BRITISH EDITION

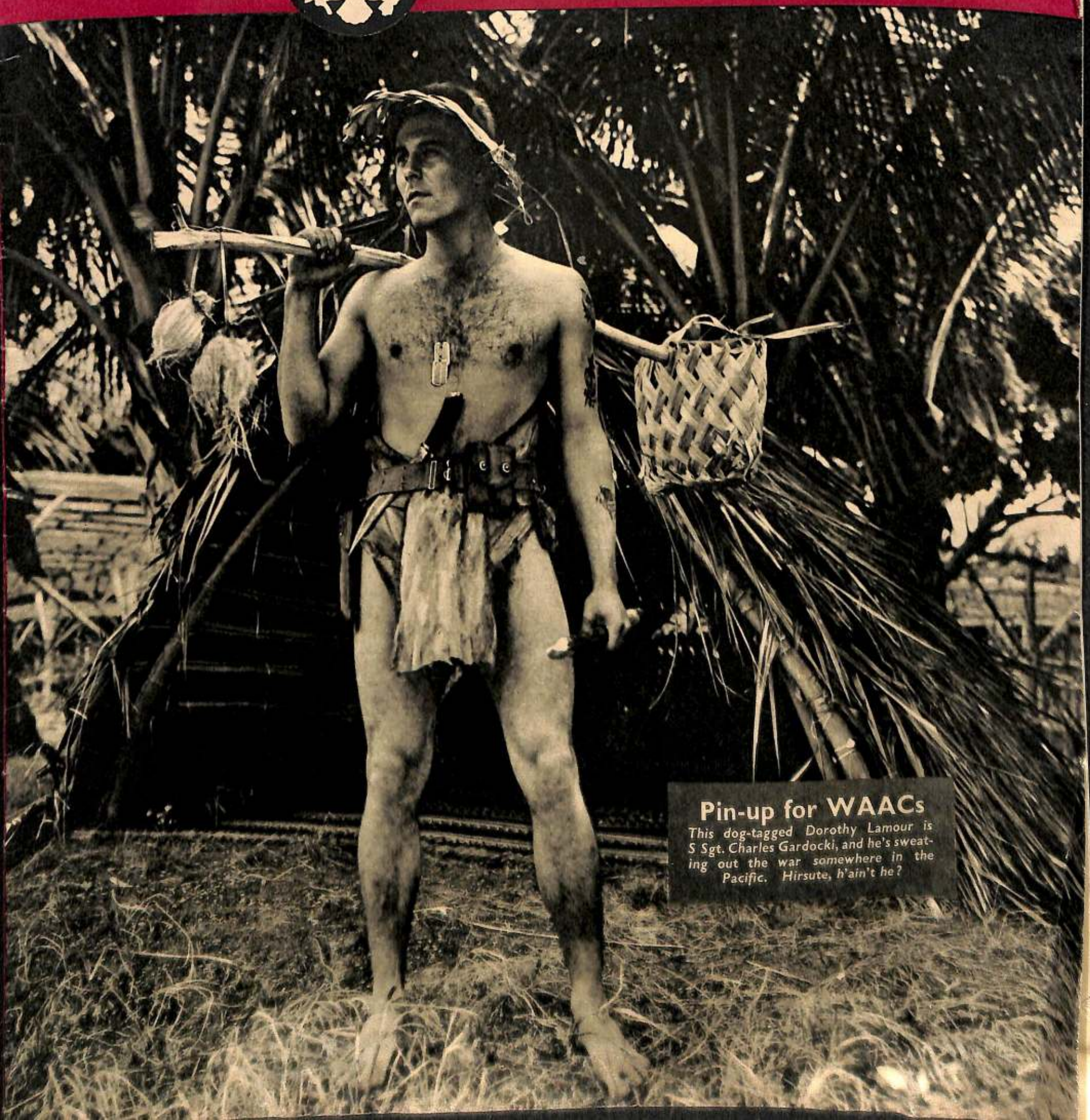
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d MAY. 30 1943

VOL. 1, NO. 50

By the men . . for the men in the service



Pin-up for WAACs

This dog-tagged Dorothy Lamour is S Sgt. Charles Gardocki, and he's sweating out the war somewhere in the Pacific. Hirsute, h'ain't he?

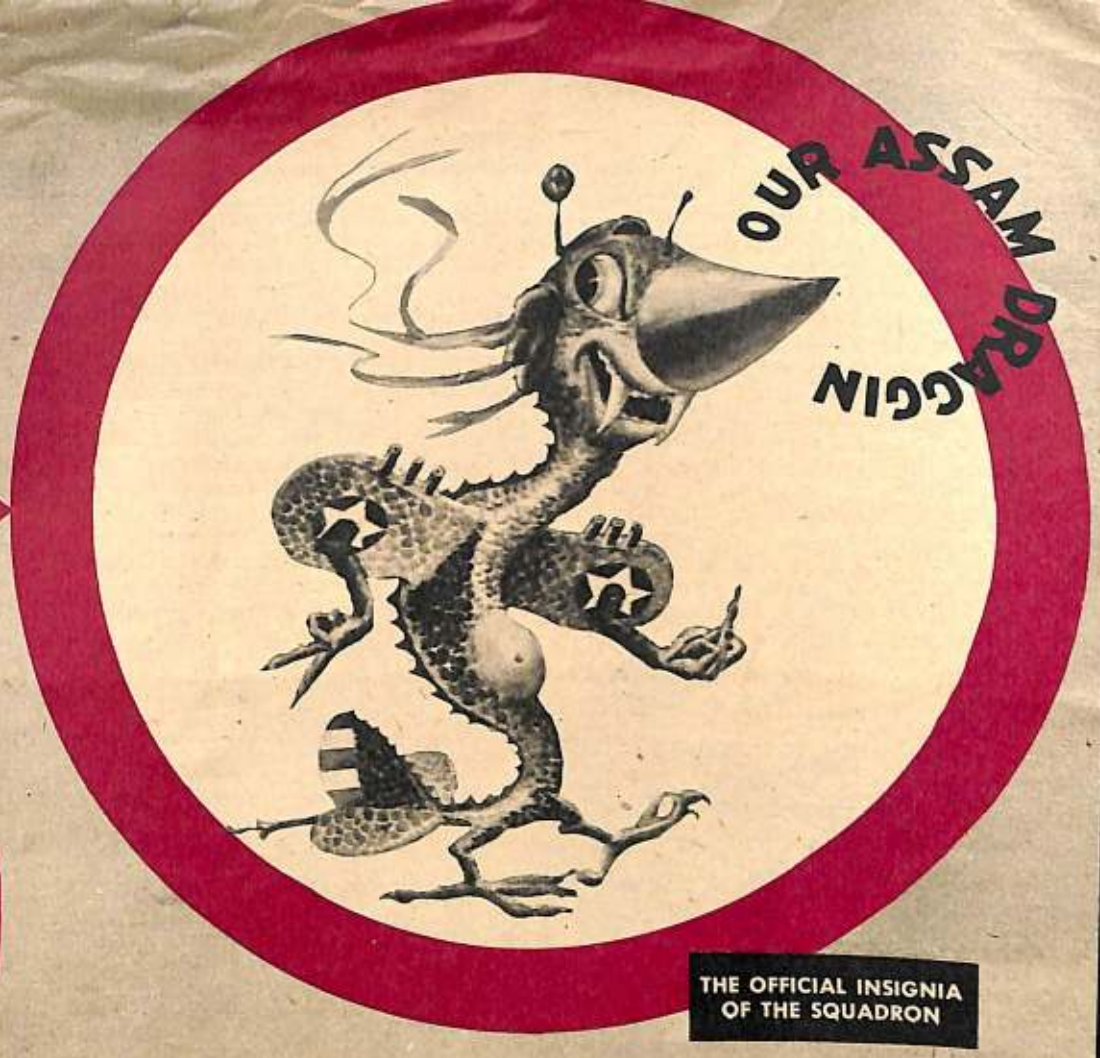
Some members of the Assam Dragon Squadron before they started out on a strafing mission in Burma. Left to right: 1st Lt. David R. Jones, 1st Lt. Ray Uglow, 1st Lt. Ira M. Sussky, 1st Lt. Jack T. Irwin, 1st Lt. Robert H. Bixby, Capt. John E. Jones, 1st Lt. Ben McQuillen and 2d Lt. Don P. Taylor.

Cpl. Jesse C. Carter of Moreland, Ky., and Taps, the monkey that doubles as an air-raid warden for Carter's antiaircraft-gun crew at Indian air base. When U.S. planes approach, Taps keeps quiet. He knows their motors. If he hears an enemy plane he chatters and rattles his chain in warning.

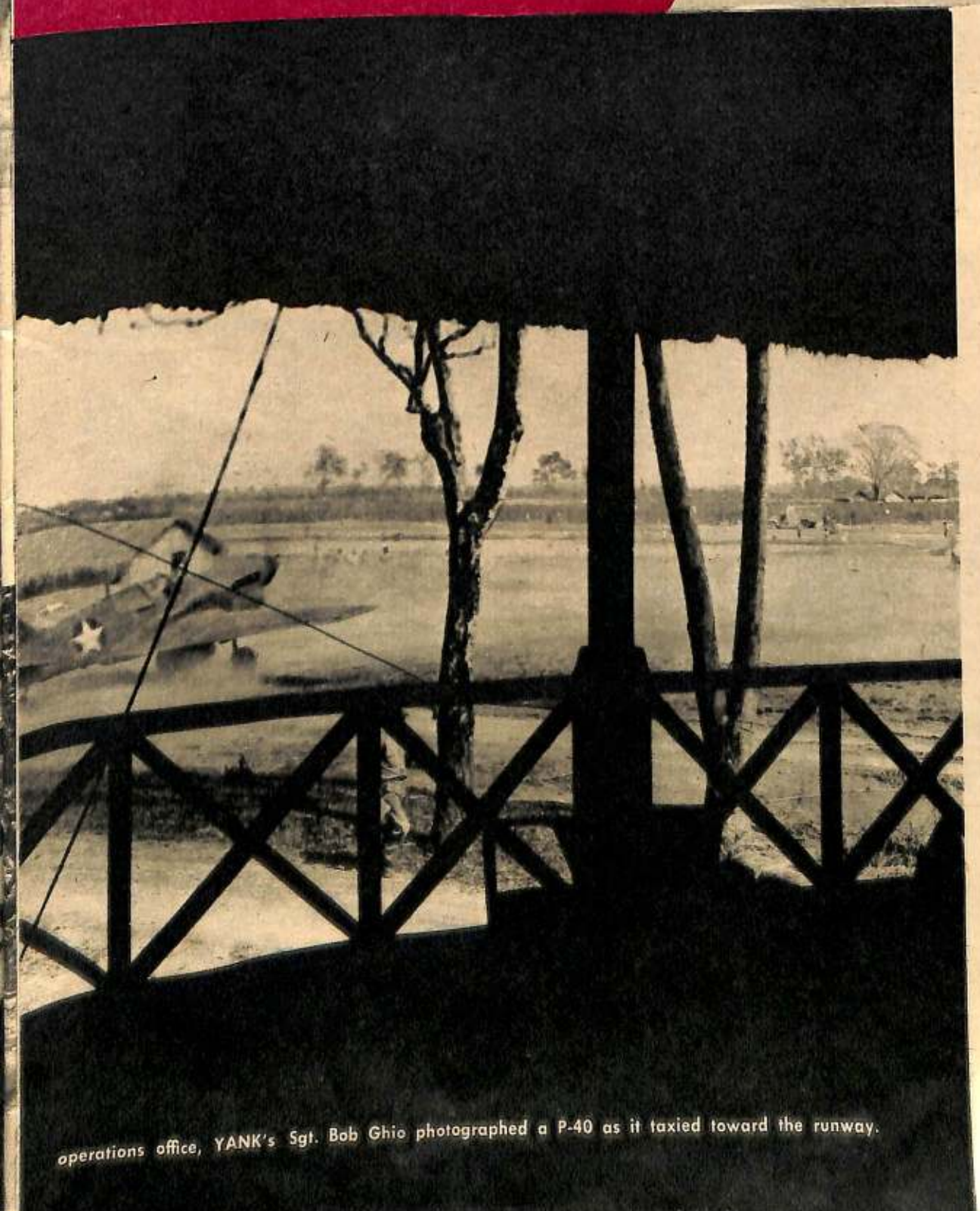
From the porch of the Assam Dragon Squadron's

The Assam Dragons

This tough young American fighter plane squadron loads up its P-40s with bombs and makes daily special delivery trips to Japanese supply lines and bases in Northern Burma, getting into incredible adventures that make Hollywood movie thrillers seem tame.



THE OFFICIAL INSIGNIA OF THE SQUADRON



operations office, YANK's Sgt. Bob Ghio photographed a P-40 as it taxied toward the runway.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

ASSAM, INDIA—Lt. Ira M. Sussky, the 23-year-old operations officer from Little Rock, Ark., leaned against the porch of the tea-plantation bungalow with the other fighter-pilots grouped around him. Over under the trees, the ground crew was warming up a grotesquely painted P-40 and Sussky had to raise his voice to be heard above the roar.

"There's a concentration of Jap troops in the jungle 500 yards north of the most northerly bungalow at Suprabum," he shouted. "We'll hit 10 minutes south of Suprabum, then strike out due north and come up the valley. Get in string, peel off and bomb from east to west. Drop your demolition bomb on the first run and your frags on the next one. Then strafe them twice and head for home."

Moving down the steps of the stilted bungalow which serves as their operations office, these American pilots of the Assam Dragon Fighter Squadron trotted toward their bomb-loaded P-40s, dispersed around the field that had once been a polo grounds for British tea planters. Lt. Ben McQuillen pronounced the customary pre-flight benediction in his deep Texas drawl:

"The Assam Dragon prowls again."

Within 10 minutes, a flight of eight fighter-bombers raced down the asphalt runway and took off toward the mountain range in the east that separates India from Burma, the white painted dragon mouths on their noses glistening in the morning sun.

We went back to the operations office to await their return and talked with Sgt. Manuel Valerio of Newell, S. Dak., about this bunch of Yank fighter-pilots who have raised so much hell with the Japs in Burma.

Hanging on the wall over Sgt. Valerio's head was the Assam Dragon Squadron's battle insignia, designed by Lt. Robert McClung, who was a commercial artist in Denver before the war. It shows a dragon with an ear-to-ear smile. The boys in the squadron say he grins like that only when they feed him generous helpings of his favorite dish—dead Japs.

"These guys are driving the Japs nuts," Valerio said. "They run almost daily bombing and strafing missions against the Jap bases and supply routes in northern Burma. Then when the Japs

come over here to hit back at them, the Dragons are already up there waiting for them."

The last time the Japs came to retaliate, the Dragons did an awful job on them. Forty-six enemy bombers, fighters and observation planes swooped out of the mountains in daylight to hit the U. S. base and only nine were seen returning to Burma. The exact number of enemy losses was hard to determine because the dog fights covered a 3,000-square-mile area, and our searching parties are still hunting for crashed Jap ships in the mountainous jungle land. So far, eight bombers and six fighters have been confirmed and 14 others listed as probables.

The total American damage was one bullet hole in the wing of a Dragon ship. After the Japs were beaten off, the Dragons landed for refueling and bombs and took off immediately on a scheduled offensive mission in Burma.

The Dragons are always getting mixed up in incredible stunts. Like the time Lt. Melvin Kimball of Durham, N. H., from Chennault's 14th Air Force, made a belly landing in Burma after his engine conked off during a flight from China to India. Kimball thought he was in India. He walked innocently into the nearest town and right up to the military headquarters. But nobody happened to be around at the moment, not even the CQ.

So Kimball headed back to his plane and, as he reached it, soldiers hidden in the surrounding woods opened fire on him. He grabbed his .45 and fired back at them, still thinking he was in India and wondering what the hell all the shooting was about. Just then he noticed bomb craters around him and realized where he was—in the middle of a well-populated Japanese advance base.

While Kimball emptied his automatic, an Assam Dragon P-40 appeared overhead. It was Capt. Charles H. Colwell of Park River, N. Dak., coming home from a strafing mission with five bullets in his plane. Colwell dropped down and looked the situation over. Immediately he radioed the Dragon headquarters.

An Assam Dragon on the prowl. This P-40, with the insignia painted on, heads for Jap bases in Burma.

Sgt. Floyd Ellison (left), mechanic, and Pvt. Harry Maron, machinist, get one of squadron's P-40s ready.

"Keep Japs away from grounded plane and pilot until reinforcements arrive," headquarters told him.

Four Dragons rushed to the spot and relieved Colwell, who was running out of gas. Then four more came up and joined the party. They took turns diving down on the Jap troops and beating them away from Kimball, who was helpless now with all his ammunition gone. The Japs poured 30 bullets into his plane but luckily they didn't hit him.

Meanwhile, back at the Assam Dragon base, Lt. Sussky volunteered to attempt a rescue in a PT-17 trainer. When he arrived at the scene, the other Dragons were still strafing the Japs and keeping them from closing in on Kimball. In the midst of this battle, which looked like Custer's Last Stand, Sussky brought his training ship down safely in a small clearing in the thick jungle, pitted with the mud holes of water buffalo and rutted with elephant tracks.

While the Japs still fired on them from ambush, Sussky and Kimball worked frantically to get the PT-17 off the ground. Eight times they tried a take-off and eight times they failed. After every attempt, they ran across the clearing, dodging bullets, and chopped down trees and stumps to make the runway longer.

By this time it was beginning to get dark. They knew that if they didn't hoist the ship into the air before dusk they were lost. The P-40s overhead were already having a hard job trying to see the Jap soldiers in the gathering shadows and, when darkness came, it would be easy for the enemy to close in and take them.

Finally, on the ninth attempt, the PT-17 arose clumsily into the air and soared away to safety across the tops of the jungle trees. The P-40s escorted her home and then returned and blasted Kimball's plane to bits so the Japs couldn't use it.

"Our group A-2 officer here is Lt. Col. Harold Buckley, who used to be a Hollywood script writer," Valerio said. "Somebody asked him if Sussky's rescue stunt wouldn't make a good movie story. The colonel said the public would not believe it. He said they'd say Hollywood was picturing the impossible again."

The squadron commander, Maj. Paul C. Droz of Salt Lake City, Utah, has also rescued three U. S. flyers from the Burma jungles. Using a PT-17, he dropped into a box-like canyon and picked up Lt. Cecil Williams and Cpl. Matthew Campanella who had been lost 23 days after parachuting from a plane flying "The Hump." Two weeks later, Maj. Droz did a repeat performance for the benefit of Lt. William A. Wendt who had bailed out near Jap territory en route home from a strafing mission.

AFTER lunch, the Dragons flew in from the morning Jap hunt in Burma and Lt. Jack Irwin of Phoenix, Ariz., gave us the score—three direct hits on Jap barracks, which were burning fiercely when the Dragons left, and probably heavy Jap casualties from fragmentary bombs and strafings.

"We really gave them a work-out," Irwin said. "Almost as good as when we caught that truck convoy flat-footed near Myitkyina last week. They say that the Japs had to bring up eight additional trucks to carry away the casualties when the smoke cleared."

Sussky, a beetled-browed youngster who joined the Air Force after his graduation from Arkansas Tech in 1940, hung up the phone and turned to the other Dragons.

"We got some more work this afternoon, fellows," he said. "A patrol mission over near Taungzup to look for troop movements and truck convoys. Carry the same load as this morning." He pointed to Lt. Bob Bixby of Helena, Mont., and Lt. Don P. Taylor of Los Angeles, Calif. "Everybody goes but you two," he added. "You fly cover for the transport that drops food for those Kachin troops in the hills."

"Will we get back in time to see 'Wake Island' over at headquarters tonight?" Irwin asked.

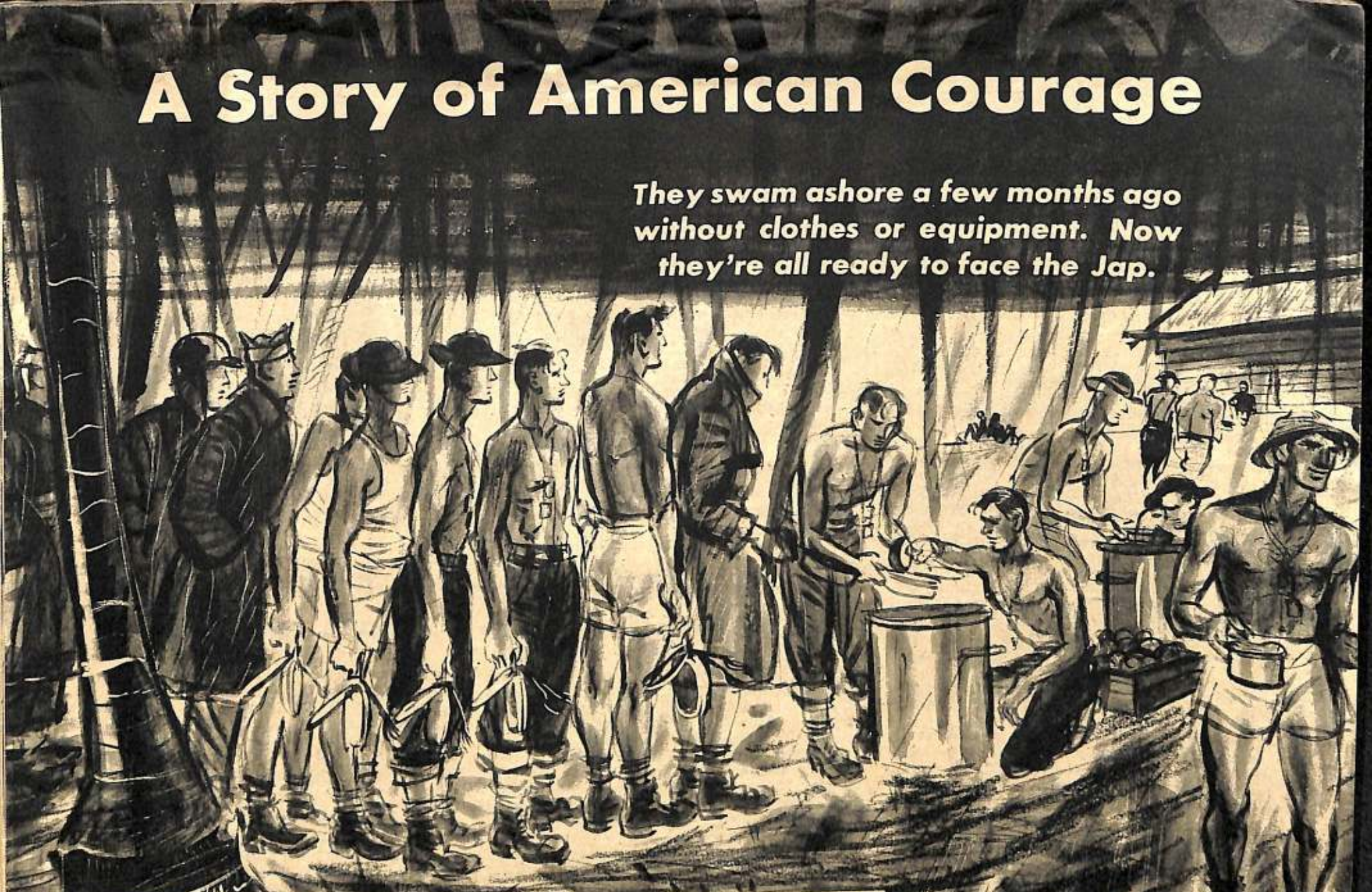
"Think so," Sussky said. "Just to make sure, phone and ask them to hold it up until we get back. I want to see that picture myself."

A few minutes later the dragon-nosed planes lifted their tails and headed again toward the mountains on the Burma border. The Yanks were off with their Assam Dragon.

There is no connection between the reading and the sound of that last sentence. If you don't believe it, ask the Japs.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Copyright, 1942, 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.

A Story of American Courage



They swam ashore a few months ago without clothes or equipment. Now they're all ready to face the Jap.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—A few months ago there was an outfit down here which seemed hopelessly incapable of surviving, much less fighting. Today it is a fully equipped fighting unit, well schooled in the theory of jungle battle.

The men came ashore with only the clothes they happened to be wearing; they brought nothing else. The soldiers, mostly National Guardsmen, were survivors of the *SS President Coolidge*, sunk after striking two mines within 100 yards of shore on the morning of Oct. 26, 1942, as she steamed into anchorage after crossing from the States without escort. The former luxury liner ground against an underwater ledge, listed and slowly slid into the sea. In 40 minutes she was gone. Two lives were lost.

At "abandon ship" the men, who had received amphibious training, went over the side into oil-coated water. Some swam ashore and others swung off the ladders into Higgins boats, barges and any other kind of craft that could get alongside. The troops in the boats were the lucky ones. An estimated 60 percent of the outfit landed with oil-ruined clothing and oil-ruined watches and wallets.

They tell a story of two privates who were swimming side by side.

"Say," said one to the other, "you've got a necktie on."

"Yeah," the other guy grinned, "and my leggings too."

They swam on for a moment and the grin faded.

"My God, I'm outta uniform!"

The sinking of the *Coolidge* occurred when the Battle for Guadalcanal was at its height. The men knew the protection of the vital island base was in their hands. If the Japs made an all-out attack—!

Col. James A. Lewis, CO of the outfit, and Brig. Gen. William I. Rose, island commander, stood waist-deep in water when they met. The weary colonel made an effort at attention:

"Sir, Col. Lewis, commanding, reports for duty."

The general returned the salute and, with a half-smile, replied:

"Go back and do it right."

Soaked soldiers huddled on the beach, drawn together as men always are by a great shock, and wondered.

The first men ashore were posted as guides to assemble the others by units. Transportation from all over the island was mobilized to take care of the situation. The soldiers with oil in their hair and eyes and all over their bodies were sent to the hospital to be cleaned off.

Most of the oil- and water-soaked khakis worn ashore were ruined. Marines, sailors and a handful of soldiers already on the island literally gave the shirts off their backs, and every item of clothing in storage, regardless of the service to which it belonged, was issued to the survivors.

The men from the *Coolidge* put on the strange combinations and laughed at one another. These clothes were to be their only uniforms for a long time to come.

Food and the equipment to cook it were in the hold of the sunken ship, and the survivors had to be parceled out to units already stationed on the island. It was short rations for all, and there was even a scarcity of stoves to cook such food as could be had. But the men were fed. They had a hot meal before they bedded down in the jungle the first night.

That night the troops, exhausted and stunned by the tragedy, slept in the mud, without shelter. Not everybody had clothes; few had rifles; the unit itself had nothing. Its equipment and supplies, said to have been the most complete ever sent overseas, were in 40 fathoms of water.

"But the men were fed. They had a hot meal before they bedded down in the jungle the first night."

It rained during the men's first night in the combat zone, and for two nights following. Few things are more uncomfortable than darkness and rain in the jungle, even for troops with GI equipment. These men, new to the rain, new to the jungle, new to everything which confronts soldiers in the tropics, were destitute.

But after the first two nights there was no more sleeping unprotected in the rain. All over the island troops doubled up to release canvas for the stranded unit. The survivors improvised as best they could. They made beds of palm fronds and branches of trees. They made lean-to shelters and shacks. They strung vines as clotheslines. They took the things others gave them and made them serve double and triple purposes.

Gas trucks were converted to water carriers, but it was impossible to remove completely the taint of gasoline.

"We could tell whether those trucks had carried regular gas or 100 octane," the men say.

They had no transportation of their own, so a general reallocation was made so that the unit could begin to function. Within a week they

Yanks at Home Abroad

received rifles to replace the weapons lost, and then they helped take over the defense of the island. They manned outposts and established sector defenses.

Field artillerymen were converted temporarily into coast artillerymen. They learned to operate the coast defenses and the antiaircraft. A shipment of 155s, which had been consigned to another area, was recalled and given to the men whose guns were under water.

Such secondary but important things as toilet articles were still missing, and there was no PX to furnish them. The men were ordered to stay clean shaven, although in one company of beard-sprouting soldiers there were only four razors. Nevertheless the men shaved.

One man made a safety razor from two tin cans, bending the metal to hold half a double-edged blade. It worked until the Red Cross provided a more conventional replacement. Gradually the men obtained the things they needed.

The training program for the *Coolidge's* men began almost immediately. Substitution of sticks for machine guns a la pre-war maneuvers was avoided. The men were trained in reconnaissance until they got weapons; then they took up jungle tactics. As more equipment arrived, the training program broadened. There was always something to do. By the middle of December the men were almost ready to go.

A week before Christmas I saw the outfit put on an amateur show in the jungle. A band played with borrowed instruments. Two soldiers, with a contraption made of burlap, did a talking horse act. The MC, wearing a sailor's cap and blue Navy dungaree pants, took cracks at the audience.

By watching the men it was impossible to tell they had come through an experience which might have broken troops with less sense of humor. They sat on the ground, laughing at the jokes and listening to the music. They were still wearing a hodgepodge of uniforms, some outfitted entirely in the garb of other services. They looked like sailors or marines, not soldiers.

On a Sunday morning men stood in the mud and listened as the band played carols. It had rained the night before and the jungle was moist and hot and steaming, and the moisture had its effect on the instruments. But the band played and the men sang.

"Silent night, holy night—."

It wasn't much like the old spit and polish days. But it was the Sunday before Christmas.

"O come, all ye faithful; joyful and triumphant—."

The words came back slowly, but the music was familiar. It's a long way from Bethlehem to the South Pacific. It made a lump rise in your throat to stand and hear them, the men of the *Coolidge*.

Finally they reached the end of a 16-week program in jungle training, with full equipment.

The men from the *Coolidge* were ready.

Natives work on an important building, the PX.

Pvt. Dick Vaus helps out SS shows with his guitar.

Special Services Men at the Persian Gulf Run Shows, Movies, Books and Fever

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND—The average Special Service man has to be a combination bookkeeper, carpenter, electrician, musician, librarian, certified public accountant, mechanic, artist and motion picture projectionist.

To scattered installations here in Iran they do their best to bring entertainment of every variety. They organize stage shows, set up rec halls, circulate reading matter, run PXs, hand out athletic equipment and show movies.

Take the stage shows. In this unit, they're the baby of Cpl. Bob Crosson, a graduate of Colorado State from Denver. Cpl. Crosson also has general charge of the rec hall, a long mud and brick building which has been converted into an amusement center by the installation of a radio, a phonograph, some books, games, card and writing tables, and cartoons for wall decoration.

Some shows are put on in the rec hall, others in the field—in mess halls when available. Sometimes Crosson's shows are masterminded by himself and Sgt. Grady Whittle, a Lyford (Tex.) musician who handles the musical side. Crosson will supply skits, blackouts and players. Whittle will dig up an orchestra by using local talent like Pfc. Werner Erikson, late of Glenn Henry's resort band at Sun Valley, Idaho, and song and guitar man Pvt. Dick Vaus of the Engineers, who used to croon cowboy melodies with his own Texas Playboys over station WBZA in Boston.

In the rec hall, Cpl. Les Bureman, a carpenter from Buckner, Mo., is radio technician and fiddles with the dials for morning, afternoon and evening news from BBC. Cpl. Crosson takes down the most important news flashes for a typewritten bulletin which goes, via carbon copies, to unit bulletin boards.

One end of the rec hall houses the library. It has the full stock of books issued to every SS unit and, in addition, a flock of volumes donated to the Army by the New Jersey State Library. There are some 2,000 books in all, and they circulate at the rate of over 50 a day.

All of this is under the supervision of Cpl. Richard Denser, who was a librarian in San Francisco for five years before going in the Army. His duties aren't merely sitting at a desk and checking books in and out. His main job is to operate a traveling library that takes books to small units in the field.

The PX, functioning at last with real American supplies in another mud and brick building, is also a Special Service function here. It's under the wing of Cpl. Bob Schulz, once a free-lance photographer in Cincinnati, Ohio. His interest in the PX is more than that of chief cook and

GIs in Alaska Have Their Own "Sun Valley" and Champion Skiers

ALASKA—GIs do all right up here at their "Sun Valley of the Arctic," complete with ski lodge, ski tow and unexcelled ski slopes.

The lodge has one of the most modern snack bars north of Puget Sound. The specialty, reindeerburger, is juicy and tasty—just like the "Wimpies" of yore. The lodge is a non-profit enterprise and no item sells for more than a dime. Supplies and water are brought in by dog teams.

The 1,300-foot tow operates seven days a week. Cpl. Jack Yokel of Jackson Hole, Wyo., the ski instructor, conducts classes daily on the open slopes of the Ski Bowl.

Recently, two five-man teams flew to the Interior Alaska Ski Meet, and walked off with first and third places. Cpl. Yokel and Pfc. Bob Kruse won first and second places respectively in the individual combined four events (downhill, slalom, jumping and cross-country). Other members who won individual trophies and awards were Sgt. Gus Holm, T/4 Dean Williams and Miss (we repeat Miss) Louise Roloff.

Miss Roloff of the American Red Cross, outstanding in the slalom, is probably the only woman ever to operate as a member of an Army sports team.

The Winter Carnival started off here with a gala dance and coronation of the Carnival Queen. Sports events included skiing, snowshoeing and dog racing. In all, 28 trophies, cups and medals were awarded at a radio presentation following the meet.

Class A winners were Cpl. Yokel, cross-country; Sgt. Holm, jumping; T/4 Williams, slalom; Pfc. Kruse, downhill; Cpl. Yokel, all-around champ.

Class B winners were Pvt. Floyd Wheeler, cross-country; Pfc. Lloyd Marti, jumping; Pvt. Dick Babson, slalom; Sgt. Verl Statsman, downhill; Sgt. Statsman, all-around champ.

Miss Roloff, competing in the women's class on the Class B course, beat the men's time on the slalom runs and won her division handily.

Under the direction of Capt. John K. Hayes, assisted by Sgt. Lyle Q. Gunderson, Cpl. Jack Yokel and Pfc. Samuel L. Butler, the "Sun Valley of the Arctic" enterprise is doing a land-office business.

—YANK Field Correspondent

bottle washer, for he helped build it, putting up makeshift shelves with such odds and ends of wood as could be bummed in that area, creating counters from rough timber and native matting.

Now his PX has soap and shaving cream, U. S. cigarettes and candy bars, shoe laces, stationery and fountain pens. Small things, but luxuries here. What's still better, the place is even beginning to smell like a PX.

Sgt. Bill Keegan, who used to work for the Physical Education Department of the New York City Board of Education, is top man on the athletic side. His job is building athletic fields and distributing sports equipment.

The movie section, under Sgt. Bob Williams of Wakita, Okla., puts on one or two shows a week at the main camp and then dashes by truck to other smaller camps.

All these activities don't cover completely the work of an SS unit in the field. A major SS job is supplying basic entertainment kits to other units. One kit contains athletic equipment, another contains a radio, a phonograph, books and games. The "A" or athletic kit is distributed in a ratio of 12 kits to every 1,000 men. The "B" kit goes one to every 126 men. SS not only distributes these kits but services them as well.

SS men, themselves, have but one gripe. This is directed against YANK, The Army Weekly, which on the cover of an issue last August showed four GIs lugging a crated piano across a rugged terrain.

"It can't be done," SS men mutter. "They musta posed them stupes with an empty piano case. It ain't fair. People see that YANK and then expect us to skip all over the country with a piano on our backs. When we have to rassle up a crew of six men to lug it onto a truck, they think we're sissies. It ain't fair!"

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

In this Signal Corps photo from Guadalcanal battle-tough Yanks inspect some Jap trophies.

First Jeep Outfit in New Guinea Still Goes Where the Infantry Goes

NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—A QM trucking unit, known to the fighting men of this sector as the "Jeep Outfit," was the first of its kind in the Army.

Formed just before the American Infantry went to New Guinea, the Jeep Outfit loaded its vehicles on some of the first transport planes carrying our airborne infantrymen into action. No sooner had the planes landed on the north side of Papua than the jeeps popped out to carry the men and supplies to bivouac areas.

As the infantrymen pushed into the jungles in a drive toward Buna, the jeeps followed them. The drivers carried axes, machetes and other tools so that they could hack trails through the dense foliage. Through this thick growth, through mud that often came up to the floorboards, through streams and man-high Kunei grass, the jeeps got food, ammunition and medical supplies from the airstrips, or the shore, to the front—or as close to the front as they could get before native carriers took over.

Today these jeeps have 2,000 or 3,000 miles behind them; not one has had to be replaced, not one has been in a smash-up and not one driver has been injured.

Practically all of the men in the outfit were infantrymen, transferred into the unit because of disabilities that would hamper them as combat troops. They call themselves the "Eight Ball Outfit."

They work in three eight-hour shifts so that there are jeeps on the road 24 hours a day. But there were times when the need for their cars was so great many of them drove 17 or 18 hours without a let-up. They carry C rations with them and eat en route. After a few brushes with Jap snipers they added rifles and pistols tc their equipment.

One of the ace drivers is S/Sgt. Roy Abbott of Lewiston, Idaho. Before joining the Army he had been a parachute jumper in the U. S. Forestry Service. He tried to get into the Paratroops but he was rejected because of his age. He was 33 years old.

In four months Abbott has done everything from towing field guns, carrying litters of wounded men, hauling hefty aerial bombs and lugging assault boats for use on the rivers to transporting generals on inspection tours.

Other drivers the men consider good are Sgt. Albert Di Pasquale of Belfry, Mont., who was a marble grinder back home, and Sgt. Paul Stiritz, former lumberman from Alton, Ill.

Keeping the jeeps running day and night, week after week, is the responsibility of S/Sgt. Walter Ray of Tuolumne, Calif., motor sergeant who used to work in an oil refinery. He built a grease rack of coconut palm logs and made his maintenance garage in a jungle thicket.

"Springs are the things we have trouble with," he says. "These corduroy roads play havoc with them."

His assistant mechanic is Sgt. Benedict Klappa of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., who was a paper mill worker in civilian life.

Every driver has had his share of mishaps which gripe him at the time but give him a laugh later on. Pfc. Joe Nagler Jr., former rig builder from Artesia, Calif., was blazing a new trail through the dense undergrowth of an old battleground, when suddenly his jeep dropped from under him into a machine gun pit full of water. Soaked to the skin Nagler spent half an hour bailing out his jeep and another hour getting it out of the hole.

Pfc. Earl D. Murray of Osnabrock, Wis., was driving his jeep down an ocean road when a blackout alarm sounded. Turning off his headlights he continued to scoot along until suddenly there was a splash and he felt water around his ankles. He jammed on the brakes and found himself in the surf.

Other units have brought their own jeeps up now, but the men of the original outfit are proud of what a staff officer of an Infantry division told them: "Your jeeps were a definite factor in the success of the Buna-Gona campaign."

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

Dakar is long on palm trees but short on gas. The old grey mare drags the young khaki private.

Gals Must Be Friendly to GIs, The British Rule Book Tells Them

ENGLAND—First America taught its GIs how to understand the British; then England taught the British how to understand the Americans.

Now, when an American soldier walks into a NAAFI canteen (British equivalent to the PX) and says, "Hi'ya baby!" to the nifty behind the counter, she smiles and says, "Okay, Yank old kid, whatcha buyin'?"

A year ago she would have accused the GI of being fresh. Now she thinks it's all right. The little booklet says "Hi'ya baby!" is legitimate. Titled "When You Meet the American," it says a lot of other things, too.

"Try not to appear shocked at some of their expressions," it reads, "Many of these may sound remarkably like swearing words to you, but in fact they are words in every day use in America."

It goes on to say that if a lad from back home asks for a hot dog he actually means "fried sausage in split rolls." A hamburger is "savoury rissoles in split rolls or between slices of bread," molasses is "black treacle," checkers are "a game of draughts," a scallion is a "spring onion," French-fried potatoes are "chips," taffy is "toffee," and an automobile hood is a "bonnet."

Final instructions caution the girls against making fun of the American accent or vocabulary. Mention of gangsters "as if they represent 90 percent of the population in America" is forbidden, and the girls are urged to be a little more friendly to the GIs than they normally would.

—YANK London Bureau

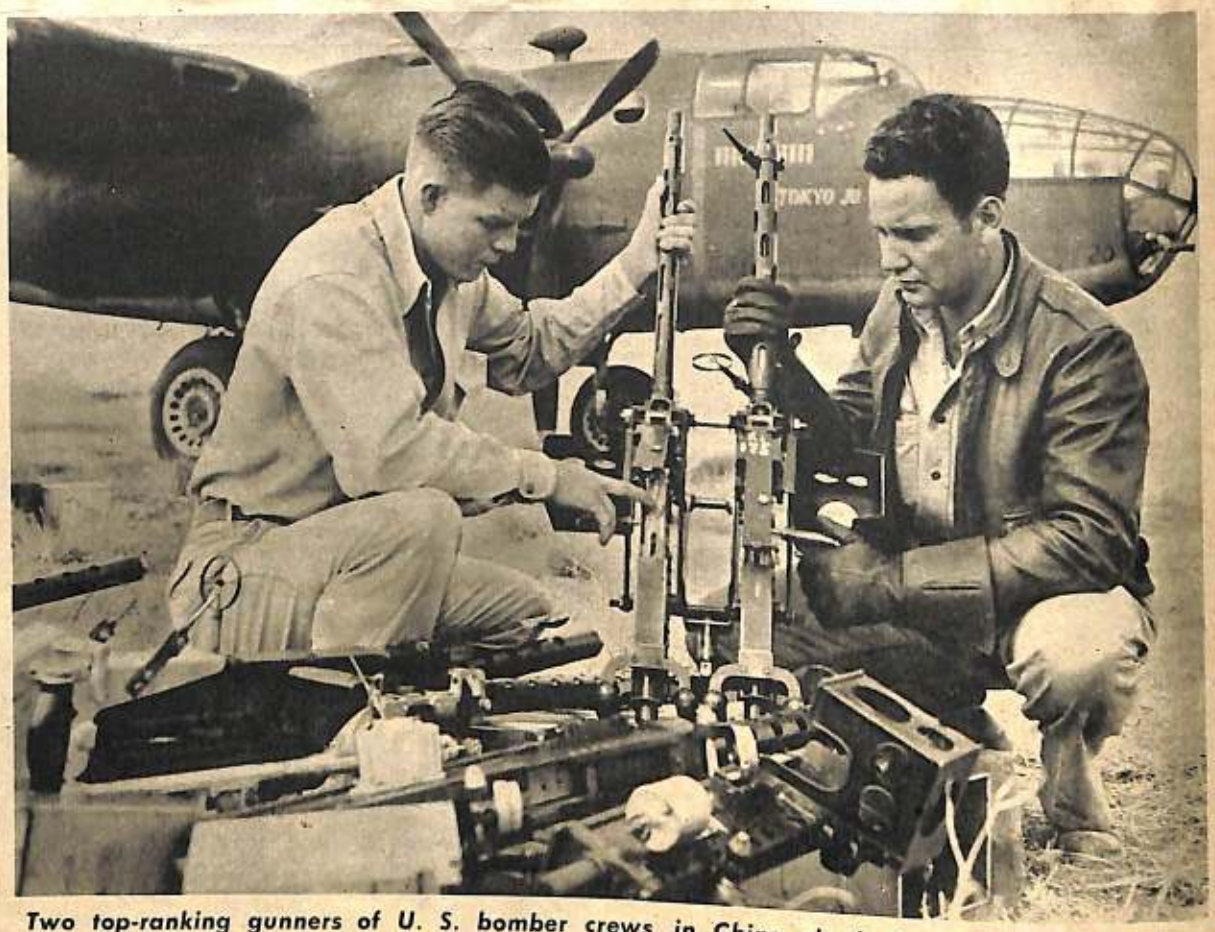
They Call It the *Virgin Squeal;* It's the Navy's Treat Once a Week

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS—The Navy men stationed here at the Virgin Islands decided to publish a little weekly newspaper, and plans for news coverage and local gossip columns were enthusiastically completed. Then somebody remembered that they hadn't picked a name for the publication. Everyone sat down to think of a suitable title.

It didn't take long. One sailor on the editorial staff came up with a perfect suggestion that was immediately and unanimously adopted.

They are calling the newspaper the *Virgin Squeal.*

—YANK Field Correspondent



Two top-ranking gunners of U. S. bomber crews in China check their weapons. They are T/Sgt. N. G. Stubblefield of Dallas, Tex., and T/Sgt. A. R. Williams of Morgantown, N. C.

Skipper, Flying Scotty Dog of South Pacific, Is Veteran of Three Battles and 26 Air Raids

SOMEWHERE IN HAWAII—"Luck flies with Skipper," said T/Sgt. Joseph S. Angelini of Philadelphia, Pa., and you can see what he meant.

When the Scotty dog was a 9-day-old ball of black fur, the sergeant, an aerial engineer, lifted him into a B-17 at Albuquerque, N. Mex. Since then Skipper has flown 100,000 miles on patrol and bombing missions, participated in three major engagements and watched from a U.S. plane during 26 raids on the Solomons.

"I could see from the first he was a born flyer," the sergeant says.

Take that first flight across the Pacific. Skipper and the crew left the West Coast of the mainland in an unarmed bomber bound for Hawaii. The date was Dec. 7, 1941. "Our ship was shot full of holes, and we made a crash landing with a swarm of Zeros on our tail," Angelini recalls. "I ran into a stone building, shielding Skipper in my arms while the Zeros continued to strafe us. We both got out without a scratch."

Then came six months of patrol flights with Skipper always sitting under the bomber's wing at take-off time, waiting to be fitted with the oxygen mask he wore at high altitudes. He already knew how to yawn to equalize the pressure on his ears.

In June they were in two bombing missions against the invading Japanese fleet at Midway and a month later they were among the first planes to bomb that then "impregnable" Jap stronghold of Guadalcanal. Almost daily after that the crew and Skipper flew over the Solomons. They sank a Jap cruiser, shot down five Zeros and damaged a "hell of a lot more."

Only once has there been trouble. Returning at night from a mission to bomb a reported enemy carrier, the B-17 was caught in a storm, got far off its course and was running short of fuel.

"We knew we had to bail out," says Angelini, "so I fastened a Mae West and a 10-foot length of rope on Skipper. I asked the radio operator to throw him out of the plane when it hit water, but to hold onto the rope. I had to cut loose one of the rafts.

"We braced ourselves for the crash, and when it came, we all piled up. I was on the bottom, and my right leg was broken. We all got out just the same, and Skipper was swimming around at the end of the rope. I took it from the radio operator and pulled the dog in. He barked just as if there was nothing to worry about."

For five hours Skipper and the crew drifted in their two life rafts. Then they saw a dark shadow in the distance and paddled toward it. The shadow was an island from which they were picked up the very next day by a passing ship.

Only once on the long flight back was the dog unhappy. That was during a few days on a Pacific island. On that barren strip of sand and coral Skipper found only one tree, an ailing, thin-trunked coconut palm.

—Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Field Correspondent

How To Eat Fruit in Australia

AUSTRALIA—You can generally tell if anything is edible in these parts simply by seeing if it has flies on it. Flies—and it's edible. It might help you, though, to know some of the more common varieties of tropical fruit and how to go about eating them.

The first of these and by far the simplest is the pawpaw. The pawpaw is a melon but unlike other melons it has raised its head above the common herd of the cucumber family. It grows on trees. It is smooth of skin, a golden yellow when ripe and, strange to say, melon-shaped. A jungle knife will swish it down the middle with the greatest of ease. One swoosh of a mess kit spoon will clean out the seeds and you can eat all of it right down to the skin. An over-ripe pawpaw is brownish in color, on the gooey side and superior to eggs or tomatoes for throwing.

The passion fruit is without doubt the most unpassionate-looking fruit growing. In fact, you wouldn't look twice at the best-looking passion fruit in the world if you didn't know what was inside. Passion fruit are the same size as plums but have a rusty, dull, sometimes slightly wrinkled epidermis. The inside is divided like an orange but looks somewhat faded. It has pits, too. If you cut one in half and chaw it out you will find it has a pleasant aromatic taste which is distinctively its own.

A mango isn't really a fruit at all. It is a portable shower bath. It has the shape of an Idaho potato. The skin is like that of a winter pear. This skin pulls off without too much trouble, revealing an orange pulp which is too stringy to cut. All you can do is grab the mango with both hands, wrap your mush around it and start sucking the meat off the middle pit. As you gurgle on it the juice starts dripping in all directions, and before you finish you are all wet and sitting in the middle of a puddle. Mangoes taste like a combination of strawberries and gin, and are pleasant even to people who just like strawberries.

—Sgt. CHARLES D. PEARSON
YANK Field Correspondent

Yanks at Home in the ETO

WE don't know where it came from, but we have just recently come in contact with a little card which makes, to us, very interesting reading. At the top of the card it says:

Do NOT mail if you will NOT be at West Point Graduation Week. Then, it goes on, *It is my intention to visit West Point during Graduation Week, 1943. I shall arrive May —— by (train) (automobile) (airplane). Being a member of 1892 or before, I desire a room in (new North Barracks) (Cullum Memorial Hall).*

Well, boys, this is all pretty sudden, but we're going to try to take it in our stride. It most certainly is our intention to visit West Point during Graduation Week, and we shall arrive on May 29, travelling not by train, not by automobile, and not by airplane. We will arrive in the saddle of a rocket ship we are whipping together down behind the mess hall. As we're not a member of 1892 or before, we're afraid we can't tuck in either the new North Barracks or Cullum Memorial Hall, so we'll stay in the Astor Hotel in New York and trek up the river every morning.

Right now we're going over and leave a message for our CO that we won't be back for a week or so. He'll probably understand. It ain't as though we were going over the hill.

They're Killing 'Em In Ky.

The other day we picked up an English paper which reported that Fort Knox has developed a new twist in making the life of a recruit a pure and simple hell. Someone down there has organized a goose-stepping, German-speaking platoon which is used to instil American soldiers with a hatred for real Germans. The platoon, according to this English paper, will amble around the training area, playing all kinds of dirty tricks on the poor, unsuspecting conscripts. They will "capture" some of them and put them in a "concentration camp," where they will be subjected to insults.

Well, Fort Knox seems to have changed a lot since the old days. We have a pretty good idea of how things are lining up down there right now. The exhausted recruit, back from a hard day at the old trainasium, falls into his bunk, when who should come up the stairs but this blasted German-speaking platoon. They frisk him, take away the candy he bought at the PX the night before, kick him downstairs, and spit down the barrel of his rifle. Then they go off, laughing like damned fools.

Next day the recruit is out on the trainasium again, and just as he gets to the top he discovers that a crucial bar has been sawed. Down he goes, breaking his collar bone. But does he go to hospital? No, he doesn't go to a nice, warm hospital. He's picked up by this Heinie platoon and shoved in a "concentration camp," busted collar bone and all. Boy, somebody figured, he'd sure hate the Germans then.

We, of course, are not at Fort Knox right now, and we don't know how the latest rookies are carrying on, but we know if they tried anything like that when we were in training it would have been a different story. Suppose one of the guys who used to be in our training platoon had been coming home from a 20-miler, footsore and dog tired. One of these German platoon guys sticks out a foot and trips him up, meanwhile subjecting him to insults. Do you think the guy would climb wearily to his feet, thinking that the first time he gets his hands on a real German he'll tear him to bits? Well, he wouldn't. He'd pick up his rifle and slug the practical joker over the noggin with the butt of the blasted thing. That, we believe, would cure any more nonsense of that sort.

If we were back at Fort Knox and they tried any of that stuff on us we'd go off and steal a life raft and float over to Germany. We doubt very much if Hitler is sending American-speaking platoons around his training camps, to make new members of the Wehrmacht hate us. Perhaps we could find a little peace and quiet in Germany.

We wouldn't put any money on it, though.

Jam Fiend

Rumor has it that there are a lot of tech sergeants around the London area, in all states of repair, but we have, we believe, run across the most fascinating one of all. He's a tech sergeant with a sweet tooth.

He used to go into this certain restaurant and put away ten slices of toast, with jam thereon, each morning. Finally, though, the restaurant proprietor came up to him and said, "Look, bub (restaurant proprietors are permitted to call tech sergeants 'bub'), we've only got so much jam in England. You want to ruin the war effort or something like that?"

The sergeant was pretty ashamed of himself. Nevertheless, he had to have his morning jam—no getting away from that. So somehow, God knows how, he came in contact with a whole jar of jam. Now he takes it with him to breakfast in the morning, tucked under his hairy old arm. When he comes into the restaurant his ten pieces of toast are laid out for him, he spreads his own jam on the ten pieces of toast, and everybody is happy, including the British Empire.

Man vs. Pumpkin

Speaking of food, we know a guy who was stopped on the street the other day by a very perplexed Englishman. The Englishman was perplexed because he was carrying a newly laid pumpkin under his arm and he hadn't the faintest idea what to do with the damned thing. Turned out that it was the first pumpkin this Englishman had ever come in contact with.

"What do you do with this?" he asked this guy we know.

"Oh," the guy said, "you make it into a pie."

"Fine," the Englishman said. "And how do you make it into a pie?"

This guy thought a minute. He's tucked away plenty of pumpkin pies in his day, but for all that he had never seen one cooked. He was a stumped baby.

"Maybe you'd better give it to me," he said.

The Englishman shook his head. "No," he said. "It's my pumpkin, and by jove, I'm going to see it turn into something. How do you make this pumpkin pie?"

This guy thought a little longer. Then a lighted electric light bulb appeared over his head. "I got it," he said. "WAACs."

"WAACs?" said the Englishman.

"Yeah, WAACs," this guy said. "They're women. They cook. They can cook a pumpkin pie."

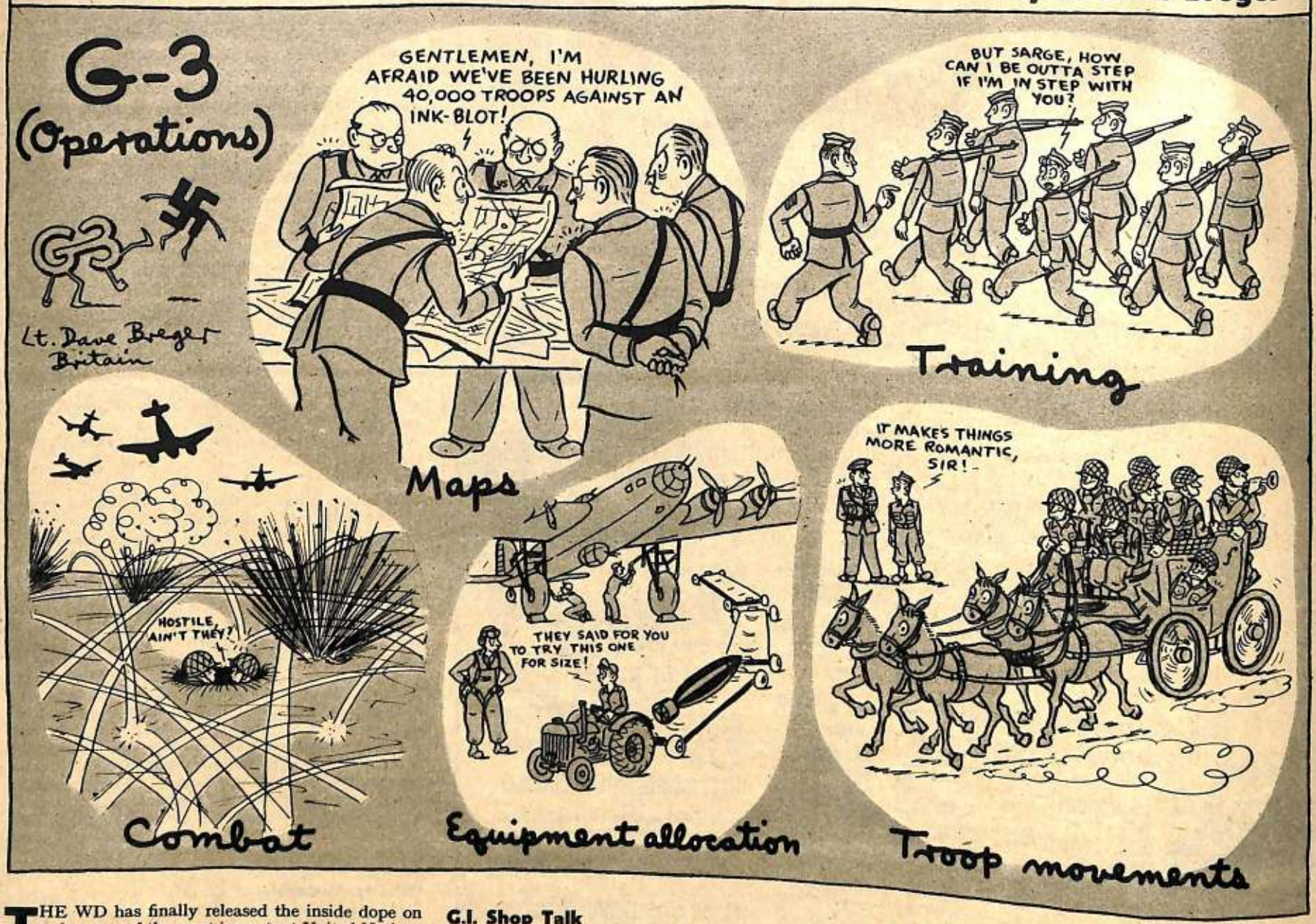
So he told the Englishman where to find a WAAC and they both went their separate ways. Our friend said his mouth was watering for two hours afterwards. Ours is still watering. We think he should have rolled that Englishman.

The Major

A friend of ours was walking down the street the other day when he saw a British enlisted man and a British major approaching each other. The major was carrying a cane in his right hand. When he had reached the proper distance the enlisted man brought his hand up in a salute. The major slammed the end of the cane down on the pavement, saluted back, and caught his cane on the rebound. Then he proceeded about whatever business majors, British or American, proceed about. Our friend, who used to love jugglers when he was a kid, followed the major for three more blocks, hoping that he'd do it again. He didn't.

G.I. JOE

By Lt. Dave Breger



THE WD has finally released the inside dope on radar, one of the most important United Nations inventions of the war. Radar, which stands for radio detecting and ranging, is a method which enables us to detect the approach, distance and location of enemy ships and planes. Here's how it works: Radio waves are shot into the air in all directions. When they hit a plane or ship they bounce back like an echo. Instruments then measure the time it took the waves to go out and come back, thus giving the distance and location of the ship or plane. Radar helped British smash the *Luftwaffe* blitzes in '40 and '41.

Overseas Barracks Bag

A new type of barracks bags for dog-faces going overseas has been developed by the QMC. The new bag is OD, about a third larger than the old type, and will replace the two barracks bags now issued. It features a 2-inch strap which enables it to be carried like a golf bag.

Judge Advocate OCS

There's a new OCS—the Judge Advocate School. Requirements call for a minimum age limit of 28 and a law degree from an approved university. EM with four or more years of law practice will get preference. The first class starts in June at the University of Michigan.

Rescue Aids

The Army Air Force has developed a portable hand-generator radio transmitter to aid in the rescue of flyers who have crashed in the open sea. The transmitter has an antenna that can be held aloft from a life raft by a box kite. These radio sets will be standard equipment for aircraft that carry life rafts. . . . . As another aid to ship survivors adrift at sea, the Navy has issued a new waterproof and weatherproof pilot chart. It can be rolled into a tight ball or spread out smoothly, can even be used for catching rain water or as a protection against the sun. Copies will be placed on all Navy life boats and rafts.

G.I. Shop Talk

Because of shortage of OD paint, many jeeps in England are painted pink. . . . The WD has ruled that officers can't wear their blue dress uniform for the duration plus. . . . G.I.s in North Africa, where the malaria season has started, must take four atrabine pills a week, have all been issued anti-mosquito ointment, and have been warned to sleep, wherever possible under mosquito bars. . . . The QMC has bought 26 million concentrated maple syrup pills. Each pill's the size of an aspirin and will make two pints of maple syrup when water is added, claims the QMC. . . . The Servicemen's Service, 640 Madison Ave., N. Y., will buy and send anything from pins to grand pianos for G.I.s stationed anywhere. Just write them what you want and where to send it, and enclose a money order if you're flush or COD instructions if you're broke. No charge for the service.

Pfc. Gen. Smith

Not long ago in an Allied headquarters in North Africa Major-General Walter D. Smith was inducted as a Private First Class in the Second Spahis of the French Colonial Cavalry . . . Corporal William O'Herron, newly arrived at Camp Tyson, Tenn., opened his barracks bag, first yanked out a pair of bright red panties, then a multitude of other feminine flimsies. En route to Tyson he had picked up a Waac's barracks bag as his own. Next day he mailed the bag to Waac Marjorie G. Anderson, stationed at Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Induction Center. . . . Corporal Joe Nielson and his detail of eleven dog-faces were digging foxholes on a farm near Merced, California, when they spotted a cow in distress. They took Bossie to the barn and delivered a 25-pound bull calf.

G.I.s for three days. Auto workers back in Michigan handle bayonets like veterans after their special 72-hour army course to familiarize them with the other end of this fighting racket.

A WEEK OF WAR

How To Soften Up Italy, Etc., In One Memorable Lesson

THE unhappy gentlemen on the ground sometimes looked up at the sky, shook their fists and hollered "*Bastia!*" but more often they just ran like hell for a shelter. Usually they made it.

The unhappy gentlemen in the Fiats saw Nemesis coming and sometimes they commended their souls to the proper place through the proper channels and nosed in to get it, but most often they just ran like hell for their home fields. Sometimes they made them.

The grease monkeys and the operations officers and the intelligence men could hear planes approaching over the cypress trees, and they yelled for God's sake to get that recording of "Giovanettza" off the loud speaker system and tell the pilots to scramble. The pilots scrambled out to some lovely smoking wrecks, and the Allied bombers turned their noses back toward reconquered Africa. Very leisurely about it, they were.

That, last week, was Italy and Sicily and Sardinia, as the Allied blitz hit its stride. Out of bases in Tunisia and Algeria and Libya was coming a holocaust of destruction that was making the Battle of Britain look like a dry run, that was making the blitzkreig of 1940 seem like a field exercise at a boys' military academy. Italian air power was being smashed, not in Africa, but right over its own bases, smack over the cities it was supposed to defend.

Italy had little enough, as it was. Her planes were old and insufficiently armored; she had depended on Goering's boys to keep her air clear for her. Goering's boys were trying to keep her air clear for her now, but they weren't the same crews that had peered down on Poland nearly four weary years before. The Luftwaffe was being pounded all over the blue Italian skies.

Statistics told all. In four days alone, 304 Axis planes were smashed. Fluttering down from lost combats came 93 of these; the rest were wrecked on the ground. On the best day, 23 were shot down, 91 left smouldering on their fields—a total of 114. But the amazing thing about such statistics was that Allied losses nowhere approached such astronomical figures. The whole Allied total for these four days was only 17 planes lost—which averaged out as one of ours for 18 of theirs. It was, all things considered, a very reasonable exchange. Very reasonable indeed.

The battle of Europe was under way. It had started, as did the Battle of Britain, in the air—but it would not fail, as did the Luftwaffe's assault, to get beyond that stage. Italy, the weak sister of the Axis, was being softened up, and so were her approaches.

Take *Sardinia*, for instance. The Villa Cadro field was guarded by 20 fighters. Through the fighters came a flight of Mitchells. They shot down four of the defending planes, bombed the field to bloody blue blazes. An hour later another formation of Mitchells came along, bombed the joint again. Six more of the defending fighters went tumbling down. Meanwhile Marauders raided the Decimomannu airfield, where 40 planes were sitting like chickens on a fence. They blasted away at the 40 planes, taking time out to dispose of four enemy fighters who made the mistake of putting up a fight.

Or take *Sicily*. There Flying Fortresses slammed home over the immense airport of Castel Vetrano; below on the tarmac and in the dispersal areas were great crowds of enemy planes. Down went the Fortress's bombs, up went a goodly portion of the Axis aircraft. On the way home, seven German and Italian fighters tried an assault on the Forts' formation. Result: seven German and Italian fighters ended up in the Mediterranean. In the meantime more Fortresses destroyed 41 Axis planes on the ground at the Sciacca airfield.

Or take, as we eventually will, *Italy*. In broad daylight citizens of San Giovanni and Reggio di Calabria, at the very toe of Italy's boot, looked up and saw a force of 50 American Liberators. When they looked up again an hour or so later the Libs were gone, but they had left a calling card, to be shared equally among the citizens of San Giovanni and Reggio di Calabria. The calling card had been a noisy one: 300,000 pounds of high explosive and incendiary bombs. Over Calabria there had been considerable opposition, and the Libs had found it necessary to dispose of 10 enemy fighters. Lib losses: none.

THE knife that had once stabbed France in the back was blunted; the knifer was himself being stabbed. There was talk in Italy of declaring Rome an open city, of moving the government north to Florence. Italy was, and she admitted it, scared silly. And she had a right to be.

So, for that matter, had Germany. The RAF and the USAAF were giving European targets no rest. The fact that the air assault on Italy and her approaches had been intensified detracted not a bit from the bombs that were falling on Germany and on German-occupied countries. The blitz, growing daily, covered the entire face of Europe, and that face, already battered, already horribly bomb-scarred, could expect no respite as spring waned into summer.

The iron was very hot, and so were the United Nations. It looked as though the time was ripe for what are usually called "operations on the European continent." After the planes, in this type of war, come the infantrymen. The landing barges had been given a new coat of paint, and the sea looked very calm.

THE CHEF. Rufus Chapman OC/3c helps make his ship happy by doing some good cooking for sea fighters.

FERRY LINE. U.S. advance units in New Guinea crossed stream in assault boat before engineers built bridge.

THE BAZOOKA. Once a "secret weapon," this new gun first showed up, with good effect, in Tunisia. Manned by two, it fires rocket-like shell. This training picture also shows carbine.

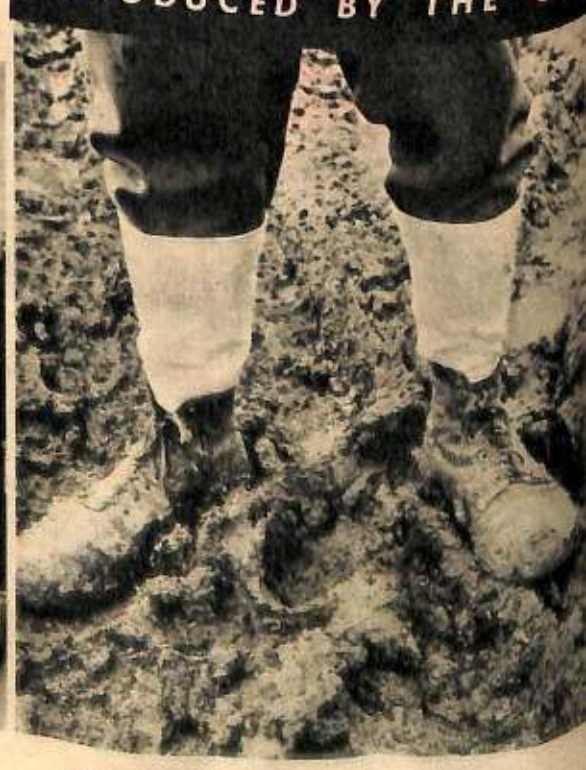
GENERAL PFC. Pfc. General John J. Pershing Chesser of Lubbock, Tex., gets kidded aplenty about his name.

SPRING STYLE. Georgette Walker, model, takes advantage of California sun, and probably California eyes.

LUCKY GI. Pvt. Joseph Smoocha of Chicago, Ill., is the fortunate man in this Red Cross club somewhere in England, where they have thought up a new way of being good to soldiers.

Variety

PRODUCED BY THE CA



AFRICAN FASHIONS. Tucking the trousers into the socks helps to keep off some of the mud in Tunisia.

EASY MENDING. All Ann Miller, Columbia dancing star, needs to do is to touch up her "stockings" with a puff.

MARINE STYLE. Marines in Camp Pendleton, Calif., do push-ups the hard way; in the air, hands and heels together.

GOOD RELATIONS. Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan, gives a cigarette to a Pacific island native.

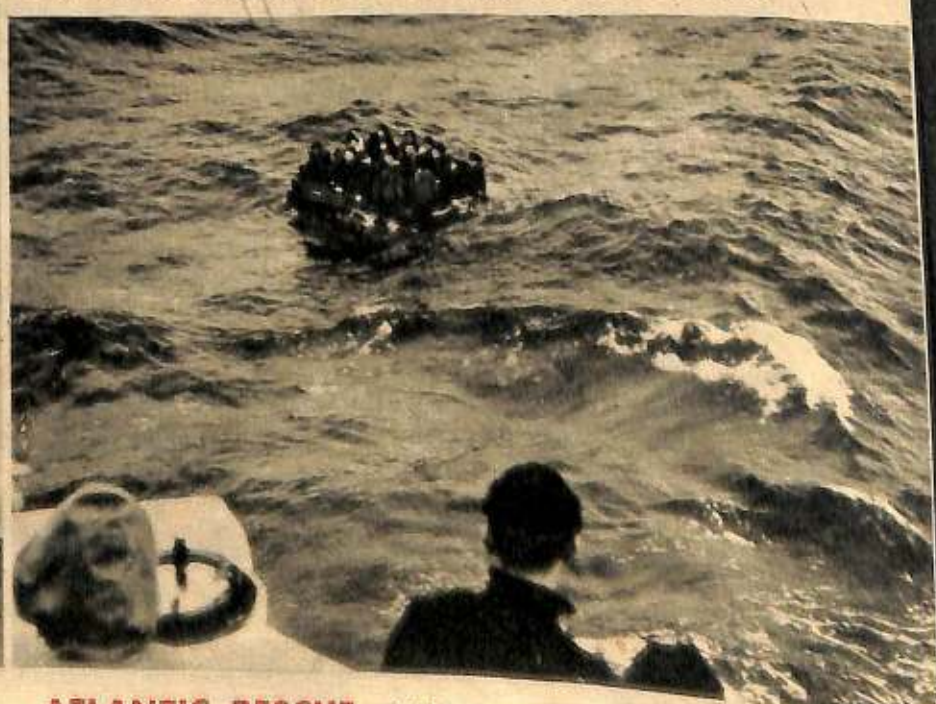
"PIE WAGON." Some Yanks in Tunisia bring 'em in in a jeep. These Italian prisoners, captured during the Allied advance, don't seem to be as happy about it as some.

Show

ERAS OF THE WORLD

HOME NEWS. Dorothy Mitcham, WAAC, at Fort Washington, Md., feels fine after getting 27 letters while ill.

TROPICAL DRESS. New GI uniform for hot places has twill shorts and shirt, fibre helmet, cotton stockings.



ATLANTIC RESCUE. A U.S. Coast Guard cutter sighted this raft crowded with 16 men near exhaustion. Their ship had been torpedoed by a Nazi sub. Here the rescue is made.

News From Home

Last week in America the Mississippi rolled wild, G-men Investigated a Princess, and Hot Dice set a Hotel afire.

Joan Fontaine becomes an American citizen with G.I.s in Los Angeles. Born in Tokyo of British parents, she stands between Pfc. L. S. Hajizomenti, British and Sgt. C. Musumeci, Italian.

Those oranges spell Tunisia, but them limbs are strictly from California.

THE Mississippi and its tributaries rolled wild this week. More than a million acres of farm land in Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma were flooded and approximately 100,000 people were left homeless. Civilians and children worked unceasingly with soldiers and state guards, building up levees to fight the flood. The manager of the huge hydro-electric project at Grand River, Okla., warned that the level of the water was less than a foot below the top of the dam and the 60,000 people living in the immediate area were advised to leave the district.

The Red Cross reported that there were 12,000 evacuees in Indiana alone, the property damage running to many millions of dollars. Clinton, Ind., is isolated and planes brought in more than 3,000 sand bags to bolster up the dykes surrounding the town. The flood waters raced through rich farm fields throughout the entire mid-west area and there is danger that many new corn crops, only a few inches high, may be destroyed—threatening the nation's food production goal this year.

Director of Censorship Byron Price asked the radio industry to discipline "wisecracking announcers" who poke jokes at the voluntary censorship code, such as, "You know, we're not supposed to do this, but for this once here it is, and I hope no censor is listening." Price also criticized announcers who make a habit of leading off with the record "Get Out Your Old Umbrella" on rainy days. He suggested that the industry must police itself, that it is to their interest as well as that of the nation's to cool off commentators who see how close they can come to disclosing censorable information and still have a technical alibi when caught.

An extra stiff fine was levied by a Macon, Ga., judge on a farmer convicted of drunkenness for wasting "perfect plowing weather." And in Washington, D.C., bootleggers are making loads of folding money these days by buying liquor at retail stores and selling it to soldiers, sailors and war workers in nearby states where rationing is in effect.

Addressing the Congress, Winston Churchill pledged that the British military might would help America reduce the Japanese cities "to ashes." And he also said, "In ashes they must surely lie before peace comes back to the world." The Prime Minister stated that it was agreed between us that at the earliest possible moment we should bring our joint air power to bear upon Japan's homeland targets. "The cold-blooded execution of your airmen by the Japanese Government is proof not only of their barbarism," said Churchill, "but of the dread with which they regard this possibility." He rated the U-boat the greatest threat of the Atlantic theater and promised that the British and American initiative, exemplified in North Africa, would continue with assaults, devastating Germany and Italy.

Roosevelt and Churchill studied the joint military staff's strategic decisions. And Roosevelt confirmed Churchill's statement that the majority of the Americans overseas were located in the Pacific area, and that half of the Army and Navy aircraft overseas were in the same area.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox warned that the European attack would cost heavy manpower and much sacrifice at home. "The fighting forces are steadily absorbing our manpower. Seriously curtailed civilian production and services will shrink much more. Food rationing is only the beginning."

The War Department announced that the American war casualties—killed, wounded and captured—averages about five thousand monthly.

Testifying that a corporal won his wife's affections while maneuvers kept him absent, Private Floyd C. Lohr won a divorce at San Jose, Calif., by explaining that a private cannot sock a corporal. The judge agreed that a divorce was the only solution.

Hot dice set Charles Murphy's room in a Wichita Kans., hotel afire, when one of the celluloid cubes lodged behind the radiator and burst into flame.

Dean Mohler McPherson of Kansas College had a commencement address scheduled but he didn't remember where. The *Salina Journal* advertized his predicament and the school officials of Lost Spring refreshed his memory.

The second general stoppage of national coal mining was averted with Lewis's agreement to continue the strike truce to midnight May 31. Spasmodic strikes closed some mines in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky while the War Labor Board continued the hearing of the miners for a two dollar a day increase.

Lewis threw a bombshell to the labor world by asking William Green to accept the return of the United Mine Workers to the American Federation of Labor and getting a favorable Green reaction. An Industrial versus Craft unionism debate drove the mine workers out of the Green organization in 1935 to the CIO.

A Waac second lieutenant, 23 year old Ann Kabay from McKeesport, Pennsylvania, blamed her marriage crackup on the attractiveness of the Navy uniform. Edward Kabay, an American sailor hasn't been seen since their honeymoon.

The Gallup Poll indicated that 79 per cent of the Democrats would vote for Roosevelt again if the election was held now. Seven possible Democratic candidates for President were suggested to representative Democratic voters but the President received four times the vote that all the others received combined. Other results were: Vice President Henry Wallace, 8 per cent; James Farley, 5 per cent; Paul McNutt, 4 per cent; Supreme Court Justice William Douglas, 2 per cent; Economic Stabilizer James Byrnes, 1 per cent, and Ambassador to England John Winant, 1 per cent.

Kansas City cops filed through the pockets of a man charged with drunkenness and found the following items: four billfolds with a five-dollar bill, one blackboard eraser, a miniature tenpin, pair of scissors, deck of cards, one comb, safety razor, six bits of garlic, a snail shell, a dead sparrow, cigar stub, eleven candy bars, one lipstick, a piece of soap and one large marble.

Princess Elena Dobrzinskaja Tsouloukidze, beautiful White Russian princess and former actress friend of Hermann Goering, is under lock and key at Ellis Island while G-men are investigating her past. A short wave radio set was found in her room immediately after she arrived in New York. The Princess

These blind workers in Chicago won the Maritime Commission's "M" pennant for merit. Totally blind, they work with great efficiency, folding, hemming and wrapping sheets and pillow cases.

The Braves said, "Goodbye, Lefty."

was reported to have written a letter claiming she met Hitler. She is the estranged wife of an American named William Woodford.

Six youths, aged between seventeen and twenty-two, were found guilty of second degree assault on seventeen-year-old Theresa O'Brien in a darkened box at the Bronx Opera House, New York City. They face a maximum sentence of twelve years in the State Prison. Two of the defendants pleaded guilty to first degree rape.

Representatives from 45 governments met at Hot Springs, Virginia, to consider the post-war food and clothing needs of two billion people. Reporters were banned at the sessions.

Ellen Tuck French Astor was granted a divorce from John Jacob Astor, 3rd, after an eight-minute hearing at Reno. Astor's secretary announced a one million dollar settlement.

Yale University opened an Alcoholic Studies School, devoted to the psychological dissection of the bar fly, the sociable drinker and the habitual drunkard. The first class includes seventy-five educators, social workers, clergymen and law enforcement officers.

The Office of Price Administration imposed a strict ban on pleasure driving from Maine to Virginia and eight counties in West Virginia. Motorists are stopped and violators are threatened with the loss of gasoline rationing for the duration.

Coast Guardsman David Bartosch married Irene Kuehner, the daughter of a St. Louis wholesale florist. The bridal party carried 234 orchids, valued at 1,100 bucks retail.

Betty Phillips claimed that her husband kept a lion around the house and won her divorce at Los Angeles. The FBI rounded up 638 draft dodgers in twenty principal cities. William J. Wray, held in New York charged with draft evasion, had registered twice and held two social security cards and two sets of ration books.

Income tax legislation is still locked in a conference. The President indicated the Carlson-Ruml bill veto was causing its defeat in the House 202 to 94. No agreement has yet been reached in the pay-as-you-go taxation plan. The committees awaited Presidential approval and nod before adopting the plan.

In a Salem, Mass., war plant, employees found sea gulls swooping in to their lunch baskets. Rationing has eliminated soft harbor pickings. The electric eye gives the plant warning of the birds approach.

Flustered when the Duke of Windsor inquired as to her uniform, Lieutenant Mary Russ, Army nurse at a New York reception station, stammered, "We are Navy nurses." Then she said: "We are not." This prompted Lieutenant Pauline London to say, "We are Army nurses—H. S. Army nurses." "Stop blushing," Lieutenant Russ murmured, "gosh that's right."

Film star Ann Sothern and aviation cadet Robert Sterling, ex-actor, applied for a marriage license at Ventura, Calif. Her divorce from Roger Pryor, band leader, is final this week.

Lou Novikoff, the mad Russian, and the only major league holdout, signed with the Chicago Cubs. Novikoff earned $5,000 last year, demanded $10,000 this season and finally settled for a reputed $7,500.

Citizens of Albuquerque, N.M., have been told by District Agent L. H. Laney of the fish and wild life service, that their meat problems are over.

"Your meat can be seen any day scurrying around the sand dunes," he said. "They're prairie dogs and their meat is good. It's a bit stringy in the spring, but is tasty and tender all the rest of the year. Prairie dogs aren't dogs at all," adds Laney, "they're a member of the squirrel family."

A strike at factories belonging to the Chrysler

Ann Sothern ran off and got hitched.

Corporation has caused the most serious stoppage of work that Detroit has known since Pearl Harbor; 27,000 war workers, makers of Rolls Royce engines for the RAF, have laid down their tools. They struck because "of the indifference" of the War Labor Board to a wages claim.

A nine-man board has been established to handle the meat shortage in America. It will be called the War Meat Board and it is believed that the elimination of the black market in meat will be one of its main tasks. Located in Chicago, the board will consist of two war food administrators, one from the U. S. armed forces and two from the food rationing division of the OPA.

Labor shortage in Portland, Ore., cemeteries has become so serious that a group of cemetery managers have appealed to the War Labor Board for relief. While only one cemetery was concerned over the grave-digging situation, many were worried over the possibility of not being able to keep their grounds tended this summer. The phrase, "looking like a well-kept grave," threatens to become obsolete.

A number of good books, especially for dog-faces appeared in book stores. Non-fiction: *War is People*, by Lorna Lindsley, a correspondent's report on Europe from the Spanish Civil War until the fall of France. *As You Were*, edited by the late former World War 1 Sergeant Alexander Woollcott, described as a portable library of Prose and Poetry for Servicemen. Fiction: *Gideon Planish*, by Sinclair Lewis; *The Forest of the Fort*, by Hervey Allen; and *Having Wonderful Crime*, by Craig Rice are all recommended as "good reading for the men."

Elmer Davis, director of the Office of War Information, rebuked those Americans who are saying that the war may be over by Christmas. "Hitler's chances of success are increased by some people in this country who have let our recent victories go to their heads." Davis said. "The war will be over by some Christmas, but not this one—not by any evidence that is in sight now."

Speaking in New York City, President Edouard Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, said the war may end suddenly and that the Allies should prepare the basis of the peace now. He said he believed we would win victory on the European battlefields next year.

An eagle tried to carry off the baby of Mrs. George Chane, Watkins Glen, N.Y. The housewife saw the bird gripping the baby's blanket in the pram outside of her house. She grabbed a broom and rushed outside. The eagle was forced to flee but not until Mrs. Chane struck it repeatedly with the broom. The baby suffered minor leg scratches.

The post-war air travel problem was much discussed again after 18 leading American airlines announced unqualified opposition to government ownership or participation of post-war air travel. The air lines said that the Government should conduct negotiations with other governments for the purpose of securing international transport rights, but that it should be left to them to maintain a competitive position on the international field.

John Pucheck, husky 24-year-old farmer of Oconomowac, Wis., will not be drafted. The local board decided he was too essential after listening to his story. Johnny arises every day at 5 a.m., milks 22 cows, drives 20 miles to a foundry where he is employed on war work, returns to the farm in the evening to milk his cows again, then takes the tractor and plows his field until 10 or 11 p.m.

"Lefty" Gomez was unconditionally released by the Boston Braves. The Braves signed up the 32-year-old pitcher last winter after the New York Yankees released him.

The typical American prostitute is a farmer's daughter, Miss Helen Hironimus, warden of the Federal Reformatory for Women at Alderson, W. Va., wrote in the *Federal Probation Quarterly*. "The typical prostitute is a young woman in her early twenties, undernourished, with scanty, cheap, untidy clothing, the product of insecure and unstable existence," the woman warden wrote. "Ordinarily, she is rather inarticulate and bewildered at finding herself in unfamiliar surrounding far from home, confined for doing something which she considered her own personal affair." Miss Hironimus said that of 100 women arrested in the vicinity of Fort Bragg, N.C., and Camp Forrest, Tenn., nearly all were brought up in rural communities, with one-half coming from farm homes, and all but six were daughters of share-croppers or tenant farmers.

Vice President Wallace said that the National Resources Planning Board was developing a billion dollar post-war building program at a dinner before leaders of the American Labor Party in New York City. By a vote of 11 to 10, the Senate Finance Committee decided that all pacts under the Reciprocal Trade Agreement should be subject to cancellation by either the President or Congress.

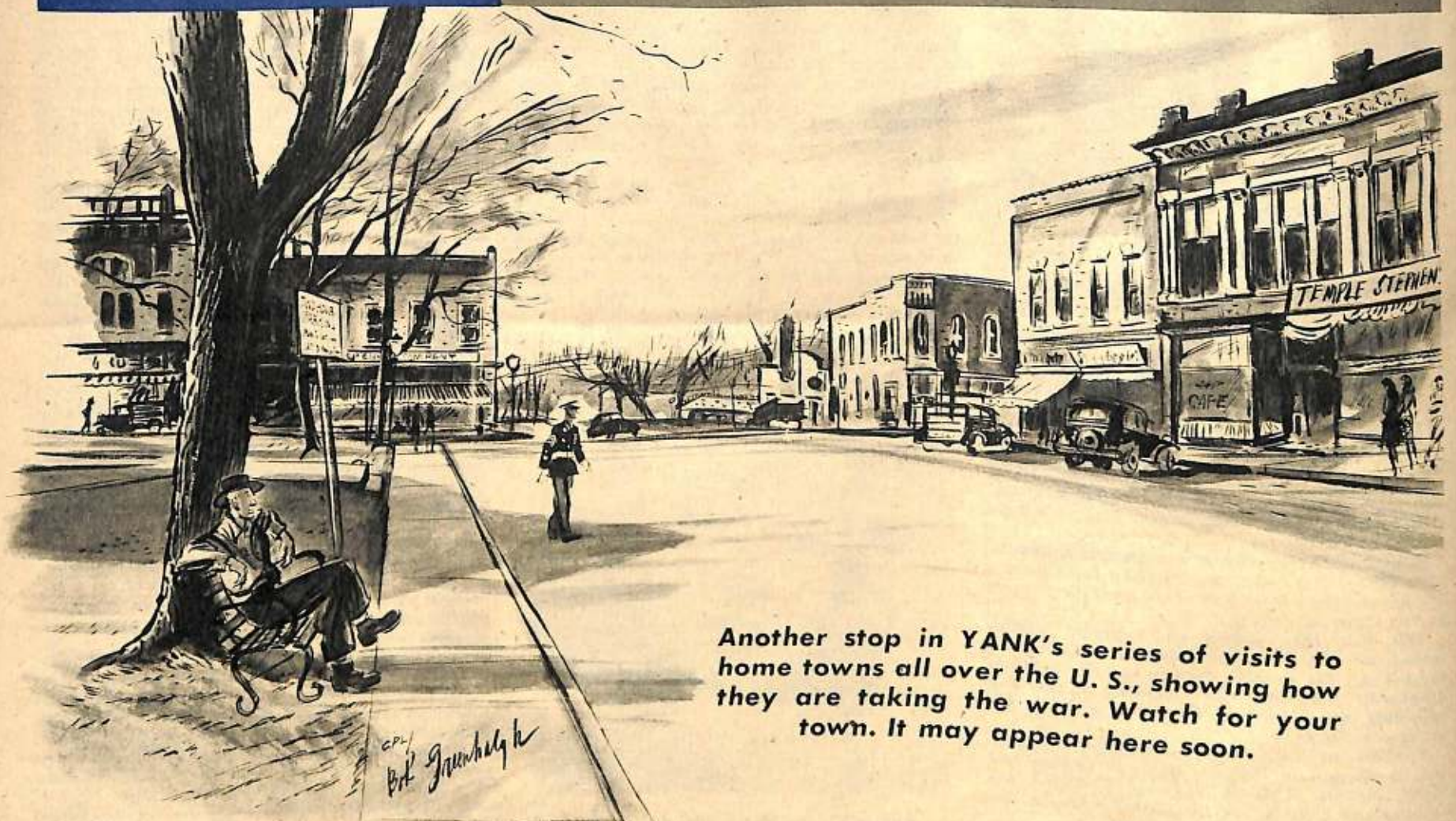
William Wymer, 16, Denver, Colo., admitted pushing Donald Mattas, 8, and Milo Flindt, 11, off a 175-foot cliff to their deaths after charging them 10 cents each to climb up. A Dallas, Tex., jury awarded Mrs. Nina Mullenix $800 for damages to her hair from a 25-cent permanent wave. And Philip J. Liuzza, a New Orleans, La., securities broker, was sentenced to seven years for defrauding his clients of $100,000.

It seemed as though the whole U. S. was flooded. But the G.I.s helped prevent it.

General McNair, C.O. of the Ground Forces, came from Tunisia with an arm full of shrapnel.

HOME TOWNS IN WAR TIME

MEXICO, Mo.



Another stop in YANK's series of visits to home towns all over the U. S., showing how they are taking the war. Watch for your town. It may appear here soon.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

MEXICO, Mo.—Mexico has always liked to live in the past. It calls itself "Little Dixie" (most of its leading families came originally from Virginia and Kentucky), speaks with an extra-broad Southern accent, adheres to strict pre-Civil War family upbringing, sternly banishes all drinking establishments to the outskirts of town, has stately colonial mansions, and boasts that in the election of 1860, only one man had the temerity to vote for Abraham Lincoln. To its credit, it also boasts that the man, one Cudworth, did so publicly on the courthouse steps, in the face of threatened mob violence.

With this background, Mexico never could be classed as a rip-roaring town by any stretch of the imagination.

But now the war has made it conscious of the present. There are casualty lists and point rationing. There is also quite a bit of excitement.

Recently, for instance, the Liberty Theater was crowded for a picture called "A Yank at Eton." Everything was going along fine when suddenly the unmistakable sound of an air-raid siren wafted into the theater. Most of the town's 18 air-raid wardens were in the audience, and they looked at each other in amazement. No practice drill was scheduled. The siren then could mean only one thing—the Germans or Japanese had managed to send planes to the middle of the United States and were about to bomb hell out of Mexico, Mo.

Everyone poured out into the street, and in 10 minutes the town was ready for the worst. Just then the station agent sauntered over from the depot, observed the feverish preparations along Jefferson Street and shook his head. "I *told* that engineer on the Wabash No. 12 not to play tricks with that train whistle of his," he said.

Other things have happened in Mexico, too. A whole company of Naval pre-flight cadets moved into town, taking over the airport, the music rooms of the old Hardin Junior College and a few of the more susceptible females.

Out at the Missouri Military Academy, where the pews of the old Episcopal Church have been converted into an obstacle course, they are converting small-fry GIs into OCS material on a mass-production basis.

To handle the surplus excitement, the Junior Chamber of Commerce opened a pseudo night club, known as the Jaycee Club, in the vacant store next to the lumber company on Jefferson Street. This establishment is family-approved, serves soft drinks, has a juke box and is designed chiefly to keep the small fry away from the frowned-upon Rock Garden and Blue Sky Tavern on the edge of town.

The Sweet Shop closed when its owner, Phil McCauley, was drafted, whereupon the high-school kids merely transferred their afternoon activity to Dean's Drug Store. Dean's, in fact, had to rearrange its balcony to accommodate them. A sign on the soda-fountain reads:. "Do not loaf on stools and tables. Use balcony for visiting."

Dobyn's Coffee Shop is more crowded than ever with citizens figuring out the global strategy of the war in pencil on the long white counters. Safire's shoe-repair shop had to lock its doors and post this sign: "No more shoes accepted until we get caught up."

THE huge A. P. Green Fire Brick Company is humming day and night, turning out boiler linings for Liberty ships and Navy battle wagons. It has received the Army-Navy "E" award and the Maritime Commission "M." The brick plant is more than ever the mainstay of the town's livelihood. Sixty women work at the kilns now, where there were none before. Some of the farmers, like George Carson of Auxvasse, work at the plant by day, and tend their farms in the evening.

Other changes have been more wrenching. You just can't rationalize the loss of 1,400 men out of Audrain County's total population of 22,000. Their absence is felt, especially by the married and engaged girls, whose chief excitement now is going to Dobyn's together for a coke (when Dobyn's *has* a coke) and throwing engagement parties at the Dixie Inn.

Two of the town's three newspapers folded. The *Daily News and Intelligencer* was a normal casualty, caused by acute deficiencies in the publisher's pocket. The *Free Press*, however, was carried out gloriously and on its shield. The entire staff went into the armed forces, including Warren McIntyre, the editor. The last issue carried the headline: IT TOOK A WAR TO STOP US. The Mexico *Ledger* is still going strong.

The County Fair was canceled. The softball stadium by the Fairgrounds now is just an empty field overgrown with weeds. The Golden Glove bouts, normally held at the Rex Theater, were called off. The bowling league is tottering. The high-school teams were just so-so, winning the Northeastern Missouri football championship and ending up at the bottom of the basketball league.

Other things remain the same.

Missouri housewives still prepare salt-rising bread, beaten biscuit, catfish, candied yams, mustard greens, sorghum and preserves, and fried country ham. Bluff old Dr. Frank Harrison is still bringing nearly all the community's babies into the world. Mexico's famous saddle-horse barns—Lee Brothers', Hamilton's and John Hook's—still develop horses of the caliber of the great Rex McDonald and Belle Beach, in that wonderful horseman's dream world, devoid of war's reality.

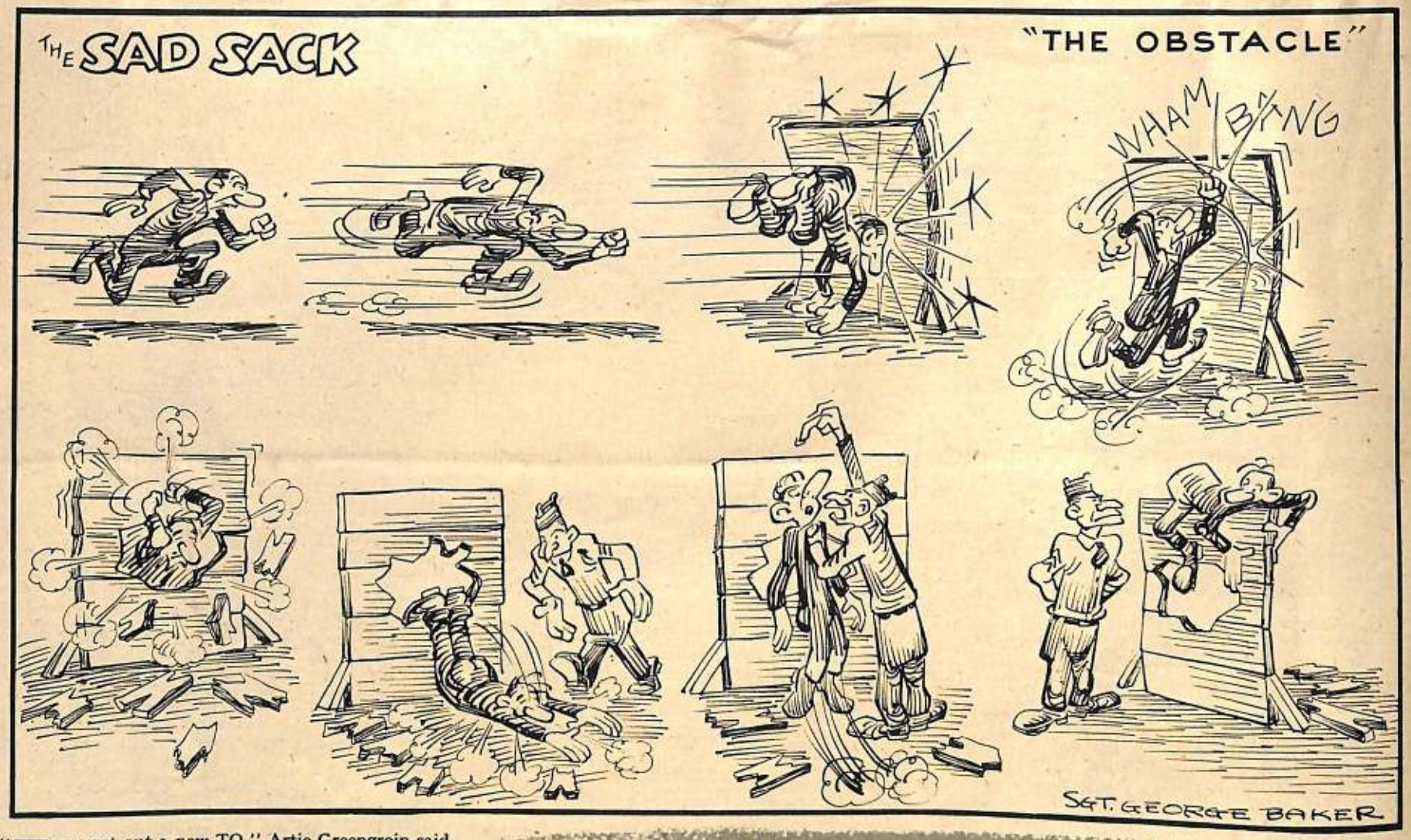
People still play bridge. Visitors are still shown the A. P. Green estate and Park Circle. They are never shown Little Oklahoma and Trolley Heights. The whole county flocks to Courthouse Square and Jefferson Street on Saturday. The fried chicken at the Hoxsey Hotel is delicious. Asa Hall, who claims to be the world's champion distance roller skater, is still around, functioning as a sort of mechanized sandwich man. Doodlebug Evans is around, too, and people still whisper he is the original of the doctor-hero in the best seller, "King's Row."

"The Hound Dog," a train so nicknamed because its whistle sounds like a hunting horn, is on the main line now, but at 11:48 A.M. and 1:58 P.M. its weird blasts still set every hunting dog within earshot to barking furiously and straining to get at the chase. The Missouri fox hunts (in which everyone sits on a hill and listens for the sound of his own dog's yelp when the fox is finally holed) are still being held. There are still coon-dog races at Bob Green's farm, even though Bob himself is away in the Navy. And the kids sneak off during the day to go squirrel hunting and at night to "shine frogs."

These are the things that do not change
They will be there when you get back.

Maureen O'Hara

"She looks like the kind of a girl you'd like to marry," said someone about the Irish lass on this page. It might be added that she also looks like the kind of a girl you like to look at. Maureen's latest picture is RKO Radio's "This Land Is Mine."



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE THE VISIONARY

"THEY got out a new TO," Artie Greengroin said.

"Where are your stripes?" we wanted to know.

"Shuddup," Artie said. "Thass the trouble with you, you ast too many questions. Past me that paint pot."

Artie was busy painting "Pride of Brooklyn" on the side of his truck, but he didn't look very happy at his work. Artie was, as a matter of fact, very browned off. "Any more TOs like that," he said sullenly, "and I'm going off over the Alps. I got me pride."

"Sure you have, Artie," we said. "Sure you have."

"I can stand jess so much."

"That's all you can stand, Artie."

Artie spat in the can of paint. "And I can't stand it no more," he said. "I'm taking a action."

"We're all ears," we said.

"I'm cooking up me own army," Artie said.

We coughed politely. "Sounds like treason, old boy," we said.

Artie laid down his paint brush and lit a fag. "Naw, this is strictly legal," he said. "My idea is for a army where nobody is higher than a Pfc. Then they'll be none of this worrying about TOs and things like that."

"Brilliant," we said.

"I been thinking about it for a long time," said Artie. "This lass new TO is what really got me started. You make everybody a Pfc., you don't have nobody worrying when he's going to make corporal. In this gawdam Army every ole bassar around is biting his finnernails wondering when he's going to get kicked up a grade. But if you can't go no higher than a Pfc. and you're a Pfc. to begin with, why, hell, you ain't got no complaint coming."

"If everybody's a Pfc.," we said, "you won't have anybody to give the orders."

"Poop on the orders," Artie said. He spat in the can of paint again. "They's too many gawdam orders being given now. Make yer bed, is orders. Shine yer shoes, is orders. Toin out with yer gassmass wrapped around yer puss, is orders. Poop on the orders. Any orders going to be given, I'll give them."

"Think you're up to it, old boy?" we asked.

"Aw, sure, ole boy," Artie said. "I been through the mill. I been trun from one end of this Army to the other. The golden rule, is my motter. Do unto others what you want done to yourself. I don't want to stand a full field expection, then my army don't have to stand a full field expection."

"You can sign us up right now," we said.

"Thass what I like about you," Artie said. "Yer a reasonable creature. You appreciate the finer things. You ought to go a long ways, ole boy."

"Thanks a lot, Artie," we answered modestly.

Artie picked up his paint brush again. "I'm woiking on a uniform design these nights," he said. "As a matter of fack, I got the sketches in me jeans." He reached in the pocket of his fatigues and pulled out a series of drawings which he handed to us.

We studied them for a few minutes. "They're beautiful, Artie," we said.

"They got a certain verve, ain't they?" Artie said. "I'm a male Hattie Carnegie."

"Schiaparelli, we'd say," we said.

"The nice thing about me is that I'm humane," Artie said. "Who else would of thought of making a army of Pfcs.? Sometimes I get thinking of me station in life, and then I say, 'Artie, ole boy, you got dignity, you got decorum, you got poise, but you oney got one stripes on each sleeve. It's a very uninneresting number,' I say. They's a lot in giving the Pfc. his place in life. Awright, he's a non-commissioned orficer. He's got rank to pull. But is he happy? Naw, he ain't happy. He's awways wanting to be a corporal. His efficiency is impaired."

"You speak from experience, old boy," we said.

"Thass right," Artie said. "So I'm forming the Artie Greengroin Marching and Chowder Club. Every man a Pfc."

"How about the pay scale?" we wanted to know.

"Fifty dollar raise every six months, automatic," Artie said. He had become engrossed in painting the word "Brooklyn" and was talking out of the side of his mouth. "You hang on a few years in the Greengroin army, and you'll be pulling down a lot of jack. And not oney that, I'm planning on a female auxiliary, of a loose sort. I'm lining up dolls right now."

"How about that Wren you're running around with?" we asked.

"Thass another thing entirely," Artie said. "She don't come into the pitcher at all. She's teaching me to be a gennulman, which is something else again."

"She making any progress?" we asked.

"Lissen," Artie said, "do you want to hear about this army idea or about this doll?"

"What do you think?" we said.

"Well," Artie said, sticking out his tongue as he painted an O, "they won't be no gas mass drill in this army, no expections, no manual of arms."

"Where's the orderly room going to be?" we asked.

"In the saloon bar of the 'Snort and Whistle' pubs," Artie said. "At the moment I'm whipping me up a set of proposed campaign ribbonds."

"What campaigns?" we asked.

"Beats me, ole boy," said Artie. "They's got to be campaigns. A guy lies down in a bed in England, gets up in the morning and stuffs his guts, he's been in a campaign. He's a ETO campaigner. Wass the reason they shouldn't be a ribbond for every gawdam thing you ever done? When I get through with my army the ribbond situation is going to be very well in hand."

"You mind if we ask a question?" we said.

"Not at all, ole cock," Artie said. "Jess ast me anything."

"Suppose this TO had come out and you'd found yourself a corporal. Would you still be whipping up this army?"

Artie finished his job, wiped his paint brush on his pants, and surveyed the work. "To tell you the actual truth," he said, "if they'd of made me a corporal I'd of turned it down. It would of been setting a trap for me. 'We'll make Greengroin a corporal,' they'd say to themselves, 'and then the bassar can't go around hollering his head off because he's abused.' Aw, I'm on to them rummys. Probably what happen, though, was that mess sergeant come around and said, 'Don't make Greengroin no corporal, because I won't have nobody to kick around.' But whatever it was, I would of turned it down. I got me pride."

"All you can hold, kid," we said.

"How do you like this scripture?" Artie asked, indicating the words he had just painted.

"Beautiful," we said.

"Come to think of it," Artie said, "it is kine of beautiful." He picked up his paint pot. "Another thing about this army, they ain't going to be no KP."

"Who's going to wash the dishes?" we asked.

"Hitler," Artie said. "And all by himself, the ole rummy bassar."

SPORTS

GRIFFITH FINDS A WINNING TEAM IS BEST BOX-OFFICE ATTRACTION

By SGT. DAN POLIER

THEY say that the man making the most money out of this war owns the champagne concession at the Kaiser shipyards. But Clark Griffith of the Washington Senators could give him $10 bills and beat him at his own game.

You must remember that Mr. Griffith isn't called the Old Fox for nothing. A few years ago, he promised Al Simmons a generous bonus if he could hit .300 for the season. Simmons went after the bonus like a trout after a succulent fly. He was hitting .298 with only a few games left to play when Griffith ordered Bucky Harris to bench him for the season. That should give you an idea how tough it is to beat the old Fox at any game.

Right now, with Washington booming like a lush Nevada mining town, Griffith is making money hand over fist or any other way you make money. His Senators are bustling along in the first division at an alarming speed and boomtown Washington is turning out in droves to see them play.

Griffith realized the tremendous possibilities of giving the wartime capital a first division team last winter. He immediately went to work and unloaded his half-baked collection of rookie talent and brought in solid and established replacements like Gerry Priddy, the Yankee infielder, and Bob Johnson, the power slugger of the Athletics. Up to now, Griffith had never concentrated on assembling a winning team in Washington. He always figured he could lure crowds with night baseball and fellows like Cowboy Jones.

Cowboy Jones was an outfielder and considered just about the hottest operator from Natchez to Mobile. Griffith showed a lively concern about the Cowboy. He even refused to risk a scout report on this potential box-office attraction. He went down to Mobile to see for himself.

The Cowboy was all they said he was. He looked like a Cowboy and walked like one. In fact, Griffith thought so much of the Cowboy's gate appeal that he bought up his contract for $25,000.

Let it be said here and now that Cowboy Jones played six games with Washington. He made six errors and was called out 18 times—7 times on strikes, 10 times at first base, and once and for all by Mr. Griffith.

When Griffith began assembling his Senators last winter he must have remembered his sad experience with Cowboy Jones. Instead of signing every kid with a trick name and trick batting average, the Old Fox turned to the AA Leagues for seasoned men like Ewald Pyle, a slick knuckle-baller, and George Myatt, his new third baseman.

The Washington outfield of Stan Spence (.323), George Case (.320) and Bob Johnson (.291) could be the greatest in the league. The infield, with Priddy starring at second, is sound, and the pitching staff has shown some real skill. In Pyle, Leonard, Carpenter, Scheetz and Haefner, the Senators have five knuckle-ball pitchers, which ought to be some sort of record. They also have a right-hander named Early Wynn, who Griffith thought would be one of the biggest box-office attractions of all time.

A few years ago when the Washington

Clark Griffith, a sharp customer who always keeps a sharp eye on the gate.

scouts discovered Wynn, they described him as a very promising young Jewish pitcher. Griffith immediately took a deep interest in the youngster. A good Jewish pitcher, he knew, was worth his weight in box seats.

Wynn turned out fine. He was a winner with Charlotte in the Piedmont League and gave promise of developing into a big league pitcher. Unfortunately Griffith was to learn the worst about Wynn even before he had a chance to spring him on Washington.

On one of his frequent trips to Charlotte, Griffith told the newspapers that they were missing a good story on Wynn. He went to great length to explain that his box-office baby was Jewish and would probably develop into one of the few great Jewish pitchers in big league ball. The next afternoon the papers printed the story.

Early Wynn almost became Griff's box-office baby

Wynn was downright startled when he saw the paper. He sought out the Old Fox and told him:

"I ain't Jewish, Boss. I'm an Indian."

Hollywood—Movie actresses prefer enlisted men to officers, and you can paste that item in your hat. Of 213 beautiful stars interviewed in the Warners studio, 179 said that they would rather go out with an enlisted man than an officer any night in the week. Sergeants won 89 votes, corporals 19, and privates 31. . . . Monty Woolley will impersonate the late Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany in his next movie role. . . . A United Airlines official paid fifty thousand dollars in war bonds for a kiss from Barbara Stanwyck at a War Loan rally. . . . The film version of *See Here, Private Hargrove* goes into production soon with Robert Walker as the private and Donna Reed as the heart interest. . . . Eleanor Powell and George Murphy team up as dancers in *Up and Down Broadway*, a Technicolor musical. . . . Erich von Stroheim, who plays Marshal Rommel in *Five Graves to Cairo* is making a personal appearance tour of theaters where the movie is playing.

Maj. Thornton Wilder

Broadway and Around—*Angel Street* and *Arsenic and Old Lace* are still going like crazy back on Broadway, although *The Eve of St. Mark* and *The Patriots* are swiftly moving up on the must-see horizon. In a lighter vein, *Lady in the Dark* and *Something for the Boys* are drawing a hefty crowd.

EVENING REPORT

. . . Incidentally, Lois January, who crawls out of bed come 5.00 every a.m. so that she can warble pretty songs for the boys over CBS, was recently offered a nifty part in *Something for the Boys* and she turned it down because she "would rather do something she liked and keep the soldiers happy." . . . At the end of her contract with Eddie Cantor, Dinah Shore will have a new show of her own. . . . Duke Ellington has scribbled a new tune, "No Smoking." . . . Three top bands will play in the forthcoming flick, *Hit Parade of* 1943. They are: Freddy Martin, Count Basie and Ray McKinley. Eddie Cantor has agreed to raise 500,000 dollars in order to take 500 undernourished children out of Europe and send them to Palestine. He has already scooped in 100,000 dollars and is planning to tour the Eastern seaboard to obtain the remainder. . . .

Eleanor Francis

To delight the children in America over thirty, the Three Ringlings have thrown together and produced a *Big Show*. Mrs. Charles, widow of one of the founders, Robert and his sister-in-law, Audrey, have brought out a show reminiscent of the halcyon days. The garish colors and displays, the odor and the sawdust, a turn-of-the-century Circus Street Parade, and the Beloved Clown Fire House, in addition to aerialists Wallenda and Lalage, "high priestess of high rhythm," plus an "amplitudinous agglomeration of amazingly accomplished acts and artistes," the show has turned out to be an amazing spectacle, almost as big as the North African show itself.

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

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

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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; Editor: Major Hartzell Spence.

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The POETS CORNERED

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

VON ARNIM'S LAST STAND

Oh, Jurgen J. von Arnim wore an armor-plated monocle,
But he could not see behind him—now wasn't that
ironocle?
He fought a rear-guard action and he did it very bitterly,
With booby-traps and Tellermines and gallant sons of
Iterly.

"But tell us why?" the Eyeties cry.
"This fightin' don't enrapture us.
Advance! and show the fiendish foe
We care not if they capture us!"

"They hit us when our Panzer down, but listen!"
Jurgen pouted:
"If we go back I get the sack, so let us not be routed.
We gotta face the ghoulish foe, no matter how they
pommel,
To cover the withdrawal of the dauntless Erwin
Rommel."

"The Fox has run to cover, so just come along," said
Ike,
"And we'll feed you compo rations—any letter that
you like.
And to soothe your wounded feelings, now that this
here sea's our ocean,
May I suggest the very best—a dash of Jurgen's lotion."

—T/5 WALLACE IRWIN, JR.

Africa

THE KEE BIRD

Oh, I've heard the squeal of the trolley's wheel
When the brakes were applied too fast,
And the fright'ning scream that is made by steam
Of the locomotive's shrill blast.
I know of the fright that comes in the night
When lions and tigers roar,
But I'll ne'er forget and always regret
The cry of those birds that soar
O'er the Arctic ice. Oh, it isn't nice
To remember those cries that I've heard.
So, listen, and well, to the story I tell
Of that terrifying Kee Bird.

This bird is as big as a full-grown pig
With wings as wide as this—
His neck is as long as his beak is strong,
And his talons never miss
When catching a seal for his daily meal
(For he eats but once a day).
It's a horrible sight to see him at night
Lying in wait for his prey,
But strong men quiver, animals shiver,
At his raucous cry, so bold,
For he seems to say in his Kee Bird way,
"Kee-Kee-Keerist, but it's cold!"

Oh, the Eskimo in his hut of snow
And the huskies in their den
Will quickly awake and begin to shake
At this terrible nightly omen.
The Mounted Police will suddenly cease
Their travels through the dark
And stare at the sky with shuddering eye
For this bird that isn't a lark.
Each man at this base will conceal his face
'Neath his covers, quite shameless, I'm told,
When this bird on high does utter his cry,
"Kee-Kee-Keerist, but it's cold!"

Some day I'll be home, ne'er again to roam
Away from that land to the South.
I'll live where it's warm and frost doesn't form
On the whiskers around my mouth.
I'll go to my bed and there rest my head
Close in my loved one's arms.
There'll be peace and rest; I'll be one blest,
Content with connubial charms.
But, sure as I dream, I'll wake with a scream
Recalling those nights of old,
When that —— —— bird could always be heard,
"Kee-Kee-Keerist, but it's cold!"

—A/C WARREN M. KNISKERN

Baffin Islands, Canada

RANK INJUSTICE

My brother is a captain in the Field Artillery.
My roommate is an ensign on a battleship at sea.

My cousin is a major with the big guns on the coast.
I've a pal who signs the passes on an eastern Army post.

My friends are all commissioned, but I never cared before
That I was just a private, though I've served a year
or more.

But now I'm plenty troubled and I'm deep in misery.
Last week my girl friend joined the WAACs, now she's
a Pfc.

—RAY GLEASON

Middle East Air Force

MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:

Upon the arrival of the WAACs in this country we understand they are to relieve men for fighting duties.

The situation that we are in now makes it impossible for us to continue our training as we are in the glass house. Would it be possible for them to serve our short, short sentences? We are a few privates that strayed from the straight and narrow. Don't recommend sympathy chicks as we have cashed in hundreds.

THE BOYS IN THE BASTILLE

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I wonder if you will allow a Tommy to trespass into your Mail Call Department? I want to congratulate you on your grand article giving the gen on enemy weapons. It's the best I've ever come across, and believe me I've had to sweat on some I've read in the past years.

Regarding that picture (page 2, April 25 issue), is that divine filly English made, or did she come over on Lend-Lease?

Somewhere in Britain. Pte. J. G. WARBURTON

Dear YANK:

Why all the knocks and raucous ribbing of the glamorous G.I. character with the individualistic military millinery, who appears in YANK's pages each week? The guy is strictly sensational! Just because he adds a bit of eccentricity to his sensational make-up is no reason for him to be persecuted. Personally, I think the guy is hep and the results are self-evident. He certainly must have some kind of appeal. Look at the nifty chicks the bird grabs off each week. Battledress is okay for sweating it out in the field, but when mixing in polite society a little fancy raiment never hurt anybody. Only one thing: leggings for afternoon strolls in the park is definitely not *Esquire*.

T/4 JERRY DUBION

Somewhere in England.

Dear YANK:

The "noises" love the New York guys and Artie Greengroin is a special pet of ours. But darn it, he's going a little too far. After the May 16 issue of YANK, practically all the patients turned into a bunch of Greengroins with "Hey, noise, bring me a glass of orange juice," or "Hey, noise, fix my pillow." Now we believe in giving the boys plenty of T.L.C. (tender, loving care), but there's a limit to everything.

Lt. M. MILLER
Army Nurse Corps

England.

Dear YANK:

That story in your May 9 issue about Artie Greengroin was a good one. You see, I just made Pfc. the other day. My friends have been calling me Artie Greengroin ever since. I *dident* like the name until I saw your story. I guess I am just about like him.

Pfc. R. L. BISHOP

Somewhere in England.

Dear YANK:

In the May 9 issue of YANK you made the remark that in order to get a good-looking girl you have to have a sad and motherly look on your face. Enclosed you will find a photograph of a very good-looking WAAF and a very happy-looking Pfc. This was taken at a recent party and the Pfc. is really myself. I put on this garb just to prove that your statement was a very sad mistake.

T/Sgt. JOHN R. HARRIS

England.

Dear YANK:

Having spent a good deal of time in research and empirical experimentation aimed at the permanent evacuation of hundreds of Greengroins from their proper niches, I make bold to offer a suggestion. Every hospital should have an "agercultural projeck," and when the Greengroins are able to be up and about, but not quite well enough to be returned to their own outfits, they are put to work on it. The treatment is progressive, first a little water carrying and hoeing, then some healthy exercise turning nice new earth with a spade. By the time they get working on the potato that Artie trun at the mess sarj, they begin to see the light.

When they are put to work on the brussels sprouts patch the cure is complete, and they are begging to return to duty. For, as we are constantly being told, hardly anywhere in this best of all armies do they have to work so hard. And nowhere are they subjected to the indignity of having to care for sprouts. This will, you may rest assured, put Artie in a receptive mood for his release from the hospital.

Captain A. H. RICE

Somewhere in England.

Dear YANK:

What kind of a sheet are you running, anyway? Do you think the average guy is a prude? We like those full-page pictures of beauties, but very often you miss a good one. I'm sending you a picture of Dolores Moran, which appeared in the *Stars and Stripes* (Africa). Note that beautiful face, *those lines*. Any wonder that we've been fighting mad ever since that gorgeous Dolores appeared in *Stars and Stripes*? What are you guys in London, pansies? Or do you think the enclosed picture is too much for our morals? We saw your pin-up of the babe, and it stank.

Somewhere in Africa. T/5 CHARLES SLAVEN

Dear YANK:

I personally would rather get two pounds of letters from someone I love than get an equal amount of candy, cookies or some other form of "luxury." We are here because we are willing to sacrifice, but we don't see any reason for sacrificing when it isn't necessary. The average man's mail would not take up as much space in a month as would his packages in a week. If the Government can see fit to let us have both the packages and first class mail, well, fine I say. But I for one do not want to do away with letters from home just to have some petty luxury. If the majority of the boys would rather have packages than letters, then I am all for it. I hope this matter will be drawn to such a conclusion that the majority of the men are satisfied.

Somewhere in England. ERNEST L. CAMP
Civ. Tech. Det.

PS.—By all means keep Artie Greengroin in there, also your stylish Pfc.

Dear YANK:

Thanks for baiting us on the package deal and for giving us a first class magazine. And here's for your Sherlock Holmes Department.

Your May 9 issue describes the V-mail system, explaining that our letters can never be lost. What, then, has happened to the letters I wrote last year and the ones that were written to me? Last week I received page 2 of a four page V-letter mailed December 5, 1942. Pages 1 and 3 I received at Christmas and am still waiting for page 4. I'm not beefing, just wondering.

Somewhere in England. E. J. HICKISH, Civilian

Dear YANK:

You started something that, although it will die a natural death, makes my blood boil to think about it. That's this business of cutting down our air-mail and substituting it by V-mail. I'm one of those that likes to sit down when time permits and write a good long letter to my wife, mother and friends back home. I'd rather get a good long letter than a package any day. Let's start a campaign to get rid of V-mail so that more of our regular letters can get aboard planes.

Somewhere in England. Sgt. GEORGE D. YOUNG

Dear YANK:

I'm a little late in expressing my appreciation for your magazine. I compared it to *Life* magazine in popularity, but YANK has a more personal interest to those of us who read it. The soldiers often comment on its originality and the interest that it creates.

Somewhere in England. Cpl. JOHN A. MOORE

Lines of Lament FOR A NON-EXISTENT Lady

She was the Most Famous Lady in Africa. But, the pity of it all, she doesn't exist.

ONE of the most profoundly sad and moving events of this great conflict occurred down in Africa last week, overlooked in the riptide of emotionalism attending our victory.

Offhand, it may not seem very important, but it is actually significant and most pathetic. It is about Gertie, dirty Girtie from Bizertie. Back home in America, she had captured and enraptured the imagination of 120,000,000 home folks and had helped take their minds off rationing, shoe leather and Mickey Rooney's divorce. Back home, the populace had been convinced that a melody known as "Dirty Gertie from Bizertie" had become the classic song of this war. The imaginative collective eye of the people, trained in these romantic matters by Samuel Goldwyn and Jack Warner with musical scores definitely not written by Johann Sebastian Bach, could just see it——

—hundreds of soldiers, grimed with the African dust (who cares if it is not dusty in Tunisia?), faces grim with the realities of war, marching along an African lane, four abreast, led by Sgt. Nelson Eddy, and raising their voices above the whine of the stukas, pouring forth the dulcet strains of "Gertie"——

—little groups of our troops, clustered around a brilliant camp fire, kindled by Jim Cagney, their faces rugged and very American, and all singing you know what, except one Pfc. (John Payne) who looks soulfully up at the stars which are twinkling——

—or the men in a bomber, out over the blue Mediterranean, who have just finished three choruses of "Off we go into the wild, etc.," who then burst spontaneously into the 14th chorus of Gertie just as the spires of Palermo heave into view through the plastic nacelle of their bomber.

Damn it all, men, dirty Gertie was headed places. She was becoming a national figure. She had all the elements of mystery and all the rugged, high-spirited gusto that they love to associate with war. Over their Friday evening dinners, the American Legion boys, remembering those lovely days in France in 1918, were comparing her to the mademoiselle from you know where.

Out in Hollywood, publicity men were taking time off from their late afternoon classes in first aid for defense, figuring out and measuring the angles with which they would capitalize on this great legend. Broadway producers had contracts ready for options. It is even rumored that some actresses were fighting for the part when it did come along, as surely it would. It is rumored that there were even schools of thought on her possible appearance, one school being led by the performers of the Mae West variety who maintained Gertie must have been a very lusty hunk of stuff, and on the other by the youngsters in Betty Grable's class who contended that she must have been a sweet young thing whose fair name was given that awful adjective only out of the ironic twists which God gives only to soldiers; a sort of reverse procedure from throwing terms of endearment toward your top sergeant, out of sarcasm.

Gertie was going places.

Nobody knows exactly how Gertie became a national figure, except that the song about her was mentioned casually in some inaccurate newspaper reporter's dispatch back home. But become a national figure she did, tolerated even (as we hear it) by temperance societies and the like who justified their burst of tolerance by saying that our boys are essentially good and the song was only a manifestation through which they blew off steam, keeping themselves the while pure of heart.

Of course, Gertie would be whitewashed by the Hays people, but can't you just see her now, perched on an Algerian bar (remodeled from one in the movie *Arizona*) with her shapely legs delicately crossed under a sequin dress whose scarcity in the breast department could be blamed on the fact that the wicked Nazis had confiscated all the sequin cloth in Algiers? In that way you could probably get around the Hays office.

Can't you just see it now, and with Harry James's band arrayed like Ay-rabs, playing the accompaniment out under the oasis palms, and who cares if there is not enough desert in Tunisia to support an oasis? And she would be singing straight at Sgt. James Garfield who had just personally captured Jurgen von Arnim. But, of course, this would be getting ahead of the story. To go back a few feet of film, it would develop that Jurgen's aide-de-camp, an old oberlieutenant from the 10th panzers (portrayed by Eric von Stroheim) had forced Gertie into taking a love nest he furnished for her in the Casbah (who cares if that is in Algiers and not Tunis?) which is furnished with old paintings from the Louvre. He is able to do this because Gertie is not really a Hungarian emigrée, as you originally thought, but actually from Davenport, Iowa, and she has a brother named Cpl. Spenciman Hart in the QM corps. If she doesn't bend to his wishes, the oberlieutenant threatens to use the 10th panzers to annihilate the entire quartermaster corps. Knowing that the quartermaster corps were all trained at Governor's island and could not even hit the inside of a barn with a can of spam, what else can Gertie do?

Well, that is the movie they could have made out of Gertie, and we will not spoil the ending of it, which should be perfectly obvious to you. But they will not ever make that movie because of the sad piece of news we were telling you about from Africa last week.

For on the front page of the *Stars and Stripes* of Algiers, all enclosed in a mausoleum of black borders, there was a little item lamenting that there never was a song called "Dirty Gertie from Bizertie," and that for a fact. Col. Egbert White, an old boss of ours and one of the most accurate army newspaper publishers in the business, had ordered Lieut. Robert Neville into the field with a bevy of sergeant-reporters, and they had listened faithfully for some strain, just a bar or a snatch of a stanza. And they reported reluctantly that not even with hydrophones or anti-aircraft listening devices could the strains of "Dirty Gertie" be heard wafting over the warm spring African air, because she just didn't exist, unfortunately.

This is all very sad, because it is a definite manifestation of a deep need for some soulful myth to walk through the history of this war like the mademoiselle danced nudely through the last one. And it looks like Gertie is just the girl.

She could be blonde and beautiful, tanned by the African sun, a high-breasted, long-legged young thing with a walk like Diana and the purity of Marie Antoinette. Or she could be dark, with deep soulful eyes, but still high-breasted and long-legged. Or even Jeannie with the light brown hair, for all we care, as long as she had the latter requirements. She could be anything or anybody, as long as she would just exist.

If we were the *Stars and Stripes* for Africa we would, without disgracing this army, send an equerry to a certain section of the beautiful city of Bizerta and find some babe to fill the bill, and then cable Irving Berlin on the quiet to write some music, and we would thus save the defence effort back home from a very nasty shock. That's what we'd do, because patriotism in these days of psychological warfare and morale can call on a man to do some things that would never even have occurred to, say, Cæsar. Times have changed.

Soldiers fire the ovens of a field bakery deep in the Panamanian jungle. Thousands of loaves of bread are baked here to feed GIs on maneuvers.

Panama Quartermasters On the Chow Run

THEY NEED A NAVY AND RAILROAD TO DELIVER SUNDAY DINNER

By Sgt. ROBERT G. RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

QUARRY HEIGHTS, PANAMA CANAL ZONE—Chow hounds are one of the Army's biggest problems down here in the jungles of Panama where they have to start planning a chicken dinner in April if they expect to get it on the mess-hall table of an antiaircraft outpost sometime in July.

As a matter of fact, the job of supplying mess sergeants with enough groceries to keep the pots dirty and the KPs busy is so intricate and back-breaking that the Quartermasters here almost

Pfc. Gordon Sexton (left), the conductor, and Cpl. Woodrow Gooch, engineer, stand in front of the 18-ton gasoline locomotive which pulls the "Khaki Express" through the jungle to supply outlying Army stations in Panama.

This GI skooter, made from a flat car and a V-8 engine, carries Yanks back and forth from jungle outposts and base camps. Here the skooter, a bouncing vehicle of uncertain moods, has picked up some passengers at a jungle stop.

had to organize a combat team to distribute their butter, eggs, meat and coffee.

"Just to give you a rough idea, we use a half-dozen kinds of transportation to deliver a meal to the troops in our command all over the Isthmus," says Lt. Col. Henry A. Starrett of Belfast, Maine, who runs this complex organization of GI grocery boys. "No wonder I lie awake nights and my hair falls out."

First of all, the Panama Quartermasters have to give their order to the QM back in the States. That's why they start planning a Sunday dinner three months before it is served. It takes time to get the food placed at the proper ports in the U. S. and then loaded for the journey to Central America, which isn't so speedy in these days of wartime convoy travel in the Caribbean.

The Quartermasters bolster the food shipment from the States with provisions from the Central American countries, brought to Panama by small Army boats. Purchasing officers buy everything available in the local markets, especially coffee, sugar, oranges, lemons and grapefruit. Then they check up and hope they have everything the mess sergeant needs.

"Sometimes there isn't enough and sometimes there's too much," says Lt. Col. Starrett. "It's all in the hands of the gods."

When the food supply is gathered here and then broken down for shipment to various sections of the command, the real problems arise.

Some antiaircraft positions in Panama, for instance, are located on remote islands off the coast or in trackless jungle regions that can be reached only by river boats. In order to get the creamed beef and toast to these kitchens, the QM had to press into service a fleet of coastal banana boats, fishing vessels, pleasure craft and even native dugout canoes.

When the QM began to put this ration-carrying navy into operation, they didn't have a lot of experienced seamen in the table of organization to handle the job. Like most quartermaster outfits, this one was composed mainly of truck drivers who didn't know stern from aft and thought starboard was the special privileges a landlady gave to a favorite tenant.

The Army gave these QM soldiers a thorough course in seamanship around the docks and on government boats manned by civilian crews.

Now they are qualified skippers who hold the Canal Zone pilot licenses that are given only to proven students of tropical waters. M/Sgt. Joseph A. Pugarelli of Staten Island, N. Y., is one of those license holders whose nautical experience is strictly GI.

"I belonged to the Cs before I came into the Army," Pugarelli says. "But it wasn't the watery kind. I was in the CCC and we never had ships in that outfit. Down here I got a chance to get on a QM boat and studied every navigation book I could get my hands on. It paid off."

Even the men who had some seagoing experience in civilian life served a strenuous apprenticeship before they got their skipper ratings. M/Sgt. Burton S. Robbins of Port Norris, N. J., helped his brothers operate oyster boats in Delaware Bay before he joined the Army three years ago. But he spent a year and a half in the QM maritime service here before he became the head man on his vessel 12 months ago.

These Army sailors have to know how to maneuver their cargo through tricky currents, rough surf and treacherous snag-strewn rivers where a spill from a small boat would put them next to a flesh-eating fish. But most of them like their jobs.

"It's better than being a landlubber," says Pvt. Donald R. Parks of Cleveland, Ohio. "Not as monotonous as the regular Army duty here."

All the food isn't shipped by boat. The QM also runs its own railroad through the jungles of the Isthmus with the War Department as the sole stockholder and soldiers working as engineers, brakemen and conductors. These railroads carry a tremendous daily load of food, equipment, mail and GIs to defense posts in the interior.

One of the engineers who works an 18-ton gasoline locomotive is Cpl. Woodrow Gooch of Peoria, Ill. He will tell you, between chews of tobacco, that he's been on the job for a year or more now, likes it fine and learned about locomotives in the P. & P.U. switching yards back home.

The railroad also features a sort of open-air jeep called a scooter that is used to transport troops along the tracks. The scooter is a combination of a flat platform mounted on wheels with a slate roof and a V-8 automobile motor, custom-built for jungle use.

Riding one of these scooters is like being on a roller coaster, merry-go-round and bucking bronco all at once. They bounce, sway, rattle the teeth of the passengers and occasionally jump the track completely, requiring the combined heave-ho of the operator and passengers to get back again.

The food that gives the QM its most trouble is bread. It's no cinch to transport bread a long distance in the jungle and keep it fresh and toothsome. Quite often, especially during maneuvers, they have to clear a place in the woods with machetes, put up a tent for protection against the frequent tropical rains and install a field bakery right on the spot.

But with all this planning of menus three months in advance and with all the elaborate transportation methods devised by the QM—some rations are also delivered by plane—there are always a few PFCs who claim the food stinks because they haven't enough maple syrup.

That doesn't bother the QM steamboat skippers and railroad engineers. When soldiers start hollering for syrup, it shows, at least, that they have plenty of hot cakes in their mess kits.

M/Sgt. Burton Robbins Jr. of Port Norris, N. J., skipper of a converted tuna boat, checks compass.

This QM launch travels up a jungle river carrying supplies to remote areas. The Yank at the stern has his hand on some boxes of foodstuffs which are part of the cargo. The launch is just one of the fleet of tugs, tuna boats and vessels of all types which keep the supplies coming.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

"ADVANCE TO BE RECOGNIZED!"
—Sgt. Stan Swiersz, Camp Barkeley, Tex.

"WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME JUST WHAT THOSE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE DOING THERE?"
—Sgt. Louis Jamme, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

"I'VE BEEN DRAGGING MINE AROUND ALL DAY, TOO, AFTER LAST NIGHT'S PARTY."
Sgt. O'Donoghue, North Africa.

"THIS IS SGT. HUNTER. L-O-O-K O-U-T H-E I-S P-L-E-N-T-Y T-O-U-G-H."
—Pvt. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.