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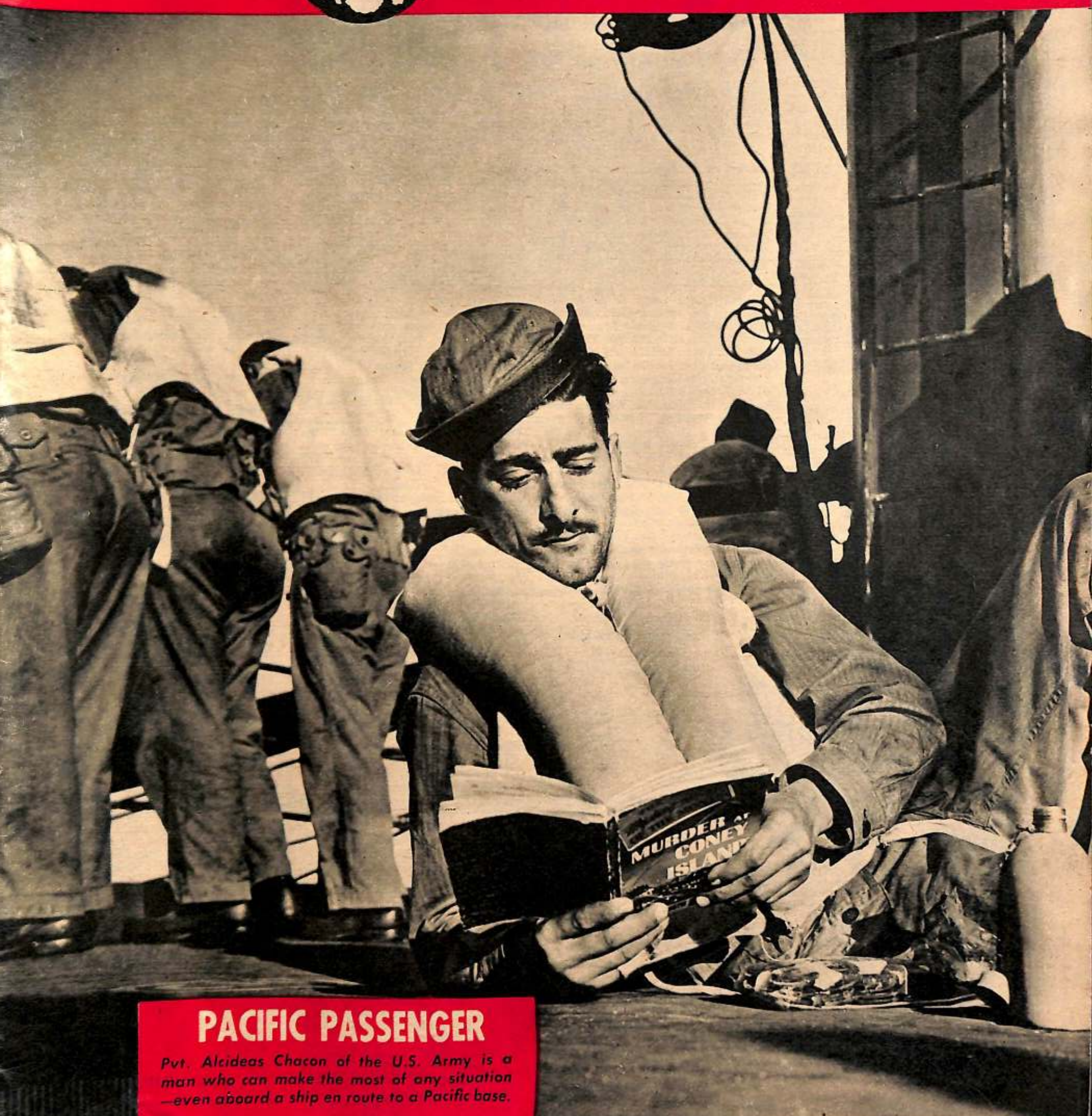
By the men . . for the men in the service



PACIFIC PASSENGER

Pvt. Alcideas Chacon of the U.S. Army is a man who can make the most of any situation —even aboard a ship en route to a Pacific base.

Camp D.L.&W.

This Tiny African Air-Ferry Outpost Must Be the World's Smallest Army Camp

By SGT. JIM BURCHARD
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA—The smallest U. S. Army camp in Africa—if not in the world.

That's the D. L. & W., which boasts a total force of one officer and four noncoms. You'll have to drag out your large-scale map and your microscope to find it. Located far inland and bounded by wild animals, orchard brush and Free Frenchmen, it's an important stop on the African Middle East Wing air-ferry route. Without it, many a plane would be unable to proceed toward Khartoum, Cairo and points east.

D. L. & W., of course, isn't the camp's official tag. But the boys think it's appropriate. The letters stand for Dysentery, Leprosy and Wogs. A Wog, if you've forgotten, is American for any African native. Despite the ominous nickname, the camp is bursting with good health.

Before learning of the trials and tribulations of Camp D. L. & W., step up and meet the dogface personnel:

Lt. John W. Irving, of Bronxville, N. Y. He's the CO, who left Princeton University after his junior year to join the scrap abroad.

T/Sgt. Bill Tindell, of Scottdale, Pa., the radio chief.

S/Sgt. John G. Koch, of Wyoming, Pa., a wistful bridegroom who labors as assistant to Sgt. Tindell.

Sgt. Victor M. Kelly, of Franklin, Tex., a code man.

Cpl. Leroy Dibble, of Berne, N. Y., also a code expert. Cpl. Dibble was born in Nigeria, son of a missionary. He lived 11 years in New York City. His father now is a captain in the U.S. Army in Africa, while his brother Bob is a sergeant.

The first Americans here were Pan American Airways pioneers. In line with the militarization of PAA, however, the Army took over in the middle of October. By Dec. 15 the PAA was out completely and the U.S. Army Air Force—the capable quintet—reigned alone.

Desolate Spot

Coming into Camp D. L. & W., from the air, the traveler generally turns to his neighbor and says: "Lord, what a desolate spot. I'd rather be stuck on Devil's Island."

True, it does look a bit barren at first sight, but things aren't as bad as all that. The boys have a nice, airy barracks building with Wogs to look after the washing, cooking and policing. They get news and music on the radio. Two big, modern kerosene ice boxes keep boiled, distilled water and beer very cold. The chop (food) is excellent. When fresh meat is needed, it can be shot within a mile or two of camp—gazelle, antelope, guinea hen, duck, goose, field duiker (small deer) or possibly wild boar. Python snakes don't count.

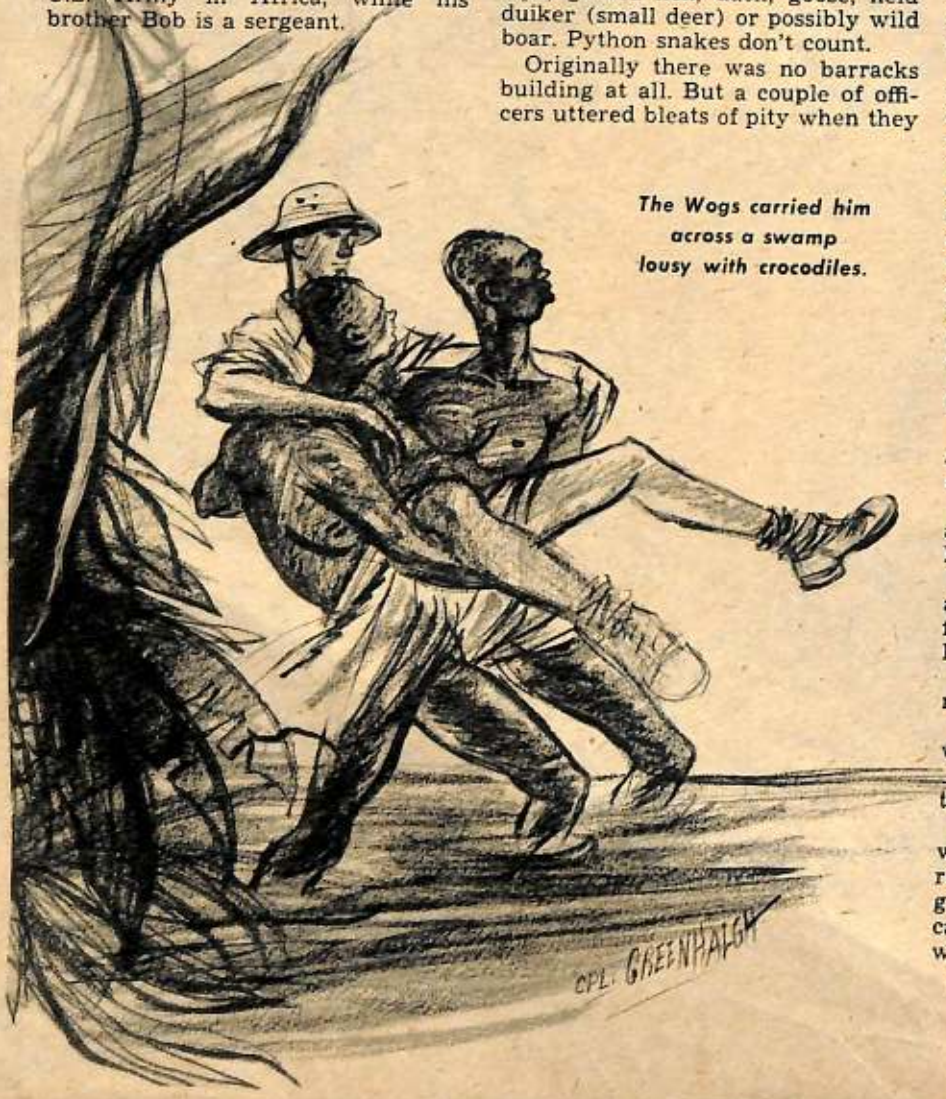
Originally there was no barracks building at all. But a couple of officers uttered bleats of pity when they saw the PAA boys sleeping on the floor of an airplane hangar with no mosquito nets. They wired to the nearest U.S. port for a portable, sheet-metal job. Since then two sleeping porches have been added. Twice the boys tried sleeping in the front yard, but it was no go. Each time they woke up without blankets, the natives having "borrowed" them.

The big complaint is lack of fresh reading material. Sometimes a sympathetic ferry pilot will drop off a few magazines, but they're always months old. A newspaper is unknown. The few books have been read until their covers are peeling.

Still, there is rarely a dull moment as ferry planes and fighter convoys drop into Camp D. L. & W. for gasoline and repairs. And during the rainy season, when snakes and scorpions try to share the nice, dry warmth of the barracks, the excitement runs pretty high.

For a good many weeks everybody believed Camp D. L. & W. was the jinx airport of Africa. Bad luck hit one and all—Americans, British and Free French.

Two Hurricanes, two Spitfires and one Blenheim crashed in a single week. Two Wellington pilots were lost two days in a row. The second time they bailed out. One almost met with disaster when his foot caught in the rudder. The other had the parachute ring come loose in his hand, and had to yank the silk open by pure strength. They finally landed O.K. and returned to Camp D. L. & W. after three days of hiking and six more in a truck.



The Wogs carried him across a swamp lousy with crocodiles.

Plenty of Trouble

A tame gazelle chewed the tip off a Hurricane's propeller. He was accorded court martial and shot.

A curious Wog stuck his head into a propeller to see what made it spin. He was buried quietly.

An RAF pilot backed a truck into a P-40 after mechanics had spent two frenzied weeks procuring parts. The P-40 went back on the shelf.

Two scorpions were killed in the radio room.

Ten men, mostly French, forgot to wear helmets, died from sunstroke.

A Hurricane ran into a Blenheim taking off.

Sgt. Koch was lost three times while hunting in the bush, and was rescued following the use of flare guns and tracer bullets. Two Wogs carried him across a swamp lousy with crocodiles.

French ack-ack gunners became jittery and fired at U.S. planes which failed to give proper landing signals. Always gentlemen, however, they aimed to warn rather than contact.

On the whole, however, things could have been worse. Even a bombing attack by a lone German plane didn't raise too much hell. The lucky guy dropped an egg on the gasoline dump; 50,000 gallons went up.

The teamwork of the five U.S. Army boys, all strangers before they met in Africa, would delight the heart of a big-time football coach. At last report they had solved every problem except that of procuring a flag pole. There are no tall, straight trees to be had, so they flew the flag from the radio antenna.

Incidentally, the Free French presented them with an American flag. In their enthusiasm, however, the Frenchmen sewed on 56 stars.

There are no alarm clocks, and they aren't needed. Precisely at 6 o'clock each morning—and you can set your watch by it—Sgt. Francois Ferrero leads his native ack-ack crew at double time past the U.S. barracks. He shouts, "*Bon jour, mes amis*," and the Yanks' day begins.

Medical Corps Does Swell Job

WITH THE CENTER TASK FORCE, ORAN (by wireless) — American forces engaged in the North African sweep suffered more casualties in the fighting in Oran than in either the Casablanca or Algeria areas. And so our Medical Department had a tougher job to perform here than elsewhere in North Africa.

During the first four days of its operations, the medical unit experienced shortages in practically everything despite its foresight in carrying up its own medical supplies. It borrowed right and left from other units in the vicinity. At first, uncertain as to the purity of the Oran water supply, the quartermaster brought in the water used on British ships and in harbor hospitals.

Many soldiers suffering from what physicians label shock were treated with newer methods of transfusion of dry blood plasma which lacks red blood cells. This type is given when the patient has not lost a serious quantity of blood but is suffering from a bruised nervous system. The doctors are enthusiastic about this method. They say they have used hundreds of cans of plasma here alone.

It is too early for doctors to make a report on the health of troops in this country, although offhand I would say the men look awfully peppy. The season is over for malaria and dengue fever and there are no mosquitos for a few months yet. No cases of belharzia, Africa's scourge, have yet been reported in this vicinity.

SGT. ROBERT NEVILLE
Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Bombs OVER Burma

A YANK Reporter Writes First Eyewitness Story of a Moonlight Raid on Rangoon By American B-24s From India

By SGT. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA [By Cable]—There was a moon over Burma—not full, as one songwriter lyricized, but still brilliant enough to silhouette the ships in Rangoon harbor and reflect off the roofs of Japanese warehouses along the docks.

Rangoon caught hell that night because of that heavenly glow.

It was a bomber's moon, the kind that puts a shimmering silvery finger on the target and holds it there until blotted out by the fire and smoke of bursting bombs. That's what happened to Rangoon when the Man in The Moon teamed up with Yank bombardiers for a little workout on the Japs.

This is the first eyewitness account of an air attack on Burma by India-based American bombers. I saw it through the open bomb-bay doors of a giant B-24, stretched out on the floor of the radio compartment with my head hanging out over the catwalk.

The moon hadn't come up yet when our flight of B-24s took off from this U. S. bomber base. Capt. Joseph S. Pirruccello, squadron operations officer, briefed pilots and crews in a tiny smoke-filled room lighted only by a gasoline lantern. After announcing the primary and secondary targets for the mission, plus usual weather information, Pirruccello told them to expect Japanese night fighters on this trip over Rangoon.

In Last Bomber To Take Off

Lt. Col. Conrad Necrasson, of Cooperstown, N. Y., 31-year-old group commander, added: "There's a 10-day furlough waiting for you gunners who get Jap night fighters on this mission. Good luck to you." He added as an afterthought: "Incidentally, we all got shot down over Bankok the other night, according to the Japs."

Our big, four-motored bomber, with Capt. Pirruccello at the controls, was last to take off. It was individual bombing tonight, not formation attack. Pirruccello, as flight leader, chose to be last in place over the target. He would take the butt of the attack rather than have ack-ack guns and night fighters gang up on one of his other pilots. Likewise, he wanted to check on damage done by preceding planes. So we took off in the hot spot.

The moon came up at about 11:30 to lead us into Rangoon. A few hours out, the crew started to warm up their guns. They weren't going to miss any Jap fighters—or that 10-day furlough—because of a cold gun.

Sgt. Pete Lanchak, rear gunner, suggested I fire a few bursts from the waist-window gun, just to get the feel of it in case one of our gunners got shot and needed a pinch hitter. So I buried several rounds in a nearby cloud, the busts of fire disappearing into billowy whiteness.

Soon after that, Sgt. Larry Phipps, the engineer, came around to get my signature on a form

which lists the names of all members of the plane's crew and the passengers. Our crew's names looked like the line-up of a Notre Dame football squad. Here's how they were listed with home-town and ancestry supplied by later questioning:

Capt. Joseph S. Pirruccello, Omaha, Nebr., pilot; Italian.

2nd Lt. Richard T. Henning, Albemarle, N. C., co-pilot; Norwegian.

2nd Lt. Robert J. Shimanek, Chicago, Ill., bomb-navigator; English.

2nd Lt. Fletcher F. Taylor Jr., Dallas, Tex., navigator; English.

T/Sgt. John W. Irme, Burlington, N. J., engineer-gunner; Hungarian.

Sgt. Joseph V. LeBlanc, New Orleans, La., radio operator; French.

T/Sgt. Lawrence L. Phipps, Ponca City, Okla., engineer; Scotch-Irish.

Sgt. Peter Lanchak, McKees Rocks, Pa., rear gunner; Ukranian.

S/Sgt. Marcel R. Vuilleuoier, Los Angeles, Calif., aerial photographer; French.

A half-hour away from Rangoon, Pirruccello ordered all gunners to their positions for the attack. Phipps climbed into the top turret, LeBlanc and Irme manned the two waist-window guns, with Lanchak in the rear and Vuilleuoier nosing his camera down through the belly turret.

Ten minutes later, through the interphone, Pirruccello gave the alert order. We were still 50 miles from Rangoon. But Jap searchlights were already visible.

We were up to 1400 feet now. The searchlights grew brighter and red flares from ack-ack spit furiously into the moonlit sky. Over the interphone, Henning ordered everyone to don oxygen masks. The navigator phoned minute-by-minute course directions to Pirruccello. We leveled off at about 1800 feet and started up the right bank of the Rangoon River.

Over the interphone, the navigator called, "We will be over the target in four minutes." I opened the door leading from the radio compartment to the catwalk and stretched out on the floor with my head hanging over the bomb-bay doors. Equipped with oxygen mask and interphone, I had a ringside seat.

The searchlights were after us now. Long stabs of white light sought to box us in for ack-ack batteries below. But Pirruccello kept the B-24 just out of range, eluding them like the tacklers he dodged when playing halfback for Creighton University.

Two feet below me, a pair of yellow-painted blockbusters nestled in the bomb racks. Behind them were more thousand-pounders. I reached out and patted the nearest one. "Give 'em hell, baby," I said.

Suddenly the bomb-bay doors swung open. Blasts of icy wind whipped into my face, watering my eyes and temporarily obscuring my vision. When my eyes cleared, I thought for a minute

that I was back in the States witnessing a Fourth-of-July celebration.

The ack-ack was getting hotter and higher now. It climbed up toward us relentlessly. Huge billows of smoke and roaring flames marked the spots below where other B-24s had dropped their loads.

Our target was a warehouse. We started our run. Through the interphone, Shimanek called, "On course!" He had levelled his bubble. Seconds later came the bombardier's "Bombs away!" He yelled it out like an Indian war whoop. Two yellow thousand-pounders in the front rack dropped away simultaneously. The others followed a split second later. The plane lurched upward as it lost its load, jolting my head further out of the door over the open bomb bay.

I lost sight of our bombs in the layer of darkness between the plane and the ground. Down below the earth trembled with the shock of exploding bombs dropped by our predecessors over the target. At one point along the dock, three mountains of smoke rose up from direct hits. Bombs had been dropped so accurately it was as if a drill sergeant had called, "Dress right dress!"

Hounded by Ground Lights

The ack-ack was getting closer now. It no longer had the festive look of a Fourth of July. Three searchlight batteries were trying to pick us up. They chased us all over the sky, once flashing across our tail momentarily before we ducked out of range again.

Our B-24s rode over the target area for four minutes after Shimanek "killed" his bomb trip. Pirruccello wanted to check on the damage and give Vuilleouier time to get pictures of it.

The ack-ack was getting too close for comfort now. Then the Jap radio-spotter system picked us up. A series of six red lights trailed along in our wake, pointing out our course to gun batteries and fighter planes. The train of red ground lights hounded us continuously. They were setting us up for concentrated fire. Our other planes had cut out for home. It was us against the field now. The bomb-bay doors slammed shut. My ringside view of the ack-ack and bursting bombs was cut off. I peered out the side window to see the last round.

From his waist-gun position Irme interphoned the appearance of two Jap night fighters off to the right. They were looking us over, but wouldn't come within range. The Japs don't like the guns on a B-24.

Shimanek called out from the nose: "There's a twin-engine plane about 3000 feet below us. She's headed in the opposite direction." A few seconds later, Shimanek reported again: "Three gun batteries and two searchlights directly ahead. They're lining us up."

That was the final gong so far as we were concerned. Pirruccello cut sharply to the right, away from the gun batteries, and went into a slanting dive at 230 miles per hour. We levelled off at about 7000 feet and tailed it for home.

Behind us, Rangoon warehouses and docks still burned fiercely. A red glow marked the blacked-out city of ancient pagodas and monasteries. Rangoon, derived from the Burmese word "Yangon" meaning, "the end of strife", wasn't very appropriately named tonight.

No. 5 Still Fails To Return

The Jap fighter planes didn't follow us, much to the disgust of Lanchek and Irme. They had counted on getting the Japs out into the open where they didn't have their ack-ack guns to keep us doubly busy. Pete and Johnny would have to wait for another crack at the pea-shooters —and that 10-day furlough.

All planes in the flight were slated to report to Pirruccello at a designated time en route home. And their reports came in one by one until only No. 5 plane was unreported. LeBlanc, the radio operator, kept tuned in continuously, waiting for the missing message. It never came.

At post-flight briefing, when we had landed, pilots and crews gave detailed accounts of the mission. Five direct hits on the docks, other hits on the warehouses, was the score. Some of our bombers had exchanged shots with Jap fighter planes at long range. But nobody had seen plane No. 5 after it had reached the target area. It's crew of four officers and five enlisted men are still unreported.

The moon over Burma knows what happened to the nine Americans on plane No. 5. But it can't tell us. It's only our silent partner.

A WEEK OF WAR

African War in Second Phase As Russia Slaps Nazis' Ears Again

NORTH AFRICA

The Tunisian Campaign

From where Ike Eisenhower was sitting, things looked so-so. In Libya, the British Eighth Army was 90 miles below where Misurata juts out into the sea and approximately 150 miles from Tripoli. But Erwin Rommel was still hanging on to what he had. He was still retreating in order, and he had received reinforcements. It looked as though he might make a stand at Tripoli.

But then, it looked like many things. There was confusion in North Africa. Not much information was coming out, at least not enough to give a clear picture of the situation. Rommel might make a stand at Tripoli, true, but he might also fall back and join up with the forces of General Nehring in Tunisia.

The Red Army had Hitler on the Run

The force that had crossed the border of Algeria with such high hopes seemed stymied. There was some patrol activity, a few bombing forays, and not much else. The whole front seemed to be marking time, might possibly explode at any moment.

There was a possibility, however, and a very good one, that the Allies did not want to take Tunisia, did not want to break Rommel. The very fact that the Fox of the Desert had received reinforcements showed that badly needed men were still being diverted from the Russian front. As long as North Africa could be a drain on German strength, it was worth keeping up the campaign. It was rather like Guadalcanal, on a much wider scale.

In point of fact, all areas of combat seemed to be tied up with the Russian campaign and to be hanging breathless on its outcome. The sun of 1943 was rising brightly over the cold and bloody steppes, and all over the world men listened to the reports of the frozen cities that were being retaken and passed. In the heat of Africa and India and in the heart of the Australian summer and in the muddy jungles of New Guinea the soldiers of a dozen free countries listened and waited. They knew that the

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tide had turned, that the pendulum had swung in the other direction.

And if there were lulls in other theaters, they were only the lulls before coming storms.

RUSSIA

The Russian Offensive

FROM Leningrad to Tuapse men died on the ice. They lay, Russian by German, frozen in grotesque positions, and around and over them passed the rumbling Russian tanks, moving westward, and through the air above them screamed the shells that sent the living hurtling themselves down on the snow.

It had happened again. From Leningrad to the Gulf of Finland to Tuapse on the Black Sea, the cold had come down, and from the embattled northern fortress to Tuapse by the Black Sea the Germans shivered in foxholes, shivered in bleak dugouts, and warmed their numbed hands by fires that weren't enough. And as they tried to warm themselves they turned anxious eyes to the east.

The Russians were on the move. The offensive that had started as a mere counter-attack before broken Stalingrad, had become a snowball running down a hill. Veliki Luki was gone.

Past the annihilation moved the Russian colossus. The people of Veliki Luki crept from their cellars and watched, unbelieving, as the Red tanks moved toward the west, toward Novo-Sokolniki, toward the Latvian border that was coming closer every day—100 miles, 80 miles, 70 miles. The hill was growing steeper, the speed of the snowball increasing.

From beyond Veliki Luki to encircled Rzhev the Russian line leveled out and the Russian tanks, their exhaust smoking in the air, turned to the south, in the direction of Vitebsk and Smolensk. The pressure was on. From German Army Headquarters in Smolensk, 100 miles below the ruin that had been Veliki Luki, a steady stream of staff cars moved toward the front. The brows of their occupants were furrowed. Their hands tapped nervously on the leather of their brief cases. They knew what was happening all right; what they didn't know was how to stop it.

Rzhev was encircled and was dying. The main bastion of the Axis line before Moscow trembled under bloody blows. Like a bull at bay, the German garrison fought, trying to smash its way out to the west. One rush after another failed, and slowly the Russians moved in. It looked like a matter of time.

In the south, too, the snowball was rolling. At Stalingrad, where the great defence had held, 22 German divisions lay encircled. These were the men who had, month after month, pounded Stalingrad to a pulp, who had lost a thousand dead to take a house, who had lost ten thousand to hold a street.

Stalin's men were moving on Rostov. Across the Caucasus, skirting the shores of Lake Manitch, advancing along the railroads. Most amazing of all, they had taken Kotelnikovo, which had been the German base for the Stalingrad assault. It was from Kotelnikovo that the High Command had dispatched a relief force for the Germans trapped before Stalingrad. The relief force had shaken the Russians and then stopped dead, and while they were stopped the Russians had flowed like water around their flanks, advancing strongly on either side of Kotelnikovo.

Berlin had little factual information, but what it heard made the city wring its hands. It was the same as last year, men said, except that this time it might be worse. Himmler went to Russia, always a dark omen. It was known that military police companies were fighting in the front lines, which could only mean that manpower was running low. At the instigation of Ribbentrop, Hitler fired three ambassadors—at Tokyo, Madrid and Stockholm. That could mean almost anything, but whatever it meant sounded bad for the Reich. The Axis seemed to be having trouble with itself. Obviously something that had been planned with Tokyo had not come off; perhaps that same held true for Spain. Franco was on the fence, and all Europe knew that he might tumble off on either side. The French radio reported that he had mobilized the Spanish fleet.

For better or worse, 1943 had opened. And from where Joseph Stalin was sitting, it looked good.

In Russia the Red Army avenged such pillaging and poverty as this last week

The African Front last week seemed to be marking time

In Tunisia the War plodded on uncertainly as we and the French, shown above, moved deeper into Axis territory

Do The Courts Guard You?

Attorney General Biddle answers legal questions from soldiers To show how the law back home protects rights of service men

By CPL. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent

IF YOU are worried about getting your job back after the war, or paying your taxes, or settling with the installment collector, here's your answer, from the man who knows.

YANK has received many letters from soldiers asking legal questions. To get the straight legal answers YANK went directly to the top—to U. S. Attorney General Francis Biddle.

All the questions listed below have been asked by soldiers in letters to YANK. The answers are from Mr. Biddle, who spent two and a half hours with your YANK reporter, putting him wise to the law as it affects the men in the armed forces.

To protect your rights and those of your family while you are in service, and to make sure that after the war you can come back to circumstances at least as good if not a lot better than those you left, Congress has enacted several important and far-reaching laws.

These provide safeguards for your security in many ways ranging from postponable suits and judgments to getting your old job back. They are solid, reassuring evidence that your government really means business where your war and post-war rights are concerned.

In answering the questions, the Attorney General said:

"You must understand that as the Attorney General I am authorized to give opinions on legal matters only to the President or to heads of other Federal agencies. I cannot give legal advice or interpretations of the law to private individuals.

"Thus, my answers to YANK's questions should not be regarded as final or as an official interpretation. I may, however, be able to tell you how you may take full advantage of the benefits provided by the law."

Better clip this out and save it. You can settle a lot of arguments with complete finality by quoting Mr. Biddle. And the guard house lawyers will find it a handy reference. If you know a soldier, sailor or marine who is tied up in knots by one of these problems, do him a favor and show him this story.

How About That Old Job?

Q: When I entered the service, my employer promised to rehire me after the war. What protection do I have in law if he doesn't take me back? What if he gives me a lousy job at less pay? What if he says I'm unfit for my old job through injury, or, in the case of a skilled craft, he says I've lost my skill through lack of practice?

A: "The Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 provides that any person who leaves a job to go into service and returns still qualified to perform the duties of his civilian job, and who applies for re-employment within 40 days after his discharge is entitled to his job or one of similar seniority, status and pay if his job was with the U. S. Government or a private employer, unless the circumstances of the private employer have so changed as to make it impossible or unreasonable to require re-employment.

"The Act requests states and municipalities to adopt the same policy. Upon return, the employee is entitled to all benefits usually given by the employer to persons on leave, and may not be discharged, except for just cause, for one year after his return to the job.

"Failure or refusal of a private employer to rehire brings into action the power of the U. S. courts to force compliance with the Act.

Demand for Consumer Goods Will Keep Your Job Open After War

By FRANCIS BIDDLE
U. S. Attorney General

From the questions submitted to me by YANK, I realize that members of the armed forces are naturally anxious about the period immediately following the war, and more especially are concerned with the threat of post-war unemployment.

With this concern I have a great deal of sympathy. Peace may come with sudden unexpectedness and there will necessarily follow a period of readjustment in which the great war economy will have to be re-tooled to meet the economy of peace.

This period, however, need not be prolonged. On account of the enormous demand for consumer goods, the enjoyment of which this war has bottled up, there should be full employment on a full industrial level. Private industry and many agencies of the government are tackling this major post-war problem with unprecedented care and thoroughness, and I believe that appropriate methods will be worked out of cushioning the change from war to peace and of thus, so far as possible, outlawing unemployment.

To carry this out, presumably some government controls will have to be exercised during the transition period.

As Marriner Eccles, Chairman of the Board of the Federal Reserve System of the United States said in a speech last May: "We know now—we have a demonstration of it before our own eyes—that free men living under free institutions can produce a material welfare undreamed of before. We know that if we can turn our economy so quickly and successfully from relative stagnation to a point of full production which we are achieving today, though that production be for war, we can surely and more easily gear it for production in peacetimes with fewer complications and government controls."

"In my opinion, the best answer to the last part of this question is to be found in the Selective Service Act itself. Section 8, subsection 8, states: 'The Director of Selective Service . . . shall establish a Personnel Division with adequate facilities to render aid in the placement in their former positions of, or *in securing positions* for, members of the reserve components of the land and naval forces of the United States who have satisfactorily completed any period of active duty, and persons who have satisfactorily completed any period of their training and service under this Act.'"

Meeting the Mortgage Payments

Q: I had an FHA mortgage on which my wife continued monthly payments after my induction. She is now unable to meet the payments. How can I protect my investment in my home?

A: "The Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1940 provides that mortgages on real estate owned by persons in military service or their dependents, may not be foreclosed except by an action in court. Dependents are entitled to protection if their ability to pay is materially impaired by the absence in service of their supporter. The court may, if there will not be undue hardship upon the dependents, permit foreclosure, provided the holder of the mortgage pays to the person in service or his dependent a sum fixed by disinterested appraisers appointed by the court.

"The courts will protect the interests of a person in service and his dependents to the fullest possible degree."

Taxes on Mother's House

Q: I have been paying taxes on my mother's house. Is it true that she is safe from tax sale until I have time to straighten things out after the war? How much time will I have after I get home to get the tax money on the line? Will I have to pay interest and penalty on unpaid back taxes?

A: "The S & S Civil Relief Act of 1940 protects the rights of persons in the service or their dependents with respect to taxes falling due on real property owned and occupied for dwelling, agricultural or business purposes by such persons. To obtain the benefits of the Act, however, the person in service or his dependents, or someone in his behalf, must file with the Collector of Taxes an affidavit showing that the unpaid taxes cannot be paid because ability to pay is materially impaired by military service.

"If such an affidavit is filed, there can be no sale of the property except by permission of a court of competent jurisdiction granted on application by the Collector of Taxes. The court may, however, stay all proceedings until six months after the termination of military service. (Here again, the service man may count on the fullest help of the courts.)

"If, for any reason, the court decides the property should be sold, a right to redeem is provided and this may be exercised at any time during the six months following termination of military service.

"If taxes remain unpaid, they bear interest at the rate of 6% per year until paid, but no other penalty or interest may be imposed."

Private Insurance Premiums

Q: I was paying $100 premiums on private insurance when I entered the Army. Obviously, that's impossible now. What's the status of that insurance?

A: "The S & S Civil Relief Act of 1940 places protection of a service man's life insurance under the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs. The Administrator is under responsibility to distribute through military channels information on that subject, together with the forms necessary to obtain benefits provided by the Act. I suggest that soldiers holding life insurance policies take up such questions with their CO's. Insurance companies are also prepared to assist their policy-holders who are now in service."

Co-signing Notes

Q: I was co-signer of a note for a "friend" at the bank. He ran out on the obligation and both myself and the other signer are in the Army. Do we have to ante up that $250, plus interest, or can we forget the whole thing?

A: "The law provides that no judgment can be taken against anyone unless the creditor files in court an affidavit that the debtor is not in the military service. A false affidavit is a criminal offense.

"It is up to the court, which will protect the soldier's rights, to decide whether the fact that he is in service affects his ability to pay. If the court feels the soldier cannot pay, it will suspend the case until the soldier's return."

Settlements of Estates

Q: Since I entered the Army, my father has died, leaving a considerable estate and naming me as sole executor. My uncle is trying to get himself named executor in my absence, which I know my father wanted to avoid. What can I do to protect myself?

A: "The settlement of estates is within the jurisdiction of the State courts. This soldier should be represented by a local attorney who, I am sure, will inform the court of the soldier's interests. In the event someone is appointed to administer the estate in the soldier's absence. I am confident that the court would not appoint a person objectionable to the soldier."

Pay Allotments

Q: I have made a pay allotment to take care of my wife and two children. If anything happens to me, do these allotments stop at once? If so, exactly what financial assistance can my family get and how do they apply for it?

A: "This question involves matters determined by the War Department or the Veterans Administration. I am informed, however, that in the event of death, pay allotments cease; and that financial assistance for the dependents is provided for by National Service Life Insurance. Each soldier is permitted to take out up to $10,000 life insurance at very low premium rates."

Statute of Limitations

Q: When I was inducted, a case was pending in which I was a defendant in a $3500 civil suit. I am sure I could win the case. Does the statute of limitations continue while I am in service so that the plaintiff still has five years after my discharge from the Army in which to sue me, or if I am in the Army more than five years, does the statute of limitations take care of the case?

A: "If this soldier was a defendant in a suit pending when he was inducted, the S & S Civil Relief Act of 1940 applies and his rights will be protected by the court. However, the information that he is in the service should be communicated to the court so as to avoid any possibility of an entry by default or by mistake. The Act protects both parties as to the running of a statute of limitations.

"While a person is in service, no statute of limitations runs so as to affect his rights or those of others against him."

Paying Income Taxes

Q: I was drafted on August 14, 1942. Prior to induction I made enough money to be eligible for income tax. Must I pay my income tax on that money next year? It is all in war bonds or other investments which would be difficult to liquidate, since I cannot do the job personally.

A: "Under the S & S Civil Relief Act of 1940 collection of income taxes from persons in service, whether falling due prior to or during the period of service, is postponed until six months after the end of service, if such person's ability to pay is materially affected or impaired by reason of his military service.

"There will be no interest or penalties on taxes the collection of which is postponed under the Act.

"If you're outside the U. S., a return need not be filed until after the war. If you are in the U. S., a return must be filed, but you may ask for postponement of payment until after the war, if it will be a real hardship to pay now."

Apartment Leases

Q: My mother and I had a two-year lease on a $75-a-month apartment. The lease still has 13 months to run, but I can no longer pay that rent for my mother. Can she just move out, or am I liable for the rest of the lease?

A: "By an amendment to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act, approved by President Roosevelt on October 6, 1942, such leases can now be ended simply by giving written notice to the owner or leasor, or his agent. Such notice is sufficient if it is properly addressed, stamped and placed in the U. S. Mails any time after the renter has entered military service.

"Giving such notice ends the lease, and ends the renter's liability to pay rent 30 days after the first rent day following the date of delivery or mailing of the notice."

Divorced Wife Allotments

Q: My ex-wife, who has not communicated with me for three years since she got a Florida divorce without my knowledge or consent, is now trying to make me fork over $22 a month so she can get $50 under the dependency allowance bill. She claims it's for support of our child, although she asked me no such support at the time of our divorce. Can she collect?

A: "The question involves matters under the jurisdiction of the War Department. Of course, the soldier is under moral and legal obligation to support his child."

Evictions of Families

Q: My mother, who is dependent upon me for support, is being threatened with eviction from her apartment. The landlord says that unless she pays up the $50 back rent that she owes, he will evict her. Is there any way to prevent this, at least until she is able to find another home with a rental more within her means, which have naturally been greatly reduced since my induction?

A: "If the rental for your mother's dwelling does not exceed $80 a month, and if her ability to pay the rental is materially affected by your military service, she cannot be evicted without the permission of the court, which may stay eviction for as long as three months.

"Any one trying to evict her without the court's permission is guilty of a misdemeanor and is punishable by imprisonment not to exceed one year or by fine not to exceed $1000 or both."

Installment Plans

Q: My wife and I were paying $75 a month installments on an electric refrigerator and furniture, and $62.50 on a car, when I was inducted. Shortly afterwards my wife had to quit work as she is expecting a child. We would like to surrender the car, but we want to keep the household things. How can that be done?

A: "The law does not permit the seller of articles to take them away except by order of a court. The court, if it feels there will not be undue hardship upon your wife, may appoint appraisers and require money to be paid to you or to your wife as a condition of repossessing the articles.

"Your wife is entitled to full protection if the court finds that her ability to pay has been materially affected by your military service."

Noel Toy, Ruth Mason, Margie Hart, and comedian Jimmie Savo appear at obscenity trial of "Wine, Women and Song." The show was closed by New York authorities and three backers went to court.

The Week In America

The Nation Calmed Down For New Year Then Went Back To Its Job Producing Sinews Of War

The New Year came in with a bang this week, but was like an actor making his debut in a half-empty theater. Many of the audience went to bed early as New Year's Day was a work day throughout the nation.

The Times Square crowd was a third smaller than usual, with night clubs in the largest cities doing a sell-out business. And most of them displayed signs proclaiming that their buildings were fireproof, as a carryover from the Boston fire last month. In Boston, the Grand Jury indicted ten men, including the owner of the Cocoanut Grove nightery, and a couple of fire and building commissioners for their laxness.

After the War

There was much talk this week in the high places concerning the structure of the post-war world. Vice-President Wallace used Woodrow Wilson's birthday as a touchstone speech and declared fault in the last post-war policy. He said that the League of Nations wasn't strong enough. Wallace also said that some kind of international court and world council probably would be formed to guarantee home rule and a centralized authority for all nations. President Roosevelt's New Year's message suggested a post-war international cooperation aimed at making wars impossible.

More rationing was announced this week with two hundred additional canned and bottled fruits, vegetables and juices due to follow coffee and sugar in the February rationing. This announcement inspired the theft of twenty thousand pounds of butter from an eastern warehouse, again bringing up the bogey of black market.

McNutt Replies

Manpower Administrator Paul McNutt brought out a series of announcements. First he answered the senator who criticized labor unions, asserting, "It's unfair to condemn the whole labor movement because of occasional abuses." He challenged union critics to submit evidence that labor was uncooperative to his manpower commission, and also announced that Federal Employment Services became the sole hiring agency for certain critical labor areas and would enforce hiring women negroes and other minorities. McNutt also said that manpower rolls would be raised by 8,000,000 this year, bringing the war workers of the United Nations to a total of 65,000,000.

The State Department ordered

People Back Home —

ARIZONA

The bell of St. Mary's Church in Phoenix doesn't ring any more.

It has gone into the scrap heap together with this sign: "I've praised the Lord. Now I go to make some ammunition."

One hundred and twenty Arizona prison convicts at Florence petitioned the governor to turn them loose so they could join the Army, Navy, Marines or work on defense projects. Some will be registered under the draft, called into the service when their number comes up.

CALIFORNIA

San Diego increased women in war industries by 10 to 85 per cent. California laughing soup emporiums may soon go on a military basis as barrooms face a midnight closing edict. When a near riot followed the Notre Dame-USC football classic a disgruntled spectator yelled: "So you guys love to fight, huh? Well, then, join up and fight with the colors. They can use you in the Solomons."

GEORGIA

Three men were killed when the Southern Railway's *Royal Palm* crashed through a burning trestle near Valdosta. George H. A. Thomas, manager of the Black Rock Country Club in Atlanta, was shot to death, and a Negro caddy, John Thomas (Bubber) Russell, confessed, giving robbery as his motive. Trial of ex-Gov. Rivers, charged with embezzling $66,000 of state funds, opened. Atlanta is tearing up the old street car rails on Peachtree Street from 17th Street to the city limits. The whole street will be asphalted and connect with the new six-lane highway from the DeKalb County line. Georgia's $20,000,000 a year cottonseed crushing industry will be doubled when the government brings surplus soybeans from the mid-west for processing.

IDAHO

Paper pennies printed by the Chamber of Commerce are being used in Boise because of a shortage of coins. About 12 miles of abandoned electric railway track in Boise, Nampa and Caldwell may be taken up even though salvage cost is more than its market value. Tobe Davidson, proprietor of Mo-Tel on Capitol Boulevard in Boise, has denied guilt on a charge of murdering John M. Goode, a Dallas, Tex., salesman. John R. Nichols, executive dean of the University of Idaho, southern branch, has left to become a lieutenant commander. John Boyle, Idaho director of federal aid wildlife projects, has a 12-cylinder auto, but the gasoline rationing board gave him a motorcycle gas ration card, good for ¾ of a gallon a week. Notus High School defeated Cambridge, 36 to 6, in Boise to win the Southern Idaho six-man football championship. Five men were fined $10 each for playing cards on Sunday in the Radio pool hall at Pocatello.

INDIANA

Indianapolis school kids have collected 40,000 coat hangers for Camp Atterbury soldiers. Christian Englmen, 74, last tribal chief of the Miami Indians, died, near Huntington. In Indianapolis 700 pounds of holiday peanuts were roasted to ruins in a fire at the Indiana Nut Company. Howard M. Meyer, who ran against Louis Ludlow for 11th District representative, died at the U. S. Veterans Hospital. Notre Dame celebrated its 100th anniversary. At Brazil they've built seven extra warehouses to hold the soybean crop. Dorothy C. Stratton, former dean of women at Purdue, is now commandant of the SPARs, women's auxiliary to the Coast Guard; says she gets seasick, too. At Osgood worshipers at the First Baptist Church attended divine service using horse drawn rigs, bicycles and wheelbarrows to get there.

IOWA

Marian Anderson, Negro contralto, and the Quiz Kids appeared in Des Moines. At Shipley, farmer Arthur Backous, 68, and his son, Harold, were killed when young Shipley tried to rescue his father from their burning home. Near Albert City a $42,000 fire swept the Superior Manufacturing Company plant. Policewoman Alice Parrish, formerly of Bedford, joined the WAACs. John W. Rovane, former Keokuk Mayor, died. Dr. Frank L. Love is acting Johnson County coroner during Marine duty of Dr. George D. Callahan. Donald Stirm, defeated for reelection as Chickasaw county auditor by Theldo O'Day, of Fredericksburg, asked a recount. At Carson, Dell Farrell, high school basketball player, died of cerebral hemorrhage as he entered the gym for practice. Sac County's 164 bushels per acre led in the 10-acre corn yield contest. Spencer—Rodney Farnham, 19, was killed accidentally while hunting. I. W. Roland of Lake township near Spencer was given the master swine production award for Iowa. At Albert City, the Superior Manufacturing company factory suffered $42,000 damage by fire. At Sioux City, Epiphany council No. 734, Knights of Columbus, opened a new hall at 505 Pierce street.

KENTUCKY

Louisville—Schools open a half hour later now, to save transportation. With boys going to the Army in anticipation of the 18-19 year old draft, 70 per cent of NYA students now are girls. Domestic servants want more money because of the high cost of living and some employers are worrying. Mrs. Adelaide Schroeder Whiteside, 72, George D. Prentice School principal for 25 years, died. The Farm Credit Administration says the market value of Kentucky farm land has increased 18 per cent since war started.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans—The city fathers, according to newspapers, have already overspent their 1942 budget by $1,000,000. Buras—George Beridon, agricultural extension service agent for Plaquemines parish, said there's not enough labor to harvest the expected bumper crop of oranges. He and farmers want the schools here and at Boothville closed for six weeks of the peak period. New Orleans—During the recent intensive statewide scrap metals drive, Louisianians dug up mountains of junk, but the decorative ironwork that helps make architecture here so beautiful was left alone.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—Mayor Jackson was prodded about his 21-person secretarial staff as consideration of the city budget got under way. In a heavy gale on the Chesapeake, the State-owned ferry boat John M. Dennis grounded while trying to dock at Matapeake, blocking the slip. Fifty-five persons spent the night aboard. Pennsylvania Greyhound began using the new $412,000 terminal at Howard and Centre streets. Furnishings of the Mount Vernon Place home of the late William T. Walters were auctioned, brought $25,000. The Susquehanna Hotel, at Havre de Grace, burned.

MISSOURI

Henry W. Kiel, "best-loved citizen of St. Louis," bricklayer who became three-term Mayor, 1913-25, in later years head of street railway system and municipal summer opera, died at 71. Dr. M. L. Klinefelter, 69, St. Louis surgeon, wizard in bone operations, was shot and killed in his office at Missouri Baptist Hospital by an insane woman, 29, a former patient, who gave fantastic explanations. St. Louis had a test blackout Dec. 14, University City and many other suburbs joined. Rev. H. B. Crimmins, S.J., president of St. Louis University, resigned to take Army chaplain's duty. Community Church, Kansas City, with new modernistic building, is in financial straits, causing pastor and assistant to resign, and pastor emeritus, Dr. Burris Jenkins, to return to pulpit. Missouri motorists have not come all the way down to national 35 mph speed limit, and 20 per cent of rural traffic is at 50 or more, highway department says; new law will be sought from Legislature in January.

MONTANA

Manhattan—Photographs of residents of this area with the armed forces are being displayed by local business establishments. Three are women, two of them overseas. Virginia City—Madison County's war bond quota for the last nine months has been exceeded by more than 10 per cent. Butte—John Paul Jones, formerly of Sacramento, Calif., joined the Army at Butte. Highway Patrolman Al Boehme captured a "wild woman" he said was jumping over

NEWS FROM HOME

Virginia Rodell, unscheduled passenger.

Mrs. Virginia Rodell boarded a troop train at New York, told an officer who discovered her lunching with a group of enlisted men in the dining car's kitchen at Philadelphia that she got on because she wants to join the WAAC's and needed a bit of first-hand information about Army life. The captain turned her over to the FBI, who later disclosed that she is the wife of Pvt. William Rodell, stationed at Governor's Island, New York, and has an 11-months'-old baby.

Finland's Information Center to cease issuing news releases and pamphlets. The Navy announced it is not freeing men past 38 since all its personnel were volunteers and knew what they were doing.

The roaring twenties returned to Chicago for a spell when G-men caught the notorious Touhy gang in an apartment hide-out. Two gangsters were killed and the rest were shipped back to the Illinois pen from which they had escaped. The FBI entered the case on grounds that the killers had failed to register for the draft!

Ursula Parrot, the lady novelist, was hauled into court on charges of helping soldiers go over the hill. The soldiers had been held on a narcotics charge, being suspected of conspiracy with marijuana peddlers.

There were floods in some parts of the eastern United States, particularly in sections of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia. There was no great loss of life, but the property damage was considerable.

The labor department announced strikes in November had dropped to a new wartime low, with 1/3,000ths of one per cent of the total man days lost by strikes. And that's a figure you'd have to examine with a microscope.

We're All Good Boys

The OWI announced with obvious pleasure that there is no drinking problem in the Army, and soldiers, on the whole, are a well-behaved, sober lot, adding that our boys prefer beer to other alcoholic beverages. Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, followed this up with a New Year's message praising the warpower of the nation which had transformed the country from "a great and helpless, peaceful nation" to "the best equipped for war the world has ever seen." Stimson gave the soldier a nod for health and sobriety. He said that three times as many high school graduates are now serving in the new Army as served in the Army during the first world war. Fifty per cent of the men don't drink intoxicants, he said, 40 per cent are beer drinkers, 60 per cent of the soldiers consistently attend church.

Difference In Attitude

But what the nation's concept of the soldier and the war was, compared to that of Britain, was brought last week into sharp relief. The British play, "Flare Path," the greatest wartime stage success in London, opened before a large and hushed audience and, five days and eight performances later, closed before a small and hushed audience. Nobody back home was impressed by the play which is such a big hit here in London.

The one at the left isn't right. Yes, SHE'S all right, but . . . What we're trying to say is that the costume worn by shipyard worker Dorothy Dahl in Chicago is not considered the correct thing by committee on health and safety representing the Navy and Maritime Commission. The attire of Michele Magnin (right) is given the okay.

tombstones at Mount Moriah cemetery after imbibing too freely.

NEW ENGLAND

Marlboro and Hudson, Mass., have called off their Christmas lighting rivalry for the duration. Reason—the dimout. Edward D. Bailey ended 36 years as superintendent of the Haverhill Boys' Club. Medford High School football team defeated Malden High, 13 to 0, clinched the Eastern Massachusetts Scholastic championship, ending the season undefeated. Attleboro families giving members in the armed services will receive specially designed wooden plaques on Dec. 7—1,100 plaques. In Lewiston, Maine, liquor sales for the week before the new liquor tax of 50 cents a bottle, totalled $25,036, against $8,046 the same week last year. Vance L. McNaughton, Lubec, Maine, high school principal for five years, is now principal of Winthrop High School. Rockport's new principal, Gerald A. Rose, has been a member of the Mexico H. S. faculty for 20 years. Auburn, Maine, has adopted a 9 p. m. curfew for youngsters under 16 years. All of Rhode Island east of a line from Woonsocket to Westerly is dimmed out for the duration. Fred Taylor, 26, Saylesville, R. I., got into the Navy by amputating a crippled finger. James F. (Red) Head, with a criminal record back to 1919, was appointed Woonsocket policeman. A court fight was promised. Anthony Colardo, papa, and son Matthew were drafted together at Federal Hill, R. I. Railroad Policeman Reuben Cook was arrested by G-men for offering to buy tires at higher-than-ceiling prices from motorists turning them in to the Government at Union Station, Providence.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque Mayor Clyde Tingley was called upon to resign by Ralph Keleher, Democratic county chairman. Tingley called Keleher a member of the "state payroll crowd" who's trying to stay in office. A burglar took $650 from the El Rey Theater. Miss Alyce Hawk has a scholarship in Asuncion, Paraguay, to begin in June. The Circuit cage tourney will be held Feb. 17-20, with West Texas, defending champs, favored to repeat. Asst. Dist. Atty. Scott Mabry said "justifiable homicide" when Asst. Police Chief Pat Dugan killed Patrolman Harold "Hi" Wickham during a quarrel over a promotion for Wickham.

NEW YORK

Named chairman of the Victory Fund Committee of Western New York was Lewis G. Harriman, president of Buffalo's Manufacturers and Traders Trust Company. Appointed to the State Board of Social Welfare was Norman P. Clement of Buffalo. Former Councilman Anthony Dropik was sentenced to five months in the county penitentiary for taking city funds several years ago. Buffalo Common Council approved salary increases totalling $135,000 for 1063 employees of the Public Works Department. New Buffalo Regional Director of the NLRB is Meyer S. Ryder, succeeding Henry J. Winters. A hangar and 21 planes were destroyed by fire at Colgate University. Buffalo city policemen complained that due to the coffee shortage restaurant proprietors now make them pay for it. Gus Gressell, 65, grandfather, led the field for four miles in the annual Buffalo cross-country race, faltered, crossed the finish line 17th among 35 entries. Niagara Falls—Stanley Dryja placed the carcass of a 285-pound buck shot in Canada in an ice plant. When he went to get the carcass, he was told: "Why, Mr. Dryja got the deer yesterday."

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City—Officials interpreted new regulations to mean a total blackout of lights facing the sea, with the Boardwalk entirely blacked out. Father Divine's "Heaven"—the flashy Brigantine Hotel for which the father dished out $75,000—has been turned over to the Coast Guard by the cult.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville—Nine women began active duty as city traffic officers. Raleigh—Decision to seek state absentee voting law changes to prevent fraudulent voting was reached by the State Board of Elections last week. Asheville—Many sportsmen took part in big game hunting for deer and bear in Pisgah National Forest. Burlington—Decision to put $2,500 a week from the Elsie Riddick Educational Loan Fund of the North Carolina Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs in War Bonds was announced.

OHIO

Cincinnati—The Board of Education has raised the salaries of its 2,500 employees $8 per month. The Mazzini Society has wired President Roosevelt its gratitude for what is being done by the Allies to Mussolini. Charles P. Taft has resigned as city councilman because the Ohio Supreme Court ruled he cannot be both councilman and assistant federal director of Defense, Health and Welfare. Bingo, a $7,000,000 business here in the past three years, faced a court test in a suit filed to stop bingo as a violation of Ohio law. Bucyrus—Rev. T. W. Bennett, pastor of the Tiro United Brethren Church, loves gizzards, but he found that women of his church omitted gizzards at chicken suppers. The minister told his parishioners from his pulpit that he wanted the gizzards included. The women whipped up another chicken dinner, serving the preacher all the gizzards.

PENNSYLVANIA

At Philadelphia bright lights and electric signs will be dimmed. A bill was introduced in City Council by the Republican majority to slash the 1½ per cent city wage tax, pet gripe of John Citizen, to one per cent. Philadelphia's famous old Bellevue-Stratford Hotel was fined $1,500 for trying to fancy up the lobby without War Production Board permission. At Pittston, Pa., there was another mine cavein, leaving 200 homes without gas or water. Streets cracked, but no one was hurt. In football, St. Joseph's High won from Catholic, 13-6. Northeast High trimmed Central 37-0, tying Germantown for the Public League championship. Collingdale, with the usual pre and post-game fisticuffs, beat Darby 18-0. Abington defeated Cheltenham 27-6, and West Philly broke West Catholic's streak, 40-6.

SOUTH CAROLINA

In Charleston the Halsey Lumber Mill, one of the country's oldest, was struck by lightning and burned. Near Denmark, the Augusta, Ga.-Wilmington, N. C., train jumped the track, but no serious injuries were reported. In McClellansville, pictures of local folks and scenes are being forwarded to service men. In Darlington a weekly mimeographed news pamphlet is being mailed free to men in uniform. Two votes were cast against U. S. Sen. Maybank. Judge John J. Parker of the U. S. Court of Appeals has been indorsed by the Darlington County bar for the U. S. Supreme Court. Rep. J. P. Richards of the 5th District suggested to citizens that they oppose any move to abolish the poll tax. A new Jewish synagogue, for Chav Salom congregation at Dillon, S. C., was dedicated.

WASHINGTON

Seattle—Daniel W. Newton, of Fort Lewis, told police he saw two white horses crossing Empire Way at Beacon Avenue. "I decided to drive between them," he said. There was a dark horse between them. Newton wasn't injured. The horse was. Seattle skiers crowded Stevens and Snoquelmie passes to get their last down-hill before gas rationing. High School students who live within two miles of their schools are walking to help the transit systems.

Dr. Frederick M. Padelford, dean of the U. of Washington graduate school and English professor for 41 years, died. A bear trap the Bainbridge Island "Commandos" put out last week netted only one tom cat and two skunks.

UTAH

Thirteen counties will get pennants for their flagpoles because they turned in at least 100 pounds of scrap per person—Box Elder, Carbon, Daggett, Davis, Grand, Iron, Morgan Piute, Rich, San Juan, Summit, Weber and Uintah. A fire in the Geneva works of Columbia Steel Company caused damage totalling more than $300,000. James Jim Dalton, Beaver mail carrier, and Reed Russell, of Parowan, were killed in "unloaded gun" accidents. Policemen and firemen in Salt Lake City got a $10 a month raise—to $155 a month. Bud Dowd, Idaho Falls Tiger backfield ace, was named the State's player of the year. Chick Atkinson, new coach of the Blackfoot Broncos, was named the Upper Valley's top coach.

Pictures

SEATTLE, WASH. Shades of Buffalo Bill! Buffalo meat was on sale here, due to the meat shortage. It brought some veterans who had an old taste for it.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA. This overturned concrete mixer was hit by a Chesapeake & Ohio train. Driver, Leonard Thomas, was killed.

VENICE, CALIF. You can't expect to keep your eye on the ball all the time. In this case, it's Janet Mantell and Mary Donovan who do the attracting. They were caught playing in the warm surf—which is not a bad idea.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y. Cars and engines were heaped up like plywood over the D. & H. tracks when two freight trains ran into each other. One engineer, Harvey Scism, sustained serious injuries.

CHICAGO, ILL. Mrs. Barbara Ann Clark, 21, of Detroit was selected as Miss Victory in a nation-wide contest open to women working in war industries.

from Home

NEW YORK, N. Y. During the city's first snowfall, these spotters kept watch for the Aircraft Warning Service on Empire State Building. They have a record for vigilance no weather can stop.

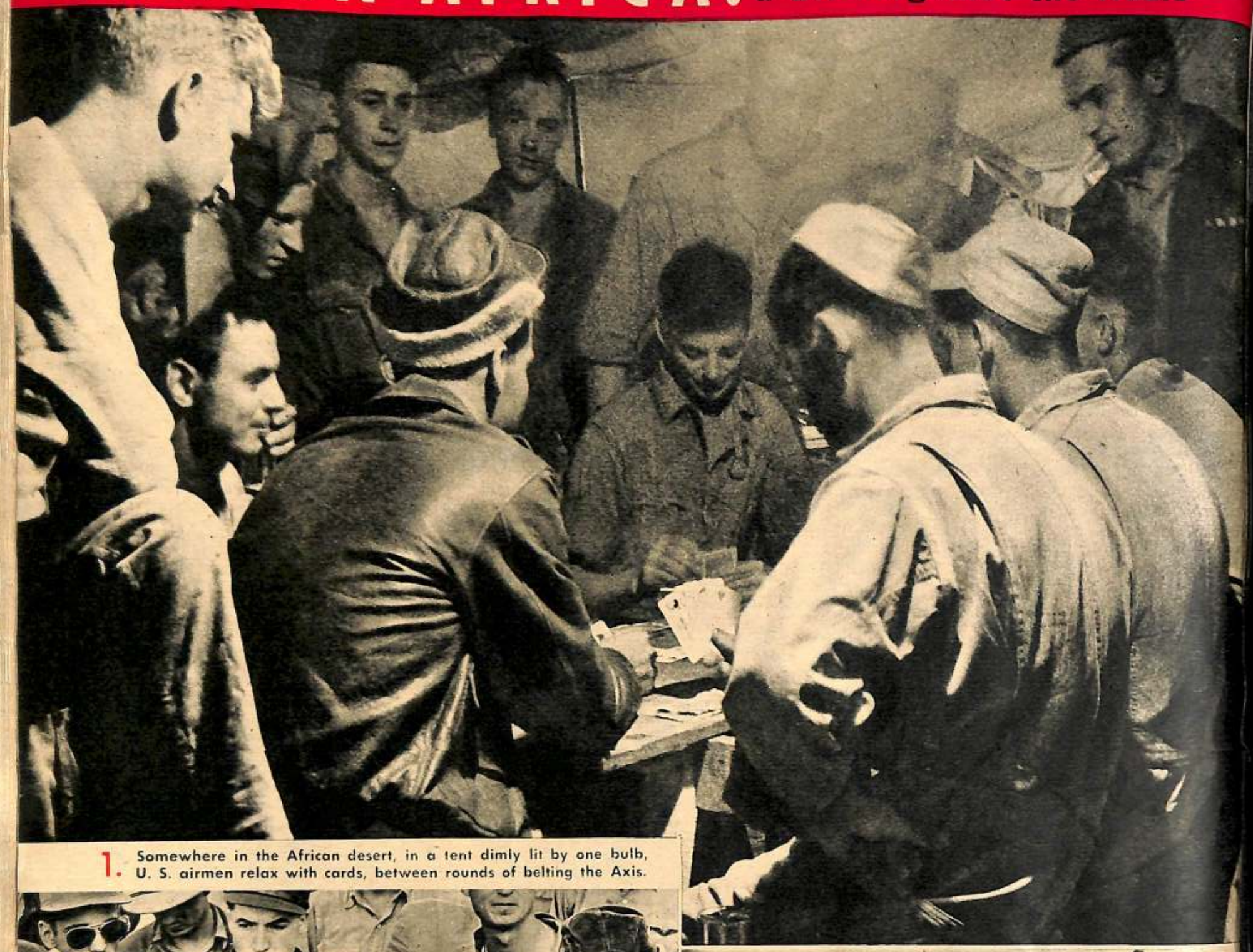
WASHINGTON, D. C. Blind John Urich donated blood for Red Cross Blood Bank, his Seeing Eye dog, Dutchie, at his side to see that things were okay.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. Here's another goddess who is going to stalk her prey in a movie jungle. She's dressed up to live up to her name, Ann Savage. She's one of those Texas gals.

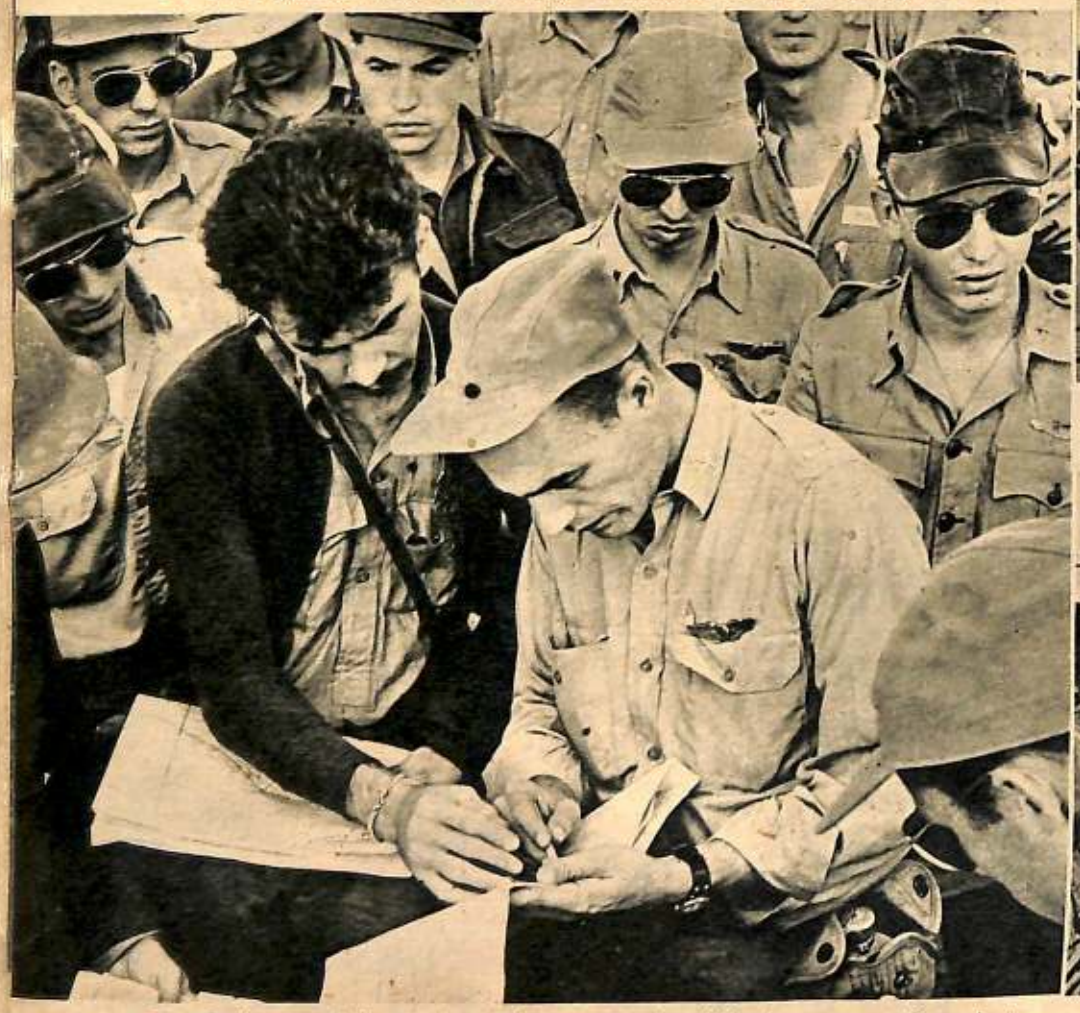
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. The third and top floors of the downtown DewHirst building were gutted by a two-alarm fire. It caused some $100,000 damage.

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS. Mrs. Ruby Sargent (left) and daughter, Mrs. Doris Ford, each had a baby on same day. Family confusion guaranteed.

RAID IN AFRICA: Yank Photographer Records a Blow Against the Nazis



1. Somewhere in the African desert, in a tent dimly lit by one bulb, U. S. airmen relax with cards, between rounds of belting the Axis.



2. Serious and determined, the men wait while the course of combat is plotted. Success of bombing mission depends on their alertness.

3. While the flight course is checked, a B-25 bomber is being loaded with stuff that blows up enemy plans and men alike.

4. Before the takeoff, watches are synchronized. Accurate timing is essential. Both the smiling and the serious are confident.

5. High above desert speed B-25s and escorting planes. Gunners are ready.

6. Caught in mid-air by the camera, a bomb falls to destroy the enemy.

7. Here lie bones of Nazi planes, once in a mighty air fleet, and now signs of Allied conquest. Pictures on these pages made by Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer.

In Morocco, American troops took part in an Arab festival. The Sultan, Sidi Mohamed, received our General Patton at Rabat.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM B-17's TO GEN.'S WITH DIRTY FACES

Destroying Jap Destroyers Like Shooting Ducks, Only Better

By CPL. SAUL BERNSTEIN

as told to SGT. DON HARRISON

YANK Field Correspondent

A Bomber Base Somewhere in Australia (By Cable)—Looking through an open bomb bay at ackack fire bursting around us, I felt as though every gun on the Jap destroyer below was aimed directly at me.

This was my first combat mission as a radio gunner on a B-17 and I wondered if it wasn't my last. My heart pounded louder than the four motors between which I sat. Veterans had told me there's nothing to fear from flak you can hear. When you don't hear it you're dead. But their logic didn't give me a helluva lot of comfort.

It was just nearing dusk when we came down on our objectives—four destroyers and a light cruiser, loaded with Jap marines and headed to reinforce their beleaguered garrison at Buna-Gona. It was our job to see that they didn't land. They didn't.

I gripped the butts of my two 50-caliber machine guns with moist hands and scanned the sky for enemy aircraft. The air was choked with diving and zooming airplanes. Fortresses, dive bombers, Beauforts and Kittyhawks—but not one Zero. That was some relief and I went back to watch the show through the bomb bay.

The voices of the pilot and bombardier crackled in my earphones. They had picked their target—a destroyer plowing the waves toward the New Guinea coastline 50 miles away. My heart seemed to climb as the ship nosed down, down, down. Shrapnel was bursting directly beneath our wings, tossing us about like a free kite. For the first time I realized the size of a B-17 and the big target it made. It didn't seem possible they could miss us so often. Or keep on missing us.

I knew then how a duck must feel in open season and swore that if I ever got back home to Farmingdale, Long Island, I would never go hunting again. Long Island and home—I wondered if I would ever get home again. Home never seemed farther away than it did at the moment we screamed down at the snarling target rolling, twisting and turning below, trying to avoid the death that we were bringing.

Beads of cold sweat stood out on my forehead and my palms felt sticky as I gripped cold metal above the bomb bay. It seemed we would never stop diving. I thought, are we going to dive-bomb the damn tin can?

It was only a matter of seconds but it felt like hours before we levelled off at a mere 4,000 feet over our prey. Flak was flying everywhere now—around us, below and overhead. Flame and hot metal belched up from the defiant monster as brilliant white flares dispelled the gathering dusk and revealed our target.

"On target." The bombardier's voice sent a thrill of excitement racing down my spine. This was the moment—success or failure. My heart throbbed like a trip hammer as I watched bombs fall free. They seemed to drop very slowly. They'll never get there in time, I thought. The destroyer was already nearly on its side, kicking water to get free from the bombsight. But she was in her death throes.

Glares from our parachute flares paled against the explosion that followed. Red and orange flames leaped skyward as the doomed vessel bounced out of the sea in a column of black oily smoke, only to fall back again.

In the weird light Japs could be seen swimming or floating in the burning water where they had jumped or been blown from the now blazing inferno that was once part of their fleet.

Voices from the pilot and bombardier filtered through my headset again as they picked their next target. And I grinned. Hell, I thought, this is better than shooting ducks. The season never closes.

Generals Do Get Dirty Faces Especially On The Alcan Highway

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—The general's face was spattered with muck.

None of us had expected to see any generals there—with or without muddy faces—because almost at that very hour, several hundred miles away, someone was supposed to be snipping the ribbon on the Alcan Highway.

But there he was—Major-Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr.—stepping from the mouth of the fourth longest railroad tunnel in the United States, still clutching the hard hat he had borrowed from a tunnel stiff for the first trip through 13,090 feet of frozen gray rock.

There weren't enough of us dogfaces on hand to make a decent cheering section, so nobody yelled. Even when another general—Brig-Gen. Jesse A. Ladd—and a retinue of colonels and majors squeezed through the narrow planked doorway at the portal of the tunnel, there was plenty of "whews!" but no cheers.

The cheers will come later, when mail starts arriving through that tunnel more often than semi-occasionally. And when a swifter stream of northbound cargo ships starts feeding this new railroad terminus, hauling items now molding at some port of embarkation because of lack of space, we'll all cheer. All over Alaska.

Because that's what that 2.48 miles of tunnel will do, as soon as there's track through it.

It'll give the gullet-stuffed Alaska Railroad two mouths to gobble with, instead of one. It'll permit speedier round trips for the rolling stock, accelerating discharge of sea-going bottoms, increasing transport traffic from the States.

The CG of the Alaska Defense Command threw the switch setting off the last charge of dynamite. The whole mountain trembled under us, like a horse with its legs tied, struggling to rise to his feet. Blue ice groaned in the glaciated valley below. From a mile deep into the electrically lighted hole, you could hear the crash of the 32-foot curtain wall which separated the passages already blasted away from both ends by the Army Engineers' hired rock termites.

Then the general and his hard-hatted procession climbed onto a muck train, jogged past long pointed icicles, frozen drippings of underground springs, to the big jagged opening. He clambered over the loose rubble, then boarded another muck train for the far end of the tunnel.

Sourdoughs have been waiting for this second rail terminus for a decade. The soldiers have only been sweating it out for two years.

Neither of them will have to wait much longer.

Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Lost In The Pacific, This B-17 Lives Up To Her Name To The Last

AT AN AIRBASE IN THE PACIFIC (By Cable)—After they had dropped machine guns, bombs and all ammunition aboard, Bombardier Raymond Storey let go with the bombsight.

"Bombsight's away," Storey shouted as the secret instrument dropped toward water. Everyone had a good laugh over that.

There was only enough gas for a few minutes of flying and none in the crew knew where in the South Pacific they were. They had left their base in the B-17 early in the afternoon with other bombers looking for an enemy cruiser reported several hundred miles out.

Weather was bad; rain came down in steady streams. No trace of the moon could be seen. The stars were hidden by black clouds. Capt. Willard Woodbury, of Omaha, Nebr., had flown the ship at 20,000 feet most of the way. It was so cold up there that Woodbury and his co-pilot, Lt. Roscoe Booth, of Cedar City, Utah, had put their feet on the steering column to keep them from freezing.

After dark they flew away from the lead ship of the squadron to take star shots and radio their base to find their position.

None remembers who first admitted they were lost, but it was then that Woodbury gave the order to throw all equipment overboard.

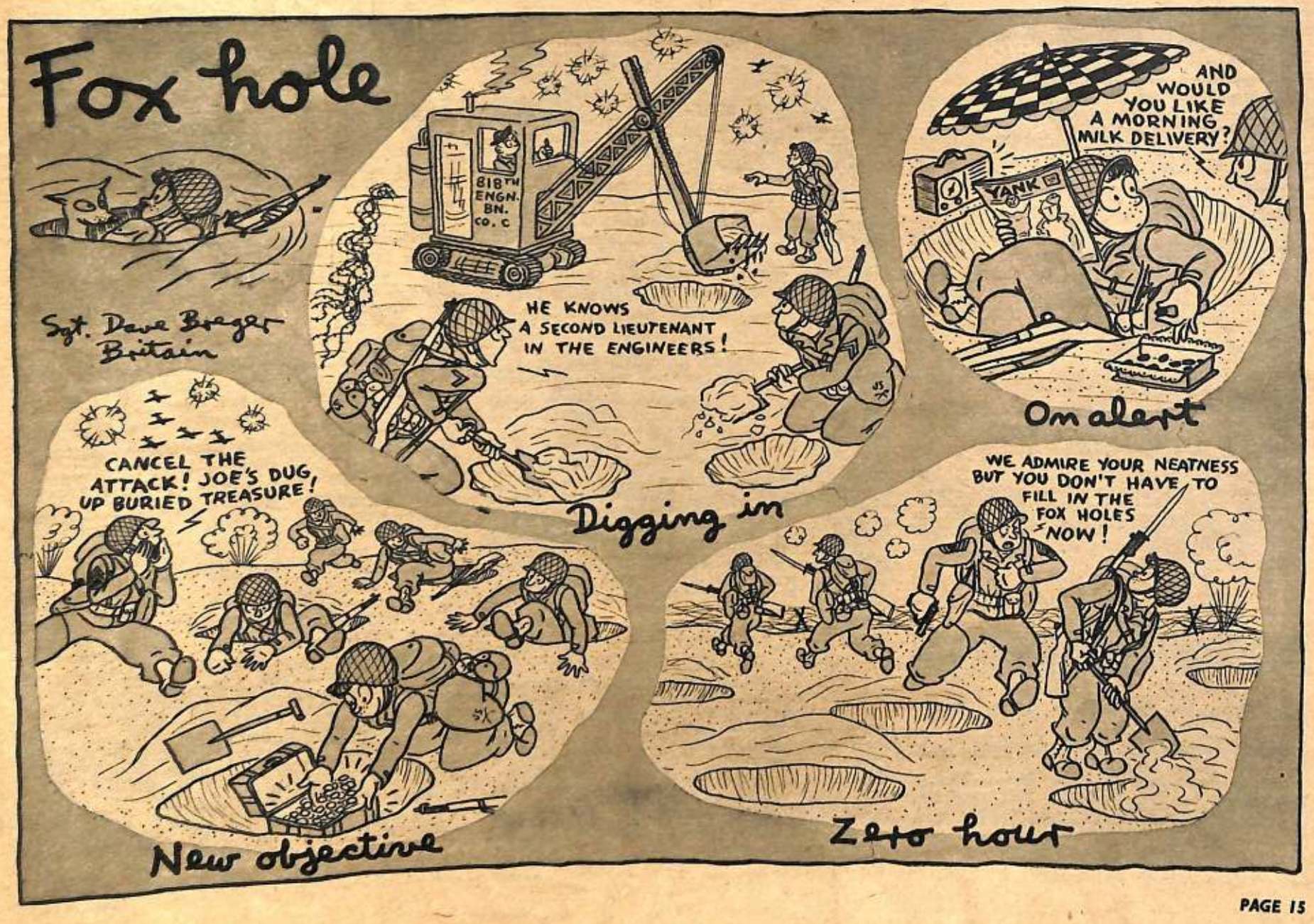
Perhaps 20 minutes later Sgt. Royce A. Parke, engineer, shouted, "Land!" The tiny dark island below didn't look much like his home at Devil's Lake, N. Dak., but it was "terra firma."

"The more firma the less terra," S/Sgt. Vernon Berg, radio operator, of Bottineau, N. Dak., punned, and they all laughed again. Four times Woodbury circled the blob of land below and Sgt. Berg radioed their position as accurately as he could and hoped only that someone would pick it up.

Meantime the rest of the crew was jerking loose life rafts. Capt. Woodbury saw it was no use trying to land on the island because it was impossible to make out the coastline, so he headed for a reef. As the B-17 struck, its tail broke off, and less than a minute later all were out of the plane and onto three life rafts.

"I think I've broken my leg," Sgt. Storey, of Jacksonville, Fla., said quietly. Sgt. Lawrence Johnson, of Escanaba, Mich., gunner; Cpl. Walter E. Sabold, of Shoemakersville, Pa., assistant radio operator, and Lt. Louis Schaur of Hartford,

G.I. JOE — By SGT. DAVE BREGER



A big moment in New Guinea—and for that matter a big moment for a soldier anywhere. The fight with the Jap is forgotten as the mail is examined in a jungle before being distributed.

navigator, who were on the raft with Storey, put their jackets under his head and pushed for shore.

After they had paddled for 30 minutes, all three rafts still were under the wing of the plane. It took them three hours to go a mile and a half to land against a strong undercurrent and tide.

By the time they had lifted Storey from the raft, made a splint for his leg with bamboo, and swabbed the wound with iodine, Sgt. James Thompson, of River Rouge, Mich., a gunner from another raft, carried in a first-aid kit.

In the morning six stayed with Storey and the rest swam to the plane, which still teetered on the reef. A ration box was floating alongside. Inside were two quarts of tomato juice, most of which they gave to Storey, and a gallon of water so stagnant they held their noses as they drank.

The first day they explored the island, some always remaining with Storey. All the trees they saw were dead. There were tremendous spiders everywhere, but no people.

During the afternoon, Capt. Woodbury, Sgt. Thompson and Cpl. Sabold built a sign on the shore with cocoanut leaves. "AID—DOCTOR" it said, all in capital letters.

The next day a B-26 flew over, dropped flares and rations wrapped in a sheet, and messaged that help was on the way. Most of the food tasted of gasoline and the cigarettes were cracked from the impact of the drop. But there was a package of Bull Durham, which they rolled in sheets of notebook paper. The tobacco tasted fine.

It rained again during the evening and they stood guard over Storey, trying to build shelter with dead leaves and the sheet.

About dawn Cpl. Sabold heard what he thought was a plane. He didn't say anything; he didn't want Storey to be disappointed.

But in a few minutes a PBY landed. They eased Storey aboard. As the ship roared over the island they took one last look at the remnants of their B-17, still visible on the reef. They had flown her at Midway and in the Solomons. Before that they had named her *Columbus* because "she was always looking for land."

SGT. MERLE MILLER
Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

CARIBBEAN

Pvt. Muggins May Be A Mutt, But He Can Guard As Well As You, Joe

SOMEWHERE IN THE TRINIDAD SECTOR—Private Muggins's stubby legs, wabbling from the after effects of seasickness, carried him unsteadily down the gangplank of an Army transport.

A charter member of Uncle Sam's newly organized K-9 Corps, he was the first of the Army's four-legged dog-soldiers to set paw on the Trinidad Sector.

From all appearances Private Muggins is merely another member of his species. He's typical of many of his kind in American homes.

Private Muggins has been trained the Army way, now, however, and he's been taught to fight and defend viciously and scientifically. Apparently a cross between a boxer and a bull, he weighs 45 pounds and in combat knows how to use every ounce to advantage.

It's a fact that, by virtue of his Army training, Private Muggins and one soldier are the equal of eight guards. It's also an established truth that

A recruit in the Army's K-9 Corps in Trinidad

an armed person would have only one chance in six of overcoming the canine G. I.

Private Muggins was accompanied here by the rest of his "squad" of nine dogs. Four are Doberman Pincers and the rest German Shepherds. All sport the K-9 insignia—a dog's paw centering a circle of red, white and blue.

Their muster into the Army paralleled in many ways that of the average soldier.

All were donated by citizens and sent to Front Royal, Va., for "induction" and "processing." Physical examinations, including blood tests, were given. Intelligence was determined through simple tests. General characteristics and habits, mental and physical, were noted. To be admitted to K-9 they had to be 18 inches tall and from one to five years old.

Like all G. I.s they were required to withstand the unpleasant needle of the medico. They were vaccinated for rabies. And they, too, were given Army serial numbers, stamped on their ears.

The dogs were put through simple but effective basic training. They learned the voice of their instructors, became familiar with commands and were taught obedience. Early in the training period their instructor noted their particular qualifications and then trained them in their speciality.

Some dogs are naturally adapted to track down escaped prisoners. Others possess the qualifications necessary for guard duty. Some become outright "killers." Muggins is one of these.

In the Trinidad Sector the dogs' training is under direction of Pvt. Roderick Rabitaille, who did similar work in civilian life. The dogs are fed special diets, follow a regular rest schedule, and receive expert medical attention.

Private Muggins and his squad now are engaged in advanced training. Daily they are put through their paces, some of which are routine. Certain phases of their training are Army secrets, however.

Already competent, Private Muggins and his squad are becoming even more capable, sharpening their naturally keen faculties and toughening their already strong bodies. When their training is over they will guard communication centers, ammunition dumps, docks and wharves. They will also act as messengers.

CPL. FRANK H. RICE
Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Yanks at Ho

NEW GUINEA

Even Cooks Are Unsung Heroes In Rugged Fighting In New Guinea

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA (By Cable)—They say a mother can recognize her own son anywhere, but it's doubtful that all the mothers of the American infantrymen now doggedly hammering away at the strong Japanese resistance in the jungles of Northeast New Guinea could instantly spot their favorite G.I.s. In the first place, practically every Yank up here has lost weight, understandable enough where the temperature is usually around the hundred mark and the sweat pours down you all day long. Mother's recognition would further be impeded by the fact that most of the men up at the front have bushy beards—not just a few days' scraggly growth, but real thick beards that, along with their ragged clothes, give many the appearance of frontiersmen.

They were a dapper enough crew when they started off through the jungle wearing brand new denim outfits dyed a mottled green, with green camouflage leggings, belts, helmets, and packs to match. But the mud and the heat of this grim battlefield inevitably leave their mark on the sturdiest equipment. The Yanks look like veterans now, and, since there isn't any chance of their mothers seeing them for quite a while and there's a good chance of a Jap sniper spotting them, they've voluntarily disfigured their once natty looks further by daubing their hands and faces with green camouflage.

It's tough fighting in the jungle, and every member of a unit up front is in the thick of it. You wouldn't ordinarily expect a mess sergeant or a cook to distinguish himself on the firing line, but that's what happened a couple of weeks ago when one company couldn't find its kitchen personnel at meal time. The mess sergeant and the cook turned up a little later, apologetic for being late but with an excellent excuse. It seemed they had heard of a Jap machine-gun nest down the trail and, without bothering to let any one know, had sneaked up behind the enemy position and polished it off as expertly as they ever prepared a stew.

This isn't the kind of war in which large bodies of troops are involved. Japanese snipers in trees, and machine gunners and mortarmen in strongly fortified emplacements have been doing most of the damage to the Yanks who

e and Abroad

are slowly pushing them back through the jungle and the spikey six-foot grass at its fringes and the occasional cocoanut groves scattered about like oases. There are dozens of uncited heroes and, many of their deeds may never be officially recognized, because their names are not known.

Courage is one of the few items the Yanks have in large quantities. There was the rifleman who walked wearily into an aid station the other day, half carrying a wounded soldier. "I just got my first Jap," he told a medic there, "and then they got my buddy." The medic suggested that he sit down and rest for a while. "Hell, no," said the rifleman, "gotta go back now and get one for him."

SGT. E. J. KAHN, JR.
Yank FIELD CORRESPONDENT

EGYPT

Pants Don't Make A Gallagher; Being A Few Curt Notes From Cairo

CAIRO—The newest phase of lend-lease comes from Uncle Sam's forward desert airfields where the Yank airmen have been issued British woollen battle dress as a protection against the raw desert nights. Many U. S. troops here are also finding British crew shirts and drawers among their regular underwear issue.

Boys from a U. S. medium bomber squadron, returning from week-end leaves in Alexandria, report the dragomen (native guides) there are employing a new selling angle. Several tell of having been met by a tall dragoman who offers this sales talk: "I'm Tim Mahoney from Brooklyn. Let me take you to see the so and so." Another, who has acquired a pair of European trousers, prefaces his talk with: "I am Gallagher from Boston, America." When the soldiers express their doubt of that origin, Gallagher says: "Would I be Egyptian with pants like these?"

Ever since droves of southward-flying wild ducks and geese have been spotted over the desert airfields, Yank airmen have been nagging the Tommie AA gunners for a shot at the wild-fowl, promising a generous percentage of the resulting roast duck as a reward. So far they haven't swung the deal.

Two of the most substantial egg-eaters up and down this desert front are Cpl. Bob Beerman of Los Angeles, still man for the Army Photo Unit in this theater, and Correspondent Bob Landry, magazine photographer. On a recent visit to the U. S. forward flying fields they came across three young native boys who were peddling the pigeon-sized Egyptian hen eggs and the tasty local tomatoes which are about the size of golf balls. Landry and Beerman cornered the market, buying out the three young merchants at a rate of two eggs for three piastres. With the total of 38 eggs and a mound of tomatoes thus bought, the two started to cook. Using half a petrol tin for a griddle and a camera tripod as a stirring fork, they scrambled the whole mess in 45 minutes. The native boys told them they had been selling to the Germans and Italians there just a few weeks before.

South African airmen, who are camped a neighborly distance from the Yanks of a medium bomber squadron, have been introduced to the American institution of crap shooting. The South Africans hadn't heard of the game until they met the Yank airmen on a visit that came shortly after payday. They caught on quickly, however, and at last report more than one South African had taken an old hand for a cleaning. The Yanks were surprised to find that the South Africans talk more like Americans than any foreigners they'd met. Visiting their camp, they found the South Africans' tent walls plastered with luscious pin-ups from *Life* and *Esquire*.

Sitting in on a bull session with enlisted men of a forward bomber squadron, this correspondent compiled the following list of what the boys want most from home:

1. A genuine hamburger
2. Some sweet young things
3. A glass of cold cow's milk
4. Some sweet young things
5. Ice cream sodas—all flavors
6. Seats on the 50-yard line at the hometown football game
7. Some sweet young things
8. A platter of real fried chicken.

Yank CAIRO BUREAU

In Alexandria, an American sergeant gives Nazi and Italian prisoners the once over.

ALASKA

Soft-Hearted Alaskan Sarge Finally Gives Jap Flyer A Decent Burial

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—Thumb-frayed newspapers and magazines just reaching this stiff-frozen neck of Uncle Sam's woods tell the tale of amateur plane-spotters busting their eyeballs on a Jap Zero now flitting over the States.

But they have nothing to fear. Strapped in the cockpit is an American pilot.

The original occupant of that cockpit lies now under the soggy sod of a bleak Aleutian blob.

How he got there is what this story is all about.

If it hadn't been for Sgt. Donald O. Spaulding of Rexburg, Idaho, a hard-bitten G. I. who sweated out two years on Corregidor, that flyer from Kobe or Osaka would still lie crumpled in cold storage, half-sunk in an icy swamp.

Here is the Jap flyer's grave in the Aleutians.

Corregidor notwithstanding, Sgt. Spaulding clenched his hatred between his teeth and ordered a soldier's funeral for the enemy. It didn't even matter that his own life had been threatened by the very shell-ripped plane which lay on its back on the muskeg, broken but repairable.

"Hell," muttered Sgt. Spaulding, "for my money, he's just another dogface."

It was then, after he and Cpl. Y. Hotta of Oakland, Calif., and a crew of 14 Navy men assigned to salvage the Jap plane, had been staring at the lifeless yellow body for five days, that Sgt. Spaulding broke down and appointed a grave-digging detail.

The crackup had been spotted first by an American transport plane whose pilot reported it at Spaulding's camp. The two soldiers, culled from the ranks of the All-Alaska Combat Intelligence Scouts, sometimes dubbed Castner's Cut-throats, were shipped along to write a complete report on plane and pilot for G-2.

Following the aerial observer's directions, they came upon the wreckage a mile from the shore, where they beached a barge carrying a tractor.

The pilot, shackled to his seat by three body safety belts and a strap on each foot, dangled from the cockpit head and shoulders submerged in swamp water.

"He must have figured he had a beautiful emergency landing field," said Sgt. Spaulding. "He probably thought he was going to land, radio for gas and repairs and take off. I guess from the air this stuff is really deceptive. Anyway, he sheared off his landing gear as soon as he hit, plowed a furrow about 50 yards, and flipped over on his back."

The ship's oil return line had been shot open. No bullets had struck the Jap airman. A bash on the head during the forced landing had killed him.

"We pulled him out," said the sergeant. "He was still wearing a sash about 20 feet long which the Nippos wind around themselves like a G-string. Over that was his traditional 1,000-stitch belt. As I get it, each of your friends is supposed to sew a stitch on this belt. It's supposed to be some kind of lucky charm. It didn't work."

Eager to get at the job of removing the plane to the waiting barge, the Navy crew laid the body aside and went to work yanking the 20-mm. gun out of the wings.

"He was a first-class physical specimen, for sure," Spaulding described. "A real athlete. I guess he must have been about 24 or 25."

The sergeant kept looking at the Jap corpse every now and then for four or five days, then decided what the hell.

"Look here," he yelled out suddenly. "Let's get this young feller buried."

A dry spot was located on a hill. Two soldiers and 14 seamen gathered around to pay last respects to the enemy.

An ensign came ashore with a Navy prayer-book.

After the service the Americans tossed wild lupin and cotton flowers over the grave by the fistful.

A pair of crossed boards stuck into the ground made a grave marker. Burned into the wood was: "Japanese Flyer Killed in Action June 1942."

"All I hope," said Sgt. Spaulding when the gang was back at work on the plane, "is that they'd do the same for me."

SGT. GEORG MEYERS.
Yank ALASKA CORRESPONDENT

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.

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the pads,
King Kong and sweet reefers were all the cats had.
Their boots were laced, they were really in there,
So far hipped, St. Nick was no where.

Then out of the dark, ole Santa fell in,
Adrape at the front, pegged tight as skin;
He was tagged this time in some hard-cuttin' brown
And the glare from his konk brought all the cats down.

When he fell to his benders and opened his sack,
The glitter and glamor drove all the cats back.
The old hepster rose, with his gauge brewing hot,
And the cats came on: "Hip us, Santa, just what ya got."

"Shuck all cases, and 'step on a snake,'
Never, ole boy, give a square lane a break!
When your gauge is low and you think it won't last
Just as I do—blast, man, blast.
Now, my story is fine and you'll agree
There isn't a stud that's quite hip as me.
Frilly is my play, now take it slow—
Skin me once, ole man, and rut 'Let go!' "

With these hip words, he can't thin the slammer,
And that's the last the cat's dug ole Santa.

PVT. S. FEINBERG
AUSTRALIA

TO THE FIGHTING MAN

I want to walk by the side of the man who has suffered and seen and knows,
Who has measured his place on the battle line, and given and taken blows.
Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong nor scoffed at the failing plan,
But taken his dose with a heart of trust and the faith of a gentleman.
Who has parried and struck and sought and given and scarred with a thousand spears,
Can lift his head to the stars of heaven and isn't ashamed of his tears.
I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all and seen,
Who has walked in the night with an unseen dread and stuck to the world machine.
Who has beaten his breast to the winds of dawn and thirsted and starved and felt
The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts that the mouths of the foul have dealt.
Who was tempted and fell and rose again, and has gone on trusty and true
With God supreme in his heart and courage burning anew.

PFC. CHARLES W. BODLEY
ALASKA

GPLD

One thing, sir, has puzzled me:
Who washes clothes in your laundry?
Be it pixie, brownie, witch or elf—
Some bandit gang? I ask myself.

I stack my clothes on Tuesday night,
Recheck my list to make it right.
I tell you, sir, I truly try.
And then—I kiss the bag goodbye.

Time passes . . . two weeks, say,
And then arrives one happy day.
My luck has turned, the world's not black—
I miss KP, my laundry's back.

But then, snafu! I grunt a groan.
Are these the goods I once did own?
Are these the clothes worth so much pelf?
Are these the socks I darned myself?

What vandal's inked such hellish blots?
What trickster's tied such fiendish knots?
Were bottons smashed in moron's fits?
Who chewed my shirt to little bits?

Laundry folk are not like rabbits.
Producing's not among their habits.
Reduction seems more in their line.
They mark the loss with a careless sign.

I cry my grief to a sergeant stony.
I plead and sob; he snarls, "Bologna!"
Who donnit? is the question posed.
My clothes are gone. The case is closed.

My Christmas wants are truly frugal.
Don't need a gun. Don't want a bugle.
And since rich gifts I cannot hoard,
Please send to me an old washboard.

CPL. THOMAS E. SAYLES
FORT JACKSON, S. C.

PRAISE THE LORD, WE'LL SHOOT THE DIETICIAN

The patients of Ward 5, Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Colo., were silently eating their noon meal one sunny day when, with a horrible scream, one of the patients clutched his stomach and sprawled across the polished floor. A buddy rushed to the side of the convulsed victim and shaking his fist in the direction of the kitchen, shouted in a fine frenzy:

Praise the Lord, we'll form a coalition
Before we all die of malnutrition,
Praise the Lord, just change the food you're dishin'
And we'll all get well.

Praise the Lord, and call the ward physician,
Praise the Lord, we're all in bad condition,
Praise the Lord, we're dying by attrition
'Cause the chow's a mess.

Oh the mess major's beat it,
We oughta make him eat it,
For a sonuva, sonuva censored is he.

Praise the Lord, we'll make the frank admission
That we'd like to get the ammunition,
Then, by God, we'd shoot the dietician,
And we'd all pull through.

With apologies to half a dozen Navy Chaplains, a couple of songsmiths and Fitzsimons' cooks, who should apologize to us.

WARD 5
FITZSIMONS GENERAL HOSPITAL
DENVER, COLO.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

In an article in your Aug. 12 edition, Cpl. Tony Maccio, stationed somewhere in England, is bragging on 21 beers in one setting. Well, we have it over on him in quarts. Here in Australia beer is available in quart bottles only, in camp limits. One of the fellows who weighs 155 pounds bone dry drank 15 quarts in one setting. Each quart is equivalent to two handles or more. A handle is a glass somewhat similar to a fish bowl back in Missouri. Out here, as is known, we are in a warm climate, and you can imagine what the beer is like.

SGT. FRANCIS A. CASCIO
AUSTRALIA

Dear YANK:

Sgt. Hart's squawk about beer [YANK JULY 15] is one for the book. If we had lukewarm beer we'd be satisfied. As it is we don't have any. we have to drink lukewarm *water*.

PFC. BERNARD R. WYMAN
OVERSEAS.

Dear YANK:

After reading the attached newspaper write-up [which said Lt. Howard F. Hall of Brockton, Mass., had been made commanding officer of his regiment at the age of 21] I am at a loss to understand how the Army is being organized back in the States at the present time. According to the T/O, I believe a regiment is commanded by a colonel. Will you please check up on this particular case and let us know if it is authentic? If it is, you may expect us all back in a hurry to get up into the higher brackets.

LT. J. T. OTT
CARIBBEAN COMMAND

The lieutenant you refer to is a company commander, we find. The writer of that newspaper story let his enthusiasm get the better of him.

Dear YANK:

We've just read Sgt. Bill Richardson's letter describing the terrible plight of the men at Labrador. [YANK Oct. 21.] We've got a beef coming. What are you guys? Cream puffs?

You should beef about the lack of womankind. We haven't seen any kind of womanhood in our six months of wandering through 500 miles of Canada.

But it makes our blood boil when you beef about four months in Labrador—without a woman.

SGT. C. M. FEDDERMANN
CPL. G. T. HAMLET JR.
CPL. C. J. GAJ
PVT. N. VANECH
PVT. N. GUAGLIO
PFC. L. GARCIA
PVT. BRUCE SHEFFIELD
ALCAN HIGHWAY, CANADA

Dear YANK:

When I say what I'm going to say here, I will be voicing the sentiments of every enlisted man in Alaska. All I read in YANK is about Australia and Ireland, etc. You never mention anything about Alaska. Are we the forgotten soldiers, or don't we rate a few lines?

CPL. TOM FIDEMI
ALASKA.

In recent issues, YANK has had a full page of Alaskan football pictures, several reports on Yanks at Home and Abroad from Alaska and an illustrated poem from the Whitehorse sector of the Alcan Highway.

Dear YANK:

I would like to know what happens to soldiers when they come back and have no jobs to go back to.

Will they be thrown upon their own resources and the money they may have left from service earnings, or will some agency, public or private, aid them in getting a job corresponding to their former occupation and salary in civil life, or will they be forgotten heroes as some were at the end of the last war?

PVT. HARRY MELTZER
BOLLING FIELD, D. C.

In YANK of Dec. 16 you'll find an article covering all angles of this question.

Dear YANK:

A friend of mine here, Pfc. Joseph Moroschak, of Taylor, Pa., wants to show his friends overseas that the Army has built him up physically.

The enclosed negative offers proof of his physical development after six months of service at Camp Shelby. When he came into the Army he weighed only 160 lbs. and was not very muscular. Now he tips 178 on the scales and presents a rather unique physical appearance.

PVT. C. F. MCCANDLESS
CAMP SHELBY, MISS.

Dear YANK:

Reading your magazine, there are a few articles we disagree with. First of all you stated in your issue dated Aug. 26 that the three white stripes on a navy uniform didn't mean a "damn thing." For your information they represent three great battles, namely, Trafalgar, Scapa Flow, and Jutland.

Secondly (regarding Sgt. Stein's article of Sept. 16), we Marines from [censored] think it stinks. In regard to our uniforms, either dress or undress, here the Army shows its jealousy. Being amphibious has given us one definite advantage of getting to the scene of the battle "first." As to that remark about our "web feet," we think we are capable of keeping up with any Army line outfit.

ERNEST J. WRENNE, USMC
NEIL J. CONNERY, USMC
GRANDELL D. SHELL, USMC
CECIL H. NESBITT, USMC
GEORGE A. STEWART, USMC
EDWARD A. LAWSON, USMC
WILLIAM P. FINN, USMC
CLOVIS WOOD, USN
EDISON MCNEASE, USN
LOUIS A. CRUZ, USN
RALPH L. POUND, USMC
T. N. COCKRELL, USN
J. L. GRAVES, USN
G. S. MCCOMT, USN
OVERSEAS

In the British Navy the three stripes on sailors' collars stand for the battles of Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar. We have it straight from the Navy feed box that in the American Navy they don't stand for a damn thing.

Cpl. Hargrove's article and Sgt. Stein's drawings on the Marines were so well received by the Marine Corps that (1) the San Diego Marine publication, The Chevron, reprinted them in their entirety with a citation, (2) the drawings have been requested, and sent to, the Marine Corps Museum in Quantico, and (3) the two men were invited to become members of the Marine Corps.

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 30
JAN. 10, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

SEEING STARS

On the morning of Dec. 28, all full of Christmas cheer and a heartfelt and sincere desire to go around doing good, a certain American news commentator in Britain took it upon himself to start doing the enlisted men of this theater a few favors. All these favors consisted of doing his dead-level best to completely snarl the USO camps shows program and substitute something more to his own liking.

The commentator saw the show here in London, and he certainly is entitled to his own opinion since it does not affect his life one way or another whether they stink or not. Not being in the Army, he can always take a cab down to another theater. However, his opinion was broadcast to millions of people back home, and those people—with our interests at heart—are going to listen well to any so-called authoritative viewpoint from over here. His opinion is very likely to cause a long, loud yell. He didn't like the show starring Kay Francis, Martha Raye, Carole Landis and Mitzi Mayfair.

And this is just where we want to say—as the enlisted man's paper of the Army—that we don't want any favors done us unless the people doing them get their facts straight. We appreciate their interest, but we don't appreciate their inaccuracy.

Having seen the show *in London*, the commentator says:

"Only in isolated instances have they (the camp shows) had success, for the idea of what entertains the doughboy in Britain has been all wrong."

A *Yank* reporter watched the show almost bring several mess halls down with the cheers at outposts.

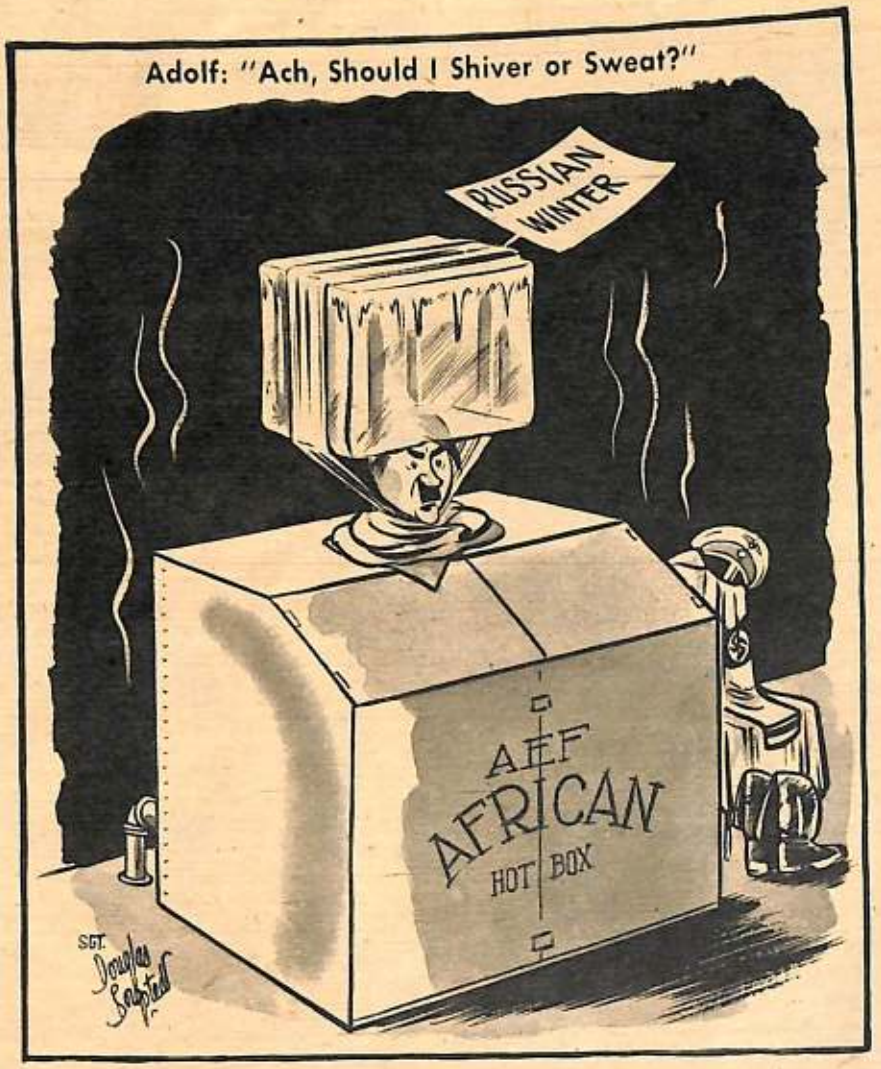
"The soldier on a rain-swept airfield does not care about name entertainers unless they are top-flight artists like Bing Crosby and Bob Hope."

We don't even mind the odious comparisons since its inaccuracy is fairly obvious.

The commentator, of course, has his own solution to the problem. While the best brains in show business work overtime to do a job for the troops over here, the commentator who watches the reactions of troops to the show *in London* is going to fix all that. Well, we can tell you right now, brother, we don't want any favors until you get your facts straight.

Because that line about a rain-swept airfield just kills us, honestly. Because we didn't see the show in London. We saw it at a rain-swept airfield and we watched those four girls wade through mud up to as high as your own ears should be right now, and we watched them *work* harder than they ever worked at home, and we watched them eat G.I. chow, which isn't exactly the best thing in the world for a star's complexion, and we saw them as plain, sincere people, interested in doing a job—and we watched, in a plain little mess hall, the look on the faces of the men, and heard them bring the house down.

And before you start doing us any more favors to get the people at home all steamed up, chum, we suggest you go out to a rain-swept airfield yourself and see not only how it feels, but also how the troops feel. That's something you obviously don't know.



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Democratic Nazis

The Germans in Norway have become so democratic that they are now insisting on their Norse hosts sitting next to them on railroad trains. In fact, they are so sensitive on this subject, that the Chief of Police of Oslo has ordered that any persons refusing to do so be removed at the next station.

It's the Little Things

Among other things that are forbidden in conquered countries of Europe are the following practices:

The wearing of mustaches by actors in Norway. The actors had been slyly mocking Hitler.

The christening of Dutch babies with the names Franklin and Winston. The names became too popular.

The mentioning by newspapers of the Oslo rat-exterminating campaign. One paper gave it too enthusiastic support, with an editorial entitled, "Out with the Rats!" which read equally well if the word "Nazis" were substituted for "rats" throughout.

Metaphors

Nomination for extremest misuse of the English language and the nicest mixing of metaphors any schoolteacher could be forced to hear goes to Fred W. Kaltenbach of Radio Berlin DXJ. Said Fred, on the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor: "Franklin Delano Roosevelt has sown the wind and, at Pearl Harbor, has reaped the wild wind. He has sought to sow discord in Europe and Asia and, on this day a year ago, his chickens came home to roost. Unfortunately, it has been my fellow Americans who, ever since, have been forced to eat of the bitter fruit of his folly."

Exoneration

The Stockholm newspaper *Dagens Nyheter* reported that Nazi occupation authorities in Norway ruled the display of Santa Claus in store windows was *not* "an illegal or subversive action."

Children's Hour

For sweet sentiment and unequalled corn, we nominate Radio Berlin DJA's favorite broadcast to America, name of Deutschland Echo, which began a section of its program with this tender thought: "In the country of Baden, bells are ringing. Bells are ringing for you, dear listeners."

STRICTLY G.I.

Tally Ho

THE story of the week comes from the firing range of a Yank camp somewhere in England. "Ready on the right!" had already sounded when a terrified stag came tearing across the range like a bat out of hell. Hot on its heels came three Yanks in a jeep, gleefully shouting "Yoicks, you joicks!" and trying to get a bead on the buck with their Springfields. Behind them came the traditional pack of yelping hounds. Behind the hounds came the traditional pack of red-coated huntsmen on horseback. The only persons who had good hunting that morning were the MP's who bagged the three soldiers.

Glamor, Goodbye!

From the haunts of the hoss cavalry at Fort Riley, Kans., comes the doleful plaint that the beautiful Teddy Roosevelt campaign hat, like the once magnificent boots and breeches, has been stricken from the list of the G.I. for the cavaliers. From this day forward, says Washington, the hat will be worn only by officers and noncoms, and then only as a part of the field uniform.

This Way Out

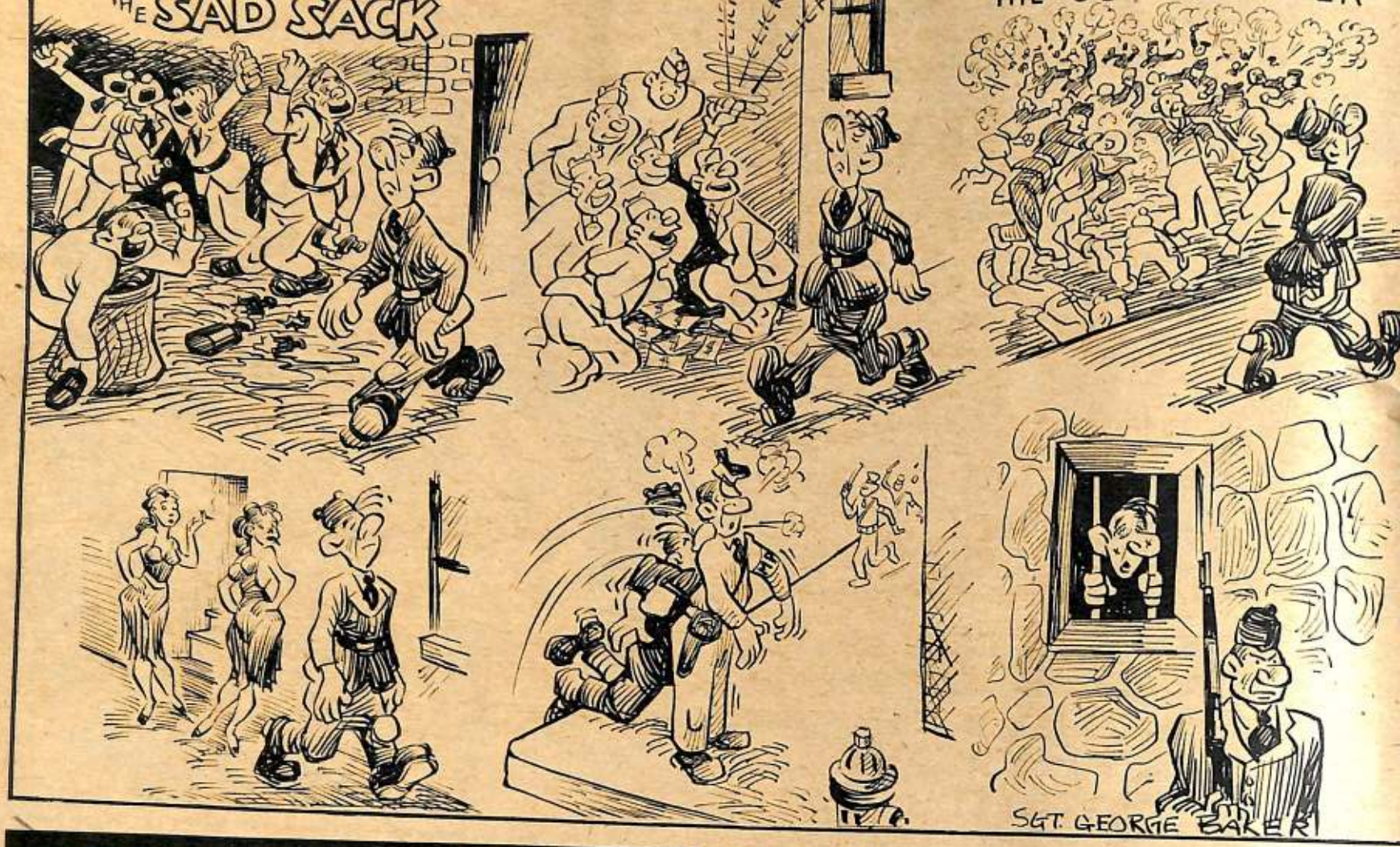
The story goes that the captain had one of the boys on the carpet for a dressing down. "You screw up on the drill field! You goof off at inspection! I put you on KP and the mess sergeant throws you out of the kitchen! You can't even do latrine orderly! You're the sorriest soldier I ever saw!" The castigated soldier was hurt and indignant. "All right, sir," he said. "If that's the way you feel about it, I'm putting in for OCS tomorrow."

The Women

The first WAACs have reached England. . . . The first WAAC MP's have been issued their whistles, flashlights and green-and-gold armbands. . . . The plain, blunt warriors of the Marine Corps may have their own women's auxiliary. . . . The Coast Guard auxiliary is known as the SPARs, not as the WARCOGS. . . . The Navy's WAVES have been given their orders: No slip may show, every stocking seam shall stand at attention from skirt hem to shoetop; no hair shall lie in long spaniel's-ears on uniform collars. Square your hats, ladies!

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF



BETWEEN the LINES

The Romance of Joe Dough and Clementine Borsch

SOMEWHERE ON THE ALCAN HIGHWAY—Joe Dough (that's really his name) walked down Main Street (the only street in town) and entered a place where they sell liquor over the bar. The room was dimly lit. A bartender with his sleeves rolled up, wearing a red sweater and a heavy beard, said, "What'll it be, pardner?" "Make it whiskey straight," said Joe. (Wait until the WCTU hears about this.) Joe gulped down the golden liquid. "That will be five bucks," said the bartender. Joe unrolled a crisp five-dollar bill, fastened together with Scotch tape, and tossed it to the bartender.

"How long have you been up here, pardner?" asked the bartender.

"Six months," said Joe. "I'm just a rookie."

The bartender grinned between his teeth. He said, "I've been up here a year."

Joe looked around the room, hoping to see a familiar face. Hundreds of soldiers, and all strangers to him. It was tough to be in [censored] thousands of miles from home.

A young woman was sitting alone in one of the booths. She looked at Joe and smiled, revealing beautiful upper and lower teeth. Maybe she knew him or maybe he knew her.

He ran over to where she was sitting. "Hello," she said in a beautiful bass voice. "Hello," said Joe. "Would you care to sit down?" she cried. "I don't care if I do," said Joe, his heart beating wildly. He sat down.

"What's your name?" she whispered.

"Joe Dough," he cried.

"What's your name?" Joe asked.

"Clementine Borsch," she said. "My mother is American and my father Russian."

Joe looked at Clementine. Clementine looked at Joe.

Joe was tall and lanky, six feet tall in his stocking feet, but he had shoes on.

Clementine had long black tresses, deep brown eyes and a generous mouth.

"What nationality are you?" she said.

"I'm part Scotch and part ginger ale," said Joe.

He laughed at his own wit. Clementine looked confused, then began to laugh. She laughed for five minutes. He thought she was never going to stop.

Clementine looked soulfully at him and whispered, "Tell me all about yourself."

Joe knew happiness for the first time in more than a year.

"There isn't much to tell," he said. "I joined the Army and here I am."

"What part of the U. S. are you from?" said Clementine.

"Texas," said Joe. "I used to be a cow puncher."

"How thrilling," said Clementine. "Did you punch very many?"

"Not unless I had to," said Joe.

The radio started playing.

"How do you like 'Queenie, the Beauty of the Burlesque Show'?" she said.

"I don't know. I never met her," Joe said.

This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Joe and Clementine met once a week in Sourdough Pete's place. They went walking in the moonlight. (Joe tried to get a pass oftener but he was mighty busy on the garbage detail.) Time moved on. Joe met Clementine's family. They liked him. He liked them. Joe and Clementine discovered they were in love.

Then Joe's outfit moved out and so did Joe. Clementine wept bitterly.

Will Joe and Clementine be together again?

Not if I have anything to say about it.

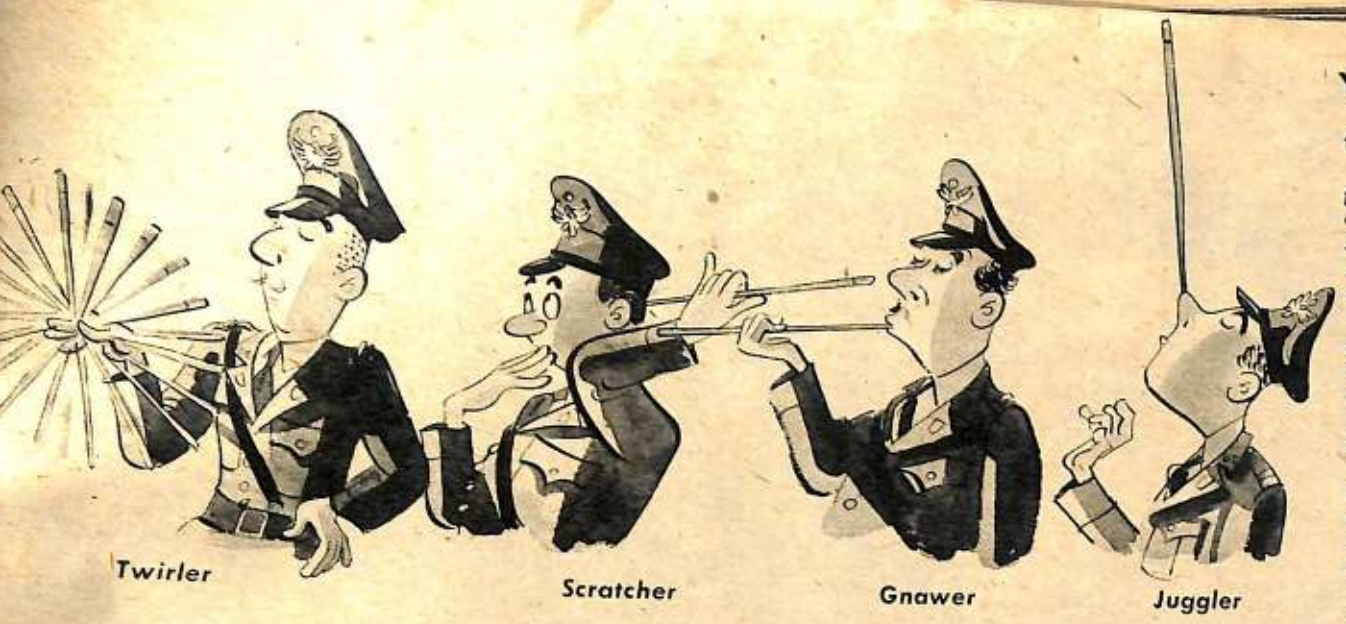
PVT. DONALD SEELY, ENGR.
ALCAN HIGHWAY

PVT. MULLIGAN

by Cpl. Larry Reynolds

"Tch-Tch, Mulligan! When I think of the hours I spent teaching you judo!"

"All I know is, they began developing when I became a sergeant."



A PLEA FOR The Swagger Stick

From Cpl. Marion Hargrove with Pictures by Sgt. Ralph Stein

THE swagger stick, a military weapon which has seen combat in some of the most exclusive cocktail lounges in six continents, is not a new thing.

It traces its origin to the armies of Ahenobarbus, chief of staff of the late great Mark Antony. Ahenobarbus was a big, tough, red-bearded and red-blooded fighter and so were all the officers of his staff—all, that is, except his PRO, Col. Marcus Tempus, who held his job because he was the brother of Ahenobarbus' big, tough, red-bearded and red-blooded wife.

All of Ahenobarbus' officers except Marcus Tempus compelled attention at staff conferences by pounding suddenly on the desk with the flat of their swords, a device which made a helluva lot of racket and awoke even the provost marshal down at the end of the desk.

When Marcus Tempus demanded that he be given a sword, so that he too could pound for attention, Ahenobarbus ruled that a sword in the hand of Tempus would be dangerous—to Tempus. In order to cool off the colonel and avoid a dressing-down from Mrs. Ahenobarbus, the general gave Tempus permission to rap on the desk with the yardstick which he carried to measure newspaper clippings.

This was the first swagger stick. It has come up through the ages, enjoying a popularity that reached its height in the Regency of George IV in England, and it has been explained by its bearers as everything from a cavalryman's crop to a marshal's baton. In the American Army of today, however, it has been adopted in only two countries—England and Fort Bragg—and even there its reception has been somewhat indifferent.

This indifference is an insult to an ancient and glorious tradition; a personal affront to all holders of cellophane commissions in any modern army. It is the duty of society editors of all American Army papers to fight for the universal readoption of the boulevard rifle.

No statement can over-emphasize the indispensability of the swagger stick in the social life of some officers. Be it in an exclusive penthouse salon, in a stately home or in the lounge of a houseboat, the swagger stick lends its owner an air debonair and a manner delicately compelling.

For such of these officers as find themselves brutally thrust into field or camp, nothing can compare with the swagger stick for the delicate look of efficiency it affords. Officers with thin sandy mustaches will find that when they come across dry garbage in the wet-garbage can, it is not effective enough for them merely to say, "Aha! Improper disposition of garbage!" The forceful thing to do is to rap lightly on the legend, "Wet Garbage," with the swagger stick, then point significantly to the dry garbage in the can, all the while lifting the left eyebrow quizzically—but delicately.

The timid executive officer will find that by slapping his stick briskly on his desk, or by aiming it suddenly straight at the chest of a man of his command, or by tapping rhythmically on the said chest to punctuate sentences, he can more easily impress combat lieutenants with his importance, power and dominant personality.

Innumerable officers who were previously henpecked by their wives and browbeaten by their men report that the swagger stick has placed them on a social and intellectual level with the men, even if it didn't help much at home.

The pen and sword are mighty, but the swagger stick is far more dashing and graceful! And a gold-headed one is like the command of an infantry battalion, an officer's fairest dream.

"The pen and the sword are mighty but the swagger stick is far more dashing."

"It is the duty of society editors of all American Army papers to fight for the readoption of the boulevard rifle."

"No statement can overemphasize the indispensability of the swagger stick in the social life of some officers."

COMPANY STREET

Tropical Daze, jungle Army newspaper which began an editorial recently with "Where the hell are we?" reported a new method of getting rid of bugs: You fill your pockets with salt at dinner and early the next morning you chase down to the river and strip naked. You hide in the bushes and wait for the little fellows to come out for a drink of water. Then you grab your clothes and run like hell.

Jimmy Jordan Jr., 19-year-old son of Fibber McGee and Molly, has enlisted at the **Lemoore** (Calif.) Air Base as an aviation cadet.

Sgt. William J. Lavery of the **Nasnville** (Tenn.) Army Air Center started work at 4:30 on Saturday morning, worked straight through until 4:30 Sunday morning, dragged himself to his barracks and his bunk, which he found had been short-sheeted while he was at work.

William Hassett of **Fort Benning,** Ga., hasn't worn the same set of stripes for more than a month since last June, when he was a private. He's worked his way up, month by month, until he's now a warrant officer.

Given a disability discharge, Leslie Spicer of Portland, Ore., went home, swiped his brother's uniform, hitch-hiked to New York, managed to get aboard a troopship. He was arrested a couple of hours later. He's in the brig now—but, by damn, he's overseas!

An eatery near **Fort Greely** in Alaska ran out of hot dogs and couldn't find replacements. To meet the Yank demand for them, the proprietor had to wire to Anchorage for 100 pounds to be shipped by air mail. Shipping costs were 20 cents a pound.

Wilfred Bernard Fortier, 38, of **Camp Grant,** Ill., is probably one of the highest paid buck privates in the Army. The father of 11 children, he passed up a 3-A draft rating and volunteered. His pay, counting the dependency allotments for his wife and 10 of the children, adds up to $180.

The Public Relations boys at **Camp Adair,** Ore., discovered that Webster's New International (page 33) defines an adjutant as "a large stork, six or seven feet in height . . . It feeds on animal food, largely carrion, and is protected by law in India."

James W. Webb of **Fort Sill,** Okla., gave up a $300-a-month job and $1,000 in cash to make a 26-day trip from Venezuela to the U. S. to join the Army.

Seven months after induction, Pfc. Joe Patterson of **Turner Field,** Ga., got a report on a Civil Service exam he took two years ago. He had passed the test, the letter said, and he should report immediately for work. The letter ended with: "It is your patriotic duty to serve."

An MP corporal at **Camp Funston,** Kans., came upon a funeral procession leaving a chapel. He lowered his cap and started directing traffic at the intersection until a chaplain explained to him that it was just a "dry run" for rookie sky-pilots.

Pvt. Theodore F. Ortseifer of **Fort Bliss,** Tex., has been told that he can't buy any more War Bonds by allotment of pay. When he cleared $154,000 on an inheritance last June, he put $20,000 into War Bonds and gave the remaining $134,000 to the Government as an outright gift.

American soldiers on duty in Western Alaska petitioned the Tacoma (Wash.) USO for a shipment of goodies, specifying "salami, pumpernickel and horseradish."

Teresa Wright

On the opposite page is an actress who wins new admirers daily. She starred with Gary Cooper in RKO's "Pride of the Yankees."

Kathryn Doris Gregory, the WAAC who took off.

WAAC Strips—But Not for Action

DES MOINES, IOWA—Kathryn Doris Gregory, 22, a curvaceous, red-headed WAAC, went AWOL here and was discovered two days later doing a strip tease at the Casino, Des Moines' nearest approach to a burlesque house.

She took off — literally. What's more, when picked up by MPs (who didn't explain what they were doing in a burlesque house), she was out of uniform—completely out of uniform.

The pretty WAAC had been a captain of 22 chorus girls for George White's Scandals and had also worked for Earl Carroll. She was billed as Amber d'Georg of Hollywood when she charmed a Casino audience with her dancing and disrobing, doing a strip act with more gusto than military precision.

Since this is the first case of its kind in this or any other army and may set a precedent, the problem of discipline has Army officials puzzled. Said harried Col. John A. Hoag, WAAC commandant:

"We have brought this girl back to the post and will work this thing out within our group."

"Am I shocked," said Pete DeCenzie, theater manager. "I had no idea she was a WAAC. You can't ask too many questions with the present labor shortage."

In Fort Worth, Tex., Kathryn's mother took the news calmly. "I'm not a bit surprised she took to strip teasing," said she. "She always liked a change."

SHE'S TRUE TO THE 369th REGIMENT

LENA HORNE is one girl who maintains a close contact with the Army. Besides having an uncle in the service, she boasts a circle of close acquaintances consisting of most of the 369th Regiment. This is not simply a case of a pretty girl being adopted by a rugged Army outfit as a sort of sweatered mascot. Miss Horne is on frequent writing and speaking terms with practically the whole regiment.

The relationship began before the war, when the 369th was still the New York 15th, famous colored regiment of the last war. Miss Horne knew most of the fighters from the 15th as fathers of her friends at Girls High School in Brooklyn. When she left that city of homes and churches to join Noble Sissle's orchestra as soloist, she started a correspondence with the home front that has persisted to this day.

By the time the war came around, Miss Horne was in Hollywood under contract to M-G-M and burning up the celluloid with two specialties in "Panama Hattie." By that time, also, the old 15th had become the new 369th and was mostly stationed at Fort Huachuca, Ariz. The majority of Miss Horne's neighborhood pals were in it; so she just substituted Pvt. for Mr. and kept up the correspondence.

After "Hattie" Miss Horne went on to a featured part in "Cabin in the Sky." In her spare time she helped organize the Double-V Club, composed of colored entertainers who went around performing for colored troops. Together with Judy Garland she inaugurated a record series called "Personal Albums," which M-G-M is making for shipment overseas.

Most of the 369th was now in Hawaii, after bestowing all the honorary titles they could on Miss Horne. She, in turn, travelled back east to

Miss Lena Horne

New York and the Savoy-Plaza Hotel, where she proceeded to get just about the most terrific reviews any night-club singer has ever received. In her first two weeks she also broke all the records for cafe attendance that the staid old hostelry had piled up through the years. Meanwhile she has continued to sing for troops around New York and to make records for YANK and the Army Special Service Division to be short-waved overseas and to write to the 369th.

What does she do for all this acclaim? Miss Horne sings. She just stands up on the floor and sings—old songs, new songs, blues songs, anything with a little rhythm in it. She doesn't move much and she doesn't try any fancy interpretations. She smiles, though, and that's when the riots break out. But mainly she just sings, that's all. And *how*.

Words Across The Sea

T/Sgt. H. A. Case piloted a delivery wagon in Seattle some years ago. Now he's part of the Seattle Air Defense Wing billeted at "Fort Frye," Army-occupied hotel (and concerned with piloting other forms of locomotion). Sgt. Case forwards a message to his kid brother, T-4 Robert McBratney, somewhere in Hawaii. "Living in high style at the moment in a 10-story barracks," says the sergeant, and adds, "Hope you are the same."

Pvt. Cornelius Buchanan, APO 932, San Francisco, is anxious for Bishop Davis to get those pictures to Jannie Douglas in Clayton, La. He would like to hear from Edward A. Dorsey, wherever he is. "Rangoon" Baskin is well and so is Buchanan.

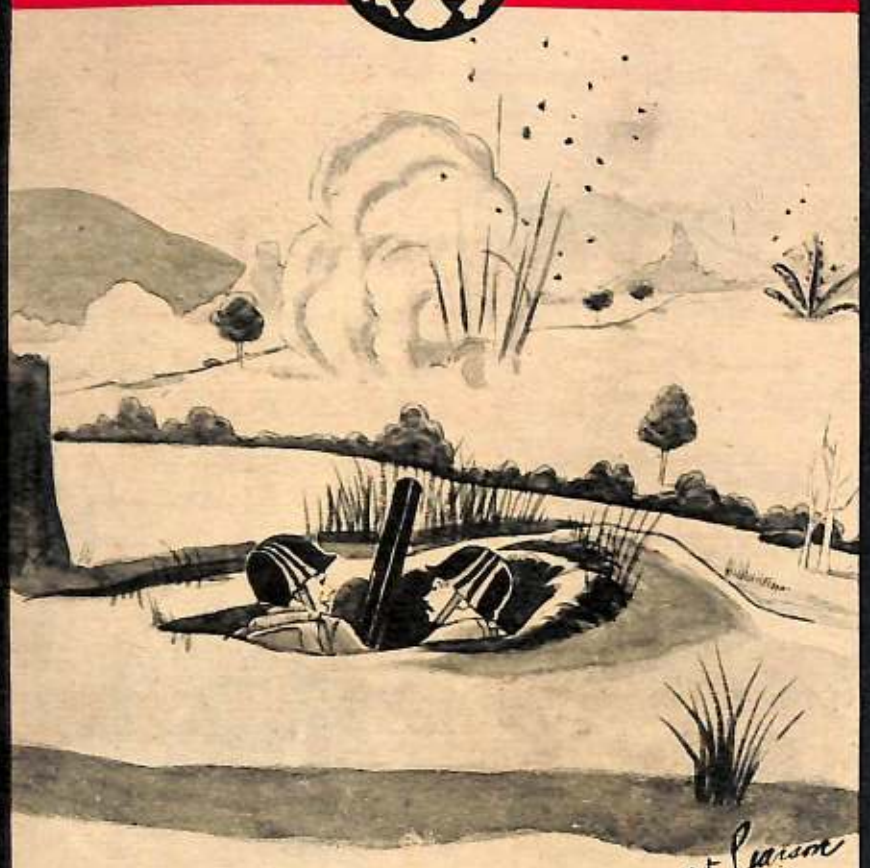
T/Sgt. W. D. Taylor of San Jose, Calif., after six years in the Army, is now topkicking the Hq. Squadron of the Seattle Air Defense Wing. Even before he joined up he was military-minded as operator of the PX at Moffatt Field. Sgt. Taylor last heard from his old buddy, M/Sgt. William H. Eichlin when the latter was with an air base squadron at Hamilton Field. Now the six-striper is "somewhere overseas," and Taylor requests, "Drop me a line from wherever you are. Anxious to catch up with you."

Pvt. Ignacio Lopez, now at the School Detachment, OCS, MAC, Camp Barkeley, Tex., is trying to get in touch with his old pal, Pvt. Christopher Luecro. He wants to know if Luecro got the letter he wrote to him. "Please tell him," Lopez says, "I hear from Mom."

Cpl. Edwin Rose, formerly assistant bureau manager for International News Service in Indianapolis, still has his nose in printer's ink, but now it's strictly a G.I. tint. Rose is editor of the Ladd Field *Midnight Sun*, published weekly by an enlisted staff in Alaska. Cpl. Rose is all swollen up over a stunt his kid brother pulled somewhere in Australia. To Bernard Rose he sends the message: "Great news from the bottom of the world to the top. Just heard you were jumped from corporal to 2nd lieutenant a couple months ago. Here's my first salute—sir!"

There was a letter here for Pvt. Charles Bacior, who is touring the States with "This Is the Army," but YANK couldn't forward it. The letter was from S/Sgt. Arthur D. Peper, who can be reached at the 312th Ord. Motor Transport Company (O), Camp Butner, N. C.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"IT CERTAINLY SEEMS MORE LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY TO ME THAN CHRISTMAS"

'A.E.F.' OLLIE DRAB

MESS KIT...

"MISTLETOE—JUST IN CASE."