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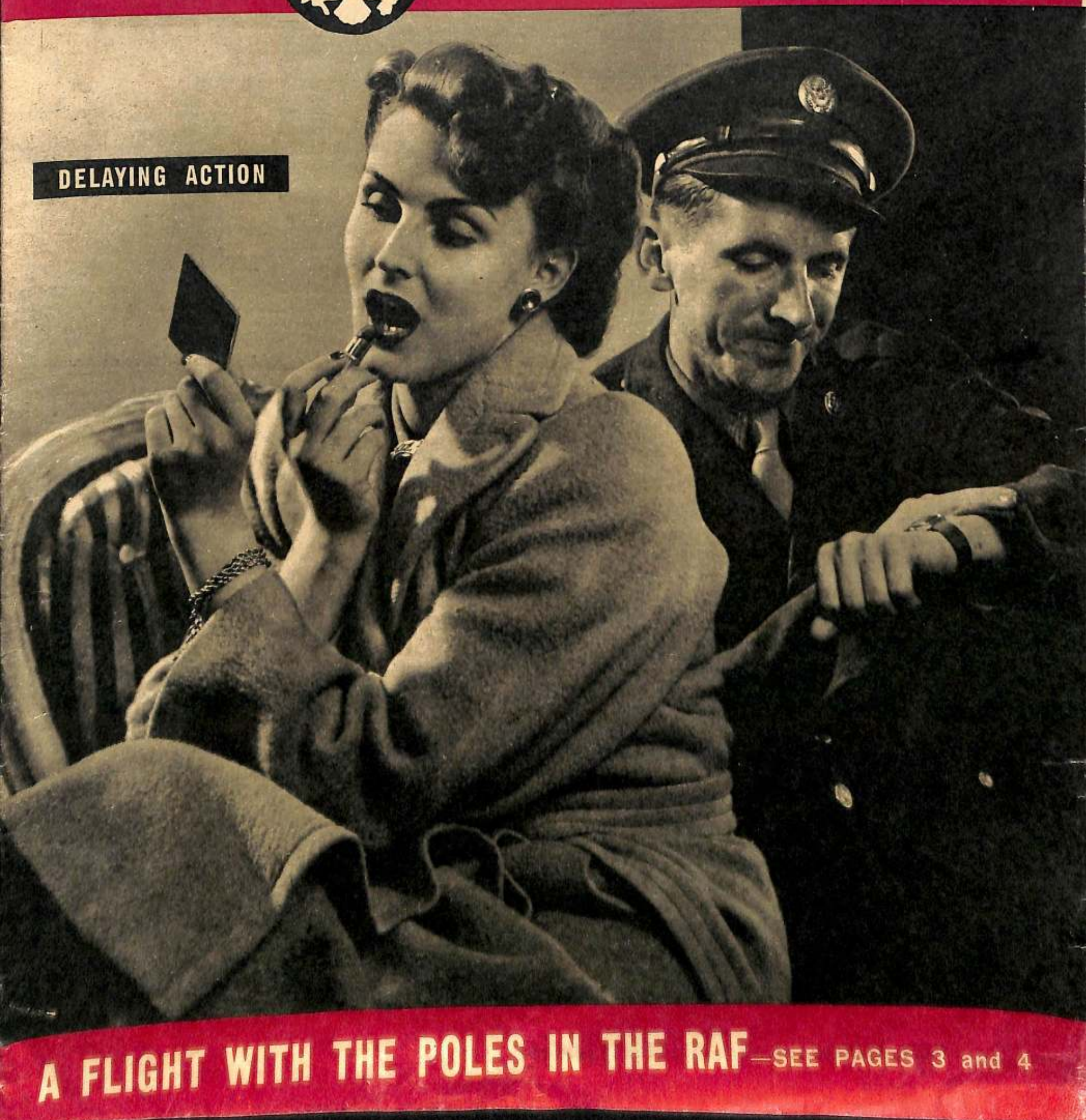
By the men . . for the men in the service



DELAYING ACTION

A FLIGHT WITH THE POLES IN THE RAF —SEE PAGES 3 and 4

THE man who's playing Santa Claus to Yanks in the United Kingdom this year is Lt. Col. E. E. Schroeder, Chief of Mail in the E.T.O. Since Oct. 1 Santa's little helpers in khaki have handled three times the number of packages they did during the same period last year. Have you got a toy train in your Nissen hut? The pictures show how it got to you, and not down the chimney, junior. That's busy little helper Sgt. Sam Capsuto, upper left, smiling all over as he thinks of the cheer he's spreading. You can tell from expression on T 5 Charles Garrison's face, above, that he's mad about trombone music

If somebody sticks his foot through your Xmas package, these men wrap it all up again so that it comes to you nice and pretty. They're M/Sgt. Thomas Logan, Tech. Sgt. Ed Adams and Capt. Ervin W. Boettcher.

Uh! Uh! Even these busy little bees can't resist the season's urge. Cpl. Abe Kriegal, left, says to hell with waiting till Xmas, and Pvt. S. K. Martin and Cpl. Tex Wave say to hell with it too. We'll give up some of our peanut brittle if somebody'll let us play with their toy train.

Marking the first time a correspondent has accompanied Polish airmen in the RAF on a combat mission, a YANK writer goes along to help them lay sea mines from the air.

Fighting the "Low War"

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—One night late in November, 1939, when many people believed that the Germans had a secret weapon that would destroy British maritime power, a sentry at Shoeburyness, on the Thames Estuary, casually focused his eyes on the sky. What he saw startled him.

Swooping down from the dark blue, like an ugly black buzzard in pursuit of its victim, was a German plane that looked like a Heinkel 115. The plane levelled off at about 1,000 feet and a few seconds later, out of the ship plunged a long, round object; hanging above the object was a white parachute.

At first, the sentry thought it was a German parachutist, but a second startled look convinced him it wasn't. An incoming tide prevented him from wading into the sea after it, so he called the Admiralty. The navy authorities were jubilant; maybe this was a sample of the German "secret weapon" they had been waiting for.

The best mine experts were rushed to Shoeburyness and the "object" was retrieved from the water intact. Sure enough, it was the much-discussed German "secret" weapon—a magnetic mine.

Winston Churchill, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty, ordered the experts to work unceasingly until a counter measure was discovered. They did. Within twelve hours an antidote named the "degaussing girdle" was produced, and every sweeper and ship afloat was immediately provided with it.

More important, however, was that the British hit back at the enemy by stealing his own technique of laying sea mines by air. They began with Hampden bombers in April, 1940, and later fitted the four-engined Lancasters and two-engined Wellingtons for the job. Now, almost three years later, records show that the number of mines planted by the RAF and the Fleet Air Arm runs well into the six-figure column. Not a single harbor or shipping lane along the coastline of Western Europe and from the Baltic to the Bay of Biscay is safe for Axis shipping these days.

Working on this great job with the British, are the airmen of the smaller Allied nations. I accompanied an RAF Polish Squadron on a mine-laying sortie recently and saw at first hand how the job is done.

Our crew consisted of five young Poles and together they had bombed Germany and Occupied Europe 126 times. The pilot, a 24-year-old flight sergeant named Tadeusz (Ted), had been out on 37 "high wars," as the Poles call high altitude bombing, but this was to be his first "low war." He was a small man, about five feet four, and always smiled, even when he cussed—and he cussed most of the time.

It was only a few minutes before briefing time. The men gathered around an old stove which had no fire in it. They talked about this and that and then the squadron leader entered the briefing room. Everybody rose to attention. He clicked his heels. Then we all sat down. In Polish, he explained that the targets for the night were certain enemy waters in the area of the Frisian Islands, north of Holland.

Tadeusz looked at me. "I'm afraid it may not be interesting enough for you tonight," he apologized softly. "Now Bremen, that would be much better."

The squadron leader finished talking. Then an RAF intelligence officer spoke in English. He pointed to the map on the wall and discussed the various places where mines should be dropped. In night flying, planes do not fly in formation, and in mine-laying every plane has its own spot where it is to drop its load. On the map he indicated where each ship should go. When he'd finished the British officer lightly clicked his heels, just like Poles do, and then a Polish intelligence officer took over. He sounded like a football coach between the halves. He told the men that they were doing much more than laying traps for enemy ships.

"Remember," he said, "every time you go out there the enemy must follow up with a large mine-sweeping fleet. That means a loss of manpower for the Germans. Then again, you force them to send out night fighters to patrol the areas and you slow down shipping traffic between Germany and the Scandinavian countries."

The men listened carefully. Just like the coach's pep talk, the story was old to them but they liked to hear it over and over again.

"As a result of your activity, shipments of iron-ore and aluminium to Germany have been cut down, which has seriously impaired the production of her war machinery. In other words," the officer said, looking around the room, "you are bottling up Germany so tightly that she is gradually being forced out of the shipping lanes. The tighter Germany's bottled up the sooner we'll see Poland again."

The briefing ended and the wing commander rose to bid the men a successful mission.

In the supply room several men approached me and asked if I had flying equipment. I didn't, so they each offered me some of their own. When I was completely dressed I found that the flying-boots were British, the coveralls American, and another garment, which a sergeant told me to put on over the coveralls, was of Polish origin. This garment was wool-lined inside and silk outside and felt like something you'd take on a North Pole expedition.

A flying officer, who was temporarily grounded after having completed 30 missions, asked me to wear his shirt. It was colored light green with pin stripes broken by dots.

"My wife made it *(continued on next page)*

In the early days of the war the Wellington gave the Germans much trouble in "high war" bombing. Now it's used mostly for "low war," as the Poles call mine-laying missions.

The mine was loaded into a Wellington, then five Polish airmen took the plane to the Frisian Islands, and then . . .

for me just before I escaped from Poland," he said. "I've always worn it on operations. It would please me, *Panie Amerykanie* (Mr. American), if you would *wear it tonight*."

A truck stopped in front of the supply room and a Waaf opened the door of the cab and shouted in Polish, "*Predko, predko,*" (Hurry, hurry). One of the sergeants shouted, "Okye, okye," like a Cockney, and we all piled in and were taken off to the hardstand.

A few minutes before the take-off, Tadeusz suggested that the best position for me would be under the astro-dome. "From there you can see everything," he said. "Besides, we need a man in that position just in case enemy fighters decide to dive at us from the sky. If you see any aircraft at all, let us know quickly."

As an after-thought, he said, "Yell in Polish or English, whichever is the faster." And then he cussed me. Politely, though, and smiled and patted me on the shoulder.

Over the inter-phone we could hear a girl's voice. It felt good to hear a woman talking just before leaving on a combat mission. It made us forget that there was danger anywhere, almost as if we were leaving on a nice, pleasant journey from LaGuardia Field.

The voice was that of the Waaf in the control tower. She was telling our pilot to taxi up to the flare path. As the plane came up we looked all around the field. There were lights everywhere, it seemed, in a variety of colors, each with a special meaning.

Behind us were other planes. They were Wellingtons, just like ours, and their wing lights were on. The long line of planes looked like a motor caravan on the Boston Post Road, or any other highway in America.

Except for the voice of the navigator, Ludwig, a pilot officer, there was little talking over the inter-phone. It was the navigator's first combat mission of any type, but his voice was steady and he seemed to be very sure of himself when he spoke. The men seemed to be sure of him, too.

Once in a while the pilot would yell through the inter-phone, "How are you, American? Everything okey dokey?"

At one time I couldn't locate the reply switch on our inter-phone, so I couldn't acknowledge Tadeusz's greeting immediately.

"Hey, Yankee-doodle-dandy," he yelled. "This is no time to sleep. Hurry up, American, wake up!"

I finally located the switch and apologized. Tadeusz laughed and cussed me out. A very nice cussing, too. Then he said that I shouldn't take his kidding or his cussing too seriously.

It's not very beautiful in the middle of the North Sea late at night. At least, it didn't look pretty this night. The clouds were ugly black and they hung low. The water below, when we could see it through a break in the clouds, looked heavy, brown and slippery. It was as dull as you can imagine anything being dull. There was all this nothingness around us, none of our other planes were in sight—there was not even an enemy plane. We felt like rolling up and going to sleep.

Then in the far distance, from the left wing, I sighted a plane. Its wings and fuselage blended perfectly against the muddy sky, and what little light came from it made it look like a moving star. But there were no stars above us now, so I knew definitely that it was a plane. I called Tadeusz's attention to it. He checked and then reported back quickly.

"It's okey dokey," he said. "It's a Wimpy."

Within thirty minutes of our target, the navigator, rear gunner and bombardier checked back and forth with Tadeusz frequently.

As we penetrated deeper and deeper into enemy coast waters the clouds began to get thicker. At one point, for about 20 minutes, they were so thick and dark that we didn't know whether we were flying vertically or horizontally. It was playing hell with Tadeusz's nerves. He cussed the clouds incessantly. In Polish he used such idioms as "May the lightning strike you," and in English his cussing was more blunt. He was angry because here we had come all this way, and the clouds threatened to thwart our final action, that of planting the mines right on the pin point of a certain shipping lane.

"The mine doesn't do us any good outside of the shipping lane," the intelligence officer had said.

And we began worrying, and hoped that before we reached the target, by some good luck there would be a break in the clouds.

It's strange how thirsty a man can become in times like that. We were flying low and required no oxygen masks, so it was easy enough to drink or chew on candy if we liked. I remembered there was a thermos bottle full of hot coffee in a canvas bag behind the astro-dome. Everybody takes along an individual thermos bottle of coffee on these journeys. I reached into the bag and poured some coffee into the aluminium cap.

Just then the pilot called the bombardier.

"Only one minute," he said.

The bombardier said okay.

One more minute and we would be right on the enemy's doorstep. According to stories from Fortress gunners, the Frisian Islands aren't exactly armed with peashooters. So we anticipated plenty of fire. I slowly sipped the coffee, but kept looking all around, and up. Then we sighted the silhouette of land from the right wing. To the left there was more coastline. Our plane was flying right through a break between two islands.

Suddenly the plane began to rock, and then it dropped altitude. Out over the left wing bursts of green fire could be seen, and for a moment we thought the plane had been hit. Tadeusz was using the inter-phone plenty now. Then, suddenly again, the plane dropped more, almost in a nose-dive position, until I thought we were going right into the drink down below. All of this happened within 10 seconds, but up there time is measured differently than on land.

Tadeusz straightened out the plane. Ahead of us, behind, and above us came the most beautiful Fourth of July fireworks I'd ever seen. In the far distance, all around, there were big red bursts and closer, there were light green bursts. The red bursts represented heavy flak, the green stuff was light flak, and didn't look as dangerous.

At one point I stuck my head closer to the top of the astro-dome to get a clearer view of our rear. Then I ducked fast. Hot, brightly-illuminated slugs from machine-guns were whizzing behind our tail, and some came high above me. I gulped whatever coffee was left in the cap and looked up again. There's no percentage in ducking stuff that you can see, according to old hands in the business. It's the slug you don't see that has your name on it.

Then we heard the navigator talking.

"Czas," he said. "Czas" (Time).

The bombardier muttered something in Polish, then we could feel a heavy thud from below the center of the fuselage and we knew that a mine had been released. From where I was it wasn't possible to see the mine parachute into the shipping lane, but the rear gunner, a 21-year-old kid with 18 ops to his credit, could see beautifully as the chute opened up and the long, round mine hit the water.

The time dragged along slowly from then on. It seemed like an hour before we circled our way out of the position between the islands. Actually it was only about 10 minutes, but the continuous barrage of flak and machine-gun fire thrown at us made it appear six times as long. And all this time Tadeusz was cussing. He was much happier now; we had planted our load and the only thing that could prevent us from returning to our base would be a lucky shot from somewhere. But there were no lucky shots for the Germans that night and soon we were out in the North Sea again.

Over the inter-phone came Tadeusz's voice. He warned everybody to be on the lookout for enemy convoys, so that if we spotted any, we could radio the base to notify the British MTB boats.

In the far distance ahead of us was a large amber light. Coming from it we could see faint sparks of fire. It was an enemy flak ship and it was shooting at one of our planes. Tadeusz said that it might be a convoy. Then the navigator called out a slight change in our course, to get out of the range of the fire, and Tadeusz turned the plane in that direction.

A few minutes later the amber light was gone. And nothing was left again but the ugly, black clouds and the heavy brown sea below. But it looked prettier than on our way over. We were satisfied that our job was done well, and that back at base WAAF girls would hand us a shot of brandy and coffee and sandwiches. We also knew that there would be a clean, warm bed waiting for us. By this time we were all very hungry and damn sleepy.

The Poles like to tell stories about themselves. Their favorite one is about the time when they were still in operational training with the RAF.

They wanted to fly over Germany in the worst way, but the British wouldn't let them until they had had longer training. One night, while on a bombing practice mission one of the Polish planes disappeared. RAF pilots flew all over England and the North Sea looking for it. But the Poles were nowhere to be found, and the searching party returned to base. Several hours later, a lonely Wellington circled the field and landed. It was the missing ship.

Intelligence officers swarmed all over the Polish airmen. Grinning, the pilot of the missing ship explained it all.

"We didn't want to waste the bombs on a practice target, so we went to Germany and dropped them there."

. . . These Polish navigators stood around a table, like English knights of old, and carefully charted a course for the mission in enemy waters.

MUDDY AFTERNOON IN ITALY

A FIFTH ARMY JEEP SLITHERS THROUGH THE THICK ITALIAN MUD. LONG WEEKS OF RAIN HAVE CHURNED UP THE GROUND AND TURNED JEEP DRIVERS INTO FATALISTS.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The road through the valley was thick with mud that looked like chocolate-colored whipped cream. The rain dripped steadily from the gray sky, blanketing out the mountains in the distance. Trucks slithered heavily along the road, trying to follow the ruts left by other trucks.

The attack had been successful that morning and two battalions of Infantry now occupied the high ground at the end of the valley. The trucks were bringing up supplies; an ammunition dump had already been established at the base of a hill, and even the tanks were moving up.

The Regimental CP had pulled out as soon as the CO saw that his attack was in. Only two of the drivers from the intelligence platoon were left, waiting for some of their men to come down from observation posts that had been made obsolete by the attack. The drivers stood by the side of the road, taking the misery of the weather in their stride, acutely conscious of the fact that they had driven in worse weather before and would do so again. They stood by their two jeeps and talked of life and second lieutenants.

"Now, you take that new lieutenant," one of the drivers said. "That there Ninety-Day Wonder."

"Which Ninety-Day Wonder?" the other driver said. "We got lots of them."

"You know which one I mean, Sam," the first driver said. "The one with the pipe like he's still in college."

"Oh, *him*," Sam said.

"Why, today I had to show him which way the front was," the first driver said.

"Now, Jesse," said the other.

"I hope to fall right down in a dead faint," Jesse said. "Why, that man couldn't find a hog in a phone booth. He don't even have the cosmoline out of his ears yet."

"Now, Jesse," Sam said. "The lieutenant's all right. He's just young, that's all. You got to excuse them when they're young."

"*You* got to excuse them," Jesse said. "All I got to do is listen to them."

He started to say something else, but stopped to watch with professional interest as a two-and-a-half almost slid into a ditch.

"Pull her sharp to the left," Jesse called.

The truck driver pulled her sharp to the left and nearly turned over. He stopped cursing the truck long enough to lean out and say a few things to Jesse.

"Mind your manners," Jesse said.

The truck pulled out safely and moved on down the road, and a line of tanks followed it up. The tanks were open at the top, with a man in each turret manning a .50 caliber. They stopped, leaving one tank abreast of Sam and Jesse. The man in this turret was very wet and looked as if he had ulcers.

"Get a horse," Jesse called.

"Why don't you think of something original?" the tankman said disgustedly.

Jesse made a few more tentative comments about what tanks were good for, without appreciable results, and then he suddenly stopped talking. There was the sound of firing up ahead. There was the sudden roar of motors and Sam said, "Jerry planes!"

The tankman didn't look so ulcerish and swung his gun around until it faced the motor sound, now growing louder. Jesse jumped for his jeep, which mounted a .30-caliber machine gun, and started feverishly to prime the piece.

Sam hit the ground, together with everyone else in the vicinity, and the tanks opened up with the 50s. The motor sound grew very loud, and then a plane swept overhead, going very fast and low, the crosses on the wings very big and the flame licking at the sides where the guns were. It was low enough for the men on the ground to see the pilot, who was bareheaded with blond curly hair. Then it was gone, the guns swinging around to follow and the ack-ack increasing down the line. Jesse was still working on his gun.

Then there was another roar and the tanks fired again. Another plane appeared, a little higher this time, its motor drowning out everything else. When it was overhead the plane banked suddenly on one wing and a thing like a football came shooting out, arching over the tanks. Everyone ducked and there was a loud explosion and the plane was gone. The ack-ack followed it along, growing fainter, and finally stopped. Everyone scrambled to his feet. Jesse was still trying to get his gun together.

"You can come away from that now," Sam said gently. "They've gone."

Jesse climbed out of his jeep. "I got to get that thing fixed," he said.

"I wonder did he hit anything," Sam said. "Hey," he said to the tankman. "Did you see where the bomb hit?"

"Didn't hit none of our tanks," the tankman said.

"What did you hit?" Jesse said.

"I didn't hit a damn thing," the tankman said sourly. There was the sound of motors high in the air and then the sound of ack-ack up ahead.

"There they go," Sam said. He pointed up. Very high and just about to enter the clouds were three planes with square wingtips. Tracer bullets followed them up, but they weren't coming anywhere near. The planes entered the clouds and were out of sight.

"I wonder did they get the ammunition dump," Sam said.

THE tanks started their motors again and moved slowly up the road, flattening the mud as they went. A jeep came down from the direction of the front, and Jesse hailed the driver and asked if the ammunition dump had been hit.

The driver shook his head. "Not that I know," he said. "Only thing I know they hit was Jake Hamburg."

"Not Master Sgt. Hamburg out of Service Company?" Sam said.

"The very same," the driver said. "Caught him right in the seat of the pants as he was pulling for an inside straight."

"My," Jesse said.

"Hurt him bad?" Sam asked.

The driver shook his head again. "Just humiliating," he said. He threw the jeep into gear and moved on down the road.

"This war is getting dangerous," Jesse said.

"Naw," Sam said. "It's just what you get for trying to fill an inside straight."

The two of them returned to their jeeps and sat without talking. The rain still fell quietly and steadily. The last of the tanks had passed and the trucks were coming down the road again. It was getting dark.

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PT BOAT MISSION

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON A PT BOAT IN SOUTHWEST PACIFIC WATERS—Tiny red lights drifted past us in the water between our PT boat and the smoldering hulk of the enemy barge. "Those are dead Japs," said Harry Long MM2c of Stroud, Okla. "They probably jumped out to swim for shore but got it from our machine guns. The red lights on their life jackets are supposed to guide rescue boats."

It was almost dawn and we were nearing the end of an all-night mission that cost the enemy two large barges, one small supply landing craft and a large number of dead Japs. Riding with us on the mission was the "Old Man," Lt. Cmdr. John D. Bulkeley, who commanded the PTs at Bataan and brought Gen. MacArthur out of the Philippines on his way to Australia.

I had met Cmdr. Bulkeley that afternoon at a PT base, hidden away from Jap planes and submarines up one of the hundreds of rivers that wind among New Guinea's towering mountains. The base was alive with activity. Motor torpedo boats, their camouflaged outlines blending with overhanging jungle foliage, bobbed in the dispersal areas. Machinists' mates, stripped to the waist under the scorching sun, were gassing up the boats and tuning their powerful supermarine engines. Gunners cleaned their weapons and loaded more ammunition aboard.

In the midst of this activity stood a stocky, round-faced man in his early 30s, shirtless like the sailors with whom he was talking quietly. This was Cmdr. Bulkeley. In his jungle hut hung an officer's blouse bearing four rows of ribbons, including the Congressional Medal of Honor, but out here in the sun the only tip-off on his rank was the way the men addressed him.

A sailor approached Bulkeley with a wide grin. "Commander," he said, "I got hold of another tommy gun for our boat today."

"Fine, fella," the commander replied. "Get all the guns you can. But don't take 'em away from the jungle fighters. They need them more than we do."

Two soldiers edged over to Bulkeley and asked if it would be okay for them to go on the night's mission. "Sure," said the commander, "glad to have you. What can you shoot best—Browning or tommy gun?" The soldiers, stationed at a nearby bivouac area, were looking for the chance to knock off a few Japs.

A couple of sailors who work around the PT base also asked permission to go out on the mission, even though they would have to put in a full shift next day, either in the radio shack, kitchen, ordnance hut, torpedo tent or on construction.

"Wanta come along with us tonight?" the commander asked me. "Sure," I said.

Every PT bristles with machine guns, cannons and torpedoes, but extra firepower is always welcome. Only about half the men on each crew are needed to man the fixed weapons. The rest grab tommy guns, BARs, Garands, Springfields, pistols or grenades when the action starts.

Word had passed around that Cmdr. Bulkeley, who holds a staff job at the base, would be going along on the night's patrol, one of his regular weekly check-ups on the tactics and efficiency of the crews. Like Bulkeley, several of the skippers are Annapolis men. They are kiddingly called "trade-school graduates" by the other officers and sailors, most of them Naval Reserves who volunteered for PT training at the Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron Training Center in Melville, R. I.

The skippers selected for the night's mission were briefed, and then officers and crews filed in for early chow at 4 P.M. It was obvious that the PT base is a paradise compared with Army living standards in New Guinea. Our meal was served in a mess hall on metal plates instead of mess kits. The bread was fresh, baked that same day by a sailor at the base. The meat, butter, cold drinks and even cokes, the men told me, were stored in big refrigerators.

After chow we headed for the boats, passing screened wooden and thatch huts used for living quarters and offices. There wasn't a single typewriter around. "We leave red tape and paper work to the flagship down the coast," Bulkeley said. "This is a combat base."

As a vivid orange sunset painted the sky ahead, our two PTs roared out of the jungle hide-out's winding river and skimmed along the smooth waters of the Solomons Sea toward the scene of our night's patrol. Cmdr. Bulkeley took his favorite position in a movie director's canvas armchair atop the narrow deck. Binoculars and a pistol were slung over his khakis.

Puffing contentedly on a cigar, the commander explained the task assigned to the PTs. "We work hand in hand with the Fifth Air Force in blockading the coast against Jap reinforcements and shipping," he said. "The bombers patrol the waters in the daytime and we take over at night. In this way we're weakening Jap resistance in New Guinea so the Infantry and Artillery will have an easier job."

In less than a year, the PT fleet operating in this area has sunk more than 150 Jap vessels, without the loss of a single motor torpedo boat through enemy action and with casualties so few they can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

PTs have much in common with the bombers that share their vigil, Bulkeley said. A PT crew is just about the same size as a Liberator or Flying Fortress crew. Living and fighting in the close quarters of a PT have made the lives of the officers and men just as informal as those of a bomber crew. Like bombers, PTs have distinctive names and pictures on their cockpits—*Miss Malaria, Ball of Fire, Jolly Roger* and *Cock of the Walk*. And like Air Force men, the PT crews paint miniature Jap vessels on their cabins as a record of each victory.

JUST before dusk turned to darkness, we made out a blob of land ahead of us. It was Jap-held territory. The gunners tried a few practice bursts. Our skipper, Lt. (jg) Herbert P. Knight of Wichita, Kans., ordered the engineer to cut the motors to idling speed so we could move up as noiselessly as possible. For several hours we patrolled the coast line, following a plotted course, our binoculars searching the dark foggy night for Jap craft.

Then a light drizzle began and we donned rainsuits. A little later the rain was succeeded by a mist blanketing the glassy sea. Small groups of us took turns going below to the tiny galley for hot coffee and sandwiches.

I took a look around inside the boat and was surprised at the size of the cabins. An outside view of the PT had given an impression of smallness, but inside there were bunks with mattresses for each officer and man, lavatories, spacious lockers for clothes, a navigation room and even a guest room. Books, magazines and pin-up girls were scattered through the cabins.

At 4:30 A. M., when I was back up on deck, Louis Schaff QM3c of Pekin, Ill., shouted from his bow gun:

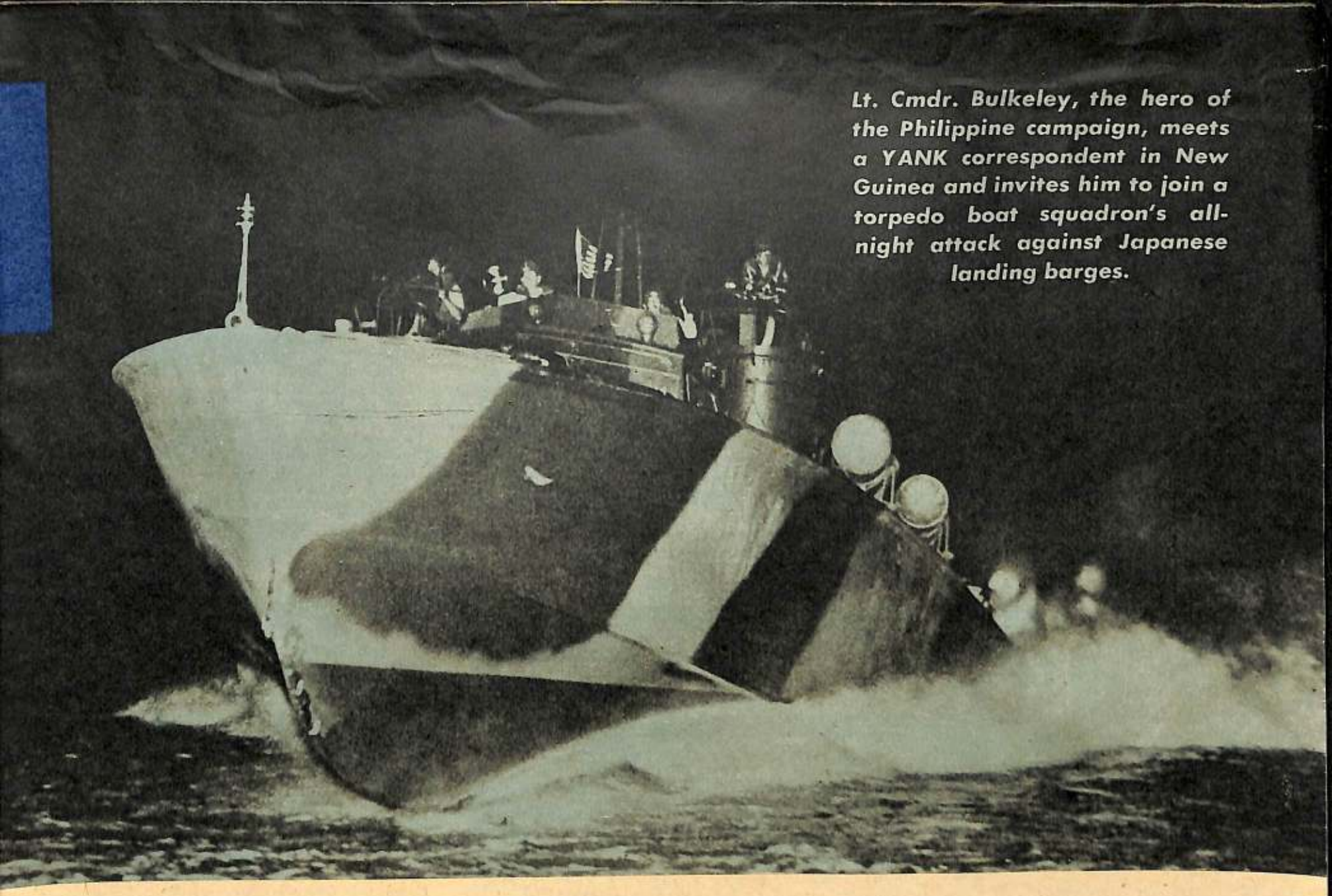
"Barge two points off the port bow."

The skipper, Lt. Knight, spun the wheel hard

Lt. Cmdr. John D. Bulkeley, back from a mission, at the PT's jungle hide-out.

Lt. (jg) Herbert P. Knight (left) of Wichita, Kans., PT skipper, takes over helm. Beside him is Joe Kocur QM2c of Sparrows Point, Md.

Harry Long MM2c of Stroud, Okla.; works in the engine room of *Miss Malaria*, named after a local harpy.



Lt. Cmdr. Bulkeley, the hero of the Philippine campaign, meets a YANK correspondent in New Guinea and invites him to join a torpedo boat squadron's all-night attack against Japanese landing barges.

to port and opened the throttle. He yelled down through the open hatch to the radio room. Edward Masters RM3c of Brooklyn, N. Y., messaged the other PT to follow us into the attack. All hands clambered to the guns as Lt. (jg) John Dromey of Boston, Mass., second in command, barked orders. Several hundred feet ahead of us, the other PT spun around to follow us toward our target.

"It's a Jap all right," said Lt. Knight. Our engines leaped to life and we hurtled toward the dark shape on the water. "Okay, boys," the skipper yelled, "let 'em have it."

The misty black night blazed with the light of tracer bullets and our PT boat throbbed under the recoil as a bedlam of gunfire answered Lt. Knight's command. Tracers poured into the enemy vessel, a small supply landing craft. It seemed to fold up amidship in a pall of smoke, then suddenly sank with a gush.

"There's another one, a big baby, over to starboard," shrilled Raymond Connors S1c, a Jersey City (N. J.) youngster manning one of the machine guns. Lt. Knight spun the wheel again, and the PT boat left a phosphorescent wake of foam as we closed in on our second victim.

This time we couldn't count on the advantage of surprise; our attack on the first barge had betrayed our presence. But speed, maneuverability and firepower were in our favor. The Jap craft loomed up ahead—a 70-foot barge heavily loaded with men and supplies. Tree branches camouflaged the vessel; evidently it hugged the shore by day to avoid detection by our bombers.

The barge had swung from its southerly course and headed north at our approach. Now tracer bullets spewed forth. I remembered what John Burg MM1c of Decatur, Ill., had said: "One hit in the right place might blow our thin mahogany hull to smithereens. We can't afford to get hit anywhere." But the tracers passed harmlessly over our heads.

"Pour it on," ordered Lt. Knight, and every member of our crew let the barge have it except officers, radioman and engine-room man, who had their hands full already. Behind us, as we knifed past the Jap, the second PT sent its tracers into the barge's hull. But still it floated. We started circling to make another run.

Suddenly Eddie Ryscik SC3 of Port Chester, N.Y., the cook, piped up: "Damned if there isn't a third one dead ahead. And just as big." We veered to starboard and passed within yards of the barge. Two of our machine guns were jammed now, but the rest of the guns spouted white tracers of lead at the hull. This new vessel was the same kind as the last one, and apparently just as unsinkable. The other PT tagged along behind us and fired away, but as we turned, we saw that both Jap barges were still afloat and headed for the shore.

Then we noticed that they had stopped moving. Evidently their engines were hit. We made another run, followed by the other PT. This time there was no return fire from the first big barge, but the second one came to life and shot cannon and machine-gun bullets our way. We made two more runs, silencing the second barge but still not sinking either of them.

"These are gonna be tough," said the skipper. "Our bullets are glancing off the sides. The things must be armor-plated. Shoot lower this time. Hit 'em below the water line."

On this run we idled our engines and slid by both barges so close we could look into them. Just as we passed each of the barges we attacked again, then spurted ahead to get out of the way.

FINALLY, on the fifth run, our boat slowed down and idled past the second big barge, only a few feet from it. We tossed hand grenades and fired point-blank into its bottom. As we left, it seemed to break in two, nosed into the water and sank.

Now both PTs stood by and sailors boarded the battered and smoldering hulk of the Jap barge still afloat. Suddenly one of the sailors whipped up his .45 and fired. "One of the Japs was still alive," he yelled over to us. "He tried to grab a rifle."

Cmdr. Bulkeley, who had boarded the barge with the sailors, was tugging at a Jap gun. One of the crew members took out two of the bolts that fastened the gun to the deck, but still it wouldn't come loose.

Abruptly I realized that dawn had come. We could see into the barge quite clearly. Dead Japs with full packs were heaped in the stern. In the bow were large boxes of food and drums of gasline. The barge had armor-plated sides and Diesel engines. We counted four machine guns and a 20-mm cannon on the gunwales and bow.

A small fire in the bow crackled under the roof of fresh branches and edged toward the gasoline drums. This and the coming of daylight cut short the examination of the barge. Cmdr. Bulkeley abandoned his efforts to get the Jap gun loose and scrambled aboard the PT, dripping with sweat. The crew followed. "Make one more run and sink this one," the commander ordered. "Then let's beat it for home."

The other PT fired into the bottom of the barge and scurried out of the way. Listing and splintering, the Jap boat sank in a gurgle of water. After a last look around, the PTs opened up and made tracks for home at top speed.

"Those big barges were the toughest babies to sink I've ever seen," said Cmdr. Bulkeley. "We sank Jap freighters off Luzon (in the Philippines) faster than that."

We noticed uneasily that we were in full view of the Jap-held coast line only half a mile away. It was 5:45 A. M. now—no time to be prowling in Jap waters, because shore observation posts might send for planes. The gunners reloaded and scanned the skies.

Half an hour later we heard a shout overhead. Tom McHale F1c of Providence, R. I., had spotted a tiny speck in the sky from his stern-gun position. But the plane was 20,000 feet up and miles behind us, evidently on a routine dawn reconnaissance. It disappeared a few moments later in a cloud bank, and the gunners relaxed again.

Most of the crew went below when the PTs entered friendly waters. We drank warm coffee to shake off the morning chill, then stretched out on bunks for a little shut-eye. It was time for the Fifth Air Force to take over the day shift.

The Army Authorizes Bronze Stars

SOLDIERS who have seen combat overseas are now authorized to wear bronze battle and campaign stars on their foreign theater ribbons.

Before Oct. 29, when this announcement was made by the Adjutant General, the only combat participation award authorized by the War Department for this war was the bronze star on the Asiatic ribbon which signified that the wearer had served at Bataan. Similar stars can now be worn by soldiers who have served at Guadalcanal, New Guinea, North Africa, Attu and other places where Army troops have seen action.

But that doesn't mean you can drop into a combat zone six months after all active operations against the enemy there have ceased and still expect to pin a star on your ribbon. Each combat zone and its boundaries—and dates of the beginning and the end of combat operations in that zone—are sharply defined in General Orders No. 75, War Department, 1943, which brings up to date the official list of recognized battles and campaigns of the United States Army.

You are entitled to wear a bronze star on your theater ribbon only if you have served in one of the combat zones on that list within the time limitations specified for that zone.

For instance, you are not eligible to wear a star on an Asiatic ribbon if you were stationed on Guadalcanal from June 1943 until September 1943. General Orders No. 75 says a star is not authorized for Guadalcanal unless you were there between Aug. 7, 1942, and Feb. 21, 1943. It also says that you can't wear a star for service in Hawaii unless you were there on Dec. 7, 1941. In other words, you have to tangle with the enemy.

★ ★ ★ ★ You can wear them on your ribbons, as pictured here, if you have served in specified periods of operations against the enemy.

Here are the other combat zones and time limitations which have been added to the Army's list of battles and campaigns and therefore rate a bronze star:

Central Pacific Zone includes the area there west of the 180th meridian, the Gilbert Islands and Nauru from Dec. 7, 1941, to a date not yet announced. Anyone who served on Midway Island from June 3 to June 6, 1942, also rates a star.

Philippine Islands Zone includes those islands and the waters within 50 miles of them from Dec. 7, 1941, to May 10, 1942.

East Indies Zone includes Southwest Pacific area, less the Philippines and less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south between Jan. 1, 1942, and July 22, 1942.

Papua Zone covers the Southwest Pacific area, less the Philippines and less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south and east of longitude 140 degrees east between July 23, 1942, and Jan. 23, 1943.

New Guinea Zone covers the same area as the Papua Zone but the time limit begins Jan. 24, 1943. The final date, of course, hasn't been announced because the campaign isn't yet over.

Guadalcanal Zone, as mentioned above, includes Solomons, Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters from Aug. 7, 1942, to Feb. 21, 1943. The other Solomons, north and west of the Russell Islands are included in a

Northern Solomons Zone, with a time limit beginning Feb. 22, 1943. Because operations here—in Bougainville—are still in progress the final date has not been established.

Burma-India Zone is pretty complicated. It is divided into two sections. The first one, from Dec. 7, 1941, to May 26, 1942, includes all of Burma. A second campaign includes the current operations beginning April 2, 1942, in those parts of India, Burma and enemy-held territories lying beyond the following line: The Assam-Thibet border at east longitude 95 degrees, 45 minutes; thence due south to latitude 27 degrees, 32 minutes north; thence due west to Sadiya branch of Sadiya-Dibrugarh Railway (excl.); thence southwest along the railway to Tinsukia (excl.); thence south along Bengal and Assam railway to Namrup (excl.); thence southwestward through Mokeuchung, Kohima, Imphal and Aijal to Chittagong (all incl.) and also the adjacent waters. In fact, a little water would help after pronouncing some of those places.

China Zone includes all of enemy-held China and adjoining countries plus a zone 50 miles wide extending into Allied-held territory, beginning July 4, 1942, with the final date not yet announced.

Aleutian Islands Zone is an area bounded by longitude 165 degrees west and 170 degrees east and by latitudes 50 degrees and 55 degrees north. It was considered a combat zone between June 3, 1942, and Aug. 24, 1943.

Europe Air Offensive Zone includes the whole ETO exclusive of the land areas of the United Kingdom and Iceland. Time limit for combat stars in the ETO began July 4, 1942, and, naturally, won't end until Hitler ends.

Egypt-Libya Zone includes those parts of Egypt and Libya west of 30 degrees east longitude, from June 11, 1942, to Nov. 6, 1942, and after that west of 25 degrees east longitude until Feb. 12, 1943. This zone also includes the adjacent waters.

Algeria-French Morocco Zone includes those countries and adjacent waters between Nov. 8 and 11, 1942.

Tunisia Zone includes Tunisia and Algeria east of Constantine and adjacent waters between Nov. 8, 1942, and May 13, 1943, for combat in the air, and between Nov. 17, 1942, and May 13, 1943, for ground combat.

Sicily Zone includes that island and adjacent waters between May 14, 1943, and Aug. 17, 1943, for air combat, and between July 9, 1943, and Aug. 17, 1943, for ground combat.

A letter from the Adjutant General to commanding generals of theaters of operations [AG 200.6; 26 Oct. 43] also states that credit will be given for participation in antisubmarine operations which are not a part of one of the above campaigns. The letter sets down the following provisions, for eligibility of individuals to wear bronze stars:

"Provided the individual served honorably in the combat zone as a member of a unit or attached to a unit at some time during the period in which the unit participated in battle and was awarded credit therefor under the provisions of paragraph 12, AR 260-10; or

"In cases of individuals not members of, or attached to units, provided the individual is awarded a combat decoration or served honorably under competent orders in the combat zone at some time between the limiting dates of the battle or campaign as established by War Department orders."

Authority to wear the bronze star will be noted on enlisted men's service records. Credit will be given only once to a unit for participation in any one battle or campaign. You can't get a different star for each day you spent on Attu, for example.

HERE IS CORRECT ORDER FOR RIBBONS MOST COMMON IN THE ETO. Above, ground force man wears, in top row, Silver Star; in bottom row, from left to right, Purple Heart with one cluster (for twice being wounded in action), Good Conduct Ribbon, Pearl Harbor Ribbon, and ETO Ribbon with three stars (one each for North African landing, Tunisian campaign and Sicilian campaign). Below, air force man wears blue field behind gunner's wings to indicate he is in combat crew. His ribbons are: top row, left to right, Distinguished Flying Cross and Purple Heart; bottom row, left to right, Air Medal (for five missions) with two Oak Leaf Clusters (for ten additional missions), Good Conduct Ribbon, Pearl Harbor Ribbon, and ETO Ribbon with one star (for all combat operations over Europe). This order of wearing ribbons is correct according to AR 600-40, C24.

Propaganda Mule

By Sgt. JAMES DUGAN

This fictional account of a new type of weapon—psychological warfare—is based on the experiences of PW combat teams in Tunisia and Sicily.

DECEMBER rain fell on the front across the Volturno. Battery C was up to its knees in mud. The loaders slipped and fell as they fed the 25-pounder shells to the guns. It was hard to get up; you fell on your back, cradling the shell so it didn't get muddy if you could help it. The mud was like tar, bogs and quicksands of tarry mud. The guns spoke, a line of seven hundred guns, from 25-pounders to 155s, strung up and down the hilly line, flaring like a photographer's flash bulbs in the gray downpour. When they flashed, ridges of mud glistened and the fog and rainy sky lit up and went out like a neon sign.

C Battery, a mixed British and American outfit, had been deep in the mud for three days on a slope facing Mount Camino. Sometimes the cloud and rain died down and they saw the haunted shapes of the Camino peaks, and the monastery where the Germans were. They never saw the Germans; they felt only his mortar fire, and the generals said there were Germans there, so C Battery slaved for its guns, ate mud and slept in it, and cursed everything between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, including K rations, Jerry, the generals of both sides, and the weather.

Mark Clark wanted a barrage so the living lumps of mud on the slope gave it to him with a curse. The guns flashed all day and all night; the world had nothing in it but breeches, white flashes, mud, and a soft bed of mud for sleep. The tired men cursed loudly and off-key, because they were almost deaf and they were keeping their mouths open to save their eardrums.

As litter bearers went down the murderous trails behind with wounded, the ammunition and supply trains came up by mule and human back. Battery C got some fresh ammunition late in the morning. The wet mules stood patiently as the stuff was unloaded. The last mule broke ranks and marched over to the Command Post, accompanied by three wet men; a lieutenant, a corporal, and a man with the civilian technician's triangle on his sleeve. The strangers talked for a half-hour with the Commanding Officer.

The CO pointed to a gully a hundred yards behind the battery and the three strangers under the command of the mule marched back and camped in the gully.

A British gun-loader was relieved and went back to look at the newcomers. The rain stopped for a few minutes and the sun came out. The Royal Artilleryman sat on a rock and saw the mule being unpacked. Out of one box came a shining aluminum machine, a little larger than a typewriter, which the corporal was monkeying with. The other boxes yielded some odds and ends including a small tray and a box with several pigeonholes. The civilian picked into the box and arranged the small pieces of lead he brought forth, on the tray between metal strips. The lieutenant, who had tied up the mule, was scribbling in a notebook and handing his writing to the civilian typesetter.

The RA man heard the battery commander calling him. "Empty some of the smoke shells," said the CO, "and let these people here reload them."

The strangers produced some paper from another box and the thin corporal began turning out printed sheets on the small press. They stuffed the printed pages into a half-dozen shells, recapped them, and consulted the battery sergeant-major on the fusing.

"What the hell goes on?" said one of the gunners to the battery commander, when the shells were ready.

"It's a PW combat team," said the CO. "They came up here to give us a hand."

"What's a PW team?" a lance-corporal wanted to know.

"Psychological warfare," said the CO.

The lieutenant of the PW team came over.

"You mean we're going to load that bloody paper?" said a gunner.

The strange lieutenant said: "We think it's worth trying. You've been hitting them for three days—right? You don't know what effect you're having—right? I say you've probably got them groggy. They've been getting the biggest artillery barrage since El Alamein—right?"

He looked at the gunner who had made the crack about paper shells.

"Sergeant, these things look like crap. I admit that. But don't make a mistake. They do explode. You get only one explosion out of the HE, but you might get a thousand explosions out of this one. It keeps on exploding on every guy that reads it. They get together and it explodes in a couple more faces, and maybe it gets back to Germany. This stuff isn't good for Jerry.

"We were sent up here from headquarters to see if we could help out. This is one kind of job we do. We can't do it unless you guys have them licked already. We're no good unless you have them licked. And it was your barrage that licked them."

A GUNNER, down on his hunkers in the mud, listening and waiting to talk, said: "The bastards had plenty. But you can't see them. We hit every square inch of that hill and still nothing. Why don't the generals tell us what's going on?"

"He's bloody well had it. Why don't they send the infantry in at him?" said another gunner.

"The sonofabitches are probably out of there by now."

"Wait a minute," said the PW lieutenant. "You don't know how he stands. What do your patrols report?"

The battery commander said: "I told you, lieutenant, we haven't had any accurate reports for 36 hours."

A suspicious Pfc., who had been hefting one of the paper-stuffed shells, said: "What's it say in them papers, Pop?"

"It's in German," the civilian said. "Read it to the men, lieutenant."

The battery commander said: "Wait a minute," and then called to his men. "Take a break and gather round over here."

The PW lieutenant held up the leaflet.

"TRAPPED!" he said, looking around at the muddy gunners. "It says 'Trapped' in German. Then—'The German Sixth Army at Stalingrad was trapped. Two hundred thousand men, including Marshal Paulus, and twenty-one generals, were trapped and surrendered.'"

The mule, tethered to a tree, gave off a loud bray.

"'Trapped,' said the lieutenant. "'The Afrika Korps was trapped in Tunis. One hundred and twenty thousand German soldiers died at Stalingrad in the Russian trap. Thousands more died in Tunisia in the British and American trap. Von Arnim and von Paulus, both were trapped.

"'What did these heroic German soldiers die for? Did they die for their wives and mothers? What good is a dead son or husband to a wife or mother, trapped by British and American bombs?'"

The mule brayed again.

"'So are heroic German soldiers trapped in Italy—why should you die? Is it for Hitler? Wives and mothers give the answer to Hitler: No! Our men will not die for you; they will live for us.'"

The gunners looked out at the inscrutable slope of Mount Camino as the lieutenant read on:—

"'Trapped! German soldier in Italy! The only way home to your wife, to your mother, is through an Allied prison camp. It will please us very much to continue this deadly barrage against the positions of your regiment, the 15th Panzer Grenadiers, but you will want to take advantage of our offer. Save yourself from the trap!

"'This is a safe-conduct pass: *Passierschein*. Bring it to our lines and you will be fed, fairly treated, and you will return to Germany after the war.'"

The gunners looked at the lieutenant. Nobody said anything.

"Remember that word, *'Passierschein,'* meaning safe-conduct pass," said the lieutenant. "The leaflet finishes off with instructions in English to our outposts. The man presenting this safe-conduct is to be disarmed and returned to the rear."

The mule brayed and the rain began to fall again.

"Okay," said one of the gunners to the PW corporal. "Give me that shell, Four-eyes."

The PW lieutenant said: "We don't guarantee what will happen, but this paper is your message to the enemy in your sector. I think you have him on the run."

The battery commander called his gun crew chiefs. "We're going to fire four rounds of these at sundown. I'll get you the trajectory to lay them in on the windward. Range 10,300 yards, elevation to explode two or three hundred feet over enemy positions." He began to work his tables.

They fired the paper shells and waited.

THE first patrol brought in six Germans, muddy and half-crying with the shock of C Battery's barrage. "*Passierschein!*" they said, holding up the paper. Before dawn 22 Germans had straggled in, producing the safe-conduct out of their shoes and caps, and saying "*Passierschein!*"

With the last group was an eleven-year-old Italian boy, very dirty, who held an old-fashioned rifle against the backs of the Germans. The guerrilla was dismissed with a couple of cans of K-rations. The kid was sleeping under the mule at dawn.

An order came up from division at 0800 hours, ordering the battery to prepare to move up. The gunners stood on their hill watching the infantry going up the slope of Mount Camino. The guns were cold and covered with morning mist. The conscientious gunners were already servicing their weapons, getting ready to move.

It was a fine sunrise. Suddenly the men saw the beauty of Campania. It was quiet except for the little sounds of the ant-like infantry far below. The hills, even in December, seemed at once like spring. The mud dried on their fatigues and fell off in clods as they pranced around in the morning sun. They were in Italy!

The PW lieutenant tightened the cinch strap on the propaganda mule. The press, paper, ink and type fonts were packed. The old civilian compositor brewed tea with the limey gunners and he flexed his knees and stretched his arms.

"You had them punch drunk," said the PW lieutenant to the battery commander. "But you didn't know it. And Jerry didn't know what to do about the mess he was in. These goddam paper shells help find out." The PW men and the mule went back down the trail, with the Italian guerrilla leading the mule.

A gunner watched them disappear down the trail. "Jesus Christ," he said, "the next thing you know we'll be spraying Jerry with perfume."

THEY DID IT IN THE LAST WAR, TOO

". . . . . "The Army was drenched with enemy propaganda publications. Their great danger to us was clearly recognized. The Supreme Command offered rewards for such as were handed over to us, but we could not prevent them from poisoning the hearts of our soldiers." . . . .

—Gen. Erich Ludendorff, 1918.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

T/Sgt. Wes Green and Wac Pvt. Lucille Verzani put Pikeman G. W. Townsend straight on some of those stories he's been hearing about Chicago. The three met at a recent Chieto get-together.

Take It Away, Chicago!

THERE was a lot of fine oratory and stirring pageantry at the Chieto Flag Night ceremonies held in London City Hall the other evening, but to our way of thinking the high point of the proceedings came when a sergeant stepped up to a scarlet-clad pikeman and an OD-clad private, who were smoking together in a corridor, and told the pair to douse them butts. The pikeman, who got out of active service in 1903, and the private, who got into it in 1943, both said, "Sorry," obediently and hastened to comply.

Just on the off chance that you didn't happen to be one of the 300 Etousians present, we probably ought to explain what Chieto Flag Night was all about. Well, Chieto stands for Chicagoans in the ETO, a loyal group of guys who stand by their rambunctious old city through thick and thin and have formed a sort of club over here with headquarters in London and Lt. Col. Harry J. Dooley as its president. On this occasion, the Loop and London got together and swapped flags, with the help of a considerable smattering of brass and bigwigs—and we say bigwigs advisedly, for some of the London dignitaries who showed up were wearing those super-duper toupees which their ancestors thought so wolfish a couple of hundred years ago.

As a mouth-agape Yankee, up to our neck in tradition, we were naturally darned impressed by all the ancient rigmarole, especially those pikemen. We had a talk with one of them just to find out what goes on in the life of so ornamental a fixture when he's not doing his stuff for the newsreels. He turned out to be a fine old fellow named G. W. Townsend, who daytimes goes quietly about his work as an employee in the local law courts. He told us a thing or two about the pikemen. They're members of the Honourable Artillery Company, which dates back to 1450, although the uniform is a relatively up-to-the-minute model—vintage of 1641. The company has a charter, granted by Henry VIII, which expressly gives the pikemen permission to shoot deer in Piccadilly, so beware of sounding off with the moose call when you're cruising around those parts.

Providing neither sunspots nor censor were lousing things up, the ceremonies were broadcast to the folks back home, and for their benefit the Lord Mayor of London said a few words (pronouncing the "ch" in Chicago sensibly, as in "Chattanooga") and so did Sir James Grigg, the British Secretary of State for War, and Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, the head Yank in these parts. They were all brief and to the point and therefore oke by us, but the fellow who took the cake, in our opinion, was Colonel Dooley, as loyal a son of Chicago as Uncle Sam has ever been able to pry loose from the place, we bet. In ringing tones, he referred to his home town as "the city beautiful, a city of art, culture, and music," and wound up by reminding his audience that Chicago isn't as bad as it seems. "The people of Chicago are law-abiding," he said. "The figures show that it has one of the lowest crime records of any large city."

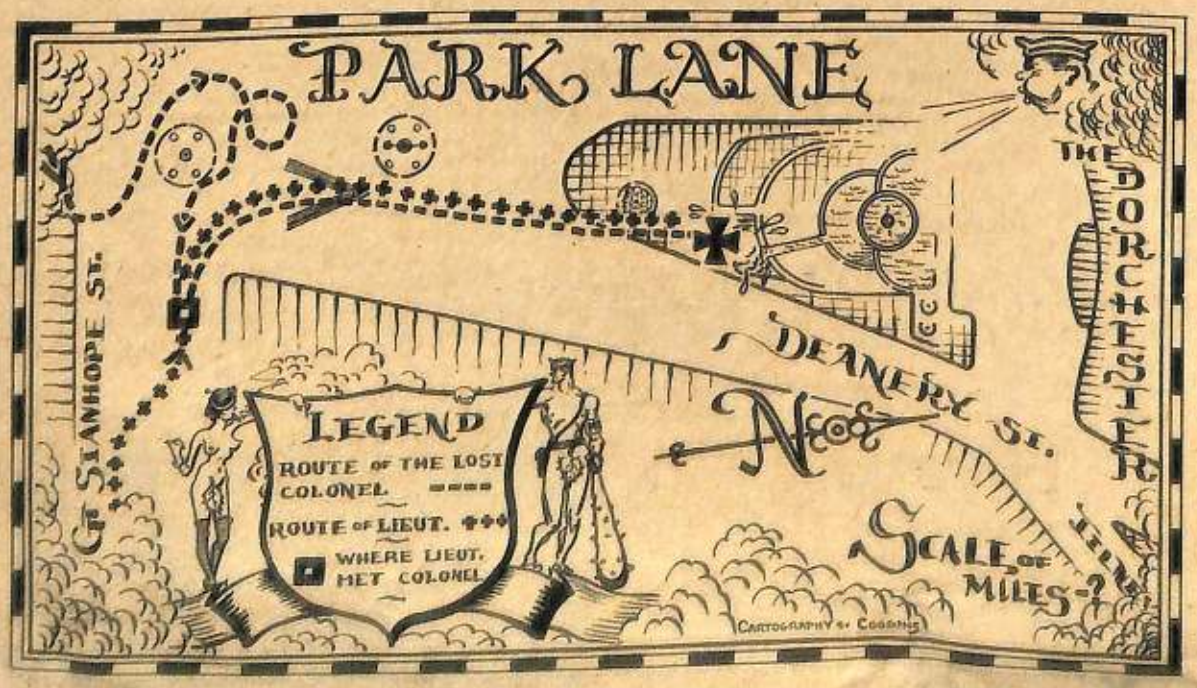
Colonel Dooley's point, of course, was sound, if somewhat unique, and it won the approval of practically every G.I. we ran into at the coke-and-a-sandwich gathering which followed the ceremony. The general reaction of the Chicagoans present to the colonel's words was: "British papers, please copy." T/Sgt. John Janovick, of 5636 West 26th Street, in good old Cicero, said that in the 19 months he's been in England he has grown pretty used to being looked upon as "one of those bad men from Chicago." 1st Sgt. Ed Ksiazkiewicz, of 2856 North Avers Ave., Chicago, who made a five-hour trip to London just to be present, said that in the 11 months he's been over here he's had his fill of well-meaning British girls who regard his home town as a more dangerous spot to be in than a second front. "They're always wondering why I don't carry a violin case," he said.

As it happened, five of the Mid-West's most lethal gun-toters were present, together with five other Etousians who make up the crew of the Flying Fortress *Windy City Avenger*. They got a big hand for the work they've been doing in rubbing out Jerries and avenging the plane's predecessor, the *Windy City Challenger*, which went down over France. The boys, who looked ill at ease but still mighty pleased as they took a bow, are: 1st Lt. Harry J. Task, Chicago, pilot; 1st Lt. Robert T. Knight, Miami, Fla., co-pilot; 2nd Lt. Al Hamel, New York City, bombardier; 1st Lt. Barry E. Urdang, New York City, navigator; S/Sgt. George Kriete, Chicago, ball-turret gunner; S/Sgt. Thaddeus M. Damsz, Chicago, tail gunner; T/Sgt. Richard G. Muise, Gloucester, Mass., engineer; S/Sgt. Ted C. Tryon, New Haven, Conn., right waist gunner; T/Sgt. Harry D. Hawkins, Lebanon, Ind., radio operator; and S/Sgt. William Resler, Muncie, Ind., left waist gunner.

After hearing (and looking at) Miss Aileen Hunter, a dreamy blonde accordionist here with a USO show, do a job on "Who," we decided it was our reportorial duty to have a word (or words) with her. "Are you from Chicago?" we asked, enterprisingly enough. She said she wasn't. "Ever been there?" we continued doggedly. "Nope," she said with a smile. "I'm from New York, which sort of puts us both in enemy territory, doesn't it?" Dazed, we staggered off, wondering how she ever guessed it. . . . And, oh yes, we nearly forgot. The Chietons elected Mayor and Mrs. Edward J. Kelly of Chicago as the first honorary members of their organization. In reply, they got a nice cable of thanks from His Honor and the Missus.

"X" Marks The Spot

From the way we carry on about London fog you might think we discovered the stuff, but it's always raising hell with Etousians, and we hope, by means of such graphic diagrams as the one below, to help others avoid the pitfalls into which their comrades have fallen. (The comrades, in this case, are a lieutenant and a colonel, so maybe you'll figure you'd have been smart enough to dodge this particular pitfall anyway, but let's skip that.) Here's what happened: In one of the gooier fogs the other night, a colonel and his lady were trying to find their way to the Dorchester, a hotel between Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch, and, after groping their way around various lamp posts and traffic stanchions, set off down Curzon Street toward the Washington Red Cross Club, thoroughly lost. Presently they met a lieutenant and *his* lady, coming the other way and also bound for the Dorchester. The colonel stopped the lieutenant, confessed his plight, and the lieutenant eagerly volunteered to act as guide. "Fine," said the colonel, and the party of four started off, visions of double bars or even oak leaves dancing before the shavetail's eyes. Might have worked out that way, too (you know—cocktails and dinner and polite talk of a transfer), had the lieutenant not forgotten about a fountain and pool just outside the Dorchester's front door. A sudden roar from the colonel, squeals from the ladies, and the horrible realization that he himself was in water up to his waist made it plain to the lieutenant that his future had just passed. "My girl and I went our way and the colonel and his girl went theirs," the lieutenant told us lugubriously the next day at the desk to which he now expects to be chained for the duration. "I haven't see him since, thank God."



The Age Of Chivalry

". . . and then," the guy in the lower was saying to his bunkmate overhead, "I jump off this bus before it stops, and there's a big queue waiting for it, and I land flat on my can right in front of them all." "Hurt yourself?" asked the other. "Well, yes and no," replied the first. "Didn't break no bones; just sort of knocked myself out for a minute. But who do you think I found picking me up and dusting me off? A cop? A civilian? Even an MP? No such luck, pal. It was a big husky ATS. That's what hurts."

Latrine Louie

Whether or not you believe this probably depends on where you have the good or bad fortune to be stationed, but it's the straight goods from a reliable old training-camp friend of ours who went to OCS and is now in the ETO as a second lieutenant in a ground-force outfit. Things are so far from spit-and-polish out his way that he's on latrine duty once every nine days—"and doing a damn good job of it, too," he writes. What's more, on the night he arrived there he had to wait to check in until the C.O. got off K.P. Just thought you might like to know.

A Week of War

Turkey became the next best thing to a fighting Ally as the spotlight swung back from the conference table to battlefront and bomber base and 138 Nazi fighters plummeted to earth in a single day.

THE second act climax, the meeting between Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin in Teheran, was finished, the chatter and rumors in the bazaars of Persia's capital over their talks gradually died down, and the three Allied leaders went on to new appointments and new decisions.

Stalin went back to Moscow, and Roosevelt and Churchill went to Cairo again for several more days of plain speaking with Ismet Inonu, baldheaded, cheerful, shrewd President of Turkey, and his staff. No great announcements were issued as a result of this meeting, but it did not take intensive guesswork to figure that Turkey was going to provide bigger and better help for the Allies from here on in.

This conference came at the right time, when Turkish neutrality seemed to be at the breaking point. Neutrality at any price had so far been the Turkish policy of doing things. For four long years they had been holding on fairly successfully to their peace, their honor, and their great value both to the United Nations and to the Axis. In the early days of the war their neutrality was a business-like, agile policy. The Turk played the part of the crafty, willing victim who could pretend indefinitely that he believed every gag out of the Nazis' bag of tricks and promises, but who would not put his money down or commit himself to any line of action until the city slicker had shown him some more.

In the heyday of German military success, Turkey did supply the Nazis with chrome, and always lay open as a royal road to the Middle East and to the small, weak, but growing Allied forces in those regions. But now the slow, sure swing of Turkish opinion over to the Allied point of view seemed to be almost complete. Turkey was now providing chrome strictly for American and English consumption, and she had the same military significance as the British Isles as a possible jumping-off point for the Second Front in Europe. The Allies could spring an invasion into the Balkans across the islands off the southwestern coasts of Turkey.

A modern, super-streamlined republic, as self-respecting and self-supporting as any peaceful nation on the fringe of Europe can be these days, Turkey will not be commandeered by any foreign powers for their own purposes, but she can and does listen to reason. That is exactly what she did last week at Cairo. Turkey can give good service in the way of air bases, supply lines, and outlying islands, and the rapidly mobilizing Turkish Army is no frozen asset to anybody.

The right moment did not seem too far off last week, and the wires and wirelesses of Europe hummed with fresh rumors and fresh denials. War, or the nearest thing to it, seemed the best way out for Turkey, but peace, or its equivalent, seemed the only hope for Bulgaria, the key country in the Balkans at present, and possibly to all Europe.

Bulgaria, however, was anything but peaceful as the month of December, 1943, reached its halfway mark. Sullenly and efficiently, she had been fighting along with the Germans in this war as in World War 1. Since the mysteriously sudden death of King Boris a short time ago, the Germans had completely taken over the country. The Queen and her six-year-old son, Simeon, the new King, have been kept under lock and key by the Gestapo. The Germans have massed enormous numbers of troops on the Bulgarian-Turkish frontier, and the Bulgarian Cabinet meets on a seven-day week, twenty-four-hour-a-day basis to try and figure some way out of their troubles.

To interrupt the Bulgarian Cabinet meetings or perhaps to speed up the thinking processes of those cabinet ministers present, Liberators ranged over the white domes and cathedral spires of Sofia, the exotic, oriental-looking capital city. It was the third bombing of Sofia within a month, just a beginning.

Even more uncomfortable to Sofia than any rain of bombs was the news from Cairo. Bulgaria has lived in a state of militant fear of Turkey ever since 1879, when Bulgaria was first given her freedom from the Ottoman Empire. Now Turkey and Russia, whom Bulgaria has been fighting half-heartedly but steadily since she was lined up as a partner of Germany, seemed to have reached an understanding for the first time in history and to have two friends in common—England and the U.S.A.

BULGARIA, on the other hand had neither friends nor defenders, except the Partisans, that beautifully organized band of guerrilla fighters roaming the Balkan mountain ranges and ready to turn the country into a state of civil war without the slightest hesitation. No matter what broke—peace with the Allies, civil war, a German invasion towards Turkey or vice-versa—Bulgaria was in the unenviable position of having to take the count as an Axis ally.

Symptoms of an eleventh hour unrest were breaking out all over Europe. French guerrilla bands were on the increase, and other Frenchmen were making themselves scarce in large numbers. Twenty Dutchmen were executed in Holland for spying. Hungary and Roumania were ready to fly at each other's throats, and anti-aircraft guns were being shipped to Portugal that she might be able to hold out against any German attempts to try to take over the Azores.

The lid had not blown off Europe quite yet, but it seemed about to. If and when the time came it would be up to the Allies to control and direct the explosion so as to bring down the entire German slave state in ruins. The prolonged smashings from the RAF and USAAF had already driven the German people into a mood of active desperation. But the bombers were still roaring out from Britain day and night, and the Berlin radio was still going off the air "for technical reasons."

Technical explanations could certainly be made by certain combat crews of the 8th Air Force for the Berlin radios getting out of order. The 138 fighters shot down by Forts, Liberators, and their escorts in a raid on Emden one afternoon last week made the greatest single item in the papers, for American eyes at least.

IN Russia, the winter season was setting in hard and fast. The freezing temperature was clearing the air, hardening the ground, and making for perfect travelling conditions in general. The Russian Army, which has done quite some travelling westward even under worse conditions, was now able to hit its winter stride. Around Kiev, however, it was not fighting a war of rapid, unswerving advances so much as a war of defense and attrition. At Kiev, the German General Manstein applied his armored columns with great lavish attacks, heaving waves of tanks and infantry against the enemy and standing ready to lose a hundred tanks a day, as he had been doing for five days, in order to hold the Russians back. He is not holding them, it may be added.

The Russians also continued active on the diplomatic front. Old Joe Stalin, who is becoming quite a commonplace fixture at conferences these days, sat in last Sunday while a 20-year treaty of post-war friendship and mutual aid was signed in the Kremlin between his strong, stout-hearted country and the equally stout-hearted but temporarily not-so-strong Czecho-Slovakia, now struggling along under Hitler's heel. Little Dr. Edouard Benes, the diminutive but energetic president of the old Czecho-Slovakian republic and one of the best friends the Allies ever had in Continental Europe, was also present. The treaty was signed by Vyacheslaff Mikhailovich Molotov, as Russian Commissar of Foreign Affairs, and by the Czech Ambassador to the Soviet.

Blitzkrieg enthusiasts might not be too excited over the slow, backbreaking progress of the Fifth and Eighth Armies up through Italy. It was the tough, filthy traditional way of fighting, in which the infantry and the engineers of both armies led the way, and tales reached the headlines of 1,200-foot military bridges built in ten days under a constant shelling by the enemy, and of men and mule teams winding slowly and painfully up freezing mountain slopes. The Allies in Italy were fighting magnificently on their own, and in their own good time would reach Rome and all that lies beyond it to the North.

FINALLY came the quiet but terrific announcement of Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, who said that the United Nations had replaced all shipping losses since the war began. This meant that whenever and wherever the Allies next invade, they would have unlimited ships to back them up. There was nothing to hold them back now.

Though torn by a Jap shell, an Allied landing craft goes right ahead debarking its troops on a New Guinea beach.

B-26 Marauders on the Italian front; in this operation you see them scoring a direct hit on the railway bridge at Fano, on the eastern Italian coast.

Nazis claim this picture shows Russians "voluntarily" fleeing west. We've seen more cheerful pans at a funeral.

Variety
PRODUCED BY THE CAM

OCEAN CATCH This Jap pilot with the improvised clothes was fished out of the Pacific by a PT boat, which shot his float plane out of the sky. He's being given suitable escort to a Solomons HQ.

NAZI VISITORS. Their sub got as far as the waters off our East Coast, and that's where it was sunk. These are four of seven survivors being picked up by Coast Guard rescue plane, which dropped a raft.

SIAMESE TWINS? No, just a couple of honest American girls, Inna Gest and Mary Moore. In Hollywood they're showing a corset, modeled after a Victorian number, to replace the elastic variety.

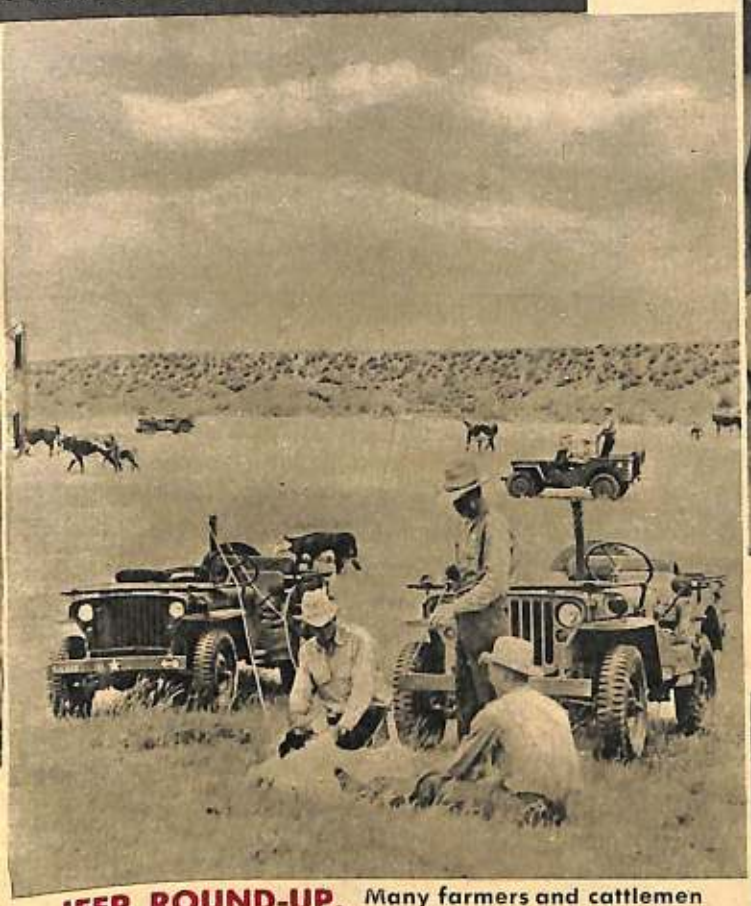
NORTHERN LIGHTS. It's just like home! Five marines, all from Chicago, admire a traffic light set up at Dutch Harbor, a reminder of the Loop.

SOLDIER MIDWIFE. S Sgt. Johnnie A. Perry of Williamsburg, Ky., holds a Panama baby, the eleventh he's helped into the world. Which proves beyond dispute that the U.S. soldier is a versatile man.

EAST MEETS WEST. Or, to be more specific, that Rooney guy (again) meets a group of Chinese airmen, graduates of a U.S. flight school, who stopped off in Hollywood on their way back home to have a go at the Japs. Those uniforms look as if they'd be right at home in the ETO.

Show

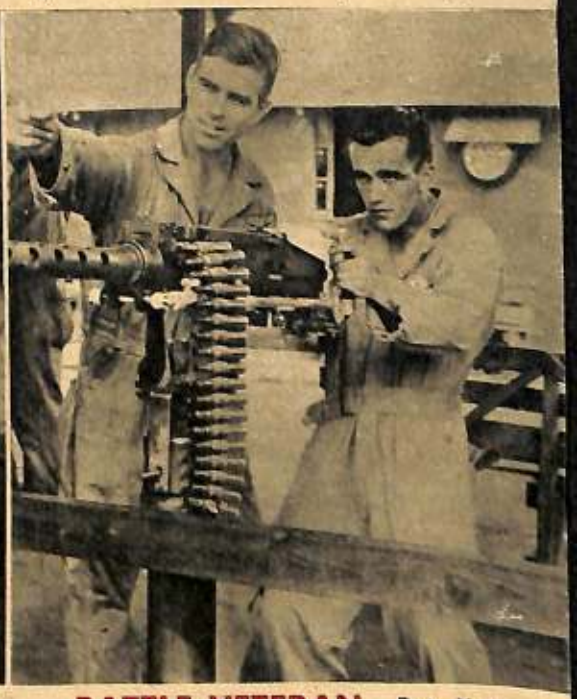
MERAS OF THE WORLD



JEEP ROUND-UP. Many farmers and cattlemen have a post-war eye on the Army's jeeps. Here's a practical demonstration of rounding up cattle successfully carried out on the plains near Fort Warren, Wyo.

FOUR ACES. Well there's not much use in describing these girls. Go ahead, make up your own remarks! The facts: they are all movie starlets, working for RKO Radio Pictures in Hollywood; they are adorning a diving board over a Hollywood swimming pool; and their names are (left to right) Barbara Hale, Elaine Riley, Rosemary LaPlanche and Dorothy Maloney.

ARMY HELPERS. Cpl. Hugh Walker, editor of the *U.S. Army Dispatch*, published in Iran in cooperation with the Persian Gulf edition of YANK, supervises two Iranians who are extremely young for typesetters.



BATTLE VETERAN. Pvt. Ken Bostwick (right), gunnery student, Buckingham Field, Fla., fought in most major campaigns of this war.

CLANK, CLANK. A few dainty, 50,000-pound strands of chain which a Vancouver factory is turning out for Liberty Ships. No stronger than their weakest links, perhaps, but still plenty strong.

WINTERING IN THE WOOD. Or, why inspection officers grow stoop-shouldered. A couple of wine vats of modest proportions converted into winter quarters by two ingenious Eighth Army Tommies on the Termoli front in Italy. No match for a Nissen, but what an aroma!

Ann Miller

YANK

Pin-up Girl

News from Home

They were talking about a servicemen's discharge bonus, Gen. Hershey wanted 2,000,000 more soldiers, Frank Sinatra had a punctured eardrum, and Bob Hope was voted the nation's best comedian.

NOVELTY notion: Roscoe Turner, famous speed flyer, suggested in St. Louis, Mo., that after the war each returning veteran be given two jeeps and a plane. He thought this would be an appropriate modern equivalent of the post-Civil War plan which was expressed by the slogan: "Forty acres and a mule."

Fair enough, but the Turner proposal didn't go very far toward providing what it takes to run a jeep or a plane—or even a home and family. In Washington, however, the military affairs committees of both the House and Senate spent a lot of time worrying about that matter.

The Senate committee got right down to talking about dollars and cents by writing a servicemen's discharge pay bill which, when that great day of mustering out finally rolls around, would allow you and all EM's and officers up to and including colonels to cash in on a bonus in the following amounts: $500 for 18 months or more overseas, $400 for from 12 to 18 months overseas, $300 for less than that overseas or for a year or more in the U. S., and $200 for less than a year in the U. S. Yep, that seems to be figuring your time at about $15 a month—but this is a bonus, chum. Total cost to the Government: About three billion fish.

P.S.: According to the above plan there'd be no dough for the boys who went in for college study under the servicemen's educational and training act of 1943. Men already discharged would be eligible, though, and so would the widows, children, or parents of those who die while in the service. The Navy, Marines and Coastguard are similarly covered by the bill.

The House committee completed hearings on its version of a discharge-pay bill after a moving scene in which Sgt. Lemuel Hendricks, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who lost a leg during a Commando raid in North Africa, appeared before the Representatives and warned that there would be another bonus-march on Washington if adequate mustering-out pay is not provided for by the government. He said that men on the battlefields are concerned about "their future and what Congress is doing for them," and he questioned whether an initial payment of a hundred bucks to each man would be adequate.

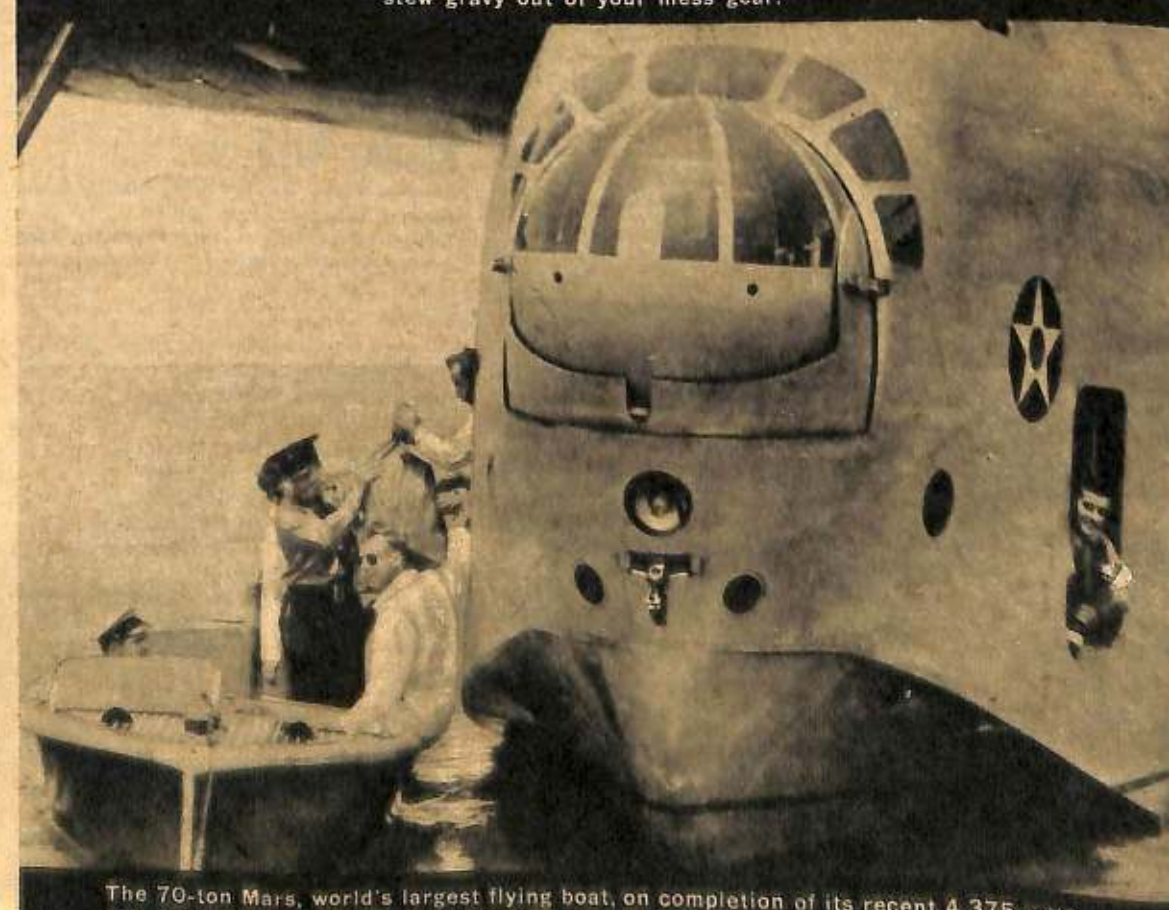
And while they're looking ahead to getting us all out, they're also looking ahead to getting more in—two million more between now and next July, according to your old friend Major-General Lewis B. Hershey, national head of Selective Service. That quota which the general called the "best guess" at the moment, will be reached by taking a million fathers, 500,000 reclassified 4-F's and occupationally deferred workers, 400,000 eighteen-year-olds, and 100,000 boys of seventeen who are expected to volunteer.

General Hershey also released figures showing that this is a pretty big little outfit we belong to now. The total strength of the U. S. armed forces stands at 10,100,000, of which 7,400,000 are in the Army.

One chap who is apparently not going to join the ranks is Frank Sinatra, the singer of whom you've heard too much. Sinatra, who is 26 and married, with a three-year-old daughter, asked his draft board at Hasbrouck Heights, N.J., to put him in its December quota, and this was done. He made what might have been his final public appearance at the RKO Theater in Boston, where he broke an attendance record established five years ago by Eddie Cantor. Then the crooner went to Newark, N.J., for a special physical, at which the medics turned him down—punctured eardrum. Five cops were on hand to control the expected crowds but no one in Newark seemed to care and as Sinatra left the building five girls who happened to be passing failed to recognize him. One irreverent gent, however, stuck his head out of a nearby bar and yelled, "Horray for Bing Crosby!"

MANPOWER was bothering a lot of people in addition to draft officials. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson warned that the "tough phase" of the war was still to come—both abroad and at home. The tough phase abroad, he observed, will come "when the weight of combat losses bears heavily on our troops"; at home, it will not come "until the country is willing to accept a general-service law." On the other hand, Paul V. McNutt, head of the War Manpower Commission, was of the opinion that no national labor-compulsion act would be necessary. McNutt wants to see 66,300,000 civilians at work by next July and believes that the drive to mobilize manpower has now reached "the final and crucial stage."

The caption that came with this picture from the dear old U. S., says that "Tuffy," a lion at the Zoo in Oakland, Calif., has been fed on 14-pound steaks and is only now going on a diet of horsemeat. . . . O.K., boys, don't forget to wash that stew gravy out of your mess gear.



The 70-ton Mars, world's largest flying boat, on completion of its recent 4,375-mile non-stop trip over the Atlantic from Maryland to Brazil, carrying 35,000 pounds—the heaviest load ever carried by a plane. Included in cargo were 13,000 pounds of soldiers' mail.

This wreckage is all that was left of some of the buildings blown up in an explosion at the Navy Mine Depot, Yorktown, Va. Six civilian workers were killed and 20 were injured.

Bill Grady, 7, shows off 1,900-pound bull, chosen champion at National Hereford Show, Dallas, Texas.

A former Republican President, two former Republican candidates for President, and a Republican Governor who may very likely someday become his party's candidate for President, all happened to be in New York City at the same time, a fact which caused much political fur to fly. The four in the order mentioned above: Herbert Hoover, Alf Landon, Wendell Willkie, Thomas E. Dewey.

Landon started things off by asserting that "much more precise and definite information" would have to be forthcoming concerning the Moscow Pact before the Republican Party could endorse it. Landon also expressed the belief that Dewey would be the Republican presidential candidate next year and that Willkie would be fading out of the picture before the convention got around to taking a second ballot. To all of this, the globe-circling Willkie, who technically is the GOP leader, replied that if Landon represented Republican sentiments on the international situation, the party had better start looking for a new head man. Landon retorted that it was not clear to him "what ticket Mr. Willkie is aiming to end up on." And there matters stood, with only Hoover, for the moment at least, serenely out of the squabble.

Reverberations from President Roosevelt's historic international conferences and the spadework which preceded them were not confined to the Republican leaders in New York. Representative J. William Fulbright, of Arkansas, declared that the results of the Teheran conference between Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin "demonstrate that this time we have the leadership to organize a peaceful world." Senator Gerald P. Nye, of North Dakota, couldn't see it that way at all. To him, the official communique out of Teheran was "significantly short of the kind of direct language" that had been used in the earlier announcement of the Cairo conference between Chiang Kai-Shek, Churchill, and Roosevelt.

As the nation quietly observed the second anniversary of Pearl Harbor, the Senate passed a bill designed to force within six months the prosecution of the two men perhaps most closely linked in the public mind with that disaster—Admiral Husband E. Kimmel and Lt.-Gen. Walter C. Short. The charge against the pair is "dereliction of duty," but there were many legislators who were confessedly doubtful as to whether it was legally possible to prosecute at this late date, since under the law the officers were liable for only two years.

As if to symbolize the long way the nation has come since the dark days when so large a part of its fleet lay crippled or ruined at Pearl Harbor, the *Wisconsin*, largest and most powerful battleship in the world, slid down the ways into the Delaware River at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Built at an estimated cost of $90,000,000, the giant will soon join the *New Jersey* and *Iowa*, thus making a trio of U. S. vessels in the "biggest battleship" class.

Senator Joseph Guffey, of Pennsylvania, has an idea that should liven things up a little on a home front which—so Congress thinks, at any rate—is moaning piteously about the job of financing the war by paying taxes. He has introduced a bill which would authorize the Treasury to run off national lotteries right now to help pay the way. Two bucks a ticket and there would be 1,318 prizes totalling half a billion in Government bonds for those who hit the jackpot.

Representative Martin J. Kennedy, of New York, introduced a bill to make life easier for older women by lowering from 65 to 58 the age at which they would become eligible to receive Social Security checks. "I sincerely believe," he said, "that the demands made upon the strength of our American women in war plants and war activities will have a serious effect upon their earning capacity and physical welfare."

Further notes on the ladies: Protesting against a limitation placed by the Office of Price Administration on the size of slacks and coveralls, a western clothing manufacturer said it wasn't fair to West Coast women because they weren't built the same as those on the East Coast. . . . Van Kilpatrick, a tattoo artist of Washington D.C., let it be known that he had tattooed four Waves with their serial numbers, just above the knee—the right one, in case you care. . . . MacDonald Bryan, Florida's press agent, said that henceforth the state isn't going to bother with bathing beauties and is going to publicize itself on "solid grounds." Wanna bet?

Police Chief Walter Edmonson of Piermont, N. Y., announced that he was in the market for a can-opener with a ten-foot handle. A skunk with its head wedged into a tomato can had somehow got into his dining room and, for the past 20 hours, had been weaving blindly around, banging against the furniture and making an awful mess. "It is not so nice to come home to," said the chief, disconsolately stowing his evening meal away at the local Coffee Pot.

Lloyd Sampsell, former bank bandit who, for the past 14 years has been serving a life sentence in Folsom Prison, at Sacramento, Calif., had the misfortune to have a run-in with the cops one night recently in the San Francisco apartment of his sweetheart, a good 75 miles from the coop where he was supposed to be roosting. Sampsell, it developed, was an "honor prisoner" at Folsom's labor camp and, as such, had been getting leaves almost every weekend so that he could be with his honey.

All this naturally raised a hell of a stink and an investigation was launched by the state into the administration of its prisons. But Sampsell's middle-aged girl-friend, Mrs. Jacqueline de la Prevotiere, who said she was a French refugee, couldn't see what all the excitement was about.

"I don't think Lloyd is a criminal at heart," she said. "He interested me psychologically. I had read a rather intelligent book that he wrote and at first we carried on a rather profound correspondence." This, she said, led to her visiting the con in the stir, where she found he had a private room, so she posed as his wife so that they both could "enjoy greater visiting privileges."

"I became a necessity to him—definitely," continued Mrs. de la Prevotiere, and when no one tried to argue with her on that point she went on: "I tried to do him all the good I could, and if in the long run I have done him some harm, I am sorry. Did you ever have any woman in your life who you loved terribly? Would you have let your reason and the consideration of the law overrule your wish to go to her and be with her for a few hours? That's all he did." Just try whispering that the next time the M.P.s get tough.

In Dayton, O., Mrs. Lillian Irene Cameron, 42 years old, of Altus, Okla., jumped to her death from a 17th-floor hotel room. A short while later, Major John O. Kein, 43, of Grosse Point, Mich., assigned as price-adjustment officer at Wright Field, voluntarily gave himself up for questioning by military authorities. He said that he was divorced and that he and Mrs. Cameron had been living together as man and wife for the past six years. He had been with her, he admitted, at the time she threw herself from the window. Both of them had been drinking heavily, according to his account, when suddenly she said "I'm leaving you," and jumped out.

It's just an old gag in a new bottle, but anyway Mrs. Theresa Hartnell, of Minneapolis, Minn., sued her husband for divorce on grounds of cruelty and wound up by telling the judge that she hoped she'd soon be free to marry her ice man. . . . Basil W. Mark, of Hollywood, Calif., admitted that he had set fire to his house because, on getting home from work, he had found some relatives of his wife had arrived for a visit.

And now there's only one resident left in the once booming mining town of Silver City, Idaho. He's William Hawes, 67, who became Mayor and Chief of Police there when his only neighbor, Carl Johnson, 71, found life dull, packed up, and left.

The best way to catch rats, William O. Buettner, of the National Pest Control Association, announced in St. Louis, is to bait a trap with porterhouse steak. Trouble in the ETO is the rats would have to beat the Joes to it.

John W. Marshall, 80, announced to the world that he had been AWOL from a Missouri Army camp for the past 60 years. The octogenarian EM, who was on guard duty when he went over the hill, imagines he must have a fairly black service record by now.

After fire destroyed a gas station, some fuel tanks, and a school bus in Dryden, Mich., the only thing left standing in the vicinity was a scorched sign reading: "Carelessness Aids the Axis."

S'help us, it's Chicago again. Two triggermen entered a North Side barber shop in that fair city and killed Thomas Oneglia, a Prohibition character, as he sat there getting a shave.

The eighth annual poll of 600 radio editors and columnists, conducted by *Motion Picture Daily*, elected Bob Hope the nation's "champion of champions" entertainer. Jack Benny ran second and Bing Crosby third. Hope was called the best comedian and his show the best comedy show on the air; Crosby was rated best master of ceremonies and best male vocalist, and his show the best variety program. As for radio commentators, Raymond Gram Swing, H. V. Kaltenborn, and Fulton Lewis, Jr., came out first, second and third respectively. Lowell Thomas, Walter Winchell, and George Putnam, in that order, were voted the three best newscasters.

Bill Stern was picked as the best sports announcer, followed by Red Barber and Ted Husing. Harry James's outfit was voted the best swing band; Guy Lombardo's the best for sweet music. Dinah Shore led the field as best female singer of popular numbers. Fibber McGee and Molly took top honors as a comedy team, followed by Burns and Allen and Abbott and Costello. In the classical field, John Charles Thomas got the most votes as a male vocalist and Gladys Swarthout led the ladies.

Musical history was made when Patrice Munsell, 18-years-old soprano of Spokane, Wash., became the youngest Metropolitan star of all time, singing the role of Philine in the opera *Mignon*. Her Metropolitan debut was applauded for six minutes by one of the most critical musical audiences in the world.

By the way, that Dinah Shore girl got married last week at Las Vegas, Nev., to George Montgomery, who was once a screen actor and engaged to Hedy La Marr and is now (here's your climax) an Army corporal, and for all we know a T/5 at that. Both are 27. . . . Arleen Whelan, who was the red-headed star of the recent Broadway stage hit *The Doughgirls*, revealed that she had married Hugh Owen, a Paramount district manager, two months ago, just one day after her divorce in Juarez, N.M., from

HOLLYWOOD NEWS

Sister Kenny (right) explains her infantile paralysis treatment to Roz Russell, who'll portray Sister Kenny in a film. This is Hollywood's way of getting La Russell in the mood.

The leg belongs to Rita Lupino, sister of Ida, who also has legs. Rita's just been signed by Columbia Pictures, which is all right with us.

Victor McLaglen, of the films, with his bride, Suzanne Brueggemann, whom he wed at Yuma, Ariz. She was his secretary for six years.

Alexander d'Arcy, of the films. . . . Movie actress K. T. Stevens announced she was planning to marry Navy Lt.(j.g.) Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who's got plenty of what it takes but can't spend much of it at the moment as he's on duty in the South Pacific.

Cicely Browne, 23-year-old screen actress, sued her actor husband, Feodor Chaliapin, Jr., 30, for divorce, charging that he never took her anywhere except to visit his Russian friends. "Since I don't speak Russian I never knew what they were talking about," she complained.

Looks as if the 40 lady gardeners employed to take care of the flowers on the grounds of the Pentagon Building—the vast sprawling structure where the WD has its HQ across the Potomac from Washington—are in for a soft time this winter. There aren't any flowers at this season of the year, of course, which means that there's no work for the girls. Some of them tried to resign, but no soap. Turns out the jobs, like the gardens, are frozen for the winter.

The lights have gone on again all over the U. S. and now the same people who were squawking about the dimout are squawking about the lack of it. At least the people of Clearwater, Fla., are. They say it's so bright they can't sleep. Too bad, too bad.

Isaac Garcia, 21, an employee of a cleaning shop in Las Vegas, N.M., was discovered asleep in the rear of the place by Mary Lou Ortega, a fellow employee and a playful minx. She grabbed what she thought was a toy revolver, pressed it against his head, pulled the trigger, and yelled, "Wake up!" He didn't and never will again.

In St. Louis County, Mo., a formation of geese approached the farm of C. B. Oden from one direction while a formation of Flying Fortresses swept in from another. The two squadrons met head-on, and Mr. Oden decided that the Forts had had the best of it when a goose dropped dead at his feet. He's figuring on stuffing the bird and calling it Jerry.

A sailor walked into police headquarters at New London, Conn., with a roll of maps which he had found on the street and which he suspected had been dropped by spies. He wanted to turn them over to the FBI. Desk sergeant Edward Riordan, a scholarly sort of cop, had a look and saw that it was a roll of wall paper with a design of 16th-century maps on it. "Look here, feller," said the sarg. "You don't want the FBI. What you want is Hitler—he'll be looking for wallpaper when the war's over."

Charles J. Hejhall, of the Angus Hotel in St. Paul, Minn., told the police it was all a mistake that he had beat up Miss Gertrude Breckman, 18, of 666 Holly Avenue. "I thought Miss Breckman was my wife," he explained simply.

Here's another nylon-stocking story. Miss Ruby Comer, an elevator starter in Miami, Fla., reported excitedly to the police that someone had stolen her purse containing a pair of the precious hose. The cops wanted to know if there wasn't something else in the purse that would help them identify it. "Oh, yes," replied Miss Comer, as an afterthought. "There was $160."

Miss Wilfred Burkhalter, of Jacksonville, Fla., was awakened by an intruder in her bedroom and saw a man climbing out of the window. "Who's there?" she called. "Will you please shut up?" replied the petulant thug, escaping with $10.

In Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. Carl Auer told the court that she wanted a divorce from her husband because she was convinced he was running around with other women, although she couldn't prove it. Mr. Auer saved the day. "She's right," he said, and the judge granted the divorce.

Talk about backing the wrong horse! Since 1908, Mrs. Katherina Grominger, of New York City, has been putting all her dough into German marks. Even the first World War didn't tip her off and in all she tossed in some $350,000. When she died the other day in her railroad flat, at the age of 73, the police looked around for her savings, expecting to use them to give her a nice funeral. Mrs. Grominger landed in a pauper's grave at Potter's Field.

Three ladies are filling in for men by working as garbage collectors in Chicago, where, just so they'll think it's fun, they're being called "salad collectors." But you guys on KP ain't heard nothing yet. The garbage collectors of Burlington, Va., have painted "Used Vitamin Convoy Service" on their trucks. Whew!

In Vicksburg, Mich., the County Road Commission has won its fight to cut down an old elm which Asa K. Briggs, great-grandfather of Calvin Coolidge and a veteran of the Revolution, planted in the town's Main Street over 100 years ago. The axe-man will be given the green light as a result of a decision by Mrs. Esther Selbee, another Briggs great-grandchild, to abandon her legal fight to save the tree.

The *Democrat*, a newspaper in Lamar, Mo., carried this ad: "For sale: Half Jersey Cow—Fine Milker." No mistake which half you're getting, anyway.

The Commissioner of Motor Vehicles in Michigan sent a notice to L. R. Martinez, warning him that his driver's license would expire in ten days. Martinez, a Seabee, wrote back from an island in the south-west Pacific: "Many thanks. The local tribal chief says he will honor my Michigan license for the duration. But after the war will Michigan honor a license signed by the chief?"

Omer Fortuna, of St. Paul, Minn., owns a fine stable of racing pigeons and was pretty peeved one evening recently when three of his finest birds failed to come home to roost. Two days later they turned up on his doorstep, their wings and tails clipped by some wise guy. Fortuna wondered how they'd got back until he looked at their feet, which were as swollen and blistered as a rookie's after his first 25-mile hike. Right—they legged it.

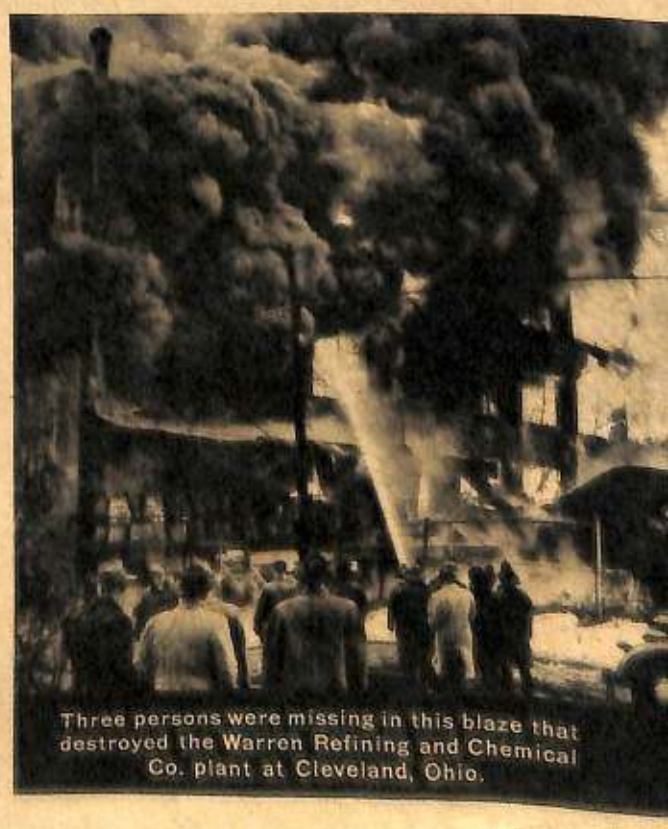
A son, aged four, a daughter, two, and a niece, three, of Mrs. Clyde Sincere, of 2328-B N. 12th Street, Milwaukee, swiped Mrs. Sincere's pocketbook and toddled down to the corner candy store. On the way, the children opened the pocketbook and found in it only eight shiny pennies, which they knew were precious, and some scraps of paper. The kids squandered the eight cents on candy and lost the scraps of paper, which only turned out to be $105 in bills.

"All Out" is the name of a sow in Memphis, Tenn., who has geared herself to war production. Last March she gave birth to no less than 18 porkers, a local record of some sort. Now she's gone and done it again. Whenever any one comes near her pen these days, "All Out" grunts with a note of impatience. Her owner thinks she figures she should have got the QMs "E" for efficiency long before this.

We've already said something about handing out a flock of jeeps to ex-servicemen after the war. Already, in Berkeley, Calif., Henry A. Tieslau has gone into the used landing-barge business and has 16 of the craft lined up for sale in a lot along the San Francisco Highway. All have seen service in the South Pacific and are now condemned. The price is $1,650 for a tidy little number, complete with shell holes.

From Eastbrook, Me., comes the report that a bear killed in Hancock County a few days ago weighed 600 pounds and was such a big baby that even a team of horses couldn't tow it out of the woods. The hunter whose aim saved him from becoming mincemeat was Charles Wagner, of New York City. He'd been planning to stuff the beast but when the horses gave up he decided he'd have to carve it into steaks instead.

The management of a night club in Salt Lake City, Utah, put in a hurry call for the police one evening last week. When the sheriff arrived, he ordered two women customers to leave, acting on the complaint of a Pfc. who said they were annoying him. Home was never like that in the old days.



Three persons were missing in this blaze that destroyed the Warren Refining and Chemical Co. plant at Cleveland, Ohio.

Mail Call

More On That Christmas Idea

Dear YANK:

Am writing this in connection with the suggestions made by T/5 Max Schrier and Cpl. S. Rosenblatt—namely that of sharing our Xmas packages with the kids here.

I heartily endorse the above G.I.s' sentiments, but must object to them taking credit as seemingly pioneers of the idea. There are quite a few of us Yanks who were over here last Xmas and, if the gentlemen concerned will check with reliable sources, they will find that we gave hundreds of parties to British children then and furthermore have been saving our rations for weeks with the same thing in view this Xmas.

Apparently the above G.I.s are what we call " rst of Mays " or, are rather green.

Britain. UNSIGNED

[Now, now, boys. It's a great idea, so let's not fight about it.—Ed.]

Need Them, Girls?

Dear YANK:

Amongst a pile of magazines which were handed in to our camp we found a July copy of YANK, in which there was a very amusing cartoon on Security where Pte. Snafu proves himself to be very foolish and indiscreet.

The Transmitters

We thought this cartoon would be a good thing to pin up on our Mess Information Board and it was hailed with delight by all Other Ranks, and also the Male Officers of the Unit to which we were attached. They all thought it a great joke, then, horrors!—that female dragon—our Commanding Officer came along, looked at the pictures in the cartoon, saw the glamorous lady wearing the transmitters and snorted, then began to deliver a lecture to me on encouraging my girls to fill their heads with such utter " tripe," whereupon I implored her to read the cartoon properly, which she did, and watching her face I noticed the expression changing; secretly I believe she was just as tickled as we were and eventually she really did allow her face to " slip " and admitted that the lesson on security which it conveyed was rather good but " hardly the thing for a mess room, my dear." I am wondering if secretly she will not be a regular reader of YANK—if she can find an American boy friend!

Most of the girls here have now acquired American boy friends so we are looking forward to having some more interesting tit-bits to brighten up our mess room and provide us with a laugh, but there is one thing we are all anxious to know—where can we obtain some glamorous-looking transmitters like those worn by the lady in the cartoon? Do tell us, please.

Britain. AN A.T.S.

Anti-Social

Dear YANK:

Your excellent magazine has given my friends and I much pleasure, and lots of inside information about our friends, the G.I.s.

Most of the G.I.s we know have English girl friends, but the officers find it very difficult to get a girl friend. What are they going to do now they have no clothing coupons to spare?

Britain. INQUISITIVE

[The best we can recommend is the usual TS card.—Ed.]

No G.I. Blurbs

Dear YANK:

Have noticed the increasing frequency with which listeners to the American Forces Network find their pleasure punctuated by the mouthing of such trite phrases as " Time to remember, soldier, to——" and " Soldier, be neat, etc." .

Carry these thoughts a bit farther and you attain the ridiculous " Time to remember, soldier, to brush your teeth."

Were it true that COs, first sergeants, and posters did *not* emphasize and re-emphasize these points, the AFN campaign would be splendid. But such is not the case. The point is that these small beginnings may forecast the introduction of the high-pressure, blatant advertising of the radio networks back home. This would mar the otherwise high quality of the entertainment now provided by the AFN.

If Yanks would learn one thing from the BBC, let it be the blissful effect of radio entertainment *minus* obnoxious " commercialisms " and " plugs."

May I suggest that Yanks in the ETO prefer their entertainment unadulterated.

Britain. Cpl. SCOTT MAYNES

You Tell Us

Dear YANK:

I would like to know where I may apply for discharge so that I may return home and take care of my farm.

I would be very thankful for this information.

Britain. Pfc. A.C.N.

Where's My War Bond?

Dear YANK:

Since I've been in the Army I've been buying War Bonds. The money has been deducted from my pay, but I've never received any bonds or any notice concerning them. I started buying War Bonds when I was in Texas, but I've gone overseas since then.

Australia. Sgt. ALFRED S. LINROSE

[Write to the Army War Bond Office, Finance Department, 366 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill. Include your name, grade and serial number. And as near as you can remember, state the date you subscribed for the Bonds, where you were stationed at the time and how much they were for.—Ed.]

It's A Great Day

Dear YANK:

Miss Laraine Day, that charming companion of Dr. Kildare, has become our fast friend, our favorite pin-up girl, and the sweetheart of all of us because of her admirable stand for the enlisted man recently reported in the *Stars and Stripes*.

Too often do officers completely monopolize an actress when she tours camps and bases whether they be here or in the States as in Miss Day's case. We, with but stripes to match bars and stars, cannot interfere, naturally, and we hope that it was not only the fact that Miss Day's husband is a buck private which induced her cry to the Hollywood Victory Committee.

Laraine Day

The Misses Foster and Manning tell of " an all G.I. reception " at camps they visited. Quite frankly we discount this no small degree, for past experience at some of the largest U. S. camps has proved that outside the walls of a theatre the average G.I. is most lucky to get within seeing distance of a glamour pal. Swiftly she is whisked away to elaborate and well-planned receptions and parties in officers' clubs or hotels. The G.I. manages to be fairly well shut out of it all.

It is to be hoped that the lowly G.I. here in the ETO may find all the cinema greats taking a like stand, washing their G.I. steaks down with coffee and cream instead of champagne, and hobnobbing with us more and more with each visit they may make. To Miss Laraine Day, a G.I.'s charming wife, go our thanks many times over for a complaint that may lift the average soldier's morale more than a few notches and help to bring this war to a swifter conclusion.

M/Sgt. ANGELO J. PALAZZO
S/Sgt. PAUL A. ALEXANDER
S/Sgt. WILLIAM L. DILLON
S/Sgt. ANDREW L. FLACK
S/Sgt. JOHN G. YONKURA
Cpl. ANDREW W. McCABE
T/5 ROBT. D. CROMPTON
T/5 MARVIN B. MILES

Britain.

Here We Go Again

Dear YANK:

Do English girls say and really mean that the American men they meet " brag "?

I have spoken with several English people on this subject, and all of them, like myself, think that most of you suffer from a terrific inferiority complex which you endeavour to cover up by outbursts of American Commercialism. You try to sell yourselves to us, by enumerating your possessions, usually refrigerators, motor cars, bath showers, central heating, etc. You make excuses for your way of living, your lack of education, of historical learning, of language, of tradition, and of heritage, in fact you rob yourselves of all *Background*—an important possession to an Englishman.

The majority of you come from English, Irish or Scots stock whose ancestors left these Islands more than 300 years ago. When they left for America they must have been of sturdy and of worthy type. They brought together the original American States after only a few years of settlement, and formed the foundations for the present U.S.A. Much history has been made by their children and by your ancestors since 1943, and all this, added to the " background " you took with you from these Islands, should make you a proud people.

Why then not stop all this self pity?

Why not stop taking so much notice of Yourselves? ! ! ! Or is this BRAGGING?

Britain. KATHLEEN MAILE

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.

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Pictures: 1, R. S. Butts. 2, top left, Bruce Bacon Army Pictorial; all others, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 3, Charles E. Brown. 4, Keystone. 6, and 7 Sgt. Dave Richardson. 8, Sgt. Pete Paris. 10, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 11, left, AP; center, OWI; right, Keystone. 12, upper left, INP; lower left, ACME; center, USMC; right (top to bottom), PA, Signal Corps PCD, MOI. 13, upper left, Sgt. William Perry, Fort Warren, WYO; lower left, Canadian Official Photo; upper right, ACME; lower right, BOP; center left, OTI, Persian Gulf Service Command; center right, PA. 14, Columbia Pictures. 15, top, Keystone; bottom, OWI. 16, top left, INP; top right, PA. 17, left (top to bottom), Planet, Planet, ACME; bottom right, PA. 18, bottom, AP. 20, USMC.

Mitzi Mayfair, Carole Landis and Martha Raye sing "Snafu."

"SNAFU! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF SNAFU?"

HERE are the lyrics of "Snafu," the new swing number which was inspired by the experiences of Mitzi Mayfair, Carole Landis and Martha Raye when they were in North Africa early this year.

"Snafu" was first sung by the girls in Issue No. 8 of the Army-Navy Screen Magazine, the Special Service news reel formerly called "The War." The words and music of "Snafu" were written by Charles Henderson.

The Army has a new catchword,
The Navy uses it, too;
It seems the Marines
Understand what it means.
I don't, so I'm asking you.

FIRST CHORUS

Snafu! What is the meaning of Snafu?
What's it all about; can't figure it out.
Is it contagious? Or simply outrageous?
Snafu! You hear it ev'rywhere, Snafu!
Is it like a pill, or is it a thrill?
Is it a military secret?
I asked a louey who at first was rather formal,
And then he laughed and shouted: "Situation normal!"
Snafu! The greatest myst'ry in hist'ry.
Fun is fun, but why can't I find anyone
To spill the beans and tell me what Snafu means?

SECOND CHORUS

Snafu! What is the meaning of Snafu?
Is it something new that officers do?
Is it a drop kick or only a top kick?
Snafu! You hear ev'rywhere, Snafu!
Is it cold or hot, inspected or not?
Is it a pot of GI coffee?
I wrote my congressman for further information;
He said: "You'll have to start your own investigation!"
Snafu! The greatest myst'ry in hist'ry.
Fun is fun, but why can't I find anyone
To spill the beans and tell me what Snafu means?

In Defense Of London

Dear YANK:

I greatly enjoy reading the articles in your magazine and it's a great book, but your article on spending a leave in London gave me a pain; it was just plain lousy. The author's main idea was to give the impression of what a poor uninteresting place it was, just a place for you boys to go to, and be bored stiff in. Does he expect a city in the front line for four years to be as bright and lively as New York?

LEN, R.A.F.

Britain.

Wasted Breath

Dear YANK:

Here are 11 general reminders for Hollywood scenario writers, radio script writers, advertising men, slick magazine writers, and all persons who come in contact with the American public through their artistic endeavor: (1) Soldiers are acquainted with girls other than entertainers, debutantes, and heiresses. (2) Not all soldiers in the Army are lieutenants in the Air Force. (3) Not all soldiers in the Army are in the Air Force. (4) Occasionally a soldier's girl friend does not work in a war plant where is manufactured the weapon the soldier is armed with or the airplane he flies. (5) KP includes activities other than potato peeling. (6) Soldiers do not wear their fatigue clothing only when they are on KP or in the guard house. (7) Soldiers aren't fighting the war for Betty Grable. (8) The Stage Door Canteen isn't the first place they hit in New York. (9) Army nurses do not spend most of their time in love affairs with officers. (10) Soldiers cuss once in a while. (11) Not all sergeants growl; nor do they all possess enlarged abdomens.

Fort Jackson, S.C. Pvt. SIDNEY SCHLEPP

On Gals Back Home

Dear YANK:

Thought I would inquire to see if any other GI in the ETO had a girl friend back home with equal intelligence of my girl friend. For presents she sent me a "crash bracelet" with some other person's name printed on it. Then recently I received a package and upon opening it I saw the book entitled "See Here, Private Hargrove" staring me in the face—that just about took the cake. I'm sure she meant well and I don't intend this to be a complaint but merely as a challenge to any of our fellows who think they have received a "dry deal" from back home.

Britain. Sgt. P.S.B., Jr., Air Corps

Harsh Words On Harsh Words

Dear YANK:

We enjoy reading YANK and look forward to receiving it every week, but the letter published in the December 3rd issue of YANK just about "rung" our number. This letter concerning the censoring of mail is not a very good example of the way it is done in our company. In fact we think it is about the poorest way to start a rumor that we can think of.

We feel sorry for the entire outfit that this bunch of Yanks happen to be in if this letter is the truth, but we don't want people to get the impression that every outfit in the ETO is as "lousy" as this particular one.

The Officers and First Sergeant of our company encourage the men to write home. We have mothers, wives, girl friends and relatives back home as well as the rest of the fellows in the Army, and we know how much they appreciate a letter from their husband or son, which ever it happens to be, so why should any one want to pry into the personal affairs of other people any more than is really necessary. No one reads the mail written by the men of this company except the Officer who is on duty for that purpose, and two minutes after the Officer reads the letter, I don't think he could tell you anything that was in it. They only look for things which might give away military information.

We hope the next time this bunch of Yanks gets in the Army, they don't get in such a damn poor outfit.

LAURENCE A. MADILL, Capt., Infantry Company Commander
JOHN W. BOUGHMAN, 1st Sgt.
THOMAS J. JOYNER, Mail Clerk

Britain.

[Are we glad this letter was signed by a captain?—Ed.]

Short Snorters

Dear YANK:

A lot of guys here are members of the Short Snorter Club, but each member "joined" the club under completely different rules. I thought a trip across an ocean by plane was the primary requirement for every new member, but one fellow "member" admits he has never flown in his life, much less winged over an ocean. Another man claims that a Short Snorter who is challenged by another Short Snorter to show his dollar bill and can show it can claim a buck from the challenger for having called his bluff."

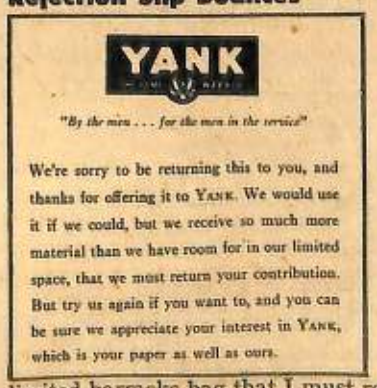
We're not sure of anything now. Just what are the rules?

Cpl. NED A. BOWERS

Alaska.

[Short Snorter "rules" are as erratic as a machine gun, and the club has deteriorated so much that practically anybody who can produce a dollar becomes a member. However, here are the basic, accepted rules you *should* keep if you want to be known as a respectable Short Snorter: Cross an ocean by plane; this doesn't mean simply flying a few hundred miles over water on patrol. When you complete the trip, get inducted by at least three reputable Short Snorters and give each of them $1. Then write your name and the date on another dollar bill, which you keep, and get each Short Snorter present to write his name on the same bill. Also, as a matter of form, you must sign their bills. You keep your bill with you everywhere you go, for it is your membership card and any Short Snorter anywhere in the world can ask you to produce it within two minutes or forfeit $1. You, of course, now have the same privilege, and can challenge other Short Snorters. If the challenged member is able to produce his bill, he and the challenger merely exchange signatures; it is not true that a challenged Short Snorter who can produce his bill gets a dollar from the challenger for calling his bluff. Adolphe Menjou is believed to have the longest collection of Short Snorter bills, stretching some 35 to 40 feet and containing about 7,000 signatures.—Ed.]

Rejection Slip Bounces


YANK
"By the men . . . for the men in the service"

We're sorry to be returning this to you, and thanks for offering it to YANK. We would use it if we could, but we receive so much more material than we have room for in our limited space, that we must return your contribution. But try us again if you want to, and you can be sure we appreciate your interest in YANK, which is your paper as well as ours.

Dear YANK:

I'm sorry to be returning this to you, and thanks for offering it to me. I would keep it if I could, but I receive so many more rejection slips than I can keep in my limited barracks bag that I must return your contribution. You may try me again if you want to, and you can be sure I appreciate your interest in this member of the Signal Corps, which is your Signal Corps as well as mine.

Drew Field., Fla. Cpl. J. K. CLARK

SPORTS: SOME LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT A WELL-KNOWN GAME

By Pvt. JOE HASEL

IN 1921, Defiance College of Ohio lost five straight games without scoring a point. Then it won its next game 118 to 0.

The 1912 game between Penn State and Michigan was won *after* the final gun had been fired. With the score 21 to 20 in favor of Michigan, Marshall of Penn State caught a punt just as the signaling gun went off. He ran 60 yards for a touchdown. Penn State kicked the extra point and won 27 to 21. (The touchdown counted since no game is over until the play reaches a conclusion.)

In 1930, Al Lefebrire of Nevada made Knute Rockne's All-American football team but failed to win his college letter. He lacked two minutes of playing time to earn that award.

Buffalo (N. Y.) Technical High School failed to score a single point of any kind over a period of three years, 1926-'27-'28.

In 1901, Michigan piled up 550 points without being scored upon, and from 1901 to 1904 its great back, Willie Heston, scored more than a hundred touchdowns.

In 1927, McCoy of Haven High School in Kansas personally accounted for 90 points in a game against Sylvia High.

With an enrollment of only 29 boys, Wheeler High School in Oregon produced a football team in 1934 that scored eight straight victories, each time holding its opponents scoreless.

In the Alabama-Tennessee game of 1935, Paul Bryant played the full game with a broken leg, and in 1934 Adolph Cooper of City College played the whole season with a broken rib.

Frank Hinkey of Yale made the All American team four years in a row—1891-2-3-4.

Just about the greatest football feat of all time was turned in by Sewanee in 1899. With a 12-man squad, a coach, a manager and a barrel of spring water, they traveled more than 3,000 miles to play five games in six days and won them all, scoring 113 points to none for their opponents. On Nov. 8 they played Texas and won, 12 to 0. The next day they played Texas A & M and won, 32 to 0. They shut out Tulane, 23 to 0, on Nov. 10 and didn't play on Nov. 11 because it was a Sunday. On Nov. 12 they trounced Louisiana State, 34 to 0, and the following day defeated Mississippi, 12 to 0. They played seven other games and won them all. Quite a record for a college with an enrollment of fewer than 100. It was Sewanee's second undefeated, untied season in a row.

In 1903, Army plastered Navy, 40 to 5, for its biggest victory over the Middies. Douglas MacArthur was manager of the Cadet team.

Henry II, King of England, outlawed football because it interfered with the popularity of archery. The ban stayed in effect for more than 400 years until the invention of gunpowder displaced archery.

The greatest fraud ever worked in football was pulled by Gross, Iowa quarterback, during a game with Northwestern. Gross screamed that Northwestern should be penalized 15 yards and then picked up the ball and started to pace off the distance. Finding himself in the clear, Gross ran 70 yards before the safety man got him from behind.

Jimmy Leech of Virginia Military Institute scored 26 touchdowns in 1920.

If a pass is caught at the same time by two players from the offensive team, it is incomplete. If a pass is caught by a player from the attacking team and at the same time by a player from the defending team, it is ruled a completed pass for the attacking team.

Clipping is legal three yards on either side of the line of scrimmage.

In the Washington-Oregon game of 1929, Bobby Robinson of Oregon intercepted a pass on his five-yard line and was well on his way to a touchdown when a substitute, Westerwellen, jumped off the Washington bench and tackled him. Washington conceded the touchdown before the referee caught up with the play.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1924, Ed Garbisch, Army center and captain, kicked four field goals to beat Navy, 12 to 0.

In 1923, Staunton (Ill.) High School defeated Gillespie High, 232 to 0, just about the biggest score ever rolled up on a high-school gridiron.

In 1904, Minnesota scored 775 points. In 1907, George Capron of the Gophers racked up 44 points, all by drop kicks.

South High of Minneapolis won the City Championship in 1911 without scoring a single touchdown. Its captain, Artie Low, accounted for all of the team's points, except one, by kicks.

In 1902, Stanford protested the amateur standing of California's star halfback, Locomotive Smith. Smith was withdrawn and his substitute ran 105 yards to a touchdown to lead California to a crushing defeat over the Indians.

The queerest quirk of this season happened at Columbus, Ohio, when Ohio State defeated Illinois 12 minutes after the game had ended and most of the 36,000 fans had started for home. With two seconds left in a 26-26 game, Ohio State threw an incomplete pass into the end zone as the gun sounded the end of the game. But Illinois was off side and it took the officials 12 minutes to get the teams back from the dressing room to run the last play over again. This time freshman John Stungis of Ohio State kicked a field goal from the 23-yard line and the Buckeyes won, 29-26.

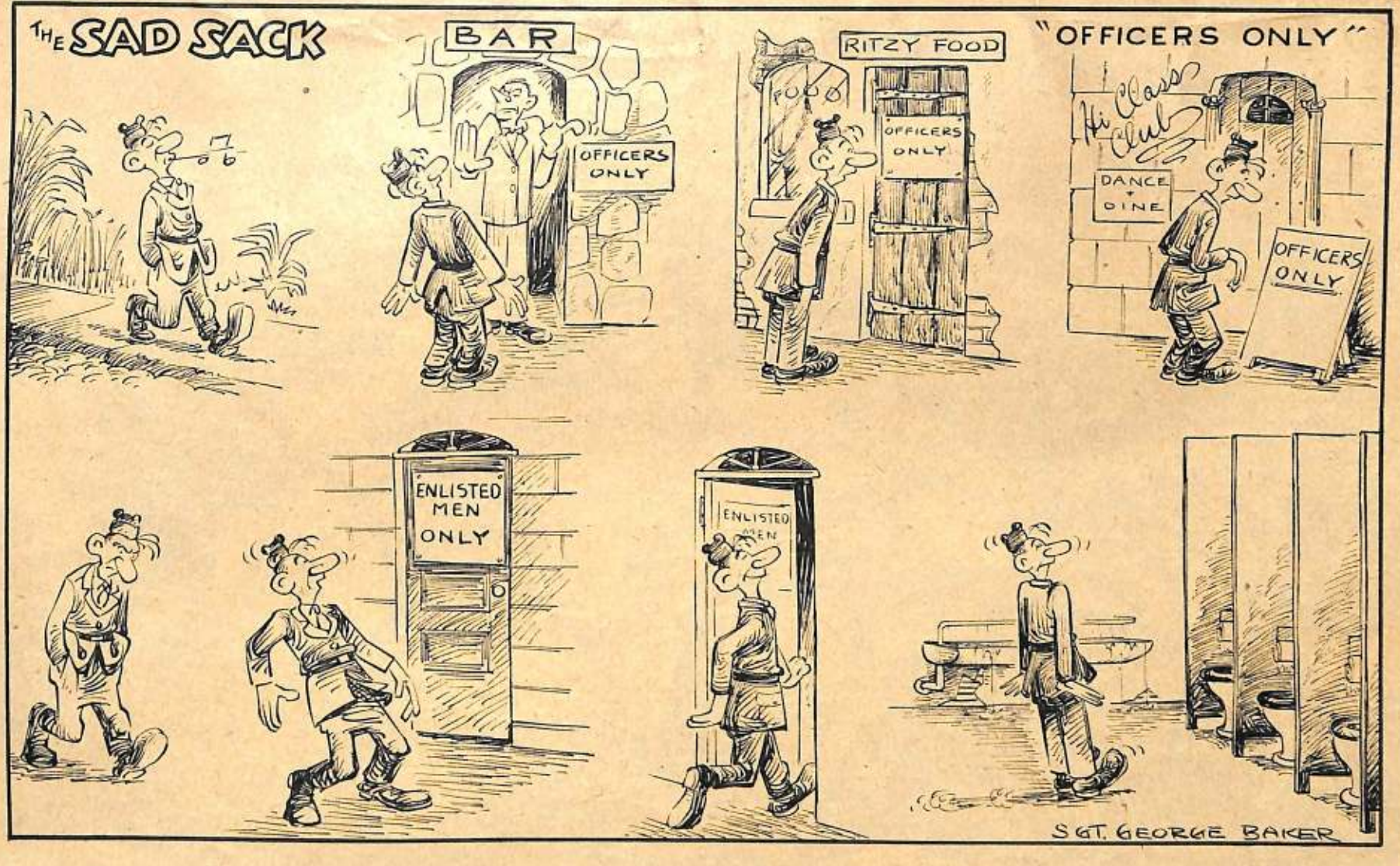
THERE'S a strong possibility that the Germans have already executed **Primo Carnera**, the former world's heavyweight champion, for his anti-Fascist activity in Northern Italy. According to reports from Berne, Switzerland, Carnera was facing trial as a traitor and was liable to execution after being wounded and taken prisoner during a skirmish between the Italian anti-Fascist Partisans and a German patrol. Carnera, who was not in the Italian Army because of flat feet, joined the Partisans soon after Italy broke with the Axis. . . . The Merchant Marine crossed up the whole National Professional Football League by putting **Ensign Sid Luckman** on detached service until the end of the season. . . . That AEF boxing tournament in Algiers, designed to produce the Gene Tunney of this war, won't include one of the Army's best young heavyweights. The fellow we have in mind is **Cpl. Al Hoosman**, a Negro MP from Los Angeles, who looked like money in the bank winning the Australian heavyweight title.

Inducted: **Walker Cooper**, captain and catcher of St. Louis Cardinals, into Army; **Merrill May**, Phillies' third baseman, into Navy; **Tommy Bridges**, Detroit pitcher, into Army; **Sherry Robertson**, Washington third baseman, into Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Billy Jurges**, Giants' shortstop, because of an old ankle injury; **Ron Northey**, Phillies' outfielder, because of an injury of the left ear. . . . *Called for examination:* **Tony Galento**, onetime heavyweight contender and Jersey barkeep. . . . *For re-examination:* **Johnny Vander Meer**, Cincinnati left-hander, originally classified 4-F because of colitis condition. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Lonnie Frey**, Cincinnati second baseman; **Fritzie Zivic**, former world's welter champion. . . . *Commissioned:* **Ben Hogan**, leading pro golf money winner, as second lieutenant in AAF. . . . *Promoted:* **Cpl. Ray Robinson**, lightweight champion, to sergeant; **Capt. Hank Gowdy**, first major leaguer to enlist in First World War, to major. . . . *Decorated:* **Sgt. Barney Ross**, Marine hero of Guadalcanal, with Silver Star and Presidential Citation.

A/C Dick Wakefield, the Tigers' slugging rookie, who's taking Navy pre-flight training at Ohio Wesleyan College, has been turned down as a pilot because of his height (he's a 6-footer) and will become either a bombardier or navigator. . . . **Sgt. Petey Sarron**, the old featherweight champion, is now a boxing instructor at Maxwell Field, Ala. . . . **Maxie Rosenbloom** is back from a tour of the South Pacific with this little story: "In the Fijis, when it got to raining too hard and dampening my gags, I would challenge anyone in the crowd to come up and box. It worked fine until a big sailor really gave me a work-out. You know who he turned out to be? **Tom Heeney**, who once fought Tunney."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Golf champ Patty Berg (left) is still walking off with honors. Here she has some costume jewelry (bars to you, Joe) pinned on by Pfc. Rose Veterito after completing Marine OCS at Camp Lejeune, N. C.



By T Sgt. EDGAR L. ACKEN

THE whole length of the one-story narrow stone barracks that served as guard-house dormitory hummed with conversation from the groups sitting on the steel cots, smoking and talking and occasionally horsing with one another. But Jake paid no attention to the others. He had a listener—bought and paid for with Bull Durham. The listener knew it. He was out of smokes and Jake had the makin's.

Jake waited until his victim had rolled a smoke and lighted it. Then he began:

"A frien'a mine come off a furlough an' tol' me. He says, 'Jake, I hear ya ol' man ain't feelin' so good.' So I says, 'What they do, catch him drunk and jug 'im again?'—jokin', see? An' this fella says, 'No, honest, I hear he's sick.' So when I hears that I goes outta the mess hall—I was doin' a week KP; that damn cap'n again, jus' 'cause I missed reveille. Anyhow I goes to the orderly room an sees the firs' sergeant.

"I tol' him how it was, how the ol' man was sick, had pneumonia or somethin'."

An accidental listener on the bunk behind Jake interrupted him: "Howja know he had pneumonia?"

"Oh, I dunno. Guess this guy tol' me or somethin'. Anyway, I tol' the first sergeant about it, and he tells me to see the comp'ny comman'er. So I do.

"Lotsa good 'at done me. The CD looks at me fishy like and asts me where the letter was. An' I says, 'what letter?' An' he says that letter that tells me that my ol' man's so sick. So I tells him how it was—I didn't get no letter, this guy tells me.

"He keeps lookin' at me funny, an' then he says, 'I tell yuh, yuh can't get no furlough unless yuh got proof that ya ol' man's sick. Now if yuh wants yuh can go see the Red Cross an' get them to send a wire an' see if ya ol' man is sick. If they say so yuh can get a furlough.'

"So I went back to the mess hall madder'n hell. Here that cap'n wouldn't let me off jus' 'cause he hated me. My ol' man sick an' all didn' make no difference to him."

The second interrupter spoke up again: "Did you go ta the Red Cross?"

Jake turned. "Nah! Whatsa use? If he was sick the capn'd said he wasn't sick 'nough or somthin'." Jake settled in a position where he could face both his listeners. The first one had finished the cigarette and had slumped on the bunk, now and then putting an interested look on his face. The second man seemed the more interested of the pair, and Jake concentrated on him.

"Anyways," he continued, "I got madder an' madder. There I was, peelin' them spuds an scrubbin' floors an' washin' pots, an' my father ready to die. I didn' do nuthin' then, though—I couldn'. But that night I borrowed fi' bucks and got in a crap game and won 10, an' I took the 15 an' went to town.

"I had a few beers an' messed aroun' some, but all the time I was mad. Fin'ly I made up my mind. I says to myself, 'Maybe the ol' man's dyin' or som'thin'. So I started out. I caught a freight up inta Kansas and was goin' on inta Colorado where the ol' man's at, an' then I happened to think maybe the MPs or cops might look for me there. So I gets off at Wichita an' gets a flop.

"Then I was broke. So I got me a job in a hamburger joint. I figgered on maybe writin' the ol' man an' if he was all right, I'd come on back. So I work on there an' I had a little dough an' I was ready to come on back, an' I goes inta a beer joint an' I has a coupla beers an' somebody clips me f'reverthin'."

"Were you drunk?" his new listener asked.

"Nah! I had a few beers but I don't get drunk on beer. Why I can drink a whole case of beer an' don' hardly feel it. I 'member——"

"What did you do then—after you got clipped?"

"Oh, I went back to the hamburger joint. I couldn't come back with no money, could I?"

"You coulda taken a freight back, couldn' you?"

JAKE looked hard at his interlocutor. "You know how dirty yuh get on a freight," he said. "Yuh wouldn't expec' me to come back to the compn'y all dirty, would yuh?"

"Yeah," the other said, "I guess ya right. Got the makin's?"

Jake felt the wrong pockets first. "I guess I got a little som'eres." He found the sack and held it out.

The other rolled a smoke and handed the bag back. "Then what happened?"

"Oh, I was workin', and a guy gets flip in the joint. He claims I short-changed him. We has an agyment an' damn if he don't call a cop! The dirty louse!

"The cops take me in. Then they fine out where I'm from, an'—here I am. Jus' on account the cap'n hates me an won't lemme see my sick ol' man, I'm in here."

"How is he?"

"Who?" asked Jake.

"Your father."

Jake got up. "I dunno, I ain't heard from him in a coupla years an' I never did get ta see him."

PRISONER OF WAR PW

The hitherto undisclosed stories of American soldiers recently returned from the hell of a German prison camp—as told to YANK correspondents. They learned a great lesson—you help your neighbor or you both perish.

STAFF SERGEANT NORMAN GOODWIN'S complete flying career with the 8th Air Force was a matter of hours. On June 25th he took his first and only trip as radio gunner with the Flying Fortress "Bar Fly" on a mission over Bremen. Half-way to the objective four MEs bore down hard and fast on the Fort's tail. Goodwin saw them coming, got ready to fire, and the next minute knew that his leg had been hit. "It felt like being struck with a paper bag," he has said since. He looked down and saw his leg hanging by a few shreds of flesh; a 20 mm. shell had practically torn it off above the knee.

Then fire broke out in the radio equipment, and as Goodwin crawled across the floor for an extinguisher, the plane exploded, and he was heaved out into space by the blast. He parachuted down into the North Sea, where the cold water stopped the bleeding to some extent, and was picked up by a German patrol boat.

By similar direct and painful methods other American prisoner soldiers have reached the interior of Germany as prisoners of war. Twelve among their number arrived back in England recently, together with about 700 prisoners of other nationalities, mostly British, brought here by the mercy ship *Atlantis*. Many of them, like Goodwin, have lost an arm or leg. In spite of empty sleeves pinned neatly to their battledress and a dead-white pallor, they seemed well and cheerful and, with fragmentary smiles showing what was left of their teeth, more than ready to talk about what they had gone through in Germany. Piecing their stories together, one got a picture of an existence behind barbed wire that was hell with few reservations, in which only the quick-witted, the cooperative and lucky could survive.

When a man is first captured by the Germans he is usually too weak, shattered and God-forsaken to know or care very seriously whether he is alive or dead. It is a curious, dreamlike, shipwrecked feeling, like Gulliver's on his arrival in Lilliputia. One man who landed by parachute on German soil found, when he tried to stand up, that he was almost completely paralysed by spinal injuries. "I could pull the cord all right when I bailed out," he said, "but I couldn't even get a gum drop out of my pocket when I landed. My plane was blazing about a hundred yards away. Several hours later, a little boy came up to me. I kept pointing to my pocket where the gum drops were, and after a while he caught on, took out the candy, and fed me on some. Then I pointed some more and got him to take off my parachute. After that he thought I was dead and pulled the parachute over me very respectfully. I guess he wasn't far wrong at that.

"The next Germans I saw called me 'Kaput,' and I knew what that meant just from the way they said it. There was a whole crowd of them standing around when I came to again. I couldn't open one eye, because all the blood was dried all over it. But I did open the other one, and after a while they put me in a truck and took me to a dressing-station."

THE first days, weeks or months a man is a prisoner are usually spent in a hospital which, as far as care and diet are concerned, is more than likely to be "strictly Nazi." Generous and efficient treatment can be had only at the hospitals run by Catholic nuns or at the merchant seamen rest homes on the Frisian Islands.

Right at the beginning of his stay in Germany a prisoner should take the offensive as carefully as possible. This consists of knowing his rights, and asking for them all the time, politely but firmly. A man's dog tags are his life when he is interned in Germany, because they clear his identity as a prisoner of war and as a soldier. Without them he would be handed over to the Gestapo as a political agent, and the most humane attention that he could hope for would come from a firing squad.

If a man knows the rules of the Geneva Convention, he can use them to great effect. Sgt. Goodwin recalls that when the Germans tried to employ the American and British prisoners as cheap labor, they were turned down cold and could do nothing about it. "They made the Russians and the French work, though," Goodwin says. "Maybe those people never signed the Convention. But if you know the Convention, you know where you stand, and just what they can do to you, and what you can refuse to do.

"Right at the beginning, ask the Jerries for a receipt for your personal belongings, your watch, your cigarette lighter, and things like that. Otherwise you have no way of claiming them, and they will swipe anything you've got without a murmur. Also, it's a good idea to know German. They should have more language classes at ground school and less drilling. A few German phrases—'Stalag Dutch' we call it—can come in very handy now and then. It might make all the difference between escaping and getting caught, or it would help you get something extra to eat. But don't make too many attempts to escape. It only means tougher treatment for the men left behind you."

PRISONERS were taken directly to a prison camp or hospital, depending on their physical condition. Whichever the destination, life settled down into a well-regulated, evenly distributed ordeal. In the hospitals, each man suffered the same amount of pain and boredom as his neighbor, and to lose an arm or leg or one's eyesight was no mark of distinction.

Medical treatment as handed out by Nazi doctors was described by the returning P.W.s as inexpert, savage, but sometimes successful. However, British doctors who had been captured after the collapse of France and who had been in Germany ever since, were quartered with the Americans and looked after them magnificently. One of the most famous brain surgeons in England performed a delicate skull operation on an American that restored not only the man's health but his memory.

The Americans and English reached a warm, lively understanding in the prison hospitals, where the golden rule is just about the only practical method of self-survival left. Either you understood and helped your neighbor, or you both perished.

In conversation the Allies got on about as well with each other as they do in any other part of the globe. The Americans kidded the English about not being able to run fast enough towards the beach at Dunkirk, and the British complimented the Americans on the virtuosity of their bull-slinging. "They had a stock phrase," Goodwin said, "which we'd always hear when a Yank flier was brought in—'twenty-eight thousand feet, three engines out, pilot shot, no one at the controls, still climbing. Tell us what happened then.'"

When the Americans first arrived, they were blue and boastful at intervals. But they got over the blues. "When you're shot down the natural tendency is to blame everything and everybody," Goodwin says. "You blame the flight leader. Why was one group two thousand feet below, instead of up where it belonged, giving you protection? You blame

the pilot; why didn't he take evasive action sooner? Later on you're too sick to care. In the hospital men would dream up wild soap-opera schemes of escape, but when you're an invalid, you lose interest in freedom pretty easily. Those who were strong enough were always burrowing under wires, but it's not a good idea unless you speak the language. If they caught you clipping the barbed wire they put you into solitary confinement, and fined you for damaging Government property." The latter measure seems a logical enough punishment.

THE average day in a German hospital camp, according to Sgt. Goodwin, moves slowly along on a fairly regular schedule, starting at seven o'clock in the morning when the German guard comes in with a blast on the whistle and a "raus."

Breakfast follows and consists of cool, weak tea and black, cast-iron toast. At eight o'clock comes a change of bandages. Actually there are few new bandages, and the best that a man can do for himself is to wash his old dressings and use them over and over again. During the morning there is a recreation period and outdoor exercise, using Red Cross sports equipment. Volley ball is particularly popular.

At eleven o'clock comes a strong apology for lunch —great bowls of diluted barley soup with large hunks of horse meat floating around in it. Food parcels from the International Red Cross arrive once a week, and they ease the food situation immensely. The men organize themselves into combines, in which all the members pool the tins of meat and fish received in the Red Cross parcels, as well as their supplies of margarine and sugar. A size of a combine is planned so that the contents of a whole tin will be just enough to go around for one meal.

The Germans allowed the prisoners in Goodwin's group a small stove and kindling wood, and a guard would accompany those who were able to go for water for boiling purposes. The men even had a victory garden. "You ought to hear five grown men trying to divide two small onions evenly," says Goodwin.

Most of Goodwin's guards "knew the war was lost and were just hoping that it would be over quickly." They were no longer Hollywood Nazis, swashbuckling bullies, but older men, most of whom had been veterans in the last war. The younger ones included men who had been shipped home from Russia either as a result of wounds or frozen hands or feet. Some of the guards were decent, friendly fellows, but there were usually enough Nazis around to make them all distrust one another steadily. The well-meaning ones talked to the prisoners only when they thought nobody was looking. If they saw another guard coming along, they would break off the conversation and pace up and down as they were supposed to. Some of the guards had been home on leave in bombed German cities, and told about the damage there. They did not seem to hold it against the prisoners, not even the airmen, which was quite in contrast to the civilian Germans, who stoned American and English fliers and cursed and swore at them whenever they saw them.

There was one guard who had charge of the bloodhounds, and who in looks and temperament fitted his job perfectly. "He'd get so mad at us he'd threaten to set one of his pets, a huge, vicious Alsatian, on us," Goodwin recalls. "When he did that we'd all run like hell back into the barracks and climb into the upper bunks.

"One day the guard was passing by a French prisoner, a big, powerful man. He had his Alsatian with him and dropped the leash, and the dog sprang at the Frenchman, right at his throat. The Frenchman warded off the dog with his arm and then grabbed it by the throat and choked it. Then he raised the carcass over his head and slammed it down on the ground. That was that.

"Another time they set two dogs on the Russians. We heard a great uproar in the Russian barracks, and soon one of the dogs came flying out the window. They ate that dog."

Besides baiting the guards, outdoor sports included a singularly un-American activity—volunteering for details, particularly the wood detail. Under guard, the men in this detail actually could go beyond the camp limits, where sometimes they'd be able to pick up apples along with the logs and branches and bring them back. "Then we'd have a mild form of apple pie," says Goodwin. "It was only about that thick, but it was quite a climax in our diet."

Indoor amusements included every card game known, even a form of horseracing worked out with cards. The men built ship models and organized language classes, plays, and concerts. The Red Cross sent some musical instruments.

Such matters took up most of the afternoon. At six o'clock in the evening every one had to be back in the barracks, and at nine o'clock there was a bed check.

For a long time there was a great shortage in reading material, but eventually some books arrived. Direct news reports were very rare and unreliable, and in many of the camps the prisoners were cut off dead from the outside world. As a propaganda stunt, the camp newspapers were pathetic. There were two editions in Goodwin's camp, both printed in English, one for the Americans and one for the English prisoners. The American version was called *The O.K. News* and it was signed by the "Overseas Kid." It featured pages and pages of ingenuous lies and rumors about England, calculated to make the Americans dislike and distrust the English as much as possible. Similarly the English version tried to inflame the English prisoners against the Americans. The net effect was cancelled by the fact that the newspapers were distributed among the wrong nationalities, and merely tightened the bond between the English and Americans, who were already united by their collective contempt for the Nazi propaganda as by no other force.

When Italy surrendered, the item was not mentioned in the camp papers, but the rumor spread rapidly. Not for a fortnight after the Italian armistice was the news confirmed by the arrival of large crowds of Italian prisoners at the camp.

MINOR rules and regulations, the P.W.s found, are observed very strictly in the military hospitals. Patients are allowed certain hours to smoke. If they are caught smoking at any other time, they get five days' solitary confinement on rations of watery soup and old bread. For over-ambitious tinkering with any one of the nurses as they lean over the cots on their errands of mercy, a man gets anything up to ten years. "It looks as if they were counting on a long war when they thought that one up," says Goodwin. "There was one nurse, though, who was a very good skate. She used to let us smoke whenever we felt like it. Sometimes she even brought us cigarettes. She was certainly not our natural enemy."

Most of the nurses Goodwin came across were well-meaning and efficient, and the Americans in general adopted the policy toward them expressed by a New Zealander quartered with them who used to say, "There are two times when I'm not particular. One is when I'm drunk, and this is the other." What the Americans saw of German womanhood seemed in fairly good working order. In one hospital near Frankfurt they all could look out of a ground-floor window on to one of the main streets. There was a reassuring monotony in watching the same blonde patrol the same pavement night after night.

"If a German meets a friend out on the street he gives him the Nazi salute," Goodwin reports, "but if he doesn't want to bother, he just says 'Heil Hitler.' You should see some of the salutes. They'd bring their hands up feebly and then let them flop back to their sides again. It looked as if they were trying to get out of doing any heiling. When there were air raids, the German workers could go to the shelters, but the Russian and French conscripts had to stay in the factories. It's a queer feeling when you hear the raids in Germany, and know that you are right under the bombs of your own countrymen. One night we really had it, and all the windows were blown out in the hospital. You ought to see Hamburg, though. We came through it on our way home. Everything was laid flat for miles and miles.

"You can see why we did not go over very big with the civilians. It seemed to me that the hospital staff stood up to the raids, and the military element took them fairly easily, but not the civilians. When I left Frankfurt, I had to take a street car to the station. A Russian conscript was sitting on the bench, also waiting for the trolley, and next to him was a typical old German. The Russian got up and gave me his place, because I was still rather shaky and weak. When I sat down, the old German moved over as if I might contaminate him. When he saw that my leg was missing, he said in uncertain English, 'That is good. It is too bad that there are not a hundred more like you.' His daughter was with him, sitting beside a baby carriage. When her father made his crack about 'a hundred more like you,' she corrected him. 'You mean a thousand more,' she said. Fine people. When the street car came, the Russian helped me on to it, and held me up all the way, because nobody would give me a seat.

"They threw stones at us whenever we stopped at stations and they recognized us as flyers. 'Yahnke schweinhund,' they kept yelling at us, and if our guards were decent to us, they'd called them 'Yahnke lovers.'"

The prisoners were able to pick up these ugly, fleeting glimpses of the Germans as they are today only on their trips from one prison camp to another, and on their great final trip to the coast to take the boat ride home via Sweden.

WHEN the report of their repatriation first came through, the fortunate few did not believe it. They had been subjected to so many rumors of that kind over such a long period of time, that the truth about their release was accepted very slowly and cautiously. "Sweating out that repatriation was worse than anything else that we ever lived through," Goodwin recalls. "We finally got all packed up, and were taken to the station where we sat for hour after hour. Nothing happened, and they brought us back to camp. We had lost all our food parcels for the trip, and we had nothing to eat when we got back. The boys had given us a farewell concert the night before, and it was awful for them, and for us, having to come back again.

"It was four days before they took us away again. All the time we kept thinking of the men who were on the mercy ship two years ago, when the Nazis trumped up some damn excuse to call it off. That was when they were really riding high, but they've changed their tune somewhat since. Still, we didn't feel safe about it until we got to Sweden. Even then we thought it wasn't real. We'd wake up sometimes and feel quite certain that we were back in camp again. One of the fellows with us said that if there was any hitch or slowdown in Sweden he was going to go deliberately haywire and smash a couple of shop windows or something so that he could be jailed for a civil offence in Sweden. It might not have worked but he was determined to try it, anyway.

"Sweden was a great preliminary, but the welcome that they gave us at Liverpool was the real thing. All the way up the river, the ships were giving us the V for Victory signal on their whistles. The crowds and the bands on the docks really made you feel that you had rejoined the human race again. They were all English, though, and we thought that we'd have to let them know that there were some Yanks on board, so we all yelled, 'Who won the World Series?'

"It was even noisier on the ship then, but they all played swing music. It was the first time that we had heard swing music in months, and you have to admit that that's a terrible thing to do to one-legged men."

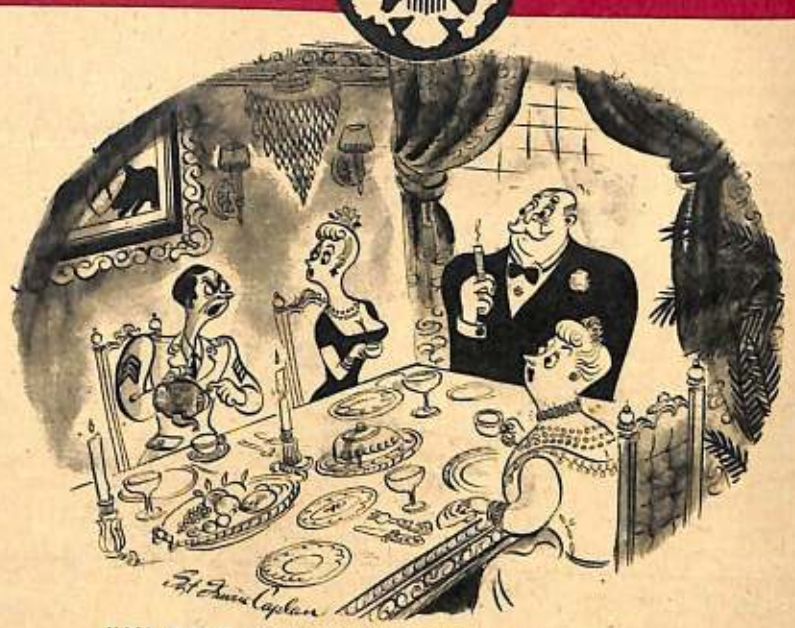
Cpl. JOHN PRESTON and Sgt. BEN FRAZIER

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

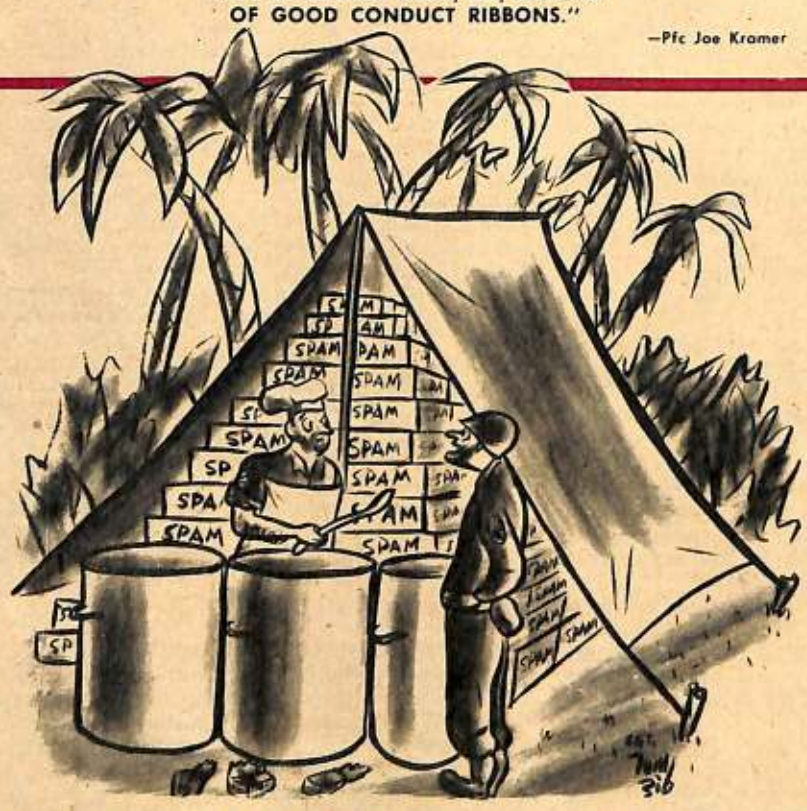
"THEY'RE ISSUING THEM, SIR, INSTEAD OF GOOD CONDUCT RIBBONS."

—Pfc Joe Kramer



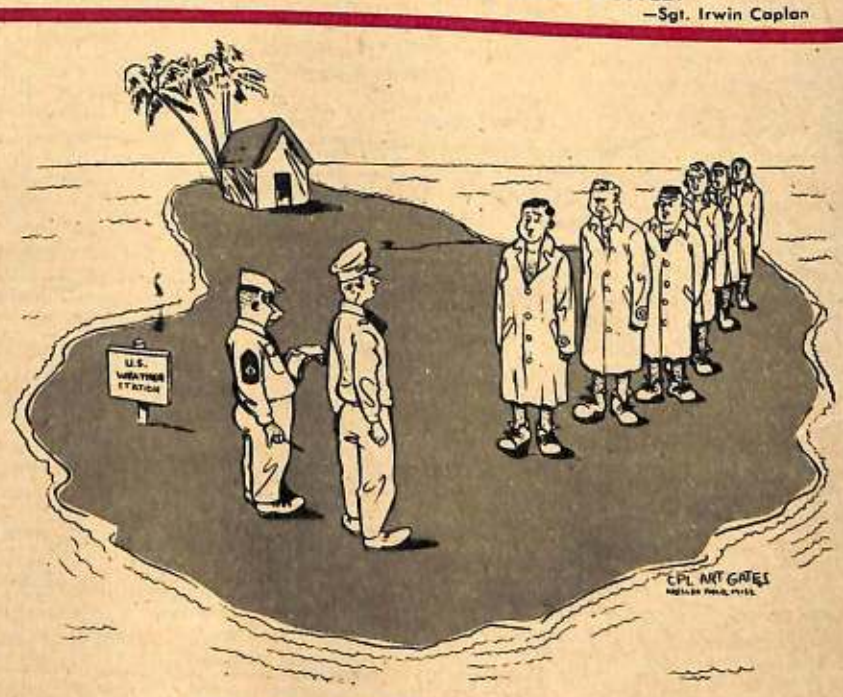
"ALL RIGHT, WHO CINCHED THE DAMN COFFEE?"

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"WHAT'RE WE HAVING FOR CHOW TONIGHT?"

—Sgt. Tom Zibelli



"YOU UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE, THIS INSPECTION IS PURELY ROUTINE."

—Cpl. Art Gates

"WELL, WELL . . . IF IT ISN'T MY OLD DRAFT BOARD . . ."

—Pfc. Mitchell Wright

"WE'VE GOT A WORKING AGREEMENT."

—S/Sgt. Harry Lampert