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THE ... WEEKLY

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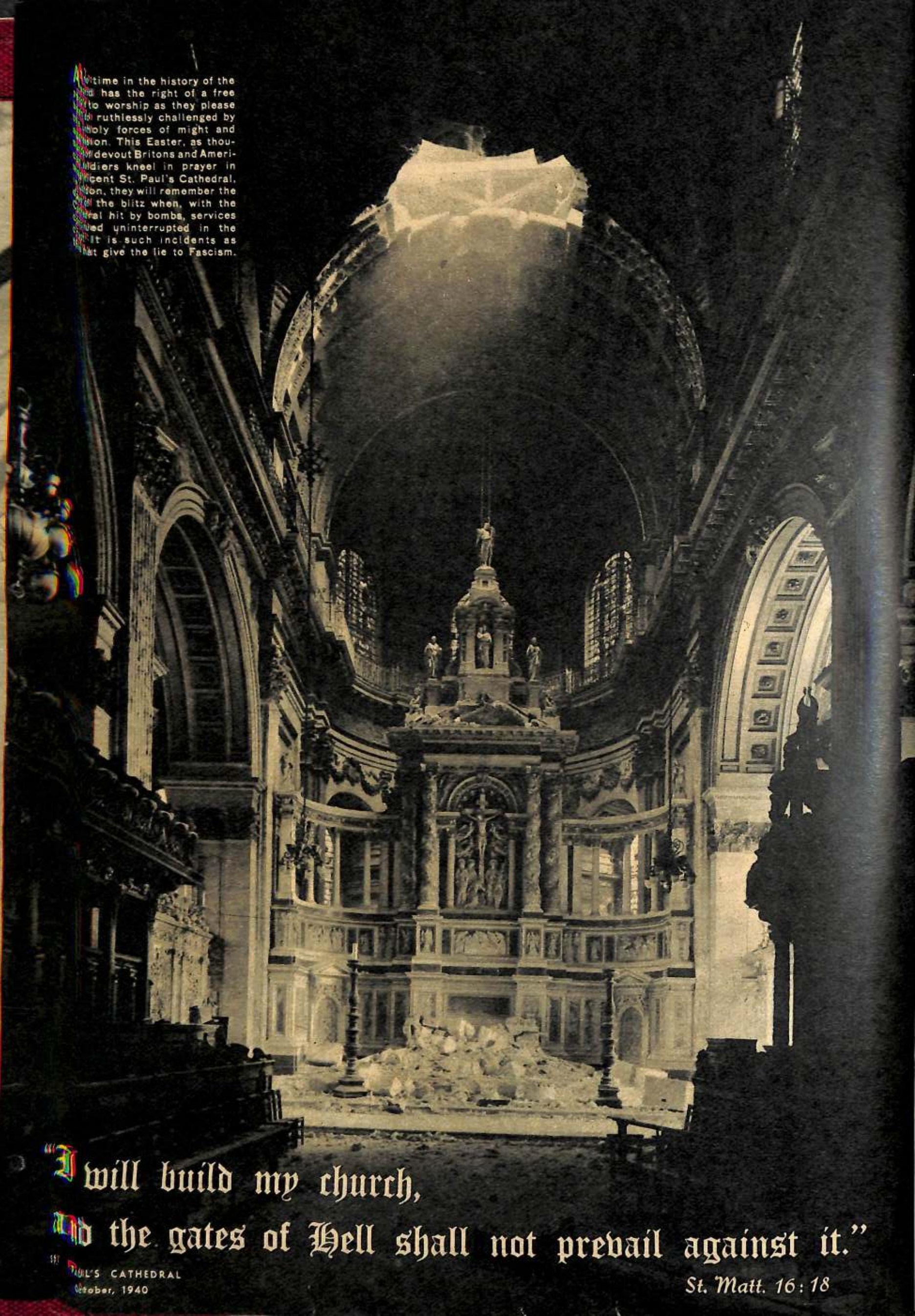
By the men . . for the men in the service

EASTER BONNET

Home-made number being worn by its designer S/Sgt. Woodman H. Atterbury, who wears it to work the year round. He's a diver on an Army mine-layer.

The Routine at an Air Force Redistribution Station

—See pages 10 and 11



…time in the history of the …d has the right of a free …to worship as they please …d ruthlessly challenged by …holy forces of might and …ion. This Easter, as thou…devout Britons and Ameri…ldiers kneel in prayer in …cent St. Paul's Cathedral, …ion, they will remember the …l the blitz when, with the …al hit by bombs, services …ued uninterrupted in the … It is such incidents as …t give the lie to Fascism.

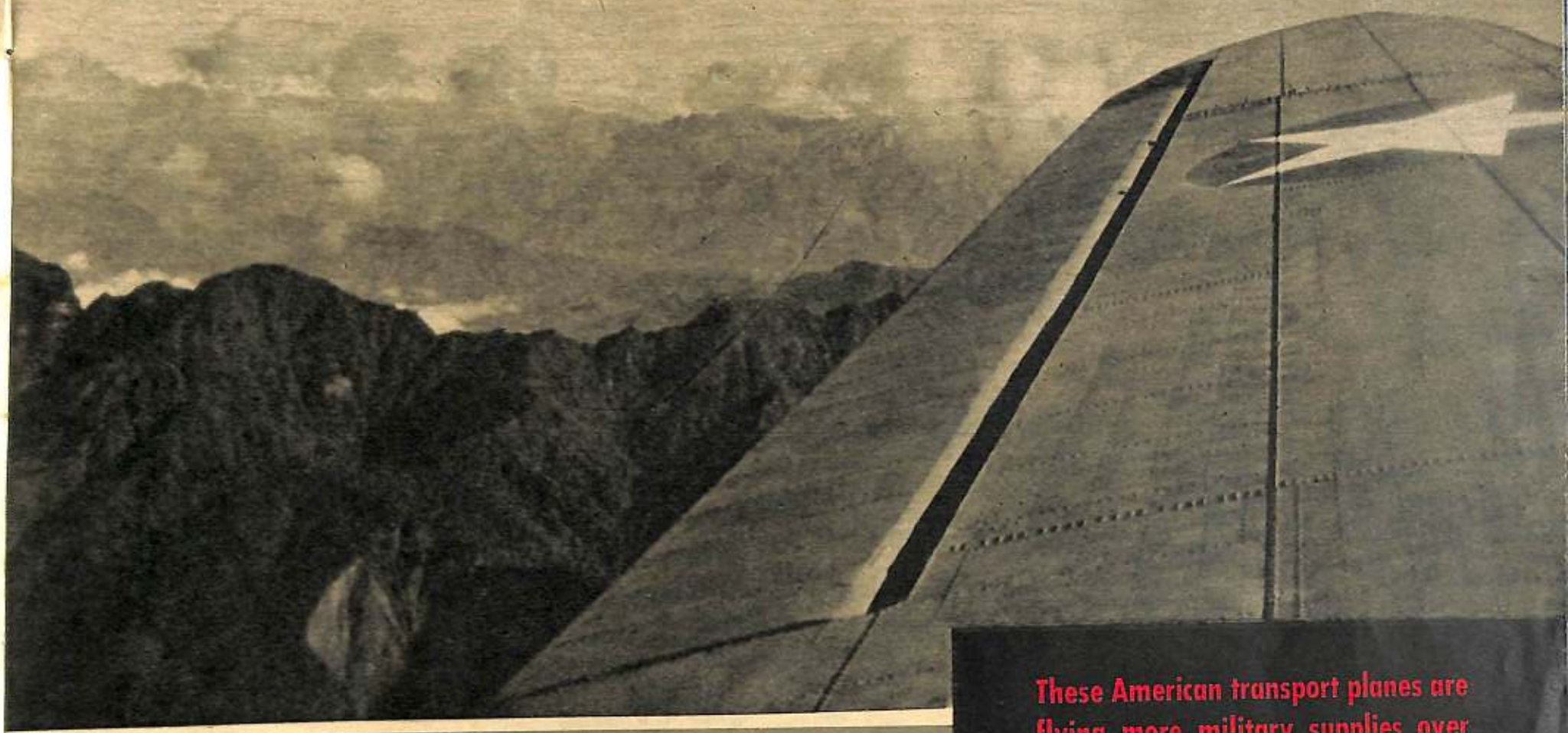
"I will build my church,
and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."

St. Matt. 16 : 18

…UL'S CATHEDRAL
…tober, 1940

ATC

INDIA-CHINA WING



These American transport planes are flying more military supplies over the treacherous 14,000-foot hump of the Himalayas than China used to get by truck through the old Burma Road.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND HEADQUARTERS, ASSAM, INDIA—The 9th of April, 1942, was a dim day for Allied power in the Far East. British and Chinese troops were retreating across Burma. Col. (now Maj. Gen.) Claire L. Chennault's game but outnumbered Flying Tigers were abandoning their air bases in central Burma before the advancing Jap ground forces. Lashio, southern terminus of the Burma Road and key point in the last Allied supply route to China, was in imminent danger of falling.

Just after dawn on that morning of Apr. 9, a battered and worn Douglas DC-3 transport plane took off from a jungle airfield in Assam, India, and climbed laboriously over the 14,000-foot peaks of the Himalaya Mountains, which separate India from China. The aging plane was loaded with 100-octane gas intended for the B-25s of Brig. Gen. (now Maj. Gen.) Jimmy Doolittle's Tokyo raiders, if they landed safely in China. Pilot of the DC-3 was Lt. Col. (now Brig. Gen.) William Donald Old of Uvalde, Tex.

Old's flight had little immediate effect on the course of the war in the Far East. But the long-range possibilities of that first aerial supply trip across the Hump—the name U. S. airmen have given the Himalayas—were not lost on a group of U. S. Army officers in India.

They saw that this new air route was more than the last hope of keeping China in the war until the vast potential of Allied power could be concentrated in the Far East. They realized that some day it might actually surpass the supply capacity of the winding, tedious Burma Road.

They were right.

American planes are now carrying more military supplies, by actual weight, to China than were hauled over the Burma Road in any average month during the two years before its capture by the Japs.

Those supplies are being transported by a constantly increasing fleet of U. S. two- and four-engine airplanes, operated by the Air Transport Command's India-China Wing between bases in Assam and Yunnan Province.

Gasoline and bombs used by Maj. Gen. Chennault's Fourteenth U. S. Air Force are flown into China by ATC planes. Weapons carriers, 2½-ton trucks, jeeps, 4,000-pound ack-ack guns, medical supplies, food and clothing for both Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell's U. S. forces in China and the Chinese Army itself are ferried through the skies by this huge cargo-carrying operation.

Dwarfing any commercial air-line operation in history, the India-China Wing's 24-hour-a-day ferry service over the Hump hauls more cargo than the combined pre-war freight carried by all U. S. civilian air lines. It has more pilots and operates more planes than America's three largest commercial lines did up to December 1941.

It even has its own "shuttle run" from the United States to Assam. Planes bring necessary spare parts and other high-priority supplies direct from Patterson Field, Ohio, to the ATC bases in northeastern India. The shuttles make the 15,000-mile trip in a few days, stopping only for fuel and new crews en route.

Officially the flyers of the ATC are not combat men; they are only freight crews. Yet they have flown the most dangerous air route in the world, bucking weather, mountains and Japs in daily defiance of the law of averages. Some of them have died carrying out their missions. Others have suffered injuries that will cripple them for life. All of them have done a job that rates right up alongside Guadalcanal and Salerno.

Weather and mountains are the principal headaches. Monsoons that ground the Jap air force in Burma don't stop the ferry crews flying the Hump. Freezing overcasts put three inches of ice on their windshields and two inches on their wings. The pilots have to fly blind when snow static cuts off radio communication and leaves them lost for hours. Sudden storms and downdrafts haunt them. Towering mountain peaks bend their radio beams miles off, so the pilots have to correct navigational drifts many degrees, and force the overloaded planes up to altitudes exceeding those at which they were designed to

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fly. Even so, there is always the threat of a mountain wall looming up still higher ahead.

A forced landing in this jungled and mountainous terrain is a million-to-one shot. Those odds were lengthened when the Japs offered the head hunters 300 *rupees* for every GI head.

Finally, the ferry crews face the constant threat of being jumped by roving Jap fighter patrols, packing a heavyweight punch of fire-power; against this, the ATC transports have only tommy guns for protection.

BRIG. GEN. OLD was in charge of the first ferry service to China. But his duties were not limited to flying and administrative work. He was right down on the line with privates and corporals, loading and servicing planes for their daily flights. One night, the general and a ground-crew sergeant packed about 300 crates of gasoline on a plane. The next morning, Old flew it across the Hump and helped unload it. That was just a routine day for the general and his crew—Lt. John J. Boll of Ironton, Ohio; T/Sgt. Ernest Creach of Hammon, Okla.; and S/Sgt. Albert Wagner of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Col. (now Brig. Gen.) Caleb V. Haynes of Mount Airy, N. C., took command of the ferry service late in April 1942 when U. S. Army transports arrived to supplement the Pan-American ships then on the route. All Burma was about to fall into Jap hands. The transport crews were called on for double emergency duty. After unloading their cargoes of supplies for the Flying Tigers and the retreating Chinese Army, the planes stopped at Lashio and Myitkyina to pick up loads of Burma refugees.

In the 10-day period before Lashio and Myitkyina fell to the Japs, 3,603 evacuees and 623 Chinese and British wounded soldiers were ferried to safety in India. DC-3s normally carrying 26 passengers were loaded with almost three times that number. On one trip Capt. Jake Sartz carried out 75 evacuees. Maj. Gen. Chennault himself was flown out of Loiwing in a ferry plane piloted by Brig. Gen Old, when the Jap Army was only a few miles away.

Food for Lt. Gen. Stilwell's party on its retreat from Burma was dropped by Brig. Gen. Haynes from a DC-3 that was jumped by Jap Zeros on the way back to its base. The U. S. plane escaped after T/Sgt. Ralph Baldridge, the radio operator from Wynnewood, Pa., and Sgt. Bob Mocklin, the crew chief from Royalton, Pa., had emptied their tommy guns at the enemy fighters.

The entire Burma evacuation was accomplished without the loss of a single ferry plane, thanks to the one-man pursuit-force activities of Col. Robert L. Scott, Jr. He kept the Japs off the tails of the ferry planes by bombing enemy bases and intercepting enemy patrols in his lone P-40.

Keeping the transport planes in operation during the monsoon months of 1942 was a desperate struggle. Not only the weather but lack of spare parts and reserve planes plagued the Assam-China-India Ferry Command, as it was then known. One crash put four grounded planes back in the air when the damaged ship was cut up and its parts distributed. Minor repairs were even made with adhesive tape and paper clips.

A shortage of mechanics was another drawback. Truck drivers and cooks doubled in brass as mechanics and maintenance men. At one time, one field had only nine mechanics to take care of 15 planes. They worked an 18-hour daily schedule until reinforcements arrived.

On Aug. 1, 1942, the ferry service was made part of the Tenth Air Force and renamed the India-China Ferry Command. Under Maj. Gen. Clayton L. Bissell, work was started on several new airfields in Assam, and the pilot strength was gradually increased.

Several former civilian air-line pilots arrived to take over the ferrying jobs. They included Capt. Dick Bechel of Los Angeles, Calif.; Capt. John Payne of Paducah, Ky.; and Lt. Richard E. Cole of Dayton, Ohio; TWA's Capt. Bill Sanders of Kansas City, Mo.; and Pennsylvania Central's Capt. Lester Musgrove of Grand Rapids, Mich. Cole had been Brig. Gen. Doolittle's co-pilot on the Tokyo raid. Payne was the first pilot to make a night flight across the Hump. It was done entirely with instruments, and the landing in China was made with no field lighting except smudge pots. Night flights across the Hump are now routine.

The enlisted crew chiefs and radio operators on the Hump planes also played an important part in the ferry route's development into a comparatively safe flying operation. The lessons they learned under what were probably the world's worst flying conditions have become gospel for later crewmen, who have had to cope with the same dangers. Among the pioneers were M/Sgt. Bud Gleason of Cleveland, Ohio; S/Sgt. Frank Ruth of Canton, Ill.; S/Sgt. Red Jones Ravenna, Ky.; and S/Sgts. Max Sharp, Johnny Shump and James W. Smith, all of Dayton, Ohio.

In those early days, the ferry planes took cargo over and brought soldiers back. The return loads were made up of 30 to 40 Chinese Army fighting men, brought to India to be drilled in American tactics and equipment at Lt. Gen. Stilwell's Chinese-American training center. Those same Chinese troops are now driving the Japs from northern Burma to open another supply route from India to China, the Ledo Road.

In December, 1942, the Hump ferry route was made a part of the globe-circling route of the Air Transport Command. It was renamed the India-China Wing and put under Col. E. C. Alex-

Founded five days after we entered the war, Naval ATS operates across five continents.

The NAVY has its Air Transport Service, too

It operates over 60,000 miles, and this requires a lot of gas at this airport in Brazil.

Airplane stevedores at work unloading naval cargo in Panama.

They lash down cargo.

ander. Several C-46s and C-87s arrived to supplement the DC-3s. Their larger freight capacity immediately boosted Hump tonnage totals.

The C-46s were shipped to India before they had been fully tested in the States, and they soon developed several "bugs." That threw increased pressure on the overworked mechanics.

A shortage of transport pilots threatened to offset the increased number of planes assigned to the route. The ATC set up its own transition school in India where several single-engined pilots were trained and pressed into ferry service.

Today, under the command of Brig. Gen. Earl S. Hoag, the Hump ferry route is a typical U. S. assembly-line operation. Cargo planes fly a round-the-clock schedule. Some make three trips daily over the 550-mile route from Assam to China. Each plane must radio its engine status to its destination a half-hour before landing on the return trip so servicing facilities and a new crew will be ready to take over immediately.

Despite these improvements, the Hump run is still the most hazardous air route in the world. A special ATC rescue squadron has been formed to save crews and passengers forced to bail-out over the Hump. Rescue planes stand by on a 24-hour watch ready to take off if word comes that a plane has crashed or been shot down.

As soon as the survivors are located, the rescue plane drops medical supplies, maps, food, rifles and signal panels. The panels are used in patterns on the ground to spell out a message notifying the rescue ship whether any one is seriously injured. In such a case a flight surgeon and enlisted medical soldiers parachute to the spot to give immediate aid. The plane maintains contact with the party as the men make their way back over the jungle peaks of the head-hunter country.

Capt. John Porter, 26-year-old organizer of the rescue-plane unit has been missing since his mercy ship was believed to have been jumped by Jap interceptors. Porter once destroyed a Jap Zero from his own transport plane. Spotting a Jap pilot sitting on the wing of his parked plane at a remote jungle airstrip, the captain zoomed down and killed him with a Bren gun, then strafed the Zero until it burst into flames.

WALKING back from a Hump ride is not an uncommon experience. It's been going on since November, 1942, when Lt. Cecil Williams of New Cumberland, Pa., and Cpl. Matthew Campanella of Hammonton, N.J., first bailed out of a transport lost in a storm coming back from China. They returned 23 days later.

Their endurance record was bettered by three days in August, 1943 when 20 passengers and crew of a China-bound ship jumped to safety after the plane's motors failed. Twenty-six days later the party, including Eric Sevareid, CBS correspondent, reached a U. S. air base.

But exclusive rights to the story to end all stories of guys who walked back from a Hump ride belongs to 1st. Lt. R. E. Crozier of West, Tex., and his four ATC crew members.

Driven off course by rough weather while returning from China on the night of November 30, 1943, Crozier flew on instruments for two hours. Radio contact with U .S. bases in Assam could not be made and the horizon was blotted out by hazy weather. When mountain peaks suddenly showed through the "soup" on both sides of his plane, with the altimeter already reading 17,500 feet and the fuel tanks almost empty, Crozier gave orders to abandon ship. It was 22:00 hours.

The five Americans adjusted their parachutes for the first jump any of them had ever made. Crozier went first, followed by Flight Officer Harold J. McCallum, co-pilot, from Quincy, Mass.; Cpl. Kenneth B. Spencer, radio operator, from Rockville Center, N. Y.; Sgt. William Perram, engineer, from Tulsa, Okla,, and Pfc. John Huffman, assistant engineer, from Straughn, Ind. Minutes later they landed in the forbidden country of Tibet, 60 miles from the holy city of Lhasa.

The first English-speaking person the Americans met was a Bhutanese monk. The Tibetans, who had never seen an American, crowded around the five airmen, gaping at them and tugging at their clothing. They gave the Yanks boots, fox-fur coats and fur-lined caps as protection against the 20-below-zero weather and invited them to sleep in their crude mud huts.

After 10 days in the primitive town of Tsetang, never visited by any American before, the Yanks began a long trek back to India. Mule-pack transportation had been arranged for them by the Oxford-educated Tibetan foreign minister.

In true Ronald Colman style, the U. S. soldiers made their way over the narrow, snow-covered mountain trails that wound tortuously among 25,000-foot peaks. Swirling snow lashed them as they plodded on. The only signs of civilization along the way were mud huts, spaced at intervals of a day's travel. At night, the airmen slept on mats on the floor of the huts, with fur skins as blankets. They ate mutton, rice and yak milk. High altitudes and sub-zero weather limited daily travel time to five hours, but by changing mules every two days, the Yanks were able to cover 30 or 35 miles daily and to complete the two-month trip in just 30 days.

Crozier and his crew are the first airmen ever to fly over Lhasa and are among the very few Americans who have ever seen that holy city.

The Air Transport Command is really going places these days when some of its men even land in Shangri-La.

Flying past Caroloi Volcano in the Aleutians.

Take-off cannot wait, not even for weather at Kodiak, Alaska, to lift.

An airplane engine starts off for a war zone.

Somebody with a priority goes along with the airplane engine.

Kids are kids—and these two want a "look see" at the big plane.

An American with a tropical ailment gets a lift home from Brazil to a U. S. hospital.

Airfields have their own "cranes" for loading baggage aboard.

British Destroyer

On the bridge they watch for E-boats as star shells burst over the horizon.

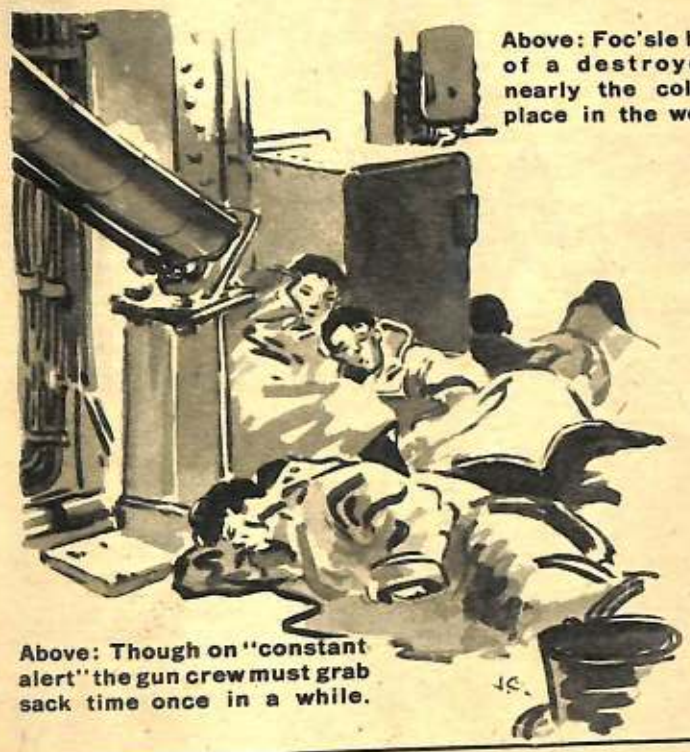
These sketches, by Cpl. Jack Coggins of YANK, were made aboard the destroyer, H.M.S. Vega, a veteran of the last war that was overhauled and classified 1A in World War II. Serving as an escort destroyer for merchant convoys, it is a small, valuable link in the chain of Allied Naval power, which the Axis has found unbreakable. With the U-boat menace shriveled, with German naval vessels hiding in coves, and the Japanese navy generally unresponsive in the Pacific we hold mastery over the seas—one of our aces in the next stage of the war.

A signalman flashes to a ship down the line.

Tea for the gun crew—it takes the edge off the chill.

A whaleboat will heave to in a moment to get these men off below decks where they can thaw out. Men on this job of unshackling the cable attached to a buoy get so numb they can hardly hold tools or hawsers.

Right: Hoisting motorboat up in the dark, against a choppy sea, and keeping it from a smashup against the ship's side, makes a man wish he were home in bed.



Above: Foc'sle head of a destroyer—nearly the coldest place in the world.

Above: Though on "constant alert" the gun crew must grab sack time once in a while.

The prow of the old tin can knifes through rough seas. As seaworthy as they come, H.M.S. Vega is as tough to ride as an unbroken pony.

COUNTERATTACK

When the Germans launched a drive of their own against a stunned and reduced American force pushing on San Pietro, it took a couple of mortars, a couple of heroes and a lot of plain guts to stop them.

By Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—A hero is a damn fool, as any soldier in the front-line Infantry will tell you; a reckless guy can die in a minute in the shellfire in the Bowling Alley (GI name for the narrow, twisting valley through which threads Highway 6, the principal road from Naples to Rome). Yet once in a while a guy gets to be a sort of hero and lives to fight again. There were heroes like that in our push on San Pietro, the first objective in the Fifth Army's campaign to reduce the strong enemy positions in and around Cassino.

The night my outfit piled over a mountain ridge to open the drive we lost so many men under concentrated mortar and artillery fire in the first few hours that we were literally stunned.

We dug in to hold what we had. Our position was precarious. We were seriously strained for manpower to outpost our positions facing the enemy on an indefinite front, extending from barren, towering rocks on our right to the open, shell-plowed valley below us on the left.

We sat there for the next few days, nervously feeling the Jerry out, blasting away with our artillery and being blasted in turn by his. We renewed the attack, supported this time by tanks. The sound and fury was terrific, greater than anything thought up by Orson Welles, but we got absolutely nowhere.

Then the Jerry attacked. It came about dark on the tenth day. I was sitting in the company CP when the German machine guns began chattering down the road. "Counterattack!" There was no need for anyone to shout the warning. Already soldiers were dashing to shooting positions on the double; telephones and radios were busy calling down artillery fire.

The line to our mortar platoon on the hill went out with the first crash of enemy artillery. I dived out of the CP and began threading my way up the hill, amid the crash of shells, toward the positions. Added to the noise was the cry of the wounded, thrashing and stumbling in the dark, pleading for help to get them to the aid station. The plight of the wounded is always a strain on the nerves of the unwounded soldier. He wants to help; his instinct is to stop and give aid. But he hasn't time; he must keep going.

At that moment I heard our 81s begin firing. I recognized the voice of a soldier in the dark who was calling for a medic. I went up to him. "I've been hit," he said. "They got me in the back with a hand grenade. They crawled up to a wall and tossed it right into my foxhole. It blew me out." Fully a dozen walking wounded had come up. It was only a little way to the aid station. We started out. I gave support to my friend who had been hit by the potato masher. One of his legs was dragging. "I think they got me in the kidney," he said.

Our first mortar position was located a short distance up from a little draw. I found so many empty mortar cases around the position that I had to crawl on my hands and knees to get to the gun. Cpl. Quinten Barrington of Hubbard, Tex., was standing beside the gun with a round in his hand.

"What kind of position you got here?" I asked. We are always uneasy about our mortars. Jerry always tries for mortar positions.

"I got one of them Germanese positions," said Cpl. Barrington, with shell poised over the mortar barrel. "They can't get me out of it." Wham! and another round was on the way.

The counterattack didn't last long after that. Cpl. Barrington was certainly one of the heroes I mentioned when I began this piece; but you'll never hear him admit it. "I put my No. 1 man aside. I've been carrying that barrel longer than he has," he explained. "I've waited for four years to blow the soot out of that barrel. It was well blown out tonight."

We checked up later and found that Cpl. Barrington had fired better than 200 rounds while enemy shells burst so close around him that most of the platoon kept giving him up for lost—until they heard his gun again.

The counterattack was definitely over by 2300 hours, and as I made my way through the lines, I ran into 1st Sgt. Red Jones of another company. (Nobody every calls him anything but Red.)

"We've got a man who did some very good work here," Red told me. "Sgt. Dudley Henry of Waco, Tex., took over the only mortar—a 60-mm—that we had in the company. The best we can figure is that he fired somewhere between 800 and 1,000 rounds. We just know that it was better than 800, which ought to be some kind of record for one evening's work."

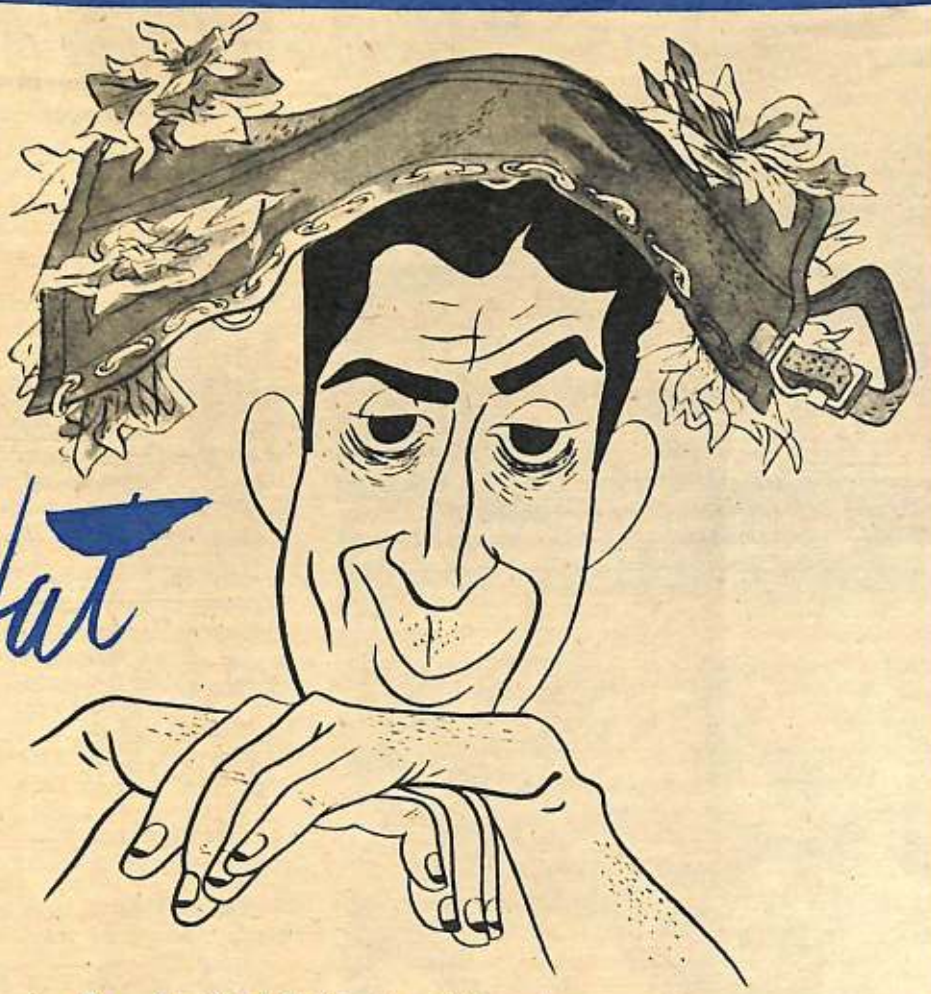
For my money it is. Talking with some of the boys, I learned more about this feat. The mortar barrel seems to have gummed up sometime during the evening. There was no cleaning material but this didn't stop Sgt. Henry. He yanked off his shoes, slipped off his socks, ripped a limb from a nearby olive tree, swabbed the barrel out with this improvised contraption and went right back to work.

There are a lot more heroes, but you get the idea. It's guts, probably—you need a lot of guts up here in the Bowling Alley. The next morning Jerry had pulled out and left. We found him about nightfall, though: he was over near San Vittore waiting for us, and the game went on with little, if any, interruption.

HOW BLASTED SAN PIETRO LOOKED AFTER THE NAZIS HAD RETR... ...ANS MOVED IN.

YANK's Easter Bunny Reporter uses strictly GI stuff on some Fifth Avenue originals to prove you'd look like somethin'

In your Easter Hat



A. **Garnished Gaiter.** The QM Laundry will supply the shredded underwear to decorate your opened legging. Lacing adds chic.

B. **Perky Pusher.** Just the thing for formal KP pushing. Overseas cap with fluted web belt and helmet netting. Mess officer's bar gathers hat in center for extra sparkle.

C. **PT Platter.** Designed for side-straddle-hop fans. The cheesecloth ties under chin to hold stiffened fatigue hat in place. Rolled-up socks, coquettishly perched on the brim, bob in cadence.

D. **Beagle Boater.** Cool air circulating through open end of canteen cover, nestling saucily on knit cap, soothes fever of duty noncom looking for his detail.

E. **Toughy Topper.** Only the Old Army can handle this one, styled of barbed wire and mosquito netting. Failure to penetrate tough hide caused anopheles mosquitoes, tsetse flies, stinging beetles to hang selves in frustration.

S/Sgt. Joseph S. Scapellato (right), veteran of 25 missions to Germany, gets a classification interview.

S/Sgt. Charles J. Nigro, a B-26 gunner, is X-rayed during his physical.

T/Sgt. Harry M. Chenoweth, Sgt. Martin F. Klatzkin and Cpl. Edward F. Dowling cycling on the boardwalk.

Back from overseas, Pfc. Roderick F. Drinkwine and S/Sgt. George Prendino check on what's to do.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Writer

FIRST STOP BACK HOME FOR AIR FORCE GIs

AAF Redistribution Station No. 1, Atlantic City, N. J.—We got off the train and saw a sign saying "AAFRS No. 1."

There was a bus, with a sergeant helping some guys get aboard. He helped officers and enlisted men indiscriminately, so we let him help us, too.

Then the sergeant climbed inside and said to the driver in a casual tone:

"The Ritz-Carlton."

Somebody lit a cigarette and instantly two or three men cased the walls of the bus for a sign that would say specifically, "No smoking." There was no such sign. Everybody lit cigarettes and tossed the matches on the floor.

We wheeled into a driveway and stopped before a finely grilled doorway. The sergeant said in a loud purr:

"All officers out, please."

Several such persons arose self-consciously and made for the door. The driver and a Negro porter from the hotel unloaded the baggage, which included a parachute. There was a brief flurry and the sergeant was back in his place.

"The Ambassador," he announced to the driver.

"Hey, sergeant," said a tech, which shows how impressed he was, "can we go to town at night?"

"Certainly, sergeant," replied the sergeant.

A staff got in on the conversation, although he was a little off tone:

"What's the curfew, Mac?"

"There is no curfew, sergeant," said the sergeant. "You may stay out as late as you wish."

"What time is reveille?"

"There is only one formation for returnees, sergeant, and that is a roll call at 12:45 in the afternoon."

"Pardon me, sergeant," said the staff, getting into the swing of things, "what is a returnee?"

"Enlisted men at this station who have returned from overseas duty are known as returnees. Officers are called returnee officers. You are now a returnee, sergeant."

"Oh," said the staff.

We were at the Ambassador.

We went up the steps behind the driver and he led us over to the desk. Behind the desk was a staff sergeant.

"Will you register, please?" he beamed.

All of us did.

After that things got to be a little out of the ordinary.

For instance, there was the shock of coming into a $25-a-day room and finding a little pamphlet entitled, "Welcome From the Commanding Officer," which starts off like this:

"To All Returnees: Welcome to Atlantic City. I hope by this time that you are comfortably settled in your quarters. . . ."

So help us Hap Arnold, that's what it says. Then he goes on, the CO does, in very soothing language to explain what this redistribution-station set-up is all about.

The strange part about it is that what the CO says in the pamphlet is absolutely correct, which is an improvement over most such Chamber of Commerce stuff, and stranger still, there are few hitches in it or strings attached thereto.

Atlantic City's Redistribution Station No. 1 is the first of three such valhallas established by the Air Forces to take care of their men coming back from overseas. The others are at Miami Beach, Fla., and Santa Monica, Calif. AAF men returning to the States are assigned to the redistribution station nearest their homes.

Hitting Stateside, the incoming AAFer is met at a port of debarkation or at a casual reception center by a liaison officer who informs him of the redistribution station to which he is to report. He will then be given a furlough, a 20-day delay in transit.

The first question they ask him at Atlantic City is: "Have you had your furlough?" If he hasn't, he gets one starting the next day. If he's already been home, then he settles down to the almost completely unshackled and painless business of being processed for "redistribution" and recommended for a new duty that fits his talents and his physical/mental condition.

There, obviously, is the guts of the whole proposition—the system of redistribution. And there, too, it is sometimes the only catch.

Unhappily, it is sometimes impossible to recommend for a returnee the assignment of his choice because the man may not be qualified according to a strict set of classification regulations or because of AAF requirements. But a man is assigned to the job he wants within the limits of military necessity.

When the system of redistribution stations was formed five months ago, classification personnel tried to assign returning airmen not only to the jobs they wanted but also to the places where they wanted them. It didn't work out and was discontinued for the simple reason that if a man wanted to go to Scott Field as a radio instructor, Scott didn't always need a radio instructor. So now he gets recommended for whatever duty he is qualified for, and he is stationed at whatever place he is needed to perform it.

Even so, life for the returnee almost without exception presents a much more pleasant picture than anything he's known during his just-completed operational phase overseas.

Here at Atlantic City are men who have come back from all climates and all degrees of strain, both in and out of combat. Men from the ETO who have completed their 25 missions and are back in the States within eight months of the time they left them; men from security bases in the Caribbean who have sweated it out for three or four years or longer; men from every other theater, with varying terms of service and lengths of combat.

At this station the ratio of returnees is approximately three nonflying men to two combat crewmen. Once bedded down in the Ambassador, the prop specialist and the tail gunner are treated exactly alike except in the matter of physical examination. The ground men get the Air Force "six-three" exam whereas the combat men undergo the "six-four," which is the most thorough in the Army.

Prior to his actual examination the returnee fills out a four-page questionnaire in which he is asked to answer 21 questions about himself—where he was stationed overseas, what doing, what injuries or disease he suffered, how he feels now. He is also asked to list his "preference for duty and/or training," and there are four blank spaces in which he can write his destiny.

This form and the results of the physical, plus the interview with the classification section's experts, determine what happens next.

In no case, unless the returnee signs a waiver, will a man be sent back overseas within less than

The deal at the Redistribution Stations, where Air Force men are sent as soon as they return to the States from overseas combat zones, sounds more like a civilian vacation than something connected with Army routine.

three months. Findings of the medical examiners may lengthen that to six months or more.

If the returnee wants to take a shot at Aviation Cadet training and is physically and mentally qualified he goes before the Cadet Board. If he passes he's sent on his way. If not, he gets a shot at something else.

If he wishes to become an instructor and is qualified, he may be sent to whatever domestic command needs him. It comes as a surprise to most people to learn that a higher IQ is required for instructor than for admittance to OCS. An instructor must have a high-school education and an AGCT score of 120. If he doesn't have the education, that's tough; if he doesn't have a passable general-classification score, he can take the test over.

If a returnee wants to keep on flying—and is physically and mentally able to do it—he is recommended for assignment accordingly.

All classification interviews with returnees here at Atlantic City are conducted by enlisted men of the permanent party and those with returnee officers by officers, some of whom are themselves veterans of overseas duty. This is based on the theory that dogfaces are more at ease with dogfaces and that consequently the interviews will be as thorough as is humanly possible. It works.

The enlisted interviewers have the responsibility of recommending men for whatever new job fits their qualifications and desires. Those recommendations, made by enlisted men for enlisted men, are acted upon automatically. It works like this:

After the interview is completed, the classification man makes his recommendation. Perhaps the returnee puts in for gunnery instructor. The interview shows he's qualified. The recommendation so states it. The recommendation, with all records of the man, is then sent to the assignment section of the station, which in turn notifies a higher headquarters in Washington that it has on hand a qualified man for gunnery.

Washington, in the meantime, receives requests from all over the country for various trained personnel. Keesler Field has notified Washington that an instructor is needed down there. Washington notes that such a man is available in Atlantic City. The high headquarters instructs Atlantic City to ship him to Keesler.

The returnee, who has "stopped processing and is now alerted for shipment," receives orders that read something like this: "EM WP via FAGT to Keesler Field, Miss., and will rpt to the CO thereat for dy."

That's all there is to it. Being alerted for shipment may mean a man is to leave for ordinary duty, for entrance into a technical school, for flight training, for a rest camp, convalescent center or hospital, or even for another furlough, depending on his classification.

THE entire process at Atlantic City requires from two to three weeks. Physical exam and classification constitute the most important phases of the redistribution, but not the only ones. There are six other periods devoted to straightening out pay situations, getting personnel records in order, issuing of clothing and equipment and enabling the returnees to become oriented to life—even in the grand manner—in the United States.

Everything at this station is done by "appointment." Nobody is ordered to do anything; the returnee doesn't even make his own bed and is only very mildly requested to hang his clothes in the closet instead of draping them on the chairs.

He has an appointment to hear an orientation lecture, to see the supply sergeant, to visit the flight surgeon. Because the only formation is in the corridors of each floor of the 670-room Ambassador after lunch every day, an early date with an interviewer may conflict with either a returnee's chow or his answer to roll call. In such cases he is warned like this:

There is a flourish from the orchestra in the dining room, whereupon the sergeant major clears his throat until people stop rattling the silverware. Then the sergeant says: "The following men have 12:20 appointments: Master Sergeant Sidler, Walter J.; Staff Sergeant Ford, James. . . ." When he's finished the orchestra goes into some kind of music that's nice to eat by, and the returnees whose names were called swallow a little faster.

The food at the Ambassador? The mess officer polled more than 100 guys for their opinions and suggestions. Out of the avalanche of compliments came two or three embarrassed complaints. The most serious was that each man should pour the cream in his own coffee instead of having the KPs do it for him.

Chow down, guys drift into the lobby or out on the boardwalk. Returnees with wives (who eat at the hotel for two-bits a meal) saunter off to an apartment somewhere "off the post."

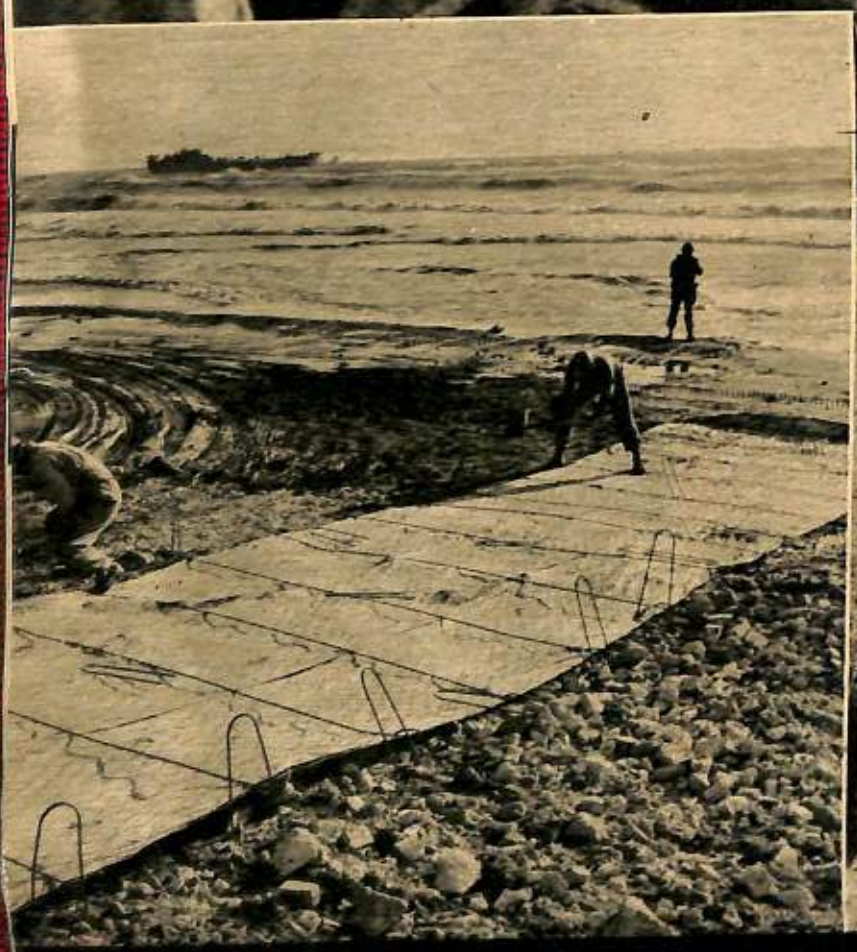
Quite a few others who are just unattached GIs find their way to the beer bar on the ground floor where they talk over the familiar things: strikes and flak and ME-109s and that gal in Hilo back in '39.

Over 10-cent glasses of brew a couple of new arrivals from the CBI take it all in. One of them says:

"This place is all right, and I like it fine. But it's too goddam close to the ocean. Oceans mean boats. An' boats mean——."

IN ITALY

DON'T CRY, LITTLE KRAUT! THESE THREE PLUMP GERMANS WERE CARELESS; THEY GOT CAPTURED.



ENGINEERS LAY SAND MATS TO KEEP VEHICLES FROM BOGGING DOWN.

BILLETS IN A HAYSTACK: THESE SOLDIERS NEAR THE FRONT HAVE BURROWED CAVES INTO IT.

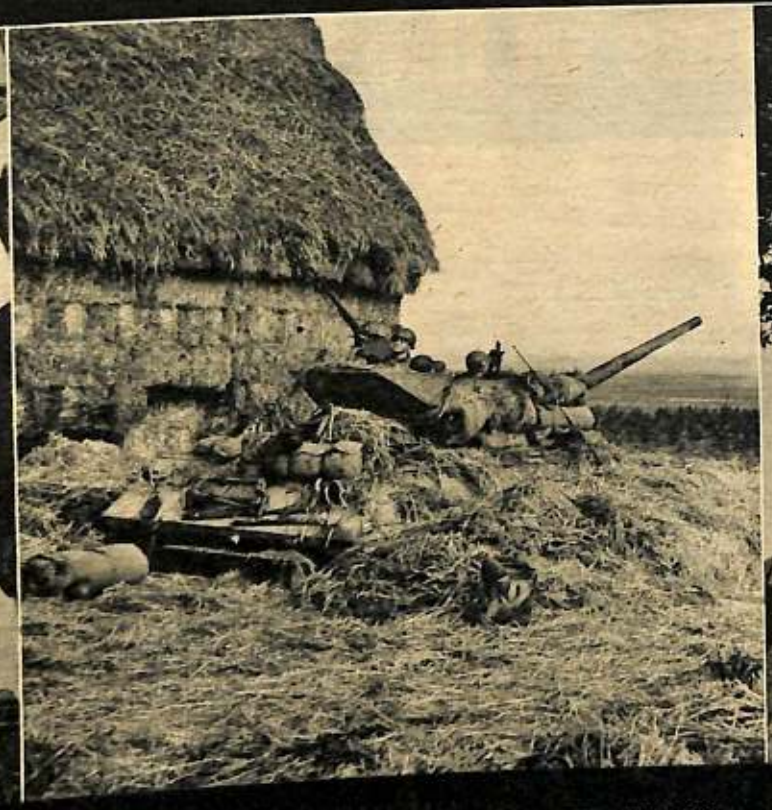
AREA SOUTH OF ROME, YANK'S SGT. GEORGE AARONS SENDS SOME PICTURES.

LITTLE JOE WITH HIS "GUARDIAN," T-5 JOE FILLIPPO. AFTER HIS FATHER AND MOTHER WERE KILLED BY BOMBS HE WAS ADOPTED BY A YANK ARTILLERY OUTFIT.

NURSES VICTORIA HANSEN (LEFT) AND CARRIE SHEETZ INSPECT A GERMAN PILLBOX. IT NEVER FIRED.

AN M-7 PRIEST IS LOADING UP TO BLAST THE ENEMY.

...KES EN ROUTE TO ANZIO



A TANK DESTROYER ON THE ALERT, CAMOUFLAGED WITH HAY.

SIGNAL CORPS MEN ELEVATING A CABLE.

R.H.I.P. Again

WE'VE just heard (through reef-pocked channels) of an incident which, to one with our worm's eye view of the Army, seems pretty much out of this world. A young naval Lieutenant, assigned to do some sort of liaison work with the Army, reported to the General under whom he was to serve. The General greeted him cordially, summoned a Captain, and introduced the two, adding: "And now, Captain, show the Lieutenant to his office and light the fire for him." The Captain lit a pretty good fire, too, we're glad to be able to report.

From Troupes To Troops

As far as Pfc. Thomas B. Jordan, of 74 Ashton Place, Buffalo, N.Y., is concerned, the Army is too much like his old civilian job, so when the war is over he's going to junk them both and become a high diver in an Aquacade. Sounds screwy, offhand, but actually it makes some sense. Back home, Pfc. Jordan used to do an act on the flying trapeze with a travelling circus and the life drove him nuts because he always had to be hopping around from one town to the next and could never settle down. Same thing happened to him when he got in the Army, although the hops have been longer—from Belvior to Benning to Africa to Sicily to here. "Not enough home life," says Jordan, and it would seem that he has something there.

Pfc. Jordan, who is 23 and has been in the Army nearly two-and-a-half years, was an aerialist, as they call it in the trade, with the Shrine Circus, a three-ring outfit which trains in Sarasota, Fla., and tours the eastern states each season. The Shrine crowd, as we understand it after talking over old times with him the other day, is one of the better minor leagues of the circus world and, like the baseball farm system, develops talent for Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey and other widely known troupes. Jordan had just succeeded in attracting the attention of some Ringling scouts and was getting ready to do a forward flip into their arms when he tripped over his draft board and did a pratt-fall into the Army.

When that happened, Jordan figured he was a natural for the paratroops, but the classification boys had it doped out otherwise and kept him on the ground. "I've tried fifteen dozen times to get transferred to the paratroops," Jordan told us. "Those fellers have to learn to use a trambolene—that's a springy platform for jumping on like a mattress—and I know how to use a trambolene already. My partner in the act got into the paratroops and now he's a lieutenant in Australia."

As a civilian, Jordan thought nothing of zooming around on a trapeze sixty feet or so up but since becoming a GI the highest he's been off the ground is 28 feet. That was in the Cork Forest at Rabat where, during a lull in the African proceedings, a carpenter friend helped him rig up a set of parallel bars and a couple of rings between two trees. Oh yes, we nearly forgot to follow up on that Aquacade idea of Jordan's. He's got a sound reason for wanting to get into the racket. "After all," he told us, "I want to settle down and you can't move an Aquacade around like you can a circus or an Army."

All togged out in GI Long Johns, Pfc. Thomas B. Jordan, of Buffalo, N. Y., shows some kids in Bishop Wordsworth's School here how he used to do things on the tanbark circuit back home.

"YEAH—THAT'S THE LATRINE."
—Cpl. Maurice Haykin

Bullseyes

You've heard before—and seen—that there'll always be an England, but here's a little postscript on the subject, picked up by a friend of ours in a pub on the South Coast. Two Home Guardsmen were having a bitter while arguing over how many German planes were over the town the night before. One said seventeen, and the other said two, and there they were deadlocked.

"Well," said the first, "it says right here in the paper that seventeen got through."

"Then the paper's wrong!" replied the other triumphantly. "I know for a fact that two was all we shot down."

Back Talk

A Pfc. who came over last summer has been telling us about the one enjoyable moment he spent during the crossing. Seems that he and a batch of other Joes were sleeping out on some sort of deck that was only partially enclosed and therefore subject to stringent blackout regulations. One night a wise guy in their midst sounded off with a bird as the lieutenant in charge of the contingent made his rounds. "Who did that?" demanded the lieutenant. "I did," replied a voice from the darkness, "and what about it?" "Well," said the lieutenant, "you'd better be quiet or I'll have you thrown in the brig."

That turned out to be an unfortunate remark on the part of the luckless looie. "Oh no, you won't," replied the obstreperous Joe. "You can't find me without turning on a light and you can't turn on a light in this blackout." Not the kind to let bad enough alone, the lieutenant went in and reported the incident to his commanding officer, with the suggestion that stern and drastic measures be taken. The CO, evidently an old hand at the game, was not impressed with the resourcefulness of his underling in the emergency. He agreed that stern and drastic measures should be taken, such measures to consist of having the lieutenant stand guard over the section of the deck occupied by the disrespectful Joe for the next *twelve* hours.

The Sergeant Stands Corrected

A T/4 we know, a stickler for correct Army procedure if there ever was one, was traipsing around the brass center of London the other day, handing out salutes right and left and with a smile. No kidding, that's the way he likes to spend his time off. His sense of the fitness of things was naturally considerably outraged when a corporal approached and tossed a highball in his direction. "Hey, you're out of order there, bud," said the T/4 reprovingly. "Oh, no he isn't," replied a colonel just behind, as he smartly snapped back a return to the corporal's salute.

Yanks at Home in the ETO

"OH—WE RAN INTO SOME OPPOSITION."
—Pvt. Tom Flannery

News from Home

The price of a hangover rose considerably, the President unenthusiastically let the soldier-vote bill become law, a cinder champ delivered a sermon, and a New Orleans draft board dug down deep in the barrel and came up with a honey of a GI.

THINK it's steep to pay three bob for a double gin, chum? Then get a load of this. New taxes that went into effect on liquor and night clubs back in the States last Saturday have boosted the price of drinks there nearly 50 per cent. Moreover, there's an additional 30 per cent tax on cocktails and highballs served in hot-spots where, as the press is putting it, there are "live musicians." Prices won't be so bad, presumably, in places where there are dead ones.

All this means that if you and some quail should drop into a night club where there's a band playing and order a couple of champagne cocktails (don't wake us up, let us dream) it would set you back something over five bucks, since many of the better places are charging as much as $2.65 for one of those jobs. Places which have been charging 70 to 85 cents for a Scotch highball have jumped the price up to $1.25 or $1.30. And, of course, there's a corresponding increase in all the lowlier bars and grills.

There's a ceiling price of $5.17 on Scotch by the bottle, but don't think that means the folks are getting all they want at that figure. The fact is there's practically no Scotch to be bought at all except in the black market and once you start dabbling in that you pay through the nose, but plenty. Plainclothesmen recently arrested a guy on Broadway who was asking, and getting, 18 fish a bottle.

And—oh yes. Onions are almost as scarce as Scotch now, at least in the northeast.

WELL, the compromise soldier-vote bill finally became law, although President Roosevelt declined to have any active part in helping it get that way. In fact, he made it clear that he didn't think much of the measure, which he referred to as a "wholly inadequate" one with "defective provisions," and he called upon Congress "to take more adequate action to protect the political rights of our men and women in the service." The President refused to sign the vote bill, but on the other hand he did not veto it, with the result that it automatically became a statute at midnight of March 31.

The new law was drafted after a bitter four-month wrangle in both the House and Senate, a wrangle over whether or not servicemen should be allowed to vote by a blanket Federal ballot or should be required to comply with the voting requirements of their individual home states. As finally worked out, the law provides that servicemen may use a Federal ballot only in certain instances. Here, in most of its multitudinous details, is the new statute, point by point:

1. Members of the armed forces stationed in the U. S. who come from any state that has provisions for absentee voting must use the ballots of those states. If the serviceman is stationed overseas, he may use a Federal ballot, but only if (a) he certifies that he applied for a state ballot before September 1 and failed to receive it by October 1 and (b) the Governor of his state certifies by July 15 that the use of Federal ballots is legal in his bailiwick.

2. In the case of any state which has no provisions for absentee voting, the Governor has until July 15 to certify that use of a Federal ballot by servicemen has been authorized by his legislature. If the Governor fails to certify to this effect within the allotted time limit, it will be no dice and if you come from such a state you can't vote.

3. Free air-mail service will be provided for all ballots, whether state or Federal, that are cast by servicemen in all primaries as well as in all general and special elections.

4. The War and Navy Departments and the Maritime Commission are directed by the law to help in getting ballots to servicemen and in returning them to the proper place.

5. The law sets a ban on the distribution of political circulars to members of the armed forces.

6. The provisions of the law apply not only to servicemen but to all qualified voters working outside the U. S. with the Merchant Marine, the Red Cross, the Society of Friends, the U.S.O., and the Women's Auxiliary Service Pilots.

And that's that. Just paste those six points in your helmet liner and maybe in time they'll sink in.

Doris Kirkpatrick, who's going to be setting the pace in the Florida Easter Parade this year, would make a tasty number for any drill sergeant to pull rank on. By the left flank, har-r-rch!

President Roosevelt has already polled the Governors of all the states to find what their individual set-ups are and has been informed that at least 20 don't contemplate doing anything about authorizing the use of Federal ballots. Nineteen reported that they were either already geared to permit Federal ballots or that they probably would be in due time, and nine wouldn't say yes or no but just maybe.

In his message notifying Congress that he would let the soldier-vote bill become law without his signature, the President said: "If the states do not accept the Federal ballot that will be their responsibility, and that responsibility will be shared by Congress. Our boys on the battle-fronts must not be denied the opportunity to vote simply because they are away from home.

"They are at the front fighting with their lives to defend our rights and our freedoms. We must assure them their rights and freedoms at home so that they will have a fair share in determining the kind of life to which they will return."

Looks as if that section of the new law applying to men overseas is going to affect one hell of a lot of men by the time Election Day rolls around. Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson told a press conference that 2½ million soldiers had already been shipped out of the country by last New Year's Day and that there would be 5 million of them overseas by the end of the year.

The President's wife got back home from a 14,000-mile tour of U. S. bases in Latin America and told reporters, in response to a question, that during her chats with American servicemen in that part of the world "there was very little talk of the election—only one asked me about his chance to vote." She went on to say that she had found that the Yanks she had dropped in on "have made very good names for themselves—they like the people and the people like them." She made 14 stops, she said, and relayed to the men she met a message from her husband to the effect that the President "wanted them to feel his interest, admiration, and respect."

In Chicago, James W. Breen, personal attorney of the late William ("Big Bill") Thompson, former Mayor of the town, said he opened two safety-deposit boxes belonging to Thompson and found them crammed with $1,400,000 in currency. They were so full of money that bills jumped out like a jack-in-the-box, he reported.

Things didn't look too bright last week for about a million 4-Fs who are not engaged in essential war work, when high officials of the Army and Navy appeared before a special military affairs subcommittee and recommended that local draft boards be authorized to order men in that deferred class into essential jobs at civilian rates of pay. Any 4-F who refused, according to this plan, would be forced into an essential job and given Army pay. The officials making this proposal were Robert Patterson, Undersecretary of War, and Ralph A. Bard, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's close friend and aide, underwent an abdominal operation at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. It was the second operation performed on him in seven years, the first having been on his stomach.

For the second time in a year and a half, Frances Farmer, former motion-picture actress, was ordered committed to a mental institution. This time she's to go to Western State Hospital for the Insane at Steilacoom, Wash., as the result of an insanity complaint filed by her mother, Mrs. Lillian V. Farmer, who said that her daughter could not be controlled at home. Miss Farmer was examined by a sanity commission at the King County Hospital in Seattle and was reported by physicians to have called one member of the board "Polka Dot" and to have told of voices in the night that warned her to "get out of town."

Jim Jordan—Fibber McGee of the radio comedy team to you—was taken to the hospital in Hollywood, suffering from lobar pneumonia. His doctors said that his illness, though serious, was not critical. They predicted it would be from two weeks to a month before he could resume his broadcasts.

In Pittsfield, Mass., Mrs. Peter Cormier, a war worker, cut across a field on her way to work. Finding her path blocked by a stalled freight, she crawled under one of the cars just as the train started and cut off her right foot. Despite the amputation, Mrs. Cormier hobbled 100 yards to a highway and hitch-hiked her way to a hospital, where physicians said that she had probably been able to make her astonishing trek only because she was too numbed by shock to realize what had happened.

Big police shake-up out Chicago way. John L. Sullivan, chief of detectives for the past ten years, was broken to a captain and was succeeded by his assistant, Walter G. Storms. A lot of other lesser sleuths got shuffled around, too. There was talk that the Police Department's failure to solve the murder of Mrs. Frank Starr Williams in the Drake Hotel last January was to blame for all the upset, but this was officially denied.

IN Washington, the War Department reported that 1,119 Jap planes and 169 Jap ships had been destroyed by Allied forces in the Southwest Pacific since the first of the year.

The news was just as good for Allied shipping as it was bad for the Japs. It was pointed out that twelve weeks had passed since the Navy had announced the sinking of any United Nations or neutral merchant ship in the Atlantic.

The big movie news of the week came out of Washington, for a change, when the Norwegian Embassy there disclosed that Greta Garbo, after two years of retirement from the screen, will appear in a film based on the wartime activities of the Norwegian Merchant Marine. Lester Cowan is going to produce the picture starring the Swedish actress.

Hailstones almost as lethal as flak fell in Memphis, Tenn., during a freak 20-minute storm there. Some of the stones were eight inches around and eight persons were sent to the hospital after being hit by them, including a six-year-old boy who suffered a concussion when one struck him on the head. Hundreds of windows were broken and one resident reported that a hailstone crashed through the roof of his home, landing in the living room.

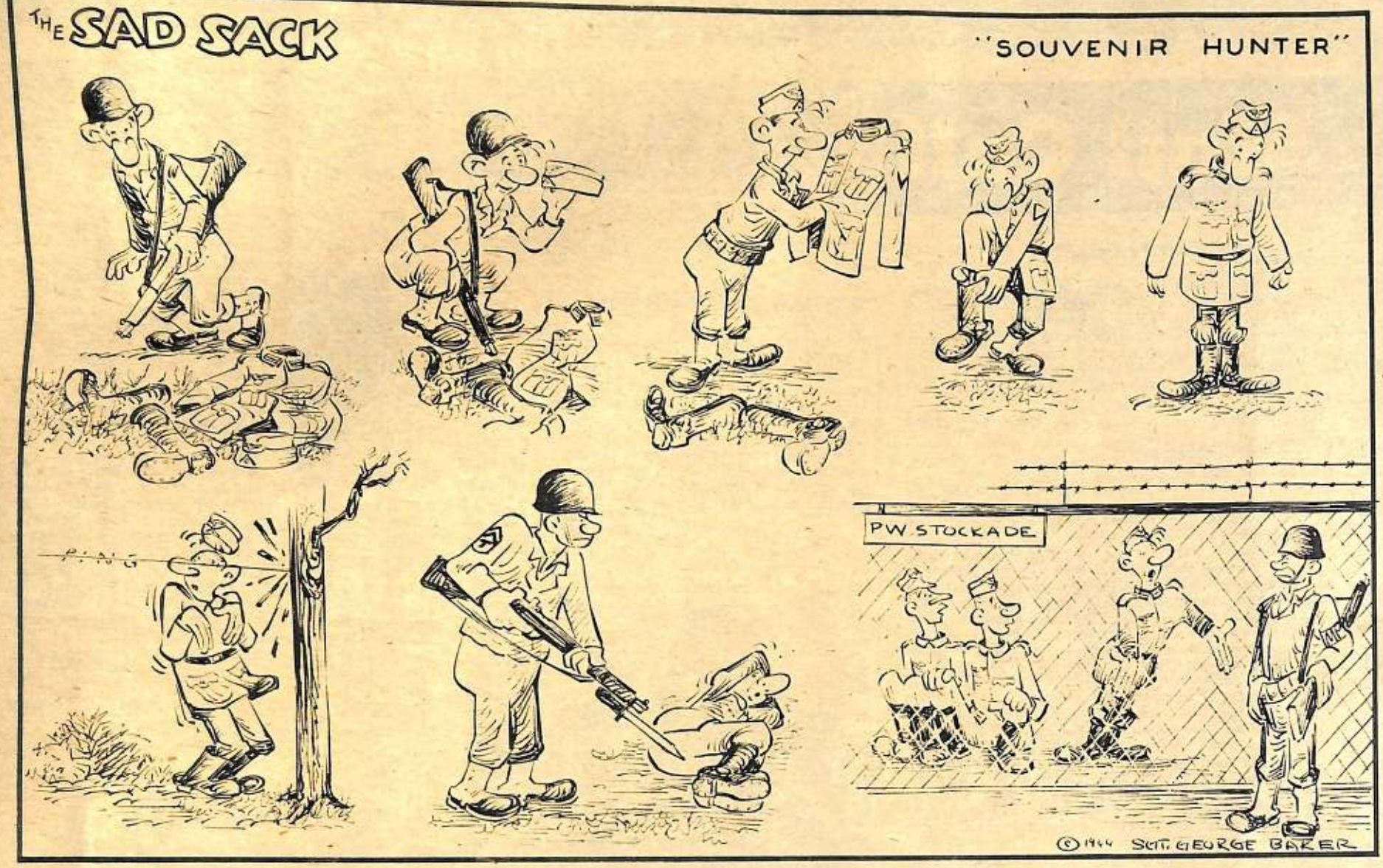
Another trick of the weather almost cost the life of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mullins and their child in their farm home near Jackson, Miss. The Mullinses were sitting at their supper table when a blast of wind lifted their house up and dropped it on some railroad tracks nearby, right in the path of an approaching freight train. The locomotive hit the house and smashed it to bits only a couple of seconds after Mullins had grabbed his wife and kid

Pfc. Dale Maple (center) stands accused of treason in helping German PW's to escape from a Colorado camp. Nize guy, what?

Labor is so scarce in Norfolk, Va., that it's been ruled oke for sailors to take civilian jobs. Here's one learning to drive a trolley.

DOUBLE SPLASH. At the launching of a new cruiser, the *USS Springfield*, in Boston, Mass., two sponsors were present to give it an extra dose of champagne. Here they are, Miss Norma McCurley

KEEN COMPETITION. Gloria Nelson, sitting with the boys is the first girl pilot to



and rushed them to safety.

Replying to Dr. Edith Summerskill, a member of the British Parliament who recently criticized American women for having too much sex appeal for the good of the war effort, Representative Clare Boothe Luce, Republican of Connecticut, said: "The 17,000,000 American women in war industry are a good answer to charges that we pay more attention to glamor than to the war." It had been Dr. Summerskill's contention that S.A. is bad news in war time "because men lose interest in what you're trying to get across and transfer their interest to you instead." Mrs. Luce's answer to this was: "The English beauty has been a standard for ages. The only reason she isn't paying attention to glamor right now is because she hasn't got the makings of it —the lipstick and the silk-stocking shortage would cramp any woman's style. If Americans had been called upon to hold up under what the English have endured in this war, American women would have risen above permanents, finger-nail polish, and lipstick to the same heroic heights attained by their English, Russian, and Chinese sisters." Mrs. Luce is by no means hard to look at herself.

Joan Fontaine, film star who three years ago won an Oscar for her work in the picture *Suspicion*, said in Hollywood that she would set about trying to get a divorce from Brian Aherne, the British actor whom she married in 1939.

Dr. John C. Garand, inventor of your best friend, and Dr. Albert White Taylor, chief physicist at the Naval Research Laboratory, were given the first civilian Medals of Merit for "exceptionally meritorious conduct." The awards were made in Washington by Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

At Indianapolis, Ind., General Motors turned out its 50,000th Allison liquid-cooled aircraft engine, bringing the total horsepower Allison has sent to the war since the fighting started in Europe to 60 million.

End of an Era: After winding up a movie in Hollywood, Benny Goodman, long known as the King of Swing, decided the hell with it and said goodbye to his band. As he headed for New York and a vacation, the 33-year-old clarinettist explained that he had decided to call it quits because he was having contract trouble, and anyway the draft had been knocking his band for a loop.

James Danue is between the ages of 18 and 38, single, has no dependents, and is not engaged in essential war work, yet it wasn't until last week that he got put in 1-A. Seems he's a hermit who has been living in a cave on Berlin Mountain up near Troy, N. Y., and he didn't even know there was a war on until someone scrambled up the mountainside last week and asked him how come he hadn't registered with his draft board. "What's a draft board?" Danue wanted to know.

In New Orleans, August Nunez was almost as surprised as Danue. He is 38 years old, has a wife, eight children, and only one eye—and now he's 1-A, too.

BRAIN CHILD. Merrill K. Wolf, aged 12, shown with his mother, is entering Yale to major in music. He wrote a [illegible] said that "it was purely an exercise."

FINAL TRIBUTE. Last rites are held in the Oregon State Capitol in Salem for U. S. Senator Charles L. McNary after his death in Florida at the age of 69. He first represented Oregon in the Senate in 1917, had been the Senate Republican leader since 1933 and in 1940 ran for Vice President.

Mail Call

So You Want To Laugh?

Dear YANK:

Please pardon this gripe; but I think it justified. On the back page of this week's edition, instead of the usual good cartoons, was another picture of Chili Williams, and wearing the same old bathing suit. Don't you think we get fed up on so much undraped figures? I don't think that I am alone in saying that I prefer six jokes any time to your Gipsy-Rose-Lee models.

Britain.

Cpl. JIMMY FLETCHER

About Objectors

Dear YANK:

This letter is in answer to those three lads who are members of "an overseas squadron (who) find it very difficult to understand why someone who will not fight for his country still, etc."

I assume that these lads are fighting for something over here; if they weren't, they wouldn't have any complaint. And quite probably, among the things they are fighting for, one is the Constitution of the United States. If they will consult Article XIII, Section 1, they will find the answer: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

If these lads don't happen to agree with these sentiments they might try writing to their Congressmen to attempt to amend the Constitution; but I wouldn't advise it. You would be amending yourself right into Fascist principles. Better familiarize yourself with the Constitution, lads, it isn't quite so subjective about these things, and was compiled by better brains than have been produced in a long time since then.

Britain.

S/Sgt. H. W. MATTICK

P.S.—No, I'm not a conscientious objector.

More About Objectors

Dear YANK:

Having read in your March 26 issue the gripe about the conscientious objectors that S/Sgt. Gladden and his pals have, well I happened to have twenty of the objectors work under me in 1941. These men pay thirty-five dollars a month to the C.P.S. Camp. They also furnish their own clothes and work eight hours a day without pay. This thirty-five dollars a month has to be paid out of what they saved when in civilian life. They have no entertainment in camp, only what they put on themselves, such as a minstrel show or something of that sort. They have one day a week off but must use shanks' horses to get into town and then they have to be back at camp not later than eleven-thirty p.m. These men that I had working under me were being trained to fight forest fires, and many times they fought fires, after they were fully trained, for twenty-four hours without any rest. I'll admit that these objectors do get an honorable discharge, but they do not have the advantages of a regular Army man. I am not an objector or just a rookie in the Army but I believe in giving a man his just dues, and I think these objectors should have theirs. I hope I have put the S/Sgt. and his buddies straight on the objector.

Britain.

AN OLD-TIMER

More Maps

Dear YANK:

The battle maps of Europe published recently are excellent.

Many officers with whom I have discussed them believe that it would be a worthwhile and useful project, also very desirable, to have the northern sector (Norway, Sweden, Finland, Baltic States) reproduced in a similar manner, so that all of the readers could follow developments in that area, too.

Capt. FRED E. ROSELL, Jr.

Britain.

K-Rations And The Senator

Dear YANK:

If the senator from North Carolina wants to give K-rations a fair trial, why doesn't he get himself a nice, warm and comfortable pup-tent, pitch it in a nice, warm frost, with just two blankets, get up at 5:30 a.m. and try to fix a cup of dehydrated coffee with cold water and then try to digest the so-called dog biscuits?

Of course, after eating steak at every opportunity, and then trying K-rations for a novelty, I would also approve of them. I would gladly and willingly give the senator my share of K-rations.

FIVE K-RATION FED SOLDIERS:
T/5 HUBERT BORDELOW
Pfc. JOHN SYREK
Pvt. JAMES MACKEY
T/5 H. WINER
Cpl. VARS

Britain.

Meet The Kid Brothers

Dear YANK:

S/Sgt. George S. Karaly welcomes four Goodman Bros. in England.

Left to right: Corporal Julius, Med. Corps; Pfc. Milton, Field Artillery; 1st Lt. Charles, Engr. Corps; Corporal Paul, Air Corps; S/Sgt. Karaly, Med. Corps.

Lt. CHARLES GOODMAN

Britain.

Service Stripes And Wound Chevrons

Dear YANK:

Will you settle an argument that has been going on here for the past two months? Are we or are we not entitled to wear these gold overseas service chevrons? Also, how about those wound chevrons which look like the service chevrons but are worn on the other sleeve?

Pvt. CHARLES GOULD

Britain.

[According to WD Circular 391, December, 1942: "Wound and service chevrons have not been authorized for the current war, but those individuals entitled to wear them for service in the first World War may continue to do so." For the information of World War I veterans: the wound stripe is worn on the right sleeve of the blouse for a wound received in battle. The service stripe is worn on the left sleeve for each six months of foreign service during war. Both are gold chevrons.—Ed.]

About The Ladies

Dear YANK:

The caption on the picture states "Anything a man can do we can do." But some of we fellows in a certain Signal unit overseas have our doubts. We consider ourselves authorities in the art of scaling telephone poles and the like. But if the fair damsel in the enclosed photo is an example of women in men's occupations we will secede all our rights in the field to the opposite sex.

We wish to draw the dear readers' attention to a few of the errors we have discovered glaring forth. First of all creosote and slivers would be plain suicide without gloves. Also please note the rest of the obvious errors. 1. How long can the lady in question maintain her somewhat contortional position? 2. Also, the safety belt should be up higher and the body belt down lower. 3. If the maiden continues watching her feet as shown, there will be a funeral. 4. What would a lineman push the pole that supports him away for instead of embracing it? Lady, woe is you. Finally, but not the least, we wonder how many cross-arms of any size she could pull up by hand.

Although we have a great respect for those women who are doing their part we do believe there are limits.

Brought to your GI attention by the following linemen.

THE HUT 12 LOVERS, and our mascot "SNAFU"

Britain.

A Little Home-Made Stuff

Dear YANK:

You can keep your Standard Classics,
Give me good old corn.
Instead of a masterful solo—
I want a bazookey horn.

I'm bored with sonatas and such—
They cannot compete with corn.
Give me an oom-pah number,
From a bashed-up, big bass horn.

The violinist on the concert stage,
His selections make me frown.
What I like is barn dance stuff,
When the fiddles go to town.

Swingtime stuff, jump and jive,
I simply cannot stand.
What I want is good old corn
Played by a hill-billy band.

The sym-phoney is not for me,
It gives me quite a fright.
But to cowboy songs over the air
I'll listen half the night.

Yes, what I want when I go back,
Is nothing sad or forlorn.
You'll find me happy on my sack,
Listening to good old corn!

T/5 ROY A. PARTINGTON

Britain.

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WAR and the POET ★ THREE GI's ON RUSSIA

Russian Soldier's Homecoming

Surely it is good to return these slow, bitter miles,
Homeward.
Seeing this ruin around us
We are not lost;
We know our own earth under the shattered
school house,
The burned barn;
This German camouflage does not deceive us;
Though they have disguised the scene,
Cunningly altered the shapes of houses,
And experimented in our earth
With civilian bones as fertilizer;
Though they have striven to change the skyline
With the swaying dead on gibbets
We know this land.

Sgt. SAUL LEVITT

Stalingrad

The long gray tubes of Death spat flak into the
skies at Stalingrad,
And ringed the wings of foes with meteorites that
burned with blaze
More fierce than any of the Fuehrer's vaunted
stars. The harsh
And constant argument of hot machine gun fire
outbid with terse rebuttal
The frantic Goebbels' weak debate . . . and rank
on rank of automatons fell
To place a Q.E.D. beneath the proof.
And yet, to set the zodiac afire
With stars uncharted and to cause the earth to
crater and erupt
Was not enough to thrust aside the probing prongs
of Aryan assassins. No!
The brazen soul of Stalingrad, forged in Revolu-
tion and tempered
By twenty years of sacrifice hung like a sharpened
scythe before the City's gates
To be grasped collectively by hero citizens and
with it cut in swathes
The foeman of its country and the world.

T/5 HENRY C. MEYER

The Russian Aftermath

No God should ask a man to suffer so . . .
and the hell and anguish of his hatred
shall burn his soul
like the hot searing burning of his flesh
torn by flying steel!
He did not ask that his women
be debased and fouled,
his children left to die
in tied naked heaps,
his land gutted.
He did not ask to flounder in mud
and freezing snow,
a gun in his hand
and hate in his heart.
But now he cannot forget,
nor ask God to forgive
the revenge that wells up within his being
like a raging fire . . .
and he shall not care
that God should ask a man to suffer so!

Pfc. CHARLES N. CULVER

! ! COMING ATTRACTION ! !

The Muscle Man vs. The Lieutenant

NEXT week, YANK will present a more or less grip-by-grip account of an ETO epic—a wrestling bout between Pvt. Bob Laurent, of West Warwick, R.I., who was the "Mr. Rhode Island of 1940," and 2nd Lt. Ben R. Austin, of Stevenson, Ala., who, for three years, was a varsity matman at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

The background of the contest, involving a man who for better or for worse has become probably the best-known private in the ETO, dates back to the Sept. 26th issue of YANK, in which Alexis Smith appeared as the pin-up girl. This led to a letter from a corporal in the Oct. 17th issue, asking YANK to settle a barracks argument as to whether Miss Smith was shorter or taller than 5 ft. 5 in. YANK didn't know, but in the Oct. 31st issue Pvt. Laurent came to our rescue and at the same time made his debut in "Mail Call" by informing the world that Miss Smith stands 5 ft. 8 in. on the hoof. He knew, he added, because "I have knocked around Hollywood as an actor and physical culturist for several years and can truthfully say that Alexis is one of the ranking beauties of the classic type in the movie industry." The letter was accompanied by a shot of Pvt. Laurent's handsomely moustached pan and was signed with another title he claims the right to—"Mr. America 1939."

Well, all right. It was the "Mr. America" business which burned up six GIs who complained in "Mail Call" of the Nov. 21st issue that it would make "people over here think we are all a bunch of daisies." Pvt. Laurent countered in the Dec. 12th issue with a letter suggesting that his picture might make a good pin-up for Wacs and with another shot of himself, this time showing his very strong and sinewy and darn near nude body. And that brought down the roof.

Five Joes informed Pvt. Laurent in the Dec. 26th issue that his pin-up had been duly pasted on their latrine wall. In the Jan. 16th issue, four more soldiers, writing Laurent off as "a perambulated jerk," said they felt "sure the boys will chip in and get him a sarong." And in the same issue, Lt. Austin, noting that "muscles are made for use and not looks," said he would like to take Pvt. Laurent on in a wrestling match, "sight unseen, if it can be arranged."

There the matter rested until last week, when YANK received a letter from Lt. Austin saying that, by one of those strange coincidences, he had recently been transferred to Pvt. Laurent's camp and had extended his challenge to "Beautiful Muscles" in person. What's more, he said, it had been accepted.

So next week, in deathless pictures and prose, YANK will bring to you an account of this Homeric duel. Hold on to your hats, men! There goes the gong!

A Nod To Middle-Aged Joes

Dear YANK:

We are two of the many Red Cross Volunteers and we enjoy our work very much, but wondered if the boys realize that we are unpaid volunteers, coming on to work for them after we have finished with our all-day, full-time jobs. We do have volunteer sewn on our overalls, but very few seem to notice it, so we think it is a point worth mentioning. We do also appreciate a "please" and "thank you" now and again, especially when we are asked to get something one of the boys has forgotten to get himself.

Another thing, we have come to the conclusion that we will be expert contortionists when the war is over, having got some good practise in by wriggling round chairs with a tray balanced in one hand and vainly endeavouring not to disturb any of the chow hounds by asking them to pass us the plates they know we are seeking, and which have been pushed to the far end of the table, and also having to be very careful not to spill anything over the coats draped very lovingly round unoccupied chairs, or knock over treasured hats perched on chair corners.

As a matter of interest, the older men are much more considerate in these matters.

TWO RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS

Britain.

"AMERICAN CHEWING GUM, MONSIEUR?"

HERE is the fourth in the series of simple French phrases being taught on the American Forces Network this week from 11:50 a.m. to 12 noon Monday through Friday, April 10 to April 14. At the end of the series, you ought to have well in hand all the phrases you'll need except "Show me the way to go home."

ENGLISH	FRENCH
Any Germans in the neighborhood?	Y a-t-il des boches dans le voisinage?
What branch of the service?	Quelle arme?
Parachutists?	Des parachutistes?
Many?	Nombreux?
A few.	Quelques uns.
How many tanks?	Combien de chars?
Light tanks?	Des chars légers?
Medium tanks?	Des chars moyens?
Heavy tanks?	Des chars lourds?
Scout car?	Un char de reconnaissance?
Where is the tank park?	Où est le parc aux chars?
Any tank obstacles this way?	Y a-t-il des obstacles antichars par ici?
Where is the nearest landing field?	Où est le terrain d'aviation le plus proche?
Are there German planes there?	Y a-t-il des avions boches là?
I want gasoline please.	Je veux de l'essence, s'il vous plait.
I want lubricating oil, please.	Je veux de l'huile, s'il vous plait.
Fill the tank.	Remplissez le reservoir.
Airplane.	Avion.
Pilot.	Pilote.

EYES OF THE GUNS

Our Field Artillery at Bougainville, so effective that it stops Japanese attacks with no help from the other ground forces, gets remarkable on-the-nose fire direction from its OPs in jungle treetops and in Piper Cubs flying low over the enemy's lines.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

EMPRESS AUGUSTA BAY, BOUGAINVILLE, THE SOLOMONS—The air shoved against you like a rush-hour passenger getting off a subway train, and the night trembled with a terrible banging and pounding.

You knew that it was all our artillery, or most of it, but twice you slid into your foxhole. Five minutes each time was enough to make you realize that you can't stay in a foxhole forever, and out you came to retire into your jungle hammock. Fear exhausted you, and you dreamed wild dreams. Sometimes through the night you awoke to sweet silence; other times even the ground was moving with the violence of the fire.

Our artillery was pounding five Jap artillery positions—three 75s and two 155s. They had been hauled through the jungle, probably on Jap backs, since the enemy here lacks the motorized equipment and the roads to bring up heavy weapons any other way. After unknown hours of labor, the Jap guns had been readied and had begun lobbing shells into this beachhead. For a while during the night they kept firing. Then they went silent. They have not been heard from since. In return for their 100 shells, they got back 1,500 and, probably, oblivion.

The incident was the third major Jap attempt against the American positions, and it was the second counterattack wiped out by our artillery without help from other arms. The Marines, in the week they established the beachhead, had repulsed the first large Jap counterattack, using combined close-quarter and artillery fighting at some loss of American life. Army and Marine artillery, without infantry aid, had wiped out the second big Jap effort.

The repulse of the second counterattack was the most terrible for the enemy. Three and a half weeks after the successful American landing, a strong Jap force of infantrymen slipped down through the pass above our beachhead and advanced under cover of the jungle, a cover that was almost perfect but not quite. Artillery observers spotted them, but the crews of our heavy guns held fire.

All that day the Japs came on, and that night, confident that they were undetected, they bedded down without digging in. Some hours after dark the beachhead below them seemed to explode as more than 100 of our guns opened in a hysterical chorus. Next day, in half the shelled area, 1,096 Jap bodies were counted.

THE success of our artillery in discovering the enemy before a costly clash with our front-line infantrymen was no accident. A skillful group of spotters on the ground, in trees and in planes see to it that things turn out that way more often than you would expect in this jungle.

Typical of the tree OPs is one that is 85 feet up in a giant feather duster, branchless except for the mop at its top. Trees like that are a staple of this moist tropical shore. The OP is reached by bosun's chair, raised by hand with rope and pulley. Going up and down is more of a thrill than a 25-cent ride on the Coney Island parachute jump, according to Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK staff artist, who went up to sketch the place.

A pleasant little world all its own exists in the treetop. You might think at first that the observers have to cling to branches to stay up in the tree. Actually the GIs in this OP have a wood platform, a shelter half to keep off the rain, a telephone to keep in touch with the ground and a pack of cards to make time pass enjoyably.

For the regal tree sitters there are no chow lines to sweat out. KPs down below take care of all that for them, filling their mess kits, hoisting them up, refilling them if an unfortunate jerk on the line sends the chow plunging back down 70 or 80 feet and later scrubbing the mess kits.

The observers have learned to take things calmly. "Look over there," remarked one of them, handing Greenhalgh binoculars. "See that shed way off in there? The Japs are building something. Every morning there's something new. We haven't been able to figure out yet what it is. After a while we'll put the artillery on it."

The OP, just behind the front lines, is within sniper range, but so far the lookouts have had no trouble.

FOR observation right over the Jap positions the Artillery's own planes are used—a couple of little Piper Cubs, so frail that when you ride in one, you think you know how a kite must feel. The Cubs drift around in wind gusts or heat currents like a newspaper, particularly at the take-off and landing, just the times you'd most appreciate steadiness.

The Japs have used no ack-ack, so far, but once in a while some of them will risk giving away their ground positions by taking pot shots with rifles or machine guns. About one attack every 10 days has been the average for each of the Cubs. So far, no hits.

The Cub has no arms, not even a .45. Its horizontal speed is a mere 70 mph, and 120 is the fastest it can dive. The Cub would be duck soup for a Zero, so it stays at tree-skimming altitude whenever possible, because this is the least favorable level for an enemy fighter.

But if a Cub is caught high in the air by a Jap, the little ship still has one more trick in store. 2d Lt. William M. Davis of Baton Rouge, La., a Cub pilot, whose flying costume consists solely of baseball cap, fatigue shorts and black keds, demonstrated the technique as we soared over the surf of Empress Augusta Bay at 2,000 feet.

Jerking his thumb toward the blue water below, Lt. Davis shoved the stick forward. The sea

TREE OBSERVATION POST. . At the edge of the perimeter's most forward position on Bougainville, an artillery observer is perched 85 feet high. In distance smokes the active volcano of Bagana. At its foot and all around in front of the OP are Japs. The observer is a pretty good target but doesn't seem to be worrying. He's looking at a building the Japs have had under way for three weeks. When they finish it, our artillery will get the range. Observer travels to and from his post by a bosun's chair

FIRE DIRECTION CENTER. The gunnery officer, a captain, receives directions by telephone from the pilot-observer in Piper Cub, who has spotted Japs and is calling for fire. *Pilot-Observer:* "Enemy patrol. Request Battalion will adjust." *Captain:* "How large an area do you want covered?" *Pilot:* "200 yard concentration." *Captain:* "Battalion on the way." (Later) "How'd they look out there?" *Pilot:* "Couldn't ask for better." The battalion CO, a lieutenant colonel, studies a map, while two spectators smoke. Behind the gunnery officer are computers.

rolled up into view over the prop and the Cub slid down like a Flexible Flyer sled over an icy cliff. At 100 feet the Cub braced its narrow shoulders, heaved and pushed the world level again. The lieutenant looked back over his shoulder to comment. If a fighter tried to tail a Cub down in a dive like that, he said, the fighter could never come out of it. As the Cub pulled up short, the fighter would flash by to a certain crash.

Your attention wandered from the pilot's chatter as the Cub went into another dive. You stared past him at the water, now close enough for you to make out the individual drops. You hoped it was all part of the act, and it was. At 10 feet the Cub bit in again, checked its dive and zoomed back up. If the 100-foot pull-out was not enough to get rid of the Zero, the 10-foot one certainly would be.

The pilot checked his radio now, preparatory to going over Jap territory. "Jones, this is Davis," he intoned into a microphone. "Jones, this is Davis. If there is an alert, please notify us immediately."

"Will call. Will call," the ground promised.

Before we took off, there had been two reports of Jap planes in the vicinity. Lt. Davis was sure they were just hanging around to see what was going on, but he wasn't taking any chances. Cubs live by the philosophy that if today they fly away, they'll live to fly some other day.

Smoke rose below us as if from a half-dozen heavy bonfires. "Our artillery firing," called the pilot. The Cub swung across the beachhead toward the target of the firing, beyond the wide light-green swath through the jungle formed by the Torokina River on the beachhead's southern front. There we could see the effect of the shooting—towering pillars of smoke many times greater than those that had come from our artillery positions. Under the fire, the lieutenant said, was a force of from 500 to 1,000 Japs.

Across the Torokina, another object of artillery attention came into view. Geysers high as the roof of a two-story building mushroomed into the air in the waters just offshore, hung there lazily for a moment and then leisurely subsided, leaving great black blots that the bay waters took many minutes to erase.

Pointing to the stretch of jungle beside the shelled beach, the lieutenant explained that a reinforced company of Japs was huddled there. The shots in the water were the outer limits of a concentration that was crashing into the jungle beside the shore. Concentrations of artillery take in several hundred yards to make sure of covering the target, so some shells are bound to fall too far to either side.

Curving now above the Jap force under attack, the plane headed for the sea. "Take off your earphones and you can probably hear them firing at us," said the lieutenant. "We got our tails shot at this morning. The bums shot at us with rifles."

Not very enthusiastic about the idea, you removed the radio head set, leaned out and peered down. You heard only the "pot, pot" of bursting shells, and saw nothing but two or three native huts of thatch, and the treetop blanket of green that concealed the enemy's positions from all but a trained eye. Then you pulled your head back in and waited for what seemed like the duration plus six, until the plane finished creeping over the Jap area and got back to the bay.

Since other spotters were directing all the firing at the moment, the Cub headed back to its base, passing over the fan of yellow-green where the Torokina splays into Empress Augusta Bay.

The lieutenant turned again to mention an incident that happened at this point a week earlier. The Cub's sending set went dead, but the artillerymen told the pilot over his receiving set to watch the shots anyway and waggle his wings when the shells fell on target. This impromptu method worked perfectly.

The pilot pointed below at the last item of special interest, a tiny rectangular clearing in the jungle. "That's where we got a Jap plane last week," he said. "It cut off the trees as it hit."

BOTH ground and aerial observers are given a considerable share of the credit for the success of the heavy weapons by Brig. Gen. Leo M. Kreber of Columbus, Ohio, CG of the Artillery of the 37th Division. Artillery in turn is credited by Maj. Gen. Robert S. Beightler, CG of the division itself, also of Columbus, with a large share of the achievements in this campaign.

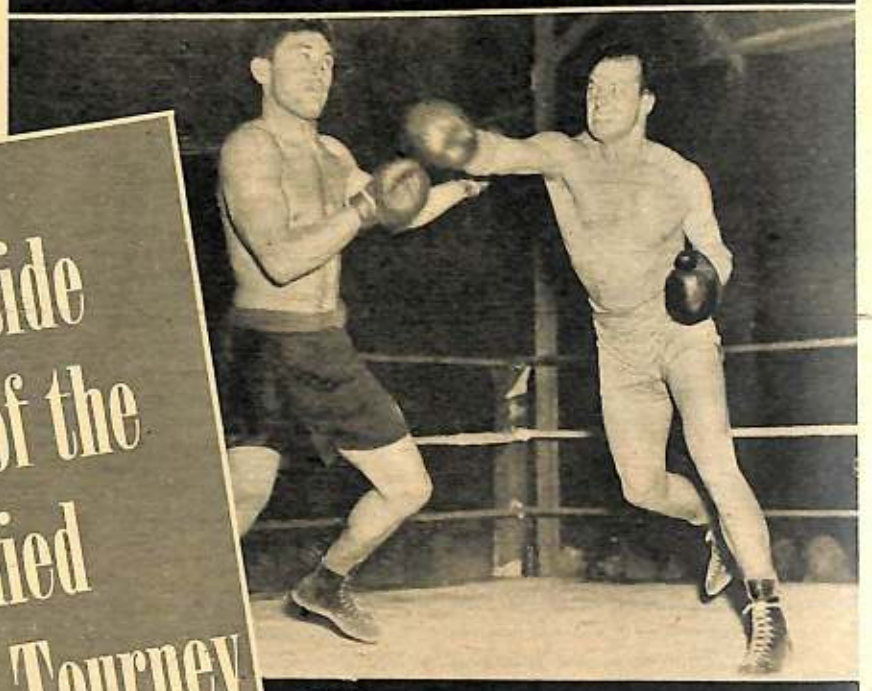
Recalling the 37th's part in the savage fighting at Munda, New Georgia, in July 1943, the general said 50 percent of the credit for that success should go to the Artillery. "This campaign," he added, "has made me think even more highly of the Artillery, and I believe pretty nearly every infantryman in this division is sold on it."

Ringside view of the Allied Boxing Tourney

CLARK'S CHAMPS. Five of the 13 American winners were members of Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark's Fifth Army. Front row, left to right: Pvt. Marshall Higa, 118; Pvt. Larry Cisneros, 147; Pvt. Tom Guzzardo, 135. Back row: Pvt. Cecil Shumway, 190; Lt. John Sullivan, coach; Pvt. Robert Barry, 175.

AN OMEN? Not exactly. It just rained so hard that Abdelkader Addadaine, French sailor, had to be carried into the ring to keep his shoes dry. He wasn't carried out although he lost the fight on points. Note Cpl. Zeke Bonura in foreground seated next to the guy in dark glasses.

VICTORY KISS. Rene Pons of the French Navy gets a resounding smack on the cheek from his father, an Algierian trucker, after beating Clarence Bradley of the Fifth Army for the professional featherweight championship.



UPSET. Missing with long, looping rights like this cost Pvt. Perry Bryson the heavyweight title. He was picked to kayo Pvt. Cecil Shumway, but couldn't connect and lost. Both hail from Dallas, Tex.

AN ARAB MOSQUE ON THE HILL OVERLOOKS ST. EUGENE STADIUM IN ALGIERS WHERE 176 HARD-FISTED SERVICEMEN FOUGHT SIX DAYS FOR 16 BOXING TITLES.

SPORTS: KENTUCKY DERBY HORSES: THEIR LIVES AND LOVES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

A HANDY guide to the 63d running of the Kentucky Derby, May 3, including the confessions of a filly and a remedy for snake bite.

Miss Keeneland. Daughter of Blenheim II and half-sister of Whirlaway, from William Woodward's Calumet Farms stable. Started eight times as a 2-year-old, won four, finished second three times and banked $30,795. Rumored to have a romantic interest in Pukka Gin, the favorite.

Pukka Gin. Definitely not interested in Miss K. or any other filly entered in the Derby. Col. C. V. Whitney says he has a crush on an old mare at a nearby stud farm and is willing to wait. Won five races in 1943 but attracted little attention until he stepped into fast company in the Champagne Stakes, at a mile, and flattened Platter and Occupy. Not to be confused with Sloe Gin.

Director J. E. Named after you know who. But needs a little investigating himself after finishing out of the money in the Flamingo Stakes last winter at Hialeah. Best beyond a mile, so the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter may be to his liking.

Grant Rice. Won only one race in two seasons, and even his namesake, Grantland Rice, has quit writing about him.

Black Badge. Red hot as a 2-year-old. Set the Detroit tracks afire with six straight victories and then won two stakes at Chicago. But he's a sprinter, and the Derby route is strictly for the Cunninghams and Haeggs.

Stir Up. This Greentree Stable nominee made the mistake of winning the Flamingo Stakes. It's a tradition that the Flamingo winner never wins the Derby. Only one, Lawrin, ever did. And Stir Up is no Lawrin. Besides, he's supposed to be sweet on a filly named Durazna, who is also running in the Derby.

Durazna. A career horse who believes a filly can run in the spring as long as she keeps her mind on her business. Said to be fashioning her career after Regret, the pin-up girl of Wilson's Administration, who was the only filly who ever won the Derby. As a 2-year-old, Durazna beat not only her own sex but ran some of the best colts into the ground. Frankly, Stir Up is wasting his time.

Alorter. As far back as last summer, this black colt by The Porter—Sun Bijur was picked as the horse to beat in the Derby. Since then he has been the horse they all beat.

Platter. A chestnut colt by Pilate—Let's Dine, and according to George D. Widener, the biggest chow hound in his stable. Won only two races in 1943—the Pimlico Futurity and Walden Stakes—but they were at a mile and a sixteenth. In both races he came roaring from behind at the stretch turn and finished like the wind.

Kope Kona. A Hawaiian colt who came over just for the ride and to get an American Theater ribbon. He has never been to the post because there was no racing in Honolulu in 1943.

Olympic Zenith. William Helis changed his name, but we would know him anywhere. A lot of broke horse players knew him as Valdina Zenith. Has since reformed and recently grabbed first money in the Louisiana Derby.

Occupy. Richest horse entered in the Derby, but his money won't do him a damn bit of good here. Earned $112,949 in 1943, winning five races, but was knocked down late in the season by Pukka Gin and that man hater, Durazna. His brother, Occupation, was another big money winner who couldn't win the Derby.

Lucky Draw. Watch this horse. His trainer told us the other day that he had a fight with his stablemate, Platter, over some newspaper clippings and may be out to better himself.

Pensive. The trouble with this second Calumet nomination is that he thinks too much. Probably sensitive about his name. The last time he stopped to think he finished fourth to Occupy in the Belmont Futurity. His trainer, Ben Jones, says he will wake up in a certain distance race in May in Louisville.

Harriet Sue. A shy, sweet young thing who ran away and hid from colts as a 2-year-old. Her place is in the stable over a hot bag of oats.

Above: Durazna, a filly with a chance
Right: Pukka Gin winning at Belmont

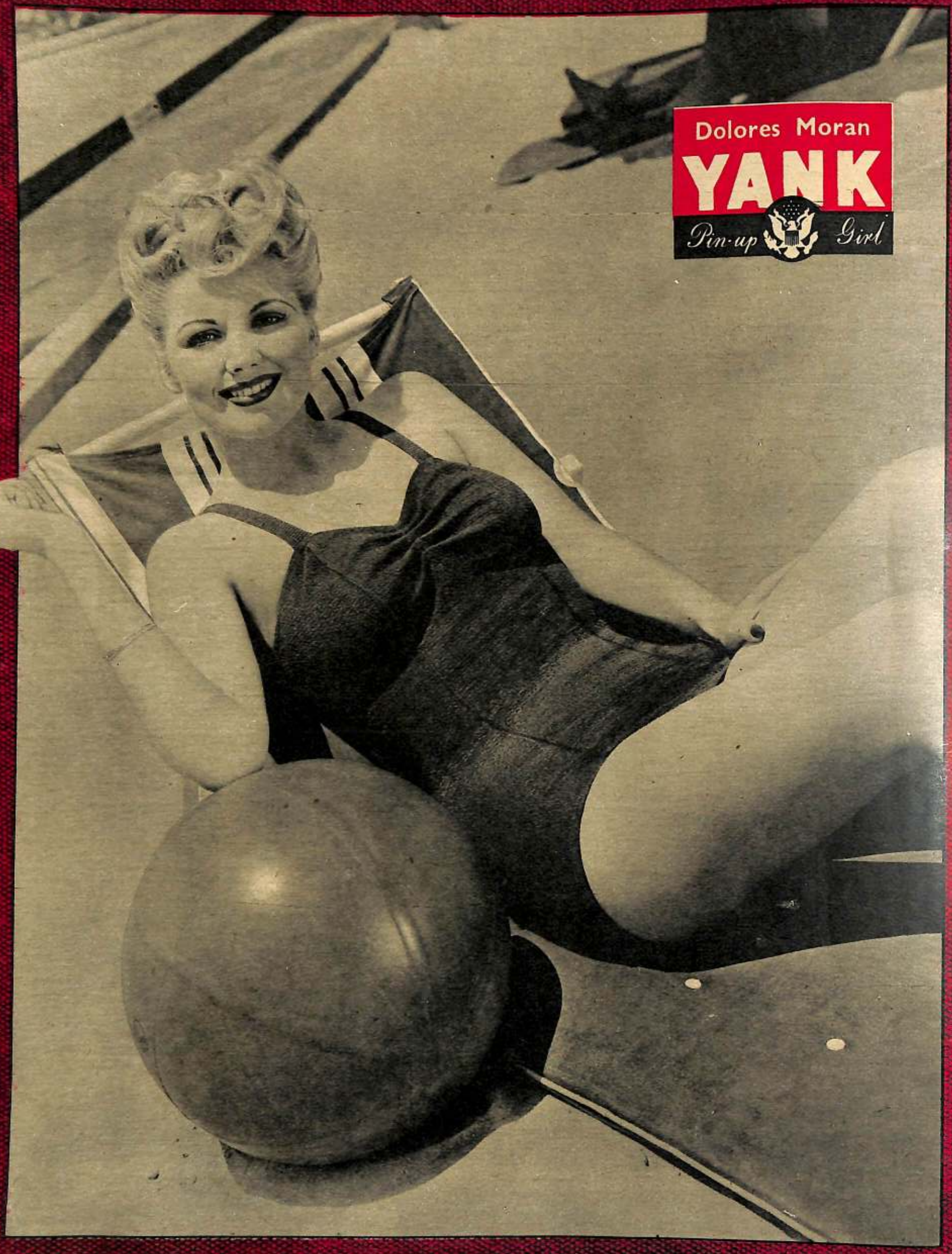
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Marcel Cerdan, the French sailor who won the Allied welterweight championship at Algiers, is hardly a "sensational new fighter" or a "find." As far back as 1939, he was supposed to come to this country to meet **Henry Armstrong,** but the war broke out and Cerdan found himself stranded. . . . Army's 1944 football schedule is tougher than a den of lions. The Cadets open with powerful North Carolina, then on successive Saturdays tackle N. C. Pre-Flight School, Villanova, Pittsburgh, Duke, Notre Dame, Penn and Navy. . . . **Leo Durocher** is still screaming about that $400 he lost to a bunch of Army pilots in a crap game at a Florida air base. . . . Attention **Steve O'Neill,** manager of the Detroit Tigers: **T-5 Virgil Green,** a left-hander from Lansing, Mich., who hurled Australia's first no-hit, no-run game, wants to sign with you when he comes home. . . . **Pvt. Alton Wilkie,** the Pirate lefty, is attending NCO school at Camp Roberts, Calif. . . . Here's a new one on us: **Yankee Billy Johnson,** already inducted into the Army, was discharged so he could join the Merchant Marine. . . . **A/C Howie Pollett,** the slick Cardinal southpaw, has qualified as a bombardier and is now learning aerial gunnery at Las Vegas, Nev. . . . From **Mac Rothenberg,** stationed somewhere in England with the Eighth Air Force Fighter Command, comes this report on **Sgt. Freddie Mills:** "He's nothing but a third-rater. Matching him with Louis would be the biggest farce in history. Mills couldn't hold his own against Gus Lesnevich. His style is amateurish and he leads with his chin."

Killed in action: **Capt. Jeff Dickson,** the "Tex Rickard of Europe" and discoverer of Primo Carnera, during a raid over Germany. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Tom Harmon,** Michigan's All-American halfback, with the silver star for the part he played in a battle over Jap-held China, where he shot down two Zeros before being shot down himself. . . . *Commissioned:* **Joe Beggs,** Cincinnati right-hander, as a lieutenant (jg) in the Navy. . . . *Discharged:* **Betty Hicks,** women's national golf champion, from the Coast Guard with a CDD; **Johnny Gilbert,** veteran jockey, from the Army with a CDD.

Inducted: **Tony Galento,** one-time heavyweight contender, into the Army; **Dick Bartell,** New York Giant infielder, into the Navy; **Jimmy Orlando,** former Detroit Red Wing defenseman, into the Canadian Army; **Bill Dietrich,** Chicago White Sox pitcher, into the Army; **Joe Glenn,** ex-Yankee catcher, now on the roster of the Kansas City Blues, into the Navy; **Steve Sundra,** right-hander of the St. Louis Browns, into the Army; **Bill Baker,** Pittsburgh catcher, and **Bob Klinger,** Pittsburgh pitcher, into the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Dixie Walker,** Brooklyn outfielder, because of an injured knee; **Ray Mueller,** catcher for the Cincinnati Reds, because of stomach ulcers; **George Metkovich,** Boston Red Sox outfielder, because of improper healing of a broken leg.

TAPPED. Tony Galento, the human beer barrel, lets a couple of GIs feel the Army's new soft underbelly after being inducted at Newark, N. J.


Dolores Moran
YANK
Pin-up Girl