The Story of an Infantry Battle in New Georgia

VETERAN OF MUNDA AND GUADALCANAL

The Story of an Infantry Battle in New Georgia

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Here are three American soldiers who were killed in battle on the beach at Buna, New Guinea. This photograph—and others like it emphasizing the grim harshness of war—was released by the Government to give the over-optimistic and complacent section of the American public a more realistic picture of the war; to show that American soldiers, as well as German and Japanese, are dying in battle.
By Sgt. MACK MORRIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

With U.S. forces in New Georgia—"When they got on the target, one Jap went 40 feet in the air, over the tops of the trees, just floated up like a leaf, turned over once and came back down.

"Then there was another that went up like a pinwheel, all arms and legs twisting in the air. He was an officer, I think, because I saw a saber go one way and a pistol the other. Next morning I stumbled over that saber and Howie got the pistol. There was one Jap blown plumb out of his pants. We found the breeches hanging way up the limb of a tree."

That was how 1st Sgt. Orville (Poppy) Cummins of Spokane, Wash., described the results of mortar fire on a Jap gun position during one of the 12 days that his infantry battalion drove a wedge from the jungleland behind Munda airfield to the sea.

They fought three separate actions, each as different from the other as night from day. The story of the battalion and particularly of 1st Sgt. Cummins' A Company is the story of jungle combat — of attack and counterattack and then attack again.

Their first engagement lasted seven days. It was fought on a hillside and in a gully that was the jungle at its worst, where visibility was normally 15 yards and the war between Jap and American was waged at a distance that was often not more than 15 feet.

The hill was named O'Brien Hill for 1st Lt. Robert M. O'Brien of Everett, Wash., who died there. A second hill, immediately to the front, was named for 2d Lt. Louis K. Christian of Pullman, Wash., who had received a field promotion from the rank of second lieutenant at Guadalcanal and was killed at the beginning of the seven-day fight.

The battalion had shot its way from the line of departure to O'Brien Hill, and on the afternoon of the second day C Company attacked due west toward Christian Hill, followed by B Company. When they reached the foot of the slope and could go no farther, they pulled back to allow the artillery and mortars to give the place a working over.

Then, with B Company in advance, they tried again the next day. The battalion attack was again stopped cold. Insult was added to injury, however, when the infantry found itself being shot at with our own weapons: our grenades, our BARs. Some of the Japs even wore our jungle "foot suits."

In some previous fight their take had been good, and they made the most of it.

With night coming on and the enemy still intact, the battalion pulled back to O'Brien Hill, and set up a perimeter defense of outposts pushed out ahead of a circular main line of resistance. They were there on the fourth day, throwing fire across the hill in front and directing fire at a strong point to their left, which was under assault by another unit.

On the fifth day occurred a series of events that were the beginning of a battle with all the trimmings.

The unit on the battalion's right had pushed ahead, had been badly hit and had been ordered back to reorganize. At show time the unit, weary and somewhat bewildered, started back through the 1st Battalion lines. Behind it came the Jap, engaging its rear elements. In the jungle there was a confusion of friend and enemy, and for a while nobody knew exactly what was going on, least of all the Jap.

But he soon learned. He had been following a unit in withdrawal, and he ran flush into another unit of unknown strength, firmly emplaced on O'Brien Hill. The withdrawing unit moved through, its rear elements disengaging the enemy and leaving him to the men of the 1st who waited for the counterattack to reach them.

At 1430 the Jap hit and the fight was on. Twenty-six hours later it was over. An estimated enemy body of two reinforced companies, which just about matched the battalion's strength, had been so completely wrecked that in the days to follow there was no evidence of it again.

The first contact, when the advancing enemy ran head-on into light
PFC. HOLLIS S. JOHNSON of McKenzie, Ala., covered Pvt. James Holtsman of the 1st BAR when Holt was holding off the enemy.

2D LT. ROBERT BROWN of Bellingham, Wash., taking it easy in a Jap camp chair and honing himself with a Jap fan led a platoon during the fight for Munda.

Sgt. ELMER McGINLY of Seattle, Wash., helped cut down six Japs with a BAR when they tried to wipe out a machine gun covering his platoon's advance.

1ST SGT. ORVILLE CUMMINS, known as "Poppy," is from Spokane, Wash. His A Company played major part.

Threw a few more rocks and then screamed, "Here we come!"

Three of them sprang out with 35-caliber light machine guns, which they fired as they rushed. Two of them died in their tracks. The third ran.

How Newbrough Saved the Day

At the fight progressed Newbrough, alone on the gun, kept it going constantly. Nobody, not even he, knew how many belts of ammunition he expended. As the gun continued to fire, it attracted more and more attention until it seemed that Newbrough was the only target. Bullets splattered into everything, cutting down the shelter half on top of him and clearing the underbrush from around him.

Newbrough unfasted the traversing mechanism and, crouching low, slipped along the under side of the barret so that not a part of him was above the level of the gun itself. With his hand over his head he hung on the trigger and the gun fired, killing three Japs.

His gun corporal, Pvt. Barrett of Rosburg, Wash, managed to get through to him with ammunition when the supply was almost exhausted, and Pvt. Hollis Johnson of McKenzie, Ala., came up to cover him with a BAR. Newbrough, a shy kid with a country boy's and the faintest show of a beard, probably saved the battalion that day.

The attack, once stopped, was not repeated. The Japs smashed the Yanks, but not until other units approached from two sides did the Japs see proof that his case was hopeless and withdraw in the late afternoon. With its ordeal over, the battalion took Christian Hill against little opposition and advanced 800 yards through the jungle before darkness halted it.

On the ninth day A Company was in front of the battalion advance, which skirted northward

PFC. WILEY HOWINGTON of Asheville, N.C., cleared the M1 he used in wiping out a Jap antiaircraft gun crew in a dugout at Munda.
of Biblio Hill overlooking Munda airfield, moving across country that itself was hilly though less deeply wooded as it ran westward to the sea.

The battle went on all day and night, and A pushed on in advance, taking up positions and setting up an OP on the forward slope of the hill. Fighting continued on the hill itself, another unit was engaged with the enemy.

From the company OP on the morning of the 10th the company commander, Capt. Donald Downen of Pullman, Wash., saw an amazing sight—probably one of the few such scenes any American soldier has ever witnessed in the Pacific.

Immediately before him in a slight draw less than 100 yards away Jap shocks their tin roofs buckled in and Jap smoke was all about them. He saw Jap moving leisurely across the terrain, going in and out of the huts, putting around as if there were no war within a thousand yards of his own. He watched them until the entire scene was completely undetected, he watched the Japs and studied the terrain ahead.

Then he reported back to Battalion, which moved up to direct an artillery concentration that shortly went plowing into the peaceful scene. When the guns had done their work. A Company threaded its way down across the draw and up the gentle rise immediately ahead.

Capt. Downen, in a 100-pound bomb crater. Almost abreast of it and perhaps 50 yards away, Cpl. Garrick Hulstein of Hoquiam, Wash., could see a man and one man buried beneath clay dirt and coral. He was pulled out, unhurt.

Of the gun the men could see only the mouth of the barrel and two upright objects on either side, the side wheels.
Palestine Express

By Pvt. Irving Shaw
YANK Field Correspondent

TEL AVIV, PALESTINE—The train for Palestine pulled out of Cairo station slowly, to the accompaniment of wailing shrieks from the platform peddlers selling lemonade, cold coffee, pornographic literature, grapes, old copies of Life and newspapers, etc. The train was long and crowded, and it had been better days. It had been standing in the wild Egyptian sun all morning and part of the afternoon, and it had been very interesting.

It carried Egyptians, Scots, Welshmen, Poles, Italians, Indians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Aus, British soldiers, Arabs, Jews, Greeks, and a few Saoudis, Serbs, and Greeks. It carried Egyptian civilians, Arab civilians, Palestinian civilians; it carried generals, colonels, lieutenants, sergeants, privates, and it carried bags. The porter on one and lieutenants it carried first class. The sergeant carried second class. The privates carried third class. The baggage carried all classes.

It didn’t travel fast. A good, strong man in the prime of life, who didn’t smoke too much, could have jumped out and trotted beside it without too much trouble from Cairo to Lydda. It stopped as often as a woman in a bargain basement. It stopped for cost, it stopped for water, it stopped every time it was barked or passed, and once in a while it stopped to clear the track. It stopped every time the engineer stopped to clear the track. It stopped every time the tracks ran near two palm trees growing right next to each other on each other, which constituted a safety in this part of the world.

When it stopped, hundreds of Egyptians of all ages would spring up from lying pale round watermelons, dirty bunches of grapes, hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes and warm lemon soda right out of the refrigerator, to the sound of the<button>on hurried shrill yell, like a girl’s secret after lights out, and your salesmen was likely to disappear suddenly in mid-purchase in the local police cuts into the street, snapping a long bullet into slow calves and buttocks.

The third-class cars were built by firms belonging to the Spartan life for the common man. They spun straw, spun spruets, spun leather. Everything was made out of good solid wood, at sharp right angles with more good solid wood. Every seat was taken and there were packs, rifles, musette bags, and piles of canned apricots all over the aisles.

Native women sat alongside the tracks doing their washing in calm water that had been there since St. Paul; brown boys splashed and waved their water buffalo, blinded by straw hats tied over their eyes, went round and round endlessly, drawing water up to the field.

In my end of the car there was a general confusion of British Tank Corps men, returning to their units from the hospital in Cairo, and six Indians who made themselves very much at home, setting up camp in all available space and preparing and eating their native dishes from 3 p.m. until bedtime. Across the aisle were two very tanned South Africans in shorts, who looked very unappraisingly in the faces of all Africanns as we chugged past Suez.

By nightfall, despite the immense quantities of watermelon and lemon soda that had been consumed, there was an air of deep hunger hanging over the car, and when the word was passed around that at the next station there was a NAAFI (British Post Exchange) where we could be fed, there was a determined rush to get out Dixies and tin cups. The British soldier would no more think of going anywhere without his Dixie and tin cup than he would think of appearing without pants on Piccadilly Circus.

I had neither mess tin nor cup and was mortifyingly admiring British foresight when a little middle-aged Tommy on my right, who had spent the whole afternoon silently and religiously reading a magazine called Gwewan, persuading advertisements and fiction pages by pages without partiality, quietly offered me a mess tin.

There was a great combing of hair in the tradition that the fiction Dresden dinner for no matter where the meal finds him, and whereabouts of us started leaping off the train before it had fully stopped. We lined up and were served sandwiches, cakes and good hot strong tea by Egyptians in elegant white cotton gowns.

There’s beer at the other end of the station, reported a British sailor. Supper’s half a crown a can. There was no movement toward the other end of the station.

On the train was a party of sailors who had just come back from Italy and were feeling good about it. They had missed the landing barges in the invasion and said it hadn’t been bad. We only had two boat rides, they said. Boat rides meant bringing in troops under fire. It was just like the movies, one of them said. They kept firing at us and the water kept shooting up in the air and they never hit us.

One of them had been at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for six months during the war while the ship he was on was being repaired. Oh, it’s a lovely city, Brooklyn, he sighed. And I had a lovely girl in Jamaica. It took me an hour in the subway each way, but it was worthwhile. A lovely city, but I couldn’t live there. The pace is too fast for me. I’d be stuck out in a year.

While everybody settled down for the night, I foolishly sat on the open platform, smoking and watching the desert roll by in the starlight. When I went in to go to sleep, I discovered that the Indians had spread a little more, and there was no place to sit, stand or lie inside. Everyone else seemed to be asleep and the car was full of snoring and the rich smell of many soldiers who had traveled far in a hot climate with no air available. Only the two South Africans remained awake, staring coldly out through the closed windows at the desert.

To the west into the next car. Luckily one of the sailors had rolled off the bench on a turn and remained where he was on the floor, too lazy to move. So I curled myself among the legs, legs, snored and dreamt of love and battle in the crowded car and tried to sleep.

When I woke up at 5 a.m. we were in Palestine. As I sat there watching the first orange streaks over the little dark tree-covered hills, the two South Africans came out. We began to talk. They had just come from near Tripoli after 2½ years in the desert, fighting most of the time. This was their first leave, 2½ days, and they had flown down to Cairo and were on their way to Tel Aviv.

One of them had suggested getting a truck ride up to Tel Aviv, but the other had said: "No. We are on our own, and can’t find anyone." We began to talk. They chucked eagerly as they told me.

Third class," one of them said. "Why, in South Africa we wouldn’t send cows to market in these trains. How about in America?"

I told him that I guessed we wouldn’t send cows to market in these trains, either.

Third class," the other said. "Why, before the war, any place I went I would only stay in the first class car.

And in Cairo, the first one said, "any restaurant with a tablecloth is out of bounds to the ranker. I’ve had it. I’ve had it. I’ve lost my money. I’ve lost my balls and I’ve fought for 2½ years and we were among the first to get into Tripoli. I’ve heard a lot of bullets go by. I’ve been dive-bombed and I’ve been up without water and I was perfectly satisfied. But this train ride finishes me. I’ve had this war, and they can have it back any time they want.

And he went inside to think about the pretty girls on the beach at Tel Aviv.

I sat on the platform and watched the morning sun break over the hills and light the orange groves and vineyards.

A little later the train stopped and we got off at the bus to Tel Aviv. On the bus I met a lieutenant from Philadelphia, who had also come down by train. He looked very tired.

"What’s the matter?" I asked.

"I didn’t sleep much," he said. "No room to lie down. You sit all night. Next time I take this blasted ride, I’m taking my own bed and sleeping three hours.

Before I could hear a wild, snoring sound, it was the South Africans laughing.
Bazooka Close-Up
The U.S. Army has taken the wraps off the Bazooka (officially the "Launcher, Rocket, AT, M1"), releasing these pictures and a description of its operation.

Reunion in Reykjavik: Sculptor Discovers His Own Work in Iceland

SOMERWHERE IN ICELAND—When Pfc. Vincent Costante made his first pass to town, he noticed a statue of Leif Ericson, the famous Norse explorer, in the public park at Reykjavik.

The infantryman stood and looked at the statue for almost two hours. Finally, a little Icelandic boy, who was watching the whole thing, couldn't stand the suspense any longer. He went over and nudged Costante and asked what was going on.

"I made this statue," Costante said.

It seems that the pfc was a New York sculptor before he became involved with his draft board. In his younger days he was an apprentice under Alexander Stirling Calder, whose works decorate public squares all over the world. Costante had spotted out this Leif Ericson statue under Calder's guidance 13 years ago.

As soon as the little boy spread the word around, the square became crowded with other Icelanders who wanted to see the American sculptor and shake his hand.

Dear Gene Graff
YANK Staff Correspondent

Pfc. Costante points to statue.

Souvenir and Novelty Company Does Big Business in South Pacific

SOMERWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—Six GIs who amused themselves in their leisure by making souvenirs out of Jap shells, now have a profitable business selling their contrivances to Americans at home.

Members of an ordnance detachment, T-3 Francis Sample of Chandlerville, Ill., and T-4 Gilbert Bartiuff of Pekin, Ill., make knife handles out of aluminum and plastic glass from Jap planes shot down near here. The blades are made from captured Jap bayonets.

T-5 John Dybas of Gary, Ind., has manufactured a number of ashtrays out of Jap shells. He uses smaller-caliber shells for napkin rings and "shot" glasses. Another craftsman, T-3 Albert Otten of Baltimore, Md., makes bracelets from aluminum and roses of plastic glass and metal. Pfc. William Reed of Hoosick Falls, N.Y., a former engraver, does all the engraving on the bracelets, knives and ashtrays, inscribing verses by T-3 Reuben Bowlett of Aurora, Ill.

All the boys are kept busy with orders, and many of the souvenirs have been shipped back to the States.

YANK Field Correspondent

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Yanks at Home in the ETO

Now that the World’s Series is over, we present a preview of next year’s baseball styles, a charming ensemble of green fatigues and yellow leather body armour, here being shown to the Duchess of Kent. That white object is a new type grenade, the M-6.

Our Line On Queues

A colleague of ours, glancing over the queues that appeared on this page last week, has brought to our attention the fact that in no less than three of them we were up to the old Army game of standing in line—twice for cheese (in a Red Cross club and a mess hall) and once for pay. Our friend, who must have got out of the capacious side of the bed that morning, suggests that, for the sake of vanity, any really alert editorial desk would have varied things a bit by changing the setting of a couple of the items. In one, he thought, we might have pictured ourselves as chewing the fat with somebody in a day-room; in another, he could have been pacing the time of day with a companion on the top of a bus.

Well, nuts to that, we say. Ever since one January morning, the Lord only knows how many years ago, when we reported to our local draft board a couple of hours before dawn, we have been standing in line—lines for clothes and bedding, food and drink, shots and vaccinations, mail and packages, movies and candy—things and those—and we see no reason for putting them on anything else. Some of the best friends we’ve ever had are men we first ran across in lines; we’ve picked up more and better stories in lines than in latrines, and we’ve been privileged to inspect some of the most interesting snapshots we’ve ever come across while waiting for the dawdlers up ahead to move along.

No, men, this isn’t a rehash of the latest pep-up, but a fact. This is the way we’ve been doing it.

Shoving The Ole Ha’penny

Mention of buses prompts us to bring up another mysterious (to us) British institution—the three-ha’penny, or penny-halfpenny, bus ticket. (Our special adviser on British matters tells us that it must be “halfpenny,” but, in the interests of our readers, many of whom are recent arrivals from the States, we feel we must override him this time, of course, to the American custom of standing in line vs. the British custom of queuing up."

Knight Of The Bath

Cleanliness may not be quite next to godliness in the Army, but in one of the Eighth Air Force stations here it ranks pretty high among the G.I.s. The women, who, on a Saturday evening, find themselves with several pounds of English soap to be swabbed off their tables, have no idea of how directionless our branches of the service are in the washroom. This is not to say that we have no idea of how directionless our branches of the service are in the washroom. We were told that the American Army station was to be a model of cleanliness, and that the G.I.s took pride in their appearance. They were right; the American Army station was indeed a model of cleanliness, and the G.I.s took pride in their appearance. They were right; the American Army station was indeed a model of cleanliness, and the G.I.s took pride in their appearance. They were right; the American Army station was indeed a model of cleanliness, and the G.I.s took pride in their appearance. They were not quite so far from the truth.

The first impulse of all involved, except of course the absent丙. C., was to organize a manhunt—with bloodhounds, if necessary—and collar the little you-name-him. Even the most hot-blooded Joe in the M.P. corps, however, had no idea of how directionless our branches of the service are in the washroom. This is not to say that we have no idea of how directionless our branches of the service are in the washroom. We were told that the American Army station was to be a model of cleanliness, and that the G.I.s took pride in their appearance. They were right; the American Army station was indeed a model of cleanliness, and the G.I.s took pride in their appearance. They were right; the American Army station was indeed a model of cleanliness, and the G.I.s took pride in their appearance. They were not quite so far from the truth.

The Omaha Omaha, for all we know, is a large town and we have to take all its landmarks, its houses, its people, its trees, and the naked eye, and any way we look at it we'd have to see one do so, and anyway we'd have to see one do so, and anyway we'd have to see one do so, and anyway we'd have to see one do so, and anyway we'd have to see one do so, and...
Skirmish at Scafati

It was not a very big battle, but some men were killed there in the peaceful village streets and when the last tanks rumbled on toward Naples, the war had left its scars on the town and all the people in it.

Scafati, Italy—There are many little towns in Italy which have not been touched by the war. The town of Scafati was one of these—until one day last week a British and a German patrol met in its streets. Until then, it had been a typical little Italian village lying in the deep shadows of Mount Vesuvius near Naples. Most of its 3,000 inhabitants live in old stone or stucco houses squeezed together in narrow, crooked streets. A little stone bridge crosses a wide stream which splits the town in half.

On the outskirts of the place are little farms, and the community is dependent on them for its food and life. So Scafati itself is not a very important place, except to the people who live in it, but it is on the main road to Naples, and in its narrow, crooked streets the Germans had decided to delay the advance of British armored units which had broken through the mountains north of Salerno.

About 11:00 hours one recent morning, just as the sun began to glisten down straight on the little streets in the bright morning sunlight. South of the town they were stopped by excited natives, few of whom carried rifles and some with guns slung around their waists. Some held hand grenades they had stolen from the Germans. They told the British commander that the bridge ahead of them was mined and fortified by German machine guns.

The British commander was a young Irish lieutenant with blond hair. He was wearing stained dungarees and his face was streaked with grease. He talked to the people of the town and moved one of his tanks up to a curve in the street which led into the town. Around the curve was the bridge. The tank waited there for a little while and a Tommy gunner crawled out the top of the house to see what was on the other side. He returned with the news that there was an anti-tank gun in the square by the bridge and it was pointed at them. At this point a Bren gun carrier came up and the officer decided to have it pole its iron nose around the curve just to see what would happen. The tank went around the curve and was greeted by a hail of machine gun bullets. They hastily pulled the nose of the carrier back again.

Meanwhile, some Italians volunteered to lead a small group of men around the town and back across the river. More cars were coming up now, and a group of officers and men collected behind the tank to discuss the situation. It was very hot, and although the clouds had come up now and then, and they had stopped to mop their foreheads. One lieutenant colonel yelled for a Bren gun carrier and took two of the men with him into the house nearest the bridge. From the roof, they spotted the anti-tank gun and also a Mark III tank by the bridge. They opened up on the gun crew and forced them to scatter. The tank also backed across the bridge. The lieutenant colonel then came back down and called for a wire crew to convert the house into an observation post. The street was getting noisier all the time. A British mortar crew had moved up by this time and was firing away. Two American soldiers, S/Sgt. Don Graber of Salt Lake City, and Pvt. John Priester of New York, were sitting in a jeep watching the proceedings with intense interest. They were there to bring back German prisoners for interrogation. For about fifteen minutes they sat there very restlessly, and then Graber looked at Priester and Priester looked at Graber, and then Priester nodded, and the two men reached into the back of the jeep and came up with two rifles. They climbed out of the jeep and walked across the street into one of the buildings from which the British were firing. The British were now throwing too much lead for the Germans, so the Jerries pulled away from the bridge. The British were right on top of them, too,appers being the first to cross. The bridge was not mined, as had been feared, but there were several boxes of high explosive scattered around here and there.

Now the battle moved to the other side of the town. Three more German tanks were sighted and British tanks moved across to engage them. On the left side of the bridge, the Italians were coming joyfully from the houses carrying fruit and wine. Across the bridge the fight was still going on, but the Germans were giving ground. The British were bringing up armour and anti-tank equipment in force, and the infantry was also beginning to move in. A group of correspondents followed the course of the battle on foot. They came to a comer occupied by the victors. Four hundred yards away was a Mark III tank. The Bren gun carrier preceded them around the corner. The German tank fired. The Bren gun carrier was completely destroyed and the three British correspondents were killed.

Then the British guns opened up and the tanks rolled past the wreckage of the Bren gun carrier and the bodies of the correspondents. Inch by inch, they pushed the Germans out of Scafati, back toward Naples. As the last German tank fled toward town, rain began to fall. The men had a sobering effect on the townpeople. The German had gone and the war was finally leaving them, but the scars of war remained. They looked at the shattered buildings and the bodies lying in the streets. Then they returned quietly to their houses to piep up their lives where they had been left off. It was raining harder now and the sky was dark. The British armored columns still rolled through the town after the retreating Germans.

Sgt. DAVE GOLDSING
YANK Correspondent in Italy
Sailors on a Greek destroyer, first Allied warship to enter Augusta's harbor in the Sicilian campaign, await the day when they will help to free their own homeland from the terrors of the German occupation.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

Aboard the Greek Destroyer Knox — "If you get back to Des Moines before I do," he said, "stop in the Seaford Grotto and give everybody my regards. And tell them I'll be back soon."

The 37-year-old quartermaster and reserve gunner whose name I can't mention is the only American member of the crew of this Greek destroyer in the Mediterranean. He used to be a cook on the East River's restaurant back home in Iowa, but was visiting his parents in Greece when Italy invaded the country in October 1940. Enlisting in the Greek Army, he fought through six major battles and the entire Albanian campaign. Germany intervened in April 1941 to save the faltering Italians, and the Greeks were overthrown. The American, then a corporal, was demobilized with the rest.

He remained in Nazi-occupied Greece until last February, when he escaped to Egypt and enlisted in the Greek Navy. He has been on the Knox ever since, in the North African campaign, the invasion of Sicily and on Allied convoy trips through the Mediterranean.

The Knox is a destroyer of the new Royal Hellenic Navy. The Germans thought they destroyed the Greek fleet forever when they sunk 4 of its 10 destroyers, 16 of its 18 torpedo boats and many auxiliary vessels in 1941.

But today the reduced and retrained remnants of the Greek fleet have been supplemented by British and American-made destroyers, corvettes and other vessels. Naming these warships, whose total tonnage is above pre-war Greek naval strength, are twice the number of officers and men who sailed under the Hellenic flag in 1941. Instead of 200 officers and 2,700 men, there are 345 officers and 5,000 petty officers and men.

The Knox was the first Allied warship to sail into the harbor of Augusta in the Sicilian campaign. Her big guns bombarded the coastal defenses into silence, clearing the way for British invasion troops which took over the town a few hours later. Earlier, the destroyer had convoyed troops to Sicily and shelled other eastern coastal positions in support of the British Eighth Army.

While on patrol duty off Cape Bon during the Tunisian mop-up, when the Axis was attempting a Dunkirk, the Knox shelled the small Axis island fortress of Zembil into surrender and sent a landing party ashore to secure some 100 German and Italian prisoners.

Like the American citizen from Des Moines, more than half of the ship's company on this destroyer escaped from German-occupied Greece under the very eyes of Gestapo agents and the Nazi army of occupation. Greek-born Greeks are in the majority, but England, Canada, Rumania, Egypt and Syria are also represented on the crew. When their motherland was conquered, these sailors came to fight for her freedom, though many have never been to Greece.

On this voyage I took with the Knox the Kaimira, the destroyer met no enemy action as it escorted an Allied convoy through the Mediterranean. The crew was disappointed. On her three previous trips, the Kaimira beat off Nazi dive-bomber attacks, accounting for four "probabilities" and silenced enemy coastal guns.

The destroyer's 15-year-old gunnery, like those trips. In many ways he is still just a kid. He talks in a high, quavering pitch. His brown eyes, big and round like Eddie Cantor's, gleam mischievously when he plays a practical joke on the other crew members.

But coming Germans to the kid, and he's not a kid any longer. Cold hate hardens those Eddie Cantor eyes, the kind of emotion you don't expect in a 15-year-old. When he speaks of Nazis, he uses violent adjectives that sound doubly filthy coming from a kid his age. The Germans made a man out of him.

With his father and older brother, he was imprisoned and beaten daily for three months in a vain effort to make him confess they had hidden a gun in their house. Later they escaped to Egypt, where his brother joined the Greek Army and he joined the Navy.

There are others on the Kaimira who hope and hate. Like the 19-year-old signalman who hasn't seen his family since he left their village in northern Greece three years ago. "Sometimes soon we go back to Greece," he said as we stood on the main signal deck where he blinked out messages to other ships in the convoy.

"When we left port we invaded Sicily, and the crew thought we were going to Greece. All of us were very happy. But not out at sea the captain told us we were going to Sicily. We felt disappointed then. But later we said, 'Never mind, we will go to Greece through Italy and Albania.'"

Just then we got the signal that 30 Junkers planes had been sighted north of Malta. The ship's company was alerted at once, though the Nazi planes were still more than an hour away. Later Royal Air Force Spitfires intercepted them, shot the last one and the remainder returned home.

But as soon as the alert was flashed, the sailors marked their guns. The first to reach the aft gun was a 34-year-old chief petty officer. His first trip was sunk by Nazi dive-bombers during the evacuation of British troops from Egypt.

"I was happy to be walking on decks again," he said. "But the Mediterranean has changed since I was last there, and the principal Italian island was surrendering to the Allies. The crew of the Kaimira is resting for major action again. These Greek sailors want to move on to the Adriatic. There and have sailed since the days of Homer. The Greek Navy will soon be there."
A Week of War

A lesson in three-dimensional warfare, or, sorry, but you can’t put a land mine in that cirro-cumulus, bud.

Obstacles, either natural or planned, have a detrimental force on the advance of armies. They have done so since the first hairy bristled took a few of the boys into the woods to take a crack at some Cro-Magnons. Natural obstacles, such as rivers, forested areas and mountains have slowed offensives and thwarted attacks for thousands of years; deserts have presented almost unsolvable problems, and so have large bodies of water. Nature aid, man has looked to his own talents in the construction of obstacles. He has built walled towns and redoutes and all sorts of fortifications. In retreat he has mined roads and blown bridges, returning such obstacles as rivers and passes to their own natural state.

On two great battle fronts last week obstacles were slowing operations. On one front, the greatest, the obstacle was natural. The mighty River Dieper, running from the Sea of Azov a thousand miles north to the Sea of Japan, was a simple barrier blocking the Russian surge to the west. Along its long, winding course the Red Army had established three river bridges, and they were fighting hard to hold them against increasingly desperate German counterattacks. The Dieper bridges, near Krasnograd, near Pereyaslav, and near Chernobil, were the scenes of bloody fighting, that seemed to favor the Russians. Along roads that bore signs, “To The Dieper Crossing,” came tanks and guns and masses of men, moving across the river to villages on the west bank that had already been taken from the Nazis. The next natural obstacle beyond the Dieper bridges was the Bug River, 150 miles away, and as they were exhausted and expanded by the Russian, and as fresh hordes of men surged across the broad span of the river, there were arrows pointing toward the heart of Germany, flaming red. The German might send their fire spreading out in all directions.

Meanwhile the Germans were evacuating Kiev, a city that threatened to be caught in a pincers formed by the junction of two of the Dieper bridges. Kiev, one of the last great Russian fortresses left to the Germans, was, and had been for some time, within range of the Red Army's guns. Its fall seemed to be a matter of days.

Far to the south and across the face of embattled Europe there were other forms of obstacles facing other armies. The problem of the 5th and 8th Armies, moving up the Italian Peninsula in the direction of Rome, was that of demolitions. Though the Germans were firing heavy bombs and rockets, the Allies were delayed by the obstacles placed along the line of retreat. The Italian terrain was unfavorable for fighting, and the Allies were not fighting well, and when they were not fighting they were very well, and when they were not fighting they were very much, and that might give aid or comfort to the enemy.

It was raining in Italy, too—a continuous monumental downpour that forced the Allies to move on that annual means of locomotion, the human foot. They were repairing the roads and the bridges and the harbors in the rain. They were eating in the rain. And time after time, day after day, they were moving into Italian villages, sacked and ravaged by the retreating Nazis.

To repair roads and bridges takes time; to uncover mines is a slow and tedious and dangerous process. The war in Italy was a war of the sapper and the engineer. At a small pace, feeling their way as they went, the Allied Armies crawled up the Italian mainland, and ahead of them the Germans, able to work at their leisure because of the slow Allied progress, laid more mines and blew more bridges and induced their Teuton talents for destruction.

There are, however, no obstacles in the air. The air is wide open, and you cannot lay a mine in it. The Anglo-American air offensive against the Reich was becoming heavier than ever. Night after night, day after day the bombers went out, and when they came back another German city was down, with its factories and its population, lay in flaming ruins. German industry was being dealt crippling blows; even the Germans admitted that. Goebbels threatened retaliation, but all the retaliation seemed to be able to muster was a very weak raid on a very strong London. While the land armies were smashing at the peripheries of the German forces of Europe, the bombers were striking at the heart.

Flying Fortresses made the longest heavy bomber raids of the war when they bombèd Gdynia, Anklam, Marienburg and Danzig. The attack on Marienburg meant a round trip of 1,700 miles; those on Danzig and Gdynia a round trip of 1,600 miles. They battered at a factory producing or least half the Reck-Wulf output, and they hit one of the main hiding places of the German Fleet. And this, added to the continuous raids on German industrial cities such as Hanover and Kassel and Munster, brought home to Germany as it had never been brought home to her before that she was a country invaded, a country beset with every country on the verge of collapse. Not only were her cities being attacked, but she was losing a steady terrifying amount of fighter planes—450 in three days, for example.

The country that had kept war from her people for many years by choosing to fight in other people's countries, was at last feeling the real brunt of war.

The average German, fresh from a nice, cozy sleep in a nice, cozy bomb shelter, could open his Volksblatt and see his head in agreement over the words he read there: "It is difficult to determine when fate will again favor Germany. It might be a long time and the way may be hard." The newspapers of Germany were becoming saucy little housed. But it was not difficult to determine when fate would again favor Germany. Fate, in the guise of opportunity, had knocked not once but several times on Germany's door, but the guns had been making such noise that the knocking hadn't been heard. So fate had wandered away, in another direction. She would not be back.

In a desolate space of the vast Pacific Ocean the U.S. Navy, or a reliable task force of it, steamed over the horizon and attacked Wake Island, Wasp Island, and Midway. The Japs were striking at the heart.

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Along the Markham River near Lae, Boston Bombers prepare the way for oncoming paratroopers by laying down a long smoke screen.
TRAPPING THE JAP

These remarkable pictures were made over New Guinea as American paratroopers were used for the first time in the Pacific Theater. The camera follows them as they descend on the Markham Valley, west of Lae, to block the escape of 20,000 Japanese who were faced by the Australian forces to the east.
Ways and Means Committee was favorable to a national sales tax, something which the administration has always said was a bad idea. Tax or no tax, things were already costing plenty more than they used to. Fred M. Vinson, director of the Department of Commerce's Bureau of Labor Statistics, said prices would rise twenty percent during the next few months. The U.S. had been at war for three and a half years, and prices were rising. As a matter of fact, except for people on fixed incomes, a little thing like a 10% increase in prices didn’t mean much to the average consumer, for there was plenty of money around—too much, indeed. Mr. Vinson said that the national income this year would be approximately $200 billion, and that it would be only necessary to give the people $20 billion worth of goods and services to buy. Even the public’s $18 billion in savings and the savings and loan associations would have enough dollars to constitute an “exceptional situation,” according to Mr. Vinson.

SHERMAN STARR, Harvard sophomore, sailed twelve hundred of the dangerous dollars away when he converted them into War Bonds in return for a kiss from Carol Bruce at a rally in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The gloom of the prospect that cigarettes might cost more was deepened by the report of the Committee on Ways and Means that there wouldn’t be enough to go around next year at any price. Production of cigarettes has been cut, said the department, and the U.S. has cut production with its Allies. The result is a shortage of cigarettes, and the innovation of smoking butts filled with tobacco earmarked for use during the next two years.

The Government is now studying with the idea of making it illegal for civilians to smoke the civilian cigarettes, in an effort to make them available for military personnel. The idea is that a special one should be assigned to military men as a form of rationing. The one point in the proposal, however, is that the special ration is to be assigned to military men and not to civilians, as was the case in the past.

Imagine the joy of the pilots when Collins Berg, 23, of New York City, former chorus girl, won a chute rigging contest in Manhattan. Celeb now rigs chutes for a living.

NOW that the Japs have been kicked out of the Aleutian Islands, the War Department has no reason to worry about the fact that California, Washington, and Oregon are only a short trip away. The Japs are no longer a threat to our coastal defenses, and the Navy can take a little more time to plan for the next move. The United States is now ready to take on the Japanese in a big way. The Navy has enough ships and planes to deal with the Japs, and the Army is ready to follow up with ground troops. The Japs are a little less than a month away from being completely destroyed.

Soldiers were smiling and other civilians groaned as Congress sweated over plans to reshuffle war duties and find the big top易于. Who flew the phantom Fortress over the Stadium?

Imagine the joy of the pilots when Collins Berg, 23, of New York City, former chorus girl, won a chute rigging contest in Manhattan. Celeb now rigs chutes for a living.

There’s a lot of talk these days about the future of the U.S. economy. Some people are worried that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen. Some economists predict that the war will cause a recession, while others believe that the war will boost the economy. The truth is, no one really knows what will happen.
When fire swept through the house, the shops of Boll, Burrell, Negro handyman at a Richmond, Va., Army base, was wearing his coat, and he was engaged in the problem of getting out of them that he had forgotten about his life savings—$500 in cash—on one of the hip pockets. Science saved him, though. Chemists of the Federal Reserve Bank were able to identify the number of $50 bills from the charred bills representing a total of $502—a sum which the Treasury returned to the otherwise only slightly injured Mr. Burrell.

Travelling salesman stories aren't what they used to be, judging from the latest. It's about a chap named Walter Sott who told the switchboard operator in a Kansas City hotel that he'd break his neck if she were a woman and then dump a wastebasket full of junk in the middle of the lobby, shouting to the manager, "If you won't furnish maid service, I'll clean it up myself!" Fine: $1 in the K.C. police court.

Pvt. Edward Cohen, of New York City, gave the right answer to the first $150 question ever asked on the Phil Baker radio program called "Take It Or Leave It." While testing the $500 question, Cohen remarked that his wife was sick and in a hospital, whereupon Baker doubled the jackpot and asked: "How much is 64 and 64?"

A new typewriter keyboard, the first in 70 years with any important changes in it, has been developed by Lieutenant Commander August Dvojik. With it experts can do 10 words a minute (the world's record up to now is a mere 130) and run-off-the-mill, or battery-trained, typists can jog along some 35 percent faster.

In Hollywood, Joan Bogie gave birth to a 64-pound girl. The child, who will be a model, is a 64-year-old woman. Blood tests will be taken four months hence in an effort to find out if she's right.

When a son of John W. Burrell, Negro handyman at a Richmond, Va., Army base, was wearing his coat, and he was engaged in the problem of getting out of them that he had forgotten about his life savings—$500 in cash—on one of the hip pockets. Science saved him, though. Chemists of the Federal Reserve Bank were able to identify the number of $50 bills from the charred bills representing a total of $502—a sum which the Treasury returned to the otherwise only slightly injured Mr. Burrell.

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**ARTIE ON NEW WAYS OF WAR**

**Hилось to gaw, it takes me stummick,** Artie Greengroin said. "Some of the fancy flashes these guys gets kill me.

"But say," we asked.

"Ah, the Rangers and the Airborne Infantry, for instance," said Artie. "And what have I got? Just a ole crummy, beat-up uniform with the insignium of the Quartermaster Corps on it hanging there.

"They also serve who stand and wait," we said.

"What I wanna know," Artie said, "is why they should have these fancy flashes. What do them paratroopers do, anyways? All they do is jump out of a gawdawm bomber. I used to pay a dime on a roller coaster in the olden days and I got the same sensation. They ought to take a allotment out of their pay to let them be paratroopers. And look at the Banned Troops, riding up to the front lines in them nice, cossy, comfortable transport planes. No jars, no bumps in the road. Nothing. But if ole Artie has to move up to the front lines he has to clump along in a ole hessie of a truck, wrecking his cogenixe in the shellholes. But do I get a fancy flash? Naw. Hemmorroids I get.

"Why don't you transfer to a flashier branch of the service?" we suggested.

"I thought of it often," said Artie. "But every time I decide to transfer I ast meself, was the casualty rate in this outfit I wanna jern? And then I say where I am, in the Quartermaster Corps.

"Very reasonable," we said.

"You got to say one thing for the QMC," said Artie. "It keeps the ole perspective. Some of these new outfits figure all they got to do is hop over to Germany some night and the war'll be over. But the QMC knows that war takes a long time to win. They get all night, has taken a long time to win. They get all night, has taken a long time to win."

**ARTIE ON NEW WAYS OF WAR**

"It's good to hear a man stick up for his branch of the service," we said.

"Yer," said Artie. "I may be hard-boiled, but I got a soft spot in me heart for the ole QMC. They treat me like ole, but I'm a loyal guy. All I got to complain about is this business of the flashes.

"It'll pass," we said.

"Sure. It'll pass," Artie said. But meanwhile these glammer boys is outshining me and running hell with me. Now, if the QMC would just slip me a little flash or so, saying I'm a usual type of something or other, I'd take on a different light entirely. The trouble with this war is that these new, flashy QMC outfits come along and get all the glory for awhile, but when the war's over all you got to do is look around and who ya see, sitting up on top of the pie. The good ole QMC with no flash and no fancy boots. That's the way you win wars around here.

Thore flashy boots are necessary," we said.

**ARTIE ON NEW WAYS OF WAR**

"A weight, so they're necessary," Artie said. "So you can stick a cushion necessary for me. But if I got a set of high boots for running around in the mud when I get stuck in the mud. But do I get high boots? Naw. I get wet ankle averages they can take their war and.

"So can they, so they can," we said hastily.

"Understanding, it ain't a question of toughness or every man in his niche," Artie said. "Take me, for instance. I'm just as tough as any paratrooper. All us Greengroins was tough. Like nails, them ole QMC. But they above me in the Quartermaster Corps, when me weight grows for naught, make a QMC out of me, and then forget I ever existed. Actually, I'm a natural paratrooper.

"Why don't you volunteer?" we asked.

"Well," said Artie, "as a matter of actual fact, the reason I don't is because I can't wear them high boots. I got tender ankles. And besides, I'm loyal to the QMC.

"How about the Airborne Infantry, then?"

"I'm not the one to mention, I get stuck too," said Artie. "And besides, that ole loyalty to the QMC pops up again.

"Don't the thought of extra pay interest you?"

"Money is nothing," said Artie. "I ain't in the Army for the money. I'm in for the good of the U.S. of A. If they tipped me on the head and said 'Come along to the paratroopers, ole boy,' I probly would not to be paid extra moola. Freedom can not be bought with gold."

"Hear, hear," we said.

"A matter of fact," said Artie. "I am perfectly contented to be a blooded little cog in the QMC. Of course, I ought to be a corporal, but I'm willing to let that go.

"Mellow today, aren't you?"

"I had a good breakfast," said Artie.

"That means a lot," we said.

"Yer," said Artie. "I think of them poor paratroopers living on C rations for weeks at a time. Century ago if they could have a good T-Bone steak.

"They aren't alone," we said.

"In the olden days, a outfit would eat the food, the C rations and find a job and say, 'What that cow into a edible form,' and nowadays, though, you'd be eating lighting with a outfit.

"Okay, boys, out with the C rations, you have a goose on nice green grass.

"If they didn't, you'd have us out with the C rations, and you would make all the horrible, gun pitchers.

"It all fits together, not a fed well, they give you a bed to sleep on, and they been in war places.

Where we wanted to know. There is a couple of situations in me past life, I think I could cut the Army to forget. Great,
Mail Call
LET IT SOUND OFF YOUR IDEAS

From a British Sgt.

Dear YANK:

Some day, maybe not this year or the next or the year after that, but some day I am going to America in connection with my work. I am going to tell all the folks back there a lot of things about you and all those other great Yanks who are in this old country of mine that I like. I hope that you like my country. Well, we're very like in that respect because we like to talk about this land and all the great things that it's done. A little bit more partisan than people might suppose. Oh, well, I know there are a lot of pretty bad things connected with my country at present, but unlike Germany and Japan, some of the things we are fighting against tonight.

America sent you away across the ocean, as fighting men, men with a purpose, notably a purpose to get well at the start of 1943. You came here infested with that purpose, I know that, and you were very much in those early months of the drive you didn't sit on that British soil. In fact, you Americans had to wait quite a long time but, in the meantime, I like to think that you adopted a strain of the American spirit — a spirit of decency that we have long possessed but which, when accentuated by exhaustion, turns the quiet country squint into a Capital Bitch or the village policeman into a Chicago gangster.

Once you found something of that patience, you roomed down a bit and by your off day you were got around quite a bit. America looked at England and was not, at first, vastly amused. England looked at America and its behavior was not too friendly. We began to get to know each other, we who at first were strangers. It didn't take us very long, did it? We found a good deal to talk about, a lot of things coming together just as people do. There were other great bonds of language, of culture, of music and the arts, the love of freedom and liberty. These will all still be our bulwark of peace here. We talked about them, discussed them freely — now we were getting down to an understanding of each other.

Alexis’s Altitude

Dear YANK:

Two boys here have made a little wager as to the height of Alexis Smith, your picture. One fellow claims that she is under 5' 3" and the other claims that she is over 5' 7". Can you give us the correct height? Thank you for anything you can do to settle this argument, and thank you for all you have done for all the museum and beautiful pin-up girls.

Britain.

[We don't know, but she is not Miss Smith. That we know—Ed.]

The Major’s Epic

Dear YANK:

The song that appeared in the September 18 issue was deeply appreciated and approved by Dick Castillo’s buddies and crew members.

To the major who wrote that epic, I take my hat off. It was one of the witnesses who saw Dick’s courage on the spot, and the others that she is over that. Can you give us the correct height? Thank you for anything you can do to settle this argument, and thank you for all you have done for all the museum and beautiful pin-up girls.

Britain.

Our Captious Caption Writer

Dear YANK:

From the vantage point of this front-line, grippe-ridden, grog-ridden heart, your picture is the only thing between me and the parachute. I am writing this to tell you that I think the picture is the only thing between me and the parachute. I am writing this to tell you that I think the picture is the only thing between me and the parachute. I am writing this to tell you that I think the picture is the only thing between me and the parachute.

Britain.
A Day at Cambridge

One of our men goes rambling around the old university town and comes back and rambles around a little while on his typewriter.

The town of Cambridge is as comfortable a blend of war and peace as you could find anywhere in the United Kingdom, and all the side effects and currents of a world conflict can be seen and heard right from the time of arrival at the railway station. In one corner a large group of Italian prisoners in their maroon wool uniforms squat on their barracks bags and leather suitcases and smoke, whittle, or doze in the autumn sunlight. They are a cheerful, sunburnt, bored, well-fed bunch, probably on their way to work on the farms of Norfolk. In the station restaurant American soldiers surround the counter eating meat pies and discussing the excellence of the coffee. The English are now turning out good coffee, and this comes as one of the climaxes of the war as far as we are concerned.

Walking through the town one is made aware of the fact that this is a great centre of university life until you reach the Red Cross Club on Trumpington Street. This is an ex-hotel right next to the smoke-gray battlements of King's College and the soldiers lounging in the doorway of the Red Cross, wondering what their next move is going to be, can look straight at the place and does not make use of the free lectures and other sight-seeing privileges.

This lack of curiosity might account for the fact there were so few G.I.s at the Town Meeting held in Cambridge on the night of October 8th. This forum was sponsored by the Education Branch of the Special Service Division, and its topic was the question "Should government be responsible for jobs for all after the war?" It is a fairly old issue as far as public debating goes, but the chairman of the evening was George Denny, crack maestro of the radio program "American's Town Meeting of the Air," and due to him the discussion took on all the pace, precision, and liveliness of his own radio show.

He made a short opening speech saying that it was his theory that the only way to increase and multiply your personality is to "explore your mind to unconventional views." In launching their educational and debating program in the ETO the Army thoroughly agrees with Mr. Denny, believing also that a good soldier is one who knows what he is fighting for and loves what he knows, as Oliver Cromwell once noted.

Then Denny explained the procedure of the evening, allowing six minutes to each speaker, and clearly warned them that he was a great puller of coat tails. The men on the dais walked at this hint, but the net effect was that each man spoke quickly and clearly, going straight to his main point and sticking to it. They all knew what they were talking about, too, being four men who had gotten social, economic, and religious results in their various careers. One was a collaborator on the Beveridge report, one was secretary for the Council of Churches in America, one was a member of the Harriman Commission on landlordship, and the fourth was a director of the English Political Research Center.

The main argument of the Affirmative was that the world has not yet reached that Utopian state where a man may get a job any time he feels like it, particularly after a war. The Negative counter-attacked with the opinion that a man's two sacred rights are his choice of a job and his choice of a wife. Even if he makes a fool of himself in both selections, he should be left alone and free from any form of benevolent regimentation.

After the debate came spirited rebuttals and a general discussion. When the meeting broke up, a number of the audience went over to the Eagle Hotel across the street from the Exchange. Here, Ethel, the well-set brunette barmaid, was setting them up right and left across the counter. She is one of the liveliest institutions of Cambridge, and her large public among the 8th Air Force all swear by her. Even on flying pay aerial gamma's and the like have a habit of going into a fiscal collapse when they have expect one, but Ethel has always tied her friends through such dark periods in their lives. What is more significant, she is always paid back.

On the wall of the Eagle Hotel's wash room among the usual frescoes and epigrams is pencilled this inscription: "Never before in history have so many known so little about so much. Signed Beatrice Mussolini, Guard House, Italy." This does not seem like a bad motto for either an army educational program or a university town during wartime.

CPL. JOHN D. PRESTON.
**SPOTS: JUMPING THE GUN, WE OFFER PROBABLY THE ONLY 1943 ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM IN EXISTENCE**

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Picking any all-star team is sheer foolishness and should be attempted only by qualified Section Eights. Proceeding on this assumption, we now offer what is probably the only 1943 All-American football team in existence.

First, however, we will attempt to explain why Bob Fulk of Michigan was not selected for this team. He had three good reasons. First of all, our circulation manager figured that GIs in such far-flung places as the Philippines, Guam, and Camp Croft, S. C., wouldn't read this until the football season was almost over and, moreover, the latest news would probably not be available. Second, he figured that the circulation manager would create a stir by picking the team. So, you see, where lies his interest, lies.

Second, we figured that our team would help the guys in the States line up their dope on the different football teams so they could draw their own conclusions on Saturday night. And, equally important, when one of our All-Americans happens to edge his way onto the official team in December, we can always say, "We told you so—way back in October."

Now, then, the 1943 All-American team:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>School</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Saxson Judd</td>
<td>End</td>
<td>Tulsa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Merrill</td>
<td>Tackle</td>
<td>West Point</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alex Agase</td>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>Purdue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matt Manning</td>
<td>Center</td>
<td>Oklahoma State</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Fisher</td>
<td>Guard</td>
<td>Southwestern</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Connor</td>
<td>Tackle</td>
<td>Holy Cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ralph Woodson</td>
<td>End</td>
<td>California</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sam Robinson</td>
<td>Back</td>
<td>Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elroy Hirsch</td>
<td>Back</td>
<td>Michigan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackie Field</td>
<td>Back</td>
<td>Southwestern</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob Treat</td>
<td>Back</td>
<td>Michigan</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Unless you happened to have lived near Georgetown, Tex., you're probably asking yourself, "Where is Southwestern University?" And even if you did live in Georgetown, you're probably wondering, "How does that Quaker-school rate two guys in the All-American team?" That's easy. Southwestern is a tiny Methodist school snuggled deep in the heart of Texas and it's going to have one of the strongest football teams in the country this year. Their mastodontic specimens in the Southwestern Conference have been freighted to Georgetown to train as Marine officer candidates and, while they're at it, to pay off the mortgage on the new chemistry lab. As for the players—no way do they rate two on an All-American team—can tell you that both Fisher and Fisher were recognized as all-Americans even before they got to Southwestern. Last year they led the University of Texas to a Cotton Bowl triumph over Georgia Tech.

There are many of you who will argue against this lineup—Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch and Bob Fulk, for instance, this year's V-12 trainee and rightfully belong to Minnesota and Wisconsin, respectively. Furthermore, there's something wrong with them being on this team; they would have made it anyhow, playing at their old alma maters. This boy Fulk is good enough to play pro football right now.

If you will examine this selection even closer you'll discover another anomaly of the V-12 program in Alex Agase. Last year Alex gave what everybody thought was his last punt of blood to Illinois. Now, however, Alex is giving new life to the Purdue line. It's the guard who became famous for279 avoiding tackles from opposing backs and running for touchdowns last fall.

The rest of the club is legitimate; that is, the boys are playing for the original providers. Ralph Heywood, the big end who pulls back to punt, returns to Southern California to capture the Trojan because he is a Marine student trainee. Washington didn't count on swift Sam Robinson returning, but he was dumped back onto its Rose Bowl bandwagon as a Marine trainee. Tulsa held on to Saxson Judd, its pass-catching wide receiver, a star because he was a Marine and, while the Michigan Tech managed to keep Matt Manning, a hard-hitting 60-minute center, because he was a Navy boy. George Connor might have been playing for Dartmouth as a V-12 instead of Harvard East, but he's a Marine trainee, too.

All in all, it's a crackerjack team and it represents a lot of work. Or maybe you haven't tried to write while firmly ensconced in a straightjacket.

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**SPORTS SERVICE RECORD**

"Eddy Hirsch, right, who used to play for Wisconsin, scores for Michigan against Camp Grant, Ill."

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**CPO Walter Masterson, who pitched for the Washington Senators last year, writes his first book, "The Man Behind the Ball," which is a history of a baseball team in Hawaii just finished playing a series against the Japanese prisoners of war. The Japs were offering $100 to any good player who would join them against us," Masterson reports. "But no matter whom they could beat them. They were very small and extremely light, and the temptation is strong to grab a couple of them by the tails and knock them into the stands." Masterson goes on to tell that a Jap pitcher recently knocked a sailboat down with a dustpan. "I took care of that bird next time he came up," Masterson explains.

Wayne Johnson, Harvard's captain last year and now a V-12 trainee, is recovering from a fractured vertebra the only time he carried the ball for the Elis against Mugenburg College. It was a moment when they had two men on a Yale uniform.

There's a wax figure of Sgt. Joe Lewis in a studio at Coney Island showing him armed with a set of technical sergeant's stripes. He's actually a buck sergeant. "Pet Chick Hardshot," the Golden Valley Invitational Tournament at Lincoln, N. B., was his first in more than 30 years of golf. . . . Pfc. Bob Westfall, who teamed with Tommy Harmon in the Michigan backfield, is learning to be a radio operator at Scott Field, Ill. . . . U. Byron (Whizbin) White, Colorado's All-American backfield, is training up in the New Georgia Islands where he is working with PT boats. Flighthoff Robert Hutton, brother of Don Hutton, Green Bay's star end, was killed in action in the South Pacific. Bob was also an end at Alabama and an All-American, too.

Another recent casualty was CPO Walter Masterson, who died in a Japanese prison camp.

You probably won't believe it, but there's a Marine trainee on the Rochester University football team named Paul McKea, who hails from Neptune City, N. J., and attended Niagara University last year. According to CPO Monty Ayeck, the golf pro from Lexington, N. C., the $10 each if you can get one. . . . The Japanese-controlled Hong Kong radio recently complained that American bombers intercepted the opening of the Hong Kong racing season. The broadcast said in the fourth race, while the horses were at the post, American aircraft came to raid Hong Kong, but anti-aircraft drove them away. We presume it didn't affect the odds..."
"Bitter-Enders' GLORY"

For month after month, the Armed Guardsmen of the Navy have fought Hitler on the high seas. In the beginning they were the target for jibes and puns from other navy men. But now, they have earned a record for bravery under fire which can be excelled by few units in anybody's armed service.

By Yeoman TOM BERNARD
U. S. Navy Feature Writer

The officer grabbed another pair of glasses from the desk and stepped quickly to the window. "Pretty badly beat-up, isn't she? Tell the pharmacist's mate to take a stretcher party aboard with the lieutenant and see what they can do. Order an ambulance to the quay—and you'd better send those men from the 'Derry pool aboard, they may be able to help out."

"The gig sputtered under the freighter's stern and around into her lee. The coast grabbed the Jacob's ladder dangling over the side. A lieutenant, followed by several sailors carrying collapsible stretchers, scrambled up the wooden rungs on to the deck amidships. A naval officer, distinguishable from the group of hollow-eyed, bearded men only by his cap, stepped forward. His wan face wore a questioning look.

"Are you the Armed Guard, captain?" the boarding officer asked. "Yes, what can I do for you?"

"The newcomer's eyes swept the oddly-laid, nondescript group, noticed a few blood-stained bandages. "That isn't the point. What can I do for you? I'm with Port Liaison here. Looks like you've had a tough time."

"It was certainly no pleasure cruise. Those damned bombers caught us two days ago. There are four men below in pretty bad shape. Can you take them aboard?"

"The sailors went below, guided by a gunner's mate, strapped the wounded men into the stretchers and brought them on deck. From them they were carefully lowered over the side to the waiting gig's crew. The two officers went below to the Navy Armed Guard officer's cabin."

"We heard you needed replacements so we called Londonderry and had them sent over. I brought the men aboard," the visitor reported, adding: "I understand you had a hot run."

"It was pretty warm at times," his host admitted. "But we made it, didn't we? We lost one boy—a good boy—and those other four were wounded. But we got through and we got back."

In those few words the guardian had told his story, leaving out the details and the drama. "We got through and we got back."

He also had told the story of the U. S. Navy Armed Guard Service operating to and from the British Isles. It is the story of the men who once were called the "Orphans of the Navy" but are now respected for the job they have done in protecting Allied supply lines to the world's battlefronts.

The bearded lieutenant might be considered a typical Armed Guardian with his makeshift uniform, his weakness and his tale of a fighter pilot. But he was an officer and only one out of twenty-six men in this new branch of the Navy are privileged to wear..."
When the dive bombers appeared, disaster followed, as it did when this munition-laden cargo ship exploded off the coast of Sicily. In Arctic waters, parks-equipped Armed Guardsmen go through a dry, but cold, run. The convoy route to Russia has perhaps given them more workouts than any other run.

stripes of gold braid on their sleeves. The rest are farmers, mechanics, salesmen and schoolboys in blue who get a kick out of firing a bucking gun at an ex-convict's whooping sound. You can get the best composite picture of an Armed Guardman at Londonerry, the Navy's Northern Ireland base, from the town hall. One of the first foreign Armed Guard replacement pools was established there in the summer of 1942 so that merchant mariners could be drafted by instructors, instructors and by men who missed their ships could be filled.

Fifty men arrived from the States to make up the original pool. Most of them were seamens—first or second class. One of the most unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, unusual, 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Outlined like ghosts in the glare of a night battle, the gunners stand to their grim and complicated work, stark against a multiple-barreled anti-aircraft gun. Their tin hats protect them from shrapnel and bomb fragments, either of which may come whistling through the darkness without warning.

We record the cargo ships stand out against the night as longshoremen work to unload their great weight.