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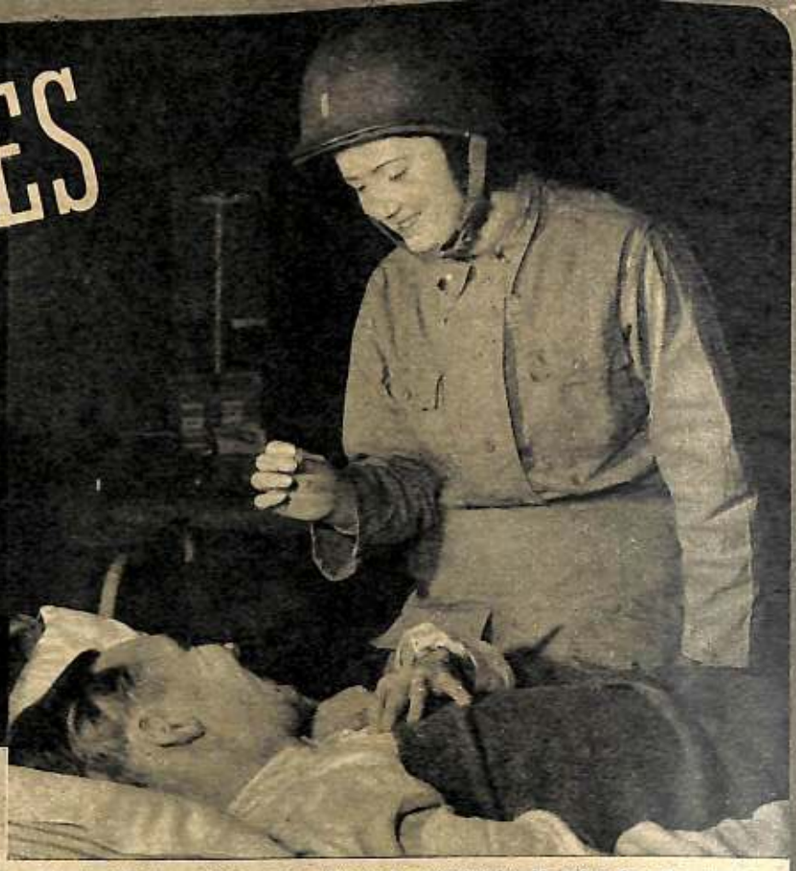
By the men . . for the men in the service

MILITARY COURTESY

EVAC NURSES

WHEREVER our fighting men go, the nurses of the U.S. Army accompany them. To be able to bring the best hospital facilities and medical treatment to GIs on the battlefields, these women of an evacuation hospital work and live under field combat conditions in the U.K.



Under field conditions, in a "tent hospital," Lt. Harriet Southerland checks the temperature of W/O Charles Berg, of Riverside, Cal.

The gals get down to earth—Lts. Nancy Herbeden and Kate L. Atkins draw water in helmets from a Lister Bag, the only source of supply.

Medical "invasion exercises" include a smile from the nurse as 2nd Lt. Adeline Southall tucks in the blankets of a patient.

Getting up before dawn for early chow—usually exclusive griping privilege of GIs—is something else the nurses have taken over.

Lts. Anneliese C. Kupsch, Ingrid H. Leire and Shirley Sonntag, as you can see, have pitched their boudoir on a trunk in a tent.

It was Air Sea Rescue "which just happened to be around at the time" that pulled Robert Brown out of the sea; it was British medical skill that kept him alive, and then it was the U.S. Army medical arm that brought him along the road to recovery. None of these things separately was a miracle but, taken together, they made this story a revelation of the organized life-saving power that rides along with Allied arms.

THE RETURN OF ROBERT BROWN

By Sgts. ROBERT ARBIB and JOSEPH KLASEN

ENGLAND—If it had been left to the people concerned—to the nurses and doctors of the medical department of the United States Army—this story never would have been told.

To them, there was nothing exciting and certainly nothing dramatic about it, and anyway they were much more interested in curing and healing than in talking. But somehow word got around. A whispered hint here, a clue there, and a persistent rumor everywhere that down in the heart of East Anglia a quiet drama was being played out, and a near-miracle had happened.

Even when the rumors had been tracked down, and the names were known and the facts ferreted out, the army medicos, jealous of their rigid code of professional ethics, shy of publicity, wary of premature boasts, refused to let the story out. Let it pass, let it go, they said. Let's get on with the job.

But it was a story that you just couldn't suppress. It clamored for a hearing, and was slowly spreading and growing as time went on. So—better a true story in print than a distorted legend—it was finally released, reluctantly passed by the colonel-doctors, guardedly recounted by the surgeon-captains and the lieutenant-nurses who were its *dramatis personæ*.

In its elements it is a simple tale, the story of a young American flier, fished out of the icy North Sea more dead than alive, and restored to life by three American doctors and eleven nurses who worked harder than they had ever worked before.

Behind it is a saga of good luck and bad, of complication heaped on heart-breaking complication, of the army combining medical science with the human elements of skill and patience. And it was played against the background of a clock whose hands marked the slow minutes and hours and days of exhausting, nerve-wracking vigil.

Best of all, it is a story with a happy ending, told by a slim, smiling lad whose broad grin lets you know that he is glad to be alive, and that he can tell the world that the medical corps is "all right with him."

He himself does not know the whole story, for he was unconscious during the first two weeks of it.

FIRST Lieutenant Robert W. Brown, Jr., of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, was returning quite happily from his first mission in the European Theater in his Mustang P51 fighter. He had been over France and now, 20,000 feet over the cold, gray North Sea and headed for England and a hot dinner, things seemed all right with the world, or at least with that particular segment of it that pertained to Lt. Brown. It is even permissible on an occasion like this to whistle and sing, and Brown might have been singing at this moment. He doesn't remember now.

What he does remember, and will remember vividly as long as he lives, is that suddenly without warning the smooth purr of the Merlin engine faltered and then failed. Quit cold, with no reason whatever. One minute it was humming on all cylinders; the next it was a dead bird. Brown recalls frantically trying all the tricks he knew, and a few more he never thought he knew, praying and swearing at the same time. But the motor refused to start again.

In a short time, his craft was down to six thousand feet, and losing altitude fast. It was time to get the hell out of there, and sadly but with haste, Brown prepared to hit the silk.

"I gave the necessary identification and location calls, turned the plane over, and baled out. After that I don't remember much what happened, but I think somehow I was struck by the tail surfaces on my way down."

That brief argument with the tail of his plane broke his right leg below the knee, and badly chopped up his left leg, severing an important blood vessel. But he didn't know it at the time.

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"When I hit the water," he relates, "I felt no pain. In fact, I saw a buoy in the distance, and started to swim for it. All I remember is that it was awfully cold. Then I was picked up by the RAF rescue launch."

Though it sounds like a mere few minutes of excitement as Lt. Brown tells it, actually more than a half-hour elapsed between the time he dropped into the sea in his Mae West life jacket, and the time the crew of the RAF Air-Sea Rescue launch hauled him out of the water, half-conscious, numb with cold, suffering from shock and from considerable loss of blood. That was ten minutes longer than any man had ever cast about in the North Sea in wintertime, and lived to tell about it. Twenty minutes of that paralyzing cold, they said, was the limit that any man—healthy and uninjured—could endure.

How Robert Brown managed to stay alive and swim with two useless legs, no one yet knows.

THE story must now be told by others, because it mercifully becomes a blank for Lt. Brown. The launch rushed him to land, and to the nearest hospital, a tiny coastal establishment staffed by a few hard-working British doctors and nurses.

For two crucial days, with the life of the young flier hanging by the slenderest thread, they ministered to him in that little eight-bed hospital, ill-equipped as it was for an emergency of such great complexity. They kept him alive, and after the first two days which were a nightmare of feverish activity, they called for the aid of the American army.

Captain Henry King, of New Orleans, Captain Thomas Coccioppi, of Brooklyn, and Captain Harold D. Covell, of Los Angeles, three doctors from three corners of America, entered the picture. They came from the nearest American base, a station hospital some 35 miles away and took immediate charge. With them came the first two of the eleven nurses who were to play their roles, Second Lieutenants Dorothy Zelinski, of Wilkes Barre, Pa., and Leora Hawkins, of St. Mary's, W.Va. They found a problem which they knew would challenge all their skill and medical knowledge.

"AND HERE IS THE FIRST PILE OF PAMPHLETS ON OUR CAMPAIGN AGAINST WASTE OF PAPER."
—T/5 Anatol Kovarsky

In the bed was a man with one leg which had been mashed to a pulp, an important blood-vessel severed, and deadly gas gangrene creeping in. The other leg had a compound fracture, which called for immediate attention. But the patient was almost too weak to be touched. On top of his weakness, his state of shock, and his injuries he had developed, as a result of his exposure, double bronchial pneumonia.

So began the bedside vigil of the three doctors and the two nurses. There was something to be done every minute. The patient had to be brought out of shock, he had to be nourished and kept alive, his strength had to be brought slowly back, his blood supply had to be built up. There were pints and more pints of blood plasma to be given, and transfusions of whole blood. There were special liquid foods and strengthening injections. There were bandages and dressings to be changed, there was bathing and sponging, and fever to be watched, heart and pulse and a hundred other things to be checked.

There were the special drugs, the sulfa compounds and penicillin to be brought into the battle. The doctors and nurses worked and watched and worked some more, and after a time the young flier on the bed became the most important thing in their world, and the wavering lines on his chart, now sinking, now rising, became the threads that bound their world together. Sometimes they were so tired their eyes burned, sometimes they wanted to go outside and be sick, they were hungry and longed for a bath and a soft bed. But they stayed with it and worked and watched and waited.

BUT there was more to be done than was physically possible, working every minute of twelve hours each day. So more nurses were called in, and every three days a new relief would come from the American hospital to carry on. Bertha Mazer, of Old Lyme, Conn., Grace E. Sharp, of Elizabeth, N.J., and Helen Macinkeski, of Plymouth, Pa., were among them. So were Esther Brush, of Binghamton, N.Y., and Mary McErlane, Kings Park, N.Y., and Mildred Naylor, of Dover, N.J.

Others among the team of eleven that lived those hectic days were Evelyn M. Buck, of Croydon, Pa., Florence Prather, Americus, Ga., and Theresa C. Muller, of Philadelphia. Second Lieutenants, Army Nurse Corps. Gals in striped seersucker, working desperately against death.

The thin lines on the chart wavered, dipped, and then moved slowly upward. Gradually, there were signs of progress. The fever subsided, the pneumonia slowly succumbed to the frontal attack of the magical drugs and the supporting weapons of care and attention.

The three doctors made frequent visits to the hospital, where the British doctors "cooperated in every possible way and spared nothing to provide us with all they could."

An emergency operation had been performed to join the severed blood vessel and provide circulation for the injured left leg, but beyond that nothing could be done until the airman regained consciousness and strength. Even then there were doubts and fears about the gangrenous leg, and the possibility that an amputation would be a last-ditch and perhaps fatal climax.

The hours and days moved on. The nurses came for their three-day ordeal, worked and watched and were relieved. And on the seventeenth day there came a turning point. Lt. Brown awoke from his coma, opened his eyes, and smiled at the nurse. After that, though he was still high on the critical list, though the eventual outcome was still unknown, there was one person certain of final victory. That was Robert W. Brown, Jr.

On the nineteenth day, Lt. Brown—his legs still in bad shape—was strong enough to be moved from the little coastal hospital to the station hospital with its increased comforts and facilities. There was still work to be done. The eleven nurses stayed with him.

Finally, he was judged strong enough to have his fractured right leg fixed permanently. The left leg was giving every indication of responding to treatment, and providing a notable page in the medical textbooks. But the American doctors are very specific on this point. They will not state categorically that they cured a case of gas gangrene. They're like that, these medicos.

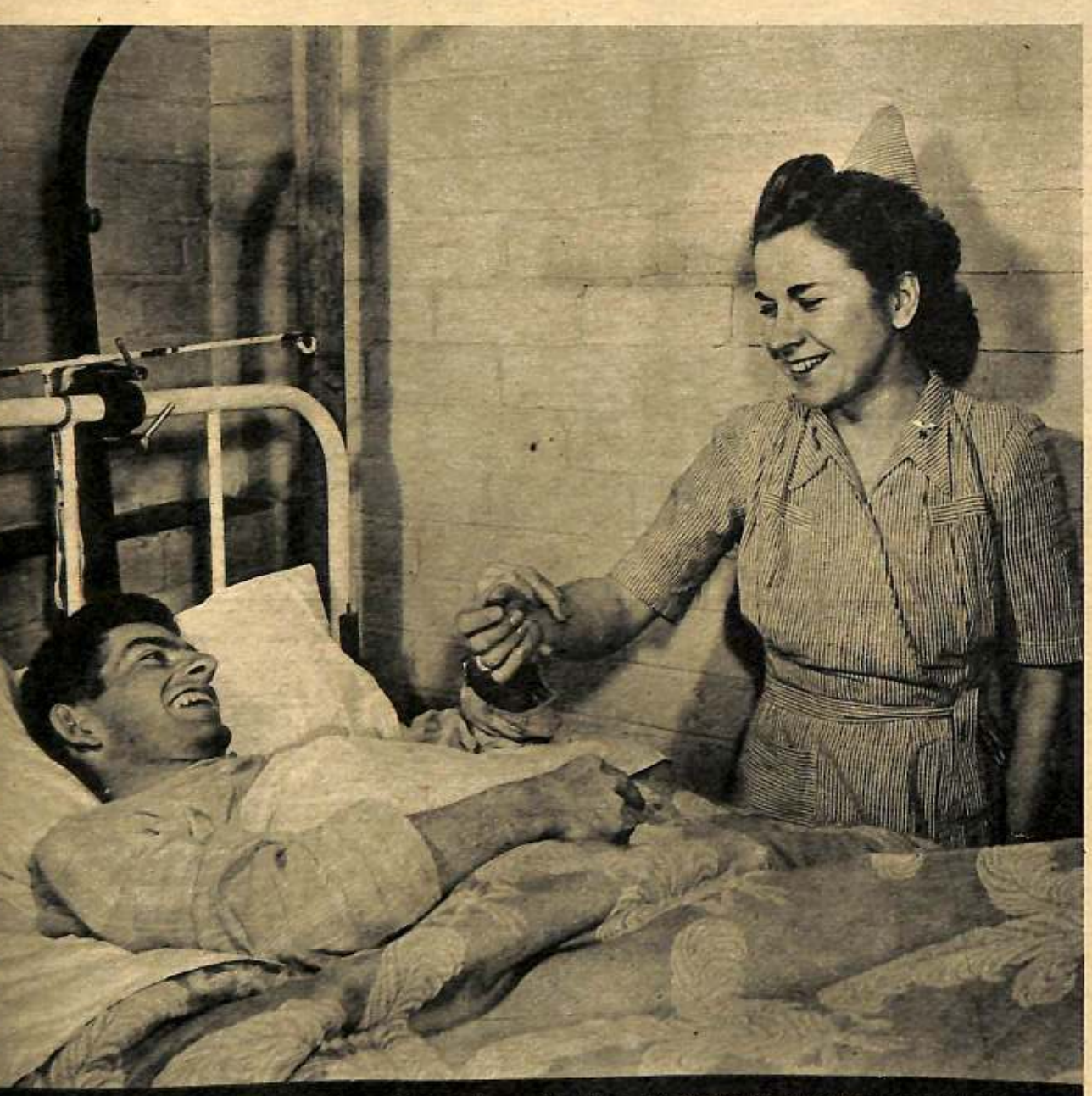
But as days went by the probability of a lost leg faded. The last crisis had passed.

Nineteen more days at the station hospital, and the eleven nurses had done all they could for the patient. Their long vigil in this case, at least, was at an end. There might be equally tough battles in the future to fight and win, but this one for them was over.

NOW at a general hospital, Lt. Brown is still in casts, but well on the road to recovery. He looks upon his coming weeks of convalescence cheerfully. He has been a lucky guy.

Perhaps there was a little luck in it. But if there had been no rescue launch nearby, if there had not been a waiting British hospital, if the skills of the three doctors and the eleven nurses had not been available, if there had not been modern drugs and science, if there had not been Lt. Brown's own stamina and inner strength, the story might have had a different ending.

But—let it pass, let it go, said the doctors and nurses in the case. There's work to be done. No time for talking.



2nd Lt. Carolyn E. Iseler, of Port Hope, Michigan, is shown in attendance on Lt. Brown, following a succession of nurses who sweated out his recovery.

NEW ORLEANS, La.

By S Sgt. MEL SCHIFTER

NEW ORLEANS—Heading into town from the north across Lake Pontchartrain, or from the west over the gargantuan Mississippi bridge, you get the impression that the Crescent City has been changed by the war. Acetylene sparks cut through the night and ring the city with a peculiar war-born shipyard glow, while the Consolidated-Vultee and Higgins Michaud plane plants seem to creep all over the lake front and through the sludge of cypress swamp.

But a returning GI would still find the face of New Orleans familiar. Although war-housing projects have mushroomed up adjacent to the shipyards, mostly along the town's fringes, the Vieux Carre, Canal Street, the Garden district, Gentilly, the Irish Channel, Uptown and West End look just the same as always.

The influx of war workers and servicemen and their families has created a serious housing shortage. "Apartment Wanted" columns flood the *Times-Picayune* every morning. One Naval officer advertised recently: "WANTED — FOUR-ROOM FURNISHED APARTMENT. WILL QUIETLY DISPOSE OF TWO YOUNG CHILDREN IF UNDESIRABLE."

New Orleans trade coffers are being administered stimulating doses of Pan American *dinero* from Clipper service to Mexico and Central America, and plans are under way to make the city the focal point of a vast system of inter-America air networks. The current air enthusiasm has led a local radio station to follow its station breaks with the pronouncement: "New Orleans, Air Hub of the Americas."

The city abounds with Army and Navy establishments. The Lafayette Hotel on St. Charles Street, next to Eighth Naval District Headquarters, has been converted into a WAVES barracks. The Army Transportation Corps OCS is located at Camp Plauche, which also serves as a Transportation Corps Replacement Training Center. On the other side of town a gigantic port of embarkation lies on the Industrial Canal. Coast Guardsmen get their first taste of Higgins PT boats and landing craft on Lake Pontchartrain, which incidentally also bases a Naval air station, Army air base and Municipal Airport. GIs have moved into Tulane University's Medical School, with cadet classes quartered in nearby Newcomb College dormitories. A Merchant Marine school occupies a section of the Lower Pontalba on Jackson Square. Across the river in Algiers the Navy has a huge station. Side by side on Canal Boulevard are La Garde General Hospital and a new Navy hospital.

And around pay day, the streets fill up, too, with servicemen from surrounding posts like Camps Shelby, Polk, Claiborne, Beauregard and Van Dorn, and Keesler and Gulfport Fields.

TRADITIONALLY a fun and food mecca, New Orleans has taken in its stride the war influx. The Fair Grounds race track enjoyed its most successful season this past winter. Upping purses to a $1,000 minimum, with a few $15,000 and $25,000 handicaps tossed in for good measure, the Fair Grounds Breeders Association was able to bring first-rate stables to New Orleans. Oilman William Helis brought the city into the racing limelight with his purchase of some of the best youngsters available. Helis paid $66,000 on the line for Pericles, a colt that has not yet run a race.

New Orleans night clubs and bistros are riding the crest of the biggest spending wave ever to inundate the town. Night club-littered Bourbon Street becomes almost impassable soon after sundown, with overflow crowds spilling over into a number of newly opened bars along Burgundy and Dauphine Streets. Rumor has it that the great Negro pianist, Fats Pichon, turned down eye-opening offers to go to New York and instead has decided to keep 'em comin' to the old Absinthe House. Mercedes and Sue are still packing them in at Pat O'Brien's (removed to a newer, larger, prettier spot) on St. Peter Street, while even the atmosphere-laden Cafe Lafitte has blossomed out with a new winding bar. The town was shocked last August at the accidental death of Albert Martin, host and purveyor of the famous Rum Ramsey at his bar on Magazine Street. Hotel bars and supper clubs are also on the merry-go-round.

Rationing has hit the restaurants to the extent that all are closed at least one day each week, and many find it impossible to live up to their wonderful reputations of the past. The SRO sign goes up each night at Galatoire's, Antoine's, Arnaud's, La Lousiane and the Court of the Two Sisters, with prospective customers crowding the sidewalks while waiting for reservations inside. Meats are seldom obtainable in the better restaurants because of their competition in ration points against butter, the sauce chef's mainstay.

New Orleans' renowned Mardi Gras has been suspended for the duration, though the cloistered atmosphere of the venerable Boston Club mirrored the half-hearted attempt to commemorate the occasion this year. The war has thinned down the Sunday society sections, and garden and party rotogravure pictures now share space with shots of Red Cross activities and of Aircraft Warning Corps volunteers manning the operational boards of the Third Fighter Command's New Orleans information center.

NEW ORLEANS INCIDENTALS: Local labor-management relations have been consistently harmonious, with work stoppages few and far between. Tulane and Notre Dame have signed a football contract and will meet for the first time this coming fall. The only new thing on downtown Canal Street is the Camel sign with a soldier blowing "live" smoke rings across the street toward Maison Blanche's giant Statue of Liberty bond-booster. Automobile tours of the city are out until the war's end; in their stead there has been introduced a fleet of horse-and-buggy carriages, hansoms and gaudy hay-strewn wagons. The town's outspoken and effective drive against venereal disease recently brought forth a commendatory article from *Collier's*, with the suggestion that other American cities look to New Orleans and her treatment of the VD menace. Mel Ott, New York Giants' manager, was placed in 1-A, and his house on St. Charles Avenue burned down—both on the same day.

Looking to the future, the consensus is that New Orleans is headed for great days. The closer knitting of our Central and South American economic and cultural ties brings the city more and more to the fore. Out-of-towners add a healthy influence to the city now and will be remembered after the war for instilling in the natives a new interest in their own home town.

His Majesty's SUBMARINES

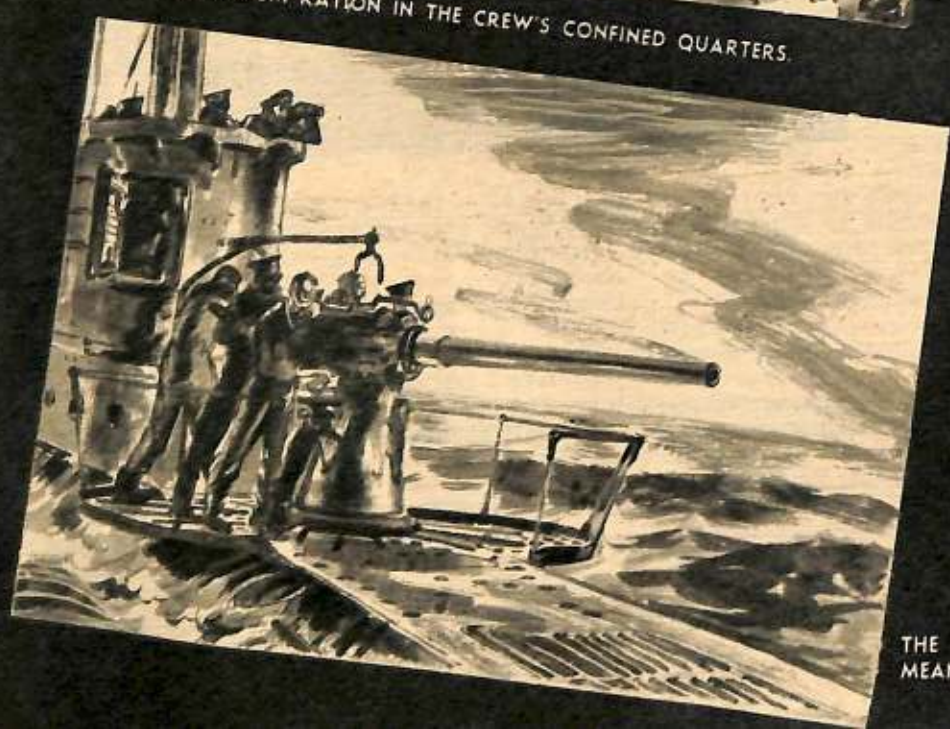
Day after day, for nearly five years now, British submarines have slid quietly out of their bases into the unknown depths of the world's five oceans. These grimy little craft with their unkempt, bearded crews are unglorified, unsung. Yet every day and night German and Japanese ships are sunk, German harbors are mined, and enemy sea lines cut. And every once in a while some of the subs receive decorations and a few lines in the newspapers. Here, aboard one of the "S" class, YANK's Cpl. Jack Coggins sketches the men who have won the Silent Battle of the Deep.

CRAMPED, UNCOMFORTABLE. EVEN THE COOK MUST SHARE KITCHENETTE SPACE.

ON PATROL, THE SUBS SUBMERGE ALL DAY, CRUISE ON THE SURFACE AT NIGHT. BREAKFAST FOR CREW IS AT NIGHTFALL.

ALL IS TENSE IN THE CONTROL ROOM WHEN THE LARGE PERISCOPE IS UP. THERE IS NO WASTE MOTION.

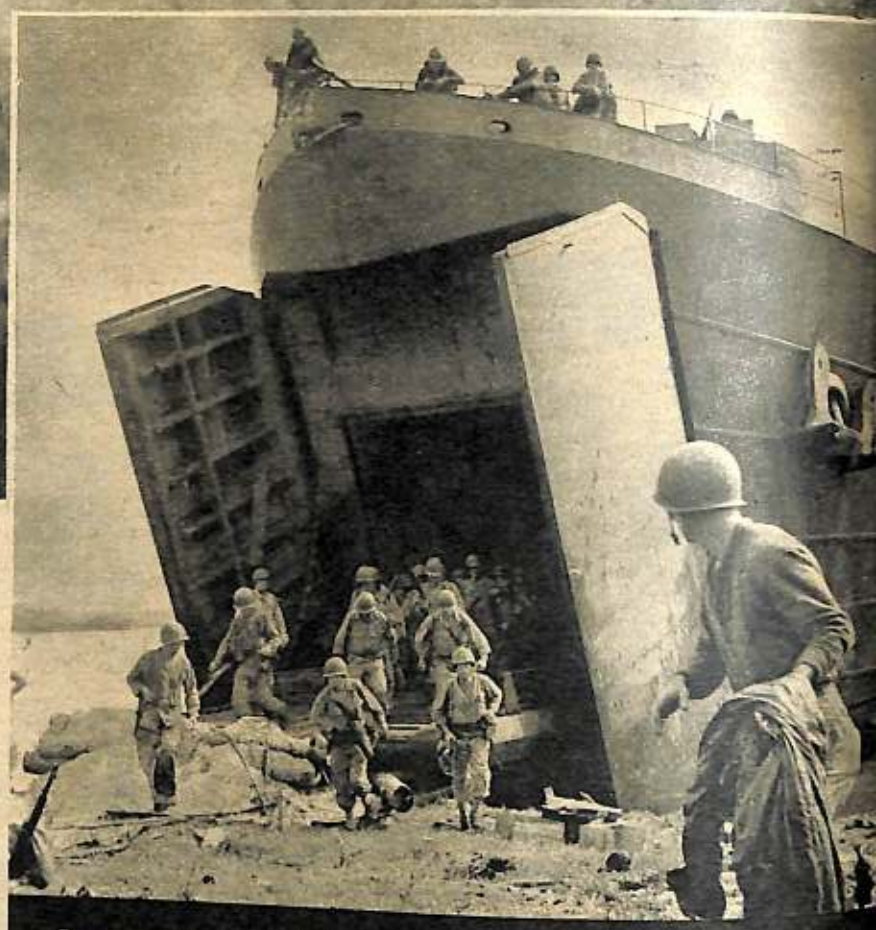
THE INEVITABLE RUM RATION IN THE CREW'S CONFINED QUARTERS.



THE SUB'S 3-INCH GUN CAN TAKE A MEAN CHUNK OUT OF ANYTHING IN SIGHT.

ON THE SURFACE, THE ORDER TO CRASH DIVE MAY COME AT ANY MOMENT.

With a gray rain soaking the island these soldiers set up a CP with a field radio.



Troops of 1st Cavalry Division land from an LST at the beachhead.

By Cpl. BILL ALCINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LOS NEGROS, THE ADMIRALTY ISLANDS [By Cable]—"I feel just like a June bride," said Pvt. Warren Planthaber of Sterling, Ill. "I know just what's going to happen but I don't know how it'll feel."

We were crouched low in a landing barge headed for the 50-yard-wide channel into Hyane Harbor. These GIs were men from the 2d Squadron, 5th Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division, who had left their horses back in the States. Planthaber, dripping like a gargoyle, shivered in the rain.

"Put a slug in that tommy chamber," he told another cavalryman. "You think we're going to a picnic?"

As we neared the channel, the Navy men in the bow hollered to us to keep our heads down or we'd get them blown off. We crouched lower, swearing, and waited.

It came with a crack: machine-gun fire over our heads. Our light landing craft shuddered as the Navy gunners hammered back an answer with the .30-calibers mounted on both sides of the barge.

As we made the turn for the beach, something solid plugged into us. "They got one of our guns or something," one GI said. There was a splinter the size of a half-dollar on the pack of the man in front of me.

Up front a hole gaped in the middle of the landing ramp and there were no men where there had been four. Our barge headed back toward the destroyer that had carried us to the Admiralties.

White splashes of water were plunging through the six-inch gap in the wooden gate. William Siebieda S1c of Wheeling, W. Va., ducked from his position at the starboard gun and slammed his hip against the hole to plug it. He was firing a tommy gun at the shore as fast as wounded soldiers could pass him loaded clips. The water sloshed around him, running down his legs and washing the blood of the wounded into a pink frappe.

When we reached the destroyer nearest us, the wounded men were handed up. Two soldiers and our cox'n died right away. One of the GIs was a private to whom I had handed a pack of Camels just before we went on board.

Pfc. Wayne A. Hutchinson of Goodland, Kans., the fourth man in the prow when the 40-mm shell came through, was untouched, but he was shaking slightly now as he lit a cigarette.

An undamaged barge came alongside. We reloaded silently. By this time the destroyers had worked over the point with their five-inch guns, and we had little trouble making the beach.

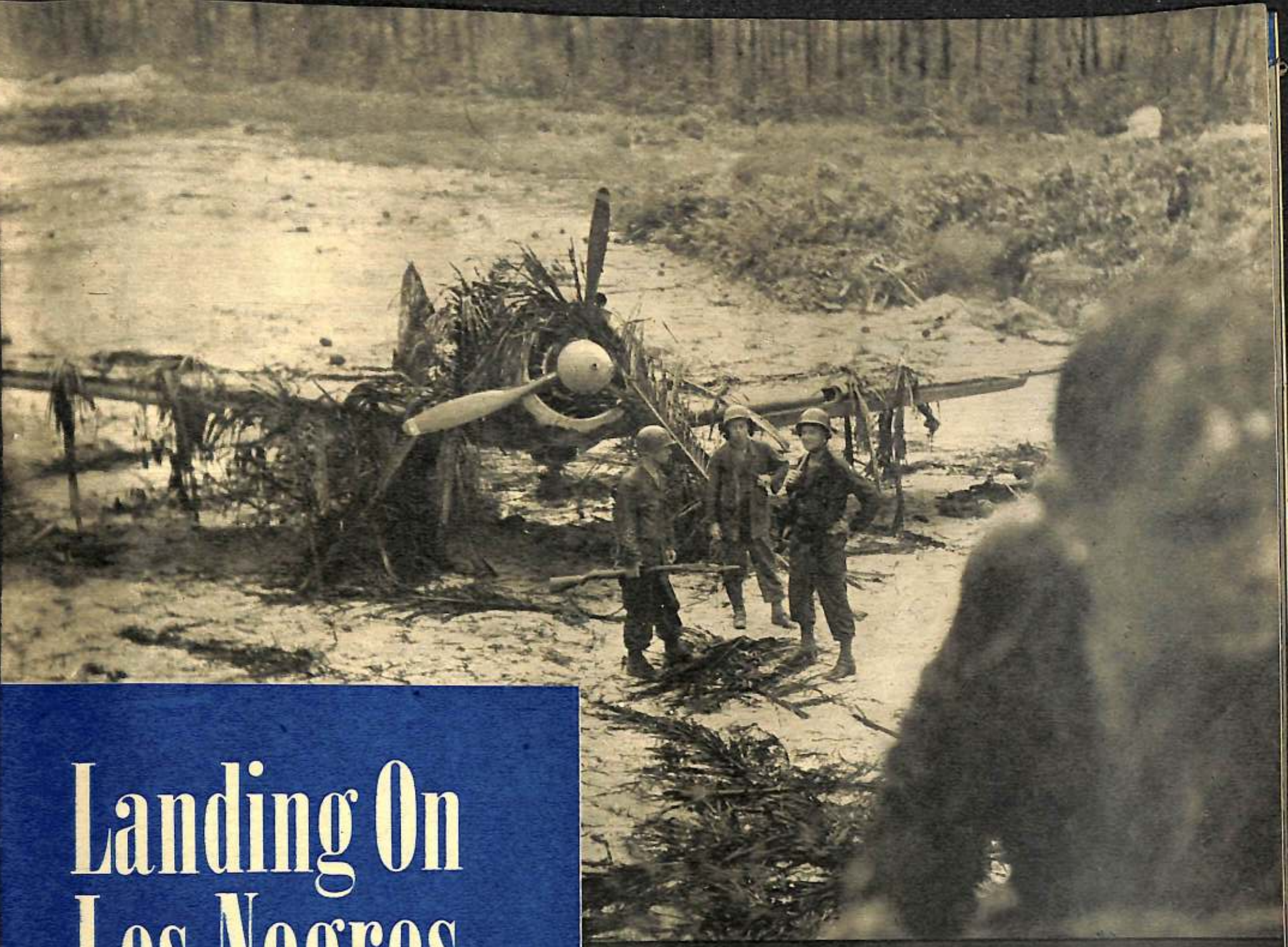
We piled out quickly at the beachhead. Three tiny Jap coconut-log jetties stuck out into the water from the strip of sand. GIs were hauling ammunition and rations up a low rise, then along muddy tracks parallel to the Momote airstrip, which lay straight in from the beach.

Fifty yards ahead we could hear sporadic gunfire: behind us the Navy had started to slug the shore again. The rain was heavier now.

An excited GI came up. "Gee," he said, "those Navy guys are nuts. They're up there with tommy guns and grenades, acting like commandos." Later a wounded soldier told me "the sailors just don't seem to care. They see a Jap. they have a grenade and they run after him like they were kids playing at war."

The first landing barge had hit the shore three-quarters of an hour before, and already the tracks were mucked up and field wire was tripping the feet of GIs digging in all around. I asked a soldier investigating a pillbox where the front was. "I don't know," he said, waving toward the strip. "There's some guys up there." A B-25 screamed over the coconut grove. On the other side of the airstrip guns were firing.

Lt. Decatur B. Walker of El Paso, Tex., slogged



Three Yanks stand beside an abandoned Jap Zero in a revetment at Momote airstrip.

Landing On Los Negros

In the Admiralties, troopers of the 1st Cavalry Division showed that they could fight on foot in the jungle as well as our toughest infantrymen.

up and offered to show me the airstrip. "My men are on patrol on the other side," he said. The force had achieved its final objective just a half hour after the landing. The patrols had gone on ahead—too far, the lieutenant said, because if the Japs counterattacked we would be spread out too much. He said he was going up to bring them back.

Momote airstrip was a bombpocked mess of puddles, weeds, rusting fuselages, a truck and a sorry-looking Jap bulldozer. There were no troops in sight; only the crack of rifles off to the right reminded us that there was a war on.

Somebody whistled softly from the bushes. An M1 appeared, followed by Pfc. Juan Gonzales of Taylor, Tex. He had been on patrol and had seen only one Jap. "He's up there about 100 yards," said Gonzales. "Alive?" asked Lt. Walker. "Nope," said Gonzales, "he's my first one." The lieutenant told him to round up the men and withdraw to the edge of the strip.

On the right flank there was more action. The Japs had set up a dual-purpose antiaircraft gun that was giving us trouble. Then our planes bombed it. Cpl. Wilbur C. Beghtol of Eldon, Iowa, a member of F Troop, 2d Squadron, went out on patrol to see if the gun had been silenced. He found a deserted light machine gun and two 20-mms.

When he returned, he discovered that a Jap counterattack had forced F Troop back across the strip. The men were dug in alongside a clearing. A major was bedding down near a pillbox. He advised me to string a hammock between a couple of trees. "There's nothing like comfort," he smiled, pointing out his own hammock.

DURING that night 10 Japs crept into the pillbox nearby. The next morning they were sprawled lifeless around it and in the two holes that served as entrances. But retaking the pillbox was a chore. At about 0730 the divisional wire chief, a captain, passed the pillbox and a Jap shot at him, hitting him in the groin and chest. Lying in the mud six feet from the tip of the V-shaped dugout, the captain pointed to the pillbox.

Pfc. Allan M. Holliday of Miami, Fla., and Cpl. James E. Stumfoll of Pittsburg, Kans., who were coming up the track when the captain was shot, ducked behind palms and began firing at it.

When four Japs ran out of the other entrance, they were cut down by a squad on that side. Holiday and Stumfoll crept up, tossed grenades into the opening near them. The Japs threw back two of the grenades but the others exploded inside the hole.

There was no noise after that inside, so Holiday and Stumfoll—with Sgt. John T. Lee of Las Cruces, N. Mex., and Pfc. Tony C. Reyes of Corpus Christi, Tex., and a handful of other cavalrymen—circled to the other entrance and started to pull the palm fronds away from the hole.

A Jap was sitting up inside, drawing a bead with a rifle. About 20 carbines and tommy guns practically sawed him in half. He folded over like a man in prayer.

The GIs heard more noises inside the pillbox but didn't bother to find out who was causing it; they just blew the roof in with TNT and grenades, and the battle for this particular pillbox was over.

Meanwhile the wounded wire chief had been pulled out of reach of the Japs by the ranking Medical Corps officer in the force, a colonel, who himself was slightly wounded by a grenade. A Signal Corps photographer, who tried to get movies of the action, was shot through the stomach.

The major who had suggested sleeping in a hammock had done just that himself. During the night the men heard him call out: "Don't, boys, it's Maj. ——" Evidently the major thought the Japs who were hacking him to pieces were Yanks. His almost headless body was found tangled in the hammock in the morning.

H Troop had been guarding the left flank,

Before the landings a major briefs his men on the afterdeck of a destroyer, giving them an idea of what kind of a reception they may be in for.

A Navy man marks a landing spot for LSTs with a white flag. On the third day after the landing the LSTs poured fresh troops and ammunition ashore

The bodies of two Jap soldiers are strewn outside a hole which served as the entrance to a pillbox. They were among 10 Japs who had crept in during the night after the pillbox had been taken once before.

where the Momote airstrip ran almost to the ocean. It was through and around this troop that the Japs came. "There's no way in the world," said Lt. Sam A. Durrance of Glennville, Ga., H Troop's CO, "of keeping the Japs from coming in at night, because you can't hear or see them."

Lt. Durrance had posted three squads to guard the perimeter. The Japs seemed to be coming from all sides, thrusting at one point after another with a soft pressure to determine their resistance, like a yegg prying open a window. The stealthy sound of bodies moving was all the cavalrymen could hear. If they threw a grenade or opened up with their weapons, the Japs would pull back and try another point.

"The only way we could see the Japs," said a GI in H Troop later, "was to let them get close enough so we could make them out against the sky over our holes. Then we'd cut loose."

H Troop did all right. One man was killed and four were wounded, but in the morning the others found 66 dead Japs lying in the area they had tried to take. One more GI was wounded by a Jap sniper while carrying wounded men to an aid station.

The dead Japs were big men, Imperial Marines —all evidently fresh troops, in good condition, very well equipped, cool, tough and smart. A large number evidently could speak English in the bargain.

Cpl. Joe Hodoski of Chicago, Ill., heard a noise outside his foxhole and stuck his head up. There was a Jap setting up a machine gun barely a yard away. "How you doin', Joe?" said the Jap. Joe was doing okay. He killed the Jap with his automatic.

Beghtol and some other GIs went on another patrol on the second day to check Jap strength on the portion of the island near an inland bay, with a native boy as guide. "I swear that little guy could smell Japs," Beghtol said.

"We were going down a track when we came to a road block. The little guy went on ahead. He saw a Jap and was drawing a bead on him when we spotted about 50 more Japs off a little way. We were afraid he'd fire but he didn't. He knew those Japs were there even though he couldn't see them. Our patrol reported to headquarters, and a bomber laid some eggs on the spot."

IF the first night had been tough, the second night was tougher. The Jap attack started on the same left flank about dusk. Fortresses had dropped supplies and ammunition all day, and our men gave the enemy a hot welcome. One machine-gun crew in a rugged position fired 4,000 enfilading rounds by dawn. Tracers from both sides lighted the sky like neon lights. When the moon came up, the Americans could see the Japs and pounded hell out of them.

One tough cavalryman from Philadelphia, Pa., Pvt. Andrew R. Barnabei, was guarding a pack 75 when two Japs crawled up. He threw a grenade that blew one of them apart but only wounded the other Jap, who tossed a grenade right back. "It missed me," Barnabei said, "but got the sergeant in the leg. Then two more Japs came up and I guess I forgot what I knew about fighting because I stood up and killed 'em both with my carbine. I might have been killed myself, I guess."

Cpl. John Dolejsi of Hallettsville, Tex., was in the same foxhole with Barnabei and threw a grenade that got two more. In the morning, after it had started to rain again, Barnabei saw one of them move. He took no chances and shot them both. "The second one jumped when I shot him in the belly," Barnabei said, "so I guess he was alive, too."

A little sandy-haired GI, who was badly wounded by a grenade in the left buttock early in the evening, bled all night but kept firing his tommy gun at anything that moved. He probably accounted for two of the four Jap marines found lying dead around the hole in the morning.

Three other GIs of a mortar crew were crouching by their weapon when a grenade bounced in. One man tried to toss it out but got tangled up in the mortar. He hollered "Jump" and got out. The second man rolled over the top of the hole but not before a fragment hit him in the foot. The corporal in the back of the emplacement couldn't get out and was wounded.

MEN had no chance to get medical aid when they were wounded at night. The air was full of grenade fragments, tracers and Japs, so the wounded lay in their dugouts and some of them bled to death. One man with a bullet through his arm couldn't stop bleeding. When morning came, he needed two transfusions to bring him back. "But that didn't worry me," he said. "A buddy of mine in the next foxhole had both legs blown off by a mortar burst, and I had to lie there listening to him call for help until he bled to death. I'll never forget that."

It started to rain again—that same chill heavy rain—toward dawn. Then the Japs made one last try, throwing everything they had into an attempt to break the back of the Regular Army squadrons. It didn't work.

But with daybreak came a stream of wounded into the canvas-covered dugout that served as a field hospital. Major operations were performed 150 yards away from the Japs while medics steadied trays of instruments against bomb concussions. The operating table was moved each time the tent sprang a new leak. Utensils were sterilized in a bucket over a wood fire. A supply of parachutes was used to augment the soggy blankets covering the wounded.

Doctors who had to work at top speed all day could get no rest at night while the ceaseless fighting went on around them. One doctor, just before the Japs started up the second night, wiped sweat from his face and said: "If those bastards get in here and ruin what equipment we have, I'm going to be really annoyed."

ON the morning of the third day, a concerted sigh that should have been heard in Australia went up from Momote airstrip as the first LST stuck its ugly snout through the narrow passage into Hyane Harbor and nosed along with deck guns blazing into Jap positions ashore.

Battle-weary GIs laughed and hammered each other on the shoulders as the LSTs grated into shore to the accompanying roar of B-25s flying in over the Jap-held coconut groves.

When the LSTs started to unload, a lone Zero flashed over and zoomed away again as everything aboard and ashore turned loose at him. It was the first Jap plane any of us had seen over the beachhead.

The Army had come to stay five hours after the first LST opened its cavernous mouth. Food, heavy guns, fresh troops and thousands of rounds of ammunition crowded the beach area, which had been cleared by bulldozers. What had begun as a "reconnaissance in force" was now being developed into complete occupation. The beachhead no longer depended on the .50-caliber machine guns and K rations that had come ashore with the 5th Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division.

The outfit had learned quickly. As one muddy, exhausted GI said: "Well, we was rarin' to get in there all along, so I guess we got what we come for."

Question

OVER the side door of the Flying Fort *Raggedy Ann*, which last week hung up a field record at an 8th Air Force Bomber Station hereabouts, is printed that familiar ETO sign: "Is Your Journey Really Necessary?" We know quite a handful of Yanks, in addition to the *Raggedy Ann's* crew, who are looking forward to the day when the answer to that one can be a good resounding "No!"

The Squawks Get An Airing

We missed out on it personally, but a Sergeant named Sidney Rosenblatt has written in to tell us about a recent get-together between a bunch of residents of a small English farming village and some GIs from a fighter-group station nearby. There were about 100 people present in all and the purpose of the meeting was for as many of them as possible to get up on their hind legs and give answers, with no punches pulled, to the questions "What do the Americans think of the British?" and, conversely, "What do the British think of the Americans?" Sgt. Rosenblatt was on hand with his notebook and camera and we're passing along here some of the highlights which he jotted down and snapped.

The ice was broken by T/Sgt. Everette A. Doffermyre, of Potecasi, N. C., who turned up wearing a field jacket and started things off by explaining how come no Class A uniform. "I'm here like this before you good people," he said in his best Potecasi drawl, "due to the British system of cleaning and pressing. It's just a little slow." Sgt. Doffermyre went on to say that he had been amazed at the lack of progress in the British system of education, but that on the other hand he thought Americans on the whole were not grown up enough in many ways. "We're still having growing pains," he said, "while the English have long ago matured."

Next on his feet was N. F. Newman, a spruce farmer of the village, who confessed right off the bat that he didn't know beans about America and expressed the hope, in a phrase more reminiscent of Chicago than a moor, that no one would "go on the prod with a gat" for him if he pulled any boners. "We British," he said, "get our knowledge of America mainly second hand—through the press, the wireless, and the cinema. Our only personal contact is with your soldiers who have been tossed in our midst. We have not met your womenfolk, your children, or your old people. We have not seen your homes and cities and villages, or your factories and schools."

As a result of this, Mr. Newman said, several things puzzled him, and he named two or three. What he wanted to know, for one thing, was: why the "conspicuous" habit of gum chewing, which served no earthly purpose as far as he could see? Then, too, he wondered, "Who is the comic costume-designer for the American Army?" And he also wished someone would tell him the answer to "Whence came jazz crooners?"

Sgt. Ray Bowen, of Mangum, Okla., the second GI to speak, took up the subject of education in Britain where Sgt. Doffermyre had left off. It struck him that education here is available largely, only to those who can afford it. "Back home," he said, "anybody and everybody, regardless of financial or social status, can be and is educated." Then, turning to a more immediate, if lighter, problem, he summed up what the average Briton sounds like when trying to give a stranger directions. "It's a form of Brooklyn double-talk you get," he said, "always followed by the same 'You cawn't miss it!'"

One of the most tolerant speakers of the evening was Dr. A. F. Gilbert, the local physician, who said that many habits of the Americans had shocked him when they first arrived in the little village he serves. However, though some of the things the Yanks did still made his hair curl, he had discovered that by and large the newcomers weren't too hard to take. "I find now," said the doc, "that I can and do get along with them okay. I like them very much for their friendliness, generosity, and helpfulness, which extends sometimes to sentimentality."

Doc Gilbert said that personally he didn't object to jazz and that, as for American uniforms, he thought there was a great variety of them and that this showed "a healthy individualism."

And so it went. An American looie complained that the British speak too lazily for their brothers-in-arms to understand them, especially over the telephone. A sergeant said he felt the British were lacking in a spirit of fun but he had a hunch the association with his fellow-countrymen would help to remedy that situation. A private declared that he was completely sold on British food, and nuts about Brussels sprouts. A youthful and pretty housewife put in a good word for American speed and thoroughness but added that she considered the Yanks "more elemental." She went on to say: "England needs your new ideas and freshness and perhaps a good part of your materialism, but you need a finer adjustment and a better realization of the outside world." Could be the young lady had something there.

Dr. A. F. Gilbert (left), village physician, tells a British-American get-together what he likes about Yanks and what he doesn't. The Tech Sergeant at the right has just tickled the gathering by declaring: "I'm afraid to go to certain parts of England without an interpreter."

Yanks at Home in the ETO

One Man's View

The other afternoon we found ourself on the rear platform of a crowded London bus in the midst of a swarm of housewives and matrons, all laden down with bundles and babies. They were an agile lot, as such ladies usually are in these parts, and, as the bus trundled along at anywhere from ten to twenty miles an hour, others kept swinging happily aboard while some who were already riding dropped off with reckless abandon.

The ladies, squealing gaily and clinging on for dear life, seemed to be causing some annoyance to a dignified and elderly English fellow in a bowler hat, who was being trampled on in his corner of the platform and who finally turned to us inquiringly and said: "I suppose women are just the same in America as they are here—always racing around and getting in the way?" We assured the gentleman that, while women in the States weren't quite so daring, he had in general summed up the breed pretty accurately. We added that we were sort of scared that some of the passengers would fall off and land flat on their pretty faces.

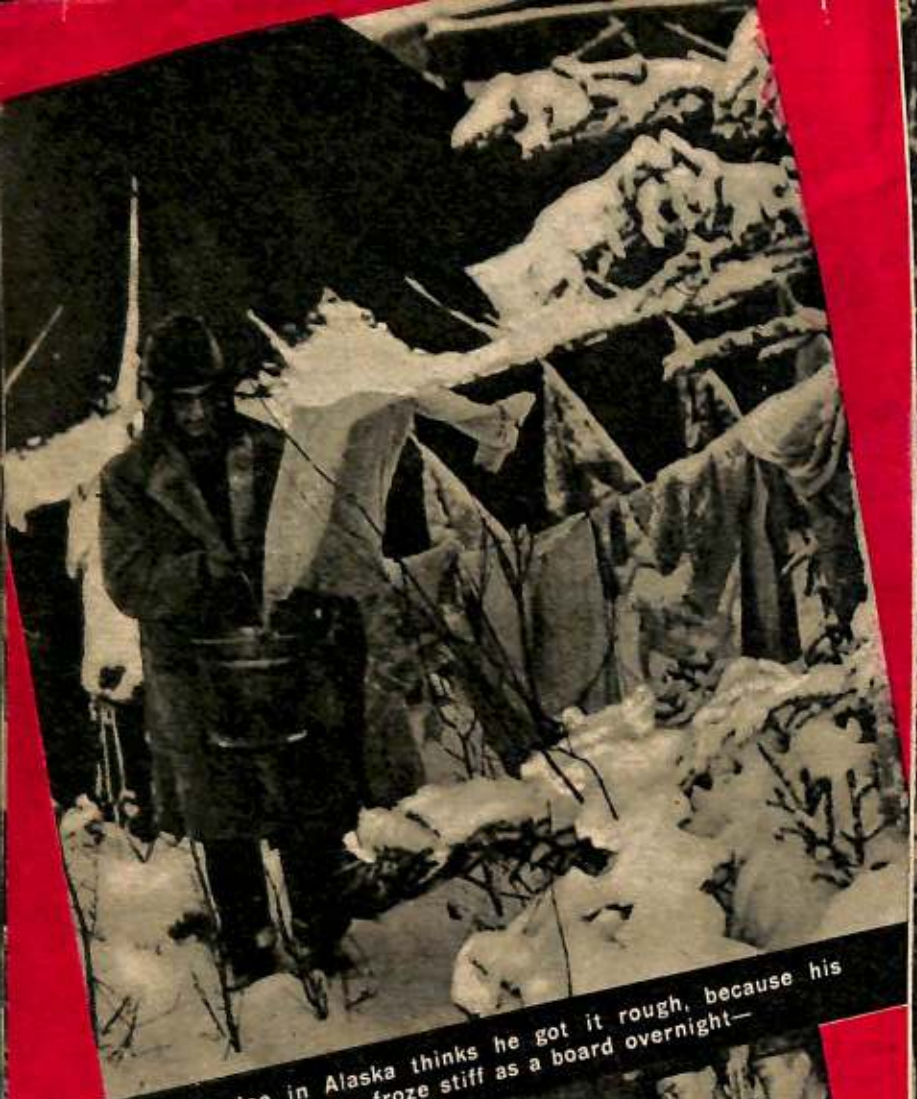
At this our companion's face lit up momentarily. "Some of them do!" he chuckled merrily. But then his smile vanished. "Only," he said, as glumly as before, "it makes no difference to them at all. It doesn't improve them one bit."

Gourmet

The private standing at the bar, with a bitter at his elbow, was contentedly nibbling away at a peculiar looking dish and remarked to us in an offhand way that it wasn't half bad for veal, especially over here where veal is mostly mutton. The barmaid, who was rinsing glasses nearby, looked up in surprise. "Veal?" she said, in a scandalized voice. "That's not veal. That's jellied eel."

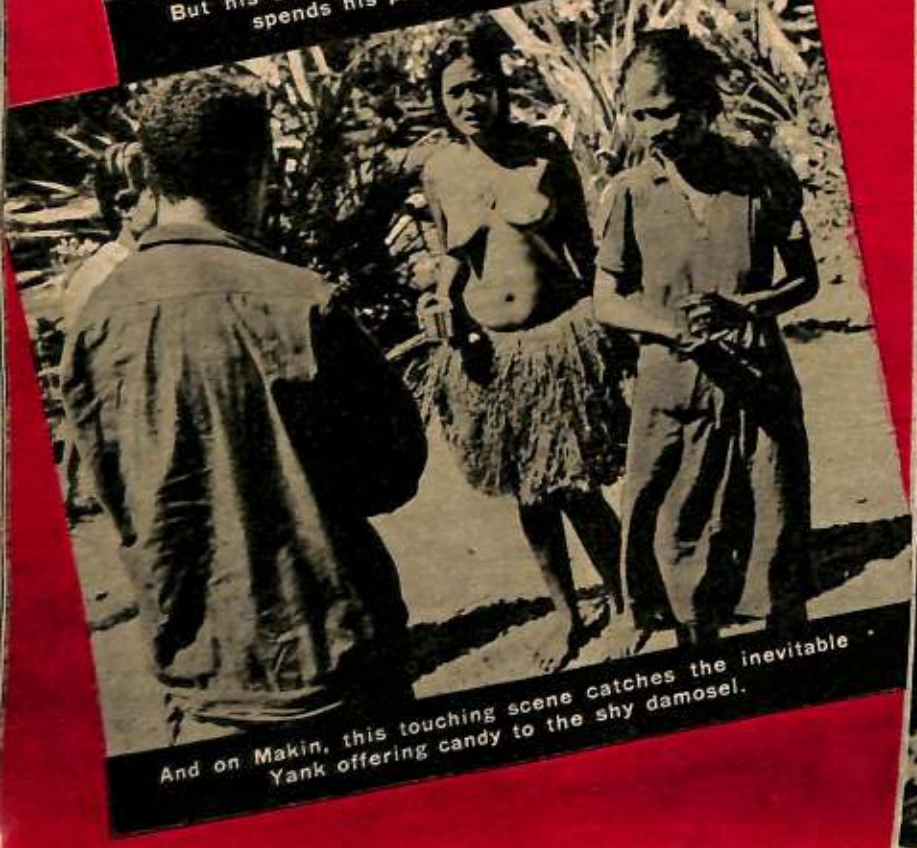
"Eel!" yelled the Joe, equally scandalized. "I thought you said veal!" At which he seemed suddenly to lose his appetite and left the place hurriedly, half a portion of the squirming black monster still jiggling in jelly on the plate.

"GOT ANY AMERICAN GUM, CHUMS?" —T/4 Frank L. Hoskins

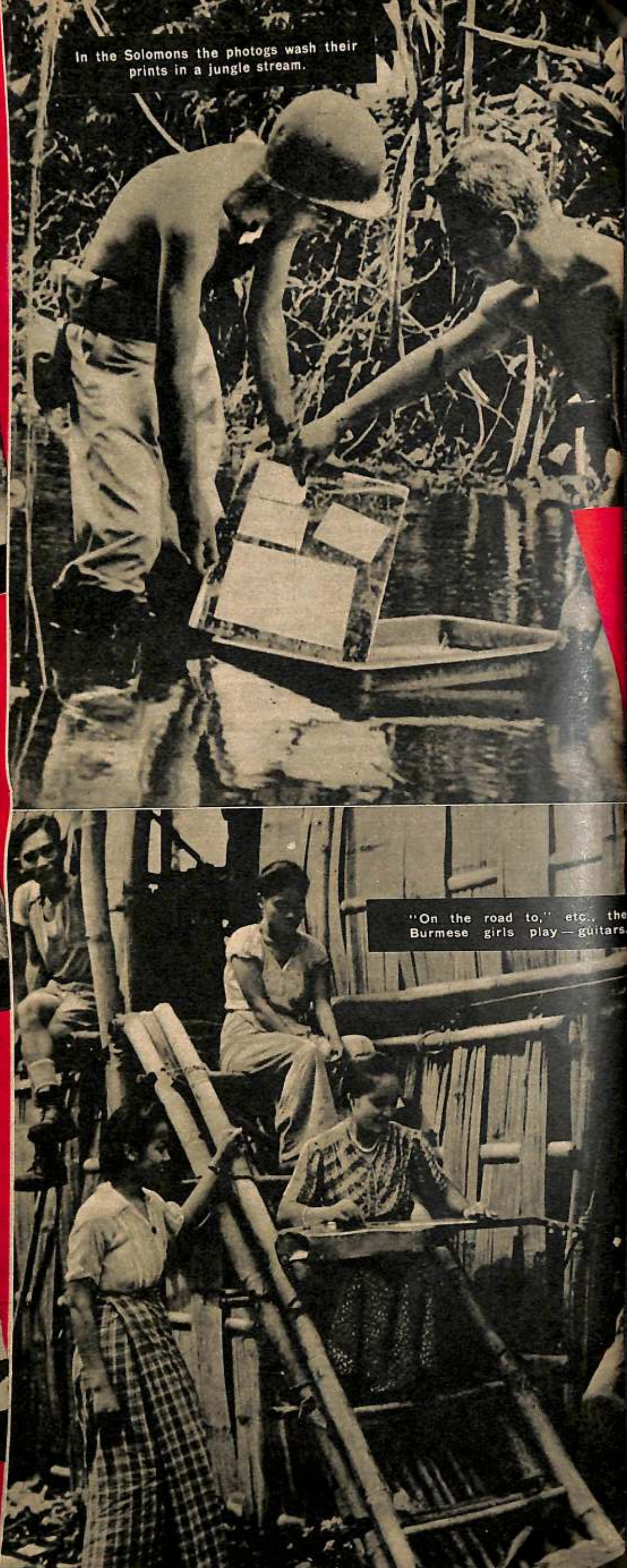


This Joe in Alaska thinks he got it rough, because his John Ls froze stiff as a board overnight—

But his buddy who went to China gets so desperate he spends his passes looking at ancient temples.

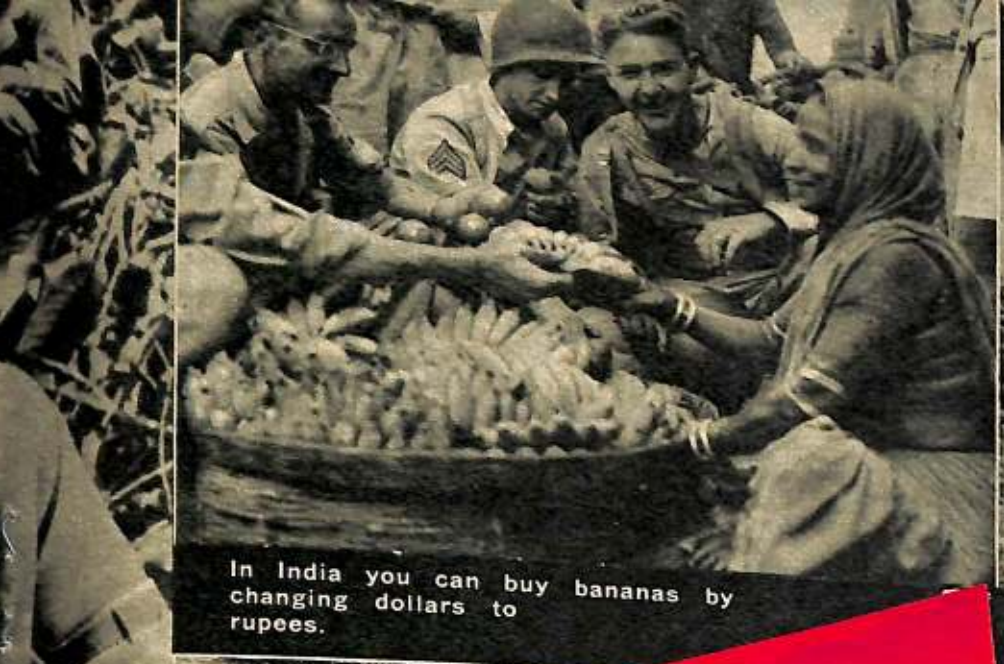


And on Makin, this touching scene catches the inevitable Yank offering candy to the shy damosel.



In the Solomons the photogs wash their prints in a jungle stream.

"On the road to," etc., the Burmese girls play — guitars.



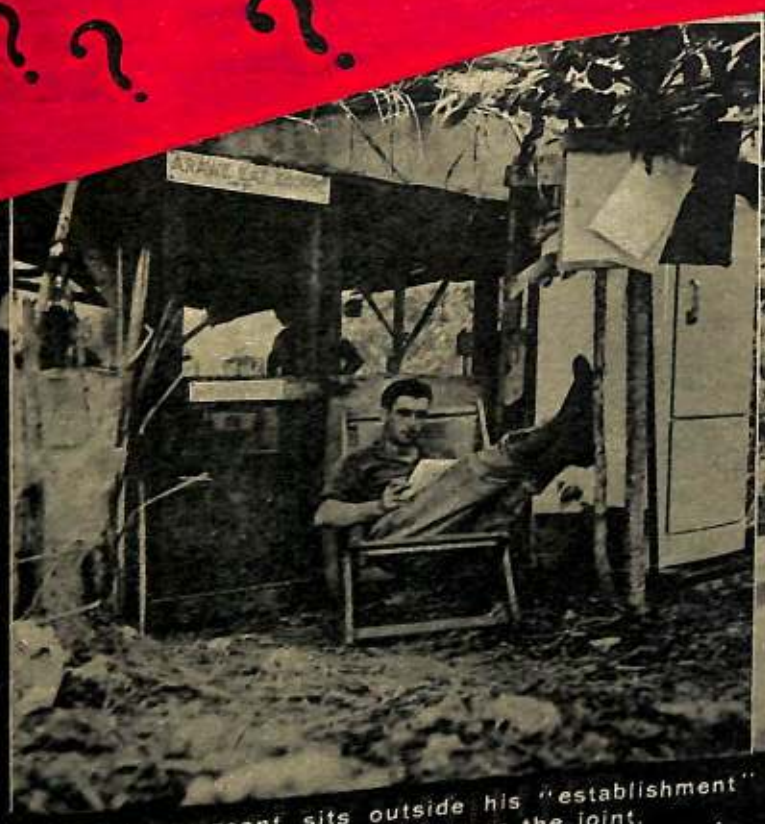
In India you can buy bananas by changing dollars to rupees.

Maybe the Yanks are homesick but the know-how is still there, as in the case of these MPs in Italy who utilized the hot lava erupting from Mt. Vesuvius to make some toast—or don't they trust the cooks?

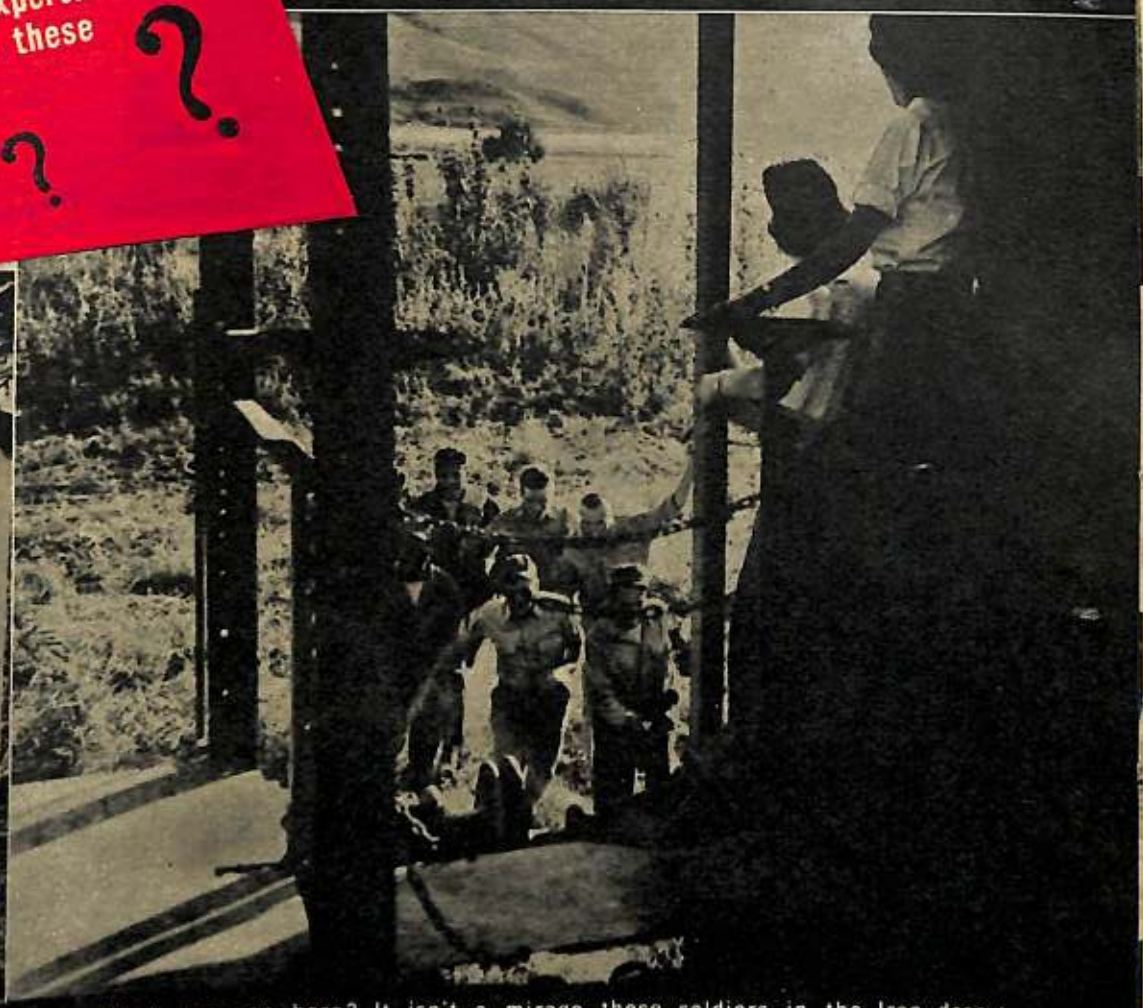
Where would YOU rather be in this war...

. . . And don't give us that one about the Yankee Stadium, either—we mean places outside the good old U.S.A. If you think this theater is rough, think of the lads who freeze in Alaska or sweat in India. Nevertheless, whatever the temperature or the geography, our GIs are experts at relaxing all over the world, as these pictures show.

Rhythm moves with American arms all over the world. These U. S. Marines are making music aboard a Pacific transport and you can bet it's the inevitable St. Louis Blues.



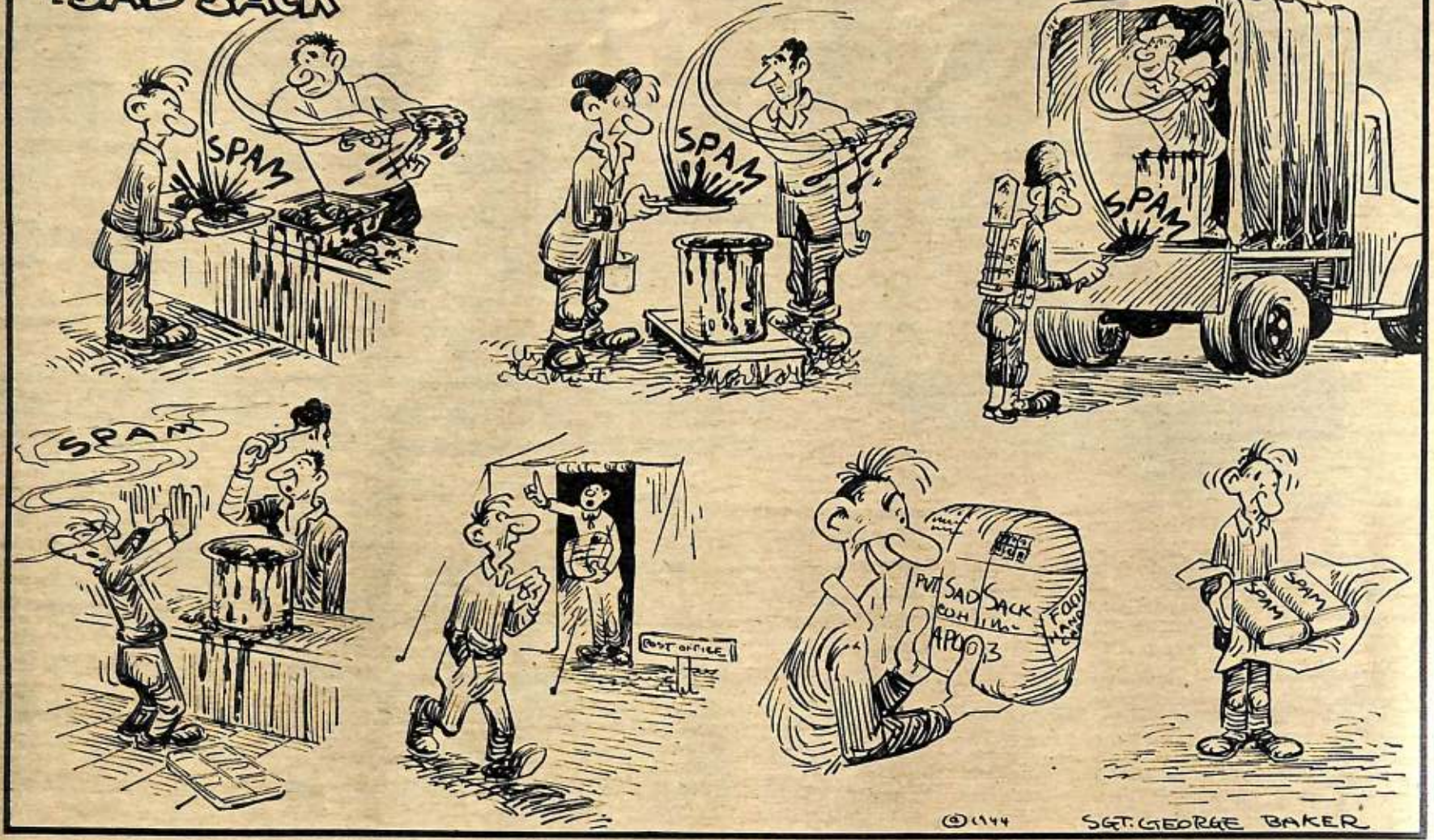
The mess sergeant sits outside his "establishment" in Britain like he owns the joint.

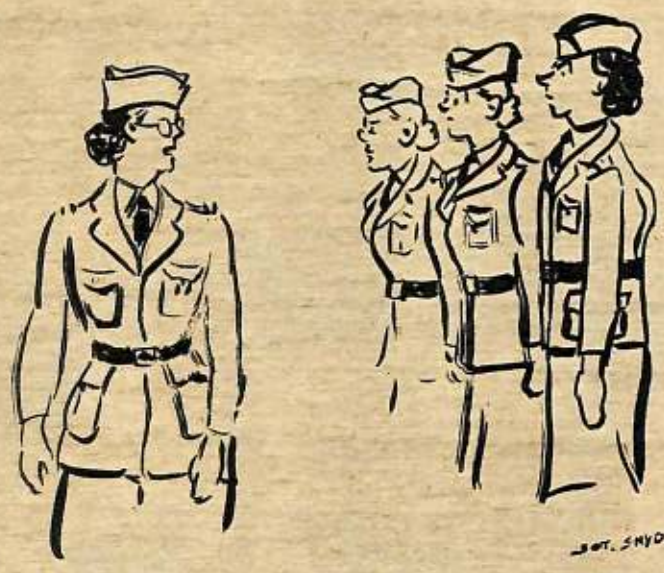


What goes on here? It isn't a mirage these soldiers in the Iran desert see, but a couple of American gals dishing up "doughnuts and . . ."

THE SAD SACK

"SPAM"



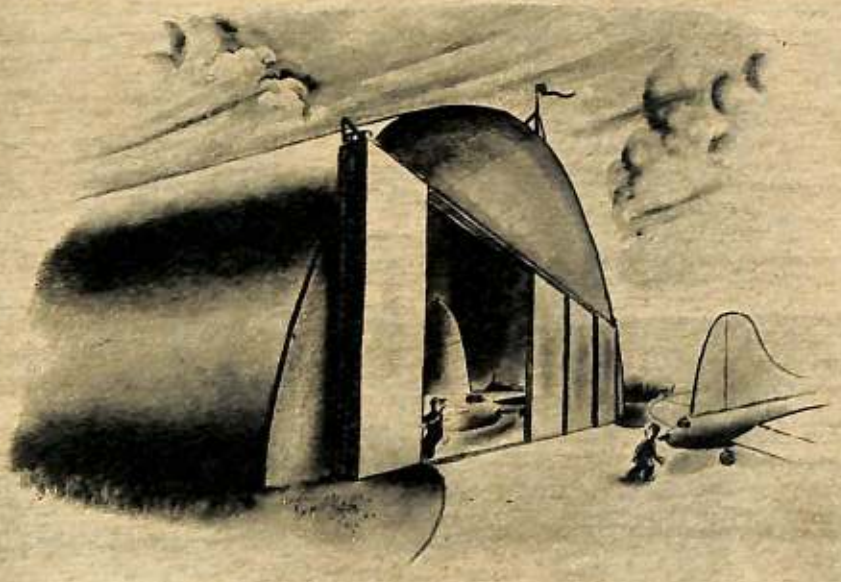


"METCALFE: TURN THAT BLOUSE AROUND."

—Sgt. Snyder

"SAY—HUBERT, OLD MAN, WE HAVEN'T SHOT ANYTHING BUT MUD PIES SINCE WE CROSSED THAT RIVER!"

—T/Sgt. J. D. Gafnea



"YOU BORN IN A BARN?"

—Pvt. Tom Flannery

News from Home

The Navy lost and the Navy gained, night clubs were folding for lack of folding money, a Zack and a Zerk and a Zirk were in the news, a Boston judge found a novel obscene, and Errol Flynn had an omelet prepared on his noodle.

Here is the jeep's big brother, a new Coast Guard version which is only three feet longer than the original, but carries nine men and a driver. The new jeep gallops along beaches at 60 miles per hour.

LAST week was both a great and tragic one for the United States Navy. It got from Congress the biggest appropriation in its history and it lost its chief—William Franklin Knox, better known as Colonel Frank Knox, a name that since Pearl Harbor has become anathema to the Japs.

News that the 70-year-old Secretary of the Navy had died came as a shocking surprise to everyone. From coast to coast announcers cut in on radio programs to broadcast the words for which practically no one was prepared. The public had been told on the preceding day that Knox was confined to his bed in Washington and that it was hoped he "would take enough time off from his official duties to secure a needed rest."

Then early on the morning of his death, came the news that "the condition of Secretary Knox has not improved, and in fact has taken a turn for the worse." But still the public had no idea that the end was in sight. He was suffering, it was reported, from a "gastro-intestinal upset complicated by dizziness" and had gone through a severe attack of the flu several weeks earlier.

The Colonel, a native of Boston and a veteran of three wars, was the publisher of the Chicago *Daily News* and, although a Republican who ran for Vice-President on his party's ticket in 1936, readily accepted when President Roosevelt asked him to take on the job of Naval Secretary in 1940. "National defense is not a partisan matter," Knox said at that time, and added: "The United States Navy knows no party." Under his aegis, the Navy staged its come-back after Pearl Harbor and went on to reach its present powerful size.

Enlisting as a private in the Spanish American War, Knox rose to the rank of major and was picked by the late Theodore Roosevelt to serve with the Rough Riders. When peace came, he went to Michigan and started his journalistic career as a reporter on the Grand Rapids *Herald*. In the last war, he served in France as a lieutenant colonel in the 153rd Artillery Brigade of the 78th Division.

Announcement of Knox's death was made by James V. Forrestal, Undersecretary of the Navy, who had been Acting Secretary since his superior became ill. It was reported that Forrestal would probably continue in that position for the time being.

ONLY two or three days before Knox died, Rear Admiral Dewitt C. Ramsay, chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, issued a statement in Washington which, as things turned out, might almost have been used as a tribute to the work that the Colonel had accomplished in his country's service since Pearl Harbor. Remarking that by the end of this year the Navy will have 100 aircraft carriers "to spearhead the westward drive in the Pacific," the Admiral said that "through a concentration of carriers in the large numbers now available we can bring overwhelming air power to bear against small but strategically important objectives where limitations of terrain definitely restrict the number of land-based planes." According to the Admiral, the Navy is itching for a "knock-down drag-out fight" with the Jap fleet. "We can afford to play the game of ship for ship with them and they cannot," he said.

Backing up words with what it takes, the Senate unanimously passed the largest naval appropriations bill in history—a $62,644,279,701 measure, which is a figure that ought to give Tojo the willies even if he can't count that high. There was plenty of talk in the Senate about maintaining a mighty fleet after the war as a guarantee against future aggression. Senator Tom Connally, Democrat of Texas and chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, summed up the opinion of several when he declared that after this fight is over there will be no scrapping of battleships such as took place following the last war.

As for just when this fight will be over, the majority of the nation's leading newspaper publishers and editors have a hunch that Germany won't be finished off until next year and that the Japs will be hollering uncle shortly after the Nazis give up. The press pundits were polled at their annual convention in New York City and here, for whatever they are worth, are some of the individual views of those present:—

Grove Patterson, of the Toledo *Blade*, said the war in Europe

This is what sailor W. J. Fraser looked like after spending eight hours in the ventilator shaft of a Boston restaurant. Discovered when the ventilator fans refused to start, Fraser made the classic remark, "I was pushed."

Mrs. Irene Kelly, mother of Medal of Honor hero T/Sgt. Charles E. Kelly, shown here with her younger son in Pittsburgh, requested President Roosevelt to send Charles home for few days so she could see him before she became totally blind. Furlough had already been granted.

"will end by July 4, 1944." H. L. Mencken, of the Baltimore *Sun*, said "It will never end." C. Dorsey Warfield, of the Baltimore *News Post*, said "I think Germany will hold out another two years. I give Japan another 18 months, but it will be six months after that before Germany can be crushed." Mark Ethridge, of the Louisville *Courier Journal* and *Times*, predicted that the Japs will collapse "within three months" of Germany's downfall, which he said will be in 1945. Don H. Thompson, of the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, said Japan will last six months after the fall of Germany. John S. Knight, of the Detroit *Free Press*, said the European war will be over "in the middle of next year." Arch Ward, of the Chicago *Tribune*, set September 1st of this year and September 1st of next as the closing dates, respectively, of the European and Japanese wars. N. G. Henthorne, of the Tulsa *World*, said "We'll soon have 60 or 70 aircraft carriers working at the job of softening up Japan. When Germany folds up late this year or early next our efforts in the Pacific can be amplified many times over. Then Japan will go in a hurry." Amon Carter, of the Forth Worth *Telegram*, again tried to hit the nail right on the head. "Last January," he said, "I picked October 28, 1944, as the day on which the war would end. I still stick to that date. Don't ask me why." So there you are, fellows. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

THERE was quite a scene out in Chicago when two GIs, acting under orders, entered the office of Sewell L. Avery, 69-year-old chairman of the board and president of Montgomery Ward & Co., the mail-order house, and carried him bodily out. The Joes were members of a platoon from Camp Skokie which had been patrolling the plant since the evening before when the government took it over at President Roosevelt's direction. It was charged that the company had failed to carry out a directive of the War Labor Board to recognize the United Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees Union, a CIO outfit, as bargaining agent for 5,000 Montgomery Ward workers. The employers' contention was that the union did not represent the majority of the workers and that any contract it signed would not represent the workers' desires. Moreover, Avery maintained, the plant was not engaged in making war goods and the seizure was unconstitutional.

Avery left his office by a rear exit shortly after the arrival of the troops, which numbered about 30 and arrived in three trucks together with field packs, rifles, and small machine guns. The next day, Avery was back at his desk and, according to U. S. Attorney General Francis Biddle, refused to turn the company's books over to the Government or to leave voluntarily. So the two soldiers were ordered in, lifted Avery to a hand swing, carried him through the building, and set him on his feet in the street. "You can't do this to me," said Avery, but they did.

The Middle West has been having one tough spring of it. Hardly a week after being blanketed by an abnormally late and heavy snow storm, Kansas, along with Missouri and Illinois, was swamped by a five-inch, 48-hour rain which created dangerous flood conditions in many communities. At least five persons died as a result of the storm and thousands lost their homes. Wichita, Kan., where the Big and Little Arkansas Rivers meet, was struggling with the worst flood that had come its way since 1904. The whole city from Riverside Park near the downtown section to 69th Street in the far north district was inundated. The Blue River, which flows through the industrial section of Kansas City, overflowed its banks in a big way and a large portion of the town, including the municipal airport, was under water. So was two-thirds of Winfield, Kan., and at Lawrence, Kan., 500 men were frantically piling sandbags on dikes along the Kaw River to keep North Lawrence from being swept away. East of Breadstown, Ill., thousands of acres of farmland were flooded by the Illinois River and 2,300 reserve militia men were called to duty to patrol levees in the central and southern sections of the state.

Tornadoes, too, continued in the Southeast, which only the week before had already had its share of these freak storms. The section hardest hit this time was the Opie rural district, about six miles south of Richmond, Va., where houses, barns, and tobacco sheds were levelled and two children belonging to Cook Hubbard were killed. A second twister hit Pine Level, in central North Carolina, injuring six persons and destroying two homes.

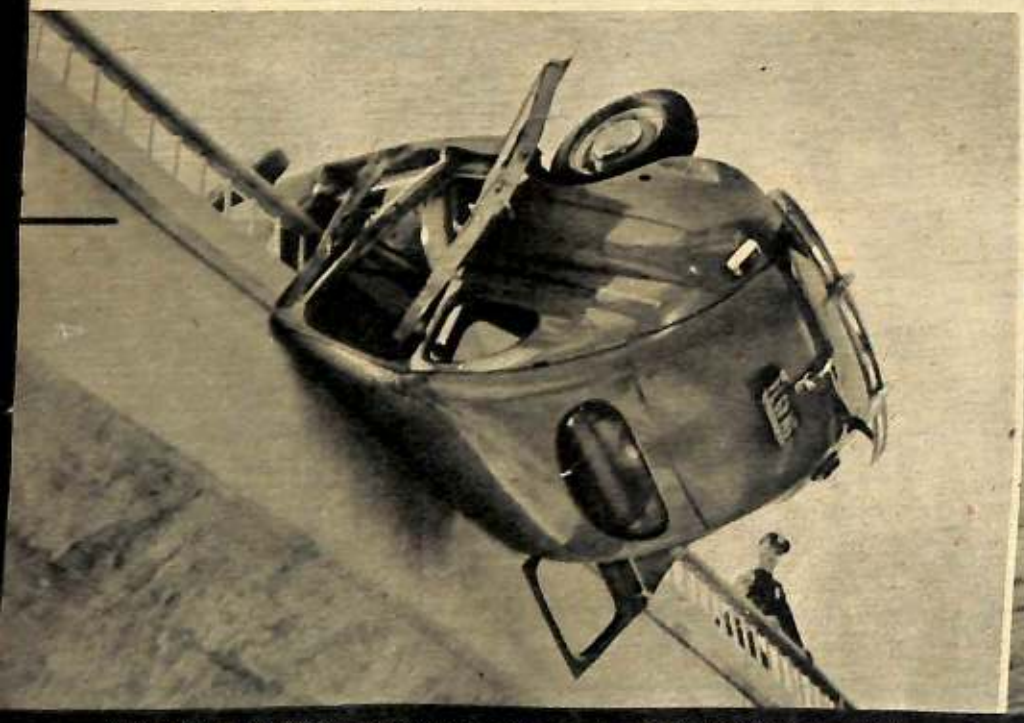
Invasion talk was in the air, of course, just as it is here. Newspaper editors were ready to let fly at any instant with their largest and blackest headline type and when, late one afternoon, correspondents were called to the White House for an announcement heralded as a statement which would interest the entire world, a lot of people thought the time had come. Telephone lines were kept open from Washington press offices to newspapers all over the country and in many cases presses were held ready to run off extra editions. The announcement, when it came, was this: President Roosevelt had received at luncheon the Prime Minister of Australia and the President-elect of Costa Rica and their respective wives.

The incident was typical of the nervous anticipation everywhere. The WD for the first time explained to civilians the military meaning of D Day and H Hour and almost every paper carried on its front page a Signal Corps picture titled "D Day Preview" and showing some Joes in England carrying full field packs on a maneuver. A report from San Francisco stated that "despite its proprietary interest in the Pacific War, the West Coast is on tenterhooks for the start of the invasion." The Indianapolis *News* guessed that the moment for the invasion's start is probably known only to General Eisenhower and that even Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt would learn the exact hour after it had passed.

THE current issue of the magazine *Pic* says that war nerves may make the home folks seek "relief" in night clubs but a lot of hot-spot operators stand ruefully ready to prove it ain't so. In fact, the boys who run the joints are afraid they're going to have to close because the customers are staying home in droves to avoid the new 30 percent entertainment tax. Matt Shelvey, national director of the American Guild of Variety Artists, reported last week that more than 5,000 entertainers had been thrown out of work since the tax became effective. Thirty-one clubs in San Francisco have either closed or done away with entertainment and in Chicago only 54 of the 564 clubs which formerly had floor shows still have them.

MacARTHUR REPORTS. Bowman M. MacArthur, 36-year-old nephew of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, shows up at draft headquarters in Alexandria, Va., for induction. With him are his wife and daughter.

SPRING CLEANING. Steeplejack Arthur Snyder is starting his cleaning at the top of the town. Painting this flagpole gives him a good general view of Des Moines, Iowa, with no kibitzers to bother him.



ANOTHER INCH! This car jumped the curb, skidded 128 feet and balanced itself on this rail on a Los Angeles bridge. Both occupants got out safely.

SPRING OPENING. The upper Mississippi opened earlier for navigation this year when the "Huck Finn" shunted out its first northbound barges.

HOUSE CONVOY. It's not a flood. These are thirty out of one hundred and twenty houses which were moved by barge down the Ohio River from Point Pleasant, Va., to Camp Breckinridge, Ky. There were twelve barges in the fleet.

MAN AND WIVES. David Brigham Darger, who figured in a polygamy charge involving a group of Utah fundamentalists, listens to family hymns in Salt Lake City. Celesta (third from left) is his legal wife. The others he married "celestially."

When T/Sgt. Charles ("Commando") Kelly, who got the Congressional Medal of Honor for killing 35 Germans near Salerno, was paraded through the streets of Pittsburgh, his home town, school girls nearly tore his coat off while they screamed: "He's nicer than Frankie"—meaning you know who with a voice.

Senator Scott W. Lucas, Democrat of Illinois, one of the fathers of the soldier-vote bill, introduced a measure which would enable members of the armed forces to take out an additional $5,000 life insurance on each of their children.

Pfc. William Haven Dizer, of Montclair, N. J., is to be the valedictorian at the Commencement exercises at Syracuse University this month. He left the campus a year ago, after three years in school, and joined the Army, which assigned him to its Specialized Training Program. The University toted up his Army marks together with his undergraduate record and found that he still leads his class.

In New York City, Edward Broderick, attorney for Wayne Lonergan, the member of the RCAF who was recently given 35 years to life for conking and killing his wife, was sentenced to 30 days in the hoosegow for his conduct during the trial. Judge John J. Freschi found Broderick guilty on all four counts of a contempt citation charging him with having balled up Lonergan's first trial. Broderick's conduct caused a delay in the trial and also the dismissal of a jury panel. Moreover, he was found guilty of making contemptuous remarks not only to Judge Freschi but to Frank Hogan, the D.A.

Shipwreck Kelly gave up flagpole sitting for the duration and sailed from New York City as second mate aboard a merchant ship. He was an ensign during the last war.

Winston F. Churchill Guest, second cousin of Britain's top man, enlisted at Jacksonville, Fla., as a private in the Marines. Guest is a ten-goal polo star and used to play with the late Tommy Hitchcock in the International Cup Games. He went to the U. S. from England in 1920 and became an American citizen.

The annual Hooper radio ratings, made public in New York City, showed that for the first quarter of 1944 the Fibber McGee and Molly program was tops on the air. Bob Hope ran second and next in line in the order named were Charlie McCarthy, Walter Winchell, Red Skelton, Jack Benny, Mr. District Attorney, Take It or Leave It, Quiz Show, Radio Theater, and Screen Guild.

Rear Admiral Francis S. Low disclosed in Washington that the Nazis are now losing more than one sub for every Allied merchant vessel they sink. He referred to this as a suicidal type of warfare from the German point of view and said that how long the enemy can keep it up only Hitler knows.

The War Ballot Commission reported in Washington that it had ordered the printing of 37,500,000 postcard forms on which servicemen may apply for ballots to vote in next November's election. Since they say there are, at best, not more than 11,000,000 men in the service, it would seem that there ought to be plenty of cards to go around.

Coe I. Crawford, former Governor of South Dakota, died at Yankton, S. D., as a result of a heart attack which he had suffered three weeks previously.

Pfc. William Zack, editor of a weekly newspaper at Fort Sheridan, near Highwood, Ill., reported that $3.50 was all it took to become an NCO and a war hero. With this amount of money in his jeans, Pfc. Zack had visited certain stores in Highwood and without either authorization or trouble had succeeded in buying a sergeant's stripes, a Purple Heart Medal, a Good Conduct Medal, a Defense Medal, and ribbons indicating service in all theaters of operation. Captain D. W. Pinneo, provost marshal at Fort Sheridan, after reading the Pfc.'s account, visited the shops at which the purchases had been made and received promises from their owners to lay off selling stripes and ribbons to customers lacking the proper credentials.

Testifying in Washington before a special House committee on post-war military policy Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said that, despite the best cooperation in the nation's history, disagreements and duplications in the American Armed Forces have been responsible for diminishing the power and speed of the U. S. in the present war. The Secretary urged immediate approval by Congress of the principle of a unified command but said that actual unification should be delayed until the end of the war. To make such a change at this time, he said, would be like changing the engine of an airplane in flight.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S HORSE MEAT.

Replying to a letter signed by 28 clergymen and writers and printed in last month's issue of the magazine *Fellowship*, Stephen Early, Secretary to President Roosevelt, in a letter appearing in the current issue of the publication, came to the defense of the so-called "obliteration bombings" of enemy-held territory. The 28 signers of the first letter had protested against such bombings and to them Early replied that the President "is sorry he cannot agree either with the 'facts' or with the conclusions of the protest." Continuing, Early wrote: "It is the President's obligation to protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution and the whole structure of American government are confronted with disaster in the event Germany and Japan should win the war. Neither does the President go along with the thought expressed in this article that the present bombing of our enemies is a bombing for revengeance. This is a misstatement. The bombing is shortening the war in the opinion of an overwhelming percentage of military authorities. Witness the success in the destruction of German airplane and ballbearing plants."

In New York City, it was disclosed that Bernard M. Baruch, long a distinguished adviser to the Government in times of crisis, had donated $1,100,000 for the development of physical medicine, especially for the treatment of returning war veterans. Physical medicine involves the use of massages, water, light, heat, cold, exercises, and muscular movement in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. "If it works out I am prepared to put most of my fortune into it," said the 73-year-old Baruch. "I believe in it."

You'd never think that having the name of Zirk would be any asset to a girl, now would you? But 24-year-old Adele Zirk is sitting pretty in Kenosha, Wis., just because she happened to be called that. Three weeks ago she was just a clerk slaving away in a war plant at Caldwell, N. J., and now she is Mrs. Oscar Ulysses Zerk, the wife of a 65-year-old millionaire engineer and inventor in Kenosha. It all started last month when Miss Zirk saw Mr. Zerk's name printed in something she was reading. She figured that maybe she and Zerk were related, seeing as how, no matter what way you spell it, the name is not one you read every day, so she wrote to Zerk to find out. In her letter she told him of her English ancestry, all about how her great grandpappy, Richard Emidy, had been a member of Queen Victoria's court and how her great grand-uncle had once been Bishop of London. Zerk replied, saying it must have been a couple of other Zerks, since he was a Viennese by birth and had been a captain with the Imperial Austrian Army in the first world war. An exchange of photographs followed and two weeks later Miss Zirk was Mrs. Zerk. Zirk or Zerk, quite a quirk for a clerk.

Shirley Temple celebrated her 16th birthday in Hollywood and 20-Century-Fox announced that in her next movie she'll wear high heels and make-up and have a boy friend. Time sure do fly.

Gloria Baker Topping, the glamour girl of 1937, announced that she plans to marry Brigadier General Edward H. Alexander, the CO of the Caribbean Wing of the A.T.C.

In Santa Monica, Calif., Alice Faye, the blonde film actress and wife of Phil Harris, the band leader, gave birth to a second daughter following a Cæsarean operation. Both Miss Faye and the baby were reported to be doing nicely. Harris was on a tour of Army camps at the time.

A District Court Judge in Boston, Mass., ruled that Lillian Smith's novel, *Strange Fruit*, which has to do with the race problem down South, was "obscene, impure, and indecent."

Toby Tuttle, 23-year-old entertainer, smashed an egg on the noggin of poor old Errol Flynn because he just stood around and watched while another lady was biting and scratching her. "I got so mad that I grabbed an egg and let him have it," she said. "I think I even rubbed it in a little." That's one form of abuse we gents in the ETO are immune from, anyway.

Mail Call

Idealism and Biology

Dear YANK:

The American soldier has often been criticized because he lacks a clear idea of what he is fighting for. Some idealists say he should be taught that he is fighting for the liberation of humanity from the cruel oppression of the Nazis. Others go still further and want him taught that he is fighting for a new deal for all peoples of the world, in order that they may enjoy freedom of religion, speech, and economic security. Wonderful as these principles are, it is difficult to arouse much enthusiasm for them in the average American soldier. He is cynical and is content to fight for the preservation of his country. His country has been attacked and he is doing his utmost to defend it. Our critics say that this motive is not lofty enough and will not inspire our soldiers to the highest pitch of sacrifice.

But to me, survival of my country is the highest motivation. Freedom of religion, freedom of speech, economic security, justice, and peace are not ends in themselves, but means to an end—the survival of American society. I picture the United States of America as an organism living in an environment which is constantly changing. Some of these environmental changes are helpful, others are harmful. But they require a constant readjustment or adaptation of the organism, if it is to continue to exist. Our forefathers, imbued with the ethical principles of the Bible, believed that the ideals of freedom, justice, and peace are part and parcel of the framework of the universe, that a nation which adheres to these ideals will survive, while a nation which denies them will perish. Our democracy was therefore conceived to be basic to our continued existence. This principle has been highly successful in practice. For the freedom of the multitude to express new ideas and to try them out is a most important secret of the ability of our nation to adapt itself in the world environment and to survive. The constant seeking of our government to improve the health and economic welfare of the multitude is another powerful aid in the struggle for existence of American society.

The analogy of social processes with biological processes is close indeed. Freedom of speech and action corresponds with the phenomenon of mutation (improvement of an organism to meet changing conditions). The species with the tendency to produce the greatest number of mutations is more apt to find the combination which will survive in a changing milieu than the species which adheres more rigidly to its original anatomical and physiological pattern. Economic security and justice corresponds to the circulation of the body. The organism whose circulation provides with adequate nourishment all cells of the body has a much greater chance of survival than one in which some members of the body are neglected, undergo atrophy, and can no longer render service to the organism as a whole.

The aspiration of American society to live in peace and work in harmony with the nations of the world, rather than to dominate them, is again not an end in itself, but a means to an end—the survival of our country. This corresponds with the biological phenomenon of symbiosis in which different species live together for their mutual benefit. A well known example of this is the nodules of nitrogen-fixing bacteria which are attached to the root hairs of certain plants. These bacteria provide the all important nitrates for the plant and in return receive from the plant the items of food required for their nutrition.

Thus the American soldier who firmly believes that he is fighting for the survival of the United States of America is inspired by the highest motive. For freedom of religion, freedom of speech, economic security, justice, and peace are not ends in themselves but means to an end—the continued existence of American society. Moreover in fighting for his country the American soldier is automatically fighting for those very principles which will insure the survival of the other nations of the world.

Major IRVING KOWALOFF, M.C.

Britain.

"Muscles" Latrine

Dear YANK:

I'm getting sick and tired of seeing "Muscles" Laurent's picture in your magazine. I'm sure we have other muscle men in the ETO that are built just as nice as he. For instance, enclosed you will find a picture of a fellow in our outfit who has quite a ring reputation. He is known as "Muscles" Latrine. Having fought a few well known ring names such as John L. Sullivan, who incidentally he resembles somewhat, he would like at this time to challenge "Mr. America of 1939, Laurent" to some kind of

physical combat. But owing to travel restrictions and being kept busy autographing and sending pictures of himself to various Wac outfits who have selected him as their pin-up boy, he will have to withhold that challenge indefinitely.

Pvt. JAMES L. COLFER
Sgt. HARRY C. OSBURG, Jr.
Cpl. ROBERT G. LOCKBRAIN
Pfc. MARSHALL W. WILLIAMS

Britain.

Soldier Ballot Blues

Dear YANK:

After reading Sgt. Healy's letter in the April 16th issue of YANK, I too would like to say I've been thru a similar experience. Following the publication in YANK of directions on how to apply for ballots in the primary elections, I also applied at the orderly room for the official WD postcard. Here, too, there were none available and following the directions given I wrote a letter to the Secretary of State requesting ballot. The primary elections I understand were take place in mid-April. As yet no ballot or ever reply has been received.

No doubt there are similar situations among all over the world. Let's hope this situation remedied before the coming presidential elections

Pfc. LE ROY G. BERA

Britain.

On Bushemi

Dear YANK:

The article *Surprise Party at Eniwetok* Sgt. Merle Miller in the April 16 issue of YANK co tains, in my view anyhow, the greatest hum interest story of this or any other year. It is t item concerning the death in action of Sgt. John Bushemi, YANK photographer, on the beach Eniwetok.

Pvt. John A. Bushemi of Gary, Ind., was one the main characters in that hilarious biography Army life, *See Here Private Hargrove*. Hargro spoke highly of him, both as a buddy and as photographer. "He has a good imagination and good sense of beauty, and he makes good pictures That is how Hargrove introduces Bushemi in cha ter 47 of his book. Although I'm sure YANK aware that Sgt. Bushemi, photographer, and P Bushemi of *See Here Private Hargrove* were o and the same man—perhaps your many read would be interested.

Another point I'd like to offer for what it may worth. From the description of Bushemi's dea it indicates his demise was mainly, if not wholly, d to loss of blood. During the three hours that int vened between the time he was wounded and death, he evidently wasn't able to be supplied w blood plasma. If such was the case, it could ha been that none was available at the time, or if not in sufficient quantity. Don't you think that th as a similar incident, could be publicized at home the extent of aiding the Red Cross Blood Bank driv Especially in this case where the victim would such a familiar name to millions of people.

It may sound a bit grisly on my part, but sincerely believe that the means would be justified that many other lives might possibly be save People have to have things brought directly ho to them before they will get into action.

Pfc. JACK R. K

Britain.

To Bushemi

So it has ended, as you would have had
It end, the young men running into battle
Upon the shores of strange and distant islands,
The smoke like nightmare flowers on the air
Blooming above the terror, and you there.
It was quick, at the last: the moment of the fi
Pose, the palm trees falling in fire, the scene
Diminished and absurd in the camera's heart,
Dwarfed by the tearless eye of the machine;
And death behind you there in the green foliage
Watching you, waiting for the final pose,
Holding the indestructible camera,
The distance fixed, the shutter moving to clos
And then the sharp irrevocable click
Of the release—
It was as you would have had it,
The composition balanced and dramatic,
The thing done quick.
Did you wonder, ever, taking upon the film,
The endless Veronica's veil of celluloid,
The dying faces? Did you ask, at last,
Receiving on the veil the weary faces
Of the fighters going uphill to the world's

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Pictures: 1 and 2, Sgt. Reg. Kenny. 3 and 4, APS, Seaborne. 8, 9 and 10, Cpl. Bill Alcine. 12, top left, Keystone; top right, Planet; center left and bottom right, OWI; bottom left, Keystone. 13, top left, Planet; top right, Keystone; center, Bippa; bottom left, Keystone; bottom right, OWI. 15, top, Planet; center, Keystone; bottom, INP. 16, top right and bottom left, PA; others, Acme. 17, top left, PA; top right, INP; bottom, PA. 20, top left, Acme; bottom left, INP; top and bottom right, PA. 21, top, PA; bottom, AAF; Sheppard Field Texas. 22 and 23, BOP. 24, Universal Pictures.

We STILL want to know . . . . . WHO BELONGS TO THESE PICTURES!

Dear YANK:
In your April 16th issue I saw a print of three photos that were mis-sent to Sgt. Cullen L. Davidson, and I think I recognize the middle picture as being a snap of my wife and sister and if this is true I should like to get in touch with the sergeant or see the snap and establish the fact whether it's mine or not.
Sgt. LLOYD W. STARK
Britain.

Dear YANK:
While looking through Mail Call in the YANK, British Edition, published April 16, 1944, I came upon three pictures which I am almost positive were sent to me. They're the three that were sent, or received in the unphotographed V mail.
Pfc. HAROLD J. GILBAR
Britain.

Dear YANK:
I would like you to send me the prints of the pictures enclosed, which were sent to the wrong person, as said in your edition of April 16, 1944. I'm almost sure they were sent to me.
Sgt. R. EDER
Britain.

Dear YANK:
I saw the enclosed pictures in your magazine April 16th and recognized them as belonging to me.
Sgt. N. O. DAVIDSON
Britain.

Dear YANK:
In reading the April 16th edition of your magazine I ran across three photos on page 19, lower left corner, with the following words: "Anybody belong to these?"
These photos were separated from me some two months ago. . . .
Cpl. ELMER HORNBACK
Britain.

Dear YANK:
I am writing about those three pictures Sgt. Davidson had put in April 16 issue of Mail Call. . . . They are the pictures I was sent by my girl friend and never got.
The first one is my girl and her niece taken in her backyard. The second one, a couple of girl friends of hers.
Pfc. PIUMA
Britain.

Dear YANK:
In your April 16th issue there were three pictures that had been sent to the wrong person in a V mail. I have been expecting some pictures of my wife and 5-months old son that I haven't seen. I am not definite as to them being the ones but they bear a very close resemblance to my wife and sisters-in-law.
T/Sgt. HAROLD REH
Britain.

Dear YANK:
In your YANK weekly dated April 16th in Mail Call, a Sgt. Cullen L. Davidson had received some pictures sent him by mistake. . . . I have been waiting for them for quite a while.
Sgt. H. A. GOETZ
Britain.

Dear YANK:
First I would like to thank Sgt. Cullen L. Davidson for bringing those pictures that my wife sent me to your attention. . . . My wife is in the middle picture with my sister-in-law, whose baby is pictured.
Pfc. PHILIP J. RAGONA
Britain.

Dear YANK:
The three pictures shown on page 19 of the April 16th issue of YANK belong to me. . . .
M/Sgt. LEON J. GILL
Britain.

Dear YANK:
After seeing the pictures in today's issue of YANK I think I'm the GI that they belong to. I'm almost positive that the two girls in the center picture are my wife and her sister; as for the baby, I'm not so sure as I have never seen him other than just pictures. . . .
Sgt. GEORGE C. HAND
Britain.

Dear YANK:
. . . I believe that the first and third pictures belong to me, but the one in the center is unfamiliar.
Sgt. JOSEPH A. JACKSON
Britain.

Dear YANK:
. . . I noticed with amazement the letter in Mail Call written by Sgt. Cullen L. Davidson accompanied by the pictures. They happen to be pictures of my wife and child which I have been waiting for for over two months.
T/4 FREDERICK G. HILL
Britain.

Dear YANK:
In your YANK Weekly, April 16th, I ran across my lost pictures. I know they're mine because I just received one from the same people, and I compared the two pictures. . . . It's the same background.
Pvt. R. J. VALLIERE
Britain.

Dear YANK:
. . . The three photographs in Mail Call I believe were meant for me, because a girl friend of mine back home in Smith Creek, Mich., by the name of Keitha Smith had written and told me she had a new brother (born 24 Jan., 1944) and promised to send me some snaps of him as well as herself and sister.
Pvt. CARL F. MOSHER
Britain.

Dear YANK:
. . . I am positive that these pictures were intended for me. The folks at home wrote that they were sending me pictures some time ago. . . .
Pvt. ELMER RITCH
Britain.

Golgotha, on the strange and far-off islands?
But if you asked, and there were none to answer,
It will not trouble you again at all:
Obscure and eloquent the fighters run
Across the film, their time's memorial . . .
Death asks no questions, when the thing is done,
Of those who move into the smoke, and fall.
S/Sgt. CHARLES E. BUTLER
Britain.

Thanks, Pal

Dear YANK:
I beg to disagree a bit with one Lt. William B. Storm, who doesn't approve of several of YANK's policies and general attitude.
Being a poor city boy I'm probably not a typical GI. For instance, being compared with *The New Yorker* is, in my opinion, the highest compliment any magazine can receive. YANK and *The New Yorker* vie with each other in having the finest articles concerning the war of any magazines in English, bar none. The same goes for the cartoons and general humor of the magazines.
When I opened my first issue of YANK (nearly two years ago, bud) I expected a rather corny array of bad gags and childish propaganda. Instead, I discovered an intelligent and mature publication, combining the best features of the magazine trade, unusually good format, damn good photographs of this war and excellent writing in all aspects.
Does YANK have a well-defined editorial policy? I don't know, and care less. I only know that it and *The New Yorker* (worldly, though it may be) can keep up this soldier's morale plenty.
Sgt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT
Britain.

Even Our Cartoons

Dear YANK:
This is our first gripe in a long period of avid reading of your satisfying and usually authentic rag. However, the instant our eyes fell upon Sgt. Ralph Stein's illustration above the article on aircraft recognition by Sgt. Mack Morriss, we set up a long and doleful wailing. As an Ordnance Bomb Disposal Unit, we consider ourselves as experts on the missiles of all nations, so bend an ear and be enlightened. The bomb which threatens our hero in the half-track is supposed to be of German origin, judging by the Stuka which is in the upper right-hand corner. Unfortunately, German bombs do not use nose fuses in H.E. types of that size at all but employ electric fuses in a transverse pocket in the side. Also, German tail assemblies are of the four vane type without struts of the design shown. The bomb in the cartoon is unmistakably American in shape and markings and is equipped with a British tail unit.

T/Sgt. ROBERT L. WRIGHT
Britain.

Love Sonnet To The AFN

Dear YANK:
For quite sometime, we boys in the Radio Maintenance Section of a Heavy Bombardment Group have suffered in silence; but the day has come when we have decided enough is plenty. As spokesman for this group of boys I have been requested to find out just what steps (of course, thru the proper channels) must be taken to get our hands upon those offensive, obnoxious, detestable, hateful, nerve-wracking, repellent, insidious, putrid recordings sung in a terrible, twangy, whiny, nasal drawl advising us to get a hair cut, to keep our shoes shined, to use V-mail, to observe blackout regulations and last but not least to be considerate of M.P.'s. From these words you can rightfully gather that we loathe, abhor and detest these sung (?) reminders used on the American Forces Network.
There is such close co-operation in this group that our Armament Section has gladly and willingly volunteered to stow these atrocious recordings in the bomb bay of a bomber whose flight will take them deep over Germany. Base Photo has offered to take pictures of the whole deal and also the final (we hope) deliverance of these records to our worthy foes. We assure you, all the publicity emanating from this matter, will be a big lift to the morale of our group, and we dare say, all the other GI's in the ETO. Then, and then only, will there be contentment in the hearts of our boys who are afflicted with this evil.
"THE RADIO MAINTENANCE BOYS" OF A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT GROUP IN BRITAIN
Britain.

THE ONLY THING holding up Pvt. John Rosato, New York Golden Glover, is the camera. He was outpointed by Clayton Johnson, Chicago bantamweight, in inter-city finals. Chicago won.

VERNON KENNEDY, Cleveland pitcher, clears bar in the pole vault as an extra-curricular training activity in the Purdue University Field House. He injured his ankle in the fall.

sports round-up

VICTORY WAS TOO MUCH for Coach Joe Lapchik of St. John's. He fainted when his boys upset favored DePaul, 47-39, in Garden Invitational Basketball finals.

UTAH'S BLITZ KIDS carry Herb Wilkinson off the floor after he shot the winning basket in the last three seconds of an overtime period to beat Dartmouth, 42-40, in the NCAA finals at New York. Later Utah won the Basketball World Series by defeating champion St. John's, 43-36.

"We'll lick the tar out of the Giants," Rickey warns.

SPORTS: TAKE TO THE HILLS, MEN! GIANTS, DODGERS FEUDING

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE other night, I and Speedy were sitting in the lobby of Bear Mountain Inn, where we are training this spring, conversing very quiet like and spending no money, when Mr. Rickey comes up to us screaming like somebody had just kidnaped the Brooklyn franchise.

"Did either one of you read this story?" Mr. Rickey ast us. "Did you read what Horace Stoneham of the Giants said about us?"

I'm telling you, I and Speedy ain't never seen Mr. Rickey so mad since Bobo Newsom started that revelation before the Pittsburgh game last year.

We told Mr. Rickey that we hadn't seen the afternoon newspapers on account of nobody gets to see the papers any more since this new bunch of kids joined the club. By the time they get through fighting over the funny sheets and cutting out stories and pictures about theirselves, there's nothing left to read but war news and we hear that over the radio anyhow.

So Mr. Rickey read us what Stoneham said about us Dodgers, which follows:

"What has Branch Rickey got cluttering up that Brooklyn camp but a bunch of untried kids who haven't even learned how to put on a uniform yet? Why, we have 20 men who are either over-age, rejected or discharged from military service, and 13 of them have seen big-league action. If all we had to do to win the pennant was to beat Brooklyn, I wish we could play them every day."

"That," says Speedy, "is sure popping off."

"You bet it is," Mr. Rickey answered right back. "And let me warn Stoneham he'll see some of those boys out on the ball field before the season is out—and he isn't going to like looking at them, not one bit.

"I'll say right now, that if the Giants lose Mel Ott and he's 1-A, we'll take a bunch of players from this camp who have never worn a major-league uniform and lick the tar out of them."

Speedy busted in at this point to ast Mr. Rickey if he wouldn't like to have Stretch Schultz, our bean-pole first baseman who came up from St. Paul late last year, in this children's line-up. Mr. Rickey allowed as he would, since Stretch is a good experienced player even for a kid.

"It seems to me," Mr. Rickey continued, "Stoneham has enough to do to worry about his own club. How is he going to explain that slide into last place behind the Phillies, headed by Bill Cox?

"I have been looking around at the rest of the league—at the Cardinals and their strong reserves, at the Cubs and their strong roster, at the Reds and at Frankie Frisch and a fine bunch of Pittsburgh youngsters — but the Giants? I haven't even given them a thought."

Mr. Rickey was getting so mad I thought his ticker would explode any minute but luckily Leo Durocher ankled up and started talking as usual.

"The Giants? What's all the shooting about the Giants? They don't mean any more to me than any other club. I like to beat 'em all."

Now, I and Speedy have been kicking around with the Dodgers long enough to spot a feud with the Jints a mile off. And we think this one is going to be really good. Maybe as good as the last one we had with the Jints. That was back in 1934 when Bill Terry popped off and ast if we was still in the league and we turned right around and knocked the Jints out of the pennant.

Well, you know the Dodger fans. They burned all season. But they forget everything those last two days of the year when we licked Terry twice. They came over the bridge to the Polo Grounds whoopin' it up. They had horns and bells and there was signs all over reading: "We're still in the league, Terry," "Hooray for the Cardinals" and I swear I saw one which said: "To Hell with Terry."

Casey Stengel, our manager, didn't say much in the clubhouse before the game, but we all knew he wanted to win this one mighty bad, because the Cards and Jints were tied. Finally, when the meeting was over he clapped his hands like you've seen him do and yelled:

"All right, we're still in the league . . . but let's not be too still."

I guess you know without me telling that we didn't run the bases like President Taft that afternoon. We beat the Jints, 5-1, with Mungo whiffing Jackson, Watkins and O'Doul in the ninth with two on.

After the game Casey met Terry going out of the park. The Cards had won and were in first place. "I didn't figure I'd better come in to say anything," Casey told Terry, and I guess old Bill was plenty sore, because he answered: "If you had you'd of been thrown out on your ear."

Then Casey said, soft-like: "Maybe, Bill, but I'm pretty good at that myself. I'd taken a piece of your hide with me. Damn if I wouldn't."

Knowing Casey as I do, he would have, too.

IF the Japs are supposed to be so skilled at Judo, how do you account for the fact that an American Judo team won 20 of 29 matches while touring Japan in 1935? Or the fact that the Japs hired an American, **Roy H. Moore**, now a Seabee CPO, to coach their 1932 Olympic team? . . . **M/Sgt. Hugh Mulcahy**, the ex-Philly pitching ace, now stationed at the Second Army Hq. in Memphis, has turned author and has his first piece in the current issue of *True* magazine. . . . **Sgt. Dutch Harrison**, who took top money in the recent $10,000 Charlotte Open, is the first GI ever to win a major golf tournament. His army job is to keep the Service Club commissary stocked at BTC No. 10 in Greensboro, N. C. . . . **Pfc. Pat (Hit 'Em) Harder**, Wisconsin's great fullback, has passed his aviation cadet exams and reports to Flight Preparatory School at Penn. . . . Aside to **S/Sgt. Joe Louis**: The Germans are really gunning for your heavyweight title. The other night a commentator on a Berlin station said: "You can take it from me that the only thing on this terrestrial wants to dominate is the

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

turned down a CDD and will fly for the 50th Ferrying Group in Dallas, Tex.

Missing in action: **Capt. Jim Kisselburgh**, AAF, Oregon State's All-American fullback in 1939, in the European theater. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Joe Burk**, world's amateur sculling champion, with Navy Cross for destroying enemy barges while commanding a PT boat in the Southwest Pacific. . . . *Promoted:* Marine **Sgt. Tommy Loughran**, one-time light heavyweight champion, to staff sergeant at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. . . . *Discharged:* **Pfc. Johnny (Presto) Podesto** of Modesto (also St. Mary's and College of Pacific passing star) from the Marines with a CDD.

Inducted: **Lon Warneke**, veteran Chicub pitcher, into the Army; **Jim Bagby**, 17-game winner for Cleveland, into the Maritime Service; **Harry Clark**, Chicago Bear halfback, into the Navy; **Tommy Holmes**, Boston Braves outfielder, into

NEW RACKET. Pvt. Bob Falkenburg, national junior tennis champion and brother of you-know-

HAPPY HUNTING

Not all anti-U-boat hunts are filled with excitement. Sometimes the missions are long and dull and even the comfortably designed Sunderland flying boats don't prevent you from becoming tired and bored—unless you can stand anything as long as you've got steak and eggs.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

RAF Station, N. Ireland—The area surrounding this Coastal Command base appears to be as remote from the war fronts as any Vermont town. In the village nearby, children run in and out of the long rows of white-washed houses, yelling, crying and laughing. Cattle are driven through the main street towards the auction block by a farmer with a switch in his hand. Inside any of the local pubs one can still buy a pony of whiskey for the equivalent of thirty cents, and in a nearby restaurant a legitimate steak dinner with French fries, soup and tea—with an egg thrown in for good measure—sells for only sixty cents, three shillings.

As you walk along the main street an Irishman stops you and asks if you know the Sean Tierney family in Boston. No, you don't know the Tierney's of Boston and he politely thanks you, and as you walk on somebody else asks the same question about another Irish family in America.

The road leading to the base runs crookedly along fields where Irish farmers are digging peat. They stop digging and wave to you as you pass by. The friendly atmosphere of the local people is very arresting and even before you reach the base you're hoping it'll be possible to spend several weeks, at least, living here.

The base is one of the oldest in the service of Coastal Command and is the most westerly of the Atlantic battle stations. "Closest one to America," a flight sergeant says. You talk to a score of pilots and gunners, then take a look around, and when you're through looking you realize it's not at all what you expected a battle station to be like.

The place looks more like a boating club than a combat post, except that the "members" are clad in the light blue uniforms of the RAF, the "clubhouse" is the officers' and sergeants' mess, and the boats on the "drydock" are Sunderland flying boats, painted a beautiful fresh white and gray. High up on a hill, looking like a picture postcard, is a castle where some of the officers are quartered. Below the hill are Nissen huts for the sergeants, airmen and Waafs, and the cook house, repair shops and operations buildings. All around are rhododendron bushes and oak and beech trees. From the shore you see a dozen islands with Sunderlands perched on the water between them and you are reminded of the duck hunting season in New Jersey.

"You'll go out with 'Y' tomorrow morning at ten," a flight lieutenant says. "Happy hunting."

Before retiring, the crews of the Sunderlands 'Y' and 'Z' gather in the officers' and sergeants' mess for a night cap of beer or whiskey. They huddle closely around the open fire-place for a bull session which runs from talk of pin-up girls to local gossip. Somebody picks up a newspaper and reads the headlines aloud. Berlin was bombed again. "Good, good!" a young pilot from Yorkshire exclaims. The conversation buzzes around for a while, until one by one the men file out to their quarters.

A truck picks up the crew of the 'Y' at 0800 the next morning and bumps down the narrow road leading to the combat mess which is large enough only to accommodate two crews, eleven men in each. "We only eat here before and after ops," the captain of the 'Y' says. The captain is Pilot Officer Fred Langley; the others on the crew are sergeants, and Langley explains that he was also a sergeant until about a month ago.

Breakfast is over by 0830. The captain, second and third pilot, navigator and two radio operators head for the briefing room in the operations building next to the mess. The other crew members go to the armament shop for the guns and to the commissary for food. The anti U-boat patrol for the day will be thirteen hours long. The guns will come in handy if there are any Jerry fighters in the patrol area, but the food is probably just as important. Men get terrific appetites flying low over the ocean water for thirteen hours. Very hungry.

In many ways the briefing room looks like a police court room. To one side there are a couple of desks on an elevated platform. Behind the desks are RAF and Waaf sergeants; they look as austere as any judge back home. The crew of the 'Y' sits behind a rail, off to one side of the room; then a tall, dignified looking man steps forward. His hair is streaked with gray. He weighs his words heavily before speaking, even as an experienced lawyer would. He is Squadron Leader Hugh Tempest, the duty operations officer. In the last war he was a pilot.

Even before he names the area to be patrolled that day the men know where they're going. On the wall to the right, a Waaf sergeant is standing on a tall, sliding step-ladder tacking symbols on a map of the battle of the Atlantic. The symbols show the whereabouts of sighted U-boats, and there is a rectangular box of strings indicating the area to be patrolled.

A navigational officer takes over the briefing. He's very careful in stating the exact route to be followed to and from the patrol area. There are no landmarks for Coastal Command navigators to follow once they get over the ocean, and it's pretty much up to the navigator to chart a new course on every trip. The squadron navigator can only give general information with no guarantees. The meteorologist follows. He speaks as carefully as the squadron navigator. Weather, unpredictable in Britain itself, is much more stable than out in the Atlantic.

A light snow begins to fall as the crew steps into a small motor launch. About two minutes before, the sun was out in full glow. The boat heads for the Sunderland 'Y' and as it does so the men turn their backs to protect their faces from the strong wind.

"Sometimes I wonder whether I'm in the Royal Navy or the RAF," one of the gunners remarks.

Your first impression upon entering the Sunderland is that whoever designed it must have been a firm

believer in fighting the war in comfort. The lower deck includes a ward room with two fairly comfortable leather couches on either side and a table in the center. Next is the galley where a full course dinner is prepared on two gasoline burners, and further to the rear is the bomb room and hull, the latter being used for storage of extra maritime equipment, such as rope, and flares. There is even a modern *dooley*, with a veneer finished seat, and a wash bowl, in the bow of the craft.

On the flight deck is the pilot's compartment, radio and navigator's desks and the engineer's instrument panel. You can walk around in an upright position on either deck.

The engines begin to roar. Every gunner takes his position.

"We call the Sunderland the 'porcupine'," Sgt. Cliff Butler, the cook for the day says, "because the gun positions are dispersed at so many different angles."

You look around. There are four .303 Vickers gas operated guns in the front turret. The mid-upper turret is fitted with two .303's and the rear turret also has four of such guns.

"And if the situation calls for it," Butler points out, "I can mount two .303's on either side of the galley."

The big flying boat begins to taxi and as it gains speed water splashes against the port holes of the ward room and the galley. The splashing ceases and you feel the plane climbing. Butler begins to clean up the galley. "Steak for dinner," he announces, and when he says this you get the feeling that this is one operation you'll really enjoy.

"There's the last piece of land you'll see for about twelve hours," Flight Sergeant Fred Gaunt, one of the radio operators, says, "so you'd better take a good look at it."

EVERYBODY takes a look. It's a ritual with them. After the operation is over you know why.

For the first two hours the flight is fascinating. The ship flies so low you feel that you could scoop up a wave by just sticking your hand out of a port hole. But after that you feel that you've seen about everything there is to be seen on an ocean patrol. Down below is the mucky ocean, nothing else, always the same color, never changing. Only the sky pattern gives you any relief. First it rains, then you fly through a low cloud and then the sun comes out. But even this becomes routine after a while. Rain and sun. Rain and sun.

At two hour intervals members of the crew come into the ward room for an hour's relief. They're not very communicative, their faces look tired as they try to get some sleep on the couches, or just sit there and quietly smoke one cigarette after another.

Butler gets out a couple of pans and begins to fry the steaks.

"You can help me wash the dishes afterwards," he says, as a joke.

That's no joke. This is one time when KP is welcome. At least it keeps you busy, keeps you from looking out of the port holes into the gloomy atmosphere outside.

AFTER the steaks are well done, Butler opens a couple of cans of beans and empties them into a pan. Tea is boiling on the second burner.

"Dinner is now being served, gentlemen," he yells out. At the same time he beats the bottom of a water pan with a ladle. A couple of the men come down to have their dinner. They aren't amused at Butler's attempt to sound like a ship's steward.

Somebody forgot to bring potatoes, otherwise there'd be French fries. The men come into the ward room in pairs. They eat their dinner and have a smoke before leaving. Then two others come in. The captain and navigator are the last to eat. Flight Sergeant Joseph Zita, the 20-year-old navigator, hurries through his meal and rushes back to the job again. He has no relief, and spends practically the entire operational time by his instruments.

The hour is now 1700. Two hours ago the men had their steak. In another two hours Bennett will prepare "tea," which will also include an egg, toast and coffee, for those who want coffee. Two more hours to watch the dull skies and water for enemy aircraft and U-boats. The men wish that a Jerry plane or sub would cross their path, or a piece of land would show up—anything to break the monotony.

In a few minutes a couple of gunners rush for the binoculars. The second pilot spotted a plane. Then the tooter sounds and everybody is suddenly wide awake. The gunners make their report. "It's another Sunderland. Must be 'Z'." The other plane comes closer. Yes, it's "Z" all right. The men are disappointed.

Tea time is from 1900 to 2000. The crew has already been out for more than eight hours and fatigue is showing plenty now. The rear and mid-upper turret men exchange positions. It breaks the monotony. Then the front turret gunner comes out and one of the radio operators relieves him.

"Five more hours," Butler says before going up the flight deck to bring "tea" to the navigator.

Zita doesn't touch any of the food for a few minutes. Throughout the entire operation he's been shuttling between his desk, the astro-dome and the pilot's compartment. It's quite obvious that his job is the most difficult of them all. He checks his instruments, his compass. He looks out of the astro-dome into the sun and calculates the speed of the wind and the drift of his plane. Then he re-checks his position on the chart.

"Skipper, change the course two degrees," he calls.

The face of the 20-year-old navigator shows the strain he's been under.

It is almost dusk. You've had your "tea" two hours ago. Three more hours of flying over that rectangular area you saw covered by strings in the briefing room. Two more gunners come into the ward room for relief. They talk a little and smoke. The talk is mostly local gossip, or maybe one of the men asks for the time. Time is the most popular topic of discussion from the beginning of the operation to the end.

Butler has finished cleaning up the galley. It is dark now and he's covering the port holes with round blackout discs. The water is pitch black; so is the sky except for the millions of stars.

The captain gives an order over the inter-phone. "Open the galley window and drop a flare." Butler throws out a flare. In a few seconds he drops another one. The flares look like miniature-sized bombs. "Made in Chicago," the trade mark says. They ignite immediately upon hitting the water enabling the navigator to judge the drift.

AT about 2300 the captain turns the nose of the ship toward home. Just then a radio report comes in. Another Sunderland has spotted a U-boat and is "shadowing" it.

"Now why couldn't that be us?" the captain complains.

The 'Y' is now approaching land again. You can see the outline of the coast, and the lights in the homes of the people of neutral Eire. A few minutes later the plane is flying over Northern Ireland and over the water which you recognise as your base because of the many islands on it, and the flare path of lighted buoys. The lighted buoys make the water look like a large sheet of plate glass with red fire under it. It's the most beautiful thing you've seen during the entire operation. The plane circles around the lake and the men huddle together on the flight deck to give the ship some balance for the landing. The plane finally drops, and you can feel it sliding over the smooth water until it comes to a stop.

"Another dull, tiring day," the captain says, as the plane is moored to the buoy.

And that is the end of the operation.

For the navigator, it's a constant shuttle between his desk, the astro-dome and the pilot's compartment.

There's no more tiring sight than endless sky and water—and the best cure is a smoke, a good book and bunk fatigue.


Martha O'Driscoll
YANK
Pin-up Girl