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By the men . . . for the
men in the service



COMMUNIQUE

The Story of the Second Battle of Bougainville

PAGE



Isolated and facing starvation, the Jap forces launched a desperate assault against two seasoned U. S. divisions. When the battle was over, 7,000 of the Japs were dead.

By Sgt. BARRETT MCGURN, YANK Staff Correspondent

EMPRESS AUGUSTA BAY, BOUGAINVILLE, THE SOLOMONS—Battles are not like the ones they show in the movies; at any rate the Second Battle of Bougainville was not. Most American soldiers, after all, are just civilians in uniform, who carry over to the battlefield many of their peacetime habits and points of view. The result is a strange melee of the grim and the unconsciously comic.

Like thousands of other Jap soldiers on the by-passed Shortlands, Choiseul, Buka, New Britain and New Ireland, the Japs on Bougainville were faced with the choice of starving because their supply lines had been cut or of making suicidal attacks against the American military machine. Four months after our seizure of the Empress Augusta Bay beachhead, the Japs on Bougainville chose to fight. They were composed of the picked Jap Imperial Marines and one of Japan's most celebrated army outfits, the 6th Division, veterans of six years' fighting in China and of the rape of Nanking. The U. S. forces on the beachhead were the Americal Division, veterans of Guadalcanal, and the 37th Division, veterans of New Georgia and Vella Lavella. Both outfits have spent more than two years in the Pacific.

In the Second Battle of Bougainville, there were great numbers of maimed and dead on both sides. Some 7,000 Japs were believed killed in their assault on the prepared U. S. positions, and our forces counted 20 Jap dead to one American.

AS I rode up to the battlefield, just past Coffin Corners on Major Fissell Highway, I was confronted by a bold sign: "ALL SIGHTSEERS FORWARD OF THIS AREA WILL BE ARRESTED." Up at the front somebody explained that kibitzers from corps headquarters, service-command and combat outfits not currently in the line had been scooping up all the best souvenirs and even getting in the way of the shooting. The fighting infantrymen were pretty bitter about it.

The matter came to a head during the battle when a marine darted forward under fire to relieve a fresh-killed Jap officer of his saber and pistol. A rifle poked out of a foxhole at the officer's feet and covered the marine. "I killed that Jap to get those souvenirs," said the soldier in the hole, "and I'll kill you, if I have to, to keep them." The marine retreated.

While the infantrymen were still too busy to hunt souvenirs, one fearless GI businessman trotted back and forth, bringing out fallen Jap rifles and selling them at \$30 apiece. Another souvenir hunter refused \$150 for a Jap light machine gun with bayonet attachment.

Eventually order was established. Some one called in the MPs. Since then the fighters have been left more to themselves.

This bizarre souvenir hunting during battle had a variety of explanations. For one thing, the Japs' tactics were to concentrate all their force at one point, throwing as much as a regiment against a 100-yard-wide stretch of wire. Consequently battlefields were often only the size of a football field or even of a couple of tennis

courts. This meant that sightseers could walk up almost to the scene of the fighting itself in comparative safety.

For another thing, the Bougainville beachhead in four months of occupation had become so American that it was sometimes easy to think of it as a secure corner of the States. A couple of hundred yards from the Americal Division front, for instance, ambulances and trucks rolling forward came upon a warning in red: "DANGER, STEEP HILL, LOW GEAR."

But the principal explanation lay in the character of the enemy himself. In front-line pillboxes a popular subject for debate was whether the Japs were (a) crazy, (b) dumb or (c) literally dopey. Many thought (c) was the correct answer; a lot of Japs carried a soft brown pill, believed to be a narcotic.

One Jap, not yet classified, walked down a trail outside our lines carrying an American helmet and (upon the word of the GI who shot him) whistling "Yankee Doodle." Another Jap, in a foxhole a few yards from American positions, raised his head to yell: "What's the score, Joe?" Before any unsuspecting Yank could put up his own head to reply, a GI off on a flank answered the Jap with an accurate shot.

During the fighting I visited Bloody Hill (Hill

Sketches by Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK Staff Artist in the South Pacific.

back in basic training. A group of us had gathered around to hear about a Jap trick that cost us four dead and 22 wounded the day before, a couple of hundred yards down the east slope.

"Spread out, fellows," the MP interrupted us. "The colonel will get sore if he sees a lot of guys together. Too many get killed at one time."

We spread. We didn't want the colonel sore.

Then, at longer range, we heard the rest of the story: A patrol had succeeded in pinning down the Japs occupying several pillboxes. When five Japs raised their hands and stood up in full view, the Americans ceased firing and came out in the open, too. An interpreter told the Japs to throw down their weapons and promised them that they would not be harmed. Suddenly a wounded Jap in shorts, apparently an officer, screamed something, and the Japs dived back into their holes. Instantly mortar fire lobbed out at the exposed Americans, hitting 26. The patrol had to withdraw.

The hilltop where we were chatting was jointly occupied by Americans and Japs at that very moment. The Japs were dug in 75 yards from us, beneath the roots of a banyan tree.

Down the hill below us resounded the "dat-da

EYEWITNESS DRAWING SHOWING ACTION AGAINST THE JAPANESE BY THE 37TH (OHIO) DIV. ON BOUGAINVILLE



Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh
YANK

dat-da dat-da dat-da" of a machine gun, the "pow-pow" of MIs, the "pha-lot" of 4.2-inch mortars and the hammering "baa-da-da-banh" of 90-mm guns. The Japs on the hill with us were quiet for a change, although two-inch slugs of shrapnel occasionally struck in our area.

A group of Americans off to one side had a burner going under coffee, and medics in an aid station in a log-covered pillbox were busy sprinkling sulfanilamide into the fresh wounds of soldiers who drifted in periodically. Getting hit was regarded as an occupational hazard, and nobody seemed to worry about it.

The colonel was not sore about anything when we met him. He volunteered to put a barrage of 4.2-mortar shells on the Jap positions just to show that the U. S. marksmen on Bougainville, shooting 1,400 yards from far below us on the flat beachhead, could lay shells 25 yards from our own men.

But before the colonel could put on his mortar show, the telephones from the beachhead reported that our 155-mm guns were going to maul the Japs a little. Everyone on the hilltop got into

holes to escape the 155 shrapnel. "On the way," shouted a fellow at the phones, and then the shells came over, crackling like ripped newspaper. The ground shivered as they hit.

Then the colonel called for his mortars. The shell bursts walked across the Jap holes, planting bushes of black smoke with brilliant blossoms of red-orange flame.

Another colonel, inventor of a Rube Goldberg flame thrower, agreed to demonstrate it. We scooted through shallow trenches to a spot 25 yards from the Japs. The colonel's invention consisted of cans of gasoline fastened to rods that fit into the mouth of a mortar. In quick succession he lobbed six cans into the Jap holes, but the mortar got so hot that the next can burst into flame and spilled only a few feet in front of the barrel. The colonel apologized; the device was not perfected yet, he said.

All of this finally succeeded in waking up the Japs or getting them sore. A Jap knee-mortar shell suddenly exploded 15 feet from us and sent me to the hospital along with two other GIs. The shell blast felt like a board slamming

flat against my chest, but I didn't notice the small wounds from the fragments until moments later.

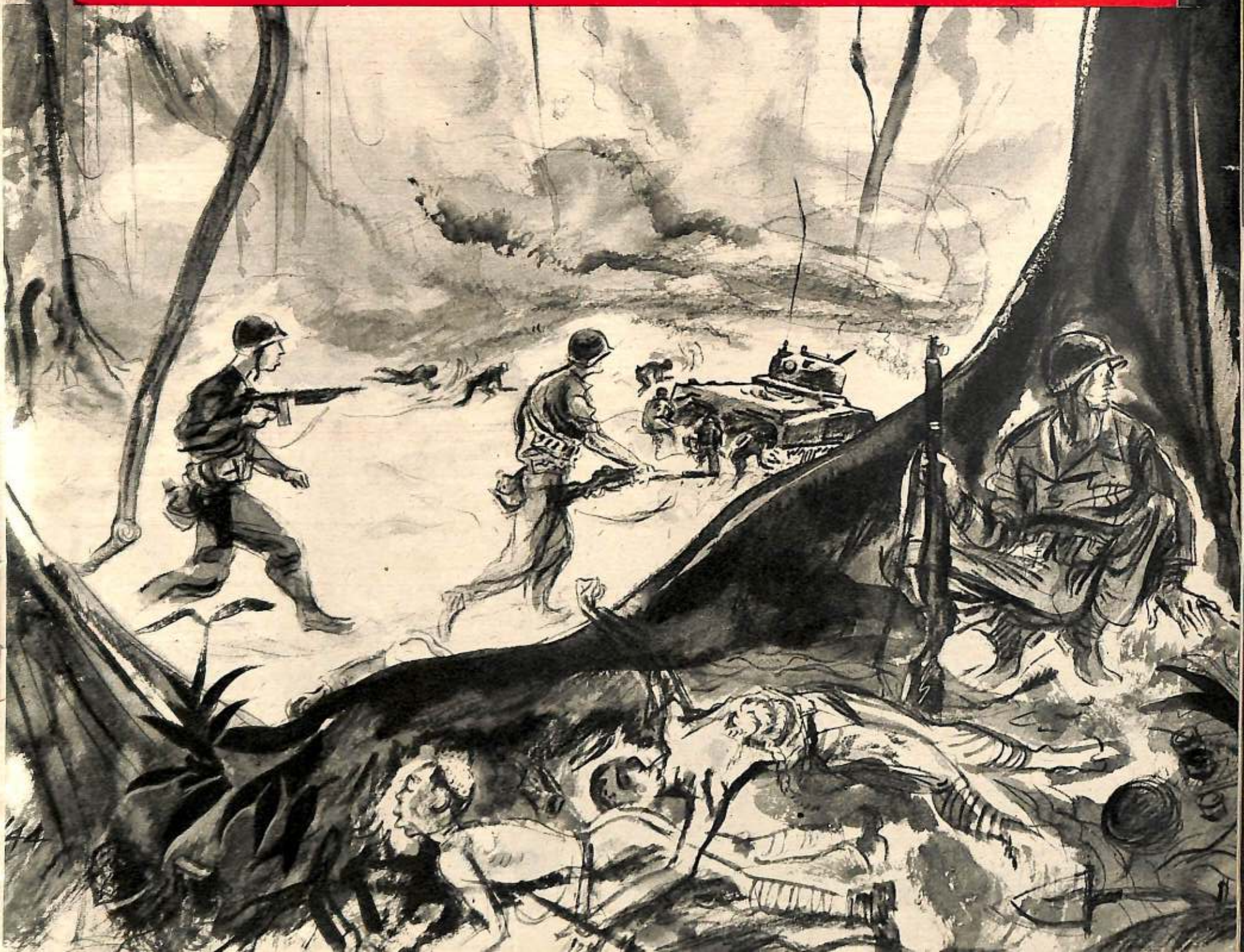
The shell served at least two purposes. It demonstrated to my satisfaction that you never know about the one that gets you until most of the damage has been done. And it labored the point that, for all the sporting flavor, this pocket-sized war was the real game and for keeps.

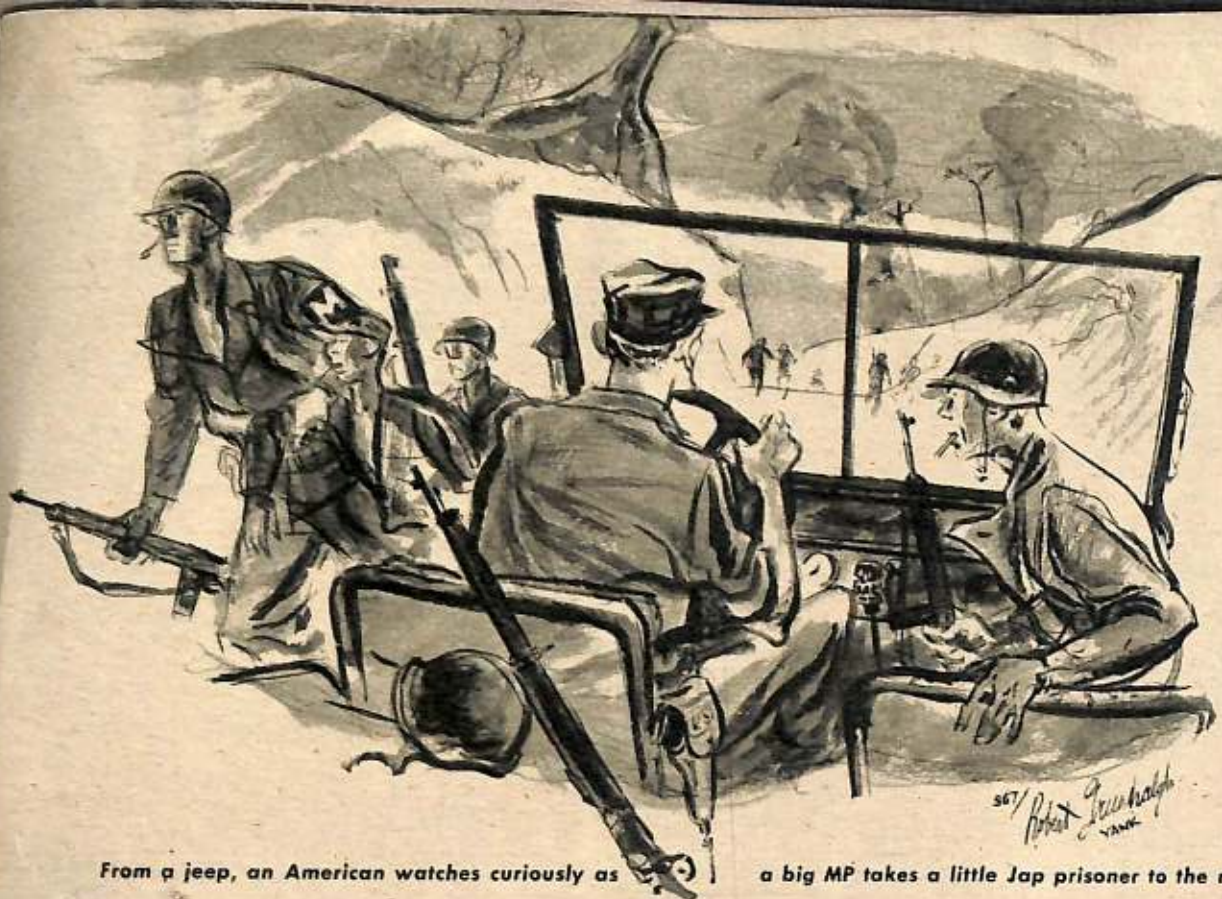
AMONG the GIs who thought the Japs were dopey was Pfc. John W. Colvard of Tallahassee, Fla., assistant BAR gunner in an American unit. He and Pfc. John C. Buntain of Paris, Ill., were credited with killing 20 or 30 Japs with BARs, while mortars directed from the same pillbox took care of 50 more.

"You'd shoot one," Colvard said, "and he'd never look at you—he'd just keep on walking. Some were armed; some weren't. Most of them were just carrying sacks. We shot the Japs till they lay still. Then we shot them some more sometimes. I figured they were just doped up or dazed or something from so much shelling."

The two men did their firing from a pillbox

Second Battle of Bougainville





From a jeep, an American watches curiously as a big MP takes a little Jap prisoner to the rear.

alongside a Jap supply trail. Jap mortar shells finally drove them out after three days.

T/Sgt. Denis J. Fullerton of Lexington, Mass., an Americal platoon sergeant who was converted into a stretcher case by the mortar shell that broke up the demonstration of the homemade flame thrower, leaned to the theory that the Japs were bomb-happy. "We were picking them off all morning," Fullerton said. "The Japs would stand up there on the hilltop, shell-shocked, I suppose. My men got seven who did that today."

According to Pfc. Sebastian B. Porretto of New York, N. Y., the Japs acted "sort of happy-go-lucky, as if they didn't give a damn." Porretto set an ambush for the Japs 3,500 yards beyond our lines. With 12 bullets he killed nine and got one possible, although in training back in the States he had failed to win an expert rifleman's medal. "I didn't give a damn in the camp," Porretto explained. "But here I just shot when it counted. Just took my time, kept cool and, damn, I got them."

"I'd say they're a poor class of fighter the way they go at it," commented Pfc. Harold R. Mueller of Jamestown, N. Dak., who refused corporal's stripes to keep his BAR. "In a set-up like this, they could never whip us. That's for sure." Mueller was credited with 35 Japs but insisted he and the two others in his hole got at least half the 158 Japs whose bodies littered their positions after an attack on that part of the line.

"It seems to me they don't give a damn whether they live or die so long as they get in," said Mueller. He spotted one Jap officer trying to get into a pillbox and shot him. Instantly there was a terrible bawling, and Japs spilled wildly out of a banyan tree near the fallen officer. "It seemed they all wanted to get out at the same

time," Mueller said. "I just mowed them down. I figured I got 25 or 30."

Some Japs came down a gully below Mueller's pillbox one night. "They were all columned up," said Sgt. Dominic Verde, a BAR man from Brooklyn. "They seemed to come in close-order drill." Maybe the Japs liked each other's company. Anyway, their close formation also pleased Mueller, Verde and the third man in the box with them—Pvt. Jim Holtz. Mueller and Verde opened fire with BARs, and Holtz rolled grenades down the slope. Hearing the grenades, the Japs prodded for mines. Next morning 54 Jap corpses lay there.

"The Japs are dumber'n hell," insisted S/Sgt. Delfred G. Sadler of Neponset, Ill. "Either they've got lots of guts or they're dopey. I think they're dopey." One Jap officer tossed his pack over a fence and then climbed over the top after it. Sadler got him against the skyline.

Throughout the battle, the Japs seesawed between shrewd know-how and striking ignorance.

When the Jap artillery opened up, it directed some embarrassingly accurate fire on a number of key objectives. Several times each of the three airfields had to shut down for a few hours, and when 50 shells landed on it, an Americal regiment's rest area suddenly became an unhealthy place to rest.

The Japs also displayed an amazing ability to infiltrate. At one point they tunneled under the barbed wire and kept on crawling deeper into our area all night long, creeping from bush to tree, through our communication trenches and even from one heap of dead to the next. One group of Japs opened a grave we had dug for others killed two days earlier and huddled among the corpses. Still another Jap used a latrine hole as a pillbox; Sgt. Charles F. Kandl of Easton, Pa., got him with a rifle grenade.

Sadler told how the Japs sneaked through our wire with incredible stealth and silence. "But once they're inside," he said, "they stand up and give orders. One Jap shouted: 'All carbines, cease firing.' Unfortunately for him and his men, we didn't. Another Jap called out: 'Where are you, F Company?' They knew who we were, all right."

In contrast to this cunning, there were instances of stupidity. After penetrating 300 yards behind our lines and reaching a battalion CP, 50 Japs were dumb enough to sit down placidly for breakfast at dawn, the very moment our tanks rolled in for the counterattack. A point-blank hit with a 75 HE shell made one Jap vanish like a stooge in a magic show, and soon all the rest were dead. One of our major casualties was the battalion victory garden where the encounter took place.

THE Japs broke most of the rules in the book. On Hill 600 they attacked frontally in waves, just what our machine-gunners would have ordered. The overwhelming automatic firepower facing the Japs proved too much for them, and 700 were slaughtered in one day. Every time they pierced our lines they seemed to march into one of our 37-mm antitank guns, mounted for antipersonnel use. They could hardly be blamed for that, however, because those guns were everywhere.

Pfc. Larry Haselhuhn of Rogers City, Mich., said the Japs were afraid only of flame throwers. "They're not scared of our bullets," he said. "Throw termite bombs, and they'll throw them right back at you." All in all, he thought the Japs were "pretty slick" fighters, but that didn't keep him from getting seven verified plus "a lot banged up" with his light machine gun at the foot of Hill 260. Haselhuhn had plenty of respect for the Jap knee mortars. "They can lay them in on you," he said; "don't let anyone kid you about that. They can drop a shell in your hip pocket." I had good reason to agree with him.

Our tanks brought a varied reaction from the Japs. In the Americal sector, the big Jap Imperial Marines, ranging from 5 feet 6 to more than 6 feet, "laughed at the tanks, ran up to them and threw grenades and Molotov cocktails on the backs to set them afire," according to Cpl. Fred Angelo of Schenectady, N. Y., commander of a light tank. "They couldn't harm the tanks, not with the bean shooters they had," he said. "We mowed them down with the bow gun."

In another sector, the 37th Division was facing Jap soldiers of the 6th Division, some of them so small they looked like dolls. When the tanks struck, a few of the Japs jumped from their foxholes and ran, a maneuver that proved as fatal as the marines' daring.

What caused the most comment among the Americans was the Jap knack of digging in anywhere, any time. "They dig in while you're shooting at them," said Haselhuhn. "I was firing with a machine gun at one fellow, and dirt was coming out all the time."

Sgt. Sadler agreed. "If they get three shovelfuls out," he said, "you can't hit them."

A few Japs tried to tunnel into tenanted American foxholes but without success. The foxholes the Japs dug inside our lines after breakthroughs were not much wider at ground level



Using their tank as a table, Sgts. Elmore Sackett and Arnold Parillo sample chow brought up from the rear.



With a BAR, Pvt. Raymond Vozelli of Philadelphia, Pa., disposed of 30 Japs found near his pillbox.



A Reising gun comes in handy if you're 150 yards from your lines, like Sgt. Oron Banks of Shaw, Ill.



than a man's torso, but at the bottom they were burrowed forward. Practically the only way for a GI to kill the Jap occupant with a rifle was to get behind the hole and shoot in at an angle.

Advance American patrols often heard the pounding of axes as Japs chopped logs for their dugouts. 2d Lt. Carl D. Johnson of San Francisco, an Americal platoon leader, was 4,500 yards outside our lines when he heard a wood-chopper, and presently he found himself in one of the battle's most remarkable hand-to-hand duels—a slugfest with rifle butts.

The lieutenant's carbine misfired as he leveled it at a little moon-faced Jap only an arm's length away. In too-cramped a position to return fire, the Jap swung his long Arisaka rifle as a club, slamming the flat side of the stock across the lieutenant's head. The last thing the lieutenant remembered doing before he passed out was pulling the butt of his own rifle out of the Jap's forehead. Mechanically he had dashed it in up to the oiler. He was out for 20 minutes but got back to the lines all right.

"THE Jap officers may be brilliant," said Lt. Raymond H. Ross of Medford, Oreg., "but the men are sure dodos." Lt. Ross is head of the Dime-a-Dozen Club, a 10-man group of volunteer Americal snipers. The lieutenant has agreed to pay 10 cents out of his own pocket to each member of the club who kills 12 Japs, each kill to be witnessed by at least one other club member. So far the club has 21 victims, but no member has an individual total of 12. Two of the club members have been killed, and two are MIA.

"The Japs have always been so damned ignorant," Lt. Ross said. "We'll go behind their lines and kill three or four, and next day we'll go back and do it all over again. Out in the rear of Hill 260 on the fork of the Torokina River, four Japs came down the trail in their pajamas. It looked as if they had just had breakfast. They evidently didn't expect us until 0800 or 0900. We blew them all to hell with M1s. Not that they're not brave fighters. They fight like wildcats. But they're so easy to catch."

Some of the Jap officers also are far from model warriors, Lt. Ross said. On one patrol the Dime-a-Dozen Club, plus a large party that had gone out with them on the job, spotted a Jap officer and managed to surround him with 69 men before he suspected anything. Lt. Ross whistled because he felt guilty about shooting him in the back. Then, as the officer turned, the lieutenant shot him through the buttocks. He wanted to take him prisoner. The Jap officer played dead until Lt. Ross approached and then leaped at him bare-handed. A BAR man sliced the Jap officer in two, from the belly through the head.

S/Sgt. Ralph E. Brodin of Spooner, Minn., who said he joined the Dime-a-Dozen Club to earn the down payment on a ring for his girl, a WAC corporal, was the leading enlisted man in the group, with three Japs to his credit. Lt. Ross was showing the way with eight, plus another five for which he couldn't get club credit because there were no club witnesses.

One Dime-a-Dozener, S/Sgt. Harry E. Schulte of Gary, S. Dak., was not a rifleman but a mortarman. "I joined the club," he said, "with the idea of getting a few Japs with the old rifle. I guess, instead of indirectly." He had two so far.

Schulte was also doing OK at his platoon job. On top of Hill 608 he had a home of canvas, bamboo and sandbags, labeled "Sky Room."

Across a 700-foot-deep ravine from Schulte was Hill 11-11, from which the Japs were firing 77s and 47s for a while, taking advantage of the jungle cover that prevented the Americans from locating them. But Schulte figured out a system. For hours he stared at the green slope, waiting for a gun flash. When it came, he fired instantly with his 50-caliber machine gun and kept up tracer bursts until our heavy artillery could come in on the target pointed by Schulte's fingers of flame. A Jap 47 objected one day and threw several rounds at Schulte, but the gangling farmer boy said: "I got in the last shot. I don't know whether he ran out of ammunition or got tired or what."

Like everybody else on the beachhead who didn't want to go nuts, the Dime-a-Dozen Club looked for laughs even on patrol. Once they heard a noise in the jungle dark and stealthily surrounded the spot from which the noise had come. As guns pointed, they flashed on a jungle light. A slimy-tailed, terrier-sized ball of fur blinked in the glare. It was a "banana bear."

Another time Pfc. Richard Kowitz of St. Paul, Minn., had to lie still while a big green jungle spider with inch-long legs built its web under the peak of his helmet. A Jap was combing the area, and the slightest move would have spoiled Kowitz's camouflage. So he had to lie there and watch the spider spin. The club members thought the whole episode very funny.

The Dime-a-Dozeners worked out several new wrinkles in jungle fighting. In addition to blacking their faces and pulling their hats low over their eyes, the members painted their weapons

OD. On large patrols, the men slept in groups, with a sturdy vine reaching under their arms so that a single jerk would awaken the whole party. That way, only three men needed to stay awake in a patrol of 40 or more.

NOT the least odd feature of the battle scene was the behavior of Jap prisoners in the stockade. Our men preferred killing Japs to capturing them, until a case of beer was offered for each captive. Most of the Jap prisoners were deep brown and quite pleased with life as they washed their laundry or did other personal chores inside the wire. One Jap with a splitting grin offered sun glasses to a group of GIs who were squinting into the sun to stare at him. Another prisoner cut out the characters in an American comic strip and decorated his tent with them. When Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK staff artist, sketched the stockade, one Jap asked to see the drawing. "Very good," he chuckled.

Two other Japs threw the Bougainville panorama into what was probably the correct focus. The first Jap clutched his army's favorite weapon, the bayonet, and charged a tank with it. The tank ran over him. The second Jap, a prisoner, asked permission to broadcast a message to his comrades over a front-line public-address system. "With our ancient ideas," he said to the other Japs, "how can we expect to win over the arms possessed by the civilized and world-prominent country of America?"

That seems to be just about the score. The Samurai swords, cruel weapons used for generations to lop off the heads of the Emperor's powerless enemies, are now mostly souvenirs for American curio collectors. Our automatic and heavy weapons are seeing to that.

When Sgt. Greenhalgh sketched the stockade, one Jap inspected his drawing and chuckled, "Very good."



outfits at home and overseas to help harassed COs iron out their dependency difficulties. That ought to help—in time. But if mail call at YANK's What's Your Problem Department is any index to the extent of GI allotment trouble, it's going to take a lot more than a streamlined battalion of guardhouse bankers to set things right. YANK's mail bags bulge at the seams with letters from guys who are tied in knots over family-allowance problems. They want to know what the score is now.

We picked up a pile of the most typical of these letters and took them over to the ODB headquarters. There with the help of a battery of experts, we managed to get some official answers to the questions that, according to your mail, are bothering you most. If you take these questions and answers by the numbers, it ought to help you understand a lot about what gives at the ODB. Some of the problems raised are simple, others are fairly involved. Skip the ones that don't apply to your case.

Q. Our company monkey has goofed off so much about the recent changes in the dependency-benefit lay-out that we're in a fog. Give us a break and list those changes in a straight line, will you?



Last October Congress made seven major changes in the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942. These changes, which affect family allowances only, are:

1. Monthly payments to certain dependents have been increased.
2. Eligibility requirements have been broadened to include the dependents of first-three-graders and aviation cadets. Also, under certain conditions, the husbands of Wacs are now eligible to receive family allowances.
3. A new category of dependents called Class B-1 has been created. Before the law was amended there were only two classes of dependents—Class A and Class B. Class A hasn't been changed and still includes wives, children and divorced wives who are getting alimony. Class B, however, has been split into two groups. Under the new law, Class B-1 includes parents, brothers and sisters who depend on a soldier for chief support. ("Chief support" means that the EM is providing more than 50 percent of his dependent's income.) Class B includes the same persons when they are dependent upon the soldier for only a "substantial portion of their support," i.e., the EM provides something less than 50 percent of their income.
4. Draftees are now getting a break on the first month's family allowances. If a recruit applies within 15 days after his induction, his Class A and/or Class B-1 dependents will receive the first check on the house. The rookie doesn't have to begin ante-ing up until the second month. (Class Bs don't rate this free ride.)
5. Class B dependents can no longer get allowances if a Class B-1 dependent is named in the same application. Also, the payment to a soldier's Class B dependents combined cannot now exceed \$37, no matter how many Class Bs there are.
6. The eligibility of new dependents has been extended. Formerly, if you got married, or if your wife had a baby, or if there was a change in your dependent's economic status, the new dependent didn't become eligible until the month following the month in which the dependent applied. Now a wife or baby becomes eligible in the same month that a GI acquires them.
7. Family allowances have been extended in the case of the death of dependents. Formerly, entitlement to a family allowance ended as of the first of the month in which the dependent died. Now entitlement continues through the end of the month in which death occurs. The ODB Director decides who gets the last payment.

Q. I'm a buck sergeant now, but I got reason to believe I'll get my first rocker soon. Will I have a chance to choose between 1) a family

Advice to Dependents Who Get Family-Allowance Checks

1. Be sure your name is plainly visible on the mail box.
2. Get the check personally from the postman every month, if possible. Ask him to signal you when he delivers it.
3. Endorse your check in the presence of the person who cashes it for you.
4. When you endorse it, write your name exactly as it appears on the check. If it's made out "Mary T. Jones," endorse it "Mary T. Jones." If it's "M. T. Jones," endorse it "M. T. Jones." If you use a mark, there must be two witnesses. Full addresses of those witnesses must be written on the check.
5. Cash your check, or if you put it in the bank, deposit it as soon after you get it as you can. Don't leave it lying around the house.
6. Cash the checks at the same place every month. This makes identification easier.
7. If you move, notify the ODB at once in writing, giving your new address, the soldier's name, his Army serial number and, if possible, your family-allowance application number. Also notify the local postmaster at your old address and the postmaster at your new address, in writing.

allowance for my wife and 2) a monetary allowance in lieu of quarters?

No. Monetary allowances in lieu of quarters are out except for first-three-graders who were receiving, or who had applied for, such allowances on or before Nov. 1, 1943.

Q. I'm a tech sergeant. My wife and I are separated but not divorced. She has applied for a family allowance. Can I refuse to kick in? I was not receiving monetary allowances in lieu of quarters at the time the new law went into effect. I hadn't applied for them either. But the way I hear it, family allowances for wives of fellows in my position are not compulsory. Am I right or wrong?



Wrong. Class A dependents (wives, children, adopted children and divorced wives who get alimony) can with one exception collect a family allowance whether the soldier consents or not. The only EM who are exempt from this rule are the first-three-graders who were receiving, or who had applied for, monetary allowances in lieu of quarters on or before Nov. 1, 1943, and who elected to continue receiving them instead of taking out a family allowance. To make that perfectly clear, take a typical case. A tech sergeant was receiving monetary allowances in lieu of quarters on Nov. 1, 1943. At that time he had a chance to choose between continuing his monetary allowance and taking out a family allowance. He chose to keep the monetary allowance. Now, so long as he continues the monetary allowances, his wife cannot take out a family allowance. But—and this is important to remember—if he should ever change his mind and take out a family allowance, he'll never be able to go back to the monetary-allowance deal. The law says that once a first-three-grader has applied for a family allowance, he is no longer eligible to receive cash instead of quarters.

Q. Say a master sergeant elects to continue getting monetary allowances in lieu of quarters. Is it compulsory for him to make out a Class E allotment-of-pay for his dependents equal to or more than the amount of his monetary allowance?

Yes.

Q. Can a mother who is dependent upon an enlisted man compel him to kick in with a family allowance?

The ODB says no. Only Class A dependents (as noted above) can get a family allowance without the EM's consent. Under the law, Class B-1 and Class B dependents can "receive benefits only if the soldier agrees." There's been plenty of confusion and resentment over this point, especially among men overseas, who naturally take the law to mean that Class B-1 and Class B dependents can't get a family allowance under any circumstances without their consent. Actually, a considerable number of dependents in these classes have taken out allowances without the consent of the soldiers. Here's how the ODB explains the contradiction: In certain cases, where it isn't practicable for the soldier to apply, Class B-1 and Class B dependents may apply for him. The ODB then checks their applications, and if it appears, as a result of its investigation, that the dependents are worthy and otherwise eligible, a family allowance is granted. But the soldier can stop payment at any time. In other words, Class B-1 and Class B dependents can, in certain cases, take out a family allowance without the soldier's consent, but they can't continue receiving it unless he says it's okay.



Q. My wife has just had a baby. It's our second. How much money will she get?

\$100 a month. Here are typical examples of the amended rates:

CLASS A DEPENDENTS	
Wife (no child)	\$50
Wife and one child	80
Wife and two children	100
For each additional child, an additional	20
Former wife divorced	up to 42*
Former wife divorced and 1 child	up to 72*
Former wife divorced and 2 children	up to 92*
For each additional child, an additional	20
Child but no wife	42
For each additional child, an additional	20

* In no case will the monthly payment to a former wife divorced exceed \$42.

CLASS B-1 DEPENDENTS	
1 parent	\$50
2 parents	68
1 parent and 1 brother or sister	68
2 parents and 1 brother or sister	79
1 brother or sister but no parent	42
For each additional brother or sister, an additional	11

CLASS B DEPENDENTS	
1 Class B dependent or more than one	\$37

(This amount is a flat rate, no matter how many dependents there are, and is payable only if there is no family allowance payable to any Class B-1 dependents.)

Q. My wife and one of our children live in Philadelphia. I have two other children living with their aunt in Pittsburgh. Is it possible for the ODB to make out two checks and send one to my wife and one to the aunt for the other children?

Yes, if the ODB decides the aunt is standing in the place of a parent to the two children. Class B-1 dependents may also get separate checks. But the Class B dependents of a soldier can get only one check.

Q. My mother is getting a family allowance for \$50. If I get married will she continue to get that \$50, even though my wife will get \$50, too?

Yes, your mother will get the \$50 as long as she is dependent upon you for chief support, and as long, of course, as you remain an EM.

Q. My father is a Class B-1 dependent and is getting \$50 a month from the ODB. I just got married last month and my wife has applied for a family allowance. How much will be deducted from my pay for both dependents?

\$27 a month. If a soldier has dependents in one class only, he contributes \$22 a month. If he has dependents in any two classes, he contributes \$27.

Q. Here in Australia I have fallen in love with a girl and want to marry. If I do marry her, will

she be permitted to take out a family allowance?

Yes; many GI wives in Allied and neutral countries are receiving allowances.

Q. My wife and daughter are in Greece. I am contributing \$22 to their family allowance every month. But I know they're not getting the money, because Greece is an enemy-occupied country. What is happening to the money?

The family-allowance checks of dependents who are in enemy-occupied countries are kept in the U. S. Treasury. When those countries are freed and U. S. mail can get to them, the checks will be sent to your wife and daughter.

Q. My ex-wife is getting \$15-a-month alimony out of me. If she gets a family allowance, as she's now trying to do, how much will I have to fork over for that allowance?

\$15 a month. In cases where alimony is less than \$22, only the amount of the alimony is taken out of the soldier's pay. If alimony is \$22 or over, he contributes \$22. But the family allowance to a divorced wife to whom alimony is payable cannot be more than \$42.

Q. I applied for a family allowance for my wife in June 1943. She never got it, but 22 slugs were taken out of my pay every month until December 1943. At that time I was told to make out another application. They gave me back all the money I had put in, but actually my wife and I lost \$168, counting the free \$28 a month she should have collected from July to December. What can I do to get that \$168?

Make a copy of your family-allowance application from your service record, get your CO to certify it and send it to the ODB, 213 Washington Street, Newark, N. J. The ODB says that if you pay back the contributions that were refunded to you, you will be able to collect the \$168.

Q. Under the new rates, I thought my wife and two children were supposed to get \$100. My wife writes me that she is still getting the \$72 she got before the law was changed. What's wrong?

Since Nov. 1, 1943, the ODB has had to convert almost 3 million family allowance accounts to conform to the new rates. This job is just about done, but there are still a few accounts yet to be changed. Your wife will get her converted allowance shortly. The sum missing in her payments since the new law went into effect will be included in a first-payment check.

Q. What happens to a family allowance if a soldier deserts?

Payment will stop the minute the ODB is notified of the conviction of a soldier for desertion, or after he has been AWOL for three months, whichever occurs first.

Q. If I got a court martial, or got sick as the result of my own misconduct, would my family allowance still stay in effect?

Yes; the allowance would be paid as long as your dependents remain eligible and as long as you remain an EM. However, if the court-martial sentence included a dishonorable discharge, your family allowance would be discontinued.

Q. What happens to a family allowance if a soldier is reported missing in action or captured?

The family allowance will continue as long as the dependents remain eligible.



Q. Where can a sailor get information about family allowances? A marine? A Coast Guardsman?

Navy: Chief, Bureau of Naval Personnel, Casualties and Allotments Section, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Marine Corps: Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Coast Guard: Chief, Military Morale Division, U. S. Coast Guard Headquarters, 13th and E Streets NW, Washington, D. C.

Q. My wife ran out on me for another guy two months after I got overseas. She is living with the guy and even has the gall to write me here in this stinking jungle and tell me about it. What the hell kind of a law is it that permits a lousy chippy like that to get her mitts into a soldier's pay, and him unable to do anything about it?

This question about faithless wives and hundreds like it have been swamping YANK's Mail Call department ever since the allowances deal got under way. It deserves a frank and complete answer.

If the facts are as alleged, answering that question, is very simple: The law is absolutely and unqualifiedly unfair. But doing something about that law is another matter.

The law involved is Section 104 of the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942, as amended, which provides, among other things, that the legal wife of an eligible EM—or the divorced wife, if she gets alimony—can collect

a family allowance with or without the consent of her husband.

In the vast majority of cases, of course, this section of the law is entirely just. The average marriage sticks, and the average guy, having gone into it with both eyes open, realizes that his wife is his own responsibility and is therefore entitled to all the help he can reasonably give her. But for many others whose marriages are not so fortunate, the law is distinctly not just, and it ought to be changed pronto if the victims of it are ever to get a decent break.

YANK has repeatedly brought this mess to the attention of legal experts and officials of the ODB. The results have not been encouraging. Admitting quite frankly that the act is tough on soldiers with cheating wives, the ODB says it is powerless to do anything about it. Reason: The ODB's job is to interpret and administer dependency-benefit laws, not to make or dictate changes in them. Such laws and changes must come through Congress.

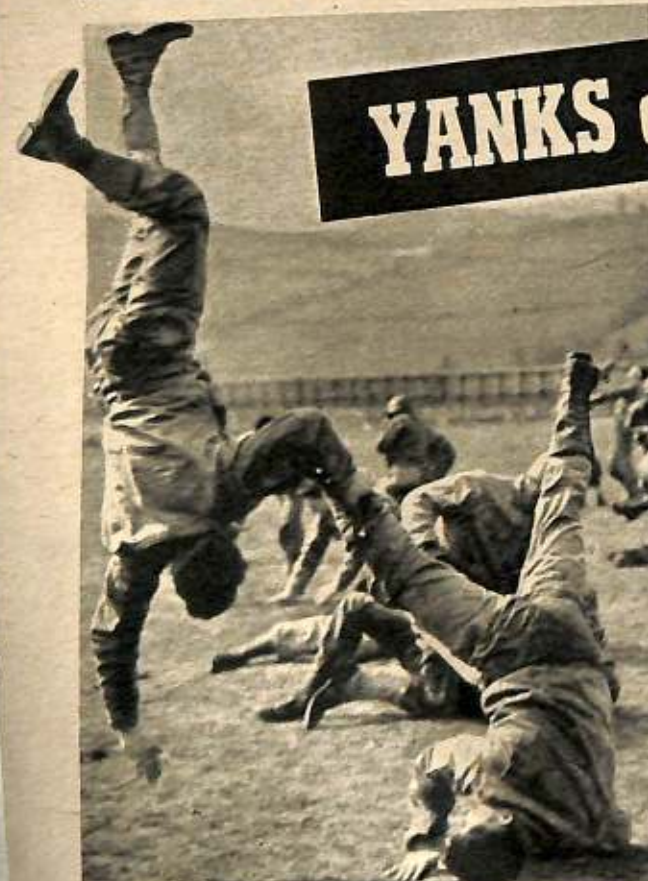
Inasmuch as servicemen are forbidden by AR to write to their Congressmen in any effort to influence legislation affecting Army affairs, there isn't much you can directly do to change this law. About your only recourse is to write to the folks back home and ask them to help. While it may be illegal for a soldier to write to his Congressman, there is certainly no AR which forbids his writing to his civilian relatives and friends, who can write to their Congressman 20 times a day, if they want to.

But don't be too optimistic about the outcome. The Army has flatly declared to Congress that it doesn't want to become a "court of domestic relations." It doesn't want to have "to pass on a woman's misconduct." Moreover, as one official put it, the time spent in investigating charges of immorality—difficult charges to prove in any court—"would allow the whole administrative machinery to bog down," thus putting the pinch on millions of legitimate dependents who need ODB money to live.

In short, if your wife is clipping you for a family allowance against your will, you might as well get used to sweating it out. Unless Congress changes the law, which doesn't now seem likely, you're probably stuck for the duration.

Actually there are only two possible ways out, and either one of them, as long as you're in the Army, is the hard way. First, you can try through channels to get a divorce in which no alimony is granted to your wife. Second, if you're divorced you can try to figure out some means of getting your ex to marry someone else. But whatever you decide to do, first look up your outfit's Legal Assistance Officer, who can set you straight on the legal channels open to you.

This is not a very reassuring answer. But this is no place for a snow job.



YANKS at home Abroad

"Safe Hand" Delivery

CALCUTTA, INDIA—In the spring of 1943, Lt. Patrick J. McFaul received a letter from his wife in New Orleans, La., telling him that she had lost her wedding ring.

The lieutenant bought another right away and sent it back from India by "safe hand," giving it to Lt. Raymond J. Flannagan of New York City, a ferry pilot returning to the States.

Several months passed, but Mrs. McFaul didn't receive the ring, and by September her husband was convinced that it had been lost. He bought another ring, air-mailing it home; it reached Mrs. McFaul in 10 days.

Then, in February 1944, 10 months after her husband had sent it to her by "safe hand," Mrs. McFaul received the first ring with a letter explaining the delay.

Lt. Flannagan was shot down over North Africa on his return trip to the States, when enemy fighter planes attacked his B-17. He reached civilization 33 days later. The only personal article he had saved was the ring.

Then he was laid up in a North African hospital with an attack of malaria and decided to give the ring to another ferry pilot en route to the States, with instructions to mail it to Mrs. McFaul as soon as he arrived.

Somewhere over the South Atlantic, the sec-

ond "safe hand" pilot's plane was forced down. When a passing boat picked him up several days later, all he had left was a pair of pants—and Mrs. McFaul's wedding ring. But he had lost the McFaul address, so he didn't know where to mail the ring.

In February the two "safe hand" messengers met accidentally in San Antonio, Tex., and Lt. Flannagan sent the ring to Mrs. McFaul. Now she has two wedding rings but only one husband—and he's still 12,000 miles away.

—Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

News from Home

ALBROOK FIELD, PANAMA CANAL ZONE—A recent mail call brought Sgt. Richard I. Mallon a letter 50 feet long, containing 68 messages.

Mrs. James L. Mallon, the sergeant's mother, mailed the lengthy correspondence from her home in Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada. Included were greetings from the GI's Canadian townfolk and from friends in St. Louis, Mo., and New York.

Mrs. Mallon pieced the messages together in her home and then rolled them up and forwarded them. One part of the message was the work of a neighbor's child, who conveyed her thoughts in drawings. The editor of the Morrisburg newspaper passed along the town gossip.

But the message that gave Sgt. Mallon the most food for thought came from the town undertaker. He closed his letter this way: "Hope to see you soon."

—Sgt. ROBERT G. RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

THAT FELLOW WITH HIS HEELS IN THE AIR IS NO
GETTING TOSSED AROUND DURING
NORTHERN IRELAND.



SCOTT JOHN SCOTT

MANY OF THE DIVERS IN THE GROUP HAVE BEEN IN THE "RACKET" MOST OF THEIR LIFETIMES

OLD HANDS in the Business

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS — YANK Staff Correspondent



The experts say it's a young man's war, but when the Allies invade Hitler's Europe the Army will depend, among others, on a gang of middle-aged, weather-beaten, heavy-construction veterans, like 52-year-old M/Sgt. Felix MacDonald, to repair the harbors that the Germans may destroy.

vehicles bearing the U. S. Army white star insignia. "When you come right down to it," says a local publican, "it is as if the whole town moved into America." On a bridge, the children and their parents stand and gape like the sidewalk superintendents you see at a construction job back home. They watch and make comments as the men of the Port Construction and Repair Group build a bridge here, a scaffolding

A BRITISH COASTAL TOWN—This was a quiet little community at one time. Whatever noise there was came from the splash of the waves against the sea walls, or the whistling of children as they romped down the street on bicycles, or the chatter of housewives as they gathered at the town market. Then one morning, not so very long ago, while the people were having their breakfasts they heard a loud, rumbling noise coming from the one main street in the town. There was the roar of big motors and the boisterous clanging of metal. Doors popped open and the startled people looked out, half expecting to find an invasion Army. In effect, it was an invasion Army. It was an Army of American Engineers—the Port Construction and Repair Groups. But instead of rolling in with heavy guns and tanks they came with six-ton prime movers, 60-ton cranes, bulldozers, dump trucks and heavy trailers that were loaded with a miscellaneous collection of bulky construction machinery.

And while the villagers watched, their children and dogs ran after the Americans and the machines. One by one the children grew tired of running and dropped from the race. But the dogs continued and a couple of them chose to stay with the fatigue-clad Pied Pipers. The caravan turned off a road along the sea and halted, upon reaching a large building that was once a miners' rest. Then the cranes and the bulldozers and the rest of the machinery were rolled off the prime movers and parked in a field. In another field tents began to spring up until the place resembled a circus. A flag staff was posted and when Old Glory was hoisted the townspeople knew that their Yankee cousins had come to stay for a while. Today the town looks like a U. S. Army camp, except for the townspeople and their uniformly painted houses. Almost every empty field and lot is full of Army lumber, steel hardware, heavy construction equipment, jeeps, dump trucks and other equipment painted OD. The streets are filled with



There's no rest for pre-invasion port repair engineers. Every day they build, destroy and re-build. The job on D-Day must be fast and perfect. This apparatus is a V-type trestle.



WHEN the Allies invade the Continent, the Germans may blow up wharfs, sea walls and quays, as they did at Naples. Cranes may be toppled into harbors, and ships sunk or scuttled to block the Allied supply lines.

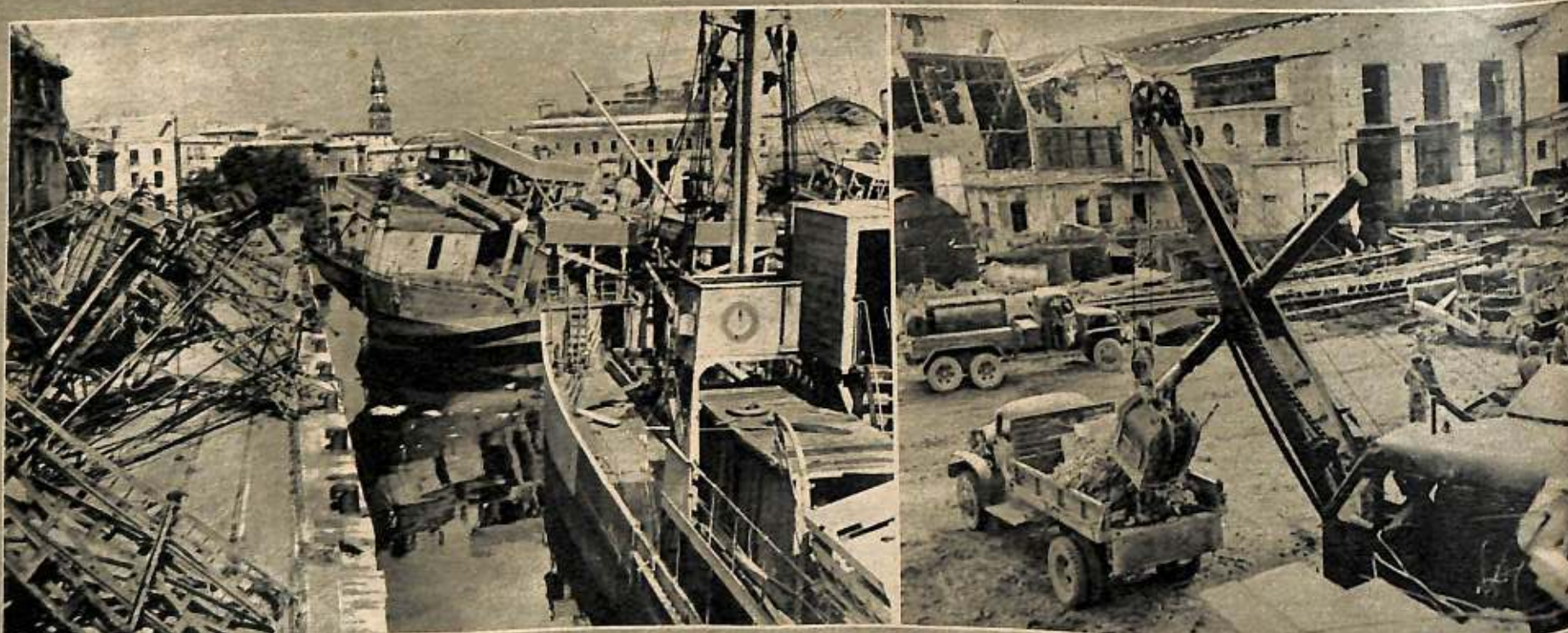
there and join steel tanks into the finished scow on another section of the sandy beach.

The history of the Port Construction and Repair Groups is probably as unusual as any other unit in the Army. Officially, the Groups were formed in the spring of 1943. Actually, the invasion generals were conscious of the need for such outfits a long time before. They well realized that if the invasion supply problems were to be solved the Allies would need harbors where large ships could berth and unload. It took no great imagination to figure that the Germans would apply the scorched earth policy to whatever harbor might face danger of capture by the Allies.

As a case in point, the men in the Group like to point to Naples.

On October 1, 1943, when the Allies captured Naples they found that the Germans had left the harbor an ugly mass of rubble. All the highways and rail tracks leading to the docks were demolished. Buildings along the wharfs had been blown up in such a manner that the debris fell into the water. The cranes on the wharf, on trucks and barges had been toppled into ships' normal berthing positions. The sea walls supporting the quays and the piers had been demolished; and it was estimated that 32 large ships and between 300 to 400 smaller vessels, including pleasure craft, fishing boats and barges,

The Allies entered Naples October 1. They found its harbor a mass of rubble



were either sunk or scuttled. To top it off, the enemy had fired the huge coal piles in the harbor with incendiaries.

When a small detachment of officers and men from a Port Construction and Repair Group came in to estimate the damage, they literally could have walked over the harbor without so much as wetting the soles of their shoes. Then the rest of the Group came in. Cranes began lifting the debris out of the harbor. Divers went down below with cutting equipment or dynamite to either cut or blow up that sunken ships couldn't be removed the men built their steel piers right over them.

While the crane operators and divers cleared the harbor waters, other men cleaned up the roads in the harbor area with bulldozers and dump trucks. Two days later LCTs and LSTs berthed alongside the newly-constructed piers and unloaded. And within 30 days, there were more ships unloading in Naples than at any other time in the history of the harbor.

almost the rule. Practically every man in the Group was fairly safe from the draft because of age or family reasons. They all had good paying jobs in the construction line when the recruiting officers collared them.

Now, when the outfit marches through the town the people get a good look at stripes, and plenty of them, in the ranks. There seem to be more ratings in this Port Construction and Repair Group than in any other outfit in the Army. Originally, the men were promised only a private's rating. But somebody in Washington figured that an outfit with so many aristocrats of labor should have some rank. So when the TO was drawn up there was little room left in the organization for pfc's and privates.

Many of the men were veterans of the last war and some have kids in this one. Nevertheless, they've received the same basic infantry training as the younger men. Every man in the Group is a rifle marksman, many are sharpshooters and a few are experts.

been in the racket ever since," Berge says. And the racket, as he calls it, has taken him everywhere—Australia, India, New Guinea, the West Indies, South Sea Islands, the States from coast to coast.

The divers usually work from a repair ship which is assigned to the Group. Some of them were trained by the Army at a Navy diving school, but the majority of them were already old hands in the business, with generations of divers behind them, like Berge.

Although the Group has made a bedlam of this relatively peaceful English town, the people have developed a great fondness for the men. At first, some of the men made friends with the children by sharing their candy rations with them. Then the parents began to issue invitations for Sunday dinner or tea.

"Our men were invited out so much," says Col. James B. Cress, the CO of the Group, "that they felt ashamed to accept, knowing what the family rationing situation here is. We fixed that up, though, by providing every man with sufficient rations whenever he went visiting."

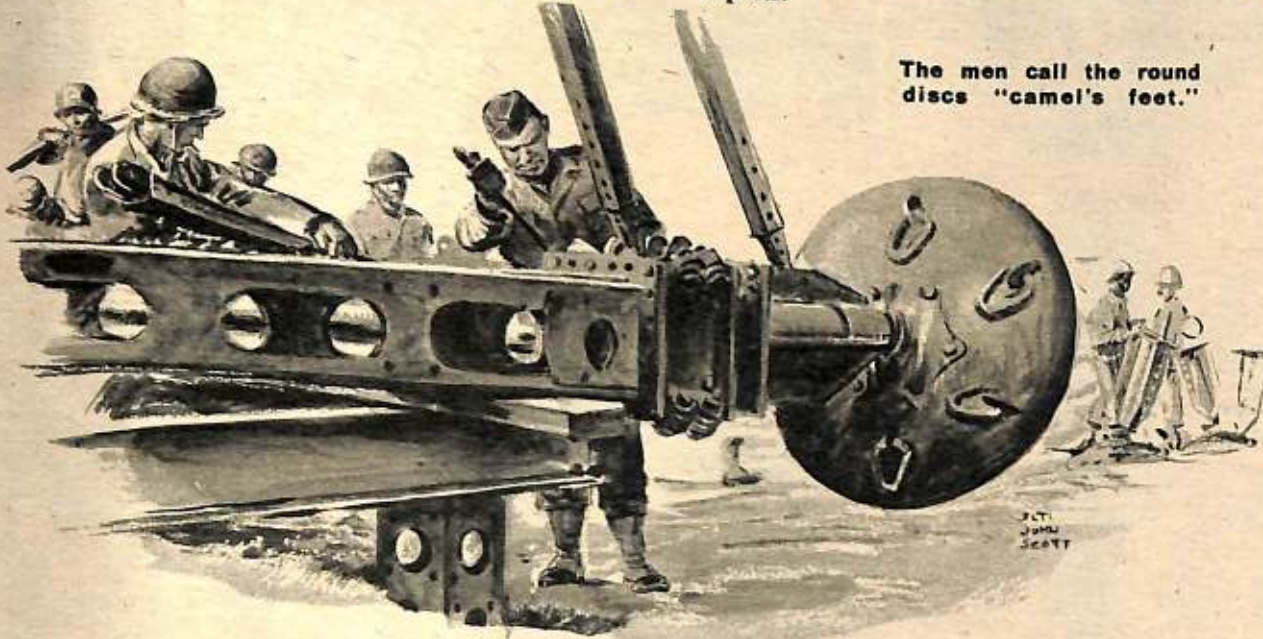
The rations which the Group provides have paid off big dividends as a morale builder. Some of the men have developed many close friends among the villagers. As you walk through the town now you frequently see a middle-aged sergeant with a weather-beaten face strolling down the street with a youngster hanging on each arm. He seems to be as proud of them as if they were his own.

On the job the men are as informal as they ever were in civilian life. You seldom hear a sergeant referred to by rank. It's either Mac, Joe, Bubs, or Lemon Eye. Many of the men have worked together on the same construction projects back home, so old nicknames have stuck. Lemon Eye, for instance, is 47-year-old T/Sgt. Edward J. Murphy who used to make \$162 a week operating a crane at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Murphy is a veteran of the last war, has two sons in this one; one in the Army, the other in the Navy.

Many of the men tried to enlist shortly after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor—like M/Sgt. Felix McDonald, the 52-year-old demolition chief. "The Young Chicken," as some of the men call him, tried to get into the Army, Marines and Sea Bees and was rejected by all three. One reason, age; the other, he was marked up as disabled because of a wound received in the right leg at Meuse-Argonne in the last war. The Marines agreed to take him in after McDonald tried a second time, but they said he'd have to stay in the States. McDonald said no soap.

One day he heard about the formation of the Port Construction and Repair Group. After finding the recruiting officer he talked him into writing the War Department to waive his age and disability.

"And if the War Department wouldn't have acted, I'd have had a one-man march on Washington," McDonald says. "Dammit, this is a young man's war—and I'm as young and fit as the next one."



The men call the round discs "camel's feet."

As you go from job to job to find out how the various men got into the outfit the answer is usually the same. Most of them are volunteers; only a few were in the Army when the Group was formed.

"I was a general superintendent for a contracting company in El Paso, Texas, when a recruiting officer came to me," says M/Sgt. Charles Francisco. "He said the Army needed men with heavy construction experience. So I signed up."

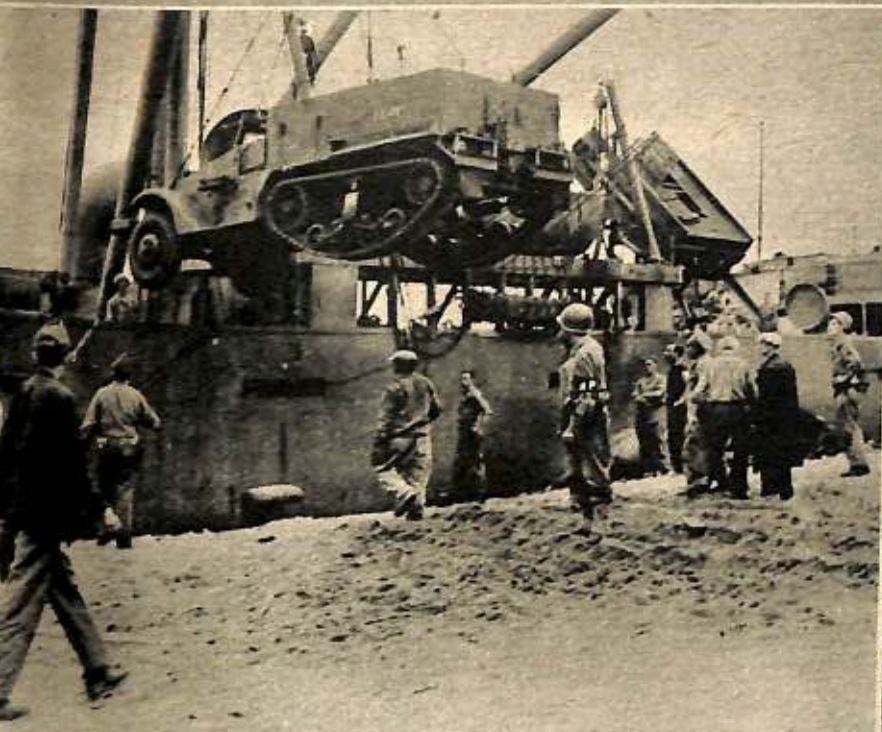
Francisco is no chicken. He's 37 and has seven kids, which is a pretty big family even for a man earning \$750 a month. He's now doing a similar job for a master sergeant's pay.

Francisco's case is no exception. In fact, it's

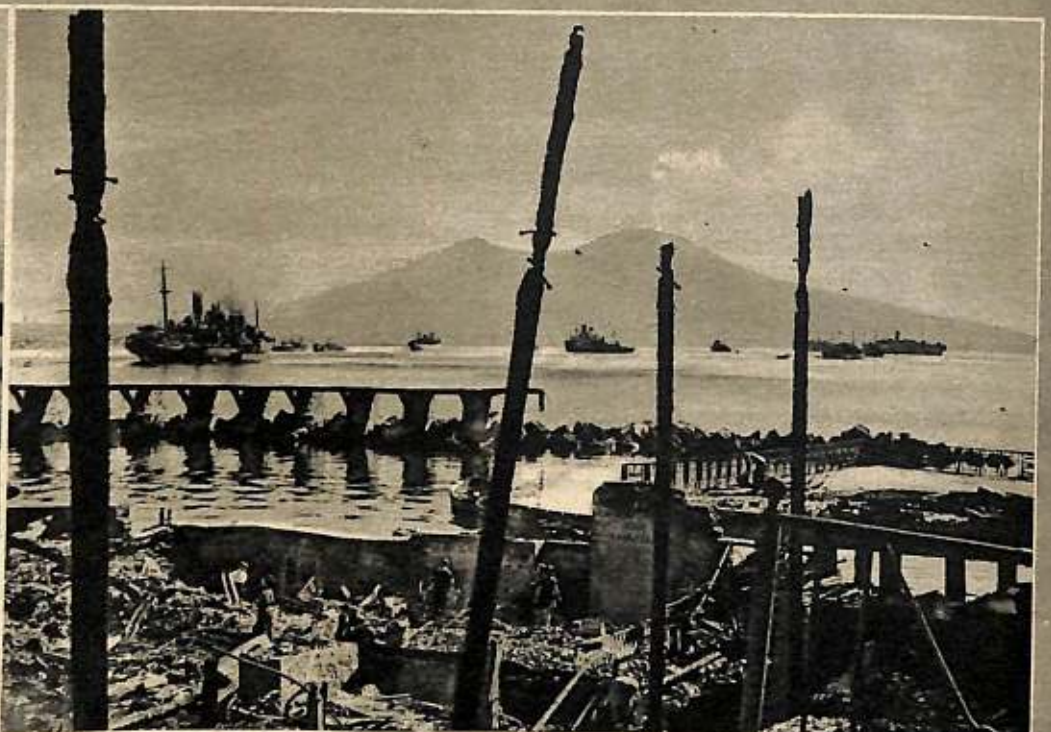
In bull sessions which the men hold in tents, the miners' rest or the local pub, the big sore point is that they weren't shipped to Italy where they could have seen action earlier. The other topics of discussion are the wife and kids back home. But there is probably less homesickness in the Group than in most Army outfits. These men are used to travelling. In civilian life they moved about the country, many of them, wherever there were heavy construction jobs to be done. Some have travelled all over the world, like 30-year-old T/Sgt. Victor Berge, the non-com in charge of the divers.

Berge's Swedish father broke him into the pearl diving business in India when he was ten. "I've

... and then a Port Construction and Repair Unit went to work



Within two days the Group repaired the harbor sufficiently to handle LCTs and LSTs; then came the big freighters. . . .



After 30 days of toil by men of the Group there were more ships entering and unloading in the harbor than at any other time in the history of Naples.

THEY'RE RUNNING AT CAIRO



EGYPT is a long, long way from Jamaica, Arlington and Belmont Park, but a little matter of geography is not going to keep an American horse-player-turned-soldier from wagering on whether one horse can run faster than another. (After all, what are we fighting for?)

These pictures were made when YANK's photographer Sgt. Steve Derry went to the races to record the adventures of Sgt. Allan LaCombe, turf devotee. Sgt. Derry and Sgt. LaCombe found the racing quite different from the Hialeah brand. For example, they run the races clockwise. For example, they do not have an electric starting gate for a horse to get stuck in, and nobody ever heard of a show pool like ours.

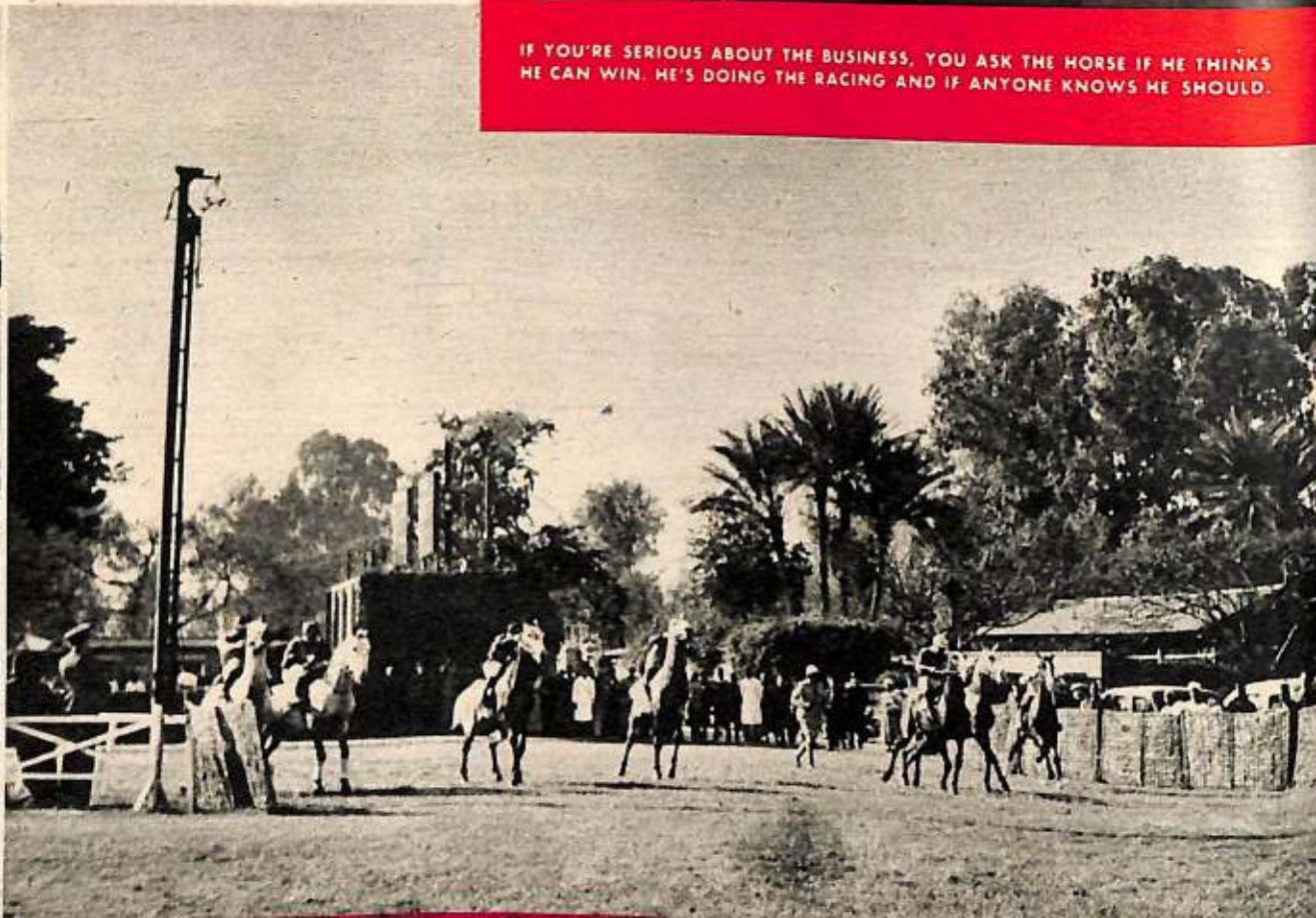
Sgt. Derry managed to come back with his camera because in Egypt you can't bet a camera on a horse. Sgt. LaCombe still had his uniform.



THE PROGRAM SELLER LOOKS VERY PESSIMISTIC BUT NOTHING CAN CRUSH THE HOPES OF A HORSE-PLAYER, SO SGT. LACOMBE BUYS HIMSELF A PROGRAM.



IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT THE BUSINESS, YOU ASK THE HORSE IF HE THINKS HE CAN WIN. HE'S DOING THE RACING AND IF ANYONE KNOWS HE SHOULD.





NOW HE'S GOT TO SPEND SOME MORE MONEY TO GET INTO THE PARK. ("I'LL WIN IT ALL BACK—AND—MORE.")

ALL A MAN HAS TO DO AT A RACE TRACK IS PICK THE RIGHT HORSE. BUT FIRST YOU SEE WHO'S RUNNING.

SIDLIGHT: IS THE MP HANDING OUT A TIP TO THE LADS OR CRACKING DOWN ON THE SOLDIER WITHOUT A TIE?



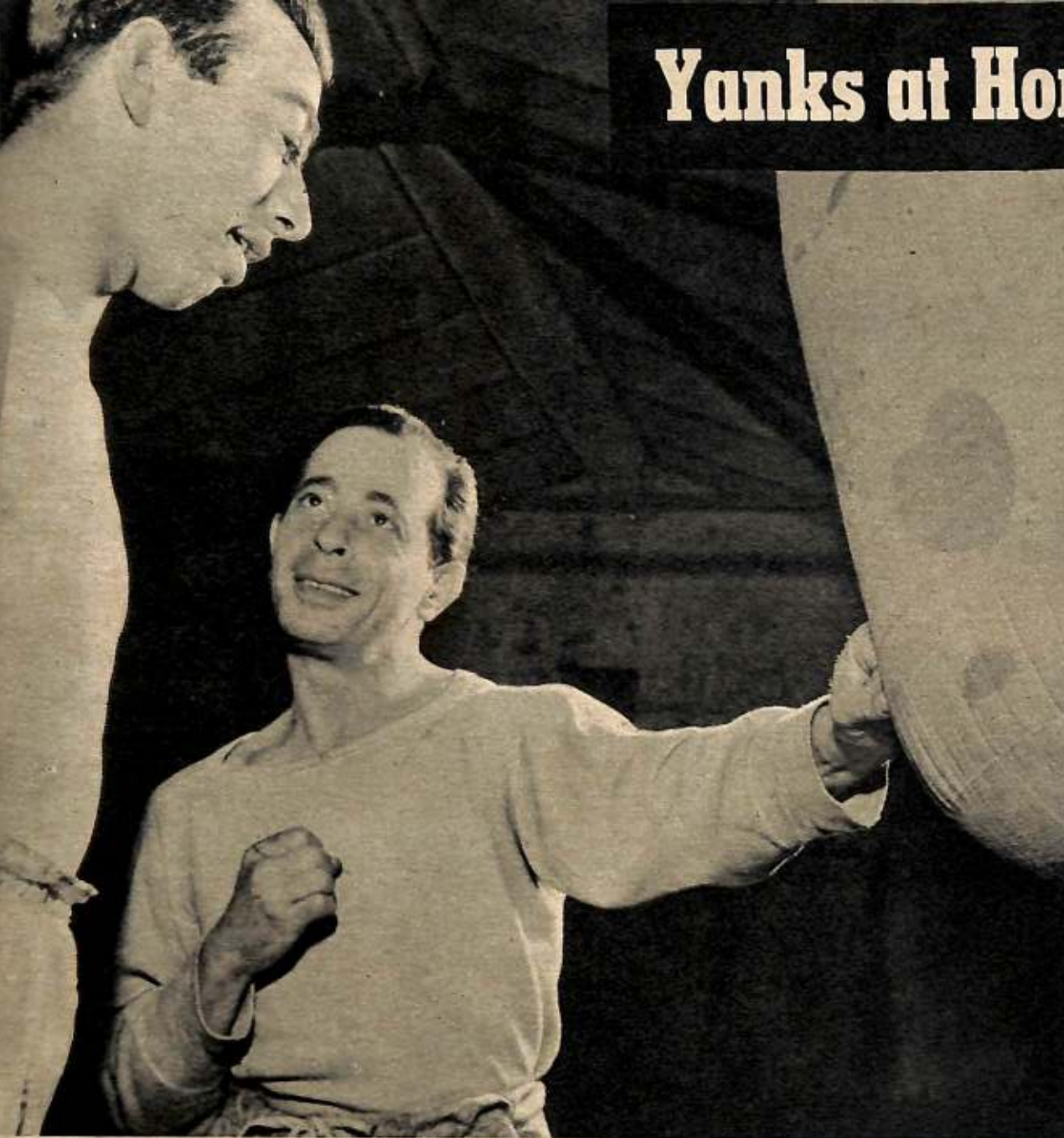
THEN IT HELPS TO TALK TO THE JOCKEYS WHO RIDE THEM AND THE STARTER WHO GETS THE BUNCH A-RUNNIN'.

ANOTHER LOOK AS THE HORSE IS LED AROUND THE PADDOCK. ("HE CAN WIN IT AND HE'LL BE A NICE PRICE.")

FINALLY, YOU PAYS YOUR PIASTRES AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE—AND YOU BEGIN TO HAVE YOUR DOUBTS.



Yanks at Home in the ETO



Pvt. Marty Eramo (right), pride of Jacob's Beach, gives a few pointers to one of his boys—Sgt. Tony Tenore, of Newark, N. J.—at an 8th AAF Fighter Base. Tenore, who works down on the line, is welter-weight champ of the 8th Fighter Command, but if any of you boys go home, don't noise it around that he's fighting over here. "My mom don't want me to fight," he says. "She's afraid I'll get banged up. My old man knows because I write directly to him and he burns the letters. We're both afraid of the old lady."

That Necessary Journey

THE RTO boys are so rushed these days that maybe they haven't had time to brush up on some of the rules and regulations governing their work. So perhaps this is a good time to remind them that Section 6 of the conditions governing the issuing of railway warrants in the U. K. reads as follows: "Great care will be taken by issuing Officers to denote the APPROPRIATE CLASS of ticket required. Where a warrant is made out 3rd class and a cross channel journey is involved it should be conspicuously endorsed 'Saloon on Boat' if applicable." But only if applicable.

Listening To Marty

"I got five fighters. One of them is champ of the 8th Fighter Command already. Good boy. The others—I don't know. A couple of them I may use; maybe I'll throw them out. It depends how they show in the gym. They gotta listen to me. Fighters what don't listen to me I throw out."

The gentleman speaking is Marty Eramo, better known along Jacob's Beach, Manhattan, as Marty Reed. Marty has been in the ETO for almost a year now, sweating it out on the line at an 8th AAF Fighter Base. We are indebted to one of his colleagues there—Sgt. Milton Levine, of New York—for jotting down and sending in a few notes on what the great Eramo has to say for himself. It goes on like this:

"I'm a private. Write that down. Rank don't mean nothing to me. I'm only interested in boys what want to fight. I'm a trainer of fighters. In New York I lived in the woodwork in Stillman's. My address? Stillman's Gym, New York. That's good enough."

"I don't write letters. If I write letters I'll get a

thousand a day. I don't like to write letters. Let's get back to my stable.

"This champ I got—Sgt. Tony Tenore. Good boy. We fight welter. He's from Joisey—Newark. His old man was a fighter, too. Time of Leonard, Tandler, Kansas. Tony had two fights before he come in the Army. Good boy. He listens to what I tell him. Sometimes he eats too much.

"We took the championship easy. No contest. Best fight we had was in the prelims, when we fights some guy from Iceland. I know the guy from Iceland is a pro because when the ref interduces us in the ring this guy from Iceland keeps looking on the floor.

"When Tony comes to our corner I wise him up. 'Look,' I say to Tony, 'don't let him scare us. He looks on the floor because he thinks we'll think he's mad on us. He ain't mad on us. He's just pulling a Sharkey. Now go in there and beat the pants offa him.'

"He done what I said. Tony beats the pants offa him. When the fight is over the guy is looking on the floor again. He couldn't keep his head up. We won that fight easy.

"I know how to train a guy. I used to train Johnny Colon. Solly Bartolo also. Solly is a feather champ now in the States. Good boy. My brother is training him now. My brother Al, I mean. We used to work together. We'll work together again when we beat the hell out of the paper hanger and the guy with the teeth.

"What I do in the Army? I work in armament. I load the ships. The P-51 Mustangs we got on the field. They're good ships. Good fighters. The pilots are good boys.

"When I ain't loading the ships I'm down in the gym, training my boys. Back home I got 10-20 percent of my fighters. Here I get a pack of Camels.

That's OK by me. I love fighting. Just so long as my boys listen to me they'll do all right.

"Tony listened to me. He did all right. 'I owe all my success to Marty,' Tony tells everybody. Good boy. But I can't keep this up. I mean working loading the ships and training my boys. I'll have to give one job up. I think I'll go speak to the Adjutant. I don't know if he likes fights.

"This is what I'm gonna tell the Adjutant: 'Captain, sir, I know you are interested in the morale of your boys. I can help you. But you gotta help me, too. You gotta excuse me from working on the line loading the ships. I have to have more time with my boys. Last night I didn't get out of the gym till midnight. And I was up for the early mission we had this morning. I would appreciate it, Captain, sir.'

"I don't know if that will swing the deal or not. The Adjutant must be human. Maybe he'll be touched like I was when I reported for induction and my 11-year-old niece shows up and says, 'Uncle Marty, always be a good soldier.'

"Anyway, I've got to have more time for my fighters. And the Adjutant is got to get somebody else to sweep the gym out. I got no time for that, either. I'm a trainer, not a sweeper."

The Return Of Hot Seat

When it comes to cutting red tape we'll match T/Sgt. John Thomas, of Detroit, against any five Joes you care to put up. The Sarge, a tailgunner on a Flying Fort, completed his tour of operations in the raid on Marienberg last October and went back to the States with a record of having shot down five enemy fighters and of having been hit five times by flak and 20 mms. without once being wounded. (That's right. He got shot in the behind, or rather in the back-type parachute covering it, and is now known to everybody at his base as Hot Seat Johnnie.) Back home, Johnnie rested and raised hell for 30 days, like any good GI, and then they put him on a bond-selling drive with Walter Pidgeon and Olivia de Havilland. "It was fun for a while," says Johnnie now, "but I began to get tired of it."

One night a month or so ago, Johnnie was a guest at a banquet in a fancy Washington, D.C., hotel, along with a lot of the big boys, including General Henry H. Arnold, the top man of the Air Forces. Johnnie, who was getting plenty fed up with fooling around the States by this time, was introduced to the General, who asked him what his plans were. "I don't know, sir," sirred Johnnie, "but I sure would like to be back in my old outfit." General Arnold turned to a Major who was standing at his elbow. "Major," he said, "have the Sergeant's orders cut tomorrow." "Yes, sir," sirred the Major.

You can guess the rest—since there isn't much snafu likely to creep into a situation of that kind. Johnnie came back like a shot, and was assigned not only to his old squadron but to his old barracks and even to his old bunk.



"MY GIRL OVER AT THE 'WHITE HORSE' SEWED 'EM ON FOR ME, SIR!"

—T/S Frank L. Hoskins

News from Home

A locomotive whistle turned people's thoughts to the ETO, the Senate decided to sit on an anti-poll tax bill for a while, it began to look as if that big sedition trial will still be going when you get back, and the ladies explained why they couldn't be bothered to vote.

ANYBODY here seen McCabe—McCabe, of Lilly, Pa.? Chances are if you haven't yet you soon will, for there are no less than ten brothers from that town kicking around in the Services, and five are in the ETO. That's a record, they say back in the States, so last week the lads' mother, Mrs. Esther McCabe, was honored at Indianapolis for having the most sons in the armed forces. In accepting the title of the nation's No. 1 War Mother, conferred on her by the American War Mothers, Mrs. McCabe said: "I deeply appreciate the certificate bestowed on me and it will have the place of honor on the wall of my room."

The McCabe line-up: William, in Italy; Robert, in Newark, N. J. (only about 200 miles from good old Lilly, Pa., which probably makes him the luckiest of the bunch); Thomas, Patrick, John, and Leo, in Britain; Claire, in Northern Ireland; Joseph, at a camp in North Carolina; Leroy, in the Merchant Marine; and James, in the Navy.

Three other war mothers also took bows, and two of them heard some good news. The trio, speaking over a national broadcasting hook-up, consisted of Mrs. Patsy Gentile, of Piqua, Ohio, whose son is Captain Don Gentile, the ETO ace; Mrs. L. B. Johnson, of Lawton, Okla., mother of Captain Robert Johnson, another ETO star; and Mrs. Dora Bong, of Poplar, Wis., mother of Major Richard Bong, the terror of Jap flyers. The good news came from the ETO contingent, for both Mrs. Gentile and Mrs. Johnson learned on the day they spoke that their sons were heading home on leave.

And while we're dealing with the distaff side, here's some hot news on the political front. Helen Gahagan Douglas, the former actress and now the wife of Captain Melvyn Douglas, received the Democratic nomination for Congressman from the 14th California District in down-town Los Angeles. This was not as surprising as it may seem to you as Mrs. Douglas has been mixed up in politics for some time, having been Democratic National Committeewoman from her state in 1940. A native of Boonton, N. J., she was educated at the Berkely Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y., and at Miss Capin's School in Northampton, Mass., and she was on the Broadway stage for a long while before going to Hollywood. She is now 38 years old.

SUMMER came to a large portion of the States last week, as record-high May temperatures were reported from all parts of the country. Civilian gents were digging their tropical worsteds (remember them?) out of the mothballs and having their straw hats (and them?) cleaned. Girls were running around the streets bareheaded, dressed in light print dresses. Lawns were being mowed for the first time this year; lilacs and iris and azaleas were blooming in the North, and out in the Midwest farmers thought the corn would be knee high, as usual, by the Fourth of July. Some New England Victory Gardens were crashing through with radishes already. It was swell weather for driving, but gas rationing meant that most people had to take their out-of-doors walking in the parks instead of whizzing along the highways on wheels. On the surface, things looked mighty peaceful, but mentally almost every one was in a stew of anticipation and excitement. As witness:

The whistle got stuck on the locomotive of a Lehigh Valley freight train trundling toward Bethlehem, Pa., one day last week. That was all the good folk in that part of the world needed to persuade them that big things were at last underway and, as the distant whistle drew nearer, the rumor swept through the town that the invasion was on. The local telephone switchboard was swamped as friends called friends to ask if they had heard the news. Then the whistle stopped and the talk died down almost as quickly.

The incident was a good tip-off to any one interested in what was uppermost in the minds of the people back in the States. Even politics wasn't being discussed half as much as it usually is at this time of a Presidential-election year. Not since Orson Welles broadcasted his imaginary account of an invasion from Mars way back in 1938 had newspaper offices and radio stations been so jammed with queries as they were on the day that the opening of the big push in Italy was announced.

Thousands of people were sure that the Italian action meant Invasion D-Day had at last arrived and a report by Paris Radio that "the gong has already sounded for the curtain to rise, if, in fact,



GOT THE TIME? They sure have, and plenty of it—all for Russia. Betty Schram (left) and Hilda Tunich run their fingers through a few of the 15,000 watches and clocks donated in the U.S. for Russian fighters.



FREAK CRASH IN 'FRISCO. This hook-and-ladder fire truck almost made it—but not quite—while crossing Market Street on Balboa Street out on the West Coast. Three firemen were hurt but there were no fatalities.



STILL TO COME. Heavy prime movers for artillery (foreground) and amphibious alligators, lined up on barges at an East Coast port back home, await trans-Atlantic shipment to play their part in the big show. You'll be seeing them.

it has not already risen" was accepted by many as coming straight from the horse's mouth. Again and again, newscasters denied the report and assured their listeners that authentic accounts of an invasion would be broadcast just as soon as there was one, but this did little good. The next morning the *New York Times*, along with a lot of other newspapers, appealed to its readers to lay off calling up for war news. "Please do not telephone for war news," urged the *Times*. "Our facilities are not sufficient to meet the immense interest, and simultaneously conduct our normal business."

Another reason politics was being slighted as a topic of conversation was that, so far as the Presidential nominations were concerned, at any rate, it was generally agreed that the conventions of both the major parties would be pretty routine affairs. Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, already had 303 of the necessary 530 delegates plugging for him as the Republican candidate for the White House job when returns from the New Jersey primary dumped another 35 in his lap. In addition, California came through with 50 delegates who, although nominally pledged to Governor Earl Warren of that state, were regarded as almost certain to throw their weight to Dewey during the convention. President Roosevelt, meanwhile, had picked up 104 more delegates, bringing his total to 777, though he needed only 589.

Alf Landon, of Kansas, the G.O.P. Presidential candidate in 1936, came out wholeheartedly for Dewey, predicting that he would get the nomination on the first or second ballot. The CIO's Political Action Committee plunked for Roosevelt.

The Senate was busy chewing the fat about, and ultimately tabled, a bill dealing with an issue that was looked upon as practically sure to be a big one in the election campaign—the poll tax. This bill would do away with such taxes and extend the Federal franchise to an estimated 10,000,000 poor whites and negroes in eight Southern states where voters now have to pay in order to cast a ballot. The legislation was introduced by Representative Vito Marcantonio, American Labor Party, of New York, and has already been passed by the House. Both Roosevelt and Dewey have come out against the poll tax and some political dopesters were saying last week that both major parties will probably include an anti-poll tax plank in their platforms.

The Senate debate when the anti-poll tax bill came up centered as much on the question of closure as it did on the bill itself. Had closure been adopted, it would have limited debate and cut off a filibuster threatened by some southern Senators who are against repealing the tax. Closure was finally beaten by a vote of 44 to 36 and then the Senators voted, 41 to 35, to lay the bill aside.

ACTING on the advice of his physician, President Roosevelt adopted a lighter schedule of work in order to preserve the improvement of his health which came about as the result of his recent month-long holiday in South Carolina.

Harry Hopkins, the President's confidant, still isn't feeling in the pink. Recently discharged from the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minn., he is now at the Army's Ashford General Hospital, in White Sulphur Springs, N. Y., to rest for an indefinite period.

Without even taking a formal vote or questioning the candidates, the Senate approved President Roosevelt's nomination of James V. Forrestal as Secretary of the Navy to succeed the late Frank Knox. So that's your new boss, you blue-jackets.

They're still mulling over the idea of work-or-fight legislation back home, legislation which it is estimated might force a million men into some sort of essential war work. One of Secretary Forrestal's first official acts after the legislators passed on him was to appear before the Senate Military Affairs Committee and speak in favor of a bill which would make men from 18 to 45 subject to induction in military work units if they left jobs on farms or in essential industries without an okay from their draft boards. Also favoring the plan was Robert P. Patterson, Undersecretary of War, and Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board. Nelson said that industries are in a bad way when it comes to getting the manpower necessary to run them and, as an instance, mentioned the fact that foundries are so short-handed that the production of airplanes and landing craft is endangered. The proposed bill would nab 4-Fs, too, unless they were already in essential jobs.

THIS man's army still needs young combat officers of the sort that can command platoons and companies but there's a growing surplus of older officers in line for administrative jobs, Major General Miller G. White, assistant Chief of Staff, testified before the House Military Affairs Committee. He said the Army had discharged 6,436 officers during the past six months, a figure that includes men let go for any reason whatsoever.

Here's one good reason they have to keep on taking men: The War Department announced in Washington that separations from the Army—a term which covers death, discharges, and capture by the enemy—totalled 1,163,000 on March 31. During the latter part of last year, according to this report, such separations were running as high as 90,000 a month, but during the first quarter of this year the monthly average was down to 50,000. Fifty-eight thousand men have died from battle and non-battle causes, the WD said, and of that number 45,000 were EMs.

So far as Albert Caponetto, of Chicago, is concerned, the draft is still a pretty tough business, even for a man of 29 such as he. Caponetto reported for induction last week with an 11-month-old boy in his arms. "It's all I can do," he told officials, explaining that his wife had been suffering from a spinal ailment since giving birth to the baby last summer and was unable to take care of the kid. Tough luck, said the officials, swearing Caponetto into the Army and then giving him a 24-hour pass so that he could take the baby back to Chicago and then report to the reception center at Fort Sheridan.

Here's a draft case with a new twist. Edward Wasemiller, a 16-year-old farm boy, of Walla Walla, Wash., walked up to the Sheriff of Salinas, Calif., and described himself as a draft-dodger who had deliberately failed to register for Selective Service. The Sheriff smelled a rat and, upon investigation, found the kid was two years under draft age. In court, where he was ordered sent home, Eddie explained that he had lied about his situation in the hope that it would be a means of getting into the Army despite his youth. If that guy was in uniform, you'd think he was bucking for a Section 8.

Whether or not Red Skelton, the film comedian, gets into uniform depends on whether the director of Selective Service in California decides that his gagging is essential or unessential to the war effort. Skelton, who will be 31 in July, was due to go into the Army this week but his draft board decided at the last



METAL SHORTAGE. That's probably why this all-metal swim suit on Mary Walborne, of Chicago, is so scanty.



ALMOST MIDDLE-AGED. Shirley Temple is now 16 years old, so they had this fine birthday cake on set of "Double Furlough" in Hollywood.



OLD MAN RIVER. Mississippi rose highest since 1844 at St. Louis, backed into Missouri-Pacific yards at Dupou, Ill., leaving this mess.

moment to let the State Director rule on the essential qualities of his art.

The freedom of the press again became an issue when a Special House Committee read into its record the first draft of an article criticizing the Federal Communications Commission, which the committee is investigating. The article was being written by Greta Palmer for *The Reader's Digest* and, according to the *New York Times*, the editors of the magazine were warned by James Lawrence Fly, chairman of the FCC, not to run it. The *Times*, moreover, described the article as presenting the FCC as "a convenient preview of business run by Washington," and quoted the author as saying that the idea for the piece was suggested to her by Wendell Willkie. Fly was reported to have objected to the article on the grounds that it was a "destructive" attack on him.

There were all sorts of snafu in the unwieldy sedition trial of 27 men and two women that has been lumbering along in Washington for over a month now. Last week a jury of ten men and two women was finally selected and the show got under way much in the manner of a three-ring circus. Federal marshals had to be called in to try to preserve order as the defense attorneys shouted at the prosecutor and the defendants shouted at each other.

One of the original defendants had already died of a heart attack. Another, Edward James Smythe, of New York, who had been attempting to make pals of everybody in the courtroom by passing out jelly beans, shouted that he wanted to undergo a mental examination, and was given one. A third defendant, Lois de Lafayette Washburn, jumped up and yelled: "Your honor, I resume my challenge!" but the marshals canned her before any one could find out what challenge she was trying to resume. And a fourth, Ernest Jay Elmhurst, sued his attorney, Ira Chase Koehne, for a hundred thousand smackers, charging the lawyer had betrayed his client's trust.

Special Prosecutor John Rogge told a jury that the government would prove the defendants had joined "a world-wide Nazi movement," and had "a Fuehrer in mind" to set up a Nazi regime in the U. S. This brought the defense attorneys screeching to their feet and yammering for a mistrial on the grounds that Rogge's presentation of the case was inflammatory and had prejudiced the jury. Their plaintive squawks got them nowhere with the judge, however. In the midst of it all, Rogge lost his temper and shouted: "We didn't create this conspiracy. It was here. We had to deal with it. Now let's get to the trial and see whether the government is right." And so it went, and legal wisecracks predicted that it would drag out well into next winter.

A bad storm brewing on the labor front blew over when the Foremen's Association of America, an independent union, called off a 20-day strike which had paralyzed 14 war plants in Detroit and made 70,000 employees idle. One of the plants crippled by the strike was that of the Packard Motor Co., the sole source of Rolls Royce Merlin engines used in the new P-51 Mustang fighters. The foremen, who struck in an effort to gain recognition for their union, decided to put an end to the walk-out 90 minutes after General Henry H. Arnold, head man of the USAAF, appeared at a public hearing of the National Labor Board in Washington and called the strike responsible for "one of the most serious setbacks that the Army Air Force program has had since its inception." He said that it had cost the Air Force 250 P-51s, which, he

observed, "is not a small number." The General went on to say that the strike might "even affect our invasion operations."

The year-long dispute over portal-to-portal pay for coal miners was finally settled when the War Labor Board approved a contract between the workers and employers providing that the former be paid for the time they spend travelling to the point where they do their digging. This was the dispute which caused four strikes and led to governmental seizure of the mines. The Southern mine operators have not signed the contract, however, and insist that they're going to wait for a court ruling before they do so.

An obscure parish priest—the Rev. Stanislaus Orlemanski, pastor of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary Church in Springfield, Mass.—suddenly made an unwilling bow on the international stage when he was suspended indefinitely from "all priestly privileges" by his Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary. The Bishop's action came shortly after Father Orlemanski had returned from a 12-day flying visit to Joseph Stalin in Moscow and was a disciplinary measure imposed because the Priest had failed to obtain permission to make the trip. Sorely upset by it all, Father Orlemanski lost no time in making a full apology to the Bishop, regretting his "seeming disregard for the legislation and directives" of his order and promising to adhere in the future to the "rule and mind of the Catholic Church." Whereupon, he was reinstated as a priest after having been beyond the pale for four days.

Father Orlemanski said that he went to Moscow after applying to the State Department for permission and that he took the trip as a private citizen to study Polish questions and "to help my Church and Poland." Upon his return and before being reprimanded by his Bishop, the Priest told the press about his interview with Stalin, whom he quoted as advocating freedom of worship. "As an American private citizen," he said, "I stood up and talked man to man to Stalin." He said he found the Russian Premier a "very democratic" individual who had assured him that persecution and coercion of the Catholic Church by the Soviet Government were "precluded." Stalin had also told him that co-operation between Russia and the Pope "is possible," Father Orlemanski said, adding: "I have wonderful news on Poland but this will come later."

The farmers in Kansas are in a terrible jam, with the weather and the scarcity of manpower and all. Floods and frosts came in the wake of many unseasonably cold, wet days, putting crops three and four weeks behind schedule, and then the mercury shot up to mid-summer levels, driving everything haywire. The grape and berry crops are in a sad way and E. L. Collins, Federal State Agricultural Statistician, estimated that 18 percent of the wheat crop was beyond salvage. Looking forward to a shortage of several thousands of laborers to get in the harvest, Bert Dulp, chairman of the State Farm Labor Commission, has set up a labor headquarters at Hutchinson, which will try to keep track of farmhands and machinery and to switch both to whatever part of the state may need them most at any given time. Meetings to explain the labor crisis to farmers have already been held at Newton, Holton, Colby, and Ulysses, and others are scheduled for Concordia, Eureka, and Iola. The emergency is considered so grave that Governor Andrew Schoepel is making a point of attending the meetings himself.

A couple of squabbles over books had the literati all a-twitter. *Strange Fruit*, Lillian Smith's novel about a love affair between a Negro girl and a white man down South, led to the best-seller lists for the first time and almost simultaneously was banned from the mails by Post Office officials, who then hurriedly lifted the ban again. The book was already taboo in Boston, where it is to be the subject of a test case now pending before the State Supreme Court.

Next came a rumpus over Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. This was started by Mrs. Sadie Gradner, of Brooklyn, a cousin of Miss Smith, who sued the author and Harper & Brothers, the publishers, for \$250,000 and thus brought the book nationwide publicity which ought to be worth twice that amount. Mrs. Gradner's grievance was that she had suffered "public scandal, infamy, and disgrace" because all her friends have identified her as the Aunt Sissie character in the novel.

Now that, said the 60-year-old Mrs. Gradner, is a sorry state of affairs because Aunt Sissie committed bigamy and adultery. The trouble was, Mrs. Gradner went on, that there were too many similarities between herself and the fictional character. Aunt Sissie had three husbands, all of whom she called "John" no matter what their real names, and she became the mother of eight still-born children before she was 24. Moreover, she worked in a rubber factory. Mrs. Gradner said that she had always been called "Sissie," that she had two husbands, both of whom were named "John," that she gave birth to four children who died between the ages of 13 days and 21 months, and that she, too, had once worked in a rubber factory.

Thirteen-year-old Ellsworth Carver, of Hollywood, Calif., who married a 19-year-old girl, was brought back home, where he happily announced that his wife was going to have a baby and that she made "wonderful spaghetti." Young Mrs. Carver wasn't so elated about it all, inasmuch as she was in jail for stealing a child—i.e., her husband. In fact, she was plenty mad. "When it's a man who marries someone younger," she said, "no one says anything. Look at Charlie Chaplin."

William J. ("Billy") Knox, the first man to bowl a perfect game in the American Bowling Congress, died in Philadelphia . . . Henry B. Rosenstock, steward at Mory's, the hangout of Yale men at New Haven, died of a brain injury . . . George Ade, 78-year-old humorist and playwright, died in Kentland, Ind.

The body of Valsa Anna Matthai, 21-year-old co-ed at Columbia University in New York City and heir to a fortune in Bombay, India, was found in the Hudson River up near Yonkers, N. Y. She disappeared from her room in the International House early one morning a couple of months ago.

Captain Burgess Meredith, actor and former Etousian, arrived back in the States and four days later Paulette Goddard announced in Hollywood that he and she were about to be married.

We started this piece with a few items on women and we'll close with one more. In Baton Rouge, La., State Senator Drayton Boucher introduced a bill which would make it unnecessary for voters to give their age when they register. He was asked how come. "Five women," he replied, "told me they were never going to vote for me or anybody else if ages continue to appear on the lists." To the ladies, men! There's nothing quite like 'em!



HOW HIGH IS UP? It isn't too high if you own one of these Bell Aircraft helicopters. In Buffalo, N. Y., test pilot Floyd W. Carlson shows how to go up in air and yet not get too far away from familiar street traffic.



TO ARLINGTON. The body of Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, who died at 70 from heart attack, is carried on a caisson past Navy Department en route to Arlington National Cemetery for burial.

Mail Call

YANK And Politics

Dear YANK,

I wonder if you could set right a few of the people who misunderstand the principles of YANK? The local paper from my home town has just reached me, and it carries a story to the effect that the Republican state chairman wanted to know if it were true that YANK is conducting "fourth-term propaganda in its overseas editions." He was quoted as follows: "... Stories persistently come to me, brought back by men home on leave from overseas duty, that such things as this, for instance are carried (in YANK): A statement from President Roosevelt fully displayed, on the question of post-war benefits for veterans, with the comment at the bottom that 'the Republicans are opposed to this policy'..."

I am a subscriber to YANK, and so far I haven't seen anything in any overseas edition that had any similarity to the accusations made in this article.

Iran.

Cpl. CLIFFORD L. THOMPSON

[None of the 13 editions of YANK has ever printed cracks like that. We never shall. We are an Army publication and as such we can take no sides in politics.—Ed.]

Paratroop Topkicks Are Tough

Dear YANK,

Your article a while back about the new TO on ratings has caused considerable comment here. Your article explained everything thoroughly except the Paratroopers didn't get the same break. It has never been explained exactly to us why we didn't get advances that the other outfits got. And the explanations that we have had have not convinced us yet that we don't deserve the rank, the same as anyone else.

In my estimation, NCO's are NCO's the same over, the whole Army through. Our NCO's have the same responsibilities, the same jobs to do, but under this new set-up, they have to do the job with less rank? Why? Possibly the general opinion is that we are compensated for our troubles by the parachute pay that we receive, but that isn't the argument that I'm trying to put over. Why should we have a Platoon Sergeant with the rating of Staff? Their duties are no different yet there is the difference of rank. Our Squad Leaders are Sergeants; yet in other units they are Staff Sergeants; why should a squad leader in one outfit have a man with one more stripe doing the work that we can have only a Sergeant's rating to do it. We're not stripehappy or anything like that, all we want to know is why the difference?

I'll stand any of my NCO's up against any NCO out of any other outfit, and with one less stripe, and he will do the job just as well, if not better than this other NCO.

And if there is anyone who doesn't think that we earn our jump pay, they are cordially invited to make a tactical jump with us at any time.

Britain.

1st/Sgt. WOODROW H. SMITH

Family Allowances Again

Dear YANK,

Your 30 April 1944 edition of YANK'S Mail Call in which Pfc. William L. Murphy inquired regarding

family allowances and your answer to said inquiry has set off the fuse to another avalanche of questions no sooner than we had succeeded in quieting down the multitude of similar interrogations.

Circular No 310, War Department, Washington 25, 26 November 1943, Subject: Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942-Compilations.—The following compilation of the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942 (Public Law 625, 77th Cong. [Bull. 29, WD, 1942]), as amended by act 20 August 1942 (Public Law 705, 77th Cong. [sec I, Bull. 45, WD, 1942]) and act 26 October 1943 (Public Law 174, 78th Cong. [Bull. 21, WD, 1943]), states in Title I, Sec. 105—"The amount of the monthly allowance payable to the dependent or dependents of any such enlisted man shall be—To Class A dependents: a wife but no child, \$50; To class B dependent or dependents, payable only while there is no allowance payable to any Class B-1 dependent, \$37."

So... as far as we've been able to figure out, Bill Murphy's wife will get a check for fifty bucks every month and as long as his Mom is dependent upon Bill for a substantial portion of her support, Uncle Sammy will come thru with thirty-seven dollars a month for her.

Britain.

Sgt. MILT LEVINE
Sgt. BOB BEALE

P.S. We'll bet a pound to a thrupnybit that this is just about the 257,000th refutation you've received, but...

[You're right, boys. This is the 257,000th different refutation we've received, so to head off any more, we're running a full feature article on family allowances on pages 6 and 7 of this issue. The story was written at the War Department's Office of Dependency Benefits, W. Newark, N.J., and contains the latest, most authentic dope.—Ed.]

Shave And A Haircut

Dear YANK,

I have a very serious problem that I would like your advice on. We are allowed to go to town in fatigues, mixed uniforms and practically anything we want. But can we grow a beard? Hell, no. I started one four different times. They vary in length



from five to 15 days. About that time a shave tail that isn't old enough to grow a beard pipes up: "Soldier, I will give you 30 minutes to get that beard shaved off." What we would like to know is, do soldiers overseas have the right to grow beards?

India.

Cpl. GLEN CARLSEN

[That's a tough one. AR 40-205, Paragraph 7, says the soldier will keep "... the beard neatly trimmed." Looks to us as if you'll just have to hide in the jungle until your struggling whiskers get to where they can stand trimming. Even then it's our guess that most CO's will insist that a "neatly trimmed" beard is simply a smooth shave.—Ed.]

YANK'S AFN Radio Guide



Highlights for the week of May 28

SUNDAY

2200—Your Radio Theater—"In Old Oklahoma"—with Roy Rogers, Martha Scott, and Albert Dekker.

MONDAY

2030—The Contented Hour—Music by Percy Faith and his Orchestra and songs by Josephine Antoine. The orchestra features "Song of the Sea Bees" and Marie sings "Haunting Tunes."

TUESDAY

1930—The Burns and Allen Show—George Burns and Gracie Allen with Dorothy Lamour as guest.

WEDNESDAY

2200—The RAF Symphony—55-piece orchestra under the direction of Sgt. John Hollingsworth. Tonight's program will include "Romeo and Juliet Overture" by Tchaikowsky.

THURSDAY

2115—Mail Call—with Ginny Simms, Red Skelton, Hoagy Carmichael, Golden Gate Quartet. Ginny sings "Suddenly It's Spring."

FRIDAY

2030—The Kate Smith Show—Alan Ladd as guest. Kate sings "Always Yours."

SATURDAY

1130—YANK'S Radio Weekly.
1905—The Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street—with Milton J. Cross, music by Paul Lavell and the "Woodwinds," Joan Roberts and Alfred Drake.

1375 kc. 1402 kc. 1411 kc. 1420 kc. 1447 kc.
218.1 m. 213.9 m. 212.6 m. 211.3 m. 207.3 m.

Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK,

Please explain the "Mustering out pay" bill. How much, and how it will be paid?

Britain.

"SAD SACK" HAMILTON

[The mustering-out pay law provides for the payment of \$100 to members of the armed forces with less than 60 days' active service; or \$200, payable in two equal monthly installments, to those with more than 60 days' active service; or \$300, payable in three equal monthly installments, to veterans who have served for 60 days or more and have had service overseas or in Alaska. The law, however, excludes (1) men who were dishonorably discharged; (2) those transferred at time of their discharge to the retired list with retired pay; (3) those discharged or released from active duty on their own request to accept private pay, who have not served overseas or in Alaska; (4) Air Corps reserve officers entitled to receive a lump sum payment on return to inactive duty; (5) GIs whose total active service has been with the ASTP, the AAF College Training program or similar programs under Navy, Marine or Coast Guard; (6) men who were discharged for the purpose of entering the U.S. Military Academy; the U.S. Naval Academy or the Coast Guard Academy; (7) men whose only service has been as a cadet at these

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GREENLAND: Sgt. Robert Kelly.
NAVY: Robert L. Schwartz, Y2c; Allen Churchill, SP (x) 3C.

Commanding Officer: Colonel Franklin S. Forsberg. Executive Officer: Maj. Jack W. Weeks. Business Manager: Maj. Harold B. Hawley. Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Donald W. Reynolds; India, Capt. Gerald J. Rock; Australia, Capt. J. N. Bigbee; Italy, Major Robert Strother; Hawaii, Major Jesus Eppinger; Cairo, Maj. Charles Holt; Caribbean, Capt. Walter E. Hussman; Iran, Maj. Henry E. Johnson; South Pacific, Capt. Justus J. Craemer.

1, Sgt. Reg. Kenny; 2, 3, 4, and 5, Sgt. Dillon Ferris; 8, PA; 10, left, AP; right, OWI; 11, left, OWI; right, BOP; 12 and 13, Sgt. Steve Derry; 14, Sgt. Reg. Kenny; 15, Keystone; 16, top left, Planet; top right, Keystone; Centre, ACME; bottom, PA; 17, bottom left, INP; bottom right, ACME; 20, top and bottom left, ACME; top right, PA; bottom right, INP; 21, top, Sgt. Bill Young; bottom, INP; 24, 20th Century Fox.

Sunday at Sanananda

This is the Huggins perimeter.

As you are standing, Gona's ahead of you.
The green desert of Papua and Dutch New Guinea
Beyond it; beyond the Halmahera Sea, the islands of Molucca
And the far-off places of the Moros and the temple worshippers.

To your left are the Owen Stanleys—
The spinal column of the Papuan tortoise;
And behind you the mightiest of the oceans,
Though from here it is only a breath and a sigh.

To your right, a scant mile up this devious, bucolic trail,
Around many a bend, through the haunted, primordial tangle.
Past dugout and slit trench, by ford across tropical rivers.
Through mud to your thighs, and the murmuring clouds of mosquitoes.
Through kunai and sun... oh, when you get there
You'll know... you'll not mistake it, this hell hole:
The bloody black sands, the brown tainted sea water—
This Point Sanananda...

Don't mind the skeletons. We haven't had time to remove them;
And while we sit here with hands limply folded,
We haven't the heart.

No, it isn't the heat or the dampness;
And it certainly isn't sickness, at least not physical sickness—
Though they may come later, the retching, the spewing.
They had it, these grandsons of Heaven,
These stench-making ex-patriots lately of Honshu:
From the slums of Kyoto, from gay Nagasaki,
These pallid-complexioned mother's sons from the rice paddies.
From fermenting Formosa and the smokes of Fujisan...
They had the sickness, and not wholly the fevers,
Though the swamp miasmata weren't the least of it.

And so here's what is left of them... hell, I don't wonder
Your face grows a bit green... it's not a sweet atmosphere
Here with the cadavers.

But after you've slept with them—
There's Charlie the brainless one; and Henry the Horror.
He was clever at sniping, but my cobber resented him.
And even the tree-boys are shy at machine guns!

That beautiful specimen under the quarter-ton
Will have to grow features or else his ancestors
Might fail to remember him among the chrysanthemums
In the honorable Heaven of Japanese heroes...



But these are the harmless ones. If you wait until nightfall
You won't be misled by the quiet out yonder;
They're clever, resourceful, and they're not the half of it...

The jungle draws in on you, the sound of the wild things
Keeps your heart in your gullet, and I'd not advise you
To sleep with both eyes closed, for fear you might yield to it—
To sleep—for above all, give the go-by to nightmares.
You see, there's the nightmares, and the start-up in cold sweat,
The scream that you can't suppress though the darkness is listening:
And the terror remembered, of the sudden reversal
When these foul, bloody messes that lie here so motionless
Became boys from Brooklyn or Terre Haute or Omaha,
And you recognize all of them and hear the low crying
Just before the death rattle, since none of them wants to die.

And the shadowy shapes glide around in the midst of them,
And the glinting of bayonets and the steaming red rivers
Of warm blood gushing soundlessly...

You're pale... you're pulling out... back to the cities?
Glamorous cities up and down the land.

Well, don't let me detain you
With ranting and preaching. That's just our habit here.
Your blood turns to wormwood.

Though here it is Sunday
We forget the days. Just tell your newspaper
That the boys are still pushing, the Japs still pocketed.

You'd better tone down a bit—don't tell them too much of it—
Of the corpses and skeletons, the stink and the filthiness
On Point Sanananda.

New Guinea

—T-5 DON E. ROHRIG

schools; (8) officers above the rank of captain in the Army and Marine Corps or lieutenant in the Navy or Coast Guard; members of the WAAC (not the WAC), except those having CDDs.—Ed.]

Air Cadets

Dear YANK,

I would like to know what the qualifications are, and if it is possible to enter the Air Cadets.

Pvt. CARMINE DI SAPIO

Britain.

[If you were thinking of transferring to the Army Air Forces, forget it. No more applications for air-crews or ground crew training will be accepted from Ground Forces or Service Forces officers or men, and no examination of such personnel for flying training will be conducted. All applications for transfer to the Army Air Forces upon which final action has not been completed will be disapproved and returned to the applicants. Flying training exams for GIs in the Ground and Service Forces were discontinued on Feb. 24 of this year. The Army doesn't say when or if they will be reopened.—Ed.]

Emily Post Dept.

Dear YANK,

I have a problem. Some of the GIs who visit our homes, are under the impression that they are

not to eat or drink anything. Apparently, their officers have told them so often that they must not take our rations; that some of the boys are afraid even to visit us. When they do, the conversation runs thus:—

HOSTESS: Would you care for a cup of tea?

GI: Is tea rationed?

HOSTESS: Yes it is, but I can spare a brew.

GI: No thank you—I don't drink tea!

or

HOSTESS: I'm making chips (french fries) for supper. You will have some?

GI: Er-are potatoes rationed too?

HOSTESS: No.

GI: O.K. Maybe I'll have a couple.

We realize how you feel and appreciate your concern, but believe me, this idea is all wrong, and makes both parties feel uncomfortable. In these times we give you only what we can spare, and if you accept the little we have to offer, it helps to make us feel that we are doing something in return for all the U.S.A. is doing for us. We also like to think that someone "over there" is doing the same for our boys.

Therefore, relax and be not afraid when you accept a cup o' tea and a sandwich, that you may be depriving us civilians of our rations—and please visit us more often.

Britain.

NORAH M. WELSH

Reunion

Dear YANK,

I have read of odd reunions during the war but I have just had one that amazed me.

When I went into the Army last June my wife and I had a large dog, half boxer and half Chesapeake Bay retriever, which we had raised from a pup in our apartment in Washington. As much as my wife hated to say goodbye to him she and I decided he could be of service and loaned him to the Army for the duration. We got a certificate from General Ulio to the effect that he had completed his basic training but we didn't know where he was or what he was doing.

I came over to England recently and was stationed for a short time near an area where they had guard dogs. I went up to the kennels to see how the dogs lived and, as you probably have guessed by now, there was my dog in the first pen. He didn't recognize me at first but soon started to wag all over, lick my hands and face. His was the first familiar face I have seen in England. I got to see him every day and play with him while I was there but have now been moved to an area too remote for constant visits. The dog's name is "Jib" and he is now called "Jack."

T/5 LEWIS H. ULMAN

Britain.



Radio Takes Big Leagues Overseas

THANKS to the Armed Forces Radio Service, GIs overseas with receiving sets have box seats for the major-league baseball games this season. The AFRS is short-waving play-by-play broadcasts and also re-creations of the big games so that troops can hear them at convenient listening hours, wherever they may be.

Each Sunday, between 1530 and 1630 EWT, the last hour of a major-league game is short-waved from an East Coast station to England and North Africa. Daily, Tuesday through Saturday, between 1530 and 1615 EWT, the last

45 minutes of a big-league game is sent from the same station into the same theaters.

On the West Coast, two stations are short-waving the last hour of a Pacific Coast League game to South and Central America, the Antilles, the Caribbean, Alaska and the Aleutians, between 1430 and 1530 PWT. In addition, a half-hour re-creation of a major-league game is beamed five days a week by five West Coast stations to the same areas and also to the South Pacific, Southwest Pacific and China-Burma-India theaters.



AT CHICAGO, a Cleveland double-play clicks. After Boudreau (left) had retiring Curtright, Peters relays ball. Indians lost, 3-1.



AT PHILADELPHIA, Mickey Owen, Dodger catcher, dives safely into third during a 10-inning struggle between Brooklyn and the Phils. Dodger...

SHIBE PARK, PHILADELPHIA—We are writing this from the Phillies' bench after flunking our own sports quiz of two weeks ago. Two of the answers we gave you in that quiz were wrong. The answer to the third question, "Were any of the Louis-Schmeling fights title bouts?" should have been "yes" since the second fight was definitely a title bout with Louis champion at the time. And the 11th question, "Name the players who formed the Million Dollar Infield" should have read "the \$100,000 Infield." Nobody had a million dollars in those days.

Today's sports quiz is guaranteed to be absolutely correct—we hope. We checked all the baseball questions with Bill Brandt, head of the National League press bureau, who is said to have helped Abner Doubleday lay out the first baseball diamond; the boxing questions with Nat Fleischer, editor of *Ring Magazine*, who is rumored to have covered the first heavyweight championship match in history between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, and the football questions with Grantland Rice, who even knows the maiden name of every football player's mother.

In scoring yourself for this quiz, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. Eighty or more is excellent; 70 is good; 60 is fair; 50 is passing; and 40 or below is failure.

1. Max Schmeling won the heavyweight title in a bout with Jack Sharkey. To whom did he lose the title?
2. Who is Bob Coleman?
3. This one is tricky. How many hits for how many bases can you get without scoring a run?
4. Tennessee has played in three different bowls. Can you name them in order played?
5. Only one filly ever won the Kentucky Derby. Was her name Nellie Flag, Mata Hari, Regret or Cleopatra?
6. What woman won the national tennis championship and was also a finalist in the national golf championship? She just recently returned from Australia.
7. Name three baseball players whose nickname is Bucky?
8. Identify five out of seven of the personalities known by each of the following nicknames: (a) Fargo Express, (b) Hot Potato, (c) Sunny Jim, (d) Phaunting Phil, (e) Old Bones, (f) Shanty, (g) Man Mountain.
9. Chief of Staff Gen. Marshall was an All-Southern football player at VMI. Do you know what position he played?
10. What heavyweight contender played the leading role in the movie "Prizefighter and the Lady" and later became champion by beating one of the supporting characters? And while you're at it, name the supporting character.

11. There are 14 baseball immortals in the modern hall of fame. Can you name seven of them?

12. Who was the only tennis champion to sweep every title from England to Australia?

13. Not counting their most recent promotions, what military rank do these following sports figures hold: (a) Bobby Jones, (b) Billy Conn, (c) Donald Budge, (d) Bernie Bierman, (e) Patty Berg.

14. Henry Armstrong held three world's boxing titles simultaneously. What were they?

15. Most experts agree that Carl Hubbell's most spectacular pitching performance was in the 1934 All-Star game when he struck out five of the greatest sluggers in the American League in a row. Who were they?

16. Give the last names of these famous brother combinations: (a) Lynn and Muzz, (b) Morton and Walker, (c) Joe and Luke, (d) Vince and Dom.

17. How many of the following ball players have batted .400 or better: Tris Speaker, Ted Williams, Babe Ruth, Rajah Hornsby, Joe DiMaggio, Bill Terry, Al Simmons?

18. Who fought in boxing's first million-dollar gate?

19. Has Sammy Sneed ever won the National Open?

20. Who is the famous tennis player pictured on the right and where is he now? ▶



SPORTS: QUIZ FOR THE EXPERTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Jack Sharkey. 2. Manager of Boston Braves. 3. Six hits, two triples and four singles. 4. Orange Bowl, Rose Bowl and Sugar Bowl (twice). 5. Regret. 6. Mary K. Browne. 7. Bucky Walters, Bucky Harris, Bucky Weaver and Bucky Newson. 8. (a) Billy Petrolle, (b) Luke Hamlin, (c) Jim Fitzsimmons, (d) Phil Scott, (e) Exterminator, (f) Shanty Hogan, (g) Man Mountain Dean. 9. Tackle. 10. Max Baer, who later beat Primo Carnera for the title. 11. Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner, Babe Ruth, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Tris Speaker, Napoleon Lajoie, Cy Young, Grover Alexander, George Sizer, Eddie Collins, William Keeler, Lou Gehrig, Rogers Hornsby. 12. Cpl. Donald Budge. 13. (a) Maj. Bobby Jones, (b) Lt. Col. Billy Conn, (c) Lt. Donald Budge, (d) Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman, (e) Lt. Patty Berg. 14. Featherweight, light-weight and welterweight. 15. Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons and Cronin. 16. (a) Patrick, (b) Cooper, (c) Sewell, (d) DiMaggio, 17. Ted Williams, Rajah Hornsby, Bill Terry. 18. Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier. 19. No, but he came mighty close in 1938 when he blew up on the last hole and shot an eight. 20. Bobby Riggs, now stationed in Hawaii.



SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

OVERSEAS. S/Sgt. Joe Louis and his sparring partner, 1st Sgt. George Nicholson, shuffle down a London street. The blackout impressed Louis. "I wonder what the lights are like away," he grinned.

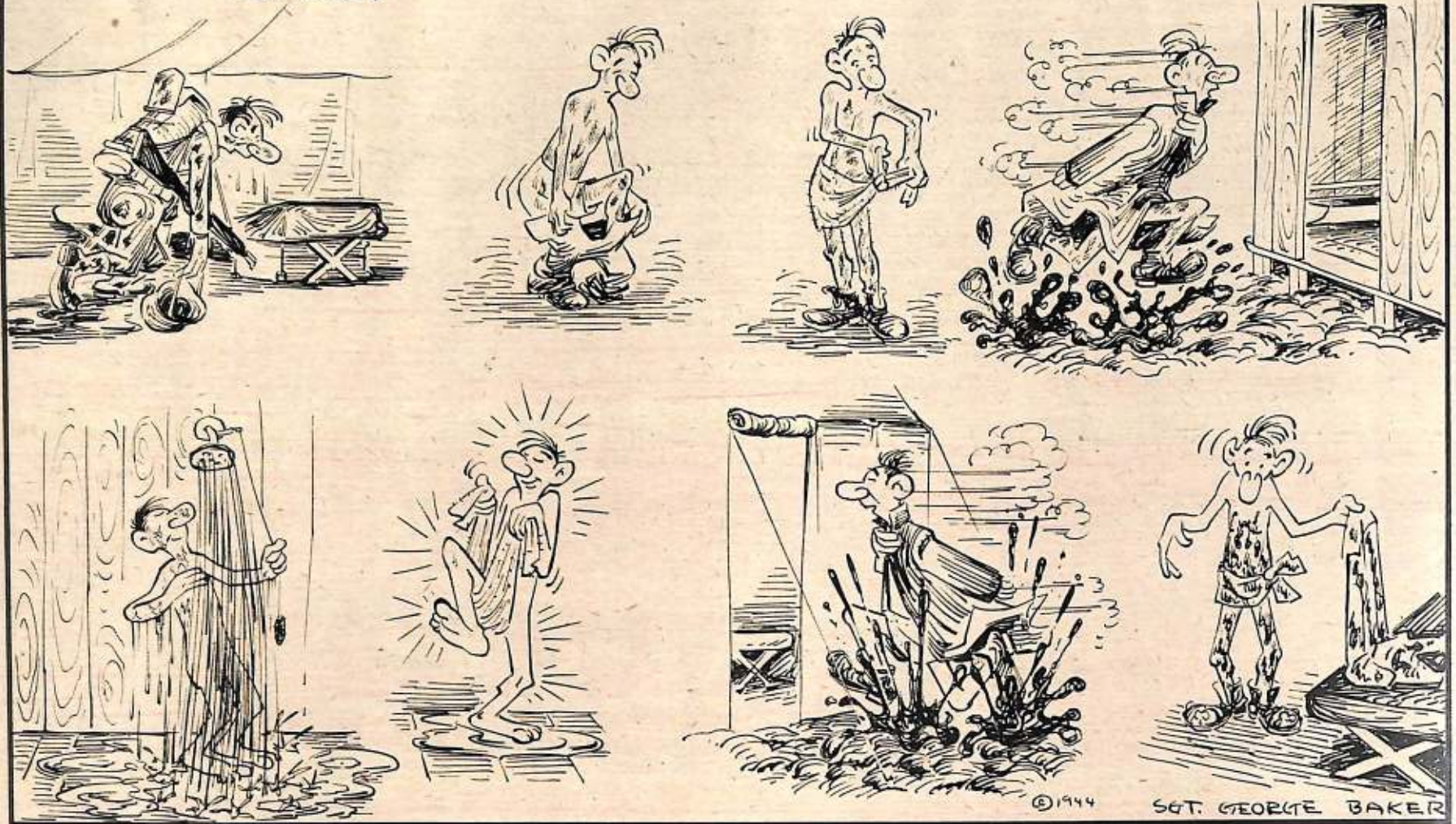
ACCORDING to a Transocean broadcast to the Far East, Max Schmeling recently made a propaganda visit to Rome and addressed a radio talk to American troops at the Anzio beachhead. Much of Schmeling's broadcast was devoted to a visit he said he had with Primo Carnera in Venice recently. "I am happy to be able to refute rumors alleging that Carnera has been shot by the Germans," Schmeling said. "He is in the best of health. On my return trip to Germany I shall again see him." Where, Max? In a concentration camp? . . . On his tour of North Africa, Lefty Gomez was asked by a GI to pick his all-time all-star baseball team. Gomez named: Greenberg, DiMaggio, Ruth, outfielders; Gehrig, Cronin, Bluege, Gehringer, infielders; Dickey, catcher, and Grove, pitcher. When the GI asked why he didn't pick Ted Williams, Gomez answered angrily: "You pick your team and I'll pick mine." . . . The reason Sgt. Buddy Baer may get a CDD is that he's still suffering from that licking Joe Louis gave him two years ago. . . . In case you have been wondering, 180 of the 400 players on major-league rosters are in 4-F classification. . . . Capt. Hank Greenberg has been shipped to the CBI as a special services officer. . . . It's no gag that Lt. Mickey Cochrane advised Schoolboy Rowe to try out for the outfield because he has so many big-league pitchers at Great Lakes. It's the truth. . . . Capt.

Jim Kesselburgh, Oregon State's great fullback of 1939, reported here as missing in action, is a prisoner of war in Germany. . . . There are a lot of latrine rumors going around that the AAF will sponsor some big-time football teams next fall. The idea, as we understand it, is to have one big team for each air force in the States.

Killed in line of duty: Lt. Col. Tommy Hitchcock, one of the greatest polo players of all time, in a plane crash in England. . . . **Missing in action:** Lt. Walter (Booty) Payne, former Clemson College kicking star, after an air raid over Germany. . . . **Commissioned:** Paul Brown, Ohio State football coach, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy; Chief Specialist Adolph Kiefer, holder of a dozen swimming records, as an ensign in the Navy. . . . **Discharged:** Pvt. Johnny Greco, lightweight sensation of last year, from the Canadian Army with a CDD because of a back injury. . . . **Ordered for induction:** Bob Montgomery, lightweight champion (New York version), by the Army; Beau Jack, ex-lightweight champion (same vintage), by the Army; Johnny Murphy, best Yankee relief pitcher, by the Navy. . . . **Rejected:** Jack Crawford, Boston Bruins' hockey ace, because of head injuries; Lou Lucier, Boston Red Sox right-hander, because of head injuries; Al Hollingsworth, St. Louis Browns' pitcher, because of ankle injury; Gene McEver, Davidson College football coach, and Art Cuccurullo, Pittsburgh lefty, because of physical reasons.

THE SAD SACK

"CLEANED UP"



HOW TO VOTE IN STATES HOLDING PRIMARIES IN LATE JULY AND AUGUST

NAME OF STATE	DATE OF ELECTION	HOW TO APPLY FOR STATE ABSENTEE BALLOTS	Earliest Date State Will Receive Application for Ballot	Earliest Date State Will Forward Ballot to Applicant*	Final Date Executed Ballot Must Be Back To Be Eligible To Be Counted	SPECIAL STATE PROVISIONS
ARIZONA	18 July	a) In accordance with Arizona law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Phoenix, Ariz.	Any time	18 May	18 July	
ARKANSAS	25 July for first primary. 8 Aug. for second primary.	a) In accordance with Arkansas law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Little Rock, Ark.	Any time	6 May for first primary. 1 Aug. for second primary.	25 July for first primary. 8 Aug. for second primary.	Note that Arkansas has two primaries. A separate application is required for each primary unless soldier writes on first application that he wishes it to be regarded as application for both primary ballots. Note that in the second primary, the state allows only eight days between the date it mails the ballots and the date it requires them to be back in the state.
DELAWARE	Not fixed.	Delaware does not provide a state absentee ballot for primary election.				Delaware soldiers may vote in the primary only by appearing in person at the proper election polling places.
KANSAS	1 Aug.	By mailing a special application form furnished by State of Kansas. Serviceman may request this special application form: a) By writing to the Secretary of State, Topeka, Kans., or to the appropriate local election officials if they are known to serviceman, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, noting in writing on post card that it is to be regarded as request for application for state absentee ballot.	1 April	1 July	31 July	Servicemen should request an application for a ballot at the earliest possible moment, either by letter or by WD post card on which he has written that he wishes it regarded as a request for an application for a state absentee ballot.
KENTUCKY	5 Aug.	a) In accordance with Kentucky law, or b) By sending WD post card to Secretary of State, Frankfort, Ky.				There is no official information available from Kentucky on when soldiers should make applications for ballots or when the state may act on applications. Procedures to administer the new state law have not yet been set up. But applications should be made as soon as possible. State absentee ballots cover Federal offices only.
MASSACHUSETTS	11 July	Massachusetts does not provide a state primary absentee ballot for soldiers.				Massachusetts soldiers may vote in primary only by appearing in person at proper local election polling places.
MISSISSIPPI (Second primary)	29 Aug.	a) In accordance with the Mississippi law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Jackson, Miss.	Any time	8 July	29 Aug.	Note that this information applies to Mississippi's second primary. The first primary takes place 4 July. An application for the first primary suffices for the second primary, but if applicant's address has changed since he made first application, it is necessary for him to make a new application.
MISSOURI	1 Aug.	a) In accordance with Missouri law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Jefferson City, Mo.	Any time	5 May	2 Aug.	

*Application should reach officials on, or as soon after as possible, the date the state starts sending out ballots.

HOW TO VOTE IN STATES HOLDING PRIMARIES IN LATE JULY AND AUGUST

NAME OF STATE	DATE OF ELECTION	HOW TO APPLY FOR STATE ABSENTEE BALLOTS	Earliest Date State Will Receive Application for Ballot	Earliest Date State Will Forward Ballot to Applicant*	Final Date Executed Ballot Must Be Back To Be Eligible To Be Counted	SPECIAL STATE PROVISIONS
MONTANA	18 July	By mailing special application form furnished by state of Montana. Serviceman can request this form: a) By writing to Secretary of State, Helena, Mont., or to appropriate local election official, if known, or b) By sending to the Secretary of State the WD post card, noting on it that the serviceman wishes it to be regarded as a request for an application for an absentee ballot.	19 June	30 June	18 July	Note that soldier must request an application for a primary ballot, which should be done at the earliest possible date, either by a letter or by a WD post card on which he has written that he wishes it to be regarded as a request for an application for a state absentee ballot.
NEW HAMPSHIRE	11 July	New Hampshire does not provide a state absentee ballot for soldiers in the primary.				New Hampshire soldiers may vote in primary only by appearing in person at proper local election polling places.
NEW YORK	1 Aug.	New York does not provide a state absentee ballot for soldiers in the primary.				New York soldiers may vote in primary only by appearing in person at proper local election polling places.
SOUTH CAROLINA (First primary)	29 Aug.	South Carolina does not provide a state absentee ballot for soldiers in the primary.				South Carolina soldiers may vote in primary only by appearing in person at proper local election polling places. But South Carolina may hold legislative or party sessions which may make some changes in these primary election laws.
TENNESSEE	3 Aug.	a) In accordance with Tennessee law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Nashville, Tenn.	Any time before 1 June if outside the U. S.; any time before 10 July if in the U. S.	15 June	3 Aug.	Note that soldiers outside the U. S. must have their applications for ballots in Nashville not later than 1 June. Soldiers within the U. S. must have their applications for ballots in Nashville not later than 10 July.
TEXAS	22 July for first primary. 26 Aug. for second primary.	a) In accordance with Texas law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Austin, Tex., accompanied by a poll-tax receipt or affidavit of its loss.	Any time	2 July for first primary. 6 Aug. for second primary.	19 July for first primary. 23 Aug. for second primary.	Note that WD post card application for ballot must be accompanied by poll-tax receipt or affidavit of its loss. A separate application is required for each of the two primaries unless the serviceman writes on the first application for both primaries. In any event, in case of change of address, he should make separate applications. Servicemen who are members of the Regular Army on active duty are not eligible to vote in Texas.
UTAH	11 July for first primary. 15 Aug. for second primary.	a) In accordance with Utah law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Salt Lake City, Utah.	Any time	15 June for first primary. 19 July for second primary.	11 July for first primary. 15 Aug. for second primary.	Note that there are two primaries. One application will suffice for both the first and second primaries, but in case of a change of address, servicemen should make separate applications.
VERMONT	8 Aug.	a) In accordance with Vermont law or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Montpelier, Vt.	Any time	19 June	8 Aug.	
VIRGINIA	1 Aug.	a) In accordance with Virginia law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Richmond, Va.	Any time	10 May	24 July	
WISCONSIN	15 Aug.	a) In accordance with Wisconsin law, or b) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Madison, Wis.	Any time	12 July	15 Aug.	
WYOMING	18 July	By mailing a special application form furnished by Wyoming. Serviceman can request this application form: a) By writing to the Secretary of State, Cheyenne, Wyo., or to the appropriate local election officials, if known, or b) By sending to the Secretary of State the WD post card, noting on it that he wants it regarded as a request for an application for state absentee ballot.	1 July	3 July	18 July	Note that servicemen must request an application for a ballot, which should be done at the earliest possible date, either by letter or by a WD post card on which he has written that he wishes it regarded as a request for an application for state absentee ballot.

*Application should reach officials on, or as soon after as possible, the date the state starts sending out ballots.

THE foregoing table gives information about soldier voting in the primaries of 19 states that hold these elections in late July and August.

Five of these 19 states make no provision for soldier voting in the primaries. In the other 14 the WD post card (WD AGO Form 560) may be used either as an application for a ballot or a request for the special application form furnished by the states. The new War Ballot Commission post-card forms (WD Circular 128, Par. 1, Sec. XI) probably won't be distributed in time for these primaries. However, if you can't get any post-card form, you may apply by letter, using the text that will be on the new cards as it is given in Circular 128. Such applications should bear the distinctive markings and the appropriate air-mail marking as described in WD Circular 155, Section I.

Remember to put your party affiliation on your application for a state absentee ballot. If you don't, you may not get one. Also remember to print your name and serial number under your signature on the WD post card or the letter you send in its place. Your handwriting may not be as legible as you think it is.

In order to be eligible to vote in some states, soldiers will have to take other steps in addition to filing a ballot application. If you are uncertain about your eligibility, send a letter immediately



to the secretary of state at your state capital. This letter should contain the following: date of your birth, number of years preceding the election in which you want to vote that your home residence has been in the state, the date of the election in which you intend to vote; your town, county, street and number or rural route, and the number of years preceding the election that your residence has been there; your voting district to the best of your knowledge.

Since the Vol. II, No. 43 issue of YANK was published, Maine, North Dakota and Oklahoma have enacted new soldier-voting laws. It is now possible for eligible voters in these three states to apply for a ballot simply by sending the WD post card to their respective Secretaries of State. For the Maine primary, cards should reach Augusta on or as soon as possible after 10 May 1944. For North Dakota, applications should reach Bismarck on or as soon as possible after 27 Apr. 1944. For Oklahoma, the applications should reach Oklahoma City on or as soon as possible after 15 May 1944.

Information in this table is taken from WD Circular 166, 28 Apr. 1944.

Sheila Ryan
YANK
Pin-up Girl

