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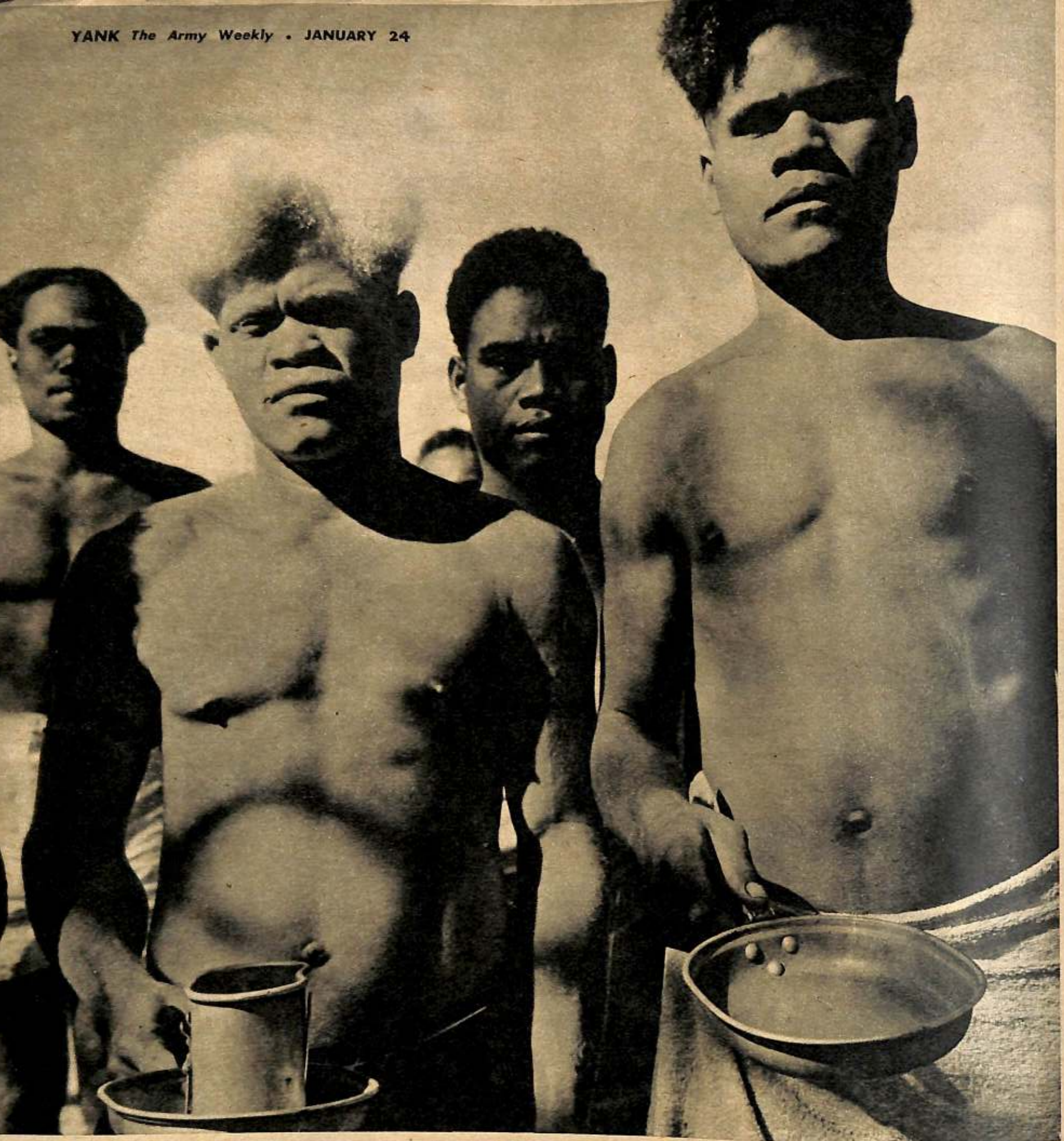
By the men . . for the men in the service

SIGNAL CORPS



South Pacific natives, one an albino, line up for chow after working with our Army. Mess kits are strictly G.I., but not the haircuts.

NATIVES GO G.I. IN SOUTH SEAS

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—Husky, hardworking black natives with Charles Atlas figures have gone G.I. in a big way, working for Uncle Sam in the South Pacific.

Accustomed to just a slip-around sarong and bare feet, these six tribes of big bushy-haired natives have two regulation uniforms, one for dress and one for "fatigue detail."

Their dress uniform is OD. The pants are cut down to shorts with a green stripe. This fancy color scheme is set off with a yellow overseas cap. For work they wear blue fatigue suits which consist of both the shorts and uppers with a blue snaffoo hat trimmed with green. All were issued shoes, but difficulty was experienced in getting fits; their feet were so big.

They make 40 cents a day, work by tribes to keep order. All instructions to the men are given through the chief or petty chief of the tribe who in turn assigns the jobs.

Each man has a number but most of them will answer to "Hey, Charlie," or "Hey, Joe!" The American enlisted men are, in turn, "Charlie" and "Joe" to them.

Each three months a new crew of natives is broken in. This was originally scheduled because the officers felt the natives might not like the work. Instead they are all good workers, and moreover, like the Americans.

One of the tribes is a singing tribe and whenever they are trucked to or from work, they begin singing in a four-part harmony taught them by missionaries which would put the best of barber-shop quartets to shame.

They are inveterate smokers and when a deadline for work is to be met, they invariably will polish it off on time with the offer of a free pack of cigarettes each as a reward.

S/Sgt. William Wyman, of Winchester, Mass., is their "top sergeant." The tribesmen live in pyramidals, sleep on cots and eat out of army mess kits. This is a new experience to them. None of them had ever washed dishes in their lives. They file down to typical G.I. garbage cans to clean their gear after chow. They eat special native diet made up mainly of rice. They have a passion for sugar and for tea. In all, they are experiencing "luxuries" they never had before. They've gone "army"—and they like it.

BRAND

Night Patrol

If you think that in this modernized war the ground is just something to crack airplanes up on, this might revise your outlook

"Your mission is to discover whether or not the enemy has occupied this point."

By LT.-COL. EGBERT WHITE
Commanding Officer, YANK British and African Editions

SOMEWHERE ON THE SOUTHERN TUNISIAN FRONT (By Cable)—"There was only routine patrol activity," the communique said. But communiques never say much.

The things the CO told us were more like it. It was a moonless, brooding night and we stood impatiently by our two jeeps. "Your mission," he said, spreading out his map, "is to discover whether or not the enemy has occupied this point"—a jab of his finger—"and with what type guns. You will attempt to secure information by observation. If that's impossible—and it probably will be—you will draw his fire, observe the number of his guns, their location, and their type. You will keep one jeep well to the rear as a getaway car, so that we'll be certain to get a report. Any questions?"

There were no questions. When you're staring night in the face, with the enemy waiting for you somewhere in the middle of that night, you understand orders well enough. The questions you're thinking you don't ask. Nobody could answer them, anyway.

There were ten men picked for this particular job, the kind of job that makes hard, intelligent fighting possible in the land of Col. Edson Raff. I went along for the ride.* Some ride.

We crowded into two jeeps, giving our drivers as much room as possible. Lieut. Root rode in the first jeep. In the second, plus our two-man getaway, was a party of demolition experts who had every intention of sneaking around the enemy position and blowing up a few telephone poles and other installations. Their objective was five miles away. They were to leave the jeep, plant their stuff, and return; and if they didn't get back in time they were to hide out until the next night.

Our two-jeep convoy got off at about 7.30 p.m.

We crept along past the French guard posts, finally reaching our own last outposts. There was a lookout station some two miles down the road, but before us stretched nothing but the secretive and dangerous darkness.

You have no idea how much noise a jeep, sliding along at five or six miles an hour, can make in the center of the utter silence of an African night. As we approached the lookout station the night seemed to become more oppressive than ever. The lieutenant stopped the jeeps and scouted ahead on foot with Sgt. Nestor. They came to an unguarded roadblock, but they couldn't tell whether it was ours or one of the enemy's that we hadn't heard about. Thinking black thoughts about ambushes, we went ahead a quarter of a mile. Then the silence was smashed into fragments as a shot rang out and a bullet sang a death song overhead.

We were all in the ditch beside the road in nothing flat. Our guns were out and ready. If it was our own lookout station, it wasn't where the map said it was, which wasn't surprising. In combat things are seldom where they're supposed to be. While we huddled in the ditch a second shot kicked up the dust over our heads.

Lieut. Root stood up in the ditch. "Who the hell are you?" he yelled.

A third shot came over. Then, to our relief, a voice full of profane disgust answered the lieutenant's challenge in unmistabable Yank. Our lookout, it seemed, had challenged us and we hadn't heard him. The language we used in telling him how to get the lead out of his mouth would have done credit to the toughest topkick in this man's army.

The lieutenant sent the getaway jeep a half-mile down the road to await the outcome of our little jaunt. Surrounded by darkness, the jeep proceeded to (a) run off the road and, (b) once back on the road, to run over Cpl. Sabin's foot.

We went forward again. Now the stars were out, giving just enough light to enable the drivers to stay on the road. Every half-mile we stopped, while the lieutenant scouted ahead on foot. For seven miles we did this. All was quiet, save for the telephone wires over our heads. They were singing in a curious high-pitched tone.

At last we reached a point where the road sloped down with rising ground on each side of it. This was the point where the enemy position was suspected. The jeeps stopped and turned around. There wasn't a bush in sight; nothing but stones the size of a man's two clenched fists. We crossed what appeared in the darkness to be a new road, and by feeling the ground we detected the tracks of what seemed to be large vehicles, possibly tanks. As we approached the top of a ridge we spread out twenty yards apart. Then, suddenly, we heard voices.

Italian voices.

A shot rang out, followed by the staccato chatter of two machine guns. With dust, stone, and chips flying about us we lay flat on our faces.

We lay still until a message came down the line from Lieut. Root, informing us that the Italians were closing in on our right and ordering us to work our way back to the road. At about this time another pair of machine guns opened fire from a position on another side of the road. We were neatly caught in a crossfire.

Sliding on our bellies as quietly as possible, now and then rising to a crouch for a short run, we worked our way down to the road and into the ditch that ran along its side. Machine gun fire followed us down the hill but, miraculously, no one was hit.

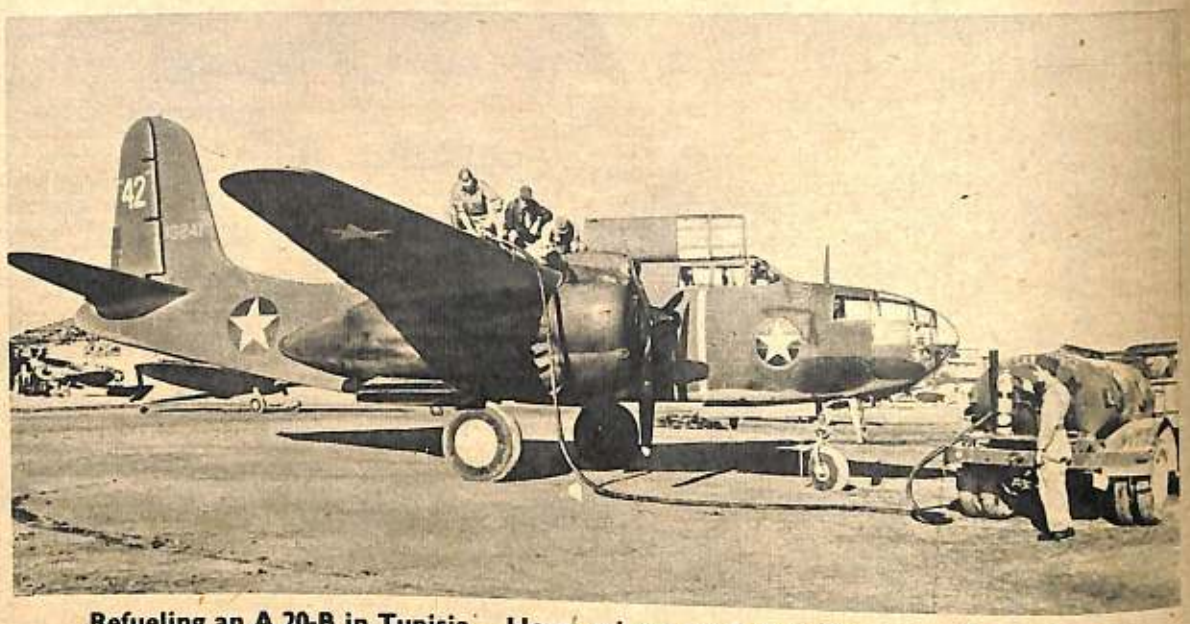
We had no sooner hit the ditch when the enemy opened fire on it with mortars. That was all we wanted to know. All we had to do now was to escape from this small private war with our information.

The lieutenant sent word back to watch him: when he got to his feet we were all to make a dash for the jeep. We did. The motor burst into action and so, for that matter, did all the enemy machine guns and mortars in the area. They even tossed over a few grenades. But we were on our way, clinging to the jeep as best we could. Driver Graw had suddenly acquired the best case of night vision in the whole of North Africa. At fifty miles an hour, he stuck to the road unerringly until the enemy fire died away in the distance. Nobody was hurt, and HQ would get its information. When one of the boys said, "I bet that'll alert the wop army clear back to Italy," everybody roared.

Next day the communique said "There was only routine activity on the Tunisian front."

Routine, hell.

*The patrol was under the command of Lieut. James A. Root, of Middlebury, Vt., a graduate of Middlebury College and a veteran of Camps Devens, Blanding and Benning. He's a cool guy in a tight spot. With him were Sgt. George P. Nestor, Atlantic City, Cpl. Bernard Sabin, Philadelphia and Cpl. Lawrence Thompson, of London, England, who were in charge of a little side project involving some T.N.T.; Pfc. Harold Wilburn, Vox, Ky., Pfc. Elmer J. Graw, Copake, N.Y., one of the jeep drivers, Pfc. Earl Barber, Oneonta, N.Y., Pvt. Lloyd Kissick, Dover, Ill., Pvt. Joseph A. Prendik, New York City and Pvt. Francis Cooney, Bryn Mawr, Pa.



Refueling an A 20-B in Tunisia. Here, where rank is unknown, all members of a command work together for one purpose—to keep these babies in the air.

Home Was Never Like This

Yankee Sheiks of Araby burrow into the brown sandhills of Africa where Colonels sweat chow lines

A Desert Bomber Base—Plodding through mud at Casablanca toward Tunis (not forgetting Oran) I should heave a drooling sigh for the men stationed out here where the desert begins.

They haven't seen enough water since they've been here to wet down a three cent stamp.

Out here it's dry—dry and dusty. The wind blows just long enough to lift large hunks of Arab homeland skyward. Then the wind stops, and dust begins to settle. It settles in your hair, in your teeth, in whatever you're using for a bed. It drifts into your nose and your ears. You breathe it, drink it, eat it.

Here, too, is test and proof of the ingenuity of the American soldier in the field. Federal Housing Association would quail at the housing situation. These G.I.s got sick and tired of leaving pup tents for fox holes and slit trenches every time Jerry pays a call. They decided to build underground homes.

Perhaps the most elaborate is one dubbed "Shack-up" by builder-residents. It measures one foot three by ten feet and is dug down four feet four inches into hard yellow clay.

Two rows of gasoline cans, packed with sand make them bullet proof, and raise the ceiling another nineteen inches. The roof is a piece of tarp lightly sprinkled with dirt.

Six steps take you down into the room, which boasts three Army cots, a kerosene stove and lantern, and eight (count 'em) cases of canned rations.

They use the stove for three purposes—hot water for shaving and washing, for heat, for frying eggs purchased from the Arabs.

Others are smaller and not so elaborate. Several are just big holes dug under pup tents. But big or small, they all serve the same purpose—combination bedroom, air raid shelter.

They've constructed latrines out here that would put Chic Sale to shame, for the "specialist" didn't have to make his creations bomb proof. These guys

filled gasoline cans with dirt and stacked them eight and ten feet high. The interior carpentry combines parts of bomb racks with slabs of ex-G.I. stew cases.

Boxes and boards are the desks used in headquarters. Bomber crews are briefed in a tent that keeps some, not all, sand out and operations maps are tacked or nailed on improvised wooden back boards.

The camp even has a barber shop. It consists of those ever-present gasoline cans, three of 'em. Somewhere the barber found two sheets, one for himself, one for his customer.

Planes must be repaired at any station. Organizational equipment of this gang doesn't include air conditioned repair shops with indirect lighting. Work is done in the open, sandstorms or no sandstorms.

When a plane cracks up or develops engine trouble that sends it toward the boneyard, the period of usefulness is just beginning. Supply squadrons overtake and issue spare parts for repair of other planes. If you want a length of radio wire, the supply officer will issue it if you bring your own pair of pliers. Planes that have been out once and shot down go out many more times as parts on other planes.

Formalities go overboard in this sort of war. Officers and men use the same chow line, the same line to wash their mess kits. It's not unusual to see a full colonel sweating out the daily ration of stew behind a block-long line of privates and non-coms.

The matter of beards is left to the various company commanders. Nobody jumps on your neck if you're not clean shaven.

Formations are unknown. A man has to work on his own bed, that's all. After the evening meal most men grab shovels and work on their underground homes. Officers build their own.

The matter of uniforms depends entirely upon the man's belongings and current weather. You put on most of your clothes in the morning and start taking them off as the sun rises. In the afternoon you start putting them on again, and when you've got all your clothes on and it's still cold, it's bed time.

They don't worry much about recreation at this place where the biggest sport is knocking down Jerry planes and smashing hell out of everything that looks like the Axis. But somebody did dig up a volley ball net and found two palm trees for boundaries. You've never really seen a really rough game of sandlot football until you've seen the Sahara version.

The nearest town is just far enough away to make it too far to walk in the sun. There's nothing there anyway but gypjoints and naked youngsters selling tangerines. The biggest attraction in town is a native shower bath. You're dirty by the time you reach camp again, but it was fun while it lasted.

You see strange sights but you don't ask any questions. You don't ask the fellows where they got their sheets, their brooms, their cases of canned rations, their kerosene stoves and lanterns.

You don't ask, either, how those two members of the combat crew of the B-26 managed to smuggle the accordion and guitar in their barracks bag. And when the sergeant of the maintenance outfit proffers you a drink of bourbon you take it with no questions.

These fellows are playing for keeps, playing the sort of game they want to play. It's a rough game, but the rules are as elastic as the ankles on a pair of G.I. longhandles.

Sgt. G. K. Hadonfield
Yank Field Correspondent

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Jilted G.I.s in India Organize First Brush-Off Club

AT A U. S. BOMBER BASE, INDIA—For the first time in military history, the mournful hearts have organized. The Brush-Off Club is the result, in this land of sahibs and saris; as usual, it is strictly G.I.

Composed of the guys whose gals back home have decided "a few years is too long to wait," the club has only one purpose—to band together for mutual sympathy. They meet weekly to exchange condolences and cry in their beer while telling each other the mournful story of how "she wouldn't wait."

The club has a "chief crier," a "chief sweater" and a "chief consoler." Initiation fee is one broken heart or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Applicants must be able to answer appropriately the following questions:

1. Has she written lately?
2. Do her letters say she misses you, and is willing to wait no matter how long?
3. Does she reminisce about the "grand times we had together, and the fun we'll have when you come back?"
4. Does she mention casually the fellows she is dating now?

Membership in the club is divided between "active members" and "just sweating members"—the latter being guys who can't believe that no news is good news.

Members are required to give each other the needle; i.e., full sympathy for all active members, encourage "hopeful waiting" in the just sweating members. By-laws state: "As we are all in the 'same transport,' we must provide willing shoulders to cry upon, and join fervently in all wailing and weeping."

One of the newest members of the club was unanimously voted to charter membership because of the particular circumstances of his case. He recently got a six-page letter from his fiancee back in Texas. In the last paragraph she casually mentioned, "I was married last week but my husband won't mind you writing to me occasionally. He's a sailor and very broadminded."

Pfc. Frank Platt of Atlanta, Ga., is inducted into the Brush-Off Club in India.

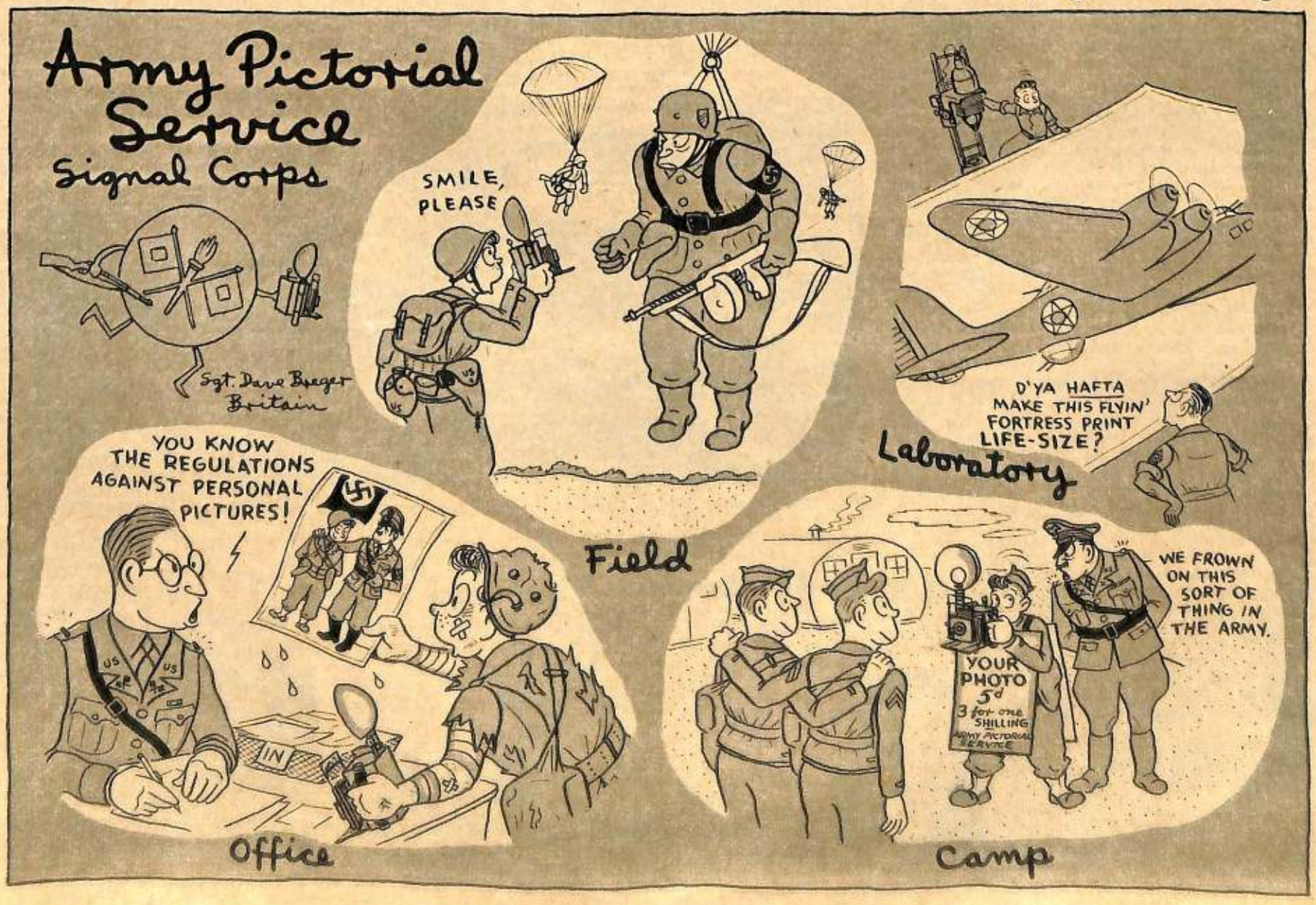
This G.I., so magnanimously scorned, is now regarded as fine presidential timber.

Present officers of the club, all of whom are active torch-carriers, are: Cpl. Henry W. Asher Jr., New Orleans, La., president; Pvt. Francis M. McCreery, Marshall, Mo., vice president; Cpl. John McConnell, Garden Grove, Calif., chief crier; S/Sgt. George M. Lehman, Bozeman, Mont., assistant chief crier; Sgt. John Crow, San Jose, Calif., chief sweater; and Lt. Richard L. Weiss, Milwaukee, Wis., chief consoler.

SGT. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

G.I. Joe

by Sgt. Dave Breger



Yanks at Home and Abroad

Yanks and Aussies hacking a road for the jeeps out of the New Guinea jungle.

Find Roller Coasters Tame? Try a New Guinea Jeep Road

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—There are no amusement parks in New Guinea and no roller coasters, but if you want a more hair-raising ride than you ever got from the Cyclone at Coney Island just hop on board the next jeep and take an 11-mile jaunt up the twisting mountain trail some hard-working Yanks chewed out of the jungle.

I rode up the jeep highway the other day, on a convoy of supplies being taken to some of the troops who had built the road we were driving on. It wouldn't seem like much of a road back home; it's barely wide enough for a jeep, and the vines that hang low over it will clip you in the head if you forget to duck. You have to travel over it most of the way in low gear, and the fastest time that any jeep has yet made over the 11-mile course is one hour and 10 minutes flat. We made it in two hours, which wasn't bad time considering that a bridge broke down while we were on top of it. It had to be repaired by some engineers, with the assistance of a little native boy who appeared out of the woods, bearing on his shoulder a log three times the size of himself.

The driver of the jeep I was in was Pfc. Estel Winterhalter, who used to own a riding academy in the state of Washington. He'd already made the trip half a dozen times. "This is the roughest ride I've ever had," he told me. "I wouldn't take a horse over this trail."

We rode on for a while, till we came to the foot of the steepest hill I ever drove up. I've seen newsreels of motorcycles screaming up almost vertical climbs, but I'd never seen a jeep do it before, until the jeep I was in did it. Winterhalter put the transfer case and gearshift into low, gripped the steering wheel with both hands, and jammed his foot on the gas pedal. We began to sail up in a cloud of dust, with the motor screaming like a four-engined bomber as we neared the top of the incline. When we got there, I started to take a deep breath, but cut it short when I noticed that the road suddenly plunged down the other side at just as steep an angle as it had risen.

There wasn't any point in worrying about soft shoulders on the trail; for most of the distance the road didn't have any shoulders. At times it clung to the side of a mountain. As we rolled along, one side of the jeep would brush lightly against the bank; looking over the other side, you'd see a straight drop of a couple of hundred feet to a river.

"Jeep fell over here the other day," Winterhalter remarked matter-of-factly.

"Anybody hurt?" I asked.

"Nope," he said. "It rolled over two or three times and then stopped against a tree. We hitched some ropes to it and pulled it back. Then it went on. These jeeps can take it."

Eventually we got to the troops who were waiting for the supplies, and they greeted us by asking how we'd liked the trip. They were pretty proud of their jungle highway. They had a right to be, because they had chopped it out with picks and shovels and an occasional small charge of dynamite despite assertions that it couldn't be done.

The road-builders worked for several weeks from dawn to dusk, plodding along grimly foot by foot for the whole stretch of 11 miles. Every man in the outfit took his turn at the work, and everybody worked all day except the patrols sent out into the brush for local security. At night they spread out their shelter halves and went to sleep; there wasn't much else to do anyway, because after 8 o'clock all lights had to be out and they weren't allowed to talk above a murmur. In this kind of war, where there aren't any front lines, you can't ever tell when a roving party of Japs is apt to come crawling over a hill.

The men had set up camp on the edge of a stream, and announced with glee that they'd already shot their first crocodile, as well as a few nine-foot pythons. The dead crocodile came to the surface after three days, and was immediately seized and cooked by a tribe of natives in the vicinity. None of the Yanks joined the feast, though they were invited.

While building the road, they floated one jeep across a stream on a raft made of native boats lashed together with vines. The most exciting water experience, probably, was one shared by three soldiers who live, appropriately enough, in Big Rapids, Mich.—1st Sgt. Paul Lutjens, S/Sgt. Henry Brissette, and Pvt. Hubert Schulte.

Trying to take a shortcut to a base, the three set off on a home-made raft down a fast-flowing river. They were floating along in the dark when they ran into some rapids as big as any they have back in Michigan. The raft cracked up and they swam to shore.

The boys asked us to go easy on the bridges on the way back. The return trip was just like the second consecutive ride on a roller coaster—you don't get as big a kick as you did the first time but you squirm a little more because you know what's coming. When I got back to the point of departure, I found that I had a blister on my hand, from hanging on.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Once the jeep had shown it could be done, even army trucks rolled on New Guinea "road."

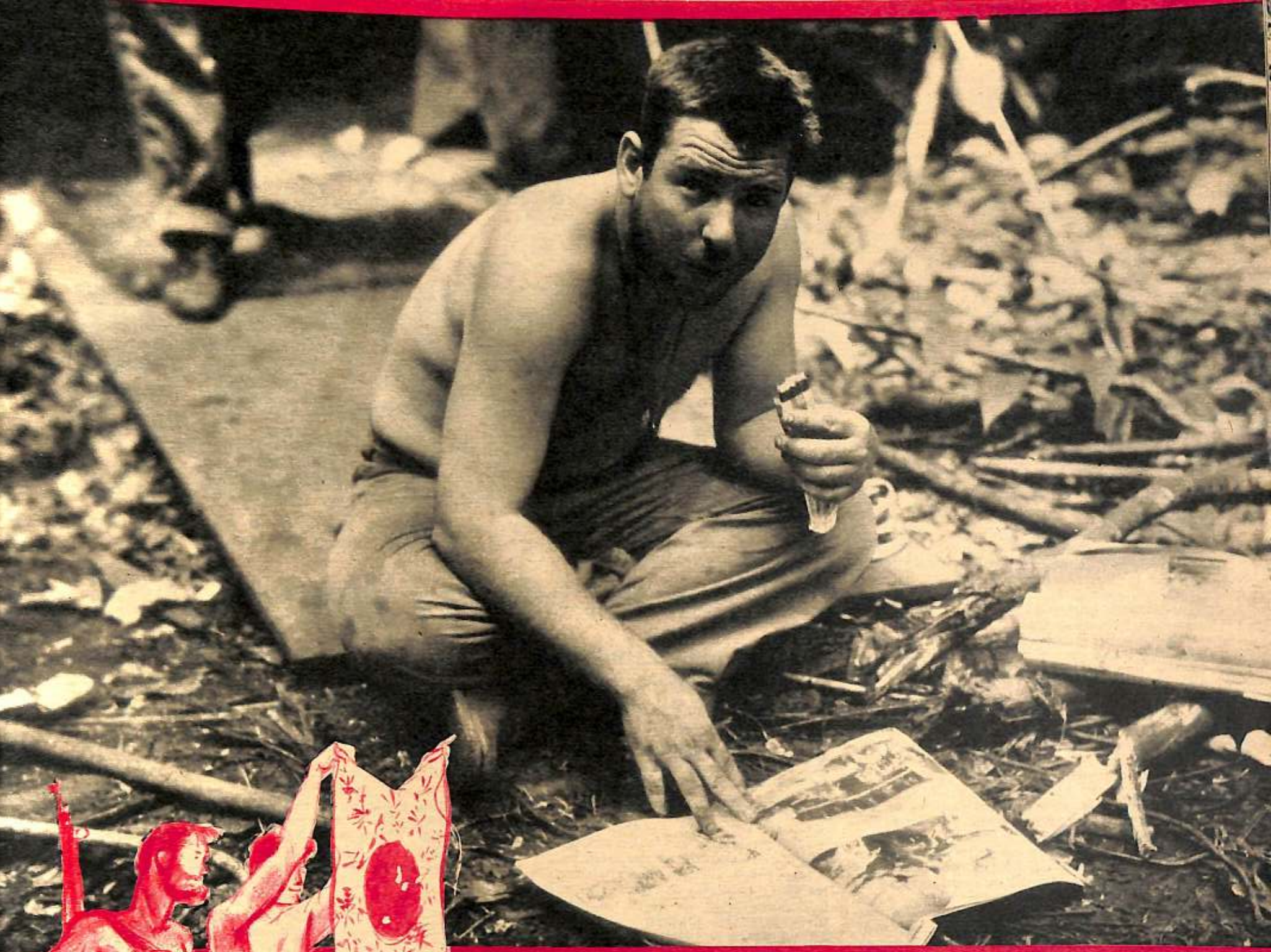
Words Across the Sea

Sgt. Maurice B. Jackson, 25, of Birmingham, Ala., wants to know whether Ensign Tom Dill, a former schoolchum at Birmingham Southern who is now in the Pacific, has become lieutenant (j.g.) yet. If not, he says, "look up the commander and sing 'Old Man River.'" Jackson, drill instructor at Aberdeen (Md.) Proving Grounds, worked for the International Harvester Company before the war.

Pvt. Ernest Bryant, 24, of Brooklyn, N. Y., send this greeting to Pvt. James Michaels in Hawaii: "Hello, James, easy does it. I'll bet Hawaii agrees with you. Saw your family and they are fine." Bryant was an upholsterer in civilian life and now he is on detached service with the Medical Dept.

Cpl. Owen Babb, 21, of Martin, Ky., returned from a North Atlantic base six months ago. He has this message for Cpl. Kenneth Osman of the Marines, somewhere in the Pacific: "I will collect that $14 you owe me or will settle for 14 Jap scalps." Babb is now at the New River (N. C.) Marine Base.

Pvt. Rosendo Ferrazas hails from Seguin, Tex., but he's traveled a long way since acquiring a rich uncle named Samuel. He was a movie operator in his old hometown, but now he's just another doughboy at Fort Hamilton, N. Y. He'd like to say hello to Pvt. Tommy Neil, an old Panhandle pal, and adds, "Keep fighting, pal. Regards to you from all the boys in old Senguin."



Sgt. Joe Melton in one of his quieter moments. That's candy he's eating.

MEET THE SERGEANT FROM

Guadalcanal

Joe Melton's the kind of guy who whittles down the enemy with his mess-kit knife. But that's only one of the stories he brought back from the Solomon Islands.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

FROM AN AIR BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—Joe Melton, a solid master sergeant with a G.I. haircut and the most infectious grin you ever saw, lay stripped to his underwear. Outside, a tropical rain pelted down on the pyramidal tent.

Joe pushed aside his mosquito bar and offered beer all around. He didn't get up. Not that there was anything wrong with him; it was just siesta hour.

There was no opener at hand, so Joe took out his .45, pulled back the slide and flipped off the bottle caps with it.

Joe's from Texas, been in the Army 14 years, can get beer where most people can't find water.

Listening to Joe was wonderful. He reclined behind the mosquito netting like some sprawling pasha and told of his recent experiences on Guadalcanal, where he put in two months as radio man for an Army fighter squadron.

There was that night the Jap battleship shelled them. . . .

"Well, sir, I was asleep when the fust uns hit, and just sort of instinctively I found myself out o' my bunk on my hands an' knees. Thought it was an explosion of some kind—maybe one o' our own guns—but then there came four more.

Hell, I knew it weren't no explosion when the dirt from them fust ones started fallin' on the tent, but when them next four hit I just zzzzzt! into that fox hole. I ain't sayin' I was fust, but I'll be damned if I was last."

Joe rocked back and forth and laughed at the recollection. He tries to make his stories sound as if he was scared to death, but one look at him and you can tell he doesn't scare very easily.

Then, there was another time. . . .

"This lieutenant come up to me on the beach and says, 'Joe, I got a radio out back there—let's go fix it.' I looks at the jeep he's drivin' and says, 'How far back?' and he says, 'Oh, just a little piece back—come on, let's go fix it.'

"So I got in with him and we started back toward the front and pretty soon I hear this tat-tat-tat-tat off in the trees somewhere and I says, 'What's that?' and he says, 'Oh, that might be one of our machine guns.' I says, 'Whatta you mean—it *might* be?' and he says, 'What's the matter, you scared?' I says, 'Well, I ain't sayin' I am, but I'll be damned if I'm sayin' I ain't.'

"This lieutenant says, 'Well, it ain't but a little further on,' and just then came this tat-tat-tat right up close and he says, 'That's one of ours.' I tell him, 'Sir, I'm mighty proud it is,' and then we got to the place where the radio was.

Joe Reveals What the Fighting Is For

"About that time I hear something go 'boom,' and I look back and there's tree branches a-fallin' and dirt and stuff a-flyin'. Them Jap bastards had put a mortar shell in there and this lieutenant wantin' me to do a highly technical job under conditions like that!

"Well, sir, them boys was all standin' around and they musta thought I was a miracle man, because I put my hand right on the trouble. Just luck. I started to shake them little resisters to see if there was any loose connections and one of 'em came apart in my hand. Just burned up, that's all. So I fixed it and then I said to the boys, 'Where's them Japs?' and they pointed and said, 'Over there.' I says, 'How far?' and they said, 'Right over there.' I looked and couldn't see nothin', so I said, 'Let's go. . . .'"

Joe had a Jap mess kit and canteen on the table, and he distributed some Jap street-car tickets to his audience.

"If the Japs didn't know before, they know now what the American Army's fightin' for—it's souvenirs. Up there, they'll shoot a Jap and he'll jump in the air. Before he hits the ground, the boys will be all over him, frisking him for souvenirs. Damndest bunch of boys you ever saw. One time the Japs tried a push and we mowed down a mess of 'em. Our boys was all over 'em before the last shot was fired.

"They find some funny things — American money sometimes, pictures and things the Japs had taken off other marines and soldiers. One boy even found a picture of Hedy Lamarr on a dead Jap.

"I was with a marine one time," Joe continued, "and he pointed off into the trees and said, 'Let's go 'way back there.' I said, 'What's back there?' and he said, 'Japs.' I said, 'Dead or alive?' and he said, 'Well, some of 'em are dead.' I told him, 'Let's wait'll they all die.'"

Has Some Choice Souvenirs, Himself

Joe brought out his prize souvenirs—a Jap battle flag and an officer's saber. The flag was made of silk and was inscribed with Jap lettering, running in radial lines from the big orange spot in the center. Joe said the letters were messages of good luck written by different people, and sent out to the Jap soldiers. The flag was ripped in a score of places by fragments from an 81-mm mortar shell.

The officer's saber took the cake. It was a beautiful thing, delicately balanced and with a two-handed grip inlaid with seed pearls. The scabbard and the hilt showed fine metal work and the sword looked very old and very well kept. It was razor-sharp. The web belt that held the scabbard would gird a 27-inch waist.

Joe likes to tell how he got the sword.

"Why, I fought that Jap officer for eight hours and 15 minutes, and me with only a mess-kit knife. Finally, I whittled him down, but I had to stop twice and sharpen my blade. He damned near got me once. If you don't believe it, lookit my head."

Joe's G.I. haircut is as beautiful as his gift of gab.

Chaplain Stephen Dzienis, of Detroit (2nd from right), gives absolution to a group of Yanks before they move up to the firing line in Buna, New Guinea.

When the Infantry Went to Sea

In New Guinea, the Doughboy Is All Kinds of a Fighting Man

By Sgt. E. J. KAHN, Jr.
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—Army classification probably doesn't recognize the existence of bootlegging as a legitimate occupation. If it did and had been able to send a couple of rum-runners over to New Guinea on detached service this fall, they'd have been a big help in conducting one of the strangest naval operations ever put on by the infantry.

Maybe the average doughboy can't tell port from starboard or a bowsprit from a marlinspike, but in the early weeks of the Buna campaign there were G.I. riflemen scattered all over the coastal waters of Northern New Guinea. They were paddling and poling crude native out-rigger canoes, running dowdy motor-driven trawlers, rowing flatbottomed assault boats, and spending hours neckdeep in pounding surf as they unloaded supplies from their fantastic fleet. On more than one occasion they had to swim for their lives as bullets from diving Zeros ripped into the waters that swirl over the coral reefs and sandbars and lap up against the huge mangrove trees and cocoanut palm groves on shore.

Although the trawlers averaged only about 50 feet in length and had a fairly shallow draft, they couldn't be brought too close to shore because of the reefs. They had to be unloaded by means of assault boats and rickety native canoes.

That sounds like a simple enough job, but just try shifting a case of mortar shells or bully beef from the rail of a bobbing trawler to a canoe pitching unsteadily at its side, in the middle of a moonless night, and you'll see that it isn't.

Despite the many difficulties, Quartermaster troops and others worked on the beach and in the water for hours every night, handling hundreds of tons worth of stuff, and dropping practically none of it into the ocean.

It was bad enough when there was only the sea to contend with, but when Zeros appeared overhead, too, the little boats, with an armament consisting only of a handful of machine guns and whatever rifles or tommy guns the personnel on board happened to have with them, were an extremely vulnerable target.

One black day a bunch of some 20 Zeros spotted four of the comparatively helpless ships and set them all on fire, causing considerable casualties and forcing the survivors to swim for their lives.

"Those damn planes," one soldier later said, "threw cannons, machine guns, belly tanks, sukiyaki and everything else at us. I would shoot one of those Zeros if it was nursing a baby."

The experiences our soldiers have had in these tropical waters is probably as good an argument as anything else for the compulsory teaching of swimming to all prospective soldiers. The fact that it doesn't take long to learn to swim has never better been proved than by the example of some Yanks who, never having taken a stroke before in their lives, managed somehow to splash to safety through the choppy sea.

In most cases, they haven't had a chance to think about much except saving their lives, but one good swimmer, Pfc. George R. Crisp, of Coral, Mich., was determined, after the ship he was on went down, not to lose the weapon with which he was armed. He tried to make it to shore lugging an automatic rifle, several clips of ammunition and a steel helmet, but finally had to let go of the BAR when it began to drag him under.

Somebody asked him later why he hadn't let go of his helmet, too.

"Hell! Not after it did this for me," he said, pointing to a sizable dent in it where a machine-gun bullet had made its mark.

Other soldiers, lucky to get out of range with their skins intact, came up on shore completely unequipped. One G.I. turned up dressed in a fatigue jacket and three pairs of socks.

Among the enlisted men who have distinguished themselves in the troubled waters of this region is Pfc. Herbert R. Collier, of DeWitt, Ark., a member of a three-man squad assigned to a small ship to man a .50-caliber machine gun. When the Japs came over, the corporal in charge of the gun was jammed in the wheelhouse behind a dozen other men and couldn't get to his station.

Collier and Pvt. William E. F. Davis, his ammunition passer, of Jefferson City, Mo., fought their way to the gun and stayed there throughout the action. With Jap bullets whizzing by him constantly, Collier remained at his post, getting off approximately 500 rounds and bringing down the first Zero chalked up to the credit of his outfit.

"I stayed with it. I never quit as long as there was a man on board," Collier said afterward.

The only time he left his gun was for one 10-second interval when Davis, scanning the skies for diving planes, yelled at him to duck as a Jap pilot roared down directly at the gun station. Collier flopped to the deck and, lying on his back, saw tracer bullets whiz through the air right where he had been standing a moment before.

Undaunted, he sprang back up and kept firing until the barrel was red hot and the trigger scorched his fingers.

"I'm afraid I damaged the barrel of that gun," Collier said apologetically to a lieutenant later.

Needless to say, that was one time a lieutenant didn't bawl a private out for ruining the barrel of his piece.

Cairo Gals Take Mama Along When They Date G.I. Cowboys

CAIRO—American soldiers here are finding it hard to swallow the local custom of ringing mama, papa, and sometimes brother and sister in on a date with the girl friend. Cairo families—and Cairo girls, too—wouldn't think of permitting an unchaperoned date before the first few months of an acquaintance have elapsed. It just isn't done, and to the average Yank, who's used to getting things on a pretty clubby basis in an hour's time, this custom has become a pain in the neck. A few still persist in trying to break it up, but most of the boys have given it up as a bad job.

Sgt. Clyde Jacob of Norfolk, Va., was cured early. He went to a dance, met a smooth number, and became interested right off the bat. Getting into form, Sgt. Jacob suggested that they sit the next one out over a drink. She agreed. As they went to a table he noticed a crowd following them and asked the girl what was up. "They are my mother and three sisters," she replied. Jacob had to shell out for five drinks, plus his own.

Another case: T/Sgt. Jim McKnight, a tall Texan, had finally singled out the babe of his choice, called on her, and made a date for the movies. The picture was new and the movie house was classy, so he reserved a couple of seats and got everything set. As they left her house, two strange young men put on their hats and joined them. They were the girl's two younger brothers. McKnight took the three of them to a Western doubleheader.

In other respects the girls are more or less up to the minute. They go in for jitterbugging and assume that every American is a past master at the art. If you happen to be one of those few who can't cut a rug, they consider that you're a cowboy and expect you to sing "You Are My Sunshine," accompanying yourself on the guitar.

They get these ideas, of course, from our movies. From their U.S. screen fare they've deduced that American are either cowboys or gangsters, and residents of New York, Hollywood, or Washington. If you don't live on the range, as far as they're concerned, you live in a penthouse with a blonde and an automatic potato peeler.

It takes a week, more or less, for the average U.S. soldier to get the hang of Egyptian currency. He's on a rather firm footing to begin with, as the currency has a decimal basis. The Egyptian pound is worth a few cents over $4 and contains 100 *piasters*, which makes the latter worth a shade over 4 cents. The *piaster* is divided into 10 *milliemes*, which aren't good for much besides newspapers and street-car rides. The big thing to contend with, in Egyptian currency, is that most of your money is in midget bills. Besides the pound note, the paper family includes notes for 50, 25, 20, 10 and 5 *piasters*, ranging in size from, roughly, our dollar bill to a Kool cigarette coupon.

The local beer—a lager—has the OK of most of the boys, but they'd still rather have American beer. The local brand is "Stella," and a double-sized bottle costs six piastres (24 cents). Regular canteens and PXs haven't penetrated this sector of the Middle Eastern Theater as yet, so we're having to pay city restaurants and stores from 32 to 36 cents for a can of U.S. beer and as much as 48 cents for a pack of American butts.

YANK's CAIRO BUREAU

It's Algeria wine for a dogface.

The first army dance in the Southern Sector of the Alcan Highway—an event which followed exactly one month after the lads up there complained to YANK about no entertainment.

From Alaska: Down with Radio— Or, It Will Never Replace the Horse

SOMEWHERE ON THE ALCAN HIGHWAY—I work in the supply room. The supply sergeant is very fond of listening to his radio. He likes to listen to boogie-woogie, sentimental songs and Viennese waltzes. He is very efficient in his work but he enjoys music. It gives him a nostalgic feeling and makes him think of home.

I am in favor of the radio, myself. Someone was bound to invent it, sooner or later. My only complaint is that popular music is played too much. A good thing is a good thing, but there can be too much of it. Can you follow me?

"White Christmas," for instance, is a beautiful melody and Bing has a grand voice, but I have been dreaming of a white Christmas for one month. Now that is too long to dream about any one thing.

"Strip Polka" is a clever number but I am getting tired of Queenie stopping always just in time. Eventually, if not sooner, she ought to take them off. I have ruined many a good envelop because I addressed it to "Queenie, of the Burlesque Show. Strip Polka, Calif." That's my home State.

I have been going around lately, mumbling, "I'm the greatest man of Siam, yes I am." Soldiers look at me with a puzzled expression on their faces.

Then there's a sweet little number with a honey of a voice, so cuddly and cute (her voice, I mean), but "I like jam, no flim flam" is getting me down. What is it all about? She likes "peaches, bananas and everything good." So do I. (I am especially fond of orange marmalade.) She says, "Buddy throw me a kiss." I've been throwing her kisses, right and left, but it doesn't do me any good. Here I am, in a desolate part of a foreign country. I could go out and kiss a big, brown bear, but I don't want to go out and kiss a big, brown bear. There ought to be a law.

I'm going to apply for guard duty. I would apply for a place in the guardhouse, but I am sure there's a radio in there, too.

PVT. DONALD SEELY, ENGR.
ALCAN HIGHWAY

They Broke the Trail Record But They Almost Killed the Guide

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—In a garrison camp, the envy of all other infantrymen is the clerks and the chauffeurs who sit down so much it is sometimes thought there's no point in issuing them shoes.

Things are different when you get up forward in the New Guinea combat zone. Take the case of Sgt. Eddie Krajewski, a pen-pusher from Detroit, and Sgt. Jimmy Lowthers, a clutch-rider from Medford, Mass. They were told the other night to deliver a message to an officer in a native village five miles—or, as they measure distances here, two hours by trail—from their camp.

In the old days, Krajewski and Lowthers would have hopped into a jeep, cruised down to their destination, honked at a couple of girls, and accomplished the whole mission in less than half an hour.

This time they got up an hour before dawn, ate a couple of hard biscuits apiece, woke up a sturdy native guide and persuaded him to accompany them. They loaded their rifles, slung arms and started along the trail. Just before lunch they turned up again, after having broken the trail speed record by 20 minutes.

"How come you went so fast?" they were asked.

"The guide set the pace," Krajewski said, puffing.

"Why didn't you tell him to slow down?"

"What do you want us to do, lose face?" Lowthers said indignantly.

"Where's the guide now?"

"He collapsed at the foot of the last hill," replied Lowthers and Krajewski.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

A Story About a British Tommy Who Pulled a Miracle on His Sarge

CAIRO — Some neighboring British soldiers passed on this story:

It seems a Tommy lost his bayonet through carelessness and decided to cover the loss by replacing the weapon with one cleverly carved from wood. Things went very well until his company was ordered to fix bayonets. Fearful of baring his wooden substitute, he decided to leave his bayonet sheathed and frantically thought up an answer for the sergeant major who immediately demanded an explanation.

Said he: "My good father, on his deathbed several years ago, pledged me not to bare a bayonet on that date henceforth. Today is that date and I honor his dying wish." The sergeant said the story sounded weak and exceedingly fishy, and ordered him to bare his bayonet.

Seeing that the jig was up, the Tommy, as he grasped for the handle, muttered in a solemn voice: "May the Good Lord turn the bloody thing to wood."

YANK's CAIRO BUREAU

Yanks at Home and Abroad

It's Not the Torpedoing That's Bad It's Just Those Stinkin' Nazi Cigars

SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN—The skipper of the American freigher *San Rita* was a wind-hardened old cuss. When the commander of a Nazi sub, after sinking the *San Rita* in the South Atlantic, ordered the captain to board the sub,

the skipper asked a survivor to pass him a box of cigars from a life boat.

The Nazi commander assured the captain that he had plenty of good cigars on the German boat. The captain replied:

"The hell with your cigars! I'll smoke my own."

High over the Caribbean, returning to the U.S. in a Douglas C-53, of the Army Air Transport Command, Able Seaman Hans Zelewski told of the sinking of the *San Rita*.

"I saw that damned torpedo first," he said. "It was about 11:15 and I was the lookout on the fo'castle. Suddenly, I spotted a ripple on the water that was headed for us in a diagonal course. I didn't know what it was, at first. Then I realized it was a torpedo so I sounded the alarm; but it didn't do any good for the torpedo was headed for us diagonally and we couldn't swerve any way to avoid it."

The torpedo struck near the engine room, killing three men outright. Another, who was injured in the blast, became entangled in a rope trailing over the side, and dangled there with his head under water. He was drowned before his shipmates could cut him loose.

The sub surfaced and trained its guns on the ship's radio antenna and its deck guns. The Nazis were taking no chances. Bullets sped over the heads of the survivors, who were divided into groups of 11, 20 and 24 in three boats.

A heavy-bearded young officer who commanded the U-boat ordered the three boatloads of survivors to come alongside the sub. Speaking perfect English, he directed the captain to come aboard. The U-boat sidled up to the *San Rita*, now listing badly. The Nazis boarded her, apparently searching for code books and other information which the captain had thrown overboard before he entered a life boat. Charges were set. Then the sub backed away and let go with a blast from its deck guns that set off the charges. Quickly the freighter slid out of sight. The Nazis took the *San Rita's* captain with them when they submerged.

"But those Nazis were decent enough to give us a course to the nearest land and ask if we needed medical attention," Zelewski admitted. "Then they took pictures of us in the life boats. I guess Goebbels will use them for propaganda."

The three life boats, each with a sail and an awning to keep off the sun, steered for land, 750 miles away. For three days they played tag with a school of sharks.

Finally, after eight days afloat, two of the life boats were sighted by the U.S.S. *Livermore*, a destroyer. The third boat, with 24 survivors aboard, is unreported.

A companion of Seaman Zelewski, 29-year-old Albert Gancarz, a Polish-American of Bayonne, N. J., said the eight days afloat after the sinking of the *San Rita* weren't as bad as his experience after a previous encounter with a Nazi sub.

"We had more room on the life boats this time and more food," he explained. "Besides, we had the satisfaction of delivering our war cargo."

Gancarz lost his first round with the Nazis four days before Pearl Harbor. The ship, an American freighter, was en route across the Atlantic with a cargo of war supplies when a Nazi torpedo intervened. The two boatloads of survivors drifted seven days before they were picked up by another American merchantman.

A shipmate of Gancarz, who with him escaped the first torpedoing and was rescued, wasn't so fortunate the second time. He was killed when the Nazi torpedo struck the *San Rita*.

"But I'll be ready to try my luck against a third Nazi torpedo after a couple of weeks at home," Gancarz said. "You know, somebody's gotta keep these ships going."

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Comes Back to Life 'Hip! Hip! Hippy!'

SOMEWHERE IN THE CARRIBEAN—Mademoiselle from Armentieres, the bawdy heroine of the first World War, has a rival among the current crop of doughboys. She is Madame Zeze (Zay-Zay) who runs one of the better relaxation parlors near a stop on the Southern Ferry route.

Her fame has already spread overseas. Pilots en route to the States from the African front usually ask the ground personnel about the Madame before their props stop spinning.

She won't need to send any calling cards up north either. Two pilots, returning to the States at different times, are seeing to that. One of them brought a monkey with him as a mascot, the other a honey bear. Neither pet had a name when they arrived at the field. But both started the next leg of their trips with the glamorous tag of "Madame Zeze." CPL. CHARLES CUNNEEN

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Some Guys Have Their *Suzy-Q* But *Flamin' Mamie* Holds Her Men

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—*Flamin' Mamie* has really been around. In fact she's just about the best known airplane in the whole Southwest Pacific. The big Douglas transport is part of a U. S. Army Air Force outfit known as a Troop Carrier Unit. During its 11 months in Australia the unit has transported thousands of troops and everything from safety pins to jeeps, from fresh meat to aircraft engines.

Flamin' Mamie is only one of many Douglas transports and Lockheed Lodestars that load up and thunder out day after day. She is a sister of *Foitle Moitle, Dirtie Gertie, Dinkum Dorie, Airline Algie, Miss Carriage*, and *Nasty Nancy*.

Recently, when Yank and Aussie soldiers were flown to the Jap side of New Guinea's Owen Stanley Mountain, the Troop Carrier Unit got them there. Loaded with soldiers, guns, food, medical supplies, and jeeps, the unit's transports shuttled back and forth between Northern Australia and Papua 24 hours a day.

So mountainous and densely jungled was the country that to travel meant to walk. But food, medical supplies and ammunition were needed in such abundance that foot travel could not get enough to the troops. Over-extended supply lines can spell defeat in modern warfare, especially in jungle country where fresh food and medicine are necessary to prevent disease.

The Troop Carrier Unit went to work. *Flamin' Mamie* and her sister transports roared up from Australian airfields, burdened with everything the Diggers needed. A plane couldn't land in the mountains but it could drop stuff. Food, medical supplies and ammuntion, cushioned in blankets, were dropped at tree-top height. Some bundles bashed in a few tail surfaces before falling clear. Such fragile material as shell fuses had to be dropped by small parachutes.

"There's not much excitement in our business," T/Sgt. Buck Lambert said. "We just do our job the best we can. Medals aren't passed out for doing our kind of work."

Lambert, from Salina, Kans., is a big man with curly hair. Three years ago he quit his job as truck driver to enlist; he's worked himself up from grease monkey to flight engineer.

"Don't Zeros try to get you?" he was asked.

"They try," Lambert said, "but we usually have pursuit ships over us for protection. We fly close to the ground. If a Jap tries to dive on us he risks a crack-up in the jungle. The Japs haven't got one of our planes yet."

Somewhere in the Caribbean, infantrymen hug the good old earth as they participate in maneuvers . . .

The Troop Carrier Unit's job has not been as quiet as a Sunday School picnic, though. "We've all had our moments," said Lambert. "One of our planes was about to land with supplies at Kokoda when the Japs and Aussies were fighting for the place. All of a sudden an American pursuit plane whipped up and signalled our plane to beat it. The Japs had retaken the airfield a few hours before we arrived."

"Here's my closest shave," Lambert said. "The plane I was in was evacuating a place in Northern Australia that was under Jap bombing attacks. As we flew along the coast at night, a heavy wind blew us off the course and we ran out of gas. So we had to make a crash landing on a beach on the Timor Sea. The plane was wrecked but six of us came out OK.

"We repaired our broken radio and sent a call for help. The heat was so unbearable that we lay in the surf all day to keep cool. We didn't sleep at night, staying in the surf to keep the mosquitoes away. It didn't cheer us up any when the Australian telegraph operator with us recalled that Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith once had been lost for 30 days after his plane cracked up only a few miles from where we were. We ran out of food in a few days but kept from getting thirsty by making a still from the plane's heating plant to distill salt water. Finally a plane came over and sighted us. But it was a land plane and couldn't set down on the small beach.

"However, it dropped a note saying that the nearest village was 30 miles away. We were all too weak to do much walking in the red hot sun and finally a flying boat spotted us. It landed a couple of miles at sea beyond the reefs. We put on lifebelts and swam out, praying that the shark fins we'd seen the day before wouldn't appear again. They didn't." YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

This Gag From Cairo Originated Elsewhere Long Ago, But Here Goes:

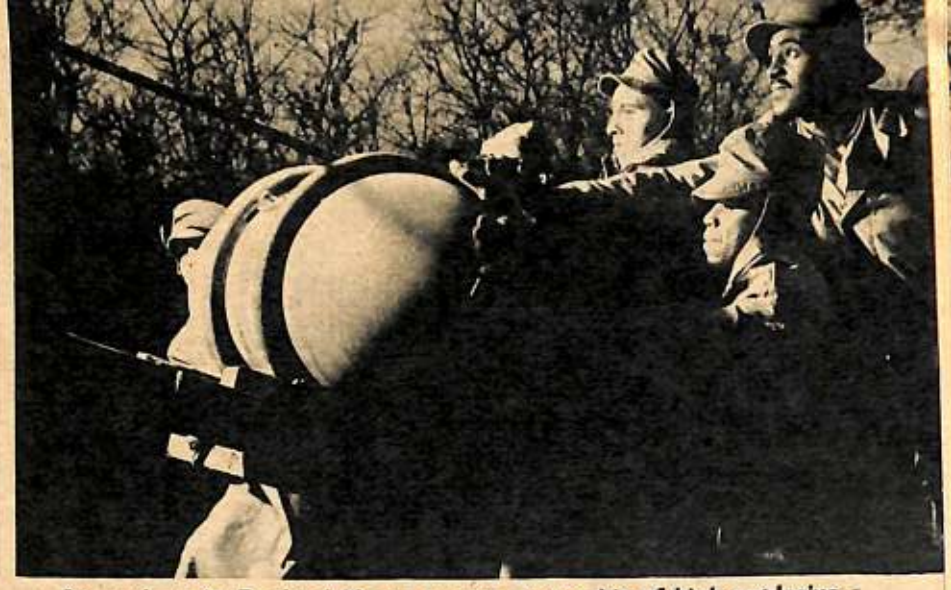
CAIRO—Men in a U.S. fighter group operating in the Western desert are completing a plan whereby their fighter planes can combat Axis submarines.

As one pilot tells it, the plan works like this: Each fighter plane is equipped with a green paint bomb which is dropped over the enemy sub. The bomb bursts, spreading a wide film of green paint over the surface of the water. Emerging, the submarine's periscope pokes through this film and becomes coated with the green paint. The commander, looking through the periscope, thinks he still is under water, and continues to rise.

The pilot merely waits for the sub to come up a couple of thousand feet and then shoots it down.

YANK's CAIRO BUREAU

Over the snow roars a Russian dispatch rider, probably bringing back to headquarters the news of another advance.



Somewhere in England Negro troops start a bit of high explosive in the general direction of Hitlerville.

A WEEK OF WAR

Germany is slapped in the Libyan Desert and slashed in the Russian snow

FOR what seemed a long time, the lion and the fox had stood facing each other. The fox was wary, the lion patient. They sparred cautiously on the blank and ageless desert. The fox, scarred and battle-torn, was trying to recoup his strength; the lion, tough, game, was taking his time. He had mixed with the fox before, and always the fox had managed to slip away, just out of reach. This time there must be no mistake. This time would have to put an end to it.

In the cold winter nights, the stage was set again in Tripolitania.

Almost listlessly, the lion stretched out an inquisitive paw. The fox barked and bit out. "I bit the lion—hard," the fox cried.

Unfortunately for the fox, however, he hadn't. The lion pulled his paw back, took a look at it, and saw that it was hardly scratched. Then "What the hell," said the lion, and he sent the rest of his body after his paw.

He went 50 miles in three days.

Montgomery was on the move again, and Rommel was falling back. The British Eighth Army started out on a Friday, at 7.15 in the morning, before the red desert sun had had time to disperse the chills of the night. On a 90-mile front, running from the eternal desert to the sea, men made preparations. Warmly dressed, blowing on their chilled fingers, they filled their tanks with gas, collected their basic rations, and carefully checked their arms and ammunition. The luminous hands of wrist-watches moved irresistibly toward zero hour. And when it came, the British moved out.

Three Columns, Three Advances

They went in three columns. From the little village of Buerat, huddled against the blue ocean, the infantry advanced. They moved along the main coastal road, skirting the great salt marshes that lie between Buerat and Misurata, taking it easy and keeping on the alert. For twelve miles they met no resistance and then, at Damrah, behind the ravine called Wadi Chief, they hit German and Italian prepared positions. So far, so good.

In the center, where infantry was combined with tanks, the British force pushed forward from Bu Nglem until they struck resistance in a line of low hills.

The main armored force was on the inland flank. Clanking over the stony sand, it reached the old Roman well at El Faschia.

The night resounded with the screams of German shells, and the British dug in temporarily. But when morning came, Rommel pulled out; he called back his front line, and once more turned his face toward the west, retreating toward Tripoli. He had seven divisions with him—or the remains of seven divisions—the 90th Light, 164th, 15th, and 21st Panzer divisions, and three divisions of Italian infantry. And for once he took even the Italians along.

With a whoop and a holler, the British moved ahead. They didn't hurry, though, because once more they were up against the old Libyan bogey—minefields. Units of Royal Engineers led the advance, with headphones and electrical mine detectors. Explosions were heard continually as booby traps were found and set off and mines were located and blown harmlessly sky-high. The infantry out of Buerat, which had been held up, went ahead another 25 miles, the tank and infantry force in the center crossed Wadi Zemzem and converged on Sedada, and the inland armored flank pushed past the old Roman well.

Rommel Takes Another Powder

Rommel was on the run again, for fair. The British were only 125 miles from Tripoli, and were waging a continual running fight with the Axis rear guard. The Germans had put up no fight, had offered no real defence. It looked as though it was the last round in Tripolitania.

The Fox of the Desert, however, was no man's fool. He had something up his sleeve and he knew what he was doing. The British could still only make conjectures as to what that something was. Rommel might make a stand at Tripoli, or he might fall back on Tunisia, there to join forces with the Axis trcops in that puzzling and fought-over country. If he left Tripoli behind, open to the British, he could retreat up the coastal road, past Medinini, the town of the Troglodites, past low-lying Metameur, to where, beyond Metameur, the French had put up

British troops, their trigger fingers itching, advance through a smoke screen in the Western Desert.

their Mareth Line, running from the Mountains of Ksour to the sea. The line had long ago been put up to protect Tunisia from Italian attack; but now, with all North Africa gone topsy-turvy, its guns might soon be trained on the British. And behind that line, for a while at least, the winded and beaten troops of Erwin Rommel might catch their weary breath.

But Erwin Rommel knew, as dces every general that Adolf Hitler has, that no line is impregnable. Once upon a time; in a year called 1940, there was a line called the Maginot. Once upon a time.

But there were no lines in Russia. Not any longer. The Germans were still stumbling back, in the Caucasus, around Millerovo, below Voronezh. It was not yet a rout, not yet a debacle. Rather it was a steady Russian advance, like that of a plow through snow, save that there were thousands of plows and the snow was very light. The Russian battlefront, in and above the Caucasus, was fluctuating like running mercury, but at the same time it was contracting, closing in on tense and turbulent Rostov. The Russian advance was like history—slow, steady, unhaltable.

The German was losing the Caucasus. One by one its cities and its towns were slipping from his cold-benumbed hands.

Red troops were within 70 miles of Rostov, to the north. The staff cars that left that shaken city did not have so far to go now and the orders their occupants carried often said *retreat*. Often, too, they said hold on, when to hold on was to die. The garrison at Millerovo held on and died, as had the garrison of Veliki Luki. The surrounded garrison as Stalingrad was holding on and dying. And the Russians told the world how.

Once, in front of Stalingrad, there had been 22 German divisions—300,000 men. Now the 300,000 were down to 70,000, pounded by artillery, bombed from the air, and under the continual assault of land troops. They had no food; 150 grammes of bread a day for each German was the ration. Every day 1,500 men died, at least 500 of them from hunger, exhaustion and cold.

Goodbye Gen. Paulus

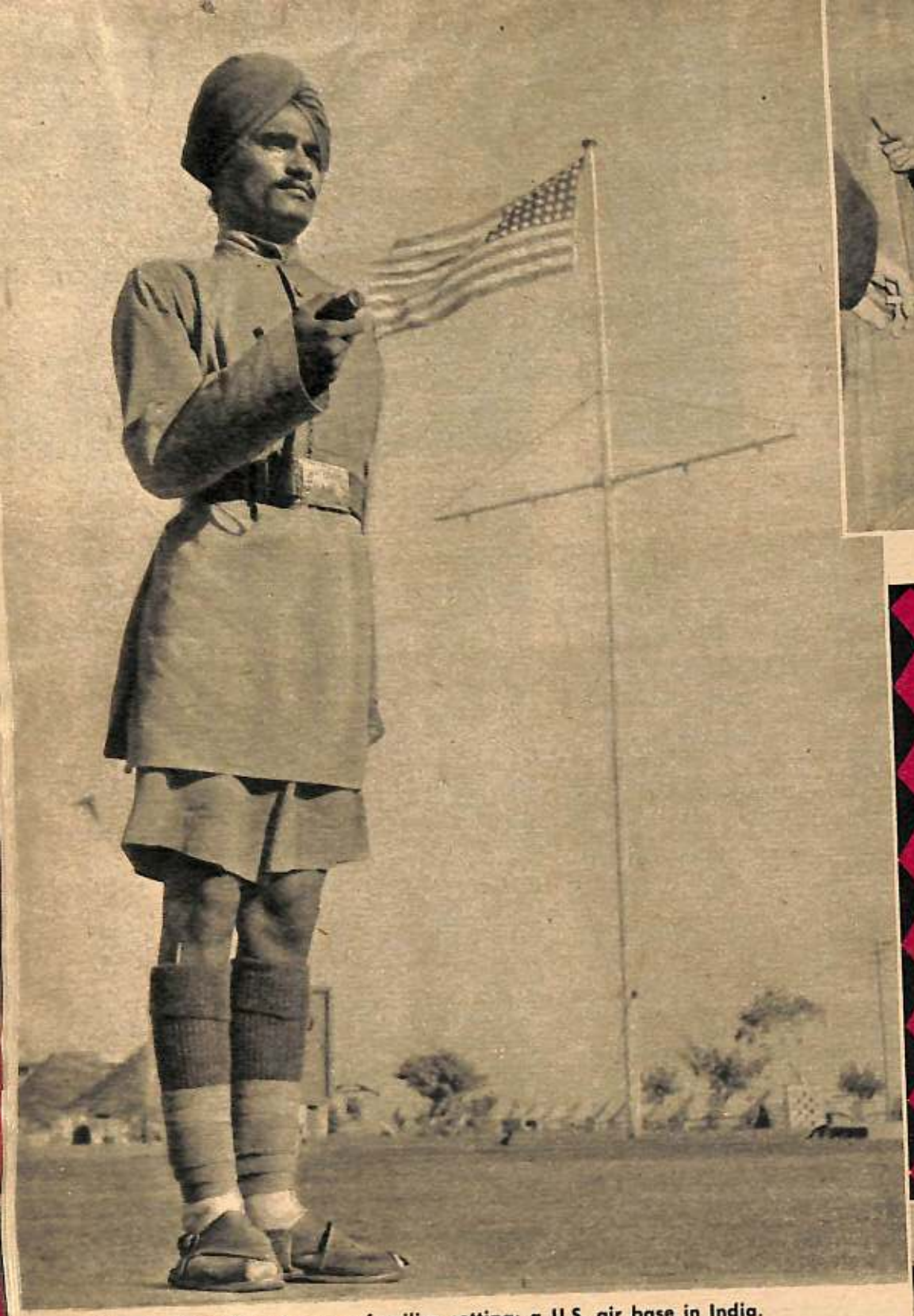
The Russians asked them to surrender. Asked them rather politely, as a matter of fact. They had addressed an ultimatum to Col.-Gen. Paulus, the German commander, inviting him to quit while the quitting was good. They told him exactly what his situation was, exactly what he was up against. It was most unfortunate for 70,000 Germans, the Russians said, that Col.-Gen. Paulus didn't know a good thing when he saw it. The Col.-Gen. said no.

Grimly, then, the Russians moved in on the remnants of the Sixth Army. All the surrounded Germans could expect now, they announced, was one cross and one grave for each man. Nothing else. And if the Germans were satisfied with that, well—and the Russians shrugged—it was their business.

It was their business, too, to look to their acts as the Red tide swept on, taking in a week places that had cost the Nazis two months' hard work. In the north the Russians were approaching Valuiki, Hitler's main base in the Ukraine. The German defenses were not holding, and though Hitler's troops were not yet beaten, they seemed to be slowly approaching the breaking point. The battle in the snow was no longer a duel. Gradually it was becoming a one-sided shambles.

It was still a duel over England, however. The late Battle of Britain seemed to be developing into the Battle of London *vs*. Berlin. Oddly enough, the British started it this time. Waves of Lancasters, including, for the first time, Press correspondents among the crews, roared over Berlin, dropping high-explosive bombs, including some weighing 8,000 pounds, and setting large fires. The British loss was low, only one plane; the flak over Berlin was light but accurate and, oddly enough, the Berliners did not use searchlights.

The next night the Luftwaffe paid London a return visit. It was the first time London had been bombed since last August. Fifty raiders came over, in two distinct alarms. London put up the best barrage its inhabitants had ever seen. The ack-ack had a lot of new frills, including rocket shells, and ten of the German planes took the last long plunge. At the same time Berlin was being raided again, and what the British described as "a great load of bombs" were dropped. This time the British did not get off quite so easily; 22 of their bombers failed to return.



The familiar flag in an unfamiliar setting: a U.S. air base in India.

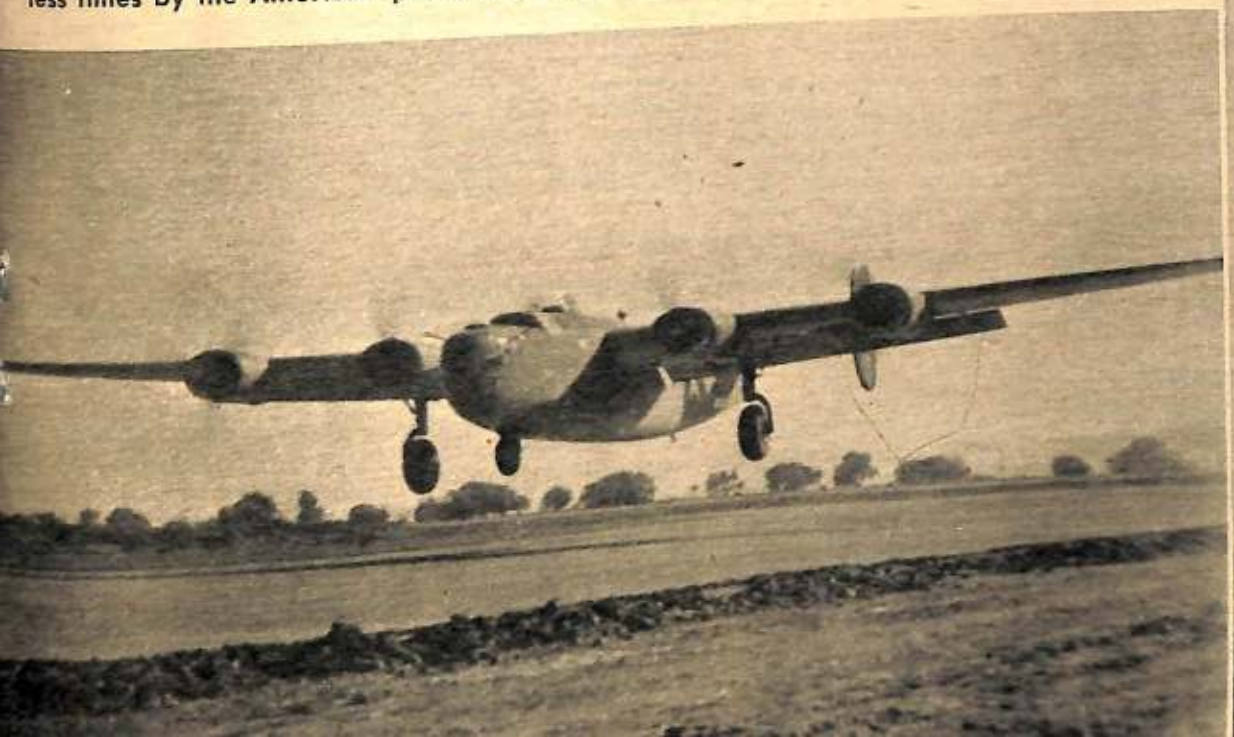
Capt. Joseph Pirruccello points out the objective—Rangoon.

Yanks in India

A Pictorial Report from the East: Of the Men who Bomb Rangoon; Of a Transport Plane's Flight over the Hump.

Flying the Hump

AT 16,000 feet, the camera of YANK's Sgt. Bob Ghio made this remarkable photograph of the Himalayas, the mountains that make the India-China air route the "most dangerous in the world." Ghio, who also shot the other pictures on these pages, was flying in a DC-3 over the Hump, a barrier that has been crossed countless times by the American pilots who are delivering the tools of war to the Chinese.



News From Home

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

In a Los Angeles courtroom, Errol Flynn discusses some of the finer points of statutory rape. Behind him, in suspenders, is Peggy Satterlee, one of two girls who say Flynn done them wrong.

MILLIONS of Americans sighed nostalgically this week for the turbulent twenties, as Hollywood banged back into the front pages with two stories. Big, black headlines and lavish picture displays depicted Errol Flynn's rape trial, and Frances Farmer's battle with police when she was sentenced to serve 180 days in jail after a 24-hour spree, which she topped off by smacking a studio dresser so hard that her jaw was dislocated.

Americans turned momentarily from total attention towards war to take in these delicacies of transient peace time sensationalism, but the square-jawed visage of John L. Lewis intruded as 18,000 of his United Mine Workers in the Pennsylvania anthracite field struck, protesting against a Lewis-imposed dues increase of 50 cents monthly. And another intrusion was the Irish countenance of Edward Flynn, Democratic boss of the Bronx, and National Democratic chairman, whose appointment as U. S. Minister to Australia, and the President's personal representative in the South Pacific continued to rouse the ire of Republicans, headed by non-isolationist Senator Styles Bridges (R., N.H.).

Only Lewis and Flynn offered Washington opposition to Hollywood headlines. The beetle-browed labor leader was called upon by the War Labor Board to explain his part in the Pennsylvania walk-out, but John L. sidestepped and sent somebody "closer to the situation," saying he (Lewis) hadn't authorized the strike or condoned it, also that he had ordered the coal-diggers to return to the pits. The strikers have been requested by the WLB to return to work pending mediation of the issues involved.

Boss Flynn had good reasons to be glad he was a good "party man." Democrats back in Congress ignored Republican insinuations and charges. Flinging at Flynn a few paving blocks with the charge that he paved his Belgian style Manor Lake, Mahopac, N.Y., home with publicly owned materials, the Republicans made several attempts to smear Flynn's reputation. Democrats eyed the situation as a possible Republican thrust, capitalizing upon the fact that the Empire State was now Republican, with Dewey as Governor.

The Congressional sideshow this week featured Senator James L. Davis (D., Pa.) who got the Foreign Affairs Committee vacancy coveted by Senator Warren Austin, a Republican liberal from Vermont. Amid this, which precipitated a rumpus over seniority, testy Senator Kenneth McKellar, still peeved at Democratic leader Alben Barkley's action last October in having McKellar haled into Senate in order to fill the quorum on the political poll tax repeal bill, this week failed in an attempt to deprive Barkley of all important power to appoint Democratic members to Senate committees, but forced Barkley to accept a resolution giving the Democratic steering committee more power and thus blocked the reappointment of the Senate Sergeant-at-arms, Chesley W. Jurney, who had haled McKellar into court.

Errol Flynn, on trial under California statute of "Statutory Rape" which defines the charge as "having carnal knowledge of any woman under 18 with or without her consent, attracted hundreds of women to the Hollywood court trying him. Some of the women grabbed the actor's hands and kissed them. The court heard Betty Hansen, 17, tell of intimacy with the swashbuckling hero of the flicker

People Back

A Round-up of News

ARKANSAS

Thugs took $19,000 from Thomas H. (Bud) Thrasher, North Little Rock service station operator. E. J. (Dutch) Harrison, Little Rock golf pro., entered the Army. The Arkansas Light and Power Company will refund $625,000 to electric customers. William A. McGue of White Oak was killed in a bus-auto collision near Greenway. At Rison, Mrs. Susie Wolf Veleto was robbed of $55 and slain, and her body was thrown in a well. State Revenue Commissioner McLeod forecast state tax collections of 40 million dollars in 1943, Leon Twyford, a former secretary to U. S. Senator Spencer, became assistant secretary to Gov. Adkins, who also appointed John M. Bransford, of Lonoke, former speaker of the House, his legislative secretary.

CALIFORNIA

A minor earthquake shook San Francisco with sufficient force to break dishes. Fourteen-year-old Donald Rodger told police he shot his dad 15 times with a rifle when the man beat the boy's mother. Henry J. Kaiser's new steel plant opened at Fontana eight months after ground was broken.

CONNECTICUT

George Novak, 14, plunged through thin ice while skating on the Bryan River at Greenwich and was drowned. Mary Burton, 54-year-old Darien recluse, died of malnutrition and exposure less than a year after she inherited $50,000 from her father. Operators of Hartford's State Theater purchased a building on Village Street to increase the theater's frontage. State Defense Administrator Sturges called a conference of Mayors and selectmen to prepare an emergency plan for fuel conservation and distribution.

DELAWARE

A $100,000 fire destroyed the McMahon Brothers warehouse in Wilmington. At Woodside, near Dover, Harry Richards, his wife and their 2-year-old daughter, of Delair, N. J., were killed in a car-truck crash.

FLORIDA

At Miami, Ursula Parrott, famous novelist, was placed under $1,000 bond, charged with helping an Army private escape from the guardhouse. In North Miami, Arthur F. Champney, R. H. Dalrymple and Edward Taigman were elected to the town council. In Tallahassee, the state racing commission reported race-tax revenues of $38,994 less than last season. Ted Bleier resigned as superintendent of health and physical education of the Dade County School system, and Ed Parnell quit as coach of Miami's Edison Senior High School. Both will become Navy lieutenants.

IDAHO

Boise firemen spraying a South Side house found themselves suddenly without a spray; the hose had been strung across railroad tracks and a freight engine cut it. Bogus Basin ski resort, terminus of a $307,000 WPA road opened. J. D. Wood of Boise was appointed State Commissioner of public works and director of highways by Gov.-elect Bottlofsen. Guy Wicks, U. of Idaho, basket-ball coach, resigned to accept a naval commission. The winter wheat crop in the Lewiston area was reported in fine condition after plenty of rain.

LOUISIANA

Follene Stolz, New Orleans news dealer, posted a sign asking "newspaper scanners" to pay 2 cents a week. Francois Bourgeous, 98, one of New Orleans' two last surviving Confederate veterans, died. The town of Prentiss celebrated its 40th anniversary. LaFayette's Chief of Police Sonnier reported the city's jail empty and no one awaiting trial. At New Orleans, plans are being made for post-war traffic improvements with funds accumulated because materials can't be bought until the war is over. Judge Voltz assailed the Alexandria City Council for passing ordinances to protect Al Green, owner of Club Almack, while Green is under charges of assault and battery, disturbing the peace, resisting arrest, drunkenness, and selling whisky within 300 feet of a church.

MAINE

In Washington County, 4,000 deer were shot during the open season. The Rev. Weston A. Cate, pastor of Elm St. Universalist Church at Auburn, has accepted a call to the First Universalist Church at Rochester, N. Y. Victor N. Greene, principal of the Searsport High School, resigned to become principal of the Freeport High School. Harold Nicerson is the first full-time chief of Brunswick's fire department.

MASS.

Boston's Mayor Tobin planned to open public buildings to families lacking fuel oil to heat their homes. Gloucester churches, schools and halls are to be used as shelters from the cold. Council President Sweeney is acting mayor of Lowell, pending a special election to replace Mayor Ashe, who forfeited the office when he began a one-year term on the House of Correction. The Fitchburg-Leominster Transportation Co. fears a breakdown in bus service unless staggered working hours are adopted by industrial plants. At Ware, Mrs. Beatrice St. Dennis Bouvier was charged with the murder of her husband Dec. 8, three days before her third son was born. Fire destroyed the storage plant of the Rhode Island Cardboard Co. at Attleboro, causing $200,000 damage. Dr. William Franklin Temple, Boston physician, died at Pembroke. Katherine Butler Hathaway, writer and poet, died at Salem. At Boston, Edward F. Sullivan, OPA tire inspector at Boston, died at the wheel of his auto in the downtown area.

accuser, 16-year-old Peggy Satterlee, the prosecution surprised everybody by producing affidavits accusing two of the nine women jurors as prejudiced, one for Flynn, the other against him.

Frances Farmer, in another court, was removed to a psychopathic ward after her father demanded a sanity test for her. She was arrested in a swank Hollywood hotel by a detective, whom she eluded by dashing into the bathroom, from which she emerged in the nude. Booked at the police station, she defiantly listed her profession as "world's oldest."

More was heard from Wendell Willkie this week. In a speech at Durham, N.C., Willkie said the United Nations are devoting too much attention on the personalities of their leaders, and declared that nobody is indispensable to the war effort.

Many nice things were said about the man behind the plow on Farm Mobilization Day. President

Frances Farmer, once a star, ended up in a psychopathic ward after a copper pinched her in the nude.

food." He also said that food was as precious to the war effort as oil and steel, and that the farmers' production victory was among the major victories of the United Nations during the old year.

More was said of military production. Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Labor Board, predicted that our 1943 goals would be attained. The next four months would be "a critical period," he said, for such "must" programs as aircraft, synthetic rubber, high octane gasoline, escort ships and merchant vessels. But the WPB is devoting itself to ironing out the major bottlenecks in those industries, Nelson declared.

The G.I.s and others in the armed forces were talked about again. In New York, Dr. Joseph Barker, special assistant to Secretary of the Navy Knox, said it isn't sufficient to say that men in the forces will return to their old jobs when the Axis is licked. "In many cases those pre-war jobs may be non-existent," he said. To meet the situation he advocated a plan whereby men would be retained in the services after the war for retraining in civilian pursuits, then mustered out in controlled numbers.

For the second time, the Anaconda Wire and Cable Company was indicted by a Federal grand jury on charges of shipping defective and untested wire and cable to the British War Ministry and the Army Signal Corps. The company and five individuals were named in indictments at Providence, R.I., this week. Last December the company's plant at Marion, Ind., was charged with similar violations. It was said that by evading to test the products they were selling to the government, the company saved one million dollars.

And treason indictments in absentia against six American citizens known to be serving as Axis radio propagandists are being considered by the Department of Justice. Included are Robert Best, former Berlin correspondent for an American news service; Douglas Chandler, Chicago, known as the "Paul Revere" of Radio Berlin; and Ezra Pound, pro-Fascist poet, who has lived in Italy for the past 20 years.

Sad news came to Bob Feller, now with the Navy, with the death of his father, William Feller, 56 at Van Meter, Iowa. And the world of sports was mourning the death of Bill Webb, manager of the Chicago White Sox farm system, who died of a heart attack while on his way to Comisky Park.

New York welcomed the first smash musicale in months with the showing of *Something for the Boys*,

Ginger Rogers broke the hearts of some millions of G.I.s when she upped and married a Marine ex-actor named Briggs, née Katz.

with Ethel Merman and second grade Cole Porter songs by "The Boys." They mean soldiers, of course, but that *something* is just songs and occasionally handsome production numbers.

And in Corpus Christi, a Navy enlisted man turned the tables on an officer and gave him hell. The enlisted man, refereeing a basketball game which included several officer players, didn't like the way one of the upper brass was carrying on. The EM blew the whistle to halt the play. "One more play like that," he scolded the officer, "and I'll throw you out of the game—sir!"

Home . . . . .

State by State

MISSISSIPPI

Mrs. Lucille Cuevas was killed at Canton, and her husband was seriously injured when a switch engine struck the 4,000-gallon gasoline truck he was driving. The Tri-State Transit Co. at Hattiesburg placed 17 new buses in operation. Gov. Johnson granted pardons to 13 convicts. A Jackson theatre manager evaded Mississippi's "blue laws" by giving free performances on Sunday and accepting "donations" from the patrons.

MONTANA

At Chinook, Leslie Scifers, 17, admitted shooting Elaine Allen, 15, in the Scifers' home. The University of Montana at Missoula called on E. S. Chinske, athletic director of Missoula High School, to handle the University's athletics the remainder of the year. Montana has lost four coaches to the armed forces in recent months.

MICHIGAN

Harry F. Kelly, Republican, took over the governor's office from Murray D. Van Wagoner, Democrat, whom he defeated last November. The Grand Rapids Furniture Exposition was held as scheduled; the request of the Office of Defense Transportation to call it off arrived too late. At Detroit, Stanley Matysiak, 46, told police he killed his wife because she kidded him about the condition of the people of occupied Poland. John L. Zurbrick, 69, director of naturalization in Detroit for many years, died.

NEW MEXICO

Military and civil police began a drive against vice in Albuquerque. Albuquerque reported 1942 as its most prosperous year, with an $80,000,000 increase in bank clearances, a gain of $60,000 in postal receipts, and 2,266 new electric customers.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—Two employees of Glenn L. Martin Co. were killed when a bus ran off an embankment. The Two O'Clock Club on East Baltimore Street lost its liquor license—safety violations. James D. Beall, city councilman, died, and Councilman Daniel Ellison resigned to become Fourth District Congressman. The Baltimore Transit Co. accepted a WLB order to discuss grievance with AFL members. The Rennert Hotel site will be a parking lot. A converted box car was used for commuter service on the Northern Central line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The new Greyhound bus terminal was put in service. An Equitable Trust Co. messenger left a package of $10,600 in currency on a street car; the package disappeared.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Legislation was proposed at Concord to create a radio commission to study causes of poor radio reception in the State. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Milenavick were seriously burned at Nashua when they were trapped in their burning home. At Franklin, Archie K. Innes won a place on the Board of Education in a three-cornered race. Burton G. Saunders, former general agent of the Boston office of the Luckenbacher Steamship Lines, died at Stratham.

MINNESOTA

Inmates of Stillwater State Prison were awarded a "T" pennant by the Treasury Department for investing more than 10 per cent of their prison-shop earnings in War Bonds. More than 175,000 workers in the Twin Cities area were "frozen" in their jobs by the War Manpower Commission. I. Marie Swenson, St. Paul, was named first woman counsel in state attorney's office. The Minneapolis City Council voted to keep the $3,500,000 Municipal Auditorium open for use. Ward Senn, former chairman of the Hennepin County Republican Committee and Franklin P. Ellsworth, former congressman from Makato District, died. At Northfield, 12-year-old Boy Scout Carl Campbell had little trouble recruiting members for his Junior Commandos, after Lord Louis Mountbatten wrote him a five-page letter of instructions on how Commandos should function.

NEBRASKA

Nebraska's unicameral legislature's session will be short this year, its members promise. Sen. George W. Norris, defeated for re-election, is returning to his home at McCook. Experts say Nebraska's greatest sports thrill in 1942 was the victory of Bobby Ginn in the mile race at the national collegiate track meet at Lincoln: he won in 4:11.1, fastest college time of the year. Omaha has no hockey this year; three former Omaha goalies now in bigger time are Jimmy Franks, with the New York Rangers; John Mowers, with Detroit; and Phat Pharis, with Indianapolis.

NORTH CAROLINA

Fire caused $500,000 damage at Burlington. Gov. Broughton named Ralph E. Moody, of Murphy, acting chairman of the State Unemployment Compensation Commission, succeeding Dr. William E. Curtis, who became a Navy lieutenant. Charlotte's City Manager Flack planned a rat-eradication campaign as a typhus-control measure. At Hickory, five companies of the Shuford Mills gave $10,000 to Nazareth Orphanage at Crescent and $25,000 for a Shuford Memorial Gymnasium at Lenoir Rhyne College. Fitzhugh E. Wallace of Kinston succeeded Linville K. Martin of Winston-Salem as president of the State Bar Association.

THE POETS CORNERED

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

THOSE GALS IN OLE AUSTRALIA

When the boys came back from "Parlevous,"
They sang praises of a maiden.
She was magnish,
Their favorite dish,
Ya shoulda heard them ravin'.
For this maiden fair they named a square,
In the heart of every town.
She'd never wear,
Fair Armentieres,
For her glory was renown.
But in forty-two, a Yankee crew,
Arrived in the land down under.
We were amazed
And then left dazed,
To gaze about in wonder.
The gals down there were worth a stare,
For in truth they were a wow!
And Armentieres
Could not compare
With the beauties we saw now.
The old AEF, if there's any left,
Can sing of their French tomato.
But what the hell!
We swapped mademoiselle
For those gals in Ole Australia.

PFC. JEROME T. BALLER
AUSTRALIA

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT

Private Twirp is a lucky man,
Match his good fortune if you can.
Rare is his case, you must admit:
His G.I. pants are a perfect fit.

LT. RICHARD ARMOUR
FORT TOTTEN, N. Y.

ORDERS OF THE DAY

News item: American soldiers must not speak to Moslem women.

Order: Yanks at Casablanca
Will commit no hanka-panka.
Order: In far-off Oahu
There must be no *tohu-bohu.*
Soldiers shall not shilly-shally
As they drive the Japs past Bali.
Even along the quiet Rancocas
Orders are: no hokus-pokus.
Other restrictions, fella, follow
For men who hail from Walla Walla.

PFC. Y. GUY OWEN
1ST DECONTAMINATION UNIT

OPEN RANKS

We'd never been inspected;
We never had suspected
That anyone would even want to look us up and down—
When all at once they sprang it
(With our stockings crooked, hang it!)
And the State Guard looey really went to town.

We haven't kit and rifle
Or any other trifle;
We've only got our uniform and the chassis which it's on.
But it seems that that's sufficient
When the officer's efficient,
And it's just about the damndest thing we've ever undergone.

For I wouldn't like to mention
What we thought while at attention.
We stood with rigid faces while he circled aft and fore,
But that looey's pretty plucky—
And he's also pretty lucky
That our military discipline is excellent and more.

If that looey meant to ride us
By the way in which he eyed us
(As the Guardsmen in the corridor suggested loud and long),
He didn't raise a snicker—
No, not an eyelid's flicker
Betrayed that we were anything but self-possessed and strong.

But isn't it amazing
To learn such measured gazing
Is an army regulation and perfectly correct,
When, to be completely candid,
A civilian would be handed
A prompt and handsome shiner if he started to "inspect"?

Yes, it must be military
For it looks familiar—very;
Yes, we're learning army customs very fast,
And *nothing* will surprise us
In the way a soldier eyes us
Now we've passed our first inspection drill at last.

LT. BROOK BYRNE
MASSACHUSETTS WOMEN'S DEFENSE CORPS

G.I. HOME MAKER

The homely arts
This Army has taught
Should come in handy
When peace is wrought.
Necessity trained us
Tricks of going
At needle and thread
On vital sewing.
Buttons off here,
A chevron there,
A rip in skivvies
And simple tear—
Are nothing!

M/SGT. LARRY MCCABE
ENGLAND

WORD TO THE WISE

The P-38 is a smooth little crate
That will go as though chased by the devil.
It will do loop-the-loops, alone or in groups,
And it rides like a dream on the level.
But the P-38 is a plane that I hate;
Its tail is, I must say, askew.
If you're caught in a slump and are called on to jump,
Here's what P-38s do to you:
They chop you in pieces up there where the fleece is
(You are cut quite in two when you bail);
The reason for this is, the same as with kisses,
You can't jump two pieces of tail.
So pilots beware when you take to the air
And through the bright blue blithely sail;
You can handle its rudder unlike any other,
But you can't jump two pieces of tail.

BRITAIN — CPL. MURRAY HILL

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

Statements of Henry J. Haba in "Mail Call" [YANK, Oct. 21] concerning the jungle in the Caribbean couldn't be credited to the rawest rookie in my outfit. All of us have been here over a year and a lot came with me about four years ago. There are others who have had from five to 15 years service in the tropics.

What puzzles me is this "coil" snake. I've never run across one but it could have been a "coral" snake. If somebody used a southern accent the names could easily have been confused. And that "sloth" must have been a throwback. Out of the 40 or 50 I've seen in four years not one ever moved faster than Stepen Fetchit in slow motion.

SGT. GRANT GILROY
CARIBBEAN

Dear YANK:

I am now in the hot spot of the South Pacific but feel I should thank YANK for the trouble you must have gone through to obtain the music to "McNamara's Band." Tonight I am more than sorry that the boy who prompted me to request the song is not here to play it. The inevitable has happened. Our band has left its instruments and we are now in the front lines, assisting the wounded and burying the dead. The boy I spoke of above was killed while assisting a wounded comrade.

SGT. JOSEPH P. WHELAN
SOUTH PACIFIC

Dear YANK:

We realize that the Marines are doing a good job down in the Solomons but don't you suppose there are a few soldiers and sailors that rate the same glory? After all, there is such a thing as an Army in this man's war, too. If there isn't something published about the Army and Navy in the Army Weekly you can discontinue my subscription. I know that every individual up here feels the same way.

CPL. MARVIN S. DAHL
CPL. F. GASKINS
CPL. H. WARKMAN
SGT. JOHN FLYN
SGT. RUSSELL BOWEN
PVT. OTTO H. BERTEL
ALASKA

Dear YANK:

We are two soldiers in that great Army overseas, fighting for a great cause. We wish to extend our sympathies to our brothers-in-arms in the U.S. and overseas stations other than our own.

According to recent issues of your "Caveman's Gazette" the soldiers mentioned above have been receiving a boost to their morale in the pianos so graciously donated to the troops. We have talked it over with the boys in the sewing circle and have a few suggestions to offer in this great morale-boosting program. Do you think if we put up boxes of cookies and fudge, and knitted socks and sweaters and sent them to the unsung heroes, that the boys who never get furloughs and never get Sundays off, in England, Ireland, Australia, Iceland and the replacement training centers in the good old States, would appreciate our efforts in their behalf? Another worth-while suggestion we have for you: Why don't you put paper-doll cutouts and dress patterns in a special section reserved for this purpose?

As of this date the only definite use we have found for your little bundle of cheer and joy is as an abbreviated substitute for the Sears Roebuck catalog.

SGT. DAVID E. TOWNLEY
PFC. RICHARD W. BAINBRIDGE JR.
ALASKA

Dear YANK:

I see a lot of men kicking about little things in the Army that don't amount to a damn. They have USO clubs, good entertainment and a furlough once and awhile. They should be here, then they could kick. They get most of the ratings there. Not so here. We do not kick very much for we have a war to win and we are going to win it.

PVT. GEORGE L. GREENE
ALASKA

Dear YANK:

The G.I.s in Labrador, South Pacific and other places bemoan the fact that they haven't seen a woman in three or four months. They complain because the beer is served warm, or they can only get two or three cans per week. Our hearts bleed for these poor unfortunates, but we want them to know they are living in a comparative paradise. I, and many of my buddies, haven't so much as seen a woman in over 10 months. Many men here walk around with four or five hundred dollars in their ODs, and no place to spend it.

ALASKA — S/SGT. ROBT. G. FIFIELD

Dear YANK:

When I read the article in YANK [Oct. 28] of those poor lonely soldiers in Labrador I was filled with disgust. Sure, I know a fellow longs and yearns to see a girl, especially his own, but not having seen one in four months is no reason to complain. My outfit was the first to land at this post and break soil for its beginning. In a few weeks we will have been here "but a year" with no maiden yet seen, natives included.

ALASKA — SGT. JOHN R. ROBERTS

Dear YANK:

In civilian life I had been on the stage for a number of years and for the sake of convenience had adopted another name, a shortened form of my real one. When I enlisted in the Army I was told I must use my legal name. However, this has proved disastrous as persons write to me under my stage name, and most of my mail has been stamped "party unknown" and returned to the sender.

Can the Army make any provision for me to receive mail under my stage name?

PVT. J. S.

No one in the Army may receive mail under any name other than his legal one. You might solve the problem, however, by obtaining legal authorization to shorten your name. To go about this, consult your commanding officer.

Dear YANK:

I was quite amused at the story of "our" first offensive in YANK, Sept. 9. Where do you get all that "we and our" stuff? I guess your editors, who probably have never been west of the Hudson River, haven't heard that it was the Navy and Marines who made the landings and offensives.

We'll give your reporters another stripe for this great story. The dogfaces and USO boys will enjoy it.

PFC. LOU SLAWSON
USMC, OVERSEAS

Our story came from two Marine correspondents who were there to fight and report what they saw.

Dear YANK:

We have been readers of YANK for several weeks and we have found it okay, but the issue you dedicated to the Marine boys [Nov. 4] tends to raise a little difficulty. It seems in your "Mail Call" several Marines sounded off out of place. A few stated that they have been called upon to finish several of the Army's battles, which is not true. Then they claimed the Army is good only at USO Canteens for recreation (Cpl. Adaman's letter). This corporal also stated that the Marines are the superior and the best in the land.

Too much credit is being given to the Marines. Many Army men and Naval heroes have given their lives, not to make one outfit better than the other, but for the sole purpose of trying to end this war as quickly as possible.

So to all you Marines—you may have the situation well in hand but don't forget on each side of you in American history there has always been a soldier or a sailor.

CPL. JOSEPH F. O'DAY JR.
U. S. AAF

Dear YANK:

Please, when you write about New Jersey in your column "People Back Home," see if you can find out if a girl from Atlantic City still loves me. Her name is Miss Rita Gualtieri.

PVT. JOEY R. VELAZQUEZ
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Anybody seen Rita? How's she doing?—Ed.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1. NO. 32
JAN. 24, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

Steady on the Firing Line

MANY predictions were made on New Year's Day that this is the year in which the Axis will be annihilated and the war will end. Strongest statement came from Admiral Halsey who prophesied that 1943 will see "complete, absolute defeat for the Axis powers," including Japan. The Admiral has done a great job of knocking the Japs out of the water, and his year-end statement sets up a target for all of us to shoot at this year.

But it should be interpreted as a goal, not as an accomplished fact, as has already been done in some places. For instance, in North Africa some men have bet a month's pay the war will end before June 1. In England, 50 bucks were wagered that we'll be out of the fox holes by July 1. Books have been opened in several U. S. cities setting various Armistice dates this year.

It's a cinch those short-term bets will be lost. Look at this from Churchill: "Do not let us be led away by any fair-seeming appearance of fortune. I know of nothing . . . which justifies the hope that the war will not be long or that bitter and bloody years do not lie ahead." Notice that "years" is plural, bub.

President Roosevelt said: "This is the toughest war of all time." And Joseph C. Grew, our ambassador to Tokyo for 10 years, says: "The Japanese will not crack. . . . Only by utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion of their men and materials can they be defeated." Ask the guys on Guadalcanal and New Guinea if that sounds like a one-year joo-to them.

The trouble with getting too bullish is that overconfidence causes you to get knocked off. That's what happened last Fall when Holy Cross whipped undefeated Boston College's football team 55-12. That's what happened the year Bill Terry asked if Brooklyn was still in the league.

Before you start laying any bets on the line, or writing any letters that you'll be home soon, read these words by Secretary of War Stimson: "The real work is still to come, and while everything that has happened is better than we expected, . . . we are just now approaching the main work. And any idea that there is to be no further toil and sweat and blood would simply lead this country to tremendous disappointment."

Doesn't sound like any time to be making bets.

STRICTLY G.I.

Tent Pole Telescoped

ALL soldiers who have at one time or another cut their hands wrestling with those vicious metal tubes on the collapsible shelter-half pole will be glad to learn that our considerate QMC has produced a new type pole. The new job is plywood, weighing about a third as much as the old model. Three pieces come apart and fit inside each other like sections of a telescope. No zippers, no hooks, no rings—the new pole is absolutely foolproof and cuts the wrestling time in half.

Shades of Thermopylae

One thousand Greeks living in this country have been organized into their own battalion and will go into combat under their own leadership and colors. A few American citizens who know how to give "about face" in Greek are helping get the unit started, but as soon as some of the Greeks make the grade at OCS they will be on their own.

Jeep Goes on Diet

Army engineers announce that a new jeep is ready for action, 14 inches lower, 18 inches shorter, and with 2½ inches more road clearance than the previous model. The more compact jeep will carry three-quarter rather than half-ton loads.

Supplies

Lipstick for the Army's he-men is the latest issue announced by the QM. Called "chapstick," it will be used to protect the G.I.'s tender lips for more important—and warmer—things than the weather. . . . For tropical areas, the Army has adopted khaki shorts with unusually wide legs to allow maximum freedom of action. They're worn with knee-length OD socks. . . . Roller skates are now undergoing tests by the War Department to determine if they could be put to practical use on the feet of dogfaces. . . . The new insignia of the Transportation Corps is a gold wheel within a wheel. . . . . Goggles with five sets of interchangeable lenses, which provide protection against dust and glare, now are being used by the antiaircraft gun crews, aviators, tank drivers and soldiers of other details where clear vision day or night is essential. . . . 10,000,000 pounds of quick-frozen spinach will be bought by the Army next year. When Pvt. Popeye reaches for a can of this potherb of the goosefoot family (cf. Webster) instead of a hand grenade, things will look even worse for the Axis. . . . To supply soldiers overseas with their vitamin C, enough grapefruit juice to provide 200,000,000 four-ounce glassfuls, has been acquired by the Procurement Division of the Jersey City Quartermaster Depot, at a cost of $3,000,000.

Pictures: Cover, Cpt. Ben. Schnall. 2, Sgt. Dave Carson. 4, Signal Corps. 5, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 6, top left, INP; right, Acme; bottom, Yank Staff. 7, PRO, USA FISPA. 8, PA. 9, right, Engineer Corps; left, Signal Corps. 10, Signal Corps. 11, top left, Planet News Ltd.; top right, Signal Corps; bottom, War Office Photo Crown. 12, Ghio. 13, Ghio. 14, Planet News Ltd. 20, PA. 21, Paramount Pictures. 22, Bushemi. 23, Bushemi.

ELIZA RECROSSES THE ICE—1943

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Only Nazis Freeze

The German commentator, Col. Brauer, recently announced over the Berlin radio that the Russian Winter is impossible for military operations. "German soldiers become apathetic and lethargic," the good colonel said, talking of the effects of the cold. "Their only salvation is movement and in the snow they cannot move. Food freezes, water freezes. It is impossible to take off their clothes. It is impossible to wash. It is impossible to do anything." Unfortunately, the Russians don't listen to Col. Brauer.

Now You Hear It—Now You Don't

The assassination of Admiral Darlan made the Axis radio propaganda bureaus spin like tops. First announcement by Berlin radio was that the killing was a British plot. This was immediately followed by the announcement that it was a De Gaulle plot. The next day they were back to the British theory. The day after that it was a Fighting Frenchman who had done the shooting. Then they claimed it was an American, but were soon back to the British Secret Service as the culprits.

The Italian radio displayed much more imagination. First they said it was done by "British Intelligence, with the help of Washington." Then they came out with a variation on the theme: it was a poor Arab executed for the Darlan killing; the real assassin was on his way back to London.

Finally the Italians gave up altogether and announced triumphantly that "The news of Admiral Darlan's assassination, the news of the tribunal's sentence, and the existence of a young man of 20 may all be assumed to be false. Everything has been invented."

Whose Sun Is Being Eclipsed?

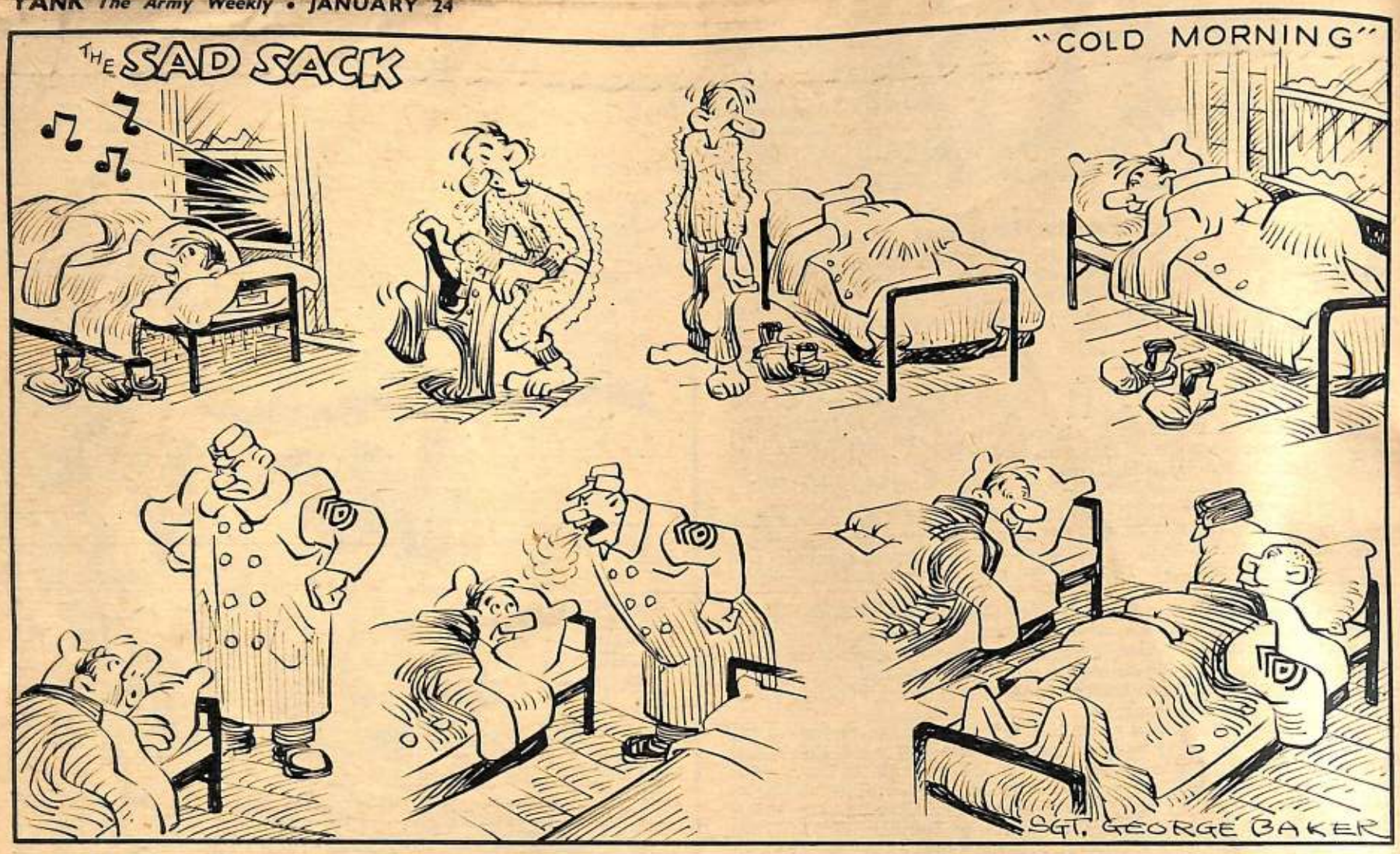
The Tokyo radio has been butting in on Nature again. Its latest report is that an eclipse of the sun which will be seen in Japan on Feb. 5 is a clear indication of "the scientific bar between Japan and America" on account of the U. S. is only getting a partial eclipse.

Housing Situation

The report that German cities are jammed with wounded from the Russian front seems to be true, all right. *The Frankfurter Zeitung* recently ran an advertisement: "Wanted—unfurnished room for 21 foreign workers."

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

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF



BETWEEN the LINES

TO BEARD OR NOT TO BEARD

I decided to let my beard grow. Why shouldn't a soldier have a hirsute decoration, if he wants one? Men have been growing mustaches and beards since the beginning of time, or shortly thereafter. The neolithic and the paleolithic man had beards and were proud of them. Marco Polo had a heard. Henry the 8th had a beard. Why shouldn't I have one? Army rules and regulations say a man can have a mustache or a beard if he keeps it neatly trimmed.

I didn't shave my chin for three days. A number of fellows called my attention to it. A week went by and my whiskers were doing nicely. My friends addressed me as goat and grandpappy. I handled coal so the first sergeant wouldn't notice my beard.

Then came the day. I had to call at the orderly room for a week-end pass. I was all dressed up in my ODs. I marched into the office.

The sergeant looked at me in bewilderment and scowled.

"You can't have a pass," he said, "until you shave off that beard."

"It's not a beard, it's a goatee," I said.

"By the way, Saki—who is your next of kin?"

"All right, you're a goat," he said. "But you can't have a beard."

"Sergeant, why can't I?" I said.

"Because it's not allowed," he said. "I know what's in regulations. A new order has come out, forbidding beards. You can have a mustache."

"Army rules and regulations say a soldier can have a mustache *or* a beard if he keeps it neatly trimmed." My dandruff was up. I am bothered by dandruff.

The first sergeant scowled at me again. "What do you know about the Army?" he said. "I'm an Old Army man."

"How old are you, sergeant?" I said.

He didn't appreciate my remark.

"You can't have any kind of a beard," he yelled.

"Why?" I asked. I can be very stubborn.

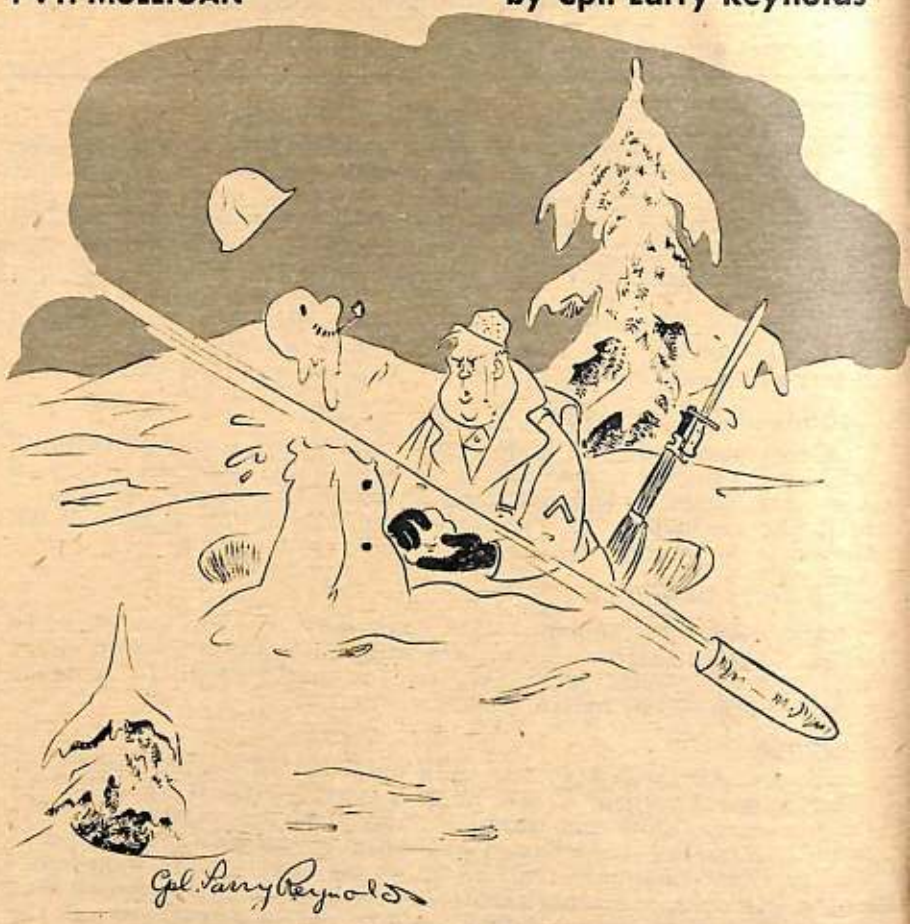
"Because," he shouted, "the whiskers will punch holes in your gas mask."

I don't believe it.

Anyway, I returned to my tent and shaved off my beard.

PVT. DONALD SEELY
ALCAN HIGHWAY

PVT. MULLIGAN **by Cpl. Larry Reynolds**

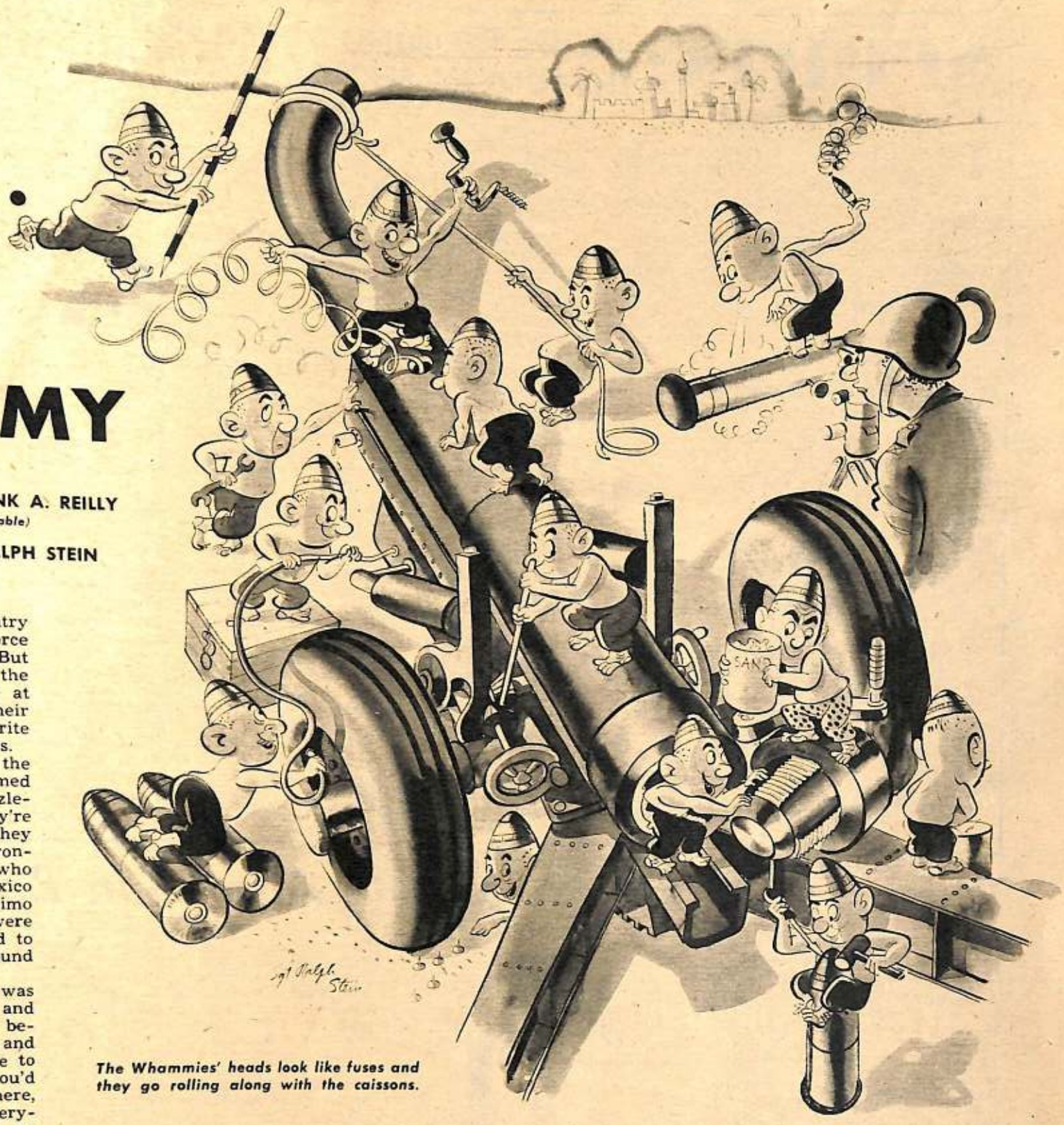


"Aw, nuts!"

Ready... Aim... WHAMMY

Firing Data by SGT. FRANK A. REILLY
(Accent on the Fort Syllable)

Whammies by SGT. RALPH STEIN



The Whammies' heads look like fuses and they go rolling along with the caissons.

FORT SILL, OKLA.—The Infantry has its Wolgats. The Air Force is harried by Gremlins. But what rattles the Artillery is the Whammy. Whammies, they say at Fort Sill, are strictly snafu, and their hand is everywhere. They even write the footnotes in training manuals.

Some say that the name of the chief Whammy is Geronimo, named for his grandpappy. He's a muzzle-burst from the word "fire!" They're a deep lot, these artillerymen. They think things out. The original Geronimo was an Indian outlaw who horsed around down New Mexico way back in the 1880s. Geronimo and his merry little throng were broken to bucks and transferred to Fort Sill for fatigue duty around Barracks 13.

Geronimo himself, however, was placed on SD with the PRO and soon had his feathers back. He became quite a figure at sideshows and finally was transferred in grade to the good earth at Fort Sill. You'd think the matter would end there, but not for Geronimo, good artilleryman that he was. He pushed up daisies with one hand while with the other making passes at a Scottish ghost brought to those parts and jilted by an artilleryman who had best described her as the "queen of ghosties and goolies and slant-headed beasties and things that go boomp in the night." From the happy union of the queen and Geronimo came the Whammies who have taken it out on the Artillery ever since.

The Whammies are bubble-jigglers from way back. The Artillery uses more bubbles than a strip-tease artist. There are levelling bubbles in panoramic sights, aiming circles, transits and things like that. The artilleryman likes to have everything strictly on the level. And just when he thinks he's got what he wants—whammy! all the bubbles jiggle as though they came in six delicious flavors, thus gumming the works.

"The Whammy steers by sticking up his feet."

On Sunday afternoons the Whammies take a break and do only light work in the magazines, like fixing up the week's supply of duds, which requires a lot of tinkering with the fuses. All Whammies rank as model-T corporals, since even things like moving aiming stakes out of line and camouflaging base points are pretty technical.

One of the most interesting Whammies, known as the Gozzozle, bores a hole near the breech of the field pieces and untwists all the rifling. It comes out looking much like coarse steel wool, and is used by other Whammies to rub lubrication from gears and pinions, and to put dull finish on highly polished mechanisms.

Whammies are highly specialized workers who waste nothing. A copper-headed Whammy lets the fluid out of the recoil chamber. Another lets air from carriage tires escape into the recoil mechanism.

All Whammies have rope fingers with which they jam elevating mechanism and gears in general. Some Whammies are long and slender with paddle-shaped feet and sticky arms. They form a line along the barrel of the gun and wait for projectiles to come whistling out. The lead Whammy dangles his arms in front of the muzzle and when the projectile emerges there's a Whammy stuck to it. The Whammy steers by sticking up his feet, thus producing hooks, curves, and slices.

Then there's the Peewees, as the very young Whammies are called. They're just learning the old Whammy game and all they have to do is keep the powder bags damp. Most Peewees wind up stripping the rotating bands from shells, or some other routine job, but the more intelligent are sent to OCS to learn about range finders.

To work on a range finder, even as an assistant, is the ambition of all Whammies who have dull jobs and uninteresting wives. Any Whammy can learn how to paint bare metal parts with corrosive acid or mix gum rubber with cosmolene. But it takes study to learn just where to touch up the calibration and scales on delicate instruments. This work is done with imaginary lines left over from geometry classes at the OCS.

The goldbrick job goes to the one Whammy in every 10 who's born with a rough tongue. All he has to do all day is fog the lenses in sighting instruments by licking them. There are even specialists for odd jobs like causing dispersion and jolting compass needles.

Naturally the Whammies get credit for spreading rumors and putting raisins in oatmeal. But that sort of thing is strictly Wolgat work. Your Whammy is a technician every time.

There are, however, Whammies who specialize in brawn. They just go around bending and breaking things, when they're not on KP. But the king of all non-technical Whammies is the Spade-Nosed Whumpher. His job is to dig a long tunnel back of the spade at each end of the split-trail which keeps the piece from jumping back when it's fired. After the Whumpher has done his bit the split-trail plows back through the tunnel. Which is just one hell of a big surprise to everyone except the Spade-Nosed Whumpher.

SPORTS: SPRING TRAINING DOWN SOUTH WAS JUST HOT AIR, THE COLD AIR SHOULD REALLY HELP THE BALL PLAYERS

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

THE news that major league ball clubs will train in the North or near-North this year, because of transportation difficulties, has shaken the whole foundation of organized baseball.

Think of it: no more fancy Spring training. No more lying on the Florida beach, no more golf, no more long cool drinks after shagging flies all day in the hot sun. No more hot sun, even. This year, players will have to run around just to keep warm. They won't even have that invigorating exercise known as Hopping Down to Hialeah.

All this will probably raise hell with the players' morale. For years they have depended on at least one coat of tan to protect them

from pop bottles and similar abuse. Now they will have to depend on their own speed afoot and the accuracy of the fans, which is steadily improving. None of this is calculated to make a ball player feel free and easy on the field.

The change will also hit pocketbooks, since the boys will have to shell out for a couple of ordinary suits to replace those Palm Beach affairs. The Giants will be hard hit—a circumstance not uncommon to Giant pitchers—since they will now be unable to get those fine Havana cigars they used to pick up in Cuba for resale to unsuspecting umpires. And the Cubs and White Sox, now training at French Lick Springs, Ind., will be in a slough of despond all season after no movie stars come to see them in the Spring, as they used to do at Catalina Island, Calif.

This business of southern Spring training was mostly hot air, anyway. Its only real value was to publicize promising youngsters and give them a chance in exhibition games. The best example of this was Pete Reiser of Brooklyn, completely unknown and untested before the Dodgers unfolded him in Florida. The abandonment of the trips and the attendant ballyhoo should help the sport, rather than hurt it. It might also force baseball into an increasing sense of its own responsibility during war. Ed Barrow, boss of the Yankees, has already said he was willing to confine his team's training to its home stadium, if other teams would do the same. So far, none of them has.

Not all the teams have chosen their training site yet. Connie Mack is hauling his Athletics to Savannah, Ga. The two Chicago teams at French Lick Springs may combine baseball with mineral baths, which is one way of getting into condition. The Boston Red Sox are staying close to home, having contracted for the use of the Tufts College field house at Medford, Mass. This last is a truly revolutionary move, since it brings ball players into direct and even dangerous contact with book learning. Nothing has yet been said about Red Sox players also attending classes, but they will probably turn up on the campus with sweaters and saddle shoes and pipes with the bowls upside down. If any of them carry books it will only mean there are photographers around. Tufts is also the home of Jumbo, the well-known Barnum elephant,

now stuffed. Between Jumbo and the Red Sox, the college should do a great business this Spring.

Naturally, this trend toward higher education has been taken up by the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Dodgers, however, will settle for nothing less than the Ivy League and are trying to get the Yale field house as training quarters. The Yankees are also angling for Yale, basing their claim on Red Rolfe, their former third baseman, who is not only the Yale baseball and basketball coach now, but also a graduate of Dartmouth College, a member of the Ivy League. Nobody on the Dodgers even went to Harvard. This argument makes no impression on the Dodgers, who point out that Brooklyn was turning out scholars and ball players before Judge Landis even heard of the Ivy League. Right now the only people using Yale are the students and a few thousand female defense workers, but the school is already on the ropes.

After all, war is war.

Bombers Claim Service Title After Sun Bowl Victory

By S/Sgt. KEARNEY EGERTON
YANK Field Correspondent

EL PASO, TEXAS—Playing the old Army game, the Second Air Force Bombers of Spokane, Wash., came storming from behind to spank the daylights out of Hardin-Simmons, 13 to 7, in the eighth and largest renewal of the Sun Bowl classic here New Year's Day. Unbeaten and untied, the big, bad Bombers were the nation's only service team to play in a post-season bowl contest.

The Cowboys from West Texas outplayed the Airmen during the first half and outscored them for more than three quarters. It wasn't until the fourth period when a pair of Minnesota teammates, Hal Van Every and Vic Spadaccini, got underway, that the Bombers managed to overhaul Hardin-Simmons, a team that absolutely never got overhauled by anybody this season in the Border Conference.

The 18,000 fans—half of them service men—were nailed to their seats in astonishment when the Cowboys parted the massive Bomber line for big hunks of yardage. In the second quarter Doc Mobley, the No. 1 ground gaining man in football, intercepted Billy Sewell's pass and dashed 66 yards to the Bombers' nine. The Texans failed to score then, but after the Bombers kicked out to their 29, freshman fullback Camp Wilson blasted through center for 29 yards and the first score of the game. Ryan's extra point kick was good.

Maj. Gen. Robert Olds, commanding general of the Second Air Force and the team's No. 1 fan, gave them a between-halves talk that must have had something to do with their later performance. He suggested that what they would do to Hardin-Simmons in the second half would be mild compared to what they would do to the Axis later.

Lt. Hal Van Every, the brightest star.

A few minutes later in the third period Cpl. Johnny Holmes, a Bremerton, (Wash.) boy who learned his football at Washington State, went 20 yards around end. Then another Washington State gridman, Sgt. Billy Sewell of Tacoma, pitched a 20-yard pass to Cpl. Bill Hornick, end from New Orleans and Tulane, on the one-yard line. Lt. Vic Spadaccini, pal of Van Every at Minnesota and later with the Cleveland Rams, bolted through center to score, but Lt. Al Bodney, the team captain, failed to convert, leaving the Bombers on the short end, 7 to 6.

The winning score came in the fourth quarter from deep in Bomber territory. Holmes went five through center. Van Every lateraled to Spadaccini, who went to midfield. Line plays brought another first down, then Van Every pitched a forward pass to Spadaccini on the 18-yard line. A 15-yard penalty against the Bombers threatened to halt the drive, but Van Every pitched to Cpl. Tom Wilkes of Wyoming University, who went to the five. Spadaccini hit the line three times for four yards and Van Every plunged across on the fourth down. Bodney's try for the extra point split the uprights.

Maj. Gen. George E. Startemeyer represented Gen. H. H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces. Other high ranking officers present included Maj. Gen. Innis Swift, commander of the First Cavalry Division, and Gen. Jaime Quinones, commander of the Juarez (Mexico) military garrison. Bomber fans included cavalrymen who marched from downtown El Paso and 250 sailors from a New Mexico technical school.

By way of celebrating their successful season, enlisted men of the Bombers all received advances in rating. Several of them have been accepted for OCS and are awaiting orders. Two weeks before the Sun Bowl game, the Bombers clinched the Far Western title, defeating the March Field eleven 26 to 13 at Los Angeles.

These Desert G.I.s Had Bowl Game of Their Own

Fort Huachuca, Ariz.—Here's the story of the Desert Bowl, a New Year's Day game that lured over 20,000 fans, and not a one of them had to use a gallon of gasoline to reach the stadium.

The customers were all soldiers from Fort Huachuca and the stadium was in their back yard. In fact, right in the desert.

The game pitted two Army teams, the 25th Infantry and a Special Units eleven, for the championship of the 93rd Division. The Infantry won hands down, 25 to 0.

In Next Week's YANK...

NINE CHARMED LIVES

Adventures and thrills come aplenty to men who fight in the skies—but Sgt. Ed. Cunningham writes of one bombing crew that had the book thrown at it. "Living on Borrowed Time" was just a catch phrase until these Yank airmen in India gave it a new meaning. It's a modern story of the air—packed with dynamite.

Betty Hutton

It isn't often you find the jitterbug on this page in one spot long enough to make a photo of her as a glamour girl. But here she is. Betty's latest picture is Paramount's "Happy Go Lucky"

SOMEWHERE IN HAWAII, PFC. JOSEPH McCARGO STUDIES A FEW STATISTICS.

Hooper's Troopers

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

SOMEWHERE IN HAWAII—"Harlem's Hellcats," they were called then.

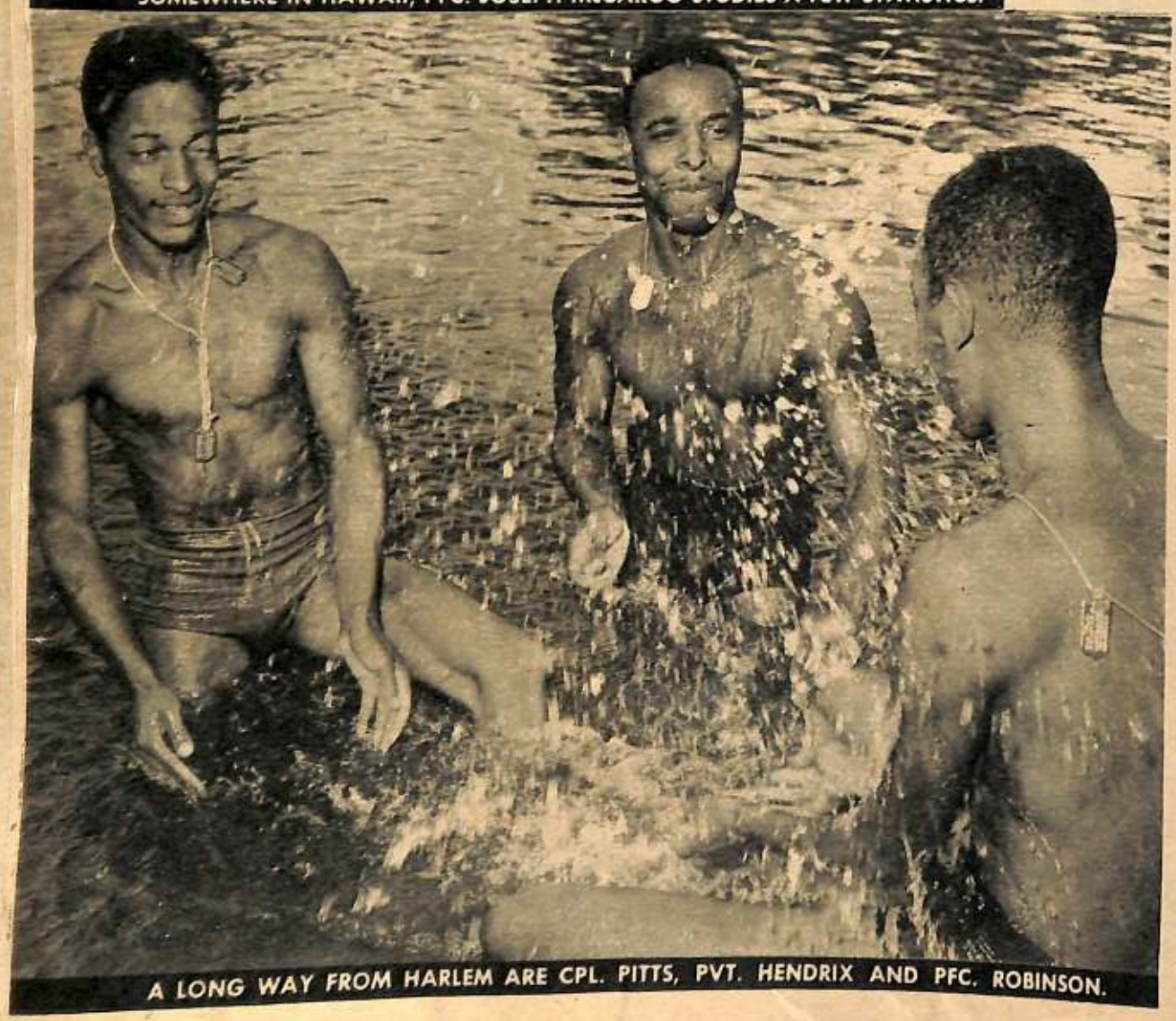
They were in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, in the siege of Sechault, in the slaughter that was Alsace-Lorraine. They were among the first Yanks to enter German territory.

From late 1917 until the November dawn that brought the Armistice they fought with the Fourth French Army, and when the war ended, their regiment was given the Croix de Guerre.

Fifty-five officers and men who were through it all with the original "hellcats" are on another war front now—on the Island of Oahu, waiting with fighters as tough as their predecessors to show the Japs how Harlem men fight.

"Hooper's Troopers," they are called on the islands.

Hooper is Col. Chauncey M. Hooper, who was with them in France. Sixty per cent of his "troop" are from Manhattan, and in addition to the veterans of '17 and '18, there are men who remember nights at Small's Paradise and Dick Wheaton's in Harlem when they would lift their instruments to play while the hep-cats smiled.



A LONG WAY FROM HARLEM ARE CPL. PITTS, PVT. HENDRIX AND PFC. ROBINSON.

"Those studs put down some fine action," the cats would say.

At least a quarter of the Troopers were professional musicians; another 25 per cent played to anyone who would listen—for free.

Among the professionals are Cpl. Otis Johnson, who trumpeted for Louis Armstrong; Cpl. Rudy Williams, who clarineted for Fess Williams; Sgt. Rueben Reeves, solo trumpet for Cab Calloway; Pfc. Dick Thompson, clarinet for Claude Hopkins, and Pfc. David Alford, who was with Cab's sister Blanche.

As members of Hawaii's only all-Negro combat unit, they sit in the sugar-cane fields beside anti-aircraft guns not too far from Pearl Harbor, waiting for planes piloted by Japs.

When such planes appear, Hooper's Troopers will be plenty "tight." That means "all reet," fine as wine.

How do they like the islands?

Far From Core of the Apple

In general, almost everything is "down with the action" (OK). Let it be understood, however, that King Street at Bishop, heart of Honolulu, in no way can compare with Lenox Avenue at 125th Street in Manhattan. The latter is, as the Troopers put it, the core of the apple.

Here there are no A trains, no Day-Break Express that lets you off near a juice joint (tavern). Here no one has heard of southern fried chicken, and G.I. grease is not nearly as edible as pork chops at Joe's Place.

Once in a while, after a week or so on the guns, it is possible to pitch the ball a little up at Midway, which refers to downtown Honolulu, not the island of the same name. But when the "duration and six months" have ended, most of Hooper's Troopers plan to "dock up to our pad" or "fall back to our dommie." In the less colorful language of those uninitiated in jive jatber, they'll be going home.

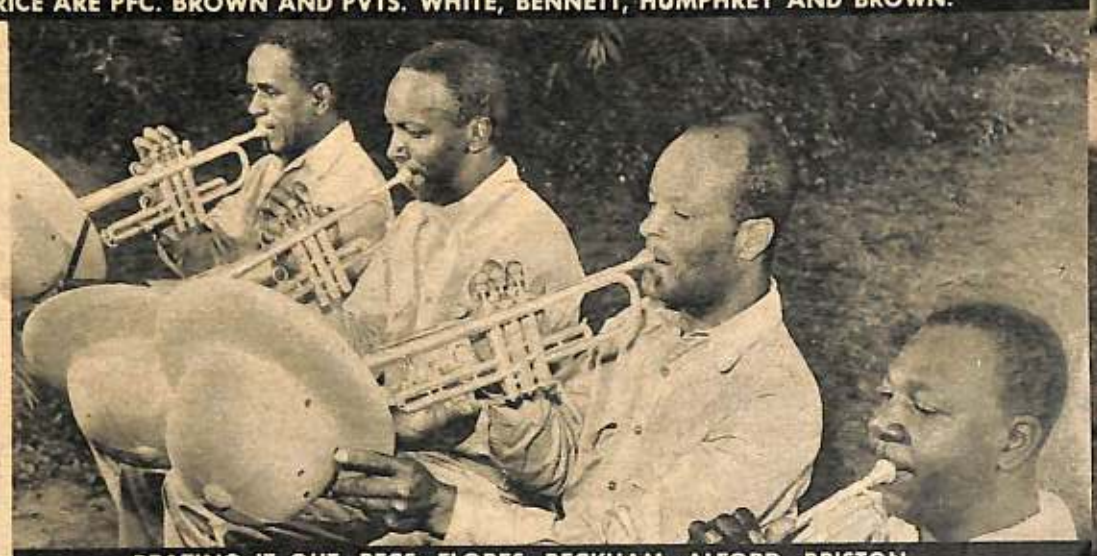
All that's in the future. Just now there is work to be done in the sugar-cane fields.

It is a job that began in January, 1941, when many of the Troopers first donned khaki and

COL. CHAUNCEY M. HOOPER, COMMANDER.

WITH BEATRICE ARE PFC. BROWN AND PVTS. WHITE, BENNETT, HUMPHREY AND BROWN.

When they marched into Germany after winning the Croix de Guerre at the Meuse-Argonne offensive, they called this outfit "Harlem's Hellcats." Now they're a "Pineapple Army," the only all-Negro combat unit in Hawaii, where they are marking time before another march—into Japan.



BEATING IT OUT: PFCS. FLORES, BECKHAM, ALFORD, BRISTON.

OD. After that they trained in the snow in upstate New York and in the muggy Spring weather of Massachusetts.

For four months they labored in heavy overcoats, learned how to lie with their guns in drifts 15 feet high, learned how to keep warm in below-zero temperatures. They were slated, every guardhouse lawyer assured them, for Iceland, or perhaps Alaska.

Then they were shipped, "destination unknown," to a port on the West Coast; a few days later steamed into Honolulu.

Now they believe they know how to operate any antiaircraft gun in the U. S. Army, and they know how to clean a gun, take it apart and put it together again. What is more important, their officers believe there are few men in the outfit, with the possible exception of the ham spams who prepare the grease, who do not know how to hit a mark with their first shot.

"They're dead-eyes," says Lt. John Woodruff, who made a name for himself as an athlete at the University of Pittsburgh and in the Olympics. "And I don't mean with the galloping dominos."

Not that any of the Troopers are anything less than dexterous with the two fiery squares. "You gotta have quick fingers to handle them dice," said Pfc. Delos Flores, a professional trumpeter before the Army came along. "Same with the gun. You warm it up, seven comes eleven for you, and the Jap is left high and dry. Mighty dry."

Jive and Hula Make History

The Troopers' first weeks on the islands were hectic. After a day of training in the field—a day that began at 05:45 for men accustomed to rising at noon—they'd mute a horn or so and swing out with "St. Louis Blues." Native girls tried to hula to their music, and the Troopers themselves jived the "Hawaiian War Chant" and "Aloha Oe." The results made island history.

Most of the musicians were unimpressed with the Hawaiian guitar. "Why, man," explained Pfc. Augustus Cassar, of New York, "them music boxes ain't nowhere."

These days there is less time for swinging the hula; not that the sugar-cane fields are quiet at night. If the barracks are blacked out, no one much minds. A Harlem man doesn't need a light to start half a hundred of his buddies humming "Swing Low" or "Nobody Knows the Trouble I'se Seen."

Electricity isn't necessary for 60 Troopers to get out their trumpets, clarinets, basses, harmonicas, and drums, and give out with "Baby Knock Me a Kiss" and "Darktown Strutters' Ball."

And a blackout flashlight is enough for a round of "Georgia Skin," a game in which even a staff sergeant's monthly salary can vanish with a single shuffle of the deck.

They Swim as Well as Swing

During the day, if there's a free minute, Col. Hooper's men swim in a reservoir that once was part of a tremendous Oahu plantation. The regiment has a baseball team that holds second place in the Hawaiian Department, and the regimental band provides music for nearly every concert and swing session in the vicinity.

The marching band of 45 men breaks up, incidentally, into a swing outfit of 16 pieces which, with three saxes, a bass, clarinet, and drums, makes a jump sextette of a quality seldom-heard below 125th Street. There are so many jive trios Chief WO Russell Wooding hasn't counted them.

It's Mr. Wooding who plans the music, and he, as the Troopers say, is hep. He was arranger for Irving Berlin's "As Thousands Cheer," Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds," and the Shuberts' "At Home Abroad." He is also something of an expert on Chopin, Debussy and Bach, and it isn't too unusual for "Swing It Sister" to compete with "Prelude in C Sharp Minor."

Almost all of the officers in the regiment are college graduates; so are more than a score of enlisted men, and the libraries with the various units have as many volumes of Shakespeare and Thomas Mann as of the latest comic books.

Many of the Troopers have gone back to the mainland for OCS, mainly for coast artillery, infantry, ordnance, and signal corps training. A few are taking courses in the Army Institute, and one man is qualifying for Adjutant General's School, one of the toughest in the Army to enter. He is one of the regiment's several attorneys.

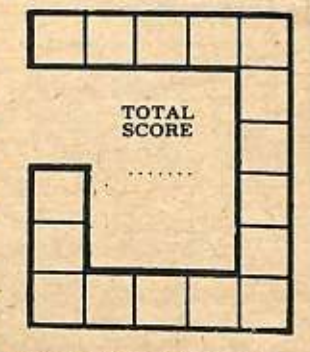
But it's jive that Hooper's Troopers—or the Pineapple Army, as they call themselves—like best. For months, now, they have been working up an arrangement of a tune they wish to dedicate to an emperor known as Hirohito. They will play it sweet or hot or both; they will do their best to please his highness.

The selection is titled "I'll Be Glad When You's Dead, You Rascal You."

TEE-TOTAL

LETTER VALUES

A	1	N	15
B	17	O	4
C	26	P	22
D	13	Q	11
E	2	R	23
F	25	S	12
G	14	T	24
H	21	U	5
I	3	V	10
J	16	W	9
K	18	X	8
L	20	Y	7
M	19	Z	6



Here is how the Game of Teetotal is played: Each letter of the alphabet has been given a numerical value. You are to fill the diagram with words. But try to use the highest value letters as often as possible because the object of the game is to see who can make the highest score. Your score is determined by adding together the separate values of all the 16 letters in your solution.

For example, in the sample solution at right (which you should be able to beat) we have attained a score of 237. SEND IN YOURS. Highest score will be published with name of sender. Address: Puzzle Editor, YANK, Printing House Square, London.

BRITISH EDITION

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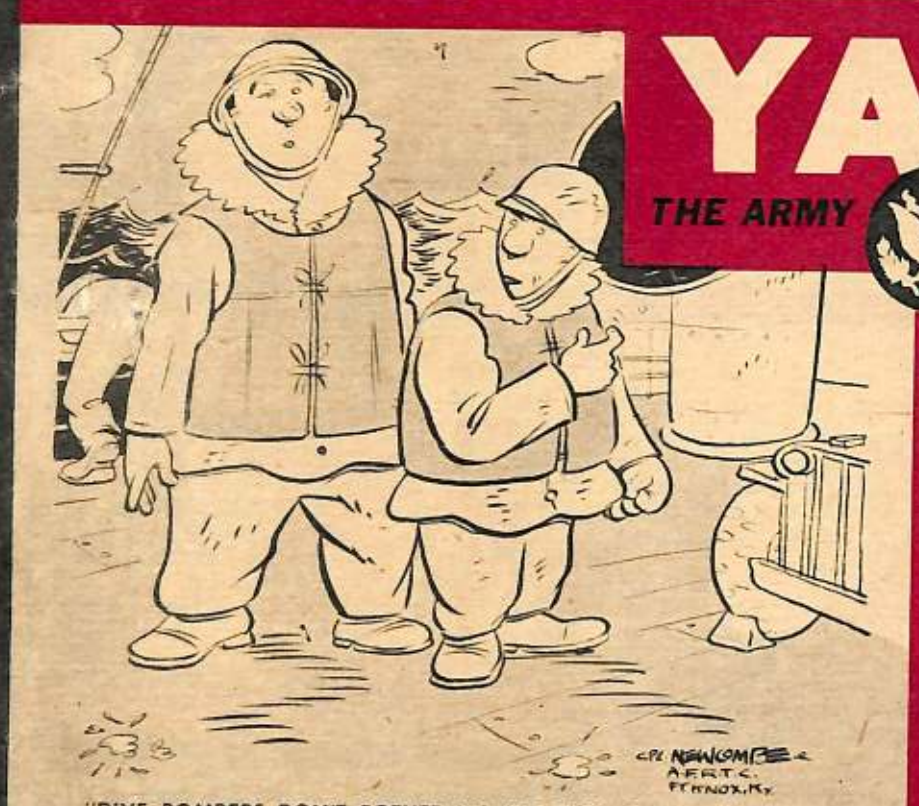

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