YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ JUNE 11 1943
VOL. 1, NO. 51

By the men . . for the men in the service

SAD SACK MASCOT

Flight Officer Charles Johnston of the "67 Sad Sacks" and the outfit's mascot, Thirteen, at a Tunisian air base. *See story on page 18.*

Story of Fortress Crew Missing in Action 66 Days

SEE PAGE 3

Lt. B. C. Gibson, Flying Fortress bombardier, as he appeared on return to his South Pacific base after being lost for 66 days.

Six of the crew of 'My Lovin' Dove' back at base. Front (l. to r.): Lt. Ernest Ruiz, Sgt. Theodore

...n for dead are welcomed back. Vice Admiral M. A. Mitscher (right), USN, shakes hands with Capt. T. J. Classen of the Flying Fortress. At the ...ssen's crew, Lt. Robert Dorwart and Lt. B. C. Gibson. Next to the admiral is D. D. Wiley, ARM3c, who was picked up on a Pacific island.

66 DAYS MISSING IN ACTION

...S IS THE STORY of nine men from the Flying Fortress ... Lovin' Dove, who disappeared into the Jap-held ...ific and were officially listed for two months as "missing ...action under circumstances presuming death." They tell ... how they eluded the Japs, how they discovered a ... flyer who had been missing six months, and how six ...them were saved in one of the most dangerous rescue ...ions of the Pacific campaign. The Yanks who went ...gh this experience were Capt. Thomas J. Classen, ... of West De Pere, Wis., pilot of the Fortress; Lt. Balfour C. Gibson, 28, of Berkeley, Calif., bombardier; Lt. Robert J. Dorwart, 24, of Seattle, Wash., navigator; Lt. Ernest C. Ruiz, 24, of Santa Barbara, Calif., co-pilot; T/Sgt. Donald O. Martin, 25, of Chicago, Ill., engineer; Sgt. William H. Nichols, 24, of Keiser, Ark., assistant engineer; Sgt. Robert J. Turnbull, 27, of San Antonio, Tex., tail gunner; Sgt. James H. Hunt, 21, of Effingham, Ill., and Sgt. Theodore H. Edwards, 23, of Youngstown, Ohio, radio operators, all of the Flying Fortress' crew; and Delmer D. Wiley ARM3c of Glenwood, Iowa, of the crew of a Navy Grumman Avenger.

Edwards, Sgt. William Nichols, T/Sgt. Donald Martin. Rear: Sgt. Robert Turnbull, Sgt. Jim Hunt.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUADALCANAL—The Flying Fortress *My Lovin' Dove*, with puckered lips and arched eyebrows painted on her nose, was cruising at 4,000 feet on a mission hundreds of miles north of the Solomons when she ran into two patrolling Zeros. She shook them off. Then six more Zeros came on the scene.

The Army bomber fought a running battle with the Jap planes for an hour, shooting down two of the eight fighters and probably destroying two others, before the remaining Zeros lost her in the clouds.

"The way Capt. Classen handled the ship in that fight was beautiful," Martin, the engineer, said afterwards. "I stood there and watched those babies come at us head-on. You could see one of them kick his tail around to line up his guns on us. Then, when he'd get almost set, the captain would stand us on our ear."

But when the smoke cleared and *My Lovin' Dove* was headed for home, she was flying 20 feet above the water with two of her engines dead. Not a man in the crew had escaped the flying shrapnel. Nichols and Ruiz were hit worst but, luckily, nobody's wounds were fatal.

The plane's tanks were full of holes. So were her oil lines. A 20-mm shell had exploded in the radio compartment. Finally Classen managed to coax the ship up to 800 feet at 120 miles an hour, after the crew had thrown guns, radio equipment, ammunition—everything—down the bomb bays. But then her third engine failed. That meant a water landing, 500 miles from home.

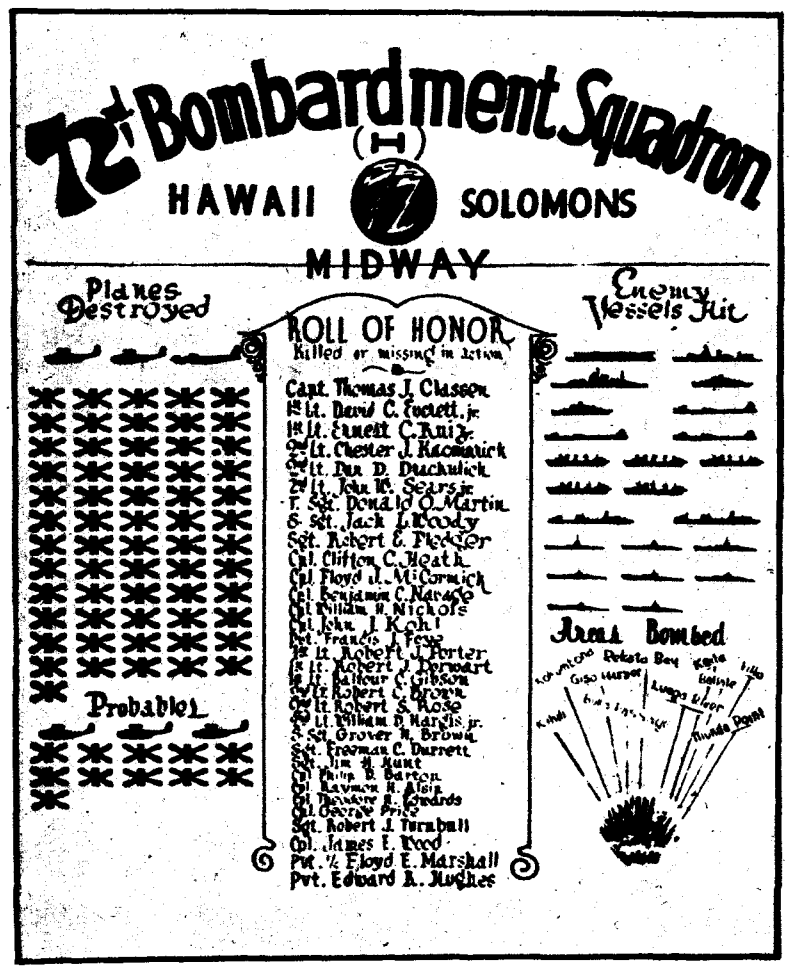
The crew stood by, braced and ready, and the windows in the cockpit were opened for a quick exit. When the ship hit the water, they slammed shut again.

Somehow the men were able to open the windows under water and get out headfirst. Classen banged around under a wing, thinking that he was at least 20 fathoms under the surface. When his head broke water the plane was still afloat.

The handle of one rubber emergency raft had been shot away in the dog fight with the Zeros and the other raft wouldn't inflate. But by some miracle neither raft had been punctured. The men managed to pump up the faulty one by hand and lash the two together. Then they swam around and gathered up the emergency rations and canteens they had tossed into the water.

That was the beginning of their 15½ days at sea.

The men had no protection from the sun and rain in the day and the freezing cold at night. None of them had shoes. Some wore Navy T-shirts but others had no shirts at all. With five men in one boat and four in the other, they



Correction needed. The crew of 'My Lovin' Dove' was listed as lost.

"couldn't wiggle a toe without turning somebody over." Dorwart, the navigator, and Turnbull, the tail gunner, sheltered each other from the damp cold of the equatorial nights.

"I'd say to the lieutenant, 'Is this your night to love me or my night to love you?'" Turnbull said. "That's the first time in my life I ever put my arms around a man but I was damn glad to do it. You just don't realize how cold it can get out there."

Turnbull had been wounded in the battle, but he didn't find out about it until two days later when the salt water and sun started to make the wound raw.

"But, boy, after that I knew it," he said.

Turnbull had been sitting down when he was hit. The shrapnel came up through the seat.

On the sixth day, four of the men woke up out of a doze to find themselves in the water. A wave had caught their raft and flipped it over. They righted the raft but they lost an octant, four .45s and, worst of all, their jungle knives. That was a heartbreaking blow.

Food Shortage Solved by Sea

The crew had three meals of K rations and some D rations (chocolate bars). They used their canvas sail to catch water when it rained. At one point their food supply was down to one-quarter of one square of chocolate bar per man per day. It might have been worse but they fashioned a fish hook from a rations can opener, caught sea bass, dried it in the sun and ate it.

They also caught a small shark, but Hunt, the radio operator, described it as the worst stuff he ever tried to eat. Another day, Martin grabbed a sea gull from the top of his head. They ate it for supper, bones and all. Nichols fired at another one in flight with his .45 and knocked feathers off but wasn't able to bring it down.

They didn't know where they were drifting. For navigation, they only had a small pocket compass. But on the evening of the 16th day, they sighted land. The current brought the rafts to the beach.

"I sat down on the beach and laughed," Classen says. "It was funny watching the nine of us trying to get those rafts ashore. We'd been cramped up so long that when we tried to stand we couldn't walk. Our legs were like rubber."

Dorwart started toward the jungle. He ended up back in the ocean, face down in the water. He was too weak to walk.

Then the natives began to appear and from their pidgin English, the men found that they were on one of several tiny islands in the heart of the Japanese-held Pacific. The natives were friendly but they pointed out that their islands were small. They were unwilling to shelter all the Americans on one single island.

The crew split up, two men to an island, with Gibson, the bombardier, alone on the smallest one. The natives in this way were able to provide jungle food for all of them—papaya, bananas, coconuts, kopiak—and from the water came fish and sometimes lobster.

On the largest island was Wiley, the radioman of a Navy Grumman Avenger, who had landed there six months before, badly wounded. He was spending his convalescence teaching school.

"The big muscle in his right leg had been shot almost in two, but the natives seem to have taken good care of him," Classen reported. "He could walk.

"The other two men in his crew were killed and he had drifted ashore just six months to the day before we did, at exactly the same place."

A missionary had taught the native kids to count from 1 to 199, and now Wiley was teaching them to go from 199 to 1,000.

"He taught them some songs, too," said Dorwart. "You should have heard those kids do 'One little, two little, three little Injuns.' The kids really liked Wiley. They cried when he left."

On the same island was a derelict German trader named Peter, burnt as black by the sun as any native and so long removed from contact with white men that he had all but forgotten his mother tongue. He knew there was a war because the supply ship didn't come in as it once did. Wiley had told him that the United States and Germany were at war.

Peter is still on his island. Classen considered evacuating him when the rescue was performed but decided that "he'd been in the bush too long ever to get along among white people again."

For three weeks the crew, on its respective islands, rested from the ordeal at sea. The natives insisted that they shave and since they had no razor the natives themselves did the job with pieces of broken glass.

"That's an experience I'll never forget," said Hunt, "a dry shave by a black man. And that was with a 16-day growth."

Nichols, with a 7.7 slug in his heel, submitted to native surgery.

"Three of them held me and they wrapped a cloth around my leg to cut off the circulation. Then another one took some broken glass and started cutting. He'd wipe the glass on his leg and go to work again. It actually didn't hurt very much, and they got the slug out."

Meanwhile, the men had talked the natives into repairing an old canoe and making a sail. It was in this craft that Classen, Gibson, Dorwart and the sailor Wiley tried their first break. They loaded up with provisions, carefully marked the passage through the reef and shoved off.

Three miles offshore the canoe capsized, and they came back.

"The natives had used green wood to build the out-rigger," said Dorwart. "The darn thing wouldn't float."

Natives Lose Desire to Go Along

A week later, when the wind was right, they tried it again. On their first attempt the natives had crowded around, anxious to go along. But in the week before the second try, something happened which scared the blackmen so badly that no amount of persuasion could have made any of them leave the island.

A Japanese float plane had landed in the lagoon, taxied up and down offshore while its pilot surveyed the island. The crew and the natives were hidden, Classen and his men armed and ready in case the Jap came in.

"I was hoping he would," said Classen. "I've never flown a float plane in my life but if I could have gotten my hands on that one I'd have tried it if I'd broken my neck. That's how desperate I was." The Jap, however, took off without coming ashore.

But the natives had seen enough. When the four white men were ready to sail out again the bushmen set the sail for them and that was all.

"They stood on the beach and waved good-bye," said Dorwart, "but not one of them would set foot in a boat. We knew we couldn't make it without their help so we sailed over to another island and came back the next day. Our bluff just didn't work."

Then Gibson talked a native on his island into making a canoe. The result was a 35-foot outrigger, cut from a 200-foot tree, with all points reinforced double strength. He made a lateen sail by weaving palm leaves and sewing them together.

"Our boy was an old canoe-builder from 'way back," said Gibson. "It's a good thing he built it as well as he did because we hit a storm later on that would have torn an ordinary canoe apart. There were times when she made 12 knots."

Jap Plane Looks Them Over

It was in this native boat, with the native himself at the "controls," that the four men sailed more than 130 miles in three days, through waters over which Jap patrol planes flew daily and sometimes within sight and hearing of Jap-held islands. They sighted 15 Japanese planes and once were sighted by an enemy plane which circled them at 300 feet.

"Why he ever passed us up is something I'll never understand," said Classen. "He must have thought we were Japanese with a native, going over to some other island. It was certainly a typical Jap trick, because he circled us just once and then headed on. If that had been an American pilot he'd have buzzed us three or four times just for the hell of it."

When other Jap planes were spotted the men "played it cagey." They turned the prow of the canoe with the flight of the planes, always making the smallest visible object.

It was on the morning of the third day that a storm hit.

"I thought we'd go to pieces right there," Dorwart declared, "but the native said, 'Raise um sail.' We thought he was kidding and just laughed at him, but he meant it. He said, 'Raise um sail' again, and this time we did. We figured there wasn't anything we could lose."

"Yeah," laughed Gibson, "and we took off like in a Mickey Mouse cartoon."

At dusk they reached an island which they believed would offer them a margin of safety. As they learned later, they landed at the only spot at which the Japanese maintained even a small garrison of troops. They stayed within a couple of miles of the Jap post without being aware of it, and the next morning sailed on down the coast.

They had reached an island over which U. S. planes passed frequently and often at low altitudes on reconnaissance. Ten days later they were picked up by the Catalina and brought back here to Guadalcanal. Barefooted and ragged after two months, their only physical ailments were coral-infected feet. Gibson sported a full beard.

Meanwhile, on their original islands, the remaining six men waited for developments. They took up where Wiley had left off in the education of the native children, adding leapfrog and tag to the curriculum. Life for them settled down to monotonous days of waiting.

"The hardest part of the whole thing," said Martin, "was sweating out the captain. Then one day a Liberator came over and dropped a note, asking if we were all right. Later, another plane came over and dropped us supplies and magazines.

"They dropped notes from the captain, and that was the first time we knew for certain that the others got through. Believe me, we were a happy bunch of people.

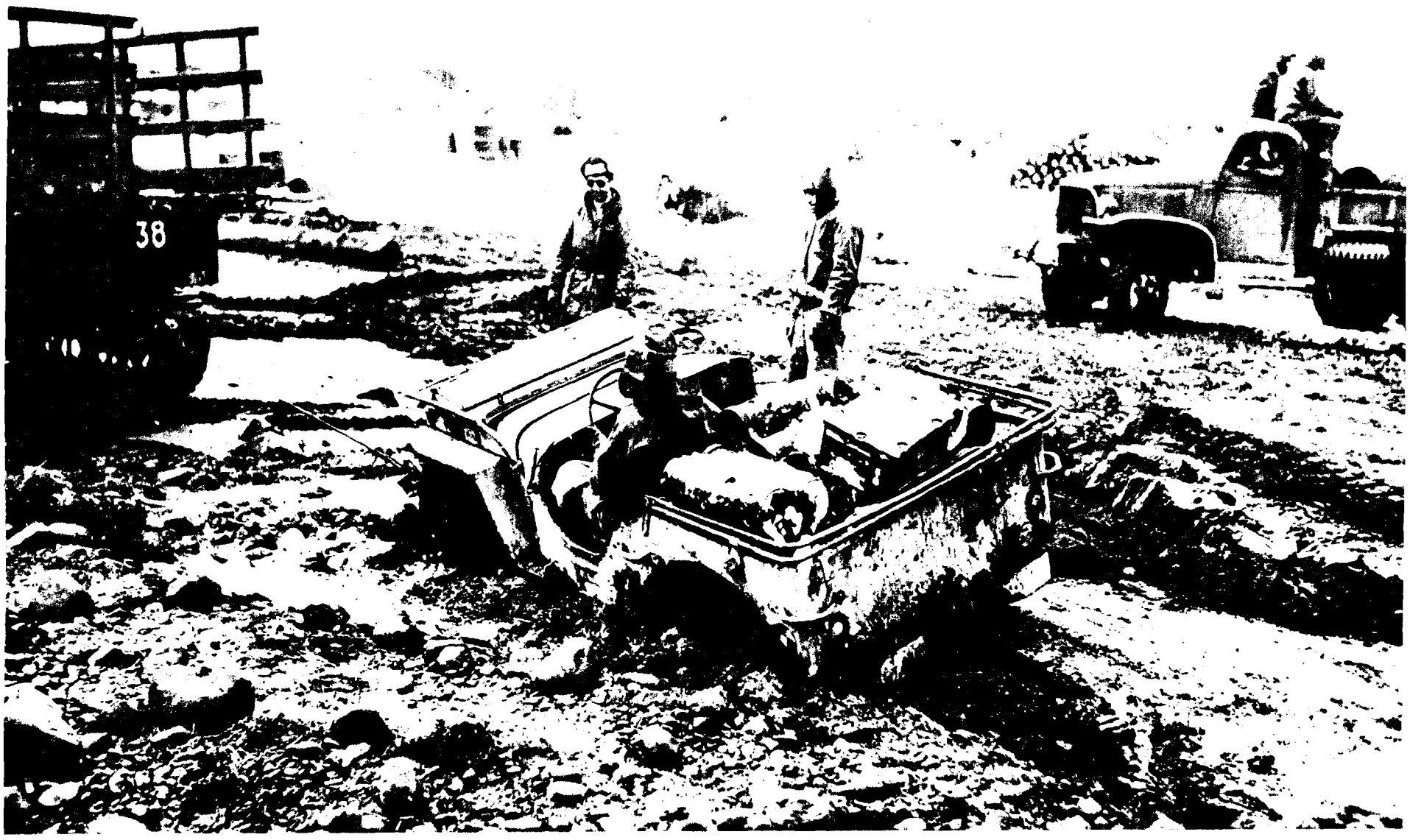
"The notes gave us instructions to be at a certain place between certain dates, ready to leave at any time. At 2 o'clock one morning the Cat came in and got us.

"It was an experience I wouldn't take anything in the world for, but damn if I want to go through it again."

The men drew a new issue of clothes. Sixty-six days away from GI chow, each of them required from one to three inches extra in the waistline.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Detachment, Special Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, New York under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

Yanks at Home Abroad



During the occupation of Amchitka in the Aleutians, 70 miles from Kiska, a jeep landed by a Coast Guard transport gets hauled out of the mud.

Kiska Catches Hell Now That the Yanks Beat Their Feet on Amchitka Mud

By Sgt. GEORG N. MYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AMCHITKA ISLAND, RAT GROUP, ALEUTIAN ARCHIPELAGO—Fifteen flying minutes from this mud-covered island a new word has been pounded into the Japanese vocabulary. It's "*Kiska-kiri.*"

By definition, it's less swift and spectacular than *hara-kiri.* It's a sort of piecemeal suicide. Translated liberally, *Kiska-kiri* means "grasping tiger by tail." You don't dare let go. You can only hang on, praise Hirohito and pray for ammunition. That's arriving, too, regularly—aboard American battleplanes which take off from this daringly occupied base only 75 miles from the Kiska area every time there's an hour's break in the cloudy skies.

If this account had been published in January it would not have sounded so cocky.

On a cold murky morning, beneath an umbrella of Lockheed Lightnings, everything was proceeding according to plan as the U. S. Navy destroyer nosed into Constantine Harbor. Aboard were nine scouts of the Alaska Combat Intelligence Platoon and 30 volunteer infantrymen. They had the spearhead assignment of paddling ashore in rubber boats and staking out landing beaches and troop-dispersal areas for the occupation force, due in a few hours. Recon planes had sighted fox tracks on the island. Maybe Jap tracks, too.

Pounding whitecaps swamped three of the rubber rafts as they floundered through wind-whipped waves toward the rocky shoreline. Then Cpl. Fuller (Buck) Thompson, rangy scout from Anchorage, Alaska, stepped in line for a decoration for bravery as a result of wading into the surf—temperature 38 degrees Fahrenheit—and dragging 12 of his buddies to shore. Thompson kicked every bundle that was flung up on the beach. If it groaned, it was a man. Thompson wrapped the men in sleeping sacks after slashing away their frozen clothes with his hunting knife.

Soon came the signal from shore: "No Japs."

Meanwhile, landing operations had begun. For 24 hours the Coast Guard transport discharged soldiers, tractors, jeeps and guns. Sleek sea otters, blinking and bewildered, crept into rocky coves.

As the sun sank for the second time on the mud-spattered, water-soaked dogfaces, the wind began getting in its licks.

But there was no time for complaining. Thirty-two miles from the northern tip of the island lay Kiska. Soon the Japs would smell them out.

They did. Soon.

They came on the 13th day in two ponton Zeros. The big alert flag was hauled to the top of a lanyard on a high mound. An instant later the .50s on the hill cut loose, joined immediately by the 37s. Four bombs threw up ferns of spray near ships in the harbor. From their foxholes on shore, soldiers, most of them in a war zone for more than a year, were looking upon the enemy for the first time.

After that, for a month, the flag fluttered often. Ponton Joe from Tokyo developed such regular habits that whimsical doggies in one camp area set their alarm clocks for 10 A. M. and 6 P. M. When the bell rang they'd casually pick up their tin hats, sling rifles over their shoulders, and mosey to the nearest foxhole. Ack-ack gunners, awaiting the enemy, amused themselves by chucking snowballs at the crews in the next emplacement.

Though casualties were small from the raids—three dead, three wounded—all eyes were on the sweat-streaked engineers scratching a fighter strip in a drained lake bed. Tojo had his eye on that runway, too. Early one evening six Zeros dropped out of a cloud bank, scattered the chow line, zoomed low and laid their bombs smack down the center line of the landing strip.

The following day, just before noon chow, a cheer rose up from the hillsides like a touchdown yell in the Yale Bowl. A P-40, with Lt. Kenneth W. Saxhaug, of Wahpeton, N. Dak., at the controls, dragged the field at 20 feet in three experimental passes, then bounded safely to a landing on the hastily repaired strip.

Thirty-five days after it was occupied, Amchitka had air protection.

A sudden blizzard spoiled chances for a dog fight the next day, but the following day looked better. The whole camp was keyed up in expectation.

Evening chow was over when three artillery blasts spelled "Tojo's here." Everyone galloped for a ringside seat in a snow-upholstered foxhole. Then a pair of Zeros dropped over the camp, wheeling and circling as though bombing a de-

After landing on Amchitka, GIs unpack baseball equipment, not quite suited for the mud.

fense base were the most charming of sports, and almost the safest. They never knew what hit them.

Eight P-40s, hovering aloft, dropped from the clouds, all guns blazing. Both Zeros tumbled out of the sky in flames, accredited victims of Maj. Clayton L. (Swede) Larson, 29-year-old bacteriology student from Fargo, N. Dak., and Lt. Elmer Stone, 23, of Glendale, Calif.

Since that date, all air traffic has been round-trip from east to west out of Amchitka.

And all this was foretold as long ago as last August when American airmen, between bombings, scattered Japanese *kiri* leaves over Kiska. Among the Nippos the *kiri* leaf is regarded as an omen of misfortune. Printed on the leaves was the Japanese text: "Before spring comes again the raining bombs of the skies, just like the *kiri* leaves fluttering to the ground, will bring sad fate and misfortune to the Japanese."

At this writing, from here and nearby bases in the Andreanof Group, American flyers have paid more than 115 calls on Kiska in 20 days.

And they weren't dropping *kiri* leaves.

Nazi Infantry Band Serenades Germans As They Goose-Step Into Tunisia Prison

By Sgt. DAVE GOLDING
YANK Field Correspondent

TUNISIA [By Radio]—The road into Tunis was jammed up just like the main highway back home used to be after a holiday week end before gas rationing went into effect. From Medjez el Bab on into the capital city, traffic crawled at a snail's pace. But there wasn't a single soul who minded the delay. It was a cheerful procession of singing, laughing Tommies who were moving into the historic city that had been the goal of the Allied campaign for six months.

The familiar yellow-painted vehicles of the British Eighth Army were intermingled with those of the British First Army. And it was easy to recognize the boys in the Eighth who had traveled the 1,800 miles from El Alamein—they were bronzed like copper and their hair was bleached white by the sun.

Perspiring MPs kept scooting up and down the road like motorcycle cops trying to ease the flow of traffic. Once we tried to nose our peep out of line and pass the vehicles ahead of us. But we didn't get very far. When the MP nailed us he yelled, "We're going to keep in a bloody straight line from here to Sicily." British soldiers riding on top of their trucks howled their approval.

The main reason for the traffic jam was the stream of trucks bringing back German and Italian prisoners to the camps in the rear. The Italians seemed to be hurt because no one paid any attention to them.

At one barbed-wire prison camp we heard music. Curious, we stopped to investigate. It seemed the British had rounded up an entire German infantry band, instruments and all. Every time a fresh carload of prisoners was dumped out at the enclosure the band would serenade the new men as they were marched into the cage.

Tunis was all dressed up to receive the victors. Tri-color flags were brought out of hiding to decorate the buildings and windows. Slogans praising De Gaulle, Giraud, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin were all over the place. The streets were filled with people throwing flowers, waving "V for Victory" signs and cheering wildly.

There weren't very many Americans in the procession. As we were driving down the street enjoying the show, an American major stopped us. Wondering what it was all about, we pulled over to the side as he came up to us with a big smile on his face.

"I was just dying to talk to an American," he said. "I haven't spoken to one all day."

Tunis itself was not damaged. There were very few visual signs that a war had been going on. But the townspeople were virtually starved. When we opened a box of biscuits for the kids we almost caused a riot. The Germans had taken everything, the people told us. Even the cats looked hungry.

The happiest American soldier in Tunis was Pvt. Ossie Pennington of Daley, Ky., who was walking around with a dazed smile on his face. Five days before, he and several members of his infantry company had been taken prisoners in a night raid by the Germans. As he and the other captives were being put on a ship for Italy, Allied planes attacked the harbor and several hundred of the prisoners escaped. Pennington was turned in twice by the Arabs, but the third time he broke away for good, and an Italian woman hid him in her cellar. When the British took Tunis, Pennington walked into the city along with them.

The leading hotel in Tunis, the Hotel Majestic, which had housed German and Italian officers only two days before, was checking in Americans and British with the same polite courtesy. There was no electricity or hot water in the place, and if you wanted food you had to dig up some C rations somewhere and give them to a disorganized kitchen staff to warm up. But the beds were comfortable. They were so soft, as a matter of fact, that it was almost impossible to sleep in them after a month or more of lying on the hard ground at night.

But sleep that first night in Tunis was out of the question, anyway. At 4:30 A.M. we set out again to give the town a once-over. Our first stop was the docks, where we got a first-hand impression of the accuracy of the Allied airmen, who hadn't missed a thing in the harbor or the railroad yards. We could count the masts of three large ships which had been sunk near one dock.

On the way back we passed a large airport that had really been shellacked. All that was left of the hangars were the frames. There was a mass of crumpled planes, formerly German transports. Our bombers had even hit some sleek new ME-109Gs which had been tucked away behind the revetments.

Then we went to Carthage, once the great capital of this ancient empire but now only a neat little suburb with tidy white buildings that look down on Tunis.

In the ruins of what may have been a Car-

Fort Shafter's "Mountain Mustangs" liven up the latrine: Cpl. Tucker, Pvt. Hazelwood, Pfc. Outlaw.

THIS LATRINE PUTS RHYTHM IN ITS RUMORS

HAWAII—On these verdant, palm-covered volcanic rocks our latrines are simple and unornamented. The poetry scratched on the walls is typical and unprintable, and there is none of the plush-lined elegance of the English "gent's room" described in a recent YANK, no manservant with a cockney accent to draw a "hot bawth" for "guvnor."

Over here "guvnor" just steps under a reasonably rustic shower, and the water that cascades down is almost always cold and filled with the salt of the Pacific.

But we're not complaining. Where but in Hawaii is there a trio of GIs like Cpl. Boss Tucker's "Mountain Mustangs"? These three latrine hillbillies make shaving, shining and showering a positive delight at Fort Shafter's headquarters company.

Almost any evening you can wander into the Shafter latrine, your mind either on business or pleasure, and find a happy combination of both. You'll be apt to hear a snappy two-step or a yodeling specialty, played and sung by Cpl. Tucker, a guitar-strumming ex-coal miner from Carbon Hill, Ala., Pfc. Clarence Outlaw (that's his name not a description), a guitarist from Norfolk, Va., and Pvt. William C. Hazelwood, a fiddler from Sherman, Tex., who as a civilian used to call the turns at barn dances.

The Mustangs are good and once knew better days. They played in a Shafter day room until a group of sergeants, who wanted to read books, write letters and shoot craps, complained of the "noise" and pulled rank.

"Some folks just don't appreciate music," Tucker says.

Anyway, as it usually does, art found a way. The Mustangs selected a nearby latrine as a spot that was blacked out and likely to be visited at least once an evening by a sizable number of dogfaces. Waiting until an hour or so after evening chow for reasons that are obvious, the trio gives at least an hour's concert there three or four nights a week.

Since many soldiers who don't come to be entertained usually occupy the reserved section, the number of seats is limited. But most of the fans don't mind standing, and the crowds, Tucker reports, are getting larger every week.

"Sometimes a man rushes in on business," the corporal says, "and then stays when he's through and requests a number. Next time he comes back just to listen."

—YANK Hawaiian Bureau

thaginian apartment house were groups of Italian refugees. We saw the burnt remains of five German trucks in what was once a Roman amphitheater. And in the center of some broken columns of an ancient temple were some shattered aircraft guns. That's all there was to Carthage.

As we returned to Tunis people were coming in from the countryside to take part in the celebration. We gave one woman and her two children a lift. Before we had gone much farther, we had acquired two more passengers. It was that way all day. Every time you stopped you got a load of passengers.

Word had gotten around that Gen. Henri Giraud was going to visit the city, and the main boulevard, *l'Avenue de France*, was thronged with Frenchmen waiting for the parade to start.

About the only planned feature of the day was a group of school children who kept marching around singing patriotic songs. Several happy Americans, British and Frenchmen started their own impromptu parade and came down the boulevard waving large flags and singing at the tops of their voices.

As if by magic the crowd learned, as crowds always do, that Gen. Giraud was not coming until later that week. And in keeping with the day, the crowd broke up into small groups and paraded home.

It was a great day.

Yanks Corner Boogie Market And Then Misplace It Overnight

CURACAO, NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES—A squad of Yanks at a barren Army outpost on this Dutch rock finally got a chance to get into Willemstad, the gay water-front village which Disney might have dreamed up in Technicolor.

In one of the oil-boom town's handsome bars, rivaling New York's best, they had a couple of rounds of *jenever*, a Dutch brew that puts anyone in a receptive mood.

It may or may not have been—but probably was—the *jenever* which soon had the Yanks raving over the brand of hot piano dished out by a native entertainer who is known as Lily.

Not everyone likes boogie-woogie piano. Some customers of less sophisticated tastes demanded a couple of corny sweet numbers. This incensed the Yank soldiers. They held a brief conference and decided to buy the piano.

Now in Curacao, owing to the rate of exchange and the high cost of living, an American private draws 143 *guilders* a month, which feels like a lot of kale, even though it's actually worth only about $76. So it was an easy matter for the Yanks to go to the old Dutchman who ran the grog shop (one Jan Wagner of Hot Springs, Ark.) and buy the piano for several hundred *guilders*.

The Yanks were not even taken aback when some sober-head observed that a piano was useless without Lily to play it.

The resourceful soldiers hired the pianist's services for a month.

This is called *guildering* the Lily.

However, once the deal was closed, the tavern keeper pointed out that the piano was no longer his and the pianist no longer worked there. Would the soldiers please remove their new properties from the premises?

Such a situation might have stymied anyone less pleasure-anxious than a bunch of Joes fresh off the military reservation. But the bush-happy GIs met the problem in the prescribed military manner. They sent out a reconnaissance patrol to look for a place to put the piano.

Half hour later the patrol reported back. They had made the down payment on a brightly painted red-and-yellow Dutch cottage, complete with windmill.

That night the single-minded, music-loving soldiers listened in comfort and privacy to the music they wanted, played by their own pianist on their own piano in their own house.

So the affair ended happily with everyone satisfied. The soldiers got the home-style hot rhythms they were after. It looked as if they had a good—and regular—thing there.

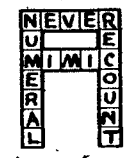
Except that, in the picture-book town of Willemstad, all the thousands of little red-and-yellow cottages look alike. And come the bleary dawn at the post next morning, none of the khaki-clad ex-music patrons could remember which of Willemstad's 3,714 almost identical cottages they had bought.

Anyone seen a little Dutch cottage on a little Dutch hill?

—Cpl. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

TEE-TOTAL

PRIZES are given to the GIs who submit the highest Tee-Total scores in each contest. If you haven't tried this word game, get started now. It's lots of fun and besides, you may win one of YANK's big puzzle kits.

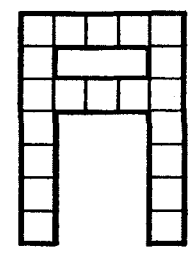


Here's how: Simply fill the diagram with four good English words. No proper nouns. Then total up the individual scores of the 20 letters used, giving each letter its numerical value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use letters of high value.

A sample work-out is shown here at the left with a score of 212. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

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



Score.. .....Submitted by:

.....

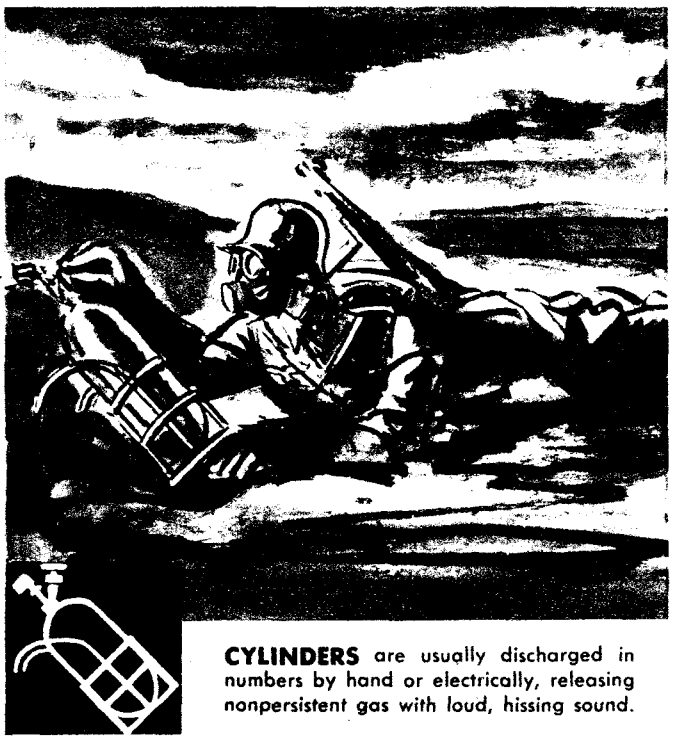
.....

.....

....

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue for entries from the U. S., within two months for overseas entries. [6/11]

CANDLES or smoke pots are used for toxic smoke or nontoxic screening smoke. They are ignited either by hand or electrically.



CYLINDERS are usually discharged in numbers by hand or electrically, releasing nonpersistent gas with loud, hissing sound.

LIVENS PROJECTORS make brig flash and large cloud of smoke or dust. Th shells burst half minute after the flas

Gas Warfare

Don't think the enemy won't use gas. He creates that impression so that his first chemicals will catch us with our pants down.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

IF you've been using your gas mask as a musette bag for carrying apples, comic books and chewing tobacco because you think the enemy will not dare use poison gas against us, here's a little story which may change your mind.

In 1915, the Allies didn't believe the Germans would use gas, either, even though intelligence reports had mentioned the possibility for weeks and had furnished details of preparations behind the German lines. A German deserter, captured near Langemarck on the Ypres front, had told of "tubes of asphyxiating gas placed in batteries of 20 tubes for every 40 meters along the front." Still the idea was pooh-poohed.

What happened at Langemarck a few days later?

It was a beautiful spring afternoon in April in the little French-held village. The scent of flowers and new grass was heavy on the air. Just behind the front, at the junction of the French and British lines, reserve Canadian and French Colonial soldiers took off most of their dirty clothes and stretched out in the sun, wriggling their toes and waiting for chow.

Suddenly there was a terrific crash and the men scrambled for cover. The Germans opened an artillery bombardment on Langemarck at exactly 5 P.M. They used 17-inch guns, 8-inch howitzers and all their heavier artillery. Strangely, their light artillery was silent. Instead, the men in the trenches heard a peculiar hissing sound from the direction of the German lines. They looked up and saw two huge greenish-yellow clouds coming in with the wind from both sides of Langemarck.

The Colonials and the Canadians looked at each other, stunned. Their commanders didn't know what to do. The greenish-yellow cloud was chlorine. The men began to feel a choking, burning sensation in their throats. Then their eyes smarted with pain and felt as though they were bulging from their sockets. The men clutched at their throats, trying to breathe. Some of them frothed at the mouth and dropped writhing to the ground. The rest broke and ran, pouring back in mad haste to the rear.

German infantry advanced behind the greenish-yellow cloud and occupied the French trenches without opposition.

Fifteen thousand Allied casualties were reported. Whole divisions were disorganized.

At 7 P.M., the French artillery stopped firing.

There was nothing between the Germans and Calais.

If the Germans had advanced that night, instead of wavering uncertainly while they observed results, they might have split the Allied armies and quite conceivably won the war then and there. All the Allies had for protection was "Gas Mask, Type I," a square of blue flannel to cover the mouth; "Gas Mask, Type II," a few large pieces of hairy Harris tweed; and a fairly effective home-made device consisting of face towels soaked in urine. But the Kaiser's generals flubbed their opportunity in the same way Hitler flubbed his opportunity when he stood at the English Channel in 1940. The next day Canadian troops plugged the gaping hole in the Anglo-French line. It was never opened again.

That's the way the Allies were caught with their pants down in 1915. There are increasing signs that both the Germans and Japs might try to get us that way again. Ninety percent of the effectiveness of a gas attack depends on the element of surprise. What is more logical than to build up the legend that you are not going to use gas for fear of reprisal and then throw a tremendous annihilating attack at your enemy when he is least expecting it?

According to Col. Alden H. Waitt, one of the War Department's leading chemical-warfare experts, the first World War showed conclusively the effectiveness of chemicals. "No nation has

MORTARS are large in diameter with shells that explode with less blast than a heavy explosive, leaving a thin mist of gas.

ARTILLERY shells explode with less blast than HE, leaving a thin mist or haziness. Gas may be mixed with heavy explosives.

GRENADES are thrown and released li ordinary grenades, containing either inc diary, irritant or toxic nonpersistent gas

PLANES spray a form of gas that can be seen. They are also used in chemical warfare to drop gas bombs on ground troops.

TANKS spray a form of poisonous gas that usually can be seen or heard from a distance under normal conditions on a battlefield.

LAND MINES which are ignited by e tricity, contact or time fuse are used to c taminate area behind a retreating ar

dared abandon them since," he says. "Gas will be used in the future but not, in my opinion, until it can be used in overwhelming amounts to obtain a decisive result. We should prepare our minds for this idea—the use of gas on a tremendous scale. Not by a mere squadron or two of planes or a few chemical mortar units, but by *huge armies* of airplanes and by *massed battalions* of chemical troops, organized and supplied to neutralize vast areas completely and effectively."

Perhaps that's what Hitler has up his sleeve for the day when we finally oppose him on the continent. Neither humanity nor compassion for his people will deter him when his back is to the wall. Perhaps you'll see the *Luftwaffe* then with clouds of Lewisite streaming from its wings.

Gas is known to be an effective weapon for defending long stretches of coast line. It would be difficult for the Germans or the Japs to concentrate enough men to guard every mile of Europe's exposed shore against our landings. But a sudden, overwhelming gas attack, coming with the shocking surprise of 1915, could provide an artificial defense requiring no more than a comparative handful of men and planes. This would give their main forces sufficient time to gather. If it worked, it might knock hell out of our invasion plans.

The first attack would come when our transports were standing off shore. This is the most vulnerable time—just as the troops disembark into the landing boats. At that moment, a few planes spraying mustard or Lewisite could cause irreparable damage.

Sketches on these pages designed by Cpl. Solomon Resnick, 8th Infantry, Camp Gordon, Ga.; Cpl. Nat H. Youngblood, 81st Airborne AA Bn., Fort Bragg, N. C., and Cpl. Jack Ruge, YANK Staff Artist.

Other danger points would be the moments just before and just after we hit the beach. Sprayed from planes or laid down by an artillery or mortar barrage, a screen of mustard would throw a thick obstacle barrier just in front of the landing boats. Immediately after we land, we must spread out and take cover. Every bit of cover—undergrowth or defile—can be a death trap when impregnated with mustard. That's just the kind of place the gas clings to, if our decontamination squads haven't been able to get there first.

So it *can* happen, make no mistake about it. Remember this about gas:

1. Don't complain about wearing your mask and other protective equipment for long periods of time —even if you're uncomfortable and you don't think it's necessary.

2. Gas is essentially a defensive weapon, like a mine field or a wide, deep stream. If you try to move through it before specialized troops clear out a path for you (just as engineers clear a path through a mine field or build a bridge over a river), you're going to be a casualty.

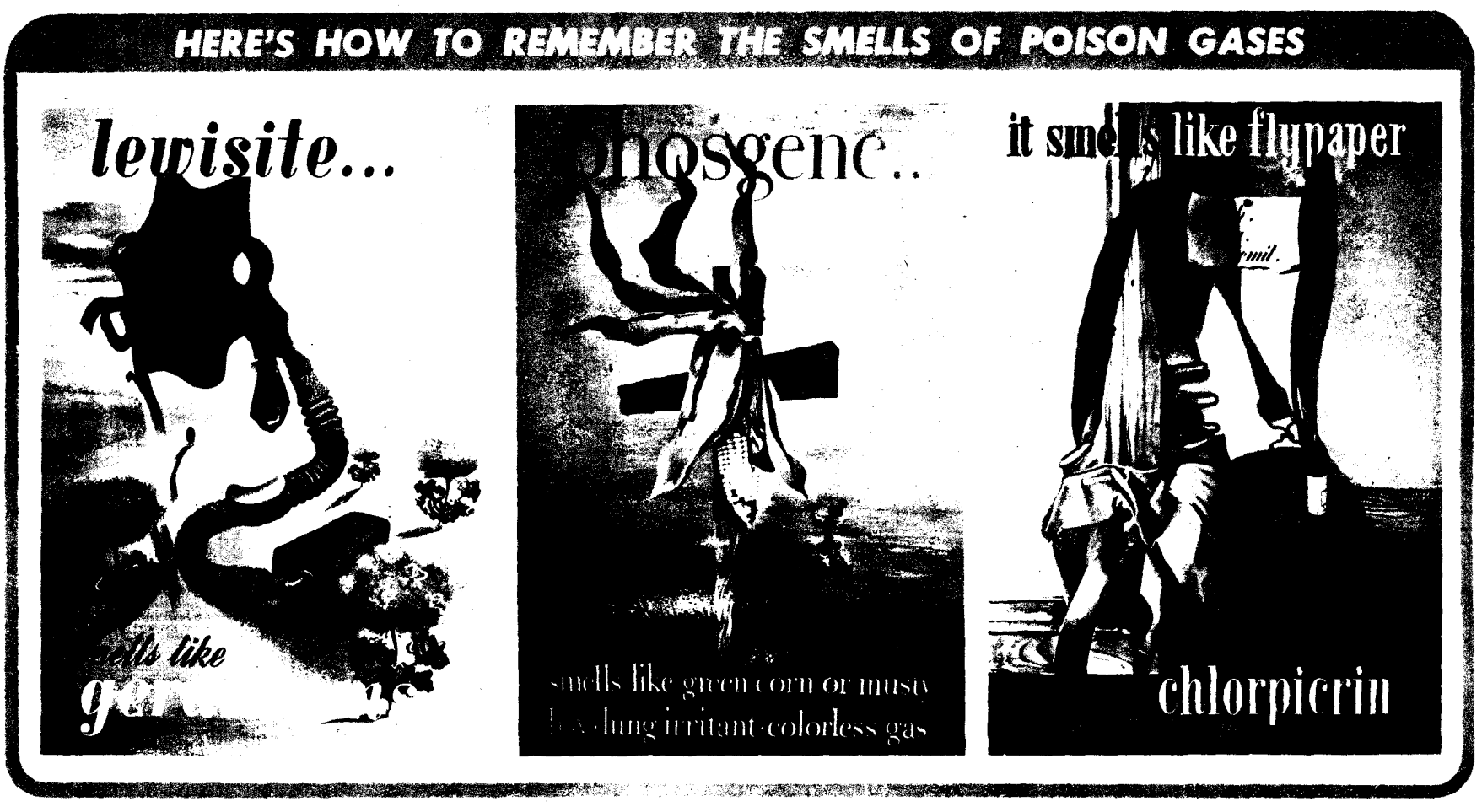
3. The enemy probably will use gas in wooded terrain, ravines and other protected territory. In the open, the gas disperses too fast, and he can get you more easily with HE and small-arms fire. He may use gas to neutralize temporarily airfields and important roads, and he may spray you from low-flying planes when you're in a column along a road. But if he can get that close, more than likely he'll use his bombs and machine guns. It's cheaper and more effective—especially when the element of surprise is gone.

4. The enemy will not use mustard or any other persistent gas in the front lines if he intends to enter the same area himself within a short period of time. Most likely, it will be a defensive measure to hold a flank while he attacks somewhere else. In the last war, the British worked out a system of expecting attack in the inevitable gap left open by the enemy in the gas curtains.

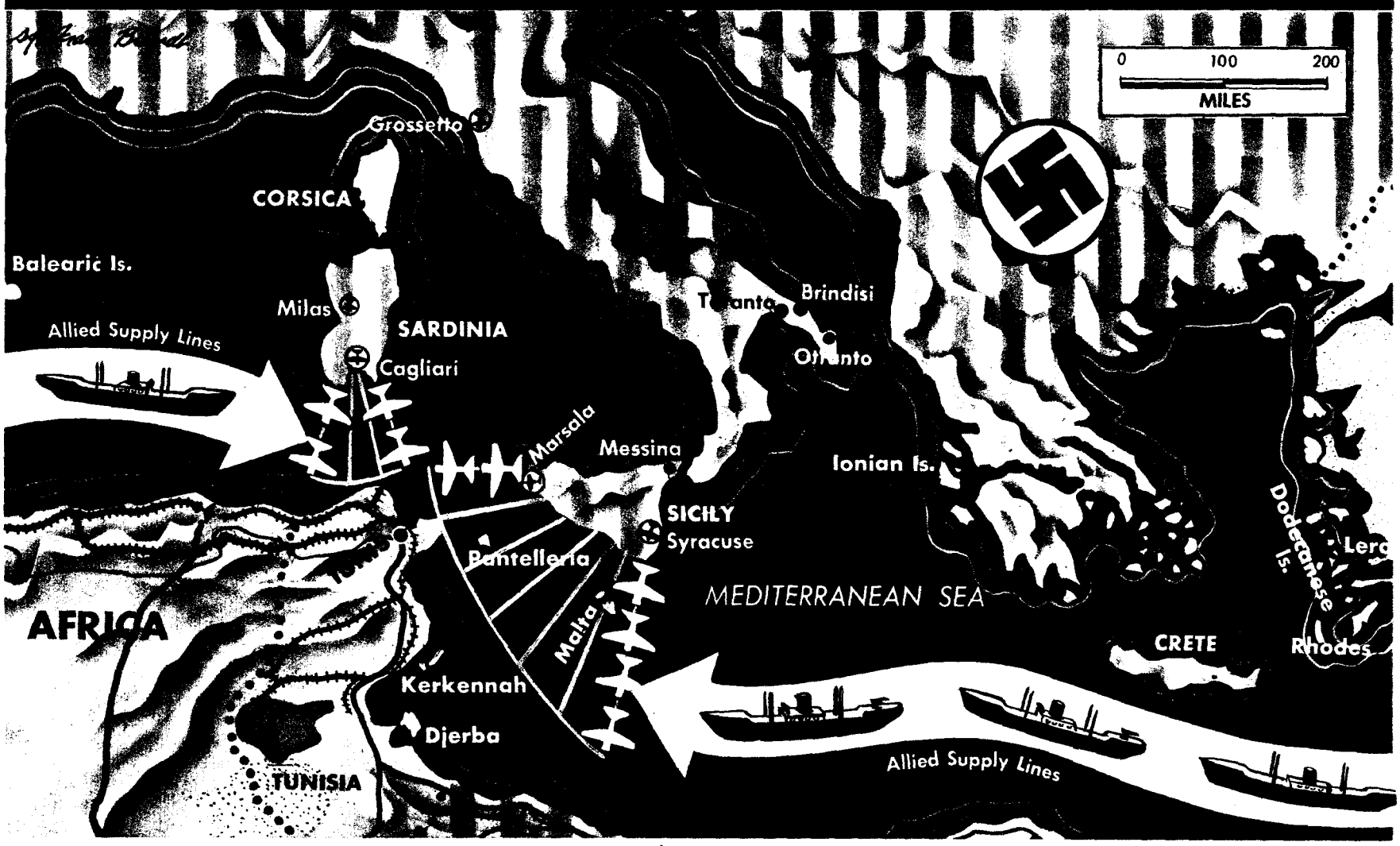
5. Don't worry about the enemy using gas on your family back home. It wouldn't be worth his while.

6. Remember that we're in the chemical warfare business, too. We're fully prepared with anti-gas units, and we ourselves have a few advanced poison-gas tricks up our sleeves.

So take care of that gas mask, brother. And watch out for that first devastating attack. After that, we get *our* turn at bat.



The Mediterranean Isn't Safe Yet



Even though our air power rules its waves, there are still a lot of islands to invade and a lot of ships to sink before those important sea lanes are secure.

CONQUEST of North Africa has opened again the Allied supply line through the Mediterranean to India and China, but there is plenty of mopping up to do yet before the Gibraltar-to-Suez sea lane is anywhere near secure.

Our Air Forces in Tunisia and Egypt have, since the fall of Tunis, ranged the entire length of the Mediterranean, knocking out Italian airfields on islands and the Italian mainland. As a result, almost everybody has jumped to the conclusion that an invasion of Italy is in the cards. But the bombing of islands along the water route is defensive rather than offensive. It is protection for the sea lane. So also is the bombing out of mainland Italian airports from which planes could raid the sea. Once the islands were occupied, they would constitute stepping stones to invasion.

Two islands have already been grabbed as this is written. They are Djerba in the Gulf of Gabes and the Kerkennah Group of Sfax.

The operations of our North Africa Air Force under Gen. Doolittle and our Tenth at Cairo under Gen. Brereton have given us absolute air domination of the Mediterranean. One four-day score was 303 planes destroyed at a lost of 16, our planes ranging as far away as Grossetto Airport 90 miles north of Rome and smacking Milas airdrome on Sardinia. At Grossetto they caught 58 bombers and transports on the ground but met no opposition in the air.

Main objects of Mediterranean bombing obviously are Messina, whose harbor will hold 1,000 ships, and Syracuse, both in Sicily; Cagliari, strongly fortified airfield on the southern tip of Sardinia; Taranto, the great main Italian naval base, and nearby Brindisi, in the heel of the Italian boot; the arsenal-armed island of Pantelleria, and the rocks of Lampedusa. Enemy planes could do plenty of damage to sea lanes from any of these.

In the eastern Mediterranean the objectives are Rhodes and Lero, two very heavily fortified islands in the 40-island Dodecanese group that faces Turkey. The Dodecanese might be good bait for our forces, since 90 percent of the population is Greek and therefore friendly. The Ionian islands also are a possible objective: they once belonged to Greece, were fortified by Britain and have been loaded with armament by Germany.

The defensive aerial softenings, which might possibly result in occupation, are vital to our side. The Mediterranean shipping lane cuts 5,000 miles off our supply line to India and China, which means that we can tote twice as much stuff out to China now with the same number of ships that took the 12,000-mile haul all the way around Africa.

So opening of the Mediterranean puts us months, and maybe even years, ahead in the campaign in Burma and China.

Since 75 percent of Axis air power in the Mediterranean is massed in the lower half of Italy and the strategic islands, their occupation would virtually eliminate air power as an enemy factor and leave only one obstruction in Signor Mussolini's little ocean—the Italian fleet.

AND how big a menace is it? Since it won't come out and fight, counting ships is difficult. It is concentrated chiefly at Otranto, but it will have to get the hell out of there soon. If it chooses to fight, what's it got, besides German commanders?

As near as anybody can tell, here's how it lines up:

Battleships: Five. They are the *Impero*, *Roma* and *Littorio*, 35,000 tons with 15-inch guns; the *Guilio Cesare* and a sister of the same 23,600-ton class with 12.6-inch guns, named either the *Duilio* or *Doria*. The *Littorio*, knocked out by the British in November 1940, is presumed by many to be out of commission, but she was reported at sea by U.S. airmen in June 1942.

Heavy Cruisers: Possibly one, the *Belzano* of 10,000 tons and 8-inch guns. They had seven but the *Trieste*, sunk in April by U.S. planes, was the last of a whole flotilla of six of the *Trieste* class. Two others under construction are not believed in commission yet.

Medium and Light Cruisers: Maybe a dozen. Of 12 before the war, four are believed sunk; but 12 new ones were building and one of these may have been hit by an allied sub in April which damaged a new Italian cruiser on her shake-down cruise. There are two obsolete old coffee grinders —or were—in addition to the above.

Destroyers: Of 84 before the war, probably at least 50 are now gone. The first two weeks in May the British sank two more; they're going fast, but there must be about two dozen left.

Submarines: About 40 plus any recently commissioned; before the war Italy had 120. They probably don't know themselves how many are left.

Motor Torpedo Boats: A whole flock, of which 100 have been sunk.

If all that power were used offensively, it could cause plenty of trouble.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

THE FIGHTING MP
Story of a U. S. Army cop in England who has seen plenty of battle action.

THREE-DAY PASS IN CAIRO
A GI describes the wartime night life in the crowded Egyptian metropolis.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 51
JUNE 11, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

The Spelling of Democracy

RECENTLY we published an editorial written by a sergeant in England entitled, "That's How I Spell Democracy." The sergeant spelled it D-a-n-e-l-l-a T-o-o-t-l-e, the name of his girl in Miami, because that is what democracy means to him. It means his girl, the right to marry her and settle down and raise his children as he pleases. The right to pick his own friends and live again just exactly as he lived before the war.

We printed that editorial because it represents the ideas of a lot of American soldiers. But those ideas raise a few questions that are worth considering.

This war possesses all the people of the world more completely than any war in history. Nobody is unaffected by it. In total war no way of life and no idea of behavior escapes the impact. Things will never again be for anybody as they were in 1939.

The soldiers who are fighting this war won't be able to go back home after it is over and find everything just the same as they left it. We won't be able to spend the next 30 years sitting on the back porch telling the neighbors about the day we entered Bizerte. If we want freedom in peacetime, we will have to keep on working for it.

We may say that we are fighting for apple pie, the right to boo the Dodgers, the girl back home; and in a way we are, because those are symbols of the things we love and want to keep. But we cannot stop there. We are not fighting merely for the right to survive and return to marry our girls. We are fighting for a world that will make life with them a good one.

Democracy spells everyone's name.

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Raid Over Kiska

On the eve of a bombing raid over Kiska a group of AAF flyers were addressed by their CO. "Men," he said, "tomorrow's job is one of the toughest we've ever tackled. The enemy has received reinforcements. We are using older planes. There's a hell of a storm brewing. We'll be lucky if one out of four of us ever gets back alive. We take off at 7 sharp. And if any one of you is 30 seconds late, dammit, he can't come with us!"

". . . Or It Dies."

A Nazi blueprint of post-war Europe in the event of a German victory, as described by Robert Ley, leader of Hitler's Labor Front: "A lower race needs less room, less clothing, less food and less culture than a higher race. The German cannot live in the same fashion as the Pole and the Czech. . . . More bread, more clothes, more culture, more beauty—these our race must have or it dies."

Japs Taste Better

Richard Tregaskis, American reporter in the South Pacific, describes a pow-wow that took place recently between a Navy officer and a cannibal chief in that area. "If you see American soldiers come down from the sky in parachutes," said the officer, "please do not eat them. They are here to protect you from the Japs." The chief replied: "No eat white man—too bitter."

"What Do You Expect?"

In a recent article in the Berlin weekly *Das Reich,* propaganda minister Joe Goebbels tears into Nazis who criticize German workers for sleeping on their way to work in the early morning. "What should these workers do to show their faith in the Fuehrer?" asks Joe. "Should they shout at each station three times *'Heil'*? After all, what do you expect from people who have been kept up all night by bombings?"

STRICTLY G.I.

Army Limits Officer Candidates

THE *Army and Navy Journal* reports that "from now on it is going to be much harder (for enlisted men) to get into OCS . . . and selections are going to be made much more carefully." The *Journal* explains that the Army has just about filled its quota of officers and in fact has "a temporary large surplus." As a result "a number of OCSs have already been discontinued and others have been ordered to reduce the size of their classes." Among schools affected so far are the Medical Administrative Corps Schools at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., discontinued early this year; three Army Administrative Schools at Fargo, N. Dak., Grinnell, Iowa, and Gainesville, Fla., which will close when their present classes graduate; and the Censorship Course of the Adjutant General's OCS at Fort Washington, Md., discontinued. "Curtailment of the size of classes of other officer candidate schools of the Army is now being effected," concludes the report.

Axis Souvenirs

Reports from Tunisia indicate that the most popular GI sport these days is Axis souvenir hunting. Every Army truck has a German or Italian helmet hanging from its radiator. Motorcycles are dolled up with the small black and yellow death's-head pennants the Nazis use for marking their mine fields. German Lugers, field caps and goggles are other favorite souvenirs.

"The War"

Army Special Service announces a new serial news reel called "The War." It will be shown in fresh 20-minute installments every two weeks to GIs all over the world. "The War" will show battle scenes, training and equipment of different branches of the service as well as films captured from the enemy. A "Private Snafu" cartoon will also be included.

Jungle Warfare

In a corrugated-iron shack in a New Guinea jungle a small Army Medical Corps unit of three officers and eight EM are fighting two enemies as dangerous as the Japs—malaria and dysentery. The unit breeds malaria-carrying mosquitoes and dysentery-carrying flies for research purposes.

Erratum

In a recent issue YANK said that Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, new CO of the ETO, was the Army's youngest lieutenant general. YANK erred. The Army's youngest lieutenant general is Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark, CO of the Fifth Army in North Africa. Gen. Clark was born May 1, 1896, is 47. Gen. Devers, born Sept. 8, 1887, is 55.

GI Shop Talk

The QM has a new featherweight can opener slightly smaller than a razor blade. Weighs one-fifth of an ounce, can be carried on a key ring. . . . Command cars are more popular than jeeps in Tunisia because when they hit a concealed enemy mine there's a 50-50 chance of the occupants coming through. When a jeep hits a mine, it's generally curtains for the guys in the jeep. . . . The AAF is closing civilian technical-training schools as soon as their contracts expire. . . . The Army Specialized Training Program has printed a booklet containing 50 questions and answers distributed in all Army posts.

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Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42D ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

CAPTURED EQUIPMENT. The article in question is the Jap pot around which these infantrymen are sitting. Not big stuff, but it can cook up the beans.

In New Guinea

4 PERFORMERS. Left: Two performers in New Guinea's first USO show. Right: Pvt. Dom Novarro and Pfc. George Melvin make music with the soup.

JUNGLE LUXURIES. Yanks in this steaming area of New Guinea use a stream with a dual purpose: it cleans and cools.

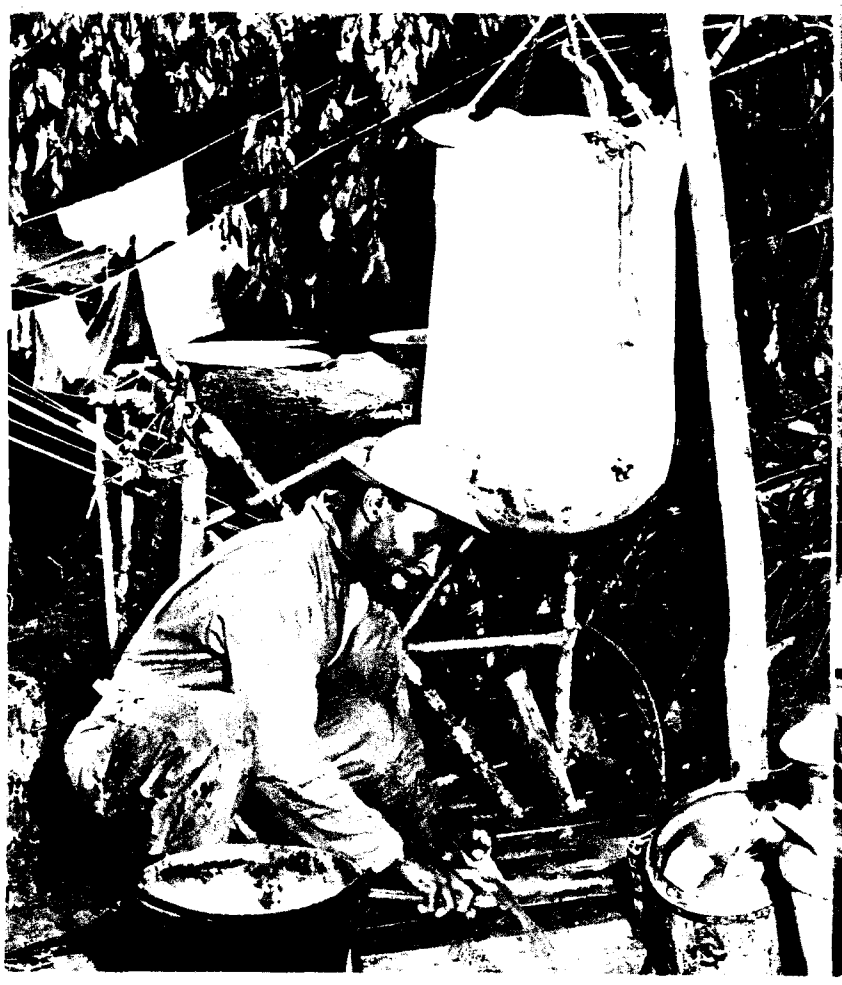
AFTER WORK. Three Yanks at play. L. to r.: Cpl. George Drummond, Pfc. Ralph Durante, Cpl. Maurice Van Hende.

Sitting on a new kind of chair, Sgt. Fred Brown gets the usual GI cut from Pfc. George Speight.

At this jungle camp of a Negro outfit in India, they eat on a stand-up table of bamboo.

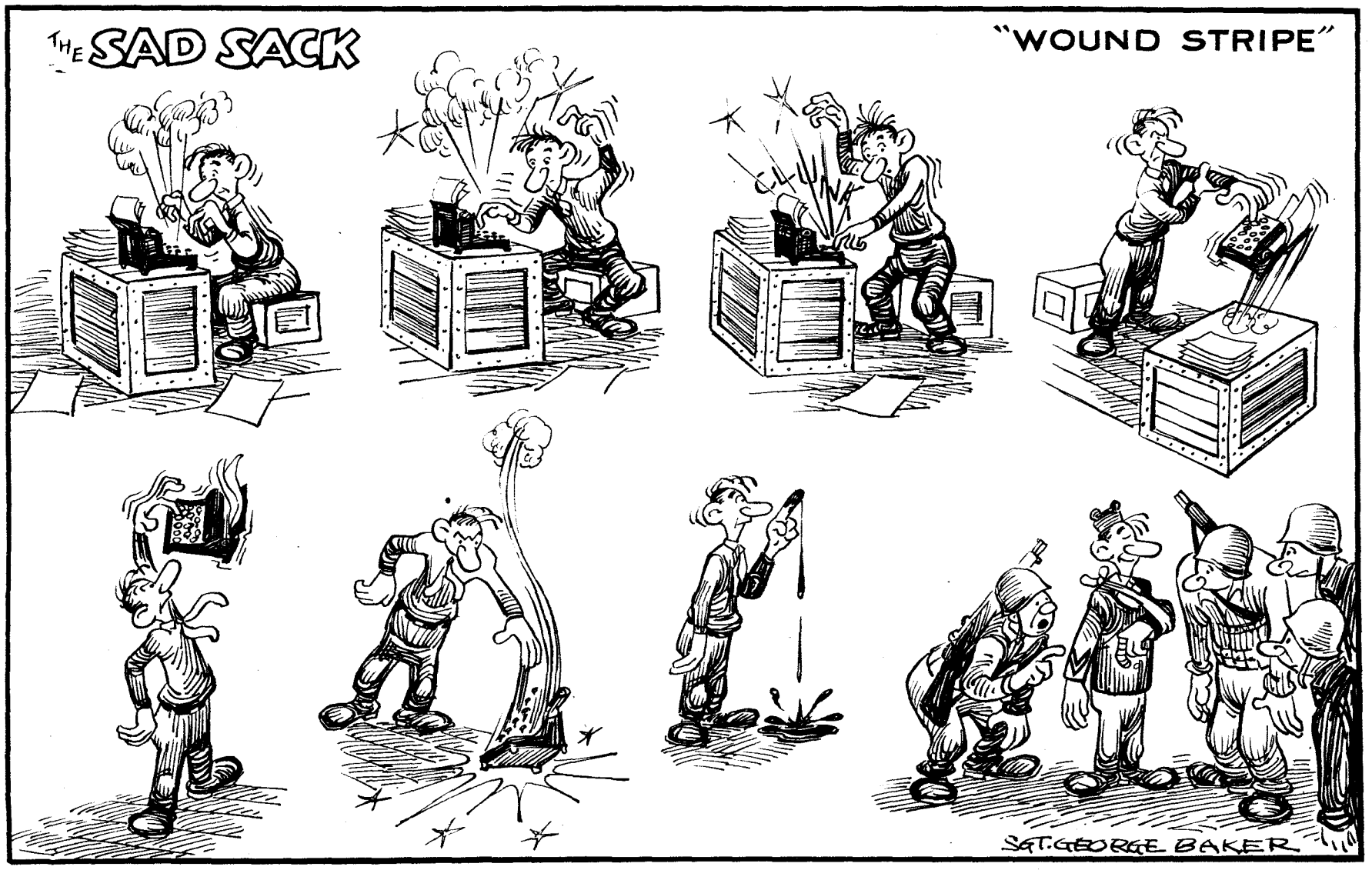
OPEN UP At his outdoor office, Capt. A. M. Duxler, Chicago dentist, looks over Pvt. John F. Tatum's ivories.

India



LAUNDRY DAY Harry Maron, Oak Hill, W. Va., got out some soap and a brush and is scrubbing up his Monday wash.

LITTLE [illegible] That's what the soldiers call their camp in the wilds of India (note sign on the tree at right), though it's a poor imitation of the real thing.



Artie Greengroin, Pfc.

GREENGROIN ON THE TELEPHONE

"SIT right here," Artie Greengroin said to us. "This is where it's going to happen."

"Here in the orderly room?" we asked.

"Yeah, sure," Artie said. "This is the oney telephone in the whole joint. This is where it's going to happen, awright."

He sat down behind the first sergeant's desk and began to bite his nails, starting with the third finger, left hand.

"I've jess had me a change of life," Artie said. "Did you ever think a ole bassar like me could have a change of life?"

We remained noncommittal.

"I am a new man," Artie said. "A new Greengroin. The old Artie is dead. And you know who done it to me?"

"No," we said. "Who done it to you?"

"Her," Artie said, gesturing at the telephone.

"My dream goil. She's like a sunset over Flatbush. She's like the third beer at Tim's Grill."

"Is she like the first sergeant when he comes in and sees you sitting at his desk?" we asked.

"I ignore that rummy," Artie said. "I ain't on speaking toims with him. What's he got that I ain't got?"

"Five stripes and a good left hook," we said.

"Thass beside the point," Artie said. "I mean man to man. But I got no reason to complain on a day like this. The boids is singing, the grass is growing, and the captain's dorg is making love up in the village. I got one thing to say for spring. I like it."

"What's this new doll of yours like?" we asked.

"Aw, she's wunnerful," Artie said. "Mine you, jess met her lass night, but I'm completely gone. I'm a loss soul. You ought to see them eyes she's got. They're blinding."

"Is she a darb?" we wanted to know.

"Aw, sure," Artie said. "Mine you, I ain't saying she's perfeck or nothing like that. She don't speak English too good. But her face and form are unconstitutional, honest to gaw. In exactly six minutes she's going to give me a phone on this phone here and tell me where we're going to meet tonight."

"And in about one minute," we said, "the top is coming in here and kick you out of his chair."

"Don't talk to me about that top," Artie said. "He's beneath me contempt."

"For how long, Greengroin, for how long?" came the booming voice of the top from the door.

"Hello, there ole boy," Artie said.

"Get yer crummy feet offen my desk," the top said. "Get yer crummy tail offen my chair. Get yer whole crummy carcass out of this orfice."

"Thass a hell of a way to talk to one of your own noncoms," Artie said. "I jess come in here to ast a favor, thass all."

"I ain't doing no favors terday," the top said, "and I ain't giving out no passes. If the favor you want is a pass fer ternight, ferget it. Ternight everybody's got to stay in and shine their buttons. Coinel's orders."

Artie's face dropped as though Lefty Gomez had thrown it when he was in his prime. "Aw, wait a minute, ole man," he said.

"I ain't a ole man, and I ain't waiting," the top said.

"Look," Artie said, "they's a goil going to call me. On that telephone."

For the first time the top became civil. "Oh, a doll, huh?" he said.

"Yeah," Artie said, "a real darb of a doll."

"Oh," said the top, "thass different. Wass she like, Greengroin, ole man?"

Artie told him. We blushed, ever so slightly.

"I tell you what, Greengroin, ole man," the top said after Artie had finished, "I got me orders not to issue no passes ternight because everybody's got to shine his buttons. But being as I never stood in the way of true love, I got an idea as far as you're concerned. Now, you run over to yer hut and polish yer buttons like a little man, and I'll give yer a pass for ternight."

"But what about the phone call?" Artie said.

"I'll take care of it for yer," the top said. "I'll find out the time and the place for yer."

"Sergeant," Artie said, really moved, "I never really unnerstood you until now. I'm very proud to be one of your noncoms."

"Greengroin, ole man, it's nothing," the top said. "Go and polish yer buttons."

With a whoop, Artie lit out of the orderly room in the direction of his barracks. With a saintly smile, the top sat down at his desk.

We were about to take our leave when the telephone rang. The top picked up the receiver. "Sgt. Flump," he roared. Then his voice suddenly went gentle. "Who?" he whispered. "Pfc. Greengroin? Oh, he ain't here. He's in the guardhouse. Huh? . . . What for? Oh, drunk and disorderly. The usual thing with Greengroin. Tonight? Well, I ain't doing nothing. . . ."

We got out of there. It might be a good idea, we thought, to go up and speak to Artie. Something told us he was going to be awfully mad.

—Sgt. HARRY BROWN

Great Britain

MESSAGE CENTER

The censor won't let us print the full address of individual men overseas. All the messages this week come from men overseas, so if you want to get in touch with a friend mentioned here, address your letter to him c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York, N. Y. We'll forward it.

Adolph Bronder MM2c, New Caledonia, is paging seven brothers: **Pfc. Willie Bronder, Cpl. Fred Bronder, Cpl. Tony Bronder, Sgt. Henry Bronder, S/Sgt. Edward Bronder, Dave Bronder S2c;** and his brother-in-law, **Sgt. Paul Williams.** All of you write him at YANK's *Message Center*. . . . Will **Iggy Varrella,** Australia, drop **Pvt. Bill Scott** a line? . . . **Pvt. Edward Murphy** wants to make contact with **Fred Delaney,** a sergeant with the 165th Inf. at Fort McClellan, Ala., when last heard from . . . **Cpl. H. K. Rieger** wants to communicate with shipmates of **Richard Raymond Rieger** . . . **1st Lt. Robert E. Shields** wants to pass on some important news to his brother, **Sgt. James P. Shields,** in Iceland. . . . **Pvt. Frank K. Simone** of Three Rivers, Mich., wants to hear from **S/Sgt. Peter Boggio,** Egypt; **M/Sgt. "Cy" Barks,** Iran; **Pvt. Frank Bessone,** N. Africa, and his other home-town friends who haven't written lately. . . . Will **Lt. Ralph J. Engroff,** AAF, who was stationed at Craig Field, Ala., in January, write to **Lt. Mike Soto-Puig?** . . . **Pvt. Al Zeitlin,** AAF, has lost track of two friends attached to the 43d Tr. Carrier Sq.: **Pvts. Monte Sachs** and **Sam Volan.** It's almost a year since **Cpl. Norman Strauss** heard from **Pfc. Ray Mamak** with the 121st Rad. Sig. Co. . . . **Stanley Kaminsky S2c** wants to hear from the **Chester St.** and **Pitkin Ave.** crowd in Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . **Sgt. John Barnes,** USAAF, would like to hear from **1st Sgt. Harold E. (Square) Cassing,** last reported at Camp Pendleton, Oreg. . . . **Pvt. Murray Pekuly** is trying to make contact with friends he trained with in **Co. L, 60th Inf.,** who are now somewhere in Africa. . . . **Pvt. John Graban,** Alaska, wants news from friends he trained with at **Camp Robinson, Ark.,** classmates at the **University of Iowa,** home-town friends of **Campbell** and **Struthers, Ohio,** and especially **Lt. Kuba, Chuck Francer, Terry Eckland,** the **Mannino brothers** and **Frank Shields.** . . . **Jim O'Brien,** England, wants to catch up with **Jack Hammar,** Navy; **Jimmy Noel,** Marines; **Walter Brooks,** Army; and **Charles W. Fielder,** Army. . . . Will **Pvt. Ray Sullivan** of Bloomington, Ind., who is now in New Guinea, get in touch with **Pvt. Eddie Foddrill?** . . . If anyone knows **John Alexander Magrath's** address, will he write to **Pvt. Gerald (Georgia boy) Thompson?** . . . It's urgent that **Peter-Chugus** of Dover, N. J., write to **Pfc. Robert C. Moore.** . . . **Pvt. Kenneth G. Brown,** S. Pacific, hasn't heard from his brother in N. Africa for over a year. . . . **S/Sgt. Harold B. Winard** sends out tracers for **Robert Fain** of Nogales, Ariz.; **Sgt. Leo Welling;** and his brothers: **1st Lt. Arthur Winard,** 49th QM Trk. Regt., and **Pvt. George Winard,** Bowman Field, Ky.

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Linde *Palagi* *Olsen* *Roff* *Leo* *Dworkin*

Sgt. Arthur W. Linde, New Guinea, sends this message to his West Hartford (Conn.) pals in uniform: "I've lost track of you fellows somewhere between here and the 'Battle of Boston.' Write me, care of the folks at 151 Whiting Lane." He adds: "Believe me, as a wartime resident of New Guinea, I agree with Sherman." . . . **S/Sgt. Roland Palagi,** APO 627, PM, N. Y., has a question for Cpl. Milton Burk in North Africa: "Is Shields still with you? Drop me a line, willya?" . . . **S/Sgt. Harold L. Olsen** of Price, Utah, now at an Alaskan air base, wants Sgt. Lawrence L. Kotter, also in Alaska, to "write and tell me what you hear from Louise."

Cpl. Joe H. Roff sends this to Pfc. Irving Bienstock, somewhere in Africa: "I'm still stopping in the S. W. Pacific. Where in the hell are you? Gen. MacArthur and myself are doing a fine job here. How about you and Eisenhower? Say hello to Willy." Bienstock can reply to this by writing Roff c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . **Pfc. Philip C. Leo,** once a Wall Street bookkeeper, is now a squadron clerk in Alaska. To his kid brother, Pvt. John Leo, Bermuda, he says: "Hello, John. Hope you see Terry and the family soon." . . . **Sgt. Leonard Dworkin,** Alaska, wants Lt. Maurice Blank, England, to drop him a line c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

Draper *Broderick* *Metallo* *Hunter* *Boudreaux* *Jackson*

Pvt. Melvin M. F. Draper, a student at Denver University when the Army called last September, went to Hawaii 10 days after his induction. To Pvt. John Edmondson, somewhere in Africa, he says: "I hear your brother Tom is a sergeant in England. I hope to make OCS soon. I'm anxious as hell to hear from you." **Pvt. Joseph Broderick,** on the Alcan Highway, cries out to 2d Lt. Robert L. Wymer at Geiger Field, Wash., "Haven't heard from you in four months. From where I sit, an occasional letter looks pretty good." . . . **S/Sgt. Frank F. Metallo,** India, wants to hear from T/Sgt. Charles Weidner, Africa. Weidner can write Metallo c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

S/Sgt. Thomas Hunter, Signal Corps clerk in New Guinea, flashes this to S/Sgt. E. V. Ward and M/Sgt. James McReynolds, last heard from in North Carolina and at Tucson Air Base: "I've finally wound up in New Guinea. Good luck—and say hello to all the boys in Finance." . . . **S/Sgt. P. N. Boudreaux,** somewhere in India, has a word for Sgt. Harry (Gabby) Dore in Australia: "Hope the dolls there are the same as they used to be." . . . **Sgt. Mitchell Jackson,** Hawaii, wants to hear from Pvt. Edward Sloan, stationed in India. Jackson writes: "Most of our old gang are here, including Gibbs and Adams." Sloan can answer Jackson c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

This is a picture of Pvt. James (Whitie) Markwell's appetite. At early chow, Whitie's meal included four pounds of roast veal, eight boiled potatoes, seven slices of bread, a quarter of a pound of butter, four large stalks of celery, one helping of vegetable salad, one quart of milk and two pieces of cherry pie. Immediately after, Whitie was in there pitching at close-order drill and never missed a step. This should qualify him as the Army's greatest chow hound.

—Cpl. RAYMOND F. SCHELFHOUT

Fort Custer, Mich.

Dear YANK:

I have no love for the MPs, but I wholeheartedly disagree with Sgt. Oscar Levinson's suggestion in *Mail Call* that MPs in combat zones should be given an official name in order to distinguish them from MPs serving in Zones of Interior. Perhaps the combat MPs do have an arduous job, but I've seen many dangerous brawls brought to a conclusion by limited-service club-wielders. Oscar's views are somewhat warped. Someone should tip him off that we are fighting a war together.

—Sgt. LEO M. POWELL

Camp McCoy, Wis.

Dear YANK:

I wish you would pass on my congratulations to 2d Lt. Elizabeth Itzen. Her poems which I have read in a March issue of YANK touch the very breath of this place in a simple descriptive manner.

—Pvt. ARNOTT A. ROYCROFT

Australia

Dear YANK:

This is in answer to the poor corporal's letter who was bellyaching because he couldn't get enough gas when he returned to the States on his furlough. Tell him that if the guys here had a chance to return to the States, they'd be happy just to walk. He ought to feel lucky he got a furlough, because it takes damn near an act of Congress to get a 24-hour pass here.

—JACK H. GROSS

Canal Zone, Panama

Dear YANK:

This is the roster of the Sad Sack Club, Fort Ontario Chapter. The following are charter members: Pvts. Harold M. Brody, David Korsum, Morton Propos, Sig Nowakowski and John Rentz.

—Sad Sack Club

Station Hospital, Fort Ontario, N. Y.

Dear YANK:

Give my simulated bouquet of orchids to the gals who objected to Bishop Oldham's bargain [in an April issue] to grow a beard if they would stop using cosmetics. Tell him that if it were necessary, we would give up our razors if in that way the gals could continue to have cosmetics. We like 'em well painted.

—Pfc. R. H. FANNING

Alaska

Dear YANK:

I heartily agree with Pvt. Ben Perchuk's suggestion in *Mail Call* that the Army select its noncoms by competitive examinations. The hopeless limitations of many of the appointed noncoms has proved costly in battle and training. There is a great deal of unrecognized talent in the Army, and it seems to me the "thinking" private is the most abused of all.

—Pvt. MUZ CHESY

Ford Ord, Calif.

Dear YANK:

I've got a fat pig to cut with you. As an old GI who started life as a yardbird in the QMC, I really get red in the face when I read those letters you print depicting the personnel of the QMC as goldbrickers and sick-book riders. We don't have any glamorous songs, get any fancy write-ups or medals, but I think that's more to the QMC's credit: We don't get these rewards but we continue to put out the work.

—Lt. G. J. SEARS

England

Dear YANK:

I notice a very sad omission in your state *News From Home.* I'm a West Virginian and would like to see a little home news. What's the reason our state is not included with the rest?

—Cpl. THOMAS C. BOWLING

Fort Brady, Mich.

Dear YANK:

I'd like to know what's wrong with Michigan in *News From Home.* Several soldiers come from Michigan.

—Pfc. JOHN K. BURNS

Lincoln, Nebr.

Dear YANK:

I have been reading YANK ever since we have been able to get it, but never have seen any South Dakota news. How about it? It's time we rate a page or two.

—Pvt. HOWARD L. RANG

Australia

■ We cover West Virginia and the Dakotas every second week. There's not room enough to print all the states each week, so we try to get around half the country one week, the other half of the country the next week. In Michigan we've had a hell of a time lining up a good reporter, hope we have one this time that will stick.

Dear YANK:

Rep. Morrison has asked Congress to grant soldiers an "incentive" bonus if they will end the war quickly. He proposes the award of three years' salary if the Axis is forced to surrender by Apr. 16, 1944. Thank Rep. Morrison for his generous offer but tell him we don't need a bribe in bonus form to induce us to fight for our country. We are doing everything in our power to obtain victory at the earliest possible date.

—Pvts. LIONEL J. BEAN and CHARLES B. LOWDER

Australia

Dear YANK:

Why can't soldiers in foreign service be relieved and returned to camps in the States after a reasonable period of time, say 18 months? In planting crops, the farmer rotates them from year to year, to avoid killing the land. This might apply to the Army, too. Many of the fellows over here have not been home for several years, and it goes against the grain when they read of their comrades in arms in the States going on their second furlough since the war.

—Pfc. JAMES L. REA

Australia

Dear YANK:

With great sympathy I read the poem by Pfc. Dudley M. Shoemaker called the Radio Operator Mechanic's Lament [in a May issue of YANK]. I, too, am a radio operator for over a year and I'm still a pfc. Who ever figured the TO in the Army sure forgot the lonely dependable radio operator. We can't even join the Privates for Duration Club.

—Pfc. DENNAR C. BRATTEN

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear YANK:

I think there is injustice in the fact that enlisted men are required to wear the regulation GI issue khakis when off duty while officers are permitted to buy and wear gabardines and tropical worsteds. I have no objection to wearing the GIs on duty but I would like to be able to wear clothing of a neater appearance while off duty and on pass.

—S/Sgt. JAMES A. CAMPBELL

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.

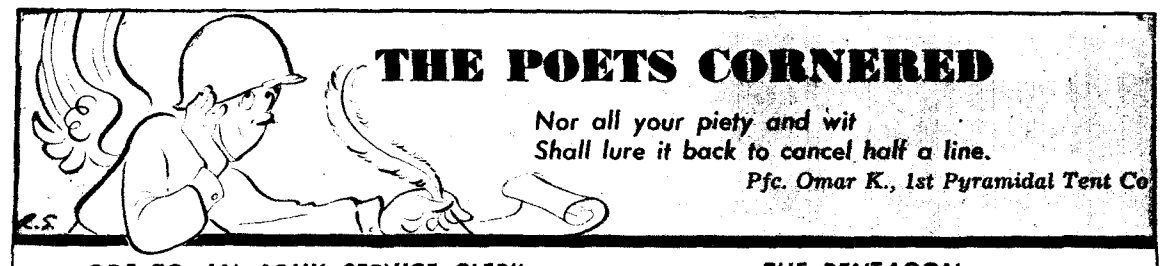
COAST TO COAST. After announcing that a pair of Sally Rand's old fans would be placed in its museum, the Chicago Historical Society decided "upon further reflection" that the fans were not of sufficient historical importance. . . . Bess Ehrhardt will rejoin the "Ice Follies" in Seattle after having been absent from that show for more than a year. . . . Maxene of the Andrews

Andrews sisters (l. to r.) Maxene, Patty and Laverne.

Sisters announced in Boston that she had eloped with Lou Levy, music publisher, to Elkton, Md., two years ago. . . . When Uncle Sam exercises his claim on Buddy Ebsen, Stuart Erwin will replace Buddy in the Chicago hit, "Good Night Ladies." . . . "Abie's Irish Rose" was revived in Pittsburgh, with author Anne Nichols present at the opening.

HOLLYWOOD. Producers of "The Sullivans," the story of the five Sullivan boys who went down with their Navy ship, are having casting troubles because of the inroads of the draft on the ranks of young actors. Jimmy Cagney, according to Mrs. Sullivan, is the only one who could play her oldest boy George. . . . Bing Crosby is proudly displaying a gift watch from wife Dixie Lee inscribed "Strictly From Dixie." . . . Following a new Army-camp tour, Martha Raye appears in the film version of "By Jupiter," the successful Broadway musical. . . . Joe E. Brown is drawing upon his South Pacific experiences for the script of "Gone With the Draft." . . . Martha Scott, who made a film art of growing old gracefully, ages only two days during the entire span of time covered by her next, "Hi Diddle Diddle." . . . Chico Marx deserted his band in Denver for three weeks while he consulted with Groucho and Harpo on Hunt Stromberg's offer to reunite the Marx Brothers in a film for the first time in three years. . . . Lionel Stander has been signed for the cast of "Guadalcanal Diary." . . . Hedda Hopper reports that when a starlet at the Trocadero asked Guy Kibbee to try out a new dance, he replied, "You can't teach these old dogs new tricks."

BROADWAY. Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, pleased with the record business of its big show during 37 days in Madison Square Garden, framed a one-ring affair named "Spangles" for a summer run in the same spot. . . . Ray Bolger is due for a rest after the close of "By Jupiter." That show's run of 426 performances on Broadway is a record for a Rodgers and Hart musical. . . . Two of Jimmy Dorsey's musicians were caught outside during a blackout and the orchestra had to go on without them at the N. Y. theater where they were playing.



THE POETS CORNERED

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

ODE TO AN ARMY SERVICE CLERK

When the half-awakened bugler
Sends forth his clarion note,
And the first pale streaks of morning
Strike the brass upon his coat,
The solitary service clerk
Long since has been awake,
Thinking of those blasted forms
That he forgot to make.

There're notifications and applications,
And certifications bunk . . .
There're designations and regulations
And consolidated junk.
There're assignment cards and charge sheets
And statements of account.
He's written a thousand furloughs,
And a thousand more no doubt.

There're identifications, investigations
And information rot;
There're examinations and classifications
And other polygot.
So it's write out this and write out that
And type it to the end,
And when he's dead and buried,
His death report he'll send.

—Cpl. BILL SEXTON

England

DOUGH GIRLS?

Buck private is the name for me,
But this I'd like to know:
Are dainty privates in the WAAC
Yet classified as *Doe*?

—Pvt. JOHN B. JAMES

Williams Field, Ariz

NO GLORY OURS

No glory ours
Who head this native shore and fill these scenes;
We walk the cities' streets, and so it seems
We are apart.

No place have we
In which to serve, save labors commonplace.
Dull tasks which gall the spirit, lacking grace.

A man must fight
To know of war; it is not learned
On sheltered earth; fame is earned
On foreign shore.

Yet for the whim of fortune's wheel
We, too, might now be facing steel.
So judge us not, nor rancor feel.
Our turn will come.

—S/Sgt. CHARLES GROGAN

Adams Field, Ark.

THE PENTAGON

The Pentagon, new War Department Building in Arlington, Va., is the world's largest office building. It holds 30,000 workers, has 16½ miles of corridors and is 1 mile around its five sides.

The Pentagon is huge, colossal;
It houses souls warlike and docile.

Think of the buck slips, pile on pile,
Think of the miles and miles of aisle.

Pencils by the thousand gross
Wielded by the bellicose. . . .

Thirty thousand agile hands,
Typing out the war's demands. . . .

Acres of military minds
Unraveling the tape that binds. . . .

Oceans of words that froth and bubble,
Turning what, please, into rubble?

The Infantry is battle's queen,
But here the battle's heard, not seen.

In war the men admire a chassis;
The only chassis here's a lassie.

Some of the Infantry is airborne;
Pentagonians are chairborne.

—Pfc. Y. GUY OWEN

1st Decontamination Battalion

BURIAL ON THE SPOT

(Suggested by drawing by Sgt. Howard Brodie.)

An earthen mound, a cross of wood,
A dog tag to tell whose work is done.
But we can't salute him as we should,
For taps must wait till the island's won.

—Pvt. ROBERT J. KIRKWOOD

Camp Murphy, Fla.

SONNET

This mute inexplicable universe,
Upon whose floating crust I stand aware,
Whose son I am, who gives me tears and air,
And who to me these pleasures does disperse,
Has moved again and we are gone apart
In silent movement and unshuddered pain
To lands where each the other shall sustain
By flickered recollection's backward chart.

Yet this I see of you: quiet grace,
Your fingers resting in my hand,
The tints of color in a fair, fair face;
I see all this, and seeing understand:
This universe can imperceptibly
Revolve again and bring my love to me.

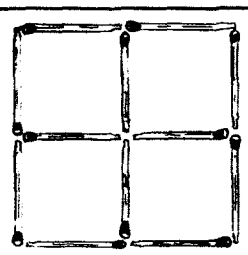
—Pvt. PERRY S. WOLFF

Fort Eustis, Va.

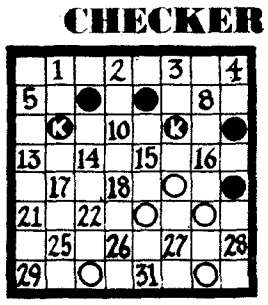
Match Problem

ARRANGE 12 matches to form four squares as shown at right. The problem: By removing only two matches leave just two squares, with no extra pieces left over.

(Solution on page 22.)



CHECKER STRATEGY



WHITE is in a bad spot. One piece down, a position that looks like a wreck, and no kings while Black has two. Is there a way out?

Yep, there is. White has a draw here. Try to find it.

First number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown. Then you can verify your analysis with the answer on page 22.

Nan Wynn

In the past, when you watched Rita Hayworth sing in a movie, the voice you'd be hearing was that of the girl on the opposite page. As you've seen by now, Nan is worth a look herself. Her next movie for Columbia is "Right Guy."

COMPANY STREET

HITLER. The library bulletin board at **Camp Stewart,** Ga., lists all the books Hitler burned in Germany, with a caricature of der Fuehrer hollering *Verboten.* . . . GIs on maneuvers near **Camp Gordon Johnston,** Fla., attack a village called Schicklegruberhaven.

BROTHERS. At **Tinker Field,** Okla., Pvt. Lawrence Werner reported for duty from a West Coast training school. A week later his identical twin brother, Pvt. Leonard Lawrence, reported for duty from the same school. "You guys stay together," ordered their first sergeant, "or I'll go nuts trying to tell you apart." . . . Brothers in the same company at **Camp Crowder,** Mo., are Pfcs. Earl, Irving and Harry Maynard; Pfcs. Daniel and Lawrence Aguirre.

The Lawrence Twins

WIVES. Unhappiest dogface at **Gunter Field,** Ala., is Cpl. Ross A. McIlhenny. A short time ago he divorced his wife because his mother-in-law kept butting in on family arguments. Now Ross has discovered that his mother-in-law is coming to Gunter Field as a Waac shavetail. He wants a transfer—quick. . . . When Auxiliary Ruth Johnson, formerly a singer with name bands, entertains the guys at **Camp Bowie,** Tex., her favorite song is "He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings." Her husband is a captain in the AAF in India. . . . Sgt. Clem T. Simon, **Camp Robinson,** Ark., complained to his wife that the metal of his dog tags chilled his body during a cold spell, so she sent him a pair of knitted dog-tag covers. . . . Sgt. Charles L. Bragg, **Camp Davis,** N. C., fell in love 40 years ago, quarreled with his girl, and never saw her again until early in 1941. Recently Sgt. Bragg, 73, married his boyhood sweetheart, now 69.

LETTERS. Boot Earl Williams at the **Great Lakes** (Ill.) **Naval Station** got a letter from an unknown girl, wrote back that he was the wrong Earl Williams but maybe he could become the right one. That started a correspondence, which started a romance. Now Williams says he "might marry the girl—she looks just like her letters sound."

67 SAD SACKS

That's the name of an exclusive fraternity of noncommissioned fighter pilots who have seen plenty of action in Tunisia

Five flight officers "3d Lts." Howard Carpenter, Charles Johnson, Marty Frain, Robert Irvine and James Patterson—talk it over with Thirteen. Thirteen is not just a mascot, but top dog, with a gold bar on his collar.

By Sgt. PETE PARIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN AIRFIELD IN TUNISIA—If you hang around this take-off terrain for fighter planes long enough, you'll run into some of the 67 Sad Sacks.

They are a very exclusive organization of 67 fighter pilots who are neither fish nor fowl. They were enlisted men in the Air Forces who were graduated in a body from Luke Field, Ariz., and studied low-level strafing together at Tallahassee, Fla., before being shipped to England last December as flying sergeants. That was when they formed their Sad Sack Society with Jack Middaugh of Bakersfield, Calif., as "head bag" to lead their mourning over not having shiny bars like other pilots.

Now they're flight officers, wearing bars something like a warrant-officer insignia, but still in a state of delightful confusion. They call themselves third lieutenants and they have no senior officer. But they flew their Airacobras and P-40s into the thick of the offensive that cleaned up the Axis in Africa and upheld the honor of the Sad Sacks.

If you ask them who is the CO, they point to a small French dog having a slight resemblance to a fox terrier which answers to the name of Thirteen. They have pinned a second lieutenant's bar on Thirteen's collar and that makes him technically the highest-ranking member of the Sad Sack fraternity.

They call the lieutenant Thirteen because they were torpedoed 650 miles off the Irish Coast on the 13th day of the month, floating for nine days in a lifeboat before a British destroyer picked them up. Incidentally, Thirteen was missing in action at the time of this report, but the Sad Sacks attribute his absence to the coming of spring.

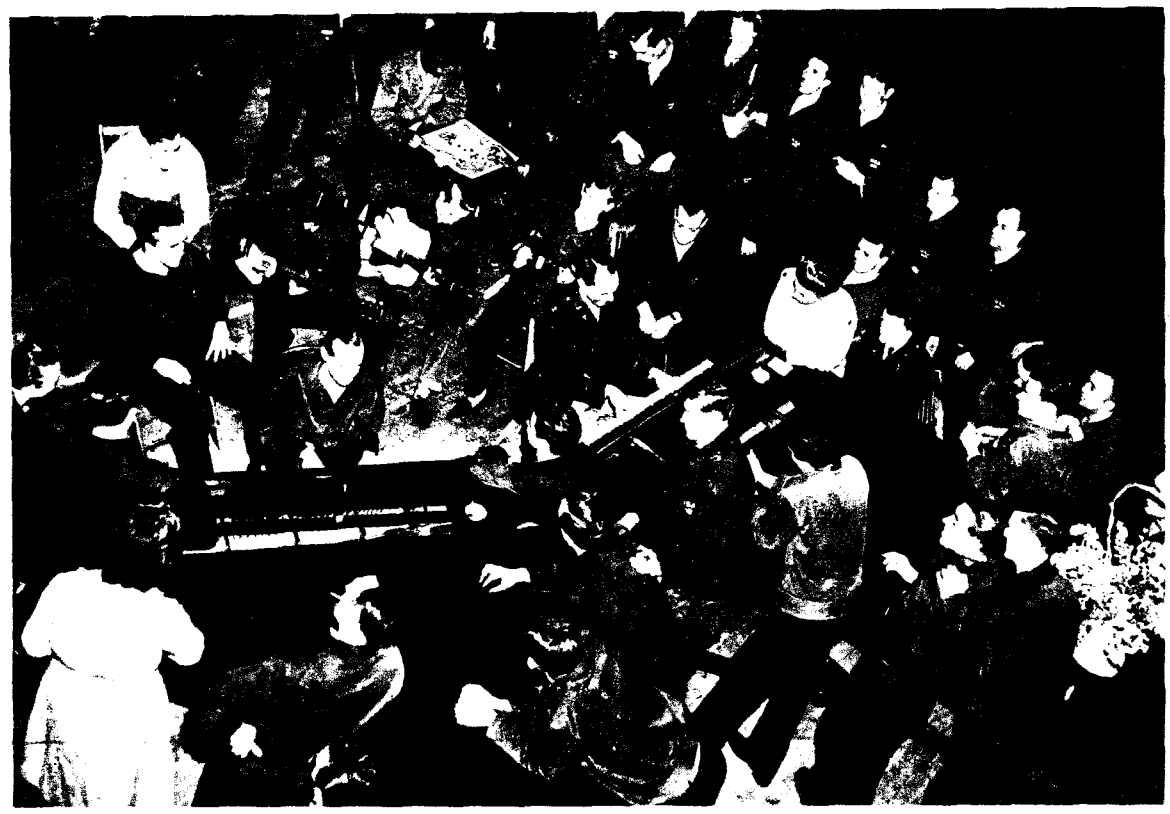
The Sad Sacks have had plenty of close shaves. For instance, the first time Marty Frain of Chicago, Ill., went on patrol, he and a lieutenant named Christy from Oregon found their home field shrouded in fog and landed on another one near Faid Pass. It was a quiet, innocent-looking spot but as soon as they stepped out of their P-39s, the Germans opened fire on them. Christy took off again, strafed the Nazi positions and landed to rescue Frain. But he struck a mudhole and demolished the landing gear.

However, the two of them ran for cover and sneaked away. After a 20-mile hike they met a British patrol and all was well—if you can overlook the loss of two Airacobras.

At their base in Tunisia, a couple of flyers using a joint pillow snatch some welcome sleep between missions.

The Navy Saves 97 Out of 100 Wounded

And Army figures from front-line hospitals show that the doctors in its Medical Department bat for the same remarkable average.



Wounded Yanks, convalescing in an annex of the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, join in a song fest.

MORE than 97 percent of Naval and Marine personnel wounded during the period from Pearl Harbor to Mar. 31, 1943, have recovered, according to a report on the care of the wounded by the medical departments of the Army and Navy released by the Office of War Information.

Owing to the incompleteness of records from the fighting fronts, percentage figures on the recovery of Army wounded are not available at the present time, but an analysis of available data shows recoveries are comparable to Naval and Marine percentages.

Fifty-three percent of all Navy and Marine personnel wounded during the first 15 months of war have returned to duty. Still under treatment at the end of that period were 43.5 percent. Discharged from service were 0.9 percent. Of all the Navy and Marine personnel wounded only 2.6 percent died.

The break-down of figures on officers and enlisted men as of Mar. 31, 1943, follows.

NAVY OFFICERS WOUNDED	
Returned to duty	61.6
Under treatment	35.9
Invalided from service	2.0
Died of wounds	2.3
NAVY ENLISTED MEN WOUNDED	
Returned to duty	60.4
Under treatment	35.4
Invalided from service	1.4
Died of wounds	2.8
MARINE OFFICERS WOUNDED	
Returned to duty	51.6
Under treatment	55.9
Invalided from service	0.0
Died of wounds	1.6
MARINE ENLISTED MEN WOUNDED	
Returned to duty	41.5
Under treatment	55.9
Invalided from service	4.0
Died of wounds	2.2

The only deaths during the original occupation of North Africa were those of men killed outright or so badly wounded that nothing could have saved them. This was also true in the other theaters of war, as the medical departments of the armed forces are able to handle almost any problem which confronts them.

For instance, in North Africa, even though the ships carrying medical materials were torpedoed, the medical-care system was established right on the beaches and the problem of first aid was effectively handled.

This system starts with each individual soldier himself. He has fastened to his belt, easily removable, a first-aid packet, a package of sulfadiazine tablets and a package of sulfa powder. If the soldier is conscious, he begins to take the sulfa tablets as soon as he is hurt. He dusts his wound with sulfa powder and uses his first-aid packet.

By this time, if not before, a hospital corpsman has reached him and given him an injection of a drug which stops pain almost instantly. After treatment, the medic ties a tag to the soldier's belt, explaining what type of treatment was administered. Then he marks the place where the wounded man is located.

Litter-bearers come up and carry the soldier to a battalion aid station which is located from 400 to 1,000 yards to the rear. A miniature hospital on wheels, the aid station is staffed by two physicians and assistants. It may be compared to the emergency room of a hospital.

Next stop in the medical-care system is the collecting station. The casualties usually arrive at this point a day or two after they are wounded. After classification, the more seriously wounded are evacuated to field hospitals or evacuation hospitals, 5 to 7 miles behind the lines. These are mounted on six wheels and can travel over rough or soft ground. Equipped with the most modern supplies and staffed by expert surgeons, they can accommodate a major operation.

Farther back are the general, or base, hospitals, which are not mobile. The wounded are brought to them by ambulance or ambulance plane. They have accommodations for 1,000 or more patients. The men remain there until ready for duty or ready to be sent to convalescent hospitals.

With modern means of transportation, men can be returned from the battle front rapidly. One soldier, with a severe abdominal wound, was brought back to the U. S. by ambulance plane from Egypt in 72 hours and is now recovering rapidly in an Army hospital.

No longer does a soldier have to wait until he reaches a base hospital before X-ray pictures can be taken of his injury. The portable X-ray machine, a product of the Army Medical School, enables the doctors to know the nature of the wound an hour or so after the patient is brought in from the scene of action. In addition to being equipped for taking X-ray pictures, the machine has a fluoroscopic screen through which the physician can examine hidden injuries or can locate bullets a minute after the wounded man is placed under the machine.

Other recent Medical Corps developments are a mobile bacteriological laboratory, a mobile optical laboratory, mobile dental and water-purifier units, and an ambulance railway train which the British recently turned over to the U. S. Army under the Lend-Lease Plan.

With the mobile bacteriological laboratory, tests can be made immediately to determine whether water is fit to drink, the nature of any disease which may attack the troops, and the purity of food.

The optical laboratory is one of the newest units carried by troops. Soldiers who wear glasses are no longer incapacitated for battle for three or four days after they lose or break their glasses. An optician is right at hand to make them new ones.

The ambulance train has six ward cars, cars for sitting-up patients, a pharmacy car, and cars for the doctors, nurses and the storage of materials and supplies. There are operating rooms and special compartments for psychiatric cases.

MEDICAL advances that make possible the low death rate among wounded are detailed in Albert Q. Maisel's exciting new book, "Miracles of Military Medicine," published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

Mr. Maisel reports that speed is one reason why Russian statistics show a death rate among treated wounded of only 1½ percent, a record surpassed only at Guadalcanal. Russian aerial ambulances have evacuated guerrilla fighters far behind German lines and carried most of the wounded from the besieged cities of Odessa and Sevastopol. Our Marine Corps has amphibious ambulances to carry wounded to hospital ships.

In Hawaii, Dr. John Moorhead, specialist in traumatic surgery, developed an electro-sensitive locator which indicates the depth of a bullet in the body. Sensitive to most metals, the locator substitutes for the X-ray and does away with unnecessary cutting and probing, thus lessening shock.

The sulfa drugs, according to Mr. Maisel, are affording sensational cures. Gonorrhea infected more than 250,000 Yanks in the first World War, and every man infected averaged 16 days in the hospital. Surgeons started to experiment with sulfa drugs as a gonorrhea combatant. Testing sulfadiazine, the Navy picked 30 hospital patients and cured every one within 10 days, six within five days. By the end of the war no man is expected to lose time through gonorrhea.

Sulfaguanidine, another sulfa agent, is most effective against infection of the intestinal tract. This drug can clean up most bacillary-dysentery cases without hospitalization in three to five days. Sulfanilamide powder is sometimes used to delay surgery deliberately until the danger of shock is past and the risk of operation lessened.

Death claimed one in nine tetanus victims in the American Army in the first World War. At Dunkirk 16,000 survivors of that ordeal had submitted to new antitetanus shots, not one developed tetanus. Eight of 1,800 not immunized developed lockjaw.

Brain surgeons here have an electro-surgical apparatus to seal each tiny blood vessel the moment it is cut, thus preventing infection.

The German dye trust developed atabrine, a drug quicker and more effective than quinine. Thousands of Yanks are taking an atabrine pill daily as a malaria preventive. A 15-pill treatment is generally sufficient to put victims back on their feet after a few days.

Advancements in the technique of blood transfusion have made shock the "ex-killer." When blood plasma is used, blood typing is no longer necessary. Cooled plasma can be stored for months and is easily transported and administered. Dried plasma is the latest development. It takes less than 8 percent of the space required by fluid plasma, remains stable indefinitely at room temperature and can be administered in any required concentration simply by adding water.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, Sgt. Peter Paris. 2 & 3, U. S. Marine Corps. 4, Acme. 5, top, U. S. Army; bottom, U. S. Navy. 6, Sgt. John Bushemi. 12, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 13, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 16, Columbia Pictures. 17, top, Universal Pictures; bottom, Special Service Office, Tinker Field, Okla. 18, Paris. 19, Acme. 20, PA. 21, left, INP; right, PA. 23, left, INP; bottom, Acme.

ARKANSAS

Arkansas River flood waters broke a 110-year record. About 18,000 persons between Fort Smith and Pine Bluff were homeless and 24 persons were feared drowned; Blackstone, the magician, entertaining soldiers at Camp Robinson, was among those stranded. Sheridan's school schedule was revised to allow pupils to work afternoons on farms. At Little Rock, a committee was named to utilize the part-time services of volunteer workers in war industries.

CALIFORNIA

War veterans will have first choice of an estimated 50,000 jobs under a proposed 70-million-dollar post-war highway program. A disputed water hole in the Lost Horse Valley region was the cause of a gun battle in which Worth Bagley, retired Los Angeles County deputy sheriff, was killed. San Francisco's biggest water-front fire in years swept two Navy piers. The San Francisco Board of Education publicly apologized to former Supt. Joseph P. Nourse for the manner in which he was dismissed in a secret session; Nourse, who said he resigned because the board opposed his reform program, was succeeded by Dr. Curtis Warren of Santa Barbara. Canneries asked for 10,000 volunteers.

CONNECTICUT

Gov. Baldwin asked Navy Secretary Knox to name a new battleship the *Connecticut*. Danbury orchards and gardens were badly damaged by wind and a hailstorm. At Bethel, state police arrested Mrs. Catherine Engesser of New Rochelle, N. Y., charging that her 14-room summer home was used for six years as headquarters of a three-state abortion ring. Greenwich's annual town report showed that 10 percent of the residents are in the armed forces and another 10 percent in civilian-defense work. A state-wide registration of school teachers for summer war work was being held.

DELAWARE

Wilmington laundries were so short-handed that housewives had to iron their own dresses and fancy apparel. George Carey and Mrs. Irma Griffith of Salisbury were suffocated by illuminating gas in a tourist cabin near Delmar. The U. S. sought 583 additional acres to expand the Dover Airport. Most of Delaware's chickens are sold in the black market, Stanley Hearn, vice president of the Delaware Retailers Association, testified before a congressional committee.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Forty-one projects costing 400 million dollars, including a national stadium at the end of East Capitol Street, are part of a post-war program to beautify Washington. Sgt. Norman Sawyer, Anacostia High cadet, was judged the most distinguished noncom in the annual high-school drill competition at Griffith Stadium. After the third traffic death within a year in the 1100 block of Pennsylvania Avenue N.W., police studied ways to prevent further accidents. A survey showed a share-your-taxi plan to be effective.

FLORIDA

Harry T. Williams lost his tires to the Jacksonville Rationing Board for 90 days as a penalty for speeding. Tampa residents have organized six committees to combat crime. At Gainesville, Miami High's 3-year-old state track crown was lost to the Robert E. Lee High of Jacksonville. At Miami, Leonard K. Thomson was elected mayor; a 25-million-dollar post-war public-works program was proposed; back-yard chicken raising was blamed for the increase in flies; fire destroyed the Roxy Theater Building.

ILLINOIS

Six Peoria firemen were injured by a series of five explosions and a fire which destroyed three downtown business buildings. A bill to create a Southern Illinois State University at Carbondale was defeated. The broom-corn crop was cut 75 percent because of labor shortage and higher profits for machine-harvested corn and soybeans. McLean County grand jury indicted 538-pound George Ziller for allegedly trying to sell war-plant jobs. Beverly Crumly, 14, became the first girl page in the Legislature. Harold Clark, Nashville bus driver, was held on murder charges after the fatal shooting of Houston Mays, a passenger. Catholic Bishop Griffin disapproved of girls quitting school to take jobs.

INDIANA

On Mother's Day Mrs. Cyrus W. Cunningham, 37, of Muncie bore her 19th child. At La Fayette, Will R. Puckett, convicted in the murder of his mail-order bride, was denied a new trial. Two elementary schools costing $148,000 will be built at Odon. Big Eagle Creek flooded four square miles west of Speedway City, causing property damage. Fire destroyed the Messner Department Store at Oxford. At Rochester, a Hampshire sow gave birth to six red piglets on Apr. 13 and nine Hampshire piglets on May 4. At Indianapolis, the first arrest was made for violation of the ordinance prohibiting smoking in streetcars. Dr. Samuel T. Henderson of Fort Wayne was drowned in St. Mary's River.

IOWA

Glenn W. Beneke, 25-year-old publisher of the *Guthrie County Vedette*, won the Sigma Delta Chi national award for courage in journalism for his successful fight against misconduct in county government. Rains delayed Iowa corn planting. Fred L. Jones succeeded W. E. Beck, retired, as principal of Iowa City High School. Mount Pleasant locksmiths salvaged Iowa Wesleyan food-ration coupons after burglars damaged the college vault. Tornadoes did property damage around Des Moines. Red Oak and Creston. WAAC bandsmen entertained passengers when their train was derailed near Mitchellville.

NEWS FROM HOME

What goes on in your own home state

KANSAS

Thirty-three Fort Riley soldiers were hospitalized after a tornado demolished 21 buildings on the post. Organized labor contested a new state law controlling labor unions. Eugene Price succeeded Arthur Guy as mayor of Wakefield. The 70-year-old dam on the Smoky Hill River was dynamited to remove the threat of floods in that area. Meat rationing was held responsible for the issuing of 25,000 additional fishing licenses this year. Black Diamond, King and Spot, Topeka playground ponies, were killed by a bolt of lightning in a pasture in Gage Park.

KENTUCKY

Mason Caldwell, telegraph operator for the Southern Railroad at Kings Mountain, set the block signals on red, then shot and killed himself. Ohio County opened a new courthouse at Hartford. Henry F. Happel, 74, was Louisville's 14th traffic fatality of the year. McCracken County's peach yield may total 50 carloads. Some 4,000 persons attended the dedication of Benton's honor roll for servicemen. Providence Country Club stockholders voted to suspend golf and close the clubhouse for the duration.

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge's old belt-line streetcar rails were being salvaged for scrap. At New Orleans, the Coast Guard took over the Fairgrounds race track to train the mounted beach patrol, and the federal jail for a receiving station. At Monroe, Cecil Butler, 15, was drowned trying to save Edward Swayze, 18. Wallace Cable of Shreveport was elected president of Louisiana Tech's student body. Gov. Jones declined an invitation of the National Governors Conference at Columbus, Ohio, to speak on the same program with Missouri's Gov. Donnell on the ground that "two speeches at one luncheon constitute cruel and unusual punishment."

MASSACHUSETTS

The Legislature repealed the law against 18-inch hatpins. Gov. Saltonstall signed a bill making beano illegal. Cape Cod women and children will harvest the strawberry crop. At Boston, relatives of two fishermen lost overboard received judgments for $70,000 in a suit against the United Fisheries Vessels Co. of Gloucester. Tufts College will graduate more women than men for the first time in history. Springfield's library opened a branch at Winchester Square. The Very Rev. Donald James Campbell succeeded the Very Rev. Percy T. Edrop as dean of Springfield's Christ Church Cathedral. Holyoke police reported an increase in drunkenness.

MICHIGAN

At Holland, Patrolman Isaac Dekraker drove a flaming gasoline truck away from a fire that took two lives. Mrs. Maurice Crandall of Howell defeated three unmarried co-eds to be elected Albion College's "Miss Briton." Lansing bus drivers staged a one-day strike for higher wages. At Kalamazoo, James Bogar, sick after eating poisonous mushrooms, turned in a fire alarm to summon aid. The body of Conservation Officer Carlyle Smith, missing for 24 days, was found in a farm lane at Ithaca. At least 1,500,000 adults were expected to sign up for liquor-purchase permits in a state-wide registration.

MINNESOTA

Crop planting ended without a manpower shortage. William Glasby was arrested on intoxication charges at Willmar, three years after his escape from St. Peter insane hospital where he had been committed for his father's murder in 1929. At Minneapolis, citizenship was denied Mrs. Rahnheld Johnsrud, whose 21-year-old son Norman was twice decorated for valor at Guadalcanal, because she refused to bear arms. Minneapolis banks reported safety-deposit boxes at a premium because of War Bond sales. Rennie Adams, who designed apparatus used by Houdini, the magician, died at 67 in Minneapolis.

MISSISSIPPI

Miss Vera Anderson, 19-year-old champion welder at the Ingalls Shipyard, Pascagoula, was to compete at Pascagoula with Mrs. Hermina Strmiska, champ of the Kaiser West Coast yards, for the title of best U. S. woman welder. Farmers were urged to sell their 1942 soybean crop to meet increasing consumer demands. A state-wide drive was under way to salvage fats and grease. The white fringed beetle was damaging truck crops in the Long Beach area.

MISSOURI

Kansas City liquor supplies were so low that bottle sales were halted. Drainage from a TNT plant in St. Charles County was killing fish in Dardenne Creek. Tornadoes caused heavy poultry and tobacco-crop losses near Weston and Dearborn. After using 1st Sgt. Joe Schunks of Jefferson Barracks as a decoy, police arrested Rollo Clark on charges of growing marihuana near Irondale with intent to sell it to soldiers. Cooperation of the Missouri State Patrol was asked by Illinois officials in a drive against cattle rustlers who deal with black markets.

NEBRASKA

At Murray, 21 neighbors plowed 144 acres for Mrs. A. G. Long, a widow whose two sons are in the Army. Tony Natil and Marion and Kenneth Alexander, all of Republican City, were killed in a cave-in. Omaha Tech won the state high-school track meet at Lincoln, with North Platte second and Alliance third. Miss Barbara Sheppard, 18, will conduct the summer band concerts at Clarks. At Grand Island, Richard Dawe was severely burned in a dust explosion in the coal bin of an auto-supply store.

Deanna Durbin's latest movie called for this scene, so it was enacted as she actually gave a pint of blood.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

A bill before the Legislature proposed a $100 bonus for every New Hampshire war veteran. Laconia postponed celebrating its 50th anniversary as a city until midsummer. Mrs. Nellie W. Fortier of Chocorua, mother of six sons in the armed forces, sponsored the *USS Batfish*, fifth submarine launched at Portsmouth this year. Concord dogs liked their new plastic dog tags so much they were eating them. The Milford High nine edged Wilton 8-7 for the second time this year. West Virginia farmers arrived at Durham to relieve the manpower shortage on farms. The Legislature killed a bill to make Franklin city elections biennial instead of annual and to increase the mayor's salary from $200 to $1,000.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque was host to movie stars Pat O'Brien and Margie Stewart for the world premier of "Bombardier," which was filmed at Kirtland Field. Harvey Wise, Loco Hills youth, was held on charges of robbing the Potts Jewelry Store at Carlsbad. Hot Springs State Guardsmen were being taught to fight forest fires.

NEW YORK

The state lifted restrictions on shad fishing in the Hudson in order to help alleviate the food shortage. Died at Brockport: Gary Rigby, 4, who drank medicine intended for a horse because it tasted like pop. At Cornell University, 2,200 students had left college since October, reducing enrollment 30 percent. At Glens Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Armstrong and Mrs. Elizabeth Robillard died in a fire which damaged a business-apartment building. Samuel Carlson, Jamestown's mayor emeritus, was honored at a testimonial dinner. A Gallup poll showed that 35 percent of the new families in the Buffalo-Niagara Falls-Dunkirk area intend to remain after the war. Buffalo raised $53,000,000 to buy a new cruiser. Died at Utica: Sherwood S. Curran, 75, banker and internationally known curler.

OHIO

Since the zoning of all state liquor stores, drinkers must buy from the store nearest their homes. The Broad Lincoln Hotel at Columbus was ordered sold to satisfy a $250,000 judgment. Employees in Canton's street, water and garbage departments struck for higher wages. Cincinnati banned smoking on busses and trolleys from May 1 to Sept. 30 because of heavy travel. High winds severely damaged onion beds on Scioto and Hog Creek marshes near Kenton. At Dayton, Robert Colburn, football coach at Roosevelt High, resigned to become recreation director of the Acme Pattern and Tool Co. A WMC survey showed 295,000 Ohio women in essential industries.

OKLAHOMA

Nineteen persons, including six Camp Gruber soldiers, were missing in the worst eastern Oklahoma flood in history. Red Cross flood-relief headquarters were established in Muskogee for the following 14 counties: Muskogee, Tulsa, Mayes, Rogers, Wagoner, Creek, Okmulgee, McIntosh, LeFlore, Sequoyah, Cherokee, Garvin, Washington and Ottawa. Kellyville's School Supt. Lucas said more girls than boys had signed-up for farm work. H. F. Allen became superintendent of schools at Putnam City. Oklahoma City's dirt streets were damaged by heavy rains, owing to lack of road oil. At Tulsa, Ruth Lock won Lowell School's marble tournament over 300 boys.

PENNSYLVANIA

Mayor Milliken said there wasn't a single bawdy house in Harrisburg. Mrs. Martha Blanchard and three of her seven children perished in flames in their farm home at Muncy. The old ferry house at the foot of Chestnut Street in Philadelphia was torn down. At Pittsburgh, Marie Dolan, owner, and two women employees of the Club 51 were convicted on morals charges as the result of a raid last December. Margaret Giffen, 17, who took the day off from Blairsville High School to help her father with his farm work, was killed when a truck struck a tractor she was driving. Three Fayette County commissioners and the controller were found guilty of having bought gasoline for four years without written contracts or bids.

RHODE ISLAND

Central Falls' school board voted to retain the high school's 1 P.M. closing hour after a student sit-down strike had protested longer hours. At Cranston, Arthur Weremay, 11, was acquitted of manslaughter charges after the judge refused to believe his story that he had pushed a chum to his death under a train. High School Principal Holden of Barrington went on trial in Providence, accused of unduly whipping a student. Providence lifted its ban on outside part-time employment for police and firemen. Archie Merchant, Providence architect and former Chamber of Commerce president, died at 69.

SOUTH CAROLINA

A group of northern plantation owners bought the Ritter Hospital at Ridgeland to operate it on a nonprofit basis. Mayor W. C. Law of Timmonsville and Mayor Thomas Ducker of Bamberg were re-elected. Fire did $250,000 damage at the Laurens Glass Works. The State Tax Commission sought to collect inheritance taxes on the multimillion-dollar estate of the late Mrs. Cornelia W. Roebling, declaring she was a South Carolina resident, although the estate paid $700,000 in inheritance taxes to New Jersey. Dean Fraser of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, took over the duties of President Phelps, resigned.

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga University fraternities closed because so many men had entered the armed forces. Miss Cecile Walker, teacher in Chattanooga's Whitwell High, enlisted rather than accept a commission in the USMC Women's Reserve. At Nashville, Willis Bennett and Buford Cooper drowned but Grady Proctor was able to swim ashore after their boat capsized in the Cumberland River. Post-war plans to improve 700 miles of state highways were announced. George York, 19, son of Sgt. Alvin York, was inducted at Camp Forrest. Died: William Andrew Johnson, 87, ex-slave of President Andrew Johnson, at Knoxville; Robert G. Allen, 75, owner of the Knoxville baseball club, at Little Rock, Ark.

TEXAS

A tornado swept Laird Hill, near Henderson, killed four persons, did $1,000,000 damage and wrecked the village school without seriously injuring the pupils. Effective in August, a new law will ban liquor sales between 12:15 A.M. and 7 A.M. weekdays and between 1:15 A.M. and 1 P.M. Sundays. Italy (pop. 1,200) has sent 100 of its citizens to war. Baylor College of Medicine and Dentistry at Dallas will be moved to Houston to become part of the new M. D. Anderson Medical Center. Some 2,000 Rio Grande Valley tomato packers were frozen in their jobs. At Orange, Siamese twins were born to a Negro cook and housemaid. Dr. H. F. Connally of Waco became president-elect of the Texas Medical Association.

UTAH

At Columbia, a red fox short-circuited a 44,000-volt power line for two hours when it jumped on a switch and was killed. Gas rationing canceled the annual state teachers' convention and caused Salt Lake City to drop plans for "major league" softball. Riverton's third fire station was opened to provide protection for the expanding Riverton and West Jordan areas. Three Salt Lake City firemen died in a fire which destroyed the Victory Theater.

VIRGINIA

Mica mines were ready to start war production in Amelia, Hanover and Franklin Counties. Gov. Darden proposed the merger of the University of Virginia and Mary Washington College. Valuable timber was destroyed by fire which swept Flat Top Mountain in Giles County. At Richmond, the American Legion investigated and found that charges of waste at nearby Army camps were groundless. Bishop Collins Denny of the M.E. Church South died at 88. State streams were stocked with 30,000 large-mouth bass and 450,000 trout. On Chincoteague Island, Capt. Benjamin F. Scott, only survivor of the Loyal Eastern Virginia Volunteers which fought with the Union Army, celebrated his 105th birthday.

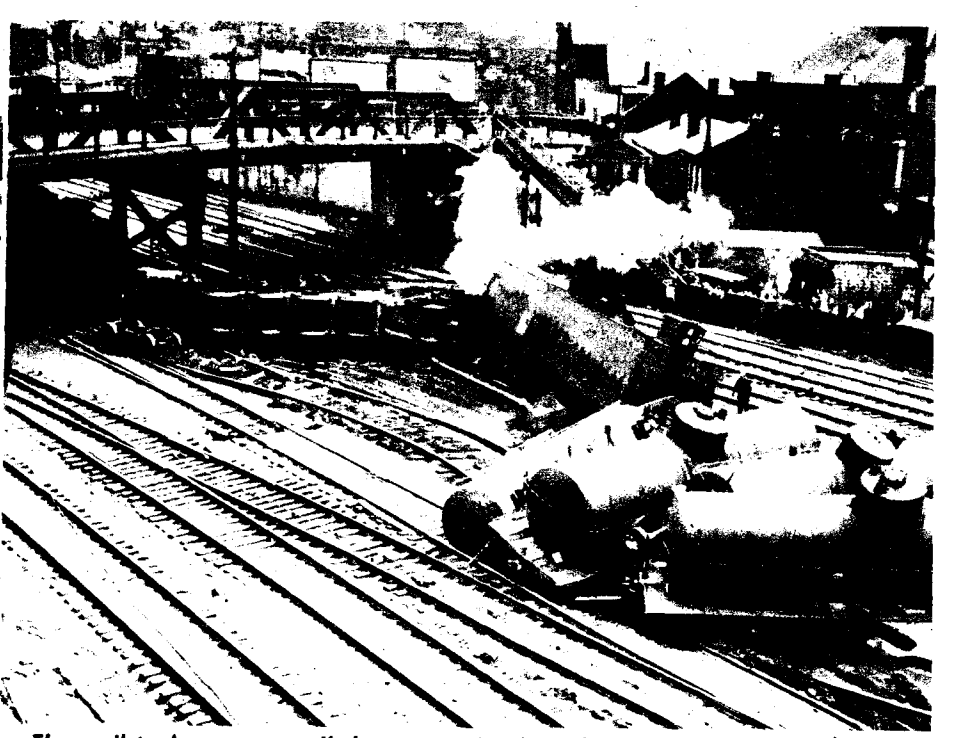
WASHINGTON

At Seattle, Rhodes' was the first department store to adopt a 5-day week; the Board of Education authorized the removal of Central School's brick tower, a landmark since 1888. When Capt. John Guthro of Vancouver, B. C., fell asleep, his halibut schooner rammed the Puget Sound Naval Academy pier and beached itself without awakening the captain and his crew of four. Deer were damaging Mercer Island victory gardens. At Tacoma, a poisonous garden spray, inadvertently used in cocktails, was blamed for the death of Russell C. Peterson, former city controller, and the critical illness of Dr. A. K. Stebbins, a dentist. The University of Washington varsity crew lost to the University of California on the Oakland Estuary for the first time since 1939.

WISCONSIN

The Wisconsin State Fair, Aug. 21 to 27, will be simplified and streamlined. Dr. Silas Evans, president of Ripon College for 29 years, was to retire. Out-of-state dealers helped boom Wisconsin used-car sales. At Milwaukee, West Division High teachers sought to remove Principal Knoelk because he allegedly belittled students. Milwaukee's new tavern curfew has caused a rush into Waukesha County after 2 A.M. Guards at the Milwaukee Ordnance Plant have been taken off horses and placed in guard towers. The state's strawberry acreage was reduced.

Axis prisoners (note the PW on their backs) fight the flood waters of the Mississippi at St. Louis under watchful MPs. They saved 1,000 acres of farm land.



These oil tank cars were piled up on each other when the second engine in a double-header fuel train leaped the tracks and overturned in Pittsburgh, Pa.

OST CHANGE

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

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

The Cokey Quivers

THIS trembly feeling came over me all of a sudden. I was sitting at my typewriter in post headquarters.

Suddenly aware that my fingers were throbbing strangely on the keys, I exclaimed: "My God, my fingers are throbbing strangely on the keys!"

After a turn around the room I felt better. But when I sat down to type again my arms were trembling. I went out in the hall.

Fortunately a coke machine had just been installed a few feet from our office door. I staggered over to it and put a nickel in the slot. It hummed gratefully, slipped me a coke and I felt better. But this time when I sat down my whole body was trembling. Even my teeth were jumping against each other. I had an eerie sensation that the typewriter had started twitching too.

I had heard of men cracking up in these Army office jobs. Frightened, I hurried to the hospital on sick call.

"Do you wake up with stomach cramps in the middle of the night?" asked the doctor. "No sir," said I. "Hmmm," he rejoined absently, "that's bad!" He drew a small whistle from the pocket of his smock and blew it. Two pfcs and a corporal appeared from behind a screen, seized me, undressed me and put me to bed. I lay there for a minute, waiting for myself to tremble. I didn't tremble at all.

"Let me out of here," I screamed, "I'm a well man." The two pfcs clamped an ether-soaked rag over my nose and mouth.

The doctor was standing over me when I awoke several days later. "You had a narrow squeak," he purred, "but we pulled you through. In a month or six weeks at the most you can begin to take little walks."

In nine weeks I began to take little walks, supported on either side by the two pfcs, who by that time had advanced to technical corporals on the strength of their fine showing in my case.

Two weeks later, weak but happy, I reported back to my office. "By way of celebration," I said, "I wish to buy everyone here a coke!"

"There is no coke machine here anymore," said a sergeant. "We had it moved out while you were away. The darn motor shook the whole office. Gave us all the willies!"

Army Air Base, Santa Ana, Calif. —Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

The Music Lover

—*Sgt. Paul Galdone, Fort Belvoir, Va.*

How To Mount an Amphibian Jeep

APPROACH the jeep with an air of confidence and attempt to mount in a careless fashion. You will crack both shins, skin your nose and scream like a mashed cat. Now jump back two paces and appraise the subject.

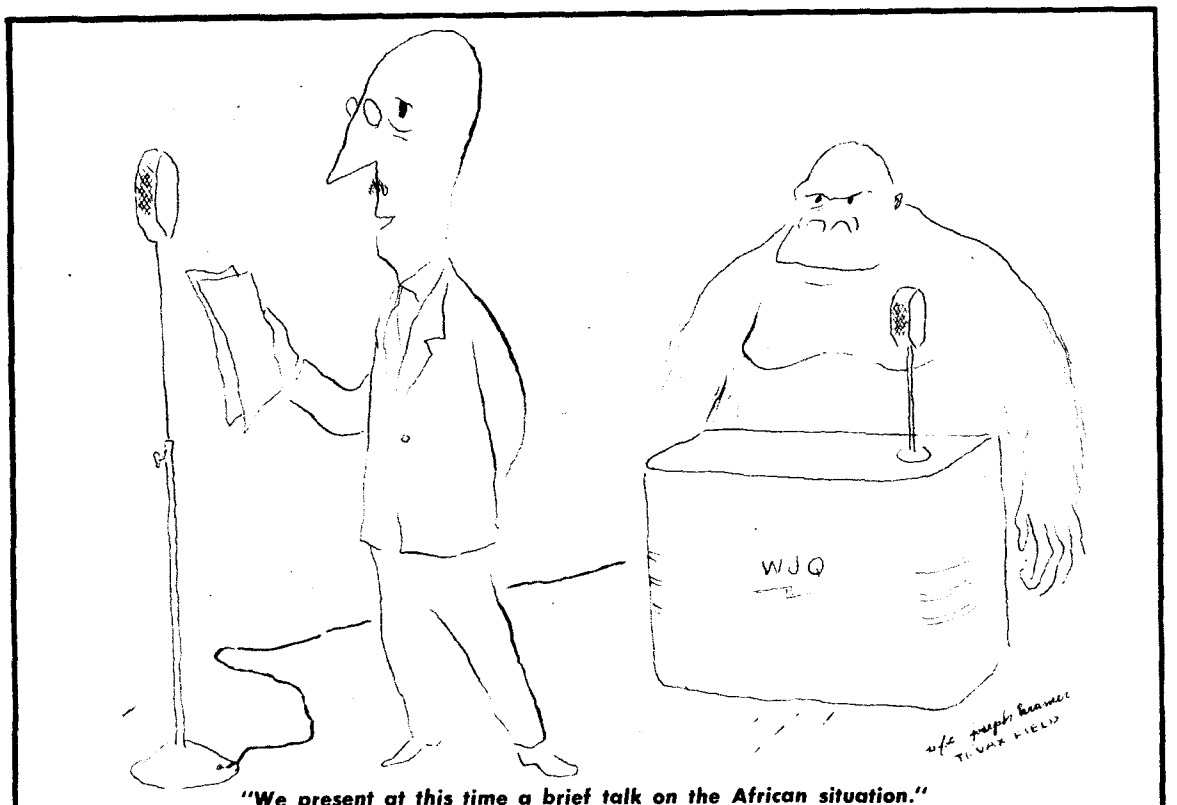
Look for an indented step the size of a knothole on the starboard side. Rush over and jam one foot into the step, then proceed to climb. Your foot slips and you spend the next few minutes picking up your teeth.

At this stage, depending on your temperament, you will do one of two things: Refuse to admit defeat or limp painfully to your destination. The latter would be the wiser decision, as you will soon discover. But you are the strong, self-willed type. You choose to withdraw, reorganize and attack again.

Find a stout pole about five feet long and approach the jeep at a breakneck pace, firmly grasping the pole in both hands. Upon reaching the jeep come to an abrupt stop, throw the pole to the ground and ask the first soldier passing by to boost you in. Reach down to switch on the ignition.

What, no key? To hell with it. Get out and walk.

Alaska — S/Sgt. FRANK G. STOKES



"We present at this time a brief talk on the African situation."

—*Pfc. Joseph Kramer, Truax Field, Wis.*

THE RATING

(With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe)

Once beside a bulletin board, wondering if I'd finally scored,
I waited for the list of ratings that were rumored by the score.
After nine months in the service I was more than slightly nervous,
For friends with much less time in service had been rated long before.
If they would just give me a rating and my dignity restore:
Merely this and nothing more.

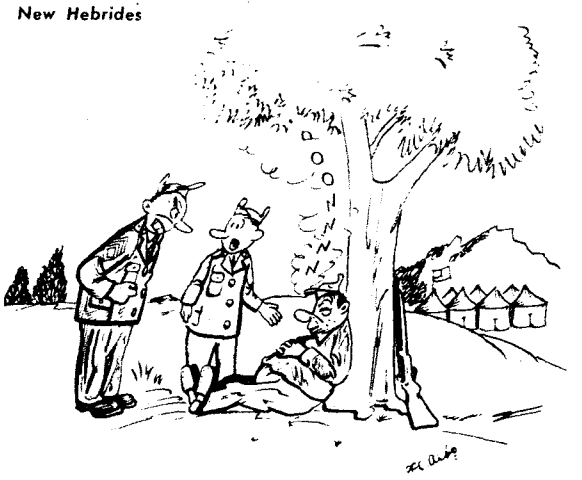
While I waited, breath abated, for that rank anticipated,
I questioned all the rumors that I'd heard the night before.
Had the sergeant really seen it, and did he really mean it
When he said that he could promise it was fairer than before?
What did he mean by saying I had a big surprise in store?
Only this and nothing more.

As my heart kept beating faster, I envisioned dreams of master
Wearing six bold stripes where there had been not one before.
But I'd compromise for three, 'cause then the world could see
That it was really guys like me who were gonna win this war.
The corporals would gaze upon the many stripes I wore
And call me private nevermore.

But when I scanned the precious page, my face grew red with rage,
And I looked around to see if there were any more.
But nowhere could I see, even for PFC,
The slightest hint of me and the number that I wore.
And the corporals that were privates just the very month before
Shall call me private evermore.

—Pvt. EDWARD MACHONIS

New Hebrides



"He says what are you kicking about; he got up at reveille, didn't he?"

—*Pfc. Aldo, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.*

SUGGESTION

Since the vanquished always rise,
Why not have wars end in ties?

—Pvt. LOUIS FISHER

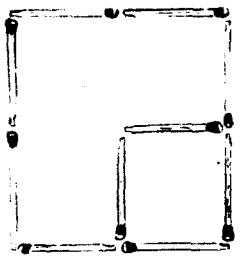
Camp Crowder, Mo.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

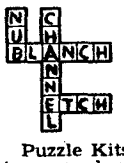
CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 30 to 26. Black jumps 20 to 27. . . . White moves 19 to 15. Black king jumps 11 to 18. . . . White jumps 23 to 14 to 5. The Black piece on 27 now being under threat of capture, moves 27 to 31. . . . White moves 5 to 1. Black king jumps 31 to 22. . . . White king jumps 1 to 10 to 3. White draws.

MATCH PROBLEM ⟶



TEE-TOTAL WINNERS



Winners in the Apr. 30 Tee-Total contest are: Pvt. J. P. Furman, Camp Wolters, Tex., and Cpl. Jack Matthews, Camp Gruber, Okla. (tied at 315); Pvt. Willard Gittleman, Fort Eustis, Va., and Pfc. Durward Lesser, Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla. (tied at 302). Furman's solution appears at left.

Puzzle Kits are now on the way to these men. Want to try your luck? Elsewhere in this issue you will find another Tee-Total puzzle. Send your solution to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York City.

SPORTS:

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

LONGDEN WANTED NO PART OF COUNT FLEET AFTER HIS FIRST RIDE. THE HORSE WAS CRAZY

Count Fleet, the 3-year-old champion, has the last laugh on Johnny Longden, who thought him a dozing, old nag. The Count almost ran away with Johnny.

Johnny Longden exhibits the small, skilled hands that have helped him to steady the high-strung Count.

LAST year at Belmont Park, Don Cameron persuaded Johnny Longden, the pony-faced jockey, to walk over to the Hertz barn. When they approached a stall marked Count Fleet, Cameron paused and said:

"Johnny, this is Old Zeke, our li'l ol' country hoss."

Longden looked into the stall and immediately went into a state of amused bewilderment. There was Old Zeke relaxing, with his sad eyes drooped, his ears gone completely flat and his head bowed.

"You ain't kiddin'," Longden said. "This horse is old. He looks 50 if he looks a day."

"Well, he ain't exactly 50," Cameron explained. "All country horses have that manner. That's why we call him Old Zeke. The Count is just a 2-year-old."

Longden looked at the half-dozing nag again and still couldn't believe it.

"What are you going to do with him," Longden asked. "Jack him up and make him run?"

"We gotta," Cameron said. "We can't sell him."

Old Zeke had made a sympathetic impression on Longden, and Cameron was secretly pleased. He knew if Longden ever learned the whole startling story of Old Zeke, Johnny would stoutly refuse to have any truck with the horse. The true story was that lazy Old Zeke was so nervous and rambunctious that John D. Hertz couldn't sell him. Longden had nothing but pity for the sway-back colt and agreed to ride him in a work-out that morning.

Cameron draped himself on the rail and watched as Longden guided Old Zeke around the track. He noticed that Johnny was struggling desperately to hold the horse down to a work-out pace. Old Zeke was full of run, and he was hauling and pulling Longden all over the track. Cameron clocked Old Zeke for two furlongs, and when he looked at his watch he knew he had a great horse.

When Longden brought Old Zeke back to the stable he was muttering a stream of complaints about getting the bumpiest ride of his life.

"This horse ain't old," he growled. "He's crazy as hell. He's going to kill somebody one of these days, and it won't be me."

Cameron immediately went to work selling the horse to Longden. He explained that Old Zeke was really an even-tempered animal, and that he was always a little high-strung in morning work-outs. Longden had been on enough horses to know that Old Zeke not only was nervous but that he was crazy and too anxious to run. Longden was reluctant about accepting Cameron's offer to ride Zeke. He knew a crazy horse could ruin him.

In brief, the crazy horse didn't ruin him. Instead, a lot of folks are saying that the horse made Longden. We wouldn't know about this. Longden is the only jockey Count Fleet has ever known and there's absolutely no proof that nobody else could handle him. The important thing, we think, is that the partnership is doing well. The Longden-Count Fleet team has swept every 3-year-old race in sight, including the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness Stakes.

As Bob Considine points out in his "Private Life of Count Fleet," Old Zeke is still a rough customer to handle unless you are a Longden. The Count is full of nasty tricks. One of his best is to allow his admirers to stroke or kiss the side of his head and then stagger them silly by jerking his head from side to side. After his winning romp in the Derby, the Count behaved perfectly when Mrs. Hertz patted his head and gave him a few lumps of sugar. But when Cameron came to take him back to the barn, he bumped the embarrassed trainer all over the winner's circle because Cameron wouldn't feed him any sugar.

The Count is crazy all right, but so is Johnny Longden. He's riding him.

Lt. **Bobby Pair,** who died in an airplane crash near Oklahoma City, was the third member of Georgia Tech's 1940 Orange Bowl football team to be killed in the war. The others were **Slim Sutton,** a center, and **Bobby Beers,** Pair's running mate at halfback. . . . Casualty lists also carried the names of Lt. **Johnny Burke,** national intercollegiate golf champion in 1938, killed in Central Africa; Lt. **Tom Borders,** member of Alabama's 1938 Rose Bowl team, missing in action in North Africa; Col. **Art Meehan,** former quarterback and backfield coach at West Point, missing in action in the Southwest Pacific; and Lt. **Wilmeth Sidat-Singh,** Syracuse halfback, missing after a plane crash in Michigan.

Fort Riley, Kans., ought to be able to hold its own race meeting with six former jockeys on the post. The riding colony includes: **Red Howell, Johnny Mann, Stanley Parise, Ralph Neves, Vincent Polk** and **Bert Hacker.** . . . Baseballers **Joe DiMaggio** and **Cecil Travis** and golf pro **Clayton Heafner** were all promoted during the same week. DiMaggio and Travis jumped to the grade of sergeant and Heafner to corporal. . . . **Barney McCosky,** former Detroit Tiger, is playing centerfield for Wooster (Ohio) College. As a Naval trainee he's eligible. . . . The Coast Guard has discharged **Allie Stolz,** Newark lightweight boxer, because of stomach ulcers.

Billy Hillenbrand, Lou Saban and **Chuck Jacoby,** representing three-fourths of the Indiana backfield, were inducted together at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. . . . Lt. Col. **Bernie Bierman's** next assignment with the Marine Corps will carry him to the Pacific theater. Last fall Bierman served as head football coach at the Iowa Naval Pre-Flight School, his team winning seven of ten games. . . . The Berlin radio now reports that paratrooper **Max Schmeling** was not captured on the Russian front, but that he's still in Germany recovering from wounds received in the invasion of Crete. . . . Pvt. **Enos Slaughter** of the World Champion Cardinals was banging the ball at a .999 clip for the San Antonio (Tex.) Army Air Base before being shipped to Sheppard Field, Tex.

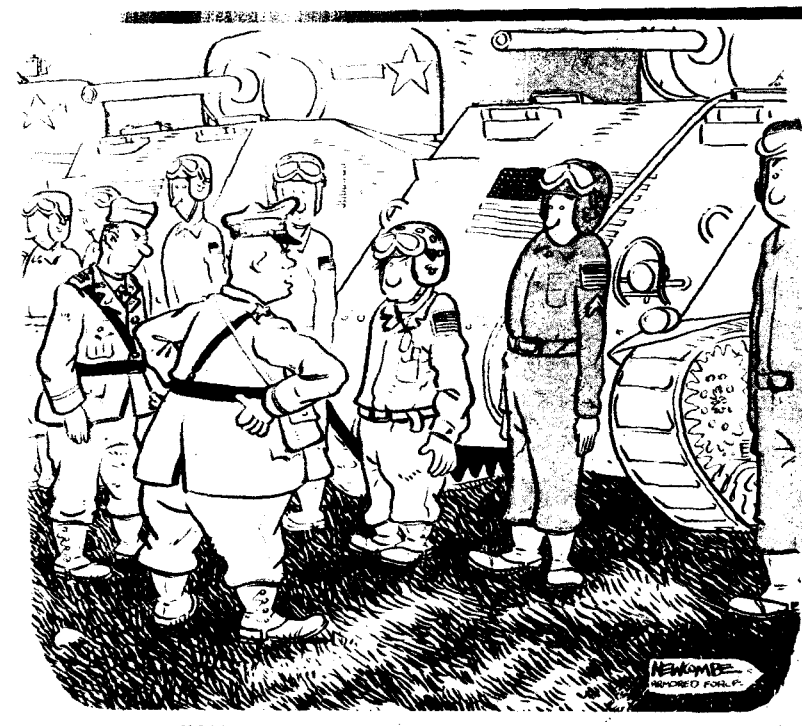
One of the best rifle and pistol marksmen at the Norfolk (Va.) Naval Training Station is CPO **Freddie Hutchinson,** the former Detroit pitcher. He's an instructor on the rifle range. . . . You can look for some new swimming records now that the Merchant Marine is teaching track star **Greg Rice** how to swim. . . . **Richard (Boo) Morcom,** whose triple victory in the IC4A Championships eclipsed NYU's team triumph, is a private in the enlisted reserve at the University of New Hampshire. Morcom won the broad jump (23 feet, 10 inches), high jump (6 feet, four inches) and pole vault (14 feet). . . . **Al Barlick,** the National League umpire, has taken his physical examination, the usual preliminary to you-know-what.

Cpl. Frank Fenton (13) of the FA is clipped by an Engineer tackler in the first American football game London has seen. The Artillery won, 19-6.

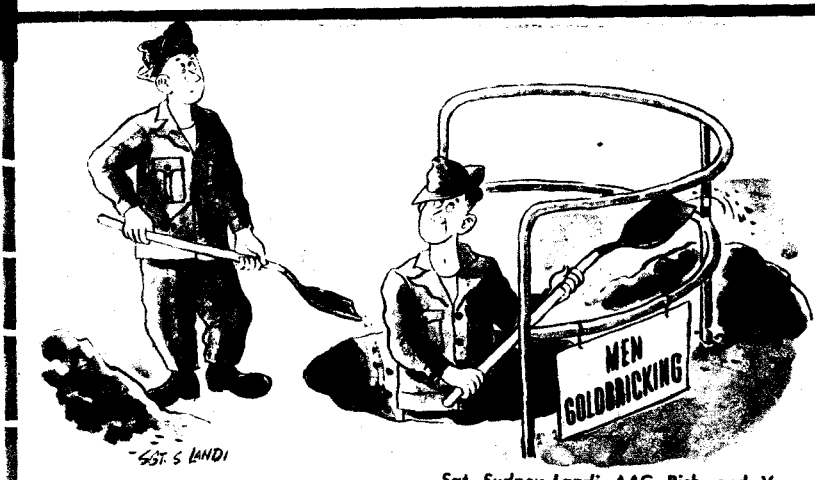
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"GOING ASHORE EARLY TONIGHT, EH, WILCOXEN?"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

"THE DEPARTMENT OF INFORMATION COMMENTATOR SAYS THAT ALL ATTEMPTS TO SMASH OUR SUPPLY LINES HAVE BEEN REPULSED."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson, Australia



"AND I DON'T LIKE BEING REFERRED TO AS 'THE LOWEST FORM OF GENERAL.'"
—Cpl. Bill Newcombe, Fort Knox, Ky.



—Sgt. Sydney Landi, AAC, Richmond, Va.

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