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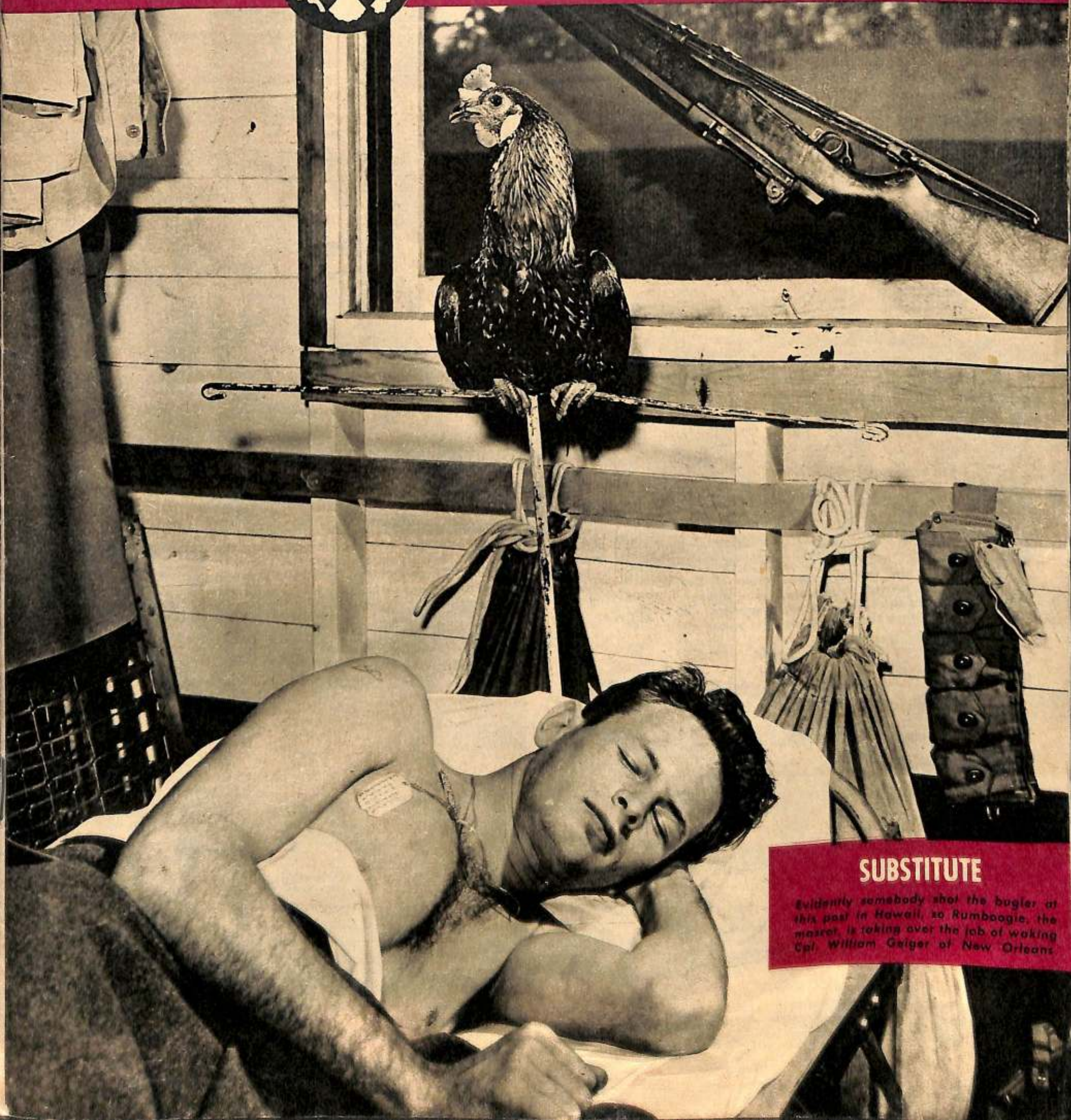
By the men . . for the men in the service



SUBSTITUTE

Evidently somebody shot the bugler at this post in Hawaii, so Rumboogie, the mascot, is taking over the job of waking Cpl. William Geiger of New Orleans.

MALTA CONVOY

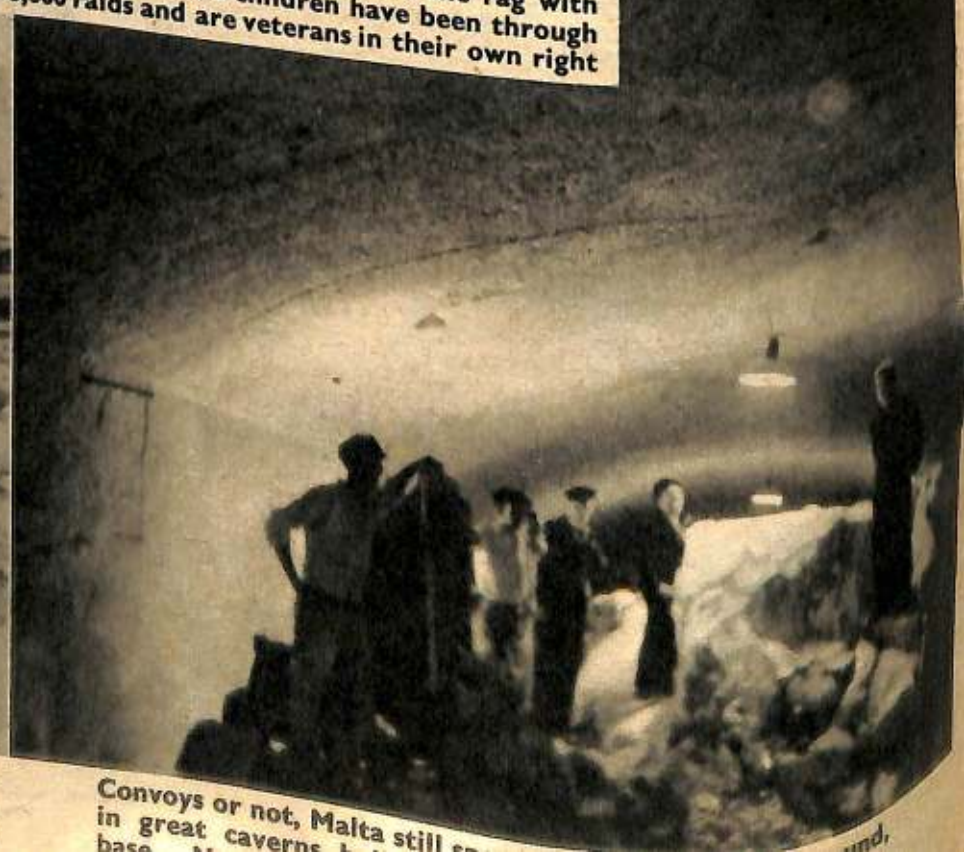
The convoys are getting through to the most-bombed spot on earth, bringing precious supplies, invaluable ammunition. Here, oblivious to Axis aircraft, a ship is unloaded during the night

Few buildings in Valetta are unscathed. A cloud of dust goes up in the blue Mediterranean air as a clean-up crew pulls down the walls of a dangerous ruin

With the convoys come units of the British Navy, armed to the teeth and always looking toward the skies. Dockyard workers can always take time to cheer ships that mean their lives

Resting on huge bombs that will soon be repaying the Axis in its own coin, British sailors chew the rag with a few small Maltese. These children have been through more than 3,000 raids and are veterans in their own right

Camped comfortably on the broken wing of a downed Axis bomber are some of Hitler's Targets for Tonight. If it weren't for the convoys, they'd be getting loaded down with fascist doctrine in Axis schools



Convoys or not, Malta still s… in great caverns … base … und,

Tales From The African Front

They have brought some of the wounded back from Africa, men who have fought and have gotten the feel of fighting. They have fought on land, on sea and in the air. These are their own personal stories, just as they were told to us.

Private Joseph Kalter, Shock Troops

I only got one look at him there in the moonlight and the glare of the searchlights, with his face all smeared and black with oil, but with a big grin on his face. He's the man who saved my life in the harbor when I was all shot up and wounded and didn't have a life preserver. His name is Frank Mulligan and he is the greatest guy in the world, and that's all I know about him.

Maybe he was down there in the hold of the Coast Guard cutter that night when we moved in on Oran. I didn't notice him. You know how it is with guys; you never notice them much till something happens, and then you try to remember all about them and can't. But I think he was down in the hold with us all a couple of hours before we went in. We were all sitting around listening to G.I. Jive over the radio, and then the C.O., he came in and gave us a little talk. He said you're good soldiers, and everybody grinned kind of sheepish, and then he said you've got good equipment and you won't have much trouble.

At 03.15, we began hearing machine gun fire. Our faces were all blacked so we could be ready to go in and land. When we heard the machine gun fire, everybody kind of grinned again and their teeth looked very white against the faces and I remember thinking that when a man goes into action he ought to keep his mouth shut. A couple of minutes later it sounded like big guns and then we got hit in the hold. The hold filled up with smoke and we all went up and lay on the deck. The French cruisers opened up with big guns. Somebody said they were eight-inchers; they made a hell of a racket. All of a sudden I felt a little numbing pain, but I didn't know I had been hit for a few minutes until the searchlights caught us and my buddy beside me said, "Joseph, you're hit," and I looked down, and sure enough I was hit, but it didn't hurt any, except for a little numbing.

It was getting bad and they started going over the side. I jumped over the side but I didn't have a life preserver, somehow. Then I saw this head bobbing in the searchlights way off, and swimming toward me, and it was this Mulligan. It seemed like forever before he got to me, but he did. He said. "Buddy, are you hit?" I said, "Yes, I'm hit in the back." And he said, "That's all right, I'll get you out." He didn't have any life preserver, either, and he swam with me maybe 100 yards which seemed like 100 miles.

All the time he was towing me he talked to me, something to give you confidence. He had a sort of soft voice and he kept saying, "Hang on, chum, and we'll get you there." After it seemed forever, he got me to this boat, and they got in to shore. I was captured and put in a hospital and treated up till we took Oran, and then the Americans took over the hospital. The last I saw of Frank Mulligan, he was swimming off in the dark after somebody else, and when the searchlights caught onto the water where he was swimming the spray from where his arms hit the water was like crystals there against the light. I choked all up inside and all I could see was his head, which was blond and easy to see against the water, bobbing up and down and not getting on any boat till he did all he could. I won't ever forget it. Not ever.

Sergeant Ralph S. Maerz, Paratroops

We had orders to sleep on the way down, so we slept. We woke up at 7.30 and there was the coast of Africa. We made landfall at about 4,000 feet on Sunday, Nov. 8. It was a clear day.

We flew out on past Oran into the desert, but we couldn't land at the place we were supposed to land at, for some reason. We found a dried-up lake and landed there. Some more of our ships came in and about 9 a.m. they decided to send the three planes with the most gas out again. They loaded us tommy gun men in first and we rolled along about 50 feet off the ground. We got within eight miles of Oran and they came at us, the French fighters. Our company commander was so browned off you could see the veins swelling up in his neck. He started cussing and went to the cargo door and opened it up and stood there with the wind blowing ninety miles an hour, with a tommy gun in his hand, shooting like a madman. It was like spitting at them French airplanes. They didn't even pay attention.

Just then, we started going down. We were going in for a crash landing. We all laid down on the floor. I was lying on my elbows.

THE COUNTRY

brown and green, long hills and long valleys. There may be blood in the rivers and the smoke of battle among the trees. But in the clear morning air it makes a pastoral scene, like a picture postcard.

The platoon leader said, "Maerz, they got me." We landed, and the French planes kept on coming at us, like shooting ducks on the water. Over and over again. Another corporal got up, and they got him as he stood in the cargo door.

We all dived into the ditch. The C.O. was in the ditch standing up like a madman, yelling at them, "Come on, you bastards. Oh, you dirty, goddam bastards, come on," with the tommy gun going. And as soon as he shot one clip out he would grab somebody else's gun and go at it again.

Then they went away, suddenly as they come. But before that, I got a clip through my cheek, went in through my eye, and for a minute I thought I was blind. I could just hear the shooting, and the C.O. yelling his head off, and one guy screamed when they got him, and that was the most awful sound in all the world.

When they left, those that weren't wounded got up and they decided to march them into Oran and the rest of us stayed behind. Capt. Moore, the medical officer, gave them first aid, and we was there in the ditch for thirty-six hours.

One day, I forget which day, I saw this half-track ambulance half a mile away, and I ran for it. It had a jeep with it, and I got in the half-track and somebody else got in the jeep. We headed back toward Oran but we didn't know it hadn't been captured. We got to a street and saw a barricade up ahead. Somebody yelled, "There's a sniper." It was a sniper with a machine gun and he let go a burst. The driver kept straight ahead at full speed and then whipped around the corner and past another snipers' nest, and we got to the part finally that hadn't been taken. I went to the hospital then. I'm all right now.

Corporal George Bowman, Infantry

That place down there is like a movie about the French Foreign Legion, and half the time when you are marching it doesn't seem like you are marching at all, but if you are very, very tired, it is more like you are sitting watching some other men marching across the screen, and not you at all. It doesn't seem real, half the time. It seems more like something out of a dream, or something you remembered long ago, and then you think about it and how you happened to be down there, and know that what you remembered was not something that happened to you, but something maybe you saw as a kid in a movie.

That's the way it was the whole night before I got it, and the next morning when it happened. First, we were at St. Cloud, and we took a garrison there, one of those Foreign Legion garrisons, and I never saw men fight so hard in my life like our men did and their men did. A lot of times I wondered what it would be like, and as it turned out, it was just the way I always thought it would be, being under fire.

The tracers started coming at you out of the night, and you fire at where the tracers come from, and you are very glad that you are not scared, but very tense and do things very fast, without even thinking of what you are doing. But all the time you know you are doing the right thing.

Some of them got killed there at the garrison, but anyway, we went on in, and when we went in the gate I half-way expected to meet Eric Von Stroheim there in a uniform because it was one of those movie forts. We took two officers and 30 men, and then our company was left behind to wait for reinforcements while the rest of the outfit went on up front. We were waiting for somebody, but whoever they were they were a long time in coming.

We waited there till midnight, not smoking or anything, and at midnight, they got there, and we started marching. It was the blackest night you ever saw, and you were always stumbling over something, and finally the dawn came up. Maybe it is because I got it a couple of hours later, but I have never seen anything like that dawn. You have never seen the sky so clear. It was so clear and blue that you felt like you could see yourself in it, like a clear blue mirror.

All around there were the brown hills, and we could see this little town off in the distance, with turrets on the buildings, very white. About this time, we saw our other company up in front of us, and they took a ten and sat down to wait for us. We marched forward to the town together, and it was just getting good and light. Just outside the town we met up with some more soldiers, and some artillery, and the tanks were lined up outside the town; they looked like racing cars ready for a race, and the men in them were sitting around resting and smoking on the ground beside the tanks.

The word got around that something was wrong. Then we waited and somebody said the brains had got in a huddle. The brains decided on a barrage, and we got a barrage. After the barrage we moved up. They had it all figured out the way we would clean up the place, and I was with one officer and a platoon leader and our platoon. We threw away our packs and stuff, everything except our rifles and our belts. I had a submachine gun. We split up both sides of the street, right through the center of the town, and somebody said, "Look out, there's some snipers up ahead," and then something hit me in the arm, and I just stood there, sort of paralyzed for a minute. Then I got mad, and nothing was wrong with my right arm, which had the tommy gun in it, so I let go with the gun, and fired everything in it at this building, until there wasn't any more ammunition, then I sort of half-way staggered over to one side and fell in a doorway. My platoon leader came over and said, "That was beautiful, George, that was wonderful." He moved on up with the rest of them, and took the snipers' nest, and I put a tourniquet on my arm, and they carried me back. I still can't move my left side much, but I'll be better soon. I dumped sulfa on my arm like it was flour. It was the sulfa that saved me. Tell all the guys to do that.

Lieutenant C. E. Spires, Paratroops

It was a very silly way to get it, and I don't know why I had to go all the way to Africa for it to happen I just broke my leg, that's all. There was nothing to it, really. We took off that morning and had orders to take over a landing field at a place called Tebessa. There wasn't anybody holding the field. It wasn't even a 'drome really, just a landing field, and we were supposed to get there before the Germans did. The place had been bombed and we were going to jump. It was a beautiful day, sunshine and no clouds. It was a cinch of a job. Nothing to it. I got there and jumped, and it was so smooth I could have smoked a cigarette on the way down if I had wanted a cigarette. Just before I was ready to land, all the air spilled out of the chute like somebody touching a butt to a balloon. I hit pretty hard, and so I've got the Purple Heart. Prosaic, the whole thing.

Private Francis S. Donnatin, Shock Troops

We put off in the Y-boats at midnight on the Saturday night of November 7, and headed for a town we all nick-named Brooklyn. The town was right near Oran. We took the town without resistance and captured five or six tired-looking characters who were passing for troops. They were strictly from Dixie, but that don't mean the French in general ain't tough because they are plenty tough.

Soon as we took this little jerkwater joint we started hitting the road toward Oran and we walked about a mile and got a 15-minute break. Then some more characters opened up with shells off a small gorge which was level with the bay. We went through that stuff for a few minutes and by this time it was about 11 o'clock in the morning.

There was a big hill up ahead, several thousand feet up, and we started climbing. We climbed all day, and about 5 o'clock that night we seen the French acrost the way and dug holes in the top of the hill. There were 140 of us under command of Capt. Steve Morrisey of New York City.

We ate on field rations and couldn't smoke no butts so we wouldn't show no lights. Three platoons went on lookout and the night was pretty quiet. In the morning, there was clouds over the mountain so thick you couldn't see the bottom, but up where we was it was clear as a bell, and you could see all around you.

THE ENEMY

waiting along the ridges behind his artillery, beside his tanks cagy, battle-wise and tough, the German is a hard opponent

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I opened my eyes and just as I lifted my head up, bang, they got me before my poor weary head was more than six inches offen that pillow of earth.

Well, it was right in the head they got me. I put some sulfa all over it and started down the hill. I found a medical private and he took two more that was wounded, and we went down together. It was miserable, miserable. Took us two days and two nights, with no water or nothing and only some of the field rations to eat. We met a captain and he took us to a field hospital near Oran.

T/5 John W. Morgan, Anti-Aircraft

They came right out of the sun, whining. First they roared and then that sort of whining. We were driving down a little ole road near Mejez El Bab, they call it, with some ack-ack guns, and they come down on us, just like in the newsreels, eight of them, Stukas. What a sorry-looking little ole plane a Stuka is up against some of ours. One of them Stukas dropped a set of eggs right nearby us, just as we was almost getting this gun set up. I felt a sort of numbing in my arm, but I went on working, setting up the gun, and it wasn't till we set up the gun till I knew I had been hit. I dumped sulfa stuff all over my arm, and went on working. It was seven hours before I got to a hospital. It wasn't nothing but a little ole scratch anyway, and I'm about all them Stukas is good for hitting. They didn't hurt nuthing else besides me, and if Berlin don't get them some new planes soon, they ain't going to be able to raise an awful lot of hell. I seen planes barnstorming back home more fierce-looking than them little ole Stukas. P—— on 'em.

Second Lieutenant Robert Phillips, Signal Corps

We heard them before we could see them. At first I thought it was our own motor. You know how a truck whines when you are driving in low gear. We were driving very slowly that morning over a very bad road near Sid Bouzed. The back of the truck was full of radio stuff we were hauling. I kept hearing this whine, and soon there was no mistaking what it was because it kept getting louder and louder. At first I didn't even think to wonder how many of them there were, but kept on driving. There were three other guys with me, and they were all enlisted men. One of them was looking out of the window, and he turned to me and said, "Well, I guess this is where we get it." I stopped the car and looked up. The sky was cloudy that morning, a very low ceiling. They were almost on us, two of them, before we saw them. They spotted us just as we spotted them, and the pilots pulled the throttles back and came in at us wide open. They dropped some bombs and pulled up sharp and went out of sight again into a low cloud bank, and we could still hear their motors. While they were out of sight, we decided they were JU-88's, and then we heard them turn on the steam and come racing back. They wheeled on us like that four times, and when they dropped all their bombs they came at us with their cannon. On the third trip around, I saw this bomb, actually saw the damned thing, coming straight at us and I decided this was it. It was it, all right, and the fragment jarred hell out of me when it hit my arm. For a minute I just stood there, cursing like hell, and then I reached for my first aid kit. I pulled it off the belt and tried to open it, but it wouldn't open, and the bastards came roaring back again firing their cannon, and I hauled back with my right arm, which was the one that wasn't hurt, and let go with the first aid kit and for a minute I swear I thought the damned first aid kit was going to catch one of those damned Jerries smack in his props. They were flying that low.

THE MEN dirty, unshaven, uncomplaining, they hold on to what they've got, and edge along for more. If there's time, they talk to the wounded.

Captain J. P. Mayshank, Armoured Force

I fought them twice and they are tough babies, full of tricks. I didn't fight them like I would have liked to fight them, because I didn't get the chance.

The first time it was 11 o'clock in the morning and I was leading a group of M3's. It was near Madjez El Bab, and if you have ever been there you could never forget the way the country looks. Particularly if you have been there in an M-3 and seen them coming at you over the brown hills, right down through the valleys, which is the way we saw them that first time. I was in the turret watching and they looked just as they looked in the pictures.

We headed for them.

They kept on coming, and I knew pretty soon we would let go with all we had, but I was wrong. There was an explosion over to the right of me, and I thought they had opened up, but I watched again and they weren't firing from the tanks.

They were two and a half or three miles away, coming at us fast, and then I noticed it wasn't the tanks at all that were firing. The bastards had set up some 88 mm. guns.

The second time, it was in the same general sector. I was out with a platoon of ——, and they were out in their Mark IV's. We headed toward them, down the brown valleys in the early morning. I remember there were shadows on the hills, I don't know why I remember except it was such a clear day. We started in toward them again, and the 88's started up again, screening those babies just like fighters screen a bomber. I was in the turret watching them falling all around me, right and left and in front and behind, and then it happened. For a minute I didn't know what had happened and then there was a sharp pain in my leg. I crawled out as the tank caught on fire. I just got away, and then I passed out. It was a funny way to fall, because I didn't fall on my face. Somehow I was lying there on my back, and the last thing I remember is the smoke, very black against the sky, and the heat of the tank against my side, so hot I thought my clothes would catch on fire. There were five or six men in the tank with me. I didn't see anybody get out. A medical officer picked me up. I got a compound fracture and a Purple Heart, neither of which I particularly wanted.

Powell

There was a T/5 rating named Powell, and he was a big farmer. He was at Oran when the shrapnel got him. The shrapnel embedded itself in his big tough hide in four places, but the big farmer kept on going. He threw some sulfanilimide on his wounded hide and went on into battle.

A little later, the big farmer got hit by two bullets, and that floored him for a minute. During that minute the Itie got at him and lifted him into a car. That took the combined efforts of three of them.

They went along about a mile or so up the Tunisian excuse for a road and ran into one of our tanks. The Ities jumped out of the car, trusting their legs more than any mere machine.

The big farmer, three hunks of shrapnel and two bullets, got up and walked over to the tank and rode off. He spent two days in the hospital and went back to find the three Ities.

Nobody knows his real name. They all call him "The Big Farmer."

THE WEAPONS after the paratroopers, with their carbines and tommy guns, have taken what they set out to take, the tanks come rumbling along—General Grants, General Lees, their great guns spitting fire.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM ISLAND FIGHTING TO DRINKS IN INDIA

CPL BRAND

Seaman Walter S. Jones Jr.

How Troopship Leedstown Sank

Planes and subs both attacked famous Grace Liner before torpedo administered coup de grace

WASHINGTON, D. C.—When the U.S.S. *Leedstown* went down off the coast of Algeria, victim of an enemy submarine, there ended also the glamorous career of a noble, pleasure-loving lady.

The U.S.S. *Leedstown*, nee *Santa Lucia*, luxury liner of the Grace Line in the days before such things were stopped, regularly plied the route between New York and South America with nothing more serious on her mind than to get her cargo of passengers and bananas to and fro.

As the U.S.S. *Leedstown*, she was engaged in more serious business—that of transporting Uncle Sam's fighting men to battle areas.

It was on such a mission that she lost her life.

Embarking from an eastern seaport somewhere in the U. S., the *Leedstown* accompanied our invasion of Algeria with her cabins and hold crammed full of soldiers and sailors. Among those present was 18-year-old Seaman Walter S. Jones Jr., who witnessed the violent death of the *Leedstown*, and recorded the dramatic details as they appear in this story.

On the night of the *Leedstown's* arrival, it was so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. Landing boats were lowered and gathered in a wide circle, big black shapes in the night. Landing nets were let over the side and a portable blinker signaled the boats to come alongside. The type of blinker used is a cross between a flashlight and a shot gun, so designed that no one except the person for whom it is intended can see the lights.

The first boatload of men was ready for the several-mile run to shore about 10 o'clock at night; and the unloading and landing operations continued until morning.

Immediately after the landing operations had been completed, the ship began its next assignment. Without a pause, the *Leedstown* began loading wounded for transportation out of the battle area.

Seaman Jones was in a landing boat alongside, helping to board a wounded private and a lieutenant when the first air attack hit. Enemy planes came over and machine-gunned the ship, but the bullets spattered harmlessly.

An Old Gag That Worked

"I worked all day on the landing nets," Jones said, "helping repair some boats that had been damaged by the rocks and surf. It was at dusk that the next air attack came. You always get them at dusk or dawn because in that light the planes are hard to spot. They used an old gag this time to distract our attention. One plane came in close to draw the fire of our gunners. While this maneuver was going on, another plane came in with an aerial torpedo. The soldiers on the sundeck winged the first plane with a 20-mm machine gun, but they didn't stop it. But as it swung past the fantail the boys got it with a 3-pounder set with a two-second fuse. The plane burst into flames and crashed into the rocks on the shore. While we'd been working on that plane, the other one managed to put a torpedo into our fantail, which put our steering gear out of commission.

"All during this attack, there was an operation going on in the sick bay, where the doctor was operating on a lieutenant with a fractured skull."

The next day the convoy moved into Algiers, about 17 miles away, leaving the *Leedstown* behind with one English corvette. It was pretty tense waiting, while the corvette prowled around for submarines.

An attack was expected at dawn, but it didn't come. About 10 in the morning, the corvette dropped a depth charge, which meant that a sub had been sounded somewhere.

About 1:30 two enemy bombers came over and dropped bombs which missed. They were chased away by Spitfires before they could do any damage. Shortly after that, however, two torpedoes from a submarine dealt the fatal blows. The *Leedstown* was hit in the middle. Most of the men in the fire room were killed, but those in the engine room got out.

"I don't know for sure whether the torpedoes started a fire or not," Jones said, "but there was a lot of smoke coming up from amidships. I guess the captain decided with what we were carrying he couldn't take any chances, so he ordered 'abandon ship.' About a hundred of the crew had regular stations for 'abandon ship,' and I was one of them.

"We had to carry out the patients and put them in the one boat that we had left. The motor was so clogged with sand it couldn't run. But we figured it would drift to shore, and it was a lot better than the rafts.

"We started to dump the rafts overboard. They are supposed to be fixed on slides so that you can just cut the lines and let them drop into the water. Somehow ours were all fouled up, so we had to throw them over. Some of the guys who were in too much of a hurry to wait for the rafts jumped into the water. A lot of them got hit by the rafts. Some who couldn't swim jumped over without life belts. One soldier dove off the bridge with his helmet on and broke his neck."

The crew, as a whole, was pretty calm. There were a few, supposed to stay at battle stations, who jumped off. Many more who were supposed to leave the ship, however, stuck around to help out where they could.

The ship was abandoned about 40 minutes after the order had been given.

Every Man For Himself

Those men in the water who could swim went after the rafts as fast as they could make it. Seaman Jones got on one with 11 other men. The rafts were supposed to be equipped with canoe paddles but these had disappeared. There was nothing to do but hope that the raft would drift to shore, which it did.

However, the surf which up to this day had been calm, picked this time to get rough. To make things even worse, the raft started drifting straight toward a stretch of wicked rocks between the two beaches where the landing operations had been made the night before. With the surf pounding like a locomotive on the sharp, jagged rocks, chances of survival faded swiftly.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

In a New Guinea river a bevy of dames indulge in a bit of a bath. They're Army nurses, grabbing a little relaxation.

Here's the OCS Gag in Reverse— This Looey Wants to Be a Private

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—Back in the States before the war, we saw a lot of guys bucking for a Section 8 or a CDD degree to round out their military careers. But we had to come to India to find a second lieutenant bucking to be a private.

Second Leftenant William H. Unger, of the Royal Indian Cavalry, used to be just a plain, ordinary G.I. He was in the U.S. Army Air Corps, an aircraft armorer with "three up and one down" on both sleeves. Back in August, 1941, Unger was a year and eight months gone on his second hitch.

Just at that time, it seemed China needed some "truck drivers." So S/Sgt. Unger got a discharge from the U.S. Army, got himself a passport proclaiming him a "truck driver," and boarded a boat headed for China. By some strange coincidence, Unger went back to being an aircraft armorer when he got there and joined up with Col. Claire Chennault's AVG. He was in the second group of ex-Army and Navy technicians who came out to keep the "Flying Tigers" flying.

Unger stayed with the AVG until last April. The U.S. Army started taking over the "Flying Tigers" then. And that's when Unger's TS story started.

Many of the AVG men were going back to the States. The prospect of returning to his home in Danville, Ill., set all right with Unger. Only he didn't like the method of transportation. He was booked to go on a ship sailing from Calcutta. That was enough to gripe any Air Corps man. But he liked the second feature of the trip home even less—Jap submarines in the Indian Ocean.

So Unger decided to stay in India. He enlisted in the British Army and was sent to an officers' training school. Five months later he was commissioned a second leftenant and assigned to an Indian Cavalry regiment.

By that time, the Yanks had arrived in force in India. Seeing so many G.I.s with their chevrons pointing up instead of down, smelling the odor of fried chicken from American mess halls on Sundays, and hearing "that damned son-of-a-such" instead of "the bloody bloke" made Second Leftenant Unger, of the Royal Indian Cavalry, a little homesick.

Unger still had G.I. sand in his shoes. So he went around to U.S. Army headquarters to see about a transfer. That's where he ran into the thing called military red tape.

The U.S. Army couldn't take him away from the British after they had spent time and money training him as an officer. So he was politely told "no dice." Unger offered to enlist as a buck private in the U.S. forces if they could get him a transfer from the Royal Indian Cavalry. Still no dice.

But Second Leftenant Unger, of the Royal Indian Cavalry, still wants to be a G.I. buck private. After seeing all the brass hats, he still hasn't got to first base. He's what is politely referred to as a "victim of circumstances."

There's only one guy left who can do Unger any good. His chaplain.

YANK Staff Correspondent

When a Guy Can't Get Coke, He Can Always Drink "Champagne"

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA [By Cable] — American troops in India are drinking "champagne" these days, thanks to the ingenuity of a PX officer in this theater.

The "champagne" isn't vintage stock, and its alcoholic content is similar to that of milk, but it's the best available substitute for coke.

Here, where the thirstiest soldiers in the world work and fight in a 130-degree heat during the hot season, the PX officer's job is a headache. Second of America's most distant outposts, supply boats and planes arrive very irregularly here. Naturally, munitions and military supplies get priority over everything else, and that does not help the PX officer when he tries to explain the absence of life's little luxuries to a crochety colonel or a peevish private. Both figure that he should be able to pull things out of his hat.

That is exactly what Capt. G. Barrish, of Philadelphia, did when he was informed that there was no more coke syrup. The Army medical officers refused to OK several native substitutes because they were unsanitary. So Barrish rented a building at an Indian base port, bought bottling machinery, hired help, put enlisted men in charge of supervising the sanitation, and began making a soft drink which was a cross between cream soda and coke.

The new drink, which now sells at the PX throughout India, was promptly dubbed "champagne." The plant is turning out 5,000 bottles daily with the bottle-washing crew doing more than its six hours of daily duty, to keep up with the demand.

The drink sells for three *annas* or 6 cents a bottle. This is wonderful because American beer has been virtually non-existent for the past six months. Only nine cans were rationed out in the entire period.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

Somewhere in the Pacific the men of an aircraft carrier go out in the midday sun. Did you think they were seals?

In India, a sergeant charms a cobra, who is as tough as he is.

They Don't Joke on Guadalcanal When a Battalion Moves Up

WITH THE U.S. ARMY ON GUADALCANAL—The Battalion Command Post wasn't much of a place but it had a wonderful view.

Over the rolling, broken terrain in front you could see the Jap positions we were shelling, and looking back you could watch blue smoke curling lazily up from the guns when the artillery let fly. The 75s thumped back there and the shells lobbed over. Sometimes you could catch the burst on the slope in the distance.

With your naked eye you could see the craters, and through the telescope they came up close. You couldn't see the Japs. They were pretty close to the ground. A plane worked over them from flank to flank, just nosing around.

The front? That's part of it. You can't just walk up to a line in the jungle and say, "This is the front," because in this tangle of trees and vines there is no such thing, actually. There are advance positions and patrols and snipers and strong points, but all are embraced by the jungle.

The CP itself, with its view from the rim of the jungle, was a few hundred yards from our advance positions on the other side of the hill. Through the maze of green, visibility into the bush is practically nil; you can see about as far as you can throw a rock and that's not very far. Men are fighting in that stuff — fighting Japs wearing clothes almost exactly the same shade as our own greens, fighting the heat and mosquitoes and the matted growth on the Solomons hills.

"It's slow, hard work," said a colonel from Chicago. He grinned, showing teeth so white they surprised you when they flashed out from the heavy black beard on his face. There was nothing about him that suggested he was an officer; he wore greens with the coat open all the way down. But he talked like a man with authority and there was pride in his voice. "The boys are getting on to this kind of fighting," he said.

His men were part of the steadily-arriving Army reinforcements, and there were ways of killing a Jap in the jungle that they had to learn for themselves.

The colonel said the CP was scheduled to move up within 24 hours. The battalion was pushing on.

On the hillside, shelter halves were stretched over fox holes dug into the coral. It was hot in the holes, but there is no escape from the heat anywhere on Guadalcanal in the daytime except in a river far to the rear where everybody bathes and washes clothes.

A patrol had come in from the bush to make its report. Sweat-soaked infantrymen, tired and covered with black jungle grime, were sprawled around, half sitting or lying face down on the ground. Belts with yellow-painted grenades attached were flung beside them, and rifles leaned within arm's reach against ammunition cases or tree trunks.

Two soldiers walked over to a half-empty, moisture-sodden packing case and rummaged through tins of rations. Nearby another Yank stood half naked, his coveralls ripped off above the fabric belt. It's all expendable here and a man makes such changes in his clothing as he thinks best. Sleeves and pantlegs are sheared off and leggings are cut low. In the old days the CO would have blown a fuse; here it's different.

Men sat around, watching the shell bursts on the Jap positions, and talked, while officers bent over aerial photographs and the sergeant major made out his morning's strength report. Some of the men had shaved recently, but they were the exception; it's better to have a beard.

Soldier talk at the CP was grim. No foolishness. A patrol last night had run into trouble and another patrol was out now to clean up the machine gun that had caused it. What about snipers? Damn the snipers—get that gun! The guide who was taking the patrol up had been wounded this morning and they'd sent him back. The patrol went on.

Down off the hillside, engineers worked in the sun stripped to the waist. Bulldozers bit into the ground and cleared out a road while our artillery whistled overhead.

The machinery bucked and plunged, and past it in single file came native boys, wearing discarded G.I. clothes or their own wrap-arounds, bearing tins of food and water containers up to the CP. They bent low and felt their way up the steep slope, their big bare toes digging footholds into the ground.

By afternoon a jeep could make it to the top; the bulldozers had pushed their way to the CP at the edge of the jungle; tomorrow they would all go on.

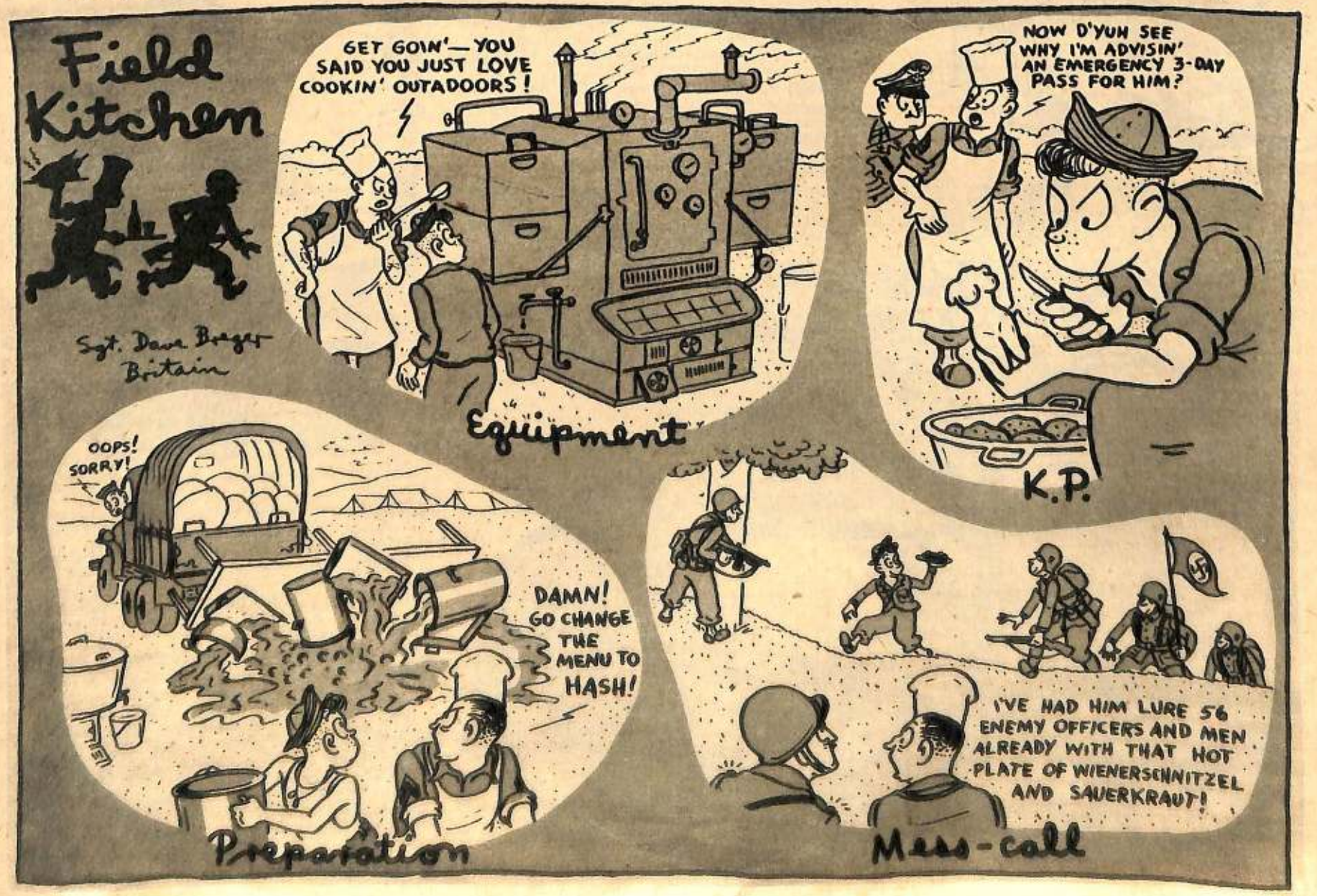
The battalion was moving up.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

A sketch by Sgt. Howard Brodie from the South Pacific.

G.I. JOE

by Sgt. Dave Breger



Combat Rembrandt

"There's no hero stuff involved," he said. "Just us guys laying around the huts, waiting to go out over France." No hero stuff, but these are informal records that tell more about heroes than a dozen combat pieces.

AN AIRDROME SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—I didn't have any boots on and the mud was creeping somewhere around my neck, soft and sloppy as custard.

It's no cinch being lost on a strange airfield late at night, with the wind hurling in your face and nobody around to tell you where your hut is. I stumbled up the dark, wheel-scarred road, nearly falling on my face every five feet.

I didn't even have a torch or a general direction. Only a hut number.

A shape bulked out of the wind and rain and I bumped into it. It was a Nissen hut.

I opened the door. Three English sergeants were sitting around a red-bellied stove.

"Where is hut number 6/16?" I asked.

One lean-faced sergeant looked up at me.

"Well, mate, I think it's right down the road," he said.

Down the road. I couldn't even find a truck track let alone a road.

I went out into the mud again.

Then out of the black a truck banged past me. Its dim headlights showed me that I was ploughing through a field—probably sprouts—yards from the road. I got back on the road and saw another hut.

As soon as I opened the door I saw that an American combat crew had taken over.

They had on every type of G.I. clothing, worn in the most fantastic manner possible. Four of them were playing cards, one was heating water in his helmet, another was stretched on his bunk writing a letter.

I asked my usual questions about huts and a big tech sergeant got up from his bunk and came over to me.

He was a rough looking article, with a scraggly moustache. He had a piece of drawing paper in his hand.

"Wait'll it stops raining, chum, and I'll gin you over. I know that hut," he said.

"Hey, listen to this, Gray." The guy who was lying on the bunk rolled over. "I wrote me a poem."

He read slowly: *"A gun on his shoulder where his books belong. A smirk on his lips that should hold but a song; He's marching off to the war, He's my boy."*

The talking stopped. The card game stopped. The G.I. standing before the stove yelped.

"For God's sake, Ryan. In front of strangers too. What the hell's the matter with you?"

The card players laughed. The big sergeant, Tech Sergeant Joseph R. Gray from Dardanelle, Arkansas, a flight engineer, turret and roving gunner, was annoyed.

"Shut up, you guys," he said. "Give Ryan a break. Just because we're combat don't mean we can't have a hobby."

The stove stander said, "Yeah, a hobby's all right. You got a good one. But Ryan's poems stink."

Gray stuck the paper he was carrying into my hand. "My stuff ain't so hot. I got me a hobby of drawing combat crews during relaxation. You know, stuff the papers don't play up. No hero angle. Just us guys after raids, laying around huts, shaving,

reading. Being ourselves. You probably won't be interested."

The sketch was good, a rough carbon pencil of the four soldiers playing poker.

I asked him if he had any more. He dug out four.

"I ain't no Brodie," he said. "I just get a kick out of doing the guys when they don't know it. When I show 'em the picture it really rocks me the way they look."

The rain had slackened.

The big sergeant reached his hand for his drawings. I hung on. "You wanna keep those?" he said.

I nodded.

Gray put on his flight jacket and boots.

The cards game resumed; the combat standing in front of the stove was shaving; Ryan had gone into a dream over a new poem. Steam was rising from the helmet on the stove.

Gray was at the door. "Come on chicken, I'll take you over to your hut."

I went out into the mud again. And I had his drawings with me. And these are the drawings.

DENTON SCOTT

A WEEK OF WAR

A Red Army night ski patrol investigates the approaches to Rostov.

Berlin Diary

Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth

WHILE the free world was waiting for the Russians to take Rostov, they took Kursk—just like that. There was no fanfare; merely the barren sentences of a cold communiqué . . . *our troops . . . after a swift assault* . . . etc. It was the old story, played on a slightly different pipe. The huge railway junction, the Nazi bastion, one of the four main supply bases for Hitler's Southern Front armies, went down in the night, and another German hope went down with it.

For a brief space the eyes of the free world flickered up to the Central Front, but they did not stay there long. The struggle in the Caucasus was too gripping. Rostov was trembling, was on the verge of falling like a house of cards. The Russians had cut through to the Sea of Azov; they held Viesk and Azov, and they were smashing through the suburbs of Rostov itself. In less than three months the Germans had lost the Caucasus. They held no more than the distance a dry man could spit.

The harried Nazi armies had sworn to hold two bridgeheads, and they did hold one still, one that led straight to the Kerch Peninsula and from there to Sevastopol. But the other was gone, and Rostov was going, and down from the North, down through Kramatorsk, moving along the railroad towards Stalino, towards Mariupol on the sea, a tough Russian finger was prodding. The German armies at Rostov might well go the way of the ones who fell and froze and surrendered before Stalingrad.

The Russians weren't missing a trick. They had Hitler on the run and they knew it, and they weren't going to stop for anything. Germany, at long last, was beginning to realize that she was slipping behind the eight ball, slipping fast, and it was beginning to look as though Hitler wasn't quite good enough as a cue-wielder to get her out again. In Berlin the crocodile tears had flowed for three days, wept for the defeat suffered at Stalingrad; the radios had played nothing but dirges and men were afraid to joke. One decree after another was being clamped down on nervous Germany. Now they were closing all the shops that weren't necessary for existence; some people figured that 120,000 stores would close their doors. They were drafting the artists and architects. They were calling up the lawyers. Goebbels screamed that the Fatherland needed men and more men.

Men to replace those dead at Veliki Luki. Men to replace the silent armies that had lain in the snow before Stalingrad. Men who in the Caucasus had fallen in pools of oil that they never would get to use. Men dead on the ice and on the plains and in the forests. Live men to replace dead men. Live men to become dead men. The lame, the halt, the blind. Anything. *Fur Fuehrer und Vaterland. Heute gehört uns Deutschland, morgen die ganze . . .* what was the rest of that song?

Forgotten.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a Hitler. Germany was beginning to sweat a bit, and the mythical encirclement that she had howled about at the height of her power was at last becoming an actuality. Save for a strip of land that was half of Tunisia and a strip of land called "Norway" on the maps, she was hemmed in, trapped, and the lambs that had been the United Nations were becoming wolves. They were wolves in the snows of Russia, and they were wolves in the air over Germany and the occupied countries, and they were waiting wolves in Tunisia. Spring was around the corner, and the wolves were tensing their muscles. Where they might spring next, no one knew, least of all Adolf Hitler. Some people in Germany thought that Norway might see an invasion, and they said so. "It would be a catastrophe for us," one magazine said. Some Germans thought it might be through France. Italy, of course, thought it would be through Italy; the air raids that were striking her centers of production seemed like an omen of an assault to come.

Soviet anti-tank guns before Kursk.

He wanted men and more men.

Meanwhile, oblivious to the state of the German Homeland, oblivious to what her Allies were doing, completely wrapped up in the job at hand, Russia plowed on. Field Marshal Paulus, captured before Stalingrad, was to be brought up before a court martial on charges of committing atrocities in the Caucasus, and it looked very much like: So long, Mr. Paulus, Russia had plans, lots of plans, but the Russians were keeping them to themselves. The plans, the Russians figured, would show up in the communiqués after a while. And if not—well, they were still good plans.

For once, Germany did not look forward to spring. This time the move would not be hers. This time she was on the defensive, and she knew it. Gloom had descended on the country of A. Hitler; the war was beginning to tell on her. Lacking the staying power of England, the resources of America, the manpower of Russia, Germany was beginning to feel like a country that had paused before the shop of a maker of tombstones, to see, with a shock, one small plain cenotaph on which had been carved

HERE LIES NAZI GERMANY
1933—

And the maker of tombstones was getting ready to put on the second date.

EXIT COUNT CIANO —E PLURIBUS JERKUM

Edda *Ciano* *Musso*

ONCE upona da time there was thees place name Italia, and eet was fulla da beega da chest anda da beega da jaw anda eet was run by Benny da Muss, name *Il Duce*. Anda thees Muss he'sa had da son-in-law name da Count Ciano, whosa married da daughter ofa da Muss name Edda. Thees Edda was one smarta bambina anda she'sa say to thees Count Ciano, "*Caro mio*, I gotta da beega theengs planned for you. You justa hang on to poppa's Blackshirt tails and you'll go da plenty places." So thees Count Ciano he's hung onto da Blackshirt tails anda, *donna mia!* he'sa sure wenta da plenty places. He'sa go to da Brenner Pass anda he'sa go to Berlin. He getsa all over da jointa. Which isa more than can be saida for da soldiers of Edda's poppa. "*Aya yuch nehm,*" Benny da Muss saysa one day, "theengs is bad everywhere. In Libya—Oi! In Tripolitania—Oi! In Russia—Oi, oi, oi! Itsa shouldn't happen to a Duce!" Anda then Benny da Muss givesa da whistle to hisa son-in-law. "Hey, Ciano," he'sa says, "come here." So thees Count Ciano comesa over to Il Duce. "Whassamatter, pop?" hesa says. "You want I shoulda go to Berlin again, huh?" "Listen, hunk of gorgonzola," Benny da Muss says, "I wanta that you should getta outa here. Itsa doesn't matter whatta my Edda says. You're likea Hitler saysa I am—*caput.*" Anda that was the enda of thees Count Ciano, anda how'sa your foreign policy thees days, keed?

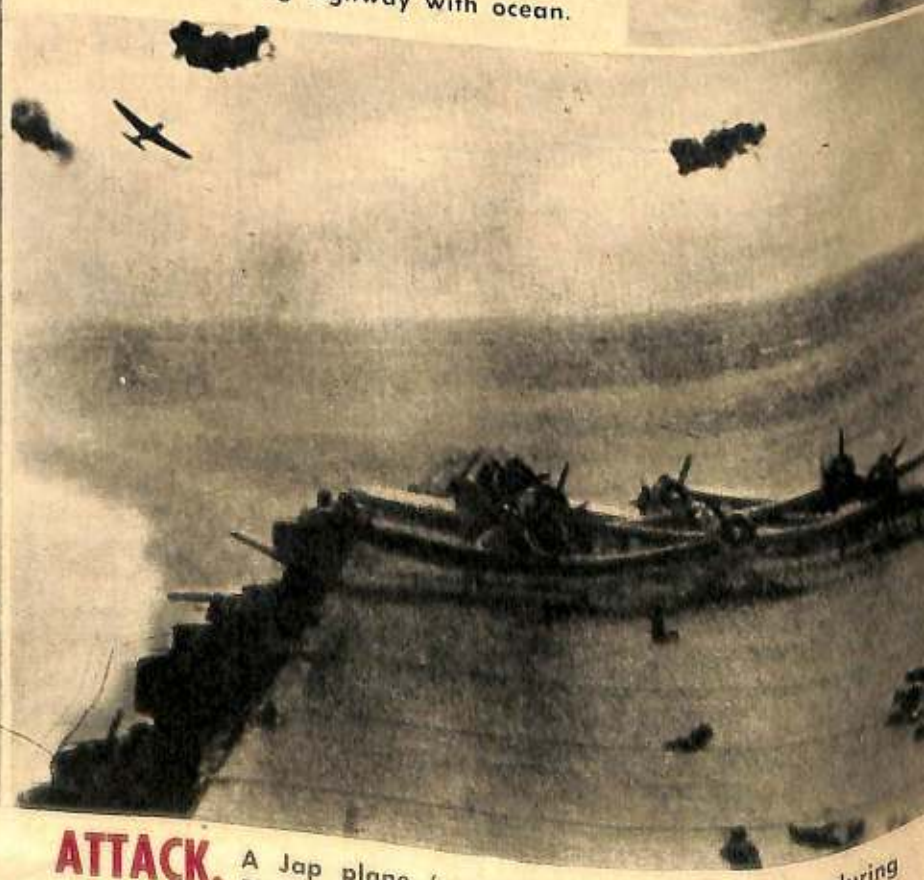
AT SEA. Aboard a transport carrying American troops to Pacific base, services are held on the deck. The life preservers aren't removed.

TRIPLETS. Roy, Bob and Dick Housman, 18, ride in M5 tank at Ft. Knox., Ky., where they are training.

UNSCHEDULED. Crew of Flying Fortress, forced down on New Guinea beach, meets the local belles. And seems to find them friendly.

ALCAN LINK. Outside Skagway, Alaska, is only railway connecting highway with ocean.

DESERT DOG. In the North African war zone, Brig. Gen. Auby Strickland, commander of U. S. fighter squadron, greets Sandfly, the mascot. Sandfly has brought luck to the fliers.



ATTACK. A Jap plane (upper left) attacks a carrier during Pacific battle in which raiders sustained heavy losses. Men in the open hug deck while the antiaircraft gunners get to work.

FAMILY AFFAIR. Dad (Pvt. Willie Collins, 39,) and son (Pvt. Willys, 19), serve KP sentence for hijinks at Foster Field, Tex.

CANTEEN. One U. S. camp in India depends on well for water. After it's pulled up by ox team, Army purifies it.

YOU, TOO? New WAAC Ruby Newell discovers KP at Daytona Beach, Fla.

RETURN. Grim U. S. soldiers on the New Guinea battlefront bring back one of their wounded comrades.

HER IDEA. Jerrie Buckley is not only the wearer, but also the designer of this net swim suit, a 1943 model.

NO. 11. Wife of Pvt. Thomas Halaszynski, McKeesport, Pa., now gets allotment boosted to $162 monthly.

SERENADE. In Hawaii, Cpl. Irvin Bluestein finds Waikiki Beach very much worth while the visit.

News From Home

Even a good war can't completely quell the lighter side of life

Errol Flynn was acquitted by a Los Angeles jury on the statutory rape charges, but except for some of his lady fans, most people turned their interests to more important matters. And there were many serious things for both men and women to think about last week.

In the most drastic of all the war's changes in the draft, Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt issued an order to all men in 70 non-essential occupations to get into war work by April. 1, or face immediate induction into the Army.

Dependency alone is no longer considered sufficient cause for deferment, McNutt said, and men in non-essential jobs will be called even if they are married and have children.

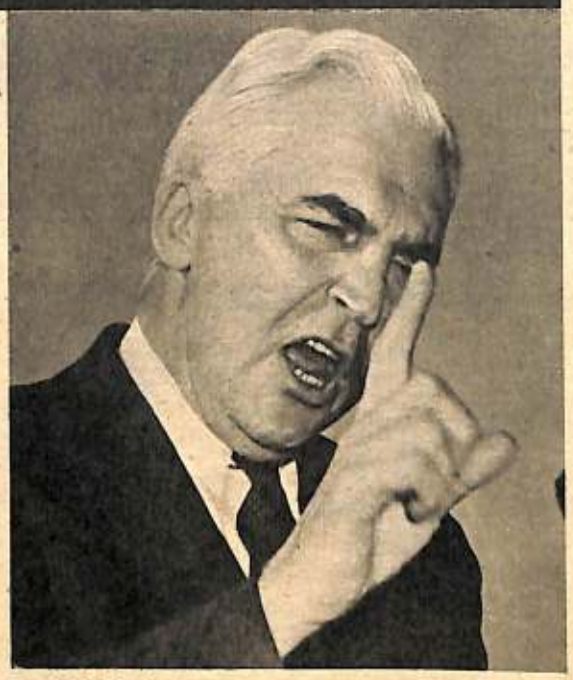
"This is only the beginning," the silver-haired manpower boss announced. "Mind you, this is not the final list of unessential jobs. It will be enlarged as demands for manpower become greater," he said.

The order was followed up by thousands of family men, facing early induction for the first time, flooding U. S. Employment Service offices to register for war jobs. Registration cards will be regarded by draft boards as evidence that they are seeking vital war work.

Meanwhile, the House Military Affairs Committee is considering a strongly supported Bill to revamp McNutt's order and to prohibit induction of fathers until eligible single men and husbands without children have been called.

While McNutt's order was being discussed by the people and Congress, the Navy and Marines took in draftees for the first time in history. The sweeping revision in Navy-Marine personnel procurement results from the new plan channeling all men through Selective Service, allowing no volunteer enlistments except among 17-year-olds. Inductees are now allowed to select their own branch of service providing they meet the physical requirements of the branch of their choice. Thus many who are rejected by the Navy or Marines for physical defects are accepted by the Army.

Liberal leaders in the House of Representatives planned to try to block House endorsement of the Rules Committee's recommendation that Rep. Martin Dies' (D., Tex.) un-American activities investigators be allowed to renew their probings under a new committee sponsored by Rep. Howard Smith (D., Va.) for the investigation of any government branch. The Liberals charged that both committees are creatures of anti-New Deal conservatives, who oppose the Roosevelt Administration.



Paul V. McNutt said that dependency no longer means deferment.

Indications are that a modified Ruml plan will be adopted, relieving the taxpayers much for last year's tax debts, but possibly spanning the time of payments by months or even years.

President Roosevelt told a conference of leading legislators at the White House that a maximum of 7,500,000 men in the Army are needed to carry the war to a successful conclusion. He also discussed the anti-U-boat offensive, hinting that America and Britain are now building more ships than the Axis could sink.

The story that Finland may drop out of the war cropped up again after the President met with Arthur Schoenfeld, U. S. Minister to Finland. M. Procope, Finland's Minister to the U. S., was expected to confer with State Department officials, but Finnish legation spokesmen said there was no particular significance to Procope's visit, saying that no important developments in Finnish foreign policies were likely until the Finnish presidential election Feb. 15.

Hitler was very much in the news and on the mind of the people back home this week. First, the pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist *N.Y. Daily News* published an editorial entitled, "The Guy May Be Dead," then Joseph Davies, former U. S. Ambassador to Russia, followed up the radio by suggesting that *der Fuehrer* may be dead, but that the Nazis are still very much alive and are continuing the fight. Then various columnists toyed around with the idea. All of this was followed up by a big betting spree throughout the country.

The whole thing started because the Nazi chief was last seen in public on January 8. The Nazis announced that Hitler received Admiral Doenitz, new commander-in-chief of the German Navy on February 2 at his headquarters. But the people back home are still asking: "Where is Hitler?"

Then Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles came out saying that Hitlerism, Fascism and Japanese militarism would have been far less probable if a generation ago the U. S. was willing to bear its share of responsibility for world order.

No, these are not Marines in Labrador. They're Forest Hills housewives, doing a spot of knitting and sewing for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Ecstatic at her work is this female guard at the U. S. Naval Air Service Station.

William M. Jeffers, head of the nation's rubber program, had another run-in with the Army this week. He rejected an Army suggestion that 7,000,000 autos be conscripted by the government for conservation of rubber and extra tires on 27,000,000 other cars be likewise conscripted.

The consumers came in for a tighter squeeze again this week. First, Director of Economic Stablization James Byrnes announced that, effective at once, shoes will be rationed at the rate of three pairs for each person a year. And the Office of Price Administration set March 1 as the date for rationing more than 200 different food items.

There is a hot fight in Congress over plans to change the present income tax collection system to the pay-as-you-go type. The House Committee showed little sympathy for the proposal of Beardsley Ruml, pay-as-you-go author, to cancel last year's taxes and start over by collecting from the taxpayers as they earned their money. Ruml was grilled for five hours by the Committee which handled him tartly.

With Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald: the late Major Woody Van Dyke.

For the nth time, Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner said goodbye to all that.

Hitler was also accused of murdering his own sweetheart, Geli Raubal, daughter of Hitler's half-sister. The accuser was "Putzi" Hanfstaengle, one-time pal of the Nazi boss, who said in a magazine article that Hitler killed his sweetheart because she fell in love with her singing teacher, a Viennese Jew.

Vice-President Wallace and Wendell Willkie were on the news scene again this week. So was Mrs. Roosevelt. The Vice-President wrote in *American Magazine* that an unplanned peace could be a disaster worse than the war. He said the United Nations should establish an investment corporation, under whose direction public and private capital would be used for world-wide reconstruction. And Willkie wrote a letter to the New York newspaper *P.M.*, saying that now is the time to work with Russia for a post-war world. He said that instead of "keeping the Russians at arms length I would recommend that while the war is on we draw them into every conference and council we can."

Mrs. Roosevelt said in New York that in order for the people of the United States to keep a high standard of living, we must think "in terms of a high standard for the people of all countries." She said that it is self-preservation for us to see that the rest of the world "does not go under."

The war death rate among merchant seamen totals 3.8 per cent of the total men involved, said Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, War Shipping Administrator, who paid tribute to the courage of America's 70,000 merchant marine men. He pointed out that the losses are nearly four times that of the current rate of casualties suffered by the armed forces. At the same time the U. S. Maritime Commission announced that 110 ships were launched in January, including eight Liberty ships, six long-range tankers, 12 long-range cargo vessels, and six special Navy vessels.

The people on the war production lines were not very much in the news this week, but E. I. du Pont, chairman of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., announced in a broadcast for men overseas that in the past two years American industries "have gone ahead 30 or 50 years as measured by the old rate of development."

He predicted that great chemical plants would turn out quantities of materials undreamed of before the war, and that manufacture of synthetic rubber would almost equal the amount grown naturally by the whole world before peace comes.

In a large Indiana arms plant a young woman worker was so determined that "nothing shall stop me help to win the war" that she refused to leave her job—even though she was pregnant. A healthy 8-pound baby was born to her in the factory cloakroom.

Edsel Ford, son of Henry Ford, said that he was very much concerned about the employment of men and women over 40 after the war, and that American industry would have to "emphasize" the employment of workers over 40. He also said his company employs 12,000 blind or partially blind men, 111 deaf mutes, three armless men, 10 without legs, and over 10,000 workers in various stages of disability.

John L. Lewis put in his two cents worth again by serving notice that he is demanding a $2 a day wage hike for his 450,000 bituminous coal miners when the current wage contract with the operators expires on April 1. The demands are contrary to the "Little Steel Formula" laid down by the War Production Board, which limits pay increases to 15 per cent of the January, 1941 figure. There is new concern at Washington about the "Little Steel Formula" and there have been suggestions that the Formula be revised.

While Lewis served his notice, the presidents of the AFL and CIO conferred with President Roosevelt on the subject of the rising cost of living which they said was "getting beyond bounds." CIO's Philip Murray and AFL's William Green told the President that there is a rise in the cost of living while wages remain stationary. And Prentiss Brown, Price Administrator, announced that he plans to fight price inflation at every step.

The whiskey pumps at officers' club throughout the nation were running dry this week. The War Department began a rigid enforcement of a 1901 order prohibiting anything except 3.2 beer on military premises. Officers attending their clubs or messes were in the same spot as enlisted men, they could either drink beer and be happy or hike to nearby towns for the harder stuff. Many officers' clubs were caught with large stocks of supply and they had to hurry up and get rid of the stuff.

Joseph Davies said Hitler might be dead.

The U. S. Supreme Court ruled that physicians in Connecticut do not have a right to challenge the state law prohibiting them from offering information for birth control to prospective mothers, thus quashing the widely-awaited test case sponsored by liberal social agencies, which sought to unconstitutionalize the Connecticut statute.

In San Diego, Cal., Maj.-Gen. Holland Smith, commanding general of the Marine Fleet Force in the San Diego area, was arrested after a two-mile chase through dimmed-out streets. He was charged with being a hit and run driver and drunken driving. Police said the general's car struck Alvin Wilder, 23, Navy machinist's mate, during the pursuit by the police.

Mickey Rooney, 22, and Ava Gardner, 19, announced their final separation and said, "It's definite this time." In a joint statement, the couple said, "We both sincerely regret that we couldn't work out our problems together." Lana Turner, 22-year-old film star, obtained the annulment of her marriage to Stephen Crane, New York stockbroker, after she testified that he failed to get a final divorce from Carol Ann Kurtz before his marriage with her July 17. She said she did not know he was not legally divorced until she was pregnant. The court is safeguarding the legitimacy of her unborn child.

A federal court in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, sentenced

The Law finally caught up with Jake the Barber. Penalty: 10 years in the clink.

It was recommended that Martin Dies continue his hunt for un-Americans.

Jacob Factor, Chicago financeer to 10 years after he pleaded guilty to swindling people in Iowa of $1,000,000 in a whiskey promotion scheme via the mails. Factor was once accused of swindling British investors of more than $6,000,000 in stock transactions. In addition to the prison sentence, he was fined $10,000. Factor was kidnapped by the Roger Touhy gang in 1933, all of which resulted in landing the gangsters in the hoosegow for 99 years.

W. S. Van Dyke, the man who popularized the "Thin Man" pictures, died at his Los Angeles home this week. The famous Hollywood film director was 44, and recently was discharged from the Marines because of ill health. He was a major in the Leatherneck outfit.

At Ithaca, N.Y., nearly 2,000 Cornell University students and instructors became guinea pigs for the Army in an experiment to combat influenza. The Army Medics are testing two new vaccines, one of which is described as a "new preparation of great promise" and the other as a "control."

And in New York City, a federal court heard a new excuse in an attempt to dodge the draft. John Collura, 19, brought up on charges of attempting to ignore the call of the people, said he was very willing to fight, "but I have lived an hygienic life and don't want my body infested with poisonous serums." The youth said he was a vegetarian and the court gave him one week to change his mind.

The next time you read an ad about those "dishpan hands," you may take it more seriously. Allan Wiley, 17, told Mrs. Helen Randle, wealthy socialite of Annapolis, Md., that she has dishpan hands. Mrs. Randle became so enraged that she got a gun and killed the boy, also wounded her husband in the leg.

Vice-President Wallace dreaded the possibility of an unplanned peace.

THE POETS CORNERED

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

ENGINEER OCS

Here lies the bones
Of Lt. Jones.
A graduate of this institution,
Who in his first fight
Thought he was right
In using the school solution.

—Pvt. Anon.

LINES TO A CENSOR

I've got a girl so far away,
And she is sweet and frail,
But how can I send my love to her
When the censor reads my mail?

This girl is, oh, so very sweet—
I love her willy-nilly,
But how can I tell her of my love
When in print it looks so silly.

I hate the thought of those tender words
Being read by stranger's eyes:
The soul-writ words for her alone
The lies and alibis.

So, read my letters gently, sir.
They are not meant for you,
But for a girl so far away,
I scrawl this silly goo.

But when you read my letter, sir,
And laugh with profound delight,
Remember, sir, that another censor
May laugh at the letters you write.

—Sgt. JOHN PURCUSSIA

India

RESTRICTED

Girls who live in a quiet block
Are often referred to as Private Stock.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

Scott Field, Ill.

BEHIND THE UNDERWEAR EIGHTBALL

Heads you lose
And tails the same;
Whatever you choose
You lose the game.

Dice can be rolled
Or flip a nickel:
Cottons are cold
And woolies tickle.

—Lt. RICHARD ARMOUR

Antiaircraft Artillery

A WAAC, A WAVE AND A WOLF

For centuries a uniform
Has played a major part
Both upon the battlefield
And to win a woman's heart.

Since Galahad and Lancelot
We've moved at rapid pace:
Women now wear uniforms
Instead of yards of lace.

But chivalry is not yet dead
And to me it does behoove
To announce the formation of
A manly branch of WOLVES.

We men in uniform and out
Are bound by sacred oath
To maintain chivalry and love,
We'll forever cherish both.

You've seen us in each cocktail lounge
From Orleans to Duluth:
Wherever there's a WAAC or WAVE
There will always be a WOLF.

So if your femme has joined the ranks
Do not worry for her part:
Remember that we'll do our best
To console her lonely heart.

—Pvt. ROBERT JAMES VERGERONT

Morrison Field, Fla.

NOISY YARDBIRDS

It's 9 o'clock and all is well,
The lights are out—so now I'll tell
Of the queerest noises in the night
That come from characters on my left and right.

The wheezers wheeze their sad refrain,
The burpers burp and relieve a pain,
One overnight guest lets out a yell,
Another yardbird cries, "This is hell."

Never again will I go AWOL.
A dogface on my left gives forth a moan,
Awake with insomnia I let out a groan,
The guys with asthma pant and gasp,
Another yardbird's cough sounds like a rasp.

They touch my heart, they're yardbirds in pain;
When you think they're through they start again.
I murmur, low and deep,
"Shut up, dammit; let me sleep."

—A/C IRA KATZMAN

Nashville, Tenn.

BED CHECK

The first time I get bed check,
I find it's quite a bother;
I'm pacing hard the latrine floor
And worrying like a mother.

"Where are my blund'ring boys tonight?"
Oh, wild am I with woe.
They must be in by 12 tonight,
Or down their names must go.

What my mother must have gone through
When she'd wait up for this lout.
Alack! I know now how she felt
On her jaunts to bail me out.

Eleven o'clock and all's not good—
There're 20 bunks still empty.
I'm pacing hard the latrine floor
(Ahboomp, ahbimpety, bempety!)

Eleven-thirty and what do you think?
There's only one guy missing!
If he's not in by 12 tonight,
His name I will be listing.

He'll get some extra duty sure—
They'll make it tough for him!
With a half hour more to go,
He'd best start coming in!

"He'd best start coming in," I muse.
"One empty bunk, by heck!
One empty bunk, one empty bunk,
One empty bunk to check."

I'm pacing hard the latrine floor
While sleep on me is creeping;
I sit me on a latrine bowl—
And bye and bye I'm sleeping!

The blasted bugle wakes me up,
The latrine's bright with shine.
More to my woe I later find—
That empty bunk was mine!

—LEONARD GUARDINO

Camp White, Oreg.

Mail Call

Dear YANK.

Are you the lucky lads to receive the enclosed picture of these four G.I.s (Glacier Icemen). Nope, these four dogfaces are not wet behind the ears; that's ice. . . . From left to right I offer you: T/Sgt. N. C. Duell, S/Sgt. Mickey McGuire and Pfc. A. P. Peterson, and, in the rear, Sgt. E. J. Breitzmann.

Duell and McGuire are in deep study of one of the babes with the terrific torso that you ran in this issue YANK. Pete is trying to think up some way of arranging a mutual transfer of some of that heat down New Caledonia way for a wee bit of our air-cooled breeze. Breitzmann is still trying to figure out the one the sourdough pulled on the proper way to catch a polar bear: First, cut a hole in the ice; second, open a can of peas, then when the bear comes up to take a pea, kick him in the ice hole.

—Pfc. J. J. MALONEY

Alaska

Dear YANK:

If Pfc. Lou Slawson [YANK, Jan. 13] was over there and knew his business as he expects others to, he'd know that it was the lads from the U. S. Coast Guard that took the lads ashore, and a darned good job they did. Like quite a few people he doesn't seem to know about the best of services for such tight work.

—A. TUMINOWSKI, Cox.

Portsmouth Navy Yard, N. H.

Dear YANK:

During a recent maneuver, I succeeded in flying a jeep. While on an obstacle course showing some officers the merits of the jeep, we spied a sand hill off to one side of the road which looked so inviting, so perfect for a real test, that I couldn't resist trying it out. We tore down the road, up the side of the mound, and went sailing through the air. The result was a smashed nose for me, a bent bumper for the jeep, and what I think must be the greatest leap any jeep ever made. We measured the distance from the point where the wheels left the ground at the top of the mound to the hole we dug in the earth when we landed. I am proud to say that Uncle Sammie's piece of power soared 38 feet 6 inches forward, and 16 feet into the air. That *must* be some kind of a record. If so, I would like to claim it.

If you would be so kind as to check this and notify me as to whether my jump was any good or not, I would greatly appreciate it.

—Pfc. JAMES FORGIONE

Robins Field, Ga.

Until someone else puts in a claim, you're the champ.

Dear YANK:

I've been mulling over S/Sgt. Louis Weber's recent letter [YANK, Dec. 23]—don't ask me where I got the time for said mulling—and believe there is a good answer to his fair question re: the stress laid on drill.

I don't know whether Sgt. Weber was referring to Medical Administrative Corps OCS, when he mentions "in one school (specialized) as much as 70 per cent of your grade is earned or lost on the basis of drill," I have a hunch he was. Anyhow, my first reaction when I became a candidate was similar. However, after having sweated out seven long weeks here, I think I can see the school's point of view. The thing which is constantly banged into our heads here (and which is true) is that an officer is primarily a *teacher*. Think that over, sergeant, and you'll see that it's true, and especially of the lower grades.

Being a specialist yourself isn't enough; it may call for a good noncom's rating, but not a commission. An officer has to be able to do things but, more important, to teach others and to lead them.

Drill ability may seem to be an arbitrary basis on which to estimate that intangible command presence. But how else are you going to do it, in the short length of time an OCS course allows? Perfection not being a particularly prevalent quality anywhere, mistakes doubtless are made. Some men may wash out for drill deficiency who might have made good officers, but the percentage is in favor of the system.

Will you excuse me? I have to get out and practice my drill!

—OC WILBERT M. FITZPATRICK

Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Dear YANK:

In your Nov. 4 issue you had a letter from Cpl. Orville L. Adaman in which he claims the Army doesn't do much except "in a USO for recreation." I wonder if he realizes that there are some branches of the Army that haven't seen a USO and have worked 12 hours a day come hell and high water. This outfit hasn't had a drink of beer and seen over four white women.

—Cpl. RAY J. POLLOCK

Alaska

Dear YANK:

Today we are fighting a war for our very existence. We are fighting for the "truths we hold to be self-evident." Why fight among ourselves? A little good-natured kidding now and then, yes; but nix on the sarcasm. It only creates hard feelings among the services when what we need is cooperation.

—Pvt. BILL GREEN

Fort Devens, Mass.

Agreed. Let's win the war by fighting the enemy only.

Dear YANK:

I was married to a South African girl during my stay in that part of this continent. This picture was taken just as the party left the church. From left to right: S/Sgt. S. Giddings, of Illinois, best man; Miss Dorothy Walsh, of Durban, bridesmaid; acting 1st Sgt. W. B. Larson, groom; and the bride, the former Ann Rose Barnett, of Durban.

Africa —S/Sgt. W. B. LARSON

Dear YANK:

After reading "Life in Labrador" by Sgt. Richardson [YANK, Oct. 28], we engineers have reached one accord: Sgt. Richardson and his whole group of underprivileged boys in Labrador (that bleak and barren place) have our heartfelt sympathy and they have our word of honor we will visit the chaplain (when we see one) daily and meditate in our quiet nour for them.

Since when have the Canadians allowed G.I. dogfaces to call them Eskimos? If they read this implication in YANK, your poor boys will not be able to get their seven candy bars a week from them. By the way, what is candy?

Women are unheard, unseen and unknown here—including all nationalities, races or creeds.

—1st Sgt. THEODORE V. HROMADKA

Greenland

Dear YANK:

We came to Greenland 18 long months ago and, pal, in all that time we have yet to see a female white or native.

—Cpl. ARTHUR STANLEY

Greenland

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 35
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By the men . . for the men in the service

The African Conference

THE AFRICAN MEETING between President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and other leaders of the United Nations was proof, if any was needed, that democracies can get together in a united cause.

The fact that the Allies are in complete agreement on what to do in this war and now have resources enough to carry out the job has two big implications.

First: the politicians and the military are moving together and they know where they're going. That means no delay; no hesitation. It means pounding the Axis on all fronts according to a positive plan. It means getting the war won at the earliest possible time. From now on, every blow puts us closer to the knockout.

Second: the fact that the Allies reached unanimous agreement on conduct of the war proves that they also can get together on the peace that follows this war. We must not win the war and lose the peace, as we did last time.

Most of us have pretty definite ideas by now on what we're fighting for. The fox holes and lousy jungles and torturing deserts and death-threatened ships at sea get men back to fundamental thinking about a civilization throughout the world that, under God, will endure with freedom and justice for all. And the nubbin of that last statement is the final two words—for all.

There is probably not a man, woman or child in all the United Nations who is not in some way fighting this war. There is no distinction made in the war between peoples or races, classes or causes, groups or ideals.

If we are all good enough to fight, we are all good enough to share in the peace. The peace must prevent the reappearance of the kind of men and ideas that juggle our world for their own selfish benefit.

The peace must be a victory for all who have shared this war. And now, having proved we can unite for the war and having set out to win it, perhaps we should start thinking about the Battle of the Peace.

STRICTLY G.I.

Buttons Again

SADDEST note about the plastic button situation is that all G.I.s are going to have to sew them on themselves. The QMC will issue needles, thread, and instructions with the buttons, and your nearest corporal will probably be happy to give you sewing lessons.

New buttons are already going to manufacturers of overcoats and blouses for use on future deliveries. The change-over for men already in the service will come first to overseas troops. Then the men at staging areas will make the change, and finally the units in the U. S. It can't happen all at once, says the QMC, because the change-over has to be geared to the production of buttons.

The new buttons will be olive drab plastic of the same design as the brass ones. The QMC figures they will save 365,000 pounds of brass in 1943.

The change-over applies to brass insignia, too. Wearers of regimental and battalion insignia may keep what they have, but the manufacture of new ones is being stopped.

All Steel and Double-Edged

The Ordnance Department has just standardized a new knife for sticking Japs, and it's a honey. Knife, trench, M3, it's called. It's a blue steel job, with an eight-inch blade, double-edged about half way, and has a grooved rawhide handle guaranteed not to slip in your hand. Handy for stabbing, slicing or throwing.

Supply Items

The QMC has ordered knitting mills to make shorts, undershirts and long winter underwear in regulation khaki instead of white. Reason for the change: white undies flapping from the clothes line attract enemy aircraft. . . . Because shaving is difficult and sometimes dangerous in extremely low temperatures, beard clippers are being shipped to Yanks in Arctic regions. Beards must be trimmed to prevent ice forming in them, the QMC reveals.

Wedding Banns

Yanks stationed overseas may marry if they receive permission from their superiors, but it's a honeymoon in the guardhouse if they wed without an official OK. To be on the safe side, permission should be sought in writing two months before the intended wedding.

Valuable Antique

A medal designed by George Washington in 1782 will be back in circulation in 1943. The War Department is dusting off the Legion of Merit and will award it to the officers and enlisted men of all branches of the armed forces of this country and of friendly nations for "extraordinary fidelity and essential service."

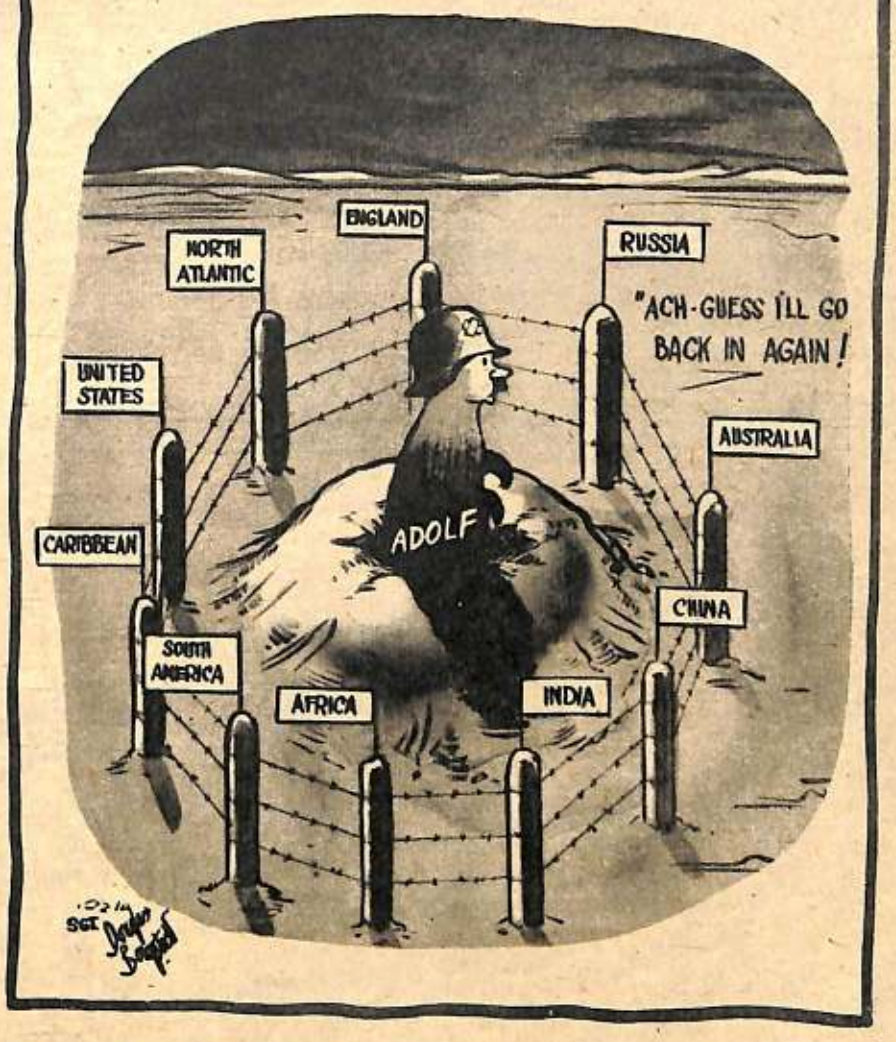
A Smear Campaign

A poor substitute for real men (but nevertheless gratifying to the girls who work in defense factories) are the War Bond posters of soldiers, sailors and marines. Some posters are not up a day without being kissed. The girls rouge their lips, then roll their heads while kissing the poster, making a perfect imprint.

Correction, please

In our issue of February 7th we state, God help us, that shavetails get 180 bucks overseas base pay. Well, they don't. They only get 165. Do not hit the Editor; he is fragile as china.

GROUND-HOG TIME



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Fair Exchange

Field Marshal Hermann (Fats) Goering was 50 years old last week and happened to be in Budapest, so the Hungarian government naturally gave him another medal for a birthday present, the Hungarian "Grand Cross of the Order of Merit on the War Ribbon with Swords." Just to make it even-Stephen, Goering, according to a BBC broadcast, gave the Hungarian government a present, too — an order for an additional 150,000 troops to replace those already buried in Russia.

Double-Talk

Too much saki might explain these remarkable interpretations of the war news as broadcast recently by the Tokyo radio. "In Russia our victorious German allies are now inflicting heavy losses on the *pursuing* Russians. In Africa all Anglo-American attacks in landing operations have been repulsed on the African coast, *except where they have succeeded.*"

Il Duce's contribution of the week to Axis victory in North Africa is chapter 4, "On Technique of Surrender," from a captured Italian Officers' Handbook: "Instruct the men to unload their rifles, place a piece of white material on top of the rifle and hold up their hands."

They Counted Their Chickens—

The Nazis were so sure that Britain would fold up after the air blitzes of 1940 that they issued the following order to Luftwaffe bombers, said a recent BBC broadcast: "Spare hotels and country clubs in coastal towns so that these will remain intact for the use of staff officers when England is successfully invaded by our troops."

Pictures: 1, Cpl. Steven Derry. 2, BOP. 3, Planet. 4, top, BIPPA; bottom, AP. 5, top, AP; bottom left, AP; right, BOP. 6, Washington (D.C.) Star Staff. 7, Planet. 8, top, Keystone; bottom, AP. 11, top left, Planet; right, AP; center, Planet; bottom left, AP; center, Planet; right, Keystone. 14, top, AP; middle, Keystone; bottom, AP. 15, top left, Keystone; right, AP; center, AP; bottom, AP. 18, Paramount Studios. 22, PA. 23, Sgt. Geo. Aaront. 24, left top, PRO Camp Roberts, Calif.; center, Army Air Force; bottom, Westervelt; right top, Raleigh (N.C.) News-Observer; center, PRO Fort Riley (Kans.); bottom, PRO USNA San Diego (Calif.).

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

Anne Gwynne

The gay young lady on this page is featured in Universal's current picture "Sin Town." They say she likes long walks in the California sun.

WE AIN'T HUNGRY

THANK YOU!

POTS by Cpl. Charles Brand
VITTLES by Sgt. Harry Brown

THE SOLDIER'S HANDBOOK, known to the trade as FM 21-100, is a fascinating document, much more entertaining in its way than *David Copperfield* or *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (which last, incidentally, it somewhat resembles). It contains everything, with the possible exception of "How To Fix A Leaky Sink" or "How To Beat Your Wife." Its paragraphs are crammed with memorabilia, and it is almost impossible to take in everything on a first reading. The good soldier will pore over the Handbook again and again, digesting its gems of knowledge (good soldiers have the stomachs of termites; otherwise they wouldn't be able to digest gems).

Exciting though it is, however, the Handbook is not without its imperfections. Some paragraphs will lead soldiers, good or bad, astray. Take Paragraph 282, for example. Part *a.* of this paragraph says:

It may sometimes happen during campaigns that you or one or more of your comrades may be separated from your unit. If there is another organization near you, you will always be able to get a meal from it by reporting to its first sergeant or mess sergeant; giving your name and organization and explaining how you happen to be separated from your own unit.

Now, this is all very well, but the Handbook here has failed to take into consideration the temperament displayed by topkicks and bellyrobbers, none of whom have ever read the Handbook beyond Paragraph 31 (dealing with military courtesy). Suppose, then, that two lost privates are looking for some chow. Here, roughly, is what would happen to them:—

Enter, bedraggled, Pvts. Crump and Frump, who have been lost for six weeks. During that time they have had nothing to eat but Crump's right arm and the sling of Frump's rifle. They are starving.

Crump: I am starving.

Frump: Eat some grass.

(Crump falls on his knees and begins to eat grass, tapering off with a little clover.)

Frump: You remind me of Nebuchadnezzar.

Crump: I am still starving.

Frump: You see what I see?

Crump (pointing with the stump of his arm): You mean down there in the hollow? Yeh, it looks like another organization. I can see the mess sergeant, standing over a succulent pot of stewed Spam.

Frump: Less go get some.

(Wobbling like footballs, they run down to the mess sergeant.)

Frump: Hey, Mac, how's about something to eat?

Mess Sergeant: Why?

Crump: I am starving.

Mess Sergeant (a Christian Scientist): Gwan, bead id.

Frump: It says in the Handbook——

Mess Sergeant (a profane man): B—— the Handbook.

Crump: Our outfit's the 999th Division.

Mess Sergeant: I hearn of id. Id stinks. Bead id.

Frump: I can't stand it no more. *(He leaps into the pot of Spam and is promptly engulfed. Crump follows him. The Mess Sergeant moodily stares at the pot for a while, then dips his finger in the stew.)*

Mess Sergeant: Ummmm.

(Quick curtain.)

That, to all intents and purposes, is what would happen if a couple of Joes tried to cadge a meal. On the other hand, suppose a squad is out in the field with iron rations. According to *b.* of Paragraph 282, this is what would take place:—

If there is no other organization near, it may then be necessary for you and your comrades to cook your own meals, using your messkits for this purpose and the food you have with you. Since you will probably have field ration C with you, this will be very easy. Simply heat one or more of the cans in hot water, and open them. If you, or any of your comrades, have had boy scout training you will probably be able to prepare a very good meal from the ration.

This, then, is what the Handbook says, but what would happen in actual fact? Something like this, probably:—

Enter, in squad column, eight men commanded by Sgt. McSnoot. They throw themselves down on the ground, bounce a few times, and relax.

McSnoot: I guess we better have something to eat.

Pvt. Tripes: Honest to gaw, sergeant, me ribs is like a xylophone. Me stummick's been growling like a Labrador retriever.

McSnoot: I knows how it is, chum, I knows how it is.

Pvt. Glub: How's to a little good ole field ration C sergeant?

McSnoot: Thaas a good idea. Less see, it says here in the Handbook that you got to heat the can in hot water. Anybody got a match? *(Nobody has.)* Anybody got any hot water? *(Nobody has any hot water, either.)* Well, that jess goes to show you, don't it? In the first place, you got to warm it in the can, and then when you try to open the can you're going to get your finners boined. You want that, huh?

Pvt. Glub: Naw, I don't wanna get my finners boined.

McSnoot: Look, it says here in the manual, if we got a boy scout in the squad we can have a well-cooked meal. Maybe a boy scout could light a fire by rubbing two corporals together. Anybody here a boy scout?

Pvt. Mook: I knowed a Campfire Goil oncet. She weren't much.

The Squad (in chorus): None of us was boy scouts.

McSnoot: Then we can't eat the ration because the Handbook says you got to eat it hot and we ain't got no heater.

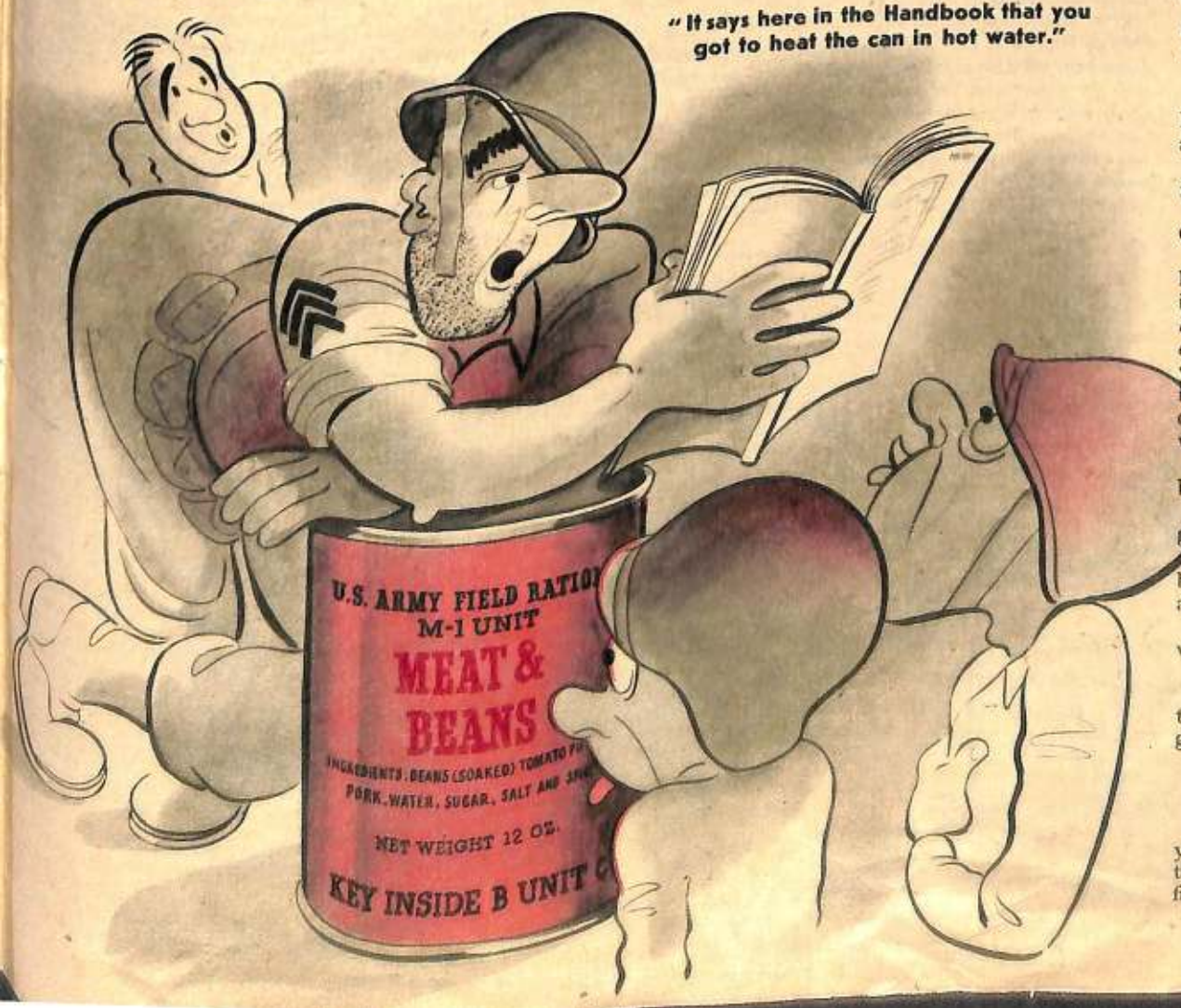
The Squad: The hell with it. Less starve.

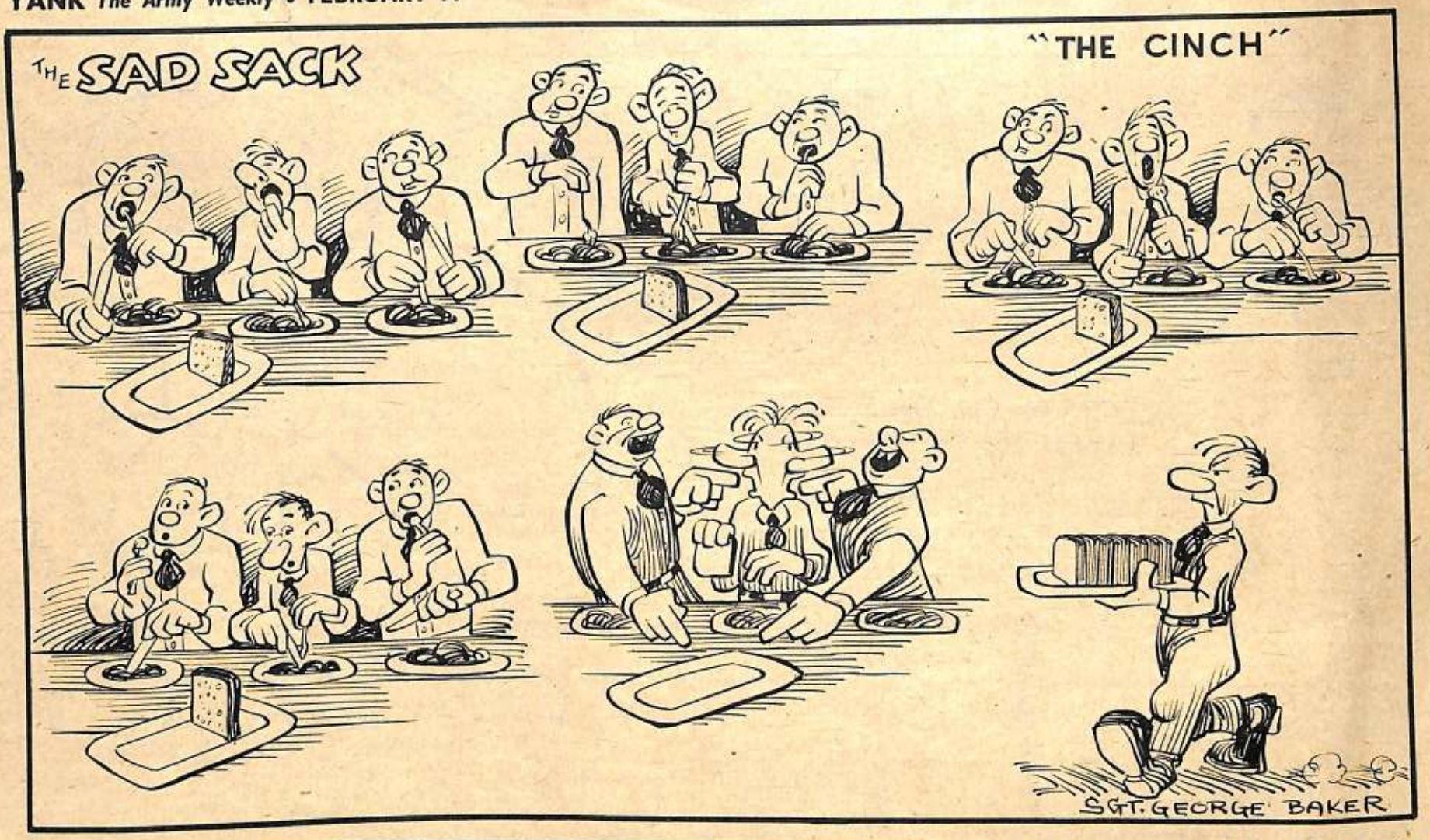
McSnoot: O.K., less starve. Thass a order.

(The Squad starves.)

Yes, the Handbook is fascinating, all right, but you've got to be careful. You want to take some of the things it mentions with a grain of salt. Especially field ration C.

"It says here in the Handbook that you got to heat the can in hot water."





Between the Lines

HOW TO LIGHT A—BRRR—ENGLISH FIRE

One of the most important things for a soldier stationed in England to know is the care and keeping of a fire. Englishmen look askance at the very mention of central heating, and for some incomprehensible reason a U. S. soldier is considered an accomplished firemaker the moment he steps on British soil. The art of fire-making unfortunately is not covered in "A Short Guide to Great Britain," nor has *Yank* or *The Stars and Stripes* yet written an editorial on it. For this reason I feel that from the depths of my own personal knowledge of the subject I should bring forth a treatise on *Fire And Its Place In The British Isles*, or *How To Keep Alive In England*.

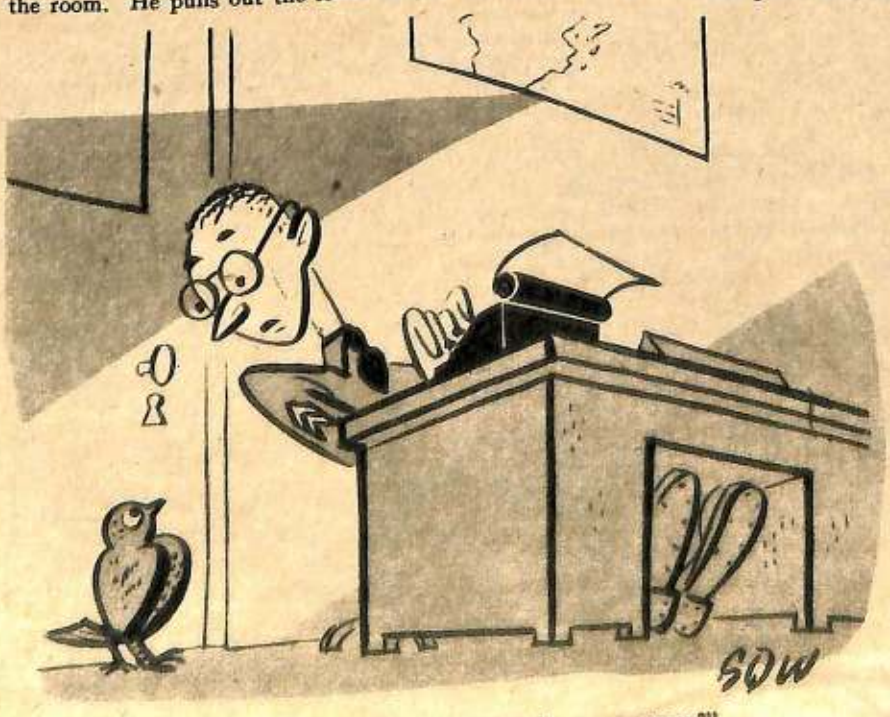
The first step is to walk into a room that is so cold that each object gives off a glacial glow. The firemaker takes off his gloves, looks in amazement at the two frozen steaks that were his hands and advances on a tiny stove that stands in the most inaccessible part of the room. He pulls out the lower drawer (all parts of the stove have highly technical names, and to avoid confusion I will merely refer to them as what they appear to be) which is filled with ashes, soot, cigarette butts, yesterday's roll call and the glove I lost two weeks ago. He walks through the office spilling the debris on desks and chairs until he reaches the open air, where a strong gust of wind blows the rest of it in his face. After a ten minute coughing spell, he returns the drawer to its proper place and begins the business of the moment. He builds the fire.

The easiest way to do this is to take the roster, the Special Orders of the Day and two confidential memoranda belonging to the Intelligence Officer, roll them up and place them on the grate. Then rip one leg of the chair that is least used and place it diagonally across the platform the stove is on and the floor. Then jump heavily on the chair leg. After the medics have bandaged your ankle you return, find some smaller pieces of wood and place them on top of the paper. Now you take the steel helmet that was left in the office by mistake, go outside to the coal pile and fill it with two pieces of coal and twenty-three stones that look like pieces of coal. After dropping this twice, you place it by the side of the stove.

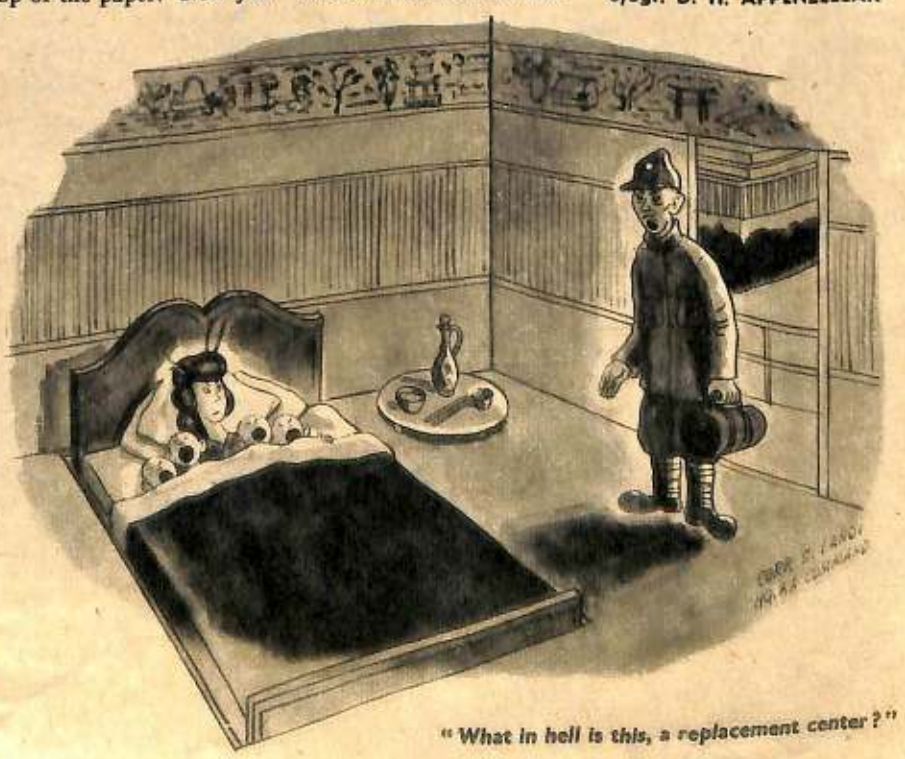
Now the fire is ready to be lit. Of course, you have forgotten the matches, so, remembering something about the Boy Scouts, you take two pencils and rub them together until they disappear. You then borrow a match from a German paratrooper who is passing by. As soon as the paper is lit the flames burst up, the wood catches and heat pervades the three square inches in front of the stove. Carefully, piece by piece, you drop the coal on the fire, putting it out, inch by inch. The sixth piece of coal completely extinguishes the flames and you are now back where you started except for one hand that has lost all feeling, a lungful of coal dust and a terrific temper. You can repeat the above procedure as often as your own taste dictates but the most intelligent thing to do is to put your gloves back on and sit in a corner and sulk.

As cakes of ice begin to form on your feet an Englishman comes inside, lights a match and throws it into the stove. As he leaves the fire bursts out, the coal catches, and you have what is laughingly referred to as heat for the rest of the day. Next morning, you send someone else down to start the stove.

SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN. **S/Sgt. D. H. APPENZELLAR**



"He's not in now. Do you want to leave a message?"



"What in hell is this, a replacement center?"

Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE GETS KILT

THE other night we dropped into a pub we know and whom should we see, draped over the bar, but Artie Greengroin, the ex-P.F.C. Artie lost his stripes over a spot of A.W.O.L. he pulled a little while ago at Oxford. Except for his missing stripes, though, he looked pretty kempt this night, if you get what we mean. His uniform was pressed, for once, and he had on his marksmanship medal and his Pearl Harbor ribbon and a whistle on a lanyard.

"Hullo," Artie said to us. "What'll you have?"

A lager, we said.

"You come in this pubs offen?" Artie wanted to know.

Occasionally, we said.

"I come in all the time, all the time," Artie said. "I like this pubs. They got a barmaid here I got a crutch on. A very luscious dish, strickly from Hollywood and Vine."

There was no one behind the bar at the moment save an elderly dame who was strictly from Hunger.

"Is that her?" we asked.

"Nah, nah," Artie said. "Thass her ole Aunt Mabel. Nah, this dish is off for a while. I'm expecting her in any time now. Thass why I got on me medals. They's a very impressive sight to innercent English Isle girls."

We remarked that the Pearl Harbor ribbon is hardly a medal.

"Medal, smedal," Artie said. "Wass the difference? It looks like a medal, don't it? Thass all that matters."

What about the marksmanship medal, we asked.

"Oh," Artie said, "I tell 'em I got that for being the best shot in the U. S. Army. And I say that the whistle's for me to use to call in me company from the field. They think I'm a sergeant, see? The reason I don't wear my stripes, I tell 'em, is because I jess want to be on a even footing with my men."

We called ole Aunt Mabel over. "Give our friend another hooker, Aunt Mabel," we said. "He's earned it."

"Thanks, ole top," Artie said. "You know, I'm feeling nice and meller tonight. I'm awways contented in pubs. It brings out the homebody in me. It makes me like to talk. Usually I'm a mum guy."

The pub door opened and in came a very nice-looking dame with a Jock. The Jock was a little guy, in kilts, and he had a mustache that looked like an old toothbrush.

"Good evening, Sergeant Greengroin," said this dame.

"She's the one I got the crutch on," Artie whispered to us. "Ain't she a darb?"

"This is Pte. McNab, Sergeant Greengroin," Agnes said, meaning the Jock.

"Hi," said Artie.

"Sergeant Greengroin has a lot of medals," Agnes said to the Jock.

"Uh," the Jock said.

"They ain't nothing," Artie said. "Nothing at all. A guy jess does his duty, thass all. Say, tell me something, ole boy, if I ain't too acquisitive. What do you wear under them kilts?"

"Sergeant, what an awful thing to ask," Agnes said.

"Oh, sergeant, what an awful thing to ask," Agnes said.

Artie looked puzzled. "Ah, never mine," he said. "I'll fine out one of these days."

This Agnes was a smart dame. "Tell Pte. NcNab about your medals, sergeant," she said.

"You know," Artie said, "it's funny, very funny. All us heroes is modest, but people is always asking us about how we winned our medals. It's embarrassing to us, acktually. Howsomever, I occasionally overcome me modesty and give out with the story."

Artie touched a finger to his Pearl Harbor ribbon. "This one," he said, "come hard, very hard. I got it when the Japanese planes was coming down by the thousands, and we didn't have no defences except a ole machine gun that was busted half the time. So I picks up this ole machine gun and starts shooting from the hip. Four Jap planes I brung down."

"Weren't you hurt?" Agnes asked.

"They never lain a glove on me," Artie said. "I got a charm life, I guess. In all the hot spots I been in, I never had a glove lain on me."

"How about up at Oxford?" we said.

"Thass another story," Artie said. "Another story entirely."

"Sergeant Greengroin is the best shot in the American Army," Agnes said to the Jock.

"Uh," the Jock said.

"I was raised with a gun in my hand," Artie said. "They was nothing to it. All I done was make fifty bull's-eyes in succession."

"For a total score of 135," we said under our breath.

"Sharrup," Artie said. "I done what I done. Any ole frontiersman would of done the same."

"Were you a frontiersman?" Agnes asked.

"Ah, sure," Artie said. "I led the first wagon-train out of Brooklyn. They was Indians all the way. You should see the Indians we got back in the States."

"You should see the Dodgers we've got back in the States," we said.

"I muss say," Artie said to us, "that you're in very bad form tonight. I'm sorry you come into this pubs. Here I am trying to entertain a female friend with the story of my early life and you keep interrupting."

We said we were sorry.

"Pte. McNab has a medal, too," Agnes said.

"Oh, they's lots of 'em around these days," Artie said. "Still, I'm always glad to meet another hero. What kine of medal you got, Mac?"

"Pte. McNab has the V.C.," Agnes said.

And the funny thing about it was that she said that just as Artie was taking a swig of lager, and he coughed and choked on it and his glass tipped over and the lager ran all down his blouse and over his Pearl Harbor ribbon. It really loused him up.

U.S.A. in the E.T.O.

THE other day we went out on the Thames with A. P. Herbert, who is by way of being a petty officer in His Majesty's Navy. In his spare time A. P. is also a member of the House of Commons, a humorist, a newspaper columnist and a *vers de societé* poet (never mind where we picked up that last). Herbert has been patrolling the Thames in his launch, the *Water Gypsy*, for a devil of a long time now, all through the blitz—in fact, ever since the war started. In that time he's clocked 16,000 miles, just running up and down the river. The *Water Gypsy* is armed with two machine guns and—shades of Drake—a couple of cutlasses.

A. P. runs a class for Wrens these days, in addition to his patrolling. When we were there, eight Wrens were put through their paces for the commander of the patrol service. We had to stand on a dock while some of them took a launch out and threw out a life preserver, screaming "Man overboard!" like mad. Then a couple scrambled into a dinghy and went to rescue the "man." They did a little wigwagging, signalling something like "Wrens are always prepared," which was lost on the inspecting commander, who had forgotten his code. Then they maneuvred the launch alongside the dock and around the piers of the bridges, dodging tugs and barges, for all the world like old salts.

The inspection over, we went back on board, very pleased to discover the Wrens were staying on for more instruction. While one steered, a couple of others were shown some knots by one of the sailors. Another made the inevitable tea and also peeled the sailor's potatoes, while another mended his sweater. The sailor likes these trips. After a while A. P. came along. "Has anybody got an aspirin?" he said. Immediately, half a dozen Wrens hovered over him. "Have you a cold, A. P.?" one of them asked.

"Affairs of state," was his only answer.

We seem to have let ourselves in for a lot of trouble a couple of issues ago when we said that the four guys who got knocked cold on Piccadilly Circus during that air raid were probably New Yorkers. Ever since, we've been getting letters saying that that was a hell of a thing to say about Gotham, and ain't we ashamed of ourselves, etc. The last letter was signed, rather encompassingly, "An Engineer Outfit Stationed in England," said outfit evidently being made up entirely of New Yorkers.

Well, we're an old Engineer ourself, and where we might not pay any attention to, say, an infantryman, we always bend an ear to members of the Corps. This letter said, in part, "How do you know them four hoodlums, as you call them, come from New York. . . ?" In the first place, to be perfectly frank, we didn't call them four hoodlums "hoodlums." And in the second place, all right, we surrender, they weren't from New York. We don't know where they were from. We're willing to accept suggestions, though. One thing we will bet, however: they weren't Engineers.

On certain state occasions, we find ourselves in a taxicab scuttling around London with our heart in our throat. We're afraid of London cabs. They're malevolent. They're almost human.

We wish we could say the same for their drivers.

We don't know what the London taximan has against the American Army, but we don't seem to make him very happy. Cabbies are very phlegmatic, anyway; they have unpredictable grudges and dislikes.

The taxi itself is a fascinating instrument, almost indestructible and seemingly possessed of a determined, though tenuous, intelligence. It can turn on a dime—beg pardon, on a sixpence. It can weave through traffic like a drunken sailor. It can continue to run when by all known physical laws it should fall apart in the street. It can make the most ungodly, fascinating noises.

Alas, it is run by a manic depressive. You will ask to be driven to, say, Marylebone Gardens East, and a half-hour later you will find yourself somewhere east of Shooter's Hill. This discrepancy is explained by the cabman with considerable aplomb. He didn't understand your directions. Why don't you speak English, he suggests, or, even better, stop bothering him and take a bus.

You have no comeback. None at all. Of course, if you were in New York and a hackie tried to pull any of that stuff—well. But you aren't in New York, remember?

Operating room in New Guinea. The surgeon is Capt. John Smith of Little Rock, Ark.

Medics Under Fire

A Few Stories of Pill Rollers, Doctors And Nurses on the Fighting Fronts, as Reported By YANK Staff Writers Overseas

TWO HUNDRED YARDS behind the front lines on Guadalcanal, a great battle was being fought. A Navy Medical Corps attached to the Marine unit worked against death. An advance dressing station was pitched where trees offered cover.

Doctors and corpsmen worked swiftly and intently. Six men struggled into the station with a stretcher. They carried a marine whose arm had been torn off by machine-gun fire. His chances of survival were slim.

A doctor took one look, produced two small flasks, one filled with distilled water, the other containing a substance that looked like fine sawdust. Quickly water was drawn by vacuum into the second flask forming a straw-colored liquid. The doctor shook the flask to dissolve the substance. Then deft hands jabbed a needle into the marine's limp veins. Slowly the liquid drained through a rubber tube.

The whole operation took 10 minutes. Soon color began to come back to the wounded man's face. His pulse quickened; his body regained heat. The man had been snatched from death.

The work of the field doctor was done. One more live marine would go to base hospital where he could be nursed back to health. Blood plasma had done its work.

This is only one instance of the wonders of medical science carried into the heart of our fighting areas.

Pearl Harbor Situation a Test

Pearl Harbor provides another example. The wounded were brought in at a rate that surpassed anything ever seen during the first World War. The situation was grim. But the doctors had blood plasma with which to fight shock, sulfa drugs with which to fight infection.

Thanks to these, not one man lost an arm or a leg because of infection. There was not a single case of gas gangrene.

Not the least unpleasant aspect of tropical campaigning is the failure of even the tiniest skin wound to heal. Scratch a mosquito bite absentmindedly and the result is apt to be a small ulcer-like sore that takes days to close up.

Medics, who have developed a personal hatred of the mosquito, carry with them a purplish balm to spread over bites, scratches and other slight skin irritations.

Even though the medics' Red Cross brassards are usually plastered with mud or dust out in the field, you can recognize them because they carry two canteens instead of one, and lug twice as much equipment as any other soldier.

A few weeks ago, in New Guinea, a bunch of pill rollers, each toting about 100 pounds of medical supplies, were marching resolutely up the trail to the front.

"How much farther is there to go?" one of them asked, mentioning a native village a grenade's throw from the firing lines.

"About a day and a half," they were told.

"Boy! We're practically there," a bearded corporal crowed. They had been pushing forward, with their hospital on their backs, for 11 days.

Sulfanilamide to the Rescue

As on all battlefronts, sulfanilamide is proving its worth every day in the jungle. One soldier, hit five times by Jap machine-gun bullets during a strafing attack, had scarcely fallen to the ground when a medic rushed up and sprinkled sulfa powder on him as generously as though he had been an excitable French chef putting icing on a cake.

"I thought he was out of his head at first," the casualty said later, "but I realized he knew what he was doing a few weeks later when I found my wounds had healed."

As tough as any part of the medics' job is evacuating injured and sick. In New Guinea, they can be taken over a few of the trails in good weather, by jeep, but for the most part, it's a matter of putting the patient on a litter and carrying him to a field hospital. Using stretchers made of canvas from army cots, the medics are aided by Papuan natives.

U. S. Army nurses, too, are stationed everywhere there are troops. Equipped with the most modern equipment, they are in Iceland, Ireland, India, Australia, Britain, North Africa, China.

"The last war was a cakewalk for the Army nurse compared to this one," the commanding officer of one station hospital said. "I don't think France saw anything like the nightmare those nurses battled through in the Philippines."

In the last war, the front was static when the AEF got there, and the doughboys started winning right away. Such a condition helps the medics a lot. It means that they can set up a base hospital with a fair chance of sticking around for a while. It means that they can concentrate on the business of patching up the wounded. It means that a nurse performs her proper duties as a doctor's aide.

That was the way it started out in the Philippines. But with Jap landings continually outflanking the defenders, with the sky a one-way street for enemy planes, a hospital was strictly a touch-and-go proposition. The medics would no sooner get beds in a night club, a school or a business building than bombers would tag them.

When this happened there would be an order to move. Nurses rolled up their sleeves and helped salvage what equipment they could. But it was never enough. Time was too short.

"When the lines held at Bataan, everyone thought the gypsy life was over," said one nurse who kept a diary of the holocaust. "But we were wrong. The Japs found us again. We moved into the jungle."

The new base hospital was under canvas. Beds were set up under shelter halves, shielded from the sky by palm trees. Water supply came from a stream a foot deep. This was bath, laundry, cooking and drinking supply all in one. Before a chlorinator came, everyone had dysentery.

Their chow was carabao stew. If it wasn't carabao stew, it was horse steak and gravy.

When the load became too great, nurses were called upon to do minor surgery. Uniforms had

Digging slit trench in Middle East: Nurses Beatrice Raymann, Betty Clarke, Elizabeth Millard, Dorothy Magg and Dorothy Graff.

That G.I. headnet solves the desert fly problem for Margaret Carey.

Nurse Winnie DeRemer checks on convalescents Cpl. Daniel O'Connell and Pfc. Leo Waltz.

RECENTLY, a bunch of nurses arrived at a desert hospital in the Middle East. Billeted far out in the sands, they quickly made themselves at home. From shipping crates they knocked out vanity dressers, writing tables and other articles of furniture. They draped their bare brick rooms with ornaments from Cairo.

Cold and hot running water doesn't exist there. It's just cold, with one bucket of hot water issued to each two gals a day.

Only in the billet area may the nurses appear in blue slacks, a little known item of their uniform. These they wear for recreation or work about the billets.

Two males only are allowed within the sanctum of their quarters. One is Pvt. Robert E. Pitts, of Young County, Tex., an armed guard whose duty it is to see that no ineligibles enter the area; the other is Tippy, a desert puppy taken over as mascot soon after the nurses arrived. At night, a Sudanese guard stands outside the gates.

None of the nurses has succeeded in eating alone in Cairo. No sooner do they take a seat in a restaurant than the waiter brings a note—from an RAFer, a South African, a New Zealander or an American officer—asking the girls to join another table. The girls usually oblige.

The dragomen and Cairo shopkeepers, quick to spot American nurses, call out their wares with: "Hallo Miss America" or "Hallo Miss Uncle Sam." The general idea is that all American nurses are wealthy, and prices are charged accordingly.

One day seven girls on leave in Cairo walked down the street with 2nd Lt. John H. McCormack, of Vincennes, Ind. As the party stopped to look in a shop window, the owner came out all smiles and said to the lieutenant, "Greetings, sir, bring all your wives inside."

Due to regulations keeping them on call within a close radius of their billets and hospital, the girls spend most of their spare time in their living area, playing softball, fixing up their quarters or taking hikes in the nearby desert. Most of them come into town on their week ends off, the Army providing transportation to and from camp. The most popular bus leaves town at midnight, is dubbed, "The Cinderella Express."

Everywhere the Troops Go, the Nurses Go. They Pretty Up Their Quarters, Make the G. I. Happy.

Softball is a favorite sport of the nurses. At left is Pvt. Robert E. Pitts, one of the two males permitted inside the nurses' area. The other one? See the picture at right . . .

Tippy is the other male. He's frolicking here with Julie Umberger and Madeline Kinch during a desert stroll.

long since disappeared. They dressed in coveralls and Army shoes several sizes too large. An hour's catnap was a good night's sleep on heavy days.

Days and nights were an endless nightmare. Patients came in by the hundreds. The doctors and nurses worked continuously amid the flies, the heat and the dust. They had from 800 to 900 victims a day. Burial parties worked every night in the darkness.

But the nurses stuck until ordered off by Gen. Wainwright.

How Nurses Keep Men Happy

The nurses' job is to make the soldiers as comfortable as possible. Sometimes they have to be diplomats as well as nurses.

One G.I. had been hospitalized as a result of being thrown off his motorcycle. Besides being in a body cast, he had two fingers of one hand bandaged and the other arm in a sling. But what seemed to hurt him more than his injuries was that he thought the nurse ignored him. As she walked up and down among the other patients seeing that they got their periodic exercise by pulling up and down on their handbars, he called out to her.

"Look here," he said, "I get my exercise, too, you know. I roll my eyes."

A lieutenant had been badly burned about the face and hands. When he came out of his anesthetic he was delirious in the semi-dark until the nurse patted him and talked to him, telling him that the bandages would be removed in the morning, that they covered his eyes only for a short time, and that he would recover quickly and not be blind.

He lay quietly for a while, then said, "But every part of me is bandaged but my lips. They're sore, too, and they're not dressed. Isn't that bad?"

The nurse reassured him that his lips were well oiled, and that they would be all right, too.

He waited a moment, then said, "OK. Just so I'm still kissable."

The Japs have more than once bombed field hospitals clearly marked as such. But the medics haven't been stopped, and have been setting up their field equipment as close to the front as they're allowed. They know when the attacks are coming off, and just before the big pushes start, they prepare for the inevitable casualties.

Some hospital orderlies were standing by the side of their field equipment recently when a company walked slowly by on its way toward the Jap positions. Nobody said much to anybody else until one automatic rifleman turned as he passed and said, "I hope you guys do a lousy business."

"I hope so, too," a doctor replied.

ANNOUNCING . . .

The Winners of YANK's Super Contest

Actual size of Pvt. Lloyd's left shoe.

THIS week YANK contradicts Classification's libelous claim that dogfaces look alike, weigh less than 400 pounds, and fit into standard-sized uniforms. Without help, except from the handful of men who compose the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, the Army Weekly set out bravely two months ago to round up the guys who represented the extremes in our fighting forces. The soldier, sailor or marine who turned in the names in each class has been awarded one year's subscription to YANK, as were the winning men themselves.

YOUNGEST MASTER SERGEANT— M/Sgt. Billy T. Hutson of Camp Roberts, Calif., wins the olive drab rattle as the youngest of his breed in the Army. He is 19 years old and was promoted to the highest enlisted man's rank on Nov. 1, 1942. Although most six stripers are well in their 40s, long in the tooth, and have sons old enough to be first lieutenants, Hutson was a master sergeant before reaching the age of consent. He was born June 7, 1923, in the little town of Clinton, Tenn. He was nominated by Sgt. Gene Gear, PRO, Camp Roberts, Calif.

HEAVIEST MAN—The greatest collection of avoirdupois ever gathered in one uniform—S/Sgt. August Stackwell who weighs 407 pounds. Survey his proportions and you will realize why Henry J. Kaiser is building cargo planes. Friends at the Air Base Squadron, March Field, Calif., where the sergeant is stationed, say he wears Ringling Bros.' big top for coveralls. Prizes go to Pvt. Bruno Vathus, 991 TSS Flight D, Atlantic City, N. J., who first saw Stackwell's picture in a magazine and sent it to YANK; and also to M/Sgt. J. W. Purcell, 14th Air Base Squadron, Maxwell Field, Ala., who knows Sgt. Stackwell.

LONGEST SERVICE — Here's the Army's oldest issue, 74-year-old S/Sgt. John W. Westervelt, tops in the hash mark division with 43 years of Army service. He is shown saluting Col. Ralph E. Spake, his commanding officer. He enlisted in the First New York Infantry in 1895 and from that day on has seen the Army slowly going to hell. Still going strong, he's the oldest noncommissioned officer on active duty, plans a double row of hash marks next year. He's with the California Group of the Ferry Division, Air Transport Command, Long Beach, Calif. He was nominated by Cpl. J. Robert Maxwell, 348th Air Base Sq., Long Beach, Calif.

LARGEST FEET — Do your GI dogs compare with Pvt. Frank Lloyd's? His are size 18½ EEEEEEE. Across the page is a map of Private Lloyd's feet drawn to scale. If yours are any bigger, notify Ripley, not us. Pvt. Lloyd of Washington, N. C., had these special gunboats made for him at Fort Bragg Reception Center. The QM threw in a pair of oars with each. He was nominated by Cpl. W. S. Whitehurst, Reception Center, Fort Bragg, and Pvt. Bruce G. Styers, 9th Tech. Sch. Sq., Fort Logan, Colo. Both winners sent in their entries the same day.

SMALLEST FEET—In a diminutive class but nevertheless a winner, Pvt. Lewis Le Fevere claims his size 2C pups are the smallest in the service. Now stationed with Troop C of the Sixth Squadron at Fort Riley, Kans., he was inducted at Fort Niagara, N. Y., and caused several yards of red tape to be cut before he got the extra-small foot gear he needed. In civilian life Le Fevere bought his shoes at a children's shoe store and never paid more than $1.50 for them. He is five feet, two, and weighs 105 pounds. He was nominated by Pvt. Lawrence Eyres, Finance Department, AAF TTC, Miami Beach, Fla.

MARINE WINNER — Gunnery Sgt. Gustave Nitchkei, the Leatherneck who wins YANK's contest for serving in most foreign posts, makes a Beduoin tribesman look like a piker. Although he hasn't commuted regularly between Montezumo and Tripoli he has crossed the equator seven times, served in the first World War, Vera Cruz, Santa Domingo, and been in England, France, Italy, the Admiralty Island, Australia, New Zealand, Panama and China. All told he has chalked up a record of 27 years service. He is now stationed in the U. S. Naval Air Station in San Diego, Calif. He was nominated by Pvt. E. E. Jett, AES 24—ABG 2, USNAS, San Diego, Calif.

LARGEST FAMILY — Next to Paul V. McNutt, Mrs. Jim Edwards of Freeport, Tex., is the U. S. Army's greatest source of man power. She has nine sons in the service and all of them are stationed overseas. From the eldest, who is 36 to the youngest, 21, the family roster reads: Joe, Jim, Wesley, Austin, Shedrach, Meshach, Abendego (Third Book of Daniel), Clarence and Henry. Sgt. Eddie Stinson, Tech. Information Division, QRTC, Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo., nominated the family.