BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d NOV. 28
1943
VOL. 2, NO. 24

By the men . . for the men in the service

THE ENEMY IS VERY NEAR

Pictures of Clean-Up Operations in South Pacific

PAGES 12-13

THE MARAUDERS

Drawings by Sgt. John Scott.

UNTIL a few weeks ago the Martin Marauder, or B-26, was probably the most maligned airplane ever lifted into the sky by two engines. Because of its ridiculously short wingspread, it was called the "Flying Prostitute," since it had no visible means of support. Because it is a hot airplane, requiring great skill in landings and take-offs, the percentage of losses during training periods was such that it was also known as "The Murderer." And, climatically, it was the subject for that most ancient of all jibes: "The Marauder is a wonderful invention, but it will never take the place of the airplane."

There were a few men, leaders, experienced airmen, who knew the B-26 was a good airplane. And they set out to prove it. Since the Marauder has gone into action in the ETO, it has earned a place beside the Fort and Lib, blasting airfields and power stations in France and the Lowlands in raids now famous for precision and accuracy. The Marauder formations also have been among the tightest it has ever been the displeasure of the Germans to see. Losses have been low.

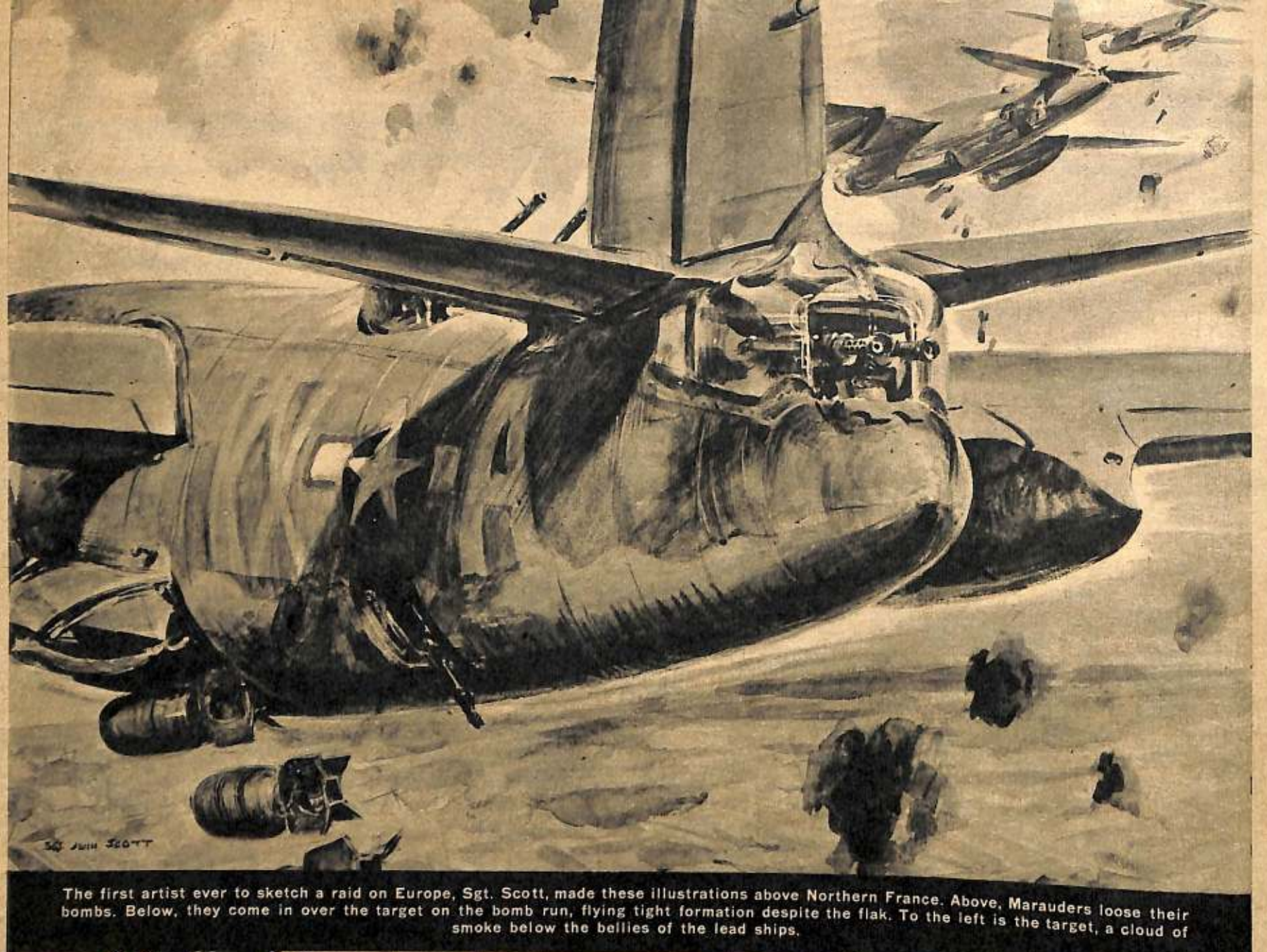
One of the men who had faith in the Marauder (when the Truman Senate Committee didn't) was a Texas Colonel, Carl Storrie, an Army pilot since 1928, who has himself flown 150 types of military aircraft and "laughed like hell the first time he flew a Marauder after hearing all that talk about it being tough." One morning a few weeks ago, Storrie's entire group took off when visibility was at 150 feet, and performed a mission. Only one airplane was lost.

Back in the States, the new pilots coming into Storrie's group were Marauder-shy. There had been too many stories about the airplane. Storrie's first indoctrination procedure was to take them for a ride in his own plane, skimming the tree-tops, flying under telephone wires, flying sometimes with the props clearing the ground by a matter, not even of feet, but of inches. Within a few weeks, the same kids were skimming the tree-tops, flying under telephone wires, in inches of the ground. When their wings brushed the shrubbery in the Florida countryside, they reported that they weren't really flying low—they just hit a low-flying green parrot. With superb ground crews servicing the planes they had gotten over the fear of engine failure. Now those same men swear by the Marauder, even as the Fortress crews say theirs is the only plane in the world. The Marauder is a fast bomber; its crews are more like fighter pilots. "But then," says Carl Storrie, in his broad Texas accent, "I guess every pilot is a *pur*suit pilot at heart." One thing is certain; most of the men in Storrie's group are.

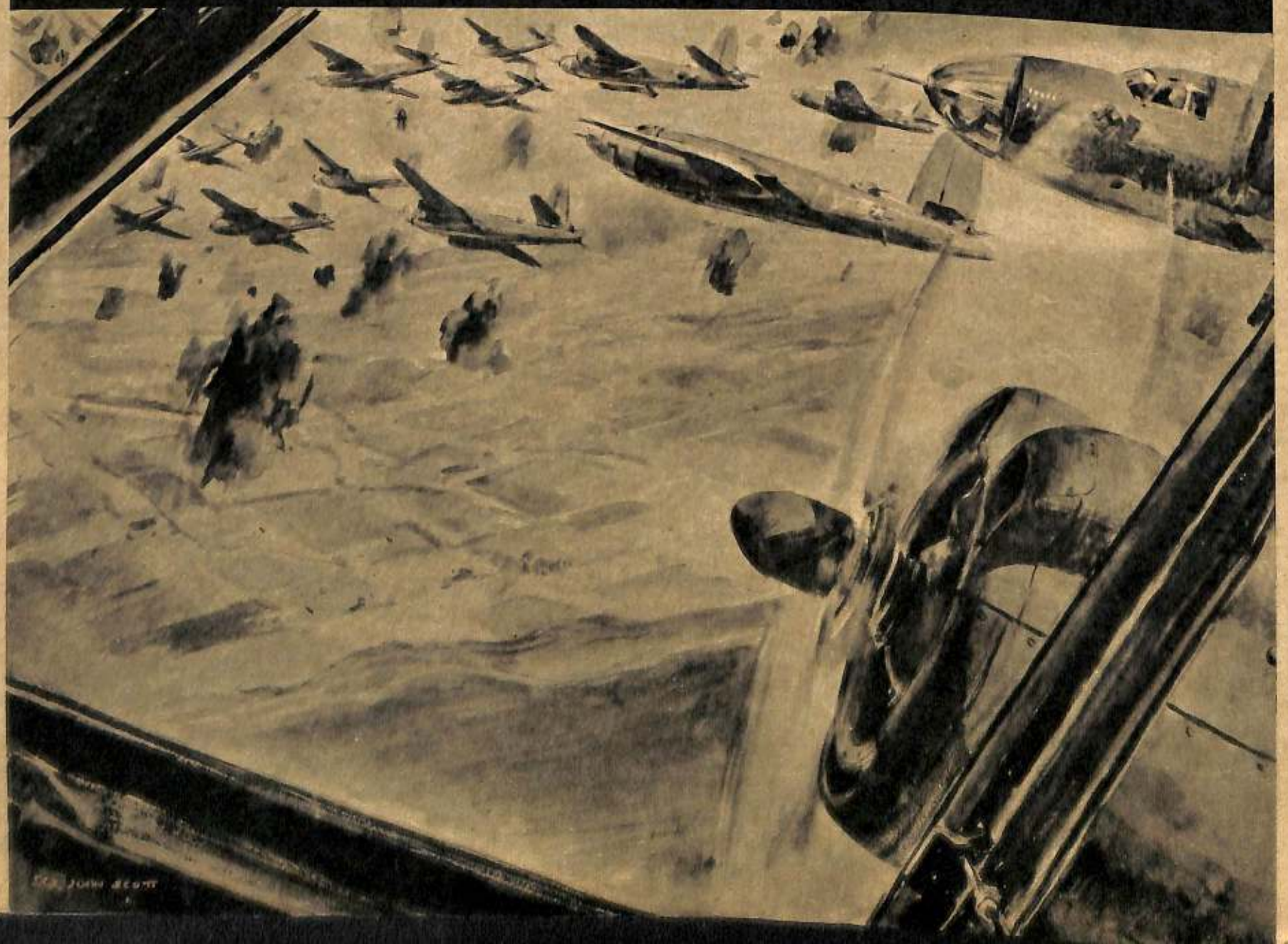
To Storrie's group, YANK sent artist John Scott to make the first actual combat illustrations of raids on Europe. Flying through the flak over France with the men whom Storrie chooses proudly to call his "little devils," Scott brought back sketches which formed the basis for the drawings on this and pages 2 and 4.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford



The first artist ever to sketch a raid on Europe, Sgt. Scott, made these illustrations above Northern France. Above, Marauders loose their bombs. Below, they come in over the target on the bomb run, flying tight formation despite the flak. To the left is the target, a cloud of smoke below the bellies of the lead ships.



Medal of Honor

A PORTRAIT OF A MAN WHO WON IT

Colonel Leon W. Johnson.

Col. Leon W. Johnson, of Moline, Kansas, speaking to the men of his Liberator group the day he was presented with America's highest decoration, the Congressional Medal of Honor, for heroism in what is now called *The Battle of Ploesti*: "I am sure that there are many who deserve the award as much, if not more, than I do, but because of the force of circumstances never received it. I cannot consider this a personal award. I consider this a citation for the leader of the group in acknowledgement of a job well done by the group."

Sept. 1904:—Leon Williams Johnson was born in Columbia, Missouri in 1904, but was brought up and educated in the small, sunbaked, dusty town of Moline, Kansas. After finishing high school where he played end on his home town football team, he worked in his father's bank for a year. Then a clipping of a photograph from a Missouri newspaper was sent to him which changed his life.

It showed a friend of his whom he had not seen for years in a West Point uniform. He decided to try for an appointment.

"My family didn't know a thing about it. I also had a couple of offers to try out for Annapolis, but I'm from the Middle West and I don't know much about the sea, never thought much about it either. I was seventeen years old when I went, and I certainly missed my home and family during those first two years away from them."

Summer, 1929:—After graduating from West Point, he served for two years in the Infantry. He took the hard, dull jobs that were assigned to him just as conscientiously as the easy ones. At one time he was mess officer at the summer camp at Fort Leavenworth. "Around 1929 I decided that things looked more interesting from the air." After he was transferred to the Air Corps he trained at Brooks and Kelly Fields, and in February 1930 went to Mitchel Field where he was stationed until 1932. Then came three years in the Philippines. He took his wife and two small, tow-haired daughters with him on many of his trips by air to China, Japan, and the East Indies, and to this day as he talks about it Johnson admits that one of his private hopes after the War is over is to go back and spend some more time in the Philippines.

January, 1943:—Colonel Johnson took over as group commander of the B-24 bomb group that went with him to Ploesti one cold, blustery January day. Colonel Frank Robinson who had commanded the group before him was deeply liked and respected by his men, and Johnson admits that he had a hard time filling his place. In his opening speech before the group, he told them that he had neither known nor expected such an abrupt appointment. He said that he would be frankly suspicious of men who did not miss their former leader and did not resent a new man when he first moved in. Johnson did not have to worry, for in three months time he and his group had reached a very active mutual understanding and respect.

March, 1943:—The two men stood there outside the barracks, watching the Libs take off in the dawn to bomb Europe. "We've never watched them go before," said the first man, a gunner. "We've always been with them."

"Yes," said the other, "Lille, Vegesack, Kiel, Heligoland, La Pallice and Bordeaux. Colonel Johnson's Eight Balls—the best Lib outfit in the Eighth Air Force they call us. And the next week they yank us off ops altogether. Prepare for a mission to be known as ——— they tell us. ——— balls. I don't get this practising on the deck at 30 feet day after day."

January, 1943:—What is Ploesti? Ploesti is fat, greasy, complacent—unctious with oozing black earth—pregnant with oil-soaked wooden derricks and glistening refineries and boiler houses—settled tauntingly on the Danubian slope between the towering Carpathians and the green Transylvanian Alps—the richest bombing target in all Europe, but protected by the most impenetrable curtain of flak in the world. Winston Churchill says: "Ploesti is the tap root of German mechanized power." In the Spring of 1941, the R.A.F. was poised to strike at Ploesti, but Greece fell, and the Wellingtons and the Halifaxes went down off Crete instead. On June 26, 1941, the attack bombers of the bravely retreating Red Air Force made one desperate stab at Ploesti, but none ever returned. On June 11, 1942, 15 American Liberators from Alexandria tried to reach Ploesti. Four of the more fortunate ones came down in Turkey. So Ploesti sits there, fat, greasy, complacent—daring its enemies to try to rape her.

Midsummer, 1943:—Their life at "Eight Balls" desert base after they moved to Africa features flies, locusts, Mediterranean bathing, and occasional weekends at Tel Aviv, the Palestine summer resort. Aerial warfare is a more open and uncomplicated affair than in the north of Europe, and as Colonel Johnson describes it a man practically had free time to read a five-hundred-page novel on some of their longer runs to Naples, Foggia, and the Littorio marshalling yards in Rome.

They have no illusions about the ordeal ahead of them.

As far as any turnbacks are concerned Colonel Johnson has always left it up to the individual conscience of his men rather than any cut and dried requirements for turning back from a raid, and so far they have never gone back on him.

July 27, 1943:—Five days before the Ploesti raid the flying crews are officially told what their target is going to be, and very few of them sleep very easily with such a prospect ahead of them.

Fifteen hours before the raid the officer who is slated to pilot Colonel Johnson's plane comes down with dysentry and Major Brandon is called in to take his place on fifteen hours notice. Colonel Johnson himself takes over the co-pilot's controls and serves as command pilot of the whole group. Just before they take off, and while standing around the plane he opens his wallet and drops a four leaf clover his wife had given him. He has a colonel and two majors down on their hands and knees looking for that clover for about fifteen minutes before they find it. But they find it.

August 1, 1943:—After the briefing in a tin hut captured from the Germans, Colonel Johnson and his Eight Balls take off from the airfield near Benghazi at 7:30 a.m. The Eight Balls are one of five carefully trained groups, three from the Eighth Air Force, and two from the Ninth.

The formation of 178 planes strikes out across the Mediterranean. The sun is shining. They hit their guiding point, an island in the Aegean, and then head in over Greece. They roar down the far slope of the Carpathians, cross the Danube at 30 feet and head for the initial point, the town of Ploesti. Everything is fine. They are coming in from the northwest. Most of the defences have been set up to the south and southwest in expectation of a little visit from the Russians. The only opposition the Libs met before they reach the target is from a flak train. The gunners of the group rip the train apart with .50 calibre slugs as they roar over at gun-muzzle height.

Then Johnson breaks off from the formation and heads one squadron of his group for his specific target—a French-owned refinery called Colombia Aquila. It produced 485,000 tons of petrol products a year, and ranks as the fourth largest refinery in Rumania.

But as the target comes within sight, the colonel's blood turns cold.

Someone had made a mistake! The target had already been bombed. It was an inferno of 1,500 foot flames and exploding time bombs.

Without a moment's hesitation, Colonel Johnson heads his group into the inferno at 30 feet. Just as the flames lap over his wings, a miracle happens. There is a tremendous explosion in the midst of the roaring mass, and an updraft opens up a tunnel of air in the flames. Johnson and six planes shoot through the tunnel. They drop their bombs. The rear gunners see the following six planes head into the inferno. The flames close in. Only one Lib out of the six comes out. Colonel Johnson's plane and the others that came out are burned jet black.

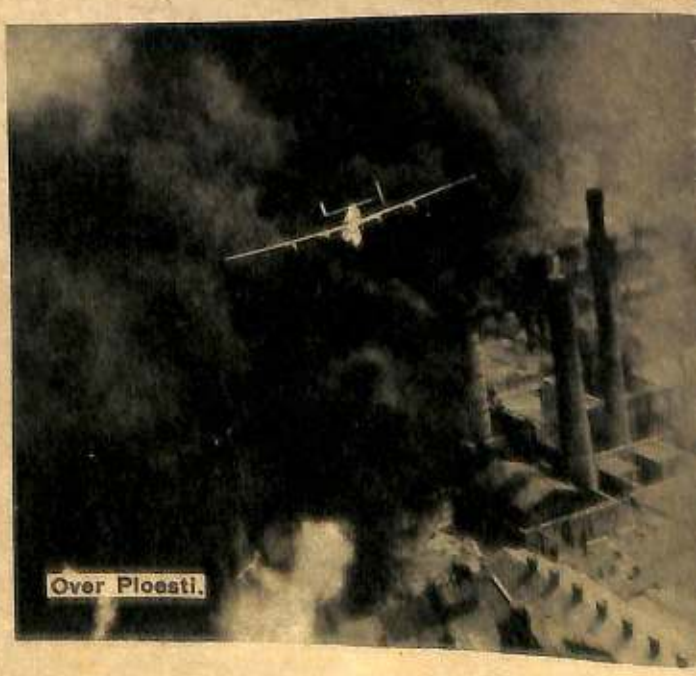
August 15, 1943:—What is Ploesti? Ploesti is black, singed, silent—spilling out of her gaping wounds on to the smoking, rotten earth the life blood of 1/5 of Adolf Hitler's war machine. Nineteen square miles of refineries are no more. The most formidable anti-aircraft defences in Europe have been breached. Out of 178 Liberators that left Benghazi, 164 bombed the targets, 54 failed to return and 8 more are interned in Turkey. Half a thousand American lives lost, but complacent, unassailable Ploesti has ceased to exist as the tap root of German mechanized power.

November 23, 1943:—Talking over his Ploesti experience three months later, Colonel Johnson feels that what he did was no greater or more dangerous than what the other group commanders who led their B-24s over Ploesti endured. He has a very small opinion of his own importance even during the raid.

"There's nothing I could have done then that would have deserved a medal, if the men who went with me had not done their duty so perfectly. The medal was given for the total destruction of the target and that is not a one-man performance. I did not do anything more than the rest of the boys, but I just happened to be sitting in the driver's seat at the time."

He wears his Congressional Medal as a custodian rather than as its legal owner, and accepts it for his group who showed all the sane and scrupulous courage of men who know that they have a job to do and only one possible way of doing it.

Cpl. JOHN PRESTON and Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON


Over Ploesti.

★ ★ ★ ★ G.I. ODYSSEY

By
T/Sgt. MILTON LEHMAN
"Stars and Stripes," Africa

FOR two weeks the company waited in southern England. Something was getting ready to happen, but he didn't know when, or where, or what it was. During those two weeks the company was on the alert, and on the basis of equipment issued, it was reliably reported on Monday that the company was going to France, on Tuesday to Alaska, on Thursday to Norway and on Saturday to Hoboken.

Getting ready to leave England, he thought about England: beer never cold enough for American taste; the train ride from Glasgow south, with the kids running along by the tracks and their parents coming out of their houses to wave their hands and make the V-sign; they were glad to see you, you to see them; the NAAFI, where you drank tea and ate cake; the ex-mayor of Salisbury, who once went to New York and met Jimmy Walker; fish and chips.

The night he didn't expect it, it happened. They packed their bags for the last time and fell in in the company square. Roll call and a truck ride to the train and a train ride all night and then, next day, up the gangplank with the A bag dragging behind, braced on the shoulder or pushed along in front, depending on whether you cared if the bottom broke open.

Crap Games

It was a long boat ride, he remembers. Chow was twice a day and between chow he relaxed on deck, watching the waves and the sea gulls riding the air currents. The crap games went on. He tried several methods. He tried the visitor technique of dropping in on one game for ten minutes, then going to another. He tried the only-so-much technique, of putting a certain amount aside, going into the first game he tripped over and coming out when the amount was gone. He tried the shoot-the-works technique. Then he went back to watching the sea gulls.

One week out he still didn't know where he was going and then they handed out the Blue Books and he knew it was Africa. They also told him what to expect when he got there: Arabs, French language and wine. He'd never seen an Arab, couldn't speak French and as for the wine . . . .

He settled back and watched the sea gulls some more.

When his convoy stopped in Oran harbor, the landing of American troops on the beaches of Morocco and Algeria had been accomplished and it was a success. In the march from the harbor through the town of Roseville, the French families came out of their houses to greet the troops. A French woman bustled up with a bottle of wine whenever the troops stopped near her house. When the bottle was empty, she went back into the house and refilled it. He decided to reserve judgment on French wine.

The first French words he learned were "Bon jour," "Vive les Américains" and "Défense d'afficher," which was painted on walls and sides of buildings. He figured it meant something like "Defend us from the Fascists," until someone explained that it was merely "Post No Bills."

The first night's bivouac was in a grain warehouse not far from the harbor. After eating his cold C rations and curling up in his blankets on the cement floor, he slept uncomfortably until five o'clock, when he was aroused by a shouting and tumult in the courtyard. "Bring your helmet," someone hollered. He hurried out with his helmet, wondering if the Luftwaffe might be upstairs. Instead, one of the boys had discovered a tremendous cask of wine in the courtyard. This particular cask had a loose cork and wine wasn't at all bad when you drank it from a steel helmet.

When a man's going somewhere he eats what he can hold in his hands.

And when he hits the deck he has something else in his hands.

In Tunisia a few PW's were taken—a hundred thousand or so.

And then everyone went to Sicily.

Five For a Franc

Oran, the first time he saw it, was in the tangerine season. On every corner Arabs with baskets were selling tangerines, five for a franc. Others were selling large oranges, three for five francs. The Arabs seemed perfectly happy to accept American dollars, called him Johnny and said they would be pleased to accept American cigarettes, chewing gum and candy. Other Arabs were selling shoe shines for practically nothing at all.

It was a pleasure to have someone else shine your shoes, even if what they called "American polish" was apparently a mixture of cheese and red wine. Arabs who were selling neither shoe shines nor tangerines and oranges were driving uphill short, unhappy burros, loaded down with much more equipment than he could stuff into a full field pack. He never saw a burro being driven downhill and he never saw one walking along of its own accord. There was always an Arab beside him, beating him with a stick. He decided to reserve judgment on Arabs.

His company stayed outside Oran for a month, pitching their puptents in a field. During this month, he learned a great deal about fields and about puptents. The rains came and the field turned to mud and it was always a source of pride to him that he was able to get out of his puptent for reveille without sliding back into it. It had been his previous impression that Africa was all desert. His month in the field changed this impression.

In Oran he met his first French girl, who couldn't speak English, but that didn't matter much because her little brother, who wore thick shell glasses, could speak English and curiously managed to be on hand interpreting for him every time he saw her. He would say, "Baby, you're solid, you're A-1, you're out of the world." After her little brother got through translating and he noticed the strange look in her eye, he decided to reserve judgment on French girls.

"La Lumière"

And in Oran he saw his first air raid and his first French movie on the same night. The French movie didn't take long. After sitting through ten minutes of it, in which he became so rattled by the French language that he had the villain and the hero hopelessly confused and thought the butler's daughter was the queen of England, he walked out of the theater into the air raid. There he saw the French air raid warden, who was shouting at the excited townspeople, "Vite à l'abri!" and shouting up at the fifth floor of an apartment house, "La lumière, la lumière!" Nobody paid much attention and the air raid warden seemed pleased to stop and talk to him while the ack-ack tracers and spotlights searched for the Jerry planes overhead. It was a fine air raid. The sky looked like a Christmas tree and Jerry either decided to change his mind, or else he didn't have Oran in mind in the first place.

When he left Oran, the price of tangerines had gone up to three for five francs, oranges were five francs each and a shoe shine boy demanded the words "Allez" or "Emshay" if you didn't want a shine and five francs if you did. He was glad when it came time to get going. He travelled east by troop train, which moved slowly along its narrow gauge tracks, not seeming to care very much about its destination or time of arrival. Between the long stretches of sandy waste were cornfields and vineyards, still in a scrubby condition, and near them were the Arab villages, with huts built of stucco. Every time the train passed one of these villages, the Arabs would all rush to the gate, holding up eggs, tangerines and sheepskins. Occasionally he saw a well-dressed Arab, wearing clean white garments and a white beard, who appeared to look down his nose at the salesmanship of the younger generation as well as the speed of the train, which the gentleman seemed to consider reckless.

Tunisian Visit

After the train ride, he saw Tunisia, from the sights of his M-1 rifle. He fought in the ridges of northern Tunisia, where the Americans, who had almost reached Tunis and Bizerta in the early weeks of the campaign, maintained constant pressure on the Germans and learned to use their artillery. He fought at Kasserine Pass when the Germans broke through the thin American lines, and he fought at Kasserine when the line formed again and the air force sent in everything but the field range to pound the Germans.

He fought at El Guettar when the 10th German panzers tried to break through in April, and he held his ground. He met the British 8th Army on the road between Gafsa and Gabes, said "Hello, you bloody limey," and shook hands. Then he and the 8th Army headed north and Col.-Gen. Jurgin von Arnim and his forces headed north at a little faster pace. On the same day the British drove into Tunis, he arrived in Bizerta. A few weeks later the campaign was over in Cape Bon and he helped to build a guardhouse for a few hundred thousand Axis prisoners.

Sea Bathing

After Tunisia, he waited again. He bathed in the Mediterranean, which was a good bit better than trying to crawl inside a helmet with a bar of soap and call it a bathtub. He rested up and then he went back into training. And he waited. Something was going to happen again. France this time, Italy this time, nobody knew, but something was going to happen.

One day he climbed aboard a landing craft, invasion, and promptly climbed off. He tried it again, just for size. And then, once again, he climbed aboard. He could carry his barracks bag on his shoulder this time. When the guidebooks were passed around, he knew it was Sicily, the beachhead to Europe. For the first few days it was a mighty thin beachhead, but he held it. A few days later he saw Licata, his first Italian town.

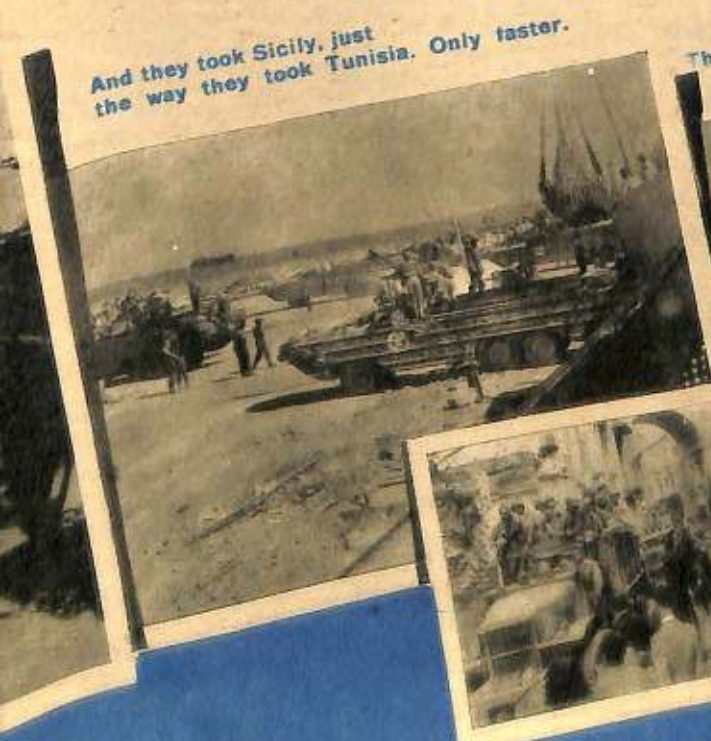
Licata was small, Licata was dirty, but he was welcome to it. The Sicilians brought him wine, melons, grapes and bread. It was not until later that he realized that the Sicilians didn't have much bread for themselves. And by that time they were already asking him for cigarettes and caramelli, were asking him to solve all their problems.

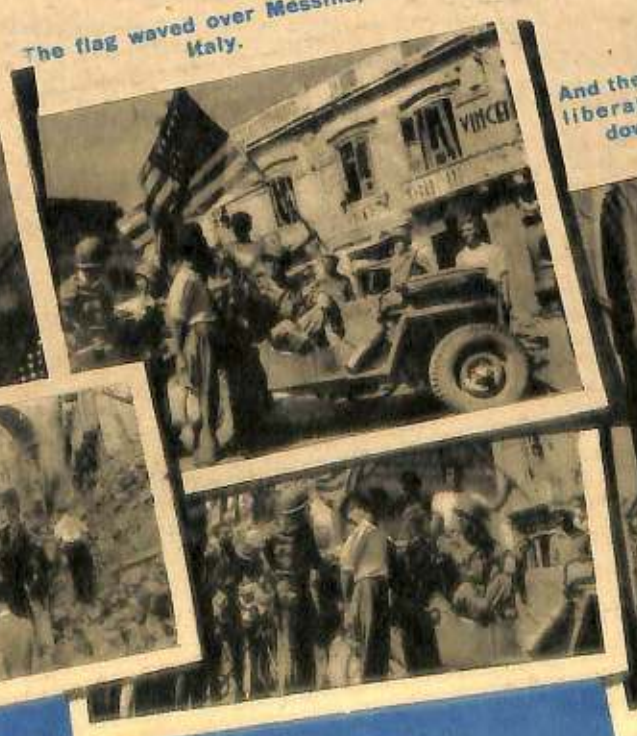
During the drive north to Palermo and east to Messina, he saw Sicily. In each town it was the same: a few of the hardier citizens came to the outskirts to welcome him even before the Germans had pulled out; when the Germans were gone, the streets overflowed with Sicilians, who shook his hand fiercely, asked him if he was a resident of Brooklyn and showered him with tribute; white flags and Sicilians hung from the windows of the two-story houses in the narrow streets; in the mountain caves above the towns, where many Sicilians had gone with their household possessions to wait out the shelling and bombing, peace had returned and the cave-dwellers came back to the city streets to join in the cheering; the Duce signs on the walls of buildings, urging the people to believe, obey and fight, were not scrubbed out until later, evidently because no one thought them very important at the time.

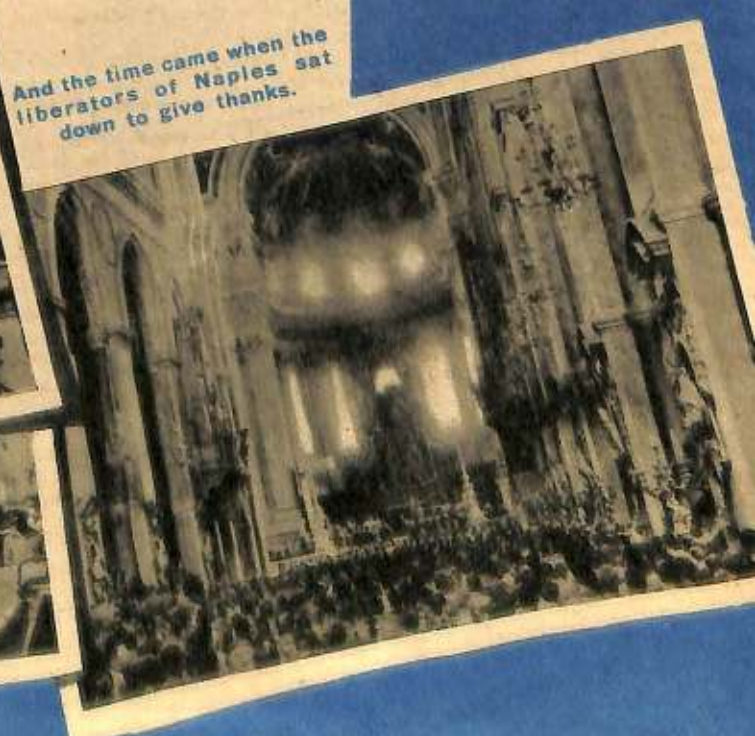
"Caro Mio"

He met his first Sicilian girl, who couldn't speak English. She had flashing eyes, dark complexion and also a brother. Her brother, who had lived in Brooklyn, promptly volunteered to act as translator. "You're on the beam," he said to the brother. "You're on the beam," he says, brother told his sister. "Caro mio," said the sister.

In the big Sicilian towns, he almost always found a Via Roma, a Road to Rome. When the Sicilian campaign was over, he waited awhile and then he set out on this road, beginning at the beach at Salerno. It was rough on the early days at the beach. Although the Italians had dropped out of the Axis and were ready to welcome him as a long-lost brother, the Germans had a somewhat different idea. He changed this idea for them, held the beach, moved up to the road and started north. He arrived in Naples, where all the welcomes he had received before were multiplied a thousandfold. He went through Naples, hailed as a liberator, and the people of Naples cried when they saw him and pointed north toward the Eternal City. He stopped at the side of the road to Rome to open a can of C rations and then he continued on his way.


And they took Sicily, just the way they took Tunisia. Only faster.


The flag waved over Messina, by Italy.


And the time came when the liberators of Naples sat down to give thanks.

GI INSURANCE

"When the chips are down a man starts thinkin' about his family."

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

NOT long ago at a staging area on the West Coast several hundred soldiers settled down on their barracks bags to listen while a young sober-faced second lieutenant extolled the virtues of National Service Life Insurance.

"Men," he began solemnly, "life insurance is what steps into your shoes when you, so to speak, step out of them. It is a sound investment based on actuarial statistics compiled ——"

The men didn't listen long. Before the officer finished his second sentence, some of his audience were sound asleep and dreaming. Others were thinking about Hedy Lamarr, which is the same thing.

Hours later the regiment was crammed on a transport, steaming through the darkness toward parts unknown. Suddenly, when they were about 30 miles out, the boat swerved slightly, righted itself, swerved slightly again and then began nosing gradually around until its course was completely reversed. Rumors spread nervously from deck to deck. No one knew why, but the troopship was heading back to port.

By noon, less than two hours after they reentered the harbor, hundreds of serious-looking GIs tracked down the lieutenant, put their John Henrys on the dotted line and walked away with solid chunks of National Service Life Insurance. Others who were already insured upped their policies to the maximum of $10,000. The sober-faced lieutenant was smiling. His outfit had set a new record: 99 percent of all personnel insured; average policy, $9,500.

"It was amazing," he beamed later. "The way those fellows flocked around for insurance you'd have thought the ship's captain and I were in cahoots or something. It just goes to show you, when the chips are down a man starts thinkin' about his family."

Either that outfit was remarkably hard to get or the lieutenant lacked normal powers of persuasion, because ordinarily, whether the chips are up or down, National Service Life Insurance sells faster than short beers on a sultry Sunday at Coney Island.

Today, approximately three years after its creation by Congress, NSLI is the biggest insurance business of its kind in history, with more than 70 billion dollars worth of policies chalked up for the Army alone. The exact number of policies currently in force is a military secret, but the Army makes no secret of the fact that more than 95 percent of its personnel is now insured at an average rate of $9,000. In addition, 99.9 percent of all recruits at reception centers—and they're still being inducted at a terrific rate—take out policies that average just under the top, $10,000.

Naturally this incredible mushrooming of GI life insurance has caused considerable confusion in some quarters. Only a small percentage of the millions of men now kicking in with six or seven bucks a month for NSLI ever gave life insurance a tumble as civilians. Many guys, confronted for the first time by such fancy trade names as conversion, term plan, cash surrender value, reserve, etc., are asking a lot of questions. Typical is this letter from a private in New Caledonia:

"Some fast-talking shavetail sold us NSLI with plenty of blitz—and I mean blitz—but I have yet to hear him explain exactly what it is, what real advantages it has for our dependents now, or how we as surviving policyholders can maybe benefit by it in the future. We don't want any flowery sales talk—we simply want the facts.

"For instance, we'd like to know if you can exchange National Service Life Insurance for some other form of Government insurance on which you can save and borrow money, like the forms civilian companies offer.

"If other forms of insurance are available, should a fellow change his policy now, or should he hold onto the form he has?

"If you can change to another kind of policy, how do you go about it?

"Can you keep Government insurance after the war, or after you're discharged?

"If a guy kicks off, how are his beneficiaries paid, in a lump sum or so much a month?

"Will this insurance ever pay off with dividends while we're living?"

To get the answers to these questions and to iron out the wrinkles in the insurance picture generally, YANK interviewed the higher brass in the AGO and top officials of the Veterans Administration, the agency that administers Federal laws governing veterans' benefits. Here's the dope.

Conversion of Policies

To begin with, National Service Life Insurance is originally issued to you on what it called a *five-year level premium term plan*. But don't let that label throw you. It simply means that your policy is good for five years at monthly rates that remain the same throughout the five-year period. With this policy goes the privilege of conversion; that is, you can exchange it while in force for any of three other types of Government insurance at any time after your five-year-term policy has been in effect for any one year within the five-year-term period.

As matters now stand under the terms of the NSLI Act of 1940, you must exchange your term policy for one of the other types by the end of the five-year period, or your insurance automatically expires. But you won't have to worry about that problem for a while yet. For even if you're the low-draft-number type who got in on the first issue of GI insurance in October 1940, you still have a couple of years to go before your five-year term elapses. Furthermore you probably won't have to worry then either because most authorities are agreed that the act will be amended before 1945 to permit five-year term renewals, as was done for veterans of the first World War.

If you've had your insurance for one year or longer, the three types to which you can now convert are:

1) Ordinary Life Policy, which gives you the maximum amount of permanent insurance protection ($10,000) at the lowest rates, the premiums being payable throughout your life.

2) 20-Payment Life Policy, which also gives you the maximum amount of insurance, but after 20 years of payments your policy becomes paid up and you remain insured the rest of your life.

3) 30-Payment Life Policy, ditto, except you have to keep up the payments for 30 years before the policy becomes paid up.

All of these policies cost more dough than five-year-term policies, but there's a special reason for this. Your five-year-term policy is strictly war-risk insurance, having no cash value to you at all. You pay the premiums for as long as you choose during the five-year period, and when you cease to pay, you cease to be insured. Any one of the converted types, on the other hand, provides for an accumulating cash value, and after you've held one of these converted policies for one year you can borrow money on it or discontinue it entirely by drawing out the cash reserve you've built up. In other words, aside from protecting your dependents, converted policies can be used as savings accounts.

They pay off, too. Here is an example. Say you're 25 and you have $10,000 worth of NSLI five-year term. To keep that insurance in force you're ante-ing up $6.70 every month. At the end of five years, if you allow the insurance to lapse, there will be no refund, no kitty; your policy will be worth exactly nothing. But now let's say that instead of permitting your five-year-term policy to lapse, you decide to convert after one year to *ordinary life*, issued at age 25 as of the same date as your five-year-term policy. Your monthly premiums jump from $6.70 to $13.70, but at the end of five years, if things get tough and you can't meet the payments, you may drop the whole thing and collect $457.60, which is the cash reserve a $10,000 *ordinary life policy* (age 25) accumulates in that time. In 10 years the cash value of such $10,000 *ordinary life policy* rises to $989.40; in 20 years to $2,305.

How to Convert

There are two ways by which you can convert. 1) If you want your new policy to be effective as of the same date as your five-year-term policy, you pay current monthly premiums and the cash reserve on the policy you select, less the reserve

We all own Army life insurance but how many of us know exactly how it works? This article throws some light on the subject.

(if any) on the five-year-term policy. That means that the premium rate on your new policy will be the rate for your age at the time you took out your five-year-term policy. **2)** If you don't want to pay up the cash reserve, you can convert as of a current date and pay at the premium rate for your age at time of conversion.

The other converted types, *20-payment life* and *30-payment life*, have much higher cash values, and their monthly rates are correspondingly higher. This table shows the monthly rates at various ages for each $1,000 worth of insurance:

Age	5-Year Term	Ordinary life	20-payment	30-payment
18	$0.64	$1.18	$1.91	$1.49
20	.65	1.23	1.96	1.54
25	.67	1.37	2.12	1.67
30	.71	1.56	2.31	1.83
35	.76	1.80	2.53	2.03
40	.85	2.12	2.82	2.30
45	.99	2.54	3.18	2.67

At any time after the end of the first policy year the cash reserve of any converted policy can be used **1)** to buy such an amount of paid-up insurance as that reserve will cover or **2)** to extend the original amount of insurance for such a term as the reserve will pay for.

Here are three tables showing comparatively the guaranteed values of a $1,000 policy for the 25-year-old age group (remember, the five-year term policy has no cash, paid-up insurance or extended insurance value):

ORDINARY LIFE

End of policy year	Cash value	Paid-up insurance	Extension Years	Extension Days	End of policy year	Cash value	Paid-up insurance	Extension Years	Extension Days
1	$8.60	$23.78	1	34	13	$134.77	$304.26	15	355
2	17.47	47.55	2	87	14	147.39	326.76	16	297
3	26.61	71.28	3	158	15	160.36	349.05	17	190
4	36.04	94.99	4	249	16	173.67	371.09	18	41
5	45.76	118.66	5	354	17	187.34	392.91	18	215
6	55.77	142.24	7	111	18	201.37	414.49	18	352
7	66.09	165.75	8	240	19	215.77	435.81	19	91
8	76.72	189.18	10	6	20	230.50	456.82	19	165
9	87.67	212.47	11	133	25	309.14	556.79	19	197
10	98.94	235.64	12	244	30	394.11	646.17	18	220
11	110.55	258.68	13	325	35	482.33	723.44	17	32
12	122.49	281.56	14	364	40	570.12	788.20	15	145

20-PAYMENT LIFE

1	$17.81	$49.24	2	110	13	$287.07	$648.09	31	51
2	36.24	98.63	4	294	14	314.97	698.27	32	126
3	55.31	148.16	7	193	15	343.86	748.47	33	188
4	75.06	197.84	10	166	16	373.77	798.65	34	263
5	95.49	247.61	13	195	17	404.76	848.91	36	27
6	116.64	297.48	16	241	18	436.85	899.18	37	269
7	138.54	347.45	19	236	19	470.12	949.55	40	40
8	161.21	397.48	22	121	20	504.58	1,000.00	..	...
9	184.66	447.52	24	237	25	555.22	.....	..	...
10	208.95	497.64	26	232	30	609.92	.....	..	...
11	234.09	547.76	28	124	35	666.72	.....	..	...
12	260.12	597.92	29	300	40	723.24	.....	..	...

30-PAYMENT LIFE

1	$12.30	$34.00	1	210	13	$195.94	$442.35	22	227
2	25.01	68.07	3	91	14	214.70	475.98	23	210
3	38.14	102.16	5	9	15	234.06	509.47	24	139
4	51.71	136.30	6	329	16	254.04	542.82	25	24
5	65.73	170.44	8	321	17	274.67	576.07	25	234
6	80.22	204.60	10	333	18	295.96	609.18	26	50
7	95.19	238.73	12	356	19	317.93	642.15	26	206
8	110.66	272.84	15	4	20	340.59	675.00	26	343
9	126.63	306.89	16	340	25	464.99	837.49	28	286
10	143.13	340.88	18	242	30	609.92	1,000.00	..	...
11	160.17	374.79	20	68	35	666.72	.....	..	...
12	177.77	408.63	21	183	40	723.24	.....	..	...

In addition, each of the above policies has a loan value of 94 percent of the cash value, the 6 percent being retained to insure payment of the interest, which is 5 percent per year. However, when the amount of your indebtedness equals or exceeds the cash value, your policy automatically folds up and becomes void.

National Service Life Insurance is the cheapest insurance you can buy because **1)** the Government bears all the expense of administration, **2)** pays the excess mortality cost and the cost of the waiver of premiums on account of total disability when death or disability is traceable to the extra hazard of the military service, and **3)** derives no profit whatever from the operation.

Should You Convert Now?

Generally speaking, unless you have a lot of excess dough, the wisest thing to do at present is to hold onto your five-year-term insurance, rather than convert to one of the three other types of NSLI available. Here are some of the reasons:

Economy. Term insurance, since you pay for straight war-risk insurance only, costs much less than the other types, although your dependents are fully protected.

Future Benefits. Responsible officials predict that Congress will liberalize the NSLI Act before 1945, permitting, among other things, term renewals. But if you convert now, you can't at a later time reconvert to five-year-term insurance and so reap whatever benefits may be forthcoming for the holders of five-year policies.

Savings. The extra money you would divvy up for a cash reserve on one of the converted types would draw only 3 percent interest. For purposes of saving, therefore, that money (representing the difference between what you pay for five-year term and what you would pay for one of the converted types) could be socked more profitably elsewhere—say, in Soldiers' Deposits, where you can get 4 percent on your savings.

Dividends. Your five-year-term policy, according to those in the know, may very well pay off in dividends some day. Here is how the Veterans Administration provides for dividends:

"A NSLI policy shall participate in and receive such dividends from gains and savings as may be determined by the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs. Savings on account of deferred mortality and interest earnings in excess of the amount required to maintain the necessary reserves constitute a surplus fund from which dividends may be apportioned and paid to the policyholders. Any dividends so apportioned shall be paid in cash, unless the insured shall request that they be left on deposit to accumulate at such rate of interest as the Administrator may determine, which interest shall be compounded and credited annually: *Provided*, that any dividends that may be apportioned to a *five-year level premium term policy* shall be paid in cash. Dividend accumulations may be withdrawn by the insured at any time while the policy is in force and if not previously withdrawn shall be payable at the maturity of the policy to the person entitled to its proceeds."

Q. *How does a guy exchange his five-year-term insurance for another type?*

A. The form you use is Veterans Administration Form 358. If your CO has none, write to the Director of Insurance, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C., and change your allotment accordingly.

Q. *In the event of my death, how will my beneficiaries be paid?*

A. If your primary beneficiary is less than 30 years of age at the time of your death, the payment will be made by the Government in 240 equal monthly installments, or for 20 years, at the rate of $5.51 per month for each $1,000 of insurance in force. If your primary beneficiary is 30 or over at the time of your death, he or she will be paid equal monthly installments for 120 months certain at the rate provided for the attained age of the beneficiary, the payments in installments continuing during the remaining lifetime of such beneficiary. For example, a $10,000 policy would pay to your beneficiary:

If under 30 years of age, a monthly income for 20 years $55.10
If 30 years of age, a monthly income for life of 39.70
If 40 years of age, a monthly income for life of 45.00
If 50 years of age, a monthly income for life of 53.90
If 60 years of age, a monthly income for life of 68.10

Increased benefits for higher ages.

Q. *If my beneficiary dies, who would collect on my policy?*

A. The unpaid installments remaining at the death of your beneficiary will be paid at the same rate and, unless otherwise designated by you, to the following in the order named: **1)** To your widow or widower, if living; **2)** If no widow, to your child or children (including adopted children), in equal shares; **3)** If no widow or child, to your parents, in equal shares; **4)** If no widow, children or parents, to your brothers and sisters (including those of half-blood), in equal shares.

Q. *When I took out my insurance I made my mother first-choice beneficiary. Since then I got married. Can I change my beneficiary so that my wife will share in my policy?*

A. Yes; write to the Director of Insurance, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C., requesting that your beneficiary be changed to read: To my wife (full name) and my mother (full name) in equal shares.

Q. *What's the advantage of early conversion?*

A. The sooner you convert the lower your age and the lower your premiums.

Q. *If I get a CDD where would I pay my premiums?*

A. Send your checks or money orders to the Collections Subdivision, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

Q. *If, upon my discharge, I fail to pay a premium due on the first of the month or on the monthly anniversary of my policy, how long will my insurance remain in effect?*

A. You get what they call a grace period of 31 days.

Q. *If I don't get my payment in before the grace period ends, do I lose the insurance?*

A. Yes. In order to get the insurance back you'll have to tender all premiums in arrears with interest thereon at 5 percent and make an application on Veterans Administration Insurance Form 353, and you'll be required to state in the application that you're in as good health as on the due date of the first premium you didn't pay, provided your insurance has not lapsed for a period longer than six months immediately following your discharge. If the lapse occurs thereafter or continues for a longer time, you will be required to show good health by medical examination conducted by an authorized physician.

Q. *Can a creditor, either of mine or my beneficiary, attach or secure an assignment of the benefits of my policy in order to cover a debt?*

A. No; NSLI policies are free from the claims of civil creditors and may not be assigned.

Q. *Who determines whether a guy is totally disabled or not?*

A. The Administrator of Veterans' Affairs.

Q. *If I'm totally disabled and the Government makes the payments on my policy for me, is the face amount of that policy decreased?*

A. No; the policy continues just as if you were doing the paying.

Next of Kin

A final word about the designation of beneficiaries. You ought to make sure that you have both a first- and second-choice beneficiary designated on your policy. If you omit a second-choice, it can cause a lot of trouble, as this case from the VA files abundantly shows: A veteran died, leaving $5,000 insurance payable to his father. Before his father received any payments, he died. It then went to the next of kin. In a matter of days the Veterans Administration was swamped by applications from the following relatives: nine brothers, six sisters, six uncles, six aunts, 23 nephews, 19 nieces, six brothers-in-law, eight sisters-in-law and a stepmother.

They worked it out okay, though. They awarded the insurance to his 15 brothers and sisters in monthly installments of $1.72 each.

Any More Questions?

GI insurance is much too complicated a deal to be covered in one article like this. If you have any problems not answered here, send them to *Life Insurance Editor*, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. We'll do our best to dig up the answers for you.

Nine brothers, six sisters, six uncles, six aunts, 23 nephews, 19 nieces, six brothers-in-law, eight sisters-in-law and a stepmother tried to claim his insurance money

Yanks at Home in the ETO

22-passenger jeep (or did we miss one?) makes a handy portable classroom for a batch of English schoolboys out to learn how the Yanks do things.

Thanksgiving . . .

FOR the benefit of those Etousians who for one reason or another spent Thursday on K.P., gorging themselves with turkey and indignation, we pass along a little memory of the Thanksgiving we spent in training camp a great many (at least two) years ago. A week or so before the day, they brought into our barracks a conceited clown who claimed to be a great pal of everybody from President Roosevelt down, and who had been picked up AWOL in a two-bit saloon. To keep him busy while awaiting disciplinary action, they put him on steady duty in the mess hall. Came the festive Thursday and we filed in for our fancy vittals. The AWOL gent was there, poking around with the pots and pans, and as we shuffled by we innocently asked him how he liked doing K.P. on Thanksgiving. "K.P.?" he replied, drawing his swill-splashed self erect with all the hauteur he could muster. "I ain't on K.P. I'm the cook's helper."

. . . And Christmas

We spent an evening last week riffling through the dog-eared pages of a book in which our old London friend, the Mostyn Red Cross Club, has invited its guests to jot down what they would most like to have sent them from the States in the way of a Christmas present. It's an illuminating and moving document, all right, though just what the Mostyn people, who hopefully asked for suggestions "which will meet with postal regulations," will be able to do with the dope they've collected we have no idea. Wives, moms, pops, and sweethearts top the list, closely followed by the sunshine of California and Florida—all commodities which the average postal clerk is likely to be leery about handling.

Oh, there are a few entries, of course, that come to grips with reality. Those who asked for golf balls, cigarette lighters, and fountain pens, for instance, may get their wish; even a discharge or a dead Hitler is within the realm of possibility. But the average of such requests is relatively low. Most of the boys who went to work on the book let their fancies ride high, and whether you conclude from it that good old G.I. Joe Jackson is a sucker for Santa Claus or has no use for the bewhiskered gent, depends on how you read between the lines.

As a matter of fact, you can't conclude anything much except that there's probably no end to the notions an overseas cap can hatch. Here's Cpl. Sam Marotta, of Newark, N.J., for example, who more than anything else in the world wants "a zoot suit and a female hepcat." And here's the entry of Pfc. Robert F. Rhoades, of Easthampton, Mass., plainly a fellow who really knows how to snap out of a dream: "My wife and lots of lovin'. P. S. Socks."

With Cpl. Joe Faineli, of Pittsburgh, it's just the other way around. "Hot sausage," writes Joe, "and my wife." A sergeant we'll call Smith, from Indiana, walks into the Mostyn and notes simply that he wants "My wife." And right away he's followed by another sergeant—a Christmassy sprite from Brooklyn—who steps up to the desk and writes, "Smith's wife." Noel, Noel.

A Cpl. Whittaker, of Oklahoma, wants "a rowboat and two sets of oars," and may have something there, although he's so deadpan about it that you can't be sure. The same goes for T/Sgt. Costello, of Ohio, who, when he hears the patter of reindeer feet on the roof, thinks only of "one bottle of bay rum for drinking and gargling." To Pvt. Arthur Halpert, of Albuquerque, N. Mex., Christmas will be complete if he gets "a box of cigars and a violin." To S/Sgt. T. E. Rafferty, of Osceola Mills, Pa., it's a matter of "my barber *or* a violin."

Pvt. John Ruschak, of Wyano, Pa., will be obliged if some one will wrap up and send "the whole 160 miles of the Penna. Turnpike." Pvt. Tony Somebody (we can almost see him, though we couldn't make out his last name) wants nothing more of this vale of tears than "my girl Shrimpy and a discharge." Sgt. Charles B. Spittal, of Valparaiso, Ind., the G.I. Omar Khayyam, would find sufficient paradise in "a loaf of white bread, a good Tom Collins, and two hours of Glenn Miller music." T/5 Rayas, of San Antonio, Tex., also has a yen for music; in fact, it's driving him nuts and he knows it. "Count Basie's Orchestra at Hammersmith," he writes, adding: "Am I dreamin'?" Take it easy, old man. What you need is a long sea voyage.

And so it goes. Spaghetti with meatballs, a jeep with side curtains, a grandstand seat at Ebbets Field, Scotch, bourbon, moonshine, "the guy that married my girl friend," loaded dice, three more years in the Army, even brussels sprouts and a lovely English girl—they're all there and plenty more, too. We thought we might wind up with the wish expressed by a forthright Massachusetts soldier who would like to see on one side of his Christmas tree "Baked beans," and on the other "Troop movement to get this damn war over with." That, however, would mean leaving out one Pvt. Marshall Zucker, who doesn't ask much of the world but who, at this nineteen hundred and forty-third Yule season, does venture to hope that someone will send him his barracks bags.

All The News That's Fit To Print

So far as we know, the first official newsie in the ETO is Pfc. Oscar Spielberg, who hails from the Bronx, N. Y.—but strictly—and operates at a stand which Special Service built for him at an 8th Air Force Fighter Station hereabouts. It's got plenty of class, this newsstand, a lot more than the job Pfc. Spielberg used to run back at the corner of Grand Concourse and Fordham Road, and, though the variety of its wares are limited to *Stars and Stripes* and YANK, we're happy to say that the newsie reports no kick coming from his customers.

Or, rather, just one kick—and we give you our man Oscar's own version of that: "Everything was going swell," he says. "The guys that didn't have the change I would trust, something I would never do in Grand Concourse and Fordham Road. They were all paying me back on the day the British eagle sits around here. Nobody was asking for personal delivery service and ripped copies went as easy as whole copies. Then this happens.

"A mug by name of Paul Klinger—he's nothing more than a Pfc., also, see?—comes up to my stand and says, very fancy, 'Newsboy, I should like to have a copy of the *Berwick Enterprise*.' I look at him, figuring Berwick's some berg around here, and I tell him, 'Come back tomorrow, Bud.' Well, he comes back tomorrow—and for a week straight, even on a Sunday, when I am not operational, asking for the *Berwick Enterprise*. It seems he won't take what's good enough for everybody else in this camp—our own *Stars and Stripes* and YANK. No, that's not good enough for him. I even offer him some British Racing Forms, which I'm saving to send home to my mom on Mother's Day.

"After a week of this bothering, I ask him near where is this *Berwick Enterprise* printed, and if it is a newspaper or what.

"'My good man,' he says to me, 'of course it is a newspaper and I am surprised you never heard of it. For your information, it has a paid circulation of 3,465, and Berwick is in Pennsylvania, right near Walpwallopen, Mocanaqua, and Shickshinny.'

"I got rid of him quick when I heard such words. I sent him to the Red Cross. They straightened him out. They let him read the *Bronx Home News*."

Pfc. Oscar Spielberg, who used to pedal "Duh Joinal" in the Bronx, now peddles "Stars and Stripes" and "Yank" at an 8th Air Force Fighter Station in the ETO.

A Week of War

Concerning Aryans, honorary Aryans, and a couple of kettles of water—one hot, one lukewarm.

WEST of Kiev the Germans were giving it the old college try. General von Manstein was counter-attacking at Chernyakhov and Korostishev. He had been counter-attacking for nine days. The Germans had retaken Zhitomir, and it was the first time that they had retaken a city reported captured by the Russians in one of Joseph Stalin's Orders of the Day. They were doing all they could to keep the Russians out of what, in 1938, had been Poland. They were throwing in everything in a last desperate hope of stemming the Russian tide. Evidently the Germans thought they could hold in the Dnieper Bend; too, they had to try and stop the Russians west of Kiev because from that Soviet break-through could develop a gigantic pincers that could cut off every German who now crouched over his sights or his stove in the Bend. The Germans had no choice. They had to launch a counter-attack or find themselves pushed right back to the Wilhelmstrasse.

So they tried it west of Kiev. The Russians fell back gracefully and let the Germans come on for a few miles. The Nazis were able to work up considerable pressure as they were using a couple of hundred thousand men and a solid array of tanks on a small front. But they could get only so far and no farther. The Russians held. In battles such as they were fighting it was reserves that told in the last analysis and the Russians could afford to wait. Their reserves outnumbered the Germans. They could let the counter-attack tire itself out and then they could move on again. That was the best way to do it.

And meanwhile the Russians were letting no steppes grow under their feet in the Dnieper Bend itself, south-west of Dnepropetrovsk and south of Kremenchug. Fighting was heavy here, too. In one day 190 German tanks were destroyed. But there was no doubt that the Russian drive had been somewhat slowed. The Germans, putting up vicious resistance, were almost holding their own again. It was hard to say how long it would last. In various sections of the front snow was falling, and snow had always been the Nazi Nemesis. Certainly no German in Russia was looking forward to a winter campaign; they had had too many of them already.

There was a good chance that General Vatutin, the Russian commander in the Kiev salient, was merely letting the Germans exhaust themselves quicker than they would have ordinarily done. The Russians are a patient people; and if the Nazis wanted to batter back at Kiev they would probably be willing to wait a couple of weeks while the Germans battered themselves out. Then the advance toward the Polish border and the end of the war would go just that much more smoothly.

With Berlin on the receiving end of the two heaviest R.A.F. raids of the war the German people could take small comfort from the fact that the Russian front seemed to be temporarily stabilized. There was no rest for Germany. If one front quieted another would flare up; if the embers of one died down another would burst into livid flame.

At the moment the Italian front seemed to be only embers. It was a long, slow process in Italy, a process that carried unpleasant echoes of the Flanders of the First World War. Dirty going and difficult going blocked the Allied advance time and again. It began to look as though the weight of the war might shift away from Italy after all. First news of this possibility came from Moscow. The Moscow Conference had decided a lot of things, and among the things decided had been the Second Front, that nebulous disaster that had for so long occupied minds of men.

ON the other side of the world the Japanese did not have to guess what was contemplated. They already knew. The landing barges were running up on the beaches in the Gilbert Islands, and U. S. Marines were coming off them. They had made landings on four islands of the group—on Apamamam, on Wemama, on Makin and on Tarawa. This was perhaps the most important offensive step the Allies had taken in the South Pacific, for the Gilbert Islands are on the way to Truk, and Truk is what holds the Japanese Navy together in the Pacific. The Americans were cocky about things. They said right out that this was the first step on the way from Hawaii to Tokyo and that the U. S. fleet had been looking for the Japanese fleet, and worse luck, couldn't find it anywhere. There was no longer any doubt how the balance of naval power stood in the Pacific. The American Navy had long since rectified its Pearl Harbor losses and had even managed to add a substantial number of ships to those it had had to begin with. Now the Navy wanted a good crack at the Japs, but the Japs weren't having any, thank you. There was, however, a very good chance that the assault on the Gilbert Islands would draw out the Japanese fleet if anything would, though there was really no way of telling. The Allied attacks on the Northern Solomons had failed to bring it out in any great strength. Nevertheless, the Japanese Navy couldn't stay out of sight for ever. Eventually it would have to come out in the open. And when it did there might be a few oil slicks on the broad bosom of the Pacific that weren't on the broad bosom of the Pacific before.

The Germans and the Japanese weren't giving each other much help. Dust in the files was the grandiose plan that was going to have Germany and Japan meet somewhere in Asia. Japan would have taken India, Germany the Middle East. It had been a fine plan, a beautiful plan. At one time it even looked as though it was a workable plan in the bargain. Germany stood poised at El Alamein and Japan stood on the borders of India. But a year had passed and Japan still stood, rather uncomfortably, on the borders of India, and Germany stood North of Naples. So that was that.

Of the two warrior races, Aryan and Honorary Aryan, it was the Aryan branch that was in the hottest water. Germany was slowly but surely (and not too slowly at that) taking a monumental licking. The Russians were slugging with the biggest sticks, but from the looks of things the Allies were merely scrounging around the ground for the biggest stick they could find. Eventually they would pick up a stick, call it the Second Front, and it would be good-bye, Berlin. Meanwhile, while they were biding their time, they continued to raid. Berlin, already more heavily bombed than London, was the unhappy recipient of the heaviest R.A.F. raid of the war, to be followed within the same week, by one that was even heavier. According to Berlin the British, as always, only dropped bombs on workers' homes and public monuments; eventually would filter out through neutral countries the true stories of exactly what had happened. Nearly a week after the first heavy bombing R.A.F. reconnaissance planes could not make any reports because a pall of smoke still covered the bombed area.

As to the hot water the Japanese found themselves in, it was still pretty lukewarm, but the fire was burning merrily under it. It would heat up in good time. One after the other the Japs were losing their hard-earned islands, and now they were almost driven out of New Guinea. The attack on the Gilberts had been the last straw. The only thing left for them now was Truk, and they would have to defend Truk to the last destroyer. Otherwise they might just as well let the water out of the Pacific, because they wouldn't be able to sail on that water any more. And they would have to pull out of the sunny islands to the south. The Japanese had a winter of hard decisions ahead of them.

As the Germans carelessly blew up a lot of bridges, the Fifth Army is crossing Italian rivers the hard way.

The "Sukiyaki Maru" meets a bomb socially in Wewak harbor. Another ten minutes and she will meet the bottom, making that tender beside her feel very foolish.

Men who call themselves "seagoing engineers" pilot small flat-bottomed boats through the island channels, carrying men and supplies.

With supplies landed and positions established, a mortar squad goes into action. Mortars are vital in jungle operations against the Japs.

Standing knee deep in salt water under the branches of a mango tree, a weapons company commander spots the bursts of mortar fire.

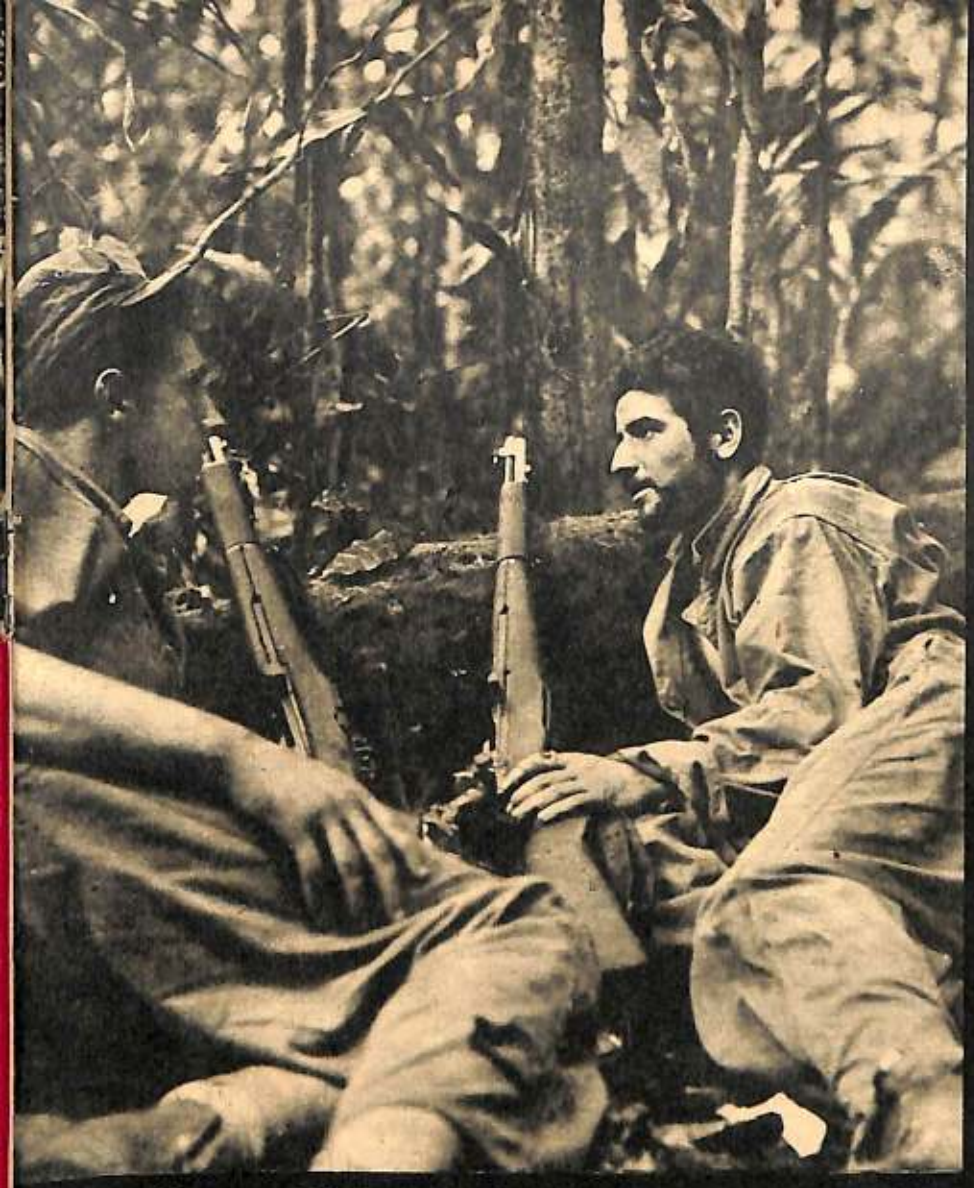
Jungle Mop-up

THE job of cleaning out last-hole Japanese resistance in a South Pacific jungle is not spectacular. It is seemingly dull, seemingly monotonous, and certainly without the glory that goes with major action. But to the small groups of soldiers that do this work, it is no less difficult and no less serious than the big battle. It is still a matter of kill or be killed.

On these two pages, YANK'S photographer Sgt. John Bushemi and correspondent Sgt. Mack Morris show you what it is like to be in on such a mission. The over-all impression

Two gunners get their light machine gun into place behind a fallen tree and wait to open up at the first sign of Japs in front of them.

Infantrymen wait among mangrove roots. Although there's no evidence of it, the Japs were near and their fire would not have been unexpected.



Two infantrymen, Cpl. Lewis Niovich of Seanor, Pa., and S/Sgt. Anthony Cavallero of Woodbridge, N. J., lie behind a log awaiting developments.

A light machine gunner peers through the sun-flecked jungle, trying to locate a target, but the Japs, only some 50 yards away, are quiet.

given by the pictures is that this is not a dangerous fighting front and that the enemy must be quite far away, else why do the men sit about so calmly and work with such deliberation?

In that respect, so far as pictures can lie, these do. This is the front, these men are in danger and the enemy is near, often less than 50 yards away.

The photographs were made over a five-day period in which two actions were carried out simultaneously against separate units of Japs on the islands of Arundel and Sagekarsa in the New Georgia group. To give the complete picture of an operation, photos made at both fronts have been used as though there were only one action.

But, sooner or later, the enemy must open fire, and casualties result. A company aid man (left) gives a stretcher case a welcome cigarette.

Some wounded are evacuated. Sgt. D. S. Jackson (left) killed five Japs before he was hit. Sgt. E. B. Lovett's helmet was creased by a bullet.

A Jap in the open. Wounded, he was left behind as his fellow soldiers withdrew. This is how his dead body was found, invaded by flies.


Rita Hayworth
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

There was little turkey and less liquor, and an investigation was started in Washington to find out how come the drought.

"TURKEY with all the fixin's"—that sadly overworked but nevertheless festive and strictly American phrase—wasn't bandied about the States as much as usual this Thanksgiving season for two good reasons. There wasn't much turkey and there wasn't much fixin's.

President Roosevelt, in proclaiming last Thursday as Thanksgiving (it was the conventional final Thursday in November, so the Republicans didn't feel obliged to run off a rival one, as they have in some years), said that the nation could be thankful that its food production for the year had been "the greatest in the annals of our country." But the smoking chimneys of tens of thousands of mess halls all over the world were the answer to where a substantial hunk of the lush harvest had gone.

Few really minded, of course. The war was going well, thanks in no small measure to the efforts of the boys who were sitting down in those mess halls all over the world, and if on the home front there weren't enough turkeys and cranberries and mincemeat and pumpkins to go around, the answer in most cases was what the hell?—or dignified versions thereof.

As things stood, there was only one turkey available where in peace time there would have been three. A late hatch combined with heavy government buying for the armed forces was primarily responsible for this, although a shortage of slaughterers contributed its share. There was also the usual black market grab, which nicked the legally available supply for an unknown number of turkeys and these, of course, didn't go to waste, although they didn't figure in the official supply-and-demand ledger.

The housewife shopping for a turkey, however, had a cinch compared with the head of the family who fared forth in search of the makings of a holiday cocktail. The armed forces, although the boys in them have been known to take a drink on occasion when given the chance, could not be blamed for the shortage of liquor which is being felt with varying effects in nearly all parts of the States. This situation was rapidly reaching the point of becoming a national scandal.

A customer walked into a liquor store in Baltimore, Md., asked for a quart, and got the usual answer: sold out. So the customer pulled a Bible out of his pocket, placed it on the counter, and said to the clerk: "Will you swear on *that* you haven't got any?" The clerk, an uncommonly pious gent to be engaged in selling booze, took one look at the Holy Book, blanched and produced a bottle.

That's what the papers reported, anyway and, apocryphal or not, it makes sense in view of conditions over there. Because of the shortage of liquor and the rationing—legal and voluntary—of what there is available, bootleggers and speakeasies and other heirlooms of the Prohibition Era of Wonderful Nonsense are being revived.

The blame was placed squarely on big liquor dealers by Senator Frederick Van Nuys, an Indiana Democrat, who last week was voted head of a Congressional inquiry which will be started at once to find out what's happened to all the liquor, and to determine what abuses are being practised in blending and in the sale of bottles above price ceilings fixed by the Office of Price Administration.

Van Nuys, who is dead set against the return of prohibition, and one of the best bets servicemen overseas have of being able to buy a legal drink when they get home, said: "You may expect startling tax-dodging and hoarding revelations. There is enough liquor in the United States to last five years, even if not another pint were made. My information indicates that liquor is being held for bigger profits."

In the Senator's opinion, the liquor black market is the most likely means by which the prohibitionists will be able to get a foot in the door when they come peddling their wares again. He said that the big dealers have been holding back their supplies from the open market and concentrating large reserves in the hands of a few who are thus put in a position to knock down more dough.

Moreover, said the Senator, the big dealers are encouraging monopolies by buying up quantities of small distilleries. He

Lights in the night as the Home Front makes with the work and whoopie. Above, an East Coast shipyard welder (see him?) does a torch job on the hull of a cargo vessel. Below, Times Square, where the dimout has been replaced by the brownout—and a fetchingly pale shade of brown it seems to be, say we.

accused some midwestern dealers of demanding cash bonuses in addition to ceiling prices before making deliveries.

Reports of skullduggery came in from all over the country. Bootleggers in Mississippi, a dry state, were said to be making 100 per cent profit by selling at wildcat prices to customers from nearby wet states where OPA ceilings were being enforced. George M. Stout, California's Liquor Control Commissioner, estimated that three million gallons of whisky were being hoarded in his state. William Jackson, who has the same job in New Hampshire, said his constituents had started on a liquor-buying spree at a rate that would soon mop the state dry.

In New York City, OPA investigators, looking for price violations, made themselves up to look like thirsty civilians (quite a trick, quite a trick) and for three days traipsed round to various liquor stores trying to buy bottles of Scotch and rye. No soap—the shelves were bare and those merchants who did admit having any of what was wanted said they were keeping it for regular customers.

The newspapers play up the effects of the liquor shortage, putting good, gaudy headlines on isolated instances of the return of the bootlegger and speakeasy. Last week the newsreels showed shots of Federal agents raiding stills in New Jersey—just like the good old days. The average citizen, still able to get a drink in a bar and a bottle if he knows the boss, isn't impressed and doesn't much care.

Responsible liquor interests, however, are apprehensive lest the prohibitionists try to capitalize on such journalistic exaggerations. So far they needn't worry too much for, though the dry forces are still alive and kicking as a national influence, their kicks to date have been rather weak. Many dries like to think that Prohibition as a temporary war-time measure is just around the corner, but the founder of the Anti-saloon League, 87-year-old Dr. Howard Russell, isn't so optimistic. He's afraid the U. S. is safe from nation-wide Prohibition until 1950. So be it, doc.

THE military prospect would seem to be 13-billion dollars' worth brighter than what it was, judging by what J. Buell Snyder, Democrat of Pennsylvania and chairman of the House Military Affairs Subcommitee, had to say in Washington. He announced that that amount had been knocked off estimated Army expenditures because of improvement and changes in the military situation, adding that the Army had agreed to place the surplus aside until next July when it will revert to the Treasury "unless an unforseeable situation arose."

The expected savings will be made, said Snyder, by the curtailment of the nation's armament and equipment programs, the possible deferment of part of its aircraft program, and the reduction of military personnel by 548,000, a figure which in all probability does not include you.

The abundance of small-calibre ammunition prompted the Army to announce the closing of its ordnance plant in Salt Lake City, Utah, where 8,000 persons have been working and have succeeded in turning out more small-calibre bullets than the entire U. S. produced during the first World War. . . . Even so, civilians were still short of ammo, as was indicated by reports such as that of Ray Wilson, a druggist in Lamar, Mo., who said his store was doing a thriving business in bows and arrows. Wilson, like others who have enjoyed a similar boom, had nothing to say on results his clients are getting with their new weapons.

The Army might be laying them off, but it was also still taking them on, a fact which drove the House of Representatives to vote unanimously to place pre-war fathers at the bottom of the nation's draft pool. If the House bill becomes law, draft quotas will be put on a nation-wide basis, thus relieving states, which have nothing left but fathers to send, from taking action until all other states are in the same fix. A pre-war father was defined as one who was married before Dec. 8, 1941 and has a child born before Sept. 15, 1942. It's the same old wrangle that's been going on for months while fathers of all vintages have been taken. And it's still not law.

IN Cleveland, O., John Hilliard, who has five children, was notified that his deferment as a 2-B would expire next April. Mr. Hilliard also has two artificial legs, but he still has his uneasy moments. . . . Some kids in Columbus, O., were picked up by the police for selling forged draft cards at two-bits apiece. . . . Eighty-two-year-old Major Manis McGurring, of Fowler, Ill., wrote to President Roosevelt, asking for a chance to serve in this war and was commissioned a lieutenant colonel, subject to call.

The politicians are already working themselves up into quite a dither over the absentee votes of soldiers next year. The plan is to have a four-man War Ballot Commission to supervise this business and the Republicans, headed by Senator Styles Bridges, of New Hampshire, understandably want to make darn sure they get "two real Republicans" on that commission.

Absentee soldier votes in the Niagara Falls, N. Y., municipal election are to be counted on December 15 and may change the outcome of the recent election there in which Mayor Lamb (as things now stand) edged out Eugene Butler by a mere fifteen votes.

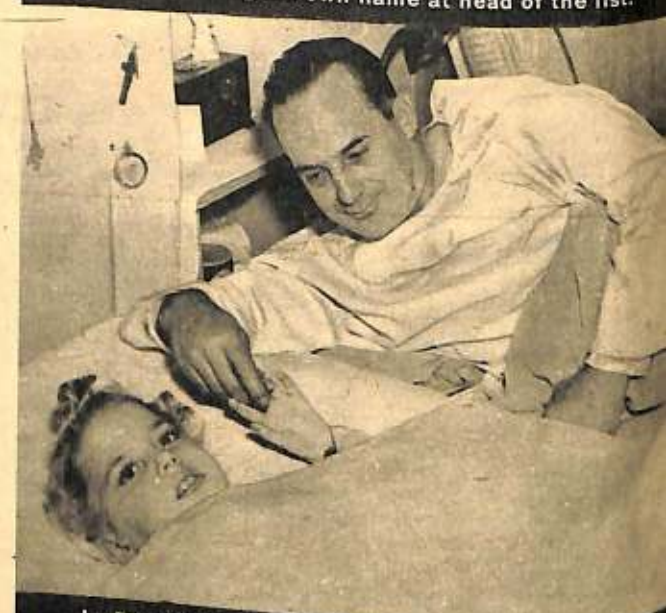
The East Coast, which only a fortnight or so earlier had heaved a sigh of relief that the danger was past and turned its lights on again, had two or three mild scares during the week. In both Philadelphia and Providence, air raid sirens went off in the middle of the night, not as prearranged drills but as the result of short-circuits. Civilian-defense workers, who, all secret precautions notwithstanding, usually have a pretty good idea of when a drill is coming along, thought they had the real thing on their hands this time. . . . A British destroyer escort fired a three-inch shell on Boston (landed in a cemetery), but it was all a mistake, of course, so don't take it out on your Red Cross Club girls.

Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, reporting on the results of the Moscow Conference before an unprecedented joint meeting of the Senate and House, tossed out this significant nugget: "There is no need for spheres of influence, alliances, balance of power, and other special arrangements of the unhappy past by which nations strove to safeguard security." On the other hand, he warned, the consequences of turning thumbs down on sincere efforts for international cooperation in the interests of peace in the post-war world would be dire, and said that collaboration "is the only way we can expect to avoid becoming victims of international anarchy's destructive forces."

Now for our weekly pinch of spice. Rita Hayworth, the movie actress who recently married Orson Welles, the jack of all trades, has reached a rather singular agreement with her former husband, Charles Judson, a 47-year-old business man. Rita is going to turn over to Judson 500 shares of motion-picture stock and her rights in practically all of the property they owned in common, in return for his promise not to sound off with any Pullman-car stories about her and their married life.

The agreement, which was disclosed in Hollywood, stipulated that Judson won't "sell, publish, or circulate any slanderous, libellous, or defamatory matter concerning her" nor "infer directly or indirectly that she has committed an offense involving moral turpitude under federal, state, or local laws or that she has conducted herself in any manner which would cause her to be held in scorn or which would damage her career." Judson is furthermore bound to give

John L. Craig (left), father of four children and clerk of draft board at Durongo, Colo., is sworn in after putting his own name at head of the list.



In Philadelphia, lifer Dan Donahue gets ready for second skin-grafting to heal the burns of 9-year-old Evelyn Henderson.

AT HOME, THERE ARE CERTAIN INDI

That's right—it's a real foxhole, with Rusty, a pet at the Marine base at Quantico, Va., there to prove it. The guy who's moved in is Pvt. Harry W. Weber, of Skowhegan, Me.

The Navy produces an underwater training film for divers at Silver Springs, Fla., with a script girl to make things easier. Sou... the Nove...

In case you get one of these on a letter and wonder what gives, it's a new U. S. stamp honoring Greek resistance to the Nazis.

back any written documents he may have which bear Miss Hayworth's signature.

Judson's lawyers had started a suit against Miss Hayworth demanding that she pay their client $500 a month until he had collected $12,000. They dropped this when the agreement, which Miss Hayworth signed shortly after Judson divorced her in February, 1942, was opened in Superior Court, Hollywood. Now all Judson's got to remember to do is keep his mouth shut.

And here's one not quite so subtle. Doris Pearl, the distaff side of an adagio-dance team, divorced her husband-partner in Hartford, Conn., on the grounds that he "kicked, punched and dropped her" during dances and that he refused "to slow the momentum of my spin"—all of which meant no end of bruises and contusions for poor Miss Pearl.

B. O. Duggan, Education Commissioner of Tennessee, reported that only 30 per cent of the students under his jurisdiction complete the eighth grade. And a survey by the Virginia State Chamber of Commerce showed that high school graduates spell poorly, write illegibly, compute inaccurately, and are deficient in general knowledge. Sure is a dumb bunch of bunnies we've left behind over there.

Legal bettors alone kicked in with over 19 million bucks in taxes for the New York State treasury during the 180-day racing season there this year—nearly twice as much as in 1942. Oh, to be a bookie at a time like this.

Into a Portland, Ore., fight arena hopped boxer Pee Wee Lewis, gave the old gladiator salute, threw off his robe—and found he'd forgotten to put on his trunks. Holy hat!

Here's one calculated to stir up trouble. The superintendent of schools in Atlanta, Ga., told the Iowa State Teachers' Association: "If one of my teachers wants to join the Wacs or Waves, I say let her go. Her brain rattles."

They're getting tough about making you stick to your job back in the States. Take John Burrell, for instance. An electrician working on a railroad out in Indiana, he was recently offered a better job and tried to quit. Burrell's boss said nothing doing; that the job was a war job and that there was no leaving it. So Burrell did his best to get fired—came in late, sneered at orders, loafed. Finally, he walked into the office of the superintendent and smacked the guy in the nose. They arrested him for that, held him in $250 bail, but kept him on the job.

Here's what Dr. Ernest Burgess, a Chicago sociologist has to say about the durability of war marriages: The marriages of couples who would have married anyway, and at the time they did, are likely to succeed; engaged couples who speeded up their wedding dates because of the war will in many cases become separated or divorced later on; hasty marriages between homesick soldiers and girls attracted by the uniform are most likely to fail.

Frank M. Pierce, State Representative of Bucksport, Me., was uncommonly embarrassed when he was fined $100 after pleading guilty to a charge of drunken driving. Mr. Pierce is (or was when this went to press) a member of the Legislative Temperance Committee.

You might think the world had had and heard enough of *Mein Kampf* by now, but apparently not. Houghton Mifflin have just got out a new edition which the *New York Times* reviewed under this jaunty heading: "German Best Seller." The reviewer, William S. Schlamm, had this to say of it:

"Though we have been recently warned, on the highest authority, to go easy on heads of foreign states, professional integrity compels this reviewer to inform you that Adolf Hitler is a poor writer. Such literary criticism will give but little comfort to the children of Warsaw. Still, what has been printed black on white, put between covers and copyrighted in Washington constitutes a book, even if it is *Mein Kampf*. So here it is, in 'the definite new translation,' selling for $3.50, which is quite a lot of money for a bad book, but far less than what it is going to cost the Germans."

The post office employes of McGregor, Iowa, had to hang 100 letters out on the washline to dry after a jar of sorghum broke inside a mail sack—and maybe that's why the folks were so long in hearing from you.

Gabriel Marcias, nineteen, escaped from San Quentin Prison and was picked up in a movie theater in Oakland, Calif., attentively watching a film called *The Genteel Gangster*.

The Grand Jury of Montgomery Co., Ala., formally reported that there were no fleas in the courthouse following claims by witnesses that they had been bitten while on the stand. Just another great mystery in the annals of jurisprudence.

Hunters in Dallas, Ore., pooled their shells (scarce, and growing scarcer) to pay a Salem contractor who asked the Chamber of Commerce that he be paid one box of rifle shells for lettering the names of 500 Dallas servicemen on the city's honor roll.

As Clifford Cochrane, a bus driver, of Charlotte, N. C., drew up at a stop near a cemetery a muffled eerie voice floated over the tombstones: "Hold that bus!" Out jumped every passenger save one and made tracks down the road. The exception was a G.I. who explained to Cochrane that he was a ventriloquist and had just sounded off to see if southerners were as superstitious as he had been told. Cochrane must have been chained to the wheel.

You remember John Dillinger, of course—the man who did most of the killing during the thirties? Well, his father, John W., died the other day and was buried, in Indianapolis, at his own request, beside the body of the distinguished gangster.

A forest fire originating in the Santa Monica Mountains has burned 150 houses in Hollywood's Malibu Beach colony, including that of Bing Crosby. It's the second time in six months Bing has been burned out.

In New York, Mrs. Anna Neubauer was watching a newsreel showing three sailors attending a dying comrade on the deck of a U. S. cruiser off Salerno. She had an awful suspicion and asked the management to run the reel over again. She was right. The dying man was her son.

Lou Costello, returning to radio for the first time since a serious illness hit him last March, was within three hours of going on when he learned that his year-old son had drowned in the family's private swimming pool in Hollywood. Costello insisted on going through with the show, clowning and slapsticking with his partner, Bud Abbott, but was on the verge of collapse when it was all over.

Michael Todd, producer of *The Naked Genius*, a play by Gypsy Rose Lee, which has been running on Broadway for several weeks despite adverse reviews, said he was going to close the show despite the fact that it was making money. He polled his audiences and found 44 per cent liked the play, 35 per cent didn't, 21 per cent were indifferent. "I believe," said the smart Mr. Todd, who made a fortune at the New York World's Fair and who generally knows what he is doing, "that the money I might make by continuing is not as important as the good will I might lose from the theatre-going public." A plug's a plug, even when you hand it to yourself.

Dave Rubinoff, the violinist, tripped as he came on the stage to play for servicemen at the Fort Hayes Hotel in Columbus, O., and dropped his Stradivarius violin, insured for $100,000. Smashed to pieces.

Maxwell Anderson's latest play, *Storm Operations*, has the war in North Africa as its setting and is now in rehearsal. . . . Ilka Chase has completed the first act of her dramatization of her book *In Bed We Cry*, and made a deal whereby, if the play runs twenty weeks on Broadway, she'll be given the leading role in the subsequent movie version. . . . Eighteen-year-old Patrice Munsel, a coloratura soprano from Spokane, Wash., who is making her Metropolitan debut this fall, is sure of getting at least $120,000 for three years' work. . . . H. L. Mencken is revising his *American Language* to include the latest aviation and other war terms. Wizard, eh, Roger?

Stepin Fetchit, the Negro film comedian, filed a petition of voluntary bankruptcy in Chicago, listing assets of $140 and debts of $3,903,387. Stepin, it would seem, has had it.

CATIONS THAT THERE IS A WAR ON

An invasion of Chicago, men—volunteers only, and don't shove. Assault forces give the folks back home an idea of what you're up to over here. Last guy to Michigan Boulevard is a rotten powdered egg.

The Wac band from Daytona, Fla., tootles for Mayor La Guardia, of New York, as part of a drive to get girls into uniform. That's M/Sgt. Celia Merrill, of Detroit, calling for more oomph.

Mail Call

The Jeep In The Post-War World

Dear YANK:

After reading an article in October, 1943, issue of *Reader's Digest*, on the subject of the Army Jeep as a post war farm tool, has aroused my ambition to write an article to YANK magazine.

One often sees articles and pictures of the jeep doing practically impossible things, both on the Army proving grounds, on the battle fronts and

doing farm work both here in Britain and in experiments by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

It is true that the jeep is a super piece of equipment, but I wish to say to all G.I.s who have visions of tilling the soil back home, after the war with a jeep, this:—

The U. S. Department of Agriculture says a jeep can plow an acre of bottom land with a 16-inch plow in 1.72 hours on 2.32 gallons of gas; pull a 3-horse drill and do many other jobs about the farm. Yes, I guess that is probably true. But how long is that jeep going to stand up under such work, before having to replace the clutch, install a new transfer case or transmission, to say nothing of axles twisted off or install a new engine.

I wonder if the man responsible for that article ever saw the inside of a jeep, or was around to see one torn down after 10,000 miles on the highway.

My grounds for saying this are based on the fact of my being employed by a truck and tractor manufacturer for several years before becoming a maintenance Sergeant in this Army. After seeing the repairs that go into a jeep after being driven 10,000 miles under conditions for which it was intended

The possibility of using it as a farm tractor seems out of the question. Mainly for the reason of replacement parts that are needed, and the high cost of same.

It should be most embarrassing to the manufacturer not to be capable of building a longer lifed machine, considering the price paid by the Government for the jeep. And for which you and I will be paying for in high taxes after this war.

In closing I will say "three cheers for the Army Jeep," a fine vehicle for what it was intended, but too often misjudged.

Sgt. E. K. CHANDLER

Britain.

His Old Black Magic

Dear YANK:

Just finished reading "Mail Call," and a letter from "A. C." caught my eye. It seems he doesn't think "Americans, and women in particular—went into a flip-flap" every time Frank Sinatra came on the air or sang on a stage. Having come from the United States recently, I think "A. C." should know the facts!

For instance, Americans—and women in particular, are crazy for Frank Sinatra! At his stage performances, women—mostly teen age girls—were his main audience. He does something to them—girls scream and cry out in answer to words of the songs he sings. His songs are on juke-boxes everywhere, and you'll hear only his songs from these juke-boxes. And try and buy a Frank Sinatra record at any record shop.

Right now, I'm listening to the Hit Parade—he sings on it—(evidently A. C. doesn't listen to the Hit Parade) and every time Frank Sinatra finishes a song, all you can hear are the shrieks and cries of women amidst the heavy applause. Incidentally, his songs are the only ones applauded on the Hit Parade, too. Right now he's making a movie, or has made one. It will undoubtedly bring in money galore!

And so, "A. C.," I'm afraid that what that headline read was very true. However, you know how songs become popular—are played and sung and heard until they're run into the ground—how games like Monopoly swept the nation—jig-saw puzzles, etc., were the latest craze. And don't you think that "Americans—women in particular," will soon get over him? I wouldn't worry about him if I were you—it's another one of those things that makes us Americans "different."

Lt. D. F. NELSON

Britain.

P.S.—The 20.00 news just announced that Frank Sinatra—his wife's infanticipating, and he already has one—is reclassified into 1-A!!!!

Shall We Dance?

Dear YANK:

Needless to say, this isn't my first ink ration, but if it were I'm sure I'd be able to put it to better use than one S/Sgt. John E. Barnes. His appraisal of your wonderful magazine rates high

in my estimation, but when he goes so far as to say that 99 per cent of the Yanks who go dancing have no self-respect I'm quite sure he bit off more than he could chew.

There are plenty of other G.I.s like me who are nowheres near the Sewing Circle age yet, and there are quite a few English girls who are thankful for that.

In closing, I might add that any girl with the intentions of having good, clean fun can find it at any dance where there are G.I.s present.

Cpl. J.A.C.

Britain.

Those Seven Packs A Week

Dear YANK:

In the hope that the master minds of the Army Exchange Service read your columns, may I use them to outline what I think would be a much more scientific and fairer method of applying the present rationing system on PX articles?

The only valid reason I have ever seen given for the need for any rationing at all on, let's say American cigarettes, is that shipping space is not available for all the cigarettes—and all the everything else—that we dog-faces might want to buy.

Okay, I'll accept that as so.

But if that is the reason, then it is the *space* an article takes up, not the article itself, which is being rationed. And right here we get into an Alice-in-Wonderland conception of space saving.

I'm a heavy smoker—my usual peace-time allowance of Chesterfields was between two and three packages a day. I am a very limited consumer of salted peanuts, to take another example.

Come PX day, what do I do?

I buy my seven decks of cigarettes—*and then I buy all the other junk I can get, although I don't want it, in order to have trade goods to swap with non-smoking soldiers for their cigarette ration.*

Here's a much more scientific way of handling it.

Measure up all rationed articles and give them an index or point value, based on the number of cubic inches of cargo room which they take up. Then fix the weekly ration on a basis of so many points. The man like myself, who is interested only in cigarettes, would take his entire space allowance in cigarettes. The man who wants cigarettes and a carton of shaving cream would divide his points that way.

Just as a guess, the additional Chesterfields I would buy, under the space-point system, would represent about half my present weekly space consumption of American cigarettes plus other PX articles plus English cigarettes.

If it works out to two cubic feet of cargo space per month for 25,000 men in the ETO who, like myself, would rather smoke American cigarettes than use only American toothpaste, how many months would it take to save the space equal to one brand new Liberty ship?

Britain. Sgt. E. H. WHITMAN, Jr.

Ode To The Yanks

(when they've gone back home)

Thanks for the memory
Of chewing gum and spam,
The "processed" eggs and ham,
And though the rhyme is rotten we're grateful to a man,
O thank you so much.
Thanks for the memory,
Of crazy guys in jeeps,
Of friends we've made for keeps,
And of those varied accents that gave us all the creeps!
O thank you so much.
Many's the time we've sniggered
At each other's fancy notions,
But we had the same devotions,
Fighting wasn't fun; but boy, WE WON!
So thanks for the memory
Of Roosevelt's lease and lend,
And boys you can depend,
Our gratitude for helping us will never, never end,
O thank you so much!

Britain. Pfc. IRENE MAW

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

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor, Sgt. Bill Richardson. Associate Editor, Sgt. Harry Brown. Art Editor, Sgt. Charles Brand. Art Associates, Sgt. John Scott; Cpl. Joe Cunningham, Pvt. Jack Coggins, Editorial Associates, Sgt. Ben Frazier; Sgt. Steve Derry; Sgt. Pete Paris, Sgt. Walter Peters; Pfc. Arthur Greengroin; Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, Sgt. William Davidson, Cpl. John D. Preston, Pvt. Sanderson Vanderbilt. Production, Sgt. Louis McFadden. Business Manager, Cpl. Tom Fleming, Officer in Charge, Major Desmond H. O'Connell. Publications Officer, ETOUSA, Col. Theodore Arter. Address: Printing House Square, London.

New York Office:
Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schlotzhauer; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller. Officer-in-Charge: Lt.-Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Pictures: 1, Sgt. John Bushemi. 5, bottom, OWI. 6 and 7, left to right, U.S. Army Signal Corps, Keystone. BOP, AP, OWI, OWI, OWI, AP, Keystone, OWI, OWI. 10, U.S. Army Signal Corps. 11, OWI. 12 and 13, Sgt. John Bushemi. 14, Columbia Pictures. 15, top, OWI; bottom, INP. 16, top, PA; center, AP; bottom left, Keystone; bottom right, U.S. Navy. 17, top, OWI; bottom left, ACME; bottom right, Keystone. 18, U.S. Signal Corps. 20, top, INP; bottom, AAF, Miami Beach. 23, Sgt. John Bushemi.

CO-PILOTS ALSO FLY

By Cpl. H. A. ROARK

Concerning the problems of one F/O Drabnis, who sits beside a man called the pilot and wonders what the tail gunner's reading.

THE Army is full of young gentlemen who have had the hell thwarted out of them, who find it necessary either to develop an armor of solemn bitterness or to sink, like tires in mud, into the slough of schizophrenia. Sad is their lot and dark the landscape around them. They are the company clerk, the sergeant in charge of the permanent KP detail, the ammunition carrier, the second-lieutenant, and that highly mechanized man, the co-pilot. And the most pathetic of these is the co-pilot. Ask one of them what he did on that last mission over Germany, when you could actually see the sky through the flak and it was raining medals. "Oh," he will say, "I didn't do nothing. I just sat there the whole time." In the event that the story of his crew hits the papers, the co-pilot always shows up in the last paragraph:—"The other member of the crew was the co-pilot, Flight Officer Artaxerxes O'Crud, 22, of Makeshift, Texas. O'Crud said he was dozing throughout the raid and was unaware that the ship had been shot down in the North Sea. 'I thought it was only a wet blanket,' he said sleepily."

The role of the co-pilot, the man who helps launch a thousand ships, is largely unsung. In the officers' club he thumbs through the papers, searching for his name as avidly as a WAC trying to find out if she has made Pfc. He keeps to himself; he doesn't bother anybody. Nevertheless, in his timid heart there glows the knowledge that he can make better landings than the pilot. In his own eyes he is the quarterback calling signals for the team, signals such as "The tail wheel is locked, gawdam it," or "Watch that bastard coming in at six o'clock, bombardier." He knows too, that in a future as dim as a general's eye he will someday get a crew. Then there will be someone on his right to whom he can bark: "Okay, bub, get up them wheels."

AN average co-pilot is Flight Officer Alfred Drabnis, a sturdy ex-coal miner from Middleport, Pa. Drabnis is virgin territory. If his name has ever appeared in print, other than on a police court summons, it is purely accidental and not the fault of the five public relations officers who stand between him and his public. The co-pilot is gagged from molar to molar. Because of the rigid silence his position forces upon him he is apt to be a singularly loquacious person. Drabnis, for instance, is glad to talk. As a veteran of 20 missions and as one of the few co-pilots in the ETO who is credited with shooting down an enemy fighter, he actually has something to say in the bargain.

The morning of December 7, in you know what year, found Drabnis, then first sergeant of a pursuit outfit at Wheeler Field, Hawaii, running two miles up a rocky road, carrying his shoes because he didn't have time to put them on. He wasn't quite sure where he was going but neither did the people whom he passed; they were, however, shod. In those days Drabnis did not expect he would become a co-pilot. As a matter of fact, he wasn't quite sure just what a co-pilot was. They do not have them in pursuit outfits, and even if they did a topkick probably wouldn't speak to them. But a lot of targets have flowed under the bomb racks since Drabnis's topkick days. He now knows only too well what makes up a co-pilot.

They actually go on missions, for one thing, just like navigators and bombardiers. They wear wings and get shot at. But no one seems to care, except their wives, and they have to learn about it a month later through the dreamy efforts of the Army Postal Service. There was one case of a pilot who came back from a raid with his co-pilot missing. "Where's your co-pilot?" they asked him. "My who?" "Your co-pilot. The guy who rides beside you." "Oh, him. Was he my co-pilot? I thought he was from the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He just sat looking at me, with a gleam in his eye. I threw him out over Lorient."

NO pilot has ever tossed Drabnis overboard, if only for the reason that he does not look like the kind of man that could be tossed overboard. When he is on a mission he actually works, a fact which he is more than willing to impress on any one who will listen. Even though his work consists of doing odd jobs around the house it is still work. After all, when a man has been a co-pilot for ten months he *has* to find something to do, or he will feel that he's cheating the Government. Drabnis, on the doings of Drabnis, is rather colorful.

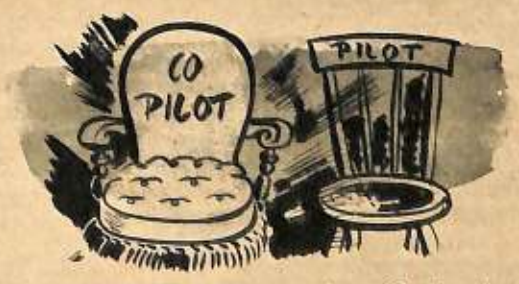
"When I get out to the ship," he says, taking a deep breath, "when I get out to the ship I say: 'Step right up, folks, and get your peanuts, candy, and score cards. Can't tell the fighters without a score card.' Whenever anybody buys one I give him a look and say: 'Sucker.' Then I give the boys Tootsie Rolls and similar confections and they immediately start a crap game to see who gets all the candy. After one guy has won it all he usually gives it to some English kid, one about 18 years old with nice dimples and things. That's the way we start raids these days.

"Eventually I get in the co-pilot's seat, which is upholstered in gold leaf to make me think I'm really getting something. I say: 'Clear the props,' start all four motors, and check the instruments for accuracy. Out on the runway, before the take-off, the master looks at me and says: 'Lock tail wheel.' I say: 'Aye, aye, sir,' which is naval for 'Okay, chump.' During the take-off I keep my eye on the superchargers to see that they don't run away. We get off the ground and the pilot says: 'Wheels.' I throw the switch raising the wheels, cut the superchargers, adjust the R.P.M. and settle back to wonder who that blonde will be out with tonight.

"If we're on the left of the formation, I fly; if vice versa the boss flies. If we're in the middle nobody flies. In territory where there is flak I keep on the ball (one with a big 8 on it) to feather a prop just as soon as an engine is hit. Over Germany now the flak gunners won't even shoot at anything as big as an airplane. They're selecting engines now. And when it isn't flak, it's fighters. I have to call off the fighters, and a man who can't count could never be a co-pilot, which shows that it pays to be ignorant, even in the Army. I say to the ball turret man: 'Ball turret, watch that guy banking in at one o'clock. He don't like you.' Then I say: 'Navigator, drop that slide rule and look at the Kraut coming in at six o'clock low.' As the 20 mms. begin to whistle around the nose of the ship I duck behind the instrument panel. I know it doesn't do any good but a 20 mm. can outstare me any time.

"WHEN the bombs cease bursting in air I poke my head back above the panel and am surprised to note that practically everything is intact, excepting my nerves. It's now time to check the battle stations to see if everything's all right. If I don't get an answer from the tail gunner I send the nearest man to check on him. Usually, I don't get an answer from the tail gunner because he is busy reading *Ten Nights In A Harem* and eating bonbons, and can't be bothered with crass talk. I give him a little crass talk and then say: 'After you on the book.' There isn't any horseplay on the interphone over Germany, where they don't read the *Stars and Stripes* and still believe there's a war on. But after the battle the interphone takes on all the attributes of a tower of babel, because each guy starts shrieking in what used to be his family tongue. They run over everything that happened during the brawl and when they've finished with that they start on food and women. I keep quiet because I'm not hungry and, besides, I know a girl.

"As we come in for the landing the pilot says: 'Wheels,' and I throw the switch that lets them down. On the final approach the pilot says:



'Flaps,' and I lower those, too. Coming in I call off the air speed, in five-mile-an-hour jumps. I cut the inboards, open the cowl flaps, lock the controls and raise the flaps when we're under 60. At the dispersal area I lock the tail wheel and cut the two outboards. That finishes me for that mission. Then I go off, crawl in a hole, and pull the hole in after me."

Virtue must eventually have its reward. One of these fine days Drabnis is going to find himself shifted over a seat and he will have a plane that is all his own. He will become the master of his fate and the captain of his soul. He will have a meek little man, called the co-pilot, to sit beside him. He will look fiercely upon this little man and he will give him orders in a voice like thunder. And the co-pilot will shrivel under his gaze and dream of the day when he, too, will have a ship of his own. He will dream so hard that he will forget to watch gas consumption and Drabnis will have to get back from Germany on 50 gallons of gas and some spit from the waist-gunners. He will tell the co-pilot a thing or two then. That he will.

NOTE: Since this story was written Drabnis got a ship of his own. He is now listed as missing in action.

SPORTS: HOW GOOD IS BERTELLI? THESE SIX EXPERTS THINK HE'S EVEN GREATER THAN BAUGH OR SID LUCKMAN

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE platoon will now gather around here closer in a half-circle to study the nomenclature of the Springfield rifle. Lectures will be given by six gentlemen who can discuss the rifle with complete authority. Reading from left to right: Sid Luckman and Bob Snyder, quarterbacks of the Chicago Bears; Fritz Crisler, Michigan coach; Moose Simms, one-time coach of St. Mary's of Texas; Frank Leahy, Notre Dame coach, and Ed McKeever, Leahy's backfield coach.

The Springfield rifle we will discuss today happens to be Notre Dame's forward-passing star, Angelo Bertelli of West Springfield, Mass. Bertelli was the greatest and the most dangerous football player in America this year. Right after the Navy game he packed his duffle bag and reported to the Marines at Parris Island, S. C. But in the six games he played for Notre Dame's powerful Irish, he became the player of the year and everybody's all-everything halfback.

His passing record was stunning and the nearest thing to perfection the game has produced. Up to the Navy game, Angelo completed 21 out of 28 passes for a giddy .750 average and 397 yards. Or if you want it broken down, an average of 14 yards every time he uncorked his arm.

And now, if those two pfcs. in the fourth row will put their whistles and blitz cloth away and pay strict attention, we will introduce today's speakers. First, Mr. Fritz Crisler, the Michigan coach who saw more than enough of Bertelli:

"You can say that again. I don't care if I ever see him again, either. He ruined my best Michigan team in five years. Bertelli is something out of this world. He's a greater T-formation quarterback than Sid Luckman here."

How about it, Mr. Luckman? And why are you so nervous?

"Greetings, chums! I just got my draft notice today, that's all. I saw Bertelli last year and he wasn't so good, but this season he has blossomed out like a concert pianist. He is the finest ball handler I ever saw, playing with the best college team in 10 years. This Notre Dame team could be compared with the Chicago Bears of 1941.

"I couldn't tell about Bertelli's quarterbacking because he was instructed to use only five or six plays against Illinois. There were Army spies watching. The things I would have used he wasn't able to call. Bertelli threw only six passes, but you could tell he had it. I will say, however, his pass protection was the best I ever saw.

"If there's anything else you want to know about Bertelli, ask my partner, Bob Snyder. He knows all about the kid."

Just as Mr. Luckman says, Snyder knows whereof he speaks. He was in on the Terrible T at Notre Dame last year as a freshman coach. How about it, Mr. Snyder, is Bertelli better than Luckman or vice versa?

"I couldn't say exactly. Just like the Arm (that's Luckman) told you, Notre Dame gives Bertelli the best protection in the world. Better, for example, than the Bears give Luckman. But I do know Bertelli is better than Sammy Baugh if that means anything. He throws a short one, the bullet pitch, as well as Baugh, and the long one, better."

That will do Mr. Snyder. We can see where your interest lies. What have you to add to this discussion, Mr. Simms?

"Where I come from they throw the ball around like a basketball and most of our passers are slick articles. None of them can compare with the Rifle you speak of. He hides the ball as deftly as a magician who suddenly pulls rabbits out of a hat. Most passers are inclined to show a piece of the ball too soon. But then that's something which can't be learned overnight."

Mr. Leahy, we realize your heart is heavy since the Rifle left your arsenal, but give us a few gloomy words.

"My friend the Moose is right. Not Bertelli or anybody else can learn to handle that ball overnight. Angelo had trouble last year. So much so that I appointed my guard, Harry Wright, as signal caller. Under this set-up Bertelli, instead of being handed the ball by the center and then fading back to pass, played deep and was fed the ball on an orthodox pass from center. The loss of Bertelli is like taking the heart out of a man."

From the looks of things, Mr. Leahy, the operation wasn't fatal. Your Notre Dames seem to be doing all right. Mr. McKeever, why are you looking so smug. What did you do? Steal Navy's plays before the game?

"You'd almost think so, but I was just thinking about the time when I was assistant coach under Leahy at Boston College and tried to hire Bertelli there. The kid was afraid of me. He knew if he listened to me I'd talk him into going to BC and he didn't want that to happen. His heart was set on Notre Dame.

"When Bertelli heard I was in Springfield he told his mother he was going to the movies and hide until after my train had left town. I waited for him as long as I could, but he never showed up. He sat through three shows waiting for the last train to Boston to pull out. Bertelli went on to Notre Dame, but I finally caught up with him. Five months later I went to Notre Dame, too."

Thank you, Mr. McKeever. Next week, gentlemen, the Articles of War.

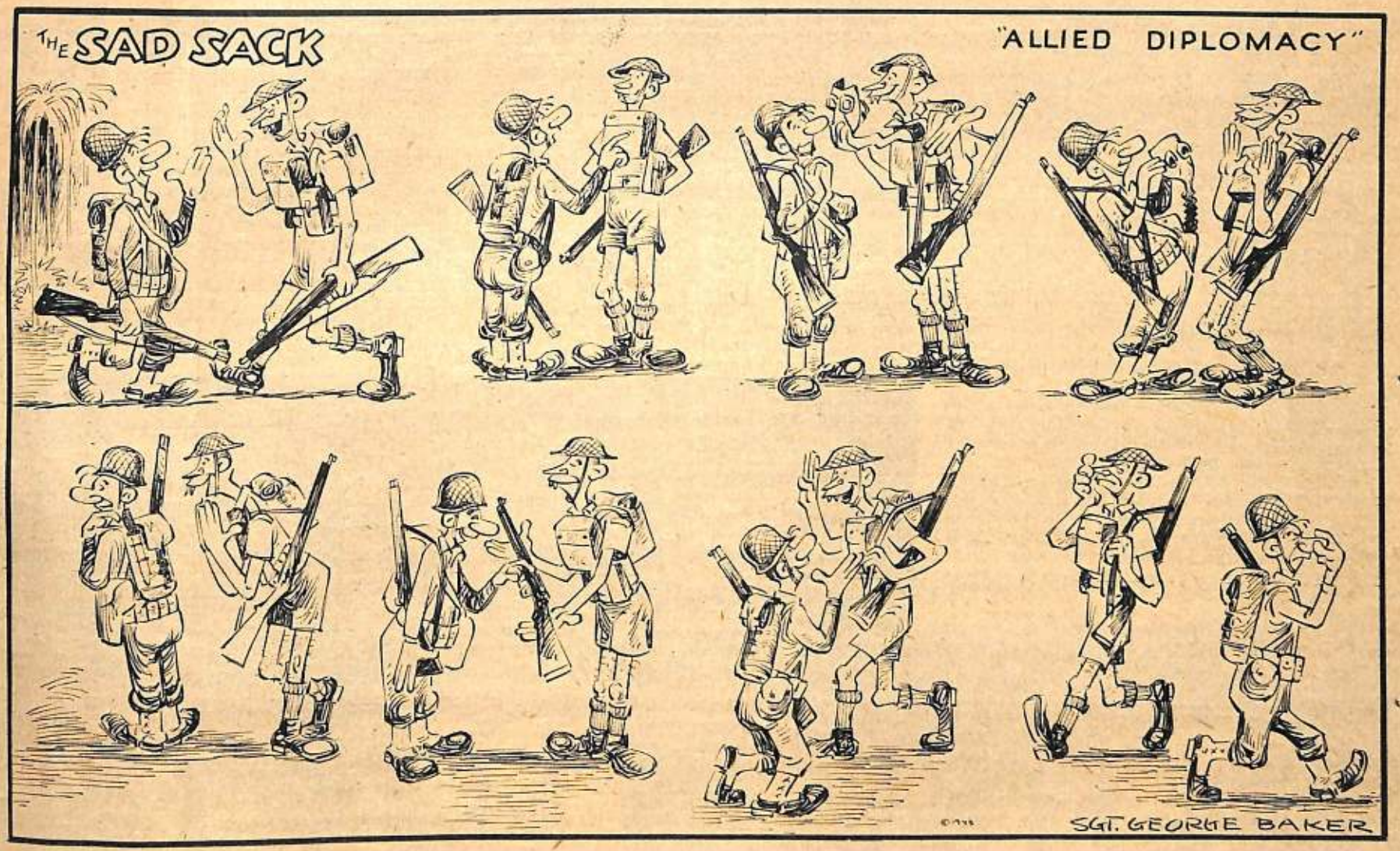
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

JIM KELLY of the Minnesota coaching staff tells this one: "Last summer Navy officials asked Northwestern if it could use ar extra boy in its V-12 school. 'No room.' Then they asked Notre Dame if it could take the fellow. 'Filled up.' Finally they queried Michigan. 'Guess we can squeeze in one more.' None of the schools bothered to ask the name of the boy. It was our All-American fullback, **Bill Daley.**" . . . Most of the best football players in the country—fellows like **Daley, Bob White** and **Merv Pregulman** of Michigan; **Angelo Bertelli** of ND; **Mutt Manning** of Georgia Tech; **Mike Micka** of Colgate; **Tony Butkovich** of Purdue; **Pat Preston, Leo Long** and **Tom Davis** of Duke—are now on active duty with Navy and Marines.

Jockey George Adkins, a CDD because of wounds he received as a tail gunner in a Flying Fortress, got back in the saddle at California's Bay Meadows track to boot home Investigation, a 109-1 long shot, and complete a $656.60 daily double. Later in the day, Adkins won another race aboard Friar Gene which paid $51.20. . . . Within the same week, the Army inducted **Cubby Dean,** Cleveland southpaw, rejected **Babe Dahlgren** of the Phillies and placed **Spud Chandler** and **Ziggy Sears** of the Yankees in 1-A. . . . **Lt. Col. Wallace Wade,** the former Duke coach who now commands a FA battalion at Camp Butner, N. C., is sticking close to the orderly room while his broken leg mends. Wade was a passenger in a jeep which overturned during a blackout. . . . That new ribbon **Cpl. Zeke Bonura** sports around Algiers is the Legion of Merit that **Gen. Eisenhower** gave him for doing such a good job with the North African baseball program.

GIs in the First Air Force who didn't get to see **Sgt. Joe Louis'** troupe are settling for the touring **Baer Brothers** and liking them. Max and Buddy, by the way, are sergeants now. . . . Malaria has floored **Sgt. Barney Ross** again. . . . **Sgt. Tom Gorman,** the ex-Giant baseballer, is umpiring softball games for the Army nurses at Cairo. . . . Some guy in Chicago has actually asked the Government to have the prisoners of war act as pin boys in the bowling alleys because of the shortage of manpower. The next thing you know, **Caswell Adams** warns, such colleges as Fordham, Alabama and Stanford, which have abandoned football because of lack of players, may request that the prisoners be handed over to them, taught football and sent out to play the full schedule against traditional opponents.

A couple of weeks ago, we asked: "What's become of Sgt. Ben Hogan, the golfer, who went to OCS at Miami Beach this summer?" Answer: Hogan is still at OCS, putting the finishing touches on his commission.



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

GREENGROIN ON STRATEGY

"WELL," Artie said, "I been reading the newspapers again."

We had run into him in a Red Cross Club, and it was evident that he was still reading them, for he had one lying on his lap and he occasionally flipped a few casual ashes into the folds.

"Congratulations," we said.

"And I ain't too satisfied with what I been reading," said Artie. "This is a loused-up war."

We sat down beside him and picked up the paper. It was that day's London *Times*, and the headlines, once you found them, were all good. "What's the matter with the war?" we asked.

Artie put out the cigarette he was smoking and lit another before he answered. "The trouble with it is it ain't run right," he said. "They's stooging around when they ought to be fighting. That ain't no way to run armies. It ain't strategic."

"What is strategic?" we asked mildly.

"War is strategic," Artie said. "If you ain't got strategy you might jess as well be lining up toy sodjers on the kitchen floor. Yer sunk, if you ain't got strategy."

"We're all ears, ole boy," we said.

"Awright," Artie said, "look how long we been lying around the English Isle. What of we been doing? Nothing. Jess sitting around on our blassid ole sitters, thass all. What did Napoleon say? Napoleon said a army marches on its stummick; but are we marching on our stummicks? Naw, we're jess laying around on 'em like a bunch of ole sitting hens."

"Artie," we said, "you're getting a Napoleon complex."

"Napoleon," said the strategian, "is taught by teachers at Wess Pernt. If they can talk about him there I can talk about him here."

"Alright," we said, "talk about him."

"I don't want ter talk about him," Artie said. "All I was trying to say that if I had a Army I wouldn't put up with all of this horsing around. I'd give 'em a big feed—fried clams and that stuff—and then I'd say, 'Awright, yer guts is full, now go out and fight a battle.' Then they'd go out and fight a battle and ole Artie'd pin another medal on hisself."

"Is it as easy as all that?" we wanted to know.

"I'm reducing the whole business to basic principles," Artie said. "Of course, it's a little more complicated. If you was up on yer strategy like me, you'd see what I mean."

"Oh," we said.

"Take it this way," said Artie. "What's a guy's job in a war? It's to win the war. And how does he win the war? By cleaning up in a lot of battles. And how does he do that? By having a hot bunch of boys on his side. Get what I mean?"

"We sure do," we said.

Artie took a deep breath. "Well," he said, "if yer going to have a hot bunch of boys on yer side you got to keep 'em in trim. You can't have 'em laying around the pubs, lapping up lagers. You got to run around getting battles for 'em. Right?"

"If you say so," we said.

"O.K.," said Artie, "so you go around lining up battles. You find a nice joint ter throw one in and you fix it up with the enemy and then you mix it up for a few rounds. Thass strategy."

"What's strategy?" we asked.

"For gaw's sake," Artie said, "what I been telling you is strategy. Throwing the battles in the joint you want is strategy."

"Clear as mud," we said.

"I used to think you was a man of some intelligence," Artie said, "but I ain't so sure no more. Maybe you been in the Army too long. Yer beginning to ack more like a sergeant every day."

"Sorry, old boy," we said.

"Jess watch yer step," Artie said. "Now, about tactics——"

"Oh," we said, "do tactics come into it, too?"

"All the time," Artie said. "Tactics is a big thing. A guy can't get to foist base unless he's up on the tactics. Ast any general."

"The next one I see," we said.

"Ast me," said Artie modestly.

"Enlighten me, old boy," we said.

"Well," said Artie. "Tactics is what you win the battles with once you got the battles lined up. Suppose you got a enemy boring in on yer wing. 'Awright,' you say 'I'll pull me wing back in left field and then the enemy'll get lost or something,' so you pull yer wing back and the enemy gets lost and ain't never hoid of again. Unnerstand, I'm talking in the ole Libyan sense, with lots of room ter move around in."

"You are talking in the Libyan sense," we said.

"I thought you'd unnerstand me, ole cock," said Artie. "You ain't such a dope as I thought you was."

We thanked him.

"I could force a coke or so down me throat," Artie said. "You get parched when you make speeches."

We got to our feet. "We'll get you a couple," we said. We walked over to the counter, bought three cokes and brought them back to the table. When we returned, Artie was reading the paper again.

"Honess to gaw," he said, "them Germans ain't got no more imagination than a dull axe. They must awways have their mine on the birthrate or something, because they soitainly ain't got it on the war to hand."

"What have they done now?" we asked.

"Dropped another ten thousand men," Artie said. "Probly on empty stummicks, too."

We shrugged.

"You don't know where a guy can pick up a army offhand, do you?" Artie wanted to know.

"How big?" we asked.

"Middling size," Artie said.

"What plans have you got?" we asked.

"Aw, I want ter get the war over," said Artie. "I'd jess give 'em a good meal, fine a place to let 'em swing at something and then fine something for 'em to swing at. I'd clean up this war in a hell of a hurry, awright."

"How's the coke?" we asked.

Artie made a wry face. "I ain't one ter complain," he said. "Put it down as adequate. I can't taste it anyways. Me tongue is busted."

"You still having trouble with your stomach?"

"All the time," Artie said. "No wunner we ain't winning the war very fass. Nobody gets anything to eat. Honess to gaw, if the food keeps up this way we ain't gointer win the war until 1967. I feel it in wass left of me bones."

"What month in 1967?" we asked.

"Sometime in Lent," said Artie.

Close-up of Lt. Mark Bright, a typical Navy fighter pilot in the Pacific who has knocked off four Jap dive-bombers and two Zeros during his plain and fancy combat missions at Midway, Guadalcanal, the Stewart Islands and Wake.

Navy Pilot

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

PEARL HARBOR—Lt. Mark Bright, a lanky, slow-talking Navy fighter pilot who shot down his sixth enemy plane over Wake Island on Oct. 5, thinks his picture would make an excellent recruiting poster for Naval aviation. "They'd take one look at me," he says, "and know that anybody can fly."

Not that Bright is a puny guy; ever since he became 19, five years ago, he's weighed around 160 pounds and been 6 feet 4 inches tall. But essentially, the lieutenant suspects, he is a philosopher, not a fighter; a thinker, not an adventurer.

Bright's favorite course at DePauw University was ethics. His favorite way to spend an evening was in mildly philosophic discussion over a cup of coffee or something somewhat stronger. He still likes that kind of evening.

Almost every time Bright makes a remark, you get the same impression of a serious, diffident sort of fellow, who doesn't think he'd be very great shakes as a fighting man.

But since he came to Pearl Harbor in March 1942, Bright has flown in the battle of Midway, taken part in the original strafing of Henderson Field on Guadalcanal, run into an enemy task force in the battle of the Stewart Islands northeast of Guadalcanal, and helped raid another Jap-held island. His most recent mission was to assist in the almost complete destruction of Japanese installations on Wake Island.

Besides the Zero he knocked out at Wake, Bright has four Jap dive-bombers and another Zero to his credit.

Mark was born in California, "pretty much to everyone's surprise, including my own." His parents were visiting friends in Lodi, Calif., but their home was in Wichita, Kans.

It was at the Wichita municipal airport in 1930 that Mark had his first airplane ride, an inexpensive half-hour because the cost per passenger was a cent a pound. Mark was only 11 and so thin "that I'd have been flattered if someone had called me a featherweight."

Characteristically, the boy didn't rush downtown after the ride and start collecting materials for a model airplane, nor did he daydream about becoming an airlines pilot or taking a rocket trip to the moon. He went home and read a book.

After several years in Wichita, the family, including his older sister Bernadine, moved to Anderson, Ind., where Mark's father still heads the C. E. Bright Company, a "nearly one-man" firm specializing in advertising and printing. After the war, Mr. Bright hopes to add the words "and Son" to the sign in front of his plant.

When Mark was graduated from Anderson High in 1936, he had read a large number of the books in the local Carnegie Library, had maintained the highest average in his senior class of 200 boys, and had won a scholarship to DePauw at Greencastle, Ind.

At the university Bright played center on the freshman basketball team—"I wasn't much good, just nice and tall"—and embarked on a serious study of philosophy, both ancient and modern. At the time he planned to be a teacher.

In February 1939 Bright was bored with college. "I knew all about books," he says, "and nothing about life." So he went home, and his father gave him a job selling advertising to morticians. "I had to be something of a diplomat and subtle as hell, and I was 19 and unsubtle as hell. But I learned a number of things I hadn't read in books." For a whole year he traveled through central Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky and Minnesota.

In February 1940, after the year of traveling and selling advertising, Mark returned to philosophy and DePauw. In June of that year an "incident" occurred that resulted in his departure under "something of a cloudburst."

For weeks Mark had been dating a freshman co-ed whose curfew was at 10:30 P.M. For weeks, as was the university custom, they had returned to her dormitory at midnight or after. There his date would climb through a first-floor window, assisted by Bright and other co-eds.

One night, instead of friendly co-eds, the dean of women assisted Bright's date through the open window. Next morning a committee of faculty members suggested that Bright and his date attend another university in the fall.

Next fall, however, after a lengthy argument with the committee, Mark returned briefly to DePauw, "more or less with the understanding that I was going to join the Army or Navy or something."

"But I had to kind of slither around the campus," he says, "and that was rather difficult, considering my size. Last fall, when I got back from the Solomons, I discovered I was kind of a distinguished alumnus. Peculiar, isn't it?"

In December, after being rejected by the Army because he was "too tall to be a pilot," Bright drove his 1940 Dodge to Glenview, Ill., where he enlisted in the Navy. Mark spent two months at the Glenview Naval Air Station, then went to Pensacola for primary training, instrument and formation flying, and on Oct. 16, 1941, received his wings at Miami, Fla.

"Of course I knew we'd be in the war," he says. "Any fool could have seen we'd have to be. I wanted to get in early, and I wanted to get some place where I wouldn't be shuffling papers at a desk. Becoming a pilot seemed to be a sure way to avoid that."

BRIGHT arrived at Pearl Harbor in March 1942, one of 22 pilots they sent right out "because we were pretty well advanced." A few days later he became a member of Fighting Squadron Three, under Lt. Comdr. Jimmie Thatch.

During the battle of Midway, Bright was flying combat air patrol over the *U.S.S. Yorktown* at about 15,000 feet, "so high that we couldn't see much through the overcast, but we damned well knew when the Zeros, torpedo planes and Jap dive-bombers came over. And when we got down under the clouds we could see that we'd never be able to land on the *York*. We circled her once or twice and headed for the *Hornet*."

At Midway, Bright decided that "the only people who don't get frightened when they're in real danger are people without imagination or sensitivity. Fear is just something you accept and expect when you're in danger." He hasn't seen any reason to change his mind.

Returning to Pearl Harbor, Bright and three other pilots from Fighting Squadron Three joined Squadron Five, which had recently come out from the States. Before dawn on Aug. 7, 1942, fighter pilots from Fighting Five flew Grumman Wildcats over Henderson Field, the great and strong Jap air base at Guadalcanal.

"We surprised hell out of them; there was practically no ack-ack opposition and none in the air. More or less a clean sweep, you might say. At 2 o'clock that afternoon six of our planes were at a medium altitude, about 4,000 feet above 12 Jap Aichi bombers. We got set to attack them. Two of our guys went below them, to wait. And two of us followed the Japs in their dive. I got two. It was mainly luck. I fired, and they fell. That was all.

"Later another guy and I got two together. The skipper gave me a credit for three that day."

On Aug. 24 the task force of which Bright was a member ran into a Jap Naval force. "We gave them battle around the Stewart Islands," he recalls. "Our group was flying between the two task forces, and I got a dive-bomber returning to his carrier. He was out there by himself, and it was simple. Like spearing fish in a bucket."

By the middle of September the battle for Guadalcanal was still in doubt, and the Marines needed reinforcements. For a month Fighting Five was land-based at Henderson to help beat back the Japs.

"It was regular as clockwork," Bright says. "Every noon we could expect a raid—bombers with fighter escort. The Marines said we could set our watches by it, and they were right. On our first day there, Maj. John Smith—the one who has 19 planes to his credit—gave us the low-down on land fighting.

"That was the day I had the last section of our formation. The skipper was peeling off making runs on a bomber, and Lt. Milton Roach of Oilton, Okla., was my wing man. Roach had given his ship the gun and slipped in underneath. I didn't know it. There I was up there all alone, and I thought he was with me. Jap fighters were coming astern, getting pretty close. I looked to Roach; no Roach. A Zero was in Roach's position. I got the hell out; that's the only thing to do in a case like that."

On the afternoon of Sept. 30, there were "10 of us and 12 Zeros. Everything broke up into dogfights," Bright says, "and I caught one, following him down, staying with him, very slow, almost in back of him. Then I let go. He crashed just off Savo Island. That was my first Zero."

In November 1942, members of Fighting Five were sent back to the States for a 30-day liberty and reassignment. Bright spent Thanksgiving in Anderson at his home at 822 High Street, with his parents and his two nephews, Ted and Bob. "The boys thought I was a pretty terrific guy," he says, "but they're young. Ted's 3 and Bob's 4."

Some of the men in Bright's squadron remained in the States as instructors, but Bright asked for reassignment to the Pacific.

"I'll tell you why, and you can print this," the lieutenant says. "It has nothing to do with heroics. I was fed up with some of the stuff I heard. People were complaining because they had fresh meat only three times a week. For that month on the 'Canal we had hardtack and creamed beef—and you know what we call that stuff. And people said gas rationing was tough; they couldn't take as many trips as they'd like. I've got a new car I haven't driven for two years.

"I wanted to get back to the Pacific."

ASSIGNED to a fighting squadron, Bright recently took part in a raid on Jap-held islands in the Pacific. For the first time in combat, he flew the Grumman Hellcat.

"It wasn't very exciting," he says. "A lot of guys did important things. I didn't. I just had my gas line shot out, and it didn't even start a fire. The Hellcat's a good ship."

Compared with the Wildcat, Bright thinks his new fighter plane is easier to handle, climbs faster, is faster in the straightaway, more maneuverable and better protected. It also carries more ammunition. All in all, he says, "it has more soup."

As a philosopher, the lieutenant considers these matters philosophically, just as he compares himself and his fellow fighter pilots with the Japs.

"The Japs are good acrobatic pilots; they can fly well," Bright says. "That business we used to hear about their slant eyes impairing their vision is poppycock.

"But they're not as good, in the long run, as we are. They can't shoot worth a damn in the first place; they don't work together; they don't know what coordination is, and they don't know how to get a guy's tail and really shoot him down. That's what pays off in this war—the number of flags on your airplane. That's what'll win in the end."

In the raid on Wake, involving the largest carrier task force in history, Bright strafed the island before dawn on Oct. 5, 1943, flying low in his fighter above the Jap landing strips and installations. Torpedo planes had dropped incendiaries, and Bright says: "We could see very clearly from the fires. We could pick out the runways and revetments and strafe the gun positions. Those fires were a good deal.

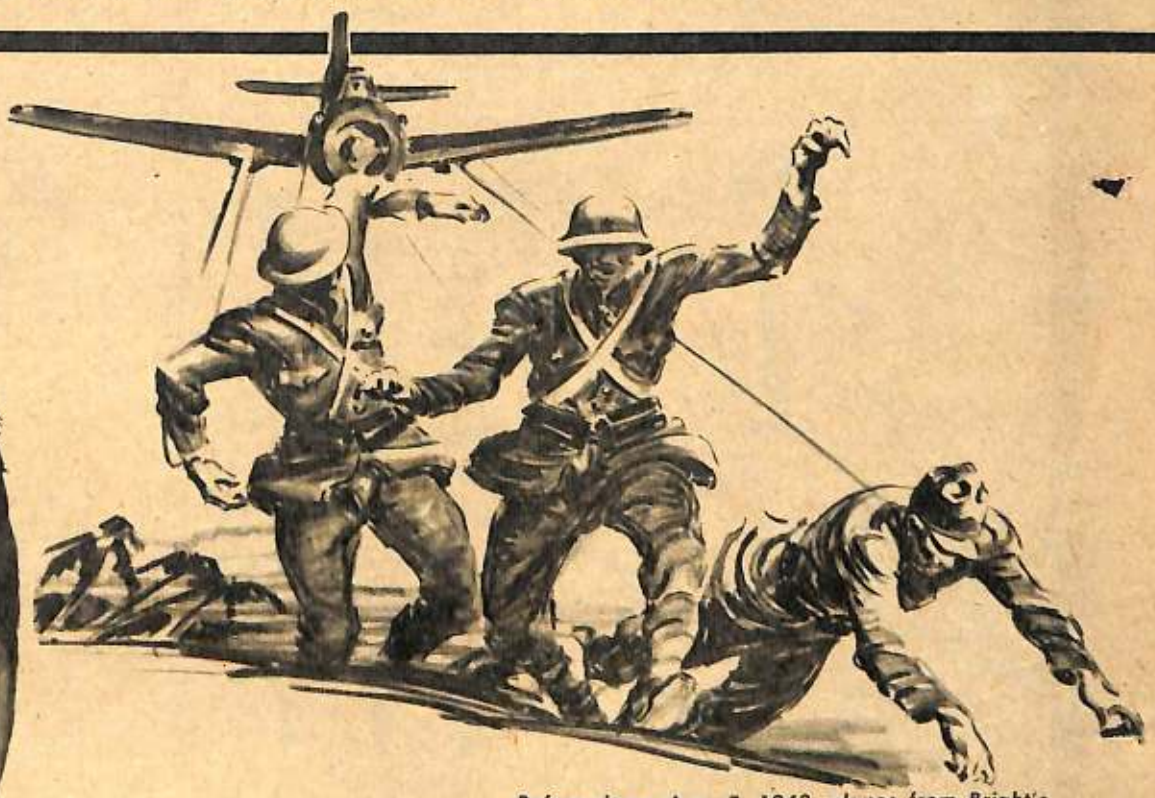
"Then we went to a higher altitude to wait for the Zeros, and got a semblance of a rendezvous. In just a few minutes we saw tracers at the south end of the island and knew something was up. So we whipped over. It was still pretty dark, and at first we couldn't see which were our planes and which were the Zeros. We did no shooting until we found out in each case. In about 20 minutes all the Zeros were shot down.

"I just got one, spotted him on the tail of a Hellcat while I was about 2,000 feet above them. As I say, it was still pretty dark, and I couldn't see much except for their tracers. I made my turn right into them and fired too soon, damn it. When the Jap saw my tracers, he let go of the Hellcat and winged over. I caught him when he slowed down on his climb. It was short and simple. He fell about 1,500 to 2,000 feet, burst into flame, and that was all."

When he returned from Wake, Lt. Bright had made up his mind on one matter that had been worrying him. He knows now what he wants to do after the war.

About four miles east of Anderson his father has a 27-acre farm, "the best-stocked farm in central Indiana." It has rabbits, hogs, horses, cows, chickens and sheep. It has a small house and a medium-sized barn. It is a quiet farm. According to Bright, nothing ever happens there.

When he is released from the Navy, Bright plans to fly to Indiana, fly 35 miles east of Indianapolis to Anderson, circle the farm once, then set his plane down on the nearest available spot of ground. He plans to leave the plane there indefinitely. All the trips he makes from there on in "I can do either by foot or automobile. I don't plan to travel much."



Before dawn Aug. 7, 1942, planes from Bright's squadron flew over Henderson Field, then the great Jap air base at Guadalcanal, and caught it by surprise.

"There were 10 of us and 12 Zeros," Bright says. "I caught one, following him down very slow. Then I let go. He crashed. That was my first Zero."

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"WELL, YAGOTTA ADMIT THE ARMY SERVES A SWELL THANKSGIVING DINNER!"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

"SOMETHING BIT ME."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

"NOW, NOW, GEORGE, DON'T BE CRUDE."
—Cpl. Ozzie St. George, New Guinea

"SMILE!"
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

"GOT ANY AMERICAN CHEWING GUM, YANK?"
—Cpl. Ray Ingham