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YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

A HEROINE COMES HOME. The battle-scarred cruiser San Francisco enters the harbor of the city for which she was named. Repairs were necessary following her remarkable performance against much heavier Japanese ships off Guadalcanal.

NAVY ISSUE

THE Navy Fights

Our Navy is fighting a hard-headed, hard-fisted war, making the rules as it goes. In accounts and charts of three engagements of the last year, YANK gives a composite picture of the war our Navy is fighting with all its strength.

THE man who lived on the hill in Honolulu turned back toward his house.

"Martha," he called to his wife, "come out here and see the show the Navy is putting on for us."

The Navy was putting on a show all right, a good show. Dive bombers were dropping, almost leisurely, it seemed, down on Pearl Harbor. Torpedo planes were coming in low. They were making quite a racket.

Yes, it was a good show. The only trouble with it was that it was being put on by the wrong Navy.

The date was December 7, 1941. The planes were Japanese.

The Japs had caught Pearl Harbor and the man who lived on the hill and the whole American Navy with their pants down. Their planes had come in fast, from carriers, and no one had heard them come. They were playing hell with Pearl Harbor before the fleet knew what hit it.

They played such hell with Pearl Harbor that it was a long time before we could be told what had actually happened.

We know now. It has been more than a year since the first Japanese dive bomber came screaming down over the line of battleships lying peacefully at anchor in the bright Hawaiian morning air. In that year the Navy has come back, hard. The

A NEAR HIT. *Dropping out of low squall clouds, Jap dive bombers penetrate antiaircraft fire, narrowly missing U. S. cruiser. This painting is by Lt. Dwight C. Shepler, USNR, who was aboard cruiser when it was attacked off Santa Cruz Islands, Oct. 26, 1942.*

Naval Air Station at Pearl Harbor following Japanese attack. In background an explosion sends flames and smoke high above wrecked planes.

attack on Pearl Harbor was not the first stab in the back that this war has seen, but it is one that has been paid back with interest.

Everyone knows what happened that Sunday morning a year ago last December. The first Jap dive bombers appeared at 7.55 a.m. They came screaming down on the Army Air base at Hickam Field and the Naval Air Station at Ford Island. Our planes were blasted before they could get off the ground. At the same time the Japs struck the Naval Air Station at Kaneohe Bay.

Their attack went like clockwork. With our planes wrecked, the Japs did a job on the fleet at their leisure. There were 86 ships moored at Pearl Harbor —including eight battleships, seven cruisers, 28 destroyers and five submarines. The Japs got 19 out of 86, which should be considered par for the course: damaged severely were five battleships— *Arizona, Oklahoma, California, Nevada* and *West Virginia*; three destroyers, one minelayer, the target ship *Utah*, and a floating dry dock. Sustaining lesser damage were three more battleships—*Pennsylvania, Maryland* and *Tennessee*—three cruisers, a seaplane tender and a repair ship. But of all these, only the 26-year-old *Arizona* is totally lost. The rest are either back with the Fleet or on their way.

Pearl Harbor was a blow, and a hard one. The Navy, hit foully, rocked back on its heels, shook its head, and looked around unsteadily. Then it came boring in again.

In the year since Pearl Harbor a lot has happened, in a great many places. What follows is the story of three of those places. The oceans of the world are trackless and mapless, but battles are fought on them, and they are fought in localities that can always be distinguished by a name. The trail back from Pearl Harbor was a long and hard one, and what follows tells what happened at three stops by the way.

Two months after the first attack the Jap was moving southward, moving with incredible speed. We didn't have anything with which to stop him, but what we did have we threw into delaying actions. And the greatest of these delaying actions was the

Battle of the Java Sea

FEBRUARY 27, 1942

The Jap was preparing the double encirclement of Java that would complete his hold on the Indies. In the north his convoys were gathering.

The defending Allied fleet was outnumbered and partly crippled. The only strategy open to its commander, the Dutch Admiral Doorman, was to gather together all possible ships in the sea, then hope to connect with only one Jap convoy at a time, until reinforcements arrived.

For five days Doorman cruised with his greatest possible strength: the American cruiser *Houston*, minus her after turret; the old British heavy cruiser *Exeter;* the Australian light cruiser *Perth*; two Dutch light cruisers; and 10 destroyers, four of them American.

Caught in drydock, the destroyers Downes (left) and Cassin were smashed. Battleship Pennsylvania (rear) suffered light damage, and was repaired.

On Feb. 27, reconnaissance reported a big convoy about halfway across the Java Sea, slanting down toward the island. " Exhaustion point far exceeded," Doorman had just radioed. His men had been at their stations for more than 37 hours. Nevertheless, he wheeled toward the Jap.

With contact, the two cruisers expected in the Jap convoy turned out to be eight and the four destroyers 12. But at 16:00 the crippled Allied force formed into battle lines.

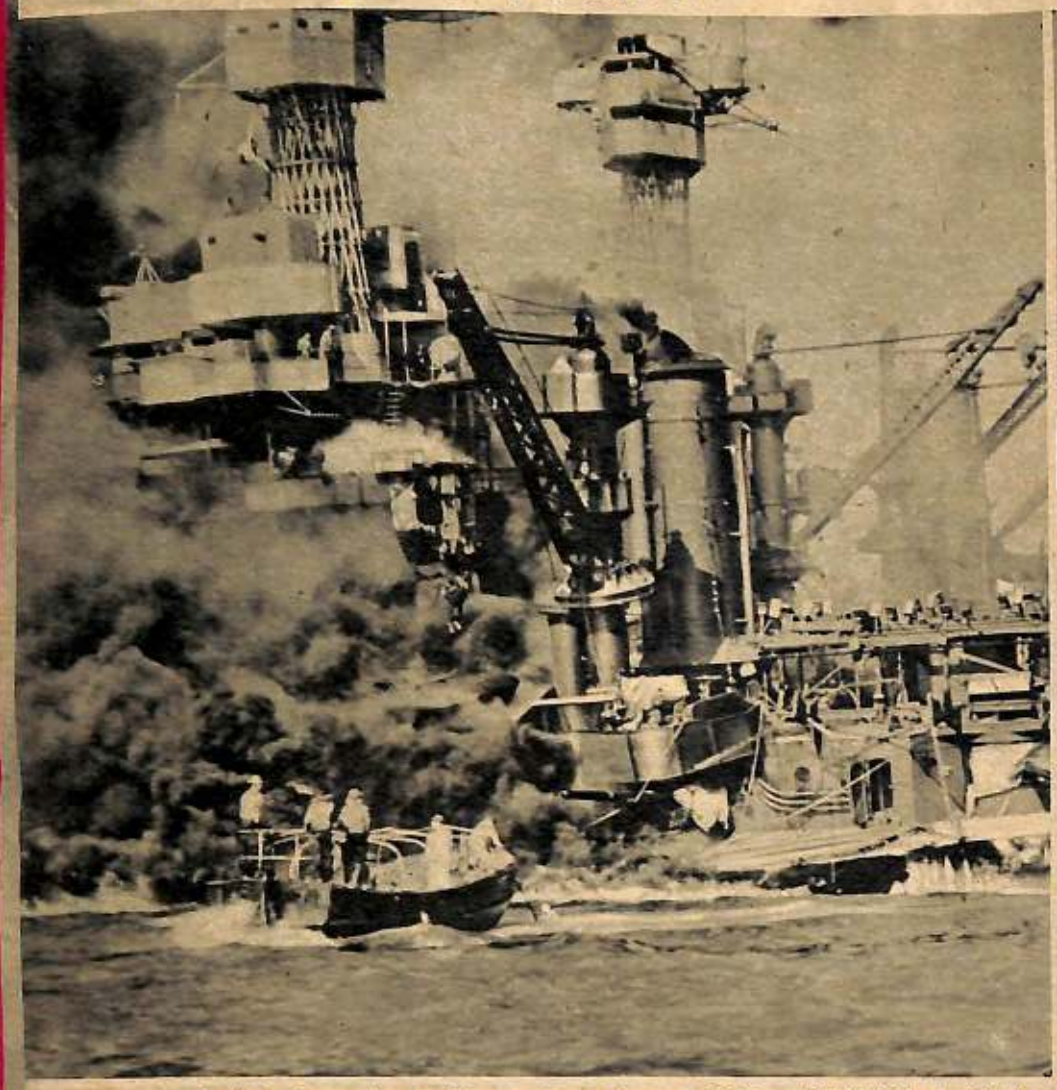
The Jap too was in line for battle—eight cruisers headed by two heavies. Early salvos boomed out at 25,000 yards. *Houston* and *Exeter* struck with their guns and flame jumped from the Jap heavies. The range was favorable to the Jap, and Doorman ordered a 90-degree in-turn, closing the range to less than 20,000 yards.

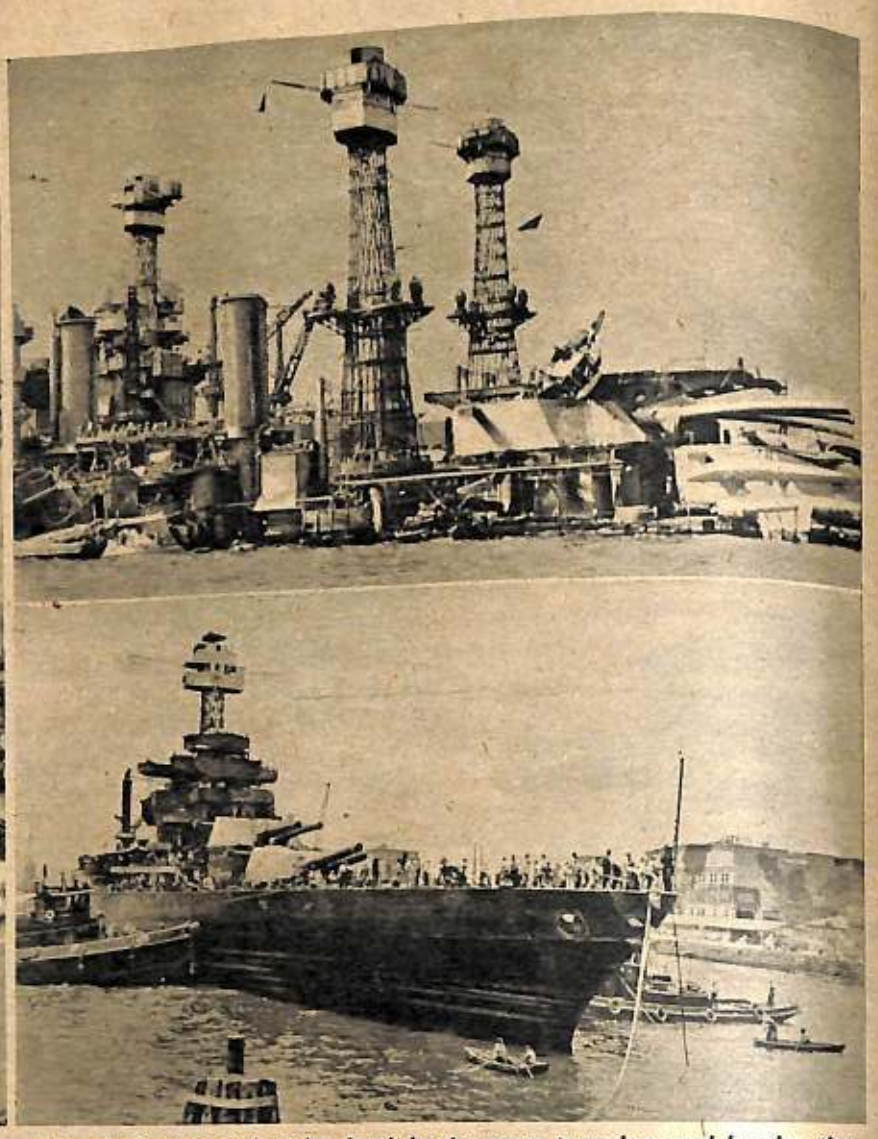
Now the battle line was in full life. The roar of the guns reached a crescendo. The two Jap heavies at the front of their line seemed to pause, then flames rose as they started to stagger out of line. A huge billow of smoke rose from a Jap destroyer as she was hit. We fired three salvos to the Jap's two.

At 17:00 the tempo of the battle was still rising, the ships in their parallel lines firing and maneuvering. The Jap line had drawn a little ahead, when out from behind the last ship in his line streaked eight big destroyers, primed for torpedo attack. *Electra* and *Jupiter*, lead ships in the Allied line, swerved to meet the new attack. They rushed into the smoke screen of the destroyer charge and were never seen again.

On the line *Perth* and *Java* now turned to stop the destroyer rush. One of the Jap heavies, firing her last gun as she staggered out of line, had the luck to hit *Exeter* squarely in the fire room, bursting her main line.

Now the fighting was of a different sort—defense. *Exeter* swung from the line and others swung to protect her. A Dutch destroyer was hit amidships and broke in half. The Jap destroyer attack rushed in to fire a thunderous charge. One of them, then another, took a torpedo hit and broke up.





Judging from above picture and one at upper right, you'd think the battleship West Virginia was a total loss. She burns as small boat rescues a seaman. But, although she was sunk at her berth by Japanese torpedoes and bombs, the West Virginia was raised and here is being towed to drydock for repairs.

The Allied fleet started its retreat. There was no pursuit. The Jap wanted no more fighting under the bright moon that was coming up. *Exeter* headed with the American destroyers to Surabaya for fuel while the others made for the rendezvous at Priok in eastern Java.

The Dutch ships never got there: they were blown up by mines or submarines during the night. *Houston* made it but was caught with *Perth* trying to get through the Sunda Straights next day and was never heard from again. Neither was *Exeter* nor *Pope* after they tried to sneak out of Surabaya. Only a destroyer squadron ran through Bali Straight to safety.

Java was gone and the Jap position in the Indies complete. This was naval fighting in the days when too little came too late.

And the Jap moved south, moved through the Spice Islands, like a whirlwind, southward and ever southward, and each day the headlines of the free world grew blacker and blacker, and all over the free world the outlook was growing dark. The soft islands fell one by one, and it was beginning to look as though Australia was a lost continent, when the American Navy spat on its hands, picked up a belaying pin, and went into action. And they called that action the

Battle of the Coral Sea

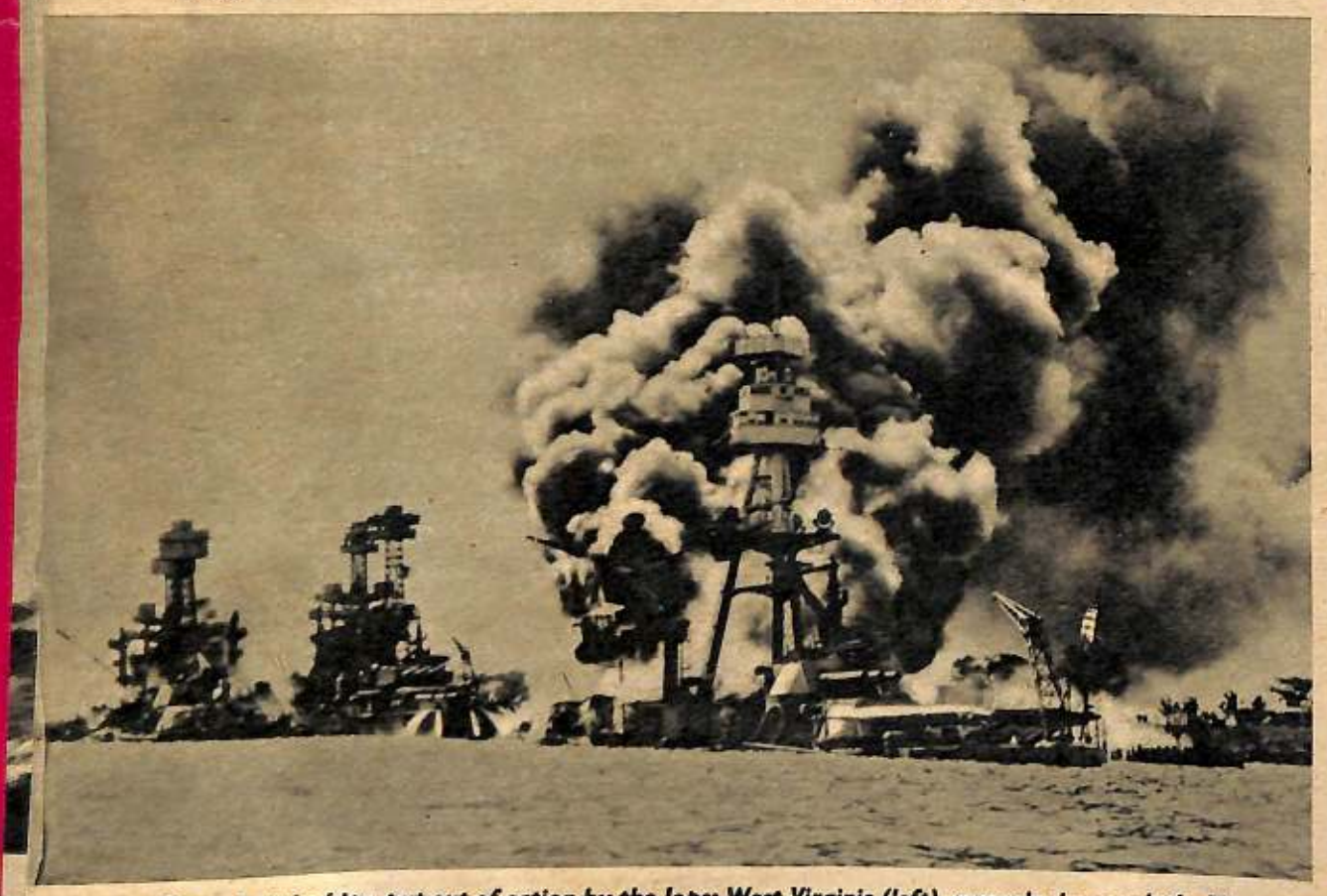
MAY 3–8, 1942

The Jap was the first to make full use of the airplane carrier in surprise attack. Yet at Pearl Harbor he had not sunk a single carrier, and now our Navy was beginning to use carriers against him.

In March, carrier-based planes blasted Jap ship concentrations in the harbors of Lae and Salamaua. Then, early in May, a Jap attack armada was known to be moving from Trup, one part straight south toward the Louisiades, the other in a great south-eastward loop which would enable it to pick up a transport force concentrating in Tulagi Harbor on Florida Island in the Solomons. The probable point of attack for this huge force was Port Moresby, or perhaps Australia.

An American force, the carriers *Yorktown* and *Lexington* with protecting fleet, on patrol in the Coral Sea, spotted the transport force concentrating in Tulagi, on May 3. Between the carrier force and the enemy when the scout planes first radioed, lay the Island of Guadalcanal, 70 miles long, 50 miles wide, its mountains rising to peaks of 6,000 feet.

It was natural to suppose that the Jap in Tulagi would be expecting attack from carrier-based planes. But he probably would expect such an attack only from the direction of the sea. It might be possible



Three battleships put out of action by the Japs: West Virginia (left), severely damaged; the Tennessee (center), damaged and the Arizona, sunk. Attackers hit eight U. S. battleships in their Dec. 7 attack.

She fought again. Under own power, the Nevada leaves Hawaii for repairs.

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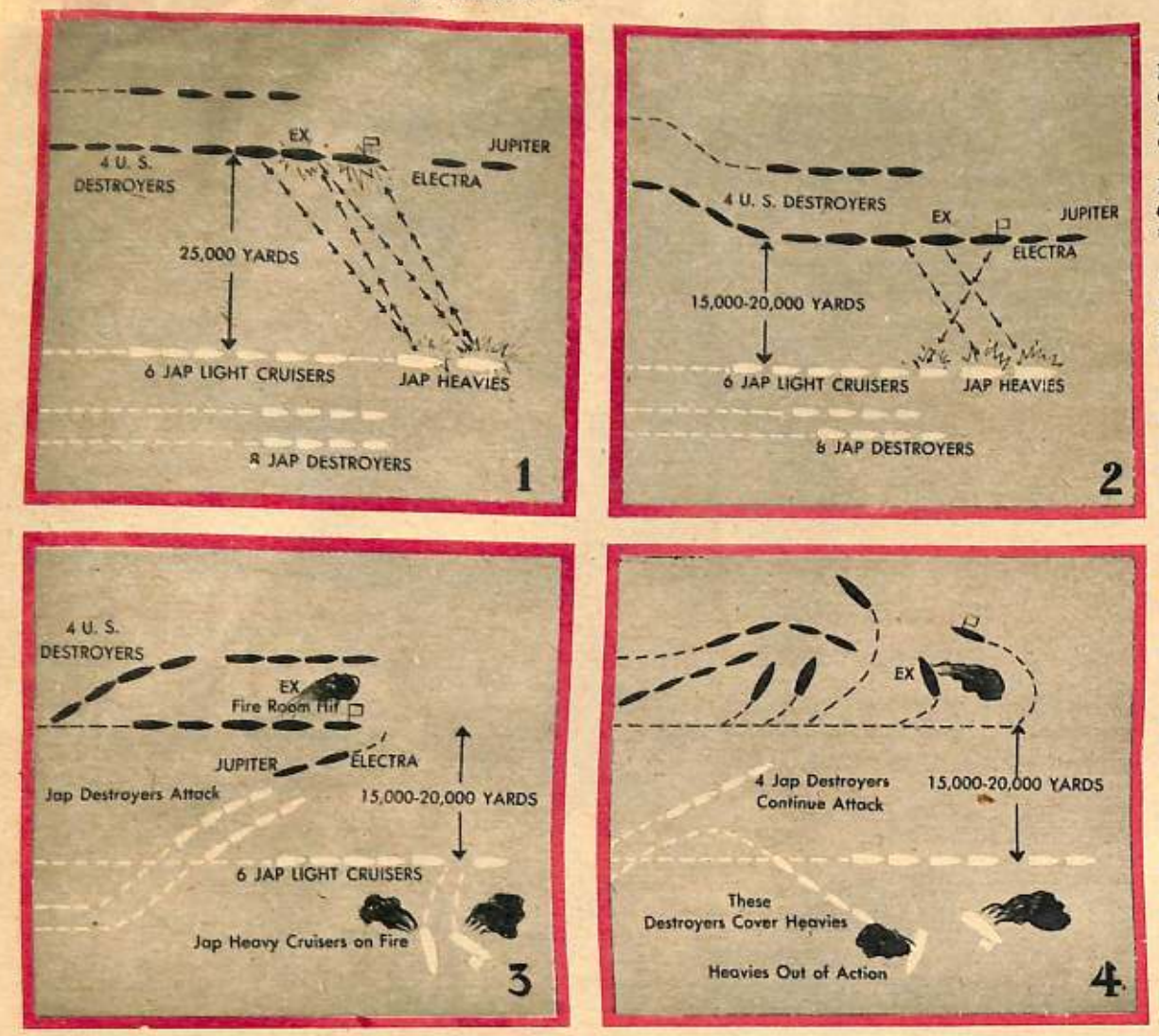
Floored But Not Kayoed

ONE year after the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor, the United States Navy Department released the remarkable pictures you see on this and the following two pages. They, and the facts revealed along with them, tell for the first time the full story of what happened on Dec. 7, 1941. In the photo above, the 32,600-ton battleship California, battered by aerial bombs and torpedoes, settles slowly into the mud. Clouds of smoke conceal all but the hulk of the capsized battleship Oklahoma at the extreme right of the California. In the picture at right, the California, raised from her shallow resting place by means of cofferdams, is being towed to drydock. Of the 19 vessels listed as sunk or damaged, the battleship Arizona will be the only one permanently and totally lost.



Battle of the Java Sea (1) opens with opposing fleets arrayed in battle lines. (2) United Nations fleet has turned in to shorten the range to its advantage; *Exeter* and *Houston* have scored hits on the two Japanese heavies. (3) The screened Jap destroyers have moved in to attack; and *Jupiter* and *Electra* turn to meet them; Jap heavies are afire and *Exeter* is hit in the fire room. (4) *Exeter* has turned away, with cruisers following to screen her.

to attack over Guadalcanal and catch him by surprise.

From this idea the Navy strategy developed. In one night it would be possible for *Lexington* to run in close to the rear of Guadalcanal and at dawn send its planes sweeping over Tulagi. *Yorktown* would protect the rear and supply any necessary reinforcements. Aboard *Lexington* everyone was at battle stations before dawn the morning of May 4 as the great ship turned into the wind to launch its planes for the 120-mile race to Tulagi.

The first attack planes zoomed off at 06:15, relays of bombers and torpedo planes shooting after. Scouts spread over every section of territory but Tulagi. The same night that hid the approach of *Lexington* might also have hidden a Jap carrier.

The scouts were back with the bombers by the time they approached Tulagi, the first rays of the sun flashing from their wings as they rushed over jungles toward the peaks of the island. Over the mountains, torpedo planes pushed noses down in a dive which took them to water level for the final 12 miles to the harbor.

They arrived there just as the bombers began their dives overhead, and to the pilots it seemed the harbor was full of naval craft. The largest transport, three cruisers and four destroyers, were marked for the first attack.

The Jap got his first warning from the high-pitched roar of the first bomber dive. At the same time, torpedoes from the fanned-out torpedo planes began to leave white wakes which criss-crossed all sections of the harbor.

Huge flames licked into the air as a destroyer listed under the impact of two bombs. Torpedo explosions sent smaller craft into the air and shattered the light auxiliary vessels to splinters. A 20,000-ton troopship went down: 1,000-lb. bombs plunged into the decks of a heavy cruiser; two destroyers turned over and sank; a seaplane tender was hit but sneaked out of the harbor, trailing oil; another destroyer and a couple of supply ships went down. But still the pilots were not satisfied. They headed back for another load of bombs.

The Jap had rallied sufficiently to shoot anti-aircraft fire at the flyers who returned, and there was seaplane-fighter interference. But it was too late for the Jap to save much. Some of the planes from *Lexington* fanned out after crossing the mountains, and out at sea chased down ships that escaped the harbor. A cruiser and a transport were sneaking out just as they arrived. The planes dived and their bombs hit.

The third time only bombers came over. They found a damaged destroyer outside the harbor and sank her; then they dive-bombed the damaged ships inside. At a height of 50 feet they tore in and out, trying to find targets for the rest of the bomb load. There didn't seem to be any.

At sea one destroyer was making off under forced draft. Planes found her, systematically shot her up and left her wallowing, steam and smoke pouring from her hatches and oil pouring from ragged holes in her hull.

Back at *Lexington* they added up the score of the first round: Fourteen out of 15 Jap ships sunk or damaged. Our losses: three planes, one crew.

That night *Lexington* was far from Guadalcanal, refueling with the rest of the force. Next morning they were pushing up into the Coral Sea where army bombers had found an enemy fleet in the Louisiades. In the afternoon scouts reported a large enemy force heading south by east. The carriers turned and raced through the night.

At dawn, reconnaissance showed the Jap had split his force. North, toward Misima, was a force of one carrier, three cruisers and six destroyers. The *Lexington* planes found the force just as the Jap carrier was turning to the wind.

The day was May 7—five months to the day after Pearl Harbor. Every plane scored a hit on the Jap carrier, which went down in five minutes. It was the new Jap carrier, *Ryukaku*.

At night the weather turned bad. Squalls, wind, clouds swept around the carriers as word came through that there was a Jap armada only 30 miles away. This was a new force and a big one—at least two carriers, battleships and destroyers.

Lexington and *Yorktown* let go their full attack in the dawn. Through the swirling clouds and driving rain the carrier *Zuikaku* was found and left afire. Through other clouds her sister ship loomed up. The carrier *Shokaku* was hit with two 1,000-pounders and the torpedo planes sank five fish in her.

As these planes attacked, the Jap was concentrating on *Lexington* and *Yorktown* in great force. *Yorktown* got a bomb but repaired the damage by night. *Lexington* picked up three bombs and two torpedoes, all on the port side. Listing, she limped away, got the damage down and the fires under control. But her gasoline pipes were sprung. In the evening the fumes exploded and finished her.

Exactly what happened to the two-pronged Jap attack force no one knows. None of the fleets was round again. It is safe to say they ran for home.

But of course they didn't stay. The Jap had a theory of warfare that said "Always attack," and the Jap was stubborn, and, of course, he reasoned, he had knocked our fleet out of the water. Not once, but three times. So the Jap looked around and gathered together his forces and moved out over the ocean again. And this time he really got it, in one of the sweetest little traps ever laid, a trap that will go down on the record books as the

Battle of Midway

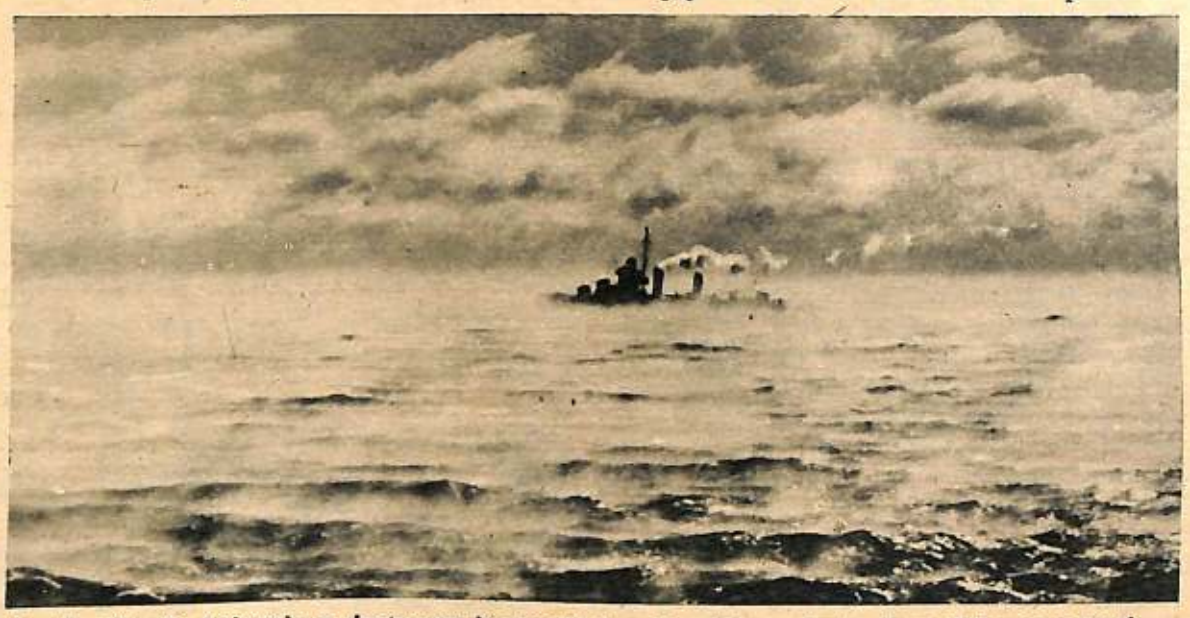
JUNE 3–6, 1942

The Jap had failed to get a foothold on Australia. Strategists reasoned that he would now strike east, at an outpost of the North American continent. Alaska became the No. 1 alert, bombers were flown to Midway; carriers came north, and Admiral Nimitz pushed patrols far out toward the Bonins and Wake.

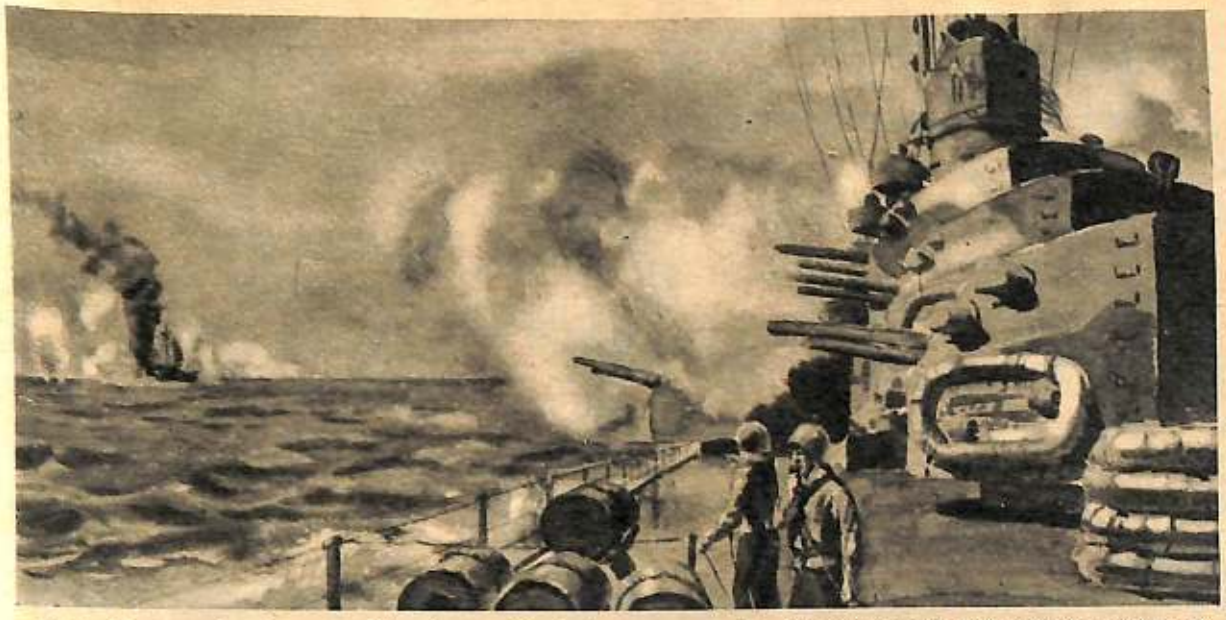
A navy patrol found the enemy first, in the early hours of June 3. The dark speck of the first enemy column showed up in the moonlit waters west of Midway. Land based bombers thundered out to begin the attack and that afternoon punched through a screen of fighters and antiaircraft to reach the convoy and leave two ships burning. In the north a navy carrier force swung south and raced towards Midway.

Reconnaissance showed a Jap force of about 80 ships approaching Midway. The first fleet, already under attack, was a landing force—troop transports, protecting cruisers and destroyers. From the north in the afternoon came the main attack force with four carriers, battleships, cruisers and destroyers. Each force numbered about 40 ships.

Strategy was determined while our Navy raced south. Because the enemy had so many carriers it was logical to assume that he had planned to attack Midway first by air. During this time the Jap fleet would be without its chief protection. The Navy task force, then, planned to slice between the two Jap fleets and on contact send its planes in



In the North Atlantic a destroyer is caught in a low-lying winter fog while on patrol. Such a fog is caused by cold Arctic winds sweeping across the Gulf Stream. Even an Arctic morning can be beautiful.



a flying leap on the Jap attacking force. Strategically, this should come at the moment the Jap Air Force raided Midway.

After sun-up, on the 4th, halyard flags reported that patrol planes had established contact. At almost the same moment word came in from Midway that the Japs were attacking there.

Now our first carrier turned into the wind to launch her attack group. Quickly the others swung around. The carriers still raced along after the planes had disappeared, men at their posts standing on the alert for planes and submarines.

Under the attack of the land-based planes, the Jap had begun his retreat and only one of the first torpedo squadrons found him. Torpedo 8 reported a force of three carriers and a whole parade of other ships. The squadron radioed its position, attacked, and no more was heard.

Now the planes had found the enemy and attacked. The Navy gambled on a new tactic, using its planes in do-or-die inside blows. In-fighting, it is called in the prize ring. While Army and Navy bombers overhead joined in long-range punches, Navy torpedo planes below dashed in and out at close quarters. The tactic was successful; the Jap directed all his attention to the torpedoes and the bombers above had a field day. Each of the three carriers was hit, and caught fire, two battleships were damaged, one destroyer seemed to explode.

Almost the moment the Navy planes landed on the decks, planes from the fourth Jap carrier attacked. *Yorktown* got it first. Her fighters swung upward amid flashing guns, smoke and ack-ack. The ships of the line turned and twisted. To the men on the ships it seemed that only two of the 18 attackers finally managed to get away.

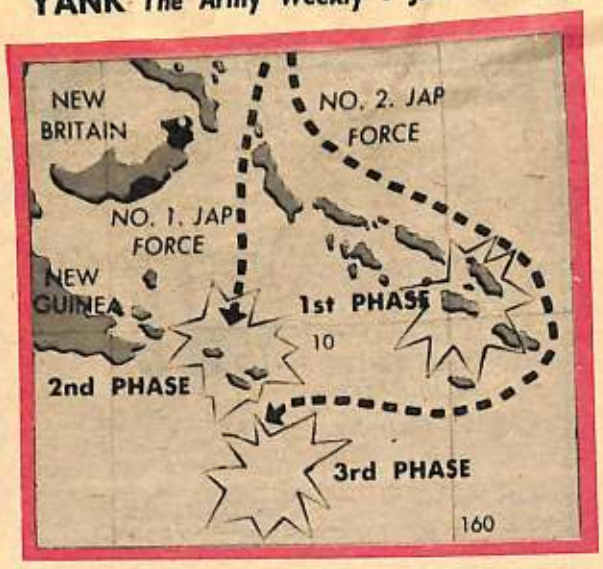
In the afternoon the fourth carrier was found, bombed and crippled; later a sub put three torpedoes in her hull. Next day, when planes searched for the three carriers first put out of action, they found only huge oil slicks on the water, with men swimming in their midst.

Reconnaissance showed the enemy forces fleeing in disorder, ripped apart and stunned after meeting a force they did not expect. In the north bad weather hid the fleeing Japs. In the waters to the south land-based army and marine planes had continued to engage the transport force and now the enemy, abandoning its cripples, formed several fleeing groups. Flying Fortresses found one group on the 5th and left a cruiser listing and turning. Rushing westward, our carriers found two more groups, one the Jap admiral's. Relays of planes shot out, attacked, scored hits. On the evening of the 6th the task force came within range of Jap land-based bombers, turned and started back.

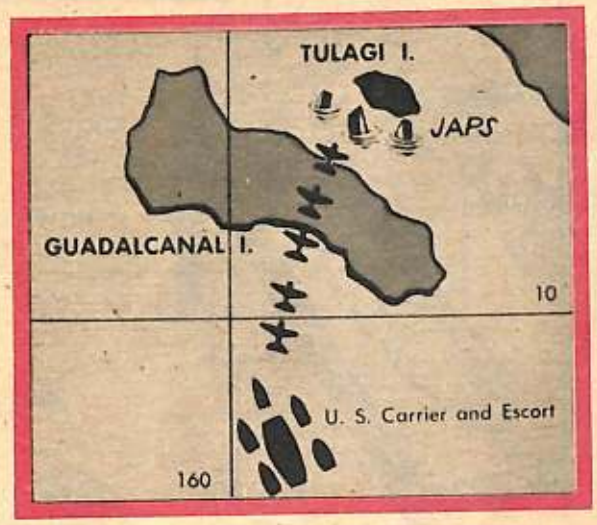
"Things began to break for us at Midway," Admiral King said later. "We began to get the breaks there. Navy losses were the carrier *Yorktown* and the destroyer *Hammann*. The Japs lost at least four carriers, with at least 275 planes, three destroyers, two cruisers and one transport."

And then the Jap went home, fast, back where he came from, limping and sore. He had had enough for a while.

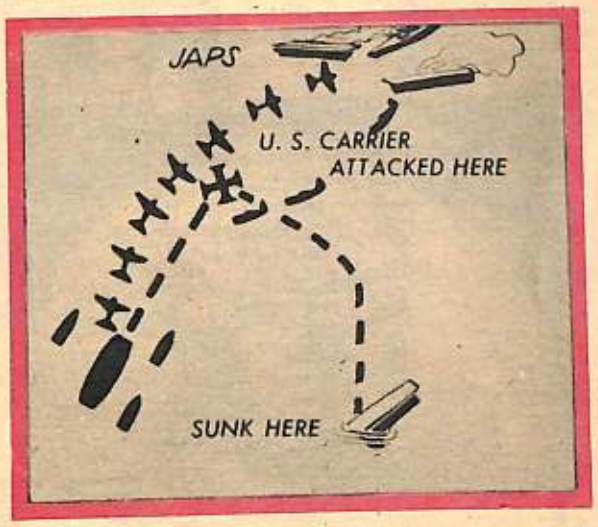
And when he's ready to try it again, the Navy will be around.



Here's how the Japs planned their attack on either Port Moresby or Australia. Two attack forces move south, one straight, one in a loop, to pick up troop transports.



But the American carrier force found one transport force assembling in Tulagi harbor and destroyed it in a sudden attack over Guadalcanal. The U. S. force then . . .



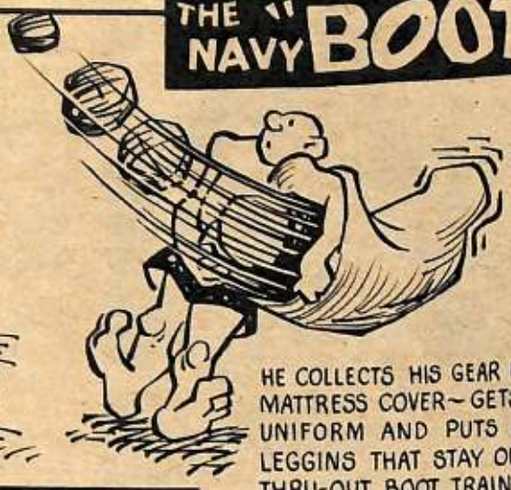
. . . our force next day attacked the spearhead of the second Jap attack fleet. Here the U. S. carrier Lexington was sunk after we had damaged two Jap carriers.

(1) Jap transport fleet sighted early morning June 3. Midway-based Army, Navy, Marine planes (2, 3, 4) begin two-day attack. Strong Jap attack force (5) comes in from north. Jap planes attack Midway (6), as their fleet turns back under attack of planes from Midway. (7) Navy establishes contact and Navy planes (8) swarm over Jap fleet to damage three carriers and other ships. (9) Carrier *Soryu* left sinking. (10) Fourth Jap carrier sunk afternoon June 4. (11) Flying Fortresses from Midway attack. (12) Jap attack fleet escapes in bad weather. (13) Fleeing ships of transport fleet attacked by land based Flying Fortresses and Marine bombers. Carrier based planes attack transport fleet (14, 15, 16) and make repeated hits June 5-6.

. . . headed west and surprised part of the first Jap attack force off Misima in the Louisades, sinking the Jap carrier *Ryukaku* and a heavy cruiser. Swinging south . . .

THE "NAVY BOOT"

THIS HUNK OF STUFF IS A "BOOT," FRESH FROM HIS PHYSICAL — WITH FOOT, CHEST AND BRAIN SIZES MARKED ON HIS DROOPING BUSOM.



HE COLLECTS HIS GEAR IN A MATTRESS COVER — GETS HIS UNIFORM AND PUTS ON LEGGINS THAT STAY ON THRU-OUT BOOT TRAINING.

FULLY EQUIPT, HE DEPARTS FOR HIS "SHIP" (WHICH IS ACTUALLY A BARRACK) TO START HIS TRAINING THAT LASTS FROM 4 TO 8 WEEKS.

THE BOOT'S FIRST PROBLEM IS HOW TO SLEEP IN A CONTRAPTION CALLED A HAMMOCK. HE SOON LEARNS HOW TO TIE KNOTS AND HANDLE A RIFLE.

LONG HIKES, DRILL, WATCH DUTY, AND THE INEVITABLE K.P. ARE SOME OF THE THINGS THAT KEEP HIM HUMPING. HE ALSO HAS TO FIND TIME TO WASH HIS OWN CLOTHES.

AFTER HIS TRAINING IS OVER, THE BOOT GETS AN EXAMINATION TO DETERMINE IF HE SHOULD GO TO SERVICE SCHOOL.

THE SERVICE SCHOOL HAS COURSES IN —

WELDING..

SIGNALING..

RADIO.. AND MANY OTHER TRADES.

IF THE BOOT DOESN'T GO TO SERVICE SCHOOL, HE PACKS HIS GEAR —

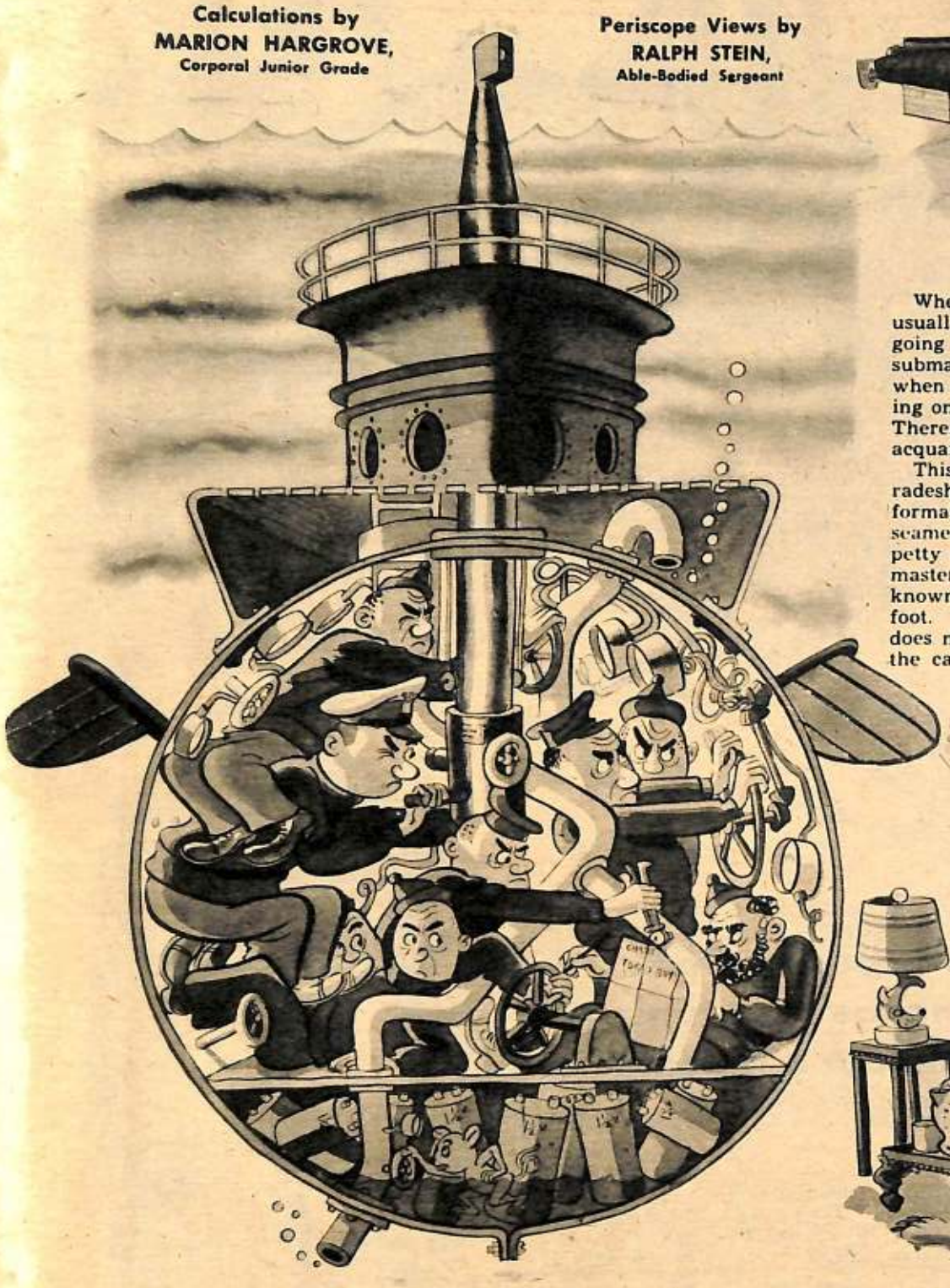
AND GOES TO AN "OUT-GOING-UNIT" WHERE HE MAKES HIMSELF AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE WAITING FOR HIS CALL TO ACTIVE DUTY.

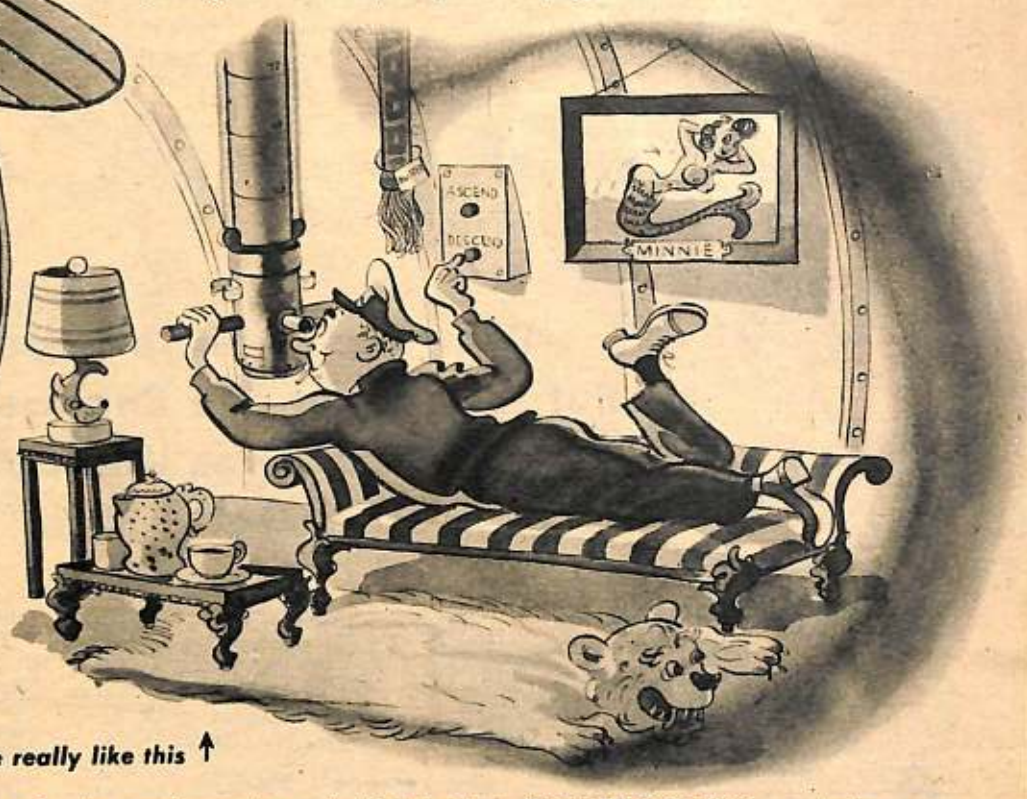
P.S. STILL DONT UNDERSTAND WHY SAILORS GET ALL THE GALS!

Blow It OUT YOUR BALLAST TANKS

Calculations by
MARION HARGROVE,
Corporal Junior Grade

Periscope Views by
RALPH STEIN,
Able-Bodied Sergeant





People think submarines look like this ↑ but . . . they're really like this ↑

NEW LONDON, CONN.—To read articles about submarines, you'd think they were about as big around as a small beer keg and that the men worked curled around each other's elbows. To see submarine movies, you'd think the sailors spent their time bailing water, gasping, sweating, hammering on jammed doors and getting on each other's nerves.

This is really a lot of Navy propaganda, designed to keep surface fleets from being stripped of their personnel by a rush of volunteers for submarine duty.

Although older subs have few modern conveniences, the latest models are equipped with air conditioning, silent electric motors that won't drown out the swapping of lies, and trimmings of aluminum and stainless steel that please the most aesthetic sailor's eye.

Instead of hairy-chested Victor McLaglens wrestling with monstrous wheels and levers, today we see neat and sober youths turning off their phonographs, putting away their albums of Beethoven records and sauntering to the control room for their turn at reading the streamlined gauges and pushing the pretty little rows of red and green buttons.

This luxurious craft has only one drawback, so far as our astute army eye can see. It looks like a submarine. In modern warfare every combat vehicle is carefully disguised. In our modest way we tried to figure out camouflage for the submarine that would make her look like a mermaid, but her bumps are in the wrong places. Therefore we humbly submit to the Navy the suggestion that a bit of paint could make her look like a 5-cent cigar, in which case nobody would give her a second look.

Whereas men of the surface fleets usually occupy their leisure hours by going on deck and frivoling around, submarine sailors have found that when their sub is under water, walking on deck is chilly and often fatal. Therefore they stay below and get acquainted with each other.

This results in a remarkable comradeship in which the usual naval formality is forgotten. Apprentice seamen sometimes address chief petty officers as "Mac" and quartermasters second class have been known to give their captains a hotfoot. This latter prank, however, does not go unpunished. As soon as the captain gets a chance, he gives the quartermaster a hotfoot in return.

In the submarine fleet, men never get the rough talk, even from the brass, that soldiers and marines get from foul-mouthed first sergeants. A typical order from the diving officer might go: "Gentlemen, as a favor to the captain, who is having a hard time finding his mouth with his fork in this choppy weather, I suggest that we descend to approximately 60 feet, where absolute calm prevails and the captain may eat his breakfast with equanimity. Flood main ballast tanks, set bow planes at five degrees."

This is not to say that the submarine sailor is a softie. On the contrary, without superhuman courage and determination he could not have braved the dreadful propaganda nor waded through the marshes of scare-talk to get into the sub service. All of this he did, really thinking all the time that he was getting into a tough life.

After finishing boot camp (if he survives it), the submarine sailor comes here to New London to the training school, where he learns the intricacies of the hydrophones, the periscopes, the thousands of little gadgets and the john. Then he goes through several chambers of horror.

The first of these is the pressure chamber, a combination sewer pipe and pressure cooker. Instructors tuck the men safely in and then turn up the air pressure until the recruits' hair curls. Then he tells them to keep swallowing. They do. They swallow lumps in their throats. After an incredibly long time, the instructor sticks a fork in them to see if they're done and lets the air out of the chamber. Then he lets the men out.

The hapless victims are then fitted with Momsen lungs. A Momsen lung is a canvas breathing-bag filled with chemicals which convert a man's natural halitosis into mountain-fresh oxygen which he breathes back in again. Its practical purpose is to keep a man alive under water.

Fitted with a canvas lung, each man goes to the famous diving tower, a vertical pipe 135 feet high, with enough water in it to make a geyser out of every toilet in Connecticut if hooked up properly. (This, however, is not under consideration).

By entering the tank at a level of **12, 18, 50 or 100** feet and then working one's way slowly up to the surface, the recruit learns the technique of under-water escape. The 18-foot escape is required, but many men make deeper ones until they've finally come up from 100 feet. This they do because 1) they want to see the pretty mermaids painted on the sides at the lower levels, 2) the other fellows would call them sissies if they didn't, 3) they get a certificate for doing it, and 4) the other fellows would call them sissies if they didn't.

Having gone through these ordeals, the submarine sailor can retire to the quiet and easy-going submarine life, enjoying the social routine, doing his work unhurriedly as he awaits the joys of the glorious post-war world.

Destroyer Men Tell Boudoir Stories But 18 Days at Sea Change the Scuttlebutt To Adventures Without a Heroine

By ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

Destroyer Sketches
By Cpl. ROBERT GREENHALGH

AFTER evening chow on the destroyer the men sit on the fantail and tell tall stories. Most of the crew come to these bull sessions and in the two hours before dark they tell tale after tale of boudoir experience.

But one night was different. We had been out for 18 days. Maybe the men were tired of bedroom stories or maybe it was the weather, which had turned sharp and cold, but anyway they stopped talking after a few stories had fallen flat.

One of the sailors sitting on a row of depth charges sighed and said, "It's too damned quiet these days."

The other men nodded. "Two thousand miles this trip," another said, "and we didn't even hear a sub on the sound gear. That's what comes from cleaning a place out too good."

They were quiet for a while longer and then a yeoman said, "It wasn't like this the first few times we came out here." He laughed and the other men laughed with him, and then he went on talking.

The Yeoman's Story

Do you remember the time we spotted the first sub? I was on the bridge as a "talker" that night. It was warm and very dark; you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. I was nervous. It was my first trip to sea.

Besides listening over the phone I would take the captain's commands and call them out over the phones for the men on the guns and in the lookout posts. The job wasn't hard, but I was new at it—and all of a sudden the port lookout calls in that he spotted a periscope dead ahead on the surface.

I was so damned scared I didn't know what to do. Only the captain was calm. I never saw anyone so calm in all my life. My hands were sweating like I'd dipped them in water, and he was just standing there whistling softly through his teeth.

The captain asked me for the phone set and I gave it to him. He talked in it to all the gun crews. "Fill your loading lines and load your guns," he said quietly. "The chief signalman will turn on the main searchlight when the sub is within range. Do not fire when the searchlight goes on. You will be given the preliminary command 'stand by' and then the command, 'fire.' I repeat: do not fire when the searchlight goes on. You will be given the command 'stand by' and then the command 'fire'."

He gave me back the phone set and I hung it around my neck again. The captain went back to his low whistling. It was a thing called "Lady Be Good."

The port lookout shouted, "They're loading their deck gun, sir." The searchlight came on. Out on the water was a vague gray object, low in the waves.

The captain stopped whistling. He pointed to me and the phone set, motioning for me to repeat his command: "Shoot it," he said. "Shoot it! Shoot it!"

Gun watch in foul-weather gear.

The men shook their heads when the yeoman finished, each remembering his part in the engagement. The radioman came away from the rail where he had been standing and joined the circle. He was blond, thin, about 23. He had left Massachusetts to join the Navy three years earlier. Before the war he had spent his shore leaves visiting museums and going to concerts.

The Radioman's Story

That reminds me of a trip we took with a lot of new recruits. They were good guys and good to talk to, probably nervous, but they never showed it much, and they spent most of their time in small groups up on

the foc'sle watching the bow cut through the water, like all new sailors seem to do.

I was up gassing with them one day when suddenly a big column of smoke shot into the air up ahead on the horizon. A tanker had just been torpedoed. We shot up to full speed and depth-bombed the whole area. Some smaller ships came up and picked up the survivors and we went back to join them after we finished.

All the freighter men thrown in the water had life jackets on, but most of them were dead and their jackets had slipped down around their waists. They just floated around with their heads under water and their butts sticking up.

When I finished my work I went back up to the foc'sle to see how the new guys were taking it. I walked clear up to them before I noticed they were all crying. Their fists were clenched so tight you could see their veins standing out.

The Bosun's Mate cleared his throat and spat into the sea. He was a regular navy man of many hitches. Before joining the Navy he had shipped as helmsman in the Merchant Marine.

The Bosun's Mate's Story

I remember that rescue. There was a small raft with a little pole on it floating around in the wreckage. Two guys were on the raft and the damned thing was burning like a son of a gun. We launched a boat and went to take them off. Just before we got to them one of the guys jumped off. He sank before we could get to him.

I was helmsman of the boat and I didn't want to steer too close to the raft because it was burning pretty high now. I pulled up near the thing and told the other guy to jump off and swim over. He wouldn't move. The raft was burning, the guy's clothes were smoking and the little mast he was hanging to was all on fire. But the damned fool wouldn't let go. We could see his hands getting burned and he just stood there and stared at us. Finally our ensign jumped overboard as I edged in close, grabbed the guy and threw him aboard our boat. Two hours later, back here on the destroyer, the guy was perfectly all right except for the burns on his hand.

"That's the way it goes," the yeoman said. "They go right out of their head sometimes."

"Yeah," a seaman said, "I remember once—"

"You remember," the gunner's mate said scornfully. "You ain't old enough to remember anything." The gunner's mate was another old navy man: he was short, Irish and bald. He had served in the last war and loved to tell stories. Now he packed his pipe down and settled back to enjoy the respectful silence he always got.

The Gunner's Mate's Story

Our strangest rescue, if you can call it that, was one day up around Newfoundland. It was a dark, gray day, like they always are up there, when we suddenly heard a plane up above. It was one of our planes and it signalled that there was a raft floatin' around with some one on it, just like you told about, and it was about 10 miles back of us. So we turned around and headed back for it through an ocean that looked like one of them new cocktails—full of slush and chipped ice.

It was snowing by then and we had a hard time findin' the raft. When we finally made it out, there didn't seem to be no one on it. There were footprints in the snow on the raft, but not a soul aboard. The new snow hadn't even covered the footprints up yet.

We sank it with our machine guns.

"Sometimes you get a queer one," the torpedo man said. He was a short, dark Italian who had once fought in the Golden Gloves.

The Torpedoman's Story

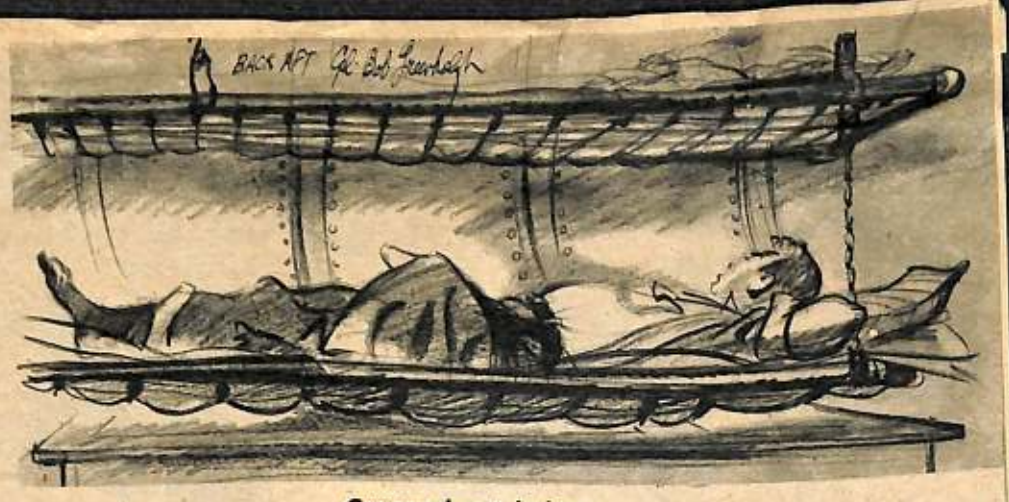
We were out with some other ships and an American sub, just practicing. The sub would go under and we would listen for it with our sound machines. When we found it we'd blow our whistle and then the sub would move off somewhere else and we'd do it all over again. There were five of us there: three PC boats, a Canadian corvette and us on the destroyer.

Finally, after we'd found it a few times, the sub starts to surface. Our starboard lookout says, "Periscope at oh-four-five, sir." About two seconds later the port lookout says, "Periscope at two-six-oh, sir." Nobody knew what to make of it. We weren't sure which sub was ours and nobody believed a Nazi sub would come right up among five of our ships. We waited and waited, not knowing what the hell to do, and finally the port sub came clear out of the water and we saw it was ours.

Well, we started after the other one, but it pulled down its periscope as soon as it saw where it was and disappeared.

The American sub came up, saw what was happening and ran like hell.

You won't believe this, but with five anti-submarine ships against one lousy sub, we never got the guy. We had to be careful not to sink our own sub.



Crapped out below.

The men all shook their heads at this and some them laughed.

"I remember," the seaman started to say.

"My God!" said the gunner's mate. "There he goes again."

"I remember—" the seaman said, but the gunner's mate reached over and put his hand over the seaman's mouth.

"Hush now," the gunner's mate said gently. "Hush now before poppa spank."

The Fire Controlman's Story

You know that nothing scares you so much as sitting still in the water when you know there are subs around. Sometimes we lower a boat when we have to rescue people and keep the destroyer circling around so they can't line us up for a tin fish. We did that once up north when we picked up three guys from a raft. That was one of those peculiar experiences, not the circling around, but those men on the raft. One of them was a British professor who was going to America to teach in some college. Both his legs were frozen when we picked him up and they had to be cut off. One of the other men lost one of his legs, too. But the third man, a merchant seaman, had just walked back and forth on this little raft for two days, and he was perfectly okay.

I still wonder about that sometimes. It seems funny that this dumb seaman knew enough to walk back and forth while the professor just sat there and froze.

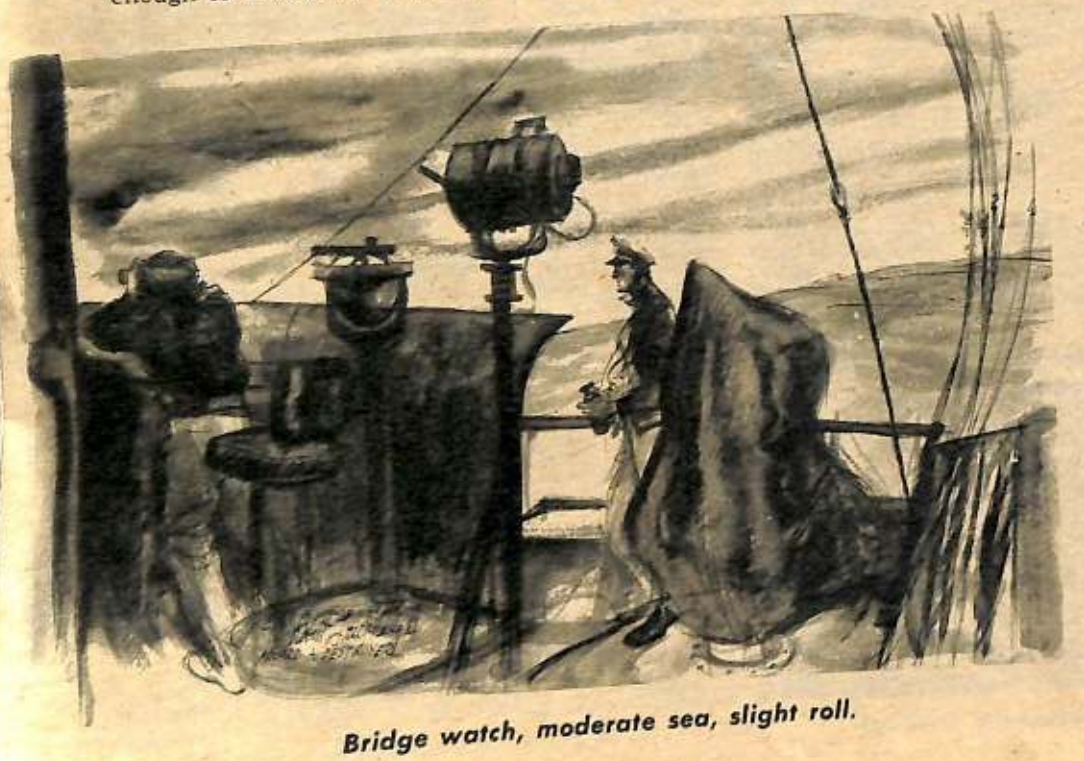
There was little talking after this story until the silence began to work on the coxwain, a kid of 20. He was staring at the deck, and finally looked up.

The Coxwain's Story

You know, I had a good friend once on a destroyer. He was a fireman and we were in boot camp together. He was on duty in the fire room during a sub patrol. Another fireman, who was off duty, came down to get a cup of coffee. Usually there's a coffee pot in the fire room, but this time they had run out of grounds for making more. My friend and this other guy flipped to see who'd go up and get some more from the galley. It was good and cold out and none of them wanted to go, but my friend won and the other had to go up. My friend stayed down on duty.

While this other guy was up in the galley a torpedo hit right smack in the No. 1 fire room.

Nobody got out.

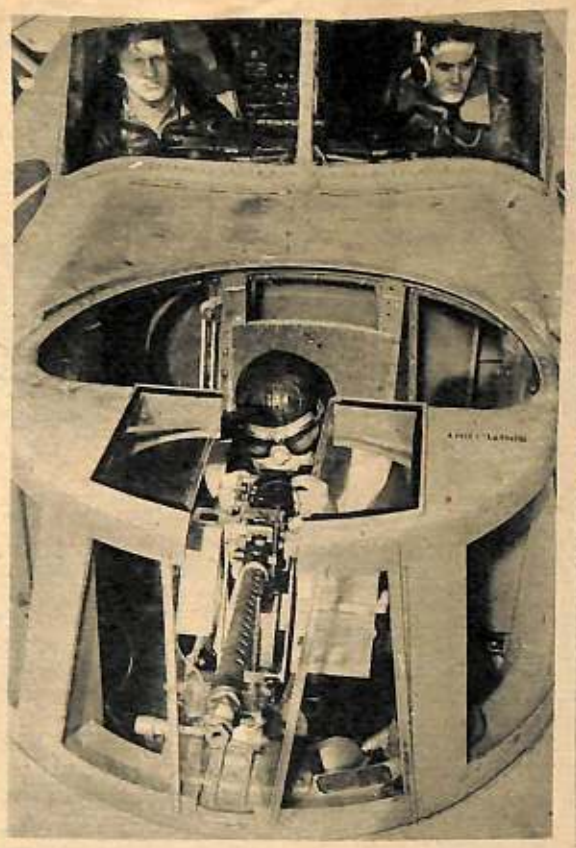


Bridge watch, moderate sea, slight roll.

Fire room—cutting in a new burner.

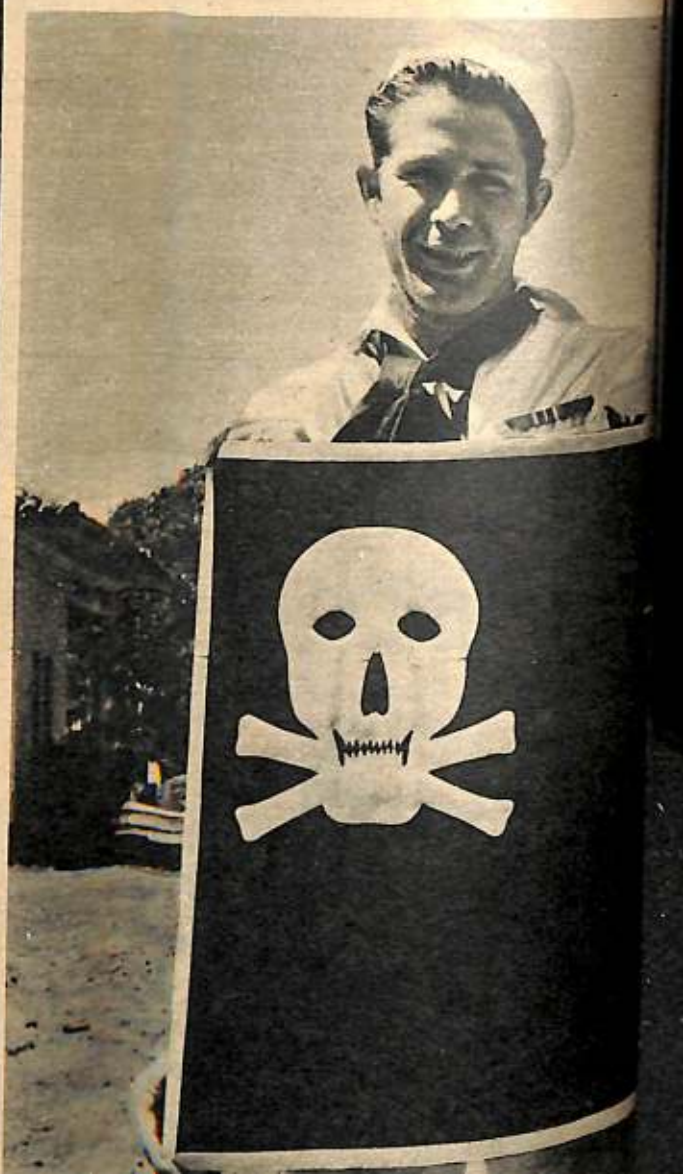
THIS IS T

A SAILOR and his girl make use of the moon.



NAVY GUNNER ready in turret of a PBY.

COLLECTING stockings for Uncle Sam. Nice work.



HE NAVY

COAST GUARDSMAN, dressed for trouble—of any kind.

ke: ten torpedoes for ten ships, sunk by a U. S. submarine.

STORM AT SEA, making sailors hug the bridge, can't stop this PC boat's sub-hunting.

SEABEES, members of the Navy's Construction Battalion, charge across a swamp.

A WEEK OF WAR

Clicking On All Fronts

FROM RUSSIA TO NEW GUINEA THE SITUATION LOOKS BETTER

It's the first hot meal in days for these Yanks in New Guinea, where they are driving Japs out

THE Russians' conduct, it had to be admitted, was outrageous. There are, the German generals told themselves, certain immutable principles of warfare that all your new-fangled panzer divisions and dive bombers can't change. For instance, there are two periods in any given year when you can try an offensive. You can pull off a push in the spring that will take you well into the summer. Then, when that offensive has spent itself, you gather yourself together for a few weeks and make another drive in the fall. And in the dead of winter you dig in and hold on to what you've got. That's good, sound practice. Generals have been doing it ever since Alexander waltzed down to the border of India. As for a winter offensive—well, it just isn't done, that's all.

Unfortunately, however, for Adolph Hitler and some hundreds of thousands of helmeted Germans and the coming millennium of the *Pax Germanica*, the Russians were doing it.

They were chopping the German out of the Caucasus. Pieces of his line flew off like chips from a sharp axe. Ever since the second great offensive had started the axe had been biting into the spongy wood that was the German defense. And now the spongy wood was crumbling. To the east and south of nervous, Nazi-held Rostov, the Russian guns moved in. To the north-east, the Russians were circling around hard-fighting Millerovo, planning to leave it behind them as they had left the 22 German divisions now dying before deathless Stalingrad. Those 22 divisions, whose regiments had been decimated to companies and companies to platoons, looked vainly to the west; but between them and a relief column stood 100 miles of Russian-held territory. Between Stalingrad and Rostov a peninsula of German defense had stuck out only a week before, but now that was gone, nipped off, vanished, annihilated. The 22 encircled divisions starved and waited, but they no longer hoped.

In the south, too, there had been another peninsula of German resistance, 50 miles deep, 50 miles across, stretching from Georgievsk to north of Ordzhonikidze. Now that, also, was gone, and Georgievsk was gone and the Russians were pressing north along the roads and the railroads. Rostov looked back towards Berlin and called out for help.

Berlin replied in a faint voice. A military commentator named General Dietmar stepped up to a microphone in the capital of the Third Reich and announced that the Russians seemed to have a great many men. He seemed rather surprised at the whole business. "No doubt," he said, "the Russians are far ahead of us in making use of their masses. . . ."

Yes, general.

"The extent of the Russian counter-offensive can in no way be questioned . . . ."

No, general.

"The Russian counter-attacks this year are far more concentrated than they were last year . . . ."

You bet your life, general.

"We shall create a fighting front of the numerical strength which alone has been missing so far to achieve final victory against the incredible numbers of Russians . . . ."

Create it from where, general? Think you've got the time?

Hitler was running short of men, desperately short. He was straining his reserves and using all his resources in a vain attempt to stop a juggernaut whose collective breath in the cold January weather made the very air steam. He was getting beaten in Russia, and beaten badly; and he was not telling Germany the full extent of his losses. In the north, where only smouldering ashes remained of the Nazi annihilation at Veliki Luki and where the Russians were already moving in mass past the ruins in the direction of the Latvian border, the loss of that key city was still denied. "We have sent a relief column to Veliki Luki," said the High Command. "*Sure, sure*," said Russia, breaking into a grin. "We still hold Veliki Luki," said the High Command. "*The hell you do*," said Russia.

With the Red Army on a great offensive, s blast Germans with tommy guns outside Sta

An army, any army, can stand just so pasting, and then it goes to pieces; and the Army had taken a lot of pasting.

General Dietmar had said that a fighting numerical strength would be created. It was resounding phrase, but it was empty. Whe the men? The answer was obvious. They France, in the Balkans, in all the occupied co And, at last reports, there were 70,000 picke equipped troops in Tunisia, holding down strip of coast against veteran British and American units who seemed, for the moment quite willing to sit things out. The clock had in Tunisia; nothing was happening. The G waited behind their guns and the Americans behind their tanks. Patrols went out, recon and came back to report. The only fighti skirmishes—50 men against 50, 100 men agai A farmhouse would change hands. A few would be dropped. Only the planes worke tinually, dive-bombing over the harbors, o German oil tanks, over the Axis-held railwa

And in Libya, too, the advance had slowed. seemed to hang over all North Africa. T people it looked strange; but there were still men in Tunisia who might have saved Velik who might have stemmed the Russian fl Georgievsk, who might have cut their wa Stalingrad. And there were thousands of G in Libya who might have been somewhere els whole North African campaign, in fact, see hinge on the fact that probably 100,000 G were where they were and not in the Russian

While men died in Russia and waited in Africa there was action halfway across the on a huge, malarial island. The Japs were again on New Guinea. They were landing mo at Lae, but they were paying a high price t Of six transports they sent to that bitter co the world, three were sunk and the other thr hit. But men got off the transports to vanish into the jungles. Over their heads, unmercifu Allied planes dived down.

Down the coast, battered and resigned, th nants of the once-proud Japanese Army th marched across the mountains against Port M clung to a narrow salient, shaped like a t The Allies pounded in on them day in and da It was dirty, bloody work. The Japs were in tiful defensive position, and the losses on bot were high. In nine weeks of hammering at the flank and front, the Allies had made a advance of exactly fifty yards and establish road blocks. Nothing more. Men waded t swamps and died in swamps and contacted in swamps. On what was probably the wors of the war, and one of the smallest, the yard costing a lot. But in the end it would be w In the end it would all be worth it.

Gen. Giraud, As Darlan's Successor, Expected To Weld French Forces

CLIMAXING a life of adventure and heroic service to his country, Gen. Henri Honore Giraud, succeeding the late Admiral Jean Darlan as High Commissioner in French Africa, is expected to bring together French political elements into a compact fighting force. Admiral Darlan was assassinated by a young Frenchman of Italian descent on Christmas Eve, and with his death ended one of the strangest and most violent debates of the war. Both Fighting French forces and Darlan followers support Gen. Giraud. He is also popular with the British.

GEN. GIRAUD

Yanks do a little joy-riding in what used to be a theater of war. You wouldn't think those nags could do it, but they manage to take sightseers around the streets of Casablanca. No, that's not Jimmy Stewart driving. He's in the Air Force, remember?

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM G.I. REUNION TO WILD DOGS IN AFRICA

Open Letter to a Papuan Carrier From Grateful Yanks in New Guinea

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA.

Dear Fuzzy-Wuzzy:

From the tough north side of the Owen Stanley Range, I and my buddies send you our deepest thanks. Thanks to you and your buddies for the tremendous help you've been to us in kicking the Japs out of your backyard.

You were a pretty peaceful lot before the Japs moved in and turned your country into a bloody battlefield. You were used to the ceaseless noises of the jungle, but not the noises of whining bullets and screeching, roaring bombs.

You'd seen a few white men—missionaries—who'd come to your out-of-the-way villages to teach you about God. They'd taught you to call your children Joe or John or some other such outlandish name. But you'd never seen white men—so many of them—bent on the destruction and death the missionaries taught you to abhor.

Your lives are changed today. Sure, it's your land, and you'd have been crazy to sit around as spectators while the Japs sneaked in and overran it. But it wasn't your kind of fighting. You haven't got the tools and you wouldn't understand them if you had them.

Some of you, to be sure, know some English, and you've been made police boys and corporals and sergeants of your own gangs. You haven't any guns, tanks, planes or any of the other things that go to make up the weapons of a modern war—but you do have the best damned legs and backs we ever saw.

It hasn't been too easy for you, either. Many of you have left your homes, to follow us down the long jungle trails. By our standards, your homes don't look like much—just a bunch of huts on stilts with a wild pig or two sniffing around. But we know they keep the rain off, because we've slept in them—and we know what it's like to leave home. We did it, too.

You've walked 25 miles a day for days on end, carrying average weights of 40 pounds a man.

You've climbed up and down steep hills, plowed through rivers and swamps, trudged through sand that tore at your legs.

We marvel at you. You've kept us going in our fight when without you we might have been starved or licked. You've brought up our rations when we were hungry; you've brought up our ammunition when we ran low.

You've guided us through the bewildering jungle so we wouldn't get lost, and you've brought us information about the enemy we couldn't have obtained from anyone else. You've climbed palm trees and knocked down fresh cocoanuts brimming with cool juice when we were thirsty.

You've carried our wounded back when they had to be evacuated, moving swiftly, quietly and gently down the trail to the field hospital.

You've been bombed, strafed and wounded yourselves—but you stuck with us. You crossed the mountains with us. You stayed with our columns for two long months, eating your rice, sleeping on your kunai grass mats, chewing your strong tobacco sticks and singing your strange chants. When we were up at the front, there you were, too.

One observer thought it strange a few days ago when we saw an American general stop beside a couple of you sitting in a slit trench. He gave you two of his cigarettes, and then bent down and held a match for you.

The rest of us didn't think this was strange, though. We knew you deserved it.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT.

You Can't Keep the Duffeys Apart, Even In a South Pacific Battle Zone

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—When a guy is 10,000 miles from home and in a combat zone, the last person in the world he expects to get a telephone call from is the kid sister he left back in the States.

Yet that's exactly what happened to Sgt. Lawrence Duffey, of Worcester, Mass. He stood, dumbfounded, as his sister informed him blithely that she'd be out to see him in just a few minutes—for all the world like somebody back home calling to say they're going to pay a Sunday afternoon visit.

But this was just the beginning of the strangest of strange coincidences that brought together Sgt. Duffey and his sister, 2nd Lt. Margaret Duffey, ANC.

Said Sgt. Duffey, "Sis, I've been cursing to myself all day for having to stay in tonight. Yet if I hadn't been confined for missing the morning roll call, I might not have seen you. You know, we're pulling out tomorrow."

Said Lt. Duffey, "If a Hartford lieutenant, named Hammond, hadn't come aboard our ship to see if there were any Connecticut nurses in our group, I wouldn't have learned that your unit was stationed here. All the other nurses had to stay on board ship but I got permission to get off to find you."

Sgt. Duffey is a member of a finance section. Prior to coming into the Army, he was employed by the Life Assurance Company, Worcester, Mass.

Lt. Duffey had been on private duty in Hartford, Conn., when, as a member of the Yale Unit, famous volunteer group of reserve nurses, she was inducted into the Army at Camp Edwards, Mass., last August.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duffey of Putnam, Conn., will soon learn of this dramatic overseas meeting of their only offspring.

SGT. ARTHUR BARSCHDORF
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Yanks at Home and Abroad

Men Wait for Planes in South And Do a Little Drill on the Side

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH—A hotel taken over by the Army has no floor shows, room service or bellhops, and the few luxuries left over from its civilian existence are simply lucky dividends.

One hotel here is the baby of the Air Transport Command. It's the last U.S. home that many men have before they climb into a transport for foreign service. It's a kind of transient depot and it has all the business and occasional confusion of a railroad station. Here Air Force personnel, infantrymen, Signal Corps specialists and Army postal clerks sweat out their wait for overseas transportation.

The hotel used to be a health resort and still has an aura about it of shredded breakfast foods and high colonics. But the Army, as you might expect, continues to put its faith in calisthenics as far as health is concerned.

The enlisted man's day at the hotel opens with a roll call at 8 o'clock, a very reasonable hour. The men rise from cots set up in the old hotel rooms and in dormitories on the ground floor. The rooms have been stripped of curtains and such civilian nonsense and rather resemble the NCO rooms in an ordinary barracks. The lobby (known as the day room) has been similarly redecorated or undecorated.

Roll call over, the men police up their quarters and grab breakfast, if they haven't had the foresight to grab it before. They then repair to an hour of calisthenics. The calisthenics devised by the Air Force are to ordinary Army calisthenics as pro football is to hop scotch. The men jump and writhe and stretch and twist. The prize routine is a number known as the Randolph Hop, a coordination exercise so strenuous that it would leave the average chorus girl limp and gasping.

Calisthenics are followed by a four- or five-mile hike, without packs and quite mild as hikes go. The curse of marching is alleviated by the points of interest, such as a large racetrack. Yardbirds who are railbirds at heart think nothing of double-timing the route to be rewarded by a peek at Whirlaway.

Afternoons are partially devoted to Commando tactics. The officers are touchy about their charges and go to great lengths to see that they don't wither and become soft under their care.

There is another roll call at 5 P.M. If a man attends this without finding himself tapped for a sudden exodus from U. S. soil, the rest of the evening is his own. He may go back to his room and enjoy the non-G.I. splendor of a hot tub. He may read any one of a number of books from the hotel library. Travel books, quite reasonably, are favorites. He may sleep, which is a very popular pastime. He may sign out and visit the main stem, which is equally the property of the AAF. He can stick around and go to the PX in back of the hotel.

The PX is not the worst idea. "I like to make the most of it," a staff sergeant pilot from Omaha said. "It's not every day you hit a PX where the beer isn't 3.2."

SGT. AL HINE
YANK CORRESPONDENT

If a Mon's a Bit Tight Wi' Slugs He Can Get 3 MEs on One Trip

CAIRO—Lyman Middleditch Jr., who leads U. S. fighter pilots in this theater with four Messerschmidt 109s bagged, figures plain old Yankee thrift with bullets is responsible for his success.

He holds his fire until he's sure of his target, then lets fly with the works. Such conservation of ammunition enabled him to knock down three Axis planes in one sortie.

"The least push of the gun button will bring down any plane if the guns point in the right direction," he says. "It's a waste to shoot more bullets when the extras could get you another plane."

The day he hit his three-plane jackpot, Middleditch and his squadron were flying top cover for a squadron of fighter-bombers.

"As we neared the target the sky was full of MEs, probably from Crete," he said. "Under the MEs were a score or more of Italians and below them as many Stuka dive bombers. Then I saw six MEs coming in on my side of the formation. Two ships came at me, so I gave them a burst. The leader took a quick climb, rolled backwards and dove to the ground. When I tried for the second one things really started happening.

"I had plenty of altitude, but I was going fast to nail him in the tail. To protect myself from above I kept on diving with four M following. Every time I tried to pull out I could see those 20-mm cannon bursts around me. Then I saw the first ship I had winged hit the ground. By that time I was over the sea with the Nazis still trailing. One of them came too close and I lefted the nose and gave him a light burst. He kept right on going into the surf.

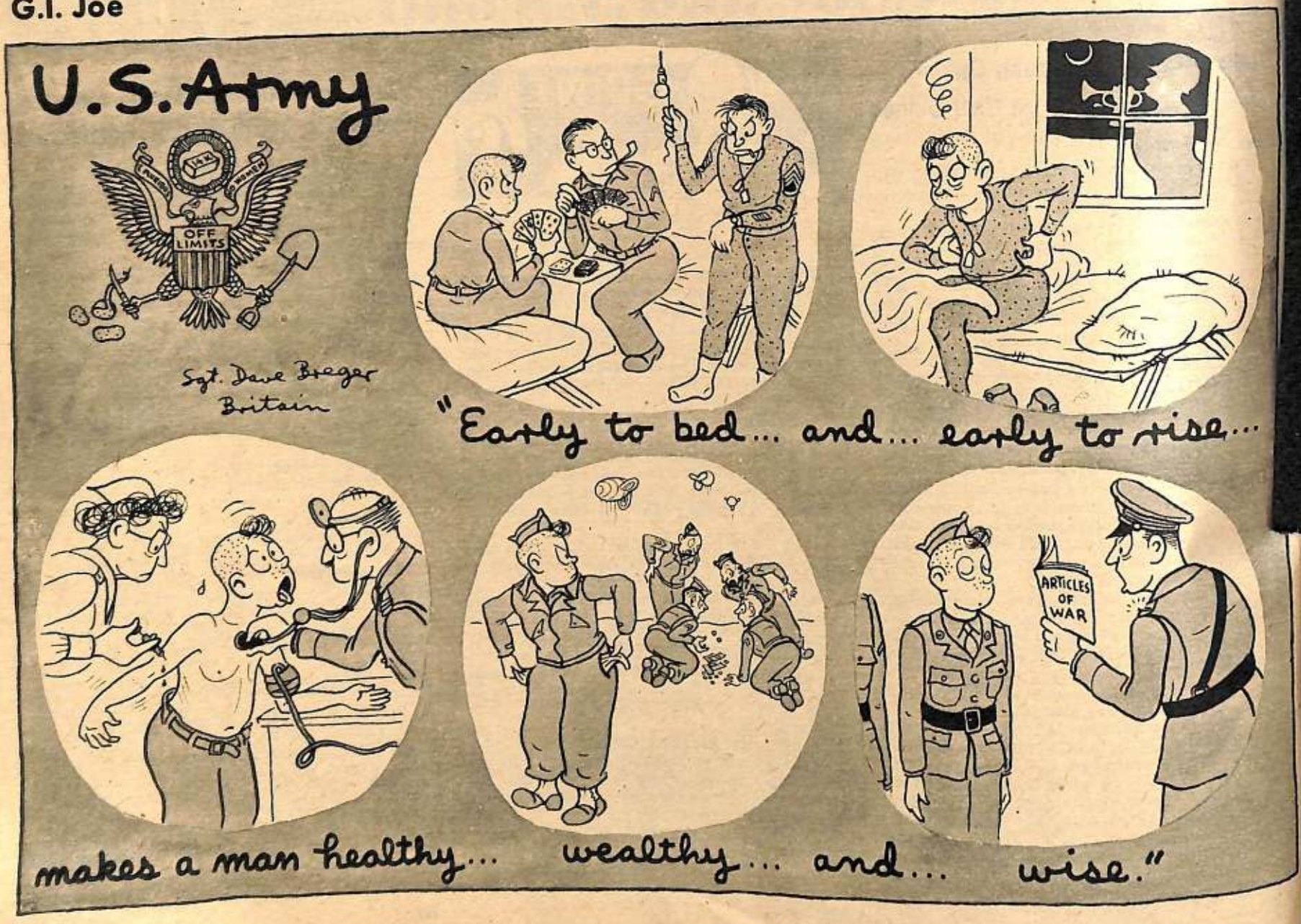
"The next plane overshot me and kept on going, leaving two still on my trail. The first came in close and exposed his belly for a second. I raked his undersides with bullets and he spun into the sea. The other fellow was still some distance away and I gave him a burst at 600 yards. When he saw I still had some ammunition left he scrammed. Then I rejoined our other ships."

The Black Scorpion Squadron, to which Middleditch belongs, shot down 20 Axis fighters in the first five days of its offensive with the loss of two planes. Middleditch hardly looks like an ace. He is slender, 27, five feet 10, inclined to be shy. He was a printer's devil in his father's New York print shop until the war came along. He had been trying to get into the Army Air Forces for three years, but had to get his blood pressure down first.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

by Sgt. Dave Breger

G.I. Joe



Burchard, the Dog's Meat Man: Observations on African Fauna

SOMEWHERE IN WEST AFRICA—What would you do if you were ambling along in the African bush country and saw some 20 large, yellow dogs trotting in your direction?

I was faced with this disturbing problem in African etiquette the other day while hunting in company of Cpl. Leroy Dibble, son of a missionary who vacationed 11 years in New York. It was quite late in the afternoon, almost time for chow. Each of us toted a U. S. Army rifle, but due to earlier shooting we had only two shells left apiece. We also were laden with one duiker deer (quite small) and two guinea hens.

The dogs had galloped into a clearing 100 yards distant when we first saw them.

"Well, well," I said to Cpl. Dibble, "these animals are a long ways from town. Must be 10 miles. And I don't see collars on any of them. Your SPCA must be very lax."

Cpl. Dibble did not answer. He was too busy dropping the deer and loading his rifle.

"Do you see some game?" I asked. "You'd better shoot fast, or those dogs will scare it away."

Cpl. Dibble snorted. "Those dogs won't scare the game away," he said, "because I'm too tired

In Africa, supplies are unloaded from U. S. transport plane.

to run. And there aren't any trees around here big enough to climb. You better get that gun ready. Also your knife, brass knuckles and any other little items of self defense you possess."

"You mean . . . you mean we're the game?"

"Now you're getting the idea," Cpl. Dibble said. "Those are wild dogs, and they're hungry. Notice that lunch-time look in their eyes."

Four bullets; 20-odd dogs. No trees.

By this time the pack was 50 yards away, growling delightedly at the prospect of special chow. It was easy to realize Cpl. Dibble had made a correct diagnosis. And it distinctly was not at all funny.

Cpl. Dibble, a mean guy with a gun ever since his dad gave him a .22 at the age of 8 and turned him loose in the jungle, wasted no more time. He aimed carefully, and a yellow dog shrieked and fell. He fired again, and another dog dropped.

I shook off my paralysis and depleted the pack by one more. The dogs became discouraged at the loss of three of their pals and turned tail. We remained in possession of the field with one good shell left.

Our experience was just a sample of what goes on over here. Many a city lad who never saw anything wilder than a milk-wagon horse suddenly finds himself hunting big game in Africa. It's a lighter side of the war—the chance of a lifetime. It's also a lot more exciting than target practice.

Every camp in this sector of the Dark Continent has its quota of animals—some tame.

One outfit boasted a young lion, which grew so big he had to be shipped to a zoo. The lion loved to meet airplanes. He'd bound inside as soon as the door opened and scare the passengers silly. In the bus he'd always ride in the front seat with the driver.

Another bunch of dogfaces raised a giraffe. They taught him to bend down his head and lift soldiers into the air.

The head medico at one camp, Bob Tucker, of Charlestown, S. C., developed a new sport of spearing crocodiles at night. He goes out with some natives in a canoe with big barbed spears and a flashlight. The idea is to jam a spear home and then hop overboard to push the croc onto dry land. Otherwise he sinks and gets away. You've got to do some fancy dodging to keep clear of a slashing tail and jaws.

Doc Tucker had one experience he won't forget for a long, long time to come. He was hunting with five friends, and a native guide led them into a thicket. Suddenly the guide gave a whoop and delivered a mighty blow with his knife. He had almost stepped on a 27-foot python.

His wallop half severed the reptile's head, preventing it from making co-ordinated motion. The Doc and the others moved in with knives and finished the job of decapitation.

"It was the best way to do it," said the Doc. "Bullets through a python don't even bother him. You've got to get the spinal cord."

SGT. JIM BURCHARD
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

On Pointe De La Tour, Morocco; 130-mm guns were wrecked by crews, after shelling by U. S. Ships.

Steak Is But a Dream Down Under And So, For That Matter, Is Scotch

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA — Soldiers rarely have to worry about the rationing problems that beset civilians. They are able to drive a vehicle in battle or on maneuvers without running short of gas or disastrously erasing the tread on a tire. But lately in Australia we've all become aware from personal experience of the curtailment on the distribution to prospective customers of food and liquor—those two commodities so dear to our hearts and stomachs.

A recent order by the government that no single meal shall cost more than five shillings, or about 90 cents, has affected soldiers on pass as well as everyone else. Although it's always been possible to get a decent meal down here for five shillings or less, at some of the more expensive restaurants where soldiers like to fling their money around it's a tough job to order a steak dinner and still stay within the prescribed limits. You either have to dispense with the steak or the trimmings.

Many of us have found at what we innocently thought was the halfway mark of our meal that according to the waitress' addition we had actually reached the end. One solution to this problem, of course, is to have your dessert at another restaurant, but all the eating places are so filled these days that after successfully sweating out one citified chow line you have to be awfully hungry to want to get on the tag end of another.

The food here isn't half bad, though the coffee is no better than you'd expect it to be in a nation of tea drinkers. If you want coffee with milk on the side, you ask for it black; otherwise you get a cup filled with grayish mixture in which minute fragments of coffee have been tastelessly dissolved. When we first arrived in Australia, our mess sergeants gamely struggled with large quantities of mutton presented to them by higher headquarters, and the rest of us gamely struggled with the result. Our dissatisfaction with mutton eventually prompted the authorities to feed us primarily on beef, which was fine with us.

It's almost impossible to get Scotch over here nowadays, and if you don't want to drink Australian beer or rum or gin about the only available substitute is a raw local whisky sometimes called Australian Scotch by barmaids who aren't too precise about their definitions. The bars are open for only a restricted number of hours a day, and frequently run out of their daily quota of stocks long before their prescribed closing hour. There has been some agitation by prohibition groups to close them down completely for the duration, and the WCTU has even announced solemnly that we soldiers, with the proper training, could learn to like cocoa more than beer, but up to now the crusade doesn't appear to have gained enough weight to be alarming.

Americans standing at a bar trying to enjoy a leisurely drink have learned not to be surprised at the speed with which Aussies down the weird concoctions they fancy—such as a beer with a slug of rum in it. Perhaps because of the limited time allotted to them for drinking, they rush into a pub, yell at the barlady for their favorite mixture, down it at a gulp, and rush off again so fast that at times they seem extraordinarily like their own mosquitoes: they both swoop down next to you, drink their fill, and disappear again before you can lay a hand on them.

YANK AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

Supply Sergeants in Africa Relax As Axis Donates Equipment to G.I.s

CAIRO—A favorite sport among personnel of forward U. S. air units is target practice with captured Axis small arms. During leisure hours a steady popping of Mausers, Lugers and Berettis can be heard from 'drome to 'drome.

Trading in captured weapons for souvenir purposes also is a popular pastime. Ordnance outfits devote spare time to repair of arms and relics. Lugers in good condition bring up to four Egyptian pounds and good Mausers as much as five or six. Many men have good German binoculars swung over their shoulders, and nearly everybody has Axis helmets, medals and related gadgets.

One outfit has three German motorcycles putting about their area, and one fighter-squadron has a ME-109 in perfect working condition. They've repainted the ship, substituted the USAAF circled star for the Nazi cross and are using it for low reconnaissance.

YANK'S CAIRO BUREAU

NEWS FROM HOME

The Week In America

The Nation Turns Its Attention To A New Congress, A Post-War World, Rationing And A 100-Billion-Dollar Budget

THE tall, tired man stood up on the podium and looked at the undulating, attentive sea of faces below him. For the first time in his Presidential career, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was facing a really hostile Congress, a Congress that had said, as soon as it had come into session, that it was going to curb him. His face showed no expression, one way or the other. For that matter, there was no hostility in his audience. They waited, patiently, for what the tall, tired man had to say.

He had a lot to say. In an adroit speech, one of the best of his career, President Roosevelt told the Congress what he thought the post-war world should be like. To begin with, he said, the Axis had to be disarmed, and kept that way; only then would peace be complete. After the war America would cast off her isolationism. For the post-war man, Congress must adopt a sound program that would insure jobs and security for everybody, all through their lives. As far as the present is concerned, in a war in which "next year we intend to advance," the President quoted American production figures for the last twelve-month. And they were mighty interesting figures.

Congress was bewildered at the President's speech; congressmen had expected the Chief Executive to challenge *them*. Instead he gave a talk full of harmony and hope for the future.

Several days after his maiden speech to the new Congress, President Roosevelt sent a weighty message to Congress, asking for a 100-billion-dollar War Budget, the biggest expenditure made in a single year by any nation in the history of the world. Also requested was an extra 8 billions for ordinary governmental expenses. Congress was invited to give criticisms and suggestions.

It was going to be tough on the U. S. A. The huge budget will mean privation and skimping at home: 100 billion dollars represents more than 800 dollars for every man, woman and child in America. President Roosevelt has no power to tell Congress how to raise the money; the whole business is up to them. One suggestion he did make: higher income taxes on a pay-as-you-go basis. "There's no easy, pleasant way to restrict the living habits of 130,000,000 people," the President said, "but this must be done."

After a landslide crushed a bus near Aliquippa, Pa., killing 26 persons.

While the Congress kept silent on the big issues, it was pecking away at the New Deal over little things. A formal request was made in the Senate for a probe into Lease-Lend, and Minority Leader Joe Martin (R., Mass) was hoping for an investigation of the public and private activities of Harry Hopkins, at present Lease-Lend Administrator. Steve Early, the President's secretary, warned those who would probe Lease-Lend and Hopkins to be sure they were basing their charges on solid ground, rather than the sort of gossip that had Mrs. Hopkins receiving an emerald as a wedding gift from English publisher Lord Beaverbrook. This story Mrs. Hopkins had called a lie.

The President's appointment of Democratic National Committee Chairman Edward J. Flynn as his Ambassador and personal representative in Australia raised a beautiful little storm on Capitol Hill. Wendell Willkie hit the ceiling, and leading republicans promised a fight over Flynn's appointment, but Senator Joe Guffey (D., Pa.) said it looked to him as though Flynn would get it. Anyway, the fight would make interesting reading in the States for the next few days.

Less interesting reading was being made by the fact that the American tradition of motoring for pleasure was out—completely out—for the duration. Officials in the 17 eastern seaboard states and the Office of the Price Administrator cooperated with local cops to enforce the ban on use of automobiles except for essential business. In Miami, police questioned car owners near race tracks, while at Syracuse, N. Y., gas ration stamps were taken from motorists attending a philharmonic concert. And in her column, "My Day," Mrs. Roosevelt confessed that she herself was guilty of taking a joy ride. She said she hadn't read the paper the night before and went to a concert by car. But now she either walks or travels by street car.

Deduction of the five per cent Victory Tax began from employers' and workers' salaries, effecting a combination of forced savings and war ta plan devised by the last Congress. Pa of the tax will be refunded in 1944 from income tax deductions.

Contralto Marian Anderson sang in the DAR's Constitution Hall, where she was once barred, and raised $6,500 for China Relief.

The OWI announced American casualties total 61,126 with Army figures showing 2,193 killed; 3,948 wounded; 29,265 missing; 1,016 prisoners, and 106 interned in foreign countries. Of the Army's wounded, 699 will soon return to active duty. Paul V. McNutt, U. S. Manpower Chief, said casualty figures resulting from war-effort accidents were greater than those in battle fronts.

The Federal Security Administration reported that American farmers topped 1942 food production goals. Milk production was up 11.8 per cent; eggs, 50.2 per cent and other products were increased by like figures.

President Roosevelt named Francis B. Sayre, Commissioner of the Philippines before the attack on Pearl Harbor, assistant to Herbert H. Lehman, Director of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation. The President also held an unscheduled conference with John G. Winant, Ambassador to Great Britain.

The United States published a "White Paper" titled "Peace and War," which gave in detail steps preceding our entry in the war. The "White Paper" emphasized our relations with Japan from the 1931 peace conference Secretary of State Hull held with Kurusu, to the peace talk with Nomura when Pearl Harbor was attacked.

Death claimed three noted Americans, including Dr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell, 86, president of Harvard Uni-

People Back Home—

ARIZONA

Eighteen Arizona Highway Department officials were cited for alleged illegal election activity. Gov. Osborn threatened legal action to clean up prostitution in Phoenix. Commissioner Thad Moore and Commissioner-elect Joe Hunt fired 16 employees of the Arizona Tax Commission, including Lillian Swisher, secretary, and Lloyd Wixon, sales tax director. Erskine Caldwell, "Tobacco Road" author, married June Johnson, of Phoenix.

CALIFORNIA

At Los Angeles, Mrs. Norma Brill, model, won a long court fight to have Leon Raab, attorney, declared the father of her 3-year-old daughter. At San Francisco, Heinrich Roedel, former Nazi storm trooper, was sentenced to 30 years for attempted sabotage. At San Francisco, bandits robbed Jack Kyne, head cashier at Bay Meadows Race Track, of $2,500. At Sacramento, the Secretary of State announced the Townsend Party will not be listed on future ballots because it didn't get enough votes in November.

COLORADO

At Denver, Otis Edwin Gardner strode into the office of his superior in the U. S. Public Roads Administration, brandishing a gun, and demanded a raise. The next morning he devoted to sharpening a long knife. The FBI took over then.

CONNECTICUT

At New Haven, the Connecticut Co. put trolleys in operation over abandoned track in Whitney Avenue and Chapel Street to accommodate gasless commuters. At Hartford, Gov. Hurley burned $3,377,000 worth of state bonds, retired with the surplus for the fiscal year. At Hartford, an eight-family apartment house was destroyed by fire. At Guilford, Medical Examiner Dewitt Smith said 5-months-old Lawrence Jackson died from pneumonia in an auto stranded without gas, adding that the child was hopelessly ill.

FLORIDA

At Miami, a Catholic priest endorsed the divorce suit of Mrs. Isobel Hess Tashiro, married to a Jap for six years. At Palm Beach, Byron D. Chandler, one-time Broadway playboy, killed himself.

GEORGIA

At Newton, Maj. Trammell Scott, former Southern Baseball Association president, killed himself on a hunting trip. At Atlanta, Mrs. Joel Hurt Sr., 87, civic leader, died. At Atlanta, the Georgia Ex-Slave Association met, with members from 80 to 105 years old attending. At Savannah, the FBI arrested John Christopher Abele, sought in connection with four-year-old eastern bank robberies.

IDAHO

At Boise, the Idaho Pardon Board refused to release Duncan M. Johnson, former Twin Falls mayor, after Johnson "walked away" from the State Penitentiary and returned the next morning.

ILLINOIS

At Peoria, four children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Robison burned to death when fire destroyed their home. At Chicago, the fourth set of twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. Loren E. Hoff. Roger Touhy and Basil Banghart, fugitive gangsters, were blamed for the seizure of an armored money truck containing $20,000 outside the Buick airplane motor plant near Melrose Park. Walter P. Murphy, president of the Standard Railroad Equipment Manufacturing Company, died. Three women and a man were killed when they jumped from the burning West Hotel at Halsted and Madison streets; damage totalled $125,000. At Eldorado, police sought to identify the body of a woman found in an abandoned mine shaft. At Chicago, Patrick Metegrano was freed after serving 10 months of a one year-to-life sentence for a crime he didn't commit; three other men recently confessed. Miss Charlotte Carr, director of Hull House, resigned because the Board of Directors "felt Hull House and its officers had no right to take part in political campaigns."

INDIANA

At Indianapolis, Walker Winslow, first World War flyer, is new superintendent of the Municipal Airport. A Aurora, fire caused $40,000 damage the Charles Marsh bowling center. A Bloomington, Herman S. Bowman, lim stone executive, died. At Bloomfiel Joe Gilmore, 28, killed his estrang wife and himself. At Columbia Cit the Pennsylvania R.R. train "Manha tan" collided with a freight, killing E gineer Clarence Drivelbiss and Firema M. M. Million, both of Ft. Wayne. A Connersville, Rev. Howard Kipp o Boonville, will succeed Rev. George S. Taggart as pastor of First Presbyterian Church. At Logansport, Rev. True S. Haddock, pastor of the Market Street Methodist Church, died. At Loogootee, William A. Walker, Martin County commissioner, was killed by a truck. At Huntington, 13 men were jailed for stealing 500 gallons of gas and five gallons of oil. At Peru, a house burned with $7,000 damage. At Seymour, Charles Burkett won a recount suit for mayor from Stanley Switzer, incumbent. At Indianapolis, retiring city Democratic officials gave a dinner for Republican officials-elect. Rev. E. Howard Cadle, 58, died, and funeral services were held in the huge tabernacle he built in Indianapolis. At LaFayette, the auto of John Frank DeWitt, 16, crashed

scientist, and Dr. Nikola Tesla, 85-year-old Austrian-born world-famous electrician who once said he invented a "death ray" that would cause armies to "drop dead in their tracks."

Heads of national councils of Catholic men and women approved the Atlantic Charter and its peace points as Christian ideals enunciated by Pope Pius XII.

"Crazy Willie" Stevens, the last principal figure in the noted Hall Mills murder case, followed his sister, Mrs. Frances Hall, to death by 11 days.

Bing Crosby's $250,000 Hollywood house burned and a priceless record collection of golf and racing trophies was destroyed. But 101 suits and $20,000 stuffed in the toe of a shoe were safe. The house was covered by insurance.

Lana Turner, the original sweater girl, and now in a family way, filed a suit requesting that her marriage with Steven Crane be annulled, charging he is illegally divorced from his former wife.

Governor Stassan of Minnesota came out with an idea for an International Parliament, containing representatives from United Nations parliaments, with an executive committee known as the World Council. And Governor Dewey proposed a New York edition of the British "Beveridge Plan," saying he favored vast public works, state income tax deductions for expense of childbirth and restoration of labor's rights when the war is over.

A federal grand jury in Washington returned indictments against 35 individuals and the "New York Enquirer," a weekly, on charges of conspiracy against the morale of the armed forces. Involved were Sylvester Viereck, notorious German propagandist of this war and the last; William Dudley Pelley, leader of the Silver Shirts; Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, author of the "Red Network," and William Griffin, publisher of the "Enquirer." Viereck and Pelley are already under sentence from previous convictions.

Fritz Kuhn, ex-bigshot of the German-American Bund, broke into the news again by asking to be excused from attending denaturalization proceedings against him and 19 other Bundists. He said he wished to avoid publicity!

And clock makers have been asked to design a "Victory" clock made of wood or plastic with a minimum of metal. Tardy war workers are blaming the shortage of alarm clocks. In rejected a parachute made of para-crepe, capable of carrying a 50-pound load.

In Chicago, blind, 23-year-old Byron H. Webb will teach men in the Signal Corps how to repair radios in the dark by using a blackout room.

Nine of the largest colleries in the Pennsylvania anthracite field remained closed when 9,000 miners remained from work in protest against a union dues increase. And President William Green of the AFL said his group would meet with a British union delegation Jan. 18 at Miami for the first session of the Anglo-American Labor Committee.

Tyrone Power began his basic military training at the Marine base in San Diego, California. Helen Jacobs, former women's tennis champ, said she would soon enter an OCS for WAVES. And the Army found a new "Sgt. York." She's Jennie York, cousin of the famous sarge, in training with the WAAC.

Red Rolfe, former third baseman for the Yanks, said he was satisfied with his new job as Yale basketball coach and would not return to the diamond next season. Whirlaway, the turf's all-time money maker, goes on the retiring list this year and will be used for stud purposes only, his trainer, Ben Jones, announced.

The State Department again refused ex-King Carol of Rumania entry to the U. S. as a witness for three Rumanians charged in Detroit federal court with failing to register as foreign agents.

President Roosevelt said rumors that Archduke Otto of Austria was in control of the "Free Austrian Battalion" were malicious and false. The archduke's two brothers are privates in the outfit, the President said. He also announced that "free battalions" of "Free" Norwegians, Greeks and Filipinos would be formed.

Several bills of interest to servicemen were among the first 150 presented in the House. One would provide for six months' or a year's pay for servicemen upon being discharged, another calls for free laundry and cleaning, and a third would guarantee employment to all discharged soldiers.

There was an explosion and fire at Chicago's South Bowling Alley, injuring 100 people. Admiral Halsey, C-in-C of the South Pacific, said the war would end this year. And Elmer Davis, OWI director, said he "has no information to support such a claim."

And in Boston, a grocery shop owner tacked up a sign reading, "Please be kind to our employees. They are harder to get than customers."

PICTURES FROM HOME

In about three seconds Canadian sailor Johnny Ewasiuk is going to have a left cheek that's all gooey from Rita Hayworth's lipstick. That's what he gets for having a birthday right out in public. What a dope, standing there holding that cake.

Here's one hose the girls can't seem to get in tightly enough. Dorothy Winslow, left, and Josephine Constantino, members of the fire-fighting unit on the Mass. Women's Defence Corps are getting an unwelcome, mid-winter dousing.

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head-on into a Tocomotive. DeWitt crawled out, uninjured but dazed—and then drowned when he staggered into the Wabash River.

OHIO

At Cincinnati, Jeff Davis, hobo "king," came home after selling $2,000,000 worth of war bonds on a 40,000-mile tour. At Cincinnati, Jack Connelly, deputy sheriff for 22 years and assistant chief house officer at the Netherlands Plaza Hotel since 1936, retired. At Canton, the Canton *Repository* didn't appear for the first time in 127 years, when a typographical union struck for one day. At Cincinnati, Miss Margaret Maloney, public relations director at WKRC, resigned to join Remington-Rand, Inc., at Louisville. At Oxford, a manslaughter warrant was filed against Edward Sladek, whose car hit a marching column of naval trainees. Harlan W. Brush, former Alliance publisher, died at Daytona Beach, Fla. At Cleveland, Paul Howland, who defended Harry Daugherty in the Teapot Dome scandal, died. At Portsmouth, a log-cabin fire near New Boston killed Ora McCann, 28, and his two children.

RHODE ISLAND

At Providence, bed-ridden Carmino Broccoli and 13 other persons were rescued when fire razed a four-story tenement house. At Newport, fire caused unestimated damage in the villa of the late Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney. At Newport, George Henry Blakely, 77, former president of the McClintic-Marshall Corporation, died.

TEXAS

At Galveston, J. L. (Johnny Jack) Nounes, prohibition "big name," was charged with operating his "social club" as an open saloon. At LaGrange, two men answered when a draft-board official called out, "Reinhard Joseph Winkler." Rice Institute paid $1,000,000 for the W. R. Davis estate's interest in the Rincon oil field. At Houston, all trolley-car tracks have been removed, sold to the government for steel, and busses have taken over. At Houston, all Texas properties of Arthur A. Cameron, oil millionaire, were placed in receivership after his wife, June Knight, former movie star, sued for divorce. At Gainesville, Maj. Gen. Alexander E. Anderson, commander of the 86th Division, died.

WASHINGTON

Two Northern Pacific passenger trains crashed at a grade crossing near Tacoma; two persons were seriously hurt. Seattle motorists threatened to sue city authorities after the jagged end of a street-car rail was left exposed by repairmen and tires of automobiles were ripped. A Wenatchee girl gets a letter every week from her soldier-boy friend —but it takes him eight hours to write each letter; the girl is blind, and the letters are written in Braille on a slate board with a stylus. Bellingham's first traffic fatality of 1942 came a few days before the year's end, when a shipyard worker was killed by a speeding auto.

THE POETS CORNERED

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

A BROTHER'S COMPLAINT

Sis is going with a sailor,
At first it didn't faze us;
But now the family's talk is full
Of sailors' salty phrases.
We found it rather hard at first
To follow all his speech,
Since talk is different on board ship
Than it is "on the beach."
When talking during dinner,
He talks like other boys;
Except he calls the lettuce "grass,"
And celery just plain "noise."
His "salty" talk is slangy,
And hard to understand;
He calls the canned milk "iron cow,"
And sugar he calls "sand."
The spinach he calls "Popeye,"
And Grandma always squirms
For when we have spaghetti,
He says, "Throw me the worms."
He sat beside my father,
And needed elbow room;
He looked at dad and said: "Say, Mate,
Rig in your starboard boom."
We finally caught on, though,
And now are doing fine;
We say "six bells" for 3 oclock
When we are telling time.
When Ma goes to the city,
Or runs down to the store,
And someone asks us where she is,
We say she's "gone ashore."
Sister calls a floor a "deck,"
To hear her talk is sport;
To her, a roof's an "overhead,"
A window is a "port."
Then, too, if someone gets "fouled up,"
Or some new trouble comes;
And Dad starts to complain, Ma says:
"Now, Pa, don't beat your gums."
When pappy goes to work just now,
We say he's "turning to";
Whilst Mother "swabs" and never scrubs,
As once she used to do.
The place sure has gone salty,
Which makes me lots of trouble;
For when Ma says, "Come here, 'Chop-chop',"
I go there—"on the double."
I wish that "tar" would "weigh his anchor,"
And do what I oft' think;
"Point his bow" and "trim his jib,"
And go jump in the "drink."

The Bulldozer
USN TRAINING CENTER
CAMP ENDICOTT, R. I.

YOU'RE ON REPORT

You're on report, that's all they say,
You're on report, day after day.
You shine your shores, you clean your hat;
But even so, in spite of that:
"You're on report," it gets you mad!
But it's no fun, it's really sad!
They give you work detail, KP, fire watch and such;
In fact the things they make you do is just too much.
Although you try to be "on the ball,"
There'll come a day you're bound to fall,
And then you'll hear that sweet retort:
"You're on report"; "YOU'RE ON REPORT."

ALFRED MCNULTY, S2C
USCG TRAINING STATION
MANHATTAN BEACH, N. Y.

HERE COME THE WAVES

"Anchors Aweigh," the Navy's theme song, has changed from bass to soprano since five WAVES feminized it into a women's marching song at the University of Wisconsin's Naval Training School at Madison:

Dressed in our Navy blues,
Here comes the WAVES.
Each heart is Navy true,
We're loyal all the way.
No job's too great a task,
We're here to serve,
Each lass is proud to be,
A member of the USN Reserve.
Heave ho! there sailor,
Everybody "hup two," while you may,
Heave ho! there sailor,
Everybody up at break of day.
Roll along, sing a song, though you're
Up at break of day—hey!
We'll help to win this war,
We'll do our share.
Backing our Navy men, on land, at sea,
And in the air.
Our course is charted now,
We'll never swerve,
We're very proud to be,
The women of the USN Reserve.

The lyrics were written by Mary Carpenter, East Cleveland, Ohio, with the help of Ruth Hindenlang, East Orange, N. J.; Ethel Waechter, Union City, N. J.; Calista Halsted, Kingston, N. Y.; and Helen Baycar, Chicago, Ill.

THE U. S. NAVY BEAN

From the mess halls of the boot camp
To the dreadnaught *Tennessee*,
We feed our country's Navy
On the land and on the sea.
First to greet the gob at breakfast
With an appetizing scene,
We are proud to claim the title
Of the U. S. Navy Bean.
We're a pest in old Cavite,
Or the ditch at Panama;
Of a meal, they get us raw,
For we're on the *Shenandoah*,
And the lowly submarines,
And not a gob has pushed a swab
Who hasn't eaten beans.
Here's health to you and all ship's cooks
Whom we are proud to serve;
We get them many dirty looks
And yet they keep their nerve.
If the Army or Marine Corps
Ever look on heaven's scenes,
They will find the tables loaded
With those U. S. Navy Beans!

USS MOFFETT — BOZO

THE FIGHTING YEOMAN

The yeoman boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of desks you'll find him,
With pen in hand and clips beside,
And a blonde who's there to guide him.
"Down with Adolf," the warrior said
As he boldly checked a file;
"That goes for Hirohito, too,"
And leered at leg-filled lisle.
Then came the bill and came the girls
To take our hero's place,
And out to sea went the yeoman bold
With a sick smile on his face.
The bos'n piped his shrilling tune,
The deck broke into life;
And while the sailors manned the guns,
The yeoman geared for strife.
He checked the files, he checked the forms;
The office, it was clean.
He even checked the muster roll
And found it "on the beam."
Then came a crash of dynamite,
Amidships it exploded.
The poor ship cracked—a fearful sight—
With sea, soon overloaded.
And then with hope all gone awry,
Amid the wails of dying,
A feeble voice was heard to cry,
"Tell Mom I went down filing."

The Pelican
U. S. NAVAL STATION
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

I think the Navy men need a new approach to the WAVES, of which I am one. Navy men really needn't be afraid of us when they see us for the first time.

Here is the way it is now: A sailor spots a WAVE hard at work. He doesn't use the direct approach with us, as he does with other girls. No, he acts as though we were an enemy he had seen but who had not seen him. He begins to circle around the WAVE in question, careful to keep a good distance. Then, when he has circled enough to grab the WAVE's attention, he just looks at her with an I-can't-believe-it look on his face, an embarrassed as a kid bringing an apple to teacher.

ANNE LEHR, Y3c
STILLWATER, OKLA.

Dear YANK:

After many months in the Navy I've only just today come across a copy of YANK in the PX on this station. I'm very enthusiastic over its exciting makeup. I should very much like to know how I may obtain all past issues as I should like to make a little side hobby of collecting a complete file of YANK. Looking forward to an early reply.

WILLIAM GREEN, PhM3c
CHERRY POINT, N. C.

You can subscribe as of now, get any or all back issues at 5 cents a copy. For a complete back issue file send $1.50 plus your subscription for the future.

Dear YANK:

A sailor has lots of fun (people think!) answering questions about naval procedure aboard ship. People have been asking me such questions for a long time now, and here is the blanket answer I've worked out. The spelling is phonetic and the only guy who can deliver it better than I can is that little guy in the movies:

On coming aboard ship, face aft, solome the colors cromely, render a snappy salute to the officer of the deck and say: "Permission to ravenscritt abahm, sir." He will undeckle graciously and permission will be granted. This is really the hardest part of going on board ship.

Now comes the most important part of ship etiquette. When called up to the mast keep your head. Inquire as to probabilities of cloining the doublerab or leman the captain and ascertain the unduble facts. Remember that the captain must learn the aurican frott of the entire masurcan. If you have learned that, then this storrtentous lecture will have been worth a hundred dorretrops to the rilleroh.

HAL DAVIS, Y3c
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear YANK:

I got my first taste of Navy life while being indoctrinated at Oklahoma A & M College. Just about the most difficult thing to remember was that we were living on board a ship and nautical terms applied to everything. Floors become decks, walls are bulkheads, windows are ports, and your roommate is your mate.

A WAVE apprentice seaman reported to the officer of the deck, saluted and sounded out: "Simmons, Apprentice Seaman, requesting permission to go ashore."

The OD replied: "Does your mate know you're going ashore?"

Apprentice Seaman: "Oh, yes. He's waiting outside."

PEGGY KERCHMAR, PO3c

Dear YANK:

You guys make this gang laugh, but loud. Being in Labrador for a grand total of four great big, long months must be tough on those guys. [YANK, Oct. 21]. We have been here for one year on Dec. 5, and before that were in Rio Hato, Panama, for 10 months. Incidentally, it was only 135 in the shade on Nov. 15.

S/SGT. RAY PORTEUS
CARIBBEAN COMMAND

Dear YANK:

Enclosed is a copy of our current New Year card, made by and for our Regimental Photo Section. The ambitious dogface is me, Pvt. John A. Schrader. The photo was set up and taken by myself and Pfc. Dick Russell. We're both from Detroit, Mich., and both in the Regimental Photo racket here.

PVT. JOHN A. SCHRADER
ALASKA

Dear YANK:

When you ask for a rum coke in a saloon in Honolulu, they give you a glass of colored soda with a little bit of whisky sprayed on top to give it a smell.

Coca-Cola may have the biggest soda company in the world but Aqua Velva is the biggest seller down here, with Mennen's a close second.

PVT. JOSEPH A. O'DONNELL
HAWAII

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

VOL. 1, NO. 31
JAN. 17, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

Where the Hell's the Navy?

REMEMBER that phrase? It was on the lips of a lot of people a year ago. After the terrible pounding at Pearl Harbor, a lot of us said the Navy was primarily a bunch of snobs who wouldn't cooperate with the Army or anyone else, and now it was knocked out of the war on the first day. The Navy didn't take time to answer this accusation; it was too busy.

What happened was interesting. Having taken a terrific wallop on the ego as well as on equipment, the Navy didn't quit. With inferior power it went out after a very smart, utterly unscrupulous Jap who had everything on his side: the momentum of victory, surprise, confidence, superior striking power. With the wily toughness of old John Paul Jones and old man Farragut and others who have won us sea victories against mighty long odds, our Navy did its job. Lord only knows how it did what it did with what it had remaining.

The latrine strategists who had been asking where the hell was the Navy got their explanation from the Coral Sea, from Midway, from Guadalcanal. The answer was in enemy ships and planes destroyed, the enemy's rush toward Australia stopped, the safe convoy of our troops to every danger spot in the world. A year after being kicked out of the war at Pearl Harbor, our Navy was safely convoying an invading force into Africa while going on with its job of drowning Tojo 7,000 miles away.

That ought to answer for this war where the Navy is.

Maybe we sound all steamed up about the Navy. If so, it's the result of study. When we started this Navy Issue, it was a gesture to acquaint sailors with The Army Weekly. But the farther we went in boning up on the Navy, the farther we travelled in Navy ships, the more respect we got for what our sailors have done in this war.

Army at-ten-shun. Present arms. Commence firing, 17 guns. Sound off, four ruffles and flourishes. Band strike up "Anchors Aweigh."

STRICTLY G.I.

Regulation

THE Navy equivalent of Strictly G.I. is "Regulation." And an officer who is G.I. (if that's possible) is a "Regulation Gold Braid" who "runs a tight ship." If the Gold Braid isn't too strict he runs a "happy ship." If the Gold Braid is a really tough, hard-bitten old salt who allows no liberties, he gets called exactly what you and you call a tough colonel—in clipped, uncomplimentary, unprintable words.

That Sailor Suit

A good way to start an argument in the Navy is to speculate on how the sailor suit originated. If you have a better story than ours, send it in. Here's ours. The 13 buttons are for the original 13 states, collar is a hangover from the days when sailors tarred their hair and wore it in dirty braids that needed an apron. The neckerchief is for the black rag stokers wore to wipe sweaty faces. Bell bottoms are practical, so they can be rolled above the knees when you swab down decks, or (second version) so you can take your pants off without removing shoes (if you're washed overboard, naturally). The three stripes and stars on the collar make you look pretty and mean nothing. Sailors are proud that their uniform is impractical and outmoded. They've got tradition, but probably feel just as silly in their pajamas as you'd feel in that high-collared job your pappy wore in the Argonne forest.

Cablese

Because most Navy communications are sent by wireless or cable, the Navy has evolved a cryptic abbreviation system. CINCPAC is, of course, Commander-in-Chief Pacific. COMNINE is Commandant, Ninth Naval District, COMDESDIVFIVE is Commander, Destroyer Division Five, BUPERS is the Bureau of Naval Personnel.

The only recent change in the system came when the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet, changed his title to COMINCH. It used to be CINCUS but Admiral King didn't like the phonetic implications. Battleships are called BBs, carriers are CVs, heavy cruisers CLs, light cruisers CAs, destroyers DDs.

MP Barrage

From now on keep a sharp eye for all brands of MPs. Since Dec. 15, an MP in one branch of the service is allowed to arrest men in any other branch if the situation warrants it. In addition, officers, petty officers and noncoms can take the same measures as MPs in case of brawls or kindred disorders.

Explosive Literature

Navy men stationed in the new boot camp at Farragut, Idaho, were surprised to find "No Smoking" signs suddenly posted in the library. Investigation disclosed that a new recruit had read the executive order about no smoking near the magazines.

Success Story

When the first OCS class of 43 former dogfaces was graduated in England, all of the boys made such good grades that they were sent back to the U. S. as instructors.

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Sensitive Himmler

Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler is fussy about the kind of pictures his admirers buy. The Nazi policeman has banned the sale of all photographs of himself now in circulation on the ground that they are either "bad" or "obsolete."

Mythology to History

In discussing Field Marshal Rommel's retreat across Tripolitania, Samuel Marshak, the Russian children's writer who in recent years has penned war and political verses, compared Rommel with Romul (Romulus), mythological founder of Rome, and quipped: "There's this difference —Romul founded Rome; Rommel will destroy it."

Wanted: Dead or Alive

Charles E. Lee of London has offered the price of $40,000 for the head of Field Marshal Rommel, dead or alive.

The offer was telegraphed to Lee's grandson, Capt. Edgar Lee Gibbons, whose unit has been chasing Rommel's Afrika Korps across Tripolitania. Lee said the offer was good for any man in his grandson's battalion.

Greater Love Hath No Soldier

The lady in the dining car didn't care who heard her when she told off the waiter who refused to get her a second cup of coffee. A soldier, sitting nearby, arose and handed her his coffee, remarking:

"Madam, here's one more thing I can do for my country."

She took the proffered java and drank it.

What's in a Name

A Brussels (Belgium) man has been imprisoned because of the name he chose for his newly-born son. The name—WINSTON.

APPREHENSION

"Twinkle, twinkle little SPAR,
I don't wonder who you are.
You are out to get my job."
Said the nervous, typing gob.

ROBERT E. VIANO, SK2c
COAST GUARD TRAINING STATION
MANHATTAN BEACH, N. Y.

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SPORTS: NAVY DEALS WITH NOTHING LESS THAN CHAMPS, AND THE RESULTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

AS IN EVERYTHING ELSE, the Navy has only been satisfied with champions for their athletic program. They have swiped the cream of the sports world as physical education instructors, with enough left over for ordinary, or front line, duty. The Navy way of doing this is apparently very simple, involving nothing so crude as indiscriminate invitations marked "Greeting!" That method would be taboo if only because of the exclamation point. The Navy never uses exclamation points. Semicolons, yes, but nothing more blatant than that.

The Navy method seems simply to announce that the highly exclusive naval force of the U.S.A. will condescend to admit a limited number of brave, intelligent, handsome, socially-prominent and photogenic champions, and then call out the Shore Police to handle the mob.

The results speak for themselves. The Navy now handles more champions than Mike Jacobs. And it has naturally chosen an undefeated champion to head its athletic program, namely Comdr. Gene Tunney.

Actually, just being the best of some muscle movement is not enough to get a job with

C. P. O. Bob Feller

Comdr. Tunney. The fact that Billy Soose once held the middleweight title means less than the fact that he can teach body building to other guys in a clear and simple manner. Of course it comes in handy that he can bounce

The Great Tunney Fish

on his ear any seaman who actively dislikes the way Soose builds bodies, but that is a negative virtue.

As a matter of fact the Navy seems to have a fondness for middleweights. They also have Fred Apostoli, another former champ, Tony Zale, the present champ in certain states, and Georgie Abrams, holder of the sometime distinction of having beaten Soose a couple of times. There is probably a good reason why middleweights gravitate to the Navy while the Army attracts heavyweights, but it is a mystery which will have to wait until the end of the war for scientists to solve.

There are other boxers in the Navy proper, but the Coast Guard is the outfit with more than its share of leather pushers. Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey heads the former fighters who are in the Coast Guard, with Gus Lesnevich, the light-heavy king, Marty Servo and Lou Ambers a few of the others.

The Navy boasts several champion golfers, among them Sammy Snead and Johnny Fischer. Baseball players also seem to have a fondness for life on the deep. C.P.O. Bob Feller is practically on his second hitch by now, and the service also numbers George Earnshaw, Ted Williams, Mickey Cochrane, Johnny Rigney, Dom DiMaggio and old-timer Rube Marquard, now pitching depth charges.

So far as football is concerned, too many college teams remember the Great Lakes Naval Station and all the Naval Pre-Flight monsters. These employed mostly ex-All-Americans who had joined the Navy to make good, and were coached by Lt. Comdr. Jock Sutherland, Jim Crowley, Dick Harlow and other old salts.

We could only find a single swimming champ in the Navy, which is another one of those things. This was Bill Krauss, holder of several national A.A.U. swimming titles. On the other hand the Army is full of swimmers, most of them far inland. This is probably an indication of something, probably that Gen. Hershey was quicker than Comdr. Tunney.

There is also a variety of miscellaneous Navy champs, among them Freddie Cochrane, welterweight titleholder; Billy Brown, national A.A.U. track champion; Les MacMitchell, star miler from N.Y.U., and Emilio Bruno, a judo expert.

Not all of the athletes in the Navy are instructors. A lot of them are ordinary seamen or flyers or whatever else in the Navy corresponds to the Army dogface. Those who do instruct have no cinch and frequently carry their physical culture right into battle. The proof of their efficiency is that you see few sailors walking around with concave chests and hollow cheeks, and none collapsing from over-exertion in the middle of a battle. It would seem that the Navy, with the help of some high-grade talent, is turning out men.

Champion Freddie Cochrane

Yanks Grab Fielding Title, Injuns Had Three Leaders

The New York Yankees won team fielding honors in the American League in 1942 but individual honors went to the Boston Red Sox and Cleveland Indians.

The Yankees fielded .976, only two points ahead of Cleveland and Boston, who tied for second.

The Red Sox and Indians dominated the all-star individual defensive lineup. Boston had six men among the top players while Cleveland put five in the upper bracket. New York, St. Louis and Chicago each had one.

Les Fleming, Cleveland rookie, was the best fielding first baseman with .993. Bobby Doerr of Boston led the second sackers with .975 and Ken Keltner was the top third baseman for the second straight year with .945. Lou Boudreau, young Cleveland manager, won the shortstop race with .965.

Walter Judnich of the Browns, Roy Weatherly of the Indians and Boston's Ted Williams paced the outfielders. New York's Buddy Rosar was the leading catcher, although no backstop caught more than 100 games last season.

High mark for pitchers, .987, was made by Tex Hughson of the Red Sox.

Death Claims Red Cagle And Track Ace Borican

The sports world last week mourned the loss of two of its greatest headliners—Christian (Red) Cagle, captain and All-American halfback of Army's 1929 football team, and Long John Borican, the record-smashing New Jersey middle distance ace.

Cagle died in a New York hospital when he contracted pneumonia after a skull fracture. Three days before his death, he staggered into his Jackson Heights apartment mumbling that he had been "kicked in the head." It later was learned that Cagle fractured his skull when he fell down a flight of subway stairs.

Cagle resigned at West Point in 1930 under circumstances which were tantamount to dismissal after it was learned he had been married in 1928 in violation of regulations.

The long-striding Borican, the national indoor 1,000-yard and outdoor 800-meter champion, died following three months of illness. A superb 170-pounder, Borican had wasted away to 110 pounds.

IT'S SEAMAN SYKES NOW

Art Sykes, the former heavyweight contender who survived eight rounds with Sergeant Joe Louis, has just signed up for a fight-to-the-finish with the Navy.

SPORT SHORTS

Johnny Crimmins of Detroit has been named the year's best bowler by the National Bowling Writers Association. His average in A.B.C. tournaments during the last ten years has been 203.26. . . . There will be no more photo finishes at the Miami dog races. Dimout regulations forbid the use of brilliant lights necessary for camera work at night. . . . **Val Picinich,** 46-year-old former major league catcher, who used to handle Walter Johnson's fast ball, died of pneumonia. . . . Playing center for the North in the annual North-South game this New Year's Day will be **Jefferson Davis** of Missouri. . . . Only team in the country to come through its second straight season undefeated was **James Millikan University** of Decatur, Ill., champion of the Illinois College Conference. Student body consists of only 425 men. . . . There weren't many good ball carriers in the Southwest Conference this season, according to one Texas sports writer, so he picked his all-star team accordingly. It included two centers, four guards, a tackle, two ends, and only two backs. . . . Hunters this year in Maine bagged 22,301 deer, setting an all-time high for Republicans. . . . **Harold (Jug) McSpaden** is the winner of the $5,000 Miami Open with a 72-hole total of 272. . . . Two world's swimming records in two days is the record set by **Elroy Heidke,** Purdue sophomore. He did the 50-meters breast stroke one day in 30.8 seconds and the 50-yard breast stroke the next day in 28.3 seconds. . . . Add **Tommy Bridges,** Detroit pitcher, to the list of ball players working in defense plants instead of hunting and fishing during the off-season.

Induction Deferred

New York — When Lawrence Lehrer, 25, a bookkeeper, got his Army induction notice, the office threw a party for him. His boss told him to be sure and lick the Japs. "I will," promised Lehrer, "but can you take a shock?" The boss nodded and Lehrer said:

"Your books are $80,000 short. I have forged checks and have lost the money on the horses."

He's on trial for grand larceny.

Jane Russell

This being a Navy issue of YANK, it seemed only right to go down to the sea this week to find material for this page. Incidentally, Jane's picture "The Outlaw," produced by Howard Hughes, is still tied up in the Hay's office.

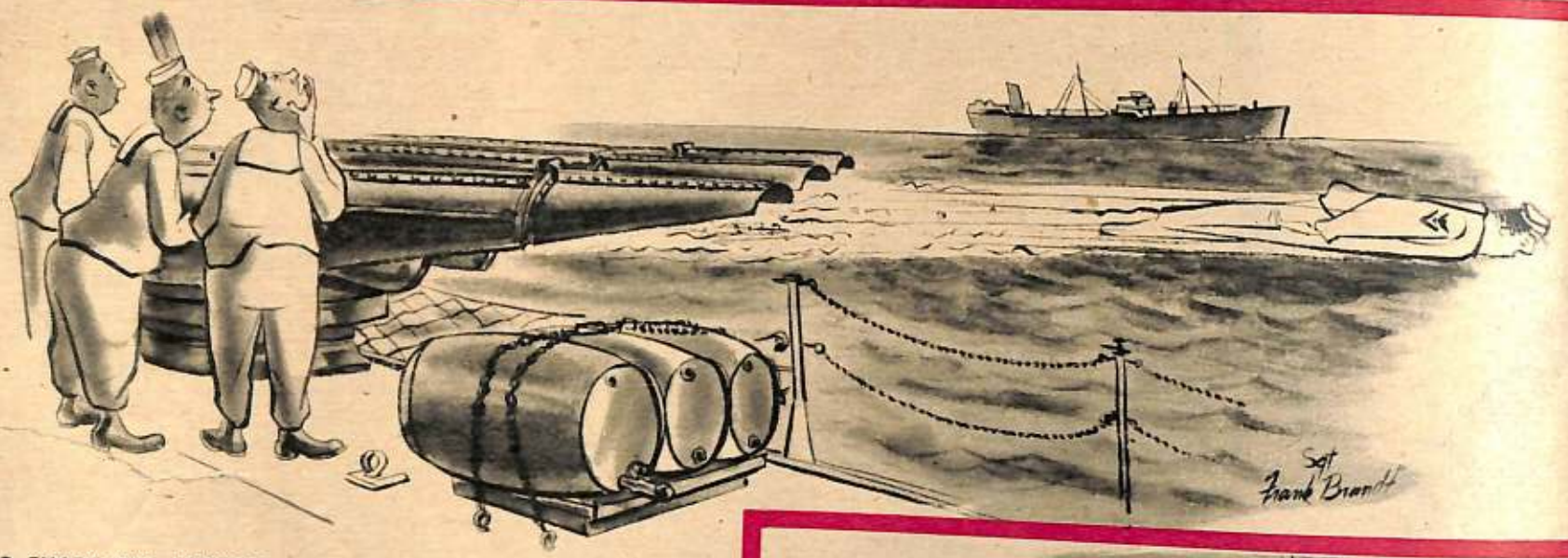
BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"VICTOR WANTS TO GO ON TO TOKYO. WE STILL HAVE A BOMB LEFT."

"YOU MAY DO AS YOU WISH, BUT I WILL NOT BE RESCUED BY A SHIP WE'VE ALREADY SUNK IN OUR OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUES."



"SO THAT'S THE WONDERFUL SPOT HE HAD FOR CRAPPING OUT!"

NCHORS AWEIGH!

If the Navy has helped move you around from your old station and you're not getting your copy of YANK, clip this coupon, filled in with name and rank, and send it to YANK—and that includes you seadogs as well as our own Army landlubbers.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ SER. NO. _____

MILITARY ADDRESS _____

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"NOT YOU, DAMMIT! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO USE THE WATER."