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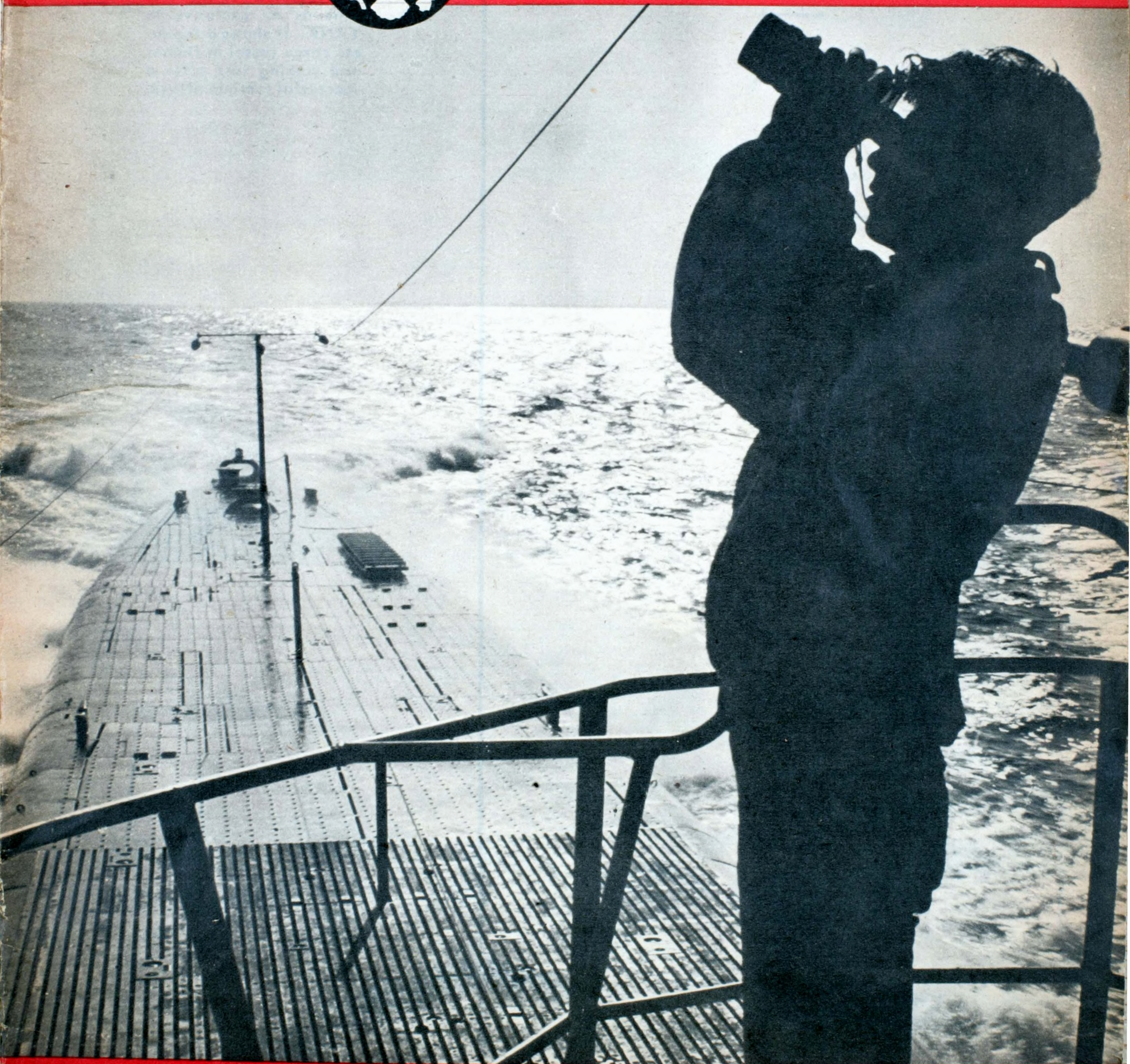
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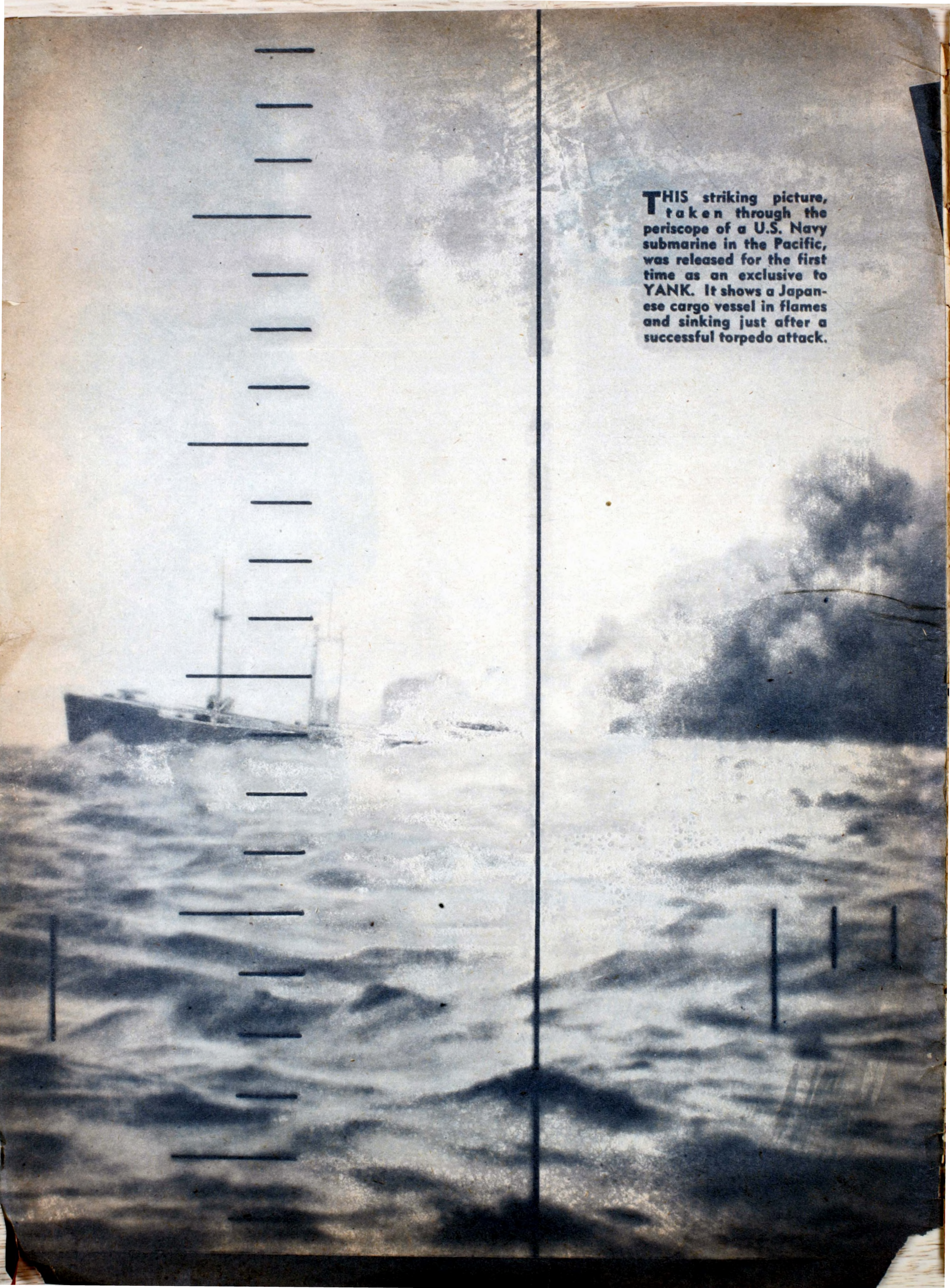
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*By the men . . . for the
men in the service*



Exclusive Photo of Sub's Jap Victim

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THIS striking picture, taken through the periscope of a U.S. Navy submarine in the Pacific, was released for the first time as an exclusive to YANK. It shows a Japanese cargo vessel in flames and sinking just after a successful torpedo attack.

PACIFIC RAIDERS



During the long days of searching Jap sea lanes submariners off duty kill time, reading, writing, listening to the radio.

By Sgt. CHARLES D. PEARSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

PACIFIC THEATER—By waving an olive branch in one hand and then swinging a meat cleaver with the other, Japan was able to carve out a big empire in the Pacific before anyone had a chance to do anything about it. Japan now has more than enough of all the necessities to wage a long hard war. There is just one hitch. Where Japan has taken over an empire full of raw materials she has to transport them thousands of miles before she can process and manufacture them into fighting equipment. Then they have to be transported back to the theaters where they're needed.

When Tojo and Co. planned this war they did not figure on the high losses to the Imperial Fleet and merchant navy. Meanwhile our Air Forces, surface fleet and submarines are turning Jap ships into fish castles much faster than Nip shipyards can build them. You don't hear much about these losses because it is just good military sense to keep Tojo guessing as to what sank his ships and how. But United States submarines are doing a big share of the job.

The American submarine is probably the best in the world. For precision and intricacy it might be compared with a 21-jewel waterproof watch; for suddenness and striking power with an aquatic bolt of lightning.

The crew would not be compared with anything. They are the only fighting men who spend nearly all their time in enemy territory.

Before a submarine goes out on patrol there is a period during which every part of the ship is checked and rechecked. There are almost more gadgets on a modern submarine than there were in the whole Navy in the last war. All of them must work perfectly so after the maintenance work is completed the submarine goes out on a shakedown cruise.

In any other branch of warfare a fighting unit will scout out the enemy to see whether it should attack, hold or retreat. A submarine scouts the enemy, too, but only to get an idea of the size of the force. Regardless of that size, whether it is one ship or the whole Imperial Jap Navy, the submarine always attacks.

While hunting, life aboard the sub is quiet. Men are on duty four hours and off eight. They spend most of their time eating, sleeping, playing cards or reading. They have short-wave radios and even when submerged can listen to American stations. The base keeps in touch with them by radio, too. Naturally most everything from the base deals with operations, but occasionally a personal message will be sent. If the stork, for instance, visits a seaman's wife, the Navy feels that is important enough.

Submarines are air-conditioned so the men on board can smoke. There also are water condensing stills so there is always fresh water aboard. Cooking is done on electric ranges and chow is the best. Because of the limited storage space there is some dehydrated food. Onions

in the larder are always dehydrated because, in spite of air-conditioning, a submarine doesn't have enough open spaces for fresh onions.

Submariners don't often get sick. They eat regularly and are not exposed to the conditions which follow the ground troops. But if someone needs medical attention there is a pharmacist's mate aboard who can take care of all minor ailments. One of them even performed an appendectomy at sea in an emergency.

While patrolling on the surface, there are always men scanning the horizon and the sky for the enemy. Below surface there is always an eye to the periscope doing the same thing. As soon as the enemy is sighted, men who have been lounging about rush to battle stations.

The submarine commander tries to ascertain the strength of the intended victim or victims. So the sub may track the ship for several days before it decides the moment is opportune to attack. If it does track for several days only watches will be kept at the battle stations.

A submarine tracking, strange to say, is not behind its prey, but out in front. When the sub commander figures everything is right the sub submerges and waits. All this waiting and planning for just the right setup is important. The sub can make one attack. It must succeed.

Only one man can see the results of the attack—the captain at the periscope—but all aboard know what happens. The noise of the victim breaking up, bulkheads collapsing, boilers and magazines exploding all make characteristic sounds which can be heard on the submarine. It's music while it lasts, but it is always followed by an entore of depth charges.

The Jap high command knows better than to send unescorted ships out on the high seas. So as soon as another of Tojo's ships is on its way down a destroyer or other convoying vessel is over where the sub is most likely to be.

There are anxious moments aboard the sub while waiting for the counterattack. A close detonation will "pop electric lightbulbs, snap locker doors open and spill books off shelves.

THERE was a Negro mess boy on one sub out on his first patrol. During the initial engagement he was tense but not frightened. He didn't quite know what was happening at any given time, though. When the depth charges came, everyone else has his fingers crossed while praying for the best. With the first explosion the tenseness left the face of the mess boy and a smile appeared as he snapped his fingers and said, "Boy, we sure is givin' them hell."

Considering how dangerous an engagement is you wouldn't think the submariners would be eager beavers—but they are. In fact, if a sub is on patrol for some time without finding Jap ships, morale goes down. As soon as there is a fight, it skyrockets.

Airplanes are subs' greatest menaces. When a sub is on the surface and spots a plane an immediate order is given to crash dive. Before the men topside have squeezed through the

hatch the sub is running awash and the watertight door is slammed and locked just in time.

In spite of the danger of aircraft there is a case of one sub commander who had sighted an especially fat convoy but it had a plane aloft as cover. At its underwater speed the sub could not keep up with the convoy. They did not want to lose this luscious target so, probably to the plane's surprise, the sub surfaced. Men sprang from below to the deck guns. The plane came in and met a hail of fire. The Jap circled around and made another pass. Again he ran into a withering rain of lead. He didn't quit until he had made five passes and was so badly damaged it is doubtful he got back to his base.

With the plane out of the way, the sub was able to travel at full surface speed, circle and get ahead of the convoy so that when night came it was ready to attack. By morning there were several more fish castles in the Pacific.

JAP ships that are hit go down in various ways. There was one ship in a convoy that took terrific punishment. That ship did nothing fancy. It just disappeared like something a magician had whisked away. A torpedo that missed that ship hit and sank a ship some 500 yards away for a jackpot. Generally a well-hit ship will quickly roll over and go down end first. Sometimes when one is hit amidships it will break in half and form a huge V before settling down. Heavily protected warships will founder slower.

The Japanese radio frequently denounces American submarines. The Nip propagandists have branded them as "black panthers." One night not so long ago, Tokyo Rose was especially vehement about our deep-sea marauders. There was one American underseas fighter that was listening to that program. The crew knew what she was talking about and felt quite smug. They had just torpedoed and sunk a Jap sub.

After 60 or 70 days of patrolling, when all the tinfish have been fired and a trail of Jap wrecks marks the course of the submarine, everyone is ready to "head for the barn." There is always a welcoming party awaiting for a victorious ship. High naval officials are waiting for reports. Friends are waiting to see friends. And the mailman is right on the dock waiting.

Shortly after landing, the crews will be sent off for a couple of weeks' rest. Men who are bleached white from not having seen the sun for two months go out and get tanned.

Then comes the practice shakedown cruise and they're off again for Tojo's backyard, to tighten the noose around his neck.



By Cpl. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SEVENTH AIR FORCE BASE IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC [By Cable]—Our Mitchell (B-25) bombers roar down an atoll of the Jap-held Marshall Islands in line abreast, their open bomb-bay doors barely clearing the blue-green water of the lagoon and yellow flame belching from their noses as they send 75-mm shells crashing into their targets.

Like a mile-wide aerial rake, our formation blazes its way across ground installations and anchored ships, each explosive volley leaving a furrow of destruction.

As in earlier raids on the Marshalls by these flying artillerymen of the Seventh Air Force, the Japs are caught with their heads down. They seem unable to devise any defenses against the Mitchells' flashing attack, which opens with 75-mm cannon, continues with .50-caliber nose guns, climaxes with bombs and concludes with a deadly strafing from the waist, tail and top-turret .50s. The entire action takes place at a speed well in excess of 200 mph and at an altitude as close to zero as pilots can fly bombers.

"You're going to have to look quickly to see the target," someone told me as I got ready to fly with the Mitchells over the Marshalls. The advice was good. The easternmost island of Maloelap Atoll passed under the wings of our B-25 within three minutes of the time it first showed as a dark line over the horizon. The planes continued across a lagoon 15 miles wide.

We had been briefed in a rough unpainted mess hall in a coconut grove. Then the flyers had piled into trucks, which took them to the line. Capt. Riley E. Scruggs of Bluefield, W. Va., the squadron operations officer and flight leader of this mission, made a last-minute check-up with the control tower while 1st Lt. Gust J. Yandala of Follansbee, W. Va., navigator and operator of the plane's cannon, sent the crew chief after another shell. The racks were full, but the lieu-

tenant likes to carry an extra round in the breech.

Their noses nodding clumsily and then steadying as the throttles were eased forward, our planes took off. The leading flight circled the base as other bombers joined the formation, swooping in and settling into their assigned positions like birds standing on a stationary perch. Led by the *Coral Princess*, the Mitchells lined out for the long flight to Maloelap, central atoll of the eastern chain of the Marshalls.

The crew, veterans of similar trips over the Marshalls, rested in the after section of the plane. Sgt. Joe McDonough, former metal worker from Plainfield, N. J., was asleep, one moccasin-shod foot resting on a waist .50, his head propped against the top turret's pedestal. S/Sgt. Sam H. Sperling of Hollywood, Calif., his headset on, dozed before the radio.

Sam sat erect when a call came through the interphone, shook Joe awake and had him pass the message to the tail gunner, S/Sgt. Floyd M. Hooper of Nashville, Tenn. It was time to man the guns. The Mitchells were passing into fighter range of a Jap base.

Hooper crawled into the tail. Joe swung into

before the destination comes into sight, when every navigator sweats it out. The scattered atolls of this theater offer almost no opportunity for check points or landfalls until the objective is reached and none at all if it is missed. The navigator leaned on the pilot's and co-pilot's seats, peering ahead for a first glimpse of Maloelap.

Under the pilot's seat lay a rust-colored cocker spaniel, Pistolhead, whose name the crew members sometimes contract to two syllables when he misbehaves. The dog seemed to be asleep, but occasionally he would open his eye for a check-up on his master, Maj. S. T. (Ted) Willis of Fort Worth, Tex., group operations officer and co-pilot of the *Coral Princess* for this mission.

Trailing away on both sides, other planes followed in flights of Vs, slightly below the *Princess*.

Maj. Willis prodded the pilot and pointed ahead and to the left, where a small dark bulge broke the even curve of the horizon. The navigator smiled for the first time since the take-off, flicked a switch behind the co-pilot and stepped down into his compartment. "Don't bump into the switch," he shouted. "If you change the setting, the bombs won't drop."

RAID ON THE MARSHALLS

the saddle and tested the turret. Sam changed the waist gun from "safe" to "fire." Before Sam sat down again, he looked forward across the bomb bay and waved a "Roger" signal to the navigator, his thumb and first finger forming a circle. Between the bomb bay and the top of the fuselage there was just room for a man to crawl through.

At the other end, Lt. Yandala—who was promoted to captain the following day—was bending over the breech of the 75. He looked at his black-faced watch and stepped up into the nose of the plane. This was the waiting period

The *Coral Princess* dipped her wings and the other planes moved into line abreast, their bomb-bay doors opening. Throttles were pushed forward, the needle of the air-speed indicator rising and then steadying as attack speed was reached.

Our formation crossed the northern end of the atoll and swung right down the chain of islands leading to Taroa. No ships were sighted, but the planes whose line of flight lay over the islands blasted away with all guns. Occasionally a bomb was dropped, and smoke began to seep through the coconut groves behind the flight.

To the right of the lead plane a 75 shell hit the top of a coconut tree. There was a burst of flame and the trunk stood as bare as a telephone pole while palm fronds fluttered to the ground.

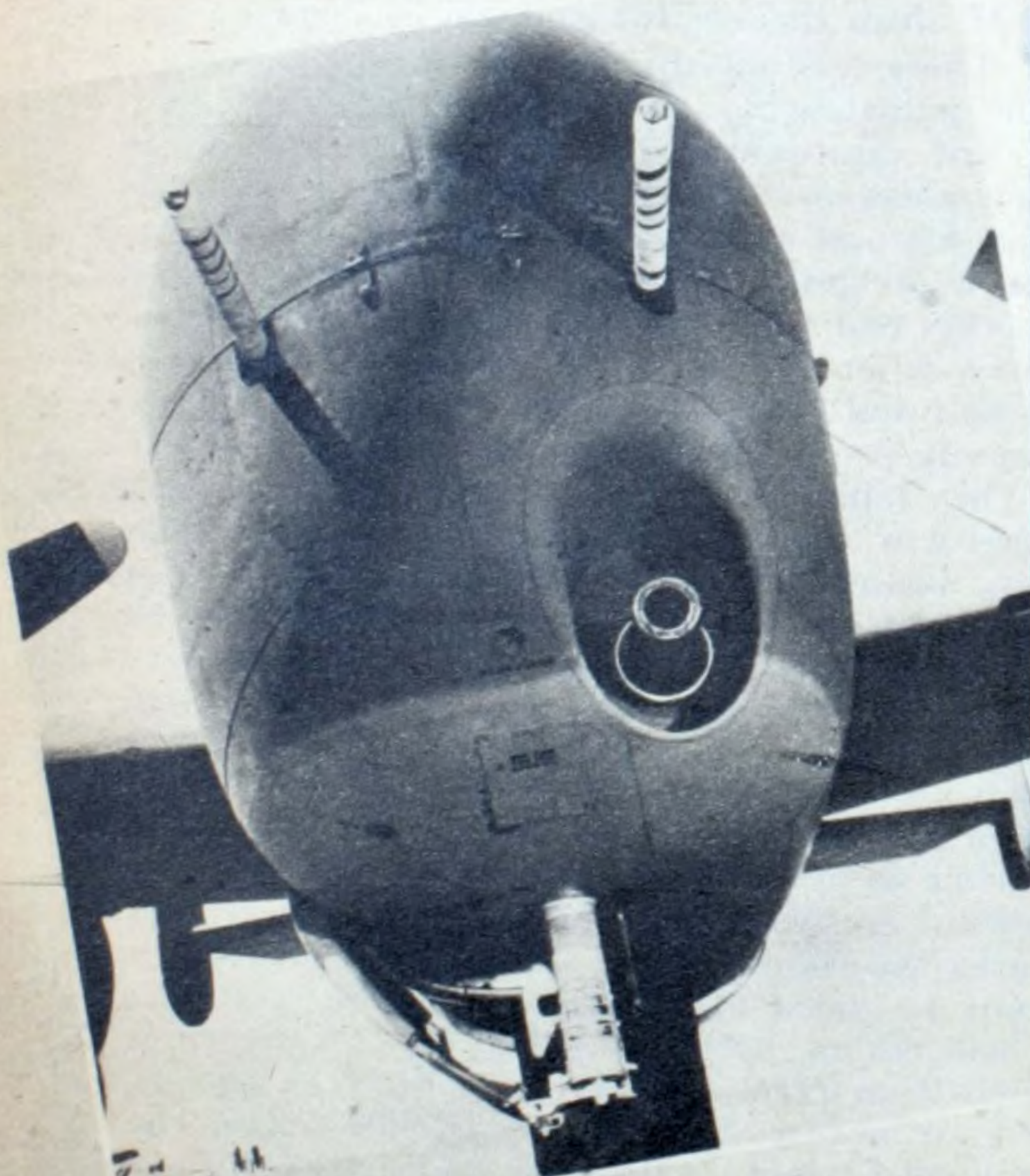
"No ships, damn it!" someone shouted as the pilot pulled the stick back to clear the islet by a few feet. The additional altitude then revealed two 125-foot ships at the south shore of the islet, which started pouring out streams of bullets.

The *Coral Princess* shuddered with the recoil of her 75, and empty shells piled up at the navigator's feet as he slammed shell after shell into the breech, smoothly avoiding the recoil as he reached for the next round. Maj. Willis released a 500-pound bomb as the plane crossed the target and the tail gunner reported that "it blew the damned ship clean out of the water."

Planes of the right wing blossomed flame as their cannon destroyed other small craft in the lagoon. When no more surface vessels remained, the formation swung left and headed back for the

Cpl. Larry McManus of YANK is the first correspondent to fly over the Marshall Islands on a combat mission and one of the first to describe how Mitchell bombers use 75-mm cannon against the enemy.

A 15-pound projectile is fired from the cannon in the nose, which in this model of the B-25 is metal instead of plexiglas. About 15 or 20 rounds can be fired in less than a minute, the navigator loading and the pilot firing by pressing a button. The complete shell (projectile, case and propelling charge) weighs 20 pounds and is 26 inches long. The bombardier's access tunnel, along the left side of the fuselage under the pilot's compartment, houses the cannon, which is usually fired near the end of a long downward glide toward the objective.



A delayed-action bomb exploded and set fire to this Japanese freighter. The blaze eventually sank the ship.

There she blows! . . . in lagoon at Jap-held islands.



The first correspondent to fly in an attack on that Jap base tells how his B-25 blasted the enemy with its 75-mm gun.

radio towers marking the Taroa airstrips. Then excited words exploded over the interphones. Anchored in the lagoon off Taroa was a 4,000-ton freighter, a destroyer and several smaller craft.

Capt. Scruggs spun the wheel sharply and headed for the Jap warship, the formation still with him in line abreast. There had been ack-ack earlier during the run down the atoll but nothing like the curtain thrown up now by the freighter and the destroyer. Thousands of tracers curved through the sky, and spouts of water reached up after the attackers as the destroyer's larger guns were trained down at the lagoon to the level of the low-flying planes. Land-based guns from Taroa poured bullets at the planes, with frantic Jap gunners attempting hopeless deflection shots.

The *Coral Princess* leaped ahead, each shot from the cannon covering her windshield with yellow flame. Her two wing planes were also slamming 75s into the targets, while planes farther to the right hit others. On the left, the next flight pounded the freighter and, still farther to the east, the end planes poured destruction over Taroa.

When the Mitchells of the lead flight were still 1,000 yards from the destroyer, the warship's guns ceased their fire. The *Coral Princess* drove ahead, nose down and all forward guns firing. A few yards from the destroyer, Maj. Willis released a 500-pound bomb, and a split second later the pilot yanked up the plane's left wing and cleared the ship's mast by inches. Jap automatic weapons on a small island south of Taroa sprayed the sky as the flight roared across it and out over the sea.

Muzzle of Little Joe's 75-mm cannon shows below the .50s in nose of Mitchell bound for the Marshalls.

Just before the formation hit the warship and the freighter, a plane from the right wing, piloted by 1st Lt. George Leggett of Yonkers, N. Y., broke formation and headed for the Taroa airstrips. "I was out of bombs," Lt. Leggett explained later, "and was too far out on the flank to hit any ships. Hell, I couldn't waste ammunition on the lagoon."

Cpl. Henry B. Krush, Seventh Air Force cameraman who was in the Leggett plane and took the pictures with this story, saw seven Zeros taking off as the Mitchell swept over the airstrip. One turned crazily off the runway and plowed through the brush while three headed for Leggett's straggling plane, now a half mile behind the formation. Krush dropped his camera and manned a gun as the Zeros made a pass at the plane, putting a few holes in her left wing before Leggett succeeded in rejoining his formation.

The Jap flyers, like the enemy gunners on the ground, seemed unable to attack the speedy, low-flying Mitchells successfully. The Zeros tailed the formation for 15 minutes, overtaking it in level flight but falling behind when they climbed to get into attacking position.

One Zero swung wide to the right and—silhouetted against the clouds covering the setting sun—passed the formation and began an attack from 1 o'clock. Warning bursts from the American turret and waist guns drove it off, and the Jap headed home after a few weak passes.

Shortly afterward, the gunners left their posts and gathered around the radio table to shout descriptions of the raid back and forth. "We hit that destroyer solid," McDonough grinned. "There were about 30 Japs running around on the far side of the deck and jumping over the side."

"And that freighter," Joe added. "I thought those bombs were duds, they delayed so long. Then—blooey!—there was a hell of an explosion. The last I saw of the freighter, there was just the bow and the stern sticking up."

Our uneventful trip home was made by the light of a full moon. Joe and Floyd were asleep again, and Sam was dozing by his radio once more. In the cockpit, Pistolhead slept, too, happy that the cannon fire was ended. He didn't mind the .50s—he has more than 400 hours of flying time in military planes—but the 75s annoy even an Army dog.

The navigator sweated it out again, and an occasional light in the plane to the left of the *Coral Princess* showed that her navigator, 2d Lt. A. R. Wong, an American-born Chinese officer from Cleveland, was also studying his charts.

Word was passed around to hang onto something when our plane landed, in case the flak had damaged the landing gear. The formation was broken swiftly and the Mitchells set down on their Central Pacific base.

Interrogation and later checking of the claims of each crew revealed the day's score: one 4,000-ton freighter sunk, one destroyer possibly sunk, one 150-foot sloop and several smaller craft sunk, two Zeros damaged and numerous fires started among ground installations. Reconnaissance the following day disclosed that the destroyer was on the bottom of the lagoon.

A number of the Mitchells had flak holes, but there was no serious damage to them and no injury to their crews.

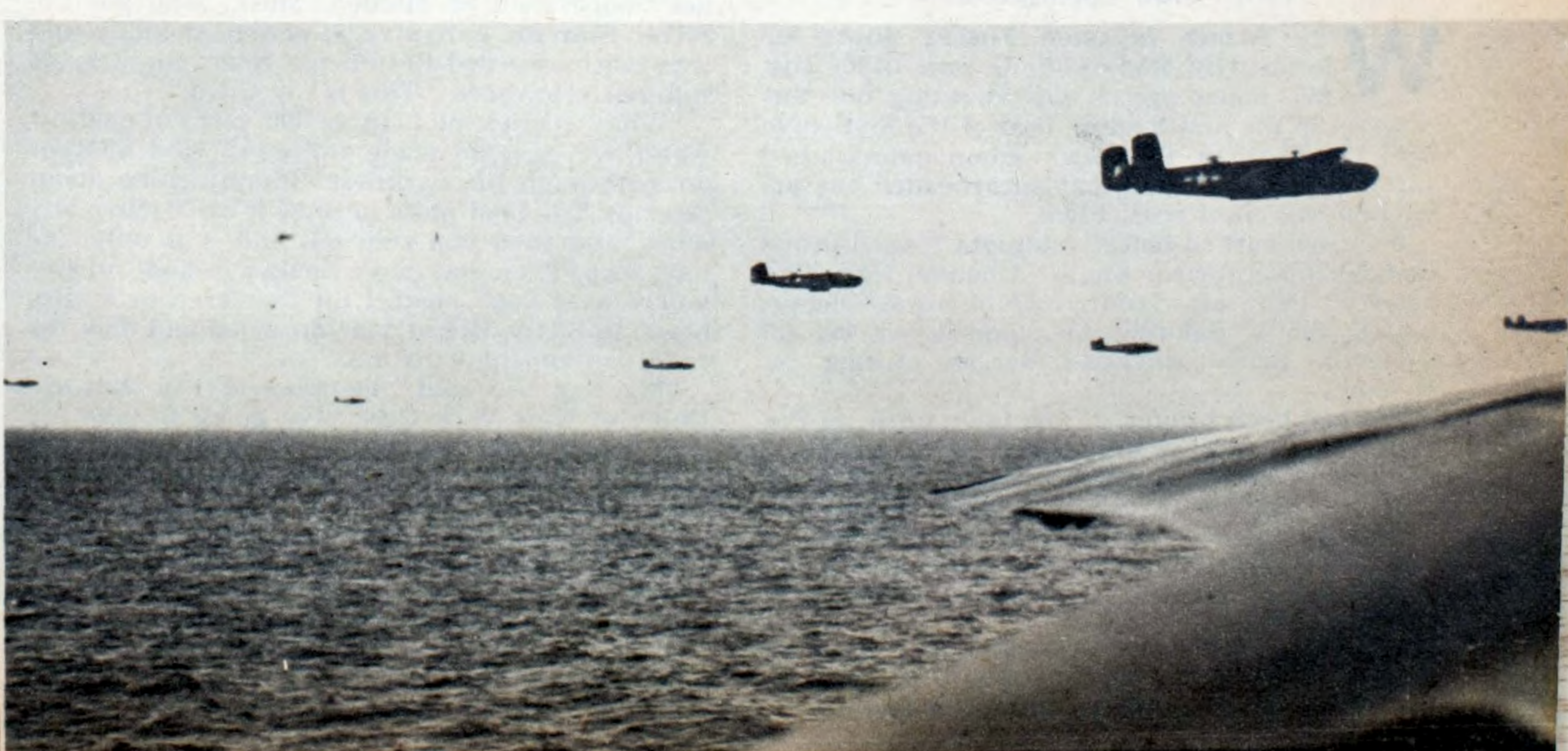
We walked back to our tents after the questioning, but the excitement of the day kept conversation going long after we had crawled under the mosquito bars.

"What if those Jap ships do have a lot of guns?" said a sleepy voice in one tent. "With three Mitchells, I'm willing to take on any destroyer or cruiser in the whole Jap fleet."

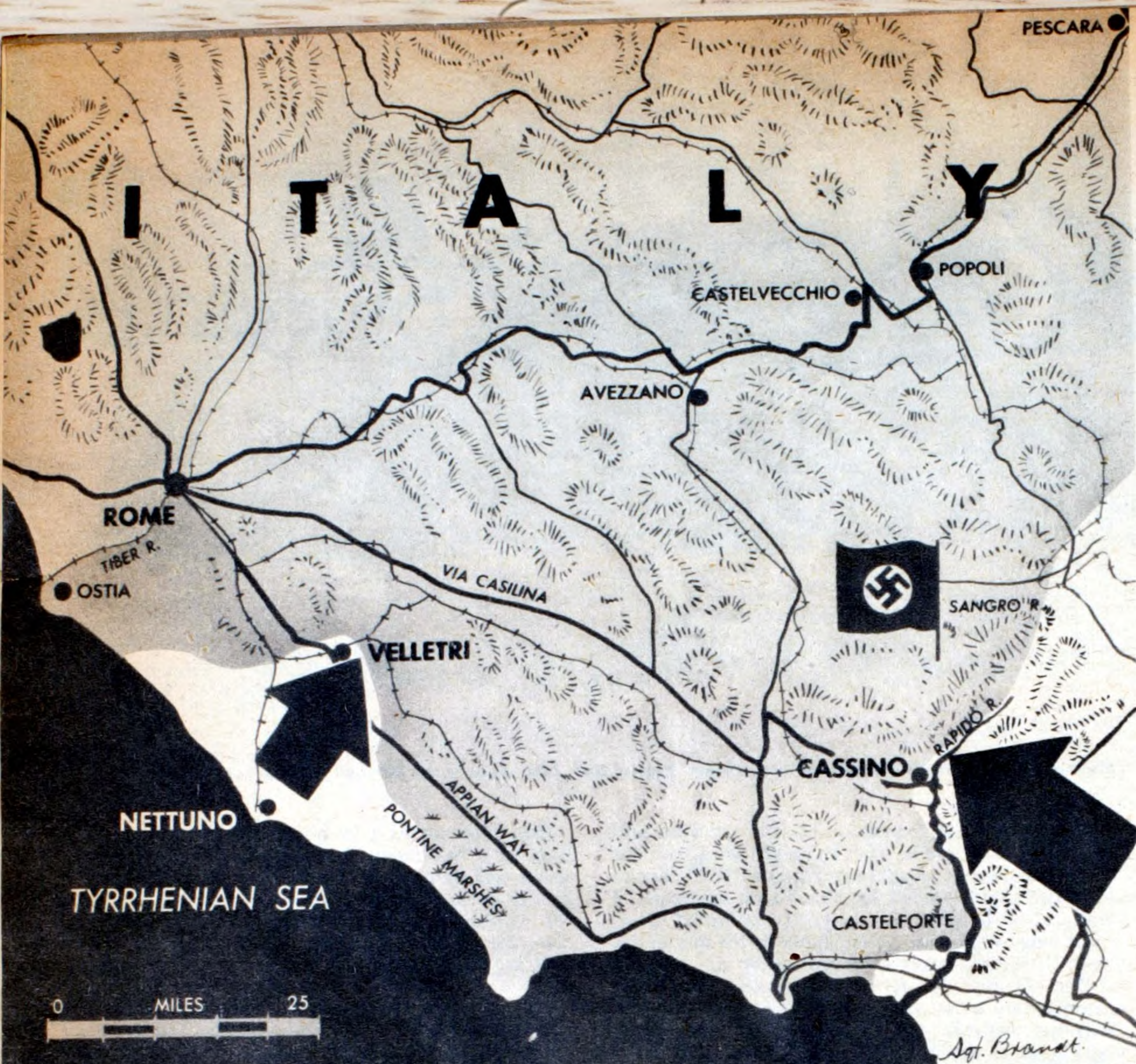
He'll probably have the chance. The Seventh Air Force will send many more Mitchells over the Marshalls before this particular phase of the Pacific war ends.



This display resulted from a bomb and strafing .50s.



How a formation of Mitchells appeared near Maloelap, central atoll of the eastern chain of the Marshalls.



This map shows how the Allies pulled their flanking seaborne attack in Italy, with a surprise landing at Nettuno while the main-line force struck at Cassino.

The Old One-Two Punch in Italy

While the Rangers threw a left hook around the German flank and staged a surprise landing south of Rome...

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH ALLIED INVASION FORCES SOUTH OF ROME [By Radio]—It is now 0720. Just five hours ago, I was sweating out this invasion in the first landing boat of the first wave with the Rangers, the tough, commando-trained and experienced outfit that spearheaded the attack on this vital coast town.

We disembarked before midnight from a proud British ship, a former English Channel ferry that has seen them all—Lofoten, Dunkerque, Dieppe, Africa, Sicily, Salerno. As planned, we lay off shore in British invasion barges waiting for H-hour.

We had been briefed on the town until, as Pfc. Henry J. Corven of Ridgewood, N. J., put it, "I could pick out the home of the town bootlegger."

It was perfect invasion weather, neither too bright nor too dark, with a calm sea glistening in the silver moonlight. Cramped in the only available space in the rear of the barge, I listened to the Rangers.

"Did you ever hear of Zip Koons?" asked Lt. Tom Magee of Springfield, Ill. "He was the Ranger who got credit for killing 66 Germans at

Dieppe. He went wrong—he's a lieutenant now, you know. We had a lot of fun with him in Sicily when he was my first sergeant. *Superman* magazine made him the Superman of the Month, so the fellows went around shouting: 'Let me be Koons today. You were Koons yesterday. After all, it's my gun'."

"I wish to hell we would get going," came a voice from the darkness, expressing the awful nervous impatience all of us felt.

"Koons told me to watch out on my third, seventh and thirteenth invasions," said Sgt. Samuel Cooperstein of Malden, Mass., who got the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Sicily and was twice awarded the Purple Heart for wounds suffered elsewhere. "This is my third."

"What worries me is those 300 yards of shallow water we have to wade through," said another voice through the darkness. "Funny thing about beaches. The boat pulls in until it can't move any more, and then you step out and it is only one foot deep. Then you move farther in and—plop—you're over your head. I hit that kind of a false beach in Sicily. Damn near drowned and took my radio equipment with me."

"My feet are cold," complained Pfc. Edward Daley of New York City. "I'm going to take my time when I hit the beach," he said, dryly. "I'm going to sit down and change into dry socks. I may even shave."

It was now 0150. H-hour was 0200. All was quiet except for the lapping of water against the barge. There was still no air interception or sign of the enemy. It seemed too good to be true.

Then at 0151 came the ear-splitting wave of sound we were waiting for. The briefing officers had told us that a British ship would fire its guns

at the coast at exactly 0151, and we were glad now to have that promise confirmed.

It was suddenly silent and black again as the guns halted and the steel barges crept in at three miles an hour toward the beachhead. I disobeyed SOP and peered over the side to see the beachfront. Typical white marble and stucco Italian buildings loomed up on the terraced hillside behind the beach.

We knew roughly what we were getting into. The beach, we had been told, was probably mined. Behind it was a barrier of "three to seven feet," a sea wall with barbed wire on top. There were also several gun positions, but these were believed to be unoccupied.

Oddly enough, another version said that seven batteries of artillery had recently been moved into the vicinity. We were all thinking of Salerno, and we thanked God for the relatively flat land, which didn't make the beach easy to defend.

The barge pulled up by the sand at the proper place and the proper minute. Almost the last man out of the boat, because of my position in the rear, I followed gingerly while a score of others in squad column sloshed through several hundred yards of knee-deep water toward shore. I had one hand on my helmet, ready to dig for quick cover if machine guns or artillery opened up. The others ran up that beach so fast I was almost alone. But, even though sidestepping driftwood that might be mines, I soon caught up and passed some of the rest.

Fortunately the sea wall was only three feet and the barbed wire was easily cut. I crossed the main highway, nicknamed "Hitler Road" in the briefing and joined a squad searching one of the large, resort-type homes.

Except for less than a score of German soldiers who were quickly sent to their unhappy hunting ground by the trigger-quick Rangers, our immediate front had been hastily deserted.

Jerry had been taken completely by surprise. There was only a handful of Ranger casualties in establishing the beachhead. Careful planning, favorable weather and split-second coordination had made this a model of combined operations.

Writing this story, I have dived dozens of times for shelter from Jerry bombers hitting the beaches, but our Air Force is also much in evidence. Outside is a sign pointing to Rome.

the tired doughboys in the mountains north of Naples went back up to the lines and smashed a right to the body.

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
Africa Stars & Stripes Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—They call it "Million Dollar Hill" because of the terrific artillery barrage that was poured onto it. They also call it "Mr. Five by Five" because this mountain mass is five miles long and five miles wide.

A battalion of the 36th Division was detailed for the mop-up job. Company A jumped off first, several hours ahead of the others.

"What we did doesn't sound like much," said Capt. James L. Minor, the 25-year-old CO of Company A, who was a law student at the University of Texas "about a million years ago."

"We were up there for 11 days, and we hiked about 15 miles," the captain said.

"I don't think it was even in the communique," he added thoughtfully. "But then the communique won't tell you a lot of things."

"It won't tell you about my 150 men breaking their own trail through heavy underbrush, slipping and falling on slick rocks, crawling on hands and knees in thick sticky mud, climbing cliffs that cut straight up and ravines that cut

straight down. And all the time our feet were frostbitten and swollen, our clothes were ringing wet from the rain, and shells and bullets were landing too damn close all around us."

The mop-up job called for the clearing of the sector from a ridge called "Prisoners' Knob" (because so many Germans were captured there) to a place called "Graveyard Hill" (because so many Germans were buried there). This included an area of less than two miles; the job took more than four hours.

Company A scrambled up the hill slowly, two platoons abreast, well spread out so that the German snipers and machine guns wouldn't have too good a target. There was a pouring rain, the radio was dead and the men couldn't see five yards in front of them. After a careful combing, with several short skirmishes, they reached the hilltop. Then they swerved around in a sharp arc and started down the slope.

"The fog lifted a little just about then," said the captain. "I guess the German OPs on the nearby heights were waiting for us. There was a clear stretch of ground halfway down the slope, and as soon as our advance scouts started passing through it, the Germans opened up with everything they had—small mortars, six-rocket Screaming Mimis and then their big babies, the 170s and 210s."

The captain unconsciously clenched and unclenched his hands, then stared for a minute or two at his still muddy shoes before continuing.

"All of us flattened out," he said, "hunting for cover where there was no cover. And you can't dig foxholes in solid rock."

Pvt. William Quatman of Teutopolis, Ill., and Pfc. Coy Rankin of Rising Star, Tex., members of a machine-gun crew, set up a position by piling a wall of big boulders all around them. A little later a 170-mm shell exploded close by, lifting the two GIs up in the air and dropping them six feet, unhurt except for a ripped raincoat and a few powder burns on their faces.

"We were just kinda surprised," said Rankin.

S/Sgt. Robert E. Swart of Blanket, Tex., was also surprised. A shell knocked out a soldier carrying one part of a mortar, so Swart picked up the mortar piece and, cursing its heaviness, carried it along with his other equipment. A few minutes later another shell landed in the area. The shrapnel tore the pack off Swart's back, cut his dog tags and heavily pockmarked the mortar piece on his shoulder.

The company stayed in that sector for four days, waiting for further orders. Day and night the shells came and the rains came and there was nothing they could do about it.

To quench their thirst, the patient soldiers held their canteens under slanting rocks so that water could drip in; it took about two hours to fill a canteen that way. The impatient ones scooped water out of nearby mudholes.

As for food, there wasn't any. Each soldier started out with five bars of hard D-ration chocolate. At most, that lasted for six meals.

The supply detail, scheduled to come up that day with more rations and more clothes, never arrived. Some 88s had scored a few direct hits.

Finally, on the fifth day, orders came through and the company back-tracked into a little valley where the entire battalion was regrouping, getting ready to push out in another direction.

Early the next morning, Company A jumped off, again ahead of the other companies. The men were still climbing straight up and down, breaking their own trails, slipping and sliding.

"We spent more time on our fannies than on our feet," said the captain, without laughing.

Once they came across a whole battery of German mortars which had been hit solid by a barrage from our counterbatteries. The mortars were now twisted pieces of metal and the Nazi gun crews were spattered all over the place.

AFTER days and nights of this steady stumbling forward, the company began to have foot trouble—broken ankles, bad cases of frostbite and feet that swelled so much that they broke the shoelaces. Some soldiers had to cut their shoes apart to get them off; others couldn't even fit their feet into overshoes. Those who could still stand limped back by themselves four miles to the nearest medic station. Those who couldn't stand were carried back.

There were two litter squads attached to the company, eight men to a squad. It took eight men to bring back one patient. And on every trip, one of the squad had to stay behind the litter, holding tightly onto a rope so that the litter wouldn't tip when they were taking it downhill.

Pvt. Anton Jockich of Cleveland, Ohio, told how the squads groped their way slowly in the dark, keeping away from the heavily shelled trail, often taking 12 hours to get a patient back.

"And even though we kept away from the trail," said Jockich, "the shells were still dropping around us. I saw one shell knock out the

LOGISTICS AND LOGIC

AUSTRALIA—Humor, cruel, diabolical humor—buck sergeant humor—has entered the Air Transport Command at this northern base where an inevitable line of dirty, weary soldiers sweat out rides in front of a sun-scorched DAT office.

Swarms of flies and mosquitoes plague the waiting men as they drowse in tropical lassitude. An empty Lister bag hangs limp and rumpled like a camel's pouch milked dry. A coin box is nailed to a post over the bag, and a sign, asking for contributions for "ice." The crowning insult is a hangman's noose suspended from the post and a sign that says:

"This noose is provided through the courtesy of DAT for guys who are tired of sweating out rides, and tired of singing, 'Don't Get Around Much Anymore.'"

—Pvt. JAMES J. KEENEY
YANK Field Correspondent

litter squad and its patient right ahead of me. So our litter squad had to work twice as hard."

Eventually the company mopped up its last hill, on the fringe of the mountain mass, five miles from the starting point. Nobody was talking much, just all tired out.

Then three soldiers arrived—S/Sgt. Darrel R. Bolen of Strawn, Tex., the supply sergeant; T-5 Grover T. Graven of Sullivan, Ill., the ordnance man, and T-5 Charles D. Martin of Carrollton, Ill., the mail orderly. They had hiked all night to get there, loaded down with gloves, shoes, socks, some mail and copies of Stars & Stripes.

Not too long after that the captain got up and said: "OK, boys, we're being relieved. Let's go."

Company A got back to its bivouac just before dawn, after six hours of plodding through the pitch blackness. Mess Sgt. Wilfred Newton of Carlsbad, N. Mex., scrounged together some breakfast chow, the first hot meal in 11 days.

"We had hot coffee," said 1st Sgt. Jefferson Adams of Brownwood, Tex., "and hot cereal and butter and jam and cream gravy and bacon. And we had three fat slices of fresh white bread." He said that very slowly, almost reverently. "Can you imagine that? Three slices—"

The field phone rang and the captain answered. His face tightened up a little as he listened. He said "Yes, sir" a few times and then hung up.

"You better forget about that white bread," he said. "We're moving out tomorrow morning."

"Snow Job"

THE SAME THE WORLD OVER

REMEMBER that old saw about the Nylon hosiery when the Yanks first landed in Australia? It seemed like every other GI was a former Nylon or silk hosiery salesman and was "expecting a special shipment of super-sheer stockings any day now." At least that's the story the Aussie girls were hearing—until they wised up.

Well, now the Yanks are in Italy and Naples, it seems, is a fine town in which to forget the cares of war momentarily. YANK'S inquisitive photographer Sgt. George Aarons asked two Italian girls how they liked American soldiers. And just look at the answers they gave him.

From where we're sitting, it looks mighty like that same old snow story.

DIANA BRESSY, 22, declared she "liked Americans very, very much because they do not act superior. One boy will send me ticket to America after the war. I think I marry him."

MARIA GEMITA, 19, said: "Americano okey-dokey in every respect. They are lovely and perfect gentlemen. My best boy friend has promised me jeep for after the war."

Torpedoes? Whales? Unescorted Vessel Meets a Mysterious Enemy at Sea

By Cpl. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—Our ship was an unescorted freighter that plowed along with nothing but prayers and a set of well-oiled guns as its cross-ocean protection. When we went to bed on the night of the mystery, we were already jittery. That morning there had been six general alarms, sounded as planes appeared inside our little circle of cobalt-blue water far at sea. Each time we had donned life jackets and prepared to abandon ship.

One plane, a big black bomber, circled our ship lazily and then came down the alley at us from a point a quarter-mile astern. As it neared us, our rear guns suddenly opened up with an ugly stutter like that of a pneumatic drill on a city's pavements. Tracers drew swift curves of light beneath the oncoming plane.

We stared up as the great wings embraced the ship. We looked for the black specks that would send us plunging to the deck for cover next to the forecastle. But the bomber passed over. It was just a friendly plane that had been a little careless and forgot that ships at sea don't like to have anything but the sun, stars and clouds pass above.

That night was particularly black, the crescent moon shrouded by thick clouds. We were glad, because the Navy gun crew and the GIs who had volunteered to help the armed guard were on special look-out for a submarine believed to be lurking in the area. As midnight approached, most GIs were asleep in two "dog houses"—wooden sheds with triple-decker bunks set up on deck.

In the fo'c's'le, the burly red-faced bos'n, Chris Dolloff, who claims to have worked 100 ships in his 30 years at sea, was just taking off his pants. Fred (Whitey) Lefor S1c, machine-gun loader from Dickinson, N. Dak., had a different idea. "I'm going to leave my pants on. I think we're going to have a general alarm tonight," he told gunner Lawrence Krueger S1c of Norfolk, Nebr.

Lefor had barely spoken when the crash came. It was almost as if a car had run into us at 50 mph, except there was no sound of breaking glass.

"This is it!" the third mate, Jerome Piland, exclaimed to the helmsman on the flying bridge. "Hard left!" Able-bodied seaman Phil Weed, former San Jose College student, spun the wheel,

and the ship began the frantic zigzagging used to escape a submarine attack.

The bos'n pulled his pants on and snatched up a carton of cigarettes. Torpedoed five times and once adrift for 28 days, he had learned to value his smokes.

On the flying bridge, Clifford Knee S1c of Lodi, Calif., a gunner making his first trip to sea, yelled: "Torpedo on starboard side."

A moment before the crash, as he stood beside his gunpost, Knee had seen a white streak 50 yards out in the dark water, coming toward the ship as straight as a ruled chalk line.

The ship's phone systems crackled with a different report: "Whales!" The report came simultaneously from Ralph Shriver of Gresham, Oreg., and James Geary of Berkeley, Calif., both seamen on look-out duty in the bow.

Shriver thought he saw a dark shape 20 feet long and 6 feet wide, rising and diving in the inky waters, tossing foam into the air at each rise.

"And it bellowed like a cow," Shriver said afterward. "You know when you kill a cow the kind of hissing sound it makes."

"The whole gun turret rattled," said Geary. "I heard the thing gasping for air; we knocked the wind out of it. It was a whale."

Alfred (Tiny) Theisen S1c of St. Cloud, Minn., agreed with Shriver and Geary. He was having coffee in the mess when the first bang came, and raced on deck just as there was a second crash.

Weed at the wheel thought the swooshing sounded like four shells striking the water without exploding, or water rushing into a rammed sub.

From aft, Lefor and Krueger thought they saw a black object go straight out for 200 to 300 yards. "Then it turned aft, and we left it astern."

Up in the ship's radio room, Dean W. (Sparks) Ketchum of Oakland, Calif., was gathering his secret papers and getting ready to send an SOS as soon as the captain ordered. The bumps had sounded like torpedoes to him.

Down in the engine room deep below the water line, the bearded third assistant engineer, Nick Gill, felt the ship heave sideward at each blow.

"Don't get excited, boys," he told his men in a strange voice. "It was only a torpedo. Stand by your stations. We're just sinking slowly."

If the ship had really gone down, Nick's words might have been hailed as a classic of heroism.

As it was, they were posted later in the officers' mess, labeled "Famous Last Words."

Nick started closing down the throttle and warming up the reverse engines, ready for bridge orders to halt the ship. Suddenly the vibration of the forward engines stopped.

The whitecaps moved aft more and more slowly. For an instant I watched one whitecap rising and falling in the same spot without realizing this meant the ship had stopped. Then the third bump came. For 20 minutes the ship rolled silently. Then the bridge bells sounded deep in the engine room, and soon the ship was zigzagging on again.

As the all clear sounded, the mess filled with life-jacketed figures. Turkey and tongue sandwiches were brought out and men poured themselves coffee in soup bowls.

C. J. Johanson, who has been a captain for more than 30 of his 50 years at sea, guessed that the mysterious bumps were three torpedoes that passed under the high-riding hull and exploded on the other side, hammering the ship with water-borne concussion. It wasn't a whale, he said. A whale would have showered the bridge with spray; there would have been blood on the hull. And, anyway, the sounds were metal against metal, not the dull crunch of flesh against metal.

Maybe an expert detective-story reader can figure out the explanation; the soldiers, sailors and merchant seamen aboard never did agree.

ROCK AND RYE

NEW GUINEA—This is all about a tragedy, but who suffered most is hard to say. In this case a supply ship put into a small harbor and an enterprising crew member with a case of black-market whiskey ran afoul an inspecting officer and his liquid gold was confiscated. The bottled heaven was carried up to a tent on a ridge nearby.

Everyone knew about the incident and everyone jealously watched everyone else. No one dared touch the case. The situation was getting tense.

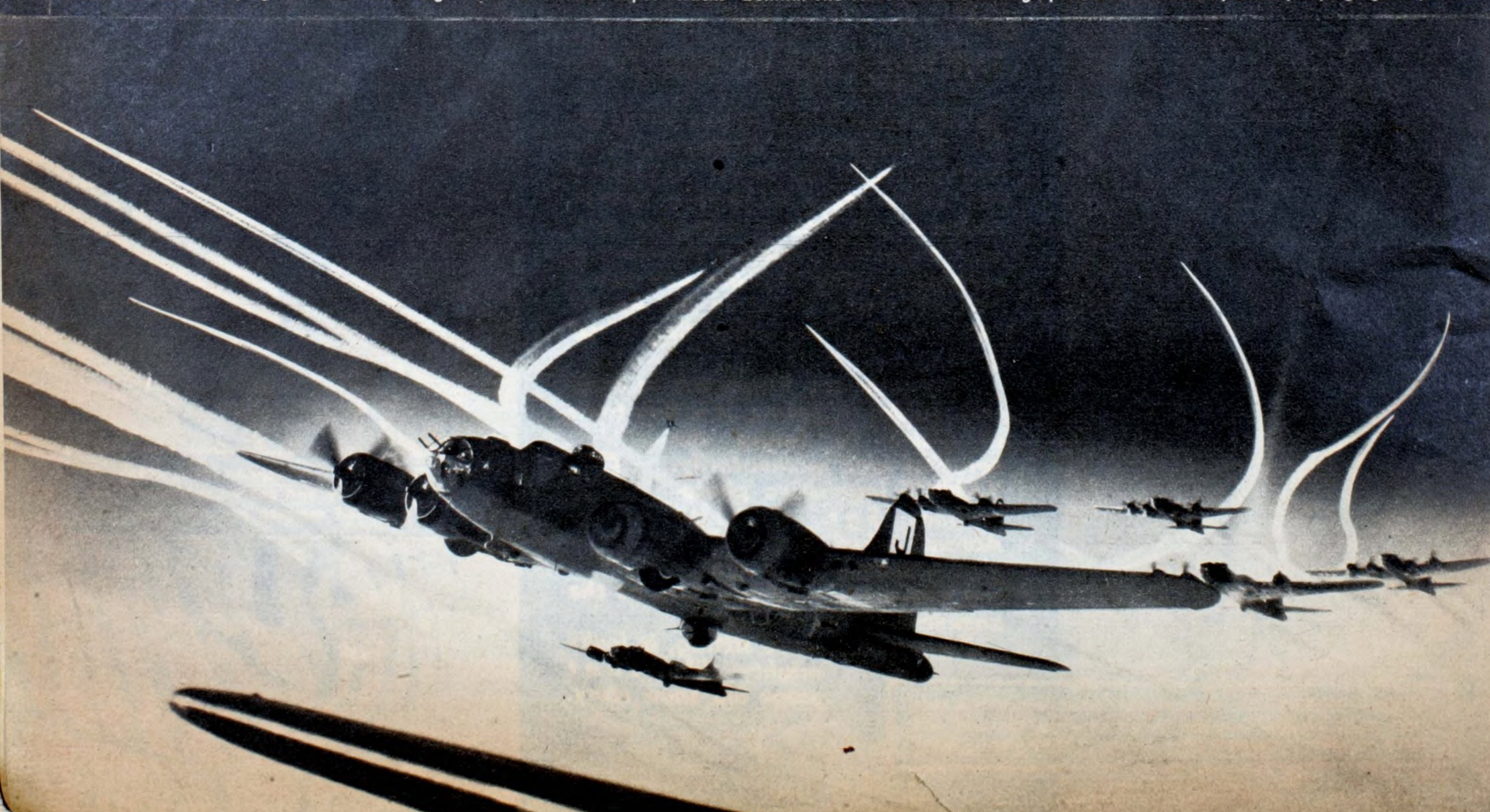
Down in the valley a road was being built. The engineers knew nothing about the case of whiskey. A rather large boulder was causing them a bit of trouble so they decided to blast.

This boulder could have gone up and come down in a million other places. Instead it went up high on the ridge and smack into the tent.

There was a plop as it tore through the canvas and then the splintering crash of glass. All 12 bottles were smashed. For a 50-yard radius cock-eyed mosquitoes were flying in tailspins for days.

The tension in the area was dispelled and everyone was happy again.—YANK Staff Correspondent

AIR PORTRAIT. Flying Fortresses of the Eighth Air Force leave vapor "tracks" behind. The curved trails shooting upward were made by accompanying fighter planes.



The NOMENCLATURE OF THE MILITARY MUSTACHE, M-1, bristle-fed, self-loading



DARWIN DROOP
Usually wet, contains filter.



SPITFIRE PRICKLER
Mounted on ruddy face.



OAK LEAF BRISTLE
Favors brief case and swagger stick.



AAF DIHEDRAL
For high altitude Gables.



NEW GUINEA BUSH
Blends with local foliage.



BIRDUM HANDLE BAR
Provides anchor for netting.



REAR AREA COOKIE DUSTER
For indoor sports.



FO'C'S'LE FOLIAGE
Collects spray at sea, femmes ashore.

"The Moresby Wreck"

World's Bomb-Happiest Ship Helps Train U.S. Bombardiers

NEW GUINEA—Probably one of the happiest old freighters in Southwest Pacific waters is the HMS Pruth—a bomb-happy old wench of the sea who lost her courtship wooing the coral-stripped passage into Port Moresby. She's blushing as the "world's most bombed ship," and she hasn't turned an engine in 17 years.

It isn't exactly a glamor pin-up title, but for an old girl she's been getting a lot of male attention as a practice target for half the pilots of the Fifth Air Force. But her real triumph came when her age-sagged figure was used in the development of skip-bombing as perfected in the battle of the Bismarck Sea.

The Pruth — known to Yanks and Aussies alike as the Moresby Wreck — lay intact in peacetime. Her hull, disintegrating lazily in the sun, is bound to the reef that narrows the channel into Moresby Harbor. Today she's a blackened hulk, her back broken in two by constant practice bombings and her body sieved from the guns of strafe-rehearsing pilots.

The tale that she was a German raider torpedoed in World War I is a lot more dramatic than the real story. But the truth of the Pruth is she was no Mata Hari.

She was British and out of San Francisco with a general cargo of galvanized iron, barbed wire, some automobiles and oil. At Samarai she had

swung aboard some copra and was putting into Moresby on the same mission. She wound up on the reef on a squally November day in 1927.

HMS Pruth was mastered by a man named Hudson, and she was gliding in on a calm sea that sometimes follows a squall. A brisk southeaster was snudging her dangerously near the coral reef she was skirting, poking for the Moresby passage. A sudden gust on her port made her shudder and she ground up on the reef. Moresby townspeople offered to help clear her. But Capt. Hudson felt he could move her off alone.

Night closed in and the southeaster puffed itself into a roaring tropical gale that smacked the ship 260 yards up on the reef. It was hopelessly stuck. All the next day the captain watched while small boats shuttled back and forth stretching her cargo for miles along the harbor shore.

A special tug was outfitted at Brisbane to drag her from her perch. But salvage of the Pruth failed. The British firm who owned her raised hell, but the captain cleared himself by proving the navigation charts were inaccurate.

The old girl was probably pretty unhappy about what loomed for her as an inglorious end. Then war came to New Guinea and combat planes and pilots who needed practice. They gave her a new lease on life by pounding her to bits and bomb-happiness.

Once the Japs mistook her for a loaded Allied freighter and scattered eggs all around her. If it didn't please her that the Japs had wasted

their bombs, it ought to have tickled her rusty old ribs that dozing out there she looked awfully busy.

—Pvt. BENTLEY KINNEY
YANK Field Correspondent

New Guinea Snow Storm Turns Out to be an Erupting Volcano

NEW GUINEA—Port Moresby GIs had something new to talk about in the breakfast chowlines. It was snowing in New Guinea! Tents were coated with a layer of white like almost-forgotten northern training camps back in the States. But the "snow" that blanketed everything and still filtered down from the sky was unlike anything they had ever seen before. It was dry and soft as talcum powder.

The weather office, swamped with questions, could only say that the "snow" seemed to be a volcanic ash. Weather planes were sent up to locate the source of the mystery. By nightfall it was pretty well solved.

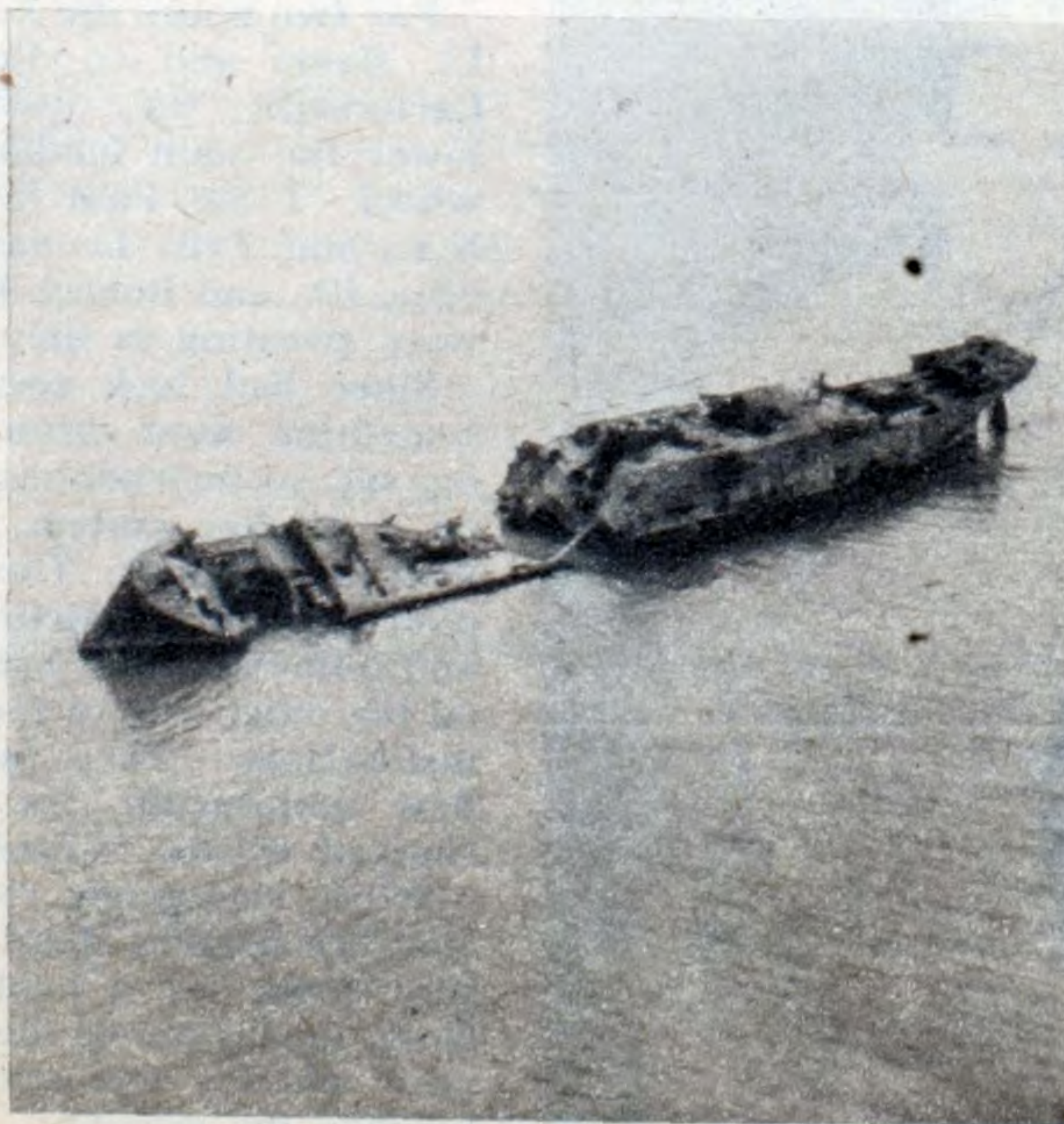
Near Mount Suckling, 11,000-foot peak in the Goropu Mountains, a small volcano had "blown its lid" for the second time in as many weeks. The Goropu Mountains are 110 miles due east of Moresby, and 20 miles southwest of Wanigela Mission on the north coast of Papua. The volcano, a small crater 100 yards wide, is buried in a valley between two taller peaks.

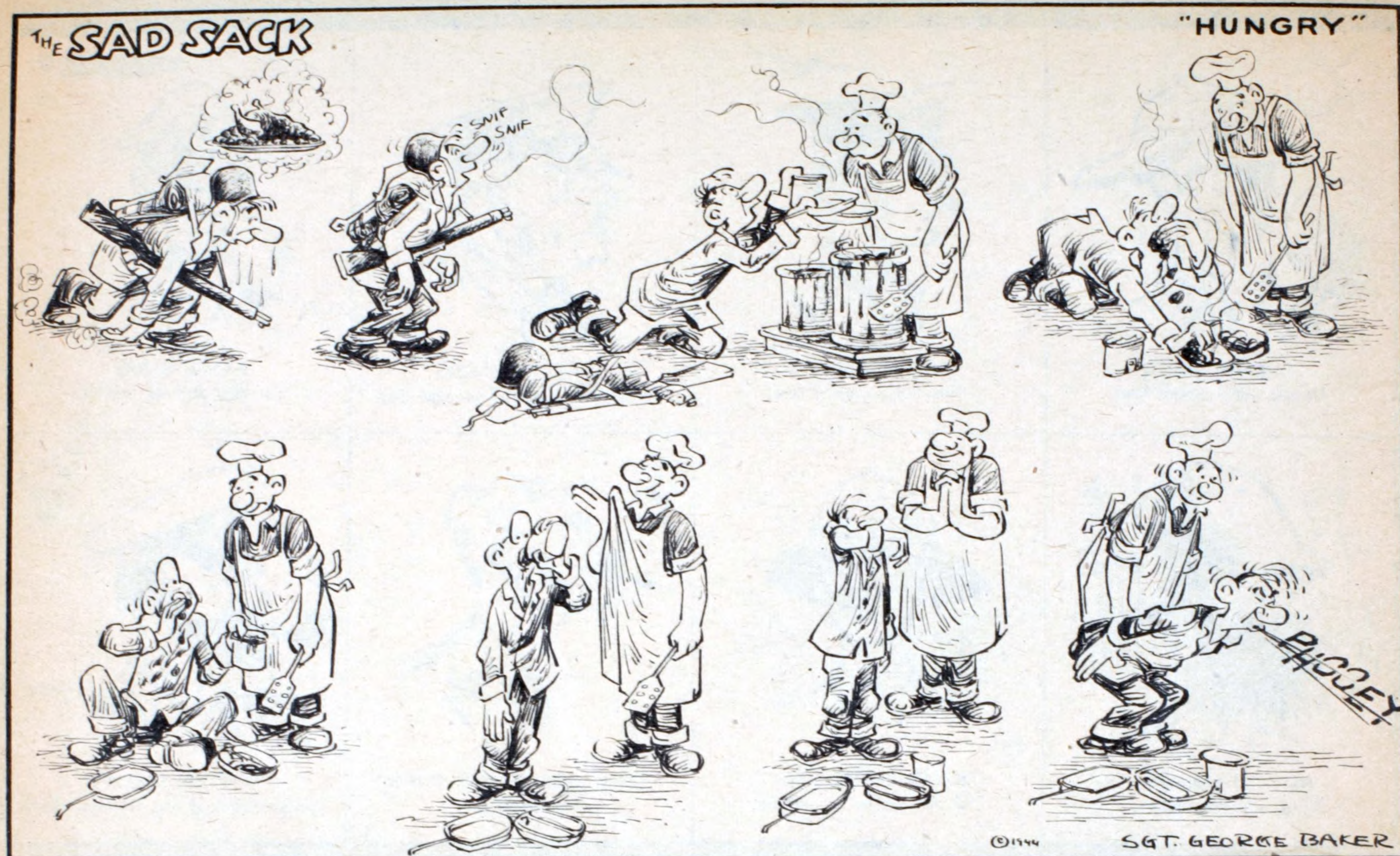
Two weeks before it had erupted and blown down all the trees for a radius of 2,000 yards. Since then it had been reported smoking on several occasions. Now, although no lava was visible, Fifth Air Force pilots reported a "pink haze" over the area.

One month before, bomber pilots over New Britain came back with stories of "pink thunderstorms." It turned out to be a 7,000-foot volcanic peak South Son, near Ubili on the north coast.

There are a number of other semi-active volcanoes in the New Guinea-New Britain area, including one on Long Island, off Cape Gloucester, where U.S. troops landed the same day the Marines landed at Gloucester.

—Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent





Lt. Myers fondly pats the B-25 he brought in for a one-wheel landing.

AUSTRALIA—According to the popular song, bringing a plane in “on a wing and a prayer” is old stuff, but try bringing in a crippled ship on one wheel!

A one-wheel landing was successfully accomplished by 1st Lt. Lansing H. Myers of Idabel, Okla., after his main landing gear refused to drop to the landing position.

Lt. Myers, a former sanitary engineer now a test pilot and engineering officer at a Fifth Air Force Service Command depot in northern Australia, was test-hopping a Mitchell bomber, and when he prepared to bring his ship down, only the nose wheel dropped into position. All efforts to get the two main landing wheels into position failed and then it was found that the nose wheel was hopelessly jammed in the down position, preventing the possibility of a normal belly landing.

For two hours the B-25 circled the field, while Lt. Myers and co-pilot Lt. Albert Starnes of Cartersville, Ga., vainly attempted to either lower the main landing gear or raise the nose wheel. T/Sgt. Paul J. Jungjohann of Rochester, N.Y., and Pvs. Leonard M. Jourdan of Evansville, Ill., and Robert W. Pugh of Pottsville, Pa., were sweating as they joined in the attempt.

Since bad luck seems to come in bunches, something went wrong with the radio receiving set, so instructions were flashed to the ship on a blinker system. Finally a P-38 hovered near the Mitchell. The occupants of the Mitchell read chalked instructions on one side of the '38 and followed them, but to no avail. The '38 flew on the other side of the Mitchell, revealing other instructions. They failed too. Then the '38 flew underneath the Mitchell, revealing the chalked words: “Come on in.”

While emergency crash crews with asbestos-clad fire fighters stood by, Lt. Myers slanted the ship down for a landing. The plane hovered along inches above the strip, then rested on the nose wheel. The small metal tail-skid finally touched the ground.

When the ship finally stopped, the crew climbed out quickly to survey the damage. The total damage was only a bent propeller and some scratched metal.

Old-timers agreed it was the prettiest crash landing they had ever seen.

—Sgt. JOE DONLON



The Torturing and Killing of American Prisoners in the Philippines

THE recent joint Army-Navy revelation of the wholesale torturing, starving and killing of American and Filipino prisoners of war captured by the Japs at Bataan and Corregidor came as a terrible shock to the people back home.

It struck the average civilian in the United States with a deeper and more disturbing impact than any single announcement of war news since the attack on Pearl Harbor. Even the shopgirls and stenographers, who never usually think seriously of the war except in terms of the nylon stockings and mid-week dates it has taken away from them, talked about it over their tunafish sandwiches and malted milks the day that it appeared in the nation's newspapers.

But like the news last April of the execution of the American flyers who were forced down in enemy territory during the Doolittle raid on Tokyo, this announcement of the brutal treatment of Bataan and Corregidor veterans did not shock those of us who have seen the Jap at close range in the Pacific and know from personal experience and observation how much respect he has for the international laws of civilized warfare.

We got over being shocked by such Jap atrocity stories long ago. We have known all along that you can't expect the Japs to treat prisoners of war decently. Why should they? A nation treats its prisoners of war decently only because it wants the enemy to show similar respect to captives. But the Japs don't care what happens to one of their men after he is taken prisoner by us. According to the Jap code, a soldier of the Emperor who allows himself to be captured alive is a traitor and deserves ill treatment. They don't want to see him again. They don't care what we do to him. And therefore they have no reason to respect the rights of any American who falls into their hands.

The indifference and contempt that the Jap feels for the laws governing prisoners of war and other international laws of war does not stop there. He has no regard for any of the important rules of human behavior established by our kind of civilization. He doesn't want to live in the same world with our kind of civilization.

It's about time the people at home and the people in other Allied countries, too, began to realize this. It's about time they got it into their heads that the war in the Pacific is not merely a political war or an economic war. The Jap is not fighting because he wants to control the Oriental trade markets. He would be only too glad to stop now and make a negotiated peace with us in return for a few more islands and a few more ports and some extra territory in Asia, but he would never make such a deal with the intention of laying down his arms forever. The Jap is determined to break our kind of civilization to bits. He is fighting this war to a finish.

The only way to beat an enemy like this is to fight him the same way. We wonder how many of us and how many of our people at home are really determined to break the Japanese kind of civilization, with its natural hatred of everything American, to bits. We wonder how many of us and how many of our people at home are aware of the necessity of fighting this war to a finish.

Those of us in the Pacific who have seen how the Jap despises America and its way of life have no excuse for being satisfied with a half-done job on this war. If the people at home are hit a few more times with shocking reminders of the Jap's opinion of what they stand for, like the announcement of the treatment of the Bataan and Corregidor prisoners, they, too, will have no excuse for settling for anything less than a complete victory.

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YANK

DOWN



UNDER

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THIS WEEK'S COVER

When a U.S. Navy submarine is running on the surface, two pairs of eyes are glued to the horizon and sky at all times. One man watches for surface craft, the other for enemy aircraft. Daylight hours on the surface are few, however. Some submariners go for 60 to 70 days without seeing the sun. On Page 3 YANK's Sgt. Charles Pearson tells what a submarine man goes through while tracking Jap shipping in the Pacific sea lanes.

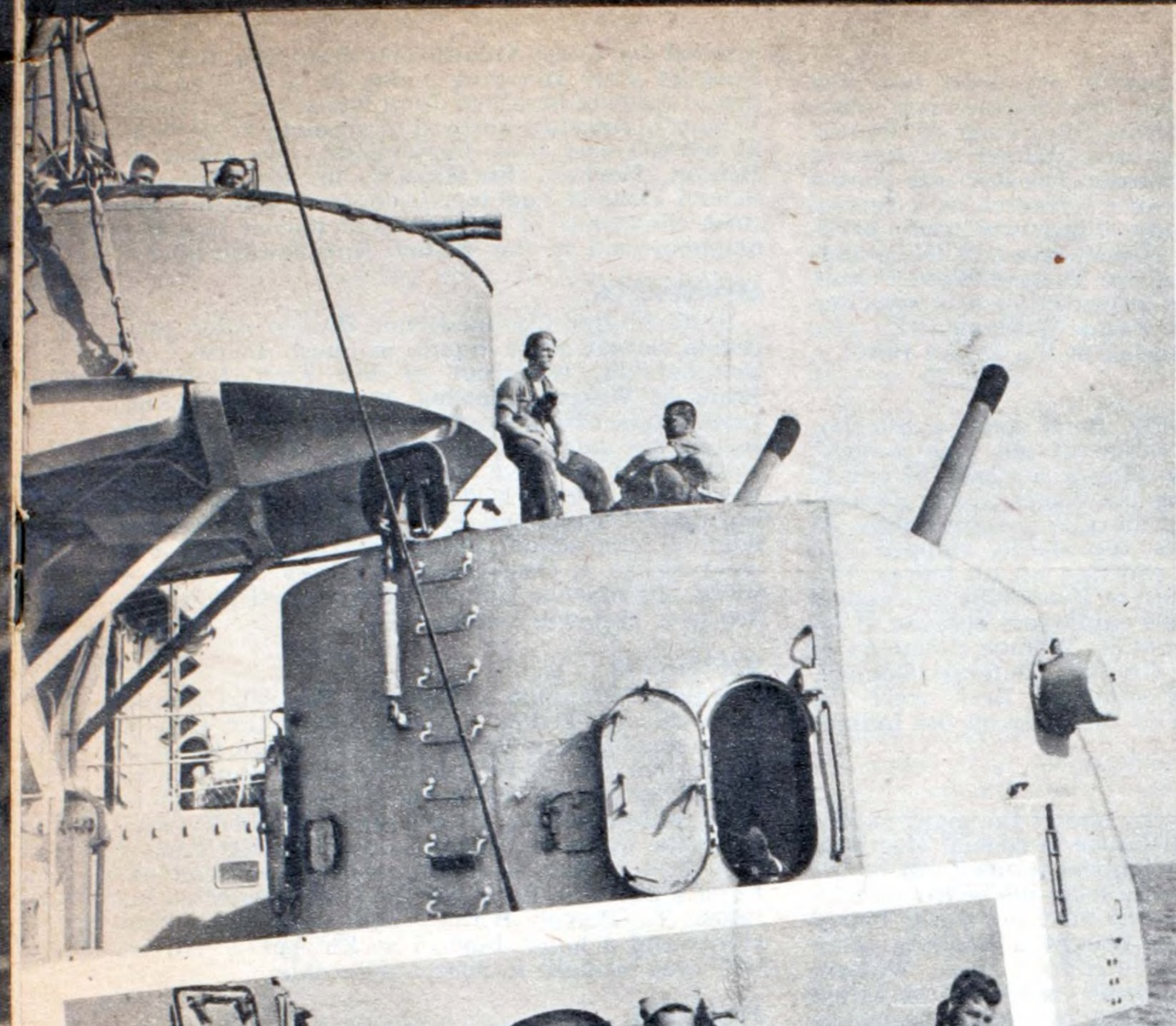


FORWARD! BY ROPE AND BY FOOT. The Fifth Army keeps advancing through Italy. In the picture above, Yanks using a ponton as a raft pull themselves across the Volturno River. Below, the usual feet are depended on for transportation. If you look closely, you'll see the men are carrying several bazookas.



On the afternoon before the bombardment some of the crew take it easy.

These sailors are having a good snooze in the sun, unconscious of the camera.

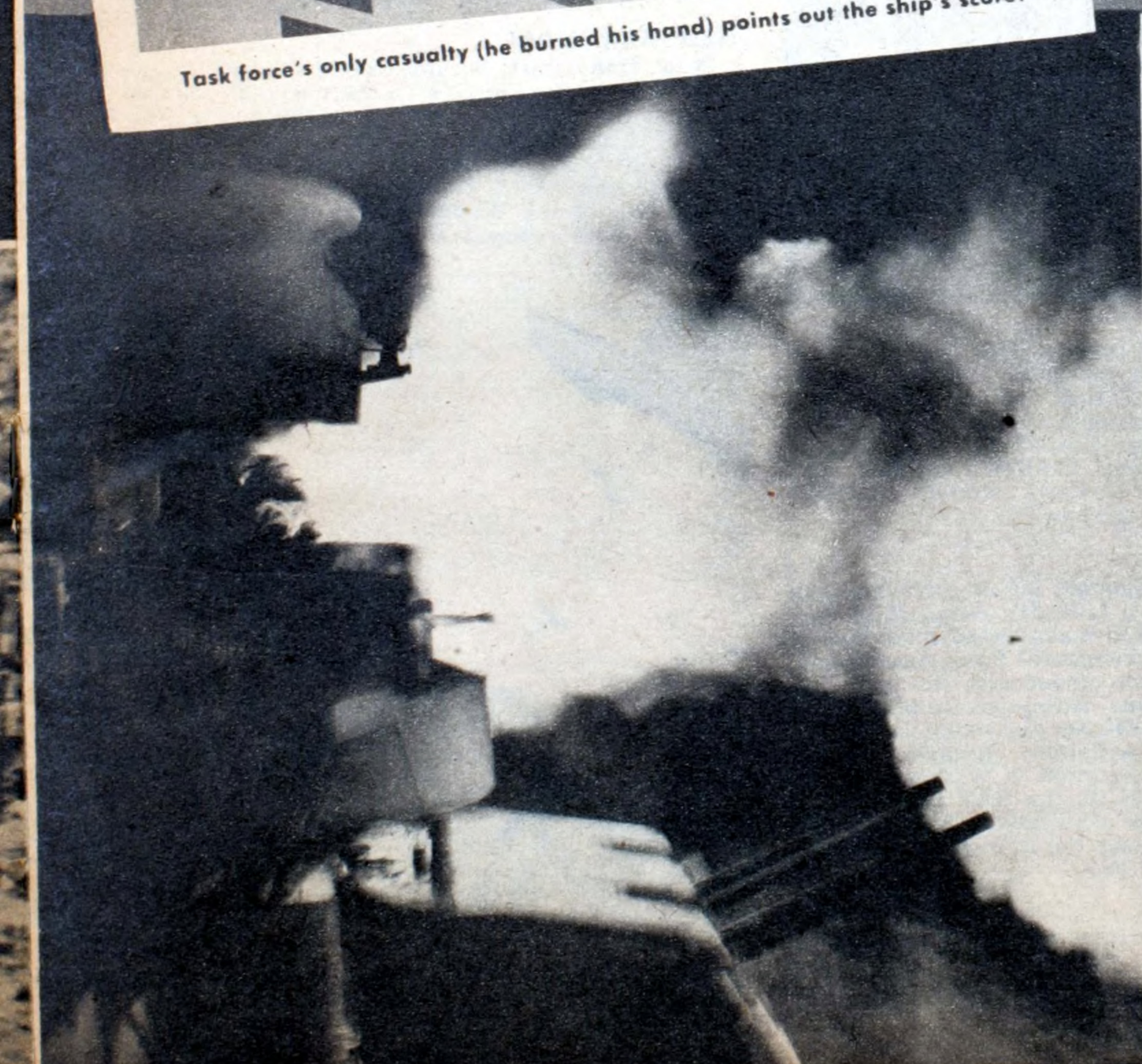


Task force's only casualty (he burned his hand) points out the ship's score.

BOMBARDMENT OF

BUKA

When a U.S. cruiser task force bombed Jap positions on Buka in the northern Solomons, YANK's photographer Sgt. Dillon Ferris went along to record the action aboard one of the ships.



During the bombardment of Buka, the cruiser's portside guns light up the night.



Another U.S. cruiser is photographed through a gun sight on the way back.

NEWS from home

ARKANSAS

Ten Little Rock Senior High pupils were placed on probation by the OPA after admitting they sold gasoline-ration coupons. Mrs. Mary Navarre of Chattanooga, Tenn., was killed and Lt. John McCuiston of Little Rock was fatally injured when their car crashed into the bridge over the Little Missouri River north of Prescott. The Baptist State Convention's decision to repay a \$600,000 "moral obligation" to former bond- and noteholders was supported by all but four of its 973 member churches. A record number of 794-375 hot thermal baths were given at Hot Springs National Park in 1943.

CALIFORNIA

Two men in Army uniform stole a Greyhound bus from a parking lot in Fresno, headed for San Francisco and picked up a number of passengers along the way, but they abandoned the vehicle when the gas tank ran dry. George Sehlmeier, master of the State Grange, asked Gov. Warren to abolish Daylight Saving Time because he said it made it impossible for farmers to work the maximum time. A stench in the vicinity of Hyde Street, San Francisco, was caused by a 15-ton dead whale caught by a protective device inside the Golden Gate; both the Navy and Coast Guard declined the city's invitation to tow "Willie" out to sea. Roseville outlawed prostitution following a complaint by the Federal Security Agency.

CONNECTICUT

Gov. Baldwin called a special session of the Legislature to amend the election law to enable servicemen to vote. At New Haven, Walter Law, the father of three children, signed a confession that he murdered Rose Brancato, woman's page editor of the *Journal Courier*, who had been missing since last July 5, and that he cremated her body in the furnace of the Woolworth Building, where he was building superintendent. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hurlburt of Seymour were held in \$10,000 bail at Newtown on charges of stealing 1,000 fowls from neighboring chicken roosts since last August and selling them at \$1 apiece. Joseph McCarthy, Plainville postmaster, resigned because of poor health.

DELAWARE

Thousands of residents between Lewes and Rehoboth Beach watched a blazing sea of oil five miles off the Delaware Capes caused by the collision of two merchant ships. Frank Mellalar, Wilmington trolley driver, was killed and five passengers were injured when a trackless trolley collided with a truck on Governor Printz Boulevard. Enough salvage material was collected in the Wilmington metropolitan area last year to fill 75 trains that would reach from Wilmington to North Philadelphia. Thomas Ingram, Lewes banker, died.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

A survey showed that a teacher shortage had compelled 10 of Washington's senior high schools to use senior students as substitute teachers. John Sesso, proprietor of a grocery at 1410 Ninth Street NW, shot a man who attempted to hold up his store for the second time in a week. A pair of nylon hose was auctioned for \$3,000 in War Bonds at a rally in the Kennedy Theater, Fourth and Kennedy Streets NW. The War Department announced it would retain nearly all the 1,200 cafeteria and beverage-bar employees in the Pentagon Building when it took over management of the building's food services.

FLORIDA

The Bay Shore Golf Course, now used as an Army drill field at Miami Beach, was bought for \$800,000 by speculators for development into home sites. Nine hit-and-run accidents in a month caused rewards totaling \$200 to be offered in Tampa. Jacksonville's Central Fire Station at Adams and Ocean Streets is to be remodeled. George Deatherage was discharged by the Food Machinery Corp. at Lakeland upon the insistence of his co-workers after *Life* magazine pictured Deatherage as the organizer of the Knights of the White Camelia and one of 30 persons indicted on charges of attempting to overthrow the Government. Miami police began a drive to curb jaywalking. Twelve persons were hurt in the wreck of a Seaboard Airline train near Jacksonville.

ILLINOIS

Rain broke a five-month dry spell that had Illinois farmers worried. Port Byron's post office was moved to the Masonic Building. At Peoria, ex-Mayor McClugage was named to succeed Thomas Cody as postmaster. Decatur was chosen by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce as a typical city of 60,000 for a study of post-war traffic problems. Former Sheriff Nierstheimer of Bloomington became warden of the Menard State Prison. Chicago police hunted a woman suspect after the fatal shooting of Mrs. Frank Williams, wife of a State Department attache, in the Drake Hotel.

INDIANA

Judge Peak of South Bend gave a burglar, whom he called "a victim of too high wages," the choice between serving a sentence of one to five years or investing his wages above necessities in War Bonds; the burglar bought bonds. At Indianapolis, starlings repeatedly stopped the Courthouse clock by roosting on its hands. The Chrysler ordnance plant at Evansville announced it would discharge 1,000 employees because of reduced production demands. Women members of the Marion County Civilian Defense Council, testing recapped and synthetic tires, were the first of their sex to drive officially on the Indianapolis Speedway.

IOWA

Republicans won every one of the eight vacant seats in the Iowa Legislature in special elections. At Des Moines, C. H. Geppert jumped out of the bathtub and shot a coyote from his bedroom window as the animal crossed his front yard. Thirty Humboldt businessmen bought a bowling alley so boys could play for 10 cents a game. William Lorenzen, Ida Grove farmer, confessed he killed his wife by putting poison in vitamin capsules last fall after he fell in love with Eleanor Huss, a Sioux City hotel maid, formerly of Holstein.

KANSAS

The State Board of Education ordered the mythical jayhawk, emblem of Kansas since Civil War days, eliminated from textbooks. Jane Lorimer of Olathe was elected the first woman president of a senior class at the University of Kansas. The State Highway Patrol sought a stunt pilot who trailed a frightened Topeka motorist down Highway 10 near Lawrence, hedge-hopped over the auto and then zoomed away. High-school basketball scores: Haskell, Okla., 30, Emporia 26; Pittsburgh 21, Iola 18; Atchinson 27, Maur Hill 25; Olathe 37, Rosedale 32.

KENTUCKY

Police Chief Boggs announced he would fight a resolution adopted by Corbin's newly elected city commissioners to oust him for allegedly misrepresenting his age. Plans were approved for a \$100,000 health center at Paducah. Jackson Say-

What goes on in
your own
home state

lor was charged with murder after an old family feud had resulted in the fatal shooting of Bill Hopkins of the Fall Lick section of Lincoln County at a Crab Orchard general store. Coach Ab Kirwan said the University of Kentucky would "definitely" play football next fall. The Most Rev. Francis Howard, Roman Catholic bishop of Covington, died at 76.

MASSACHUSETTS

Scituate lacked a quorum for its town meeting until someone pulled a false fire alarm. Paul Foster of Great Barrington was elected president of the Massachusetts Agricultural Fairs Association. The first patients were moved into the new 1½-million-dollar Veterans' Administration Hospital in West Roxbury. A \$40,000 fire swept the Woolworth Building in Attleboro. Roland Bazinet, who underwent an operation in which both legs were broken to qualify for the AAF and later received a CDD, became Chicopee's first male secretary to the mayor and the first veteran of this war employed by the city.

MICHIGAN

Detroit's ex-Mayor Reading, convicted in 1941 of graft conspiracy, surrendered at Southern Michigan Prison in Jackson and began serving a four-to-five-year term. Three Fairport fishermen—Delore, Edward and Henry Rochefort—were

rescued by Coast Guardsmen from Big Bay de Nocquet after spending a day on a drifting ice floe in a storm in which John Rochefort perished. Vinton Livingston, accused of slashing 41 tires on 27 parked cars in a single night, was jailed at Benton Harbor. Enrollment in the Spencer School District had increased from 200 to 2,500 since thousands of workers had moved into the neighborhood of the Willow Run bomber plant.

MINNESOTA

State Liquor Commissioner Haskin ruled that hotels cannot serve liquor in guest rooms. Carl Sommerstad, president of the First National Bank of Waseca, pleaded guilty to embezzling bank funds. Charged with filing false applications to buy six automobiles, the J. R. Watkins Medical Co. and the Owl Motor Co., both of Winona, were fined a total of \$31,000 by the OPA. Sherburn parents planned a court fight to overrule an edict of the school board that girls could not wear slacks in classrooms. A survey by the Red Wing Chamber of Commerce indicated plans for 300 new post-war homes.

MISSISSIPPI

Maurice Shimmok of Madison, Wis., and Joseph Leemons of Malone, Ala., 18-year-old sailors, were sentenced to death at Waynesboro for killing former Sheriff Boykin of Wayne County, who picked up the sailors in his car which they stole after stabbing him. Melted snow supplied Jackson with water for one day after the city's main pipe line broke. The Hattiesburg *American* offered a \$25 War Bond for the best suggestion on "How To Punish Hitler." The post office, two stores and a house burned at Enterprise. An oil well was brought in near Lauderdale.

MISSOURI

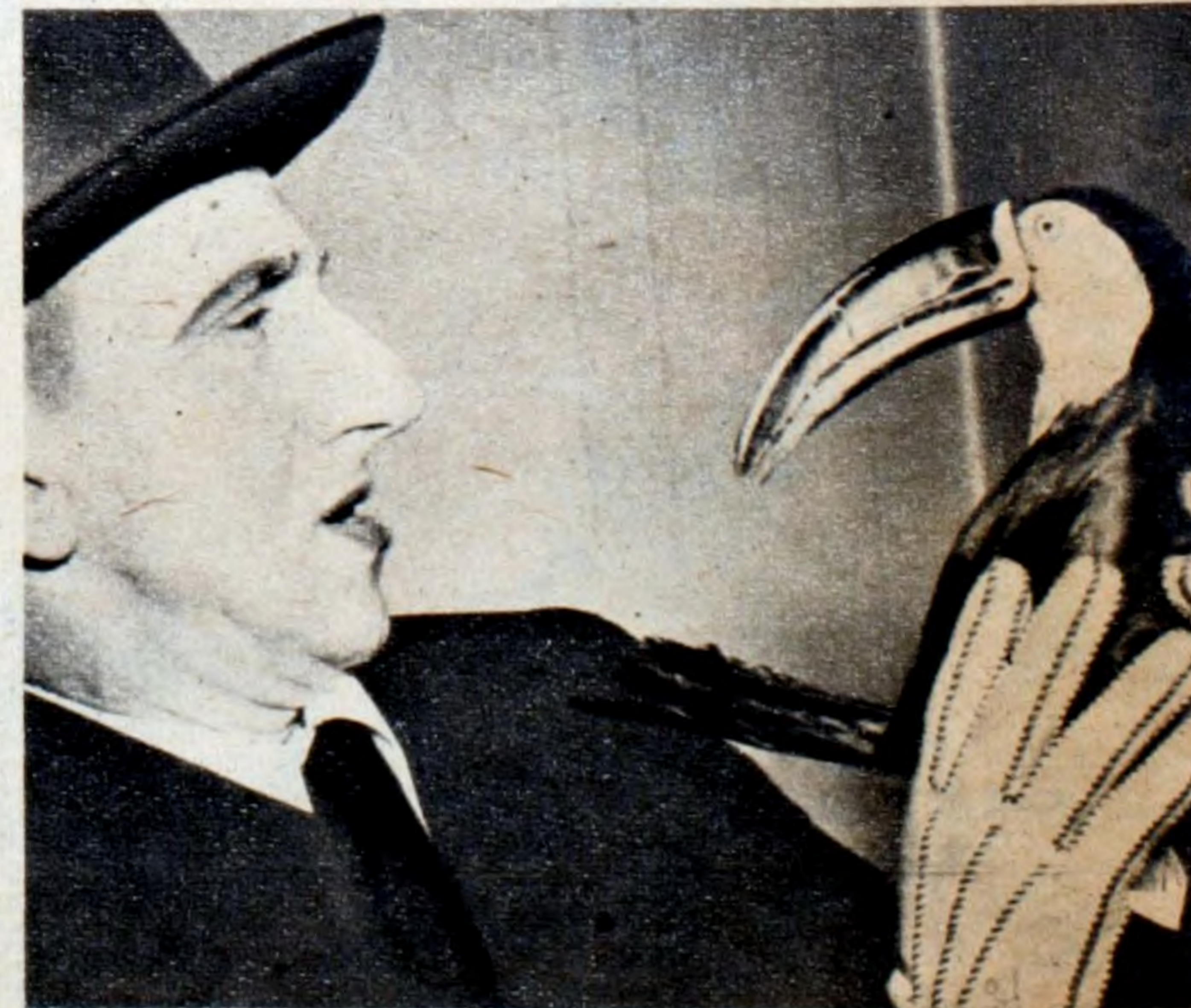
Water was released at Montana's Fort Peck Dam to raise the Missouri River two feet so that eight boats (LSTs) built at Kansas City could navigate downstream. City Clerk Waite of Webster Groves was killed in an auto accident. At Kansas City, Mayor Gage and 700 businessmen and women were attending night classes in Spanish at KCU. Mrs. Virgie Dobbins, Independence taxi driver, was permitted to pass a sentence on Cesario Juarez, 19, as a result of a fistic dispute in which Juarez and Mrs. Robbins knocked each other down after the youth and two companions tried to run out on a \$4 cab bill; at her suggestion, the court gave him six months in jail.

NEBRASKA

Three Hebron men filed incorporation papers at Lincoln for the first Nebraska organization of veterans of this war, named the Allied Veterans of America. Fire destroyed the Grand Theater at Genoa. Earl Hayward of Hyannis, Grant County's only barber, boosted the price of haircuts from 50 to 65 cents. Charles Hudson, Omaha publisher of the mimeographed bulletin, *America in Danger*, was indicted by a District of Columbia grand jury on charges of conspiring to establish a Nazi form of government in the U.S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

New Hampshire became the first state in the nation to elect delegates to the national conventions of the two major parties to be held in Chicago; the entire Democratic delegation is pledged to President Roosevelt; the majority of Republicans are unpledged. Food was being mailed to 24 executives of the Winchester Tannery Co., Winchester, who refused to leave the plant after



RIVALS. Unable to find any real competition on Broadway, comedian Jimmy Durante visited the Bronx Zoo to measure schnozzolas with the toucan.

pickets threatened to prevent the return of anyone who left the buildings; labor and management were at odds over lunch-period pay. High-school basketball scores: Keene 32, Cathedral of Manchester 31; Gorham 31, Berlin 22.

NEW MEXICO

The Lincoln County Planning Board considered the erection of a canning factory on the Ruidoso River as a post-war project. Fire destroyed the 74-year-old Tondre ranchhouse at Los Lentos. Three Hobbs Air Field soldiers were drowned while duck hunting on the Pecos River. At Albuquerque, the New Mexico Book Store established an all-time record by selling more than 1,000 copies of Ernie Pyle's "This Is Your War" in three months. To combat a wave of burglaries, a movement was on in Albuquerque to increase the police force from 28 to 36 members.

NEW YORK

Lack of snow endangered winter crops in western New York. According to State Department of Commerce figures, 10,000 industrial workers moved into Rome and 6,000 into Utica between August 1940 and August 1943. New York University announced the establishment of Gold Star scholarships to provide four years' tuition to the children of the university's graduates who lose their lives in this war. In New York City, police and fire squads were called to maintain order at the Broadway Theater after the management had sold 1,200 tickets for 600 seats to "Carmen Jones." Many pigeons, apparently poisoned, died outside St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

OHIO

Cleveland saloonkeepers won a Court of Appeals ruling to allow them to stay open until 2:30 A.M. instead of having to close at midnight. Akron police raided a Curtis Street garage, seizing 880 gallons of high-test gasoline and 40,000 pads used to record numbers wagers. Summit County's wheat crop was endangered by the driest winter in 57 years. The Toledo Junior Chamber of Commerce named Vice Mayor

over the York Safe and Lock Co. plant in York County "because of unsatisfactory management conditions." With 743 persons contributing a pint apiece, the Philadelphia blood-donor center had a record day. Police Chief Bausewine won a \$50,000 libel suit from the Norristown Times-Herald which had connected his name with gangsters. Steve King, an Ambridge taxi driver, became the father of a baby girl while rushing his wife to the hospital in his cab.

RHODE ISLAND

Mrs. Lida Young, a member of the Woonsocket police force for 18 years and the state's first policewoman, retired. Abel Eldridge was elected Newport fire chief. The Rev. William Sharp, pastor of the Lonsdale Primitive Methodist Church in Cumberland, served venison sandwiches to his Bible class after shooting a 10-point 200-pound deer in New Hampshire. High-school basketball scores: Cranston, undefeated, won its eighth straight game, downing Pawtucket East 35-27; Westerly won its seventh straight by upsetting Mt. St. Charles 66-40.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Because of an epidemic of flu, the State Health Department ordered the schools and theatres in Marlboro County closed for one week. Dr. G. W. Parnell of Florence got 10 years in prison for the fatal shooting of R. W. Lewis, school-tax collector. Rain that quickly turned to ice froze to death more than 100 blackbirds in the magnolia trees of the State House grounds in Columbia. Construction of a 2-million-dollar rayon mill was begun on the Seneca River near Clemson College. Mayor Carothers of Rock Hill was reelected.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Rapid City voters rejected by a vote of 894 to 325 a proposal to change from the city-manager plan to the commission form of city government. At Sioux Falls, organized labor and the Chamber of Commerce were mapping a post-war job-adjustment program. Fifteen-year-old Herman

forces an average of 9½ hours daily since November 1940. Galveston's garbage and street-department employees returned to work after a five-day strike. The five most outstanding Texas young men of 1943 as selected by the Texas Junior Chamber of Commerce were Felix McKnight of Dallas, James Oliver of Houston, Clint Dunagan of Midland, Harold Matthews of Kilgore and Dick Johnson of San Antonio. Fire destroyed the Pladium bowling alleys in Houston.

UTAH

Utah's growing mining industry was expected to be one of the main sources of post-war jobs; the state's output of gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc was the highest in Utah history. Dr. T. William Stevenson, prominent Salt Lake City physician, was held on second-degree murder charges as a result of the death of 21-year-old Alene Houskeeper during an operation performed in his office. Ogden's new chief of police is T. R. Johnson. Brigham Young University dropped intercollegiate basketball for the duration.

VIRGINIA

Thirty Norfolk and Portsmouth children who were scheduled to stage an entertainment for Fort Monroe enlisted men were marooned when a Willoughby-Old Point ferryboat was grounded in a fog for several hours. More than 500 government horses and mules were auctioned off the first day of a three-day sale at Front Royal. Lynchburg banned the Sunday sale of wine for off-premises consumption. Roanoke policemen were allowed two days off a month instead of one. The Richmond Stockyards were jammed with 10,000 hogs, causing the second embargo on hog sales in recent months.

WASHINGTON

Tacoma's School and Park Boards planned to pool their funds and facilities to develop an evening recreational program. A young Bremerton woman, who was fined \$25 for engaging in a tavern fight, wondered how she would explain to



PIONEER. Tall, brunette Dorothy Williams takes over the controls of a subway-elevated train in Philadelphia and becomes the city's first El motorwoman.

DiSalle as the city's outstanding young man in 1943. Ten-year-old Billy Massey seized a club and routed a bull that had knocked down H. C. Little, Warren County farmer.

OKLAHOMA

Marriages by proxy or radio telephone are illegal in Oklahoma, Atty. Gen. Cobb advised the American Red Cross. Representatives of the American Social Hygiene Association criticized Tulsa for allowing a "red light" district. Gov. Kerr offered the following junior agricultural colleges to the Federal Government for use as hospitals for the duration: Eastern Oklahoma at Wilburton, Connors at Warner and Murray at Tishomingo. Mrs. Bessie Aikins was killed by an automobile six days before Stillwater would have observed its fifth anniversary without a fatal traffic accident.

PENNSYLVANIA

Mayor Morrison declared a state of emergency in Easton because of the coal shortage and announced that out-of-town coal dealers could deliver coal free of tax until Mar. 1. The Navy took



SWITCH. Anthony Biddle, diplomatic representative to the Allied governments in exile in London, joins Army as lieutenant colonel on Gen. Eisenhower's staff.

Kiser died in a Gregory hospital from a fractured neck received when a prankster pulled his chair out from under him when he sat down to supper. At Montrose, a \$25,000 fire destroyed the Paul Rasmussen garage and implement building. Coyotes were causing increased livestock losses near Gettysburg.

TENNESSEE

Authorities at Camp Forrest were investigating the fatal shooting of Cpl. Angelo Orrico of Jersey City, N. J., and his wife, whose bodies were found in a Tullahoma residence. Supervised hunting will be allowed in Shelby Forest, whose title was being transferred from the U. S. Department of Interior to the Tennessee Park System. Russ Meyer, former Class D pitcher who recently received a CDD from the Army, signed a contract to manage the Nashville Club in the Southern Association.

TEXAS

An ice storm did an estimated 16 million dollars' damage to East Texas timberlands. Mrs. M. J. Parry, 60, of Houston has knitted for the armed



FIREWOMEN. They've got to revise the one about "Fireman, Save My Child!" in Laurel, Md. Mrs. G. Beall (left) and Mrs. G. Hofmann have replaced two males.

her husband the names and ship of two strange sailors she found tattooed on her thigh when she awoke in jail. Bess, a Guernsey cow owned by Roy Syfert of Tietonview, gave birth to her fourth set of twin calves. Ed Mayes was elected president of the Centralia Chamber of Commerce. Rainier's Mayor Zimmerman died. Grandview is making post-war plans for a new hotel.

WISCONSIN

State Prison convicts at Waupun staged a sit-down strike, claiming their cells were too cold. The State Fair was scheduled for Aug. 19-27. As a part of their school work this spring, pupils in 64 Milwaukee County rural schools were to raise chickens to help relieve the meat shortage and provide fresh eggs. The block occupied by the Parker Music Co. in Eau Claire burned. An eight-point buck captured by two students at the Central State Teachers College, Stevens Point, died after it was let loose. Milwaukee had two days of the thickest fog on record. The Sears-Roebuck Building at Manitowoc and the Fox Head Brewery bottling plant at Waukesha were damaged by fires.

Chili Williams
YANK
Pin-up Girl





NAVY NOTES

A five-incher on a new light cruiser lets go with a beautiful smoke ring while on her shakedown cruise.

V-MAIL. The Navy has speeded up V-Mail service to the following averages: Alaska in six days; England, eight; Africa, Central Pacific, and Samoa, 12; South and SW Pacific, 14; Australia, New Zealand and New Caledonia, 15 days.

The Navy, incidentally, has made another plea for the use of V-Mail for air-mail correspondence. Regular letters take up too much plane space.

JAP CHOW. The well-worn story that the average Jap soldier lives on a handful of rice and dried fish has been refuted by the Navy Medical Research Institute. Navy doctors, investigating Jap food left behind at Kiska, concluded that the Japs eat a variety of simple foods. Jap rice and enriched flour are of good quality and are often varied with dried onions, taro root, peas, beef stew, condensed milk, hardtack, even candy.

The doctors noted that the Japs use vitamin pills and concentrates, and that occasionally they add seaweed, containing the important vitamin riboflavin, to their food to make stew. The Japs have to eat dehydrated foods, too, if that makes you feel any better.

DREDGINGS. John Leonard, pharmacist mate, with no previous experience in the field, has delivered seven Samoan babies to native wives. The number of women supply officers now exceeds the pre-war strength of the Supply Corps. . . . Leo O'Grady, apprentice seaman, is drawing more money than a lieutenant commander. He has 10 kids and gets \$288 a month. . . . An Arab raiding a Navy stockpile in North Africa ate half a stick of dynamite before he found out it wasn't candy. . . . Grumman Aircraft, chief supplier of planes to the Navy, turned out 500 planes in December, more than any other single plant in the country.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c



PHOTO CREDITS: Cover & 2—U.S. Navy. 4 & 5—Upper (4), Acme; others, Cpl. Henry B. Krush, Seventh Air Force. 7—Sgt. George Aarons. 8—AAF. 9—Cpl. Bill Alcine. 10—T/Sgt. S. S. Lemen, Fifth Air Force. 12—Acme. 13—Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 14—INP. 15—Center, INP; others, PA. 16—Ewing Krainin. 17—U.S. Navy. 18—Upper left, Acme; lower right, INP. 19—OWI. 20—Upper left, Cpl. William J. Guyon, SC. 21—Alcine. 22—Lower left, Sgt. Joe Bird, Camp Wheeler, Ga.; other, Signal Corps. 23—Upper, Signal Corps; lower, Acme.

ABOUT two months after Chili Williams became a Conover "Cover Girl" and put on the "swimming" suit you see at the left, she was on her way to Hollywood with a Warner Bros. contract in her pocket. But not in the pocket of this suit. As you no doubt have already observed, there was not enough material around to make a pocket.

The POETS CORNERED

Not all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.

—Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

ODE TO ROTATION

ROTATION PLAN, thy name is bliss.
Oh, mark me quickly with thy kiss.
Select this homesick GI Joe,
Bring on the boat and let him go.

In GI files, thy hallowed word,
The sweetest yet that I have heard,
Lights up that common wooden drawer
With light that blindeth evermore.

O, nestle there in lonely state,
Thou antidote for Section 8.
I gaze in rapture on thy face,
And reverently I mark the place.

Thou art my hope, my inspiration,
That heralds soon my reservation,
On plane or boat or old canoe.
A raft—an inner tube will do.

Oh, kiss me quickly, I repeat.
Anticipation's very sweet.
For I must go where my heart has gone.
Please say I'm sailing with the dawn.

And this I promise, Blessed Plan,
When once I reach the promised land,
A golden frame o'er every door
Of home is thine—forever more.

Australia

—S/Sgt. H. E. McSWAIN

BOOGIE WOOGIE WASHERWOMAN

I know a little native gal
From down by Moresby way.
She couldn't hold a candle
To the babes way up by Lae.



She's homely and she's ugly,
With a ring through her nose.
But she's the one I love,
Because she washes all my clothes!

New Guinea

—Cpl. GENE SCHNEIDER

THIS JUNGLE HOME

The palm on the beach line, the brush on the hills
From the ship looked as thick as stacked hay.
That night after landing we found that the stuff
Was worse than it looked from the bay.

The ants are no trouble, you just hit them twice
With a club or the heel of a shoe.
They usually leave, but will always return
With a distant relation or two.

We've got land crabs and sea crabs and lizards
and lice,
And creatures that God only knows.
But we do know that they have ambition to live,
And to live, best of all, in our clothes.

The snakes come assorted in yellows and red,
The spider webs hang from the trees.
If the female mosquito's the one which can bite,
There is no other sex here but shes.

The cocoanuts hang in the tops of the palms
Like lamp lights that never are lit.
Now and then one will fall and it won't hurt at all
Just as long as you weren't where it hit.

It's fun to observe while the natives build huts
Out of bamboo and coconut thatch;
And we smile and comply as they ask going by:
"Got a cecigaret, please, and a match?"

Their worldly possessions are less than you'd see
On a homeless American tramp.
But they're carefree and happy and bathe every
day

In the river that runs by our camp.
They dye their hair red with a powdery clay,
Some even display a tattoo.
They will climb a tree for a Yank cigarette,
But a coconut here costs us two.

There are times when our clothes are not
splattered with mud,
But so seldom that we fellows hope
That they'll soon find a way to get rid of the
stuff,
For it's causing a shortage of soap.

Now the things that we face in this place we've
described,
And in others to which we'll soon roam,
Will not matter so much to most of us boys
As long as we get back home.

New Guinea

—Pvt. ANONYMOUS

THE LETTER

It's only a letter, but it paints anew
The dreams of yesterday;
It's only a letter, a line from you,
To make a soldier say:

"Thanks for days before I came
To harvest hatred's yield.
Thanks for days I still may know
When I leave the battlefield.
Thanks for someone who thinks of me
When I scarcely thought love would survive.
Thanks for your letter from over the sea . . .
Thanks for being alive!"

Australia

—T-5 FREDERICK BELSKY

A PRAYER OF GRATITUDE

My shoulders ache beneath my pack.
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)
I march with feet that burn and smart.
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak.
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)
I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy agony and bloody sweat?)
My rifle hand is still and numb.
(From Thy pierced hand red rivers come.)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the host of land and sea.
So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

New Guinea

—S/Sgt. PAUL L. HART

FRUSTRATION

G'wan and buzz, you son of a B—,
I'm under a net and you can't bite me.
You can rant and rave and tear your hair,
But I'm in here and you're out there.

You can call your friends to bring you aid,
You can call the spawn of the eggs you laid.
But not one whit will they help you out,
For the cords of this net are strong and stout.

Your buzzing rasps upon my ears,
But this bar of mine quells all my fears.
Even a blind man's eyes could see,
Your evil proboscis won't stick in me.

I settle me down for a night's repose,
My physique is bare, devoid of clothes.
But something starts to gnaw on my hide.
One of the bastards has snuck inside!

New Guinea

—S/Sgt. R. W. WARNER

POSTAL FIDELITY

Wrote a gal to her guy in Australia,
"Oh, my darling, you know I won't failia."
At the end of a year
Came this bit of cheer:

"Here's the postcard I said I would mailia."
Australia

—Cpl. KEN ZABRISKIE



—Sgt. Charles D. Pearson



SHORT AND NOT VERY SWEET was the freedom enjoyed by Spencer Walder, above with guards, after he scaled the walls of Philadelphia's Eastern Penitentiary. Walder, 38, serving a 10-to-20-year term for robbery, was nabbed within five minutes of his break.

ON THE POLICE DOCKET

FACED with a Federal grand jury investigation to determine whether he was guilty of treason, Charles Bedaux, financier, inventor, and international mystery man, committed suicide at Miami, Fla., by taking an overdose of sleeping powders.

A Justice Department spokesman said there was evidence Bedaux took his life because he was unwilling to incriminate prominent associates, that Bedaux had admitted close friendship with highest ranking Nazis as well as high Vichy officials.

Bedaux was arrested in Algiers shortly after American troops arrived there, by order of Gen. Eisenhower. Arrest was for suspicion of treason and communication with the enemy. Bedaux first hit front-page headlines in 1937 when he was arranging an American tour for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. An industrial engineer, he was known for his "stretch-out" system which won for him the title "arch enemy of labor."

The Justice Department announced it had begun proceedings in Puerto Rico to take away the American citizenship of Isidro Conde Fernandez because of his activities as a member of the Spanish Falangist movement described by Attorney General Francis Biddle as "the prototype in Spain of the Fascist and Nazi parties of Italy and Germany." Fernandez was naturalized in 1942, four years after he joined the Spanish movement.

At Reno, Nev., Federal charges were placed against Robert Hampton Ford, 36-year-old socialite, accused of failing to report to his Connecticut draft board for induction. Ford is alleged to have registered with a board in Philadelphia giving an assumed name and different age.

The FBI finally apprehended Capt. Wolfgang Hermann Hellfritsch, German war prisoner who escaped from a prison camp at Crossville, Tenn., last October. The German officer had taken a different name, put on overalls and worked at farm labor near Lexington, Ky. He was first arrested because he could not produce a draft registration card.

Officials of the Ku Klux Klan, never well known as upholders of civil liberties, were acquitted of conspiracy charges in Pittsburgh, Pa., by a judge who said the decision did not constitute approval of the Klan, but merely meant the judge believed a conviction would mean violation of the Bill of Rights. Among those acquitted was James A. Colescott of

Atlanta, Ga., the Klan's Imperial Wizard.

Crime of a more violent and forthright nature shocked the nation's capital and brought death to Dr. John E. Lind, one of the country's leading psychiatrists and kin of Abraham Lincoln.

Dr. Lind was shot to death as he drove his automobile through downtown Washington. According to police, two shots rang out when Dr. Lind's car swerved to stop at a corner. He was found slumped over the wheel and died in a few minutes.

Police said they were holding Robert L. Miller, prominent criminal attorney and Miller's wife on an open charge for questioning. Mrs. Miller, police said, was in the car with the doctor and her husband was approaching the car when it stopped.

Waukegan, Ill., police were still puzzled by the bizarre murder of Anthony Rauditis, who was found dead behind the bar of his roadhouse clutching four aces. He had been killed by a shotgun blast. The floor beside his body was littered with 5- and 10-dollar bills. Police suggested Rauditis, whom they described as a lady killer, might have been killed by some "pistol packin' mama."

Norman Jacob, 21, basketball coach of an Irvington (N.J.) Catholic Club, died of injuries received when he tried to stop a fight among boys. The fight followed a game in which his team beat a St. Columbus High School five. Tentative homicide charges were lodged against three teen-age youths involved.

Five prisoners in the St. Louis, Mo., jail overpowered a guard, sawed bars with a hacksaw, descended four stories down the jail wall to escape . . . Leon C. Phillips, former governor of Oklahoma, being tried for conspiracy to accept a \$500 bribe, called the charge a "political frame-up" . . . William J. Nolan Jr., 19, faces a possible sentence of 5 to 10 years for stealing 60 cents from a church box to pay greens fees at a Staten Island golf course. . . . A father who held his 13-months-old son over a hot stove "to get even" with his wife was sentenced to 140 days in a penal farm by a judge who said he is now in favor of the re-enactment of the whipping act.

CHAPLIN PAPA AGAIN

CHARLIE CHAPLIN may or may not be the father of the illegitimate child of his former pupil, Joan Barry. The courts still haven't decided whether to accept the verdict of the blood test which said Chaplin wasn't the baby's pop.

But Chaplin's fourth wife, 18-year-old Oona O'Neill, daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill, announced that she is expecting to give birth to Chaplin's fourth child in August. The other three children were all by Chaplin's second wife, Lita Grey Chaplin.

Miss Barry's lawyer, John Irwin, withdrew from the case. Two days later, however, Miss Barry had a new lawyer, Joseph Scott, and Scott said he will fight to set aside the blood test.

Meanwhile, newspapers in the States were speculating about a column of Lee Mortimer in the New York Mirror, which said Chaplin's love life tangles have ended his secret ambition to become a British peer.

"It explains," said Mortimer, "the mystery of Chaplin's failure to become an American citizen after spending 35 years in the country."

ARMY AND NAVY

THE War Department disclosed that 200,000 overseas troops, not including the sick and wounded, had been returned to the United States since the beginning of the war.

Some were returned under a rotation policy. Others were sent home for emergency reasons, for discharge or for more efficient distribution of highly qualified persons.

Servicemen returned under the rotation arrangement will be given three-week furloughs and will not be sent overseas again until after service within the U.S., according to an Army News Service release.

Plugging for U.S. adoption of a post-war system of universal military training, Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, national draft director, said mobilization of young men for military training must be carried on at the same time the present force is demobilized after the war.

Hershey said many men now exempted from service because of occupational deferment could expect to find themselves in the Army and their places taken by servicemen who have earned discharges.

The day after Gen. Hershey's speech, national draft headquarters sent out orders to local draft boards to re-open the 1,700,000 farm deferment cases and draft men who do not do double the required minimum of eight units of work.

Officials also announced that deferments of 125,000 non-fathers under 22 in war plants will in most cases be ended as present delays expire.

In another effort to get more men on the firing line, Secretary of War Henry Stimson said, the Army's specialized training program will be drastically cut. By April 1, 110,000 men are to be removed from the colleges where they are being trained. Only about 35,000 students taking advanced courses in medicine, dentistry and engineering will remain.

REP. Andrew May (Democrat, Kentucky), chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, suggested that the existing draft-age peak of 38 be raised "a few more years." The Associated Press also recorded May as saying his committee would never approve legislation to lower the minimum age from 18 to 17.

The Los Angeles Daily News said California draft boards for the last month have been re-classifying men 38 to 45, unless they are on war work or essential civilian activity.

Approving a veterans' rehabilitation program recommended by Gov. Harry F. Kelly, the Michigan legislature appropriated a million dollars for a fund to provide hospital, medical, educational and other assistance for veterans.

Maj. Gen. John Lee, deputy commander of the European theater, announced in London that the Chicago Tribune, Chicago Sun and New York Times have been given the privilege of distributing weekly editions through post exchanges in the ETO.

Secretary of War Stimson said recent operations in northern New Guinea and New Britain cost 465 Americans killed, 1,156 wounded and 12 missing. Casualties in the Italian mainland campaign, so far, have totaled 4,158 killed, 18,154 wounded and 6,429 missing.

GOOD NONCOM MATERIAL is Angelo Micciulla, who keeps his family of 10 children in line and at the same time makes a living driving a truck. Despite his 10 deferments, Micciulla has been classified 1-A.



MAN TAKES ANVIL—"IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS"

AN alley cat solved a big problem for engineers at the Grand Coulee (Wash.) Dam. The problem was how to string 500 feet of cable through a winding drain pipe only 25 inches in diameter. The engineers tied a string to the cat. A blast of air was used for a tailwind. The cat ran, pulling the string with her. A rope was tied to the string and the cable to the rope.

Barbara Scully, star of the show "Blossom Time" playing at Denver, Colo., is thinking of swapping her girdle for a money belt. She slipped \$300 beneath her girdle for safe keeping. But when she later looked for her mazuma it was gone. Police finally found the money in a trash barrel outside the theater. No one could explain how the money hopped from girdle to barrel.

No one could tell Pvt. Robert Wescott whether the \$930 he found on an Englewood, N.J., street came from someone's girdle or stocking or what. Anyway, a court ruled Pvt. Wescott, now overseas, could keep the money on account of "finders is keepers."

And then there was Anthony Kozlowski, 51. He was serving a three-months' term in a New York penitentiary for petty larceny. He found a diamond ring in a snowpile on which he was shoveling. He turned it over to a guard. At last report the ring was still awaiting a claimant.

A different sort of a guy was John Segal,

34, Chrysler Motors employee, who pleaded guilty in Detroit to charges that he left the plant carrying a 104-pound anvil, which belonged to the government.

And Elmer Fred Schroeder, 30-year-old farm hand, was arrested for sabotage, because police believe he is the character who placed an anchor over the tracks of the Rock Island Railway near Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Police said Schroeder had an argument with the railway's ticket agent.



Koe Mallet died at the age of 88 in his Smohomish, Wash., farm home keeping a promise he made in 1896. Mallet, a Democrat, voted for William Jennings Bryan and said he'd never again set foot in Smohomish if his candidate lost. Bryan never became President. Mallet never again went to Smohomish.

Mrs. Verna Mace, Baltimore, Md., divorcee, testified she spent five hours in the trunk of her husband's automobile with the temperature at freezing, while her husband sat in the car, warm from the embraces of another woman. Mrs. Mace is suing "the other woman," Mrs. Jean A. Landsman, for \$100,000 in an alienation of affections suit.

On his way to Mexico, where "There ain't no rationing and a man can do as he pleases," was Aaron H. Martin, 59, Mennonite farmer, with his third wife and five of his 12 children. He sold his Lancaster, Pa., farm for \$10,000.

Presidential Possibilities

PRESIDENT Roosevelt was likened to a soldier, "drafted for the duration," by Sen. Claude Pepper (Democrat, Florida).

The Associated Press reported from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., that Senator Pepper said "I do not know if Mr. Roosevelt will run again, because that depends upon the state of the war. However, if he were elected and the war terminated he might resign and return to private life. He has told me he was tired and wanted to go home, but he is drafted for the duration just like any other soldier."

Vice President Henry A. Wallace told a press

FIRST STEP TO COMBAT is taken by this line of LCTs, shown following a Coast Guard ice-breaker smashing its way through the ice of the frozen upper Mississippi River, near which the vessels were constructed.



conference that the President had not told him whether he was a candidate for a fourth term, but "I think he is going to be elected again."

About his own candidacy for a second term Wallace said "I'm sitting in the lap of the gods."

At Boston, Joseph E. Ely, one-time governor of Massachusetts, announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for President. The United Press reported Ely as accompanying his announcement with a suggestion that Jeffersonian Democrats nominate their own candidate if they are unsuccessful in preventing the nomination of President Roosevelt at the convention.

People who want a "bigger and better Commander in Chief" are in favor of Gen. Douglas MacArthur for Republican presidential nominee, said Rep. Clare Boothe Luce, (Republican, Connecticut) as quoted by the Associated Press.

While asserting that she herself would accept the party's convention choice, Rep. Luce said Gen. MacArthur had made an impressive showing in recent political polls. Rep. Luce, a playwright, is the wife of Henry Luce, president of the company which publishes Time, Life and Fortune magazines.

Whether or not Gen. MacArthur would withdraw his name from the Illinois Republican primary ballot before the week-end deadline was a matter of international interest.

Still touring the West, Wendell Willkie warned Wyoming Republicans that resentment against the Federal government should not be carried to extremes even though the administration has been at times "arbitrary, capricious and disregarding of your wishes."

Mrs. Nora E. Goner, 76, who gave her occupation as "domestic," filed her candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination at Los Angeles. She said:

"All of my life I have been preparing for this work. I can do it better."

HOME NEWS

NAMES in the NEWS

RED SKELTON, the movies "I dood it" boy, was "a good guy," agreed Mrs. EDNA MARIE SKELTON, who besides being the comedian's wife, was his business agent and chief script writer. But she said she "couldn't take that wild sense of humor any longer" and got herself a divorce . . . Actress BRENDA JOYCE, wife of Lt. OWEN J. WARD, gave birth to a five-pound boy at a Gainesville, Fla., hospital . . . Police seized a character named JOHN MARSH on a charge of threatening the life of film star KATHERINE GRAYSON and demanding she gain military secrets for him from her husband, Capt. JOHN PRICE, whose movie name was JOHN SHELTON . . . Capt. CLARK GABLE, former actor now with the AAF, was sued in Los Angeles for \$29,770 as a result of an auto crash in which two persons claim they were injured . . . ANN MOEN BULLITT, 19-year-old daughter of the former ambassador to Russia and France, WILLIAM C. BULLITT, was married at Fort Meade, Md., to S/Sgt. CASPER W. B. TOWNSEND of Marion, Pa. . . Col. WILLIAM E. DYESS, who escaped from a Jap prison camp and reported the recently disclosed atrocities from the Philippines, was awarded posthumously the Soldier's Medal for "sacrificing his life by crashlanding his plane in a vacant lot in order to avoid civilians traveling on a broad road where a comparatively safe landing could have been made" . . . Maj. Gen. FRANK MCINTYRE, who served as the Army's assistant chief of staff during the first World War, died at Miami Beach at the age of 78 . . . BEN RILEY, operator of Arrowhead Inn was burned to death when fire destroyed his new restaurant at Yonkers, N.Y. . . . Death also came to MILLER R. HUTCHISON, inventor of the Dictograph, Klaxon horn and Acousticon for the deaf; GORDON L. PIRIE, Chicago department store executive; Brother APELLES JASPER, former president of Manhattan College . . . The first prize for oil painting at the Associated Artists' show went to Dr. ROBERT E. DOHERTY, president of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, who only last year became interested in painting . . . Senator ALBEN BARKLEY of Kentucky, majority leader of the Senate, resigned his position in protest to a presidential veto, then accepted when Senate Democrats re-elected him . . . JANE FROMAN, radio and stage singer, filed a million-dollar suit against Pan-American Airways for injuries she suffered in a crash in Portugal a year ago . . . PATRICIA COBB CHAPMANN, granddaughter of the humorist, IRVIN S. COBB, was married to Lt. GREGSON BAUER, despite a last-minute loss of the wedding ring.



Too-Humorous Skelton



Threatened Grayson.

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Dear YANK:

I read a letter by Pvt. Thomas C. Boorman in the Feb. 11 YANK claiming he was the lowest ranking soldier in New Guinea. I believe I can under-rank him. I've been in the Army three years and three months, and 27 months overseas. Before that I served two and a half years in the National Guard. If Boorman is an Apprentice Private, I must be an Acting Apprentice Private.

—Pvt. DONALD ARCHAMBEAU
(Acting Apprentice)

Dear YANK:

Pvt. Boorman's claim to be the lowest ranking soldier in the Army is a badly mistaken one. His rank of Apprentice Private is about three ranks above me. I hold the distinction of being the lowest of all. I am the only Unskilled Technician 7th Grade in this man's Army.

See you at the conference table.

—Pvt. S. DIAMOND
(Unskilled Technician 7th Grade)

Dear YANK:

The boys of my orderly room, as well as myself, are quite confused on this matter. In a recent checkup of my service record the following was found under the heading Ribbons Entitled to Wear: ATS. A search of all available ribbons was made, but none was found that corresponded with the above. Can you help solve this?

—Cpl. R. McQUEEN

● You should write the 1st sergeant or company clerk who made the entry what is meant. This is not an authorized abbreviation.

Dear YANK:

In your Feb. 4 issue in Mail Call, T-4 Friedland stirred a hornet's nest by his unfounded attack against the American Legion. If advocating for preparedness, universal military training, friendly relations with other nations, combating disloyalty and saboteurs, driving out selfish minorities, caring for disabled of other wars, doing what is good for our country and perpetuating 100 percent Americanism—if all this is against decency, then T-4 Friedland is a damn sight better soldier than I am. I fought in the last war, and, being a believer in the Legionnaire's creed, I am in this fight.

Acts by a few individuals in our group do not reflect the true meaning of the preamble of our Constitution, any more than condemning the whole Army for being no good simply because Pvt. Snafu stole a loaf of bread.

—1st Sgt. E. B. CABAIS

Dear YANK:

Contributors to Mail Call in YANK are doing all GIs a real service by taking a few pot shots at the Legion and VFW. Local surveys have shown that most soldiers recognize that the veterans of the two wars are definitely out of step. The Legion did not make a very good impression upon men in foreign service when it missed the boat by refusing to take a stand in the recent fight to enact Federal legislation which would make soldier voting simple and easy. Surely YANK must know that the Army is making every effort to keep the man in uniform better informed by well-organized orientation programs. It must then follow that YANK is not in the dark about the amount of interest that is being shown in the soldier vote. Let's get the record of those men who are, or will soon claim to have been, our friends. We could stand a little more information of the progress of Democracy's fight on the home front.

—Sgt. STANLEY MIKEL

● YANK queried Warren H. Atherton, national commander of the American Legion, for the Legion's views on the soldier-vote bill when no reference to them could be found in the daily press. Mr. Atherton replied as follows:

"In the heat of current discussion the fact is generally overlooked that pending 'soldiers' vote' legislation is aimed simply to effectuate and imple-

ment a Legion-supported act, passed after endorsement by our national convention of more than two years ago. The act gave all the members of the armed forces the right to vote. What remains to be done is the setting up of appropriate machinery to effectuate the purpose of the act. We are for any legislation which will accomplish that end. We have no particular preference as to method so long as the fundamental requirement of universal opportunity to vote is given every qualified member of the armed forces. The exercise of suffrage is as basic a duty of citizenship as bearing arms and should be afforded equal consideration."

Dear YANK:

At least half the privates in this Army have been overlooked by the new WD ruling on promotions. Lots of us are left in doubt as to whether we are still a part of the war. Actually, more than two-thirds of the Infantry is composed of privates, yet in all matters concerning a raise in pay, most of us are forgotten.

—Pvt. JOE PHILLIPS

Dear YANK:

Replying to the letter written by Pfc. Leonard Pospybala in the Feb. 18 YANK, it was reported by a very reliable source that there were as many Texans in the Arawe affair as there were men from any three other States combined. As for Gen. Sam Houston, as far as a Texan is concerned, he does rank with Washington.

—S/Sgt. L. HUDDLESTON Jr.

Dear YANK:

There has been quite a bit of betting going on in our camp on this question: Where is the largest bowling alley in the States, and how many lanes has it got?

—Pvt. FRANK OTT

● According to the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., the largest bowling establishment in the world is the Hudson Recreation in Philadelphia. It operates 105 alleys on five floors, and throws in 75 pool and billiard tables for good measure. The Government, however, has taken over the building recently and begun tearing out the alleys. Second largest is the Sunset Alley in Los Angeles. They operate 52 alleys all on one floor, which is the biggest single-floor layout in the world.

Dear YANK:

GIs have heard of jungle juice and the Bully Beef Express, but they may not know who gave them these names in this area. After the first month or so here, the only troops were the Aussies and us. At the rare movies which took place, the Aussies gave us a drink which they called plonk. In camp I first heard the name jungle juice used. "Let's go to John's Gully, you can get it there." That's where the plonk in this area got its name jungle juice. It tasted to me like my mother's home-made cellar wine.

Bully beef we ate almost daily. We loaded it on planes, and Australian pilots flew the rations to the



troops fighting the Japs over the Owen Stanley Range. The big cargo transports of the U.S. Army arrived later. Whenever we saw the loaded planes heading out we could say, "There goes the Bully Beef Express."

—Pfc. JAMES BRAGG

Dear YANK:

Maybe the average soldier wants his "old job" back after the war, and maybe he doesn't. Personally, I don't. Of course, I'm prejudiced. Before getting into the Army I wasn't a \$200-a-week executive. I was a lousy \$16-a-week factory hand. And I think it is a pretty sad commentary if all our country has to offer the returning serviceman is his "old job back," or "another one just as good." My dreams of home and the pre-war days are just as rosy as the next guy's, but I also know that after being back a month or so, most GIs will be just as dis-

CHAMPION LETTER WRITER



ONE of the largest mail calls in SWPA reaches Red Cross Worker Clara Wells, formerly of Marshall, Tex., whom you will see at the left. In one day she received 77 letters, many of them from Negro GIs in New Guinea. She answers all of them, too. In the days back when, Miss Wells did social welfare work in Michigan.

Message Center

A. JOHN AALTO of Dyckman St. section, New York, N. Y.: write Sgt. Alfred J. Patino, 40th AB Sq., Gowen Field, Idaho. . . Lt. L. J. ABELL, once at Fort Reno, Okla., later with 251st QM Sq. (Rmt.): write Pfc. James E. Jackson, Det. Med. Dept., Cantonment Hosp., Fort Sill, Okla. . . Pvt. THOMAS E. ADKINS, last heard from in N. Africa: write M/Sgt. Elmer E. Adkins, 619th SAW Co., Regional, PO Box 479, Galveston, Tex.

B. LOUIS BEAUREGARD of Fall River, Mass., and Providence, R. I., member of Drama League of Rhode Island: write Cpl. Tony Petrillo, 5th Hq. Det., XIII Corps, Camp Pickett, Va. . . Pfc. WILLIE A. BERNARD, USMC: write Pvt. Harrison A. Bernard, Hq. & Hq. Sq., Bks. T-1124, AAF, Amarillo, Tex. . . 2d Lt. ROGER W. BIRKMAN, once in Cl. E, Stu. Off. Sec., Hendricks Field, Fla.: write Pfc. Allan W. Bjorck, 373d AAF Band, AAFPS, 2d Engrs., Marfa, Tex. . . Members of 265th Ord. Co. (MM), once at FORT BRAGG, N. C.: write T-5 William G. Cronheim, Co. C, 3208 ASTU, Fordham Univ., Bronx, 58, New York, N. Y. . . EMANUEL (BUTCH) BUCCHERE S1c of Hartford, Conn., once at New Orleans: write Sgt. Louis C. Mascolo, 638th TSS, Boca Raton, Fla.

D. RODNEY DAVIS, radioman, last heard from in S. Pacific: write Thomas C. White Jr. AMM2c, USNR, Navy 10157, FAW-5, Hertford, N. C. . . Cpl. RALPH C. DAY, once at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Tex.: write Cpl. Arnold D. Daly, Hq. Btry., 602d AAA Gun Bn., Flushing, N. Y. . . Pvt. RALPH HOMER DAY of Richeyville, Pa., once at Herbert Smart Airport, Ga.: write M/Sgt. Norton B. Schwartz, Co. D, ASTU, 3871 LSU, Baton Rouge, La. . . Anyone knowing details of last flight of S/Sgt. ROBERT E. DU LAC, 376th Bomb. Gp., 513th Sq.: write Pfc. Vera J. Adams, WAC Band, No. 2, 6th Regt., 2d WAC TC, Daytona Beach, Fla.

K. Lt. MARTIN KANNER, formerly of the 579th Tech. Sch. Sq., Miami Beach, Fla.: write Lt. Harry Kalmanowitz, Sta. Hosp., Esler Field, La. . . JOHN KERAKULZSKI of Memphis, Mich., in the AAC: write Pvt. Arthur G. Woloff, 711th TG, ORTC, Sq. 3, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C. . . ALEXANDER KLINGHOFFER, Panama: write Cpl. W. Finch, 488th Gp., 841st Bomb. Sq., MacDill Field, Fla. . . Lts. JOSEPH C. KUHLMAN and LEE A. KUNZ, once assigned to Air Force Sec., TFR Pool, Fort Dix, N. J.: write 2d Lt. Ernest R. Blanchard, 650th Bomb Sq. (L), 411th Bomb Gp., Florence, S. C.

M. MARANZANI brothers of Wegman Court, Jersey City, N. J.: write Sgt. John McGee, 2c Crescent Road, Greenbelt, Md. . . S/Sgt. LUTHER MCCOY, once at Fort Belvoir, Va., later with Engr. Bn., Italy: write S/Sgt. Oscar H. English, Co. C, 371st Inf., Fort Huachuca, Ariz. . . Cpl. HOWARD MCNUTT, once at Santa Maria AAB, 65th Serv. Gp., 508th Serv. Sq.: write Pfc. Harold S. Kuhn, 96th Depot Supply Sq., McClellan Field, Calif. . . Pfc. KEN MILLARD, once with 1002 TSS, AAF TTS, Chicago, Ill.: write Pfc. Harvey D. Flickner, 17th ASTP Com. (DS) Sq., 424th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Congaree AAF, S. C.

R. Cpl. RALPH REINERTSEN of Brooklyn, N. Y., once at Stout Field, Ind.: write Sgt. Robert Lopez, 305th FC Sq., AAB, Galveston, Tex. . . Pvt. WILLIE L. Ross, once in Sig. Co., AWP, Fort Clayton, C. Z.: write Cpl. J. P. Waldrop, Co. I, 417th Inf., Camp McCoy, Wis. . . Pvt. EDWARD RYAN of 95th St., S. Chicago, Ill.: write Sgt. P. G. Kompier, Hq., 2d Bn., 53d CA, Camp Bell Haven, Fla.

V. Anyone who knew DAUMONT VALENTINE, who was once in Co. C, 1st Armd. Regt.: write Cpl. Arthur Valentine, 335 Sig. Co., Tr. C Wing, Camp Pinedale, Calif. . . Cpl. WILLIAM C. VAWTER, once at Robins Field, Ga.: write Cpl. John M. Gardner, 1065 Gd. Sq., Sta. Hosp., Bainbridge, Ga. . . Pvt. JOHN LINOX VESTER, once with the 94th Regt.: write Pvt. James Carter, Co. A, 679 TD Bn., N. Camp Hood, Tex. . . Anyone who knew DICK VOGEL, reported missing in action in S. Pacific, Sept. 1943: write Cpl. Elwood Latschar, Hq. Btry., 778th AAA (AW) Bn. (SP), Camp Haan, Calif.

satisfied with their economic and social status as they were before they got into service. Are we only fighting this war so that we can go back to what "used to be?" I say the hell with that noise. The verdict is that we are not satisfied simply to "go back;" we hope we have the guts to "go forward."

—S/Sgt. PAUL CROPAN

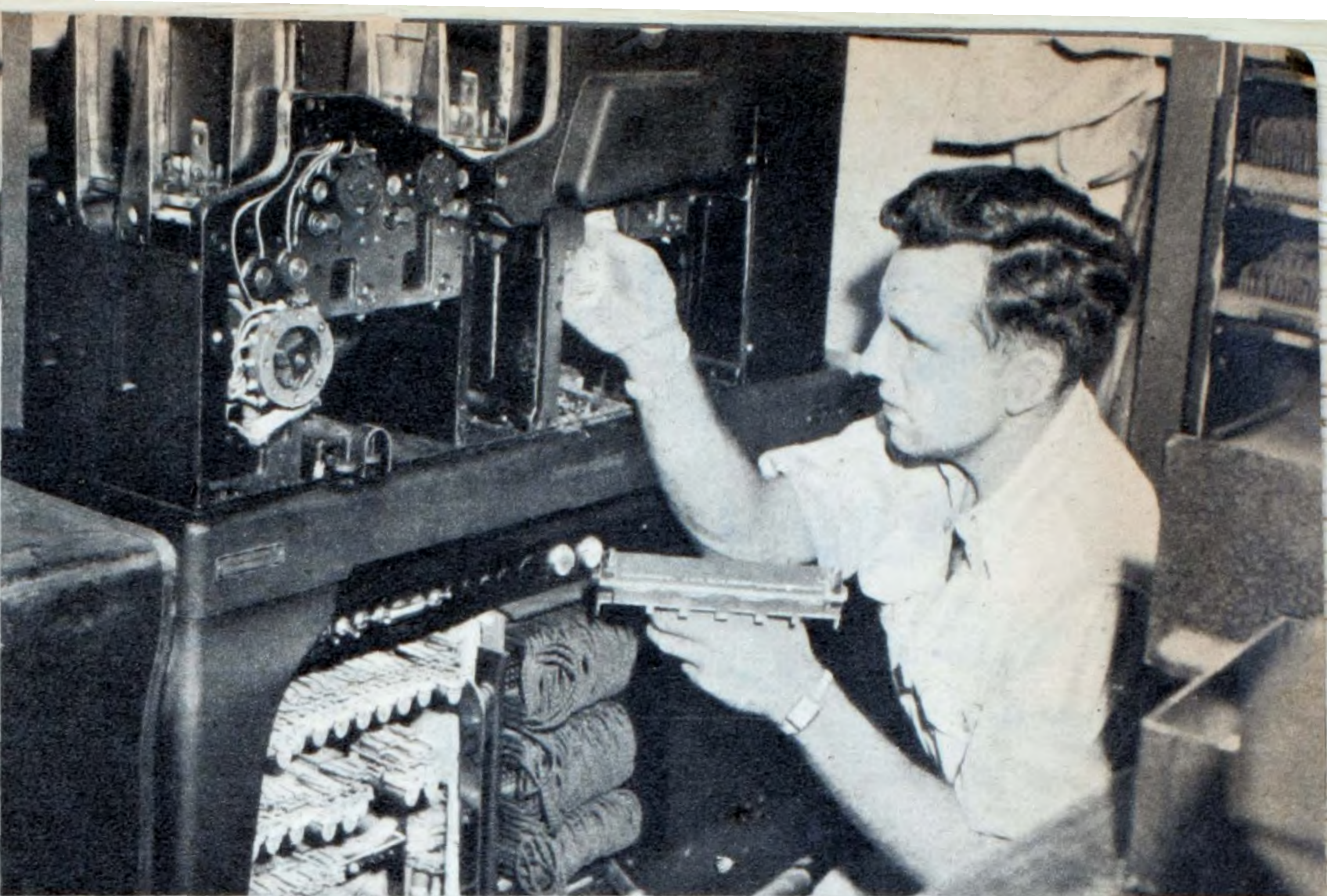
Dear YANK:

It's true that the GI doesn't want to return home to "exactly what he had before." Essentially, the GI still wants the Four Freedoms. In the past, however, he knows he has never been free of want and fear. And so after the war he's going to be opposed to any influences which advocate the dog-eat-dog way of life. The thinking GI doesn't want any of the phony prosperity of the Harding-to-Hoover era. He's going to be primarily interested in a job with decent wages and working conditions, for the GI in the post-war era will want social security. Moreover, he's going to depend on his Government, which is his servant, to see that he gets it. To sum up, he wants more than what he left behind; he wants a square deal. He wants a deal which will eliminate the ill-housed, the ill-clothed, and the ill-fed. In short, he wants a Century of the Common Man, as our Vice President Henry Wallace so ably expressed it.

—Pvt. J. A. GREULICH



A tabulator bares its 75 miles of wire and 3,954 contact points to the expert eye of T/Sgt. Francis H. Connor of Sayre, Pa.



Even the reproducing machine can get Fubar'd. Here Sgt. Edwin G. Meidinger, from the Bronx, clears a stalled machine.

Machine Records Unit

Mechanical brains can pick a manicurist out of a port battalion and tell the War Department where Pvt. Doaks puts in his sack time in a matter of minutes.

By Cpl. BILL ALCINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW GUINEA—Stop the average Guinea Gus and ask him where the nearest Machine Records Unit is located and, 20 to 1, he'll show you a blank kisser and grunt, "Huh," or wave an arm toward the motor pool. "Them the guys keep track of the ve-hickles?" he'll ask. Such misconceptions are just a small nail in the cross the MRU boys have to lug.

Does GHQ want to know the number of guys in a given area, company or squad who have gone AWOL, are vegetarians, wear T-5 stripes or have a wife named Maizie, MRU can get the dope quickly, efficiently and with accuracy. It's all due to machines that are even smarter than a gold-bar loogie just out of OCS. One machine, for instance, can sort status cards—cards which have every GI's history recorded on them by means of little slots—at the rate of 400 per minute. The cards can be sorted into practically any grouping of personnel: by the GI's name, grade, race, civilian occupation, military specialty, type of unit and countless others.

Boiled down, Machine Records Units are organized to keep track of Army Personnel so that the location and military history of GIs all over the world are constantly available to the War Department. Report of change cards, gleaned from morning reports sent in by every unit, keep the listings current and, once each month, all status files in all the MRUs throughout the world are sorted into groups according to race, arm or service, type of organization and station. The cards are tabulated and totals in these groupings are obtained. The tabulator, another mechanical brain, is also connected to the reproducing punch so that for each total printed, a card is produced containing a summary of all the totals printed. Thus a unit of a thousand men having one card per man can be reduced to four or five summary cards.

These processes produce totals for each of the MRUs throughout the world. The totals keep progressing from small units to larger units until, within 10 days of the first breakdown by field units, the reproductions of summary cards end up in Washington to give the War Department detailed information about all the troops all over the world for that month. If this work were done by hand, thousands of clerks in Washington would still be pawing through records to find out where Herman Pryszacki was putting in his sack time back in 1940.

A great feature of the MRU is its ability to

supply requisitioned lists of personnel who have a specific occupational training. Thus, if HQ wants to build a latrine of splendor and magnificence and needs plumbers to do the job, the specification serial number for plumbers is dug out of AR 615-26 and MRU goes to work. The entire status file for that area, one card for each GI, is fed through another machine of great intelligence called the collator. This machine is set up to operate by feeding a "finder card" through it containing the code number for plumbers. Then the status file is fed through and the collator shunts all the plumbers' cards into one separate pocket like Ralph Greenleaf sinking the three-ball in the side satchel. These cards are then sorted alphabetically by unit and listed on the tabulator which prints a roster showing each plumber's name, serial number, unit, APO, and Army occupation. So, in a matter of hours, the requesting HQ has all the dope and the men can be requisitioned for the work.

Machine Records Units, besides being the great unknown of the Army, are right now playing an important part in the selection of men to go home. Reports are being prepared in SWPA showing date of departure from the U.S. of all GIs. The cards, with this information, are used to assemble reports for HQ. These reports will determine the quotas of each echelon of the Army and in the order that the men are to go home. If you're sweating the States, remember machines can't be brown-nosed.

MOST of the subsidiary units are mobile, with the rubber-mounted machines carried in large trailers. A unit's work is largely a story of machines. The men who run them, of course, have know-how and work like hell. But it's the mechanical brains, the collator, sorter, tabulator and duplicator that are the stars of MRU productions. Properly handled, they never make mistakes. Occasionally the guys who run the machines slip up. Cards get mixed, duplicates slip into the files, or some other operation gets snafu'd. When the messed-up file is fed through the collator, the machine shows superhuman sensitivity by stalling when the shuffled part of the file hits the feeder. A red light glows, the operator checks and removes or changes the mistake, re-sets the machine, presses a button and the collator goes on collating.

The machines actually seem to have little time for human frailties. When something is bitched up manually, you can almost hear a bored, bass voice growl, "Okay, dough-head, fix it and let's go. Don't you know there's a war on?"



Cpl. Morris Hazen of Atlanta, Ga., above, merges two groups of cards into a file.

The sorting machine T-5 Fred D. Hann of Columbus, Ohio, operates, below, can handle 400 personnel cards a minute.



"EPHUS" BALL HAS A JOLLY OLD CRICKET COUSIN



Sgt. Alva Emertson of Salt Lake City winds up for his version of Sewell's "Ephus" ball.

AUSTRALIA—You can never tell what's going to turn up Down Under. Last season Rip Sewell wowed the National League with an "Ephus" ball, which went way up in the air and reached the batter about the time he was on his third yawn. The batter would be so surprised that he would either pop up or strike out. With his super-blooper pitch, Rip Sewell was leading National League tosser for the year.

Now this same super-blooper in a revised form has sprung up over here. Or rather it hasn't sprung up, it has been tossed up by Sgt. Alva Emertson of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Emertson plays with a team called the Signals at a large Australian base. He has some pretty good ideas about throwing baseballs which he has been doing professionally since 1938 when he broke in with El Paso of the Arizona-Texas League. The day after he received his little card from the Army he received a contract from the New York Yankees for their No. 1 farm team, the Newark Bears.

But getting back to this pitch. He developed it merely as a change-of-pace ball from a low, fast, sneaky curve. Now, since Rip Sewell's pitch was considered new back in the States, Emertson's pitch over here should be new.

The Yanks thought it was until an Aussie soldier straightened them out. He watched a few of the pitches and then turned to the Yank with him and said: "He's rather a good googly-bowler, isn't he?" Now this Yank didn't know what a googlybowler was so he didn't know whether or not Emertson was a good one. The Digger had to explain.

It seems the pitch is not especially new. It has been used in cricket for years. The guy who lobs them in in a cricket match is called a bowler rather than a pitcher and when he bowls a high, slow break it is called a googlyball. The Aussie added that some of their mauly-handers were good googlybowlers. Emertson is not a maulyhander. Maulyhanders are south-

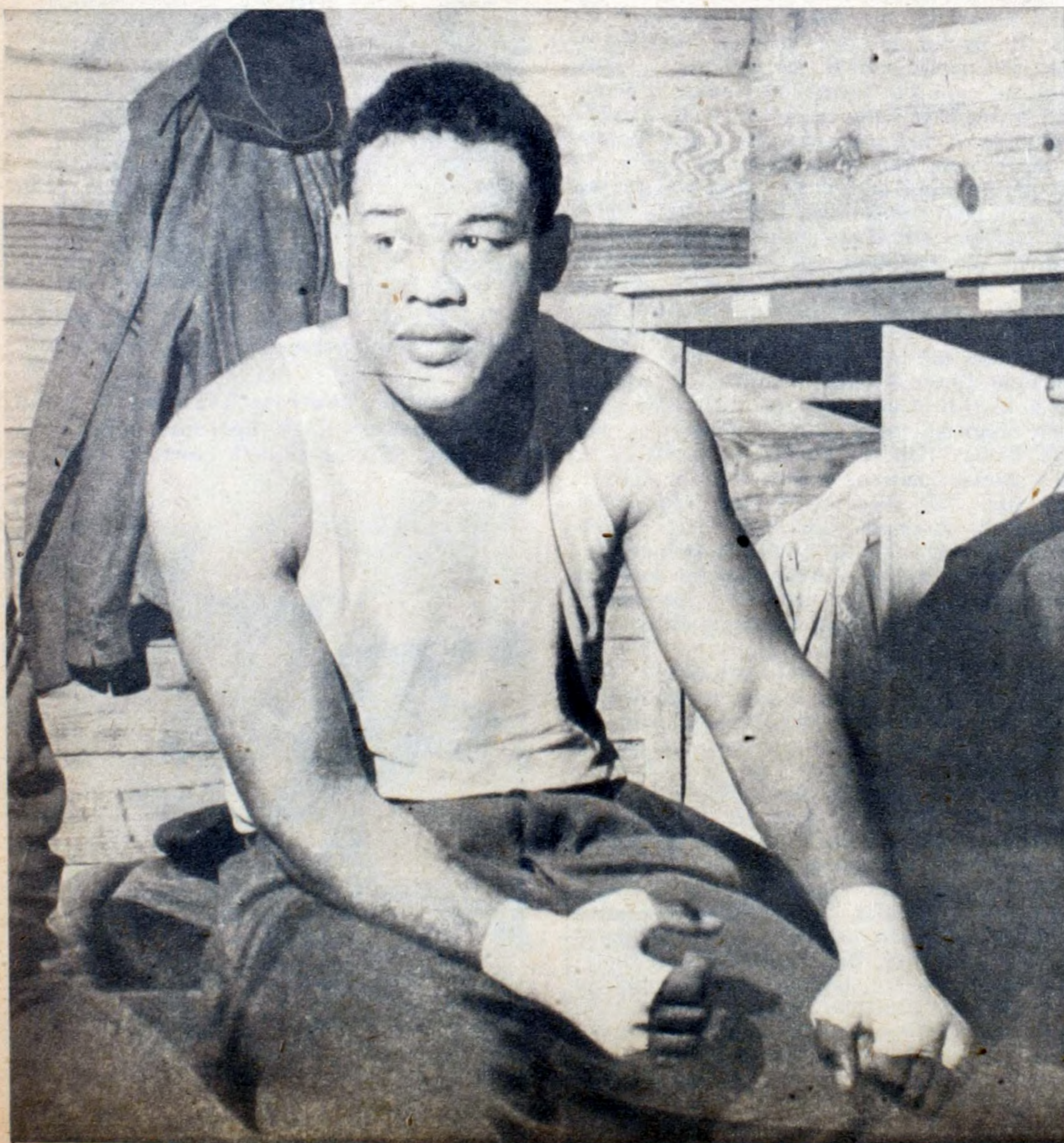
paws. A googlyball is also called a wrong 'un. Nevertheless, Emertson is doing quite well with his fast one and the change-of-pace googly. In 127 innings he has made 143 strikeouts and allowed only 12 walks. Earned runs against him average less than two runs per game.

In spite of this, his record does not appear impressive. He's won 11 and lost 6, and that's probably because he is the biggest hard luck pitcher in the business. There were, for instance, two consecutive games in which he allowed no earned runs whatsoever, but lost both of them by 1-0 scores. The two runs were the result of errors. He's apparently figured out a solution for that though. In his last game the breaks were not with him, but he made four hits in four trips to the plate and in spite of errors and rain won, 8-6.

It's probably quite a shock to a lot of GIs who always thought cricket was a sissy game to find that the newest and best thing in baseball is old stuff among cricketers. Another good thing about cricket is that during peace times when cricket players had an intermission for tea most of them drank beer.—YANK Staff Correspondent.



The Yank googlybowler lets one loose at the batter. The ball takes its time getting there.



SGT. JOE LOUIS on Jan. 13, the first day of his third year in the Army. Louis told GIs at Camp Wheeler, Ga., where he's stationed, that he wanted (1) a furlough, which he got; (2) overseas duty, which he'll get; (3) another bout with Conn.



FLEETFOOT messenger at Arawe. War cancelled the 1940 Olympic track hopes of Pfc. Wallace Grant, Pima Indian of Laveen, Ariz.

SPORTS: FRANKIE FRISCH LOST HIS NERVE IN ALASKA

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

SUPPOSE you were sweating out the war in Alaska and Stan Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals popped this question at you: "Who was the first playing manager, in his first year as manager, who led his team to the National League pennant and a world series victory?"

Chances are you would look right at the manager in question and then miff the question completely. That's exactly what happened to one fog-bound GI at an outpost in the Aleutians when Musial, Danny Litwhiler, Frankie Frisch, Hank Borowy and Dixie Walker were giving a show up there recently.

"This boy looked at Frisch," Musial said, "and didn't realize he was the manager. At that, I guess it was kinda confusing with Frisch standing right there as big as life."

During their six-week tour of Alaska and the Aleutians the ball players asked a lot of questions like these, and for every one a GI answered right, he got an autographed baseball. "And don't think they were easy, either," Musial said. "Take Hank Borowy's favorite, for example: What three American Leaguers hit the most home runs in one season? The boys usually took their time figuring that one out, but they'd get it finally."

In case you are taking too much time, and not getting it, we'll tell you who they were: Hank Greenberg, Jimmy Foxx and Babe Ruth.

"Dixie Walker always asked our \$64 question," Musial continued. "It's tricky. It goes like this: A runner on first base was hit by a batted ball while going to second and was called out. In the next inning, the same runner was on first base again and was hit again by a batted ball while going to second. This time he was called safe. Why?"

"The catch is this: The first time the infield was playing deep and the runner ran in front of the infielders. According to the rule book, the runner is out if the infielders don't get a chance to field the ball. The second time, of course, the infield was playing in close and the runner ran behind them and therefore he was safe because the infielders had the opportunity to field the ball."

Don't get the idea that the major leaguers spent most of their time conducting baseball quiz shows. They answered plenty of questions themselves, too. In fact, four times a day, seven days a week, they did nothing but answer questions, run off world series movies and autograph baseballs. And still the guys clamored for more. There were many nights when the five ball players came back to their huts so hoarse that they didn't even bother

to tell each other good night.

The way Musial figures it, almost every GI in Alaska had his dough on the Cardinals in the series. "Everywhere we went," Musial said, "the first question the fellows asked me was: 'How did the Cardinals happen to lose to the Yankees?' I told them the Yankees deserved to win because they played better ball and had better pitching. Borowy always got a big kick out of that, especially the part about the pitching. He's a Yankee, you know, and he pitched in the series, too."

"Hank, by the way, was the only American Leaguer in our party, and he came in for plenty of kidding from Frisch and Walker. But in the long run I guess he did all right. Don't forget he was on the winning side last year. Frisch and Walker were always bragging about the National League, telling the soldiers about their fights with umpires and crazy baseball games. But Hank would usually sum it up this way: 'If you want to see a circus, you go to the National League, but but if you want to see a baseball game, you go to the American League.'"

Probably the best story of the trip concerns Frisch and a huge Eskimo, who must have weighed 250 pounds even without all of his furs. "I know the National League umpires will never believe it," Musial said, "but this was one time that Frisch really lost his nerve. One night we were giving a show before a few soldiers and a big group of Eskimos. Frisch was on the soap box telling some funny stories. The Eskimos just sat there silently without even cracking a smile. There was one big Eskimo in particular who kept whetting his knife with his thumb and looking at Frisch without batting an eyelash. Frisch couldn't take his eye off this Eskimo either. It finally got Frisch. He stopped talking altogether. He didn't think the Eskimos understood English, much less baseball."

"Frisch pointed to this hard-looking Eskimo and said: 'Hey, you. Do you know what I'm talking about? You know baseball?'"

"The Eskimo smiled a little and went on rubbing the blade of his knife. Then he said: 'Sure me know baseball. Me catcher.'"

"That threw Frisch. He turned to Dixie Walker and said: 'Hey, Dixie, do you want to take over?' Before Walker could say a word, this same Eskimo pointed his knife at him and said: 'Me want to go back to Brooklyn with you.'"

"We got out of there. Quick."

Frisch signs this short-snorter for an engineer.



Musial and Litwhiler in the chow line.

If the War Department is willing, a Canadian sportsman named Frank Burns will underwrite a title fight between Sgt. Joe Louis and Sgt. Freddie Mills of the RAF in Edmonton, Alberta, on Dominion Day next July 1. . . . According to Branch Rickey, something has come up to make Leo Durocher's overseas trip to the CBI with Danny Kaye appear very doubtful. Rickey wouldn't say what was hanging fire. . . . Fort Sheridan, Ill., jumps into big-time football next season with Great Lakes as an opener on Sept. 9. . . . YANK correspondents have counted more than 90 basketball teams on Attu. . . . Capt. Forrest Evashevski, Tom Harmon's blocking back at Michigan, is a supply officer somewhere in Australia. . . . The Navy medics must have eased up their physical requirements when they looked into Schoolboy Rowe's mouth and then passed him. He hasn't a tooth in his head that he didn't buy. . . . Capt. Frank X. Reagan, the All-American from Penn and ex-football Giant, is CO of a fleet Marine detachment on a battleship. . . . Pvt. Mel Allen, the CBS sports announcer, is conducting a nightly sports program from the Infantry School at Fort Benning over station WRBL, Columbus, Ga. . . . Capt. Dave Rankin, Purdue's 1940 All-American end, now a Marine fighter pilot in the South Pacific, has two Mitsubishi twin-engined bombers and two dive bombers to his credit.

Inducted: Ernie White, St. Louis Cardinal southpaw ace, into the Army; Fritz Zivic, former

welterweight champion, into the Navy; Norman Brown, righthander of the Philadelphia A's, into the Army; Johnny McCarthy, Boston Brave first baseman, into the Navy; Marty Marion, star shortstop of the Cardinals, into the Army. . . . Rejected: Ace Adams, relief hurler of the Giants, because of knee injury; Pinky Woods, Boston Red Sox pitcher, because he is minus a big toe. . . . Transferred: CPO Ken Overlin, ex-middleweight champ, from Hawaii to Treasure Island, Calif.; Jim White 52c, All-American tackle on Notre Dame's national championship football team last fall, from the campus Naval-training program to Great Lakes; Maj. Billy Southworth Jr., son of the St. Louis Cardinal manager and winner of five decorations as a Fortress pilot, from the Eighth Air Force to Santa Monica, Calif., for reassignment. . . . Promoted: Cpl. Charley Trippi, Georgia's 1942 Rose Bowl star, to buck sergeant at Basic Training Center No. 10, Greensboro, N. C.; Ensign Joe Maniaci, coach of the recent powerful Bainbridge Naval Station football team, to lieutenant junior grade. . . . Commissioned: "Gentleman Jim" Yeager, head football coach at the University of Colorado, as lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. Rollie Brown, track coach at Brown University, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy. . . . Killed in action: Maj. John Hurley, former Washington State College football star and coach, on the Italian front; Rudolf Harbig, the great German middle-distance runner, on the Russian front.



SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

BACK FROM CHINA, Lt. Tom Harmon told a press conference in Washington the only reason Japanese pilots didn't shoot him when he parachuted from his burning P-38 was that he "played dead."



"I wish the CO wasn't such a bug on tight formation."

—Sgt. Allan Ferguson

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"Why did I join the Red Cross? Well now, look, Jack, once and for all, it was like this: I've been giving my blood, see, pint by pint, and when they had it all I came over after it."

—Cpl. Ozzie St. George



"— And what else did you learn in the Engineers while at Fort Belvoir?"

—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

"WINDY CITY KITTY"



"I'd take the blonde. The other gal looks like officers' mess!"

—Sgt. Jack Crowe



"... Then, just as the old man asked for volunteers, somebody goosed me!"

—Pvt. William Bowles

DEPEND ON YANK

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