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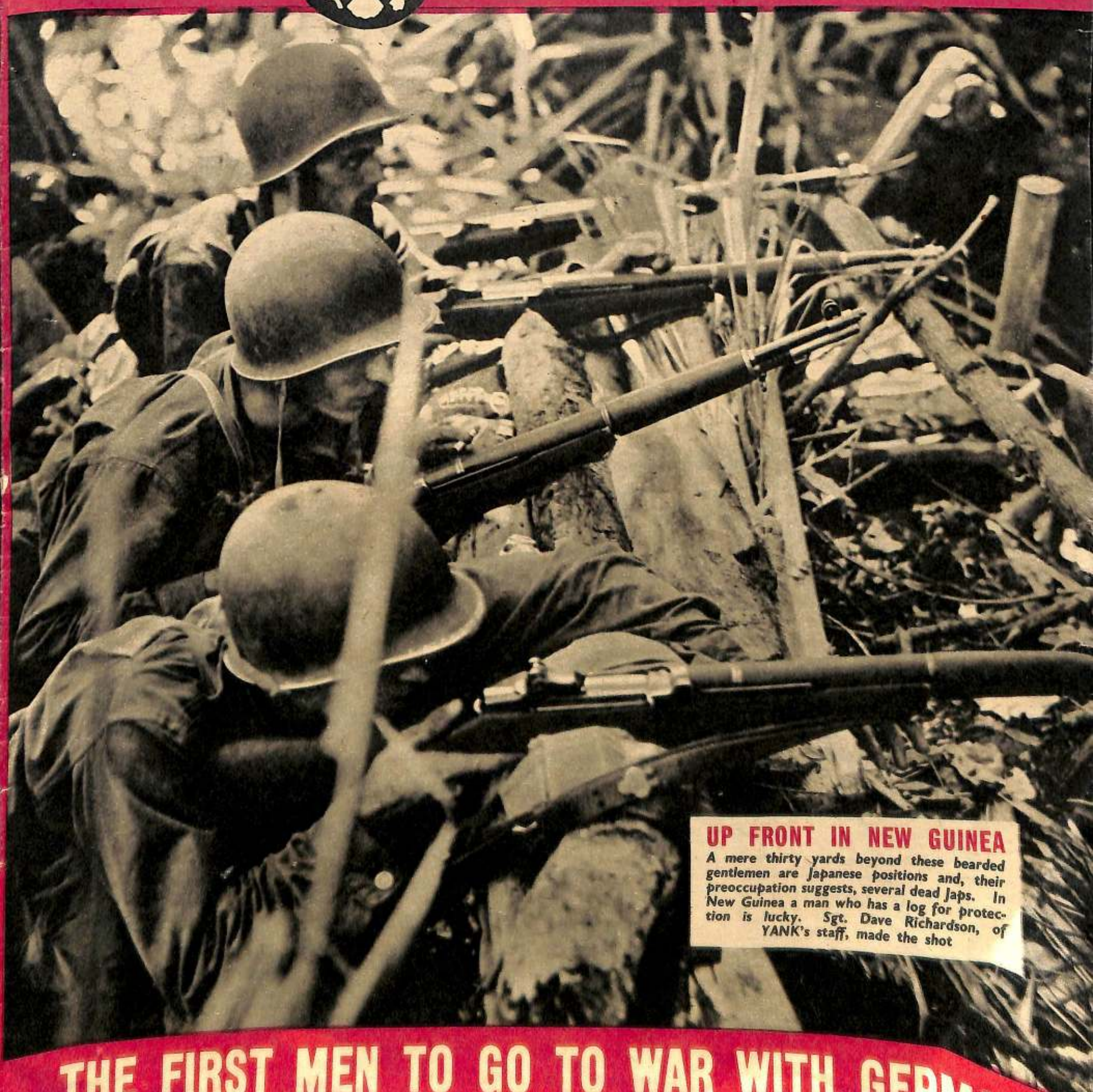
By the men . . for the men in the service



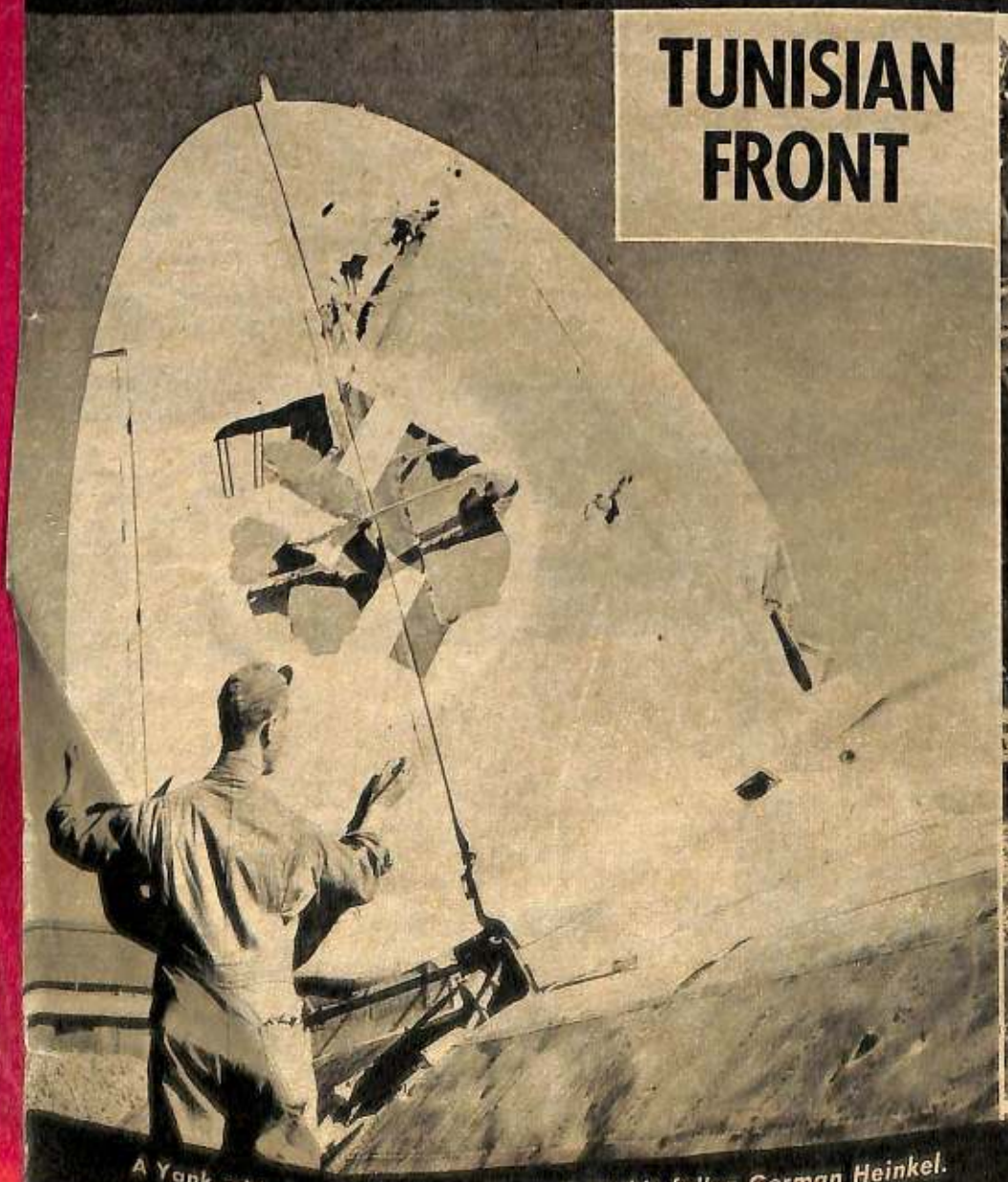
UP FRONT IN NEW GUINEA

A mere thirty yards beyond these bearded gentlemen are Japanese positions and, their preoccupation suggests, several dead Japs. In New Guinea a man who has a log for protection is lucky. Sgt. Dave Richardson, of YANK's staff, made the shot

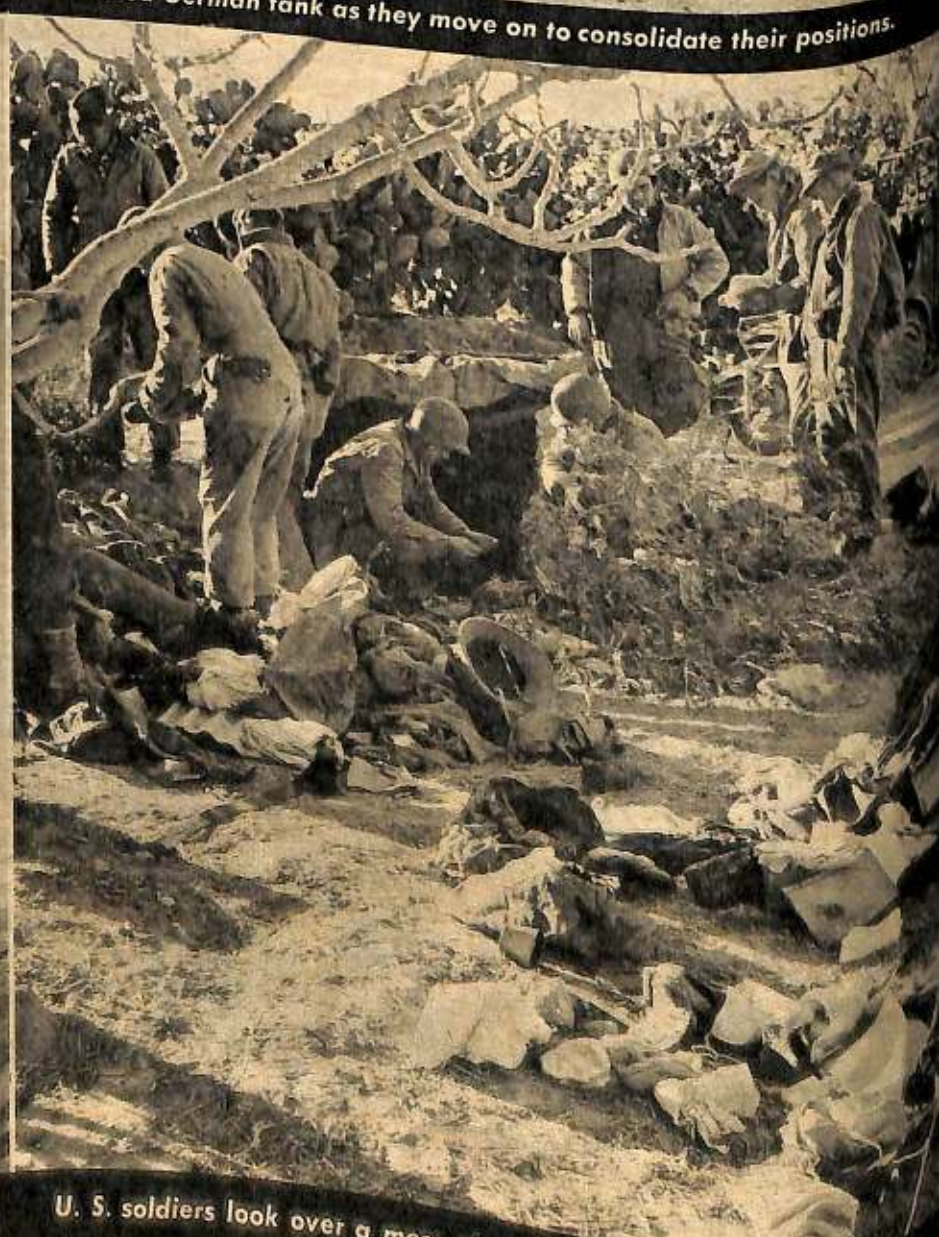
THE FIRST MEN TO GO TO WAR WITH GERMA

After a successful counterattack against Axis forces, these infantrymen pass a wrecked German tank as they move on to consolidate their positions.

TUNISIAN FRONT



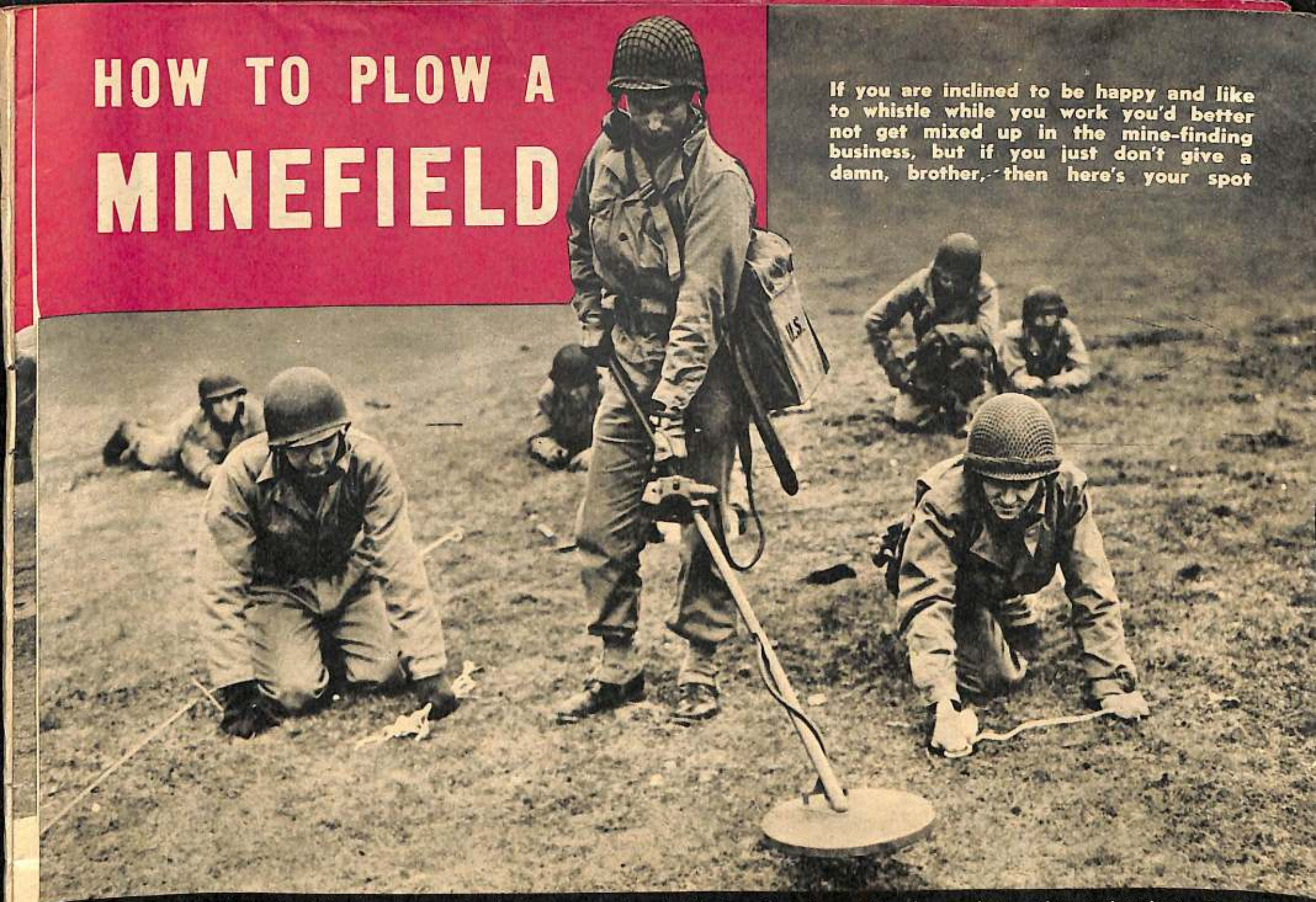
A Yank adds his autograph to the tail of this fallen German Heinkel.



U. S. soldiers look over a mess of equipment

HOW TO PLOW A MINEFIELD

If you are inclined to be happy and like to whistle while you work you'd better not get mixed up in the mine-finding business, but if you just don't give a damn, brother, then here's your spot



The scene is England, and the boys look as though they were curling, but they're after mines. Get under a sunlamp, and pretend you're in Tunisia

By S/Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN

YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE TOO CLOSE TO A MINEFIELD ON THE TUNISIAN FRONT—Upstairs there are four Stukas who are playing tag and things with our ack-ack and who occasionally indulge in a bit of dive bombing on the side. A little off to the right there is a barrage to end all barrages, and when the guns go off the earth shakes and so does one's hand and so, especially, does one's knees. The young looey, however, is showing an admirable disinterest in the whole business. The young looey is busy telling about his job, and he is too engrossed in his subject to notice anything as childish as Stukas and H.E. The young looey's job is mines. He is a sapper.

There is nothing to a sapper's job. All he has to do is put mines in the ground. Occasionally he has to take a few out. Nevertheless, he is a very dangerous young man to have around the house and most Joes would rather go on permanent KP than fool around with mines of any shape or size.

Of course, when it comes to mines, says the young looey, there's really nothing to worry about. Really nothing at all. If you know exactly what to do, take your time, and don't experiment, you stand a good chance of coming out on the other side of this war with the same life and limbs you had when you went in. A man is careless only once with a mine, though he can be as careless as he likes with the harp he'll get.

Sappers, it seems, know what they're doing and, what is more, like it. Their biggest complaint seems to be that actual mine-detecting is too monotonous, like street-sweeping, and that there's no future in it. It isn't as though a man, through conscientious study and diligent effort, could work himself up to bigger and better mines. He has to go along all the time with the same old sizes. Sappers walk around with a vacuum cleaner contraption which they swing back and forth like a cow's tail in fly time. They work in shifts because the work becomes dull, in spite of the fact that the responsibility is terrific and the danger to themselves, ever present, makes strong men sweat and first sergeants cry in their beer.

While a mine hunt is going on the machine gives out a buzzing sound which grows louder when the mechanism passes over metal. When a mine is underneath the buzz sounds like a banshee's howl, and at that point everybody starts looking. It's easy for a well-trained sapper to spot a mine, because the blasted thing, to be effective, has to be planted almost flush with the ground. It needs pressure contact to set it off and if it's buried deep there's no contact, no pressure, and no loud, satisfying explosion.

Most mines, the young looey said, are planted in the soft shoulders along a road because it's easy to cover them up there and they're hard to notice. Jerry, cute kid that he is, likes to attach mines to trip wires or else scatter them in a shell crater. All a man has to do, said the young looey, is to make a habit of walking around suspicious-looking objects. In that way he'll live to walk around lots of other things in his time.

The Stukas, being German and therefore stubborn, were still upstairs, and the barrage, being a prelude to something of importance, was continuing at a mad pace, but the young looey was still absorbed in the details of his work. As far as he was concerned the rest of the war was unfortunate and in rather bad taste. People, he wished, would leave him alone so he could continue to play with his mines.

When sappers come across a mine they either mark it, pull it out, or neutralize it. To remove a mine you have to get down on your hands and knees and dig dirt away from its edges. Then you take a piece of rope or wire, about 50 yards long, attach it to the mine's handles, get in a ditch and yank like hell, meanwhile praying that there won't be any booby traps attached to the mine. If there are, well, it won't matter, anyway.

The methods used to neutralize a mine depend on the type of mine you want to see neutralized. There are all kinds to worry about, if you're the worrying type. The biggest headache of all, perhaps, is the German tellar mine—four inches high and a foot in diameter, with 11 pounds of high explosive just waiting to get excited. It gets excited when 300 pounds of pressure comes down on it, which makes you safe unless you're a tank or a third cook.

The Axis also has something we call, in our merry way, "Bouncing Babies." When some poor unfortunate steps on one of these they not only dispose of him but also scatter hundreds of big beebees around in all directions in a radius of 60 yards. The nastiest item of all, though, is a pencil-shaped affair which sticks an inch out of the ground and looks like a bullet. Some of the boys call it "Castorator," which, if you can get around our spelling, is exactly what it is.

Most large outfits have sapper detachments of their own, but when a big job is to be done they call in Combat Engineers. Under average conditions an engineer outfit can lay 1,000 mines a day. As for taking them out—one unit here extracted 3,500 mines in 2½ hours, under enemy observation all the time. Occasionally, when the tactical position changes, we have to rip up our own minefields, a business that annoys the mine-layers no end. It's like making a tailor cut up a new coat he has just made. Every minefield, when laid, has to be carefully recorded, otherwise it would be as dangerous to us as to the enemy.

Probably the most ticklish job of all, as far as sappers are concerned (they are ticklish), is planting mines at night in total darkness, something which is done every so often during intermissions in battles. In almost every advance Combat Engineers are out in front, acting as stop and go signals for the infantry following behind them. In the actual taking of Gafsa, for instance, the first five guys to hit town were Combat Engineer sappers.

Upstairs the Stukas had gone on home to supper. Dusk was falling. The young looey rose to his feet, stretched, and walked away, probably to lay a mine. Persistent cuss, he is. Preoccupied, too.

A tooth for a tooth in TUNISIA

By a YANK Staff Correspondent

What an army of dentists would not do toward scaring the hell out of the dirty-mouthed old Huns is something else.

That subtle expression which comes from a long acquaintance gnawing on the bones of roast spam, joint to you.

ALGIERS—There are three soldiers down here who, with the systematic patience of oxen circumventing a millstone, do nothing all day long but stand on their left foot, and work their right foot up and down on a pedal which in turn operates a long cord which in turn operates a dentist's drill which in turn scares the living hell out of dozens of other soldiers from private to general.

The poor teeth of the poor soldiers are subjected to untold tortures, but finally the re-fanged soldier marches back into battle with uplifted morale and magnificent dentures. It would not be possible, except for the powerful right legs of the "Three Pumpers of Algiers"—Sgt. Lawrence Gannon, Detroit, Pfc. John Hazuda, Williamstown, Pa., and Pvt. Joseph Black, Detroit.

They wield a powerful influence, these three human dynamos. Just how were they chosen to participate in this amazing cycle? What is their background, their aptitude for such unusual work? What whim of some classification officer put them where they are today? Do they go slightly nuts, just pumping away and watching the agonies of their patients?

Of course, it is a new experience for Hazuda. He is not accustomed to seeing his customers suffer, having been in civilian life an undertaker of deceased persons in his home in Williamstown.

"This pumping," says Hazuda, "isn't bad at all. I just imagine I'm on a bicycle, and there I pedal away. Sometimes I close my eyes and watch the green landscape flash by, and sometimes I get particularly tired and dream I am coasting down a long hill in the state of Missouri in the cool of evening, a summer evening, with the wind fresh in my face. And up from the trees, out of the countryside, I imagine I hear the lonely croaking of the frogs; I can imagine any old time that the drill is just a frog, croaking away like crazy. Oh, it's a refreshing feeling. Refreshing. Say, just think of all the country I would be seeing on a bicycle. Sixty or seventy miles a day.

Gannon has been in an allied trade for some years now, but this is new to him, because formerly he used to alleviate pain, not provoke it. He was a pharmaceutical chemist, but with talent. Any man who could read doctor's prescriptions could read anything, and Gannon can read, speak and understand Arabic, so he won't be around pumping much longer.

"My parents were born in Syria," Gannon explains. "I studied Syrian in, of all places, Detroit. Now it's all very simple. The Arabs understand me and I understand them. It's a beautiful friendship. They give me eggs."

Black started his Army career as an engineer, but he was a marked man, but black, when it was discovered that he had toyed around in a grim sort of way with the dentistry school at the University of Detroit. In addition to pumping he mixes a simply divine filling, as many a palpitating molar has lived to testify.

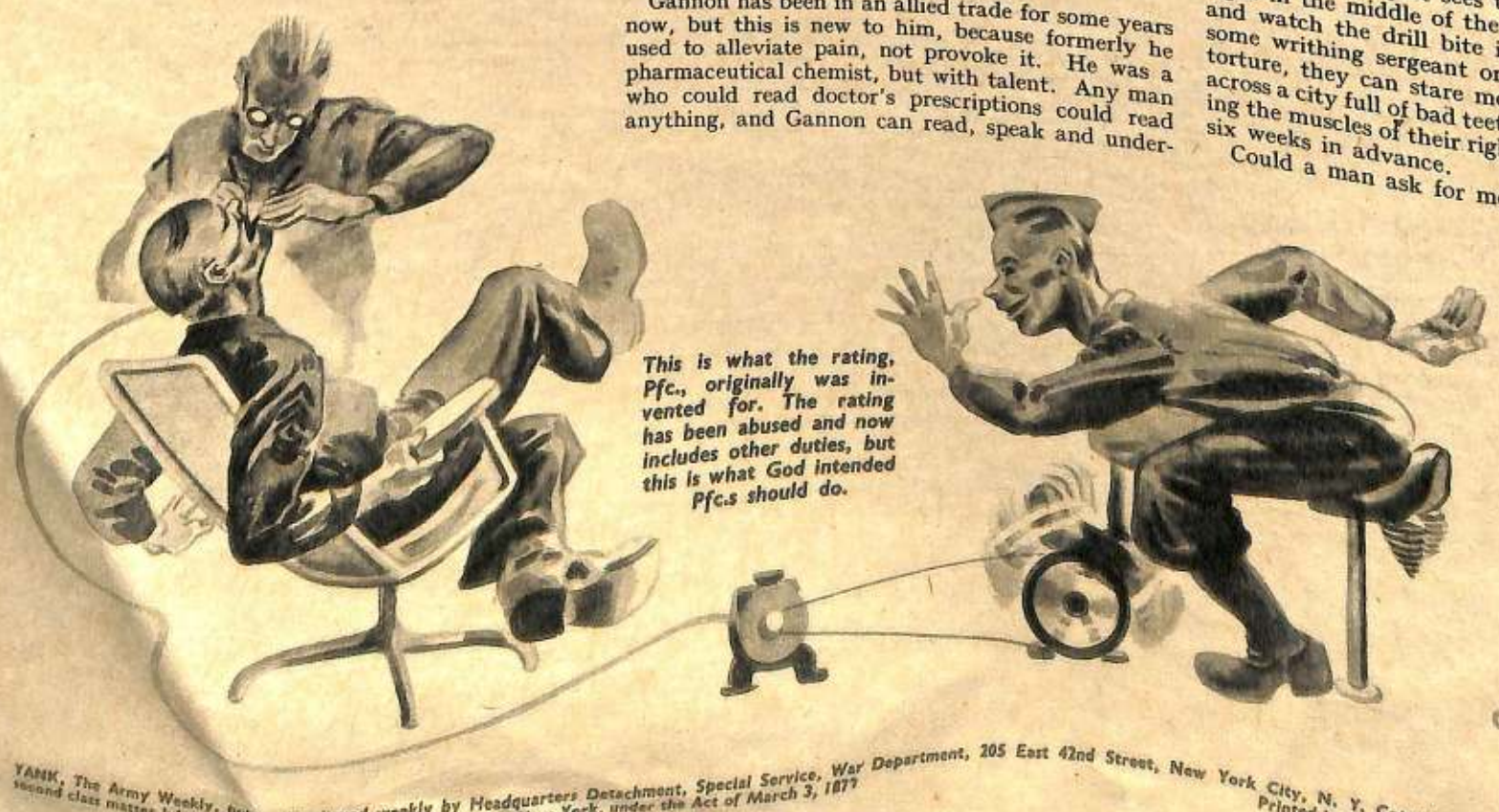
Both Hazuda and Gannon are veteran pumpers, having held down the same grisly job while in England, but as pumpers go Black is strictly a yardbird, recruited in Algeria. His drill whirls like hell, however; you can see he's bucking. Hazuda has only one burning regret in a long and distinguished pumping career. One day when he was out to lunch, ruining his own incisors, Mitzi Mayfair appeared for a quick filling job. As there was no Hazuda to be seen, Kay Francis worked the pedal for the dentist, Captain Francis Runde of Galena, Illinois. "Geez, I would have loved to have seen her crunchers," Hazuda says sadly.

The dental technician who makes all the gleaming fangs that now decorate the mouths of many Allied soldiers is Corporal Walter Flading of Frenso, California. Corporal Flading is a man proud in the knowledge of his trade. "My job has them all beat," he says, curling a lip at Hazuda and Gannon. "I see sets of teeth that would knock you flat from envy. Right now I'm making six to eight plates a day—two for generals. Boy, plates like them should never be insulted by G. I. food."

The pumpers listen to Flading and sniff with scorn.

He, after all, just sees the plates, while they are right in the middle of the agony. They can pump and watch the drill bite into the tender ivories of some writhing sergeant or, if bored with watching torture, they can stare moodily out of the window across a city full of bad teeth. They are also developing the muscles of their right legs, with solid booking six weeks in advance.

Could a man ask for more?



This is what the rating, Pfc., originally was invented for. The rating has been abused and now includes other duties, but this is what God intended Pfc.s should do.

CPL. BRAND

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These mournful people, tethered by a tommy gun aboard a U. S. plane, are Jap prisoners, captured by natives in the outer Solomons and brought to the mainland by plane, motor torpedo boat, and landing boat. Some of them are fliers, still wearing flying suits

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM MOVING UP IN NEW GUINEA TO AN ARMY-RUN NAVY

When an Outfit Moves up in New Guinea, They Always Tell the Quartermaster First

NEW GUINEA [By Radio] — Sprawled across several hundred yards of muddy tropical shoreline is a GI supermarket that overcame all sorts of natural and enemy-made difficulties here to get food, clothing and equipment to the American soldiers.

Officially called the Quartermaster Supply Depot, it stands as one of the unsung achievements of the war in the southwest Pacific.

When the QMC men first arrived, their area was nothing but a barren field with three old barns. In three months time they converted it into a booming tent city rumbling with unit supply trucks. The output of the depot tripled within two months.

The problem of supply, a tough nut to crack behind any battlefront, is even tougher here where outfits are spread all over the jungles and mountains. The roads, even though they've been improved by the engineers, are still bumpy, rutted and in some places almost impassable. Intense heat spoils food unless it's consumed shortly after arrival. Hard rains slow up transportation and ruin such items as breakfast cereals. Refrigeration is unheard of in the average mess tent here. Outfits constantly are on the move and seldom know exactly where they'll be located when it's time for the next meal.

In the face of these obstacles, the depot has supplied men all over the island with increasing speed and regularity. Canned food is no longer the only ration in New Guinea. Fresh meat, fruits and vegetables arrive by plane, in ship refrigerators, and are shipped out in mobile refrigerator trucks.

American troops who used to get nothing but C and D rations now are provided with fruit juices, peanut butter, jam and other delicacies as often as QMC men can find a place for them on the transport planes that shuttle back and forth between the battlefront and rear areas.

The depot men say that outfits just arriving at the island drop around to see them before reporting anywhere else. Therefore the depot keeps up-to-the-minute on locations of units all over the island. Whenever the personnel section or someone else wants to know where an outfit is, it telephones QMC. Occasionally even the depot loses track of an outfit. The unit will draw food and supplies for a month and then disappear from the bivouac area. But sooner or later it will send word back that it has moved and its rations are nearly exhausted.

Gentlemen back in Washington who turn out the field manuals might frown at this depot. In discussing supply, manuals specify that supplies must travel thrqugh official channels—corps to division, division to regiment, regiment to battalion, battalion to company. In New Guinea, however, every unit, no matter how small, may be supplied directly by the depot in order to avoid red tape, prevent foods from spoiling and save gasoline. The depot feeds units as small as 15 men and as large as 6,000.

There are two officers in charge of the depot, Capt. David Henry from Draper, S. Dak., and Lt. Louis Kahn from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sgt. Paul Hal D. Orson from Bellingham, Wash., is chief clerk in charge of the enlisted men. The most hectic experience he had in New Guinea was the first time fresh meat arrived.

"All we had for communications was an old hand-cranking field telephone," he says. "I had to crank and talk myself hoarse for four straight hours one afternoon phoning every individual unit to tell them to pick up the meat because we didn't have trucks enough to get it to them before it would spoil."

Evidently, these South Sea Islanders like U. S. jeeps.

A Negro quartermaster truck outfit works hand in hand with the depot transporting supplies. Bad roads and heavy rains are just part of the day's routine to them. They can tell you in a flash the location of any unit within trucking distance of the depot.

Pvt. Claude J. Taylor of Franklin, Ky., and his fellow drivers work in shifts of 12 hours each, so that half the drivers are on duty at any given hour of the day.

S/Sgt. James C. Kelly, a former Chicago bookie, now warehouse man, passes out the stuff. Egg powder and powdered milk, he explains, are issued in place of fresh dairy products which spoil too rapidly to be brought from Australia.

Heavy canvas desert water bags are very popular because they keep the water cool in this land of no refrigerators or ice boxes. Shorts and tropical helmets are in great demand in the rear areas. The latest thing in footwear for jungle combat is a soft leather moccasin type of shoe. For combat, of course, nothing beats a mottled green camouflaged fatigue uniform.

There's no beer or coke in New Guinea, but the QMC gang has developed a beverage that's a tropical Mickey Finn. It's called "Air Raid Juice." To make it, the men put grape juice, dried apricots or peaches in a bowl and lef the bowl stand in the sizzling sun for a few days. The juice and fruit ferment. Then a little water is added to this alcoholic concoction and you've got a drink that makes a Zombie as tame as pink lemonade by comparison. Chief brewmaster of this drink is Pvt. Art Vantsdal who used to sell real estate in Portland, Oreg., but now works as a clerk.

Bushy-haired New Guinea natives are used by the depot to load and unload goods. In charge of them is Pvt. Francis Lambert of Bay City, Mich., former automobile plant worker. He isn't bothered by the fact that the natives are related to fierce headhunters who live less than 200 miles from the depot. He's even catching on to their language. Natives look upon him with awe and respect.

"I have a beautiful set of upper and lower false teeth," Lambert says. "Whenever the natives slack up in their work, I simply take out my teeth. It scares hell out of them."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Yanks at Home Abroad

The Colonel and His Top Kick: Both Were Tough but One Was Lucky

GUADALCANAL—Two of Guadalcanal's most fabulous characters were Col. Alec George of the U. S. Army and his inseparable shadow, a burly top kick named Art Trouville from Lowell, Mass.

Like most fabulous people, George is small—not taller than 5 feet 7 or 8. He is a man of inexhaustible energy and great courage. He's a wiry, hatchet-faced ex-cavalryman whose only fault, according to his men, is that "he has too much guts."

Art Trouville is George's strong-arm man. Between the two it would be hard to choose the one with greater endurance or the less fear. Alec George says: "Trouville's afraid of nothing, but he's the luckiest man alive. I rub his head every 15 minutes."

Home to George is Texas, but it's as he says, "Hell, I'm Regular Army—I don't live anywhere."

A few months ago, at the height of the fighting here, he got his promotion to full colonel. It was on the morning after he had taken command of an outfit which had reached but could not break a stalemate in its advance. George had ordered the attack which smashed through to an objective that for days had held up the entire offensive. He had just returned with Trouville from the advanced positions and he sat cross-legged on the ground at his CP, receiving phone messages from the battalions, giving orders, directing artillery fire.

A call came for incendiary grenades to blast a pill box. Having borrowed three of the last five cases owned by the Marines the night before, the colonel shrugged his shoulders and picked up the phone. In half an hour the two remaining boxes arrived.

The CP was the nerve center and Alec George was its grinning, wise-cracking, self-confident core. Someone in the group asked the bald question, "How're you doing?"

George looked up and his eyes narrowed in a grin. "Hell, I don't know. The fog of war has enshrouded me. I'm thinking of calling the general to find out. But I'm pretty sure we're ahead." He kept on grinning. The whole island knew his outfit had taken its hill.

A moment later, the general himself came puffing up the grade to the edge of the jungle and walked straight to the little colonel, who was already on his feet. Without a word he handed George an eagle and George, with a glance, passed it on to Trouville. Art shoved it into his pocket.

"Thanks, general," Col. George said.

Ten minutes later, his conference with the one-star ended, he called Trouville and together the two of them hit the jungle trail which led back

up to the front. George had an '03 slung over his shoulder and a turned-up fatigue hat on the back of his head. A pair of shorts completed his uniform. He couldn't have pinned the eagle on his collar because he didn't have a collar.

One of George's boys had been fatally hit as he led his squad up a hill in the face of heavy enemy fire. Before he died the soldier, Cpl. Ervin Bickwermert of Ferdinand, Ind., was told the objective had been taken. Bickwermert's last words were, "Hold that hill!"

Later, Col. George told the story when he recommended Bickwermert for a posthumous DSC. He held in his hand a metal shield with a Latin phrase inscribed on it. When he had finished the story of the corporal's gallantry, he held up the insignia of his regiment, pointed to the Latin phrase and said, "That's now translated, 'Hold that hill.'"

He regards Trouville as something of a supersoldier. Twice recommended for the Silver Star, Trouville seems impervious to Jap bullets. His rifle sling was almost cut in two once as he walked with it slung across his shoulder. Another day he climbed out of his jeep in answer to George's call, and as he walked away a mortar burst blasted the little quarter-ton job to smithereens.

Another day Trouville and the colonel were investigating a spot of jungle that looked like dangerous ground.

"We didn't see any Japs," George said, "but I was a little anxious about this particular place because any infiltration there would be bad.

"We went in, Trouville and I, and I got up to a tree that forked like a V from the ground. I looked over and saw a Jap about 30 yards in front. I started to fire, and just as I got a bead on him a grenade burst in front of me. Then another one hit in front of Trouville. I thought I saw the hand that threw that one, about 10 yards away.

"Well, I fired into the bush and all hell broke loose. The next thing I knew I was sitting on the ground with no pistol in my hand—I don't know whether it was shot out or not—and blood was pumping out of my leg.

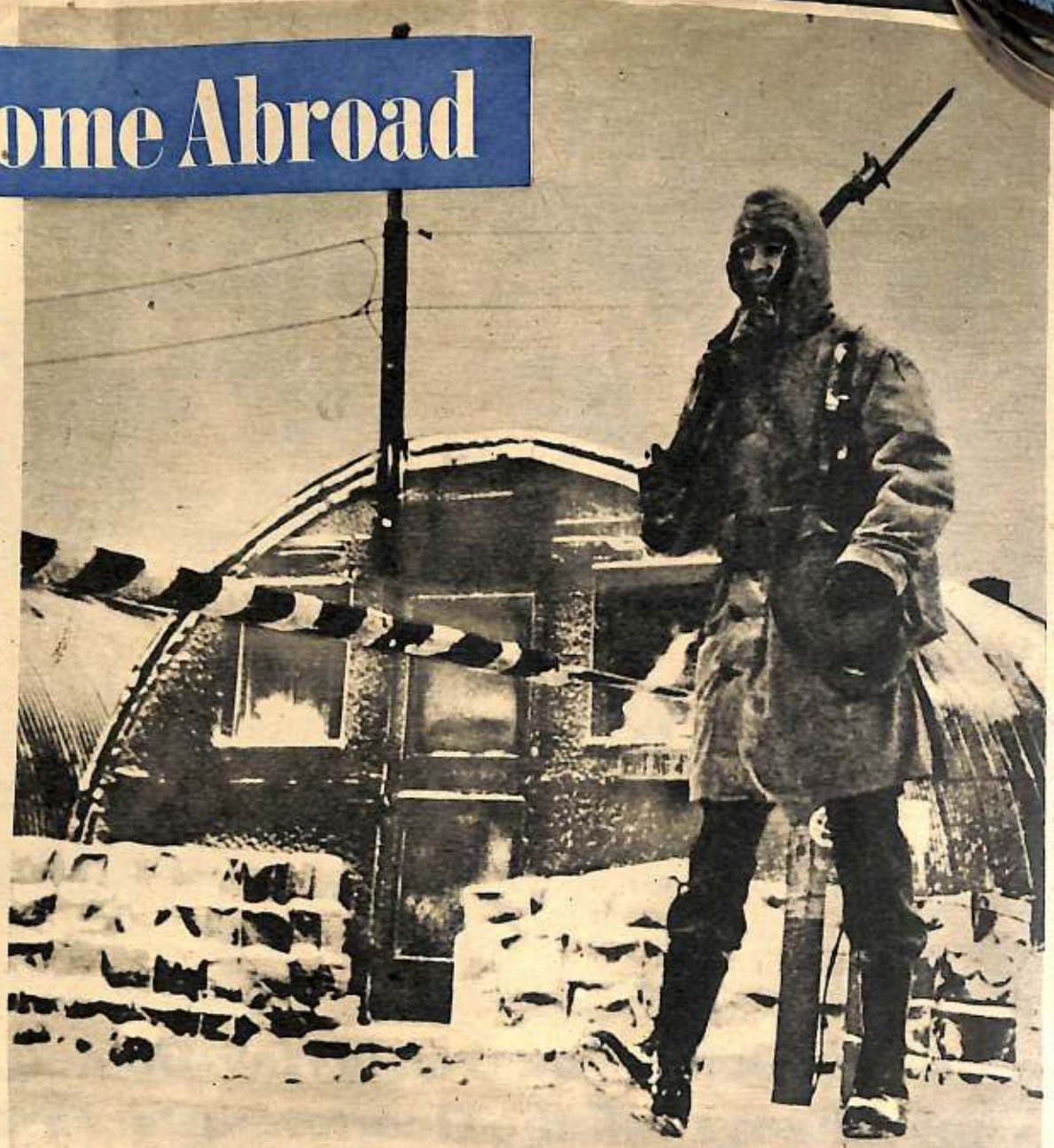
"It was a .25, too, so it must have been from up close.

"Anyway, Trouville got me back and gave me his rifle while he went for more men. They sent a patrol up to bring me back, but they couldn't find a Jap anywhere around."

George pointed. "And now I've got this much of my shin bone gone, damn it. It would have to happen now."

It had to happen sometime. Alec George has just too much guts.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent



It's one of the year's coldest days in Iceland, but this GI seems to have enough on to take it.

Now That They've Got a PX Life Should Be Beautiful Again

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST—Now that living conditions are improved and PX supplies have arrived, things are looking up. But the first few weeks down here were tough.

Mess had even the calloused cooks bothered. "Hell," said Pvt. Clifford Mauch of Alliance, Ohio, "an Army cook expects gripes. But when you have a couple of hundred men, all of them griping three times a day, it gets under your skin. Especially when all we can give them is more carrots and beets and turnips and British canned beef. Even a cook gets tired of seeing this menu day in and day out."

Mess Sgt. Frank Faraone, who cooked five years at his own restaurant in Chicago, felt the same way. "But now that we got some American food coming in, let me at it," he said.

The barracks are a great improvement over the mud-spattered tent cities that housed some of the boys in their early days in Iran.

Some of them are domed and arched; others are brick buildings with sloping metal roofs. Some bugs of new construction remain to be ironed out. Cpl. Morry Rosenthal of Los Angeles (he used to run a liquor store there; now he helps out at the PX) says: "One strange thing keeps happening to add interest to our lives. The windows explode at night."

It seems the wood in some of the frames is unseasoned. A good cold night outside, a good hot stove inside, and pop—the frames contract and the glass shatters.

There are no electric lights and the heating system is a stove in every bunk room. The water supply comes from the familiar lister bag. As Cpl. John Primble of Milwaukee remarks, "It tastes like bleach."

The barracks are in a section which was once the Queen's Gardens, but there's not much of the gardens left. Crumbling walls of long ago stand near the most modern of the barracks.

Athletics have been well organized. Pvt. George Barlow, who worked for A. G. Spalding in Brookline, Mass., has had a hand in this. He boasts two volleyball courts, two softball fields and two football fields.

Basketball is popular. At first it looked as if the boys would have to play only among themselves. But Pvt. Vince Otto of Minneapolis, who used to play minor league baseball with the Texas League, came to the rescue by coaching a nearby Australian unit in the fine points of the game. Now the Aussies are so good the U. S. team has a hard time holding its own.

The camp has no QM laundry as yet. Some GIs take their stuff to native laundries; other thrifty souls do their own.

One large building has been set aside as a PX and a Rec Hall, and now that supplies are here, things should start humming in "Hope House," as the place has been fondly called.

The PX is a large corner room and Pfc. Bob Kieffer, an ex-art student from Los Angeles, has decorated it with murals.

One of these shows a solitary soldier dining in a swank Persian restaurant. Waiters are milling about him with everything from caviar to bitki, while the GI gnashes his teeth and moans, "But all I want is a cherry coke."

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

If You Must Wear Underwear Try These Women's Silk Panties

AT A NORTH ATLANTIC BASE—A trio of medics earned the prize for salesmanship at the hospital PX here. They sold a set of pink women's undies to a couple of guys who were so hard up for underwear they didn't notice—or care—that they were buying stock kept for the nurses.

Displayed beside chewing tobacco on the PX counter, the panties sold for $1.17 a set. The G.I. victims, who now wear the scanties for sleeping, were taken in by salesmen Sgt. Frank Wallace of Brookline, Mass., T/4 Lawrence Elliott of Nassau, N. H., and T/5 Sol Weinberg, formerly of Milwaukee.

"It took us about a half hour to convince them it wasn't ladies' underwear," Elliott said. "They came in here looking around, and we told them we had just the thing for them."

YANK Field Correspondent

Pop Isn't the Oldest Private Any Longer—He's Made Corporal

A COAST ARTILLERY POSITION IN PANAMA.—"Pop," one of the oldest privates in the U. S. Army, doesn't hold his unique position any longer.

Just the other day, Pop, who is 52-year-old George Keller of 140 Wyckoff Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., was issued a corporal's chevrons by the supply sergeant in his Coast Artillery battery. And when that happened, Pop, who first saw the light of day Sept. 25, 1890, finally eclipsed the grade of pfc. he made in the last war, when he was just a young man in uniform.

A widower, Keller was working for a Brooklyn coal yard before he entered the service Oct. 7, 1942, by special permission of the Adjutant General's Department in Washington.

"And I went through that physical like a flash," he says. "I've got three sons and a brother in the service, so I got kind of restless and wanted to join up, too."

Pop received his basic training at Fort Eustis, Va., where he went through the obstacle course and took the tough hikes in stride with the youngest recruit. After that, he asked for overseas service, again passed the physical with flying colors, and came to Panama as a coast artilleryman last Jan. 2.

His three sons in the service are George Jr., 23, a private stationed at Fort Hamilton, N. Y.; Henry, 21, a private with the Air Corps at Spokane, Wash., and William, 20, a coast guardsman stationed at Ellis Island. His brother, Robert, 47, is a chief electrician's mate with the Navy at Staten Island, N. Y.

Pop likes GI life in Panama. "I've got a good tan, better than I ever got at Jones Beach, and I'm in tip-top shape and can keep up with most any of these youngsters in our outfit," he says.

Out on pass, "Pop" Keller has a new pair of shoes fitted for him by Capt. Nolen, PX officer.

Right now, Keller tips the scale at 165 pounds, carried on a 5-foot 7½-inch frame. He'll admit his wind isn't as good as when he served with the 27th Division in the first World War, but Pop will add that he's still a "damn good soldier." The GIs in his battery will back him up on that statement, for they're proud of Pop's way of taking Army life in stride with the rest.

Keller gives the same counsel to all the Yanks who come to him with a gripe.

"Listen, son," Pop advises, "if army life is so bad, do you think I'd come back to it? It's a cinch even to an old timer like me."

—Sgt. ROBERT G. RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

All the Boys Call This Chaplain a "A Good Joe"

Chaplain William R. Smith

AT A SOUTH PACIFIC AIR BASE—Ever hear of a G.I. circuit rider—a sky pilot who visits his various flocks in an Army carryall over roads that would scare a mountain goat?

Meet Chaplain William R. Smith, of Smith's Grove, Ky.

The padre is one of those people who works all day with a squadron of rough-and-ready fighter crewmen, and then drives 30 or 40 miles at night to hold prayer meeting for a regiment of colored engineers. He guides the spiritual destinies of the men of six different outfits scattered over this rugged Pacific island.

When groups of pilots and ground men went into action in the Solomons, they sent back trophies of battle they had acquired; things like Jap rifles and mortars and battle flags, money and cigarettes.

It was their way of repaying him for the things he had done for the men since they first moved to their present location.

A noncom explained how he works: "The chaplain doesn't say, 'I want a detail of six men to do something.' He doesn't say anything—he does it himself."

He built a day room—a sort of squadron "relax shack"—out of packing boxes and wire mesh and natural materials at hand. In it he put benches and tables, and in back of the room he built himself an office which is at once a library, a conference room and his own home.

The library contains about 200 volumes of reading matter ranging from Shakespeare and the Bible in condensed "pocket form" to mystery stories and a recently acquired shelf of technical publications on aviation. There's nothing like it on the island.

The chaplain speaks softly but carries a big stick. He uses the stick beating off people who would try to take his carryall away from him; to all others he offers guidance and understanding. When he talks about what he and his one aid, Sgt. Karl Ward, of Brooklyn, have done, he doesn't say much.

"We just did what we could as time went on. Now and then we'd have a chance to add something new and we did. The guys in this outfit respond to religious activity very well."

It sounds strange to hear a chaplain use G.I. language, but perhaps that's just one of his ways to get things done. He has the Special Services recreation kits to work with, and he has built up from that to a point where the men of his base squadron spend practically all their leisure time using the facilities he has provided for them.

If you ask any of the boys, they'll say: "The chaplain's a good Joe."

—YANK Field Correspondent

MPs Know What's Good for You If You Tipple in British Guiana

GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA—U.S. Army MPs in this British colonial town take good care of G.I.s who go out in search of quiet relaxation. They have the habit of stopping soldiers who have had a few drinks and inviting them up to MP headquarters for a friendly prophylactic.

A private from the Air Force at Waller Field came down here as a rolling-skating specialist to entertain the men at Atkinson Field. During his stay he visited Georgetown for a few British rum punches. After the third one he decided to get some air.

He hadn't gone half a block when an MP stopped him and whipped him off to the station for a pro before he could say, "Antilles Air Task Force."

The private walked out mopping his brow and walked around the corner into the arms of another MP, who looked him over suspiciously and said, "You better come with me, Bud."

"No, thanks," the private protested. "I just had one."

But the MP wouldn't take no for an answer. The visitor had to return to the station for a repeat performance. Then he took to the side streets to get back to his hotel but, sure enough, he was grabbed again under the first street light and hustled back to the prophylactic room for the third time.

"You musta been out in the jungles a long time," remarked the medical department attendant who was beginning to get tired of the whole thing.

"I tried to tell them I was innocent and a family man who wouldn't think of such a thing," the private explained. "But they wouldn't listen to me."

Finally he had to request an MP escort to protect him from other MPs. Once inside his hotel room, he locked the door, pulled the covers over his head and waited breathlessly for the first morning boat back to Atkinson Field.

—YANK Field Correspondent

At a range near Algiers three Joes watch a poilu try out a Garand. The French are being taught the use of U. S. arms, will use them.

Men of a British 1st Army pioneer company in Tunisia tug away at the old supply dump. This open-air grocery handles 500 tons of rations a day.

Here's One for Ripley—the Army Runs A Navy Down in South America

GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA—The U. S. Army does a lot of strange things, but we'll bet you didn't know it was running a Navy in South America.

This South American Navy consists of two sturdy old steamboats, manned by two officers and 60 soldiers from the Coast Artillery who would have called you crazy had you predicted a few years ago that they were going to grow up to be sailors in the Army.

They sail along the coast and rivers of British Guiana and Surinam, which used to be called Dutch Guiana back in our fifth-grade geography class and now is called by several other GI names, none of them printable.

The British Guiana vessel is the *General R. N. Batchelder*, near and dear to every soldier at the jungle base of Atkinson Field because it is their sole means of getting to Georgetown, the only place they can visit when they get a pass once a month.

Every day the *Batchelder* loads up a happy crowd of GIs, takes them down the river to town and waits overnight to carry them back, tired and broke and wondering if that girl at the USO dance will write as she promised. The Atkinson Field guys never miss the boat on the return trip. If they overstay their pass, they don't get out of the jungle again for three months.

The Batchelder carries a load of sleepy GIs.

The *Batchelder* is a 37-year-old Quartermaster harbor boat. "But don't mix us up with the Quartermasters," says Lt. John R. Malone of Lawrence, Kan., the officer in charge of the 32 soldiers who run it. "We're coast artillerymen from the mine-laying service, and we're sick and tired of this water taxicab business. It's like KP for us."

The skipper of the *Batchelder* is T/Sgt. Harold R. Brown of East Boston, Mass., who used to take the wheel of his father's tug boat in Boston Harbor before he knew how to walk. "Sgt. Brown can dock a boat faster than anybody in this part of the world," says Malone. "One of the best damn sailors I ever saw."

All the soldiers in Brown's crew would be making big money if they were in the Merchant Marine instead of the Coast Artillery. His first mate is S/Sgt. Lorin Livingston of Providence, R. I., and the chief engineer is T/Sgt. Philip Bray of Orland, Me., who's been at sea for 10 years. Sgt. Wilfred Manchester, the assistant engineer, is another old salt from the whaling town of New Bedford, Mass.

The only noncom on the *Batchelder* who doesn't give a damn for the sea is the bosun, S/Sgt. Joseph M. Laclaire of Moores Corner, Mass. He is sweating out a transfer to the Air Forces.

Brown and his OD sailors brought the *Batchelder* all the way to South America from Portland, Me., two years ago. First they went from Maine to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and worked for a while in the mine-laying service around Sandy Hook. Then they got orders to head south.

They left Brooklyn Sept. 26, 1941, and made Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, in a month. They stayed at Trinidad for a while, then started out for South America and arrived in British Guiana in January, 1942. They came with the understanding that it was to be temporary duty. Civilian crews were supposed to take over their job and they were going back to mine-laying.

"We're starting our second year now and the civilians haven't shown up yet," Lt. Malone says, taking off his sun helmet and mopping his brow. "This is the longest stretch of temporary duty we've ever seen."

Like all soldiers here in South America, the crew of the *Batchelder* would give anything for a little action. They are a little jealous of their mates on the Army boat in Surinam, the *General Thomas N. Jessup*, named for the first quartermaster general in the Army. The *Jessup* actually hasn't been under fire but at least it has gone out to pick up survivors of a torpedoed merchant ship under the guidance of the Air Force.

Skipper Brown and First Mate Lorin Livingston.

The *Jessup* is another veteran from the Coast Artillery mine-laying service, also on long-term temporary duty, with a crew of 28 soldiers under Lt. John Keefer of Wilmington, Del. First Sgt. Henry M. Fowler of Hampton Bays, Long Island, N. Y., is skipper with T/Sgt. Charles Partridge of Baton Rouge, La., as mate and T/Sgt. Edson Dewhurst of New Bedford, Mass., as chief engineer. S/Sgt. Fred Smith of Manistee, Mich., is assistant engineer and S/Sgt. Jerome Staff of Milton, Fla., is bosun.

The *Jessup* had two first sergeants for a while, the other one being Butch, the black dog attached to the boat for rations, quarters and administration, who wears regulation dog tags on his collar. But Butch went AWOL for a month and was busted down to private.

Butch gets around with the crew whenever they go ashore. Recently, when the *Jessup* went into dry dock at Georgetown for repairs, he frequently was seen at all the leading places, including 223 South Street, where he seemed to be enjoying himself even though he wasn't particularly welcome.

The *Jessup* and the *Batchelder* plow along jungle rivers with native villages of thatched huts scattered along the banks. It looks like darkest Africa but the soldiers in the Army's South American Navy find it pretty dull and boring.

"We thought it was monotonous laying those mines back in the States," Brown says. "But at least we were carrying explosives. In this job we don't carry anything except GIs with hangovers."

—Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

Yanks at Home in the ETO

This is a witches' broth, brewed in the ETO. ETO special, it is called. It is composed of equal parts of Spam and Brussels Sprouts. The characters with the steamy aroma in their faces are witches, else why would they be wearing evening clothes.

The Life of a Driver

THE lot of an Army chauffeur, like that of a military policeman (we feel generous today), is not a happy one. In civilian life the chauffeur (who probably was an insurance man) could turn around to the back-seat driver (who probably was his wife) and say, "Shut yer big mouth, you old cow." Unfortunately, one does not turn around to a colonel and say, "Shut yer big mouth, you old bull." One says, "Yes, colonel," and, "No, colonel," and, "Am I driving too fast for yer metabolism, colonel?" These thwarted opportunities for self-expression, as any good psychiatrist will tell you, can ruin a man, make him morose, eventually lead him down the merry road to *dementia præcox*. We are glad we are not an Army chauffeur.

Nevertheless, as in all trades and occupations, the little man occasionally has his day. Not so long ago we ran into a chauffeur who had just come from a rather big day—so big, in fact, that he was lifting lots of lagers on the strength of it.

For 25 years, man and boy, this guy has been driving a car, and in all that time he had never had an accident, never gotten into any kind of trouble over any kind of traffic violation. As a driver, he fought clean, see?

The day we found him he had been chauffeuring a major and a member of the British nobility and was so carried away, it being spring and all, that he (*a*) started to drive on the wrong side of the road, and (*b*) went through a red light. *Wurra, wurra!*

The major stopped the car and laid the chauffeur on the carpet and the member of the British nobility put the evil eye on him. Then the major, always a man of action, ordered the chauffeur to sit in the back seat while *he* did a little driving. The member of the British nobility (lesser) also removed his person to the front seat.

Life suddenly became, for the chauffeur, very sweet. He sat back, lit a cigarette, and relaxed. The scenery was very interesting, and the spring sunshine glinted on the houses. Every MP and Pfc. saluted him, completely ignoring the two gentlemen in the front seat. The chauffeur, for the first time in a long while, was really happy.

Then, as the car reached its destination, the payoff came. The major, secure in his rank, failed to stop quickly enough at a guarded gate. An MP came over, saluted the chauffeur, and bawled hell out of the major.

Now you can drive 75 miles an hour through Regent Street, pass every red light in ten miles, and spit at every MP you pass. That major just sits there and never says a word. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Dogs, 7 and 6

If your first sergeant has just kicked you downstairs and you feel all alone in a cruel and heartless world you probably need a dog. And if you do, we know where to get one, because a friend of ours who had just been kicked down three flights by a miserable staff sergeant went there and picked up as pretty a little cocker as you could ever hope to see.

The place to get a dog is the Dogs' Home, Battersea, which is, roughly, a 3/- taxi ride from the Rainbow Corner Club in London. All you have to do there is look around, pick out the dog you like, and put down 1/- deposit. If, after three days or so, nobody claims the dog, you come back, plank down 6/6 and carry your canine back to old Burnt Norton, or wherever it is that you're stationed.

This lonely friend of ours fell into conversation with the keeper at the Dogs' Home, who told him that American soldiers, beat-up and eager for animals, show up almost every day. The keeper thinks that you can tell a man's disposition by the type of dog he chooses.

The average Yank, it would seem, leans toward wire-haired terriers. Sad Sacks go for cocker spaniels. Big men like small dogs; little men like big dogs. The next time we hear that they've got a huge and ravenous Great Dane at Battersea we're going to drop over there ourselves. We're going to buy that there huge and ravenous Great Dane and we are going to give him to a mess sergeant we know, and that huge and ravenous Great Dane is going to eat up the rations of a certain company and save that certain company from a long and lingering death.

The Fire Eater

A friend of ours, an ill-nurtured sergeant, ran into a fire-eater not so long ago. He was an English fire-eater and he was standing on the sidewalk eating fire, surrounded by several morbid, gaping American privates. After he completed his act he passed the hat around, accompanying the passing with as pretty a spiel as ever rocked Piccadilly.

"If the Army would let me," the fire-eater said, "I could become the most important single weapon in the world. With enough gasoline I could fly in a plane and burn down an entire section of a city like Berlin. On a battlefield I could be a one-man signal unit. I would go ahead of my outfit as a scout until I got between the lines. Then I would set myself ablaze. This would light up the entire area, expose the enemy, and permit my own men to see to fire their guns. Colossal idea, ain't it. Only trouble is, the Army won't let me."

We imagine he meant the British Army. Well, if he wants to come over to our side, maybe we can talk a little business.

P.S. Our sergeant put a shilling in the fire-eater's hat. He used to buy razor blades on 42nd Street, too.

The Monkey Who Laid Eggs

We, quite frankly, don't know much about bombardiers. All we can say is that they sit up in the noses of planes, in very exposed positions, and lay eggs—like a bunch of old hens. They're always going off into the wild blue yonder, yelling at pilots to make the flak stop spoiling their aim, making life unbearable for the rest of the crew until they drop their damned old bombs. That, at least, is what a waist gunner we know says they do; and we always believe waist gunners.

We don't, however, get all our information from .50 calibre men. For instance, last week we got a story from quite another source. It seems that there was a navigator in North Africa named Lieut. Herbert who went out and bought himself a monkey. It was just an ordinary small monkey, with nothing in the world to distinguish it from any other monkey, except possibly the fact that it set Herbert back four whole quid.

The monkey was named ETA (for Estimated Time of Arrival) and in less than two days he had learned to drink more beer than is good for monkeys, whatever their names may be. Eventually Eta got particular. He would only drink Pabst, and Pabst out of cans, at that. He was a monster. He would drink all the beer Herbert could scrounge and then he would scream for more. So, finally, when the beer was running out, Herbert diverted him by taking him on operations, strapped in the seat as bombardier.

Now, to make this story complete, you probably expect us to say that Eta was as good a bombardier as any one in the Air Force, and you probably expect us to say that a monkey sat up there as big as life and made a lot of direct hits.

Well, he did. Four of them.

Don't talk to us about bombardiers. Navigators are what interests us.

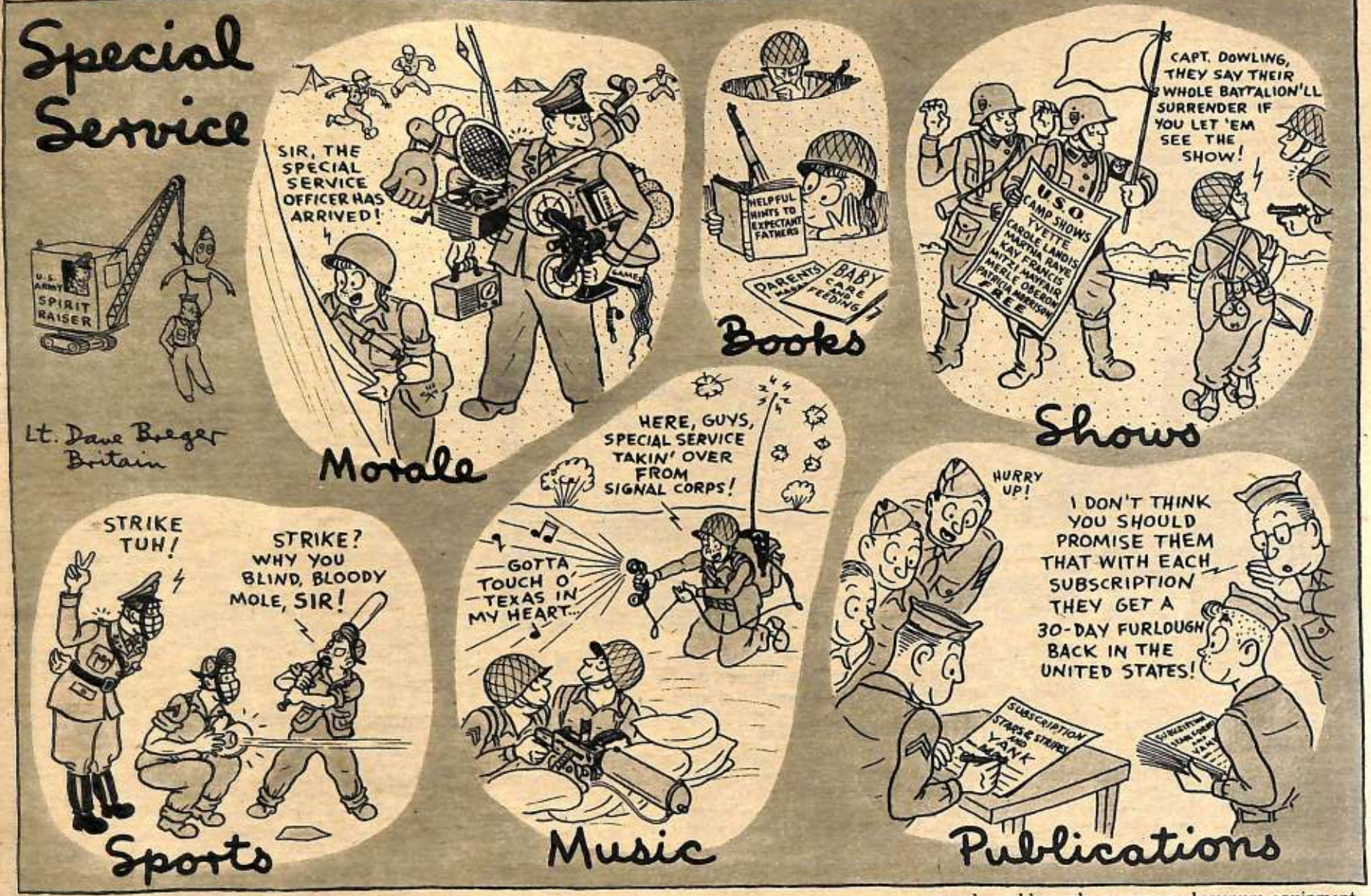
Points of Interest

Speaking of furloughs, a girl at the Washington Club keeps a list of some of the things American soldiers ask to see while they're in London. Some of them: a major surgical operation, a seance, some fox hound kennels, a storage battery factory, a genealogist. One Yank wanted to find an organ he could play all the time he was on furlough; another wanted a guided tour of the London sewers.

This is a portrait of a man full of remorse. Ashes to ashes and splinters to splinters, as it were. Somebody objected to the ever-loving cane last week, and our Pfc., not ordinarily a man of violence, perforce objected to the objection. And here it is, next Sunday Easter, and our familiar Pfc. is left with only two ragged swagger sticks where once had been a lovely ever-loving cane.

G.I. JOE

By LT. DAVE BREGER



IF YOU ARE at a remote post where you can't spend your dough, you might look into a special savings plan called *Soldiers' Deposits*. It's sponsored by the WD and pays 4 per cent interest on deposits for six months or over. Any EM may deposit his savings in amounts of not less than $5. These, under certain circumstances, may be withdrawn before your discharge if the need arises. They'll be forfeited only in case of desertion. If you're interested, see your paymaster or disbursing officer.

New G.I. Shoes

The QMC has come through with a new shoe, "Army Service Shoe Type 3." A full rubber sole replaces the rubber tap and heel of previous models, but the radical innovation is that the leather has been turned inside out. The smooth side is more comfortable next to your foot, and the rough side is easier to soften by rubbing after the shoes get wet. Best of all, the new shoes won't have to be shined because they can't be. Issue is starting overseas right away and eventually will work back to the U. S. to replace all those shoes that took so much elbow grease.

Sleeve Patches for AAF Technicians

Enlisted technical specialists in the AAF have been issued five types of sleeve patches showing the kind of work they do. The patches are 2½-inch triangles. They are to be worn centered on the outside of the right sleeve, except on fatigues, where the left breast pocket is the place to display them. The background is ultra-marine blue, with the distinguishing design in gold. To determine the exact insignia you are entitled to wear look up AAF Regulation No. 35-12.

Domestic PX Items Limited

PXs within the continental U. S. have given up their high priority ratings on items such as wrist watches, flashlights and batteries, articles of cloth-

Letters from Home

The latest war problem bothering the folks at home, reports the New York Public Library, is how to write the kind of letters soldiers would most enjoy. The library has received so many requests for help that it has compiled a special series of books on letter writing, with special emphasis on love letters. The romantic sonnets of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the library reports, is the favorite reference book for wives and sweethearts. No adequate substitute, however, has been found for "I love you."

Amphibious Jeep

Of doubtful parentage is the new sea-going jeep. It has a body like a boat and a propeller to push it through rivers, lakes, and ocean surf on a landing party. But it's still a ¼-ton, four-wheel drive truck on land, capable of carrying five men and doing everything else a jeep can do. There's also a power-driven winch at the bow, which, with a rope, can pull it up the steepest bank of any stream it chooses to cross.

G.I. Shop Talk

A deadly black-widow spider is kept at the Army's precision instrument shop at Columbus, Ohio, to spin its web for the hair sights used in surveying instruments. . . . Training aids: archery at Kirtland Field Advanced Flying School, Albuquerque, N. Mex., to teach pilots judgment, timing and accuracy; ski-ing for sailors at Faragut Training Station, Idaho, "as a great help to physical welfare." . . . Shoe rationing applies to dogfaces but they are not required to have ration books. Dress shoes may be purchased at stores or the PX by means of certificates obtainable from the CO. . . . The QM depot at Columbus, Ohio, performs the miracle of assembling and shipping equipment for a 1,000-bed hospital, including operating tables, refrigerators and power plants, in 24 hours. The shipment fills 40 freight

saved would supply necessary aluminum equipment for 9,916 light bombers.

Itchy Underwear

British Tommies wear an undershirt that itches for a purpose. The garment, made of rough string-like material which resembles a crocheted mesh, rubs the skin with every movement of the body. This keeps the blood flowing at an accelerated rate, generates heat for the wearer.

This is Mrs. D. M. Wyatt, whose "Services

A WEEK OF WAR

RACE DAY IN TUNISIA

LAST RACE, Mile and a furlong

BRITANNIA 2-1

Montgomery up

COLUMBIA'S HAPPY LAND . . 2-1

Patton up

DEUTSCHLAND MISS 40-1

No boy

WEATHER CLEAR, TRACK FAST

Staring across a Tunisian plain at the horizon is Britain's Montgomery. He took horizon and plain.

MEIN GOTT, but Tunisia was getting to be an uncomfortable place. Hans would have liked to be sitting by the beer tree in Munich, city of art, and Fritz would gladly have been sitting in an outdoors café in Paris, ogling the girls. Joachim, looking up at the sky, even thought wistfully of Russia. At least, there had not been so many planes in Russia.

Hans, however, and Fritz, however, and Joachim, however, were a long way from Munich and Paris and even Russia. They were sitting in a lorry smack in the middle of Tunisia and the lorry was going very fast and in the skies above them was what looked to be the whole United Nations Air Force and it was trying to blow the blasted bejaysus out of Hans and Fritz and Joachim, not necessarily in that order.

Erwin Rommel was running for the sea, and it didn't look as though he were going to make it. He was being bombed and bombarded and he had left Sfax in a hurry and he had just left Sousse in a hurry and pretty soon there weren't going to be any more places he could leave either fast or slow. Erwin Rommel was heading for the sea and pretty soon there wasn't going to be anything between the *Afrika Korps* and Italy but a lot of lobsters and wreckage. He was tossing Italians behind him like tacks in the road, but the Italians weren't terribly interested in the proceedings. They just went off quietly somewhere and surrendered, because the Italians know a good thing when they see it and what was happening in Tunisia, *caro mio*, was not a good thing.

Behind retreating Rommel the 8th Army got on with it. The 8th Army took Sfax. It went 75 miles in four days. At the week's end it was only 30 miles from Sousse. In another week or so Rommel wasn't even going to have room to turn a tank around. In another week he might not even have a tank to turn around. He would, however, have plenty of room in which to turn his men around, because he didn't have quite as many men as he had before. Somewhere along the road from the Mareth Line he had dropped 30,000 of them.

It wasn't that Rommel was going to give up, though, because Rommel doesn't play that way. His Fuehrer done tole him to hold on to Tunisia as long as he could, and he was setting himself to that task in the best way he knew. He was getting reinforcements, but he was getting them the hard way—flying them over the placid Mediterranean in transport planes that were duck soup for the interested young gentlemen who were flying the fighter planes of the RAF and the U. S. Air Force.

In 48 hours Allied pilots knocked down 61 Junkers 52 transports carrying men, ammunition and gasoline to the harried Nazi forces. They were sitting up in the Mediterranean skies, just filing their nails until the transports came along and then down they went and then down went the transports. A healthy hunk of the *Wehrmacht* was ending up in the cold blue sea.

Another healthy hunk of the *Wehrmacht* was stretched out on the burning Tunisian earth, dead by its gun positions, dead beside its vehicles. The 8th Army and the U. S. 2nd Corps had met beside the rough, ragged road that runs between Gafsa and Gabes, and they had shaken hands and posed for a couple of pictures and then gone after the fox again. They were using the old German tactics of envelopment. A column had swung off from the coast road and dashed hell-for-leather for La Fauconnerie, and another column had plowed toward the same God-forsaken town from positions between Maknassy and Messouna. Another column had cracked the Faid Pass and turned north toward Kairouan. Rommel was getting it from all sides.

In the north, by Tunis and Bizerta, von Arnim was not much better off. The British 1st Army was hammering at his positions, and on one front, between Munchar and Medjez el Bab, the British were only 27 miles from Tunis. Another British force was advancing on Mateur, south of Bizerta, and still another was swinging along the edge of Cape Serrat.

Closer and closer the Germans drew in, and faster and faster the British and Americans came after them. It was not a war; it was a race. In the south there were no longer any positions; it was pure movement—down roads, over deserts, across hills. And Erwin Rommel wasn't even taking time to look over his shoulder. He probably had in his mind a rough plan of what he was going to do, but it would have to be rough, because he hadn't really had time to think of anything concrete.

North of Sousse, Rommel would probably make another stand. He had to. By then he would be able to join forces with von Arnim and present some sort of united front to the hounds who were licking their chops on his heels. His choices were simple. He could either hold or pull out. There was no third choice.

Even if he held he couldn't hold for long. The Allies had control of the air, and as Erwin Rommel had learned, and as his men had learned, control of the air is a prerequisite for success in war as it is fought in this year of grace, 1943. The RAF and the U. S. Air Force had given him a hell of a pasting all the way up the coast, and there was no reason to believe that they would let up once he had joined forces with von Arnim. Erwin Rommel certainly had more to sweat about than the Tunisian heat.

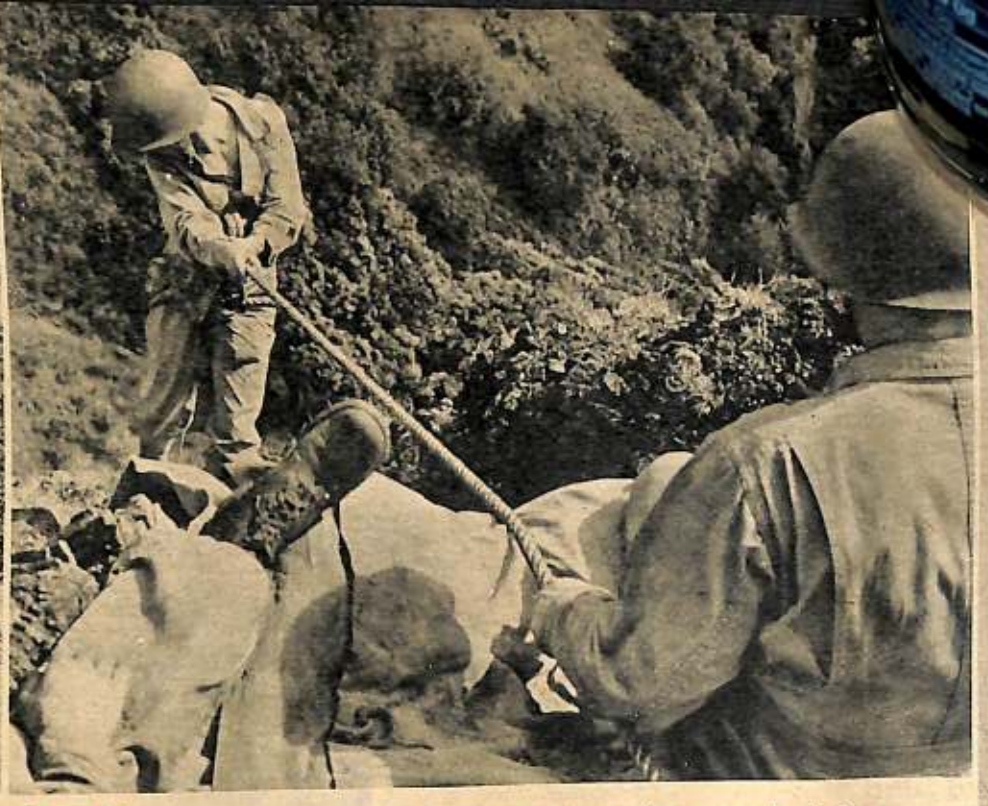
If he tried to pull out, he would be in an even worse fix, much worse than that which faced the haggard British Expeditionary Force on the bomb-strewn beaches of Dunkirk. The British had merely to get across a few miles of water, and they had saved up their air strength so that when the time came for them to cross those few miles they had control of the skies over their heads. Because of this, the British had made it.

But Erwin Rommel wouldn't make it. The Germans were now the ones who were husbanding air strength, and they were saving it, not to get the *Afrika Korps* out of Tunisia, but to use when the expected second front arrived in Europe. If Erwin Rommel tried to pull a Dunkirk he was going to find himself the commander of the most bombed army in the history of the world. The British and the Americans were just waiting for him to pop the *Afrika Korps* into some boats and set sail on the stormy sea. As far as bombing went, the Germans hadn't seen nothing yet. When you're on the ground and the planes come down at you, you can always make a dive for a nice warm slit trench or for some high tree. On the Mediterranean Ocean, however, the only place one can dive is into the water, and it's apt to be a long, long way to the bottom.

If the *Afrika Korps* had nothing else it had guts, and in the long run it would probably hang on in Tunisia until the last gun was fired. For the *Afrika Korps* also had orders from one Adolf Hitler to hold in Tunisia until the cows came home, or else . . . . So the average German soldier would probably give a couple of apprehensive swallows and buckle down to his rifle bolt. The question was, though, for how long? Already the cows were coming home. Their bells could be heard just over the next hill.

Down on battered Sousse crash U. S. bombe

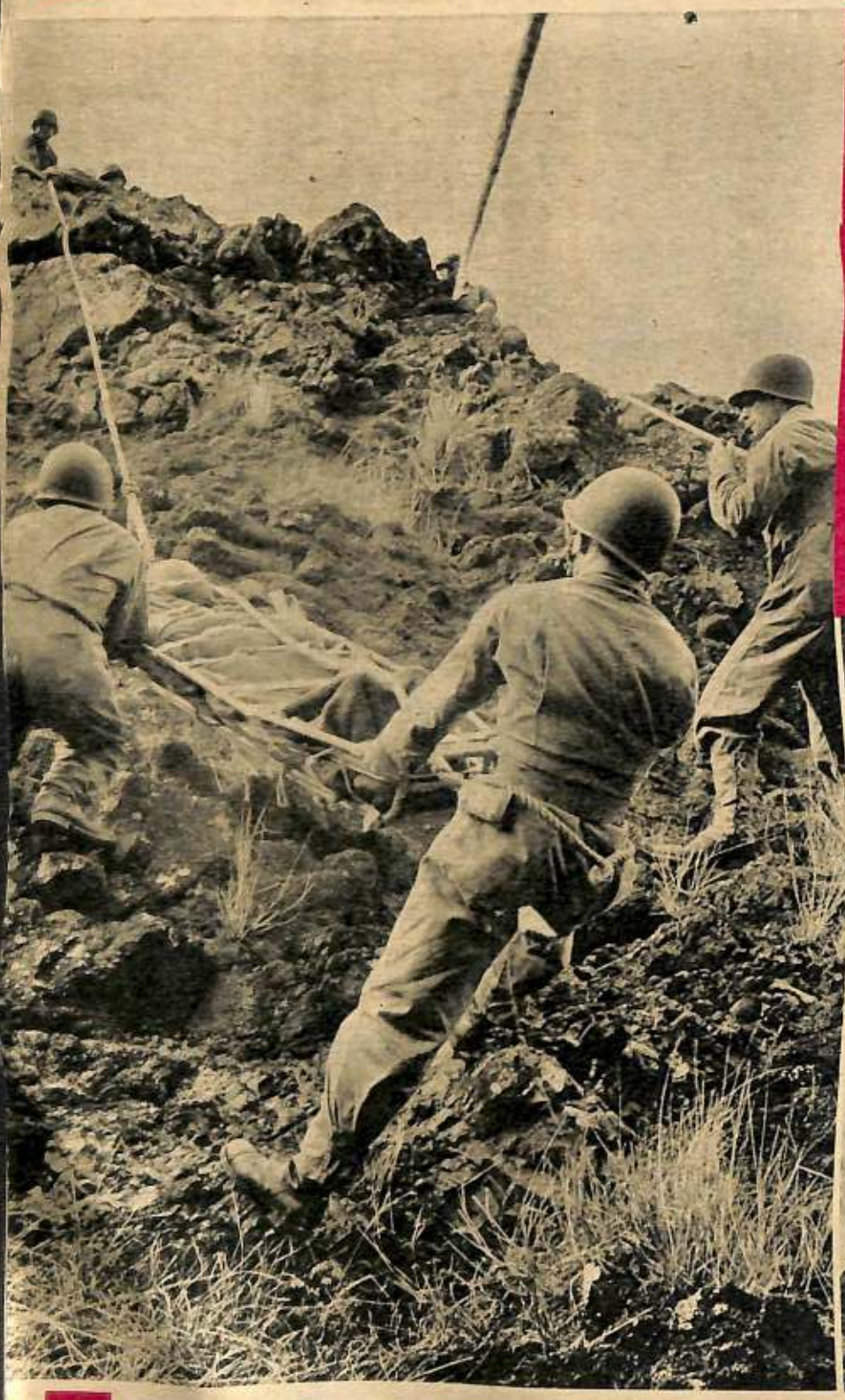
1. The Medical Commandos prepare ropes and a basket litter for a demonstration rescue. A short 1,000-foot drop is to be used.



2. Ropes have been carefully knotted to lower the man who is to be "rescued" later. He takes a first look before being let down.

Medical Commandos

THESE pages show Hawaii's Mountain Rescue unit in action. This tough outfit has a 26-week training period, and almost half the trainees fail to make the grade. The medicos must be experts in mountain climbing and first aid. No mountains can stand between them and a wounded man.



4. Men have *descended* with the basket litter. With the patient in the litter, the *lieutenant* (right) blows whistle for the pull-up.

5. A dozen or more tough medicos are needed to haul the litter up the mountain slope. Each man wears a pair of GI gloves to save

3. A soldier is on his way down to the spot where the "injured" man will be found and rescued. The way in which the rope is tied to him is of great importance. A loose knot might cost his life. There is also danger on these mountain slopes of starting an avalanche.

his hands from rope burns. These haulers have to be as careful as the men handling the litter. They must pull slowly and evenly, avoiding jerks.

6. With the patient hauled to the summit, the rescue is completed. The litter is tied to a jeep for a quick trip to an Army hospital.

News From Home

As of this week you can no longer change your job in America and you can't eat quite so much meat as you once did

Patent-medicine heiress Mary Farhney married a barman, made for S.A.

THE American people lost one of their most cherished freedoms this week. There is no longer such a thing as being able to thumb your nose at the boss and tell him he knows what he can do with his job because you're getting a new one. Job switching has gone in America; it went when President Roosevelt announced in an executive order that all wages and jobs are frozen. That means **everybody remains on the old job unless proof is furnished that a change will be more beneficial to the war effort. And the man to decide that question is Manpower Boss Paul V. McNutt, not the guy behind the bench.**

The President also took steps to fight inflation by announcing a plan to put ceiling prices on "all items affecting the cost of living." He said that in order to hold the line we cannot tolerate further increases in prices and wages except where clearly necessary to correct substandard living conditions.

Shortly after the President's order, the Office of Price Administration fixed prices on wheat, cotton, fruit, fish and livestock. John L. Lewis followed up by declaring that the order was unfair to his negotiations for 450,000 soft coal miners to receive a blanket wage increase of two dollars a day. Lewis's negotiations have been deadlocked and he has agreed to revise his demand if the operators will guarantee a 6-day work week and other concessions.

The OPA also fixed uniform maximum prices on certain meats for all stores throughout the nation. Prices were fixed for beef, veal, lamb and mutton. In New England and the New York area the price of hamburger was fixed at a 33 cents the pound maximum, and 63 cents for porterhouse steaks.

Chester C. Davis, administrator over all production and distribution of food, named the meat "black market" as the nation's number one problem and vowed to stamp out illegal food dealings. Seven packinghouses and 11 individuals were indicted in Newark, N.J., by the United States District Court in the first step to squelch the largest single source for the "black market" in the north-east. Peter Golas, ex-liver peddler, was charged with heading the racket. The racketeers were said to have overcharged consumers to the tune of $2,000,000. The OPA claimed that the defendants in the case dumped around 10,000,000 pounds of illegal meat in four states during a six-weeks period.

The OPA cracked down on restaurants by making it a violation to serve more than two and one-half ounces of meat with each meal. Before this, people who couldn't buy enough meat from the butcher went to a restaurant and made up the difference. It is also possible that restaurant customers will soon be given a food card which will have to be produced when they give their order.

There have been statements made around Washington that the Army is hoarding food, so now the Senate War Investigating Committee is calling in higher-ups of the Quartermaster Corps to question them about the authenticity of the statements. The query will be held behind closed doors.

President Roosevelt asked Congress to allot 24 billion dollars for Navy expenses this year. And in Indianapolis, Ind., Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox promised a War Bond rally that the American fleet will be doubled by the end of 1943. Knox refused to predict an early victory and warned that the worst is still ahead. Meanwhile, the U. S. Maritime Commission announced that the labor situation in shipyards is so bad that it threatens the goal of 18 million tons of merchant ships, small aircraft carriers and escort vessels. It was said that the labor turnover averaged 11.2 per cent each month for the first quarter of this year. Only two per cent represented men who left for the services. Some quarters thought this turnover would be eradicated now that jobs are frozen.

The manpower question was also brought up by Brig.-Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, who said that, starting May 1, men between 38 and 45 must give up non-deferrable occupations or face induction, and that 38ers who have been discharged recently will be reinducted unless they are in an essential occupation.

Production just kept rolling along

For the nth time, Edward J. Kelly became Mayor of the Windy City

Edward J. Kelly was re-elected mayor of Chicago. He defeated George B. McKibben, Republican, by more than 150,000 votes out of 1,248,000 votes cast. Kelly has been the Windy City's chief executive for the past 10 years and upon completion of his new term he will have served 14 years. The election aroused national interest, with some politicians saying that it is a foreshadow of what is coming in the presidential election. Republicans made a virtual clean sweep into Michigan's state offices formerly held by Democrats.

The United States Supreme Court refused to review the case of Max Stephan, Detroit restaurant owner convicted of harboring an escaped German prisoner. Stephan was sentenced to be hanged by a Federal Court in Detroit. His attorneys appealed with the contention that he acted from personal motives, not treasonable, as the Government charges. The Supreme Court thought otherwise. G-men were on the track of another German this week and then learned that the man they were checking died in 1831. A military publishing company printed a book called "Principles of War," by Carl von Clausewitz, and having no record of the author, G-men checked with the publisher who informed them the German author had been dead for over a century.

J. Edgar Hoover, chief G-man, gave Congress an alarming picture of increases in juvenile crime. Girls under 21 have entered the "oldest profession" with an increase of 64.8 per cent over last year, he said, while other sex crimes committed by girls have been more than doubled. Hoover said the crime increase was due to the failure of parents to influence their children.

Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York, who last week appeared to be very close to becoming a brigadier general, may not even become a private. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said he thought LaGuardia is more useful in his present job than he would be in the Army. And President Roosevelt denied that he had plans of nominating the "Little Flower" for a one-star job.

Over-riding vigorous objections by both the AFL and CIO, the House passed the Hobbs Anti-Labor Racketeering Bill by a record vote of 270 to 107. Now before the Senate, the measure provides penalties up to 20 years imprisonment and fines up to $10,000 for robbery, extortion and interference with interstate commerce.

Efforts to formulate a tax bill were stalemated and Rep. Joe Martin (R., Mass.) demanded action on the pay-as-you-go plan before the Easter recess. Republicans were sounding out Democrats for a proposal to place a legal limit on the number of years one man could serve consecutively as President. One leading Republican said he thought a bill would be proposed setting an eight-year limit.

An application for Helicopter service to provide mail deliveries for 400 towns in New England and New York was filed in Washington by North-East Airlines of Boston. Samuel J. Solomon, president of the company, said that Helicopters would be used after the war to carry air passengers from cities to nearby airports.

The War Department issued an order forbidding members of the armed forces to run for any political offices which they had not held previously. Some Republicans protested, hinting that it was an attempt to eliminate the name of General Douglas MacArthur from the 1943 Presidential race. Rep. Hamilton Fish (R., N.Y.), pre-Pearl Harbor Isolationist leader, said that although he did not know whether MacArthur would accept the Republican nomination, he thought no executive branch of the Government has a right to "dictate to the free people of America" whom they should elect.

The *New York Times* revealed that it made a nation-wide survey of knowledge possessed by college students. Only 22 per cent of the students were able to identify George Washington and Abraham Lincoln with events that made them famous, the *Times* revealed. Many students confused President Franklin D. Roosevelt with Theodore Roosevelt; Alexander Hamilton with Alexander Graham Bell,

Secretary Morgenthau wanted a new world currency

and Thomas Jefferson with Thomas A. Edison. John D. Rockefeller emerged as the best known figure in American history. He was identified by 71 per cent of the students.

Secretary of the Treasury Henry L. Morgenthau proposed a new international monetary unit to stabilize world currency. It would be known as "Unitas" and valued at about 10 dollars. Morgenthau proposed currencies backed by gold. He suggested that the various countries in the fold of the United Nations contribute to a five billion dollar fund. The initial payment would be in gold, currency and government securities.

The proposed fund would stabilize currency values and would be a means to fix rates to buy or sell currencies of member-countries. Under Morgenthau's proposal, no country could adopt new exchange control measures without the consent of the other members. It is expected that the plan will be put before representatives of the United Nations at a meeting in Washington.

Women at the Bridgeport, Conn., plant of the United Aircraft Corp. lost their fight to wear sweaters to work. An agreement between the management and union ended the two-months long controversy whether the sweaters endangered the wearers or the morale of male workers. Charges of selling shipyard jobs anywhere from $150 to $500 apiece, together with promises of draft deferment, resulted in the indictment of seven men in Jersey City, N.J.

New York City cops cracked open a year-old high school vice ring operated by a 17-year-old girl. Mrs. John Jacob Astor III went to Reno for a divorce. Her husband was reported to have promised her a cool million bucks as a part payment on the full settlement.

Henry Ford's Willow Run bomber factory will be

John Astor III, Mrs. A., decided on a divorce

turning out 500 planes a month "by the time the snow flies," Charles E. Wilson, vice-chairman of the War Production Board, announced. He said that the plant "is on the beam" and that WPB officials were surprised at the fine progress being made there. Another report disclosed that Ford plans to shift many machine tools from the Willow Run plant (35 miles from Detroit) to his River Rouge and Highland Park plants in Detroit. This plan would solve the manpower shortage created by the lack of houses in the Willow Run area, where workers have been unwilling to take jobs because of the long travelling distance. Under Ford's plan, most of the bomber parts would be produced in the Detroit plants while the final assembly would be done at Willow Run.

Gov. Thomas E. Dewey signed a bill exempting New York residents in the armed forces from paying the State income taxes on their service pay. The attorney general's office of South Dakota announced that the largest livestock rustling ring in many years was broken with the arrest of R. H. Peters of Rapid City and Charles S. Kahler, Alliance, Nebr. And in Wyoming, sheep herders are allowed extra food ration points to buy canned goods.

Henry J. Kaiser, the shipbuilding wizard who recently became an aircraft builder as well, announced plans to construct a bodiless and tailless airplane capable of carrying a 45-ton load. He said the new plane would be capable of flying 17,000 miles at a stretch and would be ideal for bombing Tokio.

"It will be an airplane of the future," Kaiser said. "I want to build it for the future, but I want to start building it now for war. It can be built now, and I intend to build it now while the war is still raging."

"Madcap" Merry Farhney, well-known playgirl and a bride five times, is being investigated by G-men and the State Department. The patent medicine heiress, who once hid herself in a trunk to elude a summons, was reported to have paid a Swedish barman $2,000 to marry her so that she could get a neutral passport to go to Argentina. The couple were married in South Carolina. She was said to have left for Buenos Aires immediately after the wedding with a cool half-million cash in her satchel, but no Swedish husband.

A grocer in Elwood, Ind., listened to a customer complain for an hour about food scarcities. Finally, the grocer got sick and tired of it, reached for his gun and shot the customer dead.

Doesn't pay to complain these days.

Fifty years after it was proposed, Chicago's subway opened

To work on trains went 40 dames at Philly

SPORTS

M'CARTHY HAS THE PITCHING; IF HE CAN DIG UP THE HITTING, THE YANKEES WILL WIN AGAIN

SEVEN YANKEE STARTERS. Left to right: Bill Zuber, Lefty Byrne, Marvin Breuer, John Murphy, John Lindell, Hank Borowy and Marius Russo.

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

You wouldn't know the big leagues anymore. The war has leveled the balance of power so evenly that it is not unlikely that the St. Louis Browns will race across the finish line with the American League pennant flying from Luke Sewell's hand.

The New York Yankees, the big fellow everybody wanted to rip apart, has been whacked down to standard size. Clark Griffith and Connie Mack used to make vicious demands each year for the league "to break up" the Yankees. Fortunately, the league never got around to scattering the beautiful pieces of the Yankees among the little teams. The wartime drain on playing talent has done the job with complete effectiveness.

The Yankee losses have been tremendous and, without exaggeration, greater than those of any four teams in the league. Think of it: three-fourths of the infield, two outfielders and the most seasoned pitcher are all in military service. Only Charlie Keller, Joe Gordon and Bill Dickey remain as solid contributions to the team.

For replacements, Joe McCarthy flushed his Newark and Kansas City farms for a new infield and traded catcher Buddy Rosar to Cleveland for an experienced outfielder. This was the first time the Yankees have juggled their line-up on such a wholesale scale and went all out for young talent. There s no getting away from it, the new Yankees won't be the same or, for that matter, as good.

Consider this new line-up, and consider, too, how it measures up to the consistent pennant winners of the past five years:

POSITION	1943 LINE-UP	1942 LINE-UP
First base	Nick Etten	Buddy Hassett
Second base	Joe Gordon	Joe Gordon
Third base	Geo. Stirnweiss	Red Rolfe
Shortstop	Bill Johnson	Phil Ruzzuto
Left field	Charlie Keller	Charlie Keller
Center field	Roy Weatherly	Joe DiMaggio
Right field	Bud Metheny	Tom Henrich
Catcher	Bill Dickey	Bill Dickey
Pitcher	Bill Zuber	Red Ruffing

The new Yankee array has power available, but it could never generate the madness of the old Murderers' Row. If the pennant is hauled down at Yankee Stadium this year you can be sure that a sign in the club house will go, too. It reads: HOME SWEET HOMER.

Nick Etten, who took a lucky jump from the Phils, will be the Yankee's eighth first baseman since Lou Gehrig and very likely the best since the great man. Etten could always hit—even with the Phillies. Young Oscar Grimes, another first baseman, was brought in from Cleveland and will be held in readiness as the ninth since Gehrig.

The other newcomers, Johnson, Stirnweiss and Metheny, were developed on the Yankee farms at Kansas City and Newark. McCarthy will find out all he wants to know about them during their first week under fire. In the meantime, it's Joe's fond hope they will blossom into full flower.

The Yankees are up to their ears in all types of pitchers, including nine who were around at World Series time. The loss of Red Ruffing was the only serious casualty. McCarthy figures he will be able to replace him with Bill Zuber, recently acquired from Washington. McCarthy has been trying to get his hands on Zuber since Bill's Cleveland days. Ed Barrow finally pried him loose from Clark Griffith with Gerald Priddy as bait.

For all his greatness, Bill Dickey is going to need a rest this season. He has put in 14 years with the Yankees and had planned to retire and coach Yale. Rollie Hemsley was grabbed off the Cleveland market and will be around to give Dickey a spell.

Personally, we like the Yankees to repeat. It's still a swift, young team with solid pitching and potential power. You might not believe us, but if McCarthy boots this team home a winner he will have to edge out a chronic second-division club, namely, the St. Louis Browns.

Hollywood—Exhibitors in the International Beauty Show in New York have named three movie queens as tops of their own special types. They named Janet Blair as No. 1 blonde, Joy Hodges as their favorite brunette, and Rita Hayworth as the red head they liked best. Rita, incidentally, is back at work at Columbia after serving a five-week suspension for refusing to play a part assigned to her. The part has been fattened up. . . . Rosemary La Planche, chosen Miss America in 1941, will have a top spot in the new R-K-O film, *Petty Girl*. . . . When Mickey Rooney returned home from his Army physical (which he did not pass) he found that his father had received a phone call from someone who wanted to murder Mickey.

Paul Whiteman

Swing—Harold Rome, who wrote "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones," now is Pvt. Rome, U. S. Army. . . . Paul Whiteman, who is getting fat again, has been named music director at NBC. . . . Here is *Down Beat's* list of band leaders in the service: **Army**, Eddie Brandt, Billy Bishop, Eddie Comden, Munson Compton, Bobby Day, Eddie Dunstedter, Freddy Ebener, Baron Elliot,

Charlie Fisk, Emerson Gill, Cecil Golly, Horace Henderson, Dean Hudson, Bob Helm, Wayne King, Joey Kearns, Teddy King, Ivan Kobasic, Bill LeRoy, Buddy Lewis, Glenn Miller, Mel Marvin, Ray McKinley, Herman Miller, Eddy Morgan, Hal Munro, Sev Olson, Pancho, Ray Pearl, Dave Rose, Ellis Stukenberg, Pierson Thal, Paul Tremaine, Bill Turner, Joe Vera, Jon Wells, Buddy Williams, Meredith Wilson, Sterling Young. **Navy**, Del Casino, Buddy Clark, Eddy Duchin, Sam Donahue, Emery Deutsch, Bill Hummel, Dick Jurgens, Hal Leonard, Michael Loring, Clyde McCoy, Bobby Parks, Artie Shaw, Claude Thornhill, Orrin Tucker, Emil Velazco, Ranny Weeks, Herbie Woods. **Coast Guard**, Dick Stabile, Rudy Vallee. **Merchant Marine**, Phil Harris, Gerald Marks, Ted Weems.

Here and There—Wallace Beery is observing his 35th year in pictures by vacationing in Mexico City. . . . Militza (Georgeous) Korjus is singing there. . . . Unable to get hotel accommodations during a one-night stand at Dayton, Ohio, Jan Savitt's orchestra slept on the stage of th

Theater. . . . Yvonne, a Broadway strip teaser, taking off her clothes in Guatemala City now. . . . And Georgette, an old favorite at Minsky's, is wavin her G string around in Panama City. . . . Jan Garb and the Three Stooges are reported feuding over w should get top billing in a San Francisco show. . . . The Variety Club, a Chicago night spot, has La Night every Wednesday. No men allowed. . . . Ellen Drew is entertaining G.I.'s in London.

Ellen Drew

More Hollywood—Hollywood Women's Press Club have decided to pick not on Hollywood's most co-operative performers but the most uncooperative. Their latest selection is: Rosalind Russell, as the co-operative actress with Gene Tierney and Barbara Stanwyck as close seconds. . . . The most unco-operative actress is Jean Arthur, with Ginger Rogers and Marlene Dietrich second and third. The most co-operative actor is Cary Grant, with Bob Hope and Victor Mature close runners-up. George [illegible] Hollywood's most

Lenore Aubert

Something from pre-war Vienna. She makes her American film debut in the R.K.O. radio comedy "They Got Me Covered," which is strictly a matter of how you look at it.

PADDLE YER OWN OUTRIGGER

IN AN OBVIOUS PLACE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—Once upon a time, two years or so ago, you might have been able to push a canoe across Moosehead Lake or languish on a steamboat along the mighty Mississippi.

Small voice of Pfc.: **I used to row a rowboat, I used.**

In those days, when peace was quietly rampant, if a man found himself faced with the problem of crossing a body of water he would know that there were certain vehicles designed expressly to get him o'er the deep. He could use the above-mentioned means, as well as a frigate, a motor boat, a yawl, a ship of the line, a single scull, a wherry or a whaleboat. Life was good, life was beautiful.

Small voice of Pfc.: **Boys, was life beautiful in Newark, boys.**

Came the war. The flower of American youth found itself transported over the seas in, of all things, transports. But even then the F. of American Y. understood the medium of transportation. It had engines, smokestacks, screws and familiar lines.

Small voice of Pfc.: **Goils think I got a familiar line.**

Eventually, thanks to a secret order or so, a whole field full of the F. of American Y. found itself in New Guinea, which is a nice place to go for a visit, but hardly a place to live. And once in New Guinea, men found that life went topsy-turvy, with the accent on the Topsy. Of all things, perhaps, nothing was more unusual, more novel, than the methods the natives used to get themselves across water.

Small voice of Pfc.: **Natives shuns me. They says I ain't neat. Well, I am neat.**

The natives of New Guinea, in their own peculiar way, have evolved their own peculiar type of boat. It is an outrigger canoe, and it looks like a log with children. As a matter of fact, it is a log with children. It is awkward but fast, like a Tennessee sergeant. With it, over a period of several centuries, the natives have gone on picnics, head-hunting expeditions, visits to relatives and voyages of exploration.

Small voice of Pfc.: **I went on a voyage of exploration. Got me hand slapped.**

How they do it is a very puzzling question, because the outrigger obeys no known nautical rules. It will go, unpropelled, against any tide, including a riptide. It likes undertows, and on occasion it will sink, just to find one. It is, however, one boat in which you can stand up. You can even do a jig in one, if the fancy strikes you.

Small voice of Pfc.: **I can't dance.**

Like canoes, outriggers are paddled, very often by dusky dames who are hard on the eyes but easy on the pocketbook. They are mean Mazies in the water, probably because for generations they have been prone to accompany grandpappy on his head-hunting tours. They can go through water as silently as a snake, a fact to which many Joes caught bare while bathing, will testify. Nothing is quite so disconcerting to a nude man as the discovery that he is being given the old once-over by a dame, of any race, colour or creed.

Small voice of Pfc.: **I wisht some dame would give me the oncetover.**

The manipulation of an outrigger can, however, be learned. In fact, as is shown by the picture on this page, the natives are more than glad to teach the interested soldier how to get along in an old, hollowed-out log. Here we have Tessie, the beautiful daughter of Oboe, the chief, instructing a flower of American youth in the care and feeding of outriggers. The outrigger looks rather like a slapped-together raft, but it is a very seaworthy craft for all that, being able to hold more water than you can beer.

Small voice of Pfc.: **I can hold a lot of beer, I guess.**

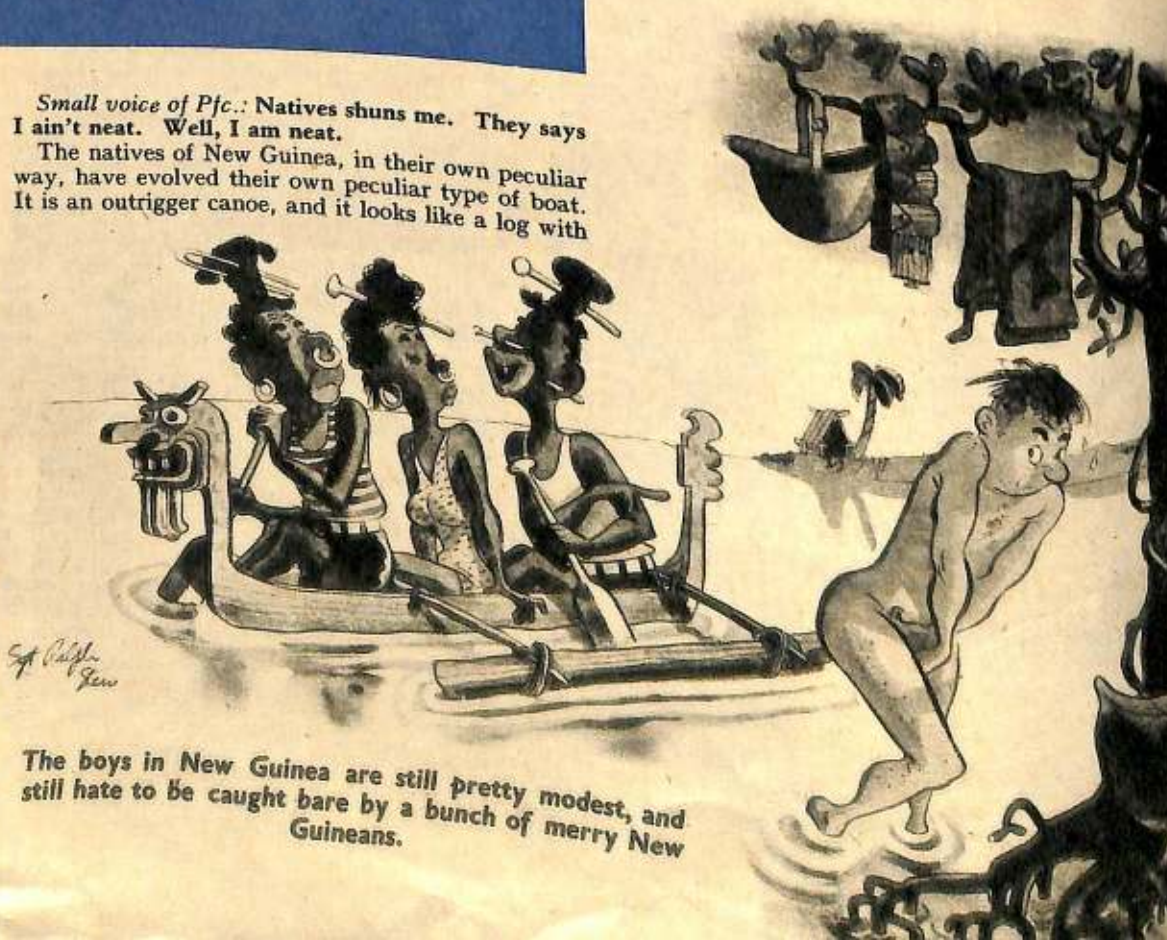
As invasion craft, outriggers are not the best thing in the world, but the natives of New Guinea have used them and say that they're all right as invasion craft go. Of course, the natives being modern-minded, to a certain extent, would rather have a couple of transports, but they're inclined to say: "What the hell." They're happy with what they have.

Small voice of Pfc.: **I am happy with what I got, too. Oney trouble is, I ain't got nothing.**

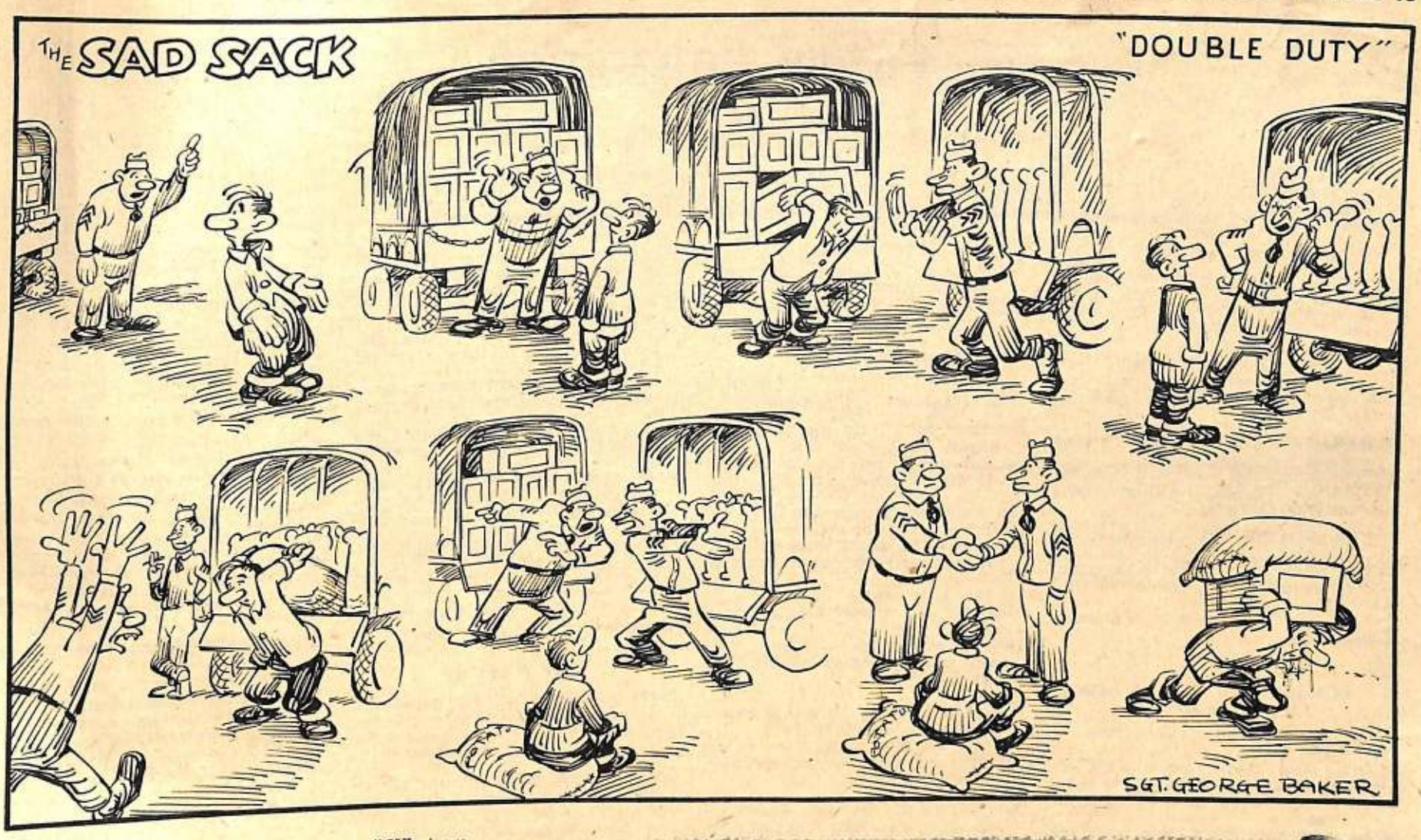
The boys in New Guinea, though surrounded by people in various stages of undress, are still pretty modest, and they still hate to be caught bare by a bunch of merry New Guineans, who may be wearing bathing suits for all they know. So they have developed hypersensitive ears, and when they bathe they listen. For what sounds vaguely like a water moccasin with the heaves is more than likely to be a New Guinea family on the way to visit Uncle Charlie. At that point Joe makes for the bull briars. And at that point we go under for the third time.

Small voice of Pfc.: **Bull briars cuts yer flesh.**

Large voice of sergeant: **Shuddap and go to sleep**



The boys in New Guinea are still pretty modest, and still hate to be caught bare by a bunch of merry New Guineans.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

"WELL, for God's sake," we said, "What are you doing out of the jug?"

There was Artie Greengroin, big as life and twice as cocky, sauntering along Grosvenor Square, right in the heart of London, where MPs are thicker than cosmoline on a supply sergeant's neck.

"Aw," Artie said, "I beat that rap. It was a pipe. They didn't have nothing on me."

"But what happened to the top?" we asked.

"Three months," said Artie briefly. "Darb of a day, ain't it?"

We grabbed him by the belt. "Wait a minute," we said, "There's something awfully funny here. You mean to say that they never laid a glove on you, but that the top's going to spend the next six fortnights in quod?"

"Thass right," Artie said. He began to recite *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, stumbling over all words of more than two syllables. Suddenly he stopped. "Wass the matter with you, anyways?" he said. "Is they any reason for you to keep dragging up bits of ebb and flow in me pass life? Less let bygones be bygones. Fergit what happen to the top. Jess fergit it." He took a deep breath. "You know, something tells me I'm going to be a corporal one of these days."

"How do you know?" we asked.

"A boid tole me," Artie said. "A little boid."

"Probably a parrot," we said.

"Naw," Artie said, "I think it was a wren. Yeah, thass it. It was a wren."

"Female?" we wanted to know.

Artie thought a minute. "Yeah," he said.

We nodded. We had thought so. "Another dame," we said. "Another dame, after what the last one did to you with the first sergeant."

"Never mine that," Artie said. "This one is different. She's a lady. She's got a title. She say's she's going to make a gennulman out of me."

"Is she?" we asked.

"Yerse," Artie said.

"What else did she say to you?" we asked.

Artie grinned. "She says I got the smell of the sea in me eyes," he said. "She says I got the heart of a sailor. She's a smart dame, that Wren. I got all them things she says. When I was a kid I used to hang around down by the docks all the time."

"What did you do?"

"I used to fish for flounders," Artie said. "And this doll, she spotted me seafaring background right away. She says she looks on me as a descendant of Drake or somebody. Who is this ole bassar Drake, anyways? I knowed a Willy Drake once. He used to box middle at the Tribulation A.C."

"Drake was a great English sailor," we said.

"What did I tell you," Artie said. "That doll really unnerstands me."

"Is she pretty?"

Artie shrugged. "Don't forget they's a war on."

We aren't forgetting for one minute. "How's she fixed for dough?" we asked.

"I tole you she had a title," Artie said, "and if you got a title, you got money. It's Nature."

"Oh," we said.

"They don't give you no titles for good looks in the English Isle," Artie said.

"Maybe she'll buy you a yacht," we said.

"Thass a gawdam good idea," Artie said. "I'll slip her a spiel on that subjeck next time I see her."

"When's that going to be?" we asked.

Artie dragged out his Ingersoll. "In apperximately six hours, and thoiteen minutes," he said.

"You mean to say you're going to see her looking like that?"

Artie surveyed as crummy a figure as is in the theater. "Wass the matter with the way I look?" he said. "I'm pressed, shined and poised. I got control over me every gesture."

"Where's your cane?" we wanted to know.

"Me cane?" Artie looked blank.

We said that if we were going out with a title we'd carry a cane.

"Thass a good idea," Artie said. "Thass a very good idea. I'm surprised I never thought of that idea meself. I been needing something to lean on for a long time now. Less see, what else do I need?"

"A hat without a grommet," we suggested.

"You mean I should look dashing, huh?" said Artie. "Maybe you're right. Ain't it a little daring, though?"

"The Air Force does it," we said.

"I'm in the QMC," Artie said glumly.

"The QMC is full of stout hearts and willing hands," we said.

"Thass right," Artie said. "After all, the Air Force drives vehicles in the air and we drive vehicles on the ground. If a airforceman wants to leave off the grommet from his cap, they's no reason why a QMC can't do the same thing. We got dash, too. Thass what this Army needs. Dash."

"And polished buttons," we said.

"Don't mention them things to me," Artie said. "Them things is a sore subjeck with me. I never polished no gawdam buttons in my life and I ain't going to start for no title. I got honor."

"Hear, hear," we said.

"I think I'll go buy me a cane, though," Artie said.

"Buy a big one," we said.

"And pull out me ole grommet," Artie said.

"Throw it in an MP's face," we said.

"Why," Artie said, "tonight I'll be a new Greengroin. I'll be immaculate. I'll be poised."

"Gently," we said.

"You don't have to worry about me, ole boy," Artie said. "I know how to handle women. I been handling women ever since they stopped handling me when I was two years old. I'll go get me a cane, and change the whole pitchur of me life."

He's going to get a yacht, too.

"When I was a kid I used to fish for flounders"

The POETS CORNERED

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

VICE VERSA

Though Kipling knew ladies and life in the East,
What he learned about women, won't help in the least.

His poem called "The Ladies" made quite a big hit,
But there's one little part that doesn't quite fit.

He said with great frankness, and no doubt was right,
"The things that you learn from the Yellow and Brown will help you a lot with the White."

I got along fine with a pale-faced gal I knew in my own home town,
But I can't understand (that poem failed to show) her connection with "Yellow and Brown."

—Cpl. THOMAS HAWKINS

New Guinea

REASSURANCE ON THE HOME FRONT

My heart is yours and immune to theft,
Since sizing up the men who are left.
They all are old with creaking knees
And soon catch cold under apple trees.
So calm your fears, beware of the WAAC;
I belong to you till some men come back.

—Sgt. E. BLACKWELL

Robins Field, Ga.

FIRST ARTICLE OF WAR

Don't trifle
With your rifle.

—Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

Scott Field, Ill.

BOOMERANG

Now that food's to be rationed
Among America's millions,
Soldiers'll soon be sending
Packages home to civilians.

—Pfc. SAMUEL P. GRAPMAN

AAFTTC, Miami Beach, Fla.

CAN WE GO BACK?

A soldier back from the lines, far-staring, dirty, worn thin,
Sat musing of war in the islands, and what it can do to men.

His outfit had been in the thing too long, too long for men to stay
In the jungle's hell of mud and heat, where three hours mean decay.

In the hills where machine guns sputter and mortar bursts spread wide,
He'd fought till his arms hung useless, and something within him had died.

Kill or be killed is the way it goes—it's always him or me;
There's no other way to live up there; it's the way things have to be.

Keep down the fear that gnaws inside when a sniper's shot hits near,
Damn a man you can't even see, and hit where a man breaks clear.

For fear a man can't live with; it's blind madness that makes him go
Into the face of fire and hell. The Lord must have made it so.

We ask no mercy and give none, and a rifle's butt of steel
Will knock out teeth *so easy*. . . .
God! we've lost our power to feel.
We shoot when danger's right on us and shoot when a man's asleep.
Who gives a damn how we kill 'em —as long as death will keep?

They made all of us killers, and we've laughed at the sight of blood.
I wonder if ever we'll know again the sweetness of a white rose bud?

Can we go back to the polite old ways? Can we change to a civvy suit,
And smile and be tender and thoughtful . . . after eating forbidden fruit?

Can we ever be refined and decent, like most of us had been?
War in the islands is ugly, and it does strange things to men.

—Sgt. MACK MORRISS

Guadalcanal

WHY I GET KP

If the sergeant says, "Fix bayonets!" he means the words he spoke,
And doesn't like your answer when you holler, "Mine ain't broke!"

When he says to you, "Sling rifles!" and you throw yours a mile,
Do you wonder why the poor old sergeant never wants to smile?

"Order arms," he told us yesterday, so like a crazy guy
I went and ordered a pistol from the boys at the supply.

I'm always in hot water and always in a rut,
And I'd be a better dogface if I'd keep my big mouth shut.

—Sgt. ROBERT J. EVANS

New York

THE ASSIGNMENT OF TWINS

Has our Army so backslid
That twins are parted? God forbid.
They grew together in the womb;
Shall they be parted in the tomb?
Be theirs assignment to one station.
Be theirs a single destination;
Provided that they so desire,
And if to this their hearts aspire.

If other things are equal, then
Do not separate the men.
For one and one are always two,
Except with twins, and then it's true
That one and one are always one,
By War Department sanction.
Born at one birth and from one mother,
A twin is closer than a brother.

They suckled at the selfsame time.
To part them is almost a crime.
Dandled and diapered alike,
Shall one twin fly and one twin hike?
Shall one footslog in the Infantry,
And the other ride in the Cavalry?
If one goes to a distant border,
The other goes, by special order.

Their features bear the selfsame stamp—
Then let them have a single camp.
If the twain be identical,
Their paths should always parallel.
Six of one twin to his brother
Is half a dozen of the other.
Though East be East and West be West,
The same emotion stirs each breast.

The same blood pulses through each heart—
And never the twain from twin shall part.
Let twin cry to his mirror-youth
As to Naomi promised Ruth,
"Whither thou goest, I shall go
By order of General Ulio;
We shall together serve the nation
By War Department dispensation."

—Sgt. GRANT SANDERS

Camp Shelby, Miss.

MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:

I think if your man who wrote the Liberator story had looked around this country a little more before putting words on paper he would have discovered that the group he wrote about was far from being the first in this theater.

Too, people have not been B-17'd to death, at least not on this side of the Channel. The B-17 is still a better ship than the Liberator, no matter who is flying what.

Capt. T. E. JONAS

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Your editorial on the Merchant Navy was just what was needed. All of us who come over on convoys and have talked with the men of the Merchant Navy know what they go through. I have seen them come into a port in England from torpedoed ships. They were practically naked, half starved and damned well water-logged, but they were happy for all that.

It is about time the Army had a good word to say for the men who get the ships through and keep their mouths shut. All the soldiers I know cannot say enough good things about them.

T/3 ARTHUR WOOD

Britain.

Dear YANK:

Evidently Pfc. Arthur Greengroin was the man on your staff who wrote the piece "Angling for Algiers," in YANK, April 11th. Only Greengroin could have made the mistake that was made in that story.

The piece said: "Tunis is really older than Carthage, and became the capital when Hannibal's elephants, the tanks of their day, fell before J. Cæsar's tank destroyers."

If Hannibal's elephants were tanks, they were very bad tanks, because they had a tendency to stampede in battle, almost always in the wrong direction.

Julius Cæsar had no tank destroyers; for that matter, if he had had tank destroyers he would not have used them against Hannibal because Hannibal had been dead a couple of centuries before Cæsar ever showed up on the scene. I do not know what history books you people read, but whatever they are I suggest you keep Artie Greengroin away from the typewriter.

Sgt. PETER FRANCHESCO

Britain.

Note: I did not write that piece. I'd of knowed anyways that Cæsar and Hannibal was in two different areas. Just to prove my point I am going to write next week's "Week of War" page. Then you will see who knows about history. What d'you think this is anyways? Cambridge College?
Arthur Greengroin, Pfc., AUS.

Dear YANK:

We of the third oldest heavy bombardment group in the United States and the oldest Liberator group in the world were quite pleased with the April 4th issue of YANK when we discovered that another group used pictures of us when they wanted "sweet" formation shots.

We are also pleased to know that we have behaved so well during the six or eight months we have been here that not even you had an inkling that we have been here. We get an even greater satisfaction out of the knowledge that our enemy is well aware of our presence, for during the 25 to 50 missions in which this group was engaged over enemy-occupied Europe we have dropped 656,000 lb. of bombs.

During the dismal winter, when other groups were basking in the south we have sweated out and experimented and improved fighter technique for those who will follow us. We are pleased to feel that we, and we alone, have developed all the information concerning Liberators in this theater. We are pleased that we have done it so modestly and so efficiently that you did not know about it.

You may be interested to know that all other Liberator groups in this theater, several Fortress groups, and numerous groups in other parts of the world are our children, having been formed from our personnel.

You may be interested to know that before coming into this theater our group had the honor of having several submarines painted on various ships. You may be interested to know that, in addition to submarines and merchant vessels and many bombing sorties, we have also destroyed 67 enemy planes in this theater.

You may be interested to know that, in a period of twenty-four hours, one crew in one ship in this group flew three missions, covered more than 1,200 miles and dropped 12,000 lb. of bombs on enemy targets.

CARLILE CRUTCHER
Captain, Air Corps

Somewhere in Britain.

Dear YANK:

It is not often that we Wrens get a chance to see your very fine paper, but when we do we always manage to find several amusing things in its pages.

Some of the girls were very much amused by your Sad Sack drawing on "Sex Hygiene." I, however, did not think it very amusing. I think if more of your soldiers took the attitude that your Sad Sack took, the world would be a happier place. You do not seem to realize how much good you can do while still being light and amusing.

I have met many American soldiers but I cannot say that I really like any of them, perhaps because they take English women too lightly.

Wren JOAN

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I am getting sick and tired of guys in Labrador saying that they have not seen a dame for 6 months. I have not seen a dame for 6 months. Why have not I seen a dame for 6 months? I have not seen a dame in 6 months because I have been in the clink for 6 months. There are no dames in clinks, yet am I downhearted? Oh, no. I am not downhearted. I am happy.

Pvt. OSCAR WILLIAMS

Somewhere in England.

Dear YANK:

This is the story of a couple of G.I. Joes who have had a faster whirl than the Coney Island Carousal. We have never been paid in American money. In our first three months in the Army we were in three foreign countries—Ireland, Scotland and England—after seeing all of the U. S. in three weeks. Who said join the Navy and see the world?

Pvts. LEON HELLER and VINCENT POLITO

England.

Dear YANK:

I was going through our mess hall the other day, and noticed one of the cooks peeling onions, and crying as usual. As it was on a day that we were carrying our gas masks, I suggested he put his on. He did, and I have noticed him several times since doing the onion peeling with his gas mask on.

S/Sgt. GEORGE L. GRIFFIN

Hunter Field, Georgia.

A POEM FOR BRITAIN

In this country
Spring comes with a flourish of trumpets from the south,
Swinging north-west over Land's End and along the Devon moors,
To where Stonehenge rears its bulk in the barren plain.
The lark speaks to the Midlands, the swallow to the north,
And the sparrow is heard in all sections.
These people live in
A land from which History has risen in armor, and in a voice
Like thunder has said, "I have made this island mine.
I have chosen these people to mold me into the form
They most desire." And History has walked in the land.

From Severn flood to Sheerness the daffodils are out,
And in misty Wales the wild flowers wave in the wind,
The trumpets of spring resound from the Scottish crags
To where, below the New Forest, the ocean takes on a softness.
Only revealed in the houses of men is the struggle.
The bomb has dropped in the city, but it has not scarred the field,
The fire has burned in the street, but the meadow has been neglected.
These people have looked
Up at the sky for years, have waited, and have remembered,
And at last have replied themselves. But they have never forgotten,
The soft days of April, when the wind comes out of the vast
Reaches of the Atlantic, and the gales of winter
Have dropped to murmurs. They gather in the country
And stare at the trees as though they
Had never seen trees before. Upon them an awe of nature
Falls like an April rain.
It is strange that England,

In all its action, has remained at peace
With itself. And after three years of war
The orchards smell as they always did, the lanes wind the same way,
And the rivers move leisurely on their predestined journeys.

England even beneath the
Bombs was peaceful, for no resource of man
Could disturb the eternal flow of natural ease,
Could outrage the informal landscape. The cities were stricken
And the towns, but beyond the last square, beyond the
Last row of houses and the broken, unused mill,
The horizon was alive with its own wonders.
Gentian, arbutus and rose stood up beneath the bombs,

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And the streams moved placidly on, and seemed to be saying,
"Disturbances come and go. Wars are fought and concluded.
We go on, the land continues, the people are happy.
There will be a time for peace and a time for war,
But to us there is only one time."
We can believe
With these people, in the triumph of the spirit,
In the dignity of man and in love and honor.
We, in their country, who have sprung from their country
And who, sometimes at darkest midnight, sometimes at highest noon,
Feel almost as though we belonged here, as though we knew,
In some dim memory, the next bend of the road,
The next house in the village, have upon us a duty,
Both of belief and faith.
It is for us
To keep the faith and, with it, the peace that comes after
And the tomorrows to come.

Standing
On Dover cliffs a man looks across at the past,
The past of the whip and the shot in the dark and the footstep at the door.
The past that was not wanted, yet welled up in the throat,
The past that must be destroyed. Overhead in the air
The planes move out over Dover and vanish across the horizon.
They have a business
Of destruction, they are preoccupied with their work.
In the eyes of the pilot the landscape fades to nothing,
And beneath him the oak merges with the factory, the haycock with the house
The men in the planes see only the face of the war.

Turning from Dover, the eyes of the observer,
Looking inland, sees History striding along the lanes,
Reads in the faces of the inhabitants their vast determination,
And sees in the works of their hands the life they have conceived.
It is good. It will do. It is best to be part of this country,
To move in it, think in it, construct, and be at peace.
April slides over England like a twilight,
And the sun strikes the sides of the hills and glides to the hollows.
Peace is still here.

With the horns of the morning the future approaches the land,
The future of rest, and of just ease, the future of leisure and reason.
Seen in the sky are its signs, and before us there stretches only
The last few hours of struggle. Beyond those hours is waiting
The world that has been expected and that now at last will come.
Let us prepare.

To those who have seen these fields, rain-sodden and fallow,
Hunched under the cold of the winter, the green spring arriving
Is a symbol of what is to come. It is known that after
Storms the sun breaks through, and after storms its light is
Brighter than ever before.
The light is on the way.
In all these northern countries the clouds are clearing,
And around them the sullen sea is growing calm.
Meanwhile we stand to our arms and hope and wait,
Surrounded by noises of birds and the sight of flowers,
And above us the shade of great trees that seem to have always
Stood in this country,
Where spring comes from the south.
With a flourish of trumpets . . .

THE FIRST TO FIGHT:

POLAND

For every Nazi bomb that fell on Warsaw, the Poles have a dozen ready for the Hun

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

A POLISH BOMBER STATION, BRITAIN—If it is not a well-established fact, it is at least a well-authenticated rumor that the Polish Air Force is having a wonderful time. One hears these stories of dark, gay laughter echoing through the fuselages of Wellington bombers 13,000 feet above Berlin. One hears the stories of Polish pilots, sent out to light fires with incendiary bombs, stooging down till the flames touch their wing tips—just to see what damage they have done. And Beau Geste stories of almost gay heroism, of wounded men of the Polish Air Force flying on into enemy territory with damaged planes, refusing to turn back until their missions are complete.

We set out one day last week to investigate, and we found that some of these stories were, in their way, true, or at least had a basis in truth because they captured somehow—as all legends—the spirit of the Polish Air Force.

We found the marvelous sense of humor of men laughing in dark hours of peril, utterly disregarding the proximity of death. We found that it was not false heroics, or anything from a movie, and that the spirit was not romanticism, but far from it. We found that they did stooge around a little, and that they enjoyed releasing 4,000-pound bombs over Berlin more than anything else in the world. But we also found out why, and the answer goes back to another land and almost another time, back to their own native land and the smoke-stained autumn skies of 1939, to the rubble that was Warsaw and the corpses that were the relatives of these men.

It was a dirty business, the German campaign in Poland in the beautiful Autumn of 1939—a dirty, bloody business. The world didn't know what the German Army was like, nor for that matter what the German soldier was like. The Poles found out, the hard way. They found out in a bath of blood, found out as they stood against walls or mounted scaffolds or beat against the blazing wood of a fired, locked house.

The Austrians had hated the Germans and the Czechs had hated the Germans, but the hate of the Poles was different. It was not the sullen hate that is the lot of the conquered. It was a hate of action, a hate that demanded to be translated into German blood and German deaths. It was a hate that cried out to heaven in a red haze for vengeance. And it was a hate to which vengeance came. The Poles are full of it. It makes them reckless. They don't care what happens to them, as long as they drop their bombs, or get a Nazi plane in their sights. And the funny thing about it is that you'd never know how raging they are to look at them. They're mild, quiet. They smile a lot. They seem to like everyone and everything they see. A Polish pilot will say, "I'd like to fly a Mosquito. They're a very nice plane. Very fast." He says the words calmly, almost as though he was a housewife hoping for a new electric iron, but inside he's seething. He wants to take that Mosquito to Berlin and mow the lawns along the Unter den Linden with his propellers.

One of Hitler's proudest boasts is that he smashed the Polish Air Force in 1939 before it could even get

POST-INVASION POLAND *Men going to death.*

PRE-INVASION POLAND *Wooden architecture in the soft Podolian landscape.*

off the ground. He didn't. He only smashed the machines. The spirit of that Air Force was unconquerable, and today, operating from British airfields, the Poles have more, bigger, and better bombers than they had in Poland. More than 10,000 Polish Airmen are serving in conjunction with the RAF, and they have dropped more than 11,000,000 pounds of bombs on Berlin, Hamburg, Essen, Dusseldorf, Cologne and a lot of other places. For a smashed Air Force, the Poles are doing right well for themselves, and in their lovely new planes, capable of carrying bomb loads believed impossible three years ago, they are, in a sense, almost happy. They are making a down payment on a very great debt, and their hands are itching for the day when the principal will become due. But they can never really be happy again. They have too much on their minds. There is too much to remember. There are so many things that will never be the same again.

The most amazing thing, of course, about the whole Polish Air Force is that every man of them escaped from a Nazi-dominated Europe. There is one story, a rumor, about the group which escaped after the fall of France through Italy, of all places. Because it is still an unchecked rumor, it violates no security and would diminish no one's chances of returning that way again, but the story is that the air force men —several dozen of them —came down through the Balkans into Italy and escaped from Italy to Africa, thence to Gibraltar and finally to Britain. And all the time they were dressed as old men and old women.

Something for the boys. Destination : Berlin

That, of course, is only a rumor, but the stories of the escapes the Poles have made would make even the wildest dreams of Sam Goldwyn pale into prosaic insignificance.

They've seen, most of them, so much danger already that it hardly seems to impress them. During the time I was at their station, I have seen men get up from the mess table, disappear from the room and reappear next morning at breakfast with no apparent change whatsoever in their attitude. You'd never have known they'd been over Germany since you'd seen them last if somebody hadn't asked:

"How was it over there last night?"

And they reply, perhaps, "Very dark." And everybody laughs.

This attitude is probably responsible for their high sense of humor, over some rather macabre incidents, like the nausea a couple of the boys experienced one night over Germany.

Andrzej told us the story. It seemed that night before the raid, the boys had some fish for dinner and the fish wasn't particularly good. "Must have," Andrzej said with a big laugh, "been feeding on German bodies in the Channel." Anyway, a few minutes after leaving the base, the men began to get very nauseated. They held a short conference over the intercom and decided that a bellyache was not going to deprive them that night of the privilege of bombing a very important target, so they followed their group on toward the target.

Some got to the climax of their sickness over the North Sea, and others over Germany. All but the pilot; he didn't start puking until they were almost over the target.

He yelled for the navigator to take over.

"For God's sake, why?" the navigator asked.

"I've got this stuff all over me," the pilot answered.

The navigator took over without another question. He knew the pilot wasn't being demure or hygienic.

"Think if we were shot down," the pilot said later. "Those Nazis might think we got sick because we were scared of them, and what kind of an impression would that make."

Most of the men in the one group we visited had been over enemy territory 10, 20 and even 50 times. The group captain himself has been over on 20 sorties, which is a lot of sorties as any man in any air force knows. There is a beautiful sort of informality about the station; everybody calls the G.C. "Bob." But there also is a tremendous respect, not so much for authority, as for what authority represents. For, in addition to being a flyer himself, Bob is the holder of the British Distinguished Flying Cross and the Polish Virtur Militari and the Cross of Valor with two bars. He is, however, very modest about his own exploits, and gave high praise to two Americans in his squadron.

One of them is Sgt. Bronislaw Godlewski, of Chicago, whom Bob said is "one of the bravest men I have every met."

Godlewski is 19, and he enlisted with the Poles just before Pearl Harbor. Last week, Air Vice Marshal Stanislaw Ujejski awarded him the Virturi Militari and the Cross of Valor. Since last January the kid has made 10 operational flights over enemy targets. The last time was over Essen, one of the most heavily defended of all the Nazi industrial strongholds. After they dropped their bombs, they were attacked six times by Jerry fighters. A hundred slugs from Nazi machine guns smashed into Godlewski's turret. But he kept his grip on the tail guns, and at the same time directed the pilot in taking the proper evasive action. When they landed, the kid's buddies found him unconscious in the turret, badly wounded. It took them a half-hour to release his wounded hands, so tightly were they gripping the handles of the machine guns. Both his hands had to be amputated.

"And there's another brave man," Captain Bob said, pointing to a young flyer who was sitting quietly reading the Polish Air Force newspaper, *Skrzydla* (Wings). F/O Andrzej, we learned, had been a newspaperman in Poland before the war, and was the first editor of *Skrzydla* in Britain. His superior officers told him he was too valuable as a newspaperman to waste on operational flights. Andrzej hinted in no uncertain terms that, unless he was allowed to fly, they could expect one very lousy Polish newspaper, so he flew.

Everybody in the Group flies, even Ciapek, the mascot. Ciapek is a small brownish-black dog of very nondescript origin. Ciapek does not look like anything very much, but he has been on twelve operational flights. He was first picked up in Blackpool a couple of years ago when, as a puppy, he began following a couple of officers around all over the city. They brought Ciapek back to the station with them, and believing he would bring them good luck, took him out with them on operational flights—but only after, quite by accident, he did bring them luck.

And that was the day three of their bombers were out over Bremen. Two of them were shot down, and only by a miracle the third turned and made it to England. Somewhere out over the sea, the pilot felt something moving around his feet and looked down and there was little Ciapek sniffing away like crazy at an oxygen bottle. Ciapek flew for quite a while with Jacek, the pilot, and his machine guns were never scratched, until one day, about a year ago, Ciapek had the misfortune to be on a plane which crashed on a test flight. The brass hats discovered that the puppy was aboard and sent out very stern orders abruptly and summarily ending his flying career. Everybody in the group got very sore. Jacek, transferred to another squadron, was killed a few days later during an operational flight, and his death was blamed on the brass hats who had taken away his good luck.

All the men have a tremendous respect for the ground crews who service their planes.

Andrzej gave us one example.

"I was just getting ready to go on an operational flight over Cologne one day," he said, "when I saw one of the mechanics hurriedly patting the chute in the pilot's seat. 'Co ty robisz?' (What are you doing?), 'I have been looking for something I lost,' the mechanic said. Later, when I was returning from Cologne, I looked under the chute and found a silver crucifix. The next day I went to look for the mechanic to thank him.

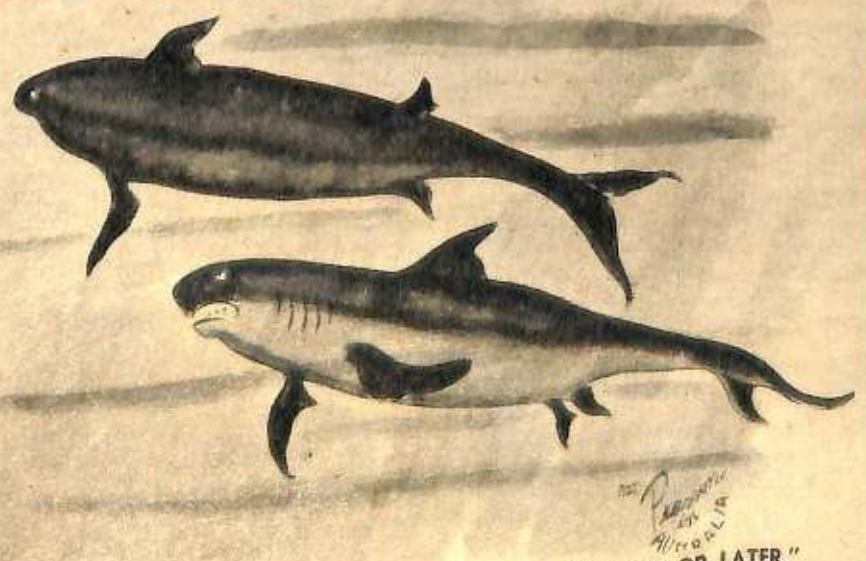
"'That's all right,' he said. 'I've been leaving that crucifix under your chute on every one of your operations. My mother gave it to me just before I escaped from the Germans. She said I would never have bad luck if I kept it close to me. I thought you could use a little luck.'"

"How do I know?" Andrzej asked me, "if the woman who gave the crucifix to her son is not now starving, a slave of the Germans? Or if she is dead?"

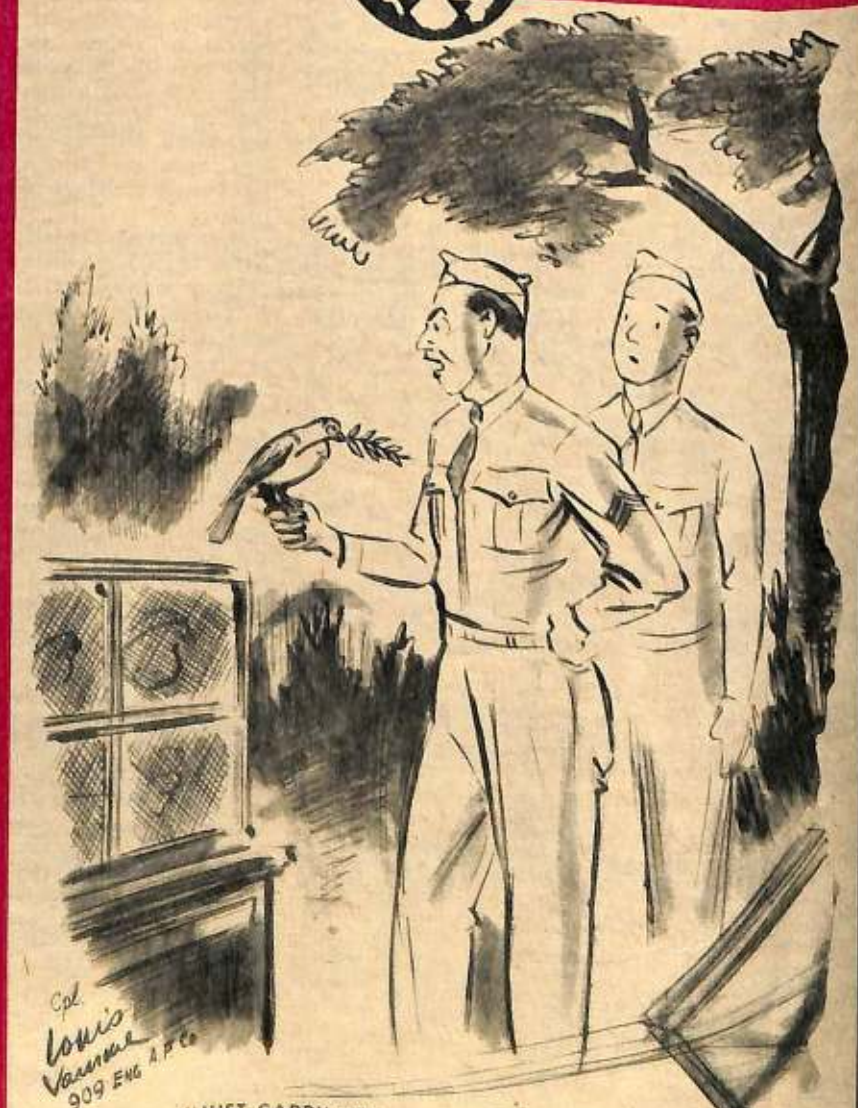
YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"SHE KNOWS SHE'S GOOD LOOKING."

"YES SIR. ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR."



"LET'S FOLLOW A JAP SHIP. THEY ALL GET SUNK SOONER OR LATER."



"JUST CARRY THE MESSAGES WE GIVE YOU. NEVER MIND THE PEACE PROPAGANDA."