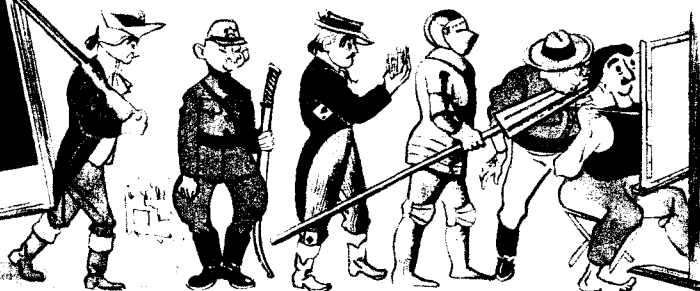


## BOOKS IN WARTIME



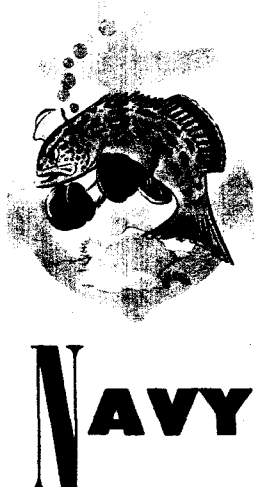
**H**ERE are the 30 titles which make up the fifth or "E" series of the Armed Services Editions, the paper-bound, pocket-size books published by the Council of Books in Wartime for GIs overseas. There are 50,000 copies of each title, and they are being distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF for the Army, and the Bureau of Navy Personnel for the Navy.

If you have any suggestions for new books or criticism of those which have already been issued, write to YANK, and we'll pass on your remarks to the Council of Books in Wartime.

- E-121 STATE FAIR** By Phil Stong  
An Iowa farm family spends a week at the State Fair.
- E-122 SEVEN ESSAYS** By Ralph Waldo Emerson  
Including his immortal essay on friendship.
- E-123 GHOST TRAILS** By W. C. Tuttle  
Western, with a dash of religion.
- E-124 THE RANGE HAWK** By Arthur H. Gooden  
Western, with a dash of love.

- E-125 THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE** By Frank H. Spearman  
Another Western.
- E-126 A SENSE OF HUMOR** By Bertha Damon  
Life in the New Hampshire countryside.
- E-127 "BUSHIDO"** By Alexandre Perikoff  
Factual account of Jap tenor in occupied countries.
- E-128 THE MOON AND SIXPENCE** By W. Somerset Maugham  
Still makes fresh, vivid reading.
- E-129 SADDLE AND RIDE** By Ernest Haycox  
Still another Western.
- E-130 SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE** By Earl Derr Biggers  
Exciting mystery romance.
- E-131 SCIENCE YEAR BOOK OF 1943** By John D. Ratcliff  
Some of year's best pieces on medical research, aviation, natural history and agriculture.
- E-132 GREEN HELL** By Julian Duguid  
Brilliantly told account of adventure in South American jungles.
- E-133 SHIP OF THE LINE** By C. S. Forester  
Historical novel of the British Navy during the Napoleonic Wars.

- E-134 ORDEAL BY HUNGER** By George R. Stewart  
Grim tale of pioneers lost on their way to California.
- E-135 THE GAMBLER TAKES A WIFE** By Myron Brinig  
A complicated Western about a gambler who weds.
- E-136 STORIES FOR MEN** Edited by Charles Grayson  
Including Hemingway's "The Undeclared" and a corking whodunit by Cpl. Dashiell Hammett.
- E-137 JAMAICA INN** By Daphne du Maurier  
Adventure tale of the Cornish moors 120 years ago. Loaded with atmosphere.
- E-138 RANDOM HARVEST** By James Hilton  
Starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.
- E-139 A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT** By Mark Twain  
One story that never loses its flavor.
- E-140 CIMARRON** By Edna Ferber  
Sweeping historical drama of the Southwest.
- E-141 I MARRIED ADVENTURE** By Osa Johnson  
Life with the globe-trotting Johnsons.
- E-142 WINDSWEPT** By Mary Ellen Chase  
Tragic tale set off the barren coast of eastern Maine.
- E-143 ROUGHLY SPEAKING** By Louise Randall Pierson  
An autobiography of a self-made woman.
- E-144 HELL ON ICE** By Comm. Edward Ellsberg  
Story of a polar expedition by a famous sea writer.
- E-145 DOCTORS ON HORSEBACK** By James T. Flexner  
Dynamic biographies of seven outstanding American doctors.
- E-146 THE LATE GEORGE APLEY** By John P. Marquand  
Boston in the golden age of security.
- E-147 SELECTED SHORT STORIES** By Stephen Crane  
Including some first-rate yarns of the Civil War.
- E-148 ONE MAN'S WEST** By David Lavender  
Personal history of an old-time rancher and miner.
- E-149 DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK** By Walter D. Edmonds  
Historical drama of the Mohawk Valley pioneers during the Revolution.
- E-150 KINGS ROW** By Henry Bellamann  
Best-selling psychological novel of incest, ambition and love in a small town.



## NAVY NOTES

**B**URBANK, CALIF.—Seabees at Camp Hueneme, Calif., recently wrote to Hank Porter of the Walt Disney Studios asking for a sketch of a Seabee pin-up girl. They wanted a "deliciously feminine queen bee, with rosebud lips, dewy bedroom eyes and an atomizer to make her deadlier than the male," who carries only a Tommy gun. Porter promptly produced the portrait of Phoebe the Female Seabee, as pictured above.

Porter has produced more than 1,000 designs for the Army and Navy since his first—a mosquito-on-a-torpedo insignia for the PT fleet. Since then requests have come in so thick and fast that he's always 300 designs behind.

His insignia, which have flown with such outfits as the Flying Tigers and the Eagle Squadron, are to be found on trucks, jeeps, tanks, conning towers, ordnance material, flight jackets and mess halls. Most of the emblems embody minor Disney characters, but never "big names" such as Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Pluto unless they are requested. The same goes for duck and eagle insignia, of which Porter says there are too many already.

There are dozens of fanciful bugs, birds and beasts in the Disney Technicolor menagerie, but no fish. So Porter has to dream up all the fish needed for submarine emblems. He always caricatures the finster for which the sub is named.

For the USS Sailfish he designed a fish with a huge sail being puffed along by a blowfish; for the USS Rock he did the fighting rock bass reproduced above, complete with boxing gloves.

Porter wishes more requests contained specific suggestions. The more he knows about a unit's fighting record, or its mascot, the more appropriate he can make his design. The little Indian shown above was drawn for the USS Winooski, a fleet oil tanker, and symbolizes the ship's name, while the oil drums and pump indicate her job and the two medals on the hatband denote the Winooski's participation in two campaigns.

Some of his requests are tough nuts to crack, but Porter manages them. For an anticontamination unit he drew a fearless bug with a Red Cross kit spearing a genie-like monster; for the landing signal gang on an aircraft carrier, a many-armed Donald Duck flapping a multitude of flags; for the crews of mine sweepers, anything from a mermaid with a broom in a mine field to Pluto biting the cables in two and sweeping the sea with his tail.

Porter has two special jobs he can't do yet. The first is a huge master mural with all his animal emblems in their appropriate elements of land, sea and air. He doesn't have time for that yet. The other is an insignia for his 17-year-old son's outfit in the AAF. That will have to wait until his son gets an outfit; he hasn't finished basic yet.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

### BORDER PROBLEM

**W**HEN Farmer Glutz left his farm—a perfectly square plot of land—to his four sons, he insisted that it should be divided equally among the four boys.

Furthermore, to make sure they all kept in touch with each other, he declared that each son's land should border at some place on the land belonging to each of the three other brothers. Just touching at a point wouldn't do.

Can you work out this border problem?

### CAMOUFLAGE

**N**AMES of 10 U. S. presidents are camouflaged in this disgusting saga of the sea. Can you detect them in 20 minutes? As an example, here is camouflage for President Tyler: "He lived in high sTYLE Regardless of his low finances."

When his ship was hit, Jack had to part hurriedly from his companions, taking to the raft after swimming through the oily sea. For days Jack's only food was hardtack and salmon roe. "Looks as if I'm here to stay Lord knows how long," he thought.

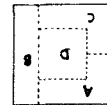
But in the late afternoon of the seventh day, just as the sun, a ruddy disc level and low on the horizon, plunged from sight, Jack sighted a tanker. When he was picked up Jack discovered to his delight that the tanker was headed for his home port.

"Yo ho, over the bright blue sea," cried Jack, who was a hell of a lot more literary than most castaways after seven days of exposure, "the nomad is on his way home."

And it wasn't long before Jack was again gazing at the familiar old pier. Centrally located on the water front, it stood out like a sore thumb. Going ashore he sent his girl a wire: "Arrived. Very glad am safe. Let's go rowing tonight."

### PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

**BORDER PROBLEM**  
Monroe, Pierce, Adams, Madison, Taylor, Cleveland, Hoover, Madison, Jackson.



**OVERSEAS TEE-TOTAL WINNERS.** T/Sgt. K. J. Harris has top score in this contest with 270. It's the eighth time he's been a winner and his solution is shown here. William Reiter SF2c was a winner for a ninth time with 249. First-time winners, who get prize Puzzle Kits, and their scores, are as follows: Pvt. L. Schiff (263), Pvt. Ben Genender (260), S/Sgt. Leland P. Young (257), Cpl. James P. Terry (253), and S/Sgt. C. S. Anthony (247).

**U. S. TEE-TOTAL WINNERS.** Puzzle-Kit winners and their scores are Sgt. Gunnar Lindstrom, Peterson Field (432); S/Sgt. Herman Birenbaum, Foster Field; Pvt. L. D. Kuttner, Salt Lake City, and S/Sgt. Maurice Houline, Oakland, Calif. (all 417); Pfc. Charles Sherman, Jefferson Bks.; T/Sgt. George Sanson, Fort Benjamin Harrison, and Pvt. Everett Bleiler, Camp Ritchie (all 415); Pvt. James White, Camp Davis (414). Second-time winners were Pfc. Jack Rector, Camp Davis, and T-5 K. B. Rousseau, Fort Benning (both 432), and Pfc. John Essene, Ann Arbor, Mich. (419).

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

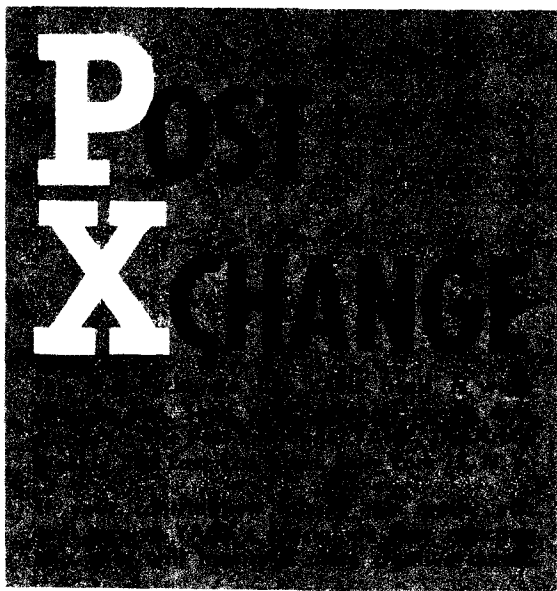
Full Name and Rank \_\_\_\_\_ Order No. \_\_\_\_\_

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

**I**T'S JUST about a year ago that we last ran a picture of Esther Williams on our pin-up page and, as the governor of North Carolina didn't say to the governor of South Carolina, that's too long a time between pictures of Esther Williams. The former swimming star's latest is MGM's "Mr. Co-ed."

**GI BEER SONG**

Translucent are the windows of my soul,  
And fogged the panes that open to my brain.  
Attained at last the long-awaited goal,  
For beer is sold in the PX again.  
Wherefore I smite the lyre anew for thee,  
Adenoidally my croaking voice is raised  
In nasal paeans to the absentee  
Still visible to optics blank and glazed.  
Absent in flesh, but ever in my mind,  
And what a place that is, love, I declare,  
For one so chic, so well-bred, so refined!  
You really have no business to be there;  
By any code, its conduct unbecoming,  
A gentleman to take a lady slumming!

AAB, Ephrata, Wash.

—Sgt. WILLIAM R. CARTY

**WHY BOTHER?**

You cloak yourself in sables,  
Wear the latest style in frocks;  
A foreign male beautician  
Coifs your auburn locks.  
You're quite the height of fashion,  
So elegantly elite:  
The finest of the booter's art  
Is for your dainty feet.  
You want me to admire you  
(At least that's what you say);  
You want me to be proud of you,  
Hence all this gay array.  
But why bother with such fineries?  
You could dispense with those.  
For when I do, dear, dream of you,  
You're in your birthday clothes!

Camp Lee, Va.

—Pfc. CHARLES F. KIRBY

**CONTAMINATING THE CLASSICS**

She was a phantom of delight  
I'd only see when I was tight.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,  
For lipstick may not be all with which they're laden.

My heart leaps up when I behold—  
But on second thought you needn't be told.

She is not fair to outward view;  
I leave the rest for you to construe.

Puerto Rico

—Pvt. LOUIS FISHER



"May I lick the batter?"

—Pfc. John De Vries, AAB, Sioux City, Iowa

**Next Case!**

**S**CENE: The colonel's office, the colonel sitting at his desk. A GI walks in and salutes.

GI: I was told to report to you, sir.

COL.: Oh, yes. Now exactly what are you charged with?

GI: Walking on the seeded lawn, sir.

COL.: Why did you do that, boy? Can't you read the signs?

GI: Yes, but it was after taps and all the lights were out.

COL.: But your pass was only good till 11 P.M.

GI: I was absent for bed check, sir. The guard who caught me walking on the lawn helped me back to the barracks.

COL.: I see. You couldn't find your way because of the darkness.

GI: No sir, I was dead drunk.

COL.: Hmm. [Quietly] You know where to get liquor in Wilmington?

GI: Why, no; I got mine in Washington, D. C.

COL.: But that's out of the limits of your pass.

GI: I know it, sir, but you see I wrote out a fake pass.

COL.: Who signed it?

GI: I did, sir—with your name.

COL.: There is still no reason why you couldn't get back to camp on time.

GI: I would have, sir, but I had a crack-up with a loaded civilian bus.

COL.: Why didn't you look where you were driving?

GI: But I had to drive fast. An MP was chasing me.

COL.: Why?

GI: Oh, I had been fighting with some captain. I almost ran over him.

COL.: Did he take your license away?

GI: I don't have a license, sir.

COL.: Then how did you get a car?

GI: I stole it.

COL.: Then the MP should have reported you.

GI: He didn't catch me, sir. He stayed to help the civilians in the crash. I hitchhiked to camp and got away.

COL.: All this has nothing to do with your offense. You know that the lawn is not to be walked on, and darkness is no excuse. Your punishment is to police up around the barracks—and pick up everything that doesn't grow!

GI: Yes, sir. [Salutes and leaves.]

COL.: Next case! [Second GI enters.] Well what is your story, soldier?

2d GI: I threw a matchstick on the grass, colonel.

COL.: What! Three months in the guardhouse and two-thirds of your pay forfeited! Next case!

Camp Davis, N. C.

—Pfc. ALBERT W. GOLDE

**Humphrey, Franchot and Victor**

**A**FTER five straight days Kelly, Goldstein and Stetson began to get tired of practicing beach landings. So they welcomed the chance to help the engineers lay a wire road over the sand. They were even happier when they were told to go and gather stakes.

They wandered off behind the sand dunes, picking up stakes. In a short time they got tired of that, too. They were just knocking around, throwing stakes at each other, when Kelly started it.

"Hey, look at me," he hollered, "I'm Humphrey Bogart in 'Sahara'."

With that he staggered up the dune. When he reached the top he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked out at the ocean. He turned slowly.

"Men, there's nothing. Nothing but sand."

"Hell," broke in Stetson, "I can do better than that. Look at me. I'm Franchot Tone in 'Five Graves to Cairo'."

He took a couple of steps, then fell flat on his face at the bottom of the dune. After a moment he raised his head, wiped the sand out of his eyes and peered at the nothingness of it all.

"Not bad," commented Goldstein, "but what about Victor McLaglen in 'The Lost Patrol'? That really was acting."

He picked up a stake, cradled it like a heavy machine gun and charged up the dune. When he got to the top he shouted: "All right, you bastards, come and get me!"

Then he started spraying his stake machine gun, making noises with his mouth.

After he finished they changed characters. Goldstein was playing Franchot when they were interrupted; he was raising his head to wipe the sand out of his eyes when he saw two legs. The legs belonged to a major.

The major called the three over and asked them what they were doing. They told him they were gathering stakes. The major took their names and company and told them to tell their first sergeant that they were on KP the next day. Then he told them to get busy and gather some stakes.

In the afternoon they were still gathering stakes. Stetson was on top of a dune.

"Hey," he called out, "look at me. I'm Franchot Goldstein was Humphrey peering into the distance and Kelly became Victor, blazing the machine gun. Then Goldstein turned around to find himself peering into the eyes of a colonel who had been watching the entire act.

The colonel wanted to know what they were supposed to be doing. They told him they were supposed to gather stakes. The colonel took their names and told them to tell their first sergeant to put them on KP the next day. As he walked away he said: "Now pretend you're soldiers gathering stakes."

After the colonel had gone the three discussed the situation.

"Well," said Stetson, "it looks like we're on KP tomorrow."

"I guess we are," said Goldstein.

"Yes, I guess we are," said Kelly.

They thought about this for a while. Then Goldstein broke out.

"Hey, look at me. I'm Victor."

He picked up a stake, cradled it like a heavy machine gun and charged up the dune. When he got to the top he shouted: "All right, you bastards, come and get me!"

Then he started spraying his stake machine gun, making noises with his mouth.

Camp Pickett, Va.

—Cpl. C. G. DeVAN