outside, but he didn't see any of the fliers until the evening of the 10th. They were too tired for mild and bitters. They had put in a tough twenty-four hours "at the office"—twenty-four hours in which they transported upwards of 250 tons of bombs to Adolf. And that, any one will tell you, is a hell of a lot of bombs for one medium bombardment outfit.

Capt. Jimmy Hunt, one of those "steady" fliers who seldom gets in a lot of trouble, and who seemingly accomplishes nothing spectacular in the air, piloted one of the Marauders over the target, and brought it back, and that's what the Army Air Force likes. With four other men he made all three bombings, and it gave them a special kick to learn that they were the only crew to use their own ship, *Sad Sack Jr.*, on all the missions. There's nothing tricky about the plane. She's just as warm-blooded as her sister Marauders, but she's been propositioned by flak only once in her flying career. That occasion was noted in the personal log book of the bombardier-navigator, Lt. Haglund:—

"Jerries shot at us but missed by a mile. Jesus, did I laff. . . . Vacanti got his window knocked out by a lucky hit."

The privilege of taking three separate and successive knocks at Hitler's installations in twenty-four hours did not belong exclusively to the fliers, however. The three missions touched every man on the field—from the KPs, who were rubbing the English damp out of their winter underwear a few hours earlier than usual, to the mechanics, ordnance, and armament men.

Corporal "Ed" Anderson, the armament man who works on *Sad Sack Jr.*, was at the post movie, watching a blonde poke around in a dark film laboratory in a picture called *Dangerous Blonde*, when the Tannoy announcement boomed out. A voice from South Brooklyn said, confidently, that all armament men would report immediately to their orderly rooms.

"Just when the picture was getting good, they had to pull that," Anderson said.

Like the other armament men, he ducked out of the movie, banging the messkit, cup, and cutlery he carries around with him all the time. Highly mobile armament

man, this guy. That was at 9:30 on the evening of February 7, and at 3:00 the next morning, he was still slugging it out with the icy wind, loading the bombs.

"It wasn't bad that night, though," he recalls. "I guess we were kind of slap-happy. The guy that works with me—he kept yelling: 'Young man—choose your branch!' And then I kept thinking about that babe in the movie."

After grabbing a quick nap, Anderson was out on the line again, pre-fighting the guns. At this time the KPs were wiping the tables, because the combat men were already off to the briefing. The mechanics were down on the line, pre-fighting the ships. It was 6:00 a.m.

Capt. Hunt and Lt. Haglund, and Sgts. Vacanti, Siegenthaler and Bothwell were busy with their various briefings. Then they picked up their flying gear, chewing gum, Mars bars. Two hours later, they were over the enemy coast.

0903 hours held significance for an undetermined number of Nazis. At that precise moment, the bombsight on *Sad Sack Jr.* released a stick of high explosive bombs. And at the same time a number of events were taking place back on the field, events filling in a picture of a bombing mission and without which the next mission could not run at all. The intelligence men were getting information together for a second briefing. The armament men were rustled out of bed after only a few hours sleep. The stocky little man at the crew room, Bombace, who owns a taxi-cab company back in Brooklyn, opened tins of coffee for the returning fliers. The ground mechanics readied their equipment for the returning planes.

Flak that day was described in the newspapers as "moderate."

Navigator Haglund wrote in his log:—

"No flak on our box but others got hell thrown at them. They'll have to give us more Mars bars if they want us to come here again."

T/SGT. James R. Jordan, crew chief on *Sad Sack Jr.*, hadn't been assigned to this ship long—only since another B26 failed to return. When *The Sack* rolled into the hardstand, Jordan and his men took over. They checked the ship from top to bottom, but not a scratch. Controls worked perfectly. Then a Pfc. got the gas truck to come around to the hardstand, and helped pour the juice into the tanks.

The *Sack* crew had a blackboard sign waiting for them, when they went to the crew room:—

"Another briefing at 11:30."

They piled into a jeep, got a sandwich and some coffee at the messhall, and were briefing for the second mission within the half-hour allotted to them.

Some people who consider flying a plane on combat missions a sure-fire method of collecting insurance, may be appalled at the fliers' seeming indifference to what might be a last meal on earth. Fliers, however, have

no truck with thoughts like that. They have enough to worry about as it is, and any sadness they may entertain while munching a sandwich before another take-off is purely that of an epicure.

By 2:30 that afternoon, *The Sack* was lifting her landing gear, off on the second mission. The armament men were ready to head back for a few more hours of sleep. The crewmen headed for the shacks on the line to sweat it out again. The weather was a little hazy on the ground. Upstairs, it was worse. Navigator Haglund wrote:—

"Clouds in—so dropped on secondary."

Some unfortunate airfield had risen to first choice for the Marauders because of clouds over the primary target, and soon hundreds of bombs were slanting through the air.

THE evening of February 8 found a good many tired men on the field. Most of them, expecting that something would be doing the next day, went to bed early. All the combat crew of *Sad Sack Jr.* stayed on the base. Capt. Hunt "wrote the wife a V-mail and then hit the sack." Haglund wrote a short note to some English family living near London, thanking them for showing him the sights when he was last down that way: Vacanti wrote a letter to a girl named Rita who lives in Omaha. Siegenthaler and Bothwell also wrote some letters, and went to bed.

The KPs had taken off for the local pubs. Cpl. Anderson, the armament man, had caught up on his sleep by this time, so he went to the post movie. *Dangerous Blonde* was a holdover, and he was ready to pick up where the Tannoy system had let him off the night before. The ground crew also went to the movies, and looked forward to some coffee at the Aero Club after it was over.

The timing couldn't have been arranged better by Bob Hope. The Tannoy voice cut through the movie house, saying that all armament men would report to their orderly rooms.

"I never did get to see that movie," Anderson lamented. "But I'll bet it stank anyway."

Though the armament men, the KPs, the gunners, the pilots and the navigators were not conscious of it, they were for the most part doing exactly the same things on February 9 as they had done on February 8. It was a great deal, in fact, like the showing of *Dangerous Blonde* except that—unfortunately for the Nazis—it was seen through to the end by everybody.

The little guy at the pub who runs out to watch the Marauders fly over his town feigned the air of one who is moderately impressed but not overwhelmed when he heard about it. He gave himself away, though, when he poured a lager into a glass and winked, as usual, at one of the Marauder boys:

"We got crackin' on them, didn't we?"





By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT

YANK Staff Correspondent

**E**NGLAND—The Army engineer is a gypsy-builder. He builds and then moves on. He puts up a complete camp for somebody else but his own is often pitched in tents like a bivouack for the night. In one outfit in England which is the veteran engineering unit of them all in this theater, they will explain how they build nice, cold, drafty—but flush—latrines for everybody else, but at their own field it's a "bucket latrine." Also they add the frilly touches of aero clubs and library huts to airfields but their own clubs are around the barracks stove—if they can find enough fuel.

When an engineer outfit moves in, it does things in a big way, in an area of some thirty miles around headquarters. After having shaken up the earth, pounded down hills, blown up some stubborn stumps and terrorized sheep, chickens, cows and pheasants within those thirty miles, it moves on. It leaves behind watertowers, and warehouses and hangars—messhalls, Nissen huts, concrete walks—wiring, plumbing, piping. These engineers don't build Boulder Dams—nothing fancy, no miracles, but only the necessary homely items of construction by which an Army lives. When they are through they fold the heavy machinery and steal off—and the Army moves in the next day.

"We have," says Cpl. Ludwig, the historian of this unit, "poured enough concrete to build a dual, twenty-foot highway across the English Channel, laid enough brick to build a skyscraper the size of the Chrysler building, installed enough pipes and plumbing to service a couple of hotels the size of the 'Francis Drake' in San Francisco and the 'Park Central' in New York and what's more—well, anyway get your messkit pretty damn quick. They got chicken for dinner tonight and the white meat disappears in a hurry."

Engineer troops say the word "engineer" with a certain cynical profanity which has nothing to do with their capacity for hard work, and with solid performance data behind them. In this outfit they have been good enough to be called down to fast special jobs, as, for example, when a bomber coming

home from a raid had to crash land on the coast—"We lifted that crashed Fort out of the mud," says "Steamshovel" John Maione, "and we smoothed down the ground, and she took off pretty soon through two pastures. We worked nights on that job." Maione is a veteran "cat Skinner" from New York who has been in on most of the important construction jobs in the Big City—following his father who once "hoisted steel for the 59th Street Bridge."

Gripping and all, this unit has cut manpower estimates away down for construction. On a certain type of hangar it was figured for 25,000 man hours and they did it in 5,000. They have dug pipe-trench by hand and laid the piping when there was no heavy machinery. A sharp-faced dark fellow from Chatham, New York, T/5 Louis A. Di Leo, will tell you, only if you ask him, how he and T/4 Clarence J. Warren, of Roanoke, Va., worked double shifts, "from six to six," in order to grab all the long summer daylight in England. They operated a "twin-batch paver" which prepared concrete. The paver is one of those intelligent machines which takes in gravel, sand, water, and cement and turns out the stuff you pour to make a road. On that job they worked under 2nd Lt. Raymond C. Johnson, of Kane, Pa. "Under" is the wrong word in this case because this looney did the "grease monkey" job on the paver and once jumped right into the machine to hammer a stubborn hunk of stone into submission. That job also required of a twelve-man crew that they lug around about 340 tons of cement a day—or 15 tons per each GI back, "keeping that paver redhot ten hours a day."



**In the last war they were "the engineers with the hairy ears." In every war some wise Joes have always said, "Those guys are just the engineers." But armies do not move without them—the men who lay down the roads, put up the shelters and installations in which the army lives and does its job. And to their muddy chores they have brought their own sharp, profane brand of funny talk—it keeps them a little warmer on cold nights.**

The men have shown enough ingenuity and pride in this grimy job to do things of value for the Army out of makeshift materials. A certain corporal whose name doesn't mean a thing to you—Antonio Costa, of Roslindale, Mass.—did things with an ordinary saw, "built it into a bench, making it a circular, power-operated saw." And the team of "John Tursi and Walter Comoga," an unlicensed GI corporation of two corporals, "rigged up elevator shafts so that, in hot weather, the soft concrete could be gotten up two stories before hardening." The two of them persuaded a dubious officer it could be done. They built the shafts in half a day. Two stories up was the layout—a floor requiring a single smooth pouring of concrete. Everything worked, elevators and pouring.

**B**UT the magnificent griping of the engineers goes on like Niagara. The T.S. ticket in this unit is about the longest in the ETO and no one chaplain could possibly handle it. In a shed where they were out of the cold for a minute, the cement heavies with gray faces like lepers, moaned away, and the sergeant in charge, Edward Everett, of Ederton, N.C., just looked on with an expression on his face that said "time out for beefing." Alfred Cozzolino, a sharp-tongued Pfc. from Worcester, Mass., said: "Call us mules and you got the story . . . How much more cement we gonna load before we go home?" And almost any night in "Hut 10," where the "cat-skinner" live, a tall, thin, imaginative farmer from Louisiana, T/5 Edgar J. Ayo, will be reciting his sad, humorous blues songs . . . "Some day them brass-



# The Army's GYPSY-BUILDERS



The wind cuts through these open steel frameworks. They are the "canvas-back" hangars, a British type, put up in record time. Though they don't improve the scenery, they're useful.

hats gonna turn me loose and declare this war is hereby finished. Then I'm going home to watch the sugar cane grow."

The griping American Army engineer has remodelled part of the face of Britain. War is a priority even over the age-old undisturbed cycle of the English countryside. With a boom and a clatter his lumbering caterpillars have rolled across pasture land and the neat turf of estates. Guys called Joe have said: "Waddyaknow" when their bulldozer blades and clambucket teeth have uncovered the works of Gaius the Roman, an engineer colonel fifteen hundred years ago, whose manpower brigades built roads and piping long buried in the English earth. A good-looking slow-speaking Kansan tells you about the "Roman stuff" and then shows you a real old American kid beanshooter with which he would take an occasional potshot at pheasants from his cab. "But I never caught more than a tail-feather."

Yet the big machines have been careful where they could. M/Sgt. William M. Clark, a structural designer, lets you know that "all plans consider as far as possible 'traditional sites' and we will build around a place if we can possibly do it. Besides, 'you can't chop off even the limb of a tree without consulting the King.'"

The week YANK dropped in at headquarters, they were putting the finishing touches to a few jobs and beginning a new one. It was a cold, raw week, and a few flurries of snow carpeted the hillsides very faintly, almost transparently, so that you could see the pattern of furrows on the ground.

On a piece of land decorated by only a few trees, T/4 Louis E. Perez, of Yuma, Arizona, a surveyor, was establishing a "control point"—so that the builders would know where to put everything down. Somewhere else on the new layout the bulldozer had passed before us, leaving its monstrous track marks. And the English earth was upset—looking as if heavy shrapnel had been at work here. Everything seemed wild and raw. A half-dozen fires blazed through the expanse of muddy plain, places where a man might stand for a smoke and a minute's breather. Here the gray-faced cement heavers were busy, shouldering those 112-pound bags. And up in the cab behind the 50-foot boom was veteran "Steamshovel" John Maione.

In the few stabs of sunlight that came through the clouds that day, "Sapper" Walter Krause, of Pocatello, Idaho, explained something to you about dynamite. Here in England the only dynamiting was of tree stumps, "when the bulldozers can't pull them out." Of that kind of dynamiting he said contemptuously: "It ain't much, you just punch a hole underneath the stump, load her with dynamite—about two pounds for the ordinary stump job." But building and powerline locations were harder, and the charge had to be figured exactly, so that a building wall or powerline wouldn't go at the same time the stump did. "Tight places to shoot," Krause described them. "You have to know how much to tamp in, so she won't throw no stuff." In the sun, Krause's blond unshaven stubble glittered as he explained about dynamite. These stump jobs were nothing at all, it seemed, against the rock-blasting thunder he had once let loose on the Bonneville and Boulder Dams.

The mud was everywhere, tons of it to be moved. P47s climbed overhead playing games with building roofs and treetops. On a nearby sewage disposal plant's brick wall, a single patrolling GI in fatigues looked up at the plane, turned on the flow, looked up again and grinned. "A merry life," he said, looking down again thoughtfully at "sewage disposal."

ELSEWHERE on this job smoke and sparks came up from a chimney stack—a blacksmith was at work, T/5 Francis Lively, of Colrain, Mass. A husky lad smoking a corncob pipe, and wearing a blacksmith's apron, he was one of the indispensable small cogs of a big job—a man who made new tools and retempered cold chisels and pickaxes. At the moment he was fashioning a special-shaped bracket, an item not listed in the catalogues, and tomorrow he might be forging a queer-angle wrench out of scrap steel that could get into a "crooked corner." And when this job was over, Frank Lively would pack up his "Sears Roebuck" forge and move it along to the next job. He was an example of what quiet, capable M/Sgt. Harry D. Hill called an "ambidextrous T/O where a guy can be a bricklayer or half a dozen other things." Back home Lively had been a telephone

lineman.

Frank Snyder, a private from Spokane who had been a skilled iron worker back home, was working on a cement-mixer. As a form of protest Snyder wore a magnificent red beard which, he said: "Kept the cement dust out of my face." Standing in his cab, pushing pedals, dreaming of days when he "drove a lot of rivets in, put up a lot of hot iron, worked up in the air." And now he was hiding behind his magnificent red beard like a hermit. He hadn't been in to town for two months, and no one, maybe not even Snyder, knew where the beard would end.

But, if Snyder griped quietly behind his beard, there was something cheering in the cold and muck. At lunchtime a couple of hardy guys doffed greasy mackinaws and brought an inspiring sound to the ear, the thump of a baseball in a big mitt—inaugurating an American Spring.

Saturday is the end of the week in this unit, almost like the civilian end of the week, with Sunday "a day off" unless something special is under way. In the "cat Skinner" hut, the men got lively at the prospect. "Steamshovel" and Ayo and Jack Benton—who is the quiet one in this barracks—all were getting ready for town or for the long bull session until late at night. Jack Benton looked on mostly while the others talked. Of all the men here he is the quietest, maybe because he learned to live alone for "six months on the frontier between Transjordan and Iraq." He was in the Middle East for four years, teaching British contractor men and Arab operators whose most advanced machinery had been a waterwheel turned by a camel, how to handle his company's heavy equipment.

Caterpillar machinery is something he has grown up with—"Caterpillar caught hold of me when I was young," he said briefly. The barracks was noisy but he was very quiet, fixing his tie for an evening in town. He had been raised in San Diego, Cal., but when the war is over—"I'll go back to the Middle East," he said, and then he was off for town.

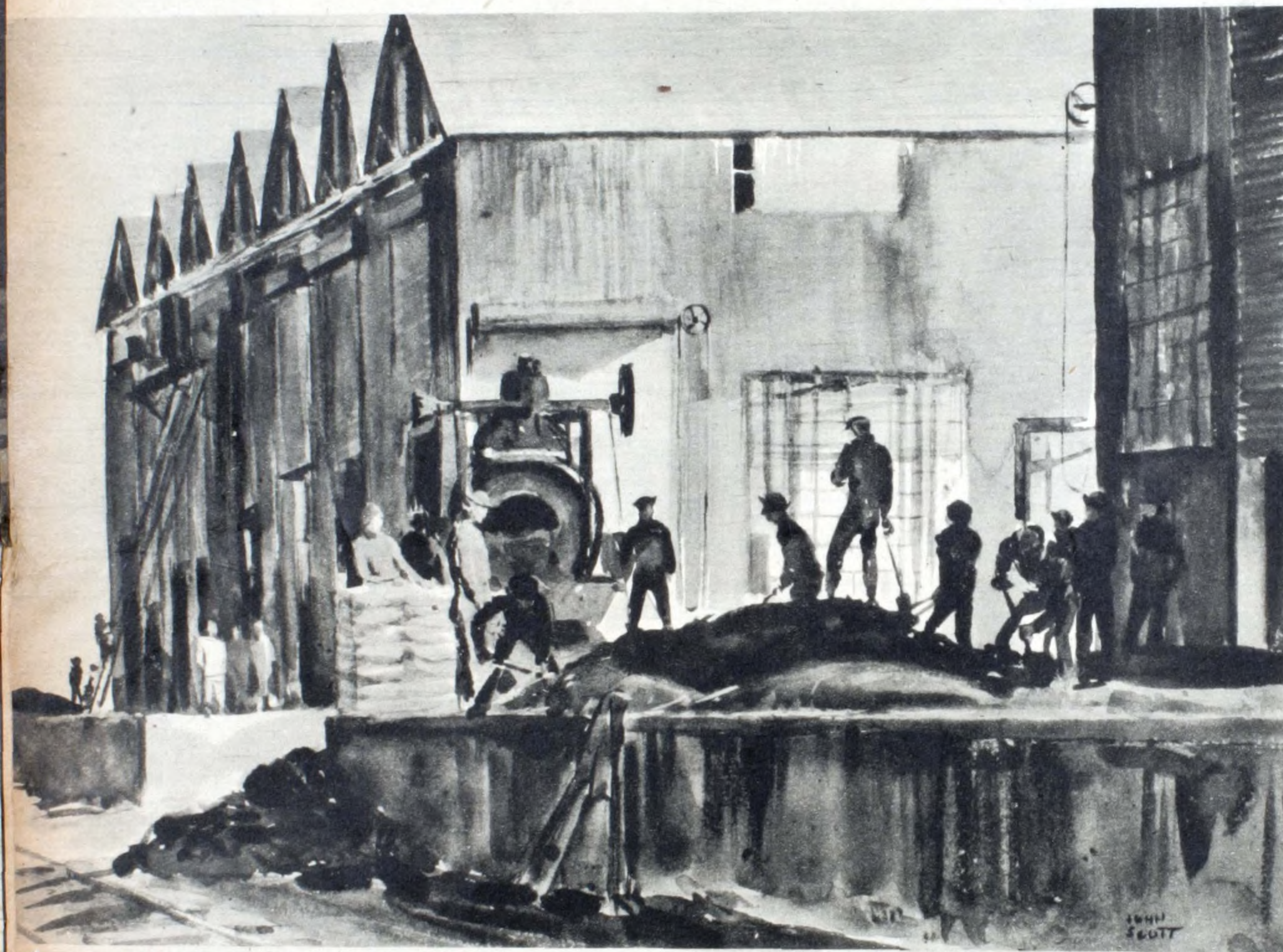
"Let's go out, boy," said somebody else in a soft voice that might have been Georgia, "let's go out, get a mild and bitter and relax."

(OVER)

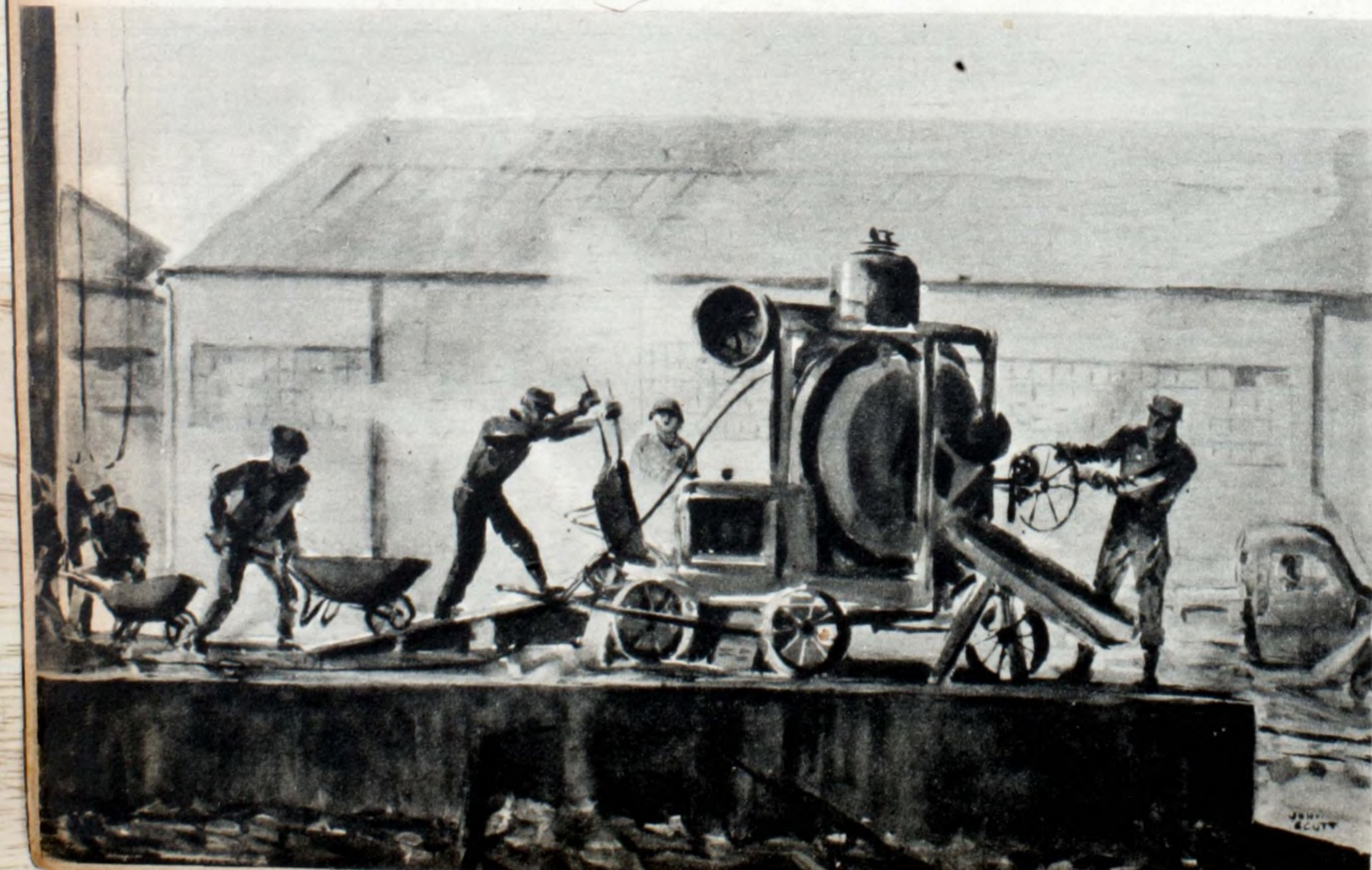




Komfy Kottages in the ETO, built for you, courtesy of the Engineers. Smoking, griping permitted. Dogs allowed on premises. Washing and other facilities are within a stone's throw.



Concrete underlies roads, hangars and a large part of the modern Army. It's a mixture of sand, gravel, water, cement—and rain, cold, heat, sweat and GI cussing.



"If you see that Land Army girl," a voice called after Georgia, "tell her Tom wants his ten shillings, now will you tell her?"

A couple of English kids who have adopted the men of "Hut 10" were prowling about the barracks, sporting with the big guys climbing over Frank Kinnard's back like puppies. They asked if you were from Tennessee—some lonely GI far from Nashville had put the Tennessee bug in their heads and the kids probably imagined it to be the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

Here and there men settled comfortably into sacks, smoking cigarettes, and kidding. But a man with a bellyache said: "Twenty-six months in Iceland, and now here. I feel like a goddam dying calf."

"You got a germ in your guts," someone explained, "you gotta have medicine to kill that germ."

Young Captain Hubbard, who oversees the heavy equipment men, came in to see that Man With the Bellyache and to ask him if he wanted to go to the hospital.

"No, Captain, it's not that bad," said the Man With the Bellyache.

"Well, if you don't get any better, you'll have to go," said the Captain firmly, walking out.

The Man With the Bellyache announced: "What do I wanna go to the hospital for? All they give you is chalkwater."

"But you got a germ there, you gotta have medicine to get it out."

The CQ came into the hut with medicine for the sick man. He asked if anybody else wanted it, too.

"You ain't gonna try it out on me," roared "Steamshovel," but on the outside chance that the medicine "might have something in it," "Steamshovel" took a chance, swallowed it, made awful faces. And muttered something vaguely about a corporal who was "only a overrated private."

"My morale," someone shouted through the noise, "my morale is lower'n whale—"

**G**RADUALLY things settled down. The fire was going strong—the "club" was relaxing for a long evening. Ayo, the tall "thin man" from Louisiana, talked about everything—from the war to memories of Louisiana. He was stretched out comfortably on his sack, eyes half shut.

"Two, three million planes," he said without conviction, "come over to this ole Europe every ten years and there'll be no more wars. You fellers think this is rough but when I was on detached service, nothing for breakfast, nothing for dinner, less for supper . . . And me thinking this here war couldn't run more'n six weeks. I'll tell you why. My old man says the war can't last six weeks cause I ain't ever held a job more'n six weeks. An I been in now eighteen months, twenty-five days. An tomorrow it'll be twenty-six days—"

"Louisiana," roared "Steamshovel."

"Noo Yawk," said Ayo gently, "where you gotta look straight up to see that sun. I wanna go home and give this here Army back to the GIs. I won't even join a damn Christmas Club after this war, just wanna watch that sugar cane grow, which is what I was busy doing when my good friends and neighbors selected me for this Army."

In "Hut 10" they were falling asleep one after the other. But "Steamshovel" and Ayo were still awake. The lights were out, but the fire in the stove threw waves of light across the ceiling.

"Hey, you feller from YANK, ever been down to the Strand Academy just about this time, midnight?"

"Sure."

"Just about this time, everything's wide awake back in New York—hey? Ain't it?"

"It sure is."

"Ever drive up the West Side Highway?"

"Sure did."

"I was on that job. East River Drive?"

"Yes."

"Was on that one, too. I been on all of them. Also LaGuardia Field."

"Steamshovel's" cigarette went out. Then Ayo turned over, saying: "We kid all day to keep cheerful, comes night we think about home. I'd give a thousand American dollars for a slice of cawn bread and a cup of black coffee."

Everybody fell asleep.

Sunday morning the men could sleep later—and mess was an hour later, too. And if you felt like putting in sack time somebody would always get your messkit and fetch your breakfast to your bedside.

It was flapjacks, syrup and bacon this Sunday. And they brought it to the bedsides, bowing, saying: "Wake up, neighbor, cheerio, neighbor."

Somebody asked: "How's it outside this morning?"

Ayo said, without opening his eyes: "It's a hundred and ten in the shade and the birds are singing."



By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**HITESHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY, CANADA—If you're in the market for a saddle, maybe you can do business with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. They don't need their saddles any more. At least, not many. When a Mountie strikes out to get his man today, he checks his gas and oil first. The horse, like the glamorous scarlet tunic, is now apparently reserved for movie adventures, formal reviews and occasionally for breaking up a riot.

But horse or no horse, GIs of the U. S. 254th Military Police are getting a terrific boot and some worth-while experience out of helping the Mounties keep several thousand construction workers and dogfaces from turning Whitehorse into the same kind of hell-roaring hamlet it was in the days of '98.

The Mounties began to meet the rising tide during the first year the Alaska Highway was a-building by multiplying their local staff by five. Later they gratefully accepted the cooperation of Uncle Sam's MPs, and since mid-1943 law and order have been almost back at their peacetime levels.

Even so, during the last six months of 1943 the MPs and RCMPs together nabbed 230 American offenders for misdemeanors, traffic violations and graver crimes. Only 86 of them were soldiers. All, including the civilians who are in Canada's Yukon Territory under American military authorization, were turned over to the U. S. Army.

Yank MPs have observed that the Mounties, although technically semimilitary, are pretty long on discipline. The Mountie salutes his officers with a swish that sounds like a couple of quail breaking out of tall brush. He stands, general inspection and can expect a call from the Old Man if he flub-dubs. If he's an office worker, his



## THE MOUNTIES GET UNHORSED

service jacket—a GI would call it a blouse—stays on all day.

Breaking into the Mounties is not exactly like joining the Army. If you're 21 years old and a high-school graduate, you're eligible to try to "engage" for five years. The physical exam is stiff. You must stand at least 5 feet 8 in your socks and have a chest measurement of 35 inches or more. If you weigh more than 185 pounds, you can put your shirt on and go home. Otherwise, barring any organic deformities or disorders, they'll ship you off to the training depot at Regina or Rockcliffe, near Ottawa, where you'll learn scientific investigation methods in the lab and study the art of "rolling the golden balls" in the stables. After six months you'll venture out into the field for three months of practical experience. If your superiors like your looks, you return to the training depot for another six months. This means you are practically a cinch to start life as a constable.

Like a private in the Army, the constable wears nothing on his sleeve. The Mountie looks upon promotion the same way he does sleeping sickness. You hear of people catching it, but you never expect to have it yourself. As a constable, you draw a base pay of about \$2.50 per day. If you're promoted to corporal, you wear two gold chevrons with the points downward above the elbow. (Mounties sport chevrons on the right arm only.) With his stripes, a corporal adds four bits a day in pay. A sergeant gains one more "banana" with a crown above it and pockets 25 cents more per day. A staff sergeant wears four stripes below the elbow, this time with the points upward, American-style, and no crown. The highest ranking noncom, a sergeant major, also shows four chevrons below the elbow, but now the stripes are pointing down again and the crown is back.

Only single men are accepted by the Mounties, and you can't think about marriage until you've been in the service seven years and have the permission of the commissioner of the RCMP in Ottawa. The commissioner must be convinced, according to regulation, that the woman you have chosen is of good character and "a proper person to occupy government quarters." The present

RCMP commissioner is Stewart Taylor Wood, a relative of Zachary Taylor, 12th U. S. President.

In command of the Whitehorse subdivision is Inspector H. H. Cronkhite of Lethbridge, Alberta. On his staff, the men who work closest with the American MPs are Sgt. Bery Allan of Whitehorse and D/Cpl. (Detective-Corporal) Michael V. Nolan of Blaine Lake, Saskatchewan. Sgt. Allan, in charge of the Whitehorse Detachment, has 12 years in the RCMP. He is married and has one child. Cpl. Nolan, 13 years a Mountie, is still a bachelor. This point is important because, on corporal's pay, Nolan will shell out \$700 in income tax this year while Sgt. Allan, as a husband and father, will get off with \$400. (Canada's wartime individual taxes are among the world's biggest.)

**W**HEN there's a job of joint investigation on tap, Capt. George H. Coupe, the American provost marshal, usually sends around Charles F. Patterson, an acting sergeant with a corporal's rating who spent 29 years with the New York City police. Together, Sgt. Patterson and Cpl. Nolan have sewn up some interesting cases.

Once when a construction worker's pay check was stolen, his name forged and the check cashed in a Canadian bank under the endorsement of "Raymond Howard Johnson," the MPs and the Mounties scoured the Army and civilian camps for anyone by that name. Finally suspicion fell on the man who drove a mail truck between Whitehorse and Kluane. When Patterson and Nolan pinned the driver down, they discovered he had been opening mail and snaffling checks right along, always endorsing them with the fictitious name of "Raymond Howard Johnson." He had even altered his draft card to that name to use as identification in cashing the checks after forging the signature. The Mounties turned "Johnson" over to an American court martial and he is now opening only his own mail in Ohio State prison.

Another time the Mounties got wind of a rumor that some civilian workers were selling U. S. Government lumber to Canadians. Nolan and Patterson and Detective-Constable Glenn Cummings of Kerrobert, Saskatchewan, prowled around and

learned that approximately 30,000 board feet had changed hands on the sly. A couple of salvage-dump employees were arrested. The investigation disclosed that numerous other materials, electric drills, hand tools, truck tires and even one light delivery truck had been bartered for money, liquor and love. The two Americans were fined \$500 each and jugged for a spell. Ten Canadians who were on the purchasing end coughed up \$3,100 in penalties.

Americans have no corner on lawlessness, however. Sgt. Patterson latched onto a Canadian who was hawking liquor by the bottle to soldiers and civilians on the street at \$30 a pint. In the gent's hotel room, Cpl. Nolan uncovered 10 bottles of British Columbia whisky smuggled into the Yukon. This venture cost the peddler \$400.

Beside these occasional instances of criminal investigation, the Yank MPs spend most of their time assisting the Mounties in controlling the heaviest traffic that the Yukon Territory has ever had. After midnight, the curfew hour for GIs, one MP and one Mountie patrol the streets together. On banking days at the big construction camps, Mounties and MPs ride together as an armed guard for a jeep transporting \$50,000 or more.

On duty, the Mountie wears a muskrat cap and a field service jacket a shade darker than the GI blouse and of almost the same cut. His breeches are blue, with a broad yellow stripe running into the tops of his field boots. He packs as side arms a .455 Colt revolver. Though there may not be a horse within 1,000 miles, he still straps on his short, blunt spurs.

"Only time you don't wear your spurs," says Constable Thomas J. Peck of Sydney, Nova Scotia, "is when you're called onto the carpet in the orderly room."

But that flaming red tunic that makes the Mounties the delight of Technicolor cameramen spends most of the time in mothballs. It comes up for air on holidays and official wingdings only.

"That's a suicide garment," the Mounties have told the MPs. "Makes the best target in the world. That's something we learned back in 1775—from you Yanks."





**WE KILLED A LOT OF JAPS**

MARINES STAND BY A WRECKED TANK AND TALK ABOUT THE BATTLE FOR KWAJALEIN ATOLL WHILE IN THE FOREGROUND REST A FEW OF THE 8,122 JAPANESE KILLED. THESE MARINES DIED ON ROI IN THE KWAJALEIN CAMPAIGN. OUR LOSSES WERE COMPARATIVELY LIGHT: FOR BOTH ARMY AND MARINES, 286 DEAD, 1,175 WOUNDED.



**BUT SOME OF US DIED, TOO**





THE WALLS OF THIS POWER PLANT ON ENNUBIRR ISLAND WERE TWO FEET THICK BUT THAT WASN'T THICK ENOUGH TO TAKE THE NAVY'S SHELLING.

# AFTER THE BATTLE AT KWAJALEIN

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**K**WAJALEIN ISLAND IN THE MARSHALLS — Although there is still some occasional rifle fire and the smoke still curls from the ruined concrete pillboxes, the veterans of the Army's 7th Division are now stitting under the trees or lying on the ground with V-Mail blanks, writing their first letters home.

Most of the letters are short and simple. The men cannot say that they are on Kwajalein, cannot give details of the action they fought here, cannot name friends who were injured, cannot

give the date and cannot say where they came from and where they are going. They can't say much of anything except "I'm still alive and well." But that is enough.

The officers are wearing their insignia again. There are heated arguments about whether the 1st Platoon of Company A killed more Japs than the 3d Platoon of Company L. Hardly anyone knows for sure just how many Japs he did kill.

"When it gets past 10, you lose count and lose interest," says Pfc. James Carrigan of San Saba, Tex., a BAR man who accounted for 12.

Down on the beach about one man in 15 has succeeded in finding his own barracks bag in the

disorganized piles there. Those who have located their own toilet articles are sharing their razors and soap with a dozen other GIs. Some of the soldiers are bathing in the surf, wearing shoes to protect their feet from the sharp, jagged coral.

Everywhere burial details are removing the remains of the last dead Japs. A few minutes ago an unarmed private in a Graves Registration unit adjusted his gas mask and went into a small pillbox near the center of the island, an area that was supposed to have been completely cleared of Japs during the morning of the second day of the battle.

A split second later, the private ran yelling





Blasted pillbox is inspected by a Leatherneck whose rifle is ready should a "dead" Jap prove to be alive.



This was no place to be choosy about the brand of your beer. The stuff happens to be Japanese.



Twin-mounted dual-purpose naval guns were knocked out by shells before the first American troops landed.

from the pillbox. He thought he had seen ghosts. Following him were two emaciated but very much alive Japs in shorts, their hands in the air. They are now changing into fatigues with PW painted on the back.

This morning hundreds of tropical white birds, driven away by the battle, have returned to the island and are resting again on the tops of what they still recognize as trees. A Special Service officer is looking for the best place to hang the screen for the outdoor movies that will begin in a few days. A site for a Post Exchange will be selected tomorrow.

Already a half dozen bulldozers are rolling the runways of the half-completed airstrip so hurriedly abandoned by the Japs. The engineers are surveying the site, discussing the best places to build hangars. The remaining skeletons of the Jap revetments are sadly out of line, they say.

A Negro port battalion is unloading food, ammunition and supplies from newly arrived cargo ships. The men are putting up their shelter halves in the few cleared spaces and AA crews are finding permanent positions for their guns.

Jeeps, half-tracks and tractors are moving along the battle-torn main highway, passing medium and light tanks which are returning from the front area.

The few enemy bicycles here are too small and too mangled to ride. But T-5 Robert Fuller, a coast artilleryman from Kansas City, Kans., started tinkering with the engine of a shrapnel-scarred half-ton truck with a left-hand drive. A few minutes later he was taking passengers all over the island.

Everywhere the foundations of blockhouses and the charred remains of barracks and storehouses are being searched for souvenirs. There are enough Jap rifles for everybody and once in a while a rare hara-kiri knife with a silver blade and a handle that some say might be gold.

No one who has acquired a complete Imperial Marine or Jap Navy uniform would consider selling it, but a pistol, carried only by the enemy officers, can be had for a month's overseas pay of a private.

Anybody can pick up right now the Jap post cards that make those of the French variety seem mild by comparison. There are also a few sets of travel prints of Australia, New Zealand, Pearl Harbor and San Francisco with Japanese captions under the photographs. The experts, of course, point out that these are the high points of a planned Nipponese tour of the Pacific, which somehow never came off.

Near what used to be a Jap food dump, there are piles of boxes of small, soggy crackers and a pasty stuff in cans that nobody will sample. Also there are 150 cases of beer, guarded by four MPs with guns.

No one cares about the beer, anyway. It isn't very good, much weaker than the PX stuff, and warm. There is no ice on this island. Besides, there are plenty of bottles of sake around here.

Hot coffee and hot chow are available for the first time in the company's CPs. Vienna sausages, beans, meat and vegetable hash are being cooked over dozens of fires in shell craters.

There is a rumor that bacon and eggs will be served tomorrow. No one puts much stock in it.

Tonight it will be possible to sleep, but not many of us will. The sickening odor of the dead Japs still fills the air, and there may still be a live one around who is unwilling to surrender.

No one can do much sleeping 24 hours after a battle anyway.

### Friendship in Wartime

**K**WAJALEIN ISLAND IN THE MARSHALLS—To kill time, a couple of CPOs on a transport in the invasion force listened to Radio Tokyo. They heard a talk on "Friendship in Wartime" by a Jap Ph. D. who spoke with an Oxford accent but said he spent 10 years at Boston University.

The good doctor said he was very fond of the U. S. and had numerous friends in our Navy, what there was left of it. He said we lost 10 battleships and 22 aircraft carriers in the Gilberts campaign and that all of our planes that had been trying to hit the Marshalls had been shot down or driven back. In fact, the doctor said, he felt very sorry for all his good friends in the U. S. Navy.



While supplies are unloaded at Ennubirr Island, result of Navy bombardment can be seen in the sky.



En route to the Marshalls, Sgt. Charles Blair of Vero Beach, Fla., sharpens edge of his combat knife.



Moving in. The Japs on the beaches taken care of, these Marines march off to see what's up ahead.



### Sign Of The Times

**A** Joe who drives a staff car has been telling us about a trip he made through the local countryside the other day, chauffeuring a load of officers fresh from the States. It was getting on toward the end of the day when they came to a sign painted with an arrow pointing down a side road and the word "Diversion," which, as all seasoned Etousians know, is the British way of saying "Detour." At this one of the passengers perked up considerably. "How about looking into that?" he asked, hopefully. "Might mean dancing, or at least a bar."

### Boy Meets Old Man

A letter came in to this office from a C.B. the other day telling us of a somewhat unique sort of a reunion that was going to take place in the London Washington Red Cross Club. It was signed by W. H. Hill SF2c, of Montgomery, Ala., a forty-seven-year-old father of five kids, who had arranged to meet one of those kids in the big town. The kid was W. L. Hill, who is twenty-two and a master sergeant. "I've been over here sixteen months," wrote the elder Hill, "and my son has just come in from Africa, Sicily, and Italy. He is a paratrooper and I a C.B. and it's been some time since I've seen him."

The reunion came off as scheduled, as you can see by the picture printed elsewhere on this page, and all in all it was a great success. "We bumped into each other very well," said the father, in describing the way he and his son met for the first time in two years in the lobby of the Washington Club. "And then right away," said the son, "we went up to our room and had what you might call a general discussion for something like six or eight hours."

There was plenty to discuss. Young Hill has been in uniform for three years and his old man since September, 1942, and a lot of things have happened to both of them since they stopped being civilians. Hill, senior, has been putting up Quonset huts by the score and Hill, junior, went through the tough going at Salerno. Then there were the letters both have received recently from mom back home telling about the two youngsters of the family—ten-year-old David and twelve-year-old Roy. Mom had written about the other two kids, too—a son who was discharged from the Army because of bad eyes and a daughter who is married to a warrant officer in the Air Forces in Florida.

Sergeant Hill had been able to wangle nothing better than an overnight pass, so after the bull session the two men had to move fast in order to cover the ground they wanted to. This meant a show, some more gum-gnashing at the inevitable pub, a visit to a Scottish couple the elder Hill had become friendly with over here, and a Red Cross dance. The dance worked out oke for all concerned but it was old man Hill who really went to town. "This kid of mine," he said afterward, "never saw his dad shake a foot before, but when I got out on that dance floor I really showed him how!"

### Static

We hope you heard and enjoyed the new YANK radio program on the American Forces Network last Saturday morning, but if you did it's only because the AFN boys know how to do without. Seems they put in an order for forty radio transmitters and in the course of time duly received a big package supposedly containing the equipment. While the staff of Joes and officers stood eagerly watching, a couple of Pfc. sweated over the crate with hammers and chisels and at last triumphantly pried it open. Its contents: forty electric razors. And, just to add insult to injury, razors for the wrong kind of current, too—or so we understand.

### Many Happy Returns

Even with that twenty per cent extra for being overseas, a private in the Army can't afford to be too generous when word comes through from home that it's a boy—wife and baby doing fine. Moreover, PX rations being what they are, a proud papa in the ETO can't go around doling out cigars like a politician even if he's got the dough to buy them. While visiting an armored unit the other day we picked up a trick answer to this double-barrelled problem, and we'll pass it along here, just in case any more of you Joes are expecting.

The ingenious father in this case was Pvt. Harold M. Katherman, of Norfolk, Va. As soon as he got off duty after hearing the good news, he took a couple of packs of cigarettes and a sharp, soft pencil and painstakingly inscribed the words "Baby



Excuse me, son! W. H. Hill, SF2c, of Montgomery, Ala., cuts in on his son, M/Sgt. W. L. Hill, of ditto, during a dance which both attended during a two-man family reunion in London. The young lady in question is Wac Sgt. Geraldine Brennan, of Glens Falls, N. Y.

## Yanks at Home in the ETO

Katherman" on each butt. Handed them out to the boys after chow and made quite a hit. Sentimental blokes, we Americans, wot?

### All The Answers

There's nothing quite like shooting the breeze, we always say, even when there's nothing much in particular to shoot it about. We were reminded of this once again the other day when we came upon the following note from one Cpl. O. R. Lewis in the morning mail: "Dear YANK: Would like your advice on a question that has come up in Hut 12. Some say a person would sink in the Great Salt Lake (Utah) and some say you won't. We mean an average person who can't swim or float in fresh water. Can you tell us which it is, sink or float?"

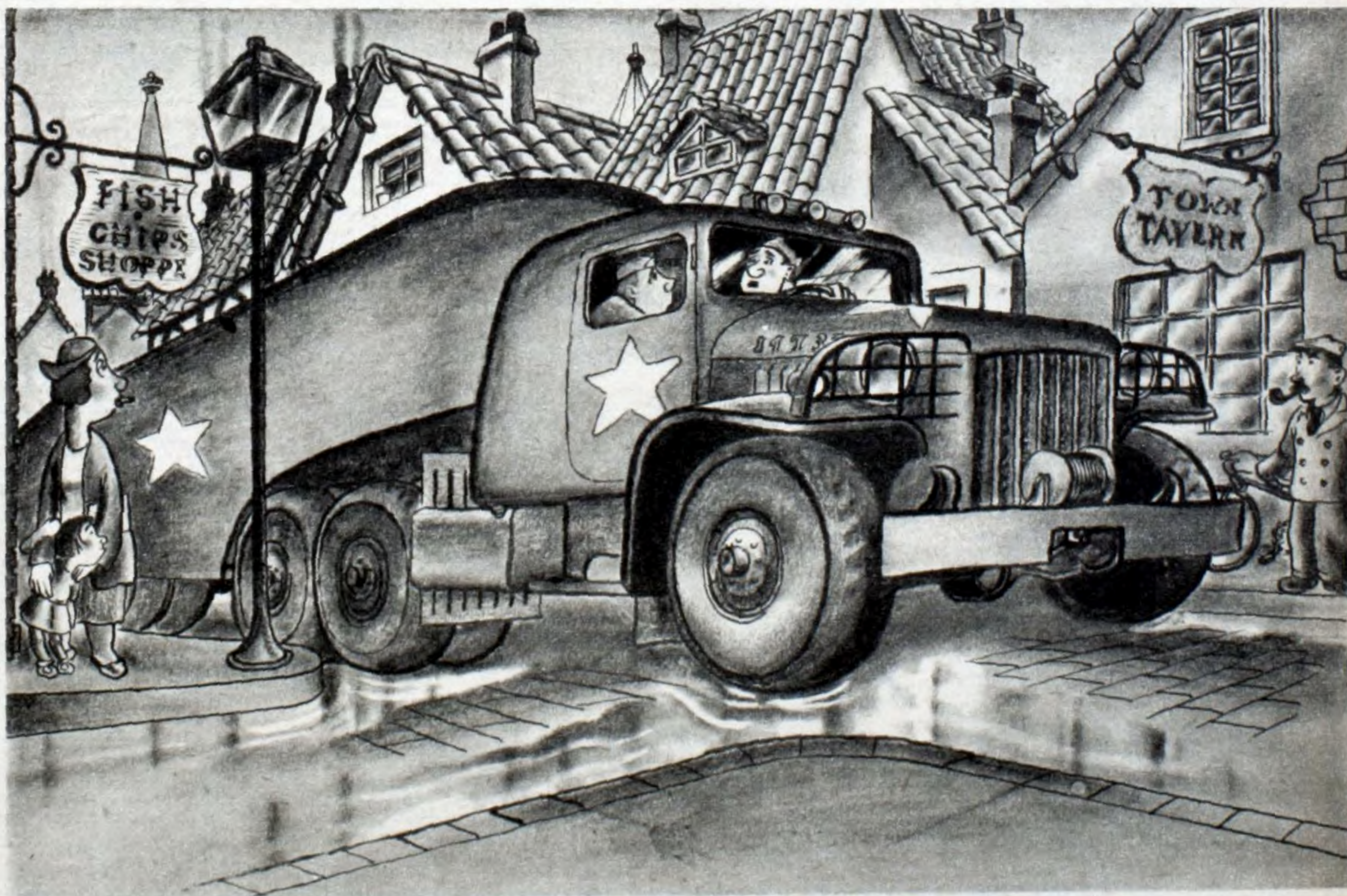
Well, Corp, you had us there. Like every other GI, we've got our superior officers all doped out, along with the war and the World Series, but a question like the one you boys in Hut 12 raised was a toughie and kind of out of our field. We asked around the office but with no results. Mostly the trouble seemed to be that you wanted to know about "an average person who can't swim or float in fresh water," and the only average people we've

got in the office not only can but *do* float in fresh water. (They have a hell of a time in bathtubs, bobbing around like celluloid goldfish.)

We've got a lot of below-average people around, of course—GFUs who can't swim or float in any kind of water, but they're not the average kind you asked about, and anyway none of them has ever been near the Great Salt Lake. The only *above*-average guy we've got in the office is our top kick. (It's probably that subtle kind of bucking which has got us up to T/5 after two years of hard work.) This sergeant of ours got squiffed at a picnic one night out in Utah, insulted a dame, and got pushed off a pier and into the lake. But it sobered him up and he swam ashore, quick like a fox, without ever waiting to see whether he could float or not.

As a last resort and just to make sure we had covered the case from every angle, we looked up the Great Salt Lake in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Fortunately, it turned out to be a little more helpful than our colleagues. This is what it had to say on the matter: "Saltair . . . is a popular pleasure resort on the lake in which it is impossible to sink, on account of the large amount (about 22 percent) of salt in the water."

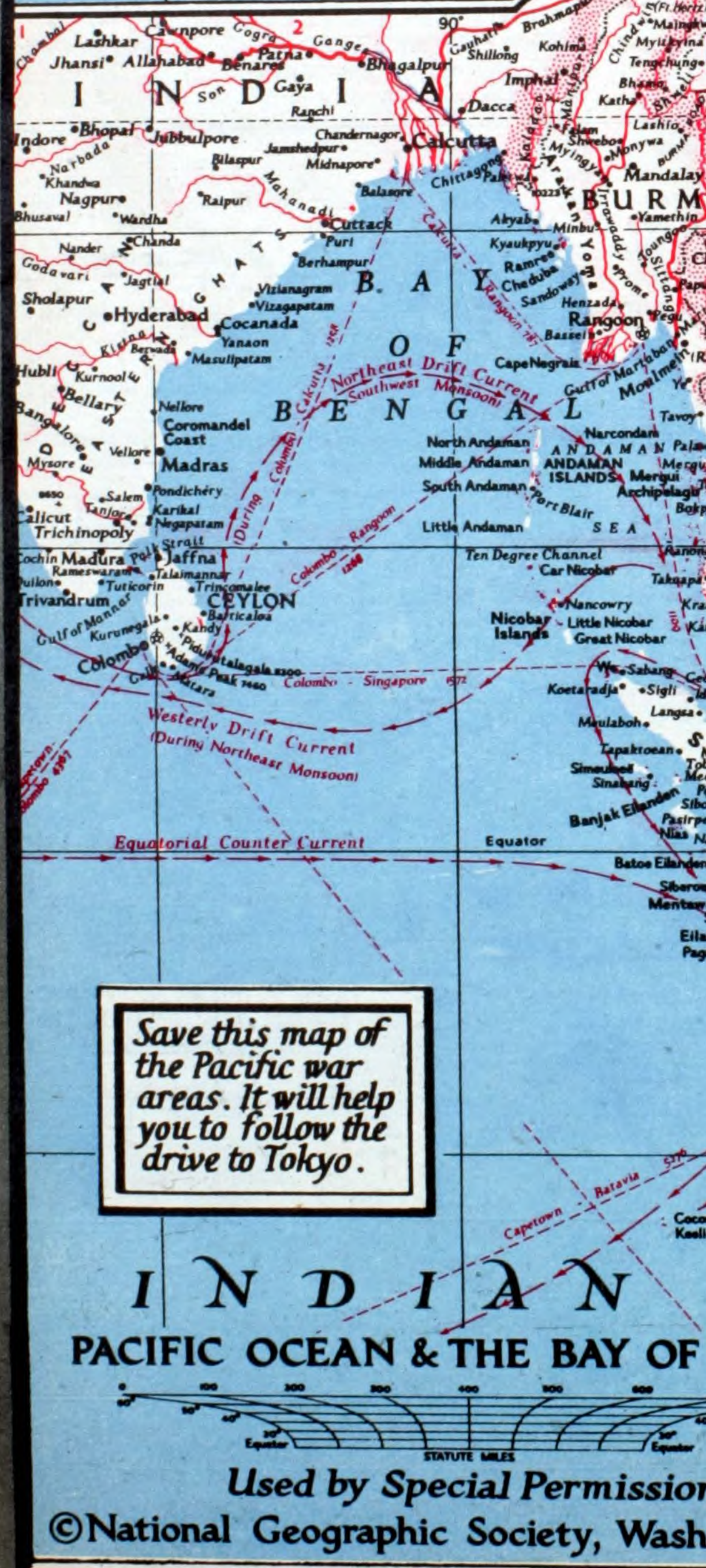
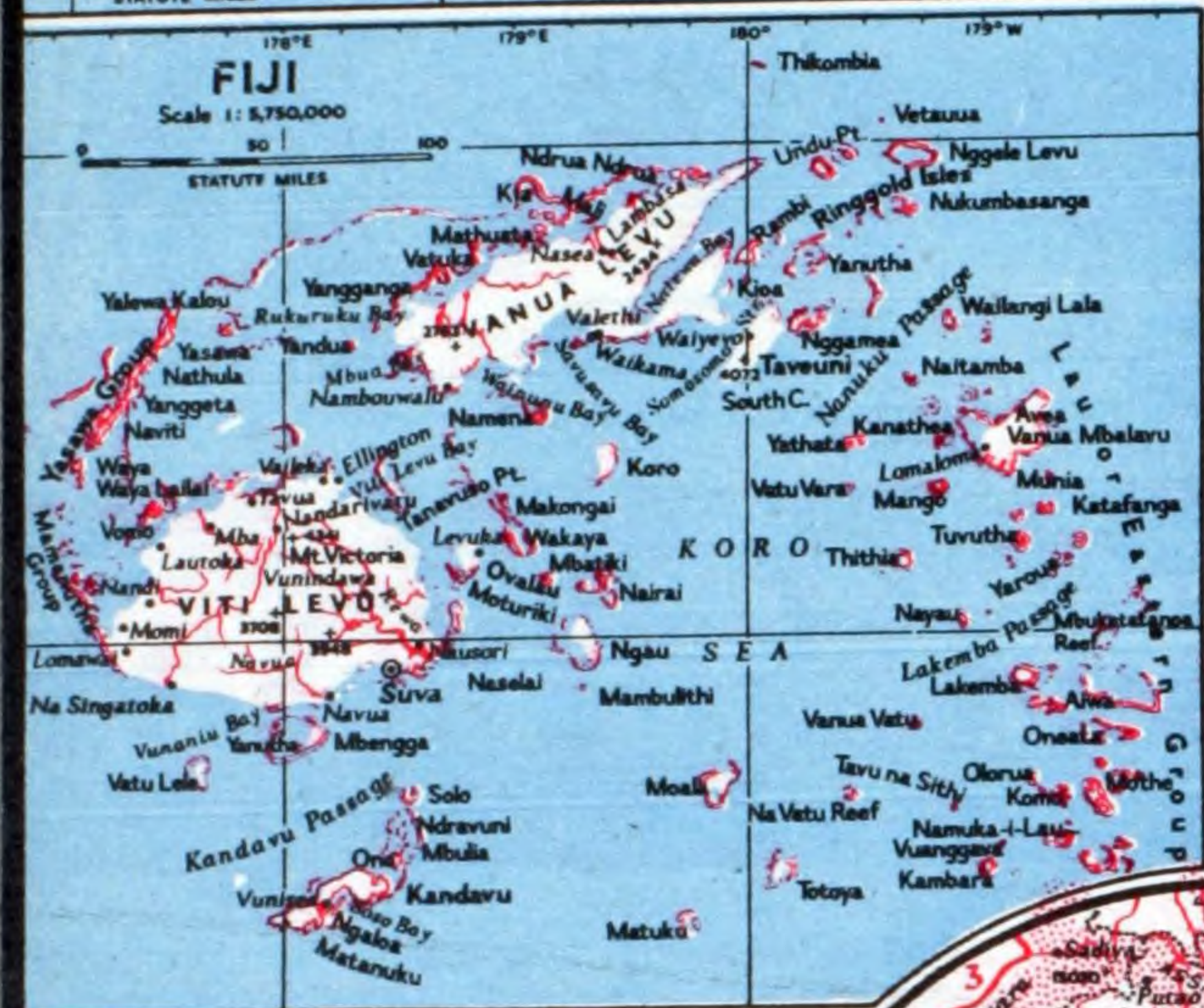
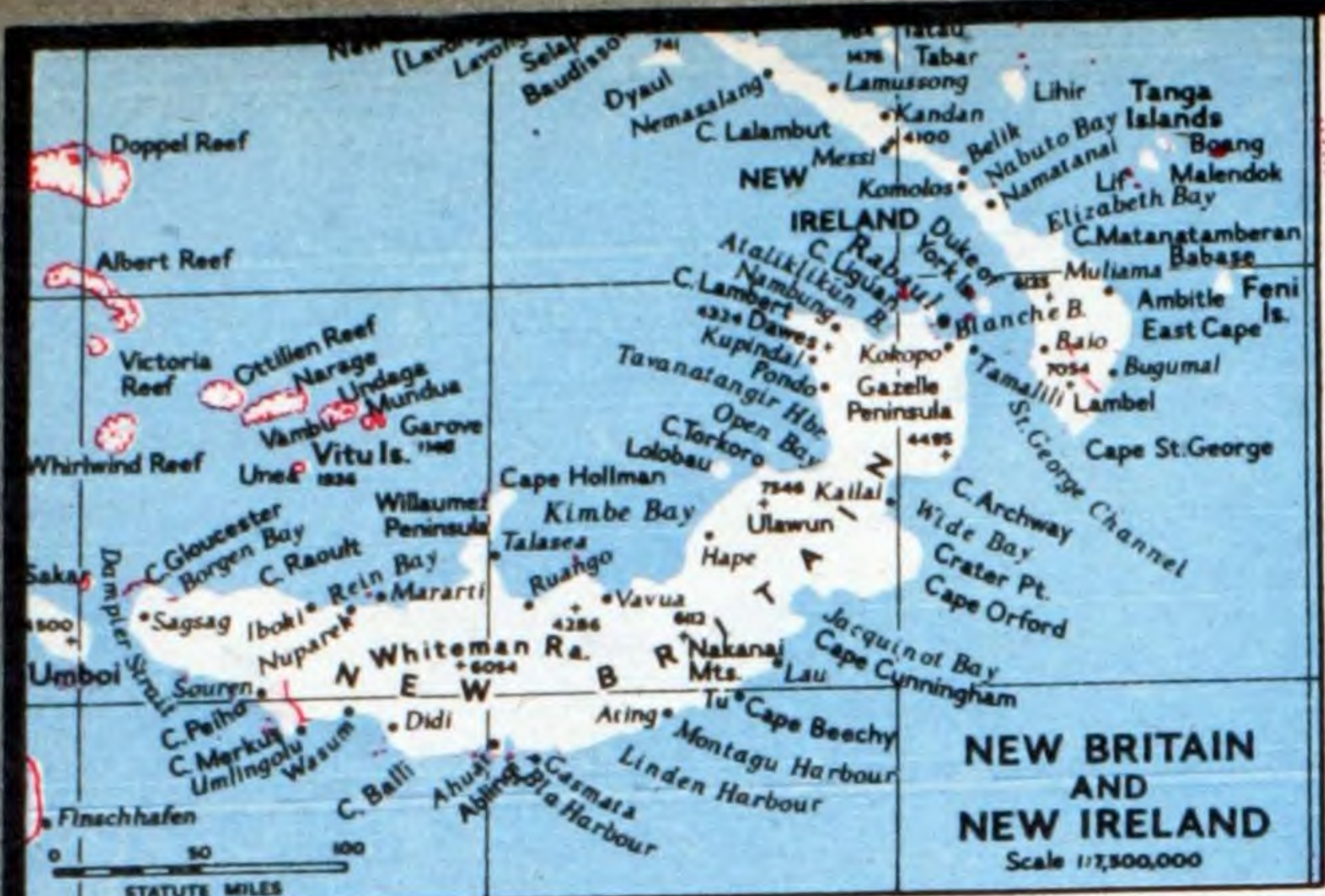
So that's how it is, Corp. Call again.



"AT FIRST I HAD A DEVIL OF A TIME GETTING USED TO DRIVING ON THE LEFT SIDE."

—Pvt. Tom Flannery, ETO.





Save this map of the Pacific war areas. It will help you to follow the drive to Tokyo.

# INDIAN OCEAN

## PACIFIC OCEAN & THE BAY OF BENGAL

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# Thoughts in the Night

By Pvt. ELLIOT A. WITTEN

**E**NGLAND—The ship cut through the night and water on its errand across the Atlantic. It would have been an impressive sight to an observer other than the crew and passengers. The ship was carrying troops to battle—troops, where before there had been wealthy, idle passengers. Then it had been all lights and gaiety and laughter. Now it was different. There were no lights, no gaiety, no laughter. Just several thousand men—grim, quiet men who had a job to do, or felt they had, or were told they had. Anyway they were there, and overflowing. They slept in the swimming pool and the lounge and on the promenade deck. Some even slept on the sun deck. There was no smoking allowed except in the smoking-room and on the promenade deck. That deck was a busy place, all right. Smokers, sleepers, strollers. You couldn't even go out on the open deck. M.P.s guarded the hatches. They had strict orders not to let anybody out.

But one did manage to get through the apparently impenetrable cordon. Hell, those erstwhile guards were soldiers too, weren't they? And if a buddy wanted a breath of fresh air, why, they understood. Even a soldier can get seasick.

But this soldier leaning over the rail and gazing out into the night wasn't seasick. He was just an escapist of sorts, or maybe a thinker. And just now he was thinking not of battle or misery or death but of the past. The great and glorious past. So little done, yet such a lot as far as he was concerned. Perhaps he could almost see himself now, a wild and wilful, spoiled brat. A show-off is the word. Perhaps he remembered those days in school when he was the idol of all the girls.

Perhaps he remembered those early love affairs he'd had. So guilty, no naive, so miserable! Then those jobs he had—short-lived, all of them, spanning a period of six years. Six years out of only twenty-two, but God, how much they meant to him now. Yet how little in comparison to this new venture which could mean—. No, let's don't think of that angle.

He smiled a little as he remembered Chickie. Funny how he met her. He belonged to a veterans' auxiliary club because his father was a veteran in good standing. She belonged to the daughters' auxiliary. Both groups decided to go to the Fair. "Grover Whalen's Picnic," some called it. He didn't even notice her until they got there, but once he did he stayed by her side all the time from then on. Yes, from then on—.

He bundled up tighter in his coat. Br-r-r, but it can get cold on the ocean, even if the fresh wind does smell nice and salty. Not quite as nice, though, as the fresh stiff wind that blew through the open front door of the subway as they rode back from the Fair that night. He was singing and she was accompanying him, and they both were laughing between stanzas.

He always claimed afterwards that she picked him up at the Fair. (He knew that wasn't true. He just said it to please his vanity and to tease her.) They were still laughing as they got off the train at the Columbia University's station at 116th St. She lived near there. And after that he managed to get around there very often, practically every night, in fact. Boy, they had fun together. Hikes on the Palisades, swimming at Coney Island, movies on upper Broadway, evenings at her home and at his home, delicious dinners prepared and served by her folks and his folks. Fun and laughter, petty quarrels and sentimental forgiveness, phone calls galore. She went to night college while both of them worked during the day. Three years of that. Three wonderful, glorious years. They were inseparable. Dated each other only, and why not? They were happy that way and only that way.

In 1941, July it was, he wanted to go to England. They needed fellows there in his line at that time. How she begged him not to go, and he didn't because on that certain day he suddenly discovered he didn't want to go. He wanted to stay here with her for ever. So he enlisted in the Reserves and they decided to get married finally.

**H**ow happy they were. He had to borrow money from his father (good old Dad) to pay for every thing, and even then they had so little. Such a little in some ways, yet such a helluva lot in so many others. A more devoted, perfectly matched couple couldn't be found. She was so cute, so precious, so adorable, and he—well, anyway, she loved him and that's what counted. Yes, it was perfect. Hell, it couldn't be anything but. He even loved his in-laws. Sure he did. He actually got along better with her mother and father than she did. And she got along better with his parents than he did. They adored her, too. Even his brother and sister liked her.

And then he was called up for service. He remembered that farewell dinner so well. How every one was there, how proud they were of him. Proud of what? And he smiled a little as he pictured their faces again. His father, pompous and handsome, trying his best. "Good old Dad" fits him. He

hadn't got as much out of life as he deserved. Just wait till this war is over—just wait.

And Mom, with her meek, frightened, permanently wondrous look. So little and so lovable. His sister, my, how she was growing up. Sixteen already and a grown lady, proud of her oldest brother. And his younger brother. Mustn't forget him. Where is he now? Somewhere in the South Pacific. A good kid, a really good kid, and not a sissy.

Her mother, smart, efficient, yet worried and proud also. Her Dad, his other Dad now. He went through the last war also. A hero, too. Took off his gas mask and put it on a wounded soldier and carried him back to the rear. God, it would be tough to do that if the chance ever came. But her Dad did, and was still suffering from it after twenty-five years. For what? For a lousy hunk of ribbon? No! To make the world safe for democracy and to insure against future wars? Ha! That's a laugh. If that's true, then why was he here, why was this boatload sailing for God knows where, into what? No, that's not it.

**H**E'D do the best he could, but he wouldn't get patriotic about it. Still, there's some satisfaction in doing a job well and right and just a little better than the best of your ability. His father and father-in-law did, and then came back and raised families. His father-in-law had two beautiful daughters, too. That sister-in-law was a cute kid. Hell, she's only thirteen now. But even at that she'll never be able to out-match her older sister, my wife. That sounds good. My wife, he thought to himself, and he said out loud for the wind and the night and the ocean to hear: "My precious, adorable kitten baby." Silly little nicknames. So meaningless to others, so vitally meaningful to him and to her.

When he left for the Army he started a new hopeful chapter in his life. Full of ambition and of a desire to get ahead, to do something. Reception centers, basic training, hikes, details, K.P., letters to his wife and to his folks and to others, but mostly to his wife. More training, waiting, hurry up and wait, finally a furlough. He'd surprise her, wouldn't tell her he was coming home. Did, too. Walked right in on her in her office. Boy, was she shocked, then happy, and, after it was all over, miserable! So he took her back with him. Back to New Orleans.

What beautiful memories they had there. So many little things. Things that didn't count to others, like playing cards in bed. (Even did that on their honeymoon night.) Played cards, and he taught her how to play blackjack while they gobbled up a pound box of candy between them. In New Orleans there were things like buying ice cream cones and having a malted at Walgreen's Lousy service there, though; too crowded. But what he wouldn't give for one of those malteds now.

But all good things have to come to an end sometime. He was scheduled to go overseas. She went back home, but not until she saw him off on the troop train. He was sent north, to an embarkation camp. Went over the hill several times in New York in order to see her, just for a while before he left. Finally he did leave, but he let her know that he was leaving. Yes, he let her know in a way that only they could understand. She knew in her heart that he was leaving, and he knew, too, that she knew.

Boarding the train (hurry up and wait, hurry up and wait, that took six hours) and then the Red Cross at the gangplank with coffee and doughnuts and chocolate. On the boat, finally. A happy gang, or at least they seemed happy or tried to appear happy. And why not? They didn't have wives at home like he did. Not most of them. None like his wife, anyway. Funny how everybody thinks that way. But not him, he knew it was true and not just a bunch of words. He could look up the river and there (although he couldn't see it, of course), only six miles away, was his home, his wife, his entire life, really. Stayed in the harbor for a day and a half and then pulled out. And now they were three days out. Three hellish days away from New York, U.S.A. Tomorrow, well let tomorrow take care of itself when it comes, if it comes.

Too cold up here, he thought. Too cold and too lonely. He left the rail and went to his bunk, way down on "D" deck below the water line. Boy, it was noisy there. Noisy and stale. A card game was going on in one corner and, in another, a crap game. Some of the fellows were lying in their bunks, reading. Others were too seasick to worry about reading or games or anything. Thank God he didn't get seasick, not yet anyway. Oh well, a little sleep now won't hurt, that is if you can sleep with all the noise and rocking and the thoughts and fears crowding your mind.

Tomorrow or the next day we'll land, and then what? Oh, if only he could look into the future. If only he could see into tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. If only—. He slept.



# News from Home

**There was talk in Congress of putting 4-F's in uniform and making them work, K-Rations were consumed with pleasure in the nation's capital, Mrs. Roosevelt took off again on one of her global jaunts, and a tot hardly out of diapers entered Yale University.**

**T**HE draft made one prize haul last week and spread its net for another. Mickey Rooney, the movie Peter Pan who was turned down by the Army a year ago, was back in I-A. And in New York City, Michael Todd, the 36-year-old theatrical wonder boy who began really raking in the coin during the World's Fair, was accepted for military service and chose the Navy. Todd's current Broadway sensation is a musical comedy called *Mexican Hayride* and one of the costliest shows ever produced. Just before becoming a blue-jacket, Todd had been planning to produce a play by and with Mae West—which would have been an interesting career, too.

A lot of boys who figure they're safely immune to the draft are going to be in for a surprise if a bill introduced into the House by Representative Clare Booth Luce, Republican of Connecticut, ever becomes law. By the terms of this measure, 4-F's as well as men between the ages of 38 and 45 who are not fathers would be drafted into a special labor corps. They would draw Army pay, wear Army uniforms, and be sent to any area where labor was needed. The strength of the labor corps, according to Mrs. Luce's bill, would be between 50,000 and 200,000.

As for men who are already in the Army (but good), they're getting good chow when they get K-rations, in the opinion of Senator Robert R. Reynolds, Democrat of North Carolina, who tried some and so ought to know. Senator Styles Bridges, Republican of New Hampshire, doled out some K-rations to his colleagues to see what their reactions would be and Senator Reynolds, after eating his, declared: "I enjoyed the front-line food, right down to the chewing gum and cigarettes." Another and less enthusiastic Senator, however, was quoted as remarking at the close of his meal: "The hardtack was hard as the hubs of hell."

Senator Reynolds had some thoughts on money for soldiers as well as their food. Together with Senator Edwin C. Johnson, Democrat of Colorado, he introduced a whopping big soldier bonus bill with the recommendation that it be enacted immediately. The measure would credit servicemen with \$3 for each day they spend in uniform in the States and \$4 for each day overseas, plus an extra \$500 for anyone who is wounded. In no event, however, would credits be more than \$3,000 for Joes who never got overseas or more than \$4,500 for Joes who did. A veteran would be allowed to collect \$300 in spot cash, but all that was coming to him over that amount would be in non-negotiable, tax-free Government bonds paying three percent interest. Just to make sure that the vets hung on to their nest eggs, not more than one-fifth of the face-value of the bonds could be disposed of during the first five years.

**S**ENATOR HARRY TRUMAN, Democrat of Missouri, got browned off about the nation's press. "Ever since I've been in the Senate," complained the Senator, who was first elected to his post in 1935, "it's been the policy of the press to make it appear that the legislative branch of the Government is made up of morons."

Governor John W. Bricker, of Ohio, candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, said that in his opinion the majority of southerners, "like the majority of the country," is against the New Deal.

During the month of February, merchant shipyards in the States turned out a total of 134 vessels, including the first two of the new Victory ships, according to an announcement from Washington.

Good old Gotham ain't what she used to be. Colonel Arthur V. McDermott, head man of Selective Service in New York City, said that one out of every five men in town has joined the Armed Forces. Seven hundred thousand between the ages of 18 and 35 are now in uniform, he stated. Figure in the servicemen over that age and the Wacs, Waves, etc., and you've got quite a sizeable number.

At Camp White, Ore., Sgt. Fred Barnett, of Hammond, Ind., received the Distinguished Service Cross from Major General James M. Bradley, while 10,000 of his fellow-soldiers saluted. The sarge, who is 31 years old and a widower, was honored for killing twenty Japs on Attu last June. A private at the time, he was a member of a battalion which was trapped by Jap snipers and boxed by two machine-gun emplacements. Barnett filled his pockets with grenades and dashed for the enemy position, firing his rifle as he ran. He succeeded in killing the snipers and the crew of one machine-gun before running out of ammunition, then bayoneted or slugged to death every Jap in the second machine-gun



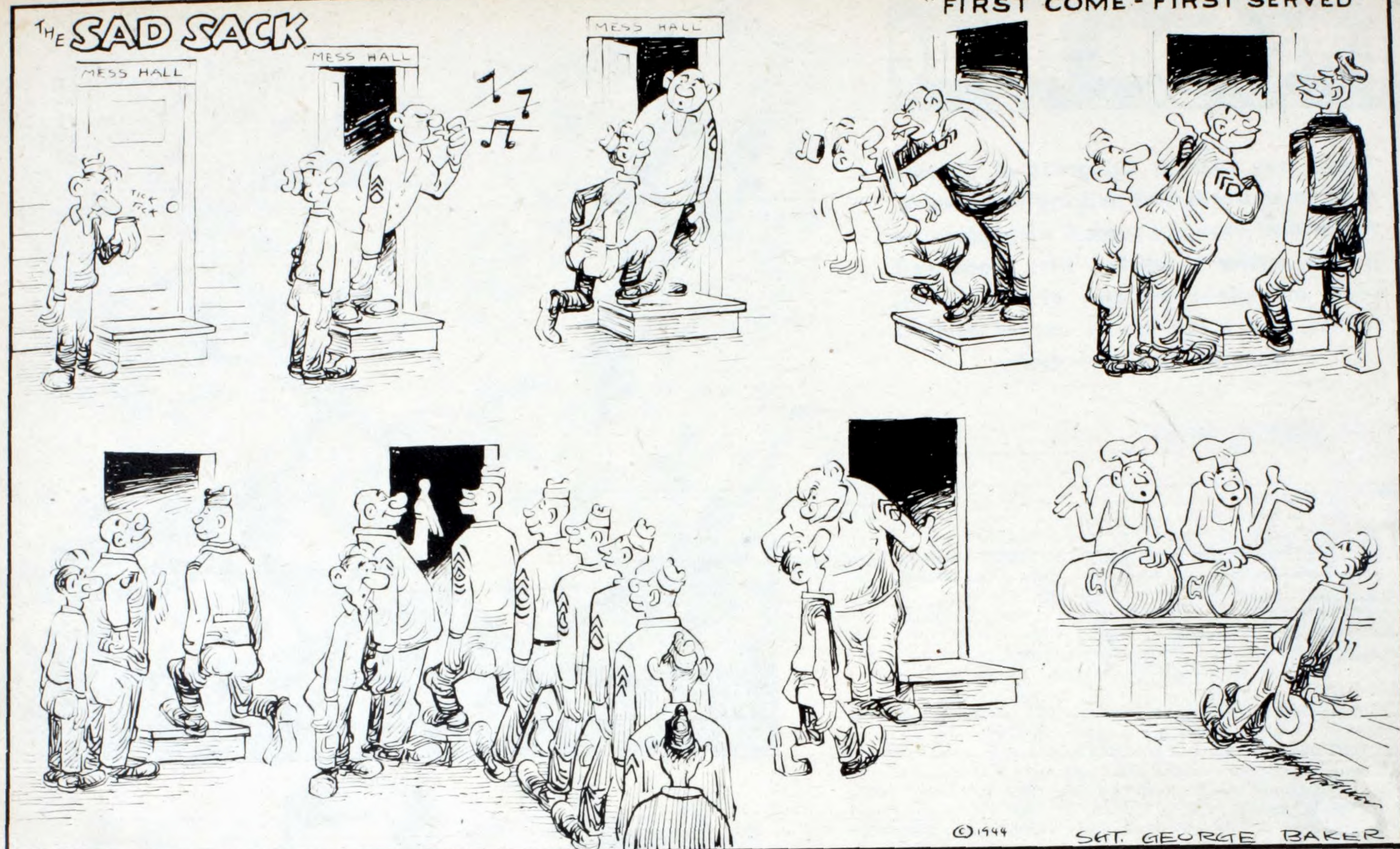
He knows his babes like you know your rifle. Alberto Varga, the "Esquire" artist, sketches some lovelies for a mural to adorn the top of a Manhattan theater.



Cheta the Chimp kisses Nancy Kelly while a couple of Joes look on. Cheta (he's 4-F, and over the age limit anyway) and Nancy are to star in a forthcoming movie.



"FIRST COME - FIRST SERVED"



emplacement. His mother, Mrs. Edith Barnett, of Independence, Kan., and his daughter, Wanda, were on hand to see him receive the recognition he had earned.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is off again, this time to tour the Caribbean area. The ubiquitous First Lady left the country by way of Miami, where she made an inspection of military installations and hospitals at such a fast clip that she outstripped naval officials and reporters who were supposed to be accompanying her. During her Miami stay, Mrs. Roosevelt also had a chat with her son, Franklin, Jr., a naval lieutenant at a subchaser station.

Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Rokey, of Long Beach Boulevard, York Beach, Me., had eight children. Now they have none. One of the youngsters was killed in an automobile accident last fall and last week the other seven, ranging in age from 11 months to 13 years, died in a fire which swept the Rokey's sea-front cottage.

After taking his Army physical, Mayor William P. Hood, of Wichita Falls, Texas, wired his wife: "Inspected, dissected, infected, rejected, as expected."

Myrna Loy, who retired from the screen when she married John D. Hertz, Jr., advertising executive, in June, 1942, announced in New York City that she and her husband had agreed to a "good-friends" separation and that she planned to get a divorce and resume her movie career.

Irvin S. Cobb, the famous humorist, died in Paducah, Ky., and a letter which he had left in the office of the Paducah *Sun-Democrat* to be opened in the event of his death outlined the sort of funeral he wanted and was given. In the letter, he asked that there be no mourning and no flowers and that his body be wrapped in a sheet and cremated. The ashes, he directed, should be used to fertilize a tree to be planted near the place where he was born and he said that it would be all right if his fellow lodge members attended the planting as it was good for them to quit their basement card game and get out in the fresh air once in a while. He invited his negro friends of Paducah to sing spirituals at the planting and asked that the pastor of the church which his mother had attended read a psalm in deference to the memory of the mother.

Another famous writer also died. He was Hendrik Willem van Loon, 62-year-old native of Rotterdam, Holland, who became an international celebrity in 1921 when he published *The Story of Mankind*. He died at his home in Old Greenwich, Conn.

Lynn U. Stambaugh, attorney of Fargo, N.D.,



**BENEFIT PERFORMANCE.** Patrice Munsel, 18-year-old star of the Metropolitan Opera in New York City, autographs a program for a couple of admiring GIs—Pvts. Alexander Pepe and Frederick Becker. And they didn't ask her to do it just because of her voice.

and former national commander of the American Legion, announced that he would be a candidate for the Republican nomination for U.S. Senator in his state's primary election on June 27. Others in the race will be Usher L. Burdick, Arthur C. Townley, and the incumbent Senator, Gerald P. Nye.

In Denver, Colo., Dean Gillespie, 59-year-old Republican businessman, was elected to the House of Representatives, defeating Major Carl Wuertele, a 30-year-old wounded and retired flying hero of this war, who campaigned as a New Deal Democrat. Gillespie, who won by 3,000 votes, is the first Republican Congressman from Denver since 1932 and his election whittles down the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives to two. The voting was done in a special election made necessary by the death of Democratic Representative Lawrence Lewis.

Hollywood handed out Oscars to Jennifer Jones for her part in *The Song of Bernadette*, to Paul Lukas for his in *Watch on the Rhine*, and to *Casablanca* as being the best picture of the year.

In Chicago, Judge Francis E. Donoghue dismissed a disorderly-conduct charge against a strip-tease artist named Gypsy Rochelle, giving it as his considered judicial opinion that "the art of strip-teasing is as legitimate as the theatrical art of Ethel Barrymore."

Sixteen-year-old Novell Wetherington, of Miami, attempted to shoot a cap off the head of his pal, Robert Hair, Jr., with a revolver. Two bullets pierced the cap but failed to dislodge it. Wetherington tried a third time and killed young Hair.

Mario Ricciardi, who has a wife and two children in Bernardsville, N. J., and who won the Public Links Golf Championship in that state in 1942, was sentenced to a year at hard labor in the Florida State Penitentiary for admittedly living in open adultery with Joan Feigenspan, 18-year-old heiress to a Jersey brewery fortune. Judge Ben B. Willard, of Miami, condemned Ricciardi and Miss Feigenspan for failing during their extra-legal conduct to give a thought to Ricciardi's wife and kids. Ricciardi made a last-minute plea for mercy, saying that he was 31 years old and a 4-F because of high blood pressure, but would gladly take the Army physical again if the court would set him free. "Too late," said the judge. "Now you're going to prison. I have no sympathy for you." Miss Feigenspan, tall and brown-haired, sobbed while telling of her relationship with the erring golfer. She said she paid the rent while living with him in a Miami rooming house. She escaped being tried for adultery, too, because the court needed her testimony to nail Ricciardi. Judge Willard gave her a piece of his mind, however, saying that he doubted her ability to take care of herself and the ability of her family to look after her. Ricciardi, who was once chief of police in Bernardsville, said he had his first intimate relations with Miss Feigenspan in 1940, when she was 14 years old, and, while admitting the charge of adultery, he denied another one to the effect that he had enticed Miss Feigenspan to Miami for immoral purposes. All in all, quite a jam, quite a jam.

Mrs. Elizabeth Heinz, estranged wife of Clifford Heinz 2nd, of the 57-varieties family, was accused in Hollywood of having had love trysts with Walter von Neudegg, a skiing instructor. Her accuser was her husband, who contended in court that she was not a fit guardian for their son, Clifford Heinz, 3rd, who is now living with his paternal grandmother, Mrs. Sarah McClean.

Olivia Marie Arego was married in Boise, Idaho, to T/Sgt. Earle W. Mitchell, of Onamia, Minn., who was in North Africa at the time of the ceremony. The marriage by proxy was performed by Justice of the Peace J. M. Lampert, with Julio S. Echevarria, the bride's brother-in-law, acting as the proxy bridegroom.

The Rev. George Elmer Schott, 54-year-old Methodist minister of Uniontown, Pa., was convicted





**"UNUSUAL."** That is what the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce had to say when the city was hit with what the weather man called "snow pellets." Even heat from the Orpheum Theater couldn't keep it off.



**HONORED.** In New Haven, Conn., Field Marshal Sir John Dill (left), chief of British Joint Staff Mission to the U.S., marches with Gen. Marshall to receive Yale's Howland Memorial Prize.



**SPECIAL DEBUT.** Sue Ryan (left), star of the Ziegfeld Follies now showing on New York's Broadway, gives a delicate dab to the delicate lips of Lucy Cochrane, once of Boston society and now a showgirl.

by a jury of beating his wife with a small baseball bat. He pleaded that he was insane at the time and said his mental condition had been brought on by his wife's abuse and predilection for night-clubbing, gambling, and drinking.

Repeated cave-ins of the earth, caused by coal mines under the Pittston, Pa., area prompted representatives of eight towns in that section to meet to discuss ways and means of ending the menace. In West Pittston eight homes were practically destroyed by cave-ins and eight others damaged, and in Pittston itself 7-year-old Robert Adrian managed to scramble to safety after the pavement opened up and dropped him ten feet into the earth. Robert's adventure occurred only 300 feet from where 2-year-old Jule Ann Fulmer was swallowed by the earth and killed a month ago.

County Coroner Samuel R. Gerber said in Cleveland, O., that Willie Johnson, 37, who is scheduled to do the hot squat for the murder of Marie Wilson in Kingsbury Run back in 1942, might "possibly" be the long-hunted torso murderer of that area. Miss Wilson's body had been dismembered, as had those of at least twelve other victims of a phantom slayer or slayers. "There is certainly a whole lot of similarity between the murder of Marie Wilson and the other murders," said the coroner.

Legislation that would provide for the continuance of regular pay to members of the armed forces while they are being treated for venereal disease was approved by the House Military Affairs Committee, acting on a recommendation of the War Department.

Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's adviser, left Florida, where he had gone to recuperate from overwork and a recent illness, and went to St. Mary's



**DAY'S END.** Comedian W. C. Fields has worn himself out picking vegetables for the war effort (in a movie), so he's grabbing a nap on a Hollywood pool table, where no one can disturb him.

Hospital at the Mayo Institute in Rochester, Minn., for a checkup before returning to his job.

Anne Hagopian, 16 years old, of New York City, and Charles A. Davidson, 17, of Fort Bridger, Wyo., won \$2,400 scholarships in the annual Westinghouse hunt for talent among 'teen-age scientists.

Mrs. Robert F. Peters, of Bridgeport, Conn., gave birth to a healthy nine-pound son ten days after she had been stricken with infantile paralysis.

Police in New York City were ordered to arrest Frank Costello, former convict who is reputed to dabble in the underworld, but no one in authority would say what for.

Betty Grable (Mrs. Harry James to Harry James) gave birth to a seven-pound, twelve-ounce girl in Hollywood. The infant was delivered by a Caesarean operation.

Medause Langevin, who weighed more than 600 pounds, died at the University of Michigan Hospital at Ann Arbor. He was 39 years old and lived in Munising, Mich.

The Idaho legislature met in special session at Boise one morning, adjourned at noon, and immediately reconvened for a second session. It meant two days' pay—\$10—for one day's work. Nice work if you can get it.

Los Angeles police were looking for the first hit-run pedestrian ever reported out that way. The case involved a Marine who walked into an automobile owned by Wallace D. Whytock, badly

damaged the machine's headlights, bumper, and fender, and then walked on. Who said those Marines aren't tough?

Police in New York City were ordered to close all dance halls in which any of the customers (or dime-a-dance ladies) were found to be under eighteen years of age.

Pvt. Edward McNamara, of Cambridge, Mass., who was wounded in Italy, told a Red Cross rally in Boston that German soldiers had been found to be carrying photographic "proof," supplied by their COs, that New York City had been bombed. Which, of course, it ain't.

Honorary degrees of Doctor of Law were handed out by Brown University to Marine Corps Commandant Lieutenant General Alexander Archer Vandergift and to Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank.

Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, wife of Captain Melvyn Douglas, the former actor, announced that she is seeking the Democratic Congressional nomination in her Los Angeles district.

Attractive, 27-year-old Mrs. Dorothy McElroy Vredenburg, of Baldwin, Ala., became secretary of the Democratic National Committee—the first woman ever to hold that job.

Out near Cheyenne, Wyo., 100 antelope turned out to be not as sure-footed as the critters are cracked up to be when they became blinded in a snowstorm and fell to their death from a forty-five-



**STAR WITNESS.** Vernon Shotwell of Washington, D. C., charged with cruelty to his dog Trixie (shown with defense counsel) was freed when dog took stand and showed her affection.

foot bluff. Fish-and-game officials in the state figured maybe the animals had been frightened into a panic by a low-flying plane.

In Oklahoma City, Leon C. Phillips, former Governor of Oklahoma, went on trial for conspiracy to accept a \$500 bribe, part of \$8,000 which Mrs. M. W. Eisiminger says she put up to obtain a parole for her husband, an osteopath who was serving a life term for being implicated in an abortion death. W. A. Strong, former state legislator, has already been convicted of accepting \$8,000 to obtain clemency for the physician. Phillips said the charge against him was a "political frame-up" arising from animosity between him and County Attorney George Miskovsky.

Lieutenant Beaufort C. Swancutt, 31 years old, of LaCrosse, Wis., suddenly went berserk at a party in an officers' club at Riverside, Calif., drew his pistol, killed two young ladies and a cop, and wounded five persons, including his CO. He then fled to nearby Arlington, where he tried to commandeer a passing automobile in which to escape, but before he succeeded police shot him down, critically wounded. Those killed by the lieutenant were Miss Dorothy Douglas, 18, and Miss Courdine Livermore, 17, both of Long Beach, Calif., and Patrolman Arthur Simpson, of Riverside. The wounded CO is Captain Aubrey G. Serfling, of Preston, Minn. Twelve-year-old Merrit Kenneth Wolf, who comes from Cleveland, O., entered Yale as a freshman and thus became the youngest student in the university's history. Figures he'll have his Ph.D. degree by the time he's 16—which should give him a couple of years to kick the gong around a bit before his draft board gets him.



# Mail Call

## The Male Strikes Back (I)

Dear YANK:

I always wanted to write a letter on different subjects that have been brought up in your paper—I just have to write now to tell you that the article, "WACs and the Air War" in your March 5th issue STINKS. It so happens that I work with WACs, and to say more—the group that was pictured in your paper. May I repeat a statement from YANK—"In certain jobs, according to the Commanding General of their Bomber Division, they are equal to three (3) enlisted men."

Now I know why they get the ratings as easy as they do. Another item is now also explained, the WACs and GIs have the same size barracks, yet sixteen (16) GIs are quartered in each barracks, while only six WACs are quartered in each of their barracks. Also each WAC is issued twelve shirts while a GI is issued only two. Another thing, the WACs have nice white sheets on their beds. I could go on this way for pages, but I know there will be more letters on this same subject, so I will leave the rest up to someone else.

1/3 OF A WAC  
Formerly carried on the roster as 1

Britain.

## The Male Strikes Back (II)

Dear YANK:

I would like to know if that Bomber Division General thought of his men's morale when he made the statement "In certain jobs a WAC is equal to three enlisted men?"

"A THIRD OF A WAC"

Britain.

## The Male Strikes Back (III)

Dear YANK:

Reverberations to "WACs and the Air War": Maybe it isn't any too well known, but think back when the first contingent of Enlisted Men arrived in the United Kingdom with the gigantic task of setting up an Air Force. We arrived when only a few had laid the groundwork for what was to come, and the WACs were probably just a tiny piece of paper lying among some Army "red-tape." Ours was a task of the utmost importance that only men who had specialized training and service in the Army could hope to undertake and succeed in doing their best. Yet when we read the article in YANK of the 5th of March we wonder why they didn't draft women to do the same job and save the shipping space that they used to transport the countless hundreds of men that were necessary to start the ball rolling. Just think, they could have used less ships for the men and transported more ammunition and valuable materials if they had sent one third the number of women than all those men . . . it seems that the WACs are replacing us at our jobs at the rate of three to one, yet we find that after all this time we're still at the same old grind. So why not send over some more WACs and let a lot of GIs go home for a rest.

L.S., E.K., D.S., B.K.

Britain.

[Just to keep the record straight, the General said

that one WAC is as good as three men only in certain jobs, not any job. You will find the same ratio in specific types of specialized civilian work, too. That's why, for instance, all major U.S. telephone companies employ girl operators.—ED.]

## Mystery Of The Bowler Hat

Dear YANK:

I know the world is pretty much upside down, and all kinds of unusual things are to be seen, but please could you tell me what the American Sgt. was doing on St. Pancras Station on Tuesday, March 7, at about 8 a.m., wearing uniform of course, BUT, topped by a natty black bowler hat. Could it be some Corps we haven't heard much about, or could he be the boy no-one understands, so they give him a uniform of his own?

I really would like to know how he came by it, and if he was doing it for a bet I'd like to compliment him on his unconcerned attitude and offer to lend him one of my hats any time he cares to call.

A YANK'S MOTHER-IN-LAW

Britain.



## War And The Poet

MISSION END

No more to point our nose  
Toward endless trails of flight  
Above that which is earthly.  
And being such, uncertain,  
That you might speak your leaded words of death  
in open curse

On those who would not hold your cause as just;  
And having voiced your worldly plea,  
Return to speak again.

For this you were created, and did you fall?  
Much as the fleeing fowl  
Shattered by the hunter's conquering blow,  
Your head lifted high  
In gallant pride.  
Ever facing the goal,  
Then bowed humbly toward the waiting sphere.

Who knows the countless times  
Your shining blades have cut  
The breath of those who gave you life. Countless.  
And breathed yourself  
The power of their words,  
Converting spoken phrases  
Into flaming realization,  
Defying those who said you could not be.

You are not dead; though true,  
Your throbbing frame shall seek the Sun no more.  
Like man, you too shall find  
The light of the world.

Tranquil and lasting peace,  
Its rays pointing ever

Earthward to man,  
Who fails to lift his eyes  
And meet the face of God.  
Britain.

Cpl. JOSEPH W. SCHAFER

## RATIONS

You may look with great indifference; you may gaze  
with calm reserve;

You may fret and fume with all the fiery passions,  
But no matter how you view it you'll agree we don't  
deserve

The ETO's conception of good rations.

Though it may use wheels and motors, "armies  
travel on their stomachs"

That's a concept hardly ever really blown apart.  
And most every GI genius and most every GI lummock  
Would endorse this sound assertion made by  
Bonaparte.

We're supposed to smash the Luftwaffe, knock the  
life out of the Wehrmacht

Kick the daylight out of Hitler's nasty panzers;  
But our gastric glands and palates, when we see how  
clearly they're mocked

We cry out for epicurean bonanzas!

It's not human to enjoy ersatz bread made from soy  
Or the Vitamins they've found in rutabaga

Though they brand them powdered eggs, they must  
make them out of dregs

For the flavor every morning just gets vaguer.

Though the maker calls it Spam, it's an awful  
amalgam

That would e'en be pushed aside by Hitler's ilk  
Soon they'll have to use their knouts to make us  
touch the Brussels sprouts

Or admit we like the tang in powdered milk.

Though the coffee tastes like hell and the Jello doesn't  
jell

And my taste buds make the supreme sacrifice  
I'll stand for dehydration, hide my gastric  
indignation

Damn it all, the victory's worth the price.

Britain.

T/3 LESLIE A. GOLDMAN

## The Ensign's Dilemma

Dear YANK:

Your pungent paragraph anent "Ensign Ensign" in the March 5 issue brings to mind a favorite gag about an officer back in the Boston P/E.

Seems this guy with the ordinary name of Pence, Walter H. had the option of getting a spot commission either in the Army as a Second Lieutenant or the Navy as an Ensign. You guessed it. He chose the Army for had he taken the Navy he would have been tagged "Ensign Pence." See what I mean?

Britain.

PATRICK W. STEFFKE, 2nd Lieut., QMC.

## And Now It's Chili

Dear YANK:

I met two of your reporters here and they told me that YANK has a "beefing" department where we can drop complaints. Here's one for you, then. The Army is shipping tons and tons of chili con carne to us over here. In the U. S. we got it very seldom, but when we were sent to Africa we were served chili more often; here in Italy it seems to have become the main dish. The cooks prepare it religiously and serve it conscientiously, but almost all of it is thrown into the garbage can, for we prefer to go hungry.

Italy.

T/5 F. EGERTER

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Pictures: 1, 2 and 3, AAF. 7, Sgt. Georg Meyers. 8, 9 and 10, Sgt. John Bushemi. 11, Sgt. Reg. Kenny. 15, top, WW. bottom, Keystone. 16, PA. 17, top, ACME; center, 1. to r; PA, PA, IMP; bottom, NP. 19, Sgt. Pete Paris. 20, PA. 21, top, PA; bottom, ACME, U.S. Navy. 23, Columbia Pictures.



# The truth about SUPERMAN

by  
Pfc. Harold D. Schwartz



With bankers in banks, with children in the streets, with housewives, cops and undertakers, with Generals in silent meditation, the most vital question today is: "Where is Superman?" "If only Superman would come and end this war." "If only he would join the Army, the war would be over in no time."

Poor, dear, innocent people. They must never, never, know.

all right. He tells me he's a newspaperman. Worked on a rag called the *Globe*. Tells me all about his girl Lois. She sounds like a dope to me, but I didn't say anything. This guy is twice my size. Nice guy, though. He had damn good eyesight. Read the water mark on the eye chart. He was put in 1A. I didn't do so good, either. I was put in 1A, too.

I don't have to tell you what the next few days were like. We learned to police grounds, tear cigarettes GI style, and eat bologna.

When we filed in for our I.Q.s, it was around midnight. Kent sits next to me. His first name's Clark, a regular sissy. He refuses to take off his red underwear and cape. Anyhow, we got the signal to start, and I've just about finished wetting the pencil with my tongue, ready to begin, when this guy leans back in his chair and says "Finished."

They wanted to court-martial him right there for cheating, but they gave him the benefit of the doubt, and marked him 110.

Next morning bright and early we get marched in to be classified, then it all comes out. It seems that this guy is *Superman*.

"Never mind your nick-names," says the inter-

viewer. "What's your real name? Clark Kent, huh? Whatcha do as a civilian? Newspaper, huh? Can you type?"

"Listen," says Kent, "I volunteer for the infantry. Look—" and quick as a flash—quicker—he's down to his red underwear. He picks up the building we're in, and flies all over the state, pointing out all the spots of interest.

"Or maybe," pants Kent, "I could get in the tank corps, as a tank. Look—" and he goes zooming down the road through the woods, knocking down trees, through barns and latrines, then he stands in the middle of the rifle range, bullets bouncing off him like ping pong balls, and does a fancy bow.

The interviewer looks bored. "Got any hobbies?"

"I'm a crime buster."

"Reads Detective Stories," writes the interviewer.

"Listen," says Kent, a wild gleam in his eye, "maybe I could be a fighter plane. Think of the money you'd save. I'd be both plane and pilot—" and up he goes into the air. Loops, rolls, what have you. And fast . . . He grabs a passing P38 and pulls it backward. It was uncanny.

He came back full of smiles. "Well, how's that?"

The interviewer took a drag on his cigarette and looked unhappy.

"Listen, wise guy," he says, "we don't like rookies coming in here and telling us how to run things. We have plenty of good fighting men, our equipment is the best, but we don't have enough clerks, so that's what you're gonna be."

"Have a heart," pleads Supe, tears in his eyes. "Make me an M.P., anything, but gimme action."

"Next," yells the interviewer.

I got a letter from Kent the day I got my medal, or didn't I tell you. Yes, I'm a tail gunner on a Fort. On my first mission I see this Jerry coming right at me, and I faints. When I came to, I found out that my gun had knocked down six Jerries. Don't ask me how, just one of those things. Anyhow they hands me this letter, see, and as I said before it's from Kent. He's working at Camp Dix with a chaplain. He runs a mimeograph machine. Turns out a daily sheet of news about the post chapels, and he's sweating out Pfc.

Damn nice guy.

## Dept. Of Civilian Gripes

Dear YANK:

I am enclosing a clipping which I received from home recently. The men at my base got quite a kick out of it so I decided to pass it on to you.

Britain.

Lt. J. J. McCauley

Dissatisfied with conditions at home? Children cry at night?  
Wife irritable? Food unsatisfactory? Roof Leaks?  
Steaks all gone? Boss won't give you a raise?

Please pay a visit to Local Draft Board No. 113

ROOM 520, ROGERS BUILDING

Grand Opportunity for advancement in  
ARMY, MARINES, COAST GUARD or the NAVY

Open evening and by appointment

See chairman of Board: J. T. Broderick or Assistant Nick Cresta

WETHERED J. BOYD COUNCIL, K. OF C., No. 326

## Dept. Of Family Reunions

Dear YANK:

Imagine my surprise on opening this week's copy of YANK to see my wife's picture among those of the nurses under fire on the beachhead. The second girl in line, the one directly behind Myrtle Carpenter, is undoubtedly her and I believe the girl, in another picture, directly behind the drum eating chow is also her.

I've been trying to catch up to her for a year now, but this is the closest reunion yet—à la YANK.

The pictures are my first from her since last April.

Capt. MARTIN FRIED, D.C.

Britain.

## YANK After The War (Round 3)

Dear YANK:

This long-time reader of YANK is puzzled; more, he is nonplussed. Who wants a post-war YANK and why?

Are they twenty-year men who would that YANK, its staff, and ten-odd million of servicemen should emulate them in choice of career? Or are they merely short-sighted sentimentalists?

YANK, its staff, its millions of service readers are

all undoubtedly "shining examples of the genius of the people in a Democracy" in this warring world. But a "post-war" YANK? For whom? Men in the service? That excludes, we hope, the huge majority of present-day GIs who are in for duration and six. For a servicemen's organization or for all servicemen's and ex-servicemen's organizations? Those already formed have their own publications. No new fraternity for soldiers of World War II has been more than a suggested possibility. There is no evidence that any great number of men in this war even desire such an organization.

Another consideration: As now constituted, YANK is almost entirely devoted to war news. Even this news is available to most units from the Special Service issues of America's leading news-magazines and, by subscription, any publication may be secured by mail. These sources, it is true, are subject to a little delay and Americans like their news "hot" but these private publications also present broader interpretation than is possible for any strictly GI vehicle. On the other hand, YANK is able to, and does, build "esprit de corps" or morale or fraternal co-operation in the services. This, however, is only an Army function for those in active service.

Without a war and an actively operating service, what would YANK print? Brothers, if you feel a lack of communion with your fellows, if you lack the sense of sharing in the progress of your nation, if you long for comradeship and a common aim to be worked for, and fought for, take a look at the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution again. It's all there, if we want to start following its precepts again.

Now, we are good soldiers in our country's service; when this job is done, let us be good citizens, still serving. Just as most of us are citizen-soldiers, let us then be citizen-civilians.

YANK is performing very capably a necessary wartime, Army function. A similar force may be needed for days of peace and progress, but YANK, being Army, just isn't it.

Nothing personal, YANK, no hard feelin's?

Britain.

Pfc. C. A. MOON



In an attempt to smarten up some of you guys who want to be smartened up, the American Forces Network is running a series of elementary French lessons (just those phrases you'll need to get along), Monday through Friday, from 11:50 a.m. to 12 noon. This is the way the phrases being taught this week (March 20 to 24) look in print:

ENGLISH	FRENCH
Good day.	Bon jour.
What time is it?	Quelle heure est-il?
What is the name of this village?	Comment appelez-vous ce village?
Which way to . . .	Quel est le chemin de . . .
How far?	A quelle distance?
Halt.	Halte.
Who goes there?	Qui va là?
What is the password?	Quel est le mot de passe?
Walk ahead of me.	Marchez devant moi.
Stand where you are.	Restez ou vous êtes.
Show me the toilet, please.	Montrez-moi le cabinet, s'il vous plaît.
Show me the house, please.	Montrez-moi la maison, s'il vous plaît.
Show me the kitchen, please.	Montrez-moi la cuisine, s'il vous plaît.
Show me the room, please.	Montrez-moi la chambre, s'il vous plaît.
Show me the water pump, please.	Montrez-moi la pompe à eau, s'il vous plaît.





Dixie Walker is sure to play. Has bad knee and needs shoulder operation.

**J**ust when every major-league owner is tearing his hair because the draft boards are taking so many of his star players, Branch Rickey, Rajah of Brooklyn, is quietly chuckling to himself. According to the Rajah, the harder the draft boards hit, the better off the Dodgers will be. And if they clean every club in the National League out of 3-As, the Dodgers will be better off than anybody.

"Don't get me wrong," Rickey pleaded as he lovingly fondled an electric-light bulb (the Rajah had just been given permission to play 14 night games this season). "I don't like to see fellows like Mickey Owen, Rube Melton, Bill Lohrman and Billy Herman leave Ebbets Field. But the point is that if we all—each club alike—are stripped down to 4-Fs, over-age men and mere boys, then the Dodgers won't be in such bad shape as you might think. As matter of fact, we'd have a corking good chance of winning the pennant.

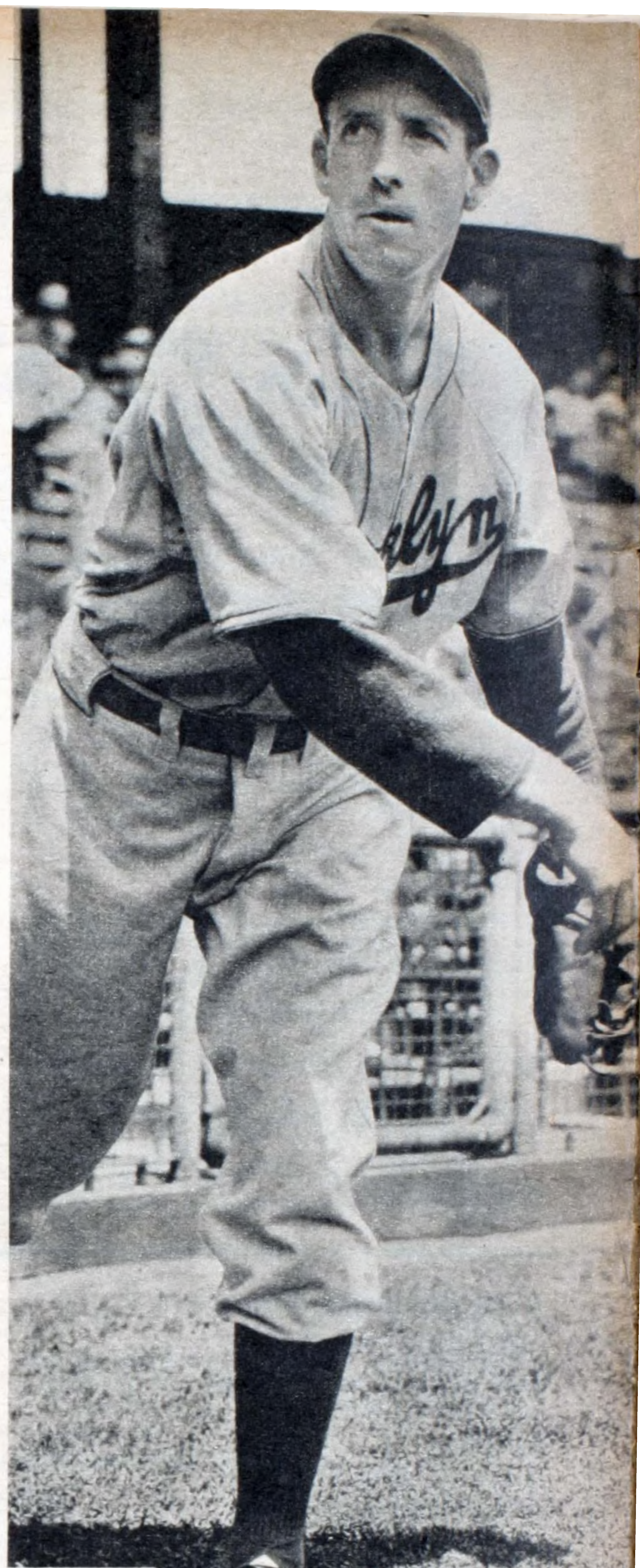
"Right now we can put a fair team of 4-Fs on the field, and if four men, now in 1-A or 3-A, are rejected as their terrible physical condition indicates they may be, we'll be all set. I'm talking about Dixie Walker, Ed Head, Whit Wyatt and Arky Vaughan."

Vaughan suffers with stomach ulcers and is almost certain to be rejected. Walker's shoulder and knee injuries make him a complete physical wreck as far as the Army is concerned. Ed Head's left arm, crippled since childhood, makes him another perfect 4-F. Only Wyatt, who has a trick knee, stands a chance of being accepted. The Army has been inducting a lot of athletes lately with plain, fancy and trick knees.

In addition to these four, the Dodgers are equipped with nine men already classed 4-F— infielders Howie Schultz and Gilbert English, outfielders Augie Galan and Carden Gillenwater, pitchers Bob Chipman, Hal Gregg, Fritz Ostermueller and Les Webber—and five over-age guys—Curt Davis, Paul and Lloyd Waner, Johnny Cooney and Ray Hayworth. Put them all together and you begin to understand why the Rajah thinks he has a chance to win the pennant.

But this isn't all. There are fellows such as young Bill Hart, a third baseman, who, like Durocher, has a head full of punctured eardrums, and Frenchy Bordagaray, with two bad knees, who will be around to help. Louis Olmo may be available, too, since his Puerto Rico draft board hasn't begun to call on married men without children.

All of which adds up to a pretty good opening day line-up of Ray Hayworth catching, Curt Davis or Whit Wyatt pitching, Howie Schultz at first, Leo Durocher at second (he's going to play mainly because there's nobody else available), Arky Vaughan at short, Gil English at third and Olmo, Walker and Galan in the outfield. Not even the Chicago Cubs, who are loaded with talent, could match this line-up if all of their 3-As were tapped for induction tomorrow. Which, of course, is exactly what Rajah Rickey is counting on.



Whit Wyatt may pitch the opener if a trick knee saves him from the draft.

## 4-Fs Give Dodgers 1-A Pennant Chance



Infielder Arky Vaughan, now in 3-A, will probably be reclassified 4-F because of stomach ulcers.



Augie Galan is one of the Dodgers' nine 4-Fs. He was rejected last winter because of an old shoulder injury.



With Owen and Bragan headed for induction, over-age Ray Hayworth becomes the No. 1 catcher.



# SPORTS

## French Sailor Looks Like Future Champ to Sharkey

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**A**LGIERIS [By Cable]—If he were given his choice of the 176 British, French and American soldiers, sailors and marines who competed in the six-day Allied boxing championships here at St. Eugene Stadium, Jack Sharkey—one of the cleverest boxers who ever held the heavyweight crown—knows the man he'd pick. He'd take Marcel Cerdan of the French Navy, winner of the professional senior welterweight title.

"I'd like to have Cerdan in Madison Square Garden against anybody," Sharkey said when he had climbed out of the ring after refereeing the finals. "I like the way he throws punches, not only when he is inside a man, but from the outside as well."

Sharkey wasn't alone in his generous praise for the fierce little Frenchman. The 15,000 GIs, who braved the rainy, wind-swept stadium to see the finals, were of the same mind and showed it by joining the French sailors and soldiers in rhythmic applause.

"Cerdan!" clap, clap; "Cerdan!" clap, clap; "Cerdan!" They roared and beat time to their roars with their hands.

Champion of Europe when the war broke out, the 27-year-old Cerdan, an ordinary seaman, has lost only two fights in seven years of boxing on the Continent and in North Africa. According to Gilbert Benaim, who took Pedro Montanez to the States and plans to take the dark-eyed, good-looking young Frenchman there after the war, Cerdan hasn't been pressed any more since turning professional than he was as he swept through to the tournament title by knocking out Harvey Drouin in one round, earning a decision over Salvatore Adragna in the semi-finals and scoring a one-round technical knockout over Joe Di Martino in the finals.

The Cerdan supporters showed their confidence in him by giving odds of 5 to 1 that he would knock out Di Martino. Not since Georges Carpentier—whom Cerdan's manager handled during his ill-fated come-back—has a fighter captivated the imagination of the French to such an extent.

Aside from the obvious class of the Frenchman, the outstanding feature of the tournament was the showing of the Fifth Army in winning five titles with a team of combat



Jack Sharkey, who refereed the finals of the Allied tournament, treats some GIs to oranges in Algiers.

troops who came right out of the front lines only a few short weeks ago. Their performance justified the confidence their commanding general, Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, had shown in them when he placed them on detached service so they could train for the championship.

The Fifth Army boys who won titles were Pvt. Thomas W. Guzzardo of Philadelphia in the amateur lightweight class and Pvt. Cecil Shumway of Dallas, Tex., in the amateur heavyweight division; Pvt. Marshall Higa, Japanese-American from Honolulu in the professional bantamweight competition; Pvt. Larry Cisneros of Hollywood, Calif., in the professional welterweight class and Pvt. Robert Berry of Cleveland in the professional light-heavyweight class.

Most exciting bout of the evening was the one that brought together Cisneros, once ranged fifth in the lightweight class and third in the welterweight class in U. S. rings, and Pvt. Omar Koudri, former French champion. Both boys were in-fighters and had similar styles, and kept the crowd on its feet throughout the fight. Cisneros was awarded a unanimous decision over the Arab boy, but the Frenchmen in the crowd booed and

jeered the verdict, and some of them actually walked out. It was no secret that they had thousands of francs riding on Koudri.

Shumway, an ammunition carrier, provided the biggest upset of the tournament when he outpointed Pvt. Perry L. Bryson, also of Dallas, in an extra round of the amateur-heavyweight division finals. Bryson, one of the best prospects of the tournament and a reputable belter, was supposed to be a cinch to stiffen Shumway, but it was Shumway who got the gloves Sharkey used in winning the title from Schmeling as his reward for never allowing Bryson to get a solid shot at him. After the fight Shumway was shipped back to the beachhead at Anzio.

Ironically enough, one of the most popular fighters in the tournament never reached the finals or, for that matter, got beyond the second round eliminations. He was Pvt. Clyde Farrier, a Fifth Army paratrooper from Sunnyside, Wash., who turned in a stirring job in winning his first bout, but lost to Cpl. Phil Chiacuto of Hoboken, N. J., in his second. Despite his losing effort, Farrier got a tremendous hand from the crowd, even from those who didn't know he fought with a German slug in his right leg.

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

**B**ERLIN papers please copy: Capt. Steve Hamas, who once gave Herr Schmeling a rude jolting, is now stationed just across the Channel with the Eighth Air Force. . . . Comdr. Gene Tunney's next inspection tour will be to the Aleutians. . . . En route to the Marshall Islands, Pvt. Joe Hennessy, ex-sports editor of the St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press, studied a map of Kwajalein Island and discovered a spot he said would make the best damn baseball diamond in the Pacific. By now he's probably playing on it. . . . Jack Lovelock, the old mile champion, is now a surgeon in the British Army. . . . Pvt. Mike McCormick, who had a pretty sharp batting eye when he played outfield for the Cincinnati Reds, came up with a sharpshooter's medal the first time he went on the range at McClellan Field, Calif. . . . Ensign Bill Daddio, Pittsburgh's two-time All-American end, is now on sea duty as an armed guard commander. . . . The Eastern basketball league hasn't seen anything like Colgate's Otto Graham, on Lend-Lease from Northwestern, in years. He has a trick shot that's something out of this world. . . . During the battle for Tunisia, the crack 1st Division, composed almost entirely of New Yorkers, adopted the Brooklyn Dodgers as "their team." But after the Sicily cam-



SCHOOLBOY ROWE, who pitched for the Phils last season, squares his gear at the Great Lakes (Ill.) Naval Station, where he's taking boot training. Rowe is 34 and father of two children.

paign—their boss, Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley, told a press conference: "Thank God for the St. Louis Cardinals." Somebody asked the general what he meant by that remark. "The fact that the Cardinals knocked the Dodgers out of the pennant race," Bradley explained, "shortened the conquest of Sicily by about two weeks."

**Inducted:** Spud Chandler, Yankee pitching ace and AL's most valuable player, into the Army; Joe (Muggsy) Skladany, Carnegie Tech football coach, into the Navy; Bob Carpenter, 28-year-old president of the Phillies, into the Army; Dutch Clark, one-time Colorado All-American, into the Army; Marius Russo, star Yankee southpaw, into the Army. . . . **Rejected:** Don Meade, whose powerful hands guided home more than 1,000 winning horses, because of imperfect wrists; Ken O'Dea, Cardinal catcher, because of a hernia; Mickey Rocco, Cleveland first baseman, because of stomach ailment. . . . **Reclassified 1-A:** Sammy Angott, NBA lightweight champion; Dixie Walker, Dodger outfielder; Sammy Byrd, pro golfer; Henry Armstrong, former triple titleholder; Dick Bartell, Giant infielder; Bobby Bragan, Dodger catcher. . . . **Discharged:** Willie Pep, NBA featherweight champ, from the Navy with CDD because of ear trouble. . . . **Accepted:** Sgt. Burgess Whitehead, former Giant, for AAF OCS at Miami Beach, Fla. . . . **Killed in action:** Capt. Automatic Jack Manders, ex-Chicago Bear kicking star, when he dived his crippled plane into a Japanese merchant ship.



# What are the Girls Wearing?

*Despite the shortage of material, skirts back in America still cover the knees.*



*Fashion designers say that American women in this war do not plan to imitate the flat-chested styles that were popular back in 1918.*

**A** LOT of GIs overseas who have not seen an American woman in the last couple of years are beginning to wonder if the skirts back home are getting shorter and if the girls are still painting their legs tan instead of wearing stockings. So last week YANK sent out a T-5 with a full field pack on his back to do a little scouting in the world of feminine fashion, and here are some of the reports he brought back:

Skirts are no shorter because of wartime restrictions on the use of material. This sounds whacky, but it's true. The Government won't let dressmakers put pleats and flares in the skirts. Well, you can't make a decent looking short skirt, the girls claim, unless it is pleated or flared. So the straight, narrow skirts are coming out about an inch longer than usual.

But the girls are starting to wear evening gowns up to their knees instead of down to their ankles as before the war. It seems that formal evening gowns are too swanky for wartime dances. Designers are cutting them short and calling them dinner dresses instead of evening gowns.

The women say their clothes are fancier than usual this year with a lot of lace and ruffles—and cut very low in the front, way down to here. And because the Government is worried about the dye supply, they are going in for all kinds of bright colors. Our T-5 told the dressmakers this kind of talk beat the hell out of him; if the Government is afraid of running short of dye, why do they go in for all those colors? But the girls had a quick answer. If you make dresses with all kinds of colors, you do not make one particular color popular; then the manufacturers won't be apt to run out of one kind of dye. See?

The dames at home are wearing black velvet bands in their hair instead of hats, and shoes that have straps around the upper ankle.

Oh, yes, the stockings. The girls are all wearing rayon stockings again where it's cold, but they will probably go back to painting their legs when summer comes. They don't like rayon stockings because they bag at the knees and are hard to wash. But they still can't get anything else.



*Bathing-suit designers are going nuts trying to figure out a way of using as little material as possible, in keeping with wartime regulations, and still covering the places that have to be covered.*



*Long evening gowns are considered too formal for wartime. So the girls are starting to wear a new kind of informal dress that ends around the knees. What if it gets more informal as the war goes on?*



*The oldtime strapless evening gowns are out for the duration. The girls say they had to give them up because that type of dress is sometimes difficult to keep in place when a GI takes you out jitterbugging.*



Ann Savage  
**YANK**  
*Pin-up*  *Girl*







"—OR SUCH OTHER PUNISHMENT AS A COURT MARTIAL MAY DIRECT."  
—S/Sgt. Sidney Landi



"MR. BROWN, I HOPE THIS WON'T INTERFERE WITH GETTING MY  
OLD JOB BACK."  
—Sgt. Frank Brandt



"SINGLE."  
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



"DIDN'T ANYONE EVER TEACH YOU HOW TO SALUTE, LIEUTENANT?"  
—Pvt. Kirk Stiles



"HER HUSBAND JUST MADE LIEUTENANT GENERAL."  
—Sgt. Bill Newcombe