

YANK

THE ARMY



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By the men...for the
men in the service

WE TAKE 1ST POKE AT NAZIS

See Page 3



WE ARE NOT ALONE. *The Army's powerful partner, the United States Navy, speaks up during an attack on Wake Island. This is a cruiser blasting away.*



NEW FLYING BATTLESHIP—Here is the world's largest bomber, just tested successfully by the Navy in Baltimore. It's the Mars, bigger than a 14-room house, and it can be used as a troop or supply transport too. Compare the size of the ship with the designer, Glenn Martin who stands underneath with a Culver cadet plane.

Navy Tests World's Largest Plane—Big as 14-Room House

BALTIMORE—The largest flying boat in the world took off over Chesapeake Bay for test flights which might prove it the solution to the United Nations' shipping problem. Before dark it made three perfect take-offs, three perfect landings.

The Navy's Mars weighs 70 tons, has a 200-foot wingspread, a hull equal in space to a 14-room house, the horsepower of a two-car Diesel electric railroad locomotive. Fast and tough, it is hoped the ship will deliver men and materials quickly to any point in the world.

A hundred such ships, used as transports, could mean the difference between victory and defeat in lightning actions where supply and reinforcements are needed, the Navy believes.

Carries Big Loads

Primarily a patrol bomber, the Mars is serviceable as a transport to carry huge loads over long distances. Its potential range and speed are secret, but estimated at

7,000 miles distance and 200 miles an hour cruising speed, it could carry 150 fully equipped men to Europe and back without landing.

It has four 2,000-horsepower Wright Cyclone engines and four three-bladed Hamilton standard propellers with diameters of 17 feet, six inches—largest ever used on an airplane. Its 10-ton wings are thick enough for mechanics to walk in center sections.

Although details of the Mars are closely guarded secrets, it is known to have equipment for sub-stratosphere flying; a reinforced hull that can take a beating from the roughest seas, a double flight deck and dual quarters for officers and men, with two eating rooms and two shower rooms.

Easy to Handle

The test pilot reported the Mars handles as easily as a smaller ship. Because of its build and its heavy guns, the boat cannot be shot down easily by enemy planes. With guns big enough to outrange those of smaller planes, the Mars will not even need fighter plane escorts.

The builders say, "You could put an aerial torpedo through the Mars, and she'd continue to fly. She cannot be shot down unless her wings are literally shot off."

Gandhi Now Favors U. S. Army in India

BOMBAY—Mohandas K. Gandhi, the Indian Nationalist leader, now favors the presence in India of British and American armed forces for the defense of the country.

Admitting a change from his earlier stand, Gandhi wrote that the Anglo-American forces are welcome provided they leave as soon as the crisis is over. What he wants is the protection for India against Axis aggression afforded by these troops without their exercising any authority over the people.

Gandhi suggests a treaty made by the government of free India with the United Nations in which the latter would assume full responsibility for the cost of maintaining these troops, whose job would consist solely of "repelling Japanese attack and helping China."

U. S. Has Weapon to Stop Nazi 88 MM. Tank Cannon

LANSING, Mich.—Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, chief of the Army service of supply, told a group of 400 Michigan industrialists gathered here that the United States has a weapon to stop the 88-millimeter cannon with which Rommel is reported to have driven the British tanks back into Egypt.

General Somervell refused to elaborate any further on this statement but he said he was not satisfied with the industrial production of this country.

"Until you can come around and tell me that every man in the Army has every piece of equipment he needs, I don't want anyone to tell me production is all right," he said.

Nazis to Face Court Martial

WASHINGTON—The eight Nazi agents, who landed from U-boats on the shores of Long Island and Florida, planning to cripple American war production, are in jail here under heavy guard, awaiting military trial on four charges that carry the death penalty.

First, the saboteurs are accused of violating the Law of War by passing through military lines in civilian clothes to commit espionage and sabotage. Then they are charged with violations of the 81st and 82d Articles of War and conspiracy to commit all those acts.

They will be tried by a court martial board headed by Major Gen. Frank R. McCoy, retired, a member of the Roberts Pearl Harbor investigating commission, who commanded the Rainbow Division in France during the last war.

Other officers who will try the Nazi agents are Major Gen. Blanton Winship, retired, former governor of Puerto Rico, Major Gen. Walter S. Grant, retired, Major Gen. Lorenzo D. Gasser, Brig. Gen. Guy V. Henry, Brig. Gen. John T. Lewis and Brig. Gen. John T. Kennedy, commanding general of Fort Bragg, N. C.

In announcing the trial of the saboteurs, President Roosevelt directed that all enemy agents hereafter entering the U. S. can expect the same treatment.

The Nazis who landed here—four on Long Island and four in Florida—intended to wreck American aluminum plants, blow up the Niagara Falls hydro-electric plant and Hell Gate Bridge, ruin the Penn railroad and blast the New York City water supply.

But the F.B.I. caught them before they had even started to go to work.

CONTEST

Sgt. Jack O'Brien of the Chico, Calif., Airbase, won \$300 first prize in a cartoon contest sponsored by the Elks War Commission. The winning piece showed two U. S. soldiers in a foxhole, with a hundred Japs heading their way. One Yank says to the other, "You take care of this bunch, I've a letter from home."

U. S. Calls 1-B's With One Eye

New slackening of the draft rules will permit the induction into the Army of men with one eye, men who are deaf in one ear and men with deformities including crooked spines.

The subnormal draftees will be assigned to duty with corps area service commands and to the War Department overhead organization, releasing able-bodied men for combat duty.

Drafting of these 1-B's, beginning Aug. 1, will be limited to men "able to bring to the Army a useful vocation which was followed in civil life," the War Department said, but the statement applies broadly to any one who can do almost any useful work. It does not call for highly trained specialists.

The 1-B's will be re-examined and, if found qualified for limited military service, will be re-classified as 1-A's.

Men will be accepted whose weight and chest circumference do not meet 1-A standards but do not fall in Class 4; who have minimum 20-400 sight in one or both eyes if correctable with glasses to 20-40; who have one good eye; who are deaf in one ear if they have 10-20 hearing in the other.

The Army will also take those who have insufficient teeth if the defect can be corrected by artificial dentures; whose spines have a lateral deviation of less than three inches from the midline; who have lost an entire thumb on either hand or have lost three fingers, provided the thumb remains; who have deformed feet but can still wear a G.I. shoe.

Sartorial Stuff

Style note from the March Field, Calif., Post Beacon: "The steel helmet should be worn slightly dipped over the brow and raked gently to the side. The mask strap should be slung in such a way that it adds width to the shoulder, and the mask itself, if permitted to rest its tip on the hip, emphasizes the masculine line in walking."

Watch Out for Traps!



WASHINGTON—If American soldiers fall for enemy "booby" traps (land mines attached to objects in enemy territory) it won't be for lack of warning.

Training films and manuals have been issued telling soldiers to tread warily on captured territory. Picking up such seemingly harmless gadgets as a helmet, pistol, boot, or other light equipment may result in a quick ticket to oblivion, not only for the souvenir hunter but for his comrades as well. Opening a door or window of an abandoned building may also set off a mine.

Yanks Take First Punch at Germans



YANKS IN LIBYA . . . these U. S. tank soldiers in pith helmets, shown in Libya talking to British armored force men, were the first Yanks to meet Germans on the field in this war.

Two Sergeants Win Air Medal

LONDON.—Major Gen. Carl Spaatz's first official act after being made commander of U. S. Air Forces in Europe, was to decorate two officers and two sergeants who participated in the first American bombing raid on the Continent July Fourth.

The Distinguished Flying Cross was awarded to the crew of the plane piloted in the Independence Day raid on Holland by Capt. Charles C. Kegelman of El Reno, Okla. He brought his ship home on one engine after striking the ground and getting hit by German gunfire.

The Air Force sergeants who got the D.F.C. were Robert L. Golay of Fredonia, Kan., and Bennie B. Cunningham of Tupelo, Miss.

Spaatz also announced the names of the other fliers who took part in the raid, first action of the U. S. Army in Europe during the war. The enlisted men on the expedition who returned safely besides Golay and Cunningham were Sgts. Earl McGinnis of Foss, Okla.; Thomas Andrews of Newport, R. I.; Chester Davis of Tucson, Ariz., and William A. Lang of Spokane, Wash.

The new boss of American air operations in Europe is an old timer in aviation. Spaatz started his career as an army flier in 1916, two years after graduating from West Point.

His experience kept him at the aviation school in Issoudin, France, during most of the last war but he had one crack at combat flying between Sept. 2 and Sept. 21, 1918. During that time, he shot down three German planes and got the Distinguished Service Cross.

Brothers Meet As Sailors First Time in Six Years

NEW YORK.—Chet and Walter Mickols, brothers from Lowell, Mass., met each other for the first time in six years at the American Theater Wing's Stage Door Canteen. They're both in the Navy now.

Walter said, "Hello, Chet," and Chet said, "Hello." Then they looked at each other a minute and Chet said:

"How much dough have you got?"

German Gets Four Months For Calling Army Foolish

NEW YORK.—A German alien who told a group of U. S. soldiers in a downtown bar here that they were foolish to fight for democracy is now doing four months in the workhouse.

Ernst Raspe, 49, gave a speech praising Hitler to four enlisted men and they turned him over to the police. In court, it was revealed that he has lived and worked here 29 years without applying for citizenship.

U. S. Tank Corps in Africa Shoots First Shell at Nazis

CAIRO—It was here, on the deserts of Africa, that the Yanks fought the Germans for the first time since 1918. This was how it happened:

As far as the heat was concerned, the day was just like any other desert day—a blistering, choking hell. As far as the war was concerned, the day was fairly average.

Things were beginning to go a little badly for the British in Libya. They were at Knightsbridge, but they weren't sure they could hold that burning crossroad. Rommel was pressing on, and he had superior equipment.

WAAC To Take 13,000 Women

WASHINGTON.—Thirteen thousand American women will be in the Army by the end of this year.

And the figure will be around 17,000 by June, 1943, according to Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, director of the new Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. She says that 375 WAAC officer candidates will start the ball rolling at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, July 20.

Around the end of July, the WAACs will start recruiting their first privates, who will go into uniform Aug. 24.

Mrs. Hobby announced that the first officer candidates class will include 40 Negro women who will command three companies of Negro WAACs in clerical and administrative work at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., next fall.

WAAC headquarters here has selected 1,300 officer candidates for the school at Fort Des Moines. They will go there in classes of 350 at separate intervals during the summer and autumn months.

Society Gals Go Barefoot

EASTHAMPTON, L. I.—Society girls at the swank Maidstone Club are playing tennis in their bare feet these days.

They've donated their sneakers to the scrap rubber drive.

As far as history was concerned, though, the day was full of meaning. Upon a ridge between Knightsbridge and Acroma, set there to cover the withdrawal of South African infantry from El Gazala, was the first force of American soldiers to meet the Germans in the field in this war. The date was June 11.

Picked Men

The Americans were tank men. They were just a token force of picked men from the armored divisions, in Libya to see what the Germans had and what the Yanks could do about it.

The Germans, they discovered, didn't have so much. In the first pitched battle between Yanks and Nazis—a small affair, but interesting, they knocked off nine German tanks and came out clean as a whistle.

The Yanks didn't see much fighting on June 11, but shortly after dawn on June 12 the Germans attacked the ridge with 75 tanks. The battle whirled all through the day. The ridge was held.

The Yanks didn't have time to eat that day, but their guns swallowed a lot of shells. At dawn, when they sighted the German force, they moved forward along the ridge, firing as they went.

"Our orders were to fire at the enemy tank nearest us," said Capt. Charles Stelling of Augusta, Ga., "and keep firing at it until we stopped it, then turn our fire on the next nearest tank." We zigzagged about 100 yards each way, just zig-zagging and firing.

Both Guns

When the Germans came within 3,000 yards, the Yanks opened up with their 75 mm. guns. First they used high-explosive shells, changing to armor-piercing shells when the Nazis came near enough to make them worthwhile. The 37 mm. guns were used when the Germans were 1,200 yards away.

Rommel's forces launched three big attacks on the ridge in the course of the day, but no German tank got within 700 yards of the American forces. The Yanks were a little careless in their counting, and they didn't know how many they knocked out. All they could say was at least nine German tanks will never backfire again.

German tanks were stopped at more than 2,000 yards by unerring American marksmanship. When the battle ended the crews knew that the metal monsters they rode in were very smooth jobs. For their money, they say, the General Grant is O.K. They think one General Grant can take on four Mark IV's.



DESERT WAR PRISONERS. British line up Italians for frisking after capturing them in Egypt. Musso's men evidently don't think capture any disgrace.

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Boy Tells F.D.R. He Wants To Fly

WASHINGTON.—Twelve-year-old Bobby Walker of Vale, Ore., wrote this letter to President Roosevelt:

"Dear Mr. President:

"I want to help in this war so I am buying defense stamps. But that isn't enough. I want to fly an airplane. But I am only 12 and can't enlist. So I thought I could learn if you helped me by sending instructions how to fly a plane to me. A pursuit plane is what I want to fly.

"I am building a model airplane. But I am running out of glue.

"It is hot and windy out here.

"Please, if you can send me instructions how to fly airplanes and if you can, please send me some pictures of pursuit planes. I will pay for them if they cost anything. But if you can't send them, please tell me what books or things I can get from the stores about airplanes.

"Yours truly

"Bobby Walker

"P.S.—The war is getting close. A shelling on the west coast of Oregon was about 300 miles from us."

The President told the Civil Aeronautics Administration to see to it that Bobby got his pictures.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By CHAPLAIN CHRISTIAN WESTPHALEN

New England is a land of stone walls—walls built around each field from the boulders and stones left on those fields by the great glacier that once covered the area. Connecticut soil, like that everywhere in the New England states, is very rocky and to get such ground ready for planting is a tough, back-breaking job that requires weeks of labor. Unless, of course, you want a rock-garden.

A young industrious farmer bought some land in that state. With dynamite, strong horses and with pulleys and ropes and levers—but mostly with sweat and long hours of hard work—he cleared his land of the residue of a past age. Then began the plowing and the fertilizing of the soil. Many days of this was followed by the planting of various crops.

Two or three times a week the old minister from the nearby village came out to visit with the young farmer. One day they stood together and looked over the hill sides and the little valley—green with growing crops.

"You and God have certainly done a wonderful piece of work here," remarked the minister.

After a few moments, the slow, thoughtful answer came. "Yes, I guess we have. But don't you remember what it looked like when God was trying to run it alone?"

Too many people wonder why God doesn't stop the war or why God doesn't do this or that or the other thing—forgetting that men are the hands of God, that God works in and through man.

—Bolling Field Beacon



BOMBING "TOKYO"—This lucky newsreel cameraman is taking a shot of the Army planes bombing Tokyo. But this Tokyo was in Texas—a replica of the Jap capital built at Sloan Field. The student bombardiers knocked hell out of all military objectives but left residential sections unharmed.

Enlisted Men to Get Credit Where Credit Is Overdue

WASHINGTON—Gunners are the most important men to the security of a combat airplane crew, Capt. R. H. Parham of the 3rd Air Force discovered while making inquiries for YANK.

YANK had asked Capt. Parham why AAF officers were named in all the hero stories when the enlisted men were in there manning the guns and knocking down the enemy. Parham did some research on the subject and reported at a P.R.O. meeting of AAF officers that the enlisted men ought to be getting more of the credit.

Nameless Hero

"That brings to mind," he said at the meeting, "the name of a lad who isn't generally known. The name is Sgt. Brown—'All Guns' Brown. I haven't any idea what his given name is. I don't even know where he is. But one of his hands is gone, and I know how he lost it. I also know how he got his nickname.

"He got it scurrying about from one gun to another, manning them one at a time, knocking down Zero after Zero as they closed in on the stricken ship of Capt. Hubert Wheless.

"Warring America never heard any mention of Brown except a casual reference to a very brave gunner on the bomber that Captain Wheless flew. But you can bet your last dollar there's one man in America that Sgt. Brown is a hero to, and that's Captain Wheless."

Novice Now Expert

That reminded another P.R.O. at the meeting of Pvt. McElroy, in the Philippines battle. When the Japs' surprise attack came, it caught our B-17s on the ground. McElroy, who was an assistant radio operator and didn't know beans about gunnery, ran to his ship, manned the side

guns and kept pounding away at the attackers until repeated hits on the plane set it afire and roasted him out.

"I wouldn't trade McElroy," said his colonel, "for the best co-pilot, navigator or bombardier in the business. These days I have to lead him around by the hand for fear somebody will steal him from me."

P.R.O.'s at the meeting agreed maybe YANK has something when it asks for reports about enlisted heroes in the Air Forces. They're going to get more recognition from now on. Already have; see last issue.



NEED A LAWYER? These will help if you're in the Canal Zone. Group organized club which will help soldiers and sailors sell real estate back home, pay income taxes, pacify wives, all for free. Reading l. to r., standing: Pfc. Charles O. Porter, Ft. de Lesseps; Jeremiah Gorin, CZ civvie lawyer; Corp. R. A. Feidler, France Field; Pvt. P. H. Raybuck, Ft. Davis; Ensign W. T. Pegues, Sub Base; Pvt. J. P. Lawrence, Ft. Gulick; Pfc. A. L. Canner, Ft. Randolph; Ensign J. T. Yeiser, Sub Base; Corp. Hyman Polsky, Ft. Gulick; Lt. J. H. McFaddin, Ft. Randolph; Capt. W. A. Walker, club president, France Field. Sitting: Maj. Geo. D. Poole, Gatun; Pfc. E. J. McGlashin, Ft. de Lesseps; S. T. Frankel, member Panama bar; W. J. Sheridan, deputy clerk, U. S. district court, Cristobal; Corp. Renzo Tesero, Ft. Gulick; Ensign J. F. Connolly, Sub Base.

Tokyo Bombed—Down in Texas

Tokyo is no more.

All that remains are a few traditional ashes sprinkled here and there amid the mesquite of the prairie.

Just the other day, there was a city in Texas, and they called the city Tokyo. They built it like a boom-town out there on the desert, built it of cardboard and paper, built models of the docks of Tokyo, models of ships, of forts, factories, warehouses and freight yards. But they built it to tear it down.

The city stood near the bombardment range of Sloan Field, Midland Army Flying School down in Texas.

It was all pre-arranged. The press was there, and the spectators gathered for miles around to get a vicarious kick out of watching Hirohito's city bombed to hell.

Then the planes came. They flashed over from three directions, flying seconds apart. Two old B-18's laid forty eggs in the center of the toy Tokyo from 12,000 feet. Some planes whipped across the target at fifty feet.

Only two of them missed.

When it was all over, there was little but ashes where Tokyo once stood.

One enlisted man, a gunner by trade, plans to keep some ashes in an urn and spread them over the real city some day. Sort of a sentimental fellow, he is.

Bombed Destroyer Returns to Fight

SAN FRANCISCO—The U. S. destroyer Shaw, which was expected never to see service again after she was bombed at Pearl Harbor, steamed back for the battle, fit for fighting and impatient to avenge the Japanese attack.

Using a temporary steel bow, the Shaw left Pearl Harbor for a West Coast port for permanent repairs, completing the voyage in ten days.

For Yanks Not at Oxford

Or How a Fighter With the A. E. F. Can Keep Himself and His British Hosts Happy While Visiting the Tight Little Isle

Visitor to England

us. On the contrary, he's probably more interested in us than we are in him. The reason for this reserve is a simple one. In a country as small as England, with a population of 40,000,000, a man's privacy is respected. And an Englishman will respect our privacy.

In dealing with Englishmen, remember that though we're allies, it's still their country, and we are guests.

Don't brag. Don't tell an Englishman we came over and won the last war for them. We didn't. England lost a million men; we lost only 60,000. Don't tell an Englishman we've come over to win this war for him. We haven't. We've come over to help him win it. Lay off a Tommy's girl; she may like it, but he won't; you're liable to get your block knocked off. Of course, if you can find a single, unattached girl, that's a different matter.

Don't toss money around. The English expect us to be generous, but the British soldier is not as well paid as we are, and that fact is apt to rankle. If you go into a pub and find a couple of Tommies there, stand them up to a beer.

Americans and Englishmen spring of the same stock and speak the same language. For all that, we have our own special slang terms, which are heard more frequently than anything else. It's a good idea for us to stock up on English slang.

For instance, don't use the word "bloody" in front of a doll. In England it's a low-grade cussword. Don't use "bum." For instance, don't say "I feel like a bum." In England that means you feel like your own backside, a highly disreputable state.

To Englishmen a freight car is a goods wagon. A man who works on the railroad is a navvy. The top of a car is the hood; but the hood of the engine is a bonnet. The fenders are wings. And gas, if there is any,



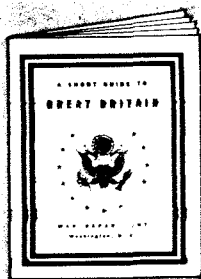
"If you can find a single, unattached girl . . ."

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We have had a few altercations with England in the past—notably one which began in 1775—but they're as dead as George III. England is our ally, and she's a pretty good ally to have around. She's held off Hitler for two years, and she stood up under the blitz and spat right in the Luftwaffe's eye.

Here are a few significant items the new pamphlet for Second Front troops points out:

The English have much in common with us. We both believe in



government by representation. We both believe in freedom of worship. We both believe in freedom of speech. Nevertheless, we differ from the English in minor national characteristics, and German propaganda has lately been harping on these differences in the hope of causing a British-American split.

One thing the English have in common with us is landscape. England looks quaint, but it isn't. The whole country is about as big as Minnesota, but the terrain is extremely variable.

If you get a pass or a furlough you'll probably take off to see a bit of the country. You'll find a lot of things that seem strange. For instance, none of the houses has been painted for quite a while. The reason is that paint is no longer made.

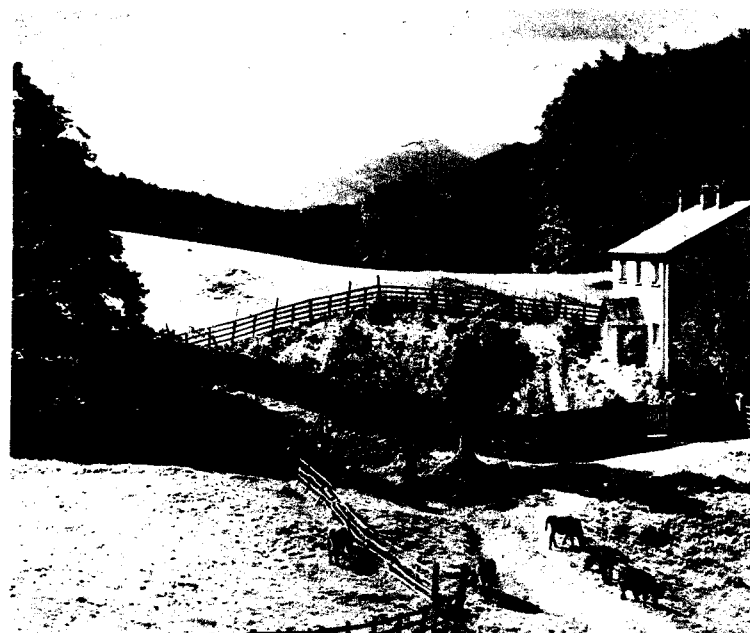
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"She has stood up under the blitz."



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For Yanks Not at Oxford

Or How a Fighter With the A. E. F. Can Keep Himself and His British Hosts Happy While Visiting the Tight Little Isle

Visitor to England

us. On the contrary, he's probably more interested in us than we are in him. The reason for this reserve is a simple one. In a country as small as England, with a population of 40,000,000, a man's privacy is respected. And an Englishman will respect our privacy.

In dealing with Englishmen, remember that though we're allies, it's still their country, and we are guests.

Don't brag. Don't tell an Englishman we came over and won the last war for them. We didn't. England lost a million men; we lost only 60,000. Don't tell an Englishman we've come over to win this war for him. We haven't. We've come over to help him win it. Lay off a Tommy's girl; she may like it, but he won't; you're liable to get your block knocked off. Of course, if you can find a single, unattached girl, that's a different matter.

Don't toss money around. The English expect us to be generous, but the British soldier is not as well paid as we are, and that fact is apt to rankle. If you go into a pub and find a couple of Tommies there, stand them up to a beer.

Americans and Englishmen spring of the same stock and speak the same language. For all that, we have our own special slang terms, which are heard more frequently than anything else. It's a good idea for us to stock up on English slang.

For instance, don't use the word "bloody" in front of a doll. In England it's a low-grade cussword. Don't use "bum." For instance, don't say "I feel like a bum." In England that means you feel like your own backside, a highly disreputable state.

To Englishmen a freight car is a goods wagon. A man who works on the railroad is a navvy. The top of a car is the hood; but the hood of the engine is a bonnet. The fenders are wings. And gas, if there is any,



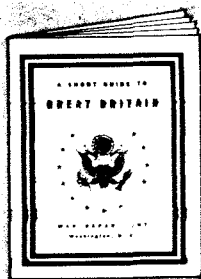
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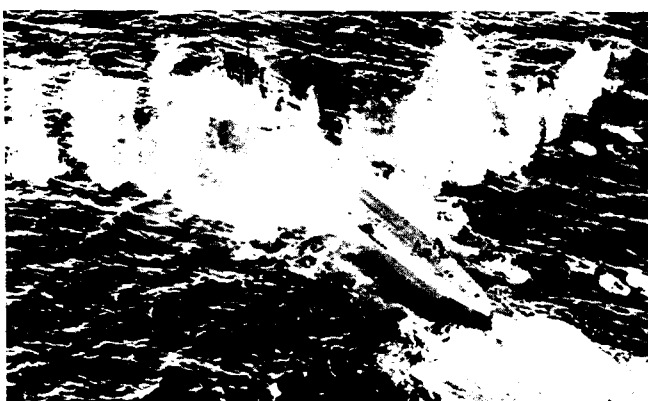
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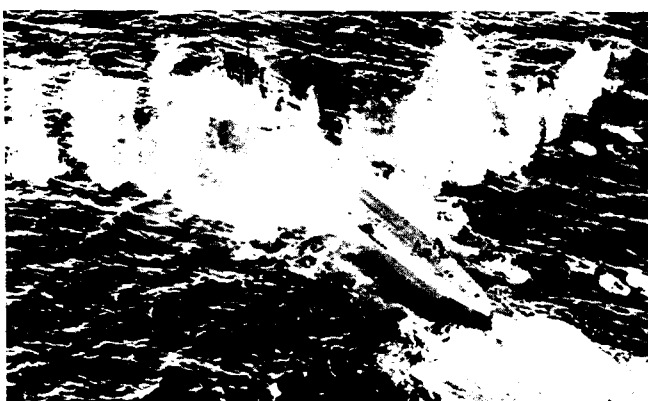
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The average private's reaction to saluting, we discovered, was that "It's fun, but it's tiring." One Pfc. from Washington showed us his arm—the right bicep was two inches bigger than the left. The U. S. private is game, though. "We'll salute as long as they keep throwing officers at us," is a common remark, "though it might be nice if they didn't throw them quite so hard."



Pictures by Sgt. Ralph Stein
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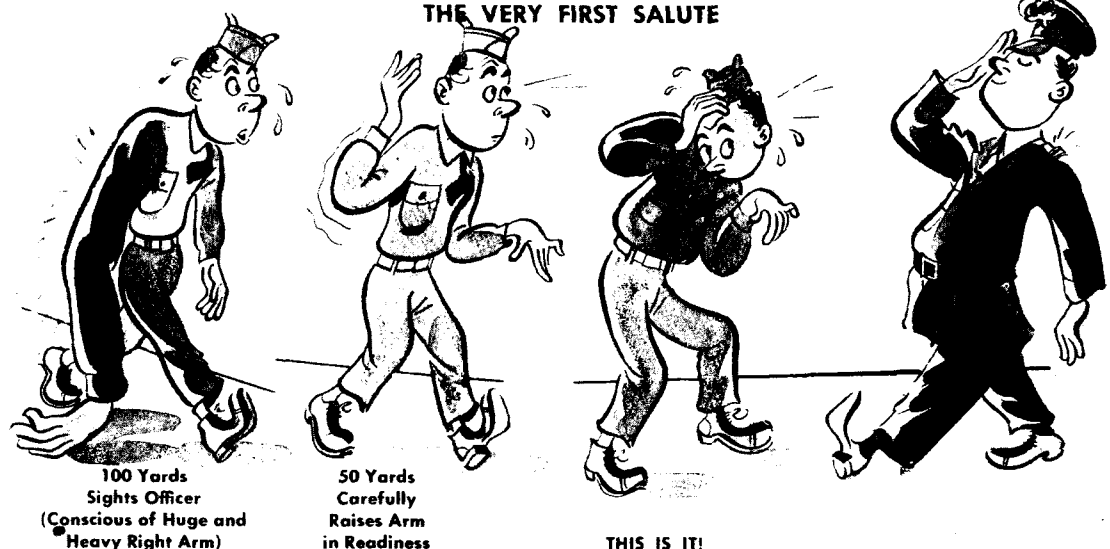
THE military salute began with a caveman named Wugg, who was what we might call a captain of a platoon of the 3rd Anti-Mastodon Battalion.

In those days most captains were rather brawny individuals who reached their exalted position by a judicious use of a club. Wugg was different, though. Wugg had brains, and he got to be a captain because he had brains. Inasmuch as Wugg's men were a lot of hairy dopes, he liked to impress upon them the fact that he had more than water in his noggin. When one of his command approached, Wugg would quickly touch his right hand to his forehead, the gesture meaning "I got brains, see, and I'm the one who'll do the thinking around here. So don't go getting ideas."

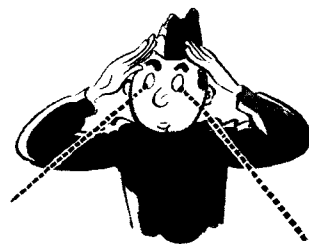
Unfortunately for the average private, some other captains swiped Wugg's idea, and before you could say "regimental sergeant major" all the cavemen were going around touching their foreheads to each other, and that, children, is where saluting began.

In the days when there wasn't a restaurant in the whole of Greece and the phalanx was a red-hot tactical innovation, the Athenian hoplites saluted each other by carving a curve in the wind with their right hands. This gesture, which had a certain languorous beauty, was accompanied by some phrase which, translated from the language of our ancient word slingers, might mean "Howsa theengs go these daze, keeds?"

The Romans, who were nuts about military life, had a salute which was accomplished by raising the right hand, fist closed. The Roman soldier would say, in Lat-

100 Yards
Sights Officer
(Conscious of Huge and
Heavy Right Arm)50 Yards
Carefully
Raises Arm
in Readiness

THIS IS IT!



Two officers, double salute

in, something like this: "Nil nimium studeo, Caesar, tibi velle placere nec scire utrum sis albus aut ater homo," and what that means is none of your business. We're just cultured, that's all.

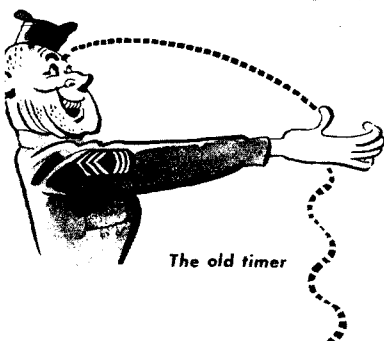
When the Romans got up around Nether Gaul they discovered that the early Germans (who were amazingly similar to the late Germans) saluted similarly to themselves, except the German method was to thrust the closed fist forward until it connected with the belly-button of the salutee. Caesar once asked Vercingetorix the reason for this type of salute, but all Vercingetorix would say was "Es war einmal drei Schmetterlinge," which solved absolutely nothing.

From the naked salute sprang that complicated business called, for want of a better term, Military Courtesy. There was a time when it was considered more important to be able to salute correctly than it was to win a battle. This was in Renaissance Italy, when battles were only human chess games, anyway.

With the increased use of gunpowder the



The annoyed, or intercepted pass salute



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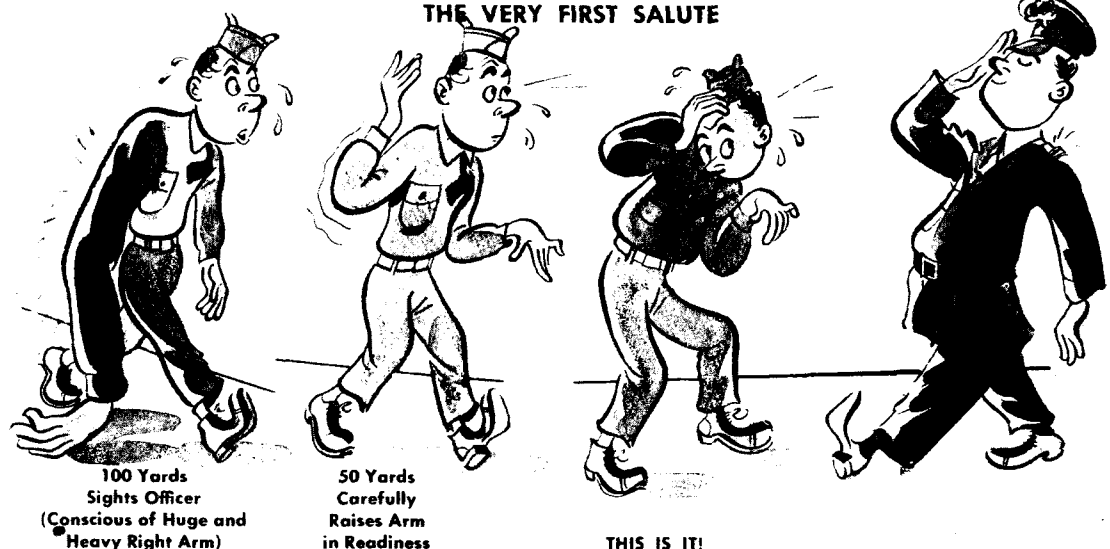
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In those days most captains were rather brawny individuals who reached their exalted position by a judicious use of a club. Wugg was different, though. Wugg had brains, and he got to be a captain because he had brains. Inasmuch as Wugg's men were a lot of hairy dopes, he liked to impress upon them the fact that he had more than water in his noggin. When one of his command approached, Wugg would quickly touch his right hand to his forehead, the gesture meaning "I got brains, see, and I'm the one who'll do the thinking around here. So don't go getting ideas."

Unfortunately for the average private, some other captains swiped Wugg's idea, and before you could say "regimental sergeant major" all the cavemen were going around touching their foreheads to each other, and that, children, is where saluting began.

In the days when there wasn't a restaurant in the whole of Greece and the phalanx was a red-hot tactical innovation, the Athenian hoplites saluted each other by carving a curve in the wind with their right hands. This gesture, which had a certain languorous beauty, was accompanied by some phrase which, translated from the language of our ancient word slingers, might mean "Howsa theengs go these daze, keeds?"

The Romans, who were nuts about military life, had a salute which was accomplished by raising the right hand, fist closed. The Roman soldier would say, in Lat-



Two officers, double salute

in, something like this: "Nil nimium studeo, Caesar, tibi velle placere nec scire utrum sis albus aut ater homo," and what that means is none of your business. We're just cultured, that's all.

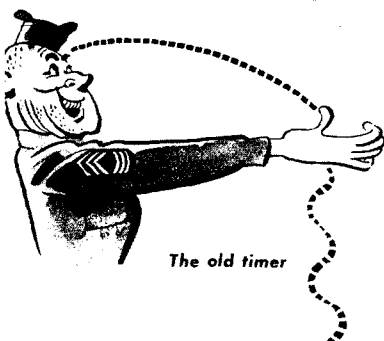
When the Romans got up around Nether Gaul they discovered that the early Germans (who were amazingly similar to the late Germans) saluted similarly to themselves, except the German method was to thrust the closed fist forward until it connected with the belly-button of the salutee. Caesar once asked Vercingetorix the reason for this type of salute, but all Vercingetorix would say was "Es war einmal drei Schmetterlinge," which solved absolutely nothing.

From the naked salute sprang that complicated business called, for want of a better term, Military Courtesy. There was a time when it was considered more important to be able to salute correctly than it was to win a battle. This was in Renaissance Italy, when battles were only human chess games, anyway.

With the increased use of gunpowder the



The annoyed, or intercepted pass salute



The old timer

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a deck of cigarettes and batted the breeze.

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Pvt. Dutch Loehmann looked at his uniform, which might have come back from the laundry in the wet wash, and at Sgt. Van Cook's, which was crisp, cool and immaculate. Pvt. Earl Wiedemann drew designs on the sand floor of the tent. Van Cook finished cleaning his nails with a match and began polishing them on his shirt sleeve.

"Go ahead, Arty," said Loehmann, "tell this fellow about the time you were first sergeant."



Van Cook was now at work polishing his belt buckle with a handkerchief. "Oh, it was just one of those things," he said. "When I was topkick around here, the Colonel used to eat with my battery. This colonel was one of the best artillery officers in the Army, but he was tough as hell. One day my mess was three minutes late, so he calls me over. When he finishes chewing me out, I got no stripes on my arm."

Loehmann stuck two fingers and a thumb into his open collar and started fiddling with the hair on his chest. "The old man—" he began.

"Funniest damned thing," said Sgt. Van Cook, "was this. I had a line sergeant in my outfit I used to throw the rubber tool at day in and day out. He was a good man but I loved to work the pants off him. All in fun, of course."

"The guy goes away one day and comes back and look what he is, the battery commander—MY battery commander!"

"It ain't as bad as you'd naturally think, though. You'd think he'd run my behind from here to Watertown and beat the bejesus out of me. But

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"That's the way it is," said Pvt. Wiedemann. "That's the 258th Field. All good men and true—the pick of the Bronx and Brooklyn, the bringers of goodness and culture to the wilds of western New York. Tough, hard men they are, but with enough of the aesthetic to stop and watch the budding of the tender rose."

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SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Now that they have unpacked us from the sardine can, everything is all right again, and this is a darned swell country.

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We started out by being very lucky with nice staterooms on A-deck, but these were taken over for the hospital so we moved down to C-deck where nine of us lived in a cubby-hole.

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If you can imagine three or four men playing cards on top of three bunks until 1 a.m., using the light of a single 25 watt bulb, smoking all the time, with the port-hole tightly shut because of blackout regulations, and tropical heat over everything, you have some idea of our voyage.

We landed in a quite metropolitan Australian city. It looks very American but with a few European traces, particularly in the architecture. It is spread out like Los Angeles, but with even more parks. The climate is sub-tropical, but it is winter here now, so the rainy season is on.

We work seven days a week from 8:15 in the morning till 5:30 in the afternoon, with an hour off for lunch.

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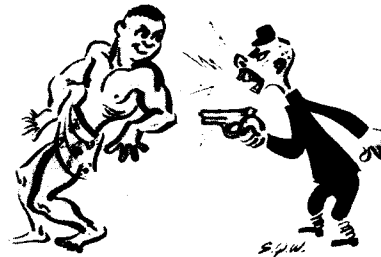
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It seems that on the morning of December 7th, one of the Jap aviators on the Pearl Harbor job made a forced landing on the secluded Hawaiian Island of Niihau, in the backyard of Howard Kaleohano. **What's an Armed Jap?**

The Jap was armed to the teeth and in a bad mood but that didn't bother Kaleohano. He ran from his kitchen, hauled the Jap from the cockpit by the scruff of the neck and took his gun away. Then he relieved him of valuable papers and maps and turned him over to local authorities.

The Jap flyer remained in the clink five days. Then a Nipponese fifth columnist sneaked a pistol to him and helped him escape from jail. The Jap went back to Kaleohano, waving the gun and demanding the papers and maps—or else.

Kaleohano told the Jap what he could do. The Jap changed his tune and offered Kaleohano two hundred dollars in cold cash if he would only cough up the valuables. Two hundred bucks on those islands is big dough but Kaleohano merely smiled and told the Jap to go climb a tree.

"Come, come, Mr. Kaleohano," purred the Jap. "I offer you wealth and social position in the new order. A mink coat for your wife and a brand new convertible coupe with a floating shift if you'll only come across with those papers."

"How much would you charge to haunt a house?" replied Mr. Kaleohano, who has an old Olsen and Johnson gag for every occasion.

A Bad Jap Boy

Then the Jap blew up. He stormed around town all day and all the next night, frightening women and children. He threatened to break every window and kill every living person on the island if they didn't give him his maps and documents.

In the midst of this reign of terror, the Jap came across another Hawaiian named Benny Hokoko Kanahale. The Jap didn't like the expression on Kanahale's face and whipped out his pistol.

"I've stood enough of this nonsense," said Kanahale. "If you don't put that cannon away immediately, I'll let you have it."

The Jap paid no attention to the warning, so Kanahale rolled up his sleeves and closed in. The Jap fired three shots.

Now He's Sore

Until then Kanahale had been more or less minding his own business but when the Jap started shooting, he lost his temper. He forgot everything and grabbed the Jap with his bare hands and practically tore him to bits.



That was one Jap flyer who didn't do any more sky sailing for the Emperor.

When the story came to Washington, Secretary of War Stimson sat down and wrote personal letters to Kaleohano and Kanahale, applauding their bravery.

"This action has been brought to the attention of the President, who asked me to commend you for your demonstration of exceptional courage," Stimson wrote. "We on the mainland join all Hawaiians in congratulating you on your great sacrifice and fine accomplishment."

Somebody ought to write to the rest of the Jap aviators, too, and tell them to lay off the Hawaiians if they know what's good for them.



Gen. Draja Mihailovitch
The Balkan Warrior

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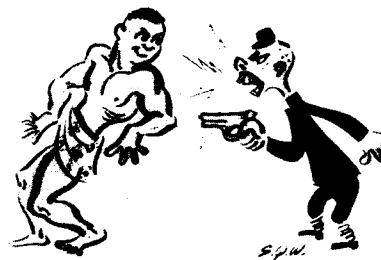
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It seems that on the morning of December 7th, one of the Jap aviators on the Pearl Harbor job made a forced landing on the secluded Hawaiian Island of Niihau, in the backyard of Howard Kaleohano. **What's an Armed Jap?**

The Jap was armed to the teeth and in a bad mood but that didn't bother Kaleohano. He ran from his kitchen, hauled the Jap from the cockpit by the scruff of the neck and took his gun away. Then he relieved him of valuable papers and maps and turned him over to local authorities.

The Jap flyer remained in the clink five days. Then a Nipponese fifth columnist sneaked a pistol to him and helped him escape from jail. The Jap went back to Kaleohano, waving the gun and demanding the papers and maps—or else.

Kaleohano told the Jap what he could do. The Jap changed his tune and offered Kaleohano two hundred dollars in cold cash if he would only cough up the valuables. Two hundred bucks on those islands is big dough but Kaleohano merely smiled and told the Jap to go climb a tree.

"Come, come, Mr. Kaleohano," purred the Jap. "I offer you wealth and social position in the new order. A mink coat for your wife and a brand new convertible coupe with a floating shift if you'll only come across with those papers."

"How much would you charge to haunt a house?" replied Mr. Kaleohano, who has an old Olsen and Johnson gag for every occasion.

A Bad Jap Boy

Then the Jap blew up. He stormed around town all day and all the next night, frightening women and children. He threatened to break every window and kill every living person on the island if they didn't give him his maps and documents.

In the midst of this reign of terror, the Jap came across another Hawaiian named Benny Hokoko Kanahale. The Jap didn't like the expression on Kanahale's face and whipped out his pistol.

"I've stood enough of this nonsense," said Kanahale. "If you don't put that cannon away immediately, I'll let you have it."

The Jap paid no attention to the warning, so Kanahale rolled up his sleeves and closed in. The Jap fired three shots.

Now He's Sore

Until then Kanahale had been more or less minding his own business but when the Jap started shooting, he lost his temper. He forgot everything and grabbed the Jap with his bare hands and practically tore him to bits.



That was one Jap flyer who didn't do any more sky sailing for the Emperor.

When the story came to Washington, Secretary of War Stimson sat down and wrote personal letters to Kaleohano and Kanahale, applauding their bravery.

"This action has been brought to the attention of the President, who asked me to commend you for your demonstration of exceptional courage," Stimson wrote. "We on the mainland join all Hawaiians in congratulating you on your great sacrifice and fine accomplishment."

Somebody ought to write to the rest of the Jap aviators, too, and tell them to lay off the Hawaiians if they know what's good for them.



Gen. Draja Mihailovitch
The Balkan Warrior



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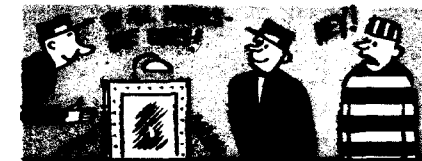
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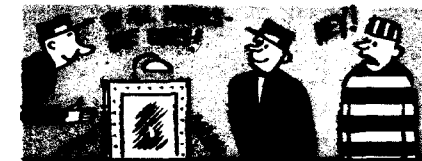
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The Mystery of the Roped Lion, Or a Cowboy's Night in Town

MUSKOGEE, Okla.—The cowboy turned pale the next morning when police showed him a securely tied lion they had found in the trunk compartment of his car, but he stuck to his story.

"Me and John just roped it down the road," he had explained the evening before.

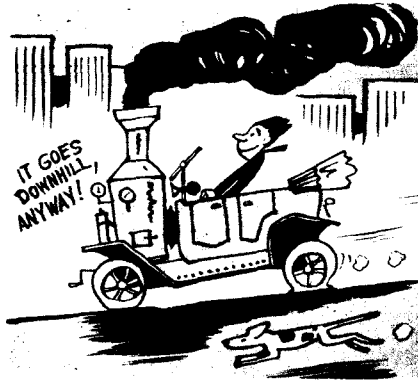
"Me and John," he said the next morning, "saw this critter loping down the road last night. It sure looked like a lion but we figured that was on account of the stuff we'd been drinking."

"I got out on the running board and John drove alongside him and I got a rope on the sucker. When I reared back that big boy came up and slapped me with his paw and I knew then that I had hold of a lion."

"Reckon I'd have been chewed to pieces if John hadn't jumped out and got another rope on him and took a hitch around a tree. Then we tied him up and pitched him in the car."

Nobody knew what had happened to John between the capture of the lion and the arrest of the cowboy. It was believed that he had sobered up first and fled.

Police told the cowboy that he was free to go, providing he would take his lion with him.



Home-Made Steam Car Solves Gasoline Problem

CHICAGO.—Eighteen-year-old Richard Race has his own solution to the gasoline-rationing problem. With pieces of salvage from a junk yard, he has built an old-fashioned steam automobile.

The chassis is a pre-World War Ford. There is a boiler which once supplied a tailor with steam. Locomotive power is furnished by a steam engine from an old water pump and an old 35-gallon tank holds the water.

The car can go 20 miles per hour, but there is one catch—it still needs that rubber.

Phoney Naval Officer Finds Landlubbers Have a Brig, Too

"Listen," the guy said, "I'm a naval officer, see? A lieutenant-commander, see? Lemme look at the dough in your pocket."

The civilian passed over his wallet.

"Just as I thought," the guy said. "Hot money. Spy money. I got to take it to Washington to have it checked. That money comes from Axis agents, see?"

The civilian saw. The lieutenant-commander walked away, and kept on walking. He wasn't a lieutenant-commander at all. He was a 22 year old fake named Edward Stephen Horton, and his uniform came from an Army-Navy store that forgot to ask questions. Blond, handsome. Horton is a deserter from the Royal Canadian Air Force and the possessor of a yellow ticket from the U. S. Army.

Horton had been getting away with his impersonation for some time, and he might still be getting away with it if he hadn't started fooling around with a Cold Spring, N. Y., factory that is manufacturing dies for rifle production.

With a shotgun resting incongruously on one shoulder board, Horton approached the watchman of the factory and told him that he was taking the plant over on behalf of the Navy. The watchman called the cops. The cops nailed Horton.

When Horton's story was told, it turned out to be a long one. Recently he visited five bungalows at

A Special Assignment, No Volunteers, Please

BIRMINGHAM, Ala. — "Car x-y-3," the police radio called, "car x-y-3! Go to Third Avenue and 14th Street! A nude woman running down the street!"

There was a pause and then: "All other cars remain on your beat. That is all."

Lake Oswego, N. Y., pretending to be a provost marshal searching for escaped Nazi spies. It was in these bungalows that he pulled his hot money gag.

Later he held an Oswego man and woman at the point of a gun while he robbed them of \$10. Horton then "kidnapped" them and forced them to drive him some miles in the country.

Now Horton, no longer a lieutenant-commander, but merely jail bait, sits in jail at Carmel, N. Y. After they've finished with the charges of kidnapping, robbery, burglary and illegal possession of firearms which have been lodged against him, they'll get around to a Federal charge of impersonating an officer of the U. S. Navy.

Crime doesn't pay, boys—not even in uniform.

RAF Lands, Situation Is Slightly Sad

NEW YORK—Stanley Smith is an RAF boy. He came to town after his graduation from an Ontario training camp to see the town. One morning he found that he couldn't see New York very well from his third-story window at Sloane House. He stretched his neck out a little too far. The Smith body, which had exhibited perfect balance in simulated dog-fights, followed his neck out the window.

Down fell Stanley Smith. Below him, in an alley, a homeless Negro was sleeping. The Smith body crashed on the Negro's recumbent torso. The possessor of the torso went to a hospital with internal injuries. Smith escaped with a fractured right wrist.

It's the Lemon in You, Soldier—That Does It

WILMINGTON, Del.—Scientists at the DuPont laboratory have figured out why lemonade is such a good safeguard against the heat. It's the vitamin C, and only fifty-millionths of one gram of vitamin C—plus a pinch of B₁ and a sprinkle of plain B—can prevent heat prostration. That's all, soldier, if you can find the pinch of plain B.

Old Guns Go Back to Work

GREAT LAKES, Ill.—Relics of other wars—guns captured from the Germans in 1917, rifles from the Spanish at Manila and automatic three-pounders salvaged from the blown-up Maine—were among the scrap contributions by the Great Lakes Naval Station for the nation's war steel production.

More Home News



"You can pull my udder, if I'm not going all out for victory," ruminates this benign looking bossy with a vengeful "V". Bossy, they say, is really giving for the boys at Fort Jackson, and her sisters are making dairy production boom in the United States to meet the needs of the training camps. Do you miss that old milking stool, soldier?

Kunze Faces Spy Trial

NEW YORK.—Gerard Wilhelm Kunze, pro-Hitler head of the German-American Bund, is in the custody of the FBI here on a charge of failing to receive permission from his draft board to leave the country. He was arrested in Mexico at the request of American authorities. P. B. Foxworth, head of the New York FBI office, said that Kunze will be taken to Hartford, Conn., after his arraignment here to face trial on an espionage charge.



Orders Is Orders

"One sentry shall walk this post continuously in opposite directions."

Order posted at McClellan Field

"It will rain today by order of Major Seltzer."

Camp Wolters Bulletin Board

"Sorry about tonight, boys. The wife just joined the WAAC's, and now I'm on K. P.!"

True to form, it was a.....

Deadly Fourth

AAF USES 'HOLIDAY' WEEK TO TOUCH OFF
NEW AIR OFFENSIVES ON THREE FRONTS

THE U. S. Army Air Forces made their formal fighting debuts on three new fronts last week.

In Asia, deep in the interior of Free China, American airmen chose the Fourth of July as a fitting day on which to discard the Chinese insignias they had been wearing as members of the American Volunteer Group and to challenge the Japanese as a full-fledged American Army unit.

In North Africa, U. S. Army flyers teamed up with the R. A. F. in a sustained effort to stop the Nazi panzer divisions pushing toward Alexandria and the Suez Canal.

Over Nazi-controlled Europe the long-awaited American participation in bombing raids materialized with a Fourth of July hedge-hopping expedition into occupied Holland.

It was an Air Force week, and event piled on event to testify to the growing effectiveness and ever-widening range of American air power. As U. S. flyers last week flew and fought over Asia, Africa and Europe, they demonstrated as never before the global nature of World War II.

TO the heroic Chinese, who last week marked the fifth anniversary of the start of their war with Japan and who have helplessly had to watch their cities laid waste by unopposed Japanese bombers, the presence of a strong American air unit operating from Chinese bases was a welcome relief.

The Japs, of course, thought differently, and during the week the Tokyo radio was heard boastfully to proclaim that Jap flyers would soon "blast the new United States Air Forces out of China." Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, commander of American airmen in China, took up the challenge by assuring the enemy of a "cheery welcome" and adding the hope that "we soon get a chance to meet them."

At dawn on Independence Day the general's hope came true. Over Hengyang, much-bombed railway center between Canton, the metropolis of South China, and Hankow, populous city on the Yangtze in central China, the Americans met and engaged three waves of Japanese fighter-escorted bombers. Score for the first "cheery welcome": five Japanese planes downed against no announced U. S. losses.

As an added touch, the next day General Chennault's men "welcomed" the Japs in China by bombing their big base at Hankow, headquarters for Japanese operations in central China. From last week's operations in China one thing appeared certain. The Japanese in occupied China could no longer count on immunity from air attack,

as they had done for so long in the past against a non-existent Chinese air force.

FOR months traffic on the Ferry Command route to the Near and Middle East has been heavy. Last week the route's facilities were being used even more, and for a good reason. Unexpectedly, almost overnight, the highly mechanized German Afrika Korps under Marshal Erwin von Rommel advanced to within 65 miles of Alexandria and the Nile Valley. The United Nations were threatened not only with the loss of the entire eastern Mediterranean but also with the prospect of surrendering to Hitler such prizes as the Suez Canal and the Mosul and Anglo-Iranian oil fields.

To save that vital area aid had to be sent and sent quickly—not in a few weeks or months but within a few days. The usual sea route from England or America around the Cape of Good Hope and up to Red

Sea ports was hopelessly slow for such urgencies. The trip through the Mediterranean was too dangerous. That left only the well-defined air route across the southern Atlantic and the bulge of Africa as the major alternative.

As reinforcements piled into Egypt by air last week, U. S. Army bombers joined with the R. A. F. in a never-ending series of raids on Rommel's supply bases and communications. Aerial action in the Middle East last week was on a scale never before equalled outside Britain and Germany. And as American bombers dropped tons of explosives on Benghazi and Tobruk and Mersa Matruh, up nearer the front British Spitfires, making their maiden appearance in the Middle East, took a heavy toll of German Stukas. At week's end the Battle for Egypt had not been decisively won for the Allies, but prospects were brighter than they had been for days.



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Not a big affair, the raid was nevertheless important as the herald of bigger, better, heavier ones to come. Admittedly only a sample of future action, it was still a warning to the Axis that the time was not far off when we—and not the enemy, as heretofore—would be choosing the time and place for fighting. The second front was looking up.

True to form, it was a.....

Deadly Fourth

AAF USES 'HOLIDAY' WEEK TO TOUCH OFF
NEW AIR OFFENSIVES ON THREE FRONTS

THE U. S. Army Air Forces made their formal fighting debuts on three new fronts last week.

In Asia, deep in the interior of Free China, American airmen chose the Fourth of July as a fitting day on which to discard the Chinese insignias they had been wearing as members of the American Volunteer Group and to challenge the Japanese as a full-fledged American Army unit.

In North Africa, U. S. Army flyers teamed up with the R. A. F. in a sustained effort to stop the Nazi panzer divisions pushing toward Alexandria and the Suez Canal.

Over Nazi-controlled Europe the long-awaited American participation in bombing raids materialized with a Fourth of July hedge-hopping expedition into occupied Holland.

It was an Air Force week, and event piled on event to testify to the growing effectiveness and ever-widening range of American air power. As U. S. flyers last week flew and fought over Asia, Africa and Europe, they demonstrated as never before the global nature of World War II.

TO the heroic Chinese, who last week marked the fifth anniversary of the start of their war with Japan and who have helplessly had to watch their cities laid waste by unopposed Japanese bombers, the presence of a strong American air unit operating from Chinese bases was a welcome relief.

The Japs, of course, thought differently, and during the week the Tokyo radio was heard boastfully to proclaim that Jap flyers would soon "blast the new United States Air Forces out of China." Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, commander of American airmen in China, took up the challenge by assuring the enemy of a "cheery welcome" and adding the hope that "we soon get a chance to meet them."

At dawn on Independence Day the general's hope came true. Over Hengyang, much-bombed railway center between Canton, the metropolis of South China, and Hankow, populous city on the Yangtze in central China, the Americans met and engaged three waves of Japanese fighter-escorted bombers. Score for the first "cheery welcome": five Japanese planes downed against no announced U. S. losses.

As an added touch, the next day General Chennault's men "welcomed" the Japs in China by bombing their big base at Hankow, headquarters for Japanese operations in central China. From last week's operations in China one thing appeared certain. The Japanese in occupied China could no longer count on immunity from air attack,

as they had done for so long in the past against a non-existent Chinese air force.

FOR months traffic on the Ferry Command route to the Near and Middle East has been heavy. Last week the route's facilities were being used even more, and for a good reason. Unexpectedly, almost overnight, the highly mechanized German Afrika Korps under Marshal Erwin von Rommel advanced to within 65 miles of Alexandria and the Nile Valley. The United Nations were threatened not only with the loss of the entire eastern Mediterranean but also with the prospect of surrendering to Hitler such prizes as the Suez Canal and the Mosul and Anglo-Iranian oil fields.

To save that vital area aid had to be sent and sent quickly—not in a few weeks or months but within a few days. The usual sea route from England or America around the Cape of Good Hope and up to Red

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1. CHINA

Up till now the Japs have used only second-rate, even obsolete aircraft in China. Against no opposition inferior airplanes seemed adequate. Last week, as the U. S. Army's 23rd Pursuit Group swung into action in central China, the Japs paid the Americans the compliment of sending along with their bombers escorts of fast, highly maneuverable Zero-type fighters. Most of the Americans had met these Zeros before in Burma, where they served as the American Volunteer Group (A. V. G.)

under nominal Chinese command. The fighting in China centered along the Canton-Hankow railway. U. S. flyers, under command of that veteran Jap fighter, Brig. Gen. Claire L. Chennault, helped defending Chinese troops by challenging the Mikado's flyers over Chengyang, where they shot down five planes, and by bombing Jap bases and troop concentrations at Hankow and Nanchang. Significantly, Japs are finding no time this summer to indulge in their usual indiscriminate pastime of bombing Chungking, Free China's temporary capital.

2. THE WESTERN FRONT

"Thank you, America," was what the Prime Minister of the Dutch Government-in-exile in London said when he learned that six crews of U. S. airmen had made the first American sortie in Europe over occupied Holland. American planes were the A-20-A type, called Bostons by the British. They are manned by a crew of three, carry a 1,000-pound bomb load and have a top speed of 350 miles an hour. Of the six sent over The Netherlands, two are missing. Returning flyers reported damage to buildings, hangars and aircraft on the ground at two Dutch airdromes and at a third noted that about 150 Germans in flying kit were "caught flat-footed, as if on payday parade." They dispersed in all directions as the bomber's front guns strafed them with heavy machine-gun fire. First Amer-

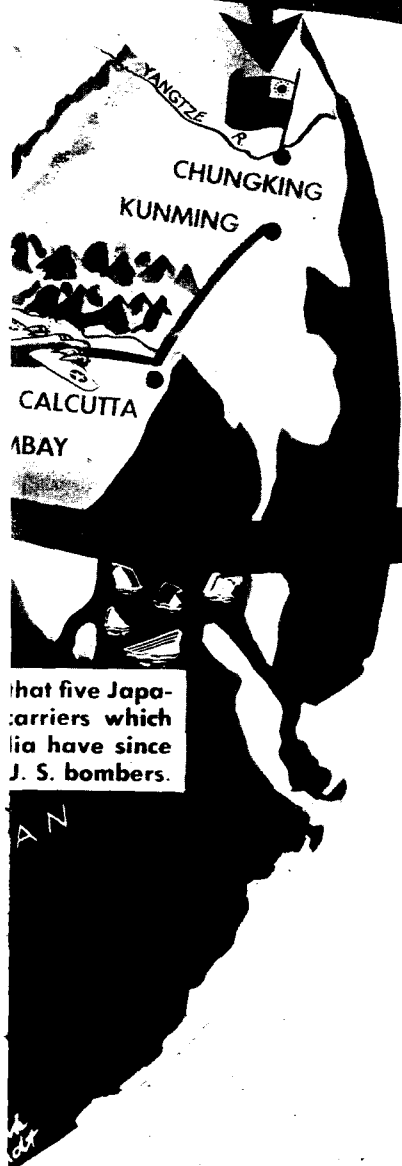
ican hero of our forces in Europe was Captain Charles C. Kegelman, of El Reno, Okla., who piloted one of the six light bombers. Over one airdrome the propeller and nose section of his starboard engine was shot off, there were bullet holes in the tail section and the engine was on fire. He hit the ground, damaged the starboard wing and knocked a large hole in the bottom of the fuselage. Recovering control, he took off, silenced a flak tower firing on him and continued home on one engine, the fire having died out by that time. Maj. Gen. Eisenhower awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to Captain Kegelman, who thus became the first soldier of our forces in Europe to be decorated for gallantry in action.

3. THE MIDDLE EAST

What with Sevastopol lost last week after a long and heroic siege, it was more vital than ever that the Nazis be stopped in Egypt's western desert short of Alexandria and the Nile Valley. Sevastopol was at the top end of the Nazis' pincers movement designed to encircle and capture the Middle East; Alexandria was at the bottom end. But, as announced by Prime Minister Churchill in the House of Commons last week, upward of 50,000 Imperials had been captured and a staggering loss of materiel had been suf-

fered in the Libyan Desert fighting. Only British and U. S. air power seemed to stand between the Nazis and the Nile. U. S. big bombers, mainly the four-engined Consolidated B-24's, known as Liberators, roamed far and wide over Axis-held territory, contributed immeasurably to the job of holding the Nazis some 65 miles west of Alexandria. Meanwhile, the British rushed reserves of men and equipment from Syria and Palestine.

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While taking a good hefty sock at Jap bases, a lucky hit from a Zero fighter damaged the landing gear of the Army B-26 Bomber. The wheels could be lowered only slightly. In this spectacular shot, the pilot, nothing daunted, skims in for a landing at Port Moresby, New Guinea. Can he make it?



Everybody safe! The skill of the American pilot at taking "belly flops" and the tough construction of the American plane saves the day for a plane the Japs probably chalked up as "downed." Not one of the crew was injured in the landing, though ground was torn up for yards behind the bomber.

OLGA, THE VITAL COG

NOMINATED for this week's grand prize—a box of ginger cookies and a one-way ticket to Moosejaw, Saskatchewan—is little Miss Olga McCleery who works at the quartermaster laundry.

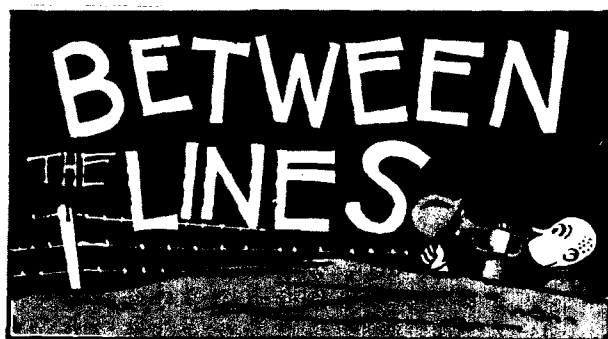
Miss McCleery is a vital cog in the war effort.

She is the lady who punches all the holes in the tops of soldiers' socks. Her assistant ties the socks together with heavy cord in knots that cannot be cut, neither can they be untied. If she is a good assistant and devises better and harder knots, she may some day be promoted and permitted to punch the holes.

But we are not talking of the assistant. We are talking of Miss McCleery herself.

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Miss McCleery is a cheery and a conscientious worker. She likes to punch holes. Before she started working for the quartermaster



laundry she was a vital cog in the telephone exchange in town. She was the lady whose voice came over the wire saying, "I'm sorry; your three minutes are up."

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They will give her a white collar job.

She will be in charge of the Element of Surprise Department. All she will have to do all day long is to take drab white undershirts from people's laundry and substitute cotton polo shirt that say "U. S. Army—Fort Leonard Wood" on the front.

After the war, she can go back to the telephone exchange and tell customers their three minutes are up.

Cpl. Marion Hargrove.

THE END OF THE LINE

In line for beans, in line for beer,
In line to use up half the year.
Make up your mind to stand all day,
The line will never break your way.
We wait for pay, we wait for mail,
We wait and think our chow grows stale.

The moon rides up, the sun falls down,
The lines grow longer, trees turn brown.

Sweat out your leave, sweat out the breaks,
You'll never know the time it takes.
When there's a day you're not in line

You may be nearing eighty-nine.
Pfc. John Hay.



UPLIFT!



"We do it with dogs back in the States—on a somewhat smaller scale, of course!"

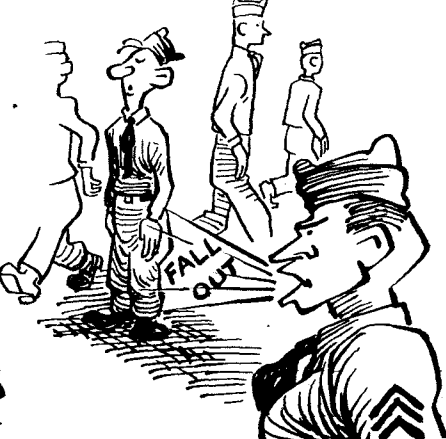
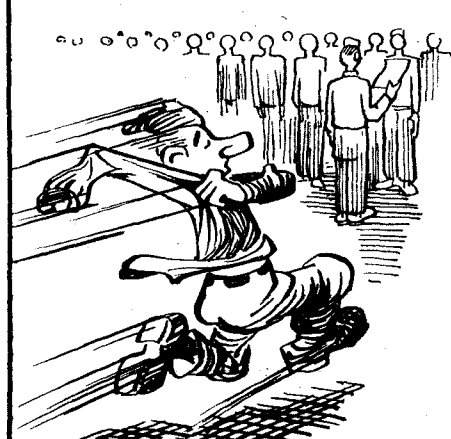
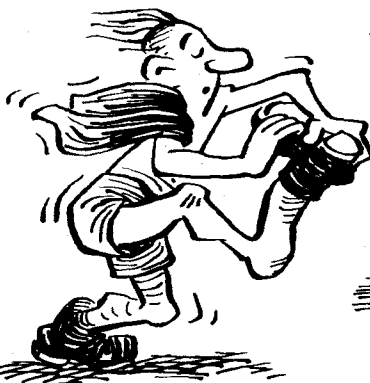
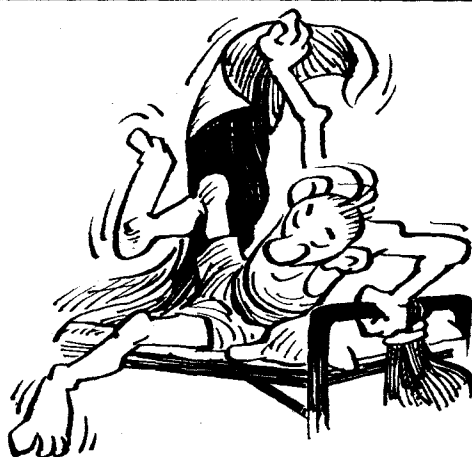
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YANK immediately assigned its San Juan correspondent, Private (last class) Vladimir Schultz, to investigate an ugly rumor that Lt.-Col. "X" had fallen from his high chair while piloting a bomber and suffered a nasty gash on the fore-

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What happened was this: "X" lost his popsicle out the window while dropping hot pennies on the field attendants, and while trying to recover it fell out the window himself. Being minus a parachute he made one from a pair of diapers he was wearing. They were, however, in such soggy condition that they held no wind (for the first time in days) and he fell heavily to earth. In this way he suffered the bruises which started said rumor.



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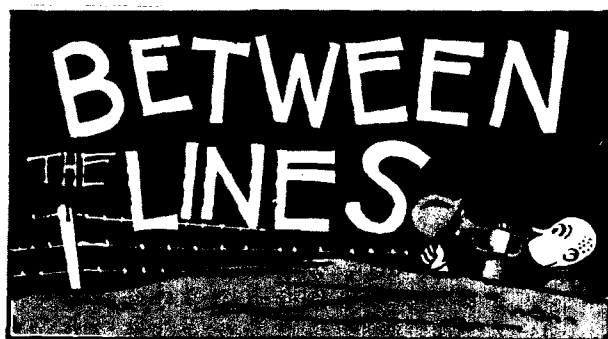
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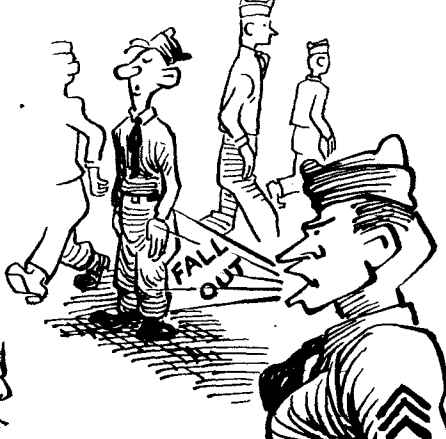
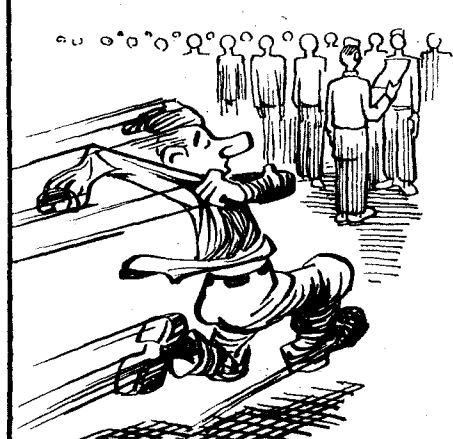
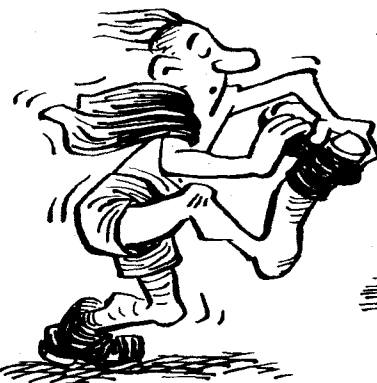
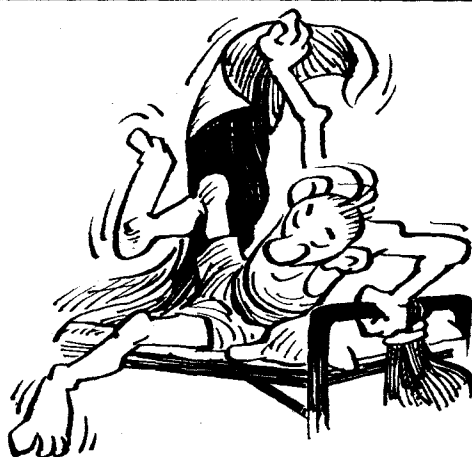
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Ten Zeros dived, peeled off, and faded away to specks in the sky. Below, on the island of Java, 18 American citizens rose slowly to their feet. They had been lying on their stomachs while the Japs machine-gunned the ground.

In the rush of abandoning Java, the 18 Americans had been left behind. Now, huddled near a deserted and bomb-scarred airfield, they were looking desperately around for guidance. The only uniform in the place belonged to Master Sergeant Harry Hayes. The only man among the 18 who could fly was a young volunteer pilot named Cherry Mission.

The airfield was a mess. Scattered about its tarmac were four crippled planes, one B-18 and three Flying Fortresses. Mission, a small man, pointed to the B-18. "It's a wreck," he said, "but it's the only one I can fly. I'm pursuit, and that's all."

"I'm not even pursuit," Sgt. Hayes said. He glanced at the sky. "But we've got to get out of here. Fast."

Mission climbed into the B-18. No good. The motor was as dead as a Jap's honor. His face grim, Mission got out of the plane. "It won't work," he said.

Sergeant Hayes didn't say anything. He went to the plane, looked at the motor, took off his shirt and went to work.

He worked on the motor for two full days. His daily nourishment was three sandwiches and a little water. And on the third day the motor was repaired. The B-18 would fly.

But on the third day the Zeros came again. Concentrated machine-gun fire reduced Sgt. Hayes handiwork into rag-doll scraps. The 18 Americans, including Mission's young wife, were worse off than they had been before.

Sgt. Hayes still kept his mouth shut. He sized up the three Flying Fortresses on the field. Once brilliant giants of the air, they were now useless hulks. When the Japs came again, Hayes knew, they wouldn't waste bullets on ruined planes. Their slugs would be for the "American intruders."

Sgt. Hayes left the little group on the airfield. The 18 puzzled Americans waited for his return. They didn't have long to wait. In 15 minutes Hayes was back, with 60 Dutchmen. He showed them the planes, spoke to them quietly.

The 60 Dutchmen went willingly to work to help the desperate Americans. They stripped two of the Flying Fortresses, taking everything of use and transferring it to the third plane, the least damaged of the three.

In 72 hours the motors of the Flying Fortress were working. There was still plenty to do, though. The wings of the plane were in tatters. The tail was shot away. There weren't any wing flaps at all.

"I don't think we can get her off the ground," Mission said.

"We've got to," was all Hayes replied.

In four days the big plane was repaired. It looked like a jig-saw puzzle imperfectly put together, but it looked as though it might fly. Everything in the interior had been stripped out. Parachutes, seats, everything.

"We need the space," Hayes said. "Eighteen people take up a lot of room."

Sgt. Hayes called the group before him. "I want you to know," he said, "that you are putting your lives in my hands. I have never flown a plane before. I don't know how long this plane will stay together. I can't even promise you that she'll get off the ground, or that I can get her off. If the Japs attack us while we're in the air we won't have a chance. If anyone thinks he or she will be safer here, he is quite free to stay."



"... Zeros dived ... Peeled off ... The airfield was a mess ..."

No one wanted to stay.

Quietly, tensely, the 18 filed into the plane. They sat down on the bare floors. Sgt. Hayes and Mission took over the seats of pilot and co-pilot. Hayes started the motors, and one by one they coughed and burst into noisy life. As they warmed Hayes studied the unfamiliar controls.

Unheard above the roar of the Fortress's four motors, seven Zeros dropped from the sky. Machine-gun bullets slapped the side of the plane and cut through the thin metal. The 18 Americans huddled against the floor.

Sgt. Hayes' hand moved toward the throttle. Mission stopped him. "For God's sake, Hayes," he said. "Don't take off now. They'll shoot us down like an October duck."

Hayes waited. For ten minutes death hovered over the plane as the Zeros spat bullets at it. And then the Zeroes, satisfied that they had done their job, disappeared toward the horizon. Sgt. Hayes and Mission surveyed the damage. It was negligible, and no one had been killed. But a bullet might have done something to the plane that wouldn't show up until it tried to take off. No time to think of that now, though. The chance had to be taken.

Sgt. Hayes' hand moved forward on the throttle. The great ship moved down the runway, gathering speed. It wobbled slightly as it moved, but it held together.

Faster and faster went the Fortress. Then Mission's face went white. "Hayes," he shouted in the pilot's ear, "even an empty Fortress needs a 3,000 foot runway to lift. This one isn't more than 2,800, and were filled. Move that stick gently, boy. Move it gently."

Sgt. Hayes moved it gently. The Fortress lifted off the ground, came down, bounced. Not

yet, he thought.

Mission watched the manifold pressure climb from 46 to 50, four points above danger. Once more Hayes' hands pulled the controls back. This time the Fortress lifted. Her engines wheezing, her once smooth lines wobbling like a wounded bird, she went into the air. Crouched in the fuselage, the 18 Americans saw trees flash by underneath them. Minutes passed, and they were over the Sea of Timor.

The sea was a black, foreboding face beneath them, and the sky was a darkness from which Zeroes might swoop at any moment. The motors coughed unsteadily. Mission, his eyes on the horizon, offered navigation advice from time to time. His wife acted as observer.

Without maps, without instruments, and at the controls a man who had never flown a plane before, the Flying Fortress moved over the sea toward Australia. Hours passed, and then Mission pointed ahead. "Land," he said.

The north coast of Australia hove into view. But things weren't finished yet. The toughest job of all—setting the plane down—remained to be done. For all they knew, they might be landing in Japanese-held territory.

"There's a clearing near that beach," Mission said. "Maybe you can set her down easy and run up the beach."

Hayes nodded, and the nose of the Fortress pointed down. This was the worst moment of all.

The Fortress hit the beach hard, staggered, jounced, and leveled off. Twenty people stepped out on the free earth of Australia. The man who had never flown a plane before had made it.

Sgt. Hayes looked back at the sky through which they had come. "I'd like to be a real pilot someday," he said.

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Faster and faster went the Fortress. Then Mission's face went white. "Hayes," he shouted in the pilot's ear, "even an empty Fortress needs a 3,000 foot runway to lift. This one isn't more than 2,800, and were filled. Move that stick gently, boy. Move it gently."

Sgt. Hayes moved it gently. The Fortress lifted off the ground, came down, bounced. Not

yet, he thought.

Mission watched the manifold pressure climb from 46 to 50, four points above danger. Once more Hayes' hands pulled the controls back. This time the Fortress lifted. Her engines wheezing, her once smooth lines wobbling like a wounded bird, she went into the air. Crouched in the fuselage, the 18 Americans saw trees flash by underneath them. Minutes passed, and they were over the Sea of Timor.

The sea was a black, foreboding face beneath them, and the sky was a darkness from which Zeroes might swoop at any moment. The motors coughed unsteadily. Mission, his eyes on the horizon, offered navigation advice from time to time. His wife acted as observer.

Without maps, without instruments, and at the controls a man who had never flown a plane before, the Flying Fortress moved over the sea toward Australia. Hours passed, and then Mission pointed ahead. "Land," he said.

The north coast of Australia hove into view. But things weren't finished yet. The toughest job of all—setting the plane down—remained to be done. For all they knew, they might be landing in Japanese-held territory.

"There's a clearing near that beach," Mission said. "Maybe you can set her down easy and run up the beach."

Hayes nodded, and the nose of the Fortress pointed down. This was the worst moment of all.

The Fortress hit the beach hard, staggered, jounced, and leveled off. Twenty people stepped out on the free earth of Australia. The man who had never flown a plane before had made it.

Sgt. Hayes looked back at the sky through which they had come. "I'd like to be a real pilot someday," he said.



THE POETS CORNERED

*Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.*

THE MARINES

The Marines, the Marines, those
blasted Gyrenes,
Those sea-going bellhops, those
brass-button queens.
Oh! They pat their own backs, write
stories in reams
All in praise of themselves—the
U. S. Marines!
The Marines, the Marines, those
publicity fiends,
They built all the forests, turned on
all the streams,
Discontent with this earth they say
Heaven's scenes
Are guarded by—guess?—Right!
The U. S. Marines!
The moon never beams except
when the Marines



Give it permission to turn on its
gleams,
And the tide never rises, the wind
never screams
Unless authorized to by the U. S.
Marines!
The Marines, the Marines in their
khakis and greens,
Their pretty blue panties, red
stripe down the seams,
They thought all the thoughts,
dreamed all the dreams,
Singing "The Song of Myself"—
The U. S. Marines!
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"SECRETS OF A SELECTEE"

I've talked to lads of every walk,
And lots of lads to me.
About the jobs that they once had,
And things they'd planned to be.
About the raise there would have
been,
Had they not been inducted.
About that case of solid love
The draft had interrupted.
I've talked to lads who had no goal,
No mark wherewith to aim at.
Who thought that life and all
therein
Was meant to wax profane at.
I've talked to those who never had
A home with friends and dear
ones.

Conversed with those who had
degrees,
And too, some mighty queer ones.
I've heard our land, our President,
Our Congress and our Houses
Discussed in terms, both pro and
con;
Heard Nazis labeled louses.
But when the breeze of talk has
died,
Each man, without exception
Would give his all for Glory's cause,
And that's no misconception.
Sgt. Gail D. Salley

"FALL IN"

There was the guy, defective of ear.
A cannon could roar, but he couldn't
hear.
Rejected and home, he'd always
complain,
Of the neighbors upstairs, their kids
playin' train.
There was the man, defective of eye.
They showed him a chart he never
could spy.
Back on the street, some sweet thing
in pink.
Would pass 'neath his gaze, he'd
give her the wink.
And lastly, the one, who's molars
were shot.
Chew, no siree, he simply could not.
But show him a steak as tough as
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He'd stow it, my friend, he wasn't
so dumb.
But all of these guys are due for a
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Examining boards have made a
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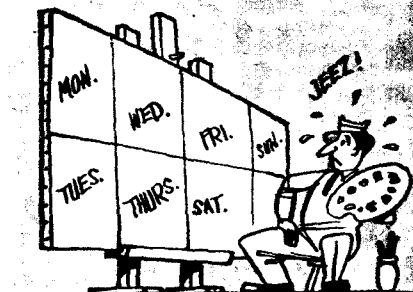
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DISGRUNTLED PRIVATE

You are wrong, Private. Mail comes next to
food as an important factor as far as our
army is concerned. You can be 100% sure the
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body's mail. If it is, report your squawk to
your first sergeant.



DEAR YANK:

I am a sensitive soul, or was, until
they took my pallet and brush away
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Briefly, I was an artist in civilian life.
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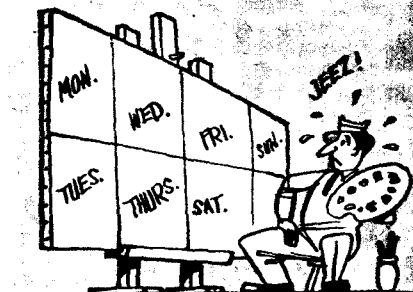
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TRIBUTE

"Nice goin', feller."

Somewhere along the line of competitive sports in America, that single phrase of congratulation seems to have sprung up universally as a sort of token of admiration from one good man to another.

It went from the high schools and colleges into the Army, just as did the coordination and the teamwork that the men brought with them into uniform.

At this stage in the game it's about time we used that phrase—used it in the sense a back would use it when his interference ploughed through and took out the secondary for a good, long gain.

Only this time it's vastly more important, and our admiration is vastly more deeply felt.

This time it's from one army of fighters to another.

It's from the men who were on Wake and Midway and Bataan—deadly scrappers themselves—to the men who withstood eight months of pounding before they finally gave up a pile of rubble to the other side.

It's from battle-scarred U. S. troops to men who absorbed 30,000 artillery shells, 20,000 mortar shells and 15,000 bombs in three days—and still held on.

To men who kept on firing even though 20 dive bombers screamed down to knock out just one AA gun.

To fighters who stood off 14 divisions, 400 tanks and 900 planes and who flung back death and destruction at the enemy even when they knew, at last, that they were through.

So, like the back who has taken a pounding himself and knows



what it must have been like in the line, we salute the defenders of Sevastopol.

We know—somewhere here in the first quarter—that we've both been in a fight, and that we're still in it, and that we'll both be here when the other side's gone.

And we know, because we've dished it out and taken it, too, that we've got what it takes to win this one.

To a gallant mate on the most powerful combination in the world: "Nice goin'—damned nice!"

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Surprise

Among the prisoners taken by the British at El Alamein, Egypt, was a German war correspondent, who was captured when he knocked on the side of a tank to inquire the time. It was a British tank.

Iron Bars and Radios

Japs in occupied Netherlands East Indies slapped a six-months prison sentence on a woman because she acted as a lookout for her husband as he listened to Dutch-language broadcasts.

Two elderly Netherlands were sentenced to death on the charge that they listened to American and other foreign broadcasts. Three others received prison terms from five months to five years for the same reason.

Lament

Mused the cabin boy on a torpedoed British ship:

"I'm thinking of all the brass on that boat that I've been polishing. And now she's gone."

Dairy Story

American slang is appearing in the Egyptian desert, brought there by Yank air crews who are laying eggs on Tobruk and Bengazi.

A bomber heading for Bengazi goes over the "bus route." A trip over Tobruk is the "milk run."



Celebration

A G.I. in London, wearing full uniform minus blouse, dived from London Bridge on the Fourth of July.

He hit the Thames from an altitude of fifty feet, swam to shore and walked over, grinning, to a couple of pals.

They paid off.

The Nazis' Own Emily Post

The Rome Radio admits that Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels has stopped offering any more prizes for politeness. Instead he is offering concentration camps "for anti-social elements, the dissatisfied and those guilty of misdeemeanors."

Dept. of Utter Optimism

Recent headline in the New York Times: ASKS WORLD PACT TO OUTLAW WAR. A Yale prof. did the asking for after the war.

Things to Come

A female officer of the British WAAFs gave the women who enter Fort Des Moines for WAAC officers' training on July 20 an inkling of the military life. "These women can expect one thing," the officer said. "Their personal desires will always come second."

Turned Tables

Otto Abetz, Hitler's personal emissary in Paris, toured the city recruiting popular figures to the new order. He came across Pablo Picasso, the famous painter, and asked to see some of his work.

Picasso took the Nazi around to his studio, and as he showed him painting after painting, Abetz would exclaim with awe. "Did you do that, too, Maestro?"

When Picasso pointed out a landscape drawing of Guernica, a Spanish town bombed to ruins by the Nazis, Abetz asked the same question: "Did you do that too, Maestro?"

"No," said Picasso. "You did."



Those Japs Again—

At the Army Benefit War Show in Pittsburgh 10 men sold cane pennants bearing the trademark "Made in Japan." Outraged spectators insisted the men be arrested and held without bond. They were.

Cough Medicine for Nazis

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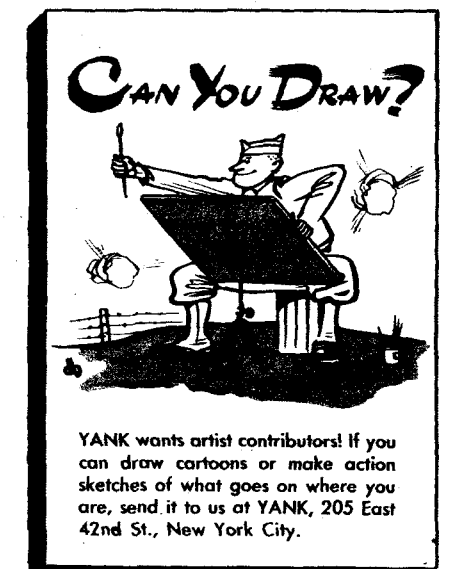
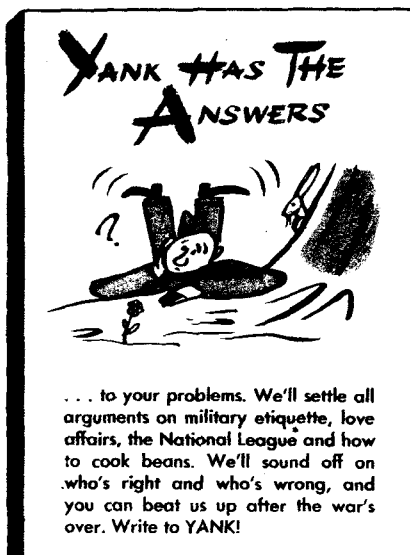
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TRIBUTE

"Nice goin', feller."

Somewhere along the line of competitive sports in America, that single phrase of congratulation seems to have sprung up universally as a sort of token of admiration from one good man to another.

It went from the high schools and colleges into the Army, just as did the coordination and the teamwork that the men brought with them into uniform.

At this stage in the game it's about time we used that phrase—used it in the sense a back would use it when his interference ploughed through and took out the secondary for a good, long gain.

Only this time it's vastly more important, and our admiration is vastly more deeply felt.

This time it's from one army of fighters to another.

It's from the men who were on Wake and Midway and Bataan—deadly scrappers themselves—to the men who withstood eight months of pounding before they finally gave up a pile of rubble to the other side.

It's from battle-scarred U. S. troops to men who absorbed 30,000 artillery shells, 20,000 mortar shells and 15,000 bombs in three days—and still held on.

To men who kept on firing even though 20 dive bombers screamed down to knock out just one AA gun.

To fighters who stood off 14 divisions, 400 tanks and 900 planes and who flung back death and destruction at the enemy even when they knew, at last, that they were through.

So, like the back who has taken a pounding himself and knows



what it must have been like in the line, we salute the defenders of Sevastopol.

We know—somewhere here in the first quarter—that we've both been in a fight, and that we're still in it, and that we'll both be here when the other side's gone.

And we know, because we've dished it out and taken it, too, that we've got what it takes to win this one.

To a gallant mate on the most powerful combination in the world: "Nice goin'—damned nice!"

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Surprise

Among the prisoners taken by the British at El Alamein, Egypt, was a German war correspondent, who was captured when he knocked on the side of a tank to inquire the time. It was a British tank.

Iron Bars and Radios

Japs in occupied Netherlands East Indies slapped a six-months prison sentence on a woman because she acted as a lookout for her husband as he listened to Dutch-language broadcasts.

Two elderly Netherlands were sentenced to death on the charge that they listened to American and other foreign broadcasts. Three others received prison terms from five months to five years for the same reason.

Lament

Mused the cabin boy on a torpedoed British ship:

"I'm thinking of all the brass on that boat that I've been polishing. And now she's gone."

Dairy Story

American slang is appearing in the Egyptian desert, brought there by Yank air crews who are laying eggs on Tobruk and Bengazi.

A bomber heading for Bengazi goes over the "bus route." A trip over Tobruk is the "milk run."



Celebration

A G.I. in London, wearing full uniform minus blouse, dived from London Bridge on the Fourth of July.

He hit the Thames from an altitude of fifty feet, swam to shore and walked over, grinning, to a couple of pals.

They paid off.

The Nazis' Own Emily Post

The Rome Radio admits that Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels has stopped offering any more prizes for politeness. Instead he is offering concentration camps "for anti-social elements, the dissatisfied and those guilty of misdeemeanors."

Dept. of Utter Optimism

Recent headline in the New York Times: ASKS WORLD PACT TO OUTLAW WAR. A Yale prof. did the asking for after the war.

Things to Come

A female officer of the British WAAFs gave the women who enter Fort Des Moines for WAAC officers' training on July 20 an inkling of the military life. "These women can expect one thing," the officer said. "Their personal desires will always come second."

Turned Tables

Otto Abetz, Hitler's personal emissary in Paris, toured the city recruiting popular figures to the new order. He came across Pablo Picasso, the famous painter, and asked to see some of his work.

Picasso took the Nazi around to his studio, and as he showed him painting after painting, Abetz would exclaim with awe. "Did you do that, too, Maestro?"

When Picasso pointed out a landscape drawing of Guernica, a Spanish town bombed to ruins by the Nazis, Abetz asked the same question: "Did you do that too, Maestro?"

"No," said Picasso. "You did."



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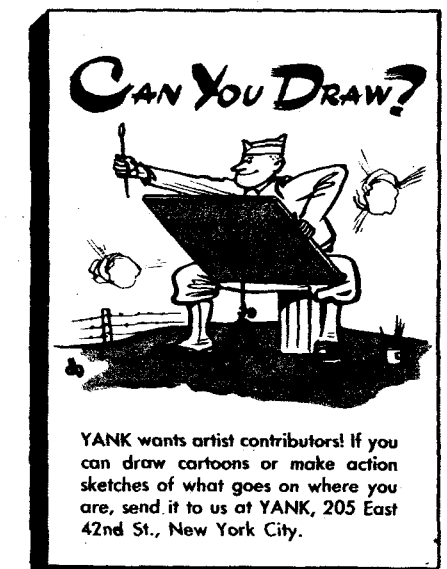
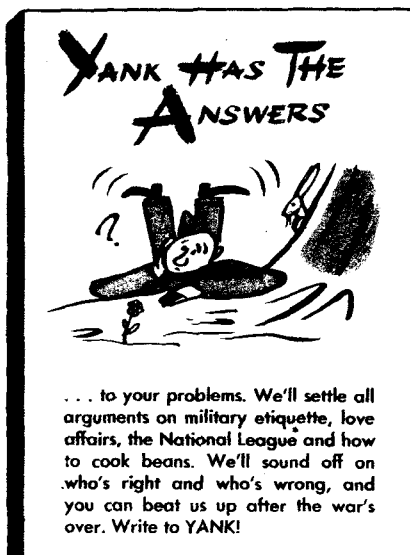
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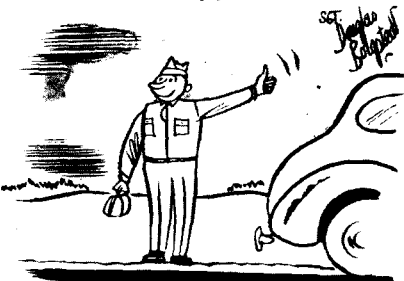
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He is next lured by the grape into a local bistro, where an overweight blond rasps sentimental ballads, and the customers cry on his shoulder about what they did in the last war. Sam wants his girl. She is a thousand miles away. He feels awful. Comes curfew and Sam is evicted.



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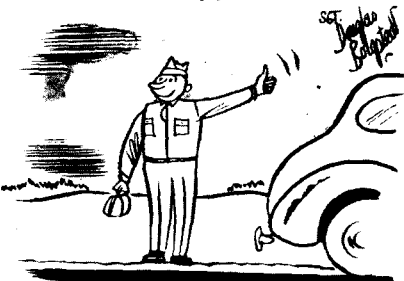
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There's Plenty of Warble Left in the Old Pipes Yet

WITH THE 43rd (YANKEE CRACKER) DIVISION—One of our lance jacks, a guy with a gift for the imaginative phrase, calls her "Lucy, the Squeeze."

It's a pat moniker, because though Lucy has turned her thirty-second winter—an old age for one of her strenuous profession—she's still the pride and joy of the whole 43rd.

But before you begin getting any censorable ideas about Lucy's looseness, we'd better tell you that "she" is a portable foot-pump organ, the only one, we believe, ever to serve the U. S. in three wars. Currently she's assigned to special duty on all Yankee Cracker music details, and she gives out with everything from "Rock of Ages" to the "Beer Barrel Polka."

She served in the Mexican Border crisis in '16. Then in '18 she was shipped to France where she intoned soothing strains for the battle-weary doughboys. In between hitches she works for the Vermont National Guard.

Save for an occasional betraying wheeze, and the fact that she needs more vigorous pumping than aforetime, you'd never take her for the old veteran she is.

Today, with face lifted, legs strapped, and keys manicured, she's being groomed by the Green Mountain Boys for a special song recital to be held in the near future, under Uncle Sam's auspices, at the Berlin State Opera House.

Do You Like 'Army Hour'?

The War Department which is producing "The Army Hour" and airing it to its troops overseas would like to know what the men in foreign service think of it and what suggestions they have for its improvement. Write to YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York, and the requests will be put "through channels."

British Pep Up Radio For A.E.F.

LONDON—Short wave radio being what it is, the A. E. F. in Britain is largely dependent on the British Broadcasting Corporation for its air entertainment and the BBC isn't letting the men down. Many of the air shows have been pepped-up and Americanized.

A typical listening Sunday for the G.I.'s in Britain, includes American records sweet and hot, programs for the Irish and Indian forces, a transcription of the Jack Benny show, various regimental band concerts, "Maple Leaf Matinee," a program produced by Canadian soldiers, news casts, and an orchestra which plays until taps at 11 P.M.

"Command Performance," the War Department radio extravaganza is short-waved here from the U. S. on Sundays, but the Monday play-back from London is clearer.

BBC also announces that it is now making recordings in its New York studios of big-name bands: Cab Calloway, Sammy Kaye, Glenn Miller, Jimmy Dorsey and Guy Lombardo. Discs will be shipped weekly and played for the A. E. F. jive fans.

First cargo of American soldiers here were surprised to learn that Britains have to pay a two buck license fee for the use of a radio. This fee has been waived for the troops.

Anthem Comes Down Off Musical Hi-Horse

Do you have trouble hitting those high notes in "The Star Spangled Banner"?

Well, don't worry any more because a new revised arrangement in a lower key of A-flat has been sent to every band in the Army.

This new arrangement in the lower key was turned out by Major Howard Bronson with the help of a Penn State music professor and has been played successfully by the Port Matilda Junior Band in Centre County, Pennsylvania. The band raised \$1,600 in the little community to do this service for the Army.

Army Show to be Filmed at Warner Brothers Soon

NEW YORK—Warner Brothers has paid the first installment on the \$250,000 it is giving the Army Relief Fund for the moving picture rights to Irving Berlin's all G.I. show, "This Is The Army," now on Broadway.

The show will be filmed with an all-soldier cast with Irving Berlin supervising the Hollywood production.

Imagine getting put on detached service in Hollywood?

S.R.O. at War Show

The Army War Show, a miniature maneuver playing in the Baltimore Stadium, pulled 160,000 attendance in four days. It's a War Department promotion to show civilians how the Army trains.

Jolson Tours Alaska Camps

Al Jolson is touring the "Igloo Circuit," Army posts in Alaska under USO-Camp Shows auspices. He wired a friend the following: "Monday Fairbanks, Tuesday Nome, Wednesday Siberia. Here in Anchorage, Alaska, today. Booked solid."



MADELEINE CARROLL is quitting the movies and retiring into private married life with Stirling Hayden.

Maddy Carroll Quits Pictures

NASSAU, Bahamas—Madeleine Carroll has gone and done it.

The favorite blonde of practically every G.I. between the ages of 18 and 60 is quitting the movies for the peace and seclusion of happy married life. Now, now, don't take it so hard, boys.

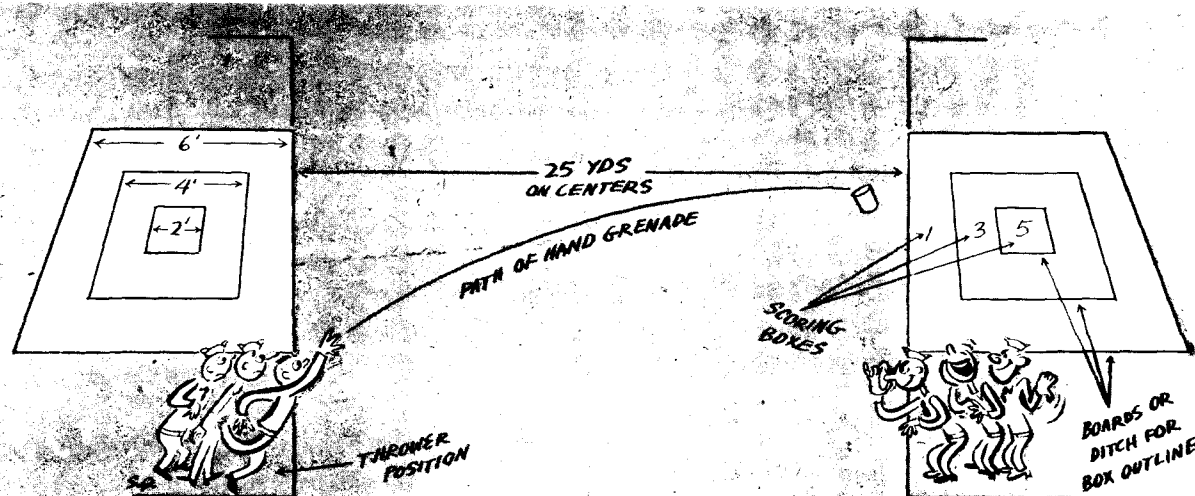
Madeleine will probably spend most of that married life on a boat because the fortunate husband is Stirling Hayden, the rugged sailing skipper from Gloucester, Mass., who tossed aside his own moving picture career several months ago to go back to the sea in a ship.

The romance blossomed here when the couple were making "Bahama Passage" some time ago. Maddy married him three months ago in a New England town. The name of the town wasn't disclosed but, knowing Hayden, it is a safe bet it was some place on the coast with plenty of salt spray flying around during the ceremony.

They didn't announce it until recently when Hayden pulled in here to repair his schooner and Madeleine came down to stay with him.

Miss Carroll, a native of England, is 32 and was married once before. Hayden, 26, used to navigate the Gertrude L. Thebaud in the Fisherman's Races and was first mate on the schooner Yankee that cruised 35,000 miles in 1938.

He was all set for a big Hollywood career but he couldn't stand living on dry land. So he is planning now to spend the rest of his life at sea, and is taking Madeleine along with him.



Here's a New Army Game

Here's something to pass the time if there aren't any more magazines to read and you've lost all your money playing blackjack and the Axis has all the decent radio programs temporarily jammed.

It's a little game designed by Major William R. Overbeck in the Infantry Journal to practice the fine old art of tossing hand grenades. Something like throwing horseshoes, only you don't use horseshoes.

First, get a couple of cans of beer and drink the beer. That puts you in a playful mood. Then take the cans and fill them with sand.

Draw two scoring boxes 25 yards apart as indicated above. Throw the can from the thrower's position and see if you can hit the middle of the box. If you do, give yourself 5 points. The next square is worth 3 and the outside one, 1. The game is 25 points. Then start all over again.

Just as in horseshoe pitching, the game can be played as singles or doubles. Or even four or five on a side, for all we care.

If you can't find sand to put in the cans, just stuff them with old applications for officer's candidate school. That'll make them good and heavy.



How to roll a Pack

IN response to numerous requests for information on a rather mysterious subject—to wit, the rolling of field packs—we here present Pvt. Joe McTurk, a corn-fed kid from the civilized part of Staten Island, who can roll a pack or a natural with equal ease. Ever since he was told he looked like Churchill, McTurk has smoked a cigar—the same one—which he fits into a hole left by a departed molar. Joe stands five feet four, discounting corns, and weighs 180 dripping wet, which is often. We finally got him into fatigues, where we find him (right) picking up his stuff before slapping it into a pack.

In real life, McTurk is Pvt. Robert C. McCracken, who used to fight under the name of “K.O. Billy” Murray. He has mixed it up for keeps with Harry Greb, Jack Sharkey, Banty Lewis, Frankie Jerome, and plenty of others. He is now at Ft. Belvoir, Va. Pictures are by Cpl. Pete Paris of Yank’s staff who stole the idea from the Belvoir Duckboard. It’s legitimate, though, because he stole from himself. The Cpl. used to be editor of the Duckboard.



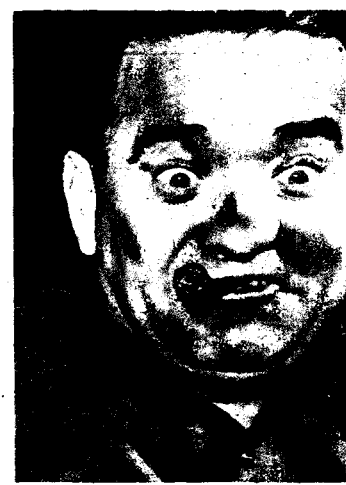
THE first thing to do is lay down your shelter half. Put the old blanket and tent poles on top. Then fold the edges of the shelter half, and ip the blanket over till it’s a tight roll. Simple, hey?



ONCE the roll is made it’s a good idea to test it by dropping it on the floor. If it busts open, it’s a lousy roll. McTurk, who is on the wee side, has to put it over his head. Know any good prayers, Mac?



AS we were saying, if it busts open, it’s . . . What was that, McTurk? Ah, forget it. Try again. So McTurk crawls to his feet and rolls the pack again. Up over his head it goes, there is a breathless moment, and . . .



All right, McTurk, take it easy! Take it easy! They can’t see you all the way down to headquarters. What’s that? You’re going to make a Staten Island field pack? O.K., but sergeant’s not going to . . .



McTURK sits on the floor of his barracks, talking Anglo-Saxon to himself, knocking together a S. I. pack, composed of suitcases, 1 ea. “Full field pack, hell,” he says. “They got to take me as I am.”



FINISHED. McTurk would have thrown in the kitchen stove, too, except that the Mess Sergeant didn’t like the idea. He looks at the floor. Hummm, seems that he left a lot of stuff out. Aw, well . . .



MONOLOGUE by McTurk: “Oh, sergeant, I made up me field pack. What’s that? Listen, don’t pull that kind of talk on me. I’m from Staten Island. We eats sergeants alive on Staten Island. Without salt, too.”



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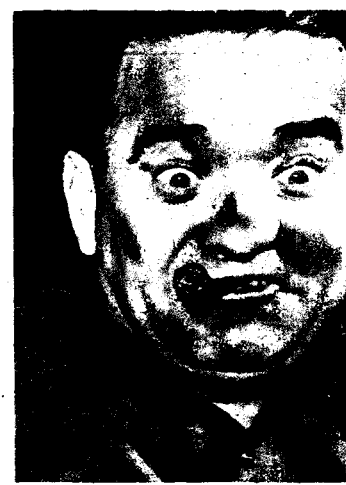
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Americans Win All-Star Game

NEW YORK.—The American League continued its mastery over the National League in the tenth annual Major League All-Star game by taking the twilight-night classic, 3 to 1, before 33,694 fans at the Polo Grounds. It was the seventh victory for the junior circuit in this series.

Given a pre-game edge because of superior pitching, the National Leaguers were blasted into defeat early when home runs by Lou Boudreau, boy manager of the Cleveland Indians, and Rudy York of Detroit, accounted for three runs in the opening inning.

Cooper Bombarded

Victim of the early barrage was Mort Cooper, baseball's best hurler this season. The St. Louis Card ace went into the game with a record of 11 victories and four defeats, six of the wins via the shutout route. But any hopes for sending the National Leaguers off to a good start were quickly erased.

Instead, it was Spud Chandler of New York and Al Benton of Detroit, dividing the American hurling chores over the nine innings, who held the National sluggers in check.

Chandler, pitching the first four innings, allowed only two hits and no runs to get credit for the victory. Benton finished the game and was touched for four hits, one of them Mickey Owen's pinch homer in the eighth inning.

After the wobbly start, Cooper hurled nice ball and the pitchers who followed him, Johnny Vander Meer of the Reds, Clyde Passeau of the Cubs and Bucky Walters of the Reds, also did well enough.

Two Homers

Cooper didn't have a chance to get started. Boudreau knocked the second pitch of the game into the upper left field and after Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams were retired, York caught a high, outside pitch and deposited it into the right field stands.

The Americans threatened to score in only one other inning, the sixth, when Jimmy Brown of the Cards dropped a toss from Arky Vaughn of the Dodgers for the game's only error. Joe DiMaggio, who made two of the victors' seven hits, had singled with one out. York then grounded to Vaughn, who flipped the ball to Brown for what appeared to be the start of a twin killing. But the second sacker dropped the toss when DiMaggio slid into him at second.

Here Vander Meer turned on the steam to fan Yankee Joe Gordon, league leading hitter, and to force

All-Star Game Just Beats N. Y. Blackout

NEW YORK.—Two minutes after the Major League All-Star game at the Polo Grounds ended, New York had a practice black-out. The lights were doused as the players were leaving the field and the crowd had to remain in the dark stands for ten minutes until the all-clear signal was given.

Ken Keltner of the Indians to pop out.

The National Leaguers had their biggest opportunity in the seventh. After two outs, Enos Slaughter of the Cards singled and Ernie Lombardi of the Braves drew a pass. Pee Wee Reese of the Dodgers then lashed out a liner over Benton's head toward left center, but Boudreau, the game's biggest star, speared it on a nice dive to end the rally.

AMERICAN LEAGUE					
	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.
Boudreau, Cleveland, ss.	4	1	1	4	5
Henrich, New York, rf.	4	1	1	2	0
Williams, Boston, lf.	4	0	1	0	0
J. DiMaggio, New York, cf.	4	0	2	2	0
York, Detroit, lb.	4	1	1	11	3
Gordon, New York, 2b.	4	0	0	1	4
Keltner, Cleveland, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1
Tebbetts, Detroit, c.	4	0	0	4	1
Chandler, New York, p.	1	0	1	0	0
aJohnson, Philadelphia	1	0	1	0	0
Benton, Detroit, p.	1	0	0	0	1
Totals	35	3	7	27	16

NATIONAL LEAGUE					
	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.
Brown, St. Louis, 2b.	2	0	0	1	0
Herman, Brooklyn, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0
Vaughan, Brooklyn, 3b.	2	0	0	1	2
Elliott, Pittsburgh, 3b.	1	0	1	1	2
Reiser, Brooklyn, cf.	3	0	1	3	0
Moore, St. Louis, cf.	1	0	0	1	0
Mize, New York, lb.	2	0	0	3	0
F. McCormick, Cincinnati, lb.	2	0	0	3	0
Ott, New York, rf.	4	0	0	1	0
Medwick, Brooklyn, lf.	2	0	0	1	0
Slaughter, St. Louis, lf.	2	0	1	1	0
W. Cooper, St. Louis, c.	2	0	1	7	0
Lombardi, Boston, c.	1	0	0	2	1
Miller, Boston, ss.	2	0	0	2	1
Reese, Brooklyn, ss.	1	0	0	0	1
M. Cooper, St. Louis, p.	0	0	0	0	0
bMarshall, New York	1	0	0	0	0
Vander Meer, Cincinnati, p.	0	0	0	0	1
cLitwhiler, Philadelphia	1	0	1	0	0
Passeau, Chicago, p.	0	0	0	0	0
dOwen, Brooklyn	1	1	1	0	0
Walters, Cincinnati, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	1	6	27	7

aBatted for Chandler in fifth.
bBatted for M. Cooper in third.
cBatted for Vander Meer in sixth.
dBatted for Passeau in eighth.

Score by innings:
American League . . . 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3
National League . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

Error: Brown. Runs batted in: Boudreau, York 2, Owen. Earned runs: American 3; National 1. Home runs: Boudreau, York, Owen. Two-base hit: Henrich. Double plays: Gordon, Boudreau and York; Boudreau and York. Left on bases: American 5; National 6. Struck out: by M. Cooper 2 (Gordon, Tebbetts); by Vander Meer 4 (York, Gordon 2, Henrich); by Passeau 1 (Tebbetts); by Walters 1 (Keltner); by Chandler 2 (Ott, Miller); by Benton 1 (Ott). Bases on balls: off Benton 2 (Vaughan, Lombardi). Hits: off Chandler 2 in 4 innings; Benton 4 in 5 innings; M. Cooper 4 in 3 innings; Vander Meer 2 in 3 innings; Passeau 1 in 2 innings; Walters none in 1 inning. Hit by pitcher: by Chandler (Brown). Passed ball: Tebbetts. Winning pitcher: Chandler; losing pitcher: M. Cooper. Umpires: Ballanfant (N.L.); Stewart (A.L.); Barlick (N.L.) and McGowan (A.L.). Time of game: 2:07. Attendance: 33,694.



MICKEY GIVES ORDERS—Lieut. Mickey Cochrane gives some last minute advice to Bob Feller and Johnny Rigney, his Service All-Star pitchers, before the game with the American League All-Stars in Cleveland. But Feller was knocked out of the box early, and although Rigney did a good job afterwards, the Major Leaguers won, 5 to 0.

American League Bombs Service All-Star Team, 5-0

CLEVELAND.—A group of fellow Americans, All-Stars from the American League, defeated the best aggregation of baseball players in the Army and Navy, 5 to 0, before 62,094 fans in Cleveland's huge Municipal Stadium, in the first game of this kind ever played.

Hot from the success of their previous night's win over the National Leaguers in the Major League All-Star game at New York, there was no stopping the Americans, whose timely hitting and excellent hurling proved too much for their friendly rivals in Service.

They hopped on Chief Boatswain Mate Bobby Feller for three runs in the first two innings, sending the former Cleveland Indians' strike-out ace to the showers before his own home crowd. And they never were in danger after that.

Feller Knocked Out

Feller, obviously not in the best of form, was reached for two runs in the first on Tommy Henrich's single, Ted Williams' walk, Joe DiMaggio's one baser and a long fly by Rudy York.

He pitched to only two batters in the second inning, Ex-Team-mate Kenny Keltner blasting a triple and Buddy Rosar a single, before Manager Lieut. Gordon (Mickey) Cochrane sent in Johnny Rigney of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and the Chicago White Sox to squelch the rally.

Rigney hurled spectacular ball during the next five innings, shutting out the power hitters of the American League. He allowed three hits and walked the same number of men, but was airtight in the pinches.

Pvt. Mickey Harris, former Bosox hurler who flew from the Canal Zone to play in the game,

THORP DIES

BOSTON.—Tom Thorp, the famous football and racing official, died here July 6 from a heart attack.

was found for the other two runs in the seventh inning on Phil Rizzuto's double and triples by Williams and George McQuinn.

Service Gets 6 Hits

Another Army private, John Grodzicki of the St. Louis Cardinals, hurled the eighth inning and retired the Americans in order.

In all, the Service team garnered six hits off the combined slants of Bagby, Hudson and Tex Hughson of the Red Sox. The American All-Stars made ten safeties.

A pre-game military display of might was shown to the spectators with parades and music by the bands of Fort Hayes and the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, precision drills by a crack Marine Corps company, a parade of tanks, jeeps, scout cars and supply trucks and an exhibition by a Coast Guard color guard.

The box score:

Feller Gets Hurt

SERVICE					
	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.
Mullin, cf.	3	0	2	0	0
Chapman, cf.	1	0	1	0	0
McCoy, 2b.	2	0	2	0	0
Mueller, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0
Padgett, lf.	4	0	1	2	0
Travis, ss.	3	0	1	2	0
Grace, rf.	3	0	1	0	0
aArnovich, 1b.	1	0	0	0	0
Sturm, lb.	2	0	1	0	0
Hajduk, lb.	1	0	0	0	0
Andres, 3b.	4	0	2	3	0
V. Smith, c.	1	0	0	0	0
Pytlak, c.	2	0	0	1	0
Feller, p.	1	0	0	0	0
Rigney, p.	1	0	0	0	0
bLucadello	1	0	0	0	0
Harris, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Grodzicki, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	0	6	24	0

aBatted for Grace in ninth.
bBatted for Rigney in seventh.

Service . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
All-Stars . . . 2 1 0 0 0 0 2 0—5

Runs batted in—J. DiMaggio, York, Rosar, Williams, McQuinn.

Two-base hits—Travis, Rizzuto, Mueller. Three-base hits—Keltner, Williams, McQuinn. Stolen base—Rizzuto. Double plays—Pytlak and Sturm; Rizzuto, Doerr and York; Andres, McCoy and Sturm; Hudson, Rizzuto and McQuinn. Left on bases—Service 7, All-Stars 7. Earned runs—Service 4, All-Stars 5. Bases on balls—Off Feller 1 (Williams); off Rigney 3 (Bagby, York, Doerr); by Grodzicki 1 (Hughson); by Bagby 2 (Grace, V. Smith); by Hudson 1 (Pytlak).

Pitching summary: Off Feller 4 hits, 3 runs in 1 inning (pitched to two men in 2d); off Rigney 3 hits, 0 runs in 5 innings; off Harris 2 hits, 2 runs in 1 inning; off Grodzicki 0 hits, 0 runs in 1 inning; off Bagby 3 hits, 0 runs in 3 innings; off Hudson 2 hits, 0 runs in 4 innings; off Hughson 1 hit, 0 runs in 2 innings. Winning pitcher—Bagby. Losing pitcher—Feller. Umpires—Stewart (A.L.), Ballanfant (N.L.), McGowan (A.L.) and Barlick (N.L.). Time of game: 2:06. Attendance—62,094.

LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF JULY 6)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	Detroit	St. Louis	Chicago	Philadelphia	Washington	Los Angeles	Percentage	Games behind
New York	7	6	4	7	9	8	9	50	26	.658	—
Boston	4	7	8	6	6	6	9	46	30	.605	4
Cleveland	5	3	5	6	8	11	7	45	35	.563	7
Detroit	6	4	8	7	6	7	8	44	34	.537	9
St. Louis	3	3	6	5	8	6	6	37	41	.474	14
Chicago	3	3	3	5	4	6	7	31	44	.413	18½
Phila.	4	6	3	6	5	3	6	33	51	.393	21
Wash'ton	1	4	2	5	6	4	7	29	59	.367	22½
Games lost	26	30	35	38	41	44	51	50	—	—	—

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Games behind	Percentage.	Lost.	Won.	Philadelphia.	Boston.	Pittsburgh.	Chicago.	New York.	Cincinnati.	St. Louis.	Brooklyn.
—	71.2	21	52	10	9	5	9	6	8	5	Brooklyn
8½	59.7	29	43	5	6	5	8	9	5	4	St. Louis
12	54.7	34	41	6	8	4	10	6	3	4	Cincinnati
14	51.9	27	40	7	6	6	7	3	7	5	New York
17	48.1	31	38	6	7	6	8	4	2	2	Chicago
18½	45.9	34	40	6	8	5	6	3	4	2	Pittsburgh
22	42.0	47	34	10	7	5	1	5	2	2	Boston
32	28.0	54	21	4	4	2	3	2	2	2	Phila.
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Games lost
											21 29 34 37 41 40 47 54

SPORTS: PASS JOE CRONIN THE HEADACHE PILLS—WILLIAMS IS OFF AGAIN

BY CPL. JOE MCCARTHY

Just when everything is peaches and cream in Boston with the Red Sox only three games behind the Yankees because their pitchers are lasting nine innings the first time since 1918, Ted Williams starts acting like a spoiled baby again.

There have been some screwy characters in major league baseball but Williams is right up there in a class with the Ring Lardner rookie who kept the water running in the bath room all night because it reminded him of the brook back home.

Every student of the national pastime knows Williams. They know him as the greatest batter in the American League. They know him too as the problem



Bad Boy Williams

child who has driven Manager Joe Cronin ga-ga, going on record as saying that he will quit the Red Sox to be a fireman, throwing baseballs over grandstands, insulting and offering to sock sportswriters and frightening child autograph seekers.

Battles With Crowd

This season Williams was expected to be hooted and booed in every town because he was deferred by his draft board but everybody treated him swell. He signed up to join the Navy in the fall and he was getting along fine.

Then, just before a three game series with the Yanks that could have brought the Sox into a tie for first place, Williams started acting like himself again.

It started when the left field crowd didn't like his attitude in covering fly balls. One word to the stands led to another and Williams came out a poor second. So he began to pout and sulk.

The next time he came to the plate, he decided to take three called strikes just to show those mean people how bad he could be. "But then," he says, "I thought I'd foul one into those left field stands to see if I could hit somebody."

He took a half-hearted swing and it went for a double. He didn't bother to run fast. Just jogged down to second base.

This, mind you, was the well-paid star in the second place American League club that was three games behind the Yankees and fighting for the lead.

Joe Cronin, a little bit purple around the face and neck, was waiting for him when he ambled back to the dug-out. "If you don't want to play ball," said Joe in the censored version, "get out of here."

Williams didn't want to play ball so he went to the showers.

"I'm going to buy \$25 worth of raw meat," he said. "And feed it to those wolves in the left field stands."

The next day he was all apologies. Cronin socked him with a \$250 fine and made him tell the rest of the team he was sorry.

The sequel to the story is that two days later Williams hit his 18th homer of the season to beat the Yankees in the last game of the crucial series. The champs won the other two and kept the Red Sox in second place for the time being, at least.

Just before that last game, Williams was called out to home plate and given the Sporting News award for being "The Player of the Year."

A great many spectators felt that it would have been more appropriate if he had been called out to home plate and given a good swift kick in the pants.

Navy Will Be Different

Sometimes baseball players can be excused for getting mad at the crowd. That's happened to the best of them. Ty Cobb has been known to drop his glove and run up into the stands and slug it out with one of the paying customers.

But Ty Cobb never went to the plate with the intention of striking out and never jogged to second base when he made a hit. There's no excuse for that.

There's no excuse for any man of Williams' age spending this summer of 1942 getting big money for living in the best hotels and playing baseball a few hours a day and still feeling that he is being mistreated.

But anyway, there's one consolation. Just wait until Williams tries to pull that stuff in the Navy. He won't get out of it by telling the rest of the team he is sorry.

Plenty of Squawks

As our wandering G.I. cartoonist, Corporal Peter Paris, points out on the opposite page, the Major League All-Star selections caused a lot of squawks this year. The Dodger fans yelled, of course, because their whole team wasn't picked for the All-Star game.

The Red Sox rooters and everybody else couldn't understand why Johnny Pesky wasn't chosen. He's hitting much better than either Rizzuto or Lou Boudreau and he's a smart fielder, too. And why did they miss Bill Jurgens, cried the Giants. Isn't he doing better than Reese or Miller?

Among the other obvious misses were Ray Lamanno of the Reds, rated by most observers as tops in the National League catching department, and Ray Starr of the same club who has an enviable pitching record.

But as my old supply sergeant used to say, you can't please everybody.

Nice Timing, June

June O'Dea, who is Mrs. Lefty Gomez in private life, presented the Goofy One with a son in Boston recently. She was there because her home is in nearby Lexington but she certainly picked the right moment—a day when the Yankees were playing in Boston.

Incidentally, Mrs. Gomez has a piece coming out in Collier's soon entitled "Don't Marry a Ball Player." Lefty helped her write it.

Ott Shines As Giant Manager

NEW YORK — They're handing Mel Ott of the Giants bouquets as the manager of the year with the baseball season only half completed.

Given a ball club which on paper could finish no better than sixth place in the National League race this year, the one-time wonder has worked miracles in bringing his team into the first division.

Ott's handling of three men—two veterans considered washed up, and an untried rookie—has been the key to the Giants' unlooked for successes.

Johnny Mize, traded to the Giants by Branch Rickey of the Cards who only trades men when they have one foot in the grave, has come back to top the league in runs batted in and home runs.

Cliff Melton, who won 20 games in 1937 and has been on the downbeat since, has chalked up eleven wins already and may get into the charmed circle of hurlers again.

Willard Marshall is the rookie of the year. He is the first man ever to make the National League All-Star team in his first season in the loop. The Giants didn't even own the boy when he showed up at spring training. Ott took one look and named him as his regular center fielder.

These three men together with Ott played in the All-Star game at the Polo Grounds. Except for the managerial ability of the Giants' boss, none of them probably would have been selected.

Whirlaway Nears Big Dough Record

NEW YORK—Upset in the Butler Memorial Handicap at Empire, July Fourth, the Calumet Farm's Whirlaway, seeking to pass the all-time earning mark of \$437,730 held by Seabiscuit, will go after the first prize in the \$50,000 Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs, July 15.

Whirly ran second to the lightly-played Tola Rose in the Butler Handicap but earned \$6,000 for the place spot. The Calumet star has now earned \$410,486. A victory at Suffolk would enable the thoroughbred to pass the mark of Seabiscuit.

BLOOD DRAFTED

CHICAGO — After having been turned down by nearly every branch of service for bad eyesight, Johnny Blood, holder of the record for active service in the National Professional Football League—15 years with Milwaukee, Green Bay and Pittsburgh—has been drafted and is undergoing basic training at Fort Sheridan.

Auto Racing Banned To Save Gas, Tires

WASHINGTON — Automobile racing has been banned in the U. S. for the duration. That includes regular racing cars, midjets and motorcycles.

The order, which comes from the Office of Defense Transportation, affects 1500 cars now used for racing, a thousand of them midjets. The Federal authorities figure that 12,000 tires are in the hands of racing people.

Tires from midjet racing cars can be used for skid wheels of training planes and for industrial plant automotive equipment.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE (July 5)			
	W.	L.	PC.
Sacramento	55	36	.604
Los Angeles	53	37	.589
San Diego	52	42	.553
San Francisco	45	42	.517
Seattle	45	46	.495
Oakland	43	47	.478
Hollywood	38	57	.400
Portland	32	56	.364

TEXAS LEAGUE (July 5)			
	W.	L.	PC.
Beaumont	48	31	.608
Shreveport	45	39	.536
San Antonio	44	39	.530
Ft. Worth	41	39	.513
Houston	42	41	.506
Tulsa	42	43	.494
Oklahoma City	38	48	.442
Dallas	30	50	.375

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION (July 5)			
	W.	L.	PC.
Little Rock	47	34	.580
Nashville	46	38	.548
Atlanta	47	39	.547
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Minneapolis	41	40	.506
Indianapolis	40	41	.494
Toledo	34	46	.425
St. Paul	32	47	.405

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE (July 5)			
	W.	L.	PC.
Newark	45	31	.592
Jersey City	44	31	.587
Montreal	44	32	.579
Toronto	41	39	.513
Baltimore	34	37	.479
Buffalo	35	43	.449
Syracuse	36	45	.444
Rochester	29	50	.367

SPORTS: PASS JOE CRONIN THE HEADACHE PILLS—WILLIAMS IS OFF AGAIN

BY CPL. JOE MCCARTHY

Just when everything is peaches and cream in Boston with the Red Sox only three games behind the Yankees because their pitchers are lasting nine innings the first time since 1918, Ted Williams starts acting like a spoiled baby again.

There have been some screwy characters in major league baseball but Williams is right up there in a class with the Ring Lardner rookie who kept the water running in the bath room all night because it reminded him of the brook back home.

Every student of the national pastime knows Williams. They know him as the greatest batter in the American League. They know him too as the problem



Bad Boy Williams

child who has driven Manager Joe Cronin ga-ga, going on record as saying that he will quit the Red Sox to be a fireman, throwing baseballs over grandstands, insulting and offering to sock sportswriters and frightening child autograph seekers.

Battles With Crowd

This season Williams was expected to be hooted and booed in every town because he was deferred by his draft board but everybody treated him swell. He signed up to join the Navy in the fall and he was getting along fine.

Then, just before a three game series with the Yanks that could have brought the Sox into a tie for first place, Williams started acting like himself again.

It started when the left field crowd didn't like his attitude in covering fly balls. One word to the stands led to another and Williams came out a poor second. So he began to pout and sulk.

The next time he came to the plate, he decided to take three called strikes just to show those mean people how bad he could be. "But then," he says, "I thought I'd foul one into those left field stands to see if I could hit somebody."

He took a half-hearted swing and it went for a double. He didn't bother to run fast. Just jogged down to second base.

This, mind you, was the well-paid star in the second place American League club that was three games behind the Yankees and fighting for the lead.

Joe Cronin, a little bit purple around the face and neck, was waiting for him when he ambled back to the dug-out. "If you don't want to play ball," said Joe in the censored version, "get out of here."

Williams didn't want to play ball so he went to the showers.

"I'm going to buy \$25 worth of raw meat," he said. "And feed it to those wolves in the left field stands."

The next day he was all apologies. Cronin socked him with a \$250 fine and made him tell the rest of the team he was sorry.

The sequel to the story is that two days later Williams hit his 18th homer of the season to beat the Yankees in the last game of the crucial series. The champs won the other two and kept the Red Sox in second place for the time being, at least.

Just before that last game, Williams was called out to home plate and given the Sporting News award for being "The Player of the Year."

A great many spectators felt that it would have been more appropriate if he had been called out to home plate and given a good swift kick in the pants.

Navy Will Be Different

Sometimes baseball players can be excused for getting mad at the crowd. That's happened to the best of them. Ty Cobb has been known to drop his glove and run up into the stands and slug it out with one of the paying customers.

But Ty Cobb never went to the plate with the intention of striking out and never jogged to second base when he made a hit. There's no excuse for that.

There's no excuse for any man of Williams' age spending this summer of 1942 getting big money for living in the best hotels and playing baseball a few hours a day and still feeling that he is being mistreated.

But anyway, there's one consolation. Just wait until Williams tries to pull that stuff in the Navy. He won't get out of it by telling the rest of the team he is sorry.

Plenty of Squawks

As our wandering G.I. cartoonist, Corporal Peter Paris, points out on the opposite page, the Major League All-Star selections caused a lot of squawks this year. The Dodger fans yelled, of course, because their whole team wasn't picked for the All-Star game.

The Red Sox rooters and everybody else couldn't understand why Johnny Pesky wasn't chosen. He's hitting much better than either Rizzuto or Lou Boudreau and he's a smart fielder, too. And why did they miss Bill Jurgens, cried the Giants. Isn't he doing better than Reese or Miller?

Among the other obvious misses were Ray Lamanno of the Reds, rated by most observers as tops in the National League catching department, and Ray Starr of the same club who has an enviable pitching record.

But as my old supply sergeant used to say, you can't please everybody.

Nice Timing, June

June O'Dea, who is Mrs. Lefty Gomez in private life, presented the Goofy One with a son in Boston recently. She was there because her home is in nearby Lexington but she certainly picked the right moment—a day when the Yankees were playing in Boston.

Incidentally, Mrs. Gomez has a piece coming out in Collier's soon entitled "Don't Marry a Ball Player." Lefty helped her write it.

Ott Shines As Giant Manager

NEW YORK — They're handing Mel Ott of the Giants bouquets as the manager of the year with the baseball season only half completed.

Given a ball club which on paper could finish no better than sixth place in the National League race this year, the one-time wonder has worked miracles in bringing his team into the first division.

Ott's handling of three men—two veterans considered washed up, and an untried rookie—has been the key to the Giants' unlooked for successes.

Johnny Mize, traded to the Giants by Branch Rickey of the Cards who only trades men when they have one foot in the grave, has come back to top the league in runs batted in and home runs.

Cliff Melton, who won 20 games in 1937 and has been on the downbeat since, has chalked up eleven wins already and may get into the charmed circle of hurlers again.

Willard Marshall is the rookie of the year. He is the first man ever to make the National League All-Star team in his first season in the loop. The Giants didn't even own the boy when he showed up at spring training. Ott took one look and named him as his regular center fielder.

These three men together with Ott played in the All-Star game at the Polo Grounds. Except for the managerial ability of the Giants' boss, none of them probably would have been selected.

Whirlaway Nears Big Dough Record

NEW YORK—Upset in the Butler Memorial Handicap at Empire, July Fourth, the Calumet Farm's Whirlaway, seeking to pass the all-time earning mark of \$437,730 held by Seabiscuit, will go after the first prize in the \$50,000 Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs, July 15.

Whirly ran second to the lightly-played Tola Rose in the Butler Handicap but earned \$6,000 for the place spot. The Calumet star has now earned \$410,486. A victory at Suffolk would enable the thoroughbred to pass the mark of Seabiscuit.

BLOOD DRAFTED

CHICAGO — After having been turned down by nearly every branch of service for bad eyesight, Johnny Blood, holder of the record for active service in the National Professional Football League—15 years with Milwaukee, Green Bay and Pittsburgh—has been drafted and is undergoing basic training at Fort Sheridan.

Auto Racing Banned To Save Gas, Tires

WASHINGTON — Automobile racing has been banned in the U. S. for the duration. That includes regular racing cars, midjets and motorcycles.

The order, which comes from the Office of Defense Transportation, affects 1500 cars now used for racing, a thousand of them midjets. The Federal authorities figure that 12,000 tires are in the hands of racing people.

Tires from midjet racing cars can be used for skid wheels of training planes and for industrial plant automotive equipment.

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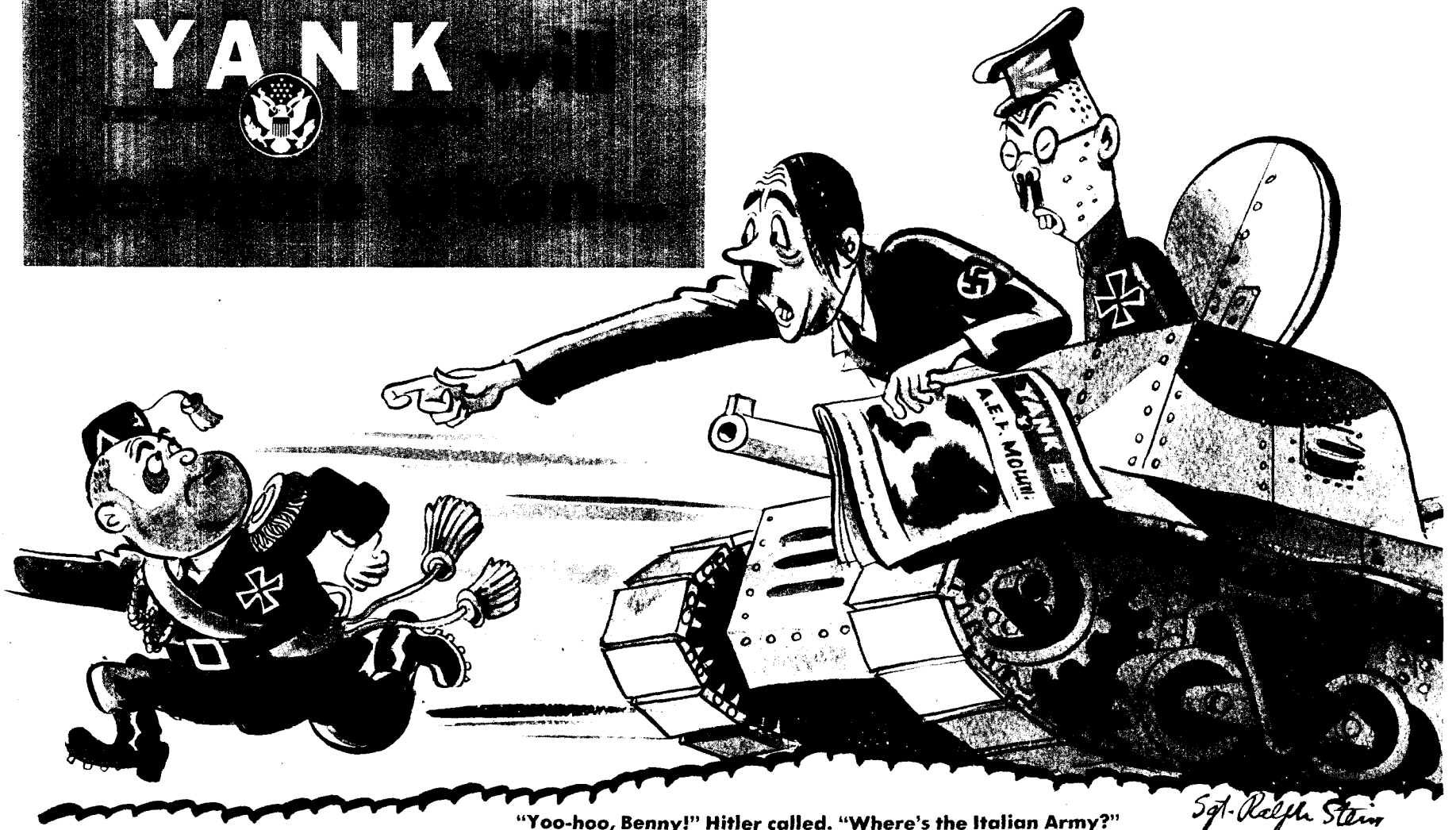
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"Yoo-hoo, Benny!" Hitler called. "Where's the Italian Army?"

Sgt. Ralph Stein

ONCE upon a time, and a time that's not far off, Hitler and Hirohito were sitting in a tank. They had been there for quite a while, because neither of them knew how to drive the damn thing. This was a pity, because they were in a very hot place. American shells were dropping all around them, and the skies were full of American planes. It could be presumed that American tanks and infantrymen were in the near vicinity.

"I want to get out of here," Hirohito said.

Hitler fiddled around with the tank's controls. "So do I," he said. "I don't know how to drive, though. I can't even drive a car. Can't even ride a horse, for that matter."

"I can ride a horse," Hirohito said.

Hitler snorted. "That's helping us a lot, isn't it?"

"Pull that gadget there," Hirohito said, pointing.

Hitler pulled. Nothing happened. "Donnerwetter!" he screamed.

"Those verdammt Yanks are getting closer. I'm scared."

The Son of Heaven was scared, too. He said so.

"Look around the tank," Hitler said. "Maybe there's a book of instructions on how to drive a tank lying around somewhere."

Hirohito looked. There wasn't.

"Wait a minute," he said. He reached in a pocket and pulled out a crumpled newspaper. "I found this stuffed in the mouth of one of my sentries after a raid. It's the newspaper of the American Army."

"The newspaper of the American Army?"

Hitler asked incredulously. "You mean the American Army is allowed to read and edit a paper? Perfectly outrageous! The German Army doesn't read."

"Maybe there's something in this paper about tanks," Hirohito said. "Only trouble is, I can't read English."

"Neither can I," said Hitler. "Benito can read English, though. I wonder where he is?"

Coincidence can sometimes be an amazing thing. At that very moment Mussolini came running by the tank, headed, as usual, away from the fighting.

"Yoo-hoo, Benny!" Hitler called.

Benito skidded to a stop, scorching the soles of his boots. "Oh, hello, Boss," he said.

"Where's the Italian Army?" Hitler wanted to know.

"Aw, they retreated past here three days ago," Benito said. "I'm a little slow. Been putting on too much weight these last few years."

"You can read English, can't you, Benny?" Hirohito asked.

"Aw, sure," Benito said. "I'm one smart boy. What you want me to read?"

"This paper," said Hirohito. He passed it over.

"I, too, was a corporal."



Benito looked at it. "Hmmm, YANK," he said.

"What does it say inside, Benny?" Hitler asked.

"It says we're getting licked," Mussolini said. "It says we're getting the bejaysus beat out of us."

"Does it say anything about how to drive a tank?" said Hitler.

Benito thumbed through the pages. "No," he said, "I don't see anything about driving a tank. Looks like a pretty good paper, though."

"It's dirty, democratic propaganda," Hitler screamed.

"It says the Yanks have retaken Paris," Mussolini said. "Last week. I didn't know anything about that."

"It's a lie!" Hitler shouted.

"The guy that wrote the piece was there," Benito said. "He's a corporal."

"I was a corporal, too," Hitler said.

"You should have learned how to drive a tank," hissed Hirohito.

"Sharrup!" Hitler said. "What else is in the paper, Benny?"

"Lots," Mussolini said. "Jokes and pictures and cartoons. Everything."

"Those dirty Americans are crazy," Hitler cried. "Reading jokes while they're fighting a war. You can't win a war that way."

"They're winning this one that way," Benito said.

"What they're doing in Asia is awful," said Hirohito.

"I still don't know how to drive a tank," Hitler wailed.

Benito put down the paper. "What's the matter? You want to know how to drive a tank? I know how to drive a tank."

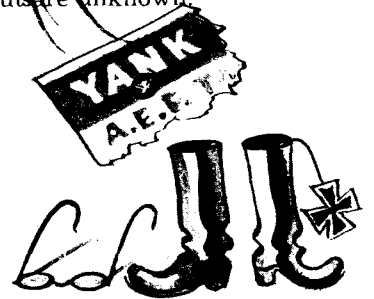
"You get us out of

here, Benny," Hitler said, "and when the war is over I'll give you Africa. Free, with no strings."

"Baby, when this war is over," Benito said, "I'll be lucky if I even have a fruit stand." He laid the copy of YANK on his lap and stepped on the self-starter of the tank...

At that moment, a few miles away, a gunner of American artillery fired a 155. The shell found its target in a Mark IV tank that was just beginning to move.

When the smoke cleared away there was nothing to be seen but a torn piece of paper. On one side of the paper was the word YANK in great red letters. On the other side of the paper was a scrap of newsprint. It said "After fierce fighting, American troops marched into Paris. It is reported that Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito are retreating toward Berlin. Their whereabouts are unknown."



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