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# YANK

THE ARMY



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



"Tank Driver"

7/501. Albert Hood 270 1944

TANKS . . . As Seen by a GI Artist — See pages 6, 7, 8 and 9



The link between rescuers climbing the slope, and the hospital below, is Cpl. Sid Baker, the veteran radio operator.



The rescue party is off. They will ascend in vehicles to the highest point possible, and then fan out on foot to locate crashed plane.



While the medical officer and party climb through the mist, the tent is pitched and hot food will be ready for the injured.



F/Lt. G. D. Graham, who with his enlisted medics pioneered the Mountain Rescue, has been decorated by the British Government.



Cpl. Gregory "Mick" McTigue spots the wreck. Antenna rod sticking out of pack is for "walkie-talkie" sqts men carry.

Like its big brother, Air Sea Rescue, the RAF's Mountain Rescue Service embodies an act of mercy and courage in a military routine. It is a British war task, not a charity benefit performance, which was hatched out of the ranks and approved by the "higher echelons."

# MOUNTAIN RESCUE SERVICE in the U.K.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT

YANK Staff Correspondent

**E**NGLAND—In the winter of 1941-2, a RAF Anson Trainer plane, on a routine flight, blundered into a cliff wall in the fog and mist that often wreathes the gaunt old mountains of North Wales. Eighteen hours later the crippled, frozen, exhausted pilot knocked on the door of a farm cottage and babbled an incoherent story into the ears of a Welsh shepherd. The pilot didn't know how many of his men were alive or dead. He couldn't even describe the location of the crash. Through plain Shanks Pony and telephone the information finally came down to the RAF training field at the foot of the hills.

Soldiers can get on a rescue job of this kind quickly enough. At the RAF base, the rescue party consisted of F/Lt. G. D. Graham and his British medics. Besides the fact that they didn't know exactly where the crash had taken place, there were other complications. They had no proper clothing or equipment for mountain-climbing. There were no radio or telephone facilities of any kind in the hills. Moreover, with the exception of the M.O. himself, they were not experienced mountain-climbers or scouts. There were other factors: though in good physical shape they were not especially conditioned for mountain-climbing. And lastly this was winter in North Wales where the wind, the rain and the snow know how to make a devil's concert through the mountain passes.

They finally found the crash all right—with one man alive, and two others dead. And as they carted the living and the dead down the mountains there was the harrowing thought that maybe one or both of the others might have been alive hours earlier.

Because this wasn't the first crash in the beautiful, but treacherous (for fliers) Welsh mountain country, because this particular crash had been so difficult to find, and because the men felt that—just possibly—more men might have lived if aid could have been more prompt—the most unique rescue operation in the British Isles was born. It was hatched after this crash by F/Lt. Graham and his medics—the RAF Mountain Rescue Service—"We are the original blokes who made it," says Sgt. Bill Harvey, the "first sergeant" at the field.

F/Lt. Graham and his men sat down over the matter and hammered it out. They figured out equipment needs: a truck complete with emergency medical equipment from oxygen through the special Thomas splint; heaters; food; and lastly and perhaps most important—radio. With walkie-talkie sets that could be carried by the searching party in the mountains and a transmitter in the truck, they could carry two-way communication all the way through from any one Rescuer all the way down to Base at the foot of the mountains. The truck, climbing up as far as it could toward the crash could, through its transmitter, act as liaison between Base and climber.

Mountain Rescue was one of those ingenious ideas out of the ranks which "higher echelons" examined and found good. The men got their equipment. From their regular medical chores the men graduated into a corps of mountain-climbing scouts, quick at

their map-reading, hardy in cold rain and mist and capable of handling critically injured men.

Today there are four mountain rescue service stations through Scotland and Wales. But the originals at the base in Wales have, still, the most accomplished record of lifesaving of them all. The rules are simple—you never stop looking, and they have looked for as long as four days at a time. In over two years they have never failed to find any crashed plane, to bring the living to recovery and the dead to the decency of burial. They have worked through nights, signalling to each other through the "screen" of valleys which separate one man from another, with Very flares. Their spiked shoes have ploughed through marshland and dug into slippery inclines.

Their "theater of operations," in this part of Wales, is in ancient country, with castles and fortifications dating back to the Middle Ages in the foothills, and sheep grazing everywhere along the slopes. These are gaunt old mountains with the topsoil thinned out and the worn rock face showing. The height of the highest peak—3600 feet—shouldn't start you sneering, even if you're from Colorado, for this is lonely, rugged country—inhabited here and there by shepherds—with lots of sheer rock face, tumbling mountain streams and razor-edge ridges that are too tough even for the nimble-footed, hungry sheep. Winter, the parade of weather is all on the villainous side—fog, mist, dampness and often a powdery blowing snow that drives through the valleys as if under the horsepower kick of a snowplow.

F/Lt. Graham had done a lot of mountain-climbing in Switzerland before joining the RAF, but others, like Sgt. Bill Harvey, Cpls. Sid Baker, Ernest Jackson, Gregory "Mick" McTigue and Leading Aircraftman Tommy "Jock" Cumming are "low country" and urban in origin, from London, Liverpool and the rolling green midlands of England. Bill Harvey hails from Norfolk, which is flat countryside where a hill would look so suspicious they'd call in Scotland Yard.

**N**ONE of them were mountain-climbers but they were soldiers. So they became mountain-climbing soldiers. From the older men like Jock Cumming and Bill Harvey down to youngsters like Ernie Jackson

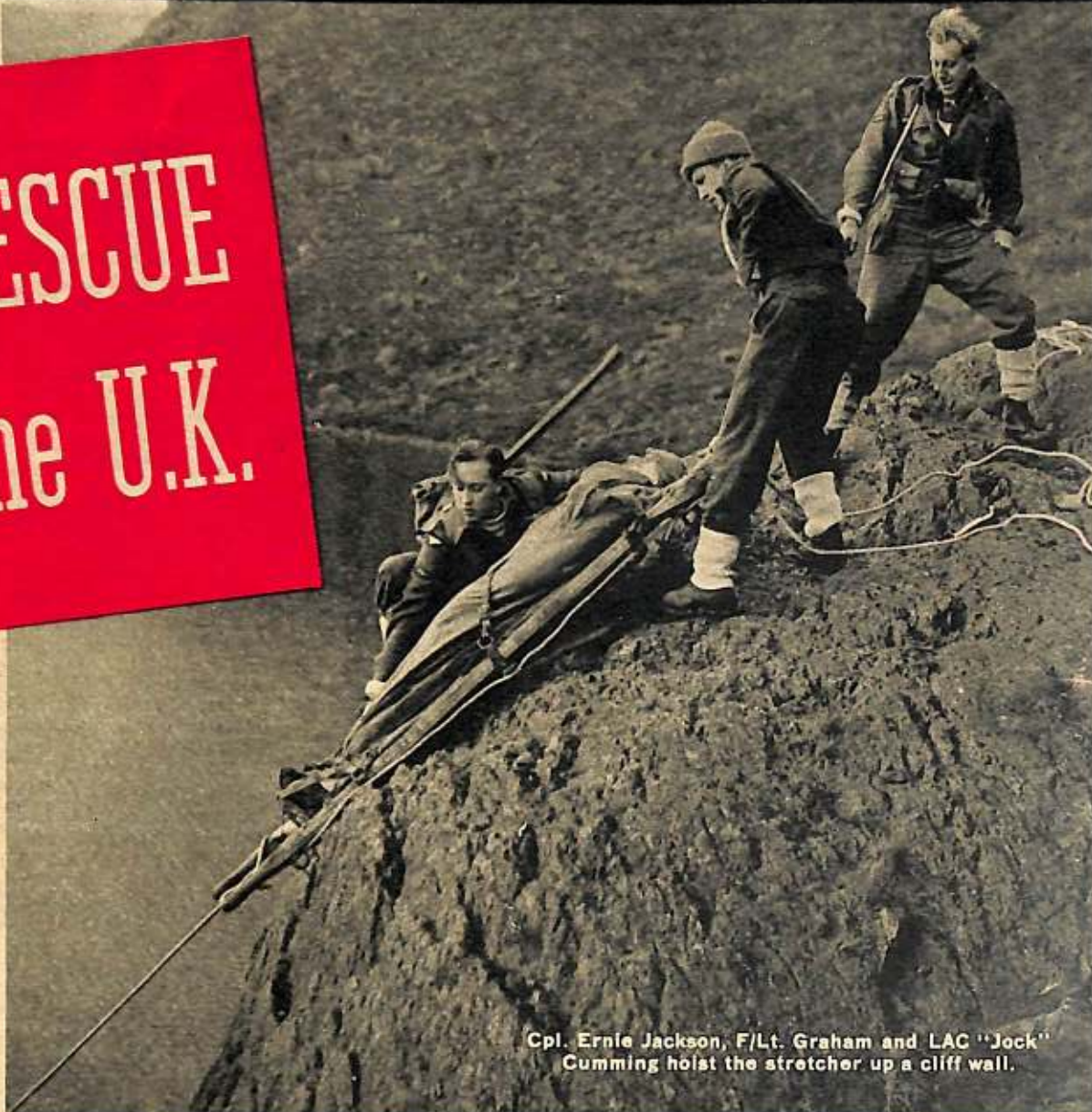
and Mick McTigue they qualified as A1 plus physical specimens, which is a cut higher than the basic combat requirement in the British Army—qualifying for especially hazardous operations.

Sid Baker, the blond wireless operator, joined the RAF in 1936 and is an old hand at a key; he is usually the man at the transmitter who acts as liaison. Ernie Jackson—full of bounce, a warm, friendly youngster—has seen plenty of this war. He was a civilian ambulance driver in London during the blitz and after getting into the Army was a medic in Egypt and the Middle East for two years and then served as an "air ambulance orderly" before arriving at the Wales base. Sgt. Bill Harvey, "the first sergeant," who usually handles all the incoming calls down below as the news comes in from the mountains, was at Malta and Aden as a medical soldier. He also worked on an Air Sea Rescue job. Greg ("call me 'Mick'") McTigue is a quiet, able, husky lad from Liverpool, of Irish background, who came into the RAF with the outbreak of the war; and Jock Cumming is an exuberant Scotsman, who, at 38, doesn't look a day over 28—the kind of soldier who can cut up all night and do his job the next day.

**T**HE men swear by their Medical Officers. "We've had damned good luck with our M.O.s," says Bill Harvey. "Wizard, all three of them."

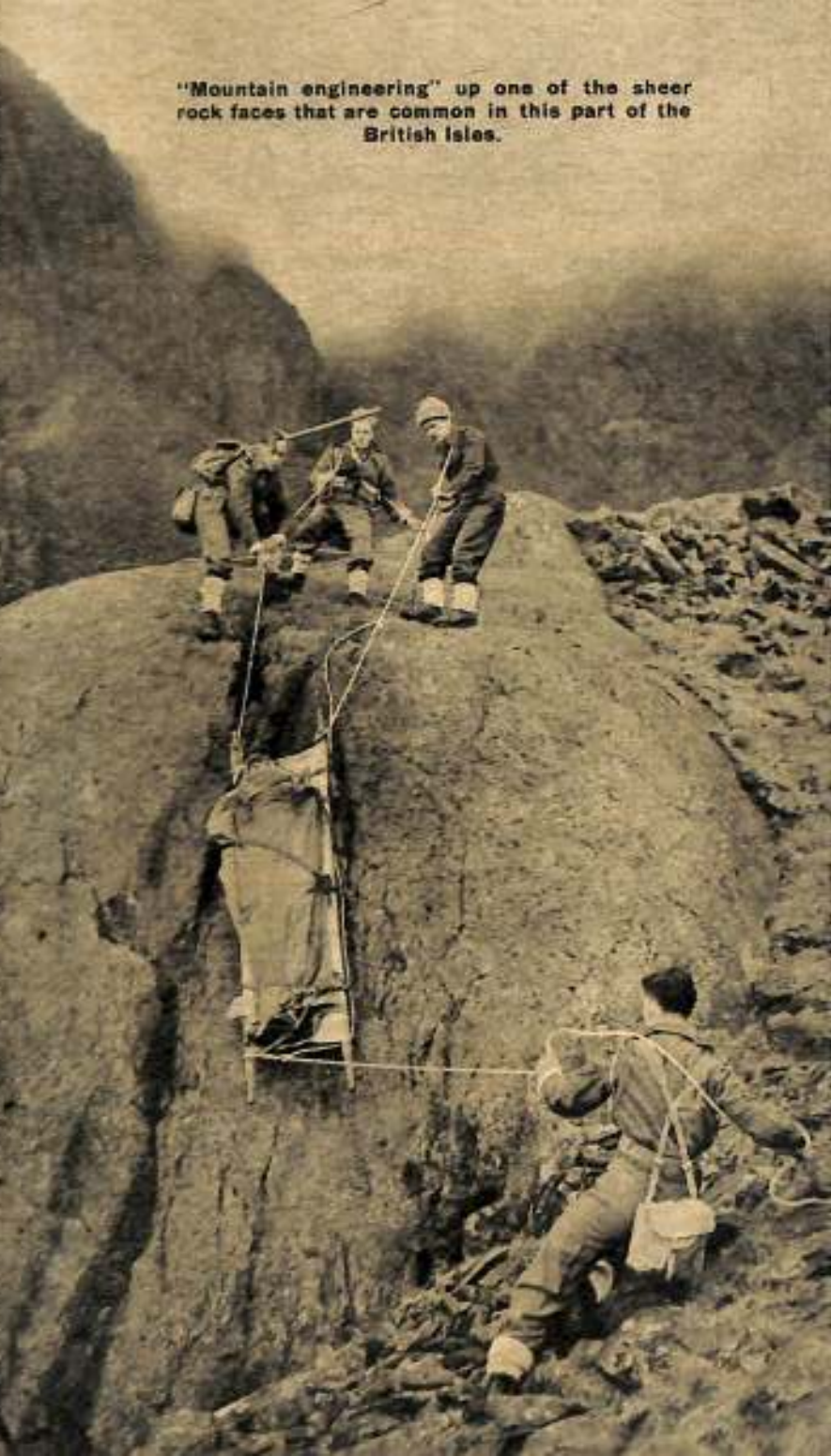
Graham, the man who started the ball rolling in the MRS is now in India; and his successors here at the Wales base are two good-looking, trimly built medical men—F/Lts. T. O. Scutamore and J. C. Lloyd. One or the other of them goes along on all operations, goes out with the searching party and does his quick diagnosis in a driving rain or standing knee-deep in marshland.

If you ask them about their "toughest job," they remember one in which a Wellington crashed. "It was a Coastal Command kite," says Ernie Jackson, "and what was left of it lay there in a marsh below the ridge like a gull with broken wings. It was bloody miserable. The altitude where the kite came down was about 2,000 feet. Flying Control gave us his approximate position, where his signals had faded out. It took us about two and a half hours to find the kite. Mucky it was. The pilot had to make a forced landing because one engine had packed up



Cpl. Ernie Jackson, F/Lt. Graham and LAC "Jock" Cumming hoist the stretcher up a cliff wall.

**"Mountain engineering" up one of the sheer rock faces that are common in this part of the British Isles.**



# Nightmare Job In Italy

Every 50 seconds a plane takes off or lands at the base where Vance Luten is operations traffic cop.

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**A**N ADVANCED AIR BASE IN ITALY—From his control window high in the operations tower, unshaven S/Sgt. Vance B. Luten trains his binoculars on a smoking bomber that has just joined the fighters and transports circling this field, the nearest big field to the front.

The B-24 is full of flak holes, with two props feathered, one engine shot out and another smoking badly, no brakes and the hydraulic system out of commission. Sgt. Luten can't tell all that at a glance, but the Liberator is obviously crippled.

"M'aidez," comes the grim appeal of the bomber pilot over the radio. ("M'aidez," pronounced "Mayday," is French for "Come to my aid." Easy to say and understand, it is the international radio code word for distress.)

"M'aidez. Get 'em off there, 'cause I'm bringing this boat in."

"Clear the strip," shouts Sgt. Luten. "Clear the runway instantly for a crash landing. Get out of the way, C-47."

"Wilco (will comply)," says the C-47.

Seconds later the bomber pilot makes a downwind landing, tilts the nose forward and finally grinds to a stop 10 feet short of the end of the runway.

The meat wagon rolls up to do its grisly duty. Jerry has accounted for all the casualties; the nose gunner is dead and two men are wounded. No one has been hurt in the landing.

Up in the control tower a relieved Sgt. Luten turns his glasses away and returns to the job of playing aerial traffic cop.

Planes take off or land at this base on an average of one every 50 seconds, which probably makes it the most active single-runway field currently operating. As section chief of base operations, Sgt. Luten is responsible for seeing that all these arrivals and departures are made without mishap.

From the control tower before the runway, the sergeant—or one of the four other Air Service Command operators who work in shifts—must keep tab of everything in the air and on the ground, identifying planes with binoculars, flashing red "Stop" or green "Go Ahead" signals with his reflector gun, nursing each plane to a correct landing by radio and then guiding it to a dispersal area.

Since this is the nearest big field to the front, it is the home base of fighter and fighter-bomber squadrons as well as transports. Almost any type of plane is likely to use the field for an emergency or crash landing.

**T**HE 26-year-old Sgt. Luten is a product of the Army classification system—not the official one but the other widely adopted version that probably put you where you are today. In other words, he was lying in a pup tent near Casablanca one day last winter, wondering whether to turn over or to try to sleep in that puddle, when a top kick happily named Destiny—Dusty Destiny—poked his head in and said:

"Hey, you. Get off your lazy rump. The Old Man says that this here field is an air base and your pup tent is base operations and you're in charge of it. So get busy, and no cracks."

It was almost as simple as that. And it didn't seem to matter that Sgt. Luten knew very little about his new job.

That afternoon Luten acquired an assistant, a fat, short and imperturbable country school teacher from Can. Ky., born Charles

Luten and Cpl. Morgan have moved right along with the front ever since, Luten taking charge of the tower operations and Morgan handling dispatching and briefing. They and their service squadron have been in on the Africa, Sicily and Italy invasion shows, one right after another.

When the fighter squadrons move to a field as close to the front as possible, Luten, Morgan and the service squadron go right with them. They have set up base operations in all possible places, in the air, on the ground, even underground. In Sicily they operated underground from a B-25 turret planted in a cave on the side of a hill. Shortly after the invasion of Italy, their "tower" was a trailer with a tarpaulin thrown over it.

It isn't unusual for some of these fighter fields to operate in front of the Artillery, but on one occasion—just after the invasion of Italy—the boys were busy setting up shop when a runner arrived with the news that they were ahead of the Infantry. They had started to operate on a

field that actually hadn't been captured yet. "We were told we'd have to fight to the last man," says Sgt. Luten. "I don't know what I'd have fought with, though. I didn't even have a gun." Fortunately the Infantry showed up before Jerry did.

Mix-ups like that happened in the African campaign, too. One morning two Jerry pilots flew into the traffic pattern over the field where Luten and his boys were set up, landed as nice as you please and stepped out of the plane into the arms of some GIs.

**A**s the ranking aerial traffic cop of the Italian front, Sgt. Luten is probably the envy of many an aviation-crazy kid back in the States. But actually the job is nerve-wracking. His most horrible memory is of the time he directed a bomber to land just as a Spitfire was taking off. Somehow the two planes managed to pass each other safely in the middle of the runway.

The sergeant worries about things like that so much that he has nightmares. His dreams are full of planes, all kinds of planes, ceaselessly landing and taking off, taking off and landing. Only the other night he survived a very real crash landing of his own, from his cot to the floor, where he woke up screaming; "Pull up, pull up." In his nightmare he had seen an incautious Spitfire pilot about to land right on top of a motionless bomber.

But in more than a year no accident has been caused by carelessness on the sergeant's part. That record seems even more remarkable when you watch the way the operations tower works.

Except for a few common radio-aviation terms they have picked up, neither Sgt. Luten nor any other operator pays any attention to the rules and practices followed in the States and at other more orthodox fields overseas. "All we do is get the planes off and on the ground," Luten grins.

Recently a Civil Aeronautics Administration official from the States, twisting his head from side to side like a spectator at a tennis game, watched planes of all descriptions and conditions whiz on and off the single runway at a two-minute clip. Then he turned an unbelieving face to Sgt. Luten and muttered, "I don't see how you do it."

The sergeant was a jack-of-all trades in Quincy, Fla., before the war, and never had any particular interest in aviation. But now he hopes to get a job with the CAA when this is all over. "If they'll have me," he says, ruefully contemplating all those broken regulations.



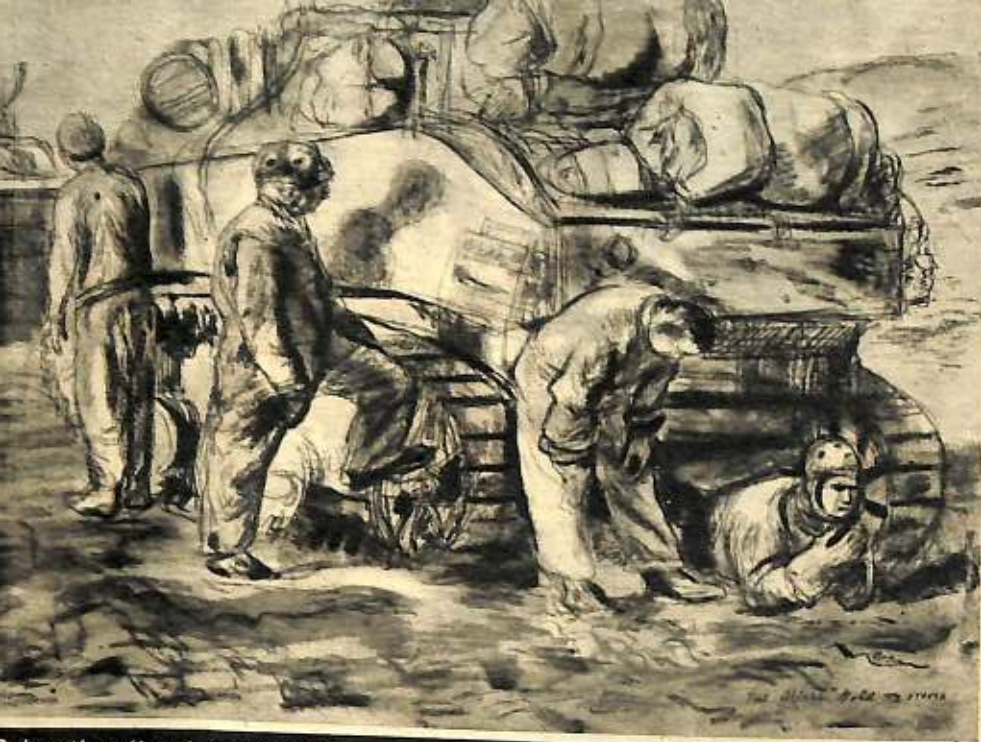
# YANK'S ONE-MAN ART EXHIBIT

# TANKS

The Army's Iron Infantry as seen by Sgt. Albert Gold, whose water color drawings are reproduced on these pages.

The lieutenant on the top of the M-4 has looked things over—getting the Big Picture for the men of his platoon. Now, through the staff sergeant at the radio, he is giving it out to his five crews. Radio communication from tank to tank is referred to as "speaking through channels."





Below the pile of field equipment to be used tonight on bivouack, a crewman warms himself next to the motor on the "ten-minute break."



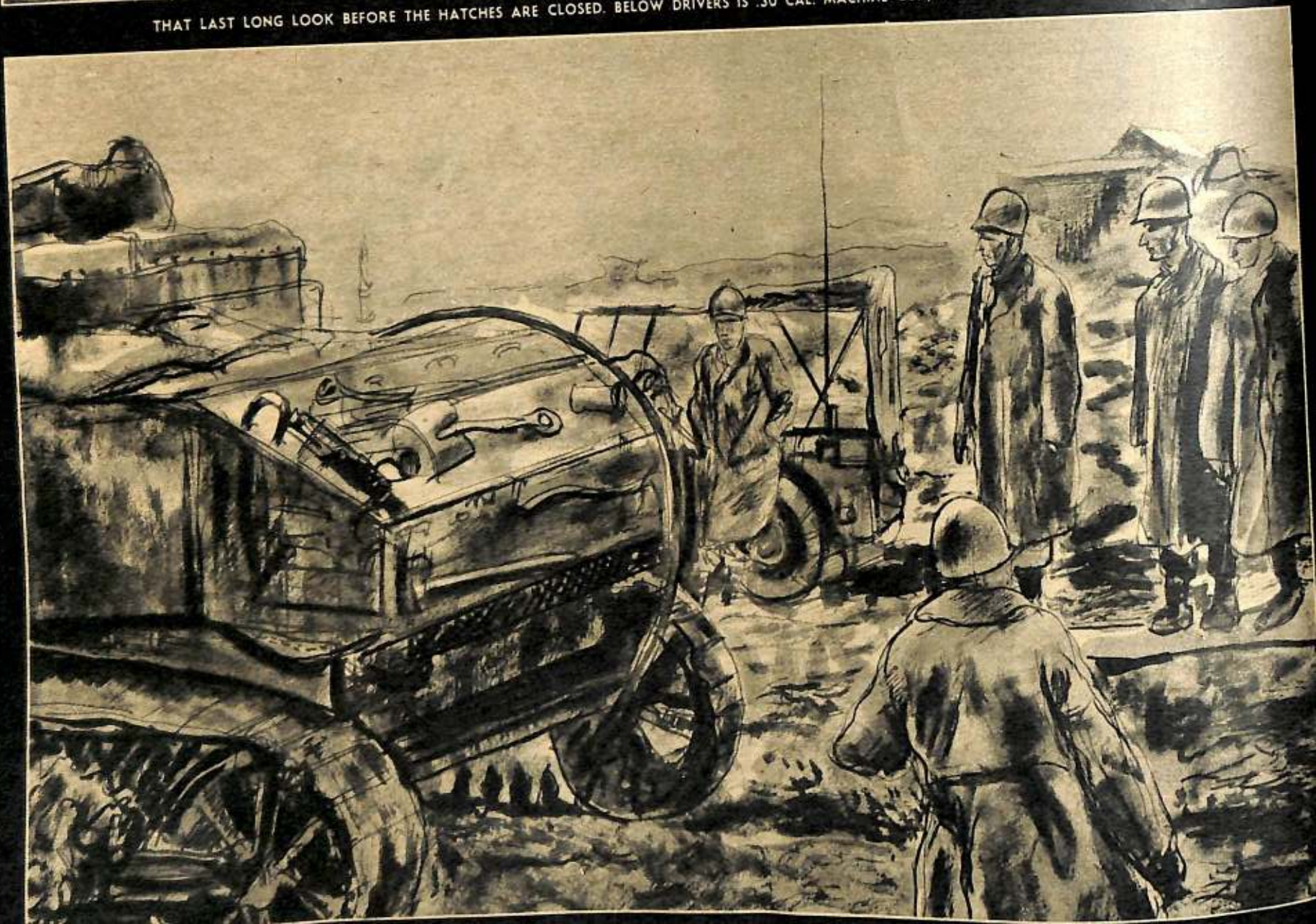
Field scene at evening: the tanks have been camouflaged and put to bed. Card games and mail to be read will be the program before sleep.



The reconnaissance scout and a crewman bat the breeze, maybe about a gal, during the break. But the mouth of the big gun has nothing to say for the moment and just looks forward silently towards Europe. Though severe, these exercises are still practise, not combat. On some certain day the Iron Infantry will lumber onto unfriendly shores, will move into battle position, and things will be reversed. Then this "self-propelled howitzer, 75 mm. M-8" will talk and the men will be still.



THAT LAST LONG LOOK BEFORE THE HATCHES ARE CLOSED. BELOW DRIVERS IS .30 CAL. MACHINE GUN, WRAPPED IN TARPAULIN.





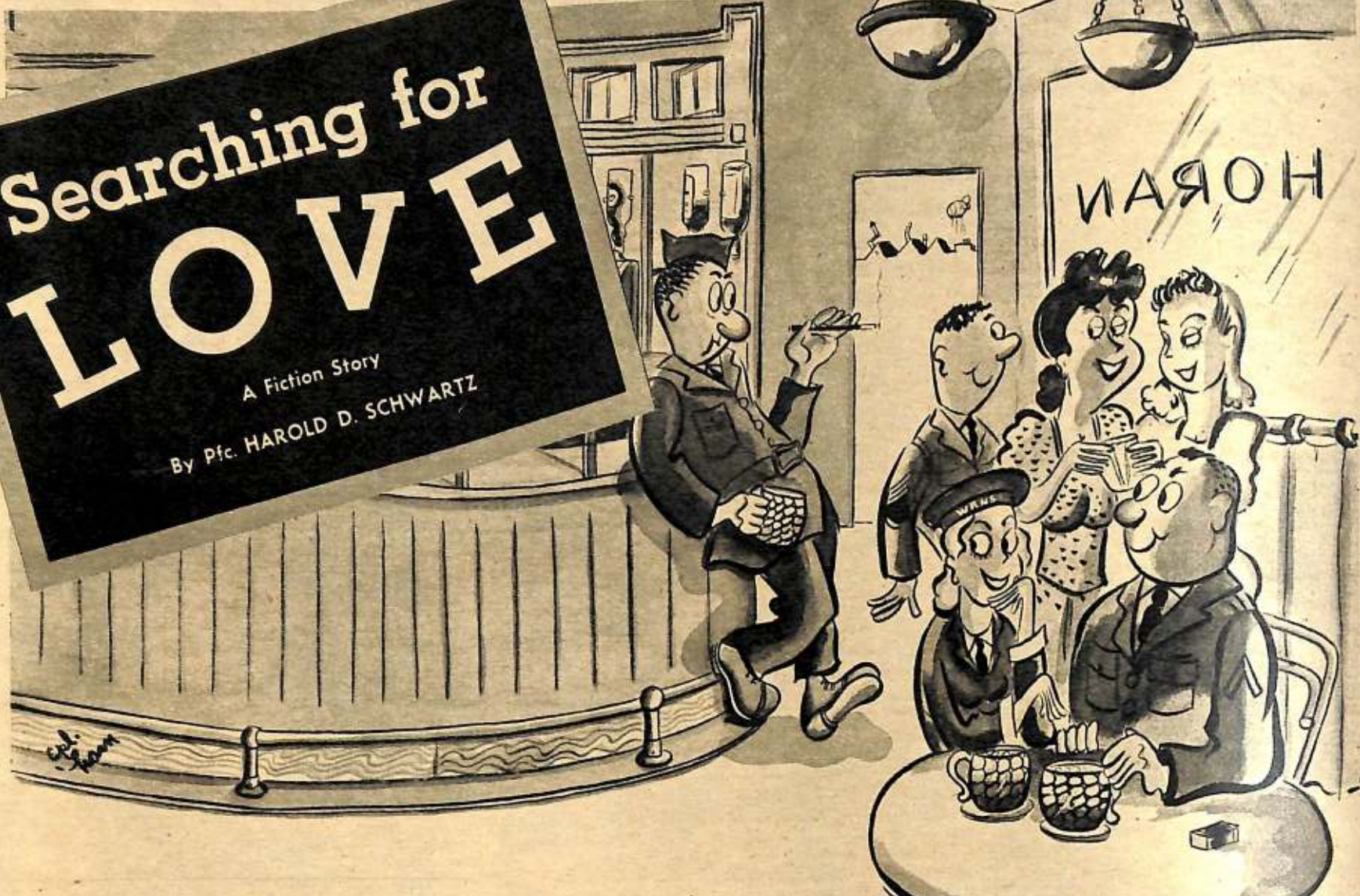


THIS S/SGT. IS DIRECTING THE GUNNER INSIDE—TANK NCOs HAVE ONE OF THE MOST RESPONSIBLE TASKS IN MODERN WARFARE.



# Searching for LOVE

A Fiction Story  
By Pfc. HAROLD D. SCHWARTZ



It was Spring, season of adventure and love. Johnnie hoped that it would be mostly love, as he stepped, shining like a new dime, into the sunlight. This was his first pass in England, and he was going to find out if it was true what they say about April, England and romance.

Yes, he truly shone, from his shoes to his blitzed hair-do. All was new. All was pressed and smart, and as the boys in the barracks had remarked, he smelled like a Two Bit Hostess.

He had listened all week to boys like himself discussing girls. In the mess halls, in the showers, at work, as they readied themselves for bed, in fact everywhere one went, woman was the topic of conversation. Even more so than baseball. According to what the boys said, it should be easy. Girls tagged you on the dance floor, winked at you, picked you up in the street. It was a cinch, a pushover.

"After all," thought Johnnie, "those guys are no different than I am."

He straightened his already impeccable tie, and hopped a bus. His eyes gleamed with pleasure as he surveyed the seats before him. The boys hadn't lied. Practically every seat was occupied by a girl. They were plentiful and pretty, too. He plunked himself down beside the one with the beautiful red sweater and turned on his handsome look. She paid no attention. He turned to catch a glimpse of her face, caught instead the glint of her wedding band, so he concentrated on the scenery outside.

The conductress returned his smile, gave him his change and ticket, and went about her business. Here, at least, was encouragement. That smile had been definitely friendly. If only she wasn't quite so taken up with her duties, Johnnie could get her into a conversation, and then . . . but she was busy, and besides, she didn't look like the pick up type. In fact, none of them did. The best place was obviously the town. All the boys had had success there. His blood tingled as he recalled some of their stories. When the bus pulled up to the curb, it was with renewed confidence he hopped off, tilted his hat further over his right eye and sauntered down the street, looking handsome.

The warm sun beat down upon him, making him feel heady, and delicious inside his breast. It would take only a cute creature clinging to his arm to complete his feeling of well being. He took up his position in front of a photography shop, and looked hungrily up and down the street. His heart thumped away in his bosom and his tongue felt leathery. He

had never done this before. He knew girls back home, plenty of them, but he'd always met them at school or through his sister. However this was war, and he was a soldier far from home. Desperate measures were necessary. The other boys had done it, and they were no different.

After straightening his tie six times, and setting his cap as many, he felt he could procrastinate no longer. Girls were everywhere, but which one was it to be. That one was too old.

"Too young."

"Too thin."

"That one, too."

"Too fat."

"Oh the hell with it!"

It seemed that all the really pretty ones were already engaged by other Yanks.

"That one! Oh boy, what a peach!" He took a step forward, touched his hat and said, "Er . . . GULP!!!"

If only there was a crevice handy, he'd creep into it. She hadn't even noticed him. Looked right through him, in fact. Why hadn't he spoken sooner? What had happened to his tongue, to his pretty prepared speeches? He walked away, wilted.

Just then the odor of beer assailed his nostrils. The pubs, of course! With a pull at his tie and a poke at his hat, in he went. But not before he looked around to make doubly certain his mother wasn't looking. In the smoke-filled, body-jammed, dimly lit interior of the pub, he regained his composure. At least this lived up to the stories. The place was packed with ATS, Waafs, and Wrens talking to Yanks, while over in a corner a Tommy played darts with the proprietor.

"What'll it be?" asked the barmaid.

**The story of a lonely GI in England who wanted to learn about women and love in the springtime—and did!**



"Beer . . . er . . . I mean . . . er . . . light ale, please," Johnnie answered. Glass in hand he turned to survey the situation. He was standing next to an ATS. She was neither pretty, nor was she young. In fact, if one was to tell the truth, she was more on the short, squat, and homely side, but she was a girl. "Nice day," he ventured.

"Uh huh," she replied, and waited.

Good gravy, where to from here? He tried desperately to recall some of the surefire lines used by the boys, but all he could think of was "Hi Toots," and that just wouldn't do at this stage of the game.

"Er . . . would you care for an American cigarette?" he tried.

"Tah. Oh, there you are, Paul dear," she answered, and walked off with a Master Sergeant.

Johnnie downed glass after glass of light ale in futile search for alcoholic courage, but outside of a few excursions to the rear of the pub, and a tendency to hiccough, the beer left him flat. As for the women, the more he saw of them, the less they appealed to him. He had pictured someone like Ann Sheridan, but she was not forthcoming.

It was a thoroughly deflated Johnnie who walked out of the door. What to do now? He'd rather die than go home early, and he'd rather go home than visit another pub. Only one thing remained to be done, so he slumped himself down on a doorstep to await a sufficiently disrespectful hour to go home.

"Here, Yank," said a friendly old voice, "don't you feel well?"

"I'm O.K., ma'am. I'm sorry I'm sitting on your steps."

"Oh, I don't mind. Haven't you anywhere to go?"

"Er . . . well . . . no, ma'am, I haven't," he blushed.

"Well, my goodness, come in and have a cup of tea then. You'll catch your death sitting out in the dark this way."

So the little old lady took him in, stuffed him with cake, sandwiches and tea, fussed over him, pampered him, and invited him back the next week.

Next morning, when the boys interrogated him, he kept a radiant silence, and looked wickedly out of the corner of his eye. That did it! The boys now call him "The Lone Wolf," and threaten to follow him on his weekly excursions into town.

On one thing everyone concurs, love is certainly agreeing with Johnnie.

**Bars And Barracks**

HERE'S another example of the way men who fly on combat missions together get to feel about one another. It has to do with a young tech sergeant, who had been sweating out a direct field commission as 2nd lieutenant and finally got his bars. Going back to his hut to pick up his gear and move it to the B.O.Q., he ran into the barracks chief, a staff sergeant with whom he had been on a lot of tough raids.

"Congratulations, Lieutenant," said the Sergeant, looking him over with grinning approval.

"Thanks, Joe," said the new bars.

The barracks chief was standing near the bulletin board at the time and began to study the schedule intently. Suddenly he put his finger on a name and, turning around, said: "Say, Lieutenant, aren't you down here to clean barracks today?" The new loonie said yes, he guessed he was. "Well," continued the Sergeant, "you're still in here, aren't you?" The Lieutenant admitted that, too. "Okay, Lieutenant," said the other, "what are we waiting for?"

There seemed to be no good answer to that, so the Lieutenant, his bars gleaming on his shoulders and the creases in his pinks still crackling on his kneecaps, mopped up his old GI barracks once more as per schedule. Then, when the job had been passed on by the barracks chief, he took off gratefully for his new berth in the B.O.Q. All the same, you'll be relieved to learn, he got a smart salute from that staff sergeant the next time the two met.

**F For Fast One**

And here's one that hasn't anything to do with Yanks in the ETO except that we happened to pick it up at a "100 Mission Party" of an American bomber group. A British bomber, coming into its home field after a raid over the Continent the other night, got in touch with the tower. "This is G for George," the pilot said. "May I have landing instructions? Go ahead."

"G for George from (censored)," the tower replied, "you may land on runway 23. Over."

G for George circled and was about to commence its final approach when A for Apple called in and told the tower: "We are flying on three engines. May we land immediately?"

In this emergency, G for George was told to take a run for itself and come back a little later. The pilot did so and this time, when he had got the all-clear and dropped his landing gear and was all set to call it a night, X for X-ray came in with a complaint similar to that of A for Apple's. X for X-ray, too, had only three engines running, the pilot said, and could he please land right away quick? So once more G for George was ordered to take the night air.

This time, as he circled for his final approach, G for George's pilot called in and said: "G for George. I am operating on only two engines. May I land immediately?" To which the tower, plainly alarmed, replied at once: "G for George, you may land immediately." Which the pilot did—and he wasn't fooling about the two-engine business either. G for George was a Wellington.

**Shaving It Close**

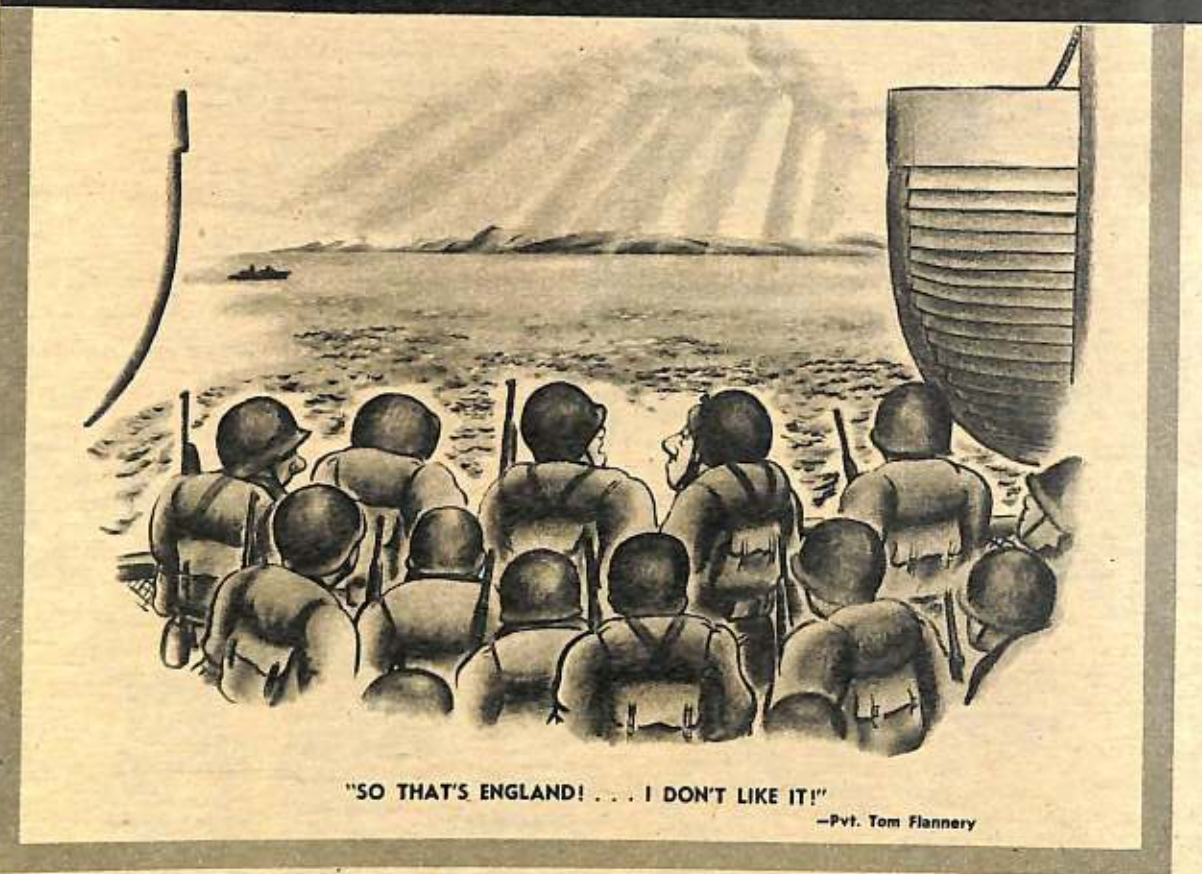
A corporal friend of ours who got back to camp several weeks ago after a furlough in London has written us a letter telling how he weathered a stormy financial crisis while in the big town, and we pass it along on the off-chance that it may sometime solve the problem for other Joes in an equally serious jam. Seems he got one of those take-it-or-leave-it furloughs on a moment's notice and figured that, although he could get his hands on only two or three quid, he'd take it. Well, he shot the works, of course, during his first night of beating around Shaftesbury Avenue and finally, with 24 hours still to kill in London, found himself with a nice jingling three ha'pence—no more, no less—in his pocket. Moreover, he felt woozy with starvation and realized something had to be done, but quick.

It was at this point, while fumbling around in his pocket to make sure those ha'pennies hadn't given birth to any farthings, that he came upon a gold filling which had fallen out of one of his molars a couple of months before and which the dentist at his camp had insisted on replacing with concrete or cast iron or something. It was a gamble, using up his fast-waning strength on what might easily turn out to be a wild-goose chase, but the corporal decided to take it and set out on a search for shops that buy old gold. The first four he found had no use for the filling but the proprietor of the fifth took a mild interest in the deal and wound up by offering the corporal three bob. That saved the day, and very likely the life of our friend, who revived himself handsomely with a bitter on a very empty stomach, followed this up with a meal at the Red Cross, and then took off for camp.



Men of the Eighth Air Force utilize the RAF Lancaster Midnight Air Mail Delivery Service to send messages to one A. Hitler.

**Yanks at Home in the ETO**



"SO THAT'S ENGLAND! . . . I DON'T LIKE IT!"

—Pvt. Tom Flannery

Hoping we could pass along the name and address of the shop which rescued our friend, we wrote to him to find out but he replied nothing doing, he'd been too faint with hunger at the time to remember. Probably a matter of security, anyway.

**S.A.P.**

A while back, a couple of lines appeared in YANK'S "News from Home" department noting that Dr. Morris Fishbein, of the American Academy of Medicine, had warned parents against giving their kids names with initials that form words which would hold a child up to ridicule—S.A.P., for instance. Might give the kid an inferiority complex or something like that was the point, as we recall it.

Well, we just thought the good doctor might like to know that there's at least one chap in the ETO whose folks slipped up and gave him the initials "S.A.P." and that it never gets him down in the least; in fact, he sort of likes it. He's Shelby Alex-

ander Perrette, a C.B. from Waverly, Tenn., and here's what Herbert H. Rensi, a fellow C.B. who occupies the hut Holiday Inn with him has to report: "The initials S.A.P. do not bother him at all. He has them stenciled on the back of his clothes and gets a kick out of it when he hears someone call: 'Hey, sap!'"

A pretty minor contribution to medical research, obviously, but every little bit helps, they say.

**Overtime**

A Joe we know was awakened in a Red Cross dormitory by a fellow Etousian who was shouting in his sleep. "Hup, poo, hee, haw! Hup, poo, hee, haw!" the tormented slumberer was calling. "To the rear, harch! To the rear, harch!" This went on until someone got up and poked the noisy guy in the ribs to make him pipe down and then started to ball him out. "Aw, what the hell," muttered the offender drowsily. "It's another day's pay."



**AIRBORNE POOCH.** Skipper has more hours with 8th Air Force Bomber Group briefings.

**MARIE ANTOINETTE.** M/Sgt. Antonio Christofori dug up Marie, warded off the rest of his outfit yelling for the guillotine.

**MONKEYSHINES.** It didn't take Pfc. Napoleon Taylor long to find his mascot. He was first U. S. Engineer to land in Liberia, first also to land this chimp, Kudaby.

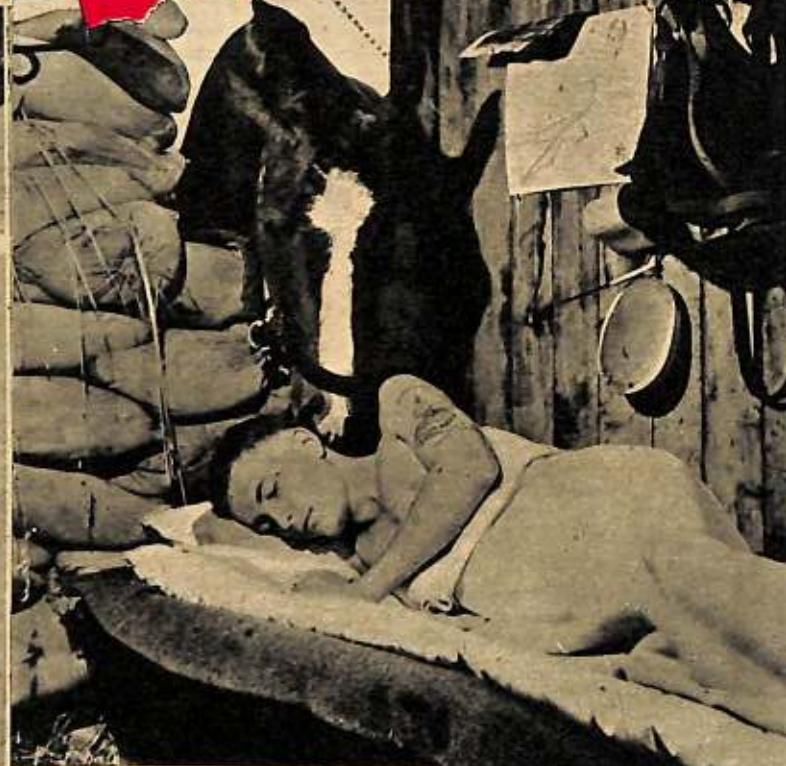


**OSCAR THE CROW.** This strangest of mascots watches Pvt. Richard Reedy shave, perches on his rifle during inspections.

**AT PETS at Home**

Wherever American Joes manage to pick themselves something from trained caterpillars. It's an old American custom men nourish their mascot delicacies; some even here, portrayed in pictures.

**"NOW, POLINCAS—MUSTN'T FRATERNIZE WITH THE WOODFOLK."**  
—Sgt. Kay Chin



**ANY GUM, CHUM?** This six-month-old Seabee mascot in the Aleutians was all right until he saw a man only gum keeps him quiet.

**EQUINE ALARM CLOCK.** This New Caledonia sailor, D. M. Gallagher, has found himself an Army horse, of all things, named "Steadfast II."

**BARNEY THE MULE.** Barney enjoys...

# and Abroad

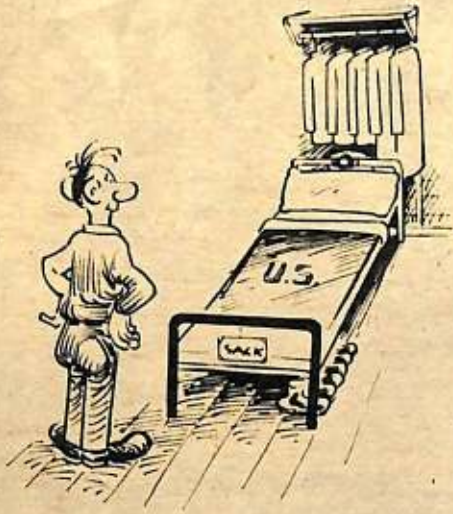
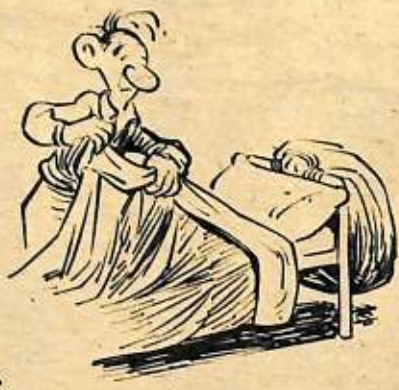
to wander these days, they always  
bewildering array of mascots—every-  
Africa to baby elephants in India.  
repressible as souvenir hunting. The  
them, feed them Spam and other GI  
their mascots into battle with them.  
from all over the world, are a few  
to prove the point.



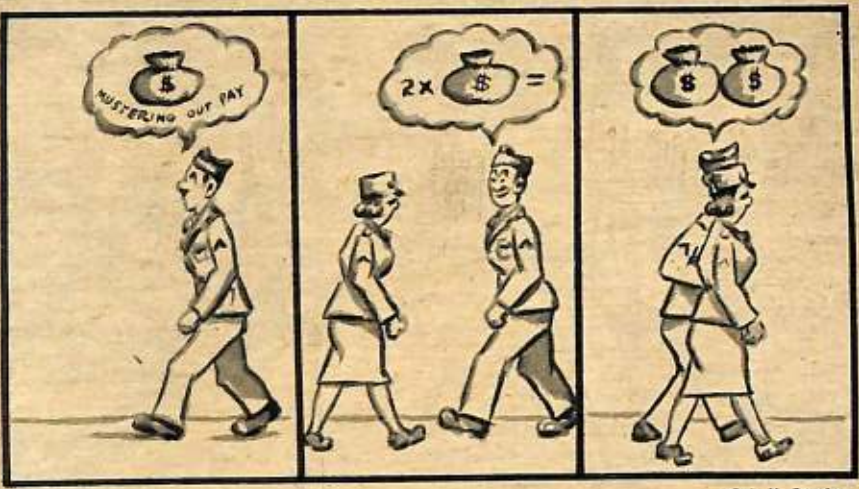
**HAPPY THE SEAL AND COMBAT CAT.** The docile look on Happy's face is because his pals of the Coast Guard in the South Pacific know how to patch up a seal's wounded flipper, and keep said seal happy. While Tabby, below, went through the hell at Tarawa, lived in a wrecked tank on the beach.



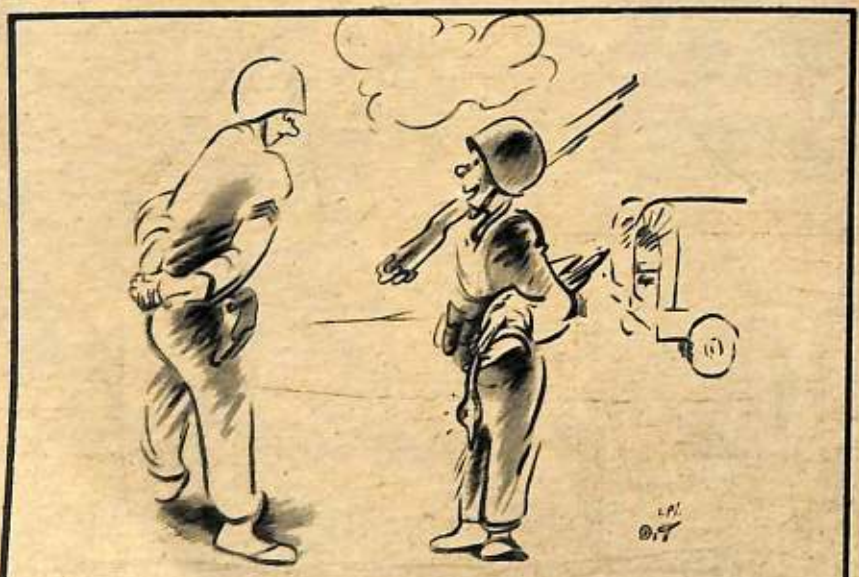
THE SAD SACK



© 1944 SGT. GEORGE BAKER



-Sgt. H. Snyder



"JUST LIKE YA SAID, SARGE—NOBODY GOT BY WITHOUT PROPER AUTHORITY."

-Cpl. Ray DiTullio



"WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE GLAD WE'RE NOT PLAYING FOR KEEPS?"

-Cpl. Art Gates

# News from Home

There was small talk about the President and his family and big talk about potential Presidents, the Secretary of the Interior proposed giving homecoming Joes factories as bonuses, and Gasping Gaspar walked up to an awful letdown.

**A** FEW notes of less than international importance concerning the Chief Executive and his family:

Lieutenant Charles W. Spencer, a patient at Valley Forge Hospital, in Phoenixville, Pa., whose hands were maimed when a shell ripped through the nose of his Flying Fortress, remarked to a newspaper reporter that he wished he knew "where President Roosevelt gets those long, jaunty cigarette holders." The Lieutenant said he could use some holders like them because, with his hands in the shape they are, he was having trouble managing butts. Last week Spencer received a package from the White House. In it were 39 long, jaunty cigarette holders, just like the ones the President uses.

Mrs. W. R. Hubbard, of Arrowrock, Mo., wrote to Harry A. Truman, Senator from her State, to find out how accurate was some hot dope she had picked up from a friend of hers regarding Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's motoring habits. Mrs. Hubbard said she had been assured that Mrs. Roosevelt owned four cars and revelled in a 2,000-gallon-a-month gasoline ration. Senator Truman turned the query over to H. G. Grim, head usher at the White House, who replied that Mrs. Hubbard's information was all wet. The President's wife, wrote Grim, has only one car, gets along on a basic "A" gas ration card, and drove a total of 168 miles last month.

In Fort Worth, Tex., Mrs. Ruth Googins Roosevelt was granted a divorce from Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, second son of the President. She testified briefly that her husband had asked her to institute the proceedings and that he didn't care for her any more. She was given custody of their three children.

Two of the President's other sons each climbed a rung up the ladder in the service of their country when Lieutenant Colonel James Roosevelt became a full Colonel and Lieutenant Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.'s promotion to the grade of Lieutenant Commander was approved providing he passes another physical exam.

**A**ND here are a few notes about some men some people think ought to be Chief Executive:

General Douglas MacArthur, head man of the U.S. forces down Australia way, released a statement at his Southwest Pacific headquarters, and the gist of it was that the public had got the wrong idea from letters which he had written to Representative A. L. Miller, Republican of Nebraska—letters which had been widely interpreted as being anti-Administration. Not so, said the General in his statement to the press. In the first place, he declared, the letters were not intended for publication. Then he went on to say: "I entirely repudiate the sinister interpretation that they were intended as criticism of any political philosophy or of any personages in high office. I have devoted myself exclusively to the conduct of the war. . . . My sole ambition is to assist our beloved country to win this vital struggle by the fulfilment of such duty as has been or may be assigned to me." Both the Associated Press and the United Press, however, interpreted the General's statement as leaving the door open for a move to draft him for the Republican Presidential nomination.

"His statement was silent," remarked the A.P., "on whether he would accept the nomination if offered. His supporters have declared repeatedly that no word from the General is necessary to draft him as a candidate." And the U.P. looked upon the statement "as indicating that he (the General) would be available for the Republican Presidential nomination but would not seek it."

Out in California, MacArthur backers failed in an attempt to argue the State Supreme Court into providing space for write-in votes for their candidate on primary ballots, which will be cast on May 16. The General's name was left off the ballots because there weren't enough signatures on the filing petitions.

Governor Earl Warren, of California, who has the backing of his state's 50 delegates as a "favourite son" candidate for the G.O.P. Presidential nomination although he has repeatedly said he wouldn't run for the office, was chosen to deliver the keynote address at the Republican National Convention, which is to be held in Chicago starting June 26. Warren has frequently been mentioned



Mrs. Helen Young-Cerbone-Trimble-Gunnard-Cole, ex-Varga model and twice married, wed three more GIs, received allotments. Here, in Newark court, jig is up.



There was a lot of noise that sounded like an invasion one night on Bull's Island, S. C., but next day Coast Guard discovered it was a flock of 65 silly whales that got lost.



Hollywood influence is apparent as these two ex-stenogs take pre-flight course to be ferry pilots.

as a possibility for the Vice-Presidential nomination in the event that Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, gets top billing.

Meeting in Detroit, the Michigan Republican State Convention unanimously passed a resolution praising Dewey, a native of Owosso, Mich. Formal instructions are never binding on Michigan delegates beyond the first ballot, but the convention nevertheless went on record as reminding this batch that they "should bear in mind" that Dewey is the favorite among voters in their state. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, of Michigan, who is reported to have been advocating the nomination of MacArthur, didn't show up at the convention and the General's name was not mentioned there.

The A.P. figured it out that, as of last week, Dewey had 209 delegates supporting him, a neat lead of 175 on Stassen, his nearest rival. The Lieutenant Commander has 34 delegates lined up—33 of them pledged from Minnesota, Nebraska, and Wisconsin and the other claimed from Nebraska. A total of 530 votes will be needed to name the candidate. The Republicans have now chosen 477 of their 1,050 delegates, but 225 of those named are uninstructed.

**A**ND that's the way the political picture looked at the end of the week. Otherwise, the concern of the folks back home was divided between the weather and the war—and in connection with the latter the big question was how to get more men into the Army now and ease them painlessly back into civilian life when the fighting is over.

The results of a Gallup Poll printed in the *New York Times* showed that the nation is pretty much for the idea of drafting 4-F's for jobs in war industries. Seventy-eight percent said "Yes" to this question: "Do you think men who are turned down by the Army because they are not physically fit for fighting but who are able to work in war plants should be taken into the Army and given jobs in order to free young men in war plants for combat service?" Fifteen percent were against the proposal, and seven percent just plain didn't know.

Notwithstanding this, the House Military Affairs Committee a couple of days later gave up plans it had been considering for passing special legislation to force 4-Fs into essential work by means of threatening to draft them into Army and Navy labor battalions. Representative Andrew J. May, Kentucky Democrat and chairman of the House committee,

said he and his colleagues had decided that Government agencies such as Selective Service and the War Manpower Commission already possessed sufficient powers to force men rejected by the services into essential jobs.

Answering implied criticism of the Army for creating uncertainties over the matter of the draft, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said that men are called for service in response to fluctuating demands, and that it is necessary to try to estimate these demands as far as seven months ahead. Despite this time lag, however, the average error between the estimate and the number of men actually needed in the Army at any given moment has been only two percent, he said.

**T**HE House of Representatives, by a roll-call vote of 312 to 1, passed a bill backed by President Roosevelt and designed to give a break to all honorably discharged servicemen in the matter of landing Federal Civil Service jobs. The measure, which was regarded as sure of an almost immediate okay by the Senate, stipulates that the names of veterans, their wives, and their widows are to be placed at the top of Government job lists. Moreover, provision is made for spotting disabled vets ten points in Civil Service ratings and all other vets five points. The only vote against the bill was cast by Representative Howard W. Smith, a Virginia Democrat, who said he didn't feel that the legislation was "well considered."

Talking along the same general lines as the House, Henry Ford announced that he planned to give veterans priority on post-war jobs in his plant because "some people have made a lot of money out of the war and servicemen have made nothing."



These are the ferocious little babies they're turning out back home now to mount in new battlewagons.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes had an even more generous plan for ex-GIs. Speaking at the smart Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, he proposed that Government war plants be turned over to returning servicemen for ownership and operation as a bonus for winning the fights that preserved the nation. He said he thought the veterans should operate the billions of dollars worth of Government-built plants in competition with already established private enterprise and thus prevent "existing monopolies" from buying the government factories at a fraction of their cost.

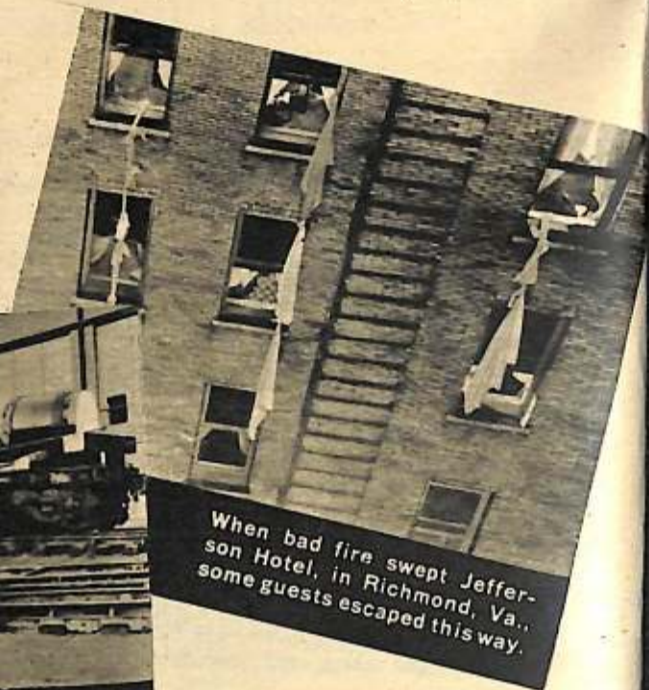
Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, warned a Senate Military Affairs Committee that civilian production on a larger scale "than we've ever seen" must be resumed immediately after Germany folds up if the U.S. is to avoid a bad dose of unemployment. He said that once the Nazis are out of the picture there will be a sudden cutback in war production, and armament output will be limited to only what is absolutely necessary for licking Japan.

As for the weather, it was awful. A tornado and dust storms swept some states and late-April snowstorms jammed up the roads in others. Nineteen inches of heavy, wet snow fell in McCook, Neb., during a storm which blanketed the western part of that state, Wyoming, Colorado, and Kansas. Hundreds of cars were stalled in drifts near Kearney, Neb., and there was a fall of two inches as far East as Concordia, Kan. The snow lay from ten to twelve inches deep in the vicinity of Boulder, Colo., where ranchers reported that the storm had cost them heavy losses of calves and lambs. Cheyenne, Wyo., was pretty well snowed under, too.

A 55-mile wind raised a dust storm over the Oklahoma Panhandle, reducing visibility to less than a mile. Throughout the Middle West, sub-freezing temperatures were raising hob with livestock and holding up farm operations which were already behind schedule.

The tornado hit hard over a 100-mile stretch of Northeast Georgia and Western South Carolina, killing at least 38 persons, injuring 500 or more, and scattering tree trunks and sides of houses all over the countryside like confetti. Followed by severe rain squalls and electrical storms, it struck first near Gainesville, Ga., where it knocked down two homes. Scores of people were hurt in and around Royston, Ga., and many casualties were also reported in Greenwood, S.C., where the two-story City Hospital was damaged. Four persons were killed and at least 20 injured at Abbeville, S.C., and two died at Iva, S.C.

On the soldier-vote front, the Tennessee General Assembly met in a special session at Nashville and amended the state's law in a manner calculated to make it easier for servicemen to cast their ballots. From here on in, any GI from Tennessee who has put in 30 days or more of military service will be entitled to vote and the fact that he has been in uniform for that length of time will be accepted in lieu of paying the poll tax. Tennesseans serving overseas may obtain ballots through members of their families.



When bad fire swept Jefferson Hotel, in Richmond, Va., some guests escaped this way.

The General Assembly of Indiana also took action on the soldier-vote matter, meeting in Indianapolis and passing a bill which allows servicemen from that state to vote for Federal, state, and

local candidates. The measure, swept through by a vote of 95 to 0, was placed in the hands of Governor Henry F. Schricker after a Democratic minority had tried in vain to insert a clause allowing use of the Federal ballot by Joes who fail to receive a state one.

In Albany, N. Y., the Democratic minority of the state legislature requested a special session to "liberalize" New York's soldier-vote law but got the cold shoulder from Governor Dewey, who said the existing law governing the matter was the "simplest and best" of its kind in the U.S. The Democrats had wanted to get rid of a provision which requires the personal signature of a serviceman on the request for a ballot. Instead, the minority wanted ballots sent abroad to all names and addresses supplied by friends and relatives of fighting men.

More than 100 Missouri sleuths were on the search for a mentally cracked individual believed to have been responsible for the gruesome murder of two unidentified women whose headless and badly mutilated bodies were found in a lake near Camdenton, Mo.

Four babies whose mothers are the wives of Navy men died at the Lawrence and Memorial Associated Hospitals in New London, Conn., after boric acid powder had been accidentally substituted for dextrose in their feeding formulas.

Florida Edwards, an actress, brought suit against the Hollywood Canteen for injuries she says she received while dancing with a jitterbugging soldier. The Superior Court Judge in Los Angeles, who heard the case, took a dim view of jiving Jacks. Said he: "Drunks get sober and have a headache but these jitterbugging people never get over it."

**A**PLICATION for automotive tooling methods to the production of Allied battle equipment brought a substantial reduction in the cost of airplanes, tanks and guns during 1943, the Automotive Council for War Production revealed. Liberator bombers which cost \$238,000 two years ago now cost \$137,000; the



cost of light tanks has been reduced from \$45,000 to \$22,564; and .50 caliber machine guns which used to cost \$510 now are down to \$200.

An Army private, John N. Newland of Butte, Mont., received highest honors in examinations taken by 1,689 candidates in 44 states for certificates as certified public accountants. Newland is stationed in the personnel office of the Induction Center at Fort Douglas in Utah.

A blinded war hero, Marine Sgt. Al Schmid, who killed 200 Japanese soldiers on Guadalcanal, stole the show from four noted writers at an authors' luncheon in Philadelphia. "I want to say that I think a lot of people here are too soft hearted," he said. "I know what I'd do to any Jap I got my hands on. I'd like to take some thousands of Americans and show them battlefields overseas. I'd like them to see their relatives and friends, wounded, maimed, blinded. I'll bet there wouldn't be any talk of a

frying pan into the fire. Returning home from a trip to Mexico, he tried to bring in 49 pairs of silk stockings for the young ladies in his office. He got stopped at the border, though, by customs men who spotted the stockings, confiscated them together with Kelso's car, fined him 80 bucks, and indicted him for smuggling. Considerably chastened and empty-handed, Kelso took a train home, where he found that his draft board wanted him.

**T**HE Army Air Forces began running big ads in the newspapers telling the public that it was no longer in the market for recruits. The ads were designed along the lines of those big automobile ones of peace time, showing a monogram AAF at the bottom and, at the top, the caption: "Ahead of Schedule—An AAF Report on the Aviation Cadet Program." Part of the report that follows says: "The AAF has sufficient men in training and in the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve to meet its present schedule for combat crews. Until further notice the AAF will not take any men into active duty from civilian life for air crew training."



This is what happened when RCAF plane met house in Buffalo, N. Y. No one was seriously hurt.



Navy GIs at San Pedro, Cal., learn damage control in most realistic way possible aboard training ship built of salvage.



The B-17 "Hell's Angels" returned to the States looking like flying message center for ETO GIs.

soft peace then."

Mrs. Annie Marie Young, of Pine Bluff, Ark., was the first woman to receive the Civilian Distinguished Service emblem, the Army's highest award to a war worker. She is a munitions worker at the Pine Bluff arsenal and twice rescued workers whose clothing had been ignited in powder explosions.

Leslie Simon, 11, became the center of attraction at his school in Chicago after receiving the shoulder patches worn by General Dwight D. Eisenhower during the North African campaign. The boy sold \$4,200 worth of war bonds, more than any one in his class, and after doing so he wrote the General for some personal insignia. He received the patches last week through the mails.

**N**ICHOLAS MULICK, 24, of Passaic, N. J., achieved a lifelong ambition after he had rescued five persons from the Passaic River when a bus plunged off a bridge. Safety Director Julius J. Cinamon told Mulick he could have any form of recognition he wanted. "Well, I always wanted to be a fireman," replied Mulick. He got the job.

A Philadelphia police car cleared the way as Aviation Machinist Mate (Second Class) Joseph A. Charles ran six and two-tenths miles down Broad Street from Olney Avenue to City Hall, "just to prove that a sailor could do it." His girl friend, Miss Betty Curtis, and a fellow sailor, Mickey Tufarella, of New York City, bet Charles 10 and 50 dollars, respectively, that he couldn't make the run. Charles got a police permit and a police escort and won the bet. He turned the sixty dollars over to the Red Cross and Navy relief.

The city of Newburgh, N. Y., will be the scene of a mass dental experiment, the first of its kind in history. The city's 32,000 inhabitants will drink water treated with sodium fluoride, believed able to halt tooth decay. Dental experts will study the effect over a 10-year period.

In Griffith, Ind., Jean Reinboldt, 12, and Georgiana Schuster, 12, were kicking around what they thought was a mud-caked ball when the mud fell off and disclosed a human skull. This led to the discovery of the skeleton of a woman, about 30 years old, in the neighboring sand dunes, but the authorities were not immediately able to establish her identity.

John Paul Kelso, of Los Angeles, jumped from the

Barre, Pa., he was a member of the group which tried unsuccessfully to rescue General George A. Custer at Little Big Horn, Mont., in 1876 shortly before the General and his 264 men were wiped out by a band of Sioux Indians.

Joan Bennett was given custody of her 16-year-old daughter, Adrienne Diana Fox Markey, by John Marion Fox, a wealthy gent of Seattle, Wash., who was Miss Bennett's first hubby.

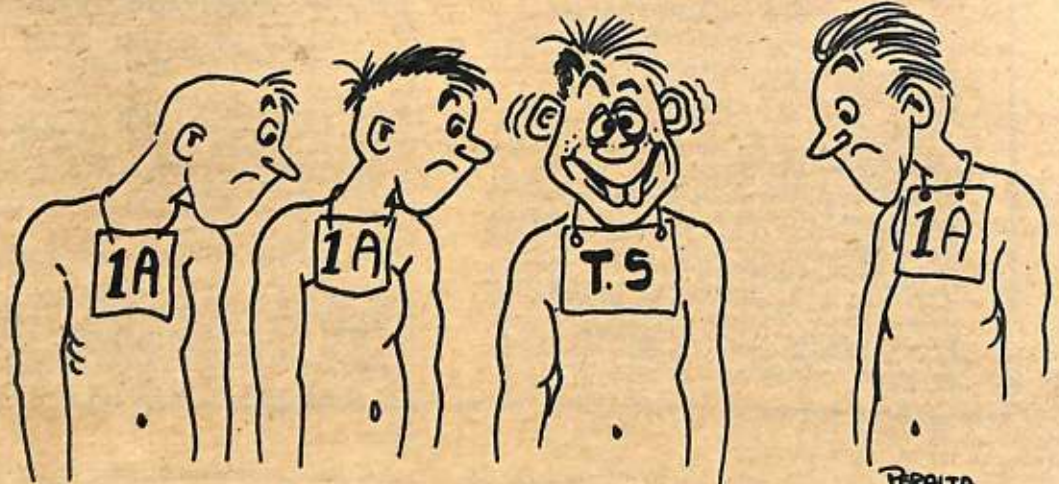
**G**ASPAR ROPPOLO, a meat dealer in New York City, had an appointment with the Office of Price Administration but couldn't keep it. Trouble was, he said, that the outfit was located on the 55th floor of the Empire State Building and he is allergic to elevators as well as walking up 55 flights of stairs. So the OPA obligingly met him more than half way by moving part of its staff down to an office on the fourth floor. Figuring that in view of such courtesy he must be due for some good news, Roppolo blithely skipped up the four flights to find out what was what. He found out, all right. OPA just wanted to tell him that he had overdrawn his meat ration and that his license to do business was therefore being suspended. Roppolo is now allergic to OPA offices, no matter what floor they're on.

The following ad appeared in a Norfolk, Va., paper: "Moderately refined Navy couple would like to live with congenial people. We drink too much occasionally, smoke too much all the time, read a few good books, and can talk or listen." Seventy-five people called up to offer the couple quarters.

Major General Richard Donovan, commanding officer of the 8th Service Command, disclosed that 80,000 P.W.s are now being held in camps in Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, and New Mexico.

Eleven convicts tunneled their way out of the Missouri State Prison. They got to a sewer and started crawling toward its mouth on the bank of the Missouri River but when they got there they found prison guards waiting for them. Some bright guard had recalled that the sewer had been used as a getaway passage several times before.

Peter B. Hart, one of the last remaining Indian fighters and scouts of the old West and a hero connected with the famous Custer's Last Stand, died in Pueblo, Colo., at the age of 94. A native of Wilkes



PERALTA  
-Pvt. Alex Peralta

# Mail Call

## Puerto Ricans In The U.K.

Dear YANK:

It is regrettable that the article, "Puerto Rican Soldier," by Sgt. Lou Stoumen, in the April 16th issue of YANK, did not mention the presence in the U.K. of Puerto Rican soldiers. Quartermaster units of Puerto Ricans are distributed among several depots in England, and they are connecting links in the chain of supply, handling the food and material that is piling up in readiness for the word "Go!" The units are Puerto Rican from the commanding officer down. Lt. Col. Fortunato Roman, former superintendent of schools in several cities of Puerto Rico, and an infantry first lieutenant in World War I, commands the outfit, which includes several white and Negro service companies as well. The depot commander at my station has commended the Puerto Ricans on the good quality of their work. And they are contributing to the international education of the English. I have heard an English girl who works with a few Puerto Ricans in a warehouse singing a current popular song with Spanish words.

These are the first military units of their nationality to operate on foreign soil.

Britain.

T/4 LOUIS HARAP

## The Right Horse—But The Wrong Stable

Dear YANK:

After reading the sports page of the April 9th issue of YANK I decided to write to you concerning the article titled "Kentucky Derby Horses: Their Lives and Loves." There were several discrepancies in the article, or so I think.

Having kept up with horses, while over here, by reading a weekly magazine titled "The Blood Horse," I feel qualified to make a few corrections.

Miss Keeneland is a daughter of Lady Peace, dark bay, 1935, by Sir Gallahad III out of Sun Spot, by Omar Khayyam, and a half-brother of Son-of-Peace, a stakes winner of last season. When speaking of half-brothers it is through the dam, or mother, and not through the sire. Her sire is Blenheim II an English horse which won the Derby over here.

Calumet Farm is owned by Warren Wright and not William Woodward of Belair Stud.

Britain.

S/Sgt. RICHARD S. WORTH

## Ditto

Dear YANK:

In your latest issue of YANK, April 9th, Sgt. Dan Polier made a little mistake which I wish to correct. I'm not stating that Dan doesn't know the difference, but William Woodward's stable and Calumet Farms are two different stables.

Woodward is the owner of Belair Stud, owner of Johnstown, 1939 Kentucky Derby Winner. The Calumet Farms are owned by Warren Wright who, of course, owns the Calumet Cannonball, Whirlaway.

Britain.

Cpl. ROBERT B. GREGOR

## One Picture From Home

Dear YANK:

There we were, both of us, sitting in our room and quietly reading your March 19th issue of YANK. All of a sudden the quiet atmosphere was pierced by a

loud, mournful wail and was followed, in a sobbing tone, by an exclamation of: "No, no, you can't do that to me, you just can't!" Yes, dear YANK, there was 1st Sgt. Leo Nans raving, gesticulating and hopping around the room like somebody gone mad. He seemed on the verge of hysteria. His outburst really was a shock because he's usually a very quiet and mild-mannered fellow. I asked him what was wrong, and at the same time tried to calm him down. Then he showed me what brought about his unusual actions—a picture, depicting the unusual weather in Los Angeles. It so happens that the picture you used was of the Orpheum Theater in downtown L.A. in which Sgt. Nans had worked for the last seven years right up to the time he entered the service. He served in the capacity of house manager and practically made the theater his home. Showing a picture like that to him was like someone else being shown a picture of his home. It's no wonder it got him. That's the reason I'm writing this letter in his behalf. He wants to thank you from the bottom of his heart and his appreciation is immeasurable. He'd also be very grateful to you if you could possibly send him a copy of the picture, that is if there's any on hand. Now that he's simmered down a bit he's very happy to have a picture like that. May I also add my thanks because of the fact of my being a California convert of practically two years standing. We'd be overjoyed for any further pictures of the area in and around Los Angeles and Pasadena (South included). Again we offer our heartfelt thanks and appreciation of a fine magazine.

Britain.

Cpl. JACK GOLDSTINE  
1st Sgt. LEO NANS

[Just to show you that our heart is in the right place, here are two further examples of California scenery—the best and latest we could find.—Ed.]



## About Ballots And YANK

Dear YANK:

Congratulations to both Staff Sgt. E. H. Healy and Lt. William B. Storm for their fine letters in your "Mail Call" of April 16th. To the Sarge's attempts to exercise his franchise I can add a whole-hearted and soulful amen. None of the people I contacted knew anything about the WD postcard application for a ballot, and although I finally wound up writing a letter—even as the Sarge did—I have yet to receive my ballot for the Illinois primaries which were held last week. And this in spite of the fact that I sent my letter out almost two months in advance of the elections.

To the Lieutenant's statement that YANK is not fulfilling its responsibilities as "The Army Weekly" I also add a hearty amen. How can we capitalize on a military victory if we haven't yet begun to discuss the things to follow that victory? A perusal of YANK would indicate that those in service haven't the slightest interest in the economic and political causes and effects of this war. This can hardly be true.

Pin-up pictures and the Sad Sack are O.K. but—how about it, YANK? When are you going to start the ball rolling?

T/5 BEN SHRAER

Britain.

## Dependency

Dear YANK:

Ever since I have been in the Army I've had an allotment for my mother who is dependent on me for 50 percent of her support. Until I married she received \$37 a month, but after I took out an allotment for my wife my mother's monthly check was cut to \$20. Now sometime in October a new AR was published stating that a parent was to receive \$33 a month and a wife \$50. However, no one here seems to know if a parent who is 50 percent dependent is included in this new allotment scale.

Pfc. WILLIAM L. MURPHY

Britain.

[50 percent dependency doesn't make your mother eligible for more money. In order for her to draw \$33 a month, she must be dependent on you for at least 75 percent of her income. The AR you refer to is actually an amendment of the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942. This amendment, which became effective Nov. 1, 1943, states that those who are dependent on an EM for less than 75 percent of their support are classified as Class B Dependents and those dependent on an EM for 75 percent and over are classified Class B1 Dependents. Your mother (50 percent dependent) is a Class B Dependent and can draw only \$20 dollars a month.—Ed.]

## Sam, You Made The Pants, etc.

Dear YANK:

I've been a steady subscriber to the YANK ever since I've been in the Army and I've noticed that you answer a lot of questions (even tho most are foolish) and there has been a question buzzing around in my feeble brain for the last three or four months; so if you possibly can, I'd like to have it answered. I'd like to know why Uncle Sam in the last few months has made such big seats in the new O.D. slacks. I wear a thirty waist, and for the life of me I can't figure out how a man with a thirty waist could fill the big seats in these trousers. Also why the extra flap in the front? I like a good fit in my clothes, especially my slacks, and I'm pretty sure the rest of the GIs do, too. So please answer this question for me and I'm sure a million or so other GIs would want to know the answer.

Pfc. L. J. SOSH

Britain.

## From The CWS Boys

Dear YANK:

We have been waiting for this opportunity to correct an impression that the only job of CWS in this struggle as far as the ETO is concerned is to bother fellow EMs with tear gas and gas mask drill by the numbers.

Let us simply refer you to page 20 of your edition dated April 2, 1944, which reads: "The explosive loads being dumped on the Axis by Allied planes are now averaging 60 percent incendiaries, and

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Pictures: 2, 3 and 4, Planet. 5, Sgt. John Frano. 11, OWI. 12, top left, AP; top center, Keystone; top right, APS, Koenig; center, Planet; bottom left, Keystone; bottom center, OWI; bottom right, Fox. 13, top, Keystone; bottom, OWI. 15, top, Keystone; bottom, AP. 16, left, Keystone; center, Planet; right, Keystone. 17, Keystone. 18, OWI. 20, top left, INP; top right and center left, PA; bottom left and right, Acme. 21, top, PA; bottom, Acme. 22, top, USMC; bottom, Sgt. Ed. Cunningham, 24, Columbia Pictures.

# Combat German

## 15 PHRASES



Stand up!  
**Aufstehen!**

**Achtung!** In order to round out your linguistic accomplishments, YANK herewith presents, in cooperation with the American Forces Network, some simple and plain-speaking German phrases which should be enough to help you get along with those natives you're likely to meet. As this is the one and only time AFN and YANK will explore the beauties of the German language for your benefit, you'd better be sure to tune in on AFN, Monday through Friday, May 1 to May 5, 11:50 a.m. to 12 noon, so as to know how to pronounce the stuff you see printed on this page.



Lie down! **Hinlegen!**



Do you speak English?  
**Sprechen Sie Englisch?**



Take cover.  
**Deckung nehmen.**



Hands up.  
**Hände hoch!**



March!  
**Marsch!**



Can anyone here speak English?  
**Spricht her jemand Englisch?**



Are any of you wounded?  
**Sind Verwundete unter Euch?**



Help carry this man.  
**Halfen Sie diesen Mann tragen.**



Shut up!  
**Ruhe!**



Come here.  
**Komm her!**



Prisoner sit down.  
**Gefangner hinsetzen.**



Throw away your arms!  
**Waffen wegwerfen!**



Surrender!  
**Ergebt euch!**



Halt! Who's there?  
**Halt! Wer da?**

in one recent raid on Berlin 98 percent of the entire load was fire bombs, Chemical Warfare Service reported in Washington. At the outset of the war, incendiaries accounted for only 5 percent of our bomb loads, the Service disclosed."

We're not asking for any credit, but we feel that we are doing our small part, too.

Sgt. RICHARD F. WERNECKE  
Cpl. THOMAS A. SUNSERI  
1st/Sgt. CLIFFORD G. ANDERSON  
T/5 WILLIAM F. FYFFE  
T/5 KERWAN L. MULLIGAN  
T/5 ARTHUR N. SMITH

Britain.

### On Demobilization

Dear YANK:

There is a grave danger in creating a schism between "the rights of the individual . . . and the

mere convenience of the community," as Pvt. Dyke Williams does in his letter on demobilization which appeared in a recent YANK. For Americans, the two are indivisible and if anything, should result in greater opportunities for those who have made greater sacrifices during the war.

In my opinion, any wholesale demobilization without adequate provision would be a catastrophe for the community and the ex-soldiers who will make it up in a large part. Williams suggests their immediate release so that they can pursue "their own economic purposes." Somewhat of a cue is given in the news from New Jersey that the "State Senate, not unmindful of the future, has voted unanimously to issue free peddlers' licenses to veterans of the present war." We know now what demobilization and economic insecurity did to the youth of Germany after World War I.

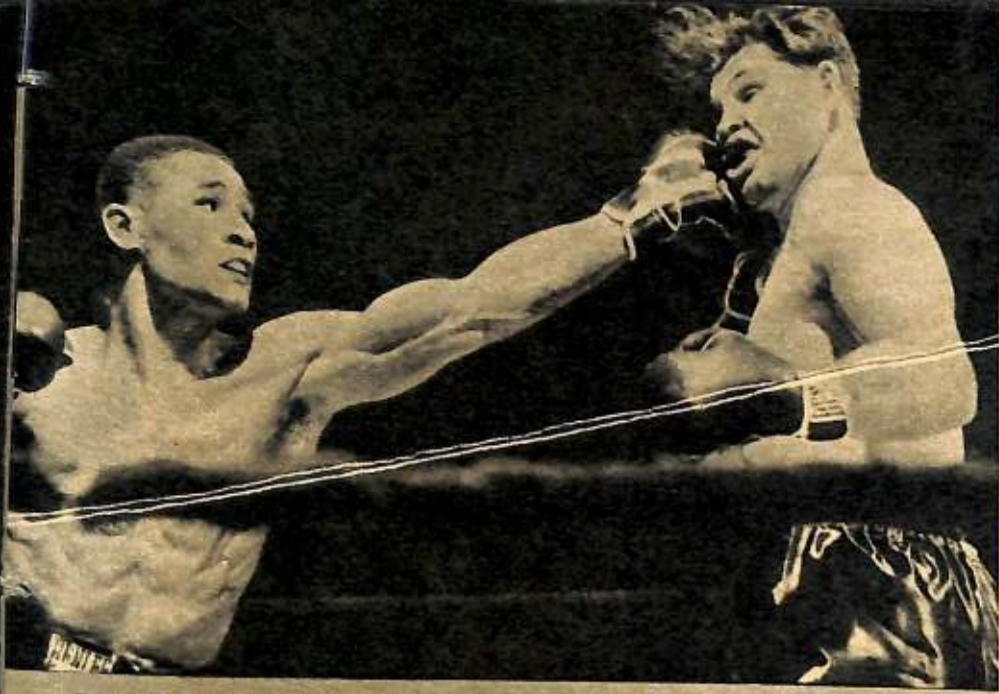
Certainly the soldiers must be left to decide of what benefits they will avail themselves. But they

must be offered some alternatives. Educational opportunities are a good case in point, so must there be employment stimulation and the development of activities in which they can participate. And no derisive talk about WPAs, doles or handouts can becloud the atmosphere. Now is the time for government and private agencies to prepare for the re-entry of millions of young Americans into the social life of their respective communities.

It is most unlikely that even the most elaborate preparations will result in places waiting for all the soldiers when they get back. Allowances of one sort or another will be necessary. Extended furloughs may help many to get properly located. Others may require a longer time. Many soldiers wouldn't mind receiving their basic pay while they become acclimated and with the aid of U. S. Employment Service or some similar body, arrive at a suitable situation.

Britain.

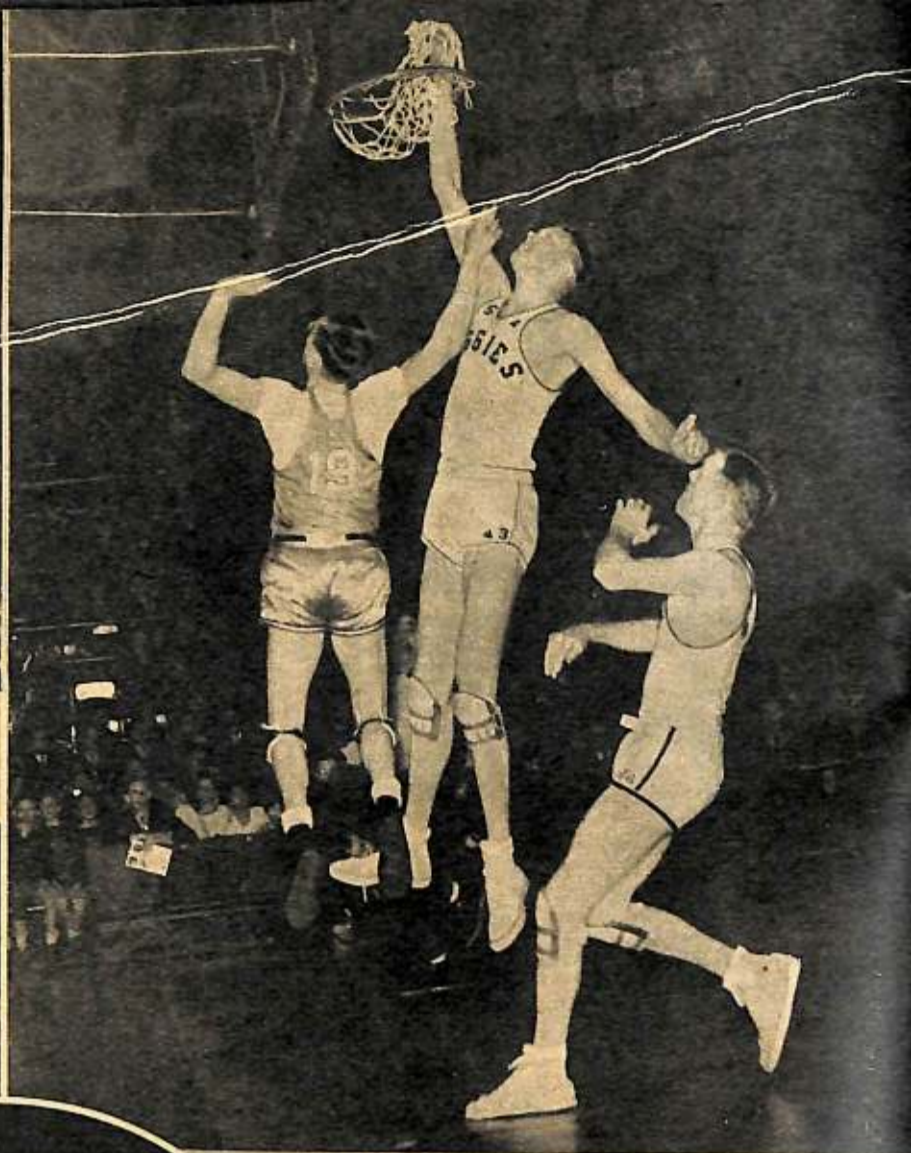
S/Sgt. IRVING GOLD



**PIN-UP BOY.** We have printed so many pictures of Beau Jack that you probably think we own the guy. We don't, but Promoter Mike Jacobs does and he keeps the Beau busy almost every Friday night at Madison Square Garden. Here Jack is busy startling Al Davis with a terrific left to the face. Jack won this decision.



**LOOK WHO'S BACK.** It's Pepper Martin (left), who used to own the dirtiest uniform in the National League. He will play the outfield for his old gang, the St. Louis Cards. Stan Musial will play, too, until the draft beckons.



**ROBBER.** Bob Kurland, 7-foot Oklahoma A & M center, shoves a sure goal by Canisius College out of the basket, but he didn't get by with it. The score was allowed. Aggies won, 43 to 29.

# SPORTS ROUND-UP



**TRAINING PICTURE.** During the winter these Los Angeles Athletic Club girls brush up on their camera poses while waiting for the swimming season to open. They know photographers never take pictures of a girl swimming. Left to right: Natalie Rogers, Pat Geary, Virginia Wenzlaff, Katie Manley and Wave Winters.



**FLORIDA WAS NEVER LIKE THIS.** When the Brooklyn Dodgers used to train in Florida their favorite pastime was "hopping down to Hialeah." Now, at Bear Mountain, N. Y., they're learning more useful things, like skiing. Infielder Howie Schultz gets some expert advice from Hans Strand.

# SPORTS: MAYBE DODDS SOLD THOSE EXTRA TWO MILLION BIBLES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

**T**HE American Bible Society has just reported that the sale of Bibles during 1943 showed an increase of two million. The society naturally attributes this overpowering increase to the war and firmly believes those extra two million Bibles were purchased by God-fearing soldiers of the United Nations.

But I have another explanation.

A lot of those extra two million copies were bought up by track fans and promoters. I can even tell you the name of the man who is responsible for this Bible boom. He is Deacon Gil Dodds, the Scripture-quoting Boston divinity student, who just recently lowered the world's indoor mile record twice in two weeks. The first time to 4:07.3 in the K of C games at Madison Square Garden and a week later to 4:06.4 in the Bankers Mile at Chicago.

I think it is safe to say that the Deacon has done more for the Bible Society than any man since King James. Every time he autographs a program for a track fan he always adds the book, chapter and verse of some appropriate Biblical quotation beneath his signature. This means that thousands of track fans, who normally only read the advertisements in their programs, now dash to the nearest book store and purchase a Bible to see what message the plank-pounding parson has given them. In this way the Deacon has been known to sell 15,000 copies in a single evening.

Even when he's not running, the Deacon does much to stimulate the sale of Bibles. As a champion athlete he receives a great amount of mail from track promoters, coaches and thin-lunged high-school distance runners. He never answers one of these letters that he doesn't include an appropriate quotation from the Scriptures. As a result, thousands of promoters, coaches and families all over the United States now have Bibles in their libraries.

One promoter we know, Mr. Frank Brennan of New York City, says the Bible has become practically as essential in his work as the *AAU Rules and Record Book*. In fact, just before Mr. Brennan staged the Casey games he received a letter of acceptance from Dodds in which the parson had scribbled this reference: Heb. XII:1.

Fortunately, Mr. Brennan had dealings with Dodds before and was prepared to receive this message. He reached for his Bible and

looked up the quotation. Here's how it read:

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

Mr. Brennan was much disturbed by this gospel, especially that remark about running with patience. Like all track promoters, he always flashes a four-minute smile and faithfully promises the track mob world records of every variety in all his meets. He was counting on Dodds to shrink the mile record and not run a patient race. But Mr. Brennan also found some comfort in the Deacon's message. That part about a great cloud of witnesses gave him visions of the Garden packed with no less than 15,000 spectators.

As it turned out, the Deacon was only kidding about running with patience. He bolted to the front after the second lap and proceeded to murder his opposition. He was clocked at 60.8 seconds at the first quarter with two yards on Rudy Simms, a NYU freshman, and at 2:00.6 at the halfway post six yards ahead of Bill Hulse, his chief rival. He drummed around the third quarter in 62.8 for 3:03.4, a good dozen yards ahead of Hulse, and ran the last quarter in 63.9. It was the first time in his career that he really moved down the home stretch.

After the race Dodds was visited by a group of reporters who came armed with Bibles in case the Deacon had a ready-made sermon for them.

"Greetings," said the Deacon as the little congregation trooped into the dressing room. "The good Lord was with me tonight; I never doubted He would give me the needed strength if only I did not quit on myself. Yes, I prayed while I ran."

One member of the congregation, Mr. Lewis Burton of the *New York Journal-American*, thought it would be a good idea to find out what prayer the Deacon used in breaking the world's record, so he could pass it on to other aspiring record-breakers. He asked the Deacon what it was.

"You don't need special prayers from the Bible to address the Lord," Dodds said devoutly. "You need only speak from the heart, and He will understand."

I hope Mr. Burton never prints that statement. It would ruin the sale of Bibles.



Dodds makes a one-man finish of the Banker's Mile.

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

**O**NLY a few people know it, but Frankie Sinkwich begged to stay in the Marine Corps "in any capacity" when he was examined for a CDD. And not many people know that, before the Detroit Lions would sign Sinkwich, they made him first sign a release absolving the club from any blame in the event he suffered permanent injury because of his heart condition. . . . One of the transport pilots in the recent Burma drive was Lt. J. K. (Buddy) Lewis, who used to play third base for the Washington Senators. . . . When we last looked, Pvt. Terry Moore, the ex-Cardinal slugger, was leading the Canal Zone League with a lusty .371 average, while former Red Sox pitcher Mickey Harris had won six out of his first seven games. . . . The next big sports show in North Africa will be a track and field meet that will carry the modest title of the Allied Olympics. . . . Bob Pastor says his first day at OCS in Miami was the roughest. When the upperclassmen discovered who he was, they made him ride a bicycle to show how he fought Joe Louis the first time. . . . Last year's Great Lakes baseball team has turned up

in Honolulu almost intact. The line-up includes George Dickey, White Sox; Marvin Felderman, Cubs; Tom Ferrick, Red Sox; Joe Grace, Browns; Jack Hallett, White Sox; Bob Harris, Red Sox; Johnny Lucadello, Browns; Barney McCosky, Tigers, and Vern Olsen, Cubs.

**Inducted:** Joe Gordon, Yankee second baseman, into the AAF; Lee Savold, heavyweight contender, into the Merchant Marine; Jack Kraus, Philly Blue Jay left-hander, into the Army; Ronnie Cahill, ex-Holy Cross and Chicago Cardinal footballer, into the Marines; Bobby Bragan, second-best Dodger catcher, into the Navy; Sammy Angott, former NBA lightweight champ, into the Army; Marty Marion, string-beany Cardinal shortstop, into the Army; Buster Maynard, Giant outfielder, into the Army; Clyde Shoun, Cincinnati left-hander, into the Navy; Stuart Holcomb, Miami (Ohio) football coach, into the Army. . . . **Rejected:** Hal Trosky, former Cleveland first baseman, now of White Sox, because of migraine headaches; Cliff Melton, left-hander of the Giants, because of bone-chipped left elbow; Vernon Stephens, slugging shortstop of Browns, because of bad knee; Glenn Stewart, Blue Jay shortstop, because of varicose veins in right leg. . . . **Commissioned:** Mace Brown, Red Sox relief pitcher, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy; Jack Kramer, top-ranking tennis player, as an ensign in the Coast Guard.



LITTLE INVADER. Probably the smallest GI in the



**WAR IN THEIR FACES.** After 23 days and nights of fighting in the dark jungles of New Britain these marines are going to get a rest. Waiting at Cape Gloucester for all the men of their unit to climb aboard the trucks, they have the marks of front-line fighters bitten deep in their faces.

## Valiant Attempt of a Chicago Tovarich To Uphold the Tradition in Iran

By Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**T**EHERAN, IRAN — When President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Premier Stalin held their historic conference here, all the personnel at the camp were restricted. Cpl. Jimmy Martin, a sax player who used to give out with the dream stuff at the Sherman Hotel's Panther Room in Chicago and now plays with a Special Service band called the New Friends of Rhythm, celebrated his 38th birthday during this restriction.

Now, it has been Jimmy's custom to celebrate his birthday with two or three drinks and a nice dinner. "Never more than three drinks," explains Jimmy. "I'm not a drinking man."

Jimmy sweated out the conference and as soon as the provost marshal took the lid off, he begged a pass from his CO. The pass was only good for the afternoon, because Jimmy had to play a dance that night.

Cpl. Martin was the first GI in Teheran that afternoon; most of the lads were saving their passes for night work. In the first bar Jimmy hit, he saw three Russians sitting at a table and drinking vodka. They were two captains and a first louey.

Jimmy went up to the bar and ordered his usual light vermouth. "As I told you before," explains Jimmy, "I'm not a drinking man." Jimmy had the light vermouth somewhere between his epiglottis and esophagus when it came up suddenly and spread all over the bar. Someone had hit him on the back.

When Jimmy picked himself up off the floor, he was staring into the smiling face of the Russian louey. "Raasvelt—Stalin—good, yes?" the Red Army back-slapper asked. "Yes," answered Jimmy.

"Americans—Russians—good, yes?" the Russian louey said. "Yes," repeated Jimmy.

"You have drink with me and my friends to Tovarich Raasvelt, yes?" asked the louey. "Yes," said Cpl. Martin.

Jimmy went to the Russians' table feeling very fine. After all, it wasn't every day you had a snort with two captains and a louey; it wasn't

every day the Big Three had a powwow in your back yard—and it wasn't every day you had a birthday.

The two captains were introduced to Jimmy. "A Tovarich from Chicago," was the way the lieutenant introduced Jimmy to them. The louey poured out four stiff glasses of vodka.

Jimmy tried to tell them he wasn't a drinking man, but by that time the Russians had arisen. "To Tovarich Raasvelt," one of the captains said. After downing the vodka, Jimmy tried once more to explain to the happy Russians that he wasn't a drinking man, but now the Russians were on their feet again. "To Tovarich Stalin," they said, and down went four more

glasses of vodka.

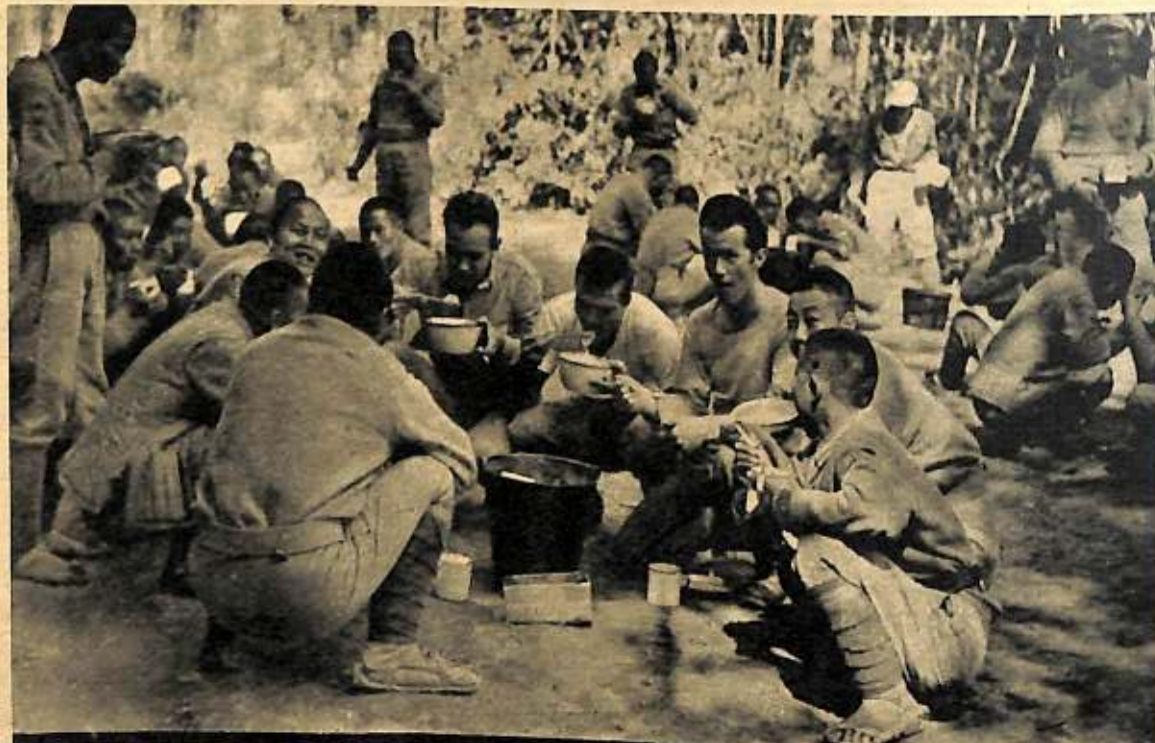
From there on, they toasted all the Allied leaders, all the famous Russian battles, and then each of Jimmy's 38 years. "I wanted to quit but, being the only dogface in the joint, I figured I hadda uphold our tradition," Jimmy moans.

Late that night two Russian captains and a first louey carried a limp form in ODs to the camp gate.

"This is Tovarich from Chicago. He is tired. Treat him kindly," said the first louey to the MP at the gate. "He is good, Raasvelt's good, Stalin's good, everybody's good—good night."

Cpl. Jimmy Martin is out of the guardhouse now and back with the New Friends of Rhythm.

"I didn't mind the rap in the guardhouse," he says. "In fact, the shape I was in, I didn't want any of my pals to see me anyhow. But I feel bad about the Russians bringing me home; it sort of hurt our tradition. It's a damn shame I'm not a drinking man."



**UNITED NATIONS CHOW.** Some Yanks who work with Chinese troops in Burma eat rice with their allies. Sgt. James Dye (left center) and Cpl. Kenneth Swann seem to be managing pretty well with chopsticks, but Cpl. Jack Flynn (right) prefers to use a time-tested GI spoon.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**L**ADD FIELD, ALASKA—So you want to fly a helicopter? You've read that it is the flivver of the future and that anybody who knows up from down can fly it and land on an airport the size of a boxing ring.

Gentlemen, that is guano for the cornfields.

The helicopter as she is constructed today is a flying machine of delicate balance, both on the ground and in the air. It requires precision at the controls and a pilot whose air sense is keen and whose reactions are immediate. All this you'll discover if you sit for 15 minutes in the cockpit alongside either of the two specially trained officers who fly the Arctic Jitterbug here.

The Arctic Jitterbug is a 180-hp Sikorsky helicopter, which was flown north in a C-46 and re-



Lt. Edwards and Sgt. Matteson, guided by Sgt. Smith, bring the helicopter in for a landing, altitude 10 inches.

Lt. Edwards, "in an airplane, you take off, find your heading, crank up your stabilizer and relax. The plane just about flies itself. The trope won't do that for you. You've got to herd her with both feet and at least one hand all the time."

When you inspect all the control rods and pedals and throttles, you're surprised that even both hands and both feet are enough.

One thing that won't trouble you in the trope is visibility. The cockpit is really a modified fish-bowl, giving you unobstructed views up, down, forward and to both sides. The only direction you can't see is back. The engine housing and radio-control board are behind your head.

The trope's radio is hard to operate in that position, but the engine in flight kicks enough heat through the firewall so no special cabin heater is needed for flights made at sub-zero temperatures. Similarly, no intricate de-icing or windshield de-frosting devices have been necessary.

**T**AKE-OFF and landing in a helicopter are like no other experience in aviation. You're crouching in your fishbowl while the main rotor whistles a few inches above your head, making a sound like someone beating the air with a willow switch. You're all braced for a short run and a gradual slanting-forward uptake. But nothing like that happens. The whistling simply grows more violent. The entire cabin goes into a jitter, and you ascend straight up—six inches, one foot, two feet—so slowly that if you dropped your mitten, you could climb out, grab it and shake the snow out of it, then climb back in again.

"Now," says Lt. Edwards, "this hovering is the trickiest part. You've got to ride the controls carefully. But it's lots of fun. Look!"

By now you're 10 feet off the ground. The lieutenant nudges the main control stick slightly to the left. You prepare yourself automatically for a banking turn to the left. But instead the trope gently shoots off in a straight line in the direction the stick was shoved. The nose never changes position. You skid sidewise above the snow.

A nudge forward and the ship halts its sideward drift and takes off straight ahead. Lt. Edwards then sidles off again to the right, tugs daintily to the rear on the stick and you have completed a precise square pattern over the spot where you took off. "This was one of the training maneuvers at school," the lieutenant says. "You have to practice this hovering pattern by tracking a 20-foot square, then landing in it."

Lt. Edwards and Lt. Barnett were among the first dozen Army pilots taught how to fly a helicopter. It takes 25 hours of instruction to qualify as a helicopter pilot, but improvements and fool-proofing of controls may cut that down.

In cruising at 100 feet over snow-flecked spikes of spruce groves, the trope appears to be as maneuverable as a Piper Cub. The air-speed indicator reads 50 miles per hour, a speed at which most small aircraft would drop into a stall.

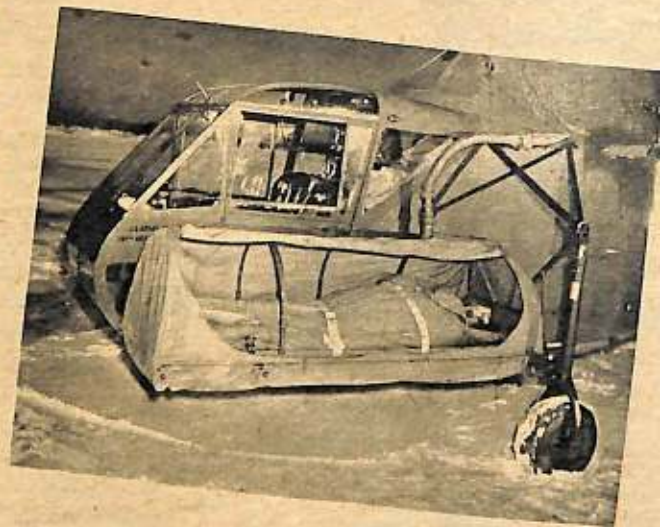
"Here you can see the value of the helicopter for rescue work," Lt. Edwards says. He points out a small patch of white surrounded by trees. "Suppose there was a wrecked plane down there in those trees. We could drop right into that little open space. We could bring a doctor or medical supplies. We could even haul out injured men one or two at a time."

To make his point, the lieutenant soars over the spot, then descends at about the same rate of speed as the average freight elevator in a hotel. Before the wheels touch, he zooms forward and heads back for his landing field.

"I don't like my landing field," he says as the ship swoops close to its mooring lot. The "field" is an area hemmed in by a barracks building, several rows of 16-by-16 work shacks, a full-sized hangar and a line of transport planes. But Lt. Edwards circles in gracefully at 40 miles per hour, slacks off to a hover, edges right and left over the small clearing, then settles easily to the snow in direct downward descent.

"Got to take it plenty easy on these landings," he warns. "That's another reason I think it may be a few years before the trope becomes the family flivver. Right now, they'll cost you about \$47,000, ready to fly."

At this point you wander away pondering the post-war price on a good outboard motor.



Litter attachment converts helicopter into ambulance.

## Artic JITTERBUG

assembled at Ladd Field by S/Sgt. Frank Matteson of Sutton, Nebr., and Sgt. Charles Smith of Appalachia, Va., her regular ground crew. Matteson and Smith have been crewing conventional GI transports and combat craft in Alaska for many months. Last October they were handed orders to fly down to Bridgeport, Conn. There, at the Vought-Sikorsky Aircraft plant, they spent six weeks learning how a helicopter ticks.

At the same time, Lt. Lyle Edwards, a former Cambridge City (Ind.) machinist, and Lt. Raymond J. Barnett of Purcell, Okla., were learning to fly the helicopter at Bridgeport. Both were Army B-25 flight instructors who had volunteered for Arctic duty as engineering officers. They accompanied the Arctic Jitterbug to Ladd Field and inherited her after Lt. Col. L. B. Cooper of the Aircraft Projects Section, Engineering Division Materiel Command, had put the "trope" through some preliminary cold-weather tests. (They call it the "trope" because, while Sgts. Matteson and Smith were reassembling the helicopter at Ladd before a circle of curious GI mechanics, one of them piped up, "Migawd—it's a helio-trope!" The name stuck.)

On the basis of short-time tests in the skies less than 100 miles below the Arctic Circle, the Jitterbug is regarded by her pilots as suitable for cold-weather work without extensive change.

Soon after they had the trope in flying condition, Sgts. Matteson and Smith bumped into a minor snag. Waterproof covers for the blades of the rotors stiffened and shrank in the freezing temperatures and couldn't be fitted over the windmills. The two sergeants fabricated a new set of covers from nonwaterproof mercerized cotton, a trick they had learned months before, in protecting bomber wings against the cold.

"There are still a number of adjustments and revisions to be made," Lt. Edwards says, "before the trope will be able to do the job she's slated for up here." That job will be rescue work. For this purpose, a light ambulance litter has been contrived. Covered with a weatherproof hood, the litter attaches to a series of joints between the front end of the fuselage and the main strut of the landing gear. A small plexiglas window is fitted into the hood, so that the patient strapped inside can watch the scenery go by.

Even without the unbalancing effect of the ambulance attachment, the helicopter demands concentration of the operator in flight. You're conscious of this immediately if the pilot you ride with happens to fly from the right-hand seat in the cockpit.

"How come?" you're bound to ask, because everybody knows that the left-hand side in an airplane is reserved for the chief pilot.

"Oh," the lieutenant explains, "this is the side I learned on."

In conventional aircraft, a flyer ordinarily pilots from either side with either hand with equal ease. Not so the helicopter. "You see," says



Leslie Brooks  
**YANK**  
Pin-up  Girl