



Pfc. Rhoda Armstrong



Pfc. Walter Berry

This GI Belongs in Great Bend, Kans.

Freeman Field, Seymour, Ind.—Pfc. Walter Berry of the classification section here is double-jointed in a manner that occurs only once in every 200,000 persons, according to Capt. Dayton R. Griffith of the base hospital.

Once when he was 8 years old his mother found him sleeping with his arm around his head and lying on the other side of the pillow from which it originated. After that he discovered he was double-jointed in every joint of his body.

This enabled him to do things that sometimes were actually a hindrance. Once in a high-school wrestling tournament he was up to the semifinals and going strong when the state commission eliminated him because no one could get a hold on his eel-like body. He just sucked in his breath, and a full nelson would last only as long as he wanted it to.

Performing in a school variety show, Berry was hired by a scout to appear in a Pittsburgh night club. His act was featured by the "ball roll" in which he cuddled his body into a sphere and went rolling around the floor while merrily singing a song. Once when he was doing his act under blue lights, a woman in the front row passed out when she heard his shoulder bones snap. "The best way to put it over," says Berry, "is to make it look painful as hell."

—Pvt. AL RACHLEFF

Dental Exploits Figure In a Wac's Memoirs

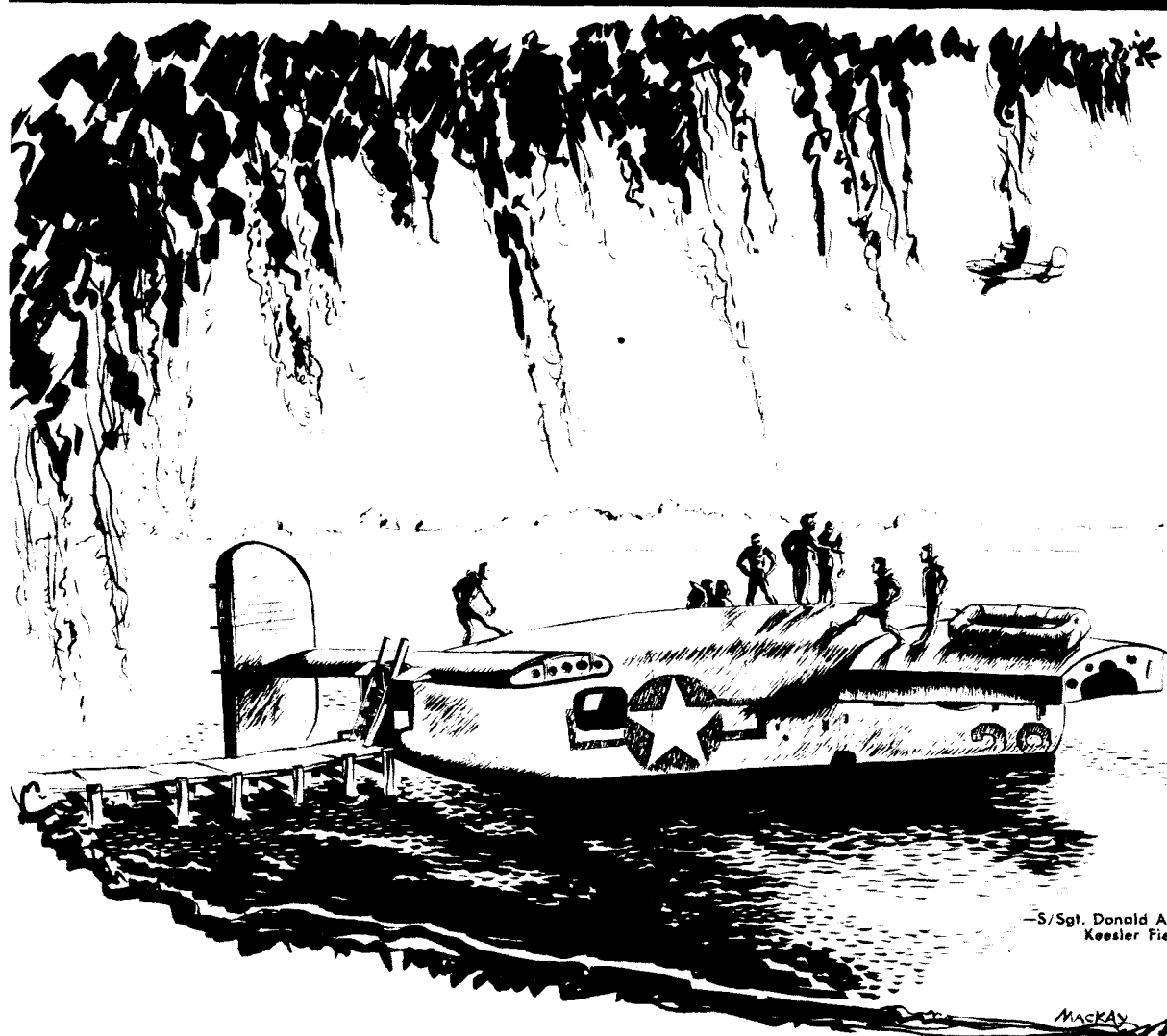
Fort Monmouth, N. J.—Pfc. Rhoda E. Armstrong of New York mentions Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Dwight Davis when she lists those who have taken care of her dental work. She had her first tooth removed by Gen. MacArthur in the Philippines in 1929 when she was just 6 and her father, W. Campbell Armstrong, was legal adviser to Davis, then governor general of the islands. Gen. MacArthur, also stationed there, had come to dinner at the Armstrongs', and was seated beside Rhoda when she complained of a toothache. "Let's step into the next room," he said.

A few minutes later, Rhoda and Gen. MacArthur returned and Rhoda was holding the tooth in her hand for display.

About a year later her mother left her and her sister home one evening, commenting jokingly as she left, "If anything happens, just call the governor." Which is what Rhoda did when she got another toothache. Within a short time a large car rolled up to the door and the governor stepped out. After a short conversation, the governor convinced Rhoda that an Army dentist could do a good job for her and so off she went with Gov. Davis to the Army post.

Before she became a Wac, Rhoda was secretary to U. S. Sen. Robert Taft. She's now a company clerk in the WAC detachment here.

CAMP NEWS



S/Sgt. Donald A. Keesler Field

MACKAY

B-24 Has Useful Retirement

Keesler Field, Miss.—Grease Monkey, a venerable B-24 training plane that ended its flying days last May when it caught fire, is now used here in the last phase of flight-procedure instruction of the AAF Training Command's B-24 Liberator mechanics course. It has become an outdoor classroom in "ditching" a B-24 in crash landing on water.

The plane, already stripped of engines, wing tips, flaps and half the tail assembly, was stripped of all other salvageable parts and rolled out onto a submerged pier in the Back Bay waters of Biloxi at Keesler Field. There the EM mechanics, after lectures and demonstrations on the use of

life-saving devices, take their duty positions inside the Grease Monkey. The EM teacher then sounds off the ditching procedure for a crash water landing, and the mechanics respond as though their lives were actually in danger.

At "Tail down" the men brace themselves for the first landing shock. At "Nose down" they await the second shock of impact. A third command is given to indicate that the plane has hit the water and the men make immediate exits through the plane's escape doors. As they hit the water in their Mae Wests they inflate two life rafts and paddle away from the crashed plane. It's all part of the training EM mechanics get.



FOOT SAVER. At the McCook (Nebr.) Army Air Field, S. Sgt. Robert C. Ferguson, a chief clerk, rides a bicycle—and with good cause. Since he joined the Army 18 years ago he has gained 182 pounds.



Lynn Bari
YANK
Pin-up Girl

The Poets Cornered

TO THE NEWLY DEAD

You came with nothing. Do you now have less?
Or does your dead mind still hold final pain
At steel or flame or having died in vain?
Or does the thought of home withhold your rest.
To know your loss will drop the weight of tears
On those you loved? Or at the last, the flash
Of memory, in panic at the crash.
Of girls unloved, of things undone, of years?
Remember now, you inadvertent dead.
Remember ere you bitter in your graves
And mock the framework of our creed. He saves
Your ghostly footsteps for a future tread.
Go then. This time has seen your worthiness.
You came with nothing. Do you now have less?
SCSU, Lake Placid, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

TELL ME, SOLDIER

Tell me, soldier,
Tell me confidentially.
What it is you miss so much
While in this foreign land?
With this he knelt
And held forth in his hand
A portion of the soil of Persia.
This, he said, is much the same
As dirt in California.
And the Orontes over there
Beyond the town of Hamadan
Resemble the mighty Sierras
That so often I have seen
From my back yard in Montebello.
And my shadow casts
The same extended sketch
Upon the ground of any nation.
And this same sun,
Artist of my shadow.
Slipping through the window of my home
At dawn,
Dissolves the darkness of that night
Much the same as here.
But back there,
Near the window at breakfast time.
Illuminated by the sun,
A countenance with golden hair
Smiles across the table;
And confidentially, soldier.
It is she I miss so much.
Persia —Cpl. RALPH VIGGERS

BULLY BEEF

Far beyond the broad blue ocean
There's a land of heat and damp
Where the dark forbidding jungle
Starts just at the edge of camp
It's a land of many scourges—
Ants, mosquitoes, jungle rot—
And 'twas there I got acquainted
With the worst scourge of the lot

You can boil it, stew it, fry it.
Serve it cold or piping hot;
You can mix it up with gravy.
You can leave it there to rot;
But however you may fix it
You will always come to grief.
For no matter what you call it
It will still be bully beef.

You can talk about your Frenchmen
Eating slimy snails and frogs;
You can mention dusky natives
Frying crickets, roasting dogs;
But the most repulsive foodstuff
That exists on land or sea
Is the tough and stringy canned meat
Which the Army feeds to me.

You can eat it with your eyes shut
And a clothespin on your nose;
You can eat it in a mess hall
Or out where the kunai grows;
You can serve it up in dishes
Camouflaged beyond belief.
But no matter what you call it
It will still be bully beef.

New Guinea

—Pfc. JACOB RICHARDSON

ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION

Aboard a Flying Fortress!
What luck to catch a hitchhike ride like this
And, suspended in the plastic nose,
Like a goldfish in a bowl,
To leave the earthbound travelers far below
Waiting on the chilly curbs
And standing in the jam-packed aisles of trains
and busses.

Old Seventy-Six, creeping behind five other
planes
That roll off one by one, mutters to himself,
Pauses, tense-sinewed for a moment,
Then like a lion roars defiance to the sky, his
realm,
And hurtles down the stretch to spring into the
air
O'er scraggly treetops snatching ineffectually
As he sheathes his claws.

O God, I haven't eyes enough to seize a fraction
Of the beauty that encircles and envelops me!

The perfect winter day with the sun
Slanting through the hazeless air,
Bringing life and color to the outspread world
below,
Winter-worn yet green, a carpet patterned by
the hedge-divided fields
And undulating to a raveled margin at the shore.
The sea, restless yet deliberate, ever-changing
yet the same.
Nibbling at the curving wafer of the beach.
Steel-blue today except where sparkling
With the silver powder of the sunlight.
Clouds festooned around the dome of sky.
Looking like foaming suds and bubbling with
unhurried yet explosive power:
To the right a shower cloud,
A soiled and formless mass, like melting snow
upon a stump.
Sprinkling down a pool of gray upon the sur-
face.

By the time I looked in front again
Another cloud had cast a somber cloak upon the
sea of glory;
But in the center, like old Excalibur upthrust
from the lake,
Burned a white-hot bar of light
That seemed to sear my very eyeballs.
It was gradually extinguished as the cloud-
framed skylight closed
And above the plane's unheeded roar
I could imagine that I heard the hiss.
Five minutes served to put the pattern in re-
verse;
For now appeared a headline of the farther shore,
A coal-black battle-ax that boldly cut
Across the shimmer of the westerling sun.

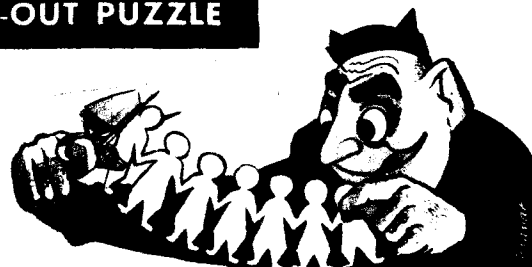
Over land again the crazy quilt of green and
brown.
Unreal and lifeless save for the beetles that were
cars,
Dotted with toy houses and lighteninged with
streams
That for a moment mirrored back the silver of
the sun.
Unrolled beneath my feet so swiftly
That it did not seem a minute
Till Old Seventy-Six was banking and then skiing
smoothly
Down the hill of air onto the waiting runway.

My spirits still somewhere far aloft,
Left behind in the realm of Shelley's Western
Wind and Skylark,
I stepped to earth—
Stepped from the most efficient engine of de-
struction
Yet devised by man in ten thousand years of war.

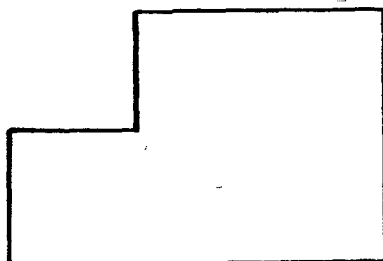
Britain

—Sgt. GEORGE FREDERICK STORK

CUT-OUT PUZZLE



TAKE scissors or a razor blade and cut out a piece of
paper exactly the size and shape of this diagram.
Now—can you cut the piece of paper into three
pieces which, when rearranged, will form a perfect
square? Better cover up that answer across the page.



MEN who follow such things—and there
are very few who don't—say that Lynn
Bari has the best figure in Hollywood, that
she does more for any dress than any dress
ever did for her. (All right, then, look across
the way and see for yourself.) Lynn is tall
for a movie actress—5' 6". She weighs 122,
has brown hair, hazel eyes. Her new one for
20th Century-Fox is "Sweet and Lowdown."

TEE-TOTAL

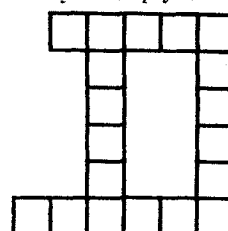
WE'll give prizes (kits containing puzzles
of various kinds) to the men who send
in the HIGHEST scores on this puzzle.
Here's the way to work it:

Fill in this diagram with four
different English words. Don't use
geographical names or names of
persons. To figure your score, con-
sult the table of letter values be-
low. Add together the number
values of the 19 letters you have
used, counting each of the 19 let-
ters only once. There is a sample work-out
here to show you how to score. This sample
adds up to 243. You'll have to get a consid-
erably higher score than that to win.

In case of word disputes, we'll check with
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, but you don't
necessarily need a dictionary to help you win.

LETTER VALUES

A - 16	N - 7
B - 20	O - 15
C - 22	P - 18
D - 8	Q - 26
E - 13	R - 5
F - 19	S - 6
G - 17	T - 2
H - 1	U - 10
I - 14	V - 12
J - 23	W - 25
K - 3	X - 21
L - 4	Y - 11
M - 9	Z - 24

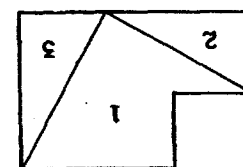
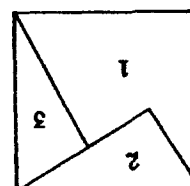


Score

Name, ASN and address

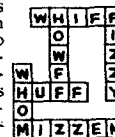
Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street,
New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date
of this issue if you are in the U. S., within eight
weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S.
will be listed on this page in the Nov. 24 issue

CUT-OUT PUZZLE SOLUTION



TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

OVERSEAS. Winners of puzzle kits in this
contest were Pfc. I. Hockman, whose solution
(score of 381) is shown; M/Sgt. A. J. Vasko
(372); Pvt. J. L. Stewart Jr. (369); Pvt. Sey-
mour Redkin (360), and Frank G. Gelso-
mino Sfc. But William Reiter SF2c still holds
the record for Tee-Totals. He was also a win-
ner in this contest with a score of 364. It's
the fifteenth time he's been a winner.



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