YANK

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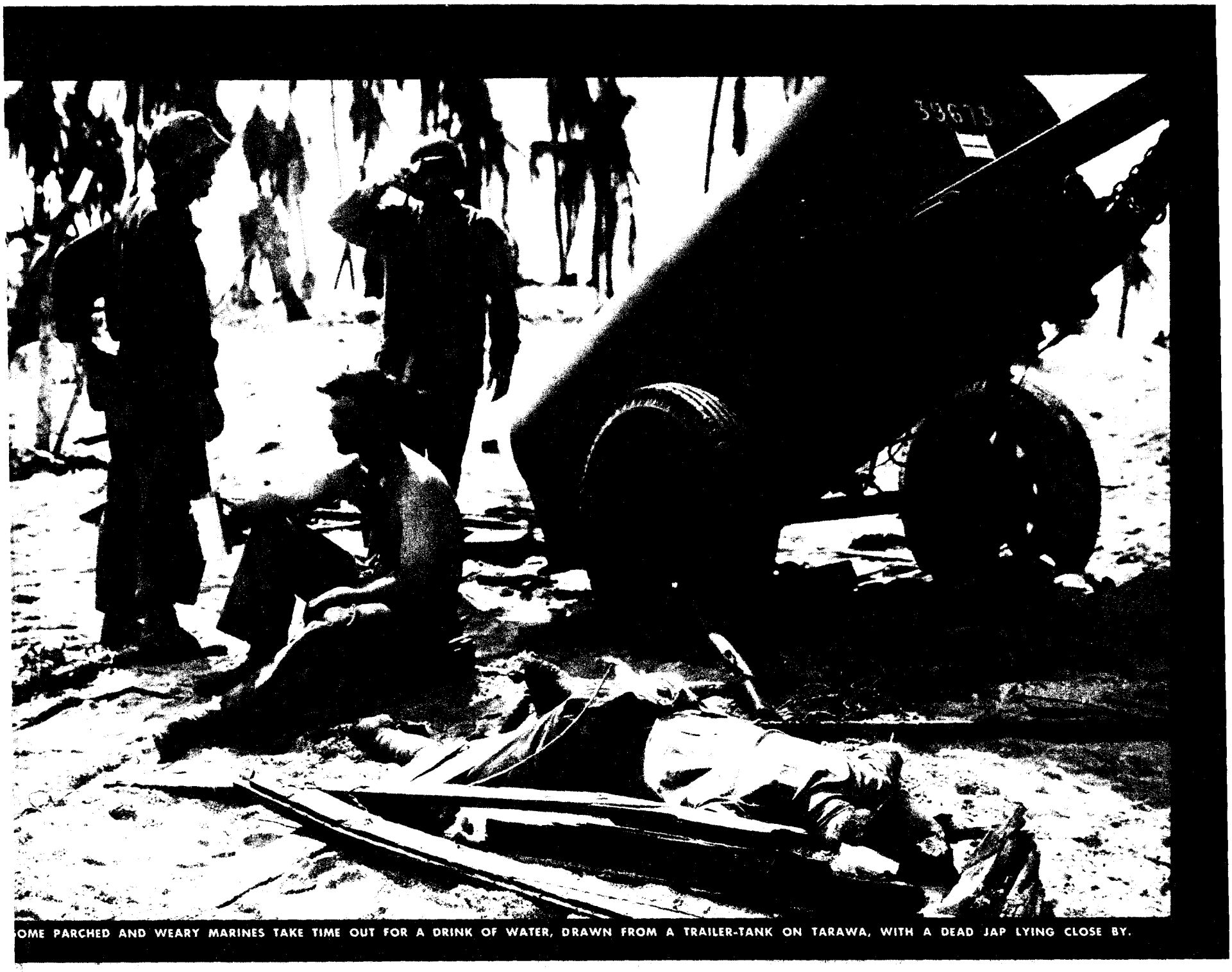
By the men . . for the men in the service

AFTER THE MARINES LANDED AND TOOK OVER ON THE ISLAND OF TARAWA—A JAP PILLBOX BLASTED INTO RUBBISH AND STREWN WITH BODIES OF ITS DEFENDERS

SUPPLIES ARE PUSHED ASHORE ON ROLLERS AFTER BEACHHEAD WAS WON.

This was the toughest battle in the history of the Marine Corps. They suffered losses of 1,026 dead and 2,557 wounded in the 76-hour fight.

A YANK LOOKS OVER A PAIR OF JAPANESE FEET STICKING FROM THE SAND



SOME PARCHED AND WEARY MARINES TAKE TIME OUT FOR A DRINK OF WATER, DRAWN FROM A TRAILER-TANK ON TARAWA, WITH A DEAD JAP LYING CLOSE BY.

DEATH BATTLE AT TARAWA

By Sgt. JOHN BUSHEMI
YANK Staff Correspondent

BETIO, TARAWA, GILBERT ISLANDS—Even the dead marines were determined to reach Tarawa's shore.

As one Higgins landing boat roared toward the dry sand, you could see a hand clutching its side. It was the hand of a marine, frozen in the grip of death.

The 2d Marine Division took this island because its men were willing to die. They kept on coming in the face of a heavy Jap defense, and though they paid the stiffest price in human life per square yard that was ever paid in the history of the Marine Corps, they won this main Jap base in the Gilbert Islands in 76 hours.

Out of two battalions—2,000 to 3,000 men—thrown onto the beach in the first assault at 0830 only a few hundred men escaped death or injury. Officer casualties were heavy. And still the marines kept coming. The Leathernecks died with one thought—to get there.

Before dawn of the first day of the invasion, the Navy opened up with a tremendous bombardment. Carrier planes dropped 800 tons of bombs while battleships, cruisers and destroyers hurled 2,000 tons of shells on an area 2¼ miles long and at no point more than 800 yards wide. This was Betio, the fortified airstrip that is the main island of 26 comprising the Tarawa atoll.

The marines were to hit the sandy beach immediately after these softening-up operations ceased, and everybody on the boats was happy because it seemed like very effective fire, the kind of intense blasting that would make the Japs "bomb happy." But that wasn't the way it worked out.

The Japs were too well dug in. Their blockhouses were of concrete five feet thick, with palm-tree trunks 18 inches in diameter superimposed on the concrete. And superimposed on the trees were angle irons, made of railroad steel. On top of these were 10 to 12 feet of sand and coral rock. Only a direct hit by a 2,000-pound bomb would cave in or destroy such blockhouses.

The Jap pillboxes were built out of sand-filled oil drums, buttressed by heavy coconut logs and then sandbags. Air-raid shelters were constructed from coconut tree trunks, piled high in two walls, with coral sand filling the space in between. Our heavy machine guns and 75s couldn't penetrate these emplacements or knock out the enemy eight-inch shore batteries and machine guns that were awaiting our assault waves.

Daylight had been chosen for the assault because it permitted naval gunfire and aviation as support, and because a night attack might have caused the boats to miss the beaches. But there was another important reason:

It was flood tide. At low tide the coral shelf that forms Betio and the rest of Tarawa atoll is practically dry; at high tide there is 4½ feet of water at the shore line, and it gets deeper farther out. The assault was timed to take advantage of the flood tide.

Then the unexpected happened. A sudden shift of wind swept the water back from the beaches. Many of the Higgins boats piled up on a treacherous table reef of coral, barely submerged in the water. The marines were forced to debark and wade in the rest of the way—some 500 to 800 yards—in the face of murderous Japanese fire with no protection.

Those few hundred yards seemed like a million miles. Even before the boats went aground on the reef, the Japs opened up with rifles, machine guns, heavy mortars, 75-mm and 90-mm guns. But the marines kept coming on, across the corpses of other marines whose lifeless heads were bobbing in the water.

The assault was made against three designated beaches by three battalion landing teams. One of the teams was so powerfully opposed that only two companies could land. Many casualties were the result of a Jap trick. Snipers, hidden in the hulk of a wrecked Jap sailing vessel on the reef, let the marines move in beyond the hulk and then shot them down from behind.

Just after noon a reinforcing wave of Hig-

gins boats was sent in. Five-inch automatic Jap weapons on the flank blew two of the boats out of the water. Several companies were shifted against the Jap flanking position to protect the passage of new reinforcements.

Then the Hellcat fighters, TBFs and dive-bombers worked over the area for about an hour, from 1430 to 1530, flying sometimes only 60 feet off the water. No point on Betio was much more than 10 feet above sea level except where the Japs had built up their emplacements.

After the planes, two U. S. minesweepers went in and tried to trade punches with the shore batteries. Then two destroyers pushed into the lagoon and fired at close range, 700 to 900 yards. Then more planes. We had absolute aerial supremacy; the greatest number of Jap planes seen at Betio at any one time was six.

MEANWHILE the blood-and-guts landing operation was continuing. Ten or 15 feet from the high-tide mark on Betio's narrow beaches, the Japs had constructed walls of coconut logs as a barrier to tanks. Marines rushed the beaches and scaled the chin-high walls in the face of Jap machine guns.

Behind the barricade the island was ringed with about 500 pillboxes, so arranged that when you fought your way past one of the pillboxes you were moving into the cross-fire of two inner pillboxes.

In the shallows, on the beaches and before the Jap emplacements, marines died by squads. In less than 100 yards on the beach and within 20 yards of machine-gun emplacements, 105 marines were killed. But others kept advancing until at last they took the emplacements and wiped out the Jap gunners.

By the end of the first day, the three battalion landing teams and reinforcements had secured little more than a toehold—three small beachheads from 70 to 150 yards in depth. The men dug in and held on there through the night. They established all-around security with orders to shoot anything that moved. There were local efforts at counterattacking. During the night, some artillery was brought ashore.

The second day the marines began widening their beachheads and improving their positions. The center battalion pushed ahead until it was stymied by pillboxes and blockhouses. This same day reinforcements, including some light and medium tanks, were landed on the comparatively lightly defended west end of the island, and they pushed east down the airstrip, which forms a diagonal line across the island, to the point where the advanced marines were being held up by the pillboxes. The Hellcats were called in again to strafe the area while the battleships and cruisers pounded from offshore. Then Marine infantry and tanks advanced.

After the second day the battalion was able to penetrate to the opposite shore of Betio, bypassing or destroying the stubborn pillboxes and blockhouses, and by this time the critical period was past. But the fighting was not "officially" over until 76 hours had passed from the time of the assault, and even then there was still a handful of Jap snipers in trees and dugouts that had to be picked off.

In all, an enemy force of about 4,500 defenders was wiped out, including about 3,500 Imperial marines and 1,000 laborers. Fewer than 200 of the defenders surrendered, most of them laborers. Tarawa was taken by less than a division of U. S. Marines. We suffered the loss of 1,026 men killed and 2,557 wounded.

Within four days the Tarawa airfield had been put into working condition by Seabees, who followed the first waves of marines while fighting still was in progress. American planes are now operating from Tarawa as an advanced base.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

GERMAN DIRECTIONS FOR USE OF INFANTRY WEAPONS IN WINTER

A valuable collection of German High Command instructions on how to handle infantry weapons in snow and freezing weather. After the last two Russian winters, they ought to know.

"Makin Taken"

A sergeant from the 165th Infantry—the New York's Fighting 69th of first World War fame—tells about the Gilbert invasion.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

A CENTRAL PACIFIC BASE—As his landing boat edged toward the white sand and coral beach of Makin Island in the Gilberts, Sgt. Walter Schliessman fingered the right breast pocket of his two-piece herringbone fatigues. Inside the pocket were two pictures, one of his baby daughter Mary, whom he's never seen, the other of his wife, whom he last saw in October 1941 on a 15-day furlough at his West Bayside home on Long Island, N. Y.

Up ahead of the landing boat, Navy planes flew low over the island, strafing Jap machine-gun positions and pillboxes. The sky was bright with the fires of burning Jap warehouses, shacks and barracks. An oil dump exploded. There were occasional brief bursts of ack-ack. Jap machine-gun slugs sizzled overhead, piercing the top of the barge.

But as Schliessman remembers it now, the whole thing didn't seem much different from amphibious operations in training—except for the Japs. "I'd been getting ready for a fight for three years and a month," he said later, "and there it was and I wasn't excited. I was scared, of course. I'm no hero—and no liar, either."

Ever since Oct. 15, 1940, Schliessman and most of the rest of the 165th Infantry of the 27th Division had been training for the battle of Makin—15 months at Fort McClelland, Ala., and in the Pacific since April 1942. They'd trained so long that they'd come to think they weren't going to do any fighting. "We walked for almost three years," Schliessman said, "I mean, that's about all we seemed to do—train like hell and walk. I figure if we'd kept going straight, we'd have circled the globe twice at the equator. We're probably the walkingest outfit in the Army."

The 165th Infantry is the old "Fighting 69th" of first World War fame under a new name, and until just before they left for the Gilbert Islands, the men were calling their outfit "the Non-Fighting 69th." Almost all of the original members were National Guardsmen from Manhattan and Brooklyn and Long Island, N. Y. A lot of them were Irish. And all of them knew the legends of Father Francis Duffy, the 69th's chaplain in the last war, who got the DSC and the DSM; of Col. William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan, who won the Congressional Medal; of Joyce Kilmer, the soldier-poet of the 69th, who died in the battle of the Marne. They all knew the 69th hadn't missed fighting in a war since the Revolution, and they were disappointed because it looked as if this one would be an exception.

"I'd never have been able to go back to Long Island if I hadn't got at least one Jap," Schliessman says. He got seven confirmed and several probables in the Makin action.

Jap machine guns opened up when the boats were still 500 yards offshore. About 325 yards farther in, Schliessman's boat ran aground on a ridge of coral. The ramp was lowered and the men started toward the beach. The water was up to their chests and at least two of the men of Schliessman's boat lost their rifles. A couple were hit, gasped once or twice and died.

Schliessman carried his Garand with bayonet fixed, K rations for two days, a pouch of high-explosive and fragmentation grenades, a cartridge belt, a first-aid kit, a trench knife and an extra bandolier. He didn't run, the way they do in the movies. A slow walk was the best anyone could manage.

In his hip pocket the sergeant had a map of the entire island, one he had drawn himself, showing the sandy beaches, occasional clusters of coconut palms, the chief Jap installations and the particular objective his own and two other platoons were heading for. This was a Jap tank trap, spotted and remembered by Carlson's Raiders in August 1942. Lt. Col. Jimmy Roosevelt, USMC, who was second in command on that Makin raid, was along this time as an observer and "playing coach" with the 27th Division.

"Since our fourth day on the transport," Schliessman said, "we'd gone over every detail of the assault in a series of daily meetings in

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the officers' ward room. Not just the officers and noncoms—everybody. Every private knew as much about the over-all picture as his company commander. That's the way it was and that's the way it should be."

When Schliessman's squad reached the sandy strip of the beach at Makin Island, everybody sought cover—Pvt. Leslie Westberry of Odum, Ga., the first scout; Pvt. Damon Heath of Magnolia, Ky., rifleman; Pvt. Clarence Winkler of Hazel Crest, Ill., assistant BAR man; Cpl. Guido Persiani of Chicago Heights, Ill., assistant squad leader; Pvt. William Page of Holden, Mo., second scout; Pvt. William Henry of Michigan and Pvt. Donald Wright of Eureka, Calif., riflemen; and Pvt. Otis O'Neal of Bethany, Mo., assistant BAR man. Schliessman ducked behind what must have been a Jap storehouse. There were sacks of cement outside its frame, or what was left of it. Now it was only a smoldering ruin.

It took maybe 30 seconds to get themselves organized. Then they started the slow trek across Makin. Their plan was to bisect the coral island, then make a sharp turn to the right, advance about 300 yards and take the tank trap.

If Schliessman had learned anything at all during his three years of training—during the weeks spent on the assault course, on the combat firing course, on the combat-in-cities course and on the jungle-training course—it was to keep his men spread apart and to hit the ground low and hit it fast when machine guns started firing.

Each man in the squad was about 10 paces from any other man. They walked slowly, once in a while crawling on their bellies, occasionally stooping a little, usually standing erect. The machine-gun fire had stopped as soon as they hit the beach, and what few Japs they saw were withdrawing fast. None was close enough to be killed.

It took perhaps a half hour to cross the island. It was a quiet, almost unopposed crossing. Then they made their right turn and almost immediately ran into a Jap. As they approached a small wooden shack, the Jap, smartly dressed in an OD shirt and expensive-looking trousers, ran outside screaming. He seemed to be hysterical, and though he carried a rifle he made no attempt to fire it.

Schliessman hit the Jap with a slug in the right leg and the Jap dropped. Then Westberry fired and hit him in the head. Altogether Schliessman and Westberry put five slugs in the Jap. When they looked the body over, they found a wrist watch that looked new but had been shattered by one of the slugs. Westberry grabbed the Jap's rifle; it, too, was new.

As they approached a small wooden shack, the Jap, smartly dressed in an OD shirt and expensive slacks, ran outside screaming. He seemed to be hysterical.

Their next engagement was outside of what looked like a bomb shelter—a dugout covered with coconut logs and rising about four feet above the ground, with circular, rough-hewn entrances at each end. Schliessman threw a grenade inside. There was the sound of a dull explosion, and maybe 10 seconds later an unarmed Jap emerged. As he came out, Page, who was on the roof of the shelter, made a slight noise. The Jap whirled around and Schliessman instantly killed him with a quick shot in the back, shouting: "The hell with you, the hell with you, you dirty son of a bitch." Page gave the Jap another slug in the forehead but the first shot had been enough. He was a very dead Jap.

Then Schliessman lobbed another grenade into the shelter. Inside he could hear a tense, excited jabber of Japanese. A second man came out, this one in dark, apparently civilian, clothes. "Westberry and I shot hell out of him. We fired about seven or eight slugs apiece. He fell a few feet from the other Jap."

Page tossed another grenade in the shelter and Winkler sprayed the entrance with BAR fire. After that there wasn't any more jabbering. No one bothered to go inside and find out how many Japs had been killed. By this time the sun was bright and sweat poured down everyone's face. "It isn't the heat," cracked Page, "it's the humidity."

When they reached the tank trap, the men in Schliessman's squad threw themselves into zigzag trenches on both sides, into abandoned shellholes and shallow foxholes. Two other squads in the platoon, led by 2d Lt. Charles Yarborough, a slow-talking Texan, shared the trenches and holes with Schliessman's men, and with the men of two other platoons. There were no Japs anywhere in sight, although nobody could be sure about the coconut palms. Any one of them might have contained snipers.

"We built our defenses under brush," Schliessman said, "and Lt. Yarborough threw a smoke bomb to let the others know we were there. Then we began to wait. We stayed there all the rest of the day and all night, just holding and waiting.

"Maybe some guys slept. I didn't. I didn't eat, either. I just chewed two sticks of gum from my rations. My mouth felt dry and I kept hearing Jap rifle and machine-gun fire. For some reason it has a high pitch—sort of soprano.

"At 0330 the moon came out, and we kept firing at the slightest sound. Our orders were to fire at any noise at all, not to ask any questions, just fire. About 0430 I heard noise in the undergrowth nearby and I tossed a grenade at the spot, warning everybody to dig deep. I don't know whether I got a Jap there or not.

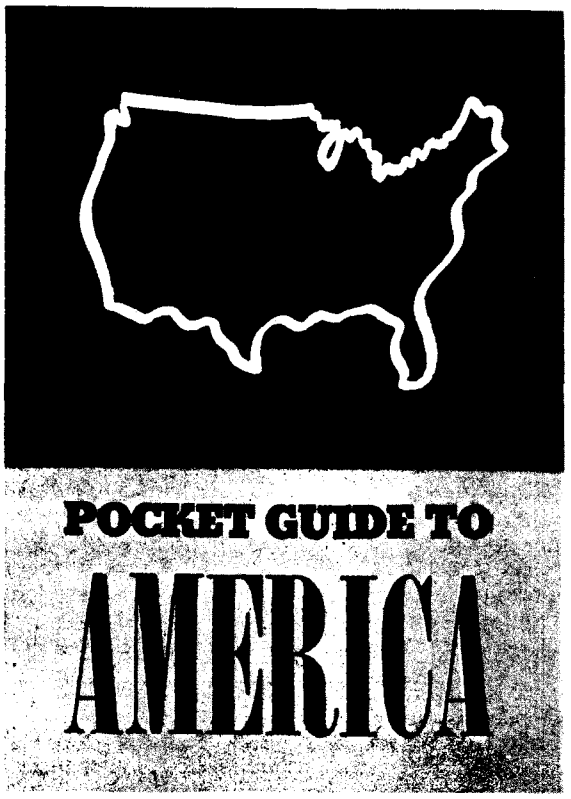
"About 0530 somebody spotted four lonely figures coming down the trail toward the tank trap. They looked silly as hell, half-covered with coconut fronds and trying to camouflage themselves. Two other men and I fired, and all four Japs fell, one by one. I fired 13 rounds at them."

THE battle began all over again at daybreak and with increased intensity. Not far offshore were the small rusting hulks of two aging Jap boats, and sometime during the night a few Japs must have swum to them with machine guns—or perhaps the machine guns were already there.

When it began getting light, the Japs opened up on the tank trap and everybody was pinned to the ground for almost an hour, helpless. Then a Navy plane came over and bombed and strafed the hulks for a few minutes. It was quiet after that.

Schliessman got his last Jap in a coconut palm about 25 yards from his shellhole. Picking off the sniper was simple. Later in the morning scouts went out in patrols of two and three, spraying every tree with fire. That was the only way. The Japs were tied in the trees, sitting on burlap bags just above the lowest branches, and even after they were dead, they didn't fall out but simply hung there ludicrously.

By late afternoon the battle was over, except for killing a few stray snipers, and Makin belonged to the men of the 27th Division. Maj. Gen. Ralph Smith, who commanded the division, messaged Rear Adm. Richmond Turner, commanding all amphibious operations in the Gilberts: "Makin taken."



The American countryside is beautiful. There is no place like home.

Three sergeants, who have just returned to the U. S. after a year overseas, describe this strange country and its natives.

THE orders got fouled up some way, and you have been ordered to the United States.

Let us assume that you have once been in America, perhaps as a civilian, some years ago. Then you already have a certain understanding of the people and their customs as they existed before Pearl Harbor. "Pearl Harbor" is an expression used by the natives to mean the beginning of the war, for it was there, as you may remember, that the situation became tactical.

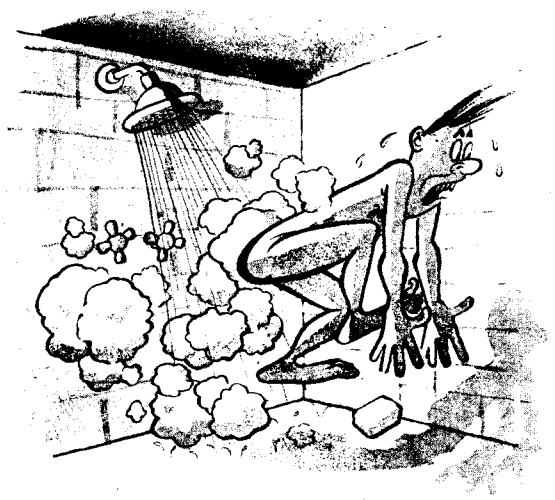
You will meet and mingle with people of your own kind, and many of them will show a keen interest in you. They will ask many questions about the Army overseas, most of which you can answer without stretching the truth too far. But sometimes you may find that their questions either force you to become a heroic liar or to admit frankly that you have not won the war single-handed.

For you are a soldier back from the far places and regardless of where you were or what you were doing there, you will be expected to tell tales of suffering and slaughter. The natives won't be satisfied with anything less. You are going to a country where the people will believe anything, so conduct yourself accordingly.

AMERICA IS A WONDERFUL PLACE

AMERICA is bounded on the East by the Statue of Liberty and on the West by the Golden Gate Bridge. The expression, "Golden Gate in '48" is used in reference to the latter landmark.

Californians, which are a singular breed of Americans characterized by their beautiful women (who come from Texas) and by their utter disregard for the truth as regards weather conditions, look upon the Golden Gate as a mere bridge. So it is easily seen that, with such a narrow attitude, these people don't understand the symbolic significance of the structure that is deeply ingrained in the mind of every man in the Pacific.



Americans have bathrooms with real hot water.

Between Miss Liberty and the Gate there stretch approximately 3,000 miles of varied terrain. This area is covered by a road net of almost unbelievable proportions, but even more amazing than the quantity of the roads is their quality. It is possible to travel for miles in America without spilling a girl off your lap. Mute evidence of war is seen on the highways, once lined with flourishing gas stations, juke joints and tourist camps, but now adorned only by signboards urging the purchase of War Bonds. The men who used to wipe windshields, check the oil and sell Dr. Pepper and Royal Crown are now in war plants.

The American countryside is beautiful. You will find that Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina looks better than Diamond Head, that the air route from Buffalo to Chicago holds more charm than any aerial view of France, that the Mississippi River (pronounced as in a delayed-action sneeze) has more glamor than the Nile and that, in short, there is no place like home.

Islands, such as those of the North and South Pacific, of the North and South Atlantic and of the Mediterranean, are not much in evidence. This huge bulk of solid ground will be quite a relief from your previous station. There is room to move around on this great continent, if you can haggle the transportation.

One of the more remarkable things about America is its houses. The people live in brick or wooden frame buildings with central heating and often one or more bathrooms in a single house. A bathroom is a place where you remove your razor and shaving brush from a cabinet, switch on the light over a built-in mirror, douse the brush in hot water and clear the lather from the razor by dipping it into an enamel basin.

In their homes Americans keep their clothing in closets, hung neatly on wire hangers, or in chests of drawers. It is possible to open a drawer and find a shirt instantly. There are beds with springs, hardwood floors with rugs, kitchens with refrigerators to keep food cold and stoves to keep it hot. When natives want to hang a picture they drive nails into the walls of their homes. Walls are solid affairs, unlike canvas, tin or any similar material with which you are familiar. They are often covered with tastefully chosen designs printed on paper and stuck on the walls by means of a special paste. This is called wallpaper. Walls, door facings and upright columns in the American home may be leaned against without fear of their collapsing. This is quite a change from shelter halves.

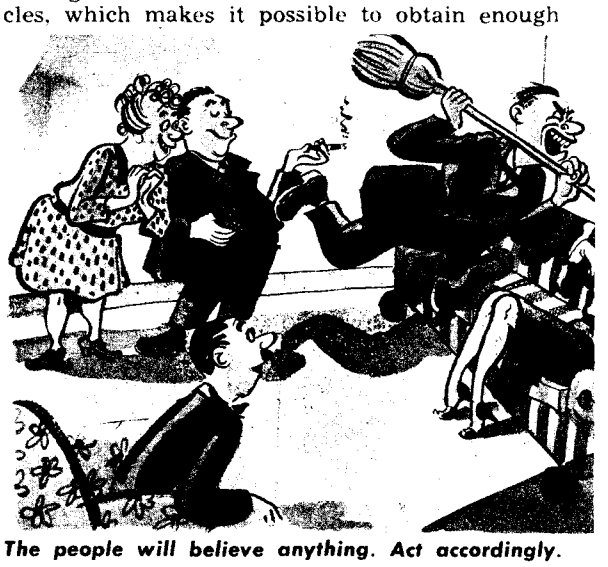
AMERICA IN WARTIME

THE United States has been at war two years. Now you can tell it, now you can't.

Buildings, 3,000 to 5,000 miles from the nearest active enemy, have become carefully camouflaged. People otherwise normal, who used to faint at the sight of blood, appear disappointed when they learn that you never *really* cut off a Jap's ears.

And of course there is rationing. Rationing is a system under which the rank and file of America writhes and squirms. It has to do with food, procurement of. There is no rationing of clothing except shoes, so the bitter tears are spilled over pats of butter and cans of beans. Chicken and fish, which aren't rationed, were popular items up until the time the American people had to eat them for lack of anything else.

Gasoline is also limited. According to his mission in life, the motorist is classified as holder of an A card, or of a B, C, T or S card. The A cards are for plain people who admit they have a car and would like to drive it. B and C cards are for people who know somebody on the rationing board or who have influence in other circles, which makes it possible to obtain enough gasoline for them to drive Buick Eights around the block. The more cards you have, the more tickets you get. The more tickets you have, the more gas you get. The more gas you have, the more friends you get. The more friends you have, the more cards, etc., etc.



The people will believe anything. Act accordingly.

There are shortages in America. They are really rather difficult to think of offhand, but after some research it is noted that such things as nylon hose (an article of clothing once well thought of by American women), straight bonded bourbon whisky (a beverage well thought of, period), aluminum pots and pans, baby carriages, rubber articles (with some exceptions)—these things are hard to find.

HOW TO TALK TO THE NATIVES

IT has been mentioned that Americans will expect you to report on your experiences. As a guide in this matter there are certain peculiarities existing in the U. S. which may bear watching.

Do not become irritated if, during the course of conversations, you become aware of the fact

that the person whose ear you're bending doesn't have the vaguest idea of what you're talking about.

If you are telling some story of mud, blood and diarrhea and putting your whole heart and soul into the telling of it, don't be annoyed if the native listener suddenly stops you and says: "Did you know that little Phyllis Herkimer is married?"

You don't give a good goldarn if little Phyllis is the mother of twins, but the thing to do is express appropriate surprise and forget about your story until you have learned that Phyllis eloped with a fellow who later joined the Merchant Marine. If you don't, you may be accused of being so wrapped up in yourself you don't care about your old friends any more.

To get down to cases, let us assume you have returned from the Pacific. You are an Air Force man, let us say, and have been around. You name a few islands casually, and your listeners receive those names just as casually. This you find to be a little aggravating, because your idea is that civilians should be impressed by an imposing string of exotic names. Instead you are asked if you had to wash your own dishes. You ask, what dishes? But that's getting off the subject. You name a few more islands. Somebody asks if you have been to Tunisia. You remind your questioner that Africa was not your area, and isn't 64,000 miles of travel in the Pacific enough to satisfy him? He replies, of course, that you don't have to get huffy about it — and your day is ruined.

So you see, there are things to be avoided.

Americans as a race think well of themselves, even as you and I. It is dangerous to intimate that there is anything in the world the U. S. Army can't do, and therefore it becomes extremely difficult sometimes to explain why a comparatively simple operation took so long to complete, or how something failed or was snafued. Americans can understand that sometimes a civilian file clerk becomes an army truck driver, but they can't believe a shipment of 37-mm ammunition would be sent to a 90-mm gun.

Infantry trainees from a replacement center will innocently ask if there is as much confusion in combat as there is on maneuvers. They will ask if there is as much "caste" in combat as in garrison, and (depending on the situation in your area) you may be able to sing the praises of battle as an institution of democracy. You can see their faces brighten when you tell them you once knew a fellow named Barney and for two weeks didn't find out he was a captain. You can squelch this over-optimism by mentioning the screened-in officers' mess hall that existed for weeks while you and the flies fought it out in the open.

There are certain things in this strange land that you must consider sacred. For example, never profane by word or gesture the name of a fellow serviceman who has not yet been given his "crack at the enemy." He may be just another USO soldier to you, but to his folks he's doing all he can in the service of his country and the fact he hasn't fought battles or sweated it out on an island may be no fault of his own.

Other touchy matters include the aforementioned whisky. You can still get gin, rum, brandy and wine almost anywhere but in some places bourbon and Scotch are hidden under the counter. You will, of course, make reference to vin rouge, vin blanc, anisette, torpedo juice, raisin jack, bush beer, five-ulcers gin or any number of other concoctions that have come your way at your former station. You will declare that anybody who has drunk that stuff should get down and thank kind Providence for a full quart of good likker, regardless of what it is. You can point out that in the various bars in the land there is still enough stuff to quench the thirst of any normal person for the time being. But, naughty-naughty. Remember that the civilian is at war, too, as you can plainly tell from reading the advertisements, and if he is suffering, it is a cross that he should be allowed to bear in peace. Don't belittle his agony—just join him in a disgusting old Tom Collins or a vile rum-and-coke. Show him that if you can take it, so can he.

And remember, too, that these American natives are not too familiar with your strange language. If you mention sweating something out, they'll think you are referring to a Turkish bath. "Latrine" and "chow" are two words they've never heard, so you'll have to get used to saying "bathroom" and "food" again. But, of course, that won't be too unpleasant.

Sue Easton, the youngest member of the Alaska Service Club staff.

Donna Ann Buttner quit her good job in California to come to Alaska.

Margaret Becker was an actress before joining up.

Girl Problem in Alaska

Mary Ann, Donna, Margaret and Sue try to give the GIs up there everything but love.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

FORT RICHARDSON, ALASKA—The girl problem is something everybody in Alaska talks about. Mary Ann, Donna, Margaret and Sue are trying to do something about it. They face the facts and agree that every soldier wants a girl—to look at, to talk to or to make love to.

Every day hundreds of enlisted men stare at the girls and strike up a conversation with them at this camp's Service Club, where Mary Ann and the others run the recreational program. The love making they don't encourage, but they're so understanding that the GIs take the rebuffs good-naturedly.

"There were never enough girls to go around in Alaska and war has made it worse," says Sue Easton, youngest of the Service Club staff. She is 23. "Even on this post where there are girls in Civil Service jobs and where there's a town nearby, there are hundreds of soldiers who have been in Alaska a year or more and have never spoken to a girl."

Sue was a doctor's reception nurse in San Francisco until she asked the Red Cross to send her to Alaska eight months ago. Her boss is tiny, red-haired Mary Ann Madigan, club recreation director. Mary Ann used to be assistant state director of recreation in Indiana. She is one of the first women to travel the length of the Alaska Highway. It took her several months, with stopover assignments at Dawson Creek, Fort Nelson and Watson Lake.

Donna Ann Buttner also encountered the girl problem at Alaska Highway encampments before she was assigned to Fort Richardson. She had felt "so seriously about all this business"—meaning the war and including the girl problem—that she quit her job in the files department of a big oil firm and volunteered to come to Alaska. Her home is Mill Valley, Calif.

Fourth member of the club staff is Margaret Becker. She was in the road company of "Boy Meets Girl," worked for George Abbott on Broadway, and later was secretary to a University of California psychiatrist. Margaret's experiences in both these occupations come in handy at her present job.

When the girls first went to work here, they almost melted down from the embarrassment of being stared at by lonely men. "Some of them would keep parading back and forth in front of the glass panels around our office and sneaking a look every time they went by," says Sue.

Now the girls have learned to expect that, and to be careful not to look back, because they've discovered that most of the men are more embarrassed than they are. Particularly the refugees from the Aleutian chain, who may not have seen a girl for as long as two years.

Mary Ann Madigan, a club recreation director, tacks up some humor on the bulletin board.

Whenever she can, Mary Ann rounds up some girls from town and post to brighten up the club. For unit dances on Monday nights this is not too difficult, because many of the men stationed here are able to scrape up their own dates.

Civil Service girls on the post prefer to go out with officers, while girls from town seem to pair off more readily with enlisted men. Sue explains that "most of the girls in town are of high-school age, and they like to date enlisted men because they can let their hair down and have more fun than with officers, especially older officers."

Sunday is the toughest day on the calendar for the girls at the club. They invite the soldiers in for an afternoon dance and then return for another couple of hours in the evening. Once 16 other girls showed up to help the traffic jam, but most of the time it's up to the four staff girls and two or three more to dance with 200 GIs. Fortunately a good many soldiers seem to enjoy themselves just sitting it out, watching the others scramble for a few seconds on the dance floor.

Margaret estimates that she dances with 150 men during the two-hour evening session. "It's all a blur," she says. "One of the girls kept count once. She passed into the arms of 55 men during a single tag dance."

Donna figures that soldiers on foreign fronts will have an easy time getting back into the social swing when they return home after the war. "That is, if the boys from the chain are any example," she says. "They are always the shyest and politest around the club—no matter how they've been talking among themselves in their tents down in the islands."

All four girls claimed they didn't know that among some GIs there is a scornful attitude toward soldiers who frequent service clubs. Mary Ann, who would prefer to be in the Aleutians or at some Alaska Highway outpost, thinks that even these scornful GIs might change their minds if they got the chance.

"I once lined up a bunch of girls at Dawson Creek for a dance for the soldiers," she says. "I wanted it to be a kind of special affair, so a pilot friend brought a load of rosebud corsages from Edmonton for the girls. The girls were wild about them, because they don't see many flowers like that around Dawson Creek. But before the dance was over, the soldiers had begged most of the roses from the girls."

Mary Ann thinks that's a good sign.

Sensitive Reporter in Algiers Hoosegow Oppressed by Stench of Centuries

By Pvt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

ALGIERS—The light flashed in our faces the moment we stepped out from under the shelter of the theater marquee and the MP with the familiar band on his arm said: "Are you Americans?"

When we made the obvious answer he said: "I'm sorry, Bud. I'll have to take you in. Curfew. No American soldiers are allowed on the streets after 11 and it is now 11:30. Climb on that truck over there."

We clambered into the truck and sat down next to a soldier who seemed a little the worse for the wear and tear of the evening. He asked: "They pick you up?"

Without waiting for a reply, he said: "Don't worry about it. Stick with me. I've got Eisenhower behind me."

In Algiers when you're picked up, whether it is for violation of the curfew, drunkenness or murder, you wind up in the same place. It's not a GI lock-up, but the bastille where the French and Arabs land when they run afoul of the local *gendarmerie*.

The trip didn't take long. But by the time we got there the six-by-six job we were riding in was loaded with soldiers. At the desk we lined up to have our passes and our dog tags checked, were searched for knives and had a chance to talk to the officer of the day.

We told him we'd been to a show, that it was delayed for an hour on a military order, and that we were picked up at the entrance after the show was over. But our explanation didn't get us to first base. We were taken to the cell block along with those facing more serious charges.

The accumulated stench of centuries makes you aware of the cell block's presence long before you get there. Not a piece of furniture was visible. On the doors of three of the cells were signs which said in French that they were being fumigated. If you wanted to rest while waiting to be released, you had to take your chances on vermin and squat on the cold floor. We decided to stand.

When the gate clicked behind us we realized that there was a score or more of joes of all sizes, shapes and conditions of sobriety to share our misery. This cell block was worse, many times worse, than the one Officer Skinner locked me up in for a lark when I did the police beat for that paper in Salem, Mass., while the regular reporter was on vacation.

About a half dozen GIs were sleeping it off in one of the cells, curled up on the stone floor. The stench was terrific, but they weren't giving it a thought as they snored in chorus.

Returning to the group gathered around the entrance we heard one GI yell: "This is a hell of a way to treat a soldier who has been shot up like I have."

"Pipe down, soldier," said the MP sergeant. "This is no regular MP outfit. We went through the whole Tunisian campaign and were all shot up. We don't like this but there's nothing we can do about it."

The outer door opened and two soldiers, wrangling with each other and escorted by a white-helmeted MP, were ushered inside. One of them was our friend who had boasted that Eisenhower was behind him.

"Whatsa matter with you guys?" he said, looking around the cell block. "Don't look so sad! That's what the MPs want. Look happy! Sing!"

He broke out into an off-key rendition of "You'll Never Know." Loud cursing from his buddy interrupted the song.

"I'll never entertain for an MP unit again as long as I'm in this Army," the cursing one said. "Neither will any of the other boys. We'll be sick."

"They're from that show that played the Opera House last week," said another GI, recognizing them.

"Oh," said one of the MPs standing outside the cell block, "so you're an entertainer?"

"That's right," said Eisenhower's friend.

"What do you do?" said the MP.

"I'm a magician."

"You're a magician?" said the MP.

"That's right," said the soldier.

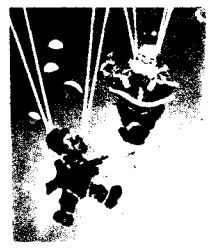
"Then, let's see you get yourself out of here," said the MP.

How long that argument would have continued I don't know because the door opened again and somebody called: "Pvt. Shehan!" I was taken out to the desk and turned over to one of the noncoms of the outfit I'm billeted with. As I left the cell, my companion of the evening called after me: "Don't forget, Shehan, I'm still here!"

Outside I glanced at my watch. It said 2:30 A.M. My first stay in an Algiers jail hadn't been as long as I thought it was going to be, but it was long enough.

ITALIAN MUSIC MAKER. In Bizerte, Tunisia, Joseph Pellegrino, once of Passaic, N. J., leads an orchestra of Italian prisoners of war. Visiting Italy when war broke out, he was drafted into the Italian Army under protest and later captured. Since this photo was made he's been accepted into the U. S. Army.

This Week's Cover



FOR Christmas, it seems, both Santa Claus and Pvt. Snafu have decided to give their services to the paratroopers. As you can see, they have been accepted. The sculpture is the work of S/Sgt. Ray Harryhausen and the photography is by S/Sgt. Jack Hageny, both of the Army Pictorial Service, producers of the Army and Navy Screen Magazine.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—See above. 2 & 3—PA. 7—Sgt. Georg Meyers. 8—Signal Corps. 9—Upper, Acme; lower, INP. 11—Sgt. John Frano. 12 & 13—Two bottom photos, Army Air Forces; all others, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 16—Upper left, Universal Pictures; lower left, Columbia Pictures; upper right, PRO-AAFTC, Fort Worth, Tex.; center, Sgt. Ben Schnall; center right, Signal Corps-Camp Polk, La. 17—Upper left, PA; upper right, Sgt. Schnall; lower, PRO-Greenwood (Miss.) AAF. 20—Universal. 21—Sgt. Bob Ghio. 23—PA.

Look Twice at Iran Cook's Chop Suey — It's Disguised Spam

SOUTHERN IRAN—"The camouflage, that's where I ought to be." That's the way Sgt. Ernest Briscoe, cook in a headquarters outfit here, modestly acknowledges GI praises for Spam a la Briscoe.

Briscoe considers himself a man with a mission. His life work is to refute all the ugly jibes that have been cast at Army cooks from Caesar's day to the present. As a civilian in Rochester, Minn., Briscoe was a cook for four years. Before that he was a printer for 14 years. The printer's ink in his blood explains the crusading spirit. The cooking experience accounts for his marvelous accomplishments with GI food.

The sergeant has dreamed up 28 different ways to prepare B rations, and in the case of Spam alone he has a dozen different dodges. He makes Spam up into meat loaf. He pats it into patties. He grinds it with pork luncheon meat and esoteric seasoning to make a sandwich spread. But his particular triumph is Spam chop suey.

To prepare this delicacy, Briscoe cuts the abused staple into thin strips, adds onions (dehydrated, of course), salt, pepper, gravy improver, Maggie and Worcestershire sauces. He covers the mess well with water, adds more seasoning and thickens to proper consistency with corn starch. The result is so successful that men have been known to get three bites into a second helping before realizing it's the old, familiar enemy.

Iran makes things hard for Briscoe because the heat spoils food very quickly. Kitchen utensils must be kept extra clean and the fly swatter is in constant use; otherwise his "guests" will come down with mild dysentery, known locally and graphically as "the trots."

The sergeant uses TM10-405, the Army Cook's Manual or Borgia's Handbook, only sparingly. Most of his creations come from past, non-GI cooking experience or from sheer inspiration.

"As a child," says Sgt. Briscoe, "I was a great admirer of Houdini. He should always be in the mind of every GI cook."

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

A Chow Hound In Reverse: Gains Eight Pounds the Hard Way

PANAMA — Here's a new kind of chow hound—a GI who passes grub down his gullet only once a day and never hollers for seconds. He's Pvt. Joseph M. Sofiak of Newark, N. J.

Allergic to bay windows and dreading a paunchy old age, the dieting Sofiak has passed up enough food to gorge several hundred Yanks since he joined the Army last February.

The long diet began on New Year's Day of 1936, when Sofiak had to let out his belt two notches after a hearty turkey dinner. He's been eating only one meal a day ever since. In that time his weight has climbed from 160 to 168 pounds.

—Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

RUSH JOB IN ITALY. A Signal Corps telephone lineman in Capriati moves on the double past a smoking house that took a direct hit from a Nazi bomber.

'Twas Just Before Christmas, Not a Jeep Driver Was Stirring

NEW GUINEA—The colonel got off a plane and went into the air transport office a little after 5 P.M. He called his headquarters motor pool for transportation.

"We don't have any staff cars," said the dispatcher. "Would a jeep do?"

"Anything'll do," replied the colonel, "as long as it gets out of here fast. I don't want to miss dinner."

After half an hour, the colonel called again.

"Sorry, sir," said the dispatcher, "the driver should be there any minute."

Fifteen minutes later, and still no jeep. The colonel called again.

A driver finally skidded his staff car to a stop before the colonel exactly an hour after the first call had been placed. The colonel was angry.

"What the hell was the matter at that pool?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said the driver without batting an eye, "I guess they couldn't find any drivers. We just had a big mail call. A lot of us got our first Christmas packages."

"Harrumph," said the colonel. And that's all he could think of to say.

—Pvt. JOHN McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

THE OLDEST GUNNER? S/Sgt. David Cole (left), 48 years old and veteran of the first World War, talks with 1st Lt. Jack Fowles, 20, pilot of the Flying Fort in which Cole's a gunner, at a base in England.

Pacific Yank Claims New Sugar Record: 790 Letters in 13 Months

SOMEWHERE IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC—When it comes to receiving sugar reports, Cpl. Lewis L. Thomas of the Bushmaster Fighter Squadron here claims to be the winner and new champion. His wife, back in Toledo, Ohio, has written Thomas 790 letters in 13 months.

The corporal thus demands the crown previously claimed by Sgt. James Piccini of the Eighth Air Force in Britain, who received 441 letters from his wife in the same length of time, and by Sgt. Tubey Brannon in Alaska, who had received 696 from his girl in California at the time he made his claim.

In the Toledo *Blade* Mrs. Thomas read that Sgt. Piccini had offered $30 to anyone who could better his sugar record. She wrote an immediate and indignant letter to the editor advancing her husband's claim to the money, which is collectable only on pay day.

In her letter Mrs. Thomas declared that she had the corporal had been married only a few days when he was called into the service, and they have been apart now for 17 months. During that time she has averaged two letters a day to him, and he has written almost as many, making more than 2,000 letters they have exchanged. Their letters are not mere piddling epistles two or three pages in length, but 10 or 12 and sometimes 40 pages.

Thomas insists the things they write about are pretty important in most cases. Though he and his wife are apart, their correspondence takes the form of dinner-table conversation. Many of their letters are concerned with plans for the future.

Mrs. Thomas writes what she wears, where she goes, whom she meets and what has happened in their home town during the day, while Cpl. Thomas fills his letters with the interesting little incidents that take place in his squadron. And the letters are not merely read and thrown away. Periodically, Thomas mails a batch of his wife's letters back to her so that one day they will be able to re-read them together.

The editor of the Toledo *Blade* has written the vanquished sergeant of the Eighth Air Force, advising him to remit at his earliest convenience. If she can resist the temptation to buy a new hat, Mrs. Thomas intends to use the $30 to replenish her supply of writing materials and postage stamps.

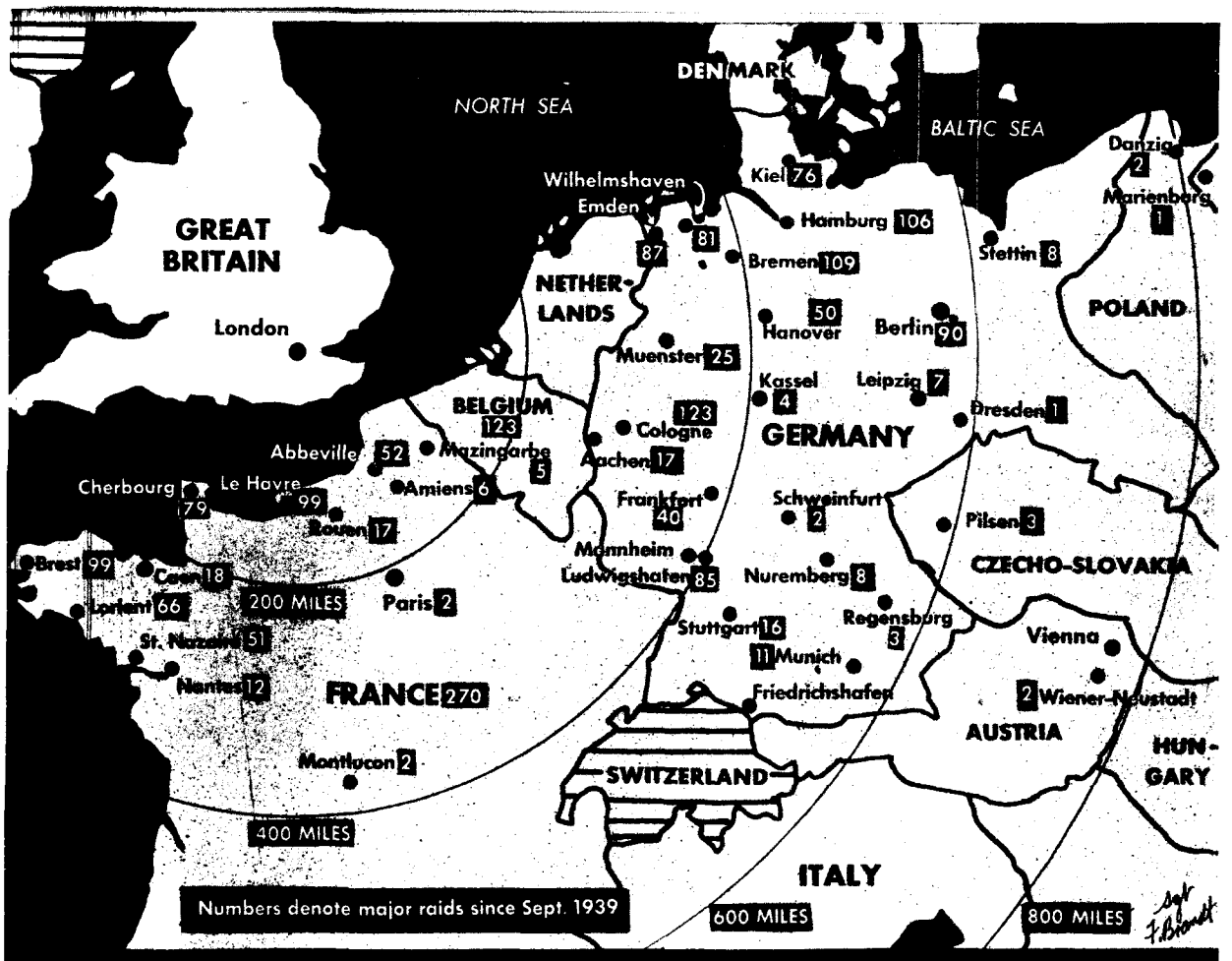
—Sgt. FRANKLIN P. HALL
YANK Field Correspondent

IN-LAWS TROUBLE

TEL AVIV, PALESTINE—A lot of guys wouldn't even go around the corner to meet their future mother-in-law, but at least one AAF sergeant traveled thousands of miles to meet his.

That wasn't the only reason Sgt. Alston R. Townley of New York came to the Near East, of course; Uncle Sam had something to do with it. But here in Tel Aviv he met Mr. and Mrs. Willis Baruch, formerly of Milan, Italy, and now of this city. Townley is engaged to their daughter Grace, whom he met in New York.

—YANK Field Correspondent



Battle of Germany

Waging the most destructive air offensive in history, RAF and Eighth Air Force planes are outbombing the Luftwaffe at a rate of 200 tons of explosives to one.

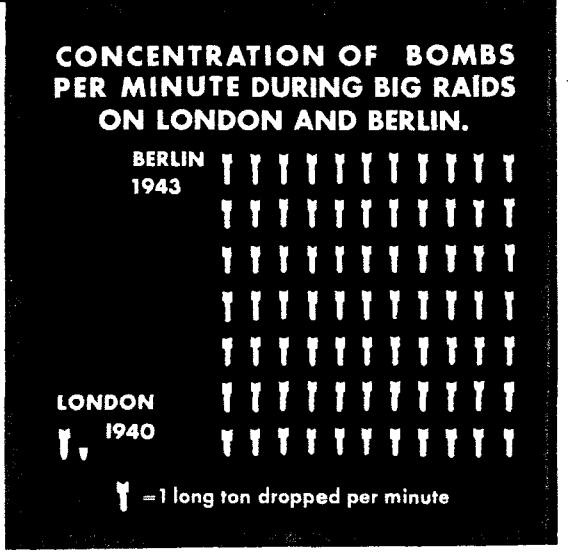
THE greatest air offensive in history—the Battle of Germany—is raging across the whole Reich. Berlin, the bull's eye of Allied bombing, is already one-third in ruins, and every 24 hours adds staggering statistics to the bloody record of the world's most bombed city. The murderous plastering of Germany, with Flying Fortresses and Lancasters and Liberators concentrating on 90 vital Nazi industrial centers, marks one of the war's most crucial phases.

The Allied air offensive is bringing cries of "criminal outrage" from Axis propagandists. Any GI will be happy to punch their TS cards when the war's over. The Germans, in the classic phrase, "started it" on March 16, 1940, with their bombing of Britain. England struck back two days later. That's for the record, the same record that lists more than 50,000 civilians killed in Great Britain by German air raids, or almost twice the total of Americans so far killed in all our armed forces.

Now the Nazis are witnessing a bombing offensive that makes their blitz on Britain look like fireworks at the county fair.

In four years the Germans have dropped a total of 71,000 tons of bombs on Britain in steadily decreasing amounts ranging from 42,000 tons in 1940 to only 2,000 tons this year (the equivalent of less than 250 of England's big bombs). Meanwhile the Allies have been dropping bombs on Germany and western Europe in steadily increasing amounts—from less than 100,000 tons during the entire first three years to almost 180,000 tons in the past 11 months. The Allies' four-year total is now 272,000 tons, with each new month establishing higher records. In November Allied bombers based in Britain alone dropped 200 tons of explosives to every one ton the *Luftwaffe* dropped on Britain. (All these statistics are in terms of long tons—2,240 pounds each.)

Cities are the centers of a country's war production. The Allies are converting Hitler's cities to rubble. London, the worst bombed city in Britain, received 450 tons of bombs on the night of its heaviest raid. The Allies are paying back those bombs with a generous amount of interest. Cologne, vital German war center, was shattered



in a single night by 3,000 tons of bombs, as much as all of Great Britain had to take in the worst month of the blitz. Hamburg was torn by 8,000 tons of bombs in four raids. In more graphic terms, Hamburg lost in 10 days enough man-hours to build completely 10 U. S. destroyers, including the mining of raw ore, rolling of steel plates, transportation, manufacture of guns, etc.

The degree of bomb concentration in a raid is probably the best measure of success, for explosives dropped closely together in saturation raids have a cumulative, disastrous effect. London was devastated by a concentration of only 1⅓ tons of German bombs a minute, yet in raids as far back as last May the average concentration of British bombs on German cities and ports was 28 tons a minute and this figure skyrocketed a few weeks later to 51 tons a minute. In the RAF raid on Berlin on Nov. 22 more than 77 tons of explosives crashed down every 60 seconds. This is a concentration 58 times the fury of the worst German raid on London.

So relentlessly are the Allies striking that German industrial production has declined perhaps as much as 25 percent. The smashing raids of American bombers on Rumania's oil refineries have cost Germany half of Rumania's oil production for a whole year, and in a single raid on a German rubber plant the Nazis lost one-fifth of their rubber production. The single raid on Germany's ball-bearing plants at Schweinfurt put the war's end six months nearer, according to some official estimates. American daylight bombers have dropped in one average attack as much high explosive as could be shot by 12,000 10-inch guns. These cold figures are bitter realities to the estimated 6,000,000 Germans made homeless, to the men and women of some 17 important German cities almost entirely in ruins, and to the Nazi overlords in the loss of 2,000 vital industrial plants.

Germany's defenses against the air offensive are sorely taxed. In spite of demands created by Russia's great offensive on the eastern front, the *Luftwaffe* has been forced to divert its major air strength to western Europe, with perhaps 2,000 combat planes there against little more than half of that number in Russia. Nazi air losses are high; the over-all ratio of German losses to U. S. losses, for example, is more than 4 to 1. The Nazis have already lost an approximate total of 15,000 planes over western Europe and the Mediterranean, and additional thousands over Russia. The Nazi monthly production of combat ships (perhaps as low as 1,200, of which some 800 are fighters designed for defense only) is being strained to keep up with the losses.

Allied plane production, on the other hand, is steadily mounting. While Nazi plane production of all types, including trainers, is probably less than 2,500 a month, Britain alone produces more than that, while the U. S. produces 8,360 a month now and will increase that to 10,000 early next year. England and America together produce upward of 1,000 heavy four-engine bombers a month and will soon produce some 1,500 a month.

These statistics add up to great odds against Hitler. New tactics, involving special Pathfinder planes to light up targets for night bombing, have increased his difficulties. And for the first time in this war, two and three great Allied fleets of bombers are raiding Germany simultaneously on widely separated targets, forcing the hard-pressed *Luftwaffe* to split up its already dwindling defense formations. Only recently the new U. S. Fifteenth Air Force, based in the Mediterranean, began to plaster enemy targets in eastern and southern Germany.

BUT there are problems—many and difficult—for the Allies to solve before Germany is knocked out of the air. The effect of raids, it must be remembered, can be easily exaggerated. Malta has been bombed more than 2,000 times, receiving 6,000 tons of bombs in one month, and it still stands and it still fights. Coventry was once badly smashed but it is producing heavily again, and even its worst damage probably never caused more than a 12-percent drop in British industrial production. The Ruhr has been heavily bombed, but many of its industries have been moved by Hitler and today the Ruhr probably accounts for less than one-fifth of Germany's industrial capacity. Rumanian oil refineries have been smashed, but if the Germans were deprived of every drop of Rumanian oil, they probably could still wage war. Theoretically, enough bombs will soon have been dropped upon Germany's production centers to force her to beg for mercy—but theory never wins wars.

Nevertheless it is true that the air offensive alone, through the cold winter, may make Hitler sue for peace after suffering so many German defeats on land and sea. The Allied High Command, at any rate, is willing to try it—going ahead at the same time, of course, with its plans for the direct invasion of western Europe. For, no matter how effective, the air offensive that to all intents and purposes "ends" the war must be followed up by invading armies. As Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, commanding general of the Eighth Air Force, recently asserted, land forces in the end must push across the Channel into Germany. Against that day the Allies are intensifying their air offensive, because every ton of bombs dropped on German industries may save the lives of 10 United Nations soldiers during the invasion of Europe.

In the meantime, Goebbels isn't trying to be funny when he says "the air raids are our most burning problem."

Four of the Belgian Commandos advance across a field. Left to right: Pvt. Frank Deblock, Pvt. Charles Themans, Sgt. Maj. Jules Jonckers and Sgt. Noel de Deken.

The Belgian Commandos Want to Go Home

These tough specialists in hand-to-hand fighting are training for the big day when they will go back again to their country after three years of exile.

By Sgt. PAUL W. GREEN
Africa *Stars & Stripes* Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA—The officer in British battle dress held up the rope. It was a thick rope, about six feet long, and had a chunky piece of wood attached to one end.

"This rope can be used for almost anything," he said, running it through his fingers. "Climbing trees or walls, as a rope ladder for getting across a river, or even to hang somebody."

A look came into his eyes, and you couldn't miss its meaning. He'd like to get a Nazi neck into the noose.

The officer in British battle dress who spoke English with a French accent was a Belgian, the commanding officer of a crack unit of Belgian Commandos recently arrived in North Africa.

At that moment a group of sturdy Belgians in brown British fatigues had a double length of heavy rope stretched from a high branch of one tree to another 50 feet away. One by one they clambered up the tree, looped their six foot rope around the heavy rope, let go and flew through the air.

"We call that the death trick," said the officer. His name was Capt. Georges Danloy. "You wonder why it is called that? Last Christmas while we trained in England, the rope was hung over a high distance, greater than this, with sharp rocks below. An officer slid down the rope, it snapped, and he fell 40 feet to the rocks. Eight months later he came out of the hospital."

These Belgian Commandos are all experts in their line, specialists in the art of sudden death to Nazis. They're a picked lot. They have all suffered much and traveled far to join the unit they hope will return them to home and family.

For them May 10, 1940, was Pearl Harbor. On that day the Germans fell upon their country, and by May 28 it was all over. Later many Belgians fled to Britain by any route they could take.

Sgt. Noel de Deken is a typical example. A good-looking youngster of 22, he was in the Belgian Army in 1940. Badly wounded near Dunkerque, he was captured and taken to a German hospital in France where he lay for four months. He finally got the doctors to believe his leg was no good any more.

"So they let me go back to Belgium," he said. "They thought I could never fight again. But they were wrong. The French people helped me through France, then it was over the Pyrenees and into Spain. Franco's men arrested me, and kept me locked up for a whole year. But they finally let me go, and I went to Portugal, then to Gibraltar and finally to England."

Practically all of them were in England for three years or more. First they joined the Belgian regulars and a few of them went with the paratroopers. When the Commandos were organized last year they volunteered. After passing stiff tests, they received Combined Operations insignia—a circle of red on a field of black, with an anchor standing for the Navy, a tommy gun for the Army and an eagle for the Air Force.

They went through their assault training on the English coast, where they held maneuvers with American soldiers. In the wild Scottish moors they met the American Rangers. But most of their training was in northern Wales. During their long stay in Britain, they all learned to speak English, some with French accents and some with English accents.

Though Pvt. Frank Deblock is a Belgian, he speaks English and sounds like an American. Born in Belgium 23 years ago, he came to Canada when he was 6 months old. He's lived all his life at London, Ontario, 120 miles from Detroit.

How to knife a Nazi sentry, by two Commandos.

Sgt. Maj. Jules Jonckers with the all-purpose rope.

Mustachioed Pvt. Morris Waroquiers is another representative of the Western Hemisphere. He was born in Argentina, the son of a Belgian father, and when the war broke out, traveled all the way to Canada to volunteer in the Belgian Army.

"I wanted to have a bit of fun," he said.

But the most colorful man in the outfit is a soldier of fortune, Adjutant Guy d'Oultremont. Most of his 33 years have been spent in Paris, but in 1935 he decided to enlist in the Chinese Army.

"That was a terrific life," he sighed.

After serving as an instructor, he was commissioned a major and fought against the Japs in southern China. When Belgium was overrun, he traveled half way around the world to join up with his countrymen.

Unlike the other Belgians, d'Oultremont knows more about the Japs than he does about the Germans. In fact, he has fought with the Germans more than he has against them. During the late 1930s many German officers aided in training the Chinese Army. One of the staff officers in Chungking at the time was Col. Alexander Ernst von Falkenhausen. Today the Nazi military governor of Belgium is that same von Falkenhausen, now a general.

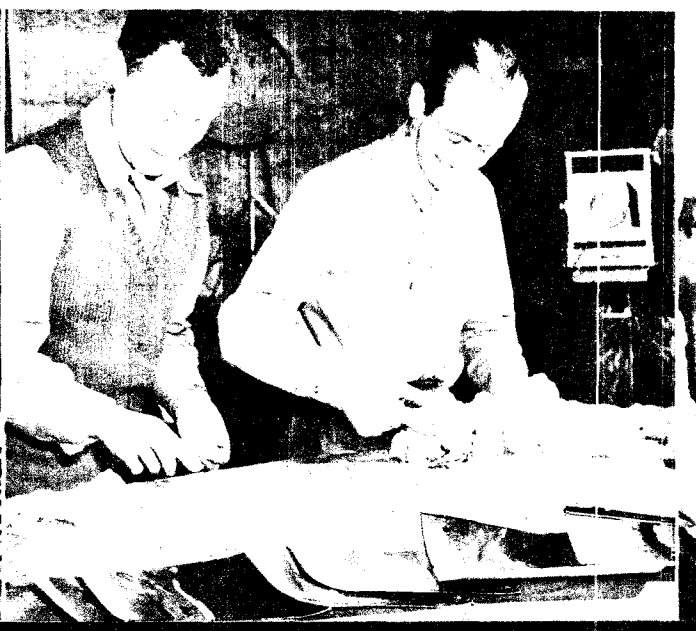
D'Oultremont is in a good position to compare Japs and Germans. He feels the German is a better soldier, but the Jap is a tough proposition because he is so fanatical. Once America starts bombing Japan, he says, Nippon will collapse.

When the war is over, d'Oultremont hopes to return to China. But before that time he has a date with Gen. von Falkenhausen in Belgium.

The other Commandos want to get home, too. They've been away for more than three years, most of that time in training, and now they'd like to see some action. What they have in mind was best expressed by Lance Cpl. Edward van den Eynde, a mechanic who lived on the outskirts of Brussels on the road to Waterloo, where another conqueror met defeat.

"I wouldn't like to be in the place of the Nazis when we get to Germany," he said.

Cpl. Francis D. Mealey studies aerial photos of Rabaul before starting in on scale model.



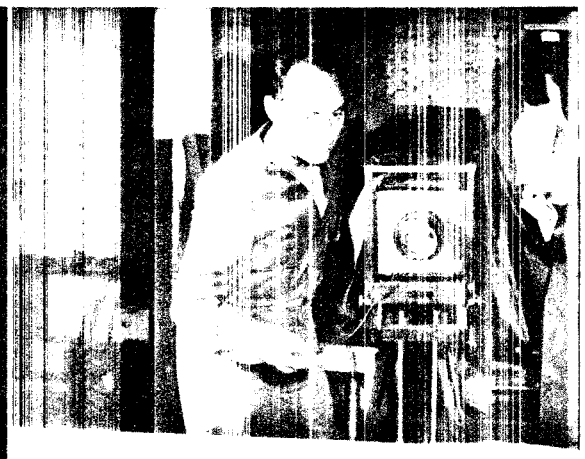
Cpl. Morris S. Yellis and Cpl. Mealey mold soggy newspaper into contours of the terrain.

Cpl. Mealey, Cpl. Leonard L. Lester and Cpl. Yelli begin painting colors as seen from a plane

U. S. bombers come down to make a few changes in Rabaul as it appears on a relief map. Fires spread on the shore as a B-25 flies past a burning sh

So that duplicates of the map can be turned out quickly, a plaster-of-Paris cast is made.

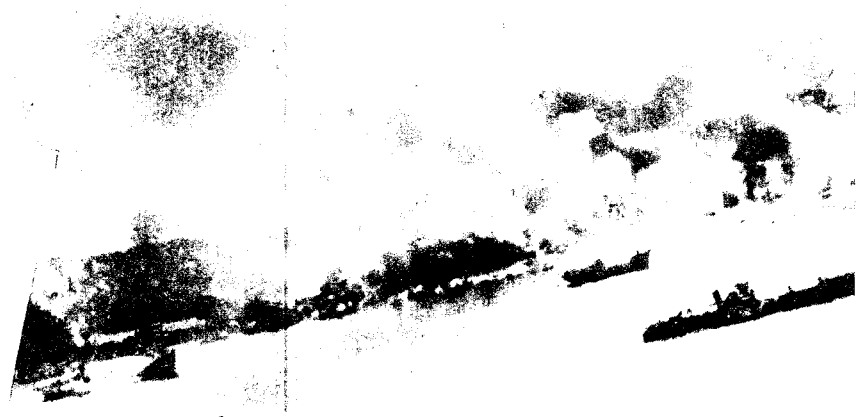
The relief map is completed. Hills, valleys, rivers, airfields are all shown in exact proportion.



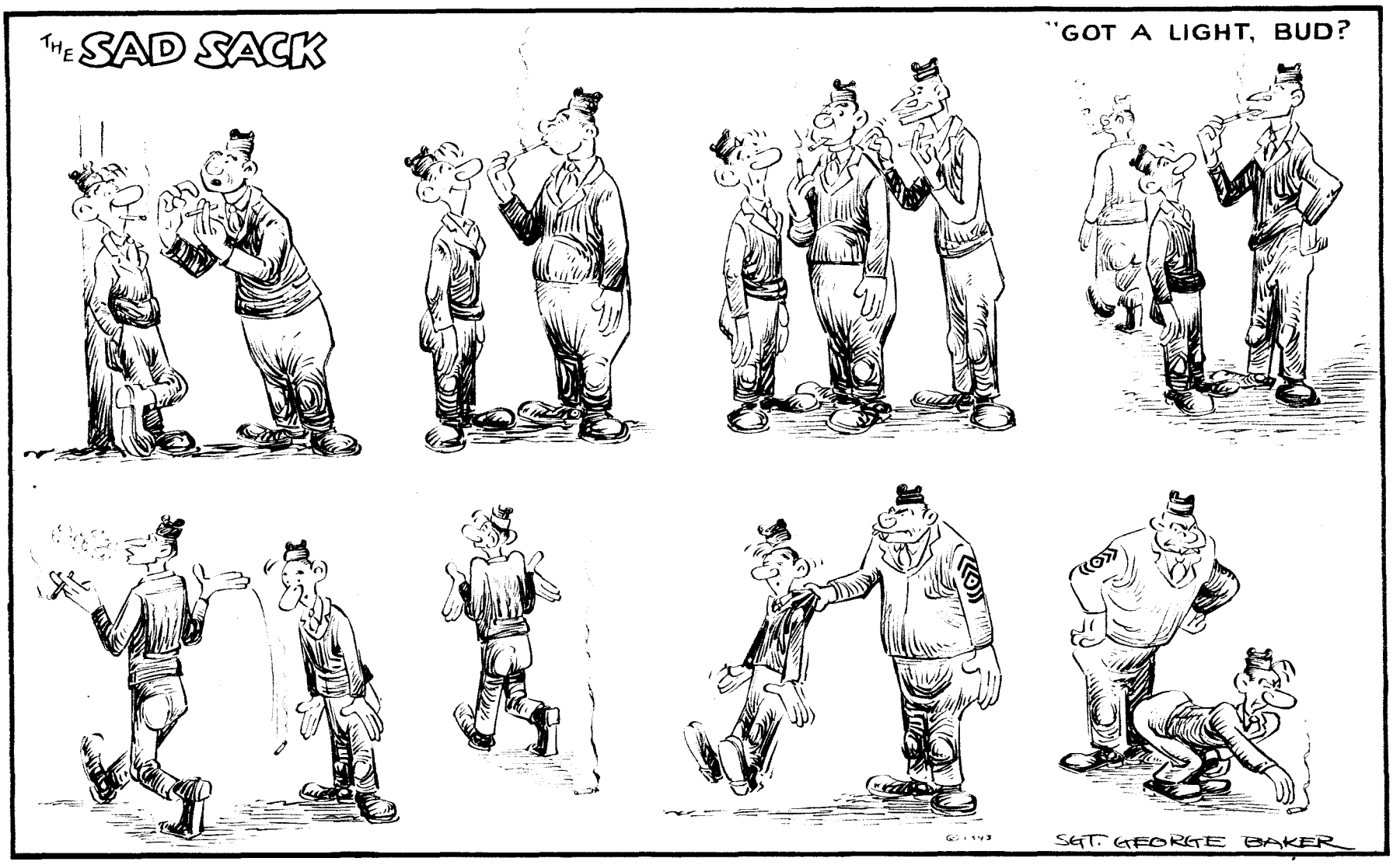
The relief map is photographed so that copies of it can be distributed to bombing squadrons.

RABAUL RAID

But there's more to the job than dropping bombs.



One of the Jap ships sunk by American B-25s is settling down at its stern while in the background burning harbor installations cover Rabaul with smoke.



By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

I'M keeping a scrapbook of newspaper stories about movie stars in the service. I suppose the rest of you soldiers are doing the same thing. If you can bear to part with any of your clippings about Hollywood men in uniform, I certainly would like to buy them from you. Or maybe we could work an arrangement to trade duplicates.

The newspapers are doing an excellent job of covering film actor-soldiers. Only trouble with this kind of reporting is that there's not enough of it. It would be nice if similar stories could be done about all of our servicemen.

Surely there are enough good writers in this country to cover the activities of every GI in full glamorous detail.

Take for instance Floyd Pringle. He used to be pin boy at the Sportland Bowling Alley in Little Ditch, Ohio. When Floyd was drafted there should have been a story like this in all the papers:

> LITTLE DITCH, OHIO, Feb. 21—He used to set 'em up for the Sportland bowlers—now he'll mow 'em down for the United Nations!
>
> Into the greatest match of his career today went pale, slender Floyd Pringle. The idol of thousands of Little Ditch bowlers joined the United States Army!
>
> Grinning happily as he reported for induction, Pringle appeared pleased when informed that he had been selected for 13 weeks of basic training.
>
> The famed pin boy did not apply for a commission. He stated simply that he wished to serve in the ranks with the ordinary soldiers.
>
> Flashing the famous Pringle grin that thrilled thousands in Little Ditch, he said: "Anybody who can dodge bowling balls can dodge Nazi bullets!"
>
> Floyd Pringle awaited his turn in line at the induction station, just like everyone else. Everybody said he was a "regular guy" and a "swell fellow," and the examining doctor declared he was a "splendid physical specimen."

Think of the boost to Army morale if every GI hit the metropolitan press with a story like that!

Now suppose that our hero comes home on furlough from foreign service. Still following the model of the write-ups about the movie stars, the press associations would flash a story like this over the wires:

> LITTLE DITCH, OHIO, Dec. 19—Back from the battle front today came Pvt. Floyd Pringle, his face drawn and a little haggard beneath its rich overseas tan.
>
> The celebrated pin boy from this tiny Ohio town has been on a dangerous ammunition-supply mission in a combat zone, the nature of which cannot be disclosed.

(This is an example of tactful handling of material by a skilful newspaper writer. What Floyd actually told reporters was this: "I am a basic in a gun crew and I have to carry the shells from the truck and make a pile on the ground. We never saw no action. We had a dry run every day, and the rest of the time we set on our dead hams." . . . Now go on with the news story.)

> Pvt. Pringle received an ovation when he arrived at the Little Ditch station. Women on the street stared at him in frank admiration, and several girls made low whistling noises.
>
> The Pringle charm, which brightened Sportland alleys for so long, has not been dimmed by the strenuous army training which Pringle endured without complaint.
>
> Pringle has been on a dangerous combat mission in a war zone. He goes on all the marches with the men in his crew and insists on sharing every hardship equally with the others.
>
> Reports from the fighting front are that Pvt. Floyd Pringle is a "swell fellow" and a "regular guy," just as common and unaffected as any man in the dangerous combat war zone.

Remember, a glamorous soldier is a good soldier. Why be content with your name on a billboard honor roll in a vacant lot? Why not sit down right now and cut a stencil, to be run off and mailed to every editor in the land, urging the full glamor treatment for all of our boys in the service?

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

The Cairo Conference

MAYBE the average GI, busy with his own important little problems, did not pay too much serious attention when the Allied agreements concerning the destruction of Japan were announced to the world after the recent historic Cairo meeting of President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Ever since Pearl Harbor, the Americans in the Army have taken it for granted that Japan's power in Asia would be destroyed after the war. If we thought the Allies were merely planning to shake a finger at Tokyo and make the little Nips promise not to do anything bad again, most of us in the Pacific would have thrown down our M1s and BARs in disgust long ago.

But there is a lot of significant meaning between the lines of the Cairo decisions that we probably missed the first time we read them or heard them over the radio. So it might be well to go back and take another look at a couple of those statements in the official communique.

The U. S. and British Governments have agreed, for instance, to return to China all the territory that Japan has stolen from her. This includes Manchuria and Formosa. The three powers have also agreed to guarantee the independence of Korea and, summing it up, to strip Japan of all the islands and territories she has taken or occupied since 1914.

This is a polite way of saying that Japan after the war will be as poverty stricken as the poor snake that did not have a pit to hiss in. It is also the first reassuring and positive answer to a question that every GI in the Pacific has been asking himself ever since he has been overseas. That question is, "How do I know the Allies won't start battling among themselves over the Asiatic peace terms and leave things so messed up that my kids will be coming out to fight Japs on these islands again 20 years from now?"

The British, French and Americans admit that the present war was the result of the lack of unity and of unselfish cooperation among the Allies at the Versailles peace conference in 1919. Everybody was too busy then looking out for his own cut of the pot to be bothered setting up adequate protection for future world peace.

But it wasn't like that at Cairo.

The completely harmonious plans for the destruction of Japanese power couldn't have been made if each Allied power was looking out only for itself. There was no prolonged political bickering between President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek over such matters as the possession of Burma, Hongkong, the Netherlands East Indies and the Malay Peninsula. And although Premier Stalin did not sit in on the Asiatic session, it is obvious that Manchuria could not have been handed back to its rightful owner, China, if Russia, had designs on that territory.

The determination of the Allies to wreck Japan completely means a big job which will require plenty more desperate battles like Tarawa before it is finished. But the Cairo Conference has shown us, for the first time, some definite proof that the job will stay finished and won't have to be started again by our kids 20 years from now.

"The Fuehrer must be getting a lot of clocks this Christmas. All of his presents are ticking."

STRICTLY G.I.

Our Casualties

TOTAL American casualties between Pearl Harbor and Nov. 15, 1943, were 126,969, WD and Navy reports show. Army casualties totaled 94,918; Navy, 32,051. Army figures: 14,321 killed; 32,690 wounded; 24,490 missing; 23,417 prisoners. Navy figures: 13,160 killed; 5,740 wounded; 8,926 missing; 4,225 prisoners. Navy figures include the Marine and Coast guard losses as of Nov. 15, but of course do not include the 1,026 Marines killed and 2,557 wounded at Tarawa. Army figures included casualties to American elements of the Fifth Army in Italy since Salerno: 1,811 killed; 7,091 wounded and 2,670 missing.

Cannon-Packing Bomber

The B-25 Mitchell bomber is now packing a 75-mm field-artillery piece in addition to its other armament in aerial combat against the enemy in the South Pacific and probably other theaters, a WD release has just revealed. Cannon-firing B-25s were first used against the Jap in New Guinea when they destroyed an air transport and a destroyer of the enemy in successive engagements. Made possible by a special recoil mechanism, use of the cannon in a bomber is advantageous because many targets are more vulnerable to shells fired at their sides than to bombing. The above close-up shows the 75-mm gun and two .50-caliber machine guns in the nose of one of the new cannon-packing B-25s.

New Marine Boss

The Navy has announced the appointment of Lt. Gen. Alexander A. Vandegrift as the new commandant of the Marine Corps. Gen. Vandegrift, who succeeds Lt. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, led U. S. forces at Guadalcanal and Bougainville. Gen. Holcomb was retired because he had reached the age limit of 64. He had been chief of the Marines for the last seven years, during which time he directed the corps' expansion from 16,000 to almost 350,000 men.

Overseas Thank-You Cards

Post cards that acknowledge gifts received by men overseas may now be mailed back to senders in the States if the soldier's signature appears on the card and postage is prepaid by the person sending the gifts. A card, however, must bear only the soldier's signature. Cards bearing any other information will be intercepted by the censor.

34th Division in Italy

Allied HQ in Algiers has revealed that the veteran 34th Infantry Division, which took part in several of the great battles of the Tunisian campaign, is now fighting in Italy as a unit of Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark's Fifth Army. The 34th Division hit its peak early last May when it smashed Nazi resistance at Hill 609, thus paving the way for the capture of Bizerte. The division is a veteran National Guard unit that is composed mostly of GIs from the adjoining states of Iowa and Minnesota.

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CHRISTMAS MENU

Cream of Celery with Croutons
Roast Turkey
Sage Dressing — Giblet Gravy
Cranberry-Orange Relish
Snowflake Potatoes — Baked Squash
Creamed Corn
Heads of Lettuce with Russian Dressing
Hot Rolls and Butter
Mince Pie — Chocolate Nut Cake
Assorted Fruits, Candies and Nuts
Coffee

Now, let's eat. The above is the chow order of the day for Army camps in the U.S.

CHRISTMAS DIVIDENDS. This may not be *Camp News* but we wanted to add a couple of decorations to that Christmas menu. Upper left we have a stocking in the form of Grace McDonald. Below her is Leslie Brooks disguised as Santa Claus, but she's not fooling us—not with those legs.

PEARL DIVERS. KP, or "diving for pearls," was once only a rookie's privilege at the Eagle Pass AAF, Tex., but a manpower shortage has opened the ranks to sergeants. Lucky crew consists of M/Sgt. Jesse Rowe, T/Sgt. Judson Brave, M/Sgt. Boyce Gattis, M/Sgt. Ira MacDonald, M/Sgt. Harroll Drake.

CHEF'S ART. Cpl. H. A. Magnuson shows off his work to Pvt. W. J. Regan at Fort Devens, Mass. Magnuson was a well-known chef as a civilian.

FOR HEROISM. S/Sgt. Earl Choate is decorated with the Silver Star for his part in the battle on Guadalcanal by Col. J. K. Boles at Camp Polk, La.

Slight Omission

Columbia Army Air Base, S. C.—Inspection was next day and Pvt. Martin Singley was by no means ready for it. But at the Service Club that night 90 cadet nurses were waiting to entertain him and other GIs, and that was too good a thing to miss.

Came the dawn and frantic but fumbling efforts to get ready for inspection. The moment arrived and the inspecting officer approached Pvt. Singley. He stared at the private's clean-shaven face, his neatly combed hair and his equipment immaculate and in place. Then he glanced down and said:

"Soldier, where are your pants?"

Rank Magic

SCU 3411 STAR, De Land, Fla.—S/Sgt. Ben. C. Fryer glanced down the line of ASTP GIs at Stetson University. "Douse that butt, soldier," he yelled at the sight of a man smoking in ranks.

He blinked his eyes and looked again. The cigarette had disappeared. He started to give another command, and up popped the cigarette again. "I told you to put——." He broke off for the cigarette was gone again.

The sergeant walked down the line and stood in front of Pvt. Eddie Svetz, but the private didn't bat an eyelash. The cigarette was nowhere to be seen.

What Sgt. Fryer didn't know was that Pvt. Svetz had been a professional magician and one of his best tricks was making a cigarette appear and disappear.

Morning, Noon and Night

Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.—Cpl. Isaac Satz and seven other GIs taking the AM course here were on the graveyard shift. At 5:40 A.M. they hied themselves to the nearest mess hall for breakfast. There they were handed a meal of spaghetti and meat balls. At noon they got the same stuff. They wondered but, being new here,

CUB DRIVER. He may look asleep but he's a bear at driving a jeep! Sgt. Austin Johnson is the passenger and the cub is mascot of 1st Bn., 501st Parachute Inf., at Camp Mackall, N. C.

GLOBE-TROTTING GIFT. Pvt. Leroy Kidman (right), Guadalcanal veteran, shows off a watch, sent last Christmas, which finally reached him at Camp Kohler, Calif., having been to Australia, New Zealand and Guadalcanal.

LOCAL BONUS. Drawing a pair of GI shoes is something of a treat for a Greenwood (Miss.) AAF MP, because he can get a few ounces of tobacco with them, grown on the field's own victory garden.

CAMP NEWS

said nothing. At supper the same fare came out—spaghetti and meat balls.

Enough was enough, so they trooped to their first sergeant. He explained. Because of the 24-hour school schedule, Mess Hall No. 1 served breakfasts, No. 2 served lunches and No. 3, which they had been patronizing, only served suppers.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Crook, Nebr.—S/Sgt. Harvey A. Kadish found the name plate on his desk shined to a high luster and decided to preserve its appearance permanently. He set to work varnishing it. The next day he found the plate blank. What he had thought was varnish was actually paint remover.

Fort Sill, Okla.—Edward Hanson Jr. was born on this post. His father, a tech sergeant, has been in the Army 27 years and has spent the last 19 of it here. Eddie Jr. should be very familiar with Army life by now—which may or may not explain why he just joined the Marines.

"But I don't want any military secrets!"

—Pfc. Wm. H. Ward, Fort Totten (N. Y.) *America's Alertmen*

Baer Field, Ind.—Pvt. John Little of the 849th Guard Sq. was out duck hunting. At 4 A. M. he hadn't got a bird. Then he saw two ducks sailing majestically along the water. "I got you," he cried excitedly and fired. He got both birds—two decoys.

Camp Barkeley, Tex.—Sgt. Emmitt Waller of the 64th Med. Tng. Bn. was showing a trainee how to roll a full field pack. He painstakingly went over the process step by step. When the pack was completed, the jeep asked: "But where does the pillow go?"

Camp Edwards, Mass.—The officer was making his Saturday morning barracks inspection. He stopped beside the bunk of Pfc. Leonard Pearl and pointed to a small green electric-light bulb. "What's that?" he queried. "That," Pearl replied, "is a night light, sir."

Morrison Field, Fla.—GI chow and PX sandwiches hold no dangers for Pvt. Harold Sutton. For six of his 24 years he made a living in side shows and carnivals eating such fodder as razor blades, glass and light bulbs. Ice cream and candy don't agree with him.

Lincoln Army Air Base, Nebr.—Pvt. William Funk was being very busy with a pair of knitting needles. His barracksmates were curious and, when finally the needles were put away, they were let in on Funk's secret. Reposing on his chest were his dog tags, neatly encased in a knitted bag. Explained Funk: "My tags were cold on my skin, so I made them a jacket."

Louisiana Maneuvers—Sgt. John Chace of the medics is proud of his ability to make beds, maneuver style. One night he achieved a masterpiece—an escapeproof bed roll. He looked at his handiwork proudly but when he tried it out, he found one bad fault. He couldn't get into the thing.

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—Nov. 11 was a triple-special occasion for celebration by T-5 Jack Fisher of the 88th Signal Co. It was his birthday, his wedding anniversary and Armistice Day.

Rain Check

Signal Corps Photo Center, N. Y.—Sgt. Al Schwartzberg found a large envelope on his desk. It was of the "window" type and he noted, centered in the glassined opening, the words: "Honorable Discharge."

Before he opened it, however, he spotted, printed above: "Not to be opened until victory comes." The idea was something which Pfc. Roy Playford had dreamed up.

Camp Reynolds, Pa.—Pvt. Jack Doran left on his furlough to visit his father. He went to Fort Bragg, N. C., where his pop is Lt. Col. John Doran. He found that the colonel was just leaving for maneuvers, so Pvt. Doran spent his furlough in the field with his father's outfit. And he admits to having a swell time.

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—Pvt. Chester Antosiewicz of the 63d Inf. Div. cannot write Polish. His buddy, Pvt. Adolph Bigos, can. They have a system when Chester writes his father—Chester writes his letter in English, then Adolph translates it. But Chester's handwriting is so bad that the finished product has to be read back for corrections.

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Oscar L. Phelps of Amarillo, Tex., has named his store the Six Star Drug Store. The six stars represent his sons in the armed services: Theodore, in the Central Signal Corps School here; William, Lloyd and Joe, with the Army overseas; Jack, with the Marines overseas; and John, with the Navy in Hawaii.

Camp Sabba, Calif.—Sgt. Frank Silver was attached as an instructor from the time this site was started as a basic bivouac area. Then he was transferred. He returned recently — for basic bivouac training.

Camp Davis, N. C.—Word got around that art classes would be held once a week for GIs here and that a model would appear. S/Sgt. John Van Koert, in charge of the course, could hardly get into the room that had been provided, it was so jammed with GIs. Sgt. Van Koert doesn't anticipate such a large crowd in the future. The model turned out to be only a GI.

Camp Campbell, Ky.—Cpl. Jerry Luball pitched his pup tent, rolled up in his blankets and prepared for a good night's sleep. A noise at the entrance to the tent awoke him and then he felt something settle on his foot. He sat up and found a skunk curled up there. Lubell's exclamation woke the animal. It stood up, glared at the corporal and then walked slowly out of the tent.

BTC 10, Greensboro, N. C.—Sgt. Ralph Cerbone Jr. of the plans and training office is going rapidly bats. Barracks No. 143 is making him bait for Section 8, because within its confines a cruel GI fate has placed 16 dogfaces named Jones.

Send any pictures, news items or features of interest for these pages to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., and ask that they be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.

Mail Call

Emergency Furlough

What kind of an Army are we in! Do animals have priority over wives? I ask because I've just read that a soldier at Camp Crowder was given an emergency furlough to go see his sick dog, yet when my wife was having a baby I couldn't get a furlough to see her through. Pretty good on the morale I'd say; and I'm not the only one that's bitching.

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Sgt. E. V. BRUCE*

*Letter also signed by S/Sgts. Lex A. Egbert Jr., R. O. Seeley; Sgts. B. V. Miller, J. C. Patch, Jack A. Eherle; Cpl. R. Lipanovich, and Pfc. C. P. Elliot.

Dear YANK:

This article which appeared on the front page of a prominent newspaper gave me a slap in the face:

The Army has a heart. That's what Pvt. Franklin E. Higgins, Camp Crowder, Mo., said as he sped to the deathbed of his 17-year-old dog, Pal, on an emergency furlough arranged by the Red Cross.

Stories like this are hard to take when members of our outfit have been unable to get an emergency furlough to be with their wives during confinement.

Camp Hulen, Tex. —Sgt. R. A. DAWYER

Change of Pace

Dear YANK:

I've been reading YANK for 8 months and, like any other male soldier, I've taken particular interest in your pin-up girls. It seems that the general request is for a beautiful or sexual type picture, but our request is for a "Pin-up Mother." We have no particular choice, but maybe you could fix us up with a loving mother that would suit all of us.

Camp Butner, N. C. —Pfc. RUSS GLASS

Dear YANK:

Your publication devotes a great deal of space to pin-up girls. This is all very fine, but our organization has just elected a pin-up girl of a different type. She is just as sweet as any other pin-up girl and she has the added charm of 81 years of life. She is none other than Grandma Reynolds of the movies. She writes to us and expresses a keen interest in our lives as soldiers fighting for Uncle Sam.

Alaska —Cpl. WALLACE H. MILLER

Prisoners and Privileges

Dear YANK:

I read in an October issue of YANK about Germans and Japs living off the fat of the land as our prisoners of war. It seems a damn shame to me that those Nazis and Japs not only get the privilege of living in the United States, but live better than soldiers do over here. On top of that they get more money than privates or pfcs., including our 20 percent for overseas. I fully expect, too, that they eat much better stuff than we get, sleep on better beds and have much nicer places to stay in. It is no wonder this war is taking so long with things like that in progress. It particularly burned me up when I read that the Japs are quitting on the job because they could not choose their own leaders.

Fiji Pfc. EDWIN K. WARNER

■ The United States keeps faithfully the international agreement which was approved by the Geneva Convention regarding prisoners of war. German and Italian officers are paid monthly allowances of $20 to $40, according to grade; Japanese officers receive $5 less a month, and enlisted men receive 10 cents a day, plus a minimum of 80 cents a day when they work. Captured American officers and men are similarly paid by the enemy. Full salaries continue for all officers and men while they are prisoners, to be paid to them by their own country when the war is over.

It is true that living conditions and food are sometimes better for prisoners of war than for the captor's own soldiers in the field. That is because the Geneva Convention requires that prisoners be maintained at the same standard enjoyed by the captor army, whose soldiers in the field cannot, for practical reasons, live as they would in camp.

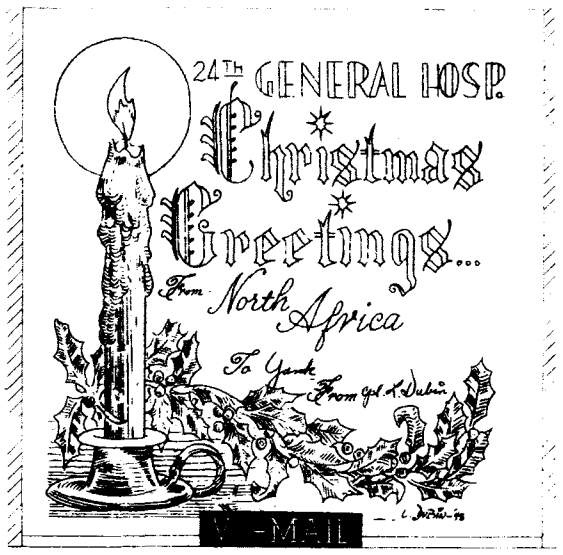
The Japs you refer to are internees, not prisoners of war, and as such are not under the jurisdiction of the Army. They are civilians who have been interned for security reasons, not for any act of war against the U.S. They are paid allowances ranging from $24 a year each for children to a maximum of $45 a year for adults, in addition to what they may earn from their own labor.

Cigarette Monopoly

Dear YANK:

In my way of thinking the old saying "the Army gets the best of everything" is pretty phony. When you go to the PX here to buy cigarettes, the soldier behind the counter hands you a can of Wings, Avalons or some other brand of cheap cigarette. The cigarettes I bought the other day were as white on top as the paper around them.

Fiji Islands —Pfc. CARL E. WHITLEY



Africa —Cpl. L. DUBIN

Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK:

If you know anything about the history of the American Legion, you will recall that that organization pleaded for national defense measures and warned of the coming disaster, yet the rest of the country drowned them out in a wave of slap-happy pacifism. When the war is won we will be confronted by similar problems of the last war and will need the support of men who know what the score is.

Pyote AAB, Texas —Sgt. R. S. FRANKENBURGER

Dear YANK:

I don't think that many of the boys are in favor of the American Legion. It has long been anti-union and anti a lot of other decent things too long to list.

New Guinea —T-4 A. FRIEDLAND

Dear YANK:

The attitude of soldiers towards labor will be one of the vital factors in our post-war world. Since labor is, after all, just another name for the average American working man, it is high time right now to do something about establishing a veterans' organization that will be pro-American and, therefore, pro-labor. I'm in favor of starting a new veterans' organization that is based on the same doctrines for which we are fighting. I for one want no part of the blind-drunk conventions that symbolize the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

McCaw Gen. Hosp., Walla Walla, Wash. —Pvt. M. CHESY

■ Labor may have its own veterans' organizations when the war is over. For instance, the United Automobile Workers, reported as having 200,000 members in military service, plan to establish their own "pro-labor, pro-liberal" veterans' organization if it is deemed necessary.

GI Houdini

Dear YANK:

Ever since this cartoon [*right*] appeared in a November issue we have been racking our brains trying to figure out how the soldier was able to remove his helmet. In general the cartoons in YANK are good, but this one isn't quite practical.

—Pvt. JACK PALMER*

AAB, Lincoln, Nebr.

*Letter also signed by Pvts. John H. Edwards, Victor B. Henderson, Warren B. Baker and Don Bostelaar.

Dear YANK:

I would like to know how the soldier could get his helmet off with the shell sticking through his head. If he pulled the shell out to take his helmet off, why did he put it back in his head? Your information will be valuable in our first-aid class.

UNS Air Station, Melbourne, Fla. —GEORGE DAVIS S2c

■ The shell in the soldier's head isn't the same shell that went through his helmet. He was hit twice. The first shell went through his helmet, clean as a whistle. When he took off the helmet to look at the damage, another shell came along and lodged itself in the hole in his head. Moral: never remove your helmet under any conditions.

MESSAGE CENTER

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

E. Sgt. FRANK H. EBLY: write S/Sgt. Melvin F. Ebly. . . . Pvt. JAMES ENGELHARDT of Bay City, Mich.: write Pfc. Robert L. Vroman. . . . JAMES R. EPHRIAM, once at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.: write Pfc. James R. Kennedy.

F. Pfc. ALBERT and Pfc. ANGELO FABRIZIO: write Pvt. Joseph Fabrizio. . . . Pvt. JUAN L. FERNANDEZ of Venezuela, once at Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark.: write Pfc. Adelbert E. Fox. . . . M/Sgt. LLOYD FRENCH, once at Bolling Field, D. C.: write M/Sgt. Frank J. Milio.

G. MERLE GALLOWAY, once at Fort George G. Meade, Md.: write Sgt. Steve Shyers. . . . T/Sgt. CLYDE A. GILLENWATER: write Capt. Raymond L. Shipp. . . . Sgt. WARD D. GREENO of South Dakota: write Pfc. Otto Wampler.

J. S/Sgt. NED JANUZELLO, once at Camp Davis, N. C.: write Cpl. John F. Caroleo. . . . Pvt. HAROLD JOHNSON, once at Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo.: write Pvt. Leonard Barnes. . . . EDNA JURIS, in the WAVES: see *Message 1.**

K. Sgt. JAMES KEATING of Chicago, Ill., once at Gilroy, Calif.: write Pvt. L. P. De Rosier. . . . ROY C. KINNEY, once at Camp Grant, Ill.: see *Message 1.** . . . FRANK KOVACK, Panama: write Pfc. C. Whitaker.

M. HERMAN (ANDY) MARCHI: write Lt. Joseph Alter. . . . PEWEE MODDISETT, once at Fort Crockett, Tex.: see *Message 2.*** . . . FRED MUIZZO, Red Hook, Brooklyn, N. Y.: write Pvt. Guido J. Mauro.

P. 1st Sgt. U. PALMESE, once at Fort George G. Meade, Md.: write George B. Clark SoM3c. . . . Lt. JAMES PARACHEIAN, N. Africa: write Cpl. John Galeski. . . . Pvt. LESLIE E. PARAMORE, once at Camp Roberts, Calif.: write Pvt. Joe M. Owens. . . . Cpl. ANTHONY PERREAR, once at Camp Claiborne, La.: write Pfc. Vaughn H. Perrear. . . . ALBERT C. PROBST of Washington, D. C., now in the Sig. Corps: write Lee N. Steffen ARM3c.

S. GAY B. SHERROD, once in Btry. B, 69th CA: see *Message 2.*** . . . JACK SICARI: write Pvt. Aaron P. Morah. . . . Pvt. JAMES R. SIMANDL, once at Percy Jones Gen. Hosp., Battle Creek, Mich.: write 2d Lt. Henry A. Alverson. . . . M/Sgt. FRANK SLANKARD, Engr. Bn.: write Sgt. Howard G. Hopkins. . . . Pvt. PAUL STONE of Cedar Top, Pa.: write Pfc. Albert Stone.

W. S/Sgt. JAMES L. WATSON, last address, APO 775, New York: see *Message 3.*† . . . Pvt. MILTON WEISS of The Bronx, N. Y.: write Cpl. Gerard Wilson. . . . Cpl. WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS, once at APO 3515, San Francisco: see *Message 3.*† . . . Pvt. JOHNNIE WILSON, once at Camp Stoneman, Calif.: write Sgt. Willie J. Wilson.

Y. DON YANNS of Kalamazoo, Mich.: write Pvt. John C. Lyke. . . . HAROLD S. YOUNG S2c: write 1st Sgt. Randall M. Young. . . . Pvt. RALPH YOUNG of Randolph, Mass.: write Pfc. John J. Sullivan.

**Message 1:* Write Pvt. Bud Briscoe.
***Message 2:* Write T/Sgt. P. A. Segall.
†Message 3: Write Cpl. Robert L. Ford.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

The following men want to trade shoulder patches:

Sgt. Giles K. Caldwell, A-161 FA Bn., Camp Rucker, Ala.

Pvt. Hurtus Cline, AAF, TTS, Sq. 622, Bks. 2140, Truax Field, Wis.

Capt. M. B. Dolginoff, Hq., OSCUTC, Camp Crowder, Mo.

Lt. J. K. Evans, Hq. Co., 17th Armd. Inf. Regt., Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Cpl. John C. Gajewski, 830th CA, Fort Monroe, Va.

Pfc. Max C. Griffin, Sig. Sec., Hq. Third Army, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

S/Sgt. B. E. Hogan, Btry. D, 701 AAA Gun Bn., c/o Postmaster, Newport, R. I.

Pvt. Clifford C. Hollenbeck, CMP, Fort Story, Va.

S/Sgt. Lambert B. Kinkaid, Ord. Dept., Frankford Arsenal, Pa.

Sgt. Hutton T. Knight, PW Camp, Aliceville, Ala.

Sgt. A. Kupec, Btry. A, 79th AAA Gun Bn. (SM), Manchester, Conn.

Cpl. Frederick Lewis, Btry. B, 286th CA Bn. (Ry), Fort John Custis, Cape Charles, Va.

Lt. William H. Mellor, Hq. Co., 33d Sig. Construction Bn., Shreveport, La.

Pvt. Arthur J. Mominee, 297th Gen. Hosp., Los Angeles, Calif.

Cpl. George Nesbit, Co. B, 422 Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C.

S/Sgt. John M. Ouentan, Co. B, 341st Inf., Camp Howze, Tex.

Cpl. Ivie L. Partridge, 2571st SU WAC Det., Fort Belvoir, Va.

Cpl. E. R. Potteiger, Co. A, 194th Bn., 61st Regt., IRTC, Camp Blanding, Fla.

Sgt. John K. Rudder, 1st CSD, B-159, Fort Riley, Kans.

Capt. Jerome Schwartz, Hq., AGF, RD No. 1, Fort Meade, Md.

Cpl. John Skovran, 1352 SU, 14th & Calder Sts., Harrisburg, Pa.

Pfc. Francis T. Snodgrass, Co. B, 324th Engr. Bn., 99th Div., Shreveport, La.

Cpl. Thelma Switzenberg, Co. 2, 23d Regt., 3d WAC TC, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Cpl. Murray Zelin, Btry. C, 843 AAA (AW) Bn., Camp Stewart, Ga.

PFC. SHEA'S Merriest Christmas

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Yuletide Correspondent

'TWAS the night before Christmas and all through the barracks not a creature was stirring, not even the CQ. He had tried to make his usual trip through the squad rooms around 11 to open the windows and now he was at the dispensary getting treated on the places where he had been hit by shoes, tent pegs, canteens and helmets.

In the downstairs room only six men were asleep. One of them was a cook named Anna May Wong. Don't ask me where he got that name, because he is not a la-de-dah and he is not Chinese either. As a matter of fact, he is as Irish as Paddy's Pig.

There is no need of listing the names of all the other men in the room because this is supposed to be a Christmas story, not a pay roll, but in the corner bed, next to the drinking fountain, was Pfc. Crusher Shea. This was the first time Pfc. Shea ever spent Christmas Eve with strangers.

Like everybody else in the barracks, Pfc. Shea always said he had given up a $150-a-week job as a big executive when the draft board caught up with him, but he had really been employed for the last seven years as the No. 2 man in his neighborhood A & P store. Christmas Eve was always a busy night for the Crusher, as he was known among his friends, but he usually cleaned up the last order around half past 10 and he used to get out of the store around 10 minutes of 11.

Then, after a fast one with the boys at the corner tavern, Pfc. Shea would hurry home to celebrate Christmas Eve at his mother's house. He was 36 years old but he never married because he didn't know any girls.

And, oh, what good times they had in the Shea family Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, too, when Crusher's sister Bertha came over from Jersey with her husband Frank, a plumber, and her six rosy-cheeked, good-natured little children. And then there was Aunt Minnie, who wore a red wig, and Cousin Adelaide. On Christmas afternoon the doorbell would ring and there would be Uncle Harry. He worked in a garage in Yonkers and the family never saw him the rest of the year. He usually showed up on Christmas with a load on. Last year, in fact, he showed up paralyzed and when Aunt Minnie opened the door he almost fell in on top of her.

But nobody had the heart to be cross with Uncle Harry on such a happy day as Christmas in the Shea house.

Now Pfc. Shea was spending Christmas all alone in camp, missing the familiar scenes of the holiday in his cozy little home, because he had a furlough Labor Day and would not get another one until God knows when.

His friends had been sympathetic when they packed up and went home for the holidays, borrowing his garrison belt and his civilian shoes.

"Poor Crusher," they murmured. "Imagine spending Christmas in this fire trap."

Strangely enough, Pfc. Shea did not cry himself to sleep Christmas Eve.

"Glad I'm not working in the store tonight," he said, taking off his fatigues. "Must be 10 times tougher than usual figuring out ration points for all them Christmas orders."

Christmas morning he awoke feeling fresh and rested. He couldn't believe this. Then he remembered that he had been enjoying a good night's sleep on Christmas Eve instead of working late, drinking a few shots with the boys, arguing with his mother and father about where to put the Christmas tree, staying up until all hours trying to find the bulbs and trimmings for the tree in the attic and then discovering that most of the lights were smashed during the summer and the rest did not work because the wires had been short-circuited.

He had a nice leisurely breakfast in the mess hall. The cooks let him fry his own bacon and eggs because there were only a few guys around, and he enjoyed it. Not much like Christmas morning at home when his mother used to chase him out of the kitchen because he was in her way while she was fixing the turkey.

There was no work Christmas Day because it was raining. Pfc. Shea passed a pleasant morning in the barracks playing blackjack and won eight bucks.

He had a fine big turkey dinner in the mess hall with beer out of the company fund and cigars afterward. He didn't have to worry about saying something that would make Aunt Minnie leave the table in tears, as she did practically every Christmas. And there was none of Bertha's kids sitting on each side of him knocking glasses of milk into his lap.

After dinner he enjoyed a two-hour nap on his bunk. Bertha's youngest boy, the one with the harelip, was not around to run his toy fire engine into his shins, and he didn't have to listen to Cousin Adelaide put on her regular crying act about how Christmas reminded her of her poor dead mother.

All in all, it was one of the most merry Christmases Pfc. Shea ever experienced, if not *the* merriest.

When the other guys came back from their Christmas furloughs they were all broke and had to borrow money from him. A couple of them wouldn't even talk because they had arguments with their girls.

"How was Christmas here, Crusher?" one of them asked. "I'll bet you wished you was home."

"Oh, I don't know," muttered Pfc. Shea. "It wasn't so bad."

HE DIDN'T RUSH BACK FOR A RADIO CONTRACT

A COUPLE of months ago, Pat Gilchrist, a radioman second class on a PT boat in the South Pacific, stopped off with the rest of the boat's crew on an island base there. It was a tiny island, a pinpoint in the sea, where a handful of GIs were stationed. He wasn't there very long before a soldier stopped him. "Somebody told me your name's Gilchrist," the GI said. "That's right," answered Pat. "Related to Bob Gilchrist, the fellow who sings and plays the guitar?" asked the GI. "He's my father," answered Gilchrist. "He gave us a show here last July," the soldier explained. "I talked to him afterward. I'm from New York, too." The GI started to walk away, then hesitated and added: "He's a pretty good joe, your pop."

This anecdote was told in a letter Bob Gilchrist received from Pat a short time after Gilchrist senior returned to New York from a seven-month barnstorming of the GI entertainment circuit in the South Pacific.

"As a matter of fact," said the elder Gilchrist, "I just missed seeing the kid by a few days on my way back."

Bob Gilchrist left San Francisco on a troop ship the first week in April 1943. In his USO-Camp Shows group were Jim Burke, a singer from Hollywood, and Marty Sunshine, a magician, better known as Kismet. The group hit New Caledonia late in April, did 60 shows there, then left for Guadalcanal. They opened their Canal stand early in June.

"When we got to Guadalcanal," said Gilchrist, "the men rushed to see if we had any women. Then they wanted to know how the hell three old men like us were going to entertain them. But when we finished our first show, they wanted us to start the whole thing over again."

He grinned.

"That proves how hungry those kids were for entertainment."

The Canal was their base of operations for five weeks. From there they flew or went by boat to the Russells, to Tulagi, the Floridas and many other dots in the Pacific. The group did two shows daily, at 2 and at 5 in the afternoon. Sometimes bad weather or Jap bombing raids would interrupt their schedule. One particular raid came at 1:55, five minutes before the show was ready to go on. That was the June 16 raid over Guadalcanal when the Japs lost 94 planes.

"The Zeros were falling all over the place," said Gilchrist, "like a swarm of bees somebody was swattin' down."

An hour and a half later the GIs scrambled back to their seats and Gilchrist announced: "The main bout's over. We'll now have the semi-finals."

One of the favorite comedy numbers in the Gilchrist routine was "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?" One day the troupe flew to an island that was being used as an evacuation base for the Munda wounded. When they got there a kid on a stretcher recognized Gilchrist, and hollered out to him: "Do you know what we were singing when we hit the beaches at Munda? We were singing 'Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?' Maybe that's why I got hit."

After Guadalcanal the troupe went to the Fijis, island-hopped to so many Pacific islands that they became "island-hopping happy." When they arrived in Honolulu in September they hadn't seen a white woman for five months. "By that time," remarked Gilchrist, "we had a pretty good idea of how the boys out there felt about women."

The troupe played in the Hawaiians for about five weeks and then left for the states.

A fellow with his tongue in his cheek suggested that maybe Gilchrist had to rush back to New York to fulfill a radio contract. The Gilchrist pan crinkled up in a broad Irish grin. "Hell no," he said, "I just came back for another assignment. Besides, I'm just a meat-and-potato trouper. Nobody's breaking their necks to have me fill any radio contracts. Anyway, I'll have plenty of time for them when the war's over."

Bob Gilchrist

The POETS CORNERED

NIGHTTIME IN A FOXHOLE

When it's nighttime in a foxhole,
Dark the shadow shapes that form
To deceive the watcher, waiting,
Waiting for the man-made storm.

Watching, waiting in the darkness,
Straining each and every sense.
Madness lurks o'er every shoulder,
Nerves are taut and muscles tense.

What is that now creeping inward:
Creeping, crawling shape so gray?
Breathe a prayer, brother watcher,
It is morning, it is day!

Aleutians —Pvt. CARL ENNIS

SONNET FOR R. K. JULY 20, 1943

You did not die Hollywood's planned death
For warriors who fight in frightful skies;
No final truth revealed in your last breath,
Nor visions as the winds spilled from your eyes.
You broke in bits—God knows where you fell;
The raucous motors veiled your final moan,
Or if you screamed the mute sea cannot tell—
It is pain enough to die alone.

Midsummer's sun can light but half a world;
You are lost in ocean's shuttling black
Too long; our memory has furled
Your name, and we must think to turn it back.
We forget; we are as we were before;
Forgetting, we kill you a little more.

Lehigh University, Pa. —Pfc. PERRY S. WOLFF

SOME people think the name Ramsay Ames belongs to a man, but just a casual look at Ramsay's picture should be enough to indicate otherwise. If you think it necessary to look more than casually—or casually to look more—why, that's up to you. Incidentally, this photo won Ray Jones of Universal Pictures first prize in the pin-up class of the Hollywood studios' still-picture contest.

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE MERS-EL-SALAAM

Christmastime, as I remember,
Used to come in late December,
Bringing mistletoed romances
Climaxed by swank New Year's dances,
Skating rinks and wintry breezes,
Billboard ads for anti-freezes;
These are things that I remember—
Christmas time in late December.

Africa? Have you a Koran?
Is there Christmastime in Oran?
Do you think the singing cherub
Captivates the solemn Arab
When according to Mohammed,
Life begins with him—Mohammed?
Here, it's true, is found the camel,
Christmas-famed and storied mammal,
But his burdens, though immense,
Do not include Yule frankincense.

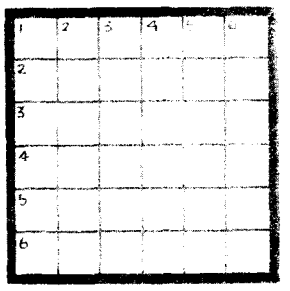
So it seems our celebrations,
Tempered by cold canned C rations,
Will not result in jubilee
But just a pleasant memory.

North Africa —Pfc. EDWIN H. ROPER

WHEN WE WHO LAUGH

When we who laugh through life
And but once
Or twice shed a tear
For sorrow's sake,
And hundred shed
For love,
Tally life
When all its years have sped;
Shall we find we have fared better than the rest
Who day by day
Burden themselves with fears of
Tomorrows yet unborn
And live in yesterdays?
Have we not built at least of marble
A little stronghold of our gladness,
While they have built of shifting sands?
Can we not say our days have tallied best,
That we have only laughed,
Or only loved?

India —Sgt. CARLYLE A. OBERLE



WORD SQUARE

A WORD SQUARE is a crossword puzzle that has been lined up for inspection, neat and orderly and no dust showing.

Correctly solved, the Word Square should read the same horizontally as it does vertically.

ACROSS & DOWN

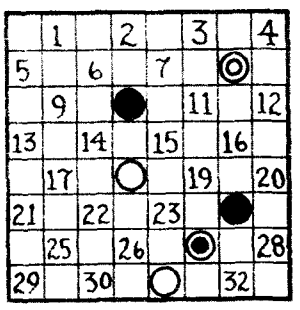
1. To fly about the field before landing.
2. An old Greek, the first flyer to have wing trouble.
3. Most unusual.
4. To produce.
5. High polish, shine or glass.
6. Chemical compounds.

(Solution on page 22.)

CHECKER STRATEGY

WHITE to move and win. Note that Black is preparing to snatch the White checker on square 18. In spite of this threat, White can force a clean-cut victory. See how?

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



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 CHANGE

This 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 Good Luck Pin

THERE'S a little first-aid station tucked away in a Red Cross Service Club somewhere in Australia. The club is so busy it might be called the Crossroads of the Southwest Pacific. In that first-aid station most any time of the day or night you'll find a tiny Army nurse with a rich Southern accent that will damn near have you smelling magnolias. She's not young, and she couldn't be called beautiful, but she's got some gift of—well, understanding, and guys get the habit of dropping in with their troubles as well as their aches and pains.

That's how this sub sailor happened along. He dropped in one morning and just sat around without saying much. Finally he blurted out that he'd jumped ship.

"We're going out again tomorrow, and I'm scared. Got a feeling somehow we're going to get it this time, and I'm scared."

She just nodded, then said: "Going to get drunk and forget it?"

"Nope. Just want to stay here for a while."

"Will you get in trouble for jumping ship?"

"Uh-uh. The old man's a good joe; he'll understand."

After a couple of hours he asked: "You go to church pretty often?"

"Every Sunday."

"All the time we're out there you'll be going to church every Sunday?"

"Every Sunday."

Nothing more until they'd had a little lunch together. Then he said: "I'm not scared any more."

"Going back now?"

"Nope. Going to stick around a while. But I'm not scared any more."

It was dark when he stood up and picked up his hat. "I'm going back now. Keep this for me will you?"

She took the submarine insignia and said so long.

He came back a couple of months later. They'd got it all right—bad. Somehow, though, the old fish had held together.

The sailor didn't want the pin back, though; he told the nurse to keep it.

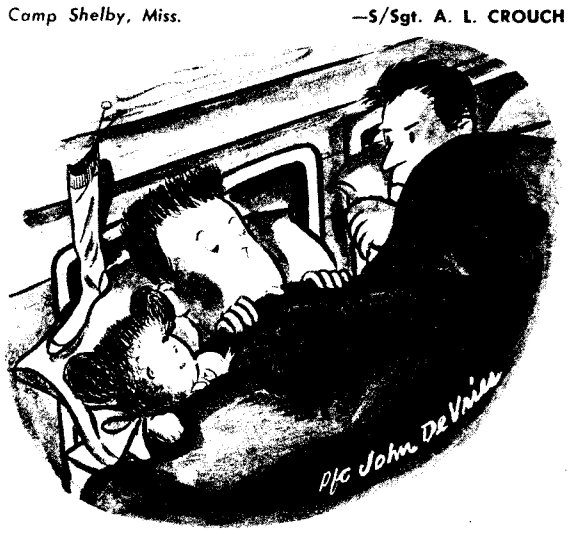
She's still got it. He's back out there.

Australia —**Cpl. RALPH BOYCE**

YOUNG OFFICERS

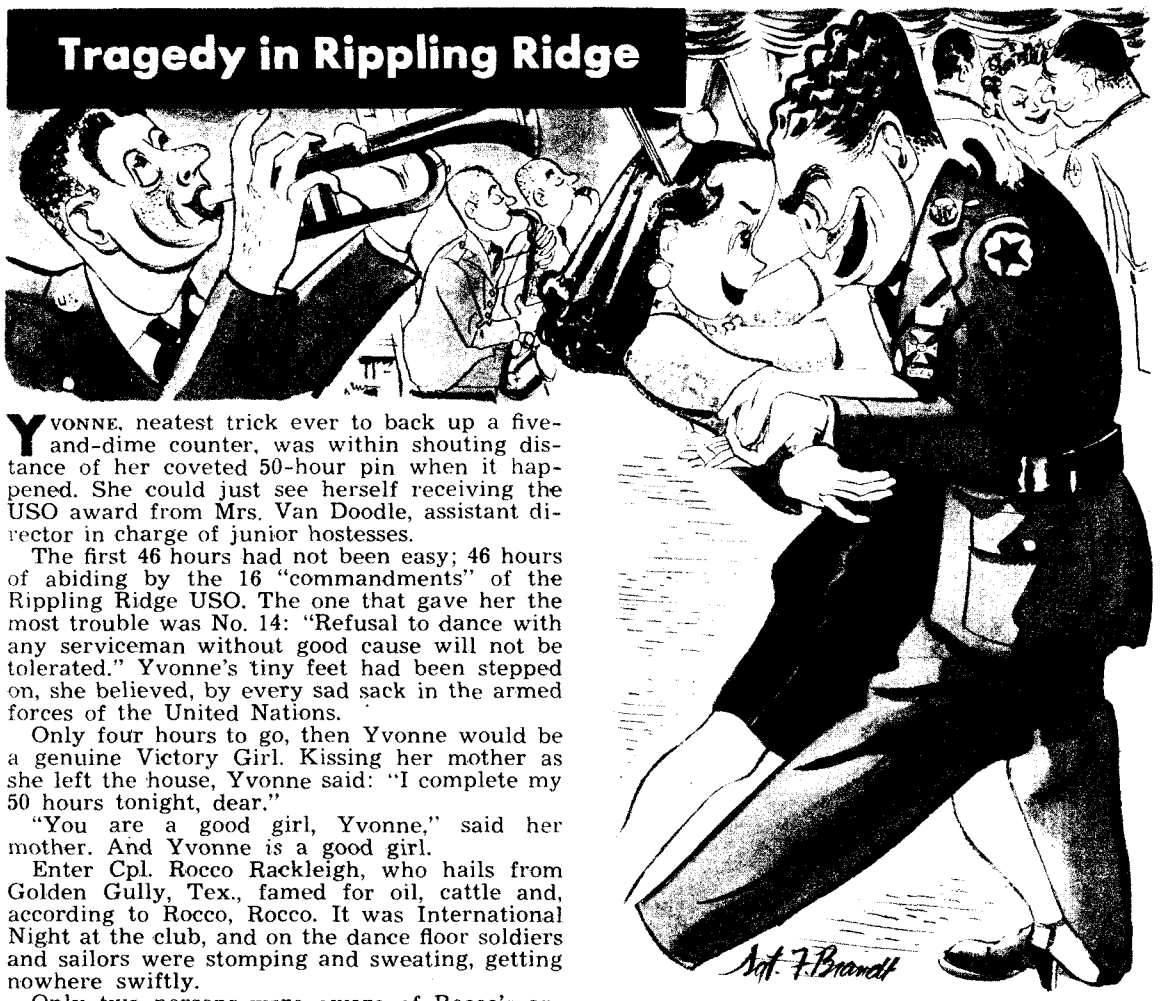
If you think some lieutenants are slow
About leaving behind their minority,
Then consider the captains you know
Who have never attained their majority.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —**S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH**



—Pfc. John DeVries, AAB, Sioux City, Iowa

Tragedy in Rippling Ridge



YVONNE, neatest trick ever to back up a five-and-dime counter, was within shouting distance of her coveted 50-hour pin when it happened. She could just see herself receiving the USO award from Mrs. Van Doodle, assistant director in charge of junior hostesses.

The first 46 hours had not been easy; 46 hours of abiding by the 16 "commandments" of the Rippling Ridge USO. The one that gave her the most trouble was No. 14: "Refusal to dance with any serviceman without good cause will not be tolerated." Yvonne's tiny feet had been stepped on, she believed, by every sad sack in the armed forces of the United Nations.

Only four hours to go, then Yvonne would be a genuine Victory Girl. Kissing her mother as she left the house, Yvonne said: "I complete my 50 hours tonight, dear."

"You are a good girl, Yvonne," said her mother. And Yvonne is a good girl.

Enter Cpl. Rocco Rackleigh, who hails from Golden Gully, Tex., famed for oil, cattle and, according to Rocco, Rocco. It was International Night at the club, and on the dance floor soldiers and sailors were stomping and sweating, getting nowhere swiftly.

Only two persons were aware of Rocco's arrival in the ballroom—Rocco (of course) and Yvonne. From the lubricant on his hair to the shellac on his shoes, the Texan loomed as the great He Is It to our little counter girl, only four hours away from her 50-hour pin. He smiled, she smiled, they danced.

Cheek to cheek they danced and Rocco purred: "You are the belle of the ball this evening your eyes outsparkle the stars in the heavens and your hair is like spun gold if only I could dance with you forever and ever where have you been hiding?" You could almost see snowflakes coming from Rocco's mouth, and poor Yvonne answered simply: "Glub—glook."

Quicker than scat, Yvonne broke rules No. 7, 8, 9, 14 and 15, all of which legislate against giving one man a monopoly. As the clock on the wall ticked toward midnight and the end of 50 hours, Rocco suggested he and Yvonne go to her home and whip up a batch of fudge. The 50-hour pin was out of her mind. All she could think of was Rocco—and fudge.

They departed by the front entrance of the club and had gone but a few steps when a church clock tolled 12. Yvonne started, then suddenly realized the enormity of her crime. She had broken the cardinal rule of Rippling Ridge USO—No. 5: "No girl shall leave the club with a serviceman." And from a shadow near the doorway was Mrs. Van Doodle herself, giving Yvonne the fishy eye and a look that said all too clearly: "You'll never be a Victory Girl, my pet!"

And swiftly Rocco lost his glamor. He was just another GI with a sharpshooter's medal and a good-conduct ribbon. "I am going home alone, Rocco," Yvonne said in a manner that brooked no protest. "I have no heart to whip up fudge tonight. Because of you I have lost my 50-hour pin."

And like a one-trip Cinderella, Yvonne sadly made her way home, while Rocco, still shaking his head in bewilderment, went across the street for a short beer.

AAA, Buffalo, N. Y. —**S/Sgt. JOHN A. BURNS**

The Bite

TODAY the class in oral hygiene will examine the Bite, a common Army affliction that has reached epidemic proportions of late.

There are three stages of the Bite: primary, the Nibble; secondary, the Clamp; and tertiary, the Mangle.

The Bite is most dangerous between the 15th and the end of the month.

Symptoms include fits of despondency on the part of the victim, and spots before the eyes, sometime five and 10 spots, but usually one. These spots almost always turn out to be hallucinations.

Treatment consists of the application of heat, applied gently in the early stages and with increasing degree in the later stages.

Carriers may be recognized by a washed-out appearance due to the use of soft soap. They frequently have protruding teeth, poised to snap.

Fort Warren, Wyo. —**Cpl. J. HOWARD JACOBS**

MEMORIES

Old days of sorrow, piercing hours of fear,
Things like the corner elm, the neighbor's house,
The rise and fall of life can disappear
In sunlight shining on my sister's blouse.

The fair white images of life unfold
Like pages riffled by a summer wind;
They wander past like shreds of seaweed rolled
On restless waves and leave no trace behind.

But afterwards, whatever is of worth
In them, their loves, their sufferings remain,
Something the color of the garden's earth,
Smelling of grass, washed by the autumn rain.

Camp Mackall, N. C. —**Pvt. JACOB KORG**

SPRING SONG

If we should ever meet again, we two,
Perchance when winter ends its dreary stand
And all the toys in nature's wonderland
Begin to play their little games anew—
You then will laugh the way you used to do
And gaily frolic in your careless, bland,
Indifferent way. And all the dreams you've planned
Will stay forever locked inside of you.

But I, who once forsook the marriage vow
And tried, without success, to take my fling
Without the preacher's words or golden ring,
Have lived and learned. And if the fates allow
The two of us to meet again this spring,
Why I will try to do the same damn thing!

Fort Benning, Ga. —**Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS**

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 8 to 12. Black attacks via 27 to 23. (He must attack. 28 to 32 loses quickly by 12 to 16, 32 to 28, 16 to 19.)

White pitches 18 to 15. Black jumps 10 to 19. . . . White moves 12 to 16. Black takes his only good move, 24 to 28. . . . White pitches 31 to 27. Black jumps 23 to 32. . . . White jumps 16 to 23 and wins by locking up two checkers with one. All forced play!

APOLOGIES AND THANKS to the 16 million guys who put us right about Joe Blough who, in one of our puzzles, had four coins, none of them a dime, and four bills whose total came to four identical digits. They were right; Joe could indeed have had $11.11 or $55.55 as well as $77.77 as we claimed in our solution.

Maybe the wrong guy is running this column.

1 C	2 I	3 R	4 C	5 L	6 E
2 I	C	A	R	U	S
3 R	A	R	E	S	T
4 C	R	E	A	T	E
5 L	U	S	T	E	R
6 E	S	T	E	R	S

WORD SQUARE

Six Enlisted Men On GI All-American

With Dobbs, Eshmont, Smith and Todd in the backfield, this Associated Press armed forces aggregation is a honey.

THE 1943 AP ALL-AMERICAN SERVICE TEAM

Position	*Player, Team*	*Height*	*Weight*	*College*
E	ROBERT FITCH, Camp Lejeune	6-1	210	Minnesota
x-T	JOHN MELLUS, Camp Davis	6-0	215	Villanova
G	MARION ROGERS, South Plains Army	5-11	185	Maryville
x-C	VINCENT BANONIS, Iowa Pre-Flight	6-1	220	Detroit Univ.
G	GARRARD RAMSEY, Bainbridge Naval	6-2	195	Wm. & Mary
x-T	RAYMOND BRAY, Del Monte Pre-Flight	6-0	225	Western Mich.
E	JACK RUSSELL, Blackland (Tex.) Air Field	6-2	215	Baylor
B	GLENN DOBBS, Randolph Field	6-4	195	Tulsa
x-B	LEONARD ESHMONT, Del Monte Pre-Flight	5-11	190	Fordham
x-B	RICHARD TODD, Iowa Pre-Flight	5-10	175	Texas A. & M.
B	BRUCE SMITH, St. Mary's Pre-Flight	6-0	185	Minnesota

x—Played professional football.

Second Team

ENDS—Perry Schwartz, Iowa Pre-Flight (California) and George Poschner, Ft. Benning (Georgia).

TACKLES—Joseph Coomer, Camp Grant (Austin College) and Victor Schleich, Sampson Naval Training Station (Nebraska).

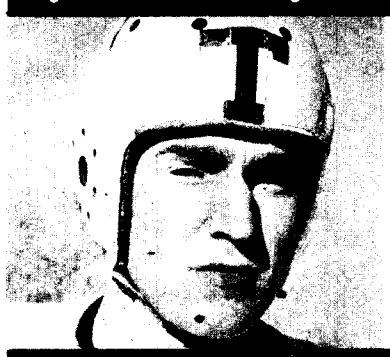
GUARDS—Nick Kerasiotis, Iowa Pre-Flight (Ambrose) and Joe Routt, Ft. Benning (Texas A. and M.).

CENTER—Quentin Greenough, Alameda Coast Guard (Oregon State).

BACKS—Jack Jacobs, March Field (Oklahoma); Steve Juzwik, Great Lakes Naval Training Station (Notre-Dame); Rogers Smith, Lubbock Army Air Field (Texas Tech) and Pat Harder, Georgia Pre-Flight (Wisconsin).

ENSIGN RAY BRAY, who jumped from Western Michigan into a starting tackle position with the Chicago Bears, was a bulwark on a great Del Monte Pre-Flight line.

SGT. MARION ROGERS from Maryville was tops among defensive guards in the service. He made 85 per cent of South Plains' tackles despite his weight (185).



CPL. GLENN DOBBS, ex-Tulsa All-American, was something to behold at Randolph Field. He completed 29 out of 46 aerials in beating North Texas Aggies.

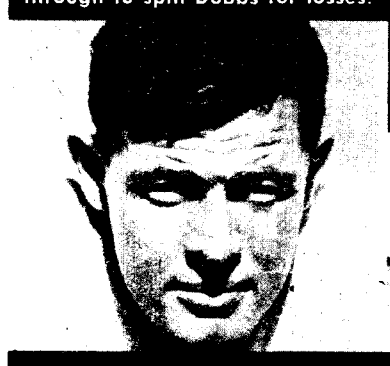
ENSIGN VINCE BANONIS, former Chicago Cardinal center, didn't make a bad pass all season for Iowa Pre-Flight. Against ND, he was a holy terror on defense.

CPL. JOHN MELLUS made the All-American at Villanova before joining the Giants. He was credited with making 70 percent of the tackles for Camp Davis, N. C.

ENSIGN DICK TODD, the Washington Redskin wraith, made Iowa Pre-Flight's ground attack a feared weapon, especially in the 14-13 loss to ND's national champions.

SGT. JACK RUSSELL, Blackland end, won his football spurs at Baylor. His greatest game was against Randolph when he broke through to spill Dobbs for losses.

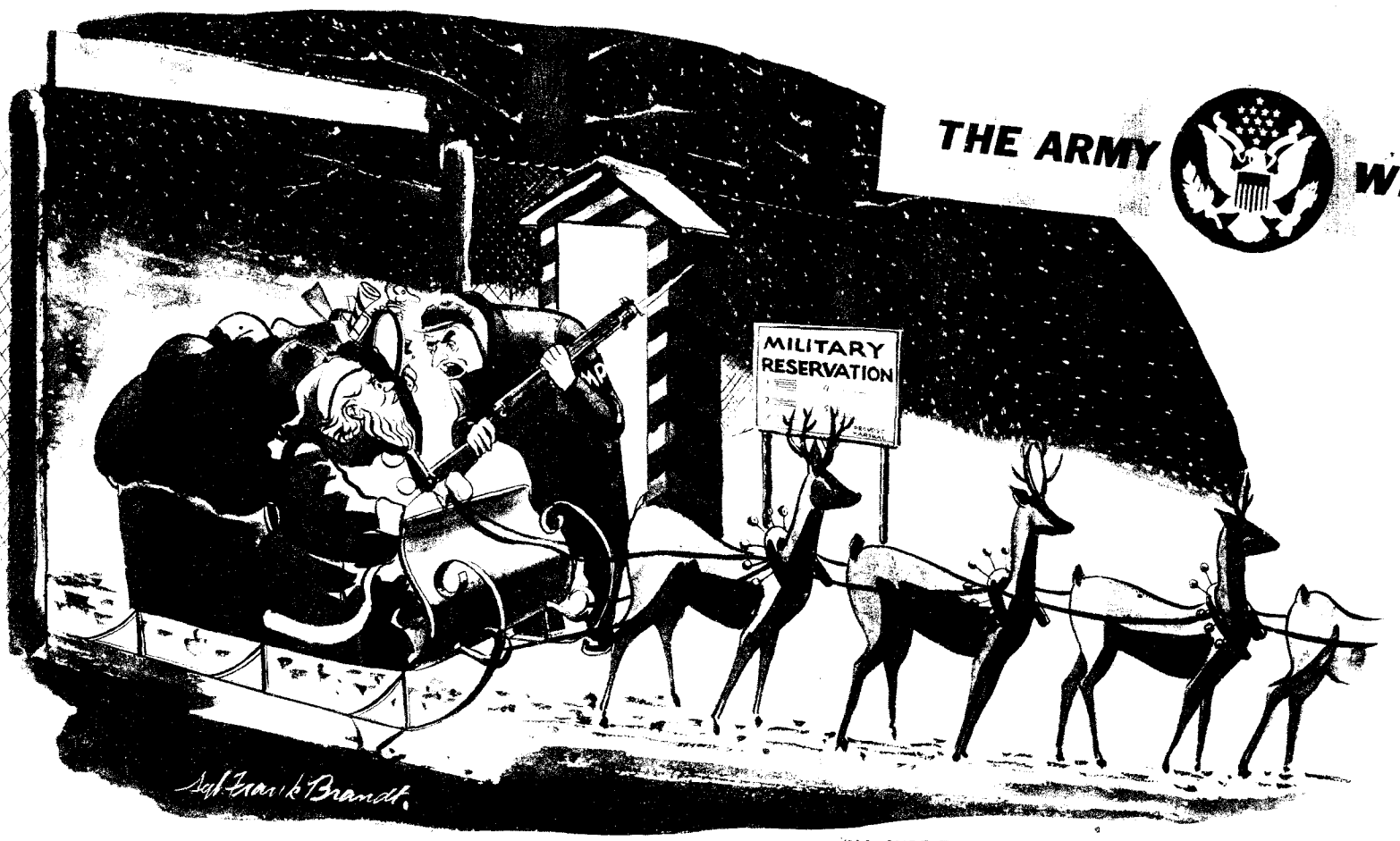
GARRARD RAMSEY S2c, playing on the undefeated Bainbridge Naval Station team, was even better than last year when he won All-American guard honors.



BOB FITCH CPs is a coast guardsman who played end for the Marines at Camp Lejeune, N. C. He pulled back to do the kicking, averaging close to 50 yards.

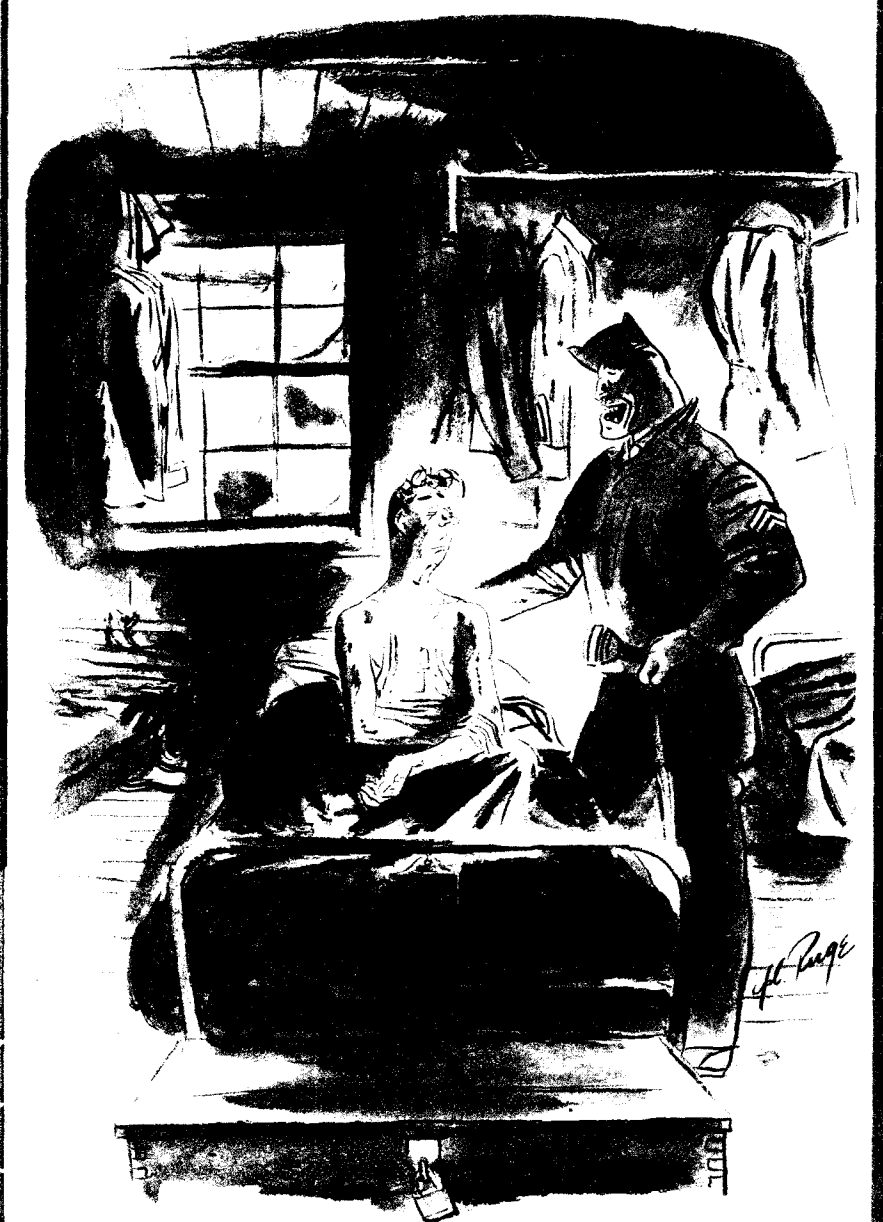
A/C BRUCE SMITH was great at Minnesota two years ago, great at Great Lakes last year, and probably the best back on the coast this season with St. Mary's.

LT. (jg) LEN ESHMONT, who starred with the New York Giants after leaving Fordham, was the hottest touchdown-traveler on the Del Monte Pre-Flight team, which included such "all" guys as Missouri's Paul Christman and Parker Hall of the Cleveland Rams. It was Eshmont's great broken-field running and punting that carried once-beaten Del Monte to the Pacific Coast Pre-Flight championship.



"YA SURE THERE'S NO LIQUOR IN THERE, MAC?"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

—Pfc. Kit Kramer



"MERRY CHRISTMAS! YOU'RE ON KP!"
—Cpl. Jack Ruge

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