YANK

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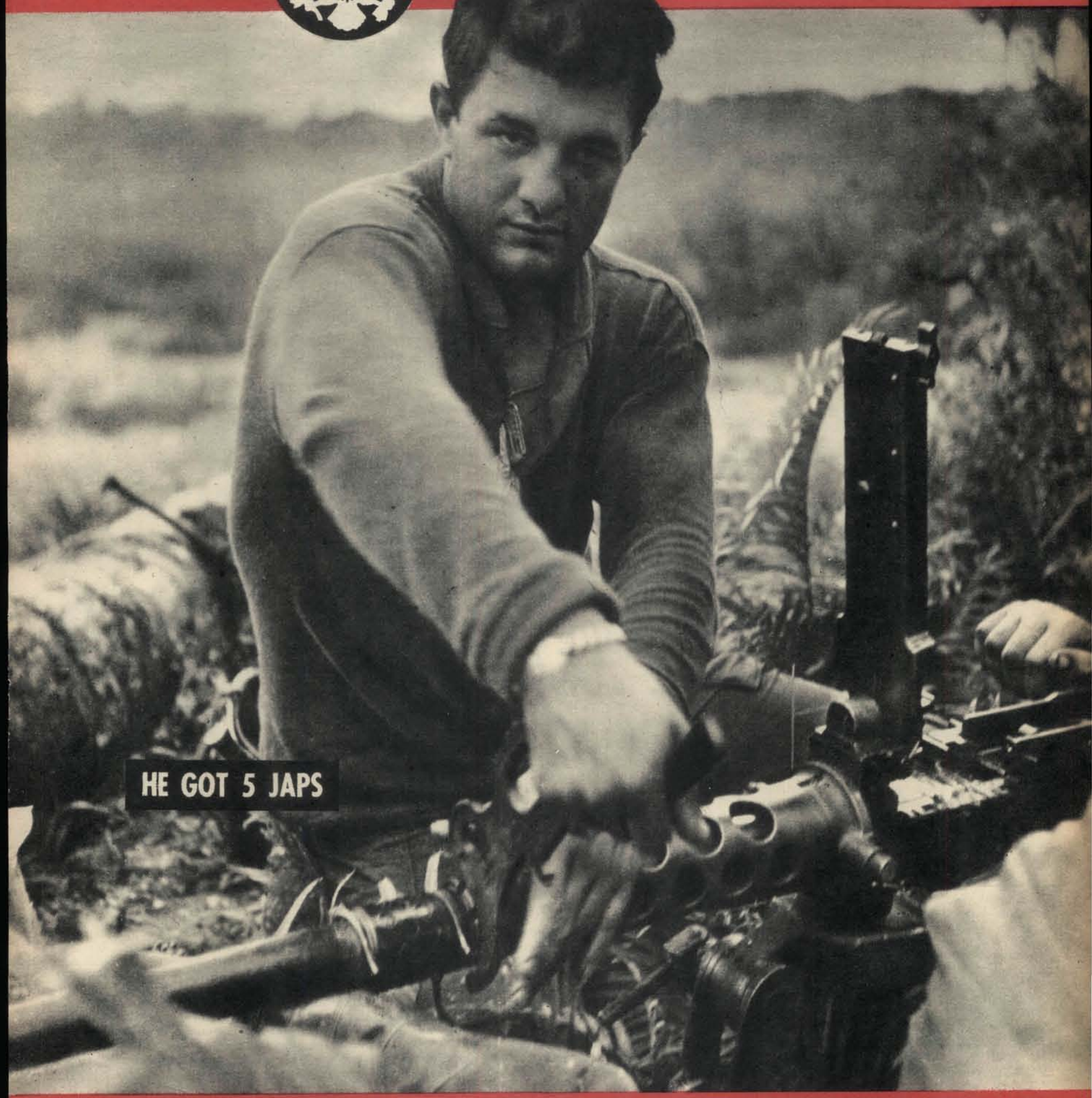
By the men . . . for the men in the service



HE GOT 5 JAPS

1st Cavalry Division's Invasion of the Admiralties

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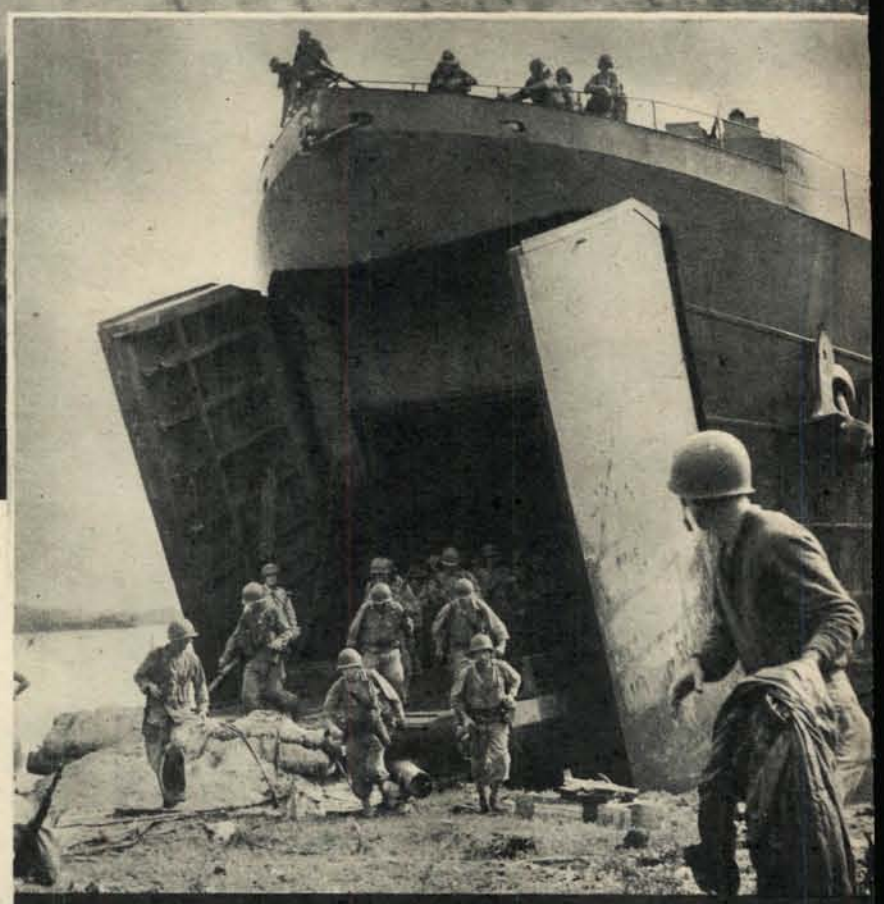
With a gray rain soaking the island these soldiers set up a CP with a field radio.



Troops of 1st Cavalry Division land from an LST at the beachhead.

By Cpl. BILL ALCINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LOS NEGROS, THE ADMIRALTY ISLANDS [By Cable]—"I feel just like a June bride," said Pvt. Warren Planthaber of Sterling, Ill. "I know just what's going to happen but I don't know how it'll feel."

We were crouched low in a landing barge headed for the 50-yard-wide channel into Hyane Harbor. These GIs were men from the 2d Squadron, 5th Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division, who had left their horses back in the States. Planthaber, dripping like a gargoyle, shivered in the rain.

"Put a slug in that tommy chamber," he told another cavalryman. "You think we're going to a picnic?"

As we neared the channel, the Navy men in the bow hollered to us to keep our heads down or we'd get them blown off. We crouched lower, swearing, and waited.

It came with a crack: machine-gun fire over our heads. Our light landing craft shuddered as the Navy gunners hammered back an answer with the .30-calibers mounted on both sides of the barge.

As we made the turn for the beach, something solid plugged into us. "They got one of our guns or something," one GI said. There was a splinter the size of a half-dollar on the pack of the man in front of me.

Up front a hole gaped in the middle of the landing ramp and there were no men where there had been four. Our barge headed back toward the destroyer that had carried us to the Admiralties.

White splashes of water were plunging through the six-inch gap in the wooden gate. William Siebieda S1c of Wheeling, W. Va., ducked from his position at the starboard gun and slammed his hip against the hole to plug it. He was firing a tommy gun at the shore as fast as wounded soldiers could pass him loaded clips. The water sloshed around him, running down his legs and washing the blood of the wounded into a pink frappe.

When we reached the destroyer nearest us, the wounded men were handed up. Two soldiers and our cox'n died right away. One of the GIs was a private to whom I had handed a pack of Camels just before we went on board.

Pfc. Wayne A. Hutchinson of Goodland, Kans., the fourth man in the prow when the 40-mm shell came through, was untouched, but he was shaking slightly now as he lit a cigarette.

An undamaged barge came alongside. We reloaded silently. By this time the destroyers had worked over the point with their five-inch guns, and we had little trouble making the beach.

We piled out quickly at the beachhead. Three tiny Jap coconut-log jetties stuck out into the water from the strip of sand. GIs were hauling ammunition and rations up a low rise, then along muddy tracks parallel to the Momote airstrip, which lay straight in from the beach.

Fifty yards ahead we could hear sporadic gunfire; behind us the Navy had started to slug the shore again. The rain was heavier now.

An excited GI came up. "Gee," he said, "those Navy guys are nuts. They're up there with tommy guns and grenades, acting like commandos." Later a wounded soldier told me "the sailors just don't seem to care. They see a Jap, they have a grenade and they run after him like they were kids playing at war."

The first landing barge had hit the shore three-quarters of an hour before, and already the tracks were mucked up and field wire was tripping the feet of GIs digging in all around. I asked a soldier investigating a pillbox where the front was. "I don't know," he said, waving toward the strip. "There's some guys up there." A B-25 screamed over the coconut grove. On the other side of the airstrip guns were firing.

Lt. Decatur B. Walker of El Paso, Tex., slogged

Landing On Los Negros

Three Yanks stand beside an abandoned Jap Zero in a revetment at Momote airstrip

up and offered to show me the airstrip. "My men are on patrol on the other side," he said. The force had achieved its final objective just a half hour after the landing. The patrols had gone on ahead—too far, the lieutenant said, because if the Japs counterattacked we would be spread out too much. He said he was going up to bring them back.

Momote airstrip was a bombpocked mess of puddles, weeds, rusting fuselages, a truck and a sorry-looking Jap bulldozer. There were no troops in sight; only the crack of rifles off to the right reminded us that there was a war on.

Somebody whistled softly from the bushes. An M1 appeared, followed by Pfc. Juan Gonzales of Taylor, Tex. He had been on patrol and had seen only one Jap. "He's up there about 100 yards," said Gonzales. "Alive?" asked Lt. Walker. "Nope," said Gonzales, "he's my first one." The lieutenant told him to round up the men and withdraw to the edge of the strip.

On the right flank there was more action. The Japs had set up a dual-purpose antiaircraft gun that was giving us trouble. Then our planes bombed it. Cpl. Wilbur C. Beghtol of Eldon, Iowa, a member of F Troop, 2d Squadron, went out on patrol to see if the gun had been silenced. He found a deserted light machine gun and two 20-mms.

When he returned, he discovered that a Jap counterattack had forced F Troop back across the strip. The men were dug in alongside a clearing. A major was bedding down near a pillbox. He advised me to string a hammock between a couple of trees. "There's nothing like comfort," he smiled, pointing out his own hammock.

DURING that night 10 Japs crept into the pillbox nearby. The next morning they were sprawled lifeless around it and in the two holes that served as entrances. But retaking the pillbox was a chore. At about 0730 the divisional wire chief, a captain, passed the pillbox and a Jap shot at him, hitting him in the groin and chest. Lying in the mud six feet from the tip of the V-shaped dugout, the captain pointed to the pillbox.

Pfc. Allan M. Holliday of Miami, Fla., and Cpl. James E. Stumfoll of Pittsburg, Kans., who were coming up the track when the captain was shot, ducked behind palms and began firing at it.

When four Japs ran out of the other entrance, they were cut down by a squad on that side. Holiday and Stumfoll crept up, tossed grenades into the opening near them. The Japs threw back two of the grenades but the others exploded inside the hole.

There was no noise after that inside, so Holiday and Stumfoll—with Sgt. John T. Lee of Las Cruces, N. Mex., and Pfc. Tony C. Reyes of Corpus Christi, Tex., and a handful of other cavalrymen—circled to the other entrance and started to pull the palm fronds away from the hole.

A Jap was sitting up inside, drawing a bead with a rifle. About 20 carbines and tommy guns practically sawed him in half. He folded over like a man in prayer.

The GIs heard more noises inside the pillbox but didn't bother to find out who was causing it; they just blew the roof in with TNT and grenades, and the battle for this particular pillbox was over.

Meanwhile the wounded wire chief had been pulled out of reach of the Japs by the ranking Medical Corps officer in the force, a colonel, who himself was slightly wounded by a grenade. A Signal Corps photographer, who tried to get movies of the action, was shot through the stomach.

The major who had suggested sleeping in a hammock had done just that himself. During the night the men heard him call out: "Don't, boys, it's Maj. ——" Evidently the major thought the Japs who were hacking him to pieces were Yanks. His almost headless body was found tangled in the hammock in the morning.

H Troop had been guarding the left flank,

Before the landings a major briefs his men on the afterdeck of a destroyer, giving them an idea of what kind of a reception they may be in for.

A Navy man marks a landing spot for LSTs with a white flag. On the third day after the landing the LSTs poured fresh troops and ammunition ashore.

where the Momote airstrip ran almost to the ocean. It was through and around this troop that the Japs came. "There's no way in the world," said Lt. Sam A. Durrance of Glennville, Ga., H Troop's CO, "of keeping the Japs from coming in at night, because you can't hear or see them."

Lt. Durrance had posted three squads to guard the perimeter. The Japs seemed to be coming from all sides, thrusting at one point after another with a soft pressure to determine their resistance, like a yegg prying open a window. The stealthy sound of bodies moving was all the cavalrymen could hear. If they threw a grenade or opened up with their weapons, the Japs would pull back and try another point.

"The only way we could see the Japs," said a GI in H Troop later, "was to let them get close enough so we could make them out against the sky over our holes. Then we'd cut loose."

H Troop did all right. One man was killed and four were wounded, but in the morning the others found 66 dead Japs lying in the area they had tried to take. One more GI was wounded by a Jap sniper while carrying wounded men to an aid station.

The dead Japs were big men, Imperial Marines —all evidently fresh troops, in good condition, very well equipped, cool, tough and smart. A large number evidently could speak English in the bargain.

Cpl. Joe Hodoski of Chicago, Ill., heard a noise outside his foxhole and stuck his head up. There was a Jap setting up a machine gun barely a yard away. "How you doin', Joe?" said the Jap. Joe was doing okay. He killed the Jap with his automatic.

Beghtol and some other GIs went on another patrol on the second day to check Jap strength on the portion of the island near an inland bay, with a native boy as guide. "I swear that little guy could smell Japs," Beghtol said.

"We were going down a track when we came to a road block. The little guy went on ahead. He saw a Jap and was drawing a bead on him when we spotted about 50 more Japs off a little way. We were afraid he'd fire but he didn't. He knew those Japs were there even though he couldn't see them. Our patrol reported to headquarters, and a bomber laid some eggs on the spot."

IF the first night had been tough, the second night was tougher. The Jap attack started on the same left flank about dusk. Fortresses had dropped supplies and ammunition all day, and our men gave the enemy a hot welcome. One machine-gun crew in a rugged position fired 4,000 enfilading rounds by dawn. Tracers from both sides lighted the sky like neon lights. When the moon came up, the Americans could see the Japs and pounded hell out of them.

One tough cavalryman from Philadelphia, Pa., Pvt. Andrew R. Barnabei, was guarding a pack 75 when two Japs crawled up. He threw a grenade that blew one of them apart but only wounded the other Jap, who tossed a grenade right back. "It missed me," Barnabei said, "but got the sergeant in the leg. Then two more Japs came up and I guess I forgot what I knew about fighting because I stood up and killed 'em both with my carbine. I might have been killed myself, I guess."

Cpl. John Dolejsi of Hallettsville, Tex., was in the same foxhole with Barnabei and threw a grenade that got two more. In the morning, after it had started to rain again, Barnabei saw one of them move. He took no chances and shot them both. "The second one jumped when I shot him in the belly," Barnabei said, "so I guess he was alive, too."

A little sandy-haired GI, who was badly wounded by a grenade in the left buttock early in the evening, bled all night but kept firing his tommy gun at anything that moved. He probably accounted for two of the four Jap marines found lying dead around the hole in the morning.

Three other GIs of a mortar crew were crouching by their weapon when a grenade bounced in. One man tried to toss it out but got tangled up in the mortar. He hollered "Jump" and got out. The second man rolled over the top of the hole but not before a fragment hit him in the foot. The corporal in the back of the emplacement couldn't get out and was wounded.

MEN had no chance to get medical aid when they were wounded at night. The air was full of grenade fragments, tracers and Japs, so the wounded lay in their dugouts and some of them bled to death. One man with a bullet through his arm couldn't stop bleeding. When morning came, he needed two transfusions to bring him back. "But that didn't worry me," he said. "A buddy of mine in the next foxhole had both legs blown off by a mortar burst, and I had to lie there listening to him call for help until he bled to death. I'll never forget that."

It started to rain again—that same chill heavy rain—toward dawn. Then the Japs made one last try, throwing everything they had into an attempt to break the back of the Regular Army squadrons. It didn't work.

But with daybreak came a stream of wounded into the canvas-covered dugout that served as a field hospital. Major operations were performed 150 yards away from the Japs while medics steadied trays of instruments against bomb concussions. The operating table was moved each time the tent sprang a new leak. Utensils were sterilized in a bucket over a wood fire. A supply of parachutes was used to augment the soggy blankets covering the wounded.

Doctors who had to work at top speed all day could get no rest at night while the ceaseless fighting went on around them. One doctor, just before the Japs started up the second night, wiped sweat from his face and said: "If those bastards get in here and ruin what equipment we have, I'm going to be really annoyed."

ON the morning of the third day, a concerted sigh that should have been heard in Australia went up from Momote airstrip as the first LST stuck its ugly snout through the narrow passage into Hyane Harbor and nosed along with deck guns blazing into Jap positions ashore.

Battle-weary GIs laughed and hammered each other on the shoulders as the LSTs grated into shore to the accompanying roar of B-25s flying in over the Jap-held coconut groves.

When the LSTs started to unload, a lone Zero flashed over and zoomed away again as everything aboard and ashore turned loose at him. It was the first Jap plane any of us had seen over the beachhead.

The Army had come to stay five hours after the first LST opened its cavernous mouth. Food, heavy guns, fresh troops and thousands of rounds of ammunition crowded the beach area, which had been cleared by bulldozers. What had begun as a "reconnaissance in force" was now being developed into complete occupation. The beachhead no longer depended on the .50-caliber machine guns and K rations that had come ashore with the 5th Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division.

The outfit had learned quickly. As one muddy, exhausted GI said: "Well, we was rarin' to get in there all along, so I guess we got what we come for."

The bodies of two Jap soldiers are strewn outside a hole which served as the entrance to a pillbox. They were among 10 Japs who had crept in during the night after the pillbox had been taken once before.

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Nightmare Job In Italy

Every 50 seconds a plane takes off or lands at where Vance Luten is operations traffic

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AN ADVANCED AIR BASE IN ITALY—From his control window high in the operations tower, unshaven S/Sgt. Vance B. Luten trains his binoculars on a smoking bomber that has just joined the fighters and transports circling this field, the nearest big field to the front.

The B-24 is full of flak holes, with two props feathered, one engine shot out and another smoking badly, no brakes and the hydraulic system out of commission. Sgt. Luten can't tell all that at a glance, but the Liberator is obviously crippled.

"*M'aidez*," comes the grim appeal of the bomber pilot over the radio. ("*M'aidez*," pronounced "Mayday," is French for "Come to my aid." Easy to say and understand, it is the international radio code word for distress.)

"*M'aidez*. Get 'em off there, 'cause I'm bringing this boat in."

"Clear the strip," shouts Sgt. Luten. "Clear the runway instantly for a crash landing. Get out of the way, C-47."

"Wilco (will comply)," says the C-47.

Seconds later the bomber pilot makes a downwind landing, tilts the nose forward and finally grinds to a stop 10 feet short of the end of the runway.

The meat wagon rolls up to do its grisly duty. Jerry has accounted for all the casualties; the nose gunner is dead and two men are wounded. No one has been hurt in the landing.

Up in the control tower a relieved Sgt. Luten turns his glasses away and returns to the job of playing aerial traffic cop.

Planes take off or land at this base on an average of one every 50 seconds, which probably makes it the most active single-runway field currently operating. As section chief of base operations, Sgt. Luten is responsible for seeing that all these arrivals and departures are made without mishap.

From the control tower before the runway, the sergeant—or one of the four other Air Service Command operators who work in shifts—must keep tab of everything in the air and on the ground, identifying planes with binoculars, flashing red "Stop" or green "Go Ahead" signals with his reflector gun, nursing each plane to a correct landing by radio and then guiding it to a dispersal area.

Since this is the nearest big field to the front, it is the home base of fighter and fighter-bomber squadrons as well as transports. Almost any type of plane is likely to use the field for an emergency or crash landing.

THE 26-year-old Sgt. Luten is a product of the Army classification system—not the official one but the other widely adopted version that probably put you where you are today. In other words, he was lying in a pup tent near Casablanca one day last winter, wondering whether to turn over or to try to sleep in that puddle, when a top kick happily named Destiny—Dusty Destiny—poked his head in and said:

"Hey, you. Get off your lazy rump. The Old Man says that this here field is an air base and your pup tent is base operations and you're in charge of it. So get busy, and no cracks."

It was almost as simple as that. And it didn't seem to matter that Sgt. Luten knew very little about his new job.

That afternoon Luten acquired an assistant, a fat, short and imperturbable country school teacher from Shelby Gap, Ky., born Charles Morgan but generally known as Porky. Sgt. Luten and Cpl. Morgan have moved right along with the front ever since, Luten taking charge of the tower operations and Morgan handling dispatching and briefing. They and their service squadron have been in on the Africa, Sicily and Italy invasion shows, one right after another.

When the fighter squadrons move to a field as close to the front as possible, Luten, Morgan and the service squadron go right with them. They have set up base operations in all possible places, in the air, on the ground, even underground. In Sicily they operated underground from a B-25 turret planted in a cave on the side of a hill. Shortly after the invasion of Italy, their "tower" was a trailer with a tarpaulin thrown over it.

It isn't unusual for some of these fighter fields to operate in front of the Artillery, but on one occasion—just after the invasion of Italy—the boys were busy setting up shop when a runner arrived with the news that they were ahead of the Infantry. They had started to operate on a field that actually hadn't been captured yet.

"We were told we'd have to fight to the last man," says Sgt. Luten. "I don't know what I'd have fought with, though. I didn't even have a gun." Fortunately the Infantry showed up before Jerry did.

Mix-ups like that happened in the African campaign, too. One morning two Jerry pilots flew into the traffic pattern over the field where Luten and his boys were set up, landed as nice as you please and stepped out of the plane into the arms of some GIs.

As the ranking aerial traffic cop of the Italian front, Sgt. Luten is probably the envy of many an aviation-crazy kid back in the States. But actually the job is nerve-wracking. His most horrible memory is of the time he directed a bomber to land just as a Spitfire was taking off. Somehow the two planes managed to pass each other safely in the middle of the runway.

The sergeant worries about things like that so much that he has nightmares. His dreams are full of planes, all kinds of planes, ceaselessly landing and taking off, taking off and landing. Only the other night he survived a very real crash landing of his own, from his cot to the floor, where he woke up screaming; "Pull up, pull up." In his nightmare he had seen an incautious Spitfire pilot about to land right on top of a motionless bomber.

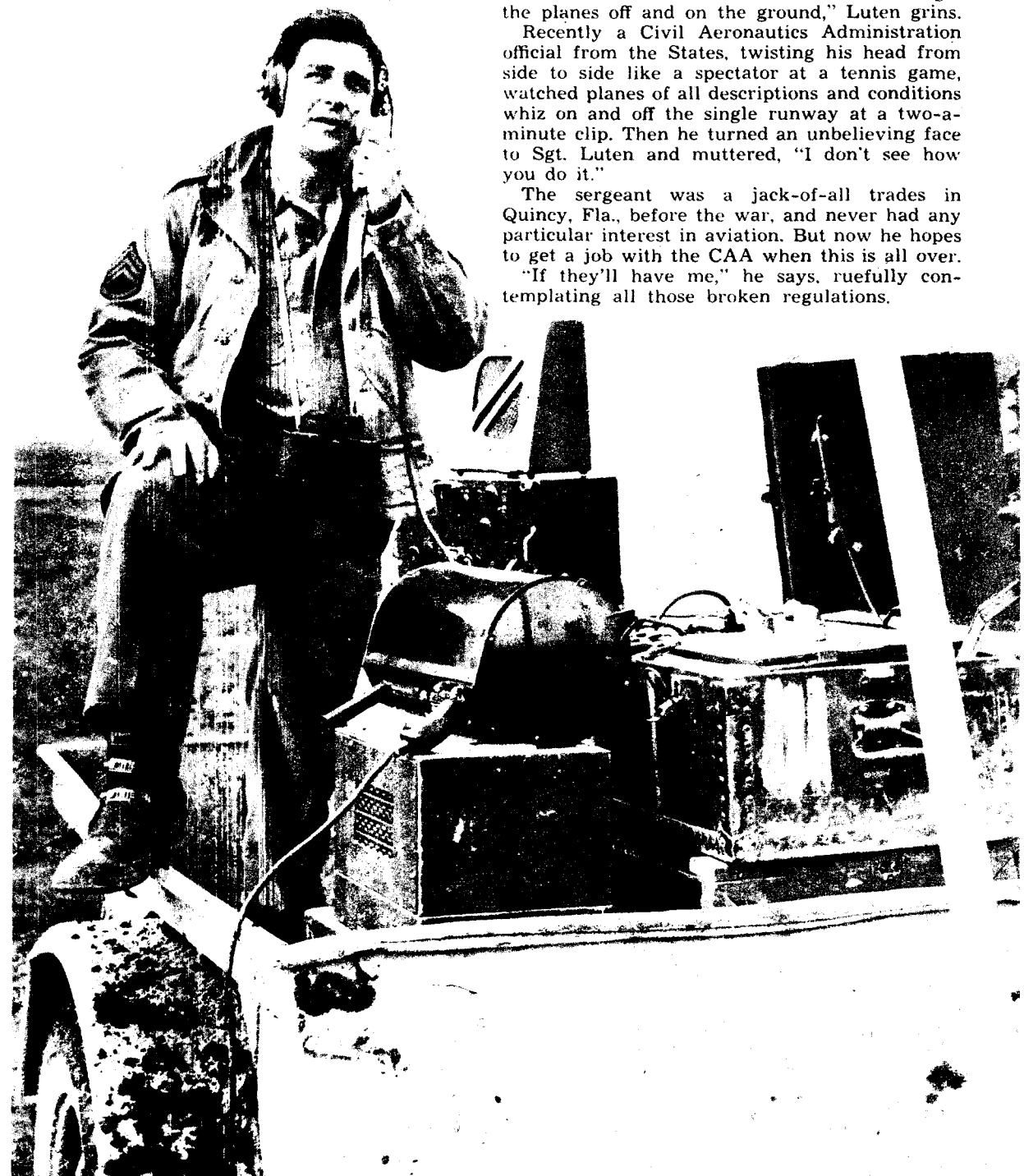
But in more than a year no accident has been caused by carelessness on the sergeant's part. That record seems even more remarkable when you watch the way the operations tower works.

Except for a few common radio-aviation terms they have picked up, neither Sgt. Luten nor any other operator pays any attention to the rules and practices followed in the States and at other more orthodox fields overseas. "All we do is get the planes off and on the ground," Luten grins.

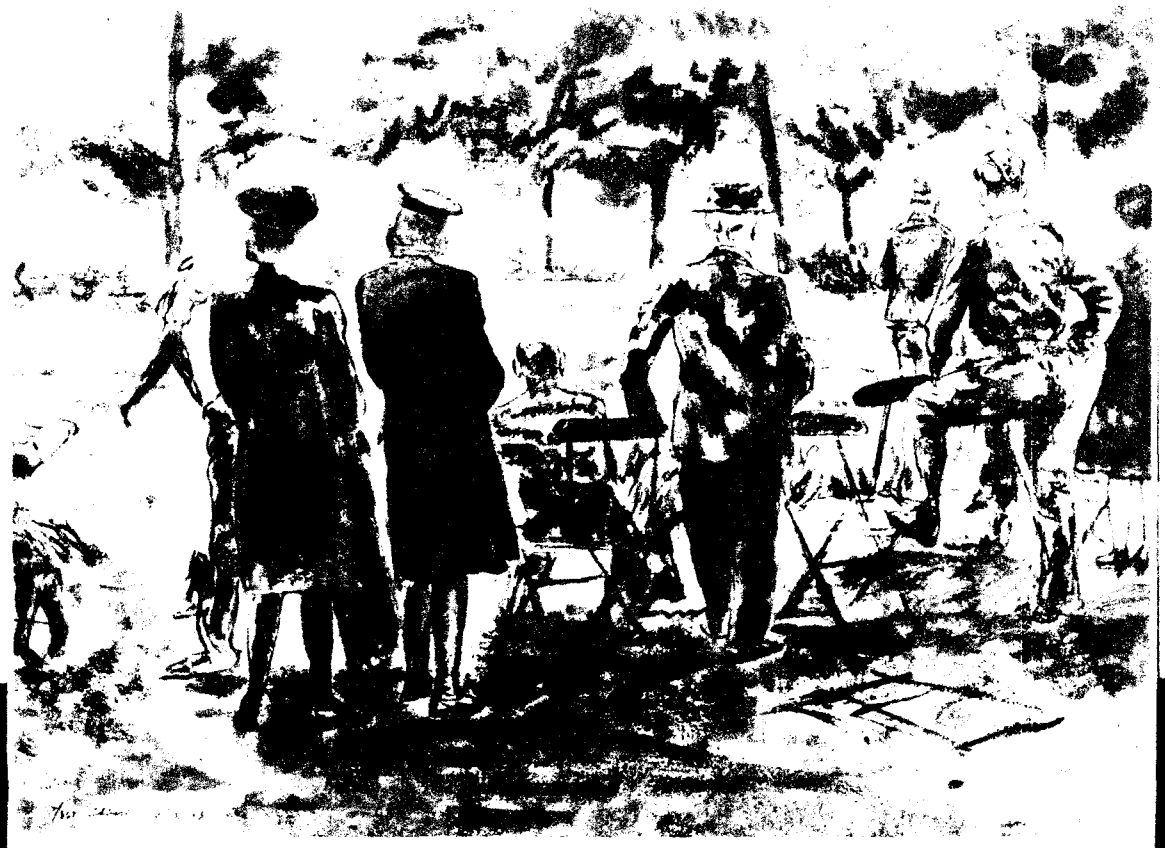
Recently a Civil Aeronautics Administration official from the States, twisting his head from side to side like a spectator at a tennis game, watched planes of all descriptions and conditions whiz on and off the single runway at a two-a-minute clip. Then he turned an unbelieving face to Sgt. Luten and muttered, "I don't see how you do it."

The sergeant was a jack-of-all trades in Quincy, Fla., before the war, and never had any particular interest in aviation. But now he hopes to get a job with the CAA when this is all over.

"If they'll have me," he says, ruefully contemplating all those broken regulations.



S SGT VANCE B LUTEN, AERIAL TRAFFIC COP, GUIDES A PLANE IN BY RADIO EQUIPMENT SET UP IN A TRAILER



Spectators at a baseball game between Yanks and Canadians in London's Hyde Park.

GIs listen in on some English soap-box oratory.

FOUR WATER-COLOR SKETCHES SENT TO YANK FROM ENGLAND

His Barracks Bag May Have Seen Action But This Young Infantryman Didn't

QUARRY HEIGHTS, PANAMA CANAL ZONE—The music was playing, the Red Cross workers were dishing out coffee and the MPs were floating around the PE keeping things the way the MPs think they ought to be kept. Troops were boarding a transport that was to take them to the Panama Canal en route to the South Pacific.

Everyone was as happy as a man can be under those circumstances except Pvt. Sal Stefanello, a 19-year-old GI from Brooklyn, N. Y. Sal wanted to get overseas but Sal wasn't going; his name had been scratched from the shipping list at the last minute because his records failed to show that he had completed the infiltration course.

"When I found out I was scratched," Stefanello said later, "I got my company commander to see what he could do about getting my name back on the list, but headquarters said nothing could be done.

"For an hour before my friends boarded the ship I hung around the dock, and then somebody said: 'Come on, what do you care? Pack up and come along with us.' And that's what I did.

"I went back to the barracks, put on my equipment, grabbed my bags and joined the rest of the men in ranks. Some of them started to talk when I got in line but I told them to shut up, somebody might get wise. I got in the middle of the troops, cocked my helmet down over my forehead and, hot as it was, pulled my overcoat collar up around my face. I bluffed my way up the gangplank and nobody stopped me."

Two days later Sal got to worrying that the Army might call him a deserter. He asked the ship's chaplain what to do, and the chaplain told him to talk to the troop commander.

"Then I was tossed in the brig," Sal said, "but all the officers on the boat came down to visit me. They gave me cigarettes and magazines and told me not to worry. And fellows from my company kept wandering in to make sure I had everything I needed. After two days I was released and a few hours later was assigned to guard duty in front of the main hold. I pulled guard the rest of the way down."

When the transport docked in Panama, Sal was taken off. "That was tough," he said. "That was awful. All my buddies and everyone of the officers said so long and good luck. I couldn't get my barracks bag because it was dumped in the hold. I guess it's seeing some action in the Pacific."

—Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Manpower Shortage

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—By the time you read this, Cpl. Charles R. Wilburn of McAlester, Okla., will probably be Army of the United States, retired. After two and a half years of fighting, it seems he is still too young to fight.

When Charlie was 15, he joined the Army by lying about his age, with the tacit consent of his father, who took the attitude that if a fellow wants to get into the Army, you might just as well let him. Charlie started out in the Field Artillery but eventually wound up as a signal man attached to the Air Force.

In practically no time at all he was in Australia, and on his second bounce he landed in New Guinea. Things were running along smoothly for Charlie. He'd made corporal and was bucking for his third stripe.

Meantime his 40-year-old father was inducted into the Army back in the States. That was too much for Mrs. Wilburn; one of her men in the Army was under age (and overseas) and the other was over age. So she wrote to the War Department in Washington.

Naturally the brass investigated, and now Charlie is on his way out of the service. Wilburn senior is already out. Now, if Mrs. Wilburn doesn't join the WAC before the men get home, the whole family will be able to have a really classy reunion.

—Sgt. CHARLES PEARSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

WHEN the Army landed on Los Negros in the Admiralty Islands, one of the high individual score cards for the first night was turned in by Pvt. Andrew R. Barnabei of Philadelphia, Pa. Barnabei, who in this picture is helping fix a .50-caliber machine gun the morning after, knocked off five Japanese.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3 & 4—Cpl. Bill Alcine. 5—Sgt. John Frano. 7—Sgt. Ed Cunningham. 9—OTI, Photographic Branch. 10—USAAF. 11—INP. 12 & 13—Sgt. Frano. 14—U. S. Navy. 20—Universal Pictures. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Acme.

Patchport to Favor

HEADQUARTERS, ALASKAN DEPARTMENT—A colonel just returning to the Aleutians from an official junket to the States is getting laughs with his tale of life in wartime Washington, D. C.

It was Sunday night and he was prowling around, hunting a quiet spot for supper. He ventured into a fancy Chinese cabaret but saw at once that the establishment was jampacked. But as he turned to walk out, the Chinese head waiter caught sight of his Alaskan Department shoulder patch—a gilt North Star rising over the head of a polar bear with mouth wide open.

"One moment, please," the head waiter said. In a few seconds the colonel was seated at a choice table next to the dance floor. Before he had a chance to order, a bottle of champagne appeared. He started to protest, but the waiter assured him everything was with the compliments of the management. "Don't go away," the waiter said, "you must see the floor show."

To make sure the colonel wouldn't leave, the waiter brought a chorus girl to sit with him.

After he had put away a good supper, killed the champagne and enjoyed the floor show, the colonel edged his way toward the hat-check girl. As he put on his cap, he heard the beaming Chinese head waiter point him out to an underling in a loud whisper:

"He's a Flying Tiger."

—Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Finder No Keeper

AN ADVANCED SOUTH PACIFIC BASE — Pvt. Brownie Waldroup, an MP from Akron, Ohio, lost his wallet with $6. Now, losing a wallet is bad enough, and losing $6 is worse, but Waldroup was especially unhappy because the wallet also

Watching games and sitting around in the park.

These American soldiers were sketched while they were waiting for a troop transport.

SGT. ALBERT GOLD PUTS DOWN SOME OF HIS IMPRESSIONS.

contained a cablegram telling him that he was the father of a brand new boy.

The wallet stayed missing for a day or so and was finally found and returned to the owner. When Waldroup opened it, he found the cable, a note and $12.

The note was from a Marine Corps lieutenant who said he had taken the liberty of reading the cable and decided to kick in with some cash for the new junior partner of the Waldroup family. He put in a dollar and collected a buck apiece from five other officers.

Waldroup thought it was a nice gesture.

—Cpl. FRANK L. TREZISE
YANK Field Correspondent

Navy Needlecraft

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—Soldiers in the Caribbean have always griped that the Navy boys get better chow. Now they have a new complaint: the service is better at Navy mess tables. You even get doilies with your meal.

And don't start making any snide remarks about guys who make doilies. There's no needling Laverne Irving Walton Jr. about his needling. Walton is an aviation chief ordnanceman at a Naval magazine somewhere in the Caribbean. He used to be on the Minneapolis police force, and for six years drew one of the toughest beats in the city. Before that he served a four-year hitch in the Marines and then knocked off the remaining soft edges by a tour of duty in a steel mill.

Patrolmen on the Minneapolis force are still thanking Walton for his many needlework gifts, although it's 20 months since he enlisted. As for those doilies on the Navy mess tables—well, the chief just decided to go back to his hobby. Want to make something of it?

—Pvt. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

UNITED NATIONS CHOW. Some Yanks who work with Chinese troops fighting the Japs in Burma squat down and eat rice with their allies. Sgt. James Dye (left center) and Cpl. Kenneth Swann seem to be managing pretty well with chopsticks but Cpl. Jack Flynn (right) prefers to use a time-tested GI spoon.

Do Stripes Make a Zebra?

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA—Pvt. James Ford of Rossville, Ga., attached to an antiaircraft outfit here, nearly precipitated an international incident recently when he sought to revenge himself on a little Arab donkey.

Night after night the donkey's braying had kept Ford awake until his patience was exhausted. Obtaining some GI paint, Ford decorated the noisy little beast with stripes. It still sounded like a donkey, but it looked like a zebra.

All of this amused Ford very much until the Arab who owned the donkey-zebra paid a visit to the colonel who was Ford's CO. The Arab brought along all his sisters and his cousins and their friends to back up his argument, and presently Ford was punished for his prank. But at last reports the donkey still looked like a zebra.

—YANK Field Correspondent

And Speaking of Zebras——

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—A young zebra colony consisting of 11 master sergeants and nine tech sergeants recently pulled KP nine days running on an Army transport. All of them were aviation-crew personnel, bound for the States after two years in and out of combat in the Southwest Pacific.

—M/Sgt. DIGGORY VENN
Marine Corps Correspondent

For a few precious minutes of daylight the three men stopped in the Bougainville jungle to read together from Polasek's prayer book; then they went on.

ESCAPE FROM A JAP AMBUSH

Surprised by the enemy deep in the Bougainville jungle, this American patrol sent back three scouts on a two-hour trip to get reinforcements. It took them two days.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

BOUGAINVILLE, SOLOMON ISLANDS—When the Japs opened up on Sgt. Otis E. Hawkins of Nankin, Ohio, and three of his buddies, his first thought was about his wrist watch, a $60 beauty that had arrived from the States only a day before.

"I know how we like to get the watches off Japs," Hawkins explained later, "and I didn't figure I was going to get out of there. So I figured I'd take off mine and throw it away."

What took the sergeant's mind off the watch was the sight of Sgt. Truman D. Souden of Long Beach, Calif., a member of his outfit of the 37th Division, slumping into the Tauri River. Souden had been hit in the left arm and chest.

As Hawkins splashed forward and grabbed Souden, bullets poured from two Jap Nambu light machine guns, one heavy (.303-caliber) machine gun, two knee mortars and about 50 .25-caliber rifles.

Only Hawkins, Souden, Pfc. Frank Polasek of Pontiac, Mich., and Pvt. George A. Billen of Sharon, Pa., had stepped into the river, and Polasek and Billen were in partly protected positions. The 12 other men of the patrol were still on the jungled bank of the river.

Hawkins dropped his sidearms and rifle, and unshackled the motionless Souden from his. Then he began the 75-yard return through open water, crouching low and towing Souden on his back.

The Tauri at that point was almost a rapids, choked with boulders on an uneven bottom so that one step was only knee deep and the next was over his waist. Somehow Hawkins made it back to his party, who were pumping away with most of their ammunition to cover the sergeant and his limp burden.

The American patrol, part of an expedition of 55 men, had moved from the expedition's camp four miles south to reconnoiter the strong Jap position northwest of the American front. The patrol had proceeded without incident until they reached a ford, which they skirted after noticing so many Jap tracks that, as one soldier put it, "it looked like a lot of sheep had gone through."

Figuring that the Japs would have a road block at that spot if they had one anywhere, the patrol moved 400 yards upstream before attempting to cross. The Japs must have spotted them at the ford and paced them up the opposite bank. Then, as Hawkins and the others started across, they walked into the enemy ambush.

When Hawkins pulled Souden ashore, others placed him on two shelter halves and carried the wounded 190-pounder 100 yards back into the jungle while four of the men stayed behind to cover the withdrawal.

Two of these were old hands—Cpl. George J. (Red) Conaway of Cadiz, Ohio, a sub-machine gunner who had killed 12 Japs at Munda, New Georgia, and Pfc. Ted Prozek of Cleveland, Ohio, an M1 man. With them were Billen and Pvt. Peltiah W. Leete of Des Moines, Iowa.

Against these four there were probably 60 of the enemy. But the Japs seemed to have no ambition to press the attack, and the GIs holding the riverbank won by default, although Leete was wounded in the left bicep.

Meanwhile the men who had retired into the jungle with Souden improvised a litter. Using every available piece of string, a belt and even the laces from Souden's shoes, they tied the shelter halves to two straight poles cut from the underbrush. Before starting back for the expedition's camp site, it was decided to send three men ahead for reinforcements to help carry Souden and to bring more ammunition. So Hawkins, Polasek and Pfc. Michael Guerra of Painesville, Ohio, set out, Hawkins leading the way.

SOON after, the litter bearers started through the jungle themselves, cutting their way with trench knives. Carrying a litter is a tough physical job, as any medic knows, and by 2100—four hours after the ambush—the stretcher bearers were so bushed they had to rest every 100 yards. Three times Pfc. Elbert H. (Doc) Watson, the company-aid man from Ararat, N. C., injected morphine and once he powdered Souden's wounds with sulfanilamide.

There was still a third of a mile to go, and the exhausted party decided to send Conaway and Billen on ahead in search of the help that Hawkins had failed to send. As they waded waist deep through the river below the eminence on which the camp had been pitched, Billen called out the name of S/Sgt. Arthur W. Rickey of Steubenville, Ohio, who was in charge inside the camp perimeter.

Billen's voice had become so high and squeaky from fatigue that he himself did not recognize it, and Rickey figured it was a Jap hollering. Rickey readied his gun to cut down the approaching Billen. "He's shouting your name," someone else told Rickey just in time.

When the litter bearers reached the perimeter, Doc broke out the blood plasma, but Souden died before it could be administered. Now the 12 men who remained found out why Hawkins and his two companions had failed to bring help; they had not reached the encampment.

It was too dark to send out a searching party, and even an attempt to radio for reinforcements

from the beachhead failed: the expedition had agreed to send all its messages between 0700 and 1800, and six SOS calls sent out that night were never heard. Not until 0800 next morning did the radiomen get through.

By noon 250 troops arrived as a searching party, and an LCI (landing craft, infantry) roared up the river from the ocean and shelled Jap positions so fiercely with its outsize gun that the small craft nearly tipped over in its fury. But they found no sign of the three missing men.

MEANWHILE Hawkins, Guerra and Polasek had struck off from the rest of the party and headed diagonally away from the river toward the ocean, intending to follow the shore to the bivouac area, rather than try to negotiate the Bougainville jungle. They carried a 26-pound walkie-talkie with which they planned to signal the perimeter when they were halfway.

For a few precious minutes the three men stopped to read together from Polasek's prayer book; then they went on. As darkness fell, the cluster of giant trees overhead blotted out the sky and stars. Without a compass, the men were forced to rely on a sixth sense to keep going in a straight line. Fearing that they would become separated, Polasek held onto Guerra's belt and Guerra clutched the one Hawkins wore.

As they marched steadily through the night without a sign of the ocean, they began the slow process of discarding equipment. Just before dawn they heard the long-awaited sound of water.

They broke through the last thicket and stared. They were back at the Tauri River, at the same spot where the party had been ambushed. "We almost gave up then," Hawkins said. The three men slipped beneath bushes to wait for sunup.

Guerra shared a small piece of K-ration cheese with the others, but they were thirsty and had no taste for it. Hawkins put his face down in a stagnant pool. Guerra and Polasek chewed banana leaves, extracting the moisture and spitting out the pulp, but Hawkins thought they might be poisonous. Later all three took to drinking swamp water, squirting it thick with chlorine from a tube and dissolving halazone tablets in it.

Taking fresh bearings when the sun rose, the men set out for the ocean. They had almost reached it by 1100 when Guerra spotted a rifle leaning against a tree and Hawkins simultaneously looked down at an ammunition dump. They were in a Jap bivouac area.

Once again Hawkins had an impulse to fling his expensive wrist watch into a bush, but he resisted it. All that afternoon the three men circled the enemy encampment, listening helplessly through the jungle as Higgins boats droned by offshore, searching for them.

Late in the afternoon they came within sound of the breakers. A lagoon lay between them and the beach. When they were halfway across, they made out a three-man Jap hut, so freshly built that the banana-leaf roof was still green.

Here Polasek decided to drown the $300 Army radio set; he and the others were too tired to carry it farther, and the water seemed a sure place where the Japs would not find it. As he dropped it into the water, he told the others he would pay the statement of charges.

Several hundred yards down the lagoon, they found another crossing. Hawkins treaded water until he found a spot where it was over his head for only a dozen feet; this was important, because Guerra could not swim.

It was dark again, and the three decided to wait until morning before attempting the crossing. They settled down on a tiny rise of land in the lagoon, and the mosquitoes settled down with them. Hawkins was so weary he dozed a little, but Guerra and Polasek were so badly bitten they couldn't sleep.

More equipment was discarded, and the men started into the lake with only their clothes, water purifiers, mosquito repellent, a couple of cans of K-ration cheese and pork lunch, two MIs, a carbine and two canteens. The canteens had been emptied of their swamp water and hooked under Guerra as water wings.

With Hawkins on one side and Polasek on the other, they started across, but at the deep spot they sank under and could not get back up. Instinctively all three let go of their weapons; that made the difference, and they regained the surface. At last they reached the far shore of the lagoon and then the ocean itself. They were weaponless now, more than 30 miles in Jap territory, and it was already the day set for the return of the expedition to the U. S. beachhead.

They headed down the shore as fast as they could go, skirting along inside the jungle wall just off the beach, a tougher place to travel but one where they had a better chance of going unseen. At 1000 they reached the expedition's bivouac area. It was abandoned. There was nothing to do but walk to the front lines without weapons.

At one point, 15 minutes from the bivouac area, the mighty Crown Prince Range dipped down to the sea, leaving only one place to pass, a well-beaten path. It is jungle ABC to avoid trails, but there was no choice for more than two miles, and several times the trio noticed the fresh tracks of split-toed Jap sandals. They had to walk without stopping, lest they stiffen up.

That evening, 48 hours after setting out on a two-hour mission, they heard boat motors close by. Stripping off their shirts to show their white skins, they broke through to the water's edge. After several minutes they were spotted. Rifles poked over the side of the small boat as it nosed in; the crew was alert for a Jap trap but held its fire.

HAWKINS and his two companions were at the end of the adventure. They had averaged three miles an hour, three times the speed of any previous armed patrol through the jungle.

At the beachhead hospital, Maj. Gen. Robert S. Beightler, commanding the 37th Division, pinned Purple Hearts on Leete and Polasek, who had been wounded in the face and neck when a bullet grazed the boulder behind which he was hiding at the Tauri. The general told Hawkins he was in line for a decoration, and the patrol's platoon leader, 2d Lt. Carl Koppler of Ashland, Ohio, put in for a DSC for him.

The watch is still on Hawkins' wrist, and Polasek has not heard from the supply sergeant on that statement of charges. Not yet, anyway.

T-4 Wallace Rusterholtz at this moment was telling his students something about English literature.

"Good Morning, Dear Sergeant," Children Sing

NORTHERN IRAN—At 0800 every Tuesday and Thursday, 24 kids tramp into a schoolroom in a large town here. At exactly 0815, when a small, quiet and bespectacled man walks into the room, the kids rise in a body and sing, "Good morning, dear sergeant, good morning to you!"

The GI object of those tender greetings is T-4 Wallace Rusterholtz, BA (Dartmouth), MA (Harvard), PhD (University of Buffalo). Rusterholtz landed here with the main body of U. S. troops some 16 months ago, attached to a headquarters outfit as statistical clerk.

Those dogfaces went through a period of tough "overseas blues" until the folks at the American Mission in Iran—a Presbyterian welfare organization that operates a community school, hospital and church—took a hand.

On staggered shifts, nearly every night in the week, each mission family invited two or three lads over for a real home-cooked dinner and friendly talk. They did this although decent food is hard to get in Iran. Race, creed and rank didn't matter to the mission people; they made a lot of GIs happy. Sgt. Rusterholtz was one of them.

One evening the sergeant heard that the mission's community school was short a teacher. Two of its staff had left and only one of the replacements had arrived from the States, because of a shipping snarl. The fall semester was soon to start, and the school authorities were reluctantly preparing to drop one class.

Sgt. Rusterholtz had a talk with his CO in the Office of Technical Information, who lent a kindly ear. Two weeks later, when the school opened, the sergeant was behind the desk of the English Lit class. Twice a week he gives up two hours to English Lit and the 24 kids, who range from Armenian to Polish. The rest of the time he works for OTI.

Teaching at the mission school is a little different from his previous experience. After collecting a PhD at Buffalo, Rusterholtz walked right out into the depression, when teaching jobs were scarce. He organized a "Depression College" in his home town of Erie, Pa., a unique cooperative affair housed in the local YWCA. There were 600 students and 60 professors, "a sort of WPA project without WPA funds," as the sergeant remembers it.

When the depression eased up, Rusterholtz taught English in turn at the University of Pittsburgh, the Southern College for Women and the University of Buffalo. With this college experience behind him, the sergeant was a little wary when he started teaching the ninth- and tenth-graders of the mission school, who average 12 years of age.

He feels better about that now. "These children," the sergeant says, "are more mature than a lot of college sophomores who aimed spitballs at me back in the States. And, just between you and YANK, a lot of them speak better English. Maybe the reason they behave is that their older sisters, who go out with GIs, have told them what happens to dogfaces who disobey a sergeant. As a result, three stripes are better than a cat-o'-nine-tails any day."

—Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

As the Allied air preparation for the invasion of Europe reaches its climax, every hour brings new records for the bombing of German industrial centers and the destruction of German planes.

Pre-Invasion Bombs

THE pre-invasion bashing in of Europe is almost complete. Many German factories still smoke, but from ruins, not production. Whole sections of Nazi cities—cities now in name alone—are junk heaps. Germany's civilians trek from shattered homes by the millions, searching for refuge from bombs.

But there is no refuge.

With the arrival of spring, a great Allied army is poised in England to invade the Continent. Yet even before we set foot on Hitler's coast, fighters and bombers and fleets of bombers are blackening Europe's skies in ever-increasing, ever-incredible numbers to blast a path for the Allied forces and to destroy the equipment and organization and will of the *Wehrmacht* and the *Luftwaffe*. The monster groups of bombers are even winging out in separate fleets to smash the enemy simultaneously in two, three or four vital spots as far apart as 400 miles.

That, of course, is the kind of stuff we like to write. But as the Allied air offensive thunders to a climax, as the day of invasion comes ever closer, it might be well to take a look at the specific results to date. Just what has the greatest aerial war in the history of the world accomplished?

We'll try to take the monotony out of the statistics. Some 400,000 tons of bombs have dropped on western Europe and Germany since the war began, of which 43,000 tons exploded on Berlin alone. That means five pounds of TNT for every person in western Europe and Germany, and one pound is enough to kill several persons. Since last November, for every person living in Berlin some 20 pounds of explosives have screamed earthward. In one recent 120-day period the Allies dropped on Berlin alone almost as much TNT as the Nazis dropped on *all* of Britain during *all* of 1940, the "big" Blitz year.

Whatever way you look at it, the Germans have been bludgeoned mercilessly these last few months. In one of the earlier bombings of Cologne the RAF dropped more than 16 tons of TNT every minute for an hour and a half. (The Nazis boasted gleefully when the *Luftwaffe* managed to plummet a ton and a third a minute on London.) Yet in recent raids (which, incidentally, are officially known now as "attacks" and "offensives" because of their military effectiveness) the Allies exploded more than 83 tons of bombs on Berlin every 60 seconds. Every hour that passes seems almost to ridicule the records for previous weeks; for example, in a 108-hour period this March Allied air forces dropped as many bombs on Europe as the RAF had been able to drop in its best previous month.

Statistics are confusing and comparisons are often pointless. The Allied infantryman in England, looking anxiously toward Axis defenses in western Europe, will appreciate hearing then that bombings such as these last year cut German fighter-plane production about 40 percent. This, plus the huge loss of German planes in recent battles, means that the Nazis will be "hard pressed," as one authority puts it, to replace even one plane for every five they lose during the coming invasion battle.

It is estimated that the monthly German production of twin-engine fighters today has dropped from 500 to 100; single-engine fighters from 1,000 to 400; bombers from 400 to 300. All types, from 2,500 to 1,230 a month. The Germans can't afford such staggering losses.

Tanks? It is estimated that of the nine major plants producing Nazi tanks, five have suffered severely from the recent heavy bombings.

Other war materials vital to Hitler's preparations for Allied invasion? Out of 90 industrial cities 20 of the biggest have been crippled and many of the others have been seriously damaged. Over-all production in Germany has probably declined 25 percent, perhaps more. Berlin, economic, political and military center of Hitler's war effort, is at the very least one-third in ruins and may be half destroyed.

THESE are the apparent effects of Allied bombings in recent months. There are other terrible results that are not so obvious. German prisoners captured in Italy confess they were paralyzed when they were subjected to an 18-hour barrage by 100,000 shells. Yet that's roughly equal to but one bombing of 2,300 tons, which the air forces drop in about 40 minutes' time, or, in other words, about 27 times the concentrated fury of a particularly heavy artillery barrage. Many of the *Wehrmacht* will be dead—or as good as dead—when Allied barges scrape on Europe's shore.

Because of this strategic bombing by the Allies, Hitler's military potential—his ability to replace battle-smashed tanks and guns and planes when invasion starts—is dangerously small. And in these last days just preceding the hour of invasion, Allied bombers are actually intensifying their pulverizing attacks; as the Nazis laboriously reconstruct their battered industrial areas, Liberators and Lancasters and Fortresses return to redestroy in 30 minutes what it took the Germans months to build up.

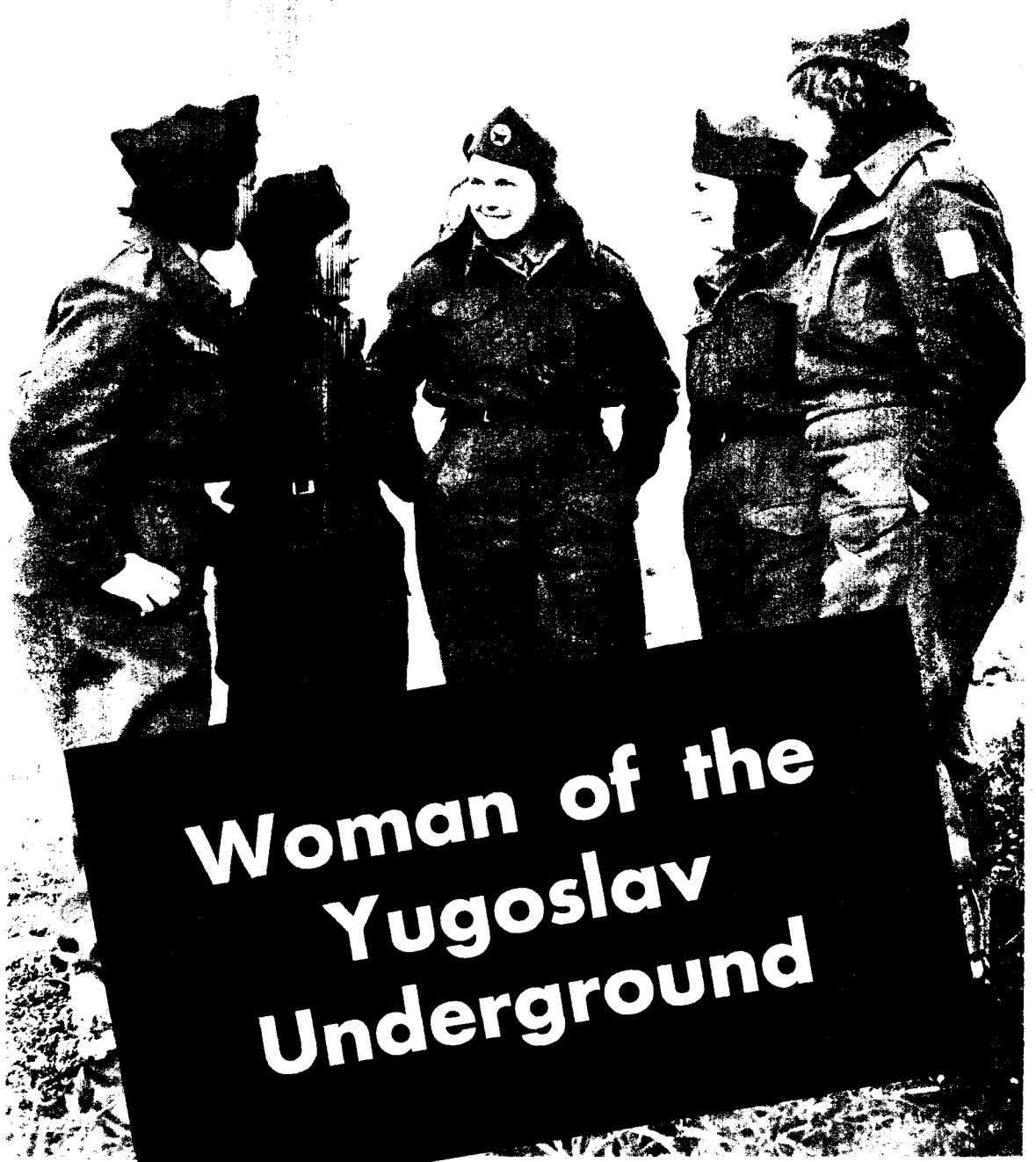
Invasion, however, will not begin until the Nazis have been virtually knocked out of the sky. The target of the moment, therefore, is the German air force. The job is already well on its way to completion. From 500 airdromes scattered throughout Britain Allied planes fly night and day—frequently every hour out of the 24—some in fleets of a thousand or more to battle the *Luftwaffe*. German operational losses have been astronomical; in January alone 665 Nazi planes were downed; in February more than 900 fighters crashed under Allied fire, a figure considerably larger than the estimated monthly production capacity of Nazi fighter planes.

The Allies are utilizing every trick they know to coax the Nazis into sky battle. But the Nazis are getting wary—and tired. Heavily gunned Fortresses now fly as escorts to Liberators and take high toll of enemy planes; even our fighters can now accompany our bombers straight to Berlin. Results are impressive. Today it is estimated that the Nazis have only 1,200 fighters available for western Europe, out of a total of less than 1,800 fighters in the whole *Luftwaffe*, including 150 rocket-carrier planes. The strength of the Allied air forces may well be four times that of the *Luftwaffe*.

These add up to a lot of facts. In a sense they are only glittering statistics. Yet, while the Germans are tough, while the *Luftwaffe* is determined and skillful, while the German High Command is brilliantly thorough, the destructive prelude by bombs is even now roaring to a climax. True, the Allies are losing considerably more flying crews and planes (in weight) than the Nazis, but it's an exchange the Allies can afford. For example, in the U. S. the flying-crew training program is being seriously curtailed, while American plane production is already greater than that of all the rest of the world put together. In short, whatever statistics there may be against the Allies in the air war, there are 100 times as many against the Nazis.

Air war as such is almost over in Europe; the Allied infantryman is preparing now to march across a continent, battling along a "road" already cut wide and long by bombers and fighters four miles upward.

YUGOSLAV GIRL PARTISANS IN ITALY. VERA KRIZMAN (CENTER) IS CREDITED WITH KILLING 21 NAZIS.



Woman of the Yugoslav Underground

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY—Milada Rajter sits in a hospital here and waits to return to the war. Milada is from Belgrade in Yugoslavia; she is a young woman about 25 or 26, although she looks a little older now. Her black hair is streaked with gray, but her face is quick and very expressive, and she gives the impression of someone who moves a great deal. This is only an impression, since Milada has a fractured leg and will not be able to move at all for a while. Such an injury is a handicap to anyone. It is especially annoying to Milada, who has been working in German-occupied Belgrade for the past two years as a member of the Partisan underground.

The hospital in which Milada sits used to be a children's school, and it looks like the kind of school a child in the third grade might draw in black. It squats in a little village near the sea: large and barnlike, with high ceilings and bare walls. There is a general air of disuse about it, as if the children had all grown up and gone away. The wind brushes coldly through the rooms and the air holds a constant chill. At night the lights are dim and insufficient. It is not what you would call a model hospital. You would hunt a long time before finding Dr. Kildare here.

What you would find are some 300 Yugoslav Partisans, recently evacuated from their native country. They are the patients. They have been brought over simply because they were hurt in a part of the country from which they could be evacuated, not because they were people of any special prestige. They are suffering from bullet wounds, shrapnel wounds, fractures, frostbite and assorted injuries, and for every one of them safe in Italy there are thousands still in Yugoslavia with no shoes and little medicine, who have been wounded or frozen fighting the Fascists.

Milada Rajter is one of the 26 women patients. She is very surprised when anyone asks to hear her story because she considers herself no different from any of the others and no more worthy of special attention. She isn't any different. Her job may have been a little more dangerous and a little more difficult, but her importance is in the fact that she is not unusual. She is repeated thousands of times in her country and in resistance movements all over Europe.

No one is more aware of that than Milada herself, but she tells her story willingly enough, with no posturing and no false modesty. She tells it sitting upright in her bed in one of the two wards for women and children. Next to her is a boy of 7 whose leg has been shot away by a German grenade. The rest of the beds are filled mainly with frostbite cases. On the wall has been roughly lettered the Partisan slogan: "DEATH TO FASCISM! FREEDOM TO THE PEOPLE!" In one corner a young girl wearing the red-starred Partisan cap is making a "wall newspaper."

Milada speaks no English, so a Partisan doctor translates for her. She talks to him rapidly and with many gestures, and her story comes out.

BEFORE the Germans came Milada was a dental technician. In the spring of 1941, after the government of King Peter had fled the country, she began to work full time in the underground. She spoke German fluently, which was a big help.

Underground work in Belgrade presented more dangers than work in any other city in Yugoslavia, mainly because the Nazi terror was greatest there. The Germans had set about systematically to slaughter the Serbs and there were daily mass executions. Every day the poison-gas vans would appear in the streets and there would be groups of hostages marching out to dig their own graves.

In the beginning the work of the underground was confined to small actions involving only a few people, such as setting fire to Fascist newspapers on the streets. Then, as the national liberation movement grew throughout the country, the underground movement kept pace with it. Liaison was established with Partisan headquarters on the outside and the underground assumed the responsibility not only of harassing the Germans, but of smuggling out supplies and munitions to the growing Army of National Liberation, eliminating quislings and performing regular espionage functions.

Some of the work was right out of Hollywood: once the Gestapo arrested a woman worker who was about to give birth, keeping her under guard in a hospital while the baby was born. Three days after birth the underground rescued mother and child and smuggled them to safety in a stolen police car.

BUT most of the work was routine, in the sense that hauling dynamite every day would be routine. Pamphlets and even whole books were printed on illegal presses and distributed all over the city. Partisans were hidden and passed to safety. The organization kept regular concealed supply dumps, over which a 24-hour guard was posted. Sometimes the guard disappeared and then that hiding place would be checked off the list. But the organization was good; it wasn't often that its shipments were nailed. The Gestapo tried vainly to break it, taking hundreds of hostages whenever they suspected anyone of underground work.

"I was a hostage myself," the doctor says, "but they let me go because I was a medical man." Milada speaks to him, and he bends closer to listen, interrupting every now and then with a question. Finally he stands up and shakes his head. "She was telling me about a family I knew in Belgrade," he says. "They were all executed as hostages—the father, the mother and the two daughters." The doctor shakes his head again slowly. "It is always hard to get over things like that. The father kept a drug store in my neighborhood. He used to fill my prescriptions."

Milada worked constantly in this atmosphere, walking the thin line of danger with the single-mindedness of all the Partisans. The strain must have been terrific. Pilots come home from a mission and are safe; infantrymen get relieved after a while and sent to the rear. There is neither rest nor security for the underground.

Milada completely renounced her identity, not daring even to visit certain streets where she was likely to be recognized. She had altered her appearance by changing her hair and adding a few touches here and there, but there were still anxious moments when she was recognized by people who might have given her away.

She managed to see her family three times in two years. Her two brothers escaped to join the Partisans; the Gestapo executed her father for that. Later both brothers were killed by the enemy. Her mother and younger sister lived alone.

Finally, in May 1943, the organization decided that Milada had worked enough in the underground. Her escape to liberated territory was arranged, and she was passed along by the Partisans. (The Germans control only the roads and railways in the half of Yugoslavia they now occupy.)

Four months later Milada reached Jajce in northwest Yugoslavia, where Partisan headquarters were then located. After a short rest she was assigned to a division to do political work. It was while with this outfit that she hurt her leg and was evacuated across the Adriatic to Italy.

"She says she was hurt in an accident, not while in action," the doctor tells you. Milada speaks quickly to him. "She doesn't want you to get the wrong impression," the doctor adds. "She says she hasn't been in action yet."

THERE is silence for a moment, while Milada searches for something else to say, and then she holds her hands palms upward and shrugs and smiles. It is late afternoon and the room is dark and cold. The other patients are deep under their blankets, and only their faces show, thin and hard and alive with a deep belief in what they are fighting for. Looking at them you see that they are ordinary people, just as Milada is an ordinary girl. It is only when you realize what they have done that you understand they are like the ordinary people all over the world: there is nothing at all ordinary about them. They are heroes in the exact, ancient sense of the word. And Milada Rajter is one of them.

The SPAHIS

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA — The Spahis like to fight. One of the most famous units in the French Army, they had the opportunity during the Tunisian campaign. Most of them served as advance guards and reconnaissance troops, but the action of at least one regiment, the 6th Algerian, was crucial. The men of this regiment held a defile in the mountains of Tunisia and prevented Axis troops from turning the Allied flank at a critical stage. Another force, serving with Fighting French troops under Gen. De Gaulle, took an active part in all the battles of the Western Desert. But the Spahis are not satisfied to rest on their fame; they are disap-

RICA, SABERS HELD ERECT AND BURNOOSES WHIPPING IN THE W

pointed unless they are kept busy fighting.

The Spahis were originally organized as part of the French Army when Algeria was conquered in 1830. Since then these spectacular horsemen have fought in all of France's wars since the Second Empire. There are two types of Spahis—Algerian and Moroccan, distinguished from each other by their burnooses, or robes, the former wearing red burnooses and the latter blue ones. It takes a lot of persuasion to make the Spahis take them off in battle. They have a superstition that they will be killed if they do not wear a burnoose, even though it makes them into a fine target for a sniper.

Some Spahi units are now being mechanized but most are still being trained as crack cavalry outfits that know everything there is to know about horsemanship. They ride swift, small Arabian horses and spend most of their time training and taking care of their mounts. Each man is responsible for his own. The horses, incidentally, are not full-blooded; the best of the Spahi horses are a cross between Arabian stallions and Spanish Barb mares. Spahis have small carbines and large sabers, which they can use to good advantage at close quarters.

These pictures of the Spahis training in North Africa were made by YANK's Sgt. John Frano.

TAKING A HORSE OVER A HURDLE. IF HE SHOULD FA
SPAHI TRADITIONALLY BUYS DRINKS FOR ALL HIS F

MAIL CALL

Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

The new mustering-out bill passed by Congress is unfair. . . . I ask you, is it fair that men with one, two and three years of foreign service get only $300, while a 60-day wonder who has not yet finished his basic training receives $200? I would rather have no mustering-out pay for myself than to have my foreign service rated at so little value. . . . I suggest that the following laws be added to make things more equal:

1. $100 for every year of service in the U. S. . . . in addition to the $200 for over 60 days' service in the States.
2. $100 for every six months in foreign service, in addition to the $300 now allotted.
3. $100 additional for every bronze star worn.

Let's take my case as an example. I have had three years and four months on active duty. Over one year and eight months of this time is foreign service, leaving over one year and seven months in the States. The score: Under paragraph No. 1, I would get $300, under paragraph No. 2, $600, and under paragraph No. 3, nothing. Total, $900, which is certainly fair for my service when a 60-day wonder gets $200. This total is close to the average bonus given to World War I veterans and is not excessive in any way.

New Guinea —S/Sgt. WALTER E. HYDE

Dear YANK:

. . . The mustering-out pay is weak. . . . It pays no heed to the Sad Sack who will lose $100 because he was in the Army for 59 days instead of the 60 which the present bill requires for the $200 payment. This can easily be remedied by changing the provisions to include a payment of $3.33 for each day of service up to 60 days. . . . A minimum program to provide for needs which will arise during the period of readjustment to follow discharge should include payments to begin one month after discharge and continue for six months without regard to grade or rank. They should be equal to base pay plus allowances for dependents, but not to exceed $150 per month. . . . Such payments would give servicemen a running start toward the better world which has been promised. . . .

Neither $3,000 nor $2,000 would be adequate payment for the kind of "job" we've been doing. Every man in uniform, whether he is stationed on Broadway or in the jungles of New Britain, is prepared to make the ultimate sacrifice. We do not expect payment in dollars and cents for doing our duty. We do expect that any money given us when the war is over will be furnished so that our reinduction into civilian life will be easier for us and the civilian communities which are awaiting our return.

Mitchel Field, L. I., N. Y. —S/Sgt. HOWARD L. HURWITZ

Dear YANK:

. . . Of course, the majority of us are only crowding the two-year mark in foreign service, and under the troop-rotation policy we will apparently have to agree to another foreign-service campaign if we are to have the privilege of returning to the "old country" even for a short visit. But if our Government is interested in compensation for service, why doesn't it pay so much for service in the States, so much for foreign service (noncombatant) and so much for combat service? Don't get us wrong. We are not complaining. We are weighing the injustice of comparison. Those men who use the guns have far more reason to complain than we.

Anglo-Egyptian Sudan —M/Sgt. W. McELFRESH

Sgt. Bushemi

Dear YANK:

Just heard about the recent death of Sgt. John A. Bushemi, who was killed in action while landing on a Jap-held island in the Pacific. I had the honor and privilege of meeting Sgt. John A. Bushemi, the YANK correspondent, in the South Pacific. I am writing this letter to let you know that we servicemen down here, who have seen action, know what it is to meet the enemy with guns. We take our hats off and salute men like John A. Bushemi and the rest of the YANK correspondents who risk their lives and meet the enemy with cameras, so that they can show those action photos to the rest of the armed services. If you have ever seen a hero, Sgt. John A. Bushemi was it, and we hope that his mother will receive something to show the rest of the world her son was a hero.

Canton Island —Pfc. PAUL LEVY

Gripes From Overseas

Dear YANK:

Just a line to let people know that there are still soldiers in Greenland. We are not complaining, but we have been up here for quite some time and . . . have not seen any women since we left the States. We have been reading about the movie stars entertaining the soldiers overseas. After all we, too, are overseas. How about it? We, too, can use some of that entertainment.

Greenland —Sgt. LOUIS TURK*

*Signed also by Sgt. Melvin Friedman, Cpls. Felix C. Godek, Hazy Haig, Emory H. O'Berry, Robert S. Crenshaw and David E. Rock and Pfcs. Angel Vitule and John M. Campanella.

Dear YANK:

This is just another letter from a worn-out soldier overseas. . . . I am on my third year overseas in these unbearable tropics, and there is no such a thing as a pass or furlough, because there isn't any place to go. I gave my all in the best American spirit and fortitude with the grandest Infantry unit in the United States Army on Guadalcanal. That I was glad to do. Since that time I have spent considerable time in the hospitals from disease and disabilities, being cast off from my outfit . . . to be assigned to a noncombatant unit. After being geared up to such a high pitch, my mental restlessness, greater than my physical restlessness, is impossible to overcome. My gripe is why in hell am I kept here when I use the same amount of cargo space to maintain as a mentally and physically good soldier? . . . I know nothing is accomplished by this outburst, but I do feel better.

Fiji Islands —Sgt. A. HARDY

See Here, Pvt. Hargrove

Dear YANK:

Being assigned to an Army Public Relations Office is a tough enough deal, with every second soldier calling you a goldbrick either to your face or behind your back. Now Hollywood comes along and really gives us a good turn in the picture "See Here, Pvt. Hargrove." It bluntly pictures Army Public Relations as a haven of refuge for all good goldbricks, combat dodgers and fugitives from 25-mile hikes. I say the picture, for this reason, stinks. Millions of civilians are going to get a distorted view of a pretty important branch of the Army when they see this picture. And I don't like it. I've written Wesley Ruggles, director of the picture, and told him so.

Getting personal, I didn't ask for Public Relations work, but after seven months in the Medics I was transferred into that branch because I had been a newspaperman in civilian life. I've been general service ever since entering the Army in July 1942 and I'd certainly welcome the chance to get overseas. But until the Army gets good and ready to send me, there's not much that I can do about it. Meanwhile we sit here and take a lot of crap from soldiers. And now glamorous, gorgeous Hollywood comes along and really gives us a pat on the back. We're not looking for bouquets, but neither are we looking for stabs in the back. I say the picture is a slap in the face to every GI assigned to Public Relations work or to a camp publication.

Camp Barkeley, Tex. —Sgt. GEORGE SELGRAT

■ Sgt. Hargrove agrees.

Hospital Ship

Dear YANK:

In regard to Sgt. Mack Morriss' article concerning the unloading of the *USHS Acadia* [in a February issue of YANK], we wish to offer our viewpoint on the subject. Being in a medical battalion that has the assignment of evacuating all patients in this area, we wish to inform you of some of the records we have accomplished with the hospital ship *Acadia*. First, we have unloaded the ship in less than two hours and loaded it to full capacity in three hours. Even under hazardous conditions it never required five hours for us to unload or load any hospital ship. [The article had described the unloading of the *Acadia* in five hours.—Ed.] In addition we evacuate patients by our ambulances some 20 miles to a hospital area. Your article has insulted the efficiency of our battalion, and we request this be printed as an apology.

North Africa —1st Sgt. ALFRED MAZZARINO*

*Signed also by 2d Lt. W. Miller, S/Sgt. Willie F. Gamez, Sgt. Jesse J. Stawicki, and Cpls. Gordeon D. Jack, Robert A. Platnu and Harvey J. Story.

■ YANK simply gave the facts. Apparently it takes longer to disembark patients in the States than overseas, where speed is vital.

Ilona Massey

Dear YANK:

Ilona Massey visited GIs down here, and we want to give a long "yea" for her—the most regular gal of 'em all! There aren't many who eat in the EM's mess at 6 A.M. but she does—and likes it.

Brazil —Cpl. W. D. CRAWFORD

Brush-Off Club (Girls)

Dear YANK:

. . . You are probably familiar with the story of the Brush-Off Club which was organized in Algiers *some time ago by a group of jilted Army officers.* Hal Boyle, AP correspondent in Algiers, featured the group in an article last November, and it was that article that brought all my resentment to a head. Not so long before I had been jilted by an Army officer, so you can understand why this Brush-Off Club didn't exactly set right with me! I wrote to the captain in charge of the club, proposing the formation of a women's auxiliary to the group, for the benefit of gals who had been jilted. Mr. Boyle published my letter and the ensuing response was terrific, to say the least.

Letters began pouring in from jilted girls all over the country, and from even more servicemen who wanted to help do something about it! . . . The lieutenant who was responsible for my starting the whole thing chose that precise moment to send me an announcement of his marriage to the other girl! That made me mad, and coupled with the undeniable fact that I had my back to the wall, made me go through with plans for official organization. . . . Soon chapters started up all over the country, and we now have one in nearly every state in the Union. . . . One of the most popular features of our local group is our "Rogues' Gallery," consisting of a snapshot or portrait of the man who made each of our members eligible. No names are printed under the pictures, which are mounted on a bulletin board, but each is tagged with a long, prison-like number. . . .

Santa Monica, Calif. —LOUISE M. COZINE, Pres., WABOC

Job

Dear YANK:

Recently I was looking through a number of soldiers' classification cards. You can imagine how amazed I was when I found the following masterpiece of interviewing on one of these cards:

MAIN OCCUPATION: Baseball player.

JUST WHAT DID YOU DO? Delivered horsehide-covered ball to batter with overhand motion of right hand, endeavoring to make him flail at ball without connecting.

Is it men like this interviewer that make the Army so efficient?

Newfoundland —Cpl. JULIUS WAIXEL

Baseball Bet

Dear YANK:

I would greatly appreciate your furnishing me the correct information about Bob Feller's establishing a record of 18 strike-outs in the American League. Did Feller accomplish this feat pitching against the New York Yankees or the Detroit Tigers? My friend insists it was against the Yanks. I say the Tigers. Who is right? Your answer will settle a wager.

New Guinea —Sgt. G. W. STEELE

■ Sgt. Steele collects. Feller set a new American League record on Oct. 2, 1938, at Cleveland, by whiffing 18 Detroit Tigers.

Message Center

B. JOHN SHERMAN BANKS, USN: write T Sgt. Richard W. Lancaster, 329th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Selman Field, La. . . . ROBERT BEISLER, once an A/C at Santa Ana, Calif.: write Sgt. George Selgrat, Adm. Sec., 1851st Unit, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . BARNEY & PHIL BLOOM of Newton, Mass.: write Cpl. Robert Harris, 8th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Bks. 40, Scott Field, Ill. . . . Pvt. STANLEY BOZZA, 726 AW Co.: write Bennie T. Ananias, Hq. Co., 93d Sig. Bn., Camp Young, Calif.

G. Lt. DUANE GAMMET, with the Air Corps in Burma: write Pvt. John Sullivan, Co. B, 119th Med. Bn., APO 44, Shreveport, La. . . . Lt. ALVIN GEIER, FA, formerly at Camp Beale, Calif.: write A/C Kenneth P. Cramer, Sq. 2, Box 705, Lemoore Army Flying Sch., Lemoore, Calif. . . . Wac AMELIA GRICIUS of Chicago: write Pvt. J. Kronenberg, Tng. Hq. Co., Camp Cooke, Calif. . . . Sgt. IRVIN E. (STUMPY) GROVES, once in 3d AB Sq., Selfridge Field, Mich.: write M/Sgt. Albert W. Fauner, AAF Base Det., Congaree, S. C.

L. Pfc. EUGENE LESSER, once in a Prcht. Regt., Fort Benning, Ga.: write your brother, Sgt. Stanley Lesser, 18th Repl. Wing, AAB, Salt Lake City, Utah. . . . Sgt. WILLARD LITTLEFIELD of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., with 107th Engrs., 33d Div.: write S. W. Walli, Flc, Ship's Co., Plumbing, Camp Peary, Va. . . . Pvt. JERRIE LONDINSKI, somewhere in Australia: write Pvt. Helen London, WAC Det., Indiantown Gap, Pa. . . . Sgt. TERRY LEE LOTT: write S/Sgt. Joseph K. Bunevich, 399 Bomb. Gp., 605 Sq., March Field, Calif.

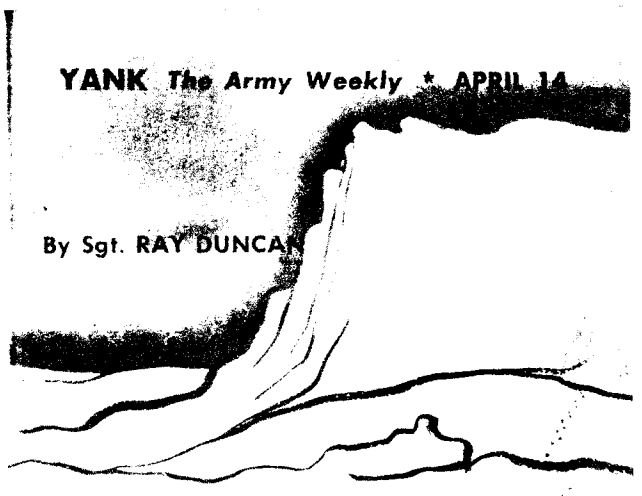
MISCELLANEOUS. GIs in ATLANTIC SECTOR SIG. PLATOON, '36-'38: write Sgt. Harold A. Taylor, O'Reilly Gen. Hosp., Ward D-1, Springfield, Mo. . . . Anyone knowing whereabouts of Pvt. SIDNEY RANKIN of New York, N. Y., once at Verona, N. J.: write Pvt. Sam Bregman, 1672 SU, Sec. B, Bldg. 142, Fort Sheridan, Ill. . . . Anyone knowing whereabouts of Lt. Col. CHARLES J. FARANACCI & Capt. JACK M. BAILISS write Maj. Henry B. Webb, 8th Serv. Comd. Lab., Fort Sam Houston, Tex. . . . GIs in BTRY. C, 198TH CA (AA): write Robert Ferguson, Ream Gen. Hosp., Palm Beach, Fla. . . . Boys from NORFOLK & ATTORNEY STS., NEW YORK CITY: write Pvt. Eddie J. Friedman, Btry. C, 783d AAA, (AW) Bn., Camp Haan, Calif. . . . Anyone who knew Cpl. RAYMOND C. ESTES, reported missing in action Nov. 26, '43: write Sgt. Reba Estes, WAC Det., MAAF, Malden, Mo. . . . Former members of the LONG ISLAND NEWMAN CLUB: write Lt. Alphonse F. Wurth, 1007th QM Rescue Boat OTU, Gulfport Field, Miss. . . . Men in Co. H, 11TH INF., Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., '38-'41: write Pfc. Arthur J. Campbell, 981st TEFTS, Williams Field, Ariz. . . . Anyone knowing whereabouts of JOHN W. CROWLEY of Charlotte, N. C., & Washington, D. C.: write Sgt. Julian H. Fowler, Btry. F, 246th CAHD, Fort Story, Va. . . . Anyone who knows whereabouts of GERARD S. CARMICHAEL of North Plainfield, N. J.: write *Message Center*, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

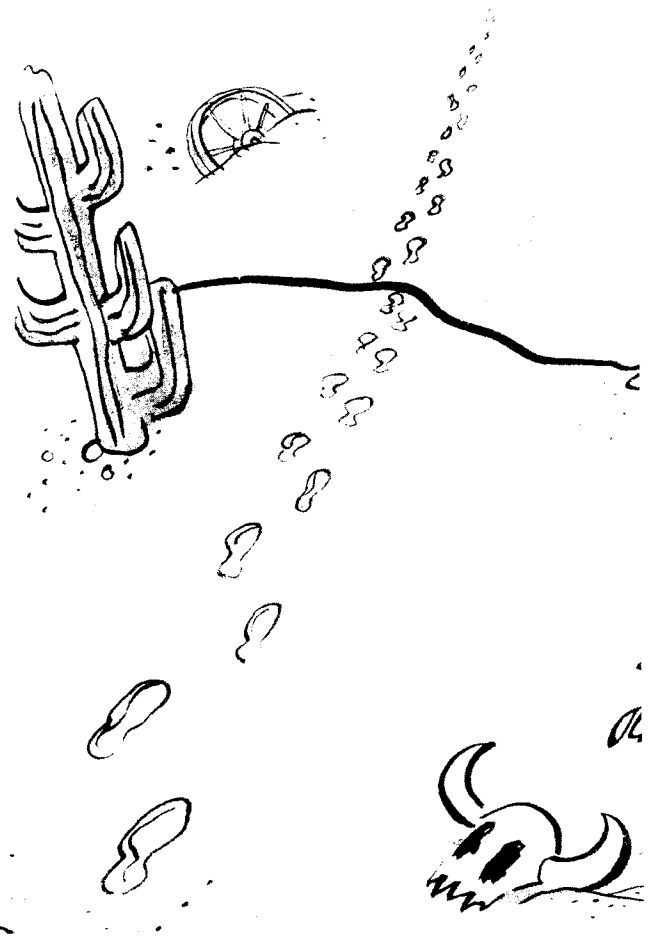
SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request. Write to *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Over the Hill

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN





IT was almost exactly 1530 hours when Walt Durkee went over the hill. The adjutant, in the orderly room, glanced up at the clock and noted the time on his desk pad.

"Looks like your new man is taking off," he observed to Snell. The duty sergeant glanced out the window. "Who, Durkee? No, he ain't takin' off. He's policin' up the area. Nobody ever goes over the hill from this camp."

Which was exactly what the sergeant had been telling Walt Durkee.

"Welcome to Desert Hole Army Air Base," Snell had said. "We hope you'll like it here." And he had waved his hand at the sage-dotted desert that stretched far away to the hills.

"No," Walt Durkee said, "I don't like it here. I've been in camps like this before. Don't be surprised if I go over the hill."

Sgt. Snell glanced sharply at the new man, an odd light in his eye. "Oh no, you won't go over the hill. Funny thing, nobody ever goes over the hill from this camp."

"No?"

"No. You will be assigned general duty. Your first duty will be to police up the area." Again the sergeant waved his arm at the desert around them, and handed Walt a little brown sack.

After two hours of policing up Walt found three small bones and a dried-up rattlesnake skin. "I sure would like a glass of beer," he thought. "I would like very much to sit under a tree somewhere." It was then 1100 and time for a break. He began to work away from the orderly room, so he could lie down for a while with his head in the shade of a sagebrush.

But as soon as he was settled and beginning to drowse in the desert silence, Walt heard a sharp click as the orderly-room door opened half a mile away.

"All right, all right," said the duty sergeant. "Let's get on the ball out there, Pvt. Durkee."

Durkee roused himself. "Yeah," he muttered, "okay, you loud-mouthed orderly-room jerk."

"I heard that!" rang Sgt. Snell's angry voice across the desert.

At noon chow Walt Durkee picked up extra sandwiches and fruit. "I sure would like to see a tree," he kept thinking as he resumed his policing-up duties. "See a tree, see a tree," something sang in his ear, "over the hill and see a tree."

He kept drifting farther from the orderly room, pretending to pick up cigarette butts. After three or four miles he dropped pretense and strode boldly toward the hills in the east, toward his home in New Hampshire.

"Look," said the adjutant, "look at that man Durkee now. He's definitely taking off. Aren't you going to say anything to him?"

"No. Not yet." Snell came to the window. "But don't tell the Old Man about this. He promised me another stripe on the first of the month if none of my men went AWOL. He's proud of our record."

All that night Walt walked toward the east. He lay down by a big sagebrush just before dawn, but after a few hours he wakened suddenly. Someone was calling his name.

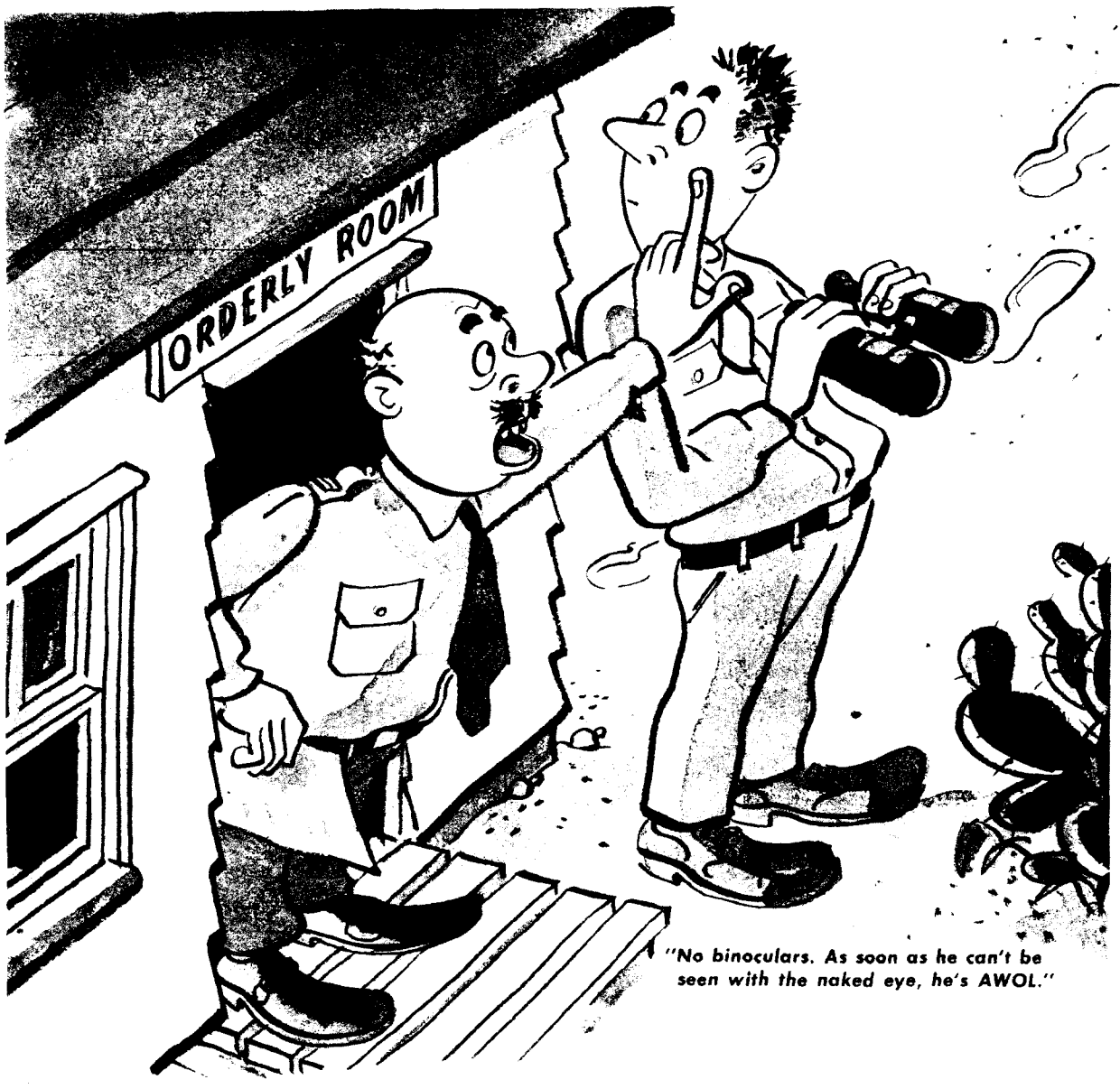
"Here!" cried Durkee instinctively, sitting upright.

"Okay," came the voice of the duty sergeant across the wasteland. "Just taking roll call. Carry on!" Walt heard the faint far-off slam of the orderly-room door.

"I'M afraid," said the adjutant three mornings later, "that we'll have to mark your man AWOL. He didn't answer roll call for today."

"But sir," argued Snell, "it's windy today. You can see him for yourself, heading for those mountains to the east. After all, you can't count a man AWOL when he's in plain sight. They'd laugh you out of courts martial!"

"We've argued this out a hundred times, Snell, every time one of your men takes off. But I'll check regulations again."



"No binoculars. As soon as he can't be seen with the naked eye, he's AWOL."

"Can't we put him on special-duty status for a while, till after the first of the month? Let's say he's a weather observer on special duty. It's not like we didn't know where he was."

Walt Durkee's food was beginning to run low, but he wouldn't give up. He could see the hill he was going over, looming closer and closer, as he plodded along a dimly marked trail leading east. The orderly room now was only a speck in the distance.

"No," said the adjutant firmly on the following Monday, "I certainly will not permit the use of binoculars. As soon as he can't be seen with the naked eye, he's AWOL."

"Everything's gotta be just *so* with you," muttered Snell. "Anyhow I think he'll be startin' back soon. I had the observation plane drop a little more food."

"Well, I took him off special duty this morning, I had to. The Old Man was beginning to wonder, I think. Durkee's now carried as detached service."

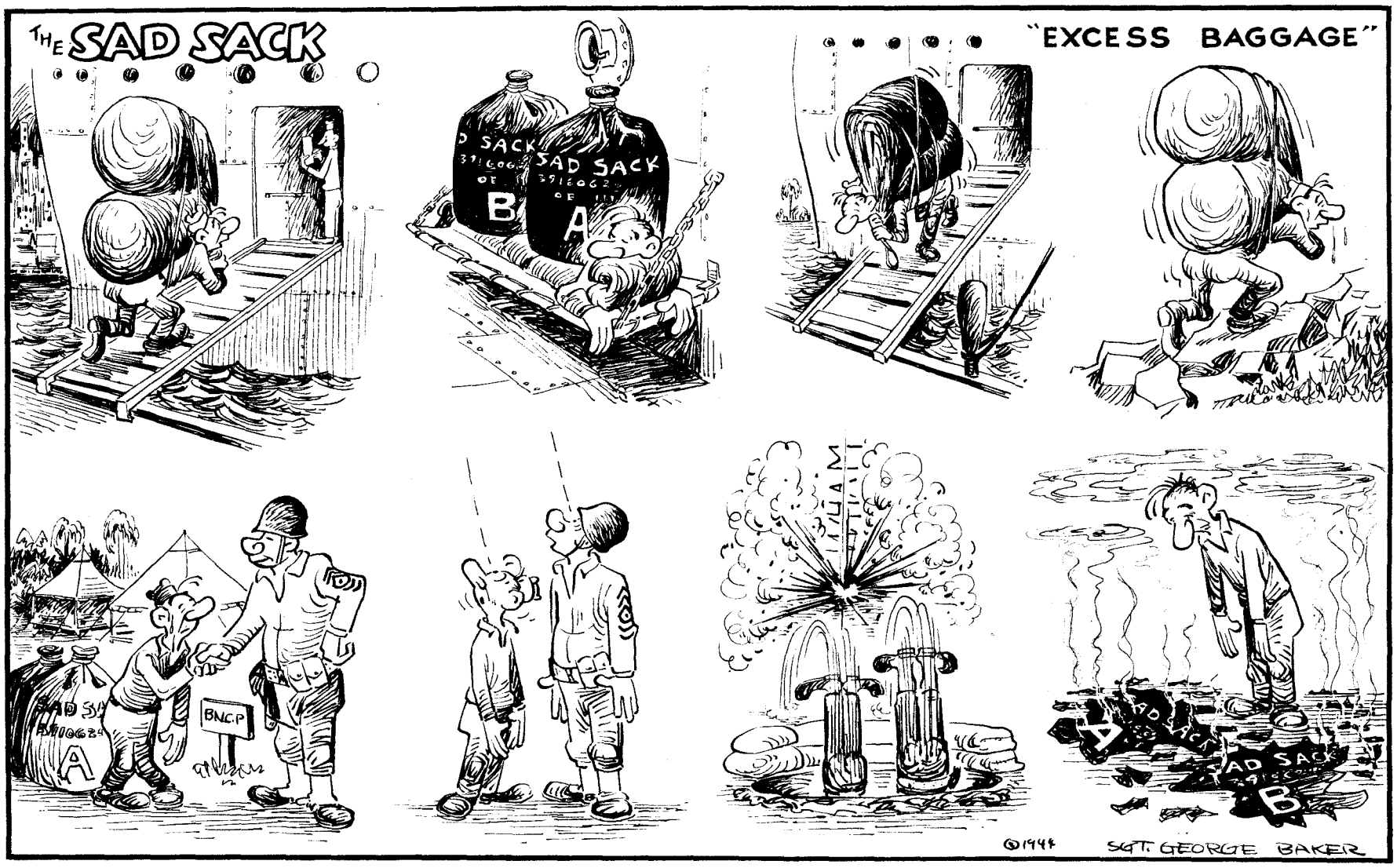
Sgt. Snell grabbed the binoculars. "Look!" he cried, "I think he's turned around at last. We can put him back on squadron-area duty as of tomorrow's morning report!"

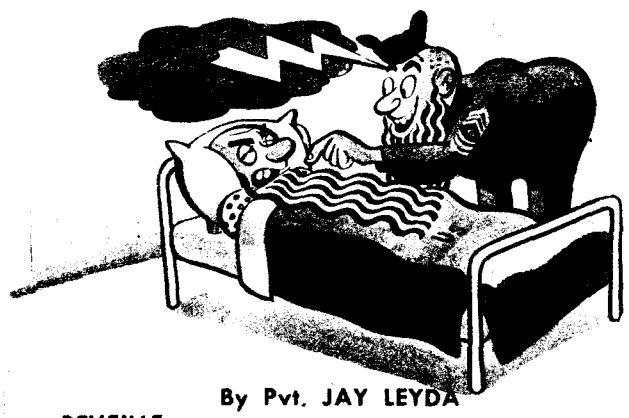
When Pvt. Walt Durkee staggered into the orderly room about eight days later, he kept trying to lick his swollen lips with a dry tongue. "I've come to give myself up," he gasped.

"Did you finish policin' up?" asked Snell, now a staff sergeant. He glanced out across the desert. "Looks pretty good. Now why don't you get back to the barracks before the Old Man catches you in that ragged uniform."

"I was AWOL," muttered Durkee, "I was over the hill—I mean——"

"You mean you got lost," said the staff sergeant, shoving him toward the barracks. "Nobody ever goes over the hill from this camp."





By Pvt. JAY LEYDA

GI PROVERBS from KING SOLOMON

REVEILLE

He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice, rising early in the morning, it shall be counted a curse to him. *(27:14)*

MORNING DIALOGUE

[PLATOON SERGEANT:] How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?

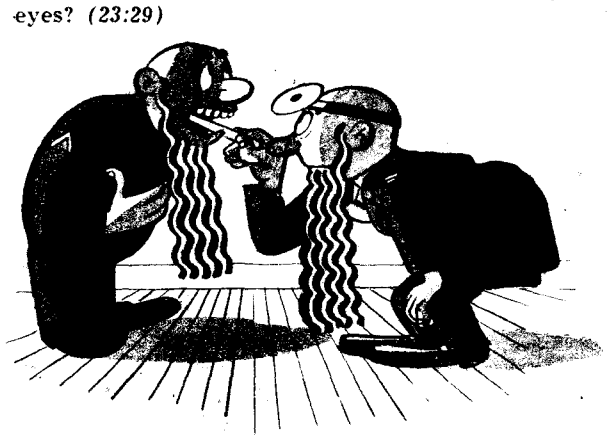
[PRIVATE:] *Yet* a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. *(6:9-10)*

LATRINE RUMOR

The words of a talebearer *are* as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly. *(18:8)*

SICK CALL

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of the eyes? *(23:29)*



MESS

Hell and destruction are never full; so the eyes of man are never satisfied. *(27:20)*

Eat thou not the bread of *him that hath* an evil eye, neither desire thou his dainty meats. *(23:6)*

WAC BARRACKS

She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. *(31:13-15)*

MEDIUM TANK

Then I saw, *and* considered *it* well: I looked upon *it*, *and* received instruction. *(24:32)*

DRILL FIELD

As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so *is* a wise reprover upon an obedient ear *(25:12)*

INFILTRATION COURSE

For a just *man* falleth seven times, and riseth up again: but the wicked shall fall into mischief. *(24:16)*

FOXHOLE

Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field; and afterwards build thine house. *(24:27)*

APPROACHING MP

A prudent *man* foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished. *(22:3)*

SEX HYGIENE LECTURE

For the lips of a strange woman drop *as* an honeycomb, and her mouth *is* smoother than oil:

But her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a twoedged sword. *(5:3-4)*

KP

Foolishness *is* bound in the heart of a child; *but* the rod of correction shall drive it far from him. *(22:15)*

Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer. *(25:4)*

MAIL CALL

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so *is* good news from a far country. *(25:25)*

BARRACKS BANKER

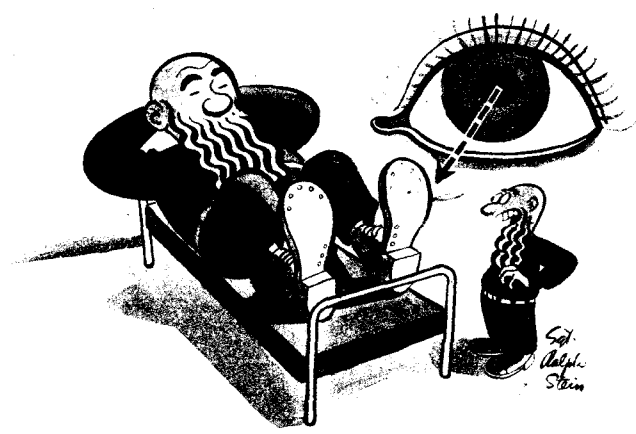
I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. *(8:17)*

BROKEN SERGEANT

He, that being often reproved hardeneth *his* neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. *(29:1)*

ON SOMEBODY ELSE'S BUNK

Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house; lest he be weary of thee, and *so* hate thee. *(25:17)*



HOW TO VOTE IN 11 STATES HOLDING PRIMARIES IN JUNE AND JULY

NAME OF STATE	DATE OF ELECTION	HOW TO APPLY FOR STATE ABSENTEE BALLOTS	Earliest Date State Will Receive Application for Ballot	Earliest Date State Will Forward Ballot to Applicant*	Absentee Ballot Must Be Back To Be Eligible To Be Counted	SPECIAL STATE PROVISIONS
GEORGIA	4 July	*a*) In accordance with Georgia law, or *b*) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Atlanta, Ga.	Any time	15 Apr.	4 July	Servicemen 18 years of age and over on 7 Nov. 1944 are eligible to apply to vote in the primary.
IDAHO	13 June	*a*) In accordance with Idaho law, or *b*) By mailing to the Secretary of State, Boise, Idaho, the WD post card on which the serviceman has written that he wishes it treated as an application for State Absentee Ballot.	Any time	1 June	13 June	Note that the serviceman must write on the WD post card that he wishes it treated as an application for a State Absentee Ballot. Note that there are only 13 days between the time the state will mail the ballots and the time they must be received back in the state to be eligible to be counted.
IOWA	5 June	By mailing a special application form furnished by Iowa. Servicemen can request this application form (1) by writing to the Secretary of State, Des Moines, Iowa, or to the appropriate local election officials, if known, or (2) by *mailing to the Secretary of State* the WD post card on which the serviceman has written that he wishes it treated as a request for an application for a State Absentee Ballot.	Any time	11 Apr.	4 June	Note that serviceman must request an application for a ballot, which can be done either by letter or by WD post card on which he has written he wishes it treated as a request for an application for a State Absentee Ballot. The request should be made at the *earliest possible date*.
MAINE	19 June	By mailing a special application form furnished by Maine. Servicemen can request this application form (1) by writing to the Secretary of State, Augusta, Maine, or to the appropriate local election officials, if known, or (2) by mailing to the Secretary of State the WD post card on which the serviceman has written that he wishes it treated as a request for an application for a State Absentee Ballot.	Any time	10 May	19 June	Note that serviceman must request an application for a ballot, which can be done either by letter or by WD post card on which he has written he wishes it treated as a request for an application for a State Absentee Ballot. The request should be made at the *earliest possible date*. This information is on the basis of existing state law. The Maine Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions.
MICHIGAN	11 July	*a*) In accordance with Michigan law, or *b*) By sending a WD post card to the Secretary of State, Lansing, Mich.	Any time	12 June	11 July	
MINNESOTA	10 July	*a*) In accordance with Minnesota law, or *b*) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, St. Paul, Minn.	Any time	10 May	10 July	
MISSISSIPPI (First primary)	4 July	*a*) In accordance with Mississippi law, or *b*) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Jackson, Miss.	4 May	4 May	4 July	Note that this is the first Mississippi primary. There will be a run-off primary on 29 Aug. 1944.
NEW MEXICO	6 June	There is no provision for absentee voting in the primary. Soldiers may vote only by appearing in person at the proper local election polling place.				Note that New Mexico does not provide for any method of absentee voting in the primary. Servicemen to vote must appear in person at the proper local election polling place.
NORTH DAKOTA	27 June	*a*) In accordance with North Dakota law, or *b*) By sending WD post card to the Secretary of State, Bismarck, N. D.	Any time	1 May	27 June	This information is on the basis of existing state law. The North Dakota Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions.
OKLAHOMA	11 July	*a*) In accordance with Oklahoma law, or *b*) By using the WD post card, addressed to the Secretary of the County Election Board of the county of the soldier's residence. The soldier should change both the front and the back of the WD post card from "Secretary of State" to "Secretary of the County Election Board." Application can be made at any time.	Any time	1 July	11 July	Note that WD post cards must be addressed, front and back, to the Secretary of the County Election Board of the county of the soldier's residence, not to the Secretary of State. Note that there are only 11 days between the time the state will mail the ballots and the time they must be received back in the state to be eligible to be counted. This information is on the basis of existing state law. The Oklahoma Legislature will hold a session that may change some of the provisions.
WASHINGTON	11 July	*a*) In accordance with Washington law, or *b*) By sending the WD post card to the Secretary of State, Olympia, Wash.	Any time	27 May	Ballot must be marked and mailed on or before 11 July and received by 5 Aug.	

*Application should reach officials on, or as soon after as possible, the date the state starts sending out ballots.

THE table on this page shows how you can vote in the primary elections if you are from one of the 11 states holding their primaries between 1 June and 11 July.

All 11 states provide for voting in their primaries only by state absentee ballots, covering Federal, state and local officials. As we go to press, final action has not yet been taken on Federal voting legislation, but no new Federal law will affect the voting procedures in any of these states. However, three of these states—Maine, North Dakota and Oklahoma—will hold sessions of their legislatures and may change some of the provisions of their voting laws. Probably such changes would make the existing requirements less strict.

The WD post card referred to in the table is the regular *WD AGO Form 560*, which has been used in elections since 1942. New Federal legislation may provide for a new, simpler post card, but the old card will still be good. Your CO should be able to give you one or the other. If you can't get either, write a letter, using the same wording that is on Form 560.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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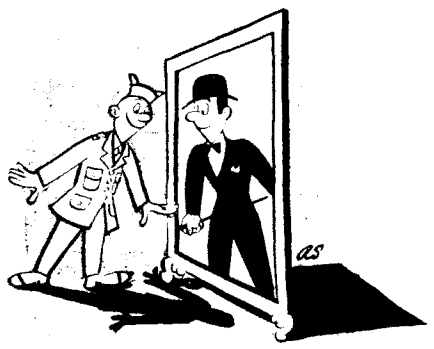
MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

Remember to put your party affiliation on your application for a state absentee ballot, as the primary elections are for party candidates. States have already been troubled by soldiers forgetting to indicate their affiliation and for that reason have not yet been able to send them their ballots.

Remember, too, to print your name and serial number under your signature. Some state officials have complained that they have been unable to read signatures.

With the exception of Georgia, which last year lowered its voting age to 18, all servicemen in these states must be 21 *at the time of the election* to be eligible to vote. Some states, however, require absentee voters to take steps in addition to filing a ballot application, such as registration or payment of taxes. If you are not sure of your eligibility to vote, write to your Secretary of State.

The material in the table is taken from *WD Circular 119, 23 Mar. 1944*, one of a series of WD circulars on soldier voting.



By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

ON these pages YANK prints a comprehensive chart listing various benefits available to discharged GIs in New York City, and showing how and where those benefits can be obtained with a minimum of red tape. Although designed for the New York area alone, the chart can be used, with a few minor changes, by any U. S. town or city.

This chart is important. If others based on the same principle were put into use throughout the country, they would help plenty to cut down the period between a man's discharge and the day on which he draws his first civilian pay check—or if he's entitled to one, a Government pension.

That period could stand a lot of cutting. As matters stand in the States these days, there are so many agencies dispensing veterans' benefits that some of them are in a fog about the exact functions and responsibilities of the others. As a result, a returning soldier in many communities often has to sweat out a long series of futile interviews, and applications, not because the services he needs aren't to be had but because too much time is lost in tracking down the specific organization that provides those services.

Prepared by two New York employment experts, Roland Baxt, executive director, and Dr. Seymour M. Blumenthal, group guidance consultant of the Federation Employment Service, a non-fee-charging placement agency affiliated with the Federation of Jewish Philanthropic Societies, the chart is simple and very easy to follow. Here's the lay-out:

Listed in the column at the extreme left are the general benefits and services available to dischargees. At the top of the other columns are the names of the agencies administering the benefits. Reading down each column under the agency's name you will find a more detailed description of the benefit, what qualifies you to receive it and, finally, the agency's address.

As you will note, several of the agencies included, like the Veterans Administration and the Red Cross, are national organizations, which have regional offices strategically located in all parts of the country. Others, like the New York State Department of Labor, are state agencies. Still others, like the New York City Department of Welfare, are local. Any community deciding to use this chart as a model would have only to substitute its own state and local agencies.

For instance, a city in Indiana—say Indianapolis—would keep all the data pertaining to national organizations intact, changing only the addresses, which would be those of the Indiana offices of those organizations. For the New York state columns, the Hoosier city would substitute its own Indiana counterparts. Finally, it would indicate all important Indianapolis agencies offering special assistance to second World War veterans.

Millions of us, sooner or later, will face a vast and complicated veteran-readjustment machinery. Obviously any mechanism that can speed our readjustment ought to be primed and started pronto, so that by the time we get home it will be really clicking. That's why YANK is printing this chart now.

Better clip it out and send it home. It may help your home town get on the beam today for the solution of its veterans' problems of tomorrow. If it does, your reentry later on into civilian life will be a lot smoother—and quicker.

	VETERANS ADMINISTRATION	NEW YORK STATE DIVISION OF VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION	WAR DEPARTMENT NAVY DEPARTMENT
MEDICAL Hospitalization	For service- and nonservice-connected disabilities. Priority given to former when there is a shortage of beds.	For corrective surgery or treatment needed to modify substantially the physical condition interfering with veteran's ability to work at maximum capacity. Hospitalization is available when necessary to maximum of 90 days.	
Domiciliary Care	For chronic disabilities, diseases or defects that prevent earning of a living. Veteran must be without adequate means of support.	No such service available.	
Out-Patient Treatment	For service-connected disabilities NOT requiring hospitalization but only medical treatment.	Medical examination and treatment are arranged when hospitalization is not required.	
Prosthetic Devices	Hearing aids, artificial limbs, braces, etc., furnished when need is determined in service-connected disabilities of 10 percent or more, or when required while veteran is hospitalized.	All such necessary devices as will improve the employability of the veteran are supplied.	
REHABILITATION Counseling and Testing	Vocational advisers assist and guide veterans eligible for vocational training in overcoming handicaps and in restoring employability.	Employment counselors interview, discuss and explore aptitudes, interests and job possibilities with veteran.	
Training	Training officers prepare and arrange appropriate training programs in training institutions or "on the job" training to restore employability. All expenses (tuition, books, supplies and equipment) are paid for. Expenses for a single veteran, if pension is less than $80, will be increased to that amount. Married veterans are granted additional amounts for wife, children and dependent parents.	The most suitable type of vocational education and training are provided when so indicated. Expenses for books, tools and tuition are paid. Transportation and maintenance costs during the training period are provided when necessary.	
EMPLOYMENT & COUNSELING	Employment obtained on an individual basis AFTER the veteran has completed his rehabilitation training.	Assistance provided in obtaining employment consistent with the individual's rehabilitation plan.	None.
MONETARY BENEFITS	Must have war service-connected disability of 10 percent or more. Depends on degree of service-connected disability: $10 for 10 percent, to $100 for 100 percent disability. Special amounts up to $250 may be granted for certain conditions impairing employability.	None.	Mustering-out payments are made as follows: 1 to 60 days—$100; 60 days or more, no foreign service—$200; 60 days or more, with foreign service—$300.
SPECIAL ASSISTANCES	None.	None.	None.
ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS	**General.** Active service after Dec. 7, 1941; honorable discharge. **Specific.** For vocational rehabilitation: World War II service-connected pensionable disability of 10 percent or more; vocational handicap due to this disability; disability must be of a kind for which there is a need for rehabilitation.	First citizenship papers at least; claim to service-connected disability disallowed by Veterans Administration; must be "employable individual": one who will be benefited by rehabilitation process and thus be able to engage in a remunerative occupation.	Honorable discharge; active service on or after Dec. 7, 1941; Waacs also eligible if discharged under honorable conditions because of disability. Those with ranks above captain in Army or Marines, lieutenant (sg) in Navy or Coast Guard are NOT eligible.
WHERE TO APPLY	Veterans Administration 130 Kingsbridge Road Bronx, N. Y. RAymond 9-3200	New York State Department of Education, Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation, State Office Building, Room 528, 80 Center Street, New York City 13, Monday through Friday, 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. COrtlandt 7-9800	If discharged AFTER Feb. 3, 1944, apply Company Commander. If discharged BEFORE Feb. 3, 1944, apply as follows: **Army Officers & EM**—Finance Officer, U.S. Army, 2 Lafayette St., New York City. **Marine Officers & EM**—Commandant, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. **Navy and Coast Guard EM**—Field Branch, Bureau of Supplies and Men, Cleveland, Ohio. **Navy Officers**—Bureau of Naval Personnel, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C. **Coast Guard Officers**—U.S. Coast Guard Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

In addition to the agencies listed on this chart, Greater New York has several hundred voluntary agencies prepared to give help and service in the various fields of social welfare such as employment, vocational guidance, family service, child placement, health services, mental hygiene facilities, nursing services, resources for the aged, services to the foreign born, education, recreation, etc.

For information on and direction to the agencies providing these services and for referral to the information bureaus covering specialized fields call: Welfare Council Information Bureau, 44 East 23d Street, New York 10, N. Y., ALgonquin 4-5500.

The Veterans Service Center at 10 East 40th Street, New York City, is the central agency in the City of New York to provide information and consultation services for all discharged veterans. Veterans in need of help or guidance in facilitating their return to civilian life may obtain this by going to the Veterans Service Center.

This chart was made available as a public service by the Federation Employment Service, the non-fee-charging placement and vocational-guidance agency affiliated with the Federation of Jewish Philanthropic Societies.

Chart subject to change depending on legislation and conditions in any one agency.

SERVICES AVAILABLE FOR DISCHARGED VETERANS IN NEW YORK CITY

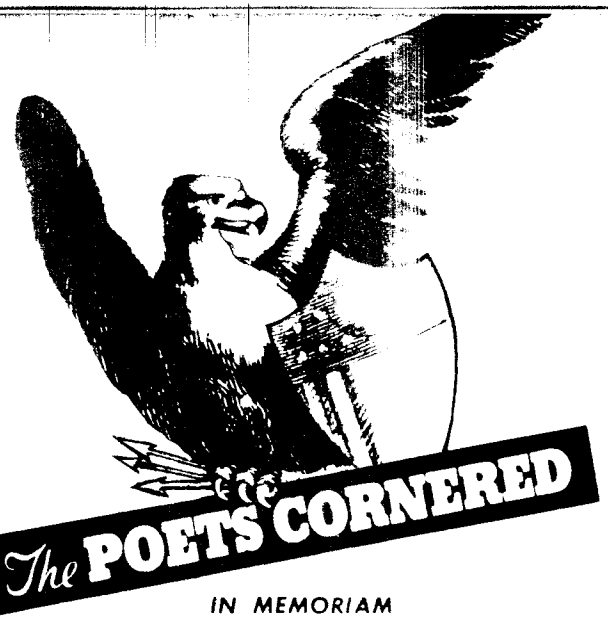
If the other American cities and towns organized set-ups like the one shown on this chart, delay and red tape in settling problems of ex-servicemen would be cut plenty.

MENT INSURANCE N. Y. STATE DEPT. OF LABOR	SONNEL DIVISION SELECTIVE SERVICE	MENT SERVICE U. S EMPLOYMENT SERVICE	ERANS ASSISTANCE N. Y. CITY DEPT. OF WELFARE	FEDERAL, STATE and CITY CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONS	NEW YORK AUXILIARY NAVY RELIEF SOCIETY	AMERICAN RED CROSS
ne.	Helps veterans who are seeking reinstatement in their old jobs and at present renders aid in obtaining new positions.	In each local office of USES there are one or more local representatives who render supplementary services to those of the regular placement interviewers.	If eligible for financial assistance, veterans and members of family will be aided in finding suitable employment.	Renders advisory services on Civil Service jobs; gives special preferential ratings to veterans; assists in filling out applications.	None.	Employment services are available to veterans and members of their families.
y receive up to 20 weekly efit payments—$10 to $18 week, depending on vious earnings in employ- nt covered by the law.	None.	None.	None.	None.	None.	None.
ne.	None.	None.	Financial assistance may be given when total income and/or Veteran Administration pension for family does not come up to minimum budget of Department of Welfare.	None.	Will assist financially veterans discharged for service-incurred disabilities pending adjudication of their claims with the Veterans Administration.	Family case-work services and planning, also financial relief, are available to veterans and members of their families.
st have earned at least 50 in four calendar quar- s, at least $100 in the hest quarter in an indus- al or commercial firm cov- d by the law, immediate- prior to induction. Able work and available for rk. Must file claim for nefits.	**General:** Honorably discharged. **For Reinstatement in Old Job:** Must apply within 40 days after discharge; must have been a permanent employee, physically and mentally qualified to do the job.	All discharged veterans are eligible.	Honorable discharge or discharge under honorable conditions; maintained legal residence in New York State for one year prior to application; financial need must be proven; veteran, spouse, children under 16, veteran's parents eligible.	Honorable discharge. **Preference in Rating.** *Federal:* 5 percent for nondisabled, 10 percent for accredited disabled, plus placement above nonveterans and nondisabled, but in accordance with other disabled-veterans ratings. *State & City:* Must get minimum pass mark; accredited disabled veterans only go to top of list.	All honorably discharged Navy and Marine veterans are eligible.	Discharged veterans and members of their families are eligible. **Employment Services** are available ONLY to residents of the boroughs of the Bronx and Manhattan.
e claim at local office in ur neighborhood or phone call for information on ove at: w York State Dept. of bor, Division of Unemploy- nt & Placement Insurance, 2 Madison Ave., New York y, rray Hill 2-1530. te: At time of preparation this chart, a bill was intro- ced in the New York State islature covering new pro- ure involving unemploy- nt benefits to veterans.	U. S. Selective Service Headquarters, Veterans Personnel Division, 1 East 44th St., New York City; MUrray Hill 2-6900.	Apply at office that has type of work in which you are experienced or interested. **Industrial:** Brooklyn, Manhattan, Long Island City, Staten Island. **Needle Trade:** Manhattan, Brooklyn. **Hotels, Restaurants, Hospitals, General Service:** Manhattan. **Commercial & Professional:** Manhattan. **Building & Construction:** Manhattan. **Shipbuilding:** Brooklyn, Staten Island, City Island. **Farm Section:** Manhattan. (For street addresses, see telephone directory).	If veteran has had previous contact with this division, apply directly to main office at 902 Broadway, New York City. If no previous contact, must be certified by one of the veterans' organizations in his borough: **American Legion** — Each borough. **Army & Navy Union**—Brooklyn and Manhattan only. **Catholic War Veterans**—Brooklyn only. **Jewish War Veterans**—Brooklyn only. **United Spanish War Veterans**—Manhattan only. **Veterans of Foreign Wars**—Each borough.	United States Civil Service Commission, 641 Washington St., New York City; CAnal 6-4000. New York State Civil Service Commission, 80 Center St., New York City, COrtland 7-9800. New York City Civil Service Commission, 299 Broadway, New York City, COrtland 7-8880.	New York Auxiliary of the Navy Relief Society, Room 1308, 90 Church St., New York City; REctor 2-9100.	For **Bronx and Manhattan** residents only: 315 Lexington Ave. Others must apply in borough of residence. **Brooklyn:** 57 Willoughby St. **Richmond County:** 66 Lafayette St., New Brighton, S. I. **Queens Central:** 92-32 Union Hall St., Jamaica. **North Shore:** 135-40 39th Ave., Flushing.

An Irish Airman Forsees His Death

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above
Those that I fight I do not hate
Those that I guard I do not love
My country is Kiltartan Cross
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

This poem by W. B. Yeats (1865-1939) is reprinted through the courtesy of the Macmillan Company.



THE BEAUTIFUL RUINS

Do not be proud that you destroy the cities.
Remember gardens shimmering in the sun,
Doorways in shadow and the peaceful duties
Of women there. If this is to be done,
Let it be done without the shame of pride.
That in an hour to come our unbelieving
Sons, judging us, must say: "The cities died:
Our fathers did this; but they did it grieving."
For with the cities die the guiltless dreams
Of all the brave, the innocent unwary,
Who long ago, pausing by unnamed streams,
Began to build the tall and visionary
Cities that were to be their children's shroud.
Destroying them at last, do not be proud.

Britain —S/Sgt. CHARLES E. BUTLER

SONNET FOR CHARLOTTE

Be with me always in the days ahead
When I shall doubt that loveliness remains,
That truth and beauty live in all this pain.
Let me remember little things you said,
The way you laughed and how the shadows fled
Before your smile: the haunting strains
Of songs you sang, and warm September rains.
Let me remember moments all too quickly sped,
And though I leave the dreams I called my own
To walk apart in some far-distant land
Fighting to hold the happiness we've known,
Your love, your courage will beside me stand
Till in the midst of battle all alone
I call to you and reaching, touch your hand.

South Pacific —Pfc. DUDLEY M. SHOEMAKER

IN MEMORIAM

(Freeman Nimhauser, killed in action.)

From pen to rifle
It was a long way,
From Greenwich Village to New Guinea
Yet it was the same

Mourn for the dead who died in vain,
But not for him.

When the poems gave out,
When it wasn't enough
To sing of freedom,
He fought for what he wrote for,
He died for what he lived for.

Mourn for the dead who died in vain,
But fight for him.

ASTP, Atlanta, Ga. —Pvt. JOHN E. BROWN

IT'S NOT THE HEAT

I don't mind the heat of the tropics.
I find I'm not bothered at all.
But what irks me in body and spirit
Are the things that are small—and crawl.

I slip into bed in the darkness,
After shedding my shirt and pants.
I think, I'm alone, set for slumber,
But the bed is crawling with ants.

I open the lid of my locker
Every morn when the dawn approaches.
My shirts and my socks are a haven
For a slew of scurrying roaches.

I squirt bug repeller about me
On the bed, below and above me
The repellent is apt to rout me,
But the insects thrive on and love it.

Someday when I'm home from the jungle
And these tropical days I recall,
I know what will cling to my mem'ry
Are the things that are small—and crawl.

Trinidad —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

NIGHT SKY

The winter sun
Haunted all day by cloud
Slips wearily into the low hill.
An eager moon, in gray struggle with the dusk,
Catches the cobwebs of twilight
And sweeps them off the early stars.

Soon pewter light spilling from overhead
Is scribbled with twisting smoke,
Scrambling from the flues of a score of tents.
Tents all in line mimic the soldiers who call them home;
Their roofs rise sharply to hooded points
On green pyramids.

Subtly the sky like some electric sense
Picks up a moving speck, a muffled hum
That all day long betrayed the presence of war birds in flight.
Though sharp and clear, the night sky
Has no flood of full, extravagant brilliance,
The arrowed light of precision.

Men who scan the night sky must see
And decide in the time of a distant star's blink
Whether the speck that slivers along the sky,
The hum that echoes in the heavens,
Is friend
Or foe.

Thus suddenly mighty shoots of light
Flower from man-made roots planted in vast perimeter.
Stalking the unknown, they examine it in miles-long beam.
Convinced of safety in the sight,
They slash back into the roots that gave them birth,
Searing the night sky with a brilliant path of retreat.

Grown weary with such nightly stagings
Of a grim play it now knows well,
The moon drops casually into its schedule of setting,
And lets the dark curtain of the night sky
Safekeep for the rest.

Britain —T-3 LESLIE A. GOLDMAN

LETTER DIVISION

THIS is a problem in long division, using letters instead of numbers from 0 to 9. The same letter always stands for the same number.

To restore the original numbers ought to take you about 40 minutes. There are plenty of clues. For instance L must be 1, since L times VET equals VET. Go on from there. As you figure out a number, write it down in the space under the letter that represents it.

```
        FLY
VET ) LEVELS
      LFVR
      ----
       MYL
       VET
       ---
       ELKS
       ELKS
       ----
```

BRAIN TEASER

A GROUP of GIs built a bridge. When it was finished, the sergeant surveyed the job. "It took us the same number of hours to put up that bridge as there were men on the job," he said. "But if we had had six more men, we could have done it all in one hour."

How many men helped build the bridge?

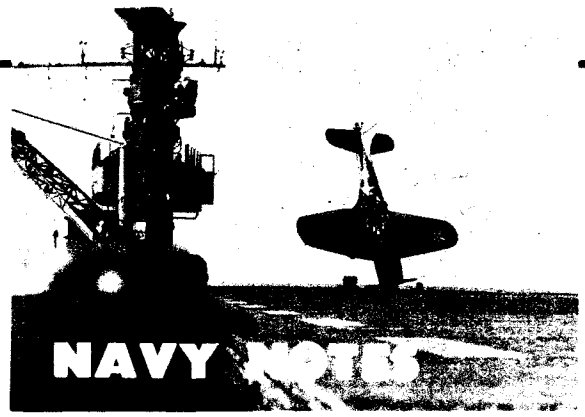
PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

BRAIN TEASER. Three men helped build the bridge. Check: If three men do the job in three hours, one man would require nine hours. Or nine men would require one hour.

LETTER DIVISION.

```
L F E T Y V K R M S
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
```

THIS WEEK we feel statistical, so: Martha O'Driscoll was born in Tulsa, Okla., Mar. 4, 1922, is 5 feet 4½ inches, weighs 118 pounds, has hazel eyes and blond hair and, naturally, is of Irish descent. She took all those statistics to the Aleutians, and the soldiers there were very glad to see them. Her latest picture for Universal is "Slick Chick." For once a title has some meaning.



Nobody was hurt when this Douglas dive bomber nosed over in a carrier landing. Crew is still aboard.

CARRIER SUCCESSES. Air groups from Navy carriers have piled up a ratio of 13 to 1 over Jap planes in the Pacific since the November offensive started. Navy flyers have destroyed 600 planes and lost only 45 of their own. More than 250 of the Jap planes were destroyed on the ground. A typical example was at Saipan, where the Japs, despite a half-day's warning, lost 42 planes on the ground in the first American strike. They rushed up 45 replacements and parked them neatly on the runway just in time for the second strike to wipe them all out, making a total of 87 on one airfield. Ninety planes were destroyed in this way in the Gilbert and Marshalls; 74 were permanently grounded at Truk. In other cases, where surprise has failed, overwhelming strength from massed carriers has brought success.

COAST GUARD ACADEMY. Coast Guardsmen, either regular or reserve, who want to make a career of it, may apply for the preparatory course at the Groton Training Station. The course is designed for the 1945 Coast Guard competitive exam and the requirements are pretty rough. A cadet must be, and remain, unmarried, he must have a high-school diploma, with one unit each in algebra and plane geometry, and must be between the ages of 17 and 22. Other details are available from the USCG, Washington, D.C.

BEER BOTTLE, MK. 1. Beer bottles are coming into their own as ordnance weapons. In several instances they have been dropped on Jap islands at night because of their unnerving whistle while falling. On one night mission Marine scout bombers dropped them on a suspected Jap Naval force, which thereupon opened fire and exposed its position to PT boats searching the area. In the Russell Islands, Marines use beer bottles for insulators on power and communication lines. All this is in addition to the beer bottles' morale value when full.

DREDGINGS. The Navy will commission 22 Negro officers, the first in its history, and two antisub vessels, a DE and a PC, will be manned predominantly by Negroes. When trained ratings become available, the entire crews will be Negro. . . . The old World War transport *Chateau Thierry* has been recommissioned as a hospital ship. . . . Seabees in the South Pacific used armor-piercing shells, fired from a Sherman tank, to drill blasting holes in volcanic rock. It was less than half as expensive, more than twice as fast.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon together with the mailing address on your latest YANK to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

Full Name and Rank _____ Order No _____

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

PX

★ **This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip to inspire you to new efforts.**

Peace at Every Price

It came at last. Peace. The day everyone had been waiting for. The news traveled up and down the GI grapevine, and troops in the field learned of it before the people at home did. Eagerly, and from force of habit, people turned to their favorite columnists and commentators. Here, in part, is what they learned:

From Ernie Pyle

Peace came today under the Brandenburg Gate. The jeep I was riding in stopped smoothly and for once did not catapult me out of my seat. I asked Pvt. Stock of Urp Street, Punxatawney, Pa., what he thought and he said: "Yes." Then I asked Pvt. Parts, the driver of the jeep, what he thought, and he answered: "We must be out of gas."

He didn't realize the war had ended and we were going to go home. Somehow home seemed far away at that moment. We looked back on the years of battle and remembered little things that would be part of our memories for the rest of our lives. . . .

From Timetheweeklynewsmagazine

As it must to all wars, peace came last week to weary World War II. With benign peace came shouts heard around the globaloney. But what lay ahead? In Fordson Russell's pub on Mulberry Street in Newark there was a possible answer. Beery bloated drinkers warmed their mugs of ale and drank deep drafts of ale and thoughts. Behind the rococo bar, flatulent Fordson Russell tapped another barrel of ale, flipped creamy foam off a mug with a skimmer. . . .

From Gabriel Heatter

I spoke to a man in Oshkosh and he said to me: "Yes, I think it's here." He was just an ordinary man, an American man, who was able to think. He said: "Yes, I think it's here." And there you are, ladies and gentlemen, from the mouth of an ordinary citizen we learn this magnificent thing. We add up the things that men say and piece them together. And the result? Ah, my friends, if only I could speak directly, in words of one syllable, I could tell you. And now, a few words from our sponsor. . . .

From Eleanor Roosevelt

Today at the Pennsylvania Station in New York I saw people kiss each other. The old and the young women and little girls kissed the servicemen. I said to my secretary: "Look at those people kissing each other. All those women can't be Campfire Girls." My secretary told me they were celebrating peace. I immediately asked her to make plane reservations so we, too, could find peace. . . .

From Walter Winchell

Flash!

From Raymond Gram Swing

Reports from abroad indicate that there is a possibility of peace in our time. But before arriving at that conclusion we must look on both sides of the question and see whether this state of affairs could come to pass. On the one hand. . . .

From Drew Pearson

It is not generally known but the terms of the peace were dictated by a dictaphone hidden in Cordell Hull's gray fedora. Until he removed his hat, it was thought that . . .

From Samuel Grafton

The little men have won. All the little men of the world, working together, have accomplished a wonderful thing. Peace. . . .

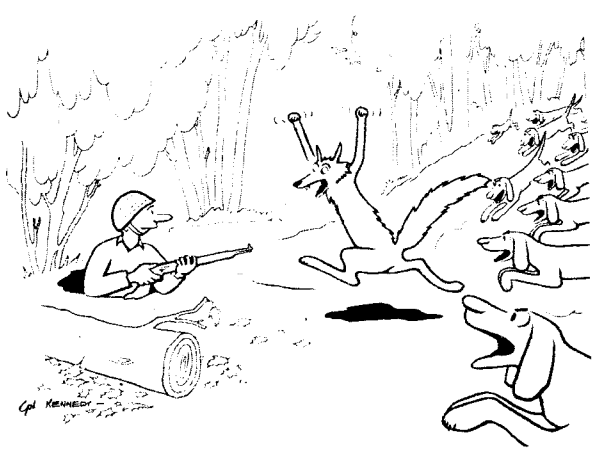
From Dorothy Thompson

The dual personality of the German and the lack of personality of the Japanese are matters for the psychologists to ponder. The old Nazi idea of *Kraft durch Freude* was a misspelling which requires the elision of the final "e." It should have read *Kraft durch Freud*, the eminent Viennese psychologist. But with peace, we will now see that it is apparent. . . .

From Westbrook Pegler

While we're on the subject of union corruption and graft. . . .

Fort Sam Houston, Tex. —S Sgt. DAVID STEINBERG



"Move over!"
—Cpl. Hugh Kennedy, San Bernardino AAF, Calif.

HEIL HITLER!

"In reply to your question about saluting captured Nazi officers, the Prisoner of War Section of the Provost Marshal General's office in Washington says we do."—YANK, Mar. 10, 1944.

A polished salute
To a mere second lieut
Is strictly AR, and he's welcome.
But must I be made
To heil Hitler's brigade?
And sirs, if I must, how in hell come?

Brass hat or gold braid
Leave me cold, I'm afraid,
When I'm stood, by the Reich, at attention.
I'd have troubles internal
Kowtowing to Colonel
Von Krappatz; good God, pass the pension!

Greenwood AAF, Miss. —Sgt. ROBERT W. CAHOON

THE SETTLER

He ogles the charms of each pin-up lass,
And his standards are high for a week-end pass;
But notice the girl on his arm in town;
He settles for less when he's pinned down!

Dale Mabry Field, Fla. —Pfc. SIDNEY MASON

COMPLAINT

The funny sheets in our latrine
Are always ones that I have seen.
I read them desperately again
And pass them on to other men,
Who patiently review once more
The comics they have read before.
With vacant eyes and somber mien
We scan the comics, *à latrine*.

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. —Sgt. JOHN W. GREENLEAF

"But it has to be love at first sight! I've only got a 24-hour pass!" —Cpl. Art Gates, Keesler Field, Miss.

QUATRAINS ON BRASS

Rank Among Lieutenants

Proclaim the truth with flying pennants
And nail them to your mental storehouse:
This thing of rank among lieutenants
Is rare as virtue in a whorehouse.

Missing Link

If you ask what the officers think,
They'll assure you first-hand
That there's many a missing link
In the chain of command.

The Colonel

In the Army, as well
As the *Nut Grower's Journal*,
They say a hard shell
Protects the colonel.

Puzzler

Of all Army enigmas, one of the worst
Is how ratings and ranks will be reckoned:
For instance, the second lieutenants come first,
And the first lieutenants come second.

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

SPORTS: MAYBE DODDS SOLD THOSE EXTRA TWO MILLION BIBLES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

THE American Bible Society has just reported that the sale of Bibles during 1943 showed an increase of two million. The society naturally attributes this overpowering increase to the war and firmly believes those extra two million Bibles were purchased by God-fearing soldiers of the United Nations.

But I have another explanation.

A lot of those extra two million copies were bought up by track fans and promoters. I can even tell you the name of the man who is responsible for this Bible boom. He is Deacon Gil Dodds, the Scripture-quoting Boston divinity student, who just recently lowered the world's indoor mile record twice in two weeks. The first time to 4:07.3 in the K of C games at Madison Square Garden and a week later to 4:06.4 in the Bankers Mile at Chicago.

I think it is safe to say that the Deacon has done more for the Bible Society than any man since King James. Every time he autographs a program for a track fan he always adds the book, chapter and verse of some appropriate Biblical quotation beneath his signature. This means that thousands of track fans, who normally only read the advertisements in their programs, now dash to the nearest book store and purchase a Bible to see what message the plank-pounding parson has given them. In this way the Deacon has been known to sell 15,000 copies in a single evening.

Even when he's not running, the Deacon does much to stimulate the sale of Bibles. As a champion athlete he receives a great amount of mail from track promoters, coaches and thin-lunged high-school distance runners. He never answers one of these letters that he doesn't include an appropriate quotation from the Scriptures. As a result, thousands of promoters, coaches and families all over the United States now have Bibles in their libraries.

One promoter we know, Mr. Frank Brennan of New York City, says the Bible has become practically as essential in his work as the *AAU Rules and Record Book*. In fact, just before Mr. Brennan staged the Casey games he received a letter of acceptance from Dodds in which the parson had scribbled this reference: Heb. XII:1.

Fortunately, Mr. Brennan had dealings with Dodds before and was prepared to receive this message. He reached for his Bible and looked up the quotation. Here's how it read:

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

Mr. Brennan was much disturbed by this gospel, especially that remark about running with patience. Like all track promoters, he always flashes a four-minute smile and faithfully promises the track mob world records of every variety in all his meets. He was counting on Dodds to shrink the mile record and not run a patient race. But Mr. Brennan also found some comfort in the Deacon's message. That part about a great cloud of witnesses gave him visions of the Garden packed with no less than 15,000 spectators.

As it turned out, the Deacon was only kidding about running with patience. He bolted to the front after the second lap and proceeded to murder his opposition. He was clocked at 60.8 seconds at the first quarter with two yards on Rudy Simms, a NYU freshman, and at 2:00.6 at the halfway post six yards ahead of Bill Hulse, his chief rival. He drummed around the third quarter in 62.8 for 3:03.4, a good dozen yards ahead of Hulse, and ran the last quarter in 63.9. It was the first time in his career that he really moved down the home stretch.

After the race Dodds was visited by a group of reporters who came armed with Bibles in case the Deacon had a ready-made sermon for them.

"Greetings," said the Deacon as the little congregation trooped into the dressing room. "The good Lord was with me tonight; I never doubted He would give me the needed strength if only I did not quit on myself. Yes, I prayed while I ran."

One member of the congregation, Mr. Lewis Burton of the New York *Journal-American*, thought it would be a good idea to find out what prayer the Deacon used in breaking the world's record, so he could pass it on to other aspiring record-breakers. He asked the Deacon what it was.

"You don't need special prayers from the Bible to address the Lord," Dodds said devoutly. "You need only speak from the heart, and He will understand."

I hope Mr. Burton never prints that statement. It would ruin the sale of Bibles.

Dodds makes a one-man finish of the Banker's Mile.

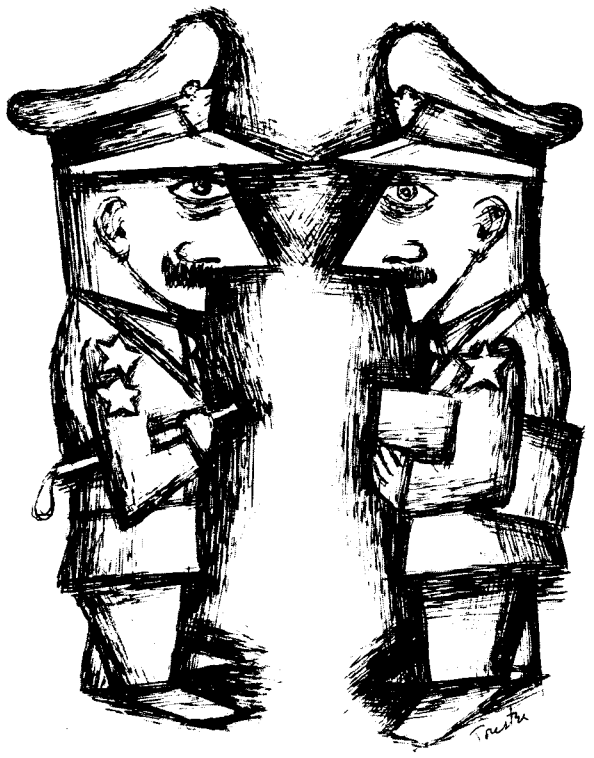
SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

ONLY a few people know it, but **Frankie Sinkwich** begged to stay in the Marine Corps "in any capacity" when he was examined for a CDD. And not many people know that, before the Detroit Lions would sign Sinkwich, they made him first sign a release absolving the club from any blame in the event he suffered permanent injury because of his heart condition. . . . One of the transport pilots in the recent Burma drive was **Lt. J. K. (Buddy) Lewis,** who used to play third base for the Washington Senators. . . . When we last looked, **Pvt. Terry Moore,** the ex-Cardinal slugger, was leading the Canal Zone League with a lusty .371 average, while former Red Sox pitcher **Mickey Harris** had won six out of his first seven games. . . . The next big sports show in North Africa will be a track and field meet that will carry the modest title of the Allied Olympics. . . . **Bob Pastor** says his first day at OCS in Miami was the roughest. When the upperclassmen discovered who he was, they made him ride a bicycle to show how he fought Joe Louis the first time. . . . Last year's Great Lakes baseball team has turned up in Honolulu almost intact. The line-up includes **George Dickey,** White Sox; **Marvin Felderman,** Cubs; **Tom Ferrick,** Red Sox; **Joe Grace,** Browns; **Jack Hallett,** White Sox; **Bob Harris,** Red Sox; **Johnny Lucadello,** Browns; **Barney McCosky,** Tigers, and **Vern Olsen,** Cubs.

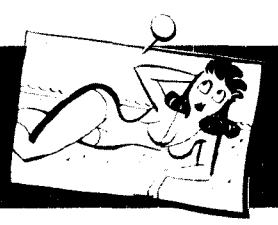
Inducted: **Joe Gordon,** Yankee second baseman, into the AAF; **Lee Savold,** heavyweight contender, into the Merchant Marine; **Jack Kraus,** Philly Blue Jay left-hander, into the Army; **Ronnie Cahill,** ex-Holy Cross and Chicago Cardinal footballer, into the Marines; **Bobby Bragan,** second-best Dodger catcher, into the Navy; **Sammy Angott,** former NBA lightweight champ, into the Army; **Marty Marion,** string-beany Cardinal shortstop, into the Army; **Buster Maynard,** Giant outfielder, into the Army; **Clyde Shoun,** Cincinnati left-hander, into the Navy; **Stuart Holcomb,** Miami (Ohio) football coach, into the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Hal Trosky,** former Cleveland first baseman, now of White Sox, because of migraine headaches: **Cliff Melton,** left-hander of the Giants, because of bone-chipped left elbow; **Vernon Stephens,** slugging shortstop of Browns, because of bad knee; **Glenn Stewart,** Blue Jay shortstop, because of varicose veins in right leg. . . . *Commissioned:* **Mace Brown,** Red Sox relief pitcher, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy; **Jack Kramer,** top-ranking tennis player, as an ensign in the Coast Guard.

LITTLE INVADER. Probably the smallest GI in the Los Negros Island invasion was Pfc. Wayne Nassi, former Oakland (Calif.) jockey. When he entered the Army he weighed only 98 pounds. Now he's 118.

"—AND WHAT ELSE DID THEY TEACH YOU IN THE ENGINEERS BACK AT FORT BELVOIR?"
Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



"MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING FOR YOU WHEN WE GET OUR NEW T/O."
—Pfc. Irwin Touster



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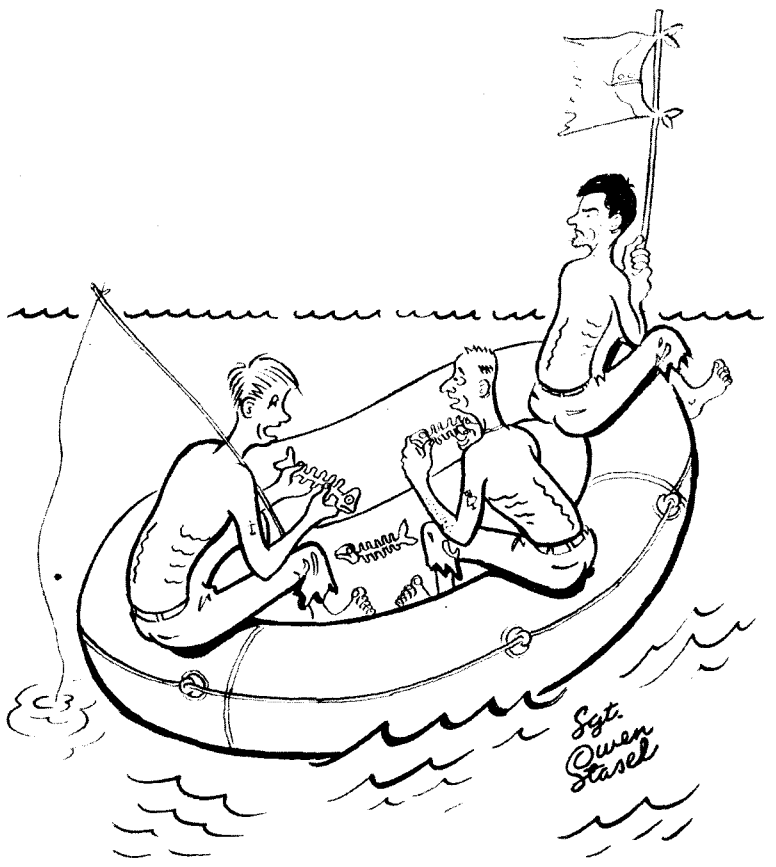

"REMEMBER BACK AT HARVARD WHEN WE ATE RAW GOLDFISH JUST TO GET OUR PICTURES IN THE PAPER?"
Sgt. Owen Stasel

YANK

"IT MAY DO A GOOD JOB, BUT I'M SATISFIED WITH MY MAYTAG."
Sgt. Bill Newcombe

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