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By the men . . for the men in the service

BANQUET IN ITALY

Polish Flyers Drop Mines in German Harbors

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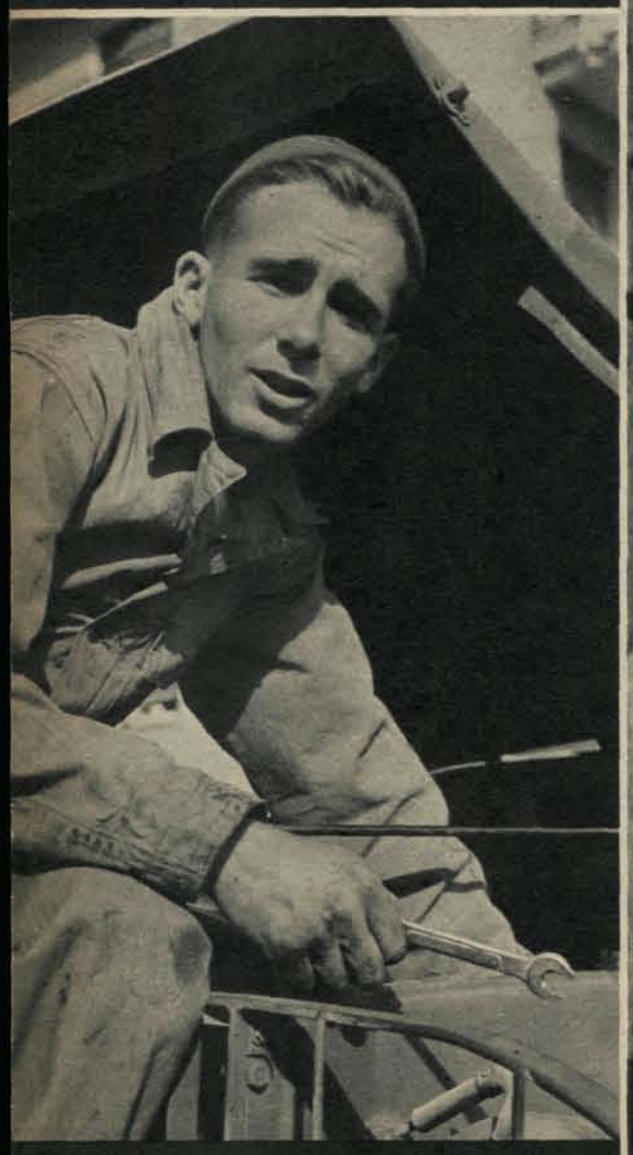
What do you think of the Italian people?

Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer, asked the question of five representative GIs in Italy and got these answers.

CPL. CHARLES EBERLY of Asbury Park, N. J., had this to say about the Italians: "They're a very sociable people, very eager to return the slightest consideration you show them. They look much the same as Italians I've seen back home."

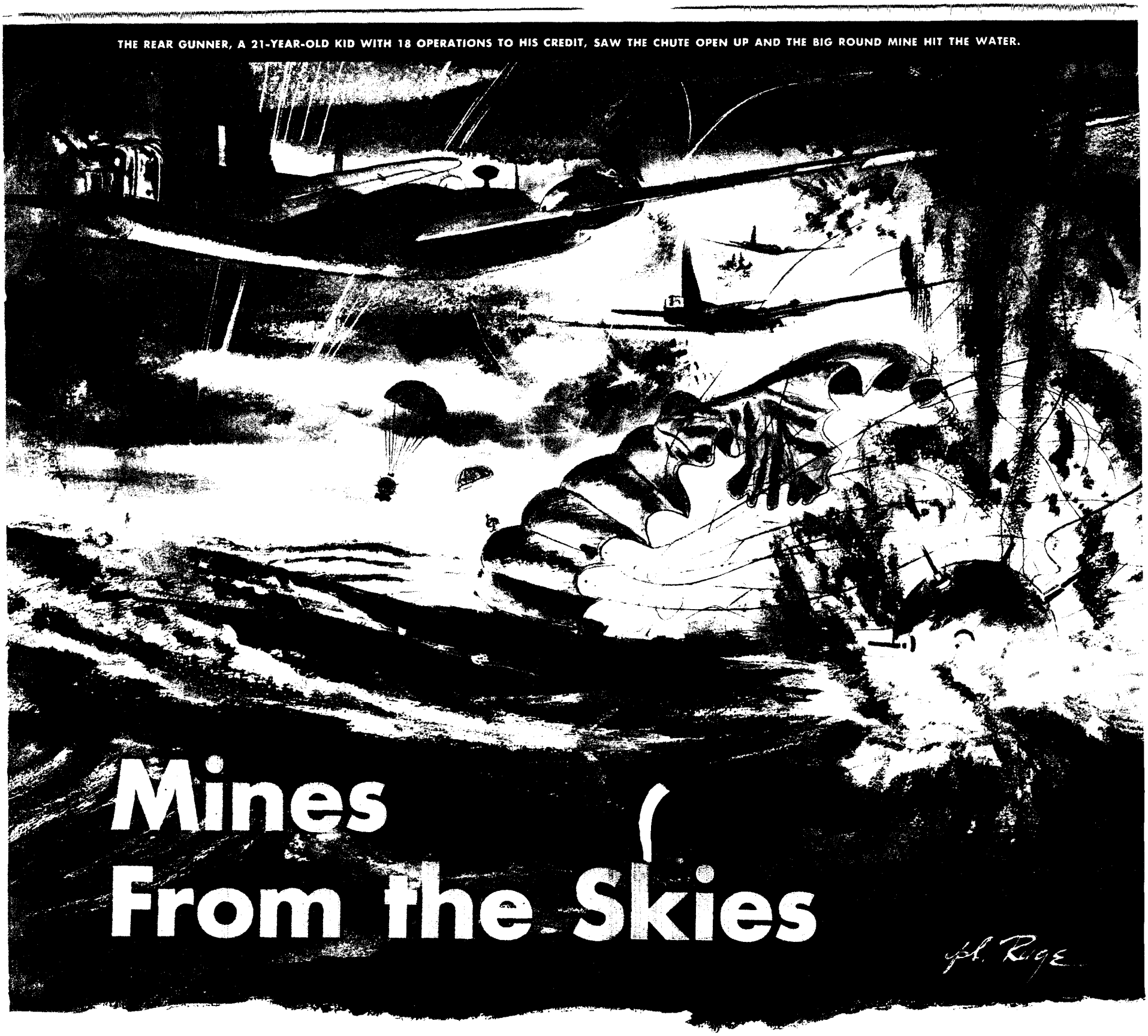
T-4 HAROLD L. PECK of Phelps, N. Y., said: "They seem to be interested in what's going on in America and in learning English. I was surprised to hear them singing American songs they'd heard without understanding the words."



T-5 W. S. TYSON comes from Trenton, N. J. He said: "On the whole they're a pretty nice looking, friendly bunch of people. If you visit their homes, don't praise their furniture or pictures or they'll certainly try to give them to you!"

S SGT. JOHNNY BOYD said: "They certainly are hospitable. If they invite you to meals you have to hold down your appetites because of rationing but their spaghetti is almost as good as the spaghetti you get in the States." Boyd is from Augusta, Ga.

T-5 ROBERT CROSSLEY of Pittsfield, Mass., thinks the people are "pleasant and amiable, and Italian girls are decidedly on the good-looking side. They're hard to talk to on a date, but that's on account of the language, not their dispositions."



Mines From the Skies

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND [By Cable]—One night in November 1939, when a lot of people were saying the Germans had perfected a terrible secret weapon that would destroy British sea power, a sentry at Shoeburyness on the Thames estuary casually glanced up at the sky and saw something that startled him.

Swooping down from the dark blue like an ugly black buzzard was a German plane, apparently a Heinkel 105. The plane leveled off at about 1,000 feet and a few seconds later a round something plunged out of the ship. Hanging above the object was a white parachute. At first the sentry thought it was a German parachutist, but a second glance changed his mind.

The incoming tide prevented him from wading into the sea after the thing. He called the Admiralty. The British Navy authorities were happy. Maybe this was a sample of the German secret weapon they'd been waiting for. The best mine experts rushed to Shoeburyness and retrieved the object from the water intact. Sure enough, it was the much discussed German secret weapon—a magnetic mine.

Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, ordered the experts to work unceasingly until they discovered a device to destroy the magnetic mine's effectiveness. Within a short time an antidote called the degaussing girdle was developed, and soon every minesweeper and ship was equipped with one.

More important, however, the British hit back at the enemy by stealing his own technique of laying sea mines from the air. The British began with two-engined Hampden bombers in April 1940, and later fitted four-engined Lancasters and two-engined Wellingtons for the job of dropping these parachute mines.

Now, almost four years later, the records show that the number of mines planted by the Royal Air Force and the Fleet Air Arm runs well into the six-figure column. No single harbor or shipping lane along the coast line of western Europe from the Baltic to the Bay of Biscay is safe for Axis shipping these days.

Working on this great job with the British are the airmen of the smaller United Nations. As the first correspondent to fly with the Poles on any air mission, I accompanied the RAF's Polish Squadron on a mine-laying sortie recently and saw first hand how that kind of an operation is carried out.

The crew consisted of five young Poles. Altogether they had bombed Germany and Occupied Europe 126 times. The pilot was a 24-year-old sergeant named Tadeusz, who had been out on 37 "high wars," as the Poles call high-altitude bombing. This was his first "low war." He was a small man, about 5 feet 4, and he always smiled, even when he cussed. He cussed most of the time.

A few minutes before briefing time, the men gathered around an old stove that had no fire in it. They talked about this and that, and then the squadron leader entered the briefing room.

Everybody rose to attention. The officer clicked his heels. Then everybody sat down.

In Polish the squadron leader explained that the targets for tonight were certain enemy waters in the area around the Frisian Islands north of the Netherlands. When he had finished, an RAF intelligence officer spoke in English. He pointed to a map on the wall and discussed the various places where the mines should be dropped. In night flying, the planes do not fly in formation, and in mine laying every plane has its own spot where it is supposed to drop its load. When he had finished, the British officer lightly clicked his heels, just the way the Polish squadron leader did. Then a Polish intelligence officer, who sounded like a football coach between the halves, told the men they were doing much more than laying traps for enemy ships.

"Remember," he said, "every time you go out there the enemy must follow your tracks with a large mine-sweeping fleet. That means a loss of manpower for the Germans. Then again, you force them to send out night fighters to patrol the area and you slow down shipping traffic between Germany and the Scandinavian countries."

"As a result of your activity," the officer went on, "shipments of iron ore and aluminum to Germany have been cut down. This has seriously impaired the German production of war machinery. In other words," he said, looking around the room, "you're bottling Germany up so tightly she is gradually being forced out of the shipping lanes. The tighter Germany is bottled up, the sooner we'll see Poland again."

In the supply room, several men approached me and asked if I had any flying equipment. I didn't, so each one offered me some of his own. When I was completely dressed, I found that my flying boots were British, my coveralls were American and another garment, which a sergeant told me to put on over my coveralls, was of Polish origin. This garment was wool-lined inside and silk outside, and plenty warm.

A flying officer, temporarily grounded after completing 30 missions, asked me to wear his shirt. It was light green in color, with pin stripes broken by dots. "My wife made it for me just before I escaped from Poland," he said. "I've always worn it on operations. It would please me, *Panie Amerykanie* (Mister American), if you would wear it tonight."

A truck stopped in front of the supply room and a Waaf, an English girl, opened the door of the cab and shouted in Polish: *"Predko, predko* (Hurry, hurry)." One of the sergeants shouted back, "Okye, okye," sounding like a Cockney. We all piled in and she drove us off to the plane.

A few minutes before the take-off, Tadeusz suggested that the best position for me would be under the astro-dome. "From there you can see everything," he said. "Besides, we need a man in that position, just in case enemy fighters decide to dive at us from the sky. If you see any aircraft at all, let us know quickly."

As an afterthought, he added: "Yell in Polish or in English, whichever comes faster." And then he cussed me out, though politely, and smiled and patted me on the shoulder.

Over the interphone we could hear a girl's voice. It felt good to hear a woman talking just before we left on a combat mission. It made us forget there was danger ahead. It seemed almost as if we were leaving on a nice pleasant journey from La Guardia Field.

The voice we heard belonged to a Waaf in the control tower. She was telling our pilot to taxi up to the flare path.

As we took off, the long line of planes behind us looked like a motor caravan on the Boston Post Road or the Lincoln Highway in America. They were Wellingtons, just like ours, and their wing lights were on.

Except for the voice of the navigator, Pilot Officer Ludwig, there was little talking over the interphone. It was the navigator's first combat mission, but his voice was steady and he seemed to be very sure of himself when he spoke.

Once in a while the pilot would yell through the interphone: "How are you, American? Everything okey-dokey?" Once I couldn't locate the reply switch on the interphone so I couldn't answer Tadeusz immediately. "Hey, Yankee Doodle Dandy," he yelled. "This is no time to sleep. Hurry up, American, wake up." I finally located the switch and apologized. Tadeusz laughed and cussed me out again.

LABORATORY EXPERIMENT

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—Favorite story of the Polish flyers in the RAF goes back to the days when they were still on operational training. They wanted to fly over Germany, but the British wouldn't let them go until they had completed their instruction.

One night on a practice bombing mission, a Polish plane disappeared. RAF pilots flew all over England and the North Sea looking for the bomber, but the Poles were nowhere to be found.

Several hours later a lonely Wellington circled the field and landed. It was the missing ship. British intelligence officers swarmed all over the Polish airmen. "We didn't want to waste our bombs on a practice target," the grinning pilot explained. "So we went to Germany and dropped them there."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

It's not very beautiful in the middle of the North Sea late at night. At least, it didn't look pretty this night. The clouds were a very ugly black and they hung low. The water below, when we could see it through a break in the clouds, looked heavy, brown and slippery. There was all this nothingness around us. None of our planes was in sight. There wasn't even an enemy plane. I felt like rolling up and going to sleep.

Then, far beyond our left wing, I sighted a plane. Its wings and fuselage blended perfectly against the muddy sky and a white little light on it looked like a moving star. But there were no stars out now, so I knew it was a plane and I called it to the attention of Tadeusz.

He checked and then reported back quickly. "It's okey dokey," he said. "It's Wimpey."

Within 30 minutes of our target, the interphone was busy. The navigator, rear gunner and bombardier checked back and forth with Tadeusz. As we penetrated deeper and deeper into enemy coastal waters, the clouds thickened.

This played hell with the pilot's nerves. He cussed the clouds over and over again. In Polish, Tadeusz used such expressions as "May lightning strike you"; in English his cussing was more to the point. He was angry because he had come all this way and now the clouds threatened to interfere with our job of planting mines right on a pinpoint in the shipping lane.

"A mine doesn't do any good outside of the shipping lane," the intelligence officer had said, and we began worrying and hoping that by some good luck there would be a break in the clouds before we reached the target.

It is strange how thirsty a man can become at times like that. We were flying low and didn't need oxygen masks, so it was easy enough to drink something or chew candy. I remembered there was a thermos bottle full of hot coffee in a canvas bag behind the astro-dome. Everybody had brought along an individual thermos bottle. I reached into the bag, took out the thermos and poured some coffee into the aluminum cap.

Just then the pilot called to the bombardier: "Only one minute." The bombardier said "Okay." That meant we'd be right over the enemy's doorstep in a minute. If we could believe the stories the Fortress gunners had told us, the Frisian Islands were not exactly armed with peashooters. We expected plenty of opposition.

I sipped my coffee slowly but kept looking all around and up. Now I could see coast line. Our plane was flying right through a break between two islands. Suddenly the plane began to rock and then it lost altitude. Out above the left wing, bursts of green fire could be seen and for a moment I thought the plane had been hit.

Tadeusz was using the interphone plenty now. Then suddenly the plane dropped again, almost into a nose-dive, until I thought we were going right in the drink below. All this happened in 10 seconds, but time up there is different from time down on land.

Tadeusz straightened out the plane. Ahead, behind and above us, there was the most beautiful Fourth-of-July display of fireworks I'd ever seen. Far in the distance and all around us were big red bursts. Closer to us were light green bursts. The red bursts represented heavy flak. The green stuff was light flak.

At one point I stuck my head closer to the top of the astro-dome to get a clearer view of our rear. Then I ducked fast. Hot, brightly illuminated slugs from machine guns passed high above me. I gulped whatever coffee there was left in the cap and looked up again.

Then I heard the navigator talking. *"Czas,"* he said, *"czas."* That means "time." The bombardier muttered something in Polish, and then I could feel a heavy thud from below the center of the fuselage and I knew the mine had been released. From where I was, it was impossible to see the mine parachuting into the shipping lane, but the rear gunner, a 21-year-old kid with 18 operations to his credit, saw the chute open up and the big round mine hit the water.

Time dragged slowly after that. It seemed as if an hour passed before we circled our way out of the position between the islands. Actually it was only about 10 minutes, but the continuous barrage of flak and machine-gun fire made it seem six times as long. All this while Tadeusz was cussing. He was much happier now. We'd planted our load and the only thing that could prevent us from returning to base would be a lucky shot from somewhere. But there were no lucky shots for the Germans this night and soon we were out over the North Sea again.

Over the interphone came Tadeusz' voice. He warned everybody to be on the look-out for enemy convoys, so that if we spotted any we could radio our base to notify British torpedo boats. Far in the distance ahead of us there was a large amber light. Coming from it we could see faint sparks of light. It was an enemy flak ship and it was shooting at one of our planes. Tadeusz said it might be a convoy. Then the navigator called out a slight change of our course to get out of the range of fire and Tadeusz turned the plane in that direction. A few minutes later the amber light was gone, and nothing was left but the ugly black clouds and the heavy brown sea below.

But they looked prettier than they had on the way over. We were satisfied our job was well done, and back at the base the Waafs would hand us a shot of brandy and coffee and sandwiches. We also knew there would be clean, warm beds waiting for us. By this time we were all very hungry and damn sleepy.

At one point I stuck my head closer to the top to get a clearer view. Then I ducked fast.

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The New York Subway System On the Italian Front

By Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—Perhaps some busy somebody has taken care of the matter—I haven't been able to read anything much lately—but in case it hasn't been done, I think the New York subway system should receive proper credit for its part in the war here in Italy.

I first came across this curious connection of the venerable and undramatic subway with the war here in Italy one morning shortly after daylight on the beaches of Paestum. I was standing behind an Italian farmhouse a little undecided about things. A German M34 machine gun had been chattering a little while before across a corn patch, and I was supposed to go in that direction. I was sitting there thinking about things when a little Italian farmer came up and started speaking English.

The Germans had gone, he said, up the road they had gone.

"Thanks," I said. "Where did you learn to speak English?"

"I work for the New York subway system five years," he said.

Later in the afternoon a few of us from L Company and M Company plodded up the 3,500-foot slope of Mount Soprano, overlooking the beach. A battery of 88s had rained concentrated hell on us from the mountain since daylight.

Nearing the town of Capaccio, we slowed up a little. Red communication wire, Jerry's sure trail, led around the mountain, where the forward observer had been, and along the rugged winding road to Capaccio, where the 88s were supposed to be. We didn't know what was in front of us, so we moved along cautiously.

Then an Italian came out of a farmhouse and told us all about it.

"They've gone—all gone! Run away to the east. They all been drunk all afternoon. They get all *vino* in the town, then they run away."

He had worked for the New York subway system five years.

I met a Boston subway worker a night or two later.

Some of us had taken a patrol into Trentinara just to see if there were any Germans in the place. I found myself walking up a main street as dark as deep-land sorghum syrup and as crooked as the stick held by the crooked man who walked a crooked mile in the nursery rhyme; and the place was not only dark, it seemed completely deserted. Our artillery had been shelling the town and the natives had mostly taken to the hills.

I nosed along, followed by a few GIs who didn't like the situation and plainly said so. Suddenly an Italian stepped out of a dark alley with outstretched hand and said "Hello."

We had quite a conversation there in the dark street. Other Italians crept out of hiding timidly, and presently there was a small crowd of us talking and laughing.

The Germans had all gone. They had left the day before, 18 of them, dressed in civilian clothes.

"They throw away their guns, they go northeast," one man said, pointing to a mountain. Tall and wistful and white in the daytime, it reminded me somehow of the Chrysler Building in New York. "No more Germans left in this whole country. The shepherds come in from the hills and report all Germans fleeing," he said.

He wanted to talk more about Boston (he had helped build the Boston subway) and Brookline and all those Back Bay places.

Some days later when I managed to escape from the Germans about 100 miles behind their lines, I had the courage to stop at an Italian farmhouse largely because I remembered these incidents and the New York subway system.

I had been captured with five of my men while on reconnaissance behind enemy lines on Sept. 14 at the bloody battle of Altavilla. Five days later I made my escape and started back in the night toward our lines, far to the south.

Jerry was all over the country but principally on the highways, trying to withdraw his tremendous, ponderous equipment to new positions north of the Volturno River. I stumbled across country, dodging villages and dogs. Dogs sailed out every so often, yelping and howling. The moon was down; I was glad for that, and yet it was a hindrance. I was always bumping into things. Once I suddenly discovered I was walking down the principal street of a village, but I was able to back out of the place without being discovered.

After a few of these mishaps, I decided to travel by day.

I picked out a nice-looking farmhouse, a couple of miles west of a village, and crawled into a strawstack to wait for morning.

The old lady who saw me first was scared out of her wits. She dashed for the doorway while I stood in the yard trying to smile and wiping wheat straw out of my beard.

In the farmhouse I discovered that no one could speak English. The farmer couldn't, his wife couldn't, his mother couldn't, his sister couldn't, and neither could his three little daughters or a boy whose mother was dead.

I'd say something in Spanish or English or a mixture of both, and they'd just shake their heads and laugh. I would shake hands with every one again, point at myself and say like a bright Fuller brush man: "*Americano!* Me *Americano! Americano* and *Italiano* (stepping hard on the *ano)* friends! Good! *Bueno!*"

Suddenly someone entered the door.

I turned and faced a bulky, heavy-set Italian with a red important-looking face, who held a pistol within a few inches of my stomach.

This should have been serious. Yet I wanted to laugh. The pistol was so small it looked like a cap pistol, and it was so completely covered with rust that I doubted whether it would fire at all. I stood there while the heavy fellow went through my trouser pockets. He hauled out the few items I possessed: a broken pencil, a fountain pen, a notebook, a billfold containing three genuine American gold-seal 10-dollar bills, and a picture of my girl.

After that he sat down on a little stool and put the pistol in his hip pocket. He didn't seem to know just what else to do.

Then an old Italian with proud, graying mustache entered the door.

"Gooda de mornin'!"

"Good morning!" I shouted. I jumped up and grabbed him by the arm and started shaking hands as though I were an Elk meeting a fellow Elk in Amarillo. "But where in hell did you learn to speak English?"

"I work 17 years for the New York subway system," he said. And from that moment on I was a firm believer in the New York subway.

WE sat down and talked a long time. I got rid of my GI clothes and got into a ragged civilian shirt and trousers. I felt like going out and grabbing a hoe and going to work on the farm right away.

That night the mayor of the town and other influential Italians called on me.

One of them, a miller, pulled a yellowed sheet of paper out of his pocket and showed me an honorable discharge from the United States Army, dated 1918.

"I lived in New York before the war," he said. "I was a doorman for the New York subway system."

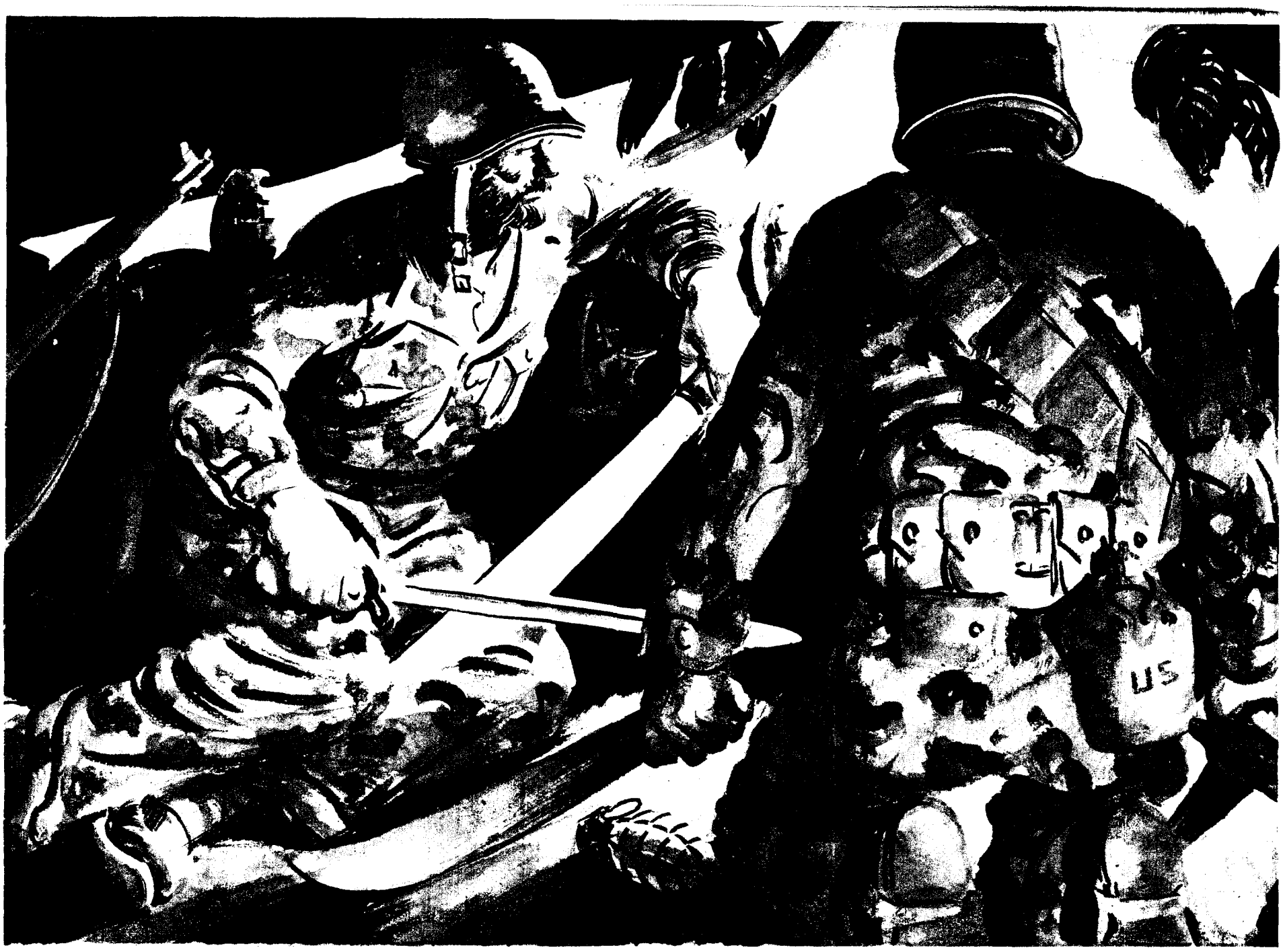
He opened his mouth and started shouting the names of the stations—Spring, Canal, 14th, 34th, 42d. After that he sang songs that had been popular during the last war: "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In the Morning" and "Are You From Dixie?" I remembered my aunt singing that one years ago.

I hid in the farmhouse for five days. Meanwhile the British Eighth Army was driving up rapidly from the south. When the flash of artillery could be seen plainly in the mountains and when the rumble sounded loud like spring thunder in Texas, I headed out for the wars again.

It was tough going; I was 16 days getting inside our lines. And—well, there were other former employees of the New York and Boston subway systems along the road, or I probably wouldn't have made it.

So my hat is off to the New York subway system. *Viva* the New York subway system, a great institution!

NEW POP. Pvt. M. L. Price, hospital guard with the Fifth Army in Italy, gets acquainted with Maria, 5-year-old Italian orphan he's arranged to adopt. She's living with her aunt until such time as Pri can take her back home to his wife in Martinsburg, W. Va. In the meantime he's working hard on his Italia



"We had orders not to fire back because it would give away our positions. We were curled up in our foxholes with a machete in one hand and a bayonet in the other."

Bull Session in New Caledonia

The veterans of the Solomons who pass through this replacement center in the South Pacific, on their way back and forth from combat areas, give out plenty of interesting details about the fine art of Jap fighting.

By Cpl. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW CALEDONIA — This replacement-center camp, snug at the foot of about 1,000-foot heights that remind you of Wyoming until you see the grass-roofed houses and barefoot natives, is a good place to get your first inside tips on what to expect when you go into action against the Japs.

Through these gates pass veterans of all the Solomons campaigns, most of them bound back to the jungle front after rest or recuperation at the rear. Through here also come fresh troops from the States who have a chance, at the PX or the Red Cross service club, to preview the island fighting in bull sessions with those who have experienced it.

"Japs," observed Cpl. Andrew Czajikioski of Bridgewater, Mass., a member of the 89th Field Artillery, "are the cleverest fighters, and yet they're the stupidest."

Others, sprawled along the walls of the pyramidal-tent CP, agreed. Czajikioski fought the Japs two months on the 'Canal and for six weeks this past summer at Munda, New Georgia.

"They do the most foolish things," he said. "They'll sacrifice a lot of men to find where your positions are, and then they'll try to take them with a small force. The Jap figures one Jap is better than 10 Americans."

One Jap group seemed to think it could take the cavalrymen in the 25th Reconnaissance Troop on the 'Canal by filling the air with horrible yells, Pvt. Norman Jennings of Evansville, Ind., said. Starting at 0430 one morning with a murmured pow-wow in a hollow below the American positions, the Japs began letting out blood-curdling screams in an increasing tempo. Finally, uttering a steady stream of cries, the Japs started shooting and running up the hill toward the 25th. The outfit's machine guns took care of them.

"But sometimes they're crafty, too," insisted Cpl. Harold Hannum of Cheswold, Del. He has the Purple Heart for a mortar-shrapnel wound that he received in his head after four tough weeks at Arundel and New Georgia in August and September with the 27th Infantry of the 25th Division.

"We were sitting on the beach at Arundel, 13 of us in two machine-gun positions," Hannum said. "An antitank outfit got pinned down on a little island offshore so we tried to release them by opening fire. They got out all right with some wounded, but when we opened fire the Japs discovered our positions. Next morning they opened up on us with heavy mortars."

The first shell from the Jap mortars fell 10 yards from his position, and the next two were only seven yards away.

"You felt the concussion raise you off the ground," Hannum said.

The enemy took full advantage of the peculiar jungle trees on New Georgia, Hannum added. These forest giants have roots that leave the trunk above ground level and reach out like arms. The Japs would crawl beneath the big roots with a machine gun and pile a foot-thick roof of coral over the top. "One Jap looked like he had a castle in there," Hannum said.

These emplacements resisted small-arms and

mortar fire, but they couldn't resist flame-throwing tanks. The major handicap of these root huts from the Jap point of view was that large machine guns could not traverse well inside of them. They had to use a narrow lane of fire.

Seconding Hannum's words was Sgt. Lester Goldstein of Collinsville, Conn., who saw round-the-clock fighting on Rendova and New Georgia for two weeks in July as a member of the 169th Infantry of the 43d Division.

"In some pillboxes they were really dug in—eight or 10 feet deep," Goldstein said. "They had three or four layers of coconut trees over the positions and coral on top of that."

Goldstein suffered contusions and fractured ligaments of the neck, and a slight shrapnel wound in the leg.

"The first night on New Georgia, the Japs got into our battalion area and threw hand grenades around," he said. "They used machine guns, too. They killed three of our men. We had orders not to fire back because it would give away our positions and we might hit our own men. We were curled up in our foxholes with a machete in one hand and a bayonet in the other. The second night we lost three or four men and on the third night we lost nine."

On the third night some Japs crept too close to foxholes and the Americans dragged them in. Finally, after two weeks of this guessing game, orders went out to open an attack. The Japs were allowed to filter through the perimeter defense, then the battalion let them have it with all guns. More than 200 Japs were killed.

WHEN the Jap digs a foxhole he will carry the dirt as much as 200 or 300 yards so that the excavated earth will not give him away, said Pvt. Seth Beeker of Huntington Woods, Mich. Beeker fought four weeks on Vella Lavella in August and September as a member of the 35th Infantry of the 25th Division and was hospitalized when a Jap mortar shell pitched him through a patch of vines. He suffered concussion and back injuries.

One Jap was "from here to across the tent away from me," Beeker said, indicating the 15 feet to the other side of the tent in which we were talking. The first that Beeker knew of the sniper was "a crack right by my ear as if someone took a newspaper and slapped me over the ear." Beeker tried to locate him but, hidden in a cylindrical three-foot foxhole under natural foliage, the Jap was invisible.

"But then I heard a crack as he opened his rifle bolt," Beeker said. "I took the top of his head right off."

Beeker said his company "could have done a hell of a lot more" if it had not been handicapped in night fighting by ammunition that "flared like a flame thrower." One Jap force that "we could have gone right through in daytime fled all day and then made a stand at dusk," he related. "They threw everything but their chow at us," he said, and finally it was necessary "to make that strategic retreat known as getting the hell out of there."

Pfc. John Manocchio of Cleveland, Ohio, made a comment that should interest GIs in basic who complain they need the full-size shovels and picks from the trucks instead of the small pack shovels to dig their foxholes. He spent July and August in the jungle war on New Georgia.

"When we reached the so-called village of Lambetti," he said, "we bivouacked 200 yards from the Japs. We got there about 1700 hours. When we dug in that night we used our hands, and we were very quiet about it. Can you dig with your hands? And how—when you have to."

Manocchio said Japs like to get on American nerves. By eavesdropping in the daytime, they pick up names of the men and then call them all night.

Jennings told of another Jap trick: "In your foxhole at night you'll hear a voice 'Got a match?' You're apt to answer without thinking, 'No, I haven't. You're not supposed to smoke anyway.' Then you're liable to have a grenade drop in on you."

The proper thing to do, Jennings said, is to lie quietly. "Then, if they come up to you, put a couple of grenades in their pockets."

Despite the difficulty of spotting camouflaged Japs, they are not too dangerous, Cpl. John Dorem of Brockton, Mass., commented. "The foliage is too thick in the jungle for them to draw a good bead," he said.

He had 23 days of combat at Munda with the 27th Infantry, 25th Division. His outfit made an unsuccessful attempt to throw a road block across the main Jap casualty-evacution trail.

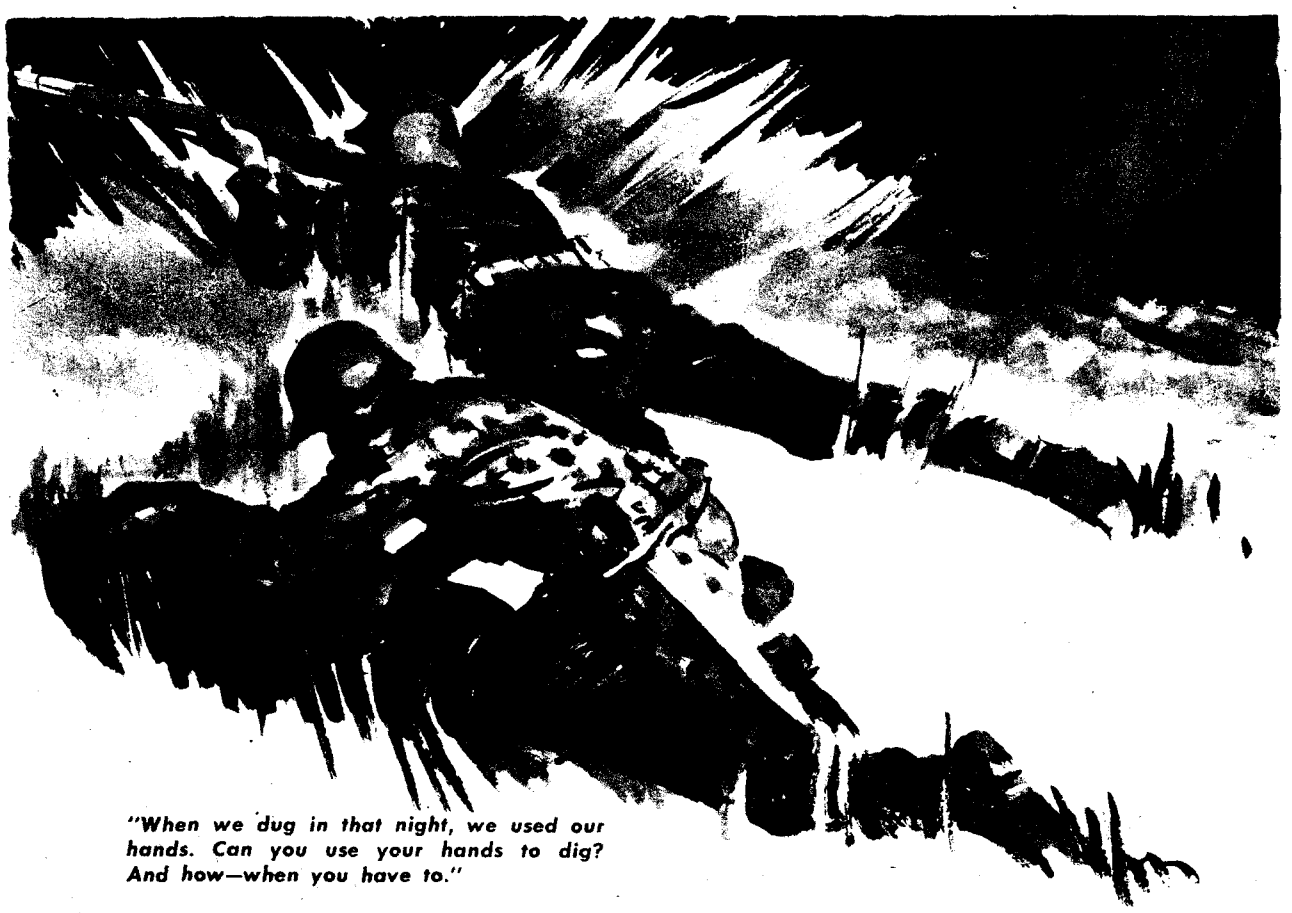
The one medic in the crowd was 1st Sgt. Joseph Lodge of Columbus, Ohio, a member of Headquarters Detachment, 112th Medical Battalion. He spent seven weeks on New Georgia, July to September.

"We were working under some very rugged conditions up there—rain, mud, roads hardly passable," he reported. "We evacuated some casualties two or three miles by litter before they got to a jeep trail."

Our artillery drew top praise from the veterans.

"At Munda," said Cpl. Aaron Drucker of Glendale, N. Y., "the artillery really had the Japs running." Drucker, a member of the 27th Infantry, was in action five weeks there in August and September.

"Our captain went to paint PW on his back. When he put the brush against it, the Jap screamed. He thought it was a knife."



"When we dug in that night, we used our hands. Can you use your hands to dig? And how—when you have to."

At Vella Lavella the story was the same, agreed T-4 Donald Altheide of Detroit. "The artillery opened up, and the Japs took off. They left the rice in their mess kits. They even left their packs. They're really afraid of the artillery. That 64th Field Artillery really did some shooting for us."

Altheide was in Company D, 35th Infantry, 25th Division. All in all, he said, Company D "didn't have too much trouble with the Japs: they ran too fast."

"One thing happened that shows the Japs aren't always willing to die," Altheide continued. "We captured a Jap, and our captain went to paint PW on his back. When he smoothed the Jap's back and put the brush against it, the Jap screamed. He thought it was a knife. He knew what would have happened to one of us in that position. We gave him some cigarettes and the captain got a fatigue hat and put it on the Jap's head and then he stopped crying."

The Jap was a sailor from a barge sunk off Vella Lavella.

Czajikioski, as the only artilleryman present, recalled proudly that Jap prisoners asked to see "the automatic artillery" after his outfit got off 39 rounds in three minutes.

PFC. JOHN FAULLA of Ridgefield, Conn., a member of the 35th Infantry, 25th Division, who saw two months' action on the 'Canal in its final stages, had what amounted to the last word.

"Don't take too many chances on them playing possum," he advised. "If you shoot them, you gotta go up and stick a knife in them to make sure they're dead. One of the fellows in our company shot a Jap officer and when he went up to the Jap to take his saber, the Jap officer reached up and grabbed him by the throat. It was a close call, but he pulled the Jap's saber out and stuck it in his belly. After that we didn't give them a chance. We just put enough bullets in them to make sure they were dead."

Random Notes on the Makin Operation, From a Reporter's Invasion Diary

By Cpl. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ABOARD A TRANSPORT, EN ROUTE TO MAKIN—This task force is carrying six Smiths. Four of them wear a total of eight stars.

The brass includes Maj. Gen. Howland M. Smith, USMC; Maj. Gen. Julian Smith, USMC; Maj. Gen. Ralph C. Smith, USA, and Rear Adm. W. W. Smith, USN.

Among the correspondents covering the action are Harold P. Smith of the Chicago *Tribune* and W. Eugene Smith, photographer for the magazine *Flying*.

CORRECTION. The bos'n's pipes shrill from each loudspeaker of the ship's public-address system.

"How do you hear there?" comes the usual preliminary to gain attention.

The command that follows is routine and heard several times each day, but on this occasion a bos'n unconsciously adds a word to the ritual.

"Sweepers, man your ----in' brooms," the order comes. "Clean sweep fore and aft."

Seconds later, the pipes twitter again, breaking the dead silence that has enveloped the ship following the profane announcement.

"Belay the ----in'," the metallic voice rasps, and having made the correction, goes off the air again.

FUBARS. There's a guy lounging against the ship's rail in khaki Army garrison cap, Navy blue dungaree pants and a green twill jacket bearing the letters "USMC." He's Sgt. J. C. Hart of Chatham, Va., a member of the FUBAR Squadron.

"We were with the Army Air Forces when we went to Virginia a couple of months ago for training in air-ground liaison," Hart says. "Then we went to San Diego and were attached to the Navy for duty. We went broke in a hurry. The Navy wouldn't pay us; said we belonged to the Army. The Army claimed we were sailors. We begged every officer in San Diego to straighten it out. Finally found a Maj. Crawford who took care of us.

"From San Diego we went to a Marine group in Washington, and then, as marines, traveled to Alaska on a battleship. Hawaii was the next stop, and we were lucky enough to run into this Maj. Crawford again, the same officer who paid us in San Diego. Now we're going to Makin as an air-ground liaison party for our landing forces."

Other Fubars aboard are S/Sgt. H. T. Sammons of Philadelphia; Sgts. Anthony Finik of New York, N. Y.; K. C. Redmond of Los Angeles; George Michaels of Philadelphia; Ted George of Baltimore; J. J. Donelly of Jersey City, N. J.; M. Knutson of Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; Cpl. R. J. Meade of New York, and Pfc. Charles Wanckhouse of New York.

Their CO, 1st Lt. Edward O'Donovan of Cohoes, N. Y., once a member of the AAF, has an easy answer to the debate about whether the Fubars are soldiers, sailors or marines; he says they're probably being carried as AWOLS in Washington.

"Maybe our records will catch up with us some day," says the lieutenant hopefully. He hasn't seen them in several months.

FUBAR? It means "Fouled Up Beyond All Recognition."

CALL ME JOE. Capt. John Walsh of New York, N. Y., commanding one of the Infantry companies that will spearhead the Makin landing, was telling his men not to use titles of rank once they hit the beach. The Japs, he said, are particularly eager to knock out officers and noncoms.

"You can call me by my first name or my last name," Walsh said. "But if you call me by a dirty name, smile.

"And if any of you come up to me, salute and call me 'captain,' I'm going to snap to attention, return the salute and say, 'Yes, Colonel'."

CARRY-ALL. The landing boat tossed as if in impatience at the delay in heading for shore. One of the soldiers aboard was muttering to himself.

" 'So get the hell across the beach fast,' " he mimicked the captain. "Just look at me. I'm carrying a pack, a gun, a load of ammunition, two canteens, a radio set, a shovel, grenades and I don't know what all, and 'move fast,' he tells me.

"Scientific war, hell. Every time somebody invents something, they give it to the goddam infantryman to carry."

WITH LANDING FORCES ON MAKIN—A major and a captain, dodging their way from cover to cover near the front, were amazed to see a sergeant sitting calmly in the middle of the road, field-stripping his BAR.

"I just had a bead on a Jap, pulled the trigger, and the damned gun went 'clunk'," he told them. "Got me so damned mad I figured that if the Jap hadn't got me then, he never would. So I came out here where there's room to strip the gun and clear the jam."

The major and the captain, dodging their way from cover to cover, continued their inspection of the front.

FAIRY TALE. Capt. Siegfried F. Lindstrom, USMC, heard that a Jap woman was found dead in the uniform of a soldier. A coast guardsman described the woman's long hair.

Capt. Lindstrom, who speaks fluent Japanese, questioned Jap and Korean prisoners. They said it wasn't a woman at all. One of the Jap radiomen was a very queer character indeed, Lindstrom learned. His hair, the prisoners said, was more than shoulder length, and he daintily patted rouge and powder on his face every day.

MEMENTOS. Evidence of last year's Marine raid on Makin was found at several points on the atoll. A Jap CP on Butaritari contained a rusty tommy gun, and on the island of Kuma an American helmet was in use as a cooking vessel.

REBOUND. The medics were carrying away Jap dead for burial. One by one the bodies, which had been piled for two days in front of a pillbox, were carried on litters to a trench.

As one pair of litter bearers, accompanied by the usual armed guard protecting them against Jap snipers, approached the lip of the trench, their dead Jap came to life, leaped from the litter and headed for the brush.

One shot from the guard dropped him. The medics trotted over with their litter, gave the Jap a rapid inspection, put him back on the stretcher and carried him to the trench, now properly dead.

TECHNIQUE. One soldier ran out of ammunition just as he was charging a Jap sniper hidden in a chicken coop behind a native hut. He threw his rifle at the Jap and followed that with eye-jabbing, his fingers spread in a V. Then, while the sniper was blinded, the soldier finished him with a knife.

NO BUSINESS. Pvt. William Moreland of Augusta, W. Va., carries a button from the left breast pocket of his green-twill battle dress. A Jap bullet clipped off the button and continued across his body, making two holes high in his right sleeve. Didn't touch him, though.

Moreland, who was with the 27th Division at the front for two days and landed in the first wave, didn't fire a shot during the entire action.

"Drew a bead on a Jap once," he complains, "but somebody else dropped him before I could pull the trigger."

QUEEN. On the third day of the Makin offensive the landing forces discovered the native queen of the island. A fat, dark woman about 60 years old, she was unquestionably the queen. As a matter of fact, the word "QUEEN" was tattooed in large, blue letters on her forearm.

This Week's Cover

DURING a break for a noontime meal, Sgt. James Schwartz of Lorane, Pa., seems to have made himself just about as comfortable as a man can when he's on the march through Italy. Having dumped his biscuits from his C-ration can, Schwartz now uses the container for a chocolate drink.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Acme. 2—Sgt. George Aarons. 5—Sgt. Aarons. 8—U. S. Navy. 9—Upper left, Coast Artillery Command; upper right, Sgt. Cyril Hopper, Stars & Stripes; lower right, ETO Hq. 11—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 12 & 13—Sgt. Aarons. 16—Lower left and center, Buckley Field (Colo.) Armorer; center left, Sgt. Ben Schnall; right (top to bottom), Signal Corps, Norther AAF, Tenn.; Herbert Smart Airport, Ga. 17—Upper left, 11th Armored Division; upper right, Greenwood AAF, Miss.; center, Sgt. Schnall; lower right, Signal Corps-Camp White, Oreg. 18—Center, INP. 20—20th Century-Fox. 21—United Artists. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Acme.

SHAVING CREAM CHEESE

NORTH AFRICA—Yanks who find C-ration crackers too dry to be palatable may take a hint from an Arab friend of Pvt. Walter Compton. The Portsmouth (Va.) GI shared a compartment with the native and several other dogfaces on a long trip across this continent on a hokey-pokey railroad.

Compton was about to throw away several squashed tubes of brushless shaving cream that were smearing up his barracks bag, when the Arab asked for them in sign language. The GI passed the tubes over and thought nothing more about the matter until chow time.

Sharing his crackers with the Arab, Compton was amazed to see him spread the shaving cream on like cream cheese and eat the crackers with relish. Although warned he'd be sick, the Arab suffered no evident ill effects. —Pvt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ONE DOWN. During a U. S. Navy raid on the Marshall Islands a Jap torpedo plane gets slapped down by antiaircraft fire from a carrier as it flies in to attack at low level. Its torpedo is dropping into the water.

Pvt. Albert O. Bogan ignites oil in a smoke pot.

GIs on Lonely Barges Tend Smoke Pots to Protect Canal

QUARRY HEIGHTS, PANAMA CANAL ZONE—"Smoke gets in your eyes" is more than a lovely tune in these parts; it's a description of the work of some of the Coast Artillery soldiers who help protect the Panama Canal from enemy aerial attack.

Their job is to tend smoke pots on barges in the Canal. As soon as they ignite the Diesel oil in the pots with a lighted torch, a billowing curtain of dense smoke is produced. The barges are moored in patterns adjusted to the wind currents, so that a complete blanket is laid over the Canal when all the pots are lit.

To make sure that the barges are always in the right place, they are never moved. The GI sentries who tend the smoke pots commute from shore stations by motorboat. There's only one soldier to a barge, and he has to spend 10 or 12 hours on it at a stretch. The long hours in a confined space, 30 feet by 20 feet, with nobody to talk to, make this a monotonous job.

Only break in the loneliness is chow call, when a ration boat's bell clangs on the port or starboard side of the barge bringing food that has been cooked at shore kitchens. The men sleep at the shore stations; on the barges there are no living facilities except a little shack.

"We shuttle between barracks and barges so much that sometimes we wonder whether we're dogfaces or gobs," says Pvt. Joe Bryan of Zanesville, Ohio.

When a practice alert is ordered and the smoke pots are lit, the GIs know there is extra work ahead of them. After the alert, they have to clean the inside of the smokestacks with wire brushes and put a protective coat of grease on the outside to prevent rust. They also have to give the once-over to the barges, the torches and the screens on the shacks.

At the end of a day's stretch, the soldiers look like a bunch of black-face comedians. Pfc. Fred Ferrell of Freeburn, Ky., who spent five years in the coal mines, says: "In all my time in the pits, I never saw as much dirt as I've picked up in this outfit. After a day's work in the mines, it only took an hour to get the dirt off. This is something else again. Good, strong GI soap and gasoline are the best things to wash with, but even they don't get rid of all the grease and dirt. Some of it always sticks with you. Give me a good, clean mine any day."

—Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

With Free China's Flag Upon His Back, He Died in a Great Sky Battle

By Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—There was a great battle in the sky and the people stopped their work to look at it. And then the battle moved away until there was nothing left of it but one plane of the *Mei-Kua fi chi* (the American flyers), with its large white star with the red border around it, and two planes of the Japanese devils, the *Yi Bin Kwe-Tse*. There was much shooting and then the first and then the second of the Japanese planes fell to the earth with much smoke and great noise.

And after this had happened the people saw that the little plane of the *Mei-Kua* was also greatly harmed. There was much noise such as one hears from trucks on the great road when they are using gasoline of pine roots and there are too many yellowfish riding on the top of the load. And finally the *Mei-Kua* came down to the earth, not smoothly but with a heavy crash, so that the great body of the plane was crumpled and the wide wings were twisted and bent.

And the people found in the wreckage of the plane the *fi chi* who had driven it in the air and beaten the *Yi Bin Kwe-Tse*. He was tall and large, as are all the *Mei-Kua*, and on the shoulders of his jacket were two narrow strips of white embroidery and on his back was sewn the flag of China, with the white sun of *Kuo Min Tang* in the corner, and the chop of the Gissimo himself was stamped below the writing that said this was one of the men who had come from across the wide waters to help drive the *Yi Bin Kwe-Tse* from the soil of China.

The people took him up gently and carried him to a house and attended to his wounds, although they knew he could not live for long. For his arm and his leg were broken and there were many wounds made by the bullets of the *Yi Bin Kwe-Tse* and his stomach was torn so that the guts of the man could be seen within it. But they did what they could to make him comfortable, although the *Mei-Kua fi chi* knew as well as they that he could not live for long.

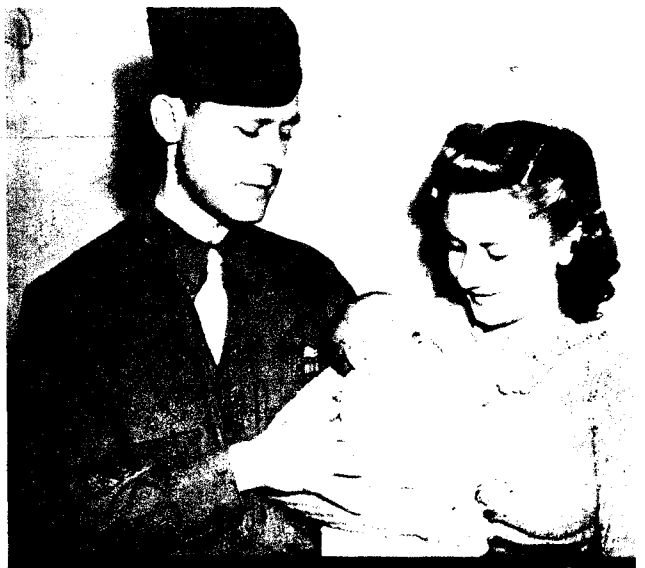
And while they did the little that they could for him, he laughed with them and made jests in a poor and awkward Chinese that they could not understand, for it was not the Chinese spoken in that village. But they could understand his labored laugh and they could see the greatness and the goodness and the strength and the dignity of the dying man.

And when he was dead, this man with the flag of Free China upon his back, they wrapped his body in white, for white is the color of the honored dead, and they laid it in the finest coffin in the village and they placed the coffin upon a barge in the river to take it to the people who would return it to the great general of the *Mei-Kua fi chi*, *Ch'e Ne T'e*, and the others of the *Mei-Kua*.

And in a box beside the coffin they put the clothing they had removed from him when he was in pain, and with the clothing they put the things that had been in his pockets. They put the little leather case with his money, and the pieces of heavy paper with his picture and the other pictures of the woman and the two children, the *Mei-Kua* cigarettes and the little silver box of self-arriving fire, the two small metal plates on a little chain, the knife that folded within itself and the small brown *Mei-Kua* coin with the picture of a bearded man upon it.

And when this had been done four of the young men of the village took poles and poled the barge up the river to return the *Mei-Kua fi chi* to his own people.

And the news ran quickly all along the river that the dead hero was returning to his people. And all of the villagers along the river and all of the people who lived in the sampans tied along the banks of the river waited to see the barge go slowly by. And wherever it passed, the people lit long strings of firecrackers and honored the *Mei-Kua fi chi* who had fought for China and laughed and jested and died as a hero should.



OVERSEAS BABY. S/Sgt. Frank M. Cheney, first Yank to get married after the Allied landing in North Africa, looks over the result, namely, Roberta Aline, held by Mrs. Cheney, formerly Mlle. Sylvia Cavalier of Algiers. The sergeant is an aerial photographer.

After Three Years in Alaska, 'Fighting 4th' Infantry Goes Home

AN ALASKA ARMY BASE—The "Fighting 4th" Infantry finally went back to the States after just about everybody had given up hope of ever seeing the place again.

The first units of the famed regiment arrived in Alaska in June 1940, the month France was falling. After an almost endless period of clearing ground, unloading ships, putting up quonset huts, digging in gun positions and performing other drudgery essential to the defense of Alaska, the 4th finally met the Japs who had caused all their trouble in the first place. The 1st Battalion took a decisive role in the bloody battle of Attu.

At Attu the men of the 4th proved the value of their tough Alaskan training. They suffered few casualties from exposure and were not bothered by the "immersion foot" that took such a terrific toll among the troops comparatively recently up from the States. "GI Sourdoughs," the men of the 4th called themselves.

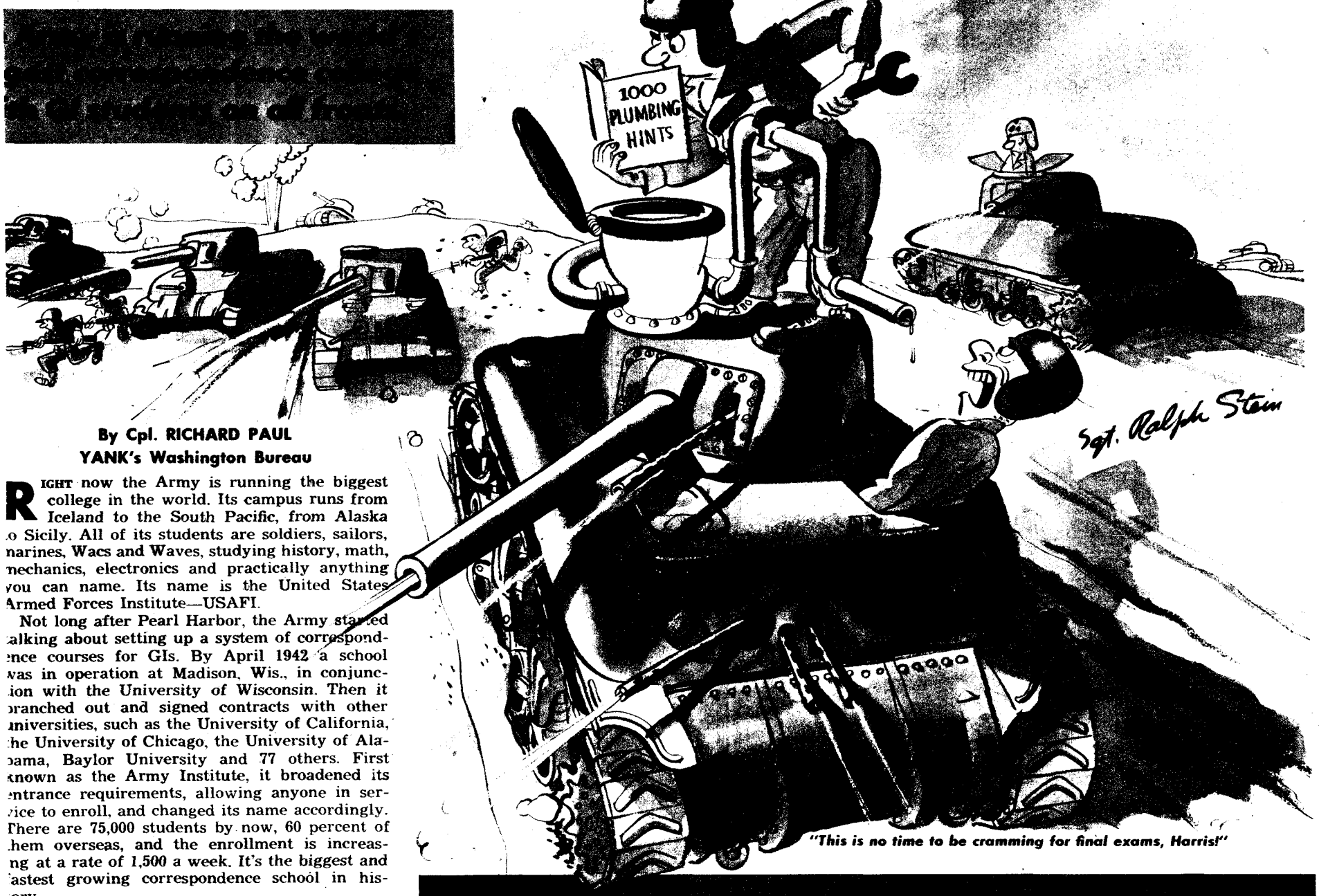
When the Japs threatened the important outpost of Nome in 1942, the entire 2d Battalion of the 4th Infantry, together with equipment and attached units, was transferred by air transport. It took practically every civilian and military plane in Alaska, including some old Ford Trimotors, to get them up there, in the largest movement of troops and equipment by air up to that time. Oldtimers say it was also the most hectic.

The 3d Battalion, which stayed at Fort Richardson, participated in cold-weather experimental tests that have contributed to the advanced type of equipment furnished American Arctic troops today.

Members of the 4th are now in the States, enjoying the civilization they worked and fought for in Alaska those three long years. If they go overseas again, they prefer some nice warm tropical land. But no islands, please.

—Cpls. ALLAN MERRITT and TOM LOVE
YANK Field Correspondents

GI GLAMORIZING. At a replacement depot in England, Army nurse Eleanor Wilson gets spruced up, after landing, at the hands of Pfc. Stanley Muzell, who was a beautician in Richmond, Va., for 14 years.



"This is no time to be cramming for final exams, Harris!"

FOXHOLE UNIVERSITY

By Cpl. RICHARD PAUL
YANK's Washington Bureau

RIGHT now the Army is running the biggest college in the world. Its campus runs from Iceland to the South Pacific, from Alaska to Sicily. All of its students are soldiers, sailors, marines, Wacs and Waves, studying history, math, mechanics, electronics and practically anything you can name. Its name is the United States Armed Forces Institute—USAFI.

Not long after Pearl Harbor, the Army started talking about setting up a system of correspondence courses for GIs. By April 1942 a school was in operation at Madison, Wis., in conjunction with the University of Wisconsin. Then it branched out and signed contracts with other universities, such as the University of California, the University of Chicago, the University of Alabama, Baylor University and 77 others. First known as the Army Institute, it broadened its entrance requirements, allowing anyone in service to enroll, and changed its name accordingly. There are 75,000 students by now, 60 percent of them overseas, and the enrollment is increasing at a rate of 1,500 a week. It's the biggest and fastest growing correspondence school in history.

The directive which set up USAFI outlines its objectives. The school, it says, is intended "to provide continuing educational opportunities to meet the requirements of the command; in particular to furnish assistance to personnel who lack educational prerequisites for assignment to duty which they are otherwise qualified to perform, and to assist individual soldiers in meeting requirements for promotion. To enable those whose education is interrupted by military service to maintain relations with educational institutions and thus increase the probability of the completion of their education on their return to civil life."

In other words, if you have been sweating out a promotion in the Field Artillery and have been unable to get it because your math isn't good enough, you might try brushing up with a course in arithmetic at USAFI. If you are anxious to get ahead in the Signal Corps, the Institute has courses in radio, telegraphy and telephony. If you want to have something to do in those long off-duty hours when you've read all the magazines and written letters to all the girls you know, maybe the USAFI is your answer.

It has been the answer for 75,000 students, and among them you find all kinds of people. The average age of the enrollees is 25, but there are plenty of 18-year-olds rounding out their high-school educations. The oldest man to take a course was Sgt. Sam Daniels, at Fort Banks, Mass., a former steam fitter. With the intention of going into radio work after the war, he took a course at the age of 57 to prepare himself for that field.

There are GIs enrolled with every sort of background — former accountants, salesmen, hotel managers, telephone linemen, welders, baseball players, boxers, actors, high-school and college students. Pvt. Jacques Singer, with the AAF band at Randolph Field, Tex., was conductor of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra for four years and is taking a course in general science. Pvt. Franz H. Duelberg, with the Engineers in Fort Meade, S. Dak., was a professional bicycle racer before Uncle Sam tapped him. Now he's studying arithmetic with the aim of building a better bicycle. Pvt. Arnold Brewer, an Eskimo, was a reindeer herder in Alaska, receiving one reindeer a month as pay. He enrolled in an English course.

The educational backgrounds of the students are just as varied, ranging from men who never finished grammar school to men with Ph.D. degrees. Pvt. Oliver Dennis, truck driver in an aviation squadron in New Orleans, finished only one year of high school. He's studying math. T-5 Henry Naquet-Hamilton, at the Army Medical Center in Washington, D. C., formerly did re-

Some of the USAFI Correspondence Courses

Course No.	Title
131	English grammar
132	Business letter writing
311	American history
341	Civics
361	Economics
411	Arithmetic
431	Algebra
441	Geometry
451	Trigonometry
461	Analytic geometry
471	Calculus
511	General science
521	Physics
531	Inorganic chemistry
611	Typewriting
621	Shorthand, Gregg
622	Shorthand, Gregg, advanced
631	Bookkeeping and accounting
632	Cost accounting
633	Advanced accounting
651	Railroad rate clerk
652	Traffic management
711	Steam engineering
721	Refrigeration, I
722	Refrigeration, II
723	Air conditioning
731	Automobiles
732	Automobile repairing
733	Automobile electric technician
734	Diesel engines
741	Aviation engines
742	Airplane maintenance
751	Marine engineering
752	Marine boilers
753	Marine engines
754	Marine equipment
771	Plumbing
772	Steam fitting
773	Heating
791	Machine shop practice
792	Gas welding
701	Mechanical engineering
7x1	Mechanical drawing
7x2	Advanced mechanical drawing
7x3	Plumbing drawing
7x4	Heating drawing
7x5	Machine design
811	Elementary Electricity
812	Industrial electricity
813	Electrical illumination
814	Preparatory radio
821	Radio operating, part 1
822	Radio operating, part 2
823	Radio operating, part 3
831	Basic telegraphy and telephony
832	Commercial telegraphy operating
833	Practical telephony
892	Electric welding
911	Surveying and mapping
921	Engineering mechanics
931	Structural engineering
941	Waterworks and sewage plant operation
951	Carpentry

search in tropical medicine and holds three degrees, including an M.D., from French universities. He's studying English for foreigners.

THE Institute itself offers about 300 courses, in high-school and technical subjects. They cover English, science, math, engineering, plumbing, railroading, bookkeeping and a lot of other subjects. The shortest course, six lessons long, is marine engineering; the longest, 23 lessons, is surveying and mapping. In the universities that are cooperating with the Institute in giving their courses to servicemen, there are about 350 other courses you can take, many of them vocational courses like journalism or business or radio, others cultural, such as literature and philosophy and history.

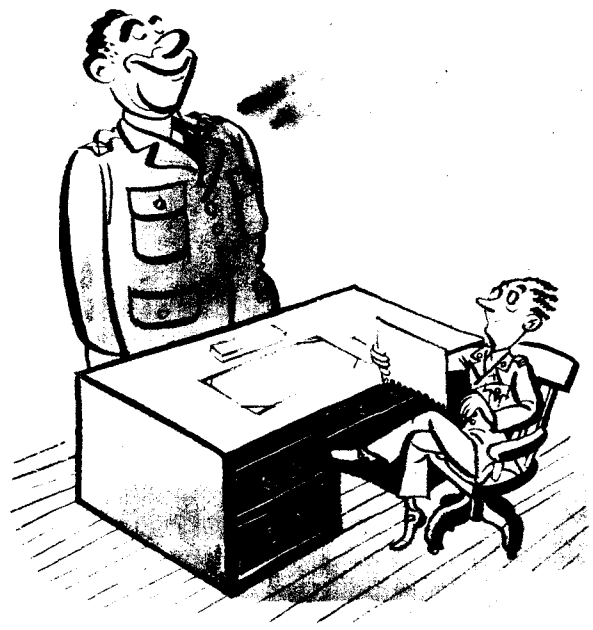
Here's the way you get into the Institute. First get an application blank and a catalogue from your library, Special Service education or orientation officer, or Red Cross field director. Pick out the course you want and fill out the blank, a blue one for a university-extension course, a red one for an Institute course. Then get your CO's okay and send your application to the Armed Forces Institute at Madison, Wis., together with the money for your share of the cost. It's as simple as that.

Once you are enrolled, the first four lessons are sent to you if you are in this country, or all the lessons together if you are overseas so that mail irregularities won't throw you off. As soon as you finish one lesson, you send it in to the Institute, and it is corrected, graded, commented upon by an instructor and returned to you. Each enrollee gets individual attention.

You're your own boss and can go ahead as fast or as slowly as you want or your military duties permit. The maximum amount of time allowed for one lesson by the Institute is one month. But if you're a real grind, there's nothing to stop you from finishing a lesson a week; or, if you can't get your work in on time, the Institute will give you an extension.

The university-extension courses usually set their own time limits. You're only allowed to take one of these courses at a time, but if your CO will certify you, you can get around that rule.

When you finish a course with the Institute, a certificate of proficiency is sent to your CO, who presents it to you. The fact that you took the course is entered on your soldier's qualification card, AGO Form 20. That way your outfit can't miss giving you the credit, and you're likely to move up a peg in the eyes of your CO.



It may raise you a peg in the eyes of your CO.

When you finish a course from a university, you get credit with that university, though sometimes you have to take a final exam under the watchful eyes of some commissioned officer. The credit is usually transferable to any other educational institution that you may want to go to, unless its rules specifically forbid the acceptance of correspondence-school credits. Before taking a course, it's wise to check on the school you expect to attend to see what credits it allows.

A GI looking for an education cheap can't beat USAFI. For an initial fee of $2 any enlisted man or woman can take as many courses as desired, so long as his or her work remains acceptable. The books and materials for one course alone are usually worth much more than that. This fee applies to personnel of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard as well as of the Army.

The universities have their own prices for their courses, but the Government pays half the bill, up to $20, for any course a GI takes in any of the contracting universities. In other words, if you want to take a course in Spanish that costs $15 in some university, you fork over $7.50 and the Government antes up the other half.

Anyone in the armed forced can take the courses. The only requirement is that he must have been on active duty for four months; the Army doesn't believe in distracting influences during basic training. It makes no difference how much or how little schooling a man has had before. In order to take some of the advanced courses, it is necessary to have first taken other courses of the USAFI or their equivalent. For example, a man can't take algebra unless he's had arithmetic. But a man who is weak in his math can take the arithmetic course first and the algebra course after that.

Commissioned officers and warrant officers can enroll for the Institute courses, but they have to pay more than enlisted men. The charge for them is based on the actual cost of each course they take. To enroll they must deposit $15 in the "officer fund;" then any surplus will be refunded.

Do the Institute courses pay off? Alumni are enthusiastic boosters. Pfc. Lawrence Schloss was a cornetist with a Coast Artillery band in the Canal Zone. His ambition was to go to West Point. He took Institute courses in English grammar and American history to help him prepare for the competitive examinations. And he got there. He wrote to the USAFI commandant: "It definitely helped me make the Military Academy."

S/Sgt. Max Graber, in the AAF in Canada, had four years in high school but no diploma. A former grocery clerk, he became a radio operator in the Army and decided he'd follow electrical engineering as a career. But he needed more credits in order to take the engineering courses. USAFI courses in economics and American history gave him his diploma.

STUDENTS in USAFI have their troubles, as students always do; but their alibis have a different ring from those of civilian students who play hooky or make mistakes. S/Sgt. Donald L. Clement, in North Africa, wrote in with his bookkeeping lessons: "Red ink has not been used on these reports, as I do not have any available and the local foxhole does not carry it in stock."

Pvt. John P. Kastelic, an infantryman in the South Pacific, requested another set of lessons in engineering mechanics because his first set got lost in the Munda battle.

The usual excuse for a late lesson is: "Censorship forbids my telling you, but you may be sure it was military duties." Cpl. Edward A. Wittenauer was a little more specific. He wrote: "I am finding it very difficult to keep my lessons up to date. I am stationed at a bomber station in England. This should explain why I am so busy." The corporal got his extension.

But all the difficulties that students get into aren't strictly military. Here's the letter one instructor received with an algebra lesson from a sailor: "This lesson shouldn't have taken me quite so long, but I lately had a 10-day leave. While I was home my wife wouldn't let me study. She said: 'You can forget that damned X, Y, Z stuff while you are home with me. I'll teach you all you need to know.'"

Fifth Air Force Gives Wrist Watches to Ground Crews

MUD COMES UP TO YOUR ANKLES AND WORKS UP YOUR LEGS.

A DISABLED TANK DESTROYER IS BOGGED DOWN AND A JEEP IS BARELY ABLE TO CHURN THROUGH.

THE ROAD TO

A GUNNER ON THE ALERT AS HIS TRUCK PULLS UP TO A BRIDGE.

NOT A MOUNTAIN SPRING, BUT A FOXHOLE BEING BAILED OUT.

A JEEP MOVES GINGERLY ALONG ON WHAT WAS SAID TO BE ONE OF THE BETTER ITALIAN ROADS.

MULES AND MEN IN A CORRAL, A STARTING AND LOADING POINT FOR THE MULE-PACK TRAINS.

ROME

ITALIAN HILL FOLK CARRY SUPPLIES HOME ON THEIR HEADS.

it's mountainous

THE MULES AND THEIR MASTERS HAVE TO PICK THEIR FOOTING.

A MULE TRAIN COMES INTO VIEW ABOVE A VALLEY, ON A TRAIL WHICH LEADS TO MOUNTAIN OUTPOSTS.

MULES ARE ALSO USED TO CARRY DOWN WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

MURAL, SERVICE CLUB MI

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

A NEW man came into an outfit I was in, and immediately he asked for an interview with the CO.

"Sir," he said, "I am a truck driver just assigned to your unit. Also I do mural painting. I am going to paint murals on the day-room walls."

"No," replied our captain, who was a man of strange and stubborn ideas. "No, we don't want murals on our day-room walls."

"Pardon me, sir. Did you say you didn't want murals?"

"I did." The new man saluted, turned on his heel and departed. He went immediately to post headquarters to see the colonel. This new man had big sleepy eyes and bushy black hair, so he managed to talk the colonel's secretary into getting him through.

In a few minutes the colonel called our captain and said: "Sometimes I don't understand you, captain! Of course you'll have murals on your day-room walls. Simply everyone has murals on the day-room walls. And give this man a corporalcy as soon as they're completed!"

I mention this incident simply to show in what high favor mural painting is held by the Army. The stubborn captain, who thought "walls looked better without murals," was promptly transferred from that camp to a mess officer's post in North Dakota. In general the Army encourages all the finer arts—and especially the painting of murals.

The amazing thing is the number of mural painters that the Army has discovered. A friend of mine in classification, who has interviewed about 16,000 soldiers, told me confidentially that practically everyone paints murals.

I remember one outfit I was in where the duty sergeant read off each day's details at reveille.

"I want three men to work in the post office," he said, "and a detail of five to sweep out the gym. Also I need two volunteers to paint murals in the day room. Who wants to do that?"

We all held up our hands, except two men in the front row.

"What's the matter with you two guys?" asked the sergeant.

"Well," mumbled one of the pair, "we don't know how to paint murals."

Everyone burst out laughing. "So you don't know how!" mocked the sergeant. "That's the silliest excuse yet. You two goldbricks get the job, and I personally will see that you do it!"

He took them over to the day room and brought out five buckets of paint and two brushes. "Now get to work," he said. "Just have a bunch of soldiers with big hawklike noses and prominent cheek bones. Maybe have some of them servicing a plane or something, in Class A uniforms. Maybe have them looking up into the sky or something."

"I warn you, sergeant," said one of the men as he picked up a paint brush, "this is going to be pretty crude."

"Of course it is. Day-room murals are supposed to be. The important thing is to get that paint on the wall!" The two men completed the mural in three or four weeks and earned high praise from all quarters and their pictures in the camp newspaper.

Since GI mural painting has developed so rapidly, every outfit's TO now should include one mural painter with a tech sergeant's rating. Maintenance work always is needed on day-room murals, and there is no reason why orderly rooms, mess halls and barracks should go undecorated. Murals also could be used to excellent advantage on the walls of latrines, to discourage volunteer attempts at ornamentation.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

The Beachhead on New Britain

IN the areas down under, where the war has been fought longest, an objective has been reached.

It's not only an objective reached—it is a monumental achievement.

When the Sixth Army made its beachhead at Arawe on New Britain, the soldiers who formed the assault were the personal representatives of the thousands of other Allied troops who for 16 months have fought in New Guinea and the Solomons.

For 16 months, Americans have been beating their way through Japs and the jungle toward New Britain and its harbor at Rabaul. Those months have been tough; they form the most rugged period of sustained warfare in our history.

In two areas, the South and the Southwest Pacific, there has never been but one ultimate goal: Rabaul. To get within striking distance of it we've had to pile up a string of absolute victories, we've had to completely annihilate the enemy blocking our way.

Men fought and won at Guadalcanal, at Buna, at Sanananda and New Georgia and Vella Lavella, at Salamaua, Lae and Finschhafen. Men died, too, trying to reach New Britain. Both in the Solomons and in New Guinea the fighting continues, but the siege of Rabaul is on.

When it's over, a big phase of our war against Japan will be ended. The Battle for New Britain will be rugged, and after it will come still bigger, and perhaps more rugged, operations.

But, as of now, we've reached the key island of those groups in the Pacific which have been our constant battleground since America took the offensive on Aug. 7, 1942. To the jungle fighter, a tremendous task nears accomplishment.

A salute to the men on New Britain who have crowned the driving determination of all the others who have fought so long.

STRICTLY G.I.

Infantry Promotions

THE WD has announced revision of T/Os for the Infantry that give promotions to approximately 275,000 enlisted infantrymen "in recognition of the acknowledged hazards and responsibilities shouldered by the Infantry in combat."

The promotions, effective in the U. S. and overseas on Dec. 13, call for pay increases of from $48 to $216 a year in 16 of the outstanding Infantry combat categories. One-grade advances in rank were given to one-half of the privates in certain designated units. Others given one-grade boosts were: squad leader assistants, from corporal to sergeant; squad leaders, from corporal to sergeant or from sergeant to staff sergeant, according to the grade authorized before the new order; section leaders, from sergeant to staff sergeant; platoon sergeants, from staff sergeant to technical sergeant; and battalion sergeant majors, from staff sergeant to technical sergeant.

Units in which the promotions were ordered include the following:

Infantry Cannon Company: Headquarters and Headquarters Company, Infantry Battalion; Infantry Rifle Company; Infantry Heavy Weapons Company; Infantry Antitank Company; Headquarters and Headquarters Company, Armored Infantry Battalion; Rifle Company, Armored Infantry Battalion; Headquarters Company, Battalion; Headquarters and Headquarters Company, Glider Infantry Battalion; Glider Infantry Company; Headquarters and Headquarters Company, Mountain Infantry Battalion; Mountain Infantry Rifle Company; Mountain Infantry Heavy Weapons Company; Headquarters and Headquarters Company, Ranger Battalion; Ranger Company.

Bulletin Board

Contests. The MacMillan Company has extended the closing date for its Centenary Awards from Dec. 31, 1943, to Dec. 31, 1944. Awards include $2,500 for the best novel, $2,500 for the best nonfiction work and other awards totaling $5,000. Open to members of the armed forces of the United Nations not more than 35 years old. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy offers $10 each month to the enlisted man who sends in the best poem, 500-word essay or 500-word humor piece; $10 to the GI who sends in the best sketch, and $15 for the best portrait head, 4 by 5 inches. Entries should be sent to the committee at 36 East 36th Street, New York, N. Y.

Decorations. GIs may now wear Presidential unit-citation ribbons after one citation instead of two, says a recent executive order. . . . General Order 83 (2 Dec. 1943) establishes a battle star for Italy. The combat zone embraces Italy, exclusive of Sicily and Sardinia, and includes Corsica and adjacent waters. Time limitations: Aug. 18, 1943, for Air Forces and Sept. 9, 1943, for Ground Forces to a date to be announced later.

"Report of Separation"

Discharged GIs will now get a single form called "Report of Separation" instead of seven forms and five letters hitherto issued. The new form is a certification of the soldier's status as a veteran and contains information for the various government agencies assigned to assist him. It also advises the GI of his rights, duties and privileges as an honorably discharged veteran.

GI Shop Talk

The AAF has ordered removal of war paint from almost all of its aircraft. This will give planes a slight increase in top speed and will cut the weight of fighters 15 to 20 pounds and of heavy bombers 70 to 80 pounds. Camouflage will be retained only "where tactical considerations require it in combat zones," and in the U. S. practically all aircraft will roll off the assembly lines a metal color. . . . An Army camp in Eritrea has been named after S/Sgt. Delmer E. Park, first American soldier of this war killed in the Middle East. . . . The WD has authorized promotions for more than one-third of the estimated 33,000 members of the Army Nurses Corps. . . . The Navy uses a new rapid and reliable method for taking chest X-rays known as photofluorography to determine tuberculosis symptoms in recruits. . . . Instructors and training personnel of the Army Service Forces who have served continuously on current assignments in this country for 18 months or more and meet the physical requirements for overseas duty will be assigned to newly activated units as replacements for overseas commands.

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Snipe Hunt

Chatham Field, Ga.—S/Sgt. James R. McLaughlin remarked that it was a wonderful night for a snipe hunt. Cpl. Thomas P. Smoot agreed. To their delight Pfc. Thomas Hennessey said he didn't know anything about snipe hunting. So, of course, he was invited to go along. "All you need is your barracks bag and a flashlight," McLaughlin said.

They took Pfc. Hennessey deep into the woods and told him to open his barracks bag and keep flashing his light on and off. "We'll spread out," they said, "and scare up the snipe. They can't fly and they always head for a light." Then they left him.

When his flashlight battery ran low, Hennessey began to wonder. He started back for camp but found that he was lost. Hours later, guided by the field's beacon, he got back to the barracks and found the other hunters sound asleep.

Now Pfc. Hennessey knows about snipe hunting.

Solid Sender

Blytheville Army Air Field, Ark.—"Hey, you're sending that wrong," yelled S/Sgt. Virgil Williams, code instructor for the aviation cadets here. He looked up to see which student flyer was the offender.

There wasn't a student in sight and it took a double take before the sergeant saw the sender. It was Tailspin, a brown pup that is the cadets' mascot. The dog was sitting on a chair in front of one of the code tables, with a pair of earphones on his head, and was pawing the key like a veteran.

News by Pigeon

Lake Charles Army Air Field, La.—It wasn't possible to bring the news quite up to date in the regular Tuesday edition of *The Log*, post paper here, so Cpl. Earl C. Coulon, editor; S/Sgt. Jack Scarborough, photographer, and Pvt. Gertrude Biesecker, reporter, put their heads together.

Pigeons solved their problem. Now Cpl. William Leavell does his column, "The Week in Review," on Monday instead of Sunday and a carrier pigeon delivers a photostat to the printer 77 miles away in time to make the edition.

In charge of the pigeon-transportation department are three GIs with former experience in that line: Sgt. Frank N. Cossello, Cpl. Charles Thomas and Pfc. John J. Murphy.

Grandpa Did His Best

Camp Beale, Calif.—Pvt. Werner W. Phillips has a grandfather in Harriman, Tenn., who is a little hard of hearing. Recently while talking by long distance with the old gentleman, Phillips told him, among other things, about a 15-page letter he had received from his girl.

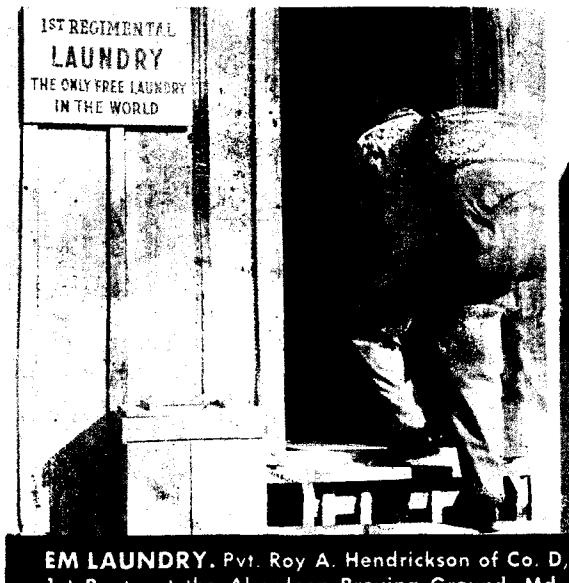
A few days later Phillips was called to the office of the Red Cross and asked if he was in any trouble. The RC man handed him a Western Union money order for $1,500. It seems grandpa misunderstood about those 15 pages.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Tilton General Hospital, N. J.—T-4 Louise Canady is from Oxford, N. C., where she owns a 543-acre farm. But farming is a thing of the past for her now. While she was home on a furlough, she was informed by U. S. engineers that her land was a virtual "gold mine"; it was found to contain an abundance of tungsten ore, a vital and expensive war material.

Barksdale Field, La.—Cpl. Edwin Nosidlak picked up a buck sergeant near Pittsburgh. He noticed an array of overseas ribbons on the sergeant's chest and learned that he had recently been discharged from a veterans' hospital. The corporal bought him a dinner and put him up for the night in his hotel room. Nosidlak awoke at 4 A. M. to find that his guest was gone and so were his wallet, dog tags, pay book, Class A pass, driver's license, furlough papers and his Pontiac coupe.

COMPANY TREASURER. Cpl. Jim Crow, perched on Pvt. Louis Szitz's arm, is mascot of Hq. Co., XII Corps, at Fort Jackson, S. C. As part of his "duties" he steals pennies and hides them in company area.



EM LAUNDRY. Pvt. Roy A. Hendrickson of Co. D, 1st Regt., at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., has a full-time job in this laundry built by enlisted men and used for washing fatigues.

HERO'S RETURN. Sgt. John W. Overholser, decorated veteran of 37 South Pacific combat missions as an aerial gunner, meets his Tennessee family again for the first time in two years at William Northern AAF, Tenn.

GLAMOR AND POST GLAMOR. The first picture shows Benton Cole, manager for actress Lana Turner, steering her around New York's Stork Club. Then comes Pvt. Cole at Buckley Field, Colo., still steering.

BLOW IT. Three members of the 453d AAF Band at Herbert Smart Airport, Ga., find a new use for the neglected helmet liner. L. to r.: Sgt. Arthur Colucci, 1st/Sgt. Joseph Forcucci and Pfc. Jack D'Agostino.

Camp Claiborne, La.—S/Sgt. Richard E. DeBakery tells the story of a group of conscientious GIs. After several days of drill, the dogfaces got together, dug deep and came up with $12. One of their number went to the CO and said: "Sir, our drilling looks pretty bad. We've decided to buy some extra lights for the company street and drill at night."

Camp Fannin, Tex.—Thanksiving was a big day for Pvt. Ben E. Nye. He got word that he had won a $10 prize for his entry in the post paper's name contest. He rushed to the first sergeant to get permission to go to collect the money. The sergeant listened, said not a word, but handed Nye the KP list for the day. Nye's name was there.

Camp Kilmer, N. J.—Not exactly the father of the "zoot suit" but certainly bearing some of the blame for its existence is Cpl. Lorenzo Lee of the 24th QM Regt. In civilian life, Cpl. Lee earned his living drawing sketches of "drape shapes" and "stuff cuffs" to be used in window displays.

Lawson Field, Ga.—Cpl. Snow of the 300th Inf. was fully aware of general order No. 5 that a guard may not quit his post until properly relieved. But when the transport he was guarding took off, he wanted to know what's with the general orders when a post quits a guard?

Camp Luna, N. Mex.—Cpl. Joseph Atamian, with the Weapons School here, has seen his share of war. An Armenian, he served with the French Foreign Legion in the first World War, was with the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War and since August 1942 has been in the AAF.

Camp Carson, Colo.—Pfc. Wally Shramek, detachment bugler of the 30th Veterinary General Hospital, got ready to sound first call to Sunday-morning breakfast. He blew but what came out was a strange, timid bleat that aroused no one. Pfc. Shramek is now looking for the guy who rammed a turnip into his bugle.

DESERT BUNDLING. Gather round boys, it's a cold night. Ann Jeffrey, actress, joins men of the 11th Armored Division at Camp Ibis, Calif., between the acts as Hollywood players put on a show.

TWIN TEAMWORK. Cpls. William and Charles Jennings, 23, were graduated from Spartan School of Aeronautics, Tulsa, Okla., came in the Army together and are now mechanics at Greenwood AAF, Miss.

SCIENTIFIC WAC. Forgetting a nice face for the moment, Pfc. Jean E. McCutcheon has all the qualifications for the hospital lab at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt. She's a U. of Washington bacteriology graduate.

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—At 7:15 every morning noncoms sleeping at the Noncom Club here are sure of being awakened for duty. At that time the Air Base Sq. marches past the club and, directly in front of the entrance, T/Sgt. Earl Snurr commands: "NCO Club—cadence, count."

Keystone Army Air Field, Fla.—They went looking for Pfc. Fred A. Sacks. A review was to be held in his honor and a medal was to be pinned on his chest. They found him doing KP. Pvt. Sacks got his medal—but after the ceremonies returned to finish his kitchen stint.

Fort Jay, N. Y.—Ten years ago Pvt. Nat Bader had his own band with a drummer named S. Frank. The band broke up and the two men lost track of each other. The other day Pvt. Bader threw a highball at an approaching major. He was S. Frank, with the Medical Corps.

Camp Tyson, Tenn.—1st Sgt. William S. Burrows Jr. of Btry A, 317th, is strictly GI, and carries the fact over into his home life. When he became the father of a baby girl, he had a pair of dog tags made for her bearing the numbers 1-2-3, named her Gail Irene and ordered that she be known as "GI" Burrows.

Camp Crowder, Mo.—A furlough was coming up for Pvt. Thomas Williams of the Central Signal Corps School, and his cash was getting low. He sent telegrams to his eight sisters and brothers in the belief that at least one would come through. Came the bonanza—Pvt. Williams got money orders from all of them.

"Poor boys. They must be hungry. Look at the way they stare!"

—Pvt. William Wenzel, Camp Shanks (N. Y.) *Palisades*

Keep your news items, photographs and features coming, GIs. It takes a lot of them to fill up these pages. Send them to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that they be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.

Morris Field, N. C.—Showdown inspections have been so numerous lately that their recurrence must have irked Cpl. Edward K. Childs. One day he left this note for the inspecting officer: "What ain't here, I can't find. Too many people leaving clothes and barracks bags behind my bed. I can't locate my own."

Camp Sibert, Ala.—GIs in one regiment here can no longer use the time-worn excuse of not having seen their names posted for detail. Each day when T-4 Frank Peno posts the details roster, he tacks a pin-up picture directly above it. Says Peno: "Boy, they sure look now."

Camp White, Oreg.—A small black dog lay sleeping in the aisle in Post Theater No. 2 one night while "Thousands Cheer" was being shown. When Eleanor Powell flashed on the screen in a dance sequence, the dog woke up, trotted down the aisle and began barking excitedly at her. GIs insist the incident proved the dog is part wolf.

Camp Davis, N. C.—After Cpl. Jack A. Butler was interviewed by a lieutenant colonel at the AAA School, he grabbed up a helmet and went out to wait for a jeep that was to pick him up. A major, a captain and a group of lieutenants passed him and saluted. Then an officer came running out and told him: "I think you'd better return the colonel's helmet and take your own."

CAMP NEWS

COMMUNITY WASH. How to get yourself and fatigues clean at the same time. Pvt. Jimmy Young lends a hand at Pvt. Andy Davidson's back after leaving a clinging infiltration course at Camp White, Oreg.

Mail Call

Airborne Infantry Bonus

Dear YANK:

Why is it that enlisted men in the Airborne Infantry are not getting at least a $25-a-month pay advance over the ordinary servicemen's pay? Paratroopers get an extra $50 a month for jump pay, yet we who did not volunteer for this branch get training as rugged as the Paratroops and fly in gliders, which is at least as dangerous as jumping. Besides that, we are not allowed parachutes. Moreover, there is no way of getting out of the Airborne Infantry except by a CDD or application as an aviation cadet; even OCS has been frozen in the airborne units. Some of us have tried to switch over to the paratroops but we were not allowed to go. We think that the least the Army could do would be to give us additional pay.

Camp Mackall, N. C. —Pvt. R. E. BUCKWICK

Tom Harmon

Dear YANK:

Sgt. Dan Polier, in his article on Lt. Tom Harmon in a December issue of YANK, stated that Harmon washed out of flight training and later came back to win his wings. I always thought you were through flying GI planes if you washed out of flight training. What kind of pull did Harmon have?

Jefferson Barracks, Mo. —Pfc. MORT LEVIN

■ YANK erred; Harmon never washed out of flight training. The next letter explains.

Dear YANK:

Harmon never washed out or even came close to it. Somehow that rumor spread until YANK printed it. I roomed with Tom Harmon throughout his training and the following story will clear up the wash-out rumor: In Oxnard Primary School we got 60 hours of flying. Tom finished about a week ahead of the last man. Now, at that time the National Broadcasting Company had a coast-to-coast radio show from Santa Ana, Calif. Santa Ana is a reception center near Oxnard where washed-out cadets are sent to be reclassified. Tom was in Santa Ana to appear on the radio program, but when the cadets saw him in town they thought he was back there to be reclassified. They spread the rumor that he had washed out and was back to be a bombardier. The story spread like wildfire as you can readily understand.

Hunter Field, Ga. —Lt. ORREL R. BUCKLER

Service Ribbons

Dear YANK:

I was overseas at the outbreak of war and have but recently returned to the States. Everywhere I go I see recruits with more overseas service ribbons than the German Home Guard. They wear everything except the Congressional Medal of Honor which, no doubt, they found hard to buy in the corner store.

Lowry Field, Colo. —S/Sgt. H. PEARL

Checker Problem

Dear YANK:

Re the Checker Strategy solution in an October issue, which concludes with: "White being one up, the win is only a matter of time." I wish this seaman had a nickel for games that were lost by players being a king up in the end game.

USNTS, Sampson, N. Y. —ALEX ROSENSTEIN S2c

■ While a piece ahead should produce a win in any clean-cut checker position, plenty of guys fumble the playing. If checker fans are interested, we'll run a few samples in the puzzle column to show how to force a win with four against three, three against two and even two against one. Write the Puzzle Editor.

Kuk's Left Hook

Dear YANK:

This New Guinea native's name is Kuk. He lost his arm fighting the Japs. A daisy cutter beat him to a slit trench. I took this picture after S/Sgt. S. A. Haneiwich, with the men from the sheet-metal section, and Sgt. R. A. Bial, with the men from the machine shop, had fixed him with a lightweight substitute arm, complete with hook. To top off the job, Sgt. W. A. Smith decorated the arm with the wearer's name.

—Sgt. J. C. DE BLASIO

New Guinea

Hitler's Trial

Dear YANK:

Exactly how are we going to hold the trials for Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo, ad nauseam? Under *whose* country's laws will they be tried? And exactly how are we going to determine what is a "just punishment" for these and the less important war criminals at the close of those trials? In World War I it was "Hang the Kaiser," but he died of old age in Doorn. Now it's "Hang Hitler." Are we going to let him retire to his mountain retreat to die in peace among the chawings of his rug?

Australia —Pvt. ROBERT S. KINSLOW

■ According to the Declaration of Moscow, announced Nov. 1, Axis war criminals will stand before tribunals in the lands where they perpetrated their crimes. No exact legal procedure has been announced for the trial of Hitler, Tojo and the rest of the super criminals.

Sit-Up Champ

Dear YANK:

In a November issue of YANK, Sgt. Leonard M. Frydenlund at Kearns, Utah, said Pvt. Joe Zachetti of Truax Field, Wis., has chalked up a world's record of 3,305 sit-ups. I thought you would like to know that he is no longer the world champion, as Seaman Metro Sturko, U.S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill., has just broken the record by doing 4,001 consecutive sit-ups.

RPO, Great Lakes, Ill. —ED WALSH Y3c

■ We've got you both beat. The new sit-up champion to date is S/Sgt. Gene Jantzen [*below*] of Lincoln (Nebr.) Army Air Base. He is credited with doing 5,200 sit-ups in 4 hours 50 minutes, using the bar bell to anchor his legs.

Anastasia of "Murder Inc."

Dear YANK:

After returning from a furlough in the States and reading a newspaper article about Umberto Anastasia of the Brooklyn "Murder Incorporated" ring who was put in the MPs when he was inducted, I am fully convinced that the MPs are well trained in the art of showing mistreatment. In Kansas City, Dallas and San Francisco, the MPs treated me like I think a Nazi should be treated. Therefore, I'm not surprised a man like Anastasia was put in the MPs. But to get back to my gripe: How did Anastasia become a technical sergeant? Did he pay his fare for the rating or was his CO afraid of a one-way ride? A man of his character should not be permitted in the Army, let alone given a rating as high as technical sergeant.

Alaska —1st Sgt. JOHN S. TUCKER

■ The War Department says that Umberto Anastasia is not and has never been in the MPs. He took basic training in the Infantry and is now in the Transportation Corps. It is a matter of record that he was indicted for murder four times but was never finally convicted of any murder charge. He was, therefore, considered acceptable for military service by the Selective Service System. The following are the dates on which he received his promotions. Inducted in July 1942; made pfc. Oct. 1, 1942; made T-5 Oct. 20, 1942; made buck sergeant May 11, 1943; made staff sergeant May 14, 1943; made technical sergeant June 13, 1943.

Post-War Jobs

Dear YANK:

I think the fellows who are fighting this war will be interested in what the "average man" thinks about post-war work. The following appeared in the October issue of the *Cosmopolitan* and was written by George Gallup, director of the Gallup Poll:

A huge majority (civilian workers) think their present jobs will continue after peace has been signed. However, they believe that servicemen coming out of the Army after the war may have trouble competing with civilians for jobs. The average man believes men in the Army should be kept in service after the war until they are able to find work.

Perhaps I'm not an "average man," but if I'm not, neither are the millions of other soldiers in the service. My suggestion for post-war work is to give the jobs to the men back from the fighting fronts. Perhaps the "average man" has forgotten that we quit our jobs to come into the service.

Alaska —Pvt. PHIL GOLD

■ Regardless of public opinion, the Reemployment Division of the Selective Service System is required by Federal law to get you back into your old job or find you another one just as good. The Attorney General of the United States has assured YANK that the Department of Justice will do everything in its power to back up the rights of the servicemen stated in that law. So if you don't get your old job back, you can legally demand to know the reason why.

Message Center

B. RAY BARBERI of Brooklyn, N. Y.: see *Message 3.*† . . . CECIL W. BONDURANT, once at Lowry Field, Colo.: write T/Sgt. Elmer A. Leitner, Hq. Sq (Prov.), AAFRS 1, Atlantic City, N. J. . . . If anyone knows the whereabouts of BRUCE A. BOWMAN, last seen in Kansas City, Mo.: write YANK. . . . S/Sgt WILLIAM BUSH, once with Co. C, 134th Inf., 35th Div. Los Angeles, Calif.: write Pvt. Marjorie Stuck, WAC Det., Market & New Montgomery Sts., San Francisco 5, Calif.

D. JERRY DATZ of The Bronx, New York, once at Camp Upton, N. Y.: write Cpl. Elliott A Browar, 721st C/C Sq. (Aircrew), NAAC, AAFCC Nashville, Tenn. . . . BILLIE JOE DAVIS, once at Kirtland Field, N. Mex.: write A/S Jack P. Dean, 306th CTD (Aircrew), Sq. 11-D, Coe College, Cedar Rapids Iowa. . . . WILLIAM H. DAVIS, once in 62d Bn., Co. B Camp Wolters, Tex.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Anyone who knew Pfc. JOSEPH N. DI GIOVANNI, ATC, 27th Inf.: write Philip D. Di Giovanni S2c, Unit H-8 Upper, NTS, Sampson, N. Y.

G. JACK GIORDANO of Brooklyn, N. Y.: see *Message 3.*† . . . HAROLD GOLD, in 102d Engrs., New York State National Guard from 1936 to '38: write Pvt. J. Ken Schachter, Co. C, 1st Bn., AGFRD 2, Fort Ord, Calif. . . . ERIC GRAY, once in 62d Bn., Co. B Camp Wolters, Tex.: see *Message 2.***

H. Sgt. LUTHER D. HACKETT, once with the old 104th Inf.: write Sgt. M. H. Metcalf, 304th Co., 1st Tng. Det. (Aircrew), University of N. Dak., Grand Forks, N. Dak. . . . Lt. DUANE M. HART, once at Rock Island Arsenal, Ill.: write T/Sgt. P. B. Williams, Co. 9, Bks. 46, ASTP Armory, University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill. . . . GEORGE F. HENIGAN JR., former speech professor at Huron College, S. Dak.: write F/O Carroll A. Ray, Sq. 11, GCTC, Bowman Field, Ky. . . . Anyone knowing the whereabouts of THOMAS LE ROY HUGGINS of New York, N. Y., last heard of in El Paso, Tex.: write YANK.

K. GEORGE W. KING, once in 62d Bn., Co. B, Camp Wolters, Tex.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pvt. JOHN KOPP, once in the 76th Inf., Fort George G. Meade, Md.: see *Message 1.** . . .

R. Cpl. GLENN D. RANKIN of Detroit, Mich., once at Sioux Falls, S. Dak.: write Pvt. Kenneth Sass, MP Det. 1, 1323 SU, Camp Reynolds, Pa. . . . Pvt. HOWARD RICHMAN, once with the 100th Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C.: see *Message 1.** . . . Cpl. DAN ROGERS of South Carolina, now somewhere in Massachusetts: write Cpl. Calvin Wiggins Jr., Hq. Btry., 215th FA Bn., AAB, Alliance, Nebr. . . . JAMES E. ROSENBERRY, once in 62d Bn., Co. B, Camp Wolters, Tex.: see *Message 2.***

W. Sgt. ARNOLD WEBB, once in Iceland: write Pvt. Warren Webb, Btry. B, 681st Glider FA Bn., 17th AB Div., Camp Mackall, N. C. . . . Pfc. FRANK WEEKS of Chicago, Ill., once at Camp Crowder, Mo.: write Lt. Joseph W. Cutrona, Bldg. 2008, Rm. 8, Monmouth Country Club, Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . Pvt. WILLIE WELLS, once in the 204th CA (AA), 2d Bn., Hq. Btry.: write S/Sgt. L. Froelich, 500 TEFTS, AAFTS (TP), Bryan, Tex. . . . Lt. WILLIAM WHITE, once at Maxwell Field, Ala.: write Pfc. Ralph K. Bloomer, 806th TSS 1529, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. . . . T/Sgt. "POPS" WINN, with the 12th Wea. Bn.: write T/Sgt. G. T. Callison, Base Wea Sta., AAF, Lemoore, Calif. . . . 1st Sgt. ALBERT J. WOJTOWITZ JR., once in Hawaii, later in the 2d Sig. Corps, Camp Bowie, Tex.: write Cpl. Lou E. Hester, Co. E, 53d MRTC, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . 1st Sgt. REX B. WOLFE, 96th QM Bakery Bn., once at Camp Crowder, Mo.: write Lloyd R. Hennessee EM3c, Sta. Force Recreation, Camp Parks, Calif.

**Message 1:* Write A/C Robert Evans, B & N Sq. 84, AAB, Santa Ana, Calif.

***Message 2:* Write Pvt. Elton L. Kytle, ASTU 3873, Co. B, Box 399, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

†*Message 3:* Write Sgt. H. Defina, 1306 SU, RC, Camp Pickett, Va.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

These men want to trade shoulder patches:

Pvt. A. B. Brehler, Co. B, 739 MP Bn., Camp Mount Vernon, Ill.

Cpl. John R. Capps, Btry. B, 396th AFA Bn., 16th Armd. Div., Camp Chaffee, Ark.

Cpl. Iggy Di Biagio, Btry. B, 897 FA, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Capt. Melvin B. Dolginoff, Hq. C S C U T C, Camp Crowder, Mo.

1st. Crawford W. Hallett, Hq., *II Tactical Air Div.*, Barksdale Field, La.

Pvt. John J. Higgins, 833d MP, AAB, Santa Ana, Calif.

Pfc. Lawrence A. Tidswell, Co. A, 2d Med. Bn. Armd., Camp Polk, La.

Pvt. R. T. Smith, Tr. F, 106 Cav., Camp Hood, Tex.

S/Sgt. Francis C. Stephens, Btry. B, 285th FA Obsn. Bn., Fort Sill, Okla.

Pvt. Herbert N. Maier, Hq. Co., 362d Inf., 91st Div., Camp Adair, Oreg.

Pfc. Clayton J. De Vaul, 83d Gen. Hosp., Bks. 3, Camp White, Oreg.

Sgt. Bernice A. Driggers, Btry. E, 263d CA, Fort Moultrie, Ga.

Cpl. Clifford Eisenreich, 582 Bomb. Sq. (H), 393 Bomb. Gp., AAB, Sioux City, Iowa.

2d Lt. Virginia S. Gibson, Co. 2, Regt. 23, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Cpl. William Hendrickson, 902 TGBTC 12, Sq. 208, Flt. A, AAF, Amarillo, Tex.

Pvt. Leon Passmore, Sta. Hosp., Fort Baker, San Francisco, Calif.

Sgts. Linwood Hutchinson and Carl E. Peoples, Hq. Btry., 1st Bn., 263d CA, Fort Moultrie, S. C.

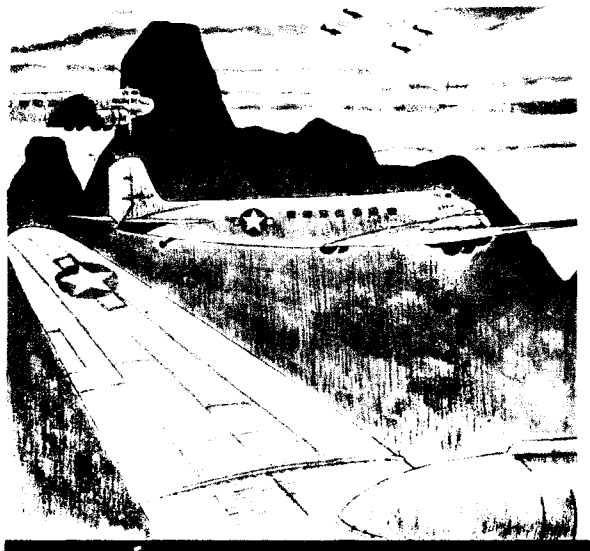
T/Sgt. Clarence W. Rolfs, Hq. Btry., 729th AAA M/G Bn., Shreveport, La.

Pfc. Maurice L. Scher, Hq. Sec., 1881st Enl. Det., Camp Gruber, Okla.

1st Sgt. Elmer J. Whitehead, Btry. G, 241st CA (HD), Fort Standish, Mass.

Salamaua Sketches

SOME of the toughest terrain in New Guinea faced the Yanks and Aussies in the Salamaua battle. They had to dislodge the Japs from high ridges leading to the Huon Gulf base. These sketches of the campaign were made by YANK's Sgt. Charles Pearson, who spent two months at that sector of the front.



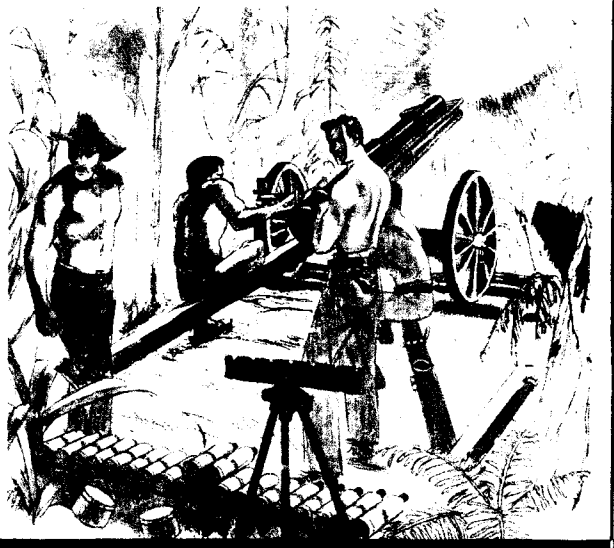
Transports speed men and supplies from Port Moresby to Wau, where Salamaua battle began.

Natives tenderly carry wounded men from the front back to Wau over muddy mountain trails.

Even jeeps can't travel the trail, so "biscuit bombers" drop the supplies into special areas daily.

From the dropping grounds natives lug the food, mostly dehydrated, and ammo to front-line dumps.

Arriving at Kitchen Creek, Yanks and Aussies find evacuated Jap perimeter, filled with booby traps.



Aussie 25-pound mountain gun blasts Jap position from a nearby ridge, firing nearly point-blank.

Close behind the front the mortars pound away at pin-pointed Jap strong points 24 hours a day.

Before Yanks prepare to attack an enemy pillbox, an Australian warms it up with his antitank rifle.

His knee shattered by a mortar burst, a Yank is helped to aid station by a medic and an Aussie.

During a lull in the fighting, a wet infantryman eats dehydrated chow as Jap shells drop nearby.

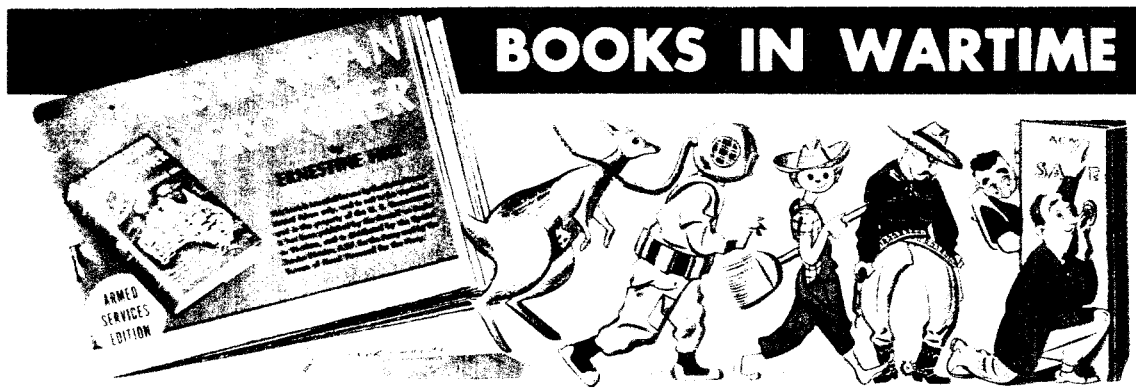
Bill Boyd as Hopalong Cassidy

HOLLYWOOD. After 54 pictures and nine years of continuous service as "Hopalong Cassidy," Bill Boyd got off his horse and started looking around for different roles. . . . Kim Hunter, now supporting Ginger Rogers in "Tender Comrade," has been assigned an important role in "So Little Time." If you caught "The Seventh Victim," you'll remember her as the very odd sister with the very odd hair-do. . . . Jane Lawrence, who left a role in "Oklahoma" in New York to fill a film contract, will make her debut in "Sailor's Holiday." . . . Jess Barker was chosen for the male lead opposite dance star Ann Miller in "Jam Session." His last was with Rita Hayworth in "Cover Girl." . . . A "Li'l Abner" Technicolor cartoon, "Amoozin' But Confusin'," is scheduled for early release. . . . Tala Birell has been added to the cast of "Tomorrow's Harvest," which stars Ray Milland and Barbara Britton. . . . Regis Toomey joins W. C. Fields and Reginald Denny to form a comedy trio for "Song of the Open Road." . . . Carmen Amaya and her Flamenco troupe go into "Knickerbocker Holiday." . . . Get a load of Gale Storm, an eye-appealing newcomer, in the first of the juvenile delinquency films, "Where Are Our Children?" . . . Greer Garson's next will be the title role in "Mrs. Parkington." . . . Joy Page, daughter of a film biggie, has just been signed to a long-term contract. She is now working in "Kismet," which stars Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman. . . . Ann Sothern's next is "Maisie Goes to Reno." . . . Nancy Kelly and Chester Morris share stellar honors in "Gambler's Choice."

BAND BEAT. Gail Landis, the new singer with Bobby Sherwood's band, is really Bobby's sister. . . . Sonny Dunham followed Benny Goodman into the Hotel New Yorker in New York for a 12-week stay. . . . Frances Wayne is the new vocalist with the Wood Herman outfit. . . . Helen Young has joined the Raymond Scott crew as featured singer. . . . Paul Carley, former film extra, has replaced Bob Eberle (now GI) with the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra. . . . Shep Fields is adding an amplified harp to his all-reed orchestra. . . . Helen O'Connell, former Jimmy Dorsey thrush, is a Navy ensign's bride. . . . Amy Arnell, vocalist with Tommy Tucker, left his outfit to go solo. . . . Vaughn Monroe, tagged 4-F, returned to the band field with as many of his former men as he could gather. . . . Red Nichols is organizing a 16-piece crew. . . . Hottest combo in Milwaukee is reported to be Bert Bailey and His Brown Buddies. . . . Tommy Dorsey will be the soloist with the Janssen Symphony Orchestra in Los Angeles on Feb. 6. . . . Eddie Le Baron was picked up, under his real name of Edward A. Gastine, for failure to report for induction; claims mix-up because of the two names. . . . Terry Shand and orchestra headlined the opening bill at the Shadowland nitery in San Antonio.

NO LEGS this week. We forgot our ration book and the man from whom we get the legs said: "No book, no legs. Don't you know there's a war on?" However, we came away with a face—in fact, what Hollywood calls "the perfect face." It belongs to Linda Darnell, a girl from Texas, whose next for 20th Century-Fox is "Buffalo Bill."

BOOKS IN WARTIME



HERE are the 30 titles which make up the third or "C" series of the Armed Services Editions, the paper-bound, pocket-size books which are being published by the Council of Books in Wartime for GIs overseas. As in the preceding two series, there are 50,000 copies of each title, and they are being distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army, and by the Bureau of Naval Personnel for the Navy.

C—61 NORTH AFRICA *By Alan H. Brodrick*
Brief but concise resume of the social, historical and economic background of North Africa.

C—62 THE SEA OF GRASS *By Conrad Richter*
A stirring love drama of the pioneer days of the Southwest.

C—63 THE MIND IN THE MAKING *By James Harvey Robinson*
Classic study of the evolution of the human mind.

C—64 CANDIDE *By Voltaire*
After almost two centuries this is still one of the world's most fascinating satires.

C—65 THE FOREST *By Stewart Edward White*
Recommended especially for GI pencil pushers who haven't had their fill of the outdoor life.

C—66 PISTOLS FOR HIRE *By Nelson C. Nye*
Cowboy hero Flick Farson shoots it out with varmint Billy the Kid in a rootin', tootin' western.

C—67 SEVEN MEN *By Max Beerbohm*
The incomparable Max spins fine tales of irony and life for the benefit of sophisticated GIs.

C—68 SWAMP WATER *By Vereen Bell*
Tautly written novel of the Florida swampland.

C—69 UNLOCKING ADVENTURE *By Charles Courtney*
The world's highest-paid legal safecracker tells about some of the jobs he's pulled.

C—70 PENROD *By Booth Tarkington*
You're never too old to read "Penrod."

C—71 GREEN MANSIONS *By W. H. Hudson*
One of the most exquisite love stories in literature.

C—72 HOPALONG CASSIDY SERVES A WRIT *By Clarence E. Mulford*
Sheriff Cassidy gets his man. Another western.

C—73 U.S. FOREIGN POLICY *By Walter Lippmann*
The United States' relations with the rest of the world, easy to read and damned interesting.

C—74 STAR SPANGLED VIRGIN *By Dubose Heyward*
Don't let the title fool you. A humorous, swiftly paced tale of Negroes in the Virgin Islands.

C—75 BLACK-OUT IN GRETLEY *By J. B. Priestley*
Adventure tale in wartime Britain.

C—76 THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER *By Mark Twain*
If you didn't read it when you were a kid, read it now. If you did, read it anyway.

C—77 THE SHORT STORIES *Of Stephen Vincent Benet*
Some of the finest of American short stories, including the great "The Devil and Daniel Webster."

C—78 MIRACLE IN HELLAS *By Betty Wason*
Grim story of Greece under the Nazis.

C—79 FATHOMS BELOW *By Frank Meier*
A master diver describes some of his great salvaging ventures.

C—80 AUSTRALIAN FRONTIER *By Ernestine Hill*
Introduction to Australia's legendary "outback" country.

C—81 STORM *By George R. Stewart*
Story of a California blizzard.

C—82 KABLOONA *By Gontran de Poncins*
Life among the Eskimos in the frozen wastelands of the Far North.

C—83 THE FOREST AND THE FORT *By Hervey Allen*
Historical novel of pre-Revolutionary days centered about the siege of Fort Pitt.

C—84 THE HAWKEYE *By Herbert Quick*
Crops, plagues and politics of Iowa in the middle of the 19th century.

C—85 . . . AND A FEW MARINES *By J. W. Thomason*
Exciting stories about the U. S. Marines.

C—86 STARBUCK *By John Selby*
Modern novel of a musician who enjoyed—and took—the good things of life.

C—87 GREAT SMITH *By Edison Marshall*
Lusty, dramatic tale of the one and only Captain John Smith.

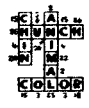
C—88 PAUL REVERE *By Esther Forbes*
A first-rate biography of the Revolutionary hero.

C—89 CORONET *By Manuel Komroff*
Russian cavalcade from the Renaissance through the Napoleonic wars to the Soviet Revolution.

C—90 THE GRAPES OF WRATH *By John Steinbeck*
One of the great American novels.

TEE-TOTAL

YANK will send big Puzzle Kits to GIs (that includes the Navy, Marines, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you've tried this before and failed to win a prize, don't give up hope. Try again; just remember there's a lot of competition.

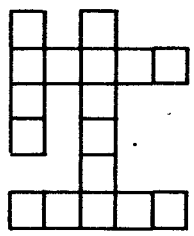


Fill in this diagram with four good English words. Don't use names of persons or places. And don't comb the dictionary for rare words. Tee-Totals are meant to test your ingenuity, not your skill with Webster's.

To figure your score, add the number values of the *seventeen* letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the table below. The trick is to use *ordinary* words containing a lot of letters of high value. *In adding the score, count each of the 17 letters in the diagram only once.*

The work-out above counts 225. Can you beat it?

A — 2	N — 20		
B — 13	O — 3		
C — 15	P — 14		
D — 12	Q — 19		
E — 1	R — 18		
F — 23	S — 7		
G — 9	T — 17		
H — 26	U — 5		
I — 4	V — 21		
J — 11	W — 16		
K — 24	X — 8		
L — 25	Y — 6		
M — 22	Z — 10		



Score . . . . . Submitted by:

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight* weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will be listed on page 22 of the Feb. 18 issue.

LETTER DIVISION

A Letter Division is an example in long division with letters substituted for the numbers. Your problem is to restore the original numbers.

It's not as tough as it sounds. There are plenty of clues if you look for them. Fill in each number as you discover it.

For a starter we'll tip you off that V = 9.

Now, it's all yours. Take it away!

(Solution on page 22.)

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  Y E S
D R Y) R I F L E
      R S V
      F D L E
      F F Y D
      F Y R
```

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ORDER NO.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

POST EXCHANGE

The Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

The Phone Rang at Midnight

THE whole thing happened while I was on special duty in San Francisco and lived at a boarding house there. In that boarding house there was a young chap who worked in the shipyards. He had a girl at the other end of the state who worked for the telephone company and every other night, after 12, she'd ring up and he'd talk with her in the hallway.

A telephone in the middle of night—well, in the middle of anything—is rather disturbing.

So this is what he did: a little before midnight he'd come downstairs and sit by the phone. After a bit the phone would ring and he'd have the receiver off the hook before the bell could ring again.

I know what they used to say because my room was on the other side of the wall from the phone.

One night something happened. She didn't call up. And he sat there waiting.

So did I. But no call came, not even a wrong number.

I felt sorry for this guy, but what could I do?

He came down again the next night and the following four nights. But still no call. Then he gave up.

So I began figuring out what happened. She could have been fired for calling on company time. She could have fallen in love with another fellow. She could have died.

One night a week later the doorbell rang. The young fellow ran downstairs and opened the door. It was his girl friend from the other end of California. I knew because he talked to her just like he talked to the girl on the phone.

They went upstairs.

I began wondering what he was going to tell the landlady, but he must have fixed up a good story because she stayed on.

Things were going along all right just like a honeymoon until midnight a couple of weeks later when the phone rang. I thought: "Is this going to start all over again?"

The girl answered. And by the way she talked I could tell she was talking to a young fellow.

It seems her husband (yes, they got married) had been put on the swing shift and wasn't home any more at night, and she was lonely.

The old, old story.

This kept up for more than a week until one afternoon she called a taxi. She left for the depot and caught a train for Los Angeles.

I thought this would be the end of everything.

The young husband just stayed around the house all day and didn't go to work.

That night at midnight, damned if that phone didn't ring again.

The young husband rushed downstairs. It wasn't his wife. It was the other fellow. Seems that he didn't know she had left for Los Angeles.

The husband played the other guy along until he got what he wanted. Then he hung up and rang the Southern Pacific and found out when the next train was leaving for Los Angeles.

I began reading the papers to see if they carried any stories of a two-way murder and suicide down in LA.

But nothing ever happened. The young fellow never came back, the telephone never rang at midnight again, and a couple days later I got my orders to ship out.

Australia —Pfc. GEORGE KAUFMAN

LAMENT

I might have been a commando,
I might have driven a tank;
But here I sit in the USO,
Writing this junk for YANK.

San Diego, Calif. —Cpl. RAYMOND KASS

PROPHECY

Hard by the sea the storm-locked flyers wait.
In sleepless sleep they toss and dream,
Each man the keeper of another's fate.
Some distance off the beach, beyond the breaking sea,
A lone ship burns and each man seems to say:
"It might be you, it could be me!"
Soon as the storm subsides, swift as hungry gulls
They will go out to where the wolf pack rides,
And peace will come to those who wait—
World-wide and quiet, beautiful as girls
And homey as some pasture gate.

Tinker Field, Okla. —Pfc. JOHN C. ROGERS

SONNET TO MARIANN

Oh, I remember what I thought of you
In bygone days. I thought you were mean,
Indescribably nasty, rude, obscene,
A doggoned dirty, double-crossing shrew.
Oh, I remember how I watched each new
And clever trick you played upon those green
And unsuspecting men. "Well, she's the dean
Of rats," I cursed, as men are wont to do.

But that was very, very long ago,
And now, with tears, I emulate the thinker
And visualize the past—the past I know
So well. And like Cervantes in the clinker,
I judge the world with thoughts as pure as snow;
But even so—I think you're still a stinker!

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

I Was a Love Burglar

A GI TRUE CONFESSION STORY

I WAS on my way to steal my brother's girl.

We were on furlough together and stopping off at a middle western city where he said he knew a Lorna Dorrance. Perhaps I should explain we are both sergeants, but while I, Marvin O'Malley, am shy with women, my brother Butch O'Malley is bold and dashing. Yet I, too, longed to own an address book like his. And oh, yes, I must also explain that we are identical twins.

That was why I was climbing the steps to Lorna's apartment, my heart pounding madly. Tonight I was Butch O'Malley! The idea had come to me back at the hotel room after Butch left to spend the evening at a Turkish bath. I had copied Lorna's address. Now I was at her door. I knocked.

The girl who opened was a stunning blond in a black silk dress. She smiled bewitchingly. "Come in, sergeant!"

She led me to a comfortable divan in front of an open fire. My knees felt weak.

"Would you care for some ginger ale?" she said.

"I feel bubbly enough now, Sugar Pie." (Butch calls all his girls Sugar Pie.) "Let me read your palm."

A delightful electric current shot through me as I took her hand. Then I became ashamed. This was a despicable thing I was doing. But I couldn't stop. "A man has come into your life," I said. "His name begins with an O."

"Is it—is it O'Malley?" she whispered.

Then I knew she cared—for Butch. I should have fled from the room. But her violet eyes were deep pools of fascination.

"You're a cute trick," I said recklessly. "You're a right number. You're three plums in a row. You're queen high. I like you."

She colored at my words. She leaned toward me and said: "No kidding?"

The fragrance of her hair was like apple blossoms. Our faces were not 15 inches apart. . . . Ten. . . . My senses were swooning.

"Sugar Pie," I said huskily.

"Sergeant," she said softly.

At that moment a knot crackled in the fire, like a warning shot. I thought: "*Suppose this is the great love of Butch's life? Suppose Lorna learns of my duplicity and breaks her heart?*"

"No!" I cried aloud. "No! I should never have come here!"

Lorna sprang to her feet. Her voice was pitched low with fury. "Get out! I never want to see you again!"

With listless step I retraced my way to the street. Yes, I had prevented the lives of three human beings from becoming a shambles. But it would be long before I would smile again. I walked the crowded pavements, unseeing.

"Hiya, Marv!" Butch's voice! There was a brunette on his arm. "Meet Lorna."

"Lorna!" I gasped.

"Sure. Where you been, kid? I phoned the hotel, but you were gone. Wanted to tell you we'd told Irene when we left the apartment that we'd send you along to keep her company. Wait'll you see Lorna's new roommate!"

"I got an errand," I said faintly. Back into my mind flashed the fateful words, "I never want to see you again!"

This is being written in the hospital.

I tried to cut my throat.

AAF, Gulfport, Miss. —Cpl. CARL HAPPEL

"And now Lt. Reynard will give a lecture on foxholes."
—Pvt. J. W. Blake, Camp Wheeler, Ga.

PASSION NOTE

The styles will change, my dear, I know,
As fashions always do.
The red nail polish you adore
Tomorrow will be blue.
You'll wear your hair tucked up, or down.
And you will probably vary
The length and cut of blouse or skirt—
Be modishly contrary.

I do not ask that styles mark time,
That you shun the latest fashion,
I only hope when I return
You'll wear the same old passion.

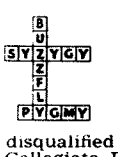
USNTC, Bainbridge, Md. —DON MARSHALL Sp(R)3c

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

LETTER DIVISION.

F D Y S I L R V E
1 2 3 4 6 7 8 9 0

TEE-TOTAL PRIZES. Puzzle Kit winners for the Nov. 26 issue, and their scores, are Cpl. John High, Blacksburg, Va. (278); Sgt. Clifford Schuman, 1215 SCSU, New York (271); Lt. Robert Anderson, Camp Edwards, Mass.; Pfc. Leon Blumenthal, Champaign, Ill.; Pvt. Ralph Licker, Greensboro, N. C.; Sgt. C. M. Palmquist, Camp Chaffee, Ark. (all tied at 270); M/Sgt. Harry Buro, Hendricks Field, Fla. (269) and Sgt. Joseph Valaro, Miami Beach, Fla. (268). Contest winner for a fourth time is M/Sgt. R. L. Powell, Fort Story, Va. (272). High's solution is shown here. Thirteen entries were disqualified for using rare words not listed in Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (abridged), Fifth Edition.



SPORTS: MAN-OF-THE-YEAR STAGG SET OUT TO BE A MINISTER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

ALONZO STAGG was poring over a deskful of scout reports on the March Field (Calif.) football team when the telephone rang in his College of the Pacific office. The scout reports were the work of Mrs. Stagg, who used to chart his plays at Chicago and still does the scouting for him.

"Well, my gosh!" blurted Stagg after the voice on the other end of the wire told him he had been named football's Man of the Year for 1943. Then for a minute he paused to catch his breath. "Thanks very much. I certainly didn't expect any honors. Not at my time of life."

Although he never received such a title officially before, Stagg has been football's biggest man in innumerable years past. But in 1943, he especially deserved such recognition. His little College of the Pacific eleven played a rugged schedule, losing only one game during the regular season, a 6-0 loss to Southern California, on a much-discussed penalty. Then in a post-season charity game, after the Marines had called up his best boys, Stagg was beaten by the big, talent-rich March Field Flyers, 19-0.

The most remarkable thing about the 81-year-old Stagg is that he ever became a football coach or player. His boyhood dream was to become a minister. And his first love was baseball, not football. Yet he gained lasting fame as an end on Walter Camp's first All-American team in 1889 and became one of football's greatest coaches. He now says these were the two biggest detours in his life.

When Stagg reported to Yale as a would-be divinity student in 1884, he went out for the baseball team. His fame as a pitcher at Phillips Exeter Academy had preceded him to New Haven and in order to make room for him on the varsity, the coach shifted the regular pitcher to catcher. Stagg's first game was against the Philadelphia Athletics and naturally he almost had his head knocked off. Against college competition he fared better. He pitched every game for Yale that season and beat Harvard, 8-3, for the eastern championship.

Stagg reached the peak of his baseball career as senior against Princeton. This game was supposed to be for the championship of the East, but it rained most of the day and by 4 o'clock the field was so muddy that nobody wanted to play. It so happened that Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the President's wife, was visiting Princeton, and rather than disappoint her they agreed to play.

When Mrs. Cleveland entered the grandstand, Stagg noticed that she was wearing the orange-and-black colors of Princeton and that she sat on the Princeton side. This infuriated Stagg. He thought the wife of the President of the United States should have been neutral and sat on the Yale side for half of the game and the Princeton side the other half. He was so angry that he almost pitched his arm off. He struck out 22 men and let Princeton down with only two scattered hits.

Stagg became an over-night sensation after this game. He was showered with offers from six major clubs. The top bids came from the Boston Nationals and New York Giants, who each offered him $3,000. Stagg turned them all down because he frowned on the hard-bitten character of professional baseball, and he still wanted to become a minister.

This refusal prompted one newspaper editor in faraway Fair Point, Miss., to write: "Just so long as the pitcher of a baseball club gets $3,000 for six months' work, and a preacher $600 for a year's service, just so long will there be good pitching and poor preaching."

If it hadn't been for Stagg's inability to speak free and easily before an audience, he might have been a minister. As a divinity student in the Yale graduate school he spoke at a YMCA program with another student, John Mott, who later became a famous international YMCA leader. Stagg followed the brillant Mott on the platform, and the contrast was startling. After the meeting, Stagg overheard Mott tell another student: "I can't understand why Stagg simply can't make a talk."

This convinced Stagg he would never be a good preaching man, so he left Yale and went to Springfield College, where he began his football coaching career. At Yale he hadn't played football until he entered graduate school, and then only because Pa Corbin persuaded him to come out for the team.

Around 1890 Stagg moved West to coach the University of Chicago and kept the job for the next 40 years.

Although Stagg never made the grade as a minister, he has always conducted himself like one. He doesn't drink or smoke and has [illegible] player. The strongest language [illegible] uses on the field to dress down a boy is "jackass." If he wants particularly to emphasize something, he will call a player a "double jackass."

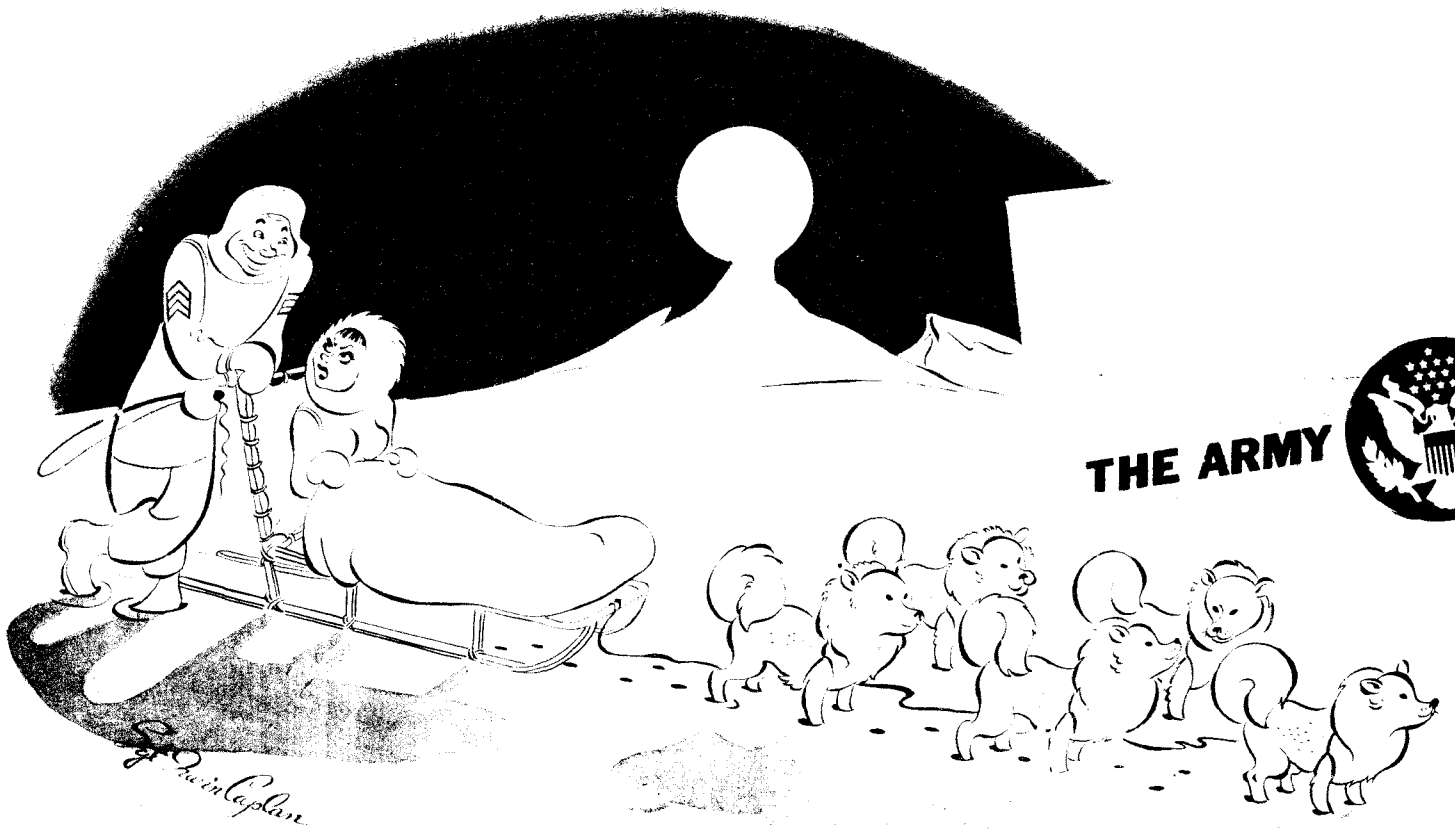
Bob Zuppke, the old Illinois coach, once told his coaching school: "It is true Stagg does not swear at his men. But he calls this man a jackass, then that man a jackass, then another a jackass. By the end of the workout there are no human beings left on the field."

Sports Service Record

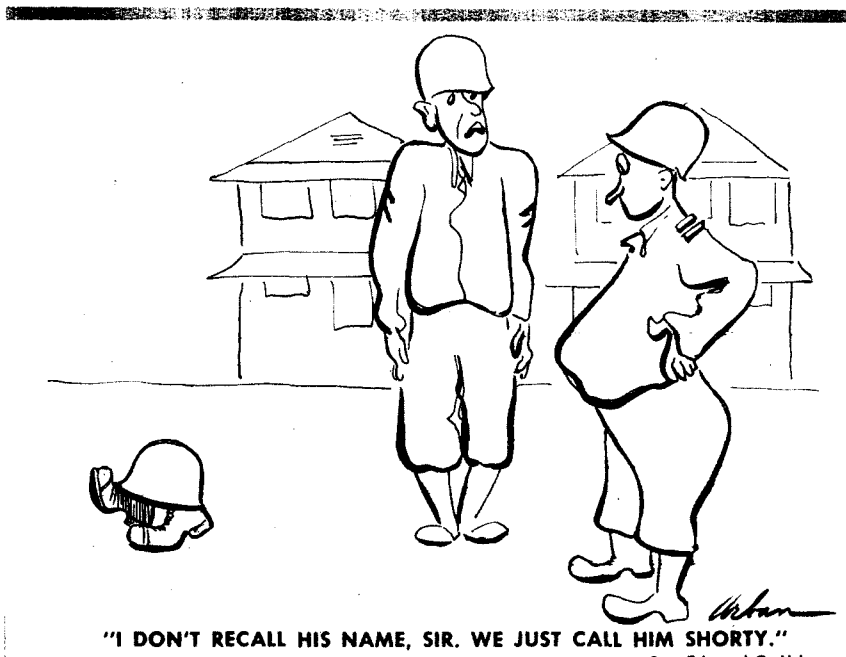
SAME NUMBER. Pvt. Tommy Bridges (left), newly inducted Detroit Tiger pitching ace, draws bunk No. 10 at Fort Sheridan, Ill., the same number he wore on his baseball uniform for 13 years in the majors.

BEFORE going overseas for the USO, **Lefty Gomez** reported to an Army medical clinic to receive his shots. After the doctor had jabbed his arm full of tetanus, typhus and typhoid serums, Gomez rolled down his sleeve and said: "That was a terrible waste of that stuff, doc." The doctor was puzzled. "Waste?" he asked. "Yeah," snickered Gomez, "you shot it into my left arm, and that arm has been dead for two years." . . . Aside to **Lt. Lanny Ross**, the singer, now a Special Service officer in New Guinea, who wanted to know if his world's record for the half-mile still stands: According to the National AAU headquarters, this record is held by the late **John Borican** who ran a 1:50.5 half in 1942. . . . **Pistol Pete Reiser**, the Dodger outfielder, is a GI postal clerk at Fort Riley, Kans. . . . **O/C Dutch Meyer**, who caught Sammy Baugh's passes at TCU and then went on to play second base for the Detroit Tigers, is supposed to graduate in the next class at Miami Beach as a physical-training officer. . . . **S/Sgt. Bill Singer**, coach of the 604th Training Group basketball team at Lincoln (Nebr.) Air Base, almost fainted when 400 guys turned out for practice the first day. Included in the mob was **Pvt. Reece (The Goose) Tatum**, a bizarre character who stands 6 feet 3 inches, has a reach of 7 feet 3 inches and played the Harlem Globe Trotters last year. Tatum is famous for deliberately running around the court in a swaying chimpanzee gait with his teeth bared and flapping his arms goose-like when he goes after the ball. One of his favorite tricks is to stand the ball on top of a befuddled opponent's head. . . . **Sgt. Barney Ross** is trying to get back in action, but the medics say his health is too bad.

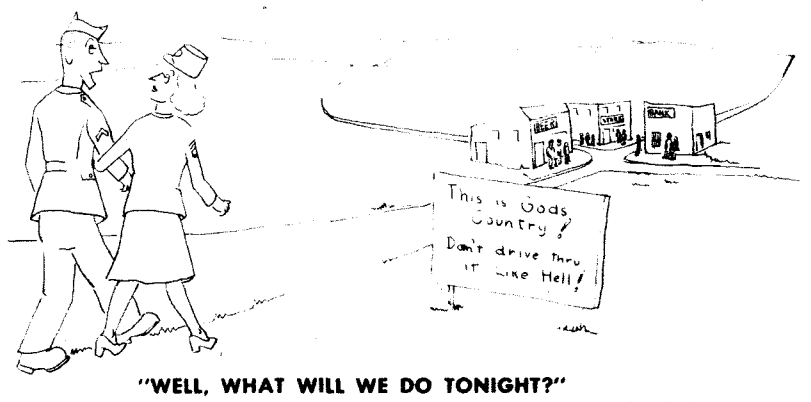
Inducted: **Al Blozis**, once-rejected tackle of the New York football Giants, into the Army; **Jimmy Demaret**, pro golf star, into the Navy; **Lonnie Frey**, infielder of the Cincinnati Reds, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Hank Gornicki**, Pittsburgh pitcher; **Mort Cooper**, ace pitcher of St. Louis Cardinals. . . . *Deferred:* **Charlie Keller**, slugging Yankee outfielder, for six months because of war job. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Bob Ruffin**, twice-rejected lightweight contender; **Schoolboy Rowe**, Philadelphia Philly left-hander; **Bob Seymour**, Washington Redskin fullback. . . . *Commissioned:* **Ben Johnson**, champion Columbia University sprinter, as second lieutenant in Coast Artillery (AA). . . . *Promoted:* **Joe Gallagher**, former Yankee and Dodger outfielder, to top kick of the 496th Fighter Bomber Squadron at Harding Field, La. . . . *Transferred:* **S/Sgt. Mike Ruffa**, third-ranking featherweight contender, from 20th Armored Division, Camp Campbell, Ky., to parachute troops, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . *Accepted:* **George Lacy**, Boston Red Sox catcher, for Armored Force OCS at Fort Knox, Ky.; **Cpl. Harry Eisenstat**, Cleveland pitcher, for AAF OCS at Miami Beach.



"I SUPPOSE YOU'VE RUN OUT OF DOG FOOD AGAIN?"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"I DON'T RECALL HIS NAME, SIR. WE JUST CALL HIM SHORTY."
—Sgt. Edward G. Urban



"WELL, WHAT WILL WE DO TONIGHT?"
—Pvt. R. Govus

"THEY CAN'T SHIP ME! I'VE GOT A DENTAL APPOINTMENT TUESDAY."
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

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