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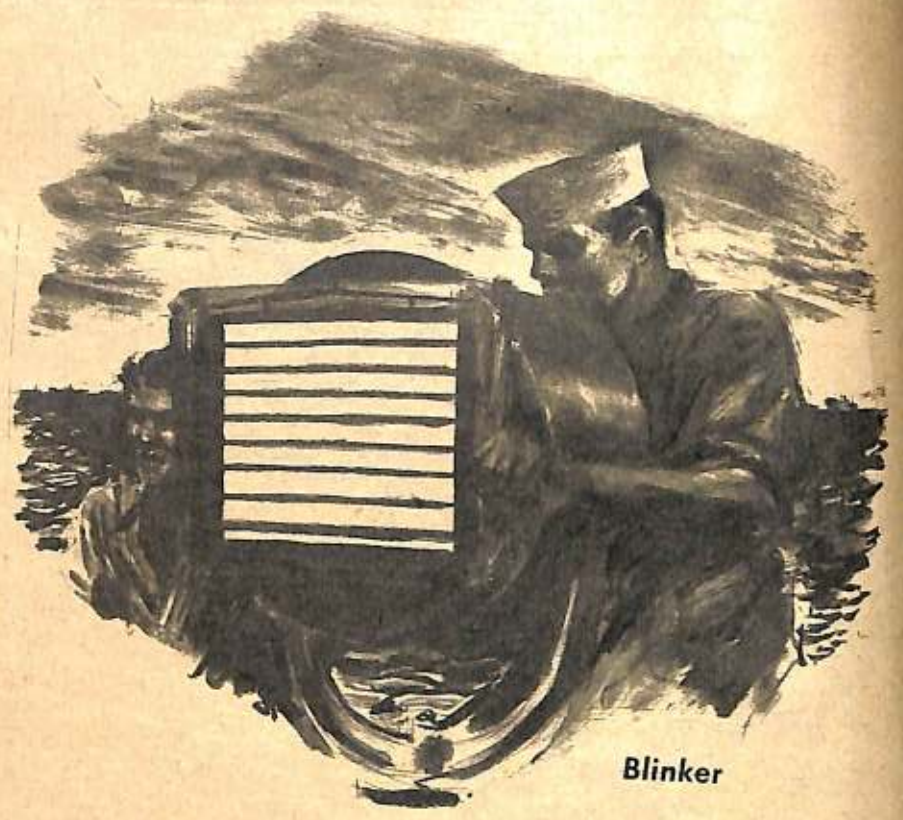
By the men . . for the men in the service

Capture of a Tunisian Town

American troops of the First Armored Division enter Maknassy as the Nazis retreat toward the sea.

Log of Duty

ON destroyers or cutters, gunboats or torpedo boats, the answers and the atmosphere are the same—men sweating out the signalling, hoisting the ammunition, straining against the roll and pitch of their ships. Chief Specialist John L. Floherty, Jr., U.S. Coast Guard, recaptures that atmosphere in these drawings, aboard a 165-foot patrol cutter on duty somewhere in the Atlantic, and obviously the warmer sectors of the Atlantic, judging by the barebacked boys below.



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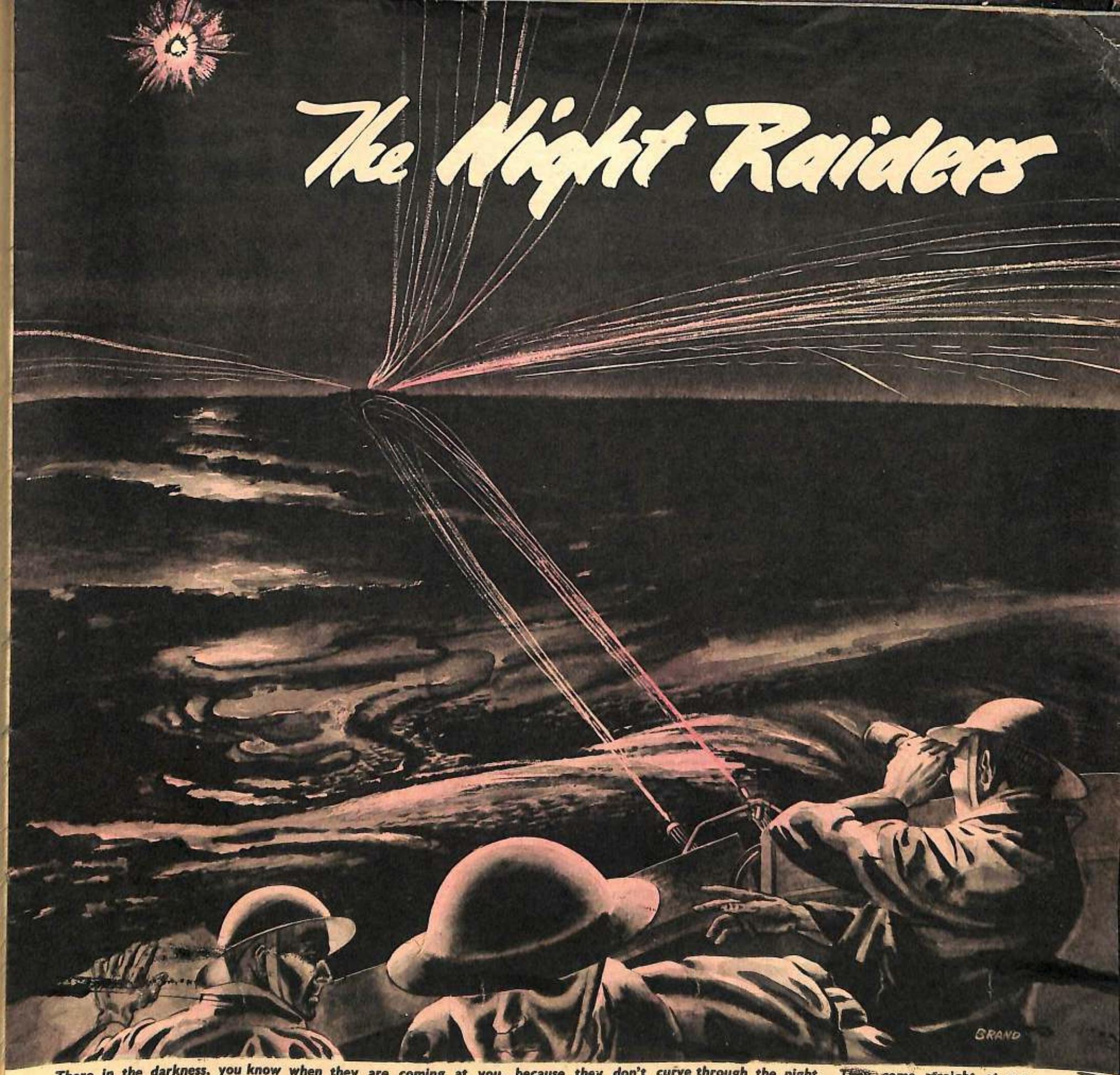
Depth Charge

The Night Raiders



There in the darkness, you know when they are coming at you, because they don't curve through the night. They come straight at you.

War is a strange thing, and no matter how small an engagement, no one man can see it all. This is the story of a night of war, as seen by two YANK *reporters, Bill Richardson and Ben Frasier, who recently were out on two of His Majesty's gunboats in a brief but bitter battle with the enemy off the coast of Holland. During the entire action their boats were only a comparatively few yards apart, but even at such distances the perspective varied. Richardson's story appears in bold-face type; Frazier's in roman.*

* * *

WE went over to the Dutch coast the other night looking for a fight, and along about 4 o'clock in the morning we found what we were looking for. We went over with the men of His Majesty's coastal forces—the men who are always pulling wisdom teeth out of the jaws of death, having a hell of a good time the while. They had a very good time this particular night; it was a good fight, very violent.

All of us knew the color of the sky. It was a damned, dirty, blessed black that hid everything from us and us from everything. We might have been anywhere. We might have been having a nightmare of floating on a black cloud in a lightless eternity. One almost wanted to choke and wake up screaming. It was almost too dark to breathe. Even the German plane that passed over us at dusk, silhouetted against the clouds, could not discern our bristling little boats against the darkening water. It was just as well. When you're on an MGB, heading through the choppy North Sea toward the occupied Dutch coast, with every intention in the world of working up to within a mile of a Dutch harbor, the blacker the better. In a manner of speaking, you're engaged in a nefarious occupation, fitting for midnight. And this night was a very black one indeed.

We had left the coast of England before dusk, headed eastward into the night, and sailed long hours through the cold, wet blackness of the North Sea, through the Nazi coastwise convoy route, before coming at last almost to the coast of Holland. From a coast that had been once beleaguered by the Hun we had come to beleaguer his. It was a very good job of beleaguering.

It was a good night for it. There was no moon, and the seas were fairly calm. It was a night for a good fight, and we knew we had it the moment the Nazis trained a light our way and blinked out a few German words in code which we disdained to answer.

The starboard watch was browned off, completely browned off. There was a dance ashore and if they hadn't had to go out they would have been off duty. They could have gone to the dance. Instead, they were huddled up in wool, looking out at nothing. But the port watch was happy. The port watch would have been on duty and couldn't have gone to the dance in a million years. The next night, however, they would be off duty, and then the dances might take care of themselves. They could wait, could the men of the port watch. Those who go

down to the sea in MGBs are adept at waiting. And they are also adept at taking nothing for granted.

The starboard watch set to, loaded their guns and cleared them with a few disinterested shots off into the empty sea. The port watch, below, was having an argument as to which was the better team—Manchester or Bradford. The cook, welterweight champion of the Fleet in 1924, was talking boxing. On the bridge they were telling stories that were killing the coxswain. He kept bending his head over the wheel, giggling. It might have been a yachting trip, except that yachts do not carry Vickers guns and lethal equipment like that. Yachts carry deck chairs and pretty women and tall, cold glasses. This was definitely not a yachting trip.

A little after midnight the leading boat sent a warning. "Look out for light." A light blinked at us a few minutes later. It was an enemy ship, looming up somewhere beyond our vision, challenging us. It was then, at that challenge, that the tenseness came. It was surprisingly hard to breathe. The human heart, under certain conditions, can, in its beating, actually cause a man pain. It does not thump; it thunders. One can hear it, like a drum, threatening to burst from the insecure confines of the breast. Fear, natural to all men, is not a pleasant sensation. Only the after-effects of fear are pleasing.

They flashed the light in a very hesitant, apologetic sort of way, as though they weren't quite sure who we were, as though they were afraid we might be German boats, bearing some Nazi admiral who would come back and throw the lot of them into whatever the Nazis call the glasshouse just for getting insolent. It was very hesitant, but it was a challenge, a definite challenge.

The men on the bridge of the little gunboat reached down quite casually, groping in the dark for their helmets, and in the blackness the turrets fore and aft swung round, back and forth in readiness, and Bob Harrop, a lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy and the skipper of our ship, trained his glasses on that section of the night from which the light had come. He didn't bother to put on a helmet.

We were in the middle of it now, standing six of us, on a small bridge, vulnerable in the night and available for the worst of it. And there was nothing but silence and blackness.

Even aboard a gunboat, the crew must eat.

In the darkness, without making a reply to the challenge, our flotilla changed course. We had run into some sort of enemy convoy, nosing its turgid way up the Channel. By changing course we could confuse the Germans and, at the same time, give ourselves a chance to determine exactly where the convoy was and how strong an escort covered its flanks. Time, that had been running like a greyhound, slowed to a walk, began to crawl on its belly. We stalked the convoy, and time stalked with us. With a caution that the roaring motors seemed to mock, the flotilla edged in towards shore to get on the land side of the convoy. Expectation hung heavy on the cold air, at any time one expected to see every horizon spout smoke, flame and death. But nothing happened. An hour after we had seen the first challenge another blinked over the water. The Germans were nervous, trigger-anxious, but puzzled. They held back. They had their own boats in these waters, and for all they knew we were some of theirs.

They were all around us in the night, the Hun, and we knew it. But there was consolation in the knowledge that they were groping as blindly for us as we were for them. We moved on slowly, waiting for the first blow, not knowing who would fire the first shot. I tried to look through glasses into the night, but with the swaying of the boat I could only catch the faint imperceptible difference in the water and the sky. The water seemed to be lighter than the sky. Then the end of the world came, suddenly, blazing, thunderous, vicious and deadly.

The signalman answered the challenge, sending anything that came into his head. The German ship fell silent. On our boat the captain picked up the intercom. "Starboard guns, starboard guns. Can you hear me? Can you hear me? Prepare to engage enemy on starboard side." The battering of the heart was louder than the sound of the engines, more deadly than a machine gun. One could not see one's hand in the darkness, but one knew it was shaking. The gun crews casually put on their tin hats. The pounding of the heart was an old story. They were used to it, and as they put on their helmets they took deep breaths—not of resignation, but of relief. They, too, had felt the tenseness. But with the captain's order, as far as they were concerned, this small section of His Majesty's Navy was officially open for business, at the same old, undefeatable stand.

At the intercom the captain has several spasmodic and violent things to say. The intercom was giving him trouble, and he was mad. The MGBs turned west, back toward England, ran five minutes in the direction of home, and then swung back again toward the dark horizon beyond which lay the face of Europe. Another challenge came out of the night, very close to us this time. Every one became tense as guy wires. Eyes were strained. Men wished they were cats. This was the worst time of all. Almost by means of some supernatural power one knew that this time something was going to happen. One was surrounded by blackness and nothingness, but one could almost feel, out there in those empty spaces, the movements of men and the turning of guns on their mounts.

A star shell broke open into the sky, flaming and orange, covering the dark waters with a sheen of light, and then the tracers started coming, curving an iron-hot path through the sky between the water and the clouds. They were red and some of them a hot, incredibly iridescent blue. They filled the night with angry, flaming streaks. They passed over our heads and ahead of us and astern. They exploded in the open sky, and they slashed the water around us. They smacked against the swells and rose again, flaming and screaming, until they died in the distance. And some of them plunged into the water beside us, dying in a great liquid pool of fire which lighted the water for yards around. And then we, too, opened fire—the savage strength of all guns aboard pouring lead into the night.

The gun flashes lit the decks of our boat, and covered the faces of the men with a weird orange light, as though they were standing at the very source of a sinister streak of lightning, caught in its sudden incandescence.

Into the darkening waters off the once-beleaguered coast of England, His Majesty's light coastal forces slip out for a raid across the sea.

These two paintings are by Lieut. Tony Law, R.C.N.V.R., who is skipper of such a ship.

Out of the dour night, with a suddenness that shocked one, a stream of tracer bullets came at the leading boat. The night was full of very nasty music, a high-pitched whine, a dangerous singing. "Open fire, Red O 45," the captain said. And the little boats opened up. At last the beating heart was drowned in other noises. But straight at us the tracers came, high but terrifying. It is hard to stand up to tracer bullets. They are on fire. They burn. One thinks, My God, I'm yellow. I won't duck next time. But next time one goes down, crouching against the suddenly warm and friendly and protective deck. And while one is bobbing up and down a kid is standing up at a Vickers, popping away as though he had just laid a shilling down in a shooting gallery and was having the time of his life.

And so that is the way it came, with the night skies alive with shells, and thundering in anger. This was what every soldier had wondered about from the first time he puts on his ill-fitting uniform until they finally start coming at him. And they were coming at us now. I will try to tell you, as a personal, unvarnished record, exactly what it was like, and what they looked like and how you feel.

There in the darkness, you know when they are coming at you because they don't curve through the night in a brilliant parabola, the tracers. They come straight toward you, and all you can do is hope and pray that they are either too high or too low, once they have got your range. At first you see a tiny light in the distance like somebody had struck a match, and then in the distance there appears a glob of fierce light, and it seems to be moving ever so slowly at you through the darkness, almost in slow motion. And then it reaches the peak of its size and begins coming faster and faster and casting sparks

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Motors wide open, light coastal boats roar into a flap with the Germans under the weird light of a star shell, and with the heavy stuff bursting all around.

until you can begin to hear it whining, and when you hear that it is past you and over your head, and you don't have to worry any more.

Turning your head quickly, you watch it explode (if it is heavy stuff with a fuse), or hit the water, leap frenziedly into the air and die away like a blown-out match (if it is light stuff). Then turning your head you see more short bursts of flame, as though they are lighting more matches, and once more the stuff starts coming toward you. At first, leaning against the side of the bridge, you wish you were six inches shorter than you are, because your head is unprotected, but you are be god-damned if you are going to duck, not as long as Bob Harrop stands there coolly and calmly looking at it through his glasses, with only his battered naval cap on his head, not even a helmet. You push back hard against the bridge, and for a second tense the muscles of your legs, almost involuntarily pulling yourself down, but then you catch yourself and with what you know is sheer damned-fool bravado, make yourself stand up again just to prove you can do it.

Ahead of you the other boats are casting a white phosphorescent wake behind them, and beside you somebody yells out "E-boat," and you turn and see another dark shape hurtling through the water, and some more brilliant flashes coming at you. But then you see they are curving and know that if they curve they are headed somewhere else, and you almost smile (if your lips weren't frozen) and think you're becoming battlewise.

The tracers couldn't all go over our heads. The Germans weren't blind. They knew what they were doing. They were firing tracers to find out where we were, and once they found out it would be all over with us. Tracers are notably erratic. Eventually one would go wild and hit us. And the tracers were only half of it. A man can't see the real thing. The real thing comes darkly and silently and knocks a man backwards. The real thing cannot be ducked.

Some more star shells splash open in the sky, like ripening flowers, and ahead we see the other little ships in our flotilla, and then darkness again. Suddenly, from port side, the stuff starts coming right at you again, like a flaming slowball, slow and flat and glowing against the water. Bob Harrop says:—

"Beautiful shooting."

And in a voice that is neither your own nor a voice you have ever heard before, you say:—

"Ours or theirs?

And calmly he answers:—

"Ours is beautiful, but theirs is really damned good."

—as though he were surprised, almost pleasantly; as though he were hunting tigers and the tiger sprang on him and out of good sportsmanship he was forced to compliment the beast on trying to cut his throat. And you begin to realize now, where before you have felt it intuitively, just what kind of people they are, the English. Here was one of them, bullets whining a few feet over his head, and him complimenting the bastards, with malice toward none, on their good shooting, and in a voice that sounded as though he were refereeing a cricket match. Calmly, he adds, almost as an after thought:

"Bloody good flap, huh?"

—although you know his mind at the moment is engulfed with ranges and a thousand other things nautical.

A gun's no good unless it's in perfect shape.

One of our guns snapped out like a faithful St. Bernard. Its sound was warming, somehow confident. Our fire was low, their's still high. Then they got the range. Something slammed in to us, but there was no explosion. Ducking a near burst, one fell to the deck and felt something hard, heavy and round under one's hand. A tin hat. One had forgotten to put it on. One remedied the situation.

Over the intercom came a grim report. "Number 5 gun dead. Hit in the engine room." Up from the enemy went star shells, very close to us. Too close. The enemy was bringing something big up. Covering us with a smoke screen, the leader broke off action. It was over.

The sense of confusion was beginning to go now, and I was beginning to get used to the idea of bullets, perhaps as a man gets used to pain. The human race, we were thinking at the time, is a remarkably adaptable animal. You knew now the look of a bullet coming at you with all the velocity of a steam-lava in hell, and since it was no longer something strange and new, there was no longer any sensation at all, but a desire to get a gun and start shooting. And you thought then, and know now, that this must be the very cycle through which every one must go who goes under fire. It had become now something not to be feared. It had been strange because it is one of those things you just don't do—to ask somebody. You just don't go up to an old soldier and say, "Listen bud, what was it like the first time, and did you also have to fight that strange involuntary tensing of your legs to pull you down?"

One felt weak. One's insides seemed to have evaporated, and when one looked at one's watch one's wrist trembled so that it was hard to make out the radium dial. The whole action had taken—unbelievably—only eight minutes. Someone, some day, should write a thesis on the relative passage of time. It is a very interesting and unpleasant subject. Probably the someone will be a begoggled MA who has come no nearer to war than the pages of Clausewitz. If so, one will be glad to assist, to contribute, perhaps, material for a footnote.

The stuff was still coming very thick and fast; the sky was still being torn apart by the bright threads of flame. It was easy to get used to that. The noise, the whining, insidious noise of the damned things screaming above your head, was the thing that was hard to get used to. How much more secure, you think, it would feel to sit in a Fortress or B-24 for instance, where the noise of the motors drowns out the sinister singing through the night. Where there are just black puffs, and if they aren't for you they aren't for you; but they don't yell at you to remind you that you are under fire. Much less nerve racking, we thought.

Then, just as suddenly as it started, the sky was black again, the blackness closing in, and there was nothing but the old silences that we had known all night, the slow motion of the boat, the eyes of the crew peering into the darkness so impenetrable it seemed a solid mass, the sighing of the wind, and we were out of it.

We had finished out the engagement. Frazier's boat ahead had been hit, but only slightly. We had given the German a run for his money and now we headed out a little way. Personally, I didn't know what we had been up against, but now I was told it was a German convoy. Up till then, it could have been the "Gneisenau," the "Scharnhorst" and the ghost of the "Tirpitz" for all I knew.

From astern came the beam of a searchlight. German destroyers were out after us. More star shells went up; another searchlight wandered over the water. The destroyers were coming up fast. Below decks there was a conference about our damage, but the conferees were undisturbed by the presence of the destroyers. More important than the enemy ships hovering somewhere in the darkness was the damage to our guns and the gas leaking in the battered engine room. There was nothing for it but home.

West we swerved, going away from danger. The tension relaxed. The heart quieted. The weakness grew worse. One wanted to laugh, to shout at the top of one's voice. Tin hats came off heads that were sweating in spite of the cold. One discovered that one was trembling violently, and one giggled like a fool at anything that was said.

Then, suddenly, astern, there was a star shell again in the sky, and the blinking of German ships signalling one another, and we put on steam and got the hell out of there fast, as fast as the beautiful English hulls and the beautiful American motors would take us. The flares shone orange on our wakes and once we thought we saw splashes of water behind us, from some heavy stuff.

Half an hour later we were out of range, heading home. This was the first experience under fire. Personally, I knew I'd have to try again, just to see how it compared with the first time.

"It was a good flap," Harrop said.

"Was it?" we asked.

"You just watch," he said, "what I do to a scotch and soda when we get back."

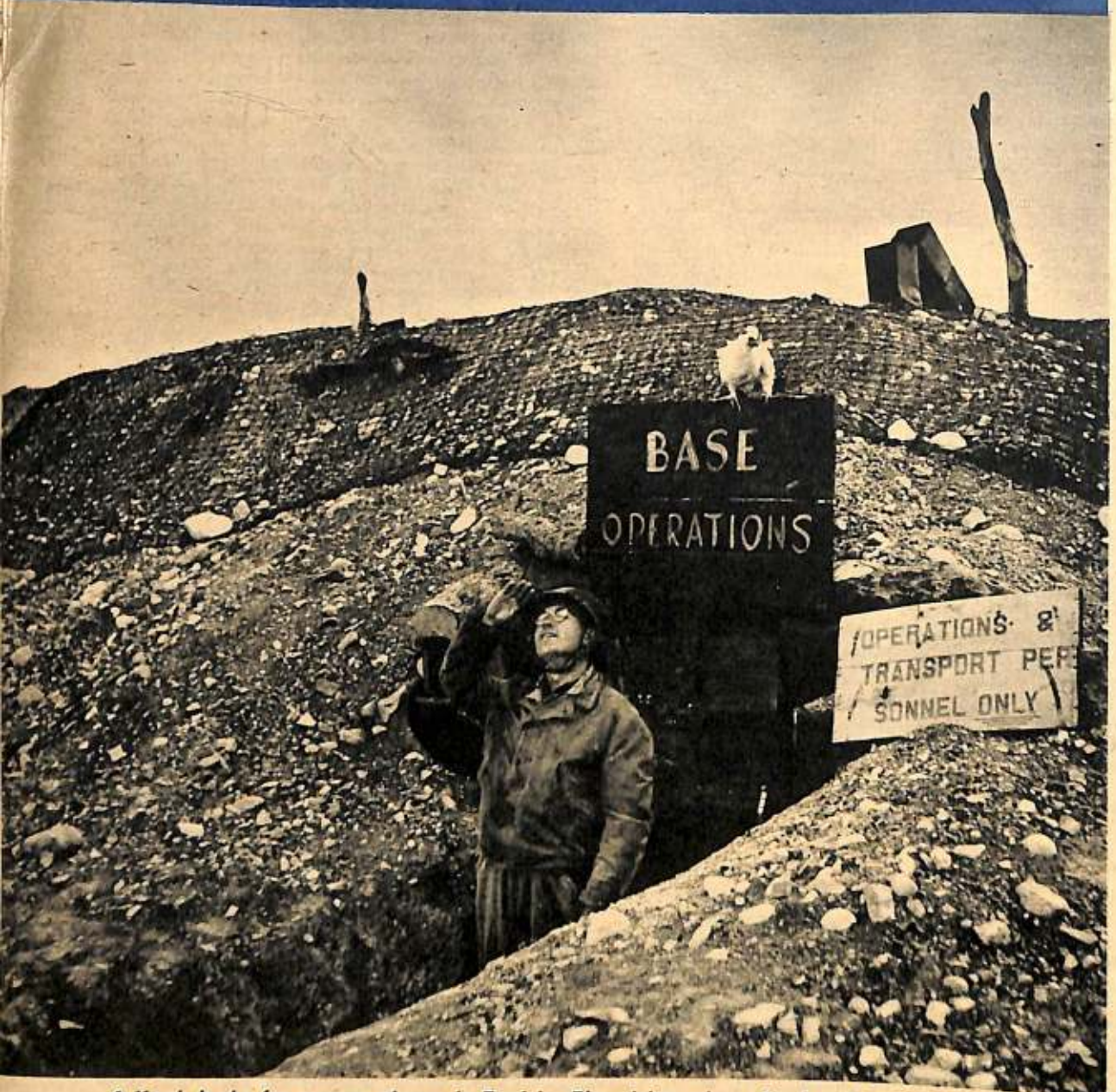
"You just watch," I said, "what I do to one."

"You'll have to come out again with us some night," Harrop said.

"It's a deal."

(This is the first of two articles by Richardson and Frazier).

Yanks at Home Abroad



A Yank looks for enemy planes in Tunisia. The visitor above his head seems to want to help.

Army Stevedores in Iran Use Sign Language To Pass the Ammunition Along to Russia

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

A PORT IN IRAN—GIs here desert their usual role of landlubber and do a trick or two on longshore detail. They carry ordinary rank —sergeant, staff sergeant and corporal—but what you hear them call each other are hatch boss, coolie foreman, winch foreman, checker, etc.

They are what the Army calls a Port Company whose job is to get materiel off ships and to other transportation as quickly as possible for the Russians up north.

Some of these men worked docks in San Francisco and Hoboken before they put on OD war paint. Others learned their stevedore savvy in the Army. Sgt. Al Carcone, a black-bearded hatch boss from New York City, used to be an airplane mechanic. Now he's supervising a crew of coolies unloading bad medicine for Germans on the Eastern Front.

They No Savvy but Love to Argue

Al finds the coolies easy to work with. "Once you get them moving," he says, "they really step. But sometimes it's hard to get them started. When a coolie goofs off for a short nap, he's really dead. When they're working you have to do almost all your bossing by sign language."

Sgt. Stanley Karcz, a Clifton New Jerseyite of Polish extraction, finds the same difficulty. Stan speaks five languages, but none of the five means a damn thing to his coolies. "And they love to argue," Stan says. "They'll argue whether you can understand them or not. Eventually, if you wave your arms around enough, they'll get the idea and break it up and get rolling again."

The Port Company boys are gradually learning a little coolie talk on their own since it's a cinch the coolies aren't going to adopt English overnight. The bosses holler "zourbazan" or "hoodi" when they mean "push" and indicate directions by names of Iranian towns. It's as if a gang boss on a Charleston dock gave his directions in terms of "push toward Miami" or "push toward New York."

Their Wardrobe Is Varied

The coolies like their Yank bosses all right, and they are a colorful lot. Some of them wear loose garments of a slack-woven burlap, others sweeping cotton robes with old golf caps; some wear skirts, some wear trousers, some wear canvas shoes with a woven-cloth sole that looks like grandma's hooked rug, and some blossom out in sporty slacks and sharply cut plaid jackets.

The one job the coolies never quite master is winch operation. They get too enthusiastic and none of them can grasp the meaning of "go slow". When a coolie is trying to see just how fast he can pull several thousand pounds out of a narrow hatch and deposit it on the dock, the life of a GI longshoreman grows grim.

Coolies don't take happily to new ways even when they mean improvement. Cpl. Erving Furie, a loading foreman from Burlington, Vt., tells of the coolie gang that was carefully shown the use of wheelbarrows.

"They all nodded and looked happy and talked a blue streak among themselves," Furie says, "and then, when it was their turn to work the 'barrows, they loaded them up just like we showed them, hoisted them on their backs and staggered down the dock."

There are plenty of ratings among the Port Company boys, but that doesn't mean much. It's not unusual to see a corporal or even a sergeant on KP.

The boys have day and night shifts and when they get off they're too tired even to gripe that their outpost is one of the most isolated in Iran. Besides, you aren't looking for a nice double feature or even for Betty Grable in the flesh after 12 hours hot work with a coolie gang.

Barracks are the usual native style construction and are comfortable except in the face of a really heavy rain. Amusements are strictly limited. There isn't much doing in the nearest town and since furloughs are only a myth, entertainment is confined to listening to records and wondering if it's worth the effort to write a fan letter to Dinah Shore or to win back and lose again one's pay at blackjack or poker.

There's only one real consolation and that's the ships that come in. Ships mean hot showers and maybe an extra good meal or two if you can find a friend on board. Just when someone like Sgt. Ted Desjardins of Springfield, Mass., may be explaining that "it's not too bad as long as it lasts, but I hope to hell it don't last long", a new ship may pull up to the dock.

Even before it's secured, the crew and the Military Stevedores (this is their GI nomenclature) are shouting across the water. Soon it's "Hey, Homer, there's a guy from Ohio on this tub!" and the old "who do you know?" routine is off to a new start.

They Started Off Light Breakfast With Thick, Rare T-Bone Steaks

NORTH AFRICA — Chief Commissary Steward Emory P. Ward of the Coast Guard from Anne Arundel County, Md., says the North African landings could be called an "after-breakfast invasion."

Invading troops were given a light breakfast just before they climbed down the landing nets into the boats. It consisted of orange juice, oatmeal, toast and coffee, and the last men to be fed were just licking their lips when falls and davits were being set for the "lower away" order.

This was breakfast. But just an hour before, the troops and crew all waded into T-bone steaks and appropriate side dishes.

"The steaks were grilled only slightly," Chief Ward said, "and served very rare. This was done on orders; I guess with the idea that rare meat makes a better fighter. You know how it is with dogs and cats. Give them rare meat and they become vicious."

—YANK Coast Guard Correspondent

Thoughts In a London Blackout: Things Like This Make War Hell!

LONDON—To find a pub in a blackout, just get caught in pedestrian traffic on any corner and you will be pushed into one in short order. The way you find the corner is to get off any bus and you'll be goosed up onto the sidewalk by a bicycle with a madman for a driver. The way you find a bus is to follow the first odor that reminds you of burning rags until you run into an exhaust pipe. That will be a bus. The odor will be gasoline.

When you bump into a woman here at night, you don't say, "Hya, babe." You just take a deep sniff and if it is Yardley's you follow her.

Were you ever in a blackout in a fog? We spent all one night crawling home on our hands and knees. Of course, we could have taken a taxi. In this town, if you put your name in a week in advance you can get the one with two tires on it. If you're in a hurry, you take the one that burns kerosene. The decontamination service at the end of the run is free. There is also a mid-Victorian cab, but it is haunted.

The other night we saw a poster advertising a Hedy Lamarr picture. We got in line and an hour later, when we reached the head of it, we were handed two links of strong sausage and a slice of limburger cheese. That's what comes of having those ration lines too close to the cinema.

—Pvt. ED L. HANBRIDGE

Meet the Guys Who Saved You, Sergeant

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN AIR BASE IN THE ANDREANOFS—This story is written for three guys—Sgt. Robert J. Aldrich of Lackawanna, N. Y., radio operator on a B-25; T/Sgt. Albert Klettke of Ritzville, Wash., crew chief on a B-24; and Signalman Third Class Robert Wilson McDonald of Tampa, Fla. They don't know each other; they never heard each other's name before. But two of them saved the third one's life.

Maybe Aldrich and Klettke and McDonald will read this and get together some time.

Aldrich was in a B-25 piloted by Capt. Joe M. Larkin of Dallas, Tex., and Lt. Ray Stoltzman. They were headed for home when the williwaw suddenly struck. As if a trap door had opened under it, the plane shot down 400 feet before Capt. Larkin could right it.

Then there was hell to pay. Three bombs jerked loose from their shackles; the fourth catapulted through the bomb-bay doors. The hydraulic line was partially shattered; the nose wheel refused to drop, and the emergency cable release was broken.

Sgt. Nolan C. Huffhines, turret gunner, who used to drive a milk truck in Seagraves, Tex., said, "I crawled down into the bomb bay to take a try at releasing the other three bombs. They were only hanging by one end, and the bombardier couldn't cut them loose from his compartment."

It wasn't very long before everybody knew that there was nothing to do but try for a belly landing—with three 500-pound demos hanging on by the teeth.

"Ready to hit the silk," Capt. Larkin ordered, meaning everyone but himself and Lt. Stoltzman.

The bombardier, Lt. Back from Kentucky, was the first to jump. He bounced safely near the runway. Next came Sgt. Huffhines, who was not so lucky. He plunged into the freezing water of the bay but was pulled out two minutes later by a Navy crash boat crew. The other

The rescued Sgt. Aldrich with Sgt. Huffhines.

gunner, Pvt. Roland Pappano, a printer from Philadelphia, who was making his first flight, bailed out after Huffhines and struck earth not far from Lt. Back.

Aldrich was the last to leave.

"After Pappano jumped," he said, "we flew another complete circle. I lowered myself through the emergency door into the breeze, letting my feet hang down and holding on with my fingers until the captain gave me the signal to fall away. When he dropped his arm, I let go. As soon as I was clear of the ship, I pulled the ripcord. I felt pretty damn good when I saw that chute flare open and felt myself dangling away up there.

"The only trouble was, the closer I got to the bottom, the faster it seemed I was falling, and I could see for sure that I was in for a dunk in the drink. I snatched at the cords on my Mae West life preserver. When I hit that icy water I thought I was a dead duck. It was so damn cold I was paralyzed.

"Worst of it was, the wind kept my parachute half-open just over the surface of the water, and I was blowing toward a snaggle of rocks. I saw a PBY swooping kind of low over the

T/Sgt. Albert Klettke of Ritzville, Wash., who saved Sgt. Robert Aldrich from drowning.

water and I remember saying a prayer that it was coming after me. Then a hell of a big wave smacked me square in the face. I swallowed a crock full of salt water and felt myself being sucked under. The last thing I remember was seeing a little boat quite a distance away. I kept wondering why it didn't come after me."

What Sgt. Aldrich could not have known as he lapsed into unconsciousness was that as his crewmate, Sgt. Huffhines, was pulled into that small boat, the shrouds of his parachute had floated under the craft and fouled the propeller. By the time that was clear, Aldrich had blown too close to the shore for the boat to get him.

Meanwhile, Capt. Larkin and Lt. Stoltzman had set the plane down on the main landing gear, which was locked in half-retracted position, and the tail skid.

From a spot on the hill near the beach Sgt. Klettke had stood watching the parachutes drifting down out of the fog.

"There was this guy bobbing around like a buoy on a chain. So I yelled at Mays—that's T/Sgt. Weldon F. Mays of Covington, Tex.—and we chucked off our clothes down to our longhandles and waded out into the bay. The first breaker hit us and knocked us about 20 feet back. The cold water almost stopped my breathing. I don't know what happened to Mays after that.

"When I was able to get back on my feet again, I took another run, sometimes wading, sometimes swimming, until I got out to this guy. He was out colder'n a sturgeon.

"Everything would have been OK even then, except the undertow had his parachute and I couldn't budge him in any direction. The breakers kept pounding into the shrouds, and my fingers were so frozen I couldn't get him unhooked from the harness. The only thing I could do was hold his head above water and pray like hell for help.

"About this time, I spotted the little Navy crash boat coming, but I knew damn well it could never get past the rocks to where we were. Then I saw one of the bravest guys in the world. He was a sailor on this little boat. I saw him peel off his clothes and dive over the side of the boat. He swam and waded over the rocks with waves breaking all around him.

"He held this other guy high in the water so I could reach the snaps on the parachute lines. At last I got him unhooked.

"When I looked around again, I saw that soldiers had come running to the beach from all over the camp. About 20 or 25 of them formed a life chain by wading out into the water at arm's length from each other. The sailor and I managed to drag the unconscious guy to the last man in the chain. From there he was passed, hand over hand, to shore. They say a fellow can only live for about 20 minutes in this water. This guy must have been in there at least that long. I didn't know whether we'd pulled in a live one or a dead one."

Klettke and the seaman waded to shore, where a doctor and an ambulance were waiting.

"I'd sure like to meet that sailor," Klettke said. "I never did find out his name. For that matter, I never did hear for sure who the guy was we rescued."

The guy they rescued, Sgt. Aldrich, after being flown to another camp a few days after his release from the hospital without even a runny nose to show for his frigid escape, never knew who rescued him, either.

And so, we say, Sgt. Klettke, meet Sgt. Aldrich and then let the both of you shake hands with the sailor in the story—Signalman McDonald.

A Report on Russia (Feminine gender)

As mechanic with the plane that flew Gen. Patrick J. Hurley to Russia, S/Sgt. George W. Bowne of Turtle-creek, Pa., has hit military zones in which the average G.I. is scarcer than lemonade in the Sahara. He's been on this slick detail since Oct. 16, 1942. When Sgt. Bowne was tapped to tend the motors of the Hutley DC-2, he didn't know that he was to take an American officer to Russia. As a matter of fact, when it came to front-line flying in the U.S.S.R., he and his fellow G.I.s were switched for a Russian crew. But he has seen a hell of a lot more Soviet territory than most G.I.s. Here's what he says about the place according to Sgt. Al Hine, YANK staff correspondent:

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST—It was a pretty amazing experience. Some of it was tough flying, like over the desert when heat pockets would pull you down from 2,000 to 200 without a hell of a lot of warning.

In Russia we had to fly at low altitudes. That's all right even if it does bring the mountains up a little too close for comfort. But one time we had an embassy official with us who was up front having the controls explained to him. He pushed the stick experimentally and zowie! we were suddenly flirting with some very high-class peaks. The general described a gentle arc and fortunately landed in one piece as the pilot brought us out of it.

Russia itself wasn't bad. There was caviare frequently but I never got to like it too much. There was vodka but it was expensive.

The movies we saw were good but for an American soldier, at least, a little too heavy on the propaganda angle. The news reels were the best things we saw. Sitting in the theater you'd be able to be right along with a Russian sniper and watch him knock off a Nazi. It was more like seeing action, real war, than we'd seen in any news reels anywhere.

There was good entertainment in Moscow. I went to the ballet one night and I still don't know whether I liked it or not. It was swell music. The ballet I saw was "Swan Lake." And the dancing was good; you could tell it by the way the crowd applauded. I thought some of the men looked pretty silly jumping around in tights. The girls—that's a different matter. I didn't need anyone to tell me they were good.

The Russian girls generally were pretty. The majority of them dressed in clothes that were sensible, not smart. They wore gray felt-lined boots that hit their knees, and longish coats. You can tell a rich woman or a woman who is married to a foreigner by her silk stockings. The girls all seem to know how to say "*nid*." And that means "no."

There's practically no prostitution in Russia. There's probably a normal amount of playing around but the "oldest profession" is pretty well beat up.

One thing that gave me a kick was a Russian jazz concert. It was the only jazz band I've ever seen that had 14 violins. But they swung in spite of that. The music was solid. The featured dancer with the band was a tap dancer and a good one, but when he tried to dress like an American, he wore the bell-bottomed trousers and wild suits of the torrid '20s. The songs were mostly about six years old. Still, when you hear "Sweet Sue" played in Moscow, it sounds mighty, mighty good.

One other thing I learned was that a Russian can really drink. Don't ever fool yourself that you can outdrink him. He'll put you under the table before you know what hit you.

There was one nice, quiet Russian officer who met us once when we had a couple of quarts of Scotch on us. We knew him and offered him a drink. He poured out a full tumbler and we gasped. He was apologetic and asked. "Did I take too much?"

We said no because we didn't know what else to say. He downed the whisky with a "bottoms up" and had a second one. He was walking straight as a die when he left us.

In one way he was typical of the sort of thing Russians admire. The one guy they respect is the man who can do something big—bigger than taking a drink, of course—and laugh it off with "*nichevo*"—which means "there's nothing to it."

Pill Rollers on Errand of Mercy Fought Jungle, Rivers and Swamps

INDIA—A couple of U. S. Army pill rollers, on an errand of mercy to save the life of a Catholic priest dying in the Indian jungles, recently drove an Army ambulance over eight miles of forest-land through which not even an ox cart had ever passed before.

The soldiers, S/Sgt. Allen R. Nash of Lakeland, Fla., and Sgt. Morris H. Browning of Maysville, Ky., were detailed to the rescue mission when authorities at a nearby Catholic Mission appealed to the U. S. Army Hospital for aid. One of their missionaries, himself an Allied soldier of 1918, was dying at his mission post 180 miles back in the jungles. Native runners had brought word of his grave condition to the mission fathers.

Sgts. Nash and Browning started out at 2 A. M., just a few minutes after the appeal was made. With them were two priests from the mission, one a doctor. After driving the ambulance 150 miles through a torrential downpour and thick fog, they had to turn off the main road onto a mud path used only by bullock carts. Finally, even the cart path faded into jungle land.

Their only guidance now was a compass and the faint memories of one of the priests who had made the trip five years before. Often forced to detour around jagged cliffs and impassable bogs, they nevertheless crossed three rivers, a mountain range and several miles of swampland. Sometimes the water was so high steam formed as it came in contact with the boiling motor of their ambulance. At other times, they had to get native manpower and water-buffalo to push and pull the ambulance through the bogs.

The last eight miles of the trip were through a forest. Not even a bullock cart had ever penetrated it, let alone a motor car. Most of the way, Nash and Browning had to get out and chop down trees to clear the passage.

Finally they reached the mud hut where the priest lay dying. Assisting the doctor-priest in giving what immediate medical aid was possible, Browning and Nash placed the dying man in the ambulance and started the trip back without even taking time to rest.

The priest was still alive when they reached the hospital and at first seemed on the road to recovery. However, complications developed and he died later.

Aborigines at the missionary outpost had never before seen a motor vehicle. They could not understand anything moving without an animal to pull it. Some thought that "the long pen in front (the motor) must have a powerful water-buffalo inside it to make the vehicle move so swiftly."

—Sgt. BILL ENGEL
YANK Field Correspondent

The Morale Is: If You Wanta Fly a Plane, Keep Your Pants On

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—An alert sounded at 12:05 A.M., and the pilots rushed from their bunks and into their P-40s. They circled the island several times at 5,000 feet, then went up to the higher altitudes—9,000, 12,000 and 16,000 feet.

After about half an hour, the radio tower below began getting frantic messages. "Japs unsighted. We freezing."

When the planes landed after the "all clear" had sounded, the reason was discovered. In the rush to get to their ships, five of the pilots had gone aloft just as they slept—in the raw.

—YANK Field Correspondent

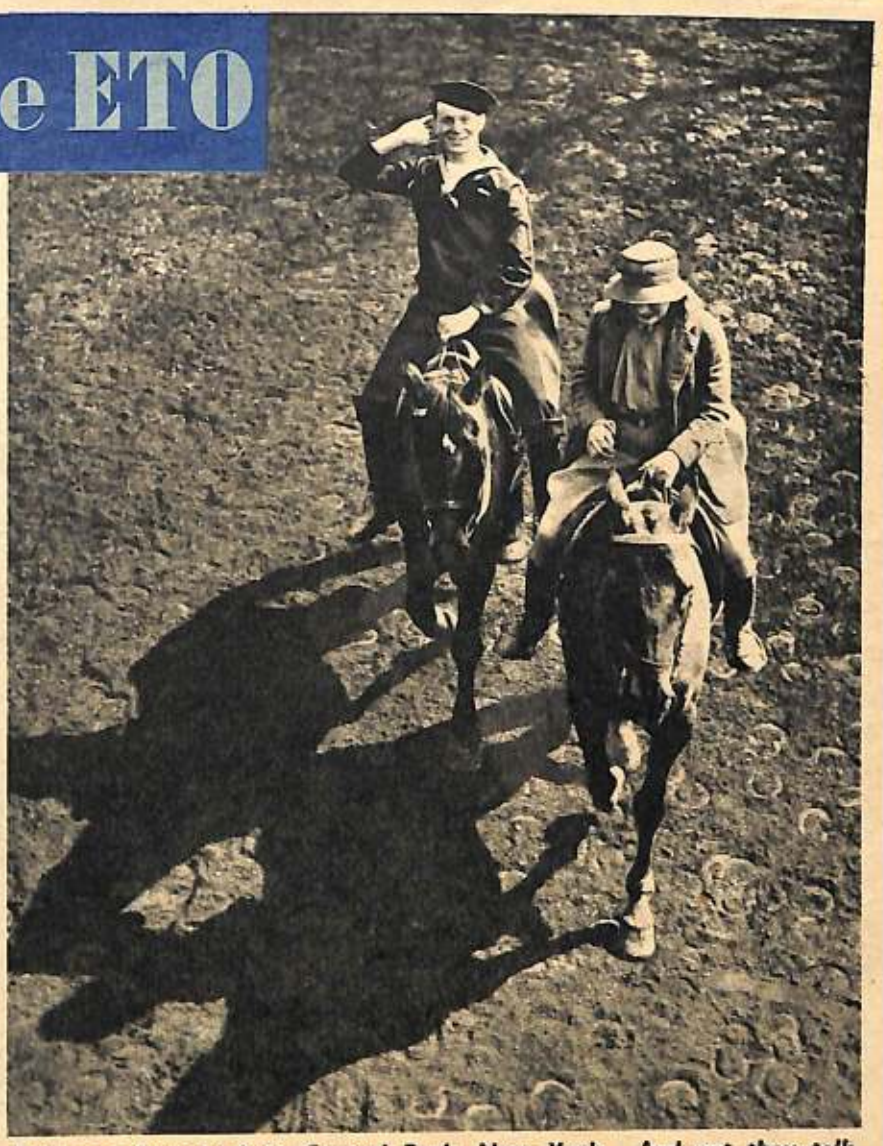
It's a Fisherman's Paradise; You Just Clean Them and Eat Them

SOUTH PACIFIC — Target practice by Marine shore batteries serves a double purpose here. Besides keeping the Leathernecks in shape for all eventualities, it provides the natives with a new and easy method of procuring food.

The minute the marines "cease firing", the natives leap into their boats and head out toward the shattered targets. In that area are dead and stunned fish, victims of exploding shells. The natives dive to depths of 20 feet to retrieve fish still edible.

—Sgt. DICK GORDON, USMC.

Yanks at Home in the ETO



Sailor on horseback in Central Park, New York. And yet they talk about us and our ever-loving cane, yet!

THE other day we were strolling past a certain park in a certain city in a country which shall here be nameless and we came upon a great concourse of the British people who were staring, with disbelief and some awe, at a game of softball which was being played before their very eyes.

We have, in our day, seen some mighty snappy games of softball. This one, however, was a sad spectacle. It was being indulged in (the only possible phrase) by officers, of a distinctly unathletic sort. To make matters worse, they seemed to be having a hell of a good time among themselves, missing easy pegs to second, sliding on their bellies, and just generally abusing the gentle old apple.

As we had nothing else to do except deliver an urgent message, we stood and watched a couple of innings, crying softly, until the urgent message was completely tear-soaked and water-logged. The ink ran and became unreadable, so we threw the message away. It wasn't very important, anyway —something about a second front or something silly like that.

The officers were having a good time, all right, giggling together like a bunch of WAACs in a barracks. Majors and captains kept coming up to bat and knocking bloopers to the second baseman, a lieutenant-colonel, who kept falling on his face. Probably as a matter of courtesy, they had a tech sergeant for an umpire, and we don't think we have ever seen repressed disgust so written on a man's face. We could tell what he was thinking, too. Roughly, it went something like this, "The battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, maybe, but from the looks of this we'll be lucky if we can win an engagement between two patrols. Ah, I wisht I was the hell out of here." We didn't keep score.

After the Six Months After

We read in a paper a little while ago that discharged soldiers will be allowed to wear their uniforms for three months after they have been demobilized, and can even wear it after that time as long as they only put it on for ceremonies of a military nature. Now, this is all very well, though we must admit that the thought of nine months after the War makes us feel just a little giddy. We do not, however, think that this is the proper approach to the post-war era. Not the proper approach at all.

All right, you're discharged. You get off the transport, stretch your legs, knock your old top-kick colder than an old maid's kiss, and go free. You go home, only to discover that all your civilian clothes no longer fit you. And what can you do? You don't want to have anything on that reminds you of the Army, but there's nothing else for you to do. So you have to walk around in your uniform until you get a new suit. Unfortunately, ten million other guys will be buying new suits at the same time, the clothing industry will collapse, you will have to stand in a queue for three days just to buy a collar button, and besides, they will have forgotten to shear the sheep that year. All you can do will be to continue to wear the old uniform. Three months, nothing. You'll be lucky if you get back into civvies inside of ten years.

The only way to alleviate this situation that we can see is a very simple one. Just give every soldier, upon his discharge, a ten dollar bill and a new suit. It's been done before.

We're making our plans already along these lines. We are buttering up all the shavetails we can lay our hands on, and persuading them to part with all the clothing coupons they can spare, which is like taking candy from you know what. When we get enough coupons we're going somewhere and get us a nice little suit and then we're going to stick it in a barracks bag full of mothballs and hang on. Just hang on, that's all. When we walk down that transport gangplank we are going to look as though we had just come back from a European tour.

Probably that's just what we will be coming back from, the way things look now.

He may look as wooden as his cane; he may look a droll character; he may appear beat up (or, as the English say, knocked up). But all that is just a delusion. He is cooking. The bet is a quid to a quarter he'll have her doing his next lousy detail for him. It's the cane that charms them.

A Tale of Lieutenants

The other day, on a train, we fell into conversation with a first lieutenant who was in pretty good shape, considering that he'd recently been through a harrowing experience, one that would have sent a mere shavetail off in a nervous collapse. It seems that he was walking along the street in a Midland town when he passed another first lieutenant. He didn't bother to salute. Hell, first lieutenants don't salute each other. They don't have to. They're the same grade, see? Anyway, that's what our first lieutenant thought. He was continuing down the street when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. He turned around. It was the other first lieutenant. "I beg your pardon," the lieutenant said, "But why didn't you salute me just then?" Our man thought a minute. "I haven't the faintest idea," he said. "I don't have to if I don't want to." The other lieutenant glared at him. "How long have you been in your present rank?" he asked. "Oh, six months or so," our man said. "Well," said the lieutenant, "I've been a first lieutenant for three years, I outrank you, and, dammit, I want a salute."

He got it. But our man says that when he gets to be a captain he's going to walk down that street again, and then we'll see what happens.

Next Week: East Lynne

As we go to press, we find ourselves breathless over a little contest being conducted by the American Red Cross Newbury Club, which is going to award an antique cigarette case to the soldier who best guesses who and when will first enter Tunis. We knew that this war was hourly getting to be more like Bank Night, but we were not aware that it had reached such ghoulish proportions. We have a feeling that the men who are trying to get into Tunis would not be amused to discover that they're being bet on like a bunch of three-year-olds. If we were trying to take Tunis and found out about such goings-on we'd just sit back on our sweaty messkit and say, "The hell with it. If the Joes who hang around the Newbury Red Cross Club are so anxious to see who gets into Tunis, let them come down and get in it themselves. And bring their silver cigarette case with them."

Once this contest is solved, we have an idea for a new one. To the soldier who comes closest to guessing the time and place of the second front, we will award one antique grenade, silver plated. Not only that, we will arrange transportation to said second front for said soldier and will get him up close enough to the Wehrmacht for him to give it a heave.

G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger

General Orders Part II

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

Lt. Dave Breger
Britain

No. 6 To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentinal who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only.

No. 7 To talk to no one except in line of duty.

No. 8 To give the alarm in case of fire or disorder.

No. 9 To call the corporal of the guard in any case not covered by instructions.

No. 10 To salute all officers and all colors and standards not cased.

No. 11 To be especially watchful at night and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

Army Rations, 1775-1943

THE QMC has issued a release showing the daily food rations G.I.s have been getting in every American war from the Revolution to the present conflict. In the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, rations were issued uncooked. To compensate for being his own KP and cook, the colonial soldier received a quart of spruce beer a day and the 1812 EM a gill of rum. During the Civil War rations were not always available, and the Union soldiers lived by foraging upon the surrounding country. Overseas rations in the First World War included a half-pound of candy every 10 days and four cigarettes a day. The most consistent ration item has been meat. The colonials got 16 ounces, but after that it was 20 ounces for every man until the present war, when it dropped to 18 ounces. Today's G.I. gets the most varied rations, and believe it or not, the best cooked. Candles were part of the daily ration in every war except the present one.

Anti-Mosquito Gun

Good news for mosquito swatters. The QMC has come through with a new insecticide in pressure spray containers holding about one pound. Ten seconds of spraying will clear all mosquitos and other annoying or disease-bearing bugs out of a pyramidal tent, and three seconds is enough for a pup tent. One container of the new stuff is as lethal for bugs as a gallon of old-style liquid insecticide. Now being supplied overseas, it is made from freon, sesame oil and pyrethrum.

G.I. Allotments

By mid-March the Army had shelled out $674,175,621 to soldiers' dependents and others receiving allotted portions of Army pay. The Office of Dependency Benefits, which handles these payments, mails out almost 3,000,000 allotment checks a month. The ODB has its Dorothy Dix problems, too, as in the case of the soldier who wanted his allowance sent to his girl friend instead of his wife, and the wife who wrote she didn't need the money but could the Army please send her three dozen safety pins because she was going to have a baby.

G.I. Shop Talk

Army Ordnance announces the WAAC-Cycle, a light-weight, stream-lined bike—for WAACs of course. . . . Flying Fortress crews in England make ice cream on bombing trips. The mixture is placed in a large can and anchored to the rear gunner's compartment. By the time they get back the ice cream is ready to serve. . . . The QMC has purchased 750,000 pairs of dice to be issued to ivory-rolling G.I.s "for morale purposes."

Purple Heart for Coast Guardsmen

For the first time in Coast Guard history members of that service have been awarded the Purple Heart. An Army decoration for 150 years, the Purple Heart was extended to the sea services last December. First Coast Guardsmen to get it were: Lloyd M. Morris, CMB, Harold Wolf, Bos'n 2c, George Rhodes, MaM2c and Walter H. Pertle, Cox.

New Marriage Rules

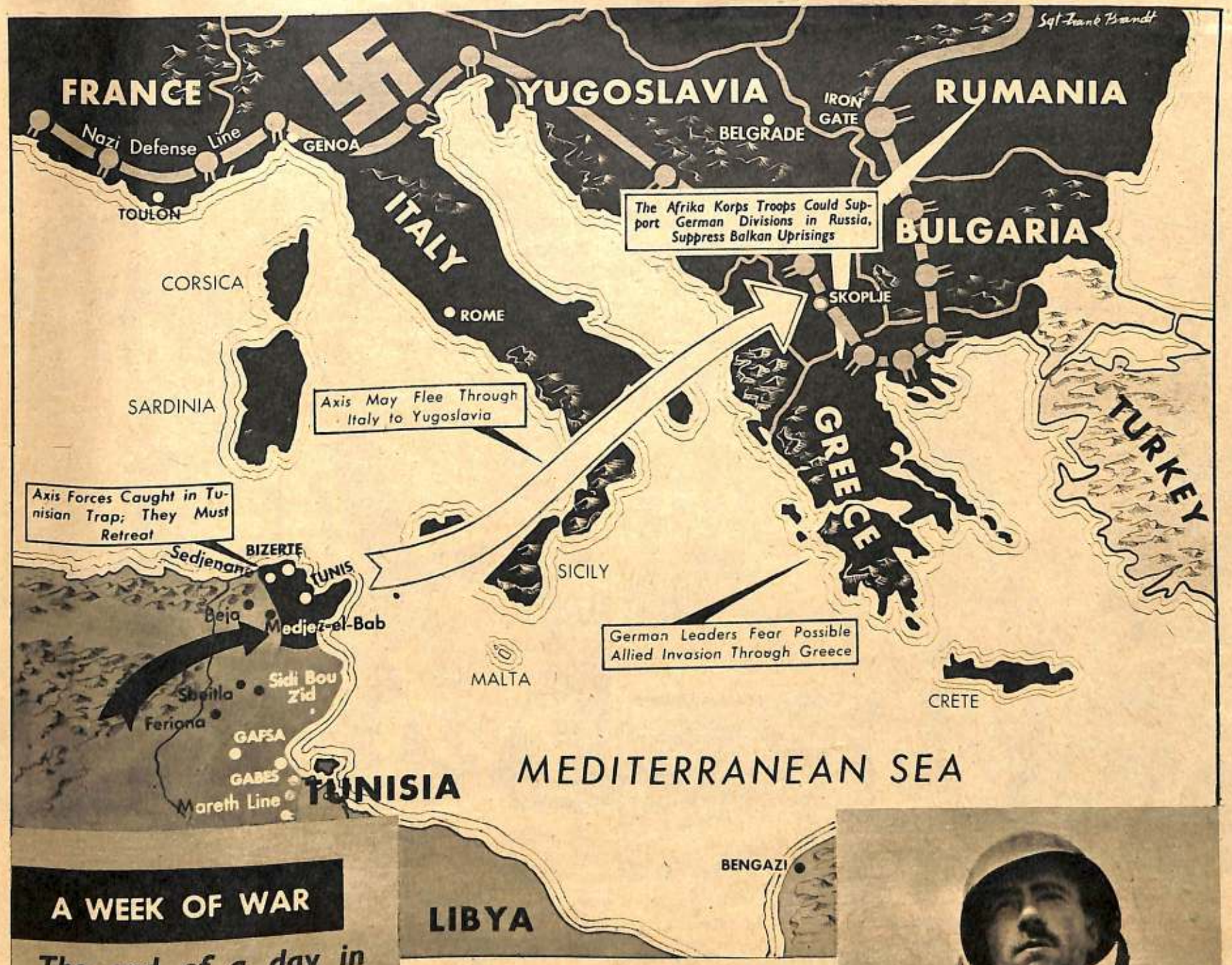
The Navy Department has relaxed its restrictions on marriage and now permits SPARS, WAVES and Women Marines, regardless of rank, to marry into any branch of the service they please. This puts them on equal basis with the WAACs. Thus a commissioned lady reservist can marry an enlisted man and still hold her rank.

Army Specialized Training News

Here's some important news for enlisted men who are getting into the Army Specialized Training Program, which has already started classes at Purdue, Rutgers and other universities and colleges. The program provides a basic course in such subjects as college mathematics, physics or chemistry, and an advanced course in more specialized fields.

The original plans called for each enlisted man to drop to the grade of private when he went to one of the ASTP schools, getting reduced without prejudice on the day he left his outfit. Well, YANK thought this didn't seem quite fair, and dug into the matter in Washington. Now the rule has been modified and we have been assured that ASTP men assigned to the advanced training phase will hereafter remain in grade. Furthermore, those already assigned to the advanced course who have been reduced will be restored to grade without loss of seniority, although, unfortunately, they can't get back pay for the period of reduced rank. Men assigned to the training program and found disqualified will be sent back to their outfits in their original grade.

This, in case you haven't seen her before, is the A-36, a dive-bombing version of the Mustang. She'll do over 400.



A WEEK OF WAR

The end of a day in Tunisia means the beginning of a night somewhere else. In Germany, say.

THEY were drawing the iron collar tighter around the throat of Tunisia. The British 1st and 8th Armies and the American Second Corps were working their way toward the jackpot, the be-all and end-all, the brass ring. The Germans were on an accelerating merry-go-round and they were getting dizzy. They were, as a matter of fact, beaten boys. The only trouble was, no one had told them.

The Germans were hanging on like grim death. They were contesting every approach to Tunis, every road to Bizerta. The Tunisian conflict had resolved itself into bloody, dirty work in the hills, with no quarter asked and no quarter given. It was hand to hand, bayonet against bayonet.

Rommel had taken his final powder. He was out of Tunisia, via the air route, though no one except God, Adolf Hitler and Rommel himself knew where. Obviously he was being saved for the Junior Prom, though the date and place of the Junior Prom had not yet been announced. Whenever it came, it promised to be the event of the year.

Under a curtain of planes, the Allied Armies in Tunisia were selling the tickets and the Germans and Italians were buying them, at rather high prices. They were buying them in the hills and in the caves that formed their ring of defence around the cities of Tunis and Bizerta, and after they had bought them they were laying themselves doon to dee.

The Allied planes were everywhere. Never in its military life, save perhaps over Britain during certain warm days in 1940, had the Wehrmacht been taking such a shellacking in (and from) the air. They tried to get a lot of technicians out of Tunisia, ferrying them in huge transport planes. The huge transport planes went down. From Italy more transport planes were dispatched; evidently there were more technicians. The transports never reached Africa. Over the Mediterranean the British and Americans caught up with them, turned the lower regions of the air into one vast shooting gallery. It wasn't as much fun to be a German as it used to be.

All over the Allied world the talk of a second front was reaching a fever pitch. This, it seemed, would be the summer, but *where* and *when* were still two unsolvable mysteries. Out of the silence and the confusion of last week one fact stood out. It was a fact simple in itself, but one that could, at the same time, be a base for world-shaking results. The fact: Montgomery went back to Cairo.

When a general leaves his army just before the moment of its final victory he usually does so with some great purpose in mind. One could look at the bare fact of Montgomery's return and make several conjectures. Perhaps it might be a good idea, one could say, to take another look at Greece.

For Greece, rather than Italy, was what someone had called the soft underbelly of the Axis. Italy alone meant nothing, and to invade Italy would, eventually, only bring the invaders up against the impassable barrier of the Alps, where armies had been balked before. Greece, however, was another story. There were mountains in Greece, true, but they were not insurmountable mountains, and beyond them lay the soft and open plains and valleys of Middle Europe. Greece was definitely a weak spot in the Axis armor, and from the looks of things, it had been rather sadly neglected as far as German defence was concerned.

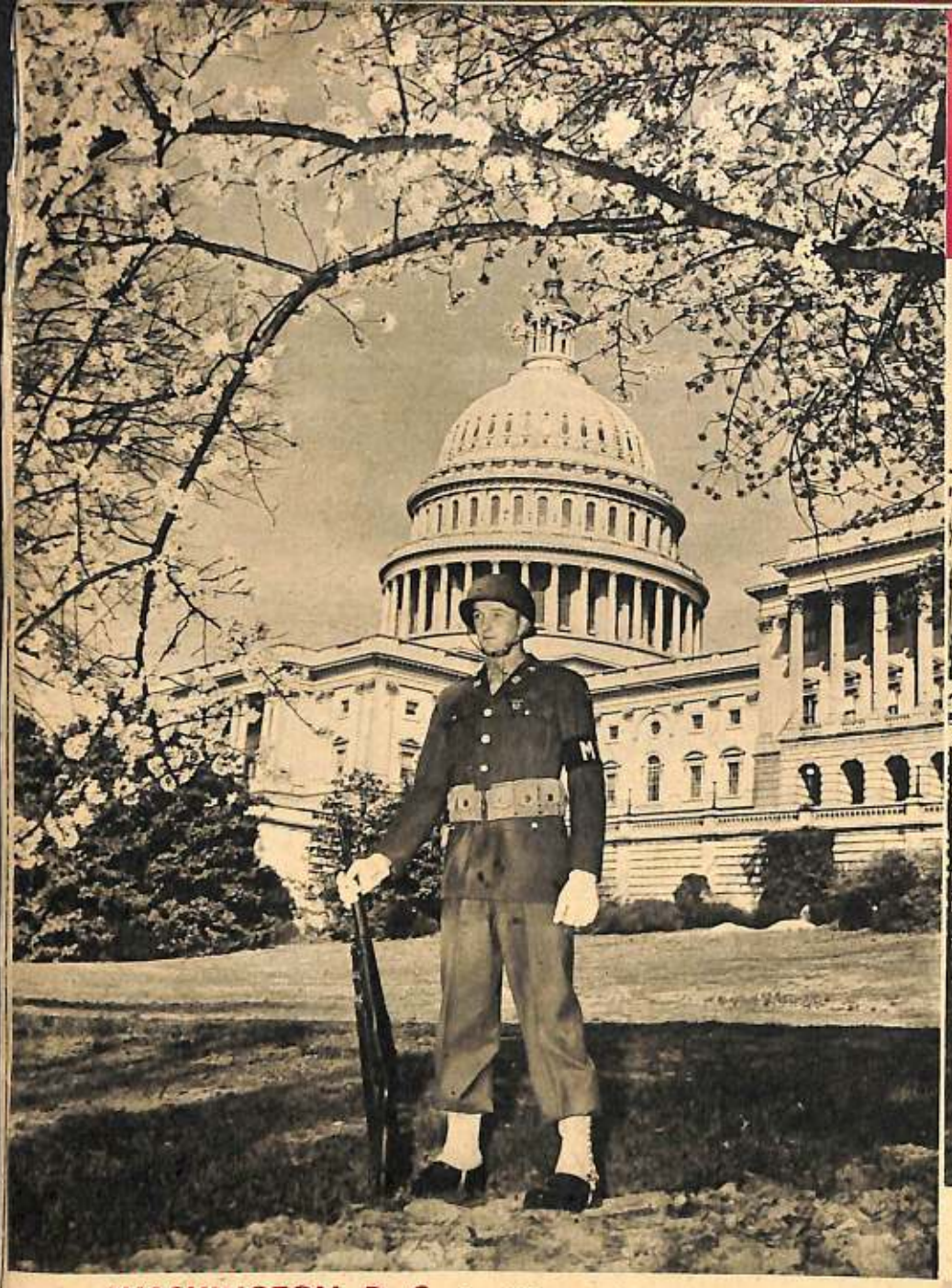
There was a possibility, though it was just a possibility, that when von Arnim pulled out of Tunisia he would pull out with an Allied invading force pursuing him in the general direction of Italy, and it might be a toss-up as to which force would land first. And at the same time another force might be moving on Greece from Cairo. It was just a possibility, but it showed how offensive minded the United Nations had at last become. They were pressing every advantage, taking stock of every opening and loophole. They were working fast. They were working against time.

A summer does not last for ever, and once it has gone there begins once more the long winter, filled with raids and sorties, none of which by itself can achieve any definite result. Summer has always been the campaigning season; it has been then that the great battles have been won, the massive conquests resolved. This should be the summer of the great Allied offensive, and all that was holding it back was the German Army still dug into the foothills of Tunisia. Once that Army was gone, the way lay open to the future.

It looked as though history was going to repeat herself. Once there had been a place called Dunkirk, and after it there had almost been an invasion. Now there was going to be another place, but this time its name was not yet known. And this time, too, the invasion would not be *almost*. It would be a reality —a bloody reality that had as its goal the liberation of all peoples, the freedom of the whole world.

S./Sgt. Charles Lipe of Hillsboro, Ill., arrived in former Axis territory needing a shave.

Pictures



WASHINGTON, D. C. An MP guarding the Capitol stands under Washington's annual sign of spring, the cherry blossoms

KEARNY, N. J. The destroyer *Black* (left) and *Chauncey* went down same shipway and hit water within 10 minutes of each other.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. Rosemary La Planche was chosen "Miss America" 1941. Now she is to show her beauty as featured player in the movie "Petty Girl

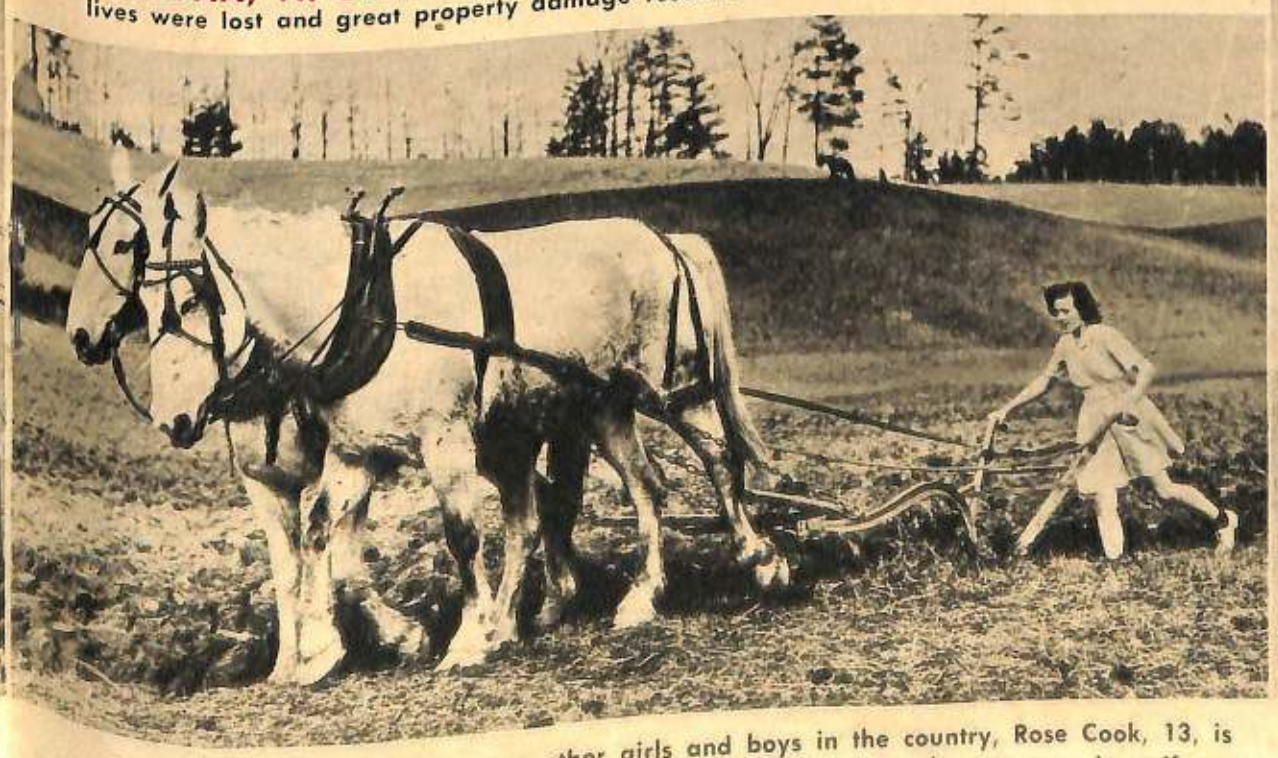
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Over 700 pupils were led to safety by nuns during a fire in a parochial school here.

from Home

MEMPHIS, TENN. Two children were killed and 17 other children and adults injured in explosion wrecking apartment building.

MANDAN, N. DAK. When swollen Missouri and Heart Rivers overflowed, five lives were lost and great property damage resulted in Mandan. Red Cross fed homeless.

NEW YORK, N. Y. Susan Hayward of Hollywood invented this bathing suit. Side lacing permits suit's removal after swimmer's dressed.



LEICESTER, N. C. Like many other girls and boys in the country, Rose Cook, 13, is becoming an expert plowman to take the place of farmers who are now in uniform.

TRINIDAD, COLO. Don Matheson roamed Arizona desert since 1919 Army discharge.

News From Home

While a new, sadly depleted, baseball season got under way, Americans picked up their papers and read what you are going to read now

FOR the first time in the nation's history, both the President and Vice-President were out of the country at the same time. Mr. Roosevelt was in Mexico where he conferred with President Manuel Avila Camacho, and Mr. Wallace was still touring the Central American Republics.

While at Corpus Christi, Tex., the President revealed a story about the execution by the Japs of several of the captured airmen who accompanied Major-General Jimmie Doolittle on the Tokio raid, and it made the entire nation fighting mad. The President pledged that the Japanese leaders responsible for the death sentences would pay for their barbarism. Senate leaders demanded additional men and supplies for the Pacific theater of operations, and Lieutenant-General Henry Arnold, chief of the AAF, sent a stirring message to all Air Force units demanding destruction of the Jap air force. "Remember those comrades," Arnold declared, "when you get a Zero in your sights."

The public replied by a fresh burst of War Bond buying. The nation's campaign for the sale of thirteen billion dollars worth of War Bonds was

He was President for a few days.

realized almost immediately. New England's quota soared over the top, and in Oklahoma City, population 240,000, more than forty million dollars of bonds were sold in one day. In New York, music lovers signed up for $10,090,045 in bonds as a price for seats to the New York City Symphony Concert.

The President explained that the meeting with Camacho was part of his plan to see as many leaders of the United Nations as possible. En route to Mexico he visited Army air fields and camps in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Arkansas. He said that the armed forces were in much better shape than when he saw them during his tour last September. He said that the troops he saw would be used in the Second Front.

Technically, the absence of the President and Vice-President placed Secretary of State Cordell Hull as the nation's chief executive. Mr. Roosevelt's meeting with Camacho was the first meeting between the chief executives of both nations in 34 years. A few days after the President left Mexico, Camacho ate hot dogs on American soil, as the guest of the President.

Carl Mullins, 30, brought a milk bottle full of pennies to a police station in Kansas City, Mo., and offered the contents for a War Bond to "help lick them Japs." He was arrested for drunkenness.

New Yorkers were warned against a possible beef shortage in the next two weeks. Because of military requirements, meat and potatoes are scarce, it was said. Only sweet potatoes were easily available in Boston, poultry and ham were scarce. Food Production Chief Chester Davis said, however, that there was nothing to be alarmed about. He declined to discuss the food supply in the coming year, explaining it all depended on the weather and needs of American and Allied fighting men. He said that American farmers were cultivating ten million more acres this year than in 1942.

A committee representing the hostesses at the Washington Stage Door Canteen said it would ask the Office of Price Administration for a minimum of two more pairs of shoes a year for the 500 girls who dance with servicemen there. The OPA order rationing shoes to three pairs a year is not enough for those girls, the committee said, because some of the girls wore out more than four pairs of shoes since the canteen opened last October.

Ceiling prices on food and drinks at public places in the Southeastern States—North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee and Alabama—were established by the OPA. Rationing was not bothering Nick Stack, Pittsburgh YMCA Physical Director. He explained to startled OPA officials that he has not eaten rationed food items for seven years, that he has given away his car and that he wears gym shoes. The Office of War Information announced that civilian car owners may get a few synthetic tires by the end of next year.

Four different "pay-as-you-go" tax plans will come up for debate when the House recess ends on May 3. The Democrats have offered a "Pay-as-you-earn" plan. Introduced by Rep. Robert Doughton, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, the plan proposes to cancel from 10 to 100 per cent of the taxpayer's 1942 dues, with the balance to be paid along with current taxes by 1946.

The wage dispute between the northern and southern soft coal operators and the United Mine Workers will come up for a showdown next week. The dispute, involving John L. Lewis's demand for a $2-a-day wage hike for 450,000 miners, is in the hands of the War Labor Board. The operators attended the WLB's first hearing on the question, but Lewis's representatives were absent. The union committee will meet Tuesday, three days before the contract expires, to decide its next move.

There's a new jitterbug tune driving the little boys and girls wacky these days. Called the "Two O'Clock Jump," the number is causing mob scenes on Broadway rivalling only that at Rudolph Valentino's funeral. At one New York movie house, kids ranging from 14 to 16 begin to queue up at 4 a.m. to hear Harry James's band play the new jive. When James's bandsmen start playing the youngsters dance in the aisles and attempt to rush the stage.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox declared that a report by the Senate Truman Committee that the Allies lost twelve million tons of shipping in the U-boat war during 1942 was "grossly inaccurate." "The committee plainly confused *deadweight* tons with *gross* tons. They must have obtained their figures of losses from an uninformed source. The official figures have never been given, as a matter of faith with the British," Knox stated. He hinted that every sortie made by U-boats in the future will be more dangerous than the previous one.

Two submarines were launched within 44 minutes of each other in Philadelphia. They were the first to be built on the Delaware River in thirty years. G-men in Jersey City celebrated Hitler's birthday by arresting twenty-four German aliens. The first United States naval vessel to be named after a foreign city was launched in Quincy, Mass. The heavy cruiser was named after Canberra, Australia.

Fish is becoming a vitally important substitute for meat. Shark steaks are being eaten in New York

The circus season is on again. In New York, the biggest show of them all, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, opens at Madison Square Garden, beginning its tour of the country.

This disastrous wreck was the result of a collision between a Union Railway locomotive and a Big Four passenger train at a crossing in Indianapolis. Three trainmen were killed, a fourth injured.

Neila Hart took over where her brother, Robert Sterling, left off. He left the movies for the Air Force. She got a Hollywood contract.

and whale meat was introduced on the West Coast. Whale will also hit New York markets soon. Meat rationing is hitting 30-inch trout in the creeks near Bellefonte, Pa. The trout for years have been eating hamburgers which were thrown by tourists. Now the fish are expected to swim out of the protected area and get caught.

One Baltimore shipwelder was sentenced to prison for one and one-half years and nine others were held under five thousand dollars bond as a result of an FBI roundup of war workers who deliberately produced inferior work in order to make more money. President Roosevelt issued an ultimatum to strikers at the Celanese Corporation of America, Newark, N.J., to return to work by Monday or the Government would take steps to reopen the plant. The strikers are members of a Lewis union.

Michigan funeral directors protested a Government order limiting coffin lengths to six feet. They said the order was "heartless." For years Michigan coffins averaged six feet five inches.

A shipyard worker in California became so worried when his wife, a waitress, lost her job that it affected his work. His foreman attempted to shame him into his old self again. "You should worry with the salary you've been making the last nine months?" the foreman asked.

"What salary?" the worker demanded.

It developed that the worker could neither read nor write and he thought the checks the company gave him were "just pieces of paper." He said he didn't think anyone got paid for doing war work. Now, however, he's very happy. So is his wife, for whom he bought a new dress with his latest check.

Secretary of State Hull said the United Nations are deeply concerned over the transmission of war information to the enemy via neutral nations. The statement was made when newspapermen asked him if he investigated a charge made by a former Argentine consular attaché in Tokio that his country had been the "eyes and ears" of the Jap Government in the Western Hemisphere. Yanks stationed in Brazil are causing no hard feelings among Brazilian men when they court senoritas, Gov. Raphael Fernandes, of the Brazilian State of Rio Grande do Norte, told New York reporters on his visit there. He explained that there are many more women in Brazil than men and that American soldiers were well liked by every one. He said hamburger stands have mushroomed all over his country.

Mayor LaGuardia announced in a broadcast that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is planning a low-cost housing project for families of servicemen after the war. The project will embrace 72 acres in lower Manhattan with 30 per cent of the space devoted to buildings, the rest for roadways, landscaped open courts and a park. Approximately 30,000 tenants will be accommodated at rentals between twelve and fourteen dollars a month a room.

John Boettiger, President Roosevelt's son-in-law and publisher of the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*, said that he will soon leave the paper and join the Army. Joey (Tough Joe) Rao, one-time partner in the late Dutch Schultz's million-dollar bootlegging racket, was picked up as a vagrant in New York. And Jimmy Durante took out a $50,000 insurance policy on his great hubbard squash of a schnozzle.

Daniel C. Roper, Secretary of Commerce in President Roosevelt's first cabinet, died in Washington at 76. As Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Woodrow Wilson's administration, he was the first man to enforce the Prohibition Amendment. Roper was Secretary of Commerce from 1933 until 1938, he later served briefly as minister to Canada.

Alfred Lundgren, a Jersey City (N.J.) cop, dropped in to have a few drinks with his blonde girl friend before going home to supper with his wife. But he never got home, because in a little while he was dead—shot through the heart with his own service revolver in a hall just outside his girl friend's apartment. His girl friend, Mrs. Elsie Henrickson Farr, a divorcee, said the cop put his gun in her hands and asked her to shoot him.

Mrs. Farr confessed that she pulled the trigger, explaining that she thought it was not loaded, also that she figured "he was kidding."

Legislation providing for the issuance of $10,000 insurance policy to every member of the armed forces was introduced by Senators David Walsh (D., Mass.) and Bennett Champ Clark (D., Mo.). Senator Walsh stated that fighting men are now entitled to a similar

He insured the obvious, for fifty grand.

policy but many of them are not covered because of lack of knowledge or failure to fill out required forms.

Ernest Allbright, Oklahoma Republican politician, said he planned to dress like Paul Revere and ride on horse back from the Washington Monument to the Capitol in protest against the law enforcement officers responsible for pouring more than 200,000 pints of whisky down the drain in dry Oklahoma.

Convicts in the Tatnall State Prison, Reidsville, Ga., have been making their own booze right along, prison authorities discovered this week. Eleven cons, numbered among 22 who escaped from the prison recently, took the warden on a tour and pointed out three stills, one had a 50-gallon capacity. They also snapped their fingers and bars collapsed.

Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, told a meeting of publishers in New York City that "if any one had told us a year ago that we could build 7,000 airplanes in one month we should have told him he did not know what he was talking about." He said that such a number may be produced this month and thereafter production of planes may even soar to higher figures. Meanwhile, 16 plane and engine manufacturers, representing 90 per cent of East and West Coast plane factories, formed the National Aircraft Production Council at Los Angeles to increase production.

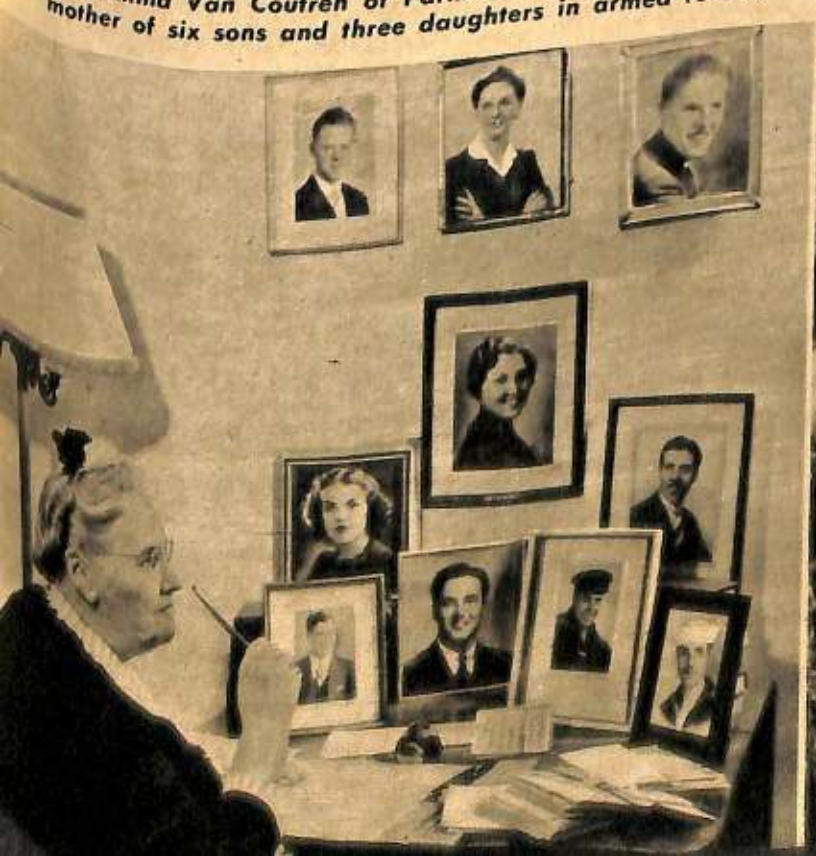
President Roosevelt ordered that the War Production Board be increased by three members. Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, and Paul McNutt, manpower head, were named to serve on the board.

The Daughters of the American Revolution held their congress in Cincinnati and adopted a resolution "unalterably opposed" to any political union of the United States with other nations that would deprive us of "free and independent action." They also condemned strikes, absenteeism from work, "selfish domination of boss racketeers, and incompetence and greed in political and industrial groups."

Maybe it's not news, but Tommy Manville, the nation's number one playboy, went and did it again. He remarried Bonnie Edwards, blonde dancer, who was his fifth wife for 17 days in 1941. It's the seventh time that Manville has joined the benedicts.

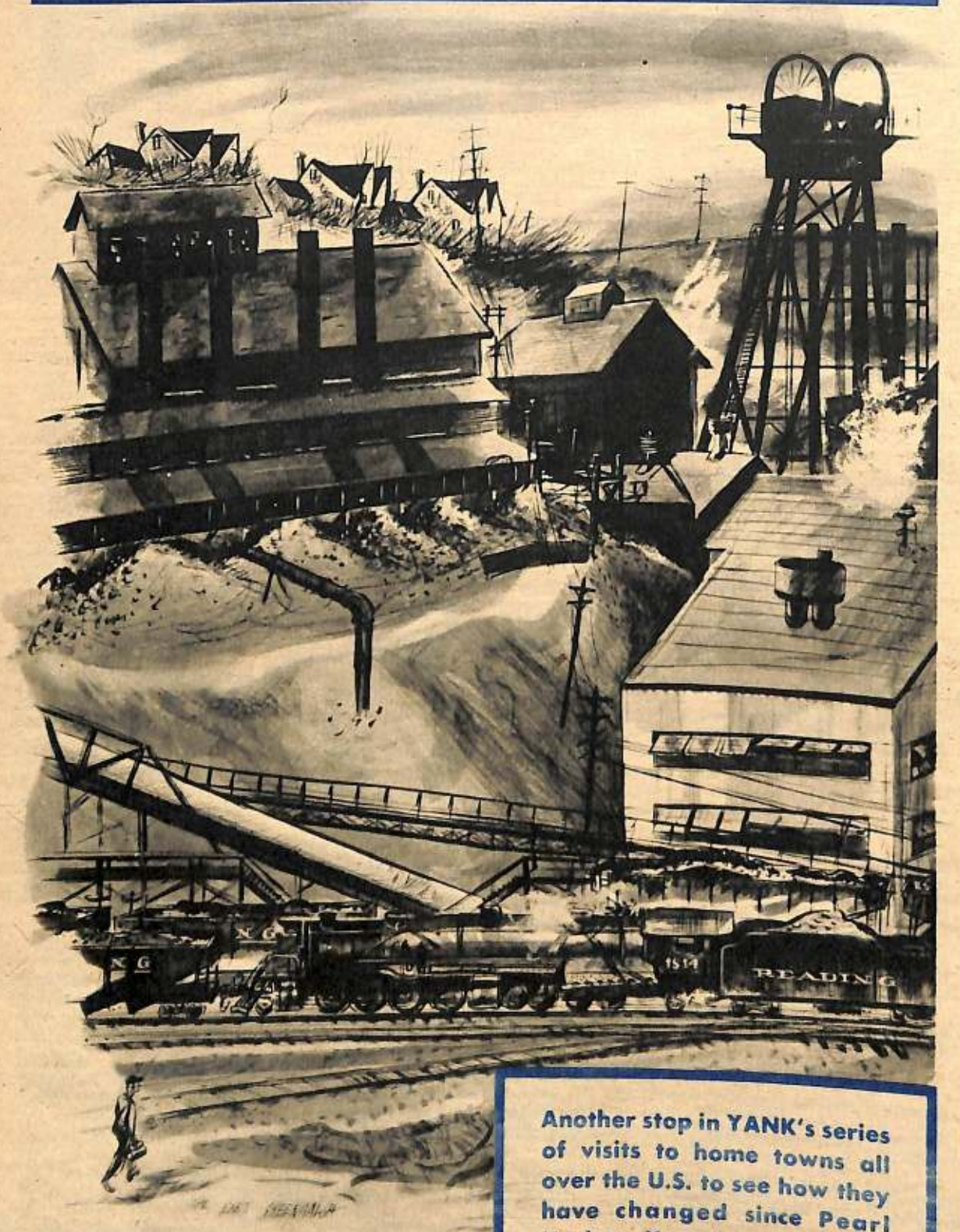
Helluva world, ain't it?

Mrs. Emma Van Coutren of Parkchester, N. Y., is proud mother of six sons and three daughters in armed forces.



Russian freighter was driven by a storm onto the rocks of America's North Pacific coast. U. S. Coast Guardsmen rescued 54 crew members, including eight women.

SHENANDOAH, Pa.



Another stop in YANK's series of visits to home towns all over the U.S. to see how they have changed since Pearl Harbor. Your town may appear here soon. Watch for it.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

SHENANDOAH, PA.—This is a town which someone once described as the only Wild West settlement east of the Mississippi River. It is still more or less that way.

It sits on a hummock at the bottom of a stark valley in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. It is isolated and inaccessible. It is stained with the mingled coal dust and sweat of a century of back-breaking toil.

Shenandoah is tough and indestructible—like the tough, indestructible fibre of the stolid Slavs who make up most of its population. Famous football names have come from here, like Al Babartski and Larry Sartori of Fordham, Stan Lewcyck of Georgetown, and Kats Katalinas of the Chicago Bears. The town has withstood depression, suicide by dynamite and sudden death in its mine shafts. It withstood the serfdom imposed upon it by the early coal operators and the virtual civil war imposed upon it by the freedom-loving, misled vigilantes known as the Molly Maguires. Even Nature conspired against it in 1940 when the town settled into the coal mines amid a welter of cracked streets, split walls and broken buildings.

Now it has suffered another blow—2,000 of its young men have gone away to the nation's armed forces.

This time, too, Shenandoah has recoiled from the shock. The town has not changed much.

The dingy streets with their little houses are the same—in the Bloody First Ward, as well as on the more genteel Jordan and West Streets. Life still revolves about the principal intersection, Main and Centre Streets.

Atop the five-story Stief Building is the air observation tower which older men like Frank Ponicsan and George Kubilus man in addition to doing duty with the volunteer fire department. Down the street, the bars remain the chief centers of amusement. Uritis' still has its bartender Nabo, and Mack's its jitterbugs. Things are as usual at Joe Stepsus', the Silver Duck, Katy's, Andy's, Happy's, Sakowski's and Cinco's.

Only at Pat Maher's and Semanchyk's has the war left a permanent scar. Maher's lost the distinction of having the only live orchestra in town when Stewie Griffin and his entire band were drafted; and Semanchyk's lost Murph, its historic bartender, to the Army. "No one," is the general lament, "could put a head on a glass of beer like old Murph."

Maher's skating rink is more popular than ever with the kids. The American Legion pool (a colossal lottery within the pale of the law) is more popular than ever with the adults. The High School building, damaged in the great cave-in of 1940, is still closed. The Junior High School building has been condemned. Both are too dangerous even to enter, and high-school classes are being taught in the Roosevelt, Jefferson and Wilson grade schools instead. The high-school football team, notwithstanding, continues to be terrific. Last fall, the Blue Devils extended their undefeated record to 35 straight games over a three and a half year period. Nineteen-year-old, bone-crushing Matt Mikosz shattered all scholastic records by scoring 155 points last season, and averaging 60 yards on punts. He probably would have been the greatest back ever to come out of Shenandoah. He's in the Navy now.

20 Nationalities and Religions

The people of Shenandoah (or Shan-doh, as they call it) represent 20 different nationalities and religions. They still blandly cook *bleenies* (Greek fried grated potatoes), *kielbasi* (Lithuanian pork dumplings) and blind pigeons (Polish stuffed cabbage). The kids love to eat thick black bread spread with molasses and shoe-fly, a pastry. Everyone is crazy about parades and picnics. This year there have been more parades in Shenandoah than ever before. Every United Nations victory is celebrated. Mitchell Day is still a big holiday. This is the anniversary of the first big strike victory won for them by the almost-legendary John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, on Oct. 29, 1900. On Memorial Day, the old people still climb Locust Mountain and put flowers on the Peddler's Grave. The Peddler was an old wandering Jewish peddler named Jost Folhaber, who was killed by a robber on Locust Mountain in 1789. The people of the town buried him up there, and ever since they have kept his grave and climbed the mountain to cover it with flowers. Now, 150 years later, they don't even question why. They shrug their shoulders and say, "Who else is going to take care of the poor old lonely soul?"

Everyone still works in the mines or operates a store or shop on Main or Centre Street. No war plants have come to Shenandoah. The girls have long since gone to work in Philadelphia, New York and Washington—or to the WAAC and WAVES. But the men still trudge down to the blackboard on Centre Street where daily announcements are posted as to whether the St. Nicholas Breaker, the William Penn Colliery, the Kohinoor, Hammond and other mines are working or idle.

Remaining Males Have Tough Going

Before the war, bootleg coal holes flourished in Shenandoah. Unemployed miners would go to an obscure corner of some company property, dig a 100- or 200-foot hole, and start extracting the coal. Some of the bootleggers, like Maxie the Coal Man, became prosperous and had as many as 15 men working for them. But that is all over now. Maxie and 90 percent of the others have gone into the armed forces.

The situation for the few males left in the town is tough. The state police raided Big Mary's a few months ago and padlocked it. The Club Caprice near McAdoo was closed, too, and the Tourist's Inn just can't be reached because of the gasoline rationing. During the summer, you can still walk up by the jigger dams or park up by the Peddler's Grave. Last year there was so much parking at the West End Ball Grounds that they had to rope off leftfield to keep the grass from being ruined.

Wednesday and Sunday nights are still movie date nights at the Strand and Capitol Theaters. The principal soda fountains, the Sugar Bowl and Schutawie's, are doing well. The principal pool rooms, the Strand, the Majestic and the Modern Billiards Academy, are not doing so well.

One girl summed it up thus: "I never feel so much like we're in a war until I walk past the Majestic and no one whistles at me. It's positively creepy."

Doris Merrick

Her latest 20th Century-Fox picture is "I Escaped from Hong Kong," which may be true, but not in that rig, she didn't.

SPORTS

DODGER FAN RETURNS FROM COAST GUARD DUTY IN ALGIERS TO PLAY LEFT FIELD WITH HIS BUMS

By Sgt. FRANK DE BLOIS

WHEN Raymond Krygier, a Coast Guard machinist's mate, returned home to Red Hook, Brooklyn, from landing operations in North Africa, the first thing he said was "How do the Bums look this year?"

"How's Wyatt's arm?" he asked. "Have we still got the Lip? I wonder what Camilli will hit?"

Later, when Krygier was being feted and fed by the Bedford Avenue Marching and Chowder club, Red Barber, the popular philosopher who broadcasts the Dodgers' home games from Ebbets Field, asked him what he'd like to do during his shore leave.

"I'd like to play left field for the Bums," Ray said, his face full of pastrami.

Before he entered the Coast Guard last year, Ray was what is known around the Nedick stands in Brooklyn as a "typical Dodger fan." He had a piece of pine all his own nailed down in the center field bleachers and he never missed a home game. He wore the traditional center field fan's uniform: baggy burlap pants, a polo shirt, a blue serge vest and a sailor straw hat, and he knew how to take a good bead with a beer bottle on an enemy outfielder's head. His arm, his eye and his caustic tongue were feared around the league.

In North Africa, Ray saw a split of excitement. He manned a winch on an invasion barge that was under fire for four days during landing operations in Algiers. Shells from Vichy French shore batteries were zooming over his head like home-run balls off Luke Hamlin and dive bombers were as thick as mosquitos at Manhattan Beach in July. But Raymond just kept thinking about those Giant-Dodger doubleheaders and after a while he found he wasn't worrying much about the battle.

"We kept talking about baseball and stuff," said Ray, "to keep our minds off the bombing."

When Ray told Red Barber he'd like to play left field for the Bums, Red said he'd fix it. He called a man named the Lip, who manages the club, and had him invite Ray to the Bums' Bear Mountain training grounds for the weekend.

Ray turned up at Bear Mountain Friday morning and started to work out with Billy Herman, Kirby Higbe, Dixie Walker and the rest of the Dodgers. He caught a few flies and picked up a few grounders and, after he had worked the kinks out of his legs, he found he could get around almost as well on the field as he could in the bleachers. A baseball, he

Leo Durocher with Ray Krygier.

discovered, was harder to control than a beer bottle, but, after a couple of pegs, he caught on to that, too.

At the Bear Mountain camp, the Bums held a three-hour workout every day. They got up about 8 in the morning, took a shower, ate breakfast and bummed around until noon. Then they worked out until three. It looked like a snap to Ray, who never enjoyed those kind of hours in the U.S. Coast Guard.

He felt kind of weary, however, running around after grounders for an hour and a half, so he was happy when the man called the Lip pulled him out of the field and told him to take his turn at batting practice.

Newt Kimball was on the hill for the Bums and somehow he got the idea that Ray was a fresh busher up from Sioux Falls seeking a job on the team. So Kimball poured in his fast ball and Ray beat the air vainly trying to hit him. He fouled off exactly one pitch in 102 until the man called the Lip told Kimball to ease up a little because Ray wasn't a busher from Sioux Falls at all, but only a loyal Dodger rooter from way back. Kimball then tossed a couple of bloopers and Ray pooped them smartly right back to the mound.

Saturday's work-out was much like Friday's, only tougher. Ray chased flies in the sun until he was dizzy, waved his bat at Kimball and Higbe and Wyatt until he looked like a whirling dervish and ran around the ball yard until he thought he would drop. He spent a couple of hours groaning on the training table after the rest of the guys had gone home and when he went to bed he dreamed he was back in Algiers, rowing around in a catcher's mask with red hot baseballs steaming past his ears.

On Sunday the Bums were scheduled to play an exhibition game with the Montreal Royals and Ray was assigned to left field by the man called the Lip. But when game time came Ray wasn't around so a fellow named Medwick had to play left field instead.

At the start of the ninth, Ray limped into the dugout wearing a couple of musette bags under his eyes.

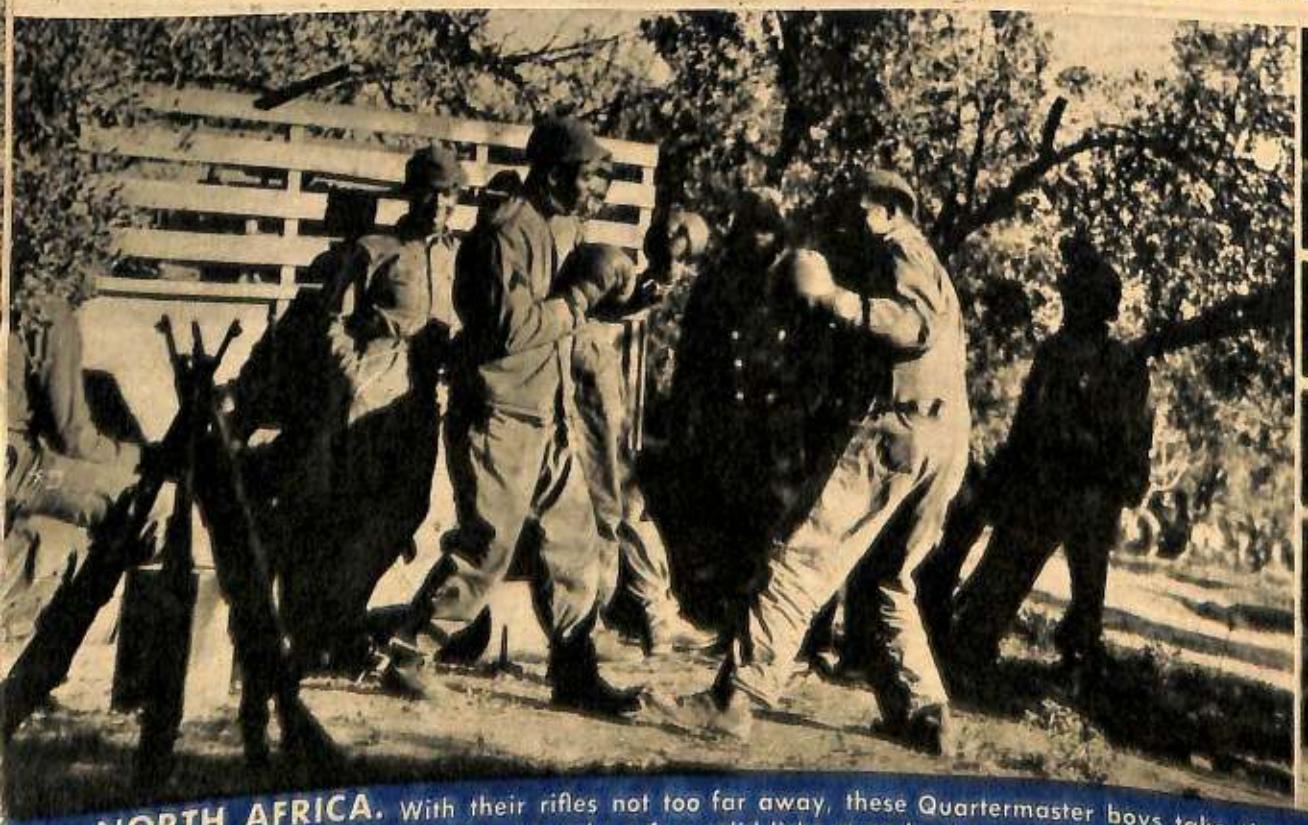
"Where have you been?" yelled the man called the Lip. "I could fine you $25 for this."

"I'm not in good shape," replied Ray. "I've run 98 miles after fly balls and grounders during the last two afternoons and I can't move my legs up and down any more. Those two days were almost as rough as Casablanca."

Ray hopes he'll be back in Ebbets Field again when the war is over, gurgling a brew as of old, and getting a good sight on the back of some Giant outfielder's head. He's thinking of changing positions, however. He says he's going to sit behind right field instead of in center.

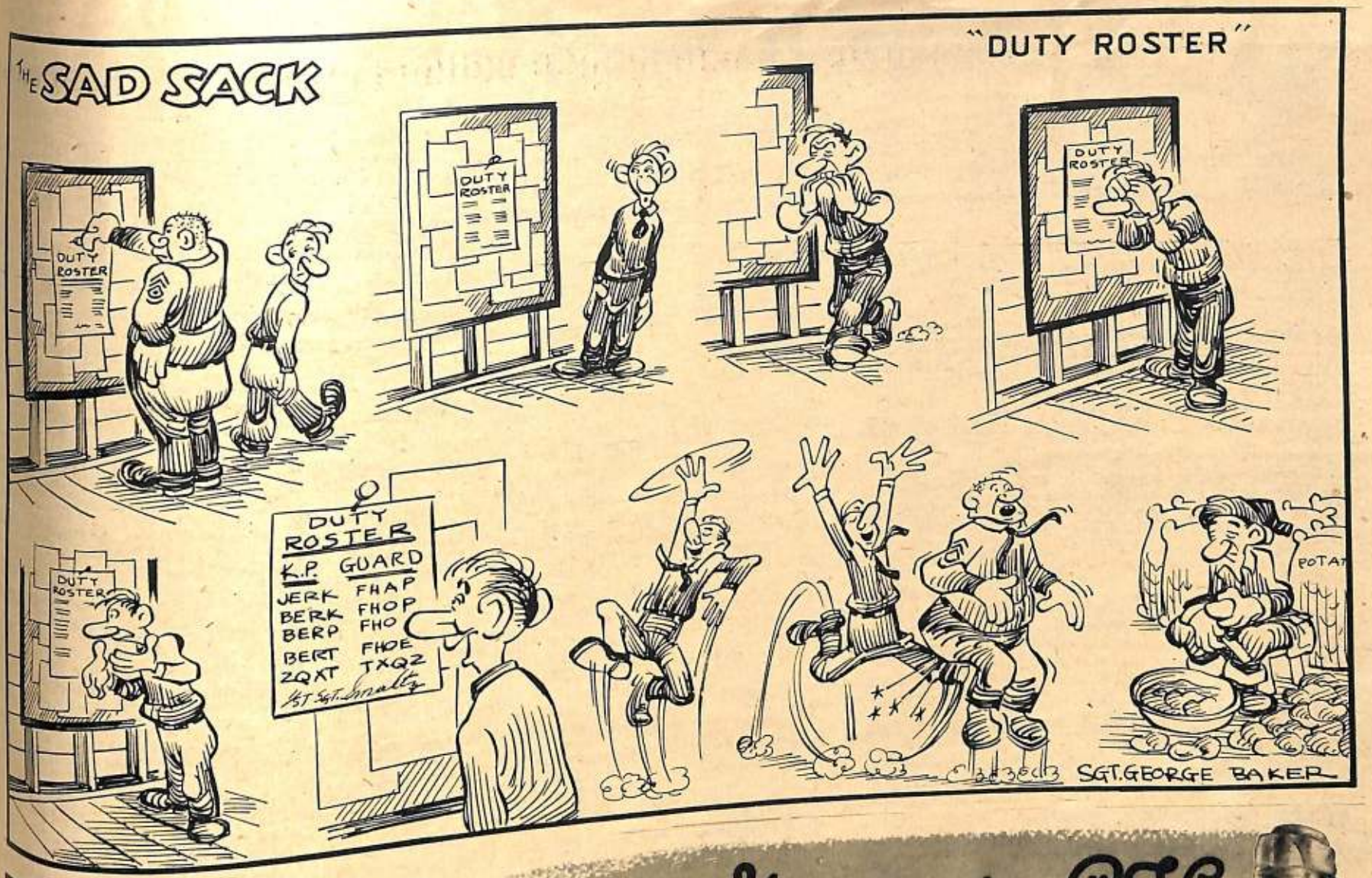
"I can't cover the ground that I used to," he explains.

Here's How Fighting Men Find Relaxation



NORTH AFRICA. With their rifles not too far away, these Quartermaster boys take time off on the Southern Tunisian front to take a few solid licks at each other instead of the Germans.

AUSTRALIA. Eddie Markman 52c, right, drops a decision to Moody, Aussie champ.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE ON THE MOUND

They were playing baseball in the field down behind the Motor Pool and they had us in there as umpire. At least, Artie Greengroin had us in there as umpire. He was pitching for the KPs against the latrine orderlies, and he had raised such a howl that they had stuck us in behind the pitcher's box. Artie trusts us, we think.

Artie, let it be said here and now, is no pitcher. He is strictly no hit, no field, no nothing, but he is a great man on the dialogue, after the school of Leo Durocher, and is very handy along those lines. He was being very handy along those lines in the third inning of the game between the KPs and the latrine orderlies. The score was 26-0 in favor of the LOs.

"Awright," Artie said. "Awright. This is the time I get them." He pegged the apple to first base and the first baseman missed it by two feet. The game was held up while he retrieved the ball.

"For gaw's sake," Artie said, "what kine of a team have I got behine me? Grover Cleveland Alexander would of crumbled behine a team like this."

"You got a arm like a ole woman," the first baseman said as he returned to his sack.

"You got a eye like a bline beggar," Artie retorted.

"Play ball," we said.

"With this herd of Arabs?" Artie said. "If the American Army fights wars like these toikeys play baseball, the Goiman Army is as good as in Niagra Falls right now."

"Trun me that gawdam ball at me bat," the batter roared.

"I'll trun it down yer t'roat," Artie said.

"So long as it gets here," the batter said pensively.

Artie wound up, giving his throwing arm a set of complicated and rather ingenious twirls. Then he heaved one down the groove. The batter, a little man, proceeded to knock it into Northumberland. He trotted casually around the bases while the latrine orderlies laughed themselves silly around the plate.

"Hey, Greengroin," a big hairy man, the LOs' catcher said, "why don't you toss 'em in. Save yer arm, Greengroin, save your arm. When it's gone you got nothing to lift lagers wit."

"You got to keep out of the pubs, Greengroin," said the LOs' third baseman. "They're ruining yer complexion."

The KPs' first baseman strolled over to the pitcher's box. "Look, ole boy," he said. "I think you played a great game so far. But yer best days is pass. Why don't you take up coaching behine third base for instance?"

"Beat it," Artie said. "Get back to yer vocation." He turned to us. "Thass awways the way it is," he said. "The minute a guy runs up against a little adversity the pack is on his heels. Now, if I was winning they'd be talking out of the other sides of their face. 'Nice game, Artie,' they'd say. 'They's nobody like our boy Greengroin to boin 'em down the ole alley. Greengroin's the bess pitcher in the ETO.' Thass the way they'd talk if I was in me regular good form. But now look at the ole bassars. Always on me neck, awways trying to cut me t'roat. Humane nature is a grim and terrible thing."

"So are you, Artie," we said. "So are you."

The pride of Brooklyn, the ex-driver of the Flatbush hearse, turned sad and burning eyes on us. "You, too," he said. "I ain't got a friend in the woild." He straightened his shoulders. "The hell with it," he said. "I got to win this game."

The next batter was Artie's nemesis, the little man we had run into several times before, the guy to whom Artie has owed four quid for almost as long as the Bank of England has been making them.

"Awright, ya rummy," the little man said. "Feed me a homer. Jess slip me a home run. It ain't every day I gets the chancet to face the woist pitcher in the country."

Artie's jaw set. He wound up and let go. It was high and outside—very high, and very outside, as a matter of fact.

"Ball," we said.

"Bline man," Artie hissed.

"Wass the matter?" the little man wanted to know, "are you afraid of me? Greengroin, you ole bassar, I'm going ter drive this right down yer windpipe. This is going to be four quid's worth of batting average."

Artie swallowed. "A placement hitter," he said half-aloud. "The troubles I got on me head shouldn't happen to a topkick." He sent another one down the groove. Low and inside.

"Ball," we said.

"So yer going ter walk me, ya rummy," the little man said. "Thass the trouble wit you, Greengroin. You got no guts. You ought to be in the horsepital."

"Ah, for gaw's sakes," Artie said. He let another one go. The little man took a healthy cut at it and missed it by a margin of something like two feet.

"Oooooo," the little man said. "A Lefty Gomez. A Hubbel. Greengroin the speed merchant. O.K. The next one I knock down yer windpipe."

The next one went behind him and to the left. "Ball," we said. "Three and one."

Artie turned to us. "What would you do, ole boy?" he asked. "Would you give him the incoive or the outshoot?"

"Mix 'em up," we said.

Artie let it go. For once he really had some speed on it. The little man never saw it go by him. Neither did we. We said, "Strike," on principle.

"Thass more like it," Artie said. "Thass more like the ole Greengroin. Thass the way I used to be before I took to soft living and fancy dress."

The little man seemed puzzled. He looked first at Artie and then at the catcher. It was quite an impressive moment. Even Artie's first baseman was impressed. "Come on, Artie, ole boy," he said. "Give him the end-all. Make him walk away."

Artie began the old elaborate wind-up, three times around. Then he threw. The little man tensed himself, swung, and missed as clean as a whistle. "You're out!" we said.

The little man threw his bat in the general direction of first base. "The oney trouble with this game," he said, "is that he is a crook. He's a scab. He's a company spy. We don't need no empire in this game."

Artie's meagre chest was swelling perceptibly. He was taking a new lease on life, a new lease on the game. "You know," he said to us while the infield was pegging the ball around, "I think I got a future in baseball. The Dodgers could use a man like me, a man that's awways poised and calm and cerlected. When I get back to the States I think I'll have a little talk with Branch Rickey and maybe we can come to some kine of toims. I'd be a good influence on baseball, thass what I would be."

"You certainly would," we said.

And the game went on. Final score: latrine orderlies, 53; KPs, 7. Artie hit a homer, too. A great kid, Artie. A definite prospect.

The POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

A SAGA OF THE RUGGED NORTH

With proper apologies to Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland."

"You are aging, Sgt. Williams," the corporal said,
"And your hair has become very white;
What's more, you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think that your mind is quite right?"

"You are new to this Alaskan land,"
The sarge was heard to state.
"Another year and you'll understand
That I'm bucking for Section Eight."

"You are aging," said the lad, "as I mentioned before,
And have circles under your eye:
And you turned a back somersault in at the door—
Pray, wouldst explain to me why?"

"In the States," quoth the sarge, as he flipped his slack lip,
"I oft would go out on a date;
Two years have passed since I saw a svelte hip,
And I'm ready for Section Eight."

"Thou hast stripes," mused the boy, "so one would deem
As wise as the law alloweth;
Yet you stumble about as if in a dream,
And sometimes froth at the mouth."

"Ere the war," said the sarge, "a tipler was I,
With a taste for whisky straight;
Now two arid years have passed me by,
And I'm prime for Section Eight."

—Pfc. WILFRED L. ANDES

Alaska

MAYTAG CHARLEY

[Editor's Note: Actually, there were several Maytag Charleys during the six months of battle on Guadalcanal. Just after the demise of one of them, a soldier wrote a poem commemorating the event.]

Douglas, Vought-Sikorsky, Bell,
All make planes that sound so well;
But the Japanese, strange as it seems,
Make planes that sound like washing machines.

On an island in the Coral Sea
That we took from the Japanese,
From it comes a story of
A guy called Maytag Charley.

Every night about 10:15
The air-raid siren used to scream.
Up would go the searchlight's beam
And in flew Maytag Charley.

Now this guy Charley flew so high
That he could never score a hit,
And then one night we set a trap
And sure enough, Charley bit.

He saw the lights and came down low;
The antiaircraft guns let go.
You could hear the blast in Tokyo,
And down came Maytag Charley.

—Pvt. FRANK ELLIS

Guadalcanal

ODE TO OD.

SOLDIERS WILL GET OLIVE DRAB UNDIES—*Newspaper Headline.*

No more we'll hail our snowy undies
Hanging from our lines on Mondays.

Farewell to doughboys clad in white
Shirts and shorts; they're much too light.

Now olive drab will camouflage
Us from the enemy's barrage.

So proudly hail our OD undies
Hanging from our lines on Mondays.

—Sgt. JACK HARIG

HQ VII Air Corps, Jacksonville, Fla.

JAP COINS

He held them in his hand.
He fingered them smiling, then he said,
"Jap coins. Tinny things. Three of them.
A pal sent them. Great guy. Name's Red.

"These are from Guadalcanal.
See—here's the letter.
Look at those three things—tinny things,
Ain't they? Ours are a whole lot better."

Yeh, tinny. I held them.
Light—like aluminum or tin, I suppose.
Fujiyama on the back with the Rising Sun above,
And what it said, God only knows.

I looked at them; three coins—tinny things;
An epitaph for one more Jap now dead.

—1st Sgt. LUMAN S. NUTTER

Fort Taylor, Fla.

CONVOY

The trucks move
Over the convolutions of the land,
Militarizing the valleys,
Rubbering up the hills;
Spaced like the teeth on a gear
They roll with their cargo.

Under the canvas and the ribs
Of the machines,
Tight on the wooden benches,
Rifles held at vertical,
Are the men.

Battlers with a woman or an idea
Or a maneuver whirling
In the cell structures of their brains,
Aching for the lightning of battle
And the hard reward of peace.
Khaki-wrapped, metal-topped:
Strength on the highway.

—Pvt. NORMAN SAK

Fort Devens, Mass.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND EXPRESS

See that lonely soldier
With a bayonet by his side
He's going back to the States
To wed his promised bride;
He's fought some mighty battles
And he has done his best,
But he takes his life in his own hands now,
On the Newfoundland Express.

There're hobos in Newfie,
I just met one today;
He said that he was anxious
To be getting on his way.
The only thing that stopped him
Was he needed sleep and rest,
And he'd take no chances sleeping
On the Newfoundland Express.

Next month I get my furlough,
To St. Johns I will go,
They gave 10 days furlough time,
But I'll need more I know;
I must go through Shoal Harbor,
Which takes five days I guess,
And means I'll spend my furlough time,
On the Newfoundland Express.

When the season is winter
And snow's on the ground,
And we wait for the postman
To bring the mail around,

He says that he's sorry,
He has done his best:
The mail's in a snowdrift,
On the Newfoundland Express.

A soldier once decided
To heaven he would go;
He tied himself to the railroad track
When he heard the whistle blow.
He must have lain a long, long time
Because he starved to death,
Waiting on the railroad track,
For the Newfoundland Express.

—Pvt. SIDNEY DEITCH

Dow Field, Me.

MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:

Pfc. Greengroin, front and center! Nope, I'm not a sergeant in the ATS nor someone to whom you owe ten bucks. I'm just a guy and I think your stuff is alright. Some people may bellyache that it stinks, but those " ole bassars " must be suffering from mental relapses.

You're O.K., see? You're doing your stuff. You're a tough Pfc., and that's the way we like it. So give 'em the works, and if somebody tells you it's rotten just pull your rank or, better still, just finger your lonely stripe for a second or two, then up and at 'em. Don't be afraid; we'll be right behind you.

Now keep out of the clink and give us some more of your experiences.

Sgt. G. C. LA FRANCE

Britain.

I'm strictly a clink keeper outer of these days. AG. Pfc. QMC. AUS.

DEAR YANK:

We would like to suggest (now that our pal Artie Greengroin is an established member of the YANK family) the starting of an " Artie Greengroin Club."

This organization would, of course, be a sort of *corps d'elite a la Private first class*. With a name something like " The Greengroin Pfc. Club." I'm quite sure it would help to draw a closer bond among we of the inverted Vee.

Pfc. RUDOLPH C. FLEISCHER

Britain.

DEAR SIRS:

I say *sirs*, because Pfc.s get that way after awhile. This is in answer to Pfc. Tom Bishop's complaints about Artie Greengroin, Pfc., in your April 25th issue. As Bishop has enjoyed the novelty of belonging to our exalted rank for such a short time, I don't think he's adequately qualified to give a gripe. I've had the honor for 10 months (sometimes I even have nerve enough to wear it), and I think Artie Greengroin, Pfc., is our one claim to fame, besides being damned humorous as well.

I suggest that Bishop take a bust, rather than have the nucleus around which our magazine revolves, removed.

Pfc. R. G. NEELY

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

I usually wait until something gets under my skin before I sing out, but those guys that always have a slam for Pfc. Artie Greengroin do just that. Maybe they're that way because he has AUS at the end of his name. I would be willing to bet that everyone of those guys has SS and that they are that way about everything. I would bet that 9/8 of them found a home in the Army. Keep up the good work, I'm punching for you.

Sgt. MILTON POWERS, AUS.

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

Your April 25th issue makes the third straight in which half of " Mail Call " has been utilized for soldiers to express individual opinions as to which is the better plane, the B-17 or the B-24. Why not agree they are both good ships and drop this silly argument?

M/Sgt. A. G. LYNN

Britain.

Editor's note: The correspondence (B-24 vs. B-17) is now closed.

DEAR YANK:

This is an appreciation of your publication from a matloe. (Editor's note: *matloe*, from the French *matelot*, sailor, is British Navy slang for anyone not an officer). I guess I have had YANK since its first issue over here and I can assure you it's a hit in this mess. Keep the presses rolling. You've got a winner.

F. G. ALISON, AB.

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

We, a select few of the British Army, are regular and most enthusiastic readers of YANK, but unfortunately our knowledge of your Army abbreviations is limited, thus making your articles not quite as interesting as intended. Could we ask you to print a glossary of abbreviations? This would be appreciated by almost every " Limey." You may or may not be surprised at the number of us fellows who boast of the fact that they are regular readers of YANK.

"CORPORALS"

Britain.

Editor's note: We'd like to publish a list of Army abbreviations, but our space is so damned limited that we're afraid we can't. The best thing to do would be for you to jot down a few of the most troublesome, grab the first private you see by the scruff of the ETO ribbon and ask him to elucidate. He'll elucidate, all right.

DEAR YANK:

In reply to " Joan " (WREN), my sister and I work with the Americans and have met practically every type possible to meet. Everybody is entitled to his own opinion, of course, but as Joan has voiced hers and ours is an entirely different one, we thought we should have our say.

We have brought American soldiers into our home and have treated them as we would like our boys to be treated (and as we know they *are* treated) in America.

Maybe if a few more English people would open their homes and their hearts to these boys they would be able to prove that they, too, like English folks, are only human and appreciate a little consideration and kindness. Maybe the old saying might very well apply here—" Never judge a sausage by its overcoat."

To use their own language, we think the Americans are swell guys.

B. R. D.

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

The poem for Britain you had in your issue of April 18 was, I sincerely believe, one of the most moving poems I have ever read and, at the same time, the most concrete statement I have yet seen about how most of us feel. It was a lot clearer than all the high talk we have been hearing, and I want to thank you for publishing it.

I have shown the poem to several English friends, and they were all quite as moved as I was myself.

Captain THOMAS TODD

Britain.

DEAR YANK:

Your " A Poem for Britain " said what we all feel in our hearts, and it said it marvellously well. Splendid work YANK.

S/Sgt. T. L. BLODGETT

Britain.

Editorial Page

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

A Tale of Two Armies

Yank's editorial this week, for the first time in its history, was not written by a member of its own staff—but by a British sergeant. Yet it is —without platitude or cliche—the most eloquent piece we've yet seen on the bond of complete understanding and mutual friendship among ourselves and our allies. It is the story of the junction of American and British troops in Tunisia, written by Sgt. A. W. Acland, the Eighth Army photographer who was the first man to shake hands with the Yanks at the juncture on the Gabes-Gafsa Road. He was addressed by Sgt. Joseph Randall of the State Center, Iowa, in an affectionate tone: "Hello, you bloody limey."

By Sgt. A. W. ACLAND

ONE of the first things we noticed was the fresh complexion of most Americans. We've been baked and sun-dried so long that most of us look like Arabs.

Our army has gone through practically everything. Many times we've been rationed to a half a mug of water a day for weeks on end. And it's been salty at that so that the more you drink the more you want. For a long time we drank chlorinated water, or water repurified from wells poisoned with fish oil by the Ities.

On rare occasions when there was water to spare we'd strip in the boiling sun and pour dribbles very carefully over us from petrol tins.

Maybe because of the hard life we've been leading illness amongst the Eighth Army men is scarce. The only bother is sand sores. Nobody knows much about them, or where they come from, or how to cure them. Anyway they're damn painful. Usually you have to scrub them out with a brush, and salt them and dress them, and wait for them to heal. Sometimes it takes a couple of weeks.

One thing that continually amazes the Americans is our tea-brewing. But you know you seem just as fond of your coffee. Actually tea stimulates the nerves and peps up the men before battle.

We often used tea for shaving. Shaving is a strict order in the Eighth Army, and the men say that you get a better shave with tea. When you want a creamier lather, you use tea with milk.

We English will always thank you Yanks for the canned bacon in our rations. Our daily rations were almost unvaried, a dash of meat and vegetables, bully beef and biscuits—rarely bread —tea and dried fruits. For a change, the biscuits were occasionally broken up and watersoaked, fried, and served with marmalade or made into puddings with raisins. This is considered a great delicacy and much ceremony accompanies the eating of it.

On the way through Tripolitania to Tunisia we encountered quite a lot of little streams and frog-catching became popular. Frogs make excellent eating but nobody knew how to cook them. The streams provided our first good baths although we were doubtful at first about typhus. Then we decided if the water was good enough for frogs, it was good enough for us.

The infantryman is the toughest chap in the Eighth Army. More than once the infantry was responsible for pulling off attacks successfully, their initiative and guts opening holes for armor to go through. Sappers often go out under heavy shellfire to demolish enemy tanks on the battlefield so the enemy can't retrieve them.

Most of the infantry are from Lancashire and the Midlands, Australia, New Zealand, Rhodesia and South Africa. Then there are the Gurkas from Nepal—tiny men who'd rather use the knife than the rifle. On one occasion they were told to "duffy up," meaning wipe out, an Itie stronghold. Their sergeant came back and said the mission was completed—fifteen enemy killed and no shots fired.

Indians of all types and creed are magnificent fighters and consider it an honor to die on the battlefield.

You might want to know a little about the commander, General Montgomery. Most Eighth men call him Monty and all have great faith in him. He's always up at reveille for physical training. He's often seen in the forward areas with the tanks and frequently brews his tea with the men.

He's a typical Englishman in that he is reserved, but he always talks with them. The Eighth men think he's the greatest army leader ever. He stresses he'll never ask men to do anything that cannot be done easily. I think he believes that we can do anything easily, but we're proud of his confidence.

Many Eighth men are veterans of Dunkerque and some never returned home from Dunkerque but sailed to Egypt via Capetown to join the desert fighting.

Our men think and talk the same things as you fellows do—mostly what we did before th... and plans for afterward. If you came ... upon our men some quiet evening, ... them sitting alone, smoking or watchi... and thinking obviously of hom... families, just like you Yanks.

Desert living is not easy and it ... to make a success of it.

Now that we're joined up ... army, perhaps we ... of the rough spots.

It's a hard life ... stomach it.

Sgt. Brown, Sgt. Randall; both are smiling in the same language.

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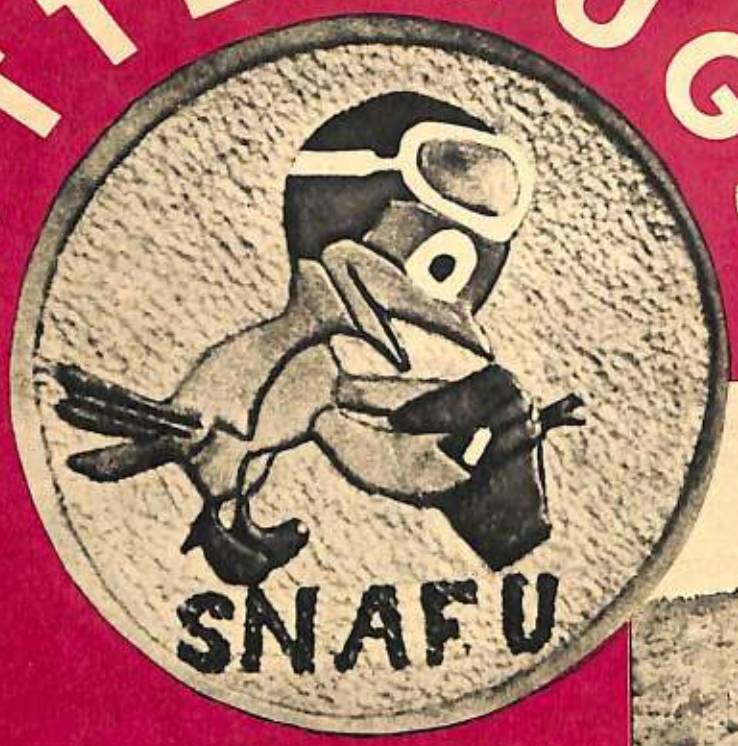
SHUTTERBUGS



That inscription means "Situation Normal—All Film Underexposed," the slogan of a tough GI photo outfit that takes pictures of Jap installations up in the cold Andreanof Islands

The Shutterbugs: Kneeling are Pfc. Richard Perry, T/Sgt. Robert L. Chamberlin and Cpl. Joseph E. Mecey. Standing: S/Sgt. John Potter, Sgt. Clifton B. Fowkes, Cpl. Francis Montalto, Pvt. Fletcher Franklin, Pfc. Carl Mackey and S/Sgt. Richard L. Hanks.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN AIR BASE IN THE ANDREANOFS—You can't tell the whole truth about the Shutterbugs, because if you did the Nips would know how much we know about them.

Already, out on Kiska and Attu, the Japs must be pop-eyed at the regularity and deadliness of Yank knock-out drops from this base. Chalk that up for the Shutterbugs—15 or more GI orphans who face death daily, armed only with a weapon as vicious looking as a pint-sized howitzer, loaded with a spool of celluloid.

On authority of the Intelligence officers who pore over each day's batch of [redacted] from the photo lab, a top-heavy percentage of the positive tactical information comes directly from the dark rooms of the aerial cameramen.

"[redacted]," says Capt. Lee W. Kilgore of Chickasha, Okla., [redacted] all action until he sees the proof."

To Maj. Gen. W. O. Butler, commanding the Air Forces operating in this theater, the proof is in the pictures.

They Are Celluloid Commandos

Without the work of the photographers, several hazardous landing operations would not have been attempted. For besides sticking their necks out to locate enemy troop installations, ordnance areas, communications and antiaircraft emplacements the Shutterbugs play the role of celluloid a sort of *corps* to bring back to headquarters a portrait of the island.

This organization is *class.* With a new Greengroin Pfc. [redacted] photos are autographed in blood. it would help to draw inal group of Aleutian camera- we of the inverted [redacted] their last negative.

Pfc. [redacted] are some of the most shot-at [redacted] Pacific. Take Sgt. Howard *Britain.* [redacted] flying pants has squatted [redacted] hours, and has after awhile. This is in answer to [redacted]ing ack-ack, as Tom Bishop's complaints about Ar[redacted] pilot in the Greengroin, Pfc., in your April 25[redacted]ted to break issue. As Bishop has enjoyed the novelt[redacted] home on the of belonging to our exalted rank for such [redacted]my. Instead a short time, I don't think he's adequately

DEAR SIRS:

I say *sirs,* because Pfc.s get that

he learned aerial photography. During one year in Alaska, Ole has been on 25 bombing attacks and a total of 70 combat, weather and reconnaissance missions over Kiska, Agattu and Attu. So far he hasn't even tried on a pair of skis.

Almost as many missions are under the galluses of S/Sgt. John Potter, a Belle Plain (Iowa) lad who didn't even have photography as a hobby before he joined the Army, three years ago.

It was a picture by Potter that suddenly shifted the attention of bombardiers back to Attu last autumn, after the Japs had supposedly evacuated this westernmost island in the Aleutians. Potter's snapshot from the sky showed a destroyer and a transport snuggled in the harbor. Today Attu remains a prickly way station on bomb runs.

A bomb-sight view of a Jap ship blazing in Kiska harbor emerged from the camera of T/Sgt. Robert L. Chamberlin of Los Angeles, who hadn't [redacted] anything more complicated than a Brownie before he hooked up with Uncle Sam. Chamberlin's picture was reproduced in YANK and in virtually every news publication in America. A detail that picture didn't show was the three [redacted] making a death swoop on the Flying Fortress in which he was riding.

All that Cpl. Joe Mecey knew about photography until he stepped into ODs in September 1940, was the price marked on the boxes of film he peddled over the counter in a Phoenix (Ariz.) drug store. Yet it was Cpl. Joe who brought back a spectacular photographic record of a crack-up of a B-24 that couldn't make it back to its base after a mission to Kiska. For 11 hours the Liberator cruised the soup until the gas began to sputter out, then crash landed on the first hump pushing out of the Bering Sea. Joe's scalp was laid open in the smash, but he kept his camera in action. Three days later he shot a complete picture story of the rescue by a Navy flying boat.

Pfc. Carl Mackey, a farmer boy from Joliet, Mont., sometimes wishes he were back behind the plow again. Like the day the B-24 he was shooting from plowed furrows in the clouds for eight hours over Attu in a strange, deadly game of cat and mouse. A few thousand feet below, a Jap ship was trying to sneak out of Attu harbor. Every time the vessel headed for open sea, the B-24 would circle back threateningly, and the boat would duck back toward shoreline. What the Jap skipper didn't know was that the Liberator itself was harmless. She had already laid her basket of eggs. The pilot, however, had radioed the ship's position, and at last, after eight hours of tedious circling, a flight of medium bombers and pursuit planes skimmed over the horizon, dived low and finished off the boat.

Closest call for S/Sgt. Richard L. ("Nancy") Hanks of North Hollywood, Calif., almost spoiled his Christmas when, a week before the holiday, a blast of antiaircraft fire punctured the wings of his ship 2,300 feet over Kiska.

Sgt. Clifton B. ("Scotty") Fowkes, former Los Angeles airplane mechanic, only caught his heart in his teeth once. That was on his 13th mission on Feb. 13 and his first zoom over Kiska in a B-25.

"That damn plane drops over the target so fast you're left in a world all your own with nothing to hang on to," said Scotty. "I was suspended in mid-air in the cabin, just like one of those Disney characters who walks over the edge of a cliff and hikes eight or 10 steps before he discovers it."

Pfc. Richard Perry, a Berkeley (Calif.) printer, arrived in Alaska seven months ago, and has already logged 19 combat missions. Newest of the

Sgt. Howard S. Dahl is one of the most shot-at guys in the North Pacific. In one year, Dahl has been on 25 bombing missions.

...terbug crew is Pvt. H. F. ("Zoot Suit") Prengast, a Baltimore retail food salesman.

...ve of the Shutterbugs who made their living ...nd the lens before the war are W/O Herbert ... Spees of Fulton, Ky., for more than a dozen ...rs instructor in Army photographic schools; ... John Beulick, Bell & Howell production man ...m Chicago; Pvt. Fletcher ("Flash") Franklin, ...ringfield (Mo.) press cameraman; Pvt. R. G. ("Shorty") Tourville, Detroit photoengraver; and ... Francis ("Monty") Montalto, who operated ... studio in Brooklyn. Monty is a veteran of the ...rliest days of North Pacific warfare.

One yarn of life-and-death resourcefulness is ...ld by W/O Spees. It happened one day last ...August when his ship was returning to base from ...a 25,000-foot photo mission over Attu. The engi...eer threw the switch to draw fuel from the re...serve tank. Something was amiss. The electrical ...pumping mechanism blew a fuse.

...The guys began to sweat a little while the last ...spare fuse was installed. It blew too. By the time ...the short circuit causing the trouble was located, ...no fuses were left.

Everyone was peering down at the freezing ...water and bracing himself to hit the silk. Then ...inspiration came. "How about it?" One of the ...crew members said to the pilot. "Will you sacri...fice your rank to save your life?" The officer ...doffed his silver bar. A crude fuse was fash...ioned. The pump snapped to life, and the plane ...landed safely an hour later with gasoline to burn.

...ssions Total More Than 350

...To date tallied, the Shutterbugs have participated ...in more than 350 missions of all types over enemy ...territory. Approximately one-third of these have ...been low-level assaults with specific targets as...signed for both bomb and camera.

...It isn't as tough now as it was at first. Time ...was they'd pile out of the planes after an all-day ...mission, then roll up their sleeves and work in ...the darkroom all night, providing the dozens of ...sets of prints necessary for all the Intelligence ...officers. The only sleep they got was in the plane ...during the hours before they were alerted upon ...reaching the target. Now they are aided by ...a crew of five: S/Sgt. Barney Havens, Sgt. ...Leeson, Cpls. James Polis and Sherman ...Yager, and Pfc. Roman Schoop.

...At every GI gathering there's bound to be a ...discussion." Among the Shutterbugs, it's the meat ...ration from Fort Dodge, Iowa, Sgt. John S. ...Peterson, known in the lab as "Deck Level." For ...some time the fellows ribbed Peterson for what ...they told him was an unnecessary pious view ...of life behind an aerial camera. One night Monty ...Montalto was trying to find his way over the hill ...to the latrine in the darkness without his flash...light. He heard a voice mumbling. He didn't mean ...to eavesdrop, but he couldn't help recognizing ...Peterson's voice. There, a few yards away, was ..."Deck Level" kneeling in prayer. And his prayer ...went something like this: "And please, God, ar...range for Franklin and Monty and Potter to ...get it back okay tomorrow, will you, God?"

...Since that night the boys haven't been kidding ..."Deck Level."

...For their insignia the Shutterbugs have settled ...on that quizzical bird, Snafu, peering through an ...aerial camera. To the Shutterbugs, Snafu means ...SITUATION NORMAL ALL FILM UNDEREXPOSED."

...That, however, it is not the whole truth. That ...won't come out until the day Yank troops take ...Attu or Kiska. When that day arives, the spearhead ...troops will know how to march directly to the ...Nip dugout which houses the Nipponese com...mander's headquarters. They'll know where to place ...their grenades and artillery fire to demolish ...the submarine base and all the communication ...facilities. They'll go kind of easy on the hut they ...suppose to be the *shucho*—the Nips' PX.

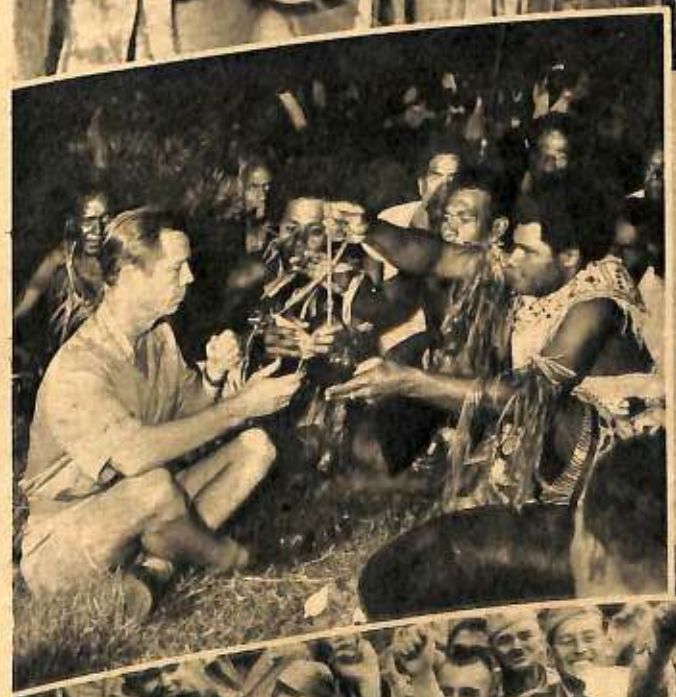
...And if it won't be because of all film underex-

In Next Week's YANK . . .

COAST GUARD ISSUE

YANK turns its pages over to a branch of the service that does a tough job and gets ... return.

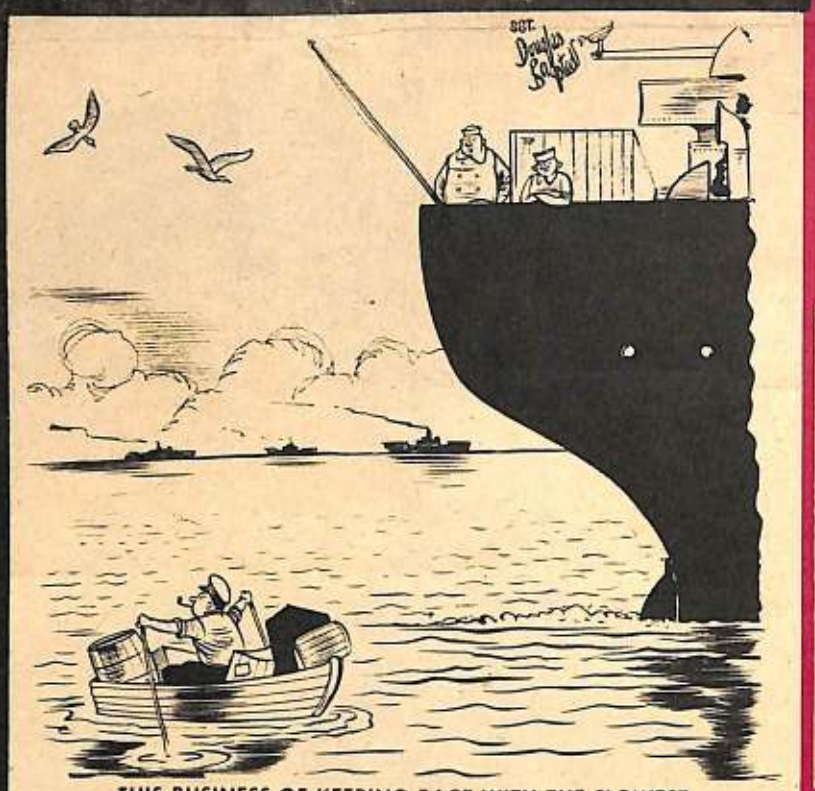
Joe E. Brown, Traveling Showman



THE big-mouthed movie actor, Joe E. Brown, has been entertaining troops all over the Pacific war zones for the last few months. Here are three shots of Joe during his tour. Above, on the Fiji Islands, he seems to have found the local Joe E. Brown. At left, he witnesses a native Fiji ceremony reserved only for the most honored visitors. Below, you see Joe in Australia where he's being given a ride after making a hit with the Yanks.

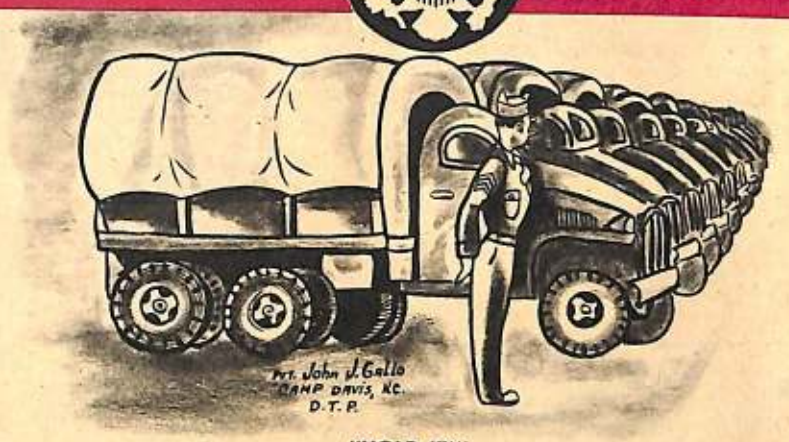
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



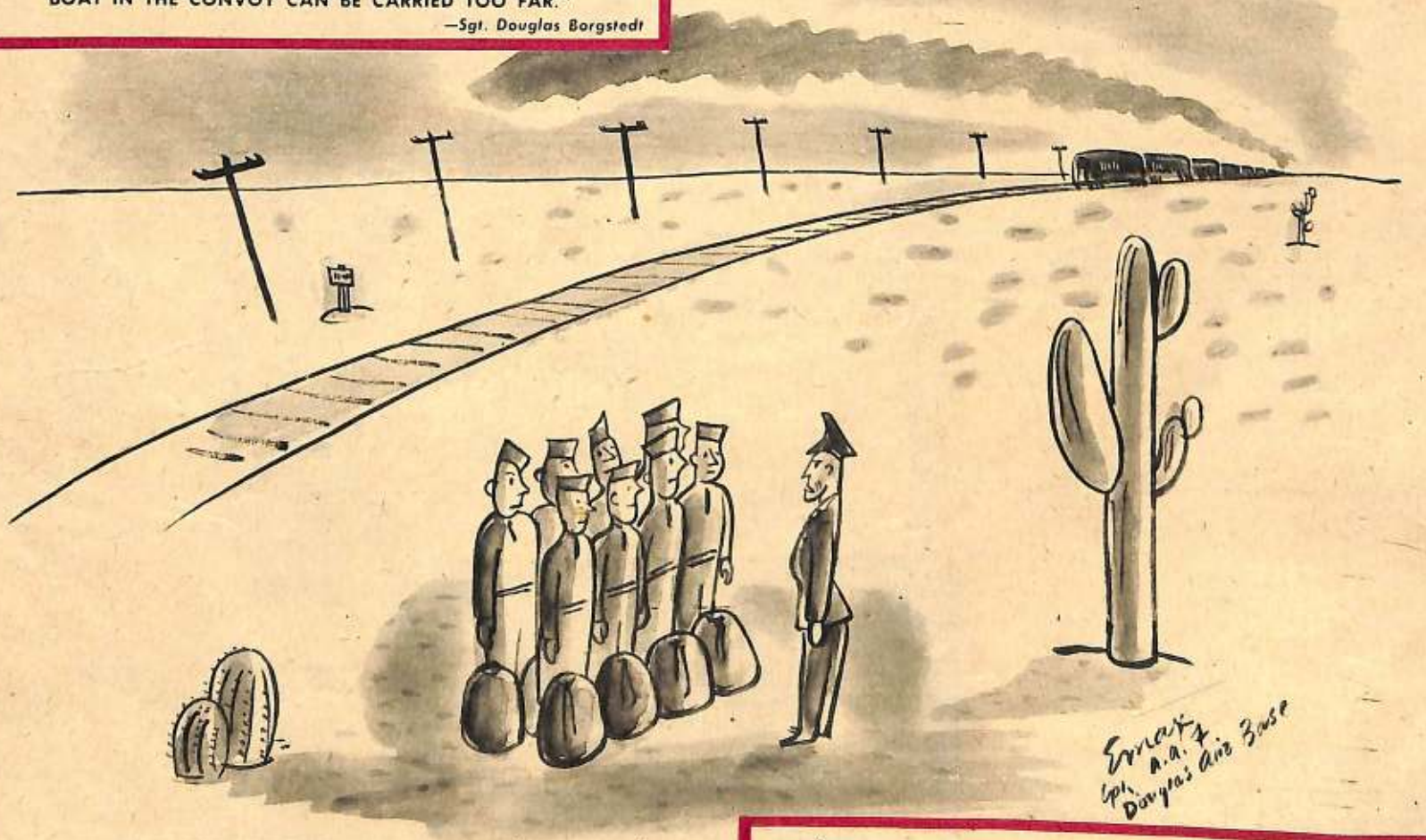
THIS BUSINESS OF KEEPING PACE WITH THE SLOWEST BOAT IN THE CONVOY CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR."

—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



"HOLD IT!"

—Pvt. John J. Gallo, Camp Davis, N. C.



"FALL OUT, BUT DON'T LEAVE THE AREA."

Cpl. E. Maxwell, Douglas (Ariz.) Army Air Base

...e the Shutterb...

This orga... to bring ... a sort of *corp...ire* islan... *class.* With a n... photos ... Greengroin Pfc. ... it would help to dr...ginal grou... we of the inverted ...d their last nega... Pfc. are some of th... Pacific. Tak... flying pant...

Britain.

DEAR SIRS:

I say *sirs*, because Pfc.s get that ho... after awhile. This is in answer to ...ing... Tom Bishop's complaints about Ar... Greengroin, Pfc., in your April 25t... issue. As Bishop has enjoyed the novelt... ho... of belonging to our exalted rank for such ...m... a short time, I don't think he's adequately

"KEN UP WELDING"

NEW GUINEA RAINY SEASON. "THE ALL CLEAR JUST SOUNDED, JACKSON. COME ON OUT OF THAT SLIT TRENCH."

—Pvt. Tom Creem, New Guinea