

THIS is

Ann



she's dying to meet you.



*Ann*



*really gets around*

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*



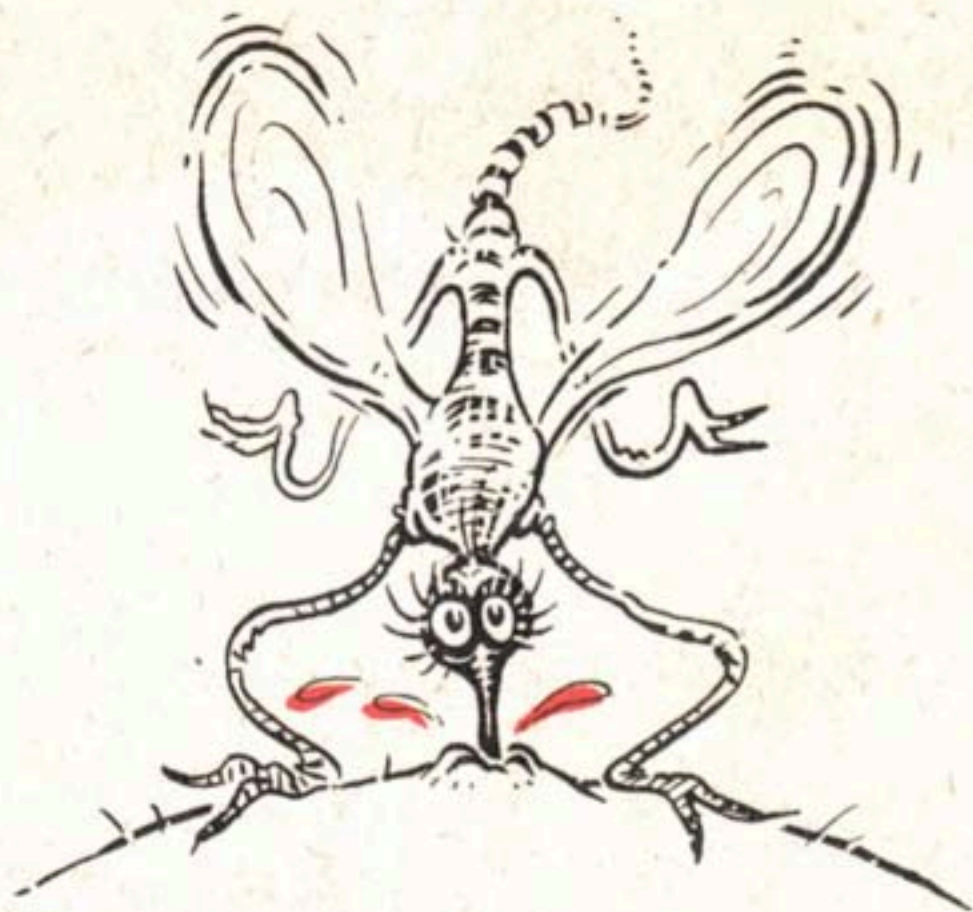
.. she drinks

# 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* / *A* *r* *i* **A**



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 . . .





**T**he 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* ★



You will be given  
sleeping nets . . .

*USE THEM*

Nighttime while you are  
pounding the pillow is when

*Ann* gets in her best licks

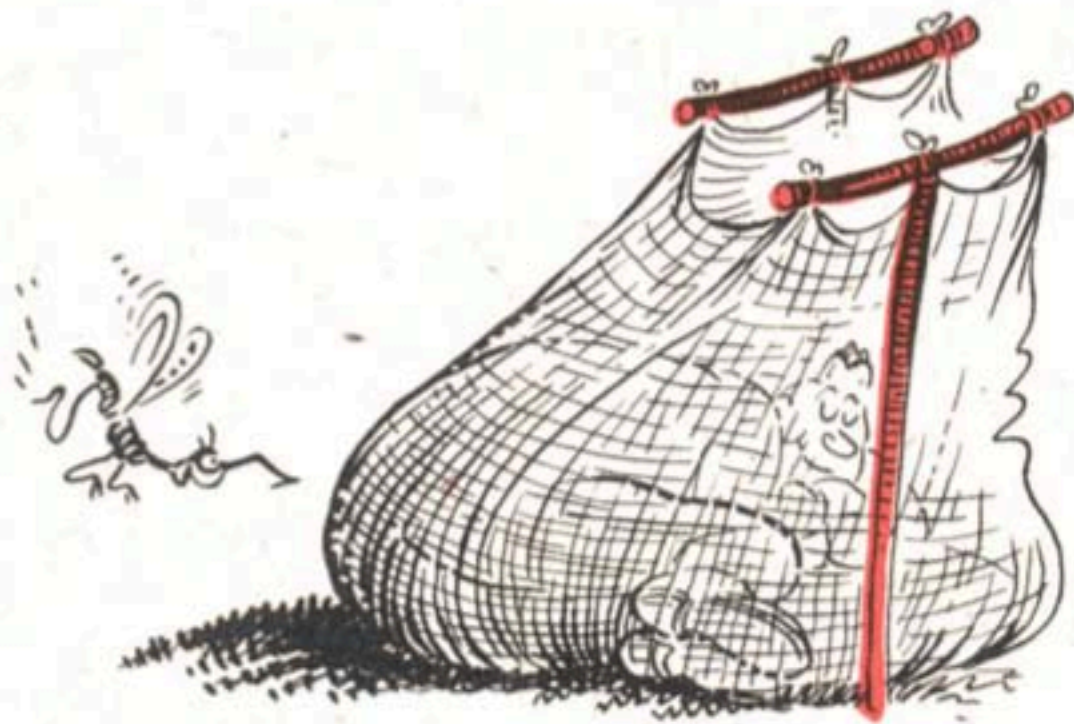
and you get

*Ma / A r i A*



and *Remember This . . .*

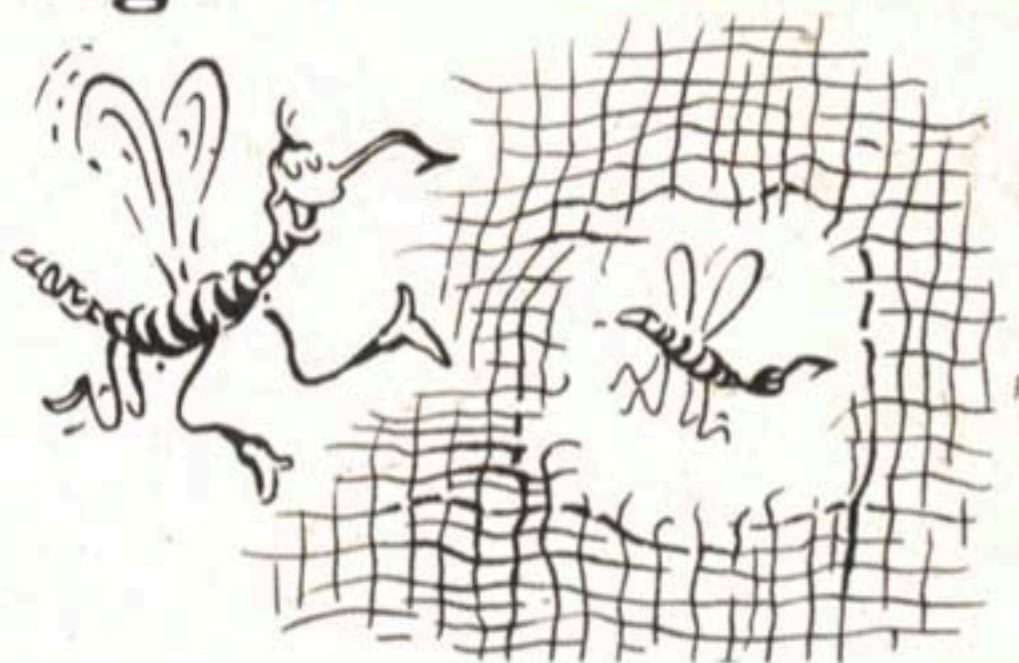
All the mosquito netting  
in the world won't do you  
any good if you don't use  
it the right way . . .



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.





**T**he 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.



**N**ow 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 *Anns* 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.







**U**se 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.

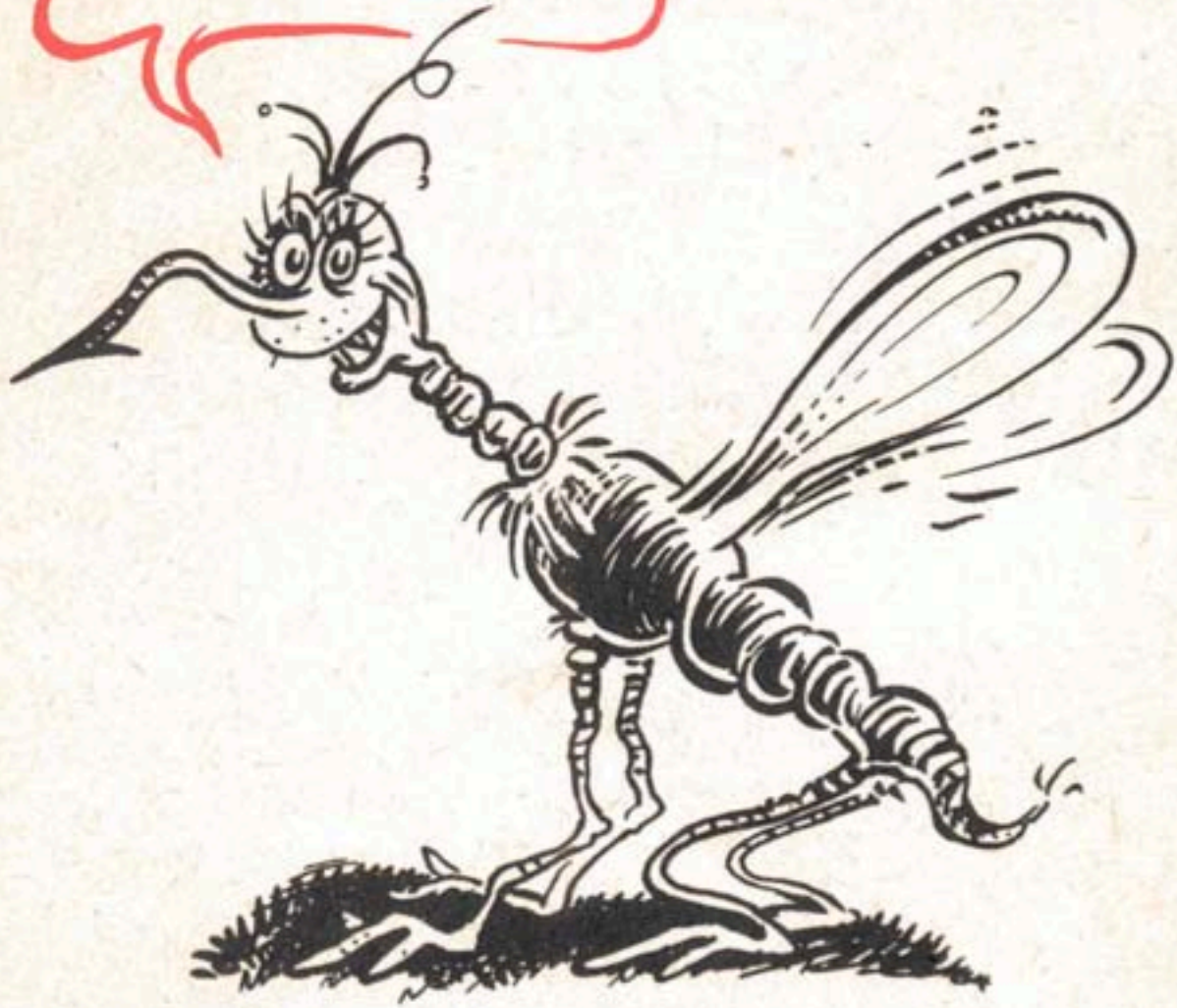
*Never give Ann a break.*

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

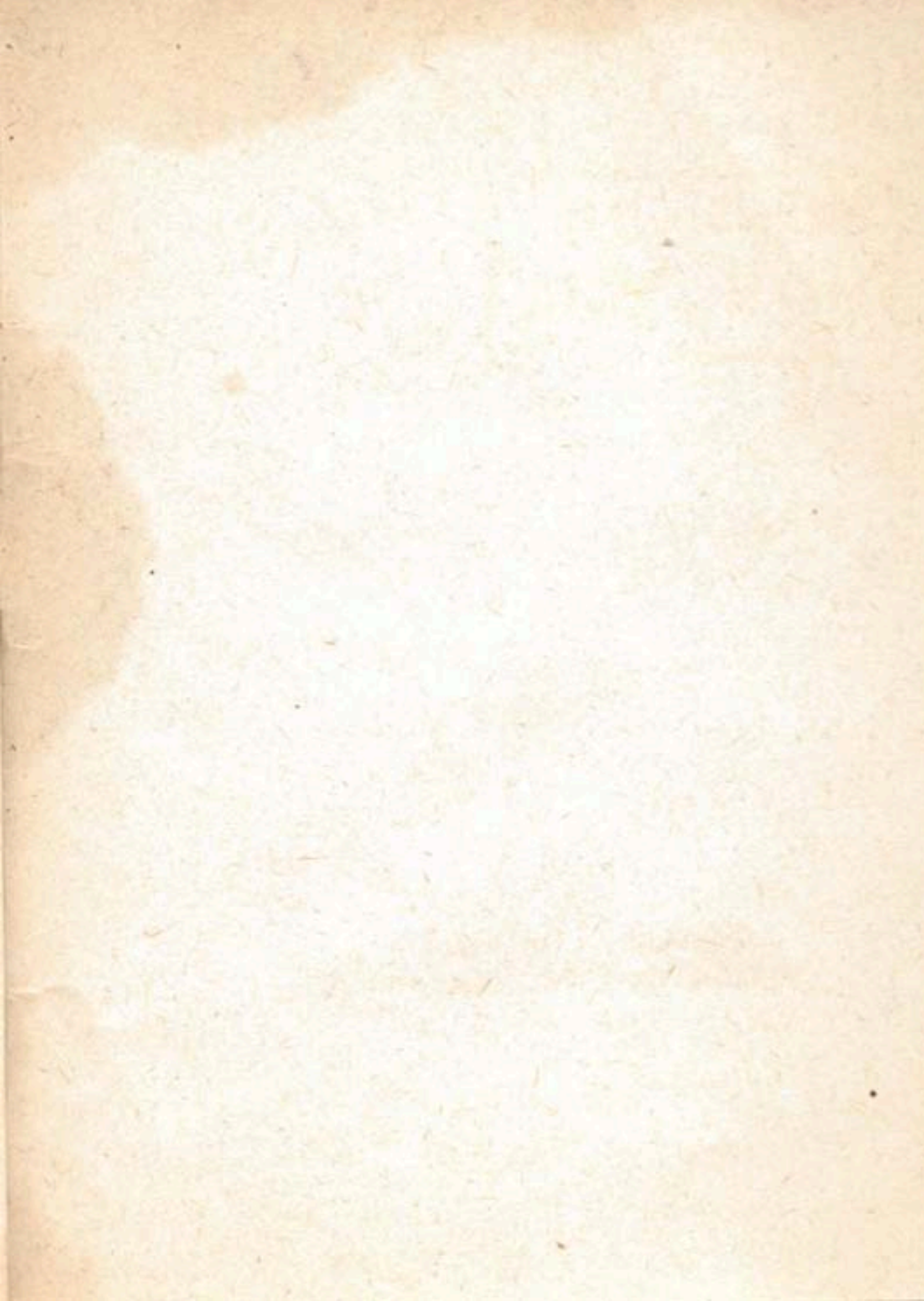




..AND I DO  
MEAN YOU!







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:

G. C. MARSHALL,  
*Chief of Staff.*

OFFICIAL:

J. A. ULIO  
*Major General,  
The Adjutant General.*

DISTRIBUTION: X.



Stay away from

*Ann*

Additional copies of this booklet for Navy use, may be obtained from the Aviation Training Division, Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.



she's a *dangerous* gal.

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