BRITISH EDITION

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

3d MAR. 5 1944

VOL. 2, NO. 38

By the men . . for the men in the service

A NURSE DIGS IN SOUTH OF ROME

YANK Cameraman Photographs Life On Anzio-Nettuno Beachhead

—See Sgt. George Aarons' pictures on pages 10 and 11

THIS IS THE BOUGAINVILLE HOME OF S/SGT. WILLIAM ORICK, CINCINNATI, OHIO; SGT. FRANCIS JOHNSON, ASHTABULA, OHIO, AND PVT. FRANK PISTACCHIA, THE BRONX, N. Y.

"THE THICK AND THIN LUMBER COMPANY," A BUSY SAWMILL IN THE COMBAT AREA AT EMPRESS AUGUSTA BAY TURNS MAHOGANY AND TEAKWOOD INTO BUILDING MATERIAL.

Modern Living on a Beachhead in Bougainville

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

BOUGAINVILLE, THE SOLOMONS—When the communique mentions a "beachhead," a GI fresh from the States is likely to picture a strip of sand, with grim fighters struggling desperately to keep their flimsy foothold a few feet inside the jungle wall where the sand ends.

But at this beachhead, just a month or so after the initial attacking wave, here is what we find:

Instead of hand-to-hand struggle with the wily Japs, there are movies being shown 300 yards behind the front lines.

Instead of bearded figures, caked with mud, there is a colonel out of *Esquire* going by, smoking a cigarette in a six-inch holder.

Instead of tired runners and battle-scarred pigeons carrying messages, there are French telephones in the machine-gun nests to keep the gunners in touch with every other part of the beachhead and to summon artillery to their assistance in a matter of seconds.

Instead of notches in the trees as guide marks for the pathfinders, there are wooden signs right out of your home town: "Speed Limit: Recons, Jeeps, 20 mph; Trucks, 15 mph." "No Parking." "Have You Had Your Atabrine Today?" "Reserved for CG." There are gag signs over the mess sheds, such as those lettered in Gothic print and elegant Spencerian script at the 37th Division headquarters company: "Bougainville Grill." "Empress Augusta Tea Room." "Ye Old Bake Shoppe." "Torokina Trocadero."

Instead of reading "Superman" and the "Green Hornet," T-5 Donald N. Roberts, a machine gunner from Coshocton, Ohio, who used to be a Pennsylvania Railroad trackworker, is busy on his correspondence course in automobile mechanics. T-4 John Alcorn of San Francisco, Calif., is conducting free nightly classes in Spanish, and studying Japanese on the side.

Finally, instead of a blackout, there are lights sparkling gaily over bridge games until sirens give air-raid warnings.

The beachhead has a depth of four miles rather than four feet as one might be apt to think. Going ashore with a .45 ready, a GI is astonished to find hundreds of jeeps and 2½-ton trucks rumbling placidly up and down sands where scores died four weeks before. Thumbing a ride, you are driven down along the beach a couple of miles, asked for "any new rumors," and then motored inland along a four-lane all-weather highway that would rate a blue line on a gasoline map back home.

The story of the road is the story of the beachhead itself.

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

MARINES made the initial landing and there was bloody fighting for several days. A week after the Marines landed, the first echelon of the Army came in and took over half the front. No sooner did the first wave hit the beach than Army specialists of every variety began installing the things of civilization. They were obeying the unwritten Army rule, not found in any manual but practiced faithfully at the front,

THE SAND ALONG THIS BEACH IS ALWAYS TORN WITH TRUCK AND JEEP RUTS. EVEN THOUGH THE JAPS ARE ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY, SOLDIERS GO SWIMMING HERE REGULARLY.

that "war is bad enough without being any more uncomfortable than necessary."

One of the few signs of civilization up to that time was the Marine brig, complete to stockade and padlock, whose first customers included two fellows who went AWOL from a supply detail to do some fighting on the front.

ASHORE with the Infantry in the first Army wave came Engineers, Signalmen, doctors, dentists, chaplains, supply experts — and the Special Service officer. In two weeks the latter was having movies flown in by officer courier. By the fifth week 3,500 soldiers were seeing movies at least once a week, and most of them three times a week. By the sixth week after invasion the SSO had movies running in a hospital ward tent 50 feet behind the front line, between two machine-gun nests. Japs could hear the swing music of Hollywood from an eighth of a mile outside the barbed wire.

Five weeks after the Army landed, the SSO had phonograph records for the boys, including a set that Hildegarde made in San Francisco at the same time the first troops came ashore.

The Engineers, from their experience on New Georgia, believed that the greatest immediate need was an excellent States-type road to permit rapid dispersal of the thousands of troops and hundreds of tons of supplies being brought ashore. With bulldozers and a wonderful "tree-dozer," which knocks over 100-foot trees like bowling pins, the Engineers smashed into the gnarled tangle of the jungle. Within five weeks they had 10 miles of the type of highway known in the States as "improved," and 130 miles of jeep trails. Every outfit in the wilderness was thus within 15 yards of a road.

Almost incidentally, the Engineers built five bridges with 15-ton capacity and 10 five-ton jeep spans. Before the Engineers had left Guadalcanal, G-4 told them there was no space in the ships for lumber or such things as bridge nails, so they had to find these materials on the beachhead.

For bridge nails, the Engineers sharpened the ends of bolts out of artillery-shell cases. The bolts, two feet long and three-quarters of an inch thick, proved quite serviceable when thus adapted.

A sawmill, nicknamed the "Thick and Thin Lumber Company," was started, and was soon producing as much as a mile of lumber a day. Scientists in Engineer clothes began making stress and strain tests on every local wood, much of it strange stuff none had seen before. One tree, called "Benus" by the natives, proved to be as strong and straight-grained as many of the world's finest known woods. After the bridges were done, the sawmill was kept going at top speed, and next priority was given to latrines and mess halls, because insect pests can be as dangerous an enemy as the Jap.

When the Signalmen hit the shore in the first wave, they had radio communication established with the rear in a matter of minutes, using portable equipment. In another day or two, they had strung 50 miles of telephone wire, and in six weeks they had 5,000 miles of it in place. The result was that S/Sgt. Jim Smith of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, divisional public-relations noncom, could sit in his pyramidal tent at division CP and egg on his regimental reporters by phone —French phone, of course.

Not even such things as a toothache or, for that matter, an embarrassing missing incisor in front that would spoil the good looks of the junior warrior, were neglected for long. Two weeks after the Army touched shore, dentists were calmly making false teeth at an average of one set a day.

Even loneliness came under prompt attack. Postal Service had regular mail flowing in within two weeks, and many of the letters received had been written in the States only 14 days before. GIs like Alcorn found they could even get some non-GI companionship by catching wombats for pets. The wombat is a peculiar local animal, the size of a dog, with the fur of a bear and the pouch of a kangaroo. The wombat's charming but popeyed offspring peer out from this pouch.

Wherever the Army left off in providing comfort, the boys took over themselves.

There is no GI equipment for warding off direct hits by big bombs, so each GI set about making his own arrangements. S/Sgt. William A. Orick of Cincinnati, Ohio, found a banyan tree with 2,000 pole-like roots. Banyans are queer trees whose roots start before the trunk reaches the ground, and this one, granddaddy of them all, had roots 40 feet up. At ground level Orick found a space inside big enough for three to live in comfort. Most GIs pass the frequent air raids underground, but Orick figures no bomb fragment made could pick its way through all those roots, so he slumbers peacefully in his cot above ground as the Mitsubishis do their worst.

Another eminent root dweller in a different part of the beachhead is 1st Sgt. Melvin E. (Speed) Spiedel of Headquarters Company, 37th Division, a former guitarist, amateur poet and ball player of Cleveland, Ohio. Spiedel took a tree which comes out of the ground in one piece in the conventional way and gouged out a hole under it big enough to accommodate a table and seven guests. It is always full house at Spiedel's when a raid is under way. Usually the sergeant leads in singing, but sometimes when the bombs are close, more sober thoughts are entertained. "Speed's Sanctuary—Where Men Learn to Pray," says the sign over the hole.

Boys of Co. C of one outfit found the ground water level in their area of the front line was 20 feet down, but by salvaging the bilge pumps from wrecked barges, they got all the water they wanted. The same company literally bayoneted the jungle clear. The machine gunners wanted a wide open space in front of the lines so that they would have an unobstructed view of attacking Japs. With 14 machetes and 180 bayonets, the company cleared out 25 acres in three weeks.

GI ingenuity was also brought to bear on the laundry problem. At one spot a coconut palm was felled across a brook, and the trunk, notched at the midstream point, made a perfect washboard.

ALL this does not mean that there has been any lack of discomfort and suffering and fighting and dying here. There has been lots of it.

The Marines suffered the worst casualties in the initial close-quarter struggling, but when the artillery set up positions, the Japs never were able to come close again in large numbers. In a single day 5,000 rounds of artillery fire were laid down on one advancing Jap unit and next day 1,100 dead were counted in half of the shelled area.

The chief mission of the Bougainville beachhead has been to provide a location for a fighter strip from which to attack such points as the strong Jap base at Rabaul, New Britain. To do this meant capturing 20 miles of jungle and then digging in behind a barbed-wired perimeter with antitank guns mounted for antipersonnel use, a defensive arrangement making our beachhead a bush Gibraltar. This done, the secondary troubles of life on an equatorial island showed up.

Centipedes in foxholes and hammocks proved about the worst. One bite, and the blitzed spot aches for a week.

Then there are the snapping ants, one of which got me. Although they are only twice the size of

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Education and Information Division, War Dept., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the Mail Call page. Entered as second-class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., Watford

black ants back in the States, they are ferocious creatures, always on the warpath, and they snap their jaws so hard you can hear them 15 feet away—by actual test. Their bite feels like a stab from a hot needle.

Along the same line are the vicious local cousins of poison oak and sumac. No one is quite sure what plants or trees are responsible for the itchy, quickly spreading rash that is common hereabouts. As a matter of fact, I have that, too, and am writing this story in a bed at the clearing station.

Rain is another minor woe. When the Marines landed, all they had time to do at night was dig a hole, drop a poncho in the bottom and let it rain in. It did, every night. Bougainville is one of the wettest places on earth. More than 11 feet of rain come down each year. The Army has managed shelter of sorts from the first, but the rain sometimes makes sleeping in soaked clothes necessary. It takes three days to dry a pair of coveralls and a week for some kinds of wash.

The mile-high Bougainville mountains scoop cool air down onto the beachhead so that you need a blanket at night, but there is wilting heat at midday. You perspire freely, and the medics say this weakens you. Vitamin pills and an easy work schedule help you over this hurdle.

As for chow, even the officers admit it leaves something to be desired. There are no fresh vegetables, fresh meat, eggs in the shell or milk the way it came from the cow. Even bread is scarce; at 37th Division headquarters, one slice per man per meal is issued, and GIs have been known to run to get seconds. However, medics say the rations give a balanced diet, and the tropics take the edge off your appetite anyway.

Not all the primitive features of beachhead life are unpleasant to the boys. Although fatigues are the general uniform for all occasions, from combat-to the occasional three-can-a-man beer parties, men are allowed to wear anything or nothing. A surprising number choose the latter. Many make it a practice to walk stark naked from their outfits to the bathing stream, often a stroll of a third of a mile down busy roads. You feel you have seen everything when one of the martial nudists goes by in his birthday suit, riding on the running board of a truck.

One reason for the fearless lack of attire is that no one has any worries about coming across any women. The men of the 37th Division headquarters detachment, for instance, have seen only one white woman in nine months, and that is Lois, the nude on the chest of Pvt. Albert Herron, an MP who used to drive cabs in Toledo, Ohio.

It's not true that the war has passed this place by, however. There are still as many Japs on Bougainville as there are GIs. The cemetery keeps growing slowly, as men get killed on patrols outside the lines or bombs fall unluckily. And even after 40 air raids you still get a physicky feeling in the stomach when the bombers drone overhead in the light of a lover's moon.

"z-z-z-z-Z-Z," the plane will whine as it approaches, then "a-a-a-A-A-Ahh" as it dives. "wah-wah-Wah-Wah-WAH," whoosh the bombs as they fall and then "bawmph" as they hit. You crouch in your foxhole as low as you can get, say your final prayers as fast as you can for fear you won't get them done in time, and then over again slowly to be sure you have them right. Then you wait, your mind a little dull but not very troubled, content in the thought that you have done everything you could and it is now out of your hands.

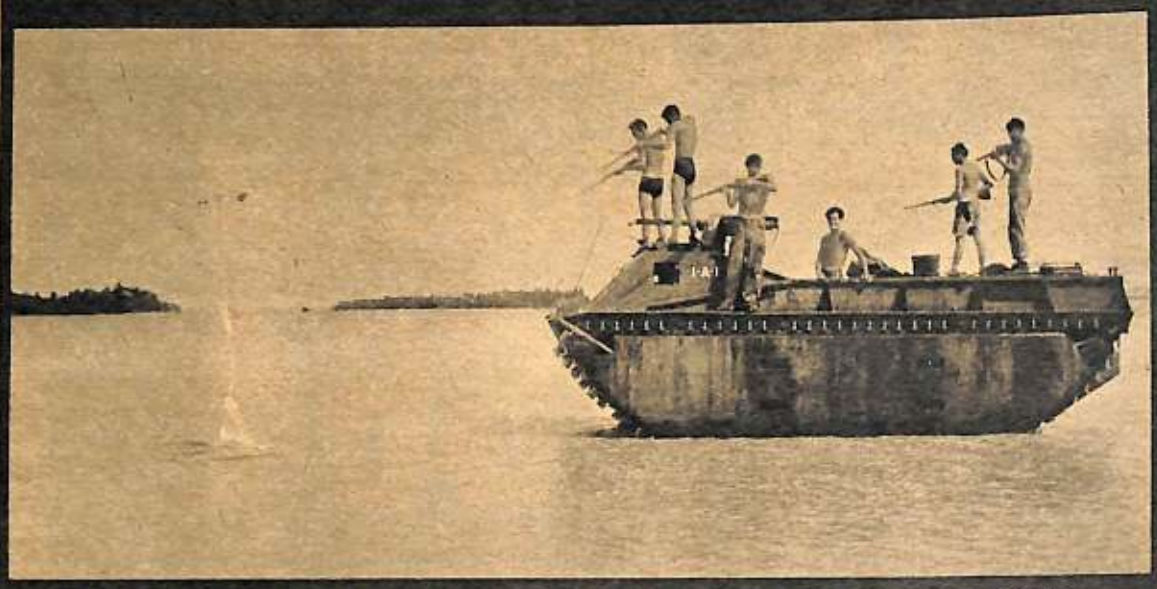
Even GIs who claim they have been through 500 bombings admit raids are still no fun. There is many a ripped jungle hammock netting on this beachhead to testify that the owner left in such a hurry that he had no time to unzip it.

Even your own artillery can be wearying as its "barum, barum, barum-barum," day and night for weeks on end, sends shells overhead with a sound like the last car on a fast train, or like the rumbling of thunder through a long cloud.

Perhaps the worst part of the almost nightly air raids is getting out of the warm hammock and into the damp foxhole, something that has happened as often as six times in one night. After a while it gets almost mechanical, however, and even the sleepiest GI is glad he is not in the Jap bomber's place as it catches the thunderous attack of the ack-ack or the even deadlier assault of the night fighters. Occasionally the pearly moonlit sky will flush into rose color as a Jap bomber plunges in flames.

LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL

At one South Pacific island when marines get a hankering for fish as a change of diet they go out shooting for them. Using captured Jap rifles and ammunition and an amphibious tractor instead of a rowboat, they fire into shallow water near the fish. The fish are stunned by the concussion and then scooped in.



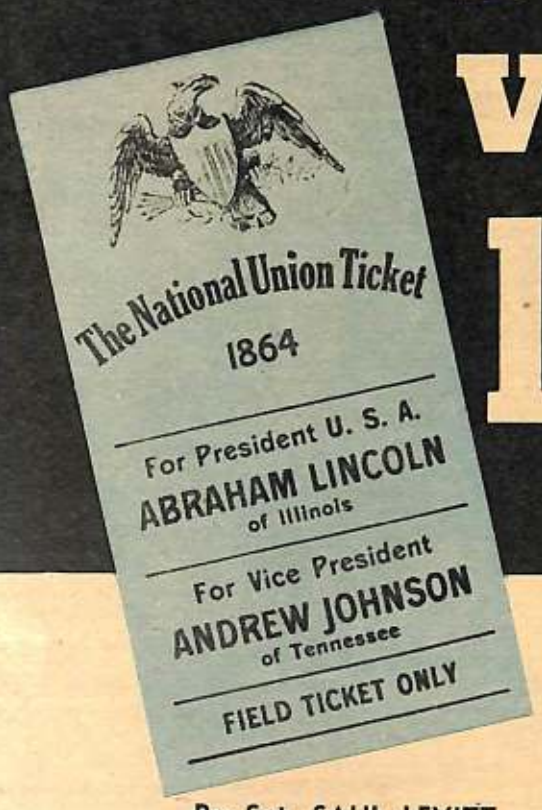
THE SHOOTING FISHERMEN WAIT TO CATCH SIGHT OF A FISH AND THEN FIRE INTO THE WATER.

MARINE PVT. HAROLD D. PHILLIPS WADES BACK TO THE TRACTOR CARRYING A STUNNED FISH.

PFC. WILLIAM C. COKER (LEFT) AND PLATOON SGT. WYATT JOHNSON GETTING UP A FISH FRY.

The Soldier Vote of 1864

Once before, during a crisis in our national history, there was a Soldier Vote. Men of the Union Army rose from the mud of battle, cast their ballots for a President of the United States, and returned to the fight. Through the courtesy of the British Museum, which provided the facilities for research, YANK herewith presents an historical account of how soldiers voted during the American Civil War.



A soldier's ballot. From the Barrett collection. (Reproduced from "War Years," Vol. III.)

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

Material for this story: from New York Tribune, 1864; Harper's Weekly, 1864; Volume III "War Years," Carl Sandburg's biography of Lincoln, published by Harcourt, Brace and Co., N. Y.; Reveille in Washington, by Margaret Leech, published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y.

CARRYING his carbine, his blue uniform muddy and the yellow buttons on his blouse not altogether clean, a soldier of the 116th Pennsylvania Regiment on picket duty before Richmond nodded to his replacement and walked back toward his regimental headquarters tent. It was November 8, 1864, a cold, rainy day in Virginia. From the left flank there was a patter of rifle fire, but the big guns were quiet. The Army of the Potomac was watchful and resting on its rifles. The Pennsylvania soldier, coming back from the line, saluted a captain sitting behind a flag-draped table. Then he dropped his ballot through the slit of the wooden box on the table, saluted again, and ploughed back through the mud toward the battleline.

That was how Union soldiers in Virginia voted in the field, in the fourth hard year of the Civil War. The candidates were Abraham Lincoln, National Union Party, and George B. McClellan, Democrat. In the Armies of the Potomac, the James, the Cumberland and on the Missouri border the ballots were cast before and after engagements with Confederate forces. "The election in the Army went off quietly," wrote a New York soldier from City Point, Va., "and some of the regiments voted in regimented columns, others in companies, by roll call, others miscellaneously as the spirit moved them. Most of the men had slept on their arms the night before, apprehensive of a Rebel attack, but none came off; and during the day the regiments alternated in voting. Those not engaged at the polls, together with those who had voted by proxy, were mostly posted in informal line-of-battle to make a sure thing of keeping the Rebels from disturbing the election. No hostile demonstration was made, however, and everything passed off quietly and satisfactorily."

Besides men "in the line" there were thousands of wounded in Army hospitals scattered from Jeffersonville, Indiana, to Washington, D.C., who voted directly—in the wards. In the four states of New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois and Delaware, which had not ratified the field vote, a partial soldier vote was nevertheless registered directly at the polls. Thousands of soldiers from these states, convalescent and not yet able to return to regular duty, were furloughed home until November 10th, enabling them to vote in the October and November elections.

Actual supervision of the soldier vote was in the hands of the Army, as set forth in General Order 265, issued by the Adjutant General in Washington on October 3rd. Tacked up on headquarters bulletin boards in encampments in the Shenandoah Valley, in Georgia, Tennessee, and over the entire range of the battlefields of that war, the GI could read it plainly during the month of October. Its five points were put sharply and clearly. Civilian "agents" and "inspectors" representing "each political party" could be present on the day of election "to see that the elections are fairly conducted."

Commanding officers were informed that they could "take such measures as may be essential to secure freedom and fairness in the election." They were to make sure that the election was conducted "with due regard to order and military discipline."

Point five warned against "any officer or private who may wantonly destroy tickets or prevent their proper distribution among the legal voters, interfere with the freedom of the election or make any false or fraudulent return . . . (he) will be deemed guilty of an offense against good order and military discipline and be punished by summary dismissal or court-martial."

THE right of soldiers to cast votes was decided by their states in the spring of 1864. All the New England states, and New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri and California ratified a "soldier in the field" vote.

New York ratified a field vote in the form of an amendment to the state constitution, specifying a "secret" mail ballot—which created special difficulties—while other states provided for a simple "open" ballot, taken and counted in the field—as, for example, "the 38th Wisconsin Volunteers, Lincoln 516, McClellan 2." The votes of New York soldiers were mailed home, to be counted in with the civilian vote.

Carl Sandburg wrote in *War Years:* "New York Secretary of State Chauncey Depew went to Washington for required data as to where New York troops were located, scattered over the South in all the Armies. Stanton (Secretary of War), in a flurry of temper, said that such information given to politicians would reach the newspapers and help the Confederates."

Security—then as now, a major military safeguard—gave Depew many a headache before he "finally left Washington on an evening train with a list giving the location of every organization of New York troops."

Through the civilian storm on the soldier vote, the soldiers themselves were calm—and busy—at their regular tasks of fighting that summer. Politics at home were hotter than in the Army. A soldier writing from "somewhere in front of Petersburg, Va.," in September said, "You at home talk of the demoralized condition of the Army, and we in the Army talk of the demoralization in the North . . . We don't suffer ourselves to talk politics often, yet the impending crisis forces the expression so often—from lips that have been so long accustomed to silence, that it is impossible to mistake the sentiments of the Army."

In that fourth summer of the Civil War, politics among soldiers took place against a background of shattering and bloody battles. The opposing forces of Sheridan and Early surged back and forth along "the race course of two Armies"—the Shenandoah Valley. Soldiers' gripes that summer included a bitter grievance about sutlers who sold goods to the men at exorbitant prices.

After midsummer heat came the mud and the cold—the soldier's universal companion in all wars. He was going "to fight and vote," wrote the *Tribune* in October, but in the meanwhile, "the mud remains with him and he stands in it and he sits in it and he leans on it and he kneels in it. This soldier is mud from his boots to his cap, his face is mud, his hands are all mud, all but his musket and the heart is mud."

Though the soldiers were, above all, "counting the days to the coming of the paymaster," the seasoned veterans of three years of war found them-

Times have changed, but basically the ideas are the same. Here is a railroad hospital car used during the Civil War.

selves caught up in the election talk around the camp fires. Many men wore their presidential choice badges on their uniforms. Informal "Gallup polls" among the men took place everywhere—on troop trains, in hospitals and in the field.

A wounded veteran of the Ninth N.J. Regiment, who had been in the hospital for four months and complained "the doctors will not allow me to try crutches," told the *New York Tribune*, "we would rather see Father Abraham there than anyone else we know of . . . But we soldiers like McClellan's letter of acceptance, for it shows he has not forgotten his old comrades . . . I expect to be north in time to put in one vote for Lincoln."

Even first sergeants got the polling fever, with the chief non-coms of the 40th Massachusetts Regulars conducting a canvas and coming up with the score, "Lincoln, 174, McClellan 30."

On the train from Washington to Baltimore a GI took a poll among the soldiers, "which stood at 135 for Lincoln and 33 for McClellan."

Besides its "Gallup Poll" and "making book" features, the election was part of the bull sessions during the bivouacks. Down the long white tent rows and around the fires where the strains of a new, warm, war-song, "Tenting Tonight," floated up over the Valley of the Cumberland, the election talk went on. Not only did Union soldiers talk it over among themselves, but it was bandied back and forth between Union and Confederate outposts.

If the war was bitter, here and there individual soldiers of opposing sides got together, exchanged Northern pork for Southern tobacco, "a pound of pork for two large plugs weighing a pound or more each"—and talked politics. "On several recent occasions," reported a soldier of the 19th Maine Regiment in front of Petersburg, Va., "I have conversed with the Rebel pickets, some of whom appear to be men of much intelligence. They all expressed themselves despondently and say that the only chance for the success of the Rebel cause is the election of McClellan, that if Lincoln is again elected, they will be compelled, as they express it, to 'get up and get.' The Rebels cheered for McClellan when they heard of his nomination; our soldiers distinctly heard them on the plank road and immediately jumped upon the works and cheered for Lincoln."

By October soldier sentiment on the election was sharp. The "Copperhead" pro-slavery charge was hurled by some soldiers at the supporters of the Chicago Platform of the Democratic party which had nominated McClellan . . . "Did we not enlist knowing we ran the risk of death or mutilations? We did, and need no pity or sympathy from traitors. They will discover when too late that soldiers are not to be soft-soaped."

"Thinking bayonets" was one wounded soldier's description of the men of the Union Army. From his bed in the Stanton General Hospital in Washington he wrote, "It is thinking bayonets that compose our Army. Are they (Copperheads) foolish enough to believe we are not thinking men? We are, and we will prove it to them this Fall. According to their doctrine, we have not only 'failed' but have been 'fooled.' Sympathy at times is precious, but at other times it is the most stinging of insults. I have suffered and am not sorry for it. They must play a different game than that if they wish our votes—not insult us."

Calling the Chicago Platform of the Democrats a "Peace Now" platform, a soldier at the Headquarters of the 18th Army Corps in Virginia wrote, "I am anxious for peace and hope we may have it soon, but let it be a peace that will last and not a mistaken compromise with injustice that would be as short-lived as it would be useless."

"Copperheads and Conspirators," "traitors," "rats, weasels and various vermin" were some of the milder GI terms that were flung around, in print and talk. But by mid-October the informal electioneering gave way to the actual soldier-vote in the state elections of that month. Indiana, Pennsylvania and Ohio, states which appeared to be the key to the presidential victory in November, returned "Union" majorities to assorted gubernatorial and Congressional candidates.

With days to go to Election Day, the *New York Tribune* said, "If England and France want a measure of strength and endurance of the American people and of republican institutions let them watch the wonderful spectacle which this Presidential canvass presents . . . the American Armies will fight and vote in the same hours and on the same ground, on the 8th day of November, in the year of God's protecting grace to democracy, 1864."

Three weeks before the election the War Department announced that soldiers on furlough would have leaves extended until November 10th—two days after the election. In one of the "balance" states, Indiana, Governor O. P. Morton, to make doubly sure that the furlough order was understood, issued a proclamation stating that all sick and wounded Indiana soldiers at home, "will have their leaves of absence extended until November 10th next." However, they were to be sure to present their furloughs "to the Assistant Provost Marshal General at Indianapolis, or the Provost Marshal of the district to which the soldier belongs, and having the extension endorsed."

By November 6th and 7th, all railroad lines going north were clogged with furloughed men going home to vote, the *New York Tribune* reported . . . "Up to this evening eighteen thousand federal employees and furloughed soldiers from the hospitals have left Washington to go home and vote . . . The rush of . . . soldiers from this point to their homes to vote is unprecedented. It is estimated that over 24,000 have left here by railroad within the last few days for that purpose. The depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and vicinity is constantly thronged by an immense crowd waiting and watching for an opportunity to get a chance on the regular and extra trains."

Forty-eight hours before the election, rumors and charges about the soldier vote jammed telegraph lines . . . "A Copperhead paper asserted that the votes of New York soldiers for McClellan have been detained in the Washington Post Office. Postmaster Bowen (a McClellan man) denies the charge in the most positive terms," said the New York paper.

On the eve of the election, the *Tribune* thought that "forged and fabricated votes offered in the names of dead soldiers, deserters, etc., constitute our only source of danger." Before this they had also warned New York soldiers against another danger—of betting on the election—which would invalidate their votes.

Along the Eastern coast it was a gloomy, cold rainy Election Day. The roll call of regiments occurred in the returns, "Eighth Massachusetts," "Battery E, First Pennsylvania Artillery," "Eighth Regiment, Iowa Veterans," "Thirty-ninth Illinois." The soldiers in the Armies of the Cumberland, the Potomac, the James, blew on their hands, left the flooded, muddy rifle pits, "filled with the rains of autumn," cast their votes and went back to the war business. The vote in one Army hospital in Washington upset Lincoln, but at midnight he presided at a little victory celebration in the White House—"cutting open the oysters," as Sandburg describes it.

One soldier who hadn't read his General Order 265 carefully enough—"if you don't read the bulletin board, it's no excuse"—was Sgt. Henderson of the Sixth Mo. Cavalry, who got busted to private, "by order of General Rosecrans, for permitting his men to assist in the breaking up of a McClellan meeting in St. Louis."

GENERAL ORDER NO. 265

Washington, Monday, October 3rd, 1864.

The following General Order has just been issued from the Adjutant-General's Office:—

In order to secure a fair distribution of tickets among soldiers in the field, who by the laws of their respective states are entitled to vote at the approaching elections, the following rules and regulations are prescribed:—

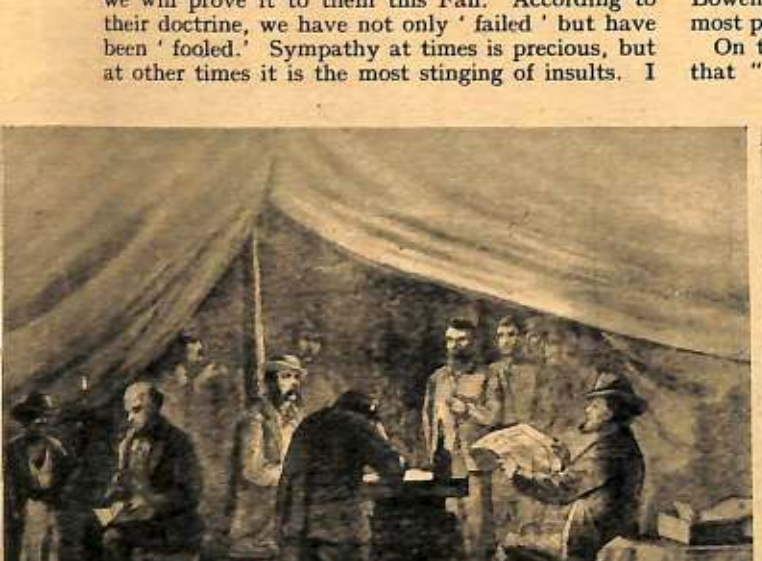
FIRST—One agent for each army corps may be designated by the State Executive or by the State Committee of each political party, who on presenting his credentials from the State Executive or the Chairman of said Committee, shall receive from this Department a pass to the Headquarters of the Corps for which he is designated, with tickets or proxies when required by state laws, which may be placed by him in the hands of such person or persons as he may select, for distribution among officers and soldiers.

SECOND—Civilian inspectors of each political party, not to exceed one for each brigade, may in like manner be designated, who shall receive passes on application to the Adjutant-General to be present on the day of the election, to see that the elections are fairly conducted.

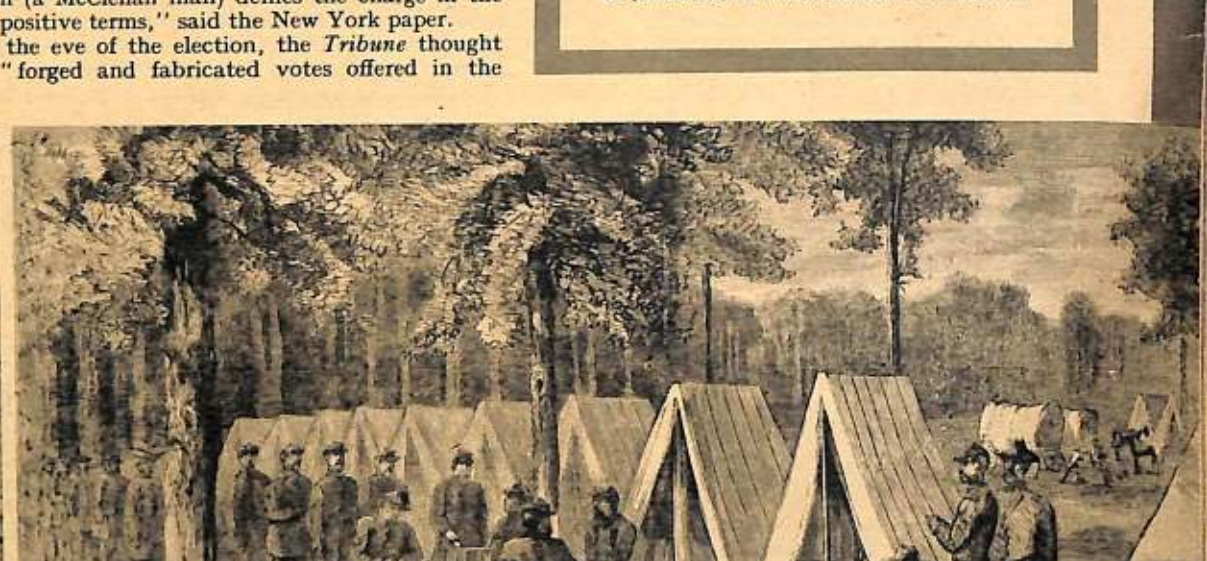
THIRD—No political speeches, harangues or canvassing among the troops will be permitted.

FOURTH—Commanding Officers are enjoined to take such measures as may be essential to secure freedom and fairness in the elections and that they be conducted with due regard to good order and military discipline.

FIFTH—Any officer or private who may wantonly destroy tickets or prevent their proper distribution among the legal voters, interfere with the freedom of the election or make any false or fraudulent return will be deemed guilty of an offense against good order and military discipline and be punished by summary dismissal or court-martial.



In the valley of the Shenandoah, Sheridan's GIs sweated out the pay line, then queued up in another line where they received their ballots.



Pennsylvania soldiers reported to the command post in the rear, saluted the captain behind the flag-draped table, dropped their marked ballot, saluted again, and then returned to the battle front.

Ron Spittle, radio operator on a Rescue Launch, is the guy who gets the S.O.S. and starts things moving.

When a soldier rescues another soldier under fire they may call it "unusual" and give him a citation. When the Air Sea Rescue pulls men out of "that old devil sea" it's just a job. If you ever fall out of the sky into a dinghy in the North Sea and that magic black launch picks you up, just give a brief "thanks" because that's the way it is—without trumpets or brass bands.

By Cpl. JOHN D. PRESTON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—An air-sea rescue as carried out by RAF High Speed Launches is a working combination of pure science and pure accident. It takes expert navigation, radio skill, and first-class emergency equipment. It also takes good luck and a will to sweat it out indefinitely for hours and miles on end in the North Sea or English Channel. A launch can come within twenty yards of a life raft on a stormy night, fail to hear a shout, and miss its object completely, as the raft rolls in the trough of the sea and the rescue launch is on the crest of the same waves.

When a plane falls into the drink, would-be rescuers may learn of the fact in various ways. Just before the crash the plane's radio operator may have time to flash the crew's position into some shore station. Or an MTB boat or trawler may see the crash. Best of all are the times when rescue launches are out and see the ship in trouble, and sprint right over the waves to it without any preliminaries.

The longest part of the air-sea rescue job is the waiting. For days at a time, even as the fleets of bombers lie inactive at the airfields, the launches lie idle, tied up at their docks. The crews keep busy puttering around—painting up the boats, cleaning guns, brewing tea, talking politics, and sleeping. Their captains, who have the rank of pilot officer or flight lieutenant in the RAF, wait in the duty room along the quay, eyeing the switchboard and wondering when the telephone is going to sound off again to send them about their proper business.

During these quiet periods air-sea rescue work looks like the simplest life in the RAF. Crew and skipper alike, however, leave plenty of room on their schedules for the unexpected. Day and night there are duty boats waiting in the harbor with engines warmed up and crews on hand or within hailing distance of the dock, in billets by the wharf. Besides these immediate-duty boys there are three other shifts —first stand-by, second stand-by, and third stand-by. They while away their time by doing maintenance jobs, working around their barracks in a former hotel by the sea front, or frequenting movies and local pubs. They are almost always within calling distance of the docks.

Take this particular winter evening at the duty room. It is a freezing, cloudy night with a high wind coming in steadily from the sea. All is warm and quiet in the duty room where two young RAF officers lounge around the switchboard. One reads, the other carves out the wooden hull for a ship model. Suddenly the long, clear roar of bombers spreads out over the night.

"That may mean a full bag for us tomorrow."

"Maybe."

Fifteen minutes later the telephone rings. The wood-carver picks up the receiver without zest. "Every time that damn thing starts to ring," he says, before he answers, "I can practically feel the rain running down the back of my neck."

It is only a routine call, though, from the Navy Signal Station, bringing the news that a pillar buoy has gone adrift and a warning to look out for it if the air-sea rescue craft make a trip that night.

But they don't go out that night. Nor the night after.

On the third morning things start to happen. A Halifax has been sighted going down thirty miles out at sea, and the search is on. When the crash call comes, it is half an hour before the ship's crew is due to go off duty and have a day of comparative rest as first stand-by crew. "We're like the men in the National Fire Service," says one of them. "Sitting waiting for the worst. If we go without trouble for too long, then action of any kind looks good. Don't get us wrong, though. We're not Boy Scouts. They pay us for what we do. But we do like to justify our jobs now and then."

Sleepy, hungry, browned-off, or exhilarated, depending on the individual, the men on board go about their work. Cold morning tea is emptied over the side, covers are stripped off the guns, and the insistent jabbing of Morse Code takes over on the radio where the smooth B.B.C. jazz leaves off.

The first-class coxswain, next in rank though not in importance to the captain, takes over the wheel and steers the rescue launch *099* down the channel and out to sea. Neat red layers of houses line both sides of the harbor, gulls swing along on the icy salt breeze over the camouflaged hulls of the two rescue craft. This seaport looks cold, bare, and lifeless now, but it saw worse days three years ago when the depth charges were going off right outside the harbor, making the buildings shake like loose teeth.

It's a peaceful scene, right now on this wide open winter morning. The two launches come out hard and fast over the sea—graphic black and gray shapes with high-pointed bows and the RAF emblem of concentric red, white, blue, and yellow colored circles waving from their masts. They go at a superb rate, smashing open the water ahead, shaking themselves free of the sea, and then, reaching full speed with two-thirds of their hulls above wave level, slowly lifting huge green fins of water along their sides.

"Better put those sausages on the stove while the sea is still easy," the coxswain yells in the direction of the galley.

By now the only part of the *099* that will guarantee you a smooth passage is the engine-room in the stern. There, however, is the wild smell of high-octane gasoline and oil from the three engines building up 1,500 horse power. So whether a man is working in the bow or the stern of these boats he will not feel at ease when the sea gets rough. Seasickness is the least of the crew's worries, although even the most hardened member does not hesitate to go below and retch in peace when the going gets bad.

Once one of the *099's* medical orderlies missed a crash-call. While waiting in his billet on the dock for his crew to return he got to thinking about what they all were doing at that particular moment. He suddenly became sea-sick right then and there in the warm, dry motionless room.

The medical orderly of the *099* spends a large part of his time concocting remedies for queasy stomachs. But he has other, more important duties, and today, as the launch swings into action over the waves, he lays out clean, warm crash-clothing for prospective dripping survivors and checks his first aid equipment and morphia with a quiet, purposeful air.

The sick bay, with blue leather benches and stretchers strapped up against its sides, is the biggest single section in the boat. Further ahead is the radio room, where the operator mechanic works on his log. He also keeps a side record, in which are written terse dialogues between planes in distress and shore stations. This, for example:

"Two engines out, five minutes' gas left. Did you send two fighter escorts over?"

"Six fighter escorts sent over. What are your angels?" (This is one way of saying: "How high up are you?")

"That's all right. You can save four of those escorts for some other chap with five minutes of gas left."

But today the operator mechanic has nothing eventful to report. All day long the *099* beats the seas, looking for the missing Halifax, but no results. Finally the recall signal comes, and the launches, once more gathering a splintering speed, head for the harbor in the dark late afternoon. The men go about their business wondering audibly how many more times they will be sent out on a bum steer like this before the real thing comes along. But they are patient and take the anti-climaxes as they come.

When the *099* is finally safely home and tied up at the dock, rum is served to all hands. "Nelson's Blood" or "Jungle Juice" it is called in the rather inexact RAF slang. It is excellent.

The skippers and the crews of the *099* and other high-speed launches like it are worth one's respect and curiosity. They are men tightly fitted together in one unit and for one purpose, yet they run true to no particular type. They would be hard to dramatize as "old sea dogs" or "tars," although, being Englishmen, none of them mind the sea in small or large amounts. Quite a number of them, on signing up with the RAF, applied for the Marine Craft Section, and got what they wanted. One officer served in the Merchant Marine during the first World War. Another spent three years in the RAF reserve before 1939, and had done some work as aerial gunner.

The captain of the *099* is a tall, thin, clean-cut young man who in peace time was in the advertising business. He is therefore fairly informative about his job.

"Sometimes it's harder rescuing one fighter pilot

The Launch takes off across the North Sea. Powered by three engines that can really make water churn, and manned by sea-going RAF personnel, she is after a small yellow dinghy bobbing alone on the sea "somewhere between England and Germany."

AIR-SEA RESCUE

than the whole crew of a bomber," he will tell you. "Fighter pilots usually bail out at a much higher altitude than the boys in the bombers, and therefore drift much further from their original position, even if they can radio ashore and give us a chance to get a fix on them.

"Good luck can make quite a difference, and timing is even more important. Once a plane saw a dinghy and didn't bother to report its position then and there. When the plane came in the pilot gave the dinghy's position at the time he'd seen it, but by then the dinghy had drifted far from the point.

"Another time, when reporting a life raft's position, a pilot made a mistake of one degree of latitude which threw us sixty miles off in our search. Luckily a Hudson saw the raft and kept dropping flares and circling round the spot until we got there."

The coxswains also have their navigation troubles. The red-haired one of the *099* used to work on small boats that carried timber up and down the coast. In 1936 he suddenly decided that he was fed up with that life, joined the RAF, got assigned to the Marine Craft section, and since then has seen quite a bit of the world, refuelling and doing maintenance work on flying boats. He worked at Malta, where the beer, the women, and the bathing were all of a very high order, and the six-year-old Maltese kids shook their fists at the sky and yelled "Italian bastards" every time the planes came over the island.

Insignia of rescued airmen painted on panel by Coxswain A. J. Cornelius.

"I had a complete routine worked out for myself in Malta," the coxswain says. "When the raids came every night, I always woke up, threw open the mosquito nets with one hand, grabbed my shoes, jumped out the window of our ground-floor billets, and made for the shelter. Sometimes there were glass panes in my way but that never stopped me."

The other coxswain of the *099*, a short, fair-haired young Scotchman known as Alf, joined the RAF as an aviation cadet at the beginning of the war. "I got through the physical part of training all right," he recalls, "but the navigation work was too much for me. When they told me I couldn't become a pilot, I wanted to get out of the RAF as quickly as possible and join the Naval Air Arm. But they held up on my discharge ticket, and started shooting me a line about 'If at first you don't succeed, etc.' So I finally gave in and signed up for Marine Craft Section. I was an accountant in Glasgow before the war, but always went in for small boats on the side. So, you see, I could have done a lot worse."

The radio operator mechanic, a Welshman who was a school teacher in civilian life, has no great use for the sea and hopes to be teaching Latin the minute they let him wear a bowler hat again.

THE medical orderly worked in one of the St. John's Hospital units before 1939, has two sons, both in the RAF, and was on duty at an Australian Squadron's aerodrome inland before being assigned to high speed launches. One of the older men on board is the engine-room fitter. He used to be a rate collector for a gas company which, when the war came, tried to hang on to him as long as possible, making out that his was a reserved occupation. Now he is on active duty and likes it. He's bothered only by the fact that, because of his age, he may be pulled out of air-sea rescue work and given a more peaceful life. Even on his days off, he comes down to the docks early in the evening and asks if anything is up that night.

Sometimes the launches get in trouble with other British boats and planes. "Once we were going out to a rendezvous position at night, when a bomber suddenly went over our boat and started to jettison its bombs, laying the sticks right out in the water around us," one of the *099's* crew recalls. "And another time we ran into an armed British boat in the darkness. It opened fire on us without asking any questions. When we finally let them know who we were they ceased firing and flashed back 'Sorry,' which was considerate of them.

"One of the hardest jobs we ever pulled was the rescue of five Americans whose ship had crashed into the sea in the middle of the afternoon. Our captain saw what looked like a cloud of spume rising in the distance, but that was all we ever saw of the plane itself. Most of the crew had bailed out in time, and were floating around in the waves when we got there. Some of them were already done for, though. Their Mae Wests held them up, but when we threw ropes out to them the ropes hit them right in the faces and they didn't even flicker.

"It was a high sea that day. Actually, we were only able to save about five of the original crew. One of them swam up to within two or three yards of the boat and then took his Mae West off. He probably thought he didn't need it any longer. He sank like a stone.

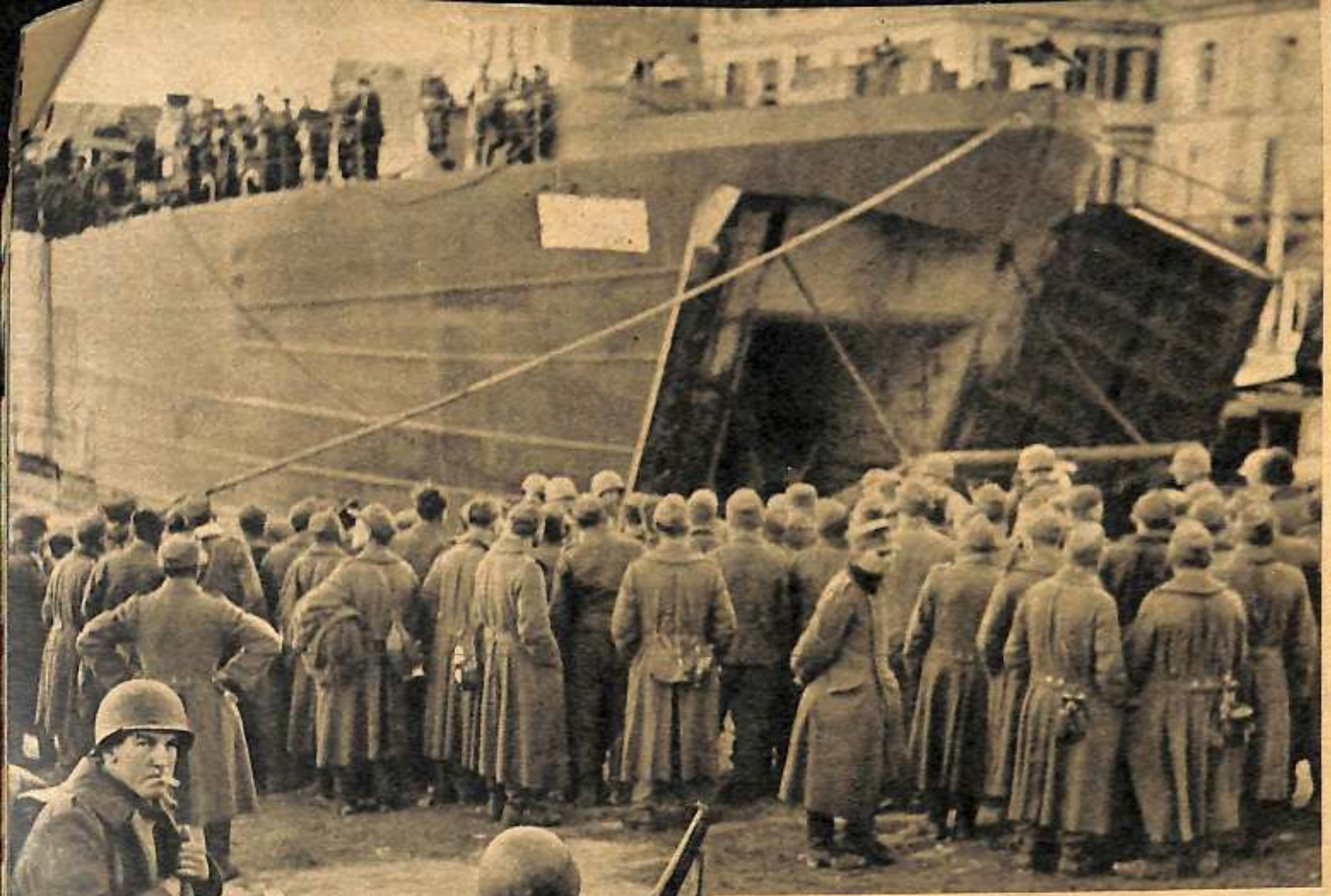
"The first one we rescued was a hellish big chap. We could see one gold tooth in his mouth even while he was still in the water. Weeks later he came back and thanked us all for what we had done. He patted the side of the boat and said, 'I'll always remember how that feels, and I'll always remember that number painted on the bow.'

"Now and then we pick up some Germans. One we got had been in the sea nearly a week. He had four bullet wounds in his leg and three in his arm. But he was still alive. The minute we hauled him on board, his dinghy exploded. One of our lads went up to him with a knife to cut off his parachute and dinghy harness, and when the German saw him coming he put his hands to his throat and set up a great whimpering. He had the wrong idea.

"Most of the Germans we pick up seem pretty frightened and low-spirited. The last bunch we had, though, were very tough and aggressive chaps."

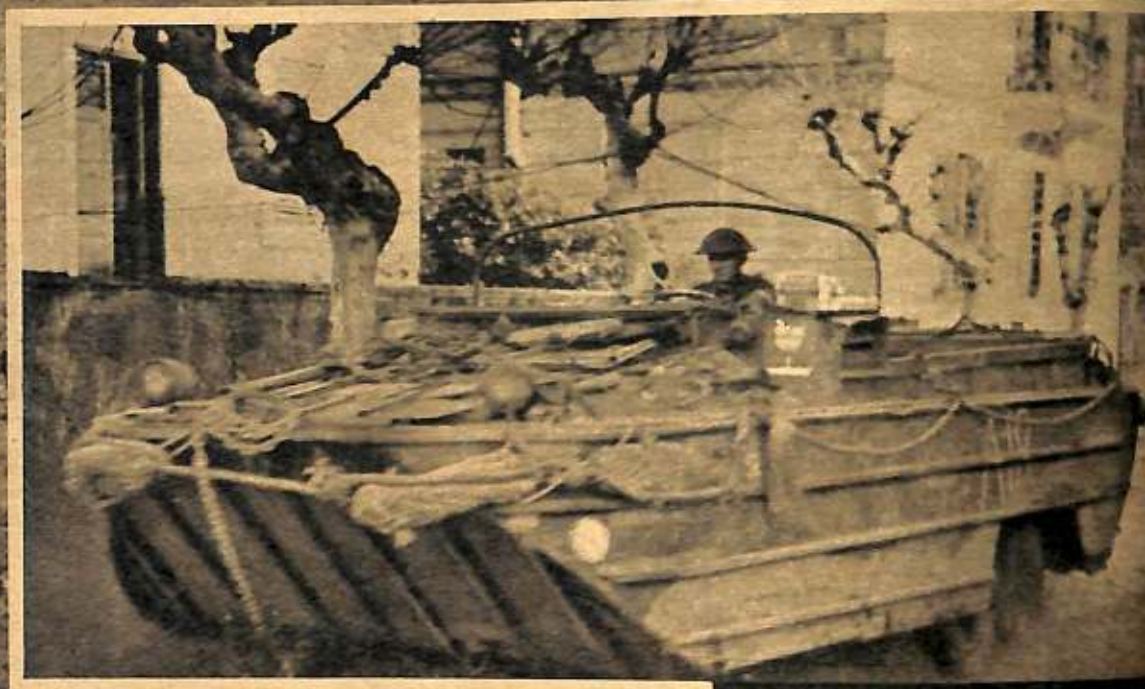
The speaker paused.

"Maybe they hadn't been in the water long enough," someone gently suggested.



At Anzio, Nazi prisoners watch an LST opening its doors. Amazing, those "decadent" democracies!

An infantryman repairs a walkie-talkie set which broke down under stress of battle during the beachhead offensive.



A U. S. Army duck, driven by a Tommy, runs through Anzio's wet and muddy streets. Sand here turned to sticky mire.

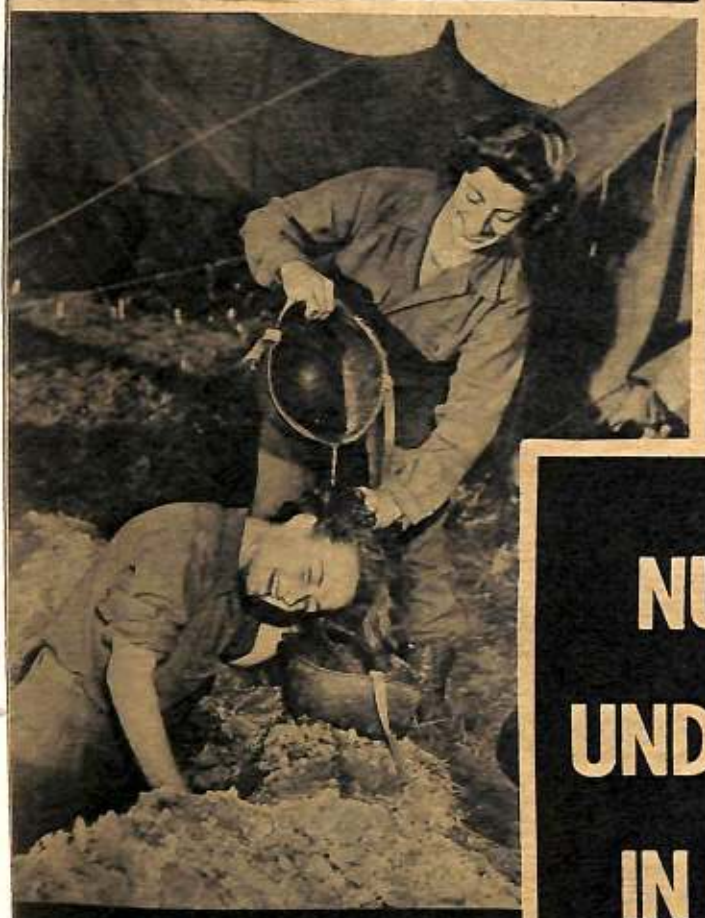
A guard eyes a well-fed Nazi paratrooper taken prisoner along with other German soldiers.

Pvt. Don Whitehead, of Harlan, Ky., dons a pair of the new Army boots.

Sitting on a half-track, a Yank compares his helmet with a Nazi one.

T/Sgt. Elbert Graves got to the brush first, remembered his courtesy and gave it to Myrtle Carpenter.

Some of the first Army nurses to arrive in the Allied beachhead south of Rome take a ride in a jeep, wearing woolen OD shirts and pants.



Maxine Lykins gives a fellow nurse, Katherine Baltzer, a needed shampoo.

A group of nurses taking time out for chow at Anzio. They and the girls who came with them won quick GI admiration for working under enemy fire.

NURSES UNDER FIRE IN ITALY

ANZIO-NETTUNO BEACHHEAD, SOUTH OF ROME—After a rough trip, during which their convoy was attacked 14 times by German dive bombers in 36 hours, an advance contingent of 22 American nurses have arrived at this invasion front.

Seasick and bomb-weary, the first American girls to land here stepped off a bomb-grazed British LST five days after D Day and headed straight for the area containing the hospital to which they were assigned.

The trip to this beachhead was short but easily the most eventful of their lives. It started with a heavy storm the first night out. Their craft then was an LCI which tossed so much that the 22 nurses had to be hauled by ropes onto the larger LST that landed here. Thirty other nurses were so seasick they couldn't be moved and had to remain on the bouncing LCI.

Then in the next 36 hours came the enemy bombing attacks. The girls declared that no ships in the convoy were damaged, and they saw one German plane shot down and watched the pilot bail out.

2d Lt. Marguerite Martin of Sioux City, Iowa, said on landing: "That trip was so rough and I was so sick I wanted to die. Air raids are nothing compared with seasickness."

Landing with Lt. Martin were Lts. Katherine Baltzer of Monroe, Wis.; Jean Richey of Anadarko, Okla.; Mary Henehan of Kansas City, Mo.; Avis Dagit of Williams, Iowa; Frances Hewling of Jenks, Okla.; Ann Graves of Columbia, Mo.; Lena Grussing of Clara City, Minn.; Martha Tate of Arlington, Tex.; Loretta Bass of Casper, Wyo.; Helen Pfeiffer of Dallas, Tex.; Sybil Mosely of Cleburne, Tex.; Maxine Lykins of Albany, Mo.; Martha Shaw of Evanston, Wyo.; Mary L. Zurney of Muskogee, Okla.; Ada Beidelman of Crowell, Tex.; Myrtle Carpenter of Baker, La.; Hattie Fried of Spring Grove, Pa.; Eugenia Allmand of Brookhaven, Miss.; Victoria Skroh of Ennis, Tex.; Lucille Bertrand of Welch, La., and Ruth Griffard of St. Louis, Mo.

Lt. Griffard was married shortly before the invasion to Lt. Frank Evais, an American troop-carrier pilot whose parents live in Ottawa, Canada. Their five-day honeymoon ended when he had to fly back south and his bride joined the invasion forces.

Just nine days after the original party of nurses landed, an evacuation hospital on this beachhead, jammed with wounded and medical personnel, was bombed by a single German plane, which killed 27 and wounded 68 officers and men. Two of the dead were nurses, the first to die through enemy action in this war. Several other nurses were wounded.


BALTIC SEA
GOTLAND
ÖLAND
LATVIA
LITHUANIA
EAST PRUSSIA
DANZIG
POLAND
WHITE RUSSIAN S.S.R.
RUSSIAN SOCIALIST FEDERATED S.S.R.
UKRAINIAN S.S.R.
SILESIA
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
HUNGARY
CARPATHO-UKRAINE
BUCOVINA
MOLDAVIA
TRANSYLVANIA
AZOVSKOE MORE
(SEA OF AZOV)
Riga
Kaunas
Wilno
Königsberg
Danzig
Gdynia
Minsk
Warszawa
Moskva
Smolensk
Vitebsk
Kiev
Kharkov
Dnepropetrovsk
Zaporozhe
Odessa
Lwów
Kraków
Wien
Budapest
Bratislava
Cernauti
Chisinau
Lublin
Brest Litovsk
Mariupol
Voronezh
Kursk
Orel
Tula
Kaluga
Ryazan
Gomel
Mogilev
Pinsk
Lvov
Stalino
Poltava
Nikolaev
Kherson
Dnepropetrovsk

This is the Eastern half of a map of Europe. Fit it together with the map printed in YANK'S center spread last weekand you will have a complete map of the European war theater. In the near future, YANK will print a large map of the Pacific war zones.

CENTRAL EUROPE & THE MEDITERRANEAN

STATUTE MILES

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Janet Blair
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

A lull followed a storm of words in the capital (where there was also a sudden death on a crowded street), a soldier's draft board caught up with him in the South Pacific, and a man's wife would have nothing to do with his mummified lady friend.

WASHINGTON, D.C., rarely a backwater in the matter of news, really was dishing it up hot off the griddle last week. It was strong stuff, too—consisting of wide-open rebellion in Congress against a White House veto, on the one hand, and, on the other, of a fatal shooting, full of front-page names, in a crowded downtown street.

President Roosevelt's difficulty with Congress, in this instance, was the tax bill which had just been sent to him for approval. The measure was designed to raise just a little over two billion bucks, far short of the amount previously asked by the Treasury. The President vetoed the bill and returned it to Congress with a statement that it was "not a tax bill but a tax-relief bill providing relief not for the needy but for the greedy." He was especially displeased by the fact that the bill cancelled the increases in Social Security taxes which otherwise would have been mandatory.

On hearing of the Presidential action, Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, Republican leader of the House of Representatives, remarked that it was "possible that Mr. Roosevelt would like to see the veto overridden because of the political angle." That, however, was only the merest taste of what was to come.

When words of the President's veto message reached Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky, Democratic leader of the Senate and long a friend and supporter of Mr. Roosevelt's, he arose on the floor of the Senate and made a bitter speech of denunciation, during which his face grew red and sweat dripped from his forehead. Accusing the President of making a "calculated and deliberate assault on the integrity of every member of the Congress of the United States," Barkley said, "I do not propose to take this unjustifiable assault lying down."

He also revealed that he had twice "implored" the President not to veto the tax bill, and told Congress that if it had "any self-respect yet left it will override the veto and enact the tax bill into law, the objections of the President notwithstanding."

At the close of his speech, which was greeted by an ovation, Barkley resigned as Democratic leader of the Senate. The nation was stunned.

THE President was out of town—whereabouts could not be disclosed for reasons of military security. It was later announced, however, that he had gone away to rest. He immediately wrote a letter, addressed to "Dear Alben," which White House Secretary Stephen Early delivered to the Kentucky Senator at his home.

In it, the President said: "As I am out of the city I am unable to have a personal talk with you. If I were there, of course, that is the first thing I would do. I regret to learn from your speech in the Senate on the tax veto that you thought I had in my veto message attacked the integrity of yourself and other members of the Congress.

"Such, you must know, was not my intention. You and I may differ and have differed on important measures, but that does not mean we question one another's good faith. When, on last Monday, I read to you portions of my tax message and you indicated your disagreement, I made certain changes as a result of our talk. You did not, however, try to alter my basic decision when you realized how strongly I felt about it.

"While I did not realize how very strongly you felt about the basic decision, had I known I should not have tried to dissuade you from exercising your own judgment in urging the overriding of the veto. I sincerely hope that you will not persist in your announced intention to resign as majority leader of the Senate. If you do, however, I hope your colleagues will not accept your resignation, but if they do I sincerely hope that they will immediately and unanimously re-elect you.

"With the many serious problems daily confronting us, it is inevitable that at times you should differ with your colleagues and differ with me. I am sure that your differing with your colleagues does not lessen their confidence in you as leader. Certainly your differing with me does not affect my confidence in your leadership nor in any degree lessen my respect and affection for you personally."

The result of all this was that the Democratic members of the Senate accepted Barkley's resignation as their leader and then,

TOUGH TEEAYTER! Back in the States, Sgt. Charles Micklick gets breakfast served in bed at 0830 hours as a reward for fine showing in tank crew gunnery tests.

NAVY HELP. Sailors from the Norfolk (Va.) Naval Training Station pitch in during a shortage of manpower by working on the tracks near Norfolk.

WAR'S OVER? No, but some plants at home have gone back to making their peacetime products. In this case it's stoves and the locale Cleveland.

GUEST OF HONOR. Muff, a German police dog, home on furlough after 10 months' service in the South Pacific, at a Rotary Club dinner in Chicago where Sgt. John Mehren (left) spoke on war dogs.

INTERNATIONAL WAC. In Philadelphia, Pa., Wanda Yuchniewicz takes oath in native Polish dress as the first recruit in a series of WAC companies dedicated to "unconquerable" countries of Europe.

by unanimous vote, immediately re-elected him to the post. The Senator, in a letter to the President which the *New York Times* interpreted as showing he had lost his bitterness, declared: "I fervently trust that this incident may be instrumental in bringing the executive and legislative departments closer together in the fullest cooperation to the end that we may end this terrible war at the earliest possible moment, bringing all of our armed forces back to their homes and loved ones."

Meanwhile both the House and the Senate overrode the Presidential veto—the former by a vote of 299 to 95, and the latter by 72 to 14. The two-billion-dollar tax bill thereby became law.

As for that shooting, the victim was Dr. John E. Lind, one of the nation's leading psychiatrists and a member of the same family as Abraham Lincoln's. Dr. Lind, who was fifty-six years old and senior medical officer at St. Elizabeth's Hospital at the time of his death, had just driven his black coupe to a halt in front of the Woodward and Lothrop department store when he was killed.

Robert Ingersoll Miller, once a law partner of Charles Curtis, the former vice-president, and a personal friend of President Roosevelt's, was called "responsible" for Dr. Lind's death by Municipal Court Justice F. Dickenson Letts, who released him in $15,000 bail. Miller, who is sixty-seven years old, was said by witnesses to have rushed up to Dr. Lind's car and fired two shots at the victim. Jealousy in love matters was reported to have been the motive.

Miller claimed that he fired in self defense, and police discovered a .32 calibre revolver in an envelope beside Dr. Lind's body. Evidence was presented to the coroner's jury, however, which might indicate that Miller had planned the death of his rival.

According to Lamar D. Johnson, porter at the department store before which the shooting occurred, just as Dr. Lind drew up at the curb, a woman later identified as Miller's wife ran across the sidewalk and jumped into the car. Then, said the witness, Miller ran up to the car, pulled out a gun, and shot through the window. Miller, said Johnson, then pulled a white envelope out of his pocket and placed it beside Dr. Lind.

Patrolman Ernest Dickerson, who arrested Miller, testified that as soon as the prisoner saw his uniform he shouted: "I killed him in self defense. He pulled a gun on me. Look in there and you'll see it."

So that's the situation in the nation's capital. In Los Angeles, the Army took over the municipal power and water system to end a nine-day strike by 2,500 workers which had tied up service to 160 small war plants and 125,000 homes and business establishments. The community was already in something of an uproar because of a four-day rainfall that had assumed cloudburst proportions at times and caused several costly washouts.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, who has been frequently mentioned as a Republican Presidential possibility, asked that his name be withdrawn from the Wisconsin primaries. He did so in telegrams to each of the twenty-four delegate candidates who had filed their intention of supporting him.

Joseph B. Ely, former Governor of Massachusetts, announced in Boston that he would be a candidate for President on the Democratic ticket and named Charles H. McGlue, former chairman of the Democratic State Committee, as head of his campaign committee. McGlue said his candidate's name would be entered only in the Massachusetts primary, which is to be held on April 25. If Ely were successful there, McGlue added, he would control thirty-one of the state's thirty-four votes at the Democratic Convention.

Obituary Department: Charles L. McNary, of Oregon, Republican leader in the Senate and candidate for Vice President on the Willkie ticket in 1940, died in Florida at the age of sixty-nine. . . . David Knickerbacker Boyd, seventy-two-year-old architect credited with being one of the original advocates of the set-back principle in the design of skyscrapers, died in Philadelphia. . . . James Boyd, fifty-six-year-old author of historical novels, died, the victim of a stroke. Among his best-known books were *Drums*, *Marching On*, *Long Hunt*, and *Roll River*. . . . Mrs. Lisette Mueller, ninety-one-year-old midwife, who in 1885 officiated at the birth of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, died at Fredericksburg, Texas. She had followed the Admiral's career with intense interest, frequently corresponded with him, and kept an autographed picture of him in her home.

Mrs. Lionel Atwill, former wife of General Douglas MacArthur and of the movie actor Lionel Atwill, announced that she plans to marry Captain Alf Heiberg, thirty-nine-year-old bandleader in the Army Air Forces. The ceremony, she said, will take place on March 11, at the home of her mother, Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury.

New York and New Jersey had one whale of a manhunt when two sailors—Thomas Carney and Harold F. Knull—escaped from three shore patrolmen while waiting for a ferry which was to take them to the naval disciplinary barracks in New York City. The search for the fugitives was carried on by radio cars, coast-guard cutters, police launches, cops, FBI agents, and representatives of the Office of Naval Intelligence. The sailors were captured six hours after they made their escape.

Dr. Morris Fishbein, mouthpiece of the American Medical Association, cautioned parents against giving their children names with initials that are likely to subject them to ridicule. Such as S.A.P., he said. Any such in the ETO?

Oona O'Neill, eighteen-year-old daughter of the playwright Eugene O'Neill and fourth wife of Charlie Chaplin, announced that she is going to have a baby in August. Her fifty-four-year-old husband is facing trial on a Federal indictment for violation of the Mann Act in connection with his former protege, Joan Barry.

Charles E. Bedeaux, who became famous for his system of speeding up labor, committed suicide by taking an overdose of sleeping pills at Miami, Fla., where he was being held to face trial for treason following his arrest in North Africa.

Ben Riley, proprietor of the famous Arrowhead Inn at Riverdale, in the Bronx, N. Y., was killed in a fire at Yonkers.

A Federal Court District Judge in Covington, Ky., upheld the constitutionality of the Federal law which guarantees that servicemen returning to civilian lives be given their former jobs back. The decision was handed down in a case involving Robert E. Hall, of Newport, Ky., who charged that the Union Light, Heat & Power Co., of Covington, had failed to return him to his old job for four months after he was honorably discharged from the Army and sued the concern for $512, which he said was due to him for the work he would have performed during that time. Hall was inducted in April, 1942, and was let out thirteen months later, applying for his old job three days after that. In defense, the company claimed that the law guaranteeing veterans their former jobs was unconstitutional.

In Albuquerque, N. M., Robert Peterson announced that he was candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor while his wife disclosed that she would seek the Democratic nomination for the same office.

At the Norfolk Navy Yard, Mrs. Jimmy Doolittle, wife of the Major General who is now in the ETO, sponsored the launching of the sixty-six-million-dollar aircraft carrier *Shangri-La*, named after the mythical place from which President Roosevelt once said her husband set out to bomb Tokyo.

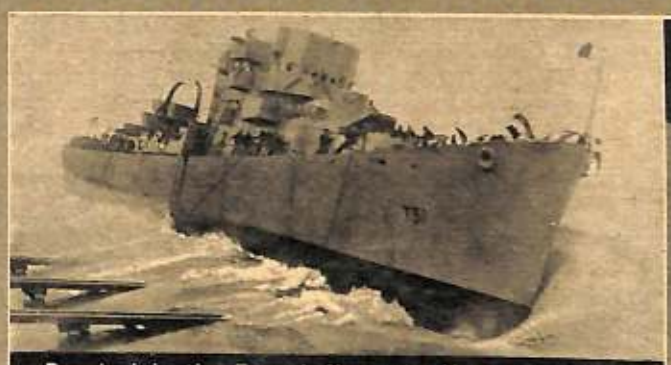
President Roosevelt designated March as Red Cross Month and, launching a drive for funds, set a national quota of 200 million dollars. Let's see now, at one and thruppence a meal, that's—well, it's a lot of meals.

Joe Mallet died on his farm near Snohomish, Wash., at the age of eighty-eight, still true to a vow he made in 1896 that if William Jennings Bryan weren't elected President he would never set foot in Snohomish again.

A committee representing the American Petroleum Institute and headed by J. Edgar Pew, vice-president of the Sun Oil Co., of Philadelphia, announced in New York that at the end of last year the proved reserves of crude oil in the U. S. amounted to over 20 billion barrels. This, the report said, means that "the oil industry will be able to meet this nation's requirements for oil products for many generations to come."

Faunce C. Collins' draft board has finally caught up with him—in the Solomons, where, as a private, he recently saw action at Bougainville. Pvt. Collins, who hails from Red Oak, Iowa, was drafted last year

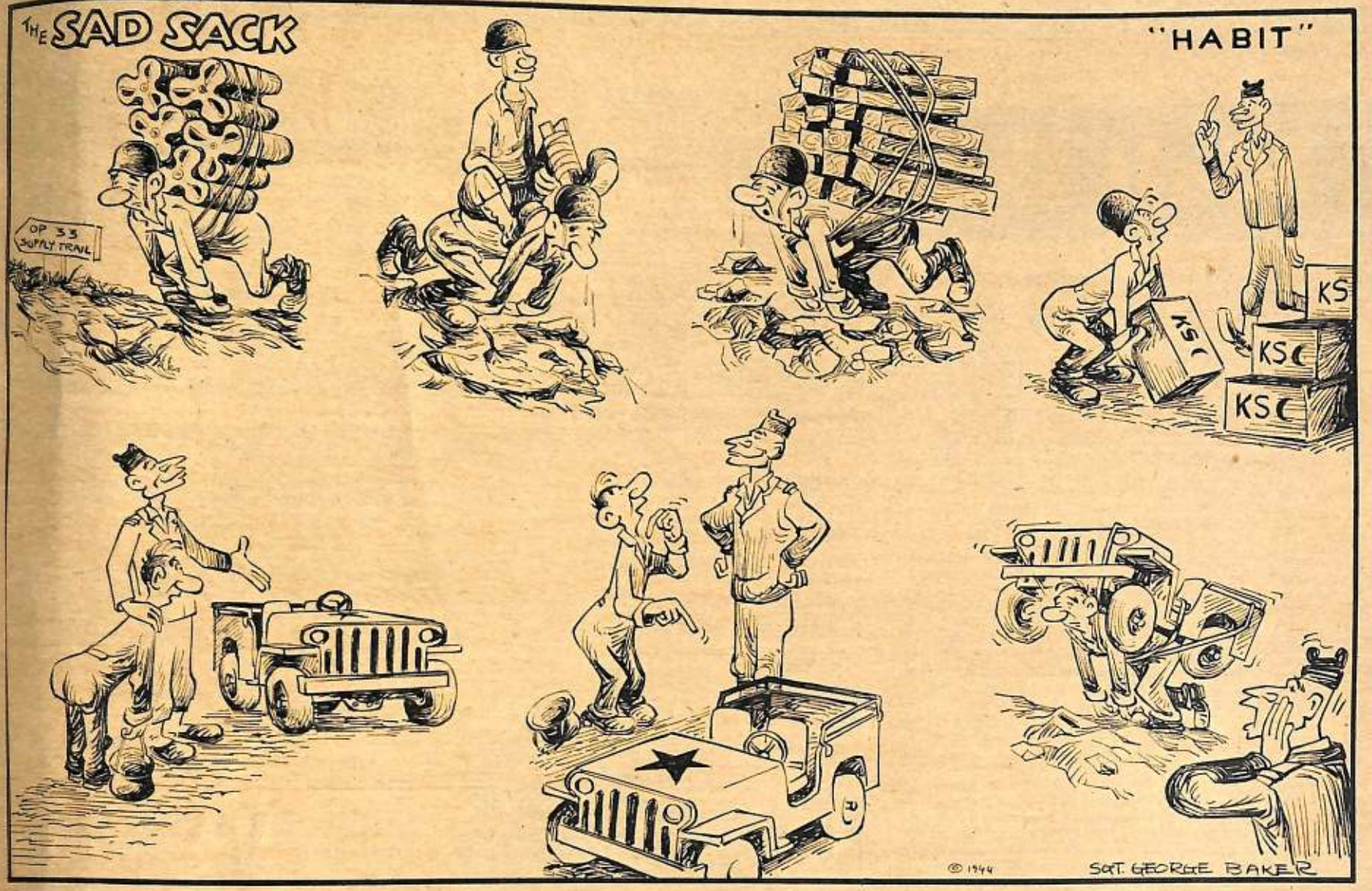
YANK WEAPONS FOR THE BOYS IN THE RED POM-POMS



Due to join the French Navy, the U. S.-built destroyer escort Hove is launched on the East Coast.

French sailors view launching of another U.S.-built destroyer escort—the Senegalais—destined for their navy.

Lily Pons, French-born singer, with an American shell-case especially made for French naval guns.



by mistake, for he was then only sixteen years old. He wanted to get into the fight so he did nothing to correct the error, and pretty soon found himself getting his wish in a big way in the South Pacific. Now his draft board has discovered its boner and the WD is sending the kid home.

Ann Hamilton Landess, year-old daughter of the late Captain Robert Henderson Landess, who was killed at Oran, has been awarded a scholarship at Boston University under a plan adopted by the institution to give free college educations to the children of all of its former students who are killed in this war. Ann was born three months after her father's death. Her mother is the former Helen Reilly, of Rosindale, Mass., a graduate of the same university.

Frank Turco, a crippled newsie in Seattle, Wash., who for the past twenty-nine years has been peddling papers to Senators, Mayors, and other politicos in his home town (and sounding off to them on how the country *ought* to be run) announced he will have a fling at politics himself by being a candidate for Councilman.

The destroyer escort U. S. S. *Edwards*, named for Ray Keith Edwards, a Marine from Chicago who was killed on Guadalcanal, was christened at Charleston, S. C., by the hero's mother. His father, Sgt. Eddie G. Edwards, arrived at the scene from his camp in Oregon only a minute or so before the ceremony took place. He had been granted permission to make the trip two days earlier and had flown to St. Louis, where he was grounded by bad weather. With no time to spare, he made the rest of the journey by automobile, train and bus.

In Preston, Idaho, a youthful hitchhiking sailor walked up to Patrolman Verl Fellows, said he was on leave from San Diego, Calif., en route for his home in Shelley, Idaho, and asked for shelter for the night. The cop started to put the sailor up in the town jail, then thought better of it, and invited him to his home. As the two were leaving the jail, another policeman said, "Goodnight, Verl." The sailor remarked that that was his name, too, and asked the patrolman his last name. "Fellows," said the cop. "Mine, too," said the sailor. Turned out they were father and son who hadn't seen each other for seventeen years.

John David Lake, of Pittsburgh, received a medical discharge from the Navy after two years of combat duty during which he survived without injury the sinking of the cruiser *Vincennes* and the battles of Midway and the Coral Sea. He was let out because he was suffering from combat fatigue. Now he is in the hospital, badly burned by gasoline which ignited as he was trying to start his car.

Suing Mrs. Jean A. Landsman, of Baltimore, for alienation of affections, Mrs. Verna Mace, a divorcee, also of Baltimore, testified that she spent five hours in the trunk of her husband's car on a cold winter night in order to spy on him.

Frederick Cutler, wealthy twenty-two-year-old son of the late Thomas W. Cutler, who was treasurer of the Stonington Machine Co., was back again in the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Conn., to start serving a two-year term for failure to report for induction. He had already served an eighteen-month term for failure to register for the draft. At the end of his first sentence Cutler registered but refused to report for induction. Looks like that boy just don't want to get in the Army.

SPECIAL SERVICE. Take your room keys and move along, mister, the other guy wants a look. This is actually going on, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, where the hotel's showgirls do extra jobs in their spare time to ease the manpower shortage.

In Newark, N. J., the Office of Dependency Benefits announced that voluntary payroll deductions are being made for more than two million soldiers and that the dough is being sent by the men to their families, banks, insurance companies, and creditors. This figure is in addition to the millions of regular family allotments provided jointly by soldiers and the government.

Patricia Cobb Chapman, twenty-one-year-old granddaughter of the humorist Irvin S. Cobb, was married in Rockville, Md., to Naval Lieutenant Gregson B. Bautzer, thirty-one, formerly an attorney in Hollywood. The bride was given in marriage by her father, Captain Frank M. Chapman, commander of the Marine Flight Ground School at Quantico, Va.

William Skidmore, a Chicago gambler and political power during the prohibition era, who went by the nickname of "Bill the Fix," died in the Federal prison at Terre Haute, Ind.

Bette Jane Greer, wife of Coastguard Lieutenant Rudy Vallee, yesteryear's Frank Sinatra, sued Howard Hughes, the producer, in Los Angeles, seeking to break her contract with him and retire.

Jane Froman brought suit for one million smackers against Pan American Airlines for injuries she sustained when the plane in which she was travelling for the USO to the ETO cracked up in Lisbon.

Mrs. Helen Conner, of Atlanta, Ga., who is learning to become a riveter in a war-production factory, added a sixth gold star to the service flag that hangs in the window of her home when she learned that her brother, Lieutenant Nick Zadorkin, had been killed in Burma. Other war casualties in her family: her son, William, killed in Tunisia; her husband, W. J. Conner, killed in the Marshalls; her sister, Vera, killed while flying a ferry plane; a second brother, Alex, killed in North Africa; and a third brother, Mike, killed in the Pacific. After learning of Lieutenant Zadorkin's death, Mrs. Conner reported on time as usual at the riveting school.

The Alien Property Custodian in New York City held an auction to get rid of some odds and ends, and one of the items put up for sale was a 2,594-year-old mummy of an Egyptian lady. James Hamilton, a professional magician, was high bidder and proudly toted his purchase home, only to be told by his wife that she wasn't sharing their apartment with any mummy. "Women can be so unreasonable at times," moaned Hamilton, sadly lugging his withered crone around to a warehouse.

Mail Call

More On Straight Thinking

Dear YANK:

Judging from the tone of Corporal Stone's letter in the February 13 issue, entitled "On Straight Thinking," it appears that he too is guilty of that condition which, in his opinion, is so prevalent among Army personnel; namely, the lack of intelligent knowledge of the progress of the war—else how can he explain his statement that, to quote him, "the majority of men taking an active part in this war know little of Allied or enemy progress." Since he himself said that discussion without facts or accurate knowledge can only result in chaos and frustration for the individual and society, an insight as to the factual basis of his statements should prove not only very interesting, but most revealing.

It is true, and regrettable of course, that many—too many—know very little, and care less, about the issues involved. However, by no possible stretch of the imagination can this group be conceded to be a majority. They are, rather, that certain group whom not even the most vigorous educational program could awaken from their coma of indifference.

Since he could not have possibly made a survey of a majority of the men in the service, his statements must be based on observations made among his own immediate friends and acquaintances—on the general attitude within his organization. It naturally follows, then, that his statements have no foundation and his argument proves nothing, for the majority of men in our unit not only are well versed on the progress of the war, but can also discuss it, as well as its causes and objects, intelligently.

An enlightening educational program, an opportunity to impartially discuss the contributions of our Allies as well as our own—yes, by all means. But surely there must be a better means of asking for it, and bringing it about, than by insulting the intelligence of an average American soldier. Why, for that matter, wait for an opportunity or educational program? Surely individual initiative and resourcefulness are not entirely lacking; and opportunities have been known to be created, have they not?

Yours for straighter thinking,

Northern Ireland. NINE GIs IN IRELAND

The Garfield Controversy Again

Dear YANK:

Please allow me the liberty of referring to last week's edition of YANK, where movie star John Garfield insists that the use of a .30-calibre machine gun by hand is possible.

I have completed my tour of duty, and have been handling machine guns of all calibres, which are concerned with the AAF ever since I have been in the Army and I disagree with Mr. Garfield when he says he is convinced that the use of this .30-calibre gun by hand, and using real bullets, can be done. (As shown in the picture of Sgt. Herren.)

I myself, have used this gun and find it impossible to use it, as Garfield did in *Air Force*, due to the fact that the barrel gets so hot, it is impossible to hold it with a bare hand and fire as many rounds as Garfield did in *Air Force*. Although I do agree it can be done by firing one or two short bursts, no more.

If Garfield still insists he's right, maybe he'll experiment to us combat men. I should be delighted to see it actually happen. What say, John?

Britain. S/Sgt. M. B. ARRIETA

The Same Has Us Groggy

Dear YANK:

We in the Navy here have followed with great interest the recent to-do over "whether a man can fire a .30-calibre aircraft machine gun by hand," holding or cradling it in the arms as the case might be.

No doubt this is going to raise a lot more arguments, but there are two of us here who saw a sailor, name and last address furnished on request, hold and fire a .50 aircraft machine gun. This particular gun was one from a PBY and had quite a bit of armor plate on it as any one who has seen a PBY waist gun can bear us out. This happened at Kaneohe Bay, N. A. S., on Dec. 7, 1941. What's more we can find probably at least fifty men from that old outfit who'll tell any one the same thing.

Britain. C. S. KNAUFF, Aviation Chief Ord., USN
D. H. JONES, Aviation Chief Ord., USN

Family Reunion (Almost)

Dear YANK:

I have just seen a copy of the February 20, 1944, British Edition, YANK. The picture on the cover bears a striking resemblance to my wife who is in the WAVES at the Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla.

As I recently received a letter from her station that she was doing the particular type of work shown in this picture I would like to know if that is her

picture. Please let me know as soon as possible if I am right or wrong.

Britain. Sgt. RICHARD C. INNIS

[You've been away from home too long, Sergeant. The picture was taken at Jacksonville, Florida, but the gal is Violet Falkum, of Minneapolis. Even so, the global character of YANK scares the hell out of us—especially when we're trying to hide from someone.—Ed.]

Clerk Strikes Back

Dear YANK:

1. Your attention is invited to Mail Call, issue dated February 13, 1944.

2. In reply to Cpl. Gerald Greenberg's abortive attempt at poetry, the following true and correct facts have been compiled for your information and future guidance:—

Who works late, nights, so you'll get paid?
Who keeps all your allotments straight?
. . . . . a Clerk.
Who takes CS from high H.Q.—
the kind that never reaches you?
. . . . . a Clerk.
Who answers letters for your sake,
so you'll get time to take a break?
. . . . . a Clerk.
Who sees your mail gets to you,
and takes abuse, if she's not true?
. . . . . a Clerk.
Who listens to your tale of woe
and shells out with some hard-earned dough?
. . . . . a Clerk.
Who has the headaches when you lose
equipment—clothing—things you use?
. . . . . a Clerk.
When you goof off, who sweats it through;
does all the work because of you?
. . . . . a Clerk.
Who'll do your discharge some sweet day,
so you'll get out? Who has to stay?
. . . . . a Clerk.
That furlough you enjoyed beaucoup;
recall who fixed it up for you?
. . . . . a Clerk.
The guy who never has the time
for leave himself; I know 'cause I'm
. . . . . a Clerk.
Who watches others gain a stripe,
but still has two—and doesn't gripe?
. . . . . a Clerk.
SO . . .
Tell me, bud—I'd like to know
who benefits; from what T/O?
NOT A CLERK!

Britain. T/5 ALBERT F. DALRYMPLE

Pigs!

Dear YANK:

Give us a break, what about printing a full centre spread of a dozen or so pin-up gals as it's so long to wait for the weekly issues and then only finding *one*.

Britain. F. G. ALISON, A.B., British Merchant Navy

More On YANK After The War

Dear YANK:

May I add my support to the suggestion that the YANK be continued after the war! The idea is such a superb one, as outlined by the "30 Boys" in February 20 Mail Call, that I should like to see something definite done toward realizing it at the earliest possible moment.

It is certain that after the war some enterprising publisher is hoping to capitalize on the common concerns of ex-servicemen and bring out a magazine—undoubtedly with "brass-hat" sponsorship and prestige—which will pretend to reflect GI interests and opinions.

The question is: Are we going to sit back passively and allow a magazine to be handed down to us from the "top," after the war—a magazine that will never even remotely approach the reflection of our concerns and opinions as YANK does, because, as a commercial publishing enterprise, it is bound to represent commercial publishing interests? Or, are we going to see that YANK continues as the democratic mirror of GI tastes, and ideas, that it is now?

It seems to me that the question is important enough—more vitally important as regards our future welfare than most of us can even now imagine—to warrant a whole page of discussion from time to time in the YANK.

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Pictures: 1, Sgt. George Aarons. 5, U.S. Marine Corps. 8 and 9, Bacon Aps. 10 and 11, Sgt. George Aarons. 14, Columbia Pictures. 15, top, Keystone; centre, INP; bottom, Keystone. 16, top left, ACME; top right, INP; bottom left, Top Planet; bottom, OWI; bottom right, AP. 17, INP. 18, Keystone. 19, Planet. 20, PA. 21, AP. 21 and 23, Dodd Aps.

ANCHORS AWASH! or

Nazi Navy Offers One-Way Trip to Davy Jones's Locker

—NEWS ITEM—

"THE Nazis have announced that all well-behaved Frenchmen may now enlist in the German Navy."

(The scene is Hitler's hide-out—as of 10:37½ one morning last week. The boss man, looking even more pooped-out than usual after hopping from one hide-out to another all night, is seated behind a desk which appears about ready for the kindling pile. He presses a buzzer which fails to work, the wires having been busted by a bomb. After waiting a while in vain, he hollers to a flunkey to send in Karl Doenitz, Admiral of the German Navy. Enter Admiral Doenitz yawning and covered with cobwebs.)

Hitler: How's the Navy?

Admiral: What Nav—oh, uh, it's fine, chief.

Hitler: Yeah, I'll bet. That's the impression I got when the *Scharnhorst* went down.

Admiral: Now chief, that's no way to talk. After all, you know, accidents will happen.

Hitler: Seems to me the accident started back when we decided to have a Navy. What's new?

Admiral: Whaddaya mean, what's new? Except for those damn submarines we keep getting nowhere fast with, there hasn't been anything new in the Navy since you were a pup.

Hitler (browned off): Lissen, feller, you keep my early days out of this, see?

Admiral: Okay, okay. I forgot it was a touchy subject. Here, have a cigar.

(Hitler, who doesn't go in for such petty vices as smoking, virtuously declines, but looks on enviously as the Admiral lights up an ersatz guinea-stinker. It crackles, splutters, and goes out.)

Hitler: Well, let's get on with the business. For the amount of good it's doing I can't afford to spend more than five minutes a week on the Navy. How's morale in the crews?

Admiral: What do *you* think? Lousy, of course.

Hitler: What's the big trouble now?

Admiral: Well, boss, it's this way. Seems they're lonely.

Hitler: Lonely! How come?

Admiral: Why, hell, there ain't enough of them left around to even get up a self-respecting Saturday-night dance ashore anymore. Boy, things sure have reached a low ebb, and I don't mean the tide.

Hitler: Well, what do you want me to do about it?

Admiral: Just crash through with five or six sailors. That's all.

Hitler: Fat chance! Not with the way the Army and Luftwaffe are using men up right now. *(He stops and turns wall-eyed as a bright idea hits him.)* Say, I might spare you a few Frenchmen, though.

Admiral (disgustedly): Honestly, chief, sometimes I think you just ain't got good sense. What would I want with a bunch of saboteurs running around my Navy?

Hitler: The French can't *all* be saboteurs, can they? Look at Laval, for instance.

Admiral: You look at him if you want, boss. I can't.

Hitler (wearily): Oh, lay off him, will you! I'll admit he's no dream boy, but, what the hell, he was the best we could get for the job. And, as I was saying, there must be others like him.

Admiral (hopelessly): Like *him*! This is the end of my Navy!

Hitler (reassuringly): No, no. I mean husky, young, well-behaving dopes who haven't been causing us any trouble.

Admiral (bitterly): Boy, they'll have to be dopes to want to sign up with my outfit.

Hitler (grimly): If they don't sign up willingly, we'll damn well make 'em sign.

Admiral: Heil Hitler!

Hitler: Lay off that crap, will you? It's getting to have a sort of sour note, even coming from you.

Admiral: Oke, oaf.

(He scrams swiftly. Hitler pushes his buzzer three times in an effort to have him stopped and brought back for a bawling-out. Then he remembers that the wires are broken and settles back, pretending he didn't hear.)

(Curtain)

Moreover, I should like to see such organizations as appreciate the YANK begin now to *elect* delegates to a conference to be held immediately after the war to consider ways and means of perpetuating the YANK—*as it is now constituted.*

If it is decided to continue the YANK it seems to me that two of the greatest mistakes that could be made would be: (1) to allow any of the present staff to slip through our fingers; (2) to allow any "brass hats" to have any say in its editorial or news policy. (And this is not to cast any aspersions upon the officer personnel now on the staff, who have, as the evidence plainly shows, done a magnificent job.) I am so admiring of YANK, that I consider it a shining example of the genius of the people in a democracy.

Britain. **Sgt. WALTON M. CLUTE**

TS

Dear YANK:

I have been in the habit of mailing home clippings from YANK. Recently, members of my family have been innocently plaguing me with extremely embarrassing queries as to the "full meaning" of the terms "TS" and "GFU"—those inimitable gems of GI slang that occasionally creep into print.

At first I glibly ignored these requests but it is becoming increasingly difficult because, obviously spurred on by my noticeable silence, the folks are renewing their maddening pleas. I'm afraid I can't hold out much longer.

Of course, you might feel that this is a minor matter but I assure you that it is of vital concern to me. My whole post-war life may be wrecked if I can't soon produce a plausible combination of words that will fit those damning initials "TS"—"GFU." "Truly sad" is OK for "TS" but how about "GFU"?

Perhaps some sort of editorial note containing a credible derivative for the "idioms" will do the trick. But do something soon—my mail is piling up.

Britain. **T/Sgt. DANNY GILMORE**

[How about Geflinger der Fuehrer Unteralles?—Ed.]

Tribute To The Fighters

Dear YANK:

I have to write to you to tell you how I feel about the fighter escort. "God bless 'em," is my prayer each time I see them flying out there. I am a gunner on a Fort and think they are the best bunch of fellows in the air. When you see vapor trails out there and as it draws closer you see it's your friends the P47s, P38s and P51s, a feeling of contentment comes over you for you know with them out there Jerry keeps pretty far away.

Some time ago returning from a raid over Frankfurt we had some trouble and had to return alone. Four P47s picked us up and stayed with us all the

way back to the English coast. Without their protection I wouldn't be writing this letter.

From a very devoted and respected worshipper of fighter pilots. God bless them all.

Britain. **S/Sgt. MELVIN F. LARSON**

On Contributions To YANK

Dear YANK:

You have my sincere thanks and appreciation for putting in a couple of those cartoons I sent to you a while back. Take it from me, it gives the folks back home, as well as myself, a great kick.

Thanks again for your very welcome consideration and attention.

Britain. **T/Sgt. PAUL RUSHLOW**

[There is nothing unusual about using your cartoon, Sergeant. YANK's fixed policy is to give priority to any worthwhile contribution coming in directly from the field. This is the magazine of all enlisted men.—Ed.]

Saga Of A Pfc.

Dear YANK:

What would you do with a Pfc. such as we have in our office? The other day he was told to locate a Captain who occupies the next office to where he works. Thinking that the Captain was at lunch he phoned up the Mess and asked to speak to the said Captain; he was thereupon advised that the Captain was not at lunch but they suggested that he phone Ext. —. Our Pfc. thinking that this was the bar promptly phoned up this number whereupon the phone in the Captain's office rang. He dashed in to answer the Captain's phone and was told by the operator that the party had left the line. Back he went to his office and once again picked up the phone and asked for Ext. —. Again the phone in the Captain's office rang and in he dashed to answer it only to once again be told that the party had left the line. By this time the rest of the office had been aroused by the ringing of the telephone bells, so while he again phoned Ext. — he got one of the girls just back from lunch to sit in the Captain's office, with the result that he gets through to Ext. — and finds himself talking to the said girl. As by now you have all guessed that he was phoning the Captain's number all the time, we have no need to tell you. We all suggested that before he tries to ring himself up again he should cultivate a speed like Popeye thereby being quick enough to ring up on one phone and talk to himself on the other.

ONE OF THE HARASSED GIRLS WHO WORKS WITH THE ABOVE-MENTIONED PFC.

In The Navy, Too?

Dear YANK:

The chaplain not being in at this time of evening to give me a TS slip, I turn to YANK to register my gripe. Which coincides with a former statement by Laraine Day in your magazine after having toured the ETO.

Well, to get on with my gripe. Several mates, including myself, went to the Rec. Hall to see a stage show featuring Eddie Duchin, finding a good portion of the limited space reserved for CPOs, officers and their guests. We finally managed to locate a place with the aid of the usher where the enlisted personnel were allowed to sit. After sitting there for the time it takes to read a YANK magazine, the show was about to commence, but apparently there were not enough seats for the officers and guests, so we were politely asked to leave, which we did.

North Ireland. **R. E. DE LAURENTIC, Fl/c, USNR**

SPORTS: TAKE A QUOTE, PLEASE, AS THE GREAT MINDS IN SPORTS SPEAK

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

This is the brawl that followed the Al Davis-Fritzie Zivic fight when Davis was disqualified for repeatedly fouling Zivic. That's Zivic being restrained by his own second as he attempts to get at Davis.

DID I ever tell you. . .

. . . *what Frankie Frisch said about Dizzy Dean?*

"Diz was something more than a great pitcher. He was a fine all-around ball player. He would have made a first-class outfielder or a very good first-baseman. He was fast and could hit, and he was a good base runner. Of all the ball players I ever knew I think Dizzy loved to play the game more than any one else. Gabby Street told me when Diz first reported to him in Florida he was hard to handle. Gabby tried fining him, but that did no good. He finally discovered the best form of discipline was to keep Diz from the ball park and not let him practice. Dean thought this was the roughest punishment anyone could impose."

. . . *or what Herb Pennock, the new business manager of the Phillies, said about Carl Hubbell?*

"Hubbell was the greatest living stylist I ever looked at. I never saw another pitcher work with so little effort. He made pitching look easy. For style, Hub didn't have an equal. I considered it a privilege just to watch him."

. . . *or what Fritzie Zivic, the former welterweight champion, said when he was accused of being a dirty fighter?*

"I'll tell you how it started. It was the first fight with Bummy Davis in the Garden three years ago. I was scared of the guy because he was supposed to be a good belter and I never saw him fight. I was going to run away from him and box him for a coupla rounds. Then the bell rang, and he left his corner careless and tough like. 'Nuts, nobody in the world is that tough,' I said to myself, so I went in and hit him on the chin. Late in the round he looks over his shoulder at the clock. I've been waiting 10 years for a sucker to pull that, so I hit him another good one and down he goes. I don't hurt him much, but I can tell he's plenty sore. He fouls me 13 times in the second round and the referee throws him out. The next day he shows up at the commission meeting wearing dark glasses, the phony bum, and saying I thumbed him in the eye. The commission knows he's a liar and they disqualify him for life, but suddenly everybody remembers I bust guys pretty good around the eyes — it's my style — and they pick up Davis' lie that I thumbed him. I do a lot things I shouldn't do, like grabbing guys around the neck, but I never thumbed anybody in my life. I know a fighter fears blindness more than anything else."

. . . *or what Satchel Paige, the famous Negro pitcher, said about the greatest hitters he has faced?*

"The toughest white men I've pitched to are Charley Gehringer, Joe DiMaggio and Dick Bartell. That Bartell, he's a fighter. He can't bring around a bat as quick as DiMaggio, but he hugs the plate and you can't blow him away from it. Bartell wears you down."

. . . *or what Branch Rickey, the Deacon of the Dodgers, said about Pepper Martin?*

"Pepper was a hundred percent in everything he did. If he fell in love, he fell head over heels in love. If he wanted a new bird dog or a shotgun he bought it whether he could afford it or not. He went all out in everything, and that was why he was so great a ball player. Let's suppose he was told to slide into second base to break up a play. Pepper would come into the bag with spikes flying. Such was his intensity of purpose that he'd cut a leg right off the man in order to achieve his objective. Then he'd cry his eyes out at what he'd done, stay in the hospital with his victim, worry about the man's future and be completely upset about the entire matter. But if the same situation were to arise the next day, Pepper would cut off his other leg."

. . . *or what George Halas of the Chicago Bears said about Don Hutson, the Green Bay end?*

"I just concede him two touchdowns a game, and hope our boys can score more."

. . . *or what outfielder Roy Cullenbine, who played under Leo Durocher, Del Baker, Bucky Harris, Luke Sewell and Lou Boudreau, said about Joe McCarthy?*

"I was a member of the Yankees for only two months in 1942 and saw more smart baseball played under McCarthy's managing than in the rest of my entire baseball career."

. . . *or what Mussolini's interpreter said after Primo Carnera's manager had said that if Primo were permitted to go to the United States, he'd surely win the heavyweight championship of the world and thus bring honor to Italy?*

"Il Duce asks if you're actually trying to make him believe that big tramp can fight."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

NEW GUINEA KP. Take it from Pfc. Bitsy Grant, one of the top tennis stars in the late 30s, KP is KP anywhere you go. Grant is assigned to the Special Service Office at an advance Fifth Air Force Base.

Comdr. **Gene Tunney,** who just came back from a tour of the South Pacific, says that, at Noumea in New Caledonia, he found a sailor who can lick **Sgt. Joe Louis** and become the world's heavyweight champion. But Tunney can't remember the guy's name. He thinks it's something like Micher or Michen. If any of you fellows out there know who the commander is talking about, let us hear. . . . **Capt. Mason Chronister,** Maryland's great miler and the star of the 1940 Penn Relays, was captured on Bataan and later died of Japanese prison-camp brutality. . . . The West Point coaching staff insists that **Glenn Davis,** the 19-year-old plebe football sensation, will return next season after brushing up on the mathematics that tossed him for a loss. Davis is now at home in La Verne, Calif. . . . **Lt. Bobby Glass,** Tulane's Sugar Bowl halfback, narrowly escaped death at Hellzapoppin' Ridge on Bougainville when a piece of shrapnel gouged a chunk out of the tree just above his head. Another marine just five feet to one side of him was killed from the same burst. . . . Great Lakes and Norfolk Naval Stations and Mitchel Field, N. Y., top the national service basketball ratings in that order. . . . **Cpl. Fidel La Barba,** who once held the flyweight title, and **Jack Sharkey,** the Boston squire, refereed the finals of the Inter-Allied Boxing tournament at Algiers. . . . The Red Army soccer team, made up of soldiers who have seen action on the Eastern front, is going to England and may come to the U. S. . . . **Bob Pastor,** the former heavyweight contender, is now sweating out his first six weeks as a lower classman at the AAF Administrative OCS at Miami Beach.

Inducted: **Gene Desautels,** first-string Cleveland catcher, into the Navy; **Babe Barna,** Louisville Colonel outfielder and last season a regular with both the Giants and Red Sox, into the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Jim Benton,** Chicago Bear end, because of high blood pressure; **Buster Adams,** outfielder of the Philadelphia Phillies, because of a stomach ailment. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Beau Jack,** recognized in New York as lightweight champion, after being placed in 4-F previously for alleged illiteracy; **Bronko Nagurski** and **Bulldog Turner,** of the Chicago Bears; **Donald Meade,** veteran jockey who was suspended last year; **Roy Weatherly,** New York Yankee outfielder. . . . *Discharged:* **S/Sgt. Adam (Young Kid McCoy) Pianga,** top-ranking welterweight contender, from the Army with a CDD. . . . *Transferred:* **Chief Specialist Bobby Riggs,** ex-world's tennis champ, from Great Lakes to Honolulu; **Cpl. Helene Rains,** national senior breaststroke swimming champion, from AAF Photography School, Lowry Field, Colo., to Brooks Field, Tex. . . . *Commissioned:* **Bob Kennedy,** former Chicago White Sox third baseman, as a second lieutenant and Marine fighter pilot; **Moose Krause,** Notre Dame basketball coach, as an ensign in the Navy. . . . *Appointed:* **Dean Sensanbaugher,** Ohio State's freshman halfback ace, to West Point.

Risky Business

A SERGEANT we know was riding on a bus in London during one of the recent air raids there when the machine made a quick stop-and-a-start in front of an Underground. Just as it was gathering speed again, an elderly lady swung nimbly aboard —which, of course, is the way most elderly ladies swing aboard moving buses in England. The Jerries were stooging overhead, the guns were kicking up a hell of a rumpus, and pieces of shrapnel were clonking down all around. "My gracious," said the lady gently, "I thought the bus would never come!" Someone asked her why she hadn't taken the Underground. "I wouldn't think of it," she replied. "It scares me to death getting on and off those moving stairs."

Neighborhood News

You keep hearing about how the folks back home don't get around much anymore, what with the tire shortage, gas rationing, and all that. This means, of course, that if they live out in the sticks and don't happen to have a phone they're running a bit shy on local gossip.

Some pretty conclusive proof of this came our way the other evening while we were having a bitter with a couple of Joes down at the corner Crown and Antelope. Both of the boys come from somewhere up in the hills of Vermont, both had just met, and both were naturally making a sort of old home week of the occasion. "Did you hear about the Haskell's house burning down the other day?" said one. No, the other replied, his family hadn't mentioned it, although he'd heard from his mother just that morning and she'd said something about hoping to be able to get around somehow to visit the Haskells as soon as the weather got better. "Well," said the first, "you better write and tell her that she'll find them living at my brother-in-law's for the duration."

So travels the hot dope—from Vermont hilltop 3,000 miles to the Crown and Antelope and back 3,000 miles to Vermont hilltop. Things sure are screwed up these days, or did someone already tell you?

Fascinating Forebear

With our usual knack for digging up important news in the paper, we came across an interesting item the other day under this significant headline: "A BARONET TO WED TYPIST: She is 19; he is 63." It told about the forthcoming wedding of an elderly gentleman who holds the second oldest baronetcy in England to his secretary, a young lass named Philhomena, and would have been right up Cholly Knickerbocker's alley back home. The trick part about the piece, though, was a statement by the groom concerning one of the most glamorous branches of a family tree we've ever heard of. "Yes," he was quoted as saying, regarding his background, "we came over in 1066. I think one of the best known of my ancestors is Lady Godiva. We still have some of the estate she owned near Chester."

Who said all these titles and things were stuffy?

Night Squad

One of the by-products of the recent raids on London has been the organization of volunteer flak-scavenger details which get to work with flashlights in front of Red Cross clubs as soon as the planes have passed. Souvenir-hunters, mostly. As one corporal we saw busy at this work the other midnight said: "Never thought I'd be policing up for the fun of it."

Gray Matter

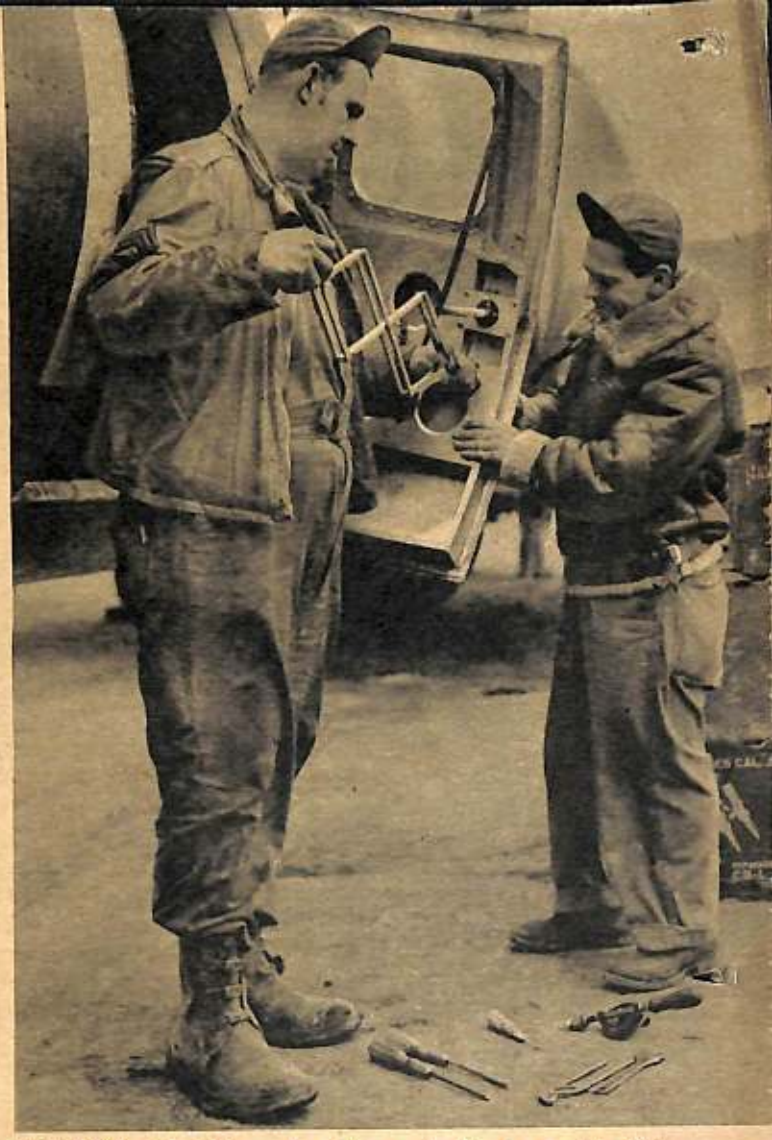
Two GI's sharing a third-class compartment with us and seven others were talking over a tech sergeant they'd met during their furlough. "Aw," said the first, scornfully, "he's one of the intelligentsia." The other let this soak in a moment, and then shook his head. "Yeah," he replied earnestly, "but just the same, some of this G-2 work is pretty darn important."

Two-Stripe Fasty

For the third time in 15 minutes, the pivot man turned the wrong way. "Wassamatta, Mac?" barked the irritable drill corporal, just back from getting the hook. "Is my vaccination bothering you?"

Security

". . . Lissen, feller," the PX counterman was saying to a scraggly private who had obviously just finished combing the salt spray out of his hair. "How many new troops from home we got in this country is a military secret, see? So when you're buying stuff in England don't go asking to have it done up in a paper bag."

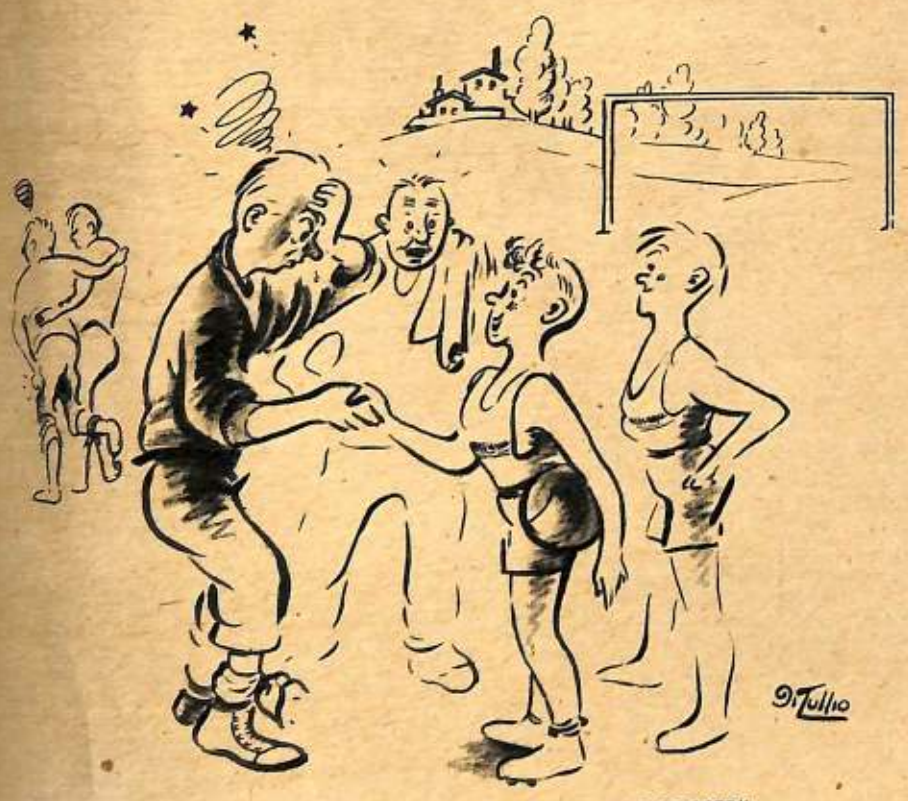


BIG BOY. 6 ft. 3½ in.—and up the creek without a paddle. Sgt. Henry W. Stone, of LeRoy, Kan., can't get GI OD pants big enough to fit him. Result: He couldn't leave his ETO base for eight months after he got here because he popped the seams of his old uniform and had to send home for a specially made new one.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

Huh?

Sometimes we think we can almost make some sense out of a remark we picked up while passing a couple of elderly ladies on the street the other day and sometimes we're dead certain we can't. "She's an awfully nice girl," said one to the other. "You see, her husband's just come back from the Middle East."



"YOU YANKS DO PLAY A SMASHING GAME OF SOCCER". Cpl. Ray Di Tullio

You Cawn't Miss It

Stuck somewhere or other between trains the other day, we dropped into a nearby hotel to kill a couple of hours in the lobby. There, huddled over their tea and a fire, were a couple of English matrons discussing whether or not they'd take in the local movie that night. The show, said one, was *Coney Island*. The other smiled knowingly. "Oh, yes," she said. "Coney Island. That's a place in Australia, isn't it?"

Name And Rank

You've heard about guys whose real names were things like Joe Blow or A. Private. Well, we ran into a naval officer the other day who used to be Ensign Ensign, and he hasn't yet got over it. He's a lieutenant (jg) now, and has been for some time, but the Navy Department back home still has its doubts. A few weeks ago he had to fill out some form or other, giving his name, former rank, present rank, etc., and even he will admit that the finished product was quite a bewildering document—full of such entries as "Ensign Ensign," "Ensign, lieutenant," and "Lieutenant Ensign." In reply, he has just received from some confused official in Washington a letter saying, in effect: "Please make up your mind what your rank is."

Pvt's Progress

It's probably happened to male GIs and we just haven't heard of it. But we do know of a sweet young Wac who, on becoming a Pfc., proudly sewed on her single stripe with very special doublestitch (or something) but upside down.

Wac's Woe

Quite possibly most you Joes will never have occasion to use this bit of information, but we're passing it on to you anyway for what it's worth, feeling you should know your ETO inside and out. The dope—or so we are reliably informed by a lady corporal of our acquaintance—is this: Wacs in England may tint their fingernails with polish in any one of three shades known as Shy, Colorless and Natural. Of these, according to our informant, Shy is the most daring—"a pink that reminds you of a morning after a terrific night." Banned in the ETO are the alluring shades called Rosy Future, Cherry Coke, Hot Dog, and—symbolically enough—Frustration. That's the bad news for today, men. Brace up!

1 Along with 11 other Wacs working at Bomber Division headquarters, Pfc. Brett, Cpl. Hill and Pvt. Epp get up early in the morning for a day of indoctrination at a heavy bomber base.

2 The girls pile into an ex-RAF bus, and head for their destination. Before they arrive, they see and hear the Forts passing overhead. The day's mission already is under way.

CPL. GERALDINE HILL, A PLOTTER, WANTED TO SEE WHAT HER INANIMATE CHARTS AND CHIPS MEANT IN THE AIR WAR.

PVT. MARGARET EPP, A CLERK-TYPIST IN ORDNANCE, WONDERED HOW EQUIPMENT SHE WROTE ABOUT OPERATED.

PFC. DOROTHY BRETT, A TELEPRINTER IN BOMBER DIVISION, WONDERED ABOUT THE MISSIONS AND CASUALTIES SHE REPORTED DAILY.

WACS and the AIR WAR

At an advanced heavy bomber base in Britain, Eighth Air Force Wacs learn what their headquarters jobs mean in terms of fighting men and fighting machines.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—These Wacs were not the gorgeous Conover creatures you see in the ads and the Public Relations releases. They were real, down-to-earth GIs, talking about ratings, bucking, the first sergeant, and what they were going to get for chow that day. They used the old gag of writing notes to candy manufacturers back home about the scarcity of a particular brand of candy in their hut, and griped that they enlisted to be stewardesses on Flying Fortresses and look what happened to them.

They are plotters, typists and teleprinters—all vital cogs in the smooth-working machinery of the Eighth Air Force—stationed at a Flying Fortress Bomber Division. Pvt. Margaret Epp, who used to pound a typewriter in a New York bank, is a clerk-typist in the Ordnance Section. Pfc. Dorothy Brett, of Chicago, puts whole bomber groups into the air with the instructions she sends over her teleprinter. Cpl. Geraldine Hill, of Abilene, Tex., is one of the few girl plotters in the ETO, mapping out enemy attacks and counter measures in Flying Control. Other girls in the detachment take down critiques, handle urgent telephone calls, and compile lists of casualties and claims of enemy losses.

This was the first detachment of Wacs to arrive in the ETO. They came last July. Today, seven months later, they have become an integral part of the Eighth Air Force fighting machine. In certain jobs, according to the Commanding General of their Bomber Division, they are the equal of three enlisted men.

But . . . Like Rosie, the aircraft plant riveter, they were working away every day at their own little cog, not knowing where it fitted into the finally-completed machine or even what the finally-completed machine was like. Margaret Epp wrote "Cletrac" in her reports all day, and didn't have the faintest idea of what the word meant. Dorothy Brett dispatched hundreds of planes, and had no conception of the destruction she was helping to let loose on the enemy. Most of the girls had never seen a military air field. Few even knew what a Flying Fortress looked like.

That's why the Wacs of this Division are taken—about 15 at a time—to spend whole days at a heavy bomber base. There is nothing social about the trip. For twelve hours they become a part of the base, soaking up all the pain and sweat and anxiety that attends putting a flight of Fortresses into the Battle of Europe. You watch these Wacs as they sweat out the return of the day's mission, as they listen to gunners tell of ditching in the Channel or hear an Ordnance captain demonstrate the deadliness of new bombs. You see them smile as they talk with the crews piling out of the returned Fortresses, their lips tighten as they watch the casualties being taken from the ships—and you realize how successfully women have been incorporated into the U. S. Army.

Col. August W. Kissner, Chief of Staff of the Bomber Division, explains this ground-floor, common-sense training program: "It is part of their Combat Zone Indoctrination and will continue indefinitely. These girls are on the staff of a large strategic bomber force, and when they see at first hand the functions with which they are connected in staff capacities, their efficiency is bound to improve. This indoctrination is as important as instructing new gunners in new combat methods of the FW-190."

Red-haired Helen Likly, of Rochester, New York, is one of the girls most affected by the front line indoctrination. She works in A-2 and copies Intelligence reports. She is one of the first persons to learn the results of a mission when the squadrons come back at night. During her day at the bomber base, she watched the planes returning from the epic Gelsenkirchen raid. She saw the battle damage, and watched the red flares go up, signifying wounded on board. She also watched four planes come back from the last mission of their tour of duty, hysterically firing off every colored flare they had on board.

"Up here at Division headquarters," she says, "you get annoyed sometimes at the miles and miles of red tape, and the dozens of copies to go here and there. You sit at your typewriter until all hours of the night, and you begin to wonder about it. Then you go out and see what goes on and talk to the men and feel the tension throughout the whole group when the planes are out and sense the tragedy when planes are missing, and you realize how much paper work is necessary to get those planes airborne. Then you come back—and somehow you don't mind the paper work—even if you have to do it on old box tops."

3 They arrive at the base and watch salvage operations on a Fortress that crashed. Within ten minutes they have seen the realities of front line air war.

4 The Wacs go to the briefing room, where combat men explain briefing and tell of their experiences. Here 10-mission man S/Sgt. Norman Wilcox tells of his part in the raid on Brunswick.

5 Next, the girls are taken through a Fort, where the combat men explain parts of the ship. Pfc. Brett learns how a .50 calibre machine gun operates, from waist gunner S/Sgt. Mike Greco, of Hazleton, Pa.

6 In the meantime, Epp, Hill and the other girls go through the pilot's compartment, navigator's compartment, bomb bay and radio room. They also inspect tail gunner's compartment and ball turret.

7 They visit the Ordnance shop where they examine machine guns, cannon and flak suits. Pvt. Epp is particularly interested in Capt. Jesse Wildt's lecture on cross-sectioned 100 pound bomb.

8 They see the control tower, AA defenses, and ammunition dump, where Margaret Epp gets a good look at the 2,000 pound bombs she mentions daily in her reports.

9 The girls return to the interrogation hut and sweat out the return of the day's mission. The planes land, and the Wacs listen to the first reports of the returning men.

10 Finally, after looking on at the hot news desk and the interrogation, the girls return to headquarters and flop into their bunks. Efficient cogs in a fighting machine have become a little more efficient.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"WHO'S THE NEW DRILL SERGEANT?"
—S/Sgt. Jack O'Brien

"I'D LIKE A LITTLE FATHERLY ADVICE, SIR"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

"OH, SO THAT WAS THE TOOTH HE MEANT!"
—Sgt. Paul Rushlow

"THEY AREN'T EVERYTHING THEY'RE CRACKED UP TO BE"
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

"ARE YOU THE ATHLETIC NONCOM?"
—Cpl. Ozzie St. George