

TRAILBLAZER'S YAKIMA TREK

Yakima 'Okay' With Trailblazer Divarty

By Pvt. Roby Wentz

Sage-brush, smooth brown hills, wind and sky—that's Yakima, where the Trailblazer artillery plays its war-games.

It's as different from "Swamp" Adair as could be imagined; here are fir-clothed hills,

mud and occasional gray skies; there the soil is powder-dry and the skies are a cold, brilliant blue. They told this reporter that the weather has been almost uniformly rainless during their five-week stay. Likewise, it is colder than the proverbial mother-in-law's caress, with the knife-edge native to high, dry, desert air.

Living conditions aren't bad at all; to infantry GIs, accustomed to shelter-halves and foxholes the minute they set foot outside Adair, they would seem sinfully luxurious. When you roll into camp, a few miles outside town, you're shown to a board-floored pyramidal tent, shared by five other soldiers. In the center squats a pot-bellied cast-iron stove in which red embers glow 24 hours a day. When you get up in the freezing dawn, a shovelful of coal on them has the tent warm in a few minutes, although coal-smoke occasionally fills the interior.

You spread your bedroll on a canvas cot, turn out the electric light, and drop off into a sound sleep.

Chow is via the mess-kit route, but there are indoor messhalls to eat it in. They call the mail while you're eating chow, and you shovel grub with one hand and reach for your sugar's letter with the other. The water in the GI cans where you slosh the eating-tools is really boiling-hot, too.

There's a PX in camp, very much like the orthodox Camp Adair variety. You can get beer and the usual noncomitants. There are movies in

the chapel, although the pictures seemed a little old—"Wake Island" was one of the current attractions last week.

You can go to town most nights, and there's bus service from camp. Yakima rates pretty high with the boys. It's about the size of Salem, but more interesting from a lot of angles—or curves—to hear them tell about it. The main drags are brilliantly neon-lit, and the restaurants are good and numerous. There's a big USO with all the usual fixings and services.

Chimney Sweep



Trailblazer Photo

ON-THE-SPOT repairs at Yakima—Trailblazer GI does rough-and-ready job of chimney-sweeping by dropping cobbles down the stove-pipe into stove in pyramidal tent.

Expensive Camera Takes Very Short End In Bout With 155 mm. Howitzer Concussion

That gray-headed photographer's wheeze about the face fit to break a camera never really came true, but Capt. George H. Godfrey, Trailblazer public relations officer, has a better one.

Last week at the Yakima artillery firing center, the captain walked up to No. 2 gun of Battery C, 725th FA, and got set to take a picture of the big weapon firing.

He planted himself and an expensive Graflex about 20 feet to one side and well to the front of the 155 mm. howitzer's muzzle, and waited. Came the command "Fire!" over the field phone; Sgt. H. C. Johnson

swung his arm down and Pfc. Charles Fuquay yanked the lanyard.

There was an ear-shattering roar, and Capt. Godfrey pressed the shutter-lever. Nothing happened. He swung back the focusing hood and looked inside his camera.

The ground-glass focussing screen lay on the reflecting mirror, smashed into a score of pieces, mute testimony to the power of a 155.

The moral? That a camera is no match for the field artillery.

Btry. A Treks into Yakima—4 Miles, 50 Minutes—'Or Else'



Trailblazer Photo

BTRY A, 725th FA, mastering the final event in the physical fitness tests — the four-mile hike, done in 50 minutes or else. In the desert near Yakima.

Phone Crew at Work—and Yet the Boys Are Cold



THIS TELEPHONE CREW of Trailblazer artillerymen at Yakima were almost too busy to pose—and definitely too busy to give their names to the photographer. They're reporting registering fire. Yep, it's as cold as they look.

GI Still Operating At Same Old Stand

Port Moresby (CNS) — Back home in the town of New York Sgt. Richard Tarsias ran a beauty shop. Here in New Guinea he is doing the same sort of work.

Incapacitated for further combat action during the Buna campaign, Sgt. Tarsias opened Port Moresby's first beauty salon at the request of Special Services. His customers are American nurses and Red Cross girls.

Captain, With 11 Rocks, Captures 11 Germans

Italy (CNS)—Capt. Anderson Smith peeked into a cave and yelled: "Is anybody there?" "Yah," two Germans replied, walking out. Capt. Smith, unarmed, picked up two rocks. Out came a third German and the captain picked up another rock. He had 11 rocks in his hands when he marched his captives back to camp.

With Tongue Hanging Out



Trailblazer Photo

OF COURSE, that four-mile hike in 50 minutes, coming at the end of all the other physical fitness tests, is tough—but not as tough as the Trailblazer with the tongue would have you think. Btry. A, 725th FA, at Yakima.

IN WHAT TOWN?

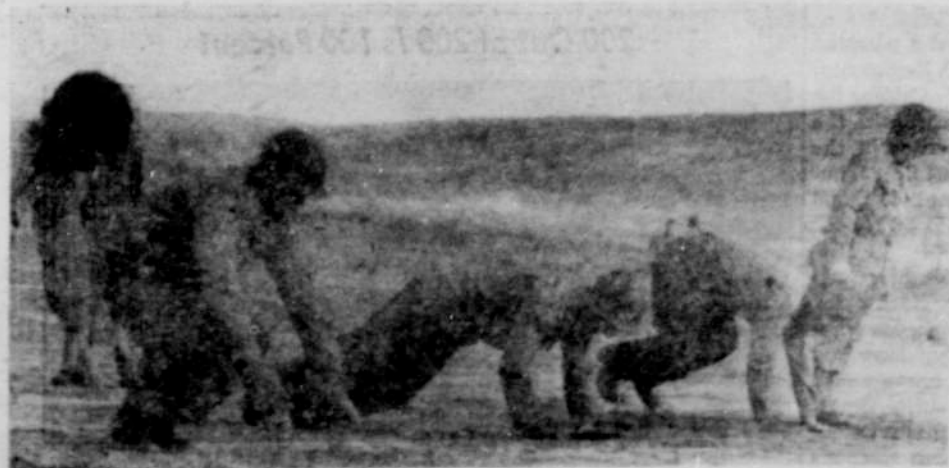
Randolph Field, Tex. — Somewhere above the plains of the great Southwest, a young pilot, lost on

his first flight, thought he saw a town name painted on a big barn and swooped down to investigate. "Go to church Sunday," the huge letters read.

BEGINNING OF THE BURPEES

THE REAL WORK BEGINS

'DEFLECTION ZEE-RO, TWO, ZEE-RO'



Trailblazer Photo

THESE TRAILBLAZERS, of Btry A, 725th FA, are much more sprightly at these burpees than they were a little later on in the physical fitness tests conducted last week at Yakima.



Trailblazer Photo

"DEFLECTION ZEE-RO . . . TWO . . . ZEE-RO!" Two men of 105 mm. howitzer section, Btry. C, 882nd FA, adjust the sights on the Artillery firing range.