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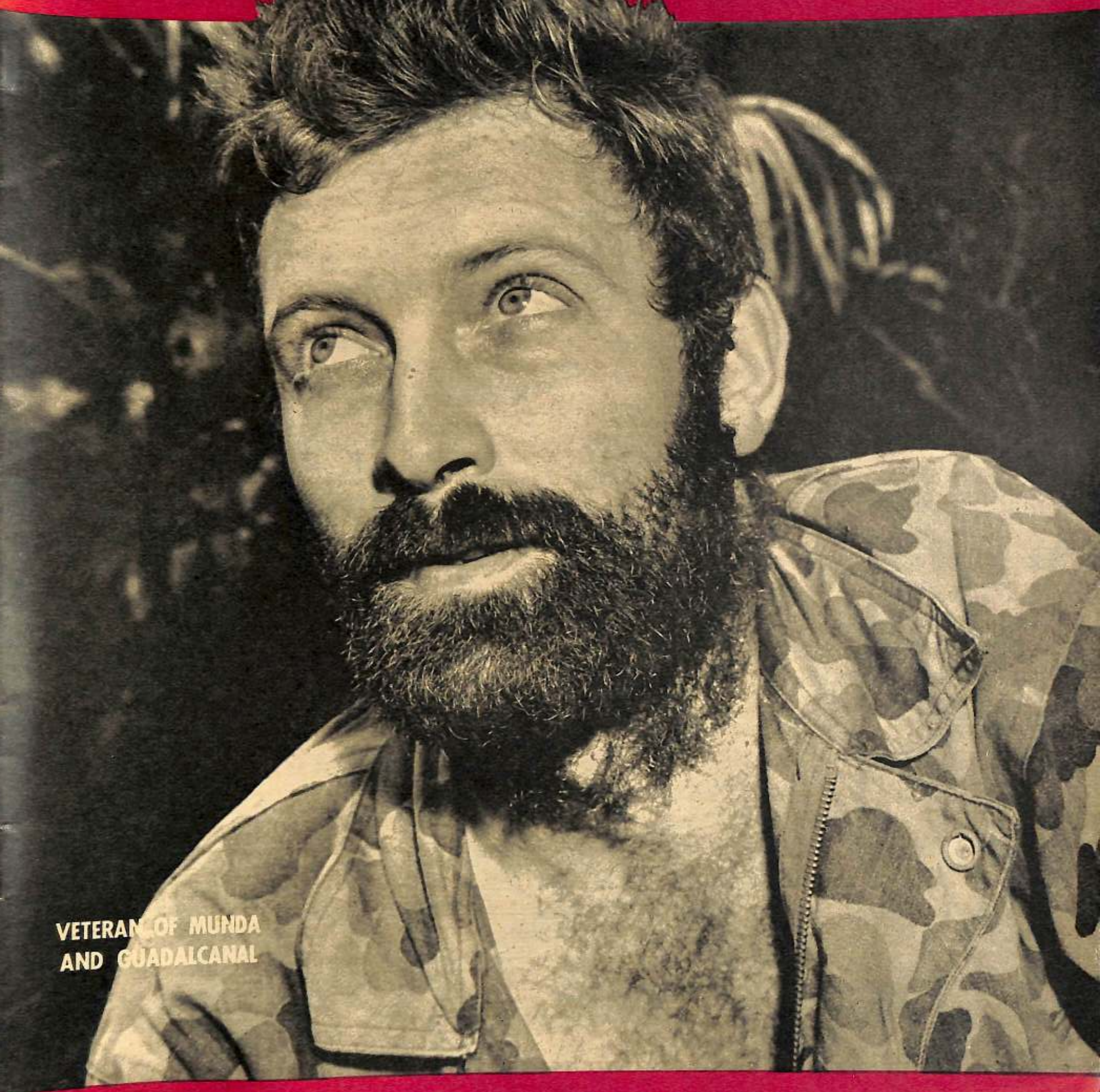
By the men . . for the men in the service



VETERAN OF MUNDA AND GUADALCANAL

The Story of an Infantry Battle in New Georgia

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Here are three American soldiers who were killed in battle on the beach at Buna, New Guinea. This photograph—and others like it emphasizing the grim facts of war—was released by the Government to give the over-optimistic and complacent section of the American public a more realistic picture of the war; to show that American soldiers, as well as German and Japanese, are dying in battle.

LT. COL. JOE KATSARSKY, commander of the infantry battalion which drove a wedge through Jap positions to the sea in the battle for Munda airfield. He's from Battle Creek, Mich.

PFC. DALE HUTSON was once in furniture business at Grand Rapids, Mich. In the battle for O'Brien Hill he broke through a Jap machine-gun nest near road used to evacuate wounded.

PFC. HERBERT HATHCOAT worked in a coal mine at Hanceville, Ala. At Munda he escaped Jap grenade which wounded two buddies, later came close to being ripped by machine-gun fire.

INFANTRY BATTLE IN New Georgia

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN NEW GEORGIA—"When they got on the target, one Jap went 40 feet in the air, over the tops of the trees, just floated up lazy like, turned over one time and came back down.

"Then there was another that went up like a pinwheel, all arms and legs twisting in the air. He was an officer, I think, because I saw a saber go one way and a pistol the other. Next morning I stumbled over that saber and Howie got the pistol. There was one Jap blown plumb out of his pants. We found the breeches hanging way up the limb of a tree."

That was how 1st Sgt. Orville (Pappy) Cummins of Spokane, Wash., described the results of mortar fire on a Jap gun position during one of the 12 days that his infantry battalion drove a wedge from the jungle-land behind Munda airfield to the sea.

They fought three separate actions, each as different from the other as night from day. The story of the battalion and particularly of 1st Sgt. Cummins' A Company is the story of jungle combat—of attack and counterattack and then attack again.

Their first engagement lasted seven days. It was fought on a hillside and in a gully that was the jungle at its worst, where visibility was normally 15 yards and the war between Jap and American was waged at a distance that was often not more than 15 feet.

The hill was named O'Brien Hill for 1st Lt. Robert M. O'Brien of Everett, Wash., who died there. A second hill, immediately to the front, was named for 2d Lt. Louis K. Christian of Pullman, Wash., who had received a field commission from the ranks on Guadalcanal and was killed at the beginning of the seven-day fight.

The battalion had shot its way from the line of departure to O'Brien Hill, and on the afternoon of the second day C Company attacked due west toward Christian Hill, followed by B Company. When they reached the foot of the slope and could go no farther, they pulled back to allow the artillery and mortars to give the place a working over.

Then, with B Company in advance, they tried again next day. The battalion attack was again stopped cold. Insult was added to injury when the infantry found itself being shot at with our own weapons, our grenades, our BARs. Some of the Japs even wore our jungle "zoot suits." In some previous fight their take had been good, and they made the most of it.

With night coming on and the enemy still intact, the battalion pulled back to O'Brien Hill, and set up a perimeter defense of outposts pushed out ahead of a circular main line of resistance. They were there on the fourth day, throwing fire across the hill in front and directing fire at a strong point to their left, which was under assault by another unit.

On the fifth day occurred a series of events that were the beginning of a battle with all the trimmings.

The unit on the battalion's right had pushed ahead, had been badly hit and had been ordered back to reorganize. At chow time the unit, weary and somewhat bewildered, started back through the 1st Battalion lines. Behind it came the Jap, engaging its rear elements. In the jungle there was a confusion of friend and enemy, and for a while nobody knew exactly what was going on, least of all the Jap.

But he soon learned. He had been following a unit in withdrawal, and he ran flush into another unit of unknown strength, firmly emplaced on O'Brien Hill. The withdrawing unit moved through, its rear elements disengaging the enemy and leaving him to the men of the 1st who waited for the counterattack to reach them.

At 1430 the Jap hit and the fight was on. Twenty-six hours later it was over. An estimated enemy body of two reinforced companies, which just about matched the battalion's strength, had been so completely wrecked that in the days to follow there was no evidence of it again.

The first contact, when the advancing enemy ran head-on into light

PVT. JAMES NEWBROUGH of Monument, Colo., probably saved his battalion when Japs tried a frontal assault. Sighting his light machine gun along barrel's under side so that no part of him was above ground, he fired continually.

PFC. HOLLIS S. JOHNSON of McKenzie, Ala., covered Pvt. James Newbrough with a BAR when Jim was holding off the enemy.

2D LT. ROBERT BROWN of Bellingham, Wash., taking it easy in a Jap camp chair and fanning himself with a Jap fan, led a platoon during the fight for Munda.

SGT. ELMER McGLYNN of Seattle, Wash., helped cut down six Japs with a BAR when they tried to wipe out a machine gun covering his platoon's advance.

1ST SGT. ORVILLE CUMMINS, known as "Pappy," is from Spokane, Wash. His A Company played major part.

machine guns, rocked him back on his heels. For two hours, in the light of the afternoon, the attack came in squad groups as the Jap sought to probe the defensive lines, to see what this was he had smacked into. He stabbed inquisitively here and there, testing the front, testing the flanks, with six men, then a dozen, rushing forward. He got nowhere. When darkness came the battalion heard him digging in.

On the battalion's right flank was a saddle that led from O'Brien Hill to another rise to the right front. To the immediate front, stretching from right front to left, was the gully that was dense with jungle. The forward slope of O'Brien Hill was fairly open. The outposts were at the edge of the jungle and the main line of resistance not more than 15 or 20 yards behind them, with the CP a little higher and to the rear.

That night the Jap, more sure of himself, came in. He came across the saddle and up from the gully. It was obvious that he was trying his old trick of attempting demoralization because he yelled like a Comanche when he rushed, and when he was preparing to rush he yelled threats:

"American soldier will die tonight. Prepare to die, Yank-eee!"

He worked by familiar formula, throwing in his little grenades which exploded with much noise and little effect, tossing in his knee-mortar shells, pouring in his fast-firing, brittle-sounding automatic fire. His yelling, which was mostly inarticulate, was constant, and the men of the battalion yelled back insult for insult.

"Americans cowards!" yelled the Nips.

"Tojo eats ——!" yelled the infantry.

Three times during the night the Jap attacked in what would amount to platoon strength, and each time the attack was cut to pieces. That night the .30-caliber light machine guns did the work of the defensive design heavies. In the morning the air-cooled lights looked as if they'd been in a fire, with their barrels burnt orange and flaking. But they kept on firing.

In the jungle the first light of dawn always brings heavy fire, and this time it was heavy. But the Jap tried no further attack. He was saving himself for something else, perhaps waiting for a better time.

Patrol Protects Supply Line

At 0800 the battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. Joe Katsarsky of Battle Creek, Mich., sent out a combat patrol to the extreme right flank. They cracked a body of Japs who were attempting to cut the line of supply and then work into the flank and rear.

By pulling out the officers and men for the patrol, the battalion weakened the perimeter, but it had to be done. The Jap had machine-gun fire on the supply trail, cutting it off, and men died as they started back with casualties or came forward with supplies. Drivers were shot at the wheels of their jeeps. Before it was over four jeeps blocked the trail.

The patrol went out, fought sharply and within two hours was back again, just in time. The Jap apparently was aware of the move, and even before everyone was back in position the grand assault got under way. Nothing could be more typical of the vaunted Japanese do-or-die technique than the 45 minutes in which they stormed the battalion's defense.

Everything in front of the battalion came forward, screaming. Jap bullets raked the hillside in a grazing fire that ranged from 6 inches above the ground to 3 feet. Shelter halves that had been stretched above foxholes were cut to ribbons and the sticks that held them up were splintered. The men tore them down to avoid getting entangled in the canvas.

The Japs used tracers and explosive bullets that trailed a brief string of fire and cracked sharply when they hit twigs. The Jap soldiers came forward in bunches, leaping and running like maniacs and yelling at the tops of their voices. Their bayonets were fixed and they might have tried to use them, but they never got that close. Two of them tumbled into outpost foxholes, dead before they hit the emplacements themselves.

The outposts withdrew to the main line of resistance as the battalion tightened against the strain. The aid station, which had been on the forward slope, moved to the other side of the hill because the fire was so thick that the medics could not get off the ground to attend the wounded. During the melee, when there was no work for them, the message-center people kept low and played Battleship. Finally, their shelter shot to ribbons, they moved.

The CP and the MLR stayed put. Men were hit. Once a man was gutshot and two medics picked him up and walked him, one on either side, through the fire to safety. Another man was shot and as he raised up he said, "I'm hit." As he fell forward he said, "I'm dead." He was.

Capt. Ralph Phelps of Spokane, Wash., the battalion exec, was in a foxhole conference with the CO of A Company. As they talked, a stream of machine-gun bullets went between their bodies, less than 6 inches apart. They scooted down further, looked at each other, and went on talking. In the V of a tree was a Jap with a BAR which he let fly at intervals as he ducked up and down. They called him "Jack-in-the-box." A grenade got him.

Because there were no men to be spared for ammo carriers, the noncoms divided their time between controlling their men and supplying them, which in either case meant exposure to murderous fire. A corporal was killed as he crept forward with ammunition for his men. A buck sergeant, Hubert Santo of Medford, Oreg., held his part of the line together by galloping over the hillside in the dual role of ammo carrier and platoon leader. His outfit had no lieutenant.

In the heat of the fight, men were too busy to think of anything but the business at hand. A lieutenant, wounded on the patrol action when a bullet hit his helmet and cut through the back of his neck, found time to have it dressed 2 hours later. Men said strange things, like the soldier whose shelter had been riddled with bullets. A flare dropped on the already-demolished canvas and he yipped in anguish, "There goes my tent!"

The fight centered on the right flank. In some positions there were mortar men armed only with pistols, put there to fill in while the patrol was gone.

On the right-flank center was a light machine gun with both gunners gone, one sick and the other momentarily absent at the start of the attack. Manning the gun was the ammunition carrier, a sandy-haired, drawling buck private named James Newbrough of Monument, Colo.

When the attack started Newbrough was on the gun. A Jap in front of him yelled, "Americans cowards!"

"The hell you say," Newbrough snorted.

"Come on out and fight," yelled the Jap, tossing a rock.

"Come on in and get me," said Newbrough.

The Jap and his comrades thought that over, threw a few more rocks and then screamed, "Here we come!"

Three of them sprang out with .25-caliber light machine guns, which they fired as they rushed. Two of them died in their tracks. The third ran.

How Newbrough Saved the Day

As the fight progressed Newbrough, alone on the gun, kept it going constantly. Nobody, not even he, knows how many belts of ammunition he expended. As the gun continued to fire, it attracted more and more attention until it seemed that Newbrough was the only target. Bullets splattered into everything, cutting down the shelter half on top of him and clearing the underbrush from around him.

Newbrough unfastened the traversing mechanism and, crouching low, sighted along the under side of the barrel so that no part of him was above the level of the gun itself. With his hand over his head he hung onto the trigger and raked the ground before him.

His gun corporal, Dick Barrett of Rosburg, Wash., managed to get through to him with ammunition when the supply was almost exhausted, and Pfc. Hollis S. Johnson of McKenzie, Ala., came up to cover him with a BAR. Newbrough, a shy kid with a country brogue and the faintest show of a beard, probably saved the battalion that day.

The attack, once stopped, was not repeated. The battalion smashed it, but not until other units approached from two sides did the Jap see proof that his case was hopeless and withdraw in the late afternoon. With its ordeal over, the battalion took Christian Hill against little opposition and advanced 800 yards through the jungle before darkness halted it.

On the ninth day A Company was in front of the battalion advance, which skirted northward

PFC. WILEY HOWINGTON of Asheville, N. C., cleans the M1 he used in wiping out a Jap antiaircraft gun crew in a dugout at Munda.

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of Biblio Hill overlooking Munda airfield, moving across country that itself was hilly though less densely jungled as it ran westward to the sea.

The battalion chose a bivouac area for the night and A pushed out in advance, taking up positions and setting up an OP on the forward slope of a hill in front of the bivouac. On the left, on Biblio itself, another unit was engaged with the enemy.

From the company OP on the morning of the tenth day the company commander, Capt. Donald Downen of Pullman, Wash., saw an amazing sight—probably one of the few such scenes any American has witnessed in the war in the Pacific.

Immediately before him in a slight draw less than 100 yards away were Jap shacks, their tin roofs bright and a searchlight position in the midst of them. He saw Japs moving leisurely across the terrain, going in and out of the huts, puttering around as if there were no war within a thousand miles. Aware that his company's presence was completely undetected, he watched the Japs and studied the terrain ahead.

Then he reported back to Battalion, which moved up to direct an artillery concentration that shortly went plowing into the peaceful scene. When the guns had done their work, A Company threaded its way down across the draw and up the gentle rise immediately ahead.

Capt. Downen set up his CP in a 1,000-pound bomb crater. Almost abreast of it and perhaps 50 yards away, Cpl. Garrit Hulstein of Hospers, Iowa, established an OP in a similar crater. Although there was a little fire from the front, the terrain ahead looked comparatively harmless.

Then a heavy-caliber gun blazed, and Hulstein reported what he took to be a 77-mm mountain gun almost directly ahead and 50 yards away. As the barrel moved slightly, the corporal shoved the man beside him downward just as the gun blasted again. This time a foot and a half of the rim of the bomb crater was shot away, leaving men dazed and one man buried beneath clay dirt and coral. He was pulled out, unhurt.

Of the gun the men could see only the mouth of the barrel and two upright objects on either side, which they thought were wheels.

Mortar Fire Covers Advance

Battalion was contacted, not without trouble, because the gun was firing into the CP. A mortar treatment was started on the way. Hulstein went back to bring up the weapons company commander and while the mortars tossed in 81-mm shells, A Company began to move, not yet aware of what it was up against. It was entering one of the most unusual fights of two campaigns.

One platoon moved to the left and the other moved to the right to flank the piece. A machine gun in the OP crater covered their advance, peppering the top of the emplacement. As they moved, six Japs started across in front of them heading toward the gun. The left platoon, under Lt. Bob Brown of Bellingham, Wash., blazed away. Sgt. Elmer McGlynn of Seattle grabbed a BAR and turned it loose on automatic: the Japs never got where they were going. The platoons moved on, waiting for the mortar barrage to lift.

Company Headquarters, composed of the captain, his runner, the first sergeant and the mail orderly, went forward to coordinate the flanking attack. They were looking straight into the bore of the gun and knew only that, whatever it was, it was beautifully camouflaged.

When they were close enough the mortars quit, and Downen and his three men realized that they were nearer than either of the two platoons. There was no time to waste so they rushed the gun. Not until they were upon it did they realize that, instead of a field piece, it was a dual-purpose antiaircraft gun—and not one but two and perhaps more.

The captain got one Jap outside the emplacement. His mail orderly, T-5 David Lloyd George of Kalispell, Mont., got another. Then Pfc. Wiley Howington of Asheville, N. C., the company runner, went into action.

He leaped into the gun emplacement and found the Jap gun crew still huddled in the dugout, which was tunneled into the side of the emplacement itself. The mortars had driven them inside, and they never had time to get out. Howie fired a clip of M1 slugs into them, then leaped across to the other side of the entrance, fumbling first for another clip and then for a grenade.

George followed him in and opened up with a tommy gun.

"By Gawd," drawled Howie with an accent that was straight from the North Carolina hills, "I tell you there wuz some scramblin' down in there."

Five Japs were dead and a sixth was at the far entrance, trying desperately to get out. 1st Sgt. Cummins, who is built like a pint-sized quarterback, got him by degrees.

"I could see just about six inches of his rump sticking out and I bored him," Cummins said. "He'd keep sliding back—never could get that part of himself out of the way—and every time he'd slide back I'd bore him again. Finally he slid back too far."

Now one gun was out. But there was another, some 35 yards away. In the first gun pit the four men could see the 75-mm rifle turn toward them, the elongated barrel moving fast. Cummins had one of the two grenades in the group and he heaved it—a perfect throw into the emplacement. The barrel stopped.

He grabbed Howington's grenade, which Howie hadn't been able to unhook when he wanted it, and it burst at the mouth of the dugout. Next day when the mop-up came, there was nothing left there to bother them.

When the excitement momentarily died, Capt. Downen saw men of his right platoon motioning to him frantically, pointing somewhere beyond the second gun at a place almost directly in front of them. At that instant the third gun roared, firing directly into the face of the platoon but just over their heads.

Downen yelled at them to get out, but the muzzle blast of the piece, not more than 20 yards away, had deafened them. Finally he waved them back, and they crawled to the rear, dazed by the terrific shock of the explosion. A Company, with two guns down and a third discovered, withdrew to the bomb craters and called for mortar fire. That's when Cummins saw the Japs flying through the air.

"But the prettiest thing was when the mortars hit the ammunition," he added. "It looked like a million tracers going off at the same time."

No. 3 gun was gone. By that time the fourth and last was discovered and a direct hit by the 81s put it out of action. Actually there were five of the dual-purpose pieces, which the outfit thinks was a Jap Marine AA installation, but the fifth gun was never fired. The six Japs who started across in front of the left platoon were the crew, caught out of position.

On the eleventh day the battalion was on the move again, cleaning out the bivouac area behind the guns and capturing two other AA positions without opposition. They moved through a hospital area, rich in booty which they had no time to collect.

As they passed through, there was scattered firing. In a bombproof dugout there were several Japs and one of them held up his hands crying, "Me surrender! Me surrender!"

Defense of the beach was set up facing the sea and when the battalion hit them the Japs tried to turn around and fight with their backs to the water. There were not many of them but they were trapped and desperate. The beach wire, meant to stop a seaborne invasion, was cut through from behind.

One Man Alone Continues Firing

The battalion hit the beach defense at 1530 on the eleventh day. They received fire from pillboxes and pulled back to let the mortars in. But as they did, the Japs moved in toward them, letting go with a Lewis gun and machine guns and rifles in grazing fire 2 feet off the ground.

The terrain was of bomb-chewed coral, underbrush and water holes. A Company found itself in a position where practically the whole outfit was pinned down without a field of fire, only a few feet from the sea.

Behind a log was Pfc. Charles Boughner of Seattle with an M1. He alone was able to get in effective shots and soon it was apparent to everyone that Boughner in his position could do more than a platoon, or even the company.

He fired the M1 until there were no more clips. Someone tossed him a tommy gun and he emptied it. Another M1 was passed to him. S/Sgt. Bob Isaman of Chewelah, Wash., was at his feet and loaded clips as fast as Boughner could fire them. In the heat of the fight Isaman noticed what Boughner did not—that Jap bullets were smashing faster and closer to the log. He made the rifleman get underneath it instead of over it. The firing position was just as good; he could still see the enemy.

A BAR was passed to him. Boughner emptied clip after clip and the men around him threw every available cartridge toward his position. Isaman loaded them and passed them on. A belt of machine-gun bullets was tossed over, and they were reloaded and expended. Finally the Jap positions were quiet.

"That," said Sgt. Cummins, "was one time when a man was in attack supported by a company."

It was too dark to do more. That night the infantrymen heard the splash of wading feet and they fired when they caught sight of dark shapes against the water. Some of the Japs may have made it to a tiny island nearby, but whether they did or not, their fight for New Georgia was over.

Next morning the battalion stood on the beach and looked out to sea.

CAPT. DONALD DOWNEN of Pullman, Wash., CO of Company A, with dual-purpose AA gun captured by his outfit. The guns were at first mistaken for field pieces since only muzzles and upright elevation shafts were visible under camouflage, and the Americans thought the shafts were wheels.

Palestine Express

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW
YANK Field Correspondent

TEL AVIV, PALESTINE—The train for Palestine pulled out of Cairo station slowly, to the accompaniment of wailing shrieks from the platform peddlers selling lemonade, cold coffee, pornographic literature, grapes, old copies of *Life* and flat Arab bread.

The train was long and crowded, and it had seen better days. It had been standing in the wild Egyptian sun all morning and part of the afternoon, and it had a very interesting smell.

It carried Englishmen, Scots, Welshmen, Palestinians, Indians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Australians, Americans, French, Senussi, Bantus, Senegalese; it carried Egyptian civilians, Arab civilians, Palestinian civilians; it carried generals, colonels, lieutenants, sergeants and privates—and it carried bugs. The generals and lieutenants it carried first class. The sergeants it carried second class. The privates it carried third class. The bugs it carried all classes.

It didn't travel fast. A good, strong man in the prime of life, who did not smoke too much, could have jumped out and trotted beside it without too much trouble from Cairo to Lydda. It stopped as often as a woman in a bargain basement. It stopped for coal, it stopped for water, it stopped every time a barge appeared somewhere on one of the hundreds of canals we crossed, it stopped every time the tracks ran near two palm trees growing within 50 yards of each other, for that constitutes a settlement in this part of the world.

When it stopped, hundreds of Egyptians of all ages would spring up, selling pale round watermelons, dirty bunches of grapes, hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes and warm lemon soda right out of the Nile. The merchandising was carried on in hurried shrill yells, like a girls' dormitory after lights out, and your salesman was likely to disappear suddenly in mid-purchase as the local policeman came into view, snapping a long bullwhip over slow calves and buttocks.

The third-class cars were built by firm believers in the Spartan life for the common man. They spurned straw, spurned springs, spurned leather. Everything was made out of good solid wood, at stern right angles with more good solid wood. Every seat was taken and there were packs, rifles, musette bags and piles of canned apricots all over the aisles.

Native women squatted alongside the tracks doing their washing in canal water that had been there since St. Paul; brown boys splashed and waved at us; water buffaloes, blinded by straw hats tied over their eyes, went round and round endlessly, drawing water up to the field.

In my end of the car there was a general confusion of British Tank Corps men, returning to their units from the hospital in Cairo, and six Indians who made themselves very much at home, setting up camp in all available space and preparing and eating their native dishes from 3 P. M. until bedtime. Across the aisle were two very tanned South Africans in shorts, who looked disapprovingly on the whole thing and conversed coldly in Afrikaans as we chugged past Suez.

By nightfall, despite the immense quantities of watermelon and lemon soda that had been consumed, there was an air of deep hunger hanging over the car, and when the word was passed around that at the next station there was a NAAFI (British Post Exchange) where we would be fed, there was a determined rush to get out Dixies and tin cups. The British soldier would no more think of going any place without his Dixie and tin cup than he would think of appearing without pants in Piccadilly Circus.

I had neither mess tin nor cup and was mournfully admiring British foresight when a little middle-aged Tommy on my right, who had spent the whole afternoon silently and religiously reading a magazine called *Gen*, perusing advertisements and fiction page by page without partiality, quietly offered me a mess tin.

There was a great combing of hair in the tradition that the Briton dresses for dinner no matter where the meal finds him, and thousands of us started leaping off the train before it had fully stopped. We lined up and were served sandwiches, cakes and good hot strong tea by Egyptians in elegant white cotton gloves.

"There's beer at the other end of the station," reported a British sailor. "Ruppert's. Half a crown a can." There was no movement toward the other end of the station.

On the train was a party of sailors who had just come back from Sicily and were feeling good about it. They had manned the landing barges in the invasion and said it hadn't been bad. "We only had two boat rides," they said. "Boat rides" meant bringing in troops under fire. "It was just like the movies," one of them said. "They kept firing at us and the water kept shooting up all around, but they never hit us."

One of them had been at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for six months during the war while the ship he was on was being repaired. "Oh, it's a lovely city, Brooklyn," he sighed. "And I had a lovely girl in Jamaica. It took me an hour in the subway each way, but it was worth it. A lovely city, but I couldn't live there. The pace is too fast for me. I'd be worn out in a year."

While everybody settled down for the night, I foolishly sat on the open platform, smoking and watching the desert roll by in the starlight. When I went in to go to sleep, I discovered that the Indians had spread a little more, and there was no place to sit, stand or lie inside. Everyone else seemed to be asleep and the car was full of snores and the rich smell of many soldiers who had traveled far in a hot climate with no water available. Only the two South Africans remained awake, staring coldly out through the closed windows at the desert.

The train to Tel Aviv carries every kind of general, private and civilian under the sun and stops as often as a woman in a Brooklyn bargain basement.

I went into the next car. Luckily one of the sailors had rolled off the bench on a turn and remained where he was on the floor, too lazy to move. So I curled myself among the arms, legs, snores and sleepy cries of love and battle in the crowded car and tried to sleep.

WHEN I awoke at 4 A.M. we were in Palestine. As I sat there watching the first orange streaks over the little dark tree-crested hills, the two South Africans came out. We began to talk. They had just come from near Tripoli after 2½ years in the desert, fighting most of the time. This was their first leave, 21 days, and they had flown down to Cairo and were on their way to Tel Aviv.

One of them had suggested getting a truck ride up to Tel Aviv, but the other had said: "No. We are on a holiday. Let's spend some money and be comfortable. Let's take the train." They chuckled sourly as they told me.

"Third class," one of them said. "Why, in South Africa we wouldn't send cows to market in these trains. How about in America?"

I told him that I guessed we wouldn't send cows to market in America in these trains, either.

"Third class," the other said. "Why, before the war, any place I went I would only stay in the best hotel in town."

"And in Cairo," the first one said, "any restaurant with a tablecloth is out of bounds to other ranks. I've had it. I've had this war. I volunteered and I fought for 2½ years and we were among the first to get into Tripoli. I've heard a lot of bullets go by. I've been dive-bombed and I've gone without water and I was perfectly satisfied. But this train ride finishes me. I've had this war, and they can have it back any time they want."

And he went inside to think about the pretty girls on the beach at Tel Aviv.

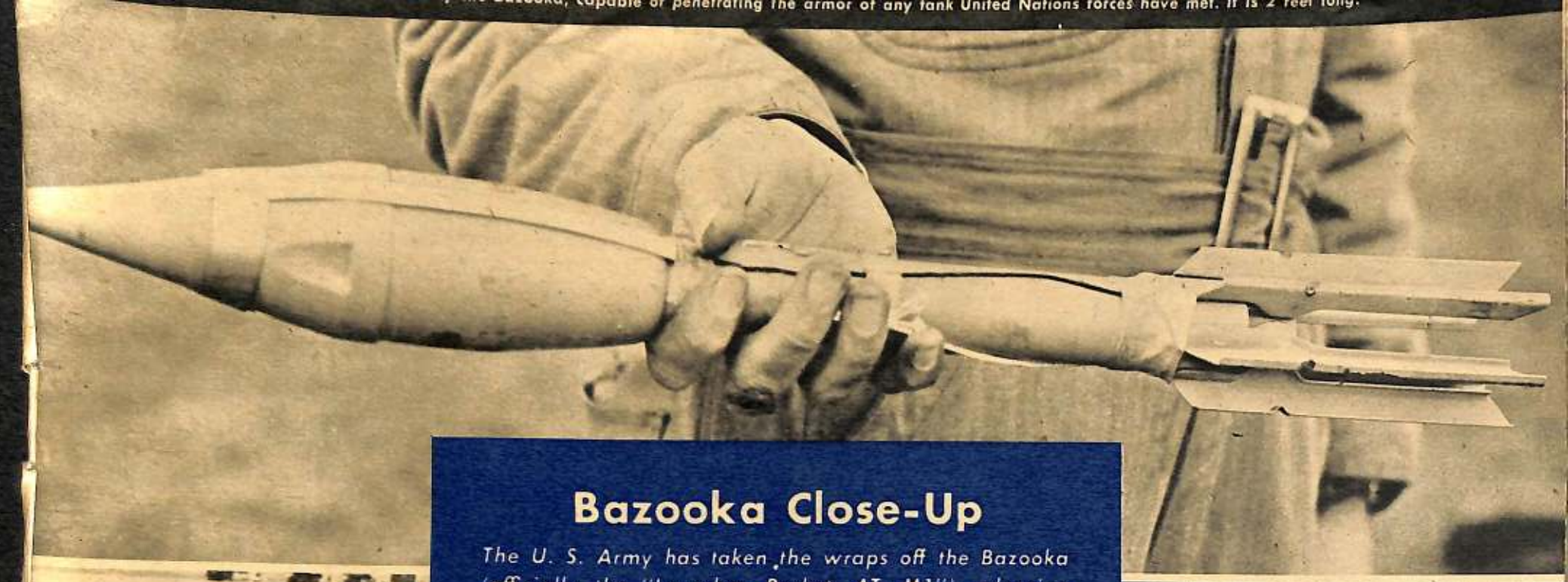
I sat on the platform and watched the morning sun break over the hills and light the orange groves and vineyards.

A little later the train stopped and we got off to take the bus to Tel Aviv. On the bus I met a lieutenant, a friend of mine, who had also come down by train. He looked very tired.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"That damned first class," he said. "No room to lie down. You sit up all night. Next time I take this blasted ride, I'm taking my bars off and traveling third."

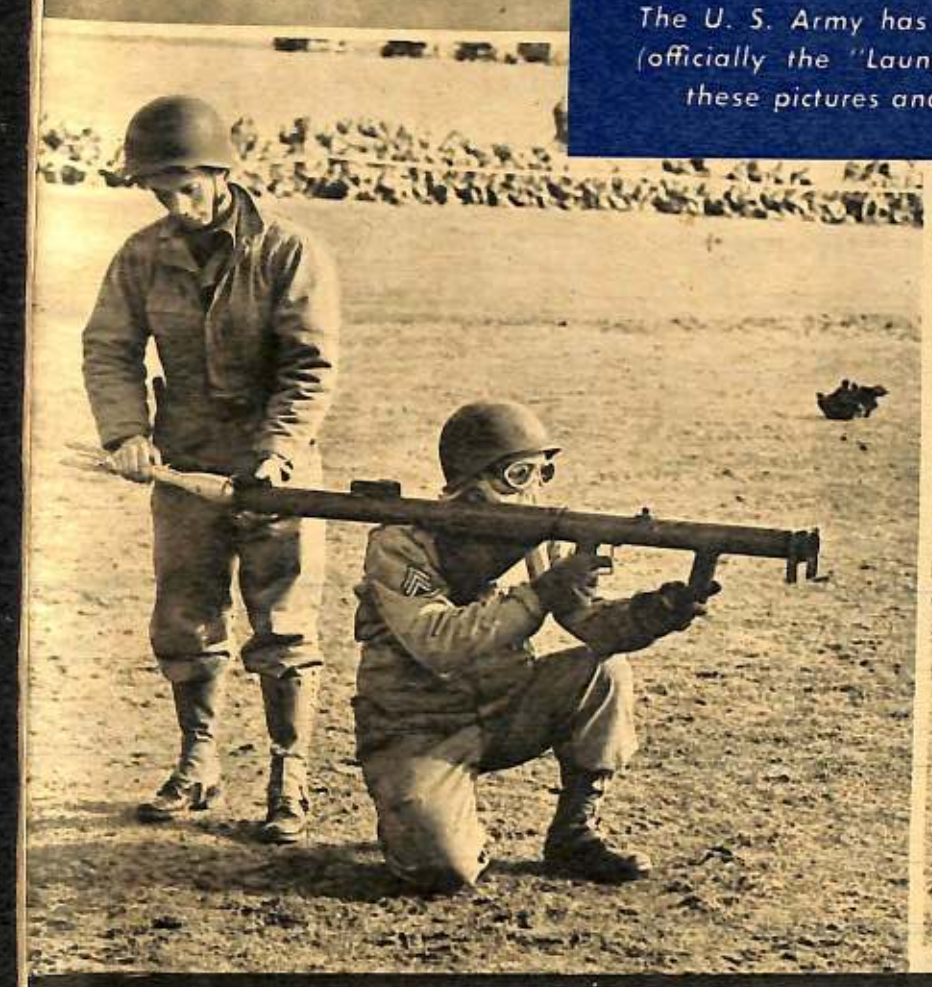
Behind me I heard a wild, snorting sound. It was the South Africans, laughing.



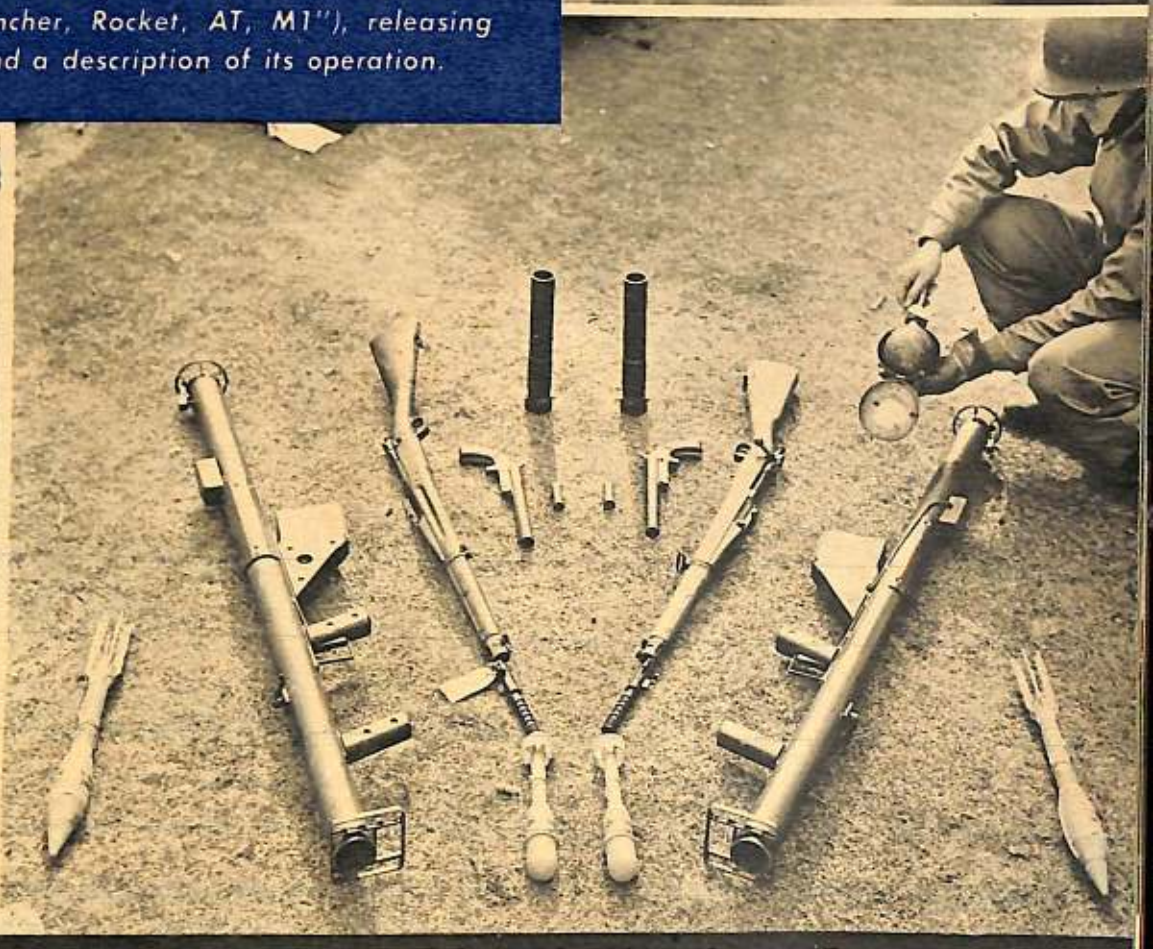
The Bazooka, capable of penetrating the armor of any tank United Nations forces have met. It is 2 feet long.

Bazooka Close-Up

The U. S. Army has taken the wraps off the Bazooka (officially the "Launcher, Rocket, AT, M1"), releasing these pictures and a description of its operation.



The Bazooka in position. Attached to the 50-inch tube are: shoulder stock, front and rear grips, sights and electric battery to set off charge.



A display of rocket-type weapons with the Bazooka and its rocket projectile extreme left and right; then rifles with grenade launchers; Very pistols, center; flare projectors, rear.

Reunion in Reykjavik: Sculptor Discovers His Own Work in Iceland

SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND—When Pfc. Vincent Costante wangled his first pass to town, he noticed a statue of Leif Ericsson, the famous Norse explorer, in the public park at Reykjavik.

The infantryman stood and looked at the statue for almost two hours. Finally a little Icelandic boy, who was watching the whole thing, couldn't stand the suspense any longer. He went over and nudged Costante and asked what was going on.

"I made this statue," Costante said.

It seems that the pfc. was a New York sculptor before he became involved with his local draft board. In his younger days he was an apprentice under Alexander Stirling Calder, whose works decorate public squares all over the world. Costante had sweated out this Leif Ericsson statue under Calder's guidance 13 years ago.

As soon as the little boy spread the word around, the square became crowded with other Icelanders who wanted to see the American sculptor and shake his hand.

—Sgt. GENE GRAFF
YANK Staff Correspondent

Pfc. Costante points to statue.

Souvenir and Novelty Company Does Big Business in South Pacific

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—Six GIs, who amused themselves in their leisure by making souvenirs out of Jap shells, now have a profitable business of supplying their comrades with gifts to send home.

Members of an ordnance detachment, T-3 Francis Sample of Chandlerville, Ill., and T-4 Gilbert Bartruff of Pekin, Ill., make knife handles out of aluminum and plastic glass from Jap planes shot down near here. The blades are made from captured Jap bayonets.

T-5 John Dybas of Gary, Ind., has manufactured a number of ashtrays out of Jap shells. He uses smaller-caliber shells for napkin rings and "shot" glasses. Another craftsman, T-5 Albert Gren of Baltimore, Md., makes bracelets from aluminum and rosaries of plastic glass and metal. Pfc. William Reed of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., a former engraver, does all the engraving on the bracelets, knives and ashtrays, inscribing verses by T-3 Reuben Rowlett of Bensenville, Ill.

All the boys are kept busy with orders, and many of the souvenirs have been shipped back to the States.

—YANK Field Correspondent

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Now that the World's Series is over, we present a preview of next year's baseball styles, a charming ensemble of green fatigues and yellow leather body armour, here being shown to the Duchess of Kent. That white object is a new type grenade, the M-6.

Our Line On Queues

A colleague of ours, glancing over the squibs that appeared on this page last week, has brought to our attention the fact that in no less than three of them we were up to the old Army game of standing in line—twice for chow (in a Red Cross club and a mess hall) and once for pay. Our friend, who must have got out of the captious side of the bed that morning, suggests that, for the sake of variety, any really alert editorial desk would have varied things a bit by changing the setting of a couple of the items. In one, he thought, we might have pictured ourself as chewing the fat with somebody in a day-room; in another, we could have been passing the time of day with a companion on the top of a bus.

Well, nuts to that, we say. Ever since one January morning, the Lord only knows how many years ago, when we reported to our local draft board a couple of hours before dawn, we have been standing in line—lines for clothes and bedding, food and drink, shots and extractions, mail and passes, movies and candy—thissa and thatta— and we see no reason for pretending that we do much of anything else. Some of the best friends we've ever had are men we first ran across in lines; we've picked up more and better rumours in lines than in latrines, and we've been privileged to inspect some of the most interesting snapshots we've ever come across while waiting for the dawdlers up ahead to move along.

No, men, this isn't a rehash of the latest pep-up-the-boys bulletin out of Washington. It just gives us occasion, by a rather roundabout way, to mull for a moment over one of those trivial, odd differences between American and British customs. We refer, of course, to the American custom of standing in line vs. the British custom of queuing up (or is it "queueing"? Our Webster's doesn't list "queue" as a verb).

Now, except for the gent who strong-arms his way to the front and is a dyed-in-the-wool heel in any language, the American who takes his place in line expects to shuffle along in that place until his turn finally comes. That, in his view, is what lines are for. Not so, apparently, the British. Time and again we've watched them queue up, waiting for a bus, and marvelled at their technique. There they stand—docilely, darn near saintlike—until the zero hour. Then the bus comes and they're off, every last one of them scuttling pell mell and with all the good nature in the world to be first aboard.

Oh well, that's their affair. As for us, we'll probably go on inching along in lines the way we've always done, although it suddenly occurs to us that there will come a time when we'll be sorely tempted to take a tip from our British friends. On the day our train leaves from Waterloo, we'll line up. Boarding ship at Southampton, we'll line up, too. But so far as we're concerned, when the gangplank is down at the foot of West Fifty-seventh Street, it'll be a queue, boys, it'll be a queue!

Shoving The Ole Ha'penny

Mention of buses prompts us to bring up another mysterious (to us) British institution—the three-ha'penny, or penny-ha'penny, bus ticket. (Our special adviser on British matters tells us that it must be "halfpenny," but, in the interests of our subscribers, many of whom are recent arrivals from the States, we feel we must override him this time.

Last week a well-meaning G.I. trying to explain to a patient lady bus conductor that he wanted a one-penny-and-a-half ride. But to get back to the penny-ha'penny ticket itself . . .

Our trouble, plain and simple, is that a penny-ha'penny ticket seems to be good for any distance—to New York, Chicago, even Omaha, for all we know. To be sure, there's nothing wrong with that notion, except that it obviously can't be right. London is a large town and we doubt if all its landmarks are familiar to even its oldest inhabitants; certainly there are plenty which we as yet fail to spot, and in consequence we are constantly riding miles beyond our destination, armed only with a three-ha'penny ticket and our innocence. It occasionally costs us as much as fourpence to get back, and we have no good reason to believe that this part of the journey, too, could be managed on a penny-ha'penny basis by anyone less scrupulously honest than ourself. We are told that inspectors are supposed to hop aboard buses at unexpected moments and nail chisellers, but we have yet to see one do so, and anyway we doubt whether an inspector or anybody else could decipher one of those tickets with the naked eye.

We blush to think of how such a system would work in Chicago or of how swiftly New York's bus companies would go broke if you could ride from Penn Station to Times Square for a nickel but were expected to pay a dime from Penn to Grand Central. We blush, we say, but not too deep a shade of red. Home wouldn't seem like home without a dash of good, old-fashioned gyppery.

Knight Of The Bath

Cleanliness may not be quite next to godliness in the Army, but in one of the Eighth Air Force stations here it ranks pretty high among the G.I.s who, of a Saturday evening, find themselves with several pounds of English topsoil to be swabbed off their epidermises before donning their O.D.s and making for the village greensward, or whatever there is to make for up that way. Consequently, there was no little ruggedly-expressed concern one Saturday at sundown not long ago when the Pfc. entrusted with the keys to the bath turned up conspicuously missing.

The first impulse of all involved, except of course the absent Pfc., was to organize a manhunt—with bloodhounds, if necessary—and collar the little you-name-him. Even the most hot-headed Joe in the crowd, however, had no idea of which direction to start out in and, as for bloodhounds, a search of the kennels of the old English estate on which the boys are quartered revealed not so much as one peke in the way of a pooch. At this point, enter our hero—Sammy the Sleuth from Seattle, they're calling him these days.

Sammy has a way of putting two and two together and getting five or better. He recalled that the keeper of the bath was addicted to walking around the station out of uniform; i.e., with the top button of his coveralls unbuttoned. He also recalled that the C.O. of the station did not precisely smile on this custom; in fact, when he allowed any expression at all to show on his features the general impression was that he was frowning. This impression had been considerably bolstered only a few days before when the M.P.s had been ordered to pick up all men out of uniform and toss them in the clink.

Thereupon our man Sammy led a posse to the M.P. station and, sure enough, there was the hapless keeper of the bath, talking his head off in an attempt to get himself sprung, while his captors pointed sorrowfully to the offending button. Sammy, as spokesman for the posse, deferentially explained the situation—no Pfc. would mean no baths and no baths *might* mean, well, anything and even the M.P.s in their immaculate quarters might in time be sorry. At this, one of the M.P.s who had been reflectively scratching his head quickly lowered his hand.

So the keeper of the bath was released, the water flowed like champagne and everybody was happy. Everybody, that is except the Pfc. While he was undressing that night, the top button popped off his coverall and disappeared down a crack in the floor. (To be continued in our Armistice Issue.)

Skirmish at Scafati

This is one of the streets of Scafati. Seconds after this picture was taken the three British war correspondents at right were killed by a shell from a retreating Mark III.

It was not a very big battle, but some men were killed there in the peaceful village streets and when the last tanks rumbled on toward Naples, the war had left its scars on the town and all the people in it.

SCAFATI, ITALY—There are many little towns in Italy which have not been touched by the war. The town of Scafati was one of these—until one day last week a British and a German patrol met in its streets. Until then, it had been a typical little Italian village lying in the deep shadows of Mount Vesuvius near Naples. Most of its 3,000 inhabitants live in old stone or stucco houses squeezed together in narrow, crooked streets. A little stone bridge crosses a wide stream which splits the town in half.

On the outskirts of the place are little farms, and the community is dependent on them for its food and life. So Scafati itself is not a very important place, except to the people who live in it, but it is on the main road to Naples, and in its narrow, crooked streets the Germans had decided to delay the advance of British armored units which had broken through the mountains north of Salerno.

About 11.00 hours one recent morning, just as the sun began to shine straight down on the little streets, British armored patrols approached Scafati from the little farms, moving cautiously through the vineyards in the bright morning sunlight. South of the town they were stopped by excited natives, few of whom carried rifles and wore arm bands with red crosses sewed on them. Some held hand grenades they had stolen from the Germans. They told the British commander that the bridge ahead of them was mined and flanked by German machine guns.

The British commander was a young Irish lieutenant with blond hair. He was wearing stained dungarees and his face was streaked with grease. He thanked the people of the town and moved one of his tanks up to a curve in the street which led into the town. Around the curve was the bridge. The tank waited there for a little while and a tommy climbed to the top of the house to see what was on the other side. He returned with the news that there was an anti-tank gun in the square by the bridge and it was pointed at them. At this point a Bren gun carrier came up and the officer decided to have it poke its iron nose around the curve just to see what would happen. The carrier went around the curve and was greeted by a hail of machine gun bullets. They hastily pulled the nose of the carrier back again.

Meanwhile, some Italians volunteered to lead a small group of men around the town and back across the river. More cars were coming up now, and a group of officers and men collected behind the tank to discuss the situation. It was very hot, although clouds had come up now and they had stopped to mop their foreheads. One lieutenant colonel yelled for a tommy gun and took two of his men with him into the house nearest the bridge. From the roof, they spotted the anti-tank gun and also a Mark III tank by the bridge.

They opened up on the gun crew and forced them to scatter. The tank also backed across the bridge. The lieutenant colonel then came back down and called for a wire crew to convert the house into an observation post. The street was getting noisier all the time. A British mortar crew had moved up by this time and was firing away. Two American soldiers, S/Sgt. Don Graeber of Salt Lake City, and Pvt. John Priester of New York, were sitting in a jeep watching the proceedings with intense interest.

They were there to bring back German prisoners for interrogation. For about fifteen minutes they sat there very restlessly, and then Graeber looked at Priester and Priester looked at Graeber, and then Priester nodded, and the two men reached into the back of the jeep and came up with two rifles. They climbed out of the jeep and walked across the street into one of the buildings from which the British were firing. The British were now throwing too much lead for the Germans, so the Jerries pulled away from the bridge. The British were right on top of them, two sappers being the first to cross. The bridge was not mined, as had been feared, but there were several boxes of high explosive scattered around here and there.

Now the battle moved to the other side of the town. Three more German tanks were sighted and British tanks moved across to engage them. On the liberated side of the bridge, the Italians were coming joyfully from the houses carrying fruit and wine. Across the bridge the fight was still going on, but the Germans were giving ground. The British were bringing up armour and anti-tank equipment in force, and the infantry was also beginning to move in. A group of correspondents followed the course of the battle on foot. They came to a corner occupied by the victors. Four hundred yards away was a Mark III tank. The Bren gun carrier preceded them around the corner. The German tank fired. The Bren gun carrier was completely destroyed and the three British correspondents were killed.

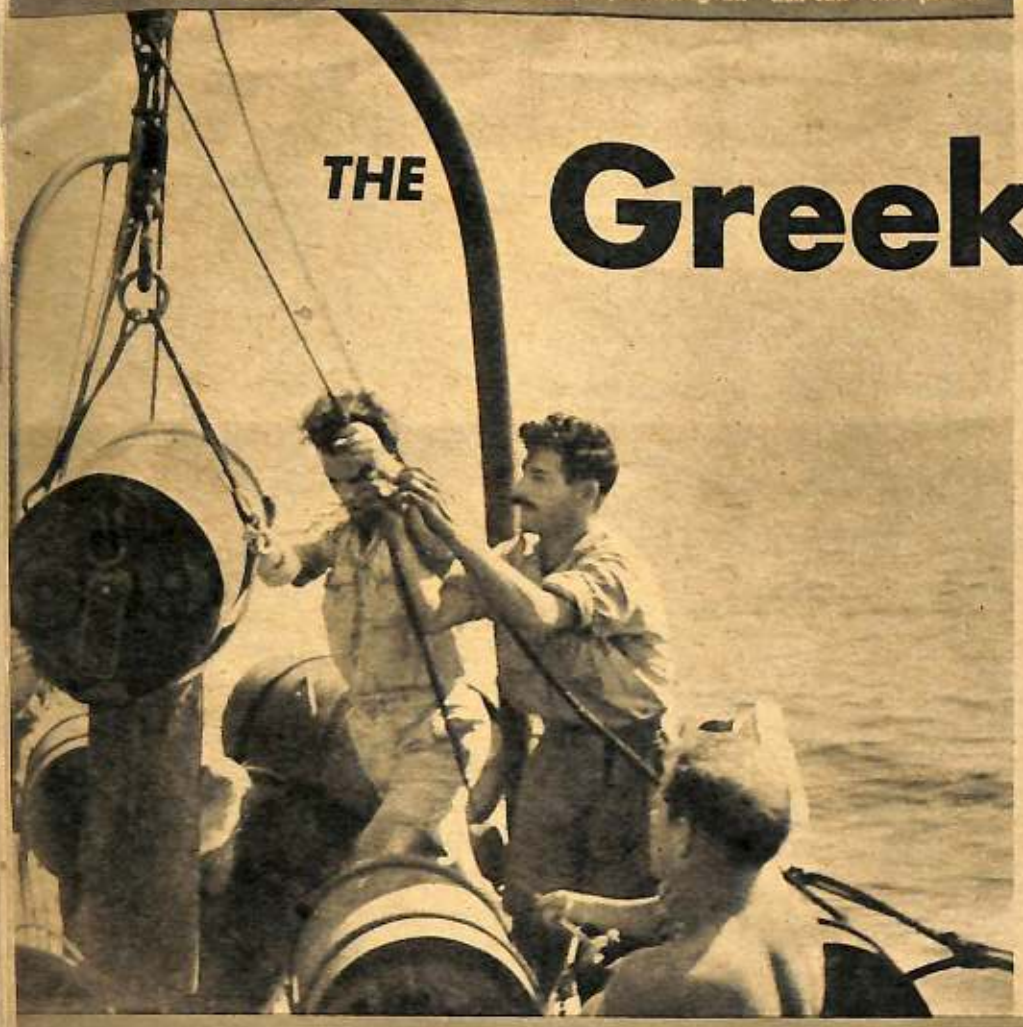
Then the British guns opened up and the tanks rolled past the wreckage of the Bren gun carrier and the bodies of the correspondents. Inch by inch, they pushed the Germans out of Scafati, back toward Naples. As the last German tank fled toward town, rain began to fall. The rain had a sobering effect on the townspeople. The Germans had gone and the war was finally leaving them, but the scars of war remained. They looked at the shattered buildings and the bodies lying in the streets. Then they returned quietly to their houses to pick up their lives where they had been left off. It was raining harder now and the sky was dark. The British armored columns still rolled through the town after the retreating Germans.

Sgt. DAVE GOLDING
YANK *Correspondent in Italy*

The destroyer's depth-charge crew in action, hoisting an "ash can" into place.

This American (left) of Greek

THE Greek Navy



Sailors on a Greek destroyer, first Allied warship to enter Augusta's harbor in the Sicilian campaign, await the day when they will help to free their own homeland from the terrors of the German occupation.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

ABOARD THE GREEK DESTROYER *Kanaris*—"If you get back to Des Moines before I do," he said, "stop in the Seafood Grotto and give everybody my regards. And tell them I'll be back soon."

The 37-year-old quartermaster and reserve gunner whose name I can't mention is the only American member of the crew of this Greek destroyer in the Mediterranean. He used to be a counterman at his brother's restaurant back home in Iowa, but was visiting his parents in Greece when Italy invaded the country in October 1940.

Enlisting in the Greek Army, he fought through six major battles and the entire Albanian campaign. Germany intervened in April 1941 to save the faltering Italians, and the Greeks were overcome. The American, then a corporal, was demobilized with the rest.

He remained in Nazi-occupied Greece until last February, when he escaped to Egypt and enlisted in the Greek Navy. He has been on the *Kanaris* ever since, in the North African campaign, the invasion of Sicily and on Allied convoy trips through the Mediterranean.

The *Kanaris* is a destroyer of the new Royal Hellenic Navy. The Germans thought they destroyed the Greek fleet forever when they sank 4 of its 10 destroyers, 10 of its 13 torpedo boats and many auxiliary vessels in the 1941 blitz.

But today the refitted and rearmed remnants of the Greek fleet have been supplemented by British- and American-made destroyers, corvettes and other vessels. Manning these warships, whose total tonnage is above pre-war Greek naval strength, are twice the number of officers and men who sailed under the Hellenic flag in 1941. Instead of 200 officers and 2,700 men, there are 345 officers and 5,800 petty officers and men.

The *Kanaris* was the first Allied warship to sail into the harbor of Augusta in the Sicilian campaign. Her big guns bombarded the coastal defenses into silence, clearing the way for British troops which took over the town a few hours later. Earlier the destroyer had convoyed troops to Sicily and shelled other eastern coastal positions in support of the British Eighth Army.

While on patrol duty off Cape Bon during the Tunisian mop-up, when the Axis was attempting a Dunkirk, the *Kanaris* shelled the small Axis island garrison of Zembla into surrender and sent a landing party ashore to capture some 120 German and Italian prisoners.

Like the American counterman from Des Moines, more than half of the ship's company on this destroyer escaped from German-occupied Greece under the very eyes of *Gestapo* agents and the Nazi army of occupation. Native-born Greeks are in the majority, but England, Canada, Rumania, Egypt and Syria are also represented on the crew. When their motherland was conquered, these sailors came to fight for her freedom, though many have never been to Greece.

On this voyage I took with the *Kanaris*, the destroyer met no enemy action as it escorted an Allied convoy through the Mediterranean. The crew was disappointed. On her three previous trips, the *Kanaris* beat off Nazi dive-bombing attacks, accounting for four "probables," and silenced enemy coastal guns.

The destroyer's 15-year-old pom-pom gunner liked those trips. In many ways he is still just a kid. He talks in a high, quavering pitch. His brown eyes, big and round like Eddie Cantor's, gleam mischievously when he plays a practical joke on the other crew members.

This 15-year-old gunner escaped from the Nazis.

But mention Germans to the kid and he's not a kid any longer. Cold hate hardens those Eddie Cantor eyes, the kind of emotion you don't expect in a 15-year-old. When he speaks of Nazis, he uses violent adjectives that sound doubly filthy coming from a kid his age. The Germans made a man out of him.

With his father and older brother, he was imprisoned and beaten daily for three months in a vain effort to make him confess they had hidden a gun in their home. Later they escaped to Egypt, where his brother joined the Greek Army and he joined the Navy.

There are others on the *Kanaris* who hope and hate. Like the 19-year-old signalman who hasn't seen his family since he left their village in northern Greece three years ago. "Sometime soon we go back to Greece," he said as we stood on the moonlit signal deck where he blinked out messages to other ships in the convoy.

"When we left port to invade Sicily, the crew thought we were going to Greece. All of us were very happy. But out at sea the captain told us we were going to Sicily. We felt disappointed then. But later we said, 'Never mind, we will go to Greece through Italy and Albania.'"

Just then we got the signal that 36 Junkers-88s had been sighted north of Malta. The ship's company was alerted at once, though the Nazi planes were still more than an hour away. Later Royal Air Force Spitfires intercepted them, shot down four and chased the remainder back home.

But as soon as the alert was flashed, the sailors manned their guns. The first to reach the aft guns was a 34-year-old chief petty officer, on his first trip since he rejoined the Greek fleet. His last ship was sunk by Nazi dive-bombers during the evacuation of British troops from Greece in 1941. Only five weeks ago he was still in Nazi-occupied Athens. You could see he was still a bit amazed to be walking on decks again.

But the Mediterranean has changed since Sicily fell and the principal Italian warships surrendered to the Allies. The crew of the *Kanaris* is itching for major action again. These Greek sailors want to move on to the Adriatic, Ionian and Aegean seas—waters that Greek seafaring men have sailed since the days of Homer.

The Greek Navy will soon be there.

A Week of War

A lesson in three-dimensional warfare or, sorry, but you can't put a land mine in that cirro-cumulus, bud.

Tough going—but still going ahead. Three Yanks in the thickest of the Battle for Naples wham away with a 105 m.m. howitzer to clear a path through Nazis for U. S. Rangers of the 5th Army.

OBSTACLES, either natural or planned, have a detrimental force on the advances of armies. They have done so since the first hairy brass hat took a few of the boys into the woods to take a crack at some Cro-Magnons. Natural obstacles, such as rivers, forested areas and mountains have slowed offensives and thwarted attacks for thousands of years; deserts have presented almost unsolvable problems, and so have large bodies of water. Nature's aid failing, man has looked to his own talents in the construction of obstacles. He has built walled towns and redoubts and all sorts of fortifications. In retreat he has mined roads and blown bridges, returning such obstacles as rivers and passes to their own natural state.

On two great battle fronts last week obstacles were slowing operations. On one front, the greatest, the obstacle was natural. The mighty River Dnieper, running from the Sea of Azov a thousand miles north to broken Smolensk, was in some measure blocking the Russian surge to the west. Along its long, elliptical curve the Red Army had established three west bank bridgeheads, and they were fighting hard to hold them against increasingly desperate German counter attacks. The bridgeheads, near Krasnograd, near Pereyaslav, and near Chernobil, were the scenes of bloody fighting, that seemed to favor the Russians. Along roads that bore signs, "To The Dnieper Crossing," came tanks and guns and masses of men, moving across the river to villages on the west bank that had already been taken from the Nazis. The next natural obstacle beyond the bridgeheads was the Bug River, 150 miles away, and as they were enlarged and expanded by the Russians, and as fresh hordes of men surged across the broad span of the river, there were arrows pointing toward the heart of Germany, flaming arrows that any minute might send their fire spreading out in all directions.

Meanwhile the Germans were evacuating Kiev, a city that threatened soon to be caught in a pincers formed by the junction of two of the bridgeheads. Kiev, one of the last great Russian fortresses left to the Germans, was, and had been for some time, within range of the Red Army's guns. Its fall seemed to be a matter of days.

Far to the south and across the face of enslaved Europe there were other forms of obstacles facing other armies. The great problem of the 5th and 8th Armies, moving up the Italian Peninsula in the direction of Rome, was that of demolitions. Though immensely superior in men and arms to the slowly withdrawing Germans, the Allies were delayed by blocked roads, smashed bridges, and occasionally by unfavorable terrain. The Germans were fighting very well, and when they were not fighting they were destroying anything that might give aid or comfort to the enemy.

It was raining in Italy, too—a continuous monumental downpour that forced the Allies to move on that unusual means of locomotion, the human foot. They were repairing the roads and the bridges and the harbors in the rain. They were eating in the rain. And they were fighting in the rain. And time after time, day after day, they were moving into Italian villages, sacked and ravaged by the retreating Nazis.

To repair roads and bridges takes time; to uncover mines is a slow and tedious and dangerous process. The war in Italy was a war of the sapper and the engineer. At a snail's pace, feeling their way as they went, the Allied Armies crawled up the Italian mainland, and ahead of them the Germans, able to work at their leisure because of the slow Allied progress, laid more mines and blew more bridges and indulged their Teuton talents for destruction.

THERE are, however, no obstacles in the air. The air is wide open, and you cannot lay a mine in oxygen. The Anglo-American air offensive on the Reich was becoming heavier than ever. Night after night and day after day the bombers went out, and when they came back another German city or town, with its factories and its production lines, lay in flaming ruin. German industry was being dealt crippling blows; even the Germans admitted it. Goebbels threatened retaliation, but all the retaliation he seemed to be able to muster was a very weak raid on a very strong London. While the land armies were smashing at the peripheries of the German fortress of Europe, the bombers were striking at the heart. Flying Fortresses made the longest heavy bomber raids of the war when they bombed Gdynia, Anklam, Marienburg and Danzig. The attack on Marienburg meant a round trip of 1,700 miles, those on Danzig and Gdynia a round trip of 1,600 miles. They battered at a factory producing at least half the Focke-Wulf output, and they hit one of the main hiding places of the German fleet. And this, added to the continuous raids on German industrial cities such as Hanover and Frankfort and Munster, brought home to Germany as it had never been brought home to her before that she was a country invested, a country besieged; possibly a country on the verge of collapse. Not only were her cities being bombed, but she was losing a rather terrifying amount of fighter planes—450 in three days, for example.

THE country that had kept war from her people for so many years by choosing to fight in other people's countries, was at last feeling the real brunt of war.

The average German, fresh from a nice, cosy sleep in a nice, cosy bomb shelter, could open his *Voelkischer Beobachter* and nod his head in agreement over the words he read there. "It is difficult to determine when fate will again favor Germany. It might be a long time and the way may be hard." The newspapers of Germany were becoming annoyingly honest. But it was not difficult to determine when fate would again favor Germany. Fate, in the guise of opportunity, had knocked not once but several times on Germany's door, but the guns had been making so much noise that the knocking hadn't been heard. So fate had wandered away, in another direction. She would not be back.

In a desolate space of the vast Pacific Ocean the U. S. Navy, or a sizable task force of it, steamed over the horizon and smote Jap-held Wake Island hip and thigh, smashing barracks and installations, wrecking nearly a hundred planes on the ground, and leaving the sandy little island practically a waste. Liberators bombed the Japs; warships pounded them with their big guns. And then, with Wake Island out of commission for some time to come, the task force steamed away. Probably they could have landed and taken over the island, had they wanted to. But with the Pacific picture the way it is at present, Wake might be too hot to hold. The U.S. Navy seemed content to let Japan have it for a while. If the Japs built it up again, there were still plenty of U.S. task forces lingering around in the Pacific.

"Dear Fuehrer: Having helluva time. Wish you were here. *Fritz und*

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ALONG THE MARKHAM RIVER NEAR LAE, BOSTON BOMBERS PREPARE THE WAY FOR ONCOMING PARATROOPERS BY LAYING DOWN A LONG SMOKE SCREEN.

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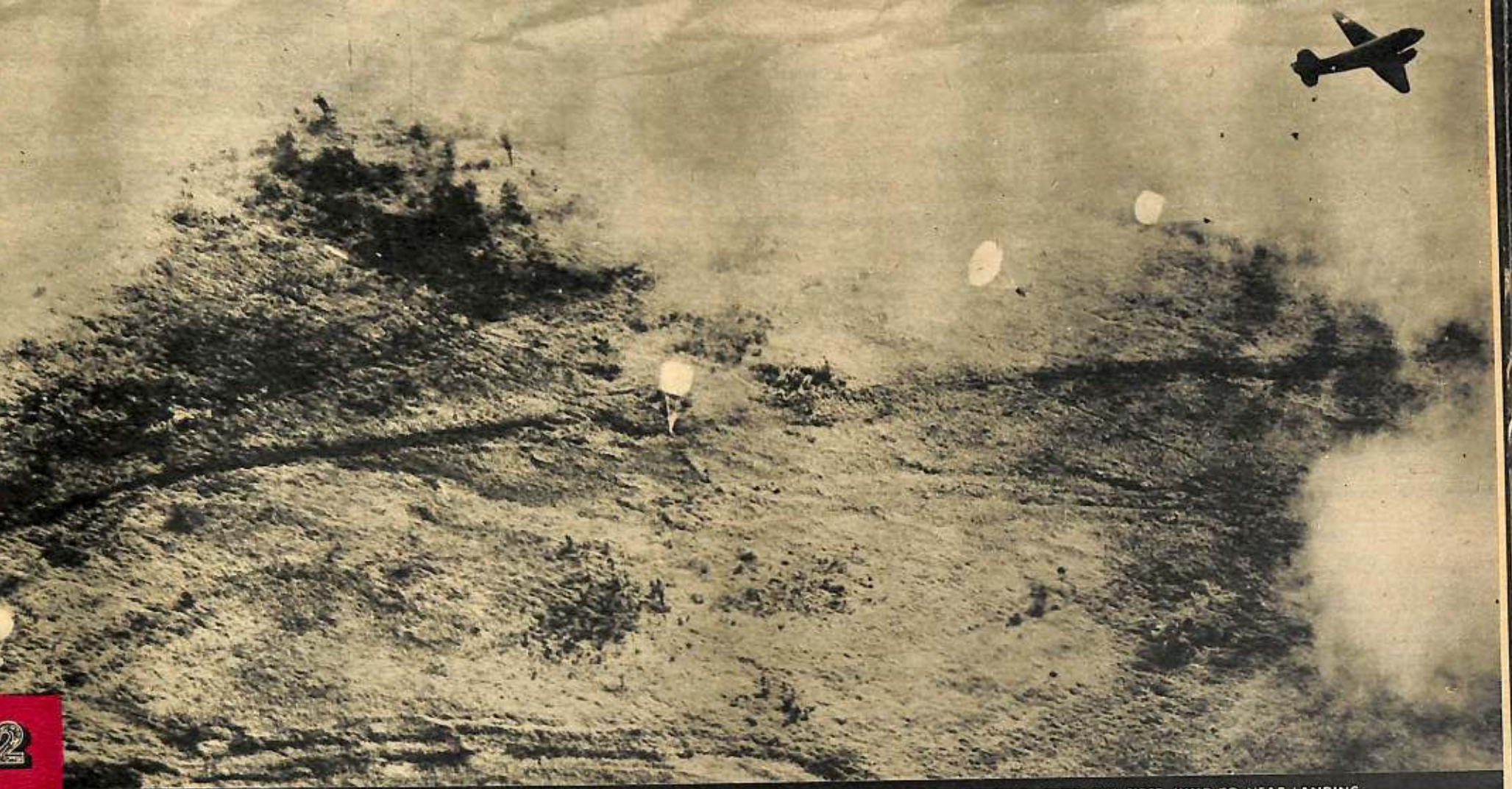
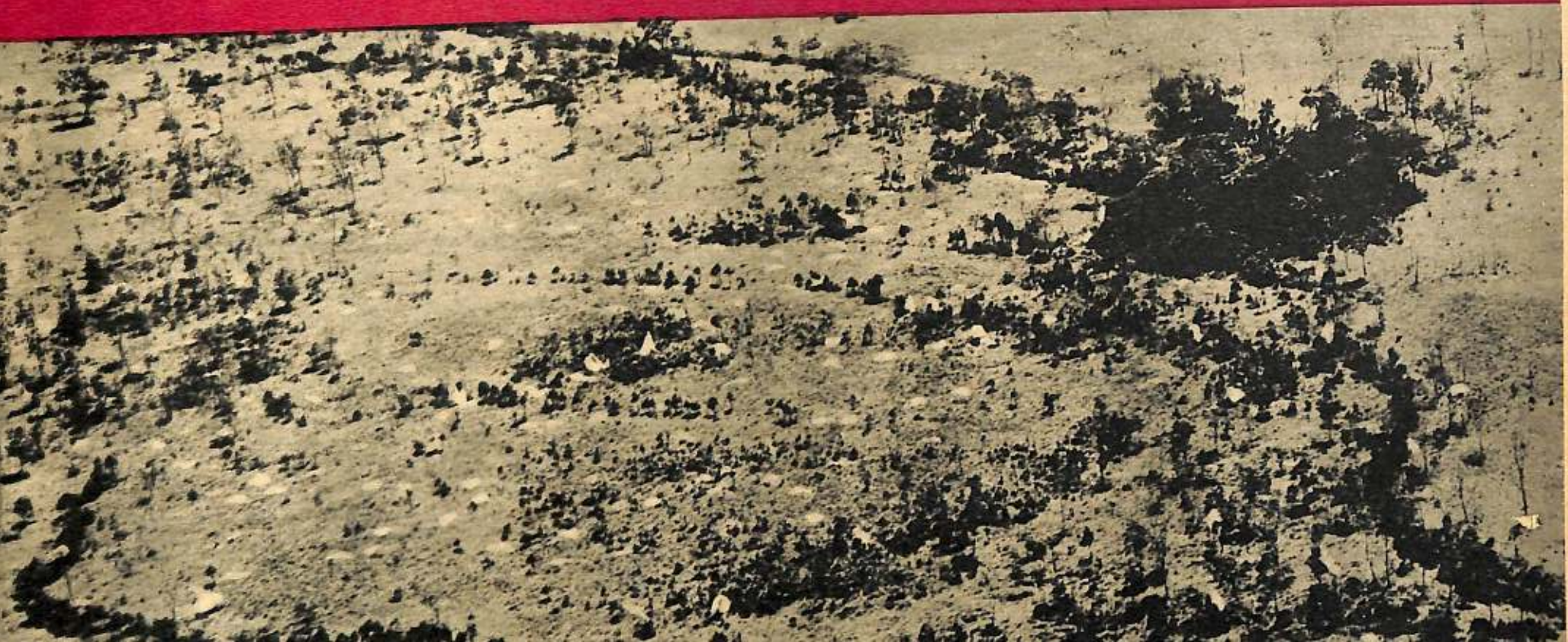


ONE OF THE PLANES DISCHARGES ITS CARGO. FROM RIGHT TO LEFT CAN BE SEEN ALL THE STAGES OF PARACHUTING—FROM THE FIRST JUMP TO NEAR-LANDING.

TRAPPING THE JAP

These remarkable pictures were made over New Guinea as American paratroopers were used for the first time in the Pacific Theater. The camera follows them as they descend on the Markham Valley, west of Lae, to block the escape of 20,000 Japanese who were faced by the Australian forces to the east.



News from Home

Soldiers' wives smiled and other civilians groaned as Congress sweated over plans to reshuffle war dollars, but the big question was: Who flew the phantom Fortress over the Stadium?

THE day of six-cent cokes, fifteen-cent beers, and four-bit highballs had not yet dawned in the States last week, but the sky was already growing as pale as a taxpayer's face. By tacking on taxes of a penny here, a few pennies there, the administration hoped to raise an additional ten and a half billion dollars. That would be more than a trillion pennies, which would make quite a jingle in anybody's pocket—even Uncle Sam's.

The administration found that it could not have the sum for the asking when the House Ways and Means Committee turned thumbs down on the idea after its chairman, Robert L. Doughton (Democrat) of North Carolina called the proposed tax program "a greater burden" than the country could stand. Burden or no, however, it looked as if somebody would have to fork up the dough somehow and Mr. Doughton said his committee would draft its own bill on the subject. The committee's job was a cinch; all it had to do was make every man, woman and child in the U. S. part with $77—and like it.

Of course, Mr. Doughton's worries—and the administration's tax bill—were not concerned primarily with the cost of drinks. The bill rejected by Mr. Doughton's committee would have raised entertainment and sport admission taxes 10 to 30 per cent and would have meant a similar increase in all transportation rates. Additional taxes would have been placed on cigarettes, cigars, pipe tobacco, chewing gum, furs, jewelry, and phone calls. A hundred bucks would have been knocked off the present $1,200 income-tax exemption allowed married persons and $50 from the $350 one for each dependent. The proposals were mainly interesting as an outline of the probable shape of things to come.

Representative John Taber of New York, ranking Republican member of the House Appropriations Committee, said he thought a large part of the answer to the money-raising problem—a four-billion-dollar part of it, to be exact—lay in government economy, but everybody had heard that one before. Mr. Taber also said he believed the sentiment in the House Ways and Means Committee was favorable to a national sales tax, something which the administration has long been against.

Tax or no tax, things already were costing plenty more than they used to. Fred M. Vinson, director of Economic Stabilization, disclosed that prices had risen twelve per cent during the nineteen months the U. S. had been in the war. This, however, wasn't as bad as it sounded since, during the first world war, prices rose 29 per cent in the same period. As a matter of fact, except for people on fixed incomes, a little thing like a 12 per cent increase in prices didn't mean much to the average spender for there was plenty of money around—too much, indeed. Mr. Vinson said that the national income this year would be approximately 142 billion and that there would be only some 90 billion worth of goods and services to buy. Even the public's war-bond purchases and other savings would leave "enough dangerous dollars to constitute an explosive situation," according to Mr. Vinson.

SHERMAN STARR, Harvard sophomore, salted twelve hundred of the dangerous dollars away when he converted them into War Bonds in return for a kiss from Carol Bruce at a rally in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The gloom of the prospect that cigarettes might cost more was deepened when the Department of Commerce announced that there wouldn't be enough to go around next year at any price. Production of cigarettes has been cut down, said the department, and the U. S. has agreed to share 42 per cent of its cigarette tobacco with its Allies. Already the nation is smoking butts filled with tobacco earmarked for use during the next two years.

The Government was also toying with the idea of making some civilians richer—the civilian dependents of servicemen up to and including the rank of buck sergeant. A joint committee of the Senate and House wanted the Treasury to kick in $5 more a month for each wife's allotment and make substantial additions to the amounts already allowed for children. The House Military Affairs Committee, however, killed these proposals and, leaving the allotment for wives at $50, trimmed the suggested allowances for children to $25 a month for the first youngster, $20 for the second, and $15 for each additional one. Even if these reduced figures are allowed to stand, servicemen with kids will be just about twice as well off as they were before.

The same bill contained both good and bad news for non-coms in the top three grades. It would extend to the families of those men the financial benefits now enjoyed by the dependents of the lower orders of G.I.s, but it would also deprive staff, technical and master sergeants of subsistence and quarters allowances they now receive. This naturally would be quite a blow to top-kicks and such who have set up cosy little homes with their wives near camps in the States, but wouldn't mean much one way or the other to the rank and file in the ETO.

One provision of the Committee's bill was certain to be considered just ducky by everybody: Dependent husbands of WACs would get an allotment just like any dogface's wife.

The figures on how many of the girls who used to be WAACs failed to stay on as WACs last summer when their organization dropped an "A" and became a regular part of the Army were finally released by the War Department. The answer was that 15,000, or one out of every four, went home, principally, said the department, because of failure to pass the required physical exam, or the pressure of domestic responsibilities.

Women weren't sticking any too steadily to their civilian war jobs, either. The Office of War Information reported that in this category one girl quit for every two who were hired. The reasons given by the ladies who threw in the sponge were marriage, maternity, inadequate provisions for the care of their children, and the desire to join husbands stationed in Army camps. Nevertheless, the National Women's Trade Union League was able to announce that the number of women in unions had jumped from a mere quarter of a million in 1940 to three million at present. Many, said the League, are receiving the same pay as men.

U. S. casualties in Italy since the landings at Salerno have totaled 8,307, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson told the nation. Of this number, 511 men have been killed, 2,368 are missing, and 5,428 are wounded. . . . Summing up civilian casualties on the home front, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, said that 80,000 workers had been killed in American factories and mills since Pearl Harbor. Mr. Green set the number of Americans killed in action at 20,000.

The Philadelphia Quartermaster Depot shuffled through its records and came up with the following statistics of the average American recruit: weight, 144 pounds; height, 5′ 8″; chest, 33¼″; waistline, 31″; shoes, size 9½-D; hat, size 7.

What, another service ribbon? The chief of the Ordnance Bureau in Washington, D.C., proposed that a special one be assigned to military men serving in that area. It would consist, he said, of a strip of shiny blue serge cloth taken from the seat of the wearer's oldest pair of trousers and would be generously edged with red tape. Various letters on the award would indicate that the wearer had served with special distinction—one "C" signifying "crazy," two "Cs" standing for "completely crazy," and three "Cs" denoting that the recipient had been relegated to the Civilian Conservation Corps. A "P" on a ribbon would be a sign that the wearer had been initiated into that ever-widening circle of public servants who have been assailed by the columnist Drew Pearson.

NOW that the Japs have been kicked out of the Aleutian Islands, the Western Defense Command has decided that California, Washington, and Oregon are no longer in sufficient danger to warrant continuation of stringent dim-out restrictions. From now until further notice motorists in that region may drive with undimmed headlights and homes may be lighted almost as brightly as they were in normal times.

The East was not so lucky nor did it appear likely to get a break along dim-out lines until the threat of Nazi submarines becomes definitely a thing of the past. Magazine editors and artists still occupy themselves on dull days thinking up stories with drawings of the havoc which they imagine Nazi bombers could create in various industrial centers of the northeast. One of the most recent of these portrayed an imaginary attack on Detroit by German planes based near Hudson Bay. The success of such an exploit would seem to depend upon supplying such a base by air all the way from Norway. The author, however, who claimed he would not be surprised if such an attack were made before autumn, disposed of that phase of the maneuver in a few words and spent most of his time worrying whether or not the civilians of Detroit could take it.

Rear Admiral Husband E. Kimmel and Maj. Gen.

Imagine the joy of the photogs when Celia Berg, 23, of New York City, former chorus girl, won a chute rigging contest in Manhattan. Cele now rigs chutes for a living.

Walter C. Short, both retired, who were in command of Hawaii on December 7, 1941, have agreed to waive the statute of limitations in connection with court martial proceedings still pending against them as a result of the Jap attack. This means that the action can be brought at any future time. Both the Army and Navy declined to say anything about when this time may be other than that it will be an "appropriate" one.

Twenty-one employes of the Bethlehem-Fairfield shipyard at Baltimore, Md., have sworn not to shave until they and their colleagues break their present record of building twenty-three Liberty ships in a month. . . . In Portland, Ore., employes of the Portland Shipbuilding Corp. worked as much as thirty-six hours at a stretch during September in a successful effort to crack their own previous record of building eighteen Liberty ships in a month. Result: twenty-four launchings. . . . Despite such instances of unprecedented production, however, four fewer merchantmen were built in September than in August (160, totalling 1,066,000 tons gross, vs. 164), and Admiral Howard Vickery, vice chairman of the Maritime Commission, called last month's output "disappointing."

Delegates attending the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Cleveland, Ohio, couldn't make up their minds whether to say yes or no to a recommendation of their joint matrimony commission approving with reservations the remarriage of divorced persons. The commission had proposed that such marriages be sanctioned at the discretion of a bishop after he had conferred with the individual's parish presbyter as well as with an attorney and a psychiatrist familiar with the facts of the case.

Al Jolson, the famous mammy singer, who at fifty-seven has been one of the most tireless and courageous of American performers venturing into war zones to entertain troops, was reported to be critically ill in New York City, suffering from malaria and pneumonia which he contracted in Sicily. Al, who was among the first of his profession to visit the ETO, had been back from the Mediterranean theater less than a week when he collapsed.

Laura Ingalls, once one of the most outstanding of women flyers in the States, was released from the Reformatory for women in Alderson, West Virginia, after serving a twenty-month sentence for acting as a secret Nazi agent. As a prisoner, Miss Ingalls was not repentent. Sent first to the Reformatory in Lorton, Va., she is reported to have tried to organize her fellow-inmates into a pro-Nazi group. She didn't realize how little progress she was making until some of the other lady cons started pulling her hair. The rumpus prompted the authorities to transfer Miss Ingalls to Alderson.

Horace A. Smith of Easton, Pa., a member of the U. S. Merchant Marine, advertised in his hometown newspaper that he had lost his A-card gasoline ration book. The office of Price Administration insisted that he do so before it would issue him a new one, presumably because it thought that the old book might be kicking around Easton somewhere and that some honest person, upon reading Smith's ad., would bring it in. Smith thought the chances of any one's doing so were remote, pointing out mildly that he had lost the book when a torpedo got the freighter he was aboard in the Mediterranean.

The makings of a good mink coat went scampering over the countryside near Crisfield, Md., when seventy-five mink escaped from the farm of former State Senator Elwood Dize. "I don't have much hope of getting any back," said Mr. Dize mournfully. "I'm told that a mink travels thirty miles a night." Mr. Dize had a right to be mournful. A mink on the hoof is worth about twenty smackers.

When fire swept through the pants which John W. Burrell, Negro handyman at a Richmond, Va., Army base, was wearing he became so engrossed in the problem of getting out of them that he plumb forgot about his life savings—$1,058 in bills—in one of the hip pockets. Science saved him, though. Chemists of the Federal Reserve Bank were able to identify the numbers on 85 per cent of the charred bills representing a total of $892—a sum which the Treasury returned to the otherwise only slightly singed Mr. Burrell.

Travelling-salesman stories aren't what they used to be, judging from the latest. It's about a chap named Walter Solt who told the switchboard operator in a Kansas City hotel that he'd break her neck if she were a man and then dumped a wastebasket full of junk in the middle of the lobby, shouting at the manager, "If you won't furnish maid service, clean it up yourself!" Fine: $1, in the K.C. police court.

Pvt. Edward Colen, of New York City, gave the right answer to the first $128 question ever asked on the Phil Baker radio program called "Take It Or Leave It." While tackling the $64 question, Colen remarked that his wife was sick and in a hospital, whereupon Baker doubled the jackpot and asked: "How much is 64 and 64?"

A new typewriter keyboard, the first in 70 years with any important changes in it, has been developed by Lieutenant Commander August Dvorak. With it experts can do 180 words a minute (the world's record up to now is a mere 159) and run-of-the-mill, or battery-clerk, typists can jog along some 35 per cent faster.

In Hollywood, Joan Berry gave birth to a 6½-pound girl whose father, she claims, is Charlie Chaplin. Blood tests will be taken four months hence in an effort to find out if she's right. . . . Albert Hoffman, the brewer, won a divorce in Jersey City, N.J., from Mitzi Mayfair—an ETO trouper, among other things—on a charge that she deserted him in 1941, three years after their marriage. . . . Veronica Lake wants to divorce her husband, Major John Detlie. "He's a fine fellow," she says. "We don't just think alike."

Ilka Chase is writing up the feminine-beauty business in a novel called *In Bed We Cry*. . . . Paul Robeson, the Negro singer and actor, has taken off thirty pounds in order to appear in the title role of Shakespeare's *Othello*, which is now playing in Philadelphia and headed for Broadway. . . . Lana Turner has her work cut out for her for the next few months. She's to appear in three pictures called *Marriage is a Private Affair*, *Frankie Fromr 'Frisco*, and *Music for the Millions*. . . . Harry James's band and Frank Sinatra will help reopen Chicago Stevens Hotel, which the Army recently returned to a civilian status. . . . *Pistol Packing Mama* heads the Hit Parade.

Capt. Don. F. Scott, 23-year-old former Ohio State University All-American football star, was killed in the crash of a medium bomber during a routine flight over Britain.

Dr. J. Willard Hershey, who was supposed to have made the world's biggest synthetic diamond, died in Kansas at the age of 67.

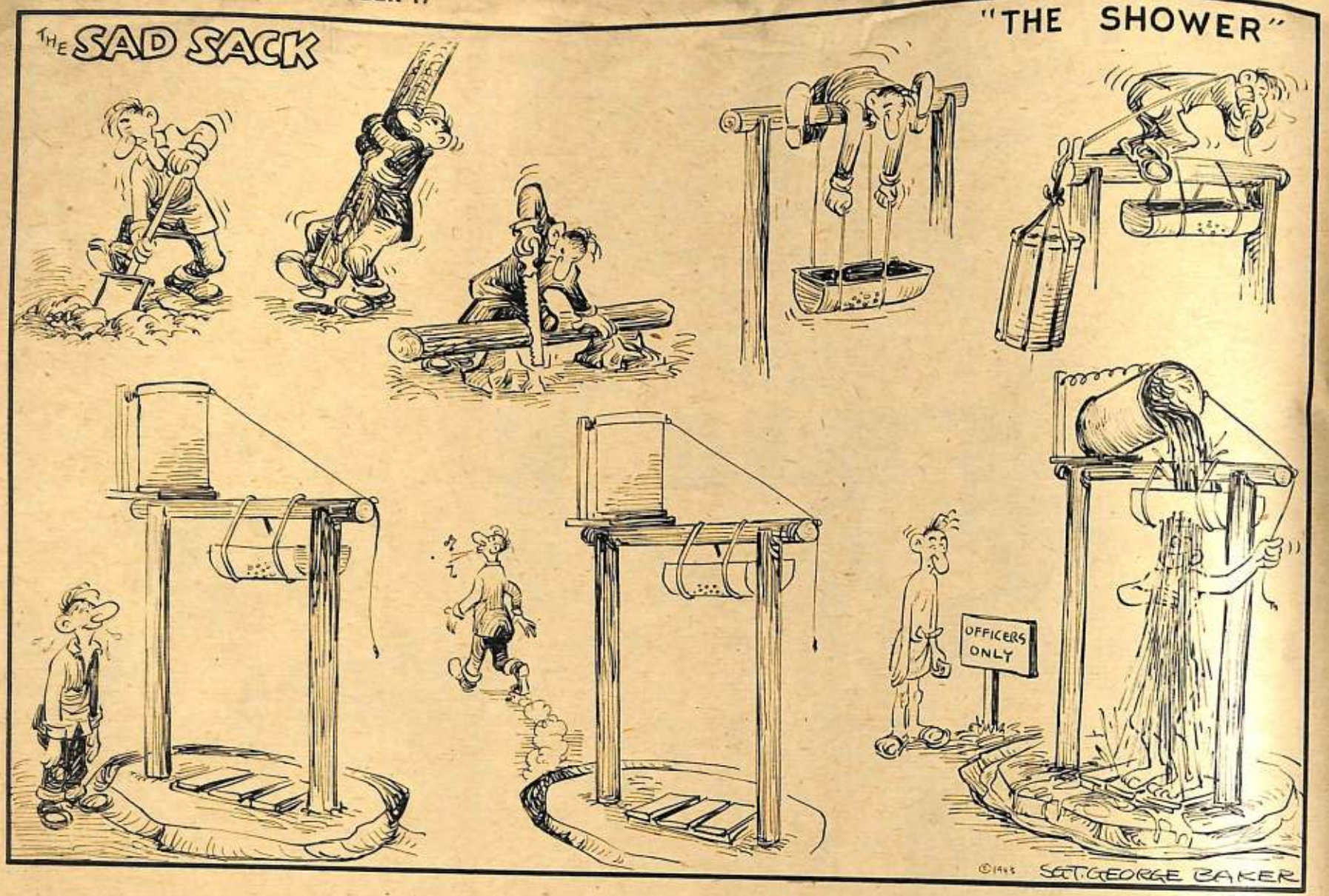
In Upper New York State, Italian prisoners are helping harvest fruit and vegetable crops which might otherwise have spoiled because of the lack of manpower to get them in.

The F.B.I. in Jackson Heights, Queens, N.Y., arrested a middle-aged woman who said she was a second cousin of Rudolf Hess, formerly Hitler's right-hand man and now a prisoner in England. The woman said that she is a daughter of a former colonel in the German Army and that her brother is now a Nazi officer.

World Series Sidelights: The St. Louis Ordnance District had to change its phone number for the duration of the Series because its old one differed by only one digit from that of the Cardinals' office. Fans calling the wrong number were driving the Ordnance switchboard girls crazy. . . . Chris Orleaman, of Utica Avenue, and Charles Pantoozi, of Smith Street, both Brooklyn, headed the lines of fans waiting to get into the opener. Pals of yours, by any chance? . . . . The Cards' brother battery—Pitcher Morton Cooper and Catcher Walker Cooper—led their team to a 4—3 victory over the Yankees only a few hours after receiving word that their father had died. . . . As things turned out, it was the only game the Cards managed to take. The first game was stopped three times by a Flying Fortress which persisted in skimming the top of the stadium. A check of U. S. fields failed to establish the identity of the crew. But how about the ETO?

Street scene, Brooklyn:— Housewives putting up a squawk after the landlord of the apartment house they live in raised the rent. We don't know how it came out, but the address of building, in case it looks familiar, is 1775 East 18th Street, four blocks from the Greengroins.

Agnes Rifner, blond and 16, had developed into a drop kick specialist for New Castle (Ind.) High School football team. School board didn't approve, had her removed.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE ON NEW WAYS OF WAR

"HONESS to gaw, it toins me stummick," Artie Greengroin said. "Some of the fancy flashes these guys got kills me."

"Such as?" we asked.

"Ah, the Rangers and the Airborned Infantry, for instance," said Artie. "And what have I got? Jess a ole crummy, beat-up uniform with the insignium of the Quartermasser Corpse on the lapels."

"They also serve who stand and wait," we said.

"What I wanna know," Artie said, "is why they should have these fancy flashes. What do them paratroopers do, anyways? All they do is jump out of a gawdam bomber. I used to pay a dime on a roller coaster in the olden days and I got the same sensation. They ought to take a allotment out of their pay to let them be paratroopers. And lookit the Airborned Infantry, riding up to the front lines in them nice, comfortable transport planes. No jars, no bumps in the road. Nothing. But if ole Artie has to move up to the front lines he has to clump along in a ole bassar of a truck, wrecking his coccyx in the shellholes. But do I get a fancy flash? Naw. Hemherroids I get."

"Why don't you transfer to a flashier branch of the service?" we suggested.

"I thought of it offen," said Artie. "But every time I decide to transfer I ast meself, wass the casualty rate in this outfit I wanna jern? And then I stay where I am, in the Quartermasser Corpse."

"Very reasonable," we said.

"You got to say one thing for the QMC," said Artie. "It keeps the ole perspective. Some of these new outfits figure all they got to do is hop over to Germany some night and the war'll be over. But the QMC knows that wars QMC jess slogs along. The QMC knows that wars takes a long time to win. They got all night, has the QMC."

"It's good to hear a man stick up for his branch of the service," we said.

"Yerse," said Artie. "I may be hard-berled, but I got a soft spot in me aorta for the ole QMC. They treat me like doit, but I'm a loyal guy. All I got to complain about is this business of the flashes."

"It'll pass," we said.

"Sure, it'll past," Artie said. "But meanwhile these glammer boys is outshining me and raising hell with me ego. Now, if the QMC would jess slip me a little flash or so, saying I'm a unusual type of driver or something, life would take on a different light entirely. The trouble with this war is that these new, flashed-in-the-pan outfits come along and get all the gravy for awhile, but when the war is over all you got to do is look around and who do you see, sitting up on top of the pile? The good ole QMC, with no flashes and no fancy boots. Thass the way you win wars around here."

"Those flashy boots are necessary," we said.

"AWRIGHT, so they're necessary," Artie said. "So is a cushion necessary for me. But do I get a cushion? The hell I do. I also could use a set of high boots for running around in the mud when I get stuck in the mud. But do I get high boots? Naw, I get wet ankles. They can take their war and——"

"So they can, so they can," we said hastily.

"Unnerstand, it ain't a question of toughness or every man in his niche," Artie said. "Take me, for instance. I'm jess as tough as any paratrooper. All us Greengroins was tough. Like nails, thass ole Artie. But they shove me in the Quartermasser Corpse, when me weight goes for naught, make a Pfc. out of me, and then forget I ever existed. Actually, I'm a natural paratrooper."

"Why don't you volunteer?" we asked.

"Well," said Artie, "as a matter of actual fack, the reason I don't is because I can't wear them high boots. I got tender ankles. And besides, I'm loyal to the QMC."

"How about the Airborne Infantry, then?"

"I forgot to mention, I get airsick, too," said Artie. "And besides, that ole loyalty to the QMC pops up again."

"Doesn't the thought of extra pay interest you?" we wanted to know.

"Money is nothing," said Artie. "I ain't in the Army for the money. I'm in for the good of the U. S. of A. If they tapped me on the head and said 'Come along to the paratroopers, ole boy,' I probly would ast not to be paid extra moola. Freedom can not be bought with gold."

"Hear, hear," we said.

"As a matter of fack," Artie said, "I am perfectly contented to be a blassid little cog in the QMC. Of course, I ought to be a corporal, but I'm willing to let that past."

"Mellow today, aren't you?" we said.

"I had a good breakfast," said Artie.

"That means a lot," we said.

"Yerse," said Artie. "Think of them poor paratroopers living offen C rations for weeks at a time. Honess to gaw, I bet they'd trun that extra half a century away if they could have a good T-bone steak."

"They aren't alone," we said.

"In the olden days," said Artie, "a outfit would live offen the land. They'd come along and find a cow and the capting would call the mess sergeant and say, 'Whip this cow into a edible form,' and the mess sergeant would whip it up in a edible form. Nowadays, though, you're out fighting with a outfit and you come along and find a cow, the capting says, 'Okay, boys, out with the C rations,' and you eat the gawdam C rations while the ugly ole cow is having a gorge on nice green grass."

"You think they do that?" we asked.

"If they didn't, why should they make all the C rations?" Artie said. "It all fits together, inter a horrible, grim pitcher. But here, in the QMC, you get fed well, they give you a bed to sleep on, and they don't demand nothing from you except your soul. I been in woise places."

"Where?" we wanted to know.

"There is a couple of situations in me pass life," said Artie, "that do not bear repetition. Sometimes I think I jess come into the Army to forget. Geez, that was a good breakfast."

Pin-up Girl

Mail Call

LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

From a British Sgt.

Dear YANK:

Some day, maybe not this year or the next or the year after that, but some day I am going to America to your country, and I am going to tell the folks back there a lot of things about you and all those other grand Yanks who are in this old country of mine today. You will note that I say mine, my country. Well, we're very like you are in that respect because we like to talk about this land and all the good things in it as being something just a little bit more personal than people might suppose. Oh, yes, I know there are a lot of pretty bad things connected with my country—we won't delve into them here—but isn't it the same in every or any country? You bet it is! We wouldn't like it very much, you or I, if our respective countries were some resplendent Garden of Eden, would we? No, a lot of the rotten things remain and it's just as well that we know it because they are, as much as Germany and Japan, some of the things we are battling against together. Together—now that's a grand word.

I'd like to tell your folks back in America the big success you American soldiers made in your quite-unrehearsed role as ambassadors of the new world—the world across the Atlantic, the world which to you and to us over here has become the expression of an ideal.

America sent you away, as fighting men, men with a purpose, notably a purpose to get well at the throat of Hitler and his gang. You came here infused with that purpose, I know that, and you were plenty mad in those early months that you couldn't start into the fight the very day after you set foot on British soil. In fact, you Americans had to wait quite a long time but, in the meantime, I like to think that you adopted a strain of the old British patience—a quality which we have long possessed but which, when strained to exhaustion point, turns the quiet country squire into a Captain Bligh or the village policeman into a Chicago gunman.

Once you found something of that patience, you settled down a bit and in your off-duty hours you got around quite a bit. America looked at England and was not, at first, vastly amused. England looked at America and liked the reflection. We began to get to know each other, we who at first were strangers. It didn't take us very long, did it? We found a wealth of things we had in common. Then, there were other greater bonds—of language, of culture, of music and the arts, the love of freedom and liberty. These were not all but they shall be representative here. We talked about them, discussed them freely—now we really were getting down to an understanding of one another. It seems to me that in these we could have found no better basis or foundation stone upon which to build the early walls of a citadel of mutual understanding and friendship which will flourish through the years.

You know, if we march into the world of tomorrow together we can make of the future something worthwhile; we shall build together on common ground. If we go alone, your country and mine, if we take our separate ways it may be that we each shall fail in our individual purpose. If we take this latter step, the writers of our future history and the guides of our destiny may find it hard to forgive our error, for it will be a grave error indeed and a very sad blight on us all.

Sgt. BOB EDWARDS
British Army

Britain.

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Pictures: 1, Sgt. John Bushemi. 2, INP. 3, 4 and 5, Sgt. John Bushemi. 7, Signal Corps. 8, OWI. 9, BOP. 10, Sgt. Ed. Cunningham. 11, Top, BOP; lower left, OWI; right USN. 12 and 13, Army Air Force. 14, Keystone. 15, left, INP; right, PA. 17, Warner Bros. 18, Warner Bros. 20, upper right. ACME; center row, all PA except center, ACME; lower left, INP. 21, U.S. Navy. 22, top, AP; bottom, Keystone. 23, U.S. Navy.

An Orphan in a Brainstorm

Dear YANK:

On page 14 of the October 3rd issue of YANK there is a picture of a smart-looking girl; above her head is a sign that reads "Adopt an Overseas Serviceman for Xmas." Well, I am an overseas serviceman, how's chances of getting adopted by her? If that's not possible, just send me her address, and I'll see what I can do, thanks (I hope).

Pvt. SCOTTIE

Britain.

Any More at Home, etc.?

Dear YANK:

It is requested that the undersigned be furnished further information on Ady's sister. By further information is meant such personal data as full name, address, phone number and description.

T/4 J. C. FORTER
Pvt. P. D. BURIAN

Britain.

[Just what good do you think a phone number's going to do you over here in the ETO?—Ed.]

Alexis's Altitude

Dear YANK:

Two boys here have made a little wager as to the height of Alexis Smith, your pin-up girl this week. One fellow claims that she is under 5' 5" and the other claims that she is over that. Can you give us the correct height? Thanking you for anything you can do to settle this argument, and thank you for a swell magazine and beautiful pin-up girls.

Cpl. O. F. LANDREAUX

Britain.

[We don't know, but she is *not* Miss 5 x 5. That we know—Ed.]

The Major's Epic

Dear YANK:

The song that appeared in the September 18 issue was deeply appreciated and approved by Dick Castillo's buddies and crew members.

To the major who wrote that epic, I take my hat off. I, myself, was one of the witnesses who saw Dick's courageousness on that fatal day, May 14, 1943. Nothing could portray the boy's courage and faithfulness more than that song. So, hats off again, major, and thanks. I also wish to inform you that Dick is now a P.O.W. in Germany, as of July 16, 1943.

T/Sgt. A. E. BIZOZOWY
Lib. Bomb Group

Britain.

Our Captious Caption Writer

Dear YANK:

From the vantage point of this fog-ridden, gripe-ridden, grouse-ridden heath, your picture-piece in the October 10 issue of YANK, called "It Happens on the Beach at Tel-Litwinsky," certainly makes life look pleasant for the G.I.s lucky enough to be sent to that North African recreation resort. I do feel, though, that your caption writer might have taken us a bit more into his confidence, especially concerning the mute mamas who apparently frequent the place.

I refer to "the gorgeous blond creature" who, in the first of six pictures, is shown being "whisked off to the beach" by T/Sgt. Tipton. (No need of quibbling over the word "gorgeous," though it's clear that your ink-stained wretch doesn't get around much.) In the second picture, Tipton is nibbling a beer "while the blond dresses"—plainly a pussy-footing euphemism unworthy of a fighting man's journal for in the third shot she is wearing the same jumper dress she had on in the first.

Anyway, now they are enjoying "dinner for two," which, judging from what's shown on the table, consists of one vitamin-rich highball. In the fourth picture, Tipton "whisks his date off to the beach" (quite an old whisker, he), where they are shown reclining a good, discreet four feet apart and the sergeant looks as if he might be saying: "Read any Tolstoi lately?" The blond stares silently out to sea, though why she's so tongue-tied we, and her companion, are yet to learn.

The fifth snap of the series portrays Whisker Tipton "surrounded by more beautiful dolls" (we'll let that one pass, too), while "the blond seems to have wandered off to bring back hot dogs for the mob." Your man certainly hit it right, for once, when he wrote "seems to," for in the final picture it develops that neither Tipton nor the blond have understood a word of what (if anything) they were saying to each other the whole damn time. Under this final shot your writer casually reveals that not until now—after strolling, dining, and lounging together—does Tipton "discover that the blond only speaks German and Hebrew, so they dance." If that's recreation, make mine vanilla.

Cpl. E. R. McS.

Britain.

Some Professional Pride

Dear YANK:

We boys of a certain *armament* shop resent very much the article written by Cpl. John D. Preston in the August 29 issue of YANK.

We all know and agree that our profession as Armorers isn't a knightly craft, however, we are justly proud of our job. For your information there is an armament school in the States, where we studied for three—three months, just to learn this unglamorous, filthy critical and boring job. We *don't* want you to get the armorers confused with the Ordnance.

A FILTHY ARMORER

Britain.

More From the Cemetery

Dear Babs and YANK:

Since reading your letter in the October 3rd issue of YANK, the committee P.W.D.B.A.G.T.D. (People Who Do Brooklyn A Good Turn Department) and I have voted and appraised your wonderful document. If you will kindly send me your name and address to APO 517, the Committee P.W.D.B.A.G.T.D., and I will present you through the mail our distinguished service ribbon, B.B.B.B. (Backers of the Borough, Beautiful Brooklyn).

It has a lovely color scheme consisting of colors that represent our famous landmarks. For instance, the white stands for the "sands of Coney Island," the green represents the "grass at Ebbets Field" and the blue symbolizes the colour of Prospect Park Lake on a moon-swept evening.

Of course there are many more famous places in our magnificent Borough. They would be too numerous to mention and besides, paper is hard to get.

I have a complaint to make. Brooklyners and Bronxites are not exactly pals, in fact they are not even friends. Then why do you keep on insisting that Artie Greengroin is from Brooklyn. "I tink dat guy is from de Bronix."

Pvt. M. I. ROOT
P.W.D.B.A.G.T.D.
Chairman.

Britain.

Family Trees

Dear YANK:

In your issue of September 12th you printed a letter by Cpl. Bob Garfinkel of Brooklyn.

My father has some friends who went to America about twenty-five years ago. Their name was Garfinkel as well. Do you think you could print this letter in the hope that if Cpl. Garfinkel reads it, and comes from the same family, he will get in touch with us through YANK.

MYRTLE ROSENOFF
Hackney, E.8.

Dear YANK:

In your YANK of September 12 I read an article in "Mail Call" by a Cpl. Bob Garfinkel. If he's the chap I know from Brooklyn I would like to get his APO number over here. I haven't seen him for about a year and would like to get in touch with him by mail.

Would you kindly oblige. Thank you.

Sgt. PHILIP JACOBSON

Britain.

[Brooklyn, it seems, is just full of Garfinkels—Ed.]

A Day at Cambridge

One of our men goes rambling around the olde university town and comes back and rambles around a little while on his typewriter.

THE town of Cambridge is as comfortable a blend of war and peace as you could find anywhere in the United Kingdom, and all the side effects and currents of a world conflict can be seen and heard right from the time of arrival at the railway station. In one corner a large group of Italian prisoners in their maroon wool uniforms squat on their barracks bags and leather suitcases and smoke, whistle, or doze in the autumn sunlight. They are a cheerful, sunburnt, bored, well-fed bunch, probably on their way to work on the farms of Norfolk. In the station restaurant American soldiers surround the counter eating meat pies and discussing the excellence of the coffee. The English are now turning out good coffee, and this comes as one of the climaxes of the war as far as we are concerned.

Walking through the town you are made aware of the fact that this is a great centre of university life until you reach the Red Cross Club on Trumpington Street. This is an ex-hotel right next to the smoke-gray battlements of King's College and the soldiers lounging in the doorway of the Red Cross, wondering what their next move is going to be, can look straight across at King's College Chapel and the clouds of pigeons wheeling outside the boarded-up stained glass windows..

Along the streets the excellent book stores, and print and liquor shops are filled with customers. Students flow and sweep along on either foot or bicycle in their blue and black gowns and long, trailing college scarves worn over turtled necked sweaters and tweed suits.

Down on the river bank the Cam, choked with leaves, winds slowly along, encircles some of the colleges like a moat, and finally wanders off towards Grantchester under a bridge. Here there is a small, mild waterfall whose noise is sometimes lost in the sudden roar of a Marauder flying low and fast over the tree tops.

The surface of the river is strewn with G.I.s in punts and canoes, and the man who rents out the boats is pleased by the sight. For him the American Army has been an unqualified godsend in providing a tourist trade that he never expected to see again after 1939.

" We really enjoy seeing you Yanks here now. Of course, some of you get drunk and lie around the market place all night, but that's all right. It makes it seem like the old days again."

The rest of the people of Cambridge feel as he does and the only complaint that the college authorities have to make is that the average U. S. Army visitor does not show the proper amount of curiosity about the place and does not make use of the free lectures and other sight-seeing privileges.

This lack of curiosity might account for the fact there were so few G.I.s at the Town Meeting held in Cambridge on the night of October 8th. This forum was sponsored by the Education branch of the Special Service Division, and its topic for argument was the question " Should government be responsible for jobs for all after the war." It is a fairly old issue as far as public debating goes, but the chairman of the evening was George Denny, crack maestro of the radio program " American's Town Meeting of the Air," and due to him the discussion took on all the pace, precision, and liveliness of his own radio show.

He made a short opening speech saying that it was his theory that the only way to increase and multiply your personality is to " expose your mind to uncongenial views." In launching their educational and debating program in the ETO the Army thoroughly agrees with Mr. Denny, believing also that a good soldier is one who knows what he is fighting for and loves what he knows, as Oliver Cromwell once noted.

Then Denny explained the procedure of the evening, allowed six minutes to each speaker, and cheerily warned them that he was a great puller of coat tails. The men on the dais winced at this hint, but the net effect was that each man spoke quickly and clearly, going straight to his main point and sticking to it. They all knew what they were talking about, too, being four men who had gotten social, economic, and religious results in their various careers. One was a collaborator on the Beveridge report, one was secretary for the Council of Churches in America, one was a member of the Harriman Commission on lend-lease, and the fourth was a director of the English Political Research Center.

The main argument of the Affirmative was that the world has not yet reached that Utopian state where a man may get a job any time he feels like it, particularly after a war. The Negative counter-attacked with the opinion that a man's two sacred rights are his choice of a job and his choice of a wife. Even if he makes a fool of himself in both selections, he should be left alone and free from any form of benevolent regimentation.

After the debate came spirited rebuttals and a general discussion. When the meeting broke up, a number of the audience went over to the Eagle Hotel across the street from the Exchange. Here, Ethel, the well-set brunette barmaid, was setting them up right and left across the counter. She is one of the livelier institutions of Cambridge, and her large public among the 8th Air Force all swear by her. Even on flying pay aerial gunners and the like have a habit of going into a fiscal collapse when they least expect one, but Ethel has always tided her friends through such dark periods in their lives. What is more significant, she is always paid back.

On the wall of the Eagle Hotel's wash room among the usual frescoes and epigrams is pencilled this inscription: " Never before in history have so many known so little about so much. Signed Benito Mussolini, Guard House, Italy." This does not seem a a bad motto for either an army educational program or a university town during wartime.

CPL. JOHN D. PRESTON.

SPORTS: JUMPING THE GUN, WE OFFER PROBABLY THE ONLY 1943 ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM IN EXISTENCE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

PICKING any all-star team is sheer foolishness and should be attempted only by qualified Section Eights. Proceeding on this assumption, we now offer what is probably the only 1943 All-American football team in existence.

First, however, we will attempt to explain why we even bothered to pick this team. We had three good reasons. First of all, our circulation manager figured that GIs in such far-distant places as China, Surinam and Camp Croft, S. C., wouldn't read this until the football season was almost over and, mistaking the team as a timely bit of news, would immediately renew all their subscriptions. That, of course, would raise the circulation manager from pfc. to T-4, so you can see where his interest lies.

Second, we figured this team would help the guys in the States line up their dope on the different football teams so they could draw their own conclusions on Saturday.

Third, and equally important, when one of our All-Americans happens to edge his way onto the official team in December, we can always say, "We told you so—way back in October."

Now, then, the 1943 All-American team:

Player	Position	School
Saxon Judd	End	Tulsa
Frank Merritt	Tackle	West Point
Alex Agase	Guard	Purdue
Mutt Manning	Center	Ga. Tech
Harold Fischer	Guard	Southwestern
George Connor	Tackle	Holy Cross
Ralph Heywood	End	S. California
Sam Robinson	Back	Washington
Elroy Hirsch	Back	Michigan
Jackie Field	Back	Southwestern
Bill Daley	Back	Michigan

Unless you happened to have lived near Georgetown, Tex., you're probably asking yourself, "Where in the hell is Southwestern University?" And even if you did live in Georgetown, you're probably wondering, "How does that jerk-water school rate two guys on an All-American team?" That's easy. Southwestern is a tiny Methodist school snuggled deep in the heart of Texas and it's going to have one of the winningest football teams in the country this year. The finest mastodonic specimens in the Southwestern Conference have been freighted to Georgetown to train as Marine officer candidates and, while they're at it, to pay off the mortgage on the new chemistry lab. As for the second question—how do they rate two guys on an All-American team—we can tell you that both Field and Fischer were recognized as all-everythings even before they got to Southwestern. Last year they led the University of Texas to a Cotton Bowl triumph over Georgia Tech.

There are many of you who will argue against two Michigan men—Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch and Bill Daley—gracing this line-up. This attitude will get you nowhere, because Daley and Hirsch aren't really Mother Michigan's children at all. They're V-12 student trainees and rightfully belong to Minnesota and Wisconsin, respectively. Furthermore there's nothing wrong with them being on this team; they would have made it anyhow, playing at their old alma maters. This boy Daley is good enough to play pro football right now.

If you will examine this selection even closer you'll discover another anomaly of the V-12 program in Alex Agase. Last year Alex gave what everybody thought was his last pint of blood to Illinois. Now, however, Alex is giving new life to the Purdue line. He's the guard who became famous for stealing balls from opposing backs and running for touchdowns last fall.

The rest of the club is legitimate; that is, the boys are playing for their original providers. Ralph Heywood, the big end who pulls back to punt, returns to Southern California to captain the Trojans because he is a Marine student trainee. Washington didn't count on swift Sambo Robinson returning, but he was dumped back onto its Rose Bowl band wagon as a Marine trainee. Tulsa held on to Saxon Judd, its pass-catching Sugar Bowl star, because he was a marine, and Georgia Tech managed to keep Mutt Manning, a hard-boiled 60-minute center, because he was a Navy boy. George Connor might have been playing for Dartmouth as a V-12 instead of Holy Cross, but he still isn't of draft age.

All in all, it's a crackerjack team and it represents a lot of work. Or maybe you haven't tried to write while firmly encased in a straitjacket.

Elroy Hirsch (right), who used to play for Wisconsin, scores for Michigan against Camp Grant, Ill.

Alex Agase, Purdue.

Saxon Judd, Tulsa.

Sam Robinson, Washington.

Harold Fischer, Southwestern.

Mutt Manning, Ga. Tech.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

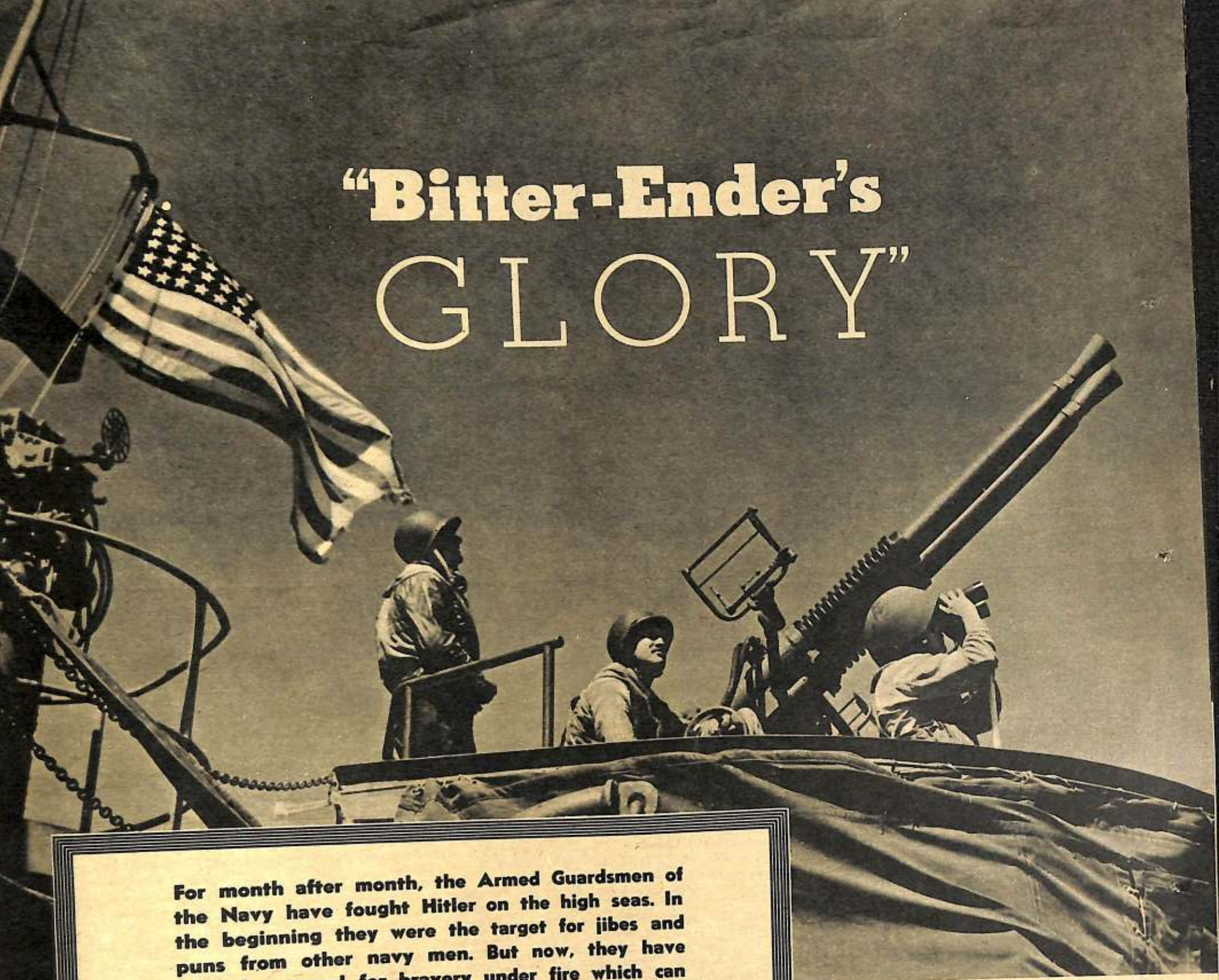
Cpl. Zeke Bonura, the Judge Landis of North Africa, instructs a group of Army nurses in the fine art of baseball. With headquarters at Oran, Zeke controls the destinies of 80 baseball and softball teams.

CPO Walter Masterson, who pitched for the Washington Senators last year, writes his old boss, **Clark Griffith,** that his Navy baseball team in Hawaii just finished playing a series against the Japanese prisoners of war. "The Japs were offering $100 to any good player who would join them against us," Masterson reports. "But no matter whom they get, we can beat them. They are very small and extremely light, and the temptation is strong to grab a couple of them by the heels and knock their heads together." Masterson goes on to tell that a Jap pitcher recently knocked a sailor down with a duster. "I took care of that bird next time he came up," Masterson explains. . . . **Wayne Johnson,** Harvard's captain last year and now a V-12 trainee at Yale, suffered a fractured vertebra the only time he carried the ball for the Elis against Muhlenberg College. It just shows what happens when a Harvard man puts on a Yale uniform.

There's a wax figure of **Sgt. Joe Louis** in a museum at Coney Island showing him armed with a set of technical sergeant's stripes. He's actually a buck sergeant. . . . That hole-in-one **Pvt. Chick Harbert** shot in the Golden Valley Invitational Tournament at Lincoln, Nebr., was his first in more than 20 years of golf. . . . **Pfc. Bob Westfall,** who teamed with Tommy Harmon in the Michigan backfield, is learning to be a radio operator at Scott Field, Ill. . . . **Lt. Byron (Whizzer) White,** Colorado's All-American backfield ace, has turned up in the New Georgia Islands where he is working with PT boats. . . . **Flight Officer Robert Hutson,** brother of Don Hutson, Green Bay's star end, was killed in action in the South Pacific. Bob was also an end at Alabama and an All-American, too. . . . Another recent casualty was **Col. Paul D. Bunker,** West Point's first All-American, who died in a Japanese prison camp.

You probably won't believe it, but there's a Marine trainee on the Rochester University football team named **Paul McKee,** who hails from Neptune City, N. Y., and attended Niagara University last year. . . . According to **Sgt. Dugan Aycock,** the golf pro from Lexington, N. C., the latest quotations on golf balls in North Africa are $10 each if you can get one. . . . The Japanese-controlled Hong Kong radio recently complained that American bombers interrupted the opening of the Hong Kong racing season. The broadcast said: "In the fourth race, while the horses were at the post, American airplanes came to raid Hong Kong, but antiaircraft fire drove the planes away." We presume it didn't affect the odds.

"Bitter-Ender's GLORY"



For month after month, the Armed Guardsmen of the Navy have fought Hitler on the high seas. In the beginning they were the target for jibes and puns from other navy men. But now, they have earned a record for bravery under fire which can be excelled by few units in anybody's armed service.

By Yeoman TOM BERNARD
U. S. Navy Feature Writer

SPITFIRES whined back and forth over the long, straggling line of ships, slicing aside the low-flying gray wisps of cloud and barely clearing the masts of the convoy. Screening corvettes plunged and bucked through the choppy white-caps as they herded the freighters into single file. First to pass the gray waters between the net tenders into the safety of the inner harbor was a Liberty ship. Then came a small transport, her decks packed with soldiers peering through the mist at this strange new land.

Another freighter wallowed in, tired, weary of travel and storm and war. Paint was peeling on her hull, red lead and gray mixed in a pattern as queer as an unfinished jig-saw puzzle. A gaping hole, rimmed with twisted steel, was torn in her fo'c'sle deck. Knotted strings of bullet holes stripped her plates and across her superstructure. She listed heavily to port.

Signal flags fluttered urgently from her lanyards. A tug snuggled under her bow, offering support and comfort to a wounded warrior. From a window of an old stone house clinging to the hillside above the harbor, a chief petty officer watched the ship's progress through a pair of binoculars.

"Third one in line's an American, sir," he reported to the U. S. Navy officer seated at a desk. "And she's signalling for medical aid!"

The officer grabbed another pair of glasses from the desk and stepped quickly to the window. "Pretty badly beat-up, isn't she? Tell the pharmacist's mate to take a stretcher party aboard with the lieutenant and see what they can do. Order an ambulance to the quay—oh, and you'd better send those men from the 'Derry pool aboard, they may be able to help out.

The gig sputtered under the freighter's stern and around into her lee. The coxs'n grabbed the Jacob's ladder dangling over the side. A lieutenant, followed by several sailors carrying collapsible stretchers, scrambled up the wooden rungs on to the deck amidships. A naval officer, distinguishable from the group of hollow-eyed, bearded men only by his cap, stepped forward. His wan face wore a questioning look.

"Are you the Armed Guard, captain?" the boarding officer asked.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

The newcomer's eyes swept the oddly-clad, nondescript group, noticed a few blood-stained bandages. "That isn't the point. What can I do for you? I'm with Port Liaison here. Looks like you've had a tough time."

"It was certainly no pleasure cruise. Those damned bombers caught us two days ago. There are four men below in pretty bad shape. Can you take them ashore?"

The sailors went below, guided by a gunner's mate, strapped the wounded men into the stretchers and brought them on deck. From there they were carefully lowered over the side to the waiting gig's crew. The two officers went below to the Navy Armed Guard officer's cabin.

"We heard you needed replacements so we called Londonderry and had them sent over. I brought the men aboard," the visitor reported, adding: "I understand you had a hot run."

"It was pretty warm at times," his host admitted. "But we made it, didn't we? We lost one boy—a good boy—and those other four were wounded. But we got through and we got back."

In those few words the guardsman had told his story, leaving out the details and the drama. "We got through and we got back."

He also had told the story of the U. S. Navy Armed Guard Service operating to and from the British Isles. It is the story of the men who once were called the "Orphans of the Navy" but are now respected for the job they have done in protecting Allied supply lines to the world's battlefronts.

The bearded lieutenant might be considered a typical Armed Guardsman with his makeshift uniform, his weariness and his tale of a fighter freighter. But he was an officer and only one out of twenty-six men in this new branch of the Navy are privileged to wear

When the dive bombers connect, disaster follows, as it did when this munition-loaded cargo ship exploded off the coast of Sicily.

In Arctic waters, parka-garbed Armed Guardsmen go through a dry, but cold run. The convoy route to Russia has perhaps given them more workouts than any other run.

stripes of gold braid on their sleeves. The rest are farmers, mechanics, salesmen and schoolboys in blue who get a kick out of firing a bucking gun at an enemy plane or submarine. Perhaps you can get the best composite picture of an Armed Guardsman at Londonderry, the Navy's Northern Ireland base on the banks of the River Foyle. One of the first foreign Armed Guard replacement pools was established there in the summer of 1942 so that merchant ship vacancies left by injuries, illnesses and by men who missed their ships could be filled.

Fifty men arrived from the States to make up the original pool. Most of them were seamen—first or second class—while a few were signalmen, radiomen, gunners or boatswain's mates. No matter what their rate they were familiar with every gun which the Navy was placing on tankers or cargo vessels of the United States Merchant Marine. After boot camp training every guardsman went through a gunnery school and learned to load, fire and maintain several types of three, four and five-inch guns, the twenty-millimeter Oerlikon, machine guns, rifles, pistols.

Armed Guard crews began calling more and more frequently at British ports. Navy port liaison officers increased their requests for replacements.

Lieutenant George Mitchell, in charge of the pool, has done his best to meet the demand. Seldom has he received a request for more than four men, but if those four were all rated signalmen, or maybe gunner's mates, he might find one section of his pool suddenly depleted. Luckily he has yet to contend with a pitched battle at sea; such an event would heavily sap his man-power resources.

An average freighter carries a gun's crew of twenty-five men while the Navy men manning a transport's defensive armament total forty enlisted men and three officers. Any serious losses on just one ship would give Lieutenant Mitchell some trouble.

When he gets an urgent call from a British port he selects the men and sends them on their way with Royal Navy travel warrants (a reverse lend-lease service) to the port where the liaison officer turns them over to the Armed Guard captain. Then they meet their shipmates, study their guns and prepare for their next voyage.

MEN who have floated on rafts, lifeboats or bits of wreckage for hours or for days after their merchant vessel has been sunk are tendered every possible consideration. When they land they are given necessary clothing by the Red Cross or the War Shipping Administration and the Admiralty.

Arriving in Londonderry, they get a real rest. They stand no duty, do no work; they just wait for the fastest available ship to take them home for several weeks' leave before they go out again to fight the Battle of the Atlantic.

Ronald Joseph Hurley, 21-year-old signalman, third class, was one of these survivors. He told his story in a makeshift "diary" scribbled on four strips of brown cardboard paper torn from a packing case.

"May 00.—I am sitting in a lifeboat on our twenty-second day adrift. My ship, a large merchant vessel, was torpedoed twenty-two days ago. We were all talking about what had happened to us during our weeks of drifting one night before water-rationing time and so I decided to write it down and also give me something to do. It seemed to relieve my mind and made me feel a lot better."

With Hurley were John E. Payne, 21; Robert E. Bowman, 25, both seamen, first class, and eight merchant seamen from the Liberty ship which was making her maiden voyage when she caught the torpedo. The eleven men had two hundred quarts of water, pemmican, crackers, malted milk tablets. First they started with two ounces of water three times a day. Then they increased the ration to four ounces. Later, because they started to row at night to increase their speed, to six ounces, four times a day.

When they launched the boat in a heavy sea, they estimated their position at approximately six hundred miles off the African coast. First they headed for the Azores. Then they changed their course for the Cape Verde Islands. Finally they settled on Africa, reasoning "we couldn't miss Africa if we headed east."

Their principal meal (per man) was a mixture —a tenth of a tin of pemmican, two crackers and two ounces of water. For warmth they huddled together in blankets, but they were always wet from a drenching spray which the boat shipped over the side.

"Some days, when sailing was good, we would feel better, but after almost three weeks without sighting anything we began to lose hope of rescue."

On the night of their twenty-third day at sea the survivors were rescued by a Portuguese fishing boat which hauled them aboard, fed and clothed them and brought them to Lisbon.

There they rested four days in a hospital, spent twelve days learning to walk again, and then left by plane for England. In 23 days, they now discovered, they had made only a 15-mile error in their calculations. At the time they were rescued they estimated they were 15 miles from the African coast. In reality they were 30 miles from shore.

Other "Orphans" who have put in to British ports may have undergone more nerve-shattering experiences, but they must protect their ship on its transatlantic voyage home before they can hope for the treatment accorded the survivors. To make sure that they make it, the Navy takes advantage of another lend-lease program, this time in reverse: When an American ship puts into a United Kingdom port, the Navy crew gets a refresher course, provided the merchantman stays the average ten days. The schooling is provided by DEMS (Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships). This is a branch of the Trade Division of the Admiralty, under reciprocal aid. At most ports a training school has been set up for Royal Navy gunners-to-be. Because Armed Guardsmen stand port and starboard watches—forward, aft and at the gangway—while in port, only half of the crew can go ashore at one time. So this gives them time to join Royal Navy sailors in two days of gunnery instruction.

The first day's training includes instructional motion pictures, gun cleaning, firing drills and tearing down and reassembling the standard types of guns used on Allied merchantmen. Then the men are taken to a firing range on the second day and they put into actual practice the training they received the previous day. So effective has this course proven that U. S. naval authorities are now completing similar facilities at Londonderry for supplementary training of Armed Guardsmen attached to the pool. For many months, while Hitler was successfully waging his U-boat war the length and breadth of the Atlantic, these Armed Guardsmen suffered under the pointed jibes of other Navy men.

"Sighted sub.; glub-glub," a parody on the famous quotation of a Navy pilot, was reported to be their motto. Other pranksters conceived this one:

"Ready! Aim! Abandon ship!"

FROM a meek, brow-beaten collection of novice sailors who resented their lowly position, the Armed Guardsmen developed into a group of closely-knit fighting units. At first, losses among them were great, larger in proportion to their numbers than any other branch of the service. Then they became famous, in a small way, for the exploits of some crews who sighted sub. and sank same. As their fame grew, so did their ability to fight until the ironic humor which had surrounded their activities developed into envy and admiration. Unconsciously they developed a spirit of their own, quite apart from that which usually incites a sailor to action in time of war.

Lieutenants (junior grade) Robert J. Morard and D. R. Roland unconsciously expressed the spirit of the Armed Guardsmen when they wrote a song while awaiting assignment to a ship in New York. They conceived it as a good American gag. Later they formed a club—"Ye Olde Bitter Enders"—and passed out membership cards along with copies of the theme song. Price of membership: one drink for Morard and Roland.

Undoubtedly they received a lot of free drinks and had a lot of fun but they didn't know that the song they had written might serve to type the men the rest of the Navy called "Orphans." This is the chorus:

To the Bitter End we're pledged to stay,
To the Bitter End we'll blast away;
No sub. shall ever get away
From the Bitter Ender's glory.

The Royal Navy, too, mans the guns. British tars on the alert on an aircraft carrier built in America and Americanized even to the soda fountain, wear U. S. helmets as they fight.

Outlined like ghosts in the glare of a night battle, the gunners stand to their grim and complicated work, stark against a multiple-barreled anti-aircraft gun. Their-tin hats protect them from shrapnel and bomb fragments, either of which may come whistling through the darkness without warning.

Unloaded, the gaunt cargo ships stand out against the night as longshoremen work to unload their precio

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"SHE'S STILL HINTING ABOUT THAT FUR COAT."
—Sgt. Bill Newcombe

"IT WON'T WORK."
—Sgt. Edward G. Urban

"COUNT CADENCE, COUNT!"
—Pfc. Mike Duncan

"HE SAYS IT'S LIKE THE ARMY 'E' ONLY IT STANDS FOR 'PERFECTION.'"
—Pvt. F. G. Hewitt

"WHATCHA DOIN' HERE, O'FLYNN? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE LATRINE ORDERLY TODAY!"
—Cpl. E. Maxwell

"I THINK YOU OUGHT TO TELL THAT NEW CORPORAL TO BE A LITTLE MORE TACTFUL."
—Sgt. Sidney Landi