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# This is *Ann*



she's dying to meet you,

Ann



*really gets around*

U.S. War Department

Her full name is

*Anopheles Mosquito*

and her trade is dishing

out *Malaria*

She's at home in Africa,

the Caribbean, India,

the South and Southwest

Pacific and other Hot Spots.

She's the only one in the  
world who can give you  
*Malaria*, so if you can  
beat her, you're safe—  
*But*, don't kid yourself that  
it's easy. She works hard  
and

*Ann*

—knows her stuff.

This is how she does it.

*Ann*

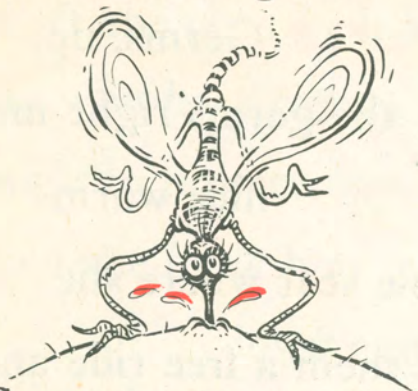
moves around at night,  
anytime from dusk to  
sunrise (*a real party gal*),  
and she's got a thirst.  
No whiskey, gin, beer,  
or rum coke for *Ann*

.. she drinks

Blood



*And she stands on  
her head to get it.*



She jabs that beak of  
hers in like a drill and  
sucks up the juice.

When she picks on a  
victim who's full of  
*Malaria* Germs, up  
come the germs right into  
*Ann's* nice warm  
rumble seat where she  
gives them a free ride and  
they get together and  
make little germs . . . . .  
. . . . . plenty.

By and by *Ann* wants  
*Just another little drink*  
and off she goes looking for  
a sap who hasn't got sense  
enough to protect himself.  
When she finds him . . .



down goes  
her schnozzle  
for more  
**BLOOD**

and all those new little germs  
climb down the drain pipe  
and into the poor guy who  
doesn't know it then, but  
he is going to feel awful in  
about eight to fourteen  
days . . . because he is  
going to have



*Ma|AriA*

what to do about

*Ann*

**N**ever give her a break.  
She can make you feel like  
a combination of a forest fire,  
a January blizzard, and an old

dish mop. She will leave you with about as much pep as a sack of wet sand and now and then she can knock you flat for keeps . . .



The Army has anti-MALARIA combat units that carry on a steady battle by draining and filling ditches and pools where *Anopheles* mosquitos breed. They also spread poison in the waters they can't drain. They screen huts and spray

areas to kill them off, but  
in many places we have to  
go in this war they can't  
do any more than help.

the real job is up to

*YOU*★

**Y**ou will be given  
sleeping nets . . .

*USE THEM*

Nighttime while you are  
pounding the pillow is when

*Ann* gets in her best licks

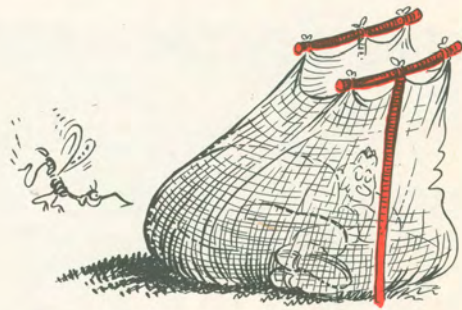
and you get

*Ma | A r i A*



and *Remember This . . .*

All the mosquito netting  
in the world won't do you  
any good if you don't use  
it the right way . . .



Keep away from the sides

and don't forget that a hole  
this big



in your net can cook you.

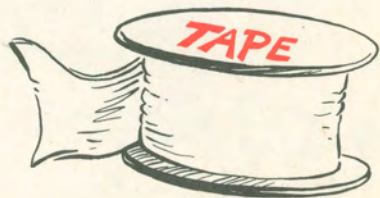


## KEEP 'EM PATCHED

sew  
them  
up



or use adhesive tape.



## REPELLENTS



A repellent is just a 75 cent  
name for stuff to put on you  
that will keep *Ann* away.

The Quartermaster Corps puts out some standard repellents that are a lot hotter than the old bottle of Citronella. That used to be good for about 15 minutes a dose and then they closed in again. These new ones will keep them off for 3 and 4 hours at a stretch.

So if you must stick your neck out—douse it well with some of this dope. *Ann* won't like it.



Put it on your clothes too, where they are tight and thin

enough for her to plug her way through. Your shoulders and the seat of your pants are favorite targets.

The Army Medical Corps has made some mosquito bombs to spray around.

They kill mosquitos and keep them out of spots like fox holes and shelter huts.



The best protection you have with you all the time is your clothes. If you go running around like a strip teaser, you haven't got a chance.

Bathing and swimming at night where *Ann* hangs out really is asking for trouble. Head nets, rolled-down sleeves, leggings and gloves may seem like sissy stuff and not so comfortable—BUT, a guy out cold from **MALARIA** is just as stiff as the one who stopped a hunk of steel.

*Now if you really are looking for trouble and you don't want to miss—just drop down to the nearest native village some evening.*



The places are lousy with fat little *Ann*s sitting around waiting for you with their bellies full of germs. They stock up on **MALARIA** bugs from the home-town boys and gals and when



they find a nice new sucker they give him the works. If there wasn't enough trouble waiting for you there already—good old *Ann* would take care of you and make sure you got fixed up fine—for keeps.



So, lay off the native  
villages if you want to  
keep the top of your  
head on.



Use a little horse sense.  
You can keep from getting  
**MALARIA** if you've got  
the stuff to stop a mosquito  
from biting you. USE it.  
And use your brain.

*What to do if Ann gets you.*

The Medical Corps can help you recover if you get plugged, so report yourself in if you get a headache, chills, and fever.

**DON'T FORGET THIS.**

You can't get **MALARIA** unless *Ann* plugs you, but if she does, she can make

you just as dead as a shell can, or lay you out flat for a long, long stretch.

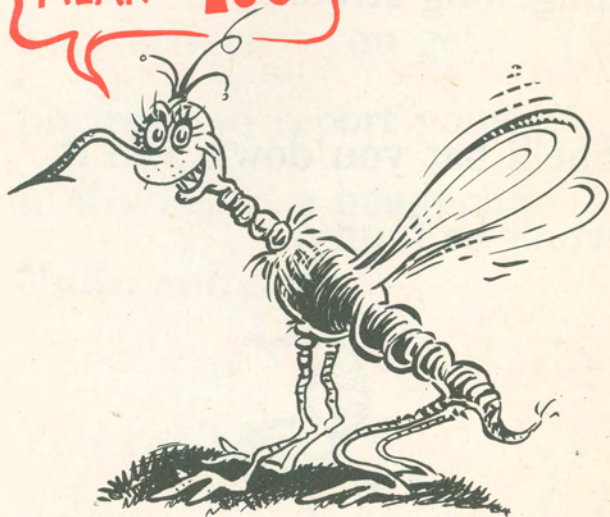
*Never give Ann a break.*

She'll bat you down and it won't be funny.





..AND I DO  
MEAN YOU!



WAR DEPARTMENT  
Washington 25, D. C., August 1943.

This booklet is published for the information and guidance of all concerned.

[A. G. 300.7 (13 Jul 43).]

BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

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