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# YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

Bert Cardamone

PASS IN CAIRO

(See page 3)

T/S ERWIN SCHUMACHER of Coleharbor, N. Dak., Army tractor operator, used his head to come up with the following answer: "I'd take a case of beer, a beach umbrella and a 14-day furlough. If no furloughs were in stock at the time, I'd take another case of beer."

PFC. WILLIAM CASSANO of Cleveland, Ohio, member of a local MP outfit, pondered the question for 45 minutes and came up with: "I'd take a loaf of Egyptian bread, a jug of Stella beer and any blond who will write to me." Bill was snapped as he nabbed a speeder.

# *If you could take only three things into the desert, what would you pick?*

*Sgt. George Aarons, YANK photographer in the Near East, asked the above question of five Americans. Here are their answers.*

2D LT. MARIE SCHERER of Big Run, Pa., an Army nurse, went feminine in choosing her answer. Said Lt. Scherer, "My choice would be a sun helmet to keep the skin on my nose, some cold cream to keep the sand out of my pores and a jeep to get me back to the hospital."

SGT. ELMO PLANK of Woodland, Calif., an Army mechanic, decided to be practical about the whole matter. "It is a simple decision," declared Sgt. Plank. "I would take along a canteen full of water, a sack of assorted foodstuffs and some light but sun-resistant clothing."

T/5 JOE SONNEN of Union City, N. J., ordnance outfit, would take a compass, cigarettes and sugar. He said: "The compass would lead me to a mess line, I could use the glass over the compass to focus the sun's rays into a cigarette lighter, and I could trade sugar with the Arabs."


"Even if I do get to Cairo only once a month I still got to look up this YANK pin-up first."

# Making a PASS AT CAIRO

By S/Sgt. ARTHUR J. GUTMAN

MIDDLE EAST—You've been working in the desert for two months. Doesn't seem so long, but you're sick of it. Nothing but sand, wind and soldiers. You're tired of your mess kit, tired of the food, tired of your buddies. You want to see some new faces, eat at a table and take a hot bath. Even the pay-day poker games have lost their zip.

Then a new rumor spreads that three-day passes are being given out. You grab the first sergeant. He confirms the rumor. Can you get a pass? Sure, if your section head approves. Off you go and corral your section head. Without a bit of hesitation he makes out a slip of approval and you take it with trembling hands back to the first sergeant.

Two days of keeping your fingers crossed and being doubly careful to police around your bunk. Then the first sergeant says that the CO says okay, only don't go get too drunk and remember to come back.

Cairo is the destination. City of Cleopatra, mysterious romances under a moon that shines brightly on the Nile, the one and only Nile, famous in song and story; the Pyramids, the Sphinx. The guy who makes out the passes in the orderly room gives you a break. Makes out the pass from 12 noon, and you take off at 9 A. M.

You stand on the road that runs through the desert. Traveling light: tooth brush and shaving kit, your camera, of course, and two extra rolls of 6-20 film, more precious out here than diamonds. Several trucks stop but they are not going through and you can't take a chance. Then a semi-trailer loaded with airplane engines pulls up. "Where to?" "Cairo." "Cairo?" "Righto, mate, the whole way." And on you hop. It's greasy, it's cold and windy, and the sand gets in your hair and eyes. But who cares? You're off to Cairo with money in your pocket.

And then you get to Cairo. Some place. Taxis and gharrys, modern buildings and huts, wide streets that are lit at night, pastry shops (oh, those pastries), bars, restaurants, hotels. Soldiers, soldiers and still more soldiers. Pretty girls, beggars and dragomen, and above all and always with us, the cry of "*baksheesh*." And the smell; oh, that smell. I may forget the Nile, the Sphinx, the Pyramids, even Cairo, but never the smell.

"Buy ring, American, real diamond, 5 pound. You give 2 pound? Okey-dokey, 10 *piasters*."

"Carriage to Zoological Garden, Yankee, 30 *piasters*, no 20. Okay, 10. Hey wait, American, 5."

"Sergeant, I am a licensed agent by police, here are my credentials. See Pyramids and Sphinx. Blue Mosque, no? Bazaars, Mousky, no? Want girl, lovely girl? *Baksheesh*."

"Hey, American, real French post card, souvenir of Cairo. Want a guide? Shine sergeant's shoes? *Baksheesh*."

Groppi's ice cream. Almost like home. Dancing. Tango, waltz, fox trot. The Fighting French cavalryman you drink with, who tells you quietly and earnestly that he would kill Laval with his bare hands and then gladly die. You click glasses, "*Vive la France*." The Tommy back from four

*On leave, these four sergeants take their girls to a coffee garden near the pyramids of Egypt. Left to right: S/Sgt. Vance Brown, M/Sgt. Harold Dease, M/Sgt. Joseph Tray and S/Sgt. John A. Cook.*

months in the blue, who drove a General Grant in the last do, and his pal, a Canadian in the RAF. Both letting off the accumulated steam of months.

The pretty Palestinian ATS gals that you date. The Yugoslav aviator who buys you a drink and stands and grins since he can't speak English. The Jock who won't leave your side after you declaim, "Scots whae hae wi' Wallace bled." The orchestra playing the "Blue Danube" and the sergeant gunner who spends the evening trying to get it to play "Can't Get Georgia Off My Mind."

The gal who only dances with officers; "*Voulez-vous danser avec moi, mademoiselle, s'il vous plait?*" "With my husband's permission, American." "Oh." And the civilians who sit and watch, much like the ancient Romans at the Circus.

But 10:30 comes. Back to the Grand. Music over. No more drinks. You hope no one is sleeping in your bed.

The next day it's the Pyramids and the Sphinx. "Ride a horse to the Pyramids, American, no? Sergeant, see Sphinx from camel." It's a long tramp up the hill. The cab drivers and the ones who have the horse-and-camel concession are in cahoots. The cabs take you to their stand, stop and you are surrounded by horse and camel drivers. No urging can make the cab driver go farther.

You finally get tired arguing, pile out of the cab and fight off the guys who want to rent you horses and camels. Then you battle through the second line of resistance: "Expert guide, sergeant. Licensed by government. Special prices to Americans. See, credentials." You take a deep breath (something you cannot do in the city limits of Cairo), look at that long steep climb up to the Pyramids and, if you are faint-hearted, back you go and hire a horse or camel. You practically buy it. If you are stout-hearted (or broke) you climb the hill, every inch of the way being contested by guides and venders of "genuine sacred scarabs, stolen right from the tomb of the Pharaoh."

Reaching the top, you take a quick gander at the three big pyramids and six little ones. Then you dash down to see the Sphinx, pursued by five lads who for a nominal fee will escort you inside the Great Pyramid of Cheops. You look at the Sphinx, say "No" to all the photographers there and climb to the top of the Temple of the Sphinx to take a photo (the best ones are made from there), kicking at the face of the old fakir who hangs out there. He sticks to your heels the whole time that you are climbing, trying to sell you on the idea of having your fortune told. Then you run the gantlet back, get something cold in a nice long glass at the Mena House, and hurry back to Cairo for noontime chow.

The juke joints down on Sharia Emad El Dine. The Maori jitterbugging. He learned it from some colored American soldiers in England. The brown-skinned entertainers in very little more than their skins. Beer, American beer, 40 cents a can; "confections" for the gals who come sit with you, 60 cents a drink. High price for water. The band, not good but loud. American jazz a la Ellington. Hot, in the groove.

Then, all of a sudden, it's over. You stand beside the road back to the desert with an armful of junk bought in the bazaars. Bought in self defense so that the shopkeepers would stop pouring coffee down your throat. You wonder where you are going to get paper and cardboard to pack your purchases, and hope that there is a place "somewhere in the western desert" where they will develop the three rolls of film in your pocket. A truck passes, another slows down. Good; he is going to the crossroads near your post. You swing on carefully; mustn't mash that box of pastries you bought at the last minute. You huddle down in a corner to keep out of the wind and sand, and you sleep, contented and full, happy and broke.

# 82-Pound Sergeant

**By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM**
**YANK Staff Correspondent**

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA—The U. S. Army now has a sergeant in its ranks who is just 4 feet 11 inches tall and weighs only 82 pounds.

To top it off, the sergeant is a girl—Sgt. Little Bawk, 19-year-old Burmese nurse who is aide-de-camp to Lt. Col. Gordon S. (Daddy) Seagrave, commanding officer of one of the most unique outfits in the entire U. S. Army.

However, her elfinish size didn't prevent Sgt. Little Bawk working 36 hours straight during the Battle of Toungoo with Japanese bombs falling 200 yards away. Nor did it stop her from driving a fully loaded army truck 100 miles in a single day over the hazardous Burma Road. And she topped that off by marching barefooted out of Burma with Lt. Gen. Joe Stilwell.

Little Bawk is one of 33 Burmese girls who were organized as a nursing unit back in 1941 by Dr. Seagrave, a former Baptist missionary. They served with the British Sixth Army and operated hospitals along the Burma Road until the arrival of Gen. Stilwell and his staff in the Far East. Then Dr. Seagrave, an American, transferred his unit to the U. S. forces.

The nurses stuck with Stilwell's group throughout the disastrous Burma campaign. Eighteen of them came along with "Uncle Joe" on his heroic 20-day, 140-mile march across the mountains and jungles into India. The other 15 were flown out.

During the long trek in terrible heat and pouring rains, these Burmese nurses attended all the sick and wounded and also cooked, washed and sewed for the doctors in the Seagrave unit. They held a foot clinic at the end of each day's march to prepare the footsore refugees for the next day's grind. They helped make rafts to float supplies down the Uyu River. And through it all they kept their unquenchable optimism and cheerfulness. Even over the most tortuous stretches of the march, they cracked jokes and chanted Burmese songs. Gen. Stilwell afterward praised them for keeping up the morale of the others in the group.

Technically, the Burmese nurses are not members of the U. S. Army. As non-citizens, they don't take the oath of allegiance. But they receive their monthly pay, ranging from $30 to $75, and quarters, rations and uniforms from the Army. They are subject to military law. And they take the same typhus, tetanus and yellow-fever shots as any other GI, which is enough to make them sisters-under-the-skin in any man's army.

Sgt. Little Bawk and the 32 other Burmese nurses wear natty brown serge uniforms furnished by the quartermasters. On the collars of their jackets they pin spare lieutenant or captain bars, bummed from the American medical officers in the Seagrave unit. Which is one way of getting some rank if you're nothing more than a corporal or sergeant.

What some of the girls lack in military rank they make up in royalty. Three of them are princesses, the daughters of royal rulers in the Shan States. Another is the daughter of the prime minister of an Upper Burma state. Several are convent-trained, and all speak good English.

The Burmese nurses work alongside Army doctors and GI pill rollers at the U. S. Army post hospital here which is under Col. Seagrave's command. Their aptitude and knowledge of nursing has amazed the American medical officers who rate them as among the finest medical assistants in the world. Maj. John H. Grindley, formerly of the Mayo Clinic and now chief surgeon here, claims Sgt. Koi, the 21-year-old head nurse, is the equal of any surgical assistant with whom he has ever worked. Sgt. Koi, who has no given name, is 5 feet tall and weighs all of 90 pounds.

The CO of this unusual outfit is probably one of the most popular "Old Men" in the entire U. S. Army—and also the one accorded the least military courtesy. Col. Seagrave is never "colonel" to his Burmese nurses. He's just plain "Daddy." That name springs from his 20 years of missionary work in Burma where he knew many of his present nursing staff as babies. During the bombing of Toungoo, one nurse was heard praying aloud as she made her rounds treating patients while bombs burst 200 yards away. Her prayer was "Please, God, don't let Daddy get hurt." Over Col. Seagrave's office door is a sign, "Daddy," printed and hung there by his nurses.

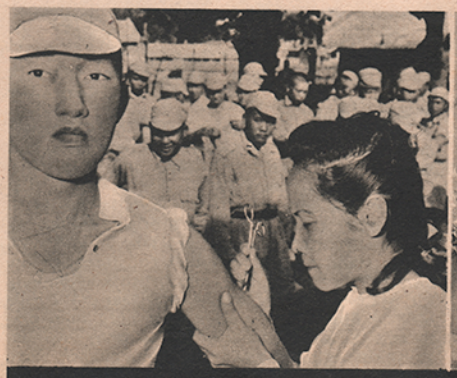
Although he's an American, Dr. Seagrave was born in Rangoon. He is the fourth generation of his family who have served as American Baptist missionaries in Burma during the past 110 years. For 20 years prior to the Jap invasion of Burma, he operated a 150-bed mission hospital in Namhkam, North Shan States, with his wife serving as matron. Dr. Seagrave sent his wife back to their home in Granville, Ohio, when the Japs invaded Burma.

He then organized his Burmese nurses unit and assigned three nurses to duty at each of the eight field hospitals he set up behind the 300-mile front held by the British Sixth Army.

Later, he established eight more hospitals along the Burma Road to care for military and civilian patients injured or taken sick along that supply line to China. At such widely scattered hospitals which could only be visited periodically by Col. Seagrave and his six "circuit-riding" doctors, the nurses were often required to perform minor surgical operations by themselves.

When he transferred his unit to the American forces, Dr. Seagrave was commissioned a major in the U. S. Army Medical Corps. After marching out of Burma with Gen. Stilwell, he set up a hospital in Assam to treat other Burma evacuees. For that work, he has been decorated by King George of England.

Col. Seagrave later established this 1,000-bed hospital where Chinese soldiers, along with some U. S. and Indian troops, are being nursed back to health for another crack at the Japs. When they go back into Burma, they will have "Daddy," Sgt. Little Bawk, Sgt. Koi and the other Burmese nurses along with them to take care of front-line surgery.



*Sgt. Little Bawk checks on inoculation.*

*Lt. Col. Gordon S. Seagrave, commander.*

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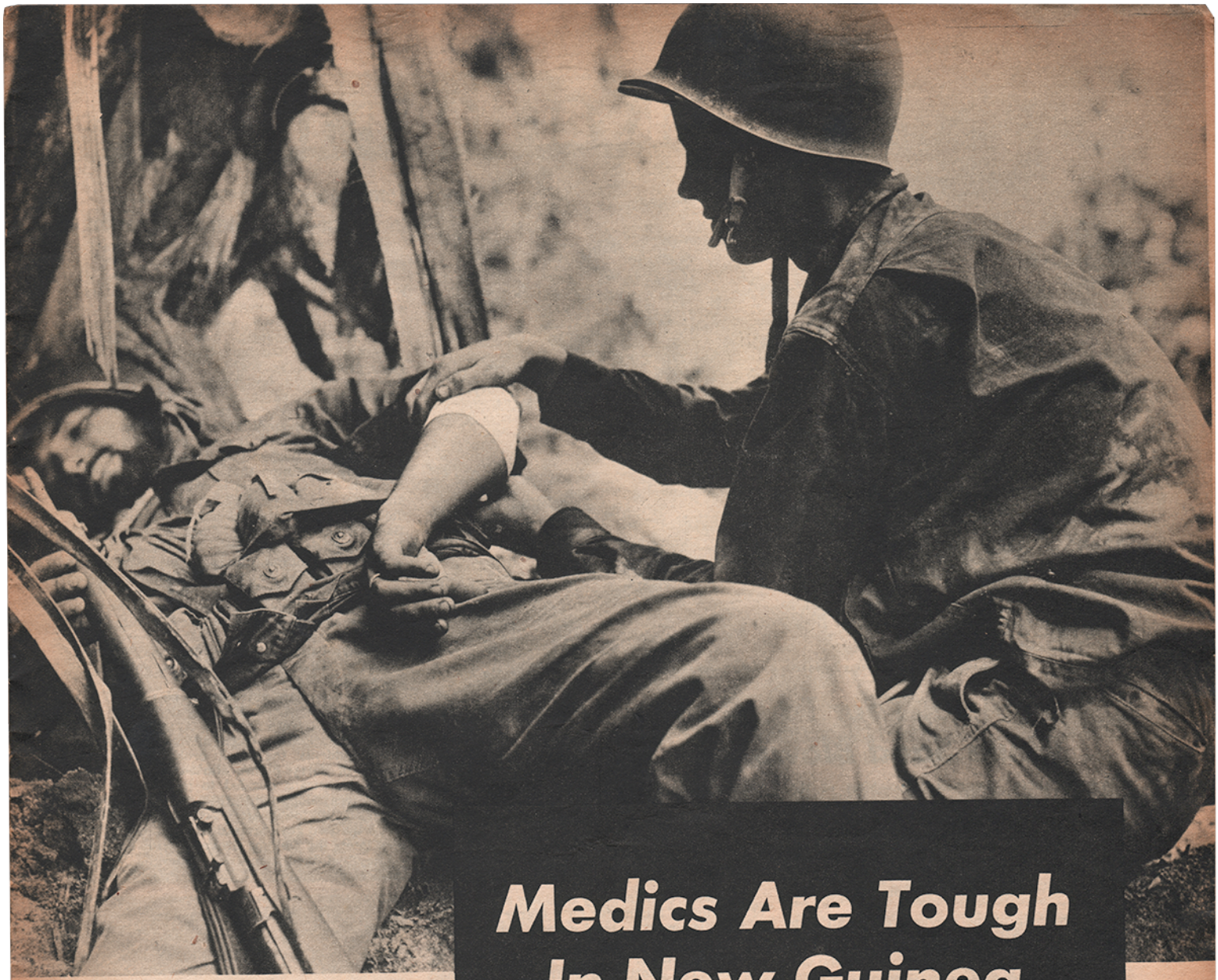


# Medics Are Tough In New Guinea

**Thirty yards from the Jap lines in New Guinea, Pvt. James Windle is shown above dressing the shrapnel wounds of Cpl. Henry Jeske. "Twenty minutes later Jeske was hit again and Windle repeated the job," writes YANK's Sgt. Dave Richardson, who took the picture and sent it back with this report of the work of medical men in his area.**

WITH AMERICAN FORCES IN NEW GUINEA—With tensed, grim faces a patrol of American infantrymen hopped out of its forward outpost and headed toward the Jap positions. The bomb- and bullet-shattered coconut grove was as silent as the sea before a storm. We watched the green-clothed, bearded Yanks as they walked, cocked rifles at ready port, in hunched fashion toward what might be sudden death.

Then it happened. From Jap pillboxes buried under palm fronds came a withering hail of machine-gun fire. Our CO gave the word and our machine guns began to stutter tracer bullets into the pillboxes. The patrol, out in the middle of the fire, hit the mud. The men continued toward the Japs on their bellies. Two quit moving, and we knew they'd been hit.

Up from the mud, in the midst of the patrol, scrambled an unarmed soldier. He raced through the two-way machine-gun fire and dropped beside one of the men who had quit moving. He turned the man over, took one look and grabbed for the pouches at his side. There, in the heat of battle, he dressed and bandaged the wound. Then he raced to the next one and to other wounded men in the patrol.

When other Yanks swept through to charge and mop up the pillboxes from which the patrol had drawn fire, I learned the identity of the man with the pouches who had cared for the wounded. He was Pvt. James Windle of Powell, Wyo., who left high school to join the Army and held one of the most dangerous of noncombatant jobs.

He was a company aid man. He and other company aid men move out with every patrol into Jap territory. They sit in advance outposts that may be encircled by Jap infiltration. They run along with bayonet charges. Wherever there's danger at the front, there's a company aid man.

Pfc. Ray Hackney, a buddy of Windle's who used to be a machinist in Chatfield, Ohio, and who is also a company aid man, was with an American company that battered its way through Buna Mission in one of the heaviest battles of the New Guinea campaign. For his work under constant mortar, machine-gun and rifle fire, Hackney was recommended for a decoration.

In another battle S/Sgt. Bill Frunsek, an aid man from Milwaukee, formerly a road-construction worker, raced out into the open between the Japs and the Yanks, where it was even considered too dangerous for patrols to venture, and got to a scout who had been wounded within 25 feet of a pillbox. He dressed the scout, then lugged him to safety as Japs sprayed bullets all around him.

In the Sanananda battle Cpl. James V. (Doc) Bay of Seattle, Wash., belied the fact that officers had taken him out of a rifle platoon and transferred him to the Medics because he was over 40. He waded through swamps day and night to patch up and rescue infantrymen who were so far into Jap positions they had been given up for dead.

"I may have been only a janitor in a Seattle hospital," he said when fellow infantrymen shook hands with him after the battle, "but by gum I've showed 'em here why I want to be called Doc, even if I ain't got an MD degree."

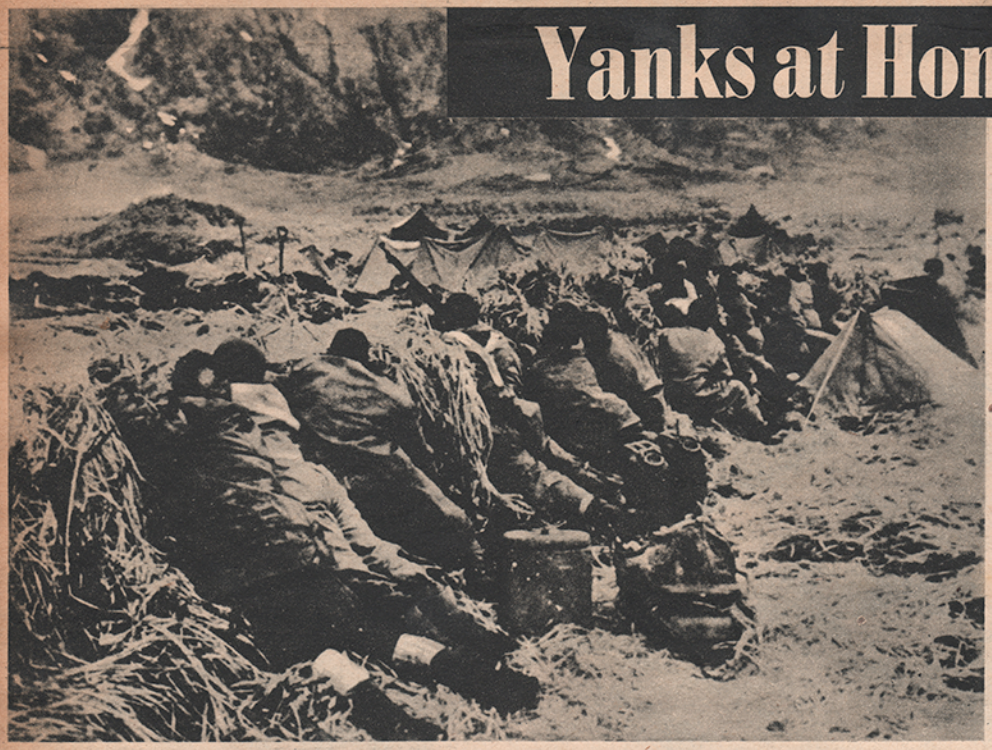
Unarmed and constantly exposed to fire, company aid men have been wounded and killed in action. Windle considers himself luckiest of them all; a Jap bullet ripped clear through his aid pouch without touching him.

Every company aid man with whom I talked at the front stressed that his job is only to apply temporary dressings and keep advancing with his outfit. Battalion aid men—litter bearers—take the men back to portable hospitals afterward.

"Listen," a battle-hardened infantryman told me, "put in your story that any of us front-line guys will smack anybody in the face if he ever calls the Medics 'pillrollers'. Most of them have a helluva lot more guts than we've got."

Maybe that's why Windle, Hackney, Frunsek, Bay and the rest of them are the most popular men in their companies these days.

# Yanks at Home Abroad



One of the first groups of U. S. troops to land on Attu returns the fire of Jap snipers in the hills.

## Up in Attu, Your Tail Drags in the Mud While Sand Blows Into Your Eyes

AN ADVANCED ALEUTIAN BASE—Most of the weird places where Americans are fighting today were generally familiar before the war to the GIs, their next of kin and girl friends in those travel movies which began: "Come with us to beautiful Boola Boola, etc." and ended: "And so we sail away from Boola Boola, land of enchantment and picturesque pottery makers."

With the help of the movies we had all seen something of North Africa, the South Seas, India, Australia, Hawaii and the British Isles.

But who had ever heard of Attu?

Of all our battlefields, this latest one, a miserable mote on the Pacific map, is the least known, and yet its veterans will bring back just as good tales as the ones that will come from Tunisia.

For nasty climate and terrain, the Aleutians are in a class by themselves and Attu stands well up among the worst of these islands.

From a distance they look striking and even beautiful (when the fog doesn't bury them), their jagged mountains blazing white where the sun hits the snow, or blue in the shadow, and the lower slopes showing a strange delicate pink. But the attraction apparent on a plane or ship some distance from the islands changes to an enthusiastic loathing once you set foot on the Aleutian earth itself.

There is no printable description of what the islands are like unless it's the GI greeting that awaits each new arrival:

"Listen, this is the only place in the world where you can stand in mud up to your tail and have sand blow in your eyes at the same time."

That remark pretty well covers the subject except that it neglects the snow, which is still clinging to the hills out here.

When you come ashore the surface that looked pink from the air or sea turns out to be a drab expanse of tundra grass the color of faded straw. It's about the length of wheat straw, too, but instead of standing up, the grass clings to the contour of the hummocky ground. These hummocks make the worst possible marching surface. They rise in height from a foot to a yard and are spaced a few feet apart, so that the land up as far as the snow-line puts you in mind of the old concrete-tank obstacles on the Maginot Line, if you can imagine them sodded and covered with tan grass.

You can't walk on that stuff the way you've been walking all your life. You have to develop an entirely new style—a special tundra gait which makes ordinary clodhopping look as graceful as the ballet. Sometimes this surface is buried under snow, sometimes it's mud in which a man may flounder to his armpits and sometimes it's firm and dusty.

A broader contour study discloses an extension of the tundra hummocks on a bigger scale; that is, there is almost no level ground. Each island is an aggregate of small hills, medium hills and rugged mountains. You take very few steps on the flat. The shortest trip—from tent to mess hall, for example—generally involves passing over a hill of some kind, and to go from the center of a camp to an outpost is a major feat of cross-country hiking and mountain climbing.

The coast lines are likewise extravagantly irregular. For the most part, the land falls precipitously into the sea. Generally beach approaches are rare enough and sufficiently narrow to make the defenders' task seem fairly simple.

Attu is so rough that only one end of it was occupied by the Japs, but there were several bays at that end. This made it possible to achieve landings at several points, but that was just the beginning of the job. After that it was necessary to work up through narrow, snow-filled passes against strong Japanese positions on heights which remain fog-shrouded for days.

The situation was a sort of Arctic Guadalcanal in that a small part of a small, strategic island was being contested, and the really rough stuff began after the landings. People who had seen fighting in the Solomons thought the complete absence of any trees on Attu and the lack of any vegetation except tundra grass and low-growing berries and moss would make the Army's job easier than that which the Marines faced when they landed in the Guadalcanal jungle. But the contour of the Aleutians presents an obstacle as formidable as jungle creepers and the lack of vegetation forces the attacker to advance without much cover.

All possible sea and air support had been provided but, as always, the conclusive thrust was delivered by the man on the ground. And in this case the doughboy plugged over ground as bad as any that ever was turned into a battlefield.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

## Tombstones on These Graves In Tunisia Didn't Stand Translation

TUNISIA—Out here you run into all sorts of guys with all sorts of stories to tell.

There are the three Yanks, for instance, who returned to Gafsa with the first wave of infantry after the Germans moved out. There they found their girl friends, who were very happy to see them. It seems that the gals had thought the guys were dead and buried, so they had found three American "graves" over which they spread flowers and said a few prayers.

When the Yanks heard about this, they asked to see the "graves," so the gals escorted them to three small mounds. Each "grave" had a small sign at the head of it. It read LATRINE CLOSED.

Everywhere you go you bump into guys who are doing something that is similar to the kind of work they used to do in pre-khaki days. Pvt. John Morton of New York City is a case in point. John used to be the assistant organist at St. Bartholomew's Church on Park Avenue in New York City. Now he's the chaplain's assistant at an evacuation hospital. Every night he goes from ward to ward playing request numbers ranging from "Star Dust" to "St. Louis Blues," on a small field organ. He even holds jam sessions, with patients and visiting ambulance drivers filling in on other instruments.

Another happy GI is T/5 William Safford of Columbus, Ohio. He puts up tents, any kind of tents—the bigger the better.

"These tents are cinch jobs," he says. "I used to be a canvas man for Ringling Bros."

Then there were the two American soldiers who were driving a truck full of Itie prisoners when suddenly the truck broke down and a swarm of Jerry planes started dropping eggs.

The Americans decided to leave the Ities to themselves, along with the broken truck, and hiked on into town. After a long hike of several hours the two guys arrived in town and 30 minutes later, the Italians drove in with the truck.

They had fixed it and were determined to give themselves up.

—YANK Field Correspondent

First to be decorated at this westernmost Aleutian offensive outpost are Pvt. I. J. Taylor and S/Sgt. D. B. Minter. They receive the Order of the Purple Heart from Brig. Gen. L. E. Jones Sr. and Capt. Arthur Lundin.


Men at the Headquarters of the 9th Bomber Command in North Africa gather round to listen to a talk by visiting Gen. Henry H. Arnold.

# The Close Shavers Club

By Sgt. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA — Out here where a man's last line of defense is often nothing more than the skin of his teeth, a group called the Close Shavers has come into being. They are men who have come within an inch, or a fraction thereof, of having their dog tags hung on wooden crosses.

There's Lt. Edgar W. Keller of Eastanollee, Ga., bombardier on a USAAF Liberator. His parachute was the hero in his close shave. Keller had released his bombs over the target on a recent run, and was settling down for the ride home, when an ack-ack shell burst in front of the B-24, sending a piece of shrapnel through the plane's plexiglas nose.

The shrapnel, heading straight for Keller's chest, struck a metal fastener on his chute harness and ricocheted upward. Keller found a dent in the fastener, a jagged hole through the ceiling, but no broken skin or bones.

Capt. G. B Whitlock of Boise, Idaho, and the crew of his bomber had close shaves not once but three times recently. After bombing an Axis supply point, Whitlock's ship wandered into some barrage balloons. This was shave No. 1, and No. 2 came when they whacked into a cable-bomb hanging from one of the balloons. The explosion knocked out the plane's hydraulic system, which led to shave No. 3. The plane had to land in the dark on one wheel only, which the crew had laboriously let down with the hand crank. But no one was hurt.

Returning from its objective, a USAAF Liberator was jumped by a pack of ME-109s, which sent several bursts through her torso. The B-24 eluded the pack by diving at more than 300 mph, during which time the pilot discovered that one of the Jerry bursts had cut one of his control cables. The word went through the ship, and while the Liberator continued its long plunge, Sgt. Charles A. Lawson of Pittsburgh, Pa., located the break and spliced it with wire torn from a rations box. The repair was completed just in time to allow the pilot to pull the ship out of the dive.

Strafing an Itie convoy of trucks and armored cars, Lt. Arlie W. Clayton of Dublin, Ga., got in the way of a 20-mm shell which exploded inside the plane, breaking his oil line and filling his leg with shrapnel. He belly-landed a mile or so from the convoy he'd been strafing and found himself in the midst of a brisk land battle. He thumbed a ride from a British armored car, which appeared. The car commander told Clayton that he couldn't stop and open up but that Clayton was welcome to ride on top if he wanted to.

Clayton climbed aboard, ducking behind the turret whenever the driver gave the signal to do so. He stayed there until the fighting was over and then got a ride back to camp.

Slugs in his ship's cooling system compelled Lt. William B. Campbell of Blissfield, Mich., to leave a dogfight and seek a place to land. He limped over the front and saw a nice looking field about a half mile behind the Allied lines. He landed and was ready to jump out of the cockpit when he noticed soldiers at the edge of the field waving frantically at him.

"You're in a mine field," they yelled.

Somehow or other, Campbell had landed and taxied down the length of an uncleared mine field, miraculously avoiding the hundreds of explosives planted there.

He crawled out on a wing tip and waited until

## My, What Beautiful Chevrons You Have, Grandpappy!

AUSTRALIA—A recent order to "get 'em on or else" has caused a weird collection of chevrons to blossom on GI sleeves in these parts.

The reason for the variety is that issue stripes are scarce. Therefore chevrons designers have been at work on their own, having found that for a reasonable price civilian tailors will make chevrons embroidered in fancy colors. Now you can see chevrons either of gray, blue, gold, brown, six shades of green, violet, pink, yellow, purple or white, all with a background of GI khaki. The white ones are called blackout stripes because they can be seen a long way at night.

The most unusual chevrons yet to turn up are brilliant red silk on a suntan khaki background, sewed to the apple-green fatigue sleeves of a T/5 and a master sergeant. So far neon lights have not made their appearance, but may before this story goes to press. Pfcs who have long since given up hope of becoming corporals are now equipped with a single stripe in black crepe.

To remedy this stripe situation the Army got from a local manufacturer some chevrons of khaki color worked on a blue-black background, which have to be cut out like paper dolls. One staff sergeant went to work with a scissors on this stuff and after 30 hours' labor finally got his cut-outs ready for his sleeves—only to discover that during the interim he had been busted to private.

—S/Sgt. JERRY LEVY

sappers cleared a path to him; then he taxied his P-40 to safety.

Brig. Gen. Auby Strickland, grizzled and beloved Alabaman who commands Uncle Sam's desert air task force, didn't have any idea when he crawled into his cot at a forward airdrome recently that he was going to qualify for membership in the Close Shavers.

In the dead of night a wandering JU-88 dropped a 500-pounder less than 100 yards away from the general's tent. A hail of shrapnel went through it, slicing the tent wall to ribbons. But somehow the shrapnel parted when it reached the cot, some going above and some below the sleeping commander. Two or three pieces went through the length of the general's suitcase, shredding a carton of cigarettes. As a parting gesture, one piece of shrapnel took out the seat of his GI long-handles, which were hanging up, and deposited the patch on a rations box.

THE crew of a transport plane recently got into the ranks of the Close Shavers. In the mountains they were heading toward a pass when they suddenly ran into pea-soup weather. The plane began to ice up, and soon the altimeter, among other instruments, froze. The pilot's compartment likewise was iced and visibility was nil except for an occasional glimpse of ground above—not below—as the plane wove in and out along the mountainsides. Altitude became a matter of guesswork, the pilot trying to shove his ice-caked plane to a height where he would be reasonably certain to miss the peaks. But the plane went into a stall, dropping several hundred feet, as the occupants bumped their heads against the metal roof. At that moment a lucky updrift caught the flying iceberg and gave it a shove, just clearing it of the top of the range.

Lt. Col. Robert Parham, Oklahoman and ex-newsman who heads the Ninth Air Force's public relations office, experienced his close shave during one of his trips to the front. He arrived at a forward post late in the day and had just turned in for the night when a roving Jerry chose the colonel's camp site as the target for his 500-pounder. The blast almost turned the colonel's tent wrong side out. He woke up on the ground beside his cot, covers and all, but no parts missing.

Five men at a forward U. S. bomber base can thank an unsuspecting mess sergeant for being alive. The five, going about their KP business, spotted a line of strafing ME-109s coming at the camp. They dived for cover. That cover happened to be a brand new QM bake oven just delivered to the base. They crowded inside the oven and through the fire door watched a stream of machine-gun slugs stir a pile of potato peelings they had just left.

## *Quick Thinking*

HAWAII—For quick thinking there ought to be a prize for a certain MP here who, on the morning of a scheduled inspection, decided to hide out until it was over.

The inspection went off well. The colonel complimented the men on their clean-cut appearance and well-bucked equipment. Then on an impulse he decided to have a look at the bomb shelters.

As he stuck his head in the door of the first one, he flushed our MP from his hiding place. The soldier hopped up from a bench, snapped to attention, gave the colonel a brisk salute, and reported:

"All bomb shelters present and accounted for, sir!"

—Sgt. F. S. MILLER

## *I Love You, I Love You*

AUSTRALIA—A sailor walked into a post office and put down $65 to pay for a cable to his girl back in the U.S. He wrote his message, pouring out his love in endearing, 4-shilling phrases, handed it across the counter and started out.

"Your change, sir," the clerk reminded him.

"Change?" asked the sailor. "If there's any change just use it up saying 'I love you.' "

Obliging post-office authorities reaffirmed his love 28 times.

## Where Do We Go From Here? Five Yanks Now in Garden of Eden

AN AIRPORT IN IRAQ—One of Uncle Sam's smallest operating units is a five-man ATC outfit stationed on the fringes of the ancient Garden of Eden. It serves as passenger agent, maintenance crew and refueling gang for planes stopping on this route of the ATC's Middle East web.

Commanding officer of the midget garrison is 1st Lt. M. S. Najjar of Cedartown, Ga. His command contains Sgts. Henry L. Pospisil, Ladysmith, Wis.; Howard S. Russell, Kansas City, Mo., and Gilbert Randolph, Owensboro, Ky., and Pfc. Gordon Eversoll, Humboldt, Iowa.

Nearest city to their desert airport is Baghdad.

*Party a la Iceland. Soldiers take their girl friends to the Red Cross Rec Center for something that looks like ice cream but is really a fresh-fruit cocktail.*

# *Here's a Tail Gunner Who Isn't Bored Any Longer*

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH ARMY AERIAL TASK FORCE IN CENTRAL PACIFIC [By Radio]—Only the day before they started, S/Sgt. Delbert Miller, 20-year-old tail gunner from Canton, Ohio, complained of boredom. He said he wanted a chance at a Zero. Less than a week later he had taken part in the longest aerial task-force mission of the war in this theater.

When it was all over the sergeant had flown a distance greater than that from England to Iran just to reach the base from which his own and other four-motored B-24s bombed two of the strongest Jap bases in the Central Pacific—the islands of Nauru and Tarawa.

Teaming with Sgt. Robert W. Ogden of Topeka, Kans., Miller knocked out a Zero. Another Jap plane was also shot down and 11 enemy aircraft were damaged or destroyed on the ground.

Nauru, the first objective, is a tiny island, semi-circular in shape, 750 miles northeast of Guadalcanal. It is important because it is the source of the major part of the Japs' supply of phosphate, a necessary ingredient in munitions making.

When the B-24s had completed their noon raid, after pounding the island with wave after wave of 500- and 1,000-pound bombs, the phosphate works was a mass of flames. Machine shops, gasoline stores and munitions dumps also were destroyed. And a 4,000-foot runway at the airfield was put out of commission, at least temporarily.

The extent of the damage is a matter of record because of quick-thinking aerial photographers like Pvt. Rollin Moore of Raton, N. Mex., who, when his camera was struck by ack ack, calmly removed a wad of gum from his mouth, plugged up the hole and continued taking pictures.

"I always knew gum would come in handy," Moore reported.

All the Liberators returned to their bases after the raid. Jap ack ack was, according to T/Sgt. Ericson, an engineer-gunner from Los Angeles, "strictly from hunger."

Thirty-six hours later, when the B-24s started for their second objective, there were clouds in the sky, but as they neared Tarawa its coral glistened in the moonlight. There in the northern Gilberts, 400 miles from Nauru, 30,000 pounds of bombs were dropped in 45 minutes. Among the targets was the plane runway built by the Nips last fall after they seized the island from the British.

Sgt. James Blackmore, a tail gunner from Antelope, Mont., reported seeing at least one bomber explode on the ground. T/Sgt. Edward Piselow of Racine, Wis., an engineer-gunner, described the island as "a solid mass of flames when we got through with it." Columns of smoke could be seen for more than 100 miles, he said.

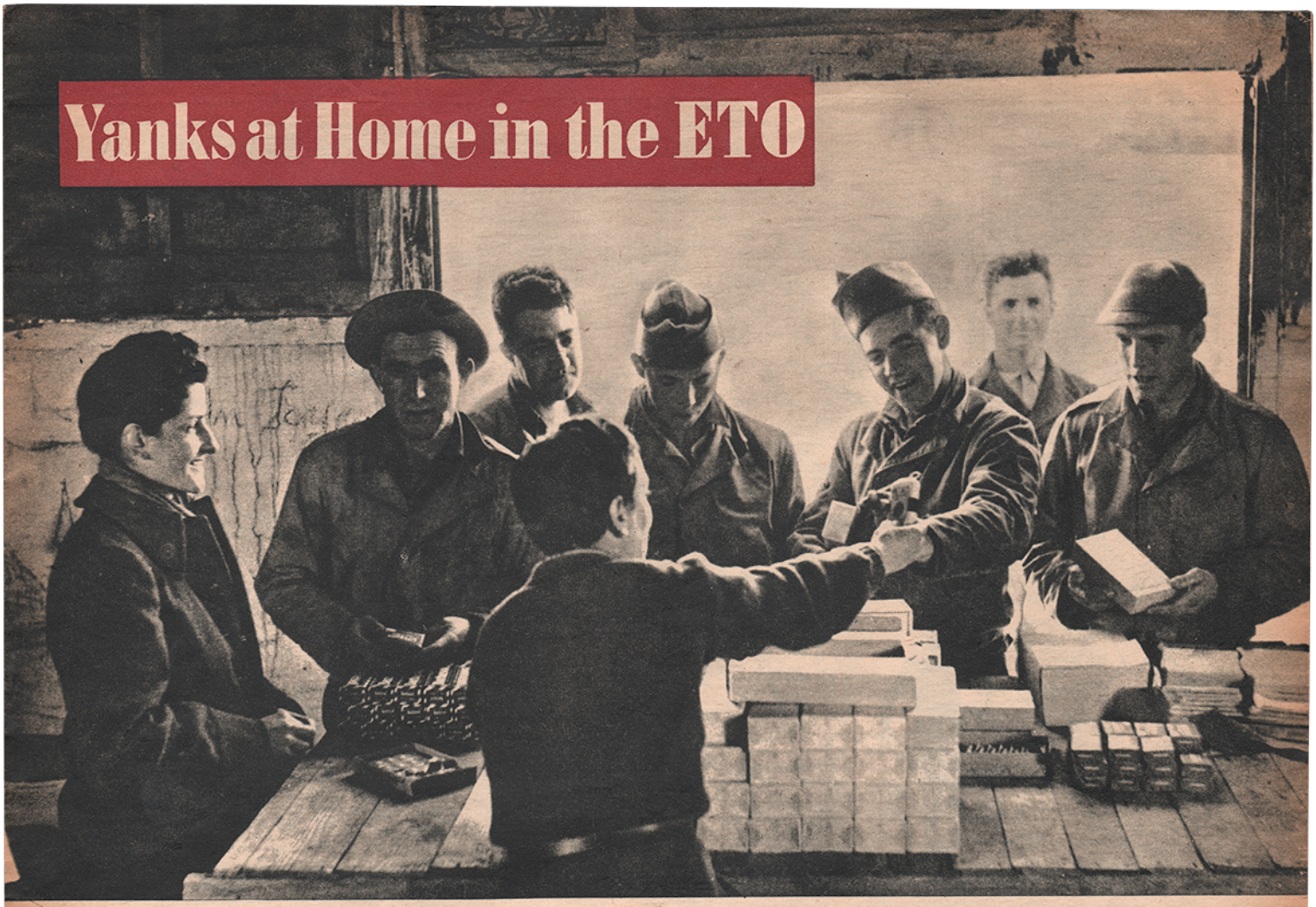
Just as was the case on the Nauru mission, damage to the Liberators was slight and Maj. Gen. Willis H. Hale, commander of the Seventh Air Force, who led both raids, gave his opinion of the operations in a single word: "Roger!"

Returning to their permanent base, the general and his officers and men heard for the first time what the Japs had done to the captured flyers who were in the raid on Tokyo in April 1942.

"We'll comment on that with bombs," promised S/Sgt. Emil Jackson, assistant engineer-gunner from Scobey, Mont.

*Back from bombing distant Nauru Island, tired crewmen report to intelligence officer.*

# Yanks at Home in the ETO



**Les soldats americains, dans bonne vieille Tunisie, sont donnes les Chelseas par deux belles dames francaises. Regardez ces sourires, mon vieux! Mais regardez.***

Two young gentlemen of the rank and file were strolling down a London street not so long ago when they espied, approaching them, a colonel, replete with campaign ribbons, service stripes and eagles—the smartest-looking full colonel, in short, that either of them had ever seen. They straightened up and gave him the old No. 3 Highball, reserved for full colonels and things like that. The resplendent figure returned the salute wearily. Then he stopped the two Joes.

"Say," he said, "you guys got an extra cigarette? I left all mine at the office."

Dazzled, they gave him a Chelsea.

### The Cowboy and the Lady

Standing guard at the door of one of the many London buildings used by the U. S. Army is a Pfc. who, for one reason or another, has been a sergeant nine times in a single year. That, however, is not the fact that places him outside the ordinary run of men. Far from it.

He used to be on a dude ranch in Texas, which, when one considers the fact that he's a Texan, isn't at all surprising. One morning four or five years ago a peer turned up at the ranch, accompanied by his daughter, a Lady in her own right. The future Pfc. convinced her that one *doesn't* ride sidesaddle in Texas, whatever one does in England.

Having been taught the Straddle That Cayuse brand of riding, the peer's daughter came back to England. Came the war. Came the draft. Came the convoy. Came the ex-dude rancher to England. Came one night he was sitting in a restaurant, eating Brussels sprouts *à la mode*. Across the room he saw a familiar face. It was the girl he had taught to ride Texas style.

They fell into conversation. Her father, it turned out, was a general in His Majesty's Forces; she herself was in war work, and had been since the war began. She invited the Pfc. out to parties and other whatnots, until before you could say "Crack that last bottle of brandy, Joe," he was a very fancy Pfc. indeed, much more poised than a certain Greengroin who, thank God, is not looking over our shoulder right now and can't do anything once this piece gets set up in type.

Meanwhile, he kept bouncing up to sergeant and down again, for minor breaches of what we call etiquette. The last word on him, though, is that he has been promoted to corporal. Seems that someone with a loose rating met him at Lord What's-His-Name's party, given in honor of Air Marshal Such-And-Such. If he keeps this up he'll find himself a sergeant again.

### Peeler

We were not completely sure that the British would win this war until we ran into the following little story, in a BBC magazine entitled *London Calling*. Now we are more than certain that at the war's end the Sun Will Never Set, Britannia Will Rule The . . . , etc. A country that can produce people like the man in this tale can never be defeated.

It seems that a British private was rather a problem, so they shipped him to a psychiatrist to find out what was the matter with him. The psychiatrist talked to him for hours, asking him questions, prodding him, probing into his childhood, adolescence, and everything else. At the end of an exhaustive interview the psychiatrist had ascertained only one point. The man liked to peel potatoes. He was, he said, crazy about peeling potatoes.

The psychiatrist thought about it for a while, and then decided to take the private seriously. So he sent him back to his outfit, with a recommendation to his CO that he be put on permanent KP, or something like that, as long as he'd be around the potato sack.

Well, they set the guy to peeling potatoes, and he thrived. There wasn't a better soldier in the whole British Army, and after a decent interval they sent him on leave, figuring to give his hands a rest. Before he went on leave they discovered that he could peel as many potatoes in a given time as any four other men.

When he came back from leave his CO, who had heard about his record, called him in to congratulate him on his devotion to duty. "And what did you do while on leave?" his CO asked.

"Oh," the guy said, "I peeled two tons of potatoes for a pal of mine."

### Magician

It seems that there is one of Capt. Eddie Dowling's boys named Jack Covich, who is a magician from way back, and a T/5 from quite recently. The other night he was entertaining at a rather flash soirée at the Nurses' Club in London, and he discovered that he needed a florin for one of his tricks. He looked around the audience, picked out a man, and asked him if he could borrow two shillings. The man turned out to be the King of Jugoslavia.

He passed over the florin and Covich did the trick, and everything continued smoothly. After the performance, Ambassador Biddle, who was also there, asked Covich if he knew from whom he'd borrowed the florin. Covich said no, so the Ambassador took him over and introduced him to the King.

Covich and the King fell to talking, but not in English, because Covich is Croatian himself. They talked in Croatian, and were both very happy, and Covich showed the King some more tricks. The King was so impressed that he decided to learn how to be a magician himself. He made an appointment with Covich for a day this week and for all we know is well on his way to mastering the fine art of palming a coin.

### Intelligent Man

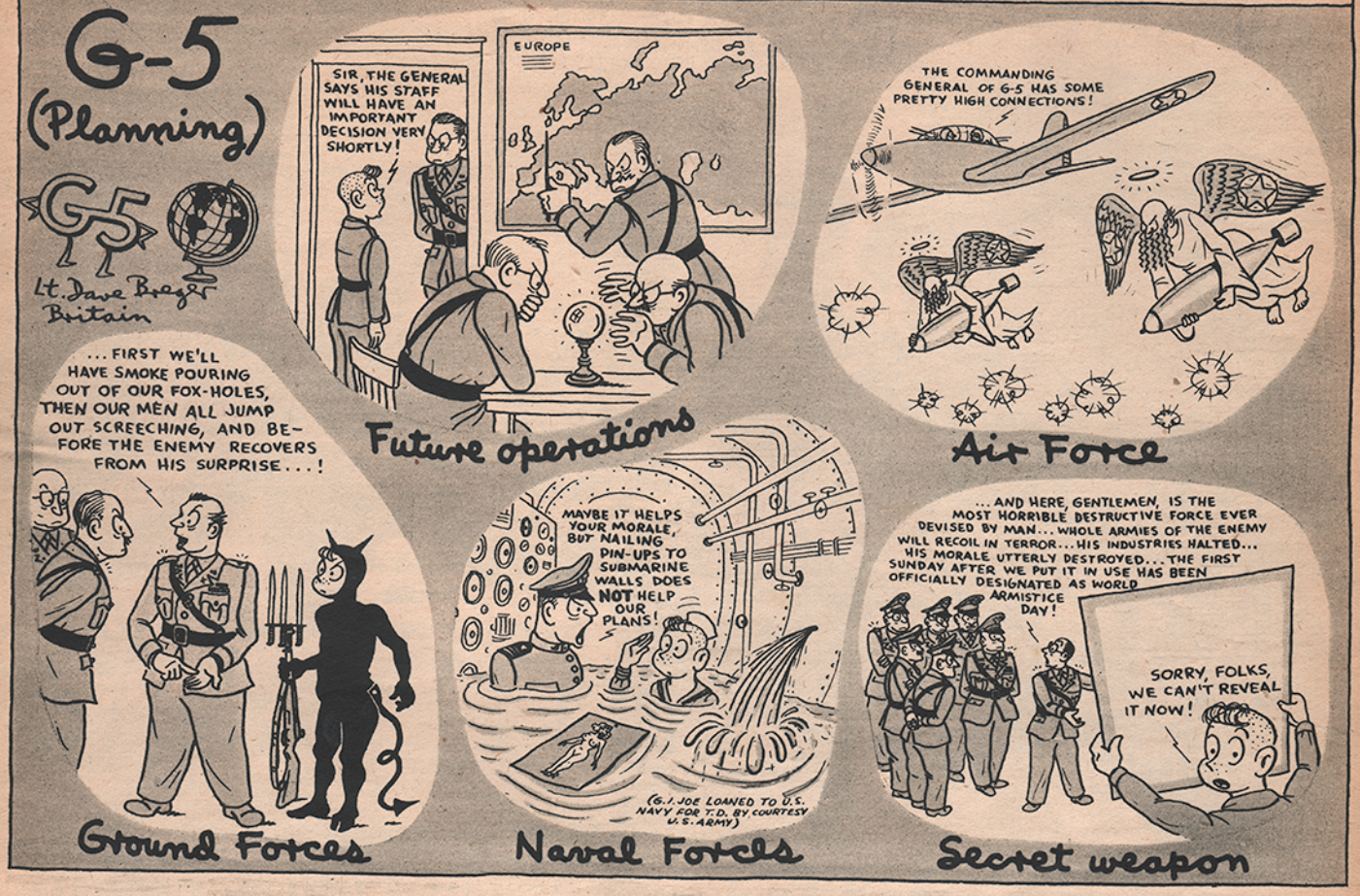
We don't know whether or not you've heard this story, and even if you have it won't do you any harm to hear it again. Anyway, it seems there was an enlisted man at one of London's Army buildings who had to make a dire dash to the dooley. Too much tea in him, or something like that. Well, the EM's dooley was engaged, so the guy, in desperation, leaped into the one reserved for officers. As he came out he was confronted by an irate major who demanded to know what he was doing in there, etc.

"Well, major," the guy said, "I had to, I couldn't in my own, and besides, I got a IQ of 112."

* *We are no surer, frankly, of the French than you are.*

## G.I. JOE

**By Lt. Dave Breger**




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

### Aerial Inventions

Retractable pontoons for seaplanes have been patented: Collapsible to less than one third their blown-up size, they can be pulled into the body or wings of the plane much like the wheels on land-based aircraft. Thus they eliminate the air drag caused by pontoons sticking out in flight. And they also increase the maneuverability and speed. . . .An aircraft windshield that de-ices rapidly and protects the pilot against collisions with birds has been invented. Many accidents because of heavily iced windshields and the collision with gulls, eagles, ducks and geese have heretofore been the cause of many a pilot's death. This new windshield obviates that worry.

A pickaback glider that lifts a heavily-loaded bomber or transport by its bootstraps has just come off the designing board. Fastened to the top of a plane, the glider's wings provide more lifting surface which enables the plane to lift off the ground easily. Once upstairs, the glider is released and its pilot sails back to the airfield.


### Kindness to Animals

Probably through the urging of the SPCA, an entirely new gas mask has been originated for all the G.I. animals in the United States Army. With the threat of chemical warfare nearly always lurking, the QM has issued, to the various outfits with horses, mules and the fighting dogs, gas masks that fit neatly over the nose. They say it takes a special technique to teach the animals that the mask is there for their protection, and please don't throw or tear it off. The QM claims that it should save much of the horsey personnel, and that in all the Allied Armies during the last war, thousands of animals were gassed when a little foresight and ingenuity could have saved them. What, we wonder, are they going to do for the poor carrier pigeons?

### Wives

The unhappiest doggie at Gunter Field, Alabama, is Corporal Ross A. McIlhenny. A short time ago he divorced his wife because his mother-in-law kept butting in on family arguments. Now Ross has discovered that his mother-in-law, the nagger and butter-inner, is coming to Gunter Field as a WAAC shavetail. He wants a transfer to ATTU, quick. . . When Auxiliary Ruth Johnson, formerly a singer with name bands, entertains the guys at Camp Bowie, Texas, her favorite croon job is "He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings," which is what she oughta sing, things being what they are and she being what she is. Her husband is a captain in the AAF in India. . . Sergeant Clem T. Simon, Camp Robinson, Ark., complained to his wife that the metal of his dog tags chilled his delicate little body so—and that if it kept on he just couldn't stand all that chill. She answered promptly and enclosed a pair of knitted dog tag covers. . . Sergeant Charles L. Bragg, Camp Davis, N.C., fell in love forty years ago, quarrelled with his girl, the dope, and never saw her again until early in 1941. Bragg, now 73, felt the flame still burning and married that gal of years ago, who apparently felt the flame also. She is 69.

### G.I. Mascots

At Walnut Ridge (Ark.) Basic Flying School: *Arky*, a fox terrier and mother of four; keeper, Sergeant Raymond Hederman. At Fort Sam Houston, Texas: *Waacy*, a cocker spaniel pup; keeper, WAAC Isabelle Goto. At Camp Pickett, Virginia: *Dagwood* a hoot owl; keeper, Private Mike Capelli. Near Fondouk, Tunisia: *Rommel*, a wild African hare, so called because he was tamed in a few days; keepers, an American Command unit.

**Neigh, it ain't a gag, but a gasmasked mule ready for chemical warfare.**

# A WEEK OF WAR

**The return of a native and the picture of things to come (European version).**

THE hat and the cigar and the V-sign came off the plane at dawn, and the war prepared to get on with itself. Winston Churchill had arrived home from Africa, where he had arrived from America, where he had arrived from England. The Cabinet would know shortly what he and Franklin Roosevelt had cooked up those hot May mornings in Washington; whatever it was, every one knew it boded no good to the military gentlemen who were polishing their monocles on the continent of Europe. Few people knew the thoughts that were buzzing around the Prime Minister's head—a President, a few generals, a few high British and American officials—but the bare fact that he had come back to Britain meant that what had to be settled had been settled. Once more the decisions had been made, as they had been before the troops came off the landing barges on the North African coast. All that remained was the carrying out of the decisions.

For once, everything was in the United Nations' favor. They had the men and the equipment and the opportunity. They even had time on their side, for a change. In the bright late spring of 1943 it was Adolf Hitler & Co., Ltd., who were digging the tank traps, slopping down the concrete, bringing up the flak and saying how crool everything was, how horribly crool. Adolf Hitler & Co., Ltd., had built themselves a beautiful wall along the Atlantic coast, a wall that was just lousy with pillboxes and machine guns and barbed wire and all sorts of other goodies, but the Dritte Reich Construction Co. had forgotten that while Europe had an Atlantic coast it also had a Mediterranean coast, and that the latter was as naked as a baboon's backside. So down to the Mediterranean dashed the German engineers and the German work crews and the German pilots and the everything else that could be spared. The Italians were feeling rather ill, thank you, so any help that Uncle Adolf could spare was more than appreciated. Italy was in such a bad way that her airfields were being bombarded by British submarines. Italy was in such a bad way that a 10-year-old Mongolian idiot, armed with a popgun or a reasonable facsimile thereof, could knock off the country by saying "Boo!" and not very loudly at that.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, sitting at his desk, could look at his world knowing that though still far from good, it was improving. The European theater looked best of all. Down south, around the Mediterranean, the rear end of the Axis was getting the same kind of pasting it had once presented, gratis, to the Ethiopians and the Spaniards. The fury from the air was growing daily. A hundred Flying Fortresses, the largest single force ever to operate from North Africa, smashed Spezia, Italy's main naval base, in six minutes, scaring hell out of a good percentage of the elusive Italian fleet, the same fleet that was recently announced as being ready for action. Still in the softening-up process were the key Italian islands—Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, and little Pantellaria. Each of them hourly expected assault. In Rome, too, the gloom was deep; and on the seven hills from which two thousand years ago the hardy legions had gone forth to rule the known world there was a nervous licking of lips. The first bulwark of totalitarianism was at last beginning to sweat it out. Gone now were the flags and the parades and the "Chay-doo, chay-doo, chay-doo" in the Palazzo Venezia and the Sons of the Wolf and the "Italian Lake" and the tinsel and the trappings and the braid. Present at last were the grim monsters that had stalked the quiet countries, the dragons that had overrun the small and the weak and the supine. Death rode the skies over Italy, and death waited along the beaches of the North African coast, and death rose up from the sea, silently, and met the ship on her serene voyage. Italy had her head in the noose, and already the hangman's hand was reaching for the lever that would let the trap drop.

**Remember, a few years ago, when Mussolini had his cabinet ministers jumping through fiery hoops and things like that? Well, the other foot is in the fire now, if you get what we mean. These are men of a British regiment learning how to chase Italian cabinet ministers.**

And Winston Churchill could look across the narrow channel to the coast of occupied France and north to the coast of occupied Norway. He could grin to himself, because the men in *feldgrau* who crouched behind the beach defenses in both those countries didn't know which way the wind was blowing or where the blow might fall. He could look at the Ruhr and the railroad tracks of Europe, clogged with smashed locomotives and rent tracks, and know that the RAF and the USAAF had done a good job. The Ruhr was a ruin; her arms production had slowed to a trickle; her people were near panic. Neutral observers, reporting from Sweden, Spain and Switzerland, told of the destruction in Dortmund and Essen and all the other Ruhr towns. Beside them Coventry would look as though it hadn't been touched.

And the Far East, Winston Churchill knew, though still behind the European theater, was girding its loins and getting ready for the retribution that must surely come to the octopus that was Japan. The decisions that had been reached in Washington had covered that distant phase of the war as completely as it had the one that spread over Europe. Action in Asia would, naturally, come slower than action in Europe, but it was on the fire, and the fire was being stoked up all the time. In his head Winston Churchill carried all the figures of American production. He knew what was going where, and when it was going. He knew how things in Asia stood.

All in all, he had a right to be satisfied with what he saw. Soon he would be reporting to the House of Commons, which meant that he would be reporting to the world. The world, or at least Winston Churchill's side of it, should have no reason to complain of what he had to tell them.

EVEN the Russians, along their two-thousand mile front, would listen with interest to what England's Prime Minister had to say. In the last few weeks Joe Stalin's boys had shown they had picked up quite a bit from the British. They, too, were smashing at Hitler's rail lines, and when they had smashed things up sufficiently to cause a traffic jam they were coming back and smashing the jam. Hitler in Russia was at last trying a blitz of cities, as he had over England in 1940, and the Russians were awarding the Luftwaffe the same brutal treatment once dished out by the RAF. In a week they nailed 752 Nazi planes, losing only 212 themselves. The Germans were trying a new method of bombing cities. They were sending planes over in waves, at different heights, instead of sending them over en masse at a stated level. But even the new method wasn't working, and the Nazis were forced to return to the old ways.

Whatever the Russian air work was doing, it at least was holding back a threatened German offensive. Hitler could not advance while his communications were being cluttered over half the face of the great slice of the U.S.S.R. he had already cut out for himself. In fact, all things considered, all things summed up, there was a very good chance that Adolf Hitler could never launch an offensive action again. He was a beat up old boy, was Adolf Hitler. It was nearly time to see how he was on defense.

**Commandos of the British Navy practising a spot of invasion. That X on the landing barge does not mark the spot, because no one knows where the spot is.**

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

# In New Guinea

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

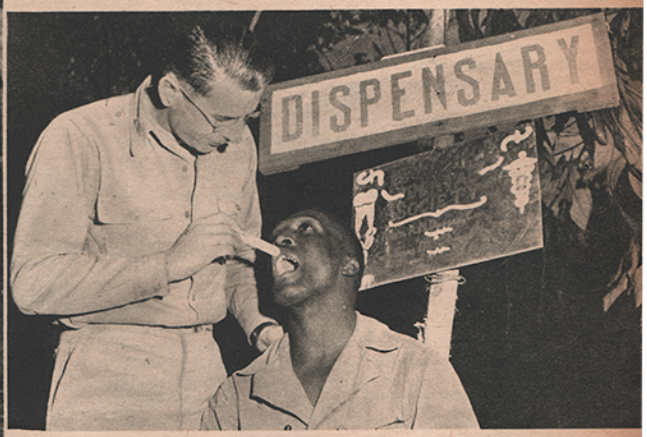
**4 PERFORMERS.** Left: Two performers in New Guinea's first USO show. Right: Pvt. Dom Novarro and Pfc. George Melvin make music with the soup.

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

# In India

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

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




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

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

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

# NEWS FROM HOME

## Congress passed the Pay-As-You-Go Plan, Charlie Chaplin was Sued by a Girl in the Family Way, and the Coal Strike Ended

**THAT food conference at Hot Springs, Va., attended by 500 delegates from 45 United Nations, has ended. In the midst of all the shouting about secrecy, ineptitude and whatnot, you may have lost track of the main idea of the conference, which was that it was trying to do something about feeding the post-war world.**

Now that the conference has ended, you'll hear a lot more about it having reached only vague conclusions.

What actually came out of that conference was revolutionary. The delegates scotched emphatically the idea that people should eat only on their ability to pay.

The conclusion reached—simple enough for a child to understand, and one which has been kicked around plenty by the economy of scarcity experts—is that the world is a great agricultural producing field, capable of growing more than enough to supply all the people of the world with enough to eat.

The unanimous agreement is that it just doesn't make sense to plow under crops, burn coffee and slaughter pigs to keep prices up, when millions of starving human beings could be making good use of said food.

Briefly, what they are doing with Spam (God help us!) they can do with roast beef.

Maybe the die-hard conservatives call this kind of a conclusion vague, but to millions of people who haven't had a square meal in a good many years, it makes a lot of sense.

**The spectators were just as excited then as any crowd that ever attended Jack Dempsey's biggest fights in the Madison Square Garden. They expected plenty of action. And they got it. The ex-champ looked much older and more tired than he did in the days of the roaring twenties, but the first round in his present fight was all in his favor. His contestant, Hannah Williams, had a nervous breakdown two days after their divorce trial in White Plains, N.Y., opened. But the show went on, and the testimony was juicier than ever. It all evolved around the alleged love life of Mrs. Dempsey and Benny Woodall, ex-fight promoter.**

Detective Ned Peterson, whom Dempsey hired to raid his wife's Los Angeles apartment, said:

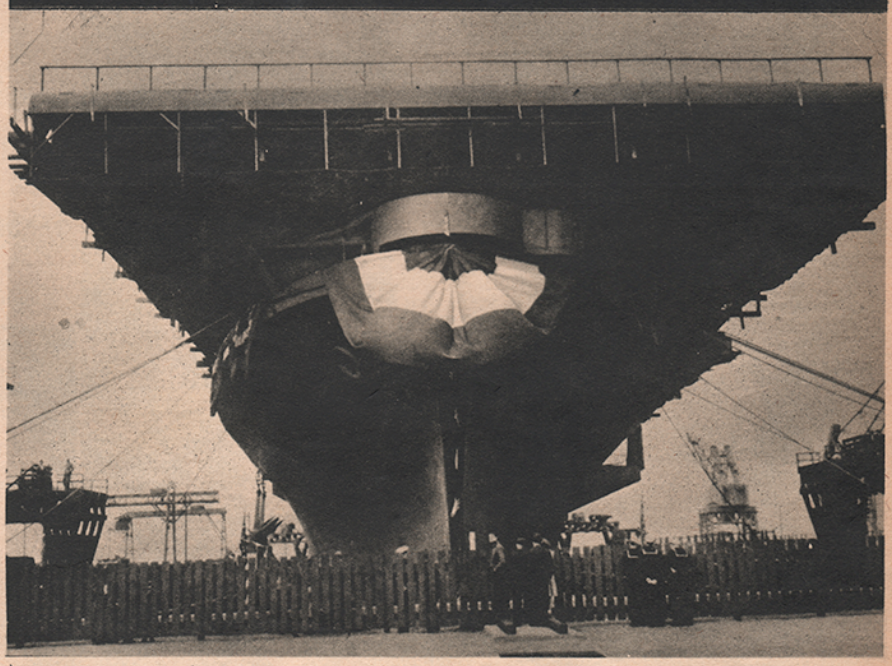
**"We went into the bedroom and Dempsey turned on the light. Woodall came running out of the bedroom with Dempsey behind him. Then I heard Dempsey yell that Woodall was on his back and I went into the living room to help Dempsey. Woodall was throwing his fists around trying to hit every one."**

The detective said that Woodall was barefooted and wore trousers and undershirt and was trying to get into a woman's red coat when he ran from the bedroom and "back in the bedroom." He added:

"Mrs. Dempsey was sitting up in bed, she wore light blue pajamas and was clutching the covers to her bosom. Woodall came in and sat on the edge of the bed and she said, 'Oh, darling, what are these people trying to do?'"

Dempsey, according to the detective, was said to have replied, "This is a nice way to treat me while I'm out defending my country and you're running around with a rat. You're a no good rat, too, for getting mixed up with him." The apartment house manager testified she found blood in every room in the apartment and that Dempsey paid $151 for damages.

Michael Siderliek, former bellhop, who is now in the U. S. Coast Guard, told of frequent visits by Mrs. Dempsey to Woodall's New York apartment. She took the elevator to the ninth floor, he said, and then walked up to Woodall's apartment on the tenth. A housekeeper testified that a photo of Mrs. Dempsey was on Woodall's bureau with the inscription, "Lovingly."



The usual Japanese flyer's view of a U. S. aircraft carrier. It's the new U.S.S. "Intrepid."

**The five-day coal strike, which cost the nation ten million tons of coal and threatened to disrupt the war production effort, ended when the policy committee of the United Mine Workers ordered the 560,000 soft-coal miners to return to their pits by June 7. John L. Lewis failed to act until President Roosevelt and Fuel Co-ordinator Harold L. Ickes brought pressure. The President issued this stern order:**

**"As President and commander-in-chief I order and direct the miners return to their work on Monday, June 7. I must remind the miners they are working for the government on essential war work and it is their duty, no less than their sons and brothers in the armed forces, to fulfil their war duties."**

Lewis refused to budge even after that statement. Ickes, as government operator of the mines, set June 7 as the deadline. Lewis then reluctantly "recommended" to the UMW policy committee that they order the miners to return. The miners and operators were fifty cents apart in their negotiations. The union was demanding a raise of $2-a-day and the operators agreed to the $1.50 figure.

Gov. Prentice Cooper of Tennessee and Gov. Chauncey M. Sparks of Alabama issued "work or fight" orders and began reclassifying miners who have been given occupational deferment from the draft. The Robertson County (Tenn.) draft board refused to induct more men until the strike ended.

The House considered a harsh anti-strike bill which would make it unlawful for any person to encourage work interruption at property seized by the Government. The bill provides fines and prison terms for guilty parties and requires secret strike votes in war plants. A 30-day cooling-off period is also provided once strike action is voted and the unions are forbidden to make political contributions and compelled to register with the Government and file periodic financial statements.

**Charlie Chaplin, 54-year-old screen comedian, was named by Joan Barry, 23-year-old movie aspirant, as the father of her unborn child in a paternity suit filed in Los Angeles. She is asking $10,000 for pre-natal care, $5,000 court costs, and $2,500 monthly allowance for the support of the unborn infant. Redheaded Joan was under contract to Chaplin for a year, and she recently received a 30-day jail term for loitering near his home. Speaking of her business connections with the actor, Joan said, "I was in seventh heaven. I went to his house every night, then he dropped me. I owed a big hotel bill and tried to kill myself but they found me in time." Joan claimed the child was conceived in December.**

The thrice-divorced Chaplin said, "I am not responsible for Miss Barry's condition."

Mrs. Cyrus W. Cunningham, 37, of Muncie, Ind.,

Film star Hedy Lamarr, 28, and British actor John Loder, 44, after their wedding in Beverly Hills.

Harry Goldman, witness in the Jack Dempsey divorce trial, with Kay Sheridan, Jack's secretary.

**At the launching of Destroyer Escort 29 at the Mare Island Navy Yard, Calif., Mrs. S. L. Owen, sponsor, doused herself and all within range.**

bore her 19th child and said she was feeling "wonderful." Laundries in Wilmington, Del., were so shorthanded that housewives had to iron their own dresses and fancy apparel. The superintendant of the Kellyville, Okla., school system said more girls than boys signed up for farm work.

Congress this week considered a cradle-to-the-grave social security plan which would expand and revise the present setup. The bill calls for a 12 per cent payroll tax with six per cent contributions from employer and worker alike. It covers loss of income through unemployment, illness, temporary or permanent disability and old age. Discharged servicemen and women would be eligible to unemployment insurance ranging from $12 to $32 weekly for 52 weeks.

**WAAC bandswomen entertained passengers when their train was derailed near Mitchellville, Iowa. And Pvt. Rita Smith, New Albany, Ind., now stationed in a WAAC camp in Louisville, Ky., disclosed the following entries in her diary for a one-week period: Asked for dates, 26 times; whistled at, 389 times; danced with 89 times; stood up zero.**

Fritz, 5-year-old German shepherd dog owned by Clifford Lee of Atlantic City, N.J., was back home after flunking an Army course at Gulfport, Miss. His service record says, "Wags his tail won't bare teeth."

Congress finally passed the pay-as-you-go tax bill and sent it to the White House for the President's signature. It provides full abatement of a full year's tax liability to all taxpayers with an obligation under $50, cancellation of $50 for those with a liability between $50 and $66 and a 75 per cent cancellation for all with greater tax obligations. The joker in the latter stipulation applies to whichever income was lower, 1942 or 1943. Starting July 1 wage and salary earners will have 20 per cent of their taxable income withheld at the source.

**The bill does not affect servicemen. Beginning with 1943 servicemen are allowed an exemption of $1,500 in addition to regular civilian exemptions. Single soldiers' exemption is $2,000 ($500 regular, plus $1,500 special exemption).**

Alfred and Alice Johnson sued each other for divorce in Chicago. Alfred's petition listed the following grievances: Alice had him arrested and tossed in the clink a dozen times; he won a turkey and brought several of his friends home for dinner and found the bird burned and dressed in the vest of his best Sunday suit; Alice slept with an iron pipe beside her; put red pepper in his stenographer's compact.

Alice's story had this: "Alfred had 25 suits and three spring coats while I had nothing."

The War Department announced that 17,083 American soldiers are now in Axis hands. Japan has 11,307, Germany 3,312 and Italy 2,464. The War Department also disclosed that 36,688 Axis prisoners are in 21 United States prison camps. Germans numbered 22,110; Italians 14,516.

**The Utah State Prison baseball team was crippled by the escape of star pitcher Edward Myers, 39, serving life for being a habitual criminal. Myers was gone 24 hours without being missed until the Salt Lake City Tribune received an anonymous telephone tip from a woman.**

Kansas City liquor supplies were so low that bottle sales were halted, and in Ohio drinkers must buy their liquor from the store nearest their homes since zoning of all state liquor stores went into effect. The Massachusetts state legislature repealed the law against 18-inch hatpins.

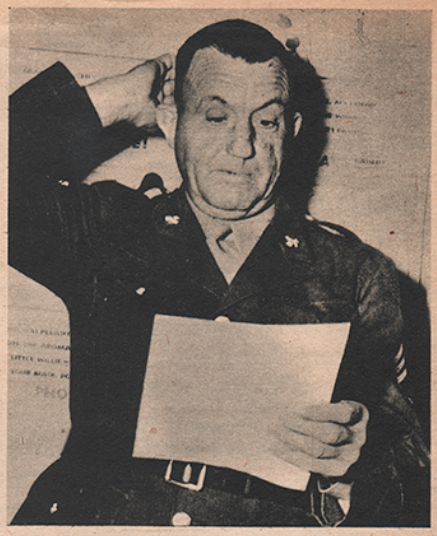
Best sellers this week: Fiction, *The Robe*, by Lloyd C. Douglas; *The Human Comedy*, by William Saroyan; and *Valley of Decision*, by Walter Davenport. Non-fiction: *One World*, by Wendell Willkie; *On Being a Real Person*, by Harry Emerson Fosdick; and *Between The Thunder and The Sun*, by Vincent Sheean.

Marlene Dietrich and her daughter, Maria, will entertain soldiers overseas. Bess Ehrhardt will rejoin the "Ice Follies" in Seattle after an absence of more than a year. Joe E. Brown is drawing up his South Pacific experiences for a film script to be called *Gone With The Draft*.

Janet Snowden Gill, oil heiress and wife of an Army officer, jumped in the nude to her death from a New York hotel window. Doctor Allan Dafoe, who attended the Dionne quintuplets, died at 59.

Gypsy Rose Lee, the strip girl, and her Ma will settle their money problems out of court. Ma was suing Gypsy for non-support last week.

Gordon Weaver, 18, was listed by Chicago cops as the most jealous husband on record. First, he forced his wife to marry him by threatening to kill her, then he killed her cat because his "wife was too fond of it." When the cops nabbed him he was making a bomb which he was going to use to blast his draft board out of their headquarters.



**Not the first perplexed sergeant you've ever seen, but one with good reason to be puzzled. S/Sgt. John R. Brown got a draft notice, after 24 years in the Army.**

**President Roosevelt once again warned the Axis powers that there would be "terrible consequences to the Axis people" if plans to use gas, as reportedly contemplated by the enemy, were carried out.**

Citing reports that have come out of the enemy countries that significant preparations for the use of poisonous gas have been noted, the President stated emphatically that the fullest possible retaliation would follow.

Making it clear that the use of gas against any of the United Nations would be considered as being used against the United States itself, the President warned:—

"We promise to any perpetrators of such crimes full and swift retaliation in kind, and I feel obliged now to warn the Axis armies and the Axis peoples in Europe and in Asia that the terrible consequences of any use of these inhumane methods on their part will be brought down swiftly and surely upon their heads."

**Arrested in Georgetown, Colo., for assaulting a grocer who asked him for food stamps, Alex Anderson, a hermit, said he had never heard of rationing. Judge Henry W. Clements, of Plainfield, N.J., fined his wife five dollars for violating blackout regulations. The judge's wife said she had been taking a bath and did not hear the siren.**

**Three of the men who attended the United Nations Food Conference; H. C. Coombs, of Australia, Dr. Warren Kelchner, and Judge Marvin Jones. They ain't hungry, thank you.**

**Three of the dames who took down the words of the men who attended the Food Conference.**

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

# SPENCER, Iowa

***Continuing its series of visits to American towns and observing how they have been affected by the war, YANK inspects this Iowa county seat. Watch for your own town. It may appear here soon.***

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer


SPENCER, IOWA—This town has been hard hit by the war.

It continues to throw punches, but by instinct now—like a top-flight boxer who has just been dealt a terrific clout on the whiskers.

Like the rest of Iowa (a state whose representatives think nothing of getting up in Congress or at a convention and singing the Iowa Corn Song with uplifted right arms to indicate the stature of purebred Iowa corn), this wealthy pint-sized metropolis in Iowa's northwest is not at all backward about advertising itself. It is, in fact, one of the smartest promotion towns in the country.

Only Spencer's promotions are beginning to take on a hollow, uncertain ring.

It is the manpower shortage that hurts the most. With 1,000 men gone into service and the farm boys, like Kenneth Kehoe, waiving deferment every day, the county is literally stripped.

At a Chamber of Commerce meeting at the Tangney Hotel recently, a discussion was held about such traditional events as the simultaneous unveiling of all spring displays in the store windows along Grand Avenue (which everyone still calls Main Street). When the discussion was over, a gentleman from outlying Okoboji got to his feet and said, "That's all very fine, gentlemen, but how about the farm-labor shortage? If we don't get the crops planted, what's the good of window displays?"

During the lengthy debate which followed, every possible source of manpower was considered. No answer could be found. The problem finally was solved when the members of the Chamber of Commerce *themselves* agreed to go to work in the fields after business hours. As plump Paul Morony wincingly expressed it, they will even handle manure.

Spencer claims to have (and does not hesitate to promote) the finest corn and hogs in America, the cutest corn-fed cuties in America, one of the three blue-water lakes in the Western Hemisphere, some of the finest hunting and fishing in the Central States, and one of the great popcorn centers of the country. Its Clay County Fair was modestly advertised as the World's Greatest County Fair and played to 100,000 people a year.

But now the popcorn and the cuties and the hunting have fallen off. And the Fairgrounds are empty save for old Eddie Swanson, who unfailingly makes a daily tour of inspection of the ghostlike premises. Eddie just can't comprehend that the fair is no more, and he locks stray dogs in the ladies' rest room to prevent them from harming imaginary children.

E. Joy Roberts, insurance salesman de luxe, used to advertise the fair by touring the Midwest in a gaudy streetcar body mounted on a truck chassis. This would bring in curious customers from a thousand miles around. Now Roberts concentrates his efforts on such things as teaching first aid, superintending horse racing, dressing up as Santa Claus at Christmas time and walking pet raccoons on chains down Grand Avenue. Only incidentally does he sell insurance.

The general emptiness of the town is everywhere apparent. When Betty Sharpe of the *Daily Reporter* was asked to assist on interviews for this story, she curtly declined at first, saying, "I haven't seen anyone in his 20s in so long, I wouldn't know how to act." Trealor's juke joint on the edge of town is dead and tottering on the brink of destruction. So is the Woodcliff. Hammer's on Grand Avenue took over the pool hall next door, put in illuminated murals of Lake Okoboji and named it the Lakeview Room. Now it is desolate, too.

Okoboji, the blue-water lake where everyone has a summer cottage, will be empty this year. It is too far to get to on three gallons of gas a week. The town's two pool parlors, the Scoreboard and the Broadway, have settled down to a sedate existence of older men playing Snooker. The Double-Cola plant on the edge of town is closed; no sugar. The Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad donated an entire bridge to the scrap drive.

A mob of the girls followed Margaret Mauer into the WAVES and Erline Hull into the WAAC. Others went to California for war jobs or to Texas Army camps for husbands. Saturday night on Grand Avenue used to be a traffic problem similar to Times Square at theater time. Now Police Chief Reese Cowan, who took over when R. A. Peterson became a major in the MPs, can safely go home on Saturday night and have a good night's sleep. At the end of every month, when the storekeepers' rations run low, a bottle of coke or a pint of ice cream is impossible to get.

All the softball leagues have been canceled. When the Golf Club reopens for the summer—under extremely limited circumstances—the new manager, custodian, master of ceremonies, concessionaire and golf pro will be 17-year-old Bill Loder, who last year was a caddy.

SOME things have remained the same. The kids still jam Bjorstad's Drug Store every day after school. East Fourth Street is still called Diaper Row, more so than ever now because of the heavy production schedules maintained by the young married couples residing therein. Leech Field, the high-school stadium, still floods when the Little Sioux and Ocheydam Rivers break loose in the spring. Leather-lunged Bill Todd rattles the rafters as auctioneer at the Thursday livestock market. The kids go swimming in the bottomless sand pits excavated by Pete Nelson's tile and cement factory. Old Pete, who is now playing around with instantaneous battery chargers for the armed forces, still indulges in his peculiar hobby of stocking every available body of water with goldfish.

Movies and bridge are still the backbone of the social life of the town. The Spencer and Fraser Theaters are doing extremely well, especially when an Errol Flynn picture is on the bill. Bootleggers still beat the strict Iowa liquor laws by running stuff down from over the Minnesota border. The kids still park on the West School driveway, if they are not particular, or out past the cemetery over the river, if they are.

The high-school teams are still absorbing beatings from their traditional rivals, Spirit Lake. They got licked 24-22 and 25-23 in basketball. In football last fall, Spencer was leading 3-0 with less than 30 seconds left to play. Then the referee signaled mistakenly that the game was over, and the exultant crowd poured out on the field. Worse than that, the Spencer team began to *leave* the field. In the confusion, the Spirit Lake quarterback threw a forward pass into the territory vacated by Spencer fullback Dick Lawson, who was just then climbing into his car at the other end of the stadium. Spirit Lake won, 7 to 3.

Del Blake has taken over the mayor's office in City Hall since he beat Dr. Golly in 1942, but Attorney Cornwall is still supposedly running the town from his office on Grand Avenue. The farmers are getting the usual bumper crops out of Clay County's rich black soil; 95 percent of them filed federal income-tax returns this year, some reporting gross incomes of more than $10,000.

The town had a military installation for a while, when an Army Glider Training School moved onto the Fairgrounds for three months before the cold drove it back to Texas. On this occasion, one of the town's earlier promotions backfired and caused acute embarrassment. Some time before, the site of the airport had been moved. In the moving, someone had neglected to change the conspicuous air markings pointing the way to the old airport. As a result, when the Ferry Command transports came flying in with the troops and gliders, they landed unceremoniously in a cornfield.

War or no war, though, the town is on the ball. It is suggestively eyeing three possible sources of promotion and already has begun the beating of drums in their behalf. These are 1) a bomber plant, 2) an Army bombardier school and 3) an OWI film depicting Spencer as the typical American farming community.

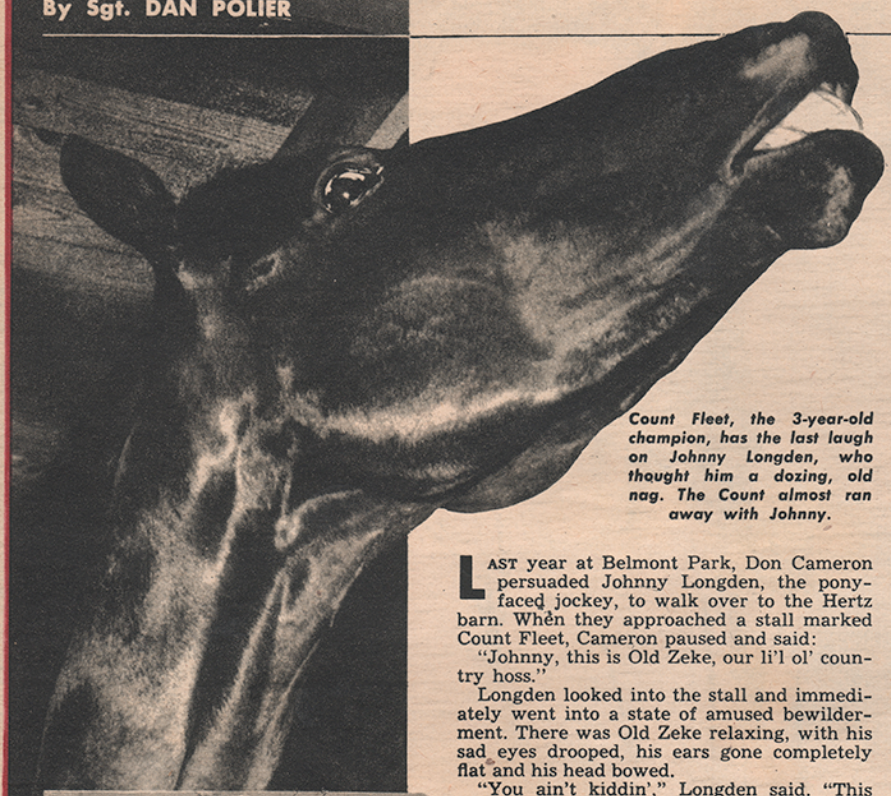
## Marjorie Lord

*The biography of this young lady reveals that she preferred acting to a business career, a decision which was something of a break for your eyes. Marjorie's latest movie is Universal's "Sherlock Holmes in Washington."*

# SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**LEADING LADIES.** Members of New York's Medinah Club team, competing in the swimming championships at Chicago

**A MEMORY the Giants will gladly forget.** Joey Burns, Boston third baseman, steals home while Chester Ross completes his swing.



## ARTIE THE CRYSTAL GAZER

"ME planets is in the pink," Artie Greengroin said. "This is going to be a great year for Greengroin."

"It already has been," we said. "You've only been in the clink once."

"Thass a minor pernt," Artie said. "What I mean is from now on the woild is going to smile on me. That doll had the right idea, awright."

"What doll?" we wanted to know.

"Aw, the fortune telling doll," Artie said. "The one I seen."

"You mean you've been to a fortune teller?" we asked.

"Yeah," Artie said. "On occasions a guy needs a little moral uplift. Sometimes you get wunnering if the future is going to entirely be matter of topkicks and pertaters. It's a terrible pitcher, a future like that. So you trot around to a telepather to see what's in the cards. You can fine out plenty from a smart dame."

"You sure can," we said.

"Would you think to look at me," Artie said, "that I'm going to come into a million fish before I'm 37 years old?"

"Offhand," we said, "no, we wouldn't."

"Thass oney one of the things this fortune teller tole me," Artie said. "I am also going to be a Captain in the good ole QMC."

"When?" we asked.

"If some people wasn't so acquisitive they might fine out more things," Artie said. "The dame didn't go into no details. But I got a feeling she knows herself. Sometimes I give meself a gander in the glass and I says 'Artie, yer a borned captain. This Pfc. business is merely a stepping stone on the road to power.' Thass what I says on occasion. I been a Pfc. long enough, gawdam it."

"It doesn't seem like very long," we said.

"Lissen," Artie said, "I been a Pfc. so long that I worn out three sets of stripes."

"They're not making them of such good material these days," we said.

Artie sighed and stared at the sky. "A captain," he said. "A millionaire. I tell you, ole boy, after I knock off this million, drop around some day and I'll give you a job in me organization."

"What organization?" we wanted to know.

"How the hell I know what organization," said Artie. "A guy's got a million fish, he's got a organization. Maybe I'll have me a trucking business. Maybe I'll corner all the hoises in Berklyn. Thass a good idea. I can even think up a motter. If yer stiff, Greengroin hauls yer. How's that, ole boy?"

"Grim," we said.

"So's life, ole boy," Artie said. He nodded to himself in a grim, lifelike way.

"What else did this fortune teller have to say?" we asked.

"Oh," said Artie, "she tole me when the war's going to end."

"A very interesting subject," we said. "When's the date?"

Artie shook his head. "Thass something I can't tell yer, ole boy," he said. "Not that it comes unner the ole security business nor anything like that. It's merely on the grounds of moral grounds. Unnerstand?"

"Certainly not," we said. "And neither do you."

"Now don't go off like a gawdam rummy," Artie said. "After all, yer talking to a future captain. What I tell yer I tell yer for your own good and what I don't tell yer I don't tell yer for yer own good. Now, for instance, suppose I tole you when the war was going to be over and suppose it was going to be in four months, why, you'd say, 'The hell with it, I guess I'll jess coast along these lass four months,' and your efficiency would lapse. And suppose I told you it wasn't going to be over even in four years, why, you'd say, 'The hell with it, I'm going crazy,' and then you'd go crazy and they'd slip yer a Section 8 and discharge yer from the Army and you wouldn't be no good any more. Thass why I don't tell yer. If I was a ole bassar like the top I'd probably tell yer the whole story with a grin on me puss and then sit around watching you get looney. But I ain't a ole bassar, so I'm keeping me trap closed."

"All right," we said, "you win."

"Oh, I didn't tell you about her personally, did I?" Artie said. "About the fack that she was a darb of a doll?"

"You certainly didn't," we said.

"Well, she was," said Artie. "And when she picked up me hand to read me palm it was like feathers floating on me finners. I was moved."

"Wasn't it dark in her place?" we asked.

"Aw, sure," Artie said. "But I awways say that you can tell what a dame is like by the way she feels you. Don't get me wrong, now."

"Oh, no," we said.

"And this dame had a very nice verce in the bargain," Artie said. "I bet her eyes are blue. Anyways, she tole me I was going to meet a doll with blue eyes in the very near future."

"The present," we said, "is not the very near future."

"I am in no mood to go into a discussion of logics and that sore of thing," Artie said.

"What?" we asked.

"Lissen," Artie said, "you're pretty gawdam fresh terday. I jess want you to know yer talking to a future captain and a future millionaire."

At that point a wizened little private sidled up to Artie. "You Greengroin?" he whispered.

"Thass me, Greengroin," Artie said. "Wass on yer mine, little man?"

"The mess sergeant wants to see yer," the little man whispered.

"Wass he want to see me about?" Artie asked.

"Pertaters, I think," the little man said. "He wants yer to put their eyes out. He says yer a torturer. You don't look like no torturer to me." The little man sidled off.

"Well," Artie said, "thass life, ain't it? Still, I got me captaincy to look forward to. I can be patience itself. When I go back to that doll I'll pick up some more nice doit about meself."

"Are you going back?" we asked.

"Aw, sure," Artie said. "As soon as I get in a craps game and hook some more dough."

"How much did the fortune teller cost?" we wanted to know.

"Five quid," Artie said, "but she gimme the whole woiks and her hands was like feathers."

# ADDITIONAL NOTES ON DIRTY GERTIE

**(Sgt. Paul Rief, tunesmith, famous for his "Isle of Capri," has just composed music to "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte," in answer to the hue and cry for a song to go with this famous African chant. Not content with this accomplishment, Sgt. Rief has also accepted our invitation to keep the Army posted on news of hit songs in the States as received by him from his many friends on Tin Pan Alley.)**

Dear YANK:

TIN PAN ALLEY and the Hit Parade have gone into a musical calm the last few months, judging from the letters I've just received from the States. As a result, most of the current tunes to which every one is singing and dancing date back to last year. Some were getting started before the African invasion began.

One reason for the dearth of new tunes for public consumption is the dragged-out fight of the Musician's Union with the radio chains. Publishers are holding back new numbers because outlets are uncertain and no new recordings are being made, the majority of name singers and bands holding off until the argument is settled.

Favorite war tunes still are "Praise the Lord," "Stage-Door Canteen," "This Is The Army," "Worth Fighting For," and "Buckle Down, Buck Private." But the folks back home are still waiting for the war song of this conflict to come along, the song every one says the American soldiers will sing, "as they march through the streets of Berlin and Tokyo." There are two new songs which have been separately hailed as the song—"There'll Never Be Another War," and "Coming In On A Wing," and "A Prayer"—but as far as we're concerned, we'll wait and see.

Topping the nation's song hits is a tune called "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," another one of Duke Ellington's compositions.

Number 2 on the Hit Parade for weeks has been a tune from the film *Casablanca*, called "As Time Goes By." A sentimental ballad, the tune was written some ten years ago and faded soon after it was introduced.

Another on the popularity list is an old rumba by Xavier Cugat called "Brazil." Other tunes on the big-time are "Me And My Gal," "What's The Good Word, Mr. Bluebird," "Dream of Tomorrow," "I Can't Be Wrong," and "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To."

One song we haven't heard is "There's A Harbor Of Dream Boats," which is climbing.

While we're wondering what they're singing back home, everybody there is wondering how "Dirty Gertie" goes. April 17 issue of Billboard mentioned in an article "the most popular song among soldiers in North Africa is called 'Dirty Gertie From Bizerte.'"

The type of music expected to be popular in the post-war world also is under discussion. Dr. E. Burgess, University of Chicago's sociologist, foresees music influenced by South American and by desert rhythms.

In any case, he states, a victory of the United Nations will result in another happy, "jazzy" and carefree era.

The "Frivolous Fifties," Doctor Burgess?

Sgt. PAUL REIF
Special Correspondent

*Africa.*

Dear YANK:

Songs come in and songs go out. This Dirty Gertie certainly does. We submit a few verses of our own.

## END OF THE TRAIL

Dirty Gertie from Bizerte
"Miss Latrine" since 1930,
Blossomed out like rumors do
And how that lady's legend grew.

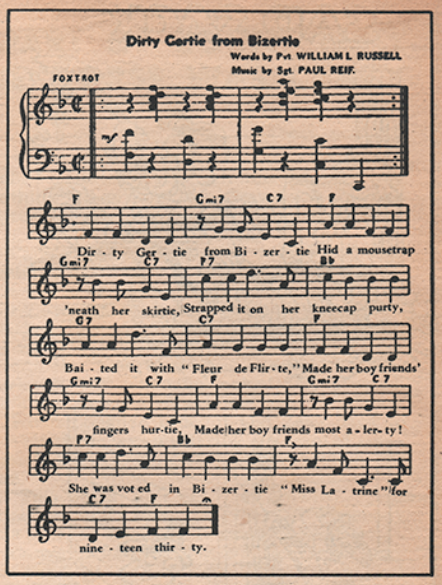
Her shape was touted as divine
From Tunis to the Mareth Line.
Her contours difficult to gain
As any drive on rough terrain.

Her name was held from Sfax to Bone,
And soldiers lying taut and prone
Before the onslaught on Mateur,
Said: "Soon we'll meet this gal for sure."

At last they marched into Bizerte,
And met up with the famous Gertie;
Alas, their many hopes died young,
**For Gertie's mousetrap had been sprung!**

St/Sgt. JOHN HINES, Jr.

*Africa.*




Dear YANK:

Please, please, stop shooting the breeze about this "Dirty Gertie From Bizerte" stuff. After reading between the lines of that Gertie piece you ran a couple of issues back. I've been planning to spend my seven days furlough that I got coming down there in Africa, rooting around to find that gal. I know she exists. So let's start a campaign telling all the G.I.s to look around for this chicken. I'd hate to end up down there, furlough ended and no way to get back. What do you say?

Sgt. HARRY RUSKIN

*Britain.*

# MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:

One of our beloved sergeants, S/Sgt. Bobby Schmalz, thought he was having the morning-after sensations when the imitation snake in the picture was found lying on his bunk. When he got over his shock, the sergeant decided to get into practice for the day when he's shipped to India. We call him "King Cobra Schmalzy" now.

Cpl. MERLE E. MAINE

*Hill Field, Utah.*

## Smoke in Whose Eyes?

Dear YANK:

Isn't that an awful joke to play on us poor doggies? I quote from that amazing newspaper report that you printed in May 30th YANK. "Chelsea's are richer to your taste—a rich blend of 16 select grades of imported and domestic tobacco." Say, could you tell me the name of these 16 blends? I want to ignore them all in the future.

Pfc. WILLIAM JENKINS

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

So a New York newspaper thinks that Chelsea has solved the cigarette mystery? In your May 30th issue you printed a tear sheet stating that Chelsea was the best selling cigarette in London today, that the American soldier seemed to prefer it. I don't know. That ad. reads pretty but the whole thing is still a mystery to me. And I'm not kidding.

Sgt. KENNETH PETERSON

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

At long last the mystery is solved. In your May 30th issue of YANK, on your ETO page, you ran a piece on the Chelsea cigarette, saying that it was the best selling cigarette among American troops in London. Now, personally I've often wondered what the best selling cigarette among American soldiers in London was. Seems pretty important to the war effort. Thank you, YANK. It's most illuminating to know that the Chelsea is helping us dogfaces to win the war. Ain't it? Ain't it just?

Pvt. GEORGE HARKER

*Britain.*

## Typewriters that Jingle Jangle

Dear YANK:

Enclosed herewith please find some very excellent verse for use in your publication if you think so too!

### *Ode to a Meteorological Officer*

The nephoscopic inference shows turbulent confusion,
A cold front and a warm one in the form of an occlusion
Are bringing altocumulus with evidence emphatic . . .
Convectional disturbances entirely katabatic.
The tropospheric lapse rate and synoptic indication,
With relative humidity will cause precipitation,
The forecast for the area shows every possibility
Of orographic stratus and haboobal visibility.
Thus speaks the noble Met. man, his face all (cirrus) clouded,
His words all nimbostratic and his meaning fog-enshrouded!
O come into the open, friend! O clarify your brain!
Just say it's looking cloudy and you think it's going to rain!

By P.M.M.
E. A. SPRINGALL,
W/Cdr., R.A.F.

*Britain.*

Dear YANK:

I have just read your "Poem for Britain" through for about the twentieth time, and still think that the swell guy that wrote it deserves all my congratulations. I sincerely hope that he gets "in the mood" again pretty soon, as we Britishers could do with a lot more such stuff from you of the inverted V. I might add that YANK is my favorite magazine.

W.A.A.F. DIANE

*Britain.*

## Man of Goodwill

Dear YANK:

Being engaged on liaison duties with the USAAF I am able to get a copy of YANK each week.

Your articles on current events are most interesting, and I consider that your editorial will help to promote Anglo-American friendship quicker than anything else.

Keep on with the good work, YANK, it certainly is a magazine for the men in the service, and I don't mean American only.

J. F. COWLEY, Sgt., R.A.F.

Dear YANK:

Last week I read an article sent by some sailor's. I being one myself was looking forward to see a little piece about the sailor's, in this weeks copy. I imagine I look through your magazine a hundred times and came out with no success. And I can say that I was certainly disappointed.

So far, we sailor's, have been feeling we're on a lonely island. How true that is I don't know. But here's hoping that in your next issue there will be something about the U. S. Navy. No matter how small it is or how big it is, we'll be glad to read it.

Incidently, ole boy, where do you get such wonderful picture's? That picture of Aluring Dona Drake is really super. That's what you call an eye-opener, and I mean opener. That pose was something to make a guy go wild—that's if he wasn't wild already.

Oh yes, YANK is one of my favorite magazine's. I really injoy reading about the guy called "Greengroin," I'd injoy it more if he would cut out the fish stories. This week's episode was a little too deep. How could a guy like him know any one in the Air Corp anyway, or should I put it this way, who would want to know Greengroin personally?

Another thing—we have a living Sad Sack here—believe it or not.

A CONSTANT READER

*Britain.*

P.S.—I agree with Sgt. SENTIMENTAL JOE.

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

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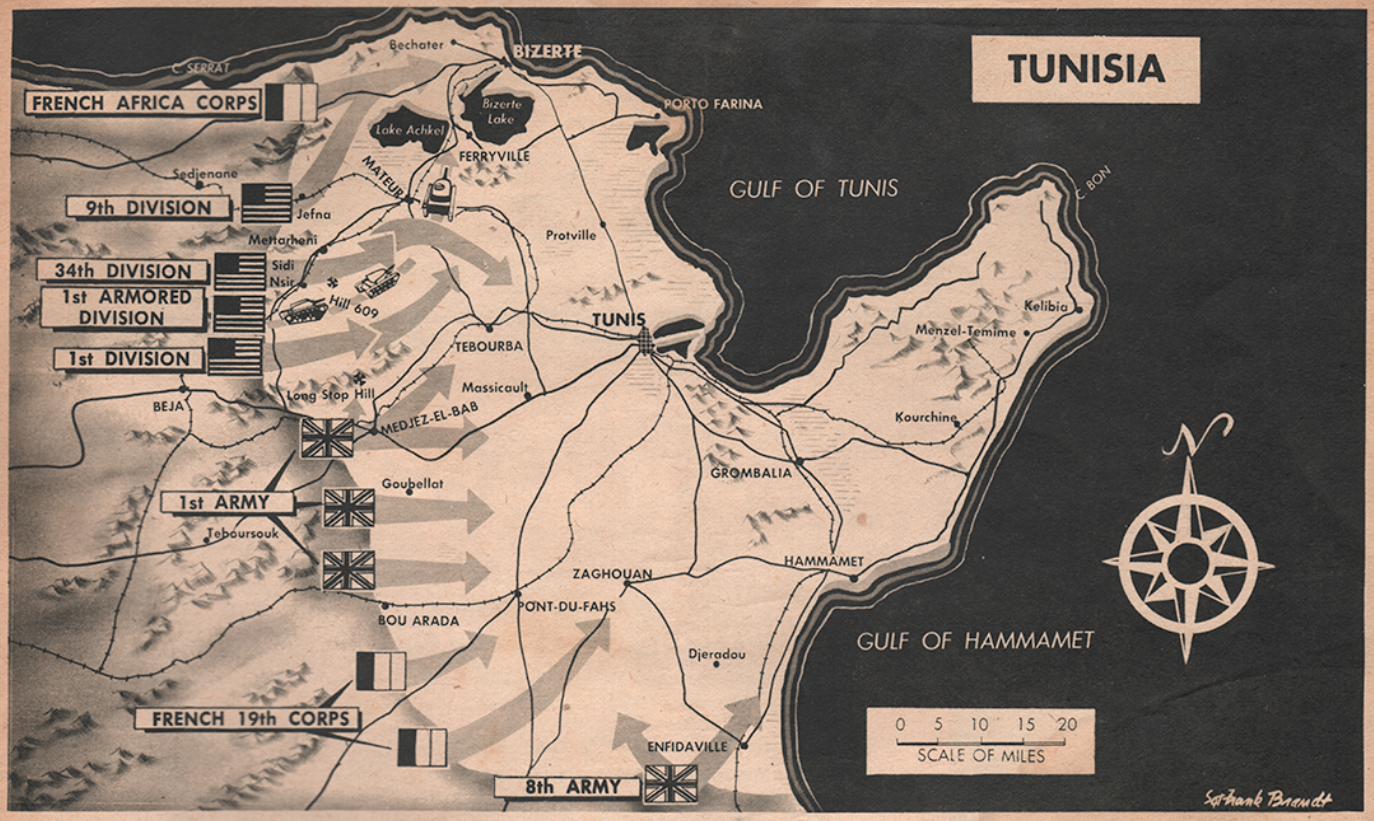
Pictures: 1 and 2, Sgt. George Aarons. 4, bottom, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 5, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 6, top, Acme; bottom, Cpl. Lester F. McKenney. 7, Sgt. George Aarons. 8, top, Signal Corps; bottom, Acme. 9, Sgt. Peter Paris. 10, OWI. 11, top, Planet; bottom, BOP. 12, Sgt. Dave Richardson. 13, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 14, top, Planet; bottom left, INP; bottom right, PA. 15, top left, Acme; top right, Keystone; bottom left, Keystone; bottom right, Acme. 17, Universal. 18, center left, INP. 22 and 23, Cpl. Seymour Krell.




# TUNISIAN SCOREBOARD

## *Names and numbers of outfits in African campaign*

SOLDIERS would find the war news more interesting if correspondents were allowed to mention in the middle of a campaign exactly which infantry division stormed such-and-such hill and which tank battalions entered the vital enemy railway junctions. Then an artilleryman in New Caledonia would be able to recognize a victorious armored force in Africa as the same outfit that gave him a lift when he was hitch-hiking to the Tennessee-Duke football game at Durham during the Carolina maneuvers of 1941.

But battle stories are usually vague when it comes to naming specific units because G-2 makes them that way for a very good reason. A correspondent writes "American infantry forces smashed the Germans today" instead of "the 16th Infantry won its sixth straight engagement" because we must keep the enemy from knowing what kind of opposition it's facing.

That's why most descriptions of the Battle of Tunisia read like a report of a baseball game with no mention of the players who made the home runs. But now that the Nazis have been beaten we can go back and give you a play-by-play account of the last stage of that African campaign with the names of the divisions that did the American fighting and the places where they fought.

The American Second Army Corps, under Maj. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, was spread out in northern Tunisia at the beginning of the final stage of the Allied campaign. The French African Corps and the Moroccan Goumiers were on the northern seacoast and the Americans, attached to Lt. Gen. Kenneth A. N. Anderson's British First Army, were below them, covering the territory from a point west of Garaet Achkel to another just north of Beja. The units in the Second Army Corps were the Ninth Infantry Division commanded by Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy, the 34th Infantry Division under Maj. Gen. Charles W. Ryder, the First Infantry Division headed by Maj. Gen. Terry Allen and the First Armored Division of Maj. Gen. Ernst H. Harmon.

With the exception of the 34th, a crack National Guard outfit from the Middle West, these were established regular Army divisions. The Ninth was re-activated with a cadre of regulars at Fort Bragg, N. C., in 1940 under the direction of Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, now the commanding general of the U. S. forces in the European theater. It was brought up to full strength in the spring of 1941 with early draftees from New York, New Jersey and New England. This division distinguished itself in the Carolina maneuvers of 1941 and landed in North Africa last November after a summer of intensive amphibious training.

**EDITORIAL PAGE**

**Like any contest, war is much more interesting if you know who the players are**

The First Infantry Division included regular regiments that were never disorganized during peacetime. They trained at Fort Devens, Mass., in 1941 and 1942 but they call Fort Jay on Governors Island, N. Y., their home and they point with pride to their outfit's record in the first World War. The First Division was literally the first to land in France in 1917, the first to go into action and the first to take German prisoners. Gen. George C. Marshall was then divisional assistant chief of staff and Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, now chief of Ground Forces, was a battalion commander.

The First Armored Division was organized as a unit of the Armored Forces at Fort Knox, Ky., July 15, 1940, just five days after this branch of the service was set up. Maj. Gen. Bruce Magruder directed the early training with a cadre from the Seventh Cavalry and other units. Bolstered with selectees later that year and again in 1941, this tank division grew into a tough fighting force.

These American divisions, of course, were only a part of the United Nations troops which defeated the Axis in Tunisia. They operated in conjunction with the British First Army which drove hard against the enemy in the center after the British Eighth Army stalled in the hills north of Enfidaville. Between the First and the Eighth Armies was the French 19th Corps, consisting of Algerian, Moroccan and Mathenet Divisions.

THE French and Americans faced terrain in the north that was thought to be impossible, but they attacked there on Apr. 22 with the Ninth Division swinging eventually north around Garaet Achkel. Meanwhile the 34th Division astonished the Germans by storming the supposedly unconquerable Hill 609 and other heights overlooking the valley west of Mateur, while the First Infantry Division advanced and took possession of almost equally difficult hills farther south.

Then, when these hills were taken, the First Armored Division came up and swept across the valley into Mateur, crippling all important Axis communications in northern Tunisia.

Meanwhile Gen. Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, the Allied ground forces commander, was cooking up the strategy that brought about the Axis downfall. He brought two armored divisions from the Eighth Army around from the south and secretly planted them in the Medjez-el-Bab area, opposite Tunis. After a devastating air attack upon the enemy positions, he gave the signal. The British opened up and moved on Tunis, and the Americans and French in the north turned their guns on the big Tunisian seaport, Bizerte.

When this last successful drive on the 60-mile front was under way, the American First Armored Division continued on through Mateur and up into Ferryville along the road to Bizerte. The Ninth Division, moving straight above Lake Bizerte, managed to beat it to the city, its 894th Tank Destroyer Battalion earning the honor of being the first U. S. unit to roll into the seaport.

Tunisia was a great victory but the American forces will remember it as a tough one. The First Infantry Division, for instance, saw more fighting there in the last six months than it encountered in France during the whole first World War.

Auxiliary Lou Huerd of Kingsport, Tenn., repairs carburetors in the ordnance shop at Fort Sill.

First thing after arising at 6 A.M., the pajama-clad Waacs do PT (physical training) for 10 minutes.

# WAACS

## THE CORPS COMPLETES ITS FIRST YEAR WORKING HARD AT MEN'S ARMY JOBS

**Now that the novelty has worn off, the Army doesn't smile at its Waacs any more. Like these girls at Fort Sill, they are becoming a respected and valuable addition to the camps back home.**

By Cpl. E. M. HALLIDAY
YANK Field Correspondent

*This is the first in a series of three YANK articles on the Waacs. Others from U. S. camps and North Africa will appear soon.*

FORT SILL, OKLA.—Fort Sill's first company of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps arrived here one night in March, and for a week latrine conversation reached a new level.

That was about three months ago. Since then another company of Waacs has come to the post, and the novelty has worn off. The MPs no longer make Waac drivers pull over just for a little chit-chat, and soldier clerks at post headquarters—those that are left—no longer grin at each other when Auxiliary Lois Mitchell, message-center mail carrier from South Gate, Calif., comes in with the morning's haul. When the Waacs go out to drill, the Signal Corps photographers don't stampede for their cameras, and post officers by now are over being surprised, when they phone the motor pool for transportation, to get it from Auxiliary Irene Anderson of Camden, N. J., chief dispatcher.

The Waacs are glad the novelty is gone. Auxiliary Katherine (Billy) Simpson, a red-headed driver who hails from Irvington, N. J., puts it this way: "We're not here to entertain the soldiers; we're here to work. Sure, we like the dances they throw for us, and we like to go out with soldiers. But we didn't join the WAAC for glamor."

The jobs which the Waacs have taken at Fort Sill range from a variety of clerical office jobs to running a machine lathe in the ordnance repair shop. They have replaced soldiers who either have been transferred to combat units or OCS, are now taking a four-week refresher in basic training in preparation for reassignment or, in the case of limited-service men, have been assigned to other work here on the post.

Auxiliary Anne Gruber of Cleveland, Ohio, has a fairly typical WAAC office job. She has replaced Pvt. Samuel Shatz in the internal security office (provost marshal to you) as a registrar for post car tags and cameras and a file clerk. Shatz, whose home is in Portland, Maine, has gone off to MP Investigation School at Fort Custer, Mich., and all indications are that despite her size (5'2") Anne is filling his shoes, but full. Like many of her sister Waacs, she is married to a GI—Pfc. Nick Gruber, who was in Panama with a Coast Artillery outfit when she last heard from him.

At 6:30 they line up for reveille. And the morning seems just as dreary for them as for men in uniform.

Sgt. Jim Long of Chicago, who is Auxiliary Gruber's noncom at the office, thinks she and the other seven Waacs who work there are doing "a good job"; and Maj. J. L. Woody, post internal security officer, says the same thing.

The largest contingent of the 47th WAAC Post Headquarters Company, Fort Sill's first female outfit, works for post supply departments. Twenty-eight of them are drivers, having completed special motor corps training either at Daytona Beach, Fla., or here, in addition to their four weeks of basic; and they know their jobs. These days, cracks about women drivers are strictly taboo around the motor pool.

"Our Waacs have had no accidents and no trouble with the MPs," says S/Sgt. Victor J. Poppe of Nashville, Kans., senior noncom at the pool. "They're doing a nice job, and they turn in accurate defect reports on their vehicles, too."

Capt. F. B. Dougherty, inspector of post supply activities, registers only one complaint against the Waac drivers: all of them, he says, want to drive trucks.

"We have one young lady [Thelma McConnell from Miami, Fla.] who said she could drive anything on wheels," the captain relates, "so I thought we'd test her out a little. I told my sergeant, 'Put this girl on a 10-ton truck and take some of the ego out of her.' Well, she took that man-killer out on our torture course, as we call the driving range, and shoved it around like a baby carriage."

Recently, making a tour of offices, warehouses and shops to see how the Waacs were getting along, Capt. Dougherty found Auxiliary Mary McFadden, who comes from Harrisburg, Pa., doing desk work at the commissary.

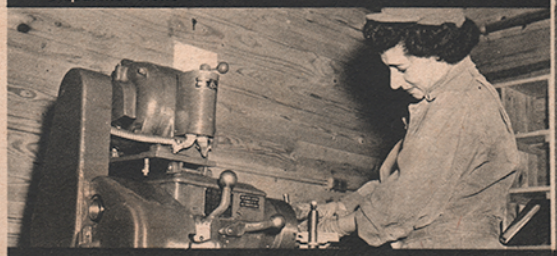
"How do you like your job?" he asked her.

"It's OK but it's not hard enough, sir," Mary told him. "I was unloading boxcars for the Pennsylvania Railroad before I joined the WAAC, and I'd like to get into something tougher."

Now Mary's working in the motor-pool paint shop, where she replaces Sgt. Peter Gunn of Minneapolis, Minn. Pete himself has just finished a retake of his basic days, firing on the rifle range and giving the obstacle course frequent workouts in preparation for the transfer—in grade—which he expects any day now.

Lucy Volpa checks air pressure of truck she drives.


Dispatcher Irene Anderson directs Nellie Geddes, driver.



Anne Goffe turns out precision parts on this machine.

Elizabeth McLaughlin (left) and Violet Williams handle mail.

Mary Paulon holds a desk job.

When the Waacs are through with their work for the day they go home to barracks which are much like any other GI residence for soldiers. They are two-story jobs, sleeping 30 Waacs on each floor; and the only noticeable difference from the standard temporary barracks is to be found in the laundry rooms, added because most of the girls like to wash their undies themselves; and the latrines, which feature tubs, box-stall showers and swinging doors in the right places.

The Waacs get up with the rest of the post, at 6 A.M., and do calisthenics in their GI pajamas from 6:05 to 6:15. At 6:30 they're dressed and lined up outside for reveille, which they stand in the usual fashion, heavy eyelids and all.

Right after that comes chow, eaten in their own mess hall. The Waacs are on standard field rations, although minor adjustments are made to reduce the calory content of the day's meals somewhat on the theory that women burn up less energy than men. The opinion of soldiers who have had the good fortune to eat a meal there as guests is that their cooks, all regular Waacs, add a certain something to the culinary art which is missing in most GI kitchens.

From 7 until 7:45 there is a great shaking and making of beds — regulation army cots — and sweeping, mopping and dusting, to get ready for the daily inspection of barracks. Latrine orderlies are appointed for a week at a time, and must get things sluiced up before leaving for their regular jobs in various parts of the post.

By 7:50 everyone is in uniform and off to work, and the squad rooms are ready for the scrutiny of 2d Officer Lois P. Brown, CO, who can find a layer of dust where the average inspecting officer would see nothing but bare woodwork.

Dinner comes at noon and is just a brief interlude in the working day—the Waacs leave for their jobs again at 12:40. But at 5 P.M., when they knock off for the evening, they can relax and begin to think about recreation. They don't stand retreat, because many of them can't get back to the WAAC area on time. On Mondays and Fridays, however, they drill for three-quarters of an hour after supper. Most of them say they like drill, and they march as if they mean it.

At Fort Sill, the Waacs have the same privileges as other soldiers belonging to permanent post outfits. They have Class A passes which will take them downtown to Lawton, 5 miles away, any time they're off duty; and they may go anywhere they like on the post except, of course, male barracks.

Auxiliaries can and do date enlisted men, but commissioned Army officers must deal with them strictly on a business basis. WAAC officers date male officers. The soldiers call for their dates at the WAAC day room, take them to a GI show or into Lawton (on the bus) for a USO dance, and get them back by 11 P.M., week nights, or midnight on Saturdays. The Waacs on CQ duty make bed check 15 minutes later.

Although the Waacs theoretically may wear civilian clothes when on furlough, since they're not yet full-fledged members of the Army, few of them want to. "We feel that we're part of the Army," 2d Officer Brown explains, "and we want to be as much like other soldiers as possible."

WAAC company officers are officially designated as first, second and third officers, corresponding to captain, first and second lieutenants; and they rate salutes from all enlisted personnel, Waacs and otherwise. The accepted practice is to address them as "captain" or "lieutenant" instead of their official titles; and they like that. A WAAC first sergeant is technically a "first leader," but all the auxiliaries call her "sergeant," just as they call their third leaders "corporals." They say "ma'am" instead of "sir" when speaking to one of their officers, and that's also the correct word for a male soldier to use.

All in all, the Waacs have worked into the Army routine without upsetting the GI pattern and without losing stride themselves. Most of them are enthusiastic about the WAAC, and most of them like their new jobs, although they do an average amount of griping just like the rest of the soldiers on this or any other post.

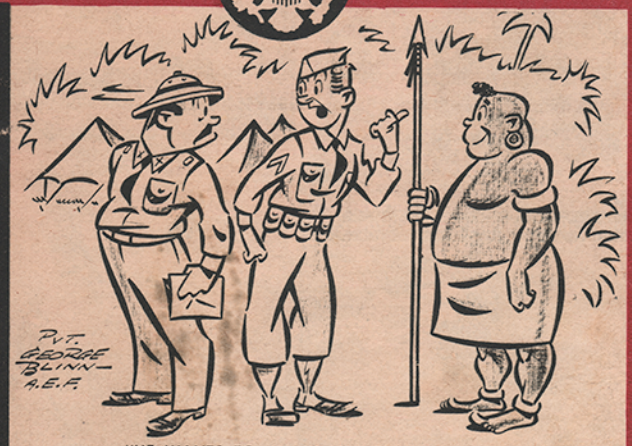
Those who are restless usually are looking for something a little bigger than what they're doing at the moment. Auxiliary Mary Paulon, for instance, who is 22 and does general clerical duties for the post reclamation plant, will tell you she'd like work which would tax her abilities more.

"I was working as an accountant in a chemical factory near my home in Bound Brook, N. J.," she says. "We all worked hard there, and we won the Navy 'E' for excellence. I left that to join the WAAC because my kid brother is only 13, and I thought someone in the family ought to be in the Army. You see, I came to America from Italy when I was 7 years old, and I can still remember how I hated the Mussolini youth organizations. I know what we've got to fight for in this country, and I want to be where I can do the most good."

For Mary, as for many of her barrack mates, overseas duty or OCS at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, look like good targets. They're shooting for them and in the meantime living the Army life and liking it, and doing soldiers' jobs with everything they've got.

After busy morning at Intelligence office, Doris Fanslau tackles something that looks like beans.

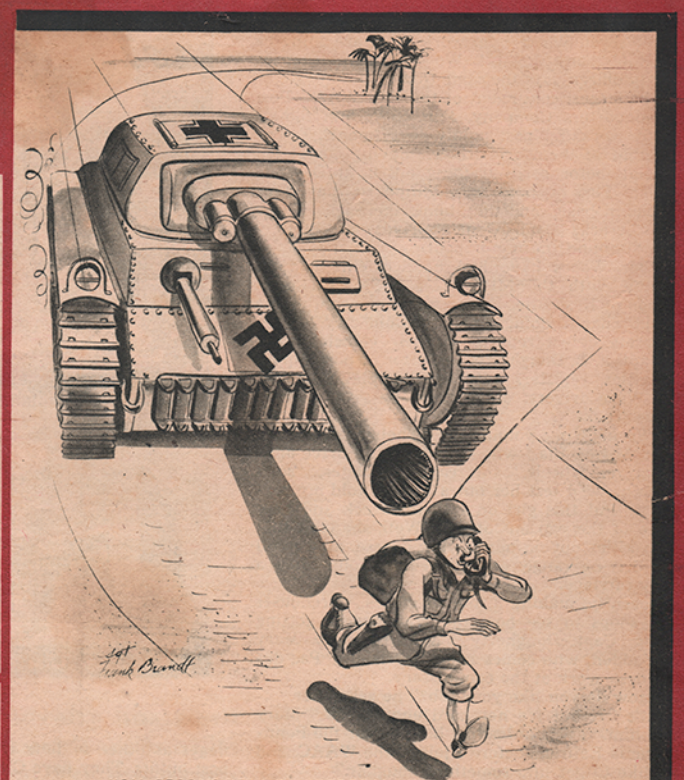
YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



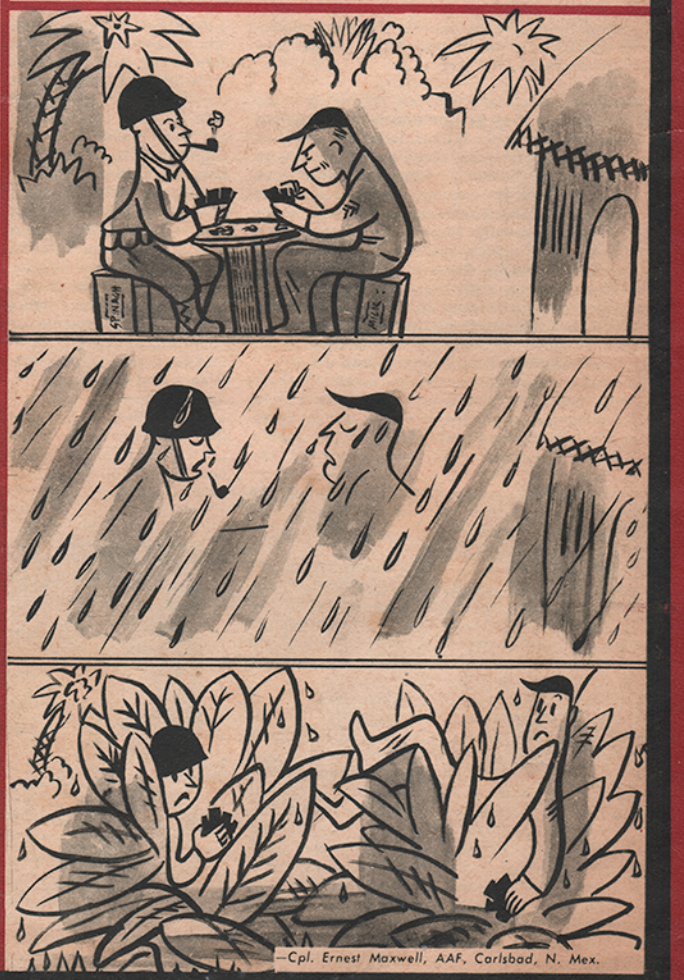

"HE WANTS TO KNOW IF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS ARE STILL IN THE LEAGUE."
—Pvt. George Blinn, AEF

"LIKE I WAS SAYING, WITH THE ARMY GIVING YOU FREE FOOD, CLOTHING AND SHELTER, WHAT'S A GUY GOT TO WORRY ABOUT?"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.

"MY BIG BROTHER SAYS IT'S DIFFERENT WHEN THE OTHER FELLOW HAS A GUN, TOO."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson, Australia



"ON RECONSIDERING, CORPORAL, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER INCREASE MY INSURANCE TO $10,000."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt



—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell, AAF, Carlsbad, N. Mex.