

YANK

THE ARMY  WEEKLY

Yanks at Home in the ETO

They're Killing 'Em In Ky.

The other day we picked up an English paper which reported that Fort Knox has developed a new twist in making the life of a recruit a pure and simple hell. Someone down there has organized a goose-stepping, German-speaking platoon which is used to instil American soldiers with a hatred for real Germans. The platoon, according to this English paper, will amble around the training area, playing all kinds of dirty tricks on the poor, unsuspecting conscripts. They will "capture" some of them and put them in a "concentration camp," where they will be subjected to insults.

Well, Fort Knox seems to have changed a lot since the old days. We have a pretty good idea of how things are lining up down there right now. The exhausted recruit, back from a hard day at the old trainasium, falls into his bunk, when who should come up the stairs but this blasted German-speaking platoon. They frisk him, take away the candy he bought at the PX the night before, kick him downstairs, and spit down the barrel of his rifle. Then they go off, laughing like damned fools.

Next day the recruit is out on the trainasium again, and just as he gets to the top he discovers that a crucial bar has been sawed. Down he goes, breaking his collar bone. But does he go to hospital? No, he doesn't go to a nice, warm hospital. He's picked up by this Heinie platoon and shoved in a "concentration camp," busted collar bone and all. Boy, somebody figured, he'd sure hate the Germans then.

We, of course, are not at Fort Knox right now, and we don't know how the latest rookies are carrying on, but we know if they tried anything like that when we were in training it would have been a different story. Suppose one of the guys who used to be in our training platoon had been coming home from a 20-miler, footsore and dog tired. One of these German platoon guys sticks out a foot and trips him up, meanwhile subjecting him to insults. Do you think the guy would climb wearily to his feet, thinking that the first time he gets his hands on a real German he'll tear him to bits? Well, he wouldn't. He'd pick up his rifle and slug the practical joker over the noggin with the butt of the blasted thing. That, we believe, would cure any more nonsense of that sort.

If we were back at Fort Knox and they tried any of that stuff on us we'd go off and steal a life raft and float over to Germany. We doubt very much if Hitler is sending American-speaking platoons around his training camps, to make new members of the Wehrmacht hate us. Perhaps we could find a little peace and quiet in Germany.

We wouldn't put any money on it, though.

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By the men . . . for the
men in the service
PAGE 9