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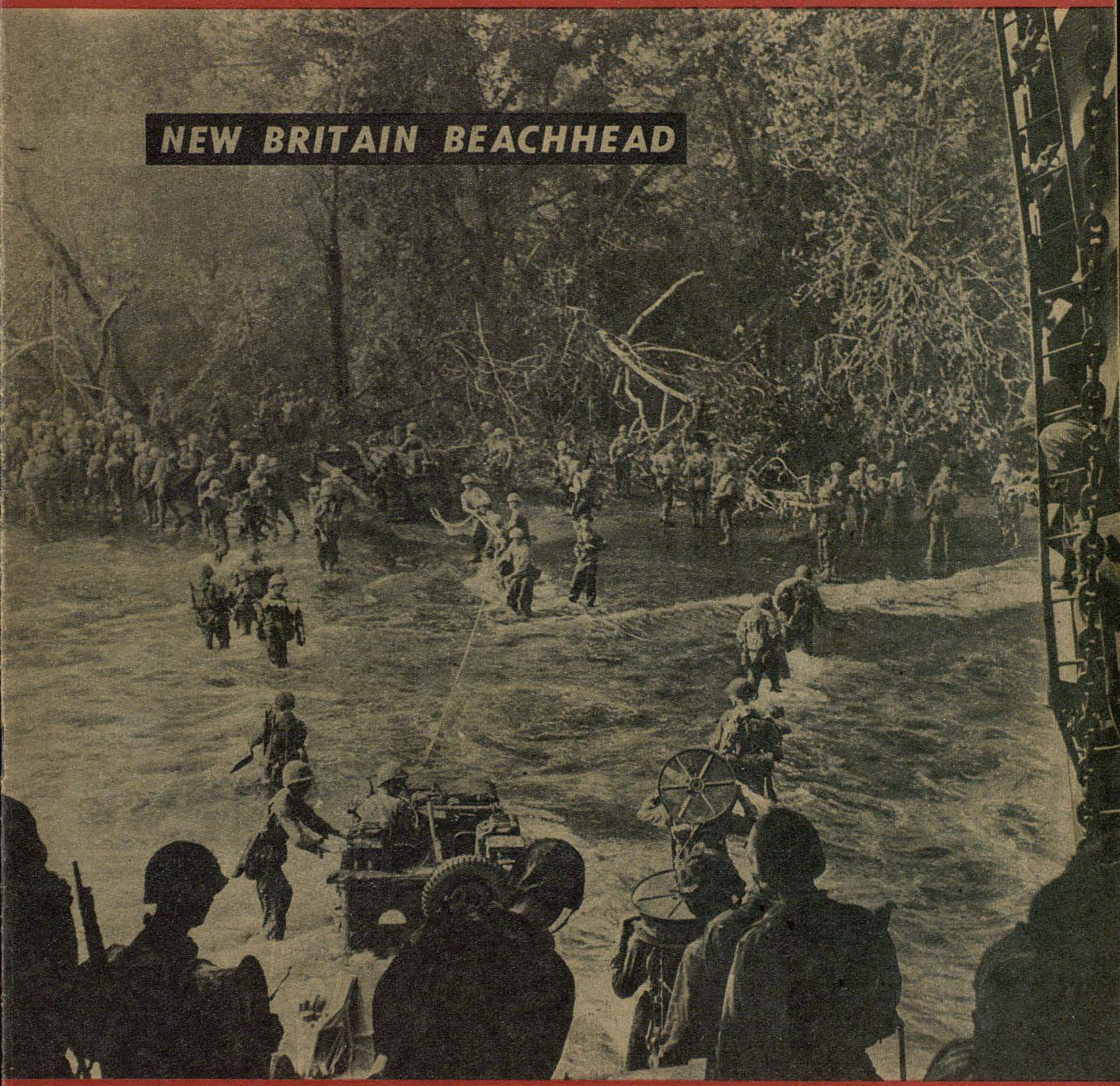
By the men . . . for the men in the service

NEW BRITAIN BEACHHEAD



Yanks Trap Japs in Saidor Landing

PAGES 2 and 3

SAIDOR TRAP

The Red Arrow Division makes a bloodless landing on the Huon Peninsula and cuts off the Jap forces retreating before the Australians' drive launched near Finschhafen.

By Cpl. RALPH L. BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U.S. FORCES AT SAIDOR, NEW GUINEA—Shouts and laughter ran up and down the line. Men raised themselves out of foxholes and stared—not in the direction the enemy was supposed to be, but toward a strange sight behind their positions.

Out of the woods and across the kunai-covered plain lumbered two GI trucks packed with men. They halted a few yards from the front line. The men piled out and calmly began setting up two antiaircraft guns they had towed behind them.

To these veteran infantrymen of the 32nd Division, this was a sight more than strange. It was unbelievable.

"Cripes!" one man groaned. "If only Buna could have been like this. We went into Buna with rifles and a few grenades and dug them out. And now . . ."

Now it was a different story all the way through, as elements of that same division landed and captured this Jap New Guinea base all in a single day.

It was a different story from the moment we lined up, in pitch dark and rain, on the decks of destroyers carrying the first waves of assault troops. Only the low sound of voices nearby, the occasional bump of another pack or the prod of someone's rifle told us the decks were jammed with men. You certainly couldn't see them.

The first tiny glow of orange on the horizon silhouetted two warships far offshore, but in the other direction rain and darkness still shrouded the coast. As the first dim outline of the coast appeared, the naval barrage opened. Overhead, from every direction, balls of red, white and green fire sped landwards, exploding in a continuous roar.

Intent upon watching the barrage, we failed to notice the growing light of day until over a loudspeaker came the command, "Landing party —load aboard boats."

We scrambled down the swaying cargo nets into the landing craft.

Somehow everyone managed to crouch low in the boats as ordered. We were supposed to remain in that position all the way to the beach, but besides being damned uncomfortable, after a few minutes, it prevented our seeing what was going on. It was too good to miss, and before long almost everyone was standing up watching the show.

As the boats moved forward a few hundred feet at a time, we could see a line of boats stretching the length of three invasion beaches. Behind us came more waves of small invasion craft, and as far out as we could see were bigger and bigger barges and ships.

OVER them all the barrage from the warships still thundered, the shells crashing into the woods on the shore, splintering trees into kindling. About 300 yards offshore light naval craft moved up between the barges, raking the beaches with murderous fire. The beaches were masses of smoke and flame that erupted like a huge volcano.

Even the machine guns on our landing barges opened up and the air was filled with tracer streaks.

Up by the ramp of our barge, Platoon Leader Lt. Houston Covey of Fort Worth, Tex., turned around and yelled something. We couldn't hear him above the din, but the men grinned and nodded an OK sign. All had the same thought: "No living thing could exist on that beach."

A FEW yards off the beach, everyone checked the man near him to make sure he'd be following the right one off. Beside me was Pfc. Emmett Allen of Chickasha, Okla., who had been slightly wounded several times at Sanananda. Behind was Pfc. Cliff Miller of Sweetwater, Tenn.

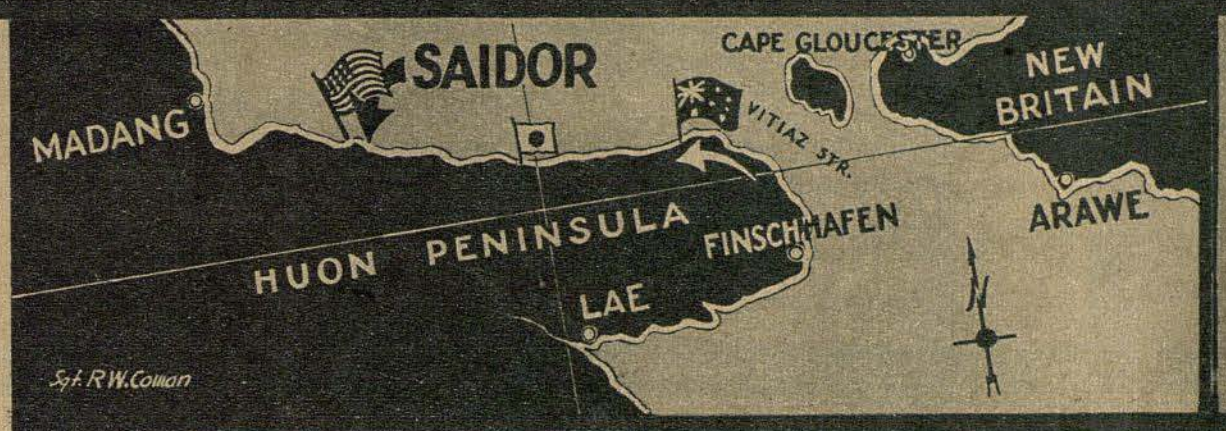
The barge hit the beach at full speed. As the ramp dropped, the coxswain yelled, "Watch out for logs," and the men started jumping clear. We splashed through a few feet of water, swerved left, ran up a short stretch of bomb-pocked beach and plunged into the woods.

These woods were one sweet mess. Branches, limbs, even whole trees, lay smashed and tangled as though they had been through a dozen cyclones. Masses of vines tangled about us as we pushed through, and some went down on their faces in the best slapstick fashion. A hundred yards in, we came to a tiny clearing and stopped there. In it—battered, but miraculously still standing—was a native hut.

While riflemen covered them, S/Sgt. Robert

The barges hit the beach at full speed. The men splashed through a few feet of water and ran up the bomb-pocked beach.

Over them the barrage from the warships still thundered. The beaches were masses of smoke and flame like erupting volcanoes.



Rief, platoon sergeant from Grandville, Mich., and Pfc. Joe Diaz of Hanford, Calif., approached the hut. They found it abandoned, with nothing inside but an empty box and a coil of rope.

Off to the right another platoon found a similar hut with a table set for breakfast, and still-hot rice in bowls.

THE line of men moved on another hundred yards to the edge of a kunai grass plain, where the airfield was located. At the edge of the woods it stopped and reformed.

Pfc. Miller flopped down on a log for a rest and a long pull at his canteen. At his feet was an old slit trench and two long-handled shovels.

"I sure hope I see at least one Jap before he sees me," said Miller. "After all this training, I'm sure going to be disappointed if I don't get to shoot even one of those bastards."

We moved slowly onto the plain. It had stopped raining, but the kunai was dripping wet. The grass had been burned sometime previously, and the charred stalks made a thick damp paste that clung to our clothing until we were black to our waists.

The whole line hit the ground in this as flights of Liberators unloaded bombs in a wooded area along the river 500 yards ahead. We hoped the bombardiers' aim was good as the ground rocked beneath us. It was.

Wading in the kunai was as hard as plowing through waist-deep snow, and everyone dropped gratefully to the ground when word came to hold up the advance. We had reached the first phaseline and the smoothly operating schedule called for us to wait there until other elements on the flanks moved up to capture the old abandoned airstrip and establish positions at the river's edge.

THE men unslung their packs, lit cigarettes and began digging foxholes—just in case Tojo appeared overhead.

He didn't. Our planes had complete mastery of the sky throughout the entire day.

Sgt. Harvel (Tex) Faulkner of Clarksville, Tex., first squad leader, moved along the line checking up on his men. Hearing a couple discussing what a push-over job this was, Tex shifted a cud of tobacco in his mouth, spat, and said:

"Church ain't out 'til they quit singin', boys."

Out in front we could see Bostons and Aira-cobras of the Fifth Air Force angrily scouring the hillsides for targets. From behind us came the crash of trees as bulldozers broke through the woods, blasting roads. From the landing ships rolled heavy equipment—the ack ack guns and artillery that was soon set up and blasting away at distant targets in the hills.

Telephone wires spider-webbed quickly from the CPs. As the heat of the noon sun struck us, word came up that the advance was to continue. We slung our packs and pushed on.

From the landing ships rolled the artillery to blast targets in the distant hills.

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

A GI View of the Teheran Conference

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They Shot the Works

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

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

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

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

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

The six GI photographers never expect to

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

Long Way From Home

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

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

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

The Generals Eat Spam

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Intrepid Irishman

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

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

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

When You Gotta Go, You Can't

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Presidential Reviews

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

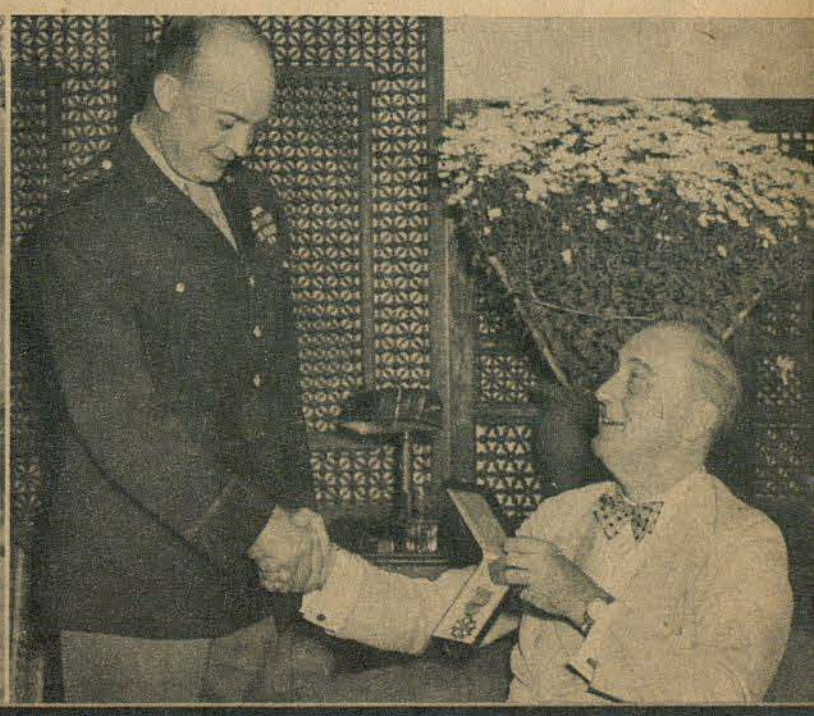
No power on earth can prevent our destroying the German armies by land, their U-boats by sea, and their war plants from the air. Our attacks will be relentless and increasing.

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

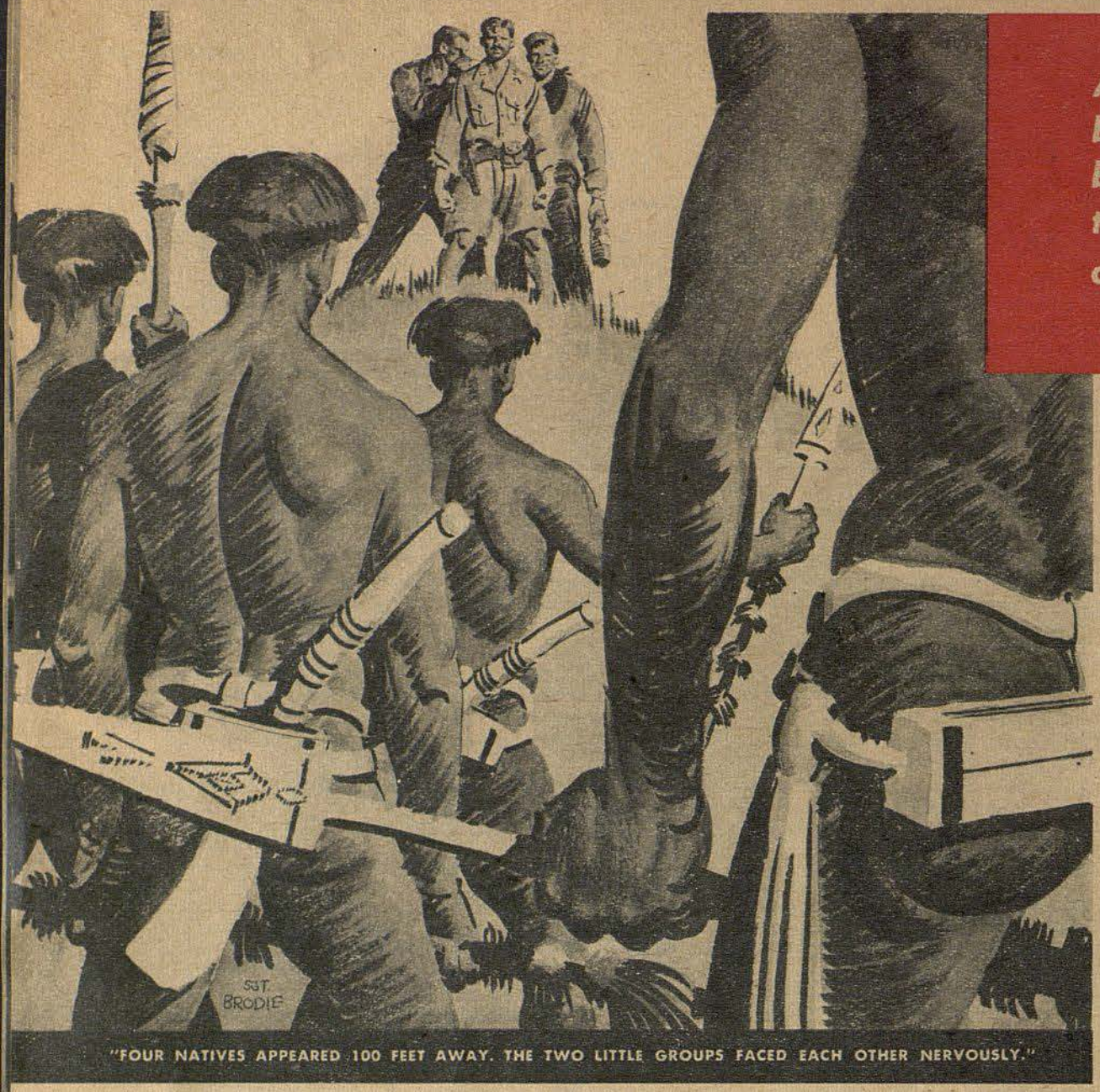
We came here with hope and determination. We leave here friends in fact, in spirit, and in purpose.

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

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



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



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

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

LOST IN HEAD-HUNTER COUNTRY

By Sgt. BOB GHIO
YANK Staff Correspondent

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lemon had jumped on the Burma side of the

NATIVES CARRY SGT. WALTER OSWALT ON STRETCHER.

DOCTORING LEECH BITES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HE ASKED FOR IT!

AUSTRALIA—The Army and Pvt. Joseph Faerber, Chicago violinist, are in perfect harmony on the subject of latrine duty. Pvt. Faerber, who used to play first violin in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, now plays first mop in a latrine ensemble at this northern base and—strange as it seems—he is happy in his work. This unusual turnabout in the life of the virtuoso came to light when his buddies, resenting what they considered more than his share of latrine detail, complained to unit officers that he was getting a lousy deal.

"Nothing of the sort," replied the officers, explaining that they offered Faerber his choice of jobs so he could get into something that would not endanger his talented hands and thus prevent him from following his profession. Faerber did the last thing any soldier would be expected to do—he picked latrine duty and KP!

—Pvt. JAMES J. KEENEY
YANK Field Correspondent

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

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

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

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

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

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

PIGGY-BACK P-38

Ground crewmen get the "feel" of the fighter planes they service, flying in this converted Lightning.

S/Sgt. William B. Cooper of Charlotte, N. C., set for a piggyback ride with Lt. Lent.

NEW GUINEA—The GI craned his neck for a better view of the P-38s looping and circling high above him. "I'd give my right arm to be up there in one of those," he said to no one in particular.

"Yeah," his companion said, "be kinda nice to go along sort of piggyback, wouldn't it?"

"That ain't no lie," agreed the GI.

"Hey, Vince, here's a guy that wants a piggyback ride. Think you can fix him up?"

M/Sgt. Vincent Strauss, line chief from West Palm Beach, Fla., strolled over, grinned and said, "Sure, the piggyback is ready to go now. Wait a minute till I dig up a pilot."

Before the amazed GI was sure what had happened, he was standing on the wing of a P-38 with 1st Lt. Francis J. Lent of Melrose, Minn. "You just crawl in there behind the cockpit in place of the radio equipment," the lieutenant said. "Hope you don't mind riding with a 'recruit' pilot. I've only been flying combat for four months." He didn't bother to mention he had shot down eight Jap planes in that time.

It being a little late to back down, the GI followed directions and with a little twisting and squirming, doubled himself up in the plexiglass covered radio compartment, with cushions underneath him and an aluminum brace digging him in the back. He was looking down the pilot's neck, and by turning his head he could see the instrument panel in front of the pilot.

While he was getting set, Lt. Lent did some explaining: "This crate's too old for combat, so we fixed it up this way to give the ground crews a chance to know what their babies are like in the air. Everyone in the outfit gets a chance."

When the engines roared to life, Lt. Lent closed the canopy cover and taxied out to the runway. "Keep those earphones on," he shouted back. "They'll protect your eardrums in a dive."

Smoothly the Lightning picked up speed and lifted off the runway, which quickly faded away in the distance. The GI twisted as best he could until he was almost lying on his back. It was just like riding in a transport, he thought, except that you can see everything above and around you. Just then the pilot put the plane into a vertical bank and he could see everything below.

By the time he got used to this new sensation, Lt. Lent was leaning back and pointing at a tiny speck in the sky. "A P-47," he shouted. "Want to dogfight?" Without waiting for an answer he started after the Thunderbolt.

They were almost on the tail of the P-47 before the other pilot saw them and quickly took up the challenge. While his passenger alternately had his eyeballs pulled loose from their sockets and his stomach brought up where his tongue was supposed to be, Lt. Lent followed the P-47 through a series of hairpin banks and climbing turns, sticking always on the tail of the lead plane. The P-47 finally broke off the "combat."

"I guess we kicked hell out of him," Lt. Lent laughed. "Now you can say you've been in a dogfight."

Back up at 7,000 feet, he pointed to a tiny speck on the ocean. It was a Jap ship that had once tried to run the gauntlet of Fifth Air Force bombers and now lay rusting and broken on a coral reef. "Hold tight," he yelled, "we're going to buzz it."

Fascinated, the GI stared at the instrument panel as they shot down in a dive. As the altitude dropped the airspeed climbed. 250-300-350. He tore his eyes away for a quick glance at the wrecked boat as they flashed by, and then as they pulled out of the dive he found his eyes wouldn't focus enough to read the instruments. He tried changing his position to relieve the pressure, to find he couldn't even lift his arm.

When the pressure finally eased and they were climbing steadily back to altitude, Lt. Lent glanced back to see how his passenger had fared. "We were indicating 400 miles an hour when we pulled out," he said, "but our true speed was faster than that."

Then he signalled he was going to try a few aerobatics. What happened next never was quite clear. As the lieutenant started to put the Lightning into a slow roll, the GI tried to turn over on his back for a better view. The next thing he knew he was lying on the transparent top of the canopy like a fly on the ceiling. The ground kept showing up where the sky was supposed to be, and the sky was putting in an appearance all over the place. The piggyback compartment that had seemed so crowded was now big as a boxcar, and he was being thrown from top to bottom and from side to side.

Hours later everything straightened out to its normal position. Lt. Lent said they had made a couple of rolls, followed them with an inside loop and pulled up into an Immelmann. The GI decided to take the pilot's word for it — he seemed to know what he was talking about.

"We'll just give the tower a little buzz now to tell them we're coming in," the lieutenant said, and pointed the nose of the plane into a long easy dive. While the ground kept coming up at an amazing speed, the passenger tried to console himself that he'd watched hundreds of these "buzz jobs," and that they never quite hit the tower. It didn't help much, but they missed.

They circled the field for a landing approach and a sudden jolt that seemed to cut the plane's speed in half told the GI the landing gear had been lowered. After that the landing was an anti-climax; they hit with hardly a bounce.

As he wheeled the P-38 around in its revetment and cut the switches, Lt. Lent opened the canopy cover and asked, "Well, how'd you like it?"

"Oh, great, sir," the GI answered. "In fact I'd like to try it again . . . sometime."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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

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

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

Voodoo mask

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

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

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

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

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

—Sgt. LOU STOUMEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Cpl. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

GI Appendix Removed Despite Close Quarters and Rough Seas

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Pvt. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

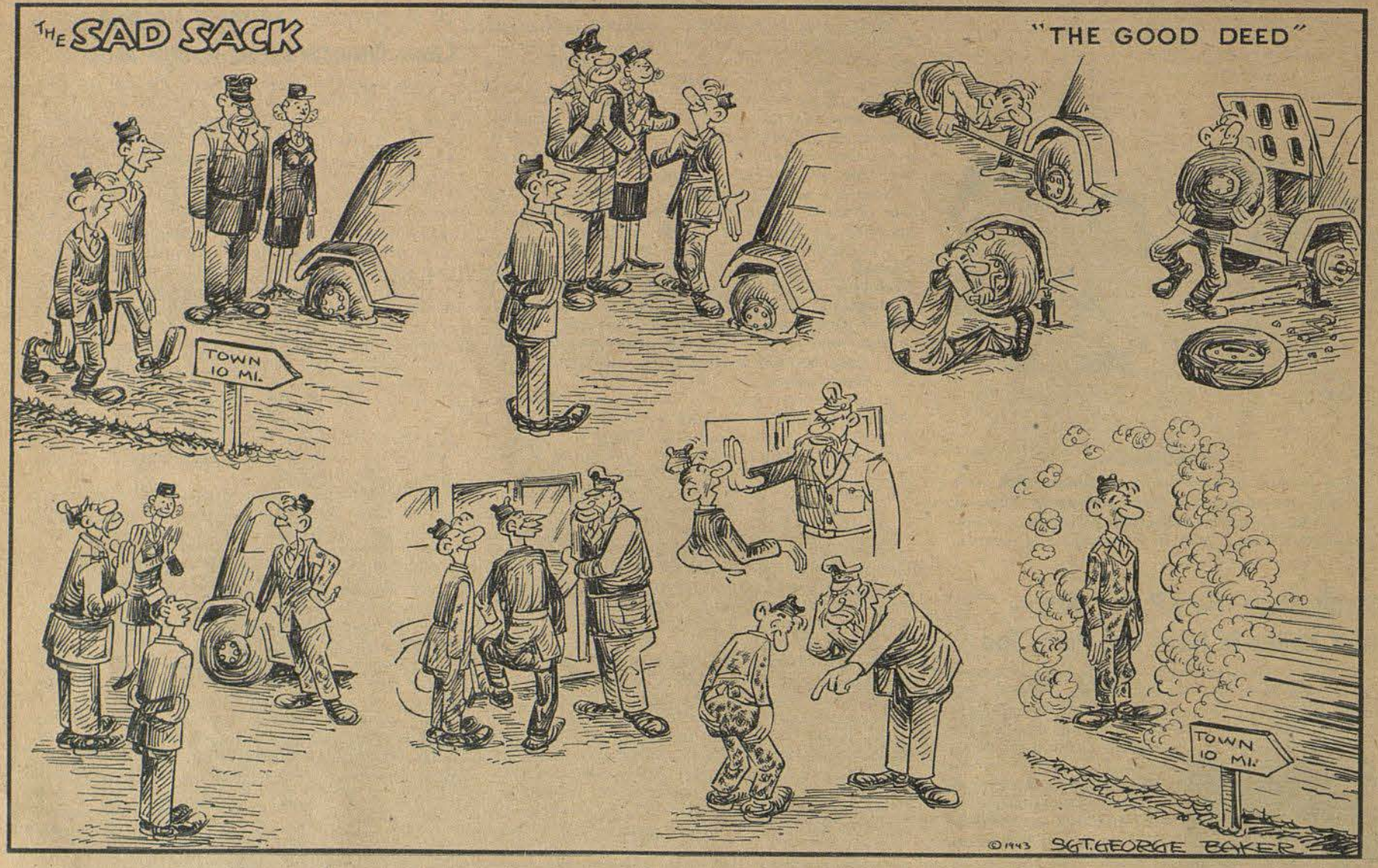
TWO DOWN, TWO TO GO

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

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

—Sgt. HY HURWITZ
Marine Corps Correspondent

STRAIGHT POKER. And pity the man who cheats with that pistol handy. Left to right, Pvt. James E. Sitton, Cpl. Thomas F. Caldwell, Pfc. Pat Templeton and Cpl. John B. Chadwick, all of Tyler, Tex., en route to a New Britain landing aboard an LST.



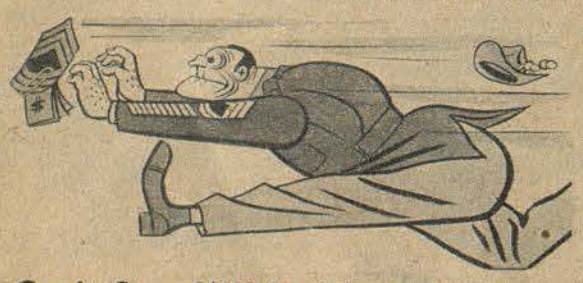
Ratings After the War

Dear YANK:

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

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

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



Can't Stop Wife's Allowance

Dear YANK:

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

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pfc. E. A.

● So long as you are married you can do nothing to stop your wife's allowance. If you divorce her because of misconduct your required allowance to her will be stopped unless she is awarded alimony. A deduction will continue to be required for your adopted child. The mandatory deduction of $22 a month will still be made from your pay in any event.

Even though overseas, you can obtain a divorce if the provable facts warrant. This depends upon the law in your state. In a divorce action, you can ask that your parents or relatives be awarded custody of the child, pending your return, on the ground that your wife is not a fit person to care for him.

If your wife seeks a court order asking for additional money, you can write the court telling your story, reciting that your wife knows your address, asking the court's scrutiny to determine that the law relating to service of process is adhered to, and that an attorney be appointed by the court under the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act to protect any rights you may have.

What's Your Problem?

Professional advice on legal problems may be obtained by soldiers from the nearest legal assistance officer or Staff Judge Advocate. If none is nearby, write the legal assistance agency nearest your home. The address may be found in the War Department Circulars Nos. 74, 111 and 156, 1943. Upon request the American Red Cross will put you in touch with a lawyer in your home town who will represent you.

Who's Eligible for Benefits?

Dear YANK:

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

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

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

Do you want an original Pin-Up?

YANK will swap a glossy 8 x 10 print of a luscious Pin-up lovely (suitable for framing) for each copy of YANK Down Under, issues No. 2 to 19 inclusive. These back issues are urgently needed for historical reference files.

Help preserve for posterity the history of the battle of SWPA by sending in your old copies. All copies must be intact and in good condition, and should be addressed "Circulation Department, YANK, APO 927."

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We ARE Going Home!

Every soldier overseas is looking for an answer to that big important question, "When are we going home?" Now Headquarters, USAFFE, gives the Southwest Pacific an answer —and, brother, it sounds good.

According to a letter from USAFFE, dated Jan. 3, titled "Rotation of Personnel," just distributed, a percentage of the personnel of this command WILL soon be returned to the States. It opens:

"Beginning in March, 1944, personnel of this command (exclusive of air crew personnel) will be returned to the United States each month, under the provisions of paragraph 5, circular (unnumbered), War Department, 28 June, 1943. Return of air crew personnel will continue to be effective under present policies."

It states further:

"Officers, warrant officers, nurses and enlisted men who have served faithfully in this command for at **least 18 months** may be selected for return. Of those eligible, preference will be given:

"a. To those with six months or more of service in the islands north of Australia, in Base Section 1 and in Australia north of Cairns (exclusive).

"b. To those whose physical and mental condition indicates the greatest urgency for return.

"c. To those in the foregoing categories who desire return to the United States."

The directive recommends that "actual selection of individuals should be delegated to commanders having detailed personal knowledge of the individuals concerned."

In line with the selection of personnel to go home, the directive sets up monthly quotas. And to spike the squawk of the guy who has a chronic gripe against the brass, the quotas for enlisted men exceed by far the total quotas for officers, warrant officers and nurses.

Reading the directive over, YANK considers it about the fairest, squarest deal that could have been worked out. We've already pointed out the GI gets the hog's share of the quotas. The arrangement also takes care of the men in the north, giving them preference over men who have spent most or all of their time over here in the comparative comfort of the "civilized mainland."

Safety valve on the whole plan is the statement that the number selected for return from any unit or organization must not be so great as to render it incapable of efficient operation.

USAFFE gives as its main purposes for this new plan:

"a. To increase the efficiency of the command by replacing personnel whose health or morale has been adversely affected by prolonged periods of duty under unusually severe conditions, even though not requiring hospitalization, and whose effectiveness cannot be restored by rotation within the theater.

"b. To return to the United States experienced and trained personnel for utilization in the training and formation of new units."

Get it, brother? This hasn't all come about just because you squawked so much. It came when the need for it became great enough to warrant the utilization of valuable shipping space required for carrying it out. It came when the War Department considered it had sufficient replacements to take your place. So, you see, this not only looks good for us here in the Southwest Pacific—it also is a definite barometer on the improvement of our whole war outlook.

You can't make substitutions in a football game until you have a full team on the field and numerous reserves. We're getting that now, and we're going to improve the freshman team by sending some of the varsity back to work out with them. In the meantime, keep scoring.

LITTLE MAN, YOU'LL HAVE A BUSY DAY.

GI SHORT STORY CONTEST

YANK announces a short story contest, open to enlisted personnel of the armed forces. Stories must be original, unpublished and should run from 1,000 to 3,000 words. Send entries to Fiction Editor, YANK, APO 927. The author of the story adjudged best by the editors of YANK will get a $50 war bond. The winning story and any others deemed worthy will be printed in YANK. Entries must be received not later than Feb. 15, 1944.

Washington O.P.

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

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

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

—YANK Washington Bureau

GI Bull Sessions

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

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

Masons Open Doors

Uniformed Masons serving in SWPA have been extended free access to the NSW Masonic Club in Sydney. Furloughees or other U.S. service personnel in or visiting the city may use the club dining room, billiard tables and social hall if they are members of the order.

YANK Down Under is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U.S. Army, Special Service Division, Hq., USASOS. Mail Address: YANK, APO 927.

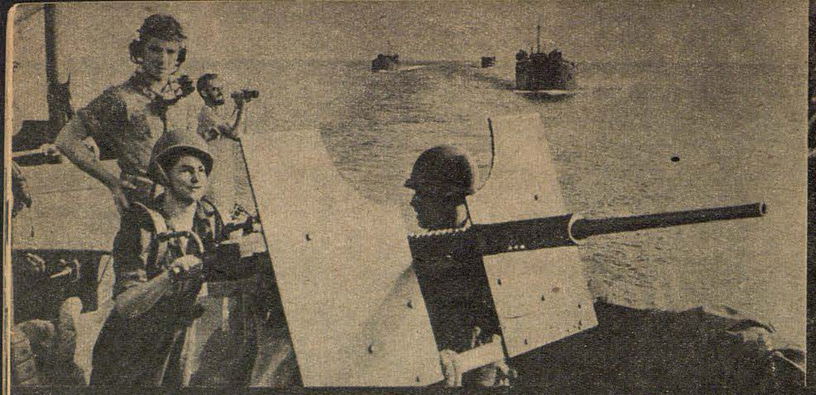
THIS WEEK'S COVER

MEN, guns and supplies go ashore at Cape Gloucester from the gaping maw of an LST. Smoke caused by terrific bombing by Fifth Air Force Mitchells and Liberators still hangs like fog over the beachhead. Gen. Sherman tanks unloaded here helped capture two Jap airstrips.

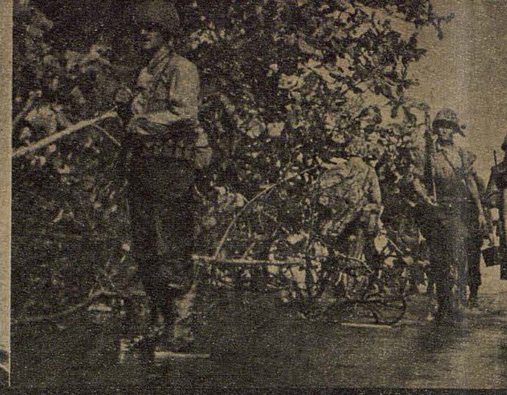
PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 2 & 3—Australian Dept. of Information. 4 & 5—AAF. 7—Sgt. Bob Ghio. 8—Cpl. Ralph Boyce. 9—Left, Sgt. Lou Stoumen; lower right, Signal Corps. 12 & 13—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 15—T/Sgt. S. S. Lemen, 5thAF. 18—Upper left, INP; upper right, OWI; center & lower left, Acme. 19—Sgt. John Bushemi. 20—MGM. 23—Right, Acme; left, PA.

The Marines Have Landed

When the web-footed Marines made the surprise amphibious landing at Cape Gloucester, New Britain, YANK's Sgt. Dick Hanley took these pictures from base to beachhead, then into first battle.



A Sherman tank, below, backed aboard an LST for fast unloading at the cape.

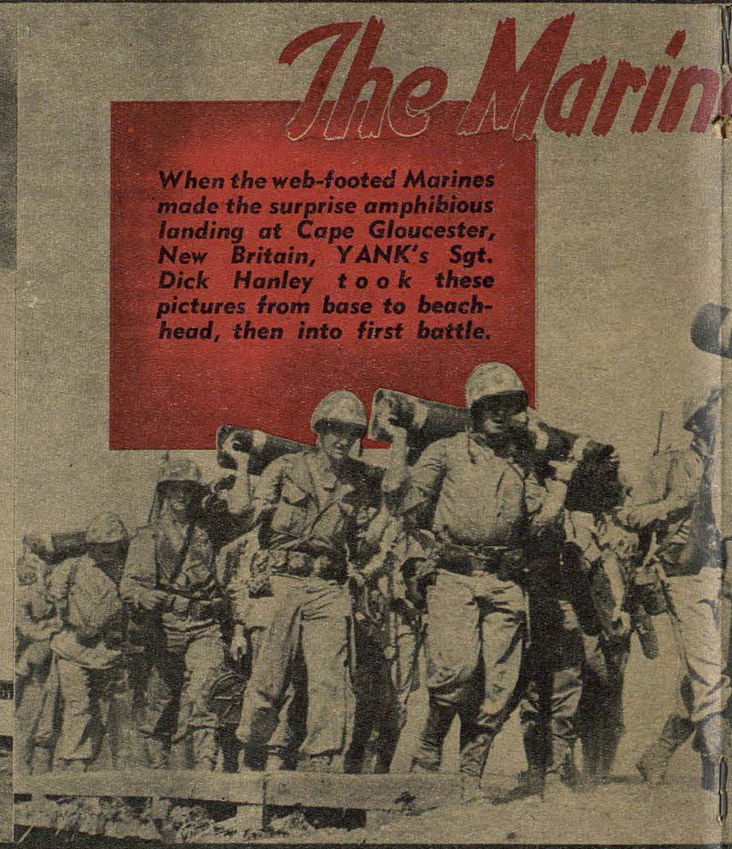


Gunners, above, kept watch as the convoy ploughed through Vitiaz Strait.

As soon as the invasion craft, above, ground up on the New Britain beach, marine patrols fanned out to protect the landing of heavier equipment and vehicles. First strong Jap resistance came in the vicinity of the airstrips.

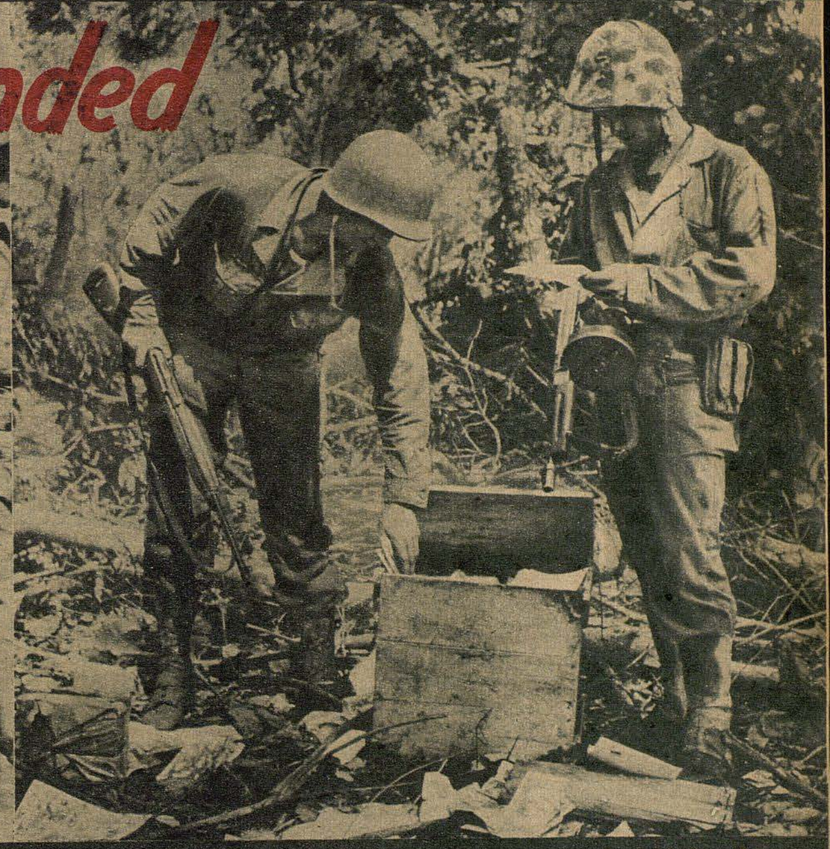
Sgt. Eugene Stevenson of Westport, Conn., left below, and Sgt. Donald Currier of Dunball, Md., scan Jap propaganda. While SPs, above, build defenses.

This ex-Son of Heaven, below, hid in a wrecked Jap landing barge on the beach when the marines arrived. He was one of the first to die.

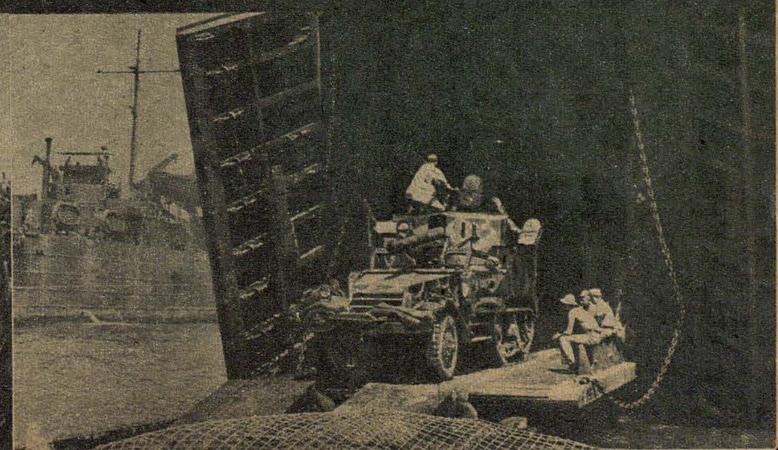


The situation was well in hand—and so was nearly everything else. Marines carried everything but the kitchen sink aboard the LSTs.

Marine infantry and tanks, below, moved on the two airstrips at Cape Gloucester with the 75s in the tanks blasting the way.



As proof that they meant business, the marines landed half-tracks, below, tanks and alligators to blast their way forward at Gloucester.



Mail Call

Free
YANK DOWN UNDER
APO 927

Dear YANK Down Under:

Seven months in the romantic and tropical isle of New Guinea with nary a feminine form at which to leer, so—a grass skirt, two oranges, a towel-made brassiere and a turban have transformed one of our boys into one of those fascinating creatures called Woman. Pictured above is our gorgeous creation, Cpl. Louis Hall, who hails from Middletown, Conn., and the "wolf" on "her" left is Sgt. Spud Chandler from Miller, Mo.

—Sgt. JAMES L. CHANDLER

Dear YANK:

I read in a November issue about Germans and Japs living off the fat of the land as our prisoners of war. It seems a damn shame to me that those Nazis and Japs not only get the privilege of living in the United States, but live better than soldiers do over here. On top of that they get more money than privates or pfcs., including our 20 per cent for overseas. I fully expect, too, that they eat much better, sleep on better beds and have much nicer places to stay in. It particularly burned me up when I read the Japs were quitting on the job because they could not choose their own leaders.

—Pfc. EDWIN K. WARNER

● The United States keeps faithfully the International agreement which was approved by the Geneva convention regarding prisoners of war. German and Italian officers are paid monthly allowances of $20 and $40 according to rank; Japanese officers receive $5 less a month, and enlisted men receive 10 cents a day, plus a minimum of 80 cents a day when they work. Captured American officers and men are similarly paid by the enemy. Full salaries continue for officers and men while they are prisoners, to be paid to them by their own country when the war is over.

It is true that sometimes living conditions and food are better for prisoners of war than for the captor's own soldiers in the field. That is because the Geneva convention requires that prisoners be maintained at the same standard enjoyed by the captor army, whose soldiers in the field cannot, for practical reasons, live as in camp.

The Japs you refer to are internees, not prisoners of war, and as such they are not under the jurisdiction of the Army. They are civilians who have been interned for security reasons, not for any act of war against the U.S. They are paid allowances ranging from $24 a year each for children to a maximum of $45 a year for adults, in addition to what they may earn from their own labor.

Dear YANK Down Under:

On Nov. 10, 1942, I was in a plane crash in New Guinea. From Nov. 10 until Dec. 20 I was listed as "missing in action"—40 days in all, which is how long it took us to walk back to Moresby. On Dec. 29 my folks were notified that I was safe.

Since the plane crash I have not been receiving my mail, 11 months in all. Last August I asked the Red Cross to check up on my family affairs to see if letters were being written to me. The report I received from the Red Cross stated that everyone at home was writing and that my wife especially was writing one airmail letter a day. The Red Cross advised my wife to write V-Mail letters and I would be sure to get them. Since then two V-Mail letters have reached me.

Meanwhile I went a little further and spoke to the chaplain, who sent a letter requesting the APO here to check on my mail. That has not helped. I then wrote to the Postmaster at San Francisco stating my case, and that also has not eased the situation. Next I saw my Commanding Officer and he wrote a letter requesting the Commanding General to look into the matter. Now the question is, where do I go from here? Who can I state my case to and get results from? None of my actions so far have helped. I am satisfied from the report the Red Cross gave me that my family is writing regularly. My wife has tried to check at the post-office at Oakland, Calif., but with no results. If you can give me any advice that will ease this situation then I would certainly appreciate it. Eleven months is a long time to go without news from home.

—Pfc. JOHN MOBLEY

● We've presented your case to the authorities and are writing you directly on this.

Dear YANK Down Under:

I have a gripe that has been gaining in feeling ever since it first appeared over six months ago. Because of it I might be accused of being a cry-baby, or worse, a slacker. But if I'm placed in that category then so must thousands of others up here with me. My gripe has been heard a thousand times before. It is: When are we going home?

GIs stationed on the mainland (excluding, of course, the Northern Territory and a few other spots) do not enter my argument. When we were down there I was perfectly satisfied to remain for the duration plus. I'm concerned with guys in lonely hell-hole outposts—the Northern Territory, New Guinea, etc.—places where a man can go absolutely nowhere. They may be healthy and all that, but it doesn't detract from the fact that something is definitely happening to them. After a few years in a tropic hole, most men become strange. It's true. I see it all around me, and I feel it myself. You can't expect a man to remain normal after looking at tent walls day in and day out without giving him an idea of when and if it will ever end. Something must happen to that man.

Yes, we've been over almost two years and the biggest part of that time has been spent in holes. There are thousands worse off than myself. When do we get a break? The Army is tremendous and we're but a tiny percentage. Perhaps they have forgotten all about us.

—Sgt. ROBERT E. PLUMB

● Going home is a desire that is uppermost in the minds of GIs in every theater in every part of the world. On Page 11 of this issue you will find an editorial on the new USAFFE policy concerning soldiers going back to the States. Whenever we gripe about going home we should not forget these cold facts: New Zealand and Australian men have been away from home almost four years, and thousands of them still are; there are Dutch and Free French and Filipinos and Norwegians and many others who have no home to go to until the last shot is fired.

Dear YANK Down Under:

I would like to get in my two cents' worth with these suggestions:

First, that the glue on envelope flaps and V-Mail forms be eliminated on those being shipped to troops in tropical climates. Many envelope and V-Mail forms are being destroyed simply because they couldn't be opened for use. Most of them have to be sealed with added glue anyway. Secondly, that more magazines and other good reading matter be shipped to troops in the forward areas, as there is a serious shortage of good reading material.

—Pfc. CARROLL R. BREWSTER

Dear YANK:

Ever since this cartoon appeared in a December issue we have been racking our brains trying to figure out how the soldier was able to remove his helmet. In general the cartoons in YANK are good, but this one isn't quite practical.

—Pvt. JACK PALMER

Dear YANK:

I would like to know how the soldier could get his helmet off with the shell sticking through his head. If he pulled the shell out to take his helmet off, why did he put it back in his head? Your information will be valuable in our first-aid class.

—GEORGE DAVIS, S2c

● The shell in the soldier's head isn't the same one that went through his helmet. He was hit twice. The first shell went through his helmet, clean as a whistle. When he took off his helmet to look at the damage, another shell came along and lodged itself in the hole in his head. Moral: Never remove your helmet under any conditions.

MESSAGE CENTER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

The following men want to trade shoulder patches:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

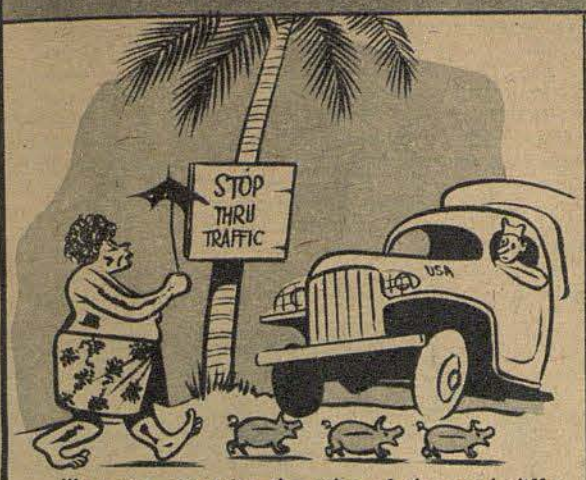
Sgt. George P. Lewis, Fin. Det., 76th Inf. Div., Camp McCoy, Wis.

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

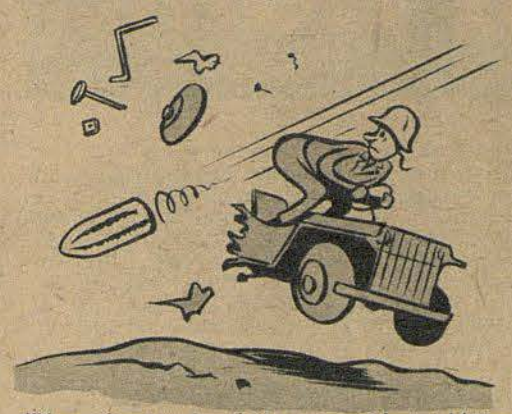
Cpl. Robert K. Miller, 1663d SU, Hq. Co., Camp Grant, Ill.

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

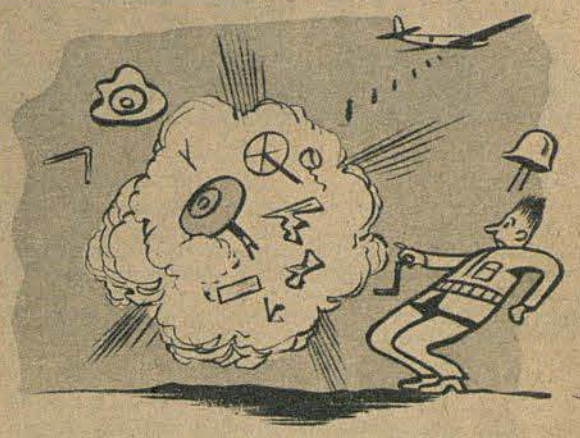
A Painless Review of DRIVER'S MANUAL, TM 10-460, in Six Easy Lessons



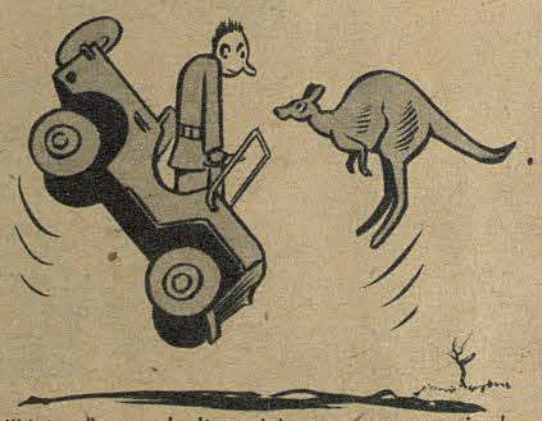
"In some countries the rules of the road differ from those in the United States . . ."



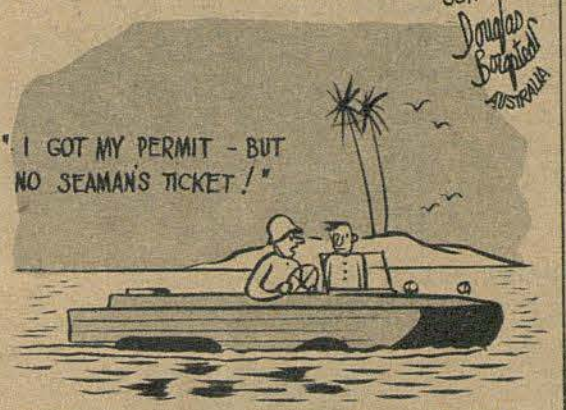
"Your front axle drive provides additional traction when you need it. It is ordinarily used only in off-the-road operation . . ."



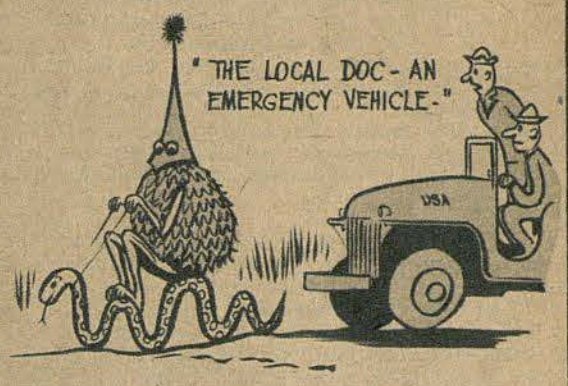
"Hold the crank securely. If it slips out of your hand it may swing around and break your arm."



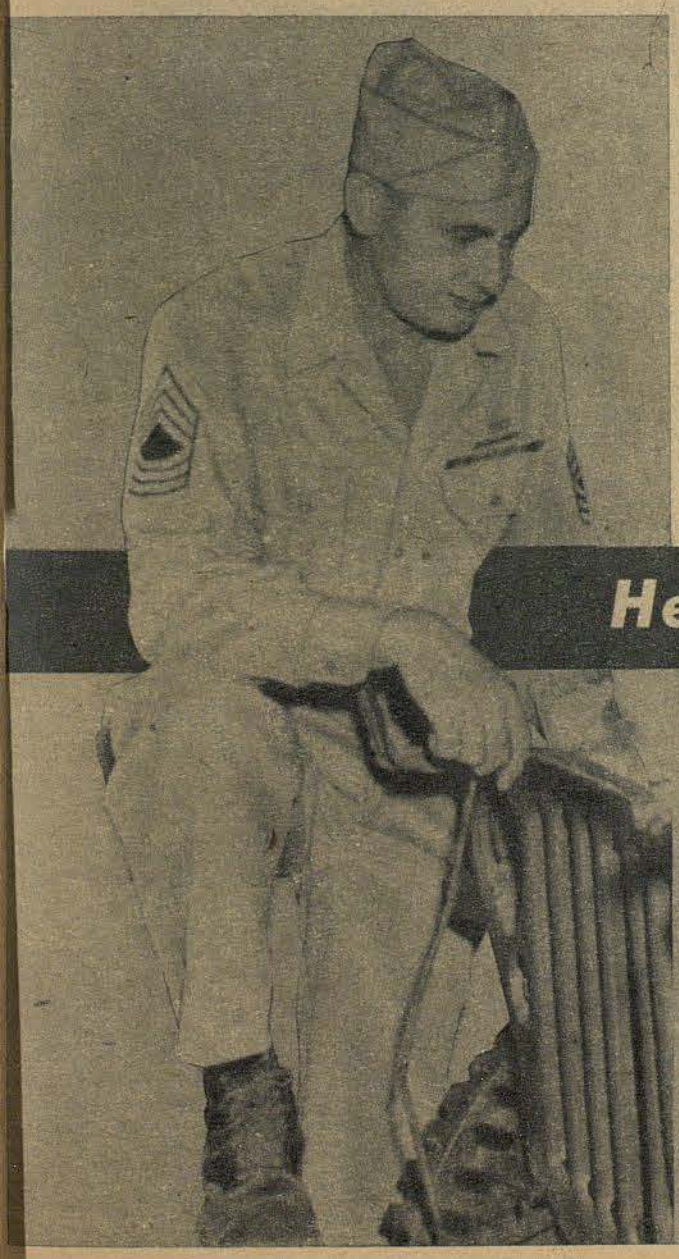
"Naturally you don't want to run over any animal, but human lives are more valuable than animals. However, don't tackle too big a beast."



"Marked on your permit are the classes of vehicles which you are authorized to drive. You are not allowed to drive any others . . ."



"Give the right of way to all fire, police and other emergency vehicles."



Two GIs Buy Boat and Map Post-War Pacific Island Cruise

NEW GUINEA—Believe it or not, despite the climate, mosquitoes, and other adversities of the SWPArea, there are two guys in this man's Army who already have completed plans to return here after the war for a long tour of the islands. They are Cpl. Thomas Lederly of Albany, N.Y., and Pvt. Evans Tate, from Jacksonville, Fla., now members of a signal supply outfit.

Quite aware that victory is in sight, the two dogfaces have a small crude map of the islands. They have their long course already traced on the map and have covered the trip many times —but so far only on paper.

"Sure we're coming back out here after the war is over. And why not? This part of the world will be a darn peaceful place after the Yanks finish mopping up," explains Cpl. Lederly.

Long before they met, both GIs had visualized the trip and decided to cruise in a 65-foot Diesel boat equipped with sails. This type of craft was finally purchased by them a couple of months ago from savings in the banks back home, coupled with their Army pay.

They have a stack of old travel folders of the islands and claim they have already begun buying their supplies back in the States. They pointed out the Army has taught them plenty about selecting proper quantity and quality of rations.

Knowing that Cpl. Lederly is married, a GI wanted to know how his wife regarded the proposed trip. The corporal said she was all for the trip and was going along, too.

—Pfc. ERIC ROMANSE
YANK Field Correspondent

He Turned Down a Major's Commission

AUSTRALIA—To ears accustomed to the usual wailing of GIs who want to go home comes the astonishing story of a Yank who turned down a commission as a major with a soft desk job in his home town, then enlisted as a buck private so that he could get overseas.

The leading man of this melodrama is M/Sgt. Leo S. Hawthorne of Philadelphia, former engineer for a large oil company. He's now serving with an ordnance maintenance company at an advanced Fifth Air Force Service Command depot.

Before you chalk up Sgt. Hawthorne as a sure candidate for a Section 8, take a look at the record. On Wake Island two years ago a marine corporal named John T. Hawthorne died in action against the Japanese. He was Leo S. Hawthorne's only son.

Sgt. Hawthorne served on the Mexican border, enlisted in the Army during the first World War, became a fighter pilot, was brought down to a crash landing by shrapnel, broke both knees, was gassed—and went back into the scrap and stayed in it until 1919.

He won the Purple Heart and the Croix de Guerre with palms.

When the present war started, Hawthorne obtained leave from his company and went to work for the Army as senior automotive instructor, teaching officer candidates at Fort Knox and Aberdeen. He later worked for the Ferry Command, but resigned after four crossings to England in order to enlist in the Army.

"They offered me a commission as a major," says Sgt. Hawthorne, "but it would have tied me to a desk in Philadelphia. You don't feel like doing executive work when you've lost a son."

—YANK Field Correspondent

NEWS FROM HOME

ALABAMA

Charlie Weems, one of the five "Scottsboro boys," was paroled after serving six years of a 75-year term for allegedly raping two white girls. Power lines supplying 8,000 customers in southeast Alabama were cut by an Army training plane which crashed near Union Springs. In U. S. court at Mobile, William Kelly was fined $250 and given a five-year suspended sentence for setting fires in the woods in Baldwin and Escambia Counties last March. Gov. Sparks set Mar. 14 as the date of the special election in the third congressional district to name a successor to the late Congressman Henry Steagall.

ARIZONA

The Arizona Education Association, meeting at Phoenix, reported that salary increases were the only way to prevent teachers from quitting classrooms for better paying jobs. Andrew Martin, pioneer Tucson merchant, favored the city's purchase of the Tucson Gas, Electric Light and Power Co. Arizona rivers remained low for the eighth successive month. The annual state high-school basketball tournament was set for the first week end in March in Union High gym at Phoenix.

CALIFORNIA

State Liquor Administrator Stout said that Army authorities had discovered a large moonshine still and quantities of whisky and *sake* inside the Tule Lake Japanese segregation center. Colusa police arrested Carl Stockman on a drunk charge after he ran through the business district naked one night. The interior of Nevada City's largest business block was destroyed and the Trinity Episcopal Church was damaged in separate fires the same day. A prankster turned in a false alarm while Dixon firemen were celebrating ladies' night. Dolph Camilli, former Brooklyn Dodger first baseman, signed a two-year contract to manage Oakland's baseball club.

COLORADO

Denver's City Council voted 7 to 1 to wipe out "destructive squirrels" in councilmanic districts 4, 5 and 6; many citizens opposed the measure and Mayor Stapleton refused to sign it. Neighbors helped Virgil Clark of Eaton find his wallet containing $1,000, which he had dropped in a field and plowed under. Paramount selected Leadville as a location for the filming of "I Love a Soldier." Snow alleviated a water shortage at Walsenburg. The State bought seven blocks of land south of the State Fairgrounds at Pueblo for a parking lot. Colorado hunters shot 29,656 deer and 5,373 elk during the fall season.

GEORGIA

Experiments indicated that Georgia could raise Easter-lily bulbs as cheaply and of a quality just as good as those formerly imported from Japan. Seminole County endorsed a fourth term for President Roosevelt, 952-91, in a preferential primary. A $500,000 shopping center was planned for Bell Aircraft employees at Marietta. Atlanta expected to end the year with a million-dollar surplus in its treasury. Boys' High of Atlanta lost the Southern Prep football title to Miami (Fla.) High, 27-7, in a game at Miami's Orange Bowl. Died at Atlanta: Mrs. L. Tucker Stallings, mother of Lt. Col. Laurence Stallings, USMC, who wrote "What Price Glory?"

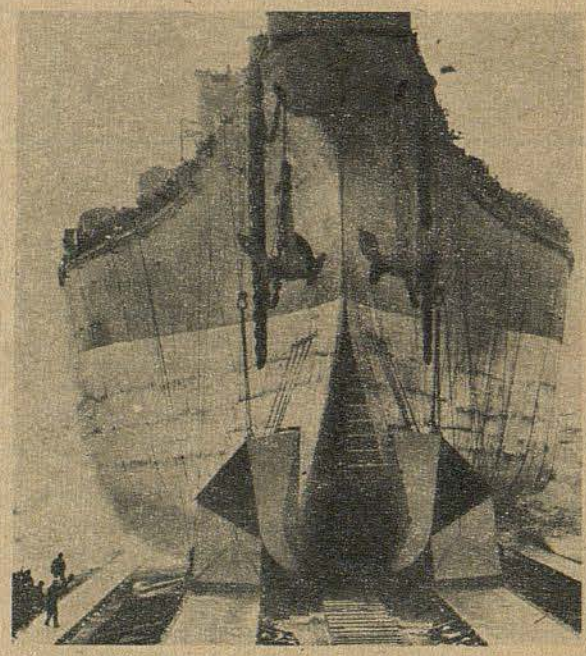
Mayor LaGuardia takes over from Conrad Nagel to give Gertrude Lawrence a little demonstration in love making at New York's City Center, formerly Mecca Temple, which city will operate as a theater.

ILLINOIS

The post office at Atwood had an all-woman staff. When 107 men offered to pay the OPA ceiling price of $892.95 for a tractor at a Monmouth farm auction, it was necessary to draw lots to determine the buyer; Leo Jones, who lives near Kirkwood, won. State Senator Lee of Mount Vernon enlisted in the USMC as a private. Father Francis Casey of Geneseo became a Navy chaplain. At Paris, the Walter Carys had triplets—two girls and a boy. At Chicago's Soldier Field, 75,000 saw St. George High, Catholic champions, retain the city prep football title with a 19-12 victory over Wendell Phillips, first Negro eleven to win the public-school title.

INDIANA

Circuit Court Judge Cox urged Indianapolis pastors to sponsor a law giving ordained ministers the sole right to perform marriage ceremonies. Evansville's Mayor Reichert built cages at his home for six tigers left stranded by a circus. Ft. Wayne barbers began charging 75 cents for haircuts. A $75,000 fire destroyed the Logansport Baptist Temple a few minutes before the time for Sunday-morning services. South Bend was having a measles epidemic. At Indianapolis, four bandits slugged Henry Buck, Meridian Street grocer, and his 13-year-old son but missed $1,700 the boy had hidden under his sweater.



The world's greatest battleship slides down the ways at the Philadelphia (Pa.) Navy Yard. It's the *USS Wisconsin*, reported to displace 52,600 tons, with a bow five stories high and costing $90,000,000.

IOWA

Webster City dedicated its new $140,000 high-school gym. The Cedar Falls American Legion Post asked citizens to boycott an exhibit of paintings by conscientious objectors. Lorenzo Lister captured a full-grown wolf near Polk City. The Rev. Ernest V. Kennan of Baltimore, Md., formerly of Des Moines, was elected Episcopal bishop of Iowa. For the first time in the history of the Northern Iowa Federal Court District, a jury panel of both men and women was selected at Dubuque. Thieves stole 1,550 shoe stamps, coupons good for 1,318,176 gallons of gasoline and 1,082 copies of ration book No. 4 at Keokuk —the largest haul of its kind in the Middle West.

LOUISIANA

A third trial was planned in 1944 for Charles Frazier and Walter Henderson on charges of killing two State Penitentiary guards during a break in 1933. Motorists were each being issued one fiber license tag. At New Orleans, Milton Mathews was booked on a theft charge, accused of paying only 10 cents for $32 worth of long-distance telephone calls; operators said Mathews would deposit a nickel and then pound the telephone receiver against the coin box to simulate the sound of quarters dropping. Bernard Sweeney, president of the Rayne State Bank, drowned while duck hunting near Breaux Bridge.

MAINE

A two-day blizzard, worse than the storm of 1888, caused the death of three persons and left 40 inches of snow in parts of western and central Maine. An exhausted deer that Capt. Henry Greenleaf of Boothbay Harbor hauled into his boat from the Sheepscot River quickly recovered and butted Greenleaf into the water. Maine motorists will each get a single metal license tag for 1944. Deputy Chief John Newell was named Portland's new police chief. The Maine pari-mutuel harness-racing "handle" this year was $1,856,077, or $234,000 less than that of a year ago. The season's deer hunting fatalities totaled 13.

Burglar and his bride. Dan Joseph Walsh as he was married to Rebel Sorrento Russo in the sheriff's office at St. Louis the day before he was sentenced to five years in Missouri State Penitentiary for burglary.

MARYLAND

Dr. James Hens, a psychiatrist at the Spring Grove State Hospital, was arrested by the FBI after a draftee said he had paid $2,500 to learn how to feign a mental disease and thus avoid military service. Liquor rationing started in Wicomico County. At Elkton, a $150,000 fire destroyed ten Main Street stores, including Gonce's Department Store and the Paxton and Frazier drug stores. Because he failed to collect ration stamps, David Bamford, a Dundalk gas-station operator, was prohibited from selling gasoline for the duration. At Baltimore, Polytechnic Institute broke a 10-year football jinx by defeating City College, 19-12.

MASSACHUSETTS

Carl Lagerstrom, 67, died in the Wesson Memorial Hospital, Springfield, of complications that resulted after his arm was broken while shaking hands too vigorously with a friend. The crew of the Gloucester fishing boat *Richard J.* was saved, but a 18,000-pound catch was lost when the boat sank off Eastern Point. In a letter to the Lawrence *Tribune*, Protestant and Catholic clergymen of Andover opposed Sunday morning State Guard drills and salvage collections. Fire destroyed the business block at 21 Brown Street, Salem. Eastern Massachusetts high-school football champions: Waltham, Class A; Weymouth, Class B; Abington and Swampscott, tied for Class C; Westboro, Class D.

MICHIGAN

Eighteen hunters, four more than ever before, were killed in accidental shootings during the deer-hunting season. Vicksburg school officials permitted high-school girls to wear wool or corduroy slacks as a fuel-conservation measure. At Lansing, State Rep. Stanley Dombrowski of Detroit got 3½ to 15 years in prison after admitting that he lied while testifying in a grand-jury investigation of legislative corruption. Thieves broke into the Kent County Ration

Board office at Grand Rapids and stole gasoline ration stamps worth more than half a million gallons. Curwood Castle, where James Oliver Curwood did most of his writing, will become the property of Owosso. Smith Carlton, 96, Kalamazoo County's last Civil War veteran, was killed by a car.

MISSOURI

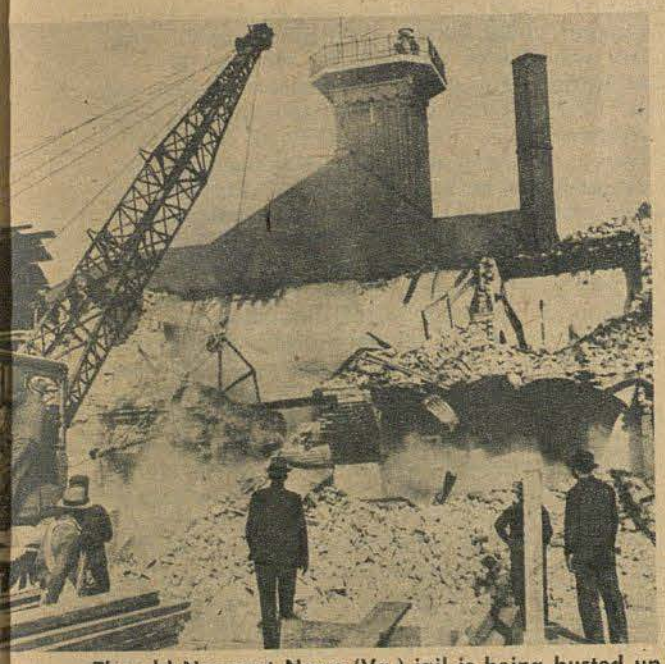
The building that housed the law office of Mark Twain's father was presented to the city of Hannibal on the 108th anniversary of the author's birth. More than 2,500 Kansas City students were granted three-week Christmas vacations to work in stores and the post office. A survey showed that more than 700 manufacturing plants in the St. Louis area expected to employ as many workers after the war as they do now. Springfield High won the annual Butter Bowl football game at Springfield by defeating Willow Springs, 25-14.

MONTANA

Gov. Ford opposed plans for a flood-control dam on the Yellowstone River near Livingston on the ground that it would deprive landowners of their water rights. State motorists will be issued fiber-board license tags for 1944. Mike Quinn of Boulder took a 4,128-pound load of hogs to Butte, then was unable to buy any bacon for his hired men because he forgot his ration books. Rum was rationed by many state liquor stores. Fire badly damaged the Albermarle Building in West Granite Street, Butte. Missoula won the state high-school football championship by defeating Billings, 7-6. George Myers of Bigtimber was killed when a buzz saw tore loose and cut off his head.

NEVADA

Floyd McKinney, 34, was executed in the prison gas chamber at Carson City for the murder of Lt. Raymond Fisher of Rochester, N. Y., last April 24; Lt. and Mrs. Fisher were killed after giving McKinney a ride. Marie Goelet Bennett, daughter of the musicians Alma Gluck and Efrem Zimbalist, reported that she was robbed of her bag containing $1,600 as she walked from a Reno gambling club. Twenty-one forest fires, fewer than in previous years, burned 614 acres in the three Nevada national forests in the past season. Fallon High won the western Nevada Conference football title by downing the Yerington Lions, 13-6.



The old Newport News (Va.) jail is being busted up to make room for a new $313,000 structure built according to more modern standards. A jail and police headquarters will be included in the new building.

NEW JERSEY

In Atlantic City's worst fire in 41 years, one fireman was killed, 150 persons were made homeless and the Boardwalk block between Virginia and Maryland Avenues was destroyed. More than 25 doctors volunteered to serve Garwood as a result of publicity given to the commissioning in the Army of the city's last remaining physician. Philip Kehr Sr. and William Bliss, New Milford volunteer firemen, were killed when the hook-and-ladder truck on which they were riding collided with a Rockland Coach Co. bus. The State Highway Department appealed to women to drive snow-removal trucks this winter. Fourteen monkeys escaped from the Buck private zoo in Haddon Township but were recaptured with a carrot-baited trap.

NEW YORK

The state issued its first metal automobile license plates in two years; they were yellow with black letters. At Albany, the Court of Appeals upheld, 4 to 3, the validity in New York State of Reno divorces. The Stuyvesant Falls fire station burned, even though firemen from five nearby communities responded to a call for help. Edward Codarre, 13, of New York City, the youngest prisoner ever admitted to Sing Sing, began a 30-year term for the rape-murder of a 10-year-old girl near Poughkeepsie. At Brooklyn's Shore Road Hospital, a 26-ounce baby girl made medical history by living 11 days.

NORTH CAROLINA

When the mechanism of the State Prison lethal-gas chair jammed during an execution at Raleigh, it was necessary for Executioner Bridges to release cyanide pellets by hand and then run for safety. Seventy-five Louisburg motorists were unable to obtain gasoline-ration books immediately because a janitor in the Franklin County Ration Board office mistakenly used their applications to start a fire. Flames badly damaged the Southland Hotel in Southern Pines. High-school football results: Charlotte Central defeated Raleigh, 7-0, for the state Class A title at Raleigh; North Carolina All-Stars beat South Carolina All-Stars, 20-7, at Charlotte.

NORTH DAKOTA

Nearly a million bushels of grain, mostly wheat, were shipped from Bismarck and Mandan in 3½ months. Wyndmere was selected as the site of a high-school subdistrict basketball tournament on Feb. 25. Their son and two daughters presented Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liebenow of Chaffee with three grandchildren—all girls—within a month. Gov. Moses asked U. S. officials for priorities on heavy farm machinery in 1944.

OHIO

Arthur Williams, Republican, contested the eight-vote victory of Ralph O'Neill, Democrat, for the mayoralty of Youngstown by filing a suit charging that ballot boxes were stuffed. James Collett, Clinton County farmer, confessed killing his brother-in-law, Elmer McCoy, at the latter's farm near Washington Court House on Thanksgiving Eve but denied the murder of McCoy's wife and daughter. More than half of the 12,500-acre Scioto Ordnance Plant tract near Marion was to be leased for agricultural use after the plant closes Dec. 31. Fifty bucks were killed on the 60,000-acre Roosevelt Game Preserve near Portsmouth the opening day of Ohio's first deer-shooting season in 50 years.

OKLAHOMA

The Tulsa plant of the Douglas Aircraft Co. produced 50 percent more bombers in November than were scheduled, setting a new production record for Douglas plants. Tulsa University announced at 5-million-dollar drive for buildings and endowment on its golden anniversary. LeFlore County Selective Service Board No. 1 listed only 10 delinquents. Claude Newton, who said he made $25,000 dealing in novelties made by prisoners at the State Penitentiary while serving a term for murder, was given a year's leave by Gov. Kerr to set up his own business.

What goes on in your home state

OREGON

A War Bond rally at Myrtle Point was enlivened by a battle that started when high-school students accused members of Jehovah's Witnesses of cowardice. Voters rejected a proposal for the merger of Marshfield and North Bend into one city to be named City of Coos Bay. Multnomah County issued 301 marriage licenses last month, a November record. Women PTA members in Portland offered to police movie theaters to discourage teen-age kissing. Taft High defeated Dayton High, 26-14, to win the western Oregon Class B football championship; Grant Union of John Day beat Maupin, 6-0, to win similar honors in eastern Oregon. Grant High of Portland defeated Klamath Falls, 6-0, to win the Class A title.

PENNSYLVANIA

Twelve hundred pounds of explosives were used to blow the nation's first horizontal-shaft oil well near Franklin; the output is expected to equal that of 200 vertical wells. Voters in Berks County mistakenly elected two justices already in office in November's election. The War Production Board granted Pittsburgh permission to buy 100 new streetcars. High-school football results: Allentown won its first Big 15 championship by defeating Bethlehem, 13-0; Newport beat Duncannon, 20-13, to win the Perry County championship.

TENNESSEE

Mayor Cummings said Nashville would build a 1½-million-dollar municipal auditorium on the site of the Ryman Auditorium after the war. Mrs. Henry Laux of Madison was Davidson County's first woman rural mail carrier. With the resignation of Hamilton County's Sheriff Fred Payne, only a three-man police force was left to safeguard the county's 65,000 inhabitants. Electricity was extended to 174 more middle Tennessee farms in 1943. Chattanooga civic groups wired Clark Griffith, Washington owner of the Chattanooga baseball franchise, offering their support if the Southern Association team were returned from Montgomery, Ala. Charles Nash, 76, salesman, known in Memphis as the "man on a bicycle," was killed by a truck.

TEXAS

Ross Dickey, who resigned as Beaumont's police chief after a controversy, was succeeded by Artie Pollock, ex-Ranger. Fog halted Houston busses for two hours one morning. Federal agents reported that north Texas drinkers were paying $12 to $15 a gallon for moonshine. At Austin, University of Texas co-eds outnumbered the men 3,628 to 3,270. Fire destroyed Walker's Tavern and several tourist cabins on Holmes Street Road in Dallas. A ration-book census placed Houston's population at 460,000.

VERMONT

Each Vermont serviceman will receive about $100 under a 3-million-dollar bonus bill passed by the Legislature. A 20-inch snowfall isolated communities in Addison, Rutland, Caledonia and Essex Counties for four days. Carl Herrick of West Townshend was found crushed to death by a bear. Hunters expected to bag 400,000 pounds of venison during the eight-day season. The Rutland Fair, closed by the war for two years, will be resumed in 1944. Atty. Henry Milne of Barre succeeded J. Hervey Macomber of Burlington as U. S. Senator Aiken's secretary.

WASHINGTON

William Pilkington, insane prisoner at the Clark County jail at Vancouver, started a fire in his padded cell in which he and one other prisoner died. A second branch of Boeing's was opened at Tacoma. Seventeen cases of dog poisoning were reported at Wenatchee. War plants, service stations and stores were helping distribute 1944 automobile-license plates. Mrs. Bertha Landes, former mayor of Seattle and first woman mayor of a large American city, died in Ann Arbor, Mich., at 75. Harrington High completed its third successive football season undefeated. Other unbeaten, untied teams: Winlock, Lewis County; Port Orchard, Kitsap County; Prosser, Benton Valley; Oak Harbor, Island County; Wenatchee, Chelan County.

WEST VIRGINIA

Constable Adams of Edwight, Raleigh County, claimed his nine-point 375-pound buck was the largest killed during the state's fall hunting season. The Wheeling Kiwanis Club entertained the Central Catholic High football squad, city champion. In a $100,000 libel suit brought by Road Commissioner Ernest Bailey against Walter Clark, publisher of the Charleston *Mail*, the State Supreme Court ruled that acts of public officials are of such concern to the public that misstatements are "qualifiedly privileged" if made in good faith; Clark had written that an agent was paid $50,000 to negotiate the purchase of the "silver bridge" at Point Pleasant in 1941.

WYOMING

Deputy Atty. Gen. McIntyre said the state would attempt to prove in U. S. District Court that there is not sufficient historical interest in the Jackson Hole region to justify creation of the 221,000-acre national park planned by the Federal Government. Cheyenne's Mayor-Elect Ira Hanna named Jesse Eckdall to succeed Police Chief Jackson, who resigned and will head the detective bureau. Powell and Cheyenne both claimed the state high-school football title; Powell won eight games while Cheyenne was unbeaten in nine and tied once.

Union Heads Howl With Indignation

WHILE assembly lines and shipyards heightened production records, railroads, the essential transport link between inland factories and embarkation points, maintained operation mainly because of forceful government anti-strike action the previous week.

This necessary, uninterrupted flow of men and materials over the rails and overseas was not without backwash.

Early in the week an unnamed "high official" condemned unions which had set a date to stop work and rail traffic. The anonymous spokesman told Washington newsmen the threatened rail strike had given Germany a propaganda weapon powerful enough to stave off internal uprisings in Europe and so cause prolongation of the war while increasing American casualties.

Gen. Marshall

Union heads, President William Green of the American Federation of Labor and CIO Chairman Philip Murray accepted the statement as a challenge; then attributed it to Army Chief of Staff Gen. George C. Marshall.

Both men cited labor's war production record and challenged anyone to prove that such production provided an enemy propaganda weapon. They further claimed government bungling and mishandling had been responsible for the tense situation. Green stated a walkout had never been possible after a union pledge given to the President and Congress.

To Gen. Marshall and the rest of the nation with its men fighting around the globe, the important fact was that war weapons continued to be shipped from factories as raw materials necessary for their production moved toward manufacturing centers. If the union's strike date had been a poker player's bluff, it backfired, leaving the blue chips in front of the people's government.

In Washington the War Department proclaimed continued Army control of the railroads. Lt. Robert L. Mulgannon, a railroader of 21 years' experience, set up headquarters in a country general store at Strasburg where the Army assigned him to take over jurisdiction of the Strasburg railroad. Lt. Mulgannon found his duties light. The railroad consists of a single gasoline-powered locomotive, one boxcar and four miles of track. Employees of the railroad are Strasburg's police chief, Thomas H. Blair, who also serves as railroad engineer, and Raymond Althous, who is brakeman, flagman and conductor. Lt. Mulgannon's labor problem was personal. He couldn't find a job on the railroad for himself.

Small fishing vessels rocked madly in a pounding surf at Monterey, Calif., as a 65-mile-an-hour gale swept the U.S. Pacific coast, causing thousands of dollars in damage.

NAMES in the NEWS

PVT. ALBERT GORE, now at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., is going to sound funnier than most dogfaces when he threatens to write his congressional representative. The reason is that Rep. ALBERT GORE of the fourth district of Tennessee and Pvt. GORE are one and the same person since Rep. GORE waived congressional immunity from the draft . . . Divorce proceedings have been filed against screen Tarzan JOHNNY WEISSMULLER by wife BERYL

Gen. Holcomb

Lt. Gen. Vandergift

SCOTT, former San Francisco socialite. The swim champ's previous wives were dancer BOBBE ARNST and movie actress LUPE VELEZ . . . Newly appointed director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, ARTHUR RODZINSKI, has been accepted for military service upon passing his physical examination. He is married and the father of an infant daughter . . . Back from a six-week tour entertaining servicemen in the Alaskan theater, ERROL FLYNN has a new feminine friend. She is TUNDRA LIL, a six-month-old blue fox presented to the star by an Army private at Amchitka, Alaska . . . HOBART BOSWORTH, vet leading and character player in 551 movies, died in Glendale, Calif. Death was due to pneumonia. He was 76 . . . The Marines got a new commandant when Lt. Gen. THOMAS HOLCOMB retired and Lt. Gen. ALEXANDER A. VANDERGIFT, of Charlottesville, Va., was sworn in. The retiring chief has been promoted to full general and retained on active duty status for "an important assignment" . . . A training crash near Santa Barbara, Calif., took the life of Navy Capt. GLENN B. LOEFFEL, 23, who held the Navy Cross for heroism in the capture of Guadalcanal . . . Actor FRANK MORGAN and his wife sped across country to reach their daughter's bedside this week. Their daughter, CLAUDIA MORGAN, is the feminine star of the radio serial "The Thin Man" and is suffering from an attack of pneumonia . . . Chicago police shot one of three bandits seeking to escape after robbing chorus girl SUNNY AINSWORTH, divorced seventh wife of playboy TOMMY MANVILLE . . . SABU, the movies' "Elephant Boy" and currently a pfc. in the US Army is now a citizen. A native of India, his last name is DASTIGAR. He was one of 28 soldiers to become citizens.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

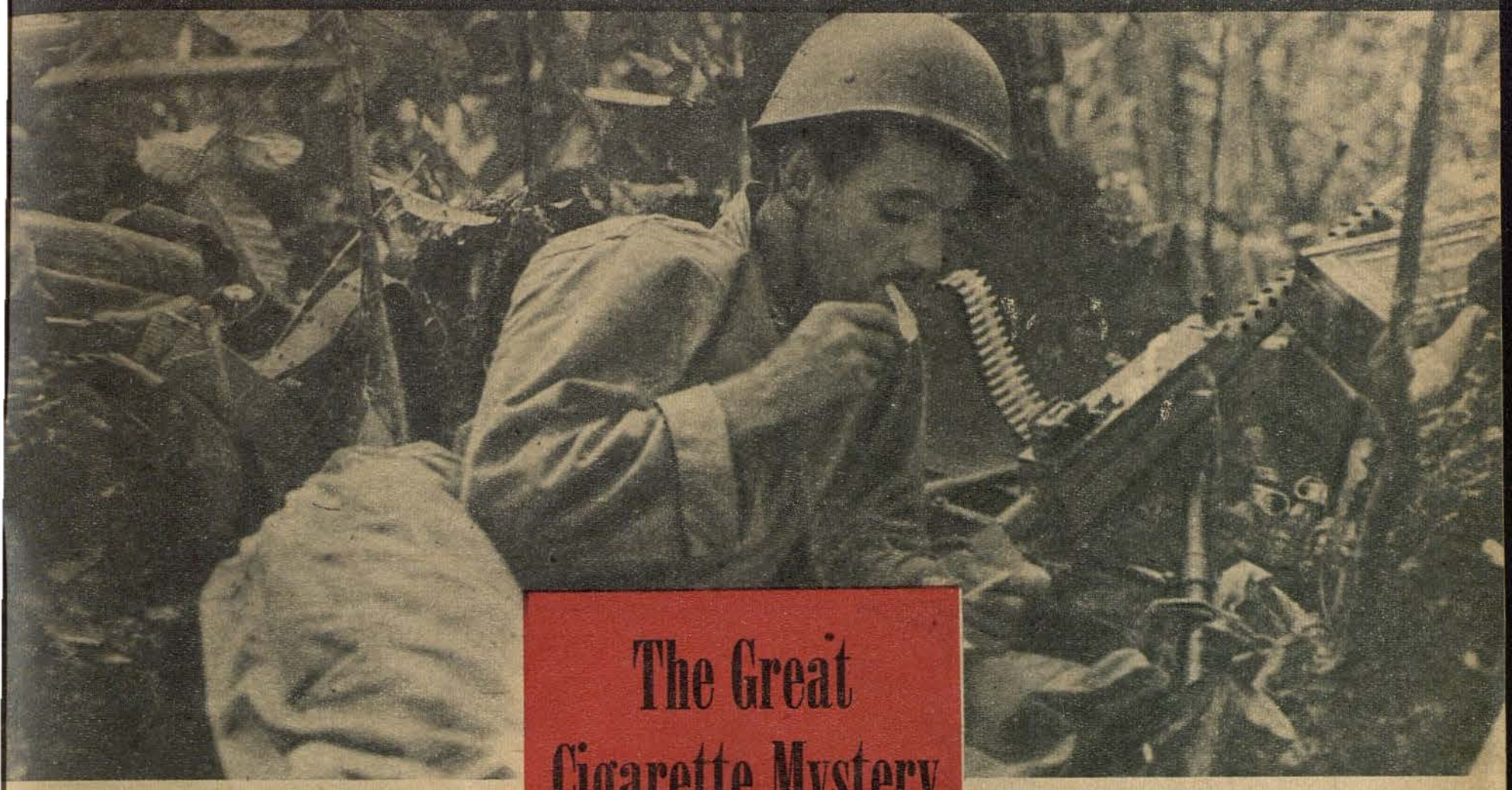
THOUGH four boys of his 15 children are in service James Intinarelle, 61, of Natick, Mass., thinks he should do more to help win the war so he has signed up with the merchant marine.

POLICE in East St. Louis were shaken from their poker sessions when Henry Malicoat, 64, strode into the station to announce dramatically, "I'm a murderer. I just killed a guy." He added he had walked into the gas station of his old enemy, John Schrier, and shot him in the chest at point blank range. Officers sped to the gas station to find Schrier merely dazed and holding a dented half dollar. "I had this four-bit piece in my pocket," he explained.

WORLD champion liar for 1943, according to standards of the Burlington (Wis.) Liars' Club is Sgt. Baron S. Fonnesbe k in an Army camp at Toole, Utah. According to the sergeant, Maryland mosquitoes encountered while stationed in that state were of the P-38 type and when they landed they filled both fuselages. Fonnesbeck claimed his first day in Maryland the mosquitoes completely drained him of his blood. For months thereafter he said the insects honored his IOUs. Months later, after the three striper had been moved to Alabama, the Maryland mosquitoes sent him a Father's Day card because they had so much of his blood in them. Destruction of the pests offered a great problem. The champion liar reports the use of poison gas was futile, though a few of the mosquitoes died when fired upon by .30-caliber bullets. It made the mosquitoes so angry when they had to dodge the bullets they would snap at them as the bullets went by. Before the mosquitoes could let go of the lead their heads would be jerked off.

RUTH ESCHENBAUM and Edward Worden, employees in Seattle's Isaacson Iron Works, wished to be married but could not find time. They solved their problem with the aid of Rev. Earl W. Benbow, a cooperative minister who married them at the 7 A.M. change of shifts. (Picture left).

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



The Great Cigarette Mystery

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

By Sgt. EARL ANDERSON
YANK Washington Bureau

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Diana Lewis

YANK

Pin-up Girl

the POETS CORNERED

ALL ALONE

When day is done and dusk appears,
And letters tell me I've been years
Away from home, I realize all so clear
I'm all alone.

As night time comes, I know no fear,
For time has dried away the tear
That yearns to drop, for it knows, too,
I'm all alone.

This muck, this dirt, this filthy grime,
This acid test of tide and time
That leaves my soul with but one thought—
I'm all alone.

Need I fear death, should I rebel,
When through this endless scourge of hell
I have no friend to wish me well?
I'm all alone.

Aye, so it seems, and into sleep
I steal, no more that day to creep
In stealth from hidden, yellow foe.
I'm all alone.

Yet through it all, I have a friend,
A hand to guide me to the end
Of this mad farce. I know He's there.
I'm not alone.

New Guinea —Sgt. EUGENE T. HAYES

LULLABY IN BERLIN

Sleep my child and do not waken,
Mein Fuhrer has not forsaken
You, his future soldier man.
Dream the dreams of little children:
Mother Goose Rhymes, Turkey-Lurkey, the hen,
And the tan Gingerbread Man.

All of man that is divine
Is left with fairy tales and toys behind
When Youth closes like a fan.
Sleep, my child, though men are changing maps;
Races and countries re-arranging.
Your gas mask's in a can.

Australia —Sgt. BENTLEY KINNEY

THE RATIN'

(With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe)

Once upon a list of ratings, after many months of waiting,
Came a sight that raised my hopes up—thrilled me to the very core;
A Pfc. stripe, nothing more.

Now I worked with increased vigor, and my future dreams grew bigger,
If they now should note my effort they would recommend me for
At least a corporal—maybe more.

Eighteen weary months of waiting since I got my one-stripe rating
Have convinced me they've forgotten what a corporal's rating's for.
And my heart is sad and sore.

Don't you think that I'm deserving, after eighteen months of serving?
Please promote me, thus I pleaded on my knees before his door,
Quoth the Major: "Nevermore!"

Australia —Pfc. CLARENCE D. FIRSTER

OVERTIME

Did you hear of the gobs forced down at sea?
Alone on a raft, just lads like me.
And they drank the last sip in their empty canteens,
They didn't want to die, they were kids in their teens.
What did you do in the war today?

Then there's the marine on Guadalcanal,
Who crawled through barbed wire to get his pal.
And just as he reached him a bomb burst came.
They buried those buddies who knew no more pain.
What did you do in the war today?

A brand new lieutenant, an Infantry man,
Led his brigade to war on Japan.
When they found him the bullet was clean through his head.
But around this young hero ten Japs lay dead.
What did you do in the war today?
Did you stay home from work and go out and play?

Southwest Pacific —Sgt. RAY S. CHAVIN

A PILOT'S LAST WORDS

An Army pilot lay dying
In a wreck at the close of a day
And his buddies had gathered around him
As he stirred in the oil, where he lay.

He propped himself on his elbow,
'Twas plain he would soon be dead,
So he called his comrades closer,
And this is what he said:

"Take the spark plugs out of my liver,
The crankshaft out of my brain,
Take the magneto out of my gizzard,
And assemble the engine again.

"Take the ailerons out of my kidneys,
Get this rudder off my neck.
Take the landing gear out of my spine.
There's a lot of good parts in this wreck.

"Gather up those fuel lines,
Untangle those cables, too,
And straighten out that cowling
So we can get her back in the blue.

"I'll be flying a cloud in the morning,
With no Japs around me to cuss.
So get the lead out of your pants and get busy,
There'll be another guy needing this bus!"

New Guinea —Cpl. DOUGLAS L. TAYLOR

JUNGLE LIFE, 1944

Gone are the days of yesteryear,
When jungle noises we did fear.
Native lovers know it's clear,
That now the jungle's modernized.

Faded now the jungle's moan,
No lion's snarl; no hippo's groan.
Replaced in air, by bomber's drone.
Tarzan's reign is jeopardized.

From whence the serpents once did creep,
Now comes the putter of a jeep.
Mechanically disturbing sleep.
Nightly, daily, relentlessly.

And now come gravel trucks galore,
To drop their loads at your tent door.
And while friends persist in snore,
You toss and turn defenselessly.

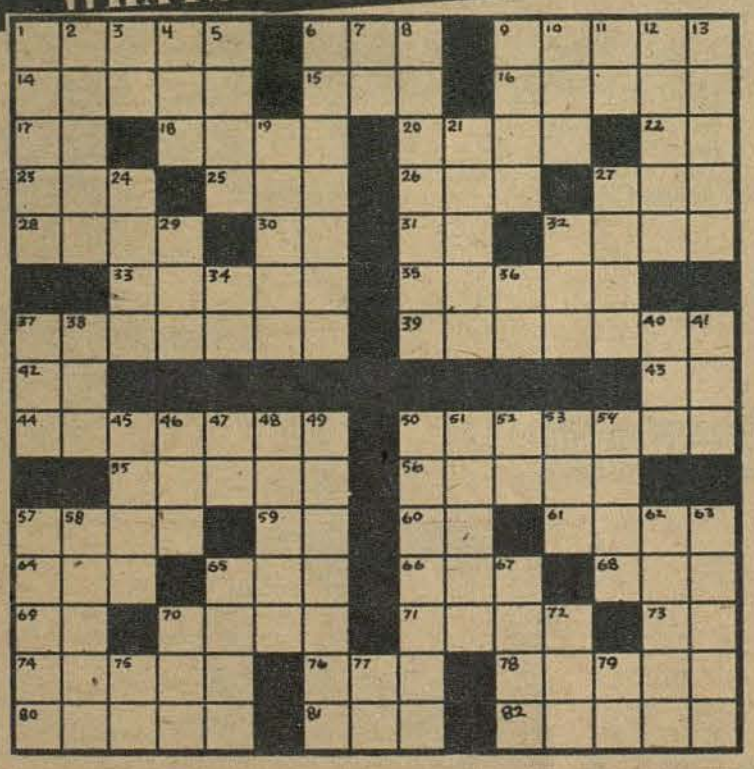
Hyena's laugh and tiger's growl,
Submit to winch's screeching howl,
And motor's clank, ungodly, foul.
The jungle now is mechanized.

Native drums are strangely still.
Sizzling mission'rys no longer grill,
Lost is the weird, lost is the thrill,
Lost completely—roughly modernized.

Diesel motor, crane, and pressure drill;
Of all these sounds, I've had my fill,
But know they will go on until
The jungle is demobilized.

New Guinea —Sgt. GINO G. CIGNOLI

WHATSA WOID FER—?



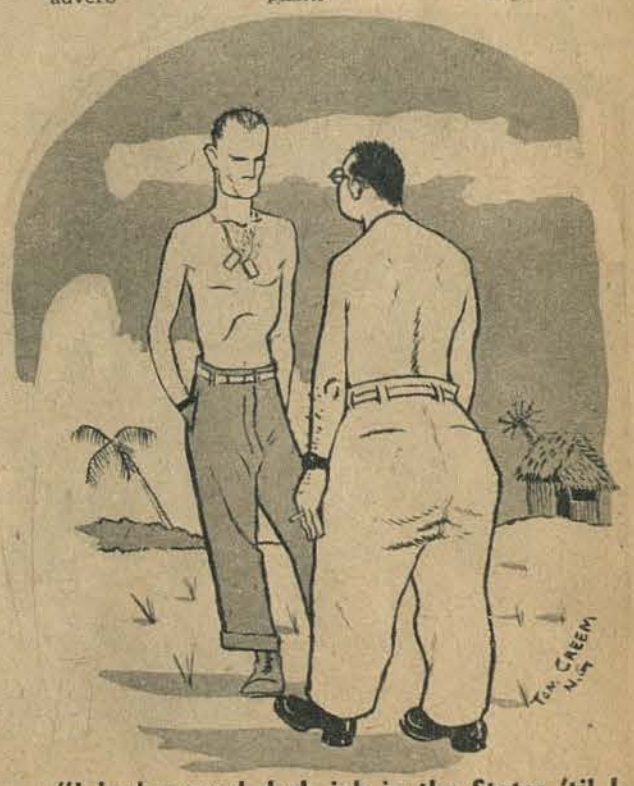
ACROSS

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

DOWN

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

THIS is the kind of girl that makes a soldier appreciate a bathing suit, and even makes a bathing suit thankful there is such a girl. (You'd be surprised what some bathing suits have to put up with.) Petite Diana Lewis comes from a show-biz family, made her theatrical debut at the ripe old age of 2 and at present is appearing in MGM's movie, "Cry Havoc."



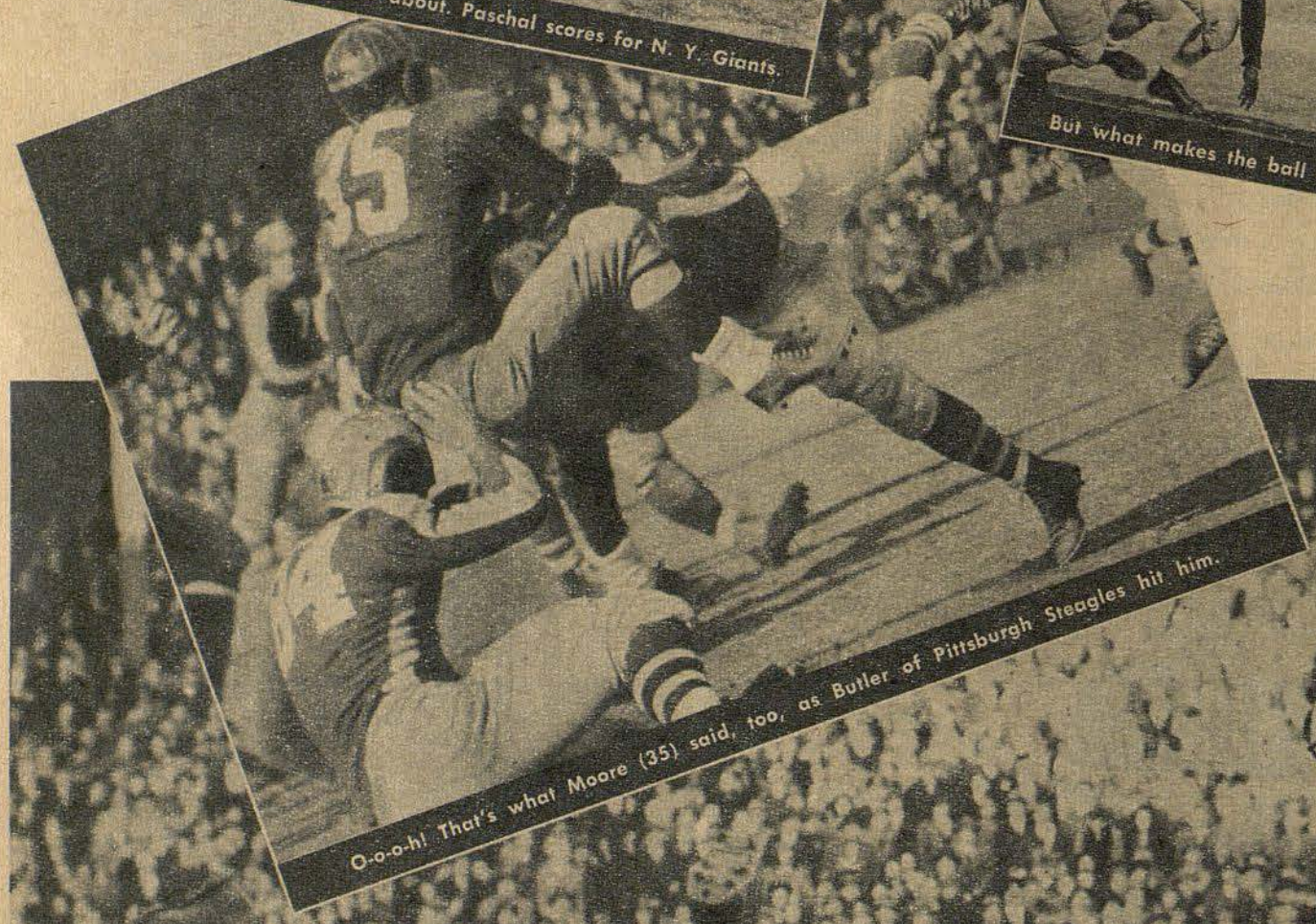
"I had a good desk job in the States 'til I was released by a WAC."

New Guinea —Pvt. Tom Creem

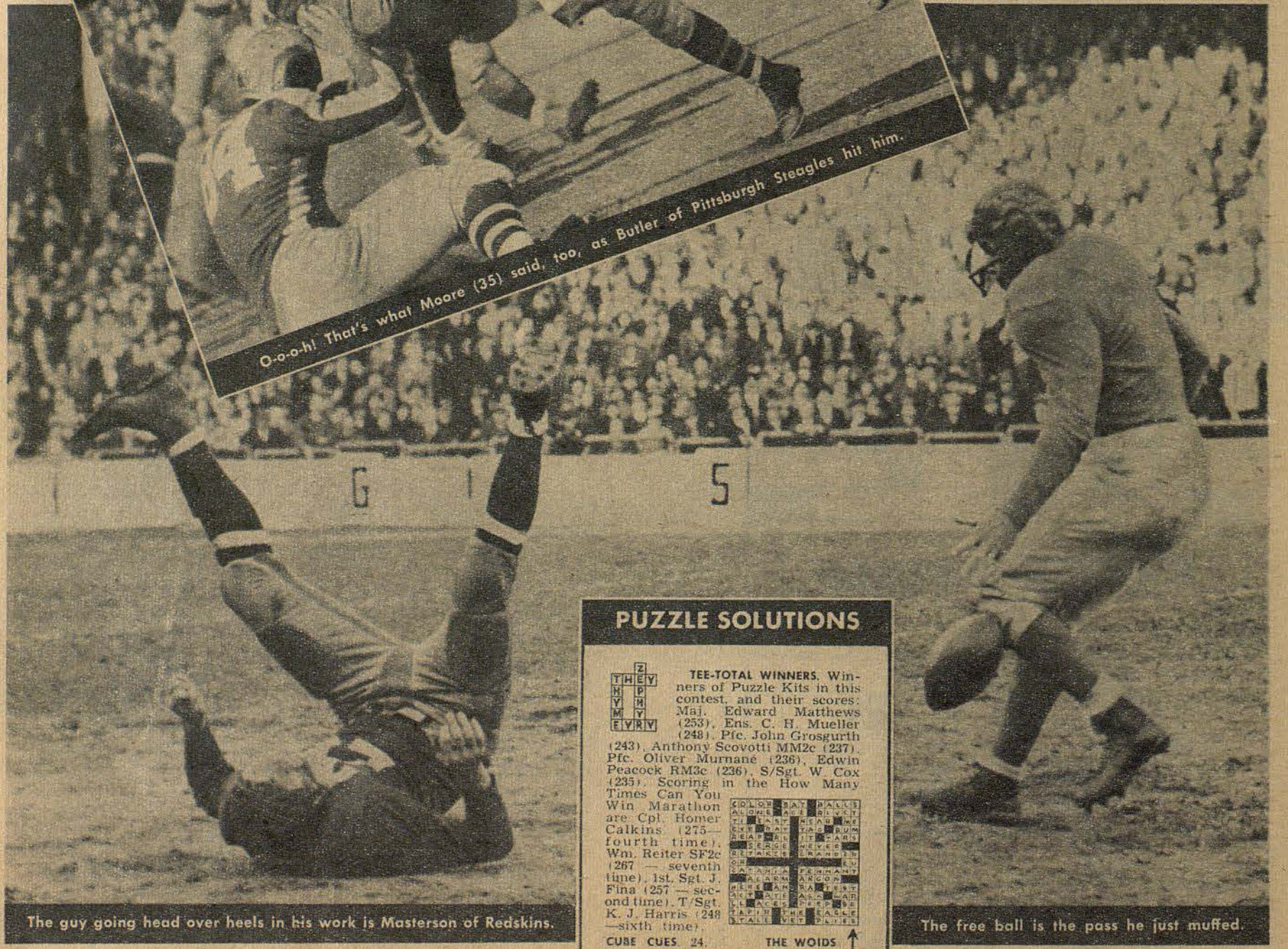
FOOTBALL FUNNIES

Here's that "sleeper" you've heard about. Paschal scores for N. Y. Giants.

But what makes the ball stand so still? It's USC vs. UCLA.



O-o-o-h! That's what Moore (35) said, too, as Butler of Pittsburgh Steagles hit him.



The guy going head over heels in his work is Masterson of Redskins.

The free ball is the pass he just muffed.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS. Winners of Puzzle Kits in this contest, and their scores: Maj. Edward Matthews (253), Ens. C. H. Mueller (248), Pfc. John Grosgurth (243), Anthony Scovotti MM2c (237), Pfc. Oliver Murnane (236), Edwin Peacock RM3c (236), S/Sgt. W. Cox (235). Scoring in the How Many Times Can You Win Marathon are Cpl. Homer Calkins (275—fourth time), Wm. Reiter SF2c (267 — seventh time), 1st. Sgt. J. Fina (257 — second time), T/Sgt. K. J. Harris (248 —sixth time).

CUBE CUES. 24. THE WOIDS ↑

SPORTS: MISTER LONG PANTS STARTS NEW CAREER

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

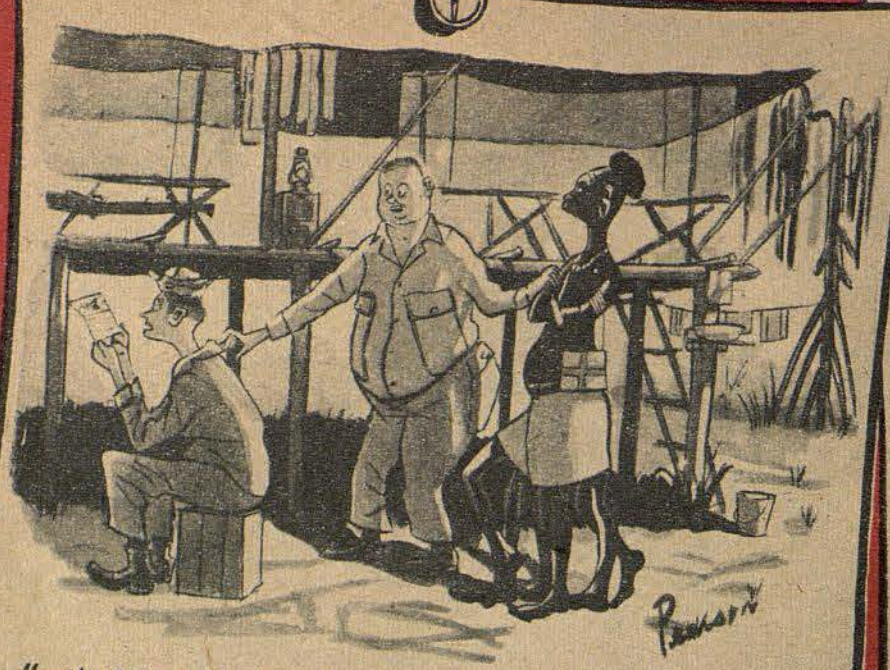
Carl Hubbell is congratulated by the Giant's brain trust as he steps into the shoes vacated by Bill Terry as head of team's farm system. L. to r.: President Stoneham, Hubbell, Manager Ott, Secretary Brannick.

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

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

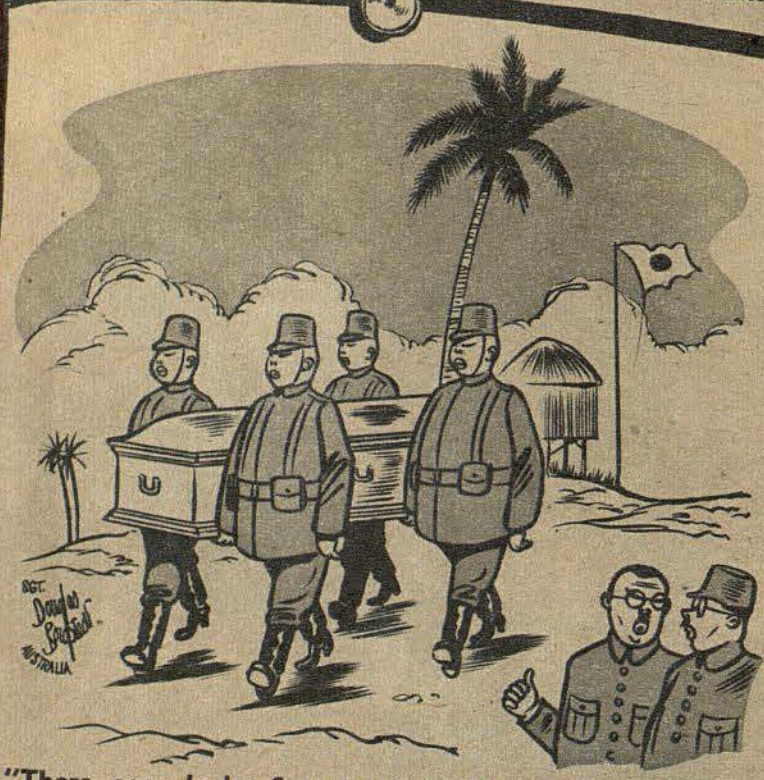
THIS year's crop of Army football champions: Randolph Field's Cotton Bowlers, with All-American **Glenn Dobbs** pitching, in the Southwest; Camp Davis, N. C., powered by ex-Bear **Norm Standlee**, in the Southeast; March Field, Calif., with at least a dozen "all" guys, in the West; Kearns (Utah) Air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

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



"—And just what is so fantastic about a six-foot native?"
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

"What are you standing up for, Bill? There's plenty of room now."
—Sgt. Jack Crowe



"There goes lucky Superior Private Haraki — home on furlough."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

YANK DOWN UNDER

"Been here in New Guinea long?"
—Sgt. Bill Morrow

"Are you the athletic noncom?"
—Cpl. Ozzie St. George