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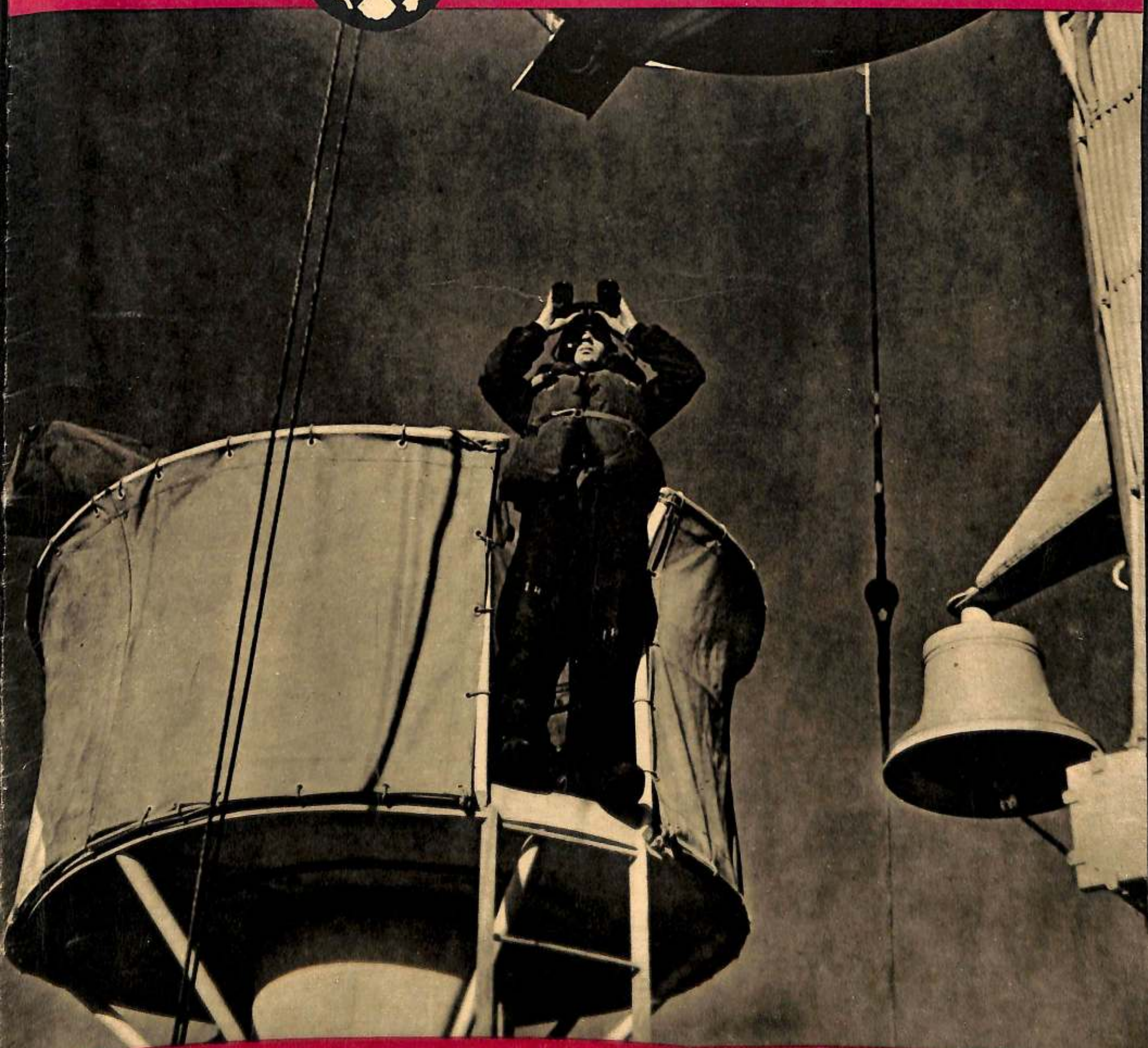
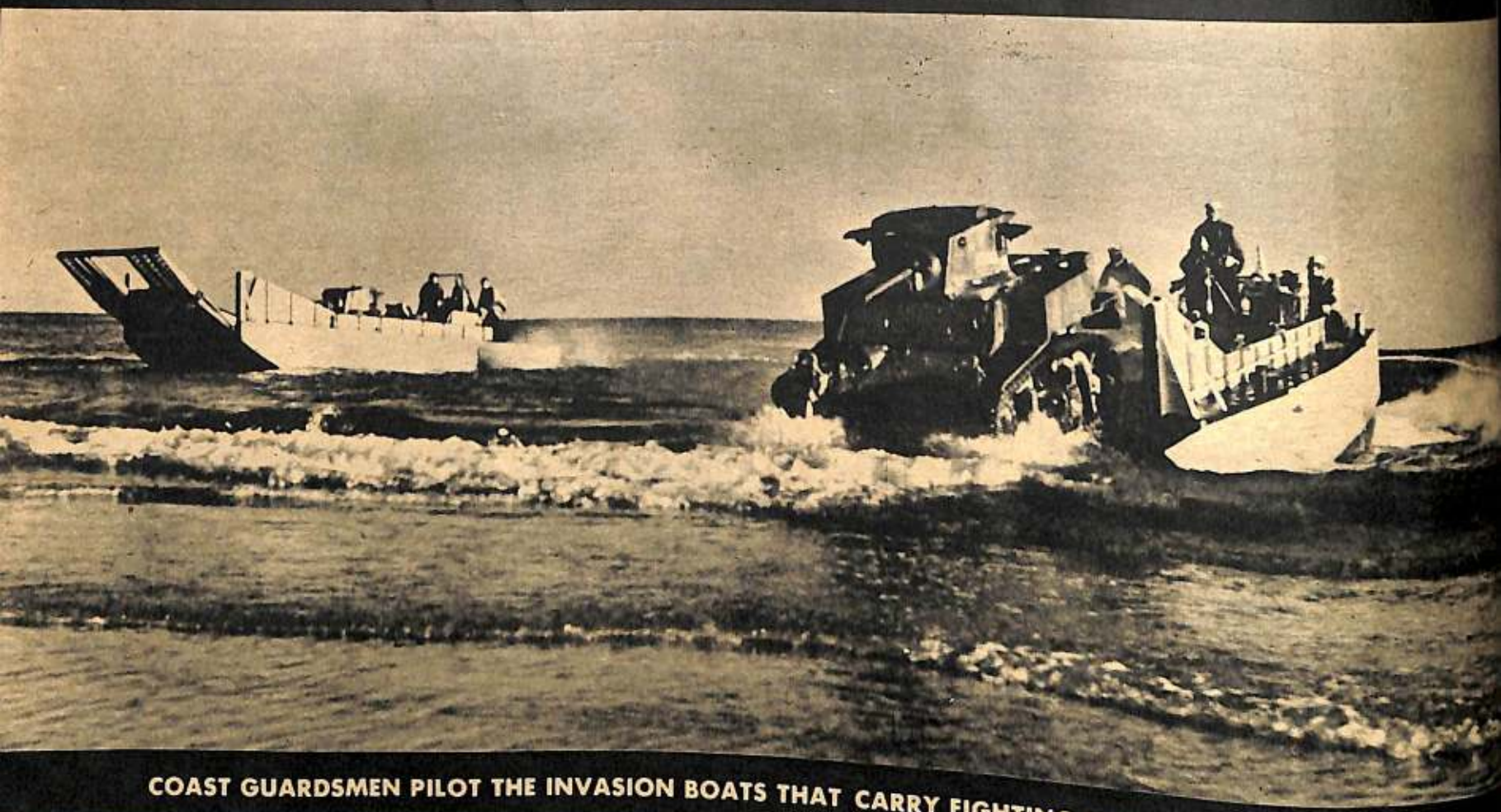
By the men . . for the men in the service



COAST GUARD ISSUE



COAST GUARDSMEN PILOT THE INVASION BOATS THAT CARRY FIGHTING MEN AND MACHINES

Maybe you think the Coast Guard is given only to Geodetic Surveys, but when you finally go into action in one of those seagoing coal barges, it might change your mind somewhat, maybe

The Invaders

By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

GUADALCANAL and North Africa, the two big offensives launched by American Expeditionary Forces since Pearl Harbor, were landing operations depending almost entirely on the successful navigation of small troop-filled invasion boats through strange tides and currents to dangerous enemy shores. The Army and Navy entrusted the work of landing most of these invasion boats to the U. S. Coast Guard, and that's why men like Louis Birch are holding down some of the most important jobs in this war.

Birch is a chief petty officer in the Coast Guard Invaders, the highly-trained specialists whose job it is to set invading American forces down on enemy beaches. He was the engineer of a 36-foot Higgins boat in the first wave of the successful landing of the Marines at Tulagi in the Solomons, an operation carried out simultaneously with the one at Guadalcanal.

U. S. Navy ships began shelling the beach at Tulagi when Birch and the other Invaders started their boats toward the shore. Five-inch shells skimmed low over the heads of the men all the way in. When they were about 500 yards from the beach, the Japs opened fire on them. Then the Marine machine gunners in the first wave fired back, and there was hell to pay.

Suddenly the firing from the shore stopped. Birch, standing behind his engine, thought the Japs were waiting until the boats struck the beach—big targets to be riddled at will.

But when the boats scraped on the sand and the marines jumped out into the surf, the Japs opened up on one of the U. S. destroyers firing from sea. Birch thought the Japs were crazy to ignore the landing party like that but he was certainly relieved. Then, while the Jap batteries continued to slug it out with the destroyer, more waves of assault boats hit the beach safely, and that was that.

"It was a fine beginning of a successful invasion," Birch says. "But it was tough because of that fire in front of us all the way in. Give me a sneak landing any day. They're cleaner and have more suspense. Then you can really concentrate on the boatwork as you go in."

Birch took part in a sneak landing near Tasimoko village on Guadalcanal, shortly after Tulagi. Tasimoko was a Jap stronghold—a pain in the neck for the marines at Henderson Field.

When general quarters sounded on board ship for the Tasimoko landing, Birch was catching a nap in his boat after a night of preparation. Quickly he began the last-minute jobs of storing ammunition, checking his motor, oil, fuel and bilge pumps, and making his emergency tiller ready in case the regular one was shot up.

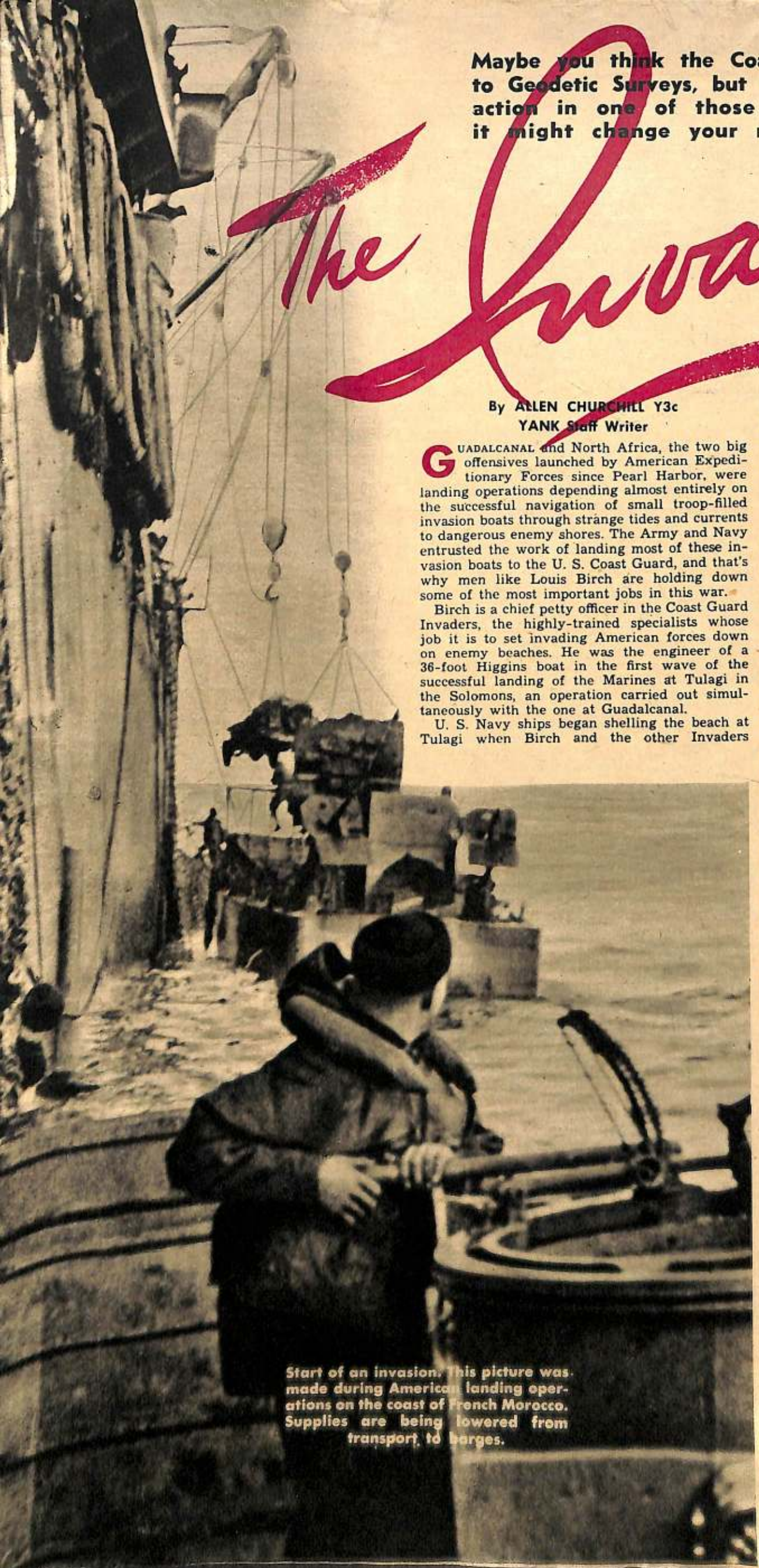
A half hour later, the Higgins boats were lowered down the side of the ship to the level of the deck. The marines climbed in, packing themselves "under-cover", and the boats were lowered to the water. No accidents, no talking by the men; only the gurgle of the engines could be heard as the boats moved toward shore.

The landing was perfect. Birch hit the beach so gently that his boat rolled back languidly with the receding wave. The moment its bottom touched, Birch, in the center of the boat, and his coxswain at the steering post in the rear, automatically muttered, "All right—out."

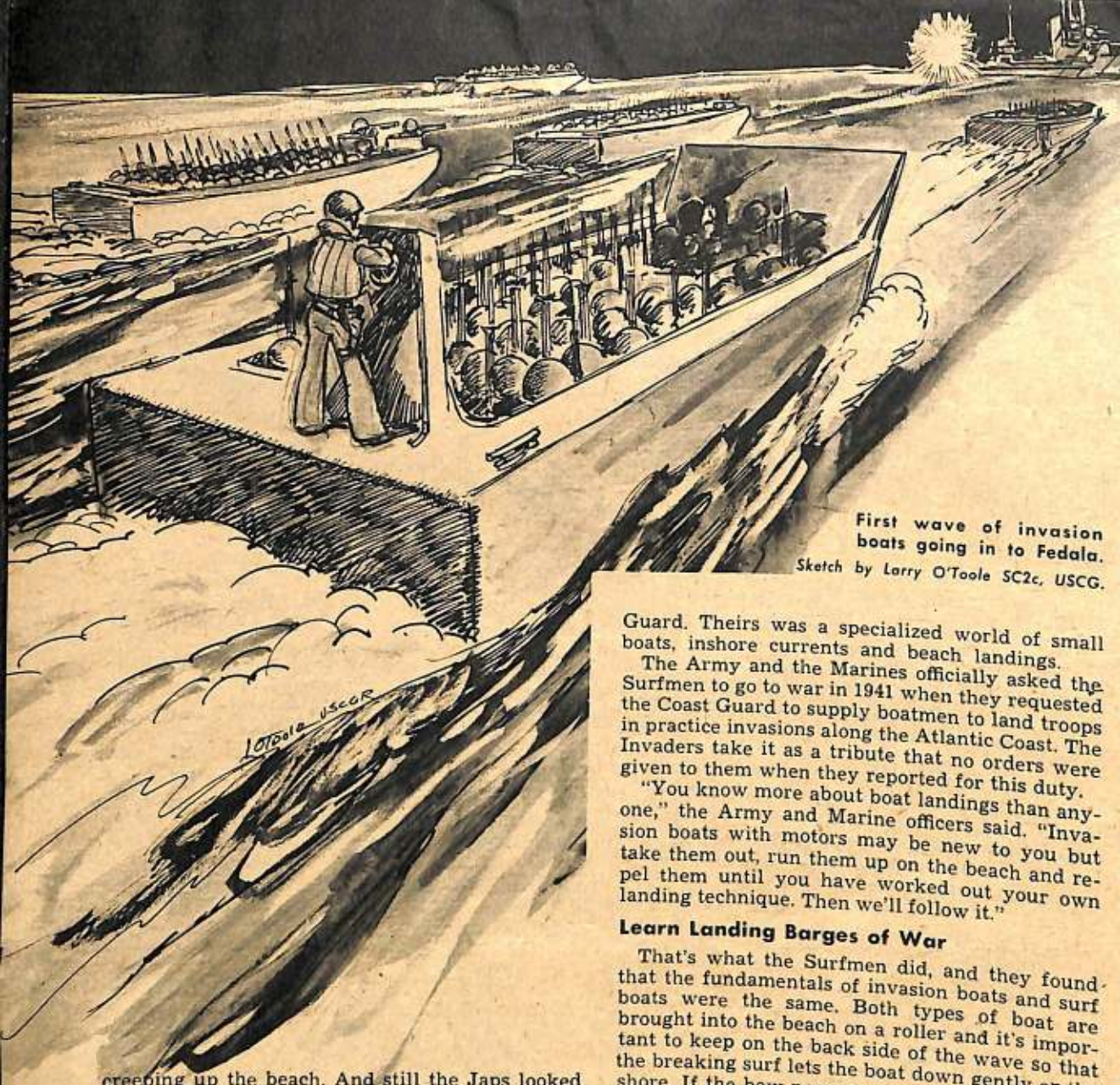
The marines straightened up, adjusted their helmets and rifles, and began their catlike jumps over the side. Dawn was just breaking.

Whenever his boat is beached, the Coast Guard Invader uses all his skill to keep it from broaching. He fights to keep currents from pushing the boat around broadside to the beach, which would present it as a target almost impossible to miss. And, at the same time, he tries to keep his propeller in deep water so he can get out of there quickly if things take a turn for the worse. As the marines formed platoons on the beach, Birch and his cox struggled to keep their boat clear in the surf.

A few feet down the beach another boat got loose and broached. Birch alternated between wondering how it would get off and watching the marines begin their advance toward the jungle. In the back of his mind he counted the seconds until the first Jap shot. There were Jap guns at either end of the beach, partly hidden by the jungle, and the crews sat around, not sleeping, but watching the skies whenever they bothered to watch anything. The landing barges had sneaked in and were now sneaking out. The marines were



Start of an invasion. This picture was made during American landing operations on the coast of French Morocco. Supplies are being lowered from transport to barges.



First wave of invasion boats going in to Fedala.
Sketch by Larry O'Toole SC2c, USCG.

creeping up the beach. And still the Japs looked up at the sky.

This made it difficult to work the broached boat around. It couldn't be hauled off by another boat; that would make noise. An engineer, Birch thought of a solution. He put four men on the stern of the broached boat, pushing the exhaust down. A "wet" exhaust meant more engine power. The engine pulled, the boat strained and came off.

The Invaders headed their boats back, this time to a fleet of YP boats bringing more marines from Henderson. Looking over his shoulder at the shore, Birch saw the marines advancing along the beach line and the tracer bullets from the Jap guns, which finally had come to life. The serious work of landing had begun. From now on everything was at top speed.

Men and supplies were landed all through the day. The marines from the YP boats were carried about a mile south of the sneak-landing scene. Supplies and ammunition were raced in. Then the Invaders hooked on to their transport and went back to Henderson for still more marines. This time they landed them directly in front of the village and dashed offshore while the guns from the ship shot up the town. Then the three waves of marines attacked.

Were Surfmen Before the War

After the operation, reloading came hard. The marines were worn out. Many carried extra equipment taken from the Japs. Some were wounded. Everything about the reloading was slow and hazy. There is no excitement about going home.

The split-second accuracy in the handling of invasion boats and the expert knowledge of surf tides and currents that Birch and other Invaders need to make a landing operation successful isn't the result of a 90-day training course taken since Pearl Harbor. The Invaders are veterans of the art of small-boat navigation. Most of them were Coast Guard Surfmen before the war.

According to the books, a Surfman ought to be "born on the beachfront and weaned on salt spray with the sharp smell of marsh mud in his nostrils." Most of them enlisted on the very beaches where they had grown up and stayed on there as boatswains and chief boatswain's mates, wearing the uniform of the life-saving branch of the Coast Guard. Theirs was a specialized world of small boats, inshore currents and beach landings.

The Army and the Marines officially asked the Surfmen to go to war in 1941 when they requested the Coast Guard to supply boatmen to land troops in practice invasions along the Atlantic Coast. The Invaders take it as a tribute that no orders were given to them when they reported for this duty.

"You know more about boat landings than anyone," the Army and Marine officers said. "Invasion boats with motors may be new to you but take them out, run them up on the beach and repel them until you have worked out your own landing technique. Then we'll follow it."

Learn Landing Barges of War

That's what the Surfmen did, and they found that the fundamentals of invasion boats and surf boats were the same. Both types of boat are brought into the beach on a roller and it's important to keep on the back side of the wave so that the breaking surf lets the boat down gently on the shore. If the bow noses over and starts down the front side of the wave, it's liable to slip sideways and capsize or, what's worse, turn end over end.

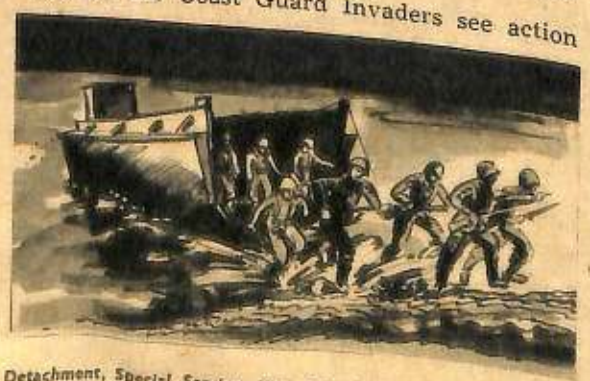
By the time the Surfmen became Invaders, they knew the landing barges of war as well as the life boats they had left on the beaches back home. They also began to train Army, Navy and Marine invasion-boat operators who share their work today in the South Pacific and North Africa.

Louis Birch is only 22 years old, but he is a veteran Surfman, one of the first to change over to the Invaders. He was born at Chincoteague, Va., an island near Cape Hatteras so remote that wild horses roam its sand dunes. When he became an Invader, Birch worked out his landing technique with the Marines at Solomon Island in Maryland. Then he went to the Higgins school in New Orleans to study tank lighters, ramp boats for jeeps and personnel boats and graduated with second honors in his class. He was assigned to a Marine transport as a trainer of Marine boatmen and as an Invader-engineer in his own right.

Birch knew an invasion was coming when his transport was ordered last summer to an island in the South Pacific, surrounded by coral reefs and currents similar to those at the Solomons. There his outfit began an endless series of dummy runs, first without Naval support so that the crews and landing parties could concentrate on landing technique, and then under gunfire and air support to accustom the men to forcing a beach head in the midst of a bombardment.

"When we were through, we knew as much about landing in the Pacific as we did about landing in the Atlantic," says Birch.

Not all the Coast Guard Invaders see action from a small boat with shells whistling over their heads, as Birch did at Tulagi. Harry E. Meekins, for instance, sweated out the invasion of Fedala, near Casablanca in North Africa, on the deck of a transport six or eight miles off the coast. He had the job of senior deck petty officer, which is, in its way, as tough as landing an invasion boat under fire. Meekins had to see to it that all the invasion boats on his transport got into the water safely with their loads of troops. That is no picnic.



An engineer of a Higgins boat like Birch doesn't get a general picture of an invasion as clearly as a deck petty officer like Meekins. Meekins trained with the Army as cox on a tank lighter before his transport headed for North Africa last October. On the way across the ocean, his boat crews spent their time studying hundreds of photographs of the Casablanca coast, clay mosaics of the beaches, charts of the North Africa shores, surfs and currents.

Off Fedala on the night of Nov. 7, without a light showing in the blacked-out convoy, Meekins started his boats over the side. They circled while the landing nets were lowered and then came alongside in fours and fives to let the soldiers in full combat equipment clamber down the nets into the boats below. Then they rendezvoused and started off toward the shore. Each coxswain had detailed instructions about the courses and speeds to be observed.

Meekins felt strange standing on the deck and watching his men take their boats against the unfamiliar and untested shore. But he knew that everybody could not be in the first assault wave of this invasion. He knew, too, that his job of loading was just as important as the job of landing. Loading doesn't stop when the soldiers leave the ship. It just begins. When the first wave gains a foothold on the beach, the Invaders tackle the task of carrying in tanks, jeeps, ammunition, food, ambulances and all the other innumerable kinds of equipment needed by troops in strange hostile territory, 4,000 miles from home.

But Meekins couldn't get on with his work until the first assault wave took the beach. There wasn't anything for him to do except wait for the first visible sign that the invasion was proceeding as planned—the flash of a giant searchlight at the battery of French 138-mm guns stationed along the shore. The French would have to turn on that light in order to fire at the landing Americans.

After the first wave headed for the beach, the minutes dragged by slowly back on the transport. Meekins and the others who were left behind leaned on the rail, peering into the darkness trying to guess what was happening. Then somebody yelled, "There she goes!" and the brilliant beam of the light flashed on the beach.

Immediately the U. S. destroyers and landing boats opened fire, the first few shots knocking the searchlight into darkness.

Trip After Trip Made Under Fire

When morning came, all but one of the machine-gun nests were wiped out and the Americans got that last one early in the afternoon. Firing continued from the hills behind the beach, though, and endless strafing from the air gave the Invaders something besides rocks and surf to worry about. But by that time, Meekins didn't have a chance to sit and wonder about the battle.

His Invaders had started the work of carrying food, ammunition and supplies ashore, and bringing wounded back to the ship. They made steady relays of round trips from ship to shore for the next 50 hours without a break, stopping only when their boats were shot from under them. Then they took the places in other boats left vacant by men who were killed and wounded. The surf rose up high and treacherous, and boats were lost. But the troops were pressing inland and the Invader boats had to keep the supplies moving behind them.

"I think the experience and training of the Coast Guard Invaders was an important thing in that landing at Fedala," says Meekins. "It was lucky that most of us were Surfmen from stations along the beaches at home where we learned how to handle boats in all kinds of weather."

Those years of training in the peacetime Coast Guard stations on the sand dunes of California, the rocks of Maine and the beaches of the Carolinas have paid off, with interest, in the Solomons and Africa during the past year. And there will be more payments soon on other shores.

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Talker. Fire Control

BATTLE STATIONS means gun crews standing tense for the order to open fire. Range is phoned from the fire-control tower.

Three-Incher

The Cruise of the CAMPBELL

If you're a quick man on the tiller and want to save a little ammo, you can sink a sub the same way Coast Guard cutter "Campbell" did. Method: run into the damned thing

THE submarine was 25 feet away when the *Campbell* surprised it. Surfaced, with men on the deck, it made a strange, glinting but unmistakable bulk in the dark, moving through icy waters off the cutter's prow.

The sub seemed to pause for a second when it spotted the *Campbell*. Then it began to maneuver frantically.

"Right full rudder," a *Campbell* officer shouted, and the cutter swung, steering a collision course to ram the Nazi.

Forward guns began firing as the thin pencil of searchlight from the *Campbell* found the sub for a moment. A few of the German crew stood transfixed on the deck, looking in their terror as though they had turned to superstructure.

This was the sixth submarine the U. S. Coast Guard cutter *Campbell* had engaged in a 12-hour running fight. It was the twelfth time the men had raced to battle stations in the course of a day and a night. But this time the sub was closer than any of the other five had been, and the men pried open their ready boxes, feeling as excited as a football team a yard from the winning touchdown.

One of the ships guarding a trans-Atlantic convoy, the *Campbell* had been ordered out the day before to look for submarines. Nazi subs travel in packs today—wolf packs, they are called, as vicious an improvement in sea warfare as the Nazi has been able to devise.

The *Campbell*, 2,000 tons, 327 feet, and neither as fast nor as heavily armed as a destroyer, found herself in the midst of just such a wolf pack.

After leaving her convoy the *Campbell* had scoured the sea for 25 miles. No contact.

That night the *Campbell* turned back toward the convoy.

Speeding through a wallowing sea, officers on

These pictures are from motion-picture film taken aboard the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter "Campbell," by George C. Twambly, CPM, USCG.

SEXTANT takes noon sight.

WATCH from every section of the ship is the unceasing order of the day for cutters on convoy guard duty.

General Quarters.

the bridge spied a submarine surfaced in the distance. General quarters sounded aboard and the men raced to battle stations as the cutter wheeled toward the sub. But the enemy, too, was on the alert. The straining eyes of the *Campbell* crew saw it submerge before the cutter got close enough to fire. All the Coast Guard men could do was drop a pattern of depth charges over the spot where the sub had been.

No Time to Celebrate Victories

In these times the job of guarding a convoy does not permit waiting around for wreckage to be thrown up by depth charges. As the ashcans sent geysers thundering into the air, the *Campbell* was already headed in the direction of her convoy. The men could only strain their eyes back to the churning water, looking for slicks or wreckage.

Shortly after this the *Campbell* radio picked up a call for help from a Canadian corvette which had engaged another sub. Again the crew stood tense at battle stations as the cutter dashed toward the submarine. Again the sub disappeared before the *Campbell* got within range.

Next morning the *Campbell* was proceeding on course when a periscope rose up ahead and snapped down instantly when it saw the ship. Once more the depth charges thundered down when the cutter reached the spot.

It was plain now that the wolf pack was all around. The law of averages indicated there were 20 or 30 submarines after the convoy.

Through the day the *Campbell* set its course for the convoy. At night she had almost caught up when a fourth submarine was seen diving desperately to get away. The *Campbell* pounded the area with ashcans.

Then, almost before the ship was back to normal, a fifth sub did the familiar and heartbreaking disappearing act.

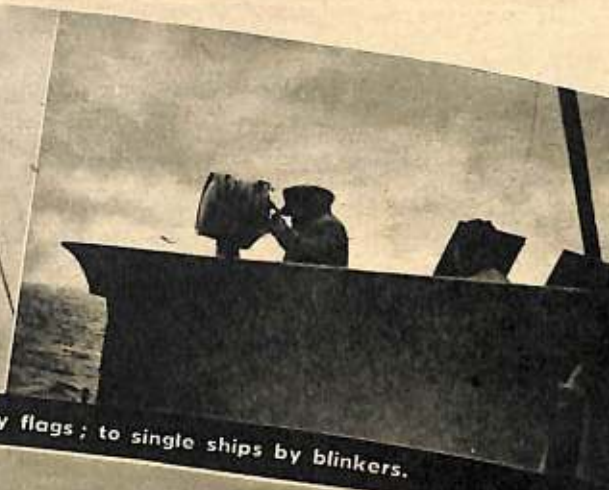
Because she could not wait around to pick up evidence, the *Campbell* does not claim any of these subs. Men aboard, however, reason this way: "We attacked them on the surface and dropped depth bombs. We have no concrete evidence that the first three were destroyed, but we can't see how the hell two escaped. We saw an oil slick after at least one had gone."

Whatever the score, by this time the pent-up

AIRCRAFT ATTACK signal is this black flag. Attacked, the antiaircraft guns go into action.

GUNNER'S dream is to

THE CONVOY too must be watched endlessly. Stragglers get lost.



SIGNALING to convoy is done by flags; to single ships by blinkers.

emotion and frustration of the men aboard the *Campbell* would have set off a few depth charges of its own. They had spotted five submarines and seen them escape. Now came the sixth—and this one was only 25 feet away.

The gun crews started to fire at once. As they did they gave yips of excitement, like cowboys in a rodeo, and the crew backed them up with shouts of encouragement wrenched out of their throats by the crisis of a lifetime coming on top of the suspense of the past 12 hours.

At one point a terrific voice rose above the racket. "Blow the bastards' b - - - - off," it ordered and then was heard no more.

Still trying to maneuver out of the way, the sub crossed the *Campbell's* bow and was off starboard, churning water as she still tried frantically to get out of the way. But the *Campbell* kept to her collision course, forward deck guns and armament blazing, her crew yelling like Comanches. A few seconds and the sub was so close under the bows that the forward guns could not find it.

Because of the sub's maneuvers, the *Campbell* struck a glancing, sideswiping blow. Even above their yells the crew could hear the sharp cutting sound as the bow knifed through the thin skin of the enemy craft. Then came a grinding as the gashed submarine drifted away from the contact, leaving the great rip in its side open to the sea.

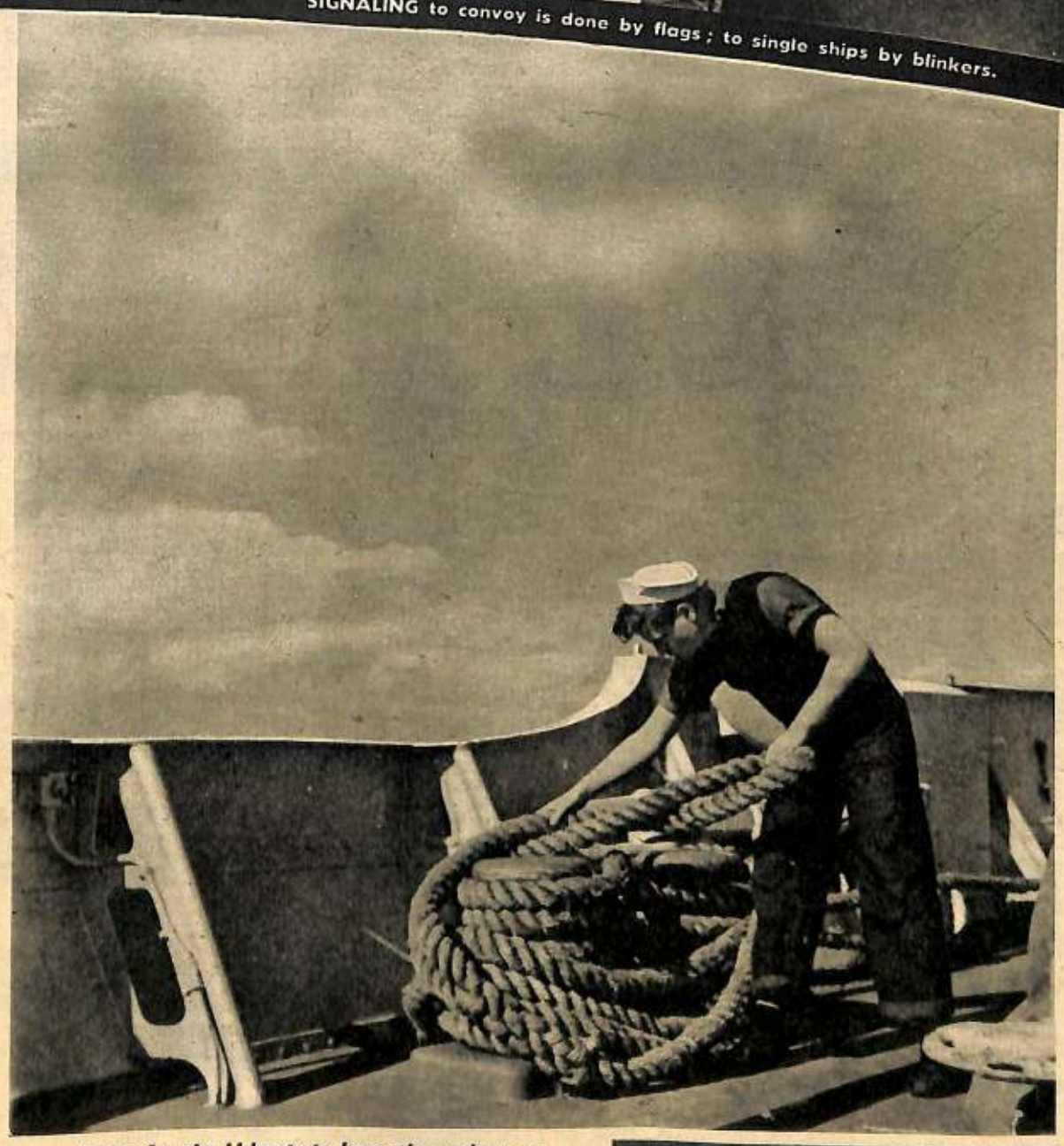
Death at Point Blank Range

Sliding through the dark past the stricken sub the *Campbell* crew saw the huge conning tower and heavy armaments of the enemy. Then the rear gunners came into range. Theirs was the kill, at point-blank range, and their tracer bullets made plumes of fire as they plunged into the hull and superstructures of the enemy.

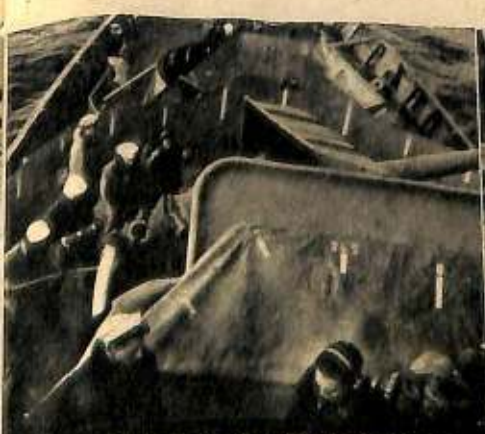
"We peppered his deck and his conning tower and blew holes in him," one man aboard recalls with satisfaction.

Firing furiously from all rear guns the *Campbell* slid on by. The sub had had no opportunity to put up a fight. Now she started to go down by the tail, her only requiem the ear-splitting sound of the *Campbell's* guns and the jubilant shouts of the crew.

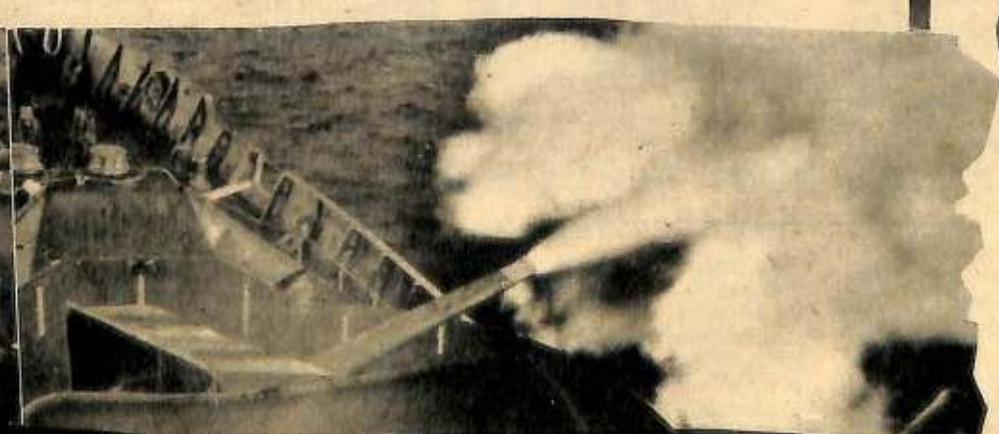
. . . From sighting to sinking, the action took two minutes. . . .



Rope for the U-boats to hang themselves on.



sub surfaced, as the "Campbell" did.

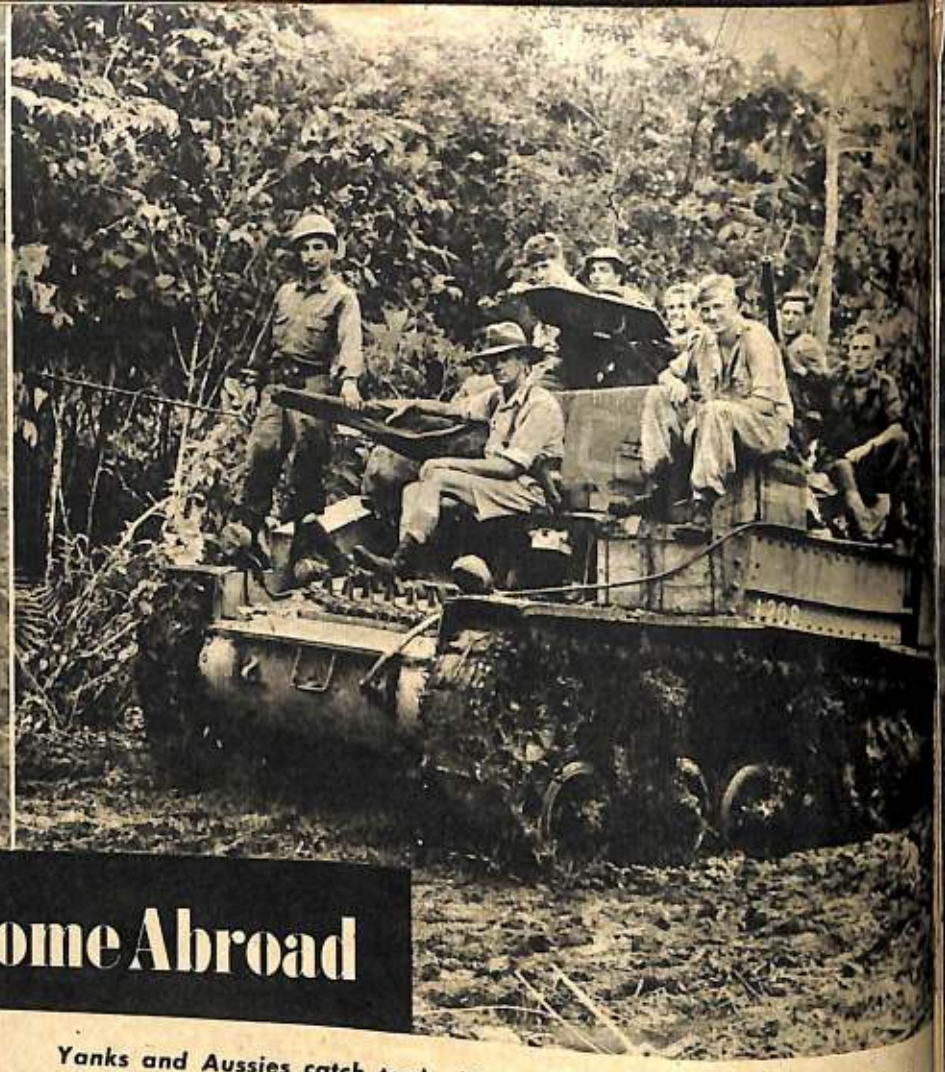


Orders are to shoot and ram—sink at any cost. THE BIG GUNS thunder out.

Chief Signalman

The sketches on these pages are by Hunter Wood, CBM, USCGR, and John L. Floherty, Jr., CS, USCG.

U. S. Flying Forts start back after blasting U-Boat base at Lorient, France.



Yanks and Aussies catch tank ride through mild New Guinea muck

Yanks at Home Abroad

They've Got No Beer in Fiji And the Gals Never Heard of Sarong

SOMEWHERE IN FIJI—Fiji is one of the wettest spots on earth. The annual rainfall could be measured in yards, as it usually runs from 10 to 12 feet for the year.

It has rained as much as 30 inches in a night here, perhaps a world's record.

For those Yanks who can get to Suva, Fiji's capital and largest town, things aren't so bad. The port city has a population of around 15,000, mostly natives, half-castes and Indians, with a few Chinese. English, Australians and New Zealanders comprise a small percentage of the populace.

Gin and rum are always on sale and Scotch whisky can be had at infrequent intervals. Beer is a rarity among beverages, however, and a cold bottle of American brew is priceless.

A ship unloaded some cases at Suva for a detachment of sailors stationed there. As soon as the word got around, soldiers were bidding wildly for the stuff. One lieutenant offered a gob $24 for a case of suds—and the sailor turned him down without batting an eye.

The native drink, *kava*, a musty-tasting beverage quaffed by Fijians for years, has been tried by thirsty Yanks—with varying effects. Most of those who have managed to keep it down report that something resembling paralysis usually sets in, beginning with the ankles and working up.

Fiji women are much like other native females of South Pacific Islands. There definitely is no resemblance to the sarong-clad beauties Hollywood has led us to believe abound hereabouts.

The Fiji girls are black, and Fiji rain, wind and sun have played havoc with their tresses. They have plenty of hair and it all stands straight up off their heads. They like color, too, but the imaginative Fijians don't confine their hair dyes to conservative reds and browns. They prefer orange and purple.

For attire the Fiji girl drops a white cotton sack over her head and wraps herself in a red polka-dot skirt that touches the ground.

The native men also sport the bushy hair and all have Charles Atlas physiques.

The Fijians are a friendly, smiling people and are eager to help the Yanks in the war effort. Many are employed on various Army construction jobs.

Just a few decades ago, however, their ancestors terrorized the South Pacific with their cannibalism. Times have changed.

—Cpl. WILLIAM F. HAWORTH
YANK Staff Correspondent

2d Lt. Marjorie Dick of Travers City, Mich.

Nurses Want Flat GI Helmets; They'd Be Lots Easier to Bathe In

IN THE FIELD WITH THE PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND—The nurses here are equipped with GI helmets. They take the helmets and fill them full of water. They set them on the galley stove until the water boils. Then each takes a helmet full of hot water back to quarters and has a good bath.

Even the doggies in tents have life a little easier than this. The reason the nurses have to put up with such catch-as-catch-can cleanliness is because they live on a boat.

Many a week they sailed on their way to Iran and their new Army home. And when they found that home, it was a large, two-story hospital barge—labelled houseboat to ease the shock—floating peacefully on a nameless Persian river.

The nurses took it with a grin. Most of the girls on the barge, there are 30 of them, agree with Kay Wheelan of Framingham, Mass.

"Iran's not so bad, even the river life, now that we're used to it," says Kay. "But, believe me, it took a little getting used to. Only suggestion I could make to the War Department right now would be to flatten out those GI hats. Make them a lot easier to wash out of."

Their houseboat, according to most of them, is more rollicksome than the transport that brought them across. It is very sensitive to weather, and not much of a wave is needed to start it tossing. Waves come from other than natural causes, too, when homesick GIs pass by in powerboats to gaze at the fluttering array of lingerie drying on the off-shore clothesline of the barge.

Their home is sensitive from top as well as from bottom. A good stiff rain, and in Iran it *rains*, will come right through the roof. One night it got so grim that the gals had to struggle out of bed in pretty disarray at 2 A.M., to chop holes in the top deck and drain away the water threatening their lower deck dormitory.

Having solved this water problem and rescued soaked stockings and clothes, they remembered it was the birthday of Marguerite Flannagan of Keene, N. H. Since they were already up, it seemed a good time to celebrate. So it was that a passing sentry on the dock was startled at 3:30 A.M. by the strains of "Happy Birthday, Dear Marguerite."

Going to work is accomplished partly by boat, partly by motor ambulance. Their dormitory on the first deck is roomy and comfortable, colorful with bright red blankets of the British hospital type. Only sad note is that no boy friends' pictures decorate the walls. No reason is given for this. None would deny that she had a boy friend but none would produce a picture.

Social life is adequate but nothing more. The old Army ban makes the girls fair game only for officers, but American and British officers and some civilians supply plentiful competition. There are occasional dances at officers' clubs. For the rest there are rides in *bellems* (native boats), some movies at the nearby camp, and bargaining at the bazaars.

Some of the houseboat crew, like Harriet Williams, brown-eyed willowy first looey chief nurse, have been at nursing for some time now, and mean to stick at it. Others just want that vine-covered cottage after the war's over.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Well we told you he'd have her doing his next lousy detail for him, and if this isn't a lousy detail we'll eat our ETO ribbon. How does he do it? It's his polish, that's all. He looks sad, see? He brings out the mother in them, see? Sloppy soldiers never get pretty dames to pull their details for them. Oh, no. Only neat soldiers have that happen to them. Shine them buttons. Buy that cane. Put that grommet in yer cap. Perhaps on your next tour of duty in the kitchen you will have a mouse doing your dirty work for you. (*Editor's note*: This is a gag picture. It in no way reflects the sartorial excellence of the average American Soldier).

She'll Be Coming Round the Gangplank—

ONE of the pet ghouls we keep around the office, who is by way of being a sergeant (on a dead man's warrant), had a tough assignment the other day. He had to interview a dame who outranked him, a shavetail, no less, in the WAACs. Her name is Selma L. Herbert, she's charming, from New York, and full of facts about WAACs. By the time you've read this piece you'll be full of them, too.

The dolls from Des Moines, when they arrive, will be assigned to various units throughout the theater, according to Lieut. Herbert. Some will go with the Air Force, others to SOS, and still others will show up at ETO headquarters. Except for KP and table-waiting for their own outfits, they can live, more or less, the life of ladies.

There are no regulations prohibiting WAACs from wearing civilian clothes, but they won't be wearing any here because they won't get any coupons. Hauling their necessary equipment will be such a big job that they won't have room to carry any civvies. The WAACs will carry barrack bags A and B, together with three blankets and a musette bag, in lieu of a field pack.

WAACs in field units will be assigned to barracks or Nissen huts. They'll also have to do their own washing and ironing, like sailors. They have no Red Cross Club as yet, but a social center is being planned. Lieut. Herbert hopes that the center will be big enough to throw dances in, the male partners, of course, to be Army men.

The dames will be pulling all regular Army details, such as KP, fireguard and CQ. The biggest rub of all for them, however, is that they'll likely find themselves doing drill and/or callisthenics in the early morning hours, before they have reported for their ordinary work. One lucky break as far as you're concerned is that the same rule that applies in the States about dates will most likely be enforced here. Male officers, which includes second lieutenants, will be barred from dating a WAAC enrolee (enlisted woman, to you). Looks like, at long last, the Pfc. is coming into his own.

Proof of this is in the story of the Pfc. who came into the WAAC office and tried to find out when the first batch would be arriving. They wouldn't tell him. The reason he wanted to know was that he had seven days' leave coming and wanted to postpone it until they got here. "Most of them are privates, aren't they?" he asked. When he was told they were he went out beaming.

The Suggestive Stomach

We are not one to throw a monkey wrench into the Army machinery or a ladle into the Army stew, but there is one thing that has been on our mind for a long time, and we can't contain ourselves any longer. The thing is food—food rampant, food glorious, food creamy, food juicy, food of the evening, beautiful food. Too often do pictures of great, heaping plates rise before our eyes. We see rum cake in our mind's eye, Horatio; tenderloin is too much with us, late and soon. We do not, however, get rum cake, and tenderloin is a mere, mouth-watering dream. Instead we get Spam. Instead of all the soul-satisfying, palate-palpitating dishes on the face of the earth, we get Spam.

Not long ago, through an unbelievable stroke of luck, we ran across a back copy of a magazine called *Time*, the Weekly Newspaper, or something like that, and on the back page, in full and terrible color, was an advertisement of the company which makes Spam. In the advertisement was a picture of a soldier, with the following blurb under it, "JACK THOMPSON . . . now with Anti-Aircraft Battery — in ——, writes of the amount of Spam being used by the armed forces: 'Because I am far away doesn't mean that I am missing . . . meats. We have Spam quite often here.'"

Well, we get a little Spam around these parts, too. More Spam, as a matter of fact, than you can shake a stomach at. More poor bloody pigs and poor blasted spices have taken the dreary trek through our intestines than ever was ordained by a just and righteous heaven. We will probably live through this period, but at its end we shall have lost all sense of taste.

It is our firm, unqualified and fairly desperate opinion that a little variety could be introduced into our diet. We think that the perfect solution would be for us to receive a shipload of hot dogs, which would be especially apt now that the season of circuses and double-headers is hot upon us. Hot dogs would not only return some semblance of life to sadly barren stomachs, they would, as well, remind us, not too sentimentally, of home and of the pleasures that once more await us on the other side of the next peace treaty.

Meanwhile, we should like to get our hands on Jack Thompson, now with Anti-Aircraft Battery — in ——. We'd fix his —— all right.

G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger

THEY may be in Africa and they may be fighting like hell, but every now and then when they snatch a few hours from the front lines, every now and then, when they relax to take a breath from punching Rommel's boys around, the American dogface gets a chance for some good entertainment.

For instance:

April 15 a few theaters in Algiers were running pictures that weren't too bearded and time-mothed. A Red Cross theater on L'Enfert-Rochereau and Edgar Quinet Streets, was showing *Priorities on Parade*, running from one o'clock to three, and *Glamour Boy*, beginning at 6 p.m.; another theater in the vicinity was showing the Oscar-winning *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, with Jimmy Cagney. *The Call of the Wings*, with Robert Taylor and Ruth Hussey, and *Once Upon a Honeymoon*, with Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers, were also showing in mid-April.

Restaurant service and food isn't very good but you can always eat at camp and grab a sandwich at one of the little joints near Baudin Boulevard and then quick dash over to Haman-Tiar, 106 Rue Sadi Carnot and get yourself a nice Turkish bath.

The baths are nice and hot and you can get rid of a lot of dirt and a lot of pounds, too, if you stay in long enough. And what makes it nice is that the baths are strictly for American and British G.I.s.

Guadalcanal Blaze

This is the Guadalcanal Blaze, the new divisional battle insignia worn by men and officers of the First Marine Division, the outfit that smashed the Japs at Guadalcanal last August. The blaze was designed by Col. Merril B. Twining, USMC, who led the First Marine Regiment at Guadalcanal. The "1" indicates the First Division, and the stars represent the Southern Cross, the constellation under which the battle was fought. Naval Medical Corps men, who were attached to the First Marine Division at Guadalcanal, are also entitled to wear the blaze.

The division was recently awarded a Presidential Unit Citation for its offensive in the Solomons last fall.

Iceland Delivery Service

Dry cleaning is sent to local plants every 10 days or two weeks in Iceland. Caught short, soldiers have been known to send work to cleaners in Scotland by air, getting it back sooner than the regular job would have been returned. First, however, you have to have flying weather.

Cold Cure

Doctors have discovered that the average cold of an average American soldier can be stopped quite easily. With the announcement of The Chemical Society of America that four new sulpha drugs have been placed on the market and in the hands of Government authorities, it has come to pass that the common cold, that which has been causing so much concern in many G.I. circles, is no longer a lengthy ailment. It can be cured in a matter of hours.

The Navy has lost its conservatism; with the announcement that the Navy Department is going to change the color of the uniforms. They are going to be changed to slate gray. After long observation and experimentation they have come to the conclusion that the slate gray color will provide greater protection for all the forces afloat.

Army Pigeon Yank

There's a new hero among our many. He's a fluffy little guy, guess he only weighs about two pounds or so. He's "Yank," ASN 873, U.S. Army Signal Corps. He flies. And he's a bird. Really a bird. A pigeon, as a matter of fact, who flew from the vicinity of Gafsa, Tunisia, to Tebessa in Algiers with the first news of the recapture of Gafsa by American troops. The picture of "Yank" was received in the U. S. via radio telephoto from the Army Signal Corps in Algiers.

If Jonah could get along in the belly of the whale, someone figured, there's no reason why the fuselage of a fighter plane can't be moved up to the front in the belly of a nice, fat transport. So that's how this Warhawk fighter got a lift to the African front. The part of the whale is played by a Douglas transport, a veteran character actor.

A WEEK OF WAR

If anyone wants to visit beautiful Germany these days, the way lies behind that falling bomb, beyond the third seat on that landing barge

IT wasn't half as much fun being Adolf Hitler as it used to be. It was keen being Hitler in 1938, when Austria saw the light—after a bit of kicking in the teeth. It was jolly being Hitler in 1938, when Czechoslovakia tumbled into the arms of the Reich—after being booted off a precipice. It was peachy being Hitler in 1939, when Poland, too, saw the light—under a blunt instrument. It was smooth being Hitler and doing a jig in the Forest of Compeigne in 1940, when France fell—tripping over her own feet. It was even amusing to be Hitler in 1941. But in 1943—Oi, what a headache!

The new Germany was tarnishing, was beginning to look beat up. Down south, across the Mediterranean, the *Afrika Korps* was getting its last lingering look at Afrika, on a strip of desert described ten years ago by Ludendorf as the place where this war would be decided. If Ludendorf was a prophet, Adolf Hitler was licked; all that would remain was the mopping-up in Europe. Italy was getting to be a regular Pagliacci of a country, weeping in its bier. Sweden, which had been letting German troops cross over to Finland, was getting tough; Nazis were getting knocked around in the streets of Stockholm. Crete, as a stepping-stone to Greece, could work in the other direction; Sicily and Sardinia were places to grow nervous about. The English, looking across the Channel, were beginning to take an abnormal interest in German defences. Russia was still standing up on her hind legs and hitting out; for the first time Joe Stalin had said right out loud that he thought the Allies were doing the right thing on their side of the fence. The R.A.F. and the U. S. Air Force were the German cities gebomben mit blood in the eye. Adolf Hitler was, at last, beginning to realize that he had bitten off more than he could chew and that, even worse, there wasn't a single spittoon in the joint. *Der Fuehrer* needed an aspirin.

ONE thing that contributed to the defeat of Germany in the last war was the collapse of its railroad system. In this war the British were trying to see what they could do in the way of bringing about the same interesting situation. Mosquitos and Mustangs are very handy instruments to use in metamorphosing a fast freight into a portable junk heap; what the Germans were losing in rolling stock they were gaining in scrap iron, but the gain wasn't worth it. As yet, locomotives have not appeared on an assembly line. They take a long and painstaking time to build; and every one the R.A.F. and the Americans knocked off meant that another Nazi line outfit went without its week's supply of Gutenberg Bibles.

Not a new nebula, but a bombardier's view of a direct hit on an Axis vessel off Bizerta.

Another thing that would contribute to the defeat of Germany in any war is the battering of her industrial cities. The R.A.F. and the U. S. Air Force were doing a bit of battering on this score, too. Essen, the Pittsburgh of the Third Reich, was getting to be the most knocked-around city in the world. Fifty-five raids had laid eggs on the Krupp works and any surrounding territory that happened to present itself. And every bomb that came down made Germany just a little weaker.

There comes a time in every war when one side or the other looks at itself in the mirror and sees that its face is beginning to wrinkle and crack. Germany, however, having broken all the mirrors years ago, has had to look at its reflection in a pool of its own blood to realize that things are not what they were and that a thousand years of "Pax Germanica" is still a thousand years and that a thousand years is a long, long time.

In Tunisia, where Ludendorf said that the war would be decided, at least one phase of it was being settled. American troops were in Mateur, 15 miles south-west of Bizerta. Before Bizerta the whole German line was bending backward like a bow. One American column pushed north from Mateur, skirted Lake Achkel, and ran into a new German line. The new American positions controlled several German airfields, rendering them useless, and American long-range guns were dropping shells into Ferryville, Bizerta's industrial suburb. So near were the troops to the key seaport that they could actually hear bombs from U. S. planes exploding in the city. German troops in the Bizerta area were almost cut off from their comrades in the south. Only one road was left open between Bizerta and Tunis. Von Arnim's days, and the days of the Germans in Africa, were definitely numbered. And any one could count.

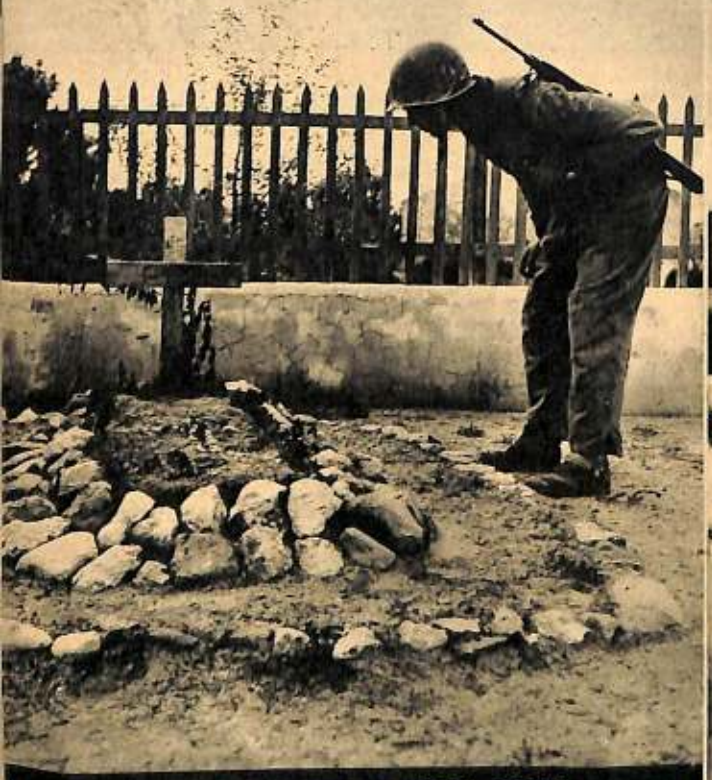
From Istanbul came an unofficial report that on May 16 Germany would launch another all-out offensive against Russia. But Germany has retired the side so much in Russia that it seemed doubtful that anything could be thrown against the Red Army that the Red Army couldn't stop. After her exhausting winter offensives, Russia was still knocking ahead, this time on the Kuban peninsula, where the last remnants of the Nazi hordes that once poured down the Caucasus toward the oil fields of Baku, were being wasted away. The Russian was still taking the war as it came to him. Stalingrad had sufficiently recovered from its ordeal to have a football team flown from Moscow to play on its stadium. Another 1,500,000 men had gone into the Red Army. Russia, Stalin was pleased to let Germany know, was ready for anything Hitler wanted to throw at her, up to and including poison gas.

So Hitler, in mid-Spring, 1943, could look down from his Berchtesgaden eyrie at the fallow plains of Europe and know that the peace which passeth German understanding was not going to smile on them much longer. If, in 1940, someone had told the German people that three years later they would be waiting for the planes to come over their heads, waiting for the enemy ships to be sighted off the coast, listening for the tramp of feet as Englishman and American and other Allies disembarked from the landing barges, the German people would have killed themselves laughing over their ersatz beer. The facts had come hard to Germany, but now she had them all. They were bitter facts, unpleasant facts; they did not become the destiny, manifest or otherwise, of the master race. But there they were. The Third Reich was welcome to them.

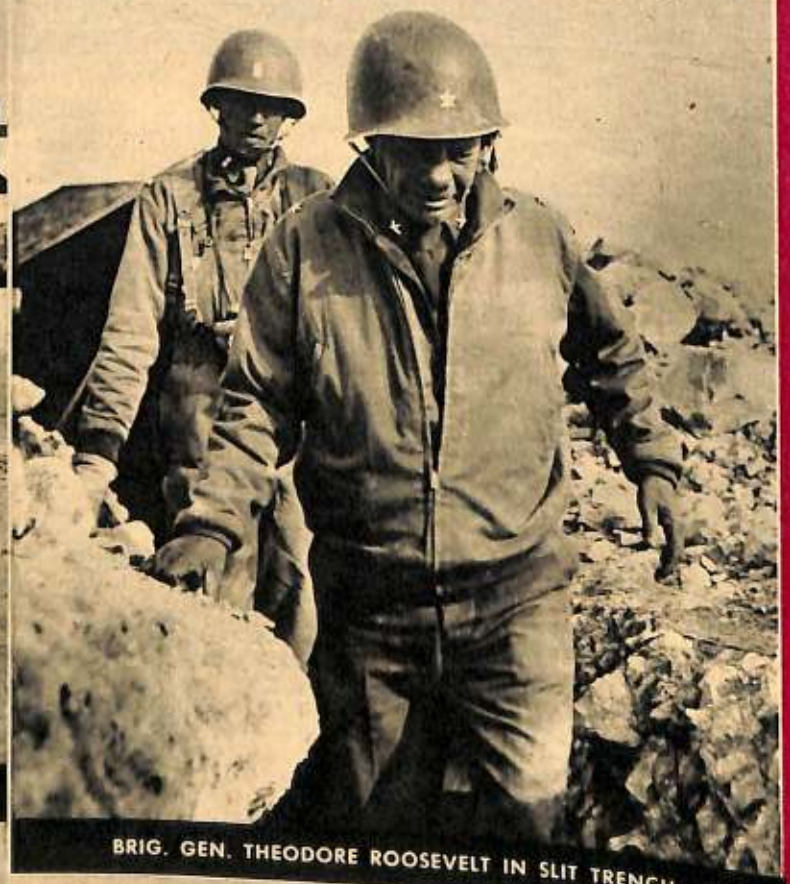
Soviet Black Sea commandos, grenades in their belts, take off for a little raid.

U.S. Engineers in Tunisia do a little mine removing.

THESE YANKS IN MAKNASSY BELONG TO AN INFANTRY RECONNAISSANCE GROUP OF FIRST ARMORED DIVISION.



SOLDIER INSPECTS A NAZI OFFICER'S GRAVE.



BRIG. GEN. THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN SLIT TRENCH.

PVT. JOE RUDNICKI, ANTIAIRCRAFT GUNNER.

U. S. MEDICAL CORPS SOLDIERS HAVE JUMPED FROM AMBULANC

Yanks Who Chase Von Arnim

These American Troops Captured the Tunisian Villages of El Guettar and Maknassy.

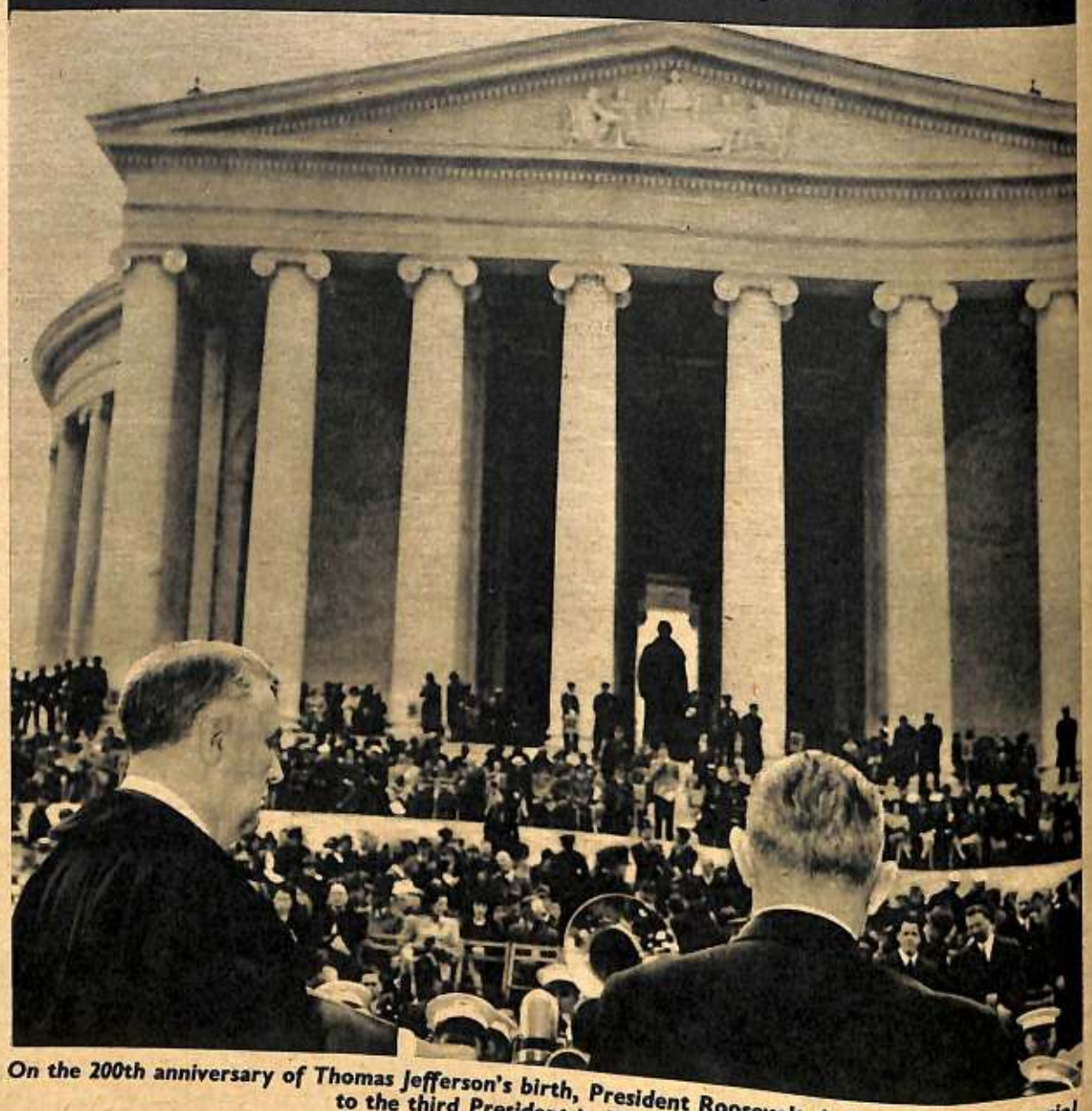
A HORDE OF ITALIAN PRISONERS, CAPTURED BY GEN. PATTON'S MEN BELOW EL GUETTAR.

AN ARMORED HALF-TRACK IS STANDING GUARD OUTSIDE A VILLAGE IN CAPTURED ENEMY TERRITORY.

A YANK DIGS A FOX HOLE NEAR THE ROAD.

News From Home

Last week the coal miners struck and Mickey Rooney was sued for divorce. Somehow, America bore up under both.



On the 200th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birth, President Roosevelt dedicated this memorial to the third President in Washington.

SERIOUS trouble was brewing back home this week, but it was all averted on the eleventh hour. Negotiations between John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers and the bituminous coal operators had been at a standstill for more than a fortnight and the miners' demands for a $2-a-day wage increase was up for study by the War Labor Board. But the UMW leaders boycotted the board's hearing, charging that it had "prejudged the miners' case." By Saturday morning, close to a half-million miners refused to dig coal. It threatened to become the most paralysing wartime strike in American history and President Roosevelt declared that the national interest was in grave peril.

Mr. Roosevelt immediately ordered Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes to take possession of all struck mines and those that were threatened by shutdowns. Then Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson was told to be prepared to enforce government management by sending in armed forces wherever necessary.

The Stars and Stripes was hardly hoisted over the mines before Jap propagandists blared predictions that the nation's steel mills would shut down before a fortnight because of a coal shortage. By Sunday night, however, Jap hopes were dimmed out and the miners were back in the pits at the usual time on Monday morning.

Early Saturday, the President warned Lewis that he was taking the strike issue before the people, in a fireside chat on Sunday evening. Then, on Sunday afternoon, a few hours before the President's broadcast, the miners policy committee met secretly with Ickes and when the meeting adjourned Lewis ordered the men back to work under a "15-day truce." Lewis's order came shortly before Roosevelt went on the air.

The bushy-browed mine leader explained that the miners were now working for the government, and that since the union had neither a contract nor a dispute with its new "owner," there should be little trouble seeing eye to eye.

When the President went on the air he said in a very serious tone that he wanted to make it clear that every miner who walked out—no matter how legitimate he may believe his grievance to be—was directly and individually obstructing the war effort, and that the stoppage of mining, "even for a short time, would involve a gamble with the lives of American soldiers and sailors and the future security of the whole people."

The President informed the coal diggers that he was aware of the rising cost of living and promised that "wherever we find that prices of essentials have risen too high, they will be brought down."

Lewis told the miners that since the mines were now operated by the government, negotiations for a renewed agreement would be between the policy committee and government officials, chiefly Ickes.

The West Virginia State Supreme Court will review the case of Mrs. Naomi C. Baker of Berkeley County who sued Dr. N. B. Hendrix, Martinsburg, for $50,000, charging he failed to remove a sponge following an appendictomy in 1935. And in Kansas City, Mo., Police Chief Harold Anderson has asked the police board to provide him with new low-slung wagons. He said it's hard work hoisting drunks into the high-slung type of Black Maria.

Women now constitute 30 per cent of the nation's manpower, Paul V. McNutt, manpower chief, announced in New York. He said that big gains have been made in employing older and handicapped workers, also workers from "minority groups." He also reported that there have been many unexpected but welcome gains in production efficiency. Myriads of ideas for short cuts were proposed by workers, many of these have saved thousands of man hours, McNutt stated. He said another 5,000,000 workers will be needed to meet the 1943 production goals.

Fritz Kuhn, shown here meeting his maker, lost something.

Women have become so important in industry that even shipbuilder Henry J. Kaiser took time out to give them some serious consideration. Kaiser announced plans for the construction of a streamlined, million-dollar "Kaiser Victory Nursery" for the babies of mothers working in his shipyards in Portland, Ore. The nursery will be the largest in the world—caring for 1,500 babies—and will be operated as efficiently as Kaiser's assembly plants. "A mother will dump her baby in the reception hall on the way to work," Kaiser said. "Baby will then be wheeled past a line of experts, who will examine his mouth and ears, wash him, change his diapers and so on, without a moment's interruption. Baby will then pass into the restaurant for feeding, on to a room for play, and then into a cot for his nap." At the same time, the War Production Board okayed the manufacture of 300,000 baby carriages during the second quarter of this year. Manufacture of 250,000 ice boxes during this quarter was also approved.

Rear Admiral Emory S. Land told shipyard workers at Brooklyn, N.Y., that America is now launching five ships a day. He also denounced Nazi boasts of an Allied shipping crisis. He said the claims were "fanciful and exaggerated." Cops and firemen in Providence, R.I., are now working in war jobs. A survey revealed that 90 cops and 114 firemen are working in Rhode Island factories as machinists, drill pressmen and truck operators after completing their regular job.

Laws limiting the hours of women workers were suspended for the duration by the Illinois House of Representatives. The 48-hour week was banned, and now women workers may be employed up to 60 hours. It was also revealed that thousands of convicts in the nation's prisons were producing millions of dollars worth of munitions and war supplies.

The War Department officially described the new 155 mm. tank destroyer; and the Navy's newest fighter plane, the Brewster F3A, successfully passed its first flying test. The 155 mm. tank destroyer is known as the M12 gun and is mounted on an M3 chassis. It is capable of hurling a 95-pound projectile more than 10 miles.

Eugene Rodwell, seven, Montville, N.J., ran away from home in his underwear and slippers when his mother ordered him to take a bath. In Tampa, Fla.,

Mickey

Two gentlemen whose wives

tenants of an apartment building protested to the OPA against their landlord. They said he makes too much noise and that they wanted him evicted.

The black market has extended to candy and gum. The sugar shortage and large allocations to men overseas has caused slender supplies in most candy stores. Chocolate candy bars are unobtainable in some cities, but racketeers have been able to get large supplies which are peddled in the black market —at fancy prices. The meatlegging racket continues to flourish in the Eastern area, but New York and federal agencies have agreed to work together in stamping out illegal sales. About 55 New York State food inspectors will work hand in glove with federal inspectors and information will be swapped between the state and Washington.

A shipment of 20 carloads of potatoes to New York averted a severe spud shortage there, but the situation was not as good in Boston where potatoes were very scarce. Price Administrator Prentiss Brown promised lower living costs. He said excessive food costs will be cut with the placing of dollar and cents ceilings on all foods. The OPA also announced what the contents of hamburger should be. The recipe includes beef ground from necks, flanks, briskets, plates and beef trimmings and fats.

Federal legislation now entitles veterans of this war to medical facilities of the Veterans' Administration. Any man in the service will be able to get free treatment even if his physical disability was not the result of the war. It was also provided to give training to men physically handicapped by the war, and pensions will run anywhere from $10 to $100 a month. In special cases the pensions will run as high as $250 a month.

It was an embarrassing week for members of the Iowa House of Representatives. After passing 15 measures, the solons discovered 59 votes had been recorded when only 55 members were present. A check-up showed that page boys and clerks seated themselves at desks of absent members and pushed the green and red voting buttons as they saw fit.

Vice-President Wallace was back from his tour of Central American countries, and President Roosevelt ended his 20-State war tour with a suggestion for a one-year post-war draft of all youth. He said every young American should spend a year in some sort of national service. The health and educational benefits derived from army life are so immense that they should be continued, Roosevelt told newsmen.

He said that the Army is over its growing pains. During his 16-day tour he visited Parris Island, S.C., Forts Benning and Oglethorpe, Ga., Maxwell Field, Ala., Camp Forrest, Tenn., Camp Robinson, Ark., Camp Grubèr, Okla., Camp Carson and Lowry Field, Colo., Fort Riley, Kans., and Forts Knox and Jefferson, Ky. The President also inspected a number of war plants. He expressed great surprise at the number of women workers in war industries.

Mayor Sweeney of Lowell, Mass., did not get his pay-check this week. The state tax commissioner advised the city to hold it back until the mayor made a tax payment.

The nation's war bond goal of $13,000,000,000 was oversubscribed by nearly $4,000,000,000, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau revealed at week's end. Reports showed that $16,904,000,000 worth of bonds have been sold and final sales will not be known until next week. Almost a quarter of a million dollars worth of bonds were sold through the New York Seamen's Church Institute to merchant seamen.

Fritz Kuhn, former American Nazi Bund leader, was stripped of his citizenship along with 10 of his cronies. Among the group was William Kunze, now serving five years for dodging the draft. The nation's anti-spy agencies are now so perfect, according to government agencies, that foreign agents are not only kept out of the country, but those who are already in the country are unable to move without the knowledge of government agents. Five agencies are united in an "invisible ring" to combat espionage. They include the State Department, FBI, Immigration and Naturalization Service and the intelligence units of the Army and Navy.

A ration-conscious thief raided a cafe in Houston, Tex., made off with 10 pounds of coffee, 10 pounds of sugar, nine cans of evaporated milk, four cans of tomatoes and five pounds of meat. He left a five dollar bill in the cash register.

The annual meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce urged the transfer of productive facilities after the war "to tax-paying ownership on reasonable terms." The Chamber also favored the appointment of an economic director for the home front. Republicans named 32 House members to study post-war domestic problems.

Ava Gardner again announced plans for divorcing Mickey Rooney. She filed twice previously but dropped the suits both times, but now claims she is positively determined to go through with it. "I regret this divorce thing," she said, "but there is no other course." She and Rooney were married a year ago last January. Jackie Coogan, now an Army sergeant, was charged by his ex-wife, Flower Parry Coogan, as not having paid one cent toward the support of their 14-month-old son since the court ordered him to last January. The former actor's attorney caused a sensation in the court when he asked to withdraw from the case. "Coogan hasn't even paid me," the lawyer declared.

Lionel Barrymore completed 50 years of acting this week, he also celebrated his 64th birthday. When a reporter asked him to name the best 10 plays of the last 50 years, Barrymore retorted: "Tut, there hasn't been 10 good plays." The old actor said Hollywood wasn't any fun these days. He said he had more fun back in 1915 when he came to the movie capital with only two dollars in his jeans.

The New York Board of Higher Education banned the publication of the *Mercury Corny Humor Magazine* because of objections to a poem, "Suzanne was a Lady." The last line was left to the reader to complete, and it was suggestive of something that shouldn't be suggestive.

Maynard Johnson, New York restaurant counterman, who was the model on the war bond poster reading, "Remember me, I was at Bataan," was arrested by the FBI as a draft dodger. The War Department announced plans for the classification of every high school student showing each one's grade, vocational training, wage earning experience, aptitudes, physique and hobbies. Students who will be inducted into the Army after classification is completed will bring the cards with them to reception centers. The information will also be made available to employers when interviewing job applicants.

Scarcity of male help is forcing New York hotels to hire women bellhops, doormen and bartenders. New York department stores are featuring silver mugging whistles and mugging night sticks for women as a result of a mugging wave.

The Army Air Force Ferry Command training school at Houston, Tex., graduated 23 women pilots in the first class turned out. Women were even taking over as marble shooting kings, or rather, queens. Ruth Locke, 15, beat 300 boys in a contest at Lowell School, Tulsa, Okla.

Fire chased her out of the house.

Joan Bennett, expecting a stork call in a month, fled with her family in night clothes when fire swept her home in Holmby Hills, Cal. Raymond Latshaw, 19, wanted by the law on charges of killing five members of his family, was discovered working as a doorman at a Los Angeles theatre. The youth admitted slaying his parents, grandparents and his 6-year-old brother because he got angry at his father who came home drunk.

The nation's total war casualty was announced at 78,235 by Office of War Information officials. It's an increase of 12,855 over the last OWI figure in February, and some of the recent losses in Tunisia were not included. The latest list included 12,123 dead, 15,049 wounded, 40,435 missing and 10,628 prisoners. A formal peace conference is unlikely after the end of this war, OWI chief Elmer Davis said in Chicago. There may simply be an occupation of defeated countries, Davis said, and policies may be worked out in practice rather than over a conference table.

Kay Kyser, the band leader, was turned down as physically unfit for military service by a Los Angeles draft board. A Chicago judge promised Merry Farhney, the madcap heiress, merry hell if he finds she lied to him while seeking a divorce from Nils Kurt Holm, a Swedish waiter. She used Holm's Swedish passport to skip to South America.

Senator Hiram Johnson (R., Cal.) was reported seriously ill in Washington. His colleagues in the Senate voted approval to a bill guaranteeing interest and insurance payments on homes of fighting men until three months after the duration. Final passage is up to the House now. Meanwhile, Col. H. N. Gilbert, director of the Office of Dependency Benefits, announced that his agency is distributing approximately two billion dollars to needy families of soldiers.

And in Beaumont, Tex., a woman was collared by the law on charges of marrying four soldiers. It was found she was also collecting the Government fifty-buck allotment from each of them.

The Kid were raising hell last week.

Hollywood beauties demonstrate exercises worked out for women war workers to keep them fit.

Guard Your Coast MISTER?

THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING THE BEACHES SINCE 1790

By Sgt. FRANK DE BLOIS with Pirate Illustrations by Sgt. RALPH STEIN

WHEN it comes to "firsts" the Coast Guard is right up there in the bow of the ship.

For the Coast Guard was the first service commissioned in the United States of America. It was established by Alexander Hamilton as part of the Treasury Department to assure the collection of the country's customs payments. In other words, it was designed to fight smugglers. The date was Aug. 4, 1790.

The Coast Guard was also the first service to have an officer commissioned by a U. S. President. His name was Hopley Yeaton and he was commissioned by George Washington in 1790 "to command a cutter in the service of the United States of America." Yeaton's commission followed by a couple of months the establishment of the Coast Guard — then called the U. S. Revenue Service — as an organization to patrol the Atlantic Seaboard.

The Coast Guard was the first service to do any actual fighting for the U. S. In the undeclared war with France in 1798, revenue cutters formed this nation's only naval force and, aided by privateers, they upheld the new republic's dignity on the seas.

The Coast Guard sent the first ships to patrol U. S. continental waters in the Pacific, was the first organization to carry the news of Dewey at Manila, was first among all U. S. services in percentile loss of life in the first World War and the first U. S. service to have contact with the enemy in the present war —when Coast Guardsmen seized enemy radio installations in Greenland.

But, at the very beginning, the Coast Guard idea was the idea of Alexander Hamilton, who proposed to Washington's Congress the establishment of a revenue service to end smuggling on our coastal waters. The first Coast Guard vessels, 36 to 40 foot sloops, were assigned to areas from Cape Cod to Chesapeake Bay and Hopley Yeaton was placed in charge of them.

After a brush with the French in 1798, the Coast Guard got its first real smell of battle in the war of 1812.

After the war was won, the revenue cutters turned their attention to the slick coastal pirates, who had more tricks up their sleeves than a California faro sharp.

One of the tricks of these old buccaneers was to steal lighthouses from reefs along craggy shores. This was done so that innocent merchantmen would crack up on rocks. After the merchant crews went away, the pirates would come out of their hiding and strip the reefed ships of everything stealable.

In 1819, the Coast Guard cutter *Alabama* chased a pirate schooner a couple of hundred miles through the Gulf of Mexico before overhauling her just off New Orleans.

The outlaw schooner was flying the pirate skull and bones when the *Alabama* sighted her, and she kept her flag flying all through the chase. Her captain, wise in the ways of the gulf, hung close to the shore line, dodging in and out of the reefs and kicking over warning buoys in the hope that the pursuing cutter would stumble over shore edge rocks.

As the cutter drew closer, the pirate ship began shedding weight to make faster her run. Overboard went furnishings, a hold full of loot and finally a horse the pirate captain had kept below decks as a pet. The cutter found the plug swimming around in the gulf six miles out of Galveston, Tex.

When the *Alabama* finally cornered the pirates, the patch-eye crew opened fire from both fore and aft guns. When their ammunition was gone, the pirates balled up their log and used it as fodder. Then they started to throw things — belaying pins, tar barrels, kitchen pots full of hot stew, and finally the anchor, which punched a hole in the side of the cutter.

At last, with nothing left to throw at the cutter but his glass eye, the pirate skipper gave up.

In the Civil War, the Revenue Service, split in two by the partisanship that cut a swath through the whole nation, hit the low point of its history.

Rebuilt after the war, the Revenue Service continued to grow. Cutters fought for Dewey and Hobson in the Spanish-American War, and, reorganized as the Coast Guard, in the convoy lanes during the first World War.

One cutter, the *Tampa*, escorted 18 convoys of 350 ships from Gibraltar to Britain before she was sunk by a German submarine on Sept. 26, 1918.

During the thundering 20s, when man's best friend was his bootlegger, the Coast Guard incurred some public enmity by chasing the friendly fellows up and down the Atlantic rum-running channels all through the night. Later, with repeal, the Coast Guard returned to public favor, and its position has been made more secure than ever by its performance in the present World War.

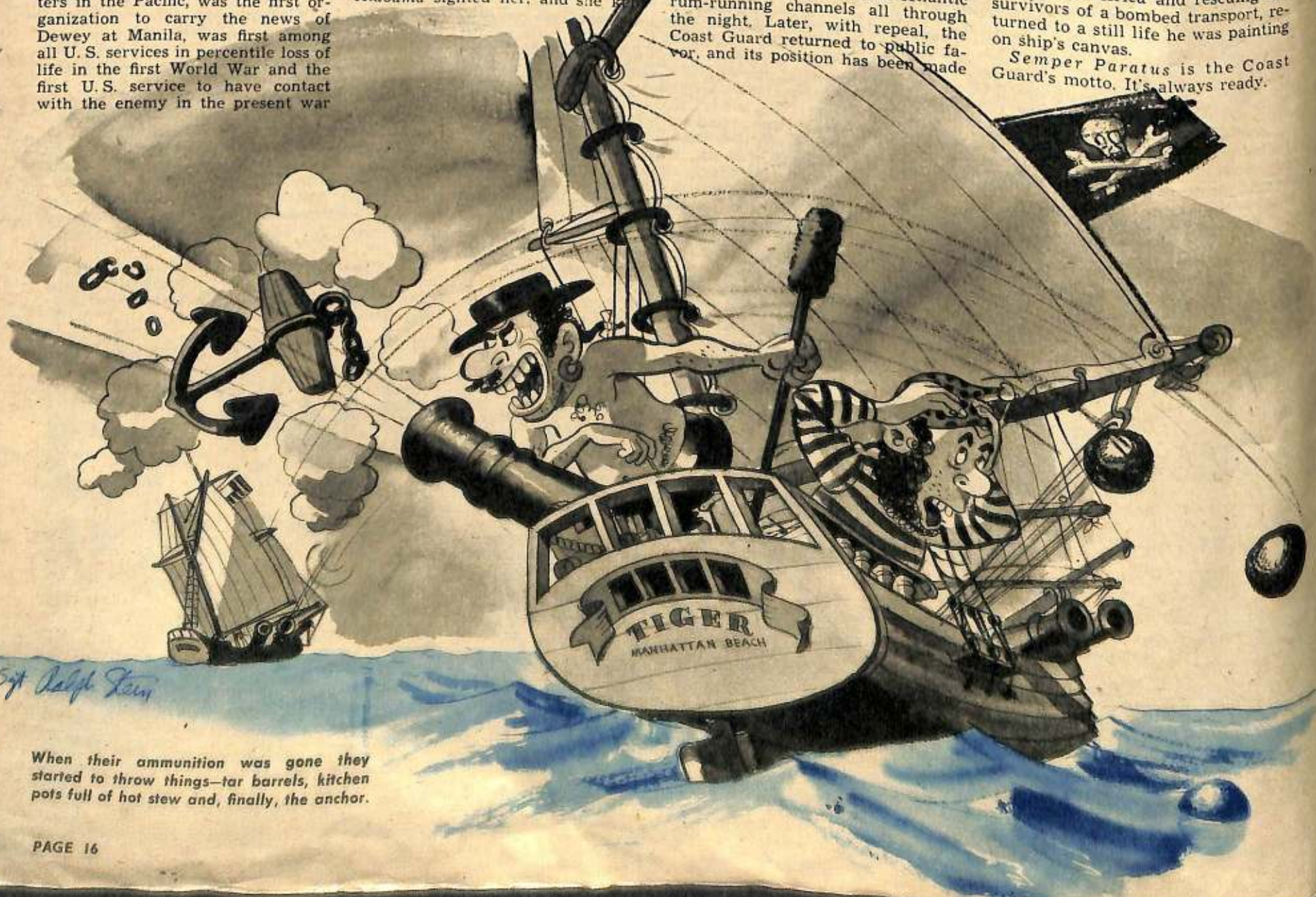
The slick pirates stole lighthouses.

Today the Coast Guard is larger in personnel than the nation's peacetime Navy. Coast Guard vessels are operating in every theater of war, and the service also has its own aviation unit with nine air stations. The planes are used mostly in anti-submarine patrol.

Coast Guardsmen are tackling their war job the same way they tackled the Spanish Main pirates and the Bering Sea garbage patrol—in their stride. It's kind of hard to excite them.

Typical of his mates is Chief Boatswain Mate Hunter Wood, an artist of New York, who after establishing a beachhead during landing operations in Africa and rescuing the survivors of a bombed transport, returned to a still life he was painting on ship's canvas.

Semper Paratus is the Coast Guard's motto. It's always ready.



When their ammunition was gone they started to throw things—tar barrels, kitchen pots full of hot stew and, finally, the anchor.

Hedy Lamarr

No self-respecting pin-up collection should be minus a photograph of the gal in this picture. So if you ain't got her, go get her now. Hedy's scheduled to appear in M-G-M's "Starlight."

SPORTS

AL SIMMONS, AT 40, RETURNS TO THE BIG LEAGUES AND HITS OVER A COOL .300 FOR THE RED SOX

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

AL SIMMONS is back in baseball at the age of 40 with an announcement that he is fully resurgent, loaded for bear, and out to rescue the Boston Red Sox outfield. To strengthen this claim he has informed the public that he's in the best shape he's been in for the last five years. This comes as no great surprise since Simmons hasn't been in shape for five years.

In fact, the last time Simmons was in shape was 1938 when he was having his final fling with the Athletics. Even then the spring had gone out of his legs and he was pretty discouraged. Throughout the next few years he remained conscientiously out of condition and finally went off active status in 1941.

Al probably knows better than anybody else how difficult it is for a man of 40 to keep pace with a dashing youngster like outfielder Rocky Garrison, who is 25 years old and full of vitamins. At an age when most ball players have taken up golf, Simmons has been tremendously successful in making a comeback with the Red Sox. He has been hitting well over .300 and covering the outfield like he was motorized. What's more he has earned himself a starting position in left field.

Al himself broke into the majors under the same circumstances. Back in 1928 Connie Mack brought the burly, blacked-eyed Pole in from Milwaukee and arrayed him in the outfield alongside of two ancient sluggers, 45-year-old Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, 42. As Mack told him: "You will play leftfield, young man, but always feel free to help your companions in centerfield and rightfield."

Those were the happy days when, with the confidence of a Ruth, young Simmons would play the entire outfield and one-half of the infield at the drop of a bat, and sometimes without dropping a bat. Speaker and Cobb still could murder the average fast-ball pitcher, but they couldn't cover ground as they had in their prime. It soon occurred to Simmons that he was running his legs off and getting little credit for it. Everybody watched the great old men, and when they smashed a base hit, the fans immediately ignored their sins in the outfield.

As it turned out, Speaker and Cobb faded fast and Mack replaced them with Bing Miller and Mule Haas. Together with Simmons they powered the As to three pennants and two World Series victories. With only one job on his hands, Simmons blossomed into a real slugger, one of the greatest of his time. He was notorious for terrorizing a pitcher even with one foot planted firmly in the bucket. This didn't disturb Mack, and he never bothered to change Al's stance.

"I don't care if his foot is in the bucket or the dugout," Mack said. "He's a real hitter for my money."

Make no mistake about Al's condition today. He weighed 217 pounds in February when the Red Sox found themselves without Williams, DiMaggio and Finney, and sent out a call for help in the outfield. "Boston was short," Simmons said, "and I was fat." Al went down to Hot Springs, Ark., along with Whit Wyatt of the Dodgers and Al Lopez of the Pirates, and worked down to a trim 195 pounds.

"Wyatt started me out jogging eight laps around the field," Simmons said. "It nearly killed me the first week. Each day we added two more laps until we had finally worked it up to 22 times around. Then I took the Hot Springs baths, which helped me get the kinks out of my legs and put my arms into condition."

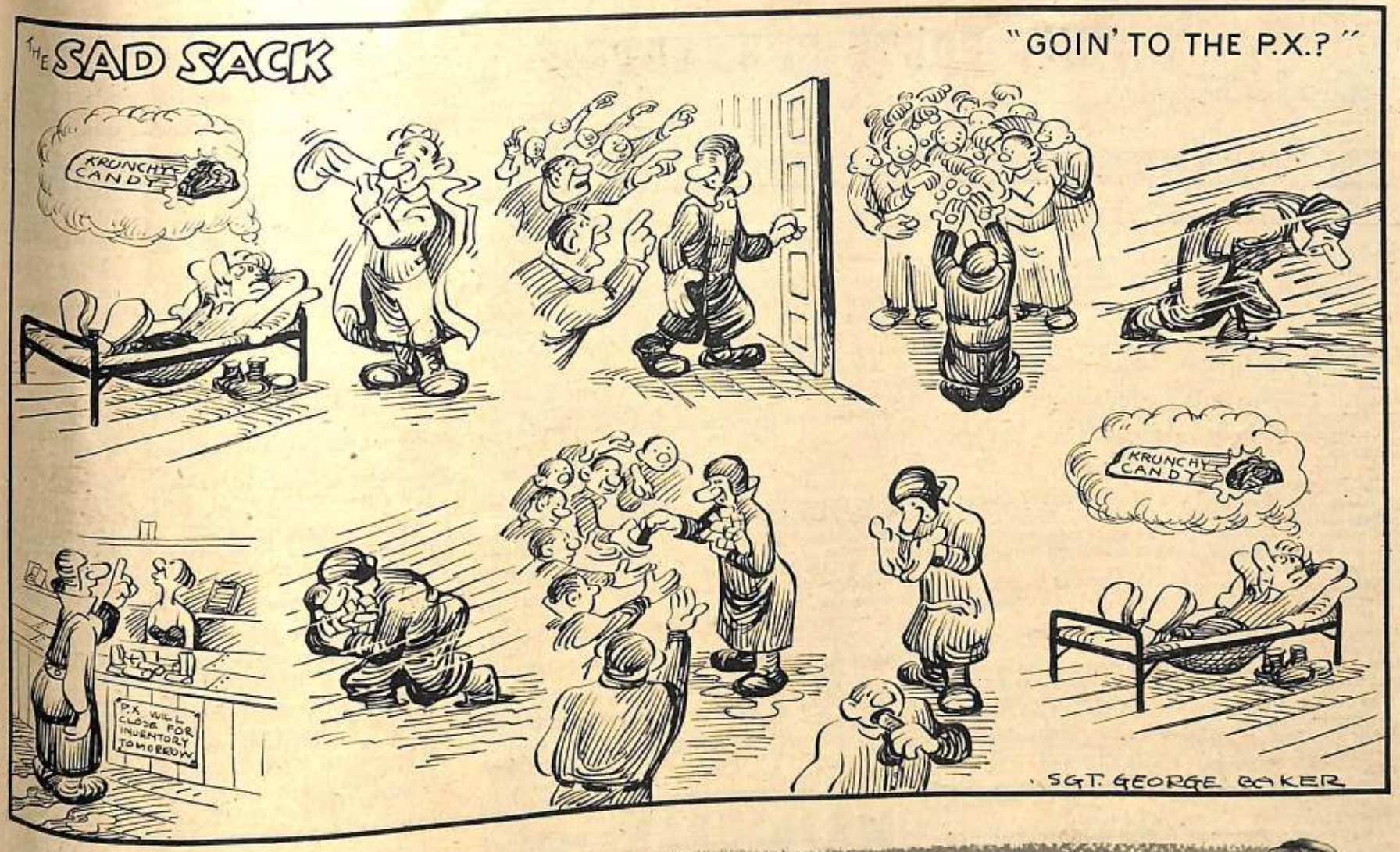
Simmons owes most of his excellent physical condition to his very old friend, the very old pitcher, Waite Hoyt, who passed on to him his miracle diet. It consisted of no beer, fruits for breakfast, starches for lunch, and meat—when he could get it—for dinner. This was a bitter diet for an old timer like Simmons who had been used to eating steaks with his eggs in the morning, steaks with his salads at lunch and steaks with potatoes at dinner.

Just the same, Al disciplined himself, lived strictly according to Hoyt, and reported to the Red Sox in remarkably good condition. He wanted to make his way by sheer merit. Sentiment, he learned back in '28, louses up the whole script.

. . . . while millions, not just thousands, cheer . . . . . .

LEW JENKINS has changed professions. Once lightweight boxing champ, he's forsaken big money for $50 a month in the Coast Guard.

REMEMBER "98"? Lt. Tommy Harmon, who made it famous on the Michigan gridiron, now has it on his bomber *Little Butch*.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE ON THE LIFE OF EASE

"AIN'T one to complain," Artie Greengroin said, "but I wish they'd not of sent me to the English Isle." Artie was sitting in the kitchen, his legs wrapped around a huge cauldron of unpeeled potatoes. In another, much smaller, cauldron lay the seven he had succeeded in peeling in the last hour. Artie, for the thousandth time, was on KP. He was browned off as a frying pan of home friends.

We lounged against a door, moodily eating a raw cauliflower, watching Artie lay on with the knife. "Maybe you'd like it better in Labrador," we suggested.

"Maybe I would," Artie said. "You never can tell about a Greengroin. We like the gawdamest places."

"You wouldn't like Labrador," we said.

"Jess don't be too sure," Artie said. "I got some very good reasons to like Labrador. In the foist place, it's a unfertile country. Nothing grows there. Nothing but ice. You don't find no pertaters in Labrador. Everything comes out of the can. They's no KP. They's no work at all."

"You heard of Maine and Idaho?" we asked.

"Yeah. States," said Artie.

"Well," we said, "they take potatoes from Maine and Idaho and they put them on boats and they send them up to Labrador for those boys to peel."

Artie's eyes widened. "They do?" he said. "Why, the doity ole bassars. Thass all they do, make our life a hell. You'd think they get a bunch of Joes up in Labrador they'd say, 'Well, them boys is having a hard time up there with all that ice and stuff, we jess won't send 'em no pertaters to peel.' Thass what you'd think they'd say, huh? But what do they do? They toin right around and give you a hit on the udder cheek. What a war."

"Know of a better one?" we asked.

Artie took a vicious cut at a fresh potato, nearly severing it in half. "Lemme think," he said.

"Take your time," we said. "This is a big cauliflower."

"Why don't you give me a hand with these pertaters?" Artie said.

"It's against our religion," we said.

"Thass gratitude, after all I done for you," Artie said. "Thass some gratitude. I been making your life easier ever since I run into you. I took pity on you, thass what I did. And these is my thanks."

"They sure are," we said.

"Thass what I get for helping a fellow man on the life of ease," Artie said. "I'm going to toin into a hoimet and get away from the humane race. Maybe if I got me a transfer to India things would be different."

"They'd be hotter," we said.

"They's nothing like slipping a body into a nice, cool hunk of khaki," Artie said. "Thass the way they do things in India. In India a Pfc. is really something. You go out and hire somebody to make your bed and give the ole shine to your shoes and you jess lie on the veranda and wet your whistle. You want to enjoy the Army go to India."

We said that we wouldn't enjoy the Army wherever we were.

"It jess goes to show," Artie said. "Thass what comes of being a soft apple. A man's got to be able to acclimate himself. I acclimate very well. If I was shipped to India tomorrer I would slip into the life of ease like a native. I can get used to a fruit diet, jess like anything else. They's no pertaters in India."

"You forgot about those ships?" we wanted to know.

Artie dropped the potato he was working on. "Ah, you don't mean it," he said. "You don't mean to tell me they send them ships full of pertaters all the way to India?"

"That's what we mean," we said.

"Well, I'll be the son of a first sergeant," Artie said. "Honest to gaw, what them ole bassars won't do. It makes me boin, honest to gaw." He picked up the potato he had been working on and threw it out the open window. "They jess ain't no place in this whole woild thass sacred to leisure, is they?"

"You hit the spike on the cephalos," we said.

"Yeah," Artie said, "ain't it the truth. Well, thass jess another dream busted. Jess another dream. I ain't got many of them left these days."

The vast hulk of the mess sergeant loomed up at the window. "Who trun that spud?"

Artie looked at him casually. "Oh, hullo, sergeant," he said. "I'm going like a house afire. These pertaters is a breeze. Nothing to it at all, sergeant."

The mess sergeant is probably the only man in the world of whom Artie is afraid. To him the mess sergeant is the whole German Army, a death ray, the Blue Beetle, Submariner and God knows what else, all rolled into one. Before his eye, the jelly that is Greengroin quivers and trembles.

"Who trun that spud?" the mess sergeant said.

"Is somebody truning pertaters?" Artie said. "Thass a hell of a thing to do. It's a mug's game, truning pertaters."

"Greengroin," the mess sergeant said, "I got my eye on you. And I got a gleam in my eye. And the gleam ain't doing you no good."

"Sergeant," Artie said, "in this Army nothing does you no good."

"Trapped, huh?" said the mess sergeant.

"Yerse," Artie said.

"Who trun that spud?" said the mess sergeant.

"You mean out of the winder?" Artie asked.

"Thass what I mean," said the mess sergeant.

"Maybe it was me," Artie said.

"Was it me?" he asked us.

"It was you," we said.

"I was carried away by a subjeck I was conversing with," Artie said.

"Greengroin, yer a no-good," the mess sergeant said. "Was the subjeck you was conversing with KP by any chanct?"

"It was the subjeck of the life of ease," Artie said.

"Well, all I got to say at this very moment," the mess sergeant said, "is that it's too bad it wasn't KP, because KP is a subjeck you are going to be very conversing on, because you are going to be doing KP for the next week, if you can be spared, and I got a feeling you can be spared."

With that the vast bulk of the mess sergeant disappeared from the window. With a sigh, Artie turned back to his work. "Honest to gaw," he said, "do they really send pertaters all the way to India."

They clutch at straws, do drowning men.

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.

FROM MANTOLOKING TO MANHATTAN

■ A homing pigeon arrived at the Manhattan Beach (N. Y.) Coast Guard Station with this note on his leg: "To whom it may concern: Hoping to find this pigeon in the best of health as we took good care of him when he flew in our tower window February 25, 1943. If you receive this note please let us know by writing to 'The Boys of the Mantoloking (N. J.) Coast Guard Station.'"

Pursuant to your reference to the bird's leg appended,
We hereby answer you in ode and trust you're not offended.
On Friday morning March the fifth, a morning cold and dreary,
A signalman upon our bridge found a bird, tired and weary.
The bird then was immediately brought to a bird-fancier mate
To help determine the point to which this bird would navigate.
Identification it bore not like carrier pigeons carry;
It was a homing bird, he said, that from his loft did tarry.
Nothing else was there to do. The bird was properly fed.
And then released and eagerly watched as into the blue it sped.
Where it lands we do not know, but one thing we can say—
The boys of Mantoloking did their good deed for the day;
Be it small or be it great, it was true to our tradition:
The Coast Guard always renders aid with true determination.
Thus this bird, be where it may . . . Greeting I'm extending
From shipmates of Manhattan Beach to those of Mantoloking.

U. S. Coast Guard —JOHN K. SYNOVEC

IN TIME OF WAR

In time of war a man finds out about himself. Or does he?
If he doesn't want to fight, he's surely a coward. Or is he?
His greatest energies are called upon to do their best. Or are they?
His civil life is put behind him. Or is it?
He can prove he's got the stuff to do a big job. Or can he?
He will learn to take orders without question. Or will he?
He discovers that his comrades should be treated as his brothers. Or should they?
He gets used to answering calls of nature in multi-populated latrines. Or does he?
He might take up religion after being an atheist for years. Or might he?
He learns to eat slum and beans and like it. Or does he?
His ideals become great, as his aim is noble. Or do they?
Under stress of war his latent abilities are brought to light. Or are they?
He begins to drink, gamble and fight at the slightest provocation. Or does he?
He misses most of all the companionship of women. He sure does!

USCG Base, San Juan, Puerto Rico —B. J. TALKIN S2c

THE SHORTS OF CAPT. L.

We have been in situations that would make the bravest flee,
We have known the many dangers of the man who goes to sea,
But of all the sea's vast horrors, there is none that leaves us—well,
More ready for a keeper than the shorts of Capt. L.
We would rather face torpedoes than to face this gruesome sight,
Which has often waked us screaming in the middle of the night;
More ghastly view, it is our vow, no mortal ever saw,
And although they're not, they should be banned by international law.

Yes, we know they're patriotic and will save much needed cloth,
For they're cut so brief they wouldn't feed a wan dyspeptic moth,
But although they may be wonderful to brave the tropic breeze,
We are sure they weren't intended for a pair of knobby knees.
They are covered o'er with rust spots—'tis said they once were bright,
But now we fear they could be classed as anything but white.
And when the captain wears them, 'though we never make complaint,
We would think he'd be embarrassed by the places where they ain't.

If worn by bathing beauties we would have no cause for grief,
For they contain the goods to make just one small handkerchief,
But when the captain puts them on, and then declares he's dressed,
Instead of sighs of rapture we give sighs of vast protest.
Now seamen all are wicked and we haven't lived so well,
We know that when on earth we're done we're sure to end in hell,
We will try to face the torments that we find in Satan's ports,
But God grant that we're not tortured by the sight of L. in shorts.

U. S. Merchant Marine —LEONARD F. JOSLYN, Radio Officer

MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:

Have read almost every issue of your swell magazine from cover to cover, except for your Easter number. I can't seem to get beyond the inside of the first cover. Won't you please let me know who, *who* is that lovely bit of feminine pulchritude with the Pfc.? Please rush answer as I would like to finish the Easter number and get some sleep.

Sgt. GEORGE SLIPPER

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Your April 25th issue is a classic, and I notice the picture of a soldier's Easter parade. Now, while I am not interested in what the well-dressed soldier will wear, I am interested in where he got his accessories, such as the beauty with the furs. From an extensive survey I find that this is just what I've been looking for all my life. Please tell me where I can get one of these to wear on my arm after duty hours. Oh, yes, I want one built to suit my size, but if they only come in large sizes, please inform me where I can get a pair of stilts.

Cpl. HERSCHEL JOHNSON

Britain.

Editor's Note: There is a little store on Piccadilly where you can buy stilts. We will be glad to furnish you the address.

Dear YANK:

I have been in service for over six years now, and have been over most of the States and have never been ashamed to wear a Pfc. chevron till there was a certain editorial in YANK here in England when Greengroin got into this magazine. To have every British soldier look at you and laugh, well it makes one kind of look silly; to my idea it looks bad on everybody that wears one of them.

Pfc. A. C. WETZEL

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I noticed in your April 25 issue that Pfc. Tom Bishop says either Artie Greengroin goes or he quits buying YANK. I think the majority of YANK readers would say, "what the hell does one Pfc.'s threepence amount to, anyhow?"

Sgt. PAUL L. CLINE

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I definitely take exception to the suggestion that all mail should be V-mail. The written word is powerful, but impersonal when reproduced. There is something more tangible in a piece of paper, not too far back, in the hands of some loved one. And perhaps it might carry a faint odor of perfume. Or the enclosures, trivials, no doubt, but meaning much more than mere words. A snapshot sent home by brother Joe in Australia and forwarded on. A pressed petal from *her* last corsage before you went away. These are the things that really count. V-mail is about as personal as a Western Union telegram.

S/Sgt. WILLIAM W. MANNING, Jr.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

In regard to Pfc. Henry McCarthy's comment on the Artie Greengroin column. I don't know if he is one of those Pfc.s who wears the bright neon stripe with wings, but if he is he deserves a horse laugh. To Pfc. Tom Bishop—If he cannot take a little razzing about his rank, he doesn't belong in the Army and had better go home to mamma. I myself am a lowly Pfc. and enjoy Artie Greengroin very much.

Pfc. ROBERT ANDERSON

Britain.

Dear YANK:

In reference to the Sad Sack cartoon on Sex Hygiene, Wren Joan (April 18) stated if more of your soldiers took the attitude that the Sad Sack took, the world would be a happier place. Hereafter, I promise never to shake hands with *any* woman, unless I am wearing my special rubber glove which extends to the elbow.

Sgt. DON SIEBERT

Britain.

Dear YANK:

As one of your undoubtedly many enthusiastic and delighted readers, I feel that perhaps you would like to know that I heartily approve the excellent criterion you advocate in regards to A.P.O. mail and packages. Maybe if you have proof of an ardent following—those rules will be accepted by the proper authorities. If so, you have my vote.

2nd Lieut. MIRIAM N. GLUCKSHAOW

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I thought YANK was a morale builder until I read that article on V-mail in the April 25 edition. Don't you people realize that if they can't cut out our air mail and substitute it only for V-mail it will bust our morale wide open. V-mail to us is just as simple as a greeting card, and we'd rather wait a few days longer and receive an honest-to-goodness real letter.

Sgt. SENTIMENTAL JOE

Britain.

Dear YANK:

What in the hell is all this racket about mail, anyways? I have not got but two letters since I got here and both them was from bill collectors.

Pfc. HOUNDED-TO-DEATH

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Are you guys trying to ruin me? I have got a very loving, doting wife back in the States. She is 17 years older than me and has got a mother complex. She writes me letters every day after breakfast, before lunch, after lunch, two in the afternoon, one at the dinner table and two after dinner. She never goes to movies and bridge parties, never does nothing but write me letters. I have been getting more letters than the whole Army put together. Every time a new convoy arrives the stevedores says there is another shipment for Pfc. (please do not use my name). I get more mail than any man in the U. S. Army. It all says the same thing over and over again. I hear "I love you" eight times a day, and when mail don't come in for two weeks I get 8 times 14 letters. I married the old bag for her dough, but she never sends no dough in her letters, only "I love you." I say, cut out all mail from home; the hell with it, and everybody will be better off.

Pfc. R.N.C.

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I think the poem "A Poem For Britain," which you printed a little while back should be reproduced in every magazine in America. It was real literature.

Sgt. EVERETT NATHAN

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I agree that "A Poem For Britain" was wonderful, and if you will give the name and birthday of the guy who wrote it, I will send him on his birthday a copy of "The White Cliffs of Dover," by Alice Duer Miller, since his copy must be getting torn and tarnished from plagiarism by this time.

Pvt. WILLIAM BAKER

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Honest, it's getting so a guy can't guess what you'll have up your sleeves next. Your Easter issue was a pip, from the cover right on through. You'll be printing the paper on gold leaf next, and that's O.K. with me, too. I don't know who the Joe is who's with the dame and the dog on page 2, but he kills me. Literally kills me. What a puss. I can't get *Esquire* any more, but I'm happy. Happy.

Pvt. JOHN TAYLOR

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Your Easter issue was the best yet, and it's good to see that you can gag with the best of them. We get enough serious stuff all day, and when it comes time to pick up YANK we want to relax. Keep 'em relaxing.

LINE SERGEANT

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Those of us who fought in the last war were plagued with nostalgic memories when we read your excellent article, "The Night Raiders," in the May 1 issue of YANK. It is amazing that, despite the scope and magnitude of this war, not until YANK's piece has any publication that I know of published an article on what it really feels like to be under fire. As an example to those thousands of American boys who have not yet known the feeling, and who will soon go into action, I think you have done a real service because your article familiarized its readers with war itself like nothing short of a real battle could have done.

Capt. R.G.

Britain.

Editorial Page

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

First To Land, Last To Leave

CHANCES are you never heard of Doug Munro. He was a modest guy and never did much talking. His neighbors in South Cle Elum, Wash., his home town, will tell you that the words were always sincere, simple and to the point.

On Sept. 27, 1942, the biggest day in his 22 years of life, Doug directed the rescue of an outfit of Yanks cut off by the Japs on a little island in the Solomons. It was one of the toughest jobs any American fighting man was ever called upon to do. After he finished it Doug, mortally wounded, spoke only four words:

"Did they get off?"

Later, his mother, Mrs. James Munro, received a letter from Lt.-Comdr. D. H. Dexter USCG, Doug's boss in the Solomons. This letter is something more than a tribute to the courage and self-sacrifice of one fighter for freedom. It becomes, as you read it, a kind of tribute to the Coast Guard itself. For Doug Munro, doing his job without any corny fanfare of trumpets, was doing what Coast Guardsmen have been doing for 153 years, both in war and in peace. Through Doug Munro, the Coast Guard had once more been "the first to land, and the last to leave."

Here is the letter:

"On Sunday the 27th of September an expedition was sent into an area where trouble was to be expected. Douglas was in charge of the 10 boats which took the men down.

"In the latter part of the afternoon, the situation had not developed as had been anticipated and in order to save the expedition it became necessary to send the boats back to evacuate the expedition. Volunteers were called for and true to the highest traditions of the Coast Guard, and also to traditions with which you had imbued your son, he was among the first to volunteer and was put in charge of the detail.

"The evacuation was as successful as could be hoped for under fire. But as always happens, the last men to leave the beach are the hardest pressed because they have been acting as the covering agents for the withdrawal of the other men, and your son, knowing this, so placed himself and his boats that he could act as the covering agent for the last men, and by his action and successful maneuvers brought back a far greater number of men than had been even hoped for.

"He received his wound just as the last men were getting in the boats and clearing the beach. Upon regaining consciousness, his only question was, 'Did they get off?' and so died with a smile on his face and the full knowledge that he had successfully accomplished a dangerous mission."

SEMPER PARATUS

V-MAIL

What About V-Mail

WE expect to get some squawks from overseas soldiers on one change YANK advocated last week in its editorial requesting an overhaul of the APO regulations.

YANK asked the Army Postal Service to change the rules so that overseas soldiers could get packages of necessary stuff without the approval of a CO. We also proposed that first-class mail be limited to V-Mail for ordinary correspondence.

This V-Mail angle is the one that is going to rub some overseas men the wrong way. Some of you have written that you don't like V-Mail. YANK's overseas men report the same thing. The complaints seem to be that V-Mail letters are too short, and that they pass through so many hands that everybody but the supply sergeant gets a chance to read them before their delivery. "Billboard mail," some of you call it.

Granted, V-Mailers are short. People can write oftener, can't they? As for the other complaint, it doesn't stack up with the facts. We took a look at the set-up before writing this piece, just to be sure we weren't feeding you any malarkey.

The fact is that careful precautions are taken so that nobody but the censor sees V-Mail. The V-Mail machine works automatically. The only time V-Mail forms get into anybody's hands is when they are opened for processing. The men who open the mail have to maintain a speed of opening 500 letters an hour, because they feed a machine that processes 20,000 an hour. It's like an assembly line in a factory, supervised all the way by postal inspectors. Going through the machine, the letters are *folded shut*, impossible to read. After processing, the original letters are locked up until the V-Mail reaches its destination, and then the originals are *burned in an incinerator*, again under the eagle eyes of the postal inspectors. At the other end of the line, the same fast processing takes place. Try to read anything that goes past your eyes at the rate of 20,000 an hour.

The greatest advantage of V-Mail is that it *can't get lost*. If a boat carrying regular mail is sunk, the mail is gone for ever. (One ship went down with 50,000 letters aboard.) If a plane carrying V-Mail is lost, a duplicate V-Mail copy of the letter is en route within three or four days. Not until the V-Mail is *delivered* to you is the original letter burned. It seems sensible to encourage V-Mail that *can't get lost* in favor of boat mail that might be sunk.

In case you wonder why we didn't let well enough alone on that V-Mail business and just shout for a change in the package regulations, here's why:

In order to get something, you've got to give something. If we ask the APS to let us get packages, which will increase the load on boats, then we have to take the load off the boats somewhere else. The place to do it is in letters. V-Mail is here to stay anyway; nothing we can do will change that. So we urge the use of V-Mail if it means we can get more packages.

That's fair, isn't it? The system YANK advocates would work. It would result in faster delivery of letters by putting them on planes, thus releasing ship space for packages. It would also keep the credit merchants and a lot of people you don't know from writing silly letters in such volume that there won't be room for the letters you do want from home.

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YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

British Edition:

Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr. Art Editor, Cpl. Charles Brand, AAF. Staff Cartoonist, 2nd Lt. Dave Breger, AUS. Editorial Associates, Cpl. Ben Frazier, CA; Sgt. Denton Scott, FA; Cpl. Steve Derry, AAF; Sgt. Walter Peters, QM; Pfc. Arthur Greengroin, QM; Production, Cpl. Louis McFadden, Engr. Officer in Charge, Major Desmond H. O'Connell. Detachment Commander, 2nd Lieut. Wade Werden. Address: Printing House Square, London.

New York Office:

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer, Inf.; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd. Officer-in-charge: Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor: Maj. Hartzell Spence.

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The Night Raiders

By Bill Richardson and Ben Frazier

(Second of 2 articles on British light coastal forces.)

WHEN they're not out shooting the hell out of Germans, the men on the M-G-Bs and M-T-Bs spend most of their time sitting around the wardrooms discussing tactics, past adventures and the course of the war.

They also spend countless hours checking over every cylinder of their motors and every square inch of the guns. They also shoot pool and do a little drinking. Amazingly enough no cliques have developed between the officers and men of the M-G-Bs on one hand and the M-T-Bs on the other. Whereas air force men, flying different kinds of planes based on the same field tend to mix with those in their own kind of ships, the M-T-B and M-G-B men admit quite freely that after all, and what the hell, they are both getting shot at by the same enemy.

For some time, one of the favorite topics of conversation at the base had been the life-jacket of an E-boat captain, fished out of the waters of the North Sea one moonlit night. It was a very pretty jacket, except for a little blood which was quickly dry-cleaned away, but the most interesting thing about it was its contents. Contained therein were pictures of some very lovely girls. Some of these pictures, obviously, were made in France, and so much more interesting. Apparently, such photography suffers no depression from conquest, for one of them plainly contained the cast-off uniform of a Nazi, who was also shown, sans uniform. The deprecatory remarks on the Nazi will not bear the repetition in print, but they had remotely to do with the conclusion that the Nazis, as a race of supermen, were certainly kidding themselves.

For nearly a week, the pictures were passed from boat to boat while the men remarked that there might be some small consolation in getting shot up and having to land on enemy-occupied coast. The lieutenant who fished the jacket out of the drink wore it on duty for several weeks, until he finally was killed in action and the photographs perished with him.

The great hero of both the M-G-B and M-T-B men was Lieutenant Robert Hichens, a former west-coast solicitor, who became the ace of all coastal forces. Hich had been on 148 operations, including 14 actions, and he had been twice awarded the D.S.O. and thrice the D.S.C. On the night of the first action, both our skippers told us that we had come to the wrong station, that we should have gone with Hich.

Hich was killed that same night while we fought it out with the German convoy.

STAR-SHELL, breaking open into the night skies, silhouettes the sea for miles around. This one was shot up by British coastal forces looking for lurking E-boats along the insular convoy route. On the other side, the Germans keep the skies plastered with star-shells the very moment they think anything resembling an M-T-B or an M-G-B is within miles of their shores.

Judged from orthodox dramatic standards for such situations, Hich's death was unique. There was none of the old mute we're-not-talking-about-it movie malarkey on the one hand and none of the old we'll-never-be-the-same again routine on the other. These men who are so highly expendable merely faced the fact of his death, were deeply grieved, impressed with the fact that a similar fate awaited some of them, and went about their business a little grimmer perhaps, but certainly with no show of emotionalism.

The men of the light coastal forces are a pretty realistic bunch of boys. They have come to look at life and living for exactly what it is worth and a spade is a spade, period, and not anything but a spade. They have a job to do, and they do it the most efficient and deadly way they can. There is nothing phony and nothing superfluous, either about the men, their boats, or even their mode of life.

It is like this:

They are going out by night into the sea. They might not return. An oversized speedboat is a dirty, oily, greasy proposition, and the sea throws spray. So they don't die, these men, with their boots clean, or even their pants pressed. They dress for the occasion. Almost all of them wear odd trousers from civilian suits and high turtle-necked white sweaters. One of them, a former socialite jockey and yachtsman, goes to work in a hound's tooth check sports coat and a green Tyrolean hat with a feather in it. But he is unusual, the only one who disdains to wear a battered naval cap. The buttons of the naval jackets are usually a dark, mouldy green; it would be as much sacrilege to clean them as it would be to polish to a bright, glittering gold the green-encrusted surface of some prized statue standing in a public square.

The coastal forces have brought an amazing variety of men into their ranks. One, who received a great deal of publicity a few weeks ago, was in civilian life an ornithologist, or bird expert. Another was a manufacturer of home furnishing; still another was a professional jockey; another was in the milling business; another was a meat packer, and there are several school teachers among them. However, most of them had previous experience with light speedboats, and many of them had sailed the North Sea to Holland at the wheels of tillers of their own small craft before the war.

In the ranks, most of the men, in true British naval tradition, have been in His Majesty's senior service since they were kids and have never known any occupation but the sea. How they happened to join up, on the other hand, is very interesting, as was the case with the red-haired able-bodied seamen from Liverpool.

His father was a professional soldier, a regimental (pronounced regi-men-TUL) sergeant-major in His Majesty's Grenadier Guards, and:

"Every time he come home it was, 'Get up, you,' or 'Sit down, you,' like I was some bleedin' private of the line, till one day I ups and says 'the hell with you, old man, I'm goin' to join the bleedin' navy.' So I ups and joins up and for a while there I was on the bot-tle-ship *Rodney*, and then I comes into this."

The kid added, however that later he and his

The editors of YANK wish to express their appreciation for the cooperation afforded by the Light Coastal Forces' officers and men in this series of articles on the M-G-Bs and M-T-Bs —and particularly to: Capt. H. T. Armstrong; Cmdr. N. A. Brind; Lt.-Cmdr. C. L. Cotton; Lt.-Cmdr. H. M. Duff-Still; Lt. J. O. King; Lt. F. R. Lightoller; Lt. Walter Harrop; Lt. Paul Berthon; Lt. Ken Gemmel; Lt. Tony Law; and to Lt. Graham Guthrie and Lt. Maurice Goddard, both of whom have been killed in action since this article was written.

father became the best of friends, and that he was extremely proud of the old man, who was wounded and got the D.S.M. in the Battle of El Alamein.

Discipline in the light coastal forces is, so far as we have been able to observe, in a world all its own and superior, in most ways, to anything we have run across thus far in the Allied forces. When a small crew of men live and work and die together in a tiny hull of a boat, day after day and month after month, there necessarily can be none of the close-order-drill type of discipline.

Rather, there is, almost without exception, a sort of father-and-son relationship between the officers and men, who show what virtually amounts to an unabashed hero worship of their skippers. The officers call all the ratings by their first names, and while action orders are necessarily barked out, ordinary minor orders are almost always preceded by a "Will you please . . .?" or at least a straight "Would you . . .?" The men, on the other hand, address the officers as sir, but out of respect only. Even the youngest of the skippers, boys in their early twenties, have this respect and bear it well. It is quite a sight to see a young lieutenant (who hasn't been shaving more than five or six years) address a tough cauliflower-eared rating (who was perhaps boxing champion and champion fleet hell raiser) as "son." Under the circumstance, it seems very natural, not at all incongruous.

The first night we were out with Bob Harrop, the whole bridge was thrown into convulsions of laughter when we asked him if the ship had a nickname. Bob turned to a rating and asked, "Have we got a nickname for this ship, son?"

"Yes," the rating replied. "We call it the bloody *Altmark*."

"The what?"

"The *Altmark*."

The greatest ambition of most of the officers and men is to fight the Japs after the war is over. Most of them have read Buckley's saga of the PT boats in the Pacific, "They Were Expendable," and often use phrases from it, particularly one which, although often repeated, is always good for a laugh."

It was the night we were out on Harrop's ship, when, chased by two destroyers, Harrop announced pontifically:

"We are now going to execute that intricate naval maneuver known as getting the hell out of here as fast as we can."

Many of the officers consider the North Sea as just a training ground for the real fight to come. The Jap navy is a real navy, they say a very formidable adversary, and they're anxious to be at it. "What a cruise that will be," one of them said as we stood on the bridge, heading toward Holland, eyes half-closed against a stinging rain that beat upon the sea. "No more of this cold muck."

Fighting at sea, however, is far from the worst thing in the world once you get used to it. As a matter of fact, once the initial shock wears off after the first engagement, you begin to look forward to a good fight. The second time we went over to Holland, all three of us (Frazier, Richardson and Pat Conger of United Press) were full of anticipation and very disappointed when we came back after a long trip having seen nothing but fog and more fog.

(The third action came after a week of patrolling with no results. Here again, the stories are split at the point where the two "Yank" reporters went out on separate actions. Richardson's story is set in bold; Frazier's in roman.)

There was a choice that night, a gamble. I took the M-G-Bs, and Frazier the M-T-Bs. We left first, late in the afternoon, heading into a fine, pelting rain that stung the face and made life generally very uncomfortable on the bridge.

Shortly before midnight, the skies cleared, and the moon came out. We were in enemy waters, there in the moonlight, silhouetted against the cruel light. On the bridge, one of the gunners was whistling, softly whistling "Weep no more, don't sigh, my love," . . . and then Bob Harrop sighted the enemy. We moved slowly, trying to take advantage of the light.

Then the clouds came up again. Then the starshells broke across the horizon. At first we didn't know what was happening. The action was miles away. One after another, the starshells lit the distant horizon, hanging there, flashing across the water.

We cruised, waiting to go into action. Then we got a message that the M-T-Bs were in contact with the enemy.

The sky for miles around was lit up with the light of starshells. This time, it was different. Both Pat Conger and I, standing together on the bridge, were eager for action this time, ready for it, once the initial shock of the first action had worn off. Then the Germans came at us with ships bigger than our own. Even those expendable know when there is no strategic value in making themselves expendable, and we "performed that naval maneuver known as getting the hell out of there in a hurry." Once, they got within range and shot up some heavy stuff our way, and we watched the spray against the light of the starshells.

It was a magnificent night. It had cleared and the moon was on the choppy water. Our skipper would have loved such a night back in peace time when he sailed his schooner over these same waters in international races, but tonight he cursed it for making surprise impossible.

Suddenly, far off, there was firing—starshells and tracers. The night was lit up still more. It was the enemy. But he was not firing at us. Aircraft possibly. We were well up moon from him and we slowed down so he could not see our bow wave. We watched intently as he crossed the path of the moon. Four ships. Patrol vessels. "The Four Horsemen, that's what they are," the skipper said. "The bastards," someone added. "One's a bloody great craft," the starboard gunner said moodily.

We went on until we were sure there was no convoy following and then turned to attack. Slowly, ever so slowly, on account of the bow wave, we crept down upon them. The suspense made you tingle and your knees shake a little. But it was too bright for surprise. The Jerries spotted us. No torpedoes this time.

Crack. A tracer sailed toward us, "Open fire," the skipper said.. More tracers flew at us. Shells began to whine overhead. We turned, put on speed and raced off into the darkness up moon, firing blue-blazes as we went. The first attack had failed.

"How the hell will we get at the bastards?" was the question. No one thought of retiring.

We crept back towards the flak ships The enemy opened fire again on our other boats. We crept on still unobserved. We were almost in range now. They saw us. The tracers flew at us again and the shells made their nasty whine around us. "Fire torpedoes," yelled Ken. They hissed off and disappeared into the water We turned immediately and made off.

The suspense of waiting for the tin fish to travel that short stretch of moonlit water was the worst of all. It was worse than the few seconds when you saw a tracer or a shell coming at you.

"My God, I believe we've made a hit," the skipper said. A heavy puff of smoke almost blotted out one of the Jerry ships. But she kept on firing.

We pulled away, firing as long as we were in range. The skipper had his glasses glued on the enemy. All four were visible but one had lost formation. "I won't claim it," he said. "I've got to see it sink before I'll claim it."

We rendezvoused with the other boats and went home. It didn't seem possible, but not one boat had been hit. All that stuff Jerry had thrown at us, off and on, for an hour and a half, and not a hit.

Tony came over from his boat. He laughed. "That was the funniest action I was ever in," he said. "We couldn't get at them and they couldn't get at us. Just like a ping-pong match."

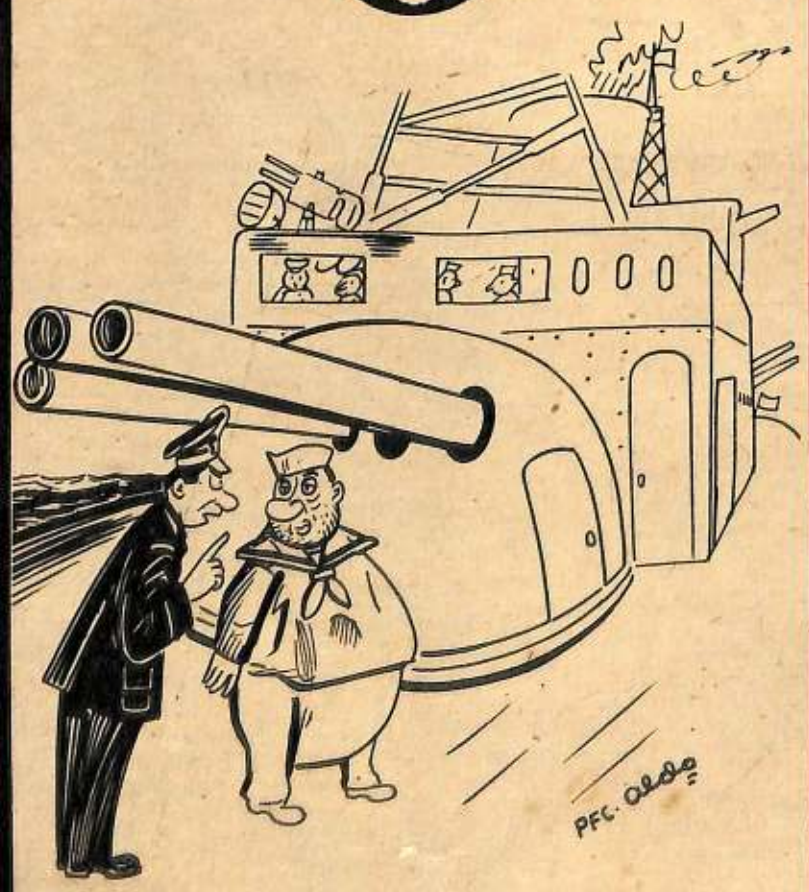
Love match, as it were.

After a long, hard night in the engine room.

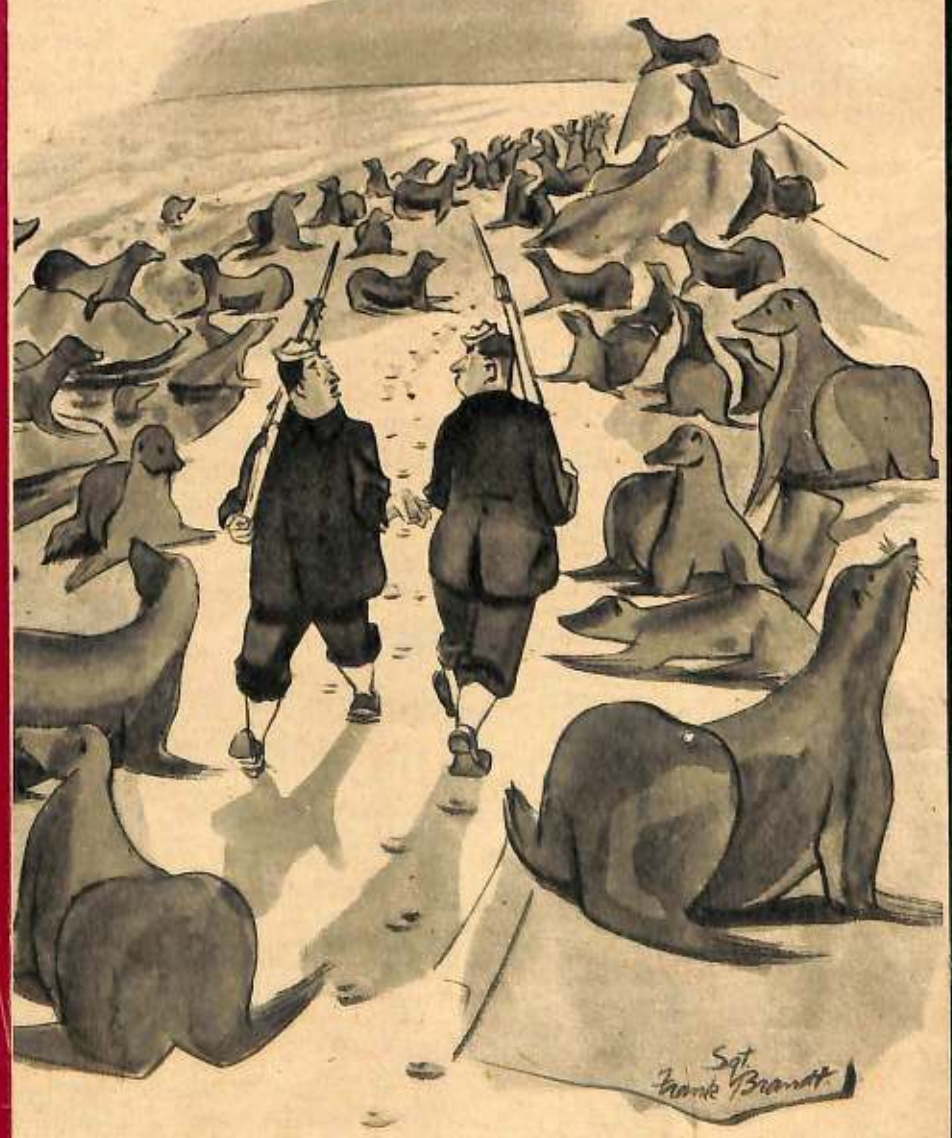
"I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE COAST GUARD NEVER LEFT CHESAPEAKE BAY."
—Pvt. Jack Ruge

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY



"CANNONS DON'T BELCH—THEY SHOOT. AND EVEN IF THEY DID, IT STILL WOULD BE NO EXCUSE FOR YOU."
—Pfc. Aldo, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.



"OH, I DON'T MIND THEM. I USED TO BE A LIFE GUARD AT CONEY ISLAND."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt