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By the men . . for the men in the service

ictures of "Fighting 69th" in Invasion of Makin

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WHEN THE NAVY FINISHED SHELLING MAKIN AND THE PLANES STOPPED BOMBING, THE SOLDIERS STEPPED OFF THEIR LANDING BOATS AND WADED ASHORE.

A SOLDIER OF THE SHAMROCK BATTALION WAITS TO PUSH AHEAD.

Lt. Col. Hart's Irish battalion from the famed "Fighting 69th" had a weird night when the Japs staged a series of wild, suicidal attacks on their front-line positions.

By Cpl. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

BUTARITARI ISLAND, MAKIN ATOLL [By Cable]—It was a wild mad night, that final period of Jap resistance—a bedlam of infiltration, screams, laughing and suicidal charges against the American perimeter defense. The enemy had been pocketed between two Army forces and was finally crushed between them.

The anvil against which the Japs were crushed was the force on Kuma Island whose machine guns prevented a retreat from Butaritari. The hammer that did the crushing was Lt. Col. Joseph T. Hart's Shamrock Battalion of the 165th Infantry, New York's old "Fighting 69th."

The Jap marines who defended this advance base in the Gilbert Islands were hard to kill. "You can't hurt one of them by hitting him in the head," said Pfc. George Antolak, a machine gunner from St. Clairsville, Ohio. "Three of us were in a machine-gun pit the third night after the landing. The others were trying to sleep and I was on guard. I could hear the Japs a few yards away. They were laughing like crazy men, a weird sort of shrieking laughter. Then about 2300 one of them charged our hole, yelling like hell and slashing around with a saber. My Springfield jammed. The Jap was too close for me to use it anyhow, so I threw it in his face. It smacked him right across the nose. He didn't even slow down.

"Meanwhile I was hollering to the other guys in the foxhole, but it all happened so fast they didn't even get to their feet. I grabbed the barrel of a carbine and let the Jap have it on the side of his head. He kept coming—I tell you, you can't hurt one by hitting him in the head—and swung his saber at me. I grabbed the blade with both hands."

STALKING SOME REMAINING JAP SNIPERS, THREE INFANTRYMEN WALK PAST A JAP OIL DUMP, PART OF WHICH IS STILL BURNING AFTER NAVY SHELLING.

Antolak glanced at the bloody bandages on each of his hands.

"That pulled him into the pit and the other guys held him and beat him over the head with helmets while I got the saber and stabbed him in the chest. And still the bastard kept up his awful screaming laugh. We finally got him but he took a lot of killing."

That third night was a frightening nightmare. The Japs, dressed in their best uniforms and wearing their medals, kept attacking in the face of certain death.

The action took place on the eastern end of Butaritari, the principal island of Makin Atoll and the only one heavily fortified by the Japs. Butaritari is shaped like a skinny Italy, with the toe pointing to the northwest and a thin leg stretching to the northeast. It is about eight miles long and averages 500 yards wide. Butaritari covers most of the south side of a triangle of islands enclosing the Makin Lagoon.

Near Butaritari's knee was the atoll's largest village. The Jap defenses were concentrated there to protect four piers extending over the reef into the deep water of the lagoon. At each end of the village the Japs had cleared the coconut trees and underbrush from strips 150 yards wide and extending from the lagoon to the ocean shore. In the center of the clearings were water-filled tank traps, five yards wide.

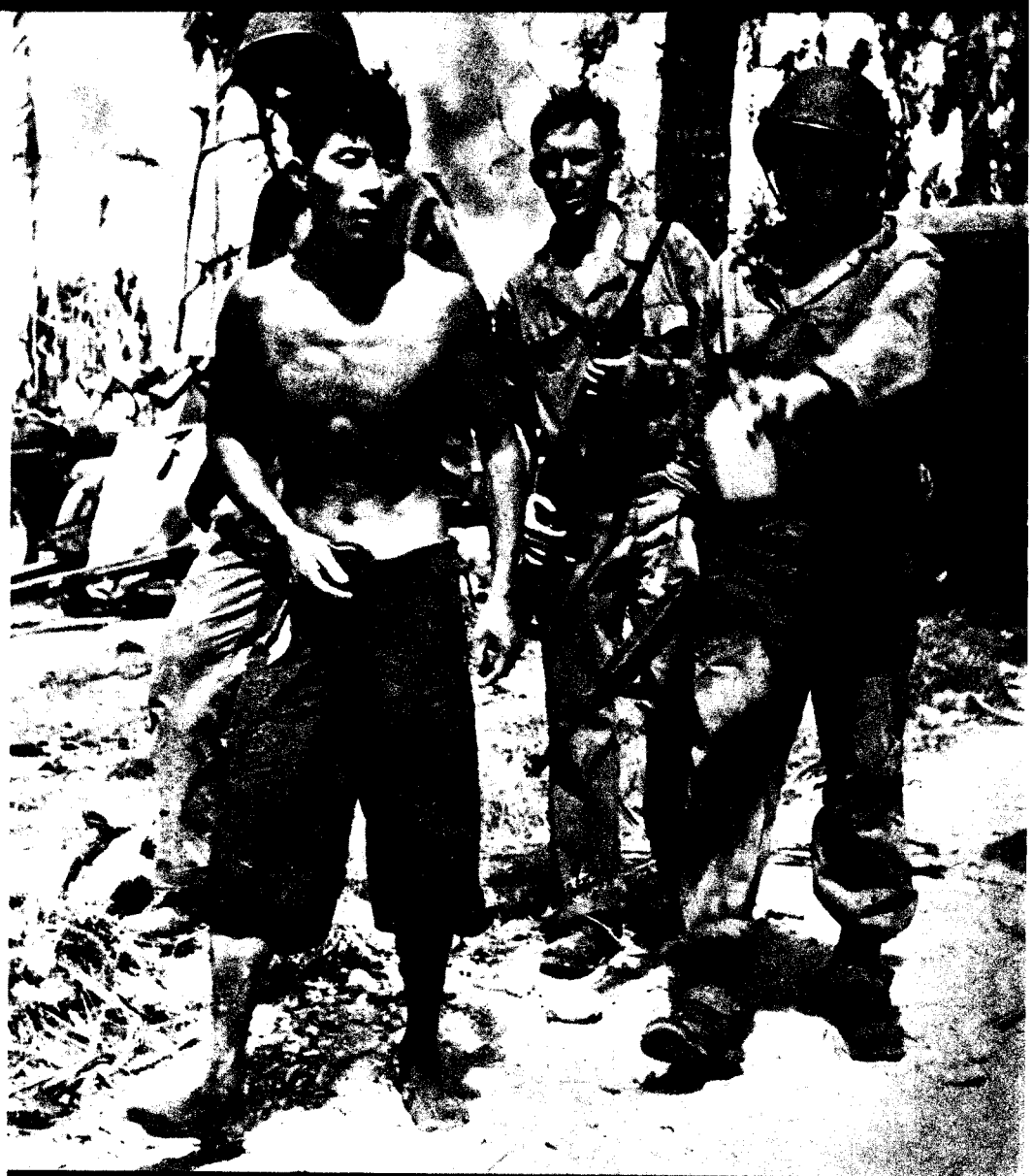
The original force landed at H-hour, 0830 Saturday, Nov. 20, on "Beach Red" at the sole of the Butaritari boot.

The operation proceeded according to schedule, with one group turning to the right and cleaning out Ukiangong Village, another pivoting to the left to investigate Flink Point, while the main body advanced east toward the Jap fortifications on the island's center three miles from the beach.

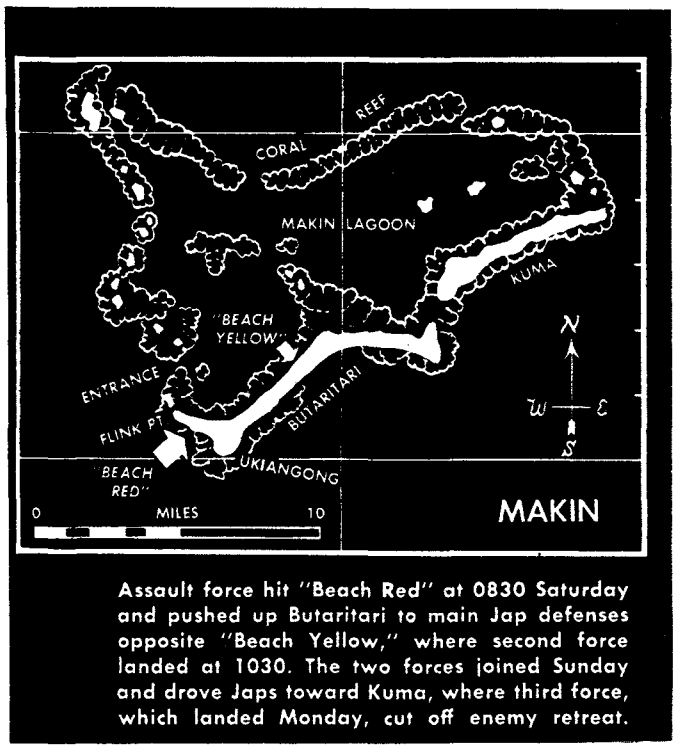
Resistance was almost nonexistent—six Jap marines were killed and one Korean laborer captured—as the Beach Red force pushed east up the leg toward the village. But the snipers increased in number as the infantrymen approached the clearing and the tank trap west of the village.

The infantry assault force suffered its first casualties when it came upon Jap pillboxes made of coconut logs and banked with sand. They had to be destroyed by tanks. When he stood up to give orders to the tank commanders, the 165th's CO, Col. James Gardiner Conroy of New York, N. Y., was killed by a sniper's bullet.

At that point the narrow, coral-topped road that ran the length of the island curved north, parallel to the lagoon's shore,



A KOREAN LABORER, TAKEN PRISONER, IS OFFERED A DRINK OF WATER.



Assault force hit "Beach Red" at 0830 Saturday and pushed up Butaritari to main Jap defenses opposite "Beach Yellow," where second force landed at 1030. The two forces joined Sunday and drove Japs toward Kuma, where third force, which landed Monday, cut off enemy retreat.

where coconut trees grew in profusion and the undergrowth was dense, affording easy cover for many snipers.

Crossing the road to aid a wounded soldier, Capt. Stephen Meany, regimental chaplain of the 165th, was shot and fell into a shell hole. Several hours later, after other attempts to rescue him had failed, Lt. Warren Lindquist of Boonton, N. J., crawled to the hole and dragged the wounded chaplain to safety. A sniper's bullet had struck a religious medal worn on a chain around the padre's neck. The bullet was deflected by the medal, tearing three flesh wounds as it ripped across Father Meany's chest and through his arm.

Two hours after the landing on Beach Red, additional landing boats entered the lagoon and deposited another force on "Beach Yellow," between two of the village piers and directly in front of the principal Jap fortifications.

Despite the tremendous bombardment of the beach before the landing, some of the troops were hit by machine-gun fire as they waded over the 300-yard reef to the shore.

The landing party silenced these machine guns, but they chattered again the next day, manned by Japs who had infiltrated the American lines during the night and taken the old positions.

The Beach Yellow force fanned out to right and left, pushing to make contact with the Beach Red party to the west and advancing against the Japs on the east. The two American forces established contact with each other the morning after the landing.

It was the Shamrock Battalion that was at the front that last wild night. The Shamrocks moved up to the assault position at 0800 Monday and late in the afternoon set up a perimeter defense across the island 3½ miles from the eastern tip. It was there, at night, with the Shamrocks ahead of them and another American detachment waiting on the next island to prevent their retreat from Butaritari, that the Japs made their final eerie series of attacks.

The Shamrocks dug three-man foxholes surrounding the grass shack that had been chosen by Lt. Col. Hart as his CP. Except for a small clearing around the shack, the area was the usual tangle of underbrush and coconut trees, with the island's main road running through the left flank of the American box defense.

The night began quietly enough—for Makin. The sharp tenor crack of sniper's rifles rang out constantly, but the men were accustomed to that by now, and it hardly disturbed their sleep. Two men slept in each foxhole while the third kept guard. The clouds of mosquitoes were more annoying than the snipers.

At 2030 the guards heard a noise—an incongruous sound for a battlefield—and awakened the sleepers, figuring that it was another Jap trick. The sound was repeated—the thin, breathless wail of a baby crying. It came from the Jap lines. Fingers tightened on American triggers as the wail was accompanied by the sound of many feet shuffling down the road toward the Shamrock defenses.

A shaky voice answered the challenge of an American soldier. The voice identified the newcomers as a group of natives—men, women and children—who had fled to the tip of the island to avoid the American shells and bombs, and now were attempting to return to their village behind the American lines. For their safety, the natives were taken inside the perimeter and ordered to stay until dawn.

A few minutes later, at 2040, a second group was sighted coming down the same path. This time there was no answer to the American challenge. It was a Jap party. Our men opened fire. Four of the enemy were killed and the remainder scattered into the brush.

That was the beginning of the final four hours of Jap resistance. Sgt. Chester Dey of Lambertville, Mo., was in a foxhole between the two machine guns of his section that night. He heard the mad laughter of Japs ahead. "They sounded drunk," he said later. "As if they'd been drinking *sake*." His voice was weak and he spoke slowly in an attempt to reconstruct accurately the events of the night.

"At about 2300 something grabbed my arm and squeezed it so hard it went numb," said Dey. He held out his left arm, covered from palm to elbow by a stained bandage. His pale face very nearly matched the color of the dressing around a head wound.

"This thing—I suppose it was a Jap, I never did see it—held my arm so hard it tore off my wrist watch. I kicked, kneed and pounded with my free hand until I tore myself loose, then I started to crawl to another foxhole to get help from some of my men. Just as I started, something hit me on the head, but I made it to the other hole before passing out. Next morning, when the rest of our forces had advanced, the aid men found me. It was lucky for me they did. I was about out of blood by then."

Another soldier was lying in a foxhole when he heard a clod of dirt roll to the bottom of his pit. He remained still and watched a hand tentatively pat the side of the hole and explore ahead. Finally the hand reached his leg. It drew back a few inches and then went forward again and lightly patted the leg, as though it was making sure that the leg belonged to a dead body. The soldier had been temporarily hypnotized by the whole thing. But now he grabbed the hand, pulled himself erect and, holding his carbine like a pistol, pumped three shots into the Jap on the end of the arm. Then he fired several more rounds at another Jap who was running away from the foxhole.

One group of eight Japs worked their way to within 15 yards of Lt. Col. Hart's CP before they were discovered and killed. The lieutenant colonel's jeep was pierced by several bullets before the skirmish ended.

It was suicide that night to leave a foxhole for any reason. Anything that moved was a legitimate target. The soldiers lay prone before tilting their canteens and lay on their sides to urinate.

Meanwhile, on Kuma Island, separated from Butaritari's northeastern tip by 1,000 yards of waist-deep water, lay a detachment of infantry commanded by Maj. Edward T. Bradt of Schenectady, N. Y. They had landed on Kuma Monday morning. To guard against a possible Jap retreat from Butaritari, they were manning machine guns placed so as to command the reefs joining the islands.

Shortly before 2200 this detachment heard a woman's voice scream, "Jap boy, Jap boy." The guards saw about a dozen persons moving toward them from the other island. "We could see them clearly, silhouetted against the surf breaking on the reef," Maj. Bradt said. "We opened fire and must have got all of them or we would have seen them retreat or heard them splashing in the water."

The next day a party of soldiers and a native guide combed the reef for bodies but found only two. The rest must have been swept out to sea by the heavy current that washes between the islands. One of the dead was a young native girl. She was dressed in a grass skirt, dyed black, and she had been hit twice in the chest.

Beside her lay the body of a Jap sergeant. At the sight of him, the native shook his fist and burst into a torrent of excited speech. An interpreter explained that the sergeant was the most hated man on the island. He had been in charge of native labor, and at one time or another, most of the island's residents had felt the weight of the club he carried.

The girl, the natives said, had a good reputation and was not sympathetic with the Japs. Evidently they had made her put on the black skirt and forced her to lead the party across the reef. Her cry of warning to the Americans must have come as a complete surprise to the Japs.

The natives were not angry or resentful at the girl's death. They accepted it philosophically as part of the price they had to pay for getting rid of the Japs. They had proved their friendship for the Americans from the time they first staggered, dazed by aerial and naval bombardment, from the dugouts where they had taken shelter when the American attack began.

The natives had been ordered to stay in their village and not to show lights, but they were anxious to help in mopping up the remnants of the Jap garrison. When dawn came the Americans discovered that the local chief had armed his young men with spears that had not been used for generations and had stationed them on a defense line extending across the island behind the American perimeter. Unknown to the Americans, they had guarded their posts all night.

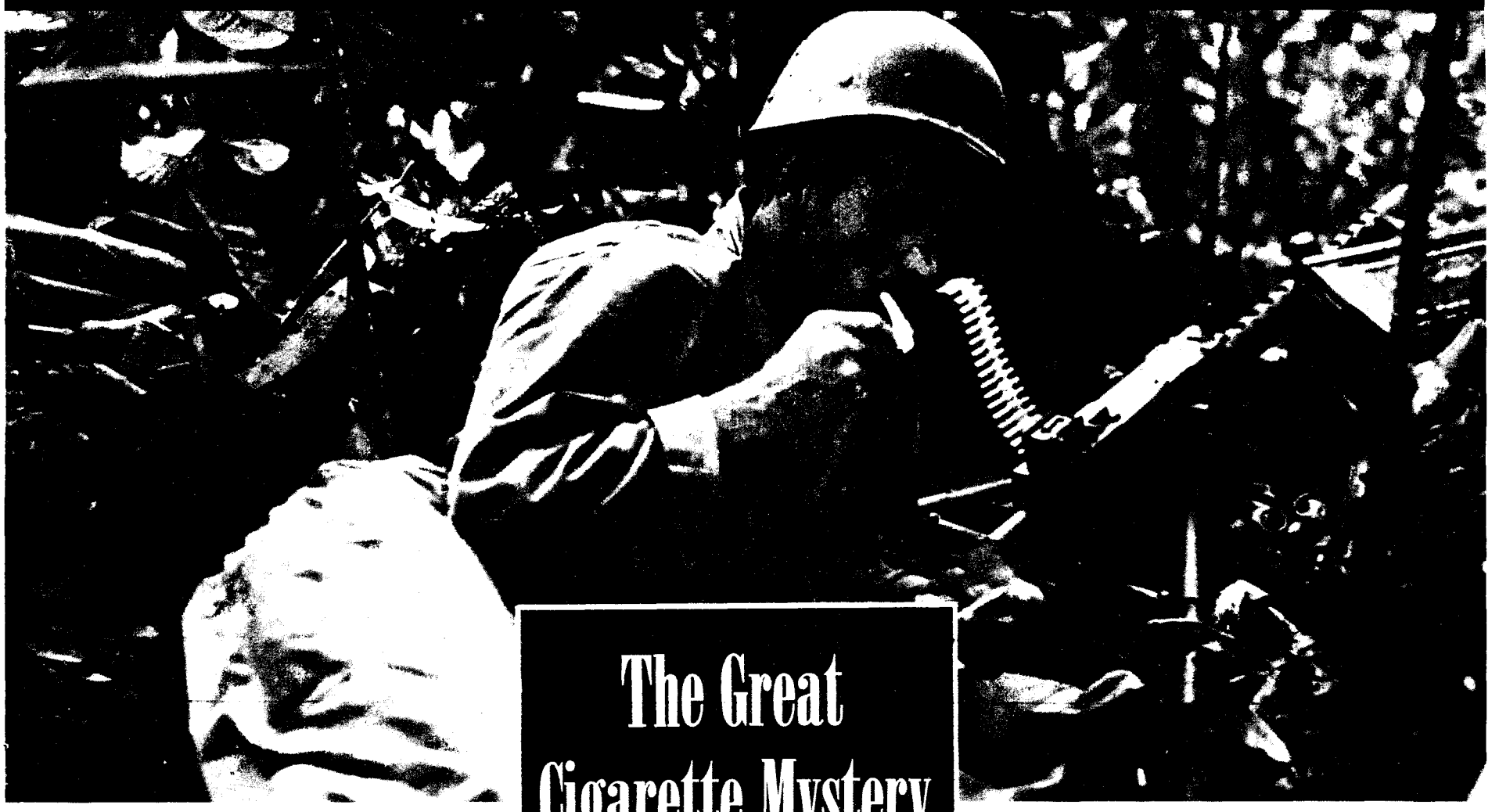
Four miles away Lt. Col. Hart's men resumed their advance over the bodies of 100 Japs killed in the night's attacks. Among the weapons found were five light machine guns and three knee mortars. A few feet from the CP was a mortar shell. The excited Jap who fired the mortar had failed to pull the pin, and the shell lay unexploded in the center of the area occupied by the headquarters group.

At 1010 the Shamrocks reached the end of Butaritari, mopped up the area and withdrew to the narrow neck of land a quarter mile to the west to establish a defense line. Makin was ours.

S/Sgt. Mike Thompson, a platoon leader, charged a machine-gun nest 50 yards off and took over.

Lt. Col. James Roosevelt and Col. Clarke L. Ruffner look over results on the southern part of Butaritari.

SOLDIERS OVERSEAS, LIKE THIS MACHINE GUNNER IN NEW GEORGIA, WILL BE ISSUED ONLY LUCKIES, CAMELS, CHESTERFIELDS, PHILIP MORRISSES, RALEIGHS AND OLD GOLDS.



The Great Cigarette Mystery

The Quartermaster tells why all those Chelseas went to England and the Pacific and announces good news—only the leading brands will be issued and rationed from now on overseas.

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Washington Bureau

FROM now on, the Army will get the six leading brands of cigarettes in its rations and overseas cigarette issues. The Quartermaster hereafter is buying only Lucky Strikes, Camels, Chesterfields, Philip Morrisses, Raleighs and Old Golds and discontinuing the purchase of less popular brands for these purposes.

For resale overseas, mostly through the PXs, the QM depot will endeavor to supply exactly what brands are requisitioned by the PX officer.

This is the good word for YANK readers from Col. L. C. Webster, officer in charge of the Non-Perishable Section of the Subsistence Branch, Office of the Quartermaster General.

The tremendous job of supplying and packing the cigarettes for millions of rations weekly will throw a heavy load on the six leading brands, already hard hit by the wartime shortage of labor and the wartime increase in smoking. However, the QM expects them to do it in order to give GIs the brands they want.

Since Col. Webster's section buys all the Army's cigarettes for shipment overseas, we popped several other questions at him that have been bothering GIs.

What was the story, for instance, behind the great cigarette mystery of last summer when most of the leading brands disappeared from the PX shelves in England and you couldn't buy anything but Chelseas?

How about the Planters-peanut cans of cigarettes in the Pacific? Why were they always filled with Chelseas instead of Camels, Luckies, Chesterfields, Philip Morrisses or Old Golds?

We told Col. Webster most soldiers overseas were firmly convinced that the War Department owned stock in Chelsea cigarettes. So Col. Webster gave us the War Department's side of the story.

The disappearance of the leading brands from England last year was part of a campaign by the Quartermaster to save GIs there from 5 to 7 cents on each carton—a total saving of about $6,000,000 a year, according to Col. Webster's estimate. Here's how it happened:

The Quartermaster buys cigarettes both for issue and for resale overseas. In purchasing cigarettes for resale, mostly through the PX system, the Quartermaster picked the amount of each brand in proportion to the sales of that brand in this country. Exact cigarette sales here are a closely guarded trade secret. However, *Printer's Ink*, an advertising trade magazine, publishes a yearly analysis of sales that is generally considered to be accurate. From that analysis, the popularity of the leading brands among civilians and soldiers appears to be about like this:

Lucky Strike	25.3%
Camel	23.1%
Chesterfield	17.2%
Philip Morris	9.5%
Raleigh	5.7%
Old Gold	4.7%
All others	14.5%

Actually, however, the Quartermaster normally bought 95 percent of the six leading brands and only 5 percent of Chelseas, Marvels and Twenty Grands. But last year it deliberately bent that yardstick, and the bending caused the temporary flow of Chelseas into England.

Until last July, the Quartermaster had been buying cigarettes from the companies at the regular jobber's price. It felt that the soldiers were not getting an even break under this arrangement because they were paying for merchandising and advertising expenses that the companies incurred in serving commercial jobbers. It therefore asked the companies to sell the tremendous carload shipments that go to the Army at a figure below the jobber's price.

Chelsea and Twenty Grand reduced their prices immediately, but Lucky Strike, Camel, Chesterfield and other major brands refused to go below the jobber's price.

In an effort to make the leading brands fall in line, Quartermaster increased its purchases of Chelseas and Twenty Grands by a few percentage points during July and August. Finally, in September, Chesterfield suggested a reduction of 10 percent in its Army price and the Lucky Strike and Camel people followed suit. Then the Quartermaster went back to the yardstick it had established. But, while the leading brands were making up their minds, a lot of those extra Chelseas bought by the Quartermaster in July and August were going to England. Brig. Gen. C. A. Hardigg, chief of the Subsistence Branch, and Col. Webster were sorry about the steady diet of Chelseas, but they feel the sacrifice was worth it because of the saving it brought to the GIs.

Those Chelseas in Planter-peanut cans all over the Pacific were the result of a packaging problem. Cigarettes had to be packed in tin to withstand long storage in the tropical climates of New Guinea and the Solomons. But tin was hard to get last year.

Through a stroke of luck, the Quartermaster was able to lay its hands on 8,000,000 cans originally designed for Planters peanuts. But the size of the can did not quite fit the regular-sized cigarette, making it necessary to shorten each cigarette two millimeters under the standard length. This shortening, though barely perceptible to the eye, involved certain adjustments in the machinery of the cigarette companies.

The Quartermaster explained the problem and the necessity for rushing the cigarettes to the Pacific as soon as possible. Then it asked all companies for bids. Chelsea was the only company that responded to the emergency call. It volunteered to fill 2,000,000 cans, and these were delivered ahead of schedule and immediately shipped to the Pacific. When bids were requested a second time, both Raleigh and Chelsea responded, but Raleigh became involved with some WPB priorities on cans. So another shipment of Chelseas went to the Pacific.

In fact, the Chelsea people have gone out of their way on many occasions to cooperate with the Army on special assignments like this. The three cigarettes in C rations, for instance, have to be trimmed to a shorter-than-standard size in order to fit across the top of the can. They also have to be packed by hand. The leading cigarette companies, up to their ears in other orders, found it practically impossible at one time to do the special trimming and special packaging. Hitherto only Chelsea, Fleetwood and Twenty Grand have attempted to do the C-ration job. Hereafter the six leading brands will be used.

Some cases of unbalanced stocks overseas are impossible to explain. A pfc. on one of the Fiji Islands recently wrote to YANK complaining that his PX carried only cans of Wings, Avalons and Twenty Grands. "A few days ago I bought a can of them," he said, "and they were as white on top as the paper around them. It has been this way for the past two months."

YANK turned this news over to the Army Exchange Service, which cabled the Fijis and discovered that the pfc. was absolutely correct. But the Quartermaster doesn't know where the cigarettes came from; it says it never sent canned smokes of those brands to the Pacific.

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"FOUR NATIVES APPEARED 100 FEET AWAY. THE TWO LITTLE GROUPS FACED EACH OTHER NERVOUSLY."

And one of the 21 men who bailed out near the Burma border was an official from the State Department. His capture would have been worth plenty to the Japs.

LOST IN HEAD-HUNTER COUNTRY

By Sgt. BOB GHIO
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—Like stunt flyers in the finale of the Cleveland Air Show, 21 men bailed out from a twin-engined Army transport plane, their parachutes billowing in the bright clear sky. But this wasn't Cleveland; it was the Burma-India border, and the only human beings within hundreds of miles were head-hunting natives and Japanese troops.

Two of the parachutists were government officials, whose capture would be worth thousands of dollars to the Japs. Another one was a foreign correspondent, and the remaining 18 were American and Chinese Army officers and men. Only one had ever jumped from a plane before.

When I met them in the jungle almost a month later, 20 of the men were still alive. Their story involved an encounter with the head hunters, preparation against a Japanese attack, the arrival of medical aid and supplies by air, rescue by a ground force and then a long march back to civilization. They also told of the quick thinking of an enlisted man whose radio signals when the plane was falling saved their lives.

The assorted planeload of 21 had taken off on the morning of Aug. 2 from an airfield in India, bound for China. The trip's normal flying time for the C-46 Curtiss Commando was 2½ hours, and the transport had covered an hour's part of the journey when one motor went out at 0900.

Flight Officer Harry K. Nevue of Cudahy, Wis., pilot of the ship, circled desperately in a struggle to climb over the mountains that were looming ahead. According to his calculations, the transport was over Burma. Even if they survived a crash, they'd probably be captured by the Japs. And Nevue knew that one of his passengers was the political adviser to Lt. Gen. Joseph Stilwell, John Davies Jr. of the State Department, who could not afford to be captured.

Nevue realized he could never clear the mountains in front of him. He turned the transport toward the valleys and plains lying southwest.

Fifteen minutes later Nevue ordered the passengers to throw out all the baggage. When even that failed to provide more altitude, he gave the order to bail out. They were approaching the Burma-India border, formed at this point by a ridge between two valleys. As the transport was still making considerable speed, the men were scattered over a 10-mile area.

Davies, who had been the first to jump, landed on the Burma side of the ridge with Lt. Col. Kuo Li of the Chinese Army; Capt. Duncan C. Lee of Chatham, Va.; S/Sgt. Joseph J. Gigure of Auburn, Maine; Sgt. E. Wilder of Levelland, Tex., and Cpl. Basil M. Lemon of Tulsa, Okla.

The others, who hit the India side of the ridge, were William T. Stanton of the Board of Economic Warfare; Eric Sevareid, CBS correspondent; Col. Wang Pao Chao of the Chinese Army; Lt. Roland K. Lee of Hicksville, N. Y.; S/Sgt. Joseph E. Clay of Monticello, Iowa; Sgt. Glen A. Kittleson of Ballantine, Mont.; Sgt. Francis W. Signor of Yonkers, N. Y.; Cpl. Edward Holland of East Cleveland, Ohio; Cpl. J. Sherrill of Burlington, Iowa; Cpl. S. M. Waterbury of Blue Hill, Nebr.; Pvt. William Schrandt of Philadelphia, Pa.; S/Sgt. Ned C. Miller of Ottumwa, Iowa, the transport's crew chief; Sgt. Walter R. Oswalt of Ansonia, Ohio, radio operator; 2d Lt. Charles W. Felix of Compton, Calif., co-pilot, and Nevue.

As the first of the parachutes opened under the faltering transport, Sgt. Oswalt calmly notified the nearest base that the plane would crash in a few minutes. He left the radio circuit open, instructing the base to take a bearing on his position and to send out a rescue mission. Minutes later a C-47 was taking off from the base.

Davies, Wilder and Capt. Lee landed on a hillside hundreds of yards apart but within sight of each other. It was low bush, once cultivated by the natives but now waist-high in grass and shrub. They headed for a path lower down on the hillside, joining forces in about 10 minutes.

Barely a moment later, four natives appeared 100 feet away, each holding a spear. The two little groups faced each other nervously. Then the natives plunked their spears into the ground and picked up branches, a sign of peace. The Americans made friendly gestures and walked forward to meet them.

The natives pointed to a stream in the middle of the valley below and motioned to the Americans to accompany them there. In sign language they told Davies that three other parachutists had dropped from the skies, and soon afterward two of them, Col. Kuo and Sgt. Gigure, came into sight with some other natives.

At the river bank the natives paused, evidently waiting for someone. About 30 more natives emerged from the underbrush, and then a wrinkled little man about 80 years old, apparently the native chieftain, appeared on the scene. A kind of musette bag, containing silver Indian *rupees*, was slung over his shoulder, and by his side he wore a British sword. He gave a coin to each of the survivors in token of friendship.

Then the chief and his warriors led them on an hour-long, exhausting climb up to his village, built on a hilltop as a defense against attack. They rested and tried to quench their thirst with *zu*, a native beer made from rice. Then the chief gave Sgt. Wilder a knife and motioned to him to behead a goat. The head was passed around so that the chief and his guests could drink the blood from the jugular vein, a great delicacy.

Late in the afternoon, a native runner reported to the chief that a plane had crashed in the valley on the other side of the ridge. Davies and Capt. Lee sent a message by another runner to the valley, signed with only their first names, suggesting that survivors return with the guide.

The runner came back 2½ hours later with a note from Eric Sevareid, urging the Davies party to join him instead. Sevareid wrote that one of his companions was injured and added that a friendly plane had sighted them.

Davies and the others set out that same night with native guides to cross the mountain ridge separating them from the native village where Sevareid was apparently situated. It was raining, and the men groped their way along the trail with torches. They were wet and miserable when they reached the village around 2300.

They found Sevareid and 13 others in a native communal hut, some sleeping and some sitting around a fire. The newcomers were told how the transport had crashed and exploded in a geyser of orange flames after Nevue, last of the 21 to jump, left the pilot's seat. Several of them were still in the air when the explosion came, and Sevareid narrowly avoided being blown into the blaze. Sgt. Oswalt, the 210-pound radio operator, broke his ankle when he landed.

Two hours later the C-47, summoned by Sgt. Oswalt's final radio message, flew overhead and sighted the parachutes the survivors had spread out on the ground. A radio receiver, a Gibson girl transmitter, two Springfield rifles and a sig-

After the long march back: Rear row, left to right: P. F. Adams, Sgt. E. Wilder, Col. Wang Pao Chao, John Davies Jr. (in front of Col. Wang), Eric Sevareid, William T. Stanton, S/Sgt. Joseph E. Clay, Cpl. Basil M. Lemon, Sgt. Glen A. Kittleson, Sgt. Francis W. Signor and Cpl. J. Sherrill. Second row: Lt. Roland K. Lee, Lt. Col. Kuo Li, S/Sgt. Ned C. Miller, Flight Officer Harry K. Nevue, S/Sgt. Joseph J. Gigure, Pvt. William Schrandt, Cpl. Edward Holland, Cpl. S. M. Waterbury and Capt. Duncan C. Lee. First row: Sgt. Richard Passey, Lt. Col. Donald D. Flickinger, Cpl. William G. McKenzie and Sgt. Walter R. Oswalt. One of the party died in chute jump.

nal panel set were dropped from the C-47, but the transmitter broke when it landed.

As soon as they set up the radio receiver, the pilot of the C-47 warned the group that there were unfriendly natives nearby and that it would take 12 days for a rescue mission to reach them from the nearest British base. There was no place to land a plane here safely, he said, but it would be easy to drop them any supplies they needed.

Assembling the white cloth signal panels into a message-pattern, Sevareid asked for medical assistance for Sgt. Oswalt. Around 1700 the C-47 returned with medical supplies and three medics, who parachuted down to join the survivors—Lt. Col. Donald D. Flickinger, a Regular Army flight surgeon from Long Beach, Calif., who holds the DFC; Sgt. Richard Passey of Provo, Utah, and Cpl. William G. McKenzie of Detroit, Mich.

Meanwhile the party had found that the natives of the nearby village were not hostile. When Lt. Col. Flickinger arrived and took command, however, he decided to keep the survivors away from the native village as much as possible. It was already overcrowded and he didn't want to take the risk of provoking bad feelings during the time they'd have to wait for a rescue mission.

After some dickering, the natives agreed to build a special hut out of palmetto leaves and bamboo for Lt. Col. Flickinger's men and the survivors, in an uncultivated area some distance from the village, where supplies could be dropped without damaging the native cornfields. From then on two C-47s, piloted by Capt. Hugh E. Wild of Milwaukee, Wis., and Capt. George E. Katzman of Louisville, Ky., flew over the encampment daily to drop medicine, carbines, clothing, food and even Calcutta newspapers.

They read a story in the newspapers about their missing plane, listing Davies among the passengers and saying that news of the mishap had been broadcast by radio. Realizing that Jap agents could read the papers, too, and hear the radio, and that enemy forces would probably be searching the area for the State Department official, Lt. Col. Flickinger assigned his own men to battle stations and they dug a special slit trench for the injured Sgt. Oswalt to occupy in case the camp was strafed.

As a matter of fact, Jap planes passed near the camp twice. Once an enemy observation plane flew overhead, too high to spot the survivors. Another time a flight of Zeros zoomed just beyond the hill where the village was located.

After organizing battle stations, Lt. Col. Flickinger assigned each man to a special job. Davies, a professional diplomat, was put in charge of relations with the natives. Sgt. Gigure, a mess sergeant, directed the cooking with Cpl. Sherrill as KP-pusher and the two Chinese colonels as "rice cooks."

Stanton was named signal officer and Sgt. Kittleson and Cpl. Holland as his assistants. Capt. Lee served as adjutant and supply officer, Sgt. Clay as supply sergeant and Lt. Lee and Sgt. Signor as quartermasters, bringing in the supplies as they were dropped on the hillside.

Sevareid became camp historian and chaplain. He conducted Sunday religious services and a memorial service for Lt. Felix, the co-pilot, whose body had been found under the tail of the wrecked plane, where his parachute had evidently caught when he jumped.

The lieutenant colonel and his two medics established a daily sick call, treating natives as well as the Americans and Chinese for sores resulting from leech bites. This free medical attention helped to keep the natives friendly.

To get the men in shape for the coming long march out of the jungle, Lt. Col. Flickinger also conducted a daily calisthenics session. The natives nearly knocked themselves out laughing.

Davies carried on a brisk trade with the natives, exchanging tin cans, cotton cloth and salt—all dropped by the C-47s—for firewood, labor on construction projects, spears, knives and, oddly enough, trinkets. The natives also provided corn, rice, beans, chickens, pigs and cattle.

The salt was reserved as a reward for major services. The natives who constructed the hut and those who found an important packet of papers, which Davies had dropped during his parachute jump, were paid off that way. The biggest payment went to Cpl. Lemon's rescuers.

Lemon had jumped on the Burma side of the

NATIVES CARRY SGT. WALTER OSWALT ON STRETCHER.

DOCTORING LEECH BITES.

ridge, but he landed a long distance from the others. For three days and nights he hid out in the mountainous jungles, avoiding the native searchers because he was afraid they would take his head. At night he drank water from a river that ran near his hiding place, but he had nothing to eat except his cigarettes.

On the fourth day after the crash, Lemon was picked up by the natives, his feet badly blistered. He said afterward that he was so weak then that he didn't care who they were. "I was looking for them, head hunters or not," he said.

The day after Lemon was brought to the camp, the chief ordered a friendship ceremony. A *mithon*, a kind of Indian water buffalo, was sacrificed. The ceremonies concluded with the Americans singing "I've Been Working on the Railroad" while the head hunters gaped.

One other ritual helped to pass the time while the men waited for the rescue mission. Schrandt, the only private in the group, was solemnly and formally promoted to acting sergeant so that he could sleep with the rest of the noncoms.

At last, on the sixteenth day after the mass parachute jump, a ground rescue mission reached the village. Headed by P. F. Adams, a young British political officer, the mission included a British Army officer and Capt. J. J. Dwyer of Chicago, Ill.; Lt. Andrew S. LaBonte of Lawrence, Mass.; T/Sgt. Joe L. Merritt of Rosboro, Ark.; T/Sgt. Kenneth E. Coleman of Meridian, Ohio; Cpl. Anthony Giona of Denver, Colo., and Pfc. Frank Oropeza of Los Angeles, Calif.

Accompanying them were about 50 native porters and 40 of the district's most efficient head hunters. They have no loyalty except to their own villages, and the British maintain order by hiring the fiercest natives as a police force.

This Week's Cover

ON his first night in a foxhole on Makin, Pfc. James McClure heard something moving. He didn't ask questions. He shot. The next morning McClure, of the 165th Infantry, was still there with a dead Jap nearby as mute testimony to his good judgment and aim. See pages 2, 3 and 4 for additional pictures by YANK's Sgt. John Bushemi on Makin.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, 2, 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. John Bushemi; 7—Sgt. Bob Ghio; 8—INP; 9—Left, Sgt. Lou Stoumen; right, Acme; 10 & 11—AAF; 12—Upper left, INP; lower left, WW; center, ALCO; right (top to bottom), USMC, Soviets, Acme; 13—Upper left & right, INP; center, PA; lower (left to right), Acme, Sgt. Dick Hanley, Acme; 16—Left, AAA School, Camp Davis, N. C.; right, Signal Corps-Fort Blanding, Fla.; 17—Upper (left to right), Blythe AAB, Calif., Signal Corps-Fort Sill, Okla., Sgt. Bob Hegge-Lowry Field, Colo.; PRO; center left, U. S. Army; lower left and center, Sgt. Ben Schnall; lower right, Moore Field, Tex.; 20—MGM; 23—Right, Acme; left, PA.

Adams told Lt. Col. Flickinger and the others that the natives of both villages visited by the survivors were active head hunters. More than 100 heads had been taken in one village since January. The other village had twice been burned by British expeditions as punishment for excessive head hunting. The memory of these burnings was still fresh when the survivors landed. That's why they weren't molested. The supernatural appearance of their descent, and the prospect of a 500-*rupee* reward (paid in salt) for each parachutist brought in alive to the British authorities, also helped, Adams said.

For two days Adams and his men rested after their journey. Then on Aug. 18, he led the party, now swollen to a good-sized caravan of Americans, Chinese and natives, on the first lap of a five-day march to his India base. It was tough walking all the way, but they averaged more than 10 miles a day over mountain peaks that sometimes rose to 8,000 feet and along a path sometimes only 10 inches wide.

Adams ordered a halt at one historic ambush point and sent the guerrilla militia ahead to comb the pass. They found no signs of hostile natives and the caravan passed on quietly. A little farther along, all drank beer dropped by plane, the only stimulants they had had since the first night when Capt. Lee handed around a bottle of gin he had hugged tight during his descent.

When the party reached Adams' headquarters, a plane dropped containers of hot chicken and gravy, mashed potatoes, ice cream and chocolate cake, and everyone feasted during a one-day stop-over. From this base it is a 2½-day march to the place where the road widens enough to permit the passage of jeeps. I met them one day's march from the head of the jeep trail.

Oswalt was still being carried by eight natives in a bamboo stretcher-chair fashioned by the two Chinese colonels. He told me that at one very bad place in the mountain road a native of half his weight had carried him piggy-back for nearly 50 yards. Oswalt was the only man to gain weight during the 26 days in the jungle.

After reaching the wide trail, the party covered the remaining 40 to 50 miles to the nearest airfield in two hours, making the journey in jeeps, command cars, carry-alls and a couple of trucks. From the airfield, the survivors were flown in two large planes to the station where they had taken off almost a month before.

German Notes on Winter Use Of Infantry Weapons

The following notes, based on directions issued by the German High Command on the use of infantry weapons in winter, are reprinted from the *Intelligence Bulletin* with permission of the Army's Military Intelligence Division.

THE German Army is thoroughly aware that winter cold and snow necessitate special measures concerning the carrying, moving and bringing into position of infantry weapons and ammunition. In this connection German soldiers are reminded of certain fundamental points: that noises travel farther in cold, clear air; that when snow obscures terrain features, there are decidedly fewer landmarks; and that, in winter, distances are generally estimated too short in clear weather and too far in mist. The German High Command adds several other practical suggestions:

It will be especially necessary to practice target designation, distance estimation and ranging.

The rifleman and his weapons must be camouflaged thoroughly. White coats, white covers for headgear, and white overall trousers and jackets will be worn. When necessary, such outer clothing can easily be improvised out of white canvas. The simplest camouflage for weapons will be plain white cloth covers or coats of removable chalk; the former will have the added advantage of affording protection.

At low temperatures, the accompanying weapons of the infantry will fire somewhat short at first. After a few rounds, however, the range to the point of impact will be normal. Before a weapon is loaded, the loading movements should be practiced without ammunition. (In drilling with pistols, be sure to remove the magazine beforehand.)

Rifles. Rifles are carried on the back, or are hung from the neck and suspended in front. During long marches on skis, rifles are fastened on the side of the haversack.

When the German soldier goes into position, he takes special care not to allow his rifle barrel to become filled with snow. He does not take off the bolt protector and muzzle cap until shortly before he is to use the rifle. The various methods of going into position are practiced in drill.

As far as possible, telescopic sights are not exposed too suddenly to extreme changes in temperature.

Automatic Pistol. The Germans keep the automatic pistol well wrapped and slung around the neck or over the shoulder. Magazine pouches are closed very tightly.

Light Machine Gun. The light machine gun is slung on the back. In going into position, the Germans use brushwood or a "snow board" for a base. They take care not to disturb, by unnecessary trampling, the snow cover in front of positions. The purpose of this precaution is to avoid recognition by the opposing force.

The simplest kind of mat is taken along so that belts can be kept clear of snow.

The light machine gun is first shot until it is warm and then oiled.

When fire is continued for any length of time, the snow in front of the muzzle turns black; therefore, before the snow becomes blackened, the Germans decide upon prospective changes of position.

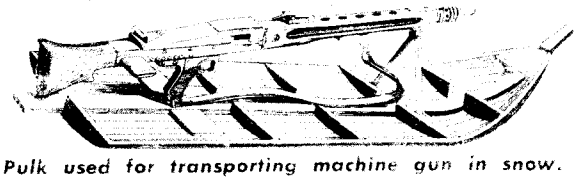
If there is to be a considerable interval after the firing of the machine gun, the bolt is changed and the oil is removed from the sliding parts. (Only an extremely thin oil film is allowed to remain.) This precludes stoppages by the freezing of oil. The new bolt is given a very thin coat of oil before it is inserted.

Replacement ammunition, in pre-filled belts, is carried into action.

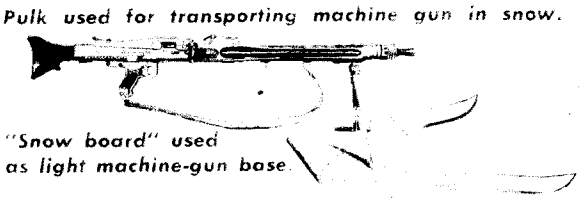
Heavy Machine Gun. The heavy machine gun is carried in the usual manner or is loaded on a small sleigh, skis or a *pulk*. A *pulk* is a type of sled used by the Lapps; its front half somewhat resembles that of a rowboat.

When the Germans take the heavy machine gun into position, they use some sort of snow board, the *pulk* or even a stretcher as a base. They take care not to disturb the snow in front of the position.

The Germans try not to expose the sights to temperatures of less than 6° F. During marches these sights are kept in their containers, and before they are used they are gradually warmed in sheltered places or on the human body. The sights are kept mounted on the machine-gun carriage only while the gun is in active use.



Pulk used for transporting machine gun in snow.



"Snow board" used as light machine-gun base.

Mats are carried so that belts may be kept clear of snow.

For shooting in extreme cold, German range tables provide for the necessary sight adjustments. The heavy machine gun is first shot until it is warm and then is oiled. New positions are decided upon before the snow in front of the muzzle becomes blackened.

The Germans prevent soiling of the machine gun, which leads to stoppages, (*a*) by keeping the antidust cover closed as much as possible and (*b*) by not allowing the gun to remain loaded (with bolt backwards) for any length of time.

Speed is considered highly important in readying the gun for firing. While firing is in progress, the bolt remains uncocked in the forward position, the belt is inserted into the belt pawl, and the gunner, remaining in the firing position, withdraws the cocking slide only with a strong jerk and pushes it forward again.

Yanks in Haiti at their Sad Sack Service Club. Left to right, behind bar: Cpl. George Perry Jr.; Edmund Church, local resident; Pvt. Arthur J. Dempsey; S/Sgt. Ernest C. Carlsen. Men in front are club waiters.

Steak, Rum, No KP, No MPs—And Yanks in Haiti Get Paid, Too

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI—Work details sometimes run to seven 12-hour shifts a week, but apart from that Yanks stationed in *la republique d'Haiti*—French is the local language here) have stumbled into a GI paradise.

Voodoo mask

No U. S. quarters or rations are available so the men live in comfortable barracks belonging to the Haitian Army. They eat succulent Haitian steaks, chops, turkeys and rabbits prepared in a Haitian mess and garnished with mushrooms, spuds, fresh green vegetables and French sauces.

They pull no KP, have their beds made and the floors swept by a houseboy. A reverse Lend-Lease arrangement takes care of guard duty. Haitian soldiers do it. And besides their 20 per cent extra for overseas service, the GIs draw a daily $2.75 allowance out of which they pay for quarters and the dream chow. These Haiti Glad Sacks enjoy quick cheap laundry service, too. A uniform can be cleaned and pressed in eight hours for two *gourdes* (40 American cents).

Haitian rum, notably Barbancourt 4 Star, is famed throughout the Caribbean for its smooth, Scotch-like quality. And the GIs here have built their own Sad Sack Service Club, based on the sound principles of good fellowship and U. S. beer. Among the Yanks patronizing the club are Cpl. George Perry Jr. of Oakland, Calif.; Pvt. Arthur J. Dempsey of Jersey City, N. J., and S Sgt. Ernest C. Carlsen of Kenyon, Minn.

Another advantage of serving in Haiti is the chance to see the misunderstood voodoo rites and to hear the night-long knee-drum jive. At the museum you can take a look at many voodoo relics, including ancient masks from the African Ivory Coast.

All U. S. enlisted men are saluted by Haitian soldiers, but here's the real pay-off to this fairy tale—on the whole island of Haiti there is not one MP.

—Sgt. LOU STOUMEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

In New Caledonia It's the Guys Who Teach the Gals How to Dance

NOUMEA, NEW CALEDONIA—A GI fresh from the States, where USO hostesses are constantly arranging classes to teach the boys to dance, is startled to find the situation reversed at the Noumea Red Cross Servicemen's Club. A sign reads: "WANTED! EXPERT DANCERS—TANGO, RUMBA CONGO . . . TO TEACH THE GIRLS WHOM WE INVITE."

Janice Jarrett of Boston, Mass., formerly the prima ballerina in Catherine Littlefield's group in Chicago, and now stationed here as a Red Cross staff assistant, explained the situation.

Most of the few white girls in Noumea are of French extraction, and they've never been exposed before to American jitterbugging or to Latin-American dance rhythms.

"They have a very different idea of dancing," said Miss Jarrett (quite a jitterbug herself). "When we came the French girls were doing only a fox trot. In fact, it wasn't even a very smooth fox trot. It was rather jumpy."

Now the girls are able to jitterbug with the best of them. But their rumba and conga have to go some before they're quite up to par.

The outstanding GI teachers are Sgt. Donald Hooton of Somerville, Mass., and Pvt. Louis Chabboro of San Francisco, Calif. Hooton was a professional actor and appeared with the St. Louis Opera Company. Chabboro and his wife were a professional dance team. Both Hooton and Chabboro have been rewarded with permanent Monday night passes.

A permanent pass to teach Latin-American dancing once a week may not seem much of a privilege but it is about the only way a soldier can get to a dance here more than once a year or so. Tickets to the regular weekly dance on Thursday are so rare that they are offered as the grand prize at the weekly bingos and quiz programs. The 200 servicemen at each of the dances are chosen for the most part through a Red Cross system of offering block invitations each week to a different organization, usually one that has just returned from the jungle fighting to the north. Soldiers, sailors and marines get the invitation on successive weeks.

The 200 lucky ticket holders find 20 girls at the dance as a rule. Each girl is cut in on 20 times in each set of three dances. The girls call the event their "athletic Thursday."

The Red Cross has its troubles finding even 20 dance partners, because local French ideas about such affairs are very strict. Every girl is accompanied by one or more personal chaperons. The Red Cross sends an automobile to pick up the girl and her relatives and to drive them home.

"The mother may come or both parents," Miss Jarrett remarked. "Sometimes it's the girl's aunts or even her brothers and sisters. When we go to call on a girl, we don't know whether they'll be just two or the whole family."

Sometimes an outfit will try to run a dance on its own, but this generally results in even more critical girl problems. One QM truck regiment ran a dance and only four girls showed up. Miss Jarrett and three of her co-workers from the Red Cross. They had already put in a 12-hour day but danced for six hours more, almost without a break. There were 40 men to each girl. "It was," said Miss Jarrett, "a work-out."

—Cpl. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

GI Appendix Removed Despite Close Quarters and Rough Seas

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA—While the Liberty ship tossed in seas so rough that a chair was hurled across the little dispensary, Pvt. Herbert Dewey of Adrian, Mich., had his appendix removed in an emergency operation that was among the first of its kind on record.

Other GIs have been sliced up on big transports equipped with an operating room and a reasonable amount of equipment, but Dewey went under the knife in a two-by-four cubbyhole that passed for a hospital on the cargo ship.

Lt. Frank Conole of Binghamton, N. Y., on his third crossing as a medical officer and in charge of the medical detail of the 33d Ship Hospital Platoon, performed the surgery. The lieutenant was called to the dispensary to examine Dewey on the vessel's sixth day out of an East Coast U. S. port. He decided on an appendectomy.

Lt. Conole recruited as his assistants Capt. Walter H. Kwiecten of Bloomfield, N. J., a dental officer, and Maj. Rowland Rushmore of Clinton, Iowa, a veterinarian.

The patient was given pre-operative injections of morphine and atrophine, followed by a spinal anesthesia. Then Lt. Conole made the incision deftly in spite of the motion of the Liberty ship, and sprinkled sulfanilamide powder over each layer of the abdominal wound. A package of sterile towels and drapes, which had been slipped in with the regular dispensary supplies by the Port Surgeon's Office, proved a godsend.

Twelve days after the operation, the stitches were taken out. As a precautionary measure; Dewey donned a snug-fitting "corset" made of sail canvas, hand-stitched by one of the merchant seamen. This provided support for Dewey's abdomen after he was allowed out of bed. When the boat docked, the GI walked down the gangplank under his own power.

—Pvt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

TWO DOWN, TWO TO GO

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—According to a will left by his grandfather, Sgt. Roman J. Rehegan, USMC, of St. Louis, Mo., must serve a hitch in each of the four branches of the U. S. armed services before he inherits $1,000.

Rehegan, now stationed here, enlisted in the Marines in June 1940 after completing a hitch in the Army. He still has to serve in the Navy and the Coast Guard.

—Sgt. HY HURWITZ
Marine Corps Correspondent

HAPPY LANDING. Or the nicest way for a Wac to leave an Army truck. The scene is Italy; Pvt. Sheldon Howe is catching Pvt. Betty Hoefler, Pvt. Laura Howieson stands at right and yet to jump is Pvt. Rena Hicks.

The Big Three sit for their picture at the Russian Embassy in Teheran while a corps of photographers, including GIs of a Signal Photo Bn., move in for close-ups.

A GI View of the Teheran Conference

Soldiers in Iran who saw Stalin meet Roosevelt and Churchill no longer look upon their command as the dullest place this side of Cooks and Bakers School.

By Sgt. AL HINE and Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondents

TEHERAN, IRAN [By Radio]—GIs in Persia, long accustomed to considering their command the most humdrum place this side of a Cooks and Bakers School, were slightly dumbfounded when President Roosevelt, Premier Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill blew into town recently for the most historic conference of the war.

The railroad men, longshoremen and truck drivers who make up the bulk of this important supply depot's Army population couldn't believe their eyes when they saw the crowd of celebrities who followed the three United Nations leaders here for the big international surprise party—Gen. George C. Marshall, Adm. William Leahy, Anthony Eden, V. M. Molotov, W. Averell Harriman, Adm. Ernest King, Gen. H. H. Arnold, Lt. Gen. Brehon B. Somervell, Marshal Klementi Voroshilov, Ambassador John G. Winant and Harry Hopkins, to name only a few.

One GI who had a ringside seat at the conference from start to finish was Cpl. Matt Volenski, a railroad man from Pittsburgh, Pa., who was in charge of the billets for the entire American party.

"There was never a dull moment," Matt says. "A couple of other noncoms and I got our first hint that someone big was coming when they told us to move all our colonels from their regular billets into the wing of the hospital. But they didn't tell us then what it was all about."

Needless to say, it was a rare pleasure for these corporals and T-5s to be able to tell the silver eagles to pack up and get out.

"We were hearing plenty of rumors about the reasons for the moving," Matt added, "and, of course, the Cairo Conference gave us something to base our rumors on. Sure enough, they told us one morning that the President was coming, so we finished moving the colonels, but fast, and brought in cots, soap, towels, sheets, food, envelopes, toilet paper and everything else we could think of.

"We had a hell of a time getting around, too, because we had no special passes and the whole town was being guarded as tight as a drum. We had to buck Russian guards, argue with our own MPs and run our old beat-up trucks like they were never run before. When the conference got into full swing it was even giddier. I had our minister to Iran, Louis G. Dreyfus Jr., guiding me on one trip from the Russian Embassy where the President stayed for two nights. He hopped on the truck and directed me through the jumble of guards and shrubbery. At one point, I ran up against a Russki secret-service man who gave me a puzzled look from head to foot and then, still puzzled, saluted me. I saluted him back and kept on going."

Since Matt was on duty all the time bringing in food and supplies, he had a good backstage view of the conference. What he didn't see himself, he picked up from the cooks who prepared the meals for the President's party.

They reported that FDR especially liked the gazelle that had been shot here by GI hunters for one of his dinners. His other favorite dishes were odd snacks and fish. The cooks said he made a crack about fish being brain food. The President eats plenty of spinach and likes a little garlic flavoring in his meals.

"That Soviet marshal, Voroshilov, was the biggest man I've ever seen in this command," Matt said. "And Gen. Marshall certainly looked like a general ought to look. He made a great hit with the Polish waitresses when he gave them mementos of the visit—wrist bands that he bought here in the GI PX. One waitress said to me: 'Oh, Gen. Marshall is such a clean-cut and good-looking man. He's got such good eyes you can see that he's foresighted.' She said she was so nervous she almost went to pieces every time she waited on him."

They Shot the Works

THE official pictures of the conference were taken by six GIs in the 846th Signal Photo Bn.—T/Sgt. Arthur Daniels, S/Sgt. Robert Davis, Sgt. Robert Murray, Pfc. Munroe Oettinger, Pfc. William Coggswell and Pfc. Grant Nelrad, all former cameramen at top Hollywood studios.

Their photo section works with a 35-mm Mitchell movie-camera machine propelled by a gasoline engine that makes a hell of a racket. When they were suddenly called to the Russian legation to shoot conference pictures, they draped camera hoods over the machines to try to cut down on the noise. "The damn thing sounded like a B-24," Sgt. Daniels said afterward.

While these boys, who had taken pictures at El Alamein, Tripoli, Algiers and Malta, were "shooting" Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill on the legation porch, a secret-service man came up and told them one of the hoods was on fire.

"To hell with the hood," Pfc. Oettinger told him. "We're busy. Put it out yourself."

Later the pfc. apologized. "I guess I sort of lost my head," he says. "Just think when this is all over and the cameramen back on the lot in Hollywood start bragging about the big stars they've shot, I'll step in with a story about this job and top them all."

The six GI photographers never expect to

focus on anything more important for the rest of their lives. "Even the occupation of Tokyo will be an anticlimax after this assignment," says Sgt. Davis.

Long Way From Home

THE 19th Station Hospital is located on the road that leads to the field where the President reviewed the U. S. Army troops from Camp Amirabaq. All the convalescent patients were allowed to go outside to watch the President pass by. Pvt. William Wiley of Tacoma, Wash., confined to the hospital with a fractured leg, wangled the only wheel chair in his ward and maneuvered it to the side of the road.

When the President came along and saw the patients, he stopped his jeep in front of Wiley's wheel chair. "We're both a long way from home, aren't we, son?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. President, we sure are," Wiley replied. He has been overseas for a year with the 186th Quartermasters.

The Generals Eat Spam

T/SGT. George McClusik, an ex-coal miner from Clarence, Pa., walked into his barracks after a hard day on a bulldozer and bumped into his first sergeant. The first sergeant was carrying McClusik's ODs in his hands. "Here," he said, handing over the clothes. "You're going on guard."

George tried to give the top kick an argument, but before he knew it he was posted outside the door of a small room off the officers' mess where the generals ate their meals. A louey told George not to let anyone through the door unless he gave an okay.

"What will I do if you are not around, sir?" asked George.

"Don't let anybody in except generals," said the shavetail.

George obeyed the rule, with two exceptions—Adm. King and Adm. Leahy. "The louey didn't tell me anything about admirals," he said, "but I figured they rated."

When the generals sat down for their first dinner in Iran the mess officer told Gen. Marshall that he was going to serve them the first fresh meat ever received by the command. It had arrived the night before by boat at a Persian Gulf port and the officials had flown the precious stuff to Teheran for the conference.

But Gen. Marshall refused the meat, graciously but very firmly. "If this is the first meat to arrive here," he said, "I think the men who have been stationed here should have the privilege of eating it. We'll take Spam and bread." And they got Spam and bread.

"This isn't hooey, either," says George. "I heard Gen. Marshall say it. And for my dough, he's a regular guy."

The Intrepid Irishman

CPL. John Kennedy was the guard stationed outside the conference room. He had to check another door to the room. The only way to reach it was to walk right through the conference where the American, British and Russian officials were discussing confidential matters of world-wide significance.

Kennedy, an intrepid Irishman from Philadelphia, Pa., swallowed a couple of times nervously. Then he threw back his shoulders and marched straight into the room past the table where the astonished dignitaries were turning to stare at him. He tried the unchecked door. Then he about-faced and marched smartly out again.

"I sort of had a lump in my throat," Kennedy said. "But I guess those big shots understood that duty is duty. But I could see that they were wondering at first just what the hell I was doing in that room."

When You Gotta Go, You Can't

THE assignment of guarding the President and his party was given to Co. H, 727 Military Police Bn., and this was a great honor for these MPs who, in a noncombatant zone like Iran, usually have nothing to do except boring town-cop duty.

The entire company was placed in strategic spots all over the grounds of the American Legation. They guarded the President so well that first day and night that they were also selected to watch over all three of the conference leaders throughout the historic two-day meeting that followed at the Russian Embassy.

The noncoms and men took their jobs calmly and refused to get excited about the importance of their assignment. They wouldn't let anyone go anywhere without proper authorization. One high-ranking British official, who attempted unsuccessfully to get past them and into the embassy without a pass, shook his head and muttered: "This is the most bloody guarded place I've ever seen."

Pvt. W. G. Atkinson of Scranton, Pa., was the guard on the back door of the embassy when a colonel came up and asked if he could go in to use the latrine. Atkinson refused to allow him near the door.

"Don't you know who I am?" demanded the colonel. He merely happened to be the commanding officer of Atkinson's own MP outfit.

"Sir," replied Atkinson coldly, "until this thing is over, I don't recognize nothing or nobody unless he's got a pass."

The colonel went out into the garden where there were plenty of trees.

Presidential Reviews

REVIEWING the troops here before boarding his plane for home, President Roosevelt drove through the camp to the baseball diamond where he talked to the soldiers from his jeep.

The President took a microphone in his hand. It didn't work. Then he tried another that did not work at first, either. He smiled and said: "And these are supposed to be the most powerful weapons of the war."

His speech was short, lasting only about four minutes. He wore his familiar brown felt hat, a dark coat, a gray flannel suit, a white shirt and black tie. He looked rather tired after the long days of the conference.

He told the gathered troops how he had looked out the window the first morning he woke in Iran and thought at first that he was somewhere in Arizona. The terrain here does resemble that part of America. And he went on to tell them about his meeting with Churchill and Stalin.

"We discussed not only plans for getting the war over," he said, "but also more important plans for peace."

He told the soldiers that the people back home were aware of the fine job they were doing here. He said he wished those people could see the job with their own eyes.

"I am going home now," he concluded. "And I wish I could take all of you with me."

There were no cheers after he finished speaking. Instead there was a hushed silence that seemed to last for a full minute until the troops were called to order arms. The metallic clatter of the pieces rang out over the baseball field. Then the men shouldered arms and began to march away. Many of their faces were bright and many of them had strange marks around their eyes. For most of them, it was the first time they had ever seen a President of the United States.

Declaration Issued by Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin After the Three-Power Conference at Teheran

WE, the President of the United States of America, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the Premier of the Soviet Union, have met in these four days past in this the capital of our ally, Teheran, and have shaped and confirmed our common policy.

We express our determination that our nations shall work together in the war and in the peace that will follow.

As to the war, our military staffs have joined in our round-table discussions and we have concerted our plans for the destruction of the German forces. We have reached complete agreement as to the scope and timing of operations which will be undertaken from the east, west and south. The common understanding which we have here reached guarantees that victory will be ours.

And as to the peace, we are sure that our concord will make it an enduring peace. We recognize fully the supreme responsibility resting upon us and all the nations to make a peace which will command good will from the overwhelming masses of the peoples of the world and banish the scourge and terror of war for many generations.

With our diplomatic advisers we have surveyed the problems of the future. We shall seek the cooperation and active participation of all nations, large and small, whose peoples in heart and in mind are dedicated, as are our own peoples, to the elimination of tyranny and slavery, oppression and intolerance. We will welcome them as they may choose to come into the world family of democratic nations.

No power on earth can prevent our destroying the German armies by land, their U-boats by sea, and their war plants from the air. Our attacks will be relentless and increasing.

Emerging from these friendly conferences we look with confidence to the day when all the peoples of the world may live free lives untouched by tyranny and according to their varying desires and their own consciences.

We came here with hope and determination. We leave here friends in fact, in spirit, and in purpose.

Signed at Teheran, Dec. 1, 1943. ROOSEVELT, STALIN, CHURCHILL.

Marshal Stalin strides past Gen. H. H. Arnold, commanding general of the USAAF, and Prime Minister Churchill.

During his trip to conferences at Cairo and Teheran, President Roosevelt took time out to award the Legion of Merit to Gen. Eisenhower, commander of Allied Forces in the Mediterranean.

A platoon does its best to avoid a big puddle filling an Italian road. The rainy season has changed any previous ideas about "sunny Italy" for U. S. soldiers.

Caesar, a German shepherd attached to the U. S. Marines, was carried back wounded to a dressing station during the battle of Bougainville. Caesar and other trained dogs have helped ferret out Japs in the dense South Pacific jungles and warned many Yanks of traps.

Senior Sgt. Polienko of the Red Arm is commander of an antiaircraft gun crew which has sho down 16 German aircraft over Russia. The record is there fo all to admire in the form of 16 stars on his gun's barre

[illegible]. An assembly crew for 105-mm guns at the American Locomotive Co. plant in Dunkirk, N. Y., looking over a story in YANK on a 105 which they helped to make.

[illegible] Margaret Adams, MGM actress, got in the way of a wind machine and look what happened. Just look what happened.

FULL SPEED AHEAD. These British infantrymen of the Fifth Army under Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark are in no mood to linger. They have a position to take. Crouching forward they advance over a blasted railway bridge to take an Italian town on the other side. Then come mountains—and Rome.

ERAS OF THE WORLD

A plane-handling crew takes advantage of a quiet moment on the Atlantic front to play a brisk game of football on the flight deck of the *USS Card*, a converted escort carrier.

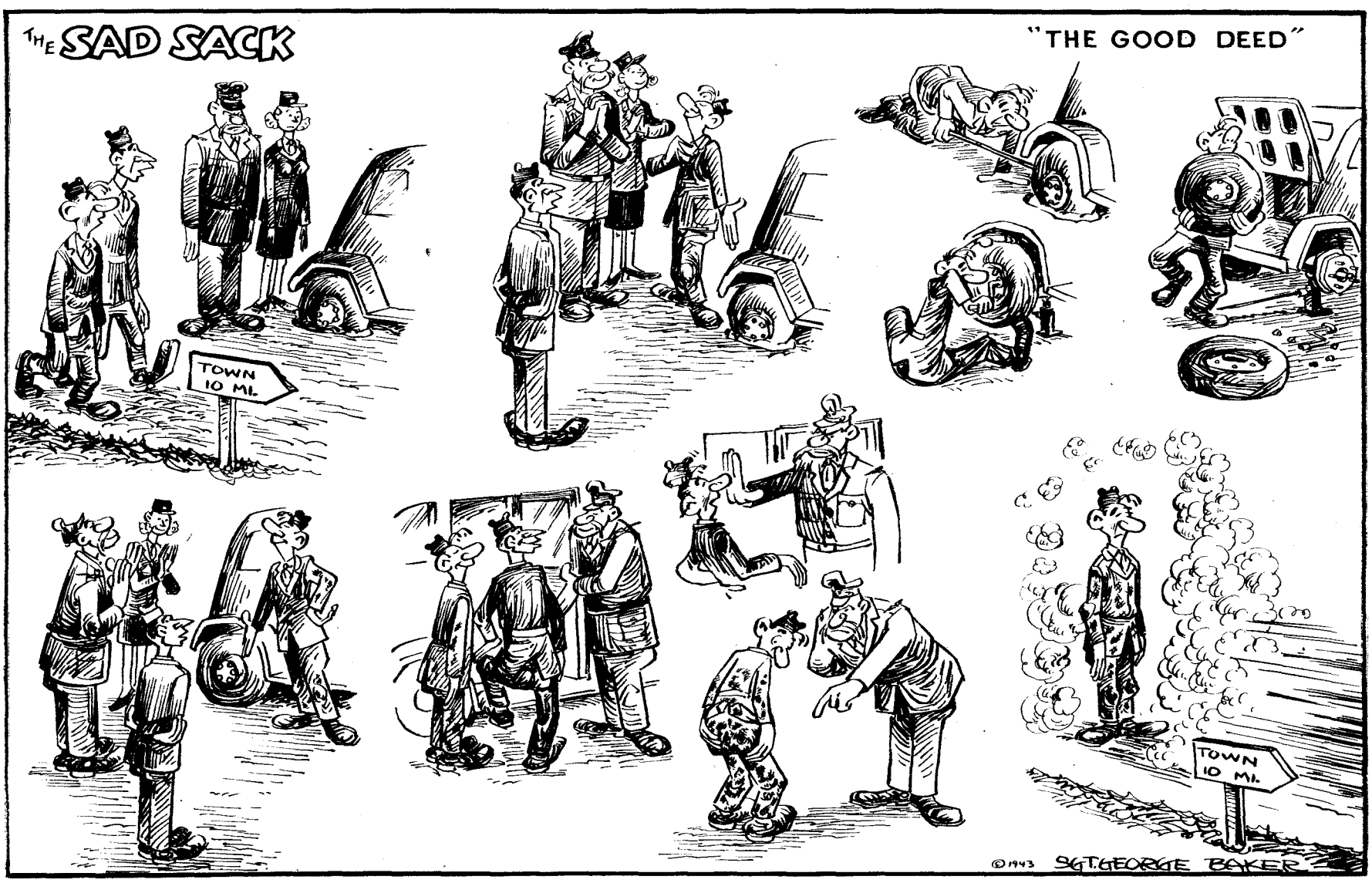
At a base in England, T Sgt. Harold Rogers, bomber tail gunner, enjoys a party and extra big stripes he earned for completing 25 missions.

Julie Bishop, Hollywood actress, wears a grass skirt sent to her from the South Pacific by Pfc. Philip Davis. He wrote that he wanted to see it properly filled.

An Italian woman came back from hiding in the hills when the Nazis were thrown out but found her home nothing but a heap of rubble.

Pfc. Harry Kaplan, in Southwest Pacific, is so proud of Purple Heart and ribbon he wears them on fatigues.

Cpl. Rolf Krog, Yank, and a Chinese soldier light up during a U. S.-Chinese operation against Japs in northwestern Burma.



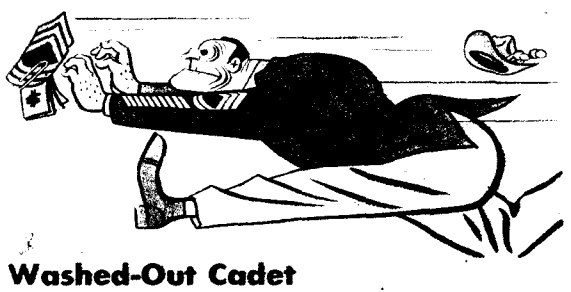
Ratings After the War

Dear YANK:

I hold the temporary rank of master sergeant, although my permanent rank is technical sergeant. I received this promotion after July 1, 1941, the date all advancements in grade went on a temporary basis. Now my question is this: As I have put in almost 30 years of service, will I receive retirement pay based on my temporary master sergeant's rating or will I receive technical sergeant's retirement pay after the war? I've been told that I can only get the technical sergeant's pension. But this doesn't sound right, for I know that in peacetime I would have been promoted to the permanent rank of master sergeant by the time I was due for retirement. I can't see why I should be content with a technical sergeant's pension simply because no permanent warrants can be issued to any soldier in time of war.

Fort Benning, Ga. —M/Sgt. HUGH R. MERRON

■ If you retire now you will get only a technical sergeant's pension, since that is your permanent warrant. All retirement pay is based upon permanent grade only. You do not, of course, have to retire at the end of 30 years' service if you are still physically fit. If you want the master sergeant's pension, you'll have to stay in service after the war is over and earn your permanent warrant. The retired master sergeant receives $138 a month and the retired technical sergeant gets $116.67 a month. It's up to you to decide whether that $21.33 a month is worth waiting for.



Washed-Out Cadet

Dear YANK:

I was an aviation cadet some time ago but washed out due to flying inefficiency. It is Army policy to send some washed-out cadets to schools for bombardier or navigator training, but my score was too low for training in these categories, so I became an enlisted man again. Recently, I applied for reinstatement as a cadet but was informed that my old classification score still disqualified me. But I had been told earlier that I could apply for cadet training again after a year had elapsed from the date I had washed out. I am anxious to get the latest regulation on this point.

Victory Field, Tex. —Sgt. DAN J. BINDER

What's Your Problem?

■ Aviation cadets who have washed out are not again acceptable for pilot training. Pilot cadets who wash out may, however, enroll for navigator or bombardier training if their classification scores are sufficiently high. If pilot wash-outs fail the bombardier or navigator classification test they may take successive tests every 30 days for as long as the aviation board thinks they might make the grade.

Who's Eligible for Benefits?

Dear YANK:

I am a first three-grader, and I would like to know if I can make out a family allowance for my son, who is under 21 years of age and a private in the Army.

ASTP, University of Alabama —S/Sgt. M. W. SNYDER

■ The legal department of the Office of Dependency Benefits says no go. Former dependents now serving in the Armed Forces are ineligible for benefits.

Dear YANK:

Here is my problem. My wife by a former marriage had three children. Their ages now are 12, 8 and 5. Can I apply for a family allowance for them? We have the birth certificates.

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. —Sgt. EUGENE E. GLAZA

■ Your stepchildren, if members of your household, are eligible for family allowances. You or your wife should send duly certified copies of the birth certificates, attached to an application for benefits, to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Allowances Branch, 213 Washington Street, Newark, N. J.

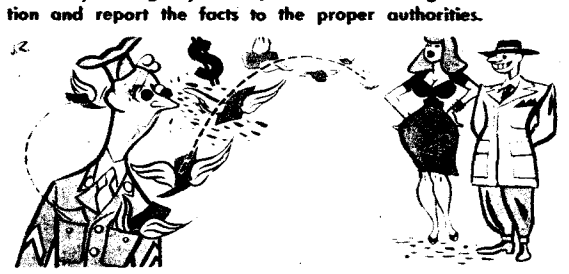
Can't Stop Wife's Allowance

Dear YANK:

I am married and have a 2-year-old boy. He is my wife's own child, but mine by adoption. Because the baby's father, my wife's first husband, was dishonorably discharged from the Army for desertion, I arranged to have the child's last name changed to mine. Since I have been away I found out that she has been going around with other men to such an extent that it can't be called a friendly pastime. One man gave her $100. I can prove that. He also gave her a watch. I can prove that, too. In spite of the fact that my wife is working and making enough to live on, she blows in all of her salary, her family-allowance money, and even has cashed and spent all our jointly owned War Stamps and Bonds. Now the pay-off comes in the form of a letter from my mother who says my wife is threatening to have a civil-court judge write to my CO demanding that I send 20 bucks more a month, in addition to my allowance, "for the care of the little boy." What I want to know is this: Is there any way, short of an M1, that I can stop my wife's allowance? What's equally important, how can I get a divorce? I don't mind if you print this, but don't use my name.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pfc. E. A.

■ Regrettably, so long as you are married to her, there is nothing you can do to stop your wife's allowance. As the law now stands, even if you obtain a divorce, she can still collect, provided she doesn't remarry and is eligible for alimony. Many officials realize that the law in this respect often operates unjustly, but despite their determined efforts to do something about it, no changes are as yet in sight. However, under the terms of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act, you are entitled to certain specific protections in the courts, and your first move should be to get in touch with your outfit's Special Service officer, who will be able to direct you to the nearest legal-assistance office. (WD Circular 74, March 16, 1943, sets up legal-assistance offices throughout the Army: YANK, Vol. II, No. 15). Meanwhile, if your wife carries through on her threat to go to a local court, you should write to that court setting forth your side of the case. If action is brought and you are unable to retain legal counsel, the court will appoint an attorney to represent you. By law, the attorney so appointed cannot waive any of your rights or bind you by his acts. Finally, even though you are powerless to stop your wife's allowance, you can initiate action that will prevent her from spending your child's legal share of that allowance. In your case, the best thing to do is to write to your mother, asking her to get in touch with the representative in her community of the Veterans Administration or of the Army Emergency Relief, who will investigate the situation and report the facts to the proper authorities.



YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

When Are We Going Home?

EVERY soldier overseas is looking for an answer to that big important question, "When are we going home?" We all know the war won't be over for a long time. But those of us who have sweated out a year or more in combat zones or the dull noncombat zones like Panama, Iran or Iceland still feel that our outfit is entitled to return to the States for a short time, at least, while somebody else takes over. And we don't see any reason why we should have to wait until the end of the war for such a change in scenery.

There have been all kinds of answers to this question about going home floating around the foreign latrines but all of them have been strictly confidential and highly unofficial answers. In fact, the whole overseas Army is fed up to the ears with unofficial inside dope about new policies and new rules about shipping troops home, none of which, as far as we know, has ever turned out to be correct.

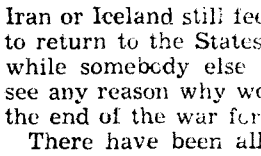
So YANK last week decided to try something different. Instead of concocting an editorial of its own on the problem of when we are going home, it sent a corporal to Washington to ask the War Department for an official reply to the question.

The War Department's answer isn't half as cheerful as the one YANK would have liked to create and it does not jibe with stuff we have been hearing in the chow lines and latrines these last few months. But at least it is straight and official and maybe it will kill a few of the rumors that have been building us up to an awful letdown. Here it is:

"The WD has been studying the problem of rotating personnel outside the continental limits of the United States ever since the beginning of hostilities. However, in every general plan designed to provide a definite time limit for overseas or a definite percentage of personnel to be returned, there is one insurmountable obstacle—insufficient shipping space for the necessary replacements."

In GI language, here's what that means. You can't start to make substitutions in a football game until you first put your full team of 11 men on the field. The War Department says that it needs all its available shipping now to move overseas all the troops that are required there. It can't afford to use ships for the job of making substitutions—sending out replacement units—until it first completes the job of bringing our overseas Army up to its full quota.

When we have all the men we need overseas, the War Department will be able to send out units to take the place of those outfits that have done their share of foreign service. But until then it is just TS and there is nothing we can do about it. Except hope that when replacement shipping becomes available, our outfit will be at the front of the line.



GI Bull Sessions

SOLDIER discussion forums both in the U. S. and overseas have spread so rapidly, says the WD, that the Army now plans to provide special informational pamphlets on subjects in which GIs have shown the most interest. The first series of these pamphlets, which are being prepared by the American Historical Association, will be released early in 1944. GI discussion forums are voluntary and informal and can vary from bull sessions in a rest camp behind the lines to elaborate programs of the kind run twice a week at Camp Lee, Va.

The majority of GI forums, according to the WD release, use the town-hall technique. A soldier with an appropriate background is made moderator, the topic is chosen and men who have a particular knowledge of the subject sit in as "experts." The meeting is opened by stating the arguments, after which the men in the audience give opinions, ask questions and in general pull the subject apart.

Discharged Veterans

A recent report of the OWI states that at least 800,000 veterans of this war have been given discharges by the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

GI SHORT-STORY CONTEST

YANK announces a short-story contest, open to enlisted personnel of the armed forces. Stories must be original, unpublished and should run from 1,000 to 3,000 words. Send entries to Fiction Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. The author of the story adjudged best by the editors of YANK will get a $50 War Bond. The winning story and any others deemed worthy will be printed in YANK. Entries must be received not later than Mar. 1, 1944.

The Army released 585,000 from Pearl Harbor through Sept. 30, 1943; the Navy 133,155 from Pearl Harbor through Oct. 31, 1943, and the Marines 34,759 during the same period. Of those discharged by the Army, 370,000 were given CDDs; by the Navy and Marines, 46,961. The rest were discharged for various reasons, the majority because they were over age. Of the total number discharged, says the report, 26,000 have applied to the Veterans Administration for continued hospitalization. The majority of discharged GIs, reports the OWI, are getting jobs in war plants.

GI Shop Talk

The 3d Infantry Regiment, one of the first to ship out for foreign service, is back in the States, having been moved from Newfoundland to Camp Butner, N. C. . . . An all-purpose, all-weather gasoline has been developed to meet year-round combat requirements of AGF vehicles. . . . The Northwestern Service Command in Yukon Territory reports the completion of the final link in the first overland telephone line connecting the U. S. and Alaska. . . . GIs in a fighter group in New Guinea built an "airborne" chapel; its materials, excepting timbers and pews, weigh only 900 pounds and can be packed for transportation by air in 53 cubic feet of space.

Noncombat Army vehicles manufactured in 1940 or before are being made available for essential civilian use. These do not include jeeps, which were not standardized for Army use until 1941. . . . The Photographic Manufacturers and Distributors Association claims the first industry-wide plan to absorb returning GIs possessed of technical experience in suitable civilian or war-work jobs. . . . Princeton University sent each of its students in the armed forces a Christmas packet of three pocket-sized books.

Washington O.P.

GI reports of moldy cigarettes, like the one in the cigarette story on page 5 of this issue, burn up Col. Webster of the QM here. He is a bear on the subject of packaging cigarettes; in fact several cigarette manufacturers think his specifications are too strict. In addition to the regular cellophane wrapping on each pack and the regular chipboard carton, he insists that each carton either be double-wrapped in waxed sulphite paper or wrapped once in double-weight paper and then heat-sealed. For each 50-carton shipping case the QM specifies a special water-repellant case liner made of three layers of creped paper and asphalt. The liner is then sealed and the whole business goes into a solid weatherproof fiber shipping case of top quality.

The Army Postal Service, investigating alleged delays in V-mail, examined the dates of letters deposited during one day in a mail box somewhere in England and found some dated three months before mailing. Apparently GIs who had neglected their wives, mothers or girls were predating letters, then blaming slow mail. A good gag; we've used it ourselves. . . . Incidentally, the APS tells us soldier V-mail has increased 200 percent or more in the last 60 days and now equals civilian V-mail in volume.

Somebody in the QMC got to studying about all the good left-hand gloves that are discarded because their right-hand mates wear out faster. Now some types of gloves will be made ambidexterous so you can shift them and make three pairs go as far as four of the old type. . . . The QMC has placed a big order with manufacturers for the new type of battle-dress uniforms. Altogether, the Army will buy 32 million individual garments during the first six months of 1944.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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"Die PW Woche"

Camp Carson, Colo.—*Die PW Woche (The PW Weekly)* is probably the first prisoner-of-war newspaper put out by and for enemy soldiers in this country. It was started Aug. 14, 1943, with just four readers but the circulation has increased to such an extent that 70 percent of the German prisoners here now read it.

Die PW Woche, printed in German, is a 20-page mimeographed, magazine-size publication. It carries a round-up of world news, poetry, fiction, humor, local news, a pin-up picture and items of the sports and amusement fields. Distribution is made by the prisoners themselves and the paper sells for 15 cents, paid for by cantonment tickets received by the PWs for work done.

An officer who was formerly a reporter is the paper's journalistic adviser. The editors meet with camp officials and discuss the contents before publication, eliminating the need for strict censorship.

What Every Joe Should Know

Camp Croft, S. C.—Sgt. Allen E. Klassed and Sgt. Donald L. Reynolds have set about making Army matters clearer for rookies in the 31st Inf. Tng. Bn. They recently published a 20-page mimeographed booklet that covers facts new men should know about the Army and the 31st.

Divided under several headings, the booklet contains a roster of company officers, illustrations of Army rank and insignia, an explanation of military courtesy, training notes, laundry and dry-cleaning information, company regulations, an exposition of the art of bunk-making, a clothing list, a map of Camp Croft and one of Spartanburg with the salient points marked and a humorously illustrated line-up of the general orders.

Orders Is Orders

Camp Haan, Calif.—"Climb into the seat," barked M/Sgt. Louis Cherapy, in charge of the headquarters battery's motor pool, to T-4 Fred Kirby, a literal-minded driver. "Now, release the brake." Cherapy went on. Kirby complied.

"Turn 'er over," snapped the sergeant. Kirby stepped on the starter, but nothing happened. The sergeant repeated his order and Kirby again stepped on the starter, but still nothing happened. Cherapy lifted the hood and looked at the motor.

"What's the matter with this danged thing?" he yelled.

At this point, Kirby looked up and quietly asked: "Shall I turn on the ignition now, sergeant?"

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

AROUND THE CAMPS

Blytheville Army Air Field, Ark.—Sgt. Raymond Wolsfield is the saving sort and out of his GI earnings he has put aside enough to buy an oat-eater named Wizard. Each night Wolsfield hurries to the stables in town where he keeps the horse to minister to it. On stormy nights the sergeant sleeps in the stall with the nag because Wizard is afraid of lightning.

Schick General Hospital, Iowa—Patients here, represented by Cpl. V. Dixon, have high praise for a GI warbler named Jimmie Gill. Pvt. Gill has his own 15-minute program over the Clinton (Iowa) radio station and, says Dixon, "puts more feeling and life into a song than anyone else."

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.—Cpl. James Woo, cook in the 75th Inf. Div., was walking guard one morning. It was so cold that his sense of smell was not functioning very well. He had an encounter with a skunk as a result. A casualty to the extent of a bitten finger. Cpl. Woo made the mistake of returning to his hutment where he found that there was nothing wrong with his buddies' sense of smell.

Second Army Maneuvers, Tenn.—Sgt. Don Keller asked a small boy on a farm near here if he could ride his cow pony. The boy assented and Keller saddled up. When the boy returned later, he found Keller still in the saddle, but the horse hadn't budged. "I forgot to tell you," the kid said, "he won't move an inch until you give him a piece of sugar."

Maxwell Field, Ala.—Conjecture filled the air when S/Sgt. Lena Coody, mess sergeant for the WAC Co., married S/Sgt. Anthony Yuhas, mess sergeant of a four-engine school squadron. Who would rule their kitchen after the war? Sgt. Coody put all arguments to rest with: "We're going to hire a cook."

Drew Field, Fla.—T/Sgt. Russ Tittle of the 501st Signal AW Regt. approached a soldier in the dark one night. "Hey, Joe," he said, "have you got the time?" Then the flare of a match revealed an officer. Tittle started to stammer an apology. "That's all right, sergeant," the officer said. "You hit it right—my name is Joe."

Pine Camp, N. Y.—T-5 Bob Lowery of Hq. Co. wanted a new pair of shoes. One of his outfit's lieutenants offered to get him a pair and Lowery advanced the money. The shoes arrived and Lowery was happy about the whole thing until he opened the package—and found the shoes were GI.

Fort Ord, Calif.—Pfc. Andrew Sorentino, member of an ordinance unit here, lost his partial denture plate. A week later it showed up with his laundry and this note: "Partial plate rejected."

Palm Springs Army Air Field, Calif.—Piano-thumpers may be a dime a dozen in the Army, but Pfc. Leonard Pennario is at the top of the heap. He got excellent notices when he appeared as guest soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and after that he played in New York's Carnegie Hall.

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—Cpl. Florence Feldman was visiting Corpus Christi with a friend. A handsome marine passed and Wac Feldman remarked: "I know that marine from somewhere. His face is very familiar." The friend said: "It should be. That's Tyrone Power."

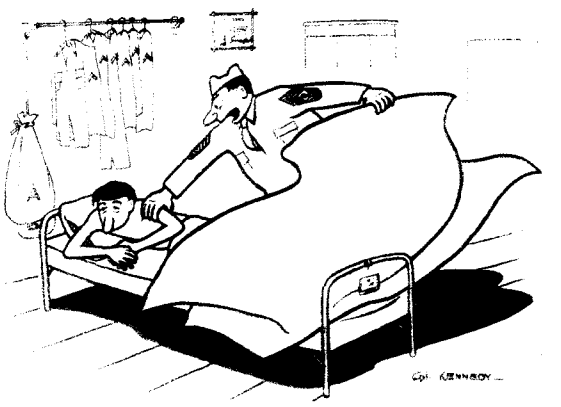
Cook in the House?

Fort DuPont, Del.—The Hq. Co. (XIII Corps) mess section, according to *Flashes*, the post paper, seems to prove a GI contention that's been going around.

The roster lists: Sgt. Floyd Phillips, a former electrician; Sgt. Harry Morefield, a former bricklayer; T-4 James Fisher, a radio technician; T-4 Francis Drake, a mechanic; T-4 Otis Balbraith, a dietician; T-4 Anthony Schmidt, a baker; T-5 William Nare, an automobile mechanic; T-5 Hercules Leonti, a coal miner; and T-5 Ray Miknavich, a butcher.

Fort Bliss, Tex.—Pfc. Lewis Vilk had a week's furlough but didn't enpoy it. First his train was snowbound; then it got in a collision that caused a further delay. Meanwhile, he lost his ticket and had to buy another. When he got home he wired for an extension, but received no reply and started back to camp. Five hours later a telegram arrived at his home granting the extension.

Fort Belvoir, Va.—Pvt. Marjorie Davis took pity on a GI wrestling with a typewriter in the Service Club. She typed two letters for him, each to a different girl whom he insisted he adored and would see on his furlough. "I'll probably be too busy to see either of them," he told Wac Davis, then added: "Say, how about a date with you this week end?"

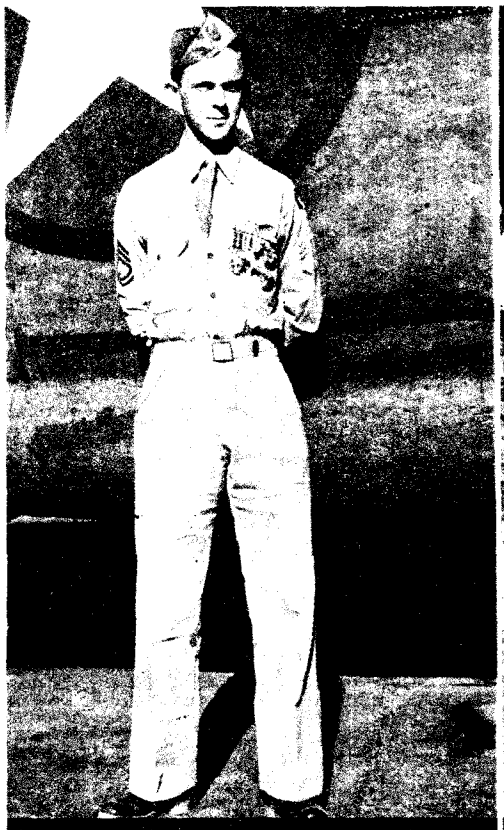


"Come . . . Arise . . . The sun is shining, the lark is on the wing!"

—Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy, San Bernardino ASC, Calif. *Wing Tips*

MASTER CRAFTSMAN. S/Sgt. Alfred D. Boyd, MP Det., Army Service Forces, Camp Blanding, Fla., with some of the goods he's carved out of leather sent to him from his ranch in Florida. He only has time to fill a few requests

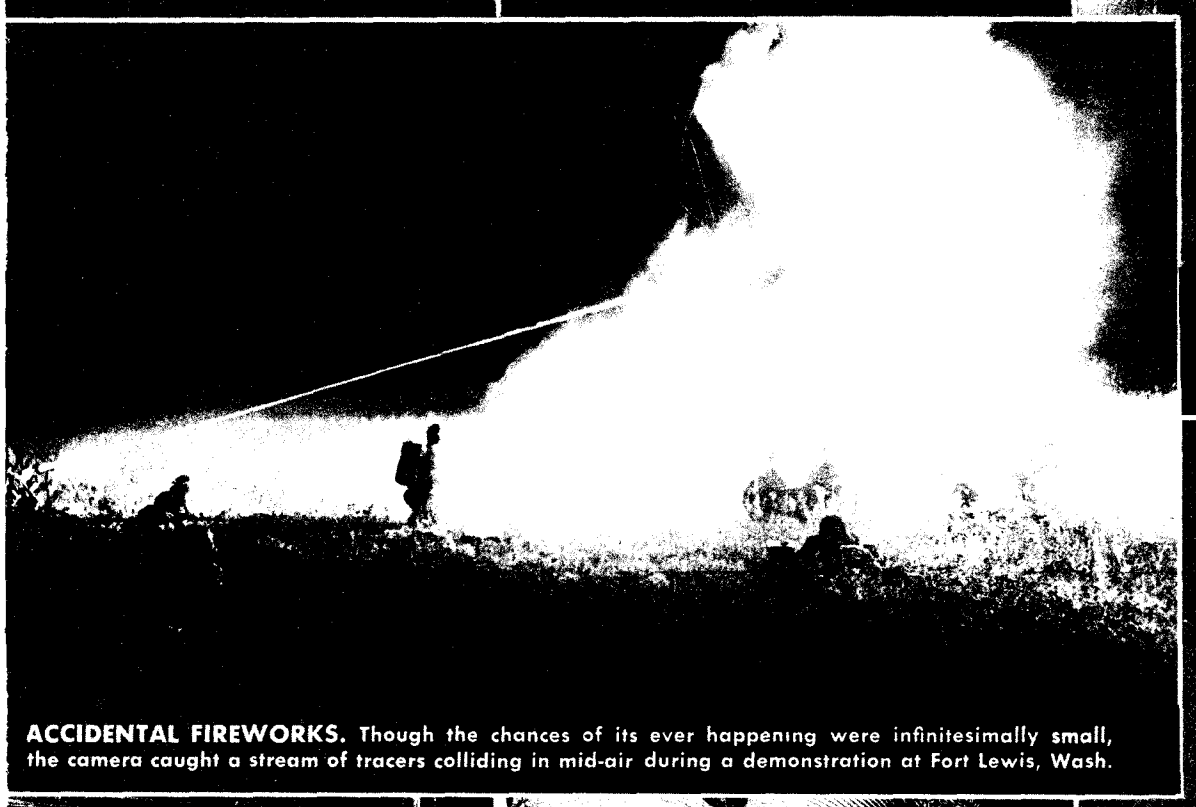
TWINS AGAIN? Not exactly, at least not in name. Left is Sgt. Hosmer Comfort of San Francisco. The other sergeant is Herb Daugherty of Chicago, both in AAA School, Camp Davis, S. C.



AIR HERO. T/Sgt. Robert Kessler, 21, was awarded four medals at Army Air Base, Blythe, Calif., for his conduct as an aerial gunner on a B-24 bomber in the Middle East.

SPECIAL HANDLING. With 1st Sgt. James A. Taylor standing ominously behind him at 6 feet 6 inches, Pvt. Marvin T. Fowler, 4 feet 11, gets measured for a proper GI fit at Fort Sill, Okla.

POSTER GIRL. A face like that deserves some kind of title and this is the one she got in a WAC recruiting campaign. She is Cpl. Mary Lou Ferguson, from Pittsburgh, Pa., in the Air WAC Det., Lowry Field, Colo.



ACCIDENTAL FIREWORKS. Though the chances of its ever happening were infinitesimally small, the camera caught a stream of tracers colliding in mid-air during a demonstration at Fort Lewis, Wash.

OLD HAND. Sgt. Ralph P. Paquette used to work on this boat as a civilian engineer when it was a general's yacht; now he runs it for the QM at Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.

MATTRESS MASTER. "Familiarity breeds contempt" says Pvt. Baker B. Britton, stacking them up at Boise Barracks, Idaho. Why? Well, he used to run a mattress factory in El Paso, Tex.

HOLD THAT TIGER! In this case it's a nice job on both sides. Anyway it's a wildcat and a baby. Cpl. Rufus Hawkins found it in a quarry near Moore Field, Tex., and now it's mascot for the 61st Aviation Squadron. Try and hold it when it grows up!

Mail Call

The Face on the Barracks Floor

Dear YANK:

These sketches [*above*] prove that sometimes a man can do almost the same kind of work in the Army that he did in civilian life. Take me, for instance. When I came into the Army I told the first sergeant I was a painter. He said: "I don't care what you did with a brush; let's see what you can do with a mop." I did —and he was quite surprised with my work.

Camp Fannin, Tex. —Cpl. L. S. GILLAM

B-5th Gr.

Dear YANK:

Stripes painted on the fatigues of ex-noncoms have been bothering my otherwise unoccupied mind. The stripes can't be torn off or washed out. Therefore, I suggest the Army approve a new classification, allowing demoted noncoms to paint a "B" (about the same size as a technicians "T") under their stripes. If this ruling went into effect it would save the Army from having to supply ex-noncoms with new fatigues and would be a fine way to pay respect to their past glory. They could be called sergeant, busted class; corporal, busted class; or whatever their former estate happened to be.

Scott Field, Ill. —Pvt. HALL G. VAN VLACK Jr.

GI Capitalists

Dear YANK:

A few months ago the Office of War Information stated that the pay of the Army private is equivalent to $32.69 a week or $1,696 a year. Upon what is this based? We realize it is a sound accounting practice to consider all expenses involved, but when did it become common practice to include the cost of equipment as part of a man's wages when it is used solely for the purpose of furthering the assignment given him? I suppose the next thing will be a plan for soldiers to pay off the national debt. According to the OWI figures, each soldier will probably owe the Government about $5,000 when he's discharged; so let him sign a promissory note maturing in 10 years and payable in yearly installments. This is not a letter of complaint. It is only to put John Q. Public straight on the rosy life of the "billboard" soldier. We are proud to be members of the Army of the United States. We know we are the best paid, have the finest equipment, clothing, and shelter.

Southwest Pacific —Sgt. PAUL E. ZIMMERMAN

Gen. Patton

Dear YANK:

It was Thanksgiving and all was well until I heard our Gen. Patton was on the carpet in front of Congress. Why the hell don't they mind their own business and leave Patton and Eisenhower alone? The Patton incident reminds me of the story of the men who were gathered at the railing of a ship that they thought would be blown up any minute. They were frantic and all on edge. Then one man started laughing and then everyone did. The ship made shore safely. Now Patton was probably like that man who started to laugh. When a man is frightened there are several ways to bring him around and that could have been Patton's idea. I'm a soldier of nine years' service. Don't put my name on the letter if you print it. I'm in the guardhouse now.

Jackson Barracks, La. —Pvt. A

Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK:

I noted with much interest the letter from Sgt. David Silver regarding the American Legion in a November issue of YANK. I have been a member of this organization for many years and am at present serving my country in a second war, so it is like a kick in the pants to me to have anyone say I belong to an organization "that leads in the field of attacking civil rights." As for his statements concerning the courtesies extended by the American Legion to Mussolini, it must be remembered that Italy was an ally of the U.S. in the first World War, as was Japan, and up to 1933 there had been no real break between the U.S. and Fascist Italy. I would certainly like to get official proof of his statement that Alvin Owsley, national commander, once described the American Legion as a counterpart of the Fascists in Italy.

NAS, San Diego, Calif. —JOHN H. CONLIN Ptr2c

Dear YANK:

I don't think the veterans of this war will want to be associated with an organization like the American Legion. It's a matter of record that the Legion has been used as a tool for big business and many times operated as a strike-breaking agency. The American Civil Liberties Union has compiled volumes on this.

Camp Lee, Va. —S Sgt. JOSEPH DAVOLI

Terry Moore's Furlough

Dear YANK:

Listening to the broadcast of the recent World's Series at a jungle outpost we were greatly surprised to hear the announcement that Pvt. Terry Moore, a former professional ball player, who we knew was stationed in the department, was in the stands watching the game. Our curiosity was short-lived as in a November issue of YANK we read: "Pvt. Terry Moore, who is stationed in Panama, saved up all of his furlough time to be with his Cardinal teammates during the series." There are many men in this department who have been at this station for more than three years but have never received a three-day pass, much less a furlough. Can it be because his name is Terry Moore and ours is just Joe Soldier? The thing that really bothers us is that when they ask us, we have to tell our folks back home that it's impossible to get a furlough. We'd appreciate an explanation.

Panama —Cpl. JULIAN COHN*

*Letter also signed by Pvts. Willie L. Ross, Walter A. Yeargin, Erwin Ensley, M. L. Cannaimo; Pfcs. John Ireland, William L. Russell, John Jackamarch, Gilbert H. Meyer, John J. Scappa, Gerald M. Amidon, John J. Reitz, Clyde S. Kann; Cpls. Elmer J. Sellers, Joseph Salvatore, Gala Gioff, William Hardin, Louis E. Ekhaml, Edward O'Brien, Rolland Biggin, Frank Don Diego, Adrian Pluffpaff, Will T. Harper, John Quaid, Gilbert A. Winders, Reynolds Lyons, David O'Conna; Sgts. Henry J. Borows, Harvey E. Walden, Charles L. Hehnfeld, Norbert Jung, James F. Henegan, Alexander S. Klinghoffer.

■ YANK tried to find out about Terry Moore's furlough but couldn't get a satisfactory answer.

Terry Moore's Ribbons

Dear YANK:

Idle curiosity prompts me to question the three service ribbons sported by Terry Moore in the picture of him at the World Series in an October issue of YANK. I can't understand how the former Card could have possibly earned the tokens, considering that he recently entered the Army in the Caribbean Area where I was stationed, too.

—Sgt. HERBERT PHILO

Sedalia AAF, Warrensburg, Mo.

■ Terry Moore is shown wearing two American Theater ribbons and a Veterans of Foreign Wars ribbon. He had two ribbons too many; he should have worn only one American Theater ribbon.

Post-War Policing

Dear YANK:

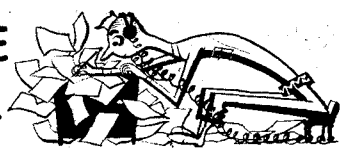
The following letter to the editor was published by the Sicilian edition of the *Stars & Stripes*. Its unanimous acclaim in this area causes me to submit it to YANK for wider circulation.

Dear Editor:

I suggest that immediately after the day of general armistice all Army personnel who have been overseas during actual wartime, whether or not in combat, be speedily replaced by personnel with only continental service during the war. Post-war occupation duties will not require the experience of seasoned combat troops and transportation will not be the major problem as it is today. Such an arrangement will necessitate additional legislation but I feel that congressmen would do well to take a lead from the many servicemen sharing my opinion on this vital subject.

Sicily —Pvt. EMIL BISCHITZKY

MESSAGE CENTER



A. Pfc. VERNON ADAMS, last address, APO 943, Seattle: write Sgt. Milton Sloan, 310 Third St., Marysville, Calif. . . . Pvt. HAROLD H. ANDREWS, once at Parris Island, S. C.: see *Message 4.***

B. EDDIE BAGLEY, USMC, New York Golden Gloves contestant in 1941: write Pvt. George J. Leone, Co. L, 14th Inf., Camp Carson, Colo. . . . PRESTON BEALE Jr., AAF: write WOJG Harold P. Landers, Hq., 4th Serv. Comd., Atlanta, Ga.

C. Sgt. CALVIN P. CAMPBELL of Gueydan, La.: write Pvt. Preston R. Leblanc, H & S Co., 1880th Avn. Engr. Bn., Geiger Field, Wash. . . . RALPH CARVELL Y2c: see *Message 1.** . . . Pfc. NORMAN CLIMER, once at SCU 114, New Sta. Hosp., Fort Devens, Mass.: write Pvt. Curtis O. Canups, Co. D, 369th Med. Bn., Camp Shelby, Miss. . . . Pfc. BILL CONGTION of Yonkers, N. Y., once at Fort Riley, Kans.: write Cpl. Richard J. Prikryl, Sta. Hosp., Camp Callan, Calif. . . . Pvt. JOHN CURTIS, once at 1326th SU, Camp Lee, Va.: see *Message 2.***

G. JOHN GANJAIN, once at Fort Bragg, N. C.: write Pvt. Joseph Gilano, Btry. I, 245th CA, Fort Wadsworth, N. Y. . . . Capt. J. ROBERT GIBSON of Phoenix, Ariz., once at APO 520, New York: see *Message 3.*† . . . FRED GILTNER of Chicago, now in the AAF: write Lt. R. E. Strating, SAAFBS, Box 77, San Angelo, Tex. . . . Anyone knowing the details of the last flight of S/Sgt. LOUIS S. GOLIS (Gen. Del., c/o PO, AAB, Herington, Kans.): write A/C Henry Golis, Sq. K-9, Class 44-E, AAFPFS (Pilot) Maxwell Field, Ala. . . . JAMES ANGUS GRAY, once at Kearns, Utah: write A/S W. L. Armstrong, Sq. 105, Flt. 1, AAFCC, SAACC, San Antonio, Tex.

H. S/Sgt. N. L. HAMMACK, once at Co. C, 405th Inf., Camp Maxey, Tex.: write Pvt. George H. Hammack, 805th Chem. Co., AO (D) Barksdale Field, Shreveport, La. . . . Pfc. BILL HARRIS, Aleutians: write S/Sgt. Roy Wyatt, Co. C, 847th Sig. Tng. Bn., Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . Pvt. MATHEW HARTIGAN, once at Camp Grant, Ill.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pvt. EVON HASS, CA: write Pvt. Brantley B. Springer, Torney Gen. Hosp., Palm Springs, Calif. . . . Pvt. EARL HERMAN of Detroit, once at Atlantic City, N. J.: write Pvt. Edward Kohrs, 877th PTTS, Laughlin Field, Tex. . . . Pvt. WARREN A. HOEFT, once at APO 726, Seattle: write A/C Charles F. Tuschling Jr., Cl. 44-A, Pilot Sch. (Basic), AAF, Waco, Tex. . . . Pvt. JACK HOFFMAN: write Cpl. Paul Kutcher, 60th Bomb. Sq., Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz. . . . Pfc. ALEX HOLTZMAN, once at Drew Field, Fla., and Harding Field, La.: write Pvt. Seymour Greenberg, 301 MPEG Co., Camp Clark, Mo. . . . Pvt. DONALD HOPKINS, once at 1326th SU, Camp Lee, Va.: see *Message 2.***

M. E. Martin, 774 Natl. Rd. West, Richmond, Ind., wants to get in touch with the soldier who helped her catch the train at 4:20 P.M., Aug. 25, at Pennsylvania Station, New York. . . . JACK MCCABE, USMC, of Jersey City, N. J., once at Parris Island, S. C.: write Sgt. J. Chabriel, Base Operations, AAF, Homestead, Fla. . . . Anyone who knew STEWART MCLAUGHLIN of Clay, W. Va.: write Cpl. Ralph S. McLaughlin, 5th Co., Bks. 323, Atlanta Ord. Depot, Atlanta, Ga. . . . S/Sgt. ROBERT P. MOELLER of Walthill, Nebr., now in S. W. Pacific: write Pfc. John Condon, Btry. B, 785 AAA Bn., AAATC, Fort Bliss, Tex. . . . T/Sgt. ELLIOTT MORGAN, once at Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.: write Pfc. Virginia E. Morris, CMS WAC Co., Camp Myles Standish, Mass.

N. Sgt. CARL NASH of Vicksburg, Miss., once in Philippine Islands: see *Message 3.*† . . . Lt. JACK R. NICHOLS: write Pfc. Jack H. Kalk, Co. M, 801st STR, Camp Murphy, Fla. . . . Lt. ROBERT B. NOLAN, once in Panama: write Cpl. James A. Dooley, 1074th BFTS, AAB, Courtland, Ala.

S. Cpl. DONALD E. STONE, once at Drew Field, Fla.: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Pfc. DOUGLAS R. STONE, USMC, once at New River, N. C.: see *Message 1.**

**Message 1:* Write Cpl. A. W. Rucker Jr., Co. A, 13th ITB, Camp Wheeler, Ga.

***Message 2:* Write Pfc. Addison Gerrity, 1321st SU Med. Det., Fort Eustis, Va.

†*Message 3:* Write T/Sgt. W. W. Ingram, HBC Det., AAB, Ardmore, Okla.

††*Message 4:* Write Pvt. Sidney C. Sinasky, Det. 1, PO Box 690, Oceanside, Calif.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

The following men want to trade shoulder patches:

S/Sgt. Robert Adkinson, 605th Tng. Gp., 63d Tng. Wing, Flt. 30, Sheppard Field, Tex.

Pvt. J. J. Baranick, QM Det., 1848th Unit, Camp Hood, Tex.

Cpl. Robert E. Beck, Med. Det. Sta. Hosp., NOPE, New Orleans, La.

S/Sgt. John E. Bradburn, 575th Sig. Co., 75th Inf. Div., Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Cpl. Barbara Bryant, WAC Det., So. Post, Fort Myer, Va.

Cpl. Bernard J. Celek, McCloskey Annex, Box 1910, Waco, Tex.

Pvt. Danny Dalyai & Cpl Mathew F. Benda, Co. B, 394th Inf. Regt., 99th Div., Camp Maxey, Tex.

Pfc. William W. Hyde, c/o Intelligence Office, AAFNS, Hondo, Tex.

Sgt. J. A. Hesse, Hq. Btry., 118th AAA Gun Bn., Camp Haan, Calif.

Pvt. Frank P. Juliano, Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 542 Prcht. Inf., Fort Benning, Ga.

Cpl. Albert E. Lee, 443 MP PW Proc. Co., Aliceville, Ala.

Sgt. George P. Lewis, Fin. Det., 76th Inf. Div., Camp McCoy, Wis.

Cpl. Carl L. Luiken, Hq. & Hq. Co., Base Gen. Depot, C-AMA, Los Angeles, Calif.

Cpl. Robert K. Miller, 1663d SU, Hq. Co., Camp Grant, Ill.

Pvt. Frank J. Murphy, 213 Sig. Depot Co., Camp Shelby, Miss.

YANK FICTION

1st Sgt. Santa Claus

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

OUR first sergeant has the largest stomach in our outfit. That is as it should be, of course. Also it's the reason he was chosen by the captain to play Santa Claus at our unit Christmas party.

Several men in our squadron, for one reason or another, do not like our first sergeant. They allowed their resentment to reach its peak at our Christmas party.

That was very foolish, because in the first place a Christmas party is no place to pay off old grudges. And anyway it is silly to hate the first sergeant for the things he has to do. As he himself told us so often:

"I am only a instrument. I do not do things because I like to be mean. I am a instrument of the captain's wishes and of the Army regulations. As long as I am running this outfit the captain's wishes and the Army regulations is going to be strictly adhered to, or I am going to know the hell why. That's the kind of a potato I am!"

Some of the men disliked that kind of a potato in spite of his explanation, and they looked forward with much interest to the Christmas party. Especially when the grapevine reported that the first sergeant was going to play Santa Claus by order of the captain.

"After all," said T/Sgt. Will Andrews, "he won't be wearing his stripes on his Santa Claus uniform. As far as I can see, anything will go!"

Anything did. We all gathered in the day room about 3:30 on Christmas Eve. There were cigars and cigarettes for everyone, and candy and oranges and apples. There also was beer and, as it later turned out, Coca-Cola.

We were milling around and shooting the breeze when the captain arrived. He climbed up on a table and made a speech, the same one he makes each time our outfit gets together.

"I don't see all you boys together very often. You all have your separate jobs to do all over the camp. However, I think it is a good thing for unit morale when we get together once in a while, and unit morale is a very important thing. Now you men go ahead and enjoy yourselves. I'm afraid I'll have to leave because of other duties."

He climbed down off the table and left. He always did that. He would decide the outfit should have a party, and when we had it he would rush in, dance two dances with his wife, smile twice to give his blessing to the proceedings, and leave.

Nothing else happened for a while, so we all kept on drinking beer and milling around. We were having a very good time. The first sergeant came in with a big bundle and went directly to the day-room latrine.

He came out again in a Santa Claus uniform, the white beard and the black boots and the red coat with a strip of cotton around the edges. Over by the Christmas tree there was a big cardboard box full of presents. He dragged this out in front of the tree.

This also was the captain's idea. Each of us had to bring a present, cost not to exceed two bits, wrapped as a gift but with no name on it. The gifts were all put in the big box to be passed out later.

"All right, gentlemen," called the first sergeant, or Santa Claus.

He had to shout above the din. It was the same familiar reveille-formation voice, although he followed it with a jolly Santa Claus laugh which he apparently had taken some pains to practice for the occasion.

Very few people paid any attention. The noise grew louder.

"C'mon, c'mon men, settle down!" bellowed Santa Claus. "We gotta give out these presents!"

He picked up an empty beer bottle and beat on the floor, but no one seemed to notice. Santa Claus turned very red in the face.

"Listen, wise guys. I know it's Christmas Eve and this is a party, but the least you can do is show a little common courtesy. Now break it up and gather around here in a big circle!"

The noise had subsided while he was talking, but it broke out again immediately. Santa Claus stood there watching for a while, his hands on his hips. Then he took a deep breath and roared:

"Listen, you gahdam meatheads, shut up and get the hell over here!" It sounded very strange to hear Santa Claus swearing.

Bob Wills, a staff sergeant and I believe a ringleader in this thing, had worked his way up to the front of the crowd.

"Look fellows!" he yelled. "Presents!" Everyone became suddenly silent and crowded close as Bob began tossing out presents.

"Get yer hands off them presents, goddammit!" yelled the first sergeant, as he gave Wills a push.

"Who you shoving, graybeard?" said Wills, and he pushed Santa Claus down into a corner. There was a little rough stuff after that. Some of the men began throwing oranges and candy and squirting Coca-Cola at the sergeant. There were some men in the unit who were obligated to the first sergeant to the point of being personal stooges, and they had to try to rescue him. They all got pretty well mussed up.

"Hey, pssst! Aren't you the first sergeant?" hissed T/Sgt. Will Andrews to the badly mauled Santa Claus.

"You know goddam well I am!"

"The trouble is," advised Wills, "you ain't got your stripes on. If you had stripes on these guys would never get away with this!"

The first sergeant was so excited by then that he let Andrews take him over to the barracks and paint six stripes and a diamond on his sleeves with some white poster paint.

WHEN Wills and Santa Claus got back to the day room practically everyone was gone. Only the first sergeant's friends were still there.

Also it turned out that his clothes were gone from the latrine. Since his friends were mostly slender, narrow-chested men, orderly-room clerks, their clothes wouldn't fit him. He had to go home in the Santa Claus outfit with the striped sleeves. Wills rode as far as town with him on the bus, and he said everyone stared at the first sergeant who, to make matters worse, was frowning and muttering to himself.

Some of the boys sneaked back and put the first sergeant's clothes in the bottom drawer of his desk, neatly folded, and they cleaned up the day room. But the day after Christmas we had a special 9 A.M. formation.

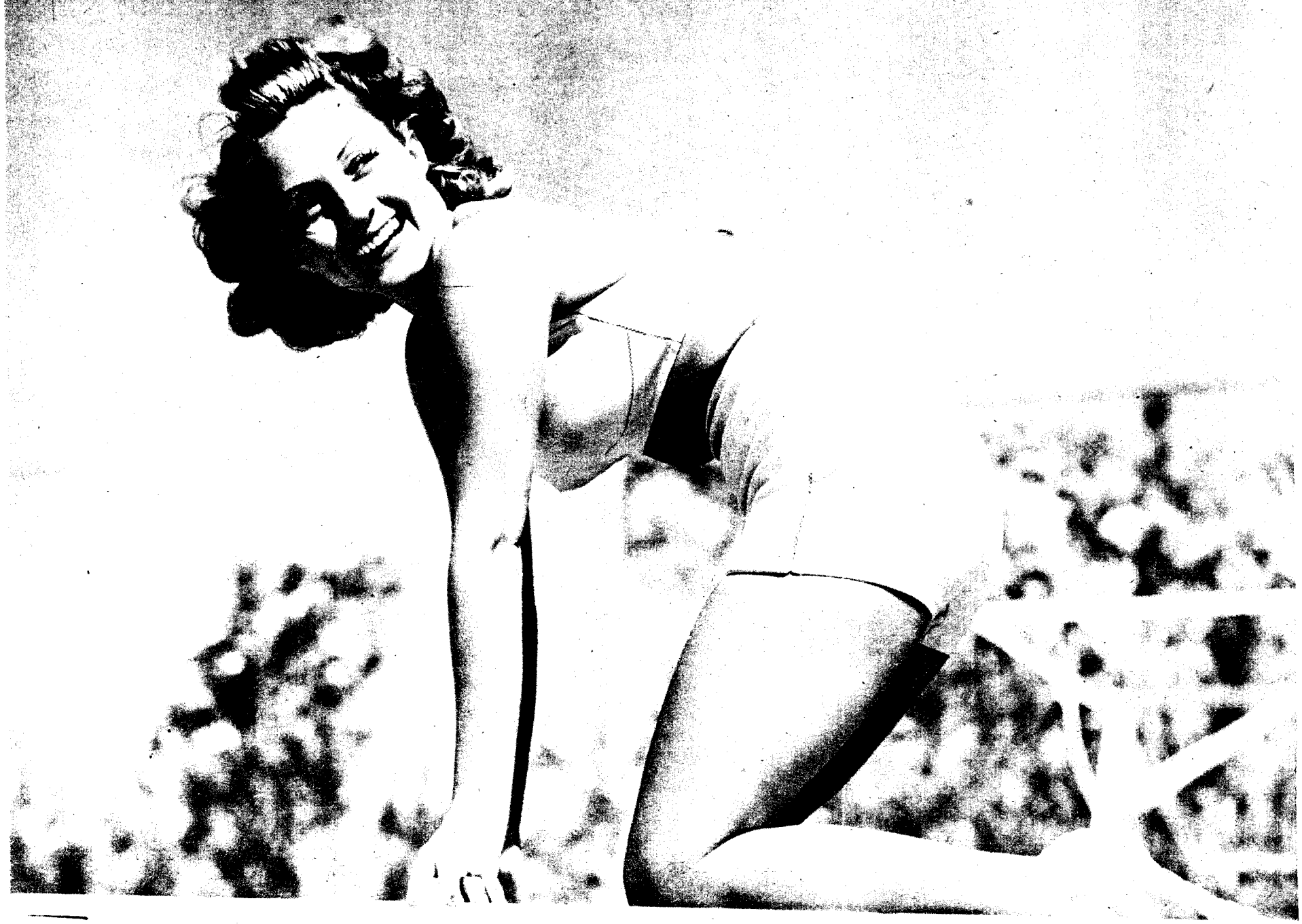
"Every pass in this outfit is being pulled for a week," announced the first sergeant, "due to misconduct at the unit Christmas party. This was not my idea, it was the captain's wishes. A few troublemakers make it tough for everyone. And if it ever happens again I am going to pull the passes for a month! That's the kind of a potato I am!"

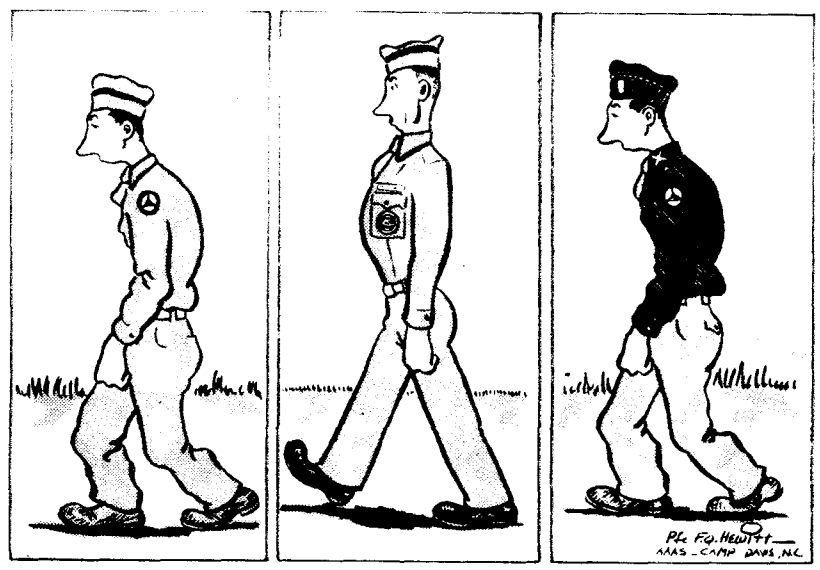
In spite of this unpleasant aftermath nearly everyone said it was just about the best party we ever had in our outfit.

Diana Lewis

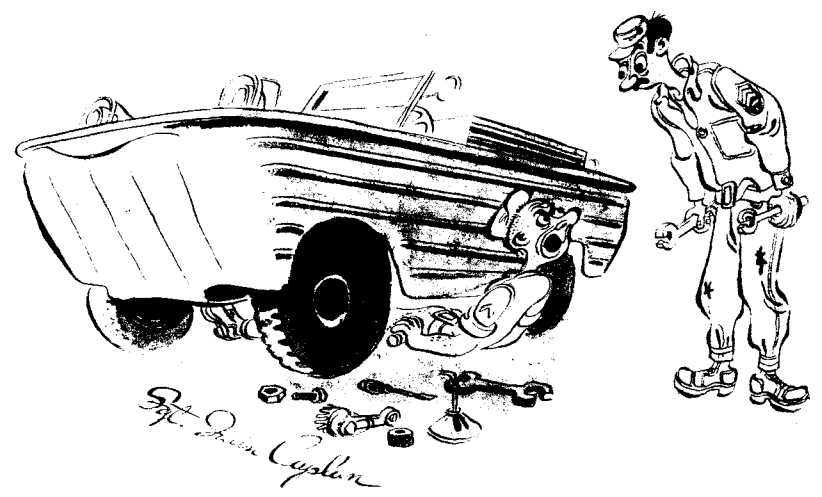
YANK

Pin-up





—Pfc. F. Q. Hewitt

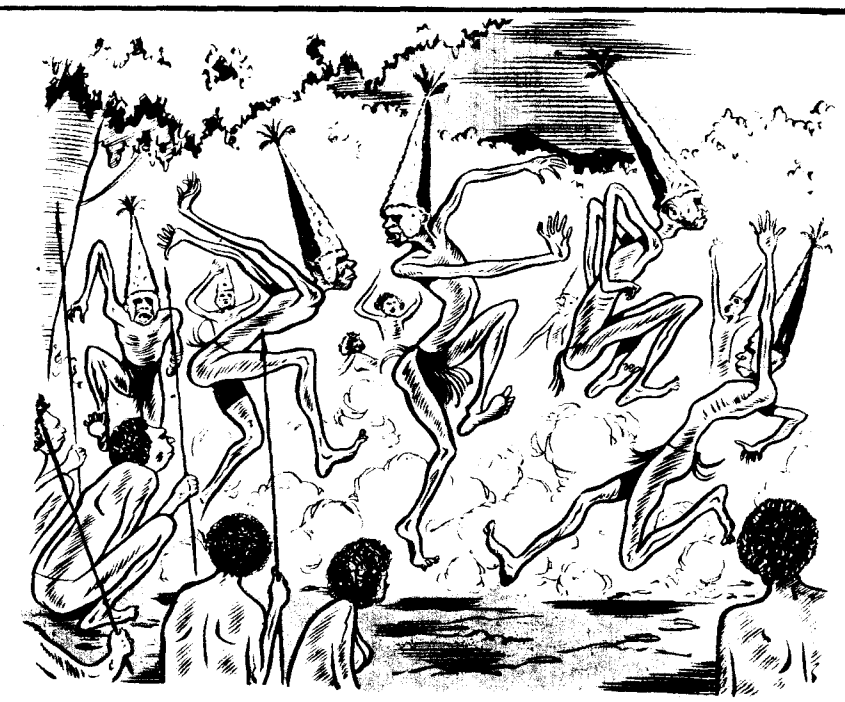


"TRANSMISSION HELL! IT'S BARNACLES!"

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"WE HAD GIVEN YOU UP FOR LOST."

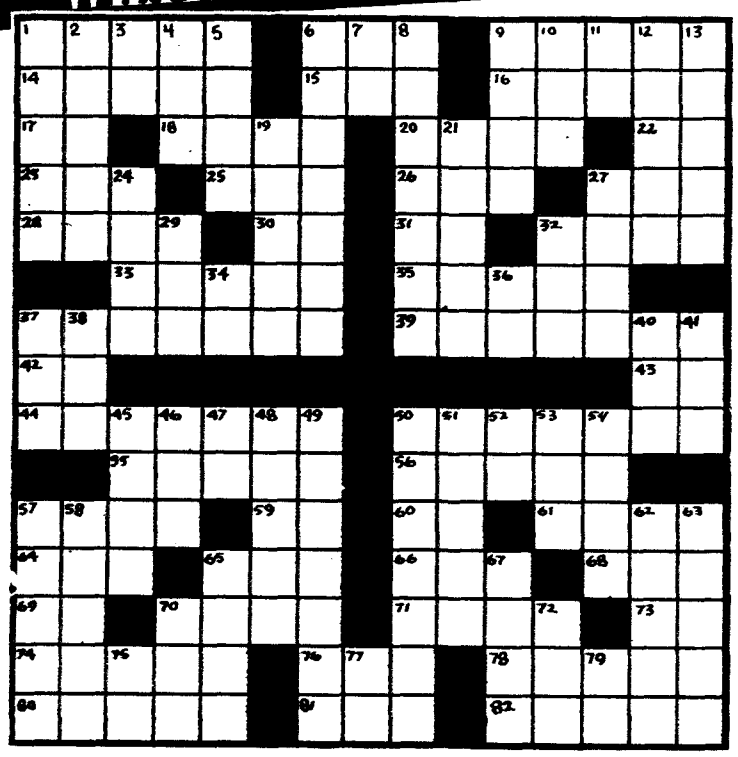
—Leo Salkin PhoM3c



"SAY WHAT YOU WILL, GIVE ME A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WALTZ ANY TIME."

—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

WHATSA WOID FER—?



ACROSS

1. Hue
6. Flying mammal
9. Pawnbroker's hangout
14. Unaccompanied
15. Get older
16. A bolt for Rosie
17. Musical note
18. Orient
20. Approach
22. First person
23. First woman
25. Rodent
26. You're "it"
27. In U. S. a tramp; in England what he sits on
28. Harvest
30. Right Line (abbr.)
31. Forerunner of oomph
32. Sailors
33. Twilled fabric
35. At no time
37. Captures again
39. More splendid
42. Either
43. Prefix—good
44. City in Sicily
50. Baseball champs' flag
55. Air-raid warning
56. Gaseous element
57. In this place
59. Indefinite article
60. Sun god (Egypt)
61. Trial
64. Perform
65. Consumed
66. Inquire
68. Conflict
69. Lord Lieutenant (abbr.)
70. Top-notch aviators
71. Chirp
73. Exist
74. South American animal
76. Definite article
78. On back of a quarter
80. Overtrained
81. Still
82. Practices

DOWN

1. To supply
2. Italian fruit
3. Behold
4. Unit
5. Part of army stationed behind the rest
6. Engagements
7. Adjutant General (abbr.)
8. Encamping
9. Blow off
10. Atmosphere
11. Fifty-five
12. Madagascar mammal
13. Stalks
19. Three-striper
21. Chow hound
24. Compass point
27. Poet
29. Vegetable
32. Number
34. End of work
36. The Cavalier State (abbr.)
37. Fabulous bird
38. Epoch
40. Even (poetical)
41. Groove
45. English fruit pie
46. Beverage
47. Continent (abbr.)
48. Angry
49. Pardon
50. Military protective wall
51. Rub out
52. Unsatisfactory (slang)
53. Negative adverb
54. Again
57. Best parts of 30-mile hike
58. Brilliancy of effort
62. Fur
63. Woody plants
65. Land measure
67. Retain
70. Be sick
72. Buddy
75. Parent
77. Pronoun
79. The Army way

THIS [illegible] makes a soldier appre- [illegible] makes a bathing suit [illegible] (You'd be surprised what [illegible] to put up with.) Petite Diana Lewis [illegible] from a show-biz family, made her [illegible] at the ripe old age of 2 and at [illegible] movie, "Cry Havoc."

CUBE CUES

IF you think counting cubes in the AGCT test was hard, try this one. It calls for only one cube—to begin with.

Imagine a cube which is three inches long on each side. Then the camouflage boys get busy and paint it green on all sides. Next a carpenter comes along and cuts the cube up into smaller cubes, each of them an inch long on its sides. Then he piles them all up again to form the original cube.

Now imagine that each one-inch cube is given a quarter turn to the left. Can you visualize how many square inches of *unpainted* surface will be exposed?

(Puzzle solutions on page 22.

POST EXCHANGE

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

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

NERVES

The longest war of nerves, I guess,
Is sweating out shipment to OCS.

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Pfc. MARV LORE

PVT. BEN ADAMS

Pvt. Ben Adams (may his rank increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his tent—
Sullen and silent, as on mischief bent—
A sergeant writing in a little book.
Exceeding fear was in Ben Adams' look,
When to the noncom in the tent he said,
"What's that you're writing?" The sarge raised his head
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who go on guard."
"And is mine one?" gasped Adams. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the sergeant. Adams spoke more low,
But cheerily now, and said, "I beg you, then,
Go on away and let me sleep again."

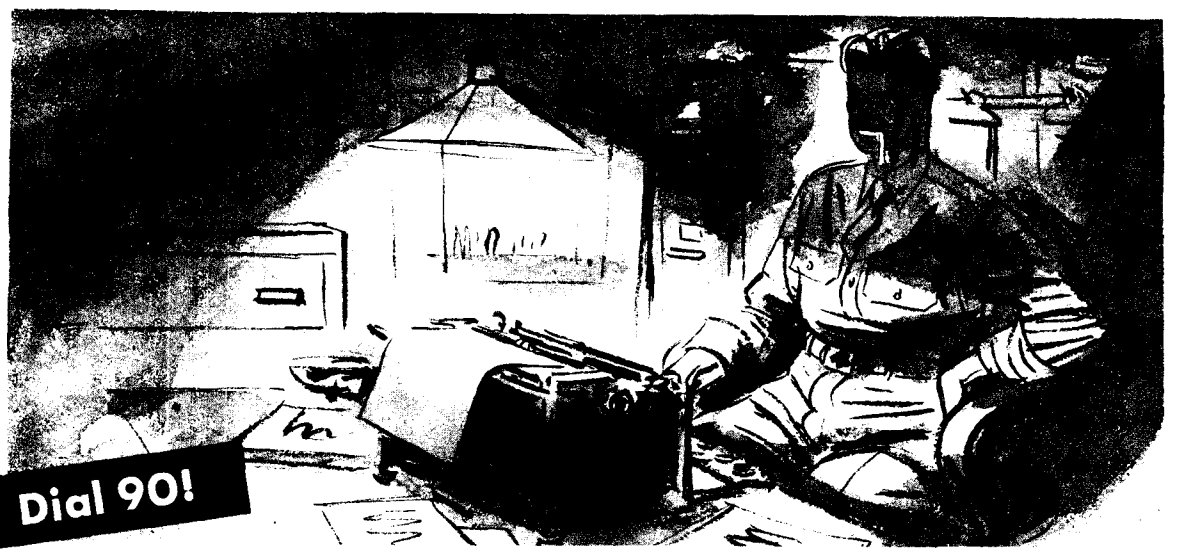
The sergeant wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names of those with KP blessed;
And lo! Ben Adams' name led all the rest.

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

JOTLING

Here's a beer to and a cheer to
The guy who doesn't state
When GI Willy does something silly:
"He's buckin' for Section Eight!"

Camp Davis, N. C. —T-4 T. J. LUNEBURG



PVT. Manual Ortiz liked the Army very much except for two things: 1) he couldn't understand English well and often got his orders mixed, and 2) he dreaded the obstacle course.

Pvt. Ortiz wanted to be a good soldier, but often when the sergeant bawled out commands in a fast nasal voice, it took him a few seconds to figure out what had been said. By that time the rest of the squad had executed a left flank and Manual would be standing by himself, puzzled and embarrassed at the other soldiers' laughter.

The first day the sergeant asked: "Hey, your ears bad?"

"No, sergeant, but if you would please talk a little slower. Where I come from in southern California we are all Americans, but we do not speak the language much. So if you would so kindly——"

"Dial 90!" the noncom snapped and walked away.

Manual turned to another soldier. "What does that mean?"

The soldier laughed. "That's the chaplain's number. Anytime a guy has a beef, you tell him to dial 90—tell his troubles to the chaplain."

"Where does one find the phone?" Manual asked.

"You kidding? Don't be a dope. It's a gag. Nobody ever calls."

"But there is a padre—a chaplain?"

"Yeah, but I'm telling you it's a gag. Like saying: 'If you don't like it, don't enlist again.'"

Another time the CO read a lengthy notice that all shoes must be handed in for repair on certain days. It was too fast for Manual, and he waited patiently till the officer finished, then asked: "Sir, there is something I would like to know. On what days do we hand in shoes? I have a hole in mine. For some time now."

The officer's face became a dull red as he roared: "Report to the kitchen. That'll stop you from sleeping on your feet!"

"But sir, I——"

"To the kitchen, private!"

As Manual walked away, puzzled, a couple of soldiers grinned and whispered: "Dial 90, buddy."

Each morning the company went over the obstacle course—a daily horror to Manual. When he was a kid he had broken his leg and the memory of it frightened him every time he jumped or scaled a wall. He would lag at the hurdles till a corporal would shout: "Ortiz, either shake a leg or go on sick call!"

"How can I explain it to the doctor?" Manual would ask sadly.

"Aw, dial 90! Jump!"

One morning the sergeant announced that all men who could type should report to the office. "It's a good deal for whoever gets the job—straight office work, no company details, maybe a rating later."

"I can type," Ortiz said.

The sergeant laughed. "You can't even speak English."

"I speak it slowly, but I read and write it very well. In high school I was a good typist—very fast."

The sergeant said "Nuts."

"But it is the truth," Ortiz said. "I type with much speed. It is work I am suited for."

The next morning as the men climbed out of bed for roll call, Pvt. Ortiz remained under the warm covers, a smile on his tan face.

The sergeant came over. "Okay, sleeping beauty. You getting up or do I have to dump your bed?"

Carefully Ortiz took two papers from under his pillow and handed them to the sergeant. "This first one will inform you that I am now the company typist and excused from all company formations and details—roll call for example. The second paper is signed by the doctor and will assure you that I do not have to go over the obstacle course."

The sergeant's long face was full of surprise as he read the letters. "Well I'll be a ——. You really got the job?"

Ortiz nodded. "Yes, I type *mucho*—very fast. The man was most kind and understanding, listened to my troubles and gave me good advice. He also called the office and urged the captain to give me a typing test. He is a very good man."

"Who is?"

"The chaplain," Ortiz said. "I did what you tell me. I dialed 90!"

—Pfc. LEN ZINBERG

AAB, Salt Lake City, Utah

"There must be another outfit around here, Hoffman. He doesn't look like one of our own men."

—Sgt. Dick Ericson, Camp Hale, Colo.

A WALK WITH YOU

The lonely stars that stay awake
And keep a vigil all night through
Invite a stroll along the lake
Beside the woodland tipped with dew;
And yet, I do not care to take
A walk with you.

This solitary room can make
A cozy, quiet place for two;
And why, my dear, should I forsake
My haven for a sky of blue?
Ah no, I do not wish to take
A walk with you.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

GIs YOUNG AND OLD

Oh, the soldier who is younger
Always seems to have a hunger
For places that he never should have been in.
He should really have his whirl in
A place where feet are twirlin'
And not seek low-down dives to drink his gin in.

But the soldier who is older
Seems to be a little bolder
When romance is what he's bent on winnin'.
He eschews the name-band dance halls
And selects the juke-box beer stalls
As the hunting ground to find his sin in.

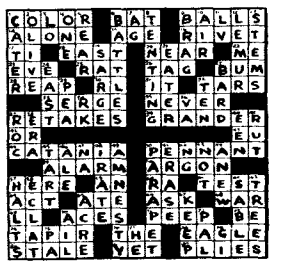
Now, nobody should quarrel
If this ditty has a moral:
A soldier takes his fun where he can find it.
If he's old and 18 "makes" him,
Or he's young and 40 "takes" him—
It's OK by me as long as he don't mind it.

Somewhere in New England —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CUBE CUES. 24.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE →



SPORTS: MISTER LONG PANTS STARTS NEW CAREER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

MISTER Long Pants slipped out of baseball just as quietly as he talked or pitched. Except for a matter-of-fact newspaper announcement that Carl Owen Hubbell, after 16 years of loyal service, would become general manager of the New York Giants' farm system, there wasn't much of a fuss made over him.

Nobody suggested that he be honored with a Hubbell Day or a testimonial banquet. He wasn't even presented with a wrist watch or the inevitable leather traveling bag.

In many ways this departure was very much like Hubbell himself. He is the meekest man in sports. He even comes from a town named Meeker, Okla.

Last summer the Giants were playing Brooklyn at Ebbetts Field and before game time Old Hub took his turn shagging flies. Then he walked back to the dugout and watched as the sad Giants got trounced, 7-4. As casually as that, on June 22, Old Hub had celebrated his 40th birthday.

Manager Mel Ott, who used to be Hubbell's roommate, probably knows Mister Long Pants better than anyone else on the Giants. "Carl's shy and he lacks color," Ottie once said. "But he has more important qualities. Like courage, skill, brains, modesty, loyalty and humility. There's character in every game he pitches."

Probably no other pitcher in baseball has been able to put so much of his personality into a ball game as King Carl. His performances reflected his earnestness, his honesty and even his shyness. Hubbell never squabbled with an umpire over a decision or blamed a defeat on his teammates' errors.

"I'm just paid to pitch," he used to say. "I leave the grousing and fighting to those who can handle it. It's not my line."

This attitude was never better displayed than in one of his classic pitching duels with Dizzy Dean in St. Louis eight years ago. Dean was being outpitched and he didn't like it. Finally he became so provoked that he lost his temper and started shelling the Giants with bean balls. Naturally, the Giants didn't take it lying down. They got hotter than a 10-cent pistol and a wild fist fight followed.

Then an unprecedented thing happened. Instead of rallying behind their favorite, Dean, and their own team, the St. Louis fans supported the Giants. It was Hubbell who had won them over. They had watched Mister Long Pants beat Dean with a clean and honest performance and they couldn't help but be impressed. When the fight was over, the St. Louis fans actually booed Dean and cheered Old Hub.

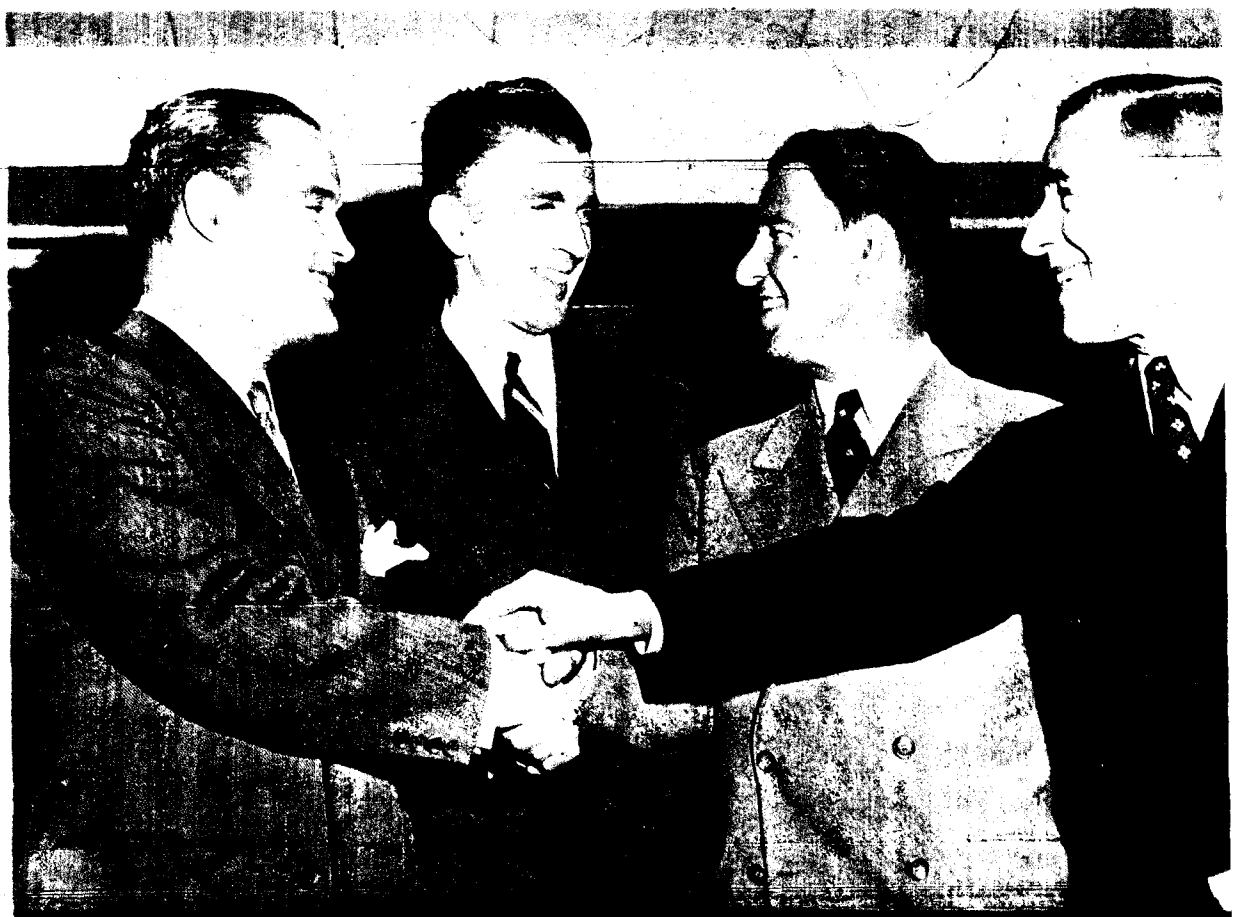
Hubbell, of course, is more famous for his screwball than anything else. And yet it was this trick pitch that caused the Detroit Tigers to send him back to the minors twice. In 1926, when Detroit brought Hubbell up for a second try-out, Manager Ty Cobb said he would never make the grade as long as he used his freak delivery. Cobb warned Hubbell that he would ruin his arm if he continued to throw "that dipsy-do."

Two years later John McGraw bought Hub for an estimated $40,000. It was the best investment the Giants ever made, for Hubbell, in his 16 years with the club, won 253 games and lost 154. He became one of the game's great southpaws, master of the screwball—the pitch that was supposed to ruin his arm—and hurled the Giants to three pennants nd one world championship.

The best description of Hub's screwball was summed up in a remark by Lou Gehrig after the All-Star game in 1934. That was the afternoon when King Carl struck out five of the greatest sluggers in the American League in a row—Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons and Cronin.

"I'm still trying to figure out what happened," Gehrig said in the clubhouse. "I took three swings and every time I was positive I was going to hit a home run. The ball was right there, on the bat, and then it wasn't. It disappeared somewhere. No other pitcher throws anything exactly like it."

But Hubbell's success wasn't fashioned around this one pitch. He had a curve and fast ball to go with his freakish drop. The screwball was simply the pitch that identified him. Incidentally, it didn't get its name from the guy who made it famous. He's anything else but



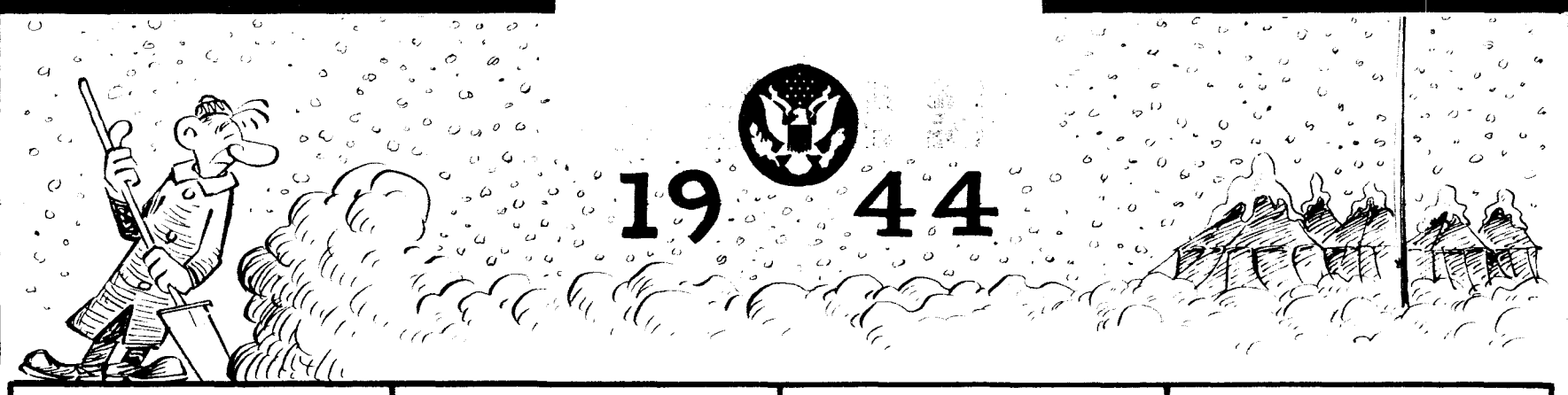
Carl Hubbell is congratulated by the Giant's brain trust as he steps into the shoes vacated by Bill Terry as head of team's farm system. L. to r.: President Stoneham, Hubbell, Manager Ott, Secretary Brannick.

KP KIDS. We don't have to tell you what these two sailors are doing. But we can tell you they're a couple of All-Americans, namely: Bill Daley (left) and Merv Pregulman, both formerly of Michigan. They're in Portsmouth, Va., now, taking boot training.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THIS year's crop of Army football champions: Randolph Field's Cotton Bowlers, with All-American **Glenn Dobbs** pitching, in the Southwest; Camp Davis, N. C., powered by ex-Bear **Norm Standlee**, in the Southeast; March Field, Calif., with at least a dozen "all" guys, in the West; Kearns (Utah) Air Base, with a defensive record of only two touchdowns scored against them, in the Rocky Mountain area; Fort Riley, Kans., in the Mid-West. . . . Incidentally, Fort Riley has the 1940 Olympic walking champion, **Pvt. Bill Mihalo**, as its trainer. . . . **Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** and **S/Sgt. Fred Perry**, the former tennis pro, are working together as physical-training instructors at the Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base. . . . Add the name of **Lt. Derace Moser**, one of the all-time backfield greats at Texas A & M, to the list of All-Americans who have lost their lives in this war. Moser was killed in a Fortress crash near Tampa, Fla. . . . **Lt. Col. Wallace Wade** is still having trouble with his broken leg. He had to be moved from Camp Butner, N. C., where he commands an FA battery, to Oliver General Hospital in Augusta, Ga., for treatment. . . . What's this we hear about GIs in Algiers paying $10 top for ringside seats at soldier boxing shows?

Inducted: **Luke Appling,** veteran shortstop of the Chicago White Sox and American League batting champion (.328), into the Army; **Bill Veeck,** owner of the Milwaukee Brewers and one of the most colorful figures in sport, into the Marines; **Berkley Bell,** the tennis tourist, into the Army; **Lou Klein,** second baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals, into the Coast Guard; **Elbie Fletcher,** Pirates' first baseman, into the Navy. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Beau Jack,** lightweight champion; **Charlie Keller,** slugging Yankee outfielder; **Bob Carpenter,** newly elected president of the Philadelphia Phillies. . . . *Promoted:* **Birdie Tebbets,** Detroit catcher, to rank of first lieutenant at Waco (Tex.) Army Air Field; **Harry Danning,** the Giants' catcher, to grade of sergeant at Long Beach, Calif. . . . *Commissioned:* **Paul Mitchell,** acting captain of the Minnesota football team and one of the finest tackles in the Big Ten, as an ensign in Navy Ordnance. . . . *Launched:* The **Charles Paddock,** Liberty ship named for the former Olympic sprint champion, who lost his life in a Navy plane crash near Sitka, Alaska. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Bob Saggau,** former Notre Dame football star, with the Air Medal for heroism on a dive-bombing mission against enemy shipping in the South Pacific.



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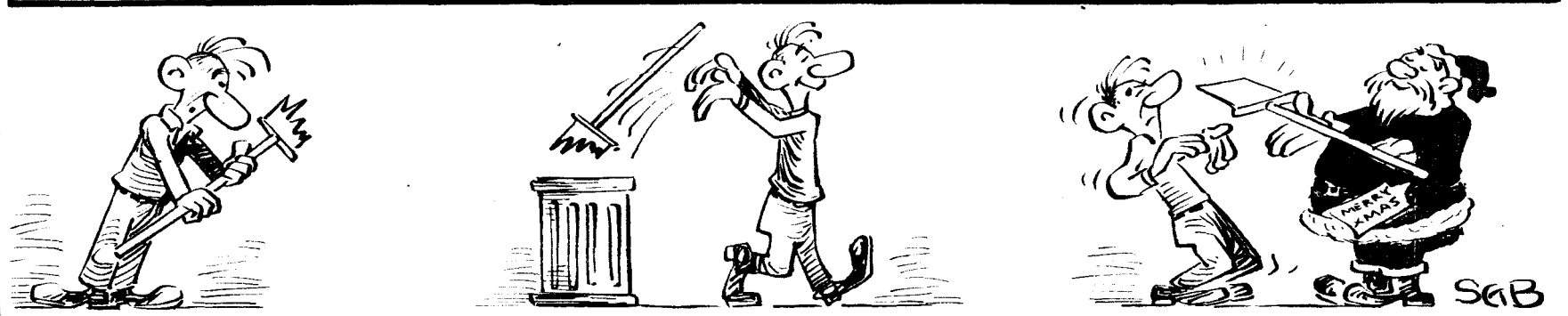

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