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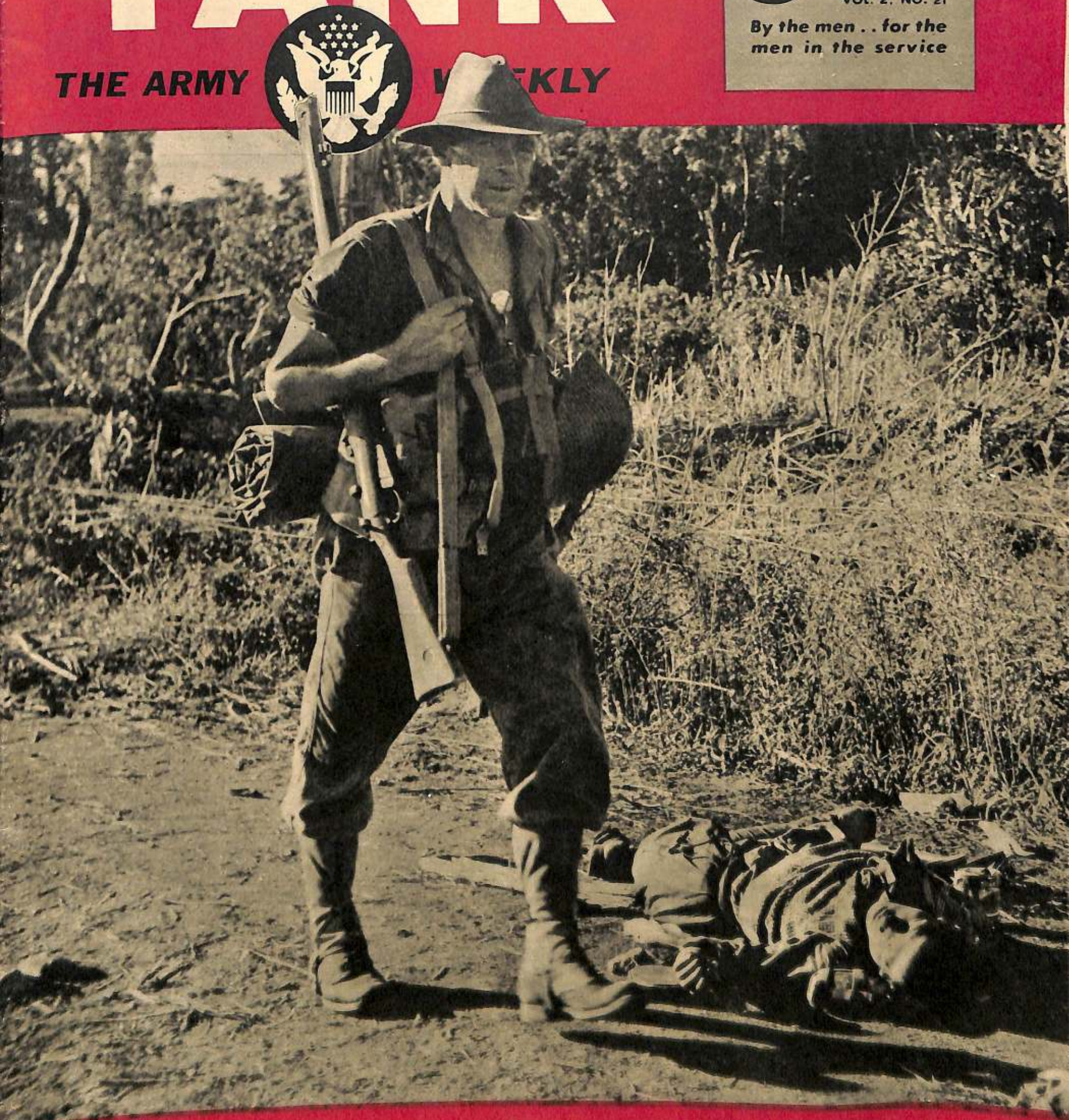
By the men . . for the men in the service



Report on the Australians Who Captured Lae

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The first American landing barge to reach Lae comes into docks where Aussies are swimming.

Soldier gets cold drink in Jap ice plant.

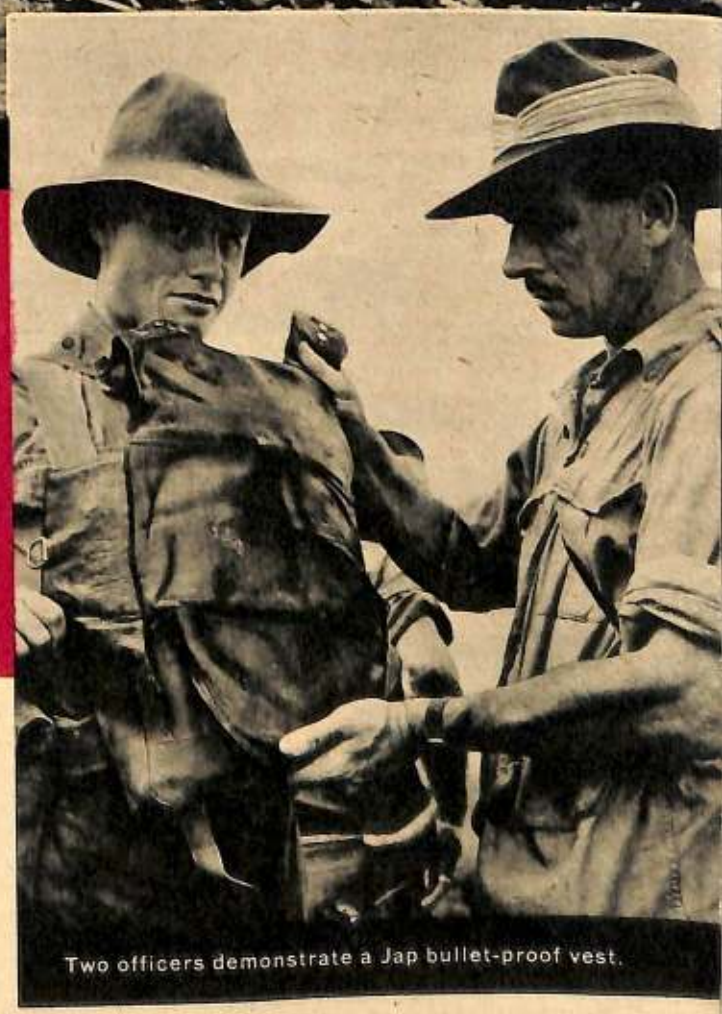
The first American GI to enter the Jap stronghold in New Guinea tells how he moved in with the veteran desert fighters in the Australian 9th Division who were trying to beat the jungle fighting 7th Division at its own game.

An Aussie with some Jap booty, a naval helmet and rifle.

It's tea-time after the victory at Lae.

Past a wrecked building in Lae. The Aussies found almost all Jap installations damaged or in ruins.

The Race to Lae



Two officers demonstrate a Jap bullet-proof vest.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE AUSTRALIAN FORCES IN LAE, NEW GUINEA—The fight to take Lae, the important Jap stronghold in New Guinea, was a race between the Australian 9th and 7th Divisions. The Aussies looked upon the Japs as merely annoying obstacles between them and the finish line at Lae, like the water jumps and hurdles in the last lap of a steeplechase race.

Gen. MacArthur had called the 7th Division the greatest jungle fighters in the world after they helped our American troops whip the Japs in the Buna and Gona campaigns. Gen. Montgomery had called the 9th the greatest desert fighters in the world after they held Tobruk and helped the British Eighth Army turn back Rommel in the historic battle of El Alamein. Now the men of the 9th were back from Africa, fighting in the jungles instead of the desert. They wanted to beat the 7th at its own game. Reaching Lae first would be one way of doing it.

The men of the 9th held the Allied southern flank at the Busu River, 14 miles from the center of Lae. The 7th Division had landed by air at Nadzab Airdrome in the Markham Valley on the other side of Lae.

To a group of American amphibian engineers at Busu Village, the Aussies of the 9th had boasted that it would take them "about 14 days" to capture Lae. The Yanks whistled skeptically when they heard the calm prediction, but a few days later they changed their mind. News came back that the 9th had slashed a way through the jungles, wading and swimming a couple of rivers, and had chased the Japs back nine miles. The Aussies were now only five miles from Lae.

I slung my jungle pack, carbine and camera and caught the first supply barge to the front. When our landing craft, loaded with medical supplies, ran up on the beach at dusk, I struck out on foot, hoping to get as close as possible to the fighting before dark. But when I reached a 25-pounder artillery crew, they advised against pushing farther that night. A Jap patrol was reported somewhere in the area, they said, and Aussie sentries wouldn't bother to challenge anything that moved.

"We're going to fire our 25-pounders later tonight," said Pvt. Reg Dawson, hefty gunner from Melbourne. "And we're going to keep it up for several hours. Here's some cotton to stuff in your ears. It may help you to sleep." I strung my shelter half in the high *kunai* grass, crawled under my half-blanket and only woke up to three or four blasts all night.

Next morning, at a breakfast of tea, bully beef and dog biscuits, Dawson told me about the rivalry between the 7th and the 9th. Shortly after breakfast the phone rang at the artillery CP. The lieutenant came out of the CP and told the men to limber their guns on the tractors. They were to move up again. "We only stay a few hours or, at most, a night in each place," said Dawson. "That's how fast our infantry's moving up."

I hitched a ride in a jeep as far as the Basu River. A landing craft run by American amphibian engineers took us across the mouth of the river. When we were half way across, Jap shells whistled out of nowhere and plopped in the water about 100 yards from our boat. The coxswain, T-4 Tom Visnaw, an American Indian from Cedarville, Mich., altered his course a little after each shell splashed.

"Notice that these shells don't explode," Visnaw

observed. "They're armor-piercing and don't go off if they just hit water. The Jap gun that's throwing 'em at us probably has run out of high-explosive ammo. It shoots when it hears our motor. But it always misses us by a mile." Just then a shell sent up a geyser 50 yards away—a short mile.

On the other side of the Busu River was an aid station where wounded Aussies were loaded aboard the "Busu ferry" on its return trips. Stretcher bearers were bringing the casualties in from the front. I offered one of the wounded Diggers a smoke and asked him about Jap resistance.

"The Jap fires on us when he's well hidden and at a safe distance," he said, "but he runs like hell when we close in on him. If he's trapped, he squeals like a pig. A lot of times he commits hara-kiri with a hand grenade when he sees our bayonets coming at him." I had heard this from other Aussies on my way up, and I was to hear it dozens of times in the days to come.

One of the Aussie medics pointed out shrapnel holes in the aid tent. "The Jap lowered his ack-ack guns yesterday," he said, "and burst shrapnel over our heads all day. But he won't bother us any more. One of our platoons knocked off his two guns last night with hand grenades and Bren guns."

Sitting on boxes of bully beef, we bounced along in a jeep over the narrow shore-line jungle track. All along the trail were marching men—artillerymen lugging their 25-pounders, mortarmen loaded down with shell cases, infantrymen wearing a lot of grenades and ammo but little else except small haversacks, each filled with a ground sheet, mess gear and rations. We passed through a couple of native villages occupied until recently by the Japs. Some dead Japs lay sprawled and bloated beside their equipment.

Now we were about a mile from the front, and the front was just another mile from Lae. Eleven of the 14 days had passed.

That mile to the front was a long one. The mud was knee deep from three days of rain. A great number of troops crowded the narrow trail. And my jungle pack, loaded with a jungle hammock, equipment and film, made 40 pounds seem like 80. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the front, at a shore-line area roughly marked by the wreck of a Jap transport off shore. Twenty-two Japs had been discovered in the remains of the transport, known as the *Malahang Wreck*, and had been killed shortly before we arrived.

About 50 yards ahead there was sporadic rifle, automatic-weapon and grenade fire. I dumped my stuff and reported to the commander of the "point" or lead platoon, Lt. Mervin Hall of Perth, Australia.

"Make yourself right at home," he said. "You can sleep in that foxhole over there. Tea (chow) will be ready soon. And look, you'd better get rid of that American uniform—it will make you look like something special to Jap snipers. See the supply sergeant. We just got in some new clothes. He'll give you a uniform."

The shooting ahead of us halted. The Japs were eating, too. As we finished our meal, a runner reported to the lieutenant with a message from battalion CP. It was a report on the day's fighting and the next day's plans. Lt. Hall opened his water-soaked map and called over his squad leaders. He said one unit had driven through as far as Malahang Mission, one mile inland, and that Malahang Airdrome, two miles behind the mission, had been cleared of its last pockets of Jap resistance.

"Tomorrow morning," said the lieutenant, "we start our big push into Lae. The drive will start from the mission, aim across the Bumbu River bridge into Chinatown and then fan out into Lae. The 7th Divvie isn't quite as close to Lae as we are, but from now on their job is easier because it's through open country."

When night fell our sentries were posted on all sides of our perimeter. In the CP dugout the lieutenant told how his platoon, which had been lead platoon for four days, had been the first to cross the Busu River. The men half-waded, half-swam across the wide, rain-swollen stream in the face of Jap fire without the loss of a single man. The platoons that followed Lt. Hall's lost a few men through drowning and Jap shrapnel. Then landing craft were brought down to ferry troops and supplies across the river.

"We advanced quite a way up the shore line one night," Lt. Hall said, "and had dug in when we heard a chattering of Jap voices from off shore. Some barges full of Jap marines were landing right behind us, evidently not knowing we had advanced so far and expecting to surprise us at dawn. We waited until every Jap left the barges and then we blasted them with everything from machine guns to hand grenades. They shrieked and wailed; some committed hara-kiri. None of them escaped."

Just then several guns barked from the direction of Lae. "Here's our nightly show," Lt. Hall yawned. Shells whistled overhead and thudded in the jungle several hundred yards behind us. This barrage kept up for about an hour with an occasional shell falling close to our area. Then it stopped abruptly. "The Japs do it every dusk and every dawn," said Lt. Hall. "Then they try to catch some sleep before our artillery opens up later in the evening."

We went to sleep in our foxholes fully dressed, rifles and grenades by our sides. Once during the night we woke up to the sound of Jap and Aussie machine-gun and rifle fire inland, but it lasted only 20 minutes.

Next morning I left Lt. Hall's platoon, which was to be in reserve in the final drive, and moved up to join another at Malahang Mission. This second unit was scheduled to go into the attack about noon. By jeep and on foot I made my way back to the Busu River, then five miles up the Yanga-Malahang trail, reaching the Mission around 10 o'clock.

Malahang Mission was a collection of buildings that had once housed a Lutheran church and native school. Jap mosquito bars were still strung in the buildings and scores of Jap books and papers littered the floors. The sickening odor of everything Nipponese filled each building. Aussies were hunting for souvenirs among the piles of junk.

Beyond the mission lay the Bumbu River. Aussie troops were streaming across a sturdy wooden bridge that the Japs had failed to mine or wreck. Everything was quiet. No shooting was coming from the direction of Lae.

Suddenly we heard the drone of airplane engines. A flight of Flying Fortresses wheeled over Lae and dropped a load of bombs. Then a second flight came over, but this time none of the Forts unloaded any stuff. They were followed by some Mitchells sweeping in low from the Huon Gulf. These, too, failed to strafe or drop any bombs.

It was 11 o'clock, time for our artillery barrage. The guns opened up right on the dot. Shells from 25-pounders whistled overhead for several minutes. Then the barrage stopped and all was quiet again.

We crossed the bridge to Chinatown. There were huge bomb craters all over the place. Very few of the tin and wooden shacks were intact. Almost all were shrapnel-pocked and many were bombed in. A sign lay near one of them. It read: "ONE LONG SEE, TAILOR."

One of the Aussies looking at the wreckage told me the battle was over. "The 7th Division beat us in by two hours," he said. "We came over the hill from Chinatown with fixed bayonets and what happens but up comes the brigadier of the first brigade of the 7th—and in a jeep!"

We went over the hill and looked down on Lae. There were Aussies all over the place, boiling billies of tea, sleeping, looking for souvenirs, riding Jap bikes and trucks and walking around in Jap sailor suits. Up on the terrace, where the Jap general used to live, the Australian flag was flying now.

The 7th had taken Lae before our Fortresses went over and before the 11 o'clock artillery barrage opened up. They had to withdraw or jump for Jap dugouts when the bombs and shells started falling. But they signaled to the flight of planes and sent word back to the 9th's artillery. That explained why the second wave of Forts and the Mitchells didn't drop any loads, and why the shelling ceased so abruptly.

A tanned soldier, dressed in Aussie uniform but wearing an American helmet and carrying a tommy gun, came up. He was Lt. Bernard R. Huetter of Spokane, Wash., an amphibian engineer liaison officer with the 9th Division. "Well," he grinned, "I beat you in. Guess that makes me the first Yank to reach Lae. But you're the first American enlisted man."

As we ate supper an Aussie colonel came by. "Your American Air Force practically won this battle for us," he said. "They bombed the place almost to bits. We got here in 12 days and four hours."

We spent the day looking at the ruins—more than 60 Jap planes of all kinds, bombed and wrecked on the overgrown airstrip; a harbor full of sunken or battered Jap barges; an ice plant, bombed but still in operation, where Aussies were filling their canteens, and a Jap brothel full of women's clothes and perfumes.

USING A JAP ASSAULT BOAT AS A RAFT, AUSSIES HAVE SOME FUN IN LAE HARBOR.

ARTILLERYMEN TRY OUT A JAP ACK-ACK GUN, IN JAP HANDS THE DAY BEFORE.

Lt. Charles Schuman takes jungle action picture.

Lt. Schuman's film is developed and examined.

Film is then hung to dry on an outdoor frame.

SHOOT THE WORKS

That's the slogan of the Signal Corps photographers in the South Pacific, who take all kinds of pictures in the front lines—not only combat action but even new trick methods of baking bread.

Pvt. John L. McLaughlin washes prints in helmet.

Pfc. Robert Mikulski dries the prints on tins.

Signal Corps men rush film by plane to base lab.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW GEORGIA—When U. S. troops landed on Rendova Island early in this campaign, 15 Signal Corps photographers went along. They've been shooting the war ever since.

During that shooting three of them have been hurt. A lab technician, T-5 Louis Szczutkowski of Erie, Pa., caught three pieces of bomb fragment in his leg when the Japs interrupted his unit as they were setting up their shutters and tripods.

Sgt. Bob Allen of Rochester, N. Y., was photographing action at Munda when a mortar shell landed beside him. The blast burst his eardrums and shocked him badly. For his work with a camera under fire, and for giving first aid to a wounded man and getting him to a dressing station half a mile away, Bob has been recommended for a decoration.

Lt. Charles Schuman, in charge of one of the four general-assignment Signal Photo units on the islands, was slightly injured as he moved up with the Infantry to film tank action supported by foot soldiers in New Georgia jungles.

Though most of the Signal Corps cameramen have been under fire and several of their pictures have been released for publication, the men are neither combat troops nor news photographers. Their job is to provide the War Department with a graphic close-up of combat conditions in the field and of methods the GIs out here have cooked up to meet those conditions.

A bakery, for example, lost a lot of its equipment in moving to New Georgia. The bakers cut GI gas drums into furnaces, kneaded the dough with their hands instead of by machine, and started baking bread. A Signal Photo man chronicled their set-up, recording all the improvisations.

It's the same in any branch. Until an infantryman has seen a Jap pillbox, he doesn't realize what he's up against, and a thorough knowledge of the construction of those elaborate holes in the ground is worth a great deal to him. The Signal people have shot pillboxes from every angle, before attack, during attack and after. They make terrain shots for use during action and for study after the action is over. They picture captured materiel, documents and maps.

On this side of the ocean a cameraman has his troubles. The humidity, which doesn't help even such a rugged mechanism as an M1, can play hell with a 4 x 5 Graphic or a 35-mm Leica. Film has to be dehydrated before exposure and after development. At one time, when there were no rubber carrying-bags available, the photographers "field stripped" cameras, drying them in the sun.

The nature of the jungle limits the range of visibility as much for a camera as for a combatant soldier and consequently true "action shots" involving individuals at war are generally one-sided. They may show a soldier shooting, but very seldom can they show the target. The effect is sometimes like a training shot made at Fort Benning, Ga., although enemy positions may be only 15 yards away. Using a flashgun might get a luckless photog shot from both sides and sun rays on the reflector mount are like a neon sign.

Setting up the portable photo laboratory on New Georgia was first a matter of finding running water, not so easy on this coral rock, and then moving equipment from Rendova five miles away. The heavy trailer bogged down in mud and it took an antiaircraft prime mover to drag it out. Because of the volume of work to be handled, the Signal boys built an auxiliary lab from scraps of equipment and installed it in a radio-communications trailer. Water was pumped into the two trailers by a generator—until the generator went bad. Then the photogs washed their prints by dipping water with a helmet.

The Signal Photo outfits are split into general-assignment units of six men and an officer, and laboratory units of six men with a T-4 in charge. The assignment units have Graphics and Leicas and 35-mm movie cameras. The men were trained at the Signal Corps Photo Center in Astoria, N. Y.; the four officers here are from OCS at Monmouth.

While the lab was set up at Rendova and action was taking place five miles away, cameramen shuttled back and forth. They stayed with the action until they'd completed an assignment or shot up all their film. Then they hooked a boat ride to the lab where the films were developed.

For ten days there was no lab at all. With undeveloped pictures of the initial landings exposed to some of the worst weather in the Solomons, the situation became critical. Lt. Schuman gave the film to T-5 Ray Martin of New York who got aboard a landing craft, waited two days while it clung to shore during an acute danger spell, then talked his way aboard a PBY and flew back to the central laboratory a thousand miles away.

You have seen those pictures. They came out fast in all the newsreels and newspapers.

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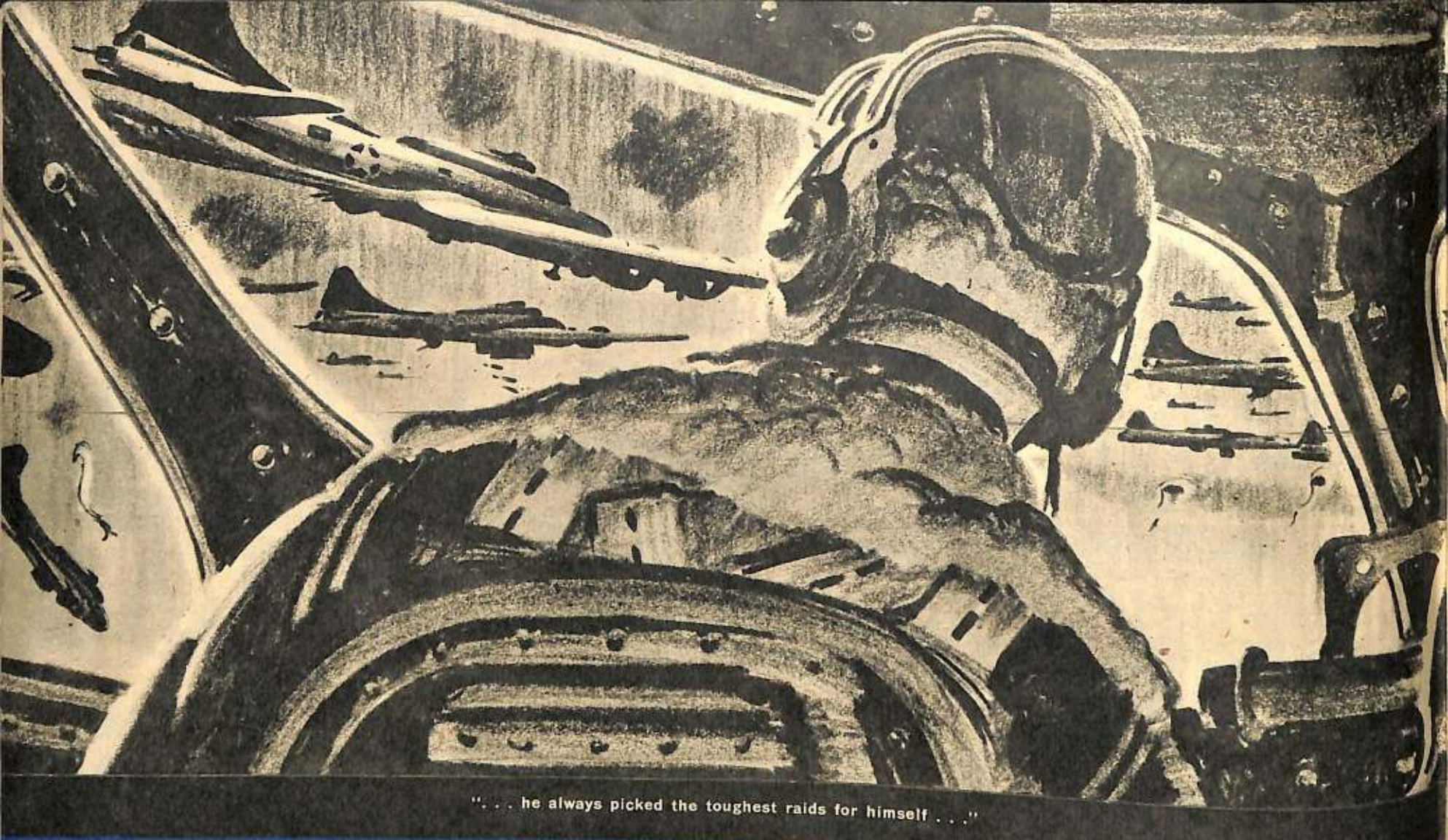


". . . he always picked the toughest raids for himself . . ."

The SQUADRON LEADER

By Sgt. SAUL LEAVITT
YANK Special Writer

After it is all over and a man is gone, for good, it is difficult sometimes to think of him exactly as he was, and sometimes little incidents that seemed terribly unimportant at the time begin to constitute his whole personality and his being—as in this remembrance of Major John Egan, by one of the men in his B-17 squadron

Now that our CO, Major John C. Egan, has gone down—just a few days ago on a raid—he tends to get mixed up in my mind with the antics of Meatball, who is a half-grown Husky dog, and with the case of Meatball vs. the pullet chickens. I admit this is a kind of cockeye way to try and say something about the major. But then war is cockeye anyway and you can't get guys to pose as if for a studio portrait photograph. Major Egan was involved in the affairs of Meatball just a few days before the major went down, and he is fixed in my mind that way, as he sat in the orderly room, rocking back and forth in a chair and turning the subject of Meatball over in his mind and discussing it from all angles.

Now let me put this exactly right. As a genuine G.I., or enlisted man, I have made it a point to keep my contacts with COs down to a minimum. This gives me room for griping about brasshats, and doesn't tie me down when I want to bitch to my heart's content and no holds barred. Major Egan was no exception. I griped about him, too. Sometimes the major hit us where it hurt, as in the matter of barracks inspection. We always gave the major credit for having too much on his mind to bother with anything as petty as barracks inspection. This turned out to be a bad mistake; and every once in a while the major came in, took one swift look around and announced, "a clean barracks or else," and he was gone. We bitched in a bitter way about it, and got the place into some kind of order, with that "or else" hanging over us like a dark cloud. "You'd think it wasn't enough just to fly in them B-17s," someone said gloomily. "Maybe he's trying to get us scared, saying he was going to ground us or something——"

It's really hard to put this down right. The major was no strong silent genius as guys sometimes like to write about majors. He wasn't the corny tough guy who weeps all by himself in a corner. Like the rest of us he was a man of moods. There were days when he was grouchy and it was better not to talk to him. There were various opinions about him, and the opinions of the different parties changed from day to day like the weather: he was ambitious, he was a swell guy, he "had it in for somebody," etc. But now that he is (we hope) a PW it is easy to see that, all things considered, he worked out very well for his job.

This is a mild way of talking about a tough assignment. Bossing the boys who carry the ball in the aerial "second front" over Europe is not easy. It means, for one thing, being military, with a large dash of tact. You have to handle guys who are going to be temperamental, jittery, tough and scared by turns. You also have to handle planes which act up in the same categories the men do. The thing about the major which really caught the eye was a feeling that he had been around groups of men for a long time.

The major was a lean, dark young man with a wisp of moustache and a manner. He was 27 but looked older. As to the "manner," I mean that the major could turn on the charm and turn it off whenever he liked. It's the kind of thing that some of you may remember having seen in civilian life; in foremen of construction gangs and traffic managers at airports—in jobs where contact and participation with the men is the prime factor in running them. You can't "bull" the men who fly in this hardest flying theatre of them all. You can be tough with them only if you have the right to be tough with them. And the guy who has the right is the man who flies with the others, who has been in there with them.

Well, this dark, lean major, this imperfect man who was no genius and who, from day to day, was this, that and the other to every man in the squadron —in other words, this very normal man from Manitowac, Wisconsin—did fly with his men. He flew on the hard ones, the Regensburg shuttle raid to Africa, to Stuttgart and on twelve other raids over Europe. He once said to me confidentially "any one who flies operationally is crazy" and then he proceeded to be crazy and fly operationally. And no milk runs.

The major always went on his missions wearing a beaten-up old grayish winter flying jacket. The jacket had once been white and in its day must have been a rare article. Beaten up and all it looked distinguished. It had been with the major through some 1,800 hours of B-17 flying time. It set off the major apart from mere pilots, that jacket did, and that, I suspect, was just the way he liked it. And when the major went out in his Class As he looked well-dressed, too. He had the gift of straight talk but he was of the House of Lords of flying men, and

he had these little vanities of dress which made him mortal, even as the rest of us.

Which brings us around again to Meatball and the affair of the pullet chicken. And this affair of Meatball now, it walks right into the middle of the fiercest period of flying that the "Big Bs" are pulling off, and of course the major is bound up with that flying.

As to Meatball, it's impossible to soften the charge. Meatball, an innocent Husky pup which my crew brought to this base from Labrador, has turned into a bum. A real bum of a dog, who rouses himself at mealtimes, and, showing a fine sense of discrimination, turns up at the combat crew rather than at the regular G.I. mess, three times a day. Well, this Meatball all of a sudden turns into a chicken killer. And when does he decide to become a chicken killer? Why, towards the end of September and the first week in October, when the personnel hereabouts is absorbed with the toughest flying this theatre has yet seen—deep raids as far as Danzig against desperate opposition.

In this incredible theatre, where a guy can be fighting for his life at eleven o'clock in the morning over Bremen, and at eight that evening be in London at the American bar, nothing ought to be really surprising. Here, farms and flying fields nudge each other; cows, chicken, sheep and jeeps get mixed up; and B-17s lodge under the English hedges.

AND in this strange atmosphere Meatball gets playful one morning and mangles a chicken—mangles the chicken quite dead. The farmer came bustling up to the orderly room to see the major. And Major Egan was sitting in with the pilots having an informal bull session with the men about flying. It was on the same afternoon following the Emden raid. I can still remember how the major leans back and talks, wearing that gray-white flying jacket. And he has a habit of talking in details, with his head cocked to one side.

And in roars the farmer from down the road, describing "a large, light-brown dog that has killed a pullet chicken."

"Large, light-brown . . . that's Meatball, all right," says the major. "And you say he got a pullet," goes on the major sympathetically. "Well! A pullet is pretty important, isn't it?"

"It is, sir," says the farmer, and you can see he's calming down. Because where in the world did you ever hear of a major who knows something about pullet chickens, and what is more, who will talk about their loss sympathetically in the middle of a grim military job? Clearly, the major is now pulling out the charm act. He could, of course, have turned the whole matter of Meatball, pullet and payment therefor, over to the adjutant. But this affair is down the major's alley. And all the 1st and 2nd looeys, members of new crews who have just come into the outfit, have their brows screwed up and are listening in amazement.

"That pullet, did she look like a layer," asks the major. You can see his face is a little tired because after all, it's only an hour or two since the raid was over.

"She did, sir, for a fact," says the English farmer.

"Well, what would you say she's worth," asks the major.

"Twenty bob," says the farmer.

"All right," says the major. "I think that's pretty reasonable for a good pullet, don't you," he inquires, looking around at the looeys who fly the big ones. And they look at him kind of dumb, not quite figuring it out, and wondering who's pulling who's leg. And of course, the major is aware he has everybody right there in front of him. He's the actor and the rest are the audience. The farmer is gone now, very pleased, and the Major is rocking back and forth on his chair and looking around. And from the subject of the Germans using rocket guns, the conversation is now on pullets.

"A pullet," says Captain Elton, the operations officer, thoughtfully.

One of the young looeys pipes up and says, "a pullet, isn't that some kind of—a rooster like——"

The major glares at him and the looey gets red.

They are all standing around now and quiet, like a class in arithmetic, 3A.

"A pullet," says the major patiently, "is a half-grown female chicken which lays a small egg, with a very small yolk." And he showed them just how big with his fingers. "Then," continues the major, the machinery inside the pullet goes to work and all of a sudden—one fine day—it lays an egg twice as big as the usual—and it's no longer a pullet."

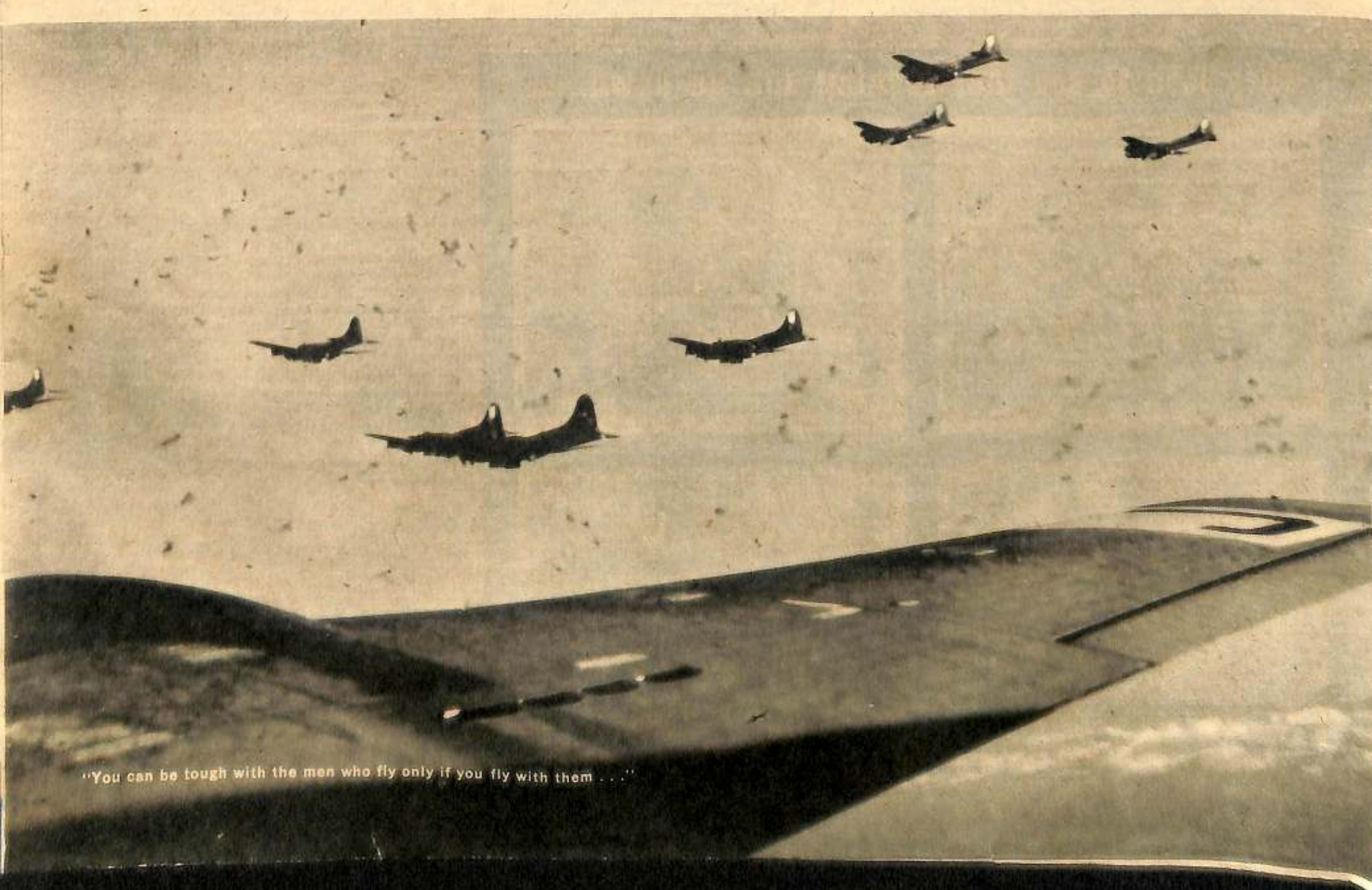
"Well," suggests the same young looey eagerly, "why can't we get the chickens that Meatball kills—after all, chicken dinners——"

"I've been thinking of that," says the major grandly, "but he mangles them, and that damn Meatball must really mangle a chicken. If we could only train him to bring 'em in, we could run him through the county and have chicken dinners about five times a week——" He shook his head and said, "it's too late now to do anything about Meatball—it's too late—that Meatball's a bum——"

And here the camera stops. Because later the major went down. He followed into the "missing in action" figures, Major Cleven, the fabulous CO of another squadron at this base. When Major Egan heard about Cleven he shook his head, saying, "goddamit, I've flown with Cleve for the past three years——"

There is a certain pub a few miles from here that will miss Major Egan. Here a group of "free Irish" laborers used to get together evenings and sing Irish songs. Sometimes the major got into a jeep, went down the road and sang with them.

The major was a character. He could think of a good many unrelated things and think of them in detail. He also wrote home to the mothers of men "missing in action." These are not file letters. It was the major's idea they should be written in longhand to indicate the personal touch, and there are no copies of these letters. He never said anything much about that. The letters were between him and the families involved. In his room at the B.O.Q. right now are several such letters waiting for an answer. I think these letters hit him off right. They complete the picture. He was not immune to publicity, wanted a touch of it now and then, but over the long stretch, and when the chips were down, as in writing closed longhand letters to mothers and in flying the hard missions, he was a downright serious man. With the publicity touch, the affair of Meatball and the pullet, and the grim task of flying the big ones into Germany, he rounds out into a very real example of an American at war.



"You can be tough with the men who fly only if you fly with them . . ."

Yanks at Home in the ETO

A PRIVATE, who is due any day now for his first service stripe and attributes his success in the Army to the fact that he has always kept his eyes and his mouth open, has just reported in. Seems he's been reconnoitering up Marble Arch way and what he came across there is not what might be expected, but a Quartermaster captain, neatly dressed in his best pinks and carrying a large bouquet of flowers. It was early Saturday evening and the dogfaces the captain kept passing were slightly on the uninhabited side—oh, they saluted properly enough, but the sight of those flowers produced grins on their pans that could hardly be interpreted as expressions of the respect due an officer.

This sort of situation is our informant's cup of tea. He decided he had a mission in the direction the captain was walking and changed his course accordingly. Down Oxford Street the officer strode, picking up additional salutes, grins, and embarrassment at every corner.

Now, even the strongest of men have been known to crack under such trying circumstances, and the captain was only mortal. After three blocks of it he gave up, hastily returned the salute of a corporal who had just started to grin, and held out the bouquet to him.

"Want these?" asked the captain, sounding more hopeful than brusque. "Yes, sir," replied the corporal, for after all there was little else he could say. "Then take them," said the captain, pressing the bouquet into the non-com's not-too-eager hands. Corporal saluted. Captain saluted. Captain walked on.

So did the corporal—straight to "The Queen's Head" grog shop, where, with the flowers clenched in one grimy fist and a large dark ale in the other, he remained quietly until closing time, pondering the vicissitudes of the soldier's life. He had reached the stage of nibbling rosebuds when they threw him out.

Out of the Mouths of Babes and Privates

Some bombs fell, as the local press so often puts it, on a southeast town the other night and during the course of the raid a number of doughty doughboys gathered outside their Red Cross Club to see what they could see. Since they could see nothing, there naturally was a good deal of talk—learned, technical talk of rocket flares, glider bombs, percentages of casualties, and the like. Every one (almost) had put in his two cents' worth and there was a moment of silence, then a god-awful crash which seemed to be a little less than three feet away. Then silence again, broken this time by the wispy voice of a pint-sized private who had thus far not been heard from. "You know, fellers," he said earnestly, "the way I look at this bombing business, it's a dangerous proposition."

Young Man With a Gun

We give you at this point the only G.I. in the ETO who has permission to carry a gun—Pvt. Bill Weldon, of Norman, Okla. (Okay, then, let's see *your* permit.) This newest threat to the Festung Europa is a magician in the Special Service show called *The G.I. Gang*—the one Yvette originally toured with, by the way. Well, it seems that Weldon needs a pistol as part of his act, to sound off with at the moment he pulls the rabbit out of a top hat, and also that there's a British law against carrying firearms on the stage without a licence. What with one form and another, it only took Weldon about six months to get a permit, but he has it now, making everything on the up and up as he fearlessly totes a gun around at each performance. Weldon, however, reports that the big moment in his act has nothing to do with the rabbit. It is when he pulls an egg (but strictly fresh, with shell and all) out of the hat.

In a Family Way

Comes now the homey touch—and don't let us catch a tear trickling down the cheek of any of you grizzled veterans. In an American camp up country there's a sergeant who, back home, is also a father of 18 months standing, though he has never seen the little type. So one afternoon this sergeant was dispatched to deliver a note to the billet of the C.O. of a British camp nearby. Arriving there, he knocked at the door, received a shouted invitation to enter, and upon doing so found the C.O.'s wife feeding an infant its supper, while the father, beaming, watched from a respectful, aseptic distance. At a gesture from the C.O., the sergeant tip-toed to a chair and joined in the watching.

"How old?" whispered the sergeant.

"Eighteen months," whispered the C.O.

"Then I've got one just like it," whispered the sergeant, producing a walletful of dogeared snapshots and for once finding an appreciative audience. "Funny, I was wondering just last night how big it was by now."

The sergeant asked and was allowed to help officiate at the changing of the diapers, and then guided the tot through its paces as it staggered about the room. "I suppose," the sergeant said, "if I was home I'd get sick of doing this, but it sure don't seem now as if I ever would."

The next day the sergeant was back at the same hour. No note to deliver this time; just wanted to see the going-to-bed ritual again. He wondered whether on his next day off he could come over and take the mite out for an airing and the C.O., after anxiously consulting his wife, said sure.

Since then the sergeant has practically become a member of the C.O.'s household and is teaching C.O. Jr. to call him uncle. The C.O.'s wife has sent the sergeant's wife pictures of her baby and it's all one big, happy, transatlantic family.

"There's nothing like watching your kid grow up by proxy," the sergeant says these days, "except, maybe, just watching your kid grow up."

Drunk and Defenseless

"Ed!" The corporal clung to the bar with both hands as he called plaintively to his companion who was deep (seventeen bob six, to be exact) in the darts game. "Hey, Ed! Come here a minute, will yuh?"

Ed, a Pfc., took his time about throwing the last dart before walking grudgingly over.

"Well," he said to his superior, who would have looked more superior had his hair not been strung over his eyes, "what the hell do you want?"

"Ed," said the corporal, on the verge of tears as he nodded his head in the general direction of the barmaid, "this lady here says I'm drunk."

The Pfc. looked at the girl and winked. "She does, does she?" he said.

"That's zactly what she said, Ed," the corporal's tone was a mixture of outrage and humiliation. "That's zactly what this lady said. Said I was drunk. And the trouble is, Ed," here the voice rose to a wail, "the trouble is that I can *hardly* deny it."

Perseverance

The other morning, very early, we were on our way somewhere and we happened to go through Berkeley Square. It was a cold, foggy and utterly miserable English morning—the kind of morning Robert Taylor would have had to go back to the front in as the subaltern in *Waterloo Bridge*. Nevertheless, there on a bench in Berkeley Square sat an American corporal, wearing only a blouse and the usual accoutrements, earnestly conning a "Guide to London." He didn't seem cold at all. Nor foggy, for that matter.

If we ever had any doubts that we were on the winning side, they're dispersed now. The type of man who is going to win this war is not the carefully trained, lethally adept man of the Wehrmacht. He is an American private who is perfectly willing to stand in Piccadilly Circus for an hour in fierce and bitter November, with the wind whipping around his knees and the fog seeping into his chest, solemnly trying to decipher the telephone number of a girl in Maida Vale.

Our Syntax Are O.K.

NAVY SHELLS ITALY AS
8TH PINCH NAZIS

—Headline in *The Stars and Stripes*.

Not a trend, we hope. The Navy, you will notice, still *shells*—as any self-respecting Navy does in American journalism. But that 8th. It pinch—as no Army, self-respecting or even otherwise, ever does in American journalism, but as an Army or Navy or almost any other darn thing always does in the British press.

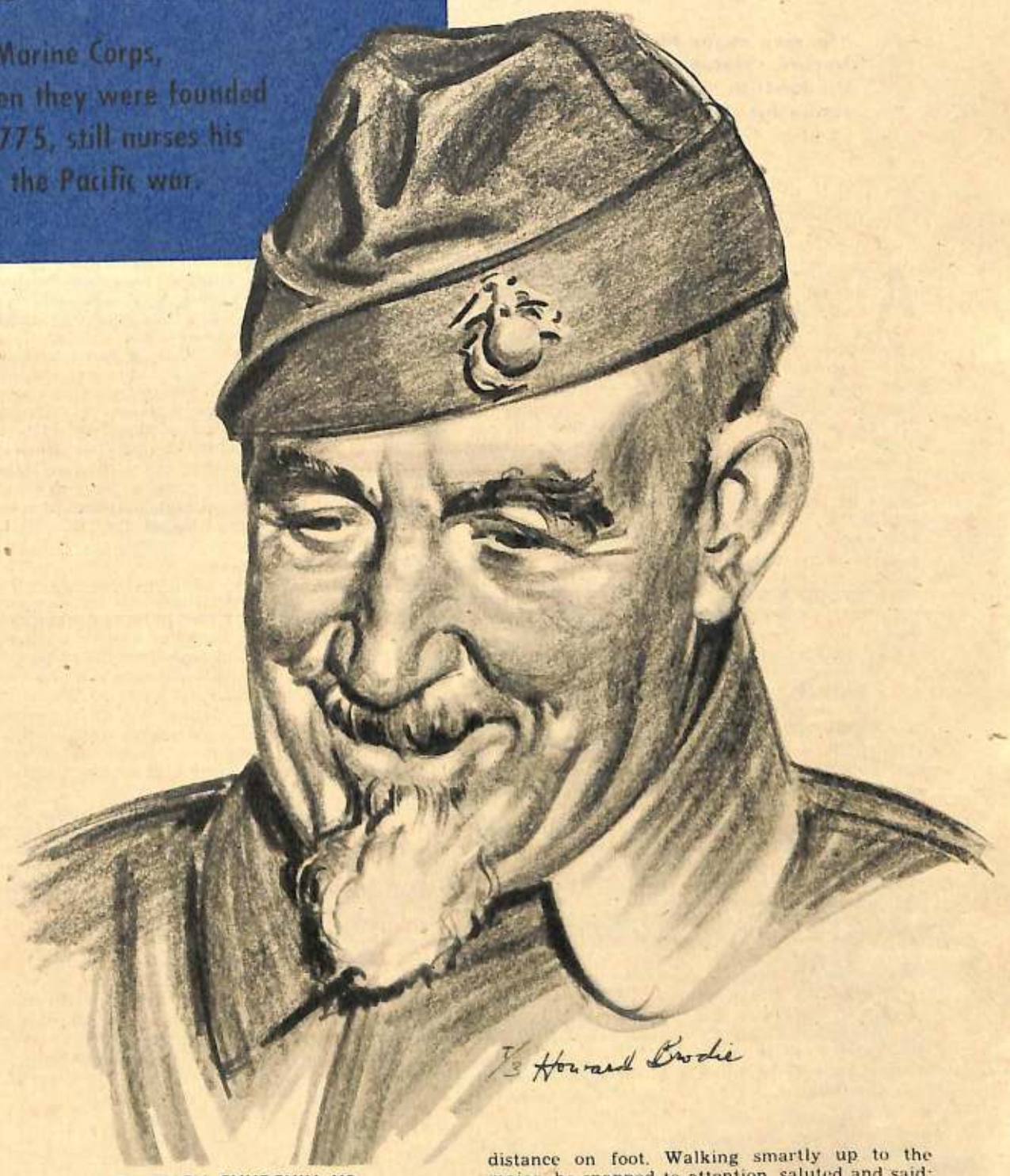
It's all all right with us, though, just so long as that grand finale headline doesn't read: Etousa Army Go Home.

They love to see that evening sun go down . . .

. . . And why not, since it means these blackout curtains take its place? The work of Capt. John D. Pusey, C.E., they cover the windows of a ground-forces mess hereabouts.

SQUARE-CUT DIAMOND

The grand old man of the U. S. Marine Corps, who joined the Leathernecks when they were founded by the Continental Congress in 1775, still nurses his beloved 81-mm mortars through the Pacific war.



By ALLEN CHURCHILL Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

THE United States Marine Corps is celebrating its 168th anniversary this month, so the marines claim that their most famous exponent in this or any other war is 200 years old.

With typical marine bravado, any leatherneck will tell you—as quickly as he will tell you that he can lick any 12 men alive all at once—that Sergeant Lou Diamond was 32 years old when he enlisted in the marines, and so Lou must be around 200 now.

Lou, the living legend, couldn't be a day over, say 90, but the men who have fought with him like to think that he is as old as Mars. And it makes good reading.

Nobody is exactly sure about this, however, because Master Gunnery Sgt. Leland Diamond is not a man who likes publicity and he flatly refuses to divulge his correct age to anybody. It is on his service record, of course, but Lou takes great care to make sure this record is kept secret. According to strict Marine standards, Lou was even rather old for combat service in the last war, but his boundless energy and tremendous vocal powers were well known all over France.

Last year, just before his outfit was to embark for Guadalcanal, there was scuttlebutt that the tough old sarge might be left behind because the South Pacific was no place for such a venerable and ancient man, even though he was twice as strong and three times as nasty as the youngest boot in the Corps.

When Diamond heard these rumors, as he hears everything, he acted upon them as he always acts—energetically and in full voice. All the ground he had to cover he covered at a fast trot. All the orders he had to give—and he gives more orders than five generals—he gave in a raucous bellow. The trotting and bellowing began every morning at 5 A.M. and in three days Lou had everybody in the camp worn to a frazzle. But when the transport moved away from the dock, Lou was aboard.

The Diamond legend grew considerably in the South Pacific where Lou roared his way through the battles of Guadalcanal and Tulagi and did much to back up the Marine Corps contention that he is far and away the most expert mortar sergeant in any branch of the service.

At Tulagi he demolished 14 Jap buildings with his trusty 81-mm. Then he turned to the colonel and bet him $50 that he could put a shot down the chimney of the 15th. He won.

The story was a bit different one morning when a Jap destroyer tried to creep around the island. Diamond's first shell fell in the water a few feet behind the tin can.

The sergeant's bull voice arose in anguished thunder that shook the tropical foliage. From the deluge of profanity, only the last sentence was distinguishable:

"Forgot to allow for the —— forward movement!"

John Hersey, the war correspondent, saw Diamond in action at Guadalcanal and described him as "a giant with a full gray beard, an admirable paunch and the bearing of a man daring you to insult him. As we went by, he was, as usual, out of patience. He wanted to keep on firing and he had been told to hold back. 'Wait and wait and wait!' he roared. 'God, some people around here'll fall on their a—— from waiting!' "

Writing in the Marine magazine, *The Leatherneck*, Frank X. Talbot describes Diamond as an inch or so under 6 feet, pushing the scales to the vicinity of 200 pounds. Most of the time he is talking or roaring, and when he isn't roaring, his tongue hangs out of the corner of his mouth, relaxed and ready for the next outburst. When he can get it, he drinks beer by the case. He always drinks standing at the bar, with his hat on.

In mid-November last year the tension of the Guadalcanal campaign showed signs of wearing on Lou. He was ordered to New Zealand for hospital care. Protesting with wolf-like howls, he was dragged into a plane and later deposited in a clean hospital bed where he immediately got into trouble because he refused to permit his beard to be shaved off and because he patted a pretty nurse in the right place. Lou had been there only two days when the hospital superintendent said: "I thought I was head of this hospital until Diamond got here. Now I'm not so sure."

When the sergeant was released from the hospital he promptly made tracks for Guadalcanal. When he got there he found the Army in charge, his unit gone and himself farther than ever from joining them. His curses of rage and frustration tore the air and made the soldiers cringe. Anger spent, Lou then efficiently began thumbing a ride across the Coral Sea to Australia.

Some weeks later his burly figure appeared on the remote Australian field where his company was drilling. It was 50 miles from the nearest port to that field. It was hot and there were no transportation facilities, but Lou had covered the distance on foot. Walking smartly up to the major, he snapped to attention, saluted and said: "Sir, I'm here."

Diamond gives his mortars more affection than anything in this world. At the Marine base in New River, N. C., he spent many nights sleeping with a ring of 81-mm mortars around his bunk. He called them his sweethearts, and nobody dared approach them.

The only other things for which the sergeant shows affection are his pets, of which there has been an endless chain. They include Bozo, the ugly bulldog described by Master Gunnery Sgt. Mickey Finn as much prettier than Lou, and a disagreeable goat named Rufus and a couple of trained chickens whose names are unprintable. This select menagerie is now waiting patiently at New River for the momentous day when the rough Diamond returns from the wars.

Lou rules his men with an iron hand. They fear him at first, get to like him when they know him and end by loving him as much as a marine can love anything. Lou treats anyone who has less than 10 years of service like the meanest boot. This gripes some of the men who serve with him, but they end by taking it philosophically. "After all," one of them said, "if you can get used to that old bastard's voice, you can get used to anything."

A Week of War

The men at the Moscow Conference framed a document which spoke for the postwar world while the Dnieper spoke for itself. The tide had been turned a year.

A YEAR ago a great troop-carrying convoy beat through the Atlantic and Mediterranean swells toward the French North African possessions. A year ago the last battle was over at Alamein. The Afrika Korps of Erwin Rommel had turned wearily around and had started down the long trek that ended on the barren wastes of Cape Bon, in Tunisia. A year ago the Marines were coming off the transports at Guadalcanal, and the first dent was made in the immense circle of Japanese expansion. A year ago the Russians, crouched in the ruins of Stalingrad, held the German hordes and traced in blood the high-water mark of Nazi advances in Russia.

A year ago, in the period of two weeks, the tide turned. In the Middle East, in the Far East the long advance toward victory was beginning. In Russia there was still a little more time to go. But then the time ran out and then the tide turned in Russia, too.

The Americans came off the barges all along the French North African coast. They penetrated almost to the gates of Tunis. To the sound of bagpipes the 8th Army moved east from Alamein, past all the places they had seen before and then on into new country, to Tripoli, across the border to Mareth, and then up to meet the Americans and on to the conclusion at Cape Bon. Then, Tunisia settled, it was Sicily and then Italy. It is still Italy.

And it was Guadalcanal and New Guinea and many little islands, and it was war in the sea and war in the air and the Japs bent like a taut bow. It is still New Guinea and the little islands, but the spirit of the opposing forces has changed.

And it was Stalingrad and the end of the German 6th Army, under Paulus, and then a surge to the west. In Russia it was a year of falling cities, of German defeat after German defeat. Of Rostov returning to Russia, of Kharkov, of Orel, of a thousand cities and towns. And then it was the Dnieper. And it is still the Dnieper, and more than the Dnieper. It may very well be the war.

The Crimea is an awkward, blob-shaped peninsula jutting out into the Black Sea, joined to the mainland by a narrow neck of land. The Black Sea washes all its coasts, save on the northeast. There the Putrid Sea, the Sivash, stands, a shallow lagoon separated from the Sea of Azov by a sandspit called the Arabat. Last week many a Nazi was dying for dear old Sivash, because the Russians, hurling themselves forward, had cut off the Crimea from the mainland. They had taken Perekop and Armiansk in the neck that separated the Crimea from the bulk of Russia. The German garrison of the Crimea was trapped, utterly and completely.

It had happened very quickly. The Russians had raced like the wind across the Nogaisk Steppe, past Chaplinka to Perekop. The steppe was empty of defences; it would have been impossible in this flat and level country. Now practically all of the lower Dnieper bend was in Russian hands. The Crimea lay open to the Red Army.

It had not been so long ago that Sevastopol, on the tip of the Crimea, had been under siege and had fallen, after months of valiant defence, during which 300,000 German dead lay sprawled before its fortifications. Now the war had come again to the Crimea, in reverse, and this time it would be the Germans who might be under siege at Sevastopol. No one knew for sure how many Germans were on the Crimea, but it seemed reasonable to believe that they would be a good haul. The speed of the Russian advance precluded any great exodus over the Perekop isthmus. It is no easy matter to move one division, let alone several, and the railway of escape that ran through Perekop was a very small avenue of escape indeed. The Germans still left in the Crimea were going to have to sweat for it. And, as the Russians swung southward from Armiansk, it didn't seem as though they were quite ready to start sweating.

The Dnieper line the Nazis had planned to hold was completely breached, both above and below the bend. German counterattacks still held the Russians off Krivoi Rog, but it was costing them a high price in men and material. In one sector near Krivoi Rog, where the Nazis threw 100 tanks into the battle, 28 were lost. The Russians seemed for the moment content to bypass Krivoi Rog, and move southward in one end of a pincers whose other end, knifing north from Sergievka towards the Dnieper, threatened to cut off a solid little hunk of the Wehrmacht—about fifty miles worth of Wehrmacht, as a matter of fact.

THE Russians began to look as though they intended to be in Odessa by Christmas, or on Boxing Day at the latest. News of German prisoners was at last beginning to come in; 6,000 were taken in two days of heavy, one-sided fighting. Stalin evidently was saving the list of spoils, both human and mechanical, for one grand announcement in the near future.

But while the world waited for that announcement another statement concerned with the peace to come, came from Moscow, where delegates of Russia, Britain and America had been bent over conference tables for ten days. The announcement, a very momentous one, had to do with the post-war world—more definitely, the Europe of the post-war world. It carried six main points.

1. A four-power declaration by the governments of the U.S.A., the United Kingdom, the U.S.S.R. and China of political principles by which they will be guided in war and peace.
2. The setting up of a European Advisory Commission to sit in London for dealing with European questions arising as the war develops.
3. The setting up of an Advisory Council on matters relating to Italy.
4. A three-power declaration on policy insisting on the restoration of democracy in Italy.
5. A declaration on the restoration of a free and independent Austria.
6. A stern warning, over the signatures of Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill, to Nazis and members of the German armed forces guilty of atrocities in occupied countries.

THE six points were hailed on both sides of the Atlantic as a monumental thing. At long last Russia, Britain and the U.S.A. were in accord, and the meeting had paved the way for another meeting, possibly between Roosevelt and Stalin. As to the Nazi war criminals, it was fine they were going to be punished, even if no mention was made as to which country would get priority on their necks. Many of them had taken a European tour of atrocities.

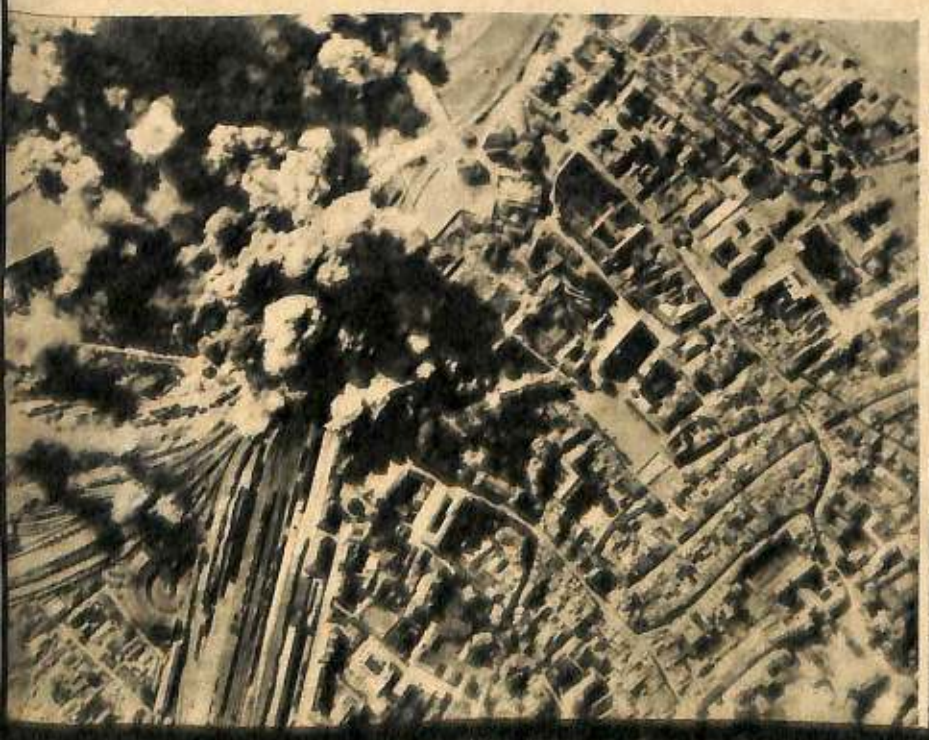
As a matter of fact, there was much yet to be explained, much more to come later. What of Poland and of the Netherlands, for instance; what of France and Czechoslovakia?

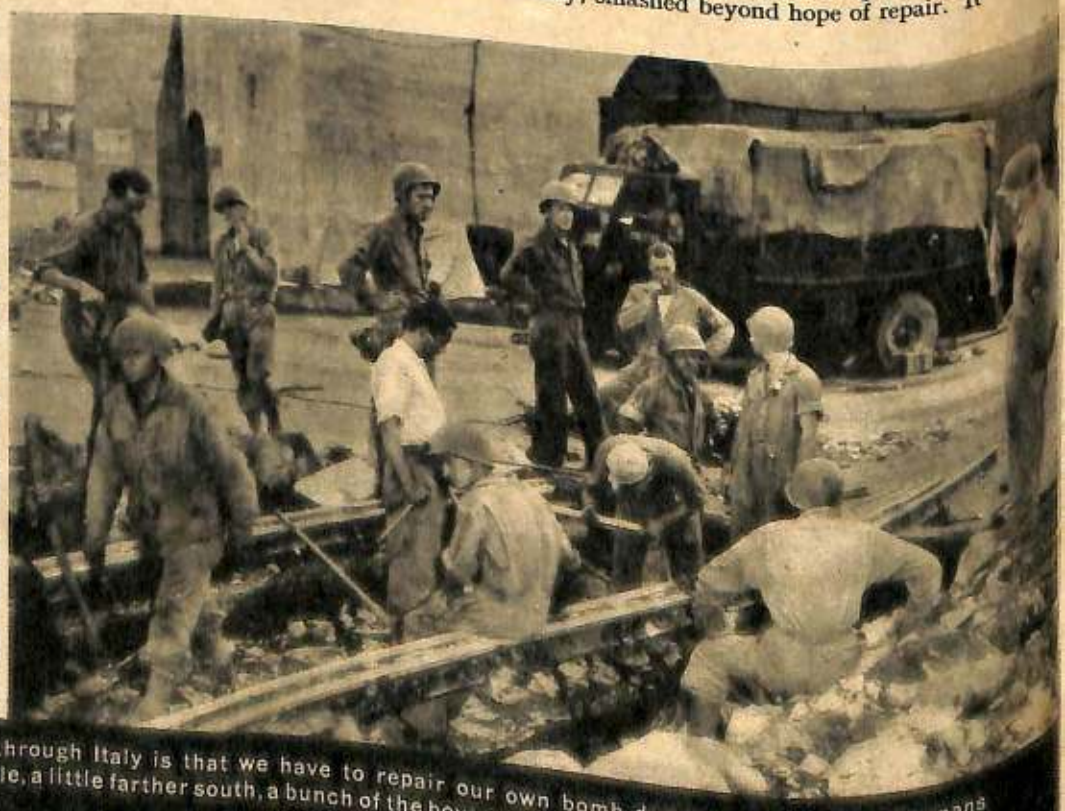
But whatever the possible omissions from the Moscow document, it marked a long step forward in relations among the Allies and helped to remove what slight distrust of secretive Russia that might have remained in men's minds.

All this gave slight comfort to a Germany already bowed low under the burden of a war that had backfired. The Germany of the latter months of 1943 was a sick Germany, a country haunted by the fearsome spectre of 1918, that had to keep bucking herself up to get past the bogie of November 11th. Most of the German propaganda forces, that had once poisoned the air all over Europe, were now focused on the home front, trying to kick morale awake, trying to hold together a country that daily seemed to be on the verge of collapse.

The only thing that was saving Germany was the German Army. That force, still strong in spite of defeat, still fighting bravely in the face of adversity, was still potent, still to be reckoned with. The German Army of 1918 had been undermined, its morale sapped. When the collapse came the 1918 Army had been ready for it. But now there was almost a desperation in the tenacity of the Wehrmacht. In the days that followed the last Armistice day the German people still had leaders whom they could trust, and there still were leaders that were willing to risk running Germany. The country, even though defeated, was full of hope. But this time all the opposition leaders, the men who might have forced the issue in Germany, were dead or in exile, and the German people could only slog ahead to utter disaster, hopeless, vacant of promise.

On a globe of the world the Russian offensive on the Dnieper bend looked like very little, but here, across the steppes and in the marshes that fronted the Dnieper, the Wehrmacht was being smashed, smashed utterly, smashed beyond hope of repair. It





We lays them down and we picks them up. The trouble with going through Italy is that we have to repair our own bomb damage, because the Germans just won't do it. Here U. S. bombs fall on the railway yards at Bolanzo while, a little farther south, a bunch of the boys sweat it out where U. S. bombs fell on Naples.

would never recover from this Russian autumn, and the coming Russian winter might complete the destruction entirely. No German soldier on the Russian front could look forward to the months that lay ahead; nor could any German who did his twelve-hour shift in the home front factories. It was a black period that lay ahead.

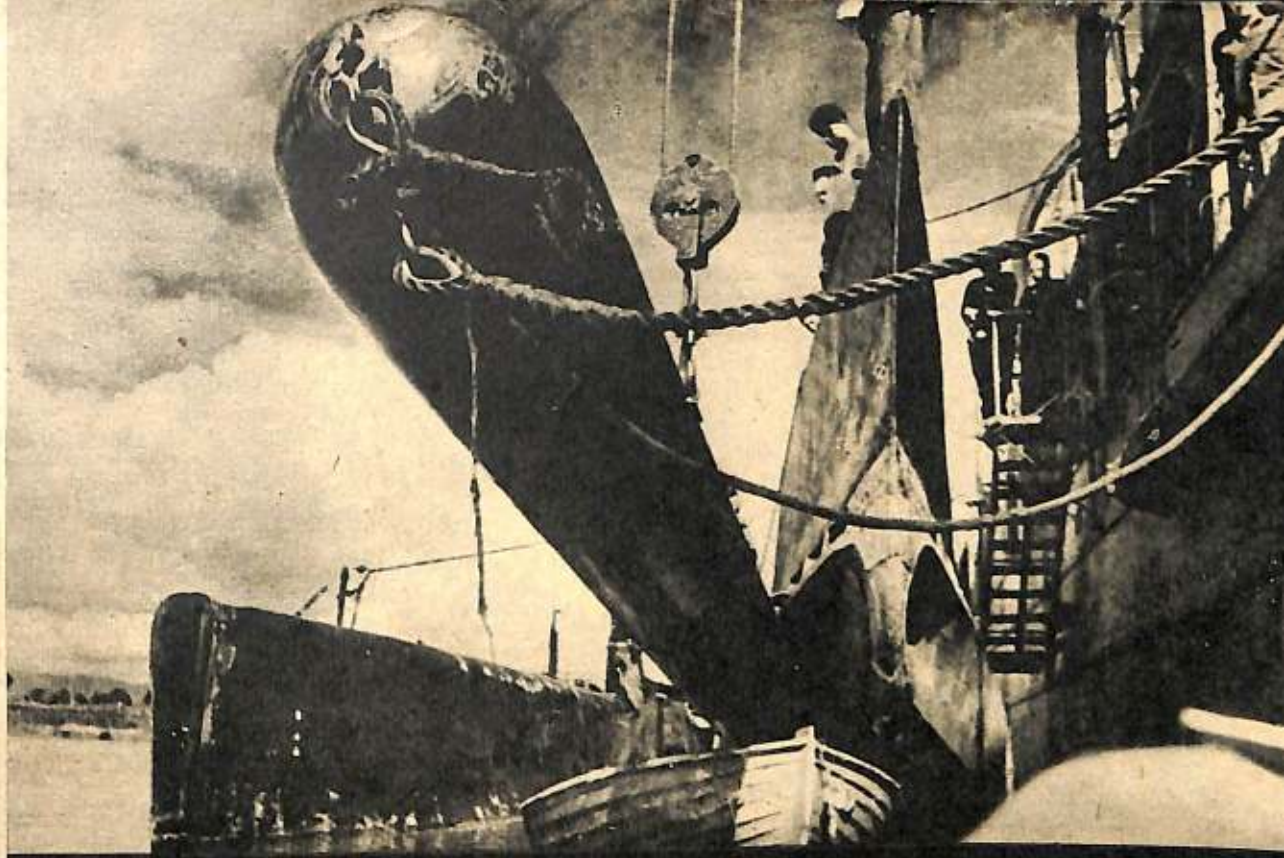
Things remained more or less stalemated in Italy, where the sun was never out long enough to dry the rain that fell and the going was rough, muddy and mountainous. For the time being the Nazis were holding down beautiful defensive positions, but they were not so beautiful that they did not know they could not be held indefinitely. Already they were flooding the Pontine Marshes at their rear, in the hopes that when further retreat became necessary they would serve as a stop-gap until another defence line could be reached. The next real Nazi defence line would probably lie somewhere around Rome, though there was talk that that ancient city might be declared open, as the Italians had done before they surrendered. The way through Italy was a slow way, but it was inevitable. Yet the slow retreat was the only sort of victory which Germany could boast of at the moment. The Wehrmacht, it had to be admitted, was putting up a very good fight along the leg of the boot.

In the Pacific the last Japanese base in the Solomon Islands had been invaded. Bougainville, one of the largest islands of the group, which was the object of the assault, is within fighter range of the great Japanese base at Rabaul in New Britain. American forces, landing in Empress Augusta Bay, met with little resistance and the communiques made it clear that if the Japanese fleet cared to come out and contest the landing, a party of some sort would be rigged up for them. Rabaul, already sadly battered by Allied aircraft, would soon be an untenable position. Slowly the Japanese grip on the Spice Islands was relaxing; slowly they were being driven back.

So, a year to the day after the tide turned, the tide was rising higher and ever higher. The enemy was shaken from the whole of Africa. His European Fortress was being assaulted through Italy. Italy was out of the war as an Axis partner. Russia was winning her fight. Germany was standing on the brink of an endless abyss. The wheel had come around full circle.

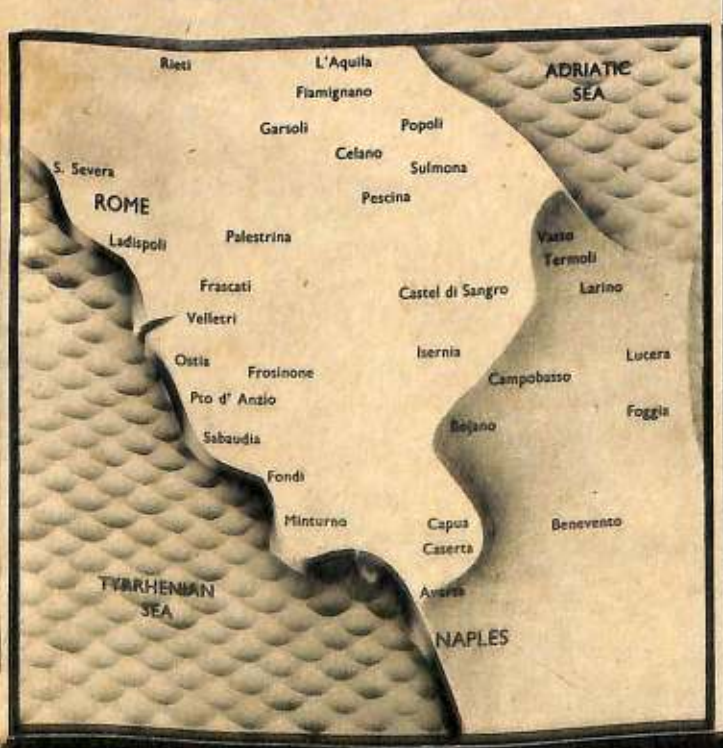
It had been a long haul, a tiresome pull. But now the end could at last be seen. The end of the *whole* war was not very near, but the European end of it would probably not see another Fall of fighting. Germany, her manpower running out, her cities bombed, her factories wrecked, her U-boat campaign a failure, could see the handwriting on the wall. The day of justice, that the world had looked forward to for nearly ten years, was at last approaching, almost at a run. And though the leaders of Germany, Hitlerite and just plain German, could twist and turn, they could see no escape. They had set their course and they had run it.

Germany had to admit that the Russian gains on the lower Dnieper were decisive and that they had assumed major proportions; and no matter how they interpreted the news, it still spoke out in cold tones that told of the death of German dreams. The facts were a court from which there was no appeal.



Somewhere in the Black Sea a Russian submarine takes on a torpedo. Said submarine is probably jockeying for position off the Crimea right now. Said torpedo may be on its way.

Der Cherman Home Guard with Sunday practice makes mit andi-aircraft guns. Dese Joes are from the factory, where on weekdays they make booby traps mit wienerschnitzel geflavoured.



You can't say there ain't no flies on Tojo. This Jap was knocked off at Rendova Island.

The

COVERED WITH OIL, and virtually exhausted, the survivors of the USS Helena, torpedoed in the two-night battle of Kula Gulf, in the Pacific, answer a roll call.

ENGRAVING a chart giving ocean depths might be only one of the tasks assigned to a WAVE who is an ex-photographer.

A SNOWY DAY on a carrier finds Dauntless dive bombers and Avenger torpedo planes covered in canvas and with wings to conserve valuable space.

OVER THE COLD WATERS that surround the island of Kiska, three attack bombers prepare to assist in the landings at that barren spot we later won. The volcano behind them is nearly 4,000 feet high.

IN high seas and in level w
appointed tasks. Somewher
battlewagon may be digging
troughs; elsewhere a convoy,
may be pursuing a placid cou

Navy

ater the navies carry out their
in the vast ocean reaches a
her nose in and out of the
guarded by a hovering blimp,
se toward a secret destination.

THE NAVY was at the beaches of Sicily, slicing away with tracers at the few enemy aircraft that appeared overhead in the blackness of night. They also gave covering fire on beaches.

AT DUTCH HARBOR a U. S. Navy band plays a submarine into the dock. The sub is just back from a pleasure cruise in Jap waters. Result: Five Jap ships which will never sail again.

A SUBCHASER on the alert in the Salerno area. In sight of shore the crew stands to the guns.

THE BATTLEWAGONS sound off at Attu, blasting the Japs from their positions. Here the 14-inchers belch smoke and flame as they hurl their shells at the Holtz Bay area in a prelude to our invasion.


Dusty Anderson
YANK
Pin-up Girl

News from Home

Lovely light and lovely murder lifted the spirits of the home folks while Uncle Sam prepared to lift the pocket-books right out of their pockets

THE dimout—the most oppressive manifestation of war that civilian America collectively ever felt—vanished last Monday night. At almost the same moment, an equally sombre pall spread over the entire nation as half a million coal miners went out on strike.

The lifting of the dimout was a great moment for the home folk in the coastal communities that comprise three sides of the country's rangy perimeter. The walkout of the miners, their fourth this year, was a grim moment for President Roosevelt, who ordered the mines returned to government control and the men back to work within two days.

The coal strike and the return of light were as interrelated as the black and white on this page. Coal produces electricity and there were plenty of hints that in the event of a fuel shortage, outdoor advertising displays throughout the nation would be the first to go.

Strike or no strike, however, the erstwhile dimmed-out regions had at least their moment of light. The end of the murky era, of course, got its most raucous ovation on Broadway. There the big electric signs, once a trade mark of New York familiar to the residents of the most remote crannies of the world, have been growing rusty and dusty since April 28th, 1942, when the big gloom descended on Manhattan. But there wasn't a community within twenty miles of the Atlantic or the Pacific or the Gulf of Mexico where the relaxation or the restrictions would not bring cheer.

And safety. Letting up on the restrictions means bright street lights and fewer muggings, bright automobile headlights and fewer accidents. It also means bright lights in buses and subways and less eyestrain.

The dimout was a strictly anti-submarine precaution, and had nothing whatever to do with the practice blackouts which many U. S. cities still stage from time to time when they get to mulling over the idea of long-range Nazi bombers. Enemy U-boats used to come so close to the American shore that they could spot their tanker-targets with the help of the glare of coastal street lights. They don't dare come that close any more.

Announcement that the ban on lights was to be lifted came only four or five days before the lifting actually took place and meant a lot of rushing around for advertising-sign people who have let their displays go to seed. The matter of getting enough bulbs to replace those that have disintegrated was a big problem. Some resourceful advertising men had installed signs on Broadway which gave out a sort of phosphorescent glow and which were spectacular enough on dimout evenings, but make a pretty feeble showing under ordinary conditions.

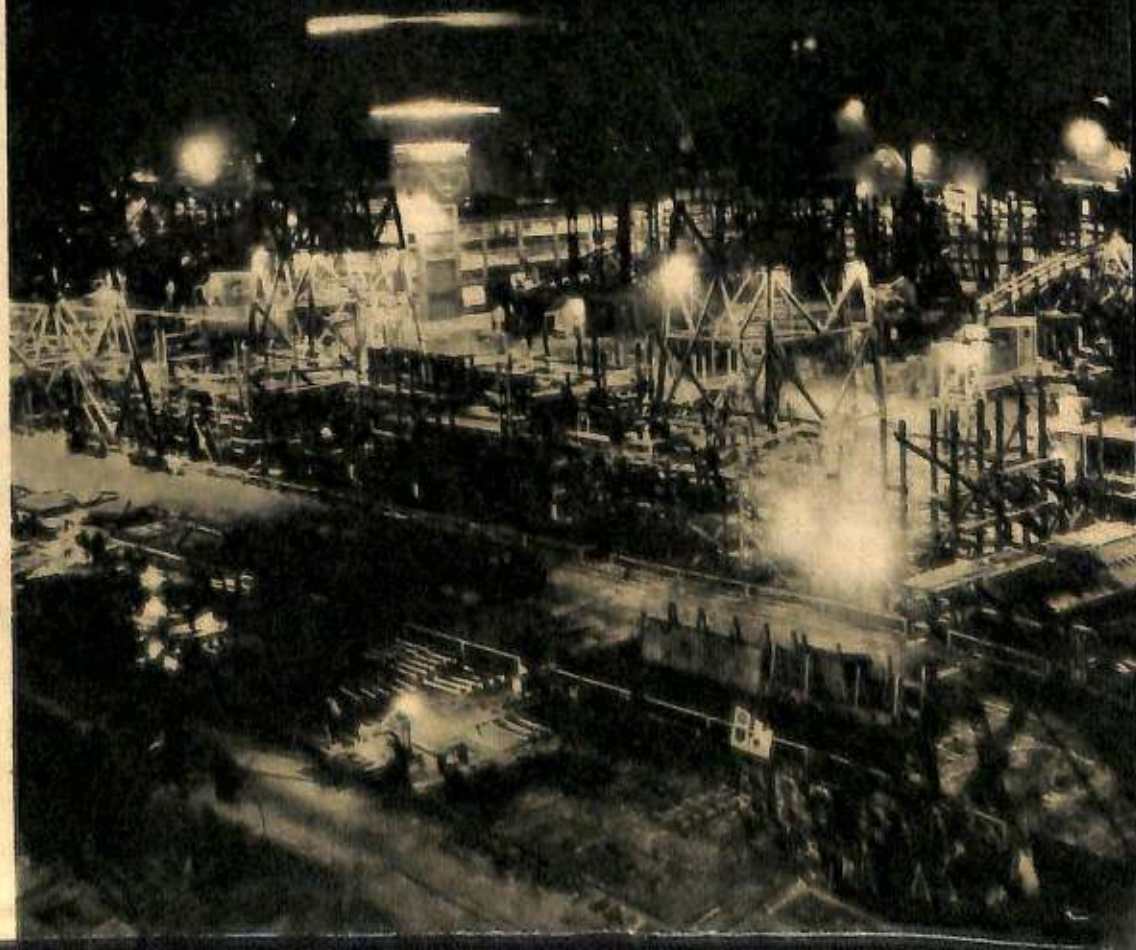
It was unlikely, however, that all such make-do devices would be immediately scrapped—for several reasons. In the first place, the Army, the Navy, the Office of Civilian Defense, and the War Production Board, all of which joined in sanctioning the return to light, made it clear that there would be a dimout again if, in the opinion of the Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet, the need for it should arise.

In the second place, as a means of conserving fuel, unnecessary electrically lighted outdoor signs are to be allowed to burn only up to ten p.m. and no more than two hours each evening. Moreover, the public was strongly urged to substitute a voluntary "brown out" for the compulsory dimout—in other words, not to waste electricity.

So far as New York was concerned, the timing of the tolling of the dimout's knell was perfect. The word came through at the end of a dismal four days of the worst storm to strike the Northeastern States since the great hurricane of 1938, during which 4.69 inches of rain fell in Manhattan. Nights are now nearing their longest. Weather and darkness, however, were far from getting the city down, judging from a tinkling of cash registers in the Times Square district that could be heard almost to the Bronx.

A survey of the Broadway and East Fifties sectors of Manhattan showed that the amusement business there was enjoying the biggest boom in its history. Fifty-three established night clubs were taking care of an average of 225,000 cash customers a

In case any one around the joint was wondering what the dames are doing back home, we can report that they're building ships—thousands of ships. They aren't even taking time out to powder their noses. And then what are the ships doing? They're taking us away from the dames, that's all. Those women must not like us.



week, and there were plenty of dumps jammed with suckers, too. Theaters and movie houses were doing twenty per cent more business than they'd ever done before; the opera was a sell-out and so was the ballet. And, lest you get the impression that the folks back home are going to hell in a champagne bucket, church attendance is higher than at any time in the last thirty years.

While sloshing around in water and waiting for the light, New York had a brief but wonderful murder mystery to ponder—so wonderful that the more sensational newspapers almost forgot there was a war on. It was the murder of pretty Mrs. Patricia Burton Lonergan, mentioned here last week, and the only trouble was that her husband had to go and confess to it before the amateur Sherlocks had a chance to get really steamed up.

Mrs. Lonergan, twenty-two years old and the heir to five million fish, was found nude and beaten to death on her bed in her duplex apartment in the Beekman Hill section of East Fifty-first Street. The discovery was made by Peter Elser, a former Harvard football star and now a captain in the Marines, who had come to take her out on a dinner date. She had been out on the town all the preceding night, making the rounds with a forty-three years old interior decorator—gent by the name of Mario Gabelline, better known to his cafe-society set as "The Count."

The police discovered that the dead woman's husband, Wayne Lonergan, a twenty-six years old member of the R.C.A.F., had been in town on a 48-hour pass from Toronto at the time his wife was killed. Detectives flew to the Canadian city and nabbed him in a rooming house there, just as he was about to report back to his barracks on the University of Toronto grounds where he was aircraftman second class, taking pre-air crew training.

A native of Canada, but of American parentage, Lonergan had kicked around here and there before becoming a rickshaw boy at the New York World's Fair. It was while toiling in the poles of a rickshaw out in Flushing that he met his future wife, the daughter of William O. Burton, who made his pile in beer. The two eloped to Las Vegas, Nev., in 1941, over the objections of Mrs. Burton, who wanted her daughter to make her debut first and also conceivably wasn't too hot about the idea of having an ex-rickshaw boy for a son-in-law.

Lonergan, whom the police described as "essentially intelligent and certainly depraved," became estranged from his wife several months ago. The couple had a son, now a year and a half old, and it remained with its mother. Lonergan, who had been turned down by the U. S. Army, volunteered in the R.C.A.F.

He had two strikes against him from the start of the murder investigation. For one thing, his face was badly scratched; for another, he had worn his uniform to New York and a civilian suit back to Toronto.

During the sixteen hours that the police questioned him before he confessed, Lonergan added a dainty aspect to the case by claiming that he had been beaten up and his uniform stolen by a degenerate American soldier whom he had befriended. He also said he had spent most of his time while in New York fooling around with a twenty-eight years old showgirl, a divorcee, up on East Seventy-ninth Street, and this proved to be true.

Lonergan finally broke down and admitted that he had conked his wife with an antique glass candlestick and then strangled her, all because she wouldn't let him have a look at their son. He had thrown his blood-stained uniform into the East River. Here, as Lonergan recalled it, is the somewhat disjointed conversation that took place just before he let loose with the candlestick:

Lonergan: I understand you're the belle of El Morocco. (He wasn't far wrong. The little lady had wanted to go there with her interior decorator friend the night before but had wound up at the Stork Club instead.)

Mrs. Lonergan: And I understand your behaviour is not so good. (How did she ever guess it?)

Lonergan (big and bold like): I'm having lunch with a girl today.

Mrs. Lonergan: Why not lunch with me? I'm amazed at the way I don't seem able to control my men any more. (Then, getting good and sore.) And you're not going to see your baby again.

Nor, as it turned out, was she—for that was the end of Mrs. Lonergan.

So much for good old evil Gotham. The big domestic issue in Washington was, of course, the coal strike which spread to twenty-six states and involved four-fifths of the nation's bituminous industry. In again taking over control of the mines, which the government had run all summer and had returned to their private owners only a fortnight earlier, the President said: "Coal must be mined. The enemy does not wait."

At the end of the year's third work stoppage in the mines last June, John L. Lewis, head of the miners' union, agreed to a no-strike truce until November 1st, and when this deadline came the men walked out, claiming that their demands for a wage increase commensurate with the rising cost of living had not been adequately met. Mr. Lewis did not issue a strike call, but he took no steps to prevent a walkout, other than to urge a relatively few miners who jumped the deadline by a few days to remain on their jobs.

Now for the potentially best news for soldiers to come out of Washington since they decided that 21 bucks a month wasn't enough to keep a rookie in the style to which he would like to become assustomed. In a special message to Congress, President Roosevelt recommended passage of a billion dollar program to provide education for any discharged serviceman (or woman) who wants it, providing he (or she) has been in uniform at least six months.

As the President outlined it, the plan would pay tuition fees and outright cash grants for a year's education to any veteran who applied for such help within six months after being discharged. The cash payments would be at the rate of $50 a month for single persons and $75 for married ones, plus a $10 monthly allowance for each child. Loans would also be made to needy students, and the plan would be extended to run for three years in the cases of a limited number of exceptionally able individuals. The program is far from becoming law yet, of course, but with the President behind it—who knows?

As he was almost certain to do, the President also signed the bill mentioned here last week raising payments to the wives of service men with children. From now on, a wife with one child will get $80 a month instead of $60 and each extra kid will mean an additional $20 instead of $10. Moreover, the wives of staff, tech, and master sergeants will now come in for their share of the gravy.

Where's all the money coming from? Not from a sales tax, the House Ways and Means Committee decided when it killed that controversial measure by a vote of 16 to 8. The committee, however, did approve raising some of the much-needed shekels by raising the postage required for city mail to three cents and for out-of-town letters to four cents—a penny a letter over the present rates. It also okayed the idea of boosting the amusement tax on theatre tickets and the like by a whopping 200 per cent, the tax on night clubs by as much as 30 per cent, and the tax on liquor by $4 a gallon so that the Government's take would be $10. (That's a mere two bucks a fifth, chum.)

In fact, the folks back home are really going to take it on the chin if they fork up all that's expected of them, which is 49 billion in federal, state, and local taxes for the present fiscal year. That's the equivalent of nicking each man, woman, and child in the U. S. for $357, and there aren't many infants with that much tucked away in their diapers. The Treasury released figures showing that the per capita tax in Britain is $291 and in Canada $261.

The news from the munitions front wasn't too good, either. Charles E. Wilson, acting chairman of the War Production Board, said that overall production there during September had been "disappointing," adding that he suspected industry might be reaching the ceiling of what it is capable of turning out. On the other hand, the news could have been worse, for bomber output gained six per cent and ammunition three per cent. At the same time, 22 new tankers were launched—a new record.

You've probably heard a lot, pro and con, about Liberty ships. Well, the *Patrick Henry*, the first one launched, is still afloat and doing all right. Its crew recently celebrated its second anniversary while in the Mediterranean and the captain said: "While this ship has taken hell, she has been able to take it and keep going."

Henry J. Kaiser, the daddy of Liberty ships, installed a public-address system with which to pipe in church services at lunch time Sundays for 11,000 employes of the Swan Island shipyard at Portland, Ore. . . . Members of the Ministerial Association of Montgomery, Ala., instituted a program of prayer meetings at noon each Thursday in the Paramount Theater to pray for Americans in the armed forces.

The U.S.S. *Lafayette*, formerly the French liner *Normandie*, which burned and capsized in the Hudson in February, 1942, has finally been salvaged (it was the biggest job of its kind ever attempted) and has been turned over to the Navy to be fitted as a troop transport. It'll be another nine months, though, before she's ready to start toting G.I.s around the world.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox announced that work had been started on three 45,000-ton aircraft carriers — behemoths — capable of carrying heavier bombers than those which made the historic attack on Tokio. The biggest carrier now afloat is the 25,000-ton *Saratoga*. . . . The Navy disclosed that two more submarines—*Runner* and *Dorado*—must be presumed lost, bringing the total of U. S. subs. to meet that fate in this war to 14 and the total number of warships lost to 100. . . . Three subs.—*Starlet*, *Pomfret* and *Piranha*—were launched in a single day at Portsmouth, N. H.

Speaking in another vein, Mr. Knox, a Republican, startled a Philadelphia Navy League audience by urging that the Republicans and Democrats adopt a "substantially identical declaration" of international policy in their campaign platforms. He called a national election during wartime a "calamity," adding, "It is vital to the war effort that questions concerning our allies be kept out of political campaign discussion."

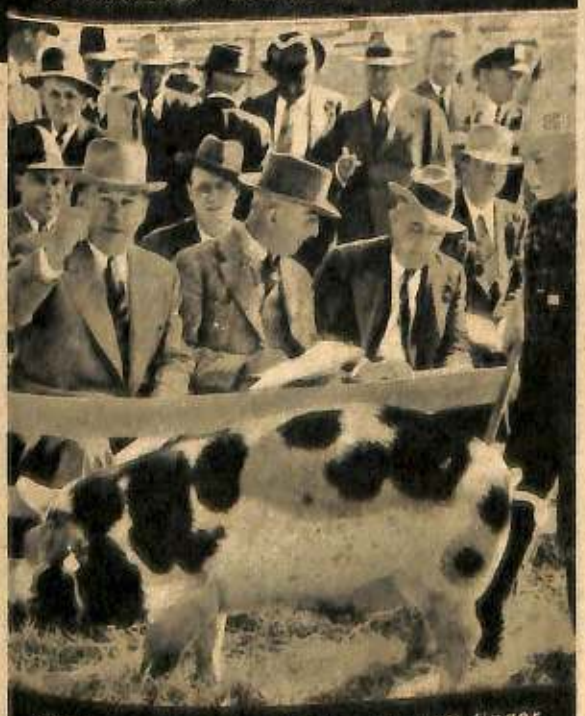
There were still echoes of the remarks of the five globe-circling senators who, upon their return home, sounded off in a way that many of their fellow-countrymen thought unflattering toward our allies. An analysis of newspaper opinion showed that forty-three per cent of the Press had turned against the senators, whereas at first only nine per cent disapproved. Commenting on this, the *New York Herald Tribune* said: "Second thoughts were bound to suggest that kicking our allies in the shins at the crisis point of this great struggle was not the soundest contribution to victory. The time has not yet arrived

ON UNCLE SAM'S FOOD FRONT

A picture which tells a little of the story of America's wartime food production. In the mountains near Seattle, Wash., a sheepherder and his two dogs urge a band of "woollies" along a trail screened off by their dust.

A veteran helps on the home front. He's Pvt. Connie M. Vierth, wounded on Attu and now at Fort Lewis, Wash. With other soldiers he's loading corn onto a conveyor at a cannery.

Every soldier will have turkey on Thanksgiving. These gobblers of Sunnyside Turkey Farm, Berlin, N. J., are among hundreds of thousands rounded up by the Army.



Governor Griswold of Nebraska (left finger raised) bids for a hog at an Omaha auction to pay for bets lost with 26 other governors whose states bought more War Bonds than his.

when we can lightly indulge in the luxury of petty criticisms and narrowly nationalistic wrist-slapping."

W. C. Handy, the Negro composer you can thank for "St. Louis Blues," suffered a fractured skull when he fell in the subway while en route to Long Beach, L. I., where he was scheduled to play a few of his numbers for soldiers and sailors.

Salt Lake City, the Utah mecca of Mormonism, was about to adopt a ban on kissing in public but dropped the idea at the last minute because the town's Council of Women decided there would be too many squawks. Or, as Mayor A. B. Jenkins explained it, "We can't have any kissing moratorium. We want to make Service boys feel at home." That's the Marble Arch spirit, Mr. Mayor!

The War Department announced that the Army had given honorable discharges to 550,000 officers and EMs since Pearl Harbor. This figure included 200,000 over the age of thirty-eight. Most of the rest were let out for physical and mental reasons.

The zinc-coated penny (worse than threepenny pieces, but you'll probably never see one) is proving highly unpopular back home. Issued as a means of saving copper, it looks too much like a dime, the public thinks, and the Mint Bureau in Washington has decided to quit making them after the first of the year. Now the mint boys are fooling around with the idea of making pennies from used rifle shells fired on proving grounds. Such pennies would contain more zinc and less copper than the old ones but would look more like the old all-copper jobs.

Mrs. Bessie Thomas, of Camden, N. J., reported to Sheriff John Gorman that she'd just swallowed seventy cents. X-rays showed that she had indeed and that there also were three bullets here and there in her body. "Oh," she said, when they were shown to her, "I've been shot six or seven times."

So Little Time, by John P. Marquand, led the *New York Times* list of best-selling fiction and was followed by, in the order given: *The Robe*, by Lloyd C. Douglas; *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, by Betty Smith; *The Valley of Decision*, by Marcia Davenport; *Hungry Hill*, by Daphne du Maurier; *The Apostle*, by Sholem Asch; *Kate Fennigate*, by Booth Tarkington; *Centennial Summer*, by Albert E. Idell; *None But the Lonely Heart*, by Richard Llewellyn; *The Human Comedy*, by William Saroyan; *The Strange Woman*, by Ben Ames Williams; *Trio*, by Dorothy Baker; *The Forest and the Fort*, by Hervey Allen.

The non-fiction best-seller list, from top to bottom: *Under Cover*, by Roy Carlson; *U. S. Foreign Policy*, by Walter Lippmann; *Journey Among Warriors*, by Eve Currie; *Burma Surgeon*, by Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave; *Thirty Seconds Over Tokio*, by Captain Ted Lawson; *Paris-Underground*, by Etta Shiber; *God Is My Co-Pilot*, by Colonel Robert L. Scott; *Between Tears and Laughter*, by Lin Yutang; *One World*, by Wendell Willkie; *The Joy of Cooking*, by Irma S. Rombauer; *Yankee Lawyer: The Autobiography of Ephraim Tutt; Roughly Speaking*, by Louise Randall Pierson; *Harriet*, by F. E. Ryerson and Colin Clements; *Preview of History*, by Raymond Gram Swing; *Spirit of Enterprise*, by Edgar M. Queeny; *Love at First Flight*, by C. Spaulding and O. Carney; *Between the Thunder and the Sun*, by Vincent Sheean; *Men in Motion*, by Henry J. Taylor.

Everybody and his uncle—or anyway, 3,269,125 persons—are working for the Government, according to the Civil Service Commission, and that figure doesn't include men in uniform, of course. The number rose 37,000 in a single month recently.

In Tulsa, Okla., ten-year-old Jess Bingham entered the court room where his dad was being tried for murder, gave him a big, affectionate hug, and then took the witness stand to present the evidence on which the old man was convicted. Nize bebby.

Twenty-four hours before pay day, the boys at Camp Shanks, N. Y., were $6,000 short of their $100,000 War Bond quota; the day after they were $181,900 oversubscribed.

A singular phenomenon out California way was *Blackouts of 1943*, a rowdy revue which had been playing at the 1,200-seat El Capitan Theater in Los Angeles for darn near a year and a half. Considering the fact that the city has never before supported a stage revue for a run of more than two months, *Blackouts* seemed well on the way to becoming the *Abie's Irish Rose* of the West Coast. With plenty of strippers, sweater girls, and seltzer squirting, the show wasn't making any pretence at art but was getting lots of laughs.

Eleanor Powell, the dancer with the lovely gams, was married in Beverly Hills, Calif., to Glen Ford, former actor who is a sergeant in the Marine Corps.

Joseph E. Widener, owner of the Belmont Park and Hialeah race tracks, died at the age of seventy in his home at Elkins Park, Philadelphia. He also owned lots of Rembrandts, Titians, Raphaels, Gainsboroughs, Van Dycks, and Holbeins, in addition to plenty of what it takes.

The Week on the Rationing Front: The Office of Price Administration ordered the sale of jams and jellies stopped for eight days, after which they will be rationed. . . . Deer hunters in Nevada had only to show their hunting licenses and deer tags in order to buy 200 miles worth of gasoline. . . . Housewives in Greenville, Me., were saving ration coupons by eating bear steak. . . . Ray Hart, a grocer in Ypsilanti, Mich., found his business doubled when he took to selling nothing but unrationed goods. . . . Margaret Wilson fainted while sweating out the ration line waiting for a pound of butter in a McKeesport, Pa., grocery store. Rudy Munas, manager of the place, revived her and asked her for a date. Happy ending: they're married now.

Alfred Apodacha, a middleweight fighter convicted of stealing an automobile in Oakland, Calif., asked the judge to be sentenced immediately so that he could get to San Quentin in time for the prison's big Thanksgiving Day bouts.

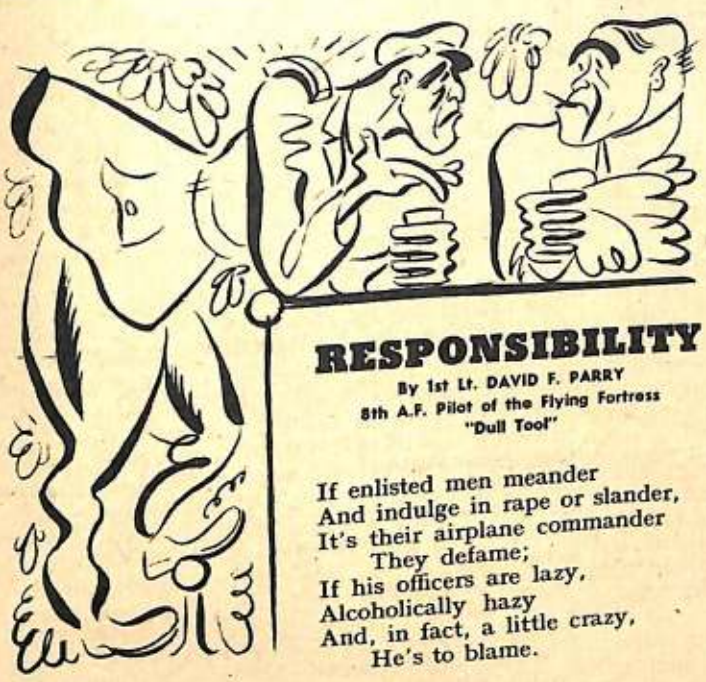
Try this on your Lib. Cadet Frank Giambra of San Francisco was bounced out of a plane's cockpit and found himself sitting astride its fuselage while flying over Phoenix, Ariz. His instructor, chap named Lypps, deftly pointed the ship's nose downward and Giambra slid back where he belonged.

Sam Meyerson of Council Bluffs, Iowa, kicked in with $2,000 toward buying his town's police squad some new prowl cars. A few days later he was arrested for speeding by a cop driving one of the cars. Mr. Meyerson is telling it to his chaplain this minute.

The Philadelphia Transportation Co. offered a $10 reward to any employe bringing in a new worker who stayed hired for thirty days or more.

You may have seen him when you were a kid. For twenty years, Aloys Peters has been travelling around the country in circuses, jumping from a 70-foot balcony with a piece of rope around his neck and billed as "the man who hangs himself and lives to tell the story." Last week, before 5,000 circus fans in St. Louis, Mo., he hung himself—and no fooling—when a new rope he was using, made of wartime rubber, failed him. Peters dangled in mid-air before a shocked crowd for some time and was finally cut down. An assistant explained it all. "Peters used to grab the rope with his hands just before it became taut," he said, "and take the snap with his hands instead of his neck. He was trying a new rope this time. Maybe it didn't work out the same." Could be.

Betty Grable's first picture since the birth of her baby will be *Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe*. . . . Anne Shirley, of the screen, said she and Victor Mature, formerly of the screen and now of the Coast Guard would be married as soon as it could be arranged. . . . Hundreds of girls clogged the corridors of Washington's Pentagon Building to have a look at Captain Clark Gable, late of the ETO. . . . Gypsy Rose Lee's comedy, *Naked Genius*, is doing nicely on Broadway, despite unfavorable reviews. SRO signs every night. . . . Pvt. (what, still?) William Saroyan's new play *Get Away, Old Man*, is in rehearsal. . . . Bert Acosta, who flew the Atlantic back in the days when it was a trick to fly it, pleaded guilty when arraigned in New York City on a charge of disorderly conduct, after he had been pinched while sleeping in the subway. Got a suspended sentence and not a single short snorter came to his aid.



RESPONSIBILITY

By 1st Lt. DAVID F. PARRY
8th A.F. Pilot of the Flying Fortress "Dull Tool"

If enlisted men meander
And indulge in rape or slander,
It's their airplane commander
They defame;
If his officers are lazy,
Alcoholically hazy
And, in fact, a little crazy,
He's to blame.

If they don't salute their betters,
If they fail to pay their debtors,
Or write censorable letters,
Or get stewed;
If they come back late from passes,
Or decline to go to classes,
You can bet it's not *their* asses
That are chewed.

For the pilot has his uses.
He's the one who makes excuses,
Answers charges, takes abuses
From them all;
Though a flyer of acumen,
He's considered less than human
If he cannot keep his crewmen
On the ball.

When a gunner's fingers freezes,
Or the navigator sneezes,
Or unprintable diseases
Ground the crews;
It's the pilot's fault they're dying
(If they aren't they should be flying)
And don't argue—for you're lying
In your shoes.

If, returning from a sortie,
When the gas is down to forty,
And the plane's three engines short, he
Brings them down;
Is the crew more understanding?
Sympathetic? Less demanding?
No! They criticize his landing
With a frown.

Yes, it's certainly tough ——
For the hero of this ditty,
But don't waste your tears of pity
On the fool;
For although he's nurse and mother
To Joe Blow and Joe Blow's brother,
He'd trade places with no other,
The dull tool.

serve the men in the Armed Forces, and when these cartoons and gags induce laughs and heehaws from otherwise lonely soldiers, who are many miles from home, the purpose of the YANK has been fulfilled.

Pfc. LOUIS MORIM
Pvt. JOE PALLOTTA

Britain.

Dear YANK:
I am quite sure that Pvt. Miller is speaking for himself and not for the rest of the service.
After all, the YANK is published by service men for service men.
I'm not only speaking as a navy man, being an ex-G.I. myself.
If Pvt. Miller would like a few copies of the *Ladies Home Journal*, I'm sure that they could be found for him.

BILL SCHUTEKER
Phm. 3/C

British Isles.

Dear YANK:
We thought the Army was made up of men, but guess like any other organization it has its party-waists. We would also like to know what Boy Scout troup Pvt. Miller attends.

A BUNCH OF DISGUSTED SAILORS, N.I.
W. S. McINTOSH, R. D. POLBUT, B. J. SCHNEIDER, J. E. SMITH, H. D. HENSON

Britain.

Dear YANK:
If such a thing as a harmless cartoon has disturbed Pvt. Miller's morals to that extent, I think that all the famous paintings and statues should be covered entirely with G.I. blankets for the duration.

Pfc. WILLIAM S. HUMPHREYS
and many more Pfc's

Britain.

Dear YANK:
Readers like Pvt. Miller are as scarce as DFCs in the Boy Scouts.

MARAUDER AERIAL ENGINEERS

Britain.

Dear YANK:
Up to now we thought that Sad Sack and Artie Greengroin were the only impossible G.I. Joes.

Sgt. JAMES V. WAUGAMAN, S/Sgt. R. H. RENBURG, Sgt. D. J. CHAN, Cpl. H. GILBERG, Sgt. W. E. BOURBEAU, Sgt. J. R. PERRY, Cpl. W. J. CASLER, Cpl. A. J. KARNES, Cpl. S. D. BLOMBERG, Pvt. L. W. SWANSON

Britain.

Dear YANK:
Cheerio! Miller, you've 'ad it.

M/Sgt. "SACKTIME"
T/Sgt. "TINY"
T/Sgt. "DEE"
T/Sgt. "D.O.L."

Britain.
[And that's that—Ed.]

Our "E" Pennant

Dear YANK:
Hats off to "Mail Call" and want to give you "E" for effort in leaving this swell section of the mag. wide open for pro and con ideas. But it seems as though some of the readers, as well as G.I.s go completely berserk in degrading everything.
Perhaps a solution would be sending a "TS card" with each edition.
You're doing a swell job, so keep on the "hut."

Sgt. JACK D. LARSEN

Britain.

Home, Sweet Home

Dear YANK:
While an incessant battle of bombs is blasting Europe and hand-to-hand jungle fighting in the South Pacific is costing the lives of many men, the newspapers screech of the Home Front "War" that is being fought with a display of emotional opinions because of political movements that caused resentment the world over after critical reports by "touring government officials" were made about the war. If this determines proper measures used in the attempt to concentrate on maintaining a lasting world's peace for the United Nations now and in years to come, the soldier had better settle to a long siege of warfare.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army.

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Pictures: 1, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 2, All Sgt. Dave Richardson, except lower right, INP. 3 and 4, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 5, Sgt. John Bushemi. 7, 8th Air Force. 10, OWI. 11, top, MOI; centre, AP; lower right, OWI. 12 and 13, left, U.S. Navy; center top, OWI; center bottom, AP; right column; top, INP; right, AP; left, OWI; bottom, U.S. Navy. 14, Columbia Pictures. 15, OWI. 16, WW. 17, top and center, WW; bottom, INP. 20, top left and bottom, ACME; top right, INP. 23, Sgt. Steve Derry.

It is not the right of a soldier to demonstrate to the military head and politician how to conduct the war, and it is far from being our objective; however, the soldier could perhaps join in with opinions if it will mean his life in the long run or six more months he may not have to serve in the forces as a result of calm behaviour used in the Home Front "Army."

But why this Home Front War? Military strategists have long ago learned to plan every move with deliberateness, and the armies that invaded Sicily, Italy and other geographical spots did not tackle these tasks with half-formed plans or after emotional battles; every soldier had a job planned for him and the "higher ups" knew where this man would be. But is this so in the Home Front War, with the "strategists" who are planning our future well-being?

Peace at the present time is not merely a word, it holds stronger meaning, an incomparable force in the hearts of every Allied nation, and peace won't be won because "cliques" have the power to stop former speechmaking; it will take more deliberation and more concentration in the right channels.

Why post-war planners resign offices, others scream through radios, while editorials fiercely agree and condemn, are questions which could very well be taken seriously by a majority and unleash an untamable fury of discord.

The American soldier at heart is still a civilian. He does not want war. He wants to return to a life where he will be a free man, and right now he is willing to pay the price to earn this freedom. He has shown his worth many times over in the successes made in this man's war and he will keep on until he is sure he won't be trampled or molested again.

This fight he will keep up with a known enemy, with an enemy that he knows will use every means to hit back with deliberate blows and plans, but when a Home Front War hits him in the back, perhaps unintentionally, but still in the back, he will suffer greatly.

Until the military strategists with the Home Front planners of peace join hands and reach agreements that will benefit soldier and civilian alike, then, and only then, will we be fighting this war to reach one goal that in our very heart and soul we are continually praying the end will be soon. But there must be cooperation. The soldier is ready to pay the price for his freedom, a price that may be costly, but without the assurance he is also fighting *with* the Home Front, he faces countless disasters because he lacked one main ally—a Home Front that is not at war with itself and with the soldier.

Sgt. A. C. LA FRANCE

Britain.

Mail Call

To:
Pfc. Arty Greengroin,
c/o YANK Magazine.
Dere ARTY:

In case youse didn't no it, that wonerful, impawtant job youse is got of truck drivin, has recently changed its jurisdicshun and iss now unner one of the newest and virelest elements of the SOS, the Transpawtashun Corp. Yer pas time in the armey has definly demonstrated that yer dissiplin an idee of woik for the armey iss gonna have to be changt. Youse is gotta be a good boy. The Transpawtashun Corp is made up of young and ambishus peoples who awways folla the motto that T.C. WILL funnish the nessary transpawtashun. Now that youse iss a memba of us, even if we iss a bunch of "Gawdam ole bassars" youse iss gotta be like us. Youse has gotta stay offa K.P. an fawgit such stuff as powetry. It don' make yer virel.

Sinse youse is now doin woik for the Transpawtashun Corp, youse is gotta do it the way it should be done. Attached to this letter is another won from the Secretary of War poisonally to you. Sinse youse hass bin demoted and iss now drivin' a ¼-ton truck youse is gotta quit referrin' to it ass a jeep. A.R. blankety blank, blank, blank dash blank sez that there ain' such an animale. Therefaw there ain'. An if youse gotta repair the animale which ain' in exzistence youse is gotta larn not to spend all yer time unner it. Youse might go to sleep. We of the Transpawtashun Corp don' go to sleep. You too.

As a metter of sujjistyun, I sujjist that you stay away from the mess serjint. Git in yer querter ton and do yer woik. Take along some iron rashuns, if nessessery. Thin you'll stay off KP and owt of the gard house too.

An' furthermaw if youse should later prove by yer ability, that youse is purty good driva and yer git transfirred to a Amphibious Truck Companey, pleese be so kind as to not cawl a ¼-ton Amphibian Truck a Seep. Neither should yer, in case yer git promoted agin to a bigga and betta job, cawl a 2½ ton Amphibious Truck a Duck. We don' like it.

Also, sinse youse is a man intrested in eddicashun, the woid DUKW, which sowns like Duck, iss merely letters from the Alphabetical Soup, and it means a soiton type of model. An' furthermaw rememba, should youse get this wonerful opawtunity and drive won of these DUKWs, rememba it ain' a submarine. It rides on top of the wata, not unner it. If you went unner, youse might not come up, an' we would hate ta lose a truck.

When youse is drivin these things make sure yer folla de instrucshuns on the back of the trip tickets. Mebbe yer can, but mebbe yer can't read maw than the basic woids of the English Langwage. If this iss so, mebbe if youse is showin' signs of improvement we could sen' yer to school to loin the fancier woids.

An' sinse you might drive these things some time soon, I sujjist that yer take a couse in swimmin' lessans, from yer nearest Red Cross Club. If you turn owt to be a good driva an' a good boy, we'll give yer a seep after the war an' youse can drive yerself an' yer mess serjint home across the oshun.

I'm speakin to yer like a frien' an' I hope yer don' take offinse. (If you feel tempted to, just compare ranks.) But Gaw dammit yer gotta act like a Soldier.

FRANK S. ROSS
Brigadier General, U. S. Army
Chief of Transportation

Dear GENL:

I been wondering what I was in for a long time and now that Im in the what you may call it Corps I suppose I dont need to worry no more but you better get a new secretary because your spelling stinks and reading a letter like that would kill a ordinary second lieutenant. I learned how to bear up under things like that in the olden days. I dont see no letter attached from the Secretary of War and I dont remember having no personal correspondence with him anyways. We never met, me and him. I never got in a jam with the MPs because of driving around all day because I am a careful driver and anybody who drove a hearse for five years has to be a careful driver because you cant bounce the stiffs around or you get canned. The reason I always get in trouble with sergeants is because they dont understand me that Im a sensative soul that is put upon all the time. Just because mess sergeants has the control of the food in their mitts makes them into ole bassars and very inhumane, too. I been doing my best in this gawdam Army for two years and if people wants to put upon me, well that's their business. Im oney a Pfc but I got a pure heart. Im a good soldier because I got innumerable virtues. It was nice of you to drop me a line and I showed your letter to the colonel and he said he didnt have no generals that adopted such a familiar tone with him. I was going to say that any general that adopted a familiar tone with him should be shipped to Afferganistan but I thought better of it because they havent started to heat the clink yet.

ARTIE GREENGROIN
Private First Class, U. S. Army
Chief of Nothing Much

In Re Rank And Sex

Dear YANK:

In reading the October 10 edition of YANK where the two English girls were very upset about the officers of the American Army being forbidden to mix socially with the enlisted girls, I think that they had better start at home with their criticism before they start on any of their allies.

S/Sgt. CLARK
Air Corp

Britain.

Oo-La-La!

Dear YANK:

In your October 24th issue of YANK, I noticed that a few WACs are crying for pin-ups of glamour boys. With the co-operation of a few of my

friends, we managed to select a suitable representation of a G.I. Glamour Boy.

Enclosed you will find the true picture of same.

THREE SYMPATHETIC OFFICERS

Britain.

—Or Take This

Dear YANK:

As regards the fine WACs who ask for pin-ups. Boy, I could have given them a beaut. Am still in the hospital but about two weeks ago I was involved in a little accident in my jeep. Wish I could have taken a picture of myself for them. Fractured one side of my face and bent it a little out of shape. Two teeth prominently broken off and an eye which the Major (Doc) laughingly described as "an oyster surrounded by a sea of catsup." Wonder how the WACs would have liked my pin-up staring them in the face after a rough night before? I could have charged a fancy fee to haunt houses.

Britain.

Sgt. STEVE T. MAURATH

Croon, Moon, June, Etc., Dept.

Dear YANK:

The subject of this letter is Frank Sinatra. I don't think the paper that had this particular headline—"He sings—and the women go crazy."—is giving the proper information out. It just can't be so. Americans, and women in particular, aren't built that way. A lot of adjectives were expounded out by this correspondent in relation to "Sinatra and the women," and certainly if the core of womanhood in the United States went into a flip-flop every time this crooner was on the air or on the stage, then we soldiers will be going back with a bunch of crazy women to handle.

Britain.

A.C.

More On Miller

Dear YANK:

In regard to Pvt. Miller's letter in the Oct 24 issue of YANK about the cartoon "Psst. Harry—are you sure this is the USO?" as most immoral and degrading, I think he should go and jump in the lake and cool off.

Buck up, ol' boy and take those smoked glasses off. It isn't as bad as all you say.

Britain.

Pvt. P. J. HAJJ

Dear YANK:

After dishing out my hard-earned three pence for the weekly sheet called YANK, I sat down on my sack and lit up a next to good five cent cigar.

After perusing many interesting articles I ran across Pvt. Miller's moaning about the type of literature and cartoons sent to YANK for publication.

How he managed to maintain or retain that sense of delicacy after being booted around by top kicks is beyond my feeble powers of comprehension.

Britain.

S/Sgt. JAMES E. FITZGIBBON

Dear YANK:

My heart bleeds for poor Pvt. Miller in his self-appointed clean-up campaign in YANK.

Britain.

ART TRACE, 2nd Lt., A.C.

Dear YANK:

It seems that some Yank has a beef to make about the immorals in your magazine. We disagree. On right top corner it says for Yanks. What could he be, not one of these white-washed puritans at home. As for the cartoon, it looks OK to us.

YANK is a magazine we wait to read every week and we don't want it to turn into some dry old society mag. The more of the gags and gals you put in the better we like it. There are plenty of things to read in U. S. so let us have YANK as it is. Who or what is he that has friends that he would be ashamed to send best thing we've had here.

U. S. PARATROOPS, BILL MEDVED, "JOE PETE," GILBERT AMAVISCO, CHARLES G. CARTWRIGHT, MERLE B. LAUER, GEORGE OUTRY, PAUL F. VAN PELT

Britain.

Dear YANK:

I, too, think such cartoons, like the one that was printed on September 19, 1943 reading: "Psst, Harry—are you sure this is the USO?" should not be allowed to be put in the YANK.

Britain.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

Dear YANK:

In response to Pvt. Miller, we might add that he is one of many thousands of soldiers overseas who object to certain cartoons and gags for the simple reason that folks back at home may not approve. May we inform Pvt. Miller that the purpose and only purpose of the YANK is to

SPORTS: "THE YANKEES" WIN IN NORTH AFRICA, TOO

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN

ALGIERS, NORTH AFRICA [By Cable]—There were no hot dogs and there wasn't any soda pop and it was 4,500 miles to the Yankee Stadium, but for GIs out here it was almost as important as anything happening back in New York and St. Louis.

This was the first North African World Series, a best two-out-of-three-game championship between the Casablanca Yankees, an aggregation of Medics, and the Algiers Streetwalkers, fugitives from the MPs. Almost 3,000 persons crowded the Eugene Stadium here to watch the games—soldiers, sailors, brass hats, Wacs, nurses and assorted young and pretty French girls.

The Casablanca Yankees, like their successful New York namesakes, won this World Series, too. Only they won it in straight games, 9 to 0 and 7 to 6. T-5 Hunkie Wojtczak of Buffalo, N. Y., a medic in the psychiatric section of the base hospital, stopped the Streetwalkers cold in the first game with a masterful one-hit performance. The second game might have been a four-hit shut-out for T-4 Dan Flag of Canesota, N. Y., if his infield had been more nimble. They suffered a bad case of fielding jitters and allowed the Algiers Streetwalkers to score five unearned runs in one big inning.

Together Wojtczak and Flag struck out 29 Streetwalkers. Wojtczak cut down 11 and Flag's fast ball accounted for 18 more.

The leading slugger of the series was Lt. Walt Singer, manager and first baseman for Casablanca and the sole officer in the game. He collected five hits, including the only home run in the series. Singer was a former All-American football player at Syracuse and later a professional star with the New York football Giants.

The GI World Series was definitely big time, with a radio hookup broadcasting a play-by-play description of the game to all soldiers in the Mediterranean theater. There were movie cameramen all over the place, a press box, and even a bar beneath the bleachers, selling brandy and *vino*.

The crowd was quiet, more like the customers in Philadelphia's Shibe Park than in Brooklyn's Ebbets Field. Every once in a while somebody would get up and scream in a healthy hysterical way, but most of the time they just sat there and watched politely. The most reserved section, of course, was the one occupied by the stars, the chickens, the leaves and the rest of the brass. The commissions watched the game as if it was a retreat formation, but occasionally some brash second looey would forget himself and get up and yell, "Make a hitter out of him! Throw 'em, boy!" Then he'd suddenly remember who he was and sit down in a hurry.

Pvt. Ernest J. Valentine, a British soldier from Kent, England, explained why he was so quiet. "I know some of your Yankee baseball expressions," he said, "but I don't like to get up and yell because I don't want to be rude to the wrong team."

There was one cute little French girl who didn't want to be rude to anybody. Her escort, Cpl. Julian Farber of Funiak Springs, Fla., was having a tough time explaining the game to her. "The red numbers are on our side and the blue numbers are on the other side," he kept saying in desperation each time one of the teams went up to bat. "Three guys have to hit the ball and three guys have to catch the ball before they change places." The little French girl just kept looking up at Farber with an unhappy, uncomprehending look in her eyes.

Pfc. Murray Carroll of Banks, Ala., also was getting blue in the face. A former high-school athletic coach, Carroll managed the losing Algiers team and spent most of his time yanking out players and putting in substitutes. He did that every time the Yankees scored a run. Carroll was a completely fearless man. "When I yank out players, I don't care whether they're sergeants or privates. Stripes don't scare me," he said, as he glanced nervously over his left shoulder.

The Algiers Streetwalkers sit dejectedly on bench as the Casablanca Yankees hand them a 9-0 licking.

Little Arab is yelling "Hey, Joe, Program?"

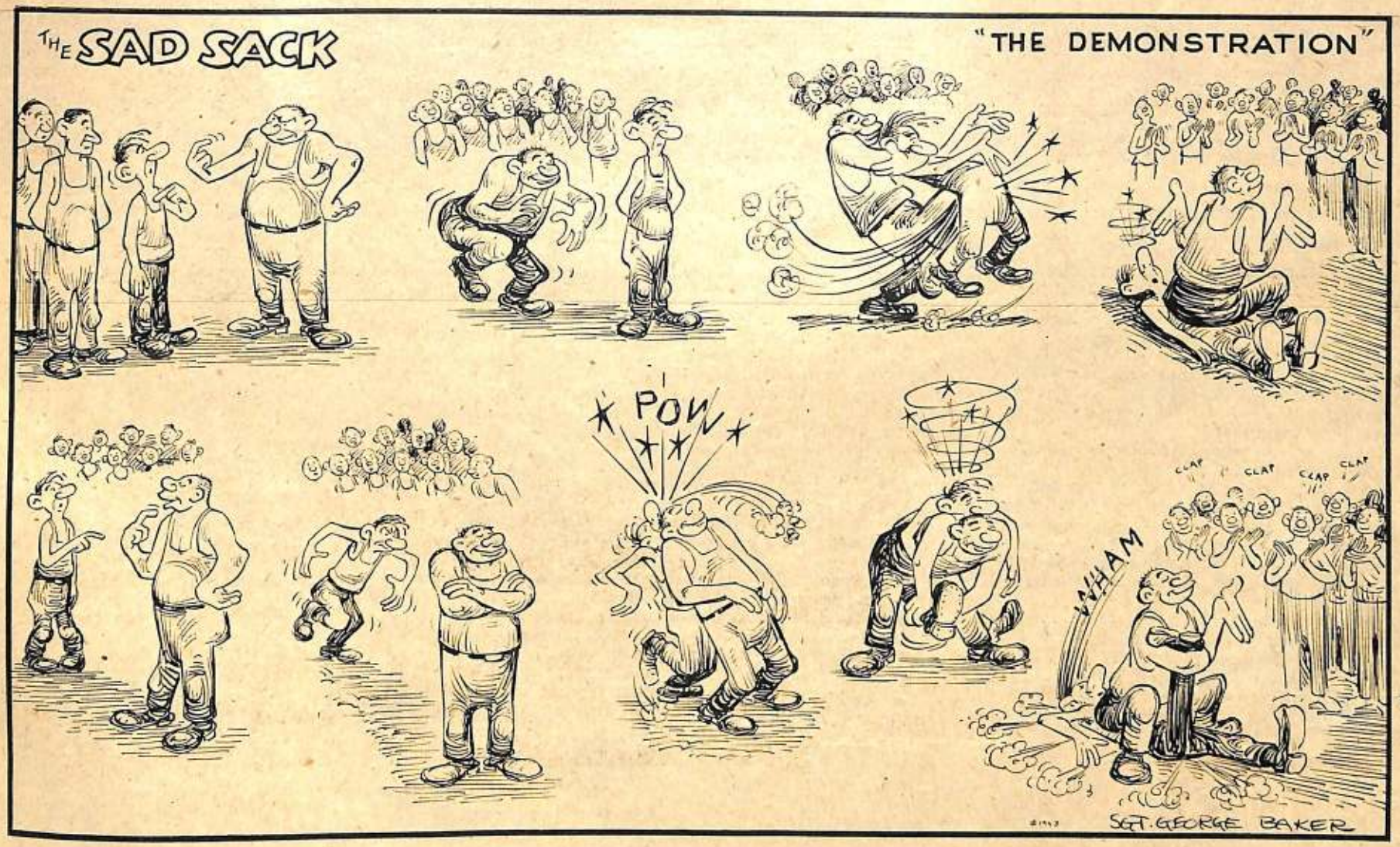
Double-timing is a cinch for this marine. He's Pvt. Hal Davis, national sprint champion from California, who's now taking his boot training at San Diego.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

You should have seen how fast that mob of autograph hounds at the World Series walked away from **Stan Musial,** the Cards' star slugger, when they recognized **Pvt. Terry Moore** walking a few paces ahead of Musial. Moore, who is stationed in Panama, saved up all of his furlough time to be with his Cardinal teammates during the series. . . . **Cpl. Red Ruffing** wired the Yankees before the first game: "Wish I could pitch opener. Go ahead and get them." . . . **Pvt. Mel Allen,** who was supposed to announce the series with Red Barber, had to tune in on the games just like everybody else at Camp Croft, S. C. . . . **Maj. Gregory Boyington,** commander of a Marine fighter squadron in the Pacific, made this offer to the World Series teams: His squadron was willing to shoot down a Japanese Zero in trade for each baseball cap on the winning team. The squadron already had 13 planes to put up as collateral in the deal. . . . **Manager Billy Southworth's** kid, Bill Jr., is now a major in England. . . . The day after the Cardinals lost the series **Alpha Brazle,** the slim southpaw, who lost the third game, and centerfielder **Harry Walker** reported for induction at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

During the recent Guadalcanal Golden Gloves Boxing Championship **Pfcs. William** and **Robert Karvelas,** twin brothers from New York City, entered the middleweight division and after each knocked over two opponents, they found themselves facing each other. "We have had enough family fights," they agreed, so the tournament officials awarded each a medal and told them to save their punches for the Japs. The medals, by the way, were made of metal from a Jap Zero. . . . **Patty Berg,** the golfing redhead, is sweating out her costume jewelry at the Marine OCS at Camp Lejeune, N. C. . . . **Lt. Archie Williams,** California's 440 ace and member of the 1936 Olympic track team, is now serving as weather officer at the Tuskegee (Ala.) Air Field.

Sgt. **Max Baer** says he's willing to make a come-back if he can fight just one man—a soldier in the German army. "There would be no referee, no seconds or managers and no lights," Baer explains. "Just me and **Max Schmeling!**" . . . **Kirby Higbe,** the Dodger pitcher, turned down a commission in the Merchant Marine to join the Army as a private at Fort Jackson, S. C. . . . Leader of the American parachute attack on the Japanese at Lae was **Capt. Charles Galbreath,** who played an All-American tackle at Illinois in 1935. . . . **Cpl. Billy Conn** has moved from the tanks to aerial-gunnery school. . . .The GIs in the Mitchel Field (N. Y.) gym couldn't believe their eyes when they saw **Pvt. Ben Taylor** stagger **Sgt. Max Katz,** New England middleweight champ, with a whistling uppercut. Pvt. Ben Taylor is a Wac!



Artie Greengroin, P.F.C.

ARTIE THE POST WAR PLANNER

WE were taking a little drive with Artie, who was delivering a few odd tins of Spam to a fairly isolated airfield. We went through some country we had never seen before; and we didn't see much of it even then, because of the British penchant for putting high walls and hedges along both sides of the road.

"You're strangely silent, old boy," we said.

Pensive ole Artie nodded his head. "Yerse," he said. "I been thinking of the post-war woild."

"So soon?" we said.

"Yerse," Artie said again. "I decided this war ain't going to hang on more than four or five more years, so I thought I ought to consider the kine of woild that will be waiting to greet Greengroin the Civilian."

"A good idea," we said.

"Sometimes I think it'll look rosy," Artie said, "and sometimes the idea of it gives me the shudders along me spine. Honess to gaw, I can't make up me mine about it."

"I suppose you've made up your mind about the kind of world you want," we said.

"I ain't had much time," Artie said. "The Army's awways after you to think but they never give you time to think. They's awways some ole bassar of a sergeant standing around ready to innerupt your mental processes. But I got a pretty good idea, ole cock, I got a pretty good idea. For one thing, they ain't going to be a Army in the post-war woild, drafted or otherwise."

"Other people have other ideas on that subject."

"Poop on other people," said Artie. "If they ain't careful there won't be no other people in the post-war woild."

"Do you expect to get your old job back?"

"It beats me," Artie said. "I'll be a older man, dignified and poised. I can't waste me life sitting behine the wheel of a hoise. Maybe I'll be a capting of industry, a trycoon of fortune."

"Where'll you get your original capital?"

"From craps games," said Artie. "They's lots of money to be picked up in craps games."

"You don't seem to have picked up any of it."

"A run of bad luck," said Artie. "It can't lass."

"It's lasted two years," we said.

Artie shrugged. "I had longer," he said. "For gaw's sake, by the time this war is over I'll be winning millions."

"At least," we said.

"But to get back to the subjeck in question," said Artie, "I'm definaly in favor of the post-war woild. I'm prepared to welcome it with open arms. I been in this Army so long I forgot what a civilian does with his time."

"You've led a very quiet life in the Army."

"Thass the pernt," Artie said. "It's the quiet life that kills a man. If I was fighting a battle or so every other day I might have a different prospective on things. As it is, I'm disinnerested. The post-war-woild had better be a awful nice place or I'm going to be a awful dissapernted guy."

"It probably will be," we said.

"It will be a event," said Artie, "to be able to sit down and watch a boid in a tree without some lousy corpral dragging you off to the mess hall. Did I ever tell you I was a nature fan?"

"Never," we said.

"I'm a fiend for nature," said Artie. "All the time I used to hang around Prespect Park in the olden days. And what did it get me? What did me little feathered friends ever do for me? Did they keep me out of the Army? Naw, they didn't keep me out of the Army. If I'd of been borned with no legs and six ears, it wouldn't of kept me out of the Army."

"After the war you can look back at all this and laugh," we said.

"I'll kill meself," said Artie. "I'll giggle meself to death. I'll be a very funny joke. Gaw knows how many years gone out of me life, and I should cry about it. Affer the war I ain't going to do nothing but lap up the lagers and cry in me beer. Thass if there is any beer affer the war."

"You think that there may be no beer?" we asked.

"I ain't saying," said Artie. "But don't be surprised if in the post-war woild there ain't nothing but capsules. And if you think ole Artie is going to walk up to a bar and say 'Gimme a beer capsule,' you got another think coming. I'll trun meself off a cliff before I reach that state."

"I don't think it'll be that bad," we said.

"I don't know," Artie said. "Science has got some gawdam doity tricks up its sleeve. I read a article about it."

"Where?" we asked.

"I don't remember," Artie said. "In a book. And another thing, they's going to be nothing but airplanes everywheres. And suppose I don't want to loin to fly. People will say, 'There goes Greengroin, the back number. There goes Greengroin, the ole liver in the pass.' What'll happing to me pride? What'll happing to me poise? That'll be a criminal blow."

"After the war driving a plane will be like driving a car," we said.

"I know," said Artie. "Oney there won't be so much traffic. I read all about it. But I ain't innerested. The post-war woild of A. Greengroin is going to consist of steak and beer and clam bakes. They try pulling any of this capsule stuff on ole Artie, they'll get a hit in the head. I read in the papers that they invented a artificial meat out of mush. Thass what they're trying to do to the woild."

"Whatever it is, it'll be better than the world of the moment," we said.

Artie snorted. "It'll be better because all the sodjers will be civilians again. I don't see nothing else in its favor. They're trying to make a Buck Rogers out of me, thass what they're trying to do. I ain't going to put up with it."

"Hear, hear," we said.

"I come in this war honessly," said Artie. "I didn't ast no favors of the Army and the Army didn't ast none of me, except to borrow me soul for a few years. But I'm going out of the Army with me eyes wide open. A man's got a right to live his own life."

"Don't forget human progress, old boy," we said.

"I never do," said Artie. "All I'm saying is that I got a dubious streak about the woild affer the war. I don't think I'm going to like it."

"I suppose you'll give it a try, though," we said.

Artie thought for a moment. "Well," he said, "I'll try it out for a couple of days. I'll have me a steak and a couple of beers and then maybe I'll look around and see what shape things is in. If I like them, okay. But if I don't, I'm going to be a awful mad guy. I'll pull the gawdam walls down, thass what I'll do."

THE NAZIS HAVE 30 WORDS FOR IT

But no matter how thin you slice them, they all mean that the boys are taking it on the lam.

LIKE the woman Dorothy Parker used to tell about who spoke 15 languages and couldn't say "No" in any of them, the Germans have at least 30 ways of announcing that their Army has had its brains knocked out again without resorting to the use of such horrid words as "defeat" or "surrender."

Anyway, the script writers in the Goebbels office had turned out Number 30, according to a conservative count by Office of War Information scorekeepers, just before we went to press. This latest little gem of careful understatement referred to the pinning-back of the German ears at Smolensk by the Russians. It described the lost town as "evacuated . . . without interference by the enemy."

Of course the boys who retread verbs and adjectives for the Nazi communiques have been working overtime since then to keep up, or rather to keep back, with their retreating generals. So the total will be much higher by the time you read this.

Some of the German methods of avoiding the simple word "retreat" are really ingenious. For instance, DNB, the official Hitler news agency, reported the flight from Bryansk by declaring:

"The bulk of German troops reached a new line without fighting."

According to the Germans, Bizerte was "given up after the destruction of military installations" and "our troops fighting in Tunis occupied positions southwest of the city according to orders." Then in Sicily, the important stronghold of Catania was not given up but "evacuated without the enemy's following on our heels."

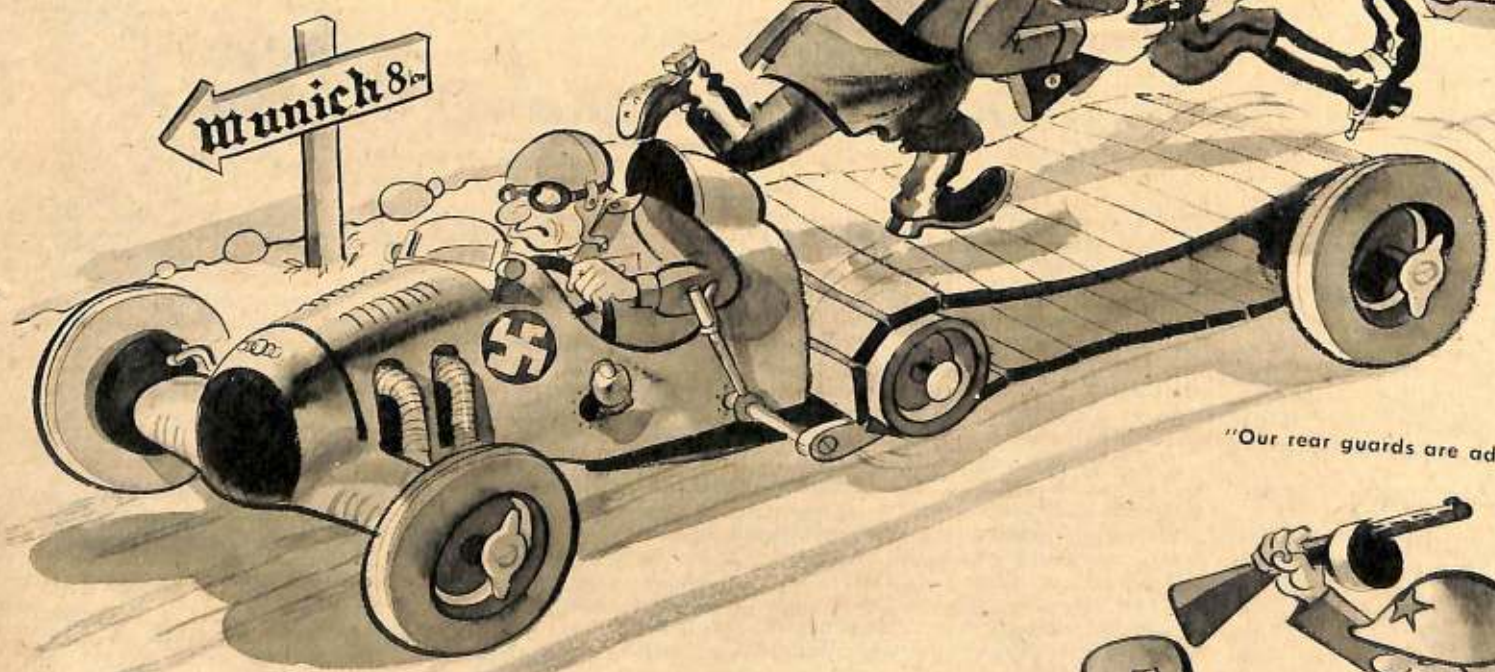
Explaining the loss of Calabria and Apulia, they bit their ink-stained finger nails for a long while and came up with a honey:

"Our weak covering forces succeeded in breaking away from the enemy without interference."

The favorite way of phrasing a retreat for home consumption in the Reich is that old chestnut, "according to plan." What plan d'ya mean, bud? The Morris Plan?

"Our troops withdrew to new positions outside the city according to plan."

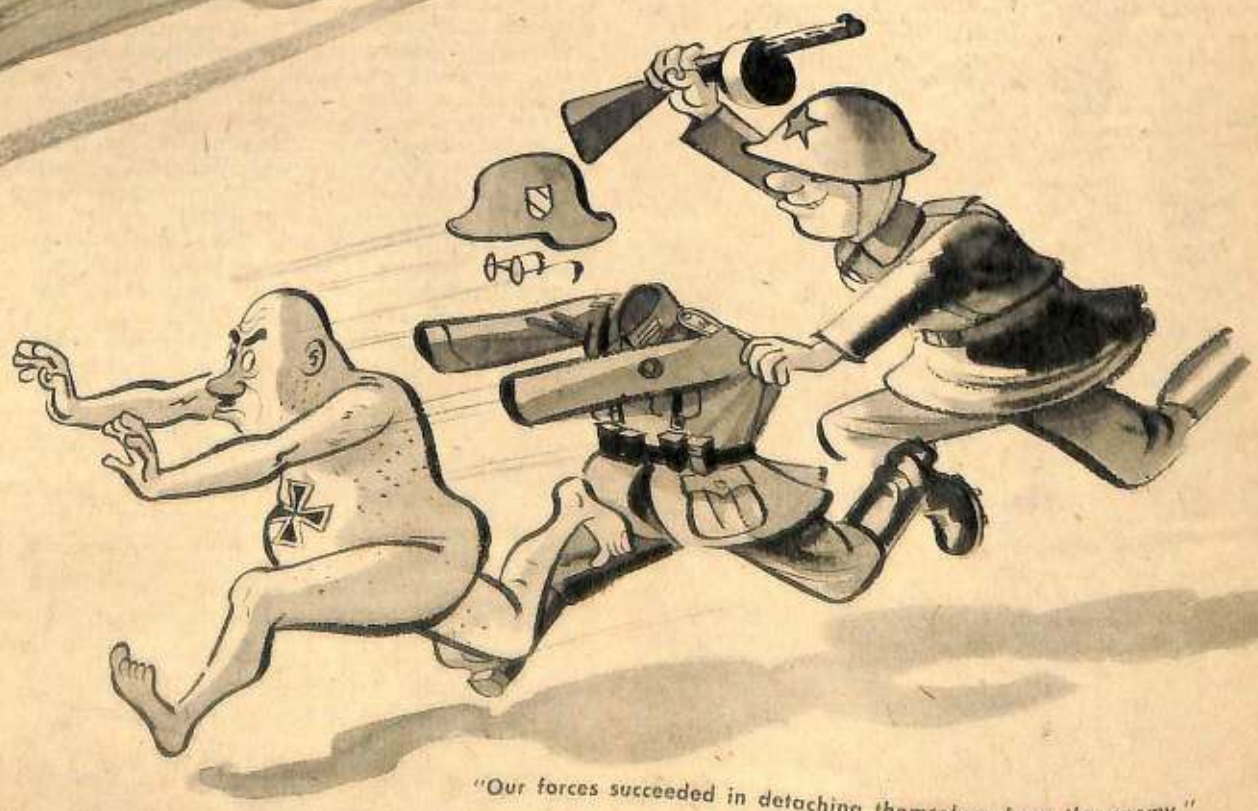
"We succeeded in shortening the front."



"Our rear guards are advancing in mobile defense."

"Our troops completed a retrocessive maneuver."

"The enemy follows our movements hesitatingly."



"Our forces succeeded in detaching themselves from the enemy."

S/SGT. FLORENCE A. IRVIN, a mess sergeant, is from Los Angeles, Calif. She answered by saying: "They don't brag much. The only reason they brag to the English is to get rid of a complex. I find most of them shy and a little backward. Maybe it's because we all come from the same place."

PFC. MARTHA K. CAVINESS, from Bethany, Okla., is 22 and has been in the WAC for nearly a year as a typist. "I just ignore the GI when he starts bragging," she said, "but I find they don't brag very often with me." She likes English soldiers, too. Doing a little bragging herself by singing cowboy songs, she made a big hit with one English audience.

SINCE some English girls say that the American soldier brags too much about himself and his country, YANK's photographer Sgt. Steve Derry asked some Wacs in England this question:

"What do you do when a GI starts telling you what a hot-shot he was back home?"

PVT. MARY A. HARRISON is from Concord, N. H., and is 23 years old. She thinks that "everyone who comes from America has the right to brag. I do sometimes myself. If a GI starts bragging, I give it right back to him. It usually ends with him silent and me still talking." Mary has been "too busy" to meet English soldiers but she thinks England's fine.

PFC. MARJORIE E. SNOOK is from West Englewood, N. J. She answered: "When a GI starts giving me that great-guy stuff, I tell him to lay off it because I come from the same place he does and there's no reason to blow off to me. As for his manners—well, good manners are optional to me."

PFC. SHIRLEY E. EMHOFF, 22 years old and from Detroit, Mich., had this to say: "I don't think the Yanks brag too much. I haven't any certain rule for dealing with them when they do. It depends upon what kind of a soldier you're with and whether he thinks he can get away with all that stuff or not. If they make too much noise, I'm ready to tell them off."

PFC. MARY F. HOLT is from Atlanta, Ga., and has been in the WAC for about nine months as a cook. "Not much bragging with me," she said. "I reckon I'm not the type they want to brag to. It usually ends up with them listening to me talk and then taking out pictures of their old girl friends and showing them around." She likes England, but it's not Atlanta.

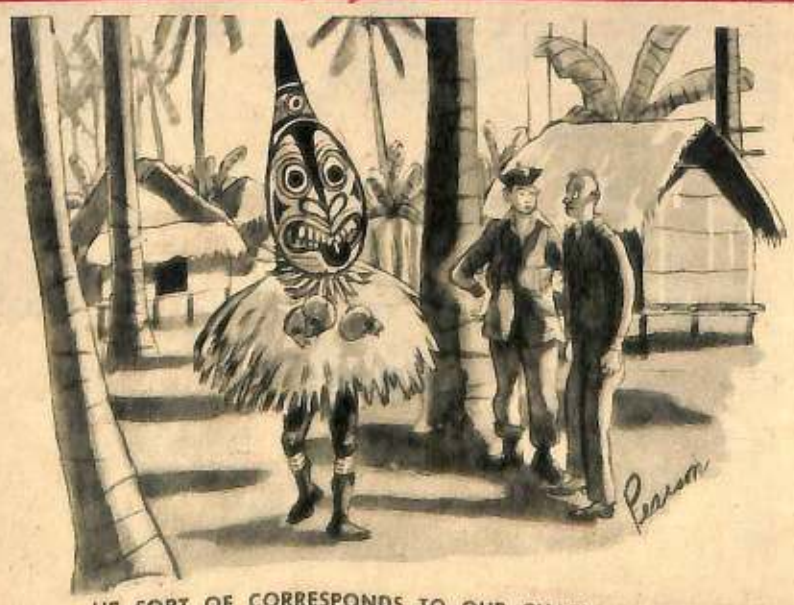
YANK

THE ARMY

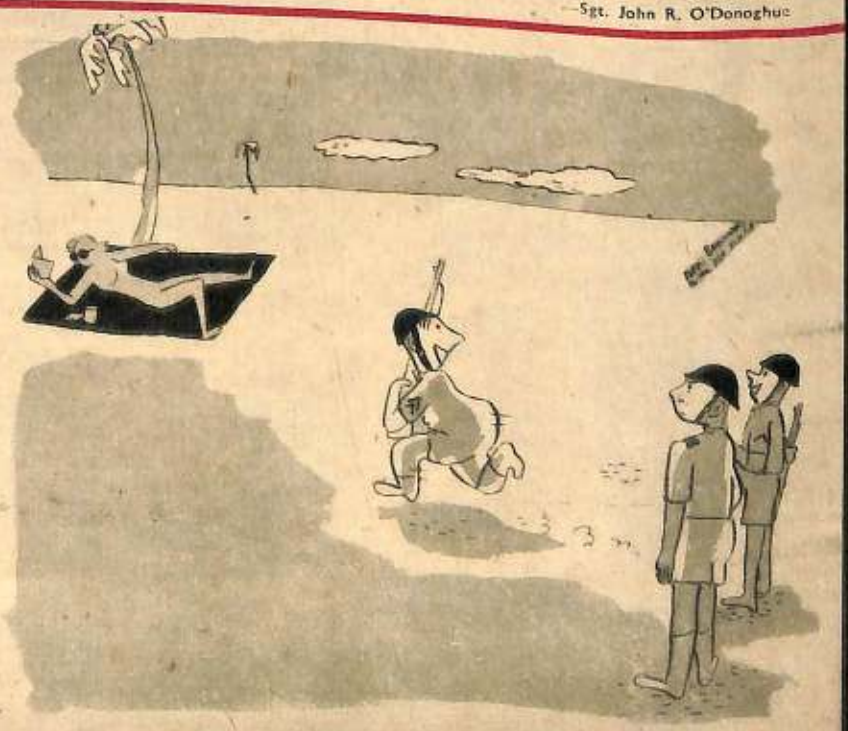
"DON'T ASK ME WHAT TO DO, WE DIDN'T HAVE DESTROYERS IN THAT POND AT FORT BRAGG!"
—Sgt. Frank Brandt

"DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD WAIT ANY LONGER?"
—Cpl. Tom Zibelli

"WHAT! NO COCA-COLA?"
—Sgt. John R. O'Donoghue



"HE SORT OF CORRESPONDS TO OUR CHAPLAINS."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson



"LET ME LOOK FIRST, SIR. IT MIGHT BE A BOOBY TRAP."
—Ron Bennett, Y2c