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*By the men . . . for the  
men in the service*





# **What You Can Expect of Air Travel After the War**

PAGES 8, 9 & 10

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT  
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PHILIPPINES—The stockade was set in a large rectangular clearing near the edge of a grove of coconut palms and guava trees. Off to the right of the outer barbed-wire barrier was a mangrove swamp and beyond that a swollen, clay-colored river that would look like a dirty, twisted ribbon through tangles of tropical fronds and water weeds.

A fat, red-faced MP, a carbine slung barrel-down from his shoulder, stopped us about 10 yards from the gate and, recognizing the staff-sergeant interpreter with me, called, "Hiya, Jitter." Sizing me up briefly with bored mistrust, he added, "That fellow got permission to be here?"

The staff pulled a paper out of his poncho and handed it to the MP. He glanced at it a moment, said "Okay" and motioned us on. At the barbed-wire gate another MP with fixed bayonet halted us and asked me if I had a pistol or a jungle knife on me. When I said no, he let us in.

We went for several yards along a narrow passage formed by more barbed wire until we came to the main yard, a cleared square about the size of a baseball diamond with OD tents and little nipa-thatched huts lining three of its four sides. The staff stopped for a minute, pointed to the yard where the Japs were and said: "There they are, more than 200 of the filthy bastards. You ought to be able to get a cross-section of the Jap soldier's mind from them."

He offered me a cigarette and then explained the procedure we were to follow. I was to put my questions to him in English; he would translate them to the Japs. If it proved necessary, he would carry out the interrogation further himself to get as complete and revealing answers as possible. When he was satisfied with an answer, he would sum it up for me in English.

"Before we go in," he said, "there are some things you ought to know. The Japs you'll see and talk to will fall into two broad types. There will be those who surrendered voluntarily because they couldn't take it, and those taken against their wills because of wounds or shock.

"The first are mostly stupid animal-slaves who have been drilled and drilled until they know how to handle a piece or wield a knife and kill. Otherwise they know absolutely nothing about anything. They have no minds of their own and act only when a superior presses a button.

"The second type is something else again. They are fanatic, shrewd and possessed of an amazing singleness of purpose that is the direct result of just one thing—their sheeplike subservience to their superiors and to the Emperor. They're slick and well trained and live only to obey their superiors' orders to kill as many of us guys as pos-



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"There's a third type, too, but you won't see many of them in any prison camp because they're almost never captured. They're the killers who fight like madmen until they're wiped out. You can realize how many of these bastards there are when you consider the small number of prisoners we've taken compared with Jap casualties. They're the type who tortured captured marines on Guadalcanal and engineered the March of Death on Bataan."

Jitter led the way over to the tent nearest the inner gate.

"Here's one who's as good to start with as any," he said. "He's a sergeant, was with those paratroops the Japs tried to land on Leyte the other night. His transport was shot down off the coast, and everyone in it was killed except him. He managed to get ashore but he ran into a bunch of guerrillas. You can imagine what a going-over they gave him. He falls into the second type I mentioned. He was captured against his will and now he thinks he's disgraced forever; says he'll commit suicide the first chance he gets."

**W**HEN we ducked under the tent flaps, the Jap, sitting Buddha fashion with one foot under his buttocks and the other pulled up on the opposite thigh, looked up with a startled expression. Then he stood abruptly and bowed up and down, his arms spread wide, a cringing, crinkled smile on his face. He was big for a Jap, with broad shoulders and a clean-shaven bullet-shaped head. There were band-aids on his chin and under his jaw, apparently mementoes of



## ***In a Philippine PW camp a YANK correspondent with an interpreter interviews Jap prisoners to find out what they think about war, us, baseball and their Emperor.***

his session with the guerrillas, and there were thin, uneven gold edges on his protruding teeth. Jitter asked him to sit down and told him what we wanted to talk about. Then the questioning began. Every time the prisoner spoke, a nervous tic twitched above his right eye.

Q. Where is your home town?

A. Osaka. [Osaka, Jitter stopped to explain, is a city near Kobe in the southern part of Honshu, Japan's biggest island.]

Q. How long have you been in the Army?

A. Five years.

Q. Did you take your basic training in Japan?

A. Some of it.

Q. While you were training did your officers ever talk about the United States or tell you that Americans were bad and were a threat to the peace of Japan?

A. No. All they talked about was how to shoot guns, how to fight.

Q. Did you volunteer or were you conscripted?

A. I volunteered.

Q. Why did you volunteer?

A. Because I like army life; it makes you feel like a man.

Q. When you were captured, how did you think you would be treated?

A. [The tic above the Jap's eye twitched three or four times in rapid succession. He didn't say anything — just sat there with his mouth hung open, his face a twitching blank. Jitter repeated the question with an addition.]

Q. Did you think you would be tortured or killed?

A. Yes.

Q. Has anyone in this camp hurt you in any way?

# A talk with some Japs—



Q. Why do you think Japan is right? Can't anyone possibly be right but Japan?

A. [The prisoner looked blank again.]

Q. Is Japan right because only Japan has the Emperor?

A. [The Jap's spine snapped straight and he answered quickly as if from memory, like a high-school elocutionist, speaking the words fast and without expression.] The Emperor is God. The Emperor is God for the whole world. [Jitter looked at me, shrugging his shoulders as if to say, "See what I mean?" He went on.]

Q. When were you last in Japan?

A. I was in Miyasaki Dec. 4, 1944.

Q. Did the people there have enough to eat?

A. Yes.

Q. Were they concerned or scared about the war?

A. They were afraid.

Q. Do they think Japan will win the war?

A. Every Japanese thinks that Japan will win the war.

Q. Did you ever hear of Midway, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Eniwetok, Saipan, Hollandia, Morotai?

A. Yes. They have told us about them.

Q. Do you know you've been kicked out of those places and that now you're being kicked out of the Philippines?

A. I don't know. All places so far are just battles. You maybe win battles. Japan will win the war.

**J**ITTER got up, sighed and said: "There's no point talking to this one any longer. Let's go in the next tent."

The next tent was larger. It had a long bamboo pole in the center, and over the ground the prisoners had spread layers of palm leaves. There were 16 Japs in the tent and all of them were squatting on the floor tying palm leaves together with strands of ratan. They were naked except for jock-strap arrangements of white cloth.

When we came in the prisoners stood up immediately. Jitter told them to sit down. Then he picked out two who could answer for the others. One of them, a pfc in the infantry, was very young and rather frail looking. His cheekbones weren't as high as those of most of his race and his skin had a certain unhealthy pallor. The two characteristics combined to make him look less Japanese. He had no expression at all when he talked, but when he bowed he had the usual insipid, crinkled grin.

The other prisoner was a seaman second class who had been fished out of Surigao Strait after his ship was blasted in the now-famous battle of the night of Oct. 24-25. He was pudgy-faced, remarkably slant-eyed and fat, with a clean-shaven, abnormally large head. When he talked, he grinned in an almost sneering manner, and when he tried to stress a point he waved his hands like a bartender mixing a whisky sour.

Jitter turned to the young pfc first.



A. No. Everyone has been kind. Plenty of food. Nobody has hurt me.

Q. Do you think you will be hurt or killed?

A. I don't know. [The Jap's tic twitched more violently.] I have asked MPs to kill me. I have asked MPs to let me kill myself.

Q. Why do you want to kill yourself?

A. Because I am disgraced. I could never go back.

Q. Do you have a family?

A. A mother and sister.

Q. Friends? Schoolmates?

A. Yes.

Q. Wouldn't they understand and forgive you?

[The prisoner was suddenly a blank again, as if he didn't know what the question meant. Jitter asked it again.]

A. I don't know if they'd understand. It wouldn't make any difference if they did.

Q. Would you be afraid to go home?

A. Yes; afraid, ashamed.

Q. If you were able to escape back to your lines, would you fight and try to kill as hard as you did before you were captured?

A. Harder.

Q. Why? For what?

A. [The Jap, his tic still twitching, started picking at a big scab on his ankle. Once more

he didn't understand the meaning of a question.]

Q. Why were you fighting in the first place?

A. For the Emperor. [When he said the word Emperor, the Jap sergeant made a quick, slight, almost imperceptible movement, snapping his spine straight. Jitter turned to me and said, "They all do that."]

Q. Are you fighting for anything else but the Emperor? [At the sound of the word, the Jap's spine snapped straight again.]

A. No.

Q. Why do you think Japan is fighting this war?

A. To rule the world.

Q. Why do you think that Japan should rule the world?

A. Because Japan is greater than any other country.

Q. What makes you think that?

A. Japan has everything. Japan is powerful and right.

Q. Did you ever hear or read much about the United States?

A. No.

Q. Do you think America is powerful?

A. I don't know.

Q. Do you think America is right?

A. I don't know. Japan is right.

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Jitter turned to the young pfc first.

Q. Where's your home?

A. In the province of Kagawee.

Q. When did you get in the Army?

A. In October 1943.

Q. What did you do before you were in the Army?

A. Worked on my father's farm.

Q. Did you have plenty to eat?

A. We had enough.

Q. Did the Japanese Government get any of your food?

A. Some of it.

Q. After you got into the Army were you told anything about the war, what you were fighting for and so forth?

A. They told us we were fighting for Eternal Peace.

Q. When you were in school before the war did you ever read or study much about the United States?

A. No.

Q. Do you hate Americans?

A. I don't know.

Q. Do you hate America?

A. I don't know.

Q. Then why did you fight and try to kill Americans? [The young pfc's eyes darted back and forth nervously over the tent wall. One of the other prisoners, a thin, demented-looking Jap, stopped grinning and waited, his mouth hanging open and his eyes fixed on the pfc. Jitter asked the question again.]

Q. Why did you fight and kill Americans?

A. Because of the Emperor. [Every back in the semicircle of listening prisoners straightened up when the word was spoken. The thin prisoner was a few seconds late, but he finally jerked to attention, his idiot grin restored.]

Q. Do you believe that the Emperor is God?

A. Yes. [Jitter put the same question to all of the others and each one in his turn nodded and said "Hae," the sound Japs make when they

answer yes to their superiors. Then Jitter asked, "Why do you think the Emperor is God?" and the pfc said that every Japanese knew the Emperor was God. They knew it, he said, because it was the only truth, the only thing in life that really meant anything to them.]

Jitter looked at me helplessly. "What can you do?" he said.

Then he turned to the pudgy-faced sailor

Q. Do you think Japan will win the war?

A. [The Jap sailor grinned smugly.] Of course Japan will win the war

Q. Why?

A. Japan can beat anybody. [The others were listening intently, hanging on to each word.]

Q. What makes you think Japan will win?

A. Japan never lost a war. She cannot be beaten. All of Japan is one mind.

Q. What do you mean, "Japan is one mind?"

[In his answer the prisoner used a phrase that I had heard frequently throughout the questioning. It was "Yamato Damashi." When I asked what it meant, Jitter said: "The phrase is hard to translate. There is no American word or phrase which means quite the same thing. The closest I can come to it is 'fighting spirit,' but to these people it means much more than that. If you think of a will power that no force on earth could discourage short of killing its possessor, and add to that the stubborn, cold belief of a bigot, you might get a little closer to its meaning." He went on with his questioning.]

Q. Do you think Japan can beat America at anything—sports, for example?

A. Yes.

Q. How about baseball? Didn't the Americans beat your pants off at baseball a few years ago?

A. They got the highest score, yes.

Q. You mean that America didn't beat you?

A. Yes. Japan won. [Jitter looked at me with an expression of exaggerated patience, tapping his fingers on the ground like Oliver Hardy used to do when Stan Laurel tripped him into a trough of white plaster.]

Q. Look. First you said that the Americans got the high score and now you say that Japan won. What exactly do you mean by that?

A. *Yamato Damashi*. You got high score, but there are more important things. It's the way Japan plays the game. [Then the sailor burst into a flood of wild hissing chatter that lasted a good two minutes. When he finished, Jitter translated.] You come over to play in a big baseball tournament. You hit the ball plenty, you make runs, but your players are not honorable. They were crude. They didn't bow and talk properly to people, and while they played they paid no attention to anything but the game. Also, they show no *Yamato Damashi*. They wear uniforms with no American flag on them. Every Japanese player wears a uniform with the Rising Sun on it.

**J**ITTER stood up. "I expect," he said, "that gives you a pretty good picture of how his brain works. Let's go out and get some fresh air."

Outside the sun was trying to break through the clouds, but there was a dismal drizzle and the yard was deserted except for one prisoner

A. Yes, but it was rusty

Q. How did you think you would be treated as a prisoner?

A. I didn't know. International Law protects officers.

Q. Did you ever hear of Jimmy Doolittle's raid on Tokyo?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know what happened to the American pilots who were captured there?

A. No.

Q. Did you know that their heads were cut off?

A. No.

Q. Well, they were. Do you believe it?

A. No. [Jitter shrugged and offered a cigarette to the Jap pilot who took it greedily, but only after he had executed a short, quick bow.]

Q. Have you heard about the B-29 raids on Tokyo?

A. Yes. They have told us about them.

Q. Did they tell you that the raids caused any appreciable damage?

A. They told us there was not much damage.

Q. Do you think the B-29s can wreck Japan?

A. They cannot hurt Japan.

Q. Why?

A. Japan has too much antiaircraft, too much defense, too many fighter planes.

Q. What do you think of American pilots?

A. Some good, some bad.

Q. Are they any better than Japanese pilots?

A. We have some good, some bad, too.

Q. Who do you think has the better, stronger air force?

A. [The pilot looked blank for a moment, attempted to formulate an answer, tried a few broken phrases and gave up.]



Army service. When we entered, he was reading what appeared to be a Japanese medical journal. There were illustrations showing operating techniques, blood-transfusion equipment and other medical procedures.

Jitter questioned the doctor. While the questioning went on, the pilot, like the silent prisoners in the other tent, sat very still, listening intently.

Q. Doctor, you've read widely in medicine. Do you think that America's contribution to world medicine has been important?

A. I think it has been extremely important.

Q. You have heard, of course, of Johns Hopkins, the Mayo Clinic and other American medical centers?

A. Yes. Their work has been of the utmost importance to the general advance of medicine.

Q. Do you know that anesthesia was discovered and developed by American scientists?

A. Certainly.

Q. How do you think Japan's medicine, its doctors, its operating equipment and so on compare with those of America?

A. Japan is first rate in everything.

Q. Tell me, doctor, who do you think will win the war?

A. Japan will win.

Q. Are you aware of how many places your Army and Navy have lost in the last two years during America's steady march into the Far East?

A. Yes. They tell us of the progress of the war.

Q. Why are you being beaten so steadily?

A. We are not being beaten. We will strike when the time comes.

Q. When do you think the war will end?

A. They do not tell us that.

Q. [Jitter looked at me and said: "The doctor doesn't understand English, but, as you see, he's a pretty well educated professional man. Now watch what happens when I begin to question him on another track."] Doctor, have you read America's Bill of Rights?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe, as that document states, that all people have a right to worship God according to their own conscience, without dictation from anyone?

A. [At this question, the doctor's face sagged and his eyes glazed. His blank look recalled the uncomprehending Osaka sergeant of the first interview.] I don't understand.

Q. [Jitter put his hand out in an appealing gesture.] Look. You have read the Bill of Rights. You know that it sets forth certain freedoms, certain protections for the securities of God-fearing peoples. Do you think that document is a good, sensible, right doctrine?

A. I do not know.

Q. What is a right doctrine for decent human living?

A. The Emperor's doctrine. [The doctor's spine straightened.]

Q. Would you do anything the Emperor commanded you to do?

A. Certainly.

Q. Doctor, you consider yourself an honorable man and you believe that the Japanese are an honorable people. Do you think your leaders are

his fingers on the ground and utter angry curses to do when Stan Laurel tripped him into a trough of white plaster.]

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Outside the sun was trying to break through the clouds, but there was a dismal drizzle and the yard was deserted except for one prisoner who was filling a canteen from the Lyster bag that hung in the center of the compound.

"That joe over there is a Navy pilot," Jitter said. "Tough guy. Thinks he's above all the others here. Let's talk to him."

The pilot was about 25 years old. He had a sparse, stringy mustache and some hairs on his chin that passed for a goatee. There was a purple-streaked swelling over his left eye, and one of his front teeth was missing. He had been shot down in San Pedro Bay on A-plus-4 and picked up by one of our Navy boats.

Though he had been cocky around the other Japs, when he saw Jitter approaching he became all smiles and bows. Jitter told him I would like him to answer a few questions, and he nodded so agreeably that you would have thought answering my questions was his life's ambition.

Q. Where is your home?

A. Osaka.

Q. How long have you been in the Navy?

A. Six years.

Q. How long have you been a fighter pilot?

A. I graduated from Kasugamuiira four months ago.

Q. Ever in combat before Leyte?

A. No.

Q. Do you feel any disgrace because you were captured alive?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. Why did you let them pick you up out of the bay?

A. I was very sick.

Q. Why didn't you kill yourself then? You had a gun, didn't you?



Q. When you went out to attack an American troopship or vessel, what did you think about?

A. Hitting the target.

Q. Anything else?

A. [No answer.]

Q. Did you think of anything else?

A. [No answer.]

Q. Why did you do it?

A. For the Emperor. [The Jap pilot snapped straight.]

Q. Why do you think the Emperor is making Japan fight?

A. Japan is fighting for Eternal Peace.

Q. Do you think Japan will win?

A. Yes.

**A**s the interrogation progressed we had been walking slowly over to the far corner of the compound where the pilot's tent was. We were in front of the tent now, and the pilot bowed us in. On a GI cot at the rear of the tent squatted a little wizened Jap with horn-rimmed spectacles. He was about 40 years old and, as Jitter explained, a doctor with more than three years

him on another track." Doctor, have you read America's Bill of Rights?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe, as that document states, that all people have a right to worship God according to their own conscience, without dictation from anyone?

A. [At this question, the doctor's face sagged and his eyes glazed. His blank look recalled the uncomprehending Osaka sergeant of the first interview.] I don't understand.

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A. I do not know.

Q. What is a right doctrine for decent human living?

A. The Emperor's doctrine. [The doctor's spine straightened.]

Q. Would you do anything the Emperor commanded you to do?

A. Certainly.

Q. Doctor, you consider yourself an honorable man and you believe that the Japanese are an honorable people. Do you think your leaders are truthful, honest and aboveboard?

A. Yes.

Q. In other words, you feel that, if you think you have a right to something another man has, you ought to go to that man and talk things over sensibly and try to settle the matter rationally and fairly?

A. Yes.

Q. If, while you were thus talking to that other man, your friend, let's say, came up behind him and stabbed him in the back and grabbed for you the thing you wanted, would you feel that you were getting that thing honorably, fairly?

A. Of course not.

Q. Did you ever hear of Pearl Harbor?

A. I have heard of Pearl Harbor.

Q. Did you know that the Japanese sneaked up on Pearl Harbor and, without any warning, stabbed America in the back? Did you know that, at that very moment, two of your most celebrated statesmen were in Washington pleading for Eternal Peace?

A. No.

Q. Do you believe it?

A. No.

Jitter looked at the doctor for a few seconds, smiled wearily and nodded his head as if admitting that the whole thing was futile. Then he turned to me and said, "Had enough?" I said I had, and we went out of the tent.

As we left the camp, just as we turned through the gate, we caught a glimpse of the sergeant from Osaka. He was squatting under a tent flap, picking the scab on his ankle. Every now and then the tic above his right eye would twitch convulsively.



# GI Questions from GIs



**What soldiers want to know is how their Bill of Rights works. YANK untangles some problems stated in letters to the editor.**

## Loans

I know all about the free schooling I can get via the GI Bill of Rights, but what I'd like to know is what does the law do for the guy who does not want to go to school?

■ Plenty. The GI Bill of Rights also provides for loan guarantees of up to 50 percent of a \$4,000 loan for homes, farms or businesses. In addition, the law provides unemployment protection to the tune of \$20 a week for up to 52 weeks of unemployment.

I have been told that any cash benefits under the GI Bill of Rights will be taken out of any future bonus that may be voted. Is this true?

■ It is. The law states that any benefits derived under the GI Bill of Rights shall be deducted from any future bonus. For example, if you get a loan guaranteed under the law, any bonus money you may be entitled to will be used to reduce the amount of the loan still unpaid at the time the bonus is passed. If any bonus money is left after that, you will get the remainder in cash.

My wife and I are both in service. Can we each get a loan guaranteed under the GI Bill of Rights to be used in buying a house?

■ You can. Each of you will be treated as an individual veteran. If you are both able to swing loans from your bank, you should get the loans guaranteed from the VA.

Some of the boys tell me that the Government pays all the interest on the loans we get under the GI Bill of Rights. Are they right?

■ No, they are not. During the first year of the loan the Veterans' Administration will pay the interest on that part of the loan which it has guaranteed. Thus, if you get a \$4,000 loan, the VA will pay the interest on \$2,000 or \$80 (at 4 percent, the maximum rate you may pay). You will have to pay the rest of the interest yourself.

When I get out, I'd like to buy a farm and turn it over to a tenant to run. Meanwhile I want to go back to my own business and let the tenant run the farm for me. Will I be able to get a farm-loan guarantee if I do that?

■ You will not. A veteran can get a farm loan guaranteed only if he personally directs and operates the farm. You can, of course, hire all the help you need, but you will not be permitted to operate the farm through someone else.

I own a farm which my younger brother and sister have been running in my absence. They tell me that local taxes have been accumulating at a fast clip. Will I be permitted to borrow money under the GI Bill of Rights to pay off the taxes?

■ You will. You may get either a farm loan or a home loan and use the money to pay off taxes on your property.

**S**INCE the passage last summer of the GI Bill of Rights (Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944) YANK has been flooded with mail from GIs seeking information about the benefits the law gives them. Until very recently, it wasn't possible to answer some of the questions because the regulations covering many phases of the law hadn't been issued by the Veterans' Administration. Now, however, all parts of the law have been cleared up, and here are the answers to the types of questions most frequently raised by YANK readers.



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### General

I hear tell that only those GIs who have more than two years of service under their belts can get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. Is that correct?

■ No, it is not. In order to qualify for any of the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights, you need only 90 days of service. In fact, if you are discharged for a service-connected disability, you do not even have to meet this requirement of the law.

I was court-martialed for being AWOL for seven days and got three months in the guardhouse. Now I am told that my court-martial record will get me a blue (without honor) discharge when I get out of the Army. Does that mean I cannot get in on the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It does not. Even if you should get a blue discharge, you will be eligible for the benefits of the law. Only those who receive dishonorable (yellow) discharges are out of luck under the GI Bill of Rights.

### Education

I have read a number of articles about the free schooling granted under the GI Bill of Rights and I must admit I am completely confused. One writer says that men over 25 are not eligible for the free schooling, while another says all GIs regardless of their age can get at least one year of free schooling. Who is right?

■ The one who states that all GIs can get at least one full year of free schooling is correct. Only GIs who do not meet the 90-day qualifying provision or who are dishonorably discharged are out of luck on the free schooling.

I was just 19 when I was inducted and have now been in service three years. How much free schooling am I entitled to?

■ You are entitled to a full four-year course of study at Government expense. You get one year of school by meeting

the 90-day-service qualification and in addition, because you were under 25 when you joined up, you get added periods of free schooling measured by your length of service. The Veterans' Administration has ruled that for each month of service a GI can get a calendar month of schooling. Since the average school year is made up of nine calendar months, 27 months of service will get you three years of schooling. That, plus the one year previously mentioned, gives you a total of four years of schooling. Since four years is the maximum, the rest of your service time does not count toward free schooling.

I own a farm, and when I get out of service I'd like to take advantage of both the educational and the farm-loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights. Will I be permitted to go to school and borrow money for new equipment for the farm?

■ You probably will. A veteran may take advantage of more than one provision of the GI Bill of Rights at a time. If you can convince your bank that you can attend school and run your farm at the same time, you should have no trouble swinging the loan to buy the new equipment.

I have a wife and three children. When I get out, I'd like to take advantage of the free schooling. How much will I receive for subsistence while attending school?

■ You will get \$75 a month while attending school. Every GI who attends school full time will get \$50 a month. Those with dependents get \$25 a month in addition. The number of dependents doesn't matter, since the maximum amount paid is \$75.

Before I entered the Army I was studying advertising. Now that I am older, I can see that this was a mistake and that I am best fitted for research in chemistry. Can I switch over to chemistry or must I continue the course I was studying before I entered the Army?

■ You can study anything you want. Under the GI Bill of Rights a veteran can go to any approved school or college and study anything he likes.

you should get the loans guaranteed from the VA.

Some of the boys tell me that the Government pays all the interest on the loans we get under the GI Bill of Rights. Are they right?

■ No, they are not. During the first year of the loan the Veterans' Administration will pay the interest on that part of the loan which it has guaranteed. Thus, if you get a \$4,000 loan, the VA will pay the interest on \$2,000 or \$80 (at 4 percent, the maximum rate you may pay). You will have to pay the rest of the interest yourself.

When I get out, I'd like to buy a farm and turn it over to a tenant to run. Meanwhile I want to go back to my own business and let the tenant run the farm for me. Will I be able to get a farm-loan guarantee if I do that?

■ You will not. A veteran can get a farm loan guaranteed only if he personally directs and operates the farm. You can, of course, hire all the help you need, but you will not be permitted to operate the farm through someone else.

I own a farm which my younger brother and sister have been running in my absence. They tell me that local taxes have been accumulating at a fast clip. Will I be permitted to borrow money under the GI Bill of Rights to pay off the taxes?

■ You will. You may get either a farm loan or a home loan and use the money to pay off taxes on your property. The same thing applies to taxes on a town or city home owned by a GI.

I already own a home and I know that while I have been in service it has been going to pot. One thing I will need when I get back is a new oil burner. Will a loan for an oil burner be approved under the GI Bill of Rights?

■ It will. The general rule is that any alteration or addition to your home which becomes a part of the real estate is OK for a loan guarantee.

### Employment

When I am discharged I expect to go into a business of my own. If the business does not succeed, will I be able to get any money under the unemployment provisions of the GI Bill of Rights?

■ If your business folds up and you are not earning any money, you will get \$20 a week. Should your business fall off so that you earn less than \$100 during any calendar month you will get the difference between what you earn and \$100. This difference will be paid only for a maximum of 52 weeks.

I have now been in service for four months. If I were to be discharged right now, how many weeks of unemployment insurance (compensation) could I get if I were out of work?

■ A total of 28 weeks of unemployment pay. You get eight weeks' credit for each of the first three months of your service and four additional weeks for each month thereafter. The maximum any veteran can get is 52 weeks.

I have been told that in order to get unemployment pay allowed under the GI Bill of Rights, I must be willing to take a job even if it is in a factory where there is a strike. Is that right?

■ It is not. You do not have to accept a job which is available directly as a result of a strike, lock-out or other labor dispute. Your refusal to accept such a job will not affect your right to the unemployment pay.

examination. The results were amazing—the average grade was about 60%. There were several N.C.O.s who failed miserably and who were subsequently reduced to private. In general the higher N.C.O.s got the better grades, but there were a number of recruits who attained good grades and who were subsequently made acting N.C.O.s.

The system of written examinations is used in all service schools. While the ability of the individual soldier to answer written examination questions is not the only measure of his military qualifications and his ability to lead men, it is probably the only factual basis for comparing individual soldiers and for determining which ones are most suited for promotion. Selecting men for N.C.O. ratings is one of the most vital responsibilities of command—the morale of the unit depends on the fairness and the justification of these selections. This authority and responsibility lies primarily in the hands of company commanders.

Det. of Patients, Britain.

Maj. AUGUSTUS T. WILSON

### Boots for Caterpillars

Dear YANK,

I am one of two who were forced to bail out over Germany a short while ago. We bailed out and *walked* back. We know about the Caterpillar Club and are pending members. We hear also that there is a club or society called the "Winged Boot." They have a pin which is a winged boot (silver) supposedly for those who walk back after their bail. Do you know of such a club or society? Any information on said club or society and how to join would please us very much.

Britain.

S/Sgt. CLARENCE W. GIECK, JR.

[Can any "Winged Booters" give us the information to pass on to S/Sgt. Gieck?—Ed.]

### Awarding Citations

Dear YANK,

While we men in the Sub Depots and Service Squadrons do all the bigger jobs on Army airplanes, we cannot wear the Presidential Citation ribbon or the stars that a Red Cross civilian on an Army air base can. Not that there is any value to them. But it's the principle of the thing. We think that those things must be earned by the Army before they can wear them. But it looks like the Army earns them for civilians.

It looks like headquarters thinks that Sub Depots and Service Squadrons are nothing but a big bunch of (deleted by unit censor).

Britain.

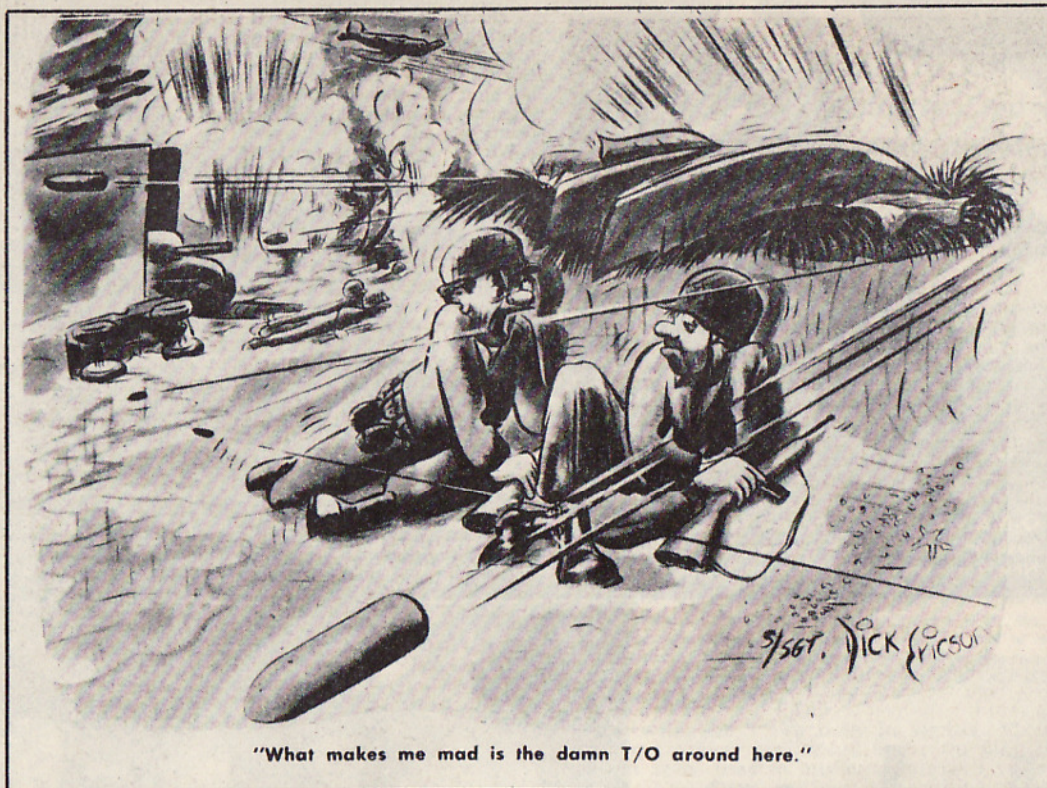
T/Sgt. WM. TKACHUK

### Like a Greek God

Dear YANK,

It is with profound regret that we read of The Count's orderly room scrape—and in the consequent relinquishment of his coveted Tec 5 chevrons. We, the undersigned, ask the old reprobate to reconsider his hasty decision about not being a candidate for future promotions, and implore his top kick to show a little kindness by nominating him for a temporary Private First Class rating.

We of course realize that The Count has, for these past few months, shown a wanton disregard of the principle of Military Law and Order by his frequent



"What makes me mad is the damn T/O around here."

### Fast, Faster, Fastest

Dear YANK,

Cpl. Thurmon claims to hold the record in the ETO for receiving mail faster than anyone. I regret having to disillusion him. However, I got a letter from a gal in Joisy post-marked, July 2, 1945. (I enclose the envelope for proof). But then, New Jersey always has been faster than Texas.

Britain.

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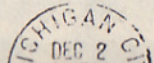
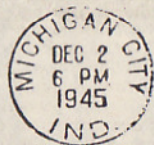
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In your *Mail Call* of Feb. 11, an article appeared by a Cpl. Thurmon who claims to have the fastest mail



unit standards of sanitation and proficiency. We are continually alerted for minute, exhaustive inspections at odd and early hours by flying squadrons of snoops who descend like a plague, suddenly and tyrannically.

This fetishness, this misguided discipline, may have had a place during preparatory training back in the States. Now it only challenges our integrity and increases our hours of duty needlessly.

These inspecting officers could surely better serve our cause in this emergency in working, medical duties. At the same time they would themselves in a small way reduce the shortage of nursing power.

We nurses honestly feel that we can demonstrate an integrity to these wounded of ours fresh from the fronts in keeping with their own—a sense of duty which in a measure obviates their bitterness. This we can and want to do if we had the chance.

Britain.

SOME DESPAIRING NURSES

Dear YANK,

We would like to say "amen" to every statement made in the letter "Nurse Shortage" in the Jan 28, YANK. It expresses our sentiments perfectly, and we believe that we are not the only ones.

We were not treated as much like children even in training. Someone has apparently lost sight of the fact that we are grown women with a profession. We came in the Army thinking that we should be treated as such and what do we get—pettiness, nagging and

we cannot wear the Presidential Citation ribbon of the stars that a Red Cross civilian on an Army air base can. Not that there is any value to them. But it's the principle of the thing. We think that those things must be earned by the Army before they can wear them. But it looks like the Army earns them for civilians.

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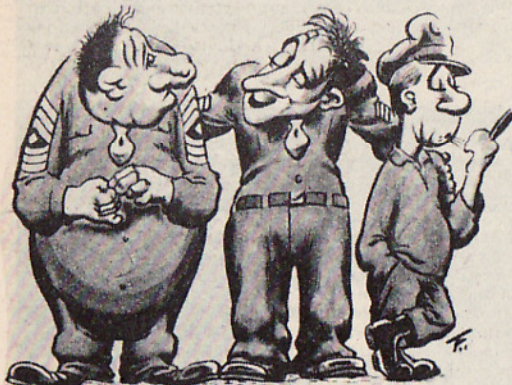
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We of course realize that The Count has, for these past few months, shown a wanton disregard of the principle of Military Law and Order by his frequent



and uncalled-for brushes with the Military Police. But we know that under his hard coat of serge and brass and shiny ribbons there beats as fine a heart as can be found in these parts. And, as shown by his self-imposed sacrifice of his stripes, The Count has proven that he has splendid soldierly qualifications. His appearance has always been above reproach, his attire immaculate, his posture that of a Greek god. Taking his all-round features into careful consideration we demand that he be given a fair chance to redeem himself.

Britain.

Sgt. J. DOLIN\*

\*Also signed by seven others.

### Oil and Rice Fields

Dear YANK,

I have often noticed how a small quantity of gasoline, kerosene or used motor oil will spread over a large body of water. Now one of the main foods of Japan is rice, which is raised in fields that are stagnant pools of water. Why can't our airplanes, after we get closer bases, spray the fields of Japan, using something like gasoline that will wipe out their rice fields?

Fort Benning, Ga.

Pvt. ELSON V. BRUCE

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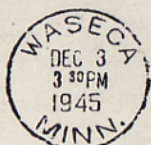
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Dear YANK,

In your *Mail Call* of Feb. 11, an article appeared by a Cpl. Thurmon who claims to have the fastest mail service in the ETO by receiving a letter postmarked Mar. 3, 1945.

I think I have him beat. I'd like to see someone beat the service the postman is giving me. My letter came last month and by luck I still have it. It's postmarked Dec. 2, 1945, and I'm enclosing the envelope as proof.

Britain.



A. C. OYLER, F 1/c

Dear YANK,

Here's my challenge to the corporal from Texas on mail service. I received this letter recently with a postmark dated Dec. 3, 1945. Enclosed find my proof.

Britain.

Cpl. RUBEN EGERBERG

Dear YANK,

I was reading in the Feb. 11 issue where a corporal claimed to receive his mail faster than anyone, because he received a letter postmarked Mar. 3, 1945. If that's the fastest he can receive his mail, he will have to relinquish his claim to me.

I base my claim on a letter I received postmarked Dec. 4, 1945, and I'm enclosing the postmark to prove it.

Britain.

Sgt. JOS. D. BORGIA



unit standards of sanitation and proficiency. We are continually alerted for minute, exhaustive inspections at odd and early hours by flying squadrons of snoopers who descend like a plague, suddenly and tyrannically.

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We were not treated as much like children even in training. Someone has apparently lost sight of the fact that we are grown women with a profession. We came in the Army thinking that we should be treated as such and what do we get—pettiness, nagging and threats—"if you don't do thus and so, your day off (one a month) will be taken; it will be marked against your efficiency record." Is that childish?

You are not rated according to your efficiency as a nurse, but on how often you scrub the medicine cabinet, how the medicine bottles are lined up, and the uniformity of their size and shape, and on your "military courtesy."

We came into the Army to take care of our brothers, sweethearts and every other soldier who needs our care. Why can't we do just that, and be given a little peace of mind while we are doing it?

Britain.

FIVE ARMY NURSES

### This Week's Cover



**D**OWN in the concrete tunnel of a fort captured from the Germans on the Western Front, Pvt. William J. Hogan of Carthage, Mo., writes a letter to his girl. Sitting here on a straw-covered floor and writing with a light shielded by a ration box his thoughts carry him far from this foreign winter.

Pictures: Cover, Signal Corps. 5, Signal Corps. 6, Pfc. Pat Coffey, 7, upper, INP; lower, Signal Corps. 10, Sgt. John Frano, 11, Signal Corps. 12 and 13, Sgt. Dil Ferris, 15, left, and upper right, Acme; lower right, INP. 16, upper right, U.S. Army; lower left, INP; lower right, Keystone. 20, upper right, INP; center right, PA; others, Acme. 21, upper, PA; lower, U.S. Navy. 22, Michael Levelle. 23, USSTAF.

lost three guns, two half-tracks, an armored car and two jeeps.

If you asked the 614th TD Battalion CO, Lt. Col. Frank Pritchard of Lansing, Mich., he'd tell you, "If you only knew how goddam proud I am of my boys." He was one of six white officers—all the rest were Negroes. In the last war, Pritchard was a buck sergeant.

They're all proud of the 614th, from the division CG down. The division CG is supposed to have said he'd fight like hell if anyone tried to take the 614th TD away from him.

**T**his isn't just words. And it isn't just top brass. Hitler would have a hemorrhage if he could see the white boys of the 411th Infantry bull-sessing, going out on mixed patrols, sleeping in the same bombed building, sweating out the same chow line with Negro GIs.

And the white boys of the 411th are mostly Southern boys.

The Negroes come from the South, too. Not only that, but the C Company CO, 1st Lt. Walter Smith, will be the first to tell you that his boys aren't specially picked as in some outfits, that most of them are uneducated farmhands from North Carolina.

He'll tell you, too, that a few of his boys are trouble-making screw-ups who drink too much, that lots of his boys were almost scared into conscription during their first baptism of shellfire when they fought in Germany alongside the 3d Cavalry Group. In other words, he'll tell you that his outfit is just like any other outfit. He's got a small percentage who were never meant to be soldiers, but most of the boys are good boys—and good soldiers, with plenty of guts.

"You get used to war," he said slowly. "You get used to everything."

He was no longer talking about Climbach and Germany; he was talking about back in Cherbourg. He was remembering all those Negro port-battalion boys who came to him and begged to be transferred into a fighting outfit. They were willing to take busts—anything. They didn't want to hear any more white soldiers ask why there weren't more Negro troops in the front lines.

"I thought every soldier knew that it's up to the Army to decide who goes where," said Smith.

"Maybe if people just didn't worry about us being something special." He was groping for words. "Maybe if somebody could come up here and see how we've been fighting and killing and dying, how it doesn't seem to matter a damn what your color is—"

Smith broke off quickly. There was a short, strained silence, and then he laughed. It was a warm, rich laugh. He remembered something that had happened only last week when the outfit was moving toward the front. He had noticed quite a liberal sprinkling of white soldiers in

dreds of other Negroes in other units. It was worn by the 92d Division of the first World War, also a Negro unit. Everybody else in the 92d agrees that Cpl. Orrett made the right decision back in that Leghorn hospital.

Pvt. Charles Bowden of Rocky Mount, N. C., a wireman in the same battalion, is one of the men who agrees. He and Orrett and most of their friends have been with the battalion since it was activated in November 1942 at Camp Breckinridge, Ky. He went to Arkansas and Arizona, and then on Louisiana maneuvers, and finally to Italy as part of the complete 92d Division under command of Maj. Gen. Edward M. Almond.

"Our training back home was rough," said Bowden, "but now we know why. On this front a man must be in top shape. He's no good if he limps around. There's no way to catch a ride up here, and you might have to march 25 miles. If you've done it back home, it's a little easier here."

Bowden ought to know what he's talking about because, according to Orrett and others, he has one of the riskiest jobs in the battalion—stringing wire under the eyes of the Germans. He has been out with forward observation parties several times and has stayed so long everybody felt certain he had been captured. He always came back though, guided, his friends think, by the smell of S/Sgt. Ezekiel Butt's cookery.

Cpl. B. C. McClain, a gunner from St. Louis, Mo., is another man who now knows the value of the endless drill they put him through back in the States. He now thinks automatically in the once-terrifying metric system. Sgt. Maurice Walker, a 23-year-old radio operator from Washington, D. C., said something in praise of the outfit's fire direction. McClain agreed and added: "And we can get ready to fire in 15 minutes or less."

Walker said he thought the outfit had been very lucky in getting the officers it did. "I think I speak for most of the men in saying that it doesn't matter to us whether the officers are white or Negro," he said. "Color means nothing at the front. Everybody has a rough life, and that does a lot to bring the men together. The important thing is not what color an officer is but whether he knows his job. If he does, he'll get the respect of his men. Most of our officers



In Italy, Lt. Gen. Mark Clark pins a Combat Infantryman Badge on Sgt. Nolan J. Reed of St. Louis, Mo., a member of the Fifth Army's 92d Division.

to New York with my parents and went to school and worked there. I never knew what discrimination meant until I went to Fort Eustis, where there were three big post movies, one for colored soldiers and two for white and colored. After the few rows reserved for us in the two mixed theaters were filled we couldn't get in.

"When I was being treated for my wounds in Leghorn, there was no such thing as white and colored. Everybody was alike. Fighting together and suffering together brings people closer. I think most people are too pessimistic about race relations after the war. The white American soldier has learned what artificial barriers of any sort mean and will be just as determined as the colored soldier to do away with them later. Of course, the demagogues may try to stir things up, but I don't think they'll get very far with the veterans of this war. The veterans will be smarter than the demagogues think."

**M**ost of the men have thought about what the future will bring them and how such plans as the GI Bill of Rights will affect them. "After the war," said Sgt. Walker, "I'd like to take an advanced course in radio under the Bill. I'd stand more of a chance then of getting a good job. I'd say that most of the men in this outfit are interested in learning a trade, so they won't be thrown on the unskilled labor market for sale to the lowest bidder."

Cpl. Orrett, with a wife, an 11-year-old son and an 8-year-old daughter back in Harlem, has similar plans. He wants to study and become a radio

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"No, sir," said the sergeant. "They're part of our gun crews."

After he finished the story, the lieutenant sat there quietly for a minute, with a wonderful wide smile on his face.

"You know," he said, "maybe we're just a bunch of battle virgins compared with some outfits, but we've sure been learning a hell of a lot of things about people."

## In Italy

By Sgt. AUGUST LOEB  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**W**ITH THE 5TH ARMY, ITALY—Cpl. Charles Orrett, a 33-year-old artillery scout who describes his pre-service profession as "operator of duck and dodge games," ducked and dodged three German shells that hit his battery. There was a fourth shell he didn't see. That one got him in the lung and back.

After 30 days in a hospital in Leghorn, Cpl. Orrett had a choice of being reclassified or of going back to his old outfit. "That was easy to decide," he said. "My outfit is a Field Artillery battalion of the 92d Division, and I couldn't do better. I know what I'm talking about because I came to the 92d from another outfit. I've felt like a different man since I got into the 92d."

Orrett's outfit is the only division in Europe whose ranks are made up entirely of Negroes. Its Black Buffalo shoulder patch is envied by hun-

one of the riskiest jobs in the battalion—stringing wire under the eyes of the Germans. He has been out with forward observation parties several times and has stayed so long everybody felt certain he had been captured. He always came back though, guided, his friends think, by the smell of S/Sgt. Ezekiel Butt's cookery.

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The proportion of Negro officers in the 92d has been rising steadily. When Gen. Almond took command of the division all the officers were white. Now two-thirds are Negroes. There are three Negro lieutenant colonels, two of them in command of all-Negro Field Artillery battalions and the third the division chaplain.

The outfit's white CO, Lt. Col. Robert C. Ross of New York City, came in for a great deal of praise. Sgt. Walker said whether an officer came from the North or from the South has nothing to do with his effectiveness. The others agreed with him and mentioned Lt. Bradley of Mississippi, Lt. Kibbie of North Carolina and Lt. Davidson of Georgia as some of the Southern officers who have the respect of the men.

"The front," said Walker, "is a great leveling force. There's a great deal more actual democracy up there than in garrisons back in the States, where people have time to get into arguments about things like the seating arrangements on busses."

McClain frowned at the mention of busses. "I was on one in Alexandria, La., coming back from a furlough," he said. "There were no seats in the back part that was reserved for colored people, and two white soldiers up front made room for me. When I sat down, the driver stopped the bus and told me to go to the back. I couldn't squeeze through the crowd, but that made no difference; the driver thought it was something to argue about."

Cpl. Orrett compared his treatment at the Leghorn hospital with the situation at Fort Eustis, Va. "I was born in Toronto, of West Indian parents," he said, "and spent my early life in Jamaica, in the British West Indies. Then I went

Leghorn, there was no such thing as white and colored. Everybody was alike. Fighting together and suffering together brings people closer. I think most people are too pessimistic about race relations after the war. The white American soldier has learned what artificial barriers of any sort mean and will be just as determined as the colored soldier to do away with them later. Of course, the demagogues may try to stir things up, but I don't think they'll get very far with the veterans of this war. The veterans will be smarter than the demagogues think."

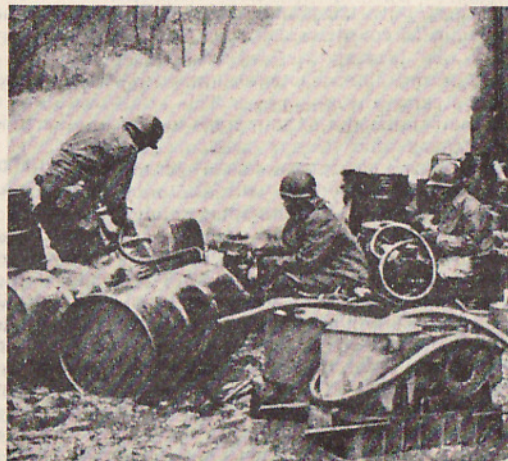
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Cpl. Orrett, with a wife, an 11-year-old son and an 8-year-old daughter back in Harlem, has similar plans. He wants to study and become a radio repairman in Harlem, where "everybody knows me, including the people who lost."

Orrett was talking about his days as a policy collector. "It was so lucrative, so bright, so enticing," he said, sighing, "that I never thought much about making an honest living. It was an easy life—sometimes \$80 a day for doing nothing."

The men in the outfit have had privileges in Italy they never had back in the States. But that hasn't lessened their feeling of homesickness.

"It isn't just wanting to get back to our families," said Cpl. Orrett. "It's because we feel more than ever that the U.S.A. is the best place in the world for us to live."



Chemical unit makes smoke to cover troop movement.

## YANK The Army Weekly

By Pfc. IRA HENRY FREEMAN  
YANK Staff Writer

**Y**ou've just finished dinner in the airport restaurant at New York when the last call for passengers on the 8 P.M. London express comes over the PA. As you walk through the bustling administration building, you recall that every 45 seconds there's a transport leaving or landing at this big field.

The four-engine, double-decked plane you go aboard is far larger than the transports the Army used during the war; it takes a crew of 11 to run her. About 100 passengers get on—some in the day coach with you, the rest in the sleeper cabin, which has Pullman-type berths.

After your ship has left the two-mile runway, you're surprised by the lack of vibration and noise. You stop a cute stewardess and ask how high the plane is. Twenty thousand feet, she says. Your ears are not ringing; you have no trouble breathing, no distress when you move. That's because the cabin is pressurized to the atmosphere of 8,000 feet, she tells you; at 8,000 it was pressurized to sea level.

Time doesn't drag. You find a fellow-traveling slick chick and buy her a drink in the lounge on the lower deck. Toward midnight there's a brief refueling stop at Botwood, Newfoundland. Then you let your soft, reclining chair way back and fall asleep, while the transport runs down its easting at 300 mph.

Up in the substratosphere, sunlight in your eyes wakes you very early. The crowded washroom reminds you of a Pullman. Later, while you are eating breakfast from a tray the stewardess has brought, the plane sits down for a quick call at Foynes, Eire. In about an hour and a half, dark forest patches give way to buildings; an occasional ribbon of road to a web of highways. Someone says that the smoke-fog cloud there hides London.

When you quit the plane at Croydon for the bus into London, you are just 12 hours out of New York, although the time difference makes it 1 P.M. in Britain. Only half a day of your two-week vacation has been lost in traveling. Your ticket cost \$148, or \$266 round-trip.

All this and Paris, too—only 45 minutes and four bucks farther on.

**T**HAT is no Buck Rogers vision of the next generation. It is a composite preview of what the American aviation industry and public agencies are seriously preparing for immediately after the war—as early as 1946 if the Government permits, whether Japan is finished off by then or not.

The giant planes to make possible this cannonball service across oceans and continents are already designed; 225, costing a total of \$160 million, are contracted for. The manufacturers say that if the Government thought it wise to release materials, they could get the first new airliners



The DC-6 liner, similar to the Army's C-54, is expected to be one of the principal passenger planes right after the war ends.

### **The aviation industry promises a New York-to-London trip in 12 hours to cost the passengers only 4 cents a mile.**

of many thousand transports has been manufactured since Pearl Harbor, 70 percent of them DC-3s. The Government airplane-procurement program has progressed so well that about 200 planes—mostly DC-3s—already have been returned to civilian lines.

During the war, the ATC has spread a network of nearly 125,000 air miles over the globe. Today, only four years after commercial trans-Atlantic service was inaugurated, the ATC flies the North Atlantic both ways on one-hour headway throughout the year. The Navy Air Transport Service, while a much smaller operation, also deserves a great deal of the credit for our aviation development since Pearl Harbor.

Naturally, experience gained in the three years of war has resulted in advances in airport lighting, weather forecasting and navigation by radio beams and radar, all of which should pay off after the war in more and safer night flying as well as blind thick-weather flying. As for speed, leaders of the industry boast right now that no place with a landing field need be more than 60 hours' flying time away from any other place on the habitable earth.

ton-miles, contrasted with 3½ million in 1940.

American Airlines, our leading domestic passenger and cargo carrier, will add 40 percent to its pre-war total of 8,450 miles, calling at 87 cities in 32 states. United Air Lines, Transcontinental & Western Air Inc., Eastern Air Lines and other important companies all propose similar expansion of their domestic service; some, in addition, plan to enter or expand their international service.

Besides the many thousands of miles of routes in the States, Canada and Alaska, the Civil Aeronautics Board has mapped 20 major routes totaling 140,000 miles of foreign airways it wants American planes to fly with passengers and freight after the war. L. Welch Pogue, chairman of the CAB, says that "perhaps most of the overseas passenger business will be in the air."

It is estimated that 105,000 passengers a year will travel between Europe and the United States by 1950—as many as 14,000 monthly during the warm season. Ten years from now, 230,000 round trips are expected to be clocked annually across the North Atlantic, constituting half of all international air travel.

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Construction of Idlewild Airport, larger than any existing field and No. 1 of a string capable of handling the mammoth ships, has been started in New York. Tables of long-distance passenger fares, not much above pre-war tourist steamship rates, have already been submitted to the Federal Government for approval.

Like a lot of other things, development of air transportation has been both hindered and helped by the war. In pre-war days, there were 358 transports on domestic routes, with 18 companies competing over perhaps 31,000 miles of scheduled flights. In the foreign service, there was only one American company, Pan American Airways, the world's largest, with 100 planes assigned to 98,000 route-miles in 56 countries.

In 1941 the leading airlines were ordering larger planes and planning extensions of service, faster travel and cheaper rates. The attack on Pearl Harbor knocked all their plans into a steel hat. The Army and Navy transport services grabbed hundreds of planes from commercial lines and ripped out chairs to make room for bucket seats or cargo. All transport planes produced after that were GI.

The commercial transports just before the war were mostly Douglas DC-3s (known in military service as C-47s and C-53s)—two-engine 21-passenger planes weighing 13 tons and having an average cruising speed of 180 mph. There were also some four-engine transports—like the Boeing Clipper B-314, a 42-ton 72-passenger flying boat, and the Boeing Stratoliner B-307, a 33-passenger land plane used on overseas routes.

For the Army's Air Transport Command, a fleet

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As a matter of fact, the economic and political problems of post-war aviation may be tougher to solve than the purely technical problems. This was brought out at the recent international conference in Chicago, to which 52 nations sent delegates to discuss the best and fairest means of handling global nonmilitary air traffic. The American position was that commercial rates, routes and schedules should be set everywhere by open competition among the nations. Some European delegates, the British particularly, expressed fear that our head start in aviation would give us a competitive advantage that other countries could not overcome. These delegates proposed that the post-war field be divided in advance so that all competitors could be sure of having a look-in. Whatever the final solution, it seems clear that no nation wants to see the rush for post-war aviation business develop into a cutthroat game, which would be a source of friction among friendly countries.

### Post-War Volume of Travel

**T**HE Civil Aeronautics Administration calls for 1,827 first-class air stations in the continental United States after the war. There are now 286 cities certified for big-plane stops, but only 112 of these are in good condition. No existing commercial airport could accommodate the enormous land planes scheduled for 1947 and after.

Only five years after the end of the war, domestic air travel will be seven times the 1940 business, and 1,500 planes will be needed, according to Dr. D. H. Davenport, director of business research for the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. Freight, he thinks, will amount to 110 million

ton-miles, contrasted with 3½ million in 1940.

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It is estimated that 105,000 passengers a year will travel between Europe and the United States by 1950—as many as 14,000 monthly during the warm season. Ten years from now, 230,000 round trips are expected to be clocked annually across the North Atlantic, constituting half of all international air travel.

Seventeen of the great ships as yet unbuilt are scheduled to make 50 departures a week for Pan American Airways alone from New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Detroit and Chicago for European cities during the peak of a post-war summer vacation period.

Just as before the war, three-quarters of all airline customers are expected to be Americans. Thirty-seven percent will travel on family business and 44 percent on holiday; the rest on commercial, diplomatic and miscellaneous missions.

The scramble for this business is already on; everybody wants to get into the act. More than 370 American concerns have applied for franchises to give service over foreign and domestic airways. These include not only airlines but also steamship companies, railroads and even bus lines, one of which wants to run helicopter shuttles as an "extension of service."

Thirty soldiers, ranging in grade from private to lieutenant in the AAF and ATC, have formed the Norseman Air Transport to give 50 New England towns air service totaling 2,560 miles after the war. The boys plan to buy 34 planes from GI surplus, and only war veterans will be able to get jobs with them.

### Post-War Speeds and Fares

**T**HE primary reason more people have not flown up to now is the high cost of air travel. Bigger, faster planes will mean lower fares. The key to aviation progress in the post-war world is big, fast planes; the whole transport industry is concentrating on increased size.

With the addition of only a few of the proposed high-speed 100-passenger packets, Pan American



Airways, for example, could increase its passenger capacity in Latin America 100 times, or five times the greatest volume carried by sea and air combined in the best pre-war year. Freight capacity would be increased 18 times the 1941 volume. Pan American also figures that three 100-seat planes could carry twice as many passengers between California and Hawaii as ever traveled by sea and air in the best year up to 1939.

The 200 new planes ordered from manufacturers for post-war delivery to domestic transport lines will take 9,300 passengers in day-coach seats, 30 percent more than all 18 domestic fleets combined could carry in pre-war days. The full list of 225 post-war planes ordered so far will have an aggregate capacity 60 to 75 percent greater than the entire pre-war fleet.

Besides, the new planes will be able to average 13 hours aloft daily, compared with 10 hours for pre-war ships, and to run 900 hours between engine overhauls as against 700 in 1940. This extra stamina has the same effect as more or larger planes.

By raising the average cruising speed of the

post-war planes from the 180 mph of the pre-war DC-3 to 250, 300 or even 340 mph, the world shrinks astonishingly. In a special study for the Brookings Institution, Dr. J. Parker van Zandt declared that before long "no place on earth will be more than two days away."

Look at these space-eaters:

The Douglas Aircraft Company Inc. claims for its proposed DC-6 a coast-to-coast schedule of 8½ hours with a full pay load, as against 17 hours for today's DC-3. Fast trains take three days now. In a DC-6, Chicago would be brought within 2 hours 40 minutes of New York. The DC-6 would roar into London from New York in 11 hours 56 minutes, including two intermediate stops. The latest commercial record is 14½ hours, while before the war the flight took 26½ hours. On the *Queen Mary*, you bounced for 4½ days, at best, between New York and Southampton.

The Boeing Aircraft Company asserts that the Stratocruiser, a commercial adaptation of its B-29, would make it possible to leave New York after lunch and have dinner on the West Coast, or to board the plane in New York after breakfast and arrive in London before bedtime, even counting the difference in time.

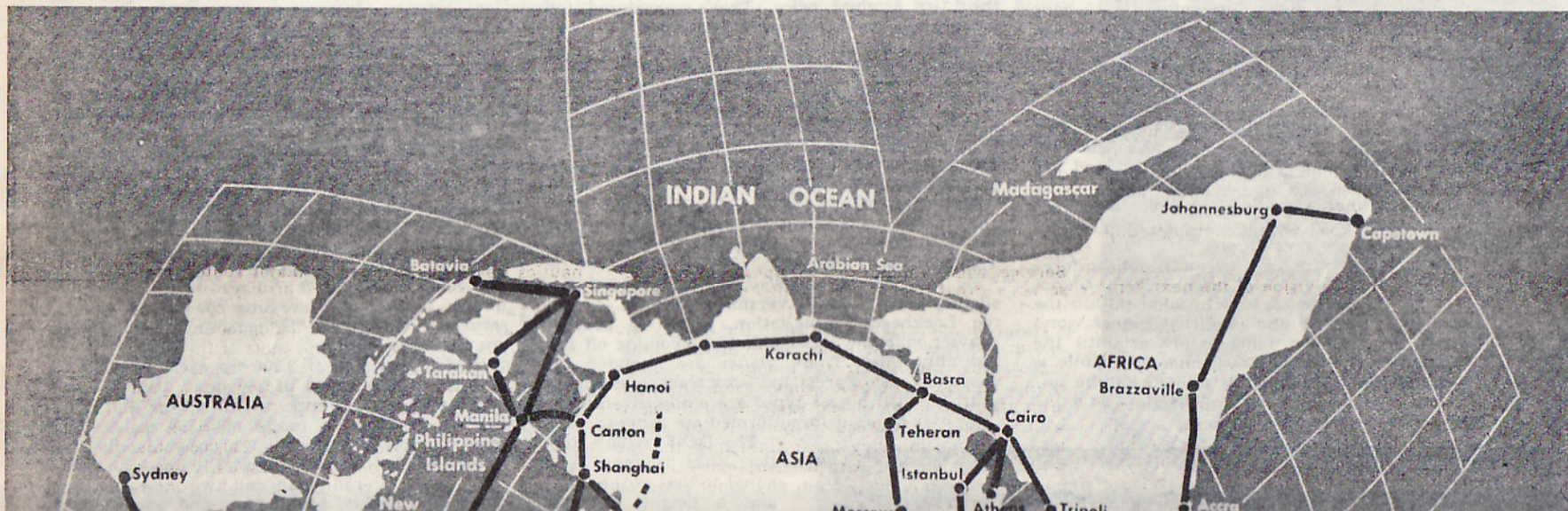
National Airlines has filed a schedule with the CAB which calls for a flight between New York and Miami in the DC-4 in 4½ hours, as against nearly twice that time with present equipment.

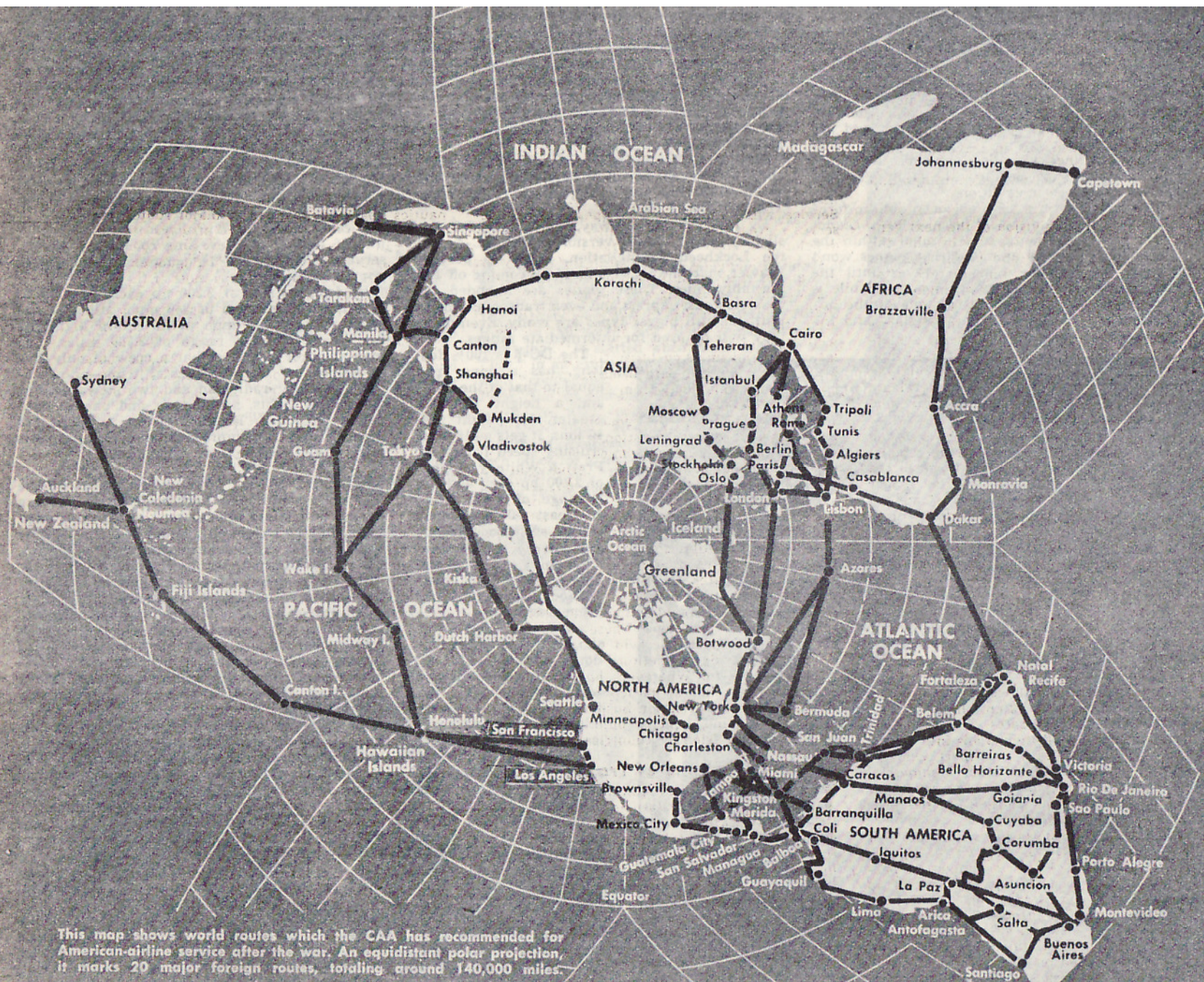
On the proposed Douglas DC-7 or the immense Lockheed Constitution, you could wing over the 2,500 miles of open water between the Golden Gate and Honolulu in half the 16½ hours it takes now. Steamship time is five days.

The great planes would make the long journey from New York to Calcutta in 40 hours 10 minutes, instead of nearly six days as at present. They would go rolling down to Rio in less than 20 hours, clipping 46 hours 10 minutes off the present time. They would whisk you from San Francisco to Manila in 23 hours (a five-day trip by pre-Pearl Harbor plane) or to Australia or New Zealand in one day flat; from New York to Bermuda in 3½ hours.

**B**UT how about the moola for all this global gallivanting? Listen to Juan Trippe, Pan American Airways' president: "In the air age we are entering, no American who works will find world travel beyond his means. . . . We propose to move boldly ahead to provide mass transpor-

# Air Travel After the War





This map shows world routes which the CAA has recommended for American-airline service after the war. An equidistant polar projection, it marks 20 major foreign routes, totaling around 140,000 miles.

*Capt. F. Brandt*

tation for the businessman and tourist at low rates unique in air transportation."

In general, aviation authorities are looking forward to passenger fares of 3 to 7 cents a mile soon after the war. The Glenn L. Martin Company boasts that its short-range Mercury 202 could make money on 2½ cents a passenger-mile, while C. L. Egtvedt, chairman of Boeing, believes the Stratocruiser should operate at 2 cents. No established airline, however, yet proposes to do business at such bargain prices.

Passenger rates in the U. S. now are under 5 cents a mile, or 10 percent less than before the war. Rates on American airlines are 5½ cents in Mexico, 8 cents elsewhere in Latin America, and range from 9 to 17 cents on other foreign trips. Before the war, Atlantic and Pacific fares were 9 to 11 cents a mile—the longer the trip the cheaper the rate.

Pan American Airways has filed a prospectus with the Federal Government offering a fare of \$148, or 4 cents a mile, for the 3,460 airline miles between New York and London on its post-war four-engine 100-passenger ships. American Airways has announced a prospective fare on a DC-6 of \$235, or 6½ cents a mile. The present fare is \$572, or 17 cents a mile; before the war it was \$375, or 11 cents a mile. Minimum first-class fare on the *Queen Mary* for the New York-Southampton run in 1939 was \$316; third class was \$107.50. On other first-class or cabin-class Cunarders and French liners, the fare was around \$282.

So, although the airlines intend to undercut first-class, and perhaps second-class, steamship fares, probably the airplane will not be the leading means of trans-Atlantic travel until its fares better third-class steamship rates. A 10-hour dash to London for a hundred bucks, which one airline hopes for eventually, would pack 'em in.

The present price of the 2,500-mile flight between Los Angeles or San Francisco and Honolulu is \$278, about one-third above pre-war prices. Pan American proposes to carry you after the war on the new Clippers for \$96. The 1939 steamship fare was \$125 for first class and \$85 for cabin class.

All the airlines will allow a 10-percent reduction for round trips. Berths will cost up to 25 percent of the fares in addition.

The domestic lines have not been able to forecast their post-war rates, because they cannot guess what the volume of air travel within the States will be. It is admitted that planes won't become the favorite mode of travel until the current fare of slightly under 5 cents a mile is lowered within challenging distance of the approximate 2 cents-a-mile railroad fare and 1½ cents-a-mile bus fare.

## Post-War Planes

**T**HE new transport planes you will see in civilian traffic right after the war will not be jet-propelled, silent and vibrationless, taking off without runways. And they won't be helicopters rising straight up from roofs of downtown office buildings, or rockets shooting through the stratosphere out of sight at two miles per second. In sober fact, a great proportion of the first post-war transports will be simply new DC-3s, DC-4s, and CW-20Es. The enduring popularity of the DC-3 is attested by Pan American's plans to have it comprise half its post-war fleet of 100 planes.

Sixty-two Douglas DC-4s at \$380,000 apiece already have been ordered by various airlines. As the C-54, this plane has logged 6,000 ocean crossings for the ATC with few accidents. Weighing over 35 tons, it will carry 44 passengers in coach seats or 22 in berths, plus a crew of five. Its four Pratt & Whitney engines of 1,450 hp each give it a cruising speed of 239 mph. Its length is 94 feet, wing span 117½ feet, height 27½ feet. The interior of one C-54 recently was redone to show how it would look as a civilian DC-4—and then, after one day, fixed up for GI duty again.

Orders have been placed for about 30 Curtiss-Wright CW-20Es, which also have been successful in the ATC as C-46 Commandos. They are 24-tonners, driven by four 1,100-hp Wright Cyclone engines at a 242-mph cruising speed with 36 to 42 passengers. Construction cost is \$300,000.

But airlines want custom-made planes, rather than machines returned from the ATC. The latter have had very hard usage. Besides, reconversion of a DC-3 to civilian purposes costs \$40,000, one-third its original price. That's considered too much to spend on a second-hand plane.

These smallest of the new transports are intended for short hauls, especially in the States, and for feeder lines into long-range express routes. For that kind of service, Douglas also has designed the Skybus, a little lighter than the DC-3 but carrying 24 passengers and cruising at 226 mph on its two engines. Its cost is about \$15,000 under that of a DC-3.

Similarly, Martin offers its two-engine Mercury, with a capacity of 30 passengers, a cruising speed of 250 mph and a range of 250 to 700 miles. The first cost is \$300,000.

By 1946, or 1947 anyway, the Douglas DC-6, a slightly larger, faster version of the DC-4, and the Lockheed Constellation, about 10 percent heavier than the DC-6, should be coming off the assembly lines. These planes are intended for coast-to-coast express and even transoceanic flights until the still bigger types are ready. Eventually they will be used for intermediate ranges.

The DC-6 is 100½ feet long, has a wing span equal to that of the DC-4 and a height 1½ feet

The really big stuff among currently planned transport planes—the Douglas DC-7 and Lockheed Constitution—will not be ready until some time after 1947. Twenty-six DC-7s have been ordered at a total outlay of \$36,400,000; one is partly constructed at the Long Beach (Calif.) plant of Douglas. No Constitutions have yet been contracted for (unless secretly), but it is known that at least one airline is counting on them to realize projected international schedules. No commercial airport in the world has runways adequate for such ponderous air vessels.

Weighing in at 81 tons, the DC-7 is seven times the size of the DC-3 and nearly twice as big as the Boeing B-314 seaplane. Its wing span exceeds the height of a 16-story building. Two cabins will seat 108 passengers maximum, but on 3,500-mile transoceanic flights, for which the ship is specifically intended, only 95 passengers will be accepted by day and 79 (with 20 in berths) by night. The crew of 10 has a separate flight deck. The cargo holds take 1,169 cubic feet of pay load. Four engines delivering 14,000 hp pull the gigantic liner forward at 296-mph cruising speed.

If the DC-7 is colossal, the Constitution is supercolossal. Its gross weight is 92 tons. The wings are so thick a mechanic can walk right inside them. A maximum of 149 passengers can be carried, although on long over-water hops only 128 will be taken by day, 119 (with 30 berths) by night. More than 2,000 cubic feet of cargo space are provided. To operate this \$2,029,488 leviathan, a crew of 11—four pilots, three stewards, two radiomen, a navigator, and an engineer—is required. The plane has the same power plant as the DC-7, but its greater tonnage reduces its average cruising speed by 8 mph.

Not yet sold to anybody are designs for Boeing's 377 Stratocruiser, commercial adaptations of Martin's Mars and some "dream ships." The Stratocruiser is a commercial development of Boeing's Superfortress. In a test last January, an Army transport version flew across the country in 6 hours 9 minutes, said to be a new record. At 60 tons, it is the largest land transport actually built. Its wing span is 141 feet 3 inches, the same as the B-29, but its length, 110 feet 4 inches, is 12 feet greater. The striking feature is a double-decked fuselage which can be fitted in three ways—for 100 passengers in day-coach seats; for 72 Pullman seats making up into 36 berths, plus dressing rooms and an observation lounge for 14 persons; or for 25,000 pounds of freight.

Its four engines of 2,200 hp each are said to give a cruising speed of 340 mph, although the ship averaged 380 mph in its record flight; its fuel tanks allow a range of 3,500 miles. The manufacturer declares that a crew of only five is needed on transcontinental trips—pilot, copilot, engineer-radioman and two stewards. For transoceanic flights, a navigator and one steward

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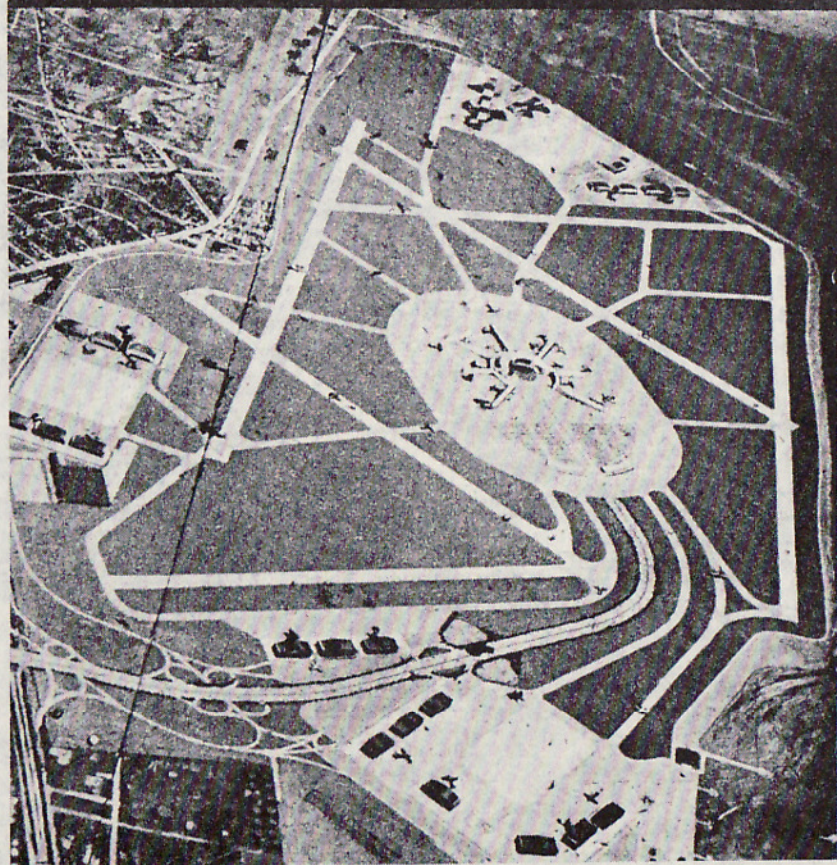
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The DC-6 is 100½ feet long, has a wing span equal to that of the DC-4 and a height 1½ feet greater. Its weight tops 40 tons. It gets a 316-mph cruising speed from four Pratt & Whitney engines of 2,100 hp each and has a range of 3,540 miles. At least 50 passengers can be accommodated by day and 24 in berths at night, plus a crew of six. Sixty-eight DC-6s, costing \$580,000 per job, have been ordered.

Airlines also have signed for 40 Constellations, costing \$727,000 apiece. One Constellation was completed just before the war but never reached commercial service. Howard Hughes of TWA showed it off by piloting it to a transcontinental speed record of 6½ hours. Its weight is more than 45 tons, and it will seat 56 day-coach passengers on domestic routes and 40 on transocean trips, or accommodate 30 in berths. Like the DC-6, the Constellation requires a crew of six. Its four Wright 2,200-hp engines give it a cruising speed of 322 mph.

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ON the DC-6 and larger types, cabins will be air-conditioned and pressurized, making oxygen inhalators unnecessary at high altitudes. They will be insulated against cold, heat, noise and vibration by blankets of fibreglass. Electric galleys will provide hot meals freshly prepared; the pre-war policy of free food is expected to continue at least until fares are brought way down.

All post-war planes will use more plastics and light metals to reduce weight. Heating devices will combat icing of wings. Most new planes will be day coaches; a few, all-sleepers; more, combinations of both. All passenger planes will carry some cargo, while a few may be used exclusively as freighters.

Except for possible commercial use of the Mars, post-war airplanes apparently are going to be land types. Airlines seem unanimous in preferring these as more economical and lighter than flying boats. Martin alone among the major concerns foresees a great future for the seaplane.

The Mars, 67½ tons of flying boat and the biggest hunk of airplane in the world, is operated by the Navy for heavy long-distance cargo. Martin is making 20 more of these bully boys for the Navy and insists the type would be practical in post-war commercial freight work.

It is only 41 years ago that Wilbur and Orville Wright on the beach at Kittyhawk, N. C., got a heavier-than-air contraption off the ground for 59 seconds. Now look at the damn thing—it will fly around the world in four days with eight stops!

By Pvt. HOWARD KATZANDER  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**M**ARSEILLES—By day the streets of Marseilles are still a carnival and a bazaar. The crowd worms its way like a giant caterpillar up and down the main street of Canebiere, overflowing the curbs in some spots, dwindling to a thin stream in others. It is made up of all the races of the world.

By night the Canebiere, scornful of the Luftwaffe, blazes as brightly as it did in peacetime. But on either side narrow winding streets and crooked alleys descend into pitch darkness. On up the Canebiere where it becomes the Boulevard de la Magdelene, the sidewalk is lined with booths like those in a circus side show with wheels of fortune, rings to be tossed over the necks of wine bottles, dolls to be knocked over. Everything is as familiar as popcorn and spun sugar. Even the people who run these booths seem to be cut to the same pattern as those who follow the carnivals back in the States.

Along the Cours de Belsunce, just off the Canebiere, a crowd surrounds a man seated on a stool playing a concertina. A woman walks around the circle of bystanders, singing and peddling song sheets with the words of the latest hits.

Farther along a con man talking fast, like con men



# MARSEILLES

all over the world, is selling an amazing new metal polish which makes any metal, no matter how old or tarnished, shine like new without rubbing—and which wears off in half an hour. Another is selling a miraculous china cement. Others display knives, nail files, nail clippers, combs, shoe polish and razor blades.

The signs on the stores and restaurants may be in any one of half a dozen languages. You see the turbans of bearded Arabs, the stiffly starched white lace mantillas worn by Spanish women, the red fez of Moroccan and Senegalese troops and the dirty white kepi of the Foreign Legionnaire, who doesn't look at all like the Beau Geste we used to see in the movies.

Then there are the Italians, ex-prisoners of war now formed into labor battalions, wearing blue denim pants and round, green fatigue caps; French Indo-Chinese troops wearing French khaki uniforms topped off by incongruous blue Basque berets; gypsy women wrapped in layers of shawls and half a dozen skirts, their heads covered with colored kerchiefs.

And, since this is a port, there is always the red pompom that decorates the blue beret of seamen in the French Navy.

Another of the city's attractions is Luna Park, which is not a park, but a store, and has nothing

the Apache, home of thieves and pimps, drug addicts, and gunmen, and thugs of all varieties.

One night in January 1943, a few weeks after the Nazi occupation of southern France, German soldiers and members of the Vichy police appeared in the old port area just at midnight. They went from door to door, ordering the inhabitants to pack and giving them 24 hours to clear the area. A few hours later, artillery and dynamite began the systematic reduction of the old port to rubble. The destruction was thorough and complete.

The Germans seem to have made no attempt to screen the residents of the old port beyond a routine check of their identification cards, allowing them to filter back into other sections of the city, principally the area north of the Canebiere, which now has a reputation as unsavory as that of the old port.

Neither did the Germans make any apparent move toward building the fortifications they spoke of, not even going so far as to clear the rubble.

All of this spelled trouble for the Army when it moved into Marseilles—trouble with gun-fights, stabbings, VD, and the black market. Much of the area north of the Canebiere is off limits now.

**B**EFORE the war, the port of Marseilles handled most of the enormous commerce with French

and some GIs were killed. At first there was a considerable leakage of supplies but after things were organized in the port, the big losses were cut down.

This was the big professional black market. There was another less important but more conspicuous side to the picture. During the German occupation, German soldiers used to gather in the Place de la Bourse, just off the Cours St. Louis, the main intersection in Marseilles, to sell cigarettes to the Marseillais who used to huddle in crowds around the soldier salesmen. That was a petty racket and no one bothered to interfere. Apparently no one bothers to interfere with its successor either. The crowds and the prices are the same; the cigarettes and uniforms are different.

**M**ARSEILLES' harbor and the 15 miles of anchorages and docks were a mess when the Germans capitulated. Destruction was greater than at Naples, according to engineers who worked on both ports. Not one berth was open, not one shore crane could be operated. Demolition charges had left a mass of twisted steel and crumbled masonry along the miles of docks. In the harbor itself was a small forest of sunken ships' masts and funnels.

The Germans did a masterful job of blocking the harbor entrance and channels between the basins. Some ships were sunk at strategic points along the waterfront. Instead of sinking ships across a channel entrance, the Germans sank them parallel to the

polish which makes any metal, no matter how old or tarnished, shine like new without rubbing—and which wears off in half an hour. Another is selling a miraculous china cement. Others display knives, nail files, nail clippers, combs, shoe polish and razor blades.

The signs on the stores and restaurants may be in any one of half a dozen languages. You see the turbans of bearded Arabs, the stiffly starched white lace mantillas worn by Spanish women, the red fez of Moroccan and Senegalese troops and the dirty white kepi of the Foreign Legionnaire, who doesn't look at all like the Beau Geste we used to see in the movies.

Then there are the Italians, ex-prisoners of war now formed into labor battalions, wearing blue denim pants and round, green fatigue caps; French Indo-Chinese troops wearing French khaki uniforms topped off by incongruous blue Basque berets; gypsy women wrapped in layers of shawls and half a dozen skirts, their heads covered with colored kerchiefs.

And, since this is a port, there is always the red pompom that decorates the blue beret of seamen in the French Navy.

Another of the city's attractions is Luna Park, which is not a park, but a store, and has nothing to do with the moon. It is a brightly lighted place jammed with the very best pinball machines—28 of them and no two alike. They are probably the last imports from the U.S. before the war. Strangely enough, the place is always crowded with French, never with GIs. And the machines do not pay off.

But the most colorful part of Marseilles is gone. A mass of rubble extending for several blocks is all that remains of the Le Vieux port area, the portion of the old city to the north of Marseilles' old port.

This was the casbah of Marseilles, the domain of

and gunmen, and thugs of all varieties.

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**B**EFORE the war, the port of Marseilles handled most of the enormous commerce with French colonies in Africa and the Pacific. It also handled the large and profitable commerce of the white slave rings. These rings enticed the daughters of French farmers first to Marseilles for a brief career as entertainers in cabarets, and then, with promises of even greater triumphs after a tour abroad, on to ships which carried them to the brothels of Tunis and Algiers and Casablanca.

With its large Asiatic population mainly from French Indo-China and Thailand, Marseilles also was the principal port of entry for dope smuggled from the Orient. A substantial portion of the Marseilles police force was kept occupied with the drug traffic.

The war put a dent in both of these lucrative rackets and drove the white slavers and dope peddlers into a new one—the black market. During the German occupation, the black market lived on shipments of food, clothing and tobacco intended for the International Red Cross at Geneva, Switzerland, for distribution to internees and prisoners of war in occupied Europe. There is evidence to indicate that the Germans reaped a rich harvest by winking one eye at the operations of the black market gangs. All shipments for the International Red Cross came in at Marseilles and were transhipped by rail to Switzerland.

Black market gangs developed hijacking to a science, boarding trains, killing the guards and tossing off the valuable shipments, sometimes without the engineer knowing about it. Many gun battles flared along the tracks leading from the docks to the railroad yards.

The black market gangs hardly missed a beat between the capitulation of the Germans in Marseilles on Aug. 28 and the arrival of the first American supplies. Trucks were hijacked along the roads

was another less important but more conspicuous side to the picture. During the German occupation, German soldiers used to gather in the Place de la Bourse, just off the Cours St. Louis, the main intersection in Marseilles, to sell cigarettes to the Marseillais who used to huddle in crowds around the soldier salesmen. That was a petty racket and no one bothered to interfere. Apparently no one bothers to interfere with its successor either. The crowds and the prices are the same; the cigarettes and uniforms are different.

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The Germans did a masterful job of blocking the harbor entrance and channels between the basins. Some ships were sunk at strategic points along the waterfront. Instead of sinking ships across a channel entrance, the Germans sank them parallel to the sides of the channels, several ships side by side, wedging them in and complicating the problems of Army and Navy engineers. There were thousands of mines beyond the outer mole in the channel entrances, and in the harbor itself which the Germans did not have time to set off. They were found and removed. But the need for supplies was so great that ships were brought in before the harbor was fully cleared. Not until it was discovered that an ammunition ship had been anchored for several hours directly above a mine was time taken out to thoroughly sweep at least that one channel.

The 1051st Engineers who cleared the harbor at Naples did the same at Marseilles. Its crews were surveying the damage and planning operations before the shooting had stopped. Shortly after the Germans surrendered the city, the first berth was opened to shipping. Since then the opening of the port of Antwerp has taken some of the pressure off Marseilles.

The port is being operated by GI port battalions using French civilians and Italian labor battalions. Civilian contractors under GI direction are sharing in the work.

The GIs tend to be critical of French labor. They say the French are slow and old-fashioned in their methods. It is true that the French, many of whom had no previous experience in stevedore work, lack the know-how of our port battalions. But there is another explanation which the GI is more than ready to accept once it is pointed out to him. The Frenchmen working in the port are mostly older men, in contrast to our GIs, and they are men who have been living on a near-starvation diet for at least two years of the German occupation of southern France.

As in the rest of France, the evidence of the German occupation is everywhere here.



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THE EXPLORATION PARTY PULLS IN AT THE BEACH WITH A RUBBER BOAT.

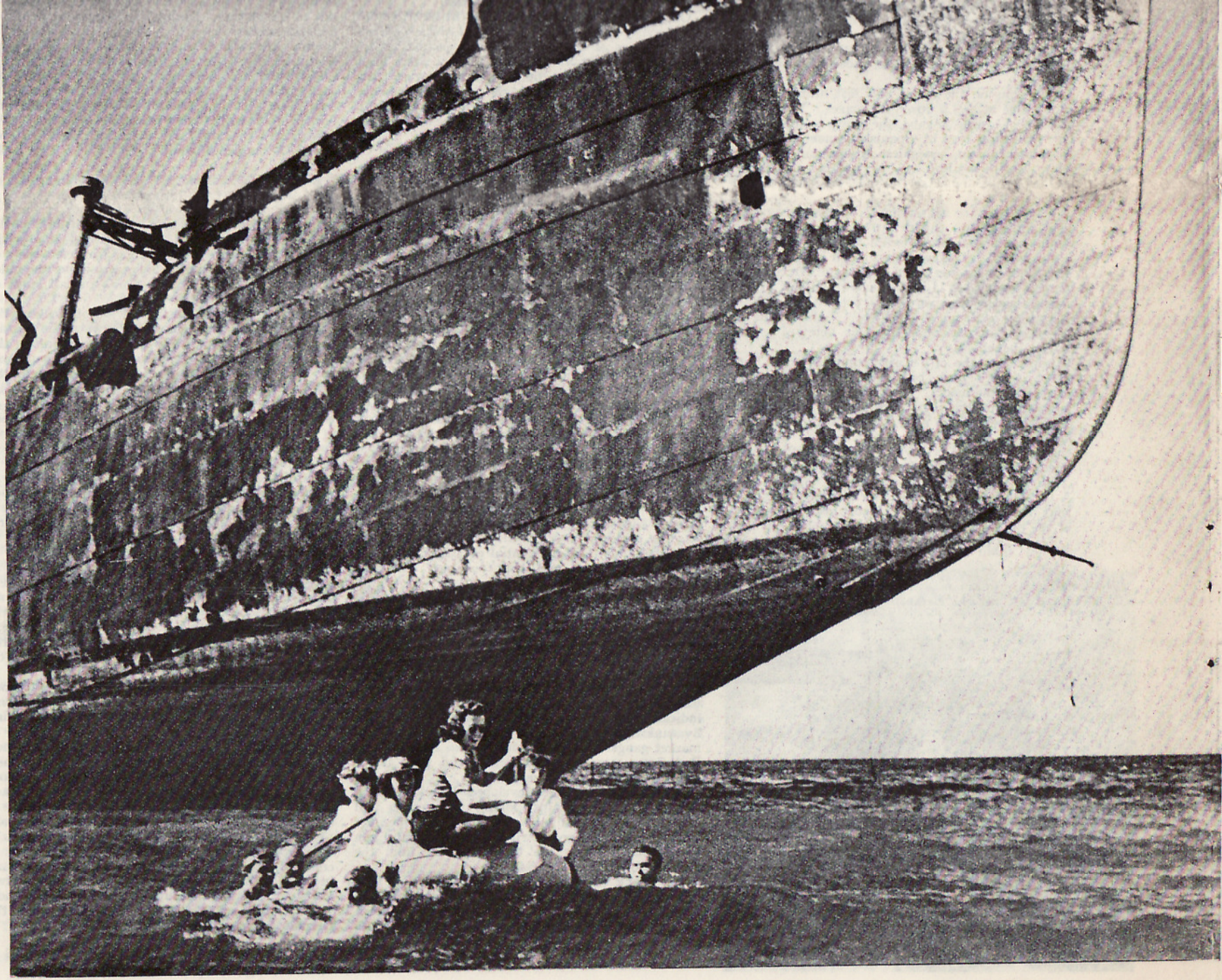
# Picnic on the 九川怒 KINUGAWA MARU

*These pictures, by YANK's Sgt. Dil Ferris, were taken during an offshore party by five Red Cross girls and 10 GIs, exploring a Jap ship that was sunk trying to land troops at Guadalcanal.*



YANK REPRINTS are mailed to subscribers weekly: Six months (26 issues) \$35; one year (52 issues) \$60; full-term (154 issues) \$165; payable in advance, includes U.S. postage (foreign postage extra). Handsome bound volumes, limited edition—a collector's item—available in two formats.

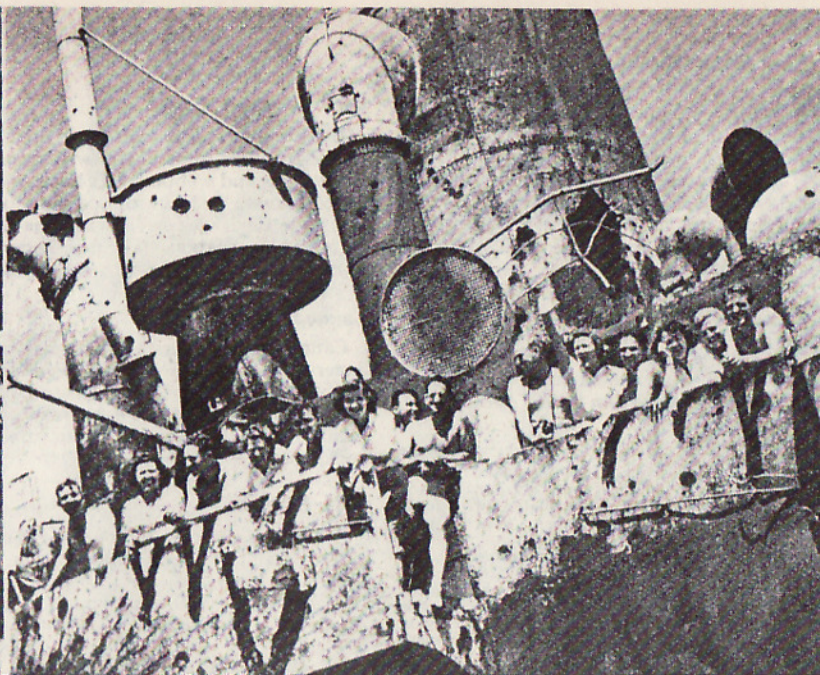
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DORIS AMES OF SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., CLIMBS STACK OF THE KINUGAWA MARU.



THE WHOLE GANG LINES UP ON THE BRIDGE TO GET THEIR PICTURE TAKEN.



GENEVIEVE FOX, DORIS AMES AND SGT. HARRY PASSEHL TAKE OVER AS THE CREW OF A JAP ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.



THE BOYS AND GIRLS BROUGHT A RED CROSS PICNIC LUNCH ALONG WITH THEM WHICH THEY ARE EATING ON THE DECK.



SOME OF THE PARTY DID A LITTLE EASY SWIMMING BEFORE THEY DOVE INTO THEIR LUNCH.



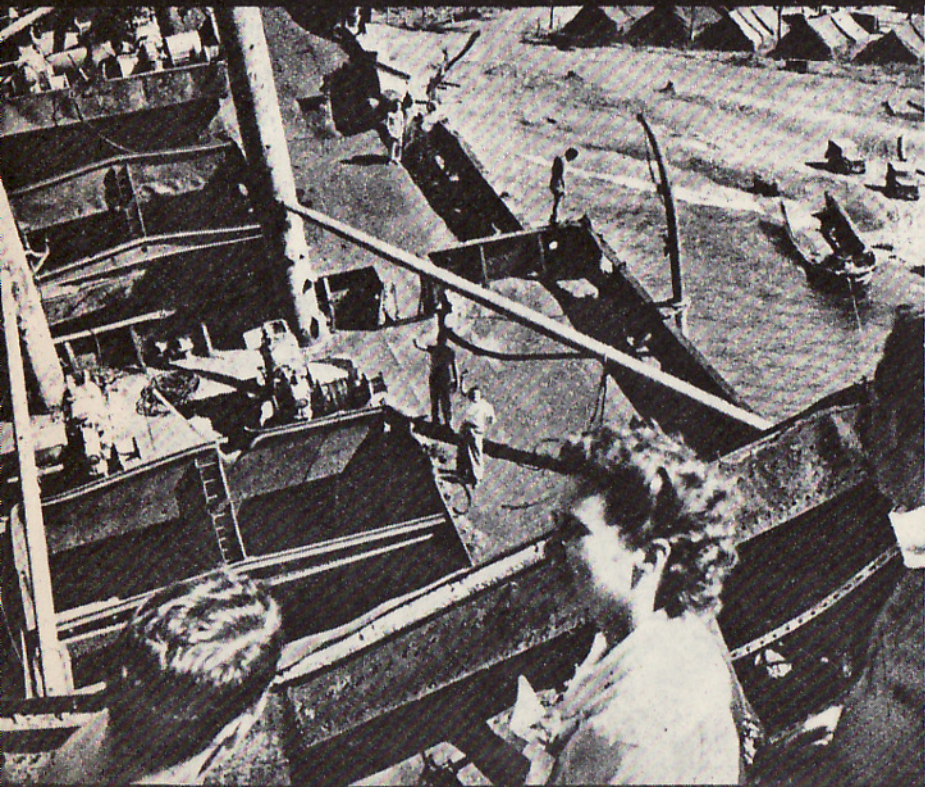
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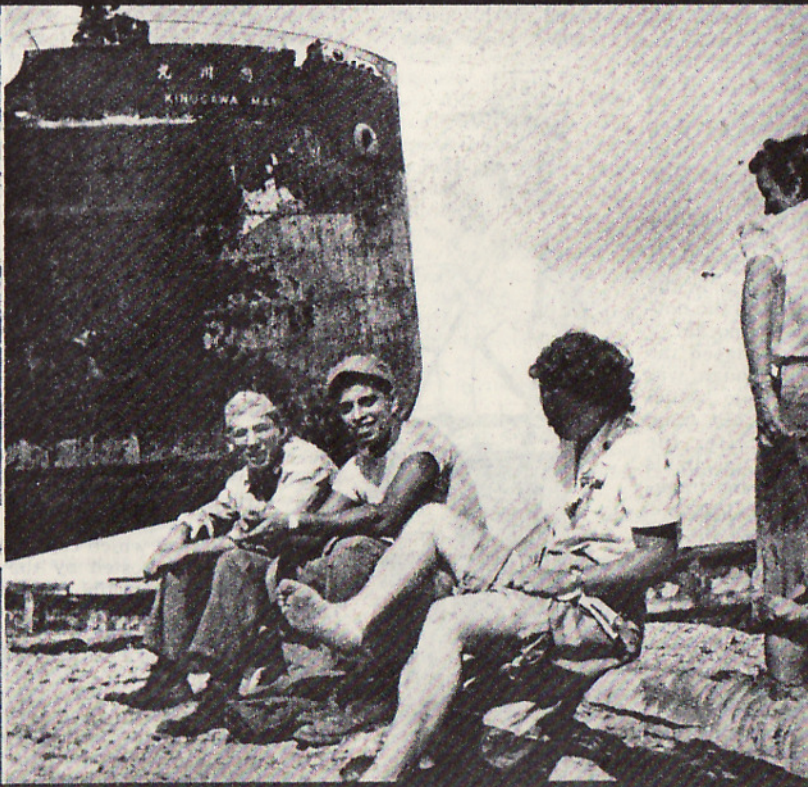
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FROM THE TOP OF THE STACK THEY COULD LOOK OVER THE SHIP AND THE SHORE.



THE PICNIC'S OVER AND TWO RED CROSS GIRLS SHOW SOME WEAR AND TEAR

## YANK The Army Weekly

### Regular Army

**A**NY enlisted man of the Regular Army who holds a temporary commission in the AUS is entitled to return to his permanent Regular Army grade if he reenlists within six months after leaving the service. Any enlisted man of the RA who was upped to warrant officer in the AUS may get back his permanent grade if he reenlists (1) within six months if he is over 38, or (2) within 15 days if he is under 38. RA men who held specialist ratings will be reenlisted in the grades indicated in the following conversion table [AR 600-750, C 10; 10 Jan. 1945]:

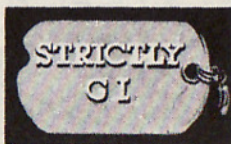
Old grade and rating	Reenlistment grade
Pfc, specialist first class.....	Technician fourth grade
Private, specialist first class.....	Technician fourth grade
Pfc, specialist second class.....	Technician fourth grade
Private, specialist second class.....	Technician fourth grade
Pfc, specialist third class.....	Technician fifth grade
Private, specialist third class.....	Technician fifth grade
Pfc, specialist fourth class.....	Technician fifth grade
Private, specialist fourth class.....	Technician fifth grade
Pfc, specialist fifth class.....	Private first class
Private, specialist fifth class.....	Private first class
Pfc, specialist sixth class.....	Private first class
Private, specialist sixth class.....	Private first class

### Infantry Training

The 80,000 men in the States who have been transferred from the Air Forces (55,000) and the Service Forces (25,000) to the Infantry are now taking an extensive six-week Infantry course at four training centers. Training includes instruction in the use of all Infantry weapons and in squad and patrol tactics. Noncoms of the first three grades will receive an additional six-week course to qualify them to hold their rank in the Infantry. The training centers are at Camps Howze and Maxey, Tex.; Camp Livingston, La., and Camp Gordon, Ga.,

### Location of Armies

The War Department has announced distribution of American armies as follows: First Army, France; Second Army, Memphis, Tenn.; Third Army, France; Fourth Army, Texas; Fifth Army, Italy; Sixth Army, Philippines; Seventh Army, France; Eighth Army, Philippines; Ninth Army, France.



### New Weapon Case

U. S. paratroopers will carry their rifles, carbines or sub-machine guns in a new weapon case made of OD canvas and webbing. It buckles on to the parachute harness to leave the paratrooper's hands free and is padded with felt in case the descender lights on top of his weapon. The new item won't be issued until stocks of the present type are used up.

### Canned Hamburgers

Canned hamburgers are the latest addition to the American soldier's field diet. Packed two to a can, the burgers are salted and peppered, have a charcoal-broiled flavor and can be eaten cold if necessary. The hamburger will be included in the 10-in-1 ration package.

### Wac Diet

Studies of Wac nutrition requirements have revealed that a woman soldier needs a lot less food than a male soldier. As a result, Wac menus have been trimmed down at an annual saving to the WD

of \$2,700,000. Other facts disclosed regarding Wac eating habits: They don't like potatoes fried but will eat them prepared otherwise; their between-meal snacks average 350 calories a day; they drink 25 per cent less coffee, eat 25 per cent less pastry and 50 per cent less dry cereal than the average soldier.

### Wac Discharges

The Wac policy on members whose husbands are discharged from the armed forces, quoted from the Office of the Director, Wac, is as follows: "When a man has been in combat service and receives an honorable discharge for physical reasons, and a doctor certifies that his wife's presence at home is desirable for his health and morale, she may apply for a discharge."

### New Shoulder Pad

A new shoulder pad of felt, canvas and webbing to ease the aching backs of load-toting soldiers has been put into production by the Quartermaster Corps. Although the pad is specifically designed for use with a packboard, it may be used to relieve shoulder discomfort for any load.

INFORMATION ON STATE ELECTIONS					Date on or before which soldier's executed absentee ballot must be received back by appropriate officials within state in order for it to be counted.
State	Date of Election	Officers to be voted for	The earliest date state will receive soldier's application for absentee ballot	The earliest date state will mail absentee ballot to soldier	
MICHIGAN (General Election)	April 2	Superintendent of Public Instruction; member of the State Board of Education; State Highway Commissioner; certain Supreme Court justices; regents of the University of Michigan; members of the State Board of Agriculture, and local officers.	At any time	March 1	April 2
WISCONSIN (General Election)	April 3	State Superintendent of Schools; justice of the Supreme Court; certain judicial officers and municipal officers; County Superintendent of Schools.	February 2	March 20	April 3

ILLINOIS. Primary elections of county officers will be held in certain counties in Illinois on April 10. SOUTH DAKOTA. Township elections in South Dakota will be held on March 6, and municipal elections will be held in South Dakota on April 17. (General instructions and information as to voting procedures in 1945 elections are contained in WD Cir. No. 487, 1944.)

# Kindly Let All Those Who Are Going Out First

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS

**I**RAN—When I was a very small boy my grandfather used to take me to vaudeville shows at the old Davis Theater in Pittsburgh, named after the same Harry Davis who had contributed to vaudeville's decline by opening the world's first nickelodeon on Diamond Street.

memory of those exciting afternoons. I can still hear that barker in the ice-cream suit singing out monotonously. "Kindly let all those who are going out first."

For years I tried to get some meaning out of that sentence. While other less troubled boys were diligently developing muscles, digging furtively into textbooks on feminine anatomy, heist-

"Other than what?" I asked myself. It didn't make sense. It was maddening.

Eventually though, through bitter experience, I learned that all troops below the grade of sergeant are considered "other ranks." World-famous hostelrys such as Mena House and Sheppard's in Cairo, the Aletti in Algiers and the Ferdowsi in Teheran are for officers only; warrant officers

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Those were wonderful experiences. Trick bicycle riders went spinning around the backdrops like so many pinwheels, trained dogs goose-stepped back and forth across the stage, seals seemed delighted to bleat out "America" on a trumpet for a fish. Once I caught the Great Man himself, W. C. Fields, imperturbably juggling more balls than anyone had ever juggled before, his bulbous nose in the air, his mind on the bottle in his hip pocket.

What fascinated me most of all, though, was no part of the actual performance. My main event came after the show, when the lights went up and the impatient audience began to scramble out of the old theater. Then my hero, a candy barker who wore a white jacket and a long-visored cap, used to climb up and stand on a chair at the head of one of the aisles.

"Kindly let all those who are going out first," he would chant.

That is my most vivid



memory of those exciting afternoons. I can still hear that barker in the ice-cream suit singing out monotonously. "Kindly let all those who are going out first."

For years I tried to get some meaning out of that sentence. While other less troubled boys were diligently developing muscles, digging furiously into textbooks on feminine anatomy, heisting autos and being sent to reform school, I puzzled over the barker's cry.

"Kindly let all those who are going out first." Just try to make some sense out of that.

It has all the component parts—understood subject, verb, etc.—of an orthodox sentence, but it doesn't add up to anything. You can repeat it over and over with different inflections, emphasize one word or another in it, stand it on its head and shake the daylights out of it, but I defy anyone to decipher it.

It's a doozer.

**M**y early experience with that preposterous sentence is what made me feel so much at home when the Army first landed me in Trinidad and later in Scotland, Algiers, Corsica, Bari, Naples, Cairo and Teheran.

For the Army, which is all things to all men, had provided me with a delightful new line to ponder and play around with. Of course it could never quite take the place in my heart of "Kindly let all those who are going out first." But, for a lonely stranger in a foreign land, it would do very well.

The new phrase which captivated my imagination was usually posted by the British military over the entrances of the less prepossessing cafes and restaurants in the various cities and countries I have mentioned.

The phrase was on a placard and it read:

IN BOUNDS TO OTHER RANKS ONLY.

"Other than what?" I asked myself. It didn't make sense. It was maddening.

Eventually though, through bitter experience, I learned that all troops below the grade of sergeant are considered "other ranks." World-famous hostels such as Mena House and Shephard's in Cairo, the Aletti in Algiers and the Ferdowsi in Teheran are for officers only; warrant officers and sergeants have their own restaurants; the ones which are left are open to "other ranks."

After I had learned what it meant and implied, all the charm of "In Bounds to Other Ranks Only" was gone for me. Besides, I could never roll it off my tongue in quite the way I could "Kindly let all those who are going out first."

In the many months since I found out about "other ranks," life has been a punctured balloon for me, a lack-luster bauble without glamor or mystery.

**B**UT all is well again now. I am all set for the duration plus six.

At breakfast this morning the mess line didn't move fast enough to suit one of the KPs who slap out the food. To expedite things, he hit on a new operating procedure for the sleepy GIs who moved slowly past him.

"Let's keep one foot moving," he told them as they passed. "Keep one foot moving."



# NEWS FROM HOME

**Curfew tolled from coast to coast for early-morning swing fans, two Representatives broke the peace, labor disagreed with the War Labor Board, and a snake named Hitler died.**

THE war outlook seemed to be getting rosier every day, but some people wore long faces last week following a curfew decree by Director of War Mobilization James F. Byrnes. In one of the most drastic personal restrictions since Pearl Harbor, Byrnes ruled that beginning on Feb. 26 all customers must leave entertainment places throughout the country by midnight. The ban applied to night clubs, theaters, sports arenas, dance halls, road houses, saloons, bars and other similar enterprises. Only restaurants engaged exclusively in serving food or places offering authorized entertainment for military personnel were exempted.

Reaction to the order was instant. It varied from willing acceptance in cities like Seattle, Wash., which has long had a midnight shutdown, to frantic protests in New York City, where the last drinks have been going down the hatch at 4 a.m. An enterprising cafe in Newark, N.J., thought it had the thing licked by inaugurating a "candlelight hour" after midnight, but the local War Manpower Commission Director promptly blew out the candles. He said the curfew was imposed not only to conserve fuel but to save manpower and transportation and to get the people out of taprooms and into essential war work.

Byrnes announced the curfew as a "request" to the owners of entertainment spots, but he made it clear that the War Manpower Commission, the Office of Price Administration, and the War Production Board would find ways and means of punishing operators of places which refused to comply.

Professional entertainers, some politicians, and night-club owners and their customers, including soldiers on furlough and late-shift war workers,

jobs. They also pointed out that soldiers at the front never get to the hot-spots at all and that the curfew was mild compared with those that have been in effect in war-torn Europe for five years.

Mayor LaGuardia of New York City immediately plunged into a conference with Byrnes at Washington and returned with a message that brought only temporary hope to the thousands of night spots in the metropolis that is built around Broadway. First he said that the curfew had been postponed for New York, but later he announced that the city would comply at once with the new regulations.

The people at home were sobered by an announcement that the Battle of the Ardennes "was the costliest engagement in our history." Under-Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson said that between Dec. 16 and Jan. 11 we suffered 55,400 casualties—37,000 killed and wounded and 18,400 prisoners of war. Pointing out that these figures represented more than 2,000 casualties a day and that our losses of equipment were also heavy, Patterson warned Americans that this wasn't the time to ease up on the war effort.

President Roosevelt hadn't yet put in an appearance since the Yalta meeting of the Big Three, and few of the lesser shots in Washington were willing to stick their necks out on statements about anything very important. In Jefferson City, Mo., however, Vice President Harry S. Truman said a few cogent words about the United States and its future. He said that we must participate in an international organization to preserve peace—or be ready to repel alone "all and any attacks from the rest of the world."

**A**MIDST all the talk about peace, two members of the House of Representatives staged their own private war right in the middle of the House floor. The battlers were two Democrats—Rep. Frank E. Hook of Michigan and Rep. John Rankin of Mississippi. It started when Hook used the word "liar" in an exchange with Rankin, who used the word "communist." Then, reported the *Associated Press*, the 63-year-old Rankin, weight 140, tore across the floor, pulled off Hook's glasses and

incident—especially, as the *AP* remarked delicately, the embarrassed Democratic leaders.

Possibilities of a far more serious battle were looming—the struggle of labor for higher wages. Leaders of the principal unions contend that prices have outstripped wages and that the government ought to relax wage controls. The basic wage control is the so-called "Little Steel" formula which limits general salary increases to 15 per cent over the base pay rates of January, 1941. Some time ago, the President instructed the four public members of the War Labor Board (members who represent the public as a whole rather than either labor or industry) to look into the wages-vs.-prices situation. Last week these members submitted a 100-page report declaring that general wage rises would not be justified at present. If the four public members of the WLB are right, the general cost of living since January, 1941, has risen 29.4 per cent. During the same period, it was estimated, wages for workers in manufacturing have risen 36.7 per cent. CIO members of the Board immediately protested that "basic wages rates" have gone up only 20 per cent. They pointed to the fact, also mentioned by the four public members, that not all workers have fared well during the period covered by the report. Some people thought that the whole matter would be tossed into the President's lap in the near future.

The President's lap was well-filled with problems,



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Professional entertainers, some politicians, and night-club owners and their customers, including soldiers on furlough and late-shift war workers, were the most vocal opponents. They predicted a return to the speakeasies of prohibition days, wholesale closing of night clubs and bars, and the lay-off of thousands of employes. Temperance enthusiasts were delighted with the ban and suggested that the late-shift night-club workers get themselves war

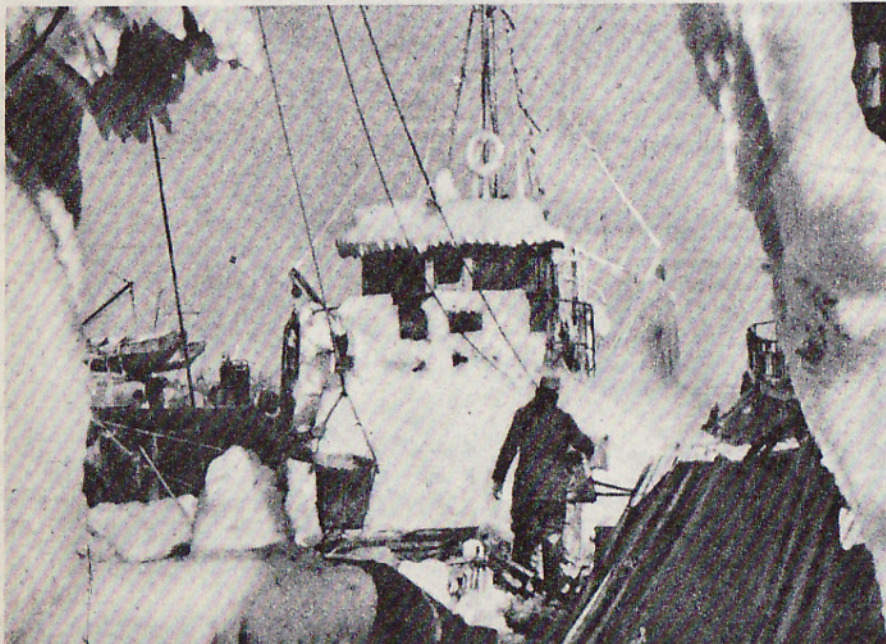
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**TORCH.** FAVORITE PIN-UP OF THE 600 EX-EMPLOYEES OF THE OHIO TOOL COMPANY, IN CLEVELAND, NOW IN UNIFORM, IS ELAIN TORCH, A SECRETARY OF THE FIRM.



**ICY RECEPTION.** THE FISHING TRAWLER "BROOKLINE" MADE FAST AT A BOSTON DOCK JUST IN TIME TO DON THIS COAT OF SNOW AND ICE, COURTESY OF THE FRIGID WAVE THAT SNARLED TRANSPORTATION AND THREATENED A FUEL CRISIS IN EASTERN STATES.



**NEW TRICKS.** FLYING GRANDMOTHERS AREN'T NEWS ANYMORE, BUT HERE WE HAVE GRANDMA BARBARA RAY TAKING LESSONS FROM MRS. GREENWOOD COCANOUGHER, ONLY FEMALE MILITARY FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR IN KENTUCKY AND HERSELF A GRANDMOTHER.

## YANK The Army Weekly

not the least of which was the failure of the Senate to pass the May "Work-or-Jail" Bill affecting 18,000,000 men between the ages of 18 and 45. Instead of approving the House-passed bill, the Senate Military Affairs Committee voted for the substitute Kilgore Bill designed to curb manpower troubles voluntarily by eliminating labor hoarding and waste. Under the new measure, violators could be tried in Federal Court and fined \$10,000 or sentenced to one year in prison—or both. The May Bill, on the other hand, provided that an employe who quit a vital job or refused to leave his present employment for work more essential to the war be jailed or fined—if unfit for military service. If the Kilgore Bill passed the Senate floor, it was headed for a going-over by a House Committee which has agreed not to yield an inch on the "work-or-jail" provisions of the May Bill.

**T**HE House of Representatives was in a bit of a quandary over the question of whether the women members of the House, numbering nine, should be addressed as "Ladies," "Gentlemen" or "Gentlewomen." That vital query was raised by Rep. John Rankin, the Mississippi Democrat. Commented Rep. John W. McCormack, Republican of Massachusetts: "The gentleman from Mississippi has raised a very important point. It should furnish wholesome relaxation throughout the country."

Right now, a lot of citizens are starting to do some heavy thinking about money for Uncle Sam. While March 15 at home means income-tax payment and headaches that aspirin doesn't cure, GIs overseas won't as a general rule have to pay anything or do anything about their federal taxes for 1944. These GIs, it was pointed out, are entitled to an automatic postponement of their income taxes until the 15th day of the third month after the President says that we're no longer at war with either Germany or Japan. But this doesn't mean that the guys abroad will never have to worry about those taxes. Once the 15th day of that third month rolls around, GIs who owe back taxes will have to pay them or ask for more time until they can. And that applies to men who find themselves still overseas when the 15th day of the third month finally arrives. Men lucky enough to get home while the war is still on don't have to file a return or pay their tax until the 15th day of the fourth month after they get back to the States. In addition to the special deferment given to overseas GIs, the tax law provides a special exemption on service pay, tax experts pointed out.

Chester Bowles, head of the Office of Price Administration, promised help for returning servicemen in their search for jobs and business opportunities. Following a request by the American Legion for the relaxation of civilian restrictions as they apply to ex-GIs, Bowles said the OPA planned to revise price regulations restricting business fields "to those who were in them before a certain date," to change rationing rules on things like sugar, fats

and oil, and to provide a special advisory service for veterans.

The United Air Lines announced a plan to employ Air Force veterans as commercial pilots and crewmen. United officials said that veterans who once worked for them will get back on the payroll at their former salaries and will be taught the new traffic-control methods and other improvements made in their absence. The company said it would also train experienced military pilots who have never flown the commercial airways.

Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, warned a Senate committee that returning veterans face financial ruin in buying houses and farms unless speculators are taxed out of operation. Eccles suggested a "special tax on speculative profits," pointing out that the desire of eight or nine million servicemen to buy farms or homes will increase real-estate prices if the smart-money boys are able to tie up properties. To stop speculation and to halt a post-war inflation, Eccles said, it will be necessary to "build enough homes, make enough clothes and manufacture enough automobiles and other things to meet the demand."

Leo T. Crowley, Foreign Economic Administrator, came through with some astronomic figures on lend-lease. He told Congress that lend-lease aid since March 11, 1941, had mounted to almost \$35½ billion—nearly 44 per cent of which went to Britain and 28.4 per cent to Russia. France has been the latest major beneficiary of the program, Crowley reported. At a cost of \$700 million, lend-lease has equipped eight French Army divisions, 300 supporting units, and an Air Force of 15,000 men. The Foreign Economic Administrator denied rumors that lend-lease shipments have been responsible for cigarette and beef shortages in the States. For every cigarette sent out under lend-lease in 1944, he said, Americans at home smoked 55, while 25 were shipped to the armed forces overseas. The report said that exports of beef in 1944 were only seven-tenths of one per cent of the supply.

**T**HE cigarette question also popped up again in New York where regional OPA Administrator Daniel P. Woolley urged the smokes industry to put the butts back on the retail counters where people can see—and buy—them. In Newark, N.J., Federal Judge Thomas F. Meaney called persons responsible for the shortage "blood-sucking pirates, chisellers and black-market racketeers." And in Ocean Park, Calif., prowlers ignored a beef roast, a half pound of butter, two loaves of bread and sacks of vegetables and fruit after breaking into Dave Benjamine's locked automobile. The only missing item was one package of cigarettes, Dave reported.

There was evidence that some men might lose their shirts and some women might also suffer from exposure. Spokesmen for the shirt industry in New York reported that the supply of men's shirts for civilians was almost exhausted at manufacturing and wholesale levels, and most of the department

stores in Rochester, N.Y., said that they were fresh out of women's panties. It seems that the War Production Board failed to include that particular garment on its latest list of vital low-cost items. So housewives flocked to the stores to buy up what they considered to be vital, even if Washington didn't.

**K**ATHERINE CORNELL, the actress, made some comments about the American soldier upon her return from a six-month tour of the Western Front. "Wherever he is," said Miss Cornell, "there also is America. He carries the environment with him like a banner." The actress said, however, that the GIs overseas have gained a new maturity and that the civilians at home "must not expect them to go back and pick up the threads of life where they were broken off by war." And if an ex-serviceman doesn't



**E WORLD**

**DRESS. ENLISTED WACS WORKING IN HOSPITALS WILL GET NINE OF THESE NEW DRESSES. THEY ARE ROSE-BEIGE PRINT, TAILORED IN ONE PIECE. IT SAYS HERE.**

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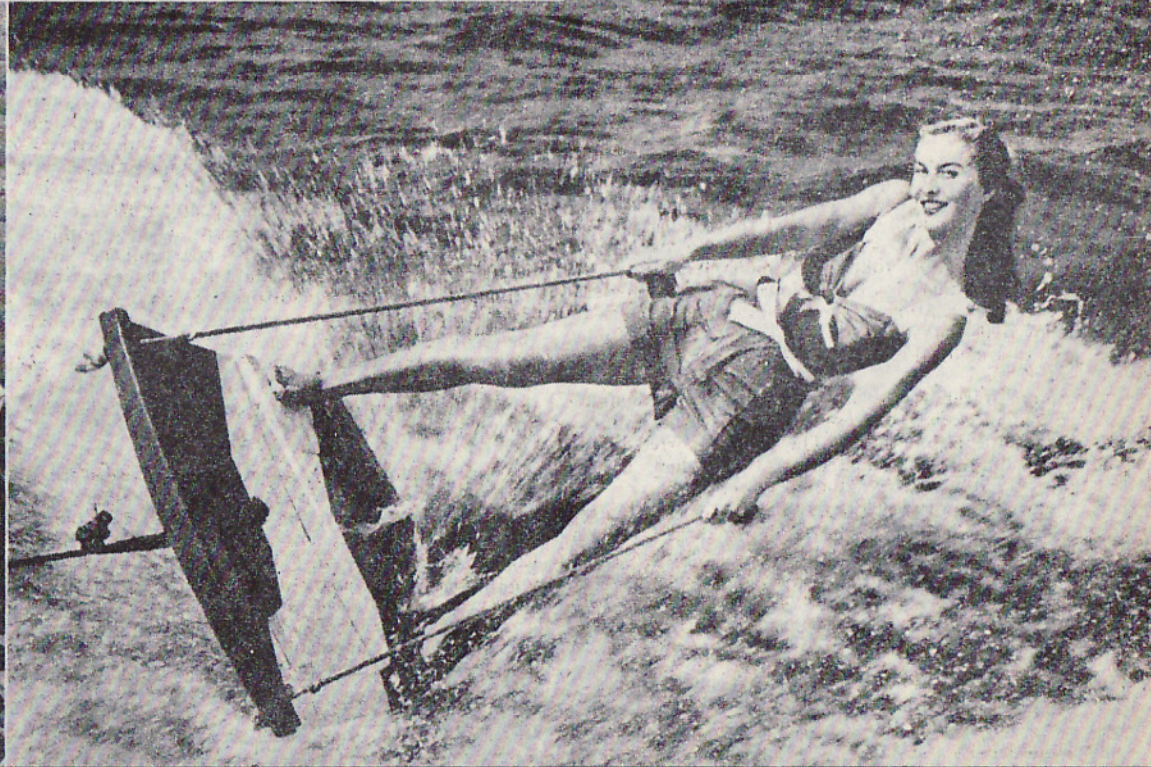


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**PARTY.** MRS. MARVA LOUIS, WIFE OF SGT. JOE LOUIS, HELPS HER DAUGHTER, JACQUELINE, CELEBRATE HER SECOND BIRTHDAY IN THEIR HOME IN CHICAGO.

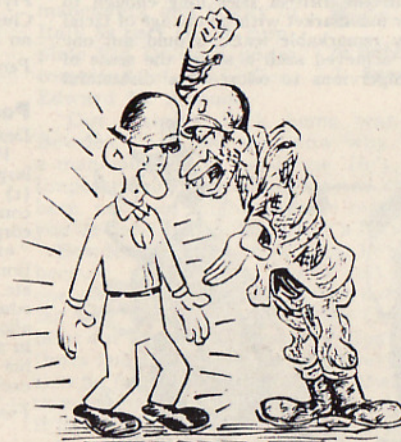
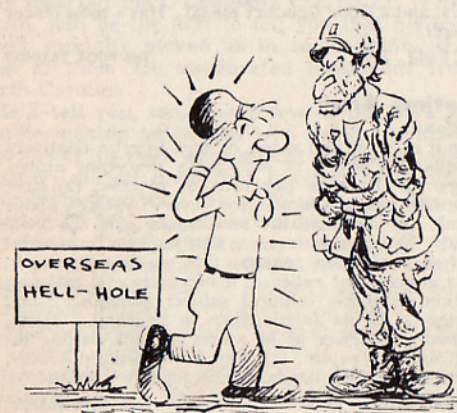
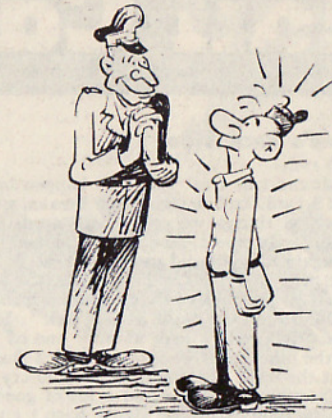
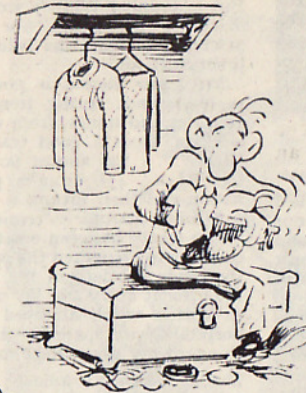
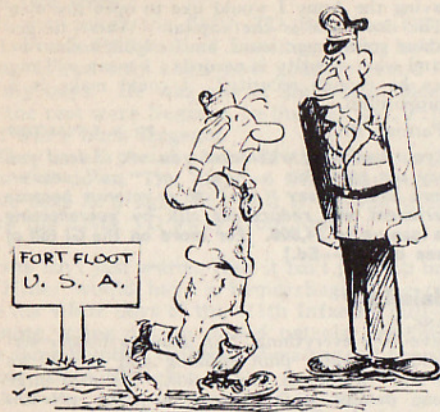


**MERMAID.** THE BOARDFUL OF CURVES COMING 'ROUND THE CORNER' AT YOU IS BARBARA CHAMBLISS, 19-YEAR-OLD AQUAPLANE PERFORMER WHOSE BREATHTAKING STUNTS BEHIND A SPEEDING MOTORBOAT MADE LIFE JUST A LITTLE MORE BEARABLE THIS WINTER FOR VACATIONISTS ATTENDING A WATER RODEO IN ST. PETERSBURG.



THE SAD SACK

DOUBLE TROUBLE # 3



SGT. GEORGE BAKER

want to talk about the war, don't try to make him, Miss Cornell advised.

According to Jimmy Wilburn of Tampa, Fla., a leading dirt-track auto driver, former jeep pilots should be champions of the racing world after the war. Just back from 13 months overseas as an AAF technician, Wilburn said, "The kids who drive those jeeps over the battlefields, through rivers, across deserts and through swamps are the nerviest lot of them all. Many of them will turn to auto racing after the war. That's when the fans will see some real thrills."

America received the assurance that the graves of

he wasn't. Now the police are looking for him—and the money.

Six key men of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus drew prison terms for their responsibility in the fire which took 168 lives in Hartford, Conn., last July. David W. Blanchfield, chief truckman, got the shortest term—six months—while George W. Smith, general manager, got two to seven years. The circus corporation itself was fined \$10,000, the maximum penalty. One defendant began serving his sentence at once, but the other five were given until April to get the 1945 version of the "greatest show on earth" under way before

on the kitchen floor. "When she stooped over to clean up the dog food," the boy was quoted as saying, "I picked up a frying pan and struck her. I don't know how many times I hit her."

Bad tidings were dished out to the flicker fans. The War Production Board announced that film for movie companies had been cut by five per cent and that the number of prints which could be made from each feature-length motion picture had been limited. This means that pictures will take longer to reach neighborhood and small-town theaters. It's estimated that Hollywood now gets about 70 per cent of the amount of film it used before the war.



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America received the assurance that the graves of more than 30,000 of her World War I dead in France and Belgium have escaped desecration in the present war. Maj. Charles B. Shaw, of the American Battle Monuments Commission, told the House Appropriations Committee that the Germans went by the cemeteries so fast that they could make no stand among the graves.

**S**OLDIERS who develop bed sores from long periods in the detachment of patients may be able to get relief from penicillin. A report that the drug helps in closing up the sores was made by two Army doctors, Lt. Col. John D. Lamont, Jr., and Capt. Eben Alexander, Jr., in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The doctors said that the treatment had worked okay, and that they had found no other medical reports of successful closure of such sores.

Five warehouses loaded with supplies belonging to three industries were destroyed in a million-dollar fire in Joliet, Ill. The blaze occurred in the heart of Joliet's industrial section, where a nest of 25 buildings is located in an 11-acre plot.

Burglars and stick-up artists all over the country seem to be acting a little peculiarly these days. A bandit knocked down Robert Iff, a watchman, in Spokane, Wash., but bandaged his victim's wounds before leaving. A gunman ignored a fat wallet held out to him by George Lawson in Wilmington, Del., and fled with only a pack of smokes. And in Santa Fe, N.M., a robber swiped a shirt from Ted McFarland's flat and left a soiled one—which the cops promptly seized as evidence.

A well-dressed young man strolled into a Los Angeles bank and removed his coat. Then he walked to a counter and helped himself to \$10,000. Everybody thought he was a visiting bank examiner, but

he wasn't. Now the police are looking for him—and the money.

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Alabama came up with the best deal of all the states in the half-billion dollar postwar Rivers and Harbors Authorization Program—a \$60 million waterway cutting through the heart of the state down the Coosa and Alabama Rivers. The navigation-power-flood-control project was first proposed more than 30 years ago. Supporters of the project predicted that construction of power dams along the two rivers would make the Alabama-Coosa system the nation's third largest power-producing stream, outranked only by the Columbia and Tennessee Rivers.

**G**OOD news for the men of an 8th AAF base in England came from Watertown, Mass., where the Perkins Institution for the Blind offered to sponsor the career of Jimmy Osborne, nine-year-old blind English pianist. The Air Force men had raised \$3,200 for Jimmy's future in gratitude for the entertainment his flying fingers have afforded them at the base. And the Perkins school, whose most famous pupil is Helen Keller, offered to vouch for the boy during his forthcoming stay in the States until his parents can join him.

In Detroit the Wayne County prosecutor announced that 16-year-old Elvin Kent had confessed beating his mother, Mrs. Ida Kent, 43, to death with a frying pan. Kent told police his mother had scolded him for dropping some dog food

on the kitchen floor. "When she stooped over to clean up the dog food," the boy was quoted as saying, "I picked up a frying pan and struck her. I don't know how many times I hit her."

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Twenty-five persons survived a crash of an American Air Lines plane in which 17 others were killed in a desolate mountain area of southern Virginia. Of the passengers on the New York-to-Los Angeles flight, only four were civilians, including Mrs. Frances Ulen of Washington, D.C., who walked barefooted for help.

**T**HE date of Charlie Chaplin's second paternity trial was advanced from May to April 4, while his attorneys prepared again to answer the charges brought by Joan Barry. Chaplin announced that he was ready to start work on his first picture since 1940, when he made *The Great Dictator*. In the new film, the comedian will drop his "little tramp" role and will be seen as "Monsieur Bluebeard," a name that caused some rude comment in Hollywood.

John Vincent Rockne, 18-year-old son of the late Knute Rockne, enlisted in the Marine Corps in Indianapolis. Young Rockne's brother, Knute Jr., holds a medical discharge from the Army.

Confronting a burglary suspect in Spokane, Wash., with a report showing his long prison record, Deputy Prosecutor Clarence Smith asked the prisoner why he had denied serving time when the police questioned him. "People would have thought I was bragging," replied the suspect gravely.

Hitler, the snake, is dead, but don't start rejoicing yet. This particular Hitler was a four-foot canebrake rattler owned by the State Museum at Raleigh, N.C. Director Henry Davis said Hitler had been in failing health since shortly after D-Day, and went on a hunger strike "out of pure meanness." Davis believes that the Big Three conference at Yalta "hastened Hitler's end." Other occupants of the museum are Tojo, Hirohito and Mussolini. They're snakes, too.

# Mail Call

## Pin-up's Back Side

Dear YANK,

No, it can't be true. It can't happen here. TS card after TS card, bad deals, rough breaks, no eggs in our beer—these things we've become accustomed to and more or less expect now. But please, YANK, don't do us again like you did us in the Feb. 11 issue. There on one page is lovely Elizabeth Scott, the weekly pin-up girl, and on the back of that picture is a shot of luscious May Moniz "on the beach at Waikiki." In other words we are privileged to look at only one of these dollies, while the other must be forever hidden from sight, nose against the wall. Far be it from us to cry any or often about anything. We've had a lot of good luck, many breaks in this war. The Army hasn't entirely broken our spirit yet despite chicken, frost and mud.

But after all, fellows, there are two sides to everything. We want both.

Britain.

T/5 J. L. ROESER

## Zippers in Our Shoes

Dear YANK,

I guess it's quite a surprise to hear from the Navy. I've been reading *Mail Call* ever since I came overseas, which is 18 months, and I have been tempted to write but just got around to it.

It really makes me mad to hear you guys bitch and it really makes me laugh to hear you guys bitching about going home.

Why don't you give the Army a break? Say something good about it. After all, you are the best dressed and best fed Army in the world. Then you bitch.

Why don't you babies send your tears with your troubles?

I haven't got a wife and a child, but I got a mother and I think as much of her as you do of your wives. So please quit bitching.

Next thing you want is zippers on your shoes.

Britain.

JAMES A. MOOK, S 1/c

## Limited Assignment

Dear YANK,

Three cheers for 1st Sgt. John P. Flannery. Whether he realizes it or not, his recent letter praising the limited assignment soldier has added new life to the boys at this Air Force Replacement Depot. I am one of the hundreds who await assignment to a job in the Air Force. All of us are combat casualties and we realize that we aren't in as good condition as those men whom we've replaced. In view of this it appeared that we might become subject to ridicule. Well, Sgt. Flannery proved us all wrong! If he happens to be reading this I'd like him to know that though we've been injured we're "back on our feet," ready to prove that we're "real men."

To all those outfits receiving former combat men I'd like to add this: Treat these men with the knowledge that they've come to do a job—not as men who

in charge of supplying the U.S.S.R. thru Iran that Lend-Lease has supplied Russia with only a small fraction of her needs. The rest was made in Russia. But examining White's story, a very great part of the machines mentioned are Lend-Lease, and also he attempts to make us believe production in Russia is practically nil.

We know Russia is powerful. The source of that power cannot spring from thin air but from many factories and mines, from well-fed and properly clothed workers, from a good transport system ("the Soviet Union . . . has almost no highways," White, p. 116, R.D. Jan. '45), from a people who believe in their nation and their future.

White's attitude is reminiscent of pre-war days when a firm treaty between what are now the United Nations could have prevented the war. The illogic, the distrust, the crude subtlety of the book can do much to break the present unity and lay us wide open for another war.

White's article annoyed me and as I am now in the hospital I can spare the time to do an unprecedented thing on my part, voice my opinion to a public organ.

Det. of Patients, Britain.

Pvt. D. B.

## Looies and Sergeants

Dear YANK,

We have been in the British Isles long enough to pass by an open air fish market with no change of facial expression, a truly remarkable feat. Would not one judge that having achieved such a state, the sense of smell would be impervious to odors of a distasteful



nature? One would. And would not most people agree that this is a delightful state to be in? We think so.

But what a shock to the satisfied, "smell-less" soldier to read:

1. "Occasions will arise when non-commissioned officers must be reduced in grade in order . . . to meet the requirements of organizational changes." (Change 4, Army Regulations 615-5).

2. "Any Second Lieutenant . . . who had completed eighteen months of service in that grade, may be promoted to the grade of First Lieutenant, without regard to the Table of Organization or allotment vacancies in the grade of First Lieutenant, provided he is qualified for, and worthy of promotion. . . . (Par 4d (4), Army Regulations 605-12).

Number (1) above is interpreted to mean, and without any noticeable stretch of the imagination, that a com-

## Bill of Rights

Dear YANK,

I am an ex-printer with over eight years experience. Upon leaving the Army I would like to open my own shop. The drawback is the capital. Where to get it? On those government loans, am I eligible to borrow money, and what security is needed? I mean will my experience be enough security? I could make it a paying proposition.

Det. of Patients, Britain.

Pic. A. E. FLAXCOMB

[Only your banker or whomever you ask to lend you the money can give you a "yes" or "no" answer. He is more likely to say "yes" to a veteran because the government will reduce his risk by guaranteeing 50% of a loan up to \$4,000. For more on the GI Bill of Rights, see page 5.—Ed.]

## Bemadaled KP

Dear YANK,

We have seen everything. An aspiring master sergeant volunteered for pilot training and is now an "on the line" trainee at this station. The said argo is pulling details while permanent-party privates remain unworked. The sergeant is qualified to wear bombardier wings, the Purple Heart, the Distinguished Flying Cross, a Presidential Citation, five Oak Leaf Clusters, and a Good Conduct medal. Has a mess officer no heart?

Perrin Field, Tex.

THE POOR TRAINEES

## Peacetime Army

Dear YANK,

Here it is, short and sweet, on how to get a relatively large qualified bunch of men for a peacetime army: (1) keep up the same pay rates as of now; (2) have competitive examinations for every rating above corporal; (3) see that the serviceman gets the little "extras" he gets now (such as half fares on transportation, free servicemen centers, free mailing privileges, etc.) at government expense, if necessary; (4) make an education on some technical subject compulsory and allow the GI to get an education in as many subjects, in as many branches, as he wants without waiting for his full hitch to expire; (5) keep YANK being published exclusively for GIs. Anybody else got any suggestions?

Fresno, Calif.

Cpl. DAVE FRANKEL

## N.C.O. Exams

Dear YANK,

In your issue of Feb. 11 there are two interesting letters on the subject of exams for ratings. Both soldiers advocate a system of competitive examinations as the best means of determining the individual's qualifications for his grade.

I should like to tell about my experience with such a competitive examination for N.C.O.s. In February, 1943, I was the Executive Officer of the 1st Battalion, 302 Infantry, 94th Infantry Division, then undergoing basic training at Camp Phillips, Kan. Our N.C.O.s consisted of cadre with about one year's training and a considerable number of vacancies for N.C.O.s existed in our T/O. The only possible means of filling these vacancies was from our "fillers" or recruits then undergoing basic training.

We decided to give a comprehensive examination to determine the general military knowledge qualifications of our N.C.O.s (all grades), and also of any privates (recruits) who desired to participate. Accordingly the

thing good about it. After all, you are the best dressed and best fed Army in the world. Then you bitch.

Why don't you babies send your tears with your troubles?

I haven't got a wife and a child, but I got a mother and I think as much of her as you do of your wives. So please quit bitching.

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To all those outfits receiving former combat men I'd like to add this: Treat these men with the knowledge that they've come to do a job—not as men who are no longer fit for service. They're handicapped, that's true, but give them half a chance and they'll prove to be "valuable personnel" rather than "excess baggage."

Britain.

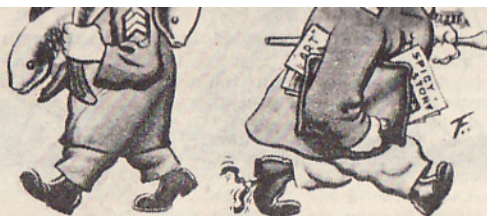
M. A.

### Russian Power

Dear YANK,

Just as things are beginning to make sense of why Russia stands deep in Germany, instead of vice versa, along comes a copy of *Reader's Digest* with W. L. White's "Report on the Russians." He tells a story of extreme poverty, hunger, industrial inefficiency, rigid oppression, immorality, an army of cripples which, scraping together its pathetic strength, was able to make its summer offensive of 1944.

It was pointed out by no less than the major general



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But what a shock to the satisfied, "smell-less" soldier to read:

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Number (1) above is interpreted to mean, and without any noticeable stretch of the imagination, that a commander may reduce non-commissioned officers in order to make his organization conform strictly to the grades authorized by a Table of Organization. The phrase "requirements of organizational changes" certainly pertains to changes brought about by transfers of rated personnel into an organization above the authorized vacancies.

Number (2) speaks plainly for itself: if the Second Lieutenant serves in grade for one and one half years he may be promoted regardless of what the Table of Organization authorizes. Or—and what is the same thing—without consideration of the "requirements of organizational changes."

Yes, indeed, YANK, we thought we had lost it, but find now that we have not. Our sense of smell has returned, and in greater intensity than before.

Britain

M/Sgt., T/Sgt., S/Sgt.

etc.) at government expense, if necessary; (4) make an education on some technical subject compulsory and allow the GI to get an education in as many subjects, in as many branches, as he wants without waiting for his full hitch to expire; (5) keep YANK being published exclusively for GIs. Anybody else got any suggestions?

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In your issue of Feb. 11 there are two interesting letters on the subject of exams for ratings. Both soldiers advocate a system of competitive examinations as the best means of determining the individual's qualifications for his grade.

I should like to tell about my experience with such a competitive examination for N.C.O.s. In February, 1943, I was the Executive Officer of the 1st Battalion, 302 Infantry, 94th Infantry Division, then undergoing basic training at Camp Phillips, Kan. Our N.C.O.s consisted of cadre with about one year's training and a considerable number of vacancies for N.C.O.s existed in our T/O. The only possible means of filling these vacancies was from our "fillers" or recruits then undergoing basic training.

We decided to give a comprehensive examination to determine the general military knowledge qualifications of our N.C.O.s (all grades), and also of any privates (recruits) who desired to participate. Accordingly the examination was announced *one week in advance* allowing plenty of time for study and review.

There were, as I recall, seven general questions on the quiz, each one of which was divided into seven or 10 sub-questions. Each sub-question carried a point value of one, two or three points—the total for the exam being 100 points. The seven general questions were on Organization, Administration, Weapons, Map Reading, Sanitation and First Aid, Formations of Infantry Units (Close and Extended Order), and one general question on Small Unit problems designed to test the imagination and resourcefulness of the individual.

Typical sub-questions were (under Organization): "Name the platoons of the battalion headquarters company." "How many 60mm. mortars are there in a heavy weapons company?"

About 195 men, including 50 recruits, took the

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# YANK

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# Negroes in Combat

*When you're under battle conditions and it's a toss-up whose neck is next, there isn't any worrying about the differences in the color of your skins; at least that's what Negro GIs learned on two European fronts.*

soldiers was Platoon Sgt. William Tabron. (He got the Bronze Star.) Tabron kept going until a tank shell knocked out his gun. It wasn't until the next morning that he noticed his foot had been bloodied by shrapnel.

But Tabron was lucky; he's still alive.

Maybe 30 minutes later (nobody looks at his watch during a battle), there was only one gun still shooting. It was 75 yards from three other knocked-out guns, and the Krauts couldn't seem to get at it because it was in a slight draw. Shells kept plopping all around it, just missing. One near-miss blew up a half-track 25 yards away.

It was hot and close, and everybody kept wondering how much longer—who would be next? Still sweating it out was the gun commander, Sgt. Dillard Booker from the Bronx, N. Y. So was his CO, 1st Lt. Thomas Mitchell, and so were a couple of other boys. (Booker got the Bronze Star and Mitchell the Silver Star.) Mitchell was racing around as fast as he did when he broke the Alabama track record for the quarter-mile dash back in his days as a college athlete. He was helping shoot guns, evacuating wounded, pointing out enemy gun positions.

Somehow (call it a mild miracle if you wish), this three-inch-gun crew kept shooting. They silenced two loud-barking tanks at the town's outskirts. Then they picked up a muzzle blast from a camouflaged house and threw in three rounds of HE until the gun stopped firing. Before the three other guns were knocked out, they had accounted for some 88s and had swept the woods fairly clean of German MG and mortar positions. But there was still plenty of small-arms fire, coming much too close.

Then the TD boys ran out of ammo.

"We felt stark, stripped naked," said Booker. "We figured this was it."



Pvt. Charlie Rattler of Jefferson, Tex., a fighter on the Western Front, strikes a pose with his bazooka.

## In France

By Sgt. RALPH MARTIN  
Stars & Stripes Correspondent

**W**ITH THE SEVENTH ARMY, WESTERN FRONT—The generals had some medals to hand out, but not all of the guys could come. Some of them were still up in front digging in their three-inch guns, some of them were in the hospital, some of them were dead.

The six who were there stood stiffly at attention in their war-dirtied combat suits, their tired faces drained of feeling, their eyes staring straight ahead. The general was telling them why they were getting the medals.

They knew why. You don't forget things like Climbach.

Because you had to be crazy to move in on Climbach—everybody said so. You just don't try to position your guns in a flat valley when you've got big Kraut guns sitting smugly on two rugged ridges flanking the town 300 yards away, and when you've got Nazi 88-gunners parked on the town's high ground right next to some Mark IV tanks, and when you've got the nearby woods lousy with mortars and machine-gun nests—and all of it, the whole German artillery book, zeroed in on a single road, waiting for you to come out so the Germans can start pulling lanyards.

But somebody had to do it. In this 103d Division sector, Climbach was the last Nazi strong-point before the Siegfried Line. And the Nazis

told everybody they liked Climbach; they planned to stay there for the winter.

So the 103d Division created Task Force Black-shear, consisting of a platoon of Engineers, a company of Infantry from the 411th Regiment, seven medium tanks and a platoon of towed three-inch TDs from the 614th. The tactic was for the TD platoon of four guns to keep all the German batteries occupied while the Infantry infiltrated into the town around the flanks.

Leading the task-force column through the woods was the CO of C Company of the TDs. He wasn't supposed to be there; he just wanted to be. Somebody said it was because he was self-conscious about being a Negro. But somebody else said it was just because he was that kind of a guy; because he had lots of guts.

It wasn't long before some of his guts were spilling into the sticky mud near the thin road. Not only did his vehicle run over a mine but it also got smacked square by an 88. Then a machine gun opened up on him. When his executive officer raced through this shellfire to evacuate him minutes later, he was still alive, somehow.

Down in the valley, the medics were soon just as busy as the gun crews.

Ten-man crews can't last long when they're sitting in an open field getting so much fire that nobody knows what's coming from where.

They didn't last.

Less than an hour later, single soldiers were doing full crews' work—loading, aiming, firing and then racing back to a half-track to hop behind a .50-caliber to cut down Krauts trying to sneak through the woods. One of those single

It was hot and close, and everybody kept wondering how much longer—who would be next? Still sweating it out was the gun commander, Sgt. Dillard Booker from the Bronx, N. Y. So was his CO, 1st Lt. Thomas Mitchell, and so were a couple of other boys. (Booker got the Bronze Star and Mitchell the Silver Star.) Mitchell was racing around as fast as he did when he broke the Alabama track record for the quarter-mile dash back in his days as a college athlete. He was helping shoot guns, evacuating wounded, pointing out enemy gun positions.

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Then the TD boys ran out of ammo.

"We felt stark, stripped naked," said Booker. "We figured this was it."

But it wasn't. The tanks were still hopelessly mired in the mud, too far in the rear to do any good, but three BAR boys from the Infantry company volunteered to come up and act as flank security for the gun. (Two were soon casualties). The crew flattened out and popped away with their M1s and carbines into the sniper-filled woods. They killed lots of Krauts in this interval.

Meanwhile T-5 Robert Harris of Kansas City was getting ready to move out his ammo truck and head toward the front in a hurry. He was waved down by the task-force commander.

"You can't go up there right now," said the colonel. "The artillery fire is too heavy."

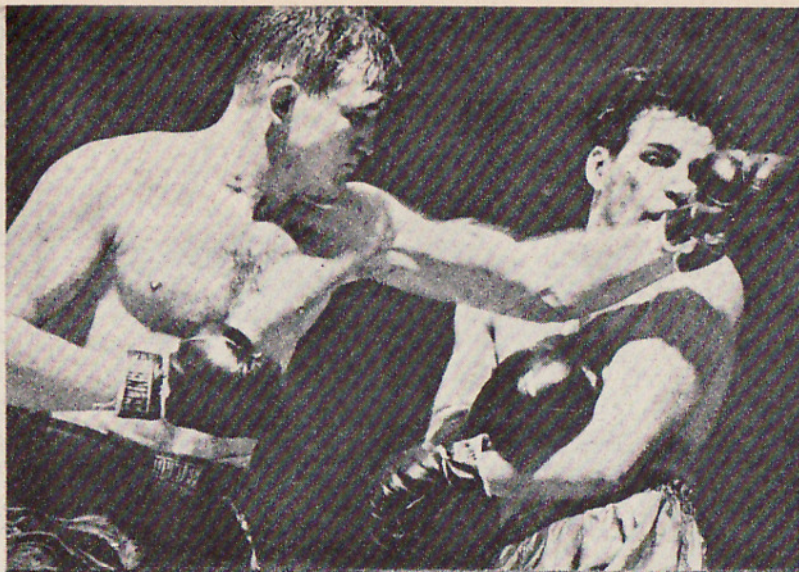
When a colonel talks like that to a corporal there usually is no room for argument. But T-5 Harris didn't argue; he didn't have time. He just yelled: "Get the hell out of my way. I'm taking this up to my buddies." (The colonel laughs when he tells the story now.)

Driving straight through shellfire, Harris got his truck within 25 yards of Booker's gun before it bogged down in gooey mud. Then Harris, soon joined by others, made trip after trip lugging 54-pound ammo boxes to the gun position.

By dusk, all anyone could hear was the splattering of small-arms fire within the town itself. The stiffest fighting the doughfeet had was in the graveyard where the Germans had dug themselves in. When the short pitched battle was over the Germans were still in the graveyard, now waiting to be covered up.

If you asked the doughfeet about it, they'd tell you the TDs deserve credit for taking the town.

If you asked the TD's 3d Platoon, they tell you that they had more than 50 percent casualties,



**O-MA JAW.** Ex-coal miner Joe Baksi clips Lee Oma, Detroit heavyweight, flush on the jaw with a powerful left hook during their 10-round bout at New York. Oma, in serious trouble here, came on to win an upset decision.



**BASKETBALL BABES.** Nothing's safe as these girls battle for the ball at the Bronx (N. Y.) Winter Garden. Playing to a full house, the Nashville (Tenn.) Vultee Bomberettes whipped St. Simon Stock Alpines, 64-30.

# Indoor Season

It's going full blast with boxing, wrestling, basketball and an imported game called Jai-Alai.



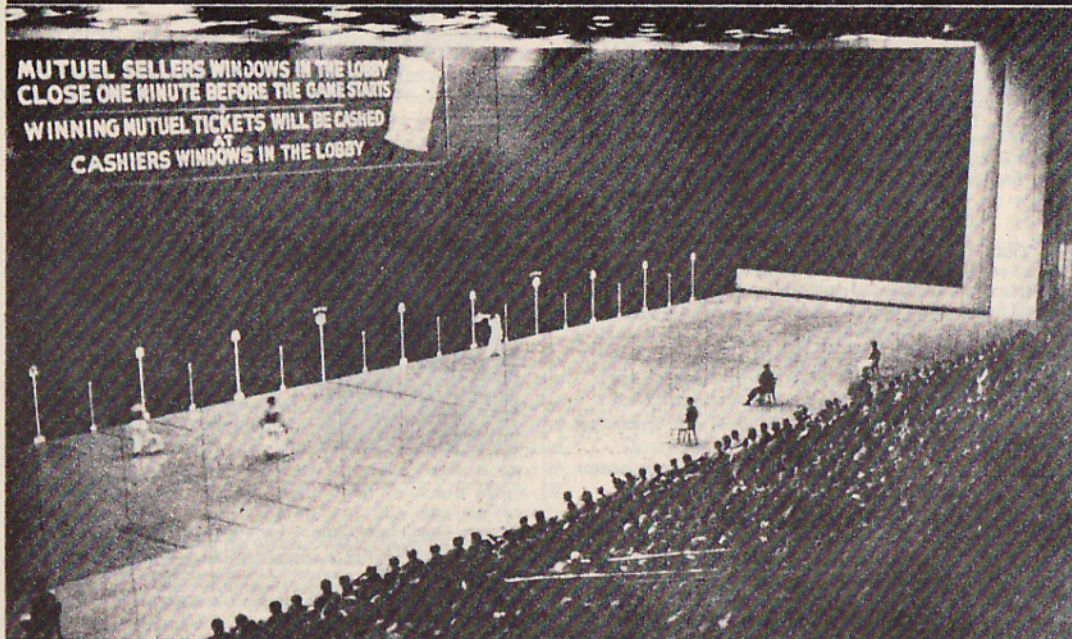
# Indoor Season

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**CROWD BAITER.** Dyed-in-the-wool wrestling fans at Buffalo, N. Y., peel off their coats and challenge K. O. Koverly to "fight like a man." Mr. Koverly used some rowdy tactics to whip his opponent, and the fans didn't like it a bit. A true villain, Mr. Koverly stands ready to take on all comers. But nobody made a move.

MUTUEL SELLERS WINDOWS IN THE LOBBY  
CLOSE ONE MINUTE BEFORE THE GAME STARTS  
WINNING MUTUEL TICKETS WILL BE CASHED  
AT  
CASHIERS WINDOWS IN THE LOBBY



**NEW FAVORITE.** When the recent Government ban canceled all racing for Miami bettors, the imported Spanish game of Jai-Alai quickly stepped into the gap. General view on the left shows playing court and betting



instructions. For a close-up of Jai-Alai player in action, see the right photograph. Jai-Alai closely resembles the American handball game. The players use the scoop-like cesta to catch and then hurl the ball against the wall.



# Mr. MacPhail, Don't Forget the Old Yankees

**W**HEN Larry MacPhail and his rich backers, Dan Topping and Del Webb, bought the New York Yankees, people didn't exactly throw their hats over the grandstand and rejoice. They didn't do anything, in fact. They were too stunned. They had known, of course, that for a long time the Yankees were on the block. But they never expected to see the day that MacPhail would replace Ed Barrow as boss of the Yankees.

Barrow himself had frequently said that the only way MacPhail would get the Yankees would be over his dead body. And there was some pretty strong talk that Judge Landis would never approve any sale of the Yankees that had MacPhail involved in it. But Landis passed on and Barrow, under pressure from the Ruppert heirs to sell, finally disposed of the team to the MacPhail syndicate. Another bidder for the Yankees was Tom Yawkey of Boston, whom Barrow secretly hoped would buy the club. But Yawkey's hands were tied. He had to sell his Boston team first and couldn't.

There's no use pretending that the Yankees will ever be the same under Laughing Larry. Barrow and MacPhail are as different as day and night. A sober conservative, Cousin Ed is probably the soundest man in baseball. MacPhail, on the other hand, is a firecracker, always ready to explode with a new stunt to stir the public. MacPhail's style thrilled Brooklyn and Cincinnati, but in dealing with the Yankees' fans, Larry has a clientele of a different mood.

To most Yankee fans, the mere thought of MacPhail in Barrow's driver's seat must be frightening. The Yankees were never accustomed to the spectacular shenanigans or the noisy ballyhoo that Larry peddled in Brooklyn. The Yankees were built of sounder stuff. The word for it is possibly character. They all had it, right down to the bat boy.

The Yankees had something else, too—greatness. They ruled baseball with a big bat. The Ruths, Gehrigs, Meusels, DiMaggios, Dickey's and Kellers were some of the greatest sluggers the game has ever known. Enemy

a wheatfield. Their attack was known as the "Five O'Clock Lightning," because it was usually at the approach of 5 o'clock and the eighth inning that they started tearing a pitcher apart.

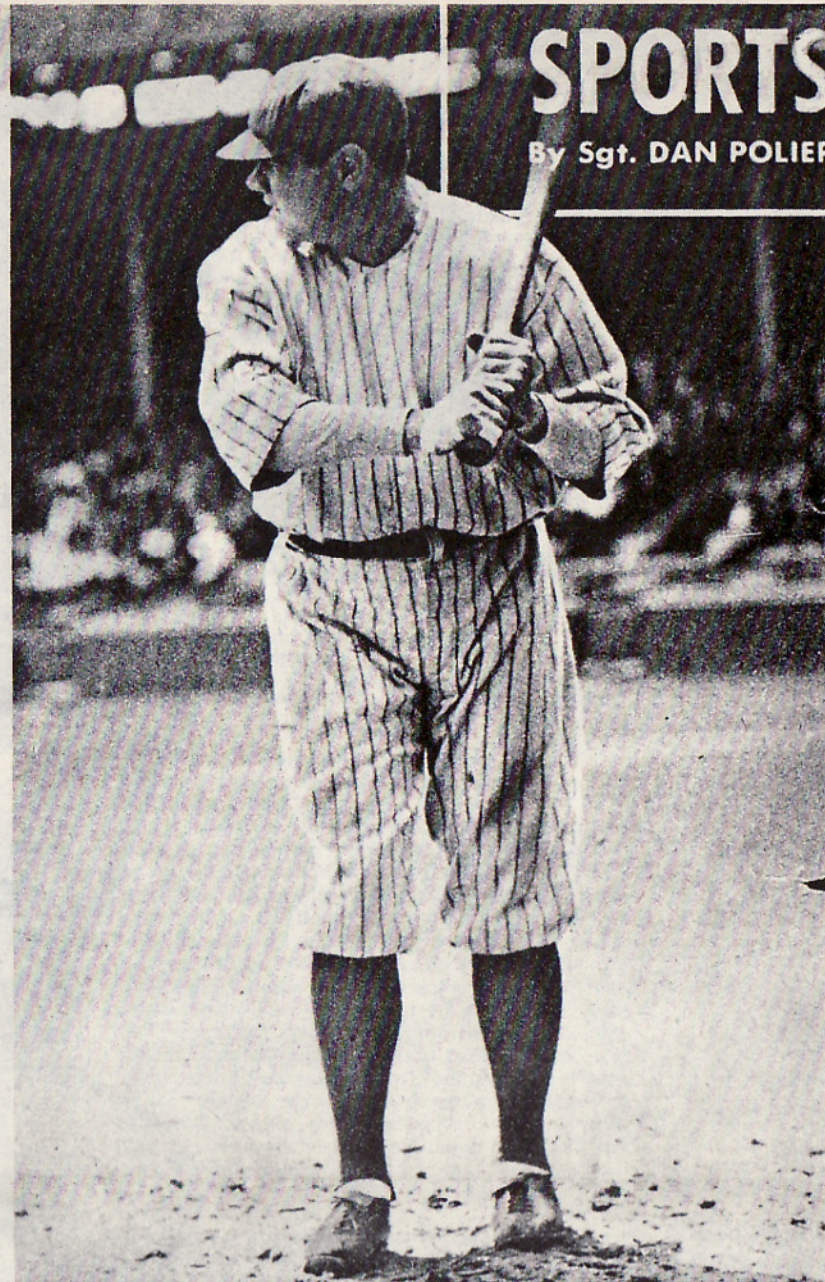
After clinching the pennant on Labor Day, they kept right on pounding. They wanted to win every game, and they nearly did, too. They set an American League record by winning 110 games and losing only 44. Ruth had his biggest year, smashing his own record for home runs by belting 60. Gehrig banged out 47 and topped the team in hitting with a .373 average.

In the World Series that year, the Yankees were opposed by the Pittsburgh Pirates, under Donnie Bush. The Pirates never had a chance. Worst of all, they knew it. The day before the series opened in Pittsburgh, both teams worked out at Forbes Field. The Pirates took the field first. By the time the Yankees appeared, the Pirates had showered and dressed and were in the stands.

Waite Hoyt pitched batting practice for the Yankees, and under Huggins' orders he laid the ball in there straight as a string. The hitting exhibition that followed was terrifying. Both stepped in and hit one over the fence

Ruth or Gehrig slugged the ball out of sight. Finally Lloyd turned to Paul.

"Hell," he said. "They're sure big guys." Paul nodded and they walked out together, the rest of the Pittsburgh team following



Babe Ruth gets ready to take a swing.

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Probably the greatest of all the Yankee team was the 1927 crew, managed by scrawny little Miller Huggins. With Ruth and Gehrig slamming the ball, the Yankees roared through the American League like a tank in

and topped the team in hitting with a .373 average.

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Waite Hoyt pitched batting practice for the Yankees, and under Huggins' orders he laid the ball in there straight as a string. The hitting exhibition that followed was terrifying. Ruth stepped in and hit one over the fence in centerfield. Gehrig hit one in the seats in rightfield, Lazzeri hit one against the stands and Meusel hit one over the leftfield fence.

Watching from the stands were Paul and Lloyd Waner, a couple of pretty fair hitters themselves. They actually winced every time



Babe Ruth gets ready to take a swing.

Ruth or Gehrig slugged the ball out of sight. Finally Lloyd turned to Paul.

"Hell," he said. "They're sure big guys."

Paul nodded and they walked out together, the rest of the Pittsburgh team following. They had seen enough to know what was in the cards. The Yankees won the series in four straight games.

It's going to be hard to forget great Yankee teams like that. Mr. MacPhail shouldn't forget them, either.



**NEW CATCH.** The Navy, which seems to specialize in football coaches, comes up with another good one in Buff Donelli (right), former boss of Cleveland Rams. Donelli is training at the Sampson (N.Y.) NTC.

## SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

**S**OME statistics hound in the Chicago, White Sox front office has figured that **Sgt. Luke Appling** saved the club 90 dozen baseballs last year by just being in the Army. In 1943, when Luke was slugging for the American League batting title, he fouled off more balls than any two major leaguers combined. Most of them were the over-the-roof variety. . . . **Pfc. Bitsy Grant** has moved to the Philippines with the Fifth Air Force and was recently camped one block away from the home of ex-middleweight champion Ceferino Garcia. . . . One of the athletic instructors at Fort Pierce, Fla., is **George Mitchell CSp**, who knocked out Max Schmeling in the first round at Frankfurt, Germany, in 1928, under the name of **Gypsy Daniels**. . . . Jockey **Don Meade** has finally cleared up the mystery of why he is 4-F. He was born with deformed shoulders and can't turn his arms or hands upward. . . . **S. Sgt. Joe Louis** has a new APO: Alaska. He's refereeing GI boxing shows

there. . . . **Al Schacht** is writing a book on his South Pacific USO tour and plans to call it "GI Had Fun." . . . **Lt. Bernie Jefferson**, Northwestern's great Negro halfback, is back in the States after completing 56 missions in the ETO as a fighter pilot. . . . Whatever became of **Kirby Higbe**, the Dodger pitcher?

**Decorated:** **Maj. Jim Gaffney**, captain of the 1937 Harvard football team, with the Silver Star for gallantry at the Moselle River in France, where he lost his right leg. . . . **Promoted:** **Cpl. Terry Moore**, ex-Cardinal outfielder, to sergeant at Albrook Field, Panama; **Lt. Porter Vaughan**, former Athletics pitcher, to captain at Buckley Field, Colo. . . . **Transferred:** **Lt. Charley Gehringer**, ex-Detroit second baseman, from St. Mary's (Calif.) Pre-Flight School to the Jacksonville (Fla.) NAS. . . . **Discharged:** **Carroll Bierman**, one of America's leading jockeys, from the Navy with a CDD because of an injured right elbow. . . . **Inducted:** **Manuel Ortiz**, bantam-weight boxing champion, into the Army; **Stan Musial**, 1943 NL batting champion, into the Navy; **Ron Northey**, rightfielder of the Phillies, into the Army. . . . **Rejected:** **Danny Litwhiler**, Cardinal outfielder, for the second time because of an old knee injury.





Frances Vorne  
**YANK**  
*Pin-up Girl*

# Yanks in the ETO



MAJ. MERLE J. GILBERTSON, 8TH AAF PILOT OF FLORA, N.D., HAD A CHILLY RIDE HOME AFTER AN EXPLODING NAZI SHIP SLICED THE TOP OFF HIS P-51'S CANOPY.

## Reinforcement

**W**ITH THE 7TH ARMY IN FRANCE—It was at a rest center in the Vosges last October, when there was much discussion about the War Department formula for demobilization, that a man who had been all through the Mediterranean phase of the war with the 45th Division told me:

"That's a lot of crap about the Army needing battle-hardened veterans for the Pacific war. The longer a man is in the lines and the more battles he takes part in, the fewer chances he takes. He begins to figure the percentages and he stops sticking his neck out. You don't made advances by figuring the percentages. Give me a tough, fresh reinforcement any day. If he's got guts and has been well trained he'll do more damage to the enemy than your battle-hardened veteran."

One day three months ago, Pvt. Leon Outlaw stood on the deck of an Army transport, getting his first look at the Statue of Liberty. Some six weeks later, at 10 minutes past midnight, Outlaw dropped into a two-foot pit on the military crest

Outlaw burned out one machinegun and exchanged it for a weapon which was in reserve, firing a total of 6,000 rounds of ammo. It was conservatively estimated by his comrades that he left 100 German dead on the slope of the enemy-held hill facing them. No one could estimate the number of wounded. He brought back six German prisoners who had walked into his gun position waving a white woolen sock.

Part of the credit for his exploit—Outlaw himself says most of it—belongs to Sgt. Alphonse Myers of Amsterdam, N.Y., who had been at the front less than two months. Myers was dug into another foxhole, 10 yards behind Outlaw, armed with a carbine and a pair of field glasses. Outlaw's machinegun was on the forward point of his regiment's left flank. The outfit to the left of his regiment had been forced to pull back a few hundred yards and the line fell away to his right so that he faced Jerries on three sides. Behind the two foxholes was the wholly exposed crown of the hill.

The two men were part of a heavy-weapons company attached to a rifle company that was holding this sector of the line. There were 27 men in all along this crest, part way up the hill. Opposite them, across open ground almost bare of cover, was another hill held by the Germans. Within view there were two roads, one of which was used regularly by ambulances apparently going to and from an aid station and the second leading to a nearby village which was occupied by the Germans.

Shortly after 2 o'clock on his first morning in the foxhole, Myers spotted some Germans advancing across the top of the opposite hill. He estimated the range at 900 yards and corrected Outlaw's fire.

"All I could see were some black specks against the snow," Outlaw says. "I just fired where Myers told me to." The Germans withdrew, leaving several of the black specks behind them.

After that, action was almost continuous. By their teamwork the two GIs got to know the terrain so well that they gave names to various points within range. By then it was no longer necessary for Outlaw to adjust his fire. He knew that "Suicide Hill" was 900 yards, "Stovepipe" 700, and so on. By these names Outlaw knew just where to aim and the exact range.

Only once did the Jerries try to rush the gun. That time 12 Nazis reached within 25 yards of Outlaw before they were cut down.

When targets on foot grew sparse, Outlaw started to fire on Jerry command cars along the road. He



AT 46, SGT. WELLS N. GARDNER OF ERIE, PA., A VETERAN OF THE LAST WAR, IS THE OLDEST AIR GUNNER IN AN 8TH AAF BOMBARDMENT GROUP. HE HAS FLOWN 26 MISSIONS AND HOLDS THE AIR MEDAL WITH THREE CLUSTERS.



## The COUNT

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One day three months ago, Pvt. Leon Outlaw stood on the deck of an Army transport, getting his first look at the Statue of Liberty. Some six weeks later, at 10 minutes past midnight, Outlaw dropped into a two-foot pit on the military crest of a windswept, snow-covered hill in Alsace and set up his .50-calibre machinegun.

He wasn't afraid. This runty little sandy-haired farm boy from Mount Olive, N.C., had never committed what the police dockets back home call "assault by deadly weapon with intent to kill." No one had ever tried to kill him. Fresh from a "repple-depple," all he knew about war was what he'd been taught and what he'd read. He was curious, and perhaps his heart beat faster than usual from excitement, but he wasn't afraid.

At 1800 hours, five days after getting into that shallow pit, Outlaw stepped out of it for the first time. In the interim he had not slept. He had kept awake by taking benzedrine tablets. He had eaten four packages of K-rations and had seen a fifth blown out of his hand and knocked out of reach by concussion from a nearby shell. He had quenched his thirst, a swallow or two at a time, by burning the K-ration boxes and melting a little snow in his canteen cup. He was under fire constantly—everything from small arms to concussion mortars, heavy artillery and 88s fired from tanks at point-blank range.

With a handful of men he had been pinned down and, to all intents and purposes, cut off. But he made the Germans pay for it. In the five days,

**T**HIS is the girl called The Shape. A few months ago she was just Frances Vorne, 19, a home girl. Although at this writing she has yet to appear on stage or screen, her industrious press agent has succeeded in making The Shape nationally known. She says she won't accept a stage or movie role until she's ready—which may be any minute.

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Only once did the Jerries try to rush the gun. That time 12 Nazis reached within 25 yards of Outlaw before they were cut down.

When targets on foot grew sparse, Outlaw started to fire on Jerry command cars along the road. He hit one and it swerved sharply off the road before going on. Then German artillery zeroed in on their positions. Two of the American riflemen on the hill were wounded, and one of them was killed.

Then Myers spotted one source of their difficulty—a radio antenna. He directed Outlaw's attention to it just as it was going down and they waited. As it was raised again, Outlaw cut loose with a long burst of fire. After that the antenna stayed down.

The Germans made no organized attempt to get their wounded. Once in a while Outlaw and Myers would see a Jerry crawl out and go back with a wounded man, but these seemed just instances of a soldier going after his injured buddy. The two GIs saw no litter bearers and no Red Cross brassards.

"The nights were the worst part," Myers said. "You'd hear those wounded out there in the snow, groaning and screaming for help. Then you'd see a man get up and crawl maybe a couple of steps on his knees and flop back into the snow. There wasn't anything we could do. We couldn't leave our holes because of enemy fire."

At another point—time lost its significance after a while and neither man could say precisely which day things happened or in what order—two tanks reared up over the hill and began shelling the American position. They kept up the fire for two hours and then withdrew.

That was the way it went. On the fifth day Outlaw and Myers were relieved and went back to the company CP, trembling with fatigue. At first they were too tired even to sleep, but after two days they were back to normal.

"That's what I say," the GI at the rest center concluded. "Give me a fresh, tough reinforcement any day."

—By Pvt. HOWARD KATZANDER  
YANK Staff Correspondent



## The COUNT

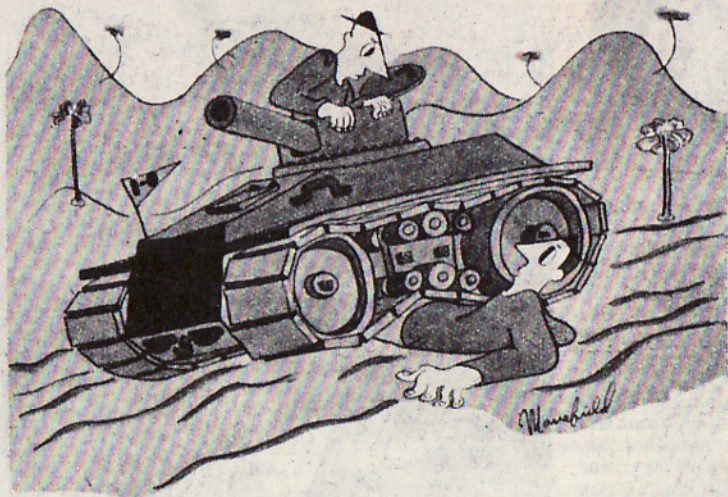
**W**HEN that crumby old ex-T/5 known as the Count got busted to private early last month, his first reaction was that it was all for the best because it relieved him of the grave responsibilities incumbent upon his rank. Now that pay-day has rolled around, however, he's not so sure.

Stopping by to see the Count on the evening of pay-day, we found him sitting on his cot, mournfully contemplating a small pile of pound notes and shillings which he had spread out on his blanket. "The way the Army compensates a private for the performance of his arduous duties is a scandal," he whined. "They said the eagle screamed, but so far as I am concerned it didn't hardly even whisper. Why, at \$60 a month it is hardly worth me while being in the Army at all.

"Nineteen dollars and twenty cents I'm out just because I have turned in me stripes! Nineteen dollars and twenty cents comes to 32 double ginses in any man's language, and 32 double ginses is a lot of liquor not to be drinking each month."

We asked the Count if he could spare the half-crown he owed us. "You ain't bucking for a Section 8 by any chance, are you?" he replied, quickly scooping up his money and pocketing it. "When I borrowed that half-crown I was thinking in terms of a T/5's income. Now I am thinking in terms of a private's income, which is an entirely different story. I am hereby voluntarily and of me own free will declaring meself bankrupt, and in time I hope to be able to pay off me debts in honorable fashion at the rate of thruppence, or so, on the quid."

The Count got up and put on his jacket. "I am now going out to see if I can negotiate a loan from a little tomato I know down the road," he said. "I am the perfect example of the private who is dangerously underpaid and is therefore compelled by poverty to prey upon the generous impulses of the weaker sex. For all I know, before it's through, the Army will even have made a dishonest man out of me."



"THINK NOTHING OF IT, SIR. I'M WEARING A TRUSS."

—Pvt. Walter Mansfield



# YANK

THE ARMY



WEEKLY



—Pfc. Anthony Delatri



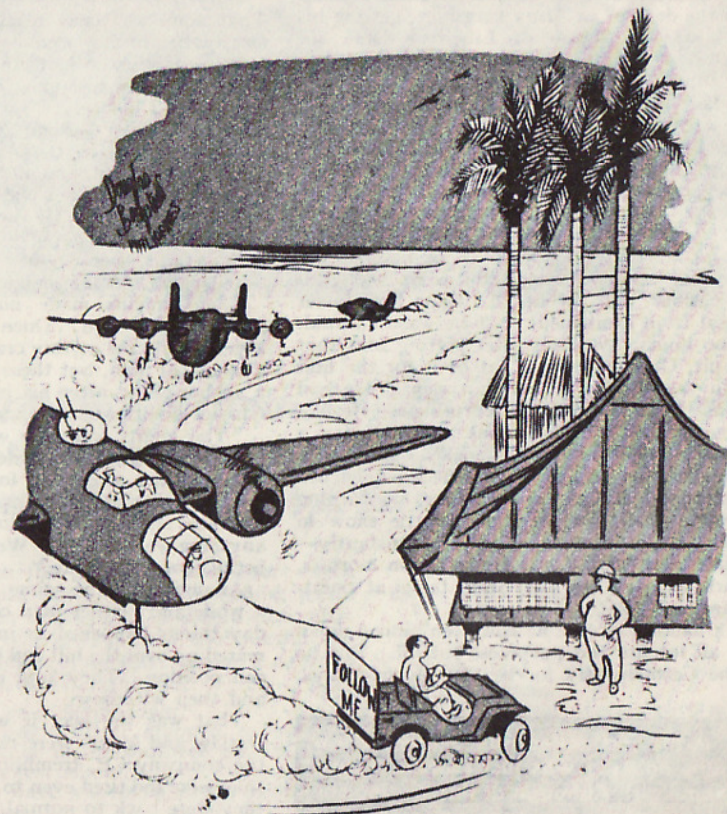
"WHAT DOES THE GI BILL OF RIGHTS SAY ABOUT CASES LIKE THIS?"  
—Pvt. Johnny Bryson



—Pfc. Anthony Delatri



"SOME MORE V-MAIL FOR MULLINS."  
—Sgt. Jim Weeks



"HOW MANY TIMES DO WE HAVE TO TELL YOU TO TAKE OFF THAT SIGN WHEN YOU COME HOME FROM WORK?"  
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt