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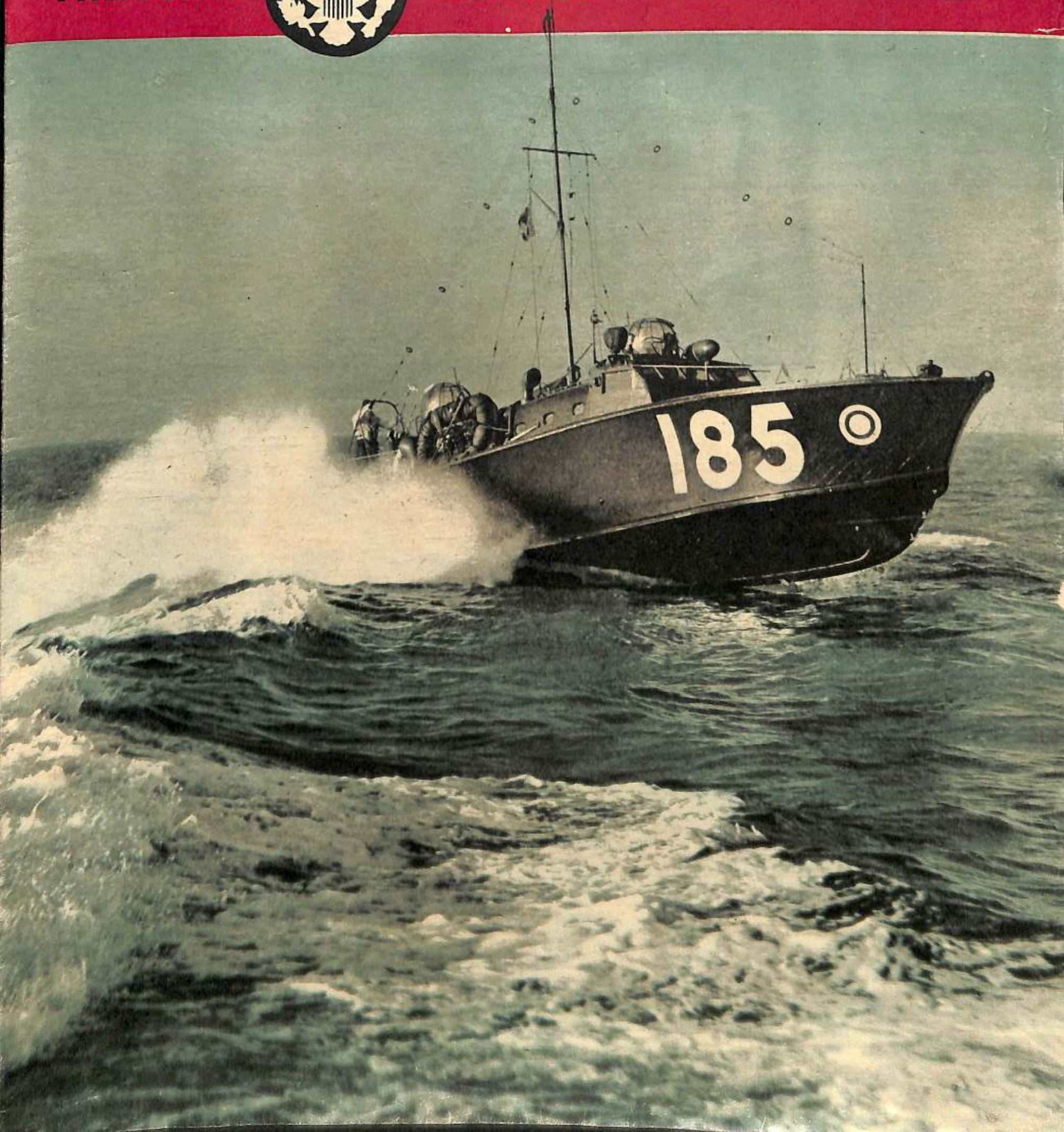
By the men . . for the men in the service



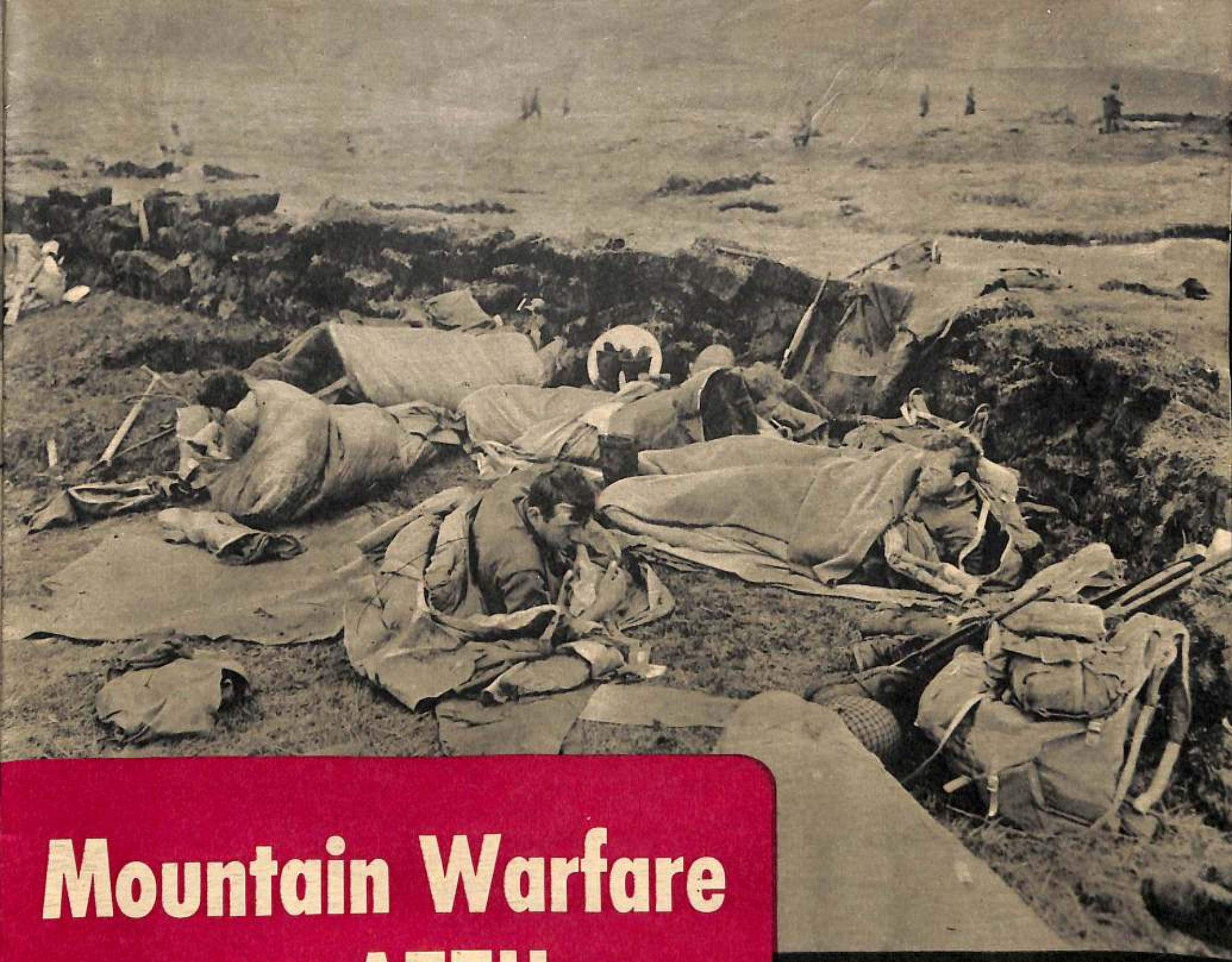
★ THE NAVY ON THE LAND ★

Against the black and white desolation of Adak in the Aleutians, Navy Sea Bees plot a road pointing toward Japan.

With steam shovels and trucks, they abandon ship, and the Adak base begins to take shape. The shape of things to come.

Even snow doesn't slow them. Where three stand, soon will rear warehouses and barracks. Adak is growing.

Mountain Warfare on ATTU



These tired Yanks crawling into sleeping bags bear witness that rooting Japs out of Attu was no cinch

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ATTU ISLAND [By Courier from Massacre Bay] —Mountain troops are made, not born, and war in the jagged mountains of Attu makes 'em in a hell of a hurry.

For irrefutable testimony, collar any of the dogfaces here who evicted the Japs, ravine by ravine, crag by crag, from the snow-crested skyline of this westernmost flagstone of North America.

"*Sao Cristo!*" exclaims Portugee Joe Resandes Torres, a private rifleman from the Azores. "First we are instructed how to behave as the camels, and now we are mastering the ways of the mountain goat."

And Joe, as they say in Portuguese, is right.

How rapidly these adaptable doggies absorbed the lesson of the cliff-face patrol and the snowdrift ambush can best be reported by their lesson-masters—the Japs themselves.

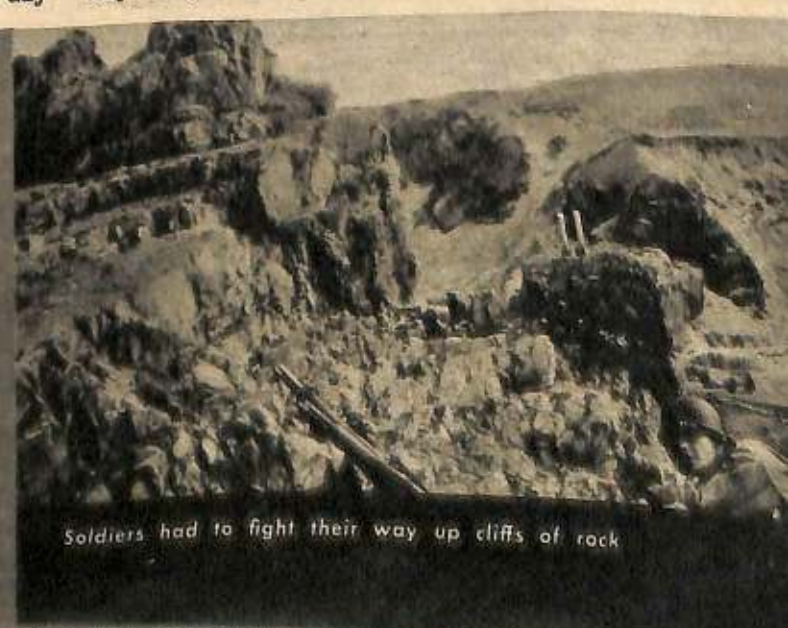
"We learned the hard way," Pvt. John Shult of Toledo, Ohio, and Pvt. Raymond Witherstine of Youngstown, Ohio, admit. "But it was the quick way. The one-lesson way."

Shult and Witherstine went along when three mortar squads with accompanying machine gunners and riflemen, started to claw their way up the hollow cheek of Sarana Ridge to dislodge some harassing Jap patrols. For days the Nips had been squatting up there in snow suits against the fog-hazed rocks, pecking away with rifles and machine guns, and three or four times a day scattering our supply line with the overgrown grenade-thrower we call a "knee" mortar. This kept the overworked litter-bearers at a dogtrot.

"We had four machine guns with us," says Shult. "We figured we'd shinny our way up under 'em, then give 'em a red-hot goose."

"Didn't work out that way, though," says Witherstine. "All day long we crawled on our hands and knees through snow and slippery moss-topped mud. When we were almost on the level with them, the fog lifted. There they were, sitting on top of us with their guns pointed our way. They heard our noncoms yelling out orders

It didn't take American dogfaces long to learn about snowdrift ambush and cliff-face patrols when they had to climb these jagged peaks and clean out the cleverly camouflaged Jap machine-gun and mortar positions.



Soldiers had to fight their way up cliffs of rock

and plugged them first. It's lucky any of us got out alive. All of us didn't. Only way we could get the wounded back to the bottom was to cram 'em into their sleeping bags and slide 'em down through the snow."

"Worst of it was," Shult adds, "we couldn't get away with all our weapons."

That night mortar shells sprayed mud and moss and steel in the American camp. One blast from the beetling crest crunched to earth alongside a field kitchen serving troops of one unit their first hot chow on Attu. It was the kind of target the Japs like; eight wounded, two dead.

Early in the campaign, the Yanks evolved an operational rule of thumb: "If you see soldiers on a mountainside, don't shoot. They're American. If you see nothing, look out! That's where the Japs are!"

After that, the battle of Attu resolved itself into a wholesale contest of King of the Mountain. The man on top was king. The object was to shell, shoot, grenade and bayonet your way to the top.

"But it's a hell of a lot easier to tell about it than do it," says Sgt. Michael E. Clark of Mosinee, Wis. "Our platoon moved to the head of the Massacre hogback the first day. We got pinned there by mortar and machine gun. Four days I went without taking off my leather boots. Our artillery kept pasting away at 'em until one day we got word to move in under the cover of smoke shells.

"We charged up from the bottom of the hill and just over the first hump we hit the Japs. One little devil, surprised as hell, jumped out of his trench and came running at us with his bayonet. Two of our boys nailed him with their own pigstickers. It all happened so suddenly nobody had a chance to pull the trigger. Nobody likes to use that cut-and-slash stuff unless he has to."

Sgt. Al Finlayson, a California boy, managed to squirm on his belly to the lip of the trench where a pair of Japs were cowering. He yelled and motioned for them to come out. They didn't budge. He flipped in a grenade and moved on toward another breastwork where another Jap had just bobbed out of sight. Finlayson tried the grenade routine again, but he was overanxious. The pineapple cleared the trench. This gave the Jap time to uncork some of his own bombs. But he was excited, too. He tossed three grenades, all of which bounced on the steep mountainside and rolled away before they exploded. Then Finlayson got in a second throw, and that private duel was over.

About the same time, another Californian, Pvt. Ted Williams, was snaking up to the next enemy earthwork. He heaved two grenades. They fell

It was a long and weary way to the Japanese entrenchments at Holtz Bay on Attu, here marked by a cross and cloud-obscured. A line of American troops winds up the mountains (the arrow points toward the thin, cold, khaki line).

far short.

"The Japs had spotted him," Sgt. Clark relates, "and they were just waiting for him to crawl from behind a little hummock to cut him to ribbons. Ted was in a spot. He was signaling he had no more grenades, and he was in no position to take a reading with his M1. So we kept the Japs' heads down with machine-gun fire while one of the boys tossed a couple or three more grenades to Ted. He only needed one. This time his aim was better, and we took up new positions in the trench with what the undertaker would call the remains."

Thus was the pattern sketched for each succeeding Yank advance: shell the pants off 'em, rake their tin hats with machine guns, crawl in and pepper 'em with rifle pellets, them root 'em out with grenades. Nothing less would work.

That kind of fighting meant that a lot of American boys didn't walk back to the rest camp after their three-day stint.

"It meant," says Sgt. Albert R. Perk, a Cleveland medic, "that the litter-bearers only heard the rumor that there was a rest camp."

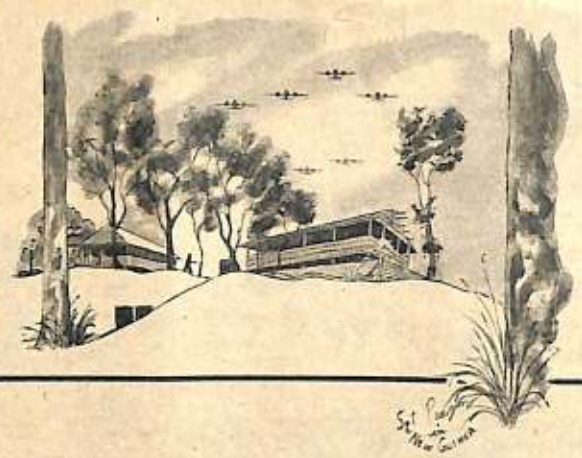
Sgt. Perk landed from an assault barge on the Holtz Bay side of Attu, where the cliffs spring so sharply from the beach that every crate of ammunition and every case of rations had to be towed on a mud slide by tractor and pulley to the first plateau. From there, 20 to 40 men could pull a 37-mm gun or a pack howitzer up lesser slopes with 100-foot ropes while their buddies passed the ammunition bucket-brigade fashion.

"We also slid our casualties down the cliff for evacuation to departing boats," says Sgt. Perk. "We thought for a long time it was the only possible way we could get 'em to the beach. But we found out different. It was the night we pushed into the Jap village, Little Tokyo, in East Arm. We'd been lugging in casualties all day. About midnight we got a chance to try to snatch off some sleep. Then at 2 o'clock they yanked us out and told us all casualties had to be aboard a ship which was lifting anchor at 5:30 A.M.

"There were 131 of 'em to go. We didn't have nearly enough litters, and we had to work fast. Every one we could, we dropped down the mud chute. We could see we'd never make it at that rate, so we separated all the patients that didn't have broken bones or dangerous internal injuries. We packed 'em down the cliff piggyback!"

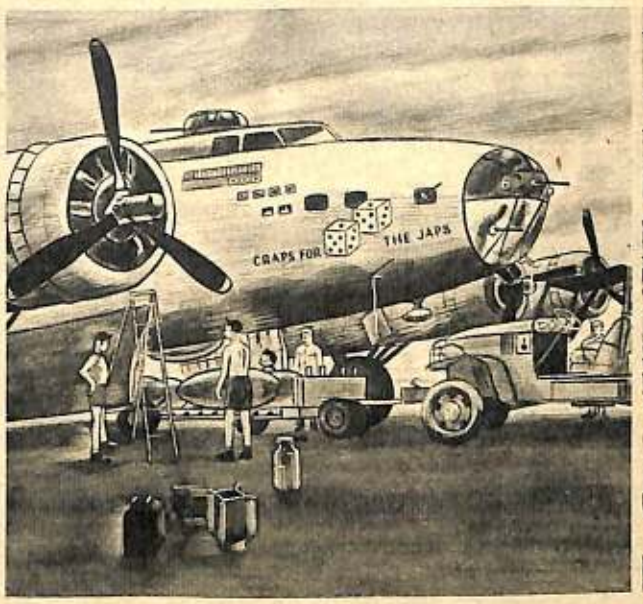
That's mountain warfare on Attu.

Attu, of course, isn't all snow. Down where the artillery sent the shells slogging over at the Jap positions everything was nice and muddy. From the looks of things in the foreground, the boys are getting on with a bit of shooting

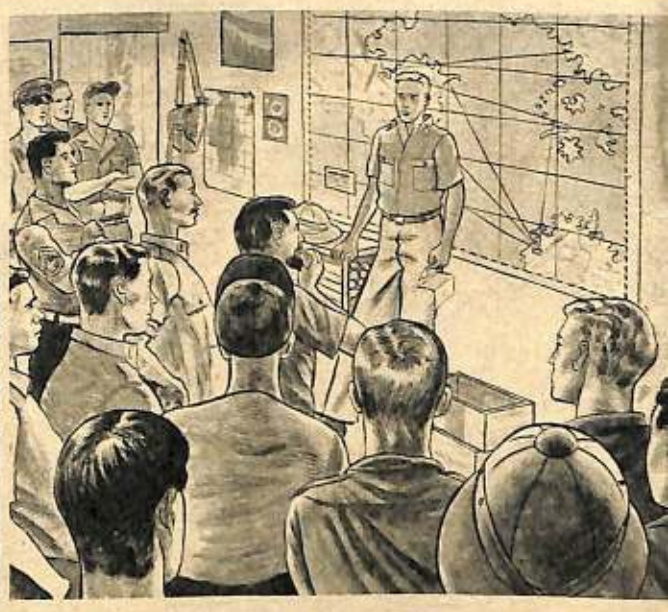


Early Morning Mission In New Guinea

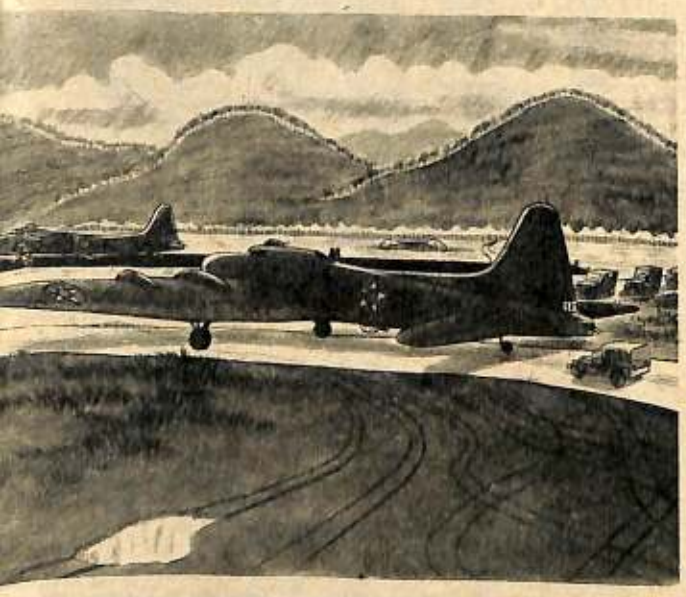
A FAMILIAR sound in the New Guinea early morning is the roar of American bombers, taking off for raids on Jap convoys and installations on nearby islands. When they return, ground crews proudly decorate the planes with combat insignias. Bombs painted on the ship signify missions; purple hearts on white backgrounds stand for crew members who have been wounded. Japanese flags appear when an enemy plane is shot down and ships are painted on the nose when transports or freighters are sunk. Sgt. Charles D. Pearson, who sketched these drawings of a typical morning mission, used to contribute cartoons to *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* before the Army requested his presence and sent him to the Southwest Pacific. His drawings from Down Under have appeared in YANK regularly during the past year and he has recently become a member of YANK's staff in Australia.



1. Just back from another mission, this U. S. bomber is being loaded with explosives at its base in New Guinea by a bare-legged, bare-chested crew.

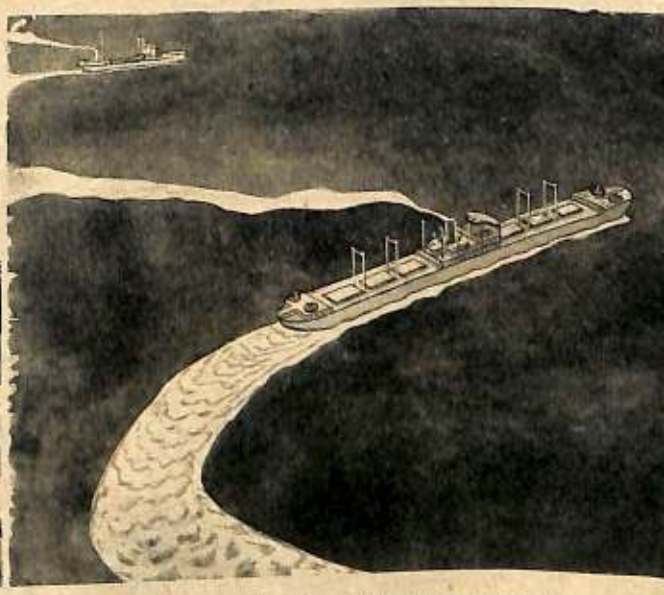


2. Briefing. Aerial reconnaissance has discovered a small Jap convoy moving toward Lae. Intelligence outlines the mission to the bomber crews.



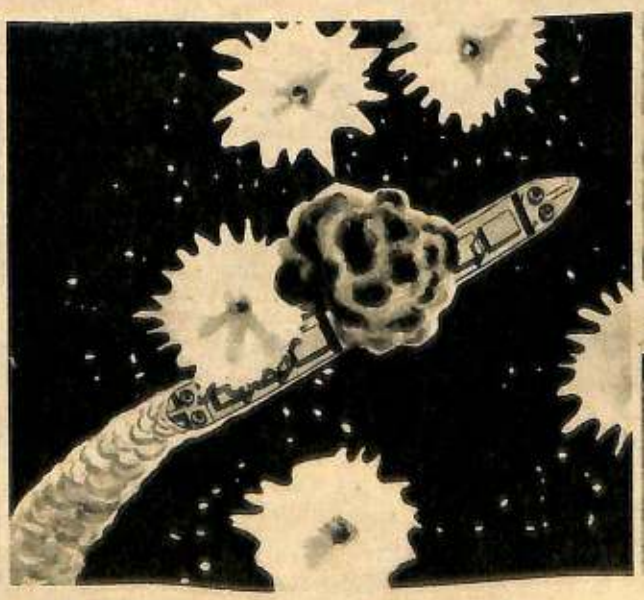
3. The planes taxi out of their protected revetments and proceed down the roadway to the take-off strip while vehicular traffic pauses respectfully.

4. Planes pick up their formations and fly over uneven New Guinea terrain toward a gap in the Owen Stanley Range. Soon they will reach the open sea.



5. Jap convoy is sighted and the ships zigzag to avoid bombs. This eight-thousand-ton cargo vessel has been selected by the Americans as the first target.

6. Convoy's escort of Zero fighters comes up and attacks the bombers. American gunners drive them off while the bombardiers set their sights on the ships.



7. Bombs fall in a pattern around the Jap freighter, setting it afire with a direct hit and a near miss. Rest of the bombs go down on smaller boats.

8. Successfully evading Zeros and ack-ack, U. S. bombers head home leaving three ships burning beyond the horizon as others flee for a New Britain port.

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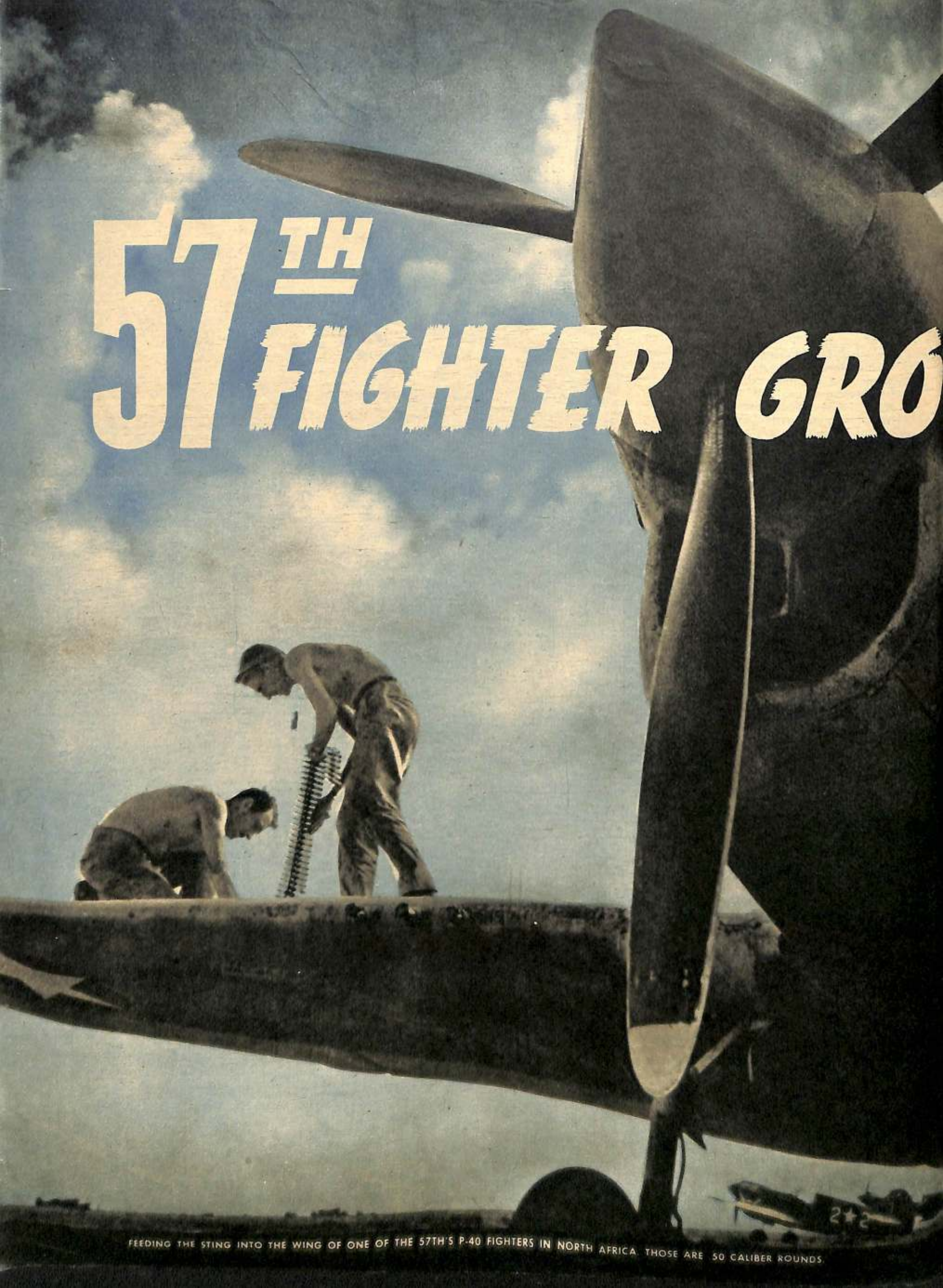
57TH FIGHTER GRO



FEEDING THE STING INTO THE WING OF ONE OF THE 57TH'S P-40 FIGHTERS IN NORTH AFRICA. THOSE ARE 50 CALIBER ROUNDS.

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

CAIRO—On sunny Palm Sunday over the Straits of Sicily, the youngsters of the U. S. Army Air Forces' 57th Fighter Group shot down 74 German and Italian sky transports and pursuit planes in one of the greatest single aerial engagements in history. But still the pilots and the ground crews in this veteran African outfit are not satisfied.

"Give us some Mustangs and we'll really show you something," they tell you when you try to hand them compliments.

The big battle over the Straits of Sicily was a fitting climax to the 57th's campaign in Africa. All the way from Alamein to Tunis, they ran interference for Montgomery's British Eighth Army, destroying enemy planes and landing fields, strafing Axis motor convoys and assuming the role of fighter-bombers to pound Rommel's concentrations on land and transports at sea.

When the last Tunisian stronghold fell and the 57th was officially advised that "a bomb line no longer exists in North Africa," the four squadrons in the outfit had rolled up this impressive final score:

These American Air Force youngsters ran interference for Montgomery's British Eighth Army all the way from Alamein to Tunis, finally shooting down 74 enemy planes over the Straits of Sicily to win one of the greatest single aerial engagements in history.

152 enemy planes destroyed.
18 enemy planes probably destroyed.
77 enemy planes damaged.
Approximately 12 enemy freighters and naval craft destroyed or damaged.

The kids in the 57th—it's difficult to find one over 24, and the commanding officer, Col. Charles Salisbury of Sedalia, Mo., is only 26 years old—like to point out that this record was made with P-40s, ships that could not take general initiative over the more wieldy ME-109s and had to battle whenever they went into the air.

Then how did the fighter pilots in the 57th operate so successfully under this handicap?

Well, they explain, up to a certain altitude the P-40s had an advantage over the German pursuit ships, and the 57th pilots learned to trick the Nazis into fighting them at that height. When the ME-109s came down and engaged them at their level, the 40s were able to turn inside the enemy thrusts, using aviation's equivalent of the boxer's left hook. With that maneuver, the 57th downed most of its victims.

"But we could down a hell of a lot more if we could fight them at any altitude," a pilot adds. "That's why we're praying that we can get these ships replaced with Mustangs."

The 57th's progress in the long push from Alamein to Tunis with Montgomery was a marvel of mobility. Since early in October, when they first joined the British Eighth Army, they have moved their base of operations 23 times. Occasionally the wheels of their pursuit planes would light on enemy runways only a few minutes after the ground forces had driven the Nazis away from the fields.

In order to accomplish this mobility, the 57th had to go around the books. The prescribed T/O transport allotments were not sufficient to keep the outfit moving along at the fast pace Montgomery was setting with his Eighth Army. So the 57th took matters into its own hands and rewrote the T/O, giving itself six times more transportation than the books allowed. It was not according to strict Army regulations, but it kept the group moving up front into the thick of the battle.

The group was divided into two parties. A and B, each with equal strength, material and planes according to the British system of desert air advancement. As soon as a new field was cleared, party A went forward and occupied it, with party B backing it up as a reserve. When party A had things established, party B joined it and the new field was set for full operation. Thus the 57th made its measuring-worm progress across the Western Desert.

The 57th made history even when it left the States in July, 1942. It was the first land-based fighter group to make the crossing via airplane carrier. The P-40s were packed aboard a carrier and shipped to within flying range of the African West Coast. The boys still talk about making those take-offs from the carrier—blocking the 'hawks until they got up a high rev and then turning them loose down the flight deck.

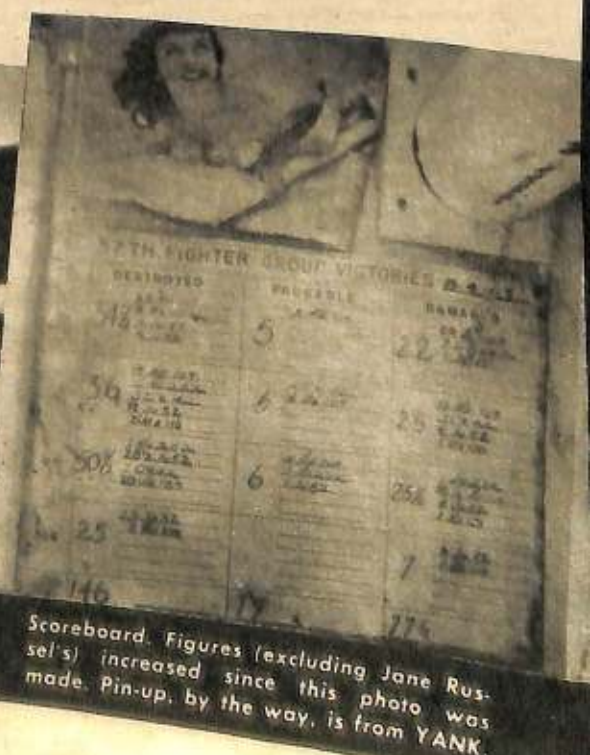
As one pilot reminisced, "They tear off down the deck and then disappear as they went over the end. We'd keep our fingers crossed until they'd come safely into view again, far ahead of the carrier." Some of the boys went to the take-off end of the carrier to see what happened. "They dropped so low to the water that their prop wash made a wake like a speedboat," they said, "but every one pulled out of it."

The 57th's trip across the jungles and deserts of Central Africa was accomplished with an absolute minimum of plane losses, thanks to the round-the-clock efforts of the enlisted ground crews. The crews made the hops in transports, using the same landing grounds as the fighters. The men would pile out of the transports after a whole day of flying and spend the night putting the fighters into condition for the next leg of the hop. Thus they moved the whole 57th across the sand and scrub and jungle of Central Africa.

The group based and trained in Palestine until early October, 1942, then went into operation as an adjunct to the Eighth Army. On October 9th the first victory was scored when 1st Lt. W. J. Mount shot down an ME-109 near El Alamein. From then on it was a steadily mounting score, ending with the total chalked up the day Tunis fell.


Lt. Roy Degler sends money home for the 57th. He handles Tunisian, Algerian, Syrian and Egyptian currencies, among others.


War is not always bullets and blood.


Scoreboard. Figures (excluding Jane Russel's) increased since this photo was made. Pin-up, by the way, is from YANK.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

A U. S. Gunner's Mate, who does not like to eat bread because of the strain on the Navy, does the next best thing, which is eating cake. It makes him happy to share it with a little friend. Sailors are always laughing.

DAILY, even in the face of trial and adversity, the fact grows upon us that we are part of a very competent Army. The latest proof of this comes in the form of a little story, or homily, as you will. It seems that a T/5 who had snared a detail was trying to get the lid off a can, G.I. The lid wouldn't budge, and the T/5 was very angry and very red in the face.

A second lieutenant, beautifully groomed in the PX's latest model of War Kollege Kut Klothes, strolled by. Prodded by some demon, the T/5 favored him with a smile. "Hey, lieutenant," he said, "you got a screwdriver?"

The shavetail paused, smiled back and reached inside his blouse. He pulled out a screwdriver and handed it to the T/5.

The next time we see a general, we're going to ask him if he's got an HD. We'll see what he pulls out.

You Can't Hide Behind Kilts

Recently an Air Force lieutenant came to London on a weekend leave. He discovered that all the hotels he went to were stuffed full, save for one place where a double room was available, or at least one half of a double room. The desk clerk told the lieutenant that if he didn't mind sharing the room with a Scottish officer he could have the other half of the double. As he didn't mind, he moved in.

During the course of the weekend the American and the Scotsman became very good pals, thrown together as they were. Finally things reached the state when they were trying on each other's uniform. The Yank slipped into the Scotsman's kilt and the latter, whose knees had chilblains, donned the flyer's pants. The Scotsman liked the pants so much that he asked if he might wear them, just for that evening, of course. The lieutenant agreed. Came the end of the evening, and no Scotsman and no pants. The lieutenant, quite frantic, had to return to his base.

The Army teaches men desperate measures. Even officers can be guilty of being AWOL, so the lieutenant, stung to action, stripped all insignia from his blouse, climbed into the kilt, and headed for his camp. When he arrived at the gates he was a sad sight. He insisted that he was an American officer who had loaned his pants, with credentials therein, to a friend. The guards merely grinned and whistled up the OD.

We would like to say that the lieutenant got a month's CB, or the like, for being out of uniform, but we can't, because he didn't. He got a fair-to-middling bawling out and was then permitted to take up the even tenor of his ways. He's still looking for his pants.

Turnabout

The merchant seamen were the rough, tough and nasty guys who were frowned upon by those agencies who "do" things for the Army. Even the Red Cross was a bit leery about the possible disasters which might occur if the seamen went on benders in ARC Clubs. The clubs were almost always full, anyway, and a ship's crew could not radio in advance for rooms.

Finally, the United Seamen's Service decided to start clubs, for seamen only, in the various ports. The problem was then the other way around. Should soldiers be permitted to use the seamen's clubs and have their morals shaken at the clubs' bars. which actually served b——r? In one port there is no Red Cross Club within miles, but some soldiers are stationed there, so it was decided to take the risk and let them into the Seamen's Club. Everything, of course, went off very well. The seamen, who get much better pay than we do, even stood the soldiers for beers at the bar.

Now, if the Royal Navy wants to start letting us line up for a tot of rum, this will begin to be a very nice war indeed. We're listening, admiral.

Glorious Fourth

We just want to say that on this last 4th of July we had automatic rifles and automatic pistols and rocket guns and field guns and bombs and grenades and depth charges, but not one gawdam firecracker did we have. Not even a sparkler.

Leaping gingerly from behind an Olde Englishe Grey Mare (Model M2) comes a Master Sergeant who is not averse to a little hay-ride, now that it is July and the hay is being ridden. Girl by courtesy of Anglo-American Relations, a fine organization.

AN item that requires no editorial comment: DNB, official Nazi news agency, reports that the German Army will change the color of its uniform soon from gray to dark yellow.

V-Mail Pictures

The WD has announced that soldiers overseas can now get pictures of their kids by V-Mail. The pictures are limited to children who are less than one year old or who were born after their fathers left the States. Photos may include the mother or some other person holding the child. They must be posted in the upper left-hand corner of the form and cannot take up more than one-third of the regular correspondence space. The new ruling applies, of course, only to personal photos. Commercial pictures of any kind are out.

Army Mules

Army mules have hit the G.I. spotlight again, especially since their swell job hauling stuff over the Tunisian mountains. Reports from Camp Carson, Colo., show how Army mules are trained. First they're taught to carry grain bags around a kind of circular mule-obstacle course. The bags are then increased until they become the equivalent of a 95-pound pack-saddle plus a couple hundred pounds of mountain artillery. Then the mules are taught to climb up and down rocky, steep hills. In eight weeks they become smart and dependable.

Service Mail Data

The WD reports that overseas dogfaces receive over 20 million pieces of mail a week and send back about a third as many. So far 45 million V-Mail letters were sent without a single loss. Several million bucks worth of money orders are sent home every month. The average G.I. abroad gets 14 pieces of mail per week. Letters from soldiers overseas generally get home more quickly than vice versa, because more space is available on home-bound planes and ships.

Super Flying Fortresses

The AAF says that the bomb load of the Flying Fortresses is being increased to 10 tons, making it the heaviest in the world. Changes are being made that will allow a 2-ton blockbuster under each wing, plus six more tons inside. The British Lancaster used to be No. 1 bomb carrier, with a load of nine tons. A new super Fortress, the B-29, is being built which will have a greater bomb capacity and longer range than any existing bomber.

Radio-Controlled Planes

The WD has revealed the latest method of training ack-ack gunners with radio-controlled model planes. These planes, which can duplicate all the maneuvers of regular combat ships, have a 10-foot wingspan, are painted bright yellow for night detection and are shot in the air from a 30-foot catapult. They are powered by small gasoline motors and are controlled from the ground by radio sets. At 1,000 feet they resemble a full-sized plane at 8,000 feet. When hit, the plane parachutes down automatically, is repaired and shot up again.

G.I. Shop Talk

The name of the Alcan Highway has been changed to Alaska Military Highway, says the Northwest Service Command. . . . Secretary of Navy Knox announced that Navy personnel has hit almost 2 million. This includes 300,000 Marines, 150,000 Coast Guardsmen, 1,400,000 Navy enlisted men and 130,000 Navy gold braids. . . . G.I.s in North Africa are getting a new anti-mosquito lotion. A single application of the stuff keeps bastards away for at least six hours . . . Over 4 million pounds of quick-frozen vegetables will be sent to Alaska this year. Prevents their freezing and spoiling in Alaska. . . . The AAF is printing a booklet on arctic emergencies for flyers forced down in the north.

Washington O.P.

The Transportation Corps has a plan to pep up embarkations. When possible, military bands will serenade departing G.I.s and the Red Cross will hand out doughnuts and coffee. . . . Here's a yarn about Capt. Joe Foss, Marine air ace, told us by Capt. Thomas Lanphier, a fighter pilot back from Guadalcanal. Foss's pet technique of getting Japs was to go at them head on. Then would follow a battle of nerves to see which pilot would pull out first to avoid a crash. Invariably the Jap did. Then Foss would pour lead into the belly of the Jap plane and chalk up another one.

Good news to typewriter jockeys: A year ago one Army Service Force agency required 112 different reports from posts, camps and stations. By the first of July the reports had been reduced and consolidated so that but two remain. . . . Lt. Gen. Brehon Somervell, head of ASF, has a sign hanging in his office giving a new twist to the old saying: "The difficult we do immediately, the impossible takes a little longer."

His version: "The impossible we accomplish immediately, the miraculous takes a little longer." . . . And speaking of ASF, two divisions of it today are handling material greater in value than the entire cost of the first World War to the U. S.

Rudy Vallee makes a neat jump in going from CPO in the Coast Guard to lieutenant senior grade on June 30, but he gives up his radio program, all profits from which have been going to Coast Guard welfare. He was quoted in Hollywood as saying he did not want the commission. . . . The Army is teaching men to read and write and do simple arithmetic in 144 hours. Educators didn't think it could be done.

Many of the injured men from overseas, released from hospitals in this country as fit for further duty, will be assigned to instructor's jobs after going through a reception center. They will get special attention from reclassification personnel. . . . WD is making it easier for men separated from the service to get jobs. The men will be encouraged to take jobs in war industry, including railroads and agriculture.

Commanders will arrange interviews with the U. S. Employment Service before discharge and allow passes to the men to look for jobs or keep them on the rolls for a few days to give them the opportunity to find them.

Railroads running into this crowded capital carry placards in each car explaining the reasons for the scarcity of seats. The placards are headed: "AMERICANS WILL UNDERSTAND." Foot-weary wits, coming more abruptly to the point, cross out half a word to get: "AMERICANS WILL STAND."

Grog

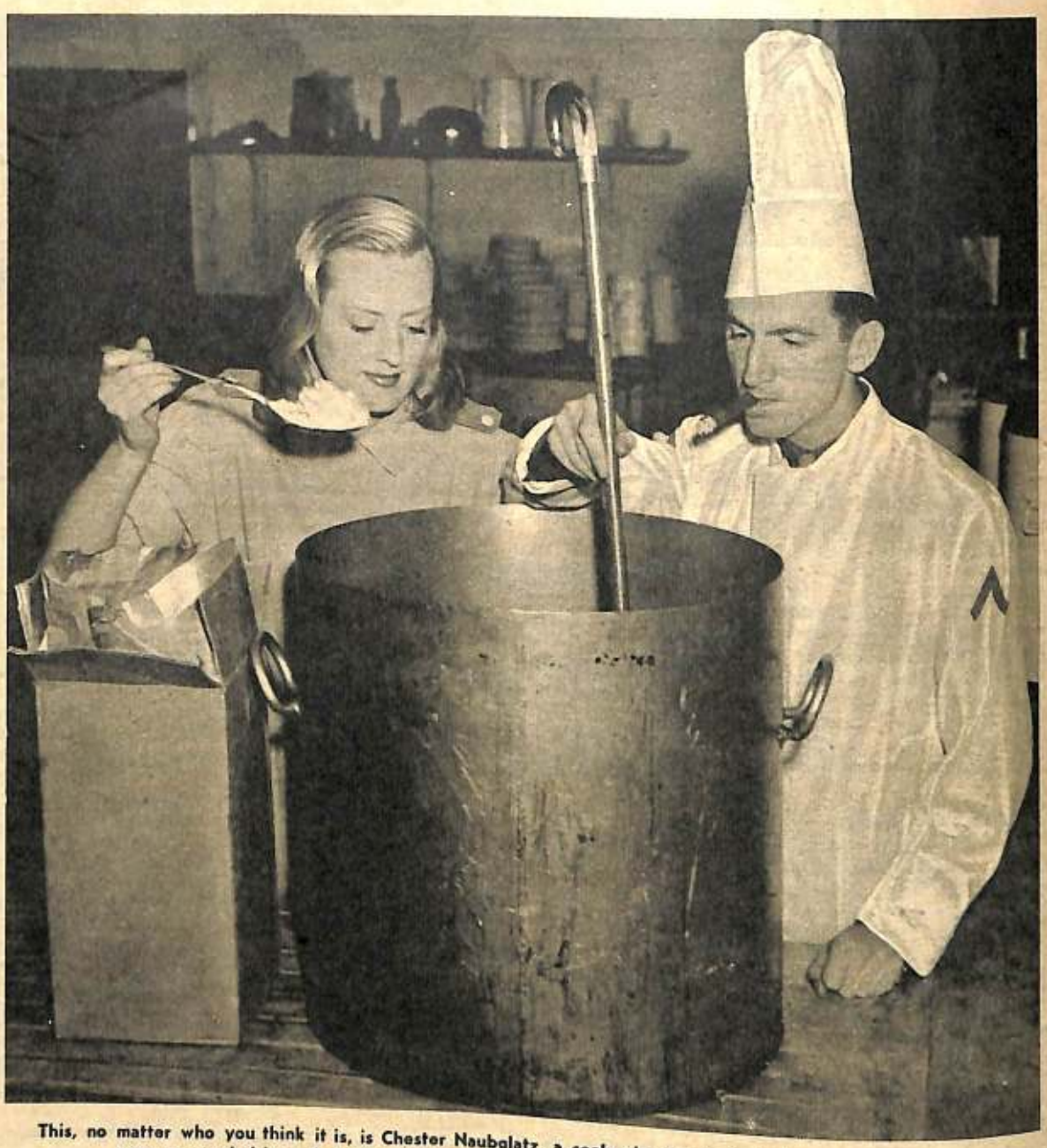
When King George was on his inspection tour of the North African front, he wound up one afternoon on an American warship. He suggested to the commander that he "splice the main brace" which in the British Navy is the cue to break out the grog. It was a good idea, but the King was apparently unaware that United States vessels carry no liquor.

The U. S. commander wasn't caught empty-handed, however. Every gob on board drew a double order—of pop!

Bumps a daisy! Yanks back home practice Judo to jimmy the Jap.

A rare sight, a colonel in his cups. Novelty coconut name-inscribed cups at an air-base in Panama.

Four minds and a mine. British and American seamen learning the fine points at a British gunnery school.



This, no matter who you think it is, is Chester Naubglatz, a cook who has spoiled too many broths. Here, however, surrounded by a darb of a doll, he is testing Naubglatz's Lemonly Extracted Essence D Egg.

POWDER YER EGG, JACK?

By LEON LUKASZEWSKI

ONE night a cook in an engineer battalion named Chester Naubglatz went into the pantry for a bottle of lemon extract to sip a bit for its medicinal properties and after sipping a bit lost control of the bottle with which he had by now weaved into the kitchen and dropped it quite accidentally into a large pan of powdered eggs which he was dissolving in the stuff they use for that.

Now by all the Articles of War said Chester how am I going to fix up these eggs fit for human consumption if I may use the phrase relatively in these circumstances and he naturally put in a ladle and tasted the stuff and got the surprise of his life.

For Chester had put together something like a huge egg-nog which though of slight alcoholic content tasted less like powdered eggs than any powdered eggs he had served for a long time.

So Chester being a bit of a showman decided to put a bold front on the business and make out to the mess sergeant that he had earned the gratitude of the company by doping out this new recipe for disguising powdered eggs and so successfully did he play up this angle that he was commended by the battalion commander and got his recipe written up in the *Stars and Stripes* which is always alert for any novel style of playing up the same old product.

But this was only the beginning, folks, only the beginning, for Chester's example aroused the culinary ardor of every cook who was tired of hearing complaints about the food and was smitten by a desire to earn his commanding officer's commendation with a new recipe for powdered eggs but did not realize that Chester had done it all by one of those rare strokes of luck that make or mar a million fortunes for cooks are simple folk.

IT was no more than a week after Chester's discovery became known before an air force cook hinted that powdered eggs all but returned to yolk and white if they were mixed with a secret formula of his own in a Flying Fortress at an altitude of 25 thousand feet or more and was at last coaxed into revealing that the precious ingredient was pimento sauce of which a small bottle had been sent him by a friend in the States.

This sent all the air force cooks to the cable offices for bottles of pimento sauce and to the pilots of the Flying Fortresses who readily agreed to take the powdered eggs to the necessary altitude for mixture and even spent anxious days poring over charts to pick favorable weather in which a Flying Fortress could be flown to 25 thousand feet and down again without disturbing the eggs which had to have, so the discoverer of the process said, twenty minutes in the stratosphere to set immediately after mixture.

The ground forces now felt rather left behind in the field of powdered egg pioneering with no resources but their tiny bottles of lemon extract and were no happier when a navy cook announced that the air force process could be duplicated at sea by lowering the powdered eggs in a rubber container to a tremendous depth and their forcing in carbonated water and pimento sauce by air pressure before raising the mess quickly to the deck with a power windlass and slinging it in a hanging gyro-kettle to set undisturbed by the ship's motion a process whose technical aspects were so novel that in the course of its development an entirely new method of evacuating sunken submarines was suggested and later worked out by several enterprizing petty officers who, however, never lost sight of the fact that they were working on powdered eggs and at last sent a four-gallon powdered egg-nog to their favourite pin-up girl which was sunk on the way over though the crew were saved.

But the ground force came back with a rush when an artillery hash-slinger found that powdered eggs scrambled in cosmoline were as near to real eggs scrambled in butter as you could get in the ETO and the excitement of this discovery was topped only by the disclosure of a T/5 in the chemical warfare that the common issue of decontaminating goo would combine to make omelets such as mother used to go to New York to eat despite the immediate censure of the upper channels who intimated that conversion of decontaminating goo for cooking purposes would render the offender liable to court-martial.

At this time a cook in a Ranger battalion said that Rangers like powdered eggs.

The final challenge of making powdered eggs look like unpowdered eggs was met and mastered by a medic who worked his way through all the possible combinations of field medical chests number one and two and all the other items of Army pharmacopea he could get his hands on before divulging that tincture of peroxide would make them white and collodion would make them yolky and bicarb would square the business with your stomach and plenty of salt and pepper would make the final product taste like an egg, with plenty of salt and pepper.

But while these major developments were going on the great uninspired mass of cooks were frantically doctoring powdered eggs with such varied flavoring agents as postage stamp glue, Irish whisky, English coffee, shoe polish, talcum powder, catnip, marihuana, whale blubber, saddle soap, oil of wintergreen, hair tonic, red lead, lighter fluid, blitz cloth, rubber cement, and mimeograph ink.

AT last the Secretary of War conferred with the President and got permission to export fresh eggs to the ETO at the rate of one egg per man per day to save the Army from going bankrupt on eggsperiments as Artie Greengroin had been doggedly calling them for four weeks without raising a laugh and soon there was egg for breakfast every day and the boys began to groan about it the way they used to groan about eggs for breakfast every day back in the States.

And one night several weeks later Chester Naubglatz who had taken pretty hard to lemon extract because of the disappointment of being an ex-celebrity weaved into the kitchen and dropped the lemon extract into a batch of fresh eggs which he was going to scramble for the morning and he stood there wondering to himself what the hell am I going to tell the mess sergeant now.

Aprés Naubglatz, le déluge, which is French for "Geez, lookit the line of sodjers lined up to get some of them luscious eggs," which, in American, means that Naubglatz has done l'impossible, as the French say.

A WEEK OF WAR

Every year things begin to pop around the Fourth of July. This year was no exception.

To begin with, it was as though a great storm had come up overnight and hurled itself across the southern seas, and when morning came a peninsula of sand stretched from the multitudinous islands of Japan nearly to the coast of Australia. That was the way it started and, for a breathless moment, as the tide turned, that was the way it stayed.

And then the tide went to work on the peninsula of sand, eating tirelessly away, working eternally. It came up from Australia and it washed away the sand from the palm-heavy island of Guadalcanal and it washed away the sand from the steaming jungles around Buna, beyond the Owen Stanley Range. It came in waves of aircraft and in waves of men. It is still coming.

Last week the tide struck higher in the Solomons, at Rendova and New Georgia Islands and at Nassau Bay in New Guinea, 15 miles south of Salamaua. Slowly the sand was running down into the water. Rendova was occupied quickly. Marines, the first force to land on New Georgia, found the place seemingly deserted; the Japanese had been taken completely by surprise, and the beach heads were easily held for the arrival of the main force. At Nassau Bay American troops joined with Australians who came from Mubo, 13 miles inland, and together they moved up to within sight of Salamaua. And beyond Salamaua was Lae, main Japanese base in New Guinea.

The new landings were not the beginning of a conclusive offensive; rather, they were described at American Headquarters as an expansion of an area of deployment. But for all that, they were a preliminary to a major campaign—the neutralization of the important Japanese base at Rabaul in New Britain, an insular pincers movement designed to weaken and finally break whatever hopes Japan might have on the continent of Australia.

THE new offensive was carried out by means of the cooperation of sea and air arms. The U. S. Navy seemed to be looking for a clash with the Japanese Fleet. Following the occupation of Rendova, three Japanese cruisers and four destroyers shelled the island under cover of darkness. Challenged by an American force, they moved out to sea, followed by the U. S. vessels. Reports had it that a main U. S. naval force was speeding toward the scene of the new actions. Eventually, somewhere among the island-mottled seas north of Australia, the American and Japanese navies were going to have it out, once and for all. Whether or not this was the time it was impossible to say, but it was possible to say that the Americans were ready. They were keeping much-needed equipment, and the equipment was paying dividends each time an American plane took the air. The next step in the campaign would probably be Bouginville in the Solomons, and to carry out this furthering action, American command of the sea was essential. The Japanese might now decide that this was the time, at long last, for their main fleet to steam from its base at Truk, in the Caroline Islands, to sink or float, as the case might be.

The Pacific had its offensive, but half-way around the world from the embattled islands, Europe had hers, too. It was not exactly the offensive that had been expected, but it was bona fide. Germany launched her yearly assault on Russia, this time on a front of 170 miles, between Orel and Bielgorod. The offensive began at dawn on the 5th of July, and by nightfall the Germans had lost 586 tanks (the equivalent of two *panzer* divisions) in the biggest tank battle of the entire war, and had seen 203 of her planes shot down. Russian reports admitted that the Germans had driven slight wedges into their positions, but at terrific cost. The country they were fighting over was the same country that Russia had jerked back, none too gently, from the Nazis last winter.

THE German offensive was in direct contradiction to the statement made five weeks ago by the spokesman of the High Command, General Dittmar. Then he said, "Sometimes offensives have to be undertaken to seek a way out of an otherwise hopeless position. In the spring of 1918 we were compelled to attack because we had no other choice. That offensive was, therefore, a sign of weakness. Now, in 1943, because of the effective use of the area we have won, our opponents must attack. The defensive is a sign of our strength."

Whatever the offensive was, it had begun. It was an offensive the Germans could ill afford. Millions of men locked on the Russian Front meant that there would be millions of men who could not be released when the Allies started moving in on Occupied Europe. Germany had, for the first time, a hope of assistance from the East. Japan, who had a million men in lethal congress assembled on the Siberian border, seemed at last to be about to take steps against the colossus, whose base at Vladivostok stared dangerously across the Sea of Japan at vulnerable Tokyo. Japan and Russia are supposed to have a pact of neutrality—the Molotov-Matsuoka Pact, signed in 1941—but Japan has previously proved to have a polite disinterest in pacts when what she considers her interests are at stake. Russia, however, would not be caught napping by any Japanese attack on her Siberian frontier. A Red Army of over 1,000,000 men, completely divorced from the armies on the Russo-German front, backed by a string of good air bases, stands continually on the alert.

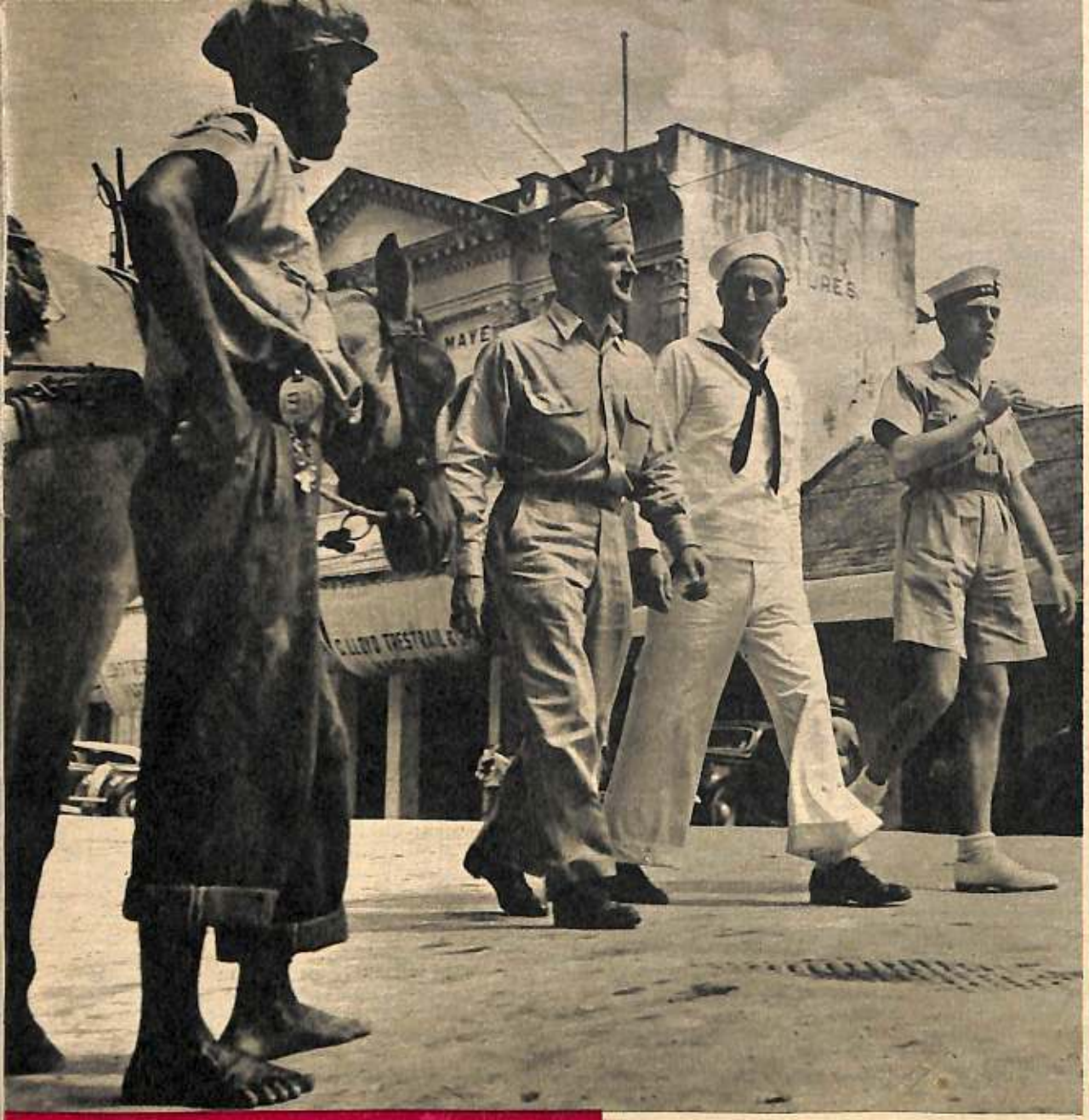
Meanwhile, in mid-Mediterranean, a sortie by commando forces was made against the German-held island of Crete. Small British units attacked airfields and then returned, quite successfully, to the African mainland. It was not a large-scale assault, but its success showed that, on Crete at least, the way lay open for a more or less painless attack. Some of the troops taking part were among those who fled the island in the dark days of 1941. As Crete lies across the approaches to Greece, and Greece looks vulnerable, its recapture would be vital to any Allied attack in that sector of the Mediterranean. The German and Italian defences were being tested. As the world swung toward the hot mid-summer the shape of action to come was gradually being uncovered. Some of the actions were already under way—in the Pacific, in Russia. The actions to come—perhaps in the Mediterranean, perhaps against the western face of Occupied Europe—were starting down the ways. The world, almost overnight, changed from lethargy to violence. It looked as though the most bloody summer of all had at last been launched on its wild and fateful course.

As the communiques came breathlessly in and were as breathlessly scanned, the pattern of the course became clearer. A disturbed Germany and a receding Japan were making their last bid for a breakthrough. Germany's was already an actuality; Japan's was as yet still potential. But as the leaves turned to a darker green and then at last dried and tumbled to the brown ground, the success or failure of the Axis expeditions would be revealed.

Meanwhile all eyes turned to embattled and valorous Russia and all minds wondered. Will she hold again? The Nazi tanks rumbled over the war-desolated fields of Stalin's country, and above the sound of the guns the world could hear and understand that Russia was still holding. Russia, in all probability, would continue to hold. There were still a lot of Russians.

In steepest New Guinea, Engineers wearing everything from a dogtag to a didie, build a road so slanting that they have to hang on to ropes.

CARIBBE



TRINIDAD

Pfc. Jack Weber, Altoona, Pa.; George F. Gay F2c, Kittery, Maine, and British Sailor John Winstanley on pass in Port-of-Spain.

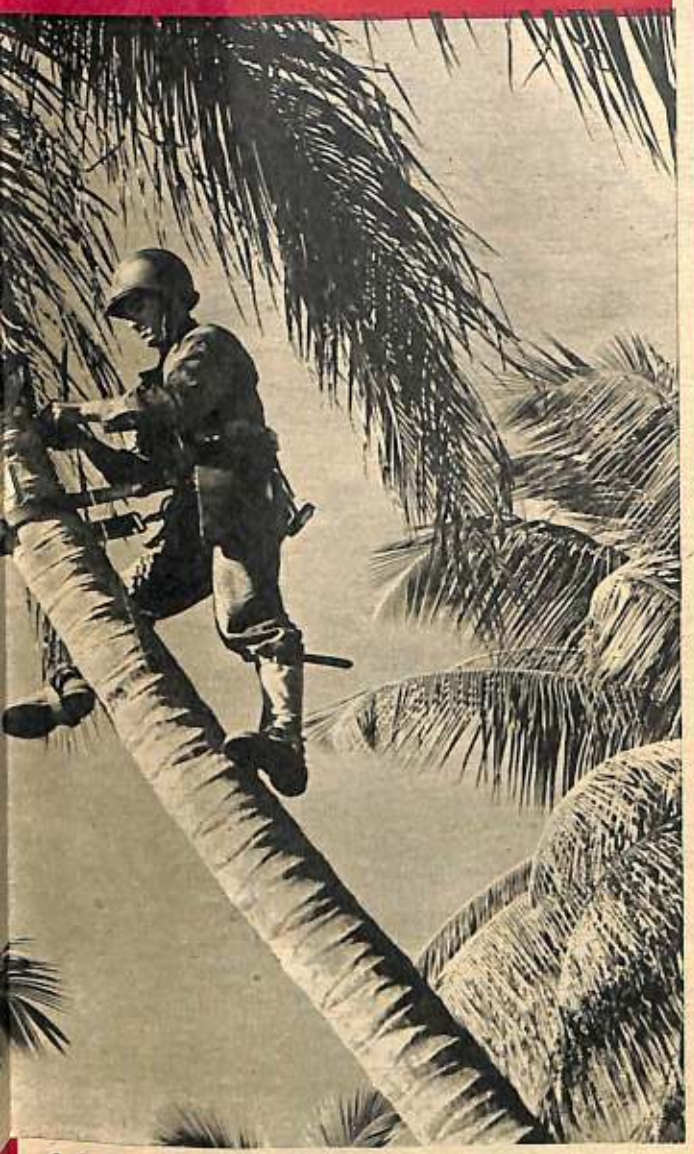
Pvt. James Miller of Covington, Ky., asks directions from Oswald Messiah, a native British mounted constable in Trinidad.

Pfc. Leo Riopelle of Lowell, Mass., boards Trinidad streetcar on the green of picturesque Queens Park, Port-of-Spain.

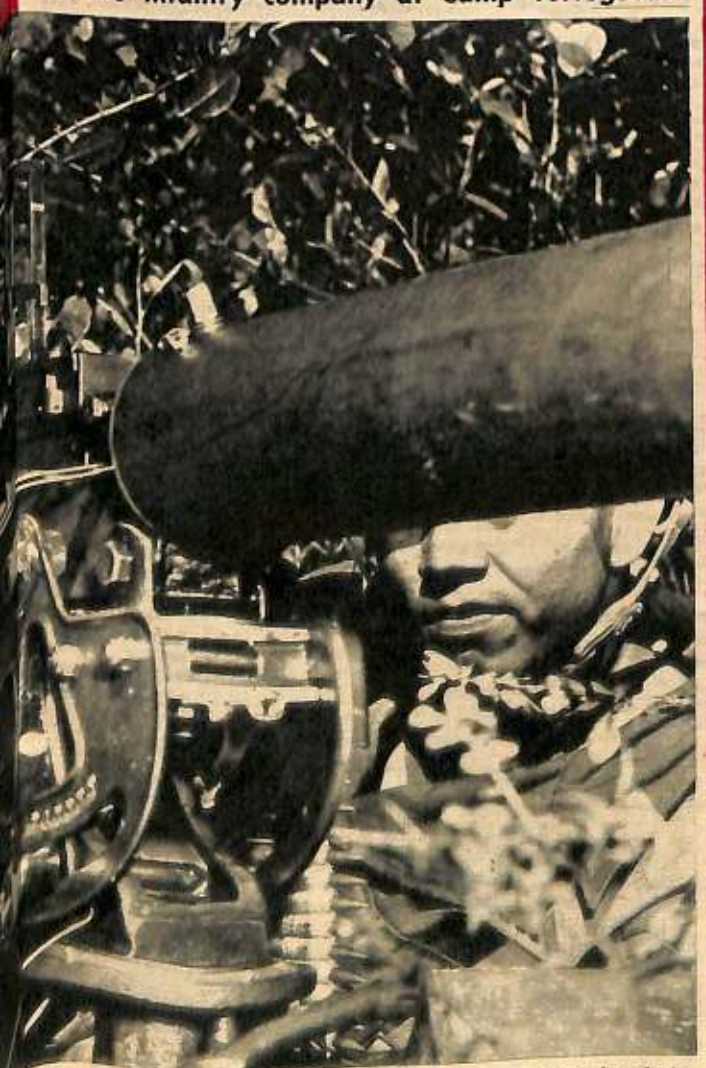
PUERTO RICO

Native soldiers in U. S. Army Puerto Rican unit like Pfc. Braulio Santiago Torrez, machine gunner shown above, get overseas pay even though they

AN TOUR



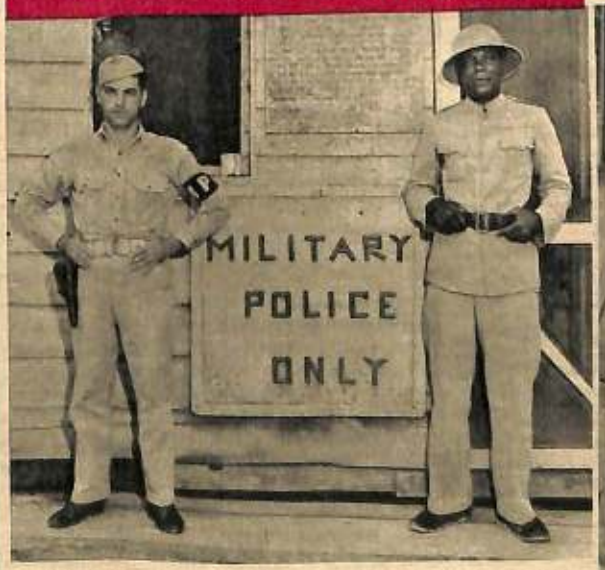
Cpl. Arcadio Rivera Flacha strings telephone wires from a palm tree during a field problem with his native Infantry company at Camp Tortuguero.



are stationed near home. If they are sent back to the States for foreign duty at Fort Benning, Ga., they lose that extra money. Don't ask us why.

A GI in the Air Transport Command stationed at Atkinson Field hangs up washing with the help of his monkey friend.

BRITISH GUIANA



An American military policeman on duty at a gate to Atkinson Field shares his post with a native constabulary guard.

This Air Force musical comedy troupe flew from Waller Field, Trinidad, to entertain soldiers in British Guiana at their jungle base. At the right, two of the stars in the GI show, Pvt. Phil Ducat of New York, N. Y.. and Sgt. Wayne Freitag of Wauwatosa, Wis.

Just to show you that they are still steeplechasing back in the States and still falling off hosses, here is a picture of Ad Lib biting the dust at Belmont Park.

NEWS FROM HOME

Metropolitan Life said Baby Production was lower. The Public Debt was higher, and Egg Production was at Peak.

THE "Fourth" was almost like any ordinary Sunday back home this year. The usual fireworks and all the fanfare that is so common to Fourth of July celebrations were missing. In fact, fireworks were banned by law. Every sparkler and firecracker was taken over by the Army to enliven sham battles. To be sure, many people did celebrate, but the nation's war industries as a whole carried on with business as usual. Even the hens seemed to understand the significance of production on this "Fourth." The Agricultural Department announced that during May Yankee hens laid 6,506,000,000 eggs, a jump of 37 per cent over the past ten years average and 13 per cent above that of May, 1942.

Vacationists jammed New York's Grand Central Terminal on the "Fourth" and other key cities were similarly affected. The Office of Price Administration sent out extra inspectors over the weekend and some violators of the pleasure driving ban were nabbed. Most people didn't go very far, however. Zoos throughout the country seemed to get most of the "Fourth" crowd. Street cars and buses leading into zoos were jammed by parents and children. Zoos have been little affected by the war as most of the food required by the animals is unrationed.

Washington was quite hot during the week, and for many more reasons than the weather. Wrangles within the Administration highlighted the domestic headlines this week. Vice-President Henry Wallace, who is also chairman of the Board of Economic Warfare, publicly accused Secretary of Commerce and Reconstruction Finance Corporation chairman Jesse Jones of "obstructionist tactics" against the BEW. Jones countered with a charge of "malice" against Wallace. The Vice-President said that from the summer of 1940 until "well past" December 7, 1941, the RFC "failed dismally" in executing Congressional authorizations and directives for vital drug imports given 18 months before Pearl Harbor.

Jones demanded a Congressional inquiry into the allegations, adding there was "no serious delay by the RFC in any vital program." President Roosevelt appeared perturbed by the Wallace-Jones feud and sent a letter to all Government department heads asking them to avoid public quarrelling.

San Francisco's health director sent out a call for women rat catchers. Meanwhile, FBI agents announced the arrest of Erwin Harry de Spretter, consultant engineer for a New York gun-sight firm, who was charged with collaborating with Ernest Frederick Lehmitz, an admitted Nazi spy. And President Roosevelt avoided taking the first life for treason in United States history by commuting the death sentence of Max Stephan to a life term. Stephan was saved seven hours before his scheduled hanging. He was convicted by a Detroit federal jury on charges of aiding an escaped German war prisoner.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Bullock, former Indiana residents now residing in Brooklyn, N.Y., advertised in an Indianapolis newspaper for "a full-blooded Indiana baby" for adoption. "Indiana blood to us is what the Dodgers are to Brooklyn," the couple's ad. declared.

Food Administrator Chester Davis resigned his post with a declaration that the President's plan for subsidies to prevent inflation are not effective unless accompanied by a current tax and savings program to drain off excess buying power. He added that he was without authority to carry out his responsibilities. The President accepted the resignation and wrote to Davis: "It is unfair to insist that you remain in your position when you feel you cannot wholeheartedly support the program to hold down living costs." Judge Martin Jones, chairman of the International Food Conference, held recently in Hot Springs, Va., was named to succeed Davis.

The House sustained the President's veto on the bill banning subsidy payments to farmers as a measure to roll back prices. The vote was 228 to 154. "This bill blacks out the program to reduce the cost of living," the President's veto message said.

A woman passenger jumped out of a taxi as it slowed down for an intersection in San Francisco. She ran across the street and climbed into a truck loaded with vegetables. The truck was found a few blocks away minus the woman and a few turnips and beets.

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes said the Midwest was closer than ever to tight gasoline rationing, also that the West Coast would probably face further restrictions before the war's end. Charles E. Ganter, former chairman of the Marlboro, Conn., rationing board, fainted in a Hartford court after being sentenced to nine months for violating gas rationing. Thieves at Lewiston, Ill., stole gas ration coupons worth three million gallons.

Dr. Howard Hyde Rusell, co-founder of the 50-year-old Anti-Saloon League, declared that "This country will be dry by 1950—and I will live to see it." Dr. Rusell is 87. The nation's whiskey supply was reported going dry fast. Florida instituted a statewide liquor curfew with liquor stores closing at 8 p.m. weekdays and all day Sundays.

The New York State College of Agriculture published a pamphlet naming certain weeds that are edible. Listed were: milkweed, skunk cabbage, sow thistle, spatterdock and other weeds. A survey among Boston war workers showed that the favorite new sandwich there is a mixture of peanut butter and raw onions.

The United Mine Workers' *Journal* appealed to the remaining 97,000 mine strikers to return to the pits. "There is nothing to gain by the refusal to mine coal, and miners will forfeit none of their rights by returning to the pits to work for the Government." The union estimated 450,000 members returned to work following Lewis's order last week. Ickes meanwhile broadcast another warning declaring that anything interfering with mining coal makes the war victory harder. Carle Newton, president of the Chesapeake, Ohio, Railroad Company, was named to operate the mines seized by the Government.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. warned that our birthrate has taken a sharper fall during the past 50 years than the death rate and that it may become worse in the future. A daughter, her third, was born to Joan Bennett. A son was born to Artie Shaw's wife, Betty, in Cleveland, and Lana Turner is expecting her baby within a week.

The vice trials continued in Washington, D.C., with Sunny Gray, trim, blue-eyed blonde, an admitted prostitute and Hollywood bit player, testifying that she earned from $200 to $3,000 weekly "working" for a Hopkins Institute fake massage parlor and had dates in hotels, apartments and at the Institute. "Washington is easy pickings for high-class prostitutes," she said.

Eldon Powell was sentenced to 10 to 20 months as owner of the Institute. In sentencing Carmen Beach Martin, 29-year-old Spanish rhumba dancer to one to three years for operating a house catering to Latin-American diplomats, the judge said, "Those who play the game must pay the fiddler."

Senator Arthur Vandenberg (R. Mich.) presented a three-point resolution committing Congress to prosecuting the war to a conclusive victory, American participation in post-war cooperation with other United Nations to prevent a recurrence of military aggression, and a declaration of our full war aims. And the CIO United Automobile and Aircraft Workers' Union published a manifesto calling on the Government to take over major monopoly industries after the war. The union has also asked for a

Mae West, the old grape peeler, is busting up her $500,000 rock garden for good old OPA. The stones will be used in precision instruments, to be precise.

Government program of large-scale housing and public works construction as a means to alleviate unemployment resulting from the cessation of war production. The 30-hour week was also suggested.

Driving through Temple Place during a blackout, Boston Police Commissioner Tulmilty jumped out of his car to arrest an apparent house breaker. He quickly identified the "culprit" as Mayor Tobin who was pinch-hitting for an air warden. Tobin was in the process of waking up a householder whose light was burning.

The Navy Public Relations director, Captain Leland Lovett, announced that U.S. ship losses for May were only half those of April, and that Great Britain received her greatest amount of imports last month. Of 10,000,000 tons of shipping sent into the Mediterranean only two and two-tenths per cent were lost, he said.

The Echo, Texas State prison paper, reports that the most popular tunes of the inmates are "As Time Goes By," "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "Why Don't You Do Right."

The Chairman of the House of Representatives' Immigration Committee, Mr. Samuel Dickstein, asked for the repeal of the Immigration Act which prevents Chinese entering America. He claimed that the "Chinese Exclusion Act" is one of the strongest weapons the Japanese have in psychological warfare, and that they are using it as an example of the American complex of white supremacy.

A dejected looking man approached night-manager Frank D. Taylor's desk in the Touraine Hotel in Buffalo, N.Y. "You look disgusted," said Taylor. "You should be the one to be disgusted," said the stranger. "Turn over your money." Taylor, facing the revolver, gave up one hundred dollars.

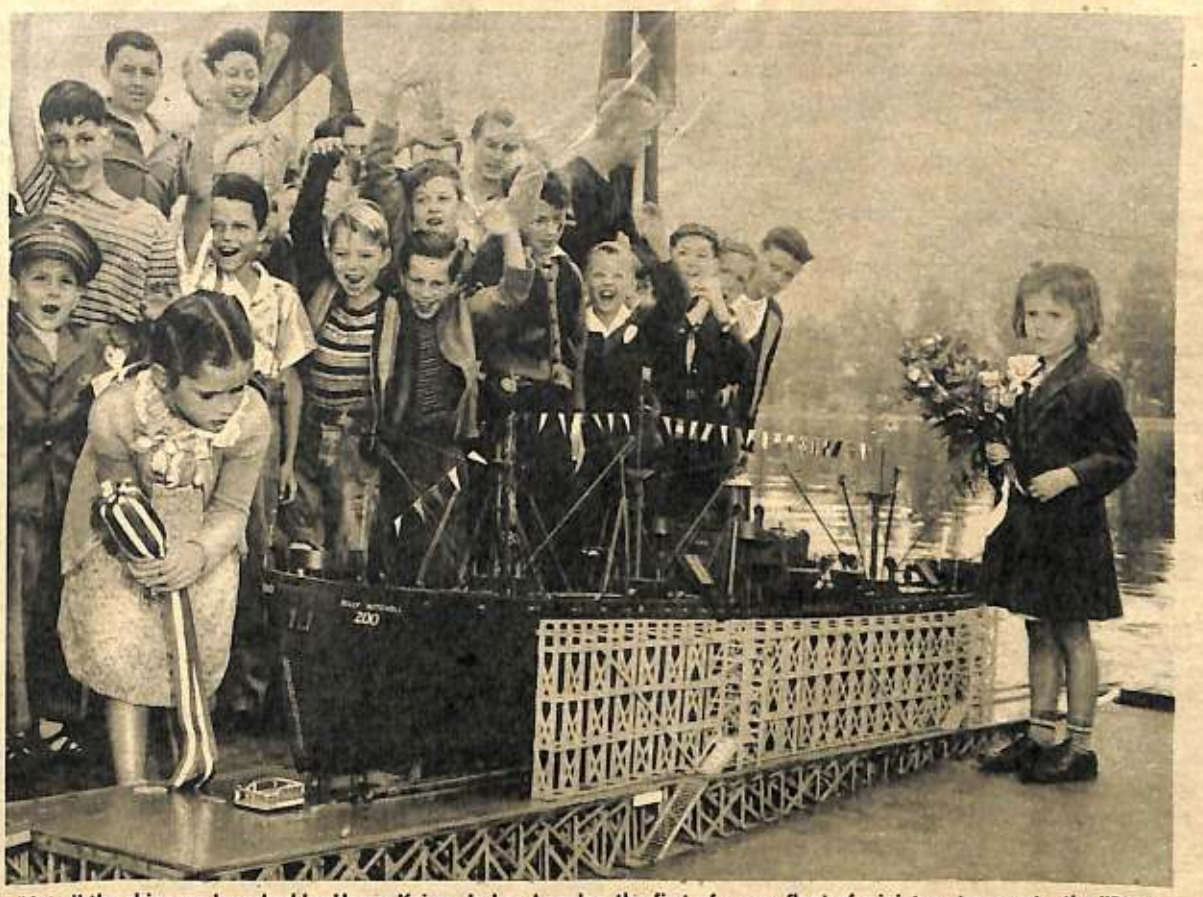
The public debt was increased from $76,000,000,000 to $140,000,000,000 as a result of Treasury borrowing during the past fiscal year. America broke all records for spending last year. The Treasury laid out $80,000,000,000 for war spending during the year. This year $109,000,000,000 will be spent over all operations.

A Chicago judge set aside a divorce decree granted to Mrs. Agnes Farrell after her husband promised never to again go to bed without removing his hat and shoes. Director John M. Baker lifted a two-year ban against bare-legged women employees of the Cincinnati, Ohio, office of the U. S. Employment Service. "We're at war," said Baker, "and the less hose the girls buy, the more bonds they will purchase."

A shortage of labor closed the 50-year-old Knox County Orphanage in Indiana. At Kansas City women were called for Federal grand jury service for the first time in Kansas history. Two of the women wanted to can strawberries so the judge kept one of the women for service and sent another home to do all the canning.

Flower Parry Coogan, a former "George White Scandals" girl, was granted a divorce plus $60 a month allowance from Jackie Coogan, now an Army flight sergeant. Charging mental cruelty, Jackie's second wife said, "Jackie's behavior made me so nervous that I was paralysed from the hips down from 10 to 15 minutes at a time." Jackie's first wife, Betty Grable, celebrated the "Fourth" by marrying band leader Harry James.

The victim of a peculiar paralysis, Flower Parry got a divorce and $60 a month from a sergeant in the Army. No one was surprised.



Not all the ships are launched by Henry Kaiser. In Los Angeles, the first of a new fleet of miniature transports, the "Billy Mitchell" is launched by the small cousin of the late general. The new type transports will carry soldiers, preferably Pfcs., overseas singly.

The New Hampshire legislature ended a five-month session by voting a $100 bonus for every veteran of this war entering the armed forces from that state, and Gov. Howard McGrath of Rhode Island named a seven-man committee to study a bonus plan for that state's 50,000 soldiers. The Wisconsin state legislature passed a bill providing for a five-man board to supervise hospitalization and medical aid for returning war veterans; a bonus feature of the bill was dropped. The Ohio General Assembly ended its sessions after appropriating $400,000 for four new state parks.

Former movie star June Knight and her husband, Arthur Cameron, millionaire Texas oilman, were in a counter-divorce action at Little Rock, Ark. Cameron testified, "June hated my brother and his wife, hated our Houston house, hated cockroaches and mosquitoes, hated heat, and hated store clerks, because they couldn't fit her with shoes." June denied jealousy charges but admitted "I am possessive." She also admitted kicking Cameron under a table when he was talking to Betty Grable at a Hollywood dinner party.

"Miss Grable was very attractive, very shapely, and dressed in a black, very low-cut gown. I didn't like it very much when Cameron turned back to talk to her."

Japan either lost or suffered serious damage to 1,031 ships since Pearl Harbor, the Navy Department announced. The Navy also said that America lost 101 warships during that period, but gave no figures on losses of non-combatant vessels. The Maritime Commission announced that 168 cargo vessels, totalling 1,676,500 tons, were turned out by American shipyards during June. The total of ships delivered since December 7, 1941, is 1,689, the Commission said.

Nylon hose, shoe and coffee ration coupons are now replacing mink coats and jewels as playboy bait throughout the country. The War Production Board said that before the end of 1943 approximately 500 "luxury" items will be either reduced or eliminated entirely. Elimination of production of such items as refrigerators and silk stockings has resulted in the saving of more than 15,000,000 man hours for war production efforts.

Mae West announced she is breaking up her $500,000 diamond collection so that the War Production Board will be able to use some of the stones for precision instruments.

Billy Rose's "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder" was adopted as the theme song by the newly reactivated Rainbow Division. Singer Jane Froman, injured in the Clipper crash several months ago at Lisbon, Portugal, while en route to England, had eight operations, costing $12,000 of her own money. She expects to star in Broadway revue, *Artists and Models* when it opens in August.

The New York Laundry Association announced that New Yorkers may soon have to iron practically all their clothes unless the labor shortage situation improves. During the past eight months 20 per cent of the power laundries closed shop because of girl-power shortage.

James C. Petrillo, president of the AFL Musicians Union, warned broadcasters that his union plans to stop making records in a hope to increase employment of musicians by radio stations. Petrillo said that his union will not stop making records for use by members of the armed forces.

Cole Porter announced that he is writing music for a Negro musical comedy to be called *Razzle Dazzle*. He is also writing music for the new Herbert and Dorothy Field musical, *Mexican Hayride*.

The commander of the French warship *Richelieu* recently ordered life belts. On receiving delivery he was puzzled to find that a women's wear manufacturer sent him 100 brassières!

War is sure hell!

Ex-residents of Boston, Mass., might not recognize this scene. The lawn in front of Trinity Church, on Boston's Copley Square, is being plowed up for planting. A hotel plans to manage a victory garden.

The Colonel and His Squab

By Sgt. HARRY BROWN

I'M a ole soldier, see? And the reason I'm a ole soldier is that I been in the Army for twenny years. And the reason I been in the Army for twenny years is because I like the Army. I don't like horspitals. I don't like where I am. And the reason I'm where I am is because I got a wound in me backside. It ain't because I was running away, neither.

Still and all, the African horspitals ain't so bad. I been in worser ones. I been in hotter spots than the one I just came from, too. Much hotter. If it hadn't been for one gahdam line sergeant, name McDermott, they'd of been nothing to it. Nothing.

Now, this guy McDermott is a nice enough little guy, but he's a dope, see? He ain't seasoned in Army ways. A ole soldier wouldn't do nothing like that.

This whole business started out as a simple reconnaissance, thass all. Jess a simple reconnaissance. The oney trouble was that we had a visiting colonel along. A staff colonel. He wanted to know what was cooking in our quarter. So we took him on a reconnaissance. And why did we take him on a reconnaissance? Because he wants to spend the night in the front lines. He comes up in this lovely staff car, what shouldn't be let off of a paved street, and says he wants to spend the night out in no-man's.

OK, we says, we'll take you out.

So we makes up a little column, five or six jeeps, a smattering of machine guns, a couple of shavetails, and a lot of Joes. We take a day's rations. Jess a simple reconnaissance, see? Jess get this colonel out and get him back and the hell with it. This sergeant, this McDermott, was driving a jeep.

We started out very quiet, late in the affernoon, it was. It was a very peaceful sector. Had been peaceful for a couple of weeks. The colonel probly thought he was going to have a breeze.

Jess before it got dark we came into this nice little valley. A very pretty place. Absolutely deserted. They wasn't even any boids. Not a gahdam boid!

The colonel gets out of his lovely car and says that we'd bivouac in this valley. After we'd et and the colonel ast us all a lot of questions about this part of the front, we turned in. About midnight, I guess it was, we heard a hell of a clinking back from where we'd come from.

What the Gee Dee is that? says the colonel.

Them's tanks, sir, one of the shavetails says.

Gee Dee it, man, I know they's tanks, the colonel says. But whose tanks?

Ours, I guess, sir, says the shavetail.

The colonel give a snort. I jess come from GHQ, he says, and I happen to know that they's no attack planned by our forces in this sector. Would I be here if they was?

Oh, no sir, says the shavetail.

Then them's German tanks, says the colonel. We'll reconnoiter in the morning.

And with that he slaps himself down on the ground again and went to sleep.

Next morning the colonel sends three men in a jeep back to the mouth of the valley to see what's going on. After about a hour the jeep comes berling back. My God, the driver says, the whole gahdam Heinie Army is between us and our lines.

What kine of equipment? asts the colonel.

Tanks, says the driver, millions of tanks.

I'll try to contact our forces on the rahdio, says one of the shavetails.

I don't trust rahdios, says the colonel. They's a invention of the devil. I don't truss them at all. They never woik when you want 'em to.

Nevertheless, this shavetail goes to one of the jeeps and gets out a walkie-talkie we was carrying with us. And sure enough, it didn't woik. I guess maybe the bouncing around we'd took the previous day had jarred its innards up somewhat.

I tole you so, says the colonel. A invention of the devil.

We'll fix it, sir, says the shavetail.

Huh, says the colonel with a grim smile.

Well, to make a long story short, we sit there for two days, trying to fix that gahdam radio. The colonel jess stood around and watched us. And our rations run out and we kept getting hungrier and hungrier, until even the grass looked eatable. And the whole Heinie Army was still sitting tight behind us.

We was really hungry.

FINELY the colonel says: Well, gentlemen, I think you've all been taught a lesson. I tole you rahdios was a invention of the devil, and now maybe you'll berlieve me. Well, it jess so happens I'm a ole Signal Corpse man, a real ole Signal Corpse man. I was in the Signal Corpse before we even had rahdios. In the good ole days we had pigeons. And we still got pigeons.

As a matter of fack, the colonel says, I got a pigeon in my car right now. I always carry one, jess for emergencies like this. It's in a cage in my car. Sergeant, will you please go and bring me my pigeon?

The sergeant he spoke to was me, so I trotted over to the colonel's car and opened the door. They was a little wooden cage hanging from the roof, but they wasn't any pigeon in the cage. I couldn't find no pigeon anywheres.

I went back to the colonel. Sorry, sir, I says, they's no pigeon in that cage.

What do you mean, they's no pigeon in that cage? says the colonel.

It's gone, I says.

The colonel turned white and green and blue. Who the Gee Dee took my pigeon? he says. What Gee Dee son of a Gee Dee son took my pigeon?

Then who should step up but this McDermott.

Please, sir, he said. I took the pigeon.

Ah, says the colonel, so you took the pigeon. And where, may I ast, is the pigeon now?

Sir, says McDermott, I et the pigeon.

Ah, says the colonel, and why did you eat it?

Because I was hungry, sir, says McDermott.

The colonel stood there shaking with rage until we all thought he was going to fall apart. Finely, though, he got control of hisself.

Wass your name? he says to McDermott.

McDermott, sir, says the addressed.

Well, McDermott, says the colonel, where's my pigeon now?

In my stummick, sir, says McDermott.

Well, McDermott, says the colonel, I made up my mine that pigeon was going to take a message to GHQ, and by the Almighty, it's going to.

But it can't, sir, says McDermott, because it's in my stummick.

In that case, says the colonel very soft, you'll have to go along with the pigeon.

They was nothing for McDermott to do but hop in his jeep and head out of the valley. We watched him go until he went around a bend, and then, all of a sudden, we heard some firing. Well, we says, thass the end of McDermott.

Thass the end of my pigeon, says the colonel.

After that we didn't have no time for talking because a bunch of Heinies come into the valley and spread out around us. So we warmed up the ole machine guns and for a couple of hours we had it hot and heavy. Thass when I got the slug in me backside. As a matter of fack, I might of had a couple of more slugs in more places, except that McDermott got through after all, and a flock of airplanes come over and bombed the blazes out of the Heinies and dropped us a few things we needed.

And can you imagine what happened after that? Well, I'll tell you. That bassar McDermott got the D.S.M.

I guess the colonel got another pigeon.

All I got was this slug in me stern.

SUSAN PETERS

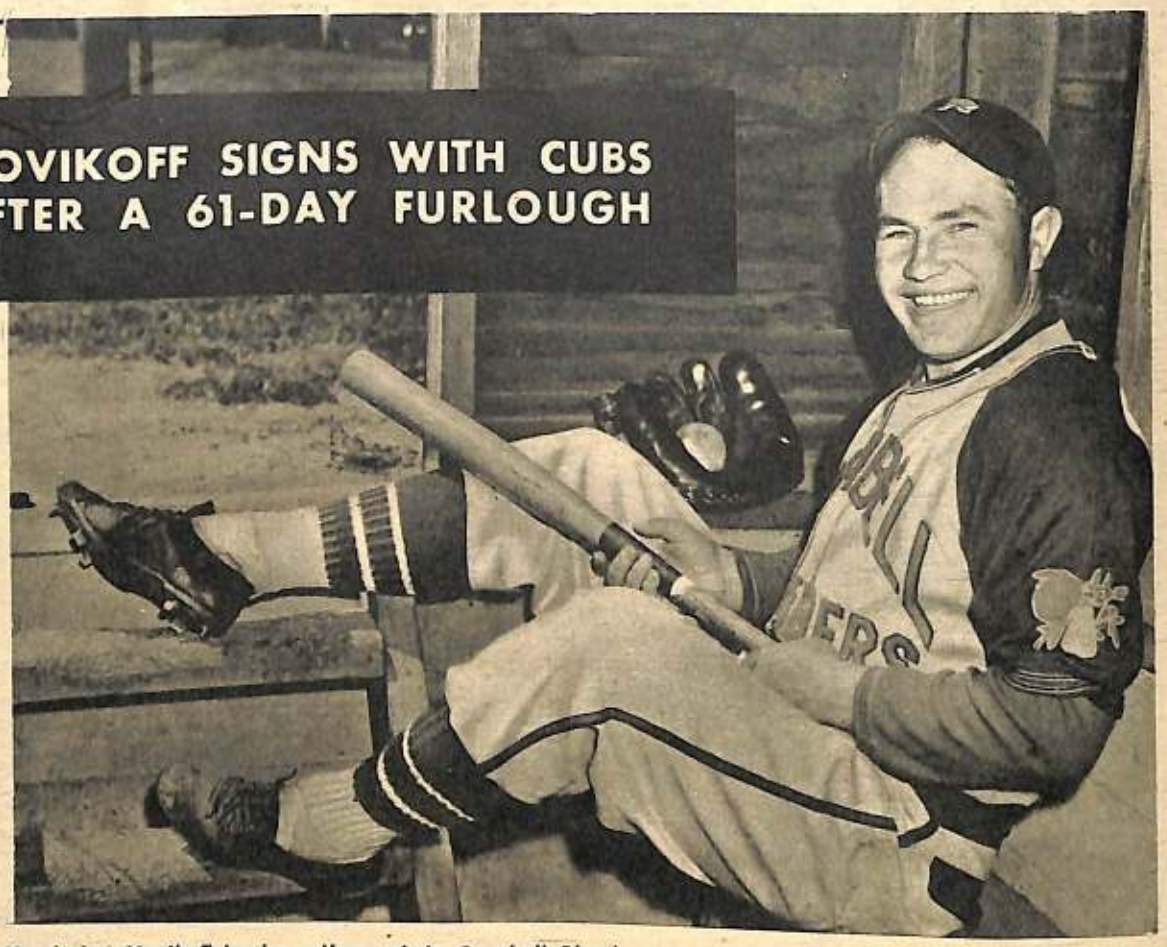
YANK

Pin-up Girl

SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

NOVIKOFF SIGNS WITH CUBS AFTER A 61-DAY FURLOUGH



Here's Lou Novikoff in the uniform of the Rosabell Plumbers, a Long Beach (Calif.) semi-pro team. Lou played with the Plumbers until the Cubs ordered him to quit. Then he coached the team from the bench.

THERE are a lot of latrine rumors going around the major leagues concerning the exact amount of money that the Chicago Cubs paid Lou (Ceiling Price) Novikoff to shake hands and make up after his 61-day hold-out. The Mad Russian himself is doing his best to make the public believe he got what he wanted—not a *sou* less than $8,500.

This, of course, wasn't the original figure the Stubborn Slav was demanding. He wanted $10,000 worth of Phil Wrigley's chewing-gum wrappers and the Cubs were standing pat on $6,000. If, as he says, he got $8,500, Lou undoubtedly figures he won.

"I never expected to get the 10 grand, anyhow," Novikoff admitted. "I know the Chicago Cubs. They wouldn't pay Timoshenko $10,000 to bat against Rommel in a Sunday double-header."

James Gallagher of the Chicago management has flatly refused to discuss the Novikoff capitulation one way or the other. He's letting Lou do all the talking. Any query about the Novikoff contract will only prompt Mr. Gallagher to go into this announcement:

"It is not our policy at this time to discuss contracts or how the Cubs are doing."

It's no secret how the Cubs are doing. The so-called National League dark horses have turned a tattle-tale gray while kicking around in the cellar. They completely missed the boat when they started the season without Novikoff in the line-up. He was one of their two .300 hitters, and they needed him. But Mr. Gallagher didn't think so. He said he never could see Lou as a major-league player, which was all right with Lou, who said he couldn't see Mr. Gallagher for a cent less than 10 grand.

Mr. Gallagher, in fact, didn't seem to care what happened to the Cubs as long as he could slip a mickey into Lou's *vodka*. He took his wrath out on Lou by dreaming up all kinds of trades with the Phillies, Dodgers and Giants. At one stage in Novikoff's 61-day furlough, there was strong talk of Gallagher trading the Mad Russian to the Phillies for Danny Litwhiler. At another stage, Branch Rickey of the Dodgers said he would take Novikoff and cash for Ducky Medwick. Even Manager Jimmy Wilson sounded the Giants out on a trade for Novikoff while coaching from the third base line at the Polo Grounds.

"Hey, Ott," Wilson yelled across the diamond. "What will you offer for Novikoff?"

"Mayor LaGuardia, and we'll throw in Babe Barna" was the reply.

Naturally, the deal never went through. The Cubs have always been lousy traders.

While Mr. Gallagher was in New York stirring up trade talk, Lou was busy playing semi-pro baseball in Long Beach, Calif. This infuriated Gallagher, who had hoped that Lou was brooding himself to death. He immediately got Novikoff on the phone.

"What's this I hear about you playing semi-pro baseball?" Gallagher asked.

"That's right," Lou said. "From all I hear it's just like playing for the Cubs."

"That's an obscene lie," Gallagher shouted. "Either you cut out your adventures with that semi-pro outfit or I'll report you to Judge Landis."

"If that's the way you feel, I'll quit playing and start coaching the team," Lou said and hung up the phone.

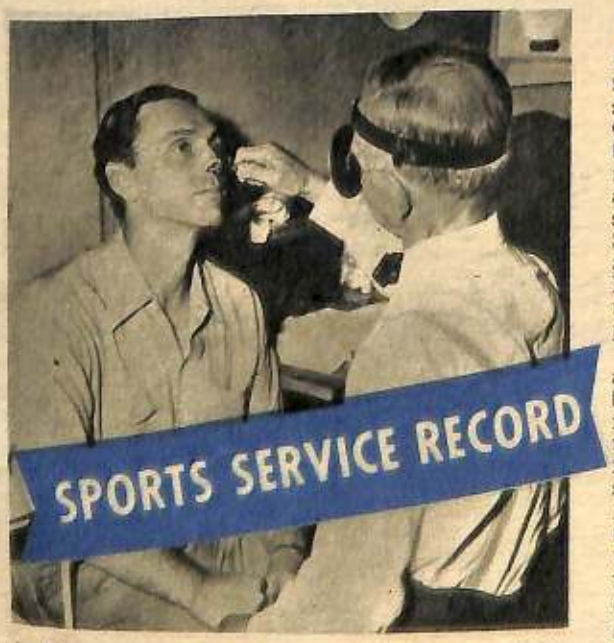
By this time Jimmy Wilson was in a desperate way. The Phillies and Giants were knocking off his Cubs like clay pigeons in a shooting gallery. He needed Novikoff's power badly and finally persuaded Gallagher to strike a compromise with Novikoff.

Gallagher didn't handle the transaction himself. He pushed the job off on Clarence (Pants) Rowland, manager of the Chicago-owned Los Angeles club. Rowland quickly brought Novikoff to terms and within a few hours Lou was standing at the station kissing his wife and kids good-bye and assuring Rowland that he would start the Cubs on a winning streak.

There's a chance that Novikoff might do it, too. Last season he started himself on one of the most amazing streaks in baseball. In less than two months he lifted his batting average from .207 to .316. His formula was as simple as this:

"I found out I was thinking too much. I can't hit when I'm thinking. So I just stopped thinking."

That seems to be Mr. Gallagher's trouble, too. He was thinking so much he forgot to get the Cubs out of the second division.



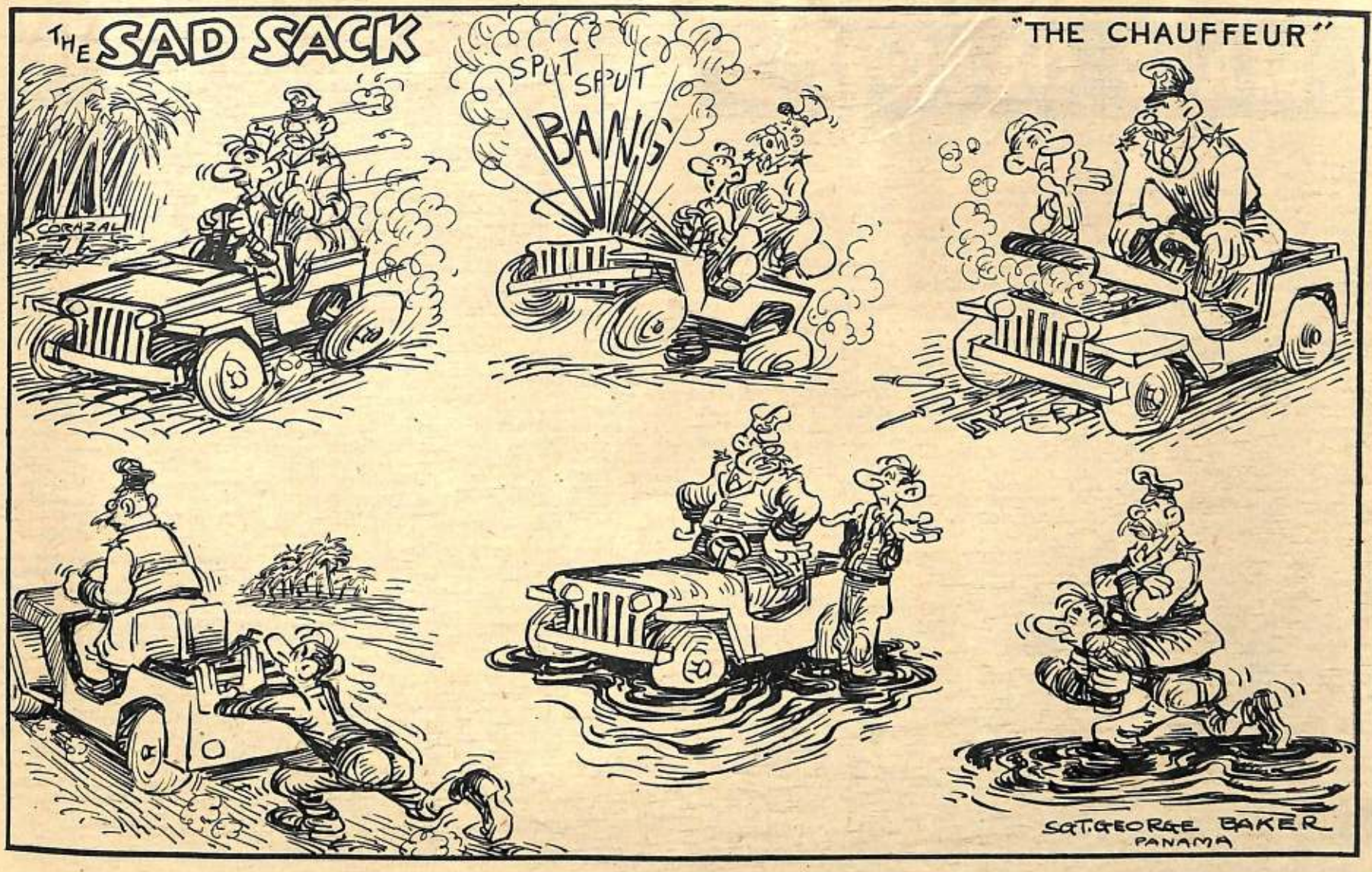
Looking over draftees like Babe Dahlgren, Phillie shortstop, is old stuff for Dr. J. Wesley Anders. He examined Spanish-American war volunteers, too.

A LOT of fellows won't believe it, but **Leo Durocher's** brother, **Pvt. Armond Durocher,** is an umpire down in the Caribbean area. . . . **Billy Southworth,** the Cardinal manager, keeps up a steady correspondence with **Enos Slaughter, Frank Crespi, Terry Moore, Johnny Beazley,** and, of course, **Billy Jr.,** who is a Fortress pilot on the Berlin milk run. . . . **Joe Platak,** who hadn't even looked at handball for 11 months, went straight from his ship to the National Handball Championships at San Francisco and won the singles title. Joe is a Navy cook. . . . In a handball tournament at McClellan Field, Calif., **Pvt. Walter Judnich,** former St. Louis Brown outfielder, won the championship, knocking off a captain in the finals.

The Hospital Detachment baseball team, operating along the Alcan Highway, wants to thank **Ed Barrow,** president of the New York Yankees, for the baseballs he sent up and to assure him they were used in the most approved Yankee fashion. The Medics report they won 14 games, suffered no defeats, and did it all after working 10 to 12 hours. . . . The Army is beckoning **Babe Dahlgren** just when he seems to be finding himself as shortstop for the Phillies. . . . **Babe Young,** former Giant first baseman, is at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn., and plays first base for the Coast Guard Dolphins.

During the North African campaign, an American infantryman sighted two paratroopers floating to the ground behind the Allied lines. When the Yank approached them, he noticed they were wearing American uniforms but was suspicious. He asked them a few phony baseball questions, such as how many home runs had **Jim Londos** hit for the Dodgers and how well was **Connie Mack** pitching this year. When they told him they hadn't heard these latest news flashes over the shortwave, the Yank promptly grabbed them. They were Germans. . . . The GIs on New Guinea have taken time off from killing Japs to carve a regulation bowling alley, complete with pins and balls, out of the jungle and claim it to be the only bowling parlor on any fighting front.

Ensign Corny Warmderdam, the pole-vault champion, must be a first cousin to a kangaroo. During the Duke University-North Carolina Pre-Flight track meet, Warmderdam, who had never tried it before, found out that he was a better-than-average high hurdler. He won the event. . . . In Australia, the GIs swear by **M. C. Gilley,** the country's leading lumber king and an old-time Portland (Oreg.) baseball player. Gilley has entertained the boys with genuine American hamburger and coffee, and has donated equipment, secured playing fields and umpired a game every Sunday for more than a year. The boys are wondering if that isn't an all-time high for umpiring. . . . A late count shows a total of 154 American Leaguers in the armed forces. The Army has 86, the Navy 58, the Coast Guard seven, the Marines one **(Ted Lyons)** and the CRAF two.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE AGONIZED

"For Heaven's sake," we said. "What happened to you?"

Artie Greengroin didn't say anything. He shook his head inside the cloth that was wrapped from his cowlick around his jaw. The right side of his face was noticeably swollen.

"You must have been in a brawl," we said.

With an effort, Artie formed words. "Naw, I ain't been in no brawls," he said. "I been to the gawdam dennis, thass where I been."

"Dennis who?" we asked. We didn't know any Dennis.

"The gawdam tooth-pulling dennis, thass who," Artie said.

"Oh," we said, "so you've had a tooth pulled."

Artie winced. "Listen," he said, "when I was a civilian in the olden days I could stroll inter a dennis' office and trun meself down in a chair and let him go to woik on me, and if the kine of woik he done didn't appeal to me finer sensibilities I could get up and walk out. But in the Army they hand me over to a dennis that's a blassid ole major and I can't open me mouth, except to let him walk in with a red hot iron. This is a hell of a life."

"Did he hurt you?" we asked.

"Did he hurt me?" Artie echoed simulating astonishment. "The ole bassar ruint me. He massacred the lass molar I had to me name. He butchered me bicuspids. I ain't going to be able to eat anything but S.O.S. for a month. Look at me in this getup" —indicating the bandage—"I look like a blassid bunny rabbit."

"We're sorry for you, old boy," we said. "We know exactly what you've been through."

"No, you don't, neither," Artie said. "You got no idea."

"We're listening," we said.

"You went to a dennis or so when you was a civilian, didn't you?" Artie asked.

"Several," we said, "on occasion."

"Did they hoit you?" said Artie.

"Severally," we said, "and on occasion."

"They was innercent babes," said Artie, "compared to the cannibal that jess finished with me. I don't know what he done when he was a civilian, but he wasn't no dennis. That ole bassar really gives you a gouge."

"He was a major?" we asked.

"Yerse, a full major," Artie said. "But in any army of mine he couldn't even be a blassid private. He might of pulled teeth out of dead horses in the olden days, but he never had nothing to do with any huming beings, you believe me," Artie said.

"Well," we said, "what happened?"

"I'm coming to that," Artie said. "I can't talk fass, though, because me jaw is killing me. Besides, me soul is seared. I went inter this dennis orfice a simple, wistful guy and I come out a ole shambles."

"It amazes us, too," we said.

"Thanks for the sympathy, ole cock," Artie said. "Well, I go inter this orfice and this dennis, this major, pops me down in his chair and says, 'Wass the matter, soldier?' 'I got a mean molar, major,' I says. He jerks me mouth open. 'Which one is it, this one?' he says and he belts one of me bicuspids. 'Naw,' I says, 'It's me molar.' 'This one?' he says, and he sticks a knife into it. Honess to gaw, I hit the roof. Usually I am a stoic guy, but this got me. 'Thass the one awright,' he says. 'I knew it the minute I seen that big hole in it.' So then he takes a lantern and a pickaxe and goes down in the hole."

"Horrible," we said.

"Thass what it was, horrible," agreed Artie. "He digs around with his pickaxe for a while and then he comes up for air. 'I guess I better take it out,' he says. 'Do you want me to pull it out legal or jess knock it out with a hammer? I says to pull it out legal. 'Thass the trouble with this army,' he says. 'They're too soft. Lass war a man would jess say for me to slug it out with a hammer.' I decided to spar for time a little. 'Was you in the lass war, major?' I ast. 'All through it,' he says. 'I run up and down the Western Front for sixteen months, pulling tooth after tooth. I must of took a tooth from every man in the A.E.F. Ah,' he says, 'them was the days. They wasn't no anaesthetic or nothing. You should of heard them sergeants howl.' I didn't say nothing, but I had the feeling that he was going to hear a Pfc. howl in a very short time."

"Did he?" we wanted to know.

"Thass what he done, awright," Artie said. "I yelled bloody moider."

"And what did he do?" we asked.

"Why," Artie said, "the ole bassar went right on with his woik as though nothing was going on. He was the most merciless ole major I ever hope to set eyes on. And the woist part of it was I couldn't cuss him or nothing, his being slightly higher than me in rank. It jess goes to show you what Army training does for you. If it hadn't been for me training I might have called him some orful names and ended up in the jug and been unhappy all round. But I didn't say nothing. I jess yelled, gawdam it."

"So should we," we said.

"And you know what he kept saying?" Artie said. "He kept say, 'Wass a little tooth? A little tooth won't do you no harm. Wass the sense of hollering Ten minnits after it's over you'll feel foolish.' Thass what he kept saying to me. And then he'd say 'Things wasn't at such a pretty past in the Western Front. Men was men in them days.' Now, thass a silly thing to be saying all the time, ain't it? When I get to be a full major I'm going to drop around to see that guy and give him a slug in the gut. Things probly never come to a pretty past like *that* on the Western Front, neither."

"Of course they didn't," we said.

"Now that it's over, though," Artie said, "I suppose I ought to be resigned to fate. In a couple of months me mouth will be as good as new, or awmost. When you come to think of it, it's trials by fire that make a full man. Perhaps I'm a finer character for what I been through."

"You were always a fine character," we said.

"Thass the kine of talk that warms me ole heart," Artie said. "I tell you what less do. Seeing I can't eat nothing solid for a while, I suppose I got to live on beer. Less go over to a pubs and lift a lager."

"O.K.," we said.

"When we get there," Artie said, "I'll show you me tooth."

"Have you got it with you?" we asked.

"Yerse," Artie said. "Right here in me gawdam pocket."

Sgt. HARRY BROWN.

MAIL CALL

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

DEAR YANK:
I still don't see why there should be such a hue and cry after the WAACs, who have yet to prove that they can do anything that the average stenographer can't do, and the average stenographer looks a devil of a lot better while she's doing it. I, for one, am heartily sick of women in uniform, pretending to be important, running around with stripes and bars on, and being just a little *too* condescending.

There are quite enough men in the world without women trying to ape them. I am not alone in this opinion; a lot of my friends agree with me. WAACs may have been all right in the States, to relieve some of these office clowns for overseas duty, but they don't belong in a theater of action.

DISGUSTED CORPORAL

Britain.

DEAR YANK:
I am enclosing a cartoon that was featured on the back page of one of your issues. Now, you may put it down to our poor British understanding of your superior wit, but

—T/4 Harrison Stanley, Iceland

not one person I have shown it to can understand it.

Would you be very sweet and explain it to me, preferably in words of one syllable . . .

ANNE LAYNE

Britain.

[Editor's Note: In U. S. Army barracks soldiers sleep head to foot, after the manner shown in the cartoon. The soldier here, obviously, wants the aura of the barracks to be around him even when home on leave. We regret to say that ten of the above words run to more than one syllable.]

DEAR YANK:
I just want to say how much I like your paper and how much it is appreciated when I can get hold of a copy. The one feature which interests me and a number of the lads is your grand pin-up girl photos. We think they are grand.

Cpl. DENNIS LAWLOR, R.A.F.

Britain.

DEAR YANK:
I would like to express my thanks for giving us English people the chance to read such a swell magazine. Everything in it is just grand, but best of all I like the "Sad Sack" and "G.I. Joe."

EILEEN

Britain.

DEAR YANK:
YANK is swell. The way you cover everything a G.I. could want from news to "Sad Sack" and "Greengroin" makes it a weekly treat that's looked forward to as much as mail from home.

I especially enjoy your cartoons and illustrations. I like Cpl. Brand's work very much.

T/Sgt. J. R. GRAY

Britain.

DEAR YANK:
Congratulations on the swell spread about the British 1st Army in Africa. This is the sort of stuff G.I.'s never hear about and YANK performs a real service when it prints such valuable information.

For instance, I never knew until I read the article by Sgt. Horner, that the British 1st Army in Tunisia had less than divisional strength. When you realize what they accomplished with such few numbers, it sure makes you stop and think.

It was also interesting to read about regiments like the Royal West Kents who fought at Bunker Hill, and the King's Royal Rifle Corps which was raised in North America and composed of Americans. I say it's a small world. No?

Pfc. JOHN BATES

Britain.

DEAR YANK:
We are two ATS girls in the east of England, stationed in a very small village where it is difficult to find any entertainment. We have made great friends of some of your boys and enjoy their company very much.

Each week they give us a copy of YANK. It helps to pass away the long hours of duty at a very drab switchboard. We're very grateful to you for publishing such a book.

BOBBIE and BILLIE

Britain.

DEAR YANK:
In the issue of July 4th, on "Mail Call" page, you've got a picture showing Hitler (needing a shave) sounding off somewhere. No caption, no title, no nothing. How come?

Cpl. JOE MORRISON

Britain.

[He's nobody much anyway—Ed.]

DEAR YANK:
Last week I was in London on a four-day leave and I saw something that doubled me up. A private with a glossy Van Dyke. A private in the United States Army. Say, what goes? If that guy of yours with the cane could cause such a fuss, what about the guy with the chin whiskers? What's the regulation on that? I got red hair and I would like to grow a red beard. What does the AR say? No kidding, that guy really looked like a goat.

S/Sgt. H. VORE

Britain.

MARKSMAN

At last the fateful day arrived,
The weather was clear and fine,
And John J. Jeep his rifle grasped
Right on the firing line.

"Ready on the right, ready on the left,"
And the flags began to sway.
The Jeep felt glad as he saw the flag,
Only 200 yards away.

"Call your shots," his coach cried out
As John his piece did raise;
The flag is up, the flag is down,
And the Jeep began to blaze.

His first shot killed a pigeon,
His second struck a crow,
And down in the pits, watching for hits,
Were the markers lying low.

As his rifle roared, his scorer snored,
But the Jeep kept right on firing.
Fifty shots without a hit,
And he showed no signs of tiring.

The captain snarled and gnashed his teeth
As he watched how the dirt would spurt
For the shots that didn't explode in the sky
Were sure to go off in the dirt.

When the Jeep withdrew as the whistle blew,
You could hear the officers rave,
For instead of a 5, or a 4, or a 3,
They saw nothing but red flags wave.

When pressed for an explanation,
The reason for his flaws,
The Jeep would only answer
He wanted to see Maggie's drawers.

They threw him in the guardhouse,
But he uttered never a peep,
For what would you expect from a horse's neck
With a name like John J. Jeep?

Sgt. STUART GREY

Camp Davis, N.C.

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Pictures: 1, Planet. 2, AP. 3, top, AP; bottom, ACME. 4, AP. 6 and 7, Sgt. George Aarons. 8, top, Planet; bottom, AP. 9, top, AP; bottom left, INP; bottom right, AP. 10, top, Cpl. Steve Derry; bottom Press. 11, Keystone. 12 and 13, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 14, top left, Keystone; top right, AP. 15, top, Keystone; bottom left, AP; bottom right, OWI. 17, M-G-M. 18, left, INP; right, ACME. 21, BOP. 22 and 23, Cpl. Ben Schnall.

DEAR YANK:
Well, fellows, it's like this. If you're going to have sports news at all keep it accurate. There's nothing so useless as inaccurately written sports. All this leads up to a sporting proposition for Sgt. Polier. In his column on the Kentucky Derby he mentions a 3-year-old which he claims Col. Winn might favor for the event, named Slide Blue. The bet I want to make with the sergeant has nothing to do with the outcome of the Derby. My proposition is: I will give a month's pay to the Red Cross if such a horse exists among the eligible 3-year-olds. Let the sergeant do likewise if no such horse exists. Perhaps Sgt. Polier was thinking of Slide Rule, a horse with roughly the chance of a snowball in Guadalcanal.

Pvt. DON M. MANKIEWICZ

Camp Knight, Calif.

[No bet here. Sgt. Polier was wrong. The horse in question is named Slide Rule.]

DEAR YANK:
As there are no fresh vegetables in the South Pacific, I recommend that every soldier, leaving the States, take with him several packages of seed. Vegetables take about a month to grow up, so even if the sower moved up before the vegetables were ready, someone would benefit. Also, persons writing to soldiers in the South Pacific should add a few packages of seed. The following are recommended: lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes, corn, carrots, and water melon.

T/Sgt. DOUGLAS

[Chum, there will unfortunately be a number of brussels sprouts available around the E-T-O when the season rolls around for them, and we will be glad to ship them to the South Pacific, but if we do, the relations between the E-T-O and the South Pacific are not going to be so good. (Some people do not know when they are well off.)]

DEAR YANK:
This is in answer to T/5 John C. Skeen's letter (in a May issue of YANK) which boasts about the marching ability of the Pack Artillery. He may not know it but the 506th Parachute Infantry has just beaten the Japanese record by marching 120 miles from Toccoa, Ga., to Atlanta in 72 hours. We carried light machine guns, mortars, packs, rifles, mess equipment and other articles too light to mention. Ask John if he carried his mule.

S/Sgt. GEORGE E. ROLLER

Camp Toccoa, Ga.

DEAR YANK:
You said that 213 beautiful stars had been interviewed in the Warner Brothers studio and 179 said they would rather go out with an enlisted man than an officer any night of the week. As I am going to Hollywood on my furlough next week, I propose to test these statistics for you. If you will furnish me with the names and telephone numbers of the 179 actresses who prefer privates, I will provide you with the result of the experiment and most of its ramifications. To save future correspondence please furnish me also with the names of the 34 who prefer officers and I will check on them, as I am awaiting an OCS appointment. I hope my voluntary cooperation will be appreciated and settle the doubts I know are held by most privates.

Pvt. BERNARD R. LAWRENCE

Camp McCain, Miss.

P.F.C.

Sorry Sir, the Colonel's not in,
No Sir, the Major's out guzzling gin,
Captain, no Sir, he's not fishing,
He's got a date and he's wishing——
Hello, Operator, hello, DAMN IT,
I ought to take this phone and jam it——
Oh, hello Sir, no, I didn't mean you
(But I'm thinking the hell with you, too),
Lieutenant, Sir, he's still in his bunk,
That's right, Sir, the Sergeant's still drunk,
Me, Sir, no, Sir, no bars, just one stripe,
I'm only the guy to whom they gripe.

Your name, Sir, you're calling from Bomcom?
What! You're not an officer or noncom——
Now you take a tip from me, Pvt. Greasy,
Say Sir, you're now talking to a P.F.C.

Pfc. FELDBAUM

DEAR YANK:
I have just read Pfc. Leon Muller's letter praising Army cooks (in a May issue of YANK). As a rule most of them try to keep themselves clean but at this field it's different. I know this won't be put in YANK but I figured I might just as well get it off my chest. The cooks in our mess hall are the sloppiest, dirtiest bunch I've ever seen. They change their clothes once every two weeks and by then it's impossible to tell whether or not their uniforms were ever white. They lie all over things, sit on the coal box and on the ground. It burns me up to see such filth. The trays and silver-ware are dirty, and it is doubtful if they ever heard of cleaning them with sand soap once a week. This is not an ordinary gripe but a true fact. I've been in eight different fields and this is by far the worst.

Sgt. ANDREW MARKWAY

Truax Field, Wis.

ONE LITTLE EDITORIAL GOEBBELS CAN'T ANSWER

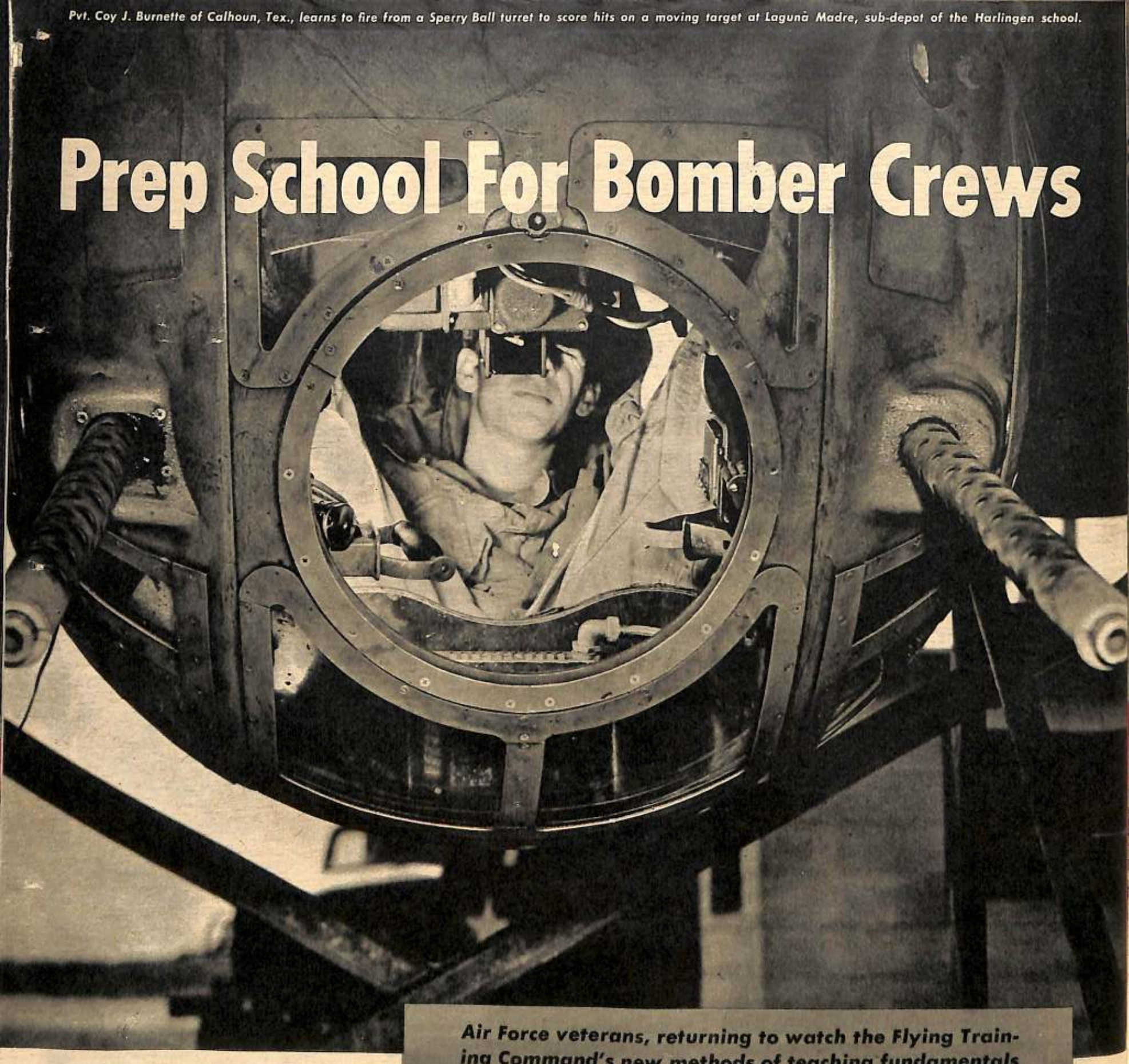
WATCHING . . . The sea is quiet the sub is sighted and the plane ghosts swiftly in.

. . . AND WAITING Circling now over an empty sea, the plane paints pictures of splash and foam, and depth charges cough deep after the hidden sub.

. . . AND CURTAINS No longer empty, the sea brings up a shattered sub and a graveyard is marked white with a tombstone of froth

Pvt. Coy J. Burnette of Calhoun, Tex., learns to fire from a Sperry Ball turret to score hits on a moving target at Laguna Madre, sub-depot of the Harlingen school.

Prep School For Bomber Crews



Air Force veterans, returning to watch the Flying Training Command's new methods of teaching fundamentals to bombardiers, navigators and gunners, always say, "I wish we had this stuff last year."

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

A YOUNG gunner, back in the States on furlough after 11 months of action in a B-17 in the South Pacific, recently paid a visit to the Flying Training Command's Flexible Gunnery School at Harlingen, Tex. Escorted by noncom guides, he toured the place, from skeet ranges and synthetic trainers to Laguna Madre, the rugged sub-depot on the Gulf of Mexico where GIs fire from the Sperry Ball, the Consolidated and other turrets. After he had seen the works, the gunner said, "This is the damnedest place I've ever seen. Part of the joint is like Public School 20 in Brooklyn, another part is like an alley of shootin' galleries in Coney Island and that range down on the Gulf is like Guadalcanal. It's screwy. But I wish to hell some of us early birds coulda had training like this."

Harlingen, one of the Army Air Force's four flexible-gunnery schools (the others are at Fort Myers, Fla.; Las Vegas, Nev., and Tyndall Field, Fla.) contains such a variety of newly developed training devices that the young veteran's astonishment is understandable. The Flying Training Command's new course in gunnery, revised with thorough streamlining, is hardly recognizable to a gunner who took his training a year ago.

Student gunners used to get little ballistics instruction, little maintenance. Often they had fired only a few hundred rounds before heading for their first combat assignments.

It's not that way now—by a long shot.

During his 12 weeks at Harlingen, the student gunner spends 12 hours in a classroom learning ballistics. ("Ballistics," an instructor explains, "is what makes a bullet go here, instead of there.") He listens to confidential reports from the battle zones and studies letters from gunners at all fronts. For example, a tail gunner from North Africa writes: "A lot of us out here have had to learn the hard way that ammunition is precious stuff, not to be thrown away every time you see an enemy plane in the sky. If you'll wait until you've got a proper range and lead, then go to work on him with short bursts, you'll get a better mission—and you'll live a lot longer."

The student gets a 16-hour course that teaches him how the approximately 200 parts of a .50-caliber machine gun tick. He devotes five more hours to the secret sights. He gets 15 hours on sighting and sight harmonization, learns how to sight a spot through the gun barrel, finds out how to estimate the drop in the trajectory of a bullet and masters the various sight adjustments.

Meanwhile, he learns the importance of leading a target by firing a shotgun at clay pigeons on the skeet range. After 500 rounds or so, he goes to the GI shootin' gallery, a Coney Island sort of a building in which flexible air machine guns are fired at moving miniature enemy-plane models. During this period, he spends 12 hours learning how to spot Axis aircraft.

To develop his sense of range and distance, the

student peers through regular sights mounted on an electrical device at moving silhouettes of enemy planes. He learns to judge a plane's distance by its size and position in his ring sight. Later at Laguna Madre, he gets important practice at range estimation by looking through his sights at AT-6s, which swoop at him from all directions, sometimes streaking less than 20 feet above his head.

The trainees begin firing with .22-caliber machine guns. Then they go to the malfunction range, where deliberate sabotage is practiced. There are fifteen .30-caliber machine guns on the range in carefully adjusted, nonworking condition. The GIs have to find out what's wrong and fix it, pronto.

Letters from gunners in combat zones emphasize the importance of maintenance. One gunner, writing recently to an instructor at Harlingen, said: "Thank God I got plenty of maintenance before I was sent over here. On my last trip, I had 'jam' trouble, and the trouble came at a damned unfortunate moment, with about 20 Zeros burning hell out of my tail. It was a jammed ejector. I spotted it and fixed it in a hurry. If I hadn't, those Japs would have ripped my stinger off in nothing flat."

Gunners Learn Their Turrets

Other combat experiences have shown that some missions were failures because gunners didn't know the mechanism of their turrets. "A ship, for example, would be over the Channel en route to a target in France," says Maj. Wilson J. Selden, Harlingen's director of training. "The tail gunner would test his turret and discover that it wouldn't work. He would notify the pilot over the intercom, and the pilot would nose the ship around and head for home, relinquishing the mission. Gunners trained today know their turrets as well as a good dogface knows his M1, and if anything happens during a mission, they can usually fix it in flight."

After three weeks at Harlingen, the boys move down to Laguna Madre on the desolate mudflats near the Gulf. Here they fire shotguns and submachine guns from moving trucks at various kinds of moving and stationary targets, and they begin an acquaintance with a gun turret that ends, as a sergeant puts it, by being "downright indecently intimate." Then they climb into medium bombers and fly out over the Gulf to fire at tow targets. Finally, if the student passes a tough examination and makes a qualifying score on the ground and in the air, he gets a staff sergeant's rating and his gunnery wings.

Flexible gunnery has at least one advantage over fixed gunnery. In a bomber, a gunner can swing his turret and guns on the target while his ship keeps on course but a fighter pilot has to swing the plane itself to the target. The fundamentals of both, however, are identical. At Foster Field, the AAF Advanced Single-Engine Flying School near Victoria, Tex., future fighter pilots get essentially the same preliminary training that bomber gunners get at Harlingen.

When cadets leave Foster, they get 14 days of fixed gunnery at a God-forsaken strip of sandy Texas soil in the Gulf of Mexico called Matagorda Island or on nearby Matagorda Peninsula, equally desolate. Here, under experienced combat pilots like Maj. Paul Greene, who was with the AVG in China, they first learn to "fire in" and harmonize their guns. They learn how to disassemble, clean and reassemble their pieces, and how to load them with belts of ammunition.

They fire several times each day at a tow target, peeling off and diving at a long strip of meshed wire which is pulled through the air on a prescribed course by another plane. (The tips of their bullets are painted in various colors so a record can be kept of their hits.) They swoop in low, strafing specially constructed ground targets. They learn the intricate business of compensating for cross winds close to the earth.

Upon completion of their course here, the cadets return to their advanced schools where they get their silver wings, additional transition training and finally assignments to combat.

Lt. Col. C. A. Miller, CO of the Matagorda base, summed up the course: "We teach pilots to use a ship just as if it were a gun turret."

DURING the past year, according to Lt. Col. John D. Ryan, assistant director of training at the AAF Bombardier School near Midland, Tex., there have been no significant changes in the FTC program for bombardiers.

"It's basically the same course," he said, "although combat experience has dictated several shifts of emphasis on certain subjects. For example, observers at the front reported to us that a number of missions had failed because of various forms of mechanical failure, such as fuse, shackle or sight troubles. At once we increased the maintenance course from 4 to 34 hours and intensified the training in actual repair work. Our cadets now learn their equipment from the littlest bolt to the mechanism of a blockbuster."

There have been few changes principally because AAF bombardier training has always been built around the Norden and Sperry bombsights, still the deadliest instruments of their kind in the world. Learning those sights was the cadet's job a year ago, and it's his biggest job today. Cadets, however, get considerably more gunnery instruction than a year ago, and they have to learn blinker code.

Most bombardiers, after completing the 12-week course at Midland, go to navigation schools now. The AAF intends to have in the future only combination navigator - bombardiers. Reports from combat zones show that on long missions navigators wear themselves down to a frazzle, while bombardiers, save for 20 odd seconds on the target run, do nothing but cool their heels.

While the collective AAF experience in combat has produced few changes in U. S. bombardier training, the FTC's new 18-week course in tactical and combat navigation is based almost wholly on procedures proved under fire.

Nowhere in the AAF is there a closer bond between the fronts and training school than at the FTC navigation centers. The AAF Navigation School at Hondo Field, near San Antonio, Tex., for example, keeps the addresses of all its graduates, who report on their missions. At the same time, new ideas developed at Hondo are mailed to the men at the fronts.

Lessons Learned Part of Program

Lt. P. P. Dawson, of the navigation section of the Flying Training Command, who saw plenty of combat while stationed in England, lists these combat lessons learned by the AAF that are now a part of the training program in U. S. navigation schools:

1. A year ago practically all navigation training was done in 5-place trainers, Beechcraft AT-7s. Now, in addition to the AT-7s, the schools are using considerable numbers of tactical bombers, notably B-24s and Venturas, which the RAF has been flying lately in its raids on Germany.

2. They're teaching far less theory than a year ago, concentrating on the practical aspects of navigation. For instance, the schools are now experimenting with low-level tactical missions, which they would never have thought of doing a year ago. These flights, at an altitude of approximately 100 feet, provide tough navigation problems, since the air is almost invariably rough, and the pilotage points, which the student has to check, flash by in split-second succession.

3. The navigators are now experimenting with "grope," a system of landmark recognition in which a photograph of a given portion of territory is flashed on a screen for an instant and then removed. By consulting his map, the navigator is supposed to be able to identify the section he has seen. This system is being installed because many pilots in England reported that quick recognition of landmarks was often the only thing that saved them when flying over fog-bound areas where only small slits of land were visible for an instant at a time.

4. A great deal more stress is being placed on aircraft identification.

5. Increasing attention is being paid to teaching code by lights as well as by sound. This has been done because it is essential for the navigator to be able to use light beacons flashing in code to take bearings.

6. A year ago navigation equipment at the schools was not identical with that used in combat. In the case of sextants, the lightest and most easily manipulated were reserved for combat navigators. The bulky hard-to-work ones were used in training. As a result, navigators had a tough time adapting themselves to the new equipment when they got to theaters of operation. Now the equipment at the schools and in combat theaters is identical.

Instructors With Experience

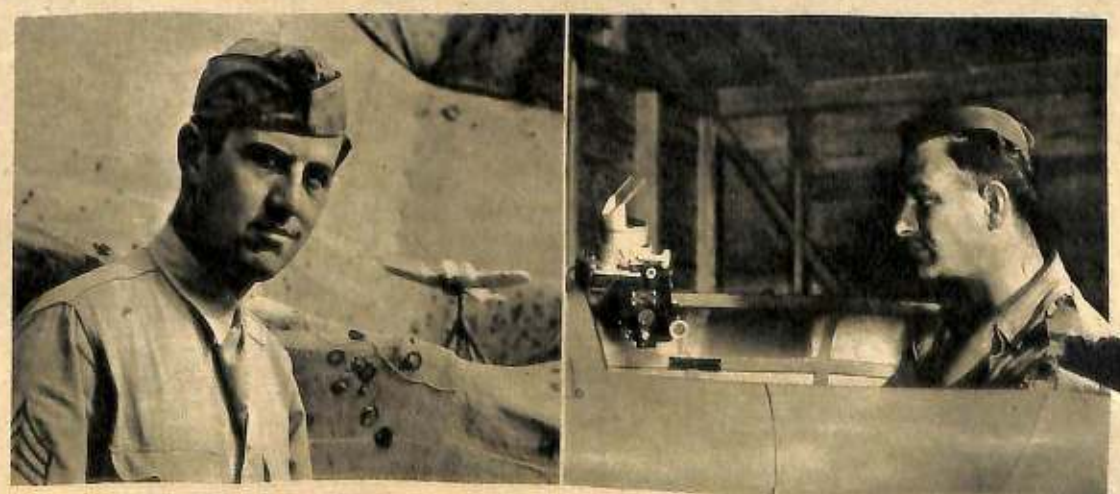
Many men with extensive combat experience are on duty as instructors at various AAF navigation schools, guys like Lt. Everett S. Turner of Binghamton, N. Y., who teaches tactical and combat navigation to the cadets at Hondo Field. Lt. Turner was stationed at Hickam Field, Hawaii, when the Japs hit Pearl Harbor. For the next 15 months he was busy guiding a Flying Fortress all over the South Pacific on Jap-hunting expeditions. During that time, he says, U. S. map markers had to learn combat navigation largely by trial and error.

In the early months of the war, Turner and his crew were flying in a ship with no astrocompass. In fact, they didn't even know there was such a thing. But they did know they needed something which an astrocompass would one day supply. So they took a little strip of sheet metal, a torn piece of negative film and some ordinary red paint and made a crude but effective contraption of their own. The strip of sheet metal, 1 inch wide, was attached to the circular edge (360°) of the top revolving gun turret. The film softened the sun glare and the red paint indicated the azimuth. The pilot could take a reading by simply looking over his shoulder.

"It got us to plenty of shows," Lt. Turner said. "And, equally important, it always got us back."

Perhaps the best way to sum up a story on the new training which the FTC is dishing out to our pilots, navigators, bombardiers and gunners is to quote a recent U. S. communique from England: "Heavy and medium bombers, with fighter escort, raided certain points in France yesterday, smashing warehouses, dock facilities and railroad yards with numerous direct hits. All our planes returned safely."

A lot of the airmen on that raid were training over the bondocs of Texas only a few weeks ago.

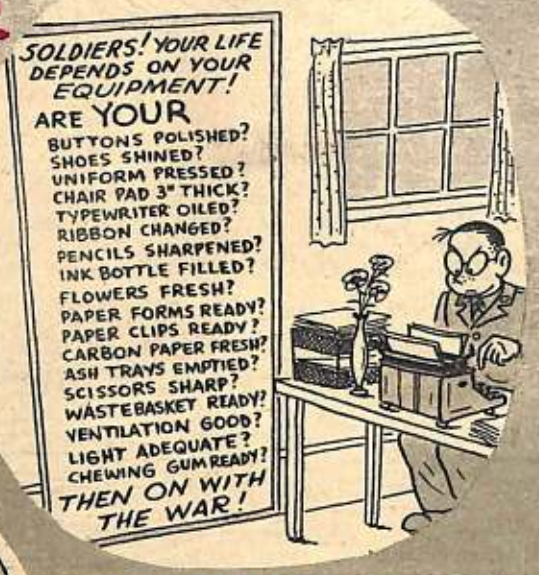


GI INVENTORS. Sgt. John Cable (left), Milwaukee, Wis., poses by section of "Scenic Trainer" he dreamed up for gunnery students at Harlingen Field, Tex. Models of enemy planes, set on steel rods, speed in and out of "peaks" and "clouds" while trainees pepper 'em with BB shots from flexible air machine guns. Cpl. Dick Sanders (right), ballistics expert of Denver, Colo., looks through sight of synthetic trainer he helped develop at Foster Field, Tex. Device consists of Link Trainer and fixed air machine gun. Cadet fighter pilots, firing from pitching cockpit at moving targets, learn lead and alignment.

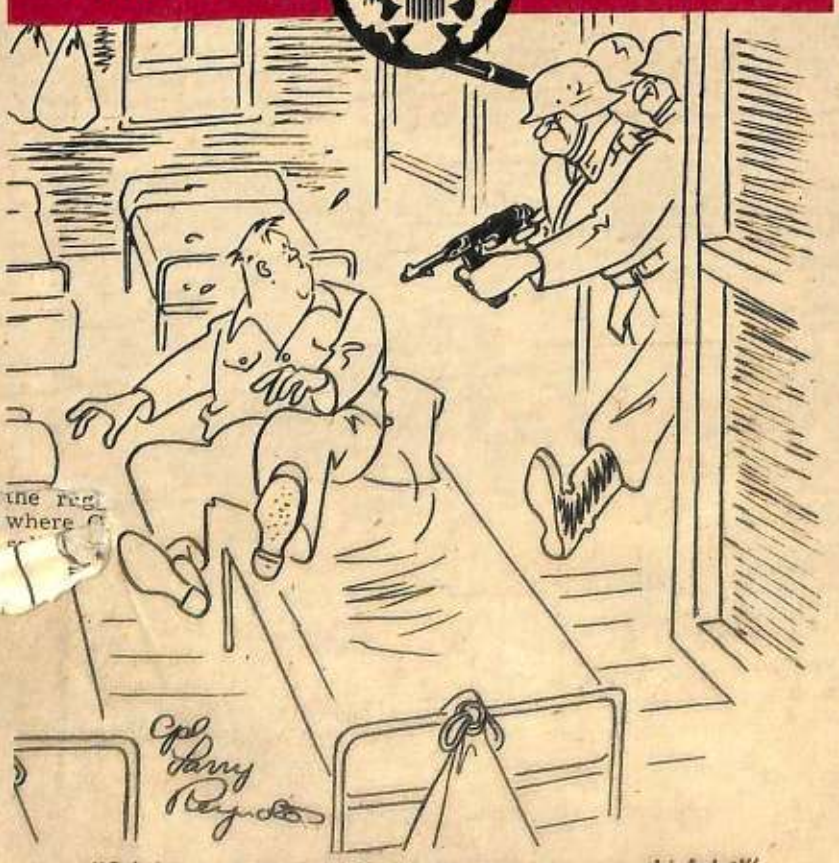
By Lt. Dave Breger

Chairborne Troops

Lt. Dave Breger
Britain.



YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"Cripes, you startled me! I thought you was th' foist!"

"I DON'T CARE WHAT HE CALLED TH' DODGERS—SHOOT THAT WAY!"
—Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.